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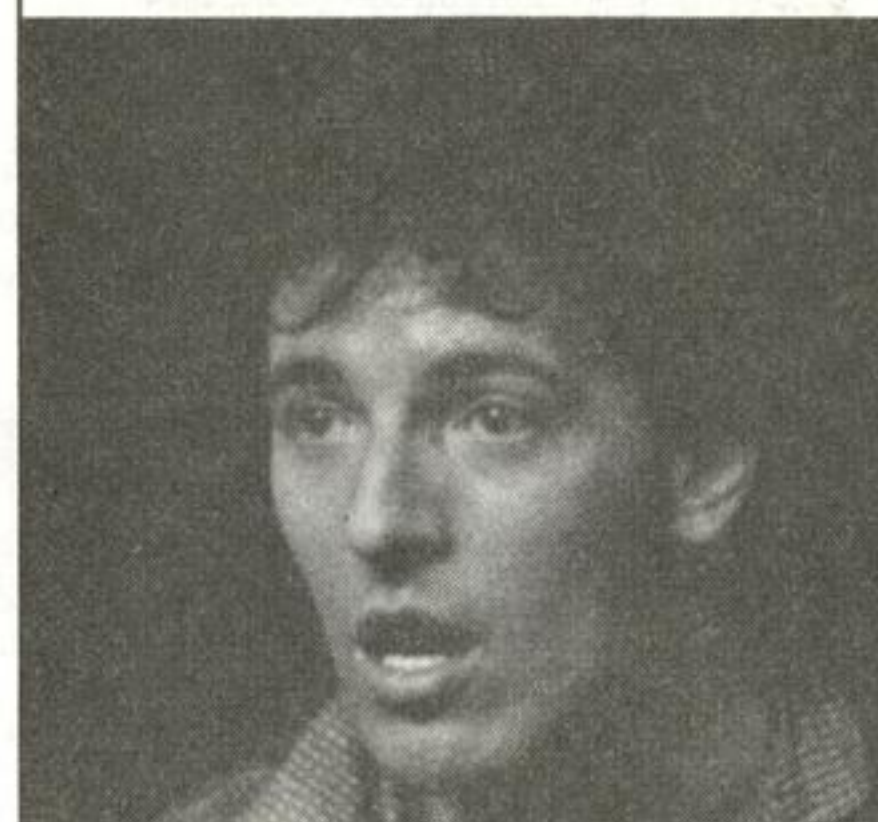
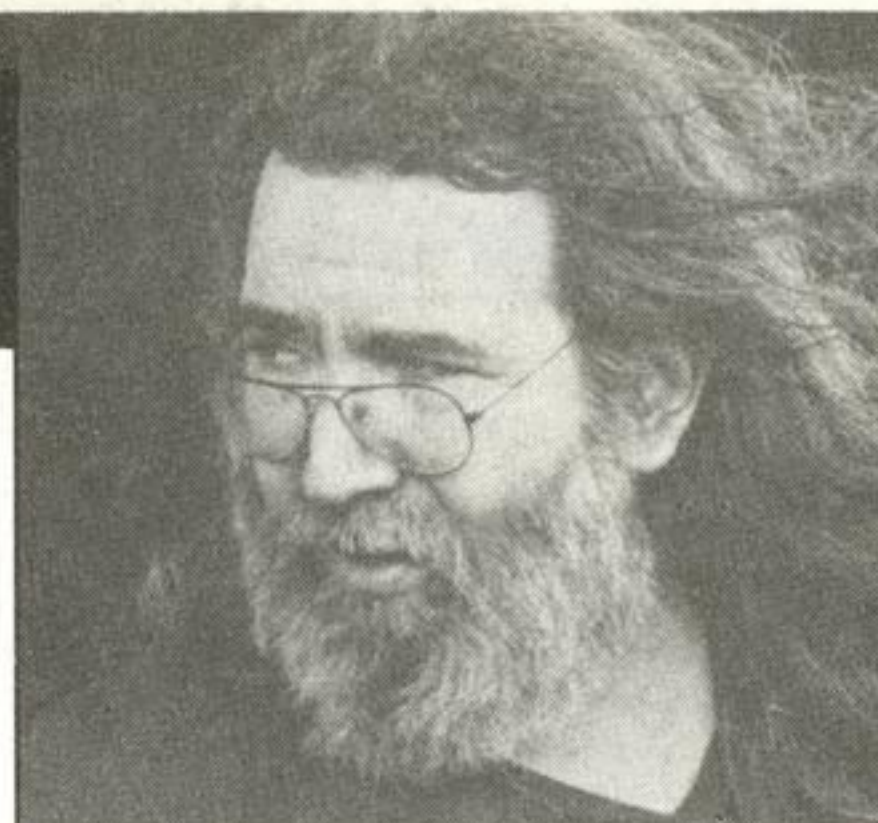
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Editorial

Friends,

I don't often take the space to air my views, feeling there are things you'd much rather be reading. But, once in a while...

Thanks for the good response to our Reader Survey. It will be a big help in planning our future. And have no fear, you will all see exactly what you want to see, several times over, in our (hopefully) long and happy years together. You were all pretty upset by the fact that the questionnaire was printed on the back of a "good" story. My apologies. We didn't plan it that way.

It has recently been said that Relix has lost its vision. Let me assure you that we never have. We only tried broadening our support. The vision has always been there, although not as sparkingly clear as it is today.

We appreciate all of your (our readers) input, and welcome any correspondence you care to send, stories, reviews, art work, poetry, experiences, and just plain old criticism. The true core of RELIX MAGAZINE is you!

As for me, it isn't easy in all respects. I have to decide what I think should go into each issue of Relix, and I'm so damned paranoid about getting anyone upset (readers, writers, photographers, musicians). So, to quote someone it seems I am forever quoting, here goes:

"Every time that wheel turn 'round,
Bound to cover just a little more ground.
The wheel is turning and you can't slow down
You can't let go and you can't hold on
You can't go back and you can't stand still;
If the thunder don't get you, then the lightning will.
Won't you try just a little bit harder, couldn't you try
just a little bit more?"

With much love,
Toni

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ASBURY PARK 83

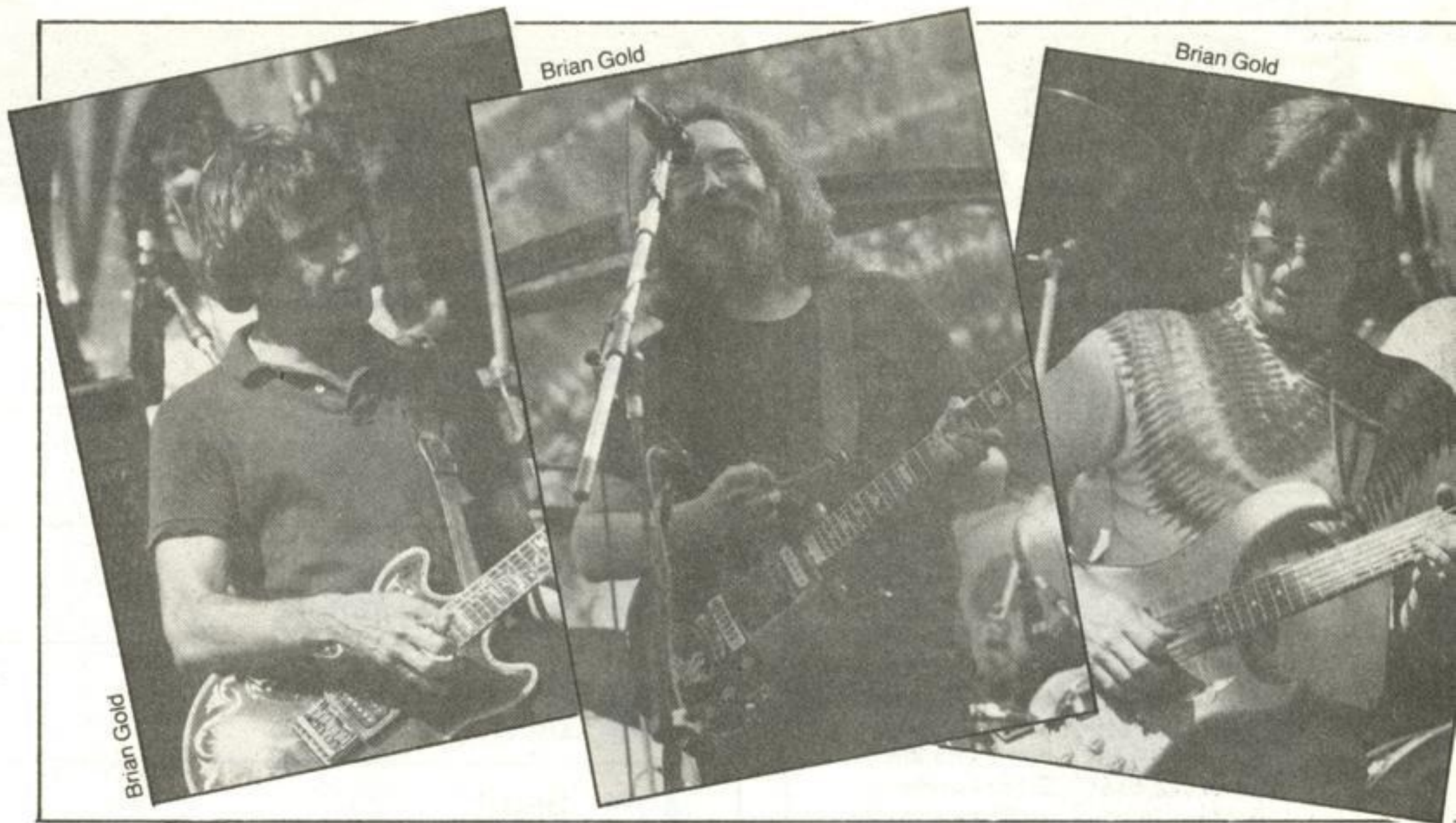
I came to see you Bruce
but you weren't here

just some old folk
and a few business types

your warm morning sun
kissed some hot headed life guards
but there's no Big Balls Billy

I tried
I really tried

buying beach tag
and cheap beer
for the price of new albums



waiting
for wildness
waiting for hardness
in the arms of Madam Somebody
telling my fortune
reading my beads
like a long ago saint

"he ain't here
he's done risen"

by C.K. DeRugieris
Pleasantville, NJ

Dear Relix People,

Your *Dead Relix* cover really freaked me out. Nice touch. I guess this means you're back from your sojourn into commerciality. It is easily forgivable as you obviously learned a lot, so it was time well spent. Even in your most commercial hours, the true *Dead* spirit was always there. That is why I hung on... and have now been rewarded.

Let your magazine proceed by its own design.

Joe Schloss
Weatogue, CT

Greetings from Red Rocks,

Your reviews are published 9 months too late. I feel that any respectable journalistic venture should be performed in a timely manner. With the advent of the postage stamp, it should be possible for your reporters to have a story written and in your editors hands ASAP for subsequent publication.

A. Albamre & M. Taffet
Colorado

Hey Guys,

It's not all that easy. But personally, I find the Grateful Dead timeless.

Toni

Dear Toni:

Relix has been tickling me, lately.

The alienation I feel from the world of Big Music grows. I shuffle from dustmop wigs to croissant connoisseurs, listening to the radio from time to time only to fling myself in resignation on the reels of tape sitting in the corner.

Misfit victim of musical malaise. Am I too hung up to have a good time? No one can relate to my cultural aversion.

Not so! I found my 11-17-73 Pauley Pavillion tape just a few weeks ago in back of the box while searching for live Rowan Brothers concerts.

Then I read the new Relix and discovered I'm not a heroic musical rebel after all, just another face in the crowd.

Now, at last, like wormrunners and radio-hams it's time for tapers to come out to the closet. (Especially if the closet is at your Good Buddy's house and he keeps the door bolted. Trust the mailman, I say, he won't boost your Legion of Mary Tapes, but some people are hard to convince.)

Enclosed find a sort of poem/review. I don't know if you can use this type stuff or not.

Mostly, I'm looking for contact with kindred souls. I got about five hours of Tom Constanten tapes awhile ago which I think are really fine and would like to know who the musicians are in the Touchstone band. This, to me, is the kind of thing that would make good article material. Moldy old purist.

I'm glad we still have our temple orgies and teen-aged priestesses and all, don't get me wrong, but it seems like our pastors are getting a little dissipated in their old age.

RUN FOR THE ROSES
Thoughts on an Album Cover

Jerry—

Sadness. Cynicism holding under a smile,
Diode fingers kindled light and good vibes.
Bedraggled old grizzly—can he still feel it?
The rainbow, or the rainbow maker
is on fire, he tells us—it's exciting
"Burnt out" is a forgotten cliché.
See what life is; a Kentucky Derby
of tamed cocaine monsters at midnight.
Where are the whirling gears and
twinkling light sources?

Is this the result of a modest ascent
up the ladder of social success?

(Ladder climbing; moves who makes them)

"No more free dream. Pay the Union!"

—Looks like a strike here to me.

See how pretty our tigers are? (They might
even help you with your arithmetic lessons).

Alligator, seems I've been there before.

The juggler frowns while
children smile and dream of stars.

But I remember. You are what you eat.

Dance, Bacchus, dance,
I remember your mind.

Adapt for the machine age,
And watch out for Acid Rain

—Lenny Bailes

Dear Friends,

I am (for the time being) in the US Navy. The only thing that keeps me sane out at sea are my tapes—Dead, Tuna, Quicksilver, etc. And of course, your super magazine. I had been reluctant to subscribe because Relix was getting away from the main reason it was such a special publication—the Grateful Dead. But that's changed.

Being stationed in SF, I've had a chance to see some hot action, and the Bay's hot in the 80's with Nick Gravenites, John Cipollina, Jerry G. Band (he's always around), Billy Kreutzmann and David Nelson's All Stars, Dinosaurs, Jorma, Barry Melton, Merl Saunders, and the list goes on. Being 22, I missed these guys in the 60's.

Keep up the good work, especially on the bands I've just listed, and thanks for keeping me going.

By the way, the Navy sucks and these piss tests are no joke!

D.B.



Dear Toni & Les,

Congratulations! Your last issue (Vol. II #3) was what Relix should always look like. I especially liked the Dead in small letters on the cover. The "edited" interview with Bob Weir was informative, and the tour dates were well received. It's always nice to read about Janis Joplin, and Country Joe McDonald was a welcome surprise.

Instead of going into every article, just let me say this: It was one of the best issues I've seen. As long as Boy George isn't in Relix, I can handle it—or anything for that matter.

By the way, no matter how bad things get at the Relix office, do not sell out to Rolling Stone!

Ken Sider
Baldwin, NY

Dear Relix,

I think I'm your only subscriber in Israel. And believe me, it isn't easy. But eventually I come home from a couple of months in the Army, and there it is! The latest copy of Relix. That can really make my day. The last time I saw the Dead was at MSG, Sept. 82.

Well, there aren't many Dead Heads in Israel, but if the Dead came and played here, I'm sure there'd be a lot more. So Jerry, come and check this country out (wishful thinking).

If not, I get out of the army in Feb. 86, and you can be sure that soon after, I'll be wherever the Grateful Dead are playing.

Again, I'd like to thank Relix for keeping me in touch when I'm so out of touch.

Danny Schwarz
Israel

My first Dead concert...

I'm a native San Franciscan (over 30) who never heard (or cared) about the Grateful Dead until four years ago. In early January 1980, Joan Baez put on a series of benefit concerts for Cambodian Relief. One of the concerts featured Linda Ronstadt and my favorite singer, Hoyt Axton. Attempting to get tickets to hear Hoyt, we discovered that due to Linda's adoring fans the concert was sold out. My friend therefore got tickets to the second benefit concert 2 days later—Jefferson Starship and Grateful Dead (ho-hum) at the Oakland Coliseum Arena. I tried to think of a way to weasel my way out of going but ended up going anyway. Oh well, the Starship were always worth seeing.

The Dead played last—by the time they came on stage I had a killer headache and was suffocating due to the crush of the crowd and the heavy smoke which hung in the air. I thought of going out to the lobby during the Dead's set and waiting for my friend till after the show, but by that time they'd started playing... I heard the first note of the first song (I can't remember—"Deep Elem?" "Tennessee Jed?" oh well, no matter) from Jerry Garcia's guitar and thought, "well this is different than I expected." Who knows what I

expected. Anyway, they played and I listened. I became more and more intrigued by the sound I was hearing. It was so rocking, so alive, so... GOOD! So much FUN!! Who were these guys??? I stayed.

By the end of the show, when "Sugar Magnolia" was shaking the rafters, the house lights came on and I looked down to the floor and saw a literal sea of heads and waving arms flowing back and forth with such intensity and joy. I'll never forget the feeling that came over me. I wasn't sure what was happening, but I had gotten a taste of something I knew I wanted more of. Four Dead shows later during an especially hot "Cold Rain and Snow," I got "religion." I'll be seeing my 47th and 48th shows this weekend in Sacramento.

Thank God Linda Ronstadt was so popular!!
Thought I'd share...

Helen Rossi
San Francisco, CA



Dead Head Newsletters in review

After we ran our last Consumer Alert, we have been getting information on other Dead Letters. This issue we received a few copies of "Mikel."

Mikel's format is an 8x11 printed sheet, folded into a little booklet. Almost each issue has song lists, tour info, places to stay and the like. There are constant updates on ticket information, and that seems to be Mikel's strong point. Mikel has the ticket phone numbers for the Grateful Dead, the addresses for mail order tickets, the complete rules and procedures for ordering tour booklets, as well as a ticket exchange program, run by Mikel.

Subscription info: Mikel, P.O. Box 4403, Covina, CA 91723. Mikel states: "To keep getting Mikel, send Self Addressed Stamped Envelopes. In which case Mikel is free, OR send \$5.00 for six issues." Send them the \$5.00, Mikel is worth it.

more next issue...

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NRBQ

by Mick Skidmore

THE New Rhythm and Blues Quartet, or NRBQ, as they are more commonly known, have been responsible for making ten fine albums over the last decade and a half. Although that is not exactly overproductive by anyone's standards, they have still managed to earn a reputation, and quite deservedly so, as being the epitome of the hard working, rock-in', boppin', good-time band.

NRBQ have never been affected by fads or trends and consequently they have never really been "in fashion" with the general record-buying public. But on a positive note they have remained unique, in that they have always played what they want, which turns out to be a strange eclectic mixture that encompasses everything from jazz to country, from R&B to rockabilly, pop and just about everything in between.

To demonstrate just how untrendy they are, it is worth noting that they were originally written off by certain sections of the music press as rockabilly revivalists—and that was in 1969 when it was hardly the height of fashion. Everyone else was into psychedelia and hard rock trios!

Ironically, the diversity of their music has probably been the major factor that has prevented them from attaining any kind of mass recognition. The fact that NRBQ are hard to categorize has certainly proved a hindrance when it comes to getting airplay, as most radio stations tend to want to fit everyone into neat little categories, and when someone comes along that doesn't quite fit, they get brushed aside and ignored.

NRBQ's esoteric repertoire can be a little bewildering to a new audience on first hearing, but live in concert they are a proverbial breath of fresh air. What other band would open with "New York New York," include a rock and roll

version of "Michael Row The Boat Ashore" and covers of songs by Rosemary Clooney and Johnny Horton, as well as delivering a blistering set of rock and roll.

NRBQ first got together loosely in Florida in 1968 and then moved to New York where they were signed to Columbia Records after they had seen them play at Steve Paul's "The Scene" Club.

Since their inception they have undergone a number of personnel changes, as well as record companies; Bearsville is their fifth label to date. The current line-up is Terry Adams on keyboards and vocals, Spampinato on bass and vocals, Anderson on lead guitar and vocals and Tom Ardolino on drums. In addition, the band is augmented by their own horn section, The Whole Wheat Horns, which consists of Terry's older brother Donn on trombone, Keith Spring on sax and occasionally, sax player, Gary Windo. Donn has played on all the band's albums, but The Whole Wheat Horns were not really a permanent on-stage attraction until the mid-70's.

In 1969, NRBQ released their first album, simply titled *NRBQ*. It was a wonderful potpourri of goodies from cover versions as diverse as Eddie Cochran's "C'Mon Everybody" to Sun Ra's "Rocket Number 9" to a mixture of originals by the band including "Ida," a collaboration between Terry Adams and Carla Bley. The album never sold very well and Columbia was at a loss as to what to do with the band. Donn Adams takes up the story. "Columbia didn't know what to do with us because we were so drastically different from the psychedelic thing that was happening at the time, but there was a fan of ours at the label that suggested we do a collaboration with Carl Perkins. Carl was also on the label and they never knew what to do with him, and there were certain

similarities between our music. We flipped out because Carl was one of our heroes. The album was easy to do and only took a couple of days. A lot of it was made up of first takes. The funny thing is we never played live with Carl until 1979."

Boppin' The Blues, was their album with Carl Perkins and was released in 1970. It was made up of a mixture of originals and standards. About half of the album was NRBQ on their own, and the rest, including "All Mamma's Children" and "Step Aside," was with Carl.

After making a single with King Curtis, "Down In My Heart," they left the label and moved to Kama Sutra with whom they released two albums, *Scraps* in 1972 (recently re-issued by Red Rooster via Rounder Records) and *Workshop* in 1973. The former contains a humorously obscure ditty called "Howard Johnson's Got His Hojo Workin'."

After being dropped by Kama Sutra it was several years before they recorded again. Eventually, in 1976, they put out *All Hopped Up* on their own Red Rooster label. That created enough interest to get them signed to a major label, Mercury, who released *At Yankee Stadium* in 1978, which despite what the title suggests, is a studio album. In fact, it is one of their finest albums and includes "Greenlight," recently covered by Bonnie Raitt, and an outstanding Joey Spampinato ballad, "I Love Her, She Loves Me."

The album never made any significant impact with the record-buying public, so Mercury dropped them. They then reverted to releasing their albums via Red Rooster.

Kick Me Hard was released in 1979 and a year later *Tiddlywinks* followed. Both were excellent records and contained the usual bizarre mixture of styles that we have come to expect from the band. *Tiddlywinks* included the band's most famous song, the ferociously paced rocker "Me and the Boys," which has been covered by both Bonnie Raitt and Dave Edmunds.

1982 saw them once again sign with a major label. This time it was Bearsville. So far, they have released one album, the fine *Grooves in Orbit*, in 1983. They are currently working hard on their next Bearsville album which should be completed very soon. Rounder recently issued *Tap Dancin' Bats*, which is a collection of some of their more bizarre material, including their ode to wrestler/manager Captain Lou Albano, and the almost non-musical instrumental title track.

Today, NRBQ continue to tour and are gaining larger following due to their sterling live shows. When you see them perform, it is immediately evident that they really enjoy playing together. You get the feeling that success would just be an added bonus.

All the band are fanatical record collectors and accomplished musicians. Terry has toured Europe with jazz singer Carla Bley, played on Nick Mason's (Pink Floyd) solo album *Fictitious Sports*, and compiled the 1979 Thelonious Monk album *Always Know*. Al Anderson has recently been working on some film soundtracks with John Sebastian.

What, you may ask, does the future hold for NRBQ? Donn Adams answers that question in a positive, if slightly unconcerned manner. "Well, we're getting stronger all the time and we are doing what we like doing, so I guess it's just a matter of time before we get more well known."

Let's hope it is their next Bearsville album that provides them with the break they deserve. They are a very special band.

More Goodies from the
folks at Rockin' Relix

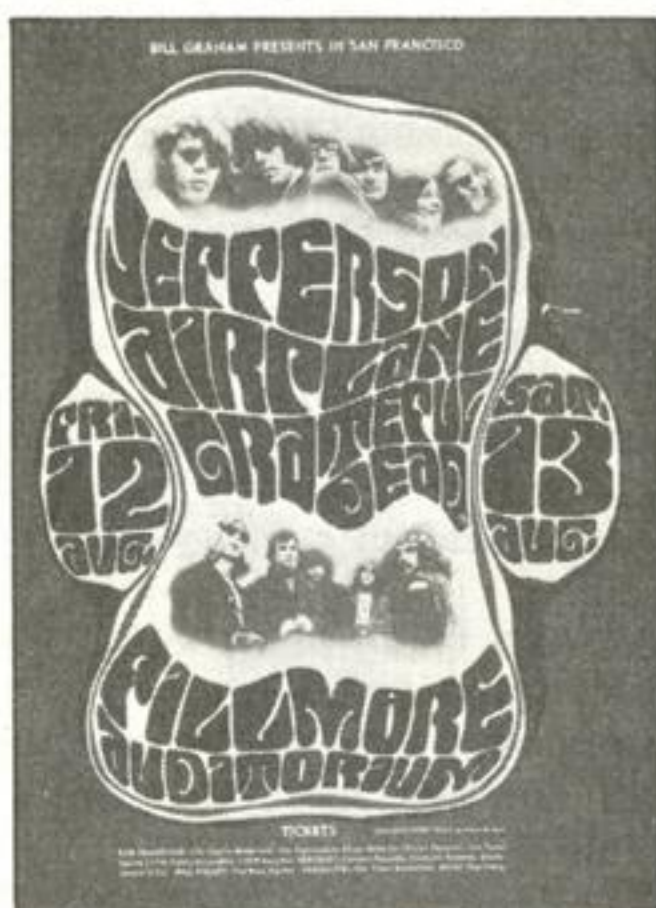
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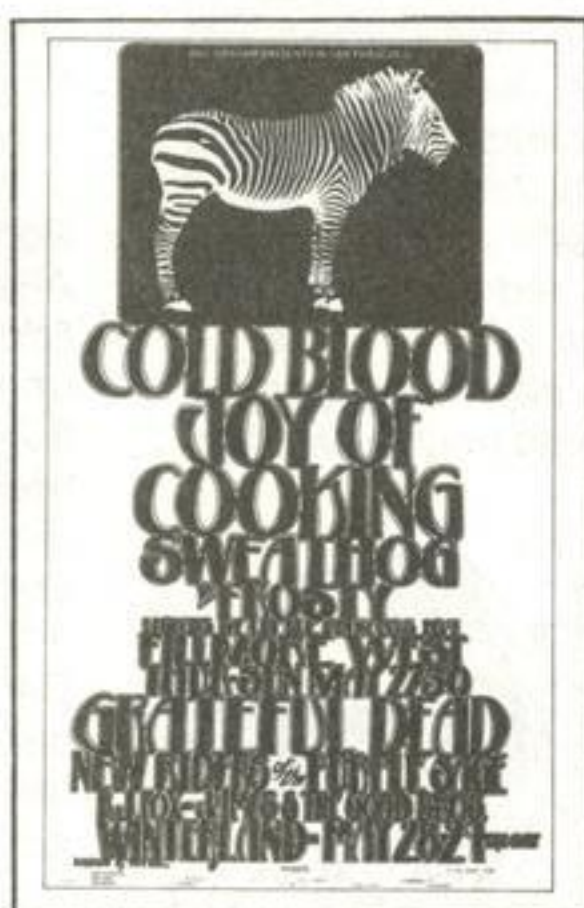


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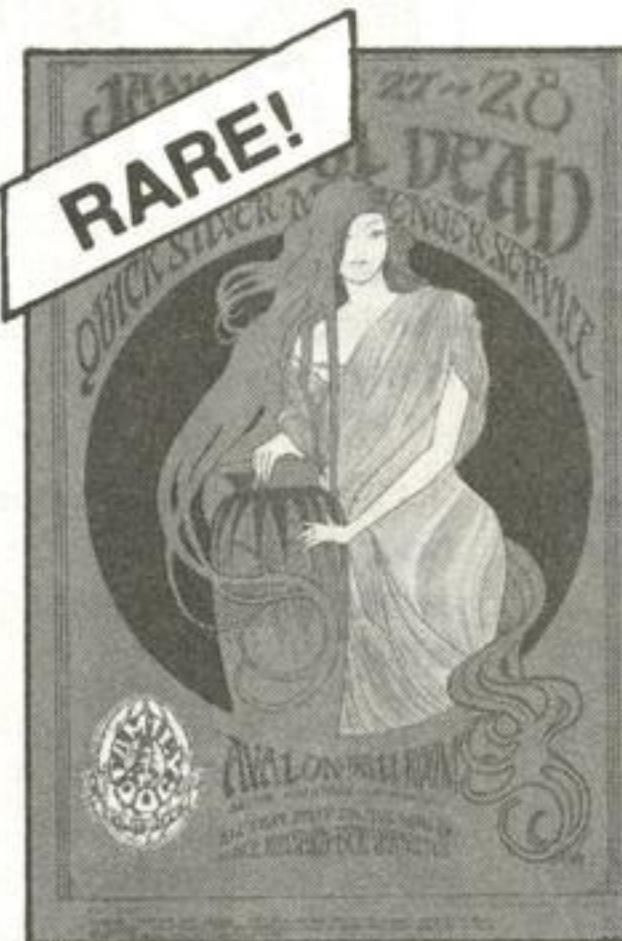
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RUMOURS

by Vic De Robertis

BEING practically crushed for three hours while waiting on line to get into a Grateful Dead concert is not my idea of a good time.

Sure, there're worse things to do; you could be waiting in line to see the Scorpions. But standing in the hot sun in Durham, North Carolina, April 2nd, 1982, after driving for 17 hours straight from Miami, I was not in the best of moods.

"It's a secret, you know," the man next to me said gleefully. He was perhaps twenty-five, and had the wizened look of a backwoods moonshiner, along with the fanatical gleam of zeal in his eyes one occasionally encounters in a "serious" Deadhead.

"It is?" I replied, careful to keep my voice neutral.

"That's right," he said several times, as if to reassure himself.

Silence reigned for a minute or two, as I waited patiently for him to continue, and wished mightily for a cold Heineken. Phil probably has ten cases backstage right now, I reasoned resentfully, and here I am waiting to watch him drink them.

The man cast a furtive glance over his shoulder, and almost whispered in my ear, "Black Throated Wind."

"Well, what about it?" I answered.

"They're going to play it," he replied with a wounded glance at me. "I heard it at the soundcheck."

There didn't seem to be much use in pointing out that the Dead's crew were still frantically pulling pieces of sound system out of the equipment trucks, so there couldn't possibly have been a soundcheck yet. I let it go, and filed it away with all the other pieces of wisdom dropped on me in seven years of attending Grateful Dead concerts.

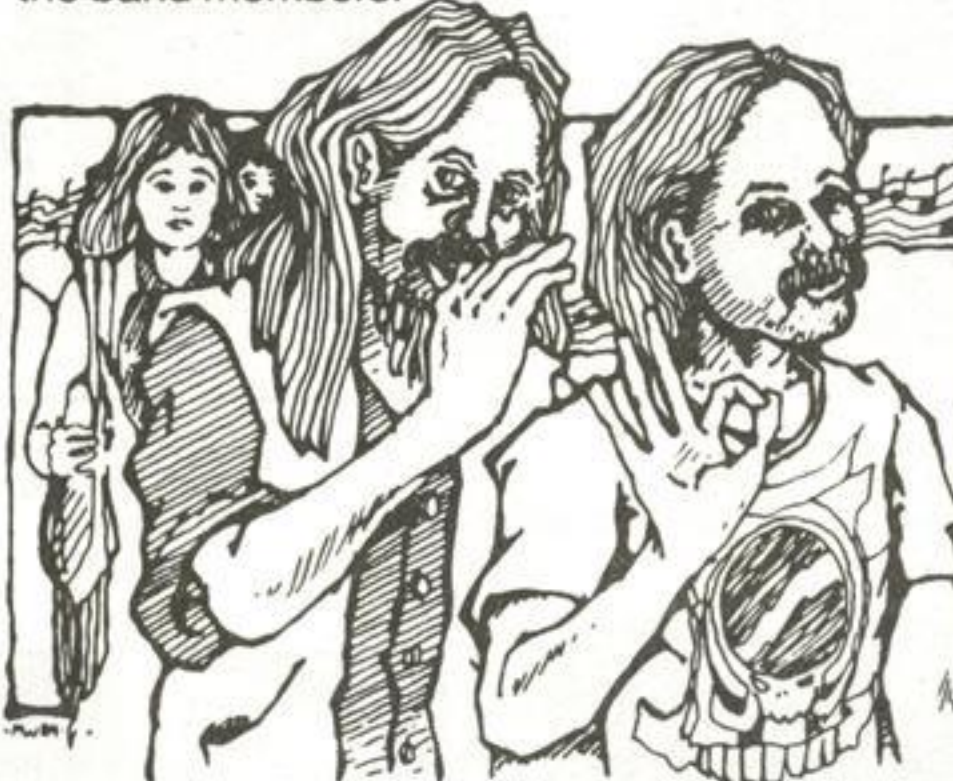
Needless to say, the Dead did not play "Black Throated Wind" that night at Duke; nor

did they play it the following evening in Norfolk, or, for that matter, at any concert in the next two years.

Song rumours are, of course, nothing new; the crowd outside Dead concerts is constantly buzzing about what is to be sprung from the Dead's array of rarely heard classics, including such gems as "Here Comes Sunshine" and "Loose Lucy."

Sometimes, the rumours are true, though. At least a third of the crowd at the Garden last October knew "St. Stephen" was coming, and everyone at Ventura was pleasantly surprised to hear "Crazy Fingers" in July 1982. Still, I tend to take these tales with a grain of salt, reasoning that whoever started it probably took it with a grain or two of lovely 'cid.

Some rumours are more interesting, particularly those that have to do with trouble amongst the band members.



"Jerry's pissed," one soul confided to me as we waited in the cold rain at Red Rocks for the second set in July 1982. I shivered inside my Hefty bag, and turned my watering eyes to him.

"How's that?" I inquired.

"That's right," said my new buddy. "It's bound to be a short set tonight. Jerry was supervising the unloading of the sound system when it happened."

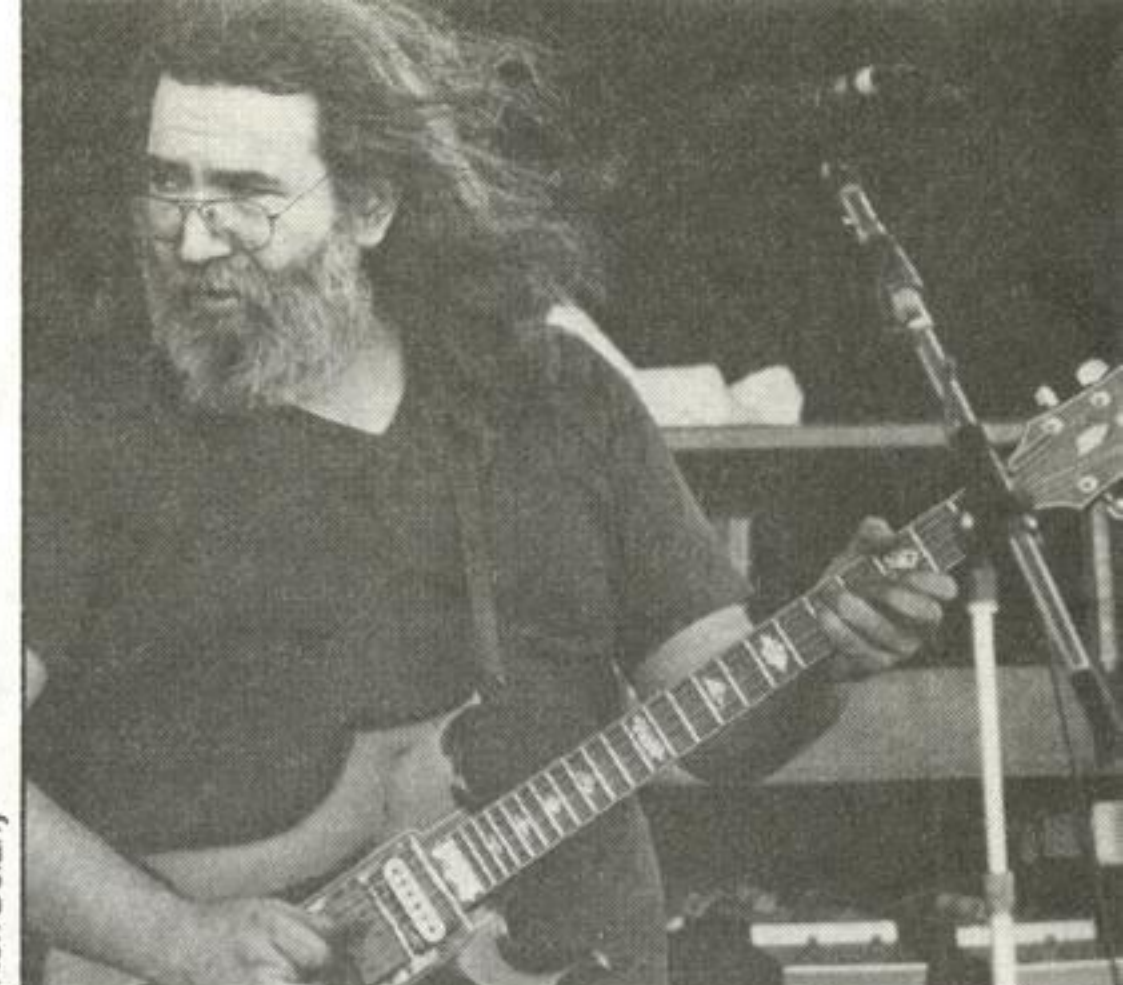
It seems as though all these stories leak out from the teller in bits and pieces, and I have developed great skill in keeping patient. Besides, the image of Garcia directing the unloading of the equipment was a hard one to come by. I waited confidently for him to continue.

"So," he went on finally, "Garcia told the truck driver to back the truck up a hill. But the back doors weren't shut, and some of the sound system fell out onto the mountain. Jerry's in a terrible mood."

I blinked in the rain, and pondered this knowledge. It had been a short first set, and the sound system did seem to be somewhat smaller than usual. I had passed this off to the fine acoustics of the Red Rocks Amphitheater.

Sure enough, the Dead launched into one of the shortest sets I've ever seen. I shared this information with someone on the other side of me, a tubby man with bright eyes and a full beard.

Ron Delany



Garcia At Cal. Expo.

He gave a shout of laughter. "Good Lord, man, you've got it all wrong! The reason's because the Dead are doing a secret acoustic set tonight in Boulder! Now..."

I gave up, and stumbled to the car in the rain.

The best one, though, was heard at the Rochester War Memorial, in September 1980. After a splendid first set, the crowd waited patiently for the Dead to reappear, but there was undeniably some tension in the air. Great things were expected that evening, and they happened (in the form of a sterling Aiko-Dew jam), but the crowd was buzzing over the last show's ending.

The show had taken place in the Capitol Center, in Maryland, two nights before. It had been a good show, which I missed, needing the rest between the two Spectrum shows I had just seen and the drive to Rochester.

The encore, I learned, had been "Brokedown Palace." But all had not gone well for this particular version, it seemed. As I heard it: "Then all of a sudden, a nude guy leaped up on stage, and unplugged Jerry's guitar!"

"Oh, hell," I thought, "that can't be true."

When I came across a soundboard of the show some time later, this story resurfaced in my mind. I quickly played the encore at maximum volume. Sure enough, halfway through the song, Jerry's guitar stopped working.

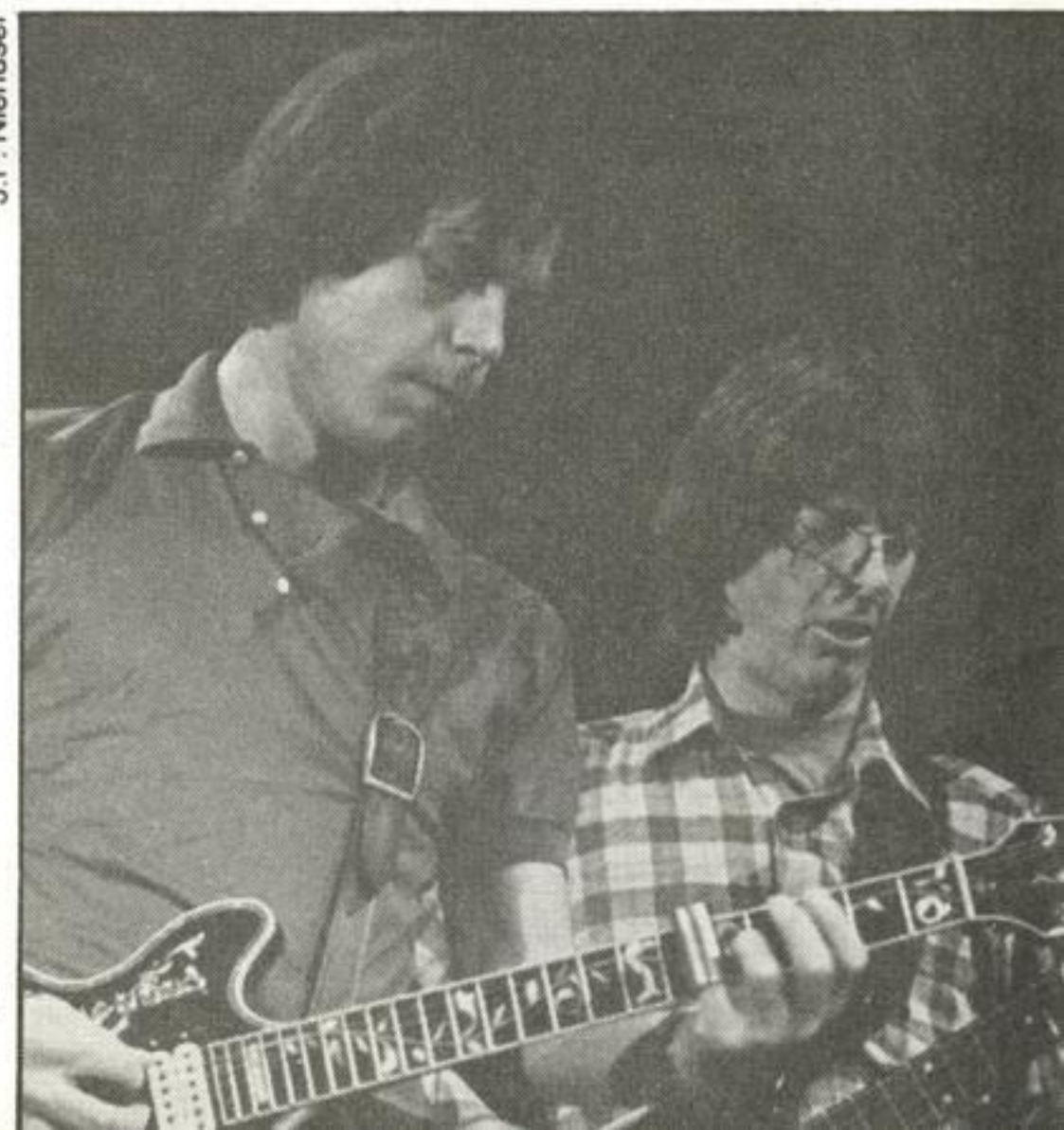
Nude Guy?

Nah...

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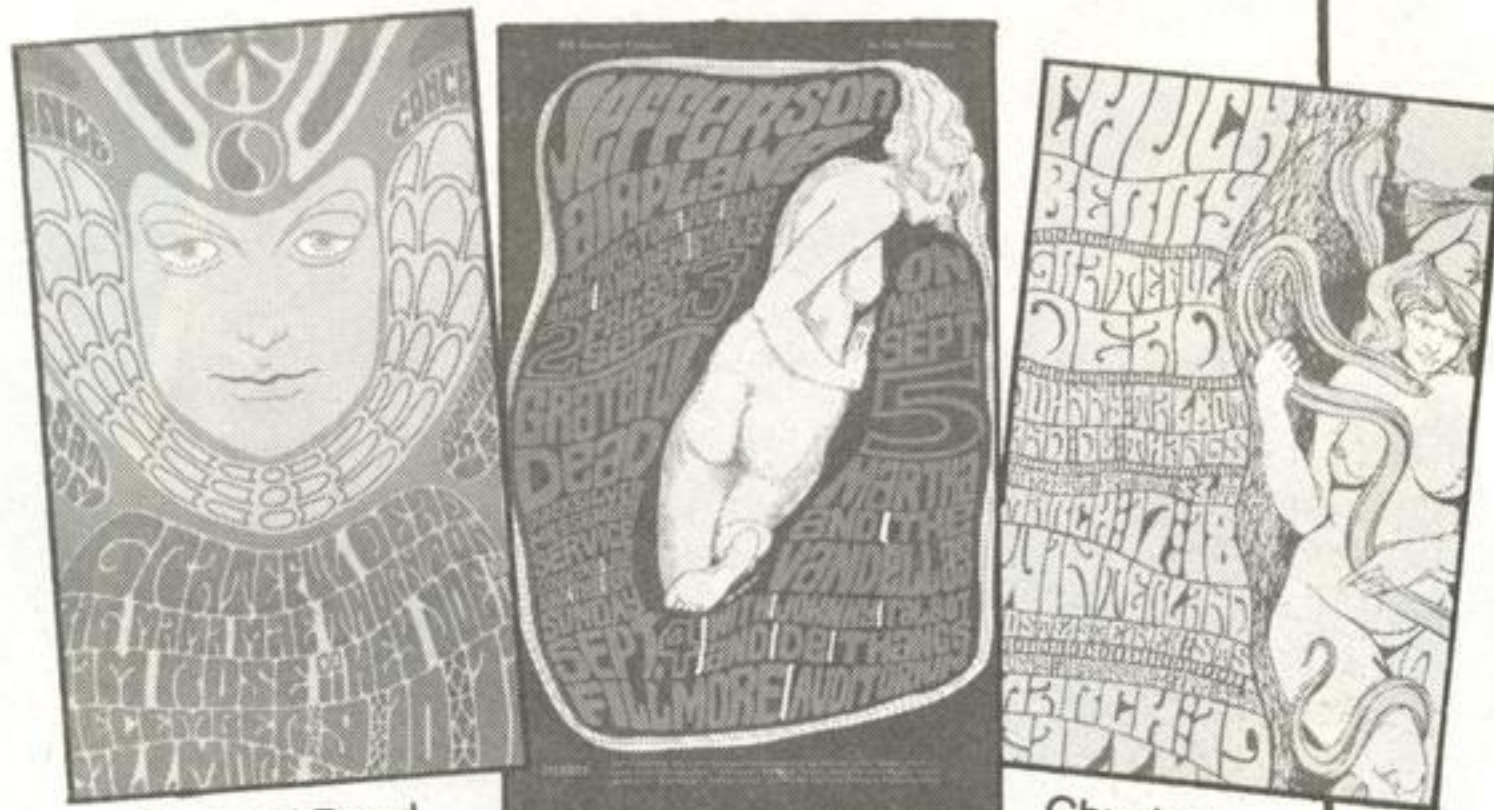
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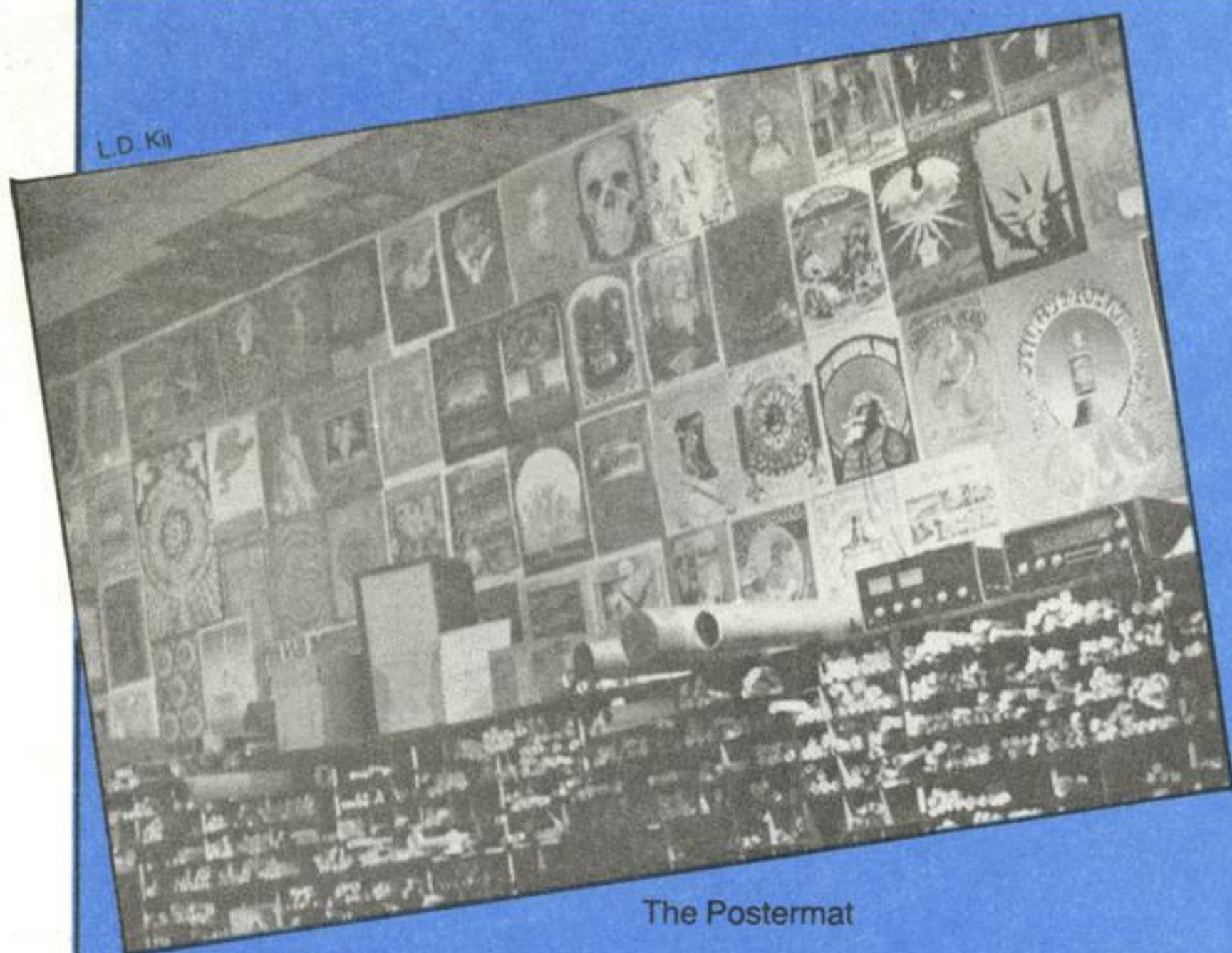
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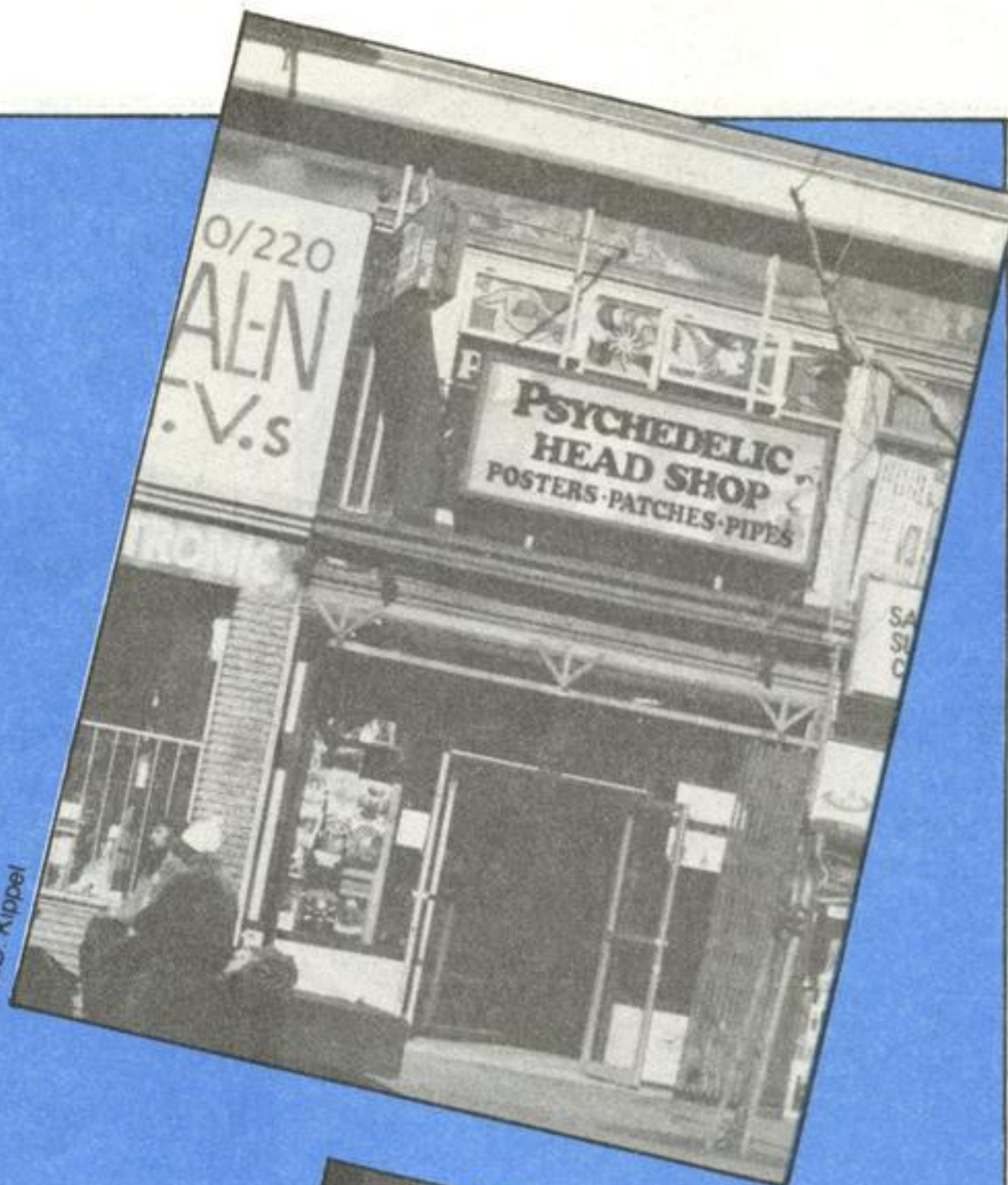
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LOCAL CLUBS

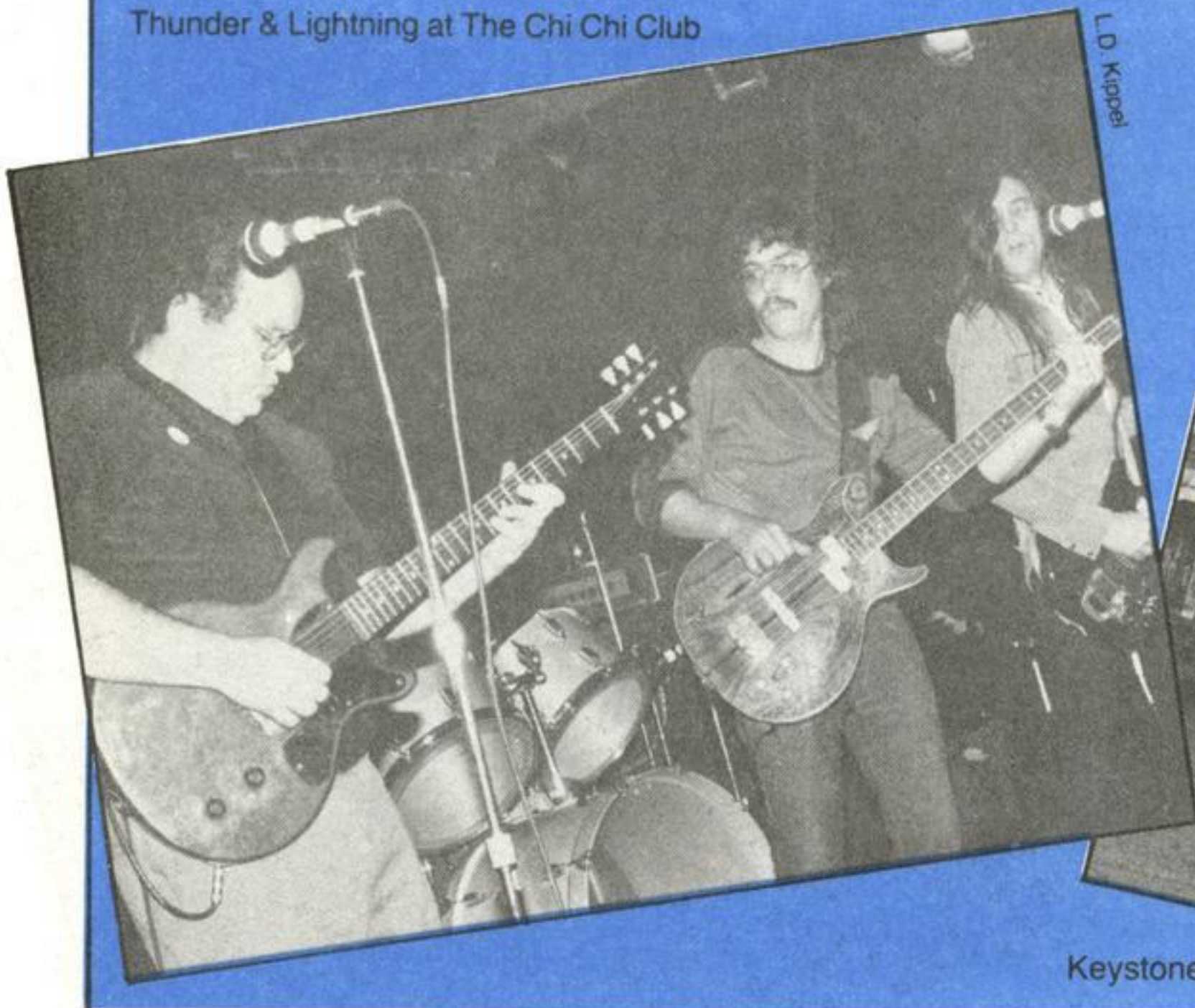
As you are so well aware, SF is home to many of the musicians you've spent your life enjoying. It's always a thrill to pick up a local paper and find out that the Dinos are playing in the area, but it does become a problem when Billy Kreutzmann's All Stars are appearing that same evening. Of course, if there's a Dead show that night, there is no confusion, but you get what I mean. There are several clubs in the Bay Area that feature these acts regularly. So keep an eye open for places like the Chi Chi Club, the Keystones, the Kabuki, the Boarding House, or any of the other local clubs that could be featuring your favorites.

EATING

The most expensive part of a trip away from home could possibly be eating. San Francisco is a tourist town and provides scores of restaurants. We have eaten in many, and have liked very few. Perhaps being New Yorkers, our palates are used to certain quality, but it's been hard pleasing us. A couple of restaurants that stood out, I truly felt were worth mentioning, not only for their high quality, but also for their adequate prices. Tien Fu (on Noriega St.) is a fine Chinese Restaurant, serving Szechuan and Peking cuisine. La Rondalla (on Valencia & 20th), is a great Mexican place, and their servings are bountiful indeed. Also, you'll find several nice cappuccino/pastry spots near Ben's Postermat on Columbus.

Thunder & Lightning at The Chi Chi Club

L.D. Kippel



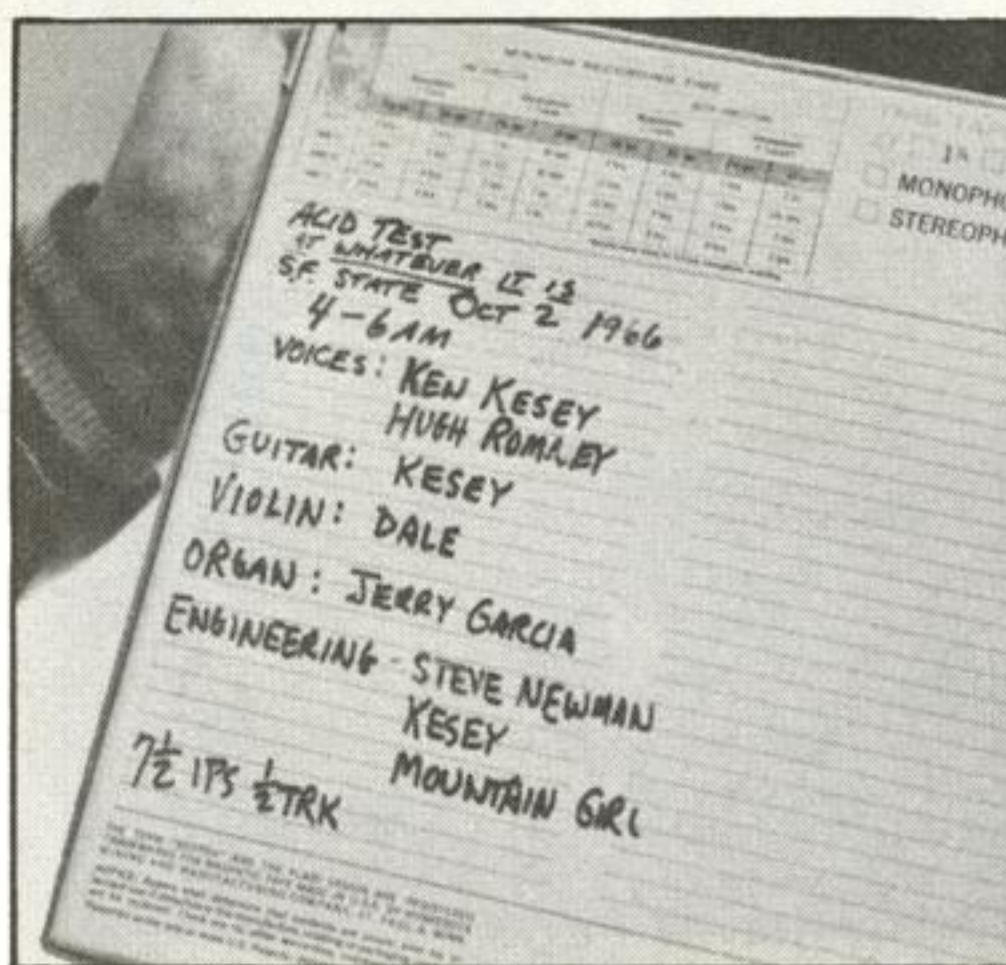
Keystone - Palo Alto

M. Kirschner





Paul Grushkin of The Bay Area Music Archives



A master tape of one of the first "Acid Tests"



A Quicksilver "Comin' Thru" Promo kite

BEHIND THE SCENES

While the things that we have listed are the obvious, there are other things that are happening San Francisco that, unfortunately, are not open to the public. One of the most interesting, and one that needs as much support as possible, is the San Francisco Bay Area Music Archives.

The Archives are run by Paul Grushkin, the author of *The Official Book of Dead Heads*. The Archives, now housed in a two level house near one of the Universities in San Francisco, is only open to students, or researchers of San Francisco musical history. On a visit to the Archives, Paul expressed interest in donations of any kind, especially posters, collectibles, music, and of course, grants.

Paul is hoping to be able to open the doors of the Archives one day, as a museum, with displays which can be examined, as well as offering facilities for the serious music researcher.

Paul was kind enough to show us a few really rare items, that the true Dead head would go crazy over. A few, he wouldn't let us photograph, because they are going to be used in a new Dead Head book, scheduled for release in September, or October!! However, Paul did show us some other items, including the master tape of one of the first Acid Tests!!

We also saw a see-thru window glass that was made in the late 60's, that was placed in the windows of Dead Heads in the Haight. Some of the really original poster work was a rare pleasure to see. Paul had poster art that even came *before* the posters that we *think* were the start of the San Francisco music scene.

If you have any old posters, tapes, buttons, collectibles or dirty cash just gathering dust in your house, and you would like to donate them to the Archives, please let us know, and we will forward your letters to Paul. The outfit is real, and it deserves the support of all San Francisco Music Lovers.

Well, except for the concerts that you came to see, that is pretty much it!! There is a lot to see

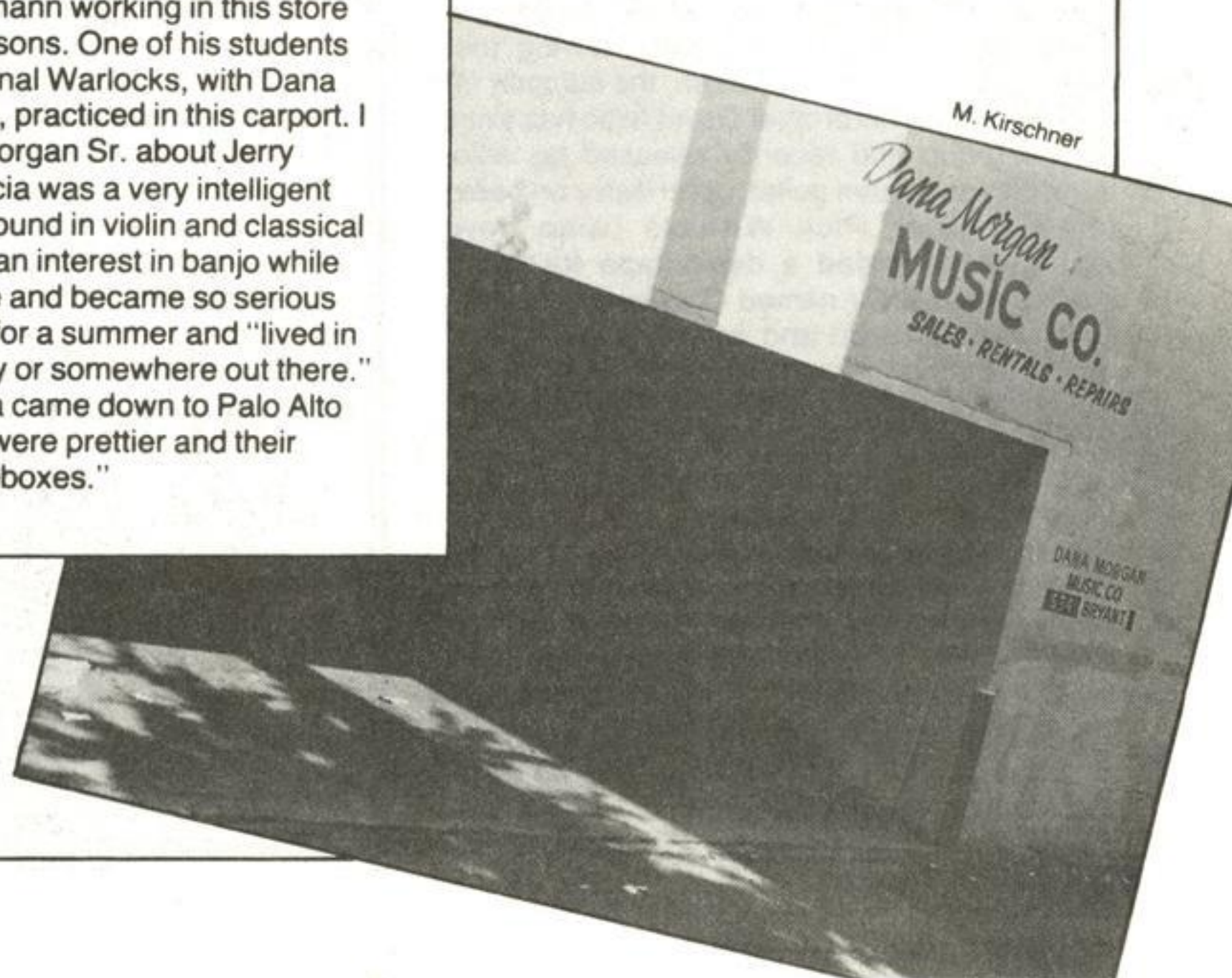
and do in San Fran, and a week is what you really need. However, after being there for a week, you might not want to leave!! But, enjoy it, and remember, you can always come back next year!!!!

Please note that we did not include everything there is to see and do in San Francisco. We did mention *some* of our favorites, and some of the things may seem tiresome. But we are opening our pages to our readers to help us compile a more complete and comprehensive guide for future concert goers and San Francisco visitors. Look for the comprehensive "DEAD HEADS GUIDE TO SAN FRANCISCO (and the world)," which will be available through Relix Magazine in the future. In the meantime, we await hearing from you! Send us the experiences and discoveries uncovered by you during your adventures in and around the land of love we so commonly refer to as *San Francisco*.

(Our special thanx to Michael Kirschner for his invaluable assistance.)



This is one of the places where it all started. Garcia met Kreutzmann working in this store and gave guitar lessons. One of his students was Weir. The original Warlocks, with Dana Morgan Jr. on bass, practiced in this carport. I spoke with Dana Morgan Sr. about Jerry Garcia. He felt Garcia was a very intelligent man, with a background in violin and classical guitar. Garcia took an interest in banjo while working at the store and became so serious about it that he left for a summer and "lived in the hills of Kentucky or somewhere out there." He says that Garcia came down to Palo Alto because "the girls were prettier and their fathers had nice iceboxes."





Dire Straits—Higher Traits

By Jeff Tamarkin

MARK Knopfler believes in the organic approach to making music. So when he decided to release a live Dire Straits album, he didn't fool around with such nasty tricks as overdubbing or splicing together segments from various shows. *Alchemy*, the recent two-record live Straits LP, is just that: live. And Knopfler wouldn't have had it any other way.

"One of the things that pisses me off about most live albums," says the casually dressed, decidedly untrendy Englishman, "is that they're not live to start with. They might use the live bass and drums but then the singer goes in and re-does his vocals; then the guitarist wants to add his parts on top of everything else. I can't see any point in building up a live album in the studio. The other thing we did is to take the entire album from one concert; once you splice together 37 different shows it's not live anymore. So what you're hearing is pretty much what happened onstage."

And what does happen onstage at a Dire Straits show is always an exciting event featuring that nearly forgotten commodity called fine musicianship; Knopfler is a musician's musician and certainly one of few British performers who'd rather put his efforts into his axe than his hairstyle. *Alchemy* includes old Straits favorites such as "Sultans Of Swing," "Once Upon A Time In The West," "Telegraph Road" and "Tunnel Of Love," among others.

Dire Straits began, ironically, during the height of the punk era in Britain, the summer of 1977. Knopfler, his brother David (who has since left the group and recently released his solo debut LP) on rhythm guitar, John Illsley on bass, and drummer Pick Withers (also now departed), recorded a demo tape for \$180 and took it to a DJ named Charlie Gillett, who liked what he heard and gave it a spin. "Sultans of Swing" was favorably received by listeners and record companies alike, and Dire Straits signed a deal with Phonogram in England and Warner Brothers in the U.S. Their debut album was produced by Muff Winwood for the unheard-of sum of \$18,750 and by the summer of '78 Dire Straits was receiving critical raves as the public bought up thousands of copies of their record. By the end of the year the U.S. latched on and the band departed to Compass Point Studios in the Bahamas to record its second LP, *Communicue*. They've been consistently popular since then.

Back about 1978, one Dire Straits fan, perhaps realizing that Knopfler was influenced by his own work, called him to ask if Knopfler and Withers would mind sitting in on his next sessions. Bob Dylan's *Slow Train Coming* album was the result of that liaison. Four years later, Dylan would again call on Knopfler—this time to produce him on his *Infidels* record.

"What can you say?" is Knopfler's only response when asked about working with Dylan. "He was such a colossal influence on me as a kid in terms of playing, singing and writing. I've been a fan of his since his first album. I was really pleased to meet him. I've also enjoyed working with people like Van Morrison, Scott Walker, Bryan Ferry, Phil Everly, and others. I wish I had 60 days to be able to do all the things I'd like to do."

Sometimes it seems that Knopfler must've found a way to squeeze at least 48 hours into a day. As if his work with the band isn't enough to occupy one's time, Knopfler has nurtured an active side career as a producer, writer and session musician. "It broadens my view to take on outside projects," he says. "It's very nice to

take part in collaborative things and to meet new people and become aware of how they work."

Knopfler has recently given a song to Tina Turner and has recorded on Bryan Ferry's upcoming solo album. He's also producing the second album by the English band Aztec Camera. In addition, he has completed two soundtrack albums, for the upcoming films *Cal* and *Comfort and Joy*. "I like doing it all," says the London resident. "But I like rehearsals with the band best because of that moment when you know it's happening, that you're tying it all down. That's really exciting. It's almost like the early stages of a sexual relationship; it's at its freshest. Another thing I enjoy is building segues when we play live; it makes the show flow better."

And flow is one thing that Dire Straits' music does. Knopfler's fluid, clean guitar style and the complementary backing of bassist Illsley, keyboardist Alan Clark, guitarist Hal Lindes and ex-Rockpile drummer Terry Williams gives Dire Straits its purity and fire. "We try to achieve a totality," says the leader of the band, "some kind of balance."

But one thing that doesn't thrill Knopfler is the rock video boom. "I understand that it's part of what's going on now," he explains, "but after you've seen a video twice you're pretty tired of it, whereas you might enjoy a good record 500 times. All of those videos have the obligatory sexy women and Conan-style motifs running through them. The video cowboys are just having a whoopie time but the MTV approach is too structured; it's a narrow way of doing things. They want the whole thing to be controlled."

While Knopfler reluctantly admits that he has to make videos to maintain commercial viability, he is much more excited about the recent concert that he had filmed and which aired in an edited form on MTV. "Good concert footage is what I like," he says. "I would've liked to have the whole show aired, but our concerts are too bleedin' long, over two hours. In fact, I wanted to put out *Alchemy* as a three-record set rather than a double. But the record company wouldn't have agreed to something like that. In fact," he concludes with a laugh. "I didn't dare bring it up to them."

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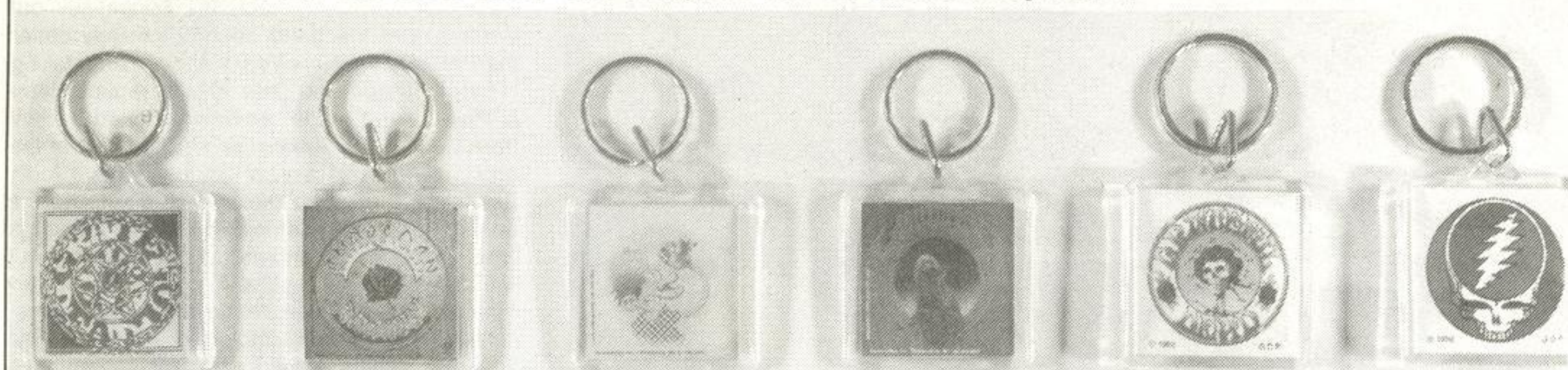
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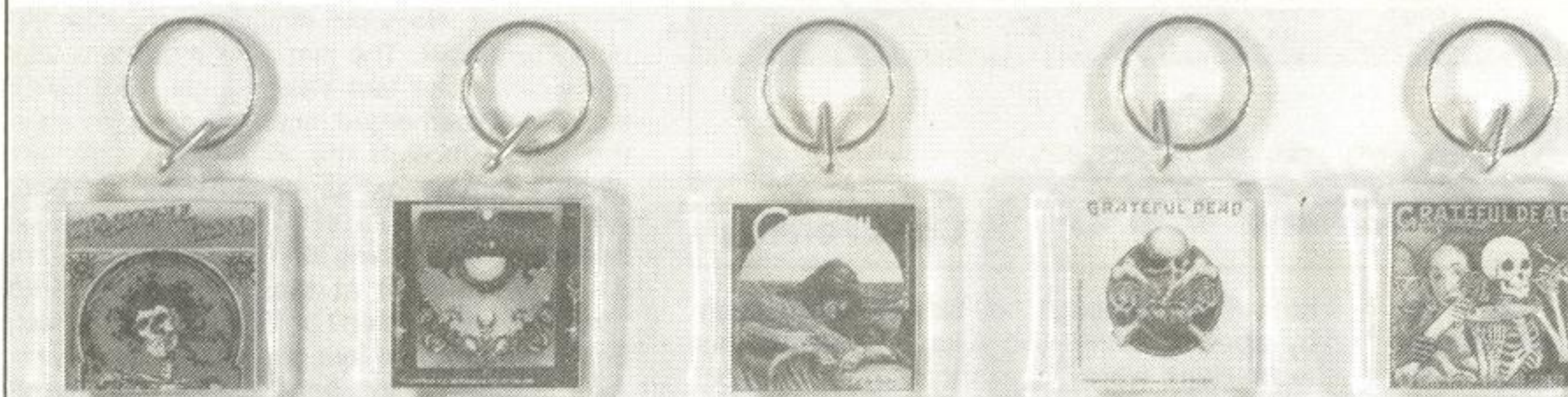
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GRATEFUL DEAD PHOTOS

COLOR PHOTOS

RED ROCKS, COLORADO
July 27, 28, 29 1982
C601 - Group Shot
*C602 - Lesh
*C603 - Garcia, Weir, Hart
C604 - View of Red Rocks

NY HILTON HOTEL
January 1979 (Candid)
*C820 - Garcia lighting up
*C821 - Phil laughing
*C822 - Bob smiling
C824 - Garcia smiling

KEYSTONE, BERKELEY
August 1981
C701 - Garcia, Full body
C702 - Garcia, Close up

WINTERLAND, SAN FRANCISCO
December 29, 30, 31, 1977
C002 - Garcia & Weir
*C003 - Lesh singing
C004 - Garcia & Weir
with balloons
C005 - Weir
*C006 - Garcia, Weir, Lesh

GARCIA BAND
FAIRFAX, CALIFORNIA
August 22, 1981
Lesh as Special Guest
C801 - Garcia
C802 - Lesh (Close up)
C803 - Garcia & Lesh
C804 - Lesh (Full body)

JERRY BAND
Tower Theater, Philadelphia
C875 - Garcia with Red Shirt

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND
MELKWEI
October 15, 16, 1981
C120 - Garcia
C121 - Weir
C122 - Lesh
C123 - Lesh & Weir
*C124 - Kreutzman
*C125 - Garcia, Weir, Lesh

GARCIA BAND
ROSELAND
May 31, 1983
C920 - Garcia
C921 - Whole Band

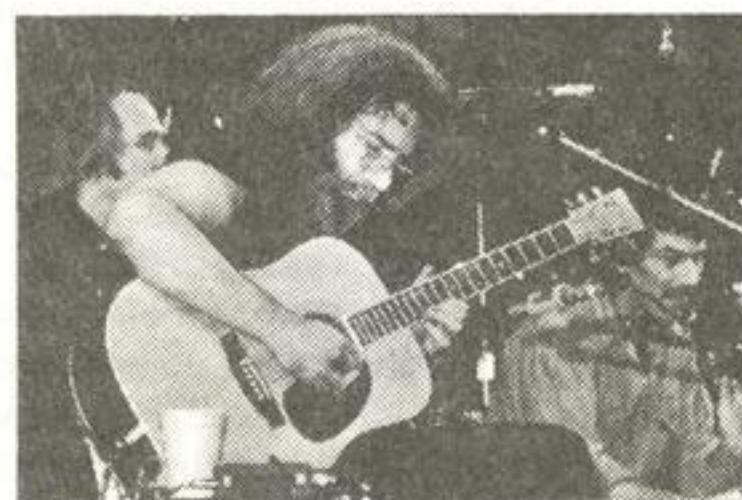
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
New York City, October 1980
C110 - Whole Band (Acoustic)
C111 - Garcia & Lesh (Acou)
C112 - Weir (Acoustic)

SOLO ACOUSTIC
NYC April 1982
*C950 - Garcia

THE SPECTRUM, PHILADELPHIA
April 25, 1983
C350 - Lesh
C351 - Weir & Kreutzman
C352 - Brent

NASSAU COLISEUM
October 31, 1979
*C200 - Garcia, Weir, Lesh
C201 - Garcia
*C203 - Brent & Lesh

HOT TUNA, 1983
C102 - Jorma & Jack



BW10



C802

GARCIA BAND
MUSIC MOUNTAIN, NY
June 16, 1982
C750 - Garcia
C751 - Kreutzman
C752 - Garcia & Kahn

GARCIA BAND
ROSELAND, NYC
May 31, 1983
BW38 - Garcia
BW39 - Whole Band

BLACK & WHITE PHOTOS

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
October 11, 1983
BW40 - Lesh & Weir (singing
together during St. Stephen)
BW41 - Lesh
BW42 - Lesh & Weir jamming
BW44 - Group Shot

WILLIAM & MARY UNIVERSITY,
VIRGINIA
April 16, 1978
BW35 - Garcia, Donna, Weir
(Unique double exposure)
*BW36 - Lesh (Candid)

GARCIA BAND
FAIRFAX, CALIFORNIA
August 1981
Lesh as Special Guest
BW21 - Garcia
BW22 - Lesh
BW23 - Garcia & Lesh

HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA
November, 1980
BW5 - Weir
*BW29 - Garcia (Smiling)

SAVE THE WHALES BENEFIT
SAN FRANCISCO
August 12, 1977 (Outdoors)
BW12 - Garcia
BW27 - Garcia & Kahn

BINGHAMPTON, NY
November 6, 1977
BW47 - Garcia, Weir & Lesh

RED ROCKS AMPHITHEATER,
COLORADO August, 1979
BW1 - Whole Band
BW2 - Lesh
BW3 - Entire Stage
BW4 - Lesh & Weir
*BW30 - Lesh & Brent
*BW31 - Garcia

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL 1980
BW8 - Group Acoustic
BW9 - Group Electric
BW10 - Garcia acoustic
BW01 - Garcia & Lesh acoustic
BW61 - Garcia & Lesh electric
BW13 - Weir & Lesh electric

WINTERLAND, SAN FRANCISCO
December, 1977
BW7 - Garcia & Weir
*BW14 - Garcia
BW15 - Group Shot
BW46 - Garcia & Weir
(Unique Double Exposure)

THE MELKWEI, AMSTERDAM
October 1981
BW16 - Weir
BW18 - Garcia
*BW34 - Garcia acoustic

PHILLY CMC CENTER
April 20, 21, 1984
BW48 - Group Shot

NASSAU COLISEUM
April 30, 1984
BW60 - Group Shot

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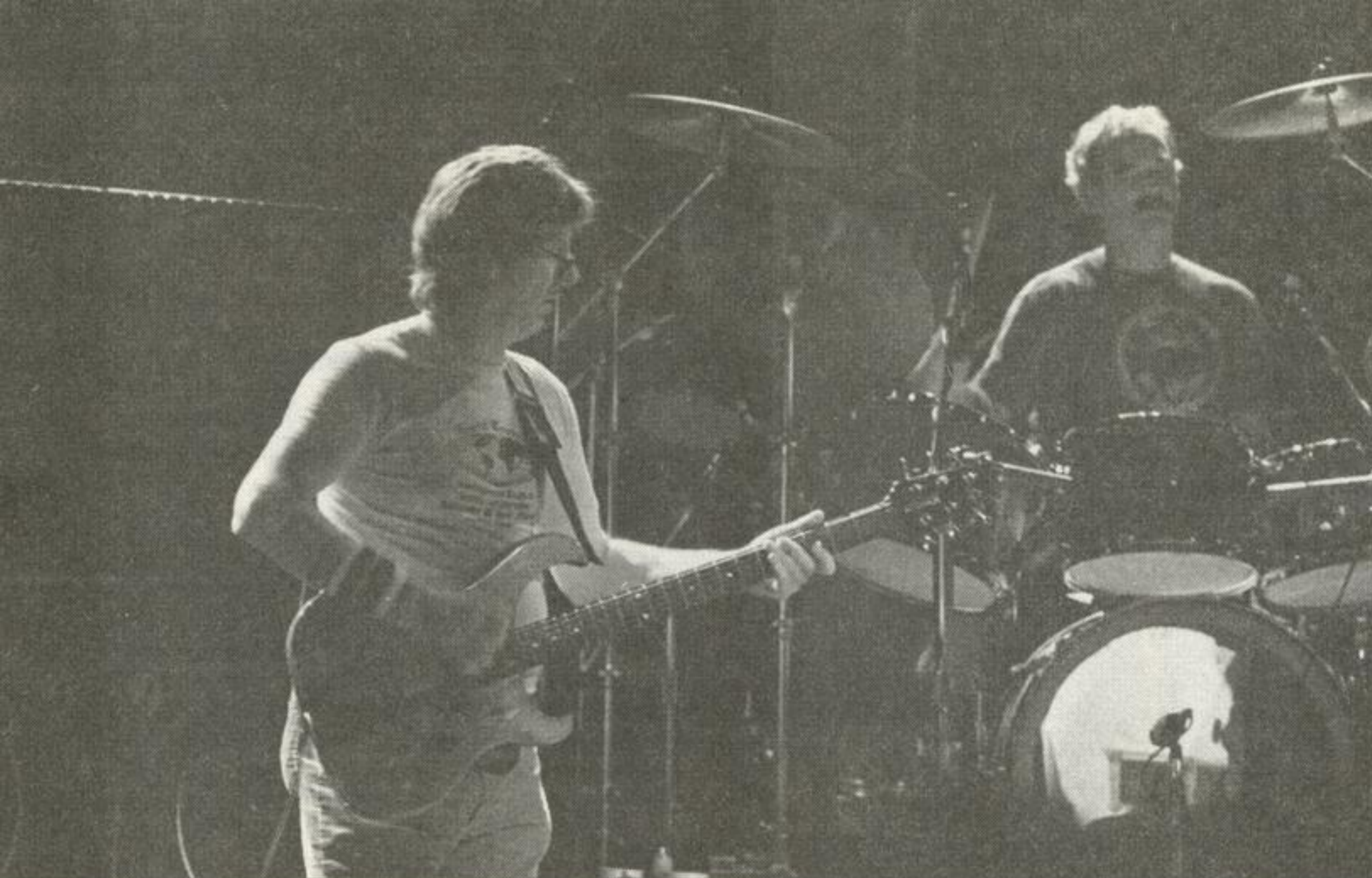
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Phil & Bill

Michael Kirschner

Marin Benefits

by Chris Forshay

THE Grateful Dead began their 1984 season with a series of benefit concerts at the Veterans Memorial Theatre in the Marin County Civic Center, San Rafael, California. The Dead began 1982 & 1983 with benefits at San Francisco's Warfield Theatre, but this year's inaugural shows featured, in addition to the different location, a new twist: the Rex Foundation. Named after the late Rex Jackson (a "quippie" from way back when), the Foundation is the latest attempt to translate Grateful Dead energy into nonmusical forms. It aims to make "contributions to creative endeavors in the arts, science, education, and in the area of social change and healing," according to handbills distributed at the shows. Like any other foundation, it has a board of directors, which includes Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, Bill Graham and Bill Walton. In addition to tax advantages, the Rex Foundation offers an opportunity for the Dead (and Dead Heads) to finance worthy efforts and put the ideas behind the music into action in other fields. The beneficiaries of these concerts included Greenpeace, Camp Winnarainbow (a children's camp, represented by Wavy Gravy), Bay Area Music Archives, American Indian Treaty Council and the San Francisco Mayor's Fund for the Homeless. The Rex Foundation's address is P.O. Box 2204, San Anselmo, California 94960.

These first concerts of 1984 found the Grateful Dead surprisingly well-rehearsed, relaxed and near the peak of their powers. Musically, the shows were a significant improvement over the Warfield Benefits of 1983. The Dead drew a respectful audience which, although well-heeled enough to afford the \$25 tickets, knew why they were there: a rare opportunity to see the Grateful Dead in a small (2100 seats) hall in their own backyard. It doesn't happen every day! The crowds represented an elite, if not elitist, element of Dead Heads; I'm happy to report that the vast majority appreciated what they saw and heard.

The first concert, while solid, was marred by technical foul-ups that prevented the band from transcending the physical plane. It's hard to attain oneness with the music while you're kicking your amp (Bob) or bitching at the equipment

crew (Phil). Although they blew the crowd away by opening with "Aiko Aiko," it seemed that technicians were about the stage throughout the first set. The problems culminated with a brief, but total, snafu during a late-set "Candyman," during which the band came damn near totally unglued. It took a speedy, accurate "Let It Grow" to regain momentum at the set's end. The equipment crew was front & center during the break.

Bob Weir bore the brunt of the technical difficulties. When, at the start of the second set, it became obvious that everyone was ready save Ace, Garcia started playing "Oh Babe It Ain't No Lie," or "a little number that doesn't involve Bob," to paraphrase a famous Radio City quote. (Jerry's quick thinking reminded me of a similar situation at the Meadowlands last year. After Stephen Stills joined the Dead & did "Black Queen," Jerry realized that the music had to go into something that their guest could pick up on. He brought the group into that popular two-chord ditty, "Aiko Aiko." It went over big, to put it mildly.) To the audience's eternal credit, they sat in rapt silence while the Dead played its first electric rendition of this *Reckoning* tune, with Bob on the sidelines until the very end. The trouble didn't end there for poor Bob. Jerry was moved to inform the crowd that "Bob seems to be having a little trouble with his amp," visibly amused that the tables, for once, were turned. Several seasoned West Coast Dead Heads gasped in amazement: "He can speak!"

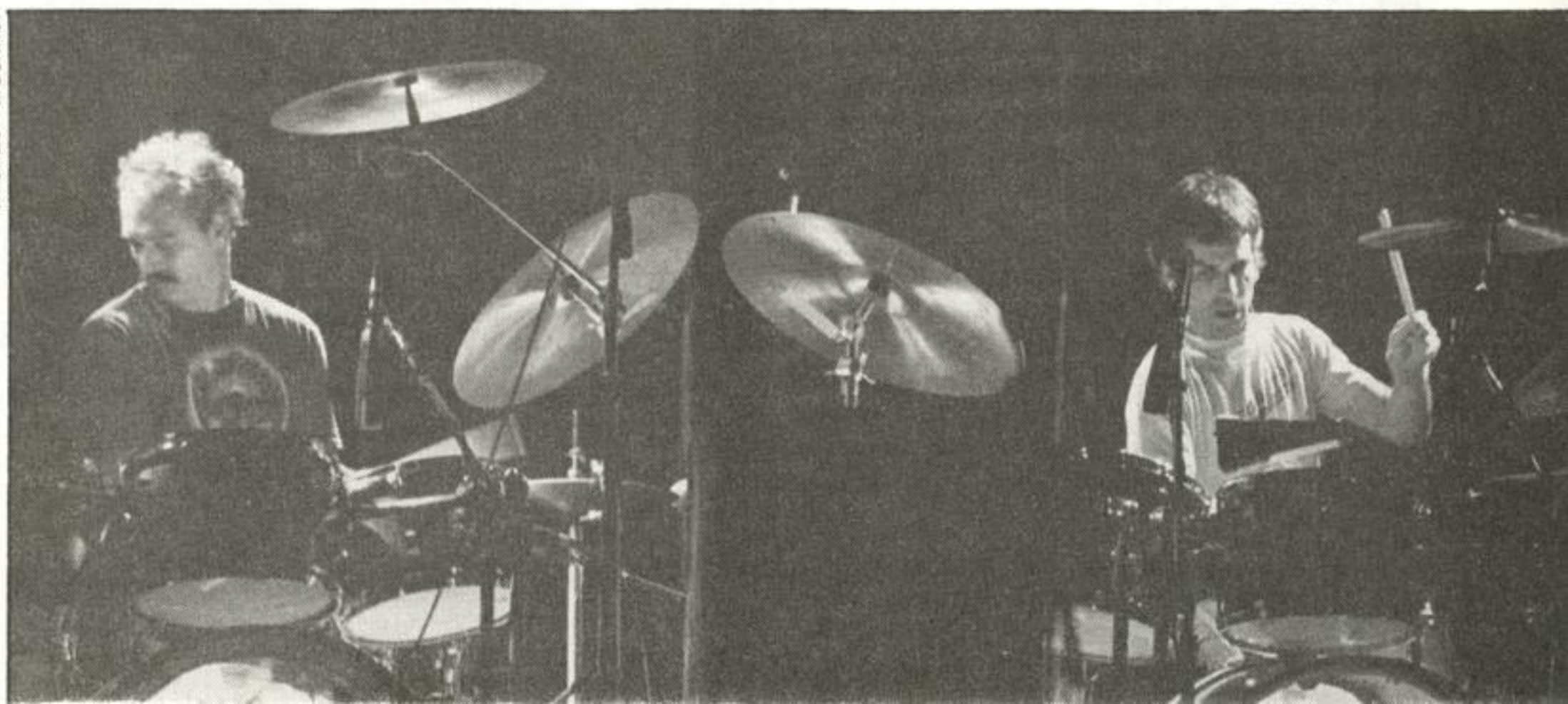
The second set featured a sloppy, energetic "Hell in a Bucket" and a lengthy "China Cat Sunflower"/"I Know You Rider" medley, which rolled into a fine "Playin' in the Band." Both "China"/"Rider" and "Playin'" sounded considerably livelier than they did during last fall's East Coast tour. In fact, the consensus out West is that the band sounds infinitely better than it did at the New Year's shows. After taking "Playin' in the Band" into spacier realms, Jerry & Phil left the stage. As Phil watched intently from behind a speaker column, the rest of the group premiered a new Brent Mydland tune. Bob clearly relished the opportunity to be the only guitarist. Brent's new song goes along the lines of "I don't need love and I don't need you," with a melody that recalls "Far from Me." Unfortunately, Brent's microphone wasn't fully operational until he'd been singing for a while, so the first few verses were lost. He sure sounded angry.

The drums were well-received, with Mickey Hart getting into some melodic percussion behind The Beast. The jam after the drums was not exactly like last year's jams, but it was close. Phil reemerged much sooner & joined in the fun, although the equipment gremlins plagued him almost as much as they did Bob. After a strong version of "The Wheel" the music seemed to be heading for "The Other One," but Jerry detoured it at the last moment into "Truckin'," which didn't bother Bob a bit. In fact, Bob sang the final four second set selections. After "Truckin'," the band fooled with the riff from "Nobody's Fault But Mine" before settling on "Spoonful." This song invigorated Jerry to the point of dancing, but he opted to close out the set with a Chuck Berry medley, "Around & Around" & "Johnny B. Goode." He managed to get the last word, as usual, with a sweet "Touch of Gray." He even remembered most of the words!

The second show was my favorite. The Grateful Dead at their weirdest, strangest best, six minds in tune. In fact, it was obvious that many audience minds were in tune with the Dead at this particular show. It was as if some cosmic foreman had posted "MINDS AT WORK" signs at every few rows. The band dug it—their playing inspired the audience to listen; the audience's rapt, silent attention encouraged the band to play. Nearly every song had a touch of space, and Phil . . .

Let's talk about Phil Lesh for a moment. On Wednesday he seemed preoccupied with the sound system's imperfections—a business like persona, constantly checking his equipment, his face a study in grim determination. But Thursday! He came as close to a solo during "Eyes of the World" as he has at any show since November 1977 at Rochester. His astute use of the quad sound system made it sound as though he were set up & wailing at the rear of the hall. He danced, he smiled—he played! It's

Michael Kirschner



true—when Phil is on, the Dead are on.

Even if this were the worst Dead show in recent years, it would be notable for its opening song, "Walkin' the Dog," from their early days. "Aiko Aiko" seemed a distant memory—this was history. "Bertha" and "The Promised Land" rolled right out of "Walkin' the Dog," so that the audience was still reeling from the shock of the opening tune. Later in the first set, Garcia broke out "Bird Song," a surefire way to get band & crowd elevated. Phil & Jerry led the way, with Bob & Brent close by. "My Brother Esau" has been tinkered with yet again. A flashy intro has been added that, at first, sounds grafted onto the song. Weir still can't get the lyrics straight, so his delivery lacks conviction.

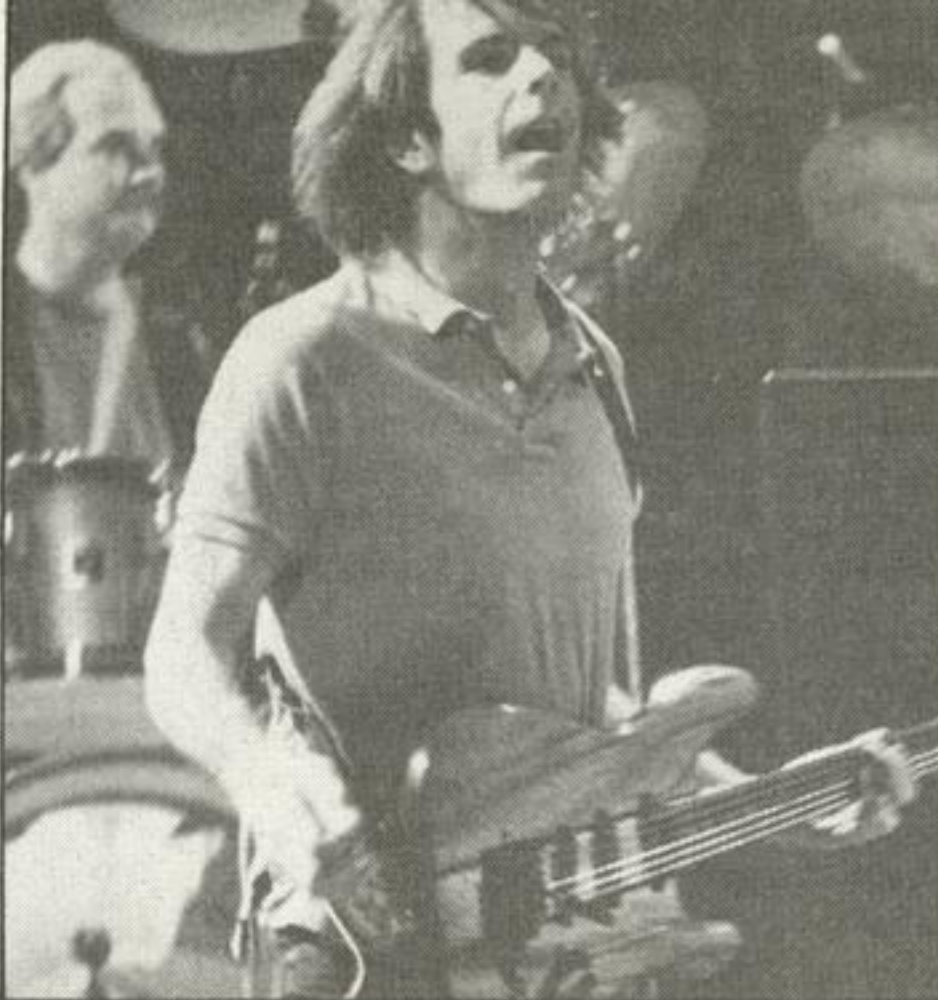
Have you ever been to a Dead show where there was absolute, utter *silence*? I've been to outdoor shows, indoor shows; big halls, small halls. But I've never heard such a total stillness as occurred after the drums at the second Marin shows. Garcia & Weir came out playing extremely softly. There was no catcalling or whooping. The musicians obviously relished the chance to play with sensitivity. As the rest of the band came back, the jam got louder & spacier. It was as if they were saying: "Look what we can do!", "we" being the combination of band & audience. Phil brought the jam into "The Other One" with authority. His hands literally flew up & down the fretboard. (Incidentally, he now has two six-string basses.) After a lengthy "Other One," Garcia led the band into "Wharf Rat." A lot of Dead Heads consider this song one step above "Black Peter," but the Dead did it up right—a spritely tempo & a Garcia vocal that dripped with conviction, particularly when he got to the line "I know that the life I'm livin's no good." Coincidentally or not, he looked & sounded infinitely healthier than he did last autumn. "Wharf Rat" eased effortlessly into "Sugar Magnolia," which featured Mickey fooling with the offbeats during the "Sunshine Daydream" section. The encore was a well-rehearsed "Keep Your Day Job."

Perhaps for the sake of saving energy for the final show, the third concert was the shortest of the four. The first set featured an outstanding "Feel Like A Stranger" and, in the first repetition of the series, a tighter "Hell in a Bucket." The second set opened with a rambling "Scarlet Begonias"/"Fire on the Mountain" medley. Mickey livened things up during "Fire" with one of his new toys, a bongo-like drum that he wore slung over his shoulder. After "Man Smart, Woman Smarter," Garcia cooled things down with "He's Gone." The gospel singing at this song's end was augmented by delay/reverb sound effects that were quite spacey. After the drums & jam, a reworked "Throwin' Stones" appeared, with a heavy dose of Phil. His playing redefined the song's rhythms. Bob premiered a few new lyrics: "Shipping powders back and forth/Black goes south and white comes north/The whole world's irritating wars/I got mine and you got yours," or something like that. The set closed with a long "Not Fade Away." Although it was a Saturday night, the encore was a moving "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue."

The last time the Grateful Dead played on April Fools' Day, they marked the occasion by coming out on each other's instruments—Garcia & Lesh on drums, etc. Everyone wondered what prank was in store for April Fools' Day 1984. Would they do "One More Saturday Night"? Open up with "Black Peter"?

I must confess that the final Marin show was

Michael Kirschner



special for me. The Dead's mail-order ticket operation had favored me with a front-row seat. I was literally at Garcia's feet, but such was his concentration that he barely glanced my way. (Playing "air guitar" attracts his attention, though.) The first set wasn't anything special, outside of "Cassidy" and a second version of "My Brother Esau." However, the second set was pure Jerry. It was a set that will jump off song lists for 1984. "Help on the Way"/"Slipknot!"/"Franklin's Tower" opened things up. "Franklin's Tower" threatened to go on forever; Jerry did not want to stop playing! Bob finally turned to the drummers & flexed his "muscles," his cute way of signaling "Samson & Delilah." After a short pause, Garcia strummed the opening of "Terrapin." Although Jerry played & sang with intense sincerity, remembering nearly all the words, the band was a bit rusty at some of the transitions. Admittedly, "Terrapin" is one of the most complex numbers in the Dead's repertoire, and there were no glaring errors, but from my vantage point I saw facial expressions of uncertainty & anxiousness at several crucial junctures. "Terrapin" ended strongly, one last

drums/jam interlude followed, and then Jerry gently led the way into a letter-perfect "Morning Dew." To say "the crowd went nuts" would be an understatement. Let's just say that "Morning Dew" never sounded better.

Leave it to Bob to put a damper on things. How he can follow "Morning Dew" with "I Need a Miracle" escapes me. Okay, it's not my favorite song. Okay, they played it well, but I still don't think it belongs in the same set as "Help on the Way," "Terrapin" AND "Morning Dew." One might think that Jerry'd had enough lime-light for one evening, that he'd let Bob close things out with a one-two punch, i.e., "Miracle" into "Good Lovin'." One would be WRONG! At the end of "Miracle," Jerry hit a note that at first sounded just plain wrong. He kept on hitting it. Then he nodded, almost imperceptibly, toward Phil, and we were all "Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad." This tune, though shortened, smoked. Bob did close with "Good Lovin'," which offered the amusing spectacle of Jerry wincing as he sang the back-up vocal ("Doctor!"). The longest set of the four nights was over, but Jerry *still* wasn't through. For the second time, he ended the evening with "Touch of Gray." He may never learn the words, but he sure knows the tune.

Overall, the Marin Benefits bode well for 1984. The Dead tried things with speaker placement, tape loops and digital delay that may be difficult to pull off on larger venues. The band may never see friendlier, more attentive audiences than they did at these shows. Perhaps most importantly, given the Grateful Dead's well-known ability to sell out arenas 10 times the size of Veterans' Memorial Theatre, there is little doubt that the money raised by these benefits will go to worthy causes. That is the final, truest measure of the Marin Benefits' success.

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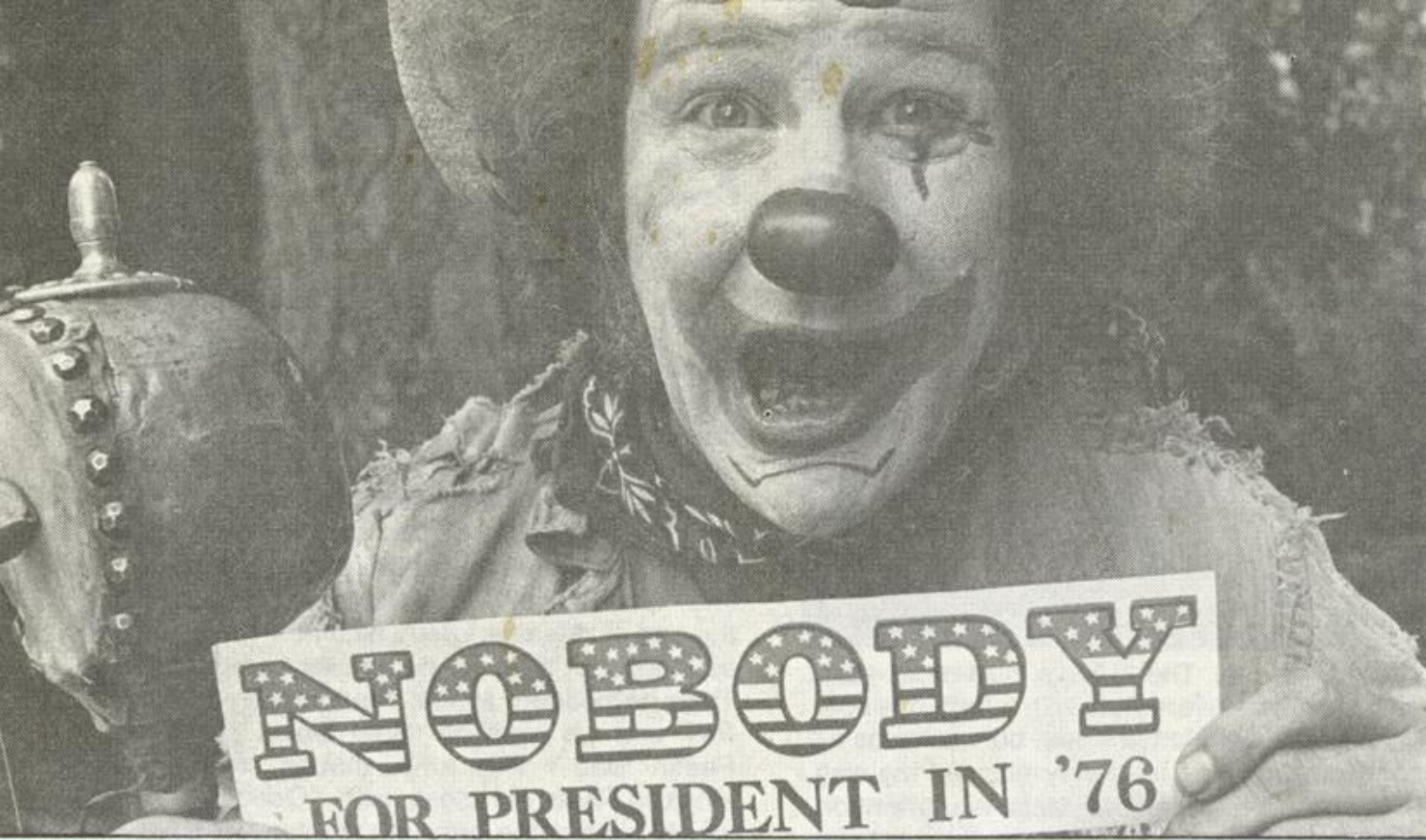
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Dave Patrick

Albin had a band called Road Hog, and he invited Robert Hunter to see them. Hunter joined the band.

The album, *Tales of the Great Rum Runners*, started out as a Road Hog album, but the bank broke up before the album ever saw light of day.

Albin then formed Comfort, with his wife Marleen. Hunter loved the band and joined it.

In the early days, Albin ran the Boars Head, where Hunter and Garcia often performed. He also managed 1090 Page, where Big Brother & the Holding Co. formed. He was a trained biologist and taught High School biology until about 8 years ago.

Robert Hunter remembers Rodney Albin as a "penetrating and intellectual conversationalist," and referred to him as "The Big Brother."

See you at the 2nd Annual Musical Tribute to Gram Parsons at the Lone Star Cafe, N.Y.C., on Sunday, September 16, 1984 from 6:00 on. There will be lots of fine music featured. Be there!

Fragments

ONE of the major events of this summer season was the SEVA benefit concert on June 21st, held in Toronto, Canada. This brought the Grateful Dead over the border following a seven year hiatus, and the whole thing caused quite a bit of excitement and anticipation. The Band opened the show with a rousing performance.

The show was broadcast via satellite due to the joint efforts of several sponsors. Relix Magazine is proud to have been one of those sponsors.

Following the show, a performers reception was held for holders of special "Circle of Gold (\$60)" tickets and "Circle of Platinum (\$200)" tickets. Although the entire band was expected, only Weir and Kreutzmann appeared to greet the SEVA supporters. Wavy Gravy, Ken Kesey and Levon Helm were among the many others that joined the festivities, which were held at a restaurant in Wonderland Amusement Park.

SEVA is a charity organization aiming to eradicate unnecessary blindness in the world through nutrition. This was definitely a worthwhile event.

For several weeks this past Spring, TV channel 5 in NYC closed out its 9:00 news broadcast with "Shakedown Street," while flashing stills of New York's bright spots.

The slated release date for Bobby & the Midnites newest release on CBS Records is

sometime in early August. It is called *Where the Beat Meets the Street*.

We've received many letters requesting the info on obtaining the Moby Grape album we reviewed in Relix Vol. 11 #2. Send \$9.00 to San Francisco Sound, P.O. Box 4011, Malibu, CA 90265.

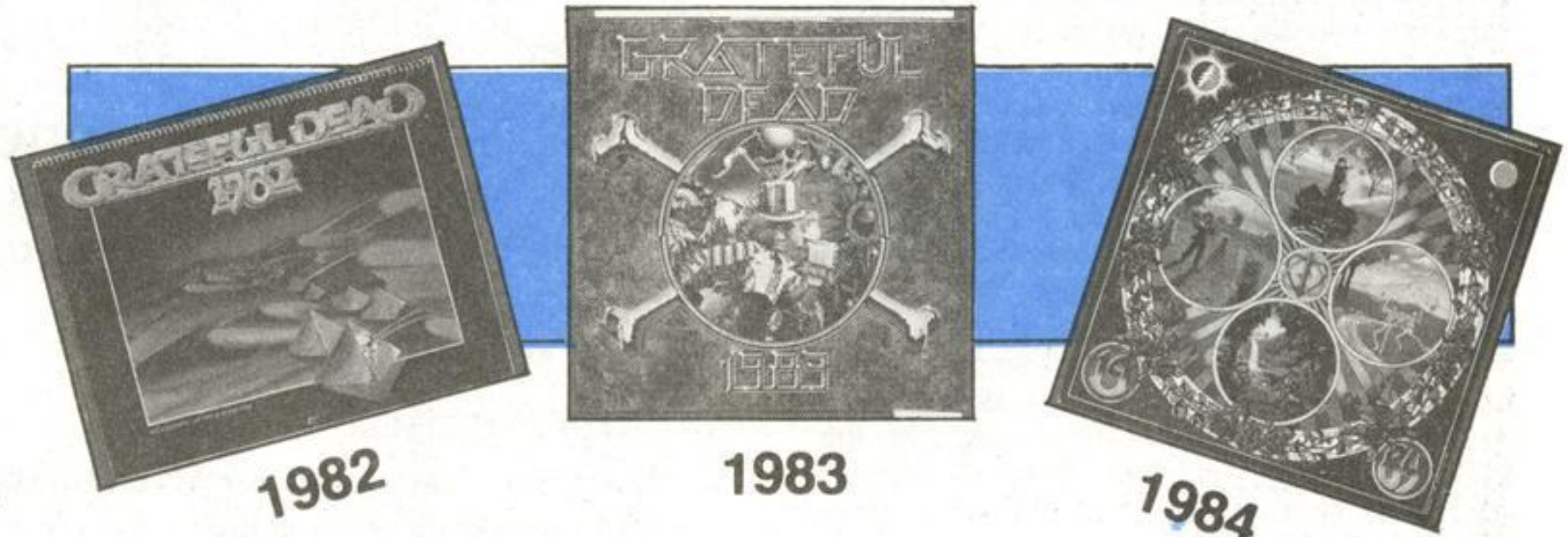
Rodney Albin died on May 30th, 1984 of a long bout with cancer. He would have been 44 on July 4th.

At The Last Minute . . .

As we go to press, the Grateful Dead have just completed 3 nights at the Greek/Berkeley. The first show was on Friday the 13th, on the eve of a full moon, an occurrence limited to once every 300 years. To celebrate, the Grateful Dead performed "Darkstar" in its entirety for the first time in eight years. Accompanying the song, photos of Mars were shown, indicating that there was once civilization on the red planet.

The Dinosaurs played a free concert in Golden Gate Park on July 15th, just in time for the Democratic Convention. Thousands attended. Robert Hunter will be taking a one year leave of the Dinosaurs to pursue some other projects. The last date they will be performing together will be August 26th, at a benefit for Rodney Albin's widow, Marleen.

Have you lost track of time? CATCH UP NOW!!

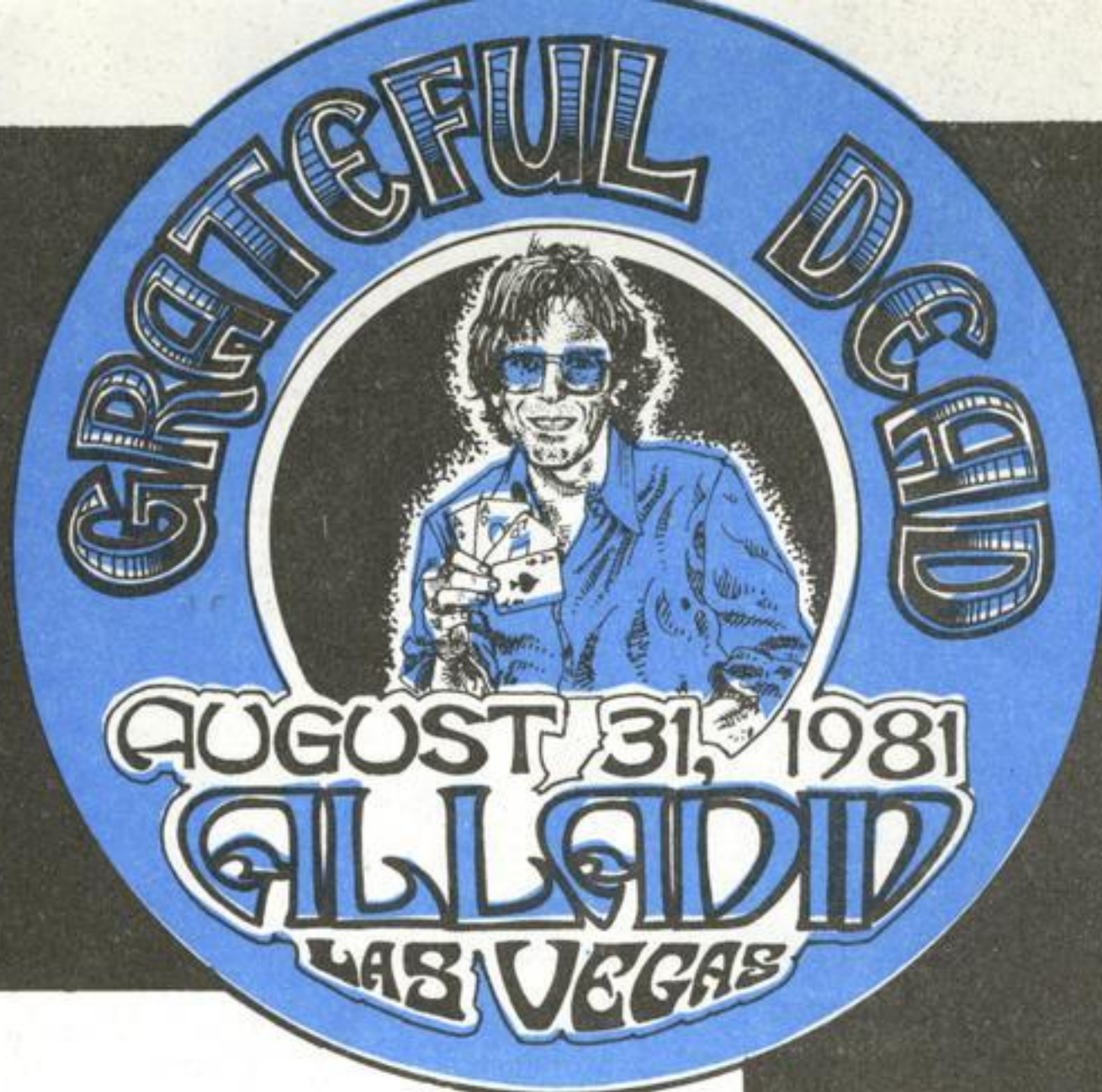


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THE GRATEFUL DEAD
Aladdin Theatre for Performing Arts
Las Vegas, Nevada, April 6, 1984

A GRATEFUL Dead concert, someone in the band once said, is like the carnival coming to town. But when the Dead play a town that is a carnival—like Las Vegas—things get pretty weird.

The Dead tuned up the first set with "Bertha" and "Greatest Story Ever Told," and by the third song, Jerry Garcia's vocals on "They Love Each Other" picked up on the crisp, clean acoustics of the theatre.

The band was in fine form and certainly played well—but the night had its share of rough waters, most notably Bob Weir's groping for lyrics that were beyond his memory and some indecisive transitions between songs.

The highlight of Weir's night was a searing version of "Enjoyin' the Ride" ["('Hell in a Bucket'?)"] in the first set, and was followed by a richly-sung "Ramblin' Rose." Garcia, looking mighty wooly with shoulder-length locks, played an especially lucid guitar throughout the night. Weir was in an animated mood and sported a Fender Stratocaster in place of his pearl-inlaid Ibanez guitar.

The first set appeared to be coming to a dizzying finale with "The Music Never Stopped," in between Weir scrambling for his lines, when the band crashed into "Might as Well." Garcia's singing punched out against a well-synchronized rhythm backbeat and brought the house down on the keyed-up crowd.

The Dead returned in equally-splendid fashion with a blistering performance of "China Cat Sunflower/I Know Your Rider." The vocal blending of Weir, Garcia and Brent Mydland was pure and sweet as the band maneuvered a fluid segue from one song into the next. Garcia's solos came in waves and Phil Lesh found plenty of room for his thunderous brand of chording on his six-string bass. The Dead hit their peak early.

The second set medley-jam opened with Weir's pair, "Lost Sailor/St. of Circumstance." Once again, Bob's memory lapse marred an otherwise smooth rendition and "Lost Sailor" became "Lost Lyrics." But Weir bounced back and after Garcia left the stage early in the jamming, led the five-man Dead in an extremely pleasing bit of space.

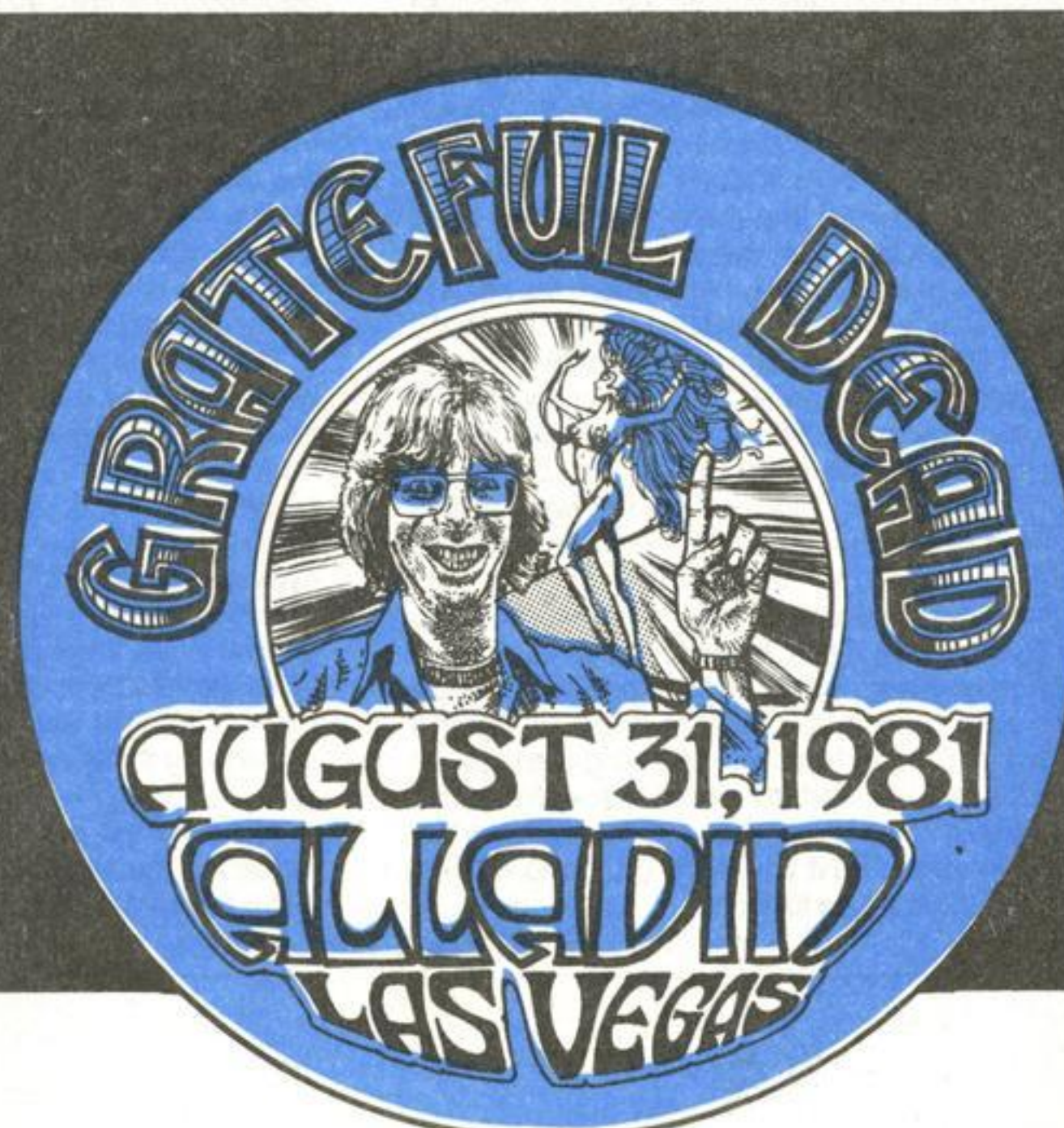
Mickey Hart gave a nice workout on what appeared to be "talking drums" of the variety used extensively by King Sunny Adé, as well as another hollow instrument with wooden tongues that ring like bells when struck.

"Eyes of the World" melted out of the second session of space and Garcia's fingers took off lickety-split as they wound down into "Black Peter," though, the band appeared confused. They balked and then backed into a rather perfunctory version of "Truckin'." When they finally got around to "Peter," Garcia laid down a warm and soulful execution of that gem. "Sugar Magnolia," which could have been tightened up a bit, closed the show and the band returned with "U.S. Blues" for an encore.

There were no surprises at the Aladdin and despite the occasional falterings, the night had its share of shining moments. The crowd, many of whom had flown in on traditional, cheap Las Vegas charters, was like a live wire and genuinely receptive. And the setting of the Strip of Las Vegas was like an unexpected third set once the Dead had played out their part. It was, as Hunter Thompson described it, "a savage journey to the heart of the American Dream."

Following the satisfying but uneven show at the Aladdin Theatre, Deadheads swarmed the glittering casino in the hotel complex for a bizarre, post-concert gathering that lasted until dawn. Blackjack tables were stilled in favor of bunches of casual concertgoers hunkered down over them between rounds of cheap slot machine action. The genie was out of the bottle at the Aladdin.

Move over Wayne Newton. —Karl Bremer



IT'S ALIVE!

COMMANDER CODY & HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN

Lone Star Cafe
New York City

COMMANDER Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen saved my life. Well, not literally, but in the '70's, when everyone else was either mellowed beyond death or progressive beyond sense, these eight crazed musicians/comic book rock stars knew the meaning of having too much fun. They knew that rock 'n' roll, as envisioned by the likes of Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, etc., was not meant to put you to sleep. Add to that their fine renditions of such roots forms as pure C&W, jump swing, R&B and even corny gospel, and you had a true American treasure.

So it was a sad day in 1976 when the original CC & his LPA disintegrated for the last time (as recalled in Geoffrey Stoke's excellent book, *Starmaking Machinery*). It was ironic that soon after the Cody boys quit the rock racket, we experienced a revival of rockabilly and all of the other exciting stuff they played in every bar from coast to coast between 1969 and the end.

In June, this writer's eyes bugged out at the sight of an ad in the *Village Voice*: Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen would be performing at the Lone Star. Well, beat me daddy eight to the bar, could it be true? It was half true.

Although the Commander (George Frayne) has never stopped touring, and still puts on one gritty, decadent, hell of a show, this sounded like something special. Alas, only half of the original LPA were assembled this night at the Lone Star, but I'd still rather have that than a night featuring all of the stars of MTV, if you know what I mean. Joining the Commander for this semi-reunion were guitar whiz Bill Kirchen (who has remained with Cody on and off through the years), steel guitarist Bobby Black (whatever became of the West Virginia Creeper?!), and bassist "Buffalo" Bruce Barlow, who was almost unrecognizable in short hair, despite his trademark walrus 'stache.

From the start, it was clear that the good-time spirit was intact even if the other key members (fiddler Andy Stein, guitarist/singer John Tichy, drummer Lance Dickerson, and, especially, vocalist Billy C. Farlow) were not in attendance. Filling in for Dickerson was drummer Tony Johnson, who has played in Kirchen's band the Moonlighters for years.

Most notably absent was Farlow's wonderful Buddy Holly-style rockabilly vocals, and neither Kirchen, Cody nor Barlow could make up for that loss. But from the opening number, "Too Much Fun," which they still insist is impossible to have, through such other old favorites as Cody's version of Merle Travis's "Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! (That Cigarette)," "Midnight Shift," and Warren Smith's rockabilly classic "Ubangi Stomp," it was apparent that there was nothing to be critical of; having a blast was the order of the evening.

It might have made a new waver scratch his head to try figuring out why the beer-guzzling Lone Star crowd was going nuts over truck driving songs like "Mama Hated Diesels," "My Window Faces The South" and "Semi-Truck." And when the gravel-throated Cody did his more recent tributes to stealin' at the "7-11" and chomping down "Two Tripple Cheese" with a side order of fries, the less decadent among the audience might've felt offended.

But who cares? If ever the rock 'n' roll world needs another Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen to show these young upstart poseurs how it's really done, it's now. And if you think that Duran Duran's "Union Of The Snake" has more meaning than the line "I took three bennies and my semi-truck won't start," then you're just the person who oughta go check out these old-timers the next time they decide to reunite. Hopefully that time it'll be for good.

—Jeff Tamarkin



Steel Pulse Carlton Bryan, Alvin Ewen, Steve Nesbitt, Phonzo Martin, David Hinds, Selwyn Brown

FLORA PURIM and AIRTO

First Avenue
Minneapolis, MN

IS it rock 'n' roll? Is it jazz? Or is it a Brazilian salsa band? I'm still not sure, but whatever it is, I love it.

Along with hundreds of others I braved torrential Minnesota rains and sinister rumors of tornado to see Airtto Moreira and Flora Purim at this downtown nightclub. Airtto came to stage first, built like a Dallas Cowboy and grinning like a child in a candy store. Accompanied by keyboards, guitar, and bass (the band's saxophonist was mysteriously absent), he played hand-held percussion instruments and sang in Portuguese. The flowing sound and eccentric texture were reminiscent of his recent work on Mickey Hart's album, *Diafos*.

Then Airtto went behind his drum kit and out came Flora. For the audience it was love at first sight! Flora employed her lovely six-octave voice to counterpoint the crowd's cheering. Soon the dance floor was jammed with jumpin', thumpin', whirling dancers. Airtto supplied the jazzy but rock-solid beat, while his wife glided up and down the samba scales, using her voice as an instrument in the manner of Ella Fitzgerald. More of a *baba-ay-oh-oh* than a *shooby-doo-by-doo-pow*, though.

The first set closed with the infamous Airtto tambourine solo—he plays it with his hand, his elbow, his head, anything. Sort of what you would've expected if Keith Moon had had just a tambourine instead of a drum set. When Airtto added a police whistle and started hopping from side to side, there was near anarchy on the already riotous nightclub floor.

After Airtto and Flora, the star of the show was undoubtedly the lead guitarist, Sergio Dias. He launched into the second set with a dazzling string of fast, very fast, rock 'n' roll riffs. I swear there were sparks coming off his fingers. (I know there were bits of wood flying from Airtto's drum sticks.) Not to be outdone, Kei Akagi, the band's Japanese keyboard player, shot back salvos from the electric organ. The duel was underscored by Airtto's flawless drumming and Sergio Brandao's slapping fretless bass, while Flora danced, sang, and played an exotic array of percussion.

The show slowed down a bit when Flora sang some Brazilian blues tunes, and when Airtto played something that looked like a bow-and-arrow attached to a hollow gourd (a *berimbau*, I'm told), but nobody seemed to mind. Airtto was at his best behind the drums, his sticks racing madly between skins and cymbals, blowing his whistle and doing bird-calls and shouting vaguely Brazilian syllables into the microphone. Even if not as artsy or show-offy as in the old Miles Davis/Chick Corea days, it was, at least for me, fresh proof that Airtto is the best drummer of his kind performing today, with all due apologies to Mickey and Bill.

Too soon the evening ended and the audience dispersed to the wet Minneapolis streets... with maybe just a hint of extra rhythm as they walked away.

—Michael McCormick

STEEL PULSE

The Palladium
Hollywood, California

WHEN the area of Sunset Blvd. between Vine St. and Gower becomes clogged with people desperate for tickets to a sold-out Palladium concert, you know somebody major is in town. And the sidewalks were filled when the sextet that is arguably Britain's finest homegrown reggae band came to play in late May; reggae may be a minority music in most of America but in LA, Steel Pulse is big time.

After dedicating the concert to the late Malcolm X, David Hinds led the band into "Reggae Fever," and the sweating, skanking multitudes began a movement to the music that didn't stop until the final encore of "Wild Goose Chase" was over. Hinds, the lead vocalist/songwriter/rhythm guitarist of the band, cuts a complex figure onstage. With his dreadlocks piled up on his head like a top hat, he often comes across playfully and his paens to herb and the music itself suggest a lightening of tone from reggae's more openly radical period in the 70's. But Hinds has also been one of the music's most incisively political songwriters, from the band's debut LP, *Handsworth Revolution*, right up to their most recent release, *Earth Crisis*; the vocal harmonies sweeten the messages but they don't take all the sting away.

So Steel Pulse alternated between party tunes like "Steppin' Out" and "Macka Splaff" and more overtly political numbers such as "Soldiers" and "Earth Crisis," although when Hinds' voice wasn't mixed over the rest of the band, it was difficult to tell them apart. The group's messages of strength and survival come through as noticeably in their music as in their lyrics.

Now musically, Steel Pulse has never been a purist reggae band; they grew up listening to people like War and Sly & The Family Stone as well as Bob Marley and Burning Spear. But rather than force a funk-reggae fusion, they favor a more open-ended approach that is full of surprises. So if "Soldiers" contains a march section or a percussion solo breaks out of "Roller-skates" or a classical riff escapes from Selwyn Brown's organ or if guitarist Carlton Bryan lets loose with some intense, Duane Allman-like licks at the end of "Ravers," well, it's all part of the music, smoothly integrated, not tacked on like some eclectic afterthought.

So anyone could have left the Palladium feeling that this must have been one of Steel Pulse's biggest LA successes but two weeks later, they were back in town at the Palace and Stevie Wonder himself jammed with them on "Ravers" at a show described to me in glowing terms. So these guys are pretty darn consistent at getting people high and they'll be on the road in America a lot in '84, spreading their unique type of reggae all over the country. Miss 'em at your own risk.

—Michael Davis

DAVE GILMOUR Boston Orpheum Boston, MA

DAVE Gilmour's tour represented the first solo tour by any Pink Floyd member. On his *About Face* album Gilmour used a variety of top musicians. For the live shows he used a totally different but equally competent band. The line-up consisted of ex-Mott The Hoople/Bad Company guitarist Mick Ralphs, who took care of rhythm guitar, and bassist Mickey Feat, who was on the album as a backing vocalist. Chris Slade and Jodi Linscott provided percussion that gave the band a solid backbeat. Completing the line-up was saxophonist Raphael Ravenscroft (his playing has graced albums by Pink Floyd and Gerry Rafferty, to name but a few) and keyboard player Greg Dochert.

The band gave Gilmour a solid foundation to work with. They opened with a hypnotic version of "Until We Sleep," which is incidentally the opening cut from his album. It was more than clear that this was a band of professionals. Musically they were beyond reproach. If anything, they could be criticized for being just a little too perfect, but more often than not the accompaniment to Gilmour's melodic songs was imaginative.

Most of the material that they performed was culled from Gilmour's two solo albums. They did a great version of "There's No Way Out of Here" from his first album, and a particularly outstanding "Love On The Air," one of the two songs that Gilmour co-wrote with Pete Townsend.

Some of the material, like the funkier "Blue Light" and "Out of the Blue," suffered from rather weak lead vocals, but the majority of the songs sounded fine, given the energetic performance from the band.

The overall presentation was nowhere near as grandiose as that of a Pink Floyd concert, but it was still pretty impressive, with some nice lighting effects which added to the atmosphere created by the music.

During the latter half of the show the band performed several old Pink Floyd favorites. A lengthy, if somewhat overlong, version of "Money" brought the audience to its feet. A rousing "Run Like Hell" from *The Wall* also elicited a strong crowd response.



They closed their two-hour set with "Murder," one of the best songs from the new album. It started out with Gilmour on acoustic and Ralphs—who at last got the chance to display his fine playing—on lead guitar, before Gilmour switched back to electric and traded licks with Ralphs.

The capacity crowd, who were at best described as ecstatic, demanded more and the band returned for two encores, which included another old Pink Floyd favorite "Comfortably Numb."

David Gilmour proved that he has a lot to offer as a solo star, and with one or two minor exceptions the show was a major success.

—Mick Skidmore

THOMAS DOLBY Greek Theatre Hollywood, California

ANY fears that Thomas Dolby would appear lost amidst a sea of synthesizers and video images onstage were squelched at his West Coast debut at the Greek. True, there were five separate keyboard set-ups on stage and three video screens shaped like Dolby's glasses above the stage but the most lasting impressions of the evening were of the band and the songs themselves.

With his *Golden Age of Wireless* and *The Flat Earth* Lp's, Dolby had already proven himself a sophisticated-yet-catchy songwriter and a synthesist-orchestrator on par with anyone in pop music. He'd performed in England with various configurations and as a solo artist but had never toured here until his swing through the States this last spring.

Evidently, he wanted to wait until he could do it right and as he took the stage in an adventurer's costume and began "White City" after a brief video clip, things had indeed come together. His band consisted of his rhythm section from *The Flat Earth*, an occasional percussionist, and three distinctively talented female vocalist/keyboard players who were about as far from the anonymous "chick singer syndrome" as it's possible to get.

Dolby himself took on a number of roles during the evening: a slight wise-ass m.c., a full-blown funkateer on dance numbers like "She Blinded Me With Science" and "Hyperactive," a sensitive singer-songwriter behind the piano for "Airwaves," "Screen Kiss" and his cover of Dan Hicks' "I Scare Myself." His synthesizer playing was limited to a few fills although the sounds he and his cohorts came up with were hardly your standard synth clichés.

The arrangements of the songs were recognizable but this was a case of a band playing tunes, not just recreating somebody else's handiwork. The only moments that dragged were the fusion-like jam on a new tune called something like "Dancing On a String" and the "mix" section tacked onto "Europa;" otherwise, each number moved along, making its points, with no attempt at the overdramatization common to all-too-many rock concerts. The one exception took place during the encore of "Commercial Breakup" as Dolby took a real synth solo—and then smashed his axe on the stage. A catharsis, a tongue-in-cheek nod to Peter Dinklage, or a symbol of his breaking free of his synthesizer whiz kid image? I'd guess all of the above and I'll also guess that Thomas Dolby is going to be around for awhile.

—Michael Davis

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.



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ROBERT HUNTER
Amagamalin Street
 (Relix Records)

EVEN among Dead Heads, Robert Hunter is something of an acquired taste. His voice takes a little getting used to; his songs tend to be opaque. However, Hunter has a devoted following among a subgenre of Dead Heads that one might dub "the English majors." This group should receive his new double album, *Amagamalin Street*, as manna from heaven. Other Dead Heads, as well as fans of singer-songwriters such as Bob Dylan, Jackson Browne and Bruce Springsteen, should be well advised to sit up and take notice. We have a work of art on our hands.

Amagamalin Street is a rarity: a double album that would not have made "a great single album." Two records are necessary to tell the story. The album dispels any doubt about Robert Hunter's place in the pantheon of great rock lyricists. The first side alone, a rambling 16-minute musical dialogue entitled "Roseanne," contains delectable word-play worthy of Dylan or Lennon. (For a synopsis of the album's story line, see the Hunter interview in *Relix* Vol. II, No. 2.) It gradually dawns on the listener that Hunter is singing both sides of the dialogue. Repeated listenings are necessary to appreciate this album's nuances, making it quite a bargain in the planned-obsolescence rock album market.

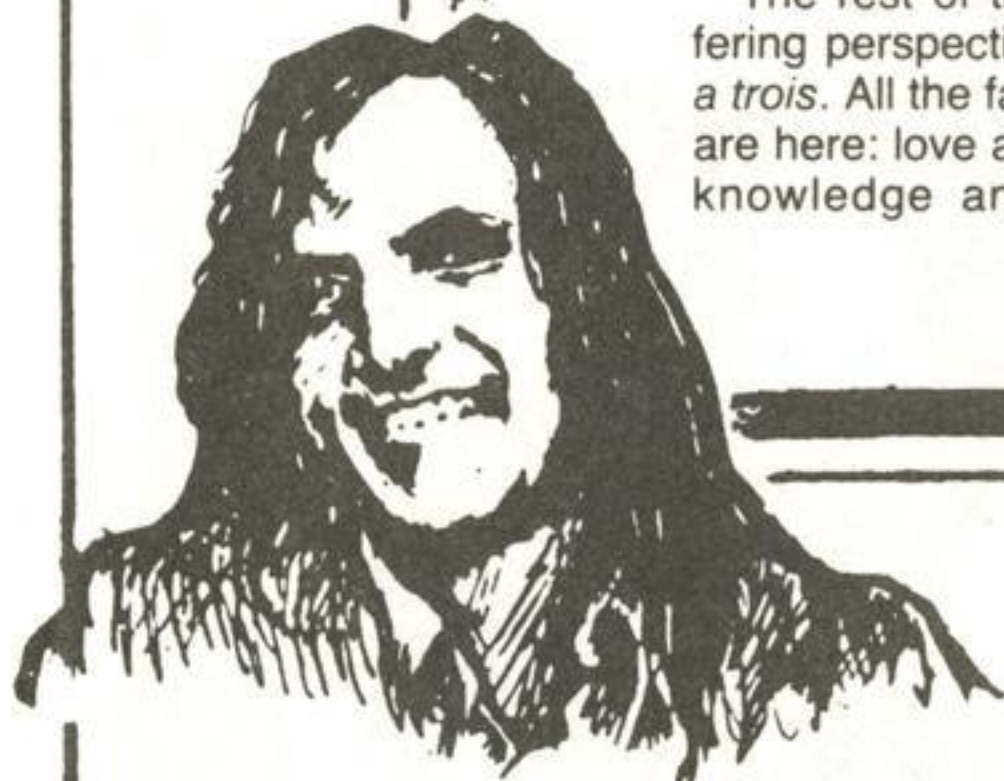
The rest of the album deals with differing perspectives of a lowlife *menage a trois*. All the familiar Hunter metaphors are here: love and luck, roses and wine, knowledge and lack of same. One

reason Hunter hasn't enjoyed wilder popularity among Dead Heads is the perception that his music runs toward "folk" rather than "rock." (This might also be the reason for his success with the English majors.) Make no mistake—*Amagamalin Street* rocks! This is due in large measure to Hunter's astute choice of players, including John Cipollina, Jorma Kaukonen and Merl Saunders, who contributes some impressive keyboard work to Sides 3 and 4. A side-long bluesy number might have been slow death in lesser hands, but Cipollina keeps things interesting without distracting the listener from the lyrics. Kaukonen's playing, though equally tasteful, isn't as prominent in the mix.

Those who've seen Hunter perform in the past 18 months or so may recognize two songs here—the title track and "Streetwise." Their lyrics have been reworked to fit into the song cycle—for example, a reference to "shake, rattle and roll" has been changed to "shake, rattle and break." While it's difficult to select a favorite from such a well-executed group of closely related songs, my personal pick hit is the hard-driving "Gypsy Parlor Light."

The English majors will be glad to know that *Amagamalin Street* is Hunter's most professional album to date. His singing and guitar-playing have never sounded better. If you're a Hunter fan, you'll obtain this album regardless of any review. If you only know Robert Hunter as Jerry Garcia's songwriting partner, *Amagamalin Street* is an ideal place to make his acquaintance.

—Chris Forshay



AMAGAMALIN STREET



VITAL VINYL

BIG BROTHER AND THE HOLDING COMPANY

Cheaper Thrills (Made To Last Records)

WHEN Janis Joplin left Big Brother in 1968 she left behind her a small legacy; just two fine albums. Of course, since her death, a number of posthumous recordings have been released, including last year's "Farewell Song," which included a couple of tracks by Big Brother.

Now, Made To Last Records has come up with an album's worth of previously unreleased live material. A lot of songs are from the two Big Brother albums, like the nice, if somewhat subdued, version of "Ball and Chain." The album was recorded at The Californian Hall on July 28, 1966, a couple of months before the band released their first album. Surprisingly enough, they sound pretty tight, even if musically they are less than perfect. What they lack in that department they make up for with sheer energy and enthusiasm. Janis sings well, especially on "Women is Losers," "I Know You Rider" and "Let The Good Times Roll."

A lot of care and attention has gone into the packaging of this album, which was incidentally produced by Big Brother drummer David Getz, who also contributes some nice sleeve notes. There is an insert that gives an abbreviated history of the band, and features some rare photos and a discography.

Some of the psychedelic things on the album sound a little dated today, but they perfectly capture the spirit and essence of a San Francisco dance concert. The sleeve warns you that this is not a "hi-fi" recording, but don't be put off by that, as the sound quality is still pretty good, and the music is raw and exciting, even if it is a little naive in places. It is certainly an album worth investing in.

—Mick Skidmore

FREELANCE VANDALS

Yer Money or Yer Ears (Gunga Din Records)

THE Freelance Vandals are an eight-piece, no nonsense rock band. They play a delightful brand of unpretentious R&B which is especially nice to hear in these days of synthesizer laden technopop sounds.

This, their first album, was recorded live at The Right Track Inn in Freeport, Long Island. Right from the raucous opener, "Roll That Rock," it is more than evident that these guys play with energy and enthusiasm. Most of the material is written by rhythm guitarist/vocalist Jean Pierre Gelinas. He also possesses a gruff, earthy voice that lends itself perfectly to their sound.

Particularly outstanding are "Songs From the Suburbs," "Beat Generation" and "Hot Barbecue & Ice Cold Beer," all of which are powerhouse rockers. They also show they can handle more delicate ma-

terial like the melodic "Carry My Love," which is somewhat reminiscent of Bob Seger.

The only non-original song on the album is a swinging cover of Louis Jordan's "Barnyard Boogie," which rips along nicely with some great honking sax.

I think the band shows a lot of promise and could do really well if they were picked up by a major label and let loose in a decent studio. In Jean Pierre Gelinas they have a fine songwriter.

Your Money or Your Ears may not be perfect—in fact, it is a little rough around the edges—but it is an honest representation of the band's stage act, and more importantly, it is fun. The band still manages to throw in a little humor, especially on songs like "Mr. Quasimodo," and "Box Lunch." The Freelance Vandals may never be big stars, but I'm sure they'll gain a lot of friends making music as good as this. They have the same kind of zany eclecticism as NRBQ.

This record is available by sending \$8.00 to Go-Rilla Music, 80 Paine, Lindenhurst, NY 11757

—Mick Skidmore

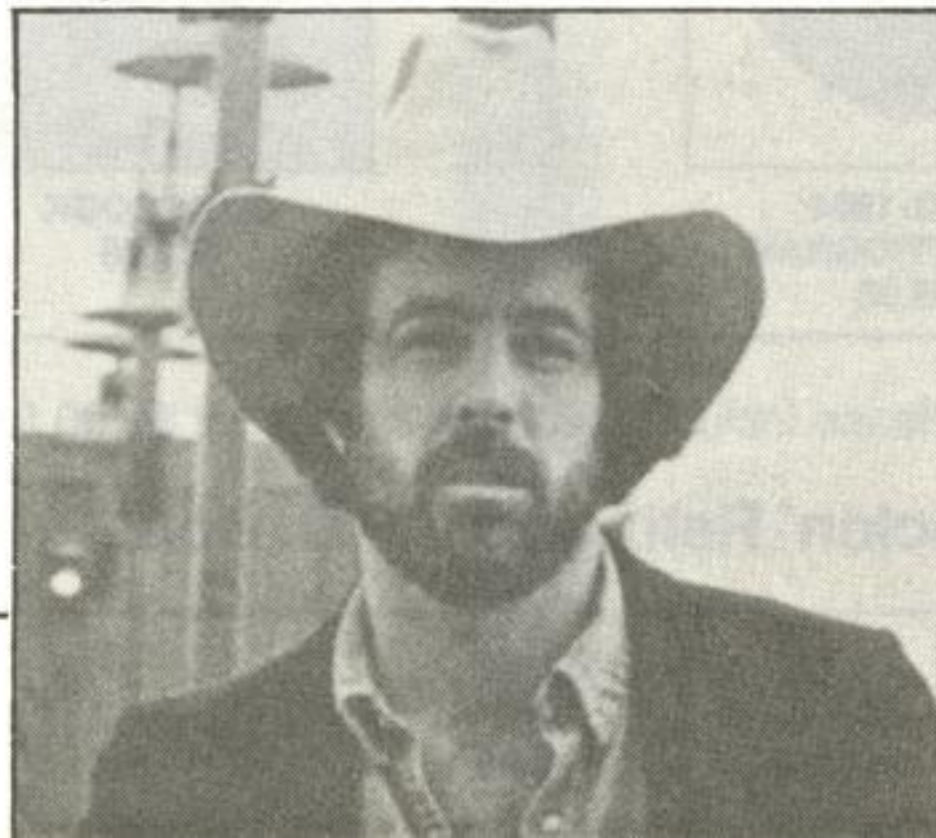
R.E.M.

Reckoning (I.R.S.)

NO quibbling here with the lavish accolades ("Album of the Year" being the most frequently tossed-about phrase) heaped upon R.E.M.'s debut, *Murmur*. Doubtless, *Reckoning* will earn them more of the same even though the new LP isn't anywhere near as striking.

Musically, the band hasn't altered their approach all that much, though vocalist Michael Stipe's celebrated mumble has been replaced by a clearer, somewhat more pronounced enunciation. Instead, R.E.M. just gives us more of the same infectious, stripped-down sound as characterized by Peter Buck's alternately chiming rhythm guitar and melodic, Byrds-y leads. The result is one perfect pop gem after another. And make no mistake—there's plenty of variety in the band's deceptively simple sound.

If R.E.M.'s terse, edgy tunes don't grab you ("Second Guessing," "Little America"), their beautiful, chiming ballads most certainly will ("Camera," "Time After Time [Ann Elise]"). And just try resisting the charms of the LP's best song, "Don't Go Back To Rockville," a jangly, acoustic country-popper, or the lovely, intertwined harmonies of "Harborcoat."



Tom Russell

As a vocalist, Stipe conveys little diversity, his mood seems perpetually dour, and what lyrics can be discerned don't mean all that much. But rather than being an imperfection, Stipe's vocal delivery is more of what gives the band its unique, unbeatable sound.

—Tierney Smith

TOM RUSSELL

Heart On A Sleeve (End of the Trail Music)

NOT only is Tom Russell a competent writer, stringing lyrics flawlessly, he is an above average performer. Well, now you can take Tom home with you!

Heart on a Sleeve, his debut album, is a compilation of some very fine work, including the wonderful "Gallo de Cielo," which Robert Hunter has occasionally performed. A lyric sheet accompanies the record and provides added insight into the depth of Russell's written work. Musically, this LP is a gem, featuring the likes of Buddy Cage on pedal steel (who plays inspiringly on the first two cuts), and Bill Kirchen (Moonlighters) whose guitar work is always a treat.

Andrew Hardin is one helluva guitarist, and it's great to finally catch some of his ability on vinyl. In concert, Hardin is one of the most capable guitarists I've ever seen.

If you read the intro into the Richard Thompson interview in Relix Vol. 11 #2, written by Tom Russell, you can catch a glimpse of the passion motivating this story teller.

You can get *Heart on a Sleeve* by sending \$7.99 plus \$1.50 p&h to: End of the Trail Music, Box 3157, Ridgewood, NY 11385. You won't be sorry!

—Toni A. Brown

THE EVERLY BROTHERS

24 Original Classics (Arista)

IT would be difficult to underestimate the importance of the Everly Brothers in the evolution of rock 'n' roll. To oversimplify, when country music came together with rhythm & blues and pop to form rock 'n' roll in the mid-'50's, the Everly Brothers were there to add vocal harmony. Oh sure, Buddy Holly had his Crickets and Elvis Presley recorded with the Jordanaires but the Everlies' smooth-yet-tart vocal blending stood out from the crowd.

So how influential were they? Well, the Beatles, Searchers, Hollies and other British Invasion groups would never have sung the way they did had the Everlies not existed. Ditto for the folk-rock scene of the Byrds, Simon & Garfunkel, etc. And, needless to say, anyone who's dabbled in country-rock from Gram Parsons through the Eagles (and sure, the Dead can be included) has walked through the doors opened by Don & Phil Everly.

Not only that, but this particular 2-record set is their best retrospective to date. Past repackages have focused either on their late '50's singles originally recorded on the Cadence label, or their early 60's sides done for Warner Brothers. This time around, a spirit of corporate cooperation prevailed so we get the best of both worlds: original versions of hits like "Bye Bye Love," "Wake Up Little Susie" and "All I Have To Do Is Dream," plus the later smashes like "Cathy's Clown" and "Crying In The Rain."

The important thing is, many of these tunes still sound good today. Whether penned by the team of Felice & Boudleaux Bryant or by the Everlies themselves, these songs still resound with the pain, frustration and humor of everyday life. Their recent live album and video proved that their voices are still in good shape; if their ear for material is still what it used to be, their next recording, reportedly to be produced by Dave Edmunds, oughta be another triumph for them. For all they've contributed to contemporary music, they deserve it.

—Michael Davis

EDDY GRANT Going For Broke (Portrait)

BARBADOS-based Eddy Grant had a monster hit last year with "Electric Avenue," an explosive example of strutting funk that packed dance floors for many a month. But when people picked up the accompanying Lp, *Killer On The Rampage*, they found out that Grant was far more than a first-rate funkster. Nope, Grant proved his ability to mix funk, rock and the musics of the Caribbean together in various combinations, most of which were very effective. And he did it all by himself.

As he's been doing for some time, evidently, Grant is no overnight sensation; he's been having hits somewhere in the world for over fifteen years now. With the Equals, his late-60's group, he hit internationally with "Baby Come Back" and a few years ago, he scored again in the U.S. with "Living On The Front Line." And now he's back with *Going For Broke*.

Like just about all of these technologically-assisted one man shows, *Going For Broke* contains a few moments when the method weakens the music a bit. The lack of dynamics on the ballad, "Blue Wave," and the monotonous repetition of the same exact fills on "Telepathy" are the two most noticeable examples. But for the most part, Grant avoids these kinds of pitfalls and when you consider the intricacies of island rhythms, his successes are impressive indeed.

Although it doesn't contain a monster like "Electric Avenue," *Going For Broke* is probably stronger overall than *Killer On The Rampage*. "Romancing The Stone," already a hit single, gets things off to a jumping start and the rest of side one follows suit. "Boys In The Street" is set to a marching beat while "Come On Let Me Love You" is one of the few musically-successful combinations of reggae and heavy rock elements I've heard. "Till I Can't Love No More" mines a medium tempo reggae groove effectively while the infectious "Political Bassa-Bassa" has an African flavor

to it. Five tunes, five distinctively different grooves and you're only half way through the album!

True, side two is a little more relaxed and packs less of a punch but the lively "Ire Harry" and the gentle "Rock You Good" also work well. And if there are times when I think that a hot band could give his music more zip, listening once again to "Romancing The Stone" or "Political Bassa-Bassa" convinces me: Eddy Grant is a hot band.

—Michael Davis

JOE JACKSON Body and Soul (A&M)

ANYONE who can go from being an angry new waver to crooning '40's pop standards in the course of a few short years need never worry about being labeled inflexible. No, Joe Jackson keeps right on movin' and if his songs sometimes fail to connect, they're never less than interesting.

On *Body And Soul* Jackson manages to pull off everything from a great Caribbean-style cocktail number ("Cha Cha Loco") to the bashing Motown-like beat of "Go For It" with equal ease. Plus, he's all but dispensed with the angry young man persona of yore—when he's not sounding pensive, he's preaching positive. The singer's more thoughtful demeanor is perfectly suited to his new role as earnest balladeer. Jackson sings the unabashedly romantic "Be My Number Two" with firm, quiet conviction and on "Not Here, Not Now" he sounds positively impassioned. Top honors, though, go to "Loisaida," an evocative instrumental that combines Jackson's hushed piano setting with a beautiful climactic sax solo.

Which isn't to say the LP is perfect—not by a long shot. "The Verdict" is a rare lapse into bombast and "You Can't Get what You Want (Till You Know What You Want)" merely bland funk. Oops, and musn't forget *Body and Soul's* pretentiously self-serving liner notes extolling the virtues of said LP.

Still, Jackson's trade-off duet with Elaine Caswell on "Happy Ending" would make a fine pop single, and Jackson had the good sense to choose Ellen Foley—certainly one of pop's great undiscovered vocalists—for a bit of backing support. Foley's vibrant vocals add color to "Heart Of Ice" and "Go For It." Too bad she wasn't given a more substantial role.

—Tierney Smith

THE DREAM SYNDICATE Medicine Show (A&M)

CATCH the Dream Syncicate in concert and you're treated to a display of virtually unequaled arrogance. Guitarist Karl Precoda in particular affects the kind of ego-inflated "rock star" posturing that makes the band seem at times to be little more than vain-glorious exhibitionists.

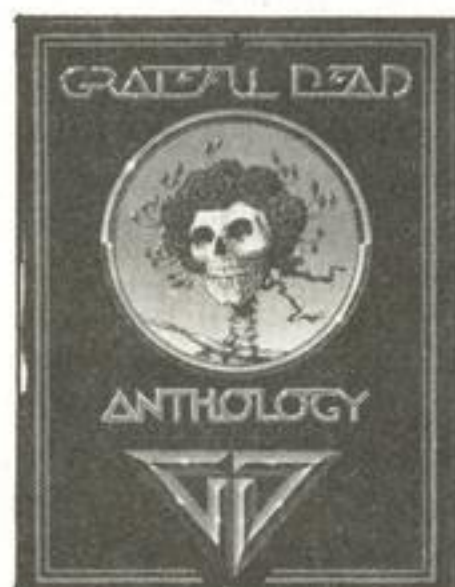
The Syndicate live may be one protracted wall-of-noise, but they manage to keep their self-indulgent tendencies in check on their vinyl efforts. Which isn't to say that *Medicine Show*, the group's second LP, doesn't have its excessive moments. "John Coltrane Stereo Blues," for instance, is awfully long (8:48) for a song that goes absolutely nowhere, and frontman Steve Wynn's infatuation with Lou Reed comes at the expense of any discernible vocal style of his own.

Get an earful of the group's best songs though, and you'll readily forgive them their excesses. Both "Burn" and "Merrittville" segue from their more or less understated piano-based verses into charging rhythm guitar-driven choruses. Producer Sandy Pearlman hasn't smoothed over any of the rough edges that characterized the group's debut, with even the new LP's most understated song, "Bullet With My Name On It," retaining a rough feel.

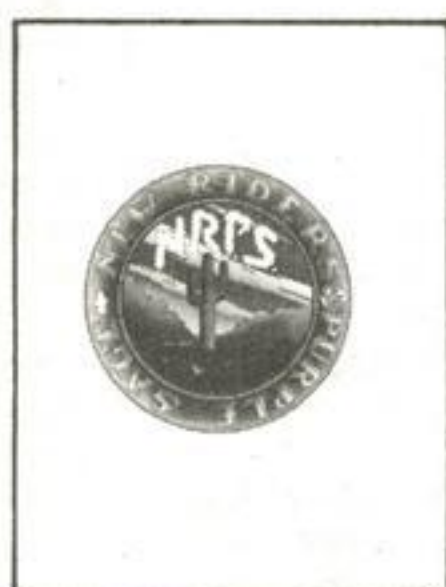
The hooks are there, the music raw, updated psychedelia, and the melodies unforgettable. Now if only Steve Wynn could find his own voice.

—Tierney Smith

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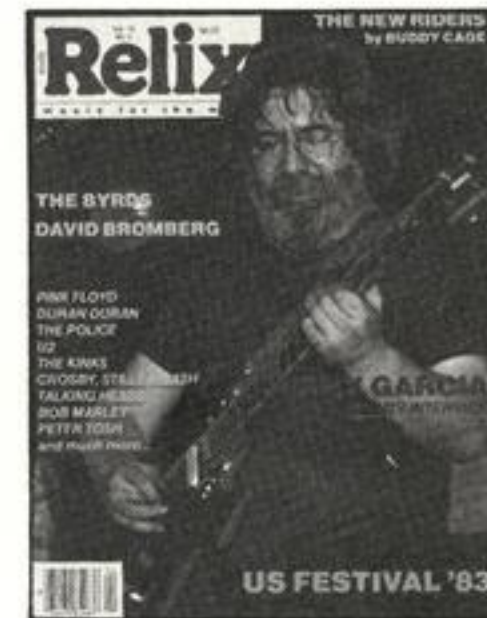
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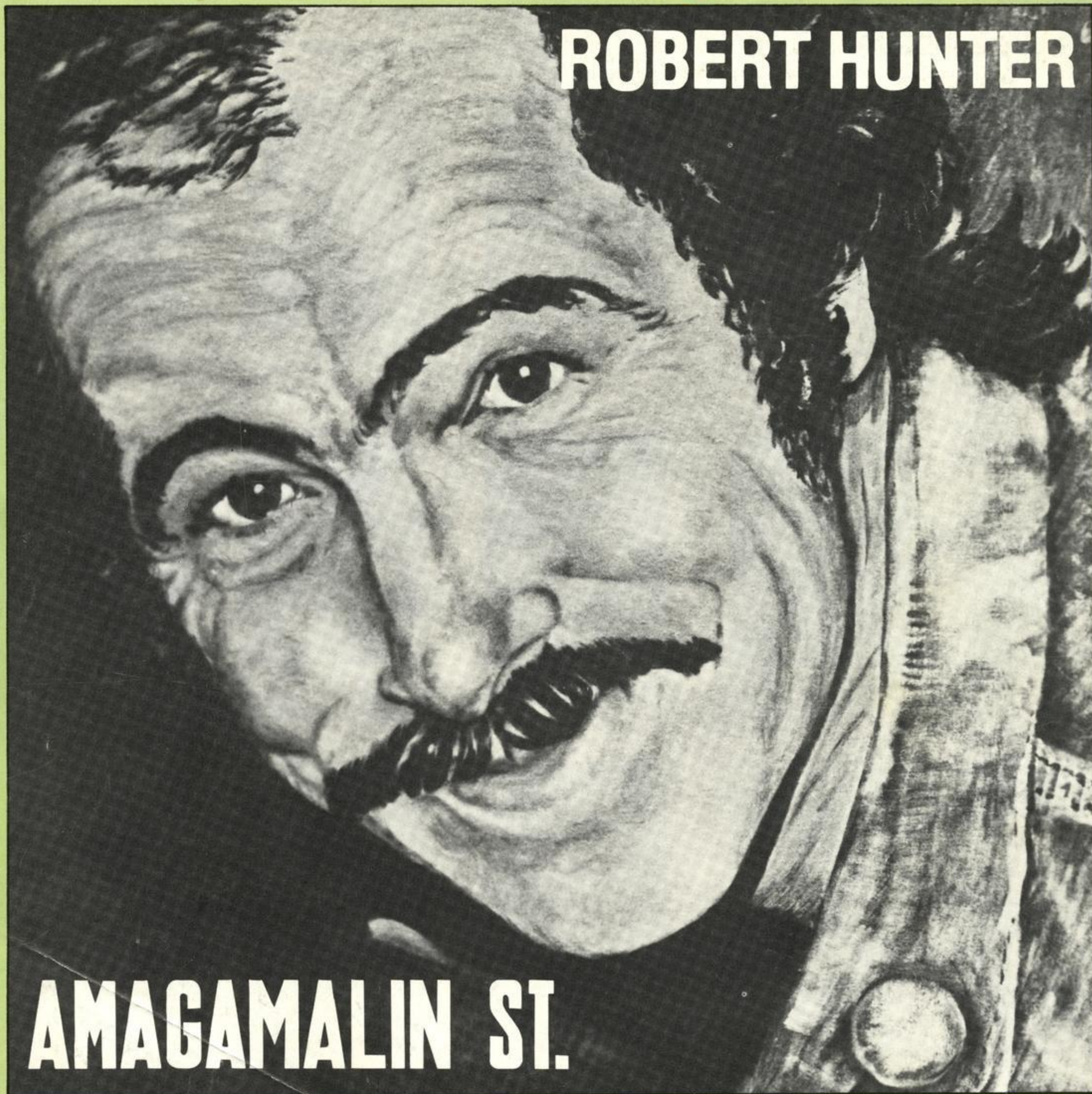
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