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Relix

Vol. 15
No. 3

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music for the road

GRATEFUL DEAD
LYNYRD SKYNYRD
COUNTRY
JOE McDONALD



Hard Rock
CAFE

NEW YORK

THE DINOSAURS

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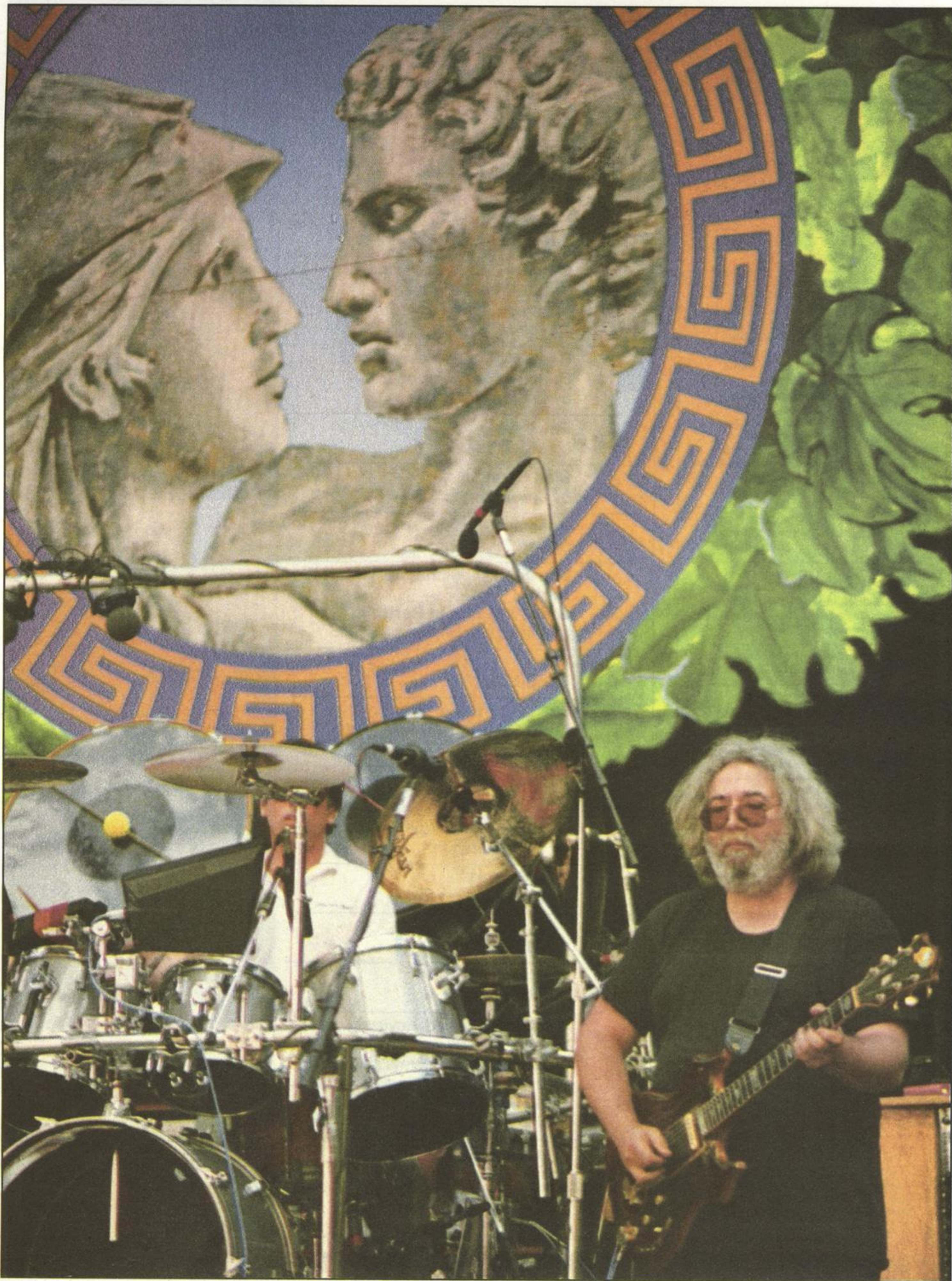
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Brett Pauly

The Dead at Berkeley — 6/20/87

RELIX

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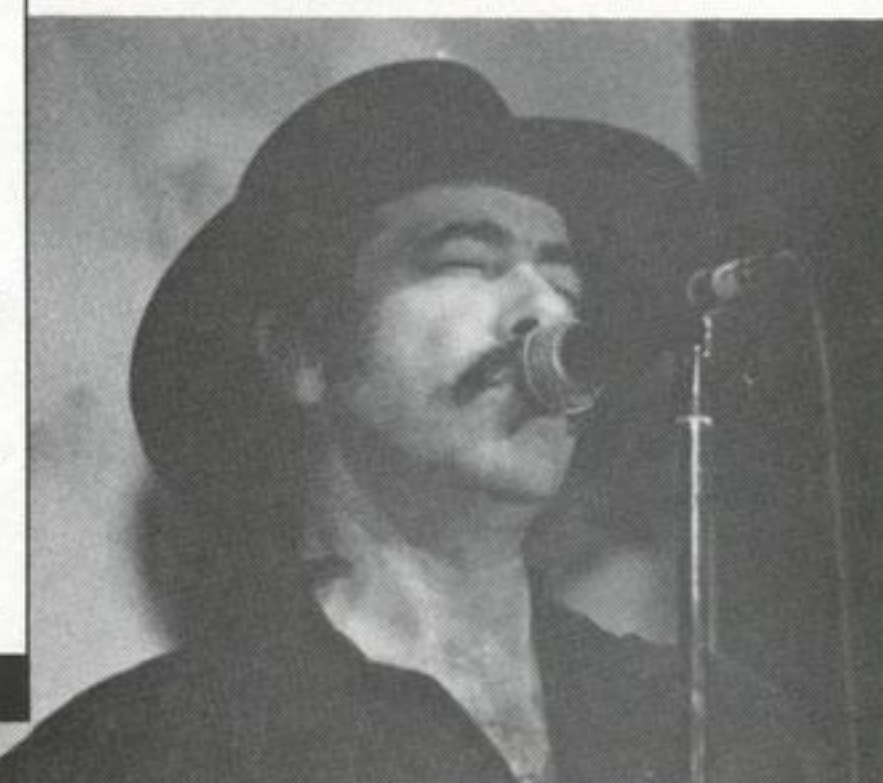
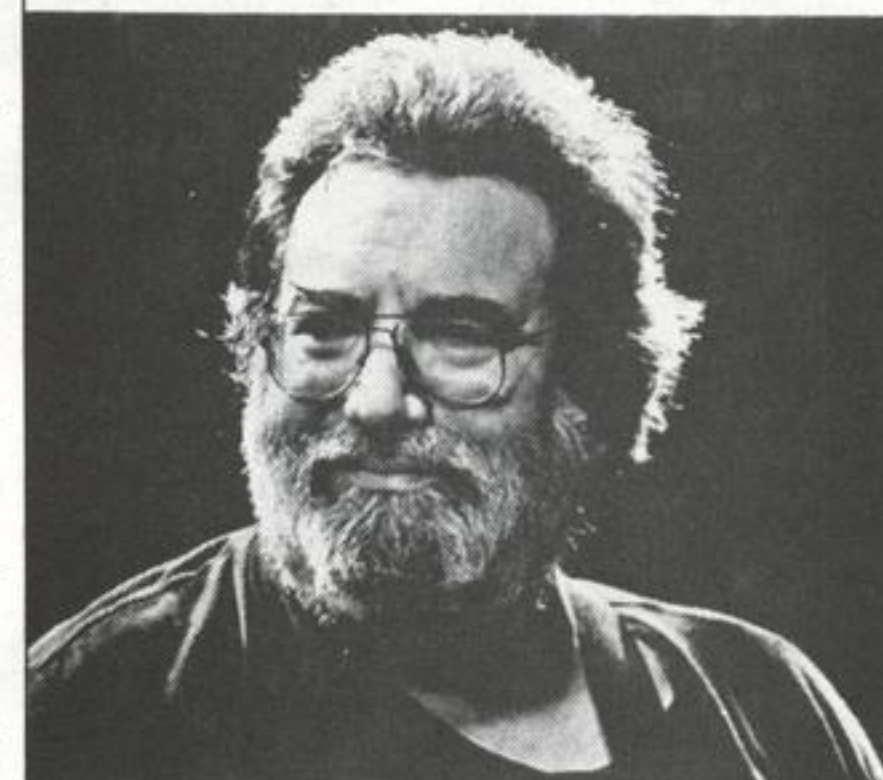
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TICKETS

Dear Relix,

I have a suggestion that I believe will greatly reduce the amount of scalping and counterfeiting of Grateful Dead concert tickets. This has become a real problem the past couple of years, as we all know. I propose that for all smaller arena shows (less than 25,000 seats) and venues that traditionally can be sold out through mail order, such as New York, Greeks, Red Rocks, etc., that the Dead office handle 100% of ticket sales.

Due to the raised lettering, the variety of print used, and even the sparkles on the tickets, it seems that mail order tickets would be a lot more difficult to reproduce. Scalping would also be reduced due to the fact that most professional scalpers might not have the know how or take the time to mail order. These lowlife scum pay young kids to sleep out and to get in line for them while they're home in warm beds. Then they show up in bunches just before tickets go on sale and they buy up all they can. I've seen it happen and it's an ugly scene! I've been close to the front (sometimes first!) in line on more than one occasion and gotten shut out at the Ticketron window because a thousand or more people (many of them scalpers) are lined up hundreds of miles away at the box office which opened an hour or two earlier and all tickets are sold. People on the West Coast have no chance at all of getting tickets through Ticketron for East Coast shows because of the time difference. If all ticket sales were done by mail order, only loyal Deadheads (most of whom are honest, and don't scalp or forge tickets), who "keep in touch" with the hot-lines, would get most of the tickets. I also understand that for stadium or large venue shows, this system would be impossible, but at those shows you don't see too much scalping or counterfeiting because it's a lot easier for everyone to get a ticket.

Tim Surber
Bridgeport, CT

Dear Toni,

I just don't understand! After hearing that my Worcester ticket order could not be filled by GDTS, I knew I'd have to get them through Ticket Master. I began calling at 9am the day they went on sale, and didn't get through until 10:38am. They were sold out!

I then turned to calling ticket offices in my area. One guy wanted \$150. a shot! Another guy wanted \$135. a shot! What are we to do!

I've read Robert Hunter's letter that I received with my Byrne and Hartford tickets, at least a dozen times, and agree with him completely. The ticket scalping has to be stopped!

I think that something has got to be done! Mail order should be the only source for tickets. This

way, the scalpers will be kept from obtaining mass quantities of tickets, and those of us who really want to see the shows, (at box office prices), will be able to.

Matt Tregenza
Darien, CT

TOUR WOES

Dear Relix,

After a Summer and Spring tour filled with far too many hassles, we wanted to comment on the problems associated with the Dead's "new" popularity. From Alpine Valley to the recent Brendan Byrne shows, we have been saddened by several instances that we feel can be solved by more careful attention on the part of both the band and their fans.

At Alpine we saw three security guards approach a head who was selling shirts (without any of the forbidden Dead logos) and threaten to take away his entire stock. After looking around to make sure no one was watching, they asked if he had three larges, took the three shirts for themselves and left.

Things went from bad to worse at the Cap Center shows in Landover, where the security guards were nearly rabid in their lust for confrontation. One of our friends was leaning into a car handing a tape to the driver when a mounted security guard picked him up by the neck with his nightstick and demanded to know what kind of drugs he was selling.

At the September Philly shows we had a stack of photographs taken away from us. The guard who took them refused to identify himself, and immediately disappeared into the Spectrum. We asked Spectrum officials if we could discuss the incident with someone and were told to wait outside for a man in "a red sweatshirt," who of course never appeared.

Last week in Hampton was for us the culmination of all these events. The first night we waited in line to enter the coliseum over an hour while the security guards grinned and laughed behind the closed doors. They would open them to let two or three people in, and then close them again. It sounds unthinkable, but we actually missed the first two songs of the first set, and spoke with people who missed almost the entire set!

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the closed doors. They would open them to let two or three people in, and then close them again. It sounds unthinkable, but we actually missed the first two songs of the first set, and spoke with people who missed almost the entire set!

Deadheads are pretty powerless in the face of over-zealous officials who are unable to handle what we look like and the fun we have. The best we can do is bring these things to the attention of the band and hope that the professionalism exhibited by Bill Graham Presents will be taken as an example by the other promoters who now handle the Dead.

What we can deal with, however, are the problems caused by fans who also cannot handle the fun we have, and react by getting drunk, trashing concert sites, pushing and shoving to get to their general admission seats, and antagonizing the already overwhelmed security guards. So, let's be kinder to each other and to the places where we see our band, and hope that we can make room for new deadheads without creating new problems for ourselves.

Gratefully yours,
Andre Ross/Louise Louise Redd

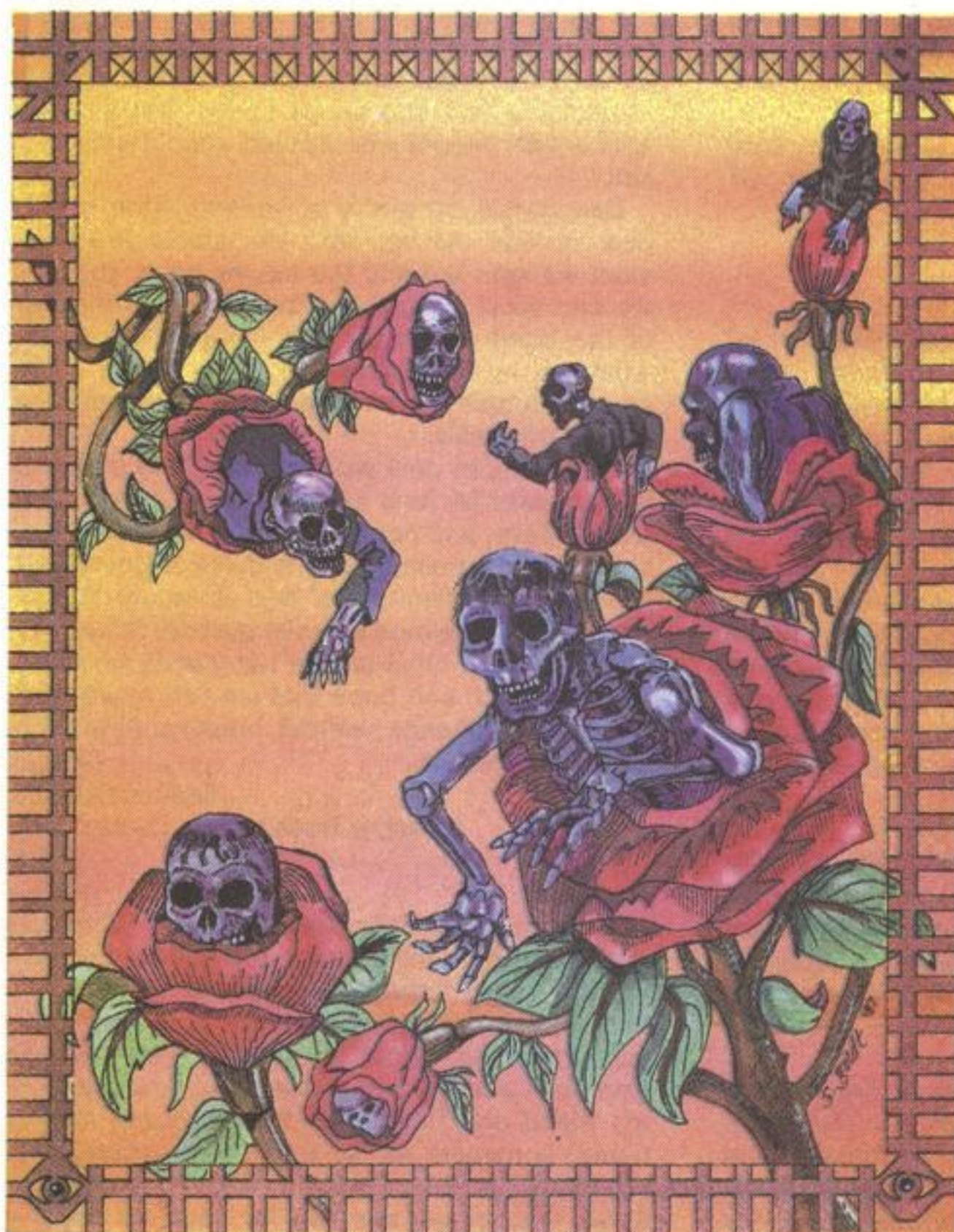
Dear Toni,

I just got back from Hampton, and what was supposed to be my 2nd and 3rd shows. But as it worked out, it turned out to be my 2nd show. A 2nd show is better than no show at all. You see, I just started to follow the Dead a year ago, so Hampton was my first travel show. Anyway, after my friend and I stood by the exit ramp for five hours, a miracle (or so I thought) occurred; we had acquired four tickets to the Saturday night show, two for us, and two for trade for Sunday tickets. I guess it was naive of me, but the tickets were counterfeit. I know you warned me. As it turned out, I traded my counterfeit (unknowingly) for a perfectly cool Sunday night, and ripped somebody off. I looked for him Sunday to make amends, just could not find him, so I'll try now. To the guy in the black Saab or Audi that I traded tickets with, I apologize. And to all counterfeiters/scalpers out there: what goes around comes around.

If everyone who could afford to would buy just one extra ticket and sell it for cost, or trade it for something they were going to buy anyway, we might be able to stamp out scalpers/counterfeiters.

Rob
Mars, PA





S. Boldt

DEADHEAD FIREFIGHTER

Dear Relix,

I've been A Grateful Dead fan since back in high school, around 1969. I was lucky enough to see the Dead a few times at the Fillmore East and about 3 dozen shows since. I've read your magazine with interest for years.

I was very surprised to see the article about Jane Dornacker (15-1). The article was very interesting but misleading as it relates to the crash.

The "New Yorkers" who rescued Jane and her pilot Bill from the bottom of the Hudson River were members of the New York City Fire Department's Rescue Co. 1, not civilians.

We were located just blocks away and had divers, myself included, in the water within five minutes of the copter's crash.

I brought Bill to the surface in about three minutes and returned to the bottom and brought Jane up two minutes later. Jane died a few hours later in the hospital. Bill is recovering at his home near Boston.

I thought you might like to get the story straight since it was a Deadhead who made the rescue.

stay safe!
Paul Hashagen
Freeport, NY

Paul Hashagen received the Daily News "Hero of the Month" award for his underwater rescues. We're proud to know he's amongst us!

— Toni

WE STAND CORRECTED

Dear Relix,

In reference to page 27 of Vol. 15 #1, I would like to commend you on releasing a rare photo of Jerry playing guitar left-handed! Please feel free in later issues to print the pictures of Jerry's tongue-picking, playing behind his back, and his new adaptation of Pete Townsend's flying split (complete with yellow and black spandex)!

An excited fan-
Allentown, PA

All right, I get the message. Our printer has taken the rap for that one.

Embarrassed — Toni

Toni,

I love Relix and the Dead very much and have been reading and listening to the Dead for some time. One thing that upsets me is Ken Zearfoss's article on the Great Led Zeppelin (Vol. 15-1). He states that their downfall and creativity started to go down after they released Houses of the Holy. All of Led Zeppelin's albums have gone gold and all have been in the top 20 on the charts. Led Zeppelin's also the only band to have 5 albums on the charts at the same time. Ken Zearfoss also made a mistake by calling Led Zeppelin one of the first Heavy Metal bands ever. This is garbage.

What about the Kinks, Cream, Jimi Hendrix or even the Who. These groups were just as loud and they all used just as much distortion as Led Zeppelin.

To consider Zeppelin heavy metal is stupid, as Jimmy Page once said, "I hate the term Heavy Metal, it sounds like we're a junkyard band or something." Led Zeppelin is a mixture of many musics, psychedelic, blues, folk, and hard rock. Please Ken, before doing another article on Zeppelin, get your facts straight.

Zeppelin and Dead fan
George Kapitaneis
Bergenfield, NJ

HANDICAPPED SEATING

Dear Relix Staff,

I would like to thank the Grateful Dead organization for their thoughtfulness in providing raised platforms for their outdoor concerts for those confined to wheelchairs. A lot of times one goes to concerts and even tho' they may bring their own chair (one with wheels) they have to pay full price and then they end up with the worst seat in the house. A case in point, at one of the Long Beach concerts a couple of years ago, we had to get tickets from the promoter for handicapped seating. When we got there we found that we were seated on the floor behind everyone else, and of course they were all dancing so we never did see the band. (Well actually I did, it's my wife who is in the chair.) She was real disappointed, but then it's just business as usual.

This summer we made it to the Telluride show on Sunday. Her condition has worsened and it would have been too much for her to try to make both shows. We were real happy to find that we would be sitting on a platform built for those in wheelchairs. With the platform one can see over the celebrants dancing to the players in the band. We were able to talk to others who told us that the platform is a regular feature of the shows. In fact we were told that at the Red Rock shows, that wheelchair seating was right in front of the stage. Now this must have been heaven, or at least close enough to pretend, for those lucky enough to attend who have been accustomed to being stuck behind every one at every event that ever occurs.

Thanks for the readers survey and listening to us. Keep reporting on the music we all like and

you won't have to worry about direction. Thanks again.

Doug and Jodi Edwards

THE LAST STRAW

Whoever,

The Grateful Dead has finally broken my heart and given in to everything that years ago they said there would be no way they'd give in to: shitty videos, huge concerts, \$50. concert shirts, promotions, new lame "In The Dark" heads, and the old heads take it out on guys like me who may not have been there the whole 22 years, but I supported them and heads alike for 6 years. It's like finding out "Nope there is no God." It's just an act sucker. In N.Y.C., they played the Other One (The Body of Christ for Me), like they couldn't wait to get it over with to play Touch of Grey or something.

Of the mere seven shows I saw in '87, they played five Touch of Greys, and three Hellina's, and four Throwin Stones. Remember when the Dead used to get weird, have fun onstage, play Killer Tunes all night, being a Deadhead meant something? What happened, well I know, but still, what happened?

All you Capitalist Pigs have drawn my last straw! Any asshole puts on a tie-dye, a dash of old Deadhead Conceit and bingo! instant Dead head. And turn Phil up for once Goddammit. I can't write anymore because I'm shaking. I shake and get violently angry (something I never did before) anytime I think of the GD ever since In The Dark came out!

Sandor Stavicki
W'msville, NY

HELL IN A BUCKET

Editor:

I am amazed at all of the "Deadheads" who are offended by the "Hell In A Bucket" video. Don't they realize that it's a parody of generic, heavy metal schlock? We should all keep in mind the fact that the Grateful Dead are too important to be taken seriously.

Michael Turner
North Hollywood, CA

Dear Toni,

I think of you as a cross between Dear Abby and one of my only Deadhead friends. You're like Dear Abby because whenever I have a question or suggestion, I write to you. You're a friend because you're the only person that writes back. So here I am once again writing to you with another question.

About 4½ years ago, after going to my first Dead show I wrote to the club in San Rafael to find out more about the band, people or anything. Well, I haven't heard from them yet, except for a Christmas post card I got last season. But, without a response, I managed to learn about the Dead and become a diehard 60's freak. The problem was, however, that none of my friends liked the Dead, until about a year ago. So when they asked me if I was getting tickets last March (for Philly), I thought at last I got friends who like the Dead.

I planned to go over and have a cool time with them all day. Was I in for a rude awakening. It was awful, and I was embarrassed to be seen with them. First off, they became the obnoxious drunken assholes that belong at a Judas Priest show (no offence to Priest). They wrestled, started throwing bottles and were making a scene. I tried to keep my bottles and trash neat, but these guys, there was more trash around our car than in the entire Spectrum parking lot.

So I finally drifted away and met them inside. But I said never again. Well, stupidly I went with them for one show in September (Philly) and the same damn thing happened. They just don't understand or appreciate what is going on at the shows. This time I vowed never to go with them to a show. But that's not the worst. I'm having a hell of a time with my girlfriend. I don't force her to like them, and I only try to get her to appreciate them. Well, I got her listening to them,

the Jefferson Airplane and some 80's underground stuff, but she is still an oldies and top 40's girl. I can even live with that. This is what I cannot understand. I've answered 3 ads in Relix for correspondence and have gotten no reply. The first, somebody had a classified ad to meet people. The 2nd was from a girl in Pittsburg who had trouble meeting people at her first show. And the 3rd, another classified, was a girl who was stuck in private school. Why do people ask for correspondence and not write back? I could expect it from others but not Heads. It's not like I'm desperate and going nuts over this, I just thought that it would be cool knowing people from different cities and maybe one day meeting them at a show.

So Toni, is it me? Is there anything that you can detect from my writing? Is there something I'm doing wrong? Well, I'd appreciate if you have any ideas for this confused Head. Thank's for letting me take up your time.

By the way: Any ideas on how to get my girlfriend to stop listening to Top 40? It's bad for the health.

Steve Smith
Audubon, NJ

Why isn't anyone responding to this guy? I answer him, and chances are, I get at least as much mail as you do. Please help out your fellow heads by letting them know you're out there.

The Dead rarely use their mailing list (it is tough to keep a list up to date). But I'm sure at some point they'll come up with a great idea for its use, and the wait will have been worth it.

As for your companions, just come alone next time. You might have more fun and pick up a new pal or two.

Regarding your lady, don't push too hard. Remember, "once in a while, you can get shown the light in the strangest of places if you look at it right..."

—Toni

EVERY SILVER LINING...

Dear Toni,

I was very disappointed by some of the selfish negative comments in the "Every Silver Lining..." feature in Vol. 15 #1. I mean the ones that talked about not wanting to "share their (!!!) band" with the "masses," and came down on people who like the Dead only judging from their latest record, and their recent commercial popularity.

First of all — I never knew that the "status" of a Deadhead meant that you belong to some exclusive organization or a club. If you people are against trends and exclusive groups, then the separation of "Deadheads" from the rest of the "average concert crowd" is sort of contradicting yourself. Especially if you say people who aren't very deeply into it shouldn't bother trying, they don't belong.

That's not what it's all about, is it? C'mon, listen to what "your" band is singing about a bit more carefully! Think about it, stop discriminating and acting like snobs. Open up your hearts! And if a brand new GD listener comments on "Touch of Grey" as if they know all there's to know about the music, don't let yourself get angry, don't get annoyed! Instead, offer to turn them on to more of the Dead's material. You might make a friend. Share the magic! Let it grow.

T.R.
Englewood, NJ

Dear Relix,

After reading the letters in your February issue on Deadheads views of the Grateful Dead's recent success, I felt compelled to write you. I was glad so many people were enthusiastic about the growing number of young Deadheads, but I was kind of upset that some people seemed to overlook the fact that there are many young Deadheads who started to like the Dead years before their recent success.

I am one of those people. Don't get me wrong, I know there are a lot of kids out there who used to put the Dead and their fans down until liking

the Dead became the "in thing" to do. I don't like that aspect of these people's personalities either. They are hypocrites. They'll probably stop liking the Dead if it ever becomes unpopular among their group of friends. But will that ever happen? Once the Dead's music enters the heart and soul, it can be impossible to get out.

I would just like people to be aware that just because we were born twenty years too late that we're not all hypocrites.

Angie Shelton
Louisville, KY

THE LAST WALTZ

Dear Relix,

In Peter Prown's April, 1988 article Goodnight, Young Rockers: New Perspectives on *The Last Waltz* and *The Passing of Rock's Second Golden Age*, c. 1965–1972, he made a convincing point that rock is indeed dead. I commend him on a thorough, very well written, and obviously extensively thought out piece of rock commentary. But I would like to bring up another view of *The Last Waltz* and what has happened to rock since then.

In his article, Mr. Prown views *The Last Waltz* as just that, a final curtain call not only for The Band but the classic rock era as well. I must admit that I have never come up with that perspective before, but it does make sense. But while he does point to some 80's artists as making a few worthwhile contributions, he seems to have very little hope for rock's future. I really think that he should be a little more optimistic.

As he compared the punk explosion of the late 1970's to the initial, mid -50's influx of rock 'n roll ("In effect, punk rock was reaching back beyond the sixties to the pure energy and freshness of fifties rockers like Elvis and Little Richard"), maybe he could take rock's situation through most of the eighties as equivalent to the dismal state of affairs that rock 'n roll was in during the pre-Beatles sixties,

only instead of Bobby Darin, Frankie Avalon, Fabian and the "teen idols," we've now got Michael Jackson, Madonna, Bon Jovi, and the countless others who have lifted those performers woeful acts to make a quick buck and get on MTV.

Another connection between the two eras would be where Mr. Prown admits that there are some artists who have come forward in the last few years to deliver some quality work, recognizing the past where punk and new wave fervently ignored it ("Among the most significant rockers of recent years are The Police, U2, John Cougar Mellencamp, and, of course, Bruce Springsteen, who alone paid reverence to sixties rock 'n roll throughout the ravages of late seventies punk and disco."). These people that he points out may be compared to James Brown, The Everly Brothers, and Ray Charles, who also were among a select few popular artists that continued to deliver quality work while the rest of rock was falling apart around them.

Hopefully, these connections point to the even-

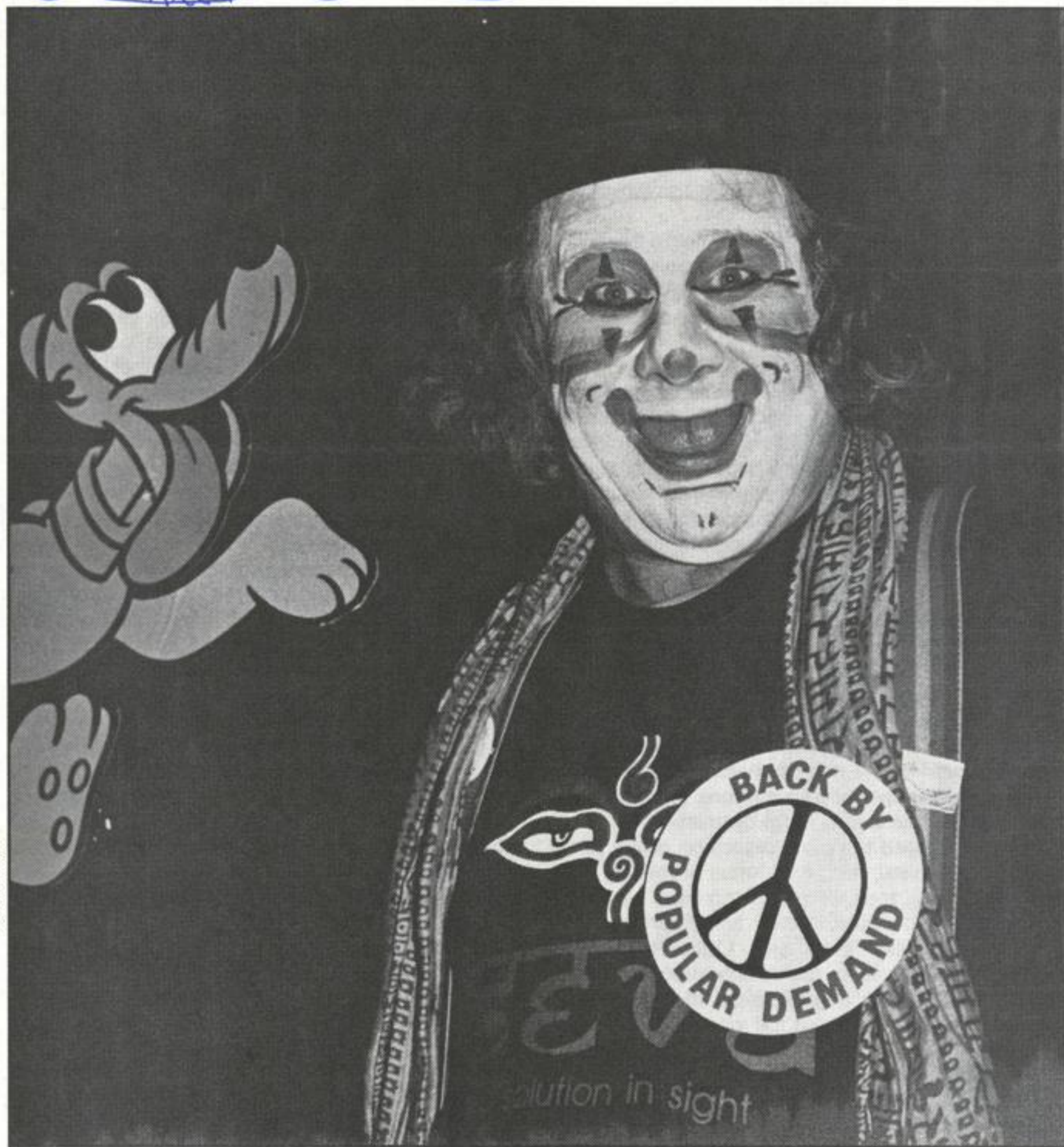
tual resurgence of quality rock music, and a third "Golden Age." But where will it come from? We really don't know yet. It could be in the 60's influenced work of people like R.E.M., Opal and Robin Hitchcock (the equivalent to the early 60's blues revivalists perhaps?), it could be in some of the instrumentally precise post-punk metal of bands like Metallica, Megadeth and Anthrax (bringing musicianship and soloing back into rock as early folk eventually brought words into rock?), or it could come from someone who hasn't even come out yet. It's hard to tell. For, in 1962, could anyone have figured that rock's greatest period would be ushered in by the Woody Guthrie influenced folkie Bob Dylan, or those pop singers from Liverpool whose first single that year was an incredibly simple teeny bopper anthem "Love Me Do," or from a bunch of scruffy Muddy Waters freaks that at the time of their formation, abhorred rock 'n roll (The Rolling Stones)? You probably never would have guessed then that those three would go on to become perhaps the most important rockers of their era.

Just as the golden age of rock was not brought out by a single style or artist, a renewal of great rock wouldn't be brought out by a single one of the newer people I mentioned in the last paragraph. It would be a combination of all of them and probably a few more that either haven't come out or haven't been recognized yet. All I can say is hold your breath, cross your fingers, and wait. History does repeat itself, and unless rock really is totally dead, there will be a third golden era. And if you're going to totally give up hope, just think how stupid you would have felt if you said the same thing in 1963 and then two years later were silenced by *Bringing It All Back Home*, *Rubber Soul* and "Satisfaction."

And besides, no matter what, we've still got Good 'Ol Grateful Dead.

Keep The Faith,
Ted Cogswell





Bob Minkin

A TALK WITH WAVY GRAVY

by Cary Krosinsky

Relix: What do you think of the recent 60's nostalgia craze?

Wavy: Well, my friend Steven Ben Israel said it all when he said: "I have nostalgia for the future." [chuckles] I think it's important. You know, I have this standard line I throw out that I truly believe the 80's are the 60's twenty years later. Old feathers in a new bird. And I saw it all begin when we put a million people in the streets of New York for Nuclear Disarmament. And I see it when we go to jail in large numbers at Diablo or Livermore [nuclear power plants in California] or Port Chicago. And I see it in all the humor and creative ways that we never knew about in the sixties. Like I said, we used to get beat up and teargassed. Now we go to jail joyfully and the police have a good time 'cause they don't want to be blown up either, you know? So all you have to do is make some kind of

human contact with 'em and the movie changes, you see.

Relix: I also wanted to say that in honor of your campaign, I look forward to 'Nobody' being president in 1988.

Wavy: Well, it's like I say, if 'Nobody' wins, 'Nobody' loses. I think none of the above should at least be on the ballot. I also firmly believe that 'Nobody' should have that much power. We'll be putting our shoulders to the wheel for 'Nobody.'

Relix: I'm unfamiliar with the complete history of the Hog Farm.

Wavy: Okay, I'll give it to you. The Hog Farm came together as the Pranksters disbanded. What happened was that, needless to say, before the Dead and the Pranksters came to LA, Kesey took off for Mexico. When the Pranksters were all posing for a photo for the cover of Life

magazine, Ken Babbs stole the bus and took off to join Kesey. Suddenly my wife and I, who were living in a two-bedroom cabin in Southern California, were faced with 40 roommates and the landlord came by and said that's too many [giggles]. That moment in the true nature of the kitchen sink runnecity, this guy, a neighbor named Bud Pellsue, he come by, he said: 'uh, sahh, ahhh just had a stroke up on that there mountain and they need someone to slop them hogs. So we were given at that time a mountaintop rent free if we would slop 60 or 70 hogs, and we would do that. Sometimes the roads would wash out and we would have to pick garbage up on our backs, 'cause otherwise the pigs would attack the house as the last vestige of food. On Sundays we would have Hog Sundays and people would come from all over Southern California. They'd call up and they'd say: 'What is it today?' And we'd say, well it's kite day, bring a kite. On kite day there was no wind until sunset. So in the dark you couldn't tell if someone was actually flying a kite or putting you on. And then we had dress like kids day, and we had Tiny Tim day where we built a theatre for Tiny and he came up and played. We had a hog rodeo, and our movie. When I tour, I tour with the Hog Farm Mobile Home Movie which was made by David LaBrunn, whose the same guy who did the Tanka movie. Those are the same Tankas you may see the Dead use in their light shows. If they bring in the Tanka, they use it throughout the hall.

Relix: When you say Tanka, you mean. . .

Wavy: Tibetan magical mandala spiritual illustrations. If you watch the new Grateful Dead video, *So Far*, you'll see some of them. David started out as a film student at UCLA and for his graduate thesis, he began the Hog Farm movie and then he married a Hog Farmer and he kept filming up until Woodstock. So the movie I have is with the Dead and the Beatles and Kesey and Further, and most of our buses, and a little bit of Cassady's voice and this and that. It's our first 4 years in 45 minutes.

Relix: You mentioned Neal Cassady. Memories?

Wavy: Fastest man alive. Ten things at once, nothin' twice. There's that line I remember, after dancin' 3 hours to the Grateful Dead, he says to me, "Boy are my feet tired. It's a good thing I'm not a foot." It was ironic that the fastest man alive should die of bad breaks. . . what a waste. Kesey said he was counting the rails. Who the fuck knows, you had to be there. My epitaph is Happy Birthday. I really miss him, I'm sure he's reincarnated as a tortoise in the San Diego Zoo.

Relix: Back on the farm. . .

Wavy: On Saturday, we were at the Shrine Auditorium [in LA] doing the light shows for Cream and the Airplane and the Dead, you name it, and I would do energy games with the audiences, breathing and bizarre stuff like that and Sunday was the free show. And then we made a movie with Otto Preminger called *Skidoo*. With the money from that, we put our whole scene on the road in a bunch of buses. So it got to be like about 8 buses and we lived in buses for 7 years either doing anti-war demonstrations or putting on open celebrations where we kind of did what the acid tests

did except people would have to bring their own acid. That's one of our fallings out there. I never believed that people should be given any without their foreknowledge. At least it was not for me to do. I tell the kids today the acid's in the oranges.

So the Hog Farm, you know, after all these endless bus trips and travelling back and forth across America and then the amazing bus ride from London to the Himalayas and all, we settled in Berkeley. We had our 20 year reunion three years ago. We have a 500 acre ranch where I do my children's camp called Camp Win-narainbow in Laytonville, California. I get a grand every year from the Grateful Dead in Pigpen's name. We send kids from the inner cities and Indian reservations. A lot of the band is involved in the camp and the teaching of the kids. 30% of our kids come from battered children's homes, sexually abused, just really needy. It's a true rainbow. We have Native American kids, Mayan, Guatemalan refugees. We teach circus arts, performing arts, martial arts. I refer to it as 'Survival in the 21st century' or 'How to duck with a sense of humor.'

When we settled in Berkeley, we started a telephone answering service called Babylon, and we all took turns working it for a long time. Now we just manage it. We also run a tapee making. . . we make the finest tepees in North America, also bus awnings and canvas, and that business is called Intents. Like, for a decade, we were supported by the cosmos and magic, it's somebody else's turn. We've moved toward a bright livelihood; there's about 40 of us and 15 kids, 23 years as a pile. It never ceases to blow my mind. And how people live 2 by 2 or 3 or whatever like that is beyond my brain.

Relix: There seem to be little pockets of communities like this happening all across the country.

Wavy: I think there are more communal situations now than there ever were in the sixties. People go at it out of economics because you can't get a really fine house unless you pool with other critters. It's just not picked up in the media. These people live together and share a refrigerator. Eventually those same truths are going to reoccur and they're going to say "What can we do as a pile to put our good road to the most." Which is one of the great things I learned from Kesey. He also said, "Feel where it's flowin', flow with it and give it a push." I'm not much on giving it a push, I think it kind of pushes itself. There's a great Arab line which says, 'the egg must break itself in order to aspire to omelettehood.'

Relix: I thought I overheard you saying that there will be a SEVA benefit at St. John's the Divine cathedral in NY this year.

Wavy: That won't be until after spring. This spring, we'll be in LA. You see what we've been doing with SEVA is not only the regular shows. . . and you did see Weir this New Year's wearing his SEVA shirt, right? Do you realize how many blind people are going to be able to see because of that? I mean, he's really in the vector these days.

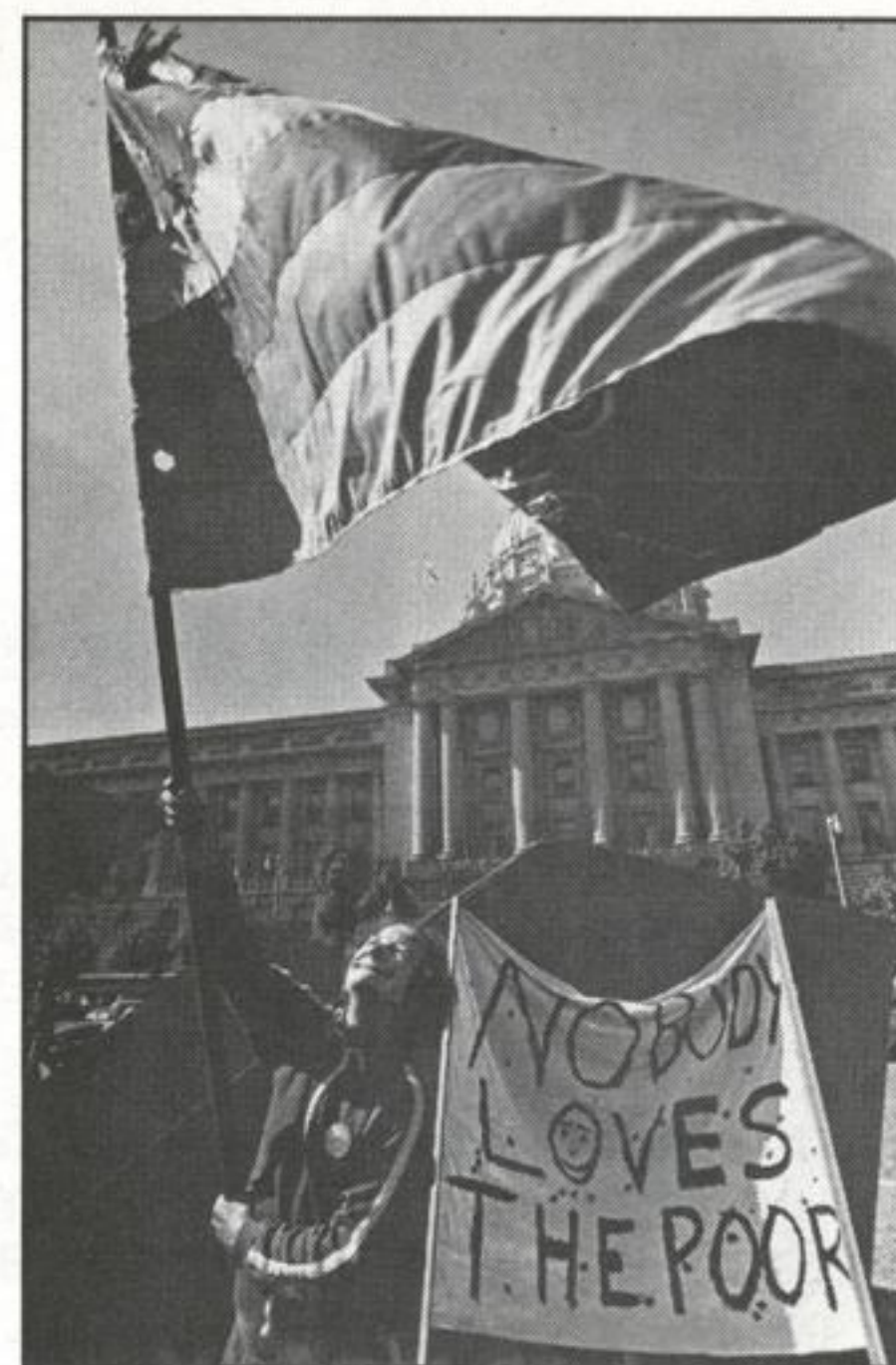
Relix: I understand you just finished a new album.

Wavy: Yesterday, in fact. There are two wonderful guys, Richard Sayles, who's a great synthesizer artist with a recording studio in Baltimore that has a soul and

gospel scene happening; and his buddy is a hardcore Deadhead quadraplegic and also a synthesizer player — these two started a small record company called Glass Wind. Two years ago they came to me, and they said what they would like to do is follow me around and create an album. They said they would just plug into boards where I was appearing, they'd be totally inobtrusive and we went for it. The album includes the BCT show for my birthday where I did a couple of tunes with the Wavettes, who include my wife Jahanara, Jenny Muldaur — Maria Muldaur's daughter and Suzy Barsotti. They all have such great voices. We do two tunes that have occurred through my life: one is called "Harpo's Ladder," for Harpo Marx, my guru, and my friend Don Brent. The other is called "Basic Human Needs" which is pretty much my philosophy of life. The rest is all my nose full of dribble talking about everything from Woodstock to the Concord weapon station trying to show a continuum between the 80's and the 60's because there really is one. In fact, I am able to put much more of my good where it will do the most now. That show I did with the Band and the Dead, the Third Eyeball in Toronto, we made a quarter of a million dollars. Imagine, at ten bucks an eyeball, how many blind people aren't going to be bumping into shit because of that. I mean that's incredible. That's why I can't say it enough: people that are languishing from the sixties are nuts. Lets face it, Woodstock was created for wallets and the universe took over. LiveAid was created to help people. BandAid, FarmAid, all this shit, man. All the multi-benefits. [These days] every breath is another chance to totally make a difference. Even if you're positive you can't, you should work like you could, 'cause if everybody did that, we could change the world. The important thing to do is don't talk about changing the world but live the changes and reflect them. As I said to the mirror the other morning, it's all done with people.

Relix: What can the typical Relix reader do?

Wavy: Put your ear to your heart, you know? Because you're your own idol. Ways will reveal themselves if you open yourself



Dave Patrick

Wavy Gravy — Nobody for President Rally S.F. 1976

to the thing. I mean, maybe just a little bake sale or something, you know? It may be just telling people. Everybody's ways are different. One thing that's nice about SEVA is that different service groups are springing up all over the United States as a result of the Ram Dass tour, as a result of what I'm doing. People should ask where the SEVA group is in their area by calling the office in California or Michigan, or just by checking at the SEVA booth at the shows, saying you want to be on the mailing list. What that is is not clones of SEVA but people of a community that come together because they want to do something with their own life beside just working for the photos of dead presidents, but trying to help their fellow humans. And what really pisses me off is whenever people help their fellow humans for any magnitude, the media always says well that's the sixties. Well, why the fuck don't they get a calendar? ■

[Relix Records will be releasing an album of Wavy Gravy's live performance in September, 1988. This will be the first true psychedelic comedy album.]



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The Legend of Lynyrd Skynyrd

(Slight Return)

by Pete Prown

THE Sixties was not a golden era for Southern white rock 'n' roll. During that decade, the sounds of popular music was largely being defined on America's coasts (i.e., New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles) as well as in England. Not that the Southland was musically dormant during this period. Black Southern musicians like Rufus and Carla Thomas, Wilson Pickett, and Sam & Dave provided the heart and soul of the Memphis soul scene and Atlantic records had a string of big hits coming from Alabama's Muscle Shoals studios and such R&B superstars as Aretha Franklin and Otis Redding. And one can hardly forget that this decade saw the biggest revivals of black blues music ever on both sides of the Atlantic. But where white Southern rockers like Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Buddy Holly had dominated rock 'n' roll and rockabilly in the Fifties, no single rock genre and vital act emerged from this demographic group of players during the better part of the Sixties.

That all changed in 1969. Surging out of Jacksonville, Florida that year came a high-powered sextet called the Allman Brothers Band, who smoothly melded hard rock, Chicago blues, jazz, country, and classical influences into a new rock hybrid. This style came to be called "Southern Rock" and eventually it became one of the most popular types of rock in the Seventies. Tragically, the Allman's musical freight train was derailed in October, 1971 when

they lost their guiding light, slide guitar legend Duane Allman, in a motorcycle accident. The Allman Brothers Band continued on afterwards, but only as a slicker and far less adventurous rock act. In the wake of the band's great loss and new directions, a void was left in the Southern rock scene for a gutsy group who could play rock 'n' roll with the same fierce dedication and verve of the original Allman Brothers lineup. No easy task, indeed.

In 1973, that tremendous void was filled by ironically, another Jacksonville group—Lynyrd Skynyrd. This was not simply a group of Allman Brothers clones. Lynyrd Skynyrd was in fact the South's first successful hard rock group. Their roots were expressly laid in late-Sixties heavy rock, especially the proto-metal crunch of the Yardbirds, Jimi Hendrix, Cream, the Jeff Beck Group, and of course, Led Zeppelin. Being Southern boys, though, they also assimilated the regional sounds of the blues, country, bluegrass, and Texas swing into their high-volume approach. And topping the Allman's guitar line-up by one, Skynyrd's fearsome three guitar attack immediately set them apart from any other Southern or hard rock acts. With these muscle rock attributes, Lynyrd Skynyrd's music didn't try to romance or space the listener out—it just beat them up!

Upon the release of Skynyrd's 1973 debut set, *Pronounced Leh-nerd Skin-nerd* and its near-hit single "Free Bird," it was quickly noted that the group had another

great asset in singer Ronnie Van Zant. As well as being an able rock shouter and aggressive frontman, Van Zant also had a gift for lyrics; not just standard love'em and leave'em tripe, but honest tales of the life and travails of the plain Southern man. His spark for capturing this Southern perspective in his lyrics and having the talent to convey them with his gruff, honky-tonk voice made Ronnie Van Zant a singer even Yankee kids would listen to. With a combination of Van Zant's charisma as a frontman and the group's complete grasp of the blues-metal idiom, Lynyrd Skynyrd quickly emerged as a group with limitless potential.

This could hardly have been foreseen back in 1965 when high school classmates Van Zant, Allen Collins, and Gary Rossington put together a garage band called My Backyard. With the aid of drummer Bob Burns, the group spent the late-Sixties playing covers of material by the Yardbirds, Cream, and Led Zeppelin, often gigging under names like the Wild Cats, the Nobel 5, the One Percent, and the Pretty Ones. In 1970, Lynyrd Skynyrd was officially formed around the aforementioned quartet and a rhythm section that included pianist Billy Powell and at times, bassist Larry Jungstrom (later with .38 Special) and drummer Rick Medlocke, who eventually took up the guitar to front Blackfoot. The group's name is dedicated to their high school teacher named Leonard Skinner, who persecuted the boys



Allen Collins & Ronnie Van Zant — Balboa Stadium, San Diego 8/31/75

R. Hulet/Rock Retrospect



Gary Rossington & Leon Wilkeson

for having overly long hair. Such is the stuff rock legends are made of.

Like any band of fledgling rock stars, Lynyrd Skynyrd hit the bar trail, playing endless one-nighters throughout the South and waiting for "the big break." One of their earliest successes was getting hooked up with Jimmy Johnson, legendary guitarist from Muscles Shoals studios, who produced some tracks for the group. Though not immediately released, these recordings eventually appeared in 1978 as *Skynyrd's First . . . And Last*. Soon after these sessions, bassist Leon Wilkeson joined the band. A tour opening for the psychedelic bubblegum act Strawberry Alarm Clock, who by that time were on their last legs, also brought Skynyrd into contact with guitarist Ed King, who had written the Alarm Clock's sole hit, "Incense And Peppermint." In October, 1972, Wilkeson up and left the group, so in desperate need of a bassist, Van Zant asked Ed King to fill the vacant bottom spot. Though

primarily a guitarist, King joined the following month.

In 1973, things finally clicked for Lynyrd Skynyrd. While playing a club in Atlanta, the group was discovered by Al Kooper, whose esteemed credits include stints with Bob Dylan, the Blues Project, Blood, Sweat & Tears, and the famed 1968 "Supersession" with guitarists Mike Bloomfield and Stephen Stills. With Kooper's help, the band was maneuvered into a record deal with MCA and they hit the studio with Kooper producing. The result was *Pronounced Leh-nerd Skin-nerd*, a potent first effort that quickly turned rock fan's heads with the guitar raving classic, "Free Bird," Van Zant's testimonial to the late Duane Allman.

Another boost for Skynyrd that year came when they landed an opening spot for a few dates of the Who's "Quadrophenia" tour. Reports have it that Pete Townshend was thoroughly impressed with them and fans regularly gave the group

standing ovations for their incendiary "Free Bird" finale. After the release of Skynyrd's first album, it was generally agreed that Ed King would be of greater use to the band on guitar than on bass and Leon Wilkeson was persuaded back into the fold. Now with King, Collins, and Rossington manning the electric guitars, Lynyrd Skynyrd set to work on some new material.

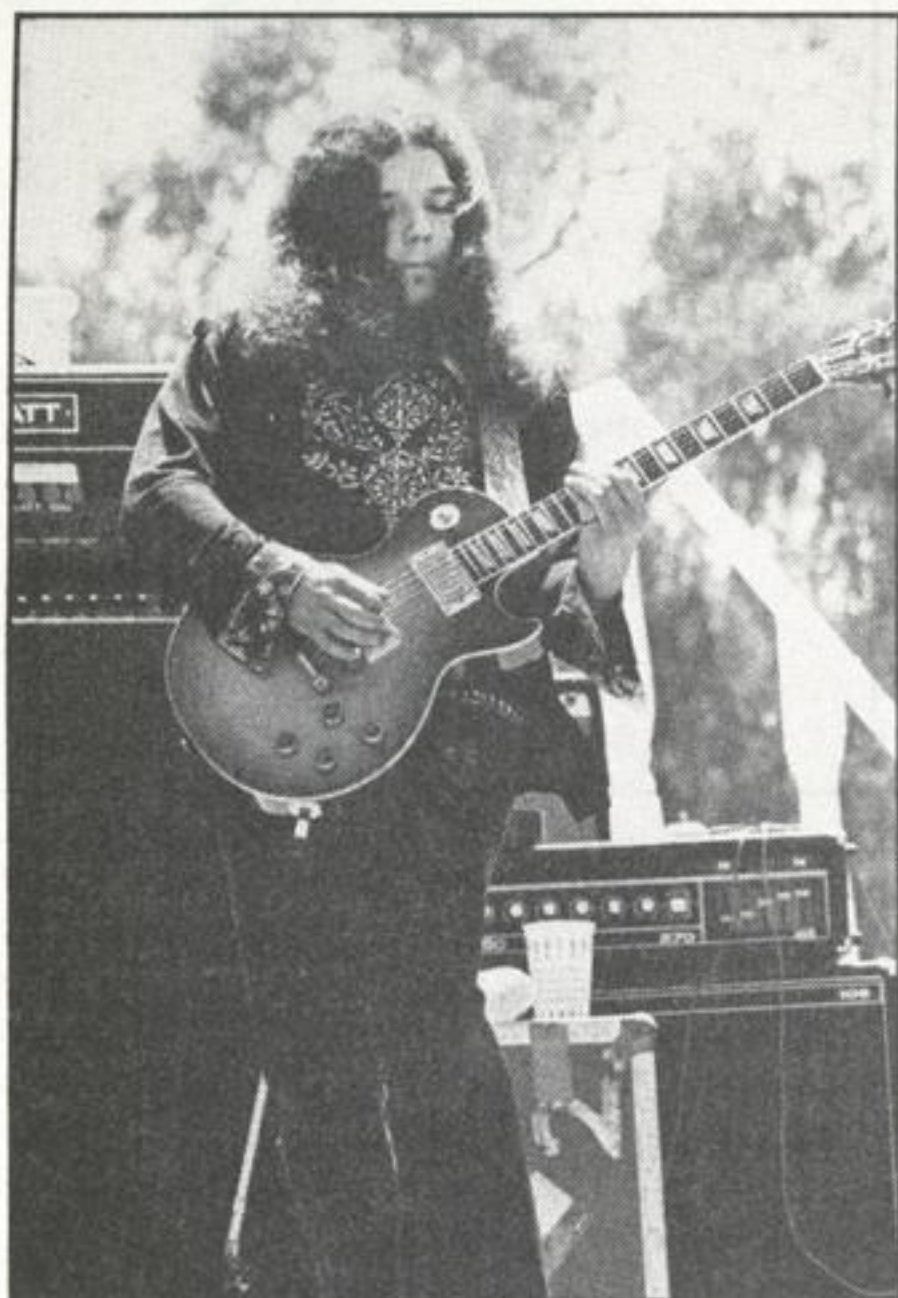
At one rehearsal soon after the personnel change, Ed King came up with a catchy chord progression and arrangement that the band started working. Within a half an hour, Gary Rossington had added a complimentary guitar line, Van Zant dropped in some lyrics, and Lynyrd Skynyrd's first major hit was born, "Sweet Home Alabama." Expressing pride over their Southern roots and smoking out Neil Young for his stinging barbs in 1970's "Southern Man" (as well as including a pair of killer guitar breaks from King), "Sweet Home Alabama" shot up to #8 on the singles charts in the spring of 1974 and helped the *Second Helping* album go gold.

Part of the Lynyrd Skynyrd strategy for success also included massive amounts of roadwork, keeping the band on tour for the better part of each year. This, however, led to serious problems for the band as internal power disputes and the growing drug and alcohol problems of various members developed rapidly during the following year. 1975's record release, *Nuthin' Fancy*, went gold and broke into the Top 10 (with singles success from "Saturday Night Special"), but mounting aggravations within Skynyrd led to Ed King walking away from the band in mid-tour. Drummer Bob Burns had already called it a day, too; he was replaced by Artimus Pyle. Ironically, this span of troubled roadshows had been fatefully dubbed "The Torture Tour."

Nevertheless, Lynyrd Skynyrd slogged on with guitarists Collins and Rossington divying up Ed King's guitar parts between them (note—at one point, even ex-Mountain guitarist Leslie West made a bid for the Southern band's empty guitar slot. But being Jewish, a New Yorker, and even worse, a Yankee, he was promptly rejected). In 1976, the band said goodbye to producer Al Kooper and joined studio veteran Tom Dowd (who had produced many Atlantic soul acts as well as Eric



Balboa Stadium — 8/31/85



Gary Rossington

Clapton's great Derek and the Dominoes) for an album called *Gimme Back My Bullets*. Despite the disk's relatively poor showing on the charts, Skynyrd's constant roadwork was helping spread their name far and wide across America.

To fill out their stage sound, the group added a female vocal trio to the live show. Cassie Gaines, one of the singers, had a brother named Steve who played the guitar and eventually persuaded the boys in the band to let him sit in at a gig in Kansas City. Steve Gaines' onstage slide work impressed the other members so much that he was asked to join on the spot. From there on out, Lynyrd Skynyrd was again a three-man guitar band, now poised for a major breakout.

That breakout was initiated less than two weeks after Gaines' joining when the group recorded their live shows at Atlanta's Fox Theater from July 7-9, 1976. There, Lynyrd Skynyrd was finally captured in their element: the live concert stage, in front of a frothing rock 'n' roll audience. As usual, the septet played their brutish metal hoedowns with no holds barred; a bare-footed Van Zant belting out his Southern anthems in front of a three-pronged guitar army and a huge Confederate flag backdrop. From the Zeppelinesque crush of "Saturday Night Special" to the funky "Sweet Home Alabama" to the western boogie of "T For Texas," Lynyrd Skynyrd rocked the Fox Theater with their inimitable two-fisted style. A cover of Cream's "Crossroads" also stood out, but the band torched the place with "Free Bird."

Over eleven minutes long and filled half with Van Zant's sad balladry and half with a guitar inferno set by Collins, Rossington, and Gaines, "Free Bird" stole the show and triumphantly proclaimed Lynyrd Skynyrd as the South's greatest rock 'n' roll band. After these tapes were released nationwide as the double live set *One More From The Road*, rockers all over America couldn't agree more. Skynyrd's popularity was spreading elsewhere too, with sales rising in both Europe and Japan and almost uni-

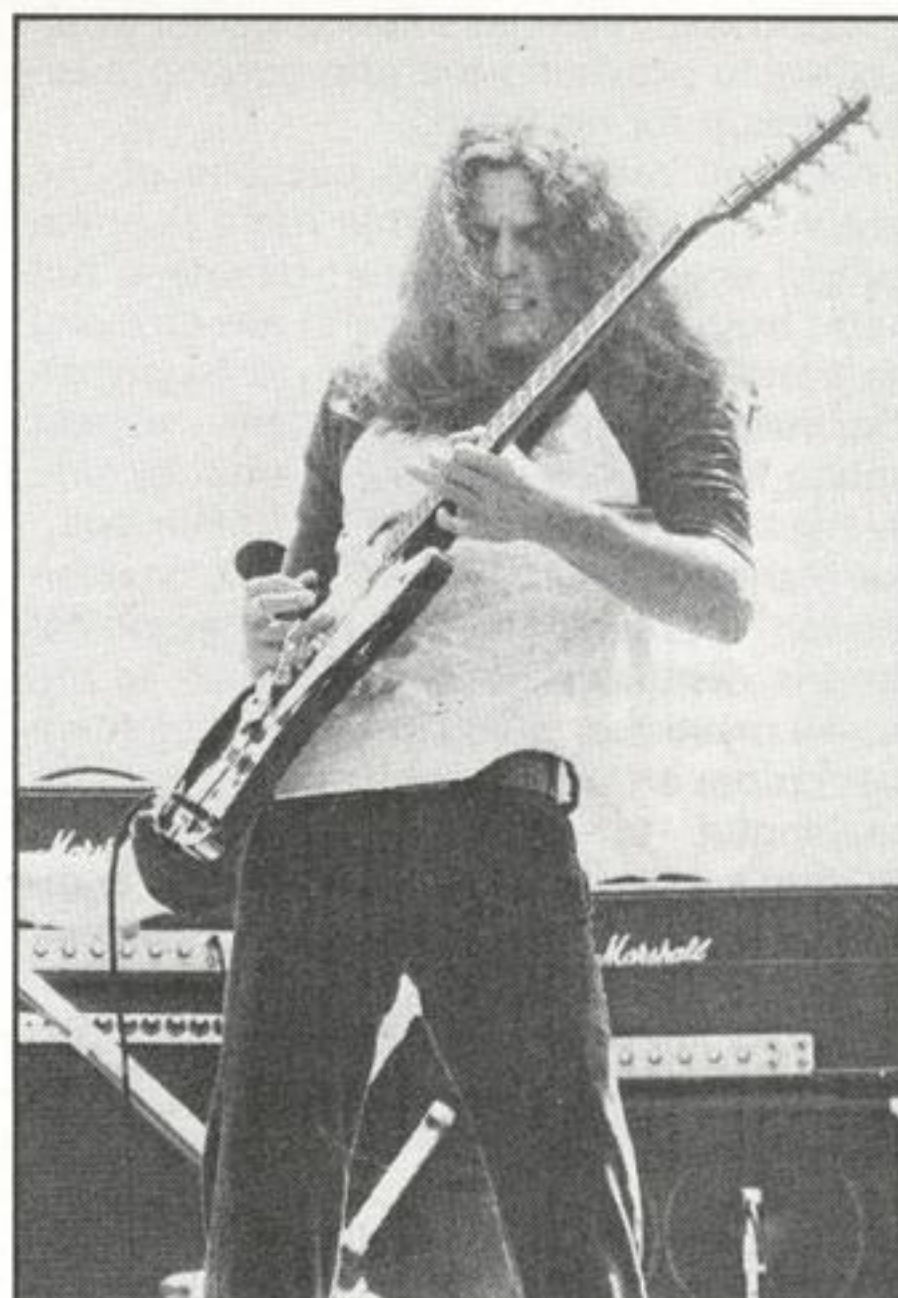
versal acclaim coming from rock critics who were enamored with the band's overt Southern sensibilities. Due to recent changes in the recording industry, this live set also became the band's first platinum album (1,000,000 units sold), eventually selling over three million records. By the beginning of 1977, "Free Bird" was a veritable FM staple and Lynyrd Skynyrd was a world-class rock 'n' roll band.

Lynyrd Skynyrd's good fortune continued that year with the release of *Street Survivors*. This exceptional studio album lodged itself firmly in the Top 10 and contained several songs that made a heavy impression on radio playlists. "What's Your Name" was a playful heavy rocker, Skynyrd-style, while "I Know A Little" stood out for Steve Gaines' peppery guitar licks and its swinging Texas rhythms. *Street Survivors*' most poignant track, though, was "That Smell," a chilling anti-drug diatribe that bristled with Van Zant's haunting lyrics and the dueling guitar thrusts of Collins and Rossington. This was FM rock at its very best and radio stations all across the country blasted out these Skynyrd favorites with an astounding frequency.

That October, Lynyrd Skynyrd set off on another big tour to win over the masses and boost record sales. Three days after the album was released, the band and their road entourage was en route to Baton Rouge, Louisiana in a chartered airplane. The aircraft suffered engine failure in mid-flight and crashed into a dense swamp near McComb, Mississippi. Ronnie Van Zant and Steve Gaines were instantly killed (as were Gaines' sister and several crew members). Many of the remaining passengers, including the rest of the band, were also seriously injured. Within just a few minutes, the rising star of Lynyrd Skynyrd had come to a fateful and tragic end. The cover of *Street Survivors*, which had a spooky portrait of the band surrounded by flames, was quickly replaced by a photo without the prophetic fire images. Now without Ronnie Van Zant, the outfit's frontman and inspirational lead, the surviving members of Lynyrd Skynyrd had no choice but to disband.

In 1980, a few band members gave it another go with the Rossington-Collins Band and wisely choose to have a whiskey-voiced female singer named Dale Krantz front the group instead of a pallid Van Zant imitator. The Rossington-Collins Band's first album *Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere* made some chart headway (gaining sizable airplay with the track "Sometimes You Can Put It Out"), but its 1981 follow-up, *This Is The Way*, stumbled. Road pressures and continued drug problems led to the band breaking up the next year. Allen Collins gave it a go with his own band in 1983, but after only one album, the Allen Collins Band was dropped from its record label. Worse, Collins was paralyzed from the waist down after a 1986 car accident. After a somewhat cursed start to the Eighties, most of the musicians who had played with Lynyrd Skynyrd retired and had seemingly given up the music business altogether.

However, with the anniversary of the crash approaching on October 20, 1987, Skynyrd pianist Billy Powell and bassist Leon Wilkeson approached other members



Allen Collins

about doing a reunion concert. After initial reluctance by a few veterans, the idea blossomed until a tour deal was finally hammered out on July 7th. The reunion group started rehearsing in August and included a line-up of Wilkeson, Powell, Gary Rossington, and Ed King, plus ex-Allen Collins' band picker Randall Hall and, fronting the band, Ronnie Van Zant's own brother, Johnny (leader of the Johnny Van Zant Band). The reunited Lynyrd Skynyrd Tribute Band played their first gig at Charlie Daniels Volunteer Jam XIII in Nashville and were an instant smash. Though ten years had elapsed since the crash, die-hard Skynyrd fans were still out there.

The Tribute Tour rampage continued through arenas across the country all during the fall of 1987 and both band members and fans alike considered it a huge success. MCA also released an album this fall of Skynyrd studio outtakes and single 'B' sides called *Legend*. While not a top-flight Lynyrd Skynyrd album by any standards, it does include a few solid Van Zant tracks (notably "Four Walls Of Raiford") and an extra cut from the *One More From The Road* tapes, "Simple Man." A live album of the Tribute Tour is set for release later this year, with faithful reprises of the band's greatest hits. While the new Lynyrd Skynyrd is unlikely to go on, at least they served to remind fans of the group's fine music. Even so, the Tribute band would be the first to admit they aren't the real thing.

In the ten plus years since the end of Lynyrd Skynyrd, rock 'n' roll has moved about as far away from the rebel rock stylings of "Freebird" as possible. These days, many Lynyrd Skynyrd songs, especially the big hits, still sound as good as any timeless pieces of rock 'n' roll should. But a few, like "Saturday Night Special" and "Whiskey Rock-A-Roller," seem grossly saturated with the dated guitar clichés and hard rock riffs of the late-Sixties and Seventies and hardly stand up on any modern stereo. While Ronnie Van Zant himself obviously had a keen touch for lyric writing and singing, it must be remembered that

hic band was often less than graceful when it came to providing the appropriate musical backup for his words.

With the overwhelming success of the recent tour, it's obvious that there is still a core of solid Lynyrd Skynyrd devotees out there, both old and new, who are enjoying the band's music. But is Lynyrd Skynyrd's continued success and ardent respect among fans totally justified or are they simply the beneficiaries of another "death-cult," like Marilyn Monroe, Elvis Presley, or John Lennon? Certainly the fact that the original band is dead and gone adds much to the band's mystique, which in turn makes them seem more attractive and their music more meaningful to fans. Equally weighing Skynyrd's live prowess and various samples of superb Seventies rock versus their overblown Zeppelin riffs and third generation blues imitations, there's ground for dispute as to whether the title of their recent album, *Legend*, should really apply to this band.

In retrospect, this Southern band did have a significant place in Seventies rock and in rock 'n' roll history. Lynyrd Skynyrd was not just the leader of the Southern rock pack, but they also were a group of musicians who tried—though not always successfully—to remain true to the original spirit of rock 'n' roll, despite the artistic excess and cheap commercialism of the

times. Remember that among Skynyrd's chart rivals during the Seventies were the likes of Kiss, Ted Nugent, and K. C. & the Sunshine Band. Though punk rock by far and away takes the title for that decade's most valiant attempt to recapture the early glory of Elvis, Little Richard, and Buddy Holly, Lynyrd Skynyrd and a few other bands from below the Mason Dixon did manage to conjure up some real rock 'n' roll excitement in the Seventies. And considering that this was the era of disco, glam-rock, and countless Led Zeppelin retreads, that's not false praise.

Retrospectively, songs like "Sweet Home Alabama," "Gimme Three Steps," and "What's Your Name" are all examples of Seventies hard rock at its best, while the powerful tracks "That Smell," "The Needle And The Spoon," and the lyrics to "Saturday Night Special" reveal that the message-filled rock of the Sixties didn't completely disappear during the following decade. All this, not to mention that Skynyrd and their trio of super-charged lead guitarists gave lacklustre mid-Seventies rock the spark of electric energy it so sorely needed. In all, Lynyrd Skynyrd rose and fell and left a glowing legacy of honest, foot-stomping rock 'n' roll. In truth, only a rare few rock bands can claim to have so simple and poignant a final epitaph. ■

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Jay Blakesberg



Country Joe McDonald at the Bandshell in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco - 3/19/88

Country Joe McDonald

Entertainment is his business, again

by Jon M. Butcher

TO the masses McDonald may be best remembered for his "Fish Cheer" and its subsequent variation as immortalized on film at the Woodstock Festival in 1969. More importantly, he may have the distinction of having written the first — and most memorable — song protesting not just war in general, but the Vietnam conflict in particular, at a time (1965) when our involvement in that war — or police action, if you prefer — remained widely popular. (Keep in mind that in the following year, 1966, Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler was still able to have a megahit with his "Ballad of the Green Berets.")

McDonald, following the various incarnations and eventual breakup of the Fish in 1971, put out a string of remarkable and intelligent albums on the Vanguard and Fantasy labels in the 70's, with unusual regularity for an artist who was not a major seller. Ultimately, as McDonald explains, the record industry initiated cutbacks following the disco boom and with the emergent recession, causing lesser-selling artists of large repute to seek out the smaller independent labels. For McDonald, this meant the return of his Rag Baby Records.

Joe: Rag Baby Records was a label that was started in the 60's, the first independent label of that decade. It started as an outgrowth of Rag Baby Magazine, which I was publishing in the 60's, and the first

Country Joe & the Fish music appeared on the Rag Baby label.

After the (recording industry) crash of '79, it wasn't possible to record anymore for Fantasy or any other middle-to-large size label. And so it was determined by my associate Bill Belmont and myself, in order to have the possibility of recording and making records, we should reactivate the Rag Baby label. Essentially, in the beginning, we were marketing overseas, and in Australia. Then, about '82, we started making records in the United States and distributing them as a small label. If I was in the position of getting a major label contract, I certainly would, but right now I'm doing the best that I can, really.

Relix: Aside from Country Joe, what other acts has the Rag Baby label featured?

Joe: We're not in a position to record anybody else's music at the moment. We're in a position, if someone has recorded music, to release it, if there's a market out there for it. So, although we have some Barry Melton records, some Terry & the Pirates records, a Jody Guthrie record, a David Cohen record, we have a rather large catalogue but really, the primary item we have is Country Joe McDonald product. And it would be nice to be in a position to do more than that, but we're really not.

Relix: In the late 70's you wrote "Bring Back The Sixties, Man." Have you, since then, found anything particularly redeeming about the 70's or 80's worth com-

memorating in song, or are the 60's still some sort of idyllic time for you?

Joe: Well, I wouldn't describe the 60's as an idyllic time. It was a time full of extremes, and it was intense. I don't really want to relive those times. I perform for the audience, and the audience likes to hear a bunch of 60's tunes. So I practice the tunes and I perform them. And I like performing anything that the audience likes to hear. It's a common denominator. (But) sometimes my audience has never heard *anything* that I've done at all. And so then it's really up to me to decide what they want to hear.

Relix: What is the audience that you appeal to most, currently?

Joe: Well, it's those people who are interested in the Vietnam War from a present-day stance, people who have experience in the military. A thing that has separated me completely from my peers is my military background and my interest in the military. That has been an obsession of mine, and a passion of mine, musically, for the first half of the 80's. Now it's a bit of a secondary thing, but it's still an important part of my life, and an important part of my identity, actually stronger in many ways than my identity with the "psychedelic 60's." I'm involved and I'm concerned, and it's very esoteric. And civilians are, for the most part, not very interested in it anyway. As a matter of fact, they're turned off by the subject. So I don't do any hard sell on it anymore. That was one of my resolutions for this year, to back off.

I'm kind of changing a bit. I've decided to rearrange my priorities, what I'm doing. It's a culmination of becoming pretty esoteric and working my way into a corner. So I'm trying to be more mainstream, and by "mainstream" I don't mean necessarily mainstream America, but at least mainstream in the counter-culture sense of the 60's generation.

Relix: Considering the wide variety of musical idioms you have employed, from folk to disco to punk, if you had to label yourself, what would that be?

Joe: Well, I'm a musician, and I have a background in dance band music as a horn player, and country. There's hardly an idiom that I haven't worked in. I experiment around with different forms. Because so very few people did political lyrics or socially conscious lyrics, I have a reputation for being kind of a novelty songwriter, I suppose, and people don't relate to the music too much. But there is a lot of good music. For instance, on the *Rock And Roll Music From The Planet Earth* album there's some Grammy Award players on there, excellent players that I've had the great fortune to perform with over the years. But I think that I've done too much, really, too prolific and in too many areas for my audience to understand, and I've apologized for that. I really have been doing my own thing, and it's a little bit confusing even to me sometimes when I look back on it, the amount of different subjects and different styles. One thing just led to another, and I'm not sure where I'm going to go from here, or if I'm gonna go anywhere.

Relix: Are you an optimist regarding your career?

Joe: I think my place as a musician is pretty stable. I don't have to worry too

much because historically it's known that I was a part of the 60's and the 70's, and as far as the Vietnam Veterans movement, I'm very much a big part of that. But it's still a tiny, tiny, esoteric thing in America, really.

I know a *lot* about the Vietnam War, and a *lot* about the military and I incorporate a *lot* of that into my music and into my work now. And I made a video which some people consider to be the best Vietnam film ever made. It's called *Vietnam Experience*. It's on MPI Video, and it's a 30 minute kinda music video, but it's really a documentary music video production. It's meant to be educational *and* entertaining. And there's a double-album set on Compact Disc and LP called *Vietnam Experience* also. But it's really not escapist material, which the average person is really interested in. And although I have a lot of material like that, I have a wide variety of material, some of which is very entertaining and funny, some of which is very realistic and moving, and some of which is kinda upsetting.

Relix: "Blood On The Ice."

Joe: Right. Which is a beautiful piece of music, beautiful performances. Marty Balin's performance is certainly outstanding, but it still remains somewhat esoteric and people try, I think, to think of me as a hippie from the Aquarian Age, and I get upset because I don't really talk that talk, and really I was there. And I know a lot of people know I was a part of the 60's, but I'm the only one that did what I did, because, like I said, I was the *only* military veteran of the *entire* Woodstock generation — with the exception of Jimi Hendrix, who is no longer with us — and I'm the *only* one that consistently tried to mix social concerns with my music, and I am the *only* person in the country — the only mainstream person who supports Vietnam Veterans and veterans at all, in my music and in my performances.

Relix: You have always seemed to be out-of-sorts, not only with the so-called "establishment," but with your own generation as well. Now, at the age of 46, do you feel a part of the establishment yourself?

Joe: Well, somewhat. I'm a small business man. I mean, I have a small record company, and I'm mainstream. I have my children, and they go to school. And I certainly don't really lead a hippie kind of life, but

I'm not truly a straight person. I used to think that I was alienated from my peers and from the Aquarian Age people, but now I understand more. I really, truly understand that a lot of what I was doing was not understandable at all by a lot of people from the Aquarian Age, a lot of my peers, because of my political/military background.

Relix: What precisely is your military experience?

Joe: When I was 17, I joined the Navy. I was an air traffic controller, and I was three years in the active Navy. Got out in '59. And I was the *only* mainstream performer that worked consistently with the Vietnam Veterans Against The War during the war years, from about 1969 'til 1975, and since about 1980 until the current day I have worked with just about every Vietnam War-related, Vietnam Veterans-related organization in the country. And I've become kind of an expert on the subject. Although it's an avocation, it's not my profession. And I realize that it's not an issue that most people are interested in, particularly the 60's generation.

Relix: What about the slew of Vietnam films that have been released in the past few years? Doesn't that suggest that there is interest in the subject? And how accurate are these films?

Joe: Right, right. People are watching those. (And) there are some very good Vietnam films left over from the 60's, documentary films, factual films. There is over 700 books out about the Vietnam War, and not just literature, but factual books. And it is a peculiar phenomenon in America that both during the War and now after the War, the public is generally interested in fictionalized versions and not really interested in the truth.

Relix: How do you react to the "Rambo" sort of films?

Joe: Well, it's a lot like fictional fun-and-games. It doesn't do any more harm than is being done anyway by America's lack of looking at the reality of the war and the truth of the military.

The military has become a scapegoat for everything that's wrong in America. Actually, the average person doesn't understand anything about the military system in America. So when I write a song about

the military, funny or serious, I'm really pushing the limits of my audience's capacity to understand.

So I'm backing off from it, really. A lot of people think that what I've done is fabulous, but they're not buying my records and coming to performances, so without that, since my avocation is supported by my profession, I have to concentrate more on my profession. And it's hard carrying around that stress, of not being able to share it with somebody else.

The average Deadhead really seems to enjoy the concept of "going to hell in a bucket." In other words, everything is pretty fucked up and it's getting more fucked up, and we don't know how to fix it up, and we don't know much about it, but "we're gonna party like it's 1999." I don't feel comfortable with that attitude.

Relix: But didn't the Fish have that attitude themselves once? You've been quoted as saying the Fish was the most psychedelic of bands, because you did the most psychedelics.

Joe: Well, in the Bay area, Country Joe & the Fish did — I think — more psychedelics than anybody else. The only reason we did it was we were trying to keep up with the Grateful Dead! But we later learned that the whole band didn't take psychedelics — Pigpen didn't take psychedelics. I don't think that it made our music any better or made our lives any more fun, when I look at it. I never had a cocaine problem. I never had a heroin problem. I've been very fortunate to not go over the deep edge of substance abuse. I sympathize with people who've had a serious drug problem. I think it's a sad thing, and certainly a waste of talent and money, and it affects everyone around you. It's a very destructive thing.

Relix: It might be unusual to expect a man of 46 to do the Fuck Cheer. Do you ever regret that you did it? It may have become what you're best remembered for.

Joe: Absolutely. It's hard to generalize about it. I mean, do *you* like the Cheer? Would you prefer me to say "fuck" or "fish" or nothing? If I asked you to say "fuck" tonight, would you say it? Would you feel like I've manipulated you?

Maybe it's kinda like having sex with a strange animal when you get drunk, you know, and you wake up in the morning and roll over and you're with an ardvark. And you think, "Jesus Christ, I wish I hadn't done that." So, you might wake up tomorrow morning and think to yourself, "Oh God, I said 'fuck' last night. Well, it's Country Joe's fault." Or, as you wake up in the morning you might think, "Oh, that was great last night. I said 'fish. . .'"

So, you see, we've come from the radical 60's generation down to a generation which, in spite of the fact that Sean Connery says "Fuck you, motherfucker" in his latest film, in spite of the fact that Faye Dunaway says "fuck" and just about everybody else in the world says "fuck," the 60's generation perhaps has reached a point where it thinks of itself as a group of individuals which reached a certain age of maturity where they would prefer to say "fish" rather than "fuck" in public, and if they were given a choice, they would prefer to think not about the war in Vietnam but those good old days on psilocybin. Is that where we've come to?

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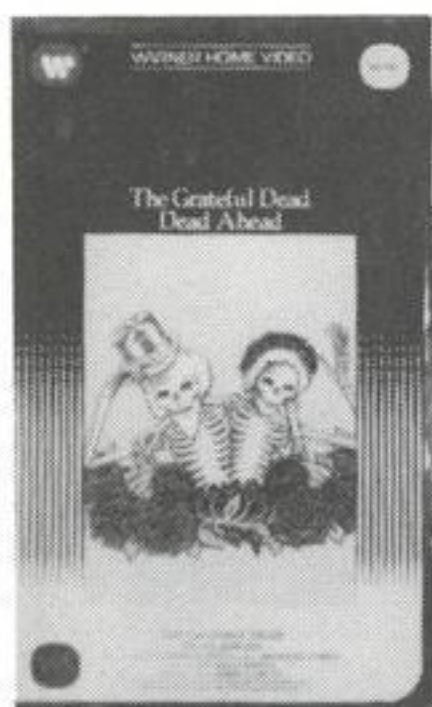
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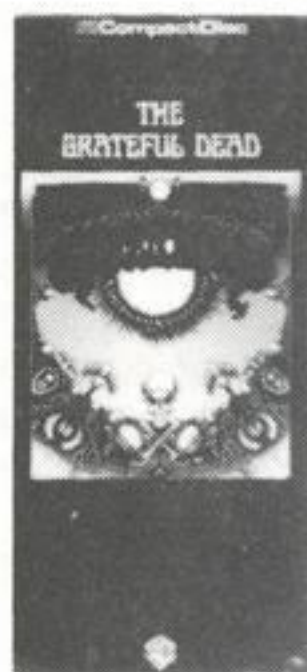
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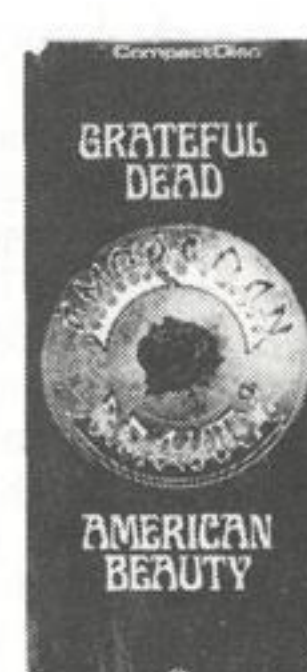
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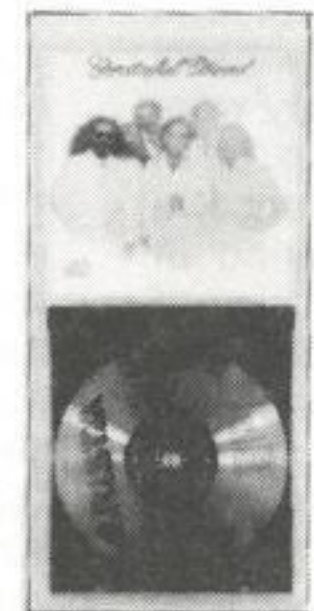
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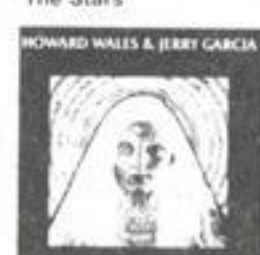
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BARRY MELTON

"We're Just a Bunch of Old Dinosaurs"

by William Ruhlmann

"THIS band comes closer to anything I've done in the last 20 years to being the essence of what I started playing music for," says Barry Melton. Melton is sitting backstage at the Saint, the disco converted from the old Fillmore East, on New York's Lower East Side. His band, the Dinosaurs, have just finished a soundcheck for what will be their first East Coast appearance. "When we started playing rock 'n' roll," he continues, "it was to have fun and for the social/community aspects of what we were doing." Melton is of course referring to the formation of Country Joe and the Fish in the mid-1960's, the band for which he served as lead guitarist, and of the whole San Francisco music scene of the '60s. The formation of the Dinosaurs, according to Melton, occurred in a similar fashion, and followed on from those previous associations.

"We got organized early in 1982," he recalls. "Peter Albin and I have been working on and off for the last 20 years together. After Janis Joplin left Big Brother and the Holding Company, the rhythm section from Big Brother and the Holding Company joined Joe and I and became the rhythm section for Country Joe and the Fish for something under a year. Our fourth album, *Here We Are Again*, has Peter on bass and Dave Getz, the drummer from Big

Brother and the Holding Company, on drums.

"Peter and I have been playing together, and we had a trio date up on the Russian River in 1982. The drummer was supposed to have been Greg Dewey, who played with the Fish for a while, was with Mad River, has been with Marty Balin. An old drummer from around the area. Greg got very sick and couldn't come and play.

"Spencer [Dryden] and I had been on the board of directors of an organization called Freedom Foundation, which was an organization that worked within San Quentin State Prison in California to address varying prisoner rights issues, and particularly to address the concerns of prisoners who were in prison there who were factually innocent of the crimes for which they were imprisoned. So Spencer and I had been seeing each other at meetings once a month in the prison for some period of time.

"I called up Spencer. I said, 'Spencer, you still playing?' 'Cause he had just stopped being the manager of the New Riders of the Purple Sage at that point. And Spencer said, 'Yeah, I'll play.'"

The result was a stronger response than the musicians expected. "People started to get misty-eyed," Melton remembers, "and somebody called out and said, do you know some tune, some modern tune. And

I said, 'No, hell, we're just a bunch of old dinosaurs.' And the name sort of stuck."

The crowd's reaction led Melton, Albin, and Dryden to consider forming a new group. "We said, you know, we're like three quarters or three fifths of a really good idea. One guy here is the Fish [Melton's nickname] and a guy from Big Brother and the Holding Company, a guy from Jefferson Airplane. If we can get somebody from maybe Quicksilver or the Dead it could be a really definitive San Francisco band, yet something new, so we wouldn't have to feel like we were trudging through the past, but it might be a far-out idea."

The next step, says Melton, was contacting John Cipollina, the former Quicksilver guitarist who seems to be in nearly every Bay area band. "[He's] so loose that he'll play with virtually anybody," jokes Melton. "We knew he had no standards, so we knew he would play with us! And, of course, we had a fairly good sense of ourselves, we realized that most of our talent had eroded and that we were probably over the hill as well. So we called up Cipollina, and he said, 'Sure, I'll do it.'"

With the band assembled, in San Francisco there could be only one more required phone call. "We called up Bill Graham," Melton says, "who turned us on to Queenie Taylor, one of the people who works for him and we said, 'We want to play one of your places.' And they said, 'God, will anybody come?' Who would want to see a bunch of middle-aged men jumping around on a stage, right?"

"So we booked our first date, and we sold the place out. I mean, it was near riotous conditions outside. We had decided before the gig, we'll hoist it up the flagpole and see if anybody salutes it. And a bunch of people came by that evening and sat in with us. Merl [Saunders] came by. Robert Hunter came by. Garcia was sitting in the wings. A lot of people were there that evening to give it a sort of San Francisco kick off, as it were, and — well, it just started. Hunter joined the band for about a year or two, eventually replaced by Merl [Saunders], so that we'd have some sort of 'Dead' presence. And so the band has retained its musical identity and integrity, I think. We are all of it, yet none of it, and I think that's really part of the key to why it's easy for us all to do. We are not a San Francisco band that ever existed before, and yet we are a distillation of that kind of music."

But Melton emphasizes that it isn't just the Chinese menu nature of the band's personnel that makes them cohesive — it's a combination of their common experience and of the individual personalities that make up this particular band. "The band has been active now for over five years," he notes, "and of course all the individuals in it have been playing for 25 years or more and in varying forms and guises. But there's something about this aggregation of people that makes sense, not only to ourselves, but to others." Melton says it's the Dinosaurs' audiences that have told him what's so special. "There's something really neat about hearing the band," he says he's been told. "They're not hearing anything old. They're hearing something that's contemporary, and yet, they'll hear a little Quicksilver type guitar strain, and an



Melton with Mickey & the Daylites

Airplane type beat or Big Brother type punctuation or a Country Joe and the Fish guitar strain. And they hear a little of all of that in the context of it and it's something new, yet it brings back memories. And I think that's a fortunate combination and confluence of people."

In addition to the band's musical value, Melton points out the personal chemistry that has enabled them to stay together for nearly six years. "Quite frankly, we all get along really, really well together," he says. "Part of the key to success is staying together long enough for things to happen for you and within the band we have been able to maintain a really balanced, even keel, good relationship with one another and there's a lot of mutual respect to each of us and from each of us and so we've hung together these years and it hasn't been any problem at all. It's easy to do."

Part of what makes it easy to be in the Dinosaurs, Melton says, is that the band is a casual, natural association without the kinds of demands that past bands have made on its members. "For a lot of us who came from tension-filled situations in previous bands, it's been a real pleasure to do," he says, "and we have no leader, we've managed to share the spotlight with each other in an undemanding, professional and successful way. Nobody wants to take over and be the Nazi in this band, and that's a refreshing change."

What makes this attitude possible is that the Dinosaurs are not primarily intended as a commercial entity. None of its members depend on the band for a living. "I'm an attorney," Melton says, "and Merl is one of the producers of the Grammy shows every year on television and he's a line producer for CBS for television series. John is in nine different little bands that go all over the world. Peter is an executive in a successful company in the Bay area as well as also playing sometimes in Big Brother and the Holding Company. Spencer's into all kinds of things. This band doesn't have the pressure of being the only thing we have going in our lives, by any means. I'm playing with a bunch of people who are also successful in varying different enter-



DINOSAURS: Spencer Dryden, Barry Melton, Merl Saunders, John Cipollina, Peter Albin

prises and things. And so, when we come together here the focal point of us coming together is to have a good time and try to capture some of that spirit.

"It's not a commercial enterprise," Melton emphasizes, "and in some senses ironically, as when you don't have any money you can't borrow any, but when you have a lot of money you can, it may turn out that it becomes commercial simply because it's not!"

Sitting backstage before a concert that, like the Dinosaurs' first appearance, is long sold out, Melton laughs at the irony. But ask him how he'd feel about the Dinosaurs actually becoming a commercial success, and it's like trying to tell a child that he's going to have to grow up someday.

"Oh, gee," he says sadly. "We have been making a record for five years now. I suppose that we'll finally be forced to deliver something sooner or later to somebody, but it's not a pressure kind of thing and we wouldn't expose ourselves to that kind of pressure. It's not worth it. I suppose success would be acceptable in some way in context, but I really would not be interested in dropping everything that I was doing just to do this by any means."

But the enthusiasm of fans who don't live in the Bay area leads to the question of whether the Dinosaurs would be interested in touring. Here they are in New York. What about the rest of the world?

"Oh, I have no objection to popping in from time to time," Melton says. "But I guess that I can tell you that I'm not interested in touring America 250 days a year as I did through many years of my young adulthood, and late childhood, indeed. I'm not interested in doing that. I'm a criminal trial lawyer. I like what I do. I like going in front of juries. I like the intellectual challenge of what I do. And I'm not giving that up."

But at the same time, Melton doesn't deny the itch to be a performer. "You know," he adds, "just because you take on a new aspect of yourself doesn't mean you drop old aspects of yourself. Just because Merl is, for example, a successful musical television producer doesn't mean he

doesn't hunger to get out on the stage and play in front of people. That's a very real tangible part of his life that, despite the fact that he's advancing in age, he'd like to keep his hand in. We all would. And so, this band satisfies a certain part of ourselves which really enjoys getting out onstage and making it happen right then and there on the spot live, taking chances and seeing things work and fail. It's fun to get on the stage and do that.

"There was a time in my life where my entire life was oriented to playing in one band and touring extensively and when I wasn't touring I was making records or in the studio, and it was all-consuming. I can't see returning to that point in my life again. When you get older, there's more distractions. But, it's funny, we are making musical progress. We are a better and better band as time goes on and we're moving in a direction, I don't know what it is, but we're a better band as time goes on, as we learn about each other more, and the level of musicianship in this band is really high. These guys are all survivors and that says something. They managed to live through some relatively hostile times and here we are at the other end."

Despite their years, the Dinosaurs are still a relatively young band, one still finding its musical identity, and Melton wants to guard that development. Again, it's a reflection of his experience of a time when the world rushed in a little too fast for all concerned. This time, the world will have to get to know the Dinosaurs at their pace, and maybe the music will be better for that. As Melton says, "Things can happen in their own time. And a band is fragile. It's like any relationship. If you try to speed up the relationship too fast, it puts pressure on people within its context. And if you just let it flow along at a natural pace, everything seems to work out fine. It took us five years to get to New York. But it looks like it's going to be a successful evening and it looks like it's going to be fun. What more can I ask?"

[The Dinosaurs are presently planning to release their debut album on Relix Records.]

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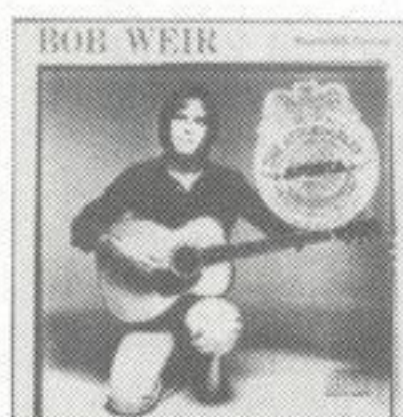
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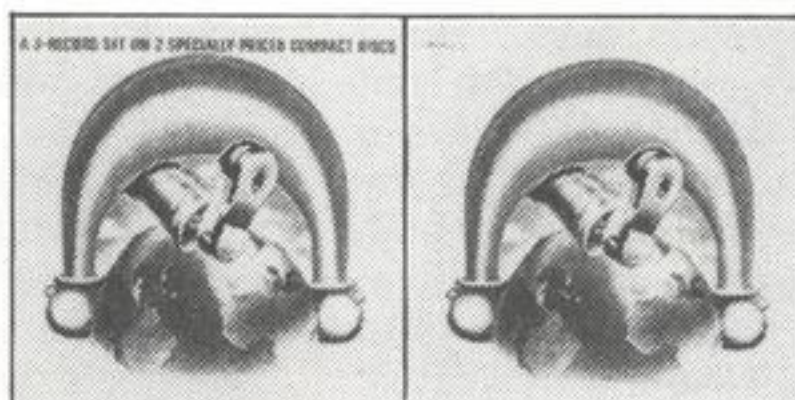
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Bob Minkin

Peter Albin at the Saint - January 1988

Peter Albin

by Jeff Tamarkin

EACH member of the Dinosaurs can claim deep roots in the San Francisco rock music community, and Peter Albin is certainly one musician who watched it all erupt. He was there before those who'd go on to form the Dead, the Airplane and Big Brother even thought about playing rock.

In the early '60s, while still in his teens, Albin found himself among a clique of musicians who played folk and bluegrass music around the Bay Area. Born in 1944, Albin got his first guitar at 14. He and his brother Rodney later worked with a folk group called the Liberty Hill Aristocrats whose members included David Nelson (later of the New Riders) and Ron McKernan, a blues singer and harpist who called himself Pigpen and would go on to join a group called the Grateful Dead. Some of the other young hopefuls who frequented the folk scene included unknowns like Jorma (then called Jerry) Kaukonen, Paul Kantner, Robert Hunter, Jerry Garcia and a girl from Texas named Janis Joplin. It was 1963.

Cut ahead two years later and Rodney Albin is managing a rooming house in San Francisco, the address 1090 Page. Some rooming house this is: musicians coming and going day and night, always partying, playing, hanging out. A would-be entrepreneur, Chet Helm, organizes regular jam sessions in the building's basement. Peter

Albin, Sam Andrews, Dave Getz and Jim Gurley are among the musicians — now trying their hand at electric blues and rock — who make the scene. They call themselves — combining two names randomly — Big Brother and the Holding Company. Chet Helms thinks they need a girl singer. And he knows which one.

Albin imports the Texas girl who's made a brief appearance a few years ago before going off to who knows where. Janis Joplin joins Big Brother and the Holding Company. It is now 1966. In a year they will play at the Monterey Pop Festival and Janis Joplin will be well on her way to becoming a superstar. The members of Big Brother will soon be dumped by her and largely forgotten — except by those who happen to remember that they were a great band, and by those other San Francisco musicians.

In 1988, two decades after Big Brother and Janis Joplin parted ways, Peter Albin is in the unique position of being part of two groups. One, the Dinosaurs, finds him teaming up with members of other great San Francisco bands of the '60s. The other is called Big Brother and the Holding Company. The "four gentlemen," as they were introduced by Bill Graham on the album *Cheap Thrills*, are back together. The "one great, great broad" of Graham's intro, Janis Joplin, is, of course, long gone. A woman named Michelle Bastian now sings with them, but she's not trying to fill anyone's shoes. That, they all know, could never happen.

"We found Michelle in auditions," Albin says about the new singer. "We auditioned about 20 or 25 singers. Two of them sounded exactly like Janis; it was uncanny and I had chills up and down my spine. But we wanted somebody who could sing those songs her own way with a lot of power and guts and feeling, do her own

phrasing and not all the stuff that was typically Janis. We asked Michelle not to come too close and a couple of times when she did we had to redirect her."

Albin tells about one gig the new Big Brother played in Santa Cruz, California. "We had rehearsed 'Ball And Chain' and after a couple of times Michelle said, 'This is one song I don't want to do.' She felt real uncomfortable doing it. I said, 'Well, a lot of people are going to want to hear that song, so we've got to do it.'"

"We did the song at the gig in Santa Cruz and in the middle of it people were cheering. I've never heard that before, not even with Janis, and at the end they were on their feet giving us a standing ovation. And it was because the girl could sing the song. She really has a lot of energy. Meanwhile, us old farts were struggling alone trying to remember the song."

When Albin told this story, early this year, he said he knew Big Brother was ready to make its move. In addition to performing the '60s classics, the group had worked out five or six new tunes. They were ready to look for national management and a record deal. "We really need to get some product out," he said, "but we have to get together some more new songs."

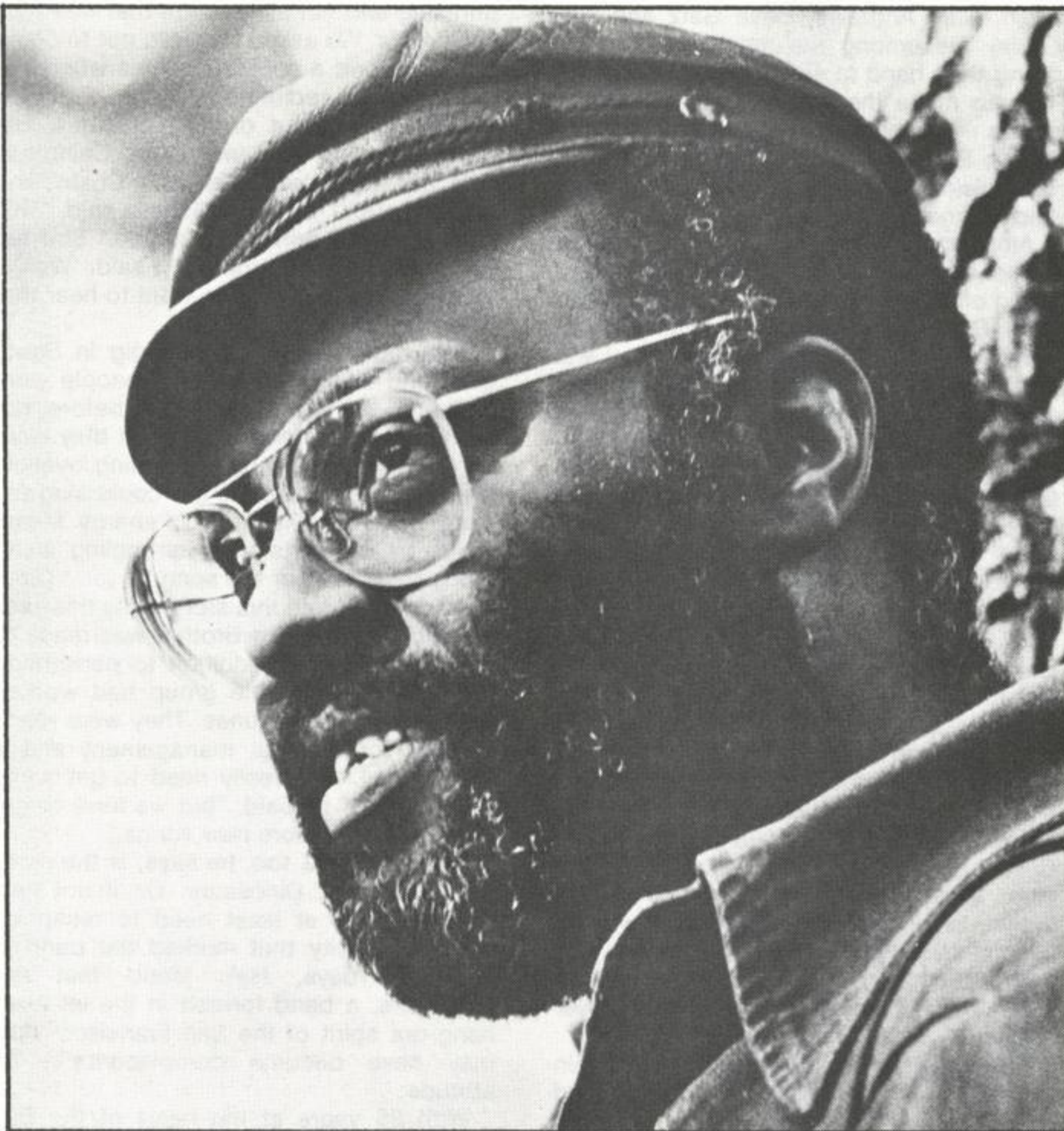
Ironically, that, too, he says, is the problem facing the Dinosaurs. Or, if not new material, they at least need to recapture the spontaneity that marked the band in its early days. He's afraid that the Dinosaurs, a band formed in the let-it-all-hang-out spirit of the San Francisco '60s, may have become complacent in its attitude.

With 25 years at the heart of the Bay Area music scene already behind him, it can be assumed, however, that even if the Dinosaurs should eventually become extinct, we'll be hearing from Peter Albin for a long time to come. ■



Peter Albin, Merl Saunders and Barry Melton

Tony Brewer



Merl Saunders

by Jeff Tamarkin

MERL Saunders might be the newest member of the Dinosaurs — he joined a few years ago when Robert Hunter opted to leave — but he's no latecomer to the San Francisco music scene itself. Although most Dinosaurs fans probably got their first taste of Saunders' jazz-influenced keyboard work in the early '70s, when he teamed up with Jerry Garcia in the first of a series of club bands that would keep them working hard whenever Garcia wasn't on the road with the Grateful Dead, Saunders had already been a professional musician for some 15 years by that time. Long before bands like the Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Country Joe and the Fish and the Grateful Dead were formed, Saunders was learning his craft and applying it in working jazz and rhythm and blues groups. With the exception of Spencer Dryden — whose career stretches back as far as Saunders' — the other Dinos were still in high school when Saunders was already on the road.

And even after three decades Saunders has no intentions of resting on his laurels. His lengthy career has already found him working not only with Garcia and the Dinosaurs but with everyone from Miles Davis to Muhammad Ali, as well as scoring television programs and directing the music for stage shows. But Saunders prefers to look forward, not behind him. "I'll be a Dinosaur for awhile," he says, "but I still have the urge to do my own music. Three or four major labels have been asking me to get serious with it."

Saunders grew up in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, where he listened to the early rock 'n' roll of the '50s and took an interest in the organ, particularly in the then-uncommon sound of jazz organ. It was in the mid-1950s that Saunders heard the musician whose style would come to influence him permanently, jazz organist Jimmy Smith. "The first time I ever heard of him," Saunders recalls, "I was in Europe and I heard him on the radio in Paris. I'd always dreamed of playing organ and when I heard him I said this is the guy

of my dreams. I came back to the U.S. in 1957 and one of my friends told me there was this organ player in L.A. named Jimmy Smith and I jumped up and down."

Saunders went to L.A. to hear Smith play and met up with him after the gig. A month later, Saunders was taking organ lessons from Smith. "He showed me how to sit at the organ, how to relax, how to breathe and how to use my hands and feet, how to listen to the bass pedals." It wasn't long before Saunders was earning money himself as a jazz organist — even if he was only taking home \$9 a night.

"I got to play with some outrageous talent," he says, "and to really learn my instrument. I worked with Lionel Hampton for a couple of months, and with Billy Williams, a great vocalist."

Saunders spent the mid-'60s touring Europe and the Far East with an R&B band. When he returned to San Francisco in 1968, his old neighborhood just wasn't looking the same at all. "It used to be a nice little district," he says with a laugh, "with old ladies and their shopping carts. I was still doing my jazz trio thing, wearing a silk suit. Meanwhile, in the Panhandle [of Golden Gate Park], where my parents lived, there were these rock bands playing loud music. My mom wanted to call the police but I said, 'Don't do that, mom, because I'm going to be down there with them. I'm one of *them* now, mom.'"

In 1968 Saunders started working as the musical director for a play called *Big Time Buck White*, which eventually landed in New York on Broadway — starring Muhammad Ali. Saunders has fond memories of the production, especially of some of the musicians with whom he worked. "I got a 12-piece band together and I wanted to use a particular drummer," he says. "But they wanted to send over this young guy. I said okay, and asked the guy to play a 12-bar blues with me. He played four bars and I told him he was hired. His name was Billy Cobham."

One major fan of the play was Miles Davis, the jazz trumpet great. "He was there every night," Saunders recalls, "and after the show closed he asked me to open for him at the Village Gate [in New York]. Then I got called to do a Harry Belafonte-Lena Horne special out in Las Vegas. I did a couple of albums with Harry Belafonte."





Merl Saunders and Jerry Garcia

Still, Saunders was looking for something more challenging, and he returned to the Bay Area, where he began doing a lot of studio work with blues singer-producer Nick Gravenites. Through Gravenites he met bass player John Kahn and guitarist Mike Bloomfield. And through them, another guitarist, Jerry Garcia. "Jerry was playing some dates at the Matrix in San Francisco and he said to come down and hang out with him — there was already an organ there. That's how it all started. But in the middle of all that, John Kahn got a call from Paul Butterfield in Woodstock asking him to grab Merl Saunders and bring him to Woodstock. That lasted about six months before I got tired of it and moved back. I formed the Merl Saunders Band and Jerry joined it."

With Kahn, former Creedence Clearwater Revival guitarist Tom Fogerty and drummer Bill Vitt (who had worked with the Sons of Champlin), the Saunders-Garcia Band began gigging regularly in Bay Area clubs. "I remember at first there were 15 people at the gig," says Saunders. "Then there'd be 115. Then 215. The next thing I knew some guy would be saying he came from Boston to see us, and I just went 'What!' People started coming from all over the country to hear us play and we just decided to go out on tour."

They also went into the studio. Saunders had had a record contract with Fantasy Records — he recorded a jazz album called *Soul Groovin'* in 1967, soon to be reissued — and, with Fogerty producing the quintet, they recorded *Heavy Turbulence* in 1972 (Saunders also contributed to two Fogerty LPs during this period). They cut Saunders originals as well as the Band's "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" and John Lennon's "Imagine" and followed that up early the following year with *Fire Up*, which again combined Saunders' soul-jazz compositions with band workouts on rock classics, this time including J.J. Cale's "After Midnight" and the Soul Survivors' "Expressway (To Your Heart)."

By mid-'73 the band had built up a considerable reputation as a live band and was not only packing clubs in the Bay Area but larger halls back east. The double LP *Live*



Merl Saunders and Aunt Monk

At *Keystone*, recorded in July of that year (by which time Fogerty had left), captured the band at its performing peak at its home base in Berkeley. It also put Garcia in the forefront with Saunders, and some of the guitarist's best improvisational work outside of the Dead can be found on this record.

Featuring such jams as Dylan's "Positively 4th Street" and "It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry," the Rodgers and Hart standard "My Funny Valentine," the Arthur Crudup-by-way-of-Elvis rockabilly-blues classic "That's All Right, Mama" and the Byrds' "It's No Use," the LP has long been out of print. Until now, that is — Fantasy has just reissued it on vinyl and CD. And even better news: two new volumes from the same sessions, *Keystone Encores Volume 1 and 2*, have joined them in the racks. Now for the first time, those who don't already own the tapes can hear how the group handled Smokey Robinson's "I Second That Emotion," Marvin Gaye's "How Sweet It Is" and six more blues and soul tunes, reworked into Saunders-Garcia excursions.

The Saunders-Garcia bands went through numerous changes in the next few

years, even taking on a few different names (Legion Of Mary, Aunt Monk, Reconstruction). Vitt left and was replaced by Elvis Presley's drummer, Ron Tutt, and at one point they even worked with a horn section. But eventually it was time to move on and the Garcia-Saunders collaboration ran its course. Those who attended the 1975 S.N.A.C.K. benefit concert in San Francisco did get one special treat during this period, however, when Saunders played onstage with the full Grateful Dead for one all-too-brief appearance (playing "Blues For Allah").

Since then Saunders has been keeping busier than ever on a number of diverse projects. He's recorded a few albums on his own and has moved into television work, scoring children's programs and working with the Dead on the music for the revived *Twilight Zone*. He even toured Europe with folk singer Buffy Sainte Marie — along with his sons Tony and Merl Jr.

He was working with Dead lyricist Robert Hunter on the *Twilight Zone* project when Hunter mentioned he was going to be leaving the band he had been playing with, the Dinosaurs. "The next day," says Saunders, "the Dinosaurs called and asked me to replace Hunter. It was a big joke between Hunter and I but I said I was going to try it because I liked working with John Cipollina and the guys. I'd played with Country Joe and Barry Melton on some benefits and I'd done some jamming with the Dinosaurs so I started playing with them for awhile. I was going to quit because I had other things I was working on, but they said they'd limit the playing to two or three times a month, and I've been with them ever since."

It was early this year when the Dinosaurs finally ventured to the East Coast, to play a concert at the Saint — in the building that once housed the Fillmore East. Days later, Saunders is discussing the show. He's saying that he was surprised at the audience's reaction. "It was kind of reserved," he says. "We're used to seeing people dance, and seeing two or three thousand people staring at you kind of overwhelmed me. They couldn't believe us and we couldn't believe them."

But why not? It's been a long time since Dinosaurs have ruled the earth. ■

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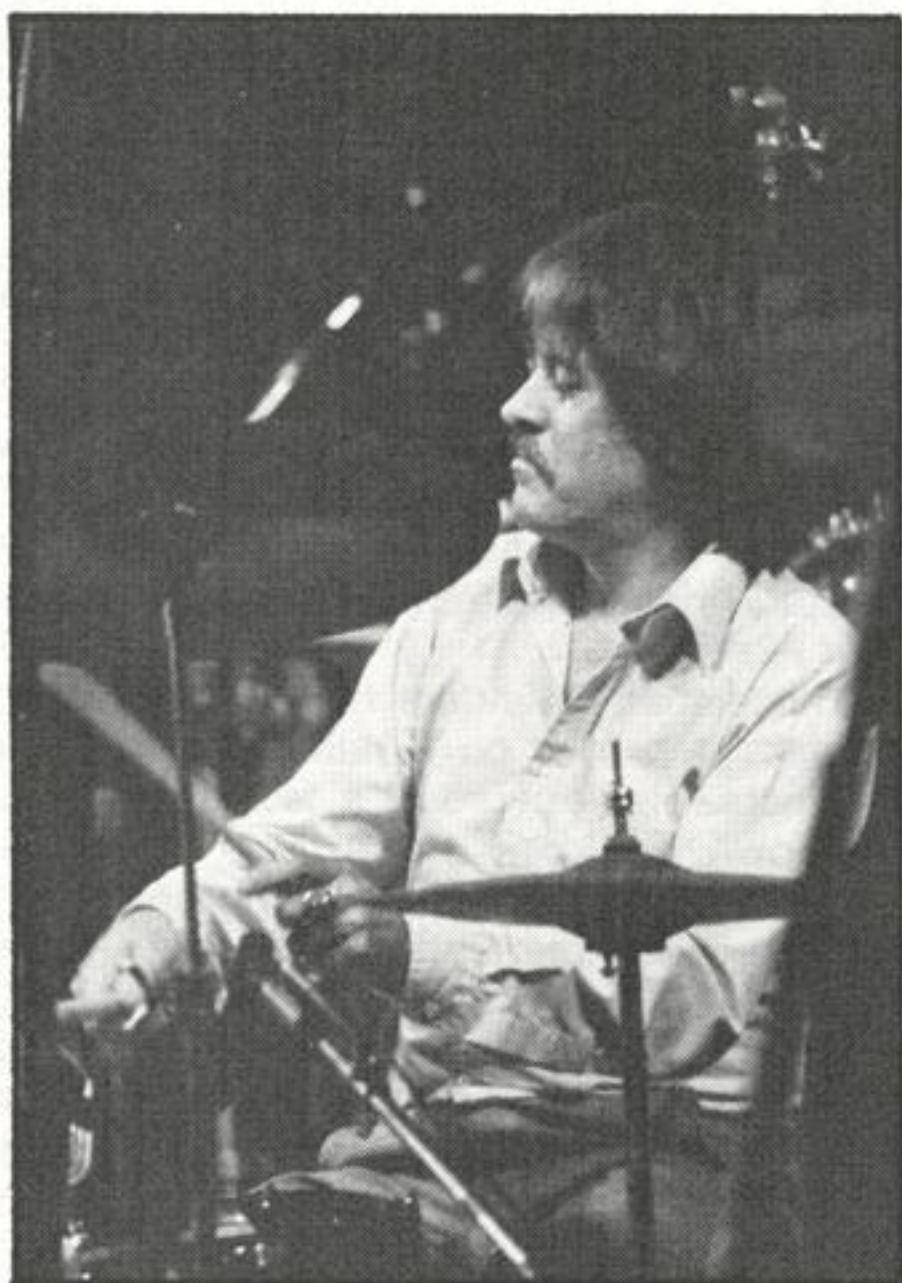
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SPENCER DRYDEN

by Jeff Tamarkin

IT all started innocently enough, Spencer Dryden is saying. Peter Albin, formerly of Big Brother and the Holding Company, and Barry Melton, formerly of Country Joe and the Fish, along with a drummer no one seems to remember, had a gig near the Russian River, north of San Francisco. The drummer couldn't make it that night so Melton, who'd recently done a gig with ex-Jefferson Airplane drummer Spencer Dryden at San Quentin Prison, called his fellow '60s survivor to lend a hand.

Dryden recalls what happened that night. "I said sure, I'd do it. Just play some blues-oriented stuff that everybody knew." But someone in the audience asked if we could play some current hit. Barry said, 'No, we're just a bunch of dinosaurs.' "The next thing they knew, they were a bunch of Dinosaurs.

"We said, 'Let's do another gig,'" Dryden remembers. John Cipollina, whose incendiary guitar work sparked Quicksilver Messenger Service during the height of the Haight, joined them for this one, at San Francisco's now-defunct Old Waldorf. "A bunch of guys played," says Dryden, "including [Robert] Hunter. So the next day Barry called all of us and asked if they'd want to put Hunter in the band to round it out, to have somebody from the Grateful Dead. We said sure, why not, as long as we don't get too serious about it." That was in 1982; the Dinosaurs are still going strong today — they've lasted longer than

some of the original bands in which their members became famous.

For Dryden, when the Dinosaurs came about, it was time to get serious again. Before joining up with the Dinosaurs, most Bay Area music watchers last saw him as the manager of the New Riders of the Purple Sage. He'd left the band's drum stool to take over as its guiding force, but that experience, he says now, was "a fiasco. Management destroyed me. I wanted to save a sinking ship but I wasn't being objective. When you're managing the same guys you've been playing with, all of a sudden there is a line there and you can not deny its existence. You cross that line. You're on one side and they're on the other and it fucks up relationships."

After giving up management of NRPS, Dryden wasn't quite sure what he was going to do next. But some advice came and he took it: Do what you've always done best. "My friends convinced me to go back to playing again," he says. "Just sit there and hit those things once in awhile. It occurred to me that what I knew best was what I had started out doing, which was playing music."

It was, of course, as the drummer of Jefferson Airplane that Spencer Dryden made his reputation in the Bay Area music community. He joined that band in 1966, replacing their original basher, Skip Spence, who went on to join Moby Grape as a guitarist. Dryden remained with the Airplane through their greatest triumphs: Monterey, *Surrealistic Pillow*, Woodstock, *Volunteers*. But even by the time he had first joined the Airplane, Dryden was already an accomplished musician with a long track record.

Dryden was born in New York but moved to L.A. when he was still a child. By his early teens he was seeing jazz greats like Charlie Parker in concert and soon after he was playing drums in L.A. combos himself (he says one early band included Roy Buchanan on guitar). By the mid-'60s Dryden was already into his twenties but having difficulty making ends meet as a drummer. That's when the L.A. rock scene began to break, and Dryden soon found that, although his first love was jazz, he was playing rock 'n' roll. (One of his early bands went on to become Peanut Butter Conspiracy, which made a minor impact on the psychedelic scene.)

In 1966 the Airplane was looking for a new drummer. Somebody (he still isn't sure who it was) told the group about Dryden and they gave him a call. He'd never even heard the band but he packed his drum kit and headed north to San Francisco. Within a year they were the best known San Francisco rock band and found themselves with hit singles and their photo on the cover of *Life* Magazine.

Not counting Skip Spence and original female singer Signe Anderson, Dryden became the first member of the Airplane to leave after they found the success. Why? "It wasn't just the music," he theorizes now. "It was a large cultural, social attitude that basically ended with Woodstock. I was the first guy with the parachute and Marty [Balin] bailed out about three months after me. First there was that big rush of 'How are you gonna follow that?' but I thought maybe I should lay back for a while."

He did, until 1971. "I took off for about a year, screwing around on my boat in Sausalito, kind of getting my battery recharged. Then one day the Dead's manager, Jon McIntire, came over with Owsley and said, 'You've had enough time off. It's time to go back and I have an idea for you. The New Riders are going into the studio and they'd like to have your help with the record.' "

Dryden thought they wanted him to produce it, but found out they needed him to play drums on the tunes that the departing Mickey Hart couldn't finish. "After the records I thought that was it but they asked me to go to New York with them. I didn't know if I wanted to but it was a better feeling with them than I'd had with the Airplane. We only had to open shows for the Dead and play for an hour and a half as opposed to the marathons. We had nothing to prove and it was fun." That was February 1971. Dryden would spend the rest of the decade with the group, first as drummer and later as manager. Finally, the sinking ship he was trying to save had sunk, and Dryden laid back one more time. Enter the Dinosaurs.

"We all knew each other from the '60s and some of us had played together before," Dryden says about the group. "But it became really apparent really fast that everybody had been around the block and certainly had the ability to lock down. The Dinosaurs was discussed as a core that other things could be sprung off of. We don't play that often — everybody has other things to do — but it's not like a bunch of doctors who have a hobby of playing trombone on Saturday night in somebody's living room. We are professional musicians who have fun playing in a good atmosphere."

Just like the '60s? Perhaps, except that they're all a few years older and a couple of decades wiser. But Dryden says that even if the Dinosaurs' audience comes to see a band whose members helped to shape that decade, the band itself doesn't see this as a nostalgia thing. "I don't think about the '60s actively unless the subject is brought up," he says. "I don't know anybody who's just pining to get back to that vision. It's just something you live through, and you retain the things that are important to you. The Dinosaurs is kind of special the way it is, and everybody likes it because it's fun." ■

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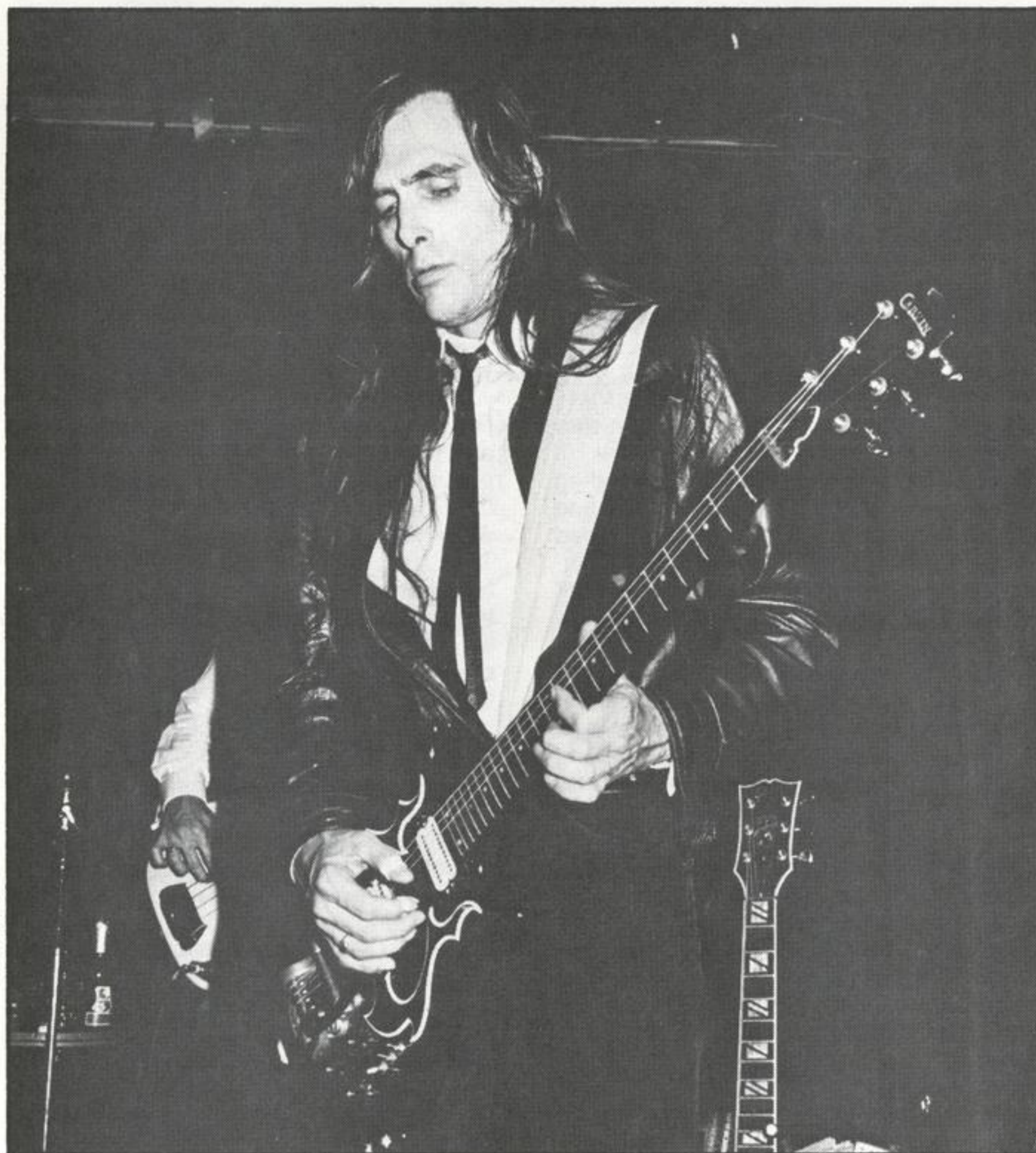
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THE JOHN CIPOLLINA STORY

PART IV: GUITARIST WITHOUT PORTFOLIO

by William Ruhlmann

SINCE his departure from Quicksilver Messenger Service in 1970, San Francisco guitarist John Cipollina has played in a dizzy number of configurations. At this moment, he is a member of Zero, the jazz-rock group that recently issued its debut album, *Here Goes Nothin'*, on Relix Records, the Dinosaurus, Terry and the Pirates, Problem Child, Fish Stew, and probably a couple of other bands even since this interview was conducted. In the 1970s, he formed such bands as Copperhead and Raven, played in a reformed Quicksilver Messenger Service, and worked extensively as a session guitarist. In this final installment of his Relix autobiography, Cipollina begins by talking about the session work.

I was doing a lot of sessions. I even flew to L.A. I did about four years in the studio, and then I got out of it. I never really was that much of a session guy. I did some pro-

ducing and I did a lot of musical directing. I like musical directing. I like going in and taking an artist and putting a band around him. My real forte's always been performing, because I'm an exhibitionist and an animal. It's the easiest thing I can do. Besides, the audience does at least half the work. In the studio, you've got some engineer to play off of, and they pay attention to you. I get more intimidated in the studio than I do playing live. I like recording live if I have to record at all.

[In addition to his session work, Cipollina put together a new band in the early 1970s called Copperhead. The group featured Jim McPhearson on keyboards, Hutch Hutchinson on bass, Gary Philippet on guitar, keyboards, and vocals, and Dave Weber on drums. The group reflected Cipollina's reaction to his experiences in "psychedelic" music.]

I started looking for new directions, because I was so burned out at that time

with the San Francisco bands. At first, we were all fighting for individuality, and we fought so hard that we were stereotyped. I thought, man, if I see another pair of Levis with patches on the knees, and if I see another guitar with an STP sticker on it, I'm gonna puke. I thought, man, we need something new. And I started looking for something fresh, and that's when I came up with Copperhead.

I had an idea. It was kind of a concept thing and I was very proud of Copperhead, actually. It was kind of the way that I felt about playing. I was tired of the long space-out sax-less jams. It's always been a luxury to be in the audience and be a participant. And I got a bunch of likes and dislikes. And one of my dislikes was, I was restless. I wanted to be entertained. I was tired of dead air between songs. I was tired of meandering sets that didn't go anywhere. And I thought it was cute to be threatened by a group. I mean, like, you better pay attention or else you might end up getting made a fool of. I liked that idea.

We were an early punk band. In fact, the term "punk rock" was coined for one of the early reviews that Copperhead got, late '70, early '71. It was a San Francisco critic, in disdain, who said, well it's not really San Francisco rock, and it's not really hard rock, it's kind of punk rock. And I thought, that looks good, that's us. Because first of all, I tried to establish a dress code. Just because our culture is visual, anyway, and it's hard holding attention. And what's more punk than a bunch of nasty little heathens in three-piece suits? I mean, they expect us in tennis shoes and jeans. But, hey, you know, in a suit and tie? Come on, man! That's punk.

And also the concept was mutability. I wanted to be able to do more than just the standard lead guitar, rhythm guitar, drums, singer. So I deliberately looked for two singers with different vocal styles so I would have three options. I had a definite rock singer, and then I had a rock ballad singer, and third I had a combination in harmony.

Copperhead kept on for a good three years. We put out our album in '73, which was bad timing. [Copperhead was signed to Columbia Records by label head Clive Davis, and great things were predicted for the group. Their album was released in May, 1973. On May 29, 1973, Davis was dismissed by CBS for alleged expense account irregularities. He is now the head of Arista Records.] They're cleaning out [Davis's] desk and they find this contract for \$1,350,000, and they went, "Who are these guys?" So they killed the act. They printed, as far as I know, 60,000 units and that was just accidentally. And then they stopped it. And that was it. In fact, we talked to some booking agents and I found out later that CBS threatened them. They said, "If you book Copperhead we'll take off every CBS act you got." They made sure we didn't work. So by '74 we just kind of drifted, there was no sense in it.

[Another of Cipollina's group associations is what he calls "my ongoing thing" with Terry and the Pirates, a Bay area band led by Terry Dolan that has made five albums, starting with *Too Close For Comfort* in 1979. As Cipollina notes, however, his work with Dolan dates from well before the first LP.]

I got my first time running in with Terry and my last session I did with Quicksilver back in 1970. Nicky (Hopkins) had already left Quicksilver and he was producing this guy Terry Dolan. I had just left PHR studios. We were doing the last overdubs on the *What About Me* album. And then I ended up going to Wally Heider's studio. I remember I got in a jam with Garcia and Jorma and a bunch of other bozos. It was just one of those things you do when you don't want to go home, you know? It was about four in the morning and I'm almost ready to go home now. I got a call from Nicky saying, "Hey, come on over, man, I'm over at Lone State Recorders. I'm doing a session. We'd really like you to put down a track or two." So I went over there and that's how I ran into Terry. And then he kept doing sessions and then somewhere along the line he decided to do some gigs. They were real easy and it was a lot of fun, so it just kind of started. And then I just played with him all the time. After Copperhead, I ended up playing a lot in Terry and the Pirates. And then of course I went and did the Man thing.

[Man was a Welsh band, formed in the late 1960's and led by Mickey Jones, Terry Williams (later of Rockpile), and Deke Leonard, that was heavily influenced by the San Francisco sound.]

They came to San Francisco and they were big fans and they wanted to meet me. In fact, they had come the year before and they played a club and they asked if anybody in the audience knew where I lived.

So I went in and I met them and they immediately accused me of not being me. I didn't live up to their expectations at all. They said, "Aw, you can't be him. How tall are you?" And I said, "I'm five-nine." And they said, "Everybody knows Cipollina's at least six-two to six-four." I said, "Bullshit." They said, "We've seen pictures of Quicksilver. He's a big, tall guy." And I actually showed them my license.

I had never had anybody accuse me of not being me before. It was weird. Deke Leonard said, "Well, if you're Cipollina, here, play something like him." So we did a jam and I guess I passed. Then they asked me to come down — they were playing Winterland. I sat in with them on the encore and everything that could've gone wrong went wrong. I mean, I broke a string. I hardly ever break strings. And the PA went out, and one of the amplifiers blew, I think. And it was really cool, because the band held it together. Finally, when the PA went off, the drummer just took it and did a solo.

So at the end of the show they came over and they started to apologize. They said, "Gee, we wanted to ask you if you'd come to England with us, but you probably won't because everything fell apart." And I thought about it. I didn't know them, but I figured that anybody that could hold it together under that kind of adversity was adult enough and professional enough, sure, I'd do it. So I went over without knowing anything about them and we ended up doing the album. [*Maximum Darkness*, 1975]

It was fun doing a three-way guitar thing and also I thought it was about time that I get over, because I was getting typecasted pretty heavy as being, you know, a 'psychedelic' guitar player. It was getting to the point where it was even affecting sessions. I was a trained musician. I had played in jazz groups. I had played numerous styles of music. And I could play rock 'n' roll. But nobody would hit on me for certain sessions because I was typecasted as being a psychedelic guitarist, which I never felt I was very good at, anyway. But then, what do I know? I was just a rocker. So I thought, well, if I'm gonna keep doing this for a living, I'd better get over and do what I do. They might as well find out now I'm five-nine. So I went over and I played.

And sure enough, I surprised everybody. First of all, I am more violent than most people consider. I mean, I'm not, I don't hit people. But I do have a black sense of humor. I always have and I figure they might as well know. And I think we did really well, Man and myself, we did pretty good.

And then I got a call. We were just about to go to Spain and I got a call from the States saying, "Hey, we got Quicksilver back together." Before I'd left, somebody had come over and asked me if I would ever play with Quicksilver again. I was very explicit. I said, "Yes, but only if it was the original musicians and you got everybody to agree with it." And I'm still adamant about that. I'd play in Quicksilver right now if it was the original band, if everybody wanted to do it. Otherwise, it's not worth it. I mean, we did it. There's no sense kicking a dead horse, let alone trying to ride one. And Quicksilver was a thing and we did it and there was nothing wrong with it. There's a lot of other things I'm more embarrassed of than my participation in Quicksilver. So I went back and did the Quicksilver reunion [*Solid Silver*, 1975], and then did two tours coast to coast with the band.

Then at the end of that, I had some Terry and the Pirates stuff to do and I had some other things. I had promised some people. I had gotten involved at a party with a bunch of L.A. bigwigs and we were all under influences of whatever. We were quite egotistical, including myself. And somebody said, "Do you write songs?" "Oh, yeah, I write, sure, you bet!" "Well, do you got any new material?" "You bet! I just spit 'em out, man, like gum." And they said, "Well, God, we gotta get you in the studio, love to hear your stuff." So, three years later they finally said, "Come on, are you gonna go in or not?" And at the time I had a couple of tunes that I had written and I was ready to put down and I had to pull a band together. So I got members of the last three bands that I had worked with, who were Quicksilver, Copperhead, and Terry and the Pirates. And I put Raven together in the beginning of '76. I went in the studio and cut a bunch of my stuff and we had so much fun, we looked at each other and said, "Hey, let's do some gigs. Come on, what do you say?" And that's how Raven started, and then it just got to be crazy. We only did about four gigs.

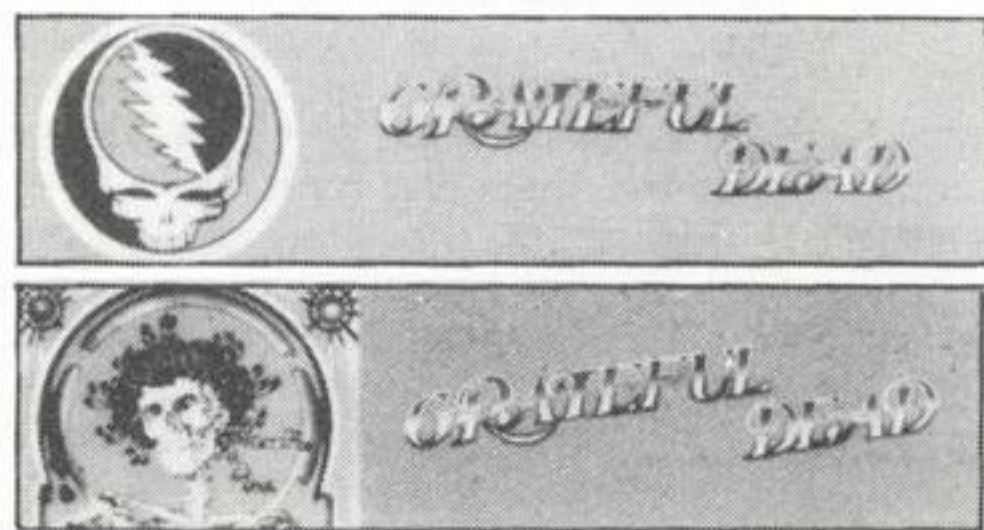
[A Raven album was released on Line Records in West Germany in 1980. Cipollina describes the album.] That was actually two demo sessions, one we did for Brian Rohan, who was gonna go out and try and sell 'em, and the other one I did with CBS, and when I sold the [first] album [to Line] I knew I had done that other session. And then I got back and found out I couldn't find the CBS one so I was really kind of panicked. But I actually was able to find a cassette, a rough mix that one of the drummers had. He had it lying on the hood of his van for about a year, and the start of it was warped and the tape had gotten stretched from the tape deck in his car. But the last three songs on the album, that's what they came off of. The first four were mixed off of a two-track master, the last three came off of a cassette, and a very poor quality cassette, too, I might add. And I pulled that together with Dan Healy, bless his little heart.

[The release of the Raven album came about due to a tour Cipollina undertook of Europe with Nick Gravenites, who had produced and played with Cipollina in Quicksilver. This is another ongoing association. The two recorded a live album in Greece in January, 1988.]

The first time I played with Nick (Gravenites) was in 1979. No, that's not true. I mean, I had played with Nick here and there. We lived together for a couple of years. We were living together in '67. And I'd played with him a bunch. In fact, I did a bunch of gigs with him when Gary Duncan left Quicksilver. That was Quick and Nick in '69. But he had his own group called Blue Gravy that he played with.

Nick got a job. He was playing in this little club down in North Beach and these two school teachers were on vacation from Sweden and they went in there and they saw him and they just flipped out, man. They just, "Wow, God, the real Nick Gravenites!" One of them said, "How come you don't play Sweden? If we get something together, would you go out and work?" And he said, "Yeah."

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I heard about it. So I called him up and congratulated him on getting out of town. I told him, "Look, I know you've never been in Europe, I just want to pat you on the back and I think you should have a good time." And he goes, "Well, listen, I'm playing this club, why don't you come down and sit in?" So I went down there. And playing with Nick is easy. He'll look at you and say, "Shuffle in E," "slow blues in A," "shuffle in G," "slow blues in E."

We sat in there and we played a bunch of stuff. And apparently at the end of the night, the band, the other two guys, said, "Man, we gotta take that guy to Europe with us. First of all, he's been there, he's got a reputation." Plus, I had a passport. So Nick calls me up and he says, "Hey, you want to go over?" So we went over and we did real good. It was successful and we ended up booking other tours. In fact, while I was over there I signed a publishing deal and I sold the Raven album on Line Records. And Nick sold an album on Line and the bass player sold an album on Line, and the drummer sold an album. It was a nickel-and-dime tour and yet we all came back with big checks. And then we all went back the following year. Then we went back again. And I've since been over there five or six times. For a while we'd just go over every year like clockwork.

And I mean, Scandinavia was one thing. But then we discovered Germany and we did real good over in Germany and we started playing over there a lot and that's kind of how I started playing with Nick. And then I ended up coming back home and it was like, "Let's do a couple of gigs." So we started playing out there and that's when Thunder And Lightning came together.

Nick put a band together called Animal Mind he's been playing with, which was a trio again, and then he got this thing in Greece just recently and he started thinking of going over by himself. Then the guy said, "Well, what about that skinny guitar player, Cipollina? Can you bring him over, too?" So then he decided to bring over the band too, as long as he had to bring me. And we had a good time.

I've been in a lot of bands. I'm currently in and out of six bands. I mean, tomorrow I'm playing with Zero. And then after that I'm playing in a band called Fish Stew, which is me and Melton and the bass player from Thunder and Lightning.

[In addition to playing prolifically, Cipollina has also been doing a lot of recording lately, as he elaborated.] The Dinosaurs have already booked the date, they told me. We're gonna start recording (for Relix) in a few weeks, which will be my third or fourth record project in the last couple of months. Terry and the Pirates just got one put out on Line, *The Acoustic Rangers*. I just put some tracks on that. Zero, of course, their album is coming out. [Here Goes Nothin' was released in March, 1988.]

I know there's some things I left out, but probably for a good reason, more than likely. I'm still thinking the same as when I was 17 years old, which'll probably be the death of me. But I'm going on 45 and I'm still acting like a 17-year old. I'm happy. I really enjoy what I do. Otherwise I'd do something else.



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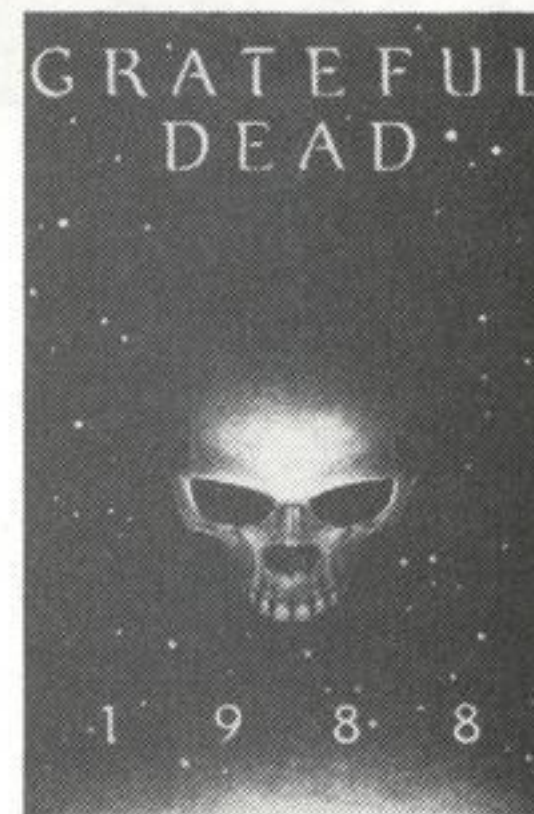
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SONG LISTS

**Compiled by
Jimbo Juanis,
Cary Krosinsky,
Lee J. Randell &
Doug Riblet**

**Jerry Garcia Band
Warfield Theatre
San Francisco
March 4, 1988**

How Sweet It Is
I'll Take A Melody
It's No Use
Forever Young
Run For The Roses
Stop That Train
Deal

The Harder They Come
Knockin' On Heaven's Door
Stoned Me
Don't Let Go
Mississippi Moon
My Sisters and Brothers
Tangled Up In Blue

March 5, 1988

Cats Under The Stars
Mission In The Rain
Get Out Of My Life Woman
I Shall Be Released
Run For The Roses
Deal

How Sweet It Is
Like A Road
Think
My Sisters and Brothers
Don't Let Go w/Howard Wales
Lucky Old Sun
Midnight Moonlight

Encore:
Evangeline

**Grateful Dead
Henry J. Kaiser
Oakland, CA
March 16, 1988**

Alabama Getaway
Greatest Story Ever Told
Stagger Lee
Walkin' Blues
Candyman
Queen Jane Approximately
Big Boss Man
Cassidy
Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Playing In The Band
Drums/Space
The Wheel
Gimme Some Lovin'
All Along The Watchtower
Morning Dew

Encore:
Touch of Grey

**March 17, 1988
St. Patrick's Day**

Opening set by Train To Sligo

Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
New Minglewood Blues

Ramble On Rose
Stuck Inside of Mobile
(With the Memphis Blues Again)
Row Jimmy
Let It Grow

Irish Jig Jam
China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Estimated Prophet
Eyes Of The World
Drums w/Hamza El Din/Space
Goin Down The Road Feelin Bad
I Need A Miracle
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude

Encore:
Black Muddy River

March 18, 1988

Iko Iko
Little Red Rooster
Brown Eyed Women
When I Paint My Masterpiece
Bird Song
The Music Never Stopped

When Push Comes To Shove
Women Are Smarter
Ship of Fools
Uncle John's Band
Drums/Space
Other One
Stella Blue
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Encore:
Not Fade Away
Brokedown Palace

**The Omni
Atlanta, GA
March 24, 1988**

Touch of Grey
Walkin' Blues
Candyman
Queen Jane Approximately
Loser
It's All Over Now
Far From Me
Cassidy
Don't Ease Me In

Mississippi 1/2 Step
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station
Drums/Space
Truckin'
I Need A Miracle
Wharf Rat
Lovelight

Encore:
Black Muddy River

**Hampton Coliseum
Hampton, VA
March 26, 1988**

Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Stir It Up
Minglewood Blues
Peggy-O
Mexicali Blues
Big River
Row Jimmy
Stuck Inside of Mobile
(With the Memphis Blues Again)
Might As Well

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Playing in the Band
Drums/Space
Gimme Some Lovin'
The Wheel
All Along the Watchtower
Black Peter
One More Saturday Night

Encore:
Knockin' On Heaven's Door

March 27, 1988

Iko Iko
Little Red Rooster
Stagger Lee
Ballad of a Thin Man
Cumberland Blues
Me & My Uncle
To Lay Me Down
Let It Grow

Miles Davis Space
Sugar Magnolia
Scarlet Begonias
Fire on the Mountain
Estimated Prophet
Eyes of the World
Drums/Space
Heaven Help Jam
Goin' Down the Road
Feelin' Bad
I Need A Miracle
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Sunshine Daydream

Encore:
U.S. Blues

March 28, 1988

Feel Like A Stranger
Franklin's Tower
Box of Rain
When Push Comes to Shove
Walkin' Blues
It Must Have Been the Roses
When I Paint My Masterpiece
Bird Song
The Music Never Stopped

Touch of Grey
Women Are Smarter
Ship of Fools
Truckin'
Drums/Space
Other One
Stella Blue
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Encore:
Mighty Quinn

**Brendan Byrne Arena
Meadowlands
E. Rutherford, NJ
March 30, 1988**

Bertha
Greatest Story Ever Told
Hey Pocky-Way
West LA Fadeaway
Queen Jane Approximately
Big Railroad Blues
Cassidy
Don't Ease Me In

Shakedown Street
Looks Like Rain
Playing In The Band
Uncle John's Band
Drums/Space
The Wheel
Gimme Some Lovin'
Morning Dew
Lovelight

Encore:
Muddy River

March 31, 1988

Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Mexicali Blues
Brown Eyed Woman
When I Paint My Masterpiece
Ramble On Rose
Let It Grow

Scarlet Begonias
Fire on the Mountain
Samsom & Delilah
Terrapin Station
Drums/Space
Goin' Down The Road
Feelin' Bad
I Need A Miracle
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude
All Along the Watchtower

Encore:
Knockin' On Heaven's Door

April 1, 1988

Mississippi 1/2 Step
Jack Straw
To Lay Me Down
Ballad of a Thin Man
When Push Comes to Shove
New Minglewood Blues
Deal

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Estimated Prophet
Eyes of the World
Drums/Space
Other One
Wharf Rat
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Encore:
Brokedown Palace

**Hartford Civic Center
Hartford, CT
April 3, 1988
Easter Sunday**

Promised Land
Greatest Story Ever Told
Althea
Little Red Rooster
Cold Rain & Snow
Stuck Inside of Mobile
(With the Memphis Blues Again)
Box of Rain
Don't Ease Me In

Playing In the Band
Crazy Fingers
Franklin's Tower
Women Are Smarter
Drums/Space
Gimme Some Lovin'
Black Peter
Lovelight

Encore:
Baby Blue

April 4, 1988

Alabama Getaway
Johnny B Goode
Never Trust A Woman
They Love Each Other
Queen Jane Approximately
When Push Comes to Shove
Cassidy
Don't Ease Me In

Touch of Grey
Looks Like Rain
Truckin'
He's Gone
Drums/Space
The Other One
Stella Blue

Good Lovin'
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude

Encore:
U.S. Blues

April 5, 1988

Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Walkin' Blues
Dire Wolf
It's All Over Now
Bird Song
When I Paint My Masterpiece
Might As Well

Iko Iko
Louie Louie
Samson & Delilah
Ship of Fools
Smokestack Lightning
Drums/Space
I Need A Miracle
Wharf Rat
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Encore:
Knockin' On Heaven's Door

The Centrum Worcester, MA April 7, 1988

Touch of Grey
Feel Like a Stranger
Franklin's Tower
Minglewood Blues
Row Jimmy
Stuck Inside of Mobile
(Memphis Blues Again)
Big Railroad Blues
Around & Around

Sugar Magnolia
Scarlet Begonias
Estimated Prophet
Eyes of the World
Drums/Space
The Wheel
Gimme Some Lovin'
All Along the Watchtower
Black Peter
Sunshine Daydream

Encore:
Box of Rain

April 8, 1988

Jack Straw
West LA Fadeaway
Little Red Rooster

Stagger Lee
Queen Jane Approximately
Loser
Let It Grow

Playing in the Band
Crazy Fingers
Uncle John's Band
Jam
Drums/Space
Other One
Black Peter
Lovelight

Encore:
Black Muddy River

April 9, 1988

Big Boss Man
Walkin' Blues
Far From Me
Candyman
Me and My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Tennessee Jed
When I Paint My Masterpiece
Deal

Hell in a Bucket
Iko Iko
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station
Drums/Space
Goin' Down the Road
I Need A Miracle
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Encore:
One More Saturday Night

Rosemont Horizon Chicago, Illinois April 13, 1988

Mississippi 1/2 Step
Feel Like a Stranger
Franklin's Tower
Little Red Rooster
When Push Comes to Shove
Queen Jane Approximately
Don't Ease Me In

Sugar Magnolia
Bertha
Playing in the Band
Uncle John's Band
Drums/Space
Playin' Reprise

Goin' Down the Road
Feelin' Bad
Morning Dew
Sunshine Daydream

Encore:
Touch of Grey

April 14, 1988

Jack Straw
West LA Fadeaway
Mama Tried
Big River
Althea
When I Paint My Masterpiece
Bird Song
Promised Land

Box of Rain
Iko Iko
Estimated Prophet
Eyes of the World
Drums/Space
The Wheel
Gimme Some Lovin'
Black Peter
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Encore:
Black Muddy River

April 15, 1988

Scarlet Begonias
Fire on the Mountain
Walkin' Blues
Candyman
Louie Louie
Cumberland Blue
Stuck Inside of Mobile
Deal

Hell in a Bucket
Crazy Fingers
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station
Drums/Space
The Other One
I Need A Miracle
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude
Lovelight

Encore:
Knockin' On Heaven's Door

Confirmed Grateful Dead 1988 Tour Dates

June 17 Met Center — Bloomington MN
18 Dylan at Alpine Valley (Dead rumored to be back-up band)
19, 20, 22, 23 Alpine Valley — E. Troy WI
25 Ohio
26 Pittsburgh Civic Center — Pittsburgh PA
28 Saratoga Performing Arts Center — Saratoga NY
30 Silver Stadium — Rochester NY
July 2 Oxford Speedway — Oxford ME

* Unconfirmed Grateful Dead Tour Dates

July 10, 11, 12 Crested Butte CO
15, 16, 17 Greek Theater — Berkeley CA
22 - 26 TBA SF CA
August 1988 Jerry Garcia Band Tour
27 - 28 TBA SF CA
Sept. 2, 3, 5, 6 Landover MD
8, 9, 10, 11 Spectrum — Philadelphia PA
14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25 Madison Square Garden — NYC
Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2 Shoreline Amphitheater — Mountain View, CA
Nov. 11, 12, 13 Arena — Long Beach CA
Dec. 27, 28, 30, 31 Coliseum Arena — Oakland CA

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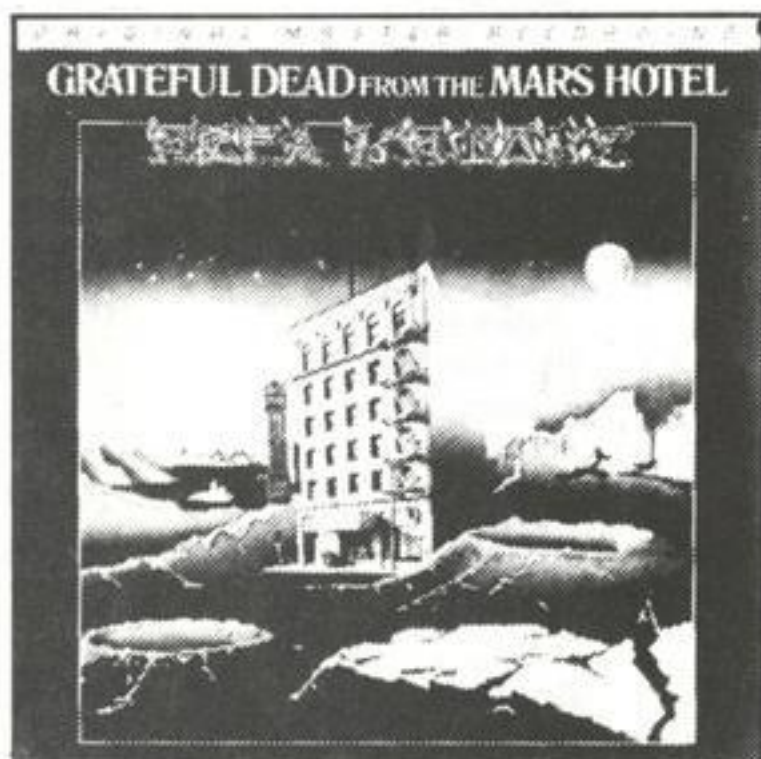


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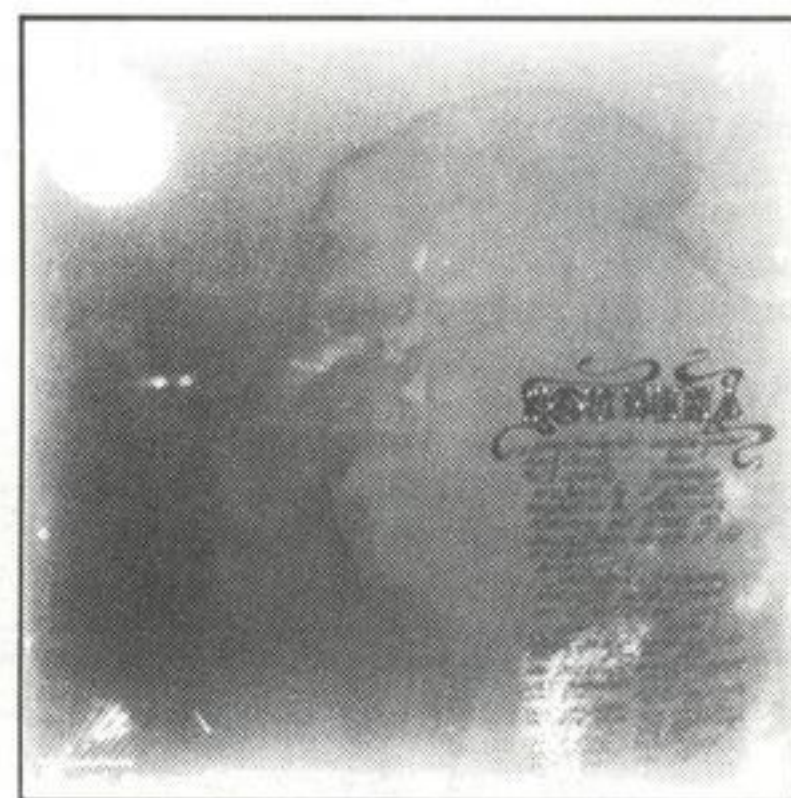
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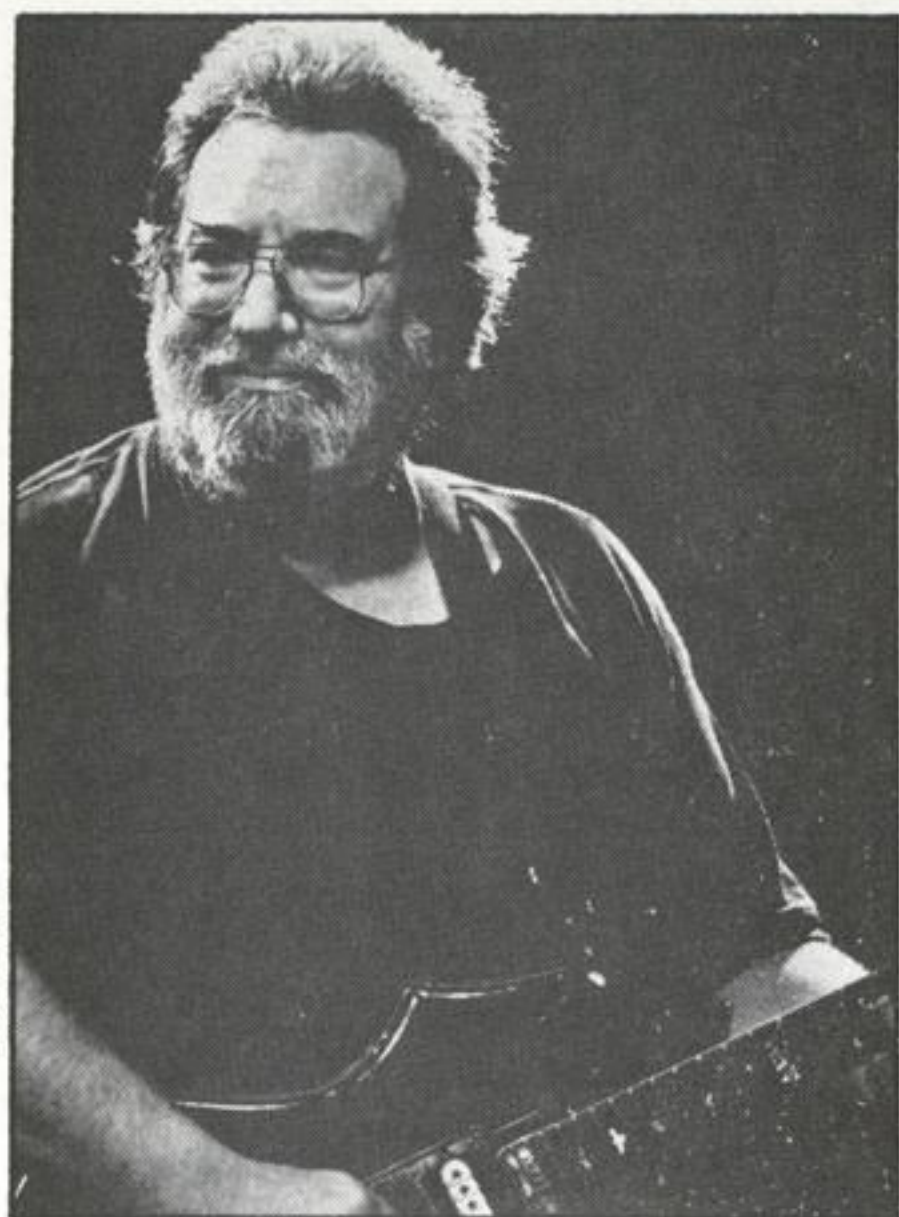
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Bob Minkin



1988 East Coast Tour FROM HAMPTON TO HARTFORD

by Cary Krosinsky

IN the continuing saga of the Grateful Dead, 1988 has already provided its share of twists and turns. After inconsistent play in February, the Dead got back on track in March at the Kaiser and then literally peaked at Hampton. Climbing up a mountain usually suggests a descent to follow, as was the case in New Jersey and Hartford soon after. These latter shows were quite a contrast, though, to the undeniable quality witnessed at Hampton.

It all came together this year in Virginia. Past years have brought such moments as the return of Box of Rain in '86 and the return to health and good play of Jerry in '87. This year in Hampton, the Dead sounded like an ensemble on a mission and flat out kicked ass. When the first show opens with Hell in a Bucket, and it's a different, jammy version, you know it's gonna get stranger. And it did when Bobby and Jerry started tuning after Sugaree and just sort of happened into the chords of Bob Marley's Stir It Up. So they started playing it with the whole band picking it up and it sounded great! Unfortunately, no one knew more words than the chorus so it only lasted for a couple of minutes, but it was great fun. Everyone at Hampton seemed to be humming the chorus to themselves for days. Later in the set, Mexicali Blues into Big River was hot, Bobby's version of Dylan's Stuck Inside of Mobile was excellent and the whole place rocked to Might As Well. A fine set. And the fun was just beginning.

The second set looks somewhat standard on paper but featured some of the best versions heard of some all-time classics. China Cat into Rider was sweet. Bobby's guitar playing was especially noteworthy here. He has somewhat cheated on the opening riff, especially in the 80's, but here his playing echoed the glory days of the early 70's. I Know You Rider was as hot as a steam locomotive; a northbound train. And when Playin' melded into Uncle John's Band who would have thought such a stand out version was possible in 1988? I only hope it translates to tape as well as it sounded that night. Other highlights: the space suggesting both The Wheel and Gimme Some Lovin' (they did both), and the One More Saturday Night was again the best version heard in some time. As we Knocked on Heaven's Door, the first show was over.

But the quality never subsided at these three shows. The second show seemingly started where the first left off with a rockin' Iko and a red-hot Little Red Rooster. Roost-

ter can be a drag sometimes, but this was one of those hot versions where Bobby's slide works and then the jamming just takes off. Soon after was Bobby's first crack at Ballad of a Thin Man and it was flawless. Something was happening but we knew what it was: good play. After the jammy, unorthodox Cumberland into Me and My Uncle, Jerry provided a treat. A stirring rendition of To Lay Me Down, the first in four years complete with full well-sung lyrics and beautiful harmonies. One of those well played, jam-filled Let it Grow ended this superb set. Half way through Hampton, and the second set began with even more pleasant surprises. Bobby's guitar, seemingly a focal point on numerous occasions, now malfunctioned. So Jerry, Phil, Brent and the drummers took the opportunity to play an inspired jazzy instrumental that started in a spacey fashion when Jerry suddenly took the jam into the main riff of Miles Davis' song So What. No kidding! From here, a perfect segue ensued into Sugar Magnolia. A hot Scarlet went into a hotter Fire, and when a slow, smooth Eyes was brought from Estimated, tapers were in a quandry. 'Before Drums' went about fifty minutes making a clean tape flip an impossibility. Memories of Chula Vista '85. Hopefully, you're getting the picture about these shows. Hopefully, you'll get the tapes too.

The second set ended in a Sunshine Daydream sandwich, and it was no bologna on white bread for sure. The third night, while not at the ultimate level of the first two, featured perhaps the hottest jamming of the year, and some problems as well. For example, the Feel Like a Stranger jam was offbeat and quite nice but the song ended a touch sloppy. Same with the subsequent Franklin's Tower: hot during, ending slightly cold. Top notch versions of Roses and Masterpiece led to an almost inexplicable Bird Song. Bird Song sometimes really gets out there and this was one of those times. They hit a cosmic jam so wild and powerful that it seemed that Jerry either got lost or spaced out, but rather

John Rottet



Bill Kreutzmann, Bob Weir and Mickey Hart — Hampton, VA 3/27/88

John Rottet



Bob Weir and Jerry Garcia — 3/27/88

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RRLP 2002
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Promontory Rider
Featuring Jerry Garcia, Mickey Hart, Keith and Donna Goddard, Buddy Cage, Dave Torbert and others.



RRLP 2003
Robert Hunter
Amagalin St.
2-EP set featuring Jorma Kaukonen, John Cipollina, Meri Saunders and Rodney Aton. This record is known as the first rock novel.



RRLP 2004
Hot Tuna
Splashdown
This acoustic performance was from a WQTX-FM radio broadcast of July 25, 1975. The broadcast took place at the same time as the Apollo-Soyuz joint U.S.-Soviet space mission was coming to an end.



RRLP 2005
Kingfish
Featuring John Lee Hooker, Bob Weir, Dave Torbert, Mike Bloomfield.



RRLP 2007
Jorma Kaukonen
MAGIC
A live performance recorded on tour. This record portrays a true and highly rendition of a jam show with the robust flavor that only a Jorma audience is capable of providing.



RRLP 2008
The Flying Burrito Brothers
Cabin Fever
The first release from the Flying Burrito Brothers after a 5-year hiatus. From touring, includes Burrito favorites performed with upbeat enthusiasm. This is taken from material from a rare 1985 tour.



RRLP 2010
Matt Kelly
A Wing and A Prayer
A twelve year project. Matt got all his favorite musicians to work with him on this effort: Garcia, Weir, Kreutzmann, Mydland, Goddard, Nelson and many other San Francisco based musicians can be found on this EP.



RRLP 2011
Hot Tuna
Historic Hot Tuna
A special treat for Hot Tuna fans! This EP was produced from the master tapes from two Hot Tuna shows in San Francisco in 1971. Side two was recorded from the Closing of the Fillmore West.



RRLP 2012
Jorma Kaukonen
Too Hot To Handle
The record that Jorma Kaukonen's "Too Hot To Handle" has been waiting for. An acoustic. All New Material. Jorma record. No more has to be said.



RRLP 2014
Savoy Brown
Live From Central Park
From a live performance during the Summer 1972. This performance was rated by WNEW-FM to be the best performance of that summer.



RRLP 2016
Kingfish
LIVE IN 85
A brand new Kingfish record, recorded especially for Relix Records. Featuring some of the best old time rock & roll songs that made Kingfish famous.



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Brent Mydland, 3/27/88

than smoothly transition back into end choruses, he just kind of forced the issue, spoiling a potential version for the ages. An amazing jam nonetheless into The Music Never Stopped to close. At any rate, the second set was full of great jams and songs played to the hilt with highlights being Truckin', The Other One, and related jams. This show was truly unique — jams for the record books and mistakes as well. Phil said it all during the Box of Rain that night when after missing a verse, he sang "Well, please don't be surprised if you find me forgetting." But I soon won't forget the depth and varied quality that pervaded at Hampton this spring. Soundboards exist. Get 'em.

And just when the going got good, then came New Jersey. Rather than go into detail, suffice it to say that the Dead seemed comparatively lackluster, and after the highs at Hampton it was sort of to be expected. The worst place bar none for the outdoor scene, Brendan Byrne took the wind out of the sails of the great ship that carries the Grateful Dead. Errors became more frequent (Uncle John's first night), jams went nowhere (Scarlet into Fire night two), and aside from the Hey Jude, and different arrangement on Watchtower to end the second show, the whole stand was definitely a cut below.

Then came Hartford. Woe is me. An excellent first set the first night featuring Cold Rain & Snow sung with a passion by Jerry hardly foretold what was to come. As Playin' became Crazy Fingers, one thought, this is going to be a hot show. But just then Jerry completely lost his voice. And I mean completely. Sounded like Jerry with a side order of gravel. Jerry on the rocks. Franklin's Tower was, to be kind, unfortunate. Baby Blue was unbearable. Only the super Lovelight set closer came anywhere close to saving the show (it didn't). The second show figured, as a result, to hold little chance for success but featured a nicely unorthodox first set and a strong Looks Like Rain before He's Gone proved how gone his voice really was. And did they have to do Don't Ease Me In twice in a row? After the peaks in Hampton, the valleys of Hartford seemed low indeed. But what goes up must come down before it can go back up again.

Sometimes you've got to take the good with the bad. But such good AND such bad? It looks like it's going to be that kind of year. And as long as there's the good, that's good enough for me.

FRAGMENTS

by Scott Allen

IT was an interesting morning when Deadheads found themselves interspersed among fans of the "Rat Pack," the nickname of the Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr. trio, on line for tickets to each musical sensation's concert. Tickets for the Dead's March 16, 17, and 18 concerts at the Henry J. Kaiser Auditorium in Oakland went on sale the same day as the Rat Pack's March 13 show at the Oakland Coliseum. There was more than one double-take on the ticket-buyers line that morning. "All these Deadheads and Rat Pack fans were standing on line at the same time wondering weird thoughts about each other," commented Deadhead Gary Lambert of California in a March 14 Gannett Westchester Newspapers article, "Rat Pack Reunion." Undaunted, Mr. Lambert went to all four concerts. . . .

The Hampton (VA) *Times-Herald* featured a March 26 photo-essay, "Bring Out the Dead," to commemorate the band's advent of a three-night stand in town. The piece was introduced by a front-page of a ticket-seeking Deadhead, Suzanne Pactor of Buffalo, N.Y., covering her head with a three-foot skull and carrying a sign with the number "1" on it; the caption above the photo read, "One more for Saturday night." The piece included photos of nine Deadheads or groups of Deadheads with their printed observations about the band. Among the more interesting comments were the words of a Fort Eustis fireman, Dennis Ricketts, who stated he catches "a lot of heat from my co-workers at the firehouse — you know how it is, there's not a TV over there that's not tuned to the Nashville Network." Another Deadhead, Mark Mason, said, "People do a lot of judging the book by its cover when it comes to Dead fans. Many Dead fans are intelligent and curious, well-traveled, who, along the way, have become well-versed."

A March 28 article in the Virginia *Ledger-Star*, "The Dead, alive and well at Hampton," contained several noteworthy quotes and comments. The writer, Jim Morrison, stated that "each time the six band members take the stage, they reaffirm the tightly knit fellowship that spiritually bonds them and their fans." Dead lyricist Robert Hunter was quoted as saying, "I think some of our music is appealing to some sort of idealism in people, and hopefully it's universal enough to make those songs continue to exist over the years." Mr. Morrison astutely commented that, "The Grateful Dead give fans a caring and fun-loving evening of music, in city after city across the country. During 'Uncle John's Band' Weir sang, 'I declare, have you seen the light?' The crowd roared back. They do. That's what a Dead concert is about. Night after night."

Remember Ben Cohen and Jerry Greenfield? You know, as in "Ben and Jerry's," makers of Cherry Garcia ice cream. . . . well, the two were in the news again recently. An April 5 New York *Post* story, "Not in a Month of Sundaes," detailed the latest escapades of the Deadhead duo. It seems Ben Cohen offered \$250,000 to have New York City's West 72nd Street IRT subway station cleaned, painted and maintained. Alas, a difference of opinion as to who should do the actual work created a split between the Transit Authority and the Transit Workers Union, and once again the idealism of the Sixties was lost in the bureaucracy and redtape of the Eighties. Nonetheless, as good sports do, Ben and Jerry spent April 4 distributing free samples of their majestic work to straphangers at the IRT stop.

The Dead's ever-increasing popularity (ho-hum) reared its head again when gossip columnist Liz Smith noted in her syndicated daily proliferation of hearsay and the like that the late author, Joseph Campbell, is credited with "influencing the rock group the Grateful Dead." Joseph Campbell, who devoted most of his life to the study and meaning of mythology and folklore throughout the world, is the author of the classic *The Hero With A Thousand Faces*. Campbell attended a Dead show in February, 1986, in Oakland, and then in November of that year participated in a seminar, "Ritual and Rapture," that was arranged by Mickey Hart and also included Jerry Garcia as part of a performance/discussion format. Campbell, who died in October, 1987, at age 83, is the subject of a six-part television program produced by news television personality Bill Moyers. The series of hour-long conversations with the author, titled "Joseph Campbell and the Power of Myth," began on May 23. Doubleday Books, at the bequest of editor Jacqueline Onassis, will publish a book transcribing the Moyer conversations to coincide with the television presentation.

The three remaining Beatles continue to be the center of rumors concerning the possibility of them working together again. Paul McCartney was reported as saying in late-March that he finds the prospect of writing songs together with George Harrison challenging because he had only worked with John Lennon. McCartney, who has completed a new album of work featuring several collaborations with Elvis Costello, including the English hit, "Once Upon a Long Ago," further added that any reunion of the Beatles would come under a different moniker because, as George Harrison recently remarked, "There's only three of us left." Harrison, riding a crest of popularity with his fine *Cloud Nine* effort (which has been certified platinum), also added that he and McCartney "have been

having dinner together (and it's) the first time we have been this close for a long time." Interestingly enough, the walrus in Harrison's video, "When We Was Fab," featuring Ringo on drums, is you guessed it, none other than Paul. Harrison said if he does tour as a solo artist, he'd love to bring "all of the old friends — the over-forty year-olds — Ringo, Jeff Lynne, Eric Clapton and Elton John." McCartney, Harrison and Starr were in attendance at a birthday party for Elton John's wife. Incidentally, Ringo continues to negotiate a role in an upcoming television pilot, *Flipside*, about a rock star who's trying to raise a family.

Grateful Dead Talk To Themselves is a promotional record issued by Arista Records last fall to help market *In the Dark*. The album features casual conversations among band members, such as their responses to questions posed by Robert Hunter. You get to hear Jerry, Bob and Brent answer queries like, "What is the first thing you remember?" and the really big one, the one we've all been dying to know, the \$64,000 question: "Would you rather be run over by a steam roller on a hot day on an empty stomach or a cold day on a full one?" Jerry deadpanned (no pun intended) that "it's kind of a hard-edged question. . . ."

The First Church in Cambridge, MA, hosted a SEVA Foundation benefit on April 30 featuring Wavy Gravy and the Einstein Experience. Tickets were sold only on the night of the show on a first-come first-serve basis. Need we remind you in this election year that Mr. Gravy's longtime political ally, Nobody, will again be a candidate in the upcoming presidential election in November.

The Psychedelic Solution Gallery hosted a Stanley Miller showing, "Hot Rods and Monsters," from April 2 through May 28. Long before Stanley "Mouse" Miller teamed up with Alton Kelley and found fame through their psychedelic posters of the Sixties, Mouse lived in Detroit and painted hot rod t-shirts. His bizarre graphics were known for their bulging eyes, large teeth and snake-length tongues and were the rage of every car crazy kid in Detroit. The gallery display focused on this 1957-1965 period of Mouse's work.

Concert-goers at both the Meadowlands and Hampton shows were given information hand-outs as they entered the parking lots. The handouts were created with the cooperation of the Dead and local municipalities like the police and the Chamber of Commerce. The hand-outs touched on what should now be familiar themes to most Deadheads, like counterfeit tickets, hotel availability, and the general "do's and don't's" of life as a Deadhead.

The Deadhead Office in San Rafael returned a brief message to all Deadheads who sent in a SASE requesting information about the proposed tour of China, planned originally for this year. The message read in full: "The Grateful Dead have decided to postpone the China Tour for a year in order to develop and record a new album. Though we regret any inconvenience this may cause, the message is clear: Never trust a prankster!" If you would like to receive further information as it becomes available, please send a SASE to Camille

(travel agent for the Grateful Dead) at: P.O. Box 1260, San Rafael, CA, 94915.

Several new additions and a couple of revivals have found their way into the Dead's performing repertoire for 1988. Two new Bob Dylan classics were introduced this year. "Stuck Inside of Mobile With the Memphis Blues Again" debuted during the March 17 concert at the Kaiser, and "Ballad of a Thin Man" was played at the March 27 Hampton show for the first time. The "Hey Jude" finale returned to the stage for its second and third performance ever by the Dead at the March 17 show and at the March 31 show at the Meadowlands, respectively. The classic "To Lay Me Down" returned for its first showing in nearly five years, or since October 17, 1983, in Lake Placid, N.Y., during the March 27 show at Hampton. Can you recall the first performance of the "Hey Jude" finale by the Dead? It was September 7, 1985, at Red Rocks. This, of course, does not take into account Pigpen-era performances of the complete "Hey Jude" song.

While the topic is new songs, Bob Marley and the Wailers' "Stir It Up" was given an impromptu going-over by the Dead during the first set of the March 26 Hampton show. Bob Weir couldn't remember the lyrics to the song and had to stroll across the stage to ask Jerry the first line. And while the topic is reggae, "Burning Issues" is a newsletter that addresses ideals such as Rastafarianism, reggae music and political topics. It is available by sending a SASE to: P.O. Box 527, Bloomfield, NJ, 07003.

Deadheads who are into collecting Dead memorabilia should check out the Beatlefest when it comes to a town near you. Plenty of Dead items find their way into the racks alongside Beatle wigs and the like. At the New York Metro area's 18th annual Beatlefest in March I picked up original copies of Mickey Hart's *Rolling Thunder* and the Dead's *Wake of the Flood* as well as the "Deal"/"The Wheel" 45 rpm by Jerry Garcia.

Rumors continue to run rampant that, in the wake of the Dead's postponement of their China tour, the band will play a nine-night stand at Madison Square Garden in September. The word in the parking lot also has it that Bob, Jerry, Robert Hunter and John Barlow visited Hawaii in January to work on new material. It is a fact that the Dead are intent on following up *In the Dark* as soon as possible. New copies of the *In the Dark* LP are being printed with the eyes upside down on the cover. The covers for the CD have always, to my knowledge, been printed with the eyes upside down, while the original cassette covers had the eyes rightside up but then followed suit with the compact disk. Another rumor: Bob Weir was spotted shopping for designer suits in Sak's Fifth Avenue, prompting one observer to quip, "Does he have a job we don't know about?"

And-d-d-d-d, while the subject is CDs, with the coming of digital mastering and CDs, look for the Dead to release more live offerings in the future, despite the fact that the band already has seven live albums. A CD and its technologies provide 75

minutes of uninterrupted music, or about the same length as an average Dead set these days. Think about it. Two CDs equal one show. Where *Dead Set* and the constraints of vinyl album technology could not fully replicate a concert, a CD will succeed in this task. "Excuse me," I'll one day ask the record store clerk, "I'm looking for 10-11-91, Berkeley, California, on CD. Do you have it?" You see, the future won't be all that bad. . . .

Be sure to visit the C.C. Rider Lounge & Restaurant in the upstate New York town of Occanum, near Binghamton, exit 78 off of Route 17, the express lane to heaven for Deadheads traveling to northern New York shows.

Robert Hunter has had his hands full lately. Following the publication by Hologos'i Books of his translation of Rilke's *Duino Elegies*, Hunter set a reading of the work to a piano accompaniment played by former-Dead bandmate Tom Constanen. The Dead's lyricist's seventh solo album (not counting the unreleased *Alligator Moon*, a "best of" package and a live album) is titled *Liberty* and was released in March on Relix Records. Hunter was also heard commenting recently on the "Deadhead Hour" about his collaboration with Bob Dylan: "It couldn't be easier to work with Dylan. I brought about 15-17 songs into the Dead before we made *In the Dark*, of which several were selected for *In the Dark*. I took about three of them for the *Liberty* album and Dylan took two of them for his album. He just flipped through the songbook that was sitting there at (the) Front Street (recording studio), liked these tunes, put them in his pocket and off he went. Bob Dylan doesn't have to ask me if he can do (my) tunes. You got your Grammys, your Bammies, your Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. . . as far as I'm concerned, Bob Dylan has done two of my songs and those other things sound faraway, distant and not very interesting." The real good news in the Robert Hunter camp these days is that his wife, Maureen, is pregnant and expecting a child this summer. Hunter has stated that he will tour in 1989, following the birth of his baby.

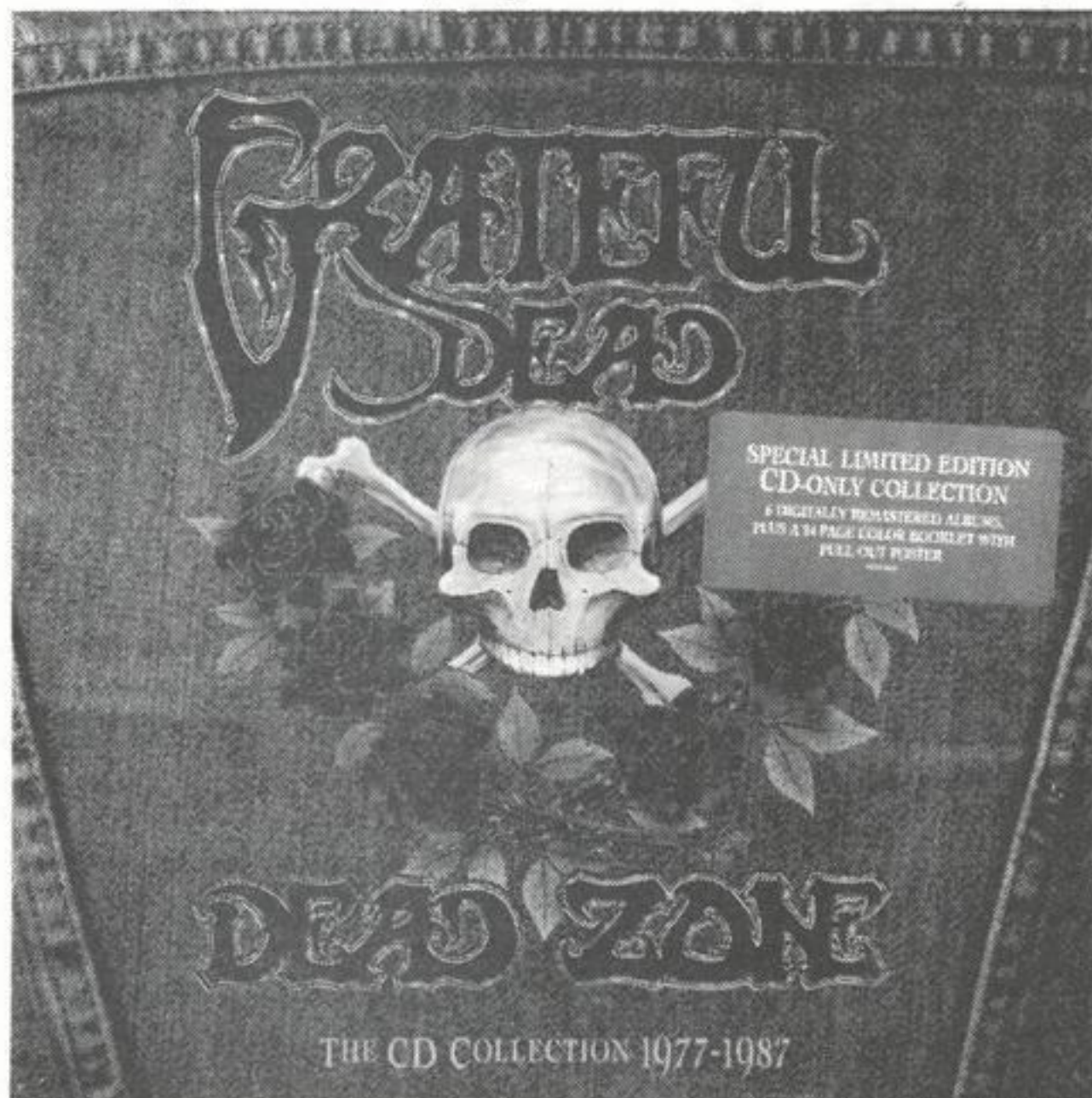
On May 14, Atlantic Records held its Fortieth Anniversary celebration at New York's Madison Square Garden and it was quite an event. The show was highlighted by the reunion of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young and also featured the Who's Pete Townshend and Roger Daltry. More next issue.

My favorite stage quote for 1987 goes to Jerry Garcia, who commented during the Dead's August 16 Telluride, CO, show: "Wait a minute, this is all fucked up. Pardon me, we're in the wrong key. You people are used to this, the altitude and all, you know? How did all that happen?" A close second was Bob telling the score of the 49ers football game ("Final score: San Francisco 40, Los Angeles 0") during the first set of the December 27 Oakland show and then saying at the show's intermission, "We're going back to watch the highlights."

A new magazine, Q, featured a piece, "Deadheads," in one of its first printings, which contained this interesting comment from Jerry Garcia: "It's like, 'Hey kids, why aren't you at the Bon Jovi show?' What are you doing watching a bunch of decrepit, broken-down old fools?" ■

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INDEPENDENTS

DAZE

by Mick Skidmore



TERRY Dolan's *Acoustic Rangers* (Sawdust/Line Records) is a German import by Terry Dolan. It should be a welcome release for Terry and the Pirates fans.

It's been a while since Dolan made it to vinyl, and while this album is more folk/rock than any of the Pirates albums, it was well worth the wait.

Throughout, he is backed by David Hayes (bass, synthesizer, percussion) and Greg Douglass on lead and slide guitars. The emphasis is squarely on Dolan's vocal and songwriting abilities, and given the subtler acoustic/electric backings he comes over as a much better vocalist than his previous albums indicated.

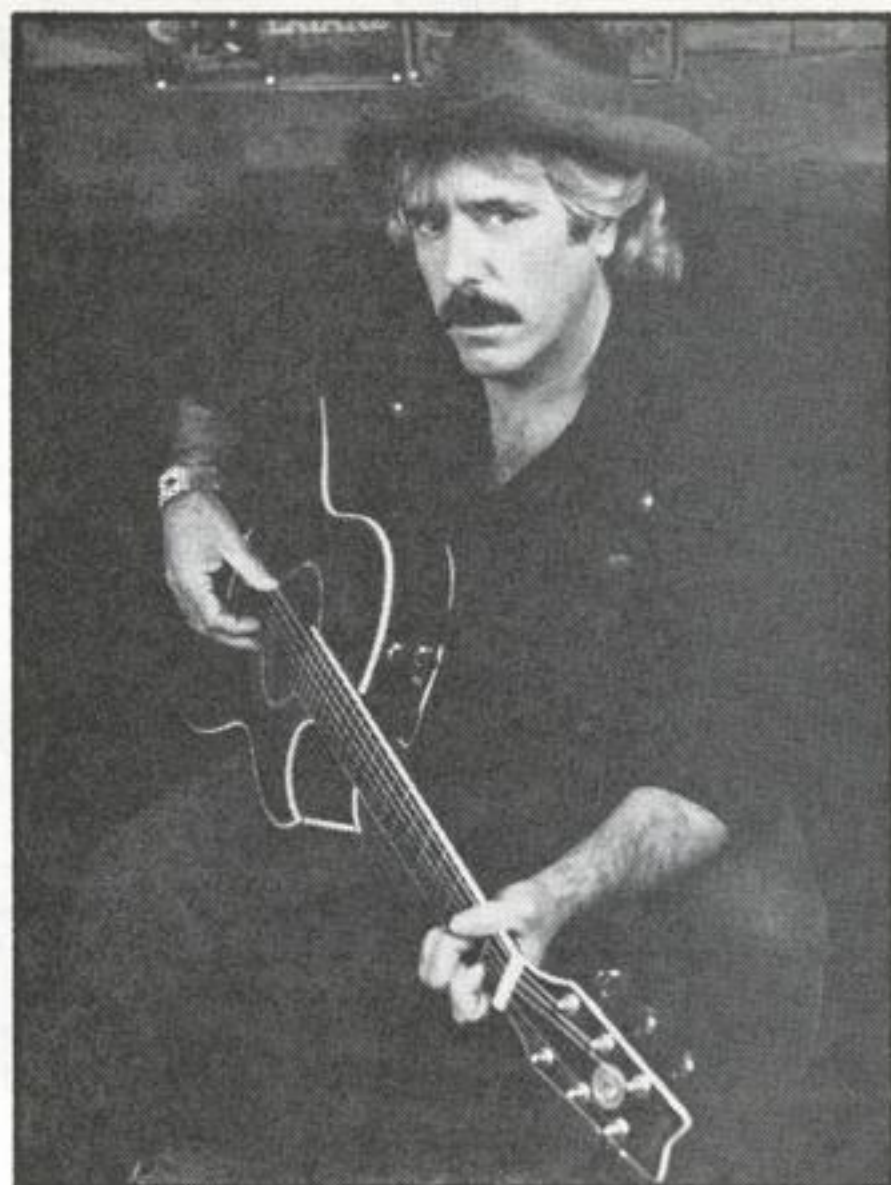
There's a nice version of Dylan's "Corrina Corrina," and a strong rendition of Huddle Lead-better's "Borrow Love and Go." However, it is Dolan's own originals that are the highlights, notably the bluesy "Nite Hawkin' the Dawn" (with John Cipollina on slide), the sultry "Rhythm Rider," and best of all "Lost Cagro," and the instrumental "Playing to Win." Both the latter feature Hayes playing lead guitar as well as bass, while Douglass shines on bottleneck guitar on a live version of "Wish I Were Your River."

Overall, an excellent album that captures Dolan at his most melodic. Available in the States from: Flying Book Service, 3008a Del Curto Rd., Austin, TX 78704.

The Relix release this issue is Commander Cody and the Lost Planet Airmen's *Sleazy Roadside Stories*. If you have ever enjoyed the Commander's eclectic mix of country, western swing and rockabilly, this album is essential listening. Recorded back in 1973 at the same series of gigs as the classic, *Live Deep from The Heart of Texas*, this live set is really top quality both from a musical and technical point of view. There's some classic tunes like "Beat Me, Daddy Eight to the Bar," and "Hot Rod Lincoln," as well as some hot rockabilly ("Blue Suede Shoes"), western swing ("Four or Five Times"), and dynamic rock ("Lawdy Miss Clawdy"). Great stuff from a great band. The CD also includes an extra track, "Boppin' The Blues."

Cypress Records is a relatively new label that focuses mainly on singer/songwriters. One of their most impressive releases to date is Jesse Colin Young's *The Highway is For Heroes*. This is Young's first album in five years, but again proves to have been worth the wait. Here he returns to a more acoustic-based sound which is bolstered by tasteful slices of electric guitar, bass and synthesizer.

The title cut, an emotionally charged song, is exceptional as is the equally powerful "The Master." Other strong cuts include the lighter sounding "Erica," and the wistful ballad, "Dreams Take Flight."



Terry Dolan

Young also reworks some older tunes like "Do It Slow," "Before You Came," and T-Bone Shufle," and each song benefits from its new treatment.

Also on Cypress is Rhode Island singer/songwriter Cheryl Wheeler's second album, *Half a Book*. Wheeler has a great voice (at time hints of Ronstadt and Mitchell abound) and the material, much of it self-penned, is good. The best tracks are the country-rock of "Emotional Response," the power ballad "Tell Him Goodbye," and the more rock oriented "I Don't Have the Time." A good album by a welcome new talent to the singer/songwriter genre.

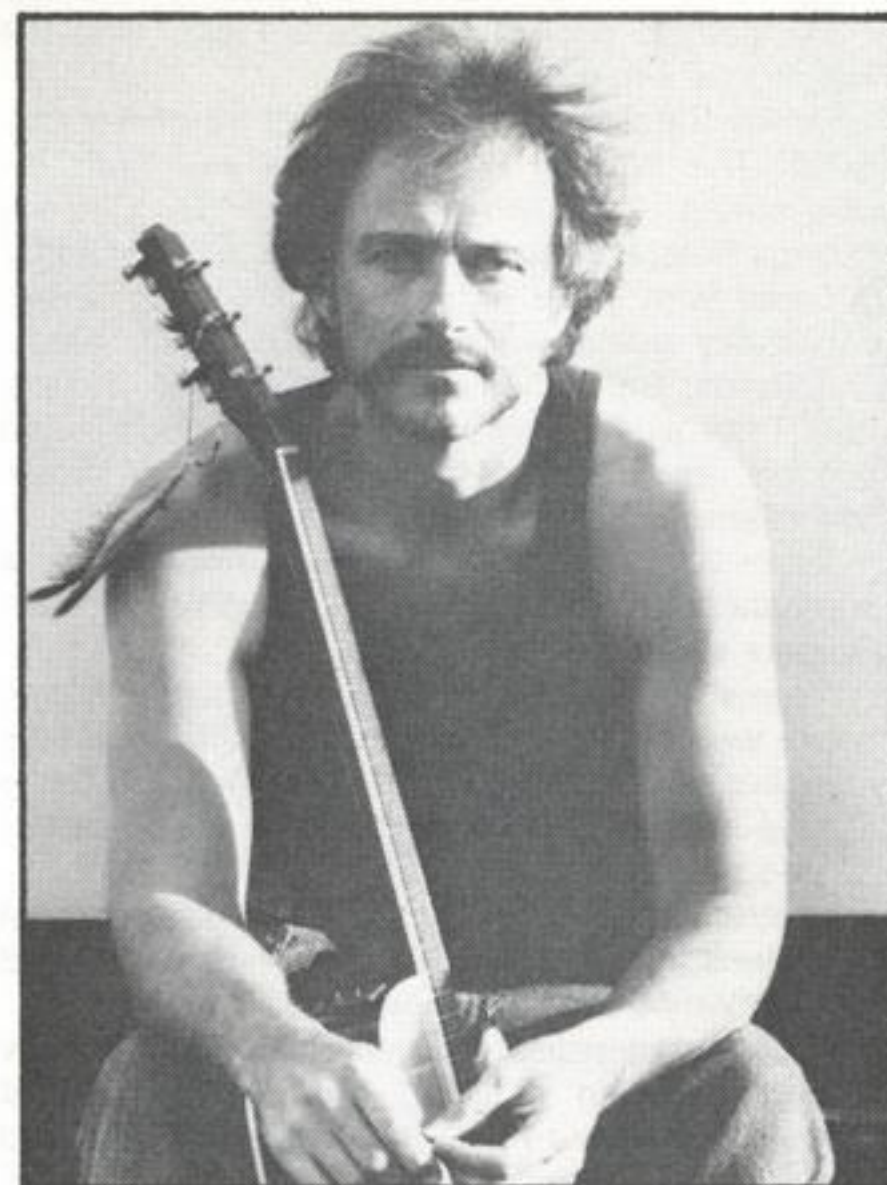
The Incredible Casuals are a trio that play some of the best pure pop you are ever likely to hear in *That's That* (Rounder).

They mix the 60s sound of people like the Beatles, the Searchers and Bobby Fuller Four with hints of Elvis Costello and the eclecticism of NRBQ. In fact, the groups guitarist/vocalist Johnny Spampinato is the brother of NRBQ's bassist Joey Spampinato. Completing the Casuals line-up is bassist/vocalist Chandler Travis and drummer Vince Valium.

This 13-track album, which is their first US release, has some real gems like the joyous "I Got To Move," and "Don't Tell Me," as well as a rollicking run through of Bobby Fuller's "Let Her Dance."

There's no doubt that Leon Redbone's mix of old time-jazz and country is a little eccentric, but if you've enjoyed the man's music in the past you'll love *No Regrets* (Sugar Hill), as it is one of the best to date.

Redbone serves up, in his own inimitable style,



Jesse Colin Young

a delectable collection of tunes such as "Lone Gone Lonesome Blues," "Are You Lonesome Tonight," and "Crazy Arms." Throughout, he is backed impeccably by people like Bela Fleck, Mark O'Connor and Jerry Douglass.

Me Oh My, How The Time Does Fly (Flying Fish) is an anthology of banjoist, fiddler, songwriter John Hartford. It is culled from the last decade of his long career. Included here are the traditional flavored "The Julia Belle Swain," and "Miss Ferris," as well as some nice contemporary country numbers like "Nobody Eats At Linebaughs Anymore," and "In Tall Buildings," and of course his most famous song "Gentle On My Mind."

See *Beautiful Rattlesnake Gardens* (PopLlama) is an extremely interesting record by the four-piece Seattle-based band, The Walkabouts.

There's an 80s sensibility to their music although there are also plenty of 60s influences as well as strong folk/rock roots. In places they remind me of Love and at other times very early Fairport Convention (yes, the Walkabouts have a female vocalist too!).

There's a nice version of "John Riley," and a great folksy number "The Rotten Tree." Also impressive is the infectious "Laughingstock" (not the Love song of the same name). Write: PopLlama Records, P.O. Box 95364, Seattle, WA 98145. \$8 post paid in the US; add \$2 for foreign orders.

If you want to check out some classy unpretentious pop/rock, the Droogs latest offering, *Kingdom Day* (PVC), is a good place to start. This is strong guitar-based rock from the opening "Stranger in The Rain," to the dynamic closing cut, "Countdown To Zero." Also noteworthy is the

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more melodic pop of "Webster's Field," and the rollicking six-minute title cut.

Bobby Sutcliff, a former guitarist for power pop outfit, The Windbreakers, scores well with his solo outing, *Only Ghosts Remain* (PVC). Like the Droogs Sutcliff offers unpretentious pop/rock that is laced with good harmonies, infectious hooks and gutsy guitar work. Sort of Big Star meets The Byrds. Best cuts are the Byrds-like "Stupid Idea," the explosive "Same Way Tomorrow," and a good rendition of Richard Thompson's "Small Town Romance."

Room With A View Of the Blues (Rounder), is a sophisticated collection of jazzy blues by New Orleans singer Johnny Adams.

Adams has an amazing voice and sings fantastically well throughout whether it is on the soulful numbers like "I Don't Want to Know," the funky tongue-in-cheek "Body and Fender Man," or the refined blues of the title cut.

Adams is backed by a sterling bunch of musicians including Dr. John, Duke Robillard and Walter "Wolfman" Washington.

Almost as impressive as Adams' album is New Orleans' "Queen of Soul" Irma Thomas' latest waxing, *The Way I Feel*. This superb rhythm and blues singer powers through songs like "Dancin' In The Street," "Sorry Wrong Number" and "Old Records," and amply proves why she is such a respected vocalist.

I just can't say enough about the latest album from Lonnie Brooks, *Live from Chicago-Bayou Lighnin' Strikes* (Alligator). This live set captures Brooks and his five-piece band in a truly dynamic mood, and for once the recording quality matches the performance (and comes highly recommended as a CD).

Brooks laces his blues with his Louisiana Bayou influences, tenacious vocals and fluid guitar playing. The band really gets it on. It's hard to pick out highlights from such a strong set, so I won't bother. Simply one of the best and most enjoyable live blues albums in a long while. Need I say more!

John Hartford



The Walkabouts

I was thoroughly impressed with *Victory* (RAS Records) by Jamaican singer/songwriter Half Pint (aka Lyndon Roberts).

Half Pint is already a star in his native land, and this set is basically a compilation of some of his major singles.

The title cut is a truly infectious ditty with an upbeat melody and exuberant vocal. The stellar rhythm section of Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare provides the perfect foundation and rhythmic inflections to complement Half Pint's joyous vocals and celebratory lyrics.

Other strong cuts are the more complex rhythmic "Desperate Love," which features some nice guitar fills from Shakespeare and the soft electronic rhythms of "Night Life Lady." Write: (RAS Records, P.O. Box 42517, Washington DC

20015 or call 301-564-1295 for a free catalog. They stock hundreds of reggae titles.)

Fresh Rockabilly (Moon Records) is something a little out of the ordinary. This 60 minute cassette only release contains some 22 tracks by 13 various acts from the US, Canada and England. The common denominator is rockabilly, although the sounds range from the 50s Elvis and Gene Vincent styles through to some Tex-Mex and "Psychobilly."

Most of the acts are unknown, but there is some quality material. Two cuts by Bucky Halker are great as is the raucous "Muddy Waters," by Troublebound. But really if you are into rockabilly-based music at all, you can't go wrong with this. \$7 (postage incl.) Moon Records, 906 Wagar, Cleveland, Ohio 44116.

DEAD PHOTOS

Black & White Listings

GARCIA ON BROADWAY
LUNT-FONTANNE THEATER
October 1987
—Acoustic Set
BW120—Garcia
BW121—Group Shot
—Electric Set
BW122—Garcia
BW125—Garcia—
Unique Double Exposure

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
September 18, 19, 1987
BW117—Group Shot
BW118—Garcia (close up)
BW119—Weir (close up)

JFK STADIUM, PHILA.
July 10, 1987
BW116—Dead/Dylan
Group Shot

FROST AMPHITHEATER
PALO ALTO, CA
May 2, 3, 1987
BW 105—Group Shot
w/ Nice Backdrop
BW 106—Garcia Beaming
BW 107—Weir
BW 108—Lesh
BW 109—Hart
BW 110—Garcia & Weir
BW 111—Garcia & Brent

BW125—Jerry on Broadway '87



BW116—Dead/Dylan, Philly '87



The photos above are available as
Black & White prints

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Color Listings

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
September 18, 19, 1987
C757—Garcia (close up)
C758—Weir (close up)

CAPITOL CENTRE, MD
September 12, 1987
C756—Garcia, Weir, Brent
Rockin' Out

FROST AMPHITHEATER
PALO ALTO, CA
May 2, 3, 1987
C725—Group Shot w/Nice
Backdrop
C726—Garcia
C727—Weir
C728—Lesh

HERSHEY PARK, PA
June 28, 1985
C610—Garcia w/Jacket
C611—Lesh
C612—Weir
C613—Lesh & Weir
Jamming

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C601—Group Shot
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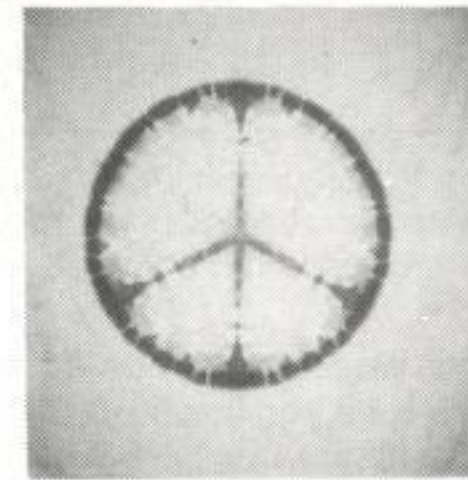
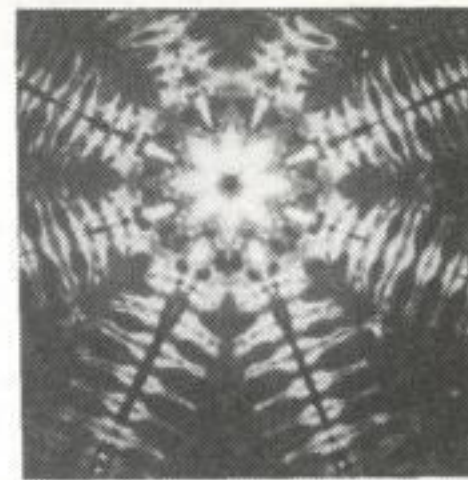
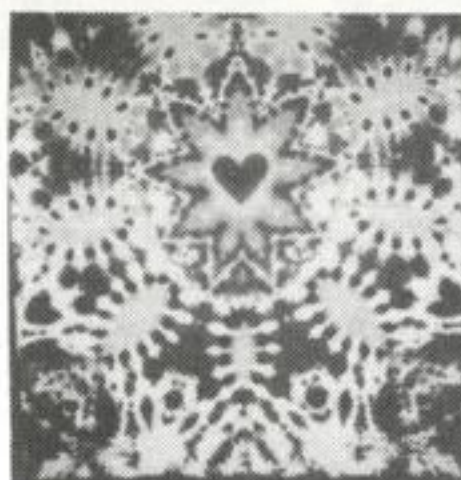
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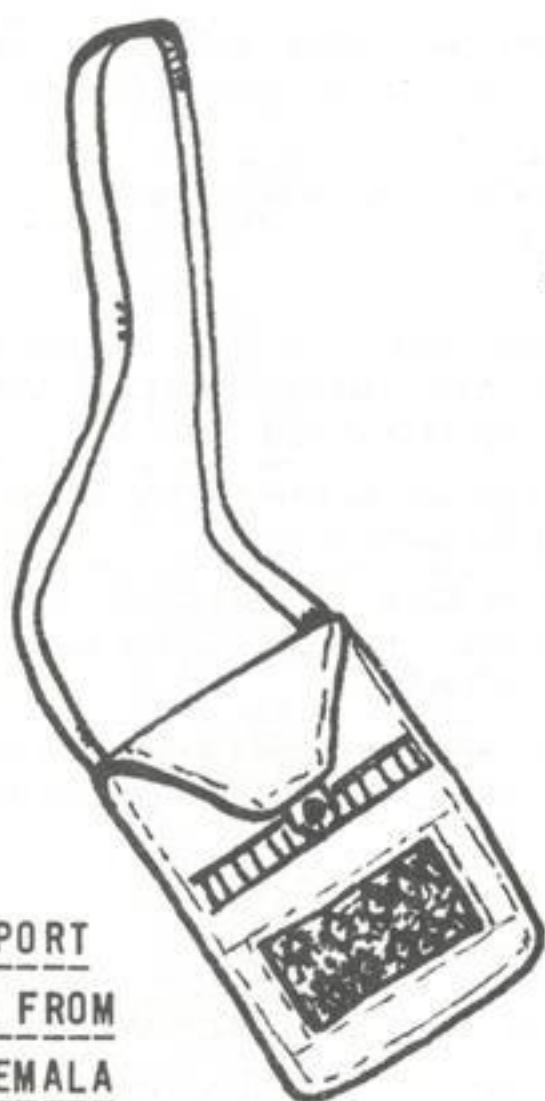
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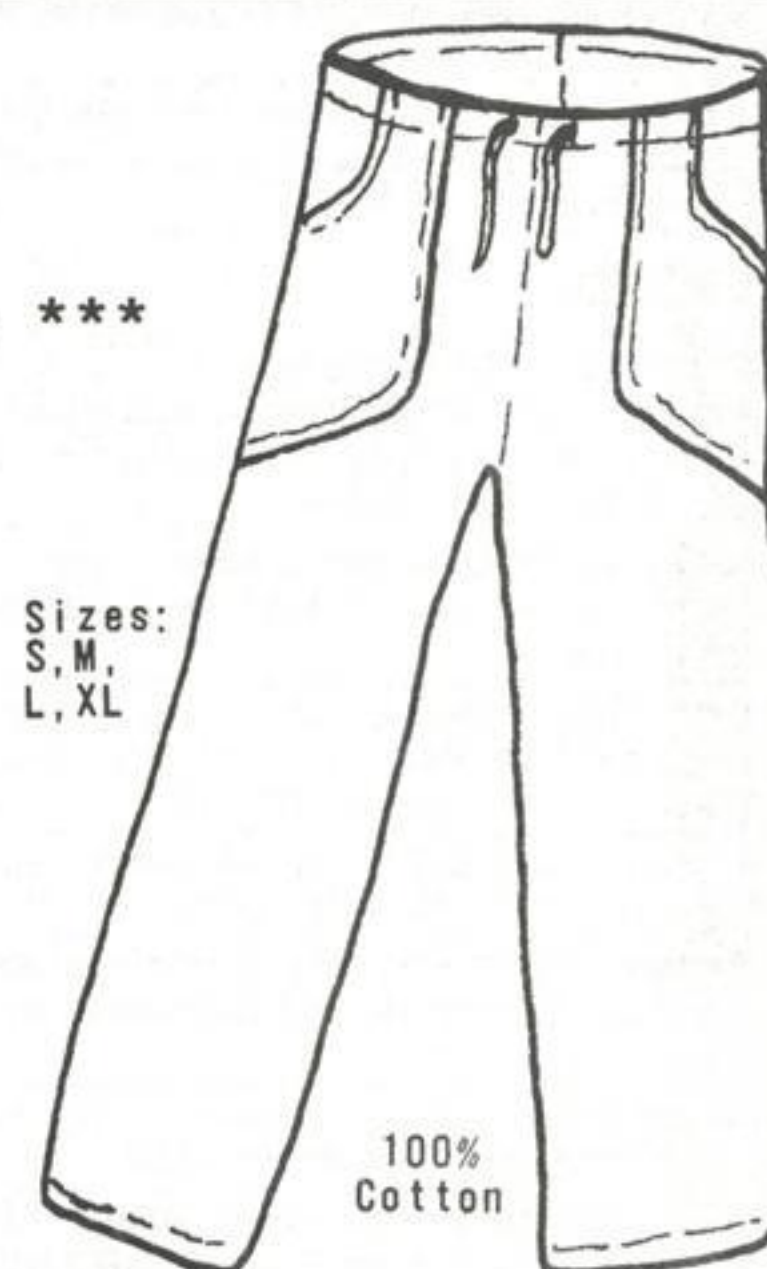
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Beginner GD collector will send blanks postage Please send lists Kevin Sachs 419 So 45 St Phila PA 19104

Want HiQual Airplane Tuna Jorma Bammies Tuna Fillmore 3/4/88 Jessica 2678 San Carlos Ave San Carlos CA 94070

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Serious trader seeks same for non-GD trades 1200+ hrs to offer Ken Lesniak 77 Colonial Cir Buffalo NY 14222

Have/Want Marley Tosh etc GD related Feat Creek Kingfish Dylan/Petty tour Alex Hennig No Salem Rd NY 10536

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Psyched beginner w/small Qual collection seeks exc Qual tapes Will send blanks Alan K 4906 Gina Ct Voorhees NJ 08043

Wanted Qual GD JGB Will send blanks/post Send lists Pat Plotner 2845 Nashua Ave Atwater CA 95301 Thanks

Desperately seeking sdbd entire MSG 9/19/87 Will send tapes/post M DiPrima 40-71 Elbertson Elmhurst NY 11373

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Marine DH looking for HiQual tapes pre 83 G Meininger Box 938 Oceanside CA 92054

New Head wants live GD tapes esp 9/11/87 Will send blanks Wolfman Box 66 Four States WV 26572

Need Philly 3/26/86 When Quinn the Eskimo gets to 6 Gray Pl Mechanicsburg PA 17055 I'm gonna jump for joy

Collector wants GD Send list & I'll send blanks Steve Givens 1405 18th St #2 SF CA 94107

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Need hrs GD Send list Will send blanks 70s - 80s Ray Fino 41 Millstone Rd Richmond VA 23228

Have/Want live music Blues Reggae Rock Jazz 1800 hrs to trade Stephen Taylor 155 Jackson St Northampton MA 01060

Need Emmylou Gram FBB Dylan Springsteen Dylan/Dead shows Have same to trade Steve 19818 Wheelwright Dr Gaithersburg MD 20879

More than this I will not ask Your list for mine Alison Stroll 520 W Countryline Rd Barrington Hills IL 60010

Hey now Have GD Creek Jorma Hunter others 2000 hrs Mark Upton 14 Daniels Rd Wenham MA 01984

Old DH New taper wants HiQual GD tapes Please send lists CTE 530 E 86 St #13C NYC 10028

Am pro painter of Jackets in Phila area/Have blanks 596 Prince Frederick K of P PA 19406

Have GD CCR Band Young 450 hrs Want same esp GD 86-current Karl Volker Offenbacher str 74, 6078 Neu-Isenburg W Germany

Have Airplane Tuna GD Cipollina Big Bro Dylan more some rare Want above plus Fleetwood Mac pre75 & Pentangle Fairport Robert Richman 12A Sanchez SF CA 94114

Beginners w/20 hrs GD will trade collection/blanks M & M 105½ Bush St Ashland OR 97520

English trader wants Qual GD Van Byrds & family Springsteen Young tapes Can exch same & many British Nick Brown 32 Valley View, Chesham, Bucks, HP5 2PH ENGLAND

Have 600+ hrs GD 200+ hrs others a BA in Physics & a BS in Geology Need traders & a real job Send for list &/or resume Eager to trade &/or relocate Pete Babij 703 W 6th Apt 2 Bloomington IN 47401

Tumble down shack need to expand collection Have tapes ranging 67 - 87 Some sdbds Thanks Mike Schwartz 38 W 31st St Bayonne NJ 07002

High Cold Mtn Chain DHs seek HiQual tapes 70s 87 tours Exch blanks/lists Falcons Box 63 Santa ID 83866

SERIOUS TRADER has 300+ hrs GD to trade for Qual tapes Esp 9/23/87 Bruce Farkas 212 Swedes Run Delran NJ 08075

Beginner Please send lists will send blanks Local heads get in touch Ken Kolar 2715 Mitchell Dr Woodridge IL 60517 312-969-1162

Help start GD collection Send lists esp 7/4/86 9/22/87 Kirsch 241 So Sixth St Apt 207 Phila PA 19106

Have 300+ hrs Qual GD Will trade with all who respond with list B Hall 36 Nathan Hale St Apt J New London CT 06320

Ashes Ashes I fell down need live tapes Send lists to Quinn the Eskimo 807 W 7th Stillwater OK 74074

PERSONALS

Lost Sailor at sea would like correspondence from anyone Ron G Photo Lab Eisenhower FPO NY NY 09532-2830

Need DH connections in Austin TX & New Haven CT WRITE Kerri Shane #5 Forest Lake Tuscaloosa AL 35401

I'll get in on this action by wishing us a mutual great day! TB

Laura O My landscape would be empty if you were gone Love Randy

Musicians in Boston area wanted for loose jams Folk-Rock maybe Reggae Lou Sideris 663 Lexington Rd Concord MA 01742

Bob Donna Tony Thanks for all you've done & the fun over the years here to Alpine Doreen

Shackleford it never looks like rain with you in my life Our love will not fade away Always llyse

My friends from coast to coast Love you mucho Salutations Jon Holly Michael Marcy Jim Tara Hi Weiser Love Heide

Hawaii DHs Unite Help bring GD to Hawaii Send letters to Greg Mundy 98 Rock 741 Bishop St Hm Hi

Grateful Dave 4/5/71 NYC 17 yrs of sunshine day-dreams will not fade away

John & Kim Congratulations & good luck with the new Deadhead Brian "Dead" Lin

I have opened Heavens door I love you Shay Taylor Benjy

Ann from April Fools Show Thanks for all your help Please call a very Grateful and doing much better Vince 609-737-1531

NY Area DH Rhythm guitarist & lead guitarist seek bass & drums to do GD & RnR Call Gene 718-357-9137

Patricia Glad you had a good time at the show Hope to take you to many more Dead Ed

QUALITY CONSCIOUS quick dependable trader with 2 NAKS & HiQual GD seeks others who have same & feel the same Exch lists Bob Davidek 2090 Cheshire Rd Col OH 43221

ANDREA from MIAMI You painted me Grover at Worcester Sat nite 4/9/88! Your friend was Mary I'll never forget you Please write Syd Sklar 2023 Spring Garden St Phila PA 19130

Jon Gimme some lovin' Next year I'll wish you were here Love Alice in Wonderland

Happy Birthday to the best Daddy in the whole wide world Jessica Blue Sky

Happy B Day Audra UMASS isn't too far from Albany Lawrence thank God you've finally seen a show Love Tom

DH New to Monterey area wishes to meet other DHs to trade music & commute to shows Call Ryk at 408-899-5881

Female DH for summer tour new marketing idea Travel & work Rocky Mnt Adventures Write 1481 Bighorn Rd 14A Vail CO 81657

Hey now Needham DHs wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world Mark Love Becky

Happy B Day Tony Love Beth

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It's Alive!

ROBERT HUNTER AND COMFORT MERL SAUNDERS AND FRIENDS THE KENNEL CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO by Jimbo Juanis

A benefit was recently held at The Kennel Club in San Francisco for two long defunct Haight Street coffee houses, The Shady Grove and The United States Cafe. These two clubs featured the sounds of many of the Bay Area's greatest groups in the early 70's. Groups like Moby Grape, The Saunders/Garcia Band and Comfort performed regularly at The Shady Grove. So it was fitting that a couple of the old bands get together for this special occasion.

An all day party was held featuring slide shows and films that brought back old memories for the invited throng. Folks like Will Dodger, Curtis and Flash held court and reminisced with old friends and others who were obviously too young to have experienced the flourishing Haight Ashbury scene in the late sixties and early seventies.

By the time Comfort hit the stage, everyone was in a partying mode. Vocalist Marleen Molle was simply ravishing as she joined her old band mates Kevin Morgen-

stern on guitar, Larry Klein on bass, Pat Lorenzano on drums and Sunshine McGee on piano. The evening's performance was dedicated to Marleen's husband, the late Rodney Albin. Opening with "River Deep Mountain High," Comfort performed a dynamic set that featured many songs from the old repertoire. Midway into their set, they were joined by the reclusive Grateful Dead lyricist, Robert Hunter, who used to perform with Comfort in the seventies. Hunter was dressed entirely in black, complete with a hat that made him look like a gangster. He played a black solid body Yamaha electric guitar that was adorned with a *Liberty* sticker. Opening with "Wild Bill," it was apparent from the onset that this would be a special show. The interplay between Larry Klein and Kevin Morgenstern in particular was most impressive. Robert Hunter also performed "It Must Have Been The Roses," "Rose of Sharon," and a pull out all the stops "Promontory Rider." It was a powerful performance and I hope that Robert Hunter gets together again with his old band Comfort. Comfort's style totally compliments Robert Hunter's words and music. You could say it is a match made in heaven.

The historic collaboration was followed by Merl Saunders and an all star band made up of Brent Mydland on organ, John

Kahn on bass, Barry "The Fish" Melton on guitar, Armando Peraza on congas and Kevin Hayes on drums. Before Merl's performance, he was given an award by Wavy Gravy for his work in the Haight Ashbury community. Wavy also reminisced that his idea for "Nobody For President" came to him as he sipped coffee at The United States Cafe in 1972. Merl and "Friends" performed a powerful set that included "Built For Comfort," a bluesy "Not Fade Away" sung passionately by Brent, "Level With Me," "That Pleases Me," "Women Are Smarter" and "Boogie On Reggae Woman."

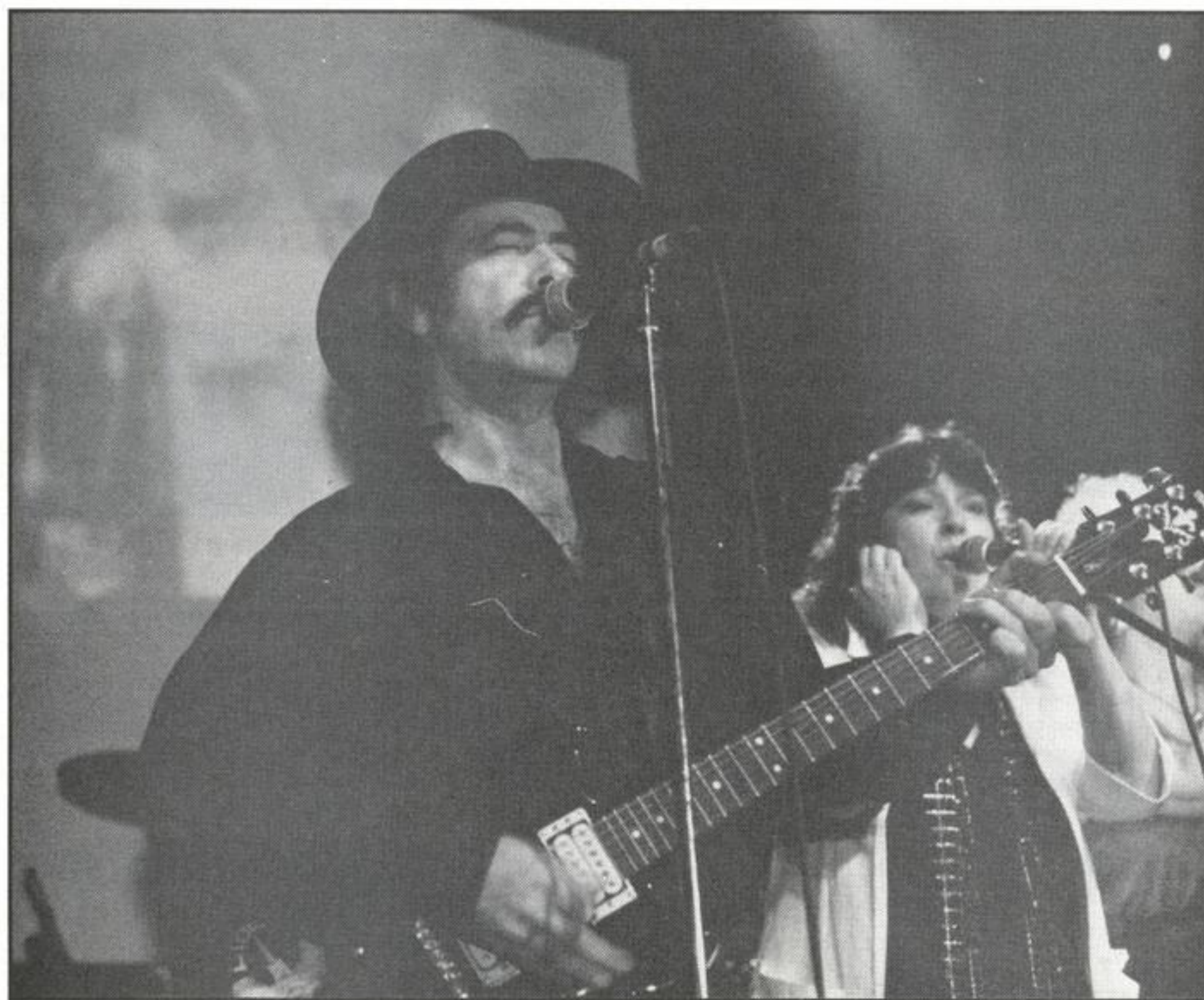
These veterans of the San Francisco music scene know how to rock as anyone who was at this show can surely attest. ■

HOT TUNA THE FILLMORE WEST by Jimbo Juanis

THERE was electricity in the air as I approached the corner of Geary and Fillmore on my way to see Hot Tuna. Lines of folks waiting to get into The Fillmore were joined by even more people asking for extra tickets. This evening was the unofficial opening of The Fillmore under the auspices of Bill Graham who started his career here as a promoter in 1966. It was also an evening that brought a lot of old friends together for the first time in many moons.

Rock fans bounding up the flight of stairs to the auditorium were greeted by a barrel of apples with a sign that read "Take one or two. . .", a personal touch that Graham has brought back to The Fillmore. Once inside, you could just feel the spirit of rock 'n' roll's past. In the lobby, photos and memorabilia hung from the walls, for fans to enjoy — from Graham's first dance hall permit to some prints by photographer Gene Anthony, of rock fans in this same lobby twenty years ago. It seemed fitting that Hot Tuna should be one of the first groups to come back to The Fillmore.

For this tour, Hot Tuna guitarist Jorma Kaukonen and bassist Jack Casady were joined by their old Jefferson Airplane mate, Paul Kantner. Bill Graham couldn't be here himself but he called by phone to make one of his famous introductions. Seated on chairs, while the audience stood, Hot Tuna opened with "I Know You Rider." Kaukonen's guitar work was stunning as he led the group in some of Tuna's best known songs: "Hesitation Blues," "Walkin' Blues" and "I'll Be Alright Someday." But it was the addition of Paul Kantner that made this Hot Tuna tour special. Kantner, playing a



Robert Hunter & Comfort



Jorma Kaukonen, Paul Kantner, Grace Slick, Jack Casady and Papa John Creach return to the Fillmore West amid rampant rumors of a Jefferson Airplane reunion 3/4/88

© Ken Friedman - BGP Archives

twelve string guitar, performed the old Fred Neil classic "The Other Side Of This Life," as well as KBC band's "Marial" and The Jefferson Starship chestnut "Have You Seen The Stars Tonight."

This show was also special because it brought together some old friends, Papa John Creach and Grace Slick. Slick, who had recently bailed out of Starship and has had a much publicized row with Kantner, thrilled all in the packed auditorium with her incredible vocals on "Wooden Ships." Grace also sang a duet with Jorma on "Third Week in The Chelsea." Papa John Creach, by no means a spring chicken, roused the crowd with "Goin' Back" and "John's Other." Jack Casady, who was playing an acoustic lap bass, was simply masterful as his eyebrows twitched with each thumping note. The musical interplay between Kaukonen and Casady has always been one of the most unique in rock and they soared on epics like "Manns Fate," "Ice Age" and the classic "Embryonic Journey." Old friend Will Scarlet also lent his harp blowing skills to the festivities as he sang "Put it in My Hand." Many in the house hoped the historic three hour marathon show would go on longer, but were not disappointed as Hot Tuna finished up with an incredible "The Water Song," "America" and "Volunteers," the latter featuring Grace Slick singing with Kantner, one of Jefferson Airplane's best known tunes. The fact that this was as close as a Jefferson Airplane reunion that has ever

been, was not lost on the partisan hometown crowd.

As I left the auditorium with other jubilant rock fans, I grabbed another apple from the barrel and bounded down the stairs past the sign that said "Once Outside No Insy Outssy."

It's great to be back at The Fillmore! ■

ZERO/LIVING EARTH EMPIRE ROCK CLUB PHILADELPHIA, PA. by Charles P. Lamey

RELIX records invaded Philly with a twin billing of its most recent signing, Living Earth, and San Francisco's Zero, who just unleashed their critically acclaimed debut album. Even the threat of a late winter snowstorm and the cold, unfriendly atmosphere of the Empire couldn't keep the sold out house from having a good time. The people who packed the medium sized club thoroughly enjoyed the two different styles of improvisational rock performed by Living Earth and Zero, showing there is life away from the mainstream and whatever trend is being force fed to us by the industry. It was an enjoyable night that provided many musical surprises.

Living Earth began the evening with a set that proved why they're so popular with local Deadheads. It was uncanny how both

the vocals and the playing resembled The Grateful Dead. Those traits, as well as covering numerous Dead tunes, have resulted in Living Earth being referred to as a clone band. Now this may be partially true, but there are several things working in Living Earth's favor, setting them apart from the run-of-the-mill tribute group. At the Empire, they performed with plenty of enthusiasm, showed a knack for improvising, and were able to ignite the audience from the moment they stepped onto the stage. They might not try very hard to submerge their chief influence, but most of the time they appear to be yearning to grow within the framework they've given themselves. It seems, thanks to the crowd's overwhelming response, that when Living Earth's debut is released (on Relix Records) there'll be an audience more than willing to embrace them.

Next came Zero, for an all-too-rare East Coast appearance, that was, in one word, stunning. Their brand of mostly instrumental rock is hard to pin down as their set showed traces of jazz, blues, and R&B. These San Francisco rock veterans had no trouble gaining the audience's respect. Steve Kimock's liquid guitar playing took the crowd on a musical journey that was tranquil one moment and then, without warning, tumultuous. The mood changes were deliberate and under control, as Kimock excels at being able to lead his cohorts to the edge and safely back without forsaking melody. Like most mature

improvisors, Steve Kimock can play freeform but not sound confused.

As the primary soloist, Steve Kimock is the one who initially demanded attention, but as Zero's set progressed, the others quickly showed their depth and importance as players. *Relix* readers don't need another introduction to guitarist John Cipollina, but those who only know the legendary axeman from playing with Quicksilver, Terry & The Pirates, Dinosaurs, or Problem Child, are in for a surprise hearing him with Zero. Normally the lead guitarist, in Zero Cipollina plays behind Kimock taking only a handful of solos in an evening. In place of his dynamic leads, Cipollina gives Zero tight, tasteful fills that perfectly augment Kimock's leads. Nobody plays guitar like John Cipollina, as he gets some of the most amazing sounds from his simultaneous use of tremelo bar and finger-picking, and this, coupled with Kimock's fluid solos was responsible for some of the night's finest moments. Together, these two make an exciting pair, who use their vast amount of experiences for some highly challenging interplay. With so many high-tech, yet soulless guitarists being championed by today's youth as "great," it was refreshing to hear two who don't rely solely on technique, but, instead, feeling to get their point across. Listening to them on Hendrix's "Little Wing," or their original "Golden Road" is a lesson on good rock ensemble playing.

Of course, these two can relax and concentrate on playing, knowing full well they don't have to hold anything together. The other members of Zero did that and much more. Drummer Greg Anton and bassist Bobby Vega are a rock solid team, who vary between R&B funk, jazz, and powerhouse rock and roll. Martin Fierro provided a solid jazz groove with his tenor sax, and new member Banana, formerly of The Youngbloods, gave the overall sound a rich texture with his organ chording, as well as a strong singing voice, something Zero has lacked in the past.

When Zero is in full stride they take on an aura of invincibility that suggests they could become a major rock force. Their only problem is their music is too unique to be pigeonholed into tight AOR playlists. Therefore Zero will have to undertake the long grind of constant gigs and word of mouth to attract a larger following. Hopefully, the members of Zero will deem it worth their while, because anyone who has witnessed Zero in action will be craving more. Whatever you do, don't miss them when they hit your town. ■

FRANK ZAPPA
THE BEACON THEATRE
NEW YORK CITY
 by William Ruhlmann

IF the second of Frank Zappa's three "Broadway The Hard Way" concerts at the Beacon Theatre in early February wasn't the night he performed "Stairway To Heaven," as he had the first night, neither was it the night someone dropped a drink on the soundboard, as happened on the third night. Instead, it was a night when

Zappa provided a retrospective of his career that demonstrated its consistency and unveiled some new material that confirmed the drift of his recent interests.

Zappa and his 11-piece band (including five horns) appeared onstage shortly after the announced starting time of eight o'clock, and instead of immediately starting to play, he began by asking audience members to register to vote at one of the tables set up in the lobby by the League of Women Voters. He then told anyone who'd been there the night before that tonight was a different set, only to find that the set list affixed to his microphone was from the night before.

While someone went off in search of the correct list, Zappa started the band off with a version of "Black Page." The rest of the 70-minute opening set ranged across Zappa's career, including a medley of mid-sixties songs like "Let's Make the Water Turn Black" and "Harry, You're A Beast," mostly done as instrumentals, and even "Trouble Every Day," with updated lyrics to reflect the current political situation. In fact, Zappa inserted comments about people like Attorney-General Edwin Meese just about anywhere he possibly could in the songs. Fans reserved their greatest enthusiasm for an extended Zappa guitar solo that followed "Green Hotel" and a performance of "Montana." The set concluded with a long instrumental that Zappa punctuated with samples of remarks from

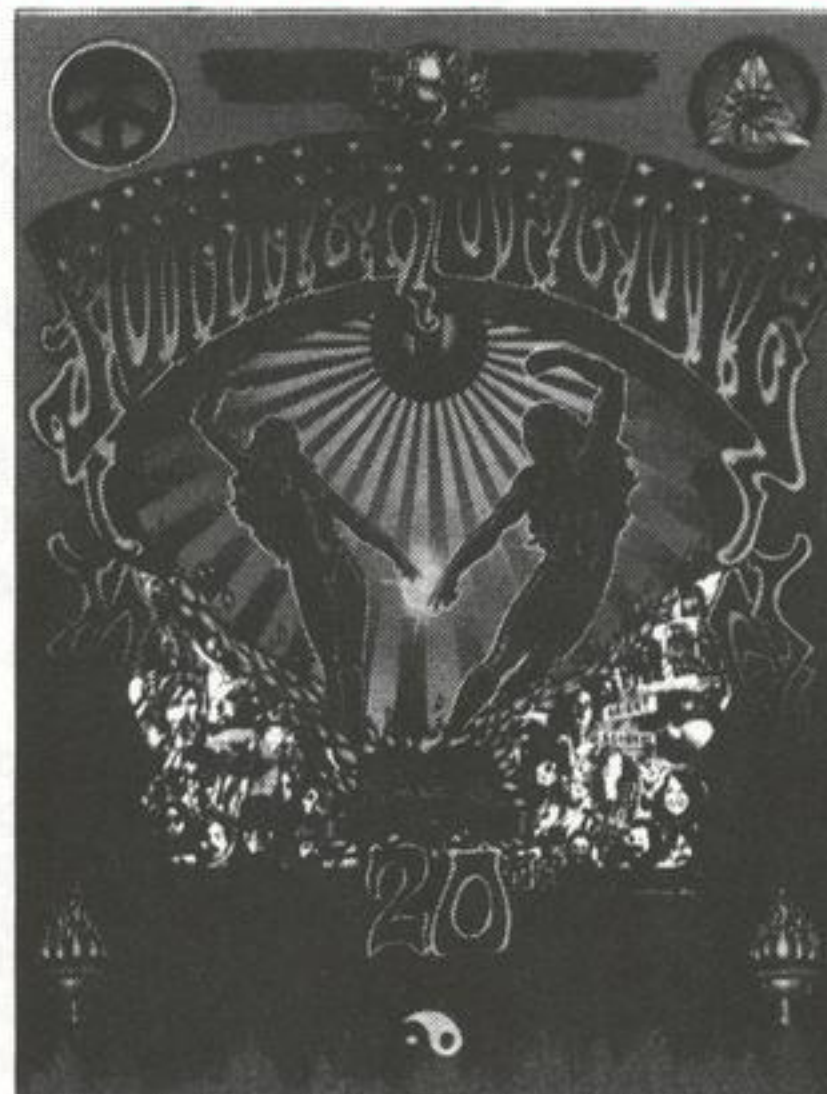
the Senate hearings on rock 'n' roll lyrics, played on a synthesizer.

The band returned after a 25-minute intermission to launch into a 30-minute set that consisted entirely of new materials, all of it featuring scathing Zappa lyrics about Pat Robertson, Jim Bakker, and Madison Avenue. If you support the TV preachers, Zappa sang, "Jesus will think you're an asshole."

The band's encores lasted longer than the second set, and included versions of such crowd pleasers as "Catholic Girls" and "Crew Slut" from *Joe's Garage*.

At two hours and 20 minutes, Zappa's performance was among the longer concerts given in New York this year and, with the exception of the increased political content, was essentially similar to those he's given in years past. His music remains a combination of daunting arrangements, much fine playing, and largely smutty, smart-alek lyrics. With the passing years, however, he is talking to his audience more in the tone of an exasperated father than as a spokesman, once, for instance, interrupting a reference to Richard Nixon by noting that it was the parents of this audience, not them, who'd elected the Water-gator. The audience, for its part, seemed to enjoy the guitar solos more than the speeches, which only seemed appropriate, given that Zappa's encouragement to vote was negated by his obvious disdain for all politicians. ■

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VITAL VINYL

by Tierney Smith

JONI Mitchell's 15th record, *Chalk Mark In A Rain Storm* (Geffen), boasts an all-star line-up ranging from Billy Idol to Willie Nelson, but there's no overshadowing the singer herself who wrote or cowrote with husband Larry Klein all but one tune here.

Things start out on a mellow note with "My Secret Place" featuring Mitchell's subdued vocal, a brush of acoustic guitar and a little vocal help from Peter Gabriel. In fact, the most infectious moments here are on the slowest songs whose smooth, repetitive choruses prove to be highly addictive. These include a cover of the perennial "Cool Water," a duet with Willie Nelson, and the haunting "The Tea Leaf Prophecy (Lay Down Your Arms)" with Wendy Melvoin and Lisa Coleman providing lush, hypnotic backing vocals.

Equally commendable are Mitchell's lyrics, which are sharp and insightful here. In "The Beat of Black Wings" a young soldier relates a personal tale of self-pity ("I never had nothin'/Nothin' I could believe in/My girl killed our unborn child without even grievin'") and angry resignation ("The old hate the young/That's the whole heartless thing/The old pick wars/We die in 'em"). Mitchell takes aim at the power of advertising in "The Reoccurring Dream," mocking the promises: "If you had that house/car/bottle/jar/Your lovers would look like movie stars" and coming to a succinct conclusion — "Our discontent is their delight/They offer relief for the purchase price."

Elsewhere Mitchell offers an impassioned defense of the American Indians' right to maintain possession of their land in "Lakota" ("Your money mocks us/Restitution, what good can it do?") and gives voice to the Indians' mixture of pride and defiance ("Standing on sacred land/We never sold these black hills to the missile heads, to the power plants"). Mitchell rocks out on "Dancin' Clown" which features hard-edged guitar work courtesy of Steve Stevens and some vocal help from Billy Idol and Tom Petty, but Mitchell's softer moments speak volumes.

The Talking Heads sound has taken a softer turn on *Naked* (Sire), which employs heavy use of percussion but with a lighter touch than that from the band's *Remain In Light* period. Lively horn charts energize "Blind" and "Mr. Jones" while other tunes are more subtle — especially on those where former Smiths guitarist Johnny Marr guests with his spare melodic fills. One of those songs, "(Nothing But) Flowers," finds Byrne conveying his ire at a former city gone back to nature ("There was a shop-



Joni Mitchell

ping mall/Now it's all covered with flowers/If this is paradise, I wish I had a lawnmower").

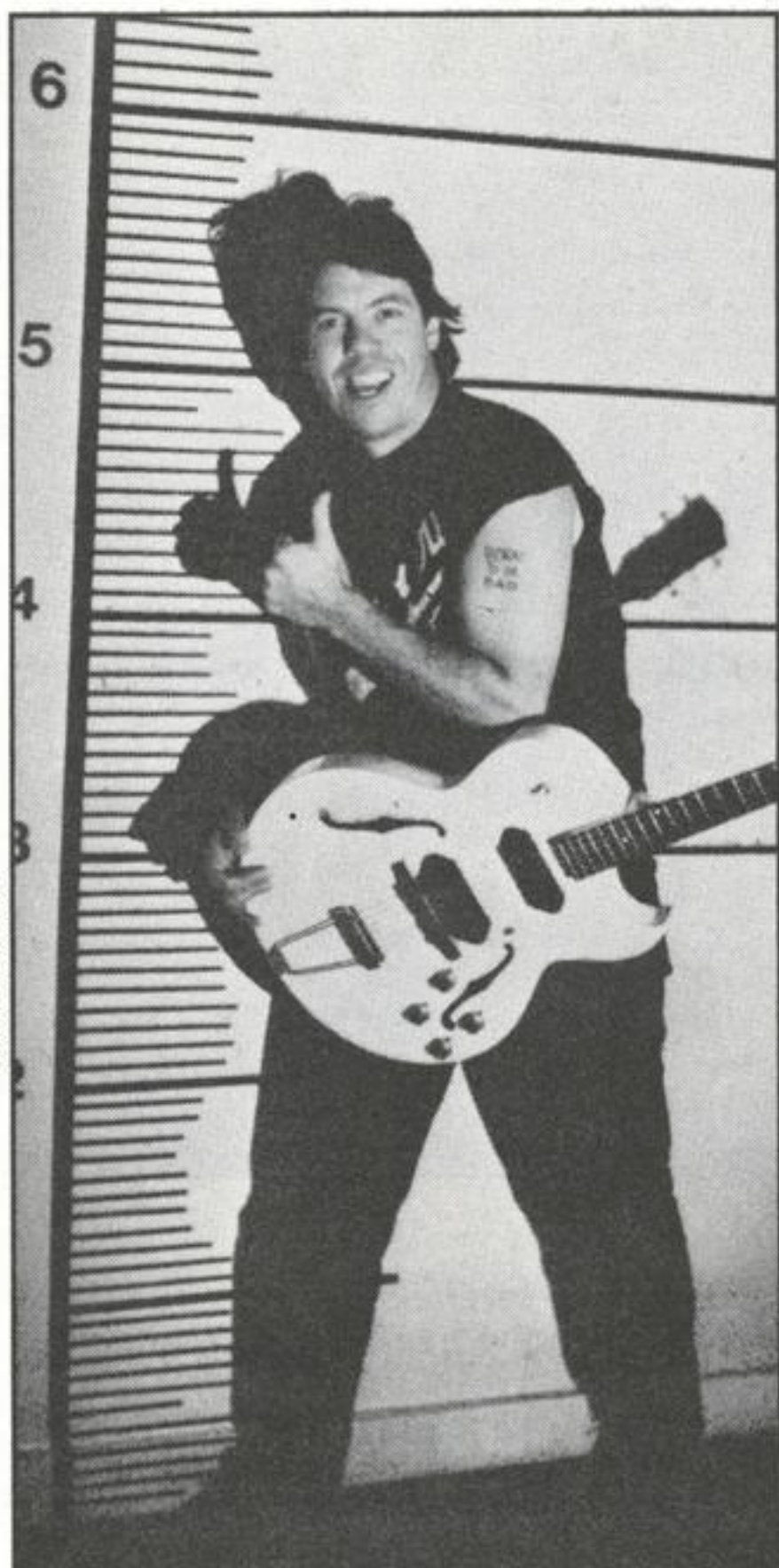
Byrne takes aim at modern-day politicking on "The Democratic Circus" ("Found out this morning/There's a circus coming to town/They drive in Cadillacs, using walkie-talkies and the Secret Service") while "Totally Nude" has a touch of pedal

steel and a carefree air ("I'm absolutely free/Living in the trees/The birdies and the bees/'Cause I'm a nature boy"). Sometimes Byrne will take an idea — such as a family moving north in "Mommy Daddy You And I" — and take it nowhere; also *Naked* lacks the initial impact of the Heads' earlier records, but repeated listenings enhance its appeal.



Talking Heads

Moshe Brakha



George Thorogood

In a simpler vein, George Thorogood sings, "I'm ready, willing and able to rock and roll tonight" on his latest, *Born To Be Bad* (EMI/Manhattan), and he's true to his word. Thorogood's latest pulses with energy from start to finish, with the singer's propulsive guitar hooks combined with Steve Chrismar's chugging rhythm guitar providing an endless pleasure.

Thorogood's choice of cover tunes is especially strong this time out with winning versions of Chuck Berry's "You Can't Catch Me," Elmore James' "Shake Your Money Maker," Hank Snow's "I'm Movin' On" and Howlin' Wolf's "Highway 49," among others. Best of all, Thorogood's own songs measure up to his excellent choice of covers — "You Talk Too Much" is a humorous ode to a chatterbox girlfriend, the title track a cheerful paean to rowdiness and "I Really Like Girls," well, the title says it all. *Born To Be Bad* is a refreshing antidote to mechanical dance music as well as being one of Thorogood's stronger releases of late.

On the live front, The Kinks' *The Road* (MCA), recorded in Philadelphia last summer, focuses on the band's latest material and it works real well, due in part to Ray Davies' fine production job. *The Road*'s sound is clear throughout with none of the muddiness sometimes associated with live recordings, and the Kink's lack of self-indulgence doesn't hurt matters any. A few tunes here, "Cliches Of The World (B Movie)" and "Around The Dial," are an improvement over the heavy-handed studio versions.

Occasionally Davies' rhythm guitar is pushed back far enough in the mix as to somewhat mitigate the song's propulsive power ("Come Dancing," "Destroyer"), but mostly *The Road* is a good choice of songs well executed — especially "Lost And Found," "Apeman" and Dave Davies' "Living On A Thin Line." There are also two new songs here: "It," about the persuasive influence of advertising and TV in general on the public's perceptions and the title track, an affectionate and bittersweet chronicle of the band's beginning and current life on the road ("Saw a band called the Rolling Stones and thought that's it/I'll get a bag, I'm leaving home").

Country fans should be on the lookout for Nanci Griffith, who mixes traditional country and folk music on her *Little Love Affairs* (MCA), and it's the latest example of the welcome turn country music has taken these days. Griffith's songs are mostly acoustic guitar-based with an occasional banjo or mandolin thrown in for good measure. The singer's tunes, mostly self-penned, explore affairs of the heart — with an emphasis on heartache — from love that never was ("So Long Ago") to love lost ("I Would Change My Life," "I Knew Love") and love longed for ("I Wish It Would Rain").

Griffith's C&W ballads are memorable and her frisky numbers ("Outbound Plane," "Love Wore A Halo [Back Before The War]," "I Wish It Would Rain") especially catchy. For those enamored of the back-to-basics country sound, *Little Love Affairs* is a must.

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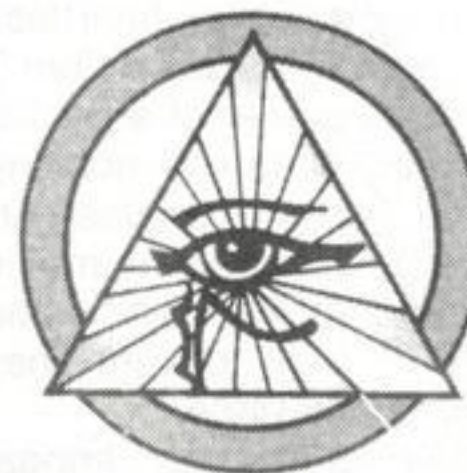


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Bob Weir, Joe Montana, Jerry Garcia, Sheila E and Huey Lewis backstage at the BMMIES — S.F. Civic 3/12/88

BAY AREA BITS

by Jimbo Juanis

GRATEFUL NEWS: The 11th annual Bay Area Music Awards show, The Bammies, was held on Saturday, March 12th at San Francisco's Civic Auditorium. The show, presented by BAM Magazine, was a benefit for the San Francisco Rock and Roll Museum and featured the very best of the Bay Area music scene. Presenters and performers included: Merl Saunders, Sheila E, Carlos Santana, Father Guido Sarducci, Norton Buffalo, Sammy Hagar, Neal Schon, Joe Montana, Bill Graham, John Fogerty, Chris Isaak, Keith Emerson, Carl Palmer, Dan Hicks, Huey Lewis and The News, and the Grateful Dead.

The Grateful Dead picked up awards for outstanding drummer - Mickey Hart and Billy Kreutzmann, outstanding bassist - Phil Lesh, outstanding LP - *In The Dark* and Jerry Garcia was chosen Musician of the Year as well as outstanding guitarist.

One of the many musical highlights included the performance of "Touch of Grey" by the show's host and maestro Dick Bright and his Sounds of Delight Orchestra. Bright is the musical director at San Francisco's world famous Fairmont Hotel and has been one of the driving mus-

ical forces at every year's Bammie Show. Performed by an orchestra, "Touch of Grey" sounded simply incredible and fans certainly didn't tire of it as it was played each time a member of the Dead picked up an award.

A jam that included Sammy Hagar, Neal Schon, Randy Jackson and Omar Hakin featured Led Zeppelin's "Rock and Roll," Otis Redding's "Dock of the Bay" and Hagar's anthem "Where Eagles Fly," that blasted the packed auditorium with high energy rock and roll.

Upon receiving his award for outstanding bassist from Norton Buffalo, Phil Lesh remarked to the crowd, "I guess this proves that it is not only possible to survive, it's possible to prevail. Thank you very much. This is going to go to my little son Graham for him to play with in the bathtub."

Carlos Santana assembled an all-star group that included legendary jazz saxophonist Pharoah Sanders and drummer Tony Williams. Carlos and friends performed a lengthy jazz instrumental that was augmented superbly by Dick Bright and The Sounds of Delight Orchestra.

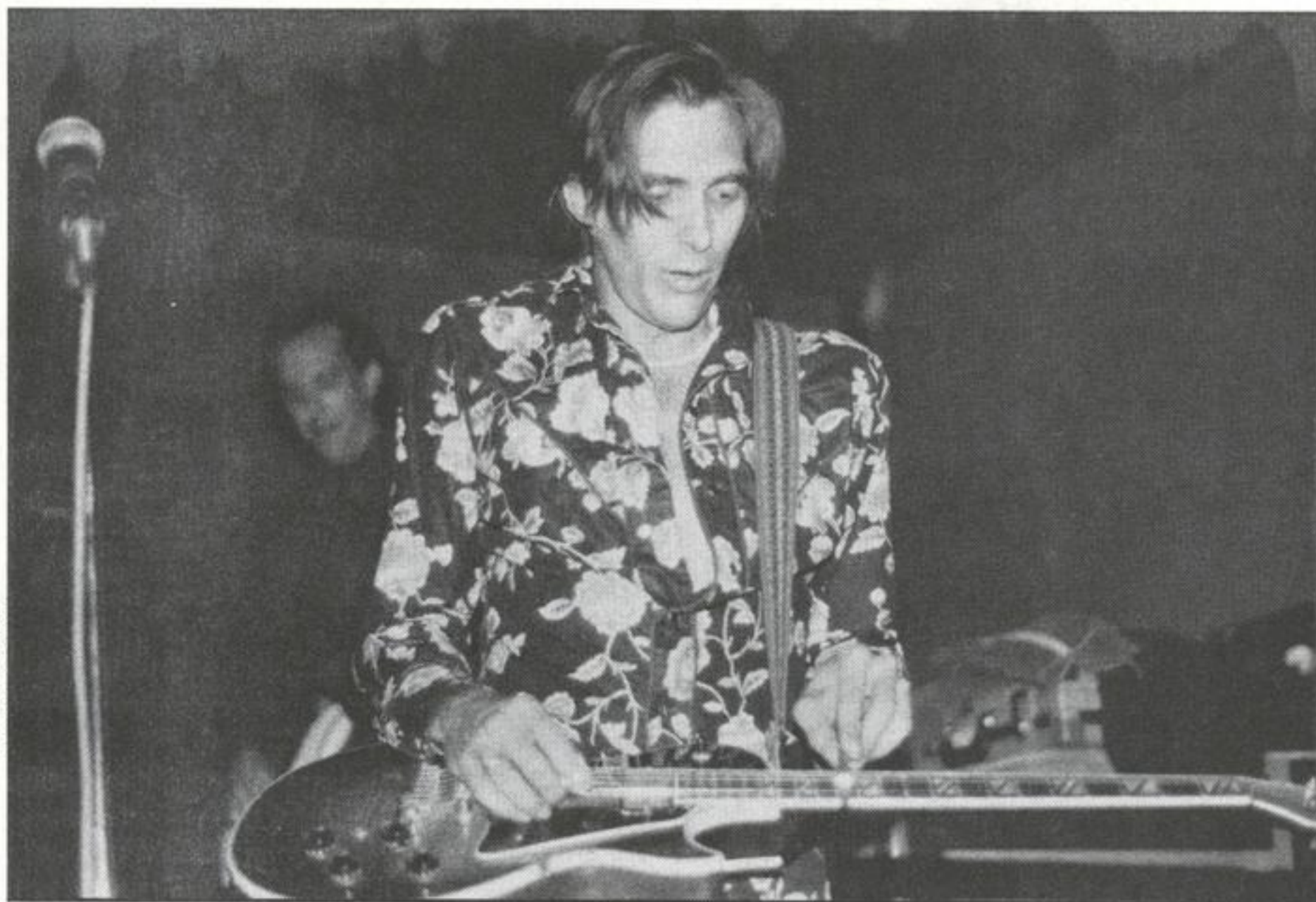
Journey guitarist Neil Schon presented

Jerry Garcia with the award for outstanding guitarist of the year. Garcia announced to the Civic audience, "I don't think of music as being a competition. I didn't enter a contest to win this. This is for Deadheads everywhere and my partners, The Grateful Dead."

The most moving moment of the festivities occurred when rock empressario Bill Graham took to the podium to give the Musician of the Year award. His words were both touching and to the point as he stated to the audience:

"...The dictionary defines an artist as one who creates works of art, a public performer and entertainer, a student of the liberal arts; one who is sensitive to art or to poetry. This year the Bay Area Musician of the Year award is presented to an artist whose music and presence have had an on-going, enormous positive effect in what has, through the years, become an extraordinary expression of lifestyle on our planet. The gentle student has become a gentle teacher and today carries the weight and responsibility of adulation with utmost dignity. In an era when public acclaim invariably leads to distance and disdain, this man has

Jimbo Juanis



Mario and John Cipollina — Once — S.F. Music Works 2/20/88

never forgotten his neighborhood, has never stopped helping his neighbors. He continues to be a positive influence on those of us who've gotten to hear his music and those who have gotten to spend some time with him. A man of compassion and intelligence, a man of charm, wit, and great humor. He is concerned about all of us and he brings to all of us much pure joy with his music. He makes us feel so good. A man for all seasons, for all the right reasons - The Music Man of The Year - **MR. JERRY GARCIA!**

Those eloquent words by Bill Graham brought everyone in the house to their feet and the roar of the crowd was truly deafening. Garcia, who appeared embarrassed by all the attention given to him, tried to speak over the din of the cheering throng. "Don't ever do this again to me Bill." Jerry had to pause again because of the tumultuous ovation that was given to him. The crowd finally let him speak. "Most of us who play music for a living consider it to be an honor and a privilege and exceptional good luck. And everything that happens above and beyond that, like this kind of stuff, is just that much more special. Hey we'd do it for nothin' man. Thanks a lot."

Mickey Hart also led a jam that included a dozen or so percussionists and drummers, along with several scantily attired female carnival dancers, that paraded from the back of the auditorium to the stage. On stage, the drummers were joined by two martial arts dancers who impressed the crowd with their intricate movements. After about ten minutes or so, the dancers and drummers weaved their way back into the audience. It was a most exotic performance.

This was followed by the finale jam that featured the entire Grateful Dead, along with Huey Lewis and the News. It was a sight to see: Phil Lesh and Mario Cipollina on bass, Bob Weir (in tuxedo), Jerry Garcia (wearing a brown sport coat over his traditional black tee) and Chris Hayes on

guitars, Billy Kreutzmann, Mickey Hart and Billy Gibson on drums, Johnny Colla on sax, Brent Mydland and Merl Saunders (who were seated at the same organ), and Sean Hopper on keyboards. They began their set with "Good Morning Little School Girl," which featured vocals and blow-your-face out harmonica by Huey Lewis. It was a long jam version that at times echoed "Viola Lee Blues." This was followed by a rousing "Turn on Your Lovelight" in which Bobby Weir led the aggregation in a song that is familiar to Deadheads everywhere. And if that isn't enough to get you excited, these musicians were then joined by John Fogarty who whipped the crowd into a frenzy with Little Richard's classic, "Long Tall Sally." It was an awesome jam that will go down in history as one of the great ones.

The Bammies post party was held at the Hyatt Regency and featured the sounds of The Afterburners. The Afterburners included Commander Cody, Austin deLone, Tim Eschliman, Tony Johnson, Norton Buffalo, Chris Isaak and John Firman. They were joined by Nick Lowe who performed his classic "I Knew the Bride."

ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH: An all-star band featuring guitarist John Cipollina, John's brother and Huey Lewis' bassist Mario Cipollina, former Starship member Pete Sears on piano, Moonlighters' drummer Tony Johnson and Go Ahead vocalist Alex Ligertwood on guitar and vocals, performed recently as the Once Band at the San Francisco Music Works. Characterized as a one-time event, Once performed "Everyday I have the Blues," "I Shot the Sheriff," "Midnight Hour," "Stormy Monday," "Evil Ways," "Gimme Some Lovin'" and "My Babe." Other highlights included "Who Do You Love" and "Mona" which featured the vocals and lightning guitarwork of John Cipollina.

The San Francisco Music Works is a relatively new venue that is owned by John Cipollina's longtime road manager, Kenn

Roberts. The club features a Monday night blues jam session where musicians can come in and jam with the likes of Greg Elmore and Greg Douglass. The Music Works also has an outdoor garden area where you can enjoy the jazz sounds of the Martin Fierro Band on Saturday afternoons. The club also provides a showcase for new bands. Said Roberts, "My aim is to present the new groups along with the older bands." Bits says, "Check it out!"

BLINDED BY THE LIGHT: The Jerry Garcia Band has been gigging around the Bay Area recently. Garcia has been performing "Don't Let Go," a song that hasn't been part of the repertoire for the last couple of years.

On March 4, 1988 at San Francisco's Warfield Theatre, The Jerry Garcia Band was joined by organist Howard Wales. Wales, who is best remembered for his collaboration in 1971 with Garcia on the LP *Hooteroll?*, performed on the epic "Don't Let Go." But this jam wasn't the only unusual aspect of this show. During "Midnight Moonlight," Garcia's glasses fell to the floor. Unnerved for a moment, Jerry squinted his eyes in the bright stagelights. But Jerry was a sport about the whole episode, even coming back for an encore, which is even a rarer occurrence in these parts.

The Jerry Garcia Band will play the Orpheum Theatre in San Francisco on May 7th.

HUNTER ON PUBLIC RADIO: Robert Hunter, who recently published his translation of Rilke's monumental work, "Duino Elegies," has recently entered the studio with former Dead keyboardist Tom Constanten to make a recording of the "Elegies" for public radio.

And as we've been telling you recently, look for two Robert Hunter compositions "Silvio" and "The Ugliest Girl in the World" on the new Bob Dylan LP, *Down In The Grooves*. The reason for the delay in the Dylan album is that Columbia Records wasn't exactly excited to be releasing a Dylan LP that doesn't include any original material written by Dylan himself. Bits has heard the album and reports that "Silvio" is a classic. Also included is "The Unusual," a John Haibt song featuring the guitarwork of Eric Clapton.

Tom Constanten has recently published some new sheet music entitled *The Syntax Collector*. Tom performs occasionally in the Bay Area at The Dock in Tiburon, CA.

SEVA FOUNDATION: There was a benefit concert for the Seva Foundation on Saturday April 16th in Pasadena, CA. Featured performers were David Crosby, Graham Nash, Bob Weir, Brent Mydland, Bonnie Raitt and Wavy Gravy.

MONDO MANDO: Mandolinist David Grisman recently was in Nashville to work on what should be a double record album project of classic bluegrass material for Rounder Records. Featured guests at Nashville's Sound Connection included Ricky Skaggs, New Grass Revival's Sam Bush, Tony Rice, JD Crowe, Roy Huskey Jr. and the Nashville Bluegrass Band.

ERIN GO BRAUGH: The Grateful Dead's March shows at the Kaiser found the boys in a much better musical mood than the previous month's Mardi Gras shows. The shows were much more upbeat, as the

Dead performed "Queen Jane Approximately" and "Stuck Inside of Mobile, With the Memphis Blues Again," two songs that they performed with Bob Dylan last summer. Both of these tunes were sung by Bob Weir. Phil Lesh also helped out with the chorus on "Mobile." A mural of a penny whistle-blowing leprechaun sitting on a mushroom staring at a pot of gold hung over the stage in commemoration of St. Patrick's Day. In fact, on St. Patrick's Day, the Dead had an opening act, Train To Sligo. They performed traditional Irish folk reels featuring fiddles and penny whistles and received a much deserved ovation from the surprised audience. The real treat though, was the performance by the Dead of "Dear Mr. Fantasy" into "Hey Jude" that provided a stunning climax to the St. Patrick's Day show.

Meanwhile, the scene in the park across from the Kaiser has gotten so out of hand that new rules forbid the selling of merchandise after 9 pm. This came after nearby residents complained that the influx of Deadheads, some arriving as much as a week before the shows, had overwhelmed the neighborhood. In fact, there are so many vendors that if they didn't arrive by 8 o'clock in the morning, they couldn't find a spot in the park to sell their wares. The problem with some of these vendors is that they aren't Deadheads at all. They don't go into the shows; only showing up to make a buck off the scene.

MOTHER PEOPLE: Frank Zappa, known for his acid tongue and wit, as well as possessing some incredible musical chops, was recently honored with a Grammy Award for Best Rock Instrumental for his piece "Jazz From Hell."

Word from the East coast where Zappa has been touring, after a couple of years lay off from the rigors of the road, sounds exciting, with Zappa reportedly performing Led Zeppelin's "Stairway To Heaven" and The Beatles' "I Am The Walrus." Zappa plans to tour Europe before taking on the West Coast. Zappa has also been working with the League of Women Voters to register new voters at his shows. For Zappa tour info call 808-PUMPKIN.

TUNNEL OF LOVE EXPRESS: Speaking of tours, Bruce Springsteen and The E Street Band are scheduled to play at the Shoreline Amphitheatre in Mountain View, CA on May 2nd & 3rd.

Bruce is not exactly a stranger to the Bay Area. His parents live in San Mateo and his sax blowing big man, Clarence Clemons, resides in nearby Petaluma. Former E Street drummer, Ernest "Bloom" Carter, recently relocated to the Bay Area and found time to sit in with Nick Gravenites at San Francisco's Lost and Found Saloon, as well as gigging with a local band, Baywolf.

I'll have more on Bruce Springsteen's *Tunnel of Love Express* in the next issue of Relix.

MORE SUMMER OF LOVE EVENTS: The folks of Summer of Love Productions are at it again, promoting free concerts in Golden Gate Park. They are sponsoring issues-oriented shows featuring some of San Francisco's finest musicians. On March 19th they held a free concert at the Golden Gate Park Bandshell, spotlighting the plight of Homeless Veterans. The show featured Mark Naftalin, The Gospel Elites,

Country Joe McDonald and The Hornets, and Nick Gravenites and "Friends."

Summer of Love Productions are planning other free concerts in Golden Gate Park: On May 21, in conjunction with The Greenpeace Organization and on July 16 for the finale of the Soviet-American peace walk. Performers for these events were not available at presstime, but one can be assured they will include some "special artists."

MOVE IT ON OVER: The Psychedlic Shop, a San Francisco institution for close to twenty years, is moving down the street to much more spacious digs. Owner Mike Van Dyke informs Bits that he should be in his new location by June 1st. The shop, which has been located at 1072 Market Street in San Francisco since 1969, will be moving to the site of the old Crocker Bank a few doors down at 1098B Market Street. Besides the much increased retail and gallery space, Van Dyke envisions the shop including performance art space as well. Famed poster artist Alton Kelley has been commissioned to do a new poster heralding the move.

KESEY MEMORIAL BUS: Writer Ken Kesey and his wife Faye, whose son Jed was killed in a wreck while on his way to a University of Oregon wrestling meet in 1984, have given the school a \$33,000 custom made seventeen passenger bus with money from lawsuits filed after the accident. "We didn't want something like that to happen and think it didn't make any difference," said Kesey during a brief ceremony where he presented the bus to school officials. "We felt it would be unthinkable to get some kind of settlement and then spend it on something unrelated."

BLUES WITH A FEELING: Carlos Santana hopes to realize one of his longtime dreams — to perform with legendary bluesman John Lee Hooker and an orchestra. The historic collaboration, which is slated at presstime to occur at Oakland's Paramount Theatre in June, will include the Berkeley Symphony, conducted by Kent Nagano. Nagano is probably best known to Relix readers for his collaboration with Frank Zappa and the London Symphony Orchestra a few years back.

ONE LAST TIME: The video cassette *One Last Time*, documenting The Beatles performances in San Francisco, has just been released. The half hour cassette includes rare footage of performances at The Cow Palace in 1964 and 1965, as well as their last public performance held at Candlestick Park in 1966. *One Last Time* captures the mood of San Francisco in the mid-sixties and includes their famous news conference in '65 as well as taking the viewer into their dressing rooms. For The Beatles collector, it is a must. The cassette is available for \$52.45 postpaid from: One Last Time, PO Box 69, Lorane, OR 97451.

LOCAL LADS MAKE GOOD: Berkeley's own resident guitar wiz Joe Satriani, who's independently released all instrumental LP, *Surfing with The Alien*, is the surprise hit of the year, has joined up with Mick Jagger for Mick's tour of Japan. This will be Mick's first tour without The Rolling Stones and at presstime it was not clear if there are going to be any US dates. Satriani comes home to play The Fillmore on April 16th.

ORACLE UPDATE: *The San Francisco*

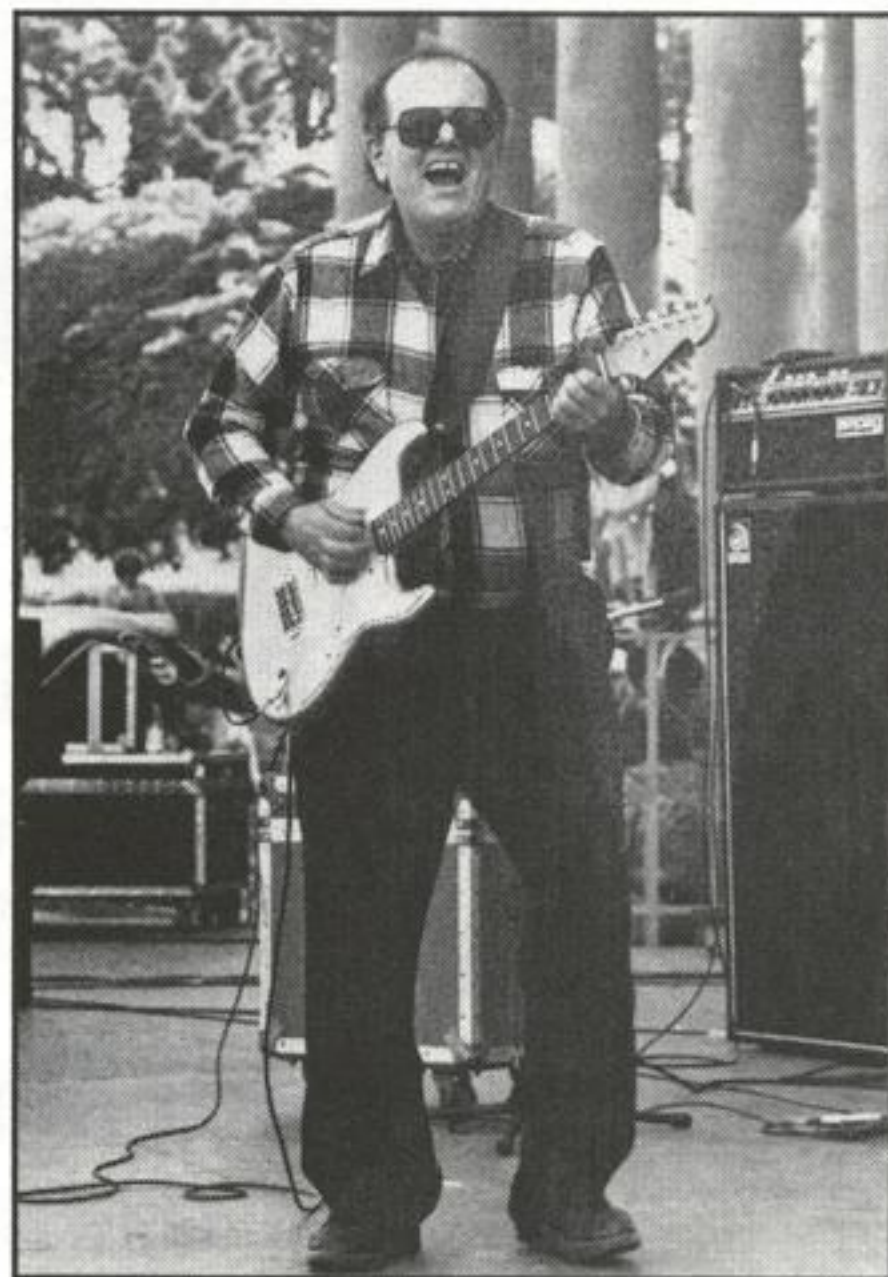
Oracle Facsimile Edition, edited by Allen Cohen, has just been published. *The Facsimile Edition* consists of 360 pages and is printed on gold stamped acid free paper. It is a limited printing and comes in the Library Edition, price \$125.00 (limited to 1000 copies) and a Collectors Edition, price \$300.00 (limited to 200 copies). The Collectors Edition is signed and numbered by Cohen and artist Rick Griffin who did the cover. Cohen has also released a new video entitled, *The Rise And Fall of the Haight Ashbury In The 60's*. It's a video history of The Haight and the hippies at their height as reflected in the pages of the S.F. Oracle and the work of fourteen photographers of the period. It costs \$29.95 and is available in VHS only. For info on any of the above, contact: Regent Press, 2747 Regent Street, Berkeley, CA 94705, phone # (415) 548-8459. Tell them you saw it in Relix.

GLASNOST: Cartoonists from the United States and the USSR held an art show recently at the S.F. Arts Commission Gallery. Exhibiting artists included Charles Schulz (Peanuts), Hank Ketcham (Dennis The Menace), R. Crumb, Stanley Mouse, Victor Moscoso and S. Clay Wilson as well as many of their Russian counterparts. There was a computer on-hand, linking the show in S.F. with a Russian gallery.

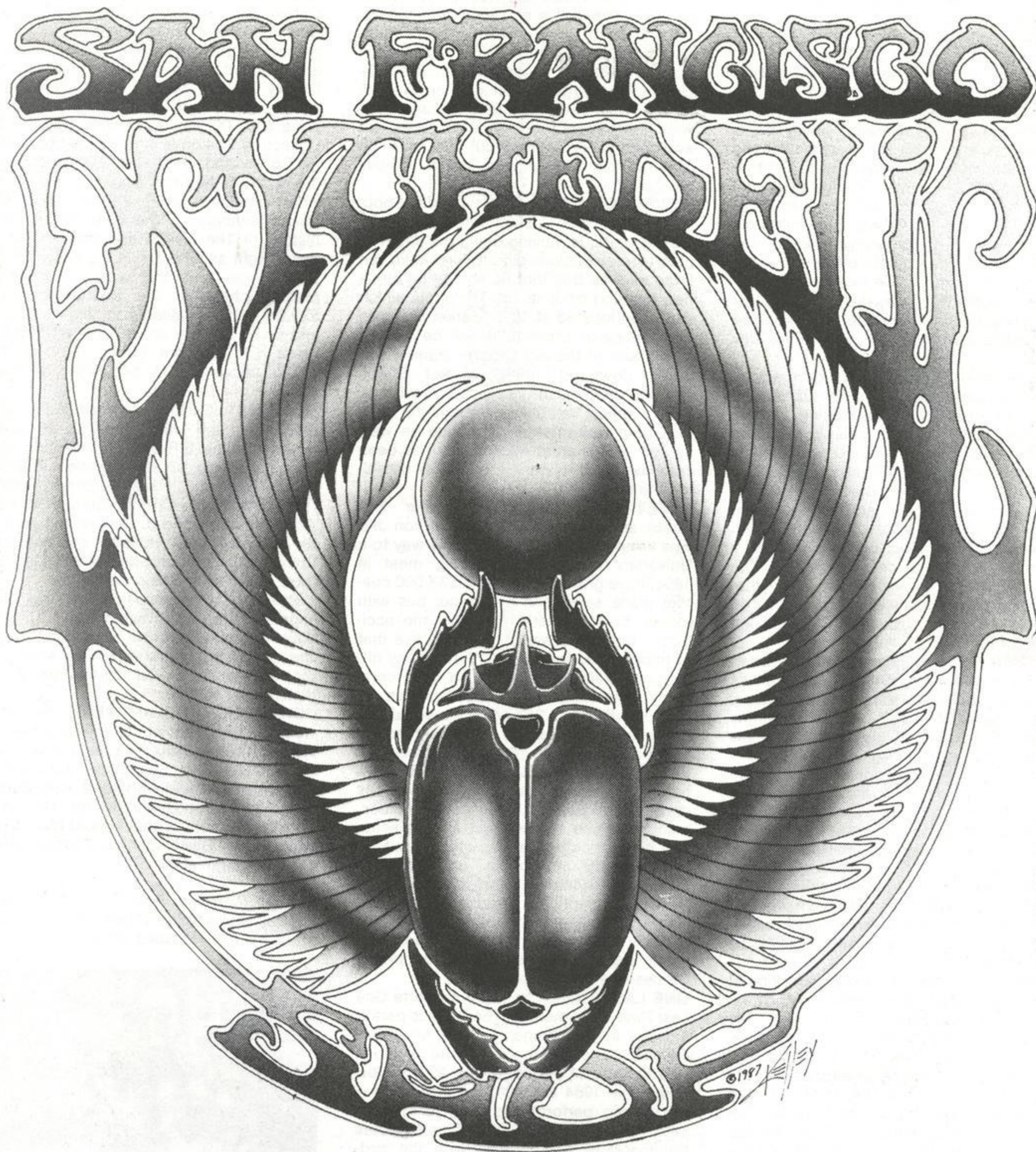
This year the exhibition will tour Los Angeles, Chicago, Washington D.C. and New York, adding artists from each region. The complete collection will be shown in six cities in the Soviet Union, opening in Riga, Latvia in 1989.

CORRECTION DEPARTMENT: We miscredited that great photo of Ron Wood in the last issue of Relix. The photo was taken by "Buffalo" Bob Somohano. Also a few issues back we had a photo of Jerry Garcia and Justin Kreutzmann at the Hell in a Bucket video shoot that should have been credited to David Benko. Thanks guys, sorry for the mistake.

(Special thanks to Rod Green, Eric Eisen, Ed Caisse and Bob Pacelli for their contributions to this issues BITS)



Nick Gravenites



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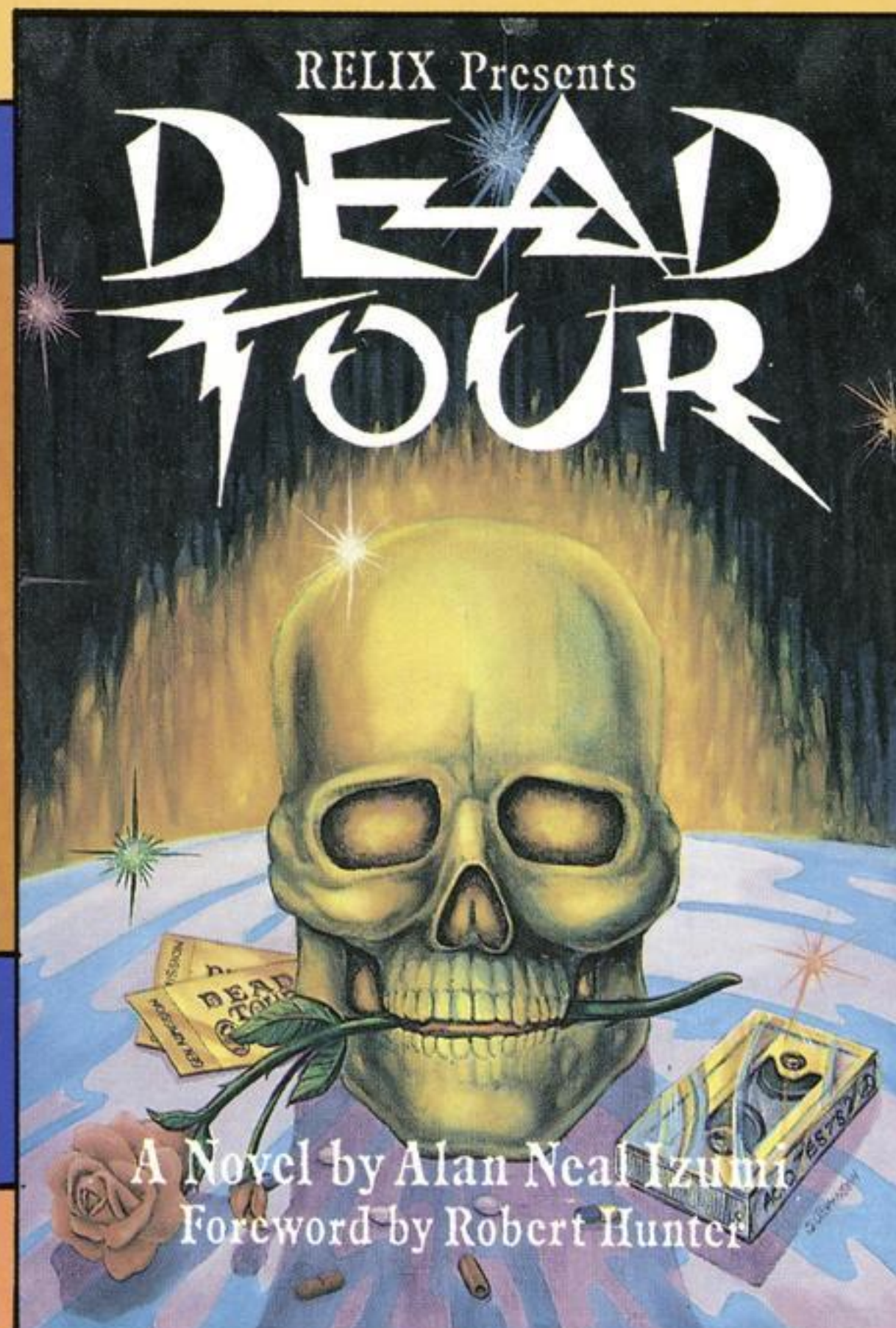
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A novel by Alan Neal Izumi



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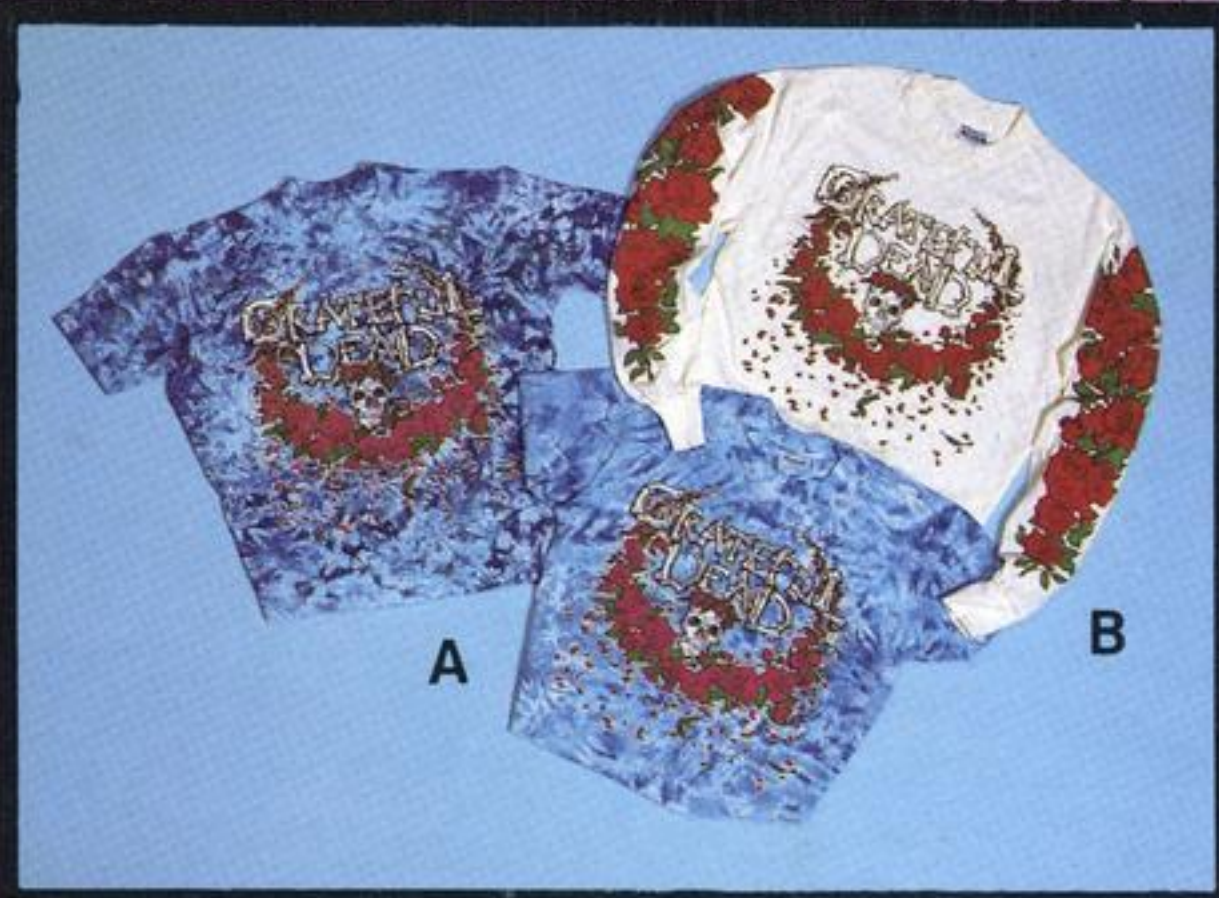
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