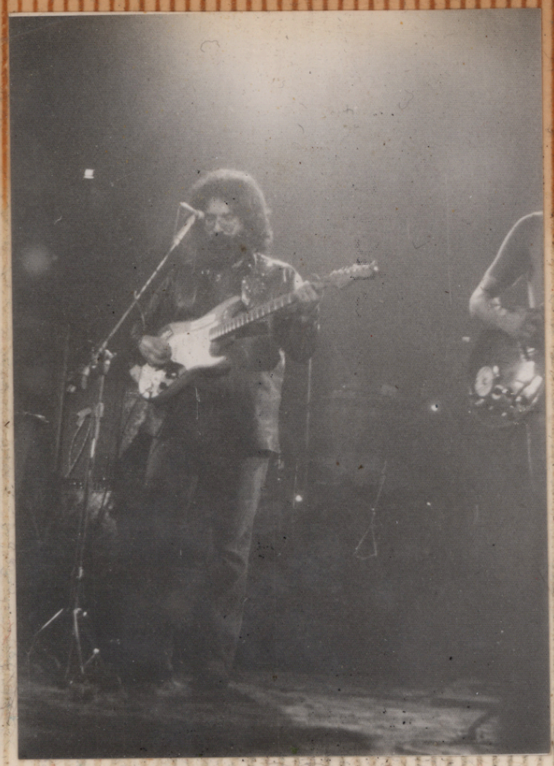
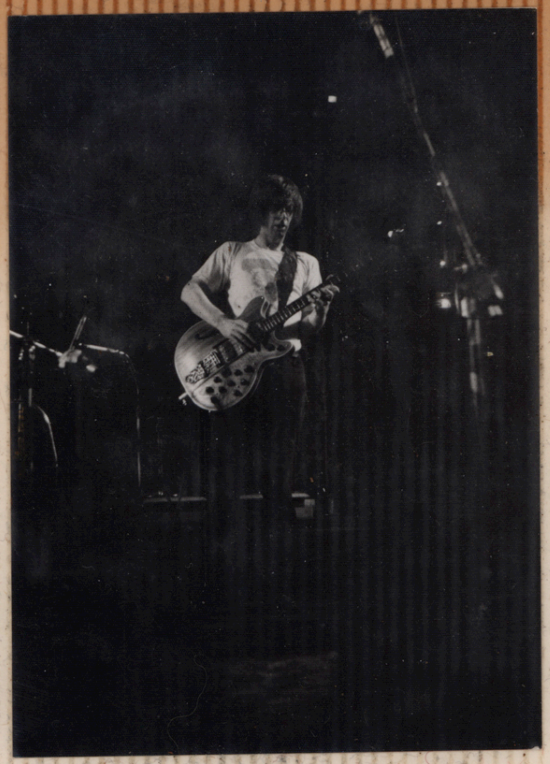
BOOK ONE

‘72 - ’76





CONCERTGEBOUW, AMSTERDAM
5/10/72



CONCERTGEBOUW, AMSTERDAM
5/10/72



CONCERTGEBOUW,
AMSTERDAM
5/10/72



MUSIKHALLE HAMBURG
4/29/72



VOLKER AND HARTMUT



PARIS 1974



PARIS 1974



PARIS 1974



AMSTERDAM 5/10/72



AMSTERDAM 5/10/72



AMSTERDAM 5/10/72



HAMBURG - 4/29/72

PERSPECTIVES: FULL CIRCLE WITH THE DEAD

By Ralph J. Gleason

A short time ago the Grateful Dead played a four-night engagement at the Berkeley Community Theater, a hall that seats 3500 when the orchestra pit is used.

The entire series of four performances—14,000 tickets—was sold out by the end of the second day the tickets went on sale. There was no special advertising campaign, just the usual announcements in the standard Bill Graham ads.

No other group appeared with the Dead on the show and the music began early every night, at seven o'clock, and went on until 11 or 11:30 PM. The theater is part of a high school campus, and it is against various rules and regulations of the local and State Departments of Education to run after midnight.

The Berkeley Community Theater is not a dance hall. There is no flat, wide area on which to dance or crash. There are only regular auditorium/theater seats and it was a reserved seat affair with numbered tickets and prices ranging from $3.50 to $5.50.

It was beautiful. Night after night the audiences were warm, friendly, appreciative and enthusiastic. Even the usual Bill Graham Quiz, in which he stands on stage and answers questions ("When is the Airplane coming? September 15 and 16 at Winterland. John Lennon? John Lennon is at Madison Square Garden Saturday night.") went down without heckling or antagonism.

The music was superb. The band played straight through each night with only a half-hour intermission long about mid-evening. Of course the Dead are unique and the affair would have been obvious as a Grateful Dead tribal stomp even to a deaf man. All you had to do was to look around backstage and see the women, babies and dogs and it couldn't have been anyone but the Dead.

However, what they did was not the kind of thing which is possible only for one special group. It is possible for a lot of groups and it should be noted and considered by the whole rock & roll world.

The standard rock show of today has evolved from two sources. The old original Fillmore dance concerts and the all-star touring show/concerts of the Fifties. At the Fillmore, the concert was three groups: a lightweight, middleweight and a heavy, each playing about an hour and the show generally repeated twice an evening. A light show was standard right from the beginning. The Fifties concert/show with Paul Anka or Fats Domino would include half a dozen groups or singles each doing two or three songs (concluding with their hit) and then the star doing about an hour.

But earlier, in the Swing Era of the Thirties and Forties, the big bands drew crowds of thousands to dances with only the one group, themselves, on each show. Count Basie or Benny Goodman would play from eight or nine o'clock until 2 AM with only a ten or 15 minute break every hour or so. Occasionally—and for a very special promotion—another band would be added and it then became "A Battle of the Bands" with, say, Andy Kirk and Count Basie, or Benny Goodman and Count Basie in which each band alternated hour by hour from eight or nine o'clock until, sometimes, four AM. In those days you stood on the dance floor, you didn't sit or crash.

I have never known why it was necessary to sit or stand through two opening groups to hear the band you came for, except as a means of introducing new groups to an audience.

The whole concert style of Goodman, Ellington, Kenton and the rest which became standard operating procedure at the beginning of the Fifties and which set the matrix for the Fats Domino/Paul Anka/Bill Doggett touring shows which followed, was a combination of the status (ego) involved in playing a concert as opposed to a dance and a method of getting new locations to replace the dwindling dance halls. Also, dance halls could have only one ticket price and concerts could be scaled in various echelons for a bigger gross.

So now we have come full circle. The Grateful Dead can play four nights (and they obviously could have played a week) at a concert hall with absolute artistic and commercial success. Some of the patrons—Graham estimated 20 percent—were repeaters, buying tickets for every night. It reminded me of a big band playing the Roton Point Casino when I was in high school. We'd be there every night. Or Glen Island where we would make it three nights out of five, say.

There were other good things about the Dead's Berkeley series. Because it was for four nights and there was room enough for everybody (ticket swapping was common with Listeners' Personals on KSAN-FM acting as a bulletin board), there was none of the hysterical meat-market scrum at any of the box offices. There was time enough for us all.

The Dead do not go in for any of the show biz nonsense you see with some Svengali-created groups in which costumes and lighting attempt to create the drama missing from the music. The Dead are very straight ahead in their presentation. To begin with, they are among friends and they know it. And of course it is axiomatic that, being among friends, there is nothing to live up to. Just be yourself.

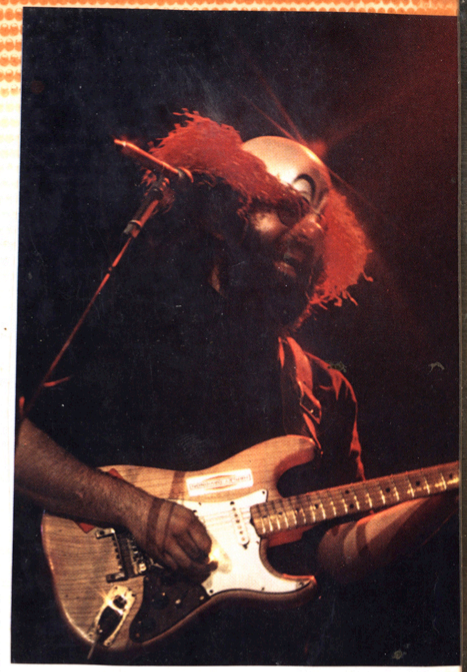
Aside from the individual virtues of the group, they have mastered the ability to control dynamics to a more consistent degree than any other group I know of except the James Brown band. The Dead can come down to a whisper and still keep it moving, and this is one of the hardest things to do in group music. That they make it appear to be so effortless is a tribute to their ability. That, too, is hard to do, but as everyone knows who has become expert in any field, it's easy when you know how and the Dead sure do know how.

For me, Jerry Garcia was always one of the true original sounds in comtemporary instrumental music. Like a very few others (B.B., Hendrix) it has always been possible to pick him out right away. In earlier days he was not a particularly impressive singer. But he has developed into one now. It was evident from the records that he was getting a lot better, but then in the studio it is possible to aid the voice in a way it can't be done in live performance, and now on the concert stage Jerry is a fine singer, again with a highly personal sound.

Phil Lesh (like Jack Casady) has always been a fascinating bassist precisely because he did not play the bass like other bass players but instead made it into a continual counter-melody to Garcia and the song. But Lesh has gotten even better and his bass playing takes over from time to time to become a uniquely dominant voice.

Bob Weir is the personification of the Dead's philosophy of "let it grow." Standing there beside one of the greatest guitarists of his time, Weir has grown. In other circumstances he might have been inhibited, but the Dead's ambience let him be, and he has become a fine singer and an excellent player. Bill Kreutzman has mellowed out over the years as a drummer and really swings his ass off. Keith Godchaux who replaced the ailing Pig Pen, plays keyboard which gives an unusual pianistic sound now and Donna Godchaux sings an occasional song in a charming Southern-flavored voice.

All in all the week was pure joy. Now why don't the Band, the Who, Van Morrison, Rod Stewart, and the rest do the same thing? Must we always be prisoners of those amphitheaters?



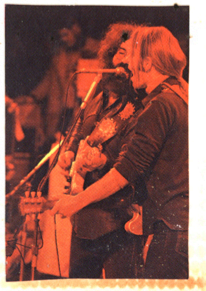












DL0103





Dear Dead People:

As you read this, the Grateful Dead will be in the studio recording a new album. You've no doubt heard the Dead are taking an indefinite break from touring. The reason for this is simply that the megagig form is sort of bankrupt; devoid of dignity for either the listener or the player. There are three plans under study which could make it possible for the band to perform. The fact is the Dead won't go out again unless the situation is groovey.

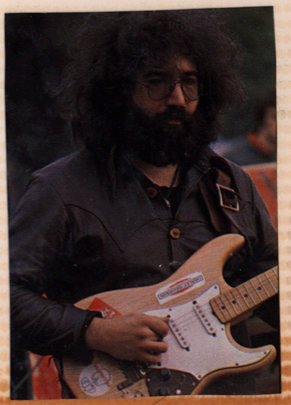
As an ongoing creative organization, there are several things we should be doing:

I. Expand the quality in all areas in which we interface with our own means of expression.
   a. Films
   b. Records
   c. Musical Performance
   d. Life









DL0104

II. Remember to go after the big one-------all limitations are self-imposed.

III. Bring on tomorrow (at least be helpful) our emphasis in this regard is going into holography about which Anton Round will have some words in this same communique.

A description of the activities of each band member will give the clearest picture of how we move toward these goals.

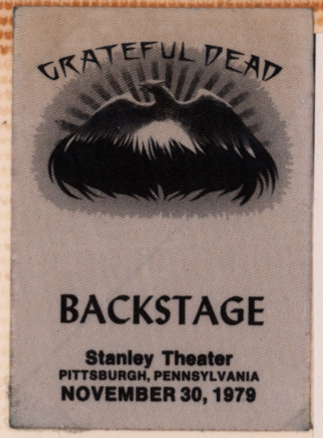
GARCIA

Jerry along with Merl Saunders on organ, John Kahn on bass, Martine Fierro on saxophone and flute and Ron Tutt on drums, have formed the "Legion Of Mary" a band that gigs on a rather regular basis. "Legion Of Mary" is planning to play all the major cities in '75.

Jerry just finished producing Robert Hunter's new album, "Tiger Rose". He played the guitar, the pen and the voice on the "Keith & Donna" album, guitar and vocals on the Ned Lagin & Phil Lesh album, "Seastones". He just finished producing a Blue Grass album called "Pistol Packin' Mama" which was a session of Blue Grass giants, Chubby Wise, fiddle; Don Reno, banjo; Frank Wakefield, mandolin; Dave Nelson, guitar; Pat Campbell, bass. You'll find it on Round Records sometime in the Spring, it's a continuation of Jerry's interest in Blue Grass evidenced by the "Old & In The Way" album.

Garcia has undertaken the responsibility of supervising the editing of the Grateful Dead movie shot at the last five night gig at Winterland in San Francisco. The film should be released sometime before Christmas.

In his spare time he's preparing material for a solo album which will be recorded in the Spring and released in the Summer.

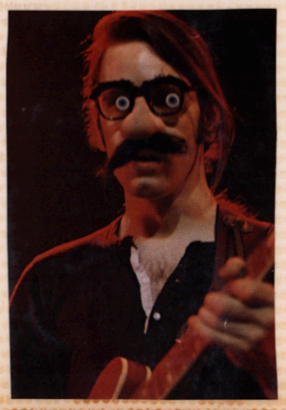














And the dead were judged by what was written in the books, by what they had done (Revelation 20.12).

For example, consider the rise of hypnocracy during April and May of 1972. The 43 persons constituting the Grateful Dead's (latest) European tour apportioned themselves for the most part between two buses which came to be known as the Bolo bus and the Bozo bus. The Bolo bus had a john in it and its seats faced forward. The Bozo bus had a refrigerator and some of its seats were installed facing back, to accommodate four tables. And to look back. The subtle difference in character and import and atmosphere between the two omnibuses was so profoundly hidden and enigmatic that you could never possibly understand it. The Bozos wore masks, and the Bolos showed their faces. At one time the Bozos staged a raid on the Bolo provisions; at one time the Bolos staged a raid on the Bozo provisions.

One St. Dilbert defected from the Bozos and lived for a season with the Bolos. In view of his subsequent martyrdom, his penitence and reconciliation with the Bozos, it came to be said that he was a true hypnocratic missionary to Bololand. And to look back, it appears evident that Bozo and Bolo knew themselves each the other's raison d'etre. Is hypnocracy not the aspiration to know what it is?

Departure from U.S. was Feast of Fools, 1 April. Arrival in London was Easter Sunday, 2 April. April saw England, Denmark and Germany. May saw France, England, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Germany and England.

7, 8 April	Empire Pool, Wembley
11 April	Newcastle City Hall
14 April	Tivoli Theatre, Copenhagen
16 April	University of Aarhus
17 April	Television: from the Tivoli
21 April	TV show, 'Beat Club': Bremen
24 April	Rheinhalle, Düsseldorf
26 April	Jahrhundert Halle, Frankfurt
29 April	Musikhalle, Hamburg
3, 4 May	Olympia Theatre, Paris
7 May	Bickershaw Festival, near Manchester
10 May	Concertgebouw, Amsterdam
11 May	Rotterdam Civic Hall
13 May	Lille Opera, open air, Lille
16 May	Radio Luxembourg
18 May	Deutsches Museum Halle, Munich
23-26 May	The Lyceum, London

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GRATEFUL DEAD CONCERT.

Photos by MARY ANN MAYER, *larry rogers
Words by Choirmaster

D.DL0105



May 20, 1974

Fellow Dead Head,

The new Grateful Dead album, From The Mars Hotel, is done and is on its way to the pressing plants for manufacture. We know you'll dig it.

Last year when we started this great adventure we tried mightly to deliver a top quality pressing by rigorously monitoring production. Sorry as we are to say it, absolute quality in this environment of scarcity and crises is almost impossible. So, we've made arrangements for processing that consistently yields discs of above average quality and we are using packaging design to protect that quality.

Experience has taught us that records are more likely to be messed up after they leave the pressing plants than during their manufacture and storage there. On the trucks and in people's homes, excessive friction between the disc and its paper sleeve causes wear and also a dust-attracting build up of static electricity. We feel we've corrected this in our new packaging (having borrowed some licks from Deutsche Grammophon).

You've probably heard rumors that the Dead are coming. The fact is, the band is on the road right now and is planning gigs everywhere for the rest of this year.

We know you'll enjoy our album, and if you get real enthused call a radio station or tell a record store. We need all the help we can get.

Gratefully yours,

Grateful Dead Records

ROUND RECORDS
R
SAN RAFAEL CALIFORNIA

We hope you enjoy these samples of our albums as much as we've enjoyed getting them to you.

Anton Round



DL0106



September 4, 1973

Fellow Dead Head,

There are two reasons for writing to you now; first to give you the earliest specific information on our new record distribution program; secondly to ask you to join us as part of our eyes, ears and feet on the ground to keep the scene straight locally.

We've decided to produce, manufacture and distribute our records ourselves. The band today finished the recording of an all new studio album (been a long time) called "Wake of the Flood". The album will be made from the highest quality vinyl available, which has the best technical properties. In addition, it will be heavier (weigh more, that is) than most albums available in this country. It will be handled locally through independent record distributors and should be available everywhere.

This adventure is a jumping off point to get us in a position of greater contact with our people, to put us more in command of our own ship, and for unspoken potentials for the "far out".

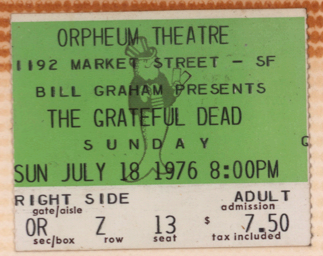
If you're interested in getting involved, drop us a line here. In any case you'll enjoy the record--it's dynamite!

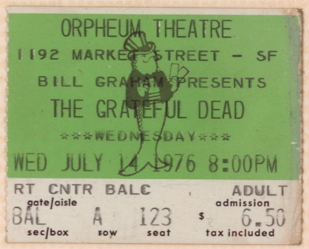
Gratefully yours,

Grateful Dead Records

Grateful Dead Records
p.o. box 1260 - san rafael, ca. 94902

D-DL0107













Anthem Of The Sun, The Grateful Dead (Warner Brothers WS 1749)

On the Grateful Dead's *Anthem of the Sun* the studio with its production work dissolves into live performance, the carefully crafted is thrown together with the casually tossed off, and the results are spliced together. The end product is one of the finest albums to come out of San Francisco, a personal statement of the rock aesthetic on a level with the Jefferson Airplane's *After Bathing at Baxters*. To be sure, the album has its weak points, but as a total work it is remarkably successful, especially when compared to the first Dead album.

The first side of *Anthem of the Sun* is a masterpiece of rock, "That's It for the Other One" and "New Potatoes Caboose" being particularly noteworthy. The main theme of "Other One" is an eminently memorable quasi-county melody that starts right off with the tasteful guitar of Garcia that dominates the record; a second movement starts the confusion between live and studio (nice stereo production work here), fading into a restatement of the main theme; then there is some beautiful musique concrete leading into "Caboose." Already there is evident carefully arranged vocal work, a departure from the Dead's previous release. The end of "Caboose" is a driving solo by Garcia that builds into structured frenzy thanks to Lesh's bass, the drums of Hart and Kreutzmann, and especially Garcia's masterful playing. Garcia is that rarity among rock guitarists, a thoughtful phraser who logically constructs his solos in a manner not unlike a capable jazz musician. Together Lesh, Weir and Garcia (along with McKernan's fat globs of organ) produce a complex, tight sound that stands with the best hard rock around.



Kazoos open "Alligator," which is that kind of song, hardly dead serious. But it includes another fine Gacia solo; Lesh shows here as elsewhere that he is a fine bass player, while Hart and Kreutzmann work together to form one of the most powerful (and inventive) percussion units in rock. With "Caution (Do Not Stop on Tracks)" we are confronted with the album's most curious track, which ranges from a white-imitation blues riff vamp-until-ready to 60-cycle hum and microphone feedback. The vocal sounds like Danny Kalb (poor in other words), but this in fact is the main consistent problem with the album: the vocals. Often the voices are muddy and on blues none of the Dead sound particularly persuasive; but this is a minor quibble when so much else is right on this album. The mixture of electronic and serious music achieved by Edgar Varese on "Deserts" stands as one of the most impressive achievements in this area; on their own terms the Dead have achieved a comparable blend of electronic and electric music. For this reason alone *Anthem of the Sun* is an extraordinary event. It's been over a year since the first Dead album. It was worth waiting. JIM MILLER

9-28-68

LIVELY ARTS

Is the Dead Going to Die?

By Joel Selvin

THE RUMOR has been flying around the local rock scene for the past couple weeks: The Grateful Dead will disband. Furthermore, the Grateful Dead office is not exactly denying the rumor.

According to Dead manager John McIntire, talk began when the band cancelled a scheduled October tour. The tour was dropped because the band failed to complete a planned album, slated for release prior to the tour.

The Dead will spend September touring Europe (some 30 tons of equipment have already been shipped ahead of the band), and on returning home, will re-examine the band's current status — in McIntire's words, "look for the next avenue."

"One thing is clear," he said. "We cannot continue as we have been."

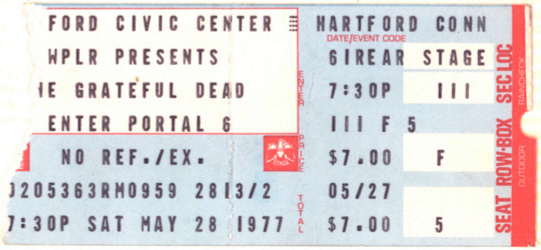
Three months, beginning in January, have been set aside for the recording of a new album. Other than that, there are no definite plans, McIntire said.

"It's ironic, really," he said. "We've fallen into a traditional pattern, still being non-traditional in our basis." McIntire described this traditional pattern as "a financial trip: tour, make records, get money."

With an enormous staff, its own record company, the world's most evolved (and probably expensive) rock and roll sound equipment, the Dead have incurred a monthly overhead reportedly more than $100,000.

Since the band's inception almost a decade ago, many different trips have traveled under the tag "Grateful Dead," McIntire stressed. The next trip — whatever it will be — may well carry the same name.





DL0108

Dear Dead Folks:

Enclosed you'll find samplers of our new offerings. This time they're really collector's items since only the Old & In The Way cuts are the same as the ones on the album. Just a few words about each. The first two will be out by mid February and the second two around mid March.

"Old & In The Way" features

Vassar Clements	Fiddle
Jerry Garcia	Banjo
David Grisman	Mandolin
John Kahn	Bass
Peter Rowan	Guitar

Playing America's own musical form, Blue Grass, recorded live by Owsley Stanley.

The "Keith & Donna" sampler contains what's called a rough mix of "Every Song I Sing" in order to show how vastly different a final mix is from a rough. The album has 9 songs; 7 written and produced by Keith & Donna and features performances of a bunch of our old friends like Garcia, Merl Saunders, John Kahn and a host of new friends all listed clearly on the back of the album.

Robert Hunter's "Tiger Rose" sampler has the title cut and a song by his cat (that's what he told us) called "Talking Money Tree" the album was recorded at Mickey Hart's studio and produced by old iron fist in velvet glove, Jerry Garcia.



BOSTON MUSIC HALL
12-1-71

"Seastones", the Ned Lagin and Phil Lesh sampler contains only the basic structure of this portion of the piece. You'll be blown away by the difference. The music is interesting as it's really a union of music, biology and physics. The effect that it's having on the studio personnel and musicians is amazing. It makes people act as if they were high (exactly as Ned predicted years ago). I believe the word is stoning. The album will have vocals by David Crosby, Grace Slick, Jerry Garcia and David Freiberg.

We hope you'll enjoy these samplers. Last time we mailed out free samplers so many people wrote to say thanks it thrilled us (a mail truck came to our office with a truck load of thanks). Now, however, with the Dead off the road and the necessary personnel cutbacks we can't handle the thank you notes.

Instead of writing us, please just play these sides for 15 people who haven't heard them; have a party.

When he heard that this request was being made, Garcia said "these are our folks, don't try to get them to do anything without telling them why". We ask you to do this so that we can sell enough of these albums to be able to finance our next major step; the replacement of records and tapes as musical reproduction forms and the change over to holographically encoding our music on a one inch pyramid to be read by an optical fiber. This would have the advantage of no surface noise, no pops, scratches, skips or any of the baloney about present day records and tapes. The pyramid's musical quality wouldn't change until it is broken clean through which wouldn't be easy even on purpose.

Technically, it is possible to make a small player (same size as two packs of cigarettes) to retail in stores for about $13. 00. Of course, we have lots of music to listen to over such a device and the pyramids would cost no more than a record and perhaps less.

Another important reason for our doing this is realizing the other potentials of holography such as retraining the eyes of people who wear glasses, or getting more efficient in terms of energy usage (Einstein's formula $E=MC^2$ means one pound of coal per month should supply the entire energy requirement of the U. S.) or dozens of other potentials so farout it's dangerous to write them down.

The first step is the one we're closest to now--music better presented than anyone ever thought possible. To do this we only have two things to depend on:

I. Our good music.
II. Your sincere effort.

We'll do our part and know you'll do yours.

See ya.

Anton Round

Anton Round

DL0109

CRAWDADDY
JAN. 1974

Grateful Dead Records Takes the Plunge

by Charley Rosen

As the Dead's recent music proves, it's not what's upfront that counts.

One of the highlights of the cultural year in ancient China was the annual pottery contest. The venerable judges had their own particular method of selecting the most worthy contestant: they would turn the piece over and inspect the bottom. If a potter cared enough to lavish his art on the part that nobody would ever see, then he was declared the winner. And, of course, the Chinese had a name for this—they called it "potting for the gods."

As far ar Ron Rakow is concerned, the newly formed Grateful Dead Record Company is involved in "recording for the gods." These days, what's going on behind the Dead's music is proving more interesting than what's up front.

Until last summer, the Grateful Dead were under contract to Warner Brothers Records, having produced seven albums since 1967. Their records have sold well and the Dead have grown from a subterranean San Francisco acid band to a group that even teeny boppers know and love. But the Dead were not very happy. "In all the time we've been at Warner Brothers," moaned Jerry Garcia, "I've never met a Brother."

Rakow, whose pedigree in the Dead family tree goes back to 710 Ashbury, decided to try and come up with something that the band could live with. On July 4, 1972 Rakow produced a 93-page tome called the *SO WHAT?* report. "I have an accounting background," said Rakow, "so I just tried projecting all the possible costs and sources of income that forming our own record company would generate. Then we added it all up to see if it came out plus or minus—I had no idea what the result would be. It came out plus, and after kicking it around for nine more months we decided to go ahead with it."

Once the company was set up and juice zapped into its electrodes, the Grateful Dead went into a studio for the first time in three years. "The band did 289 hours inside," Rakow said, "and we were on top of every minute of it. We were able to serve the band with food and goodies and surround them with people who loved them."

Before the album, *After the Flood*, was pressed, the company ran an expensive research program to determine the optimum vinyl alloy they could use. As a result, the record is much heavier and thicker than normal, and should have a longer lifespan.



From there, Rakow placed a quality controller at every shift in every pressing plant—the major record companies use no such personnel. The primary effect of this intensive monitoring is a drastic reduction in the number of defective records released to the public. "It's a drag," said Ron, "to get a record home and not be able to play it. We can't eliminate the problem, but we can minimize it."

To release *After the Flood*, Rakow selected 18 independent distributors across the country—"people we could relate to on a human basis"—and on October 12 (three days earlier than had been promised), all 18 received the entire package of albums, tapes and graphics—a feat of punctuality unheard of in the record industry.

Maniacal attention to minor details, however, is standard operating procedure for the Dead family. The wood for the Dead's speaker cabinets, for example, is imported from Finland and is six times the cost of ordinary plywood. And the company that cuts the wood uses a $1000 saw blade designed by the Dead family so that the fit will be tighter and stronger.

All things being copesetic, Grateful Dead Records will allow the group approximately 40% more profit than they realized with Warner Brothers. "The extra money we'll make from *After the Flood* will allow us to continue to expand the perimeters of the industry's technology. Our next record, for example, will be cut right on the lacquered disc itself, eliminating several generations of accumulated tape noise. It'll cost a fortune," Rakow's eyes lit up as he spoke, "but what a fantastic toy it'll be!"

And there's more to Grateful Dead Records than providing the means for building bigger and better acoustical erector sets. "We are planning another Dead studio album, a Bob Weir solo, another Garcia solo, an Old and in the Way album . . . and if somebody we really dug came around and asked us to do a record for them, I don't see how we could refuse. But," Rakow continued, "the most important thing is that we hope we can give other groups impetus enough to go out and do the same thing. If anybody ever did, we'd gladly open up our files so they could learn from our mistakes."

So the hole in the middle of *After the Flood* will never be a touch too small or slightly off-center—and the only warp in the record will be in Jerry Garcia's voice. The Ancient Order of Chinese Pottery Judges would certainly have approved.

Crawdaddy

IN THE WAKE OF THE FLOOD

Grateful Dead
Grateful Dead Records

by Billy Altman

I'm not too sure that either of the Grateful Dead camps—the 1967-70 troops or the 1970-73 legions—will find the initial release on the independent Grateful Dead Records label anything to get excited about. Although this is the first Dead studio album in three years, they might just as well have recorded these new songs out on the road somewhere before one of their blindly loyal audiences; because the security of a studio seems to have done nothing to extend the already disappearing creative life of the band.

To clarify things a bit, I was a member of the '67-70 crowd. When the Grateful Dead

January 1974 CRAWDADDY



Garcia touches all bases

began recording and touring the country, they were arguably one of the most creative and inventive bands America had ever produced, a band built around an amazing ability to improvise and expand musical horizons. They started out as a high energy rock and blues band, but by their second album they were already experimenting with tape loops, prepared pianos and double drumming. The spirit of musical exploration ran through their next few albums, climaxing with the incredible *Live Dead* album. They would often be quite disappointing live (e.g. the Woodstock festival, where they bombed horrendously), but when the band as a whole clicked, the effects were astounding. You never knew just what they would play next, and many times neither did they. It was creative music at its daring best.

The shift towards country began with *Workingman's Dead* and it came as a completely welcome surprise to those of us who had stuck with them through thick and thin. But even the excellence of *American Beauty* came as a letdown because this was one band that had made its name by never staying in one spot for too long. The sameness of Robert Hunter's cowboy fantasy lyrics and the general lack of variation in the band's melodies and arrangements soon began to take their toll on the band members. Mickey Hart left, his hypnotic driving rhythms no longer needed, and Pigpen's contributions lessened to the point that his drinking was taking up more of his time than his playing, leading ultimately to his death.

Interestingly enough, it was at this point that the Dead began enjoying widespread popularity. The same people I had seen booing them at the Fillmore East when they first experimented with their country tunes were now following them halfway around the country. The last time I saw them live, they performed four hours of the most *dismal* music, and the audience soaked it all up. It didn't matter to the crowd how they played; the people just wanted to hear the first few bars of each song so they could say that they saw the Dead do "Truckin'" or "Casey Jones" or "Friend of the Devil." It was the good old American principle: play your hits, boys, that's what they want to hear.

Wake of the Flood, the first Dead album on their own label, finds the band trying somewhat to escape the rut they've buried themselves in. They try ballads, they try shuffles, they even throw a little light jazz into the brew. But it's all one-dimensional, lying flat and never really rising. Kreutzmann's drumming, always the weakest link, keeps them hemmed in boring rhythms with no diversionary action. Even Lesh and Garcia sound like imitations of their former selves.

The best song on the album is the very first one, "Mississippi Half-Step Uptown Toodeloo," helped out greatly by guest star Vassar Clements' fiddle work, with Garcia's vocals better than they've been in a long time. But things quickly run downhill with pianist Keith Goudchaux's "Let Me Sing Your Blues Away," a terribly boring attempt at reviving some of the good-time feel that Pigpen gave the band. "Row Jimmy" and "Stella Blue" close out side one and they're both long excursions into laid out melancholia that just go on and on and on.

On side two the Dead even try a song about acid called "Here Comes Sunshine." It features such mind-altering lyrics as "Good to know you got shoes to wear when you find the floor/Why hold out for more?" The chorus borrows a bit heavily from the Beatles' "Here Comes the Sun" for my tastes. "Eyes of the World" is the jazzy number and even Lesh's bass solo can't help the thousand-time message "you are the eyes of the world."

The album ends with a twelve-and-a-half-minute "Weather Report Suite," written and sung by Bob Weir. It is *the* most distasteful thing the band has ever done on record as it plods on and on about the seasons and the crop harvest. Another gold record to the Dead's success fantasies, and they're singing away about the pain and hope of poor farmers. But times do change. Yes, they sure do.

DL0110

38 San Francisco Chronicle Mon., March 25, 1974

On the Town

Quiet! The Dead Is Playing

John L. Wasserman

IT WAS ALONG about 10:15 on Saturady night at the Cow Palace, the Grateful Dead was tootling away to 14,000 true believers and I was exchanging whispered comments with Augustus Owsley Stanley III, American folk hero (Consciousness-Raising Department), currently ensconced as chief conceptual theoretician of the Dead's overnight-legendary sound system.

We were standing a few feet off to the side of the stage. We were whispering because we did not wish to distract those around us listening to the tune. Then it struck me. I was whispering at a rock and roll concert.

There are certain American traditions with which one does not tamper. One does not sing fight-songs at chess matches. One does not dance the polka at Martin Luther King memorial services. And one does not whisper to communicate at rock and roll concerts. One yells, one screams, one employs sign language if necessary, but one does not whisper.

★ ★ ★

AND THAT'S A good part of the story of "The Sound Check," the Dead's four-hour Saturday night concert which marked the unveiling of the sports-arena version of the band's music reproduction machine. The sound was simply phenomenal. It was clear without being loud, loud without being distorted and clean as wax job everywhere in the huge arena. Every note played by each instrument was detectable and definable.

It is no wonder the Dead can play four-hour concerts and permit the audience to go home still walking a straight line. Loud, distorted sound (which has traditionally been redundant) is, by itself, physically exhausting and never mind the permanent damage to hearing. Loud, clean, well-dispersed sound is another matter. And that's what eight years of work and about $350,000 (a more representative figure, according to soundman Dan Healy, then the $200,000 I used on Friday) has accomplished.

What Owsley (now known variously as Bear, The Bear and Z. Bear) was whispering about was the future. "It's just the beginning," he said, referring both to the Dead's music and the sound system.

I have no doubt he's right. After 10 years of music making, the Dead continues to play more sophisticated music with every exposure. Bear and bassist Phil Lesh are deeply into the music of Charles Ives, for example, and it is no idle foray. The concert on Saturday ranged through assimilation of country, blues, rock and jazz influences but was always, first and foremost, Grateful Dead. Every song, whether Marty Robbins' doleful "El Paso" or Jerry Garcia and Robert Hunter's controlled burn of "Casey Jones" was mellow, laid-back and unforced.

Further, especially now, with the extreme clarity of the music, it is fascinating to hear the interplay and harmonies exchanged between instruments and voices. What the Dead has developed, among other things, is a mini-symphonic concept in which each tune has two or three or four movements. They will always be, fundamentally, a rock and roll dance band, but it becomes increasingly inaccurate to think of them as only that.

★ ★ ★

THE BAND PERSONNEL, which has remained stable now for about two years, save for the death of Pig Pen, comprises Garcia, rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, bassist Lesh, drummer Bill Kreutzman, singer Donna Godchaux and keyboarder Keith Godchaux. I was particularly struck at the Cow Palace by the extraordinarily silky, molten sound of Garcia's guitar and the creative attack of Weir, whose role is generally filled in a far more passive and unimaginative manner.

Miscellaneous notes: "Wake of the Dead," the band's first album on their own Grateful Dead label, has now surpassed sales of 450,000 units, putting it within range of a gold album . . . they start recording a new album today . . . the next tour, of the Northwest, including a turn at the Spokane World's Fair, begins in May . . . Glen McKay, co-founder of the legendary Head Lights, was in attendance, as was Ramblin' Jack Elliott . . . Garcia has a solo studio album due in May on Round Records, the Dead's second label . . . as does Robert Hunter, the group's lyricist, his first.

CRAWDADDY 10-74

Grateful Dead from the Mars Hotel
Grateful Dead (GD 102)

Compliments of Garcia
Jerry Garcia
Round Records (RX102)

Tales of the Great Rum Runners
Robert Hunter
Round Records (RX101)

by George Arthur

I'm no fanatic. Sure, there's been more than enough stumbling around musical Satyricons, barely able to focus but still moving through the strange powers of the hypnotic cloth being woven on stage by the Grateful Dead. But I'd never claim that given enough leverage the band could levitate the West Coast. And I don't have an impressive rap on the proposition that the Grateful Dead are the chief agents of magical karma in the Global Village.

Still, I respond to them and appreciate their continuing presence as an American band. Showing more moxie than some of their fans, the Grateful Dead play music that's process, not image. Their attempts to continually recreate their music don't always work, but then that's the risk and even when unsuccessful it keeps them out of anyone's particular time warp.

The early albums didn't deliver much and listening to them I wondered what all the excitement was. Then came the first Dead concert, and another and many more. For the Grateful Dead much could be forgiven on vinyl that was delivered on stage.

All three new albums are interesting as indications of the musical idioms floating around the Dead melange. Jerry Garcia singing Irving Berlin? Robert Hunter, heretofore silent lyricist, as a sea-going Johnny Cash? This and a first-rate entry for the official Bicentennial March & Boogie from the band itself.

The *Mars Hotel* album is a fairly successful expression of the music that keeps the band alive. Its energy isn't rock n' roll adrenaline, but comes from trying to balance style with growth. Both "Scarlet Begonias" and "U.S. Blues" evoke the Dead without being crushed by the group's musical signature. "U.S. Blues" is perfectly shaped, the funky structure and the free-associating lyrics bouncing off each other and creating Uncle Sam as a crafty old bastard who deals with the national craziness hanging out in a rock n' roll band. "Pride of Cucamonga" is another truck driving song (but not *just* another truck driving song) with the charm of some of the *Workingman's Dead* material. But there are cuts that don't do much for me, the improvisational styling sounding a lot like pointless meanderings. But most of the songs, if not instantly impressive, fill themselves out with time.

Garcia's second solo album seems an effort to touch musical bases, to try some music out to see how it feels and work with a lot of other musicians (both from in and out of his immediate family).

He does some blues (Albert Washington's "Turn on the Bright Lights") a Van Morrison song ("He Ain't Give You None"), "Let's Spend the Night Together" (with Maria Muldaur) and uses Berlin's "Russian Lullaby" as a vehicle for some classical guitar. If all the songs aren't fully realized, it's not through lack of energy by Garcia and the other musicians.

Robert Hunter's album reminds me that one of those things I forgive the Dead are their sometimes flat lyrics. When they are too upfront they can melt into gooey metaphors and yarn-provoking couplets. Hunter's first album has too many couplets and not enough music. The title tune tells us "your dreams are tattered sails" and uses a refrain that's weak "Ring of Fire." Even with bagpipes and lots of other musicians, Hunter's uncertain vocals aren't worth it. But, what the hell, one "Scarlet Begonias" pays for a dozen pseudo-sea chanteys. I'm sure that even as you read this, *Tales of the Great Rum Runners* is becoming somebody's all time heaviest album/cosmic experience. But me, I'm no fanatic, and least of all a martyr.



Much could be forgiven the Dead on vinyl for what was delivered on stage

DL0111

ROLLING STONE 6/30/74

Dead Awaken: New Albums, Label, Tour

SAN RAFAEL, CALIF. — From out of a winter and spring-long slumber, broken only by two local concerts, the Grateful Dead are out with a new album, two other albums (one by Jerry Garcia, the other by Dead lyricist Robert Hunter) on yet a second self-owned label, and a work schedule that will have the band either on the road or in the studios through January 1975.

The first two albums, with a May 24th release date, are *Tales of the Great Rum Runners*, Hunter's album, and *Garcia*. The Dead's album, due June 21st, is called *Grateful Dead from the Mars Hotel*. (It's a studio album, with a cover photo of the Mars Hotel, a transient dump in the wino district of San Francisco.) This will be the band's second release on Grateful Dead Records, following last fall's *Wake of the Flood*. Garcia's and Hunter's albums are on the new Round Records label.

"Round Records," said Ron Rakow, head of both labels, "is a separate entity. Grateful Dead Records was designed to distribute just Dead product. We did this for maximum safety for the Dead." In other words, for minimum risk. "The Dead is the first group to totally finance its own label. We had to design it as narrow as possible. Even a Garcia album is more high-risk than a Grateful Dead record. Some of the Dead don't want a risk. Garcia likes risks, likes worries, so he can always be on the edge.

"When Garcia wanted to do his LP, he and I got together with Jon McIntyre [the Dead's manager] and Anton Round, an old rich guy I don't know much about. I think he makes his money teaching some kind of course to executives." And another label was born.

The Garcia solo, his first since his similarly-titled Warner Bros. album two years ago, is produced by John Kahn (bassist with Jerry in the Merl Saunders group and in the Great American String Band, formerly Old and in the Way). Among the tunes are "The Hunter Gets Captured by the Game," "Let's Spend the Night Together," Van Morrison's "He Ain't Give You None," Chuck Berry's "Let It Rock" and — with Garcia on classical guitar and others on clarinet, violin and trombone — Irving Berlin's "Russian Lullaby."

Tales of the Great Rum Runners introduces the voice of Robert Hunter, lyricist of the Dead since *Aoxomoxoa* and the writer of every word in *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty* with the exception of "Sugar Magnolia," which he co-wrote with Bob Weir and "Operator," by Pigpen.

"Hunter wanted a more direct communication of his words," said Rakow. "He's never performed before and probably won't tour, and he had no experience in the studio, but he produced the album [with Garcia mixing], sings, and plays bagpipes and guitar." Hunter had backup help including Barry Melton, David Freiberg, ex-Dead drummer Mickey Hart (at whose studio the album was recorded), ex-Big Brother bassist Peter Albin, and ex-Janis Joplin sax man Snooky Flowers.

The Dead will cut another album in October to break up a 58-date tour schedule that includes three separate 17-day shots from May through July, a seven-stop tour through Europe in September, and another set of dates to keep them working through the end of next January.

By JIM MILLER

The music on *Wake of the Flood* is ample, full and carefully rendered. The album boasts nearly 25 minutes of it per side, the recorded sound is crisp and the finished product bears the marks of care in craftsmanship. The band, remarkably, has even transcend-

ed a certain studio thinness that characterized such prior efforts as *American Beauty* and *Workingman's Dead*.

The new songs, mostly by Hunter-Garcia, cover an eclectic range of styles, from tripping good-timey tag rhyme ("Mississippi Half-Step Uptown Toodeloo"), to hot psuedo-Jr. Walker syncopatin' ("Let Me Sing Your Blues Away"), to Pollyanna, Beatley vibrations ("Here Comes Sunshine"), to modishly scalloped R&B geetar ("Eyes of the World"). Happily, Jerry Garcia's pedal steel playing has improved; and his mercurial leads can occasionally be darting, dapper and decorative (as on "Eyes").

But despite an impressive stylistic smorgasbord, slick overdubbed production and the best intentions in the world, to my ears this band *still* sounds generally sick, usually woozy, and often afflicted with perpetual head cold, twinges of sinus trouble, you name it. The poor bastards *still* can barely sing.

And that's not all! The lyrics on much of *Flood* plumb new depths of dull-witted, inbred, blissed-out hippy-dippyness. "Wake up to find that you are the eyes of the world/Your heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts of its own/Wake now, discover that you are the song that the morning brings/The heart has its seasons, its evenings, and songs of its own." Jonathan Seagull would blush.

Those who admire the Dead already will surely find this new album eminently admirable, also. In many ways, it's one of their most finely-wrought efforts. Thus, *Flood* will hardly subtract from the Dead's hard-won popularity, let alone their chartered countercultural niche. Besides, in this dark age of rampant waste, who can knock modest, wholesome craft? Even if it does come from a bunch of professional amateurs.



Tales of the Great Rum Runners
Robert Hunter
Round RX 101

By Stephen Holden

The solo debut of Robert Hunter, author of the Grateful Dead's best lyrics *(Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty)* offers 13 original songs that reflect and extend the Dead's eccentric involvement in country neoclassicism. Hunter's songs exhibit a sensibility intrigued by historical lore, of which Americana is the most important but only one aspect. Though they encompass musical ideas ranging from a cappella barroom chorales and acoustic love songs to electric blues and Scottish ballads, they are unified by a visionary rusticity. Rather than attempting to recreate the past like Robbie Robertson and Ry Cooder, Hunter asserts primal myths with a semireligious intensity, the themes of his strongest work those of physical and psychic survival in extreme circumstances. "Children's Lament," with its dirgelike bagpipe setting, evokes the simultaneity of birth and death, and the acoustic "Maybe She's a Bluebird" expresses the moment of romantic love when ecstasy and anguish are inseparable. "Dry Dusty Road," "I Heard You Singing," "Rum Runners" and "Arizona Lightning," in their separate ways, also honor the survival instinct, all of them written from the standpoint of the mystic loner fascinated by life histories and pursued by devils.

Hunter's chameleonlike singing alternately echoes Johnny Cash, Bob Dylan and Jerry Garcia. It is most effective when he works within his natural bass-baritone range (similar to Cash) and least when he adopts Garcia's strained rock style. The arrangements, which feature Dead members Jerry Garcia and Mickey Hart, among others, have a similar informality to those of the Dead studio albums, and on the whole they tend to complement Hunter's spontaneous vocals. While *Tales* is not nearly so impressive as *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty*, it stands as perhaps the most interesting solo album to emerge from the Dead's quirky ambit.

OLLING STONE, AUGUST 1, 1974



Wake of the Flood
The Grateful Dead
Grateful Dead GD-01

monotonous, partly because of whatever it is that has afflicted the Dead of late.

It's uncertain why (age? success? dope?) but incontrovertibly true that the Dead have begun to live up to their name. Sapped of the old exuberance and vitality, more often than not their music has sounded moribund, and the best that can be said of it is that it has been comfortable. But then, so is a bed, and music ought to wake one up. If the Dead have gone stale, one would expect Garcia's ventures apart from the band to be fresher. This is far from the case, however, as his insipid records with organist Merle Saunders (also on *Garcia*) attest. To steal his own bluegrass group's sobriquet, Jerry Garcia sounds Old and in the Way.



Garcia
Jerry Garcia
Round Records RX-102

By Ken Emerson

If *Garcia* is any indication of what to expect from Round Records, the Grateful Dead's new spin-off label ought to be rechristened Flat. The production (pinned on John Kahn) seems determined to deprive the music of all edge, contrast and excitement (if there was any to begin with). *Garcia* boasts a lot of talent (Richard Greene, Maria Muldaur, Michael O'Martian, Amos Garrett and many others), but it all comes out jejune easy listening. "Let's Spend the Night Together," for instance, is so lifeless that the evening in question will presumably be passed playing canasta. "Let It Rock" simply doesn't.

Jerry Garcia must shoulder most of the blame himself. As usual his singing — and he sings a great deal — is expressionless and limp. And he calls attention to his inadequacy by attempting songs which bring to mind great vocalists: "The Hunter Gets Captured by the Game" (Smokey Robinson), "He Ain't Give You None" (Van Morrison) and "Let's Spend the Night Together" (Mick Jagger). All this might be forgiven if the album offered generous helpings of Garcia on guitar, but Garcia restricts himself to infrequent and unobtrusive lines which are letter-perfect yet conventional and characterless, as if he were an anonymous session guitarist.

Still, it's puzzling that the album is as dull as it is. For the choice of songs is interesting (there's a version of Irving Berlin's "Russian Lullaby") and the material ranges from blues to soul to rock to pop. Garcia experiments with a promising number of different musical settings: brass, a bevy of clarinets and on two tracks a ten-piece string section. But despite the apparent variety, *Garcia* is

DL0112

· DL0113

ROLLING STONE 6-20-74

Garcia and Saunders: A Most Informal Group



Annie Leibovitz

By LEN EPAND

BERKELEY — "Whatever happens, happens," Merl Saunders said before going into Fantasy Records' darkened Studio A. There, outlined by amber and blue lights, sat Jerry Garcia, Dead drummer Bill Kreutzmann, and freelance bassist John Kahn. Saunders, a big barrel-chested man wearing the leather cap that has become his trademark, hunched over one of three keyboards surrounding him. They were recording a blues number for Merl's fourth album (produced by David Axelrod), improvising while Garcia sang — there was no dubbing. If it wasn't right, they would ease to a stop, Garcia would count out the beat and restart. Soon it was played through flawlessly, once and then again, so they can choose which of the two to use. Jamming is as old as music, but Garcia and Saunders have made collective inspiration a sort of occupation. Beginning in San Francisco's old Matrix in 1970, they have been jamming regularly, a couple of nights a week, in small Bay Area clubs with Garcia, Saunders, Kreutzmann and Kahn (who spent three years with Michael Bloomfield and has backed Paul Butterfield, Brewer and Shipley, and Maria Muldaur) normally sitting in. Bill Vitt, former drummer with the Sons of Champlin, and ex-Creedence Clearwater rhythm guitarist Tom Fogerty were regulars in past sessions, but neither has sat in much lately.

For lack of a name, they are known as the Group. "That's how loose it is," Vitt said. "Nobody thought of having a name or any kind of focus besides showing up and jamming. We avoid all the bullshit that we can."

"Loose" means that the group rehearses only sporadically to work out the skeletons of new songs, and that it will preserve its local, informal character. Sitting around a conference table during a smoke break, Garcia elaborated: "It's like a low profile is more desirable to me. The Dead and the Group are two different trips. And this one has a lot less pressure associated with it because we haven't made an effort to get famous at it. That's one of the things that makes it possible. I couldn't take the pressure of being a double celebrity. It's a drag just being it once."

With the Dead's exhaustive touring and recording, many wonder how Garcia can work with the Group as much as he does. "It isn't really that much," he said. "This *is* rest."

In spite of, or because of its looseness, the Group is extraordinarily prolific. Group recordings include two Fogerty solo albums, two Saunders albums (*Heavy Turbulence* and *Fire Up*), and their recently released two-disc *Live At Keystone*, which the label, Fantasy, said is selling well, within the limits of a smaller, non-hard-core rock audience. And soon to be released are a new Saunders LP and Garcia's second solo album which Kahn produced with Merl on keyboards.

Much of their sound results from Merl Saunders's unique jazz/funk/rock organ style, a derivation of both his rhythm-and-blues and rock roots and his admiration for Jimmy Smith. As a youngster, Saunders spent Sundays at "holy rolly" storefront churches for the "fantastic rhythms." And as a teenager in the early Fifties he began playing piano professionally with a friend living in his Haight-Ashbury neighborhood, Johnny Mathis. "We were like brothers," Merl said, talking in the living room of his San Francisco home. "Then Johnny was a rock 'n' roll singer."

In 1958 Merl met Jimmy Smith in San Francisco. "I said, would you teach me organ, help me out? He said, 'Give me your phone number.' He called me up, came over and we spent three weeks, nine to ten hours a day; he had me down, showing me the stops and effects, the coloring."

Saunders began playing the nightclub circuit. He joined the Billy Williams Quartet in 1960 and played places like the Latin Quarter, the Copacabana and *The Ed Sullivan Show*. "I almost became an alcoholic because I got so bored of sitting there playing the same songs, the same way, for the same jive people in that phony world. It took me three years to latch on that that wasn't happening." But in 1964, as a result of being heard with the Quartet by Saul Zaentz, now Fantasy president, he recorded his first single, which he said sounds like Santana today. "They're trying to find my old records now because they're so updated," he said.

In 1968, after Saunders returned from a tour of the U.S. and the Far East with an organ trio, he was asked by Oscar Brown Jr. to be musical director of his black-power play, "Big Time Buck White." Saunders had to shadowbox the leading actor — Muhammad Ali — while teaching him his part. "There'd be incidents where we'd be driving the car — Ali would always drive and I'd tell him the words and he would sing — and all of a sudden he would stop the car. Well one of the songs was called 'It's All Over Now Mighty Whitey.' He would get out in Times Square and sing it, scream it. And in a matter of not one minute there'd be a thousand people around him yelling 'Go Go Go!'" Not given to such exhibitionism or the play's militant politics, Saunders was glad that it ran only three months.

Then he took the drummer he had hired for the play, Billy Cobham, to play college gigs with Miles Davis. Merl recalled that Davis would walk out on a full house to play with him. "I used to play in this club and Miles used to come in there: 'Motherfucker [imitating Davis's scorched voice], I like to play with you. Shut up. Left my gig.' It'd be 11 o'clock, I'd think, 'Damn. He really did leave his gig.'"

Finally Merl left New York, turning down several good offers, because its music scene didn't hold much meaning for him. He could have conducted and played for a hit Broadway play starring Lauren Bacall. "They told me to name my price. I just told them I couldn't sit in no pit. I didn't like the business thing. Everybody's talking and looking at their watch." Saunders took off his watch and came home.

In 1970 he was introduced to Michael Bloomfield and they played a few days with Kahn and Vitt. One day Vitt asked Merl to come down to the Matrix to join a jam session, a regular weekly event which had been going on like a bowling club. The usual organist, Howard Wales, with whom Garcia recorded *Hooteroll*, had left.

Saunders recalled the first night, "playing with Garcia. I didn't know who he was, that he was a big star, until a month later. He was just a beautiful musician who you could relate to. John Kahn and Bill Vitt have this same thing.

"Jerry reminds me of a guitarist I played with in Europe. He was a Hungarian gypsy dude and he didn't speak English. All we would say was 'Hi' and *Auf Wiedersehen!* He expressed himself through his music and if he dug it he just held his heart. If he knocked me out, I'd just hold my heart. It was that type of thing between Jerry and I. We got so high off the music, just alone — something that hadn't happened to me for a long time — that it just blew me out. When music turns you on that much, I thought, well maybe I ought to stay home for a little while. I'd been everywhere and all of a sudden it's right here in the Bay Area."

The continuing supersession-like jamming evolved into the Group to fulfill club owners' requests to book them. Yet except for one short eastern swing and a date at the Ashgrove in Los Angeles in 1973, they sequester themselves in the Bay Area.

Past reports of national tour plans have died down, and Garcia dismissed the Group tour idea: "I don't want to think about all of that shit," he said. "It usually doesn't get thought about because whoever has to think about it has to communicate their thoughts to me since I'm the one who has to play. You know? So if I ain't thinking about it, nobody's thinking about it and I ain't thinking about it. I like to keep it loose."



Blues for Allah
Grateful Dead
Grateful Dead GD-LA494-G

by Billy Altman

Blues for Allah contains quite a few surprises, some pleasant (Mickey Hart's reappearance; most of side one) and some embarrassing (most of side two), but at least the Grateful Dead have begun to awaken from the artistic coma they've been in since 1971. With their self-owned and-operated record company fantasies biting the dust due to financially trying times and some decidedly uninteresting releases, the Dead have handed their distribution over to United Artists. They've also abandoned their tired philosophical stetsons and Old West daydreams in search of new frontiers. And though, on the basis of this record, one can't be totally convinced that it's better late than never, still, it's a good try.

All of side one, with the exception of the final track, Bob Weir's ill-placed and tedious "The Music Never Stopped" (yet another "Playing in the Band" variation), works beautifully. It starts with the sad-eyed optimism of "Help on the Way," Garcia in fine form both vocally and on lead guitar, then flows into the instrumental "Slipknot!" with stellar playing by the entire band, waxes jaunty with the happy, bouncing "Franklin's Tower" and swings deftly through Latin-flavored, free-form connecting instrumentals, "King Solomon's Marbles" and "Stronger than Dirt or Milkin' the Turkey." The total effect is close to the Grateful Dead as they used to be, circa '68-'70.

To ignore the presence of Mickey Hart on drums and percussion is a failure to realize how much he's been missed by the Dead since his departure after *American Beauty*. Just why he is the catalyst I'm not quite sure, but when he's adding cowbells, triangles, chimes, bells or a second set of drums, everyone seems to wake up, and Garcia, Lesh, Weir, Kreutzmann and Godchaux romp through side one with neat time changes and interesting jams.

Side two, unfortunately, is a total washout, even if the lengthy suite of "Blues for Allah/Sand Castles & Glass Camels/Unusual Occurrences in the Desert" does shift the band geographically from the Western Plains to the Sahara. Nevertheless, one good side of the Grateful Dead is more good Grateful Dead than I've heard since *American Beauty*. Keep your fingers crossed.

Ralph J. Gleason

Great Bluegrass With Garcia

THERE IS an unfortunate tendency for names or labels such as "bluegrass" or "country" to turn off potential listeners who might well enjoy the music if only they had a shot at hearing it without any preconceptions.

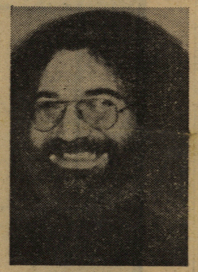
Not that I am a particularly avid fan of bluegrass, for instance, but there is an album which has just become available which I would hate to see ignored by anyone. It's that good.

It's "Old and In the Way" (Round Records RX 103). The title of the album is also the title of one of the songs on it and the name of the group which recorded it. Old and In the Way played around here in 1973 and 1974 a number of times and achieved considerable attention not only for its excellence, but for the fact that Jerry Garcia, normally the lead guitarist with the Grateful Dead, played banjo with this group, an instrument he had not until then been noted for. This album, in addition to Garcia's presence on banjo and occasional vocal, also offers Vassar Clements, a most extraordinary fiddler from Appalachia, home of that music which John Cohen illustrated so dramatically and lovingly in that rarely seen but beautiful film, "The High Lonesome Sound." Along with Garcia and Clements are David Grisman, who sings and plays mandolin, and Peter Rowan (of the Rowan Brothers) who plays guitar and sings and bassist John Kahn.

The album was recorded in the autumn of 1973 at The Boarding House by Owsley Stanley and Vickie Babcock, edited by Grisman and Stanley, and mixed and mastered by Stanley. The mixing was done "live" at the time of the recording itself, an unusual practice.

I go into all of this detail because the album is not only an utterly delightful series of musical performances, but also one of the very best recordings I have heard in a long time. I have played it on a number of different rigs, mono, stereo and quad and it comes through as a definition of good recording each and every time.

The technique of using eight microphones and mixing live onto a Nagra stereo tape recorder worked like a



JERRY GARCIA

miracle. Engineers ought to study this one and musicians, too, as well as producers. If there is such a category in the national record business annual awards, it ought to win as engineering triumph of the year.

★ ★ ★

NOW TO the music. David Grisman says in his short but eloquent statement on the album back that this music "embodies the spirit of that original Blue Grass quest and a genuine affection for that superlative blend of banjo, guitar, fiddle, mandolin, string bass and voices."

That is absolutely accurate as a description. The musical sound of the performance resonates with love for the music and, since the players themselves are all truly first class despite Garcia's humble opinion of his own playing, the result is superlative music. And the voices, both individually and in ensemble, are absolutely wonderful.

What this album does, if I may switch rhetoric around a bit, is swing. There are no drums nor piano but it has a remarkable rhythmic pulse and a glorious, propelling rhythm on every selection. The general format is for the voice of the singer on a particular song to be accompanied in at least part of the song by one or more of the other voices in the kinds of vocal harmony that have been associated with Appalachian music of the past 50 years.

★ ★ ★

The selections include traditional material such as "Pig in a Pen" and "Knockin' on Your Door" (Garcia sings the first and Rowan the second), an instrumental featuring Vassar Clements ("Kissimmee Kid"), an astonishingly imaginative and effective version of "Wild Horses" (the Mick Jagger/Keith Richard song the Rolling Stones made famous), Carter Stanley's "White Dove" beautifully sung by Garcia, several compositions by Rowan and Grisman including "Panama Red" (by Rowan) and the title song (by Grisman) — and Jack Bonus' "The Hobo Song."

Rowan is a very effective singer with a voice that has real warmth and feeling and is very flexible. It is particularly suited to these songs. Both Garcia and Grisman are heard here in the kind of setting which makes them sound their best.

Oddly enough there is no touch of country corn at all in this album. The music is free from that kind of feeling which for many people has marked the Appalachian and other urban white folk music.

Since the recording is of such exceptional quality and the stereo effect so revealing, it is possible to hear the individual instruments and the voices much better than is usually the case.

★ ★ ★

Despite the primitive implications of music such as this, which is generally classified as folk music, this is really very sophisticated music depending for its success on the same kind of instrumental virtuosity as the best jazz. John Kahn's bass playing, for instance, is delightful to listen to. And that brings up something else. It is possible to play this album many times and at each playing concentrate on one or the other of the instruments. You can't always do that, I have discovered, with most of today's product, and it is a pleasure to discover you can do it with this.

Old and In the Way does not appear to be a working group at the present time, though I suspect that this album, if it has the success it deserves, might well make it imperative for the group to perform in public again. I certainly hope so, for I have seldom heard such warm, loving, swinging and delightful music from any group of musicians in any idiom.

Round Records, incidentally, is the record company of the Grateful Dead. I think they have another hit on their hands with this album. I certainly hope so. The album deserves to be on everyone's turntable. It's really that good.

With the Dead

By Joel Selvin

When the Grateful Dead close a five-day run at Winterland Sunday, there will be no more Grateful Dead. Sort of.

Actually, the only thing that will really be missing is live performances by the band, and maybe not even that. At any rate, the current public statement on the matter — serious or cavalier — is that the Grateful Dead will re-emerge in the patriotic month of July, 1976.

In the meantime, there will be at least one more album by the group — to be recorded beginning in January — not to mention a variety of solo records from members of the band, on Grateful Dead Records and its subsidiary, Round Records.

Then, of course, there will be the film and live recording to come out of this week's Winterland gig. Seven camera crews were operating Wednesday, and Albert Maysles ("Gimme Shelter") was expected to arrive with the eighth the following evening. A 16-track remote recording truck captured the sounds.

Thus, if the Grateful Dead never returns, which is almost certainly a possibility, posterity is taken care of.

For its part, the Grateful Dead supplied a sterling four-hour performance, in two segments, playing as though inspired. The first two-hour set rocked steadily from "Bertha" to an epic, half hour-long "Playing in the Band."

Bassist Phil Lesh, a Charles Ives fan, opened the second half, accompanied only by Ned Lagin on synthesizer in some free form electronic abstractions. Beginning with lead guitarist Jerry Garcia, band members joined one by one.

After 45 minutes, the entire group was assembled and off into one of those dirge-like blues numbers the Dead performs, that seem to go on forever.

In that one respect, going to a Grateful Dead concert is like attending a pornographic movie; you know in advance there are parts that will be boring. This is partly compensated for by some special, subtle interplays that catch fire, lasting sometimes for minutes.

The thickly packed house finally got what it wanted as the Dead shifted into high gear rock and roll with a steady stream of hits: "Truckin'," Goin' Down the Road," Uncle John's Band" and "Johnny B. Goode."

Prior to the encore of "U.S. Blues," promoter Bill Graham toasted and feted rhythm guitarist Bob Weir on his birthday, carrying two bottles of champagne in silver buckets and a cake complete with lighted candles.

That the Dead's "retirement" comes at a time when the band's career is in highest swing can hardly be surprising to anyone even slightly familiar with the band's philosophy.

Pioneers, innovators and true rock progressives, the Dead has always held change and growth as its utmost virtue. The rock band has served as the nucleus to a lifestyle experiment, and more than just the giant treadmill of the operation's huge overhead has sent the Dead to the woodshed.

One prominent Dead family member admitted the band hasn't really progressed in five years. "And," he aded, "we've been getting away with murder the past two years."

As musicians and performers, the Grateful Dead has remained firmly anti-show business. The contradictions inherent in that stance for a performing rock and roll band were never fully worked out and, instead, the Dead found itself working in show biz full-time, perhaps to the detriment of the art — a factor in music extremely important to the Dead musicians.

So maybe it's over and maybe the band is just taking a nap, but in the past 18 months, the Grateful Dead has performed for more than 120,000 people just in the Bay Area, and that puts the Dead in league with the entire Opera season as far as box office muscle goes.

What a long, strange trip it's been.

DLO114

GODCHAUX

Keith & Donna recently finished an album appropriately called "Keith & Donna". The cover is a photo of their now one year old son, Zion Rock. Interesting because we consider the musical form Neo-Gospel.

Keith & Donna are going to be performing before too long and have, for some reason, asked us not to say any more about it. They have been getting into working on the completion of the film.

KREUTZMAN

Billy has been doing studio work with Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. He's going to be playing with Steven Stills on his solo album.

In addition, Bill has gotten involved in trying to make a given amount of land yield more produce through Hydroponics. Hydroponics being the science of growing plants in solutions or moist inert materials containing the necessary nutrients instead of in soil. Bill's current theory is that 18" square can yield $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of alfalfa. We, of course, are interested in the outcome of his experiments since the implications are incredible.

LESH

Phil along with Ned Lagin are taking their art slowly but surely to the further reaches of it's limitations which, of course, are impossible for the human intelligence to define. Foruntately, they have been invited to share the capacities of the world's largest artificial intelligence network. Not understanding any of this is unimportant because over a period of time a body of work will be produced which your own senses will make clear. "Seastones" is, of course, the first of these works.



WEIR

Bobby is working locally in Northern California with a band named "Kingfish" consisting of Robbie Hoddinott, lead guitar; Matthew Kelley, harp; Dave Torbert, bass guitar; Chris Herold, drums. "Kingfish" will be playing many cities later this year.

Bob has been working hard on the completion of his studio which is being christened now by the Grateful Dead. He's also preparing material for his solo album which will be out in the Summer.

These changes have caused us to make major shifts in our structures, we employ far fewer people now and do everything as economically as possible; including the operating of this communication network. While we can't handle things as personally as before, we will keep in touch somewhat regularly using the magic of computerization. We'll also make available, at a reasonable price, the stuff you most often request.

The Grateful Dead record being worked on now is planned to take a longer time than usual so that these additional activities can have the attention they need and so that fresh input to the Dead can result in ? ? ? ? ? ?

Grateful Dead Records

We falter and fall away, nothing holds. Political action is impossible. All we are left with are our arts. I propose we turn our tools away from the service of all but their muses. Great deeds are needed. It is time to retreat. It is time to advance backwards. No longer are there any choices. What a relief.

People tire and you can only do one thing so long. The band is tired of touring for ten years and needs to take a year and go fishing, because they really do. They all have projects they wish to pursue and new material to write. Anyone who does not want them to do it is wanting them to drop dead on the spot through a collective weariness which only a total change can combat.

We mean to keep an office together during the vacation, but revenues will be slight. The Dead Heads list has been turned over to Grateful Dead Records to maintain and to let you know what they're doing - so please be patient if it takes a while to get a response of some sort.

Each of the departments of the Grateful Dead must now become self supporting in order for the organism as a whole to remain healthy. There is a scheme to keep the overall structure intact so that there is something to take care of the details as the show goes back on the road. It is the fine response of Dead Heads over the years which leads us to conclude that there is something worth maintaining and that is what we're up to.

****

DL0115

Dear Deadheads:

This letter is to announce the completion and immediate release of our new album "Blues For Allah", and to fill you in on the fate of the record company venture.

After going collectively insane about 2 years ago from pressures of traveling and devastating internal and external intrigue, we hatched with the last breath of fatigue a structure to keep our vital organs protected while we contemplated hibernation, a modest recording and film making empire. What was known as "The Grateful Dead" was dismantled and the parts sent off for repairs and replacement of worn parts. This is an operation a monster can sustain, which distinguishes him from an individual body.

The encouraging sounds of returning animation, recorded through six months recovery in a secluded recording studio are presented on "Blues For Allah". The authentic cry of the monster that cannot be killed beyond repair is again heard.

If this seems a fanciful account, I remind you that no two stories agree, only that something happened and it was kind of like that. Washed in the rain of contrite hearts and re-avowed purpose, we commend this new effort to your attention.

At the moment of financial crises we had no recourse but to turn our distribution over to the enterprise which could best serve our necessary market interests. United Artists seems as good as any and better in some technical respects relating to contractual obligations and distribution capability. So they will be paying people to press and sell our records and our full attention can return to music and recording, perhaps performing, matters.

A new kind of tour "hit and run" consisting of unannounced concerts is being considered. If it happens in or around your area, you will know first and other sources will learn from you. This will keep the size down and we will not feel obligated to play a place before announcing it if something else comes up. Money raised from such gigs would only pay the costs of the performance and we will depend on record sales and the nearly completed movie of the last 5 nights at Winterland (before we went on our year's leave of absence) to sustain further projects and support us.

Anton Round (ex-record czar) formally ate a roast crow at a dinner with other top record executives, to whom he had boasted that the small, independent record company could handle a band's product more efficiently and with greater margin for profit than could they with their redundant bureaucratic overflap. The crow, you will remember, was an early emblem of GD records.

Both Grateful Dead and Round Records still retain their internal autonomy. It is with a sigh of relief we shake off perpetual business hassles.

Any new names for our mailing list should be sent to:

DEAD HEADS
P. O. Box 1065
San Rafael, California 94902

Best,





NEW YORK, NEW YORK
SEPTEMBER 6, 1979

DLO 116









D1017

Ralph J. Gleason

4-13-75

Those Artists Are a Part of S. F.

IN THE wake of the extraordinary impact of the SNACK concert last month a number of rather amazing things have been said or wondered about aloud.

Still, I suspect that the real importance of the affair has been seen dimly, if seen at all, by those outside the music business, a business which has replaced motion pictures as repository of the hopes and dreams of youth.

Where else would Marlon Brando have to take second, third or fourth billing to a guitar player?

The Kezar concert surprised a number of reporters and commentators by being peaceful, orderly and with an absence of problems. One even checked out the first aid station and reported they had had a patient or two with diabetes.

As a long time diabetic, I can assure the City Fathers that the disease is neither catching nor produced by electric guitars. While on the subject of the first aid station, it would be interesting, now, if Rolling Stone were to check the traffic at the first aid station during the next 49er game.

I bring this up because I, for one, stopped going to professional football games precisely because of the fights and the drunks and the general belligerent atmosphere.

Only on TV, though, did I see the vandalism wreacked upon the parked cars of the audience by the law abiding, public spirited citizens. One wonders, I must say.

It was the Grateful Dead, back in the first days of the mobs in the streets of the Haight, who discovered and preached the doctrine of the ability of music to quiet crowds. Had the mayor been as receptive to that idea then as he has been to the fund raising capabilities of the same music, there might have been a lot less trouble in that neighborhood and a different history in this city. The Tac Squad swept the streets, all right, but the legacy was bitterness.

The whole hassle about money for the school athletic program seems to me to be a huge distortion of reality. If we want to have our high school and college sports departments serve, with commensurate high salaries for the people who operate it, as a training ground for professional athletes, then the business of professional sports ought to pay for it. Not the taxpayers.

As it now stands, athletics is merely a part of the business system and all that malarkey about building character is just that: malarkey.

A much better plan would be to return the whole thing to amateurism, with unpaid coaches and unpaid athletes in the colleges. Sports by definition is supposed to be play. Not pay.

THE SUCCESS of the Kezar concert brings up the question of popular art, too, it seems to me. None of the so-called high arts (are they really high?) could have individually or collectively done such a job.

Perhaps the school music system might reciprocate by including serious discussion of popular music, rock and jazz in their curriculum as well as encouraging it in the classroom. Some already do, I know, but as an exception and on the inclination of a specific teacher.

When I watched the TV interviews with Bill Graham and the politicians and administrators, I thought back to the time when Fillmore West was being sold out from under Graham for a Howard Johnson's motel which never materialized.

At the time I suggested the city might help him. Fillmore West ought to have been made a city historical monument.

But instead of helping, the city harassed the music in the parks and finally all but eliminated it (would they ban football if someone was killed in a brawl at a professional game?).

And if you had ever seen, as I did, the Tac Squad lined up in the coffee shop at Fillmore West because somebody had thrown an apple core out the window and onto a police car, you would wonder whose side they were on.

THE WHOLE rock scene flowered in San Francisco because of the special nature of this city, its institutions and its people. The nature of civic authority dictated that anything as strange as this was should be kept under strict control.

A similar growth in Los Angeles was killed in the early stages because the cops simply came into the halls and laid about with billy clubs on the excuse of arresting pot smokers. Los Angeles is a city where the press does not quickly shine its light on police activities of this kind, so there was not only a minimum of publicity but an absence of support for the dances and concerts and the music.

Beneath all of this, there is the operative fact that the concert could not have taken place but for the respect in which Bill Graham is held by the artists.

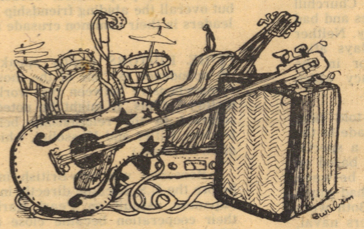
They would have done this for no one else. No politician in the country could have gotten such an amazing collection of stars to do a free concert. It's as simple as that.

And as to the fact that it was well run. Well, again, for all of Bill's faults (and as he will admit himself in rare moments of humility, he DOES have faults) this is a business at which he is an expert, the best promoter this country has produced in ages.

To create a parallel, it would have to be something like getting Greta Garbo, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Laughton and, say, Paul Muni together on one stage for charity.

You can do that only when everybody agrees on the value of the project, on the integrity of the man in charge, and on the trustworthiness of the audience.

The San Francisco bands pioneered in this kind of thing and it was right and proper that they should have been among the most important elements in the Kezar concert. Those artists and that music are as much a part of San Francisco as the Golden Gate. We should be proud of them.



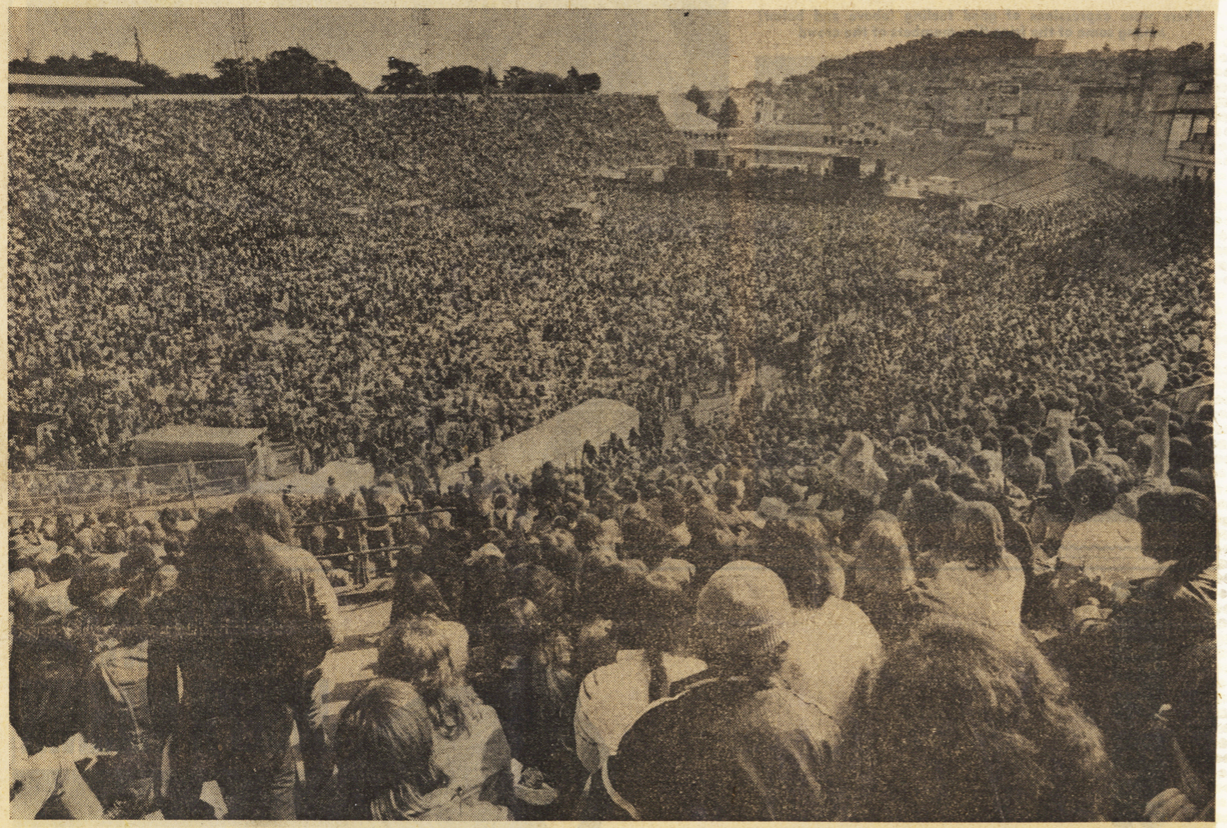
"The whole rock scene flowered in San Francisco because of the special nature of this city . . ."

San Francisco Chron

The Largest Daily Circulation in Northern California

111th Year No. 83 HOME EDITION••• MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1975

Great Crowd's Great Vibes



Photos by Susan Ehme

Rock fans filling Kezar Stadium looked over these teeming acres of humanity toward the stage where rock stars performed

DL0118

On the Town

They Did It For Graham

John L. Wasserman

A WEEK OR SO AGO, I inquired of Bill Graham his frame of mind regarding the then-upcoming SNACK benefit concert at Kezar Stadium; bearing in mind his harvest of damning with faint praise publicity and tap-dancing nitwits on the bureaucratic front.

"John," he said, speaking with the measured cadence he often employs directly before a nervous breakdown, "I would clean . . . with Brillo pads . . . every stone in Madagascar . . . before I would do this again . . ."

On Monday afternoon, 24 hours after Bob Dylan walked on the Kezar stage to the full roar of 60,000 throats, I asked him for an update.

"Yesterday," he said simply, "was the perfect day in my professional career. For me, it was my finest hour."

It was that, and every bit of it. He did what he said he would do. He raised some $200,000 after expenses; he ran an immemsely complicated logistical whirlwind as though it were a spring zephyr, he orchestrated an ambiance that could not have been more benign.

Bill put his considerable power and prestige on the line, as he has never done before, and was triumphant. His crews, for which he holds enormous pride and respect, performed with the precision of the Kirov's corps de ballet. And the music was sensational.

★ ★ ★

BUT IT WAS BILL GRAHAM'S finest hour for another reason, as well. For SNACK Sunday wasn't really about Students Need Athletics and other stuff. And I knew that before those clowns discovered the $2.1 million.

It was about some unique relationships that exist in this city and nowhere else. And those people who played their music on Sunday — half of them world famous, the other half merely nationally known — were playing for Bill Graham. Because he asked them to. Does anybody really think that the Grateful Dead or Joan Baez or Bob Dylan gives a hoot in hell about Lowell's baseball team?

No, Dylan and Baez and the Dead and the Doobies and the Starship and Neil Young and Santana and Tower and Graham Central and Eddie Palmieri were not really trying to save anything for the San Francisco Unified School District. That's the responsibility of the so-called adults of this community.

They were playing because Bill asked them to.

Bill Graham, as you may or may not know, does not do benefits. He presides over benefits, to be sure, and untold thousands of dollars have been raised over the years under his aegis. But he never, ever, gets the groups. He provides the facility, the tech crew, the machinery, the security. At cost, not free. And you have to get the groups. Which is the killer.

This time, he got the groups. It is not easy for Graham to ask that kind of favor. It creates a debt. And the note can be called in any time. It cost the Jefferson Starship some $1500 out of pocket to play for nothing. Joan Baez told him in front that she had interests of perhaps a more critical nature than baseball games. But, she said, if you ask me to do it, I'll do it. He did and she did.

★ ★ ★

DYLAN? WELL, BILL never even asked him directly. He asked Neil Young, who was recording with some members of the Band. So they said sure, and Mr. D. came along because he felt like playing some music with his friends. But Dylan knew who asked the Band and Neil Young. He knew things would be run properly.

Brando? Bill called him Friday night. Late Friday night. And told him he thought it was important for him to be there.

And there was a lot of hugging there on the stage, because nobody there had ever been involved in anything quite like it. It was like the old days, when the bands played for fun and talked bravely of flowers and the demon gelt.

But things aren't like that any more. Rock and roll, and those who played at Kezar, are big business. The Dead has as much money tied up in its sound system as the average man makes in a lifetime. Jefferson Starship arrived in a full-size tractor-trailer. Just to haul their equipment.

But Sunday was special.

The groups don't love Bill Graham. He can be a nasty man, rude, inconsiderate, unwavering in a hard bargain. But they like him quite a lot, and more, they respect him immensely. And they like their home, and the kids who have supported them, as well.

If there is something in rock and roll music which is special to San Francisco, this is it. A humanity that has survived, bloodied but unbowed. And so Bill Graham asked them, and they said OK. It was a perfect concert. It was his finest hour.

60,000 Pack Kezar for Rock Benefit Spectacular

By Kevin Wallace

An intimate gathering of 60,000 young people covered Kezar Stadium's mudflats yesterday, turning the premises into what looked in the long view like one big bowl of blossoms.

"It's the nicest crowd out here ever," remarked one police dignitary. "They ought to have a concert every day."

But it was a San Francisco cop, speaking of a San Francisco crowd, attending a nine-hour concert of nine all-home-grown Bay Area rock bands, and even the artic weather fronts suspended precipitation for the almost-civic benefit occasion.

"For the benefit of whom, the artists will decide later," said their impresario, Bill Graham, looking his usual beleagured self, in the face of what even he claimed was a triumph "artistically bigger than Woodstock, Altamont or anything."

Up to Saturday, the net $200,000 gate was to go to the SNACK fund—"Students Need Athletics, Culture and Kicks"—to make up the local schools' shortage of money for sports and bands and library books.

But this big money drop into the educational system fell into doubt Saturday, with disclosure that the Board of Education had found an odd $2.1 million stuffed into an overlooked bookkeeping sock, and might well be able to afford supporting its own jocks.

"A rather strange mistake", Graham observed, adding that he hadn't yet talked to the school people about the new fiscal findings. Since "the show's the thing today—but we'll converse afterwards."

"The money will go into a

Back Page Col. 1



For two concertgoers the only place to lie down and relax was in the soft mud



DL0119

The Dead Raise the Sound

Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, the New Riders of the Purple Sage, the Beach Boys and the Grateful Dead
Oakland Coliseum
June 8th, 1974

By Phil Sherwood

The home of the World Champion Oakland A's provided an ample setting for this show, soaked in California sun and built around solidly California bands. Upwards of 30,000 people parted with $8.50 each ($10 at the gate), and there was room for all. Not much room near the stage once the music started, to be sure, but there were plenty of seats with unobstructed views and unimpaired sound. Not a corner of the open, 55,000-seat stadium wanted for loud, clear sound, primarily due to the Dead's incredible sound system.

Unveiled recently at San Francisco's Cow Palace, the system consists of 480 speakers arranged on scaffolding 30 feet high and at least as wide, and powered by 26,400 amps. The clarity is amazing, and in combination with the volume could probably fill Death Valley with sound.

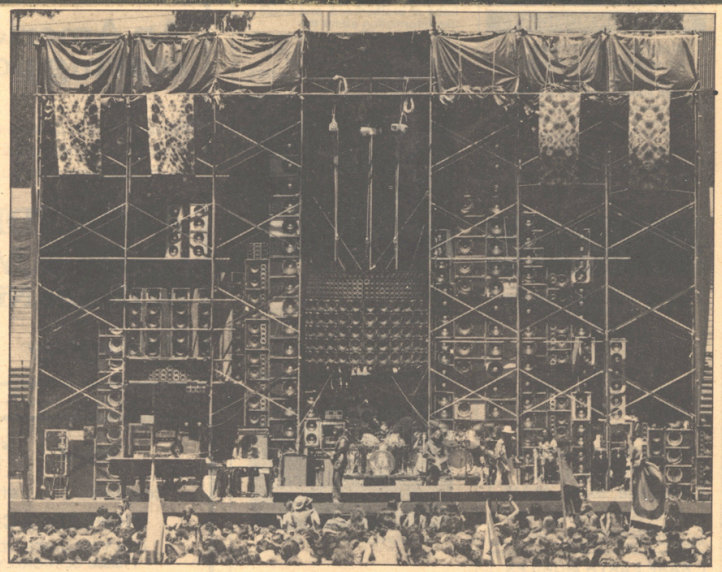
"A Day on the Green" started a little before 10 AM with a jumping set by Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen. Fifty minutes of music done in their usual near-parodic style included Billy C. Farlow and his rockabilly Elvis routine, some fine pedal-steel, saxophone and fiddle work, and of course the inimitable, growly Commander himself with "Hot Rod Lincoln."

The New Riders of the Purple Sage followed to an enthusiastic reception, and turned in their standard set, light country with a strong rock beat. As usual, the dope songs got the big roars, in particular Peter Rowan's "Panama Red" and the epic of "Henry" from their first album.

It was an hour and a half of frisbees, streakers, getting high one way or another and sun before the Beach Boys appeared, three of them ostensibly delayed in traffic. The band numbered nine, with Dennis Wilson contributing on keyboard. As soon as they launched into "Wouldn't It Be Nice," the crowd was theirs, a sea of bobbing heads and waving arms stretching across the entire field. They moved through many of their standard hits not mechanically at all but *con brio*, and the tunes appear to have aged magnificently considering the mileage they've received. "Surfer Girl" and "Surfin' U.S.A." maintained their respective moods, the former dreamlike and the latter nailed solidly to a Chuck Berry foundation. A "sociologically significant" tune about "the wheel . . . in fact, a particular set of wheels," as the introduction went, turned into "Little Deuce Coupe"; also included were "Fun, Fun, Fun" and "California Girls." Their final encore, "Good Vibrations," really tore the place up and struck the keynote of the afternoon.

Finally came the local favorites (and some folks' world champions). The Grateful Dead played as long as the other three bands combined and in so doing reaffirmed their reputation. Some of the interplay between Keith Godchaux's piano and Jerry Garcia's guitar was sublime. The first 90-minute set was given mostly to set tunes, with little exploratory instrumental work. That was saved principally for the second half. Most notable were "China Cat Sunflower/I Know You Rider" and a version of Bob Weir's "Playing in the Band" that completely encompassed "Wharf Rat" as well as much improvisation. They closed with a churning "Casey Jones" and a wild "One More Saturday Night," Weir proving again that he is one of the best screamers around.

It was a day remarkable for its music and not for any pseudoevent happening around the music. Security was gentle, and aside from the delay preceding the Beach Boys, everything moved apace. Ticket prices were high, but in this instance justified by the high level of quality in the production and music.



Alvan Meyerowitz

The system consists of 480 speakers and is powered by 26,400 amps.



The Last of Tuesday 'Sounds'

Funky Rock From Kingfish

By Joel Selvin

Ironically, the final Tuesday concert in "The New Sounds of the City" series at Winterland drew more customers than any of its predecessors.

The concerts, which will no longer be scheduled on a regular basis due to poor attendance, will move to fill open weekend dates at the rock hall with the cream of local rock, beginning this Saturday with Journey.

More than 2000 fans paid the cut-rate admission Tuesday to see Kingfish, the new group with Bob Weir of the Grateful Dead. Barely more than a month old, the band has already proved a potent box office draw in its first few dates at local clubs.



BOB WEIR
New group

Kingfish eventually will serve as vehicle for a national Bob Weir solo tour (tentative dates in New York this March are scheduled) and the local club jobs have worked as a shakedown prior to recording Weir's second solo album.

The hour-plus performance contained few, if any, surprises. The style, energy and format were all quite familiar.

The lineup includes former bassist for the New Riders of the Purple Sage, Dave Torbert and Weir, in addition to longtime mutual friends, harmonica player Matt Kelly and drummer Chris Howard, plus lead guitar discovery Rob Hoddinott. New Riders steel guitarist Buddy Cage joined the band intermittently at Winterland.

Unlike either the Dead or the New Riders, Kingfish is primarily a funky rock and roll band. The caliber of musicanship was evident throughout, as the band displayed formidable instrumental chops with ease. Hoddinott flashed especially bright on a few solos.

The performance, then, revolved around the strength of the material, since the vocal sound was not developed fully. Rather than employ tunes from past associations or new originals, Weir and Torbert traded lead vocals to a variety of other people's old hits.

Some worked better (Smiley Lewis' "I Hear You Knocking") than others (Smokey Robinson's "Shop Around"). Nothing seemed particularly inspired.

The Valley Boys, an exciting East Bay rock and roll quartet with a flair for original songs and slightly countrified vocal harmonies, preceded Kingfish. Both the Valley Boys and Little Roger, the opening act, were excellent examples of the high level of professional talent regularly working the small local rock clubs.

Popularly mainly in Marin thus far, Little Roger (formerly Little Roger and the Goosebumps) is a sprightly, attractive sextet, featuring a front line of guitar, violin and saxophone.

Vocalist and songwriter Roger Clark sang hard with a unique style. He has fashioned some first-rate light to medium-hard rock songs. Most impressive of all, the band built its set with an excellent sense of pacing, timing and entertainment.

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8- -75

LIVELY ARTS

'Grateful Dead' And Live Crickets

By Joel Selvin

THE GRATEFUL DEAD, who supposedly disbanded almost a year ago, performed for a comfortable crowd of around 300 ten days ago at the Great American Music Hall. The private performance highlighted the annual Billboard magazine Radio Programmers Forum held last week at the Fairmont Hotel.

With many of the most important radio station executives in the country attending the conference, record companies like to haul out top-name talent for exclusive concert showcases during the convention. Capitol Records presented Glen Campbell last week, and RCA Victor offered Waylon Jennings, for example.

Ron Rakow, president of Grateful Dead Records, and Al Teller, president of United Artists Records, who now manufacture and distribute Grateful Dead Records, conspired to present San Francisco's most famous rock band in the most intimate surroundings the band has played publicly in more than ten years.

Using the Las Vegas lounge-style public address system (dubbed "the Sinatra System" by virtue of its use by "the Voice"), the Dead sound engineers tackled the problems of the Music Hall's tall ceiling and mirrored walls, coming up with fantastic results. Fifty live crickets, caged in a far corner of the basement and fed bell peppers, were miked and their chirping wafted through the room quietly throughout the evening.

The occasion ostensibly celebrated the release of "Blues For Allah," the brand new Dead LP that hit the stores just this week. The first 60-minute set by the band focused on material from the new LP, including a spectacular "Franklin's Tower (Roll Away the Dew)" which opened the performance.

The second, longer segment began with more familiar Dead offerings, such as Jerry Garcia singing "Sugaree," or Bob Weir doing "Big River." A near half-hour version of the LP title cut closed the affair.

"Blues For Allah" may fulfill the promise of the Dead as a vehicle for truly experimental electronic music. Not melodic in any conventional sense, the piece meanders through associated tones and passages that weave and connect with a logic of its own. It is a demanding and complex, but satisfying work that will test the mettle of even the least boogie-minded Dead freak.

The Music Hall shows were recorded, both on video and sound tape, and the audio tape of the proceedings will be broadcast Labor Day on Metromedia stations across the country (including KSAN-FM here).

The Music Hall was selected for the engagement largely because of Garcia's admiration of the hall, based on his experiences playing there with Merl Saunders.

Although the Dead have no plans for further live performances at this time, Music Hall owner Tom Bradshaw did suggest a two-week run at the club to Garcia. Sounds like a great idea!

★ ★ ★

.DL0121

CRAWDODAH

INTERIM REPORT RUSH RELEASED

by Robert Hunter

PROJECT DESIGNATION: NONE
FACT TO FANTASY RATIO: 3 to 1
REALITY ADJUSTMENT SETTING: #2 (SUSPENDED DISBELIEF)
INDEX OF URGENCY: SYMPTOMS OF IMPENDING CRITICAL MASS STATE

A—PERSONNEL SHIFT

The terse, cynical and/or sophisticated type is being eased out of production this year and there are no plans to renew the options. Informative types are still good/always some call for that model.

B—INFORMATION REVAMP

Partially accomplished. Lots of sticky details, such as catatonics who awake years later with the old information intact, but pretty soon everything that means one thing now will mean something else. Shoot for absolute on that one.

C—NEGLECT

Neglect will still be the major operations field. What *we don't do* is generally two or three times as effective as what *they do but should not have done.*

How do you tell if it's a neglect case? If you haven't thought about it, it very possibly is. Smart operators have their noses to the stone detailing as many things they haven't thought about as they can remember. Out of all those lists, there's bound to be something all can concur has generally not been thought about.

The field of neglect has been infested with wise-off semi-pros who pay more attention to detail than seems fitting. This is due to lack of emulable leadership in the profession. The sort of person who is most fit for this sort of work is, unfortunately, often overlooked, rejected or undertrained for precisely the kind of attitude which is so sorely lacking in the field of neglect. As the paradox of expressing concern for the operation of neglect is apparent, there is little point in pursuing it except to point out that advances in the field are in check, awaiting the inception of some person of genius to blow it wide open.

D—OPERATION TRIPLICATE

Another matter of concern is the gradual phase-out of TriOp. A brief rundown of its manifestation is best prefaced by the Snark Equation: "I've told you once; I've told you twice; what I tell you three times is true."

(D-1—Manifestations of TriOp phenomena):



You may have noticed often seeing three copies of a particular photo or drawing, identical to one another, arranged side by side in all periodicals and visual media. *E.g.* three pictures of Elvis Presley, each the same profile shot with a bead of sweat on the end of his nose and the legend "He's still the King" above.

The half-life phenomenon is noticeable when the public as a whole begins to consciously observe, after several years of exposure, that they've been seeing *a lot* of photos in triplicate. The evocative power of these images begin declining at that inexact point. A temporary stopgap is to present four, five, a dozen serial identical images, but this only slows the decline in the beginning at the expense of making it reach zero evocative power (content disregarded) sooner. TriOp was used with some success in all major political campaigns of the last four years.

E—RANDOM PACKAGING

The results of the Random Packaging Operation (RPO) are exactly what was expected, for which Statistics Analysis may again be congratulated. RPO adhered so completely to its projected curve, with no deviance, that it was not thought necessary to expend more time and energy proving out the hypothesis. It is now accepted as a functional corollary to the General Law of Misrepresentation.

The rejection factor was plotted at eighty percent. Several volumes were designed and distributed. The titles of the books and the blurb on the jackets led the buyers to expect them to be about one subject, when in fact they were about an associated but otherwise quite different subject.

Twenty percent of the reviews of the various volumes dealt with the work as though it were, in fact, the work indicated by the title.

RPO was tried in packaging food products, household cleaning agents and recorded music, with similar results. The theory was further tested in scrambling movie morality ratings and the estimated twenty percent were none the wiser. Of the eighty percent who experienced confusion or rejection of the image vs. actual content, only two percent thought it particularly odd that such a contradiction occurred.

Minor misrepresentation has had hits as high as ninety-eight percent acceptability. The two percent objection seems to be a constant. There is cause for elation that this hold-out ratio exists.

F—GENERAL

These and other Critical Mass Stopgap procedures are, so to speak, like raking leaves in a hurricane. Reports generally agree that the earth is going to hell on a sled. It is axiomatic that the only thing between Operations and the Void is invention, and not only invention but *total* invention: something which fills a need which does not yet exist. After DaVinci's invention of the parachute, the first airplane was as good as on the wing.

LaBell's work on Exochrome polish is an example of fruitless T-I (total invention) as the need for Exochrome to be developed has never been demonstrated and, until this is done (or is patently obvious, as with flight) working on accessories which pertain to it takes time from projects whose good sense is apparent and possibly urgent. All good sense is urgent.

An amusing sidelight of the Exochrome fiasco demonstrates how something of value can be salvaged even from disaster. The Exochrome polish, developed at much expense, thousands of dollars per ounce, was used in the random packaging operation (RPO). It was put in cans which sold for a dollar each and labeled *chrome polish*. There was only a two-percent return on the product, even though the last thing in the world that substance would do is polish chrome. Its only known use is as a not very satisfactory rubber tinting agent.

Projects of this sort are filed in the "square wheel" archives.

Though this decade has been mainly concerned with stylistics and refinements, "*fill a need and find it*" remains the motto of the Products Division of our nameless operation.

Robert Hunter has written songs for the Grateful Dead and his own solo albums.

MUSIC



The Dead after a Decade: 'Allah' Means Business

By John Grissim

SAN FRANCISCO—The event was officially billed as a free concert sponsored by the Haight-Ashbury People's Ballroom, with music by the Jefferson Starship and Jerry Garcia and Friends. But for the estimated 50,000 people who flocked to Golden Gate Park's Lindley Meadows on September 28th (including a smattering who flew in from as far away as New York), it was a nearly perfect flashback to the Sixties, a Sunday afternoon with the latest incarnations of the Jefferson Airplane and—surprise—the good ol' Grateful Dead in their first public performance in nearly a year.

Chilly, overcast weather never had a chance to dampen enthusiasm as the Starship mounted the stage to a standing hometown ovation and for the next two hours kicked ass in a manner that only months of roadwork, a Number One album and a vacation in Hawaii can make possible. "Don't anyone go away!" a beaming Paul Kantner shouted over the applause following a "Volunteers" encore, "the Grateful Dead are comin' on!" And half an hour later, after a well-orchestrated equipment change, they did.

John Grissim is moving into a converted wine barrel in Marin.

Bassist Phil Lesh was the first to plug in and face the audience. "Hi! Long time no see!" The crowd roared approval. And when he was joined by guitarist Bob Weir, one on-the-scene photographer was impressed enough to yell, "Aw look, it's the fuckin' Bobbsey twins!" Elsewhere onstage, pianist Keith Godchaux breathed into cupped hands to keep them warm, while his vocalist/arranger wife Donna smiled with the anticipation of singing some of the newer Dead songs. Behind them drummers Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann checked snare tunings with tentative rim shots. Then a leather-jacketed Jerry Garcia stepped forward and sent a trademark guitar riff sailing all the way out to Seventh Avenue, marking the start of a satisfying two-hour concert. Earlier Weir had joked to friends that "San Francisco was about to hear the rustiest band in show business" and that "the audience would probably end up holding torches and pitchforks." By the set's end, however, he was euphoric.

The concert also coincided with the beginning of the Dead's second decade as a musical entity, business enterprise and, significantly, near legendary social institution. The Dead's extended family, perhaps 200 in all, has survived a peculiar saga. Somehow the "karass" has managed to play out most of the variations on the themes of growth, change, jealousy, loyalty and loves won and lost, and still emerge with its collective sense of humor and vision intact. Today its principals live quietly in affluent hillside homes tucked away in woodsy, secluded niches around Marin County. To a man—and one woman—they're still mavericks, but life now is a trifle less insane.

In Mill Valley the afternoon following the park concert, Garcia, dressed as usual in a T-shirt, jeans and Puma track sneakers, paused to consider what it feels like going into the second ten years:

"It feels pretty purposeful, much more so than our first ten. Before, if we ever had any guiding philosophy, it was just to go with it. Instead of making decisions, we just let it happen. And what it culminated in, professionally, was hugeness—the Oakland Coliseum-sized places and all those monster rooms. So the first real decision we made was not to go on with it 'cuz it isn't really what we want. We'll still gig together in the future as the occasions arise, depending on how things strike us — as long as we don't have to willfully step back into our old roles. Now that we've all formed little bands, each of us can individually start that climb again. Because really, there's no place else to go from here if you're a musician. But at least we're going back to the comfortable part of it, little theaters and clubs that are on a human level."

Surprisingly, this decision comes when the Dead are on the verge of enjoying their biggest recorded success with *Blues for Allah*. The album is quiet, introspective and distinctive. It blends jazz and atonal improvisation with melodic passages and clearly phrased voicings, establishing its own identity and yet echoing previous Dead albums. "It's the first of our albums that's really grown on me," Lesh commented. "I've always been happy with our albums but I've rarely listened to them after they're finished. This one's different. It indicates a new point of departure for our music. We wanted to free ourselves from our own clichés, to search for new tonalities, new structures and modalities. I think we succeeded. We'll still play a lot of our old stuff, of course, but we're all pleased with the new areas to explore."

This suggests that the Dead will still play together. "We'll definitely be getting together for a few months at a time to do concerts," Lesh said. "I sure don't want to stop playing with those guys."

Still, the shift [Cont. on 12]

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Garcia: "We'll still gig together as occasions arise . . ." Also arising: killer ideas, like flying ballrooms and holographic reproduction. But, as Garcia's attache case indicates, these days the Dead mean business. Sharing the bill was Jefferson Starship: (below), Craig Chaquico, Grace Slick, Marty Balin and Pete Sears.



[*Cont. from 9*] away from full-time touring did lead to the closing of two Dead-supported enterprises: the booking agency, Out of Town Tours, and the travel agency, Fly by Night (motto: "Here today, gone tomorrow"). But though the Dead's collective profile has been less visible this year, there's been no letup in activity. Jerry Garcia is rehearsing with an as-yet-unnamed group that includes bassist John Kahn, drummer Ronnie Tutt and keyboard ace Nicky Hopkins. Bill Kreutzmann has joined Keith and Donna Godchaux's jazz and R&B band (currently called Keith & Donna, though manager John McIntire is tempted to rename it the Godchaux-Kreutzmann Band "just to make it more interesting"). Phil Lesh has teamed up with MIT-trained composer Ned Lagin to create Seastones, a venture into "bioelectric music" (one Round Records LP out so far). Bob Weir has been gigging for several months around California with Kingfish, a rock and blues band featuring ex-New Riders bassist David Torbert, and will soon enter the studio to begin a solo album. And finally, there's Mickey Hart's innovative Diga Rhythm Band, a high-energy percussion ensemble showcasing tabla master Zakir Hassain.

In June there was the sale to United Artists of world distribution rights to both Grateful Dead Records (a band-owned label created in July '73 solely to distribute Dead albums) and Round Records (a second label founded in January '74 to handle solo albums by members of the band as well as other artists). "We were never strong enough to do the distribution and promotion correctly because we just didn't have the product flow one needs," explained Ron Rakow, the irrepressible president of both companies and the Dead's longtime adviser on matters financially transcendental. "*Blues for Allah* came out 14 months after the one before [*Grateful Dead from the Mars Hotel*], and it's hard to get independent distributors to really go to work for you on that basis. So we sold to UA. I can't reveal figures, but we got a good advance and complete artistic freedom. I don't see how there can be a better deal anywhere else in the industry. We now make more money going through UA than we did through ourselves. And you can't do that unless you have a calculable following." Jerry said he liked the deal "because it's nice to have somebody big to push around again instead of hassling among ourselves."

According to Round Records general manager Greg Nelson, UA's involvement has already made a difference. "Most Dead albums sell phenomenally for about four weeks after release because of the group's fanatic following, but by the time the albums get to the teens on the charts they suddenly drop off. But *Blues for Allah* is already in the Record World Top Ten and may have a hit single in 'The Music Never Stops.' This LP could do much better than *Wake of the Flood*, which sold around 450,000 copies." Then, too, Nelson added, the distribution deal was timely because the Dead needed the cash. "We'd put up some real nice debts recently, mainly because of two movies in which we've become involved."

The movies, both Dead-financed, feature-length documentaries, appear promising. Rakow said, "We put up the money for a film about the New York Hell's Angels called *Angel Forever, Forever Angel*, directed by Leon Gast. The film's almost finished and it's superb —scary—transcendental, in fact. The other one we're more involved in—a film of the Dead's final five days at Winterland last October. Phil Lesh titles it 'The Grateful Dead, Zits and All' but so far everyone else just calls it 'The Dead Movie.'

"We used as many as nine crews, each with a cameraman, an assistant cameraman, a sound man, a loader and a runner," Rakow continued. "Together with supervisory personnel we hired 46 people on 11 days notice. But by the third night we were all a unit. We loved working together. And good cinematographers like Al Maysle and Kevin Keating. And Don Lenzer—he shot a lot of *Janis* and *Woodstock*. I knew it was gonna be good when Lenzer went up to Phil as he was tuning his bass. Somehow Don's camera motor registered on the amp through Phil's bass pickup, and the two guys started this raving, screaming dance together. Phil's personality, which is incredibly bizarre, came tumbling out at this joyous expression of new weirdness."

And then there's the obvious question: Did the crew get dosed at any point? Editor Emily Rakow replied, "Sure, it was probably inevitable by the last night. But as stoned as those guys were they sure shot straight." Since the Winterland finale, a full-time staff of four editors has worked in the Mill Valley "film house" of the Dead's production company, appropriately named Round Reels. Thus far 125 hours of raw footage have been meticulously screened, matched to a soundtrack and cataloged. Out of this total, a 24-minute presentation print has been assembled, with directing editor Garcia making sure the film is cut precisely on the beat ("I'm very picky about that shit"). From the looks of the teaser, "The Dead Movie" has the makings of a two-and-a-half-hour genre classic—if not of rock movies then certainly of the Grateful Dead's in-concert gestalt.

Past manager McIntire sees possibilities. "The movie is starting to look like something you can get high to go to. To sit back and really kick in. Instead of just the screen and the audience, there'll be two audiences—on the screen and in the theatre."

Though a final print will not be ready until next spring (together with a two-album soundtrack), Weir is no less enthusiastic: "There's a whole dynamic side of the film that doesn't appear in the teaser because it was edited to create a constant hysteria, but there are lulls and dips and slow numbers and stuff. We were all into making it really count since it was the last time we'd be playing for a while."

It's a risky project, as Garcia readily acknowledges. "This is our first movie and we're feeling our way around in the dark. We'd like to finish the film owning it rather than selling pieces of it, so we haven't started distribution yet. But the total investment will probably end up being maybe six- or seven-hundred-thousand dollars. Which is high for us but low for making movies."

If there is any one objective that emerges from the welter of purposeful activity—of documentaries, distribution deals, solo albums and new bands—it's the Grateful Dead's eventual liberation from the economic necessity of always having to be the Grateful Dead. "I think we've got a chance," Weir remarked, "of establishing ourselves to the point where the Grateful Dead will be self-sustaining for as long as we're into it. We'll be able to keep going and to fulfill ourselves as a group. Maybe by the time we're old and gray people will still be listening to us."

For his part, "Cash Flow" Ron Rakow is not about to wait that long: "With everyone out making a living on his own, the Dead will achieve the status of being patronized by its members. And that's when I think they're gonna do their furthest out stuff yet. We're already working on some killer ideas —flying ballrooms and holographic reproduction. Really out there. We're even looking at a concert structure that Buckminster Fuller is doing some design work on right now. I can't give you details but it's gonna be sensational, really transcendental."



Clockwise from left: GARY H. SCHROEDER, ALVAN MEYEROWITZ, GARY H. SCHROEDER

E21079.

The Grateful Dead Divided Three Ways

By Joel Selvin

For the second time ever, all three Grateful Dead offshoot bands performed together last weekend at Winterland. Bassist Phil Lesh was the sole Dead musician not to play with one of the three groups—Keith and Donna, the Jerry Garcia Band, and Kingfish.

Kingfish, the longest-established of the three bands, took the stage Friday five hours after the four-act concert—which also featured Marin county rock favorites, Clover—first started, the concert's length extended by an overlong (near two hours) performance by the Jerry Garcia Band.

Kingfish harmonica player Matthew Kelly joined Keith and Donna intermittently throughout their set. Otherwise, their band consisted of four pieces—bass, saxophone, the Dead's Bill Kreutzmann on drums, Keith Godchaux on piano and vocals, with Donna Godchaux on vocals.

A peculiar combination of loose Marin county rock and uptown Memphis soul, the act was chiefly inspiring through the vocals of Donna Godchaux, a former Muscle Shoals session vocalist, whose gutsy, gospel-inclined voice lit up the performance whenever she sang.

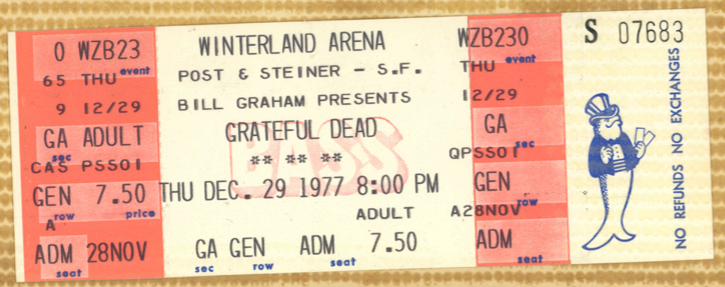
The medium-sized but happy crowd gave Jerry Garcia the hero's welcome, despite Kingfish closing the show. Backed by a crisply efficient rhythm section of John Kahn on bass and Ron Tutt on drums, Garcia shared lead melodic roles with pianist Nicky Hopkins, veteran of recording sessions with the Who, Rolling Stones and others. The exchange between the two was often subtle and eloquent, especially once they loosened up.

By the time Kingfish came on, the hall already had begun to clear. The tighest and most disciplined of the three bands, Kingfish concentrated on short songs and hot instrumental breaks, using the versatility of the material to move the show along.

Dead rhythm guitarist Bob Weir and bassist Dave Torbert, formerly with the New Riders, alternated lead vocals, though neither has a particularly strong or compelling voice. Lead guitarist Rob Hoddinott, playing in a style not entirely dissimilar to Garcia's, supplied most of the band's instrumental flash.

Although each band had its moments, none of the performances was uniformly satisfying. The talents of the individual musicians were all well exposed, but the magic of a rock band like the Dead all too often exists largely in the ephemeral chemistry of the individuals joined together, and is difficult to recapture in different configurations.





Rock Fans Jam Golden Gate Park

By Joel Selvin

Two of the greatest names in San Francisco rock music — Jefferson Starship and Grateful Dead — returned yesterday to Golden Gate Park, site of the free conce rts nine years ago that made these bands famous .

Despite gray skies and chilly winds, more than 35,000 people filled Lindley Meadows, leaving a trail of parked cars that extended back to Sixth avenue.

Radio announcements that began only the day before heralded a free concert Sunday by the Jefferson Starship and "Jerry Garcia and Friends," which was recognized by local rock fans as the Grateful Dead.

The two bands have not performed together since October, 1970, when a Winterland performance by the pair was broadcast live on Bay Area radio and television stations.

The last time the Dead and the Jefferson Airplane, as the Starship was then known, played free in Golden Gate Park was a year before that and 150,000 people attended.

The Starship opened yesterday's concert at noon and played for more than two hours, including such Airplane/Starship favorites as "White Rabbit," "Have You Seen the Saucers" and "Other Side of This Life." The Starship, whose most recent album, "Miracles," was the group's first No. 1 record in its ten-year career, leave today for a six-week national tour and the free concert was the band's way of saying good-by to the home town folks.

The Haight-Ashbury People's Ballroom, the group which brought free concerts back to the park last year and presented the Starship to 25,000 fans last May at Lindley Meadows, also produced yesterday's concert.

The Grateful Dead took the stage just before 4 p.m., or slightly less than two hours before the permit scheduled the concert to close. Despite some last-minute nervousness over the appearance of drummer Bill Kreutzman, the entire Dead was assembled by the time the show started.

The band supposedly retired from live performances last year, but has made a number of "unoffical" appearances like yesterday's around the Bay Area this year.

"And Herb Caen just said he never hears the echoes of these bands in the park anymore," smiled Dead family member Rock Scully, obviously pleased with the success of the afternoon.

·DL0124·

Kingfish: In the Shadow of the Dead?

By Ben Fong-Torres

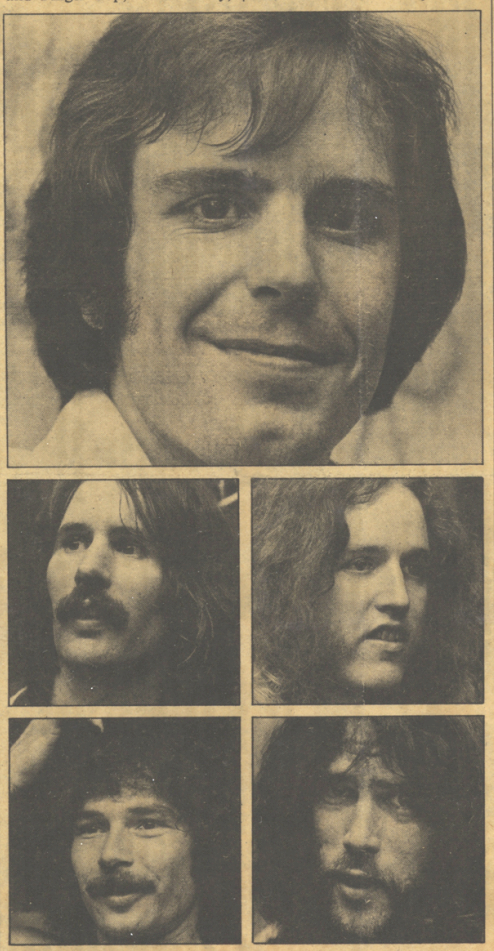
BERKELEY—Bob Weir looks a little like a Rick Nelson—washed, trimmed, buttoned-down and forever young—in the middle of a sea of Deadheads. The Grateful Dead guitarist is here at the Keystone Berkeley as a member of Kingfish, just as Dave Torbert, ex-New Rider of the Purple Sage bassist, is here as a Kingfish. But Weir is still with the Dead, and it is his and Torbert's past and present links with the Dead/Riders karass that has drawn all the turquoised groupies and briefcased hustlers backstage.

Torbert mixes easily with the visitors, and the rest of the band are happy to have company before the show. But Weir leans up against the wall, then perches high on a stool, picking at his guitar, away from it all. "If we could just kick all the dope dealers out of here," he says, very quietly.

No one in Kingfish likes the idea of being considered just another offshoot of the Dead, the way the New Riders were early on because of an occasional sideman named Garcia. And Kingfish are not the Dead. But no one can deny that, without the connection, they could not have built up the sizable following that they did, a year before the release of their first album in March. The album, produced by Weir and longtime Dead engineer Dan Healy, was cut last fall and winter at Weir's home studios in Mill Valley (used by the Dead for *Blues for Allah*), is on Round Records, brother to Grateful Dead Records, and is doing well, according to manager Jon McIntire. Now the band is on tour. Kingfish, that is, not the Dead.

The members of Kingfish, besides Torbert and Weir, are Robby Hoddinott, lead guitarist; Matthew Kelly, harmonica player and guitarist; and Chris Herold, drummer.

Their music is black- and blues-based, ranging from middle-era Dead through excursions into swing, jazz, reggae and ear-clearing rock. Where their album is understated and country-gentlemanly, their stage show is non-pop rock, three guitars often intertwined but able to break off to allow one to take the lead. Bobby Weir lets his vocals out with abandon, occasionally sounding like he owes something to Roy Orbison. Torbert, a rock & roll musketeer (in the fashion of the dark, dashing Aramis), shows his stuff on several numbers, including "Hypnotize," which has been accurately described (in, of all places, a trade magazine) as some blend of Archie Bell (stuttering guitar lines) and Buffalo Springfield (Torbert's voice and the harmonies, with the melody of the song recalling "Nowadays Clancy Can't Even Sing"). Hoddinott, the punk of the band (fat face, loud voice, leather vest over T-shirt), sizzles on blues guitar and sings Junior Walker's "Shake and Finger Pop," while Kelly, too often lost in the shadows with his excellent harp fills, is spotlighted in "Juke," a Little Walter number.



Kingfish: (top) Bob Weir; (clockwise from top left) Kelly, Hoddinott, Torbert and Herold

As for stage presence . . . well, here they were at the 500-capacity Keystone, where they've played maybe half a dozen times before. A very friendly crowd. And Kingfish filled the between-song pauses—while they tuned up and decided on their next number—with nothing. Which leaves most of the attention to fall on Weir and Torbert, the Dead and the old New Rider.

It was Torbert who named Kingfish. He'd played with Herold and Kelly in several Bay Area bands, among them the New Delhi River Band (circa 1966-67), Horses and Shango. Torbert became a New Rider, while Herold and Kelly served time with T-Bone Walker. In early 1974, Herold and Kelly were working with Hoddinott and a pianist, Nick Ward, in a blues and jazz band called Lonesome Janet. Torbert left the New Riders — "because of different musical trips"—and began jamming with Lonesome Janet, infusing his rock tendencies and giving the band a new name. Then pianist Ward, the group's jazz conscience, was killed in an auto accident.

"His death," Torbert says, "was the reason Weir got in the group. We were looking for a piano player—but no one could cover that space . . . a rhythm/lead space, where you can take off but still fit in. And Weir could cover it on guitar." And Kingfish was more than ever a rock band.

Weir himself had just begun to idle; the Dead had decided on a one-year "retirement" and stopped work in October 1974.

"Faced with the prospect of sitting on my hands, I was anxious to find something to do," he says. Weir compares Kingfish to the Grateful Dead: "The thrust of Kingfish is to be different. We're looking for a different audience, really, and looking to play different music—myself most particularly. I'm looking to have Kingfish not sound like Grateful Dead and not be like the Grateful Dead so I can broaden my scope."

Musically, he continues, "Kingfish is perhaps more prosaic in its presentation; Grateful Dead in the last few years has been getting more and more into jazz or . . . new music. We're your basic rock & roll ensemble with an extra floating guitar."

"Rock is our thing for sure," Torbert agrees. But he, along with Hoddinott and Kelly, has a measure of resentment over the Kingfish-Dead link. "We want to get away from all that and be a Kingfish thing," Torbert says. "We all resent it in a way. It works for and against you. The band really does make a pretty good sound . . . if people just *hear*." Hoddinott chimes in: "We were willing to go along with the Dead thing at the beginning—there were good vibes about it—but then it totally obscured the good thing they had jumped on to."

As for Herold, the drummer: "I look at it humorously," he says, adding: "Before David and Bobby, there was not much of a backstage scene. A lot of it does hinge on that. But I can feel a whole new group of people forming for Kingfish."

But whatever the makeup of the backstage crowd, Weir generally disdains the scene that he helps attract. "It makes very little sense to me," he says. "I've grown used to it but I don't expect that I'll soon understand it."

Weir's weird, drugless lifestyle causes little conflict in the band ("I don't make a big deal out of it"), but when the Dead are working—as they were, recently, on the soundtrack album for their movie (see accompanying story)—Weir finds himself band-hopping, doing Dead work during the day and rehearsing or gigging with Kingfish—necessarily for limited, weekend, home-area engagements—at night. And as Herold puts it, "It causes a bit of turmoil. We feel we need some time to evolve our music." Weir admits as much. "The group for sure would have developed faster if I'd not had other irons in the fire," he says.

The relationship between Weir and the rest of Kingfish comes off like a marriage of convenience. There's more to it than that: on some rock & roll level, they want, as well as need, each other. But the acid test will take place this summer, when Weir leaves Kingfish and goes off on a business trip with the Grateful Dead.

Dead Tour: Small Halls

SAN FRANCISCO—The Grateful Dead will be doing an understated tour of the U.S. in June and are considering a Far East tour later this year, according to guitarist Bob Weir.

The Dead had announced a one-year retirement in September 1974, partly in response to the trend toward stadium-sized facilities for rock concerts. The summer tour (17 to 20 dates) will use halls ranging from 2500 to 4500 capacity, said Weir.

The band may play on the Fourth of July, he continued, but the matter is still being debated. "Phil [Lesh] doesn't want to play the Fourth of July, [Jerry] Garcia doesn't care and I do want to play," said Weir. The Dead had considered doing a free concert at the Washington Monument, "but the last time they had a musical event there, they had mayhem," said Weir, referring to Human Kindness Day last May 10th, which featured Stevie Wonder and ended in numerous incidents of violence.

"It seemed a fitting place to play on the 200th anniversary of our country, but I guess it'd be just as well to play at home. It's the 200th anniversary of San Francisco as well." But the Dead have so far declined an offer from Bill Graham to play Oakland Stadium.

As for the Dead's movie of their five-night farewell stand at Winterland, it's still due to be finished by June. The film will most likely be distributed independently, said Weir. "The idea is to rent the theaters and put in the sound systems ourselves."

The title of the two-hour film is still *The Grateful Dead Movie*, said Weir. "For the time being. If you have any ideas, by the way, please help . . ."

SZ1070

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GRATEFUL DEAD



Photo by Steven Marcus

By Blair Jackson

And all shall be well, and
all manner of things shall be well;
When the tongues of flame are in-folded
into the crowned knot of fire,
and the fire and the rose are one.

—T.S. Eliot, from
"The Four Quartets."

You should've been there.

They started approaching my car five blocks from the Orpheum Theatre. My windows were closed and the radio was blaring, but I could see their lips saying the words, "Extra Tickets?"

Their numbers increased as I got closer to the Orpheum. Some had a look of desperation in their eyes as they pleaded for tickets. Others looked confident, despite the overwhelming odds against their winning The Prize. At least three people wore custom-made T-shirts that read, "Dead Tickets Needed!!!"

I felt a bit like a bloated French aristocrat, walking down the dirty streets of Paris in the time of Louis XIV, as pitiful beggars rushed towards me, coveting my priceless riches. A scuzzy freak with hollow eyes grabbed me by the arm. "I'll give you $25 for a ticket." No way. I looked at him with contempt, stepped into my coach, and rode away for my audience with the king.

Privilege? No. Like many other Dead Heads, I'd pestered the BASS people a month earlier to find out when tickets for the Dead's Orpheum shows would go on sale. Like many other Dead Heads, I'd spent 3½ hours on a cold, grey Sunday morning waiting to buy tickets. Fanaticism knows no bounds. After all, it *was* the Dead. And it'd always been worth it before.

It'd been worth it seven years ago, when I had to wait five hours in sub-zero temperatures in Portchester, New York, to buy Dead tickets. It'd been worth it when I had to sleep in Grand Central Station after a Dead concert, because the show lasted until five in the morning. It'd been worth it to be crushed at "general admission" spectacles in Hartford, New Haven, New Jersey, Oakland, and San Francisco.

Monday night of the Orpheum engagement was special because it was the first night. Tuesday night was special because it was my 25th Grateful Dead concert. I wouldn't have parted with those tickets for anything.

To say that the atmosphere inside the Orpheum was "electric" would be a vast understatement. Shouts and war-whoops rang through the lobby, the auditorium, and even the bathrooms. Electric.

What a magnificent theatre the Orpheum is. Architecturally, it is a mixture of neo-classical, Islamic and Spanish churrigueresque styles. It has marvelous acoustics. It's comfortable. It's intimate. I'm not sure I can ever go back to Winterland after having seen some shows at the Orpheum. It's the *perfect* theatre for the Grateful Dead.

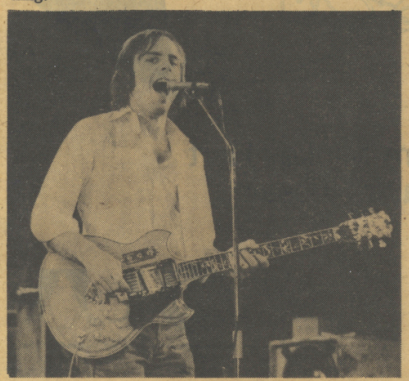
The house lights went down at eight o'clock sharp, to everyone's amazement (particularly the one-third of the audience that arrived late, undoubtedly assuming that, like most concerts, the show would start 40 minutes late). In total darkness, the Dead came out on stage to the deafening shouts of the assembled.

Silence. Anticipation. More silence. Then, quietly at first, gregorian chant began to flow out of the PA system. It got louder and louder, and as it did, three men dressed in brown hooded monk's robes walked, heads bowed, down the center aisle of the theatre. Each carried a large white candle. The crowd responded by lighting matches and cheering wildly.

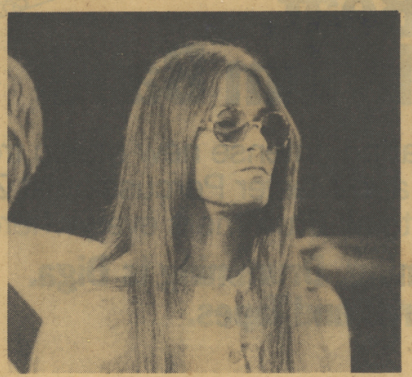
As the monks reached the front of the theatre, a huge, bone-white organ rose from the orchestra pit. Another hooded figure, like an apparition from a strange dream, played the organ, filling the hall with booming chords and intricate runs. The music seemed to rise with the organ, searching out every inch of the theatre, and pushing music through rafters, under seats, and into stoned heads. A soaring crescendo, and then . . .

. . . Stage lights up! And there was the Grateful Dead, playing gloriously. Bob Weir sang the first few verses of "The Music Never Stopped," but was virtually drowned out by the whistling, cheering, stomping crowd. The organ descended into the pit, and from that moment, the night belonged to the Dead.

The band got tighter with each song: A faster version of "Brown-Eyed Women"; a reggae-ized "Row



Bobby with his Ibanez



Donna Godchaux



Keith Godchaux

Photos by Ed Perlstein

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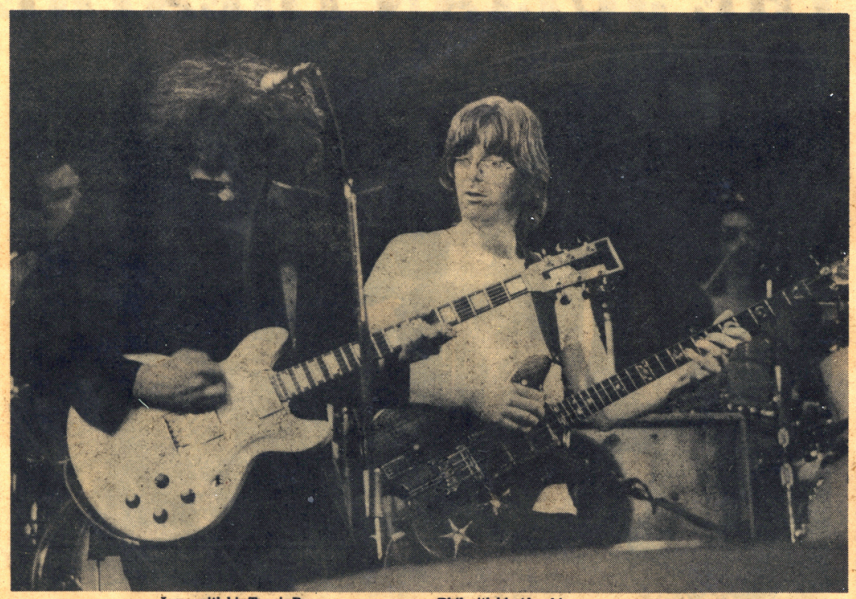
AT THE ORPHEUM



Jerry with his Travis Bean

Phil with his Alembic



Bill Kreutzman and Mickey Hart

Jimmy"; a beautiful, slow "Candyman"; Weir's lovely "Cassady." It all worked. It was all fresh and alive.

Jerry Garcia, wearing his ubiquitous black T-shirt and sunglasses, stood at stage left, rocking gently from one leg to the other as he played. A barely perceptible smile crept across his face whenever he unleashed a particularly good passage — and there were many that night, and the next night.

At stage right, an inspired Bob Weir played brilliant rhythm guitar lines, occasionally sneaking in a tight, tasty lead as well. His singing was stronger than ever before, perhaps because of the self-assurance he's gained through regular work with Kingfish. Whatever the case, he was barking out the words on fast numbers like "Promised Land," "Round and Round," and the old Gary Davis spiritual, "If I Had My Way."

Phil Lesh didn't do any singing at the Orpheum gigs (unfortunately), but he contributed his usual stellar performance on bass. With Lesh, bass isn't just part of the rhythm section — it's a lead instrument in itself. Phil can drive the band by himself. He has *that* kind of energy. He grinned a lot (always a good sign) and moved all over the stage in a strange bird-like dance.

And Mickey Hart was back. Bill Kreutzman is a competent drummer, but Mickey Hart has *style*. He has impeccable taste. He knows when to punch out a rhythm, when to bring in a slashing high-hat, or when to use his padded sticks. He's a joy to watch. Kreutzman looks bored by comparison. Together, though, they're unbeatable — a fascinating rhythm machine. The Dead rolled through one song after another. There were a few surprises: "New New Minglewood Blues" from the band's first album; "High Time," from *Workingman's Dead* (which hasn't been in the Dead's live show for half a dozen years); "The Wheel", from *Garcia*; and a fabulous disco version of "Dancin' In the Streets." I never thought I'd find myself complimenting disco, but this stuff was *hot*.

The Grateful Dead are never complacent. They're constantly changing the way they play songs — which is why their live albums are frequently out of date by the time they come out. "Playing in the Band," which the Dead performed Wednesday night, has gone through five of six major changes over the years. "The Other One" is never the same twice. Even the old stalwarts like "St. Stephen" have changed through the years. In the song's latest incarnation, the "Lady fingers, dipped in moonlight . . ." bridge has been converted to a modified waltz time.

Every song was a gem both nights, but it is the jams that linger most in my memory. On Monday night, the group jammed for three-quarters of an hour on the "Help on the Way"/"Franklin's Tower" medley (from *Blues for Allah*). "Dancin' In the Street" turned into a dissonant jam that must've bent a few minds out of kilter. "Wharf Rat" rolled into a long, lyrical jam that eventually became "The Wheel."

The Dead can still jam better than any band on the planet. They know how to play with each other. They look at each other. They listen to each other. During any given jam, Weir, Lesh and Garcia are constantly following each other, musically. Lesh will put out a fast bass line and the others will follow. Garcia will introduce an idea, but no one picks it up. He tries a different idea, and that one takes them in a new direction. Hart changes the rhythm and the others must follow. Eventually, all the rhythms break down, and each musician is exploring his own ideas. But it all falls back into place in one of those golden moments. The chaos becomes coherent. A new song is being born. The group feels it working. The crowd feels it working. That is the Dead's magic.

Each night had its glorious jams. Tuesday had a sparkling "Crazy Fingers" evolving over half an hour's time into Weir's exciting "Weather Report Suite." "St. Stephen" rocked into "Not Fade Away," and then back again.

The band was playing more than fifty different songs during their week at the Orpheum. Each had been given a new life. Chances are they did whatever it was you wanted to hear — "Sugar Magnolia," "Scarlet Begonias," "U.S. Blues," "Friend of the Devil." They were all there.

Kingfish and the Garcia band keep us high during the off-season, but like the bumperstickers say, "THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GRATEFUL DEAD CONCERT". You can bet your ass I'll be in line four hours early, again, next time the Dead are playing in town.

You should've been there.





Bill Graham drops by

Photos by Ed Perlstein

At the Orpheum

Grateful Fans For the Dead

By Joel Selvin

Outside the Orpheum Theater people walked around carrying signs. They were not pickets. Their signs read "Grateful Dead tickets needed." One girl even had the message imprinted on her T-shirt.

Inside, the Grateful Dead performed before a sold-out house of more than 2300 in the band's first announced Bay Area performance since going into semi-retirement 22 months ago. Tickets to all six shows this week at the Orpheum were gone within an hour of going on sale.

Consequently, those attending were not merely modest fans, but raving Dead freaks. The Dead just completed an East Coast tour (in similarly small halls) that sold out in advance — entirely to the group's fan club. Tickets never went on sale to the general public. In San Francisco, the group elected to perform six nights at the Orpheum Theater (where the Jerry Garcia Band had performed a couple of months ago).

The 1976 edition of the Grateful Dead is much changed from its predecessors. The Dead's fabled sound system — a behemoth technological marvel — has been pared down to human size. Drummer Mickey Hart rejoined the band during the hiatus, once again adding a second drum set to the lineup.

By far the biggest change was the repertoire. Except for a few examples, the material was largely unfamiliar from Dead concerts of the recent past. The group resurrected the encore, "Dancin' in the Streets," from its Avalon Ballroom days. Guitarists Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir both sang songs from non-Dead recordings of theirs. Many of the other songs were apparently unrecorded new originals.

But it has always been the playing — not the songs — that made the Grateful Dead special, and the six-piece band was in fine form Tuesday. Weir and Garcia achieved an especially fine blend of lead and rhythm guitars. The two drummers created some delicate subtleties in their exchanges. Bassist Phil Lesh often carried the whole band rhythmically, as pianist Keith Godchaux was buried in the sound mix.

A dual drum solo late in the concert's first hour-long segment led to some particularly fiery improvisations. Musically, the band sounded as fresh and inventive as ever, if not more so. Although the band took the predictable long breaks between songs, many of the tunes were stitched together end-to-end, as the Dead played as tightly as a soul band.

The Grateful Dead has been a major force in the San Francisco music scene for more than ten years. When the group called "time out" almost two years ago, it was caught in an ever-increasing cycle of playing for bigger and bigger audiences with more and more equipment. The return to smaller halls with less equipment means a renewed commitment to the human end of performing for the Dead — a welcome return, to be sure.

Because of the intense demand for tickets to the sold-out engagement, the final concert Sunday will be broadcast live beginning at 8 p.m. on KSAN-FM.

The Grateful Dead returned to San Francisco recently for a week at the 2300-seat Orpheum Theatre. Excluding a couple of freebie gigs, it was the first time the band had played in town since their October '74 retirement. **Mickey Hart**, who'd accompanied the Dead on their East Coast swing, was back on drums (with **Bill Kreutzmann**), and **Bob Weir** played more assertively than usual, dueling with Garcia throughout (enthused Dead spokesman Steve Brown: "He's the Keith Richard of West Coast rock bands"). The shows ran about four hours—five on the last night. Garcia called the stand the "culminating gig" in the group's attempt to make inspired music in more intimate concert settings.



The Dead: in top form

BOSTON GLOBE 6-11-76

REVIEW / MUSIC

Grateful Dead play for 4000 old friends

By Thomas Sabulis
Globe Correspondent

"There's a band out on the highway

They're high steppin' into town

They're a rainbow full of sound

It's fireworks, calliopes and clowns . . ." From "The Music Never Stopped" by The Grateful Dead.

The heat wave currently besieging Boston is actually part of the rock n' roll scenario accompanying the Grateful Dead's first live performance here in over two years. After all, they expertly directed every other facet of their comeback, so why not the weather?

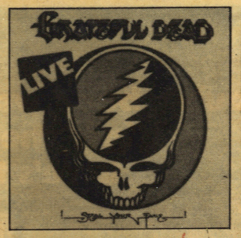
America's Grandads of Rock, born in 1964 as the Warlocks, commenced a sold out, four-day stand at the Music Hall Wednesday night in which they practically handpicked their supporting cast—the audience. Like the band's entire East Coast swing, this concert was an RSVP celebration. Members of their fan club, Dead Heads, received advance notice of the group's itinerary, and were allowed to purchase the cherished ducats by mail. Consequently, the theater was filled with the most loyal fans, and the most deserving.

This San Francisco based band deserves yet another plume in their cap for the selection of the Music Hall as their concert site. With a fanatical following as large as you will find in Pop music, the Dead could have easily soldout the acoustically depraved Boston Garden (as they did in December 1973). Instead, they opted for four nights of relative intimacy and superior sound at the Music Hall.

With a 16 album discography on five different labels, Sunflower, Pride, Warner Bros., Grateful Dead and Grateful Dead/United Artists, the requests coming from the audience were innumerable.

Extemporizing the night away, the band performed mostly newer songs from their last three records, "Blues for Allah," "Mars Hotel," and "Wake Of The Flood". The two set, three hour and 45 minute show included "Crazy Fingers" and "The Music Never Stopped" from the new album, "Scarlet Begonias" and "Ship of Fools" from "Mars Hotel," and "Weather Report Suite" and "Eyes Of The World" from "Wake Of The Flood".

Despite the updated repetoire, the Dead's performance was like a double dose of deja vu. A bearded Jerry Garcia guided the way on lead guitar, backed by the febrile voiced duet of Donna Godcheaux and rhythm guitarist, Bob (Ace) Weir. The obvious highlight of the evening was a vintage Grateful Dead number, "St. Stephen".



Steal Your Face 8/76
Grateful Dead
Grateful Dead Records
GD-LA620-J2/GD-104

By Charley Walters

STEAL YOUR FACE isn't so much a collection of music as a further confirmation of the Dead's existence. These four live sides aren't really very good, but few will notice. Nine years after the Summer of Love, the acid mystique lives on.

The Dead are too loose here, and frequently sloppy as well, particularly on the opening verses of Chuck Berry's "Around and Around." On another Berry song, "The Promised Land," Jerry Garcia's guitar playing is downright careless. But even when everything's in place, there's little of the tight ensemble playing that distinguished their early work. "Stella Blue," for example, has no edge, no pivot for the arrangement. Their slowed down remake of "Cold Rain & Snow" is seductive, but it's an exception.

The group can still raise some excitement—"U.S. Blues" is a good example—but generally, they don't seem to want to. The emphasis isn't on what they're playing, but that they're playing at all. It shows in the sameness of the arrangements, Garcia's reluctance to attempt new changes and the fading of Bill Kreutzmann's once sharp and decisive drumming. And this incarnation of the Dead still lacks a capable vocalist. *Steal Your Face* could have been a musical testament—instead, it's only a memento.

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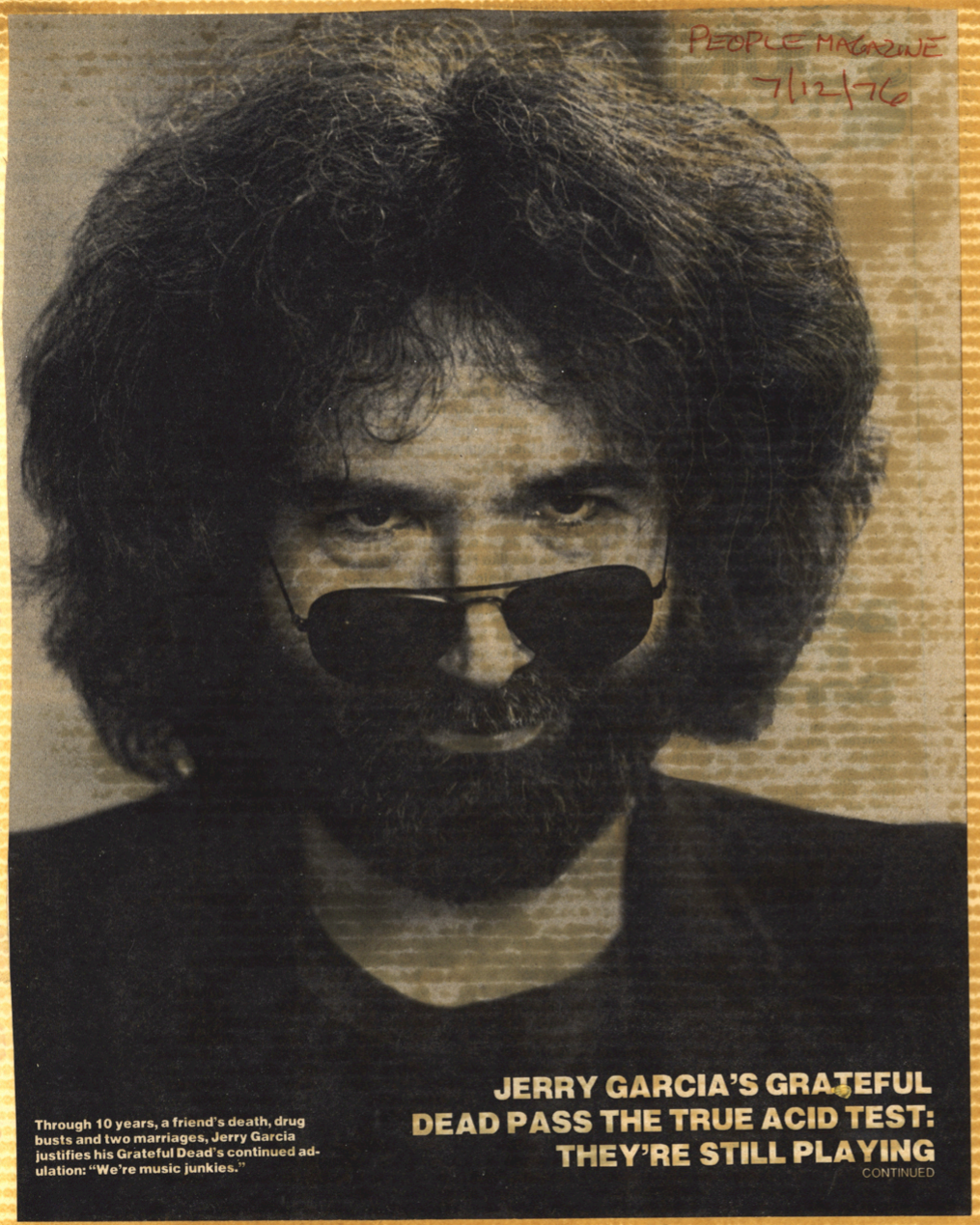
PEOPLE MAGAZINE
7/12/76



Through 10 years, a friend's death, drug busts and two marriages, Jerry Garcia justifies his Grateful Dead's continued adulation: "We're music junkies."

JERRY GARCIA'S GRATEFUL DEAD PASS THE TRUE ACID TEST: THEY'RE STILL PLAYING

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To his "Dead Head" cult following, he's been known as Captain Trips, and indeed, in his 33 years Jerry Garcia has traveled heavy. His Grateful Dead, San Francisco's formative acid-rock group, required four semis to haul its thunderous 30-ton sound system. And from its original 710 Ashbury Street base, the Dead, almost alone among bands, appeared at all three of modern music's historic happenings: Monterey Pop, Woodstock and Altamont. But the Haight-Ashbury hippie crossroads is gone, and so, tragically, are Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix, those two other discoveries of Monterey '67. That event, says Garcia with unaccustomed grandiloquence, "began the youth movement." Altamont '69, where a fan was fatally stabbed by the Hell's Angels, was supposed to have finished it. In the process, Garcia became a guru to his generation.

The Grateful Dead itself faced calamity along the way. Drummer Mickey Hart left after his dad took over as manager and then lammed with the profits. Ron ("Pigpen") McKernan, perhaps the group's most creative blues musician, died from the cumulative self-destruction of alcohol and drugs. Their zonked-out concerts were forbidden in places like New York's Central Park. And Captain Trips never found his Tennille in two failed marriages. Two years ago, the Grateful Dead splintered into announced "retirement."

But without conviction. "Our lives are controlled by music," concedes Garcia. Not to mention by America's most impassioned fan club, the 80,000-strong Dead Heads. So mid-'76, the Dead resurrected their funky sound into a double album (their 14th), *Steal the Face*. They had already welcomed back drummer Hart and launched a tour. "Each year we get older," figures Garcia, "but our fans at the front stay at 19 or 20." Guitarist Bob Weir adds realistically, "The older ones are there, but they're not about to fight their way to the stage."

The contemplative Garcia is the heart of the Dead—though he insists the band is "a close family without individual egos." Jerry was born in San Francisco to a Spanish-American father, who played in a mariachi band, and a Swedish-Irish mother. (They earned the family living bartending.) His dad disappeared early, and Jerry dropped out of high school to teach himself guitar by ear. He had been given an accordion at 15 but pawned it for an electric guitar. Joining the Army, he washed out after nine months.

After bunking in abandoned autos near Stanford University ("and preying on students' young minds and refrigerators"), he formed what was to become the Grateful Dead in 1965. Stoned, he plucked the esoteric name out of an Oxford dictionary notation on the burial of Egyptian pharaohs. Gar-

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©ALGEN MEYEROWITZ

Forget the fetid Fillmores. The Grateful Dead's natural habitat is freebie outdoor gigs—with no hassles by promoters.

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cia's "whole world went kablooey" when he joined author Ken (*Cuckoo's Nest*) Kesey and his Merry Pranksters in exploring the psychedelic culture with their "Acid Tests," dropping LSD and "tripping and jamming together for five or six months." By 1967 the band was innovating free concerts for flower children during the "summer of love." "They were not heavy druggers," notes manager Steve Brown. "They were much straighter than you might imagine. But Pigpen's death shocked them into cleaning up." Yet in 1973 Garcia drew a year's probation in New Jersey for possession of LSD, pot and coke. "Where does it say in the Scriptures you can't get high or raise your consciousness?" Jerry asks.

Garcia lives near the rest of the group in Marin County in a spectacular ranch house overlooking the Pacific. His first marriage, to a communications student at Stanford, ended in divorce. Garcia has two daughters, Annabelle, 6, and Trixie, 18 months, by his second wife, Mountain Girl. (That name came when she was Ken Kesey's old lady. Actually, she's Carolyn Adams from a middle-class Unitarian family in Poughkeepsie, N.Y.) Last year Jerry and Mountain Girl separated. "She had a different life," he reflects. "It was painful, but it's more honest this way. We're all very close."

During this summer's tour the Dead have jettisoned their monstrous sound system and the oppressive Hell's Angels of their earlier days. Of the Angels, Garcia notes, "When we're in town, the polite thing is to insure that they're on our guest lists. But they'd never disrupt one of our shows." Not the least of the reasons for the Dead's continued charisma is that they still thumb their guitar picks at the System. When presidential candidate Jerry Brown sought their endorsement, they turned him down. "He never came to see us perform," explains Garcia. "How can we apply the same seriousness to his career?" Besides, as Garcia sees it, the Dead will outlast such political ephemera. "If the world is still here in 2001, the Grateful Dead will still be playing —imperfect, spontaneous and hungry to grow, like our audience." □

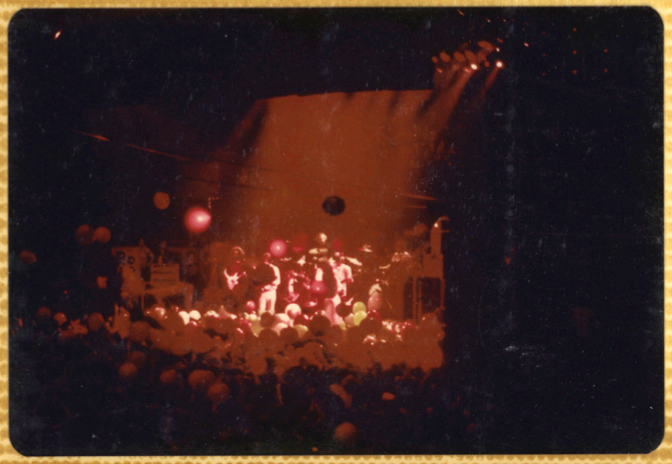


Though separated from his second wife, Mountain Girl, Jerry gets good vibes from their daughter, Annabelle.









The Dead caper but can't perform in New York's Central Park. From left: rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, 28; pianist Keith Godchaux, 27; vocalist Donna Godchaux, 28; bassist Phil Lesh, 36; drummer Bill Kreutzmann, 30; lead guitarist Garcia and drummer Mickey Hart, 33.

DL0130

DL0131

by Steve Weitzman

The show, a five hour extravaganza, is over. Jerry Garcia, in a dark green T-shirt, Wranglers and Acme boots picks out a section of the Providence Civic Center's backstage wall to lean on and regroup. At this moment his needs seem more physical than anything else. His body is played out. His eyes, which always seem to be squinting in the sun even while indoors, and his mouth, which rests naturally in a broad almost-grin, suggest another plane is servicing his mental needs. "Captain Trips" (as others have dubbed him for his affinity to acid) seems out there, yet reachable. So I ask him about a new song he closed with from the Dead's most recent LP.

"I'm not doing interviews this year," he says in the same tone of voice he might use to suggest an after-dinner wine. "I hate all my records," he adds as an afterthought. "The Grateful Dead don't make good records." That was July, 1974. This is April Fool's Day, year of the Bicentennial. I remind him of our brief conversation in Rhode Island. "Yeah, that's true," Garcia says with a resounding laugh. That's true that you said that or that's true that they don't?

"Well, both of them are true. It depends on which side of the coin you're on. See, its one thing to hear a record after its done. Like if I buy a Rolling Stones record, what I hear is the finished music. With a Grateful Dead record, part of what I have to deal with is the dissonance between the original vision, the original flash as a composer and the record. For example, when a song comes into my head, it comes with a complete sound to it, a complete arrangement, a complete format, more often than not, which represents my relationship to a personal vision, a personal image. So for me, comparing a record to that vision, I always feel that it fails."

Couldn't that discourage him to the point of not making records?

"It could, but it doesn't because there's enough other levels of 'off.' BLUES FOR ALLAH, the latest Grateful Dead record that I can talk about in this frame, I think, is the first record that we've made in years where we really had fun making the record. We laughed a lot and got good and crazy. And we had the opportunity to get weirder than we normally get. We didn't have the pressure of *having* to go out and tour and thus break the flow."

• • • •

In a sudden turnabout, Garcia, who founded the Grateful Dead some twelve years ago as a jugband (with himself playing banjo) in San Francisco, is now welcoming interviews. Feet up on the coffee table in his St. Moritz suite, same dark green T-shirt, Wranglers and boots, he seems larger than life. That bearded face, so recognizable for so long, is right now so accessible. His elusiveness of two years ago only intensifies it. But nothing else is that intense as he lays back on the couch as relaxed as a sloth in a tree, puffing an occasional Camel. Interviews seem a good subject to start off with.

"I like to do them," he offers, "when I feel I have something new to say. Every couple of years my viewpoint changes and I have some substance. Also, at the end of a year of rapping, if I only have one rap, one good thing to say and I spend a year saying it, pretty soon I'm burned out and I can't stand to listen to it anymore. Also, I haven't been out travelling a lot so I'm not road weary."

REFLECTIONS, his new solo album, is one reason for this desire to talk but the main thing is probably the Grateful Dead movie; aimed at hitting a local theater near you around July 1st. Garcia talks about it, and everything else, energetically. The man has a good rap. Sort of like Gentle Ben on speed:

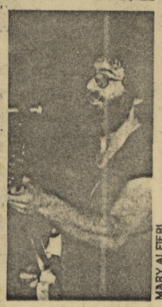
"When we decided we weren't going to perform anymore, our farewell show, so to speak, was five days at Winterland in October, 1974, so maybe a month before I get this idea that it would be neat to be able to film it just because I didn't know if we were going to perform again. And five nights in a place would give us a chance, numerically at least, that we would have one or two really good nights. After it was over, we had a couple hundred thousand feet of film in the can. Originally, we were thinking of a canned concert. Could we send out a filmed version of ourselves that would work? But after getting involved in the movie as a project and looking at the footage, I felt that there was a *movie* there. A movie in a *movie* sense rather than a movie in a canned concert sense. So that's what I've been working on for the last year and a half." So it's coming out as a movie. . . Is there a plot?



RICH AARON



RICH AARON



MARY ALFIERI

"No," he laughs long and hard. "I don't think movies need plots. I've tried to structure it in the same sense that Grateful Dead sets are constructed so that it goes a lot of places. Its a movie for Grateful Dead freaks. The concert footage is tremendously beautiful."

Whereas the Dead as an entity causes most of the fuss over Garcia, his "Old And In The Way" bluegrass band featuring Vassar Clements on violin, which did a sprinkling of concerts in '73 and recorded a live album, easily rivaled the best Dead shows in instrumental brilliance and improvisation.

"That was a good band," Garcia agrees, "it was satisfying and fun to be in. But we ran into a really weird problem in terms of dynamics. See, bluegrass music is like chamber music; its very quiet. We're talking louder in this room than bluegrass music is. And if the audience got at all enthusiastic during the tune and started clapping, it would drown out the band and we couldn't hear each other. But we had performances that were heart-stopping and I think that was the nicest that Vassar has played."

Other Dead spinoffs have not fared as well. Garcia's association with Merle Saunders last year produced many a sloppy concert and severely tested the endurance of audiences. "Yeah, we burned out on it too," he allows. "That was a very weird band it was never meant to go out and tour."

The Merle Saunders/Old And In The Way comparison of extremes serves as an accurate barometer of many people's feelings toward the Grateful Dead itself. As far as personal tastes are concerned, a lengthy Grateful Dead jam could be going right by me with no effect whatsoever (other than boredom), but then, for a few seconds, Garcia will do something on guitar that makes my hair stand on end. He laughs at the observation.

"See," he says, "I have that kind of reaction to the Grateful Dead myself, a lot of people do. The Grateful Dead is not anybody's idea of how a band or music should be. It's a combination of really divergent viewpoints. Everybody in the band is quite different from everybody else. The band I have right now Ron Tutt (drums), John Kahn (bass), Keith & Donna Godcheaux, I'm really happy with. I haven't been as happy with any little performing band since "Old And In The Way" in terms of "this is really harmonious—this is what I want to hear." This band is very consonant; the Grateful Dead has got that thing of dissonance. It's not always consonant. Sometimes it's real ugly. Sometimes it just drives me crazy."

REFLECTIONS, with a variety fo Dead luminaries on every cut, is more subdued than his previous outing. More of a mood piece by accident rather than Garcia feeling too old to rock and roll. "All these things have to do with a sort of luck," he says curiously. "For example, really a lot of material was performed with the intention of using it on the record but of the takes I felt were acceptable, they tended to be the softer tunes. So I decided to go with those because I felt the feeling of the tracks were better."

For Dead fans who want something a bit more raucous and rollus, Bob Weir's band, Kingfish, has been churning it out along the same path on almost the same dates as Garcia's band, yet there has been no trading off of musicians or jamming together. "Neither one of us," Garcia explained "wants to try and cash in on the Grateful Dead notoriety and also, the people who are in our respective bands have identities of their own to support. So, rather than get everybody under the big Grateful Dead umbrella, its better that everybody can have their own little shot. In fact it would be possible for Kingfish to go out without Weir. They're a band without him as well as a band with him. So there are those considerations. And when we start working on Grateful Dead stuff, those bands will have their own survival problems. Not so much my band, because Ron works with Elvis and John does studio stuff."

Garcia now talks about the Grateful Dead so matter-of-factly that one almost forgets the band has been in retirement for almost two years, but to use an old Lennon line, their separation was a failure and a Grateful Dead summer tour is about to begin. And in theaters at that. But why now? Simple: "We're horny to play. We all miss Grateful Dead music. We want to be the Grateful Dead some more."

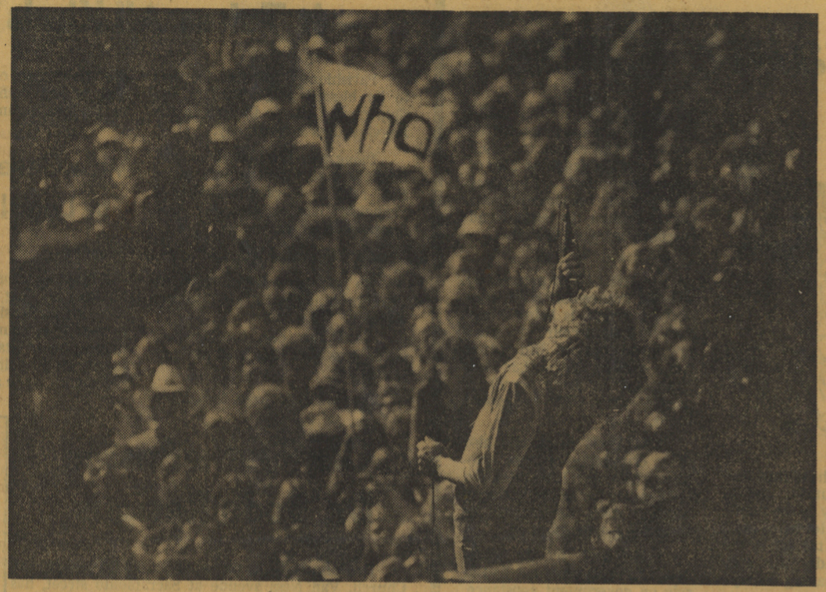
In fact, when you ask Jerry Garcia what he cares about most these days, he doesn't even have to change the subject and become philosophical (like he used to). The wayward shepherd has returned to his flock. He pauses to answer, but it is not a pause of indecision. "The thing that I'm most into is the survival of the Grateful Dead. I think that's my main trip now." Ever not care? "Yeah, always." How long have you felt like this?

"Oh, about a year. See, I feel like I've had both trips in a sense. I've been in the Grateful Dead for ten or twelve years or whatever and I've also been out of it in the sense of going out in the world and travelling around and doing this under my own hook. And really, I'm not that taken with my own ideas. I don't really have that much to say and I'm more interested in being in something that's larger than me and I can't really talk to anybody else either. So somewhere in this last year I decided, yeah, that's it. That's definitely the farthest out thing that I've been involved in. It's the thing that makes me feel best and it seems to have the most ability to sort of neutrally put something good into the mainstream. And the year to year changes are fascinating. I would say that's the thing I'm most concerned about now. Everything else has gotten to be too weird. And politics have never been interesting to me."

Do you vote? "No. Vote for what (laughs)?? I mean, even looking for decently believable input from that world is a scene. Basically, my framework politically is like, I'm into a completely free, wide-open, total anarchy space. That's what I want. Obviously I'm not going to be able to sell that to anybody. Its like a non-flag. If I have a flag to wave, its a non-flag. And as a life problem, the Grateful Dead is an anarchy. It doesn't have any goals. It doesn't have any plans. It doesn't have any real organization. And it works! It even works in the straight world. It doesn't work too good, you know. It doesn't work like General Motors does, but it's more fun. And the funny thing is, I've always wanted it to work out right but I've never wanted to try and make it do that. In fact, everybody in the Grateful Dead has always had that basic 'fuck it' attitude. Until now."

10/11/76

Day On the Green



Photos by Gary Fong

40,000 Fans See Who, Dead

By Joel Selvin

The Who and the Grateful Dead, both influential and important rock bands for ten years, are two of the few true greats in rock music. Although both groups turned in excellent performances Saturday at the first of two joint concerts last weekend at the Oakland Coliseum Stadium, the combination of the two bands produced far less excitement and magic than producer Bill Graham originally envisioned.

In fact, the historic pairing of the two bands turned out to be, surprisingly, something of a non-event.

Both shows were expected to sellout within days of tickets going on sale. Neither show sold out and the concerts might actually have lost money for the producer.

The Dead opened the show with a three-and-a-half-hour performance (with one intermission) that mixed old and new, familiar and unfamiliar. The Who followed with a 90-minute performance—with no encore—that was a near duplicate of the show the band gave last March at Winterland.

Considering the $11 ticket price, many of the near 40,000 fans on hand Saturday must have left disappointed. It was a cut-and-dried rock show, devoid of Bill Graham's customary flair for showmanship—outside of the hand-painted London/San Francisco cityscape that surrounded the stage.

The Who tailored the performance for the vast stadium, with guitarist Peter Townshend keeping his solos tight and focused, easy to get, even at a distance of several hundred yards. Nevertheless, no band can surmount the massive amount of space between performer and audience that exists at any ballpark concert.

Of all the bands to tour through this town over the past ten years, none have been more careful than the Who in selection of concert sites, with the band regularly performing at halls smaller than could be easily sold out.

In the past, the Who always left town with many people who wanted to see the band, unable to do so, waiting for the band's next Bay Area concert. This time that will not be the case and it will probably be at least a couple years before the Who returns.

In this manner, these "Day on the Green" concerts, with the 55,000-seat capcity, may be using up headline acts faster than they can be made. No band can be as effective in a ballpark as they can in a hall even the size of the Cow Palace, a mere one-fourth the size of the Oakland Stadium.





Fans crowd the stage to hear the Who and lead singer Roger Daltrey

Performing in the ballpark automatically strips away the larger than life sensation that can be achieved in a more intimate concert hall and reduces performers to miniature stature, greatly overshadowed by the gigantic sound system.

When tickets went on sale for last March's Who concerts at Winterland, enough orders were recieved to sell 100,000 tickets. Similarly, the Grateful Dead sold out six shows at the 1800-seat Orpheum earlier this summer almost as soon as the tickets went on sale. Both groups are known for their obsessive fans but, obviously, many of those fans passed on last weekend's concert.

Battle of the Bands:
THE
WHO/DEAD
SPREAD
By Annie Leibovitz



DL0132

Who Meet Dead

Talk about Their G-G-Generation

OAKLAND—It all comes back.

The Who and the Grateful Dead, two among dozens of bands at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967 and Woodstock in 1969, were together again.

They are the survivors. The others at Monterey, you will recall, included Jimi Hendrix, Otis Redding, Janis with Big Brother, Cass with the Mamas and the Papas. And the Jefferson Airplane, the Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, Moby Grape and Simon and Garfunkel.

The others at Woodstock included the Airplane, Canned Heat, Sly and the Family Stone, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Janis with her new band, Crosby/Stills/Nash/Young making their debut and Ten Years After. And Abbie Hoffman, who injected some politics into Woodstock until Peter Townshend bumped him off the stage with his guitar. And, oh yes, Paul Butterfield, who'd also been at Monterey and who later surfaced with Paul Butterfield's Better Days and a song called "It All Comes Back."

The Who and the Dead may have [*Cont. on 15*]





WHO/DEAD

[*Cont. from 13*] survived, and they may be two of the more stable rock bands around, but it was apparent that at promoter Bill Graham's last two Days on the Green, October 9th and 10th, the audiences have changed. On the average, concertgoers are less concerned with rock history than with rock, now. They did not expect an event, and they did not get one. While many of the Whomaniacs and the Dead Heads of the past few years remain, many more have grown up.

The Dead and the Who, as they have for over a decade each, simply did their jobs. And, as at Monterey and Woodstock, they did them separately, in their own respective fashions—native funk and flash. They weren't mechanical, by any means, but they were also not new, by any means. Just rock, now.

When Jerry Garcia told Bill Graham he'd always wanted to play with the Who, Graham happily relayed the message to Who manager Bill Curbishley. For months, Graham had been trying to convince both the Dead and the Who to headline one of his Oakland Stadium shows, and when the Who agreed to play *with* the Dead, Graham had a seemingly unbeatable package.

The Who, according to bassist John Entwistle, were a "bit apprehensive" about the pairing: "We wondered how much of their audience we were going to get." But just before going onstage Sunday, Peter Townshend praised the crowds. "I like playing here," he said. "The vibe is even. I think the Grateful Dead relax people a lot." And Bob Weir reported that the Dead were satisfied with their "warmup" role, even in their own backyard. "We've never put any energy into our visual presentation. These guys are more exciting."

That was the case, at least on Saturday, as the Dead played two 90-minute laid-back sets while the Who stuck to the same high-energy, hits-studded show they'd put on at Winterland Auditorium in March, replete with Daltrey's microphone launches and Townshend's windmill guitar chops and marionette-like moves.

But on Sunday, the Dead came out rocking, with a virtually new program. Added were such tunes as "The Other One," "Deal" and a 25-minute version of "Dancin' in the Streets." And a shirtless Jerry Garcia kept right on dancing—in the center-field bleachers—through the first part of the Who's two-hour set, which ended with a surprise: an encore, "Shakin' All Over" segued into "Johnny B. Goode."

Afterward, Entwistle explained the extra songs: "Bill Graham promised us four sets of Fillmore posters."

Graham announced the concert September 3rd in grandiose style. He hired eight planes to carry trailers around the Bay Area, and another for Los Angeles. He took out full-page ads in ROLLING STONE and the *Los Angeles Times*. In all, he beat the drums to the tune of $40,000, 30% more than he invested in advertising any of the other shows.

Still, neither show sold out. Just under 51,000 people showed up Saturday; another 43,000 on Sunday.

So what went wrong? Graham, who claimed he did "okay" financially—"a million-dollar gate . . . is nothing to sneeze at"—gave his explanation: "A lot of fans, if they were 17, 18 then, are 27, 28 today. I think that many of them will still buy their records but won't go to a stadium concert. When we put the Who into Winterland [capacity: 5400], we had 43,000 pieces of mail requesting two tickets. Whenever we do the Dead for four or five shows, that sells out."

Bill Curbishley agreed, but added: "When I talk to other managers like [Irving] Azoff of the Eagles, 'What did you do at so and so?,' all through the summer people have been losing seats. And I think there is gonna be a change. Most managers are going to play auditoriums next year. I think we're going to go back to them.

"I mean, the whole Woodstock thing is gone."

DL0133

The Grateful Dead: Not quite wizards

By Greg Barrette

Two years ago, the Grateful Dead's PR projected an image of alchemists who, in their fantastic laboratory, had not only discovered the philosopher's stone but were about to market it in tablet form. They spoke of a holographically encoded pyramid recording device, of computerized biomusic, of a Buckminster Fuller-designed concert blimp, of running their own record company, of the world's largest sound system, of the ultimate concert movie, and so on...

Now it all appears to have been a mixture of science fiction, hallucination, baloney and, yes, some reality. But after taking several financial whippings, getting ripped off and writing off most of their dreams to experience, they show little sign of abandoning their pursuit of entropy. In the fact of their overwhelming inability to pull off anything as planned, the Dead just go on jousting with mindmills.

Steve Brown, formerly promotion man for the now defunct Grateful Dead/Round Records, was scheduled to give a Feb. 28 discourse on "The Instabilities of the Music Business" at the Family Light Music School in Sausalito. It turned out to be an animated question and answer session on the subject of the Dead and their abortions. The audience was composed of Dead freaks whose source of information disappeared when the Dead stopped mailing out their "Dead Heads" newsletters. They wanted answers.



The San Raphael Home of Round Records

The record company that ate crow

Brown dismissed the Dead's attempt at owning and operating their own record company as "a valiant effort at a time when the music business was going the other way — but that's the way the Dead often work."

In 1973, the band split from Warner Brothers and started their own record company. It was the first time any group had attempted to control all aspects of its business—recording, cutting, pressing, distribution and promotion. By 1975, a combination of financial overextension and poor record sales resulted in its failure, necessitating a bail-out by United Artists. The little autonomy the label retained was lost in 1976, when Round/Grateful Dead Records president Ron Rakow resigned under fire and the Dead signed with Arista. Round/Grateful Dead Records now exists as a label only.

It had been rumored that Rakow had pulled a Jesse James on the Dead. Steve Brown was understandably cautious about commenting on his former boss.

"Ron Rakow took what he thought was owed him. When I split, I took some EPI speakers and a few T-shirts... maybe Ron took a little more — which he considered his due, since the band wasn't into paying him to go away. But it happened. Jerry (Garcia) and Ron are still friends— they still communicate, although they don't see each other much."

There were some other factors leading up to the split, however, "The final straw was Mickey Hart and the Diga (Rhythm Band) album. It was due in March ('76), but he mixed it and then remixed it and then remixed it — and after he flew to L.A. to hear the final mix, he wanted to mix it again. Ron said no. Mickey felt that the company wasn't taking care of business the way he wanted it taken care of. It then became some of the band against Ron. Finally, it was decided for everyone's health to split up."

The record company, which had already failed once, was headed for another fall. "We tried running it ourselves (without Rakow) but because we didn't have that sort of Wall Street hustle he had, the label went under."

Steve Brown expressed bitterness only once. "It takes a real heavy trip, like a Ron Rakow trip, to alienate yourself from rock music."

The truth about biomusic— or "The Whistling Bombs"

Another abortive development Rakow had promoted was Ned Lagin's "biomusic," which was designed to deliberately affect the human biostructure.

Lagin was an alumnus of MIT and Brandeis in biochem and music who, using a foundation of computer programs derived from alpha and theta brain wave patterns, devised a type of music that was supposed to duplicate the effects of acid and increase one's ESP. Dead bassist Phil Lesh assisted him, as did David Crosby, Jerry Garcia, Grace Slick, Mickey Hart and notable others.

The Round Records album **Seastones** was the result: it was boring and, at best, left this listener feeling vaguely uncomfortable. In concert, the music sounded generally like World War III. What happened?

Steve Brown chuckled. "Last time I saw Ned he was real tanned but that's all I know." He told about a 1974 concert in Germany where "Ned was doing the whistling bombs and Phil was doing the blasts and they destroyed Berlin all over again."

"Phil and Ned's thing kind of split up. It was an incestuous thing — they weren't really able to communicate it to most of the band. It was hard stuff to take. It was kind of weird there."

The holographic pyramid recording device hallucination

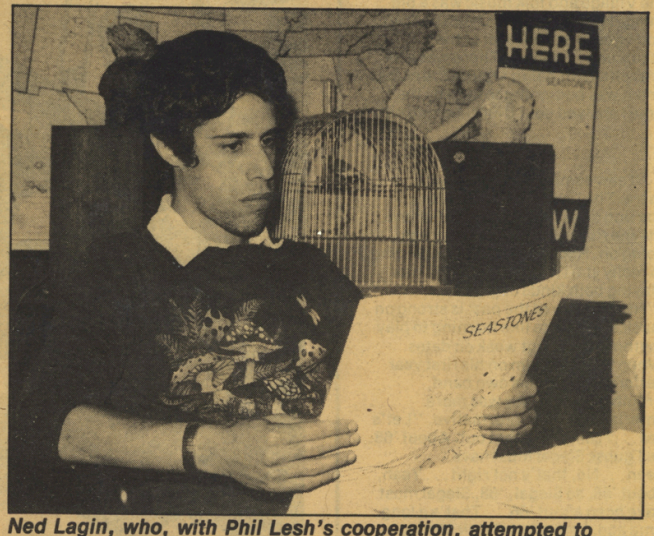
But what about some of the incredible projects Rakow was promoting in the name of the Dead, such as a one inch holographically (using laser beams) encoded pyramid that was supposed to replace records and tapes?

"Er, yes, the hologram. The Grateful Dead have a very strange sense of humor. Ron Rakow is no less strange than any of them. Ron came up with a pyramid. He found it in a kids toy."

Rakow wondered if it was possible to holographically encode an audio program inside the pyramid and then decode it in a home stereo system. "We knew we didn't know how to do it and we didn't know anybody who knew how to do it, but if you throw out an idea like that, then other people who are **almost** doing it will pick it up. It was a teaser. It would have taken another $300,000 to bring it out, but we were too busy replacing JBL speakers that kept blowing up. Ron Rakow was just throwing out ideas."

That wasn't quite the impression Rakow gave me when I interviewed him two years ago. He refused to discuss the mechanics of the device because, he said, his legal counsel had prohibited him from doing so until the patenting process was complete.

An NYU graduate student, Eugene Dolgoff, was named as the inventor. Rakow described him as a "Grateful Dead freak — he's a respectable scientific type. He was attracted to the same thing we're all attracted to and none of us knows why or what it is." Rakow even game me a wholesale price for the playback system: $8.60... and it will be discounted to



Ned Lagin, who, with Phil Lesh's cooperation, attempted to duplicate the effects of acid and increase one's ESP with music.

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sell around $13," and predicted that "it will be out in about one year." It wasn't.

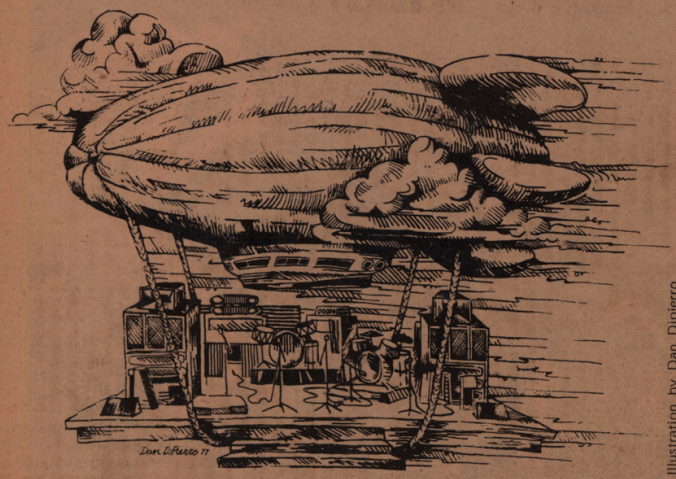


Illustration by Dan Dipierro

The concert blimp that never was

In 1974, **Rolling Stone** reported that the Dead was hard at work planning a concert dirigible that would land in or hover over various open fields across the country and serve as a stage for the band and its equipment.

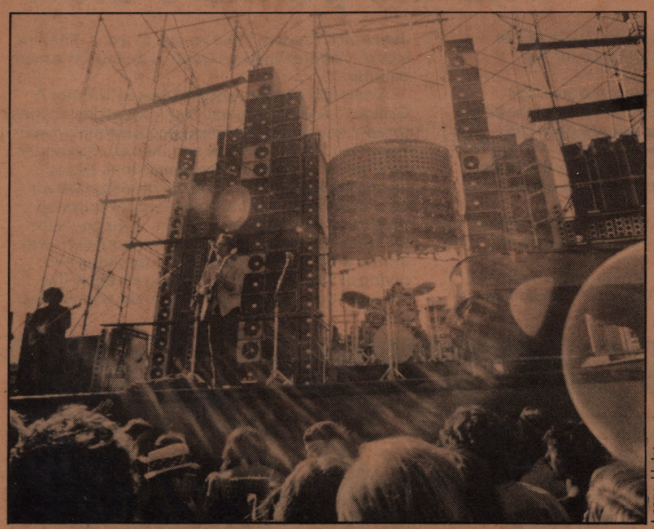
Greg Nelsen, who was General Manager of the record company, confirmed this and added that Buckminster Fuller was doing the preliminary design.

Scratch that one, too.

its tail severed) I can only listen to four cuts myself."

This was due to the microphones. They were designed to cancel out the feedback created by the speaker placement. Unfortunately, feedback wasn't all that they cancelled out.

Where is the system now? "Now intact, except for the two center clusters. They're using those for vocals. And some of Phil's stack of 40 speakers. It was pretty much cannibalized by Diga and Kingfish and people who sold some pay bills."



Larry Hulst

About as much of the sound system as you're ever likely to see.

The (not quite) perfect sound system

In 1974, the Dead developed something worth a mention in the Guiness book: the largest sound system in history. It was also billed as a "perfect" sound system, since it used distortion-free Mac Intosh home stereo amps instead of PA amps. It was as tall as a three story building, weighed 25 tons, including 641 speakers driven by 48 amps rated at an incredible 26,400 watts.

But it didn't quite work as advertised, according to Steve Brown. "Only 28 of the 48 amps ever worked." And it "needed work on the drums, the vocals and the piano. A case in point is **Steal Your Face:** (the most recent Dead Dead double album— a live recording of the Dead using this sound system— to the listener, the sound quality is the equivalent of listening to a cat getting

The ultimate concert movie?

In 1974, Rakow wrote that a concert movie was forthcoming, filmed at the "Last Days of the Grateful Dead" (they were supposed to be breaking up) shows at San Francisco's Winterland. It was an ambitious project that was edited by Jerry Garcia, featuring animated sequences during the songs and full stereo sound. The release date was set for April of 1975, then May, then June, then September, then December and so on for two and one-half years.

Steve Brown, while admitting that anything anyone, even a band member, says about the Dead and its projects is subject to imminent disaster, is confident that the movie is complete and will indeed be out in April.

"There's some really really **really** good animation in it. And they show the inside of Phil Lesh's computerized bass."

Always willing to do something abnormally, the Dead have chosen not to distribute the film to theaters. They're going to take it around from city to city and show it by themselves. Why? "They're into doing something a little more special — plus, they'll make more money. General distribution will be something they'll look into after this."

Steve Brown saw the first screening and says that "the quality of print was better than they'd imagined. Everybody stood up and applauded."

He also said that "there may be a Dead Head's mailing before the movie." But don't count on it. Don't count on anything.

Dead Head's Update

• Will there be a Pigpen album?

"There's not really a Pigpen album as such. Mrs. McKernan (Pigpen's mother) is thinking of releasing some live stuff or some of Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions (the Dead when they were a jug band in the '60's). It's up to Mrs. McKernan."

• Why was United Artists willing to part with the Dead?

"Mickey (Hart) went down there enough times to talk to them about his album that they were really happy to be rid of him **and** the Dead — plus they didn't fit with the band."

• Why did Arista sign the Dead?

"Clive Davis has been after the Dead for years. It's a multi-album contract."

• Why did the Dead release a turkey like "Steal Your Face"?

"Commitment to United Artists — we owed them a soundtrack to the movie. It's not really the soundtrack. There will be no soundtrack album."

• Where are their fabled unreleased session and live tapes and when will they be released?

"All their stuff is catalogued in a big vault with foot thick walls — wait, wait, we all want to hear it some day and its best in a safe place" If the Dead were able to get a rider into their Arista contract allowing them to release their own archive tapes, there may be a "Dead Head's" series of albums.

• What's this about a "disco" single?

"They cut a single in November (Samson and Delilah / Ride Mighty High) neither of which was finished and neither of which will come out. It was another Grateful Dead experience."

• Where's Owsley?

"Owsley had a short stint with the Beach Boys but it was too weird for them. He says that **they** were too weird for **him**, but I know better . . ."

• Why doesn't Phil Lesh sing anymore?

"Phil has developed a throat thing that prevents him from singing above middle C. He'd like to be able to sing but doesn't want to risk it."

• Why are they using "Fleetwood Mac's producer, Keith Olsen, on their new album?

Blues For Allah (their most recent album) took seven months to do. It burnt them out on long sessions. So they want a producer to do their thinking for them. The Dead decided that Keith Olsen would be it. The Sons (of Champlin) album impressed them, so they went back and checked out the Fleetwood Mac album. Olsen's one of these guys — he's an amazing dude—he can get along with all of the guys in the band — and anybody who can do **that**. . ." It's being recorded in Van Nuys' Sound City studio for a May release.

• On Mickey Hart's return to the Dead:

"There's one thing about Mickey—as much of a deviate as he is, he's a psychic energizer and he kicks ass on the band. Mickey is the anti-producer of the group."

• On a Saturday Night Live show:

"They want to do it."

• On a recent King Biscuit Flower Hour show:

"Garcia mixed out audience applause because it embarrasses him. King Biscuit mixed a phony audience track back in. Now he doesn't want to do another broadcast."

• On a songbook of early Dead albums:

"(Lyricist) Hunter would rather people would be confused about all of his lyrics—he's sitting on it."

Steve brown summed up his years with the Dead like this: "it's kind of nice — you get comfortable with it — you just **know** that nothing can ever go right."



Ron Rakow strikes a pose

Welcome Grateful Dead!

...What A Long Strange Trip It's Been
..."The Dead, we all know, is bigger than all of us."
Phil Lesh

More than a decade has passed since Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, Phil Lesh, Bill Kreutzmann, and Pigpen McKernan gathered their collective musical heads together and formed one of rock's most enduring bands, The Grateful Dead.

Ten years ago, The Dead were a loose conglomeration of a hundred ideas coupled with the tremendous surging energy of ten thousand Buddhists practicing samadhi. Pigpen roared a guttural blues riff through a wine soaked throat while Kreutzmann blasted out a beat as steady and as awesome as the tradewinds. Garcia brought his bluegrass background with him into the band but bluegrass and jug music were too confining for a melodic mind that raced as fast as his fingers could move along the frets of an electric guitar; in a short time, his keen sense of taste and magical mischief on the guitar brought him respect and admiration from both his colleagues and audiences across the country. Along the way Lesh, always the great admirer of electricity and the mystery of *sound*, learned to play the bass but that's about the same as saying that Willy Mays learned how to hit a ball. In truth, Lesh *became* the bass, exploring all its intricacies and possibilities with the fervent pursuit of a young Tom Edison until, today, he stands as one of the finest bassists in the business. He also possesses a unique talent for production. Weir always seemed the straight kid from the right side of the track but there was more than a touch of the prankster behind his stoic stage appearance and 'golly-gee' ear to ear grin. From the first it was apparent that Weir was no ordinary rhythm guitarist. Within the confines of a "rhythm instrument", Weir managed to eke out every nuance, every note possible and then some. He was (and is) the perfect complement to Garcia's wild abandon; as Garcia soars, Weir is content to fly.

At the advent of The Grateful Dead, the password was anything and everything goes. And that was usually the case. Somewhere during the long strange trip, The Dead picked up Mickey Hart as a second drummer and percussionist and lost Tom Constantin (the original pianist) to Scientology. Outlaw characters from every venue appeared at one time or another within The Dead's milieu. There began a long time "understanding" with the Hells Angels and Owsley, ancient alchemist reborn into the twentieth century, hooked up with band and still manages to pop up on occasion. Ken Kesey, Allen Ginsberg, Tim Leary, The Farm People out of Tennessee, all these and more encompassed the wider portion of the Dead family. As anyone connected with the band knows, The Grateful Dead is a way of life.

And we all know that life, to quote a well worn phrase, is not always a bowl full of cherries. As a matter of fact, sometimes it is not much more than a thick ugly mire of the most godawful energy-draining mud. The Dead know this as well as anyone. Pigpen and Cassady are both gone now, as are good friends Janis Joplin and Rex Jackson. Woodstock gave way to Altamont and all through that there was the occasional shady business deal with persons too eager to rip off the ever-increasing money the band was earning. And there was the growing dissatisfaction with the whole industry and its huge proportions that led to the

continued on page 36 (6-B)

The Aquarian/April 27-May 4, 1977 36 (6-B)

(continued from page 31 (1-B)

Welcome Dead

announced hiatus of touring of a few years ago. There was, too, the financial failure of Grateful Dead Records.

But despite all the bad karma, the good news is that The Dead are still very much alive. Within the auspices of the east coast's Monarch Entertainment Bureau, they are about to begin an extensive spring tour, one that will not only blanket the east coast but also expose the band to their most comprehensive coverage of the south to date. In the past months, they have completed negotiations with Arista Records that include an unprecedented worldwide agreement with the record company while at the same time allowing them the artistic freedom they so much desire. In early June, a new album will be released; produced by Keith Olsen (producer of the last two Fleetwood Mac albums) it was recorded in Los Angeles, the first time in a 12 year career that the band has ever recorded outside of the bay area. The word from San Francisco, where The Dead recently played Winterland, is that the new material is better than anything they've ever done. This comes as no surprise; the one word that most frequently comes to mind when one is discussing The Dead is PROGRESS. (The wise man rests not on his past laurels but, rather, finds joy in the infinite possibilities of laurels to come.)

There's more cause to celebrate. After turning down offers to appear on NBC's Saturday Night Live and Don Kirshner's Rock Concert, The Dead decided to tape their own TV special. Ably aided and abetted by John Scher and his video crew, they will film all of the performances at The Capitol. These will be released for national syndication. The special will also include appearances by country singer Dolly Parton and The Firesign Theatre.

And there's even more. The much talked about Grateful Dead movie is finished and prepared for a May 27th Premiere release showing at New York's Ziegfeld theatre. Directed and edited by Garcia, the film is a documentary both of and about the band and its true blue, lovingly-loyal fans. The film consists of five nights at Winterland—the five nights prior to the one-year hiatus of years ago—along with some animation described as the best to come down the pike since Disney's Fantasia. On another level there is a portion of the film which deals with the 'Deadheads' phenomena. Healy, one of the sound men with the band since the Ashbury days, has developed a unique sound system for the movie; a system he calls "Quintaphonic". The basic premise of the system is to separate the sound track into five distinct channels; through four will flow the music and through one will come the vocals. In this way, Healy feels he can best convey via film the quality of sound for which The Dead are so well known. After its premier, the film will open in 13 cities across the country, each theatre's presentation personally supervised by Dead people to insure uniform quality.

Of course, as is to be expected, there will be other surprises and treats in store for all; nothing more than The Dead's usual way of doing business. Nothing more than the end product of good people—family—doing what they do the best they know how.

Welcome, Grateful Dead. And thanks for all the good times.

by Jay Saporita

DL0136

DLO137

Dropping In on the Grateful Dead

VOICE MAY 9, 1977

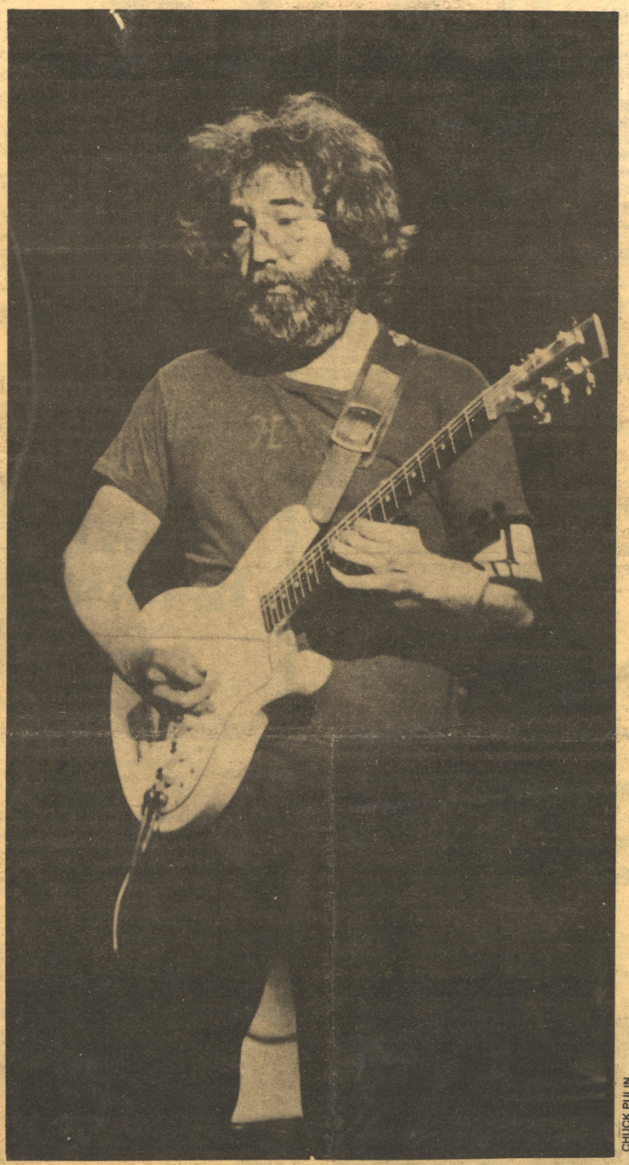
Robert Christgau

I tried to roll a joint before walking over to the Palladium to see the Grateful Dead for the first time in four years last Friday, but ended up asking my wife to do it. I'd never mastered the knack, even when I was in practice, and this would be the third or fourth time I'd smoked my own grass in—hmm—about four years. All of these instances, I should add, have taken place since I made a buy in honor of Graham Parker's Palladium appearance last December. Turn on, tune in, drop in.

I am, or have been, a certified Grateful Dead freak; I don't know how many Dead concerts I've attended, but it has to be more than 25, which for this record addict is a record. What's more, I never made a conscious decision to lay off. In fact, the last time I'd seen them, at Nassau Coliseum shortly after Pigpen's death in March, 1973, I couldn't tear myself away from "Sugar Magnolia" and go write my review, while the time before—at Roosevelt Stadium in July, 1972—I had left with some relief (and no deadline) during the same song. Yet somehow I never got back. I continued to admire the staunch communalism of Jerry Garcia's countercultural values, but their spaced-out myopia of these values became harder and harder to take as history got harsher and harsher. A parallel spaceyness was increasingly apparent in records I struggled—and eventually failed—to find praiseworthy. With Pigpen's r&b pulled out by the roots, the Dead's music was defined by Bob Weir's strained rockabilly when it touched earth at all. What a combination—a '60s nostalgia trip in the attenuated country-rock mode of the middle '70s. So what if they ran their own record company? I was better off savoring my memories.

It was basically to check out these memories that I went to the Palladium. Anti-psychedelic propaganda notwithstanding, Dead heads tend to be quite bright. But it should go without saying that the group inspires (and attracts) enlightened hipness rather than analytic acumen or musical savvy, which means that most of my acquaintances remain decidedly unconverted. When the Dead applied for State Department assistance on an Asian tour last fall, I found it impossible to locate cuts on either of two relatively strong albums that would convince a panel of open-minded jazz and folk professionals that the band was worthy. In that skeptical context, Jon Landau's old charges about "absence of a lead singer with a competent voice" and "no drive" became quite vivid. I went home and put on *Live/Dead*, once one of my favorite records; it sounded aimless. Even *Workingman's Dead*, their best-made LP, lacked punch. I began to wonder whether my former fanaticism was based on anything more substantial than good dope and misconstrued vibes.

When we arrived at the Palladium at 8:30, punctual by Dead standards, the music had already begun, and the vibes were unmistakable—hair was shorter, but ...e eyes had that old glow. The music ...nded good, too; even skeptics find ...hing nice to say about Garcia's gui... ...d he was ringing through the smoke ...k our seats. The tune—from *Blues* ... their worst, most recent, and ...g studio LP—was predictably ... when a Dead jam climaxes ...ia's keen lines transfigure ... babble into a strain of ...dy not ordinarily en... ...lladium or anywhere ... this climax recurred ... of the song, that I ... he Dead's basic ... but that didn't ... fortunately, ... occurred ... "lues" or ... Jed."



CHUCK PULIN

Jerry Garcia of the Dead—hair was shorter, but the eyes had that old glow.

In fact, I was quite bored, and not in the spirit of friendly rumination I used to love them for eliciting—I was worrying how long they'd play. Not until Garcia's opening solo on a Donna Godchaux feature did anything interesting catch my ear. I decided to toke up immediately. And immediately the concert got better.

But I swear that it really *did* get better. In any case, cheers and whistles from the audience increased in loudness and number, and mine were among them even though the effect of the dope was not to bring me into the music but to put me more attentively outside it. I noticed with some disapproval, for instance, that the ripple effect I'd always admired in Garcia's playing was achieved, at least this time, by an improvisationally elementary device: He was running triplets up and down the scale, four at a time, so that when he merely held a single note for two beats the contrast was arresting almost by definition. Soon I also noticed, however, that into all this repetition he was sneaking a few very attractive melodies. Then, for the final raveup, he suddenly attacked the guitar with a bluesish (almost Jamesian) slash that made all that rippling melody seem a diversion in subliminal retrospect. We'd been set up, and we loved it.

Joints were shared by strangers during the half-time intermission, a rite now rare enough at concerts to be newsworthy. But although the dope continued for the rest of the show, it was the two numbers that opened the second set—Gary Davis's "Samson and Delilah" and a long, slow "Sugaree"—that were the high point. Only "California," which sounds like their first ground-breaking new song in at least five years, and Garcia's transmutation into Chuck Berry on the flaccid (and too well-received) finale, "Around and Around," really turned me on. But when the cheering stopped it was 12:45. My wife and I would both have sworn it was an hour earlier.

In other words, although this was not (for me) a great Dead concert—great Dead concerts finish in total abandon—it kept me occupied the way nobody's concerts do any more, not for two hours, much less four. Appropriately, my number one occupation was figuring out just what the Dead are and have been. Clearly, not your textbook Great Rock and Roll Band. They do lack drive; even at the climaxes they roll rather than rock. Their good drummer, Mickey Hart, is into jazz rhythms, and their ordinary drummer, Bill Kreutzmann, has never had the chops to push the band, although since Phil Lash plays bass strictly for lyrical input and harmonic guidance, pushing the band would be uphill work for Steve Gadd or Keith Moon.

They refuse to provide the easy psychological referents most people (including me) seek in vocal music. What's left is the music itself.

More complex is the issue of vocal competence. By their own standards, the Dead learned to sing—to project their voices—around 1969. Their equipment has never been overwhelming; even Bob Weir, the loudest, has always wavered slightly. But insofar as they are incompetent, it is not as singers but as lead singers—they project voice but not character. They do add the appropriate emotional color to the words and notes, of course—weary plaintiveness, happy energy, whatever—but the color is there for musical rather than dramatic reasons; even when Weir shouts out "One More Saturday Night," to choose the most far-fetched example available, there is something slightly detached about his ebullience. This deadpan quality is much more apparent in a typical performance by Garcia or Donna Godchaux (who has moved from pianist's wife to backup chick to part-timer in good standing); it often makes Weir's own "El Paso" seem oddly off. By instinct or design the Dead refuse to provide the easy psychological referents that most people (including me) seek in vocal music. What's left is the music itself. Performing personas—Weir's callowness, which becomes ever harder to tolerate as he passes 30, or Garcia's benificence—are inescapable for musicians on view for dozens and even hundreds of individual spectator-hours. But even these tend to merge into the Dead's version of the ultimate reality.

The source of this vocal anti-stance is clearly the affectless singing of bluegrass and string-band music. But it makes for surprising alliances. Yes and Cleo Laine, for instance, use the voice for emotional rather than musical effect. The Dead distinguish themselves from such showoffs by their vaunted modesty. Garcia (not to mention Mickey Hart and Keith Godchaux) is not averse to letting us enjoy his technical virtuosity, but always in the service of the larger pattern; in their own way, the Dead are as anti-virtuosic as the Ramones. This in turn suggests other alliances—Television, say, or Eno, who in his considerably more abstract way also exploits rock and roll usages to build patterns that move back and forth between the reflective and the ecstatic. To me, such connections are instinctively right. They add an enlightening dimension to the Dead's status as musty avatars of the counterculture. This can't mean that all those déclassé longhairs were actually as avant-garde as they thought they were, can it? The thought of finding out is enough to make me take up smoking again.

Grateful Dead Better Than 'Decent'

By MICHAEL A. SERAFINO

If there's ever a shortage of sleep inducing drugs on the market, insomnia could be easily handled by a Grateful Dead concert.

Although more than 10,000 fanatic followers of the Dead would probably disagree strongly, the group is simply too inconsistent musically and too slovenly in stage demeanor to be rated any better than 'decent'.

Too Few Peaks

Saturday evening at the Springfield Civic Center, the Grateful Dead gave their fans a long show that contained too few peaks and too many dull spots.

Spearheaded by guitarist Jerry Garcia, the Grateful Dead have outlived their role as a trend-setting band. The 1960's saw the Dead in the situation of being the definitive San Francisco rock band, improvising and reconstructing the themes that had been accepted as rock music. Now however, much of that improvising comes across as mindless rambling.

Opening with Garcia's "Sugaree", the group set a tone for the performance by stretching out for instrumentals immediately. Many of the criticisms that can be leveled against the Dead are comments that could have been mad e during their heyday; now the group's faults are even more noticeable.

Long instrumentals notwithstanding, the Grateful Dead simply are not doing anything that is worth getting excited about.

The songs were generally sluggish and the time spent between one number and the next must have averaged two minutes. This might not have been so unbearable had any of the members seen fit to talk to the audience (even the standard "how ya feelin' tonight?" routine was missing) or introduce the songs.

Garcia was his usual solid self on lead guitar, but three solos in every number begins to tax the limits of one's endurance. The other members of the band offered relatively nothing in the way of lead work, making Garcia's solos more prominent.

Rhythm guitarist Bob Weir and Garcia took turns singing the lead vocals, but despite the enjoyable voice of Donna Godchaux helping with harmonies, only occasionally were the vocals actually good.

Their were some bright spots. "Ramblin' Rose" featured a strong arrangement and some melodic guitar work and the lengthy "Fire On The Mountain" was a good example of tasteful improvisation.

The popularity of the Grateful Dead has not diminished despite the change in musical styles since their greatest popularity and it is difficult to figure out why it hasn't.

Rarely is there a tune that encompasses tight arranging, taste and quality in their set, and yet their legion of fans, the Deadheads, still remains as loyal as ever.

The monotonous nature of their songs was rarely broken up during the evening with only "Reelin' and Rockin'" being as effective change of pace.

Four Hours

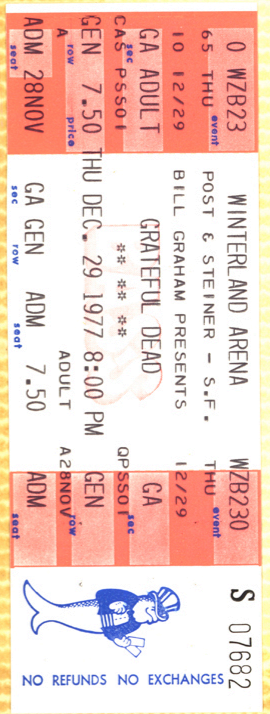
While the Dead are certainly willing to spend time onstage (their performance cloc led in just under four hours with a 25 minute intermission) the r preparation and performance lags behind most of the top groups in music today.

Maybe that's why one of the policemen on duty inadvertantly referred to them as the "walking Dead".



The good ole Grateful Dead, back in the land of the living: (left to right) Bill Kreutzmann, Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, Keith Godchaux, Mickey Hart, Phil Lesh and Donna Godchaux (up front)





DL0138

Miami Herald 5/22/77

The Dead Still Very Much With Us With a Grateful, Faithful Following

By STEVEN REDDICLIFFE
Herald Staff Writer

It seems so long ago. San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district. The word "psychedelic." Tom Wolfe on what were the "acid tests."

And the Grateful Dead.

Most of it has disappeared. No one talks about Haight-Ashbury any more. Psychedelic posters have gone the way of peace pendants. Tom Wolfe writes about a different culture now.

But the Grateful Dead aren't gone; not yet. They may have taken time off from touring. They may all have gone off and done solo albums, and their records together may have slipped some. The concerts aren't as long as they once were; none of those fondly-remembered spontaneous marathons.

BUT THE DEAD live, and Sunday night they will play at the Hollywood Sportatorium, one stop on their current American tour.

It has been 12 years since the Dead began, and from their start in the mid-'60s, they have been loved by many.

Wolfe, in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, said, "There was something wholly new and deliriously weird in the Dead's sound, and practically everything new in rock 'n' roll, rock jazz I have heard it called, came out of it."

He may have been overstating the case, but since then, there have been some good albums, hundreds of sold-out concerts and a cult following unrivaled in its intensity. No one, but no one, comes close to devoted Dead Heads.

Dead lead guitarist Jerry Garcia once explained, "We've never had a super-big hit album or a hit single or anything like that. Grateful Dead freaks are our audience, you know. We're not mass market or anything like that, which I think is per great. I think that we've en really lucky because we ven't had to put up with all that ebrity stuff, or star stuff."

THE PRESENT tour has been a lout just about everywhere uth Florida is an expected extion), even though the Dead 're never been big on promoting mselves.



1971 HEYDAY: The Grateful Dead, from left, Jerry Garcia, Bill Kreutzmann, Phil Lesh, Bob Weir, and, center, the late Ron (Pigpen) McKernan.

The reason for their popularity is not hard to understand. Like all of the enduring rock groups, the Grateful Dead has consistently provided the music and atmosphere its audience demanded.

That has always been enough.

Now, there are questions, doubts about whether the atmosphere of a Dead concert can be as it once was, whether the now-legendary high-flying good-time feelings can, in lead guitarist Jerry Garcia's words, "keep on keeping on."

TO ONE CRITIC of the New York show, that attitude now classifies the Dead as "musty avatars of the counterculture."

To others, that attitude is still what it's all about. The Dead's music, from that perspective, is but one part of a mix.

This isn't to say the music is not important. It is, and most of the time it's very good. The band "Uncle John's Band," "Truckin," and the reworkings of rock standards are a pleasure to listen to on record or in concert.

One Miami Dead fan, who has seen them about 15 times ("I lost count."), says, "There's nothing like a Grateful Dead concert. The records will tide me over till the next one."

Another, who saw them in Chicago recently, says, "One Grateful Dead concert keeps me going for a month."

Even so, Dead fanatics aren't as thrilled by it all as they once were. There is trouble in paradise.

AFTER A NEW York concert, one reviewer once again raised the most common complaints about the Dead: the apparent lack of drive and the absence of anyone who can sing.

There are other complaints, too.

"I'm disappointed because of the commercial aspects," one fan says. "They put in your two hours, two hours and 15 minutes. The days when they would play for eight hours because they felt like it are gone."

A Milwaukee sports writer, who after eight concerts says he's still a Dead "novice," thinks the years have taken a toll.

"Their music was so revolutionary and they were so big. Boom.

"But they've been doing that for 10 years."

HE STILL thinks they're great: "Sinatra's not as good as he once was."

And, he says, though they "don't give the legendary long concerts, they're still the best concert buy."

What can South Florida expect Sunday night?

With the Grateful Dead, it's always hard to say. The songs change from show to show.

In Chicago, they played "Fire on the Mountain" and "California," a new instrumental. They also did an old Peter, Paul and Mary song and, for an encore, "Johnny B. Goode."

In New York, one concert included what one Dead fan said was the "most beautiful version" of "Uncle John's Band" he had ever heard.

And, of course, they will tune up. Forever.

One Dead Head says, "listening to the Grateful Dead tuneup is better than listening to most groups play."

Dead Fans Got Music To Be Grateful For

By STEVEN REDDICLIFFE
Herald Staff Writer

MUSIC REVIEW

The Hollywood Sportatorium is usually a terrible place to hear a concert. The acoustics of the auditorium are so bad that instruments and voices are, for the most part, indistinguishable, becoming a solid wall of unpleasant sound.

Often, that's a mixed (or poorly mixed) blessing. Some of the bands that agree to play the Sportatorium are so bad it doesn't much matter what the acoustics are.

The Grateful Dead came to the Sportatorium Sunday night, and everything was different.

THE SOUND (a system the Dead provide) was good. Even in the rear of the auditorium, it was easy to hear everything.

And just about everything the Dead did sounded fine.

There were reports from other cities that the Dead weren't as good as they used to be, that the current tour was a letdown, but there wasn't much evidence of that Sunday night.

Even people who had seen the Dead in concert many times before agreed that this was one of the band's better performances.

THE GRATEFUL Dead sounded great. They played a lot of old songs, hits for other groups in the early and mid-1960s. Their version of the old Martha and the Vandellas song, "Dancing in the Street," was terrific. Donna Godchaux's voice was perfect, and the Dead's harmonies were their best of a fine night.

The Dead also did "Good Lovin'," the old Rascals hit, and "If I Had My Way," a rough, rocking version of the song made popular by Peter, Paul and Mary.

Even the singing was excellent, despite the old criticisms about the band's low-power vocals. Bob Weir sounded especially strong on "Good Lovin'," and "If I Had My Way"; those songs have rarely sounded so tough.

ALONG WITH the uptempo rockers, Dead concerts have their share of lengthy instrumental solos. Sunday night was no exception, and there lay the weakness of this performance. Lead guitarist Jerry Garcia is good, no doubt about that. But there are occasions when his solos are too long, and the energy provided by songs like "Good Lovin' " dissipates.

The Grateful Dead always sound better when they're playing together, when they're doing shorter solos within the context of a song like "Dancing in the Street" or "Sugar Magnolia."

For the most part, that was the way it was Sunday night, and during the Dead's best moments it was hard to imagine them ever sounding better.



DL0139

'It's a new world now . . . the old Dead trip was getting to be a burden so we sacked it and went on to new projects. We're having fun again.'

ROCK & ROLL

The awakening of the Dead

By Charles M. Young

NEW YORK — BOB WEIR AND PHIL LESH don't even look up as the roar of barely muffled Harley-Davidsons thunders into their Palladium dressing room from the street two stories below.

"I'm telling you, I couldn't hear myself play," says Weir during the 40-minute intermission. "I'm just guessing what it sounds like to the audience."

"So I'll turn down my bass," replies Lesh. "But I can hardly hear myself onstage as it is. I'll have to stand right next to the speakers. . . ."

A huge Hell's Angel—about 6'7" and 280 pounds—throws open the door to a chorus of "Hi, Vinny!" from the Grateful Dead. Followed by a couple of his compatriots, he strides around the room shaking hands like a great woolly mammoth graduate of the Hubert Humphrey School of Charm. "Whuss happnin'? I mean, ya know what I mean? Uh? Uh? Whuss happnin'?" His hair and beard are two feet long, he is dressed in a sheepskin hat and sleeveless leather jacket which is open to reveal a torso covered with tattoos.

Jerry Garcia, in turn, asks Vinny how he has been. "Just a couple of assault charges," says Vinny. "Nothin' serious; $500 in bail, phfffffttttt. Ya know what I mean?" He pulls out a large knife. "I only use it for operational purposes."

One of the roadies' children, a three-year-old boy with long curly blond hair, toddles over and holds up a deflated rubber toy. "Giraffe?" he says. "Giraffe?"

"The kid don't speak nothin' but Lithuanian? Uh? Uh?" says Vinny as the child walks off again. "I guess he don't like skinny guys."

A roadie announces five minutes to show time and says to me, "Vinny is the only man on earth I'd trust with my kid."

Seeking some opening for conversation, I ask Vinny what a grime-obscured tattoo on his biceps says. He recites an obscene poem, then thinks better of it and grabs my notebook. "That's personal," he explains, crumpling the top sheet and throwing it on the floor. "I wanna hear 'Truckin'.' You ain't done 'Truckin'' yet, have you?" he says to the band as they head downstairs. Another 20 Angels and maybe twice that number of Dead friends freely wander around in the wings.

"In all the time we've known them," says Weir, "I've never really talked that much with the Angels. I never know what to say to them."

"We're still as confused as we ever were," Jerry Garcia assures me in his hotel room on the second day of a five-night stand. "But it's a new world now and we can't be wasteful anymore. We're using as little energy as possible and keeping everything simple. The old Dead trip was Grateful Dead anarchy doesn't work.

"We still have the fundamental formlessness of the music," he says. "What makes it interesting is its ability to come to form at any minute. A producer is not a matter of form. He's there to see where our ideas are going and make sure they get there."

Garcia walks into the adjoining suite and rummages around in his suitcase. He returns with a four-page paper called *With Future Events Having an Increasingly Less Predictable Nature*. It says things such as, "Undeniability in concept and translation/transmission will be greatly more important. Language will have to be treated more precisely, creatively and seriously. Manners will increase in effective use as precise shortcuts for defining day-to-day relationships."

"That's what it's all about: future events having an increasingly less predictable nature," says Garcia. "That was written by our old manager, John McIntyre, a tremendous cat. He's fallen in with some futurists at Stanford. He's interested in formalizing the attitude of the Grateful Dead community philosophically. The trick is to be as adaptable and changeable as possible. What they're studying in physics now—the smallest observable phenomena in nature, charmed quarks and whatever—nobody knows what it is. It could change our entire structure of reality. Literally anything is possible."

"We could even be watching our own minds in those subatomic particles," says Weir. "There's this theory that the nuclear reaction of the sun is only on the surface. Inside could be consciousness. *The universe could be a mind.*"

Time for sound check. We head downstairs through a lobby full of Dead Heads and into a limousine. Drummer Mickey Hart, dressed in a silver Porsche jacket, leans back over the front seat and tells how he was walking around the Village in the morning and was approached by an old bum. "He followed me for a whole block, giving me this sob story about how bad off he was," Hart says. "The guy really had his rap down, so I gave him ten bucks. He about had a heart attack. Begging here is a lot more professional than in San Francisco. It's a matter of survival in New York."

Backstage, an Angel is talking to Phil Lesh about how a friend of his got into a fight and the opponent pulled off the guy's wooden arm and clubbed him with it. After a respectful silence, I ask Lesh if anarchy can work without big bucks.

"You answered your own question, man," he says. "You can't have it without a whole lot of money."

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THE GRATEFUL DEAD



The Grateful Dead Concert Experience

a look inside "The Dead"... what they are to themselves and to their fans

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Meanwhile, back with the Dead

Movies/By ERNEST LEOGRANDE

"The Grateful Dead," a movie billed as a "concert experience," is primarily that: a filmed document of concerts by the rock group at Winterland, a San Francisco auditorium.

Judging from the reactions of Dead fans, who filled the Ziegfeld Theater Wednesday night for the premiere of a two-week engagement, the movie rates four guitars — if there were such a rating system for rock concert movies. This spectator would give it three and a half, only because of the inevitable feeling in such movies of occasional padding as the camera works to get beyond stage confines.

Since the group does about 20 numbers in the two-hour movie, the sound reproduction is the crucial factor. They have devised their own multichannel system and the result, from this listener's position, was superlative — sound that was clean, strong and true. That reads like an adjective lineup from early Hemingway, but it applies.

The movie includes interviews with the Dead and fans, backstage and work crew footage, snapshots from the past and a marvelously surreal animated opening sequence that is a combination cross-country bike ride and space pinball game. I suppose it could be called a cinematic acid trip. The Dead themselves were at the premiere and got — no surprise — an ovation.

someone who longs to relive the Zeppelin concert epiphany—or who lingers among those statistical outcasts who were never granted a shot at an epiphany during the group's sold-out tour? Theoretically, a kid who got stuck in the upper deck at Madison Square Garden might even prefer the movie—at least he would get to see his heroes close up if in two dimensions, and to hear the music loud if not real. But you know damn well he'd rather have been there anyway. I was there for Joe Cocker's Mad Dogs and Englishmen tour, and for the Rolling Stones' sweep of America in 1972, both documented in proficient and thoroughly unsatisfying films. I would have been better off remembering.

So perhaps it is my own fannish relationship to the band in question that leads me to believe that *The Grateful Dead*, a multiple-channel concert movie scheduled to run at the Ziegfeld until June 14, redeems the genre. Perhaps, but I don't think so—I am, after all, a rather shameless Rolling Stones fan, too. Anyway, I can adduce specifics.

For starters, this is the first concert movie in which the sound mix follows the cut. As the camera moves in for one of those boring dancing-fingers closeups (at least one of which justifies itself visually by catching the hesitations and second thoughts that go into Jerry Garcia's improvisation) the volume of the appropriate instrument comes up. The general volume diminishes realistically as the scene moves into the outer halls and refreshment areas, encouraging periods of relative inattention to the music just as they are encouraged during the live show. The only time the device turns into a gimmick is when the sound travels in an amusement-park circle as the obligatory 360-degree shot makes its round.

It is also gratifying that neither Leon Gast, the location director, nor Jerry Garcia, who directed the editing, indulge in the routine sexual pandering ordinarily counted irresistible by filmmakers confronted with bare midriffs. There are a few pretty-girl shots, a communard belly-dances in the wings, and one R. Crumb dreamboat with legs like young trees does some crotch rolls that are burlesque in more ways than one, but there is almost as much solo boogieing by men as by women. In addition, more than a few of the featured audience faces are pudgy, pimply, or merely ordinary. Jerry no doubt considers each beautiful in its own way. Such soft-headedness is his fatal flaw, and such equanimity is the secret of his magic.

Musically, the film is not ideal. The group was obviously up for these shows, presented at Winterland in San Francisco in the fall of 1974. They were putting out not only for the camera but also for old times' sake, because this was their announced farewell to live performance. Even if diverging individual ambitions could be transcended for a final bash, the distintegration was evident in the dearth of good new songs. Since the film sticks almost entirely to Dead originals—thus dispensing with the rock-and-roll highs the Dead often generate off inspired cover versions—this means too much of the material is a little flat. Although the tone-poem meander in the midst of "Morning Dew" deserves relative inattention, the shapeless modern dance by a pretty but pretentious fan fails to encourage it. And Bill Kreutzmann's fascinating explanation of how hard it is to drum for the Dead is demonstrated by his clumsiness throughout the film; when Mickey Hart sits in for an encore the intensified drive is startling. Still, Dead heads do not seek perfection in a Dead concert, and most of the music is quite wonderful. Keith Godchaux ranges effortlessly between Jerry Lee and Thelonious, Donna Godchaux's strength proves anything but ornamental, and Garcia establishes himself again and again the master of rock and roll improvisation—improvisation that doesn't distract from the beat.

The film opens with an eight-minute animation by Gary Gutierrez in which the skeleton who has become the Dead's mascot and avatar trips through a bewildering succession of heavens and hells. The animation defines the Dead's wacked-out tragic-sense-of-life, neither as profound as Dead heads believe nor as banal as anybody else might take it to be. It is this one-man-gathers-what-the-other-man-spills mentality that informs the movie. The ignorant person who reviewed it for the *Times* complained that the film doesn't probe, which it certainly doesn't—it wouldn't be a Dead film if it did. What it does is lay out enough information for anyone who is genuinely curious to find out what the Dead are really about. The ticket hassles and awkward bodies, the spaced-out gibberish and inspired nonsense, the music with all its highs and lows—they're all here. In 50 years, when people want to know what a rock concert was like, they'll refer to this movie. But all they'll find out is what a Dead concert was like. It's not the same thing—not the same thing at all. ■



Grateful Dead: a raucous resurrection

DAILY NEWS 43

The Dead in Four Dimensions

By Robert Christgau

The concert movie is the ultimate fan-club item. Who wants to see something as plotless, visually limited, and aurally unfulfilling as *The Song Remains the Same* except

Masterpiece movie from the Dead

By LOU O'NEILL JR.

"You say you want *ME* to describe this film for you?" screams Jerry Garcia at the top of his voice although we're only inches apart. The locale is the St. Regis Roof where, on Wednesday night, a gigantic party is celebrating the opening of the Grateful Dead's new concert film.

"The picture is a movie metaphor/paraphrase" Jerry adds, "for the whole Grateful Dead thing—whatever that is. The film is kind of dated, since we made it in Winterland in '74. We had to make it. Suddenly we saw the music slipping into the past so it was then or never. I'm glad we made this film. I like it a lot."

And so did I! Opening with an outrageous animated color cartoon (which alone is worth the price of admission), "The Grateful Dead" is skillfully done and is certainly one of the finest rock films this reporter has ever seen.

Look, any film that incorporates mind boggling animation, Timothy Leary, Hells Angels galore, 'Frisco street scenes in abundance right out of the sixties, the Mars Hotel, a gigantic tank of nitrous oxide being utilized to the fullest, a true trip down memory lane with the band, Janis Joplin, Big Brother, and the Airplane etc. *AND* a beautiful' clean, crisp and spectacularly photographed concert by the Grateful Dead is No. 1 by me.

This film is as much a trip as the guys who made it are. It must be seen to really understand, appreciate, and finally, come to grips with the cultural phenomenon known simply as the Grateful Dead. You have no other choice.

Congratulations, Grateful Dead, you've created a masterpiece.

* * *

DEAD DOINGS After the premiere at the Ziegfield (attended by the entire band except for Phil Lesh) the convocation wandered a few blocks east to party. Garcia was the hit of the night (literally) as he talked with everybody. No star trips here. Garcia: "Some might say the film's too long, but remember, though, our concerts are much longer than the movie. It was just an average show in terms of length. To make the Grateful Dead thing work, a certain amount of space is needed . . ."

The sound system for this film is unbelievably excellent . . . Film (for the present) will only play one theater at a time, explained Garcia. "That way we retain quality control." Songs performed include "U.S.A. Blues," "Going Down the Road Feeling Bad," "Truckin'," "Casey Jones," "Playing in the Band," "It Must Have Been the Roses" and "Johnny B. Goode." (encore number).

* * *

BOB WEIR: "I'm 28 now and have been in this band for 13 years. I first started playing with Garcia 14 years ago in San Francisco. My background? I'll probably disappoint everyone who believes I'm from Mars but I'm actually of Scotch/German descent."

"What do the Dead drink? Try red wine for starters.

Spotted at the party were Clive Davis, Chip Monck, Bill Graham, John Scher, Rick Danko, Zacherlie (who's a major in the reserves—ain't that wild!), Robert Christgau, Kris Slocum, Mike Klenfner and Carol Strauss WPIX's John Catlett, Martha Valez, actress Joan Small, Michael Schanzer, Dead publicist Ren Grevatt, Sylvia Miles and the seemingly ubiquitous Mitch Kanner.

Everyone (and I mean everyone) at the bash enjoyed themselves to the fullest. Even the ever-present Angels seemed more mellow than usual . . . The long-awaited new Dead album, "Terrapin Station," will be released by Arista the third week of June. Keith Olsen produces. We anxiously await the disc.
COVe aavveesshlme

* * *

Flame and Nektar will rock at the Palladium tonight, while the fantastic Maynard Ferguson (along with Tony Williams and stuff) will do the same manana. On Sunday, WKTU-FM will present Barry Manilow live during the concert series at 9 p.m. There will be no commercial interruptions

* * *

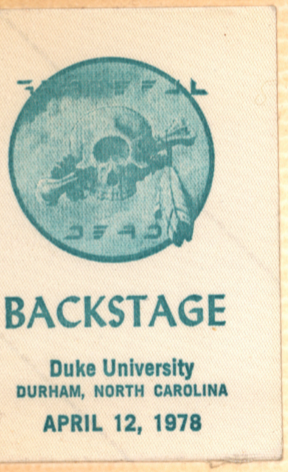
LAST CHANCE TO WIN: Thanks to each and every one of you for the terrific letters concerning our Moody Blues giveaway. What, you didn't hear? OK, but our contest ends this weekend. You can win a free promotional copy of the Moody Blues' new London LP, "Caught Live Plus 5" by dropping me a line and answering this question: Would you like to see the Moody Blues regroup, and if so, please suggest a title for their next LP. The contest must end this weekend' but if you haven't written and want the album, do so now, in care of The Scene, The Post, 210 South St., N.Y. 10002. P.S. this double-LP contains all the 'Moodys classics recorded live at the Royal Alber Hall.

35 NEW YORK POST, FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1977



Photo by Garry Tausinger
JERRY GARCIA





DL0142

Review

Dead movie sounds live

NEW YORK

THE GRATEful Dead, through the Seventies, have remained one of rock's most persistent anachronisms. They have maintained original followers while bringing the Haight to a second-generation teenage cult. If you *were* at some point enchanted by this band and can still sit through two hours of their music (or, of course, if you are currently a bona fide Dead Head), then doubtless you will enjoy *The Grateful Dead Movie*. Filmed at Winterland in '74, it is a well-edited, technically competent concert documentary. The band plays most of their better-known anthems, delivering a set tightened by sharp editing. The sound is superb—there's a newly developed sound-sync technique—and the film is being distributed only to theaters with decent acoustics.

The Dead's lack of stage presence is compensated by plenty of comic relief from the audience. In between songs they offer elaborate, crazed raps about the band and backstage, giggle hysterically around a nitrous oxide tank. Even the Hell's Angels seem to be complacently enjoying the occasion—although at one point (shades of Altamont) an Angel makes an offhand threat to stomp Bill Graham.

The Grateful Dead Movie does lose some momentum toward the end; all things considered though, it is a valuable rock archive. Still, one wishes this could have been made during the Dead's prime.

—MICHAEL DUFFEY

ROLLING STONE 7-14-77

DL0143

Arista Records cordially invites you
to attend the premier playing of
the all-new Grateful Dead "Terrapin Station" album.

This very special listening session will be held at
the Record World store at Roosevelt Field
on June 22, 1977 promptly at 10 p.m.

Remember, this will be the *first* public playing
of this extraordinary new release.

Note: This invitation will enable the bearer to purchase
the new Grateful Dead album for the special price of $3.97.
(offer applies to AL 7001 only)

ARISTA

Grateful Dead
TERRAPIN
STATION

Grateful Dead
TERRAPIN STATION
(LP: $7.98)

*AL7001



SIDE ONE

Estimated Prophet
Dancin' In The Streets
**Passenger
**Samson & Delilah
Sunrise

SIDE TWO

TERRAPIN PART I
Lady With A Fan
**Terrapin Station
Terrapin
Terrapin Transit
At A Siding
Terrapin Flyer
Refrain

NATIONAL RELEASE DATE: June 29, 1977

Arista Records takes special pride in welcoming a band whose name is synonymous with the best in American rock music—THE GRATEFUL DEAD. Bob Weir, Jerry Garcia, Phil Lesh, Mickey Hart, Bill Kreutzmann and Keith and Donna Godchaux comprise a group that has proven itself one of the most vital and potent forces in rock 'n' roll history.

Their first album for Arista is an extraordinary tour de force entitled "Terrapin Station." It is the Dead at their very best, playing as no one has ever heard them before. Working with producer Keith Olsen, the group has successfully translated the unmistakable "Grateful Dead sound" onto vinyl. Olsen, who worked with Fleetwood Mac on their career-breaking album "Fleetwood Mac" is the first outside producer the Dead have worked with and the resulting music speaks for itself. Never has so much of their contagious energy and electricity been captured in the recording studio.

The album opens with "Estimated Prophet," a rhythmic, funky track featuring Bob Weir's lead vocal, followed by a superb performance of the classic "Dancin' In the Streets," which has long been a favorite in the Dead's performing repertoire. "Passenger" is a driving, flat-out rocker, with great harmony singing and extraordinary slide guitar work by Jerry Garcia.

The band does a rousing version of the gospel-tinged "Samson and Delilah" featuring Weir's spirited lead vocal ably assisted by Donna Godchaux's inspired harmony singing.

The entire second side of the lp is devoted to the album's centerpiece, "Terrapin, Part I" (which will be specially-banded for radio airplay). It's a major work spanning several stunning thematic musical sections while following a lyric line about one man's incredible epic journey. Jerry Garcia sings lead and takes the group through passages ranging from tight melodic vocal harmonies to thunderous, orchestral-based instrumental segments. This incredible track features powerful playing by the entire rhythm section of bassist Phil Lesh, drummers Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann as well as superb keyboard work by Keith Godchaux. And Garcia's highly inventive guitar playing is spotlighted throughout, creating the spacey, other-wordly textures of Dead classics like "Dark Star" and "St. Stephen."

"Terrapin Station" is a milestone recording for a group with an unprecedented history. It's a major event for Arista Records and the Grateful Dead.

*(available on GRT Tape)
**(selected cuts)

MUSIC/BLAIR JACKSON

BAY GUARDIAN 1977

The Dead picture show

Still Grateful after all these years

Grateful Dead fans have spoken reverently and eagerly of "The Movie" ever since film crews piled into Winterland during a week of concerts by the Dead in October of 1974. Now, with virtually no advance publicity, the movie (called simply *The Grateful Dead*) has arrived at San Francisco's posh Northpoint Theater, where it will play through Aug. 2. It was worth waiting for, Dead Heads. This movie is for you.

The movie is perhaps the most artistic rock film ever made and, in my opinion, among the most pleasing musically. It is devoid of the philosophical pretensions that marred feature-length films by Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, and Yes, yet in its depiction of about 2½ hours of the Grateful Dead and their fans it goes a long way toward explaining—in both musical and visual terms— why Dead Heads adore their heroes with a near-religious fervor, and why Dead concerts frequently resemble bacchanalian celebrations. The Dead know who their audience is, and they've done a marvelous job of capturing the spirit of the Dead Head legions in the film. Throughout the movie, footage of graceful dancers and wild-eyed, stoned-out fans is interspersed with shots of the Dead playing on stage.

The editing of these concert scenes is superb: beautiful closeups of the band are mixed with wide-angle shots of Winterland, backstage scenes and, of course, the crowd—dancing, swaying, singing along. But the real beauty of the editing (which is credited to Susan Crutcher, with Dead lead guitarist Jerry Garcia listed as "editorial director"), lies not in its incredible variety but in its pacing. It follows the rhythms of the music perfectly and, as a result, greatly augments the power of the music.

The film presents a veritable "greatest hits" collection of Dead music, ranging from wild rockers like "Sugar Magnolia" and "Johnny B. Goode" to quiet, lyrical songs like "Stella Blue" and "Morning Dew". There are also several long, spacey instrumental jams (on "Playing in the Band" and "Eyes of the World," for instance) that truly show the Dead at their best. Even though this film was shot during one brief period in the Dead's career, it shows the quintessential Grateful Dead in action.

Not surprisingly, Jerry Garcia stands out in the film as the group's finest instrumentalist (with bassist Phil Lesh a close second). But I was also impressed with drummer Bill Kreutzmann's exceptional work. His contributions to the Dead's music have been largely ignored over the years (a crime that I, too, have been guilty of), but he shines in the movie. In many ways the jams seem to revolve completely around his steady but diverse drumming. Still, I regret that Mickey Hart, the Dead's other extraordinary drummer-percussionist, wasn't with the band when this film was made (though he does appear as a "guest" on the movie's final song).

A few other random thoughts: The sound system at the Northpoint is excellent. Even if you've seen the Dead a couple of dozen times (as I have), you've never heard them this clearly before, even on live albums . . . The movie opens with about ten minutes of the strangest, most spaced-out animation I've ever seen—a doper's delight . . . Admission is only $3.50, half a buck under the Northpoint's regular price. If you've ever liked the Dead, it's worth every penny of it.

The Dead's new album, *Terrapin Station*, is due in the stores July 27. It's as bizarre as anything they've ever done, and I'll have a review in this space in two weeks.



The Grateful Dead Decides to Try A Guiding Hand

By Joel Selvin
Chronicle Correspondent

Van Nuys

The mysterious, ambiguous role played by record producers is often difficult to understand, although producers clearly exert much influence on the final product. The results sometimes even surprise the artists involved, as the Grateful Dead recently discovered.

After more than a dozen years of recording, and releasing 15 albums—all produced by the band itself—the Dead decided to bring in the guiding hand of a producer to oversee its first album for Arista Records, "Terrapin Station," due out this week.

A producer can supply musical, technical or philosophical direction behind the scenes. As the Dead learned, it is strictly a matter of personal style and the specific requirements of the producer's client.

Naturally, working with a major rock act like the Grateful Dead is a collaboration between the group and producer, although the producer still retains ultimate creative judgment—a tricky matter with any group, but especially with one as talented, experienced and strong-willed as the Dead.

Despite the band's international fame, the Dead never achieved spectacular success on record. The group sought a producer who would create an album with far broader appeal than any of its predecessors, at the same time retaining the trademark Grateful Dead sound.



BOB WEIR
He had to cover

At first, the band considered Bill Szymczyk (who does the Eagles and Geils) and Peter Asher (producer of James Taylor and Linda Ronstadt), before approaching Keith Olsen, who has been a recording engineer and producer for more than ten years in Los Angeles.

He came to sudden prominence two years ago with his production of the Fleetwood Mac album that turned the modestly popular group into superstars.

The Olsen-Dead relationship has worked out so well that, when "Terrapin Station" was done, Olsen began work on a solo album by Dead guitarist Bob Weir.

For most of the past five months, Olsen would arrive early in the evening at the Cabrito Industrial Center, which houses Sound City Studios, to work on the Dead album. He stayed usually until the middle of the next morning.

"When the band first called," he remembered, "I was scratching my head thinking, 'the Grateful Dead, they haven't done an album I liked in years.'"

Intrigued by the possibilities, he flew north to meet with the band and spent six hours the first night talking with members, returning at noon the next day for a second meeting at Weir's house. "Bob and I talked for seven hours while we waited for the others to show," he laughed. "Garcia never made it."

The producer finally met the Dead's lead guitarist, Jerry Garcia, the following week at Burbank Studios, where Garcia was busy working on the recently released Grateful Dead movie. "When I saw his energy—working on the movie—that excited me," Olsen said.

Recording the Dead, however, required more than energy. "The band had to break a lot of habits," Olsen said, "and they also had to learn that, in recording, less is more."

That same quality that makes the Dead special in concert makes them difficult as recording artists. Onstage, the band has always specialized in long, involved improvisations. In the studio, where musicians are called on to perform endless repetitions with flawless precision, the band loses its edge.



Keith Olsen: "The band had to break a lot of bad habits"

"The Dead are good musicians," Olsen said, " who have never been exposed on record as such — especially Weir. He had never been able to play a rhythm guitar partly because he had to cover the chord for Phil Lesh, whose bass parts did tend to get a little esoteric at times. Phil is very inventive. His only problem is, at times, that he utilizes more than a three-octave range, and that takes his bass up into the guitar space."

The first two weeks were spent rehearsing in Marin. "There were two drummers playing exactly the same part," he said, "and never once did those two drums hit like this (he slapped his hands together). Two bass drums actually weaken it. 'Oh my God,' I thought, 'how are we going to record with two drums?'

"Working on it in rehearsal, we started them on orchestrating their drum parts; Mickey, you be the pulse, Billy you be the color, because those are your personalities, and that's the way it's going to work best. It was several weeks before they really got the idea."

To help the rhythm section learn this new approach, Olsen held section rehearsals—the first in the history of the band.

"The next situation or problem, so to speak, was getting material structured down to something that's viable on radio—that wonderful medium for selling albums."

Vocals, never a Grateful Dead long suit, played an important role in the new album, too. "Garcia has amazing color in his voice," Olsen said, "if you place it just right, bridging the gap between Donna (Godchaux) and Bob. He has a George Harrison quality to his voice that makes an incredible blend if you voice the parts correctly."

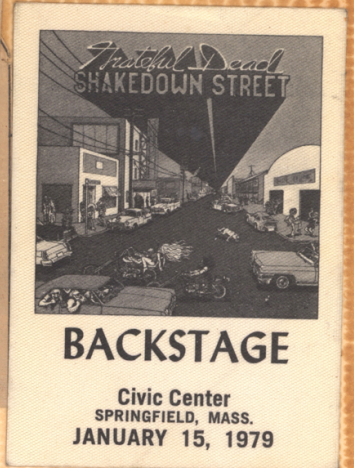
Probably most important, the Dead had to learn patience in the studio. "At first, it was difficult to get six musicians to put out a good performance at any one time," he said, "a performance that I would accept, 'cause I'm a critical son of a bitch. So I'd have them come in to listen and give them not-very-flattering playbacks.

"Half of this gig is being a psychologist," he smiled.

The Dead spent six weeks recording the basic instrumental tracks to the album, an extraordinarily long time for Olsen. Accustomed to working with seasoned studio veterans, Olsen usually records basics in ten days, he said.

He joined the band later on tour in New York to record some additional overdubs, before flying to London to compose and record the orchestrations.

Paul Buckmaster, who wrote



BACKSTAGE
Civic Center
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
JANUARY 15, 1979

D1074

DL0145

'I was scratching my head, thinking, the Grateful Dead . . . they haven't done an album I liked in years'

the 58-page score to "Terrapin Station" with Olsen, has worked with the biggest names in rock, including the Rolling Stones and Elton John. "I have calloused knees," Olsen said, "from crawling around on all fours for two weeks. He doesn't have a table, so he spreads all his papers over the floor. He's amazing...I love the man. But he's hard on the knees."

The Martyn Ford Orchestra recorded the sumptuous orchestrations at Abbey Road Studios in London. As many as 90 musicians and singers were involved.

The producer returned to Van Nuys to add some finishing touches, before the band came back from tour to hear the final product.

A few weeks ago, members of the Dead assembled at Sound City Studios to hear completed versions of songs they had left unfinished before going on the road.

They listened to Bob Weir's "Estimated Profit," with a saxophone part added by Tom Scott, ace Hollywood hired hand. "Well," said guitarist Garcia, breaking the silence that followed the end of the playback, "it's an unfortunately bizarre choice of notes. It's all right, I guess."

Olsen continued the playback. "I didn't want you to think I didn't like the last one," Garcia added gently.

Next up was "Terrapin Station," a 17-minute, five-part suite that takes up half the album and is covered with the Buckmaster orchestrations.

The staggering collection of horns, string and choruses is a dramatic departure from any past Grateful Dead recording.

"A couple of things bother me," Garcia started in, and a reserved, almost academic critque



JERRY GARCIA
Amazing vocal color

followed ("the counterpoint is too busy for my taste . . . the horns are a little too bright here . . .).

"As far as I'm concerned," Garcia concluded, "it's just a matter of taste, and that's really up to you."

"Basically we all agree," said Weir, "that you've got to feature the band over the orchestrations."

Weir left a few minutes later. "It's a whole lot to choke down at once," he admitted in the hallway, "because that's a whole lot grander than we've ever sounded.

"Maybe a little too fabulous right now, but we'll hammer out an agreement," he continued. "The one thing we've never done with our music is dress it up, and why not? It sounds great."

Back inside the studio, however, producer Olsen had the last word.

"Well, you better love it," he said amiably, "because there it is."

Records

Terrapin Station
The Grateful Dead (Arista)

The most important new space into which the Grateful Dead's Arista debut, *Terrapin Station*, will venture is the one between radio programmers' ears. It is easily the most commercial album the Dead have ever released.

Commenting recently on the Dead's attitude toward recording, Jerry Garcia said, "...our orientation has always been playing to people, in real time. Making records is the other way of making music, and it doesn't have jack-shit to do with what we do."

So the Dead have gone into the studio asking themselves, "What can we do here that we *can't* live?" Limited by the inability of their "functional anarchy" to make cohesive decisions, their records have ranged from the banal to the bizarre, with their true genius best revealed onstage. *Blues for Allah*, their last studio album, was beautifully recorded and the material was excellent, but the instrumentals lacked that "live" intensity and the whole affair was a little too deliberate to get off the ground.

Terrapin Station is the logical product of all that has gone before it, with the very important addition of Keith Olsen, a strong-handed producer whose style seems at first glance incompatible with the laid-back musicianship of the Dead. He was recenly quoted in the San Francisco *Chronicle* as saying, "When the band first called, I was scratching my head thinking, 'The Grateful Dead, they haven't made an album I liked in years.' "

Olsen has made a Grateful Dead album that will please the music establishment as much as it will the band's highly devoted following. In fact, the establishment might be more satisfied than the fans—Deadheads are very emotional and react severly to "conventional" music, and Olsen's heretical additions of orchestra and choir mark a dramatic departure from previous Dead products.

The record opens with "Estimated Prophet," Bob Weir and John Barlow's account of that particular type of self-styled savior/crazy that flourishes in California (with an underlying allusion to nuclear power plants?) The song shows Weir's maturity into a solidly creative, if eccentric, composer. He is, again, working in seven-beat measures, this time in a lazy, Hollywood-reggae mood.

"Dancin' In The Streets," which was in the Dead's repertoire from the late '60's into early 1972, returns with Donna singing lead over a crackling, funky rhythm that gave rise to the sobriquet "Disco Dead." It gets my vote for the first single to be released, and it should do well on the radio, both over- and underground.

Phil Lesh, writer of rare and different tunes ("The Eleven," "Box of Rain," and the angular "Pride of Cucamonga," which took the truck-drivin' song for the ride of its life), delivers a straight-out rocker, "Passenger." This one features the dirtiest guitar work on a Dead album since Garcia hung up his Les Paul, under a forceful vocal by Donna and Weir.

"Samson and Delilah," another candidate for hit single, is simply the hottest vocal Bob Weir has ever put on record. His voice has never been stronger or more expressive. It bodes well for his solo album now in production, also under the guidance of Keith Olsen. Garcia's guitar here is what he plays live—not some careful, timid version played while wearing headphones standing behind the mixing console. It *cooks*!

Closing Side One is Donna Godchaux's "Sunrise," a crescent reverie inspired by a dawn memorial for Family member Rex Jackson, who died last year in a car crash. Donna's vocal is surprisingly strong, and when the orchestra dies down to Donna's voice and Keith's churchy organ, the effect is stunning.

All of Side Two is "Terrapin Station," an epic 17-minute suite. "Lady With a Fan," the opening segment, commences with some of Robert Hunter's finest poetry:

Let my inspiration flow
In talk and rhyme, suggesting rhythm
That will not forsake me
'Til my tale is told and done...

The strange allegory proceeds to a transition:

Since the end it never told
We pay the teller off in gold
In hope he will come back
But he cannot be bought or sold.

There is another invocation:

Inspiration move me brightly
Light the song with sense and color
Hold away despair...

The suite then rockets forth in time and space to an instrumental passage that is at once nautical and stratospheric in feel, with overtones of Roman fanfare to give the sensation exhilirating breadth. "Terrapin Flyer," the hottest double-drum action I've ever heard on record, supports Keith Godchaux's searing solos (at last!) against Paul Buckmaster's cosmopolitan orchestral arrangement ("Marlboro man over the Himalayas," perhaps); it then dissolves back into the "Terrapin" theme, which includes a rawther silly, very British choir carrying the tune. It is a little much for my taste—but what a small price to pay for the finest record the Grateful Dead have ever made.

To sum up, much of *Terrapin Station* is simply what the Dead should have been capable of doing all along, though Keith Olsen's production touches are hugely a matter of taste. The band would never have done this kind of thing on their own; perhaps they're not 100% behind the magnitude of the sound, but they'll surely learn to love it. The discipline they've gained from the project has already shown up in their live performances, which are cleaner than ever before without sacrificing any energy.

Terrapin Station also shows the fullest integration of the Godchauxs into the band—for the first time, I feel that they are as important to the sound as the other band members. The group's vocals still tend to be on the wimpy side, but the best is made of that with double-tracking where necessary.

If you've never liked a Dead album before, give this one a listen. If you don't like it, there's still *Live Dead* and *Europe '72*. *Terrapin Station*, is, as Arista's posters say, "The finest Grateful Dead album yet," at least until the next one comes along.

—*David Gans*

BAY GUARDIAN 1977

MUSIC/BLAIR JACKSON

The Grateful Dead win a few

They needed a producer, all right, but . . .

GRATEFUL DEAD: TERRAPIN STATION. Arista 7001.

About a year ago, I concluded a review of the Grateful Dead's atrocious *Steal Your Face* LP by suggesting that "the Grateful Dead need a producer more than anything else—someone who can tell them what's good and what's bad. They don't seem to be able to judge for themselves anymore." Now we've got *Terrapin Station*, the Dead's first studio album in two years (*Face* was live) and—what's this?—the group has brought in superstar producer Keith Olsen (Fleetwood Mac et al.) to twist the dials, turn the knobs and make crucial decisions for the band. Maybe someone listens to critics after all.

And what is the result of Olsen's presence? Well, *Terrapin Station* is easily the cleanest-sounding record the Dead have ever made (that's good), but it's also the most heavily produced record the Dead have ever made (that's bad). I like both the power and the instrumental depth Olsen was able to get out of the Dead (the group has laid down more than its share of lethargic tracks in the studio in the past), yet every criticism I have of the record concerns Olsen's heavy-handed (or is that lead-fisted?) production. Judging from the live performances of these songs at Winterland a few months back, *Terrapin Station* should have been an absolute killer. It's a good record, but it is not "the finest Dead album yet," as the Arista Records ads claim.

The album opens on an extremely bright note. "Estimated Prophet," a Trenchtown-by-way-of-Mill Valley reggae song by Dead rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, is a beautifully hypnotic composition that showcases a strong but rather ominous lead vocal track by Weir and some crackling, growling guitar work by Jerry Garcia. Olsen's production is perfect here. The crispness of the sound is marvelously appropriate for the effect Weir is attempting to transmit, and the addition of a tough sax solo by Tom Scott at the fade is a masterful touch.

The group's disco version of the old Motown hit "Dancin' in the Streets" follows. Although I was charmed by the sheer absurdity of the Dead "going disco," so to speak, when I first heard the Dead play the song at the Orpheum Theater in July of last year, its appearance on *Terrapin Station* might be stretching the joke a bit far. The lead vocals, shared by Weir and Donna Godchaulx, are the weakest on the entire album. I don't think they're actually singing off-key; it sounds as if their harmonies were simply written wrong. The whole thing is just a bit "off." It isn't good disco, and it isn't good Grateful Dead.

However, the next song, "Passenger," co-written by Peter Monk and bassist Phil Lesh, seems like an ideal choice for a single. It's short, the shared vocals by Garcia, Weir and Godchaulx are flawless, and it's got an absolutely savage slide guitar line by Garcia. It rocks from beginning to end and—gasp!—it even sounds a bit like Fleetwood Mac.



"Terrapin Station," the Dead's newest.

"Samson and Delilah," a tune penned by the Rev. Gary Davis years ago, follows "Passenger." Weir's dynamic vocals, Garcia's flashy guitar licks and the always exciting tandem drumming of Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart lead the song along at a furious clip. A fine rocker.

The trouble begins on side one's final track, "Sunrise." The song is essentially a vehicle for vocalist Donna Godchaulx (she even wrote it), and in that respect it succeeds. She's never sounded better than she does here. The song is ruined, however, by Olsen's production. Syrupy strings turn this pretty song to schlock, and Godchaulx is buried in the symphonic rubble. What initially sounds like the Dead magically metamorphoses into imitation Barbra Streisand by the song's midpoint, and that's a shame.

All of side two is devoted to "Terrapin Station" (or "Terrapin Part I," as it is mysteriously dubbed on the record label), the bulk of which is a collaboration between Garcia and lyricist Robert Hunter. In my opinion it's the finest song the two have ever written together (and they've produced some real jewels over the years). Garcia's melody is a lovely folkish tune that ascends and falls in graceful, loping movements echoed by his guitar lines and Phil Lesh's rock steady bass work. Hunter's lyrics, always cryptic and challenging, glow with some of his finest imagery. The song is in many ways the culmination of a perfect musical partnership—it seems both cohesive and fully realized.

The first sections of the piece are as fine as any music the Dead have ever recorded. Some of Olsen's production experiments—the use of an orchestra to provide an almost baroque-sounding counterpoint on one long instrumental passage, for instance—are brilliantly conceived. Others fail: the vocal mix on at least one bridge ("since the end is never told . . . ") reminds me of the anemic singing from a late 1930s cartoon by Uber Works.

I can't help thinking the Dead would have produced this record right had they done it themselves.

The production becomes annoying, however, beginning with the section dubbed "Terrapin Flyer." An orchestra churns out a nauseating melody that alternately sounds like the score of James Bond movie and a soundtrack for a Bermuda travelogue. Under this bit of fluff, however, is one of the hottest drum solos I've ever heard, with Hart and Kreutzmann pounding away like giant woodpeckers on 50 hits of methedrine. I can't imagine why producer Olsen didn't leave the percussion unadulterated.

The final nail in Olsen's coffin comes after the drums, however. The main "Terrapin" chorus is repeated with full symphony orchestra and what sounds like the entire population of Great Britain belting out the words in impeccable Queen's English. All of a sudden, Hunter and Garcia's stunning piece has been slaughtered by an overzealous producer! For the first time ever, the Grateful Dead actually sound pretentious. Olsen was evidently under the illusion that he was producing Emerson, Lake and Palmer.

I can never forgive Keith Olsen for ruining "Terrapin Station." The pain is made worse, however, knowing that the Dead themselves had reservations about Olsen's grandiose production on the song. (Garcia and Weir indicated as much in a Joel Selvin interview in the Chronicle a while back.) Something is surely wrong when a band allows a producer to impose his own warped ideas to this extent. Despite what I wrote a year ago, I can't help thinking the Dead would have produced this record right had they done it themselves. May the good Lord watch over poor Bob Weir, who is letting Keith Olsen produce his solo album. ■

and lose a few

DLD146

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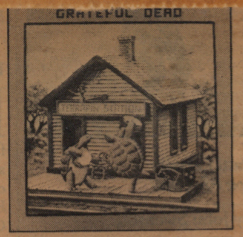


Terrapin Station
Grateful Dead
Arista AL7001

By John Milward

WITH *TERRAPIN Station* we approach the Grateful Dead as turtles—hard-shelled relics of the counterculture trudging toward the Eighties. As such, the record is a split decision between the tortoise and the hare. With production polish provided by Keith Olsen, the Dead, in the sidelong title piece, have crafted their densest and most compelling music in years. But most of the other music is standard Dead fare.

A rock & roll band that could record "Dancin' in the Streets" in such a schlocky, hootenanny manner as the Dead have should consider group analysis. The tragedy is that, according to my private poll at a recent Dead show, the teenagers romping it up after the tune hadn't even heard of Martha and the Vandellas. The unquestioning support of Dead fans leaves its mark; such songs as "Samson and Delilah" and "Passenger" offer no semblance of freshness. Only two tunes surprise—"Estimated Prophet," with a skeletal frame accentuated by Bob Weir's straining voice, and "Sunrise," which finds Donna Godchaux delivering an unabashed pop tune in a pretty, albeit stiff, voice that, at the bridge, is a ringer for Mama Cass.

Though "Terrapin Station" is burdened by the hip fuzziness of Robert Hunter's lyrics, the flowing approach to the piece's construction sends it wafting through the room like hashish. The highest compliment I can pay to any sidelong extravaganza is that it sounds short, and although a few of the movements are overbearing (such as the choir at the conclusion), the total effect is that of a rock band able to embarrassingly pretentious. Still, Nelson is undeniably one of the classiest guitarists in many years, and one can reasonably expect the lyrics and singing to get better as he and the group evolve. And although Be-Bop Deluxe won't be absorbed into the howling vortex of mainstream rock with

HIGH TIMES 9/77



Charlie Frick

Deadheads share joint with Jerry Garcia, Sissy Spacek and John Davidson (right foreground).

Jerry Garcia was signing wet cocktail napkins, shirt sleeves, unclothed arms and open palms at the New York party for the opening of *The Grateful Dead Movie*. Between autographs, he passed around joints to other members of his band, all of whom were in attendance except for bassist **Phil Lesh** who stayed behind in California. Also at the bash were the Dead's co-stars in the flick, the **Hell's Angels**, hobnobbing with the press, promo-people and, of course, the local fans and groupies.



® GRATEFUL DEAD PRODUCTIONS, INC.

N.Y. Times - 11/29/77

Dancers Rock to Jerry Garcia

By ROBERT PALMER

Jerry Garcia, who brought a band into the Palladium on Sunday night, is not just a guitarist. Because he came along at a particular time, the 1960's, in a particular place, San Francisco, and played with a particular band, the Grateful Dead, he has long been thought of as a counter-cultural spokesman.

But quite apart from the cultural baggage he brings with him, Mr. Garcia plays guitar in an interesting, thoroughly American hybrid style. His roots in bluegrass and folkie jug bands are evident in everything he plays, but the extended jamming in which the Dead indulged during the 60's set him the task of expanding beyond folk and country forms.

•

Mr. Garcia chose a jazzy direction, which was in keeping with the virtuoso orientation of bluegrass, but quite different from standard rock playing. Where most rockers tend to push against the beat to build excitement, using a vocabulary of riffs that has come largely from the blues and Chuck Berry, Mr. Garcia constructs lines that float over the top of the rhythm. And rather than expressing himself primarily through tone, attack and firepower—as so many rock guitarists do—he thrives on fairly rapid chord changes, or builds harmonic extensions when playing single-chord tunes.

This approach is most effective when balanced against the energy of the Grateful Dead. When Mr. Garcia leads groups of his own, as he does periodically, the music often seems a bit soft around the edges. This was the case on Sunday night. But if the music was too low-keyed and rambling to make for consistently engrossing listening, the extended treatments of folk and rock material that the band offered were perfect for the sort of dancing that used to be common at San Francisco rock concerts, and there was much more dancing going on than one usually sees at rock events these days.

PLAYBOY 9/77

Ready When You Are, J.G.

The Grateful Dead are alive and touring again—with a new album, "Terrapin Blues," on a new label, and their very first movie, called, cleverly enough, "The Grateful Dead Movie." When they were in town last, we asked JERRY GARCIA about the movie, which he directed.

"It's a film of a pop concert that we did at Winterland," he told us. "It's not really a concert film. It has continuity. It has nothing of a story to it; it's not linear."

Does it have a beginning, a middle and an end?

"Even an intermission. It's not a story movie, it's an experience movie. It has minimal character development, if any. But it has form and shape and substance and contour, like music."

Oh. Did you enjoy doing it?

"I worked on it for two and a half years and I still get off on it. A pretty heavy task from my point of view. Whether or not anybody else will dig it remains to be seen. At this point, it has to get up and walk on its own two feet. I'm not going to sit here and bullshit about it."

125,000 Jam Jersey Rockfest

There's Pot and Booze but no Trouble

By MARK LIFF
and DONALD SINGLETON

More than 125,000 young people jammed rural Old Bridge, N.J., yesterday in what was quickly dubbed the largest rock concert in the history of the state, an al fresco affair at the Englishtown Raceway that featured the popular rock group the Grateful Dead.

There were mammoth traffic jams for miles in every direction, with cars parked on roadsides as far as five miles from the concert site; New Jersey's marijuana and alcohol laws were openly ignored; the 320-acre concert ground was a sea of ankle-deep mud, and the day was steamy hot.

But even before the Dead began playing, a baby was born in one of the first-aid sections on the concert grounds, and a number of kids were treated for drug overdoses in nearby hospitals.

The unidentified woman and her baby were flown by helicopter to a hospital. Freehold Hospital reported at least a dozen caces of drug overdoses, and at Jersey Shore Medical Center 26 persons were treated. Six of those were admitted and eight others were transfered to other hospitals. All but three of the cases were drug overdoses, a hospital spokesman said.

Although the event was New Jersey's largest, the crowd was far below the estimated 400,000 who attended the Woodstock festival that turned a farm near White Lake, N.Y., into a pop mecca — and a piece of American folklore — during three days in August 1969.

In recent days, Middlesex County Prosecutor C. Judson Hamlin had warned that several motorcycle gangs — including the Hell's Angels — were planning to attend. Hamlin said police protection would be insufficient, and, "if something breaks out, we would have to assume it would run uncontrolled for a period of time."



News photo by Keith Torrie

Some of the fans—there was a tremendous turnout—make way to concert.

But by late afternoon the motorcycle gangs had failed to appear, and the 200 long-haired guards, all wearing white T-shirts with "Grateful Dead 1977 Tour" printed across the front, had no serious incidents to divert their attention from the music of the New Riders of the Purple Sage and the Marshall Tucker Band, the two Western rock groups that preceded the Dead to the bandstand.

Many of the youngsters began arriving in Old Bridge as early as Friday evening, planning to sleep out in their cars, in tents or under the stars.

"We got here at 5 o'clock Friday," said Ellen Weidenburner, 25, of Port Washington, L.I. "We drove up from Virginia and slept in the parking lot. Last night, we did a lot of partying, and they started letting us into the raceway at about 6 this morning."

(Continued on page 12 col. 2)



News map by staff artist

Music, crowds in Englishtown.

125,000 Jam Rockfest

(Continued from page 3)

The actual concert ground was formed by 200 tractor-trailer trucks, parked end-to-end around the area, including the oval race track. The track infield was solidly packed with people.

The stage area was protected by a high chain-link fence, with a guard posted every 20 feet. Up on stage, in addition to the musicians and their entourage of sound-system technicians, 200 girls described as "groupies who travel with the "Dead" swayed and danced to the music.

Despite the immensity of the crowd, many local people said they were pleased by the conduct of the young people. "They seem like a happy group to me," said Susan Dey, who has been living in a house near the track since 1955. "They've been no problem; they're not even tramping on my lawn."

Near the race track, the ground was strewn with soda and beer cans, wine bottles and other litter.

Although the guards attempted to keep all alcohol out of the concert area, plenty of wine and beer were in evidence.

Police said large crowds were not unknown in the Old Bridge area. The nearby Englishtown Flea Market reportedly has drawn as many as 30,000 people at a time.

"I've been here since 5 a.m.," said a smiling Jim Miuccio, 20, a member of the Air Force stationed in Valdosta, Ga. "I timed my 30-day pass just for this."

Michael Stefanchik arrived in a van he had driven from Albuquerque, N.M. "I just wouldn't miss a Grateful Dead concert," he said.

Huge Jersey concert ends summer season

ROLLING STONE 10/20/77

OLD BRIDGE N.J.

IT WASN'T QUITE Woodstock, but nearly 110,000 people turned out at Englishtown Raceway in Old Bridge, New Jersey, on Saturday, September 3rd to hear a season-ending, old-fashioned, outdoor concert — eleven hours of music from the Grateful Dead, the Marshall Tucker Band and the New Riders of the Purple Sage. The concert was the largest ever in New Jersey and one of the largest this summer in the U.S.

As usual, area officials were unhappy about thousands of young persons invading the quiet rural town (where the police department closes at 4 p.m.) for an outdoor rock concert. Middlesex County Prosecutor C. Judson Hamlin had warned that the Hell's Angels and other motorcycle gangs were planning to attend, and that because of lack of police protection, "if anything breaks out, we would have to assume it would run uncontrolled over a period of time." The Angels, however, didn't show, and violence was kept to a minimum. Only two persons were arrested, and area hospitals treated about 30 persons for overdoses.

The atmosphere at the concert was described as "incredibly calm" by promoter John Scher, who drew cheers from the crowd when he announced midway through the concert that a baby had been born in one of the first-aid sections, and "you're all godparents." Unfortunately, rumors of the birth turned out to be false.





DL6148

GARCIA:

GREAT ON STAGE...

By CHRISTOPHER BACON

At three pm on Tuesday, December 9th, a singularly unusual occurrence happened at the Information Desk in Hillwood Commons: the concert scheduled for that evening had in fact sold out. There is only one way that an event such as this could possibly happen, this being when a truly great performance is to be expected. What performer could generate such sky-rocketing ticket sales? The answer is the great, world renowned Jerry Garcia.

Garcia, of Grateful Dead fame, and his band performed that night and the crowd they drew was truly incredible. To get an idea of the size of the audience, it was noted that the haze from cigarettes and other smokeables filled the Dome to the point where clear vision from one side to the other was nearly impossible. By eight o'clock, all of the seats had been taken, and at nine most of the standing room was filled as well.

The overwhelming majority of people attending the show were non-Post students. Apparently, word of the concert had traveled a good thirty to forty mile radius. While most concerts attract only e type of person, the interesting ng about this one was that it acted people of all ages and alks of life. People who remembered Garcia's work from 1962, to pre-high school deadheads were all represented somewhere among the many found in the Dome.

Jerry Garcia seemed to sense the character of his audience and tried to please everybody by playing an extremely diversified set of songs. Some of his own compositions of the early 60's, Bob Dylan as well as Reggae music (popular earlier in this decade) were presented. The four member band was quite versatile and handled all the selections with ease, with Garcia, of course, playing lead guitar, the role he is so well known for. Even with a well-deserved hour break, the show ran until midnight.

Security had a good time at the concert too. The only rowdiness on the part of the crowd occurred when they were told that they couldn't bring any bottles of beer, soda or whatever in the Dome. Anxiously waiting to see Garcia they immediately dropped their bottles any place that seemed handy. Once inside, the crowd gave an aura more common to the 1960's, that is, of a vast human animal in which none of the constituent parts were unhappy. All felt the love of the occasion. While the temperature dropped outside, the Dome retained a warmth it hasn't held in a long time.



Jerry Garcia and his band performed before a full house on Tuesday night, December 9 in the Dome.

photos/suhr and kushner







LESS THAN GREAT IN PERSON

By ANN MARIE McCUSKER

Jerry Garcia's performance was outstanding on his recent appearance at Post, but only on stage. Otherwise it left a great deal to be desired as told by these people who had to work with him beforehand. For them it was a disenchanting experience that they probably will never forget.

During the two weeks prior to the show a few incidents took place that nearly resulted in the cancellation of the concert.

To begin with, contracts are generally sent to the college two weeks before the concert leaving ample time for negotiation. Jerry Garcia, however, sent his contract six days prior to the concert.

In addition to this, Garcia demanded that one, he be granted 60 backstage tickets (the normal amount is somewhere between 25-30 tickets), and two that his chef be given $600 to feed the twelve man crew in replacement of the original agreement that they be served Lackmann food. Unlike most colleges, Post refused to give in to most of their demands. Stated Mike Bronzino, Concert Chairman, "If you don't draw the line somewhere, they'll step all over you." Later a compromise was reached and again things began to run more smoothly. Little did Post know that in actuality, their troubles had just begun.

The day of the concert came and along with it came more problems and difficulties. Explained the Concert Chairman, "Members of the road and stage crew commenced to act like children while our own concert people began acting like professionals." Lloyd Kupferman, Chairman of the Program Board, was literally knocked on the floor as a result of a blow from one of Garcia's crew, because of a difference of opinion. Commented Mike, "I was ready to cancel the show right there and then unless we could get a guarantee that this sort of behavior would end."

"We expected Jerry Garcia but what we in fact got was Marilyn Monroe."

At approximately 6:30 pm that night Jerry Garcia arrived outside the Dome in his limousine. He was appropriately greeted and immediately shown to his room whereupon a few minutes later he departed from it complaining, "My room is too hot. Get the fuck out of my way." Taking a seat on a nearby van parked outside, he remained there for twenty minutes, refusing to return to the building until the heat was lowered. To meet his childlike demands he was shown to another room which did seem to satisfy him for the time being.

By and large, Michael Bronzino was very much disillusioned. "After having read so much about Jerry Garcia and his group and how cool and sophisticated they were supposed to be, I felt they came off with a very selfish attitude. They were making the most unreasonable demands on the whim. We expected Jerry Garcia, but what we got in fact was Marilyn Monroe."

All in all, there is an old saying that Jerry Garcia and his associates lend support to, "Some people never grow up."

D10149

On the Town

He Doesn't Sound Like the 'Dead'

Joel Selvin

OF ALL THE various permutations of the Grateful Dead and the satellite groups involving members of the band, none has ever sounded even remotely like the current Bob Weir band.

The Grateful Dead rhythm guitarist made his San Francisco solo performance debut Saturday at the Old Waldorf, climaxing a six-week national tour in support of his new Arista Records solo album, "Heaven Help the Fool."

Originally, he was to appear at Winterland, but, when ticket sales proved less than expected, the show was moved to the Golden Gateway niterie, where it was jointly presented by Bill Graham and the Old Waldorf in an unprecedented collaboration. For both shows Saturday, the club was filled to capacity.

Although Weir performed extensively a couple years ago as a member of Kingfish, he has released only one prior solo album, "Ace," which was actually a Grateful Dead album in disguise. "Heaven Help the Fool," which was produced by Keith Olsen (who, in addition to his work with Fleetwood Mac, also produced the latest Grateful Dead LP, "Terrapin Station"), is moving steadily toward the Top 50 best-selling albums, and the first single from the LP, "Bombs Away," is already being played by no less than 30 AM radio stations in the country.

Unlike most solo offerings by members of the Dead, "Heaven Help the Fool," recorded mainly with L.A. studio musicians, rides on tight, powerful instrumental arrangements and songs with greater melodic appeal than most Dead material. At the Old Waldorf, Weir drew largely from the new solo album for his repertoire, backed by a tough, biting four-piece band of session players, whose fiery sound and professional discipline recalled the Dead in no way whatsoever.

★ ★ ★

THE DISCOVERY of the band is guitarist Bobby Cochran, the 28-year-old former member of the Flying Burrito Brothers and Steppenwolf. He is also the nephew of the late rock and roll pioneer, Eddie Cochran ("Summertime Blues"). Not only did Cochran give the band its major instrumental force with his burning blues-rock style, but he delivered a gut-wrenching blues vocal on "I Found Love," a tune he recorded with his previous band, Sierra.

The other musicians Weir recruited for his solo outing include bassist Rick Carlos, drummer John Maeceri, and keyboard player Brent Mydland—all seasoned L.A. hired hands. Matthew Kelly, Weir's former associate from Kingfish, added harmonica on several tunes at the Waldorf.

In front of this sleek, powerful band, Weir sounded supremely confident as a vocalist, trying out such distinctly un-Grateful Dead-like material as the slow ballads "This Time Forever" and "Shades of Grey," or growling out a meaty vocal on "It's All Over Now." The set built slowly, the band feeling its way around "Poison Ivy," "C.C. Rider" and "Easy to Slip" (a Little Feat tune from the Weir LP).

Cochran lit the tail of "It's All Over Now" with a sizzling solo, as the band began to stretch out. With "Lazy Lightnin'," the set's tour-de-force, the band found a solid groove and held to it, as Cochran turned in a flawless, extended Claptonesque solo over the shimmering groove. The band closed with Chuck Berry's "Round And Round," the only tune of the evening associated with the Dead, and returned for a two-song encore from the new LP, Smokey Robinson's "I'll Be Doggone," and Weir's own "Wrong Way Feeling."

Dead Ahead



David Gans

The Dead Movie Rolls On

"Quote of the Month, from **Robert Hunter**: "I didn't print the lyrics on the early albums because I was afraid that if I did, they'd have mixed the vocals back even farther." **BAM** will have a full-length interview with Hunter next month.

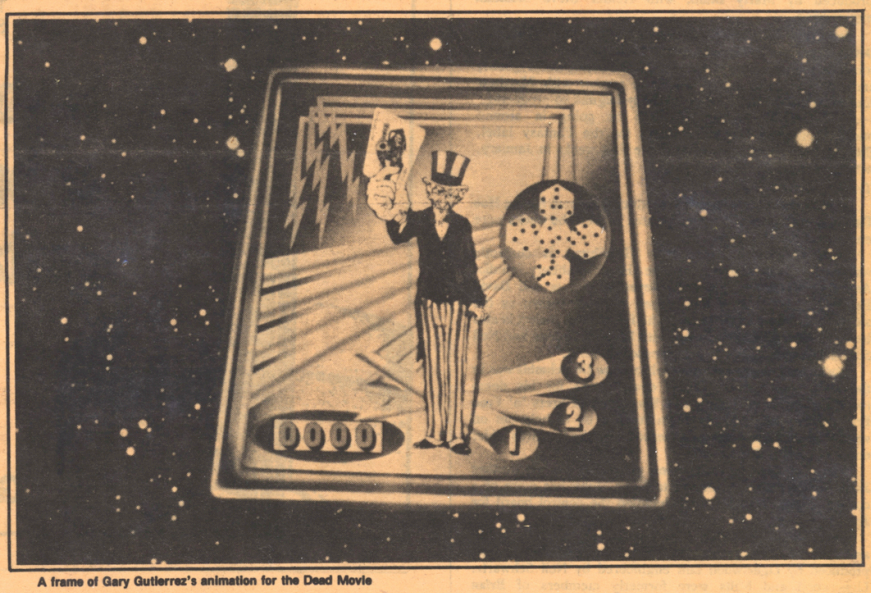
The Grateful Dead will play ten concerts in eight California cities in January, following a three-night stand at Winterland Dec. 29-31. Tickets for Winterland and Sacramento (Jan. 17) are now on sale at BASS, so hurry on down. The full tour schedule is below.

The Dead Movie opened at the Bridge Theatre on Geary Blvd. in San Francisco Nov. 25, and word from publicist Jon Livingston is that the Bridge has a new four-channel sound system, plus some special equipment on loan from Round Reels and the Dead; so this engagement promises to be the best yet in terms of sound reproduction. Susan Crutcher, editor of the film, explained to me that the soundtrack was designed with the dimensions of an "average" theatre in mind, two speakers in front and two in the rear. Some theatres had side speakers, some had all four in front, and some had only two; therefore, much of the time-delay hasn't been properly utilized for maximum spatial effect. The film will run at the Bridge at least until Christmas. Call the theatre (751-3212) for showtimes.

Warner Brothers records has released *What A Long, Strange Trip It's Been*, a two-record set comprised largely of middle-era live tracks, all previously released. The kicker is the studio version of "Dark Star," previously available only on a long out-of-print single—and, of course, that'll sell a lot of records to the likes of you and me.

Actually, *Long Strange Trip* is a pretty good package, a nice way to introduce someone to the Dead's music. Even though the band hasn't recorded with Warners since 1972, much of the material here is still in their repertoire: "Jack Straw," "St. Stephen," "Tennessee Jed," "Me & My Uncle," "Brown-eyed Women"—and "Ripple" and "Cosmic Charlie" are among the finest studio recordings the Dead ever made.

There are some atrocious photographs in the jacket, taken at the Oakland Coliseum concerts last year. Aside from some excellent shots of mike-stands and drum hardware with musicians in the background, there are a couple of blurred shots of Donna and Keith. Ed Perlstein, whose "additional photo" was taken out too late for his name to be deleted, is righteously miffed: he's taken hundreds of good photos of the Dead, and would hate to be identified with these ones that aren't even his.



A frame of Gary Gutierrez's animation for the Dead Movie

A special tip of the skull cap, by the way, to Gary Gutierrez of San Francisco, whose animation sequence at the start of the film sets the scene so well for the live footage.

Both **Bob Weir's** and the **Garcia Band's** albums are tentatively scheduled for mid-January release (emphasis on the "tentative")...Keith Olsen "added horns and some AM tricks" when he remixed "Dancin' in the Streets" for release as a single, then, "by special request from Clive Davis," canned it in favor of "Passenger." The B side will be a two-minute segment of "Terrapin Station."

An item from Herb Caen's column in the *Chronicle* Nov. 25: "Bill Graham's Thanksgiving got off to a dandy start. **Mickey Hart**, the Grateful Dead drummer who raises 'native American' turkeys in Marin, dumped a very live one on Bill's desk, where the bird proceeded to do unmentionable things. Covered with gratitude is the phrase, I suppose."

Attention, Auslanders: Dead Ahead wants to hear from you. We're not starting a fan club or selling mailing lists or anything—we're just interested in finding out more about the incredible variety of people who share an interest in the Dead, especially those of you who live far away from our distribution area. How did you hear about Dead Ahead and **BAM**? Stay informed and we'll keep you in touch!

* * * * * * *

GRATEFUL DEAD — California

Dec.
29-31 Winterland, San Francisco

Jan.
6 Swing Auditorium, San Diego
7-8 Golden Hall, San Diego
10-11 Shrine Auditorium, Los Angeles
13 Arlington Theatre, Santa Barbara
14 Civic Auditorium, Bakersfield
15 Selland Arena, Fresno
17 Memorial Auditorium, Sacramento
18 Civic Auditorium, Stockton

COMFORT-HUNTER BAND

Dec.
4 Uncle Charlie's Corte Madera (Free Clinic Benefit)
5 Keystone, Palo Alto (KFAT Live Broadcast)
16-17 Crossroads Inn, Santa Cruz
19 & 20 Keystone, Berkeley w/Garcia Band
22 & 23 Keystone, Palo Alto w/Garcia Band

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WEIR'S BAND TEMPORARILY disbanded after the San Francisco performance, as the Dead are set to tour again starting next month. Manager Jon McIntire said he hoped to reform the group later this fall for further touring.

With his new songs, Weir has taken a major step toward writing more accessible, pop-oriented material that could find its way onto the AM radio. To complete the transition, Weir will need to find a more direct and simple approach to lyrics.

But in many ways, the attractive, soft-spoken Weir is the most likely candidate within the Dead to create a genuine career outside the band as a soloist—Jerry Garcia notwithstanding.

Opening the show was Doucette, an eight-piece band from Toronto led by guitarist-vocalist Jerry Doucette with one album out on Mushroom Records. Mixing heavy, uptempo rock numbers with down-the-alley blues, Doucette gave an admirable performance, capped by his current single, "Mama Let Him Play."

John Wasserman is on vacation

New Hope for Friends & Relations of Dead Heads

Dear BAM:

Because of the alienation and cynicism of our times, many young people have embraced the ever present, bizarre cult and fetish groups in attempts to provide meaning and direction for their empty lives. Other individuals feel that the "Direction" and "meaning" that these fetish groups provide are self-destructive illusions that serve to further confuse the already hopelessly confused victim. Certain concerned individuals such as Mr. Ted Patrick and his fellow Moonie-deprogrammers have surfaced to meet the challenging task of freeing young minds from the influence of these insidious cult groups.

Now, for the first time ever, a new deprogramming service developed along the tradition set forth by Mr. Patrick will be made available to all BAM staff and readers: a Dead Head-deprogramming service! We who operate this new deprogramming service (called Alive Head) have done countless hours of research on how the Grateful Dead exert their influence over naive audiences and turn them into Dead Heads! The initial exposure usually occurs at a Dead concert (which can last up to four hours), where the individual is already in a hypnotic drug-induced state due to the ingestion of certain chemicals (please note Frank Zappa's insightful insights concerning drug use in S.F. during the '60's in January BAM). Because of this condition and the length of the concerts, the person is well on his/her way to becoming a Dead Head. This exposure further induces the individual to go to a record store to purchase a polyvinyl disc which will have recorded versions of the band's music. Thus, the process will take place in the victim's own home!! This second phase is much more potent today in the '70s than it was in the '60s, due to the diminished alienation from the commodity fetishism of advanced monopoly capitalist society.

All of us at Alive Head have BA degrees from prestigious major universities and are well-equipped to understand all the complicated social relationships behind this dangerous problem. Because of this unique talent, we are well-prepared to treat the underlying causes as well as the immediate symptoms of this cult, which is just one of many around us. Please contact us through BAM if you think we can be of service to you or a loved one.

Jon Rossen, President
Alive Head, Inc.

P.S. No, Jerry—Ron Rakow is *not* connected with our organization (although we could use someone with his business sense). Yes, these services are available to the band and its staff, although we warn you that the rates are based on one's ability to pay. Oh, I would say your rate would be equal to a monthly payment on a BMW.

BAM 2/78

Dead Ahead

Nights of the Living Dead:
News Flashes for the New Year

Heaven Help the Fool is the title of **Bob Weir's** new album, released by **Arista Records** in late January. **Keith Olsen** produced; **Mike Porcaro** played bass; **David Paich, David Foster,** and **Bill Champlin** played keyboards; **Mike Baird** played drums; **Tom Scott** provided winds; and **Waddy Wachtel** added electric guitar. **Richard Avedon** took the cover photograph, a striking shot of Weir kneeling, tuning a lovely Martin guitar.

A month-long national tour commences Feb. 13, but as we go to press, no one (not even Weir himself) knows who'll be playing in that band. When the Dead's January tour broke, Weir flew directly to Southern California to assemble the musicians; with scarcely a week to accomplish that, he took off to play another six dates with the Dead. He'll have a week to rehearse his band before the tour begins.

Jerry Garcia was still putting "finishing touches" on his record when we last checked. A tour is being planned with Garcia's group and **Comfort** (with **Robert Hunter**); local dates include Marin Vets 2/18 and Santa Cruz Civic 2/19.

Comfort has added **Ozzie Ahlers** on keyboards, to replace **Richard McNees.** Ahlers has played with, among others, **Van Morrison, Jesse Colin Young** and **Fast Company.** Hunter is also working on the finishing touches for *Alligator Moon.*

Phil Lesh was voted "Best Bassist" in the Bay Area Music Awards last month. Family member **Rock Scully** showed up to accept the award for Lesh.

Garcia lost his voice around the first of the year, but he kept on singing until he just couldn't go on any longer; then he limited himself to three or four songs per show. It didn't affect his playing, according to enthusiastic reports from the Heads.

There was more strangeness on that trip: **Dan Healy,** who runs the Dead's sound system, was arrested at the Bakersfield show Jan. 14. Healy, who is known for pugnaciously refusing to show his stage pass, ran afoul of Bakersfield's finest on his way backstage for a glass of wine. "It was the last song of the show," he says. "I jumped off the mix platform and went to the backstage door, where a cop stopped me—not by asking me, but by grabbing me.

"I'd been going in and out all night, so he knew who I was. I finally showed him my pass and said, 'okay—now let go.' But he went into cop-mode instead and said, 'I don't have to let go. In fact, you're under arrest.'

Healy was taken in for "drunk in public and resisting arrest," and one of Bill Graham's caterers was arrested for "resisting arrest." Both were bailed out the next morning. "Spending the night in the drunk tank when you're not drunk," says Healy, "is *no* fun."

A footnote: **Bill Graham,** producer of the tour, showed up at Eugene Jan. 22 with 50 red T-shirts emblazoned with Healy's picture behind bars, and "Free the Bakersfield 2" on the back. He persuaded the band and everyone else onstage to put them on at the end of the show.

Nicki Scully is a staff writer for the Sonoma County Stump. *The following is edited from an article which appeared in the* Stump's *Jan. 7 edition:*

To fully appreciate the power of Grateful Dead music, one must have direct personal experience. Its ability to alter one's state of consciousness, to change one's mind, makes it exceptional. It is alchemical music, requiring initiation for total understanding.

The Grateful Dead is an ensemble band making 20th Century ensemble music. They get us high biophysically. With the use of audio acoustics, the sound the ear perceives moves mind, body, and spirit. This music has nothing to do with popular innovations of the time. Dead music speaks a new language—different, weird—creating a new dictionary made up of biophysical feelings. Because they are in tune on so many levels, the music has the ability to breathe fire and have it mix with water. It achieves complete fluidity.

When the band plays, the synergy that is created comes from all seven band members and their interaction with the people in the audience. It is a unique, sensitive exchange. The Dead are playing for salvation—praying. Grateful Dead is soul music. At the end of a concert, if it has really been nourishing, you have nothing to say.

The Grateful Dead is a rolling rainbow of sound, with the ability to project shapes with sound as well as universal images. As they travel, they explore as many directions as possible. When they come to a dead end, they laugh, pivot, and take off in another direction . . . going down another road, always searching for new adventures, new places, new waves to carry themselves and their audience. When the harmonics are in tune with a higher order, interrelating above the band in the hall, illusions are created. The lyrics combine with the music in a way which totally involves the listener in the experience at hand. Sometimes giant cellos take over—harps, flutes, giant sections of violins, violas, and brass. This is music of the spheres!

From the first bar of music on Tuesday night to the last note early Sunday morning, the 6,000 or so fans crowded into Winterland each night were up and rocking, grinning from ear to ear with that sometimes-painful smile that just won't quit, or lost in the ecstasy of the timeless music.

The first concert was somewhat of a soundcheck and warmup. The band had not played together for some time, and was nervous about how it would come off, but they started out with an intensity somewhere near the level of a normal peak and just kept going from there. Friday night's set was the most introspective and laid-back of the nights. That is not to say it suffered from any lack of intensity—quite the contrary—it just took us to a different space. But to try and state that power, that searing, soaring, majestic, wonderful power in the music that captures your being and sets your soul to dancing—

The stage becomes a vehicle; we are all caught up in it. The rhythms of the drums carry us into new dimensions, patterns pounding on closed eyelids—each person alone among thousands, yet merging, melding together in perfect harmony.

Jerry's guitar leads us through time and space with confidence we can depend on, squeezing notes from his guitar until they drip like melting colors or soar like eagles. At times Phil's bass trembles as if the earth is shaking, casting off any evil that might lurk there. Keith's piano splashes delicately like a spring rain, now a brook, now a stream cascading over falls—a rushing river running for the sea, where Weir plays the waves upon the rocks and Donna Jean, wailing woman, sways in the wind of trumpets resounding from who knows where, permeating the void with a fierce intensity, filling the darkness with light and color. There are storms and fire, joy and gladness, an occasional mire and poignant sadness.

Saturday night's New Year's Eve celebration was presented at 12:30 (or shortly thereafter) due to circumstances within Bill Graham's control. He had a part to play at the Cow Palace, where Santana was bringing in the New Year, and then he had to scurry to Winterland with a police escort. The crowd was just beginning to unleash its impatience when Graham emerged from the topmost corner of the hall riding a Harley-Davidson down a tightwire to the stage, where the band started up an undaunted "Sugar Magnolia." Graham was dressed as the skeleton from the *Grateful Dead Movie,* wearing an Uncle Sam suit. The crowd went wild. Hundreds of balloons descended as Adam and Eve dispensed champagne to the crowd from the stage. The band was inundated with balloons, but nary a note was last.

Grateful Dead concerts are filled with an amazing assortment of characters. The music has no prejudice; it touches everyone it meets. During the four nights, the stage held an interesting array of notables, including a reincarnated Tibetan lama with devotees alongside Hell's Angels, a bank president, and assorted Dead freaks; musicians like David Freiberg and Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Starship, and John Cipollina of Quicksilver. Ken Kesey came down from Oregon, as did Bill Walton, Portland Trail Blazer and notorious Dead Head. Both Walton and Charles Johnson of the Warriors showed up Friday night, and came back Saturday night after their basketball game with other members of both teams.

Every night after the second set, Graham would be back in the dressing room cajoling the band to get back out there on stage to please the crowd that was never quite ready to leave. His bribes were so outrageous that by the final night I noticed a microphone taped to a ledge near the ceiling. Upon inquiring, I learned that these conversations were being recorded as proof of Graham's promises, to be played back at a later date.

Even though Bill ceased his urging, the crowd would not stop. They pounded and roared and stamped their feet for more than an hour while the band tried to figure out whether they had enough energy left to come out and do it again. It was close to 4:30 a.m. before cars began to move from the jammed parking lots.

The fact that at some point they had to stop was the only clue to the mortality of the Grateful Dead.

From the Grateful Dead

A Departure, of Sorts

By John Swenson, Rolling Stone

"This doesn't represent me correctly," Bob Weir complains to a photographer as he gestures at the half-empty dishes before him. "I hardly ever drink tea, and I HATE sugar." He then tosses several packets of the stuff against the wall.

Weir's concern with image is lighthearted but pointed. After more than 10 years as lead singer and rhythm guitarist with the Grateful Dead, Weir is carefully beginning to set himself apart, with his own group currently on the road promoting his recent album, "Heaven Help the Fool."

"The Grateful Dead are going to do a major tour starting this month," Weir explains. "We're also scheduled to be recording sometime this year. So this tour is sandwiched in, as always."

The Grateful Dead's switch to Arista Records and producer Keith Olsen for their last album, "Terrapin Station," certainly bolstered the band's career, but it's done even more for Weir personally. Even though he had recorded a previous solo album and one with Kingfish, both sounded similar to the Dead. "Heaven Help the Fool" is a complete departure, a smooth and languid slice of California soul closer to the crooning of Boz Scaggs's "Silk Degrees" than the bubbling amalgam of American music played by the Grateful Dead.

"I'VE BEEN TREATED to some criticism on this record," Weir jokes with a slightly defensive, slightly annoyed grimace, "mostly from old Grateful Dead freaks who accuse me of selling out and going commercial. When Keith and I decided to pursue this album, we knew it was going to come out a whole lot slicker. There's a whole lot of music on this record, and people who are put off by the slickness are missing that."

Weir does not hesitate to point out that the Dead are far from the ideal recording band, referring to the group's history on vinyl as "a camel becoming a racehorse created by committee." He goes as far as to suggest that "Heaven Help the Fool," is what he's always wanted his records to sound like.

"In the past, working with the Dead," he says, "when I tried to do a song there were always surprises, but this time I got what I was going for."

In the studio, Weir was augmented by a crack band featuring guitarist Waddy Wachtel, bassist Mike Porcaro, drummers Mike Baird and Nigel Olsson and saxophonist Tom Scott. For his touring band, Weir hired drummer John Mauceri, who has played with Jackson Browne, and who suggested bassist Rick Carlos and keyboardist Brent Myland. The band was completed by guitarist-singer Bobby Cochran, a flashy player who doesn't listen to the Grateful Dead and whose roots are more in hard rock.

Onstage, this unit is much tougher than the Grateful Dead, and though the crowds still yell for "El Paso" and other Dead standards associated with Weir, the group keeps everyone jumping.

"NEARLY EVERY NIGHT some of the people seem to want the Grateful Dead material," Weir says. "There was one guy sitting in the first row who was yelling 'C'mon play the old stuff, we know you hate it but play it anyway.'"

Grateful Dead fans, loyal as they are, may well have influenced Weir's decision to try this solo project.

"We, and particularly Garcia, were the cloak and scepter of a spiritual cult that we and he never wanted," Weir says. "We were a musical aggregate first and foremost. People advance spiritual qualities which may or may not have been important. Everyone has to have a sort of cosmology or their life won't be rewarding. The only difference is that ours leaks into the media."

It's become standard for Weir to be collared by tripsters before and after gigs. "It's one of the sacraments of the cult, whether I like it or not," he said, "so I use my intuition and I try to determine whether there's any possibility of communication. I can't take every psychedelic derelict under my wing and nurse them to sanity, but I am good at it. I've baby-sat a lot of acid casualties."

"Estimated Prophet," Weir's major contribution to "Terrapin Station," was fashioned as a message to some of the wilder elements of the acid fringe.

"It's about someone who has taken too many hallucinogens," Weir explains, "and thinks they're in telepathic communication with me. They come up to me and start off in the middle of a rave because they think I know everything they're talking about. By this time I think I do because it's almost always the same.

"The song is trying to point out these people's holy folly. But I guess it didn't work because the people who need to hear it think it substantiates their delusion rather than see their folly in it."

Weir claims that the fool of the "Heaven Help the Fool" title track isn't autobiographical, but he does identify with the character's situation.

"The song points out the absurdity of the music business, and it also ends up kind of defending it, in so far as it's the only game in town," said Weir. "Until times change, people will be painting themselves into that same corner."

BAM Magazine/April 7, 1978

And while we're on the subject of rumors, the wildest one we've heard recently (and this is on the level) has the **Grateful Dead** playing a huge outdoor concert at the foot of Egypt's pyramids. Perhaps that explains the recent flurry of talks between **President Carter** and noted Dead Head **Anwar El Sadat**. The Dead are supposedly also toying with the idea of playing in music-starved Alaska sometime soon. And yes, that does mean that Hawaii can demand and must receive equal time.

Dead lyricist **Robert Hunter** has postponed the release of his third album until he adds some live tracks (with **Comfort**) from a recent series of gigs.



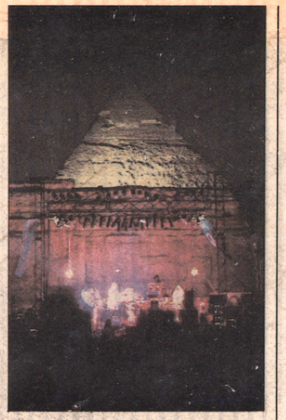
DL052

BOOK TWO

‘78 - ’79



The Dead electrify the pyramids



The Dead onstage (above); Jerry Garcia truckin' through the desert.

THE GRATEFUL Dead's ten-year dream climaxed on September 16th, when the band played its third and final concert under a full moon at the foot of the Great Pyramid. Despite some problems—musically and otherwise—neither the Dead nor Cairo is likely to forget the historic first rock shows at the Pyramid.

Though the Egyptian concerts were more or less a personal whim on the part of the band, they became the basis for a serious pilgrimage for hard-core Deadheads. A chartered DC-7 from California touched down in New York to pick up East Coast Deadheads, and then continued to Cairo. The scene on board the plane resembled Haight-Ashbury, circa 1967. Ken Kesey was there, along with his brother Chuck, their families, assorted Pranksters, Owsley, Mountain Girl—all familiar faces from psychedelia—and younger Deadheads.

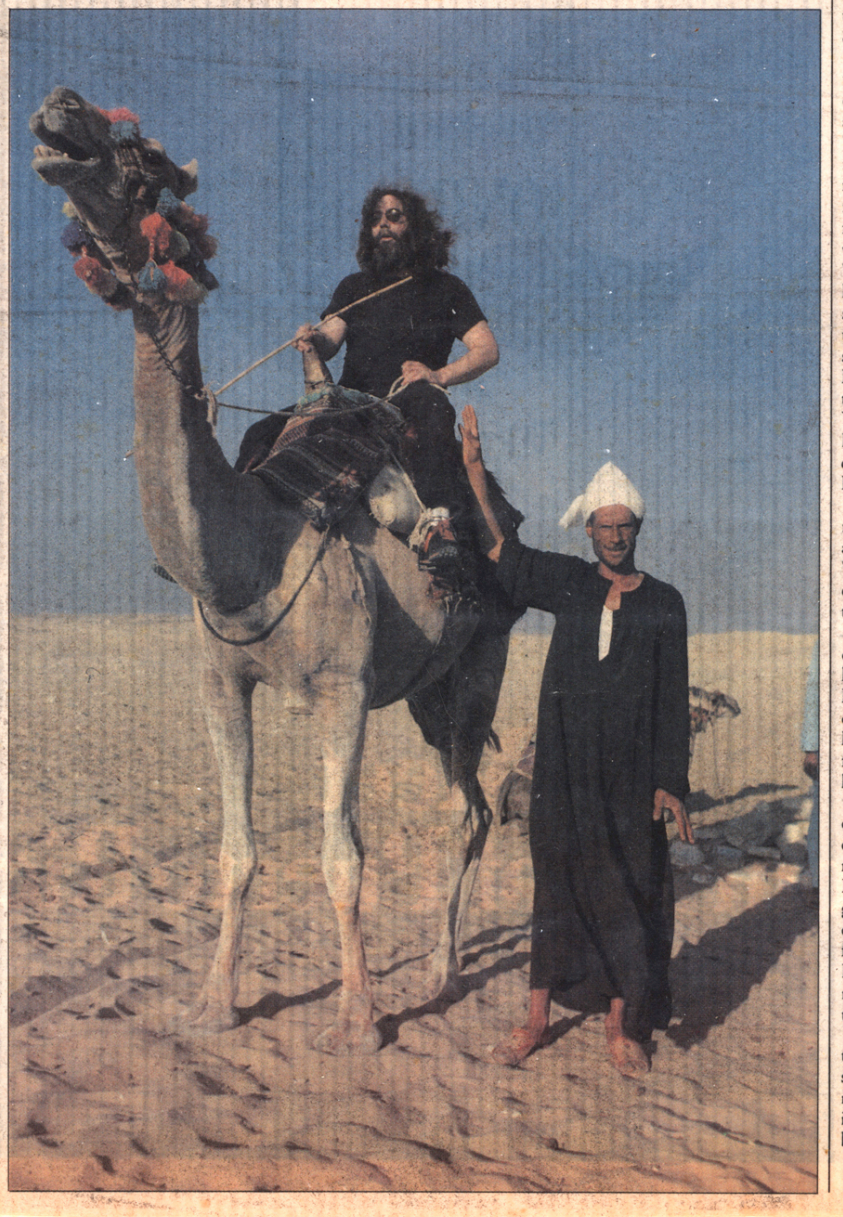
Amazingly, the 110 Deadheads sailed through customs at the Cairo airport without a single bag being searched.

The Dead had already shipped in twenty-five tons of equipment for sound, lighting, filming and recording the concerts for a live album and movie. The venture cost the band $500,000, and proceeds from the concerts (tickets cost from $1.50 to $7.50) were donated to the Egyptian Department of Antiquities and to the Faith and Hope Society, a home for the handicapped.

The entourage seemed to hit Egypt just at the right time. "The Camp David conference was peaking at the time we were playing," Weir commented after returning to America. "A lot of progress was being made, so the town was kind of high. We were Americans playing American music, so we were apt to be pretty readily accepted to begin with. Also, the Arab kids had just concluded Ramadan [a month-long period of fasting]. Coming out of that there's a lot of feasting and carrying on, and we got there just at the end of it."

The entourage occupied the first day in the 110-degree desert heat by climbing the pyramids: basketball star Bill Walton, who accompanied the Dead, was filmed by Ken Kesey climbing inside the Great Pyramid. The hotel's bars, restaurants and gardens became filled with American and British hippies, and Dead music poured out of cassette machines everywhere. Jerry Garcia hovered around the hotel in a good mood. "This should be strange enough," he said on his way over to the Great Pyramid to oversee the miking of the 5000-year-old tomb of Pharaoh Cheops, which was used as an echo chamber for the Dead's shows.

The band's first performance, September 14th at the Sound and Light Amphitheater, was less than spectacular musically. Before about 2000 persons—Deadheads, young Americans and Britons living in Egypt, Western travelers passing through and a mixed crowd of Egyptians—the Dead came onstage after an opening set by Hamza El-Din, a Nubian oud player. Garcia tuned up for fifteen minutes and then the band eased into "Eyes of the World." That suddenly segued into Buddy Holly's "Not Fade Away." Bob Weir did a set of ill-received country songs, and the show ended with "Round and Round" and no encore.



"Our music is based on a number of presuppositions that we had to somehow get across to those folks," said Weir. "So we had to structure our sets in an illustrated manner. We did a streamlined version of what we normally do, starting out with some regular rock & roll that those kids might have heard on the radio and then backing off the tempo so that we're doing something slow enough so that they could ease into it."

Before the second concert, Ken Kesey raced up the Great Pyramid to plant a Dead banner at the top. Again, Weir performed country songs, like "Mama Tried." The Merry Pranksters undertook a long jam of electronic noise, and the show ended with "Terrapin Station" and "Sugar Magnolia."

The Dead's third night was their best. Playing during a lunar eclipse, the band opened the first set with "Bertha" and closed with "Deal." But the audience didn't really come alive until after the intermission, when the Dead's new reggae song, "Shake Street Shuffle," woke everyone up. Then, in what Bob Weir called an act of "questionable taste," Kesey and his Pranksters set off rockets and started taunting the Egyptians in the crowd with chants of "Bakshish, bakshish," a phrase used by Egyptian beggars, which, loosely translated, means, "Tip me, rich Yankee." The night ended with the Dead's only encore of the three concerts, "One More Saturday Night."

"I think I kind of left my little reality at that point," Weir said about playing during the eclipse. "It was so surreal that I wouldn't even try to describe what went through my mind."

Bill Graham treated the whole crew to dinner at the nearby Sahara City Restaurant to celebrate Kesey's birthday, and then produced a surprise: the promoter had rented fifty camels and horses for the entourage's return to the hotel.

Graham, back in the States, was ecstatic: "You know, I've never danced in public before. I was never relaxed in front of a crowd. But the third night was one of the great experiences of my life—dancing to 'Sugar Magnolia' in front of the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid. In my old age, if I remember major events in my life, this will be one of them."

Weir was equally happy with the excursion: "Everybody feels somehow different from the experience. I don't know how to explain it. But I'd love to do it on a regular basis."

—LARRY KELLEY IN CAIRO, WITH BUREAU REPORTS

The Grateful Dead Play the Pyramids



The Grateful Dead is performing three nights in Egypt

Cairo

The Great Pyramids of Giza have survived all kinds of visitors over the centuries, from the Roman legions to Napoleon and, today, tourists who arrive by the thousands in air-conditioned buses to gaze at the last of the ancient world's Seven Wonders.

So it was perhaps a matter of time until the stately pyramids would be wired for sound by an American rock band.

The Grateful Dead, one of the most durable American rock groups, has made its pilgrimage with 25 tons of electrical gadgetry, not to mention guitars, drums, keyboards and other stuff of which rock concerts are made.

The seven musicians contend that their gig at the pyramids is strictly for fun, though it reportedly is costing the band about $500,000.

"This is kind of like giving ourselves a present or taking a vacation," said Jerry Garcia, the lead guitarist and vocalist.

"Frankly, we're amazed we're getting to do this. If we had asked to play the Washington monument, we know damn well what they'd say," said Garcia, who was with the Grateful Dead through the band's rowdiest psychedelic days.

The Egyptian Ministry of Culture is providing an open air theater at the foot of the Sphinx. All ticket proceeds from the three concerts yesterday, today and tomorrow go to the Department of Antiquities, which maintains the monuments of Egypt's past, and the Faith and Hope Society, a local charity assisting the handicapped.

The most that the band hopes to gain is a potentially successful LP album. Richard Loren, the Grateful Dead's manager, estimated that a half-million records would have to be sold to pay for the trip, assuming the recording quality turned out well.

The Grateful Dead, it seems, decided to play the pyramids because they were there. A press release asserted that the band was motivated by its "collective, long-standing interest in Egypt," but only Garcia seemed familiar with Egyptian history. Mickey Hart, the drummer, told someone that "if the Pyramids were in Paraguay, we'd be playing in Paraguay."

Bob Weir, the rhythm guitarist, said that "we've always stood in awe of these things, whatever they are, and we are indulging our hippie mystical fantasies." Weir climbed the highest Cheops Pyramid one sunrise and reported that "somebody went to a great deal of trouble to put these here."

The band was so intrigued by the echo within the king's chamber inside the Cheops Pyramid that the small stone room is being converted with an amplifier and microphone into an echo chamber for the concerts with wires running up the pyramid's flanks.

About two dozen musicians, technicians and staff flew to Cairo, and Weir said that "everybody brought their family or what-not." Loren reported that ten tons of equipment were air-freighted while another 15 tons were hauled from Britain in four large trailer trucks.

Fans and groupies have followed the band. Some "deadheads," as they call themselves, took a package flight from San Francisco for $999 apiece. A wealthy young Arab named Shawki Zayyani also organized a charter jet from Bahrein.

A number of deadheads have been lounging about Mena House, a resort hotel where the Grateful Dead sleep away the heat of the day in deluxe rooms looking out on the Pyramids. One dark-haired woman who ventured downtown to Cairo, where hashish and other drugs are not hard to find, raved that "this place is a real Disneyland for dope."

Although the Grateful Dead are well enough known in the West, most Egyptians have never heard of them. Arabic music, lacking western harmonic progressions, has little in common with modern rock. But the band seems happy to have encountered a virgin audience, though Weir said that "we're going to have to do stuff that is simple and effective, which is not our forte."

For a transition, the band is phasing its playing into an opening performance by Hamza el-Din, a popular Nubian singer who plays the oud, a guitar-like Egyptian instrument. Weir expected the amplified sounds of the Grateful Dead to carry for several miles and thought that this might limit each concert to three or four hours a night. "It would be kind of an abuse of the people in Giza for us to go too late," he said.

After 14 years on the road as a group, the Grateful Dead seem delighted with their current novelty. "It cost us a lot of money to come and our management rationalized it by saying we'll get good press. It might help a little bit, but really this is self-indulgence on our part," Weir said. *Washington Post*



9-17-78 ★ ★ ★ CHRONICLE

Citing rising costs, the changing concert scene, and neighborhood pressure, producer Bill Graham announced the closing of Winterland at the end of this year last week in a letter to a number of Bay Area headline performers. In the same letter, he invited the groups to appear at concerts in Winterland throughout the month of December, with both Graham and the bands donating $1000 each to the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic from each concert. He hopes to mount at least 12 shows during December, which, with the additional $1000 contribution Graham offered, would raise $25,000 for the clinic.

The Night the Grateful Dead Rocked Out at Cheops' Tomb

Cairo

With American rock music echoing in the tomb of Cheops, the Grateful Dead staged a concert in the shadow of tbe Great Pyramid that sent 2000 fans dancing down the aisles.

The 4½ hours of music reverberated over the desert sands for several miles around and gave many Egyptians their first taste of ear-shattering hard rock Thursday night.

"I really love them," said Mamdough Lhorshie, a 25-year-old engineering student as he swayed to the driving beat of a Chuck Berry tune. "To have such an American group here is wonderful."

But, 22-year-old Mohammed Ali, a Saudi Arabian tourist, left before the intermission.

About half the audience — about a day's wages for the average worker.

The rest were expatriate Americans working in the Mideast or Grateful Dead fans who flew to Egypt from California.

On a sand dune beyond the open amphitheater, where sound-and-light shows are held nightly in front of the pyramids and the Sphinx, groups of long-robed villagers mimicked the gyrations of the Americans in the audience who left their seats to dance in front of stage.

"It was worth it, every penny," said Derek Brown, a 25-year-old real estate agent from Santa Rosa, Calif., who paid $1000 to join a charter group of 109 persons.

Among those following the band were professional basketball star Bill Walton and Ken Kesey, a novelist who became a cult figure in the early days of the hippie movement.

The Sphinx, illuminated with flood lights, loomed to the right of the stage and the three giant pyramids towered in the background.

A sound technician named "Ramrod" spent two days wiring the 5000-year-old Great Pyramid, tomb of the Pharaoh Cheops, as an echoe chamber. The live music was fed into the tomb where microphones recorded it and relayed the amplified sound back to the 15-foot stage speakers for the audience.

Associated Press

The Grateful Dead Play the Pyramids

Cairo

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The Egyptian Ministry of Culture is providing an open air theater at the foot of the Sphinx. All ticket proceeds from the three concerts yesterday, today and tomorrow go to the Department of Antiquities, which maintains the monuments of Egypt's past, and the Faith and Hope Society, a local charity assisting the handicapped.

The most that the band hopes to gain is a potentially successful LP album. Richard Loren, the Grateful Dead's manager, estimated that a half-million records would have to be sold to pay for the trip, assuming the recording quality turned out well.

The Grateful Dead, it seems, decided to play the pyramids because they were there. A press release asserted that the band was motivated by its "collective, long-standing interest in Egypt," but only Garcia seemed familiar with Egyptian history. Hickey Hart, the drummer, told someone that "if the Pyramids were in Paraguay, we'd be playing in Paraguay."

Bob Weir, the rhythm guitarist, said that "we've always stood in awe of these things, whatever they are, and we are indulging our hippie mystical fantasies." Weir climbed the highest Cheops Pyramid one sunrise and reported that "somebody went to a great deal of trouble to put these here."

The band was so intrigued by the echo within the king's chamber inside the Cheops Pyramid that the small stone room is being converted with an amplifier and microphone into an echo chamber for the concerts with wires running up the pyramid's flanks.

About two dozen musicians, technicians and staff flew to Cairo, and Weir said that "everybody brought their family or what-not." Loren reported that ten tons of equipment were air-freighted while another 15 tons were hauled from Britain in four large trailer trucks.

Fans and groupies have followed the band. Some "deadheads," as they call themselves, took a package flight ffrom San Francisco for $999 apiece. A wealthy young Arab named Shawki Zayyani also organized a charter jet from Bahrein.

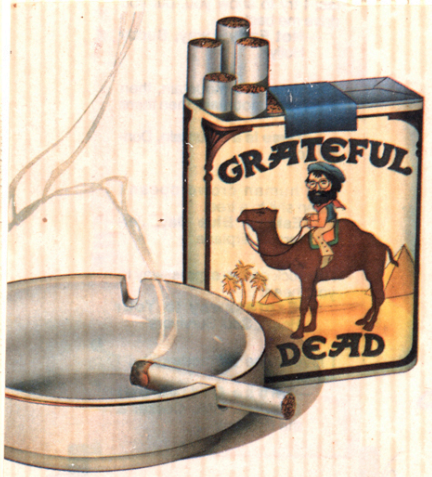
A number of deadheads have been lounging about Mena House, a resort hotel where the Grateful Dead sleep away the heat of the day in deluxe rooms looking out on the Pyramids. One dark-haired woman who ventured downtown to Cairo, where hashish and other drugs are not hard to find, raved that "this place is a real Disneyland for dope."

Although the Grateful Dead are well enough known in the West, most Egyptians have never heard of them. Arabic music, lacking western harmonic progressions, has little in common with modern rock. But the band seems happy to have encountered a virgin audience, though Weir said that "we're going to have to do stuff that is simple and effective, which is not our forte."

For a transition, the band is phasing its playing into an opening performance by Hamza el-Din, a popular Nubian singer who plays the oud, a guitar-like Egyptian instrument. Weir expected the amplified sounds of the Grateful Dead to carry for several miles and thought that this might limit each concert to three or four hours a night. "It would be kind of an abuse of the people in Giza for us to go too late," he said.

After 14 years on the road as a group, the Grateful Dead seem delighted with their current novelty. "It cost us a lot of money to come and our management rationalized it by saying we'll get good press. It might help a little bit, but really this is self-indulgence on our part," Weir said.

New York Times



MIDDLE EAST DESK—EGYPT: THE DEAD PLAY THE DEAD. In a first-ever fusion of rock 'n' roll and Pyramid power as a significant force in international relations, the Grateful Dead played at the base of the Great Pyramid during a lunar eclipse. Afterward, Garcia smoked and rode a camel.

MIDDLE EAST DESK—ISRAEL: DEDICATE SCOOBIE DOOBIE U. Ole Blue Eyes flew to Israel for the inauguration of Frank Sinatra University. A mainstay on the world intellectual circuit, Sinatra was being honored for his many contributions to modern thought, particularly, "I did it my way."



DIES & DAS



Garcia reitet meilenweit für einen Pyramiden-Gig

Lebendige Tote und Merry Pranksters

Nach Deutschland kamen sie nicht, und jetzt haben sie auch ihre England-Gigs abgesagt: Die Grateful Dead. Sie müssen dringend nach Kalifornien zurück, um ihr neues Album SHIP OF FOOLS STREET, das George produz... beenden.

Die Reise na... rangiert von B... unternahmen sie, 500 000 Dollar... schießen mußten. ...dies Geld durch d...

Sphinx mitgeschnittene Live-Album wieder auf die Konten zurückzubekommen.

Außer den Familienmitgliedern Mountain Girl und George Walker, der die Pyramide erklomm, um auf dem Gipfel die Dead-Flagge zu hissen und einen Frisbee zu werfen, kamen im Gefolge ...er letzten wirklichen Anar...o-Familie der Rockmusik ...ch Paul Krassner und Ken ...ou're either on the bus or ... the bus" Kesey mit ins ge... Land der Pyramiden-Power-Anhänger.

Augen- und Ohrenzeugen berichten von einem geradezu magischen Konzert, dem der Geist von Cheops innewohnte. Daß die Dead keine Mumien sind, haben sie jedenfalls neuerlich bewiesen.



Der Sphinx zerbröselten die Ohren

Fotos: Adrian Boot

Copy KESEY comment in English



Grateful Dead's Big Giza Gig

By Don A. Schanche
Los Angeles Times

Cairo

The amplified cacophony of the Grateful Dead resonating beneath an ancient backdrop that would blow the mind of even the most zonked-out rock concert promoter, kept most of Giza awake this weekend.

The American rock group played to a packed desert amphitheater beneath a full moon at the feet of the fabled Sphinx. The Great Pyramids of Giza were especially floodlighted behind them by an obliging Egyptian Ministry of Culture.

Equally obliging Egyptian police politely ignored the thin haze of hashish smoke that wafted across the desert from what appeared to be a legion of aging American hippies who loyally followed the rock world's most renowned necrophiles to the ancient world's most famous necropolis.

"This place is a Disneyland of Dope," marveled Carol (Mountain Girl) Garcia, the wife of lead guitarist Jerry Garcia who founded the Grateful Dead in 1964.

Although the musicians themselves insisted they have long since given up dabbling in drugs, at least some of the dedicated "Deadheads" who accompanied them obviously had discovered that Cairo, where the substance is illegal but readily available, was a hash-smokers' heaven.

A middle-class Egyptian couple, mystified by the resoundingly amplified music, nevertheless exclaimed delight over the ingenuity of an adjacent American couple who had improvised a hash pipe out of an empty Pepsi Cola can.

The open-air theater in front of the Sphinx was filled to its 2000-seat capacity at prices that were stiff for Egyptians — $1.50, $4.50 and $7.50, well above the average local daily wage.

But for the Grateful Dead, the three-night gig was a charity event. The entire proceeds are to be divided between Egypt's needy Department of Antiquities, which maintains the ancient sites, and the Faith and Hope Society, favorite charity of President Anwar Sadat's wife, Jehan.

The out-of-pocket costs of the gesture — which they said was the fulfillment of a dream — was about $500,000 for the Grateful Dead, according to their manager, Richard Loren.

Loren said they hoped to recoup at least partly by mixing the results of the weekend's 12 hours of blues, rock and improvisation into a record album with a hard-to-beat title: "The Grateful Dead — Live at the Pyramids."

But Garcia said that he and his fellow Dead didn't raally care. "It's kind of like giving ourselves a present," he said. He said they have wanted to play the Pyramids ever since the group picked its name by stabbing a finger at random into the Oxford English Dictionary.

The Dead became history's first musicians to turn the Great Pyramids of Cheops into an electronic musical instrument. Egyptian officials permitted their electricians to wire a loudspeaker and microphone into the king's chamber, deep within the limestone pile, and turn it into an echo chamber.

A transmitter on the pyramid's peak beamed the echo back into the banks of speakers surrounding the band.

The quality of the performances appeared to be a question of individual taste. As an Egyptian fan, Hamdi Saad El Din, who has long collected Grateful Dead albums, put it: "You either like the Dead or you don't."

Grateful Dead—Top Tourist Attraction

By Joel Selvin

The Grateful Dead should quit touring, buy a medium-size but ornate theater — say, perhaps the Geary or the Curran — begin regular weekly performances, and become San Francisco's biggest tourist attraction.

Already, people trek across the country to catch even a relatively conventional Dead concert like this week's production at Winterland, with all six nights easily sold out in advance.

According to impressario Bill Graham, around 300 fanatics—or Deadheads—traveled to Egypt for the band's recent gig at the Great Pyramids. Graham estimated he could sellout 20 consecutive Winterland shows.

The Dead doesn't have the world's biggest concert audience. Far from it. But they do have the world's most devoted rock audience.

Fans generally attend more than one — often each and every — performance in a six-night run like this week's. Some fans are discriminating enough to position their seats in a location that especially features their favorite instrumentalist in the sound mix.

The Dead return the devotion with performances that are as changeable as the weather, as mercurial as human nature itself. Take, for instance the Tuesday night show at Winterland. The Dead opened with a 70-minute show that never really found the groove.

The band stuck to relatively short songs — mixing tried and true with brand new — and left the stage with the crowd happy but not sated.

After a more than hour-long intermission, the band returned and launched into one of those extended rock suites with long, ruminating improvisatory sections that only the Dead can do. Instantly, it was clear the band found the missing groove.

Among the band, this X-factor is known as the seventh member. They never know when — or if — he will show up. Sometimes he shows up in the middle of a performance. Sometimes he is there all night. Sometimes he never makes it.

Of all the '60s rock bands, only the Grateful Dead stayed true to their ideals. The Dead have refused to compromise their musical philosophy or lifestyles for the sake of commerciality—another element in the extraordinarily strong bond between the band and their fans.

More than even the Golden Gate Bridge these days, the Grateful Dead symbolize San Francisco across the country and throughout the world. If the band can't attain the official status of a genuine cultural institution, becoming a tourist attraction might be a close second.

The Marin county-dwelling musicians wouldn't have to travel far to work. The expense of cross-country tours would be over and, perhaps, the San Francisco Visitors and Convention Bureau would underwrite future international tours to help build up the foreign tourist trade.

Properly done, the Grateful Dead would whip Fisherman's Wharf.

Grateful Dead ill

ADVERTISER 11/25/78

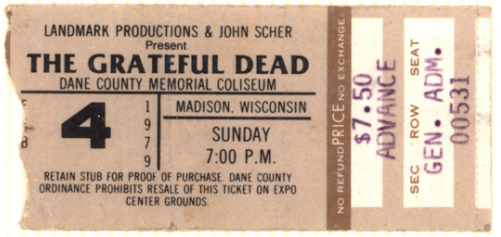
NEW HAVEN, Conn. — Thousands of Grateful Dead fans were disappointed and some were arrested when the group's show at the New Haven Coliseum was canceled because of the lead singer's illness.

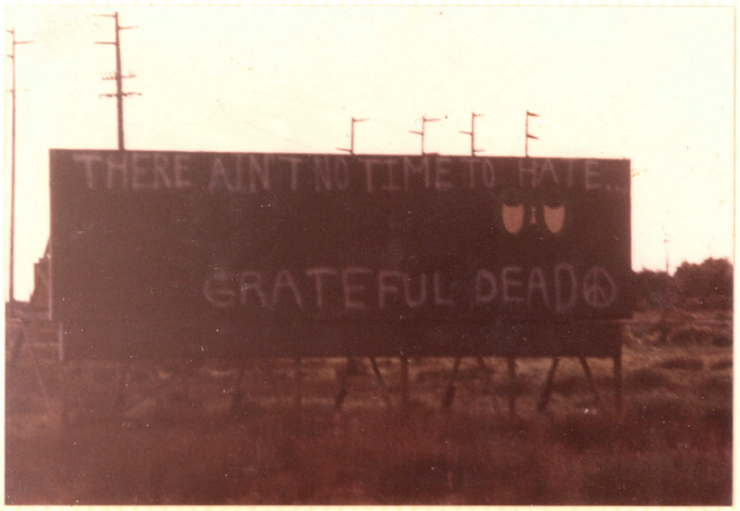
A spokesman told the crowd an hour after the popular rock group was scheduled to play Saturday that lead singer Jerry Garcia had contracted pneumonia and would be unable to appear.

About 35 people were arrested for disorderly conduct and vending without a license around the time of the cancellation, police said. One person was charged with indecent exposure.

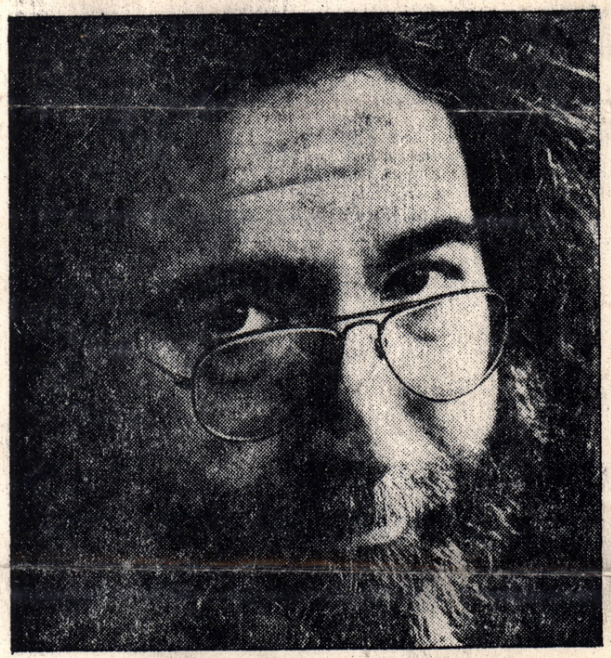
A spokesman for the Grateful Dead said they will try to reschedule the concert.











Jerry Garcia, by Joel Richardson—The Washington Post

WASH. POST
11/24/78

Still Grateful

Their Decade Died, the Dead Did Not

By Lynn Darling

Like a cavalry scout just back with reports from beyond the next ridge, Rock Scully, manager of the Grateful Dead, came back to their suburban Maryland hotel room, eyes awash in wonder, with a message to Garcia.

"Wow, you wouldn't believe what's going *on* down there," he reported to lead guitarist Jerry Garcia and a few of the assembled troops. "There's this Thanksgiving buffet, and all these *middle-class* people, and the radio's on you know, and there's all this news about *Guyana* . . . it was really *weird*."

It brought Scully up short, something of a shock to the system. As Garcia himself said yesterday, "there are only a handful of places where we bump into the real world."

There are, after all, a few rock-bottom dichotomies in the lives of the Grateful Dead, and one of them is this: In this weary world that has seen so much since John Kennedy was shot and Ken Kesey first took acid, it is still possible for Garcia to divide it all up between "everybody who's straight . . . and us."

Hours before their concert at the Capital Centre last night, it was as if the gray November rain had dissolved all notion of the present. Suddenly it was back to on the bus or off the bus, it was rented rooms filled with Day-Glo colors and the strange spores of the all-night Acid Tests, it was Haight Ashbury and the Pranksters and all the others swirls in that cultural vortex from which the Grateful Dead emerged . . . and have remained.

See GRATEFUL, B17, Col. 1

The Decade Died, The Dead Did Not

GRATEFUL, From B1

It was not as if Garcia hadn't noted the changes. No, he said, the '70s "don't mean something like the '50s or the '60s. The '70s have no sense of identity." Not like the '60s, when there was that "nice thing of discovering kindred spirits—meeting people and it would be like, 'Oh, you're the weird person from your town? I'm the weird person from my town.'"

It's just that it hasn't made a damn bit of difference.

There he sat, long graying shaggy hair, dark blue T-shirt, rimless glasses, talking effortlessly in the argot of the decade that died—all about being "a full human" and "the straight world" and "expanding the frame" and the lines in his kind, accommodating face did not seem to reflect the kind of psychic creases that have weathered most of his brethren. At least as far as he would let on.

"This world I experienced still has the kind of energy that we had back then," he said, but then the Grateful Dead tries very hard to run a distinctly different course from the one on the other side of the stage.

This world of theirs has been hammered into its own finely wrought shape by now, and all that might disturb its symmetry is avoided. All but the strictly inevitable, summed up by Garcia in the word "airport," which becomes by intonation a metaphor for all those aggravating confrontations with a culture that he rejected on its merits over 20 years ago, when he got his first guitar.

"Airports," said Garcia, and lit another cigarette. "They're one of those places you just have to behave yourself. I mean, they have signs that say 'no joking.'" In the '70s, said Garcia, "it's harder to have fun. People seem scared. No more free concerts in the park."

He did not talk much about the changes 15 years have brought, since the early days when the Grateful Dead defined the '60s and their kinetic, often crazed sense of possibility. He has become, he said, "looser now, more comfortable. Tolerant might be a better word. It's easier to go to the airport now, less paranoia." Less anger now that the '60s left so meager a legacy, fewer questions of "why isn't the world a better place, why aren't things improving. The psychedelics made it seem so simple—it was hard to fight the dissonance between what seemed possible and what was really happening."

But, he said, "I'm confused as I ever was." He does not want to talk about himself, his home or living arrangements, would prefer to talk of angels and demons, and the flying saucers which have fascinated him ever since the '50s—"in the '50s, they were the only thing strange that was happening."

And in the '60s, all that was strange was happening, and the Grateful Dead were at the center, blurring the lines between the dancer and the dance. Now Garcia can still talk of psychedelic drugs as "the profoundly important thing in my life, the source, the wellspring" of all he is today and of all he does. Now, he feels, he has a responsibility to the buyers of high-priced tickets not to get too high while performing, and so he sticks to marijuana and "West Coast mushrooms" and "whatever new comes along."

Together with the other members of the band, he is wrapped securely in the cocoon of anomaly. They have, he said, "few allies" in the rock industry —"There's not a whole lot of people who think the way we do."

But there are legions of diehard fans, the perennial Deadheads, who will follow them anywhere, eyes shining with admiration as they talk of a Dead concert as "a religious experience," ardent believers of all ages who describe a Dead concert as they would a fine painting—a mother lode of emotions and insights that unfold new dimensions with each new experience.

On this tour, the group has brought more of a sense of organization to a life spent mainly on the road. While they are, as Garcia said, "broke," they have cut back on equipment and personnel and have even managed to time their tour to the release of their latest album.

"We were tilting at windmills," said Garcia of the long wrangles with managers, record companies and money that have erupted over the years. "We found ourselves in trouble with the straight world and realized, 'Wow, we're really not very good at this.'"

Nevertheless, it is still, he said, coincidence that has things going along so pacifically for the moment, "pure crazy luck which figures highly in what we do."

He is fascinated by coincidence—"the clues you look for, the little suggestions in your life that there is some outstanding order." In Egypt last September, for instance: playing at the Great Pyramid on the night of a lunar eclipse. He liked Egypt; it was, as a friend of his had said to him, "like being in a place with no cops or parents," a glimmer of what those early years had been like so briefly, and so long ago.

As for those who have veered off the edge and sought a separate peace in the mainstream, he takes a long view from a time that, for most people, proved too fragile to support more than a summer's day of indulgence.

"The '70s are depressing, all right," said Jerry Garcia. "But in the Grateful Dead world, things are snapping right along."

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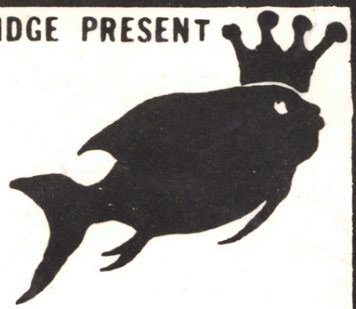
LOEWS

FRI. NOV. 21, 8 P.M.



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Dead Outgrows Old Sets

By FRANK GREEN
Staff Writer, The San Diego Union

It was just like old times Wednesday night at Golden Hall, where a stoned-out, sold-out crowd partly comprised of pot smokers, coke snorters, reborn hipsters and mellowed-out crazies listened to the spacey bluegrass sounds of the Grateful Dead, one of the few remaining social institutions from rock's psychedelic era.

The band is still led by singer-guitarist Jerry Garcia, and his immediately recognizable circular guitar runs and easy vocal delivery continue to provide a cohesiveness and driving force that contribute positively to the group's repertoire of generally uninspired, countrified ballads and low-down white rhythm and blues tunes.

There were some occasional [illegible]ncy and upbeat offerings of primarily traditional electric folk rock.

But even these songs were comparable to their ballad counterparts in that they retained the interminably long middle passages and extended choruses that didn't seem to do much but pass the time.

"Keep On Dancin'," as with "Good Lovin'," had a Young Rascals sound to it, but the general drift was more toward acid-country tunes like "Across the Rio Grande," which put to good use the vocal stylings of Donna Godchaux, whose singing was usually drowned out on other songs by an over-enthusiastic chorus.

"Move Away" featured an undercurrent of churning basslines, played by Phil Lesh, but again the tune suffered from one monotonous line being repeatedly chanted without variation.

This is not to maintain that the Dead lacked technical proficiency.

The material was tightly delivered, Garcia's bluesy guitar manipulations were occasionally innovative, the rhythm section soared constantly and there was perfect supportive percussion.

The only case against the Dead is that the ensemble has evolved technically to the point where they have outgrown their mundane set of tunes.

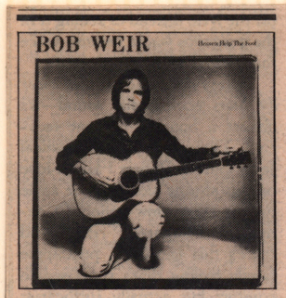
At a Dead concert now, it is not the written music that attracts attention any longer, but the execution of that music.

On the positive side, the heavy psychedelic blitzes of the past have been scaled down decibelwise, so it is much easier (and more comfortable) to discern each member's contribution to the end product.









Heaven Help the Fool
Bob Weir
Arista AB 4155

Cats under the Stars
Jerry Garcia Band
Arista AB 4160

By Don Shewey

IN GRATEFUL DEAD lore, Jerry Garcia has always been the beatific paterfamilias, Bob Weir "the Kid." Both play variations of these roles on their new albums with mixed results: Garcia's getting to be like a stodgy grandfather who tells the same anecdotes every time you see him, while Weir brashly breaks away from the tribe and proves he can make something on his own.

Nothing on *Heaven Help the Fool* quite lives up to the title track —the jivey boast of a Los Angeles *arriviste*, a "professional gimme-fiver"—wrapped in streamlined pop-soul. The teasing, reined-in horns (by Tom Scott) and curiously undermixed refrain invite the odd—for Weir—comparison to Steely Dan and Boz Scaggs, while the cool sarcasm of the female backup vocals parodies the syco-

BILL GRAHAM PRESENTS

THE CLOSING OF WINTERLAND

MASQUERADE BALL

THE GRATEFUL DEAD
—
THE BLUES BROTHERS
FEATURING JOLIET JAKE AND ELWOOD BLUES
—
NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE

BREAKFAST AT DAWN

NEW YEAR'S EVE SUNDAY DECEMBER 31 · 8 PM

Dear Winterland Fan,

This New Year's Eve concert with the Grateful Dead will be the last show at Winterland. We know there won't be enough tickets for everyone, so we have designed an innovative ticket distribution system.

Today, Sunday, December 10, tickets will go on sale at the following BASS outlets. There will be no charge-by-phone for this show.

Outlets: Record Factory stores (except Irving Street and Alameda); Bullock's (except Walnut Creek); Galaxy Records (Livermore only); Eucalyptus Records (Fairfield and Reno only); BASS Ticket Office in Oakland; Jeff's Jeans in San Francisco, San Jose and San Mateo; Hyatt Regency; Tuff Shirts in Santa Rosa.

Starting at 9am, people who want to buy Dead tickets will be given a numbered ticket stub, and the outlet will keep a same-numbered ticket in a hopper. At 1pm today, each outlet will draw numbers to determine which people will be eligible to buy tickets (limit of 2 per person). The number of tickets available at each outlet will be based on the outlet's average percentage of sales volume.

Between 1pm and 3pm today, you must return to the same outlet to see if your number has been chosen, and to buy your ticket. Winning numbers will be posted; please do not call the outlets. Tickets will not be held after 3pm.

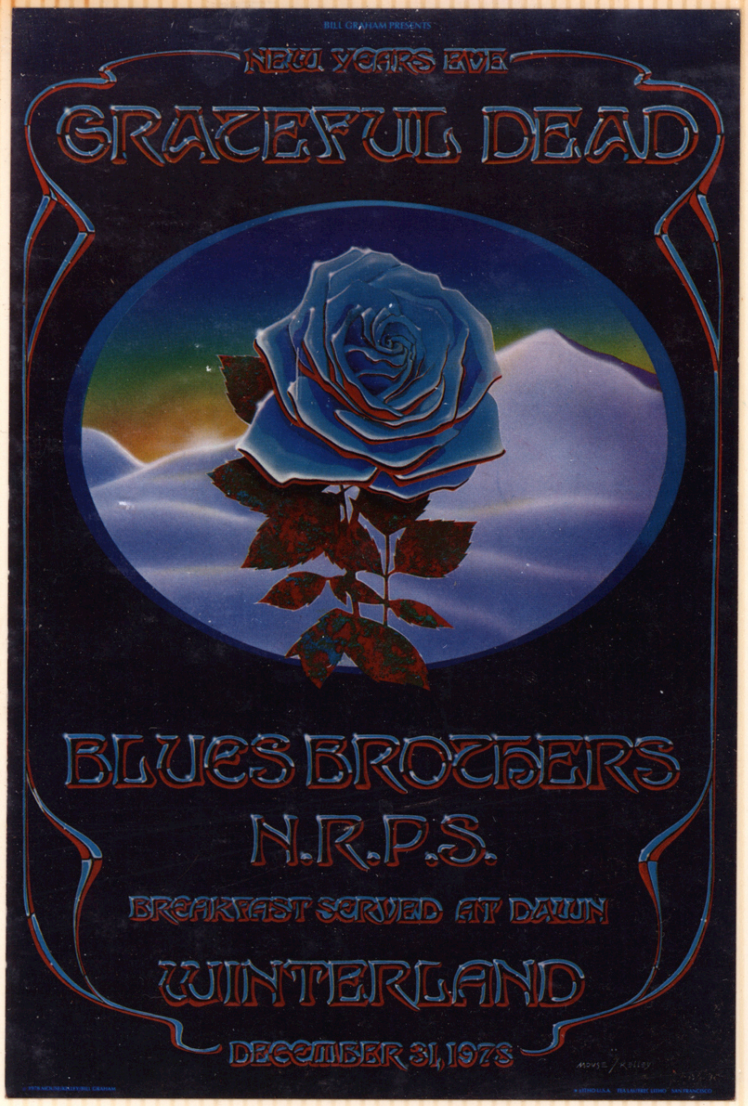
We hope this drawing will give everyone an equal chance to obtain a ticket. If you have questions, call 415/TELETIX, 408/297-7552 or 916/962-0314.

Good luck, cheers and Happy New Year!

Bill Graham

TICKETS: $30 PLUS BASS SERVICE CHARGE. THERE WILL BE NO PHONE ORDER FOR THIS SHOW.

THE GRATEFUL DEAD ARE ALSO PLAYING AT THE PAULEY PAVILION UCLA ON DECEMBER 30TH
TICKETS AVAILABLE AT BASS.



Welcome!

First, and more than anything else, we hope you enjoy spending New Year's Eve with us here at Winterland.

You've probably heard that we're locking it up for good tonight; it's true. The reasons are varied, and we think valid. We're gonna start the festivities with the showing of a film that we're sure you'll enjoy, even if you've already seen it. Then, the music should begin around 8 o'clock. We'll start with the New Riders, then into the Blues Brothers, then go into a short break while we get ready for our annual midnight madness, which will be followed by the Dead. At whatever time the live music ends, breakfast begins.

On the way out, be sure to avail yourself of a holiday gift which we've prepared specially for you. Since you've made up the audiences that have created so many great events, we felt it would be nice for all of us to have a visual reminder of what we've all been a part of these past fourteen years.

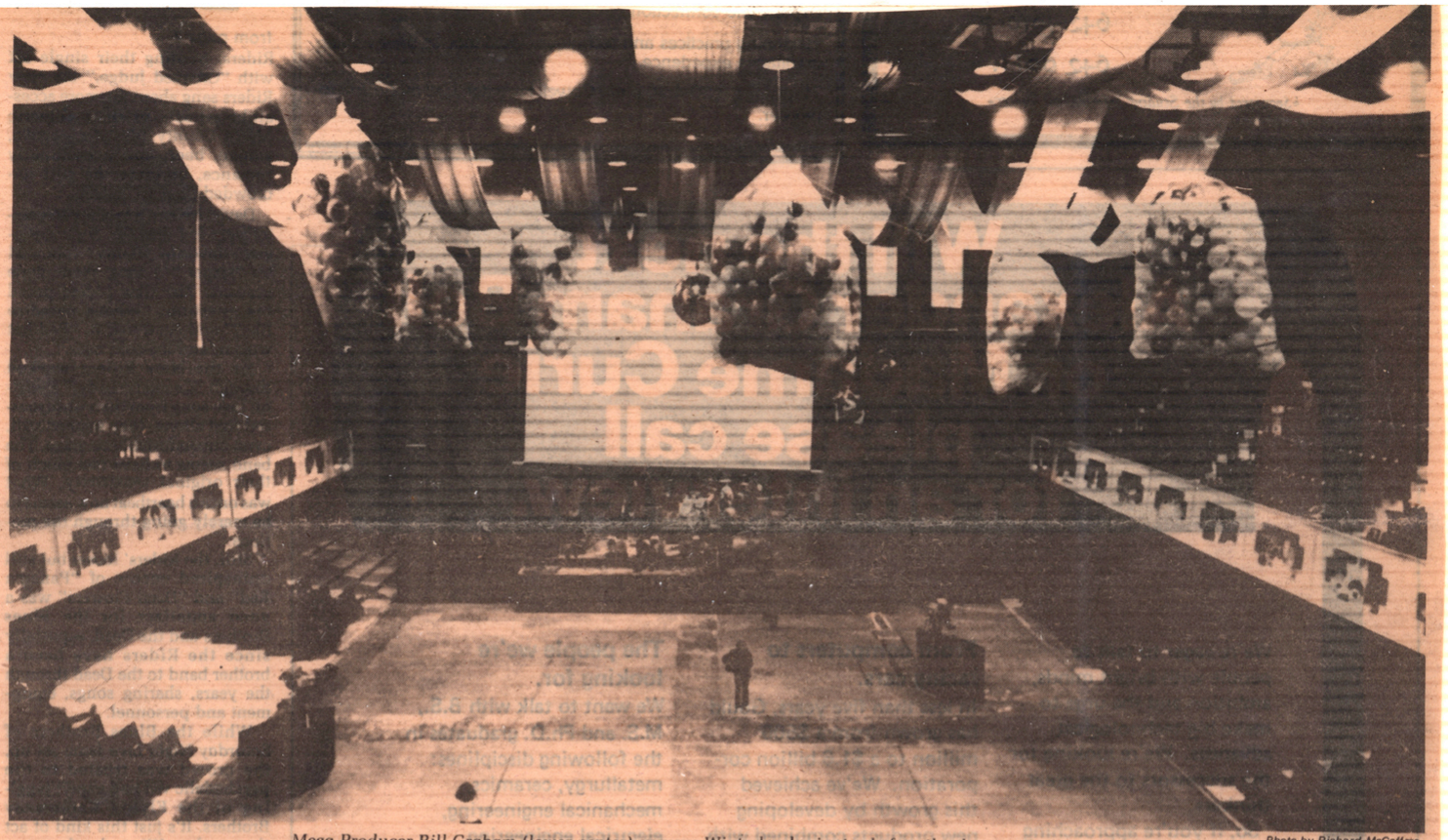
We've had the good fortune of traveling throughout this country and being involved with musical events of all shapes and sizes, involving audiences of the most varied kinds; and it's important to us that you know how we feel about who you are. We feel that the Dead Head/Winterland Fan is the best there is; and we want you to know that.

Enjoy!

Cheers!
Bill and the Winterland Gang







Mega-Producer Bill Graham (lower center) surveys Winterland minutes before the doors open. Photo by Richard McCaffree

The Last Tango at Winterland

Sometimes the lights all
shinin' on me
Other times I can barely see
lately it occurs to me
what a long strange trip it's
been.

– "Truckin'"

ONE OF THE longer and stranger trips of the Sixties was brought to an end New Year's eve when the New Riders of The Purple Sage, the Blues Brothers, and the Grateful Dead played an all-night final show at Winterland [illegible]'s rock [illegible]ty or a [illegible]nths of [illegible]served [illegible]d of an [illegible]t of the small halls — followed the fate of the Old Fillmore, the Fillmore West, and the Fillmore East.

Winterland appears to be closing its doors as a rock hall mainly because of pecuniary problems, and has been phasing out more and more concerts to larger halls over the past year. Heating, maintenance, and the limited number of shows have made it too expensive to continue operating Winterland.

"The tendency now is to go to a large indoor or outdoor hall like the Cow Palace," Graham announced at a press conference at mid-December. He cited changes in youth culture for this move. "The religious, spiritual move of thousands of people into San Francisco to be with their peers musically, socially, philosophically, has stopped over a period of years."

Today's youth culture, Graham explained, does not want "to participate or join peers, but to be entertained." As entertainers, rock stars take a more commercial attitude, have higher production costs, and require larger halls when touring in order to foot the bills. Also, the suburbs hold a larger rock audience today than they did in the Sixties and have more economic force, compared to San Francisco, which is limited in size.

"In the 1980's," Graham predicted, "social force won't be a large part of music," because there are no agitating forces such as the Vietnam war or strong third world movements." You won't get the oneness carried out of the room."

Thus, Winterland's closing is sort of a self-fulfilling prophecy: Because it is the last of its kind, its kind is no more. The Old Fillmore closed in 1978, and both the Fillmore East and West closed around 1971; all that's left are huge halls like the Oakland Coliseum (14,000) and the Cow Palace (14,500), and smaller clubs like the Boarding House and the Old Waldorf.

By Seth Rosenfeld

While some dead heads from as far away as New York camped on Post and Steiner Streets since Tuesday, amidst sleeping bags and down jackets, just to get good seats, others sought tickets at the last minute despite the concert's early Thanksgiving sellout. Scalpers, though not as prevalent as at other concerts due to Graham's lottery system of distributing tickets, commanded up to $200 per ticket on New Year's Eve. To ease desperate dead heads Graham set up huge speaker columns on the streets in front of Winterland and even supplied them with breakfast on the morning of the show.

At Dead Headquarters in San Rafael there were complaints of Graham being "too uptight" with tickets. "Graham and his people were on a heavy authoritarian trip," said one spokesperson. Over at the Oakland BASS outlet a car full of people were seen to collect a lottery ticket, step outside, don a different coat and pair of shades and go back repeatedly to increase their chances.

"No other group would have as great a demand for tickets," Graham said. To deal with this demand, concert goers first had to pick-up a lottery ticket at BASS. If their lottery number won, they were allowed to purchase a $30 ticket for San Francisco's most expensive rock concert ever. BASS estimated there were at least 30,000 lottery tickets for only 4,000 available tickets.

Winterland is a small place "where an artist can create the event. I'm not lying — the primary reason we kept this place open so long is for the Dead. They are the only ones that do what they do."

AT THE EVENING'S START, the elated crowd — many with painted faces, capes and skeleton costumes based on the Dead's mythology, watched a screening of *Animal House* or milled about a decked-out Winterland. The clammy painted and repainted cement walls were covered with bright cloth, and from Victorian frames around the balcony portraits of rock's greatest peered down on the last Winterland rock-out.

Animal House ended and a steely-faced Graham — looking almost personable despite the pressure of promoting 12 New Year's shows — implored the crowd to leave the hall intact and promptly introduced the New

see page 8

Dead

from page 8

warned "By the year 2006 the music known today as the blues will exist only in the classical section of your local library" Joilet Jake Blues (a.k.a. John Belushi) and Elwood Blues (a.k.a. Dan Akroid came on as dead pan — and deadly serious — caricatures of the original Blues Bandits.

Slinking onstage behind impenetrable shades in dark suits and thin black ties, they performed a great set that was as tight as it was tough. The band, which included premier blues guitarist Steve Cropper and jazz saxophonist Tom Scott, flexed and snapped their considerable musical muscle as Elwood and Jake soft-shoed and jive-jumped around the stage.

The Blues Brothers set was an energized rendition of their first and only album, Briefcasefull of Blues. "Soul Man" was a standout with Cropper on guitar, while Akroid's harp playing electrified "Almost" and spiced other numbers.

It might be best to think of the Brothers as a big bad Desoto, all wax and chrome, expecially on the outrageous "Rubber Biscuit." The band bops, Akroid blubber lips, "Bop woppa shiga diga, bop woppa shiga digga," as he and Belushi float over the stage, steppin' out.

Then the car pulls up with Akroid's snicker: "Have you ever heard of a wish sandwich? A wish sandwich is the kind of a sandwich when you have two slices of bread — tee hee hee hee — and you wish you had some meat — Bow Bow Boww," and the car pulls away.

It was around 11:30 when they quit and the roadies set up the stage for the Dead. The crowd had been thoroughly energized by the Brothers sparkling dynamics in comparison to the New Riders' lackluster performance, and was "psyched" for the Dead. People made a rush for the john or refreshments, and the hall papered with posters of concerts gone by became a suspended time-capsule of an era.

A LITTLE AFTER midnight, a little into the New Year, as thousands of balloons poured down in a strobe light shower, the Dead made themselves at home and did what only they can do.

With a backdrop of skull and roses the Dead celebrated the first moments of the new year with a bouncing version of "Sugar Magnolia," the same number they opened with last year. The crowd toked and cheered wildly and hoarse cries of "Happy New Year" were heard.

The lights went down and the band embarked upon a rhythmic version of "Scarlet Begonias," as Phil Lesh's bass laid a mountainous bottom line for the tonal depths stirred by the rest of the band.

Without stopping, the Dead segued into "Fire on the Mountain," a hip, swaying number with a one step forward two steps backward beat graced by Garcia's warbling guitar solo, and then back into "Scarlet Begonias."

The rest of the first set was comprised by a slow electric version of "Friend of the Devil," a rocking "I used to love her (but it's all over now)," and two songs from the new LP *Shakedown Street*, "Staggerlee" and "From the Heart of Me." The latter segued into "Sunshine Daydream" as another pyrotechnic stage flash roused the crowd.

After a brief break, the band moved into the second set with Bob Weir growling out "Samson and Delilah" ("If I had my way, I would tear this whole place down") and Garcia's voice crackling like grain on "Ramblin' "I Need a Miracle Every Day" followed, but I wasn't surprised. The guy next to me had predicted every song correctly, and I was waiting to see if his prophecy of appearances by Dylan, Mick Jagger and Van Morrison would come true as well. They didn't.

The second set grinded to a halt after 2 hours with "Reelin' and a Rockin' " a la Chuck Berry, after New Riders' guitarist and drummer helped whip it into a frenzy.

When the Dead came out for the third and final set, they finally relented and played "Dark Star." The sign that read "1535 days since the last San Francisco Dark Star" can hang no more. Ecstatic ooohs and ahs filled the air as dead heads shook hands saying, "Dark Star, man, alright."

Somehow, perhaps by musical intuition, Garcia looked at Lesh, and with the power of a galleon sail billowing suddenly over the Aeolian Sea, the band broke into the "Other One," which is by now a psychedelic anthem.

Two strands of light converged into a harmony mounted by Garcia and Lesh and the Dead burst into a triumphant "St. Stephen."

The soaring set ended with the ultimate message of the psychedelic era, a tune by the Youngbloods called "Good Lovin.' " The Band's sweet harmonies and bright guitar bubbled over the drummer's marimba-like rhythm.

At a quarter to six the Dead roused the crowd for breakfast with "Casey Jones" and "Johnny B. Goode," appearing only once more that day to do "And we bid you good night," a vocal harmony with an ethereal, almost spooky quality.

After being corralled to a Narci's catered breakfast (not bad at all) of scrambled egg crepe, ham and apples, Winterland's last rocked-out audience made its way in a stream of bright tail lights across the "transitive nightfall of diamonds."



Photo by Richard McCaffree

The Grateful Dead: what a long strange trip it's been.







The party's over, Graham blows the joint



By Francis Moriarty

IT'S TWELVE YEARS gone and in a few minutes it'll be 13 — not the best of numbers — and Ken Kesey, family and about a dozen Pranksters are milling about the backstage of Winterland, a long time gone since the Trips festival. Kesey is getting ready to play the Thunder Machine as accompaniment to Bill Graham's midnight entrance as Father Time — it is Graham, isn't it? — riding an outsized joint along a highwire that's stretched across the ballroom's ceiling.

It's the end of an era, see, so that's why they're all here — Kesey, Owlsley, Chet Helms, a half-dozen Hells Angels from assorted chapters, Bill Walton, dozens of willowy and formerly willowy groupies, the New Riders, the Dead, old KMPXers decrying the death of FM radio, a bunch of **National Lampoon** and "Saturday Night Live" types, and a scattering of old roadies down to stems and seeds. One bomb placed backstage and half the living cultural relics of the Sixties would be out to lunch with Jimi and Janis.

Except it's not really the end of an era and pretty much everyone knows it. The era ended a long time ago for the people backstage, and this is an alumni reunion, an excuse for a party, a chance to eat hash brownies, gets lots of good, free lines, and maybe relive a few great memories along the way.

In front of the stage is another matter.

A few graying heads stand out like silver among the blonde, but mostly this concert is, for them, the closing of the only ballroom they ever knew, a place that meant entertainment. Their older sisters and brothers may have experienced acid here while Ken played the Thunder Machine and the punch was brewed, but tonight there is no punch, no New Year's babies to drop their diapers and embarrass a television audience watching a broadcast sponsored in part by a chain jeans store. No, there will be no punch, for — as the New Rider's John Dawson put it—"Kool-Aid has a bad name these days."

They will not experience the transcendent separation of mind and body, merely the crass material experience of separating themselves from their wallets. The event costs $30 per person, an amount that once would have covered a week-plus of live music. If stood in a large empty office and asked me, "What's this room called?" I glanced at a map with pushpins and airplane routes charted with colored twine.

"I think it's the travel room," I replied.

"Hmph," she snorted, "then when is it going to take us someplace?"

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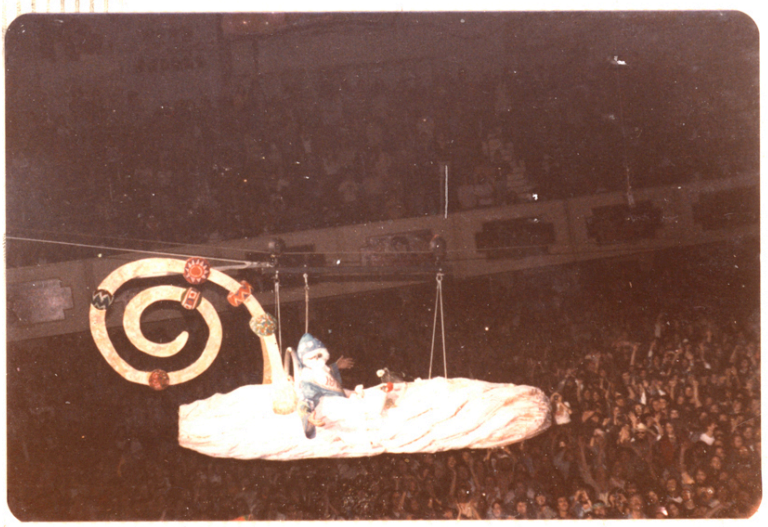




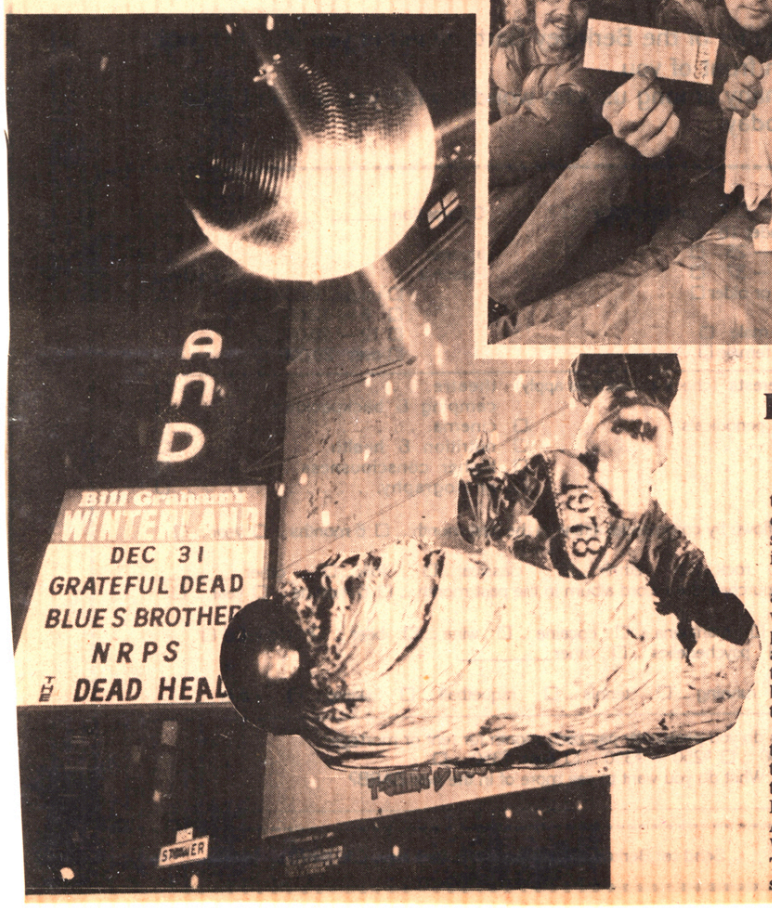
Winterland's Dead

Page 16



Impresario Bill Graham, dressed as Father Time, comes out smoking (lower left) to the delight of a sea of patient Deadheads, some of whom waited as long as three days (below) to be among the first to hear their heroes (above) sing last rites for Winterland.





Photos by Dave Patrick

there will be any mind-bending chemical concoctions available, Kesey says with a smile, "I wouldn't know anything about it."

But money is a very Sixties concern, and this is not a Sixties night, not even when the Dead finally get serious about playing and lift several thousand people and sent them hovering a few feet above the floor. This is a party, above and beyond all a party, and Bill Graham throws parties very well.

It is a much better party, in fact, than the one at the Jefferson Starship house that started about an hour after the Dead took the stage and was thrown for the Blues Brothers — John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd — whose one-hour set put the Winterland party on a boogeying track. The mood at the Starship house was summed up by a nine-year-old girl who

ABOUT THREE A.M. the backstage atmosphere at Winterland is tense, as Graham has reportedly been upset by the presence of so many Angels. Security forces — mostly in the person of a six-foot-eight guard wearing a sleeveless denim jacket — are ejecting people left and right, including a PBS camerawoman who left the stage for a few minutes, was refused re-entry and thereby lost a few hours of extremely lucrative overtime pay.

Not to mind. Expect that efficiency will outgun discretion, for this is a Bill Graham production, and the trains will run on time. That is one of the major reasons people dislike Graham, and it is probably the major reason they respect him.

The Dead finish their encore **a cappella** at about 6:30 a.m. as dawn breaks reluctantly over the Western Addition. A young woman from Monterey offers me some apple juice from her catered breakfast, another Graham touch. The juice is in a small plastic container factory-sealed with an aluminum foil top. There is a roll of something she alleges is an omelette, a square something I take to be a pastry and a thick slice of unnaturally pink ham. to get this breakfast, there is a solid 15-minute wait.

"It looks like airplane food." I offer.

Her nose wrinkles. "Yeah. . .but it's really worth it."

Besides, she adds, her mother's lover bought her the ticket.

She reminds me of the young woman from Boston whom KSAN's Scoop Nisker ran into, the one who said her mother had paid all her expenses to come here. "Your mother must be very understanding about your being a Deadhead," said Nisker.

"Nah," she replied, "She's just glad I'm not a Moonie."

Nearby a friend from the Haight is shaking her head. "This is it, man. I thought thirty bucks was a ripoff and I came kicking and screaming all the way, but 'Dark Star' made it worth every penny.

"This is the way I wanted it. The way they played, it wasn't 1978, it was 1968 in the Haight. It was very special, and I want to remember it this way. I don't think I'll every go to hear them in concert again."

She pauses and looks at the collapsed balloons, shreds of confetti, the posters celebrating moments in the hall's past, the long line for breakfast, the young girl in sunglasses sitting cross-legged on the floor, tripping out on watching her hands move.

"This is the last concert for me, man. I'm getting too old for this."

The night Winterland said goodbye

by Mary Ann Hogan
Staff Writer

A YELLOW NOVA pulled up in front of the Winterland doors on Steiner Street and the driver threw open his door, missing a front-end smash-up with a fire marshal's car through the quick footwork of the surly-looking uniformed man at the wheel of the red sedan.

A security man ran up to the Nova driver—"Get-the-hell-outa-here-you're-blockin'-the-whole-thing!"

"I got effin' 15 people in here, man," the driver yelled back.

"I DON'T CARE— MOOOOOOVE!"

"I'm getting sick of 'em. Lemme let 'em out!" The driver sped around to the other side of the car and opened the passenger door.

Faces, arms, masks, body piled on body, emerged from the yellow car like the thousand clowns tumbling out of the tiny circus cart.

The revelers and the Nova cleared the way just in time for another limousine to pull up and spit out two more winterland last-nighters in Egyptian headdress.

"That's for the Dead's September trip to Egypt," said Jimmy, 23, who'd spent the day since

More stories and pictures on Page 34

10 a.m. traversing the streets around the neighborhood trying to find a ticket. " Man, the Dead played the Pyramids....They're in a class all their own. Just call me a Certified Deadhead."

The line that had hugged the chipped white outside walls of the aching rock emporium since the Wednesday before New Year's Eve was happily stashed inside now. The doors had opened at 5 and the Events security man had let them in in shifts of 18 or so to avoid a mass crunch.

"Hold your ooooown tickets," he shouted at each burst of entrants. And each group let out a war whoop and started to run.

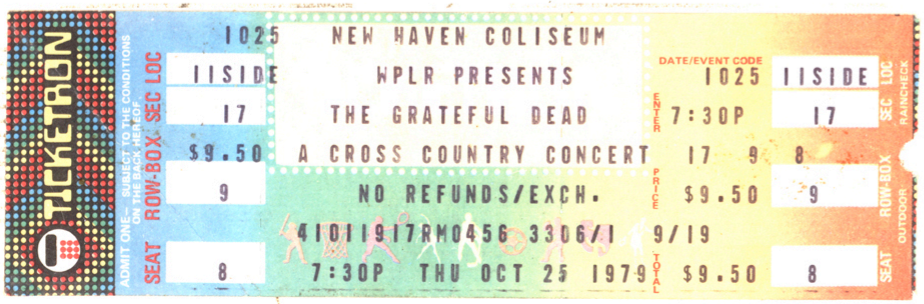
"WALK!" he shouted, trying to sound a litle mean but not quite making it. The spirit was too high and he loved it. The groups wrenched back, still war whooping, to an exaggerated high-step.

"Welcome to Winterland," the Events man shouted in the same gruff voice, and he slapped their hands and hugged the ones he'd seen come through the same doors 30 or 40 times.









Winterland ...

The letter TERL in the vertical neon Winterland sign on the corner of the building were out, leaving the red message "WIN AND" that you could see from two blocks away. Signs on either side of the entry doors in bold black warned: THERE WILL BE NO TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE DOOR FOR THE NEW YEAR'S EVE SHOW. IF YOU DO NOT HAVE A TICKET, PLEASE DO NOT SHOW UP.

Undaunted, they showed up. Another Egyptian paraded the Steiner Street face of the place wearing an orange sandwich sign: "I need a miracle but a ticket will do."

By 9 the crowd inside would reach 5,400 and all day and into the evening ticketless hopefuls skulked the corners across the street, down the street, around the corner, uttering "Extra tickets?" at the painted faces, feathers, chiffon fluffs, coneheads, skeleton costumes, an occasional werewolf in electric green adidas, and the plain old blue jeans and down parkas parading in.

An Irishman with a square jaw and a neat grey suit stood across Steiner watching the people moving up and down the sidewalk, watching the security men trying to shepherd the non-ticket holders off winterland corner onto the grassy bank across Post Street. He wore a tin foil ring around his neck and from the foil, a sign reading "Foiled Again."

His name was Mark, he said, and he and a friend had made a batch of counterfeit tickets. "We photostated them," he said, grinning wide. He's an archicect and his friend is good at close up work and they sprayed the bogus tickets with acrylic finish, but they still didn't come out shiney like the real ones.

"This is a joke," he said, nodding down at the "Foiled Again" sign. "I figured that if I couldn't get in with my own ticket I'd be foiled again. And I was. the guy at the door was sharp and he caught it. I'm going home to watch it on TV." And he did.

Across Post Street on the grassy bank Ramondo the pied burrito seller with his wife and a child in a long black dress and skeleton mask sold hot homemade burritos to the folks who'd been shoved off the building corner to keep the way clear for people with tickets.

The Events security force had to break up the corner crowd. They crossed the street, halfway swinging their billyclubs, singing, "Pleeeease, people, we gotta cear this out, now—**please** move."

They ended up eating burritos.

Inside the old hall the air was thick with body heat and smoke. By 9 the main floor was a honeycomb crunch of bodies. The side stairways up to the balcony, a constant stream of faces and forms, looking up and down at each other as they passed, nodding, beaming, and bumping.

The spotlights from the balcony cast a purply-silver across the floor full of heads bobbing up and down, a ripple of thousands of round corks.

Early on they bobbed. Some in the back and up on the ledge behind the stage danced.

Bill Graham, a Winterland knee patch on his jeans, his face, tired and calm, stopped in the hall in front, his arms drapped over two Dead fans. Uncle Bobo. The Grateful Dead named him Uncle BoBo at a San Diego concert one time on his birthday. They didn't have a present for him so they gave him a new name.

What was on his mind the last night of Winterland? He felt good, he said, really good, but sad because it was over.

"Good things pass on too," he said. "It's like life. The dice ran really well for us for a long time."

The show tonight, he said, would be everything everyone expected and probably better. The greatest part, he said, was the soup kitchen they'd set up in the morning for the kids in line. Soup, rolls, carrot cake. Graham's face from forehead to chin moved into a wide liquid smile.

"It's been great."

A man called Shorty, rightfully so, rubbed his stubbly moustache flecked with white and asked if he could have his say. He's been a watchman at winterland for 23 years.

"Rock and Roll—" Shorty said, "—and you can quote me on this, rock and roll is really wonderful and Bill Graham is a wonderful person to work for. Some people say rock and roll is crazy." He pulled his visor cap up off his forehead, shook his head, and nodded at a flock of masked partiers waving bubble wands.

"But you got to think there was a time we all did the jitterbug. The Gay 20's. I'm 55 years old and I think Bill Graham is the most wonderful person in the world, god bless him. But for the 23 years I been here, it was the Ice Follies and wrastling."

The best seats were the baclcony seats and Jim from San Leandro and his Deadhead friends had come at 4 a.m. to be sure to get them. They snorted cocaine and passed joints and leaned back and talked about the Dead. "They think about us—their fans.What other group would put their fans on the billboard with them? I've been here about thirty times, each time to see the Dead."

Jim said he was glad the tickets sold for $30 because it kept away the people who just wanted to show up for the closing of Winterland.

"There's a prediciton," he said, "that the Dead'll play 'Samson and Delilah' for their encore, 'cause there's a line that goes, 'If I had my way I would tear this old building down.' But that's just Deadhead rap."

As far as the old place closing, Jim said, it was a fire trap anyway. Especially when the Dead did their encore. The whole balcony shook and you always wondered if the whole building would crumble.

"Tonight," he said, "is just the Dead leaving homebase. It's like if the Giants had to leave San Francsico. They'll find another homebase."

And behind him a tall lanky form spread his arms out across the wall in a butterfly embrace and said, "Bye, baby."

Continued on Page 40

Continued From Page 33

Rene from San Jose said he came up in total faith. He didn't have any money on him, but he knew he'd get in free one way or another. It's the place, he said. It's not the Cow Palace. It's not the Coliseum. There's no comparison, he said, and yes, he was a Deadhead too.

"It's more than someone that likes the Grateful Dead. It means people are here from the east and the north and south and all over and all of them understand the emotional power behind the bass. It's like the sociology of mass movement."

Inside the wine and beer bar people watched the concert on a giant screen and in the second level hall face painters slathered flowers, spiderwebs, and butterflies on a horde of visages.

"My name is Ho Chi Mihn. Happy New Year," said a portly guy in a Dan Ackroyd-John Belushi gangster suit.

"I'm a d-d-d-d-d-deadhead," said the form in the skeleton body stocking.

"This is too loose, too loose," sang a gypsy-looking lady with hair down to the small of her back.

At midnight the lights went out. The massive cheer started out a low rumble. Then it swelled into an earthquake voice. Cigarette lighters and matches dotted the dark. And down from the balcony across from the stage came the giant reefer-sleigh, Graham aboard, a blue, bearded Santa Clause '78 baby.

The reefer-sleigh moved on a cableacross the room, over the meadow of waving arms, and lighted on the stage. Down came the balloons from the plastic bags on the ceiling, the balloons meeting with the upstretched arms, bouncing back up and down again in a weightless dance.

The Grateful Dead struck up and the floor turned into a sweaty swell of deadheadery.

The evening went on into morning and some did stay till 9 a.m. But at 3, outside the hall, the street was almost empty. Sgt. Stan Damas of the San Francisco Police Department and two cohorts were parked in front. Damas has patrolled the area for the last seven years, and when asked what he thought about Winterland closing, he said, "The end of an era—"the first time all night the phrase surfaced.

"I've seen more good times here than trouble," he said. "As soon as Bill Graham started running a legitimate business here, it all worked out OK."

What happened to the people waiting around on the corners?

"It got pretty cold," he said. "A lot of them, you know, they just came by to say goodbye to the building Then they went home."





The spirit was at Winterland for the last time

Review by Larry Kelp
Staff Writer

The music at Winterland that final night was not the best the hall has had. But it came close enough.

More important to the all-night bash's success than music was the crowd.

The spirit was there. The atmosphere provided by the 5,400 attendees made this one of the best rock shows anytime and anywhere.

Dead heads plaster their cars with bumper stickers reading "There's nothing like a Grateful Dead concert." The slogan doesn't refer just to the San Francisco band's music. Dead shows are different because of the people who go to them.

Graham had hung a billboard-sized letter outside Winterland that said simply, "They're not the best at what they do; they're the only ones that do what they do," with a P.S. to the fans: "And so are you!"

The Dead have traditionally played New Year's Eve concerts at the rock hall. They play long sets, and sometimes the music is inspired. But for Dead fans—the '60s hippies as well as the teens who weren't even in kindergarten when the summer of Love happened—just being there is more important than individual details. It is the symbiotic relationship between band and audience that rarely occurs in other concerts, yet always happens at a Dead show.

If Jerry Garcia plays an inspired guitar solo, or if Bob Weir sings "I Need a Miracle" with added conviction, or even if the septet reaches the cosmos on a long, free-form group improvisation, that's just an added bonus.

The crowd members are always happy, extremely polite and eager to share food, feelings, joints and memories of their favorite Dead concerts with any and everyone around them. They fill the floor and dance, or stand and sway to the music.

Because it was Winterland's swan song, all those qualities were provided in greater amounts.

The Dead played slow and mid-tempo songs, never very loud or fast. Over the course of three sets with hour-long breaks in between, the Dead played many of its standards and even a couple of rare gems from the past, ending with an acappella rendition of "We Bid You Goodnight" at 6:30 New Year's morning. The fans ate breakfast and coffee, many still there past 9 a.m.

Before, the Dead had played a long final set medley that began with "Dark Star," one of its most requested songs that had not been performed at Winterland in five years. It segued into "The Other One," "Wharf Rat," "St. Stephen" and ended with "Good Lovin'."

Marin rockers the New Riders of the Purple Sage kicked things off with an energetic country-flavored set that never quite got going until the "Panama Red" encore.

Although only guitarists-singers-songwriters John Dawson and David Nelson are left from the original 1971 line-up (which had included Jerry Garcia on pedal steel guitar), the band still has its trademark sound. But something just didn't quite click at this show.

Everything clicked with the Blues Brothers. They had the audience cheering before, during and after each number.

Fronted by Saturday Night Live stars John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd—who take the roles of singers Jake and Elwood Blues—the band made its first local appearance.

Neither Belushi nor Aykroyd are great singers, but they know how to entertain. And they have money to hire the best soul and blues players extant for their band.

Bassist Duck Dunn and guitarist Steve Cropper were half of Booker T. and the MGs. Cropper has written soul hits from "sitting on the Dock of the bay" to "In the Midnight Hour," and along with some of the band members has provided the instrumental work on recordings by Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett and a slew of other '60s and '70s soul greats.

Too bad today's great soul singers don't have the resources to afford such a good band.

The only slow part of the night was the hour-long wait between the Blues Brothers and the midnight hour when Bill Graham rode a rocket-sized marijuana joint (complete with roach clip) over the audience to kick off the Grateful Dead's portion of the show.



Bill Graham was a very hip Santa riding a giant reefer sleigh across the hall at midnight





Grateful Dead help shut Winterland doors



Grateful Dead lead guitarist swoops above audience at Winterland's farewell concert Associated Press

San Francisco—It was a cold winter's morn, the day the music died at Winterland. But it followed a hot night of music by the Grateful Dead and others as a San Francisco rock 'n' roll institution closed in a blaze of glory.

The last concert at the old ice rink began at midevening on New Year's Eve, but the final strains of music didn't come until after 6 a.m., when the Dead gathered around a microphone for an a cappella version of the spiritual "Job's Tears."

"If we had chosen an audience for the end of this wonderful love affair," promoter Bill Graham told the crowd, "we would have chosen one just like you. You were the perfect audience.

"I don't want to get that sentimental, but thank you. Thank you very much."

From the giant light show projections on a screen above the stage to the day-glo painted faces in the crowd, the whole night was tinged with more than a little nostalgia for 1968 instead of '78.

There was a giant "Thank You" sign hung outside the building. Inside on the balcony, were specially painted pictures of the famous acts who had played Winterland over the years. And above an amplifier were imitation "Haight" and "Ashbury" street signs.

All of which prompted one Dead Head to label it "The Last Schmaltz," a play on "The Last Waltz" concert by The Band two years ago in the same hall.

But instead of being the end of a band, it was the end of a musical era which had begun in 1966 when Graham promoted the first Winterland concert. Many of the faces on the wall, like Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix, had not outlived the building.

However, this last night was not a sad one.

Spirits were high, even among those who had waited in the cold several days so they could get in first when the doors opened Sunday afternoon.

Scalpers' prices were equally high, with some reportedly getting $100 for the $30 ticket, already probably the most expensive ever for a non-benefit rock show.

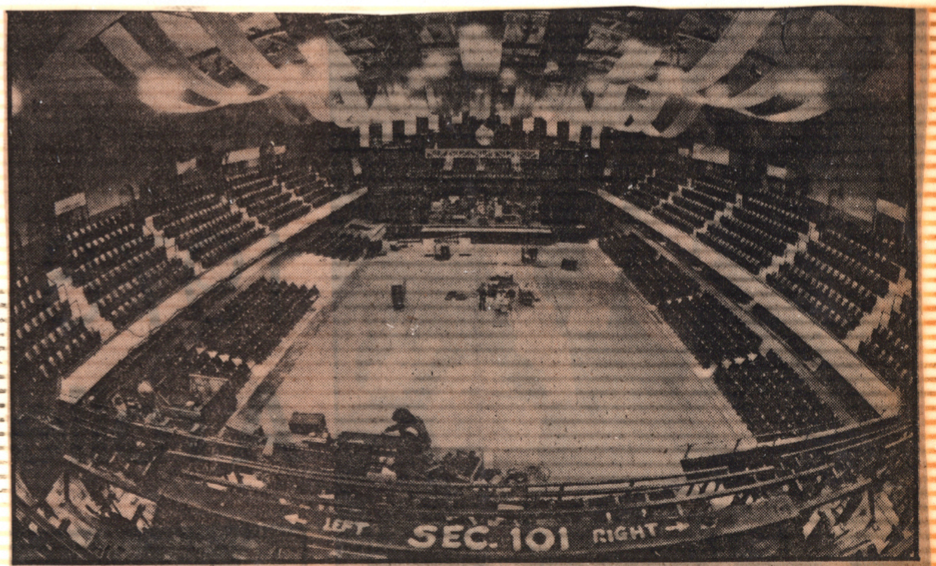
The lucky 5,400 who paid the price were bombarded with more than eight hours of music from the New Riders of the Purple Sage, Dan Ackroyd and John Belushi as the Blue Brothers, and the Dead.

The Dead closed the show and played three sets lasting more than four and a half hours. At the end of the third set, the crowd stomped and hollered until the band trooped back for several encores.

Finally, Graham made the announcement, "There will be no more music," and the weary audience was left to munch on a breakfast of sweet rolls, ham and egg crepes before finally straggling out into the cold morning air.

"I'd love to hear more," said one fan as she headed for the door. "But I think I'm falling asleep."





Examiner/Nicole Bengiveno

It was more than some old ice skating rink turned into a concert hall — it was a haven for the '60s

Rock 'n' roll eulogy

Memories of Winterland

By Jeff Jarvis

Winterland:

For a woman from San Jose, it was a time when "paranoia ran high" and she sewed joints in the hem of a girlfriend's skirt.

For a San Francisco woman, it was the place where rocker Joe Cocker threw up as an encore — and she loved it.

For a Davis man, it was his first experience with sex.

And for a self-avowed "pain freak" from Santa Rosa, it was the loud noise.

Tonight Winterland, the rock music emporium, dies. For 13 years Bill Graham has been putting on shows there, with most of the greats and late greats from rock 'n' roll. Tonight he puts on his last — a Grateful Dead New Year's Eve gala.

All that will remain of rock 'n' roll at Winterland is memories. The Examiner asked its readers to write about those memories, and here's some of what they said.

"My first concert at Winterland was my most memorable one," Debra Dee Stone wrote. "It was in 1974, the Joe Cocker concert with Golden Earring. Before and during the show it was like one big family, packed in like sardines and everyone playing ball and Frisbee and passing around the 'illegal stuff.' Golden Earring made a spectacular performance before Joe Cocker came on. He was in bad shape, rasping his best selections and spilling beer all over himself and the stage. For an encore, he threw up on the stage. He was disgusting, but we were all too stoned to be fazed. Besides, it was all part of the fun and thrill of being at a Joe Cocker concert."

And a person identified only as Colyer fondly recalled: "Mick Jagger actually spit in my face (accidentally) as he was singing 'Midnight Rambler.' I haven't washed my face since."



John Imholz talked about hitchhiking from Daly City to his first "rock concert adventure," a Led Zeppelin show in early 1969 — and about tickets with "psychedelic artwork" instead of "impersonal computer printout stubs from a BASS outlet," about "beautiful people in long hair and beads and jewelry, shawls, capes, colorful paraphernalia, hot pink and purple stockings," about "100-watt ultraviolet bulbs in the ceiling, a soft touch of psychedelia before laser lamps and super technology took over to batter our senses."

Imholz is a teacher at Mercy High School. He asked his students not long ago to write a music review — and they asked whether they could see a rock concert. "They told me that they just wanted to check, because old people like me probably wouldn't accept a paper on a rock concert. Some of them even wanted to know if they could write about Led Zeppelin. I assured them that group was just fine with me."

Erlinda Estrada was 18 years old in 1968 when she sewed joints into her friend Sandy's skirt. They took the bus to Winterland so often that when the driver saw them he would announce, "Winterland Express."

"We often painted our faces with fluorescent paint — butterflies, flowers, peace signs, anything to be unique," she wrote. ". . .New Year's Eve — don't remember what year. The Dead, the Airplane, Quicksilver and Papa John Creech. I danced that whole evening — not with anybody most of the time; I just danced wherever I went. I danced up to the balcony where a nice cameraman from KQED let me gaze through his camera to see what was being broadcast. It didn't look real, though. The image was correct, but the spirit and the essence of the evening just weren't conveyed through his camera."

Last year she saw a young friend at Winterland. "He appeared stunned. He seemed unable to cope with the looseness and the loudness so characteristic of the place. I stated simply, 'I grew up here.'"

William Waggoner was in the eighth grade in 1969 when he went to Winterland with Yvonne, a girl he met in a pizza parlor and with whom he later partook of some fleshy delights. "Dope was everywhere. I must have had at least 50 joints passed to me that night . . . I was an ignorant, 14-year-old country boy from Napa. God, was this an experience! I remember getting so loaded that I actually enjoyed the music."

Russ Dugoni first went to Winterland eight years ago to see Black Sabbath. "In those days gone by, I worshipped rock 'n' roll groups like Black Sabbath," he said. "They are probably responsible for my semi-loss of hearing these days."

Chris Fernandes of Berkeley wrote five pages of memories from Winterland. "Winterland emits a spirit of its very own, a unique atmosphere that I have yet to encounter anywhere else. At Winterland, concerts are not just concerts; they are events. Music is not just a form of entertainment; it becomes a means of deliverance."

Fernandes remembers standing in line outside Winterland — as does everyone who went there. There was the Sunday morning in 1976 — before a Who concert — when, "in front of us, a high-school-aged youth with hair down to the middle of his back is negotiating with a tall, acne-scarred black man who has an extra ticket.

"'But I don't have $40,' the youth whimpers. He wipes his nose with his hand and then rubs it on his Who T-shirt.

"'Then I don't have time for you, my man,' says the black.

"'$35, but that's it.'

"The black man pauses, then raises his eyes to the sky. 'All right,' he sighs, '$35 — cash.'

"The youth takes out his wallet and fumbles through it hurriedly. 'I don't . . . I only have $31.' He begins to whimper again.

"'Look, you s - - - head punk, if you . . .'

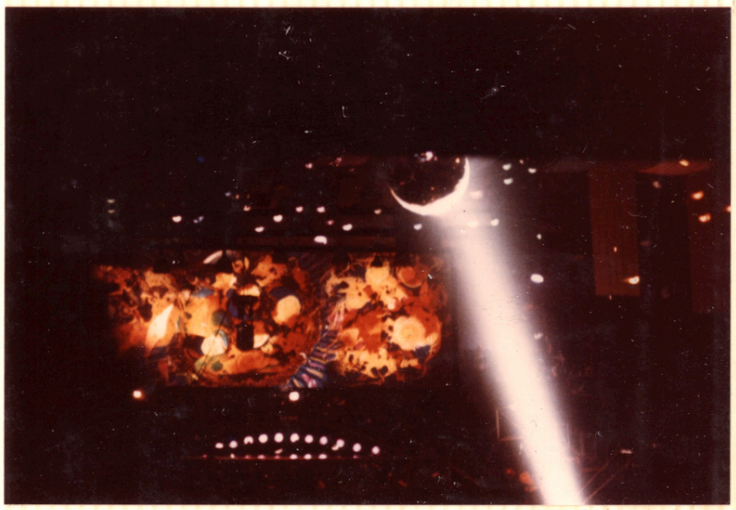
"'Tell you what. I'll give you $31 and two hits of acid. OK?'

"He produces a folded triangle of binder paper and opens it up for inspection. Two minutes later, the deal is concluded."

Fernandes remembers the graffiti: "Lou Reed is God" and "Ascension into glory: The Dead, 4/2/73." And he remembers guards "confiscating bottle after bottle of Southern Comfort and Wild Turkey . . . Winterland has given me a treasure of memories over the years, memories that will continue to live long after my rock idols have aged and withered, long after that final night when those time-scarred doors are forever closed."

Winterland, a vestige of the psychedelic, protest-filled, drug-filled, fun-filled '60s, dies tonight.

"My most memorable concert?" Harold Hoogasian wrote. "Can't say yet. See you New Year's Eve!"





Rock Bids Farewell to Winterland

BY JOEL SELVIN

SAN FRANCISCO—Winterland went out in style. The Grateful Dead, in the band's 49th appearance at the city's historic rock hall, closed the place with a marathon, six-hour performance that ran from midnight New Year's Eve until dawn.

For the final Winterland concert, producer Bill Graham dressed up the seedy old ice rink for the first time since the Band made its final public performance there in 1976 at "The Last Waltz."

Paintings of famous rock acts who have appeared at Winterland covered the facade of the balcony. Drapes, banners and crepe paper brightened the normally drab lobby. For a touch of nostalgia, an old-fashioned light show danced on a screen hung above the stage. At the end of the show, breakfast was served to the capacity audience of 5,400.

At midnight, as the Dead swung into "Sugar Magnolia," Graham, disguised as Father Time, descended from the rafters in a gondola that looked like an oversized cream puff. Balloons and confetti poured from the ceiling.

Waiting in Line

Even with tickets at $30 each, the concert was an instant sellout. Deadheads from all over the country began waiting in line outside Winterland four days before the show. The event created so much interest that it was broadcast live on both FM radio and TV in the Bay Area. It was the passing of an era.

Even more than Graham's well-publicized old Fillmore Auditorium, Winterland has hosted the finest rock shows in the Bay Area since 1966 when Graham first presented a show featuring the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, the Jefferson Airplane, Muddy Waters and Big Mama Thornton. When Graham closed the Fillmore in the early '70s, Winterland became his main arena.

Almost every great rock act of the past decade has appeared at Winterland. Many acts who could have played much larger venues were persuaded by Graham to work the relatively intimate ice rink instead. These included the Rolling Stones, who gave four shows there in 1972. Of all the famous rock outlets extant, only Hollywood's Whisky or London's Marquee Club could match the long list of famous names to have performed at Winterland.

Bay Area Plans

Three months ago, Graham announced that his final Winterland production would be held on New Year's Eve. He cited neighborhood pressure, rising operating costs and the changing rock concert scene as reasons for the closing.

At its height, right after the closing of the Fillmore, Winterland was the site of nearly 100 shows a year. Only 15 shows were held there during 1978.

"Even if the neighborhood would allow it," Graham said Monday, "it would be hard for us to stay here now. It used to be that acts wouldn't always go for the largest possible arena. That isn't true any more. I'm not saying the acts are right or wrong. I'm just saying it's a fact. We lasted a little longer than other places around the country."

The closing of Winterland does not signal a retreat from concert production for Graham, however. He said he will continue to hold shows at other Bay Area halls, though his company increasingly is involved in managing acts like Van Morrison, Santana and Eddie Money. Graham also recently purchased the rights to a book for a film he hopes to produce.

The future of the Winterland building is not known. Even long time tenant Graham has no real idea of what the owners have in mind. "All I've heard is a rumor," he said. "Someone told me the building is being sold and will be converted into a racquetball club."

Selvin is rock columnist for the San Francisco Chronicle.



BILL GRAHAM
"We lasted a little longer than others. . . "
Photo by Alvan Meyerowitz



Grateful Dead delivers eulogy for concert hall

HONOLULU ADVERTISER 1/2/79

SAN FRANCISCO (UPI) — For 13 years Winterland reigned as one of the Bay Area's most popular rock music concert halls. New Year's Eve saw it ceremoniously shut down in a concert that rocked until the sun came up.

Fans had entered drawings to be given the opportunity to plunk down $30 and be one of the privileged 5,400 to attend the hall's wake and be fed a sunrise breakfast.

Promoter Bill Graham opened the doors at 5 p.m. An hour later the early arrivers were soothed with a movie, "Animal House."

The program opened at 7:30 — a half-hour before schedule — with the New Riders of the Purple Sage, followed by the Blues Brothers, featuring John Belushi and Dan Ackroyd of NBC-TV's "Saturday Night Live."

At the stroke of midnight, lights blazed, balloons spilled from the ceilings and Father Time and the New Year flew in on a giant "roach" (the butt of a marijuana cigarette).

Then the patriarchs of American psychedelic rock, The Grateful Dead, took the stage to deliver Winterland's spirited funeral dirge.

When rock music grew out of the roadhouse stage and sought more spacious surroundings, the converted ice skating rink was just the ticket.

Everybody played Winterland. There was the Dead, the Jefferson Airplane, Janis Joplin, The Rolling Stones, The Who. Everybody paid dues at Winterland. But the music form now has outgrown Winterland.

Promoters now think in terms of 50,000 plus ticket sales. Sound systems have grown into complex power-draining masses of electronic gear capable of maintaining brain-shattering sound levels to fill the giant coliseums and pavillions where the acts are now booked.

But New Year's Eve was a time warp. Many concert-goers wore costumes reminiscent of the late 60s psychedelic garb.

The Dead, playing with the sophistication of a band that has spent almost a decade and a half honing its skills, reached back into the group's early material and gave it new life for the big hall's swan song.

The Grateful Dead have always been known for taking all their musical chances right in front of the audience, using stock material as a jumpoff point into music's outer regions.

And with a six-hour set to play, lead guitarist Jerry Garcia took familar numbers down new streets and kept an appreciative audience jumping til sunrise.

There's talk the old skating rink turned music hall might see new life as a racquetball court.

When the balls reverberate off the walls, you just might hear the strains of Casey Jones.

ADD INFINITEMS: Wed. brought the first rain of the new year, but the first snowstorm was visible at Winterland's closing night with the Grateful Dead. The coke was flowing like Coke, as mignons of the law looked down their noses ... The Dead themselves flew off (in a plane) to New York, where they play at Madison Square to make up for the concerts that had to be canceled last month because Lead Singer Jerry Garcia had bronchitis. How can you tell when a rock singer has a sore throat? It ain't easy.

S.F. EXAMINER 1-4-79

Take 5 with Jeff Jarvis



Reward — Dead or alive

MORE ON THAT DASTARDLY DEED: The Deadheads we told you about yesterday have come up with a $1,000 reward for the return of the banners belonging to their beloved band, the **Grateful Dead.**

The banners were borrowed by promoter **Bill Graham** to hang on Winterland for the final concert there New Year's Eve. Four of them were stolen: "Wake of the Flood," "Cats Under the Stars" (the cover design for a recent album by **Jerry Garcia**), "Blues for Allah" (a 1975 Dead album cover) and the Egypt poster commemorating the Dead's recent show under the shadow of the Pyramids.

The Deadheads are upset and they have — on their own, with no connection to Graham or the band — set up the reward. "It's just pieces from poor people," Deadhead **Marc Francis** said.

They set up a phone line for tipsters — 387-6966 ("no police are or will be involved"). They even held a press conference outside Winterland. A Deadhead press conference amounts to little more than a bunch of Deadheads standing on a street corner, looking like Deadheads. But it's the thought that counts.

Francis said security guards stopped thieves from taking the most famous Dead banner — the one with a grinning skull with a crown of roses, the Dead's trademark. But four others were taken.

Graham stopped by during the press conference and said he personally went to a house in Oakland to look for the banners, checking on a tip that said they might be there. But he found nothing.

Graham said he had posted a security guard on the roof of Winterland to watch over the banners, but the guard was taken off — without Graham knowing it — because of possible radiation from a KQED-TV transformer sitting there. And that's how the banners were stolen.

"We hope," Francis said, "that whoever stole them needs the $1,000 more than they need the cheap thrill from possessing these mementos."

■

Thieves Take Off With Dead Banners

Four large hand-painted banners owned by the Grateful Dead were stolen earlier this week from the outside walls of the Winterland Arena, where they were on display for the rock band's New Year's Eve concert.

The purloined banners, averaging 20 feet square, represent the Dead's "Wake of the Flood" and "Blues for Allah" album covers, Jerry Garcia's "Cats Under the Stars" album cover, and the poster created for the Dead's historic Egyptian concert of last fall.

Among the creators are long-time poster artists Mouse and Kelly. They were loaned by the Dead to Bill Graham for display on the Post street side of Winterland during the final concert at the venerable auditorium.

"They're memorabilia of ours," said a Dead spokesman in asking for return of the banners. "They've been with us a long time, and they're part of the family. We would sorely miss them."

Anyone with knowledge of the location of the banners is asked to call either Graham's office (864-0815) or self-described "Deadhead" Mark Francis at 387-6966. Francis heads an ad-hoc group of Deadheads seeking return of the banners. His group is offering a reward of $1000 cash. No questions will be asked.

The Dead spokesman emphasized that, while the band hopes for recovery of the banners, a rumor that the group holds all of San Francisco responsible for the deed, and will not play here again unless they recover the stolen objects, is false.

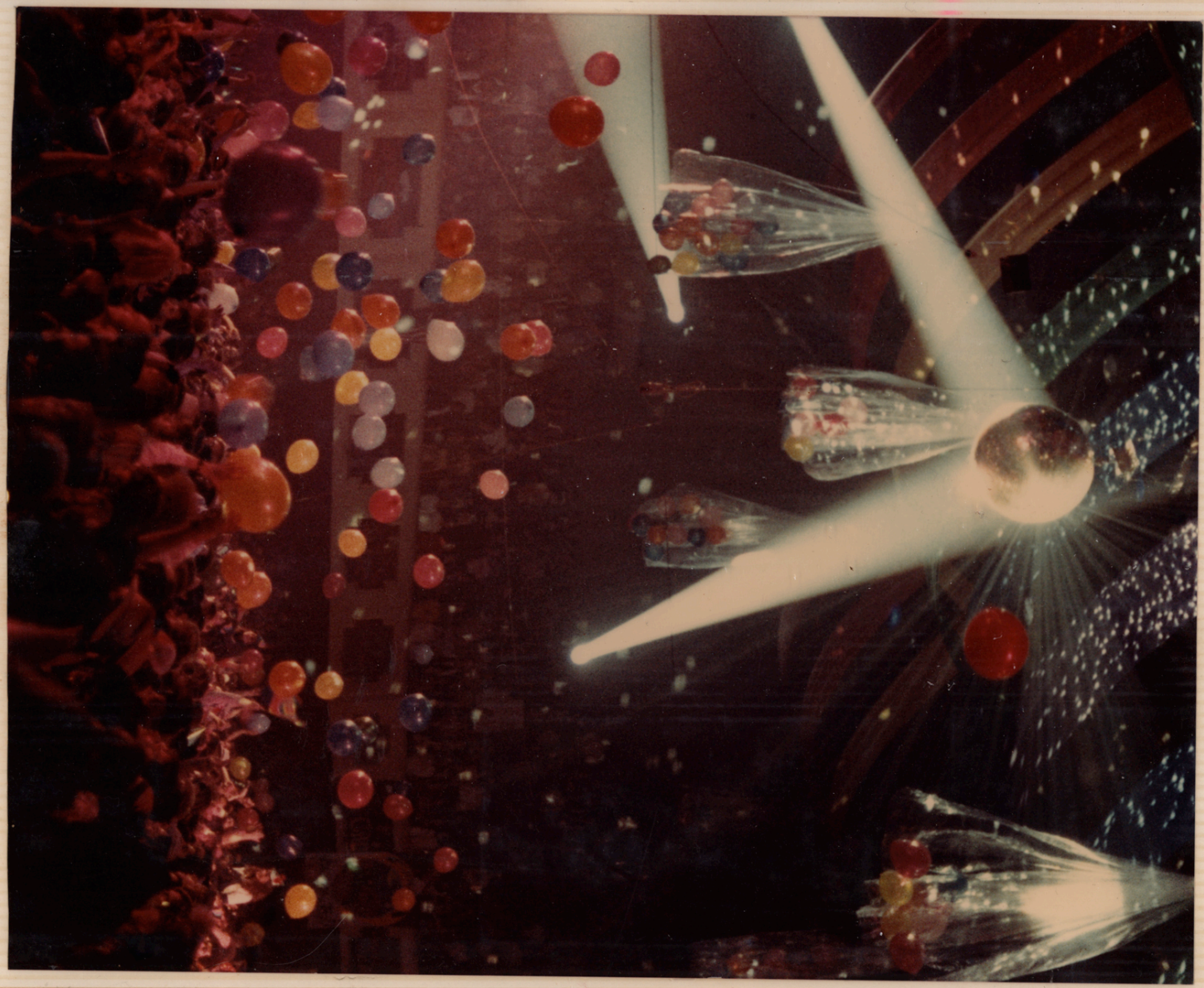


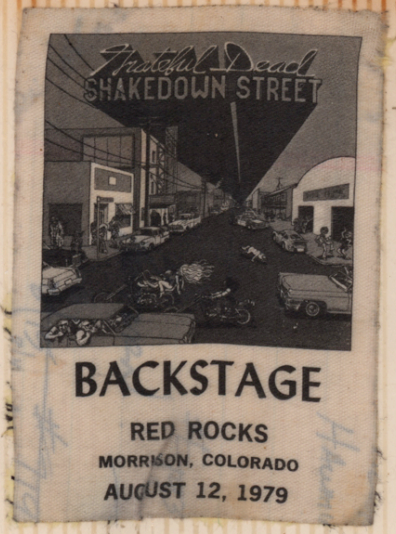


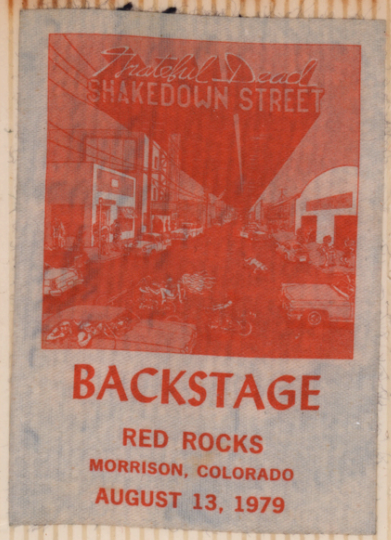









Grateful Dead
SHAKEDOWN STREET
BACKSTAGE
RED ROCKS
MORRISON, COLORADO
AUGUST 12, 1979


Grateful Dead
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MORRISON, COLORADO
AUGUST 13, 1979


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Grateful Dead
SHAKEDOWN STREET
SPRING TOUR "79"
ACCESS ALL AREAS
Cosmic Charley
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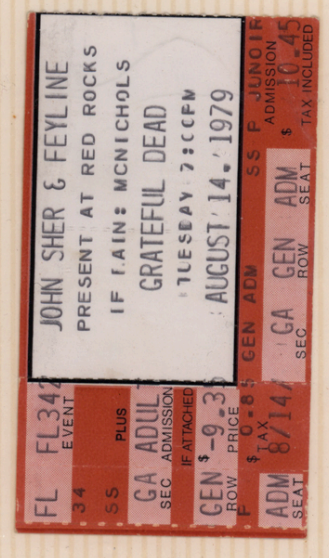
JOHN SHER & FEYLINE
PRESENT AT RED ROCKS
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GRATEFUL DEAD
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AUGUST 14, 1979
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EVENT
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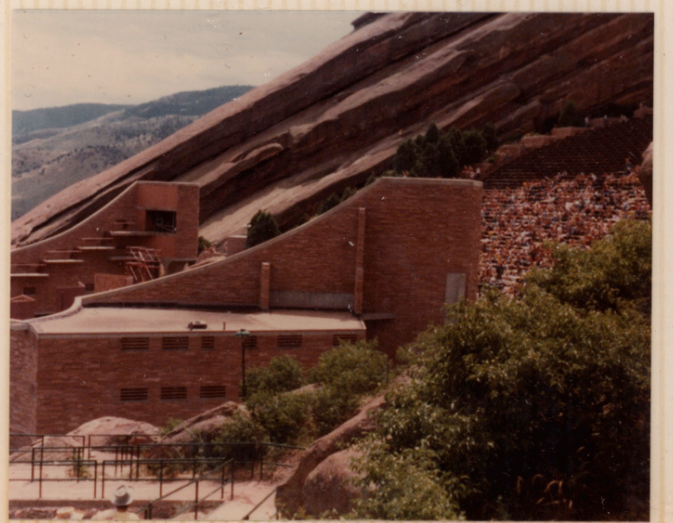
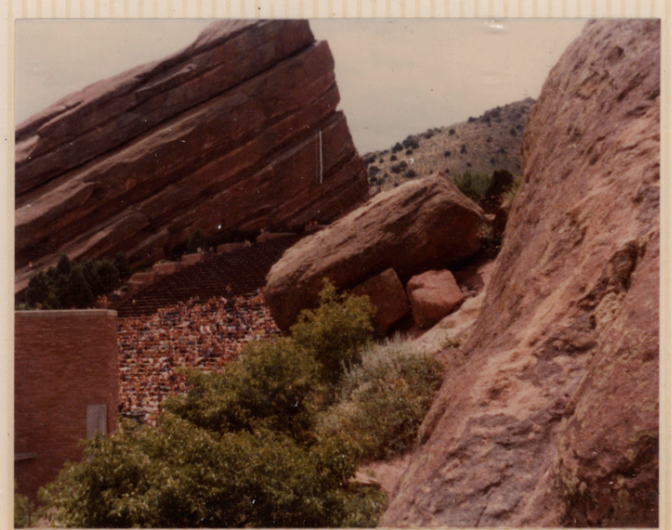




BILL GRAHAM BAILS OUT OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CONCERT BUSINESS

BY MICHAEL BRANTON

Bill Graham has called San Francisco "the live music capital of the world," but with the New Year's Eve closing of his Winterland, rock 'n' roll concert promotion in the city has undergone a change of direction. Currently, only a few nightclubs are taking up the slack left by Winterland's demise. Graham himself is searching for his own 500-1,500-seat facility in town but is concentrating more and more of his promotion energies on concerts in other Bay Area communities. Meanwhile, Roy DuBrow and his MorningSun Productions have announced plans to open up the Warfield Theatre, an ornate, 2,276-seat movie house on Market at Taylor, to live entertainment in late April. But by DuBrow's estimation, as few as one-quarter of his musical productions may be rock-oriented.

Winterland was Graham's last domain within the city, the apex of an operation that has dominated the local popular music scene since 1965 with a steady flow of well-organized concerts by the biggest (and most promising) artists in the business. During its peak in 1972-73, the world-renowned, run-down rock palace was the scene of more than 90 concerts a year. When Winterland finally shut down, no regularly booked concert facility was available to fill the gap.

Enter MorningSun Productions. During his seven years as impresario, DuBrow has built his operation outside of San Francisco for the most part, beginning with a three-year stint as promotion director for the Marine World/Africa USA pop concert series. Thus far, DuBrow has avoided direct competition with Graham's San Francisco empire.

At first glance, MorningSun seems an unlikely successor to Bill Graham Presents. DuBrow has dabbled in a wide range of entertainment ventures besides rock (including last year's financially disastrous U.S. tour of the Batsheva Ballet of Israel), and he insists, "I never want to be known as a rock and roll promoter." Instead, his plans for the Warfield consist of "anything that makes sense and fits the aura of this beautiful theater. We can see using the place for lectures, record company promotions, martial arts demonstrations, film retrospectives, ballet, conventions and legitimate theater. We've even had calls from bands who want to use this as a sound-stage or rehearsal space."

DuBrow mentions artists like Liza Minnelli, Lily Tomlin, Tom Jones and comedy projects from National Lampoon as possible bookings in the 57-year-old theater. "We'll do some pop-oriented rock and roll," he says. "I don't anticipate that we're going to have a whole lot of heavy rock shows in here. But we might have some."

These, DuBrow says, might well include such established rock acts as Journey, the Little River Band, the Pointer Sisters and Joan Armatrading. Naturally, if these concerts are successful, the Warfield could become a pivotal point in the San Francisco rock scene. For the first time in over a decade, an established promoter has announced an extended stay in Bill Graham's own front yard.

In the early days with his Fillmore Auditorium, and later with Winterland, nobody could match Graham for his influence on the local music scene. As Charles Perry says in *The Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll*, the city was musically alive partly because "the innovative dance promoter Bill Graham made a great effort to educate the public taste in San Francisco by importing jazz and blues artists. The concert-goers heard what their idols had been listening to, and the local bands were forced to improve their acts to compete with their models or fall by the wayside."

With Winterland closed after 12 fruitful years, the city's rock and roll business has gone to the small, under-1,000-seat nightclubs—the Old Waldorf, the Boarding House and the new-wavish Mabuhay Gardens. Other, tinier clubs continue to present local boogie bands, but hot acts wanting to play San Francisco have been forced to book two or more shows in much smaller venues than they're accustomed to playing. This is fine under certain circumstances. But when budgets, schedules or artists' inclinations disfavor such an arrangement, the show happens elsewhere. And San Franciscans get their rock and roll at the Berkeley Community Theatre, Oakland's Paramount Theatre, the Cow Palace (which is actually in Daly City) or the Oakland Auditorium.

"There really are no large facilities in the city of San Francisco," Graham says. "And I don't plan to build a rock auditorium."

Graham has decided, instead, to promote many of the hottest rock acts outside the city at places like the Sacramento Memorial Auditorium, San Jose's Spartan Stadium and several locations mentioned above. One major reason for this move, he says, is that "other communities over the last few years have grown larger than San Francisco. San Jose's population is much bigger than this city's."

While the youth market shifts to areas outside the city, Graham feels a long-standing view of San Francisco as a sociological center (what Charles Perry describes as "a kind of youth cult mecca") has diminished. "The Fillmore was not just a music center," he says. "It was a meeting place for people from all over the country. Well, that social structure is gone. My feeling is that in 1979, 95% of the public goes to a musical concert to be entertained, not to be part of something."

For his part, Graham is looking for "an intimate type of club facility in the city." This facility would be used for "either breaking new acts or for some of the artists who, having played the big places for years, might sometimes choose to do something more interesting for themselves by playing facilities smaller than they can get away with. I strongly feel that within the next few years, many of the superstars—the Linda Ronstadts, the Elton Johns, the Rod Stewarts—might come and play a club-type situation for a week at a higher ticket price, as opposed to playing a 15,000-seat stadium. We experimented with that a couple of years ago with Bette Midler at Bimbo's, and it turned out to be very successful."

Although seemingly content to confine his San Francisco promotion to a small nightclub, there are indications that a certain amount of friction is already developing between Graham and the MorningSun operation at the Warfield. It's no secret that Graham was talking business with Warfield owner Mike Thomas (who also operates the Strand and the Egyptian theaters on Market) last fall. When asked why the deal fell through, Graham replies, "One of the problems with being a supposed big money machine is that, of course, David is never wrong and Goliath is always wrong. Michael, I would love for you to get the owners of that theater into a room with me and then I will answer you. Because what we're really talking about is ethical business standards. I'm very grateful to them for having chosen another promoter to deal with, because, my God, I was ready to get into a business situation with people that I realize now I never should have spoken to the second time."

Ted Cady, general manager for Mike Thomas Theatres, tells a different story: "We decided to open the Warfield to live shows last November, because it's much too large for most movies by today's standards. My first overtures, as a matter of fact, were to Bill Graham, but they reacted very, very slowly. They never presented a definite proposal, and then he asked us not to talk to anybody else while he was deciding. It got to the point where Graham was waving words and Roy was waving a check.

"Also, we frankly wanted more involvement in the running of the operation than Graham might have given us—we wanted freedom and a chance for our organization to expand. We hired a music business law firm in Los Angeles to investigate Roy, and they found him to be very reputable and solvent and successful."

DuBrow says, "This business is just too big to be dominated by one person. We've been in business for seven years and we're not going away. We're going to give the Warfield every goddamn thing we've got to make it work, for my benefit as well as for the good of the city. We want to make Market Street work again—and we think a theater of this type, which can be multi-purpose, is clearly a need the city has.

"Graham's power in the industry is tremendous," DuBrow says, "and if he opens a competitive venue it's not going to help us. But I think we can both flourish in San Francisco."

The Morning-After Of The Living Dead: It's not unusual for the **Grateful Dead** to do the unusual. Recently they surprised their fans with the news that **Keith and Donna Godchaux,** band members since 1971, will no longer be performing with the group. The announcement came a week after an exhausting three month tour that ended with a benefit for **Jane Fonda's** California Campaign for Economic Democracy, Saturday, February 17th at the Oakland Coliseum. A band spokesperson stated that the move was "purely a musical decision" which will allow the remaining members to experiment with some new "occasional sidemen" while the Godchauxs head for the inevitable "independent projects." The Dead, reportedly eager for a change in sound they have felt approaching for some time, can be expected to appear in the near-future with a multi-keyboardist adding synthesizer effects as well as vocals. (The group is also said to be looking forward to rearranging some of their older, more familiar material.)

Though the organization will not reveal any names yet, the Dead have some strong ideas for the musician they'd like to see sitting in with them. For the many Deadheads whose main entertainment is "second-guessing" their favorite band (and the **BAM** staffers who occasionally indulge in that vice) it is reported as "unlikely" that either **Maria Muldaur** (often seen in the past performing with the **Jerry Garcia Band**) or **Merle Saunders** (a past and present jamming partner of Garcia's) will join the group.

Winterland Is Dead. Long Live Oakland Auditorium: The sign above the stage last weekend could be an auspicious harbinger of producer Bill Graham's plans for largely ignored Oakland Auditorium, where he sold out his first show at the hall with the J. Geils Band. The sign read "Fillmore West/Fillmore East/Winterland ... Welcome to Oakland Auditorium." Graham, quite pleased with the new venue, hopes to produce at least two shows a month there this year.

THE GRATEFUL Dead announced the departure of members Keith and Donna Godchaux last week from the band to which they belonged for the past eight years.

The Godchauxs are said to be preparing various solo projects, as the Dead plan to continue with the core of the five remaining original members. When the group makes its East Coast tour in May, sidemen will be added, although no specific musicians are currently under consideration.

"It has to do with lots of different feelings musicians have," said Dead spokesman Richard Loren, "about contributing factors and what is best for the whole group. But it was a totally amicable thing." The Godchauxs were not available for comment.





GENERAL ADMISSION
TKT. NO. 4050
NO REFUND - NO EXCHANGE
ADM.---$15.00
GREEK THEATRE
University of California - Berkeley, California
SUNDAY 3:00 P.M.
JUNE 16 1985
BILL GRAHAM presents
CAL PERFORMANCES
GRATEFUL DEAD
No Video, Cans, Bottles or Alcoholic Beverages
NO REFUND - NO EXCHANGE
Weldon, Williams & Lick - Ft. Smith, Ark.
ADMIT ONE - THIS DATE
Sun., June 16, 1985 - 3:00 P.M
TKT. NO. 4050
GENERAL ADMISSION



GENERAL ADMISSION
TKT. NO. 4045
NO REFUND - NO EXCHANGE
ADM.---$15.00
GREEK THEATRE
University of California - Berkeley, California
FRIDAY 7:00 P.M.
JUNE 14 1985
BILL GRAHAM presents
CAL PERFORMANCES
GRATEFUL DEAD
No Video, Cans, Bottles or Alcoholic Beverages
NO REFUND - NO EXCHANGE
Weldon, Williams & Lick - Ft. Smith, Ark.
ADMIT ONE - THIS DATE
Fri., June 14, 1985 - 7:00 P.M
TKT. NO. 4045
GENERAL ADMISSION







BACKSTAGE

Illinois State University
NORMAL, ILLINOIS
APRIL 24, 1978



GRATEFUL DEAD

BACKSTAGE

Nassau Coliseum
UNIONDALE, LONG ISLAND
NOVEMBER 1, 1979



Grateful Dead
SHAKEDOWN STREET

BACKSTAGE

Kiel Auditorium
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
FEBRUARY 11, 1979





BACKSTAGE

Nassau Coliseum
UNIONDALE, L. I.
JANUARY 10, 1979





GRATEFUL DEAD

BACKSTAGE

BALTIMORE CIVIC CENTER
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

MAY 26, 1977

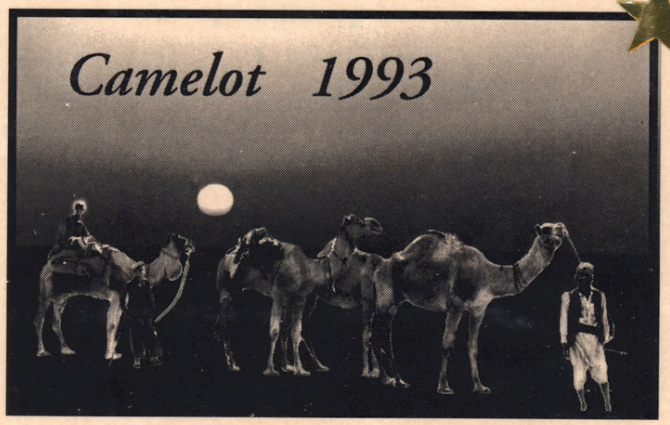


BACKSTAGE

William & Mary College
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

APRIL 15, 1978

Camelot 1993



Oh! Camel ye faithful

BACKSTAGE

Civic Center
HUNTINGDON, WEST VIRGINIA

APRIL 16, 1978

BACKSTAGE

Indiana University
Assembly Hall
BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

OCTOBER 30, 1977

GRATEFUL DEAD

BACKSTAGE

Nassau Coliseum
UNIONDALE, LONG ISLAND

NOVEMBER 2, 1979

GRATEFUL DEAD

BACKSTAGE

Soldiers and Sailors Hall
KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

DECEMBER 10, 1979

BACKSTAGE

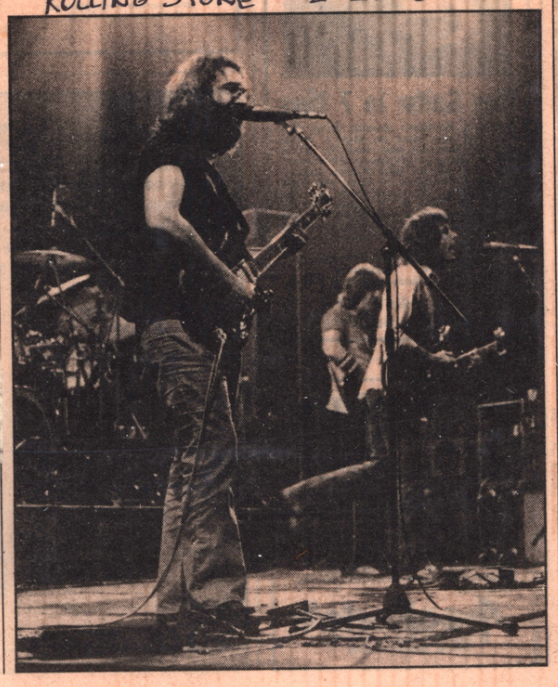
Colgate University
HAMILTON, N.Y.

NOVEMBER 4, 1977



The New Year's Dead

ROLLING STONE 2-21-80



Grateful Dead
Oakland Auditorium Arena
Oakland, California
December 28th, 1979

By Michael Goldberg

IN WHAT HAS BECOME a New Year's tradition, the Grateful Dead played the Bay Area for five sold-out nights, installing themselves like psychedelic artifacts in the 6100-seat Oakland Auditorium Arena, a hall Bill Graham has been using since he vacated Winterland.

The Dead have been trafficking in basically the same easygoing mix of country- and blues-derived rock, slow-rolling shuffles, extended instrumental meanderings and pseudocosmic lyrics since they first played here in the mid-Sixties. And as the Seventies were about to give way to the new decade, the Dead sounded as dated as rose-tinted granny glasses, Nehru jackets and the Summer of Love.

The group's instrumental chops are still intact and may even be at an all-time high. The ensemble work of guitarists Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir and bassist Phil Lesh over the rolling thunder of drummers Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzman is what the Dead have always been about musically, and there were flashes of brilliance at this show, the third of their five-night stand. Particularly notable were sections of the "Terrapin Station" suite, which was played in truncated form.

The three-hour performance included eighteen songs, from Dead classics like "Playing in the Band," "Sugaree," "Uncle John's Band" and "Casey Jones" to more recent material like Weir's "I Need a Miracle" and a new Garcia-Robert Hunter composition, "Alabama Getaway," slated for the Dead's upcoming album, *Go to Heaven*.

For the capacity crowd, the Dead's performance seemed as relevant and revelatory as ever. But to me, the Dead's Sixties metaphysics and musical psychedelia all seemed tame, safe, a bit conservative and, ultimately, redundant.

The Dead (from left): Garcia, Lesh, Weir







NEWSLETTER — FEBRUARY 1980

It's been interesting times since the Egyptian concerts in September of 1978, and it looks like they'll continue that way, so here's a catch-up on the news. The Sphinx Theatre concerts were recorded and filmed. At the moment, a video special is in production, with scenes of pyramid exploration, Cairo marketing, tomb archeology and Nile boating, and the concerts themselves.

Jerry and Phil are both playing custom-made guitars by Doug Irwin. Bobby still plays an Ibanez and Billy and Mickey are now playing Sonar rosewood drums and Zildjian cymbals. Brent plays a Hammond B-3 organ and Yamaha electric piano.

The band has played four benefits in the last two years, each one emphasising a different community problem: for Pacific Alliance's campaign against nuclear energy and for more solar development; for Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden's movement against Environmental Cancer; for SEVA's (Society for Epidemiology and Voluntary Assistance) campaign against cataract blindness and other eradicable disease, beginning in Nepal; and for Joan Baez's Humanitas Foundation's direct aid to Cambodian refugees in Northern Thailand. The Dead's next benefit in the works is for the Committee on Worldwide Nuclear Disarmament, which seeks to gather support through education, starting with the Bay Area.

On the Summer Solstice weekend, concerts are planned in Alaska (Anchorage and Fairbanks); there will probably be other summer festivals and weekend dates, but mostly the band will take a break from recording and touring until the fall and work on individual projects, some of which are now in progress. Mickey is working on a percussion-based record from the music he did with The Rhythm Devils for the film-score of *Apocalypse Now,* soon to be released by Passport Records. Robert Hunter's new album, *Jack O' Roses,* which he recorded in England, and is distributed there by Dark Star Records, will also be released in America soon. Jerry is in the process of recording an album with the band he has been working with recently (John Kahn, bass; Johnny d'Fonseca, drums; Ozzie Allers, keyboards).

We'll try to get more news out later. Thanks for your letters, advice, good ideas, helpful complaints, and artwork.

"I made a mixture with clear water, and filtered it to take away the *dead head* of it." (*Husbandry & Gardening*, 1707)

"When castings are required to be particularly solid, they are generally made with what is called a *dead head.*" (*English Mechanic,* 1869)

"*Dead head,* a kind of dolphin or stout post on a quay head to make hawsers fast to; a rough block of wood used as an anchor buoy." (*Smyth's Sailor's Wordbook,* 1867)

"*Dead head:* One who returns without a load." (*Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*)

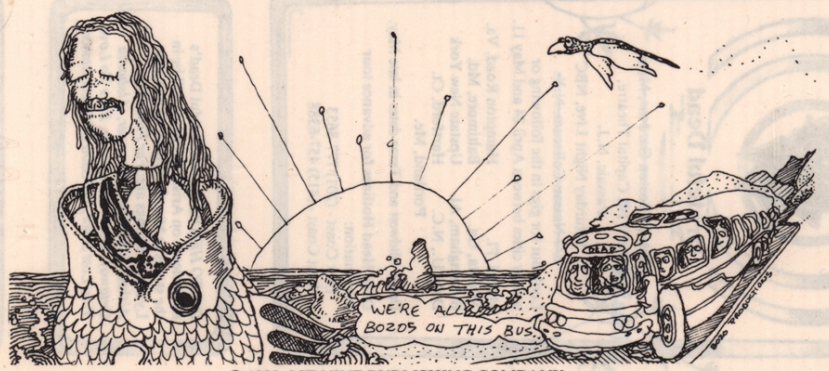
"The forest covered slopes of Deadhead Hill, whose summit rim is always outlined in black by the crowding figures of the *deadheads* assembled to see the game." (O.D. von Engeln, *At Cornell,* 1909)

"As I had never experienced the blessed privilege of *deadheadism,* I could not naturally miss the opportunity of enjoying so new a sensation." (*N. Y. Tribune,* 1857)

"In Pittsfield, recently, he is reported to have advertised that he could furnish a free pass to glory, but very few of the unrighteous population seems anxious to be *dead-headed* on this train." (*N. Y. Tribune*, 1871)

"He had been *dead-headed* into the world some fifty years ago, and had sat with his hands in his pockets staring at the show ever since." (O.W. Holmes, *Elsie V* ii, 1860)

(Quotes from Oxford & Webster's dictionaries)



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MUSIC REVIEW/*Jerry Garcia at Hofstra*

By Wayne Robins

When a youthful mob begins chanting "Jerry, Jer-ry!" there are three possibilities. One is that they belong to the cult of admirers of Jerry, the TV commercial hard-hat, of "What's the story, Jerry?" fame. It's also possible (and slightly more likely, but not much), that they are supporters of California Gov. Edmond Brown's presidential campaign.

But at a Hofstra University concert at the Calderone in Hempstead Friday night, the shouts of "Jer-ry" were for Jerry Garcia. Garcia is the spiritual local point and lead guitarist of the Grateful Dead rock band. Occasionally, however, Garcia takes a busman's holiday by touring with his own quartet, the Jerry Garcia Band.

Not surprisingly, the music the Garcia Band played Friday seemed like a scaled down version of the Grateful Dead's loping, improvisational style, but for that reason it was more consistent and coherent than some Grateful Dead concerts. Although the Garcia Band's early show was without the rapturous peaks that can be reached during Dead concerts, when eight simultaneously improvising musicians attain a state of mystical communion, it avoided the shapeless, unruly passages that occur when those improvisations misfire.

What makes Garcia such an interesting musician is that he is rooted in tradition while operating outside it. He opened the quartet show with some loops of country and blue grass guitar work that purist admirers of those forms might have appreciated. Yet his elaborate re-embroidered guitar work on "Mission in the Rain" had the kind of instinctive quality that a jazz musician might admire. And, though Garcia's playing was both loose and elegant, there was also the suggestion of the kind of intensity that belongs most certainly to the tradition of rock and roll.

Rather than having two drummers alternately enlightening and tripping over each other, as sometimes happens with the Dead, the Jerry Garcia Band sported only one percussionist, John DeFrancesca. David Ahlers, a keyboard player, occasionally added melodic color, but the show really belonged to Garcia and bass player John Kahn.

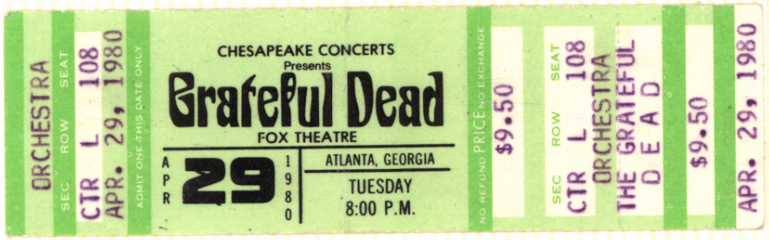
Like most bassists, Kahn exerted a quiet but forceful influence. Kahn and Garcia have been working together in various non-Grateful Dead configurations for 10 years, and their musical intimacy was evident in the relaxed nature of their interplay. It was Kahn's supportiveness that allowed Garcia to reach unexpected moments of guitar satori.

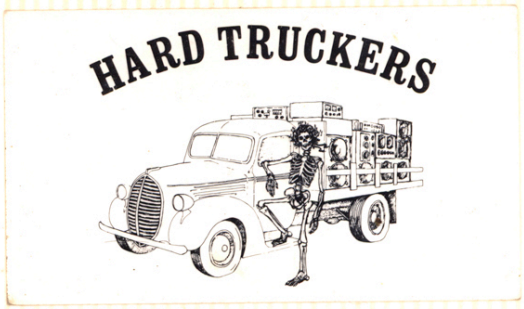
Since there was a late show Friday evening, the band did not have the Grateful Dead's luxury of a four-hour set to find its stride. After a tentative "Mission in the Rain" and a peaceful "They Love Each Other," Garcia took command by turning to rock basics in the form of Chuck Berry's "Let It Rock." If Berry's own version of "Let It Rock" was a 1957 Coupe DeVille, Garcia's interpretation was 1980 Seville, connected by breeding to the original, but with an entirely different slant. Garcia worked the same thorough renovation on a basic "I'm Still in Love With You" blues during the next song, which was notable for Garcia's expansive solo. His playing reaffirmed the original meaning of the word "groovy," both in the sense of maintaining a musical groove and being something quite joyful to behold.

A version of Bob Dylan's "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" was no less exultant, with Garcia wandering so far away from the basic melody that the song nearly turned into a trademark Grateful Dead meltdown before finding its way back home. On the finale, "Don't Let That Deal Go Down," Garcia was as transcendent and as succinct as this listener has ever heard him play. /II



Jerry Garcia



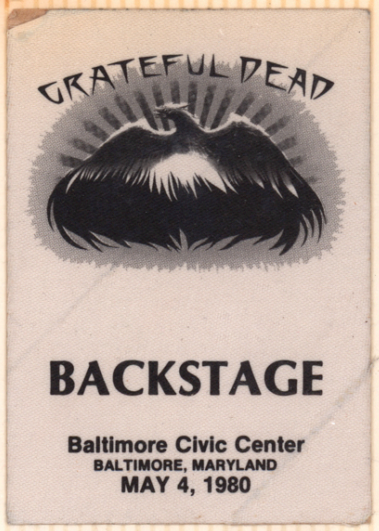








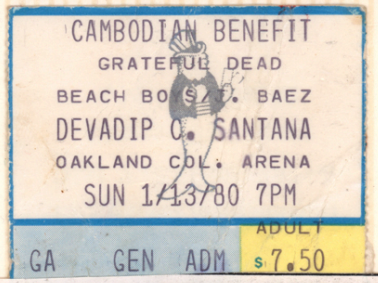




BACKSTAGE

Baltimore Civic Center
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
MAY 4, 1980







BACKSTAGE

Folsom Field
BOULDER, COLORADO
JUNE 7, 1980

UPBEAT

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS - 5/18/80

The 'Dead' bring their fans to life

By CLINT ROSWELL

THE AFICIONADOS WERE GATHERED, listening to each bar of music played by the Grateful Dead as if they were savoring vintage wine. The Wednesday night crowd of 16,000, the first of three sell-out performances through Friday at Nassau Coliseum, was buzzing with excitement. The promise of music from a new LP, "Go To Heaven," plus conjecture over what sampling of Dead "standards" would be played opening night, injected vigor in the audience. Yet the three-hour concert tended to twist and turn back over the 15-year career of this legendary San Francisco band whose themes and presentation were molded in the 1960s and sculptured in the 1970s.

Although the mood was one of expectation, the feeling changed during the course of the evening to one of patient pleasure. Rather than reach new heights, the Dead performed a tight, professional concert that appeared to scan its repertoire, drawing more horizontal than vertical waves of energy.

Conversations in the crowd tended to revolve around the emotionless energy that emanated clearly from the stage, but didn't drive home the musical point to the audience. The talk at any Dead concert has a unique flavor since it meshes a musical and cultural phenomena all in one experience.

Deadheads are like family

Deadheads, as these music aficionados like to refer to themselves, assume a status of semi-experts on the subject of the Grateful Dead. It's not unusual for segments of the crowd, many of whom have been to numerous Dead concerts before, to project analyses with one another about the band on an individual first-name base with the members of the group. They are all family.

For this reason, the band has a cultist following, but nevertheless, its legions of fans are probably more knowledgeable about the band than they are about any facet of their leisure time, or for that matter, the combined experience gathered at movies, theater or any other art form. This is not to infer that Dead fans are dim-bulbs. They tend to be the most creative and ambitious of all audiences. It is just they are driven to the concerts by a fanaticism that defies reason.

"I have to admit, this wasn't one of their better shows," said Steve of Flushing, a 25-year-old salesman during the day, a Dead freak by night, and one of leading New York area authorities on the Dead. He has toured with the group as a sound consultant in hundreds of concerts.

'The show didn't cook'

"I expected them to be much hotter, the second set lacked definition and energy. I was happy to hear them play 'Weather Report,' a real surprise, but the show didn't cook. I guess a typical opening night show in that it takes them two or three days at a big hall to get their sound and energy together. This just means the next two nights will be hotter. I'll be here."

It would be safe to venture that a good percentage of the fans Wednesday night would attend all three Coliseum shows. "You just can't capture it all in one night," said the bearded taxi-driver from Flatbush named Jeff Cohen. "The Dead experience is the undercurrent of my life; it sets off my moods and gives me insight to my life. One night is a glimpse. Three nights is the total picture."

The band tries to portion out its massive repertoire by altering each show enough to make every performance seem different. Some of Wednesday's specials were "Sugaree," "Comes a Time," "The Other One" and "Tenessee Jed." Such favorites as "U.S. Blues," "Sugar Magnolia," "Truckin'," "Casey Jones," "One More Saturday Night" and "Playing In The Band" would surely be playing during the course of three evenings, but on Wednesday the band was more hooked on playing new songs such as "Saint Of Circumstance," "Lost Sailor" and keyboardist Brent Mydland's "It's So Easy," all of which came across much more dynamically than on the record.

"It looks like Jerry (Dead lead guitarist Jerry Garcia) is gonna set the tone tonight," said the fellow in the plaid-shirt named Glenn who stood during most of the concert clapping to the beat after Garcia dominated the start, opening with "Alabama Getaway" and coming back after a choppy "Promised Land" with the heart-rending ballad, "Candyman."

"No way," snapped back Abend the Insurance Man, "Weir always supplies the opening night energy and warms up Jerry for the finale. Listen to Bobby (Weir), he's going to get things rocking," said Abend, as the group proved him correct by breaking into "Mexicale Blues," the first of a segue that led into the bedeviling "El Paso," also sung by Weir who had assumed control of center stage. Garcia, dressed in his usual black T-shirt and jeans, appeared content to play his spiralling riffs in the background. He also looked thinner, patches of gray jetting out of black hair.

The first set was finished with a rousing "The Music Never Stops" and the fans were impressed with the sound and proficiency of the band. The Dead seems to age like whiskey, getting smoother each year. When the lights were turned on during the intermission, many could be seen wearing Dead T-shirts they had either purchased that evening or kept from a previous concert.

A newfound friend

"That's the best T-shirt I have seen," said someone to Abend, a permanant smile fixed on his face. It was a picture of the skeleton head crowned with roses.

"Thanks," said Abend, "I got this five years ago at Englishtown, N.J. I've worn it to every concert since. It has become my standard concert shirt."

The family of Dead fans hurried back to their seats or spots along the railing as the light dimmed and Garcia broke into "Sugaree." It was an interesting rendition, including a lead first from Weir and then by Garcia, coupled by a bridge on organ by Mydland. The second set, lasting an hour, lacked spontaneity except for a percussion duet, first with drummers Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann and then with just Lesh and Hart.

"No doubt about it, (Phil) Lesh was the star of the evening," said Cohen. "He kept the band together. Weir didn't take off, and Garcia was into being mellow. Don't get me wrong. I wasn't disappointed. I'll be back for all three shows. I just don't know how long this trip can go on for me."

It has been a long strange trip for all concerned in the Grateful Dead. They are entering a new decade with a musical mid-life crisis. "They'll be playing forever," says Janet. "I think the Deadheads are Dead Diehards, but it's a phenomena."

Most of the sell-out crowd wouldn't argue that the Dead have come to stand for something more than music. I just wonder if the myth hasn't already begun to outlive the band.



Music Pioneer of '60s Ready to Take on '80s

By Brad Schultz
CW Staff

SAN RAFAEL, Calif. — Not content with producing music for the ears alone, an electronic music pioneer of the 1960s plans to take on your entire body in the 1980s with some help from computer technology.

According to Phil Lesh, bass player for The Grateful Dead, computer-generated music can be *felt* — as vibrations through flesh and bone — as well as it can be heard.

In an interview here recently, Lesh said he views computer music as input to the neuroelectric system in the listener's body and considers himself a kind of bioengineer-cum-artist, inducing altered states of consciousness.

That last theme is a familiar one with members of The Dead, who with other bands from the San Francisco area have used psychedelic drugs to enhance musical composition and performance. For Lesh, experiments in the coming decade with what computers can do for music will be a natural follow-up to experiments in the past two decades with psychedelic music.

Pop Music of the Future

While most people regard computer music as an avant garde curiosity at present, digital technology will eventually revolutionize the recording industry, Lesh recently told *Computerworld*. "If only to stay competitive," professional musicians will apply computers as a means of simulating conventional musical instruments, producing sounds that cannot be made any other way, transforming sounds from the natural world into provocative melodies and inducing acoustic illusions.

Hence, to a large extent, computer music will literally be the popular music of the future, the 39-year-old guitarist predicted.

If computer-based music synthesizers ever sound exactly like 18th century woodwinds or a Stradivarius violin, they will not attain such precision for many years to come, Lesh said. Nevertheless, he noted, great strides have been made in developing such equipment since the first synthesizers appeared in the 1950s.

Synthesizers have been added to the instruments used by many well-known orchestras, bands and individual performers. They have also been a primary means of generating soundtracks for a number of motion pictures — including United Artists' recently released "Apocalypse Now," which features digital work by Lesh and his regular collaborators.

Moreover, the cost advantages of large-scale integration technology have put music synthesis capabilities in the personal computing arena. Microcomputer-driven synthesizers can now be purchased for less than the price of a late model car — a situation Lesh finds ominous.

Like a variation of the '50s hot rodder stereotype, teenagers of the '80s may tinker with micro-driven synthesizer configurations in their garages, Lesh mused. And CRTs should be a "natural" creative medium for the next decade's adolescents, who will be continually exposed to TV, including Viewdata-type services, and other video devices.

Although Lesh enjoys playing with synthesizers, he is not content with merely conjuring up a simulated orchestra or two in The Dead's San Rafael studio. Lesh gets his real kicks when, strapped into what may be the world's most complicated guitar apparatus, he takes his gear where it has never gone before, improvising sounds Johannes Brahms, his first music idol, could not have even imagined.

In recent years, some famous names of the electric rock spawned by San Francisco in the mid-1960s have worked with Lesh in various computer music projects. One project culminated in "Seastones," an album composed by Ned Lagin and released by San Rafael-based Round Records.

Lagin composed "Seastones" between 1971 and 1974 and performed it with Lesh, The Dead's Jerry Garcia and Mickey Hart, Jefferson Starship's Grace Slick and David Freiberg, David Crosby and Spencer Dryden from New Riders of the Purple Sage.

The "Seastones" crew employed a Perkin-Elmer Corp. 7/16 minicomputer with a "high-speed" arithmetic logic unit; something based on Intel Corp.'s 8080 microprocessor they called a "programmable bioelectronic I/O microprocessor"; and several types of music synthesizers.

Lesh demonstrated how computer music can have tactile as well as aural effects on the listener — sometimes causing weird illusions — by playing "Seastones" for CW at the home of The Grateful Dead's manager, Rock Scully. Some portions of the record elicited vibrations that shook the room, although the sound was not uncomfortably loud. One portion gave a Lesh friend the impression that an armored military tank was rumbling up her driveway.

A current drawback to "Seastones" and similar experimental recordings of computer music is that few stereo phonograph systems can pick up all of what the studio has stamped into the record, Lesh pointed out.

But just wait a few years. Advances in hi-fi technology may allow your neighbor's kid to have The Grateful Dead come rumbling up your driveway as popular music goes digital.



CW Photo by J. Bowar

Lesh explains how computer-generated music can be felt.

LIVELY ARTS

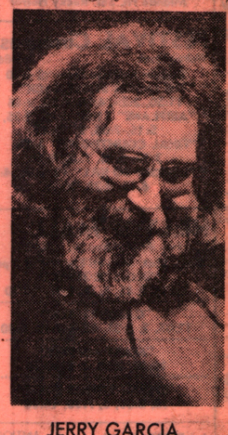
Undying Fame Of the Dead

By Dennis Hunt

WHEN THE GRATEFUL DEAD began in 1966 in the Bay Area the rock band's most prominent member, Jerry Garcia, was in his early 20s, hippies were in and young America was beginning to turn to drugs. Today hippies are out, the drug subculture has mushroomed into something monstrous, Garcia is in his late 30s and the Grateful Dead is still around. The band has been thriving since the late 60s, touring seven to eight months a year.

How has this band lasted for 15 years when its history might look like a primer on how not to be a successful rock band? The Dead's members aren't glamorous and rarely get major mass-media attention. The band never has hit singles and its album sales figures are relatively modest (surprisingly, it has never had a platinum album — one million sold — and its albums struggle to reach gold — 500,000 sold).

The basic ingredients of the Dead's music, which is too rambling and unfocused to be highly commercial, are blues and traditional rock, with bits of folk, country, bluegrass, early rock 'n' roll and jug-band music randomly tossed in. "It's sort of free form and never sounds the same," boasted Garcia in the living room of his publicist's rustic, hillside home. "The music has to be open-ended because that's the way we are. We're not capable of too much structure. That's one reason our fans like us. A lot of them are just like we are."



JERRY GARCIA

That afternoon, Garcia came puffing into the house an hour and a half late after puttering around in the shopping area of San Rafael. Shaggy, bearded and beefy, he looked like a Teddy bear. Because he chain-smokes non-filtered Camels, some call him Smokey the Bear. A popular notion about him is that he's a spaced-out, foggy-minded drug casualty whose mind is still floating somewhere back in the late '60s. The real Garcia — the son of a Spanish jazz musician — is arguably one of the most intelligent and articulate rock stars around.

A literature and film buff, Garcia seems more like a scholar than a musician, yet he is a highly respected guitarist who manages with only three fingers on his picking hand. When Garcia was 4 his brother cut off his middle finger with an ax.

Joel Selvin, whose column normally appears on this page, is currently on vacation.

The band has long been the darling of drug freaks. The Dead's loosely structured music is, quite simply, regarded as music to get stoned by, an assessment that would be supported by most of the Dead Heads, the huge cult whose fanatical support helps keep the Grateful Dead in business.

The Dead's concerts are mainy attended by Dead Heads because they're the only ones with the patience and stamina to survive these marathons. For this band, playing a four-hour show is an average night's work. "The shows are very loose," Garcia said. "They just sort of happen. They end when we don't have any more to say and we're finally out of energy. Our songs are just frameworks. They don't have specific things in them. We don't even plan the order of songs. We just decide as we go along. That might be hard for some people to believe but it's true."

Los Angeles Times

AQUARIAN INTERVIEW WITH

e Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia

'ears, He's Still Playing In The Band

t someone turns his friends on to us in the same spirit or sense they would turn their

by Jeff Tamarkin

come to know and recognize each other, and it's like support. Sometimes a person can find a ride across the country with a Deadhead, or stay over at somebody's house. So that seems to function pretty well for them."

Of the possibility that some Deadheads may get *so* involved with the pursuit of the band and its music that they might lose some of their own identity and purpose in the process, Garcia is frank, admitting that sometimes this does happen. "Oh, for sure," he replies with an affirmative nod of his head. "I know *I* have." He laughs heartily again, and continues.

"I'm sure it's possible. But our commitment to the idea is as deep as the most crazed Deadhead's. So I don't feel as though we're burning anybody on that level. We continue to do what we're doing."

Nobody can really hold the Dead responsible for the actions of its fans. After all, the lifestyle and myth have perpetuated themselves. The group never actively sought to establish a "Dead mystique" or to foist its decidedly hippielike attitudes on anyone. Rather, it has been passed down from older to younger sibling, from friend to friend.

In many ways, a Grateful Dead audience is caught in a time warp. No other rock group still draws the amount of long hair, tie-dyed clothing, denim jackets and dope—lots of dope—that the Grateful Dead does. For whatever reason, many of today's rock fans need to believe in the late-'60s peace and love attitudes that those initial San Francisco Deadheads did. There is a huge number of Deadheads to purport to listen to no other groups. Many have made a hobby of collecting tapes of the group's live performances, and can be heard engaging in heated discussions concerning concerts the band played three, five or a dozen years ago. A sense of missionary zeal makes it the goal of many a Deadhead to turn on everyone he knows to the band. Garcia says he is aware of all this, and supports it.

"What happens is that someone turns his friends on to us in the same spirit or sense they would turn their friends on to pot. They turn them on because they have a good experience and a good time. It used to be frustrating, though," he says. "I've talked to fans about this who have said, 'Jesus, I invited 20 of my friends to this and you guys played awful.'"

He chuckles, then lights the latest in a series of chain-smoked cigarettes. "That stuff used to happen to us all the time," he continues. "We've gotten to be more consistent. Now those people can bring their friends and at the very worst, they'll get a nice, professional show."

And at the very *best*? "There are those times when it gets lucky, it gets special," he answers. "Those are worth waiting around for. Those are the glue that holds us together, our glue-on particle, the possibility that something exceptional will happen musically."

Garcia is as fascinated as this writer that the Dead audience has remained a remarkably consistent breed throughout the years. The past decade has seen glitter, new wave, the rise of "corporate rock" and countless other trends. Yet comparing a photo of a 1970 Dead crowd with that of a 1980 Dead crowd would probably reveal few differences.

"The audience has gotten bigger, that's for sure," Garcia comments. "But, surprisingly, they haven't changed too much. They respond similarly. The Grateful Dead audience is kind of like the Grateful Dead audience, no matter what, and no matter where, either. That's another interesting phenomenon. European Grateful Dead audiences are not much different than American Grateful Dead audiences."

Garcia denies that the Deadheads share a particular lifestyle, based on the values they believe the Dead members must adhere to in their personal lives. He is adamant when stating that there is no definitive Dead lifestyle or philosophy.

"No, there isn't. Not in a dogmatic sense," he says. "We don't sit around and work out Grateful Dead dogma, or catma if you prefer." He laughs at his own joke. "Our trip is that everyone is entitled to believe what they want. There's an old Prankster proverb," he says, referring to the troupe with which novelist Ken Kesey and his cohorts reportedly took LSD and traveled around California in the '60s. "It goes: 'The mind believes what the mind believes.'

"Our experience has been the more the merrier. Like, (Robert) Hunter (Dead lyricist) and I get reports on the content of our tunes, which include incredibly complex interpretations of what the lyrics *must* mean and all that. And we find that, wow, there was no intention on our part to include those things. But it's lucky that there's that kind of openness, that the kind of range is available."

Garcia believes, however, that most Deadheads probably have a good idea of what he and the band members are like in private. Unlike some other superstars who pose as rock 'n' roll rebels onstage and then lead luxurious highbrow lives offstage, Garcia says he lives a fairly unglamorous life when he's off the road. He resides in Marin County, north of San Francisco, and spends most of his spare time playing music, or studying music. His only other outside interest, he says, is filmmaking.

"I have a feeling they (Deadheads) probably know as much about me as I know about myself," he claims. "Maybe more. They may be in a better position to be able to see. I might reveal more than I know. It's difficult for me to know something like that. But when people write us letters, I don't get the sense they're missing the mark. They know who they're talking to. So that makes me feel good, since our only tool of communication is our music and what we do. And when they speak to what they conceive of as the Grateful Dead consciousneses, they're usually not wrong."

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Although the audiences are basically the same wherever the Dead plays, Garcia says that the main difference between a New York-area crowd and a San Francisco area-crowd is that "the vibe in San Francisco isn't as urgent."

It's been 13 years since the Summer of Love. That makes it 13 years since the Grateful Dead first received attention as the unofficial mascot of the San Francisco music scene.

In '67, that scene found the Dead and its contemporaries (such as the Jefferson Airplane, Quicksilver Messenger Service, and Country Joe and the Fish) playing now-legendary free concerts in San Francisco's parks, on its streets, and in its Fillmore and Avalon ballrooms. That year, Jerry Garcia was 25 years old, and many in his band's audience were the same age, or close to it.

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On August 1, Jerry Garcia will be 38 years old, making him twice as old as the average member of a 1980 Dead audience. But, unlike many other aging rockers, Garcia still feels at home with the kids to whom he plays.

"Sure I do," he affirms, "because they're the same kind of people (who came to see the Dead in the '60s). They're people who can dig what we're doing. And it's hard not to like someone who likes what you do."

Garcia emits a belly laugh. It's a deep-throated har-har-har, and it's hard not to laugh along with him. Sitting in a suite on the top floor of a ritzy New York hotel overlooking Central Park, Garcia appears happy.

If being a star has ever gone to his head, he doesn't show it. He's completely relaxed and humble, with an ego no larger than that of anyone else around him. And as an interviewee, he's a delight, answering every question in detail, in an honest, forthright manner.

Garcia seems to enjoy talking about the Grateful Dead, its mystique and its fans as much as the countless thousands of Deadheads—possibly the world's most fanatic rock 'n' roll devotees—enjoy talking about the Dead. And for someone in the eye of this hurricane, Garcia has a remarkably acute understanding of its workings.

"It's obviously important to them," he says of the lengths to which some Deadheads will go to follow the band on its tours across the country. "And more than that, it's giving them an adventure. They have stories to tell, like 'Remember the time we had to go all the way to Colorado, and we had to hitchhike the last 400 miles because the VW broke down in Kansas.' That's giving them a whole common group of experiences they can talk about. For a lot of people, going to Grateful Dead concerts is like bumping into a bunch of old friends.

"There's a vast network of Deadheads. They're kind of like people who have

Garcia...

(continued from pg. 55)

But he says the Dead will not standardize its concert set, which is never planned in advance but is developed spontaneously as it progresses, according to the location of the show. What they will do is feel out the crowd, sense its mood, and try to shape the set accordingly. Another thing the group does *not* do, although Garcia says this is an unconscious thing, is to highlight material from the latest Dead album. If it fits into the set, fine. But the musicians don't necessarily include a specified number of new songs.

"And sometimes that makes Clive (Davis, president of Arista Records, for whom the Dead records) pretty unhappy," Garcia admits, laughing. "I remember when *Shakedown Street* (the Dead lp preceding the newest, *Go To Heaven*) came out, Clive came to see us one night at Madison Square Garden. And we didn't play a single tune from the album! We don't do it on purpose. On this tour (which took the group to Nassau Coliseum in mid-May), we've been playing the new material a little more, mostly because we like it."

The new album finds the Dead forging some new musical directions as well as re-exploring some older ones. Brent Mydland, the keyboardist who replaced Keith Godchaux about a year ago, is featured prominently on the lp. Two of his compositions are included, and both are among the most commercially accessible tunes the Dead has ever recorded.

Rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, who has tended to write slicker material recently, completes his evolution with a long suite that would be comfortable on a Boz Scaggs' album. And outside of one dirgelike blues cut, the album's most upbeat rock 'n' roll is provided by Garcia, with the Chuck Berry-flavored "Alabama Getaway" and a redone version of the Dead's first single (from '65), "Don't Ease Me In."

At this stage of the Dead's career, having held onto most of its original members (keyboardist Ron "Pigpen" McKernan died in 1973; the others are all still together), are there still any surprises? All the time, according to Garcia.

that we're still on the rise. I have no idea where it's going."

Garcia isn't particularly concerned with the bashing the Dead's albums have taken from the critics in recent years. Certain critics believe the band is well past its peak. Garcia admits that the band has always served its function best in concert, and that recording is "a necessary evil." Recording, he says, is "the only other alternative" to playing live.

"You either perform music or you record it," he points out. "The fact that there happens to be records and that we happen to be playing music is the only relationship. Otherwise, records are not really an appropriate forum for what we do. For one thing, the time element is not quite right. Our short songs are seven or eight minutes long."

"We don't sit around and work out Grateful Dead dogma, or catma if you prefer."

However, Garcia believes that Gary Lyons, who produced *Go To Heaven*, was the first producer who "understood what we were getting at musically." Perhaps, for that reason, this album has taken off faster, in terms of sales, than any previous Dead album.

And as for the critics of the Dead, Garcia hates to disappoint them, but he rather enjoys reading the negative reviews. "It doesn't bother me," he says, shrugging. "I mean, it doesn't affect us when we get good reviews, either. We're not fishing for compliments. We're so used to getting bad reviews that we sort of look for them. The worst of 'em are more fun than a good review."

•

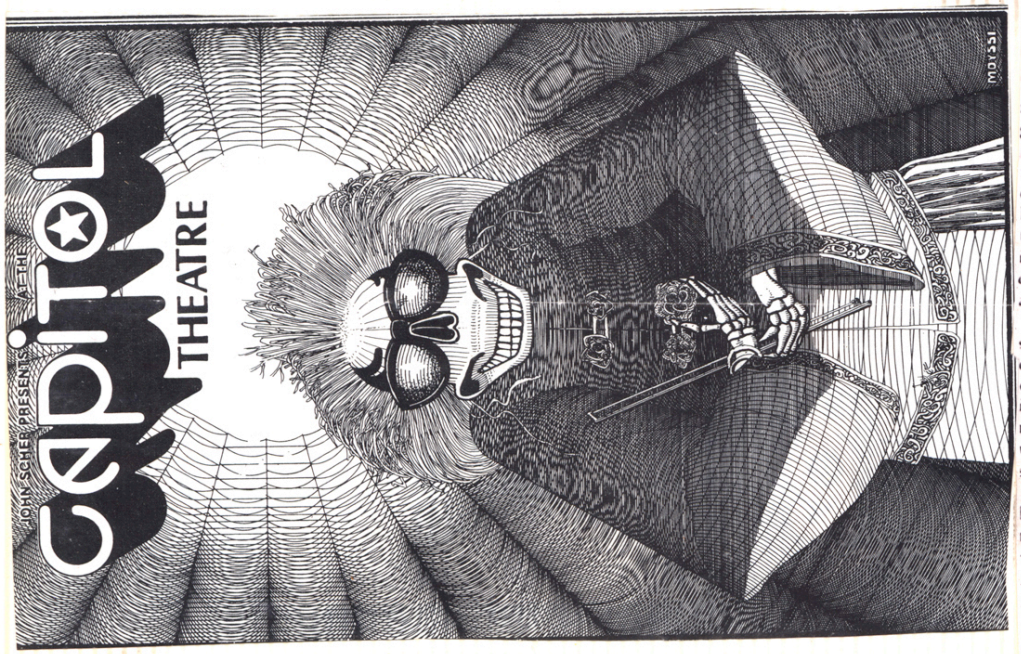
With 15 years behind them, one wonders if Garcia and company can envision the Dead lasting much longer. As usual, he doesn't venture a guess, preferring to allow time to work these things out. But as for what the history books might say about the Dead when it's all over, Garcia is quick to answer.

"*Ha!*" he exclaims, letting loose with another of his lethal belly laughs. "I haven't the slightest idea."

—★—

Jerry Garcia will play Convention Hall





Grateful Dead's Bass Player Finds DP Indispensable

By Brad Schultz
CW Staff

SAN RAFAEL, Calif. — There is nothing typical about how Phil Lesh got involved with computer systems.

The Grateful Dead's bass player never attended a computer science course nor wet-nursed a Cobol job. But the man who reportedly produced the first musical instrument with an internal electronic amplifier has found computer technology indispensable in advancing his art.

Lesh has been electrifying musical instruments since the late 1950s, but he credits the Beatles with establishing electronic music as a popular medium in the mid 1960s. For Lesh, computer music is a type of electronic music, which is in turn a type of electric music.

Electric music is simply what comes from electrically amplified instruments. Electronic music involves techniques for modifying pitch, intensity and other properties of sound with electric-powered devices, he explained. The latter — especially in conjunction with the use of psychedelic drugs — can be a powerful means of inciting the listener to view his world differently and become less inhibited.

For more than 20 years, Lesh has followed the contributions of orchestral composers in electronic music. As a teenager, he studied with Luciano Berio, who later joined the Juilliard School of Music faculty, and was influenced by the partly improvisational works of Karlheinz Stockhausen, a German. Those composers, Lesh said, broke music into its most elementary particles and played with them.

Falling hardware prices allowed electronic musicians to purchase computers in the 1970s and digitize these particles, he continued.

With high-speed arithmetic logic units, composers have a ready means of simulating hypothetical combinations of instruments and performers.

Hence, composers can use computers to assemble simulated orchestras and try out prospective compositions.

Lesh hopes the miniaturization of processors will progress to the stage where he can plant a CPU in his guitar and feed it "commands" via sensors on the fret board. One reason this is not yet feasible is that no one has yet figured out where to place all the necessary wires within the instrument, he explained.

Lesh is eager to hear from any *Computerworld* readers with suggestions on how to address the various technical problems of applying computing to music. He can be reached c/o The Grateful Dead at P.O Box 73, San Rafael, Calif. 94902.

In the Flesh



Go to Heaven
Grateful Dead
Arista

By J.M. De Matteis

THE COVER PHOTO IS the biggest surprise. Eschewing the usual *Zap Comix*-inspired illustration, the world's most tenacious hippie survivors have chosen to pose—in slick suits of John Travolta white—for a very contemporary, very artsy, airbrushed soft-focus portrait. But don't let the packaging fool you. *Go to Heaven* is mainly more of the same uninspired fluff that's become the Grateful Dead's recorded stock in trade.

The Dead move from Bob Weir and John Barlow's maundering ("Lost Sailor") and Jerry Garcia and Robert Hunter's meandering ("Althea") to torrid attempts at funk ("Feel like a Stranger") with nary a fresh melody or original lick. Even a successful song like the infectious rocker, "Alabama Getaway" (which does its job with an admirable brevity that might have saved a few of the album's terminally long-winded compositions), seems to lack weight. There's no sense of urgency or honesty here, and without these two qualities, rock & roll remains vacuous, no matter how charming.

But there are two positive signs: "Far from Me" and "Easy to Love You," both primarily the work of keyboardist Brent Mydland. Mydland sings with the bourbon softness of Michael McDonald and crafts simple, straightforward pop compositions that allow the rest of the band to play tightly and impressively within definite musical boundaries. These tunes offer ample proof that the Grateful Dead can succeed on vinyl as well as they do in concert. More Mydland would seem a good idea in the future.



KATHY GAMMON

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADHEADS

By Charles R. Cross

JERRY GARCIA IS God," said Crissy Johnstone, 33. "I remember seeing the Dead back in San Francisco back in 1966. It was the first time I had ever taken acid and, wow, was I stoned. I've never been the same since."

Johnstone and 6,000 other followers of the Grateful Dead, packed into the Seattle Center Arena June 13, to participate in what has become a ritualized process somewhat resembling the taking of communion: They were drinking wine and eating acid with the Grateful Dead.

"I've seen the Dead, let's see...about 120 times now," said Barry Markee, who hitchhiked all he way from Denver for this concert. "Every time I took acid," he said.

Markee, Johnstone and other fans reaffirmed the now famous bumpersticker: There's nothing like a Grateful Dead concert.

But for these Deadheads that may be better stated as "There's nothing *but* a Grateful Dead concert." Over the past ten years the Dead have maintained the most loyal, most fervent, and easily the most colorful following in the history of rock music. If the Grateful Dead played on the moon you can be sure it would sell out and there would be at least one hippie with a sleeping bag in front saying "Can anybody lay a ticket on me? I hitched all the way from New York."

NEW YORK, San Francisco, Eugene, San Luis Obispo, Istanbul, anywhere but Seattle is where these Deadheads said they were from. Their universal mode of transportation: hitchhiking. Grateful Dead fans hitch a route across America that would make Sissy Hankshaw green with envy.

But suprisingly the ranks of the Deadheads are not totally dominated by the aging hippie faction. The Dead now have an unusual cult of young 14 and 15-year-olds that worship the band with the same fervor usually reserved among their age group for bands like Van, Halen. The age of these fans is surprising because the Dead have been basically doing the same thing for ten years and their commercial profile in terms of record sales and radio airplay has been almost non-existent.

Yet it is the 14-year-olds that rush the crowded area before the stage. "When the doors opened," said one usher, "it was the young fans who rushed in first. Some of them had been waiting for days."

Why do youngsters like the Grateful Dead? Probably for the same reasons their older brothers and sisters became Deadheads. "The Dead really get me loose," said Stevie Boonster, Seattle, who was two years old when the Dead's first album came out. "They're better musicians than all those other bands and they really know how to get loose," she said.

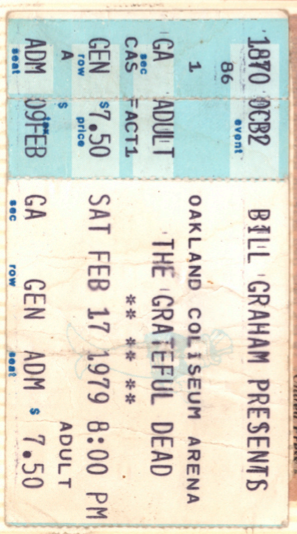
Boonster said she prefers Budwiser to acid, and having her mom pick her up to hitchhiking, but what she does share with the other Deadheads is a belief that is beyond fanaticism that the Grateful Dead are the saviors of the modern world. One fan, known only as Truckin' Bob, is willing to talk about it in religious terms.



KATHY GAMMON

"You know those Rastafarians who talk about Haile Selassie as God on earth? Well with Deadheads it's the same kind of thing with Jerry Garcia. He's about the closest thing to Jesus Christ I'll ever see."

In the view of Truckin' Bob, Jesus Christ and the Grateful Dead put on one hell of a concert at the Arena on Friday the 13th. And the rest of the followers? I don't think I have to tell you that they were uplifted. □



Grateful Dead Pair Arrested

San Diego

Two members of the Grateful Dead rock group and their road manager were arrested on misdemeanor rioting charges Tuesday night in a backstage melee following a concert that was described by one band member as "bust fever."

Police also arrested the female secretary of concert promoter Marc Berman on charges she was furnished cocaine by another man. Twenty-nine other people, including a man who took off his clothes while listening to the music, were also taken into custody.

"It was bust fever," said guitarist Robert Weir, 36, who was booked on suspicion of participating in a riot and interfering with a police officer. "They (police) were all acting like John Wayne."

"It reminded me of the 1960s," said drummer Mickey Hart, 36, who was arrested for inciting a riot, disturbing the peace and resisting arrest. "I'm not a jail bird. I'm a drummer. This doesn't happen to us. We don't go to jail or break the laws. We're good Americans."

Daniel Rifkin, 35, road manager for the group that was standard bearer of the San Francisco drug culture and peace movement in the 1960s, was arrested on suspicion of participating in a riot, interfering with a police officer and assault on a police officer.

The melee erupted backstage in the Sports Arena shortly after midnight. Police said they were called to the stage on a report that a spectator was urinating on another concert-goer, and came upon a drug transaction.

Berman's secretary Kristy Lynn Lantz, 30, was arrested at that point on suspicion of possession of cocaine, a felony. Michael Fred Goss, 22, was arrested on charges he furnished the cocaine to Lantz.

"We went to arrest the guy (Goss) and he resisted," patrolman Jorge Nelson said. "Then everything went to hell because it looked like a fight."

Nelson said he called for reinforcements when the crowd, screaming of police brutality, surged forward.

Weir, Hart and Rifkin were arrested as a security guard tried to prevent one man from striking Sgt. Jack Doherty from behind. None of the band members was involved in the drug arrests.

Weir's bail was set at $5250, Hart's at $850 and Rifkin's at $7250. All three spent the night in jail and were released after posting bail yesterday morning.

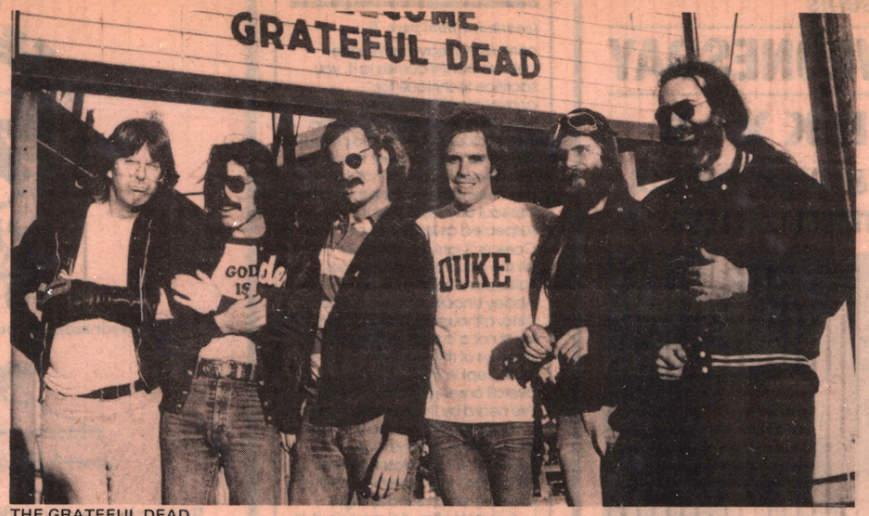
United Press

READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

This Week's Concerts

If Ted Patrick should ever run out of religious cult members to "deprogram," he'll find plenty of work among that nonsecular bunch known as Dead heads, ardent fans of the Grateful Dead. Patrick's skills, such as they are, would most definitely be challenged. In the history of rock, there is no band whose following is more devoted, obstinate, incorrigible. Over the last fourteen years there have been numerous accounts of how Grateful Dead followers will do almost anything to attend a concert featuring the objects of their adoration. From a personal vantage point, I have found that whenever I am in the vicinity of a Dead head, it's wise to be discreet; even the slightest criticism is considered blasphemy.

The power the Dead have over the heads of their followers is, and always has been, a mystery. Their fabled "improvisations" on stage in earlier times came across to me as the ethereal rambling of a band that didn't know where they were going, or even how to stop in an emergency. And no noticeable progress has occurred in years. When they attempt anything sophisticated, they meander, flub up continually, and rarely sound as though any of their ideas are structured. As for their recorded work, it seems preposterous that a group which has been around so long could still issue half-formed amalgams of limp rock, remedial country & western, ersatz funk, and impressionistic psychedelia, and still remain so popular. Their vocals, particularly, have always been wretched. On their latest album, "Go to Heaven," certain tracks reveal the band delving further into a bleached-blond funk groove a la the Doobie Brothers. But there is no one in the band who can match the sense of melodrama provided by the Doobie's Michael McDonald. As for the instrumentals — guitarist Jerry Garcia still has a lovely tone but a pitiful sense of emphasis; Phil Lesh does nothing to change my opinion of him as an overrated bass player; and since I don't hear any rhythmic doubling, crosscurrents, or tension, I can't understand why they still employ two drummers (Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart). But then, it hardly matters. When you're a card-carrying member of the Dead fan club, a mushroom cloud of euphoria hovers over you constantly. Structure, consistency, and real invention (not the glib, extended noodling the Dead get away with) are values this band is not concerned about. Why should they be? Their loyal following accepts anything they do. The San Diego chapter of the Grateful Dead sect will have yet another chance to genuflect when the group makes its annual appearance on Tuesday night at the Sports Arena.



THE GRATEFUL DEAD



"GO TO HEAVEN." The Grateful Dead. Arista AL 9508. The material here, though slightly updated (there's even a bow to the dreaded disco monster), is basically your standard Dead fare. In contrast to the lean, hard-edged sound in vogue today, the music is spacey, soft and flabby. Even on the rockers the group manages to sound as if it's playing while submerged in a pool full of Jello-O. The Dead still sing off-key, Jerry Garcia's guitar playing is annoyingly limp, and the tunes carry on far too long. As composers, they persist in using chords that are—from a strict musical standpoint—wrong. Of course, it's not fair to judge a group like the Dead on either a technical or musical basis alone. With the Airplane having gone heavy-metal, and Quicksilver Messenger Service God knows where, the Dead are, after all, the last bastion of a bygone era—the official purveyors of the '60s time-warp. They'll be at Pauley Pavilion next Sunday. —STUART GOLDMAN

It's an institution

Grateful Dead, popular as ever, returns for concert tomorrow

by Patrick MacDonald
Times rock critic

ROCK

A popular bumper sticker reads: There Is Nothing Like A Grateful Dead Concert.

It's a simple slogan on the surface, but it says it all. You can't understand the Grateful Dead until you've experienced its live show.

The band has become an institution, an American cultural phenomenon; not because of its role in the psychedelic revolution of the 1960s, nor for its records or movies, but for the countless marathon concerts the band has given around the world the past 15 years.

The ever-popular band will do it again here tomorrow night in the Arena. A capacity crowd is expected for what is sure to be a wonderful concert experience. The Grateful Dead never let you down.

In the 15 or so times I've seen them, the band never has failed to deliver an entertaining, moving, fascinating show. The music is hypnotic. Time and space seem to float away. You find yourself dancing for hours without realizing how much time has gone by.

Those who never have experienced it probably find it hard to believe. Dead recordings give only the barest of clues as to what the band can do live.

Jerry Garcia, the godhead of the Grateful Dead, agrees.

"Records aren't really our medium," he said in a phone interview from the band's headquarters in San Rafael, Calif. "We're only there because it's the ***other*** thing you can do with music."

Garcia, 37, singer-songwriter-guitarist, is the conscience of the Grateful Dead. Not only does he do much of the writing; he also has become spokesman for the band and, in a larger sense, for the community of Dead-heads that follows the band religiously. As such, he has become a guru of the hip culture.

"We don't sell that many records," he went on. "Like, for us, records are sort of an annuity. They don't pay off in a fast flash, but they're consistent. We sell around 300,000 to 400,000 copies a record.

"We're not really a recording band, but we've ***had*** to record. So a recording identity for us has somehow emerged that's totally a product of recording, and doesn't necessarily reflect the way we are at all."

What the band does is perform.

"That's how we make a living," Garcia said. "And it's fun, too."

He said the band has been playing together for so many years it's become second nature. They go on stage without a song list, without any plans at all. They improvise from the first note. That's why one song can go on for an hour, and a concert from four to six hours.

"We've been playing together so long, the whole mechanism of improvising has gotten to be really fluid," he said. "It has to do with our train of thought, our attention span, how well things are going that particular night and everything — including, of course, the audience."

Although concerts are the band's reason for being, Garcia sees the Dead becoming involved in another area — video.

"I have an interest in films," he said. " 'The Grateful Dead Movie' was largely my project, and I intend to be involved in more, as a director of feature films.

"And I think TV's going to be really wide open in coming years. I think it's happening already in the form of those rock 'n' roll TV shows. I've seen some stuff I've really liked a lot.

"We're at the same high-tech level in sound, so it's a part of our world."

So how long does he think the Dead will last?

"I really never thought about it, to tell you the truth," he replied. "At no point at all have I seen the place where I could imagine it ending. Not so far. The experience has always been an open-ended one. It still is."

But no matter how much longer it goes on, Garcia thinks the Dead is making its mark on American music.

"We're involved in the tradition of musical development in this country, we're right in the middle of it," he said. "That's what I think is remarkable about today — America is now the melting pot of music. Everything is influenced by everything in this culture. That's what makes it so interesting. And to be a part of that is really exciting."

SURVIVING WITH THE GRATEFUL DEAD

By DENNIS HUNT
Times Staff Writer

SAN RAFAEL—When the Grateful Dead began in 1966 in the San Francisco area, the rock band's most prominent member, Jerry Garcia, was in his early 20s, hippies were in and young America was beginning to turn to drugs.

Today hippies are out, the drug subculture has mushroomed into something monstrous, Garcia is in his late 30s and the Grateful Dead is still around. The band has been thriving since the late '60s, touring seven to eight months a year. As part of its most recent tour, the Dead will perform Sunday night at UCLA's Pauley Pavilion.

How has this band lasted for 15 years when its history might look like a primer on how *not* to be a successful rock band. The Dead's members aren't glamorous and rarely get major mass-media attention. The band never has hit singles and its album sales figures are relatively modest (surprisingly, it has never had a platinum album—one million sold—and its albums struggle to reach gold—500,000 sold).

The basic ingredients of the Dead's music, which is too rambling and unfocused to be highly commercial, are blues and traditional rock, with bits of folk, country, bluegrass, early rock 'n' roll and jug-band music randomly tossed in.

"It's sort of free form and never sounds the same," boasted Garcia in the living room of his publicist's rustic, hillside home. "The music has to be open ended because that's the way we are. We're not capable of too much structure. That's one reason our fans like us. A lot of them are just like we are."

□

That afternoon, Garcia came puffing into the house an hour-and-a-half late after puttering around in the shopping area of this little town on the outskirts of San Francisco. Shaggy, bearded and beefy, he looked like a Teddy bear. Because he chain smokes non-filtered Camels, some call him Smokey the Bear. A popular notion about him is that he's a spaced-out, foggy-minded drug casualty whose mind is still floating somewhere back in the late '60s. The real Garcia—the son of a Spanish jazz musician—is arguably one of the most intelligent and articulate rock stars around.

A literature and film buff, Garcia seems more like a scholar than a musician, yet he is a highly respected guitarist who manages with only three fingers on his picking hand. When Garcia was 4 his brother cut off his middle finger with an ax.

□

The band has long been the darling of drug freaks. The Dead's loosely structured music is, quite simply, regarded as music to get stoned by, an assessment that would be supported by most of the Dead Heads, the huge cult whose fanatical support helps keep the Grateful Dead in business.

The Dead's concerts are mainly attended by Dead Heads because they're the only ones with the patience and stamina to survive these marathons. For this band, playing a four-hour show is an average night's work.

"The shows are very loose," Garcia said. "They just sort of happen. They end when we don't have any more to say and we're finally out of energy. Our songs are just frameworks. They don't have specific things in them. We don't even plan the order of

Please Turn to Page 10

JERRY GARCIA: SURVIVING WITH THE GRATEFUL DEAD

Continued from First Page

songs. We just decide as we go along. That might be hard for some people to believe but it's true.

Because its concerts have that sloppy, ad-lib look, the Dead gets its share of criticism. On the issue of performing ability, Garcia agreed with the critics: "We're musicians, not performers. None of us is very good on stage. We don't think of ourselves as singers, either. That role has been foisted on us. For me to get up there on stage to sing, I have to overcome this thing of feeling like a fool singing in front of a bunch of people."

However Garcia pointed out that basic performing skills are irrelevant to the success of a Dead concert: "Our audience doesn't come to see showmanship and theatrics. They realize what we are and that we're not performers and that we're a group that's earnestly trying to accomplish something and we don't quite know what it is."

□

The Grateful Dead started out in 1964 as Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions, playing Bay Area coffee houses and bars, and then switched to electric rock as the Warlocks before becoming the Grateful Dead in the spring of 1966. By 1967 the core of the band—Garcia, rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, bassist Phil Lesh and drummers Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart—had been formed. Since then, a few others have come and gone but this nucleus has remained unchanged. The latest addition, the first personnel change in seven years, is keyboards player Brent Mydland.

What began as a hippie band still reflects that late '60s, hang-loose, counterculture mentality. Though naturally leery of the frantic pace and money/power orientation at the heart of the music business, the Dead manages to survive nicely within this somewhat alien structure. "We're like a rabbit trying to make it among the wolves," quipped Garcia.

"We have a free-form way of approaching business," he continued, "and it does work. We decided to do it this way back in the psychedelic days. We only had blind faith that this crazy way would work and it has. It works, but it's not particularly easy to keep together what is essentially an anarchy. We don't have a leader on any level, musical or otherwise."



But these guys are no dummies. They at least operate within a sort of phantom business structure which Garcia sarcastically referred to as "a fiction of a corporation."

"Our president isn't really our president," he pointed out. "We have the parts together that we have to have together. The business model is there. We just don't use it." Behind that front we still do things in our own crazy way with everybody having a hand in it. It's not easy but at least it's always entertaining."

Contrary to a popular assumption, the Dead, after 15 years of relative success, isn't rich, a situation Garcia is quite proud of: "We're always running on the edge, just staying a little bit ahead. If we had a really successful album, like a million seller, then we might accumulate a whole lot of wealth. Our record income has never been that substantial and the way we do concerts we can only make so much money. We've never had the popularity you need to become idly rich and that's lucky for us. Being rich might hurt us. We're just interested in surviving, that's all."

The Dead's blase attitude toward wealth is predictably coupled with an indifference toward fame. As Garcia put it, "We've been fortunate to escape big-time success and keep hanging on the fringe of it so we can operate on a scale that's manageable and convenient for us."

Part of the reason the Dead has never craved fame is, he admitted, a fear of its consequences: "Show business at the high levels is frightening because it's relentless and it steamrolls personalities. There's always that thing of show business waiting to eat you alive like it did Judy Garland and the other vulnerable types. I've never wanted to get that close to those jaws."

□

An obvious problem with doing anything for many years is succumbing to boredom. Though Garcia is obviously still intrigued by the Dead's music, he acknowledged the problem: "I'm conscious of boredom possibly descending on me. That would be the end for me and the Dead. Some people might keep going on that way but not for me."

Garcia, however, spoke so reverently about the Dead's music that it's hard to imagine his passion for it ever waning. "Whenever we arrive at some place musically," he observed, "it turns out to be the beginning of the next place to go."

Powered by Garcia and his colleagues the Dead, cruising at this same comfortable pace, could easily last through the '80s. Ten years from now Garcia might be sitting in San Rafael trying to explain to some journalist how the Dead has lasted 25 years.





well, hi there man ...

you don't know me but i got your list from a friend who knows this person who is into dogs and he was taking his norweigian elkhound out to take a shit and needed something to scrape up the shit off this old lady next door's lawn and he just picked up some paper his roommate had laying around and the paper turned out to be the list of yours. he gave me the list, but there's so much shit on it that i can't read it very good. but i saw your address so i wrote you cause i want to trade tapes.

like gee, man, like wow what a fanfuckintastic list you have man. wow like i thought MY list was impressive until i saw your list. i would send you my list but i left it in my pants pocket with my 10,000 hits of orange sunshine and my ma washed the pants and the orange sunshine got all over my list so i had to eat the list to get high. anyway, my list is real extensive and i don't have a typewriter so its hard for me to write it all down. so i tell you what. why don't you just ask me for stuff and i'll see if i got it? sounds good, eh?

i have some terrrrrrriiiifffiiiiiccccc stuff i KNOW you'll want like real fast man. here are just a couple of examples ...

i have a great 25 seconds of lesh belching before the second set at saskatchewan technological institute for retarded nurses. it'll just blow you away

i've taken the shows i have of 1976 and simul-synced the second sets on top of the first sets to save space. far fuckin out, man

and this'll really get you..i have the first chord of every show they played in 1979 - all on one tape

i never label any of my tapes. that's just wasting time. so i can send you a bunch of tapes and you can figure out what shows they are. i'm proud to say i do recording myself. i have a pocket groopipuki. i have never had any trouble getting it in through the door. its only 3 inches long. and i use these neat little norelco dictating cassettes in it. really fools those security idiots.

since i know you're just dying to trade with me man, like i'll be sending you 147 maxells -- just to start things off slow. make me your whole collection. i need it by the end of the month. and please send me your phone number, man. like i just loveeeeeeeeee to talk and talk to people i trade with. wait until i tell you about all my acid trip experiences.....

PS - the tapes will be coming COD in big boxes. i figured you could use some big boxes.

Sends pension checks

U.S. still pays 'grateful dead'

WASHINGTON (AP)—The government has been sending pension checks to hundreds of dead bureaucrats, including one who died 16 years ago, a spokesman for the federal personnel agency says.

Patrick Korten of the Office of Personnel Management said checks continued to be sent to retirees that the agency did not know had died. The confirmation came after Rep. Les Aspin (D., Wis.) criticized the payments to "the grateful dead" in a statement released Sunday.

Korten said the government began matching lists of retirees and deaths several years ago but didn't reveal the results until Aspin's criticism.

"THE MATCHING process began after a cost-benefit study showed that it would save more money than the matching would cost," Korten said.

Aspin said 830 persons were listed as dead by the Social Security Administration but retired, and receiving checks, by Civil Service.

Of those 830, Aspin said, 355 have been confirmed as dead and the others are being doublechecked. The payments to the dead averaged more than $13,000 and the largest overpayment came to $81,952 to someone who died in 1965 and whose death was confirmed only a few months ago, he said.

Aspin said the cases range from "obvious fraud to simple laziness. In some cases, the families of the deceased simply tossed the checks into a drawer and made no attempt to cash them."

He said the total of wrongful payments uncovered so far comes to about $5 million.

This is a tiny share of the $20 billion in pensions paid out annually, but "one has to ask why the public should have any respect for an institution that waited 40 years before comparing Social Security and Civil Service retirement records," Aspin said.

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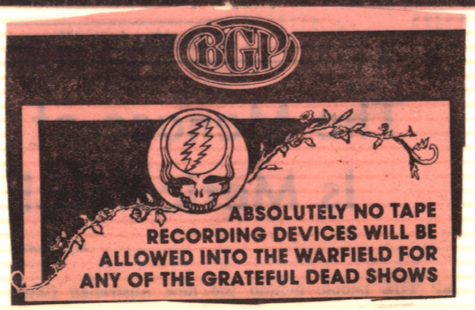

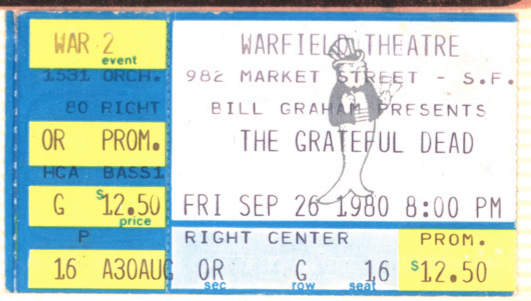



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LEFT CENTER
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SEC. ROW SEAT
PROM. $12.50
OCT 3 1980 8PM
WAR7

WARFIELD THEATRE
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PROM. $12.50
OCT 4 1980 8PM
WAR8

(313)
SEC. ROW SEAT
LL BB 120
RIGHT CENTER
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WARFIELD THEATRE
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BILL GRAHAM PRE.
THE GRATEFUL DEAD
MONDAY
OCT 6 1980 8PM
PROM. $12.50
RIGHT CENTER
LL BB 120
SEC. ROW SEAT
PROM. $12.50
OCT 6 1980 8PM
WAR9

WARFIELD THEATRE
982 MARKET ST - SF
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OR E 7
SEC. ROW SEAT
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MON SEP 29 1980 8:00 PM
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OR M 17
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THE GRATEFUL DEAD
TUE 9/30/80 8PM
PROM. $12.50
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SEC. ROW SEAT
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SEP 30 1980 8PM
WAR5

WARFIELD THEATRE
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OCT 2 1980 8PM
WAR6

Welcome!

First, thank you for coming to spend an evening with The Grateful Dead. Wise decision.

When you step into the lobby, you'll see that much love and labor has gone into the creation of a 15-year retrospective of the Dead. We know that it'll flash you into times passed, and hope that you'll respect the fact that this memorabilia has been loaned to us by various members of the Dead, the artists, crew, families and friends; as well as much of our own stuff. Much credit must go to the responsible personnel that helped to put this thing together. Enjoy!

The Warfield is a theatre with seats, yet we know that many of you are gonna want to stretch and boogie—so, under the circumstances, and out of respect for the people around you, we ask you to avail yourself of the outer lobby areas when the bug bites. We'll have speakers in the lobbies, so the music will follow you. In return, we ask you to please refrain from standing on the seats and moving out into the aisles. This means a great deal to us, and we appreciate your cooperation.

We'd like to pass on to you the fact that the Dead could have earned in 2 nights at a large, indoor facility what it'll take them 15 gigs to earn here—and the fact that when all the mail had come in, we still had some 6,000 requests that we couldn't fill. The Dead then volunteered to add 3 more shows to the run, so as to fulfill all the mail requests. We've known all along who The Grateful Dead are—and it's obvious that they've also been tuned in to you lo these many years.

This affair with The Grateful Dead is a privilege for all of us involved with the offering—and we look forward to joining you during these weeks of joyous music and merriment.

Cheers!

The BGP Gang



Examiner/Katy Raddatz

The Grateful Dead opened a 15-concert run at the Warfield Theater last night with an acoustical set, which featured Bob Weir (center, front) on vocals

The good old Grateful Dead is back

By Philip Elwood

THEY CAME from far and wide last night to hear their idols and yet again meet with their colleagues in dedication.

The greatest of the Grateful Dead San Francisco experiences brought a few thousand Dead Heads to town for the duration — the length, that is, of the current 15-concert engagement by The Dead at the Warfield Theater on Market Street.

The Grateful Dead, with more or less the same personnel, have been the longest-lived of the San Francisco rock groups; including the band's earlier manifestation as the "Warlocks," they even extend back into the pre-psychedelic, late folk-rock period of the early 1960s.

A band seldom noted for musical brilliance, vocal competence, or punctual production in their first years, The Dead nevertheless acquired unquestionably the most determinedly local following of an American rock group. In recent years their record sales have risen, as has the number of Dead Heads — and the Dead's appearances across the land (to say nothing of their famous concert literally between the paws of the Sphinx, on the banks of the Nile) have drawn immense audiences.

Yesterday by noon dozens, which grew to hundreds, of Dead Heads congregated around the Warfield; most had the prized tickets but still wanted to get in on whatever action was happening — hours before the concert began. Thirty-three-thousand seats (the Warfield holds 2,200) were sold, by mail, within 24 hours of the first announcement for the concert-series which appeared in the Examiner-Chronicle.

The Warfield Theater lobby was decorated with Grateful Dead memorabilia, and a number of souvenirs of this landmark event were on sale. Speakers have been set throughout the lobby to allow for dancing while the Dead plays.

Parking in the area, always congested, was notably more filled with vans — particularly the old battered ones reminiscent of the hey-day of the Haight-Ashbury, "flower children," the Human Be-In, etc., etc. That was the Dead's first era. I noted license plates on vehicles with Grateful Dead signs and stickers from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Colorado and Alaska; and I didn't look very hard.

The audience was festive but tense. More than half of them, from what I could tell, have tickets for at least three or four shows; a couple behind me boasted that they'd gotten seats for 11 of the first 12 concerts. That represents not only a commitment of money (at about $10 per seat) and time, but also homage to the Dead — their music and their lifestyle.

At 8:06 p.m. the house lights dimmed, the crowd erupted in 1960s-style "whoops" and screams, and the Grateful Dead launched into the first of three sets. The Dead has always been casual about programming. Last night, up until somewhat after midnight (I stayed over four hours) they'd taken intermissions of 30 and 45 minutes and, for all I know, took another after that.

Their first set was played entirely "acoustic" — no electric instruments; things like "Dark Hollow," "Monke and the Engineer" and "It Must Have Been the Roses." That segment ended with the ever popular Dead anthem, "Ripple," which had the crowd on its feet most of the time.

Originals from the Dead of 710 Ashbury St. still in the quintet include guitarist-vocalist Jerry Garcia, drummer Bill Kreutzmann, guitarist-vocalist Bob Weir and bassist Phil Lesh; second drummer Mickey Hart joined about 1968 and keyboard player Brent Mydland replaced Keith Godchaux early in 1979.

"Alabama Getaway" began the show's second portion last night, followed by vintage Dead — "The Greatest Story Ever Told," "Friend of the Devil," "Loser," etc. And "Jackstraw," "Deal" and (after another break) "Samson and Delilah" were also solid performances which met with ecstatic huzzahs of appreciation.

The Grateful Dead is, by now, a tightly integrated musical body; newcomer Mydland (especially bright on organ) has jelled the ensemble more notably than his predecessor and the Garcia-Weir vocals (sometimes joined by Mydland) are strong and, generally, attractive. Garcia often can't be heard, but the Dead Heads know all the words anyway.

Somehow, the Grateful Dead have acquired a reputation (among the know-nothings) for being "far out," "noisy," "always the same," etc. Rubbish — they're just a damn good all-purpose contemporary music group who go their own way, are rather mystified by their success, and, I might add, are a credit to the San Francisco music scene.

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ORCHESTRA
SEC. OR ROW N SEAT 101
PROM. $12.50
OCT 9 1980 8PM
WAR11

WARFIELD THEATRE
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THE GRATEFUL DEAD
FRIDAY
OCT 10 1980 8PM
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LEFT
SEC. LL ROW BB SEAT 17
PROM. $12.50
OCT 10 1980 8PM
WAR12

WARFIELD THEATRE
982 MARKET ST-SF
BILL GRAHAM PRE.
THE GRATEFUL DEAD
MONDAY
OCT 13 1980 8PM
PROM. $12.50
LEFT LEFT
SEC. LL ROW CC SEAT 23
PROM. $12.50
MON 10/13/80 8PM
LEFT LEFT
LL CC 23

'The Dead': alive and well after 15 years

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL 10/25/80

By Mark Whittington

"Sometimes the light's all shining on me. Other times I can barely see. Lately it occurs to me what a long, strange trip it's been." — from **Truckin'**

The Grateful Dead is a rock 'n' roll rarity — a band that has survived 15 years.

It has survived without hit songs, extensive radio play or commercial appeal. It has survived despite the death of two members, drug busts and poor business efforts — including the failure of its own record company.

The Marin-based group has built a fanatic following that fills ballparks and theaters around the world, that sometimes hitchhikes across the country or jets halfway around the world for a concert.

It sold out a recent three-week stand in San Francisco with one newspaper ad. And that ad never mentioned the group's name. It simply showed two rose-covered skeletons holding a banner reading:

"They're not the best at what they do, they're the only ones who do what they do."

Now, the band is heading for the East Coast for sold-out shows in New Orleans and at Radio City Music Hall in New York City. The Halloween show will be broadcast live to 20 theaters east of the Mississippi.

In the drug-and-flower days of the Haight-Ashbury in the '60s, the Dead was the ultimate psychedelic band. It played louder, longer and more experimentally than the other bands.

It has made the transition to the '80s without losing the freedom and improvisation of its earlier music. The band still plays marathon concerts — four or five hours a night. The sound system is the best in rock 'n' roll. And the band's repertoire is vast.

What keeps a band together 15 years?

"I think its their dedication to playing together, to making music and to making it better all the time," said Rock Scully, the band's longtime friend, sometime manager and present publicist.

"The band members are all in agreement: As long as the music keeps getting better, there is no reason to not stay together. The 15 years have been progressive. The music has gotten better," Scully said. "The quality of their relationship has gotten better. They get older and wiser. They learn more about more kinds of music."

"The Dead are the only blues-jazz-country-funk-classical-rock band," one fan said, trying to sum up the band's varied musical influences.

"Some folks look for answers, others look for

Continued on page 6

Rock's most devoted fans

By Ed Smith

At the last concert the Grateful Dead played in Winterland in San Francisco on New Year's Eve, the first person in line had camped out at the hall since Christmas Eve.

In 1978, about 200 fans scraped together every cent they could to fly to Egypt and watch the group perform in the shadow of the pyrmaids.

Dead Heads, as the fans of the Grateful Dead call themselves, are probably the most devoted and long-lived cadre of fans in rock 'n' roll's three-decade history.

The fans of the Grateful Dead, Marin's best known rock band, range from those in their early 40s, who were listening to the band's sometimes complex improvisational music in Golden Gate Park in the late '60s, to teen-agers, who could only have heard the band's early music as they lay in their cribs.

But at concerts, such as the band's recent three-week stand at San Francisco's Warfield Theater, age means nothing.

All that's important is having a good time, dancing and being with a group that bears a striking resemblance to the crowds that listened to the Grateful Dead during the Summer of Love in 1967 in San Francisco.

R. Lee Brand of Larkspur, a 43-year-old executive with KQED-TV in San Francisco, said his love affair with the band goes back to 1970 when the public broadcasting station aired one of the shows.

Brand, also a modern jazz fan, reflected the feeling of many who say the band's constantly changing sound keeps them coming back.

"Every concert they do is different," Brand said. "I think the curse of rock 'n' roll is the tendency to be monotonous and repetitious. The Grateful Dead has taken that curse out of it."

Brand's enthusiasm is shared by his daughter, Erin, 17, who said she first heard the Grateful Dead "playing at my house because my dad's into it."

"It's almost like you can ride on their music

Continued on page 6

A rock 'n' roll rarity

Continued from page 1

fights. Some folks up in treetops, just looking for their kites. I can tell your fortune just by looking in your hand, but I can't stop for nothing, I'm just playing in the band." from **Playing in the Band**

The free form nature of the band builds from those varied interests. Jerry Garcia burns through a guitar lick from Django Reinhardt. Bob Weir growls out a chorus a la Merle Haggard. Brent Mydland, who replaced the late Keith Godchaux and Ron "Pig Pen" McKernan on keyboards, adds choirboy harmonies. Phil Lesh punches counterpoint on bass, betraying his classical training. The drummers, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann, pound out an exotic mixture of rhythm and blues and jungle music. Robert Hunter, the unseen lyricist, fills in the words.

The fans know. They'll explain patiently to the uninitiated the band's transition from the Warlocks of Palo Alto to the Dead of Marin. They'll fill in the details: Garcia started with bluegrass and folk and even produced a movie about the band; Lesh once composed symphonies; Hart composed music for the film, "Apocalypse Now." But first and foremost, the Grateful Dead is a dance band out to fuel a good time.

"Come hear Uncle John's Band, by the river-side. We got some things to talk about, here beside the rising tide....Come on along or go alone, he's come to take his children home." from **Uncle John's Band**

"Their fans are not looking for theatrics. They just want to see the music," said Bill Graham, who has been promoting Dead shows since the days of the Fillmore West. "Over the years, they've acquired a following that's based on what the music does for their fans.

"The environment and theater is really performed by the audience. It's a big party," Graham said.

"They come to a concert with one thing in mind: 'For the night let's have a good time.' It's simple. Isn't it wonderful?"

Most people still link the Dead to the drug scene of mid-'60s San Francisco. It's true they were mainstays of Haight-Ashbury and the hippie dance palaces. Even their too-young-to-know-first-hand fans will detail their connection to the Acid Test and the Trips Festivals, Ken Kesey, Neal Cassady and the Merry Pranksters and Stanley "Bear" Owsley, the underground chemist.

"I don't think drugs have much to do with the music. The band is no more than a reflection of the times," Scully said. "They don't advocate use of drugs. They also don't deny their use."

Rock's most devoted fans

Continued from page 1

like you're riding on a train. I don't usually feel that way with most music," she said.

Grateful Dead fans are not confined to Marin County, the Bay Area or even California.

Eileen Law runs the Dead Heads office, an organization that keeps fans informed of concert dates and other events, at the band headquarters in San Rafael. She has computer printouts with 80,000 to 85,000 names — all Dead Heads in the United States, who want to be on the group's mailing list. There also are several thousand from overseas.

Fans send letters, from a dozen to four dozen a day, telling the band what they liked and didn't like about concerts, the best halls to play, and experiences they've had at concerts. One couple, whose letter is tacked to the wall in the office, asked Jerry Garcia, the band's lead guitar player, to be the godfather of their child.

While most fans will not miss a concert in their area, there is a hard core group that follows the band around the country to every show.

Brand said he can understand people who throw over a job and a settled life to follow the band.

"I've been tempted to do it myself. A Grateful Dead concert is really quite a bit more than going someplace to hear music. It's more like a party. It's a way of life for six or seven hours," he said.

In addition to being attracted to the band's music, Dead Heads believe the band continues the ideals of the 1960s, especially in its refusal to change their music to make more money.

It says something about the band members, fans say, that in 15 years they've never had a Top 40 hit and yet they can sell out at Madison Square Garden in New York.

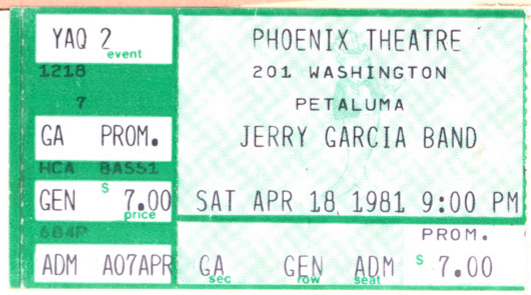
"It's an anti-commercialistic, purist trip," Tim Wachtel, another Dead Head, said.

Wachtel, a 31-year-old Southern California attorney, described himself as a typical Dead Head.

"When I go and set trials, I always have my concert schedule in hand," he said.

He also appreciates the band's willingness to try new things. He noted the band played 90 songs in 15 nights during their recent San Francisco appearance. That is a far cry from most rock 'n' roll bands that play the same 15 songs every night of a three-month tour.

If one were put in suspended animation in the late 1960s and then awakened in 1980 at a Grateful Dead concert, it would be difficult to know time had passed. Most men wear worn blue jeans and T-shirts with the band's skull and roses logo, and many women wear the long skirts and blouses common to the hippies of a decade ago.



FRIDAY : DAILY NEWS, N.Y. 10-24-80

Nights with the living Dead

By MURRAY WEISS

ALTHOUGH THE CONCERT was 20 minutes behind schedule, the audience wasn't impatient. Seated casually, the gathering enjoys the luxury of preparing themselves (often illegally) for what they are certain will be at least five hours of music and pleasure.

Why hurry a band willing to give so much of themselves to their music and their fans? They know The Grateful Dead is backstage, like them, polishing off a final cigaret, downing the last of a beer and deciding the arrangement of numbers for the night's show. There is no way to predict where things might end. This is a band that can take a concert to any height, breadth or length as demonstrated by many an all-night session that ended at dawn with an exhausted group that needed bath towels to dry the sweat from their faces. This concert was in 1970 in the old Manhattan Ballroom on W. 34th St., but it could have been any Grateful Dead concert anywhere, anytime.

Finally, out steps a gangly bassist named Phil Lesh, trained by classical musicians who believe he betrayed them by turning to rock 'n' roll. On his heels, a well-built drummer named Bill Kruetzman bounds onstage, followed by another, the thin, hirsute Mickey Hart. Between them, the

(Continued on page 1

was of an America Woody Guthrie would understand. But the music—different, cleaner, more wholesome—was every bit as good as before, and a new generation became Dead Heads, the self-described throng of worshippers. LSD and marijuana melded with 3.2 beer and roadside juke boxes. Their scope expanded.

After Pigpen's death, something truly was missing. His intensity, his sufferings, his rantings about living life to its fullest because anger and sadness must be repressed, were gone—so too was a measure of struggle and lawlessness that made the Dead lovable and powerful. They had grown fat with success and mellowing, lacking drive.

They split for a time, forming their own bands. Wier's "Kingfish" group was the most successful: bouncy, devilish, solid. Garcia's was decent, but without fire. Lesh and Hart made records of alarming rhythms and experimentation—music of the future. Sometimes interesting, it generally flopped.

But The Dead made records and continued to perform. Always thinking of the road, which tired them but always drew them back. Last year, they added Brent Mydland on piano. No one can replace Pigpen, but the Dead are returning to their roots—six-man band that enjoys letting go. It is a good sign.

This year, they cut another album, which made the charts a short time. Dead Heads gobble up the vinyl when the records are released. Not much action after that.

It is a promising album by a group that changing, returning to when it had fire in its blood innovation in its mind and lawlessness in its heart.

Punk rockers think they have it today, and perhaps they do. But like Kerouac before them, the Dead came first.

growing flood of youngsters and hippies along the West Coast.

That was the time of the Jefferson Airplane, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Big Brother and The Holding Company. They often met before screaming minions, many of whom were swallowing doses of psychedelic drugs. But it was Garcia to whom they turned for inspiration.

Garcia aligned himself with Hell's Angels, something even some band members could not understand, but Garcia fancied the Angels' attitude about freedom.

The group has been through many strange trips. Micky Hart rebelled, and left the band after his father allegedly mismanaged funds. Kruetzman—professional drummer and macho man, became the expert on women. They loved him—even the infamous Christine Keeler, a high class hooker whose escapades among England's gentry disturbed that country, took a shine to the drummer with the devilish mustache. Some say Lesh really made the band go, while Pigpen added the tough, bluesy feeling.

Throughout, however, Garcia's was the pervasive attitude—and the music to match. A philosopher who played music. And that music perfectly matched lyrics from the pen of Robert Hunter, a cosmic poet who realized he was a lyricist, not a poet. Suddenly, his words had rhythm, rhyme and meaning. He turned out lyrics that spoke volumes about life and work, and eventually captured the spirit of the workingmen in our country's bellyland.

It was in 1970 that the Dead turned country, singing songs about working for a living; their music

The Dead still pack a punch

If Muhammad Ali had aged half as well as the Grateful Dead, the former champ would have disposed of Larry Holmes in seven rounds.

That's not to say that the Dead were a knockout Wednesday night at the opening of a series of sold-out concerts at Radio City Music Hall. But, for a rock group whose members are about the same age as Ali, they unanimously demonstrated the well-balanced and often stinging, lengthy and piercing blows characteristic of the days when they first energized the streets of Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco 15 years ago.

The six-man band has slowed only slightly, but the flash of younger days was evident, with galactic guitar, percussion and piano breaks spliced seemingly without end amid a string of changing numbers that ran from one song into another.

IN FACT, the entire third set—that began at 12:15 a.m.—was virtually a non-stop hour-and-a-half of music. It included a 30-minute stretch spanning from the rhythmic "Scarlet Begonia" into a percussion arrangment, and then to a cosmic jazz interlude that eventurally evolved back into—you guessed it—"Scarlet Begonia," the set's opener. (A decade ago, however, the Dead would have thrown in another 20-minute jazz-rock number, perhaps "The Other One" before returning to "Begonia.")

The show ended in classic Dead fashion, with an audience standing on its seats swaying to a medley that transformed into "Not Fade Away"—a historic Buddy Holly thumper—then into "Good Lovin'."

Surprisingly, the concert started with a 45-minute acoustic set. Such openers were abandoned several years ago when the Dead, growing a bit flabby with age like Ali, reduced their actual performing time from six hours to four.

The acoustic numbers—"Dire Wolf" and "Ripple"—were expertly done and rousingly received by an audience that long ago committed the words to memory.*

JERRY GARCIA, lead guitarist and band leader, sounded sweet for the ballads, and the over-all musicianship, thoroughout the night, was excellent—inspired and tight, a trait long enjoyed by this band.

In keeping with their humor and imagination, a silent movie was shown after the first set, apparently because they were playing historic Radio City. Slides, primarily from their tour in Egypt, were shown throughout.

Round two, second set: plugged in and electric. "Alabama Get Away," from their latest album, kicked off the segment. Quickly following were Garcia tunes, including "Friend of the Devil," which featured a brilliant piano break by newcomer Brent Mydland, a welcome addition who seemingly has revived some dormant adrenalin.

Rhythm guitarist Bob Weir handled vocals on the band's rock 'n' country numbers, including "Me and My Uncle." The second set ended wonderfully, at about 11:30 p.m., with a perfect "China Cat Sunflower," a Dead classic that best displys the band's incredible intricacy.

Mickey Hart and Bill Kruetzman, on drums and assorted percussion, still sound as one. Along with Phil Lesh, the bassist, the three supply driving beats and tempos.

The Dead are having fun—again! And, like a seasoned prizefighter who still has his legs, they perfectly blend years of experience with youthful exuberance. It's an enduring combination.

—Murray Weiss

(*)This group is not for everyone, however. It should be noted that I attended the concert with someone, who, although acknowledging the Dead's musicianship, nonetheless fell asleep at one point.

(Continued from page 1)

combine rhythms that rival duets by master jazz guitarists.

Quickly, Bob Weir follows, slender, handsome, a rhythm guitarist who sings lead on rock and country-western barbs. Weir was a silver-spoon teen from a wealthy home when he joined the band in the early '60s. He wanted to be a rock'n'roll star, and became the quintessential rhythm guitarist.

Pigpen jaunts out next. Hardboiled and goateed, born Ron McKernan, he sings blues, plays harp and piano, and would rather drink booze than do drugs because he has all the demons he needs in his head. Pigpen was dead, literally, just two years after this night.

Last comes Jerry Garcia, bearded and scraggly, with omnipresent sunglasses. Round and soft, Garcia is the lead guitarist and, for many, the key to the group's vitality and philosophy. For years, he was the guru for a sound and attitude that developed in the early '60s in San Francisco, where "hippies" and "flower children" made the covers of national magazines. He also can kick ass musically.

"Hi and welcome to the first (and what would turn out to be the last) annual Grateful Dead Dance Concert," Bob Weir muttered into the microphone that night. And then the music—which would last past midnight—began.

Starting with ballads and sweet songs, the band wound through hard rock, intermixed with cowboy numbers by Marty Robbins and Merle Haggard. Spliced in were standards that took off into a galactic jazz that hung together on a thread and then returned from a 20-minute ramble, back to the number from which it had launched.

A short break to refuel, and the music and intensity begins anew until the band, fatigued and spent, says "Goodnight"—and the clock reads well past midnight.

WHEN THE DEAD began in the mid '60s, they played before the young people who read Kerouac-type works written by men the age of my father—men who chose to be beat poets, wandering the roads in search of a kind of freedom. At the time, crowds in San Francisco filled the streets, swallowing drugs to alter their perception of reality and leaning on the shoulders of mentors and writers like Ken Kesey, who wrote "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" to demonstrate inequities that soon would engage us in a war that divided the nation into enemy camps.

The Grateful Dead understood these divisions. They never went commerical, sticking to their style instead of opting for an easy pop chart buster. They played small arenas while other groups tried for Madison Square Garden, and eventually formed their own record company to beat the system. Not the sound system, however. They purchased tons of sophisticated equipment to meet the changing demands of larger audiences, like the hundreds of thousands at Watkins Glen, Meadowlands or Woodstock.

This week, the same band that entertained and sang to the hearts of a budding generation 10 and 15 years ago, began a series of concerts at Radio City Music Hall, the gem of a theater that ironically has stood opposite to everything this band was and is. The concerts end next Friday—Halloween—a night befitting their past.

The Music Hall concerts sold 36,000 tickets in *two hours!* Two more shows were added and again, sold out. Old fans may drop out, but there's always new ones to join the fold—a fold that enjoys the freedom to which the Dead, ever independent, still sing. They still convey the message that everything mom and dad say about the way things must be just ain't necessarily so. Their longevity is a phenomenon rivaled in the pop world perhaps only by Frank Sinatra, with his magnetism.

THE GRATEFUL DEAD, as frightening a name as any in rock. In 1964, Garcia, in his early 20s, was living in the rear of a demolished Plymouth in an auto graveyard outside San Francisco. He drafted Weir and McKernan—a couple of other nomads—into a Jug Band, to play in coffee houses. Adding Kreutzman and Lesh a year later, the band became the Warlocks, giving outdoor performances that formed the mucisical bedrock for the

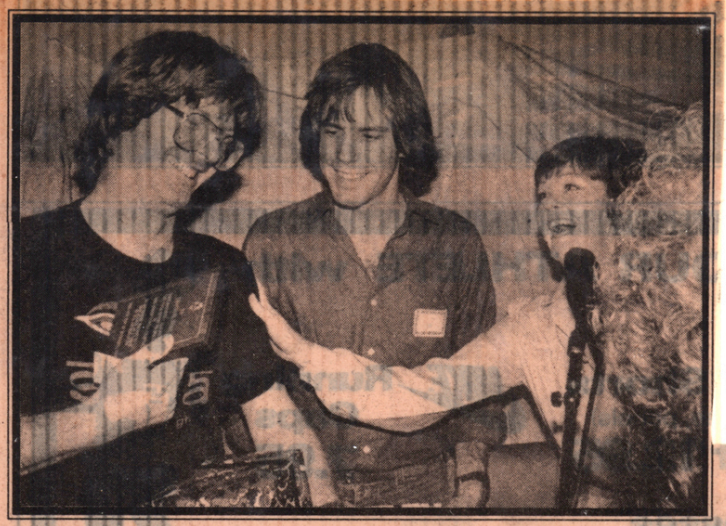
Daily News, October 24, 1980

The Dead live in Mill Valley

In New York and San Francisco people sleep on sidewalks for days in order to buy — at nearly any price — tickets to a Grateful Dead Concert. So it was remarkable to spend a mellow Saturday afternoon at the Mill Valley Recreation Center listening to The Dead play, free, to an audience of no more than 70. The occasion was the annual Christmas party of the Marin-Sonoma Chapter of the Muscular Dystrophy Association. Rodney Graves, who has a form of muscular dystrophy, is a good friend and Alto School fifth grade classmate of Justin Kreutzmann, son of Dead drummer Bill Kreutzmann. The boys were talking about the party and how it would be nice to have some entertainment and one thing led to another. "We all live in the county," said Bill Kreutzmann, "and when I explained what was happening to the other guys it seemed like a nice thing to do."

—Steve McNamara

continued on page 14



Photography by Ray Baltar





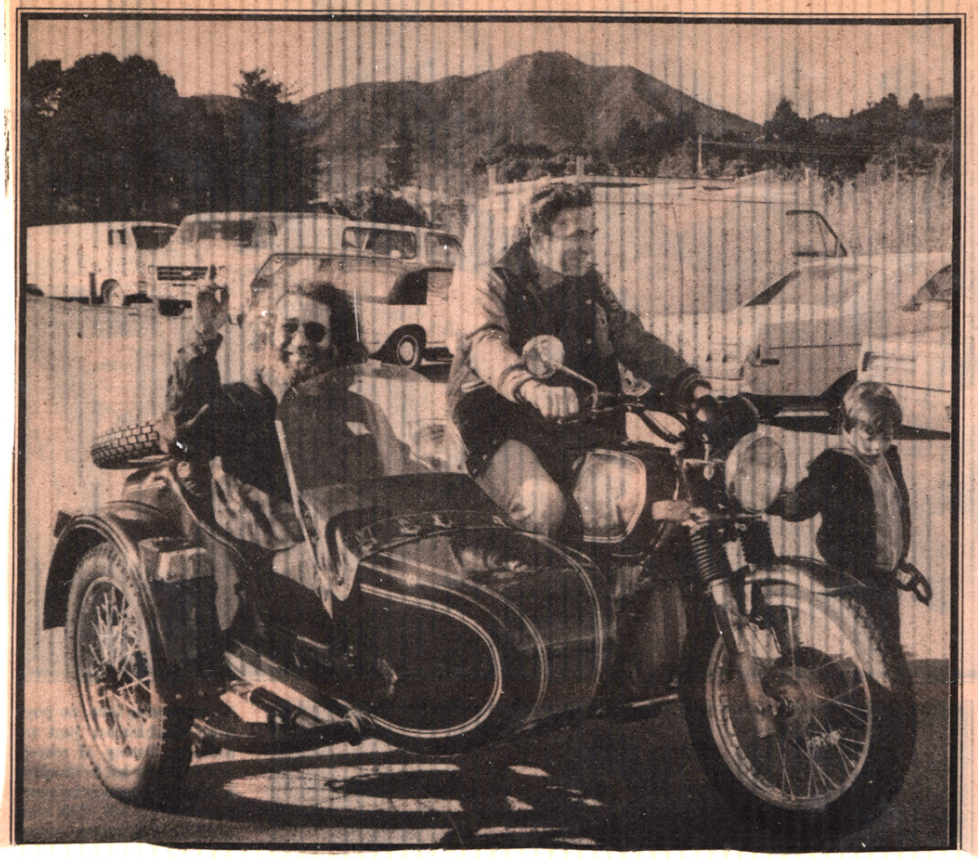
Above from left, Jerry Garcia, Phil Lesh, Bob Weir and Bill Kreutzmann play to their select audience. At left, Garcia signs an autograph on the deck outside the Rec Center. Muscular Dystrophy is not a single disease but rather a group of some 40 neuromuscular afflictions. Benign versions allow victims to live a full if crippled life; the most severe versions are fatal in 10 to 15 years.





The Dead live

continued from page 13





Bill Graham wheeled down the hill from his place in Corte Madera with his son Alexander, 3, in his BMW sidecar motorcycle. Jerry Garcia replaced Alexander for a ride. Above, Graham shows off his classic to Dead executive-in-charge-of-everything Rock Scully (in sidecar), guitarist Bob Weir and music world figure Zohn Artman, Graham's former charge d'affaires.

Followers of The Grateful Dead — Deadheads — are the most loyal and fervent group in the world of music. They insist that The Dead are more than music, they are a way of life — an assertion that baffles fans of less complex musical groups. An element in this love affair is the low key decency and intensely human presence of band members. Crazed pop stars they are not.



The Grateful Dead is still worth taking a chance on

review

By MARK LUNDAHL
Sun Staff Writer

SAN BERNARDINO — Basketball star Bill Walton stood at stage-right, surveyed the crowd and grinned as if all was well with the world — and his foot.

Not to be outdone, about a dozen Hell's Angels gathered at stage-left, and sipped from cans of beer and joked and poked at each other. They were smiling, too.

But this was no private joke. About 6,200 other grinning fans joined with Walton and the Hell's Angels Friday night at Swing Auditorium to engage in a long-standing ritual that has become something of a religious rite for a certain segment of the rock world.

A Grateful Dead concert.

A 15-year-old San Francisco band that was a founding part of the 1960's psychedelic movement but today is a part of no musical trend whatsoever, the Grateful Dead still draws one of the most rabid followings in rock.

Friday night, the band's devotees came from all over California. From Santa Cruz. From San Diego. From Costa Mesa and Claremont. From Hollywood, and yes, even San Bernardino.

Some wandered in with backpacks. Others waltzed in wearing peasant skirts. Pony tails and headbands were not out-of-style here.

But to avoid giving the wrong impression that the audience was one psychedelic anachronism, it should be noted that the hall was also filled with teenage kids, clean-cut couples, ingenues in Jordache jeans, and even a few punks thrown in for good measure.

The diverse crowd was attracted by the legend, the festive family-like atmosphere, and dare we say it — the good vibes.

But the biggest drawing card Friday was the music itself.

The Grateful Dead is an American jazz band, not in a sense that it plays fusion- or horn-dominated music, but in the sense that it is an ensemble that excels in instrumental conversation. Led by the solo voice of Jerry Garcia's guitar, the Dead deals out a mellow grab bag of blues, rock and country laced with extended improvisations that occasionally step out of the confines of chord and melodic structure.

Also like a jazz group, the Grateful Dead has been noted for taking chances.

As legend tells it, the band chooses its songs on a whim and dives headlong into solos without knowing what results might turn up. Some nights the musical elements fall together. Other nights the jams just fall flat.

It's that simple. But it is that very unpredictability that has kept the crowd coming back time and again. Unlike with most rock bands, every show with the Grateful Dead tends to be a little bit different. And every night has the chance of turning into a special night.

Friday's concert was not that *special night*. Nor was it a bad one.

Aided by a speaker system that focused the ensemble sound to a fine edge, the Dead sounded sharp and relaxed. The vocals were in top form, unlike the band's last San Bernardino outing when a throat problem knocked out Garcia's singing altogether.

Still, there was something lacking in the concert — a sense of chance.

Sure, there was a feedback jam mid-way through the second set. Drummers Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart (who contributed to the soundtrack of *Apocalypse Now*) provided a stimulating cross-rhythmic excursion on an assortment of traditional drums. The band pulled out one surprise: a sly version of Willie Dixon's *Little Red Rooster*. There was also an effort to pick up the concert's pace by running many tunes together in a medley-type format.

Still, most of the concert was deadly familiar: the songs, the singing, the solos. The Grateful Dead is not so much an exploratory band these days as it is a predictably middle-aged one.

But don't tell that to the crowd. Nearly four hours after the band began playing, the audience demanded still more.

And the next time the band circles through on a tour, they'll be back to reach for the magic.

I'll be back, too.



Jerilyn Brandelius

Mickey Hart of the Devils.

Get ready for the Rhythm Devils

By Catherine Peters

Something amazing will happen Friday night, February 13, at the Marin Vet's Auditorium. The stage will become a percussion jungle of drums, sticks, stones, gongs and assorted madmen called the Rhythm Devils who will bring it all to life.

"I'm not talking about da-da-da-da-da-da percussion," says Mickey Hart, Grateful Dead drummer and lead Devil. "I'm talking about real *music*. We combine the different instruments and they make a total sound, a total image. It can be symphonic, as when you hear a giant chord from an orchestra; it does to you what nothing else can do to you."

Whew. There is little, if any, precedent for this. Of the other percussion ensembles that have come down through the ages from various cultures, none has had the scope of this Devil music.

"There is more melody than you would think," says Hart, whose extensive collection of rhythmic bric-a-brac includes 100-year-old skins and empty tank cartridges. "The percussion isn't just random little pieces of sticks. It is tuned and miked over a good PA so the instruments will sound incredible.

"These are desperate men and a woman who want to make this music," he adds. The desperate ones include Dead co-horts Phil Lesh and Bill Kreutzmann; Airto Moriera and Flora Purim, Brazilian- and cosmos-influenced jazz legends-in-their-own-times; and Michael Hinton, who has a doctorate in percussion mallets from Julliard.

The Rhythm Devils started out as Hart and Kreutzmann going at an impressive array of drums and gongs during the second set of a Grateful Dead Show. Then Francis Coppola asked Hart to provide a percussion score for the *Heart of Darkness* epic, *Apocalypse Now*.

"Francis wanted us to perform the movie, says Hart. "We [Airto, Flora Purim, Kreutzmann and others] watched the movie over and over, talked about it for days, then played the movie."

The sessions took place in a large San Rafael studio, with the instruments arranged in batteries according to substance — metal, glass, wood beams and so on — so the musicians could walk through and play the maze of percussion instruments. Some of the instruments, including a huge suspended drum called The Beast, were built especially to create the aural textures of the jungle, the river, Marlon Brando's psyche.

Most of it, however, stayed on the movie's cutting room floor, so the *Apocalypse* performance was released as an album a couple of months back, *The Rhythm Devils Play River Music* (Passport Records).

Some of the musical structures from the *Apocalypse* sessions may appear as part of the concert in the Veteran's Auditorium. In this, their first performance outside the studio, the Rhythm Devils will play "stream-of-consciousness music," as Hart calls it.

"We get together and make frameworks for things to happen in," he (sort-of) explains. "It's wild. This is the way I like music. I don't like the music to be too arranged, or know what's going to happen in the next measure or two. I like it to be a surprise."

Instruments played by this non-Top 40 band will include Dr. Hinton's five timpani, Lesh's three basses (sometimes played simultaneously), a voice synthesizer for Flora Purim, plus an assortment of "earth instruments" — bones, skulls, stones — and of course The Beast for Hart and Kreutzmann.

"And Airto plays Airto," says Hart, imitating a Latino machismo accent. "You ask him 'What are you going to play?' and he says, 'I play Airto!' " His inventiveness and animal instincts have made this Brazilian musician *Downbeat*'s number one percussionist six years in a row.

Another important but less obvious instrument is the band's state-of-the-art PA system engineered by John Meyers; as anyone who has ever attended a Dead concert will testify, the right sound system makes all the difference between a merely great concert and a phenomenal one.

Tickets are $9.75 for reserved seats and are available from Bass, Ticketron, Macy's, Emporium and the Marin Box Office (472-3500). An extra show will be added on February 14 if ticket sales are hot enough.

S.F. CHRONICLE

DATEBOOK

Wednesday, Feb. 11, 1981

Beating the Drum for Communication

By Joel Selvin

DRUMMER MICKEY HART built The Beast to record the soundtrack for "Apocalypse Now." Since then, the giant metal framework with dozens of drums hanging like fruit from a tree has become a standard feature of Grateful Dead performances.

"When Airto first played it," Hart said, "he told me 'man, that's like communicating with another species.' "

Little of Hart's music made the final cut on the film, but he released an album of the recordings last year, calling the percussion band the Rhythm Devils, and finally has assembled his all-star cast for concerts this Friday and Saturday at Marin Veteran's Memorial Auditorium, San Rafael.

Joining Hart will be his Grateful Dead colleagues, drummer Billy Kreutzman and bassist Phil Lesh, Brazilian jazz masters Airto and Flora Purim, and Dr. Michael Hinton, a onetime drum student of Hart's who graduated from Juilliard School of Music with a doctorate in mallets.

To the drummer, this kind of group — mixing ancient instruments with new-fangled devices of Hart's own design — is a direct descendant of the gamelan, the primitive percussion orchestra from Bali, and brings up the question of the universal role of music in culture.

"Its explicit purpose is socialization and its effectiveness is its measure," he said. "If you appreciate the music, you're in a better position to appreciate the world. That's physics, man. Knowing is better than not knowing."

LIKE THE GRATEFUL DEAD, the Rhythm Devils rely greatly on the art of improvisation in performance. Drumming together is an exercise in musical communication literally as old as man.

"If music is a family, rhythm is the father, melody the mother, and harmony the sister or brother. Rhythm was first. The beating of the crocodile tail on his tummy. Rhythm was here even before man was here.

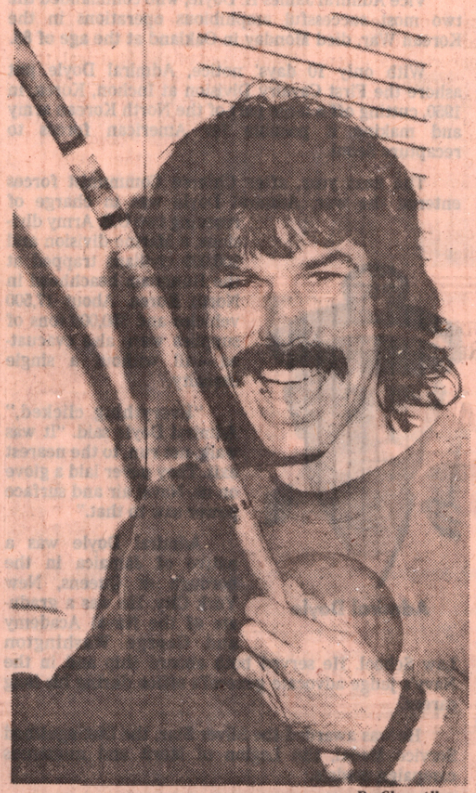
"We bring our thoughts to the musical occasion," Hart continued. "The more accurate we are in reproducing it, the greater the quality we bring. We are musicians as drummers trying to relate to ourselves and to the audience. I relate to Airto and Billy Kreutzman. I like to talk to them.

"In the Grateful Dead, we use music to mediate our entire scene. After two months on the road, things can get snippy. The dogs start barking. Music mediates our problems, helps with our women. It's the grease that makes it work. A good musical presentation reveals this."

Not only does Hart own an extensive collection of exotic percussion instruments at his Novato ranch, but he traveled down the Nile and into the Arctic Circle to make field recordings of primitive music. He began playing drums as a child, belonged to President Kennedy's drum and bugle corps in the Air Force, and operated a San Carlos drum store ("wall-to-wall drums," he said) before joining the band that became the Grateful Dead almost 15 years ago.

Hart developed The Beast out of a frustration with the regulation trap set. "The drum is not like the clarinet with its 80 notes. Each drum is only one note. One note, one drum. It is not a variable pitch instrument.

"Each new instrument brings a new emotion to the ensemble. Our alphabet is expanded. This is truly a global orchestra. The instruments have been taken from around the world, where they were used to induce primitive states. That takes us back to, What was music first?"



By Clem Albers

Mickey Hart with his birembau

Things That Go Bump in the Band

Among the various unusual instruments Mickey Hart and the Rhythm Devils will use this weekend are:

- Don don — The talking drum from Ghana is one of the few variable pitch drums.
- Gombe — Another drum from Ghana, this is mounted on a frame, sat on and played with feet and hands. Hart uses his feet and mallets.
- Devil Chasers — These split bamboo sticks come from the Philippines, where they are clicked together in various religious and medicinal rites.
- Anklunk — Tuned Philippine bamboo pipes rattled for their percussive effect.
- Birembau — From the jungles of Brazil comes this instrument, shaped like a bow with a gourd at one end, which Hart said was originally used in the practice of martial arts and is capable of producing altered states of consciousness in musicians. "It's a sacred instrument to Airto," he said.
- Scritch — Tuned metal rods hung from a frame Hart had built that he rubs while wearing white gloves covered with resin to produce what he called "a high, clear, yet unearthly sound . . . like a doorbell from Mars."
- Tubalong — Another instrument Hart made, the four brass pipes contain 31 notes to the octave and are tuned by computer.
- Tar — The oldest member of the membranophone family, according to Hart, this ancient Nubian instrument is like a tambourine with no jingles. "It's the only romantic drum I know," he said.

— *Joel Selvin*





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Rynthm Devils cut loose in Marin Center concert

By Brian Williams
Of the IJ staff

It is called "The Beast."

The massive collection of percussion instruments stood mute, dominating the stage like a sleeping monster.

Mickey Hart and a gathering of musicians called the Rhythm Devils breathed life into the beast Friday night at Marin Center.

When the creature roared, people listened.

But — as was the case with Mary Shelley's Frankenstein — those who were responsible for the monster's existence were ultimately unable to tame it.

The Rhythm Devils let the beast loose in public for the first time Friday night, much to the delight of most of the 1,800 music fans who packed Marin Center for a concert.

Another performance is scheduled for tonight at the Marin Center.

"This kind of thing has never been performed before," said Hart. "There's a definite fear of the unknown involved with putting on this show."

Although the musicians may have felt fear in approaching the beast, the audience appeared to be alternately pleased, fascinated, bewitched, bothered and bewildered by the remarkable grouping of instruments.

The main parts of the beast are percussion instruments of every ilk — drums, cymbals, blocks, chimes, rattles, gongs, bells with a vocal synthesizer and electric bass added for good measure. Most of the instruments came from diverse cultures around the world. Some were custom made in San Rafael by Bird Percussion.

Although the musicians may have felt fear in approaching the beast, the audience appeared to be alternately pleased, fascinated, bewitched, bothered and bewildered.

The Rhythm Devils, the group that pummeled this percussion collection for nearly three hours, is nearly as culturally diverse as the instruments.

Hart was joined by two fellow members of the Grateful Dead — bassist Phil Lesh and drummer Bill Kreutzmann — along with Brazilian musicians Airto Moreira and Flora Purim. A sixth band member was Michael Hinton, a classically trained percussionist who plays a standard drum set on tour for people like Frank Sinatra and Melissa Manchester.

"This is not entertainment," Hart said. "In many cases, these types of instruments were used for rituals long ago. What we are doing is a modern-day ritual."

Some in the audience agreed with Hart's assessment that the concert was not entertainment.

"This is like spending a night in the airport," said one patron who stalked out of the concert hall before the end of the second set.

But most in the audience seemed mesmerized by the multi-layered rhythms set down by the six musicians.

The evening opened with Airto chanting to a subtle background of tinkling chimes and crackling percussion.

Hart moved toward the center of the stage to trade volleys with Airto. When the two engaged in a choreographed showdown, various parts of the beast began to come to life.

The sound remained subdued until Airto worked his way to a conventional trap set and began to play with the crazed abandon that has become his trademark.

When Lesh began to draw haunting, vaguely melodic sounds out of his bass, the audience showed its first signs of becoming drawn into the music.

By the time the short first set was

See Devils, page A8

Devils

From page A1

concluded, the audience had been treated to the sound of many of the hundreds of exotic instruments. But it seemed as though the musicians were experimenting with rather than feeling the sounds.

"We are playing new music on old instruments," Hart said. "We don't play these drums in the traditional style. We're not trying to copy any cultures, we're recognizing those cultures.

"We just want to address the instruments, pray, and play them."

In the second set, the prayers were answered.

Hinton, dressed in a flowing blue gown that Sinatra would probably never have approved of, began with a brilliant solo that worked its way through the melodic vibraphone and marimba to the less tonal tympanies.

The crowd reacted favorably and the rest of the musicians seemed inspired to break out of their tentativeness.

Lesh finished the segment by grinding the strings of two basses together as the Devils pounded out a thunderous, frenzied rhythm.

For a few moments, at least, the beast had raised its head.

With the exception of a few such moments, however, the band never seemed to be able to arouse the audience.

One highlight occurred when Flora Purim breathed luscious sounds into a mike that divided and synthesized her voice, lending an eerie sound to the already frightening music.

Another crowd-stirring moment happened when three musicians — Hart, Airto and Hinton — attacked the larger drums hanging from the back of the stage during the encore.

Hart had expressed apprehension about the performance prior to taking the stage.

"We don't know what's going to happen out there," he said. "This is a new form of music. It's highly experimental and unrehearsed. That's the only way it can continue to be new music.

"These types of instruments have been used to induce altered states for thousands of years. We felt this needed to be done. It is important because we have gathered the best percussionists to play the best instruments with the best sound in the best possible place, acoustically."

Indeed, the acoustics were perfect inside the Frank Lloyd Wright-designed Marin Center theater. A feather brush across an instrument could be heard perfectly throughout the hall.

Hart and the Devils had come together originally to do work on the score of Francis Ford Coppola's film "Apocalypse Now."

"We've been collecting this stuff for years," Hart said. "The film demanded more sounds than we had, so we simply made many of the instruments we needed to get those sounds. Francis had put the film in front of me and said 'paint it.' He wanted the jungle to come to life through the soundtrack.

"I immediately thought of Airto. He's the 'J' in jungle."

Trying to do a live show with the combination of instruments and musicians which had been gathered to make music for the film was a risky undertaking.

While the musicians appeared to be having a ball, much of the audience didn't quite know what to make of the performance.

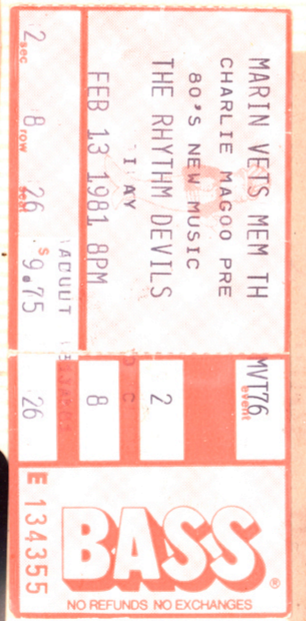
But, as Hart said, it was not meant to be entertainment.





By Tina Nevers-Gallison

Mickey Hart and Airto whip "the beast" and themselves into a frenzy at Marin Center





Reckoning
The Grateful Dead
(Arista)

Perhaps more than any other major contemporary rock band, the Grateful Dead have consistently drawn from American musical forms that predate the rock and roll era. From the group's humble beginnings as a jug band and then an electric rock and blues band, the Dead have never lost sight of the great and diverse musics which originally inspired the individual members. If their image in 1981 to most of the world is that of an "old wave" band, it is not simply because they are veterans of the Summer of Love (though many of the band's numerous new wave detractors seem to distrust any band more than four years old), but rather because the Dead still unashamedly tap into bluegrass, country blues, and English and American folk music sources, instead of paying lip service to This Week's Trend, be it playing new wave Indian and pirate dress-up games or covering obscure Dave Clark Five songs. The Grateful Dead are timeless because they refuse to pigeonholed by labelmakers.

Like Ry Cooder and precious few others, the Dead have the remarkable ability to transmogrify entire genres. So, when they play a given tune it doesn't sound merely like bluegrass or blues, but instead it has a musical personality which is uniquely the Dead's while still being faithful to the spirit of the original. On *Reckoning*, a live, two-record set of acoustic music, the Dead traverse numerous styles, yet the chemistry within the band is so potent that there is nothing jarring about the eclecticism. Putting a bouncing mountain tune like "Rosalie McFall" on the same side with an extended jamming tune like "Bird Song" sounds odd on paper, but it works here. The success of this album is all the more amazing when one considers that the Dead had never really played live as a full acoustic band (Phil Lesh's bass being the lone electric exception) until the series of shows in San Francisco and New York where this album was recorded. (For a few months in 1970, Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir opened Grateful Dead shows with a short acoustic set, but only rarely did that segment integrate other members of the band. Here, all six members are very much in evidence throughout.)

The album offers no new material by the band members. But there are superb arrangements of such seldom-played nuggets as "Bird Song," "To Lay Me Down" (both of which originally appeared on Garcia's first solo LP), and "China Doll" (from *Mars Hotel*). This, and the introduction of several traditional country/folk/blues tunes, separates the package from the numerous live "hits" albums released over the past few months.

Sonically, it is easily the best-recorded live album the Dead have ever made. Credit should go to the band's sound wizard Dan Healy for truly capturing the ambience of these shows and mixing the various instruments so each can be heard clearly. And, for the first time ever, the record fairly follows the actual progression of the Dead's show, moving from shorter tunes to more involved free-form jams, and closing with Garcia's and Robert Hunter's strongest and most concise collaboration, "Ripple," whose lyricism and gentle Taoist philosophy has lost none of its sparkle.

As usual, the playing is fairly loose, the singing even looser, but that adds to the record's charm—it's as if the band has assembled in a living room to share these songs with a few intimate friends. It is precisely this casual "family" feeling that attracts Dead Heads to show after show.

The down-home air is at least as much a product of the types of songs the Dead offer as the way they are performed. These are, without exception, songs about common men and women—there are no songs with even remotely urban imagery (except "Dark Hollow" which has Weir singing that he *doesn't* want to be in a city); no songs about teenage love, life in the fast lane or any of the other subjects which typically become fodder for rock writers. Instead, we meet a long succession of interesting characters in times and places that seem far removed from the present but which touch upon situations and emotions that are unquestionably relevant. In this respect, the Dead somewhat resemble The Band, who forged a rock style that lyrically relied heavily on Civil War and other early American imagery, yet somehow always seemed valid for the modern era. When the two groups played together several times in the early '70s, some thought it an odd pairing, but actually the groups have always been quite similar tempermentally—just this side of sloppy, uninterested in being "stars," unself-conscious about their stage dress or deportment and fascinated with American music, history, and mythology.

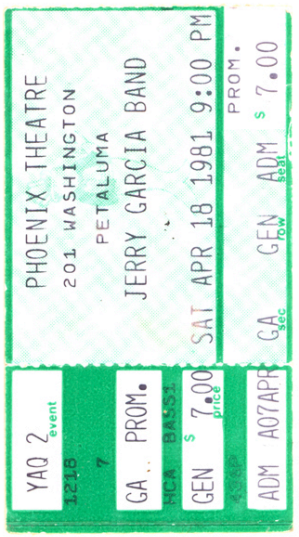
It is a tribute to Garcia and Hunter that their own writing fits in so well with bits of vintage Americana as diverse as Elizabeth Cotten's haunting "Oh Babe It Ain't No Lie"; the bluegrass "Rosalie McFall"; and "Been All Around This World," which is about an independent mountain man's weary yet determined stand to remain king of his own hill. Because Hunter-Garcia songs like the lovely ballads "Must've Been the Roses," "China Doll" and "To Lay Me Down" (which has a dream-like, near gospel feel in places) are structured more like moody vignettes with imagery that exists outside of time-space considerations, the songs work both as contemporary pieces and fit in perfectly with the older, traditional songs.

There is much to recommend about this album—the versions of "Bird Song," "To Lay Me Down," "Cassidy" and "Oh Babe It Ain't No Lie" in themselves make the album worth owning—but what makes this LP a real triumph in my view is that these four sides represent, in a sense, the birth of a new musical form. Just as David Grisman and his various aggregations have developed a style undeniably their own (albeit with very clear roots in bluegrass and jazz) the Grateful Dead as an acoustic entity offer a totally different sounding folk-country-jazz amalgam, which, though occasionally flawed from a technical standpoint, has a rolling, chugging spirit that can't be denied (or defined, for that matter) and which sits outside of existing musical classifications.

The Dead have recently stopped performing acoustic sets, returning to an all-electric format (a live double-LP from the same shows that yielded the sixteen songs on *Reckoning* will be out later this year), but hopefully the group will bring with them some of the things they learned while making this record next time they go into the studio. Just as the band has successfully pioneered various electric fusions, they have proven on *Reckoning* that they can weave the same magic with acoustic music. It would be a shame if they decided not to take it even further.

—Blair Jackson

*(L-R) Jerry Garcia, Phil Lesh, Bill Kreutzmann, Bob Weir, **Mickey Hart**, Brent Mydland. Photo: Richard McCaffrey*



RAM PAPER / 181

GRATEFUL DEAD

MIDDLE AGED CRAZY

Things Are More Like They Are Now Than They Ever Were Before. (WHAT?)

by Jeff Tamarkin

Inside the hall, no one is seated. Long-haired guys in flannel shirts and denim jackets stare intently at the stage. Girls in long dresses with flower prints, some with Day-Glo paint on their faces, dance exotically. Joints are passed around freely.

On stage, a bearded, bushy-haired, black T-shirted Jerry Garcia is hunched over his guitar, churning out the familiar licks to *Truckin'*. Rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, looking more like a young executive than a rock musician, bobs up and down as he plays, and bassist Phil Lesh moves his long fingers freely up and down the neck of his axe. At his side, keyboardist Brent Mydland provides colorful rhythms while behind the front line, drummers Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann work as the cohesive percussion unit that gives the band so much of its dynamism and seeming spontaneity.

It's a Grateful Dead concert, of course, but what year is it? The above scenario — give or take a few details — could apply to a Dead gig a decade before. It's 1980 in New York, but for the Dead and their fans, time seems to stand still. The group has come to symbolize the idealistic freewheeling lifestyle rooted in those bygone Summer of Love days in San Francisco in the late '60s. And as far as the Dead and many of their fans are concerned, those days never passed.

"Our audience has a very large number of 15-, 16-, and 17-year-olds," explained Garcia. "They're kids who are obviously not from our generation but are every bit as enthusiastic about what we did as any of our audiences have ever been." Garcia said he can relate to the current Dead Heads as easily as he related to the hippies who comprised the Dead's original audience in the '60s. "Sure, 'cause they're the same kind of people. They're people who can dig what we're doing. And it's hard not to like someone who likes what you do."

The Dead have always survived outside the rules that seem to govern popular rock and roll today. They make no obvious effort to fit into the current scene, and tend to ignore developments like new wave, as if progress has no bearing on what they do. And perhaps it doesn't. The Dead progress at their own rate, and that seems to please them and their fans just fine.

"We operate outside of the straight, normal world," mentioned drummer Hart, who recently completed an album of percussion music recorded originally for the film **Apocalypse Now**. "We have our own little Grateful Dead world. We're not effected by trends."

In fact; Hart claimed to have no intrest whatsoever in rock and roll. "I hear it on the radio and I bop to it," he said, shrugging. "But it's just rock and roll. I like to listen to music from around the world. Then you can find out who you are and what you are and why you are."

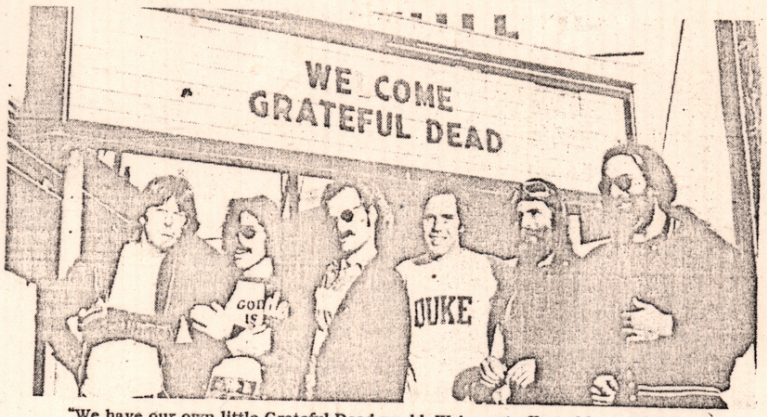
In addition, the Dead have consistently bucked the odds against longevity in the music business. They've never sold an enormous number of records in the 13 years since their debut, but they continue to be one of the largest concert draws in the United States. All eight Radio City shows sold out immediately, as did no less than 15 in San Francisco a few weeks prior to the New York dates.

Perhaps one of the reasons the Dead have never had trouble selling out even the largest concert hall is because the same Dead Heads return night after night. Some fans at Radio City remarked that they had seen the Dead live over 70 times. Others think nothing of traveling across the country to see the Dead perform. Garcia said he believes the Dead Heads return time after time and usually tend to hang out with each other because they share common experiences — Dead concerts.

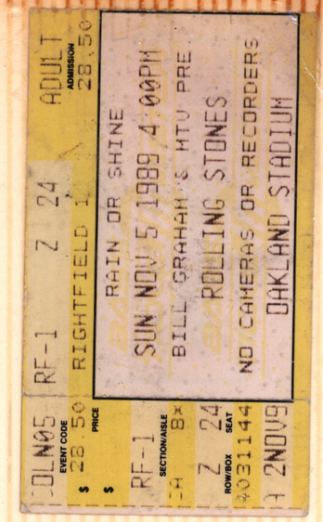
"It's giving them adventures," he remarked about the cross-country truckers. "They have stories to tell, like, 'Remember the time we had to go all the way to Colorado and we had to hitchhike the last 400 miles because the VW broke down in Kansas.' For a lot of people, going to Grateful Dead concerts is like bumping into old friends."

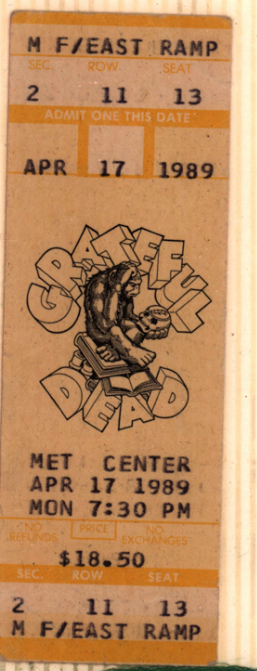
Does Garcia believe that it's possible that some Dead Heads might become so obsessed with following the band that they might lose part of their individuality in the process? "Oh, for sure," he admitted with a giggle. "I know I have! But our commitment to the idea is as deep as the most crazed Dead Head's. So I don't feel as though we're burning anybody on that level. We just continue to do what we're doing."

And how long do the Dead expect to keep doing what they do? "You work real hard at it and keep at it, and eventually, maybe fifty years later, you become a musician," mused Hart. "If I'm still alive and the Grateful Dead are still alive, you bet I'll keep doing this. There's no reason the Grateful Dead can't go on for years."□



"We have our own little Grateful Dead world. We're not effected by trends."

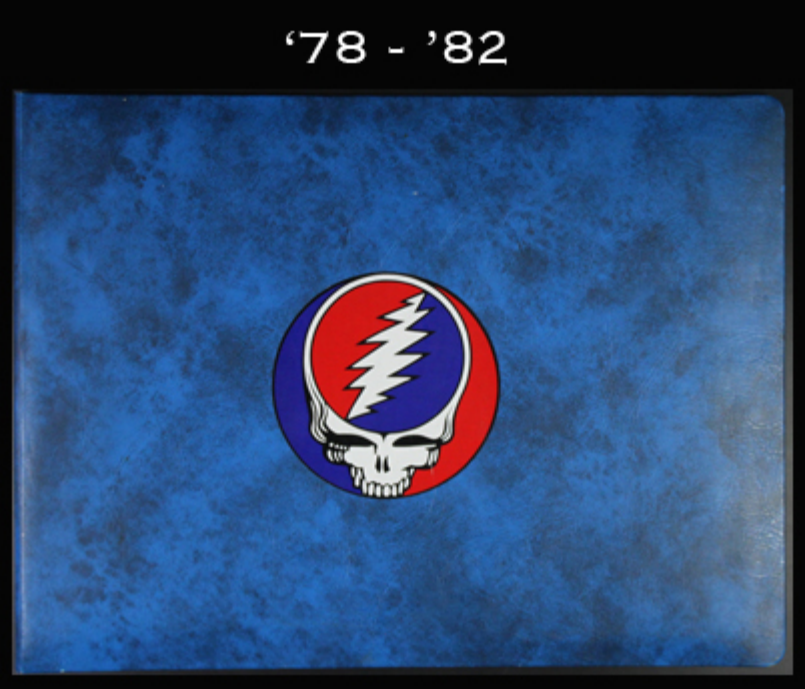






BOOK THREE

‘78 - ’82



Wife, child of Grateful Dead stage manager die

Examiner Marin Bureau

PETALUMA — The pregnant wife and child of the Grateful Dead band's stage manager, Steven Parish, were killed in a Sonoma County automobile accident Friday night.

Lorraine Parish, 26, who was 7 months pregnant, and her 1-year-old daughter, Jennifer, suffered massive injuries when their car ran off Petaluma-Point Reyes Road north of Novato and struck a tree about 6 p.m. Friday, the California Highway Patrol reported.

Mrs. Parish told authorities before she died that she looked over her shoulder to check on her child, who was strapped in a child-safety chair in the back seat, and failed to see a curve in the road, according to the CHP.

The car left the roadway, struck a two-foot dirt mound and went airborne before crashing into a tree, the CHP said. The auto hit three other trees and swung counterclockwise before coming to a stop.

Despite the tragedy, the band was scheduled to perform last night at San Francisco's Civic Auditorium and was scheduled to go ahead with a sold-out New Year's Eve concert.

"They (Grateful Dead members) are all in a pretty serious state of shock," said Zohn Artman, former band publist. "But Steven has insisted that the music go on."

He said Parish, who has been a Grateful Dead crew member for nearly 15 years, is "very fortunate in that he's surrounded by a lot of friends and loved by a lot of people."

Sonoma County Coroner's spokesman Greg Berry said Mrs. Parish was pronounced dead on arrival at Petaluma Valley Hospital. Jennifer was tranferred to Santa Rosa Memorial Hospital with head injuries, where she died in surgery at 8:20 p.m., Berry said.

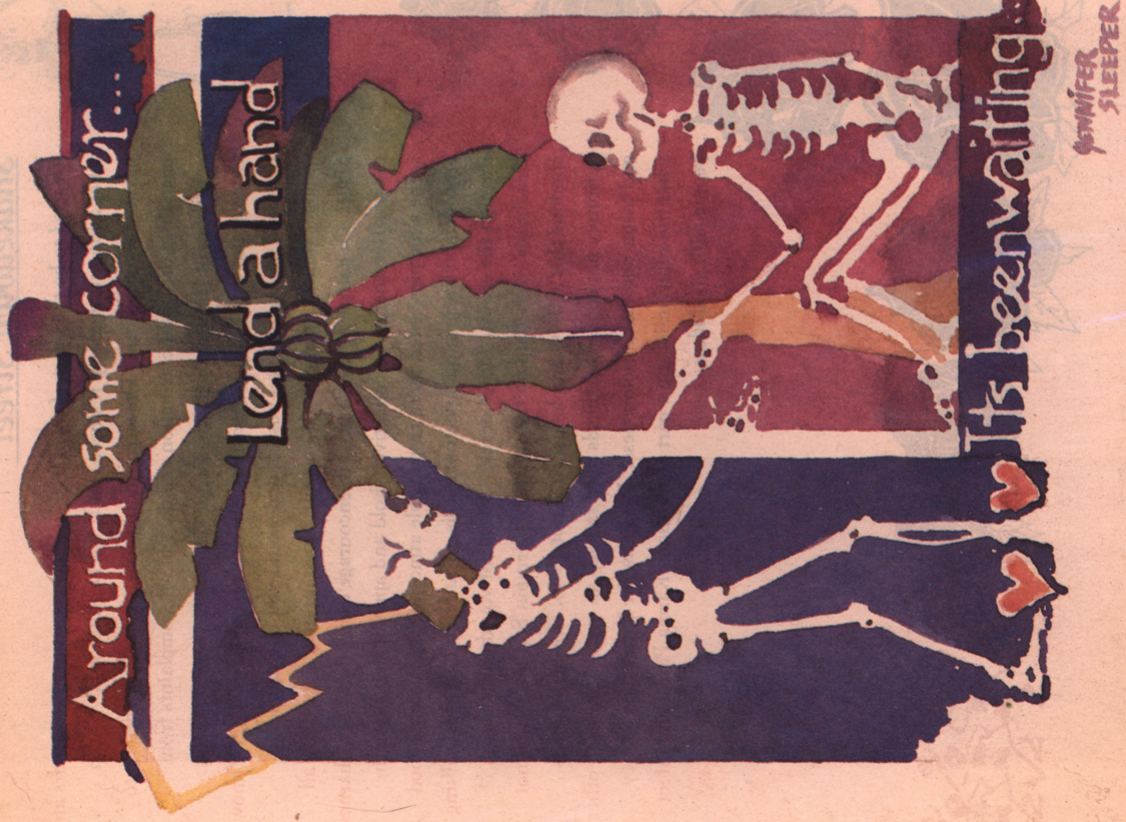
Parish, who was with the band in San Francisco at the time of the accident, reportedly was not reached immediately and the identification of the victims was delayed for several hours.

But Paul Grushkin, general manager of the Bay Area Music Archives and the author of a book about the Grateful Dead, said the band played "He's Gone," a song usually performed after the passing of a friend or popular figure, during Friday night's 3½-hour concert.

"These people are all very close," Grushkin said. "There's literally no distinction between the band and the crew."

Parish, who lived with his wife and child in Petaluma, joined the stage crew of the Grateful Dead about 15 years ago. The band was organized in 1965 by guitarist Jerry Garcia, who picked the sober name from a dictionary reference to European folklore in which the "grateful dead" came back to life and performed services for the living.

"They understand that when a person dies, they cross over to another place but don't die," Artman said. "There's a spirituality there that I think will comfort them."



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The future is here
Our scene is at stake
It's time to look closely
At the decisions we make
What will become of us
If it all gets shut down?
Well, just look around

If you see garbage
Put it in its place
If you see injustice
Call it that to its face
If you see someone who's lost
Talk to them for a while
Always be ready
To love and to smile



Jerry Garcia, by Joel Richardson—The Washington Post

11-24-78
The Washington Post

Still Grateful

Their Decade Died, the Dead Did Not

By Lynn Darling

Like a cavalry scout just back with reports from beyond the next ridge, Rock Scully, manager of the Grateful Dead, came back to their suburban Maryland hotel room, eyes awash in wonder, with a message to Garcia.

"Wow, you wouldn't believe what's going *on* down there," he reported to lead guitarist Jerry Garcia and a few of the assembled troops. "There's this Thanksgiving buffet, and all these *middle-class* people, and the radio's on you know, and there's all this news about *Guyana* . . it was really *weird*."

It brought Scully up short, something of a shock to the system. As Garcia himself said yesterday, "there are only a handful of places where we bump into the real world."

There are, after all, a few rock-bottom dichotomies in the lives of the Grateful Dead, and one of them is this: In this weary world that has seen so much since John Kennedy was shot and Ken Kesey first took acid, it is still possible for Garcia to divide it all up between "everybody who's straight . . . and us."

Hours before their concert at the Capital Centre last night, it was as if the gray November rain had dissolved all notion of the present. Suddenly it was back to on the bus or off the bus, it was rented rooms filled with Day-Glo colors and the strange spores of the all-night Acid Tests, it was Haight-Ashbury and the Pranksters and all the others swirls in that cultural vortex from which the Grateful Dead emerged . . . and have remained.

See GRATEFUL, B17, Col. 1

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The Decade Died, The Dead Did Not

GRATEFUL, From B1

It was not as if Garcia hadn't noted the changes. No, he said, the '70s "don't mean something like the '50s or the '60s. The '70s have no sense of identity." Not like the '60s, when there was that "nice thing of discovering kindred spirits—meeting people and it would be like, 'Oh, you're the weird person from your town? I'm the weird person from my town.'"

It's just that it hasn't made a damn bit of difference.

There he sat, long graying shaggy hair, dark blue T-shirt, rimless glasses, talking effortlessly in the argot of the decade that died—all about being "a full human" and "the straight world" and "expanding the frame" and the lines in his kind, accommodating face did not seem to reflect the kind of psychic creases that have weathered most of his brethren. At least as far as he would let on.

"This world I experienced still has the kind of energy that we had back then," he said, but then the Grateful Dead tries very hard to run a distinctly different course from the one on the other side of the stage.

This world of theirs has been hammered into its own finely wrought shape by now, and all that might disturb its symmetry is avoided. All but the strictly inevitable, summed up by Garcia in the word "airport," which becomes by intonation a metaphor for all those aggravating confrontations with a culture that he rejected on its merits over 20 years ago, when he got his first guitar.

"Airports," said Garcia, and lit another cigarette. "They're one of those places you just have to behave yourself. I mean, they have signs that say 'no joking.'" In the '70s, said Garcia, "it's harder to have fun. People seem scared. No more free concerts in the park."

He did not talk much about the changes 15 years have brought, since the early days when the Grateful Dead defined the '60s and their kinetic, often crazed sense of possibility. He has become, he said, "looser now, more comfortable. Tolerant might be a better word. It's easier to go to the airport now, less paranoia." Less anger now that the '60s left so meager a legacy; fewer questions of "why isn't the world a better place, why aren't things improving. The psychedelics made it seem so simple—it was hard to fight the dissonance between what seemed possible and what was really happening."

But, he said, "I'm confused as I ever was." He does not want to talk about himself, his home or living arrangements, would prefer to talk of angels and demons, and the flying saucers which have fascinated him ever since the '50s—"in the '50s, they were the only thing strange that was happening."

And in the '60s, all that was strange was happening, and the Grateful Dead were at the center, blurring the lines between the dancer and the dance. Now Garcia can still talk of psychedelic drugs as "the profoundly important thing in my life, the source, the wellspring" of all he is today and of all he does. Now, he feels, he has a responsibility to the buyers of high-priced tickets not to get too high while performing, and so he sticks to marijuana and "West Coast mushrooms" and "whatever new comes along."

Together with the other members of the band, he is wrapped securely in the cocoon of anomaly. They have, he said, "few allies" in the rock industry —"There's not a whole lot of people who think the way we do."

But there are legions of diehard fans, the perennial Deadheads, who will follow them anywhere, eyes shining with admiration as they talk of a Dead concert as "a religious experience," ardent believers of all ages who describe a Dead concert as they would a fine painting—a mother lode of emotions and insights that unfold new dimensions with each new experience.

On this tour, the group has brought more of a sense of organization to a life spent mainly on the road. While they are, as Garcia said, "broke," they have cut back on equipment and personnel and have even managed to time their tour to the release of their latest album.

"We were tilting at windmills," said Garcia of the long wrangles with managers, record companies and money that have erupted over the years. "We found ourselves in trouble with the straight world and realized, 'Wow, we're really not very good at this.'"

Nevertheless, it is still, he said, coincidence that has things going along so pacifically for the moment, "pure crazy luck which figures highly in what we do."

He is fascinated by coincidence—"the clues you look for, the little suggestions in your life that there is some outstanding order." In Egypt last September, for instance: playing at the Great Pyramid on the night of a lunar eclipse. He liked Egypt; it was, as a friend of his had said to him, "like being in a place with no cops or parents," a glimmer of what those early years had been like so briefly, and so long ago.

As for those who have veered off the edge and sought a separate peace in the mainstream, he takes a long view from a time that, for most people, proved too fragile to support more than a summer's day of indulgence.

"The '70s are depressing, all right," said Jerry Garcia. "But in the Grateful Dead world, things are snapping right along."

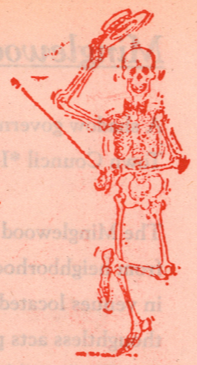
The cost of no action
Could be great indeed
We must all feel responsible
For fullfilling the needs
Our scene has created
Lest it may fall
It's getting out of hand
We have our backs to the wall

Now comes the time
We must fight for our love
Fight for our freedom
Push has come to shove
We must gently address
Trash, vending greed and destruction
We must lend gentle guidance
Commitment, love and instruction

-Jewel

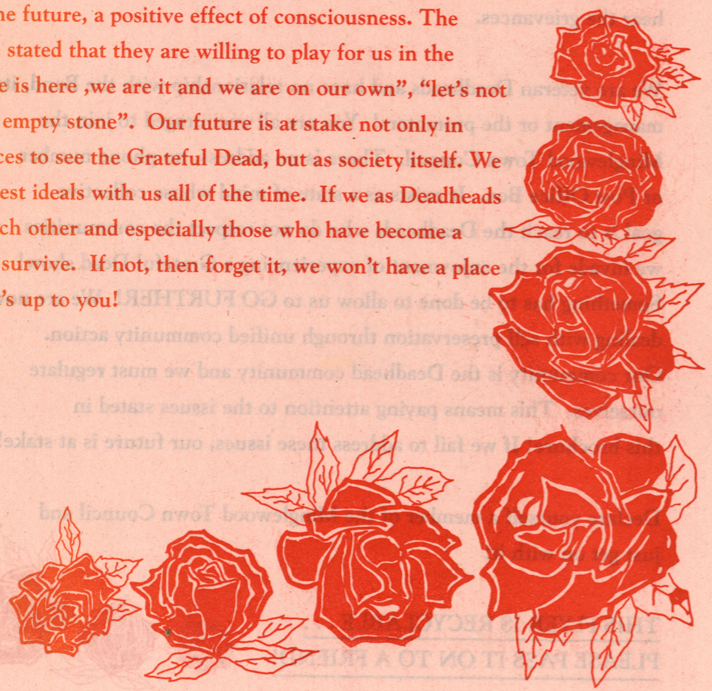
Let's go further

Are You Kind?



This is an important experiment we have here. The Grateful Dead are certainly at the nucleus, but it is the Deadheads who make up the scene. We have created a place for people to belong and to be loved. The cohesive spirit is an agreement to operate on the highest common denominator. Don't you feel like you are coming home when you get to a show? We must then keep our house in order. Everybody wants to be a part of something bigger than they are. The most significant thing we can do is to give people something to do! Whether you know it or not, we are now rallying to prevent a crisis. You will be feeling a rippling effect now and in the future, a positive effect of consciousness. The Grateful Dead have stated that they are willing to play for us in the future. The "future is here ,we are it and we are on our own", "let's not leave this planet an empty stone". Our future is at stake not only in terms of having places to see the Grateful Dead, but as society itself. We must carry the highest ideals with us all of the time. If we as Deadheads help and nurture each other and especially those who have become a drain to us, we will survive. If not, then forget it, we won't have a place to play anymore! It's up to you!











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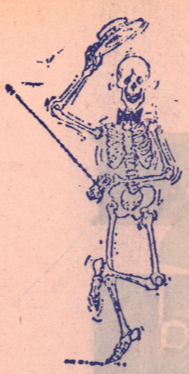
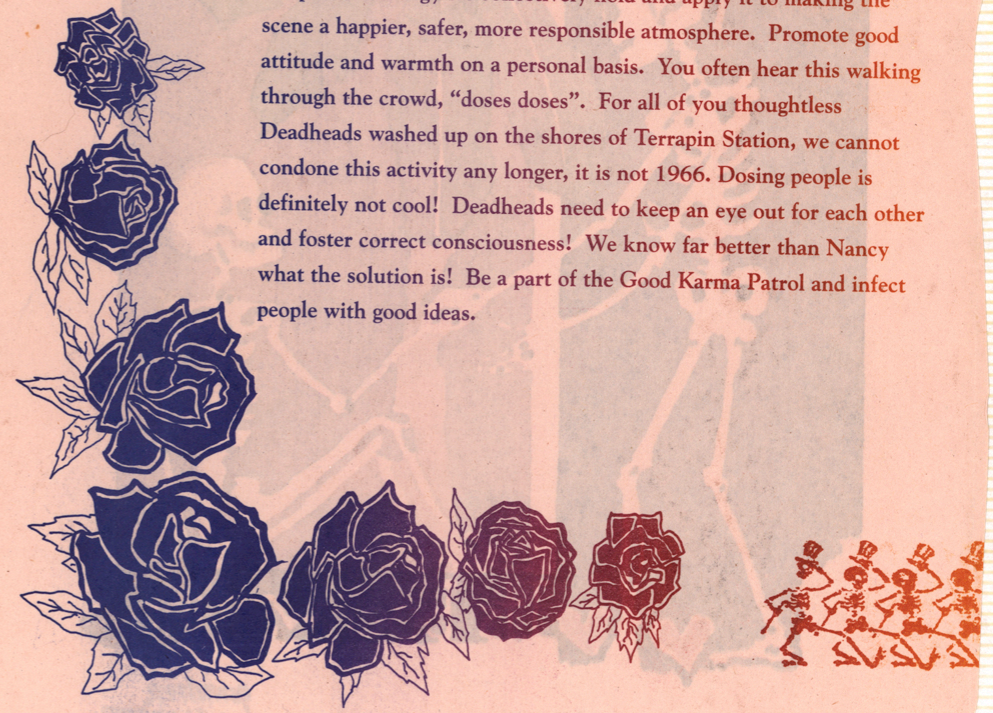
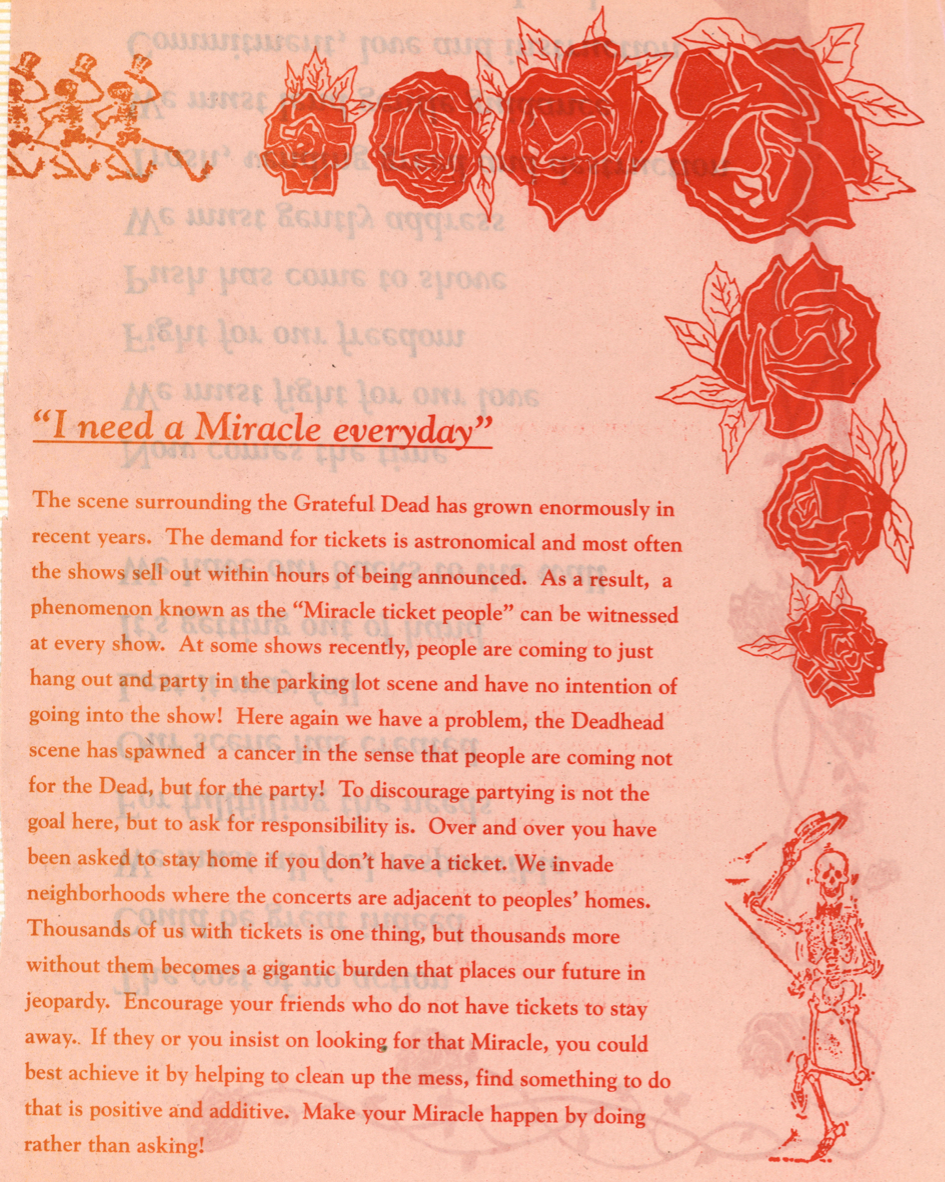


"I love to Shake it on Shakedown Street"

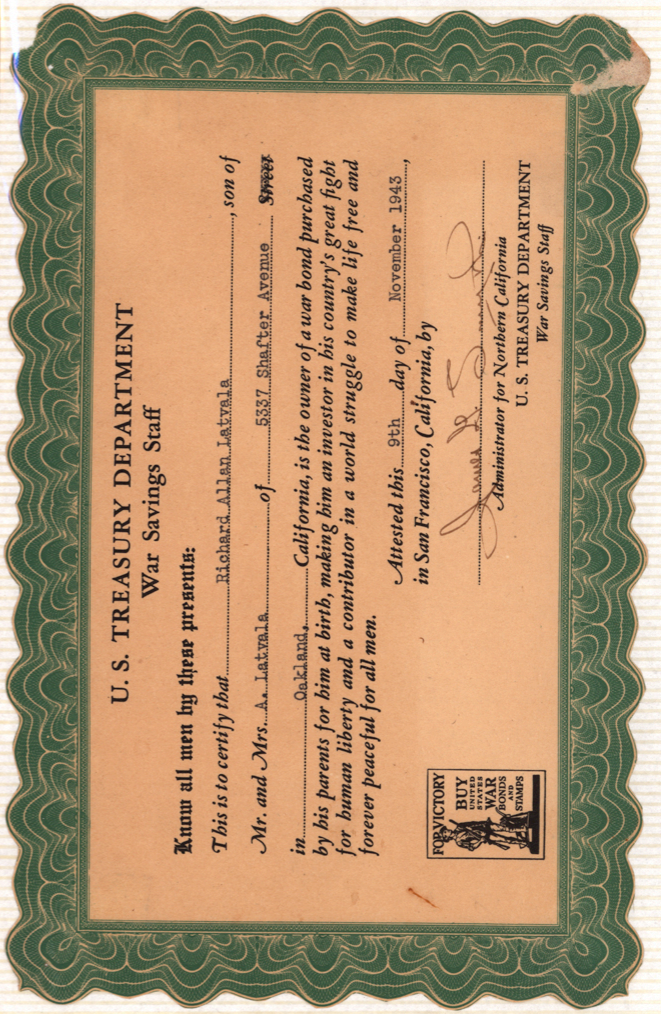
"It used to be the heart of town". . . so it's been twenty some years and what a long strange trip it's been, but! We Deadheads have been having too much fun. The surrounding concert sites are witness to open drug use, public urination and defecation, complaints from neighbors of Deadheads having sex or sleeping in their doorways. Once again, this is not responsible behavior on our part. We all know that drug use can get you busted, and would you like it if some stranger walked up and pee'd on your doorstep, then slept there all night? Of course not! We need to encourage each other. Let's harness the positive energy we collectively hold and apply it to making the scene a happier, safer, more responsible atmosphere. Promote good attitude and warmth on a personal basis. You often hear this walking through the crowd, "doses doses". For all of you thoughtless Deadheads washed up on the shores of Terrapin Station, we cannot condone this activity any longer, it is not 1966. Dosing people is definitely not cool! Deadheads need to keep an eye out for each other and foster correct consciousness! We know far better than Nancy what the solution is! Be a part of the Good Karma Patrol and infect people with good ideas.





"I need a Miracle everyday"

The scene surrounding the Grateful Dead has grown enormously in recent years. The demand for tickets is astronomical and most often the shows sell out within hours of being announced. As a result, a phenomenon known as the "Miracle ticket people" can be witnessed at every show. At some shows recently, people are coming to just hang out and party in the parking lot scene and have no intention of going into the show! Here again we have a problem, the Deadhead scene has spawned a cancer in the sense that people are coming not for the Dead, but for the party! To discourage partying is not the goal here, but to ask for responsibility is. Over and over you have been asked to stay home if you don't have a ticket. We invade neighborhoods where the concerts are adjacent to peoples' homes. Thousands of us with tickets is one thing, but thousands more without them becomes a gigantic burden that places our future in jeopardy. Encourage your friends who do not have tickets to stay away. If they or you insist on looking for that Miracle, you could best achieve it by helping to clean up the mess, find something to do that is positive and additive. Make your Miracle happen by doing rather than asking!



U. S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT
War Savings Staff

Know all men by these presents:

This is to certify that Richard Allan Latvala, *son of Mr. and Mrs.* A. Latvala *of* 5337 Shafter Avenue ~~Street~~ *in* Oakland, *California, is the owner of a war bond purchased by his parents for him at birth, making him an investor in his country's great fight for human liberty and a contributor in a world struggle to make life free and forever peaceful for all men.*

Attested this 9th *day of* November 1943, *in San Francisco, California, by*

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Administrator for Northern California
U. S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT
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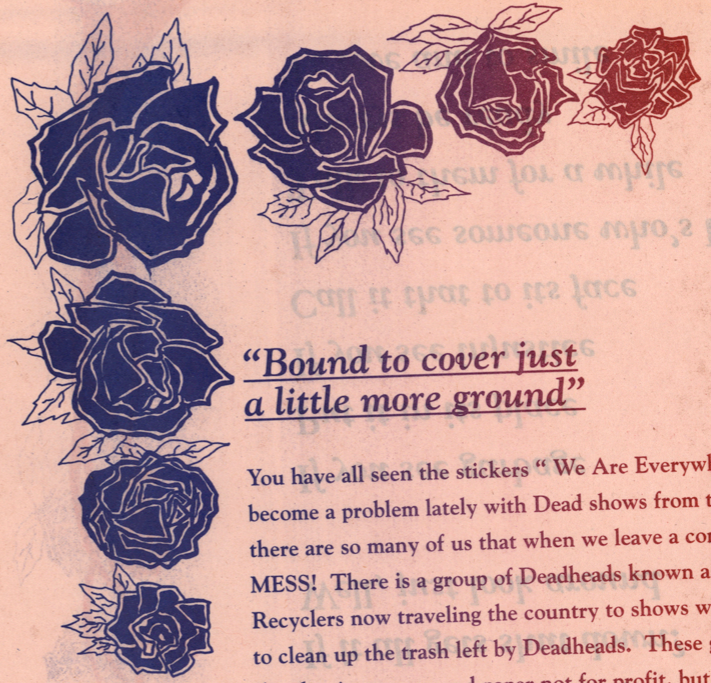
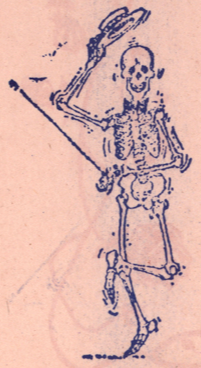




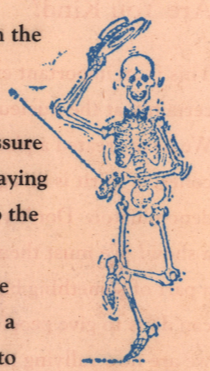
"Bound to cover just a little more ground"

You have all seen the stickers " We Are Everywhere". This has become a problem lately with Dead shows from the standpoint that there are so many of us that when we leave a concert, the site is a MESS! There is a group of Deadheads known as the Cosmic Recyclers now traveling the country to shows whose sole purpose is to clean up the trash left by Deadheads. These grateful souls recycle the aluminum cans and paper not for profit, but because they wanted to do something about an ugly problem that we as a collective group have created! Unfortunately, the Cosmic Recyclers cannot attend every Grateful Dead show. So you know what that means. . . you are all hereby enlisted to help solve the problem of leaving the concert sites just as you found them when you walked in, or better! And this applies to the surrounding grounds as well. From now on, when going to a show, please bring several trash bags and encourage your friends to help you clean up the neighborhoods that we invade. There are many venues where you love to see the Dead play, it is your responsibility as a Deadhead to leave a positive feeling in those communities so we are welcomed back! Leaving the areas clean is a must! It will only take a short amount of your time, and won't it be worth it so you can enjoy your favorite show site next year?



Minglewood Town Council

A shadow government for our times - everyone who wants to be on the Town Council *IS*.



The Minglewood Town Council was formulated in response to pressure from neighborhood groups who opposed the Grateful Dead from playing in venues located in their neighborhoods. These people objected to the thoughtless acts perpetrated in and around their neighborhoods by Deadheads and have attempted to block permits required for the use of the certain halls. The Minglewood Town Council first met with a group of citizens in Oakland California to address these issues and to hear the grievances.

We are veteran Deadheads and have no relationship with the Band, its management or the promoters! You are all encouraged to join the Minglewood Town Council. There is no address, no phone number or Post Office Box. It exists as a state of mind whose collective goal is to reach the Deadheads who do not respect the communities we invade for the enjoyment of experiencing a Grateful Dead show! Something has to be done to allow us to GO FURTHER! We are now dealing with self preservation through unified community action. Our community is the Deadhead community and we must regulate ourselves. This means paying attention to the issues stated in this brochure! If we fail to address these issues, our future is at stake!

Declare yourself a member of the Minglewood Town Council and just get on with it!

THIS FLYER IS RECYCLABLE . . .
PLEASE PASS IT ON TO A FRIEND!





DL0308

DL0309





Dear Deadheads,

We've got some things to talk about. Brushing the small stuff aside, the dialogue must now focus on the very survival of the touring Grateful Dead.

We believe in a community of kindred spirits and are proud to be a focus for a social phenomenon that extends back to the summer of love, nurturing the hopes many of us conceived and cherished way back when. Remember what befell the Haight? It's history. Trashed! It's happening again folks. Here's the tally since the last tour:

Hartford, the central meeting place for Deadheads from Massachusets, New York and Connecticut: trashed. We are no longer welcome.

Red Rocks, the mile high gathering place, framed against the Rockies in an amphitheater sculpted from the rock by wind: trashed. We don't dare play there again. We know what will happen and we won't invite it.

Irvine Meadows and Ventura Fairgrounds: both view our crowds with considerable alarm. The doors are inexorably swinging shut on Southern California.

Greek Theatre: there is a better than even chance that the next gig there will be our last. Forces are in motion to shut us out of the last of our cozy forums. They're open minded, but trash is trash. The perception is that when, and if, they shut us out, other college venues will topple like dominoes.

Henry J. Kaiser -our old faithful, good sounding and sizeable hall for Bay Area gatherings: out the window. The neighborhood will not allow another six day seige of trashing.

The last letter to Deadheads warned that we would be consigned to stadium gigs if we blew out the smaller places. Well, dig it: the stadiums are getting nervous about us too.

The tone of the last letter sounded needlessly alarmist to some, but reality has overshadowed those predictions in three short months. These letters are not attempts at prophecy, folks. It's our business to know what's going on out there. These are facts! It's happening faster than anyone would have believed.

Were there a clandestine force determined to undermine our very ability to tour, it could not operate half so efficiently as the thoughtless fringes of our own gatherings. This shack got termites, friends. Big ones.

OK. Let's roll up our sleeves and mop this mess up. We need a taskforce of concerned volunteers in major focal points across the map.; some key people who understand where we're coming from. Write us c/o S.O.S. - P.O. Box 1073, San Rafael, Cal. 94915. Tell us about yourself, how many regulars you are in contact with, and what you feel about the situation. We 'll attempt to co-ordinate other concerned folks to help create order in the parking lots and neighborhoods. The solution must be an internal one - not a force imposed from without. Reasoned and persistent persuasion is the only tool consistent with who we are . No police or strongarm tactics.

It 's our hope you'll receive the respect and back-up of other concerned members of the crowd when they see what you're attempting and understand you're doing it with our sanction. We'll lay some kind of shirt on you to identify you as our representative: the *Not-Fade-Away Brigade.* The purpose will be to ignite a kind of contagious and focused perception, a unifying force to prevail over the rabble consciousness and allow us to survive for you.

You won't receive a damned thing for your activity other than the satisfaction of helping to keep your own ship afloat. If that's not enough, we don't need you. It *is* your ship, you know...there may be another right over the horizon, or there may not be another for a thousand years.

If you score tickets, by all means go inside and enjoy the show. But if you can't, and aren't content to listen to the gig on radio (we'll try to broadcast wherever we can from now on) please consider making the other show work. SOS.

Robert Hunter
for the Grateful Dead

D03107

DL0311

DATEBOOK
SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE
December 7-13, 1980
A section of the San Francisco Sunday Examiner and Chronicle

MUSIC
Bay Area archives



By Steve Ringman

MANAGER GRUSHKIN STARTED THE COLLECTION

Growing Library Of Notes

By Calvin Ahlgren

THE STATE of the Bay Area Music Archives might be compared to that of a child prodigy: great resources, lots of energy, growing pains and ambitions.

Only about three years old officially, the Archives already is outgrowing its home (in the basement of producer David Rubinson's celebrated Automatt recording studio in the South-of-Market sector), thanks to community support and the tireless efforts of Paul D. Grushkin, the Archives general manager. It was Grushkin who, not yet into his 30s, took up the call from Bay Area Music (BAM) magazine publisher Dennis Erokan to create the archives to serve as an historical facility and cultural resource for the Bay Area's teeming musical life.

"I grew up in a book-publishing family back East," Grushkin said recently amid the hum of activity in and around the Archives. Grushkin came out to Stanford in 1969 as a journalism major, arriving "in the riot season," and spent "a major part of my time watching the revolution," then writing about it.

But music things were happening at the Fillmore and Winterland and eventually Grushkin turned to music. Grushkin graduated, interestly enough, with an M.A. in black studies and "majored in rock 'n roll." He

S.F. Sunday Examiner & Chronicle
Datebook, Sunday, Dec. 7, 1980

went to work at radio stations and produced concerts. Then, while taping the first Bammies (Bay Area Music awards), he heard Erokan announce that proceeds would go to establishing an archives. Grushkin contacted Erokan and showed him the extensive private book-and-record library which he, Grushkin, had built up. Erokan's response: "Hey! You've got the start of the Archives!"

In the short time since, the Archives has amassed an impressive musical armory, including more than 2500 books on contemporary American music; "many hundreds of hours" of tape-recorded music; about 12,000 long-playing albums (including the 7000-odd from the collection of the late music critic John Wasserman); a sprawling file of clippings from the press; yards of posters and handbills, more than 1800 photographs, a batch of music periodicals and grassroots music journals (many of them out-of-print); and bequests of incredible music collections which await time and circumstance — chiefly, a much-needed, larger location for the Archives. What happens in an area like ours, when there is no regional library to take over material when a person (a collector or critic) gets old or a radio station changes format?" Grushkin asked. "Without an archives, the stuff gets shipped to Chicago or something.

The Bay Area Archives will be even more important in the future, when large bequests are realized: The Ralph and Jean Gleason collection of LPs (especially early jazz); the noted collection of Arhoolie Records folk whiz Chris Strachowitz; the walls-and-walls of albums, especially vintage 45 rpms, of music critic Joel Selvin; and extensive recordings held by critic Philip Elwood.

And the keepers of the archives scored an additional coup recently, an offer from pioneer FM rock station KSAN of up to 5000 LPs and 2000 tapes — after the station's recent change to a country-and-western format. "It's a good deal for both of us," Grushkin noted. "They'll get a tremendous tax write-off."

The Archives has amassed more than 2500 books, "many hundreds of hours" of tape-recorded music; about 12,000 long-playing albums and more

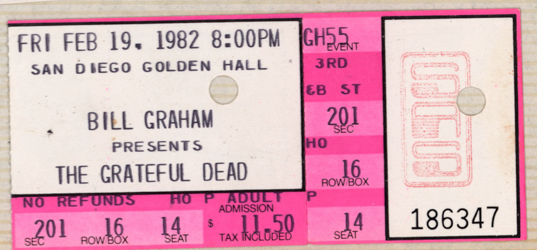
Grushkin is now involved in cataloguing the station's gift. "KSAN is one of the few — if not the only — area stations with a remote truck, routinely including live shows in their format. It's an amazing resource. And the engineering staff has always been noted for its excellence." Aside from that, Grushkin is embarked on another long-term project in connection with his favorite rock band, the Grateful Dead. "When I'm not doing the archives, I'm working very closely with the Dead — for two years and more, now — on an official history of the Deadheads," the tribe of fans who follow the Dead with extreme devotion and a freewheeling reverence. "It's an enormous, enormous project — their audience is huge at this point, especially on the East Coast . . . It's sort of Part A of a two-part undertaking the Dead have always dreamed of."

As for the archives itself, its uses by the community tie into Grushkin's vision of the state-of-the-art. His benchmark is the three-story country music archives in Nashville, Tenn., operated by the Country Music Foundation (part of the Country Music Association) and funded by "hordes of tourists paying $4 a head to see the Country Music Hall of Fame. They have (in their archives) listening rooms, reading rooms, temperature-controlled record storage rooms. In our own locale, there's the Archives for the Performing Arts — opera, classical, dance — over at the Presidio Branch Library."

In the archives, he said, "We get as many as 15 major requests to use the facilities, or get information, each week. It comes from college students — we get a lot of college students — members of the (music) industry — for radio programming, TV production, displays such as the lobby shows in the Warfield Theater; artists and their management . . . Now, our major task is to fund-raise more effectively."

This past summer marked the 15th anniversary of the existence of the Grateful Dead, which the media viewed with much interest. "We were able to locate for ABC-TV's '20-20' show an animated portion of the Grateful Dead movie. We actually had a videoptape of it. Billboard magazine and ABC have been collaborating on a major history of rock & roll, and we were able to locate for them some tape footage of an original Acid Test out at San Francisco State, with (the Dead's lead guitarist) Jerry Garcia jamming, and everything." Grushkin thinks it will all get better once the Archives has a new home. "Our stuff goes out all over the country and all over the world," he said.

The Bay Area Music Archives facilities are available for use through Paul Grushkin (415) 495-5354, 827 Folsom Street, San Francisco 94107.



DeadAhead

By Catherine Peters

The Grateful Dead is more than a rock band; it is an institution, a funky empire that has incorporated a publishing company, recording studio, tons of state-of-the-art electronic gadgetry, an extended family to keep it all humming along and concerts that, for some, are religious experiences. But even with the empire's going-with-the-flow aura, somebody has to deal with the necessary realities of getting the music to the record company on time, seeing that the right band members are in the studio at the right time, and that concert tickets stay out of scalpers' greedy fingers. That somebody is Rock Scully, the Grateful Dead logistician and and lead calculator player, a job he's had since the band's scuffling days in the Haight-Ashbury.

Raised a Quaker and educated in Europe, Rock's father is journalist and War Resisters League activist Milton Meyer. About the time John Kennedy was assassinated and the Viet Nam war was starting full boil, Rock wound up at San Francisco State College (now University) to get a double BA in German literature and history. This was the dawning of the Age of Aquarius and on weekends he was promoting rock and roll shows with the Family Dog collective. He also managed the Charlatans, etched into that period of history as "the first San Francisco band" — meaning they had long hair, played loudly and lived in San Francisco. "They looked great," recalls Rock with a smile. "Actually they *looked* much better than they ever played."

At the time, the Grateful Dead were the house band for Ken Kesey's acid test concerts; when they were ready to get serious with this rock and roll business they asked Rock to come onboard as their manager. So Rock became an integral part of a vital period of pop culture and part of the focus of a cult phenomenon, the Deadheads. Deadheads are the thousands of rabid fans who live for those concert nights when their band will escort them to a different reality plane.

Rock is a bright, articulate, hopped-up guy who is tall and as thin as the skeleton he portrays at the Dead's New Year's Eve concerts. His collar-length brown hair keeps falling across his face and specks of grey are creeping into his short beard. He wears sunglasses to the breakfast table. Among his duties is the screening of journalists who will enter the inner sanctum of the Dead. This interview was one of the first times he found himself, not the band, the subject of the tape recorder.

Setting up the interviews involved almost-daily telephone calls that went like this:

"Hi Rock."

"Hi, how ya doing?"

"Fine. Can we get together today?"

"Sure, call me in an hour at the office. Bye."

Two hours later he wouldn't have made it to the office yet. Three hours later:

"Hi Rock."

"Hi, how ya doing?"

"Fine, can we get together?"

"Hey, yeah, we'll get it together. Check in with me tonight."

And so on for weeks at a time. In any other world this would be a brush-off; in Grateful Deadland, this is the way things get done. And somehow it works, because they've been doing it for 15 years. As a local publicist who has worked with them for years said to me, "If you're impatient, find yourself another story."



Herb Greene

The Grateful Dead, 1965 — from left, Jerry Garcia, Bill Kreutzmann, Bob Weir, Phil Lesh and Pigpen

When corralled, Rock was very friendly and attentive and willing to talk about subjects that were obviously painful to him: Altamont (which he organized as a free concert with the Rolling Stones and wound up as a runaway nightmare of drug casualties and four deaths) and his time in federal prison. On

continued on page 6

DL0313

Dead ahead

continued from page 5

the latter subject, he talks about Fate's little giggle when it put Nixon's Chief of Staff, H.R. Haldeman, in the bunk next to him.

Two of the meetings for this profile took place at Rock and Nicki Scully's memorabilia-littered house on a neighborhoody Marin hillside; another interview took place at Dead headquarters in downtown San Rafael. There were near-constant interruptions: abbreviated phone conversations similar to the ones dramatized above, somebody from the band sticking his head in the door to ask about a meeting, another body from the office wanting Rock to approve a bill. This was in the midst of preparing the band's 19th album for release, planning a nationwide tour for the band, booking local solo gigs for various band members, marketing a videotape of last Halloween's concert at Radio City Music Hall to *Showtime*, and being threatened by a lawsuit filed by Radio City Music Hall. The suit, which claimed the band intended to smear the reputation of the aging auditorium by "asserting that illicit drugs were available" at the concert, has since been dropped, and in this interview, Rock debunks the myth that the Dead and drugs are the intimate bedfellows they are thought to be.

It takes a lot to keep the Grateful Dead running: Xerox machines, secretaries, typewriters, phones ringing all the time . . .

It's a business. It has a lot of overhead and a lot of employees. It involves a publishing company, a recording studio, a fan club, and a merchandising operation; all of that is business. We have an overhead of $100,000 a month and we tour constantly and we sell records constantly; we've got 18 records out there.

We've got two dummy phone centers, one on the East coast and one out here. They're listed as "Grateful Dead" but are recorded messages spewing out information about concerts, the tours, and so on. I sit here at night working and can hear the phone machine answering calls all night long. It's intense.

Herb Greene



The Grateful Dead, 1980 — from left, Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, Phil Lesh, Bill Kreutzmann, Mickey Hart and Brent Mydland (front)

Do you have a title in the company? A lot of times you are referred to as manager Rock Scully.

It depends on who I'm talking to. Sometimes in order to escape confusion, I'll say I'm the manager or the road manager, or the publicist. That's all stuff I've done. When I started out with this group I was in charge of all that because we were scuffling. Now we've expanded our scene to include people who oversee all that.

I see myself as a good businessman, trying to expand the Grateful Dead's audience, to sell more records, to reach more people. I try to remind the band that we have limited resources. They need to ask themselves some tough questions about how they're going to make the money, as opposed to how easily it can be spent. Were real good at spending it. Technology will eat it up fast.

My favorite job is what I'm doing now, preparing a record for release. Now I am "Record Company Liason and Album Coordinator." I see to it that the band members needed in the studio are there and they're comfortable and that we stick as close as possible to our schedules and due dates. I see to it that the art work is sent in and it's approved by the band and the title of the album is one the band wants, basically ramrod that end of it.

Why a live album this time?

Our audience has shown a lot of favoritism toward live records; comes closer to whatever it is they put out there (laughs).

For this record, we've got rooms full of tape. Fortunately, we used a computer to keep track of where each song is on each tape. Keeping track is such a nightmare, it really caused us a lot of difficulty on *Steal Your Face* [the Dead's 1976 live album] because we did not have the patience or the time to listen to everything; consequently, we didn't get the best performances, I don't think.



I was an original member of the Family Dog, going to school and promoting shows on weekends.

In this instance we have an Apple computer that tells us whether something's in tune or out of tune on a given night, tells us how many feet into each reel a given tune is, and can pull up every version of the same tune, that sort of thing.

I have a printout of every tune they did for the Warfield stands. Fifteen nights, pretty far out. They played 93 different songs. That's a pretty big repertoire. (There are several albums in the works from the Warfield Theater concerts and those at Radio City Music Hall last fall. The first, *Reckoning*, is comprised of acoustic material from those marathon stands; it will probably be in the stores by mid-March. The electrified sets will be released later in the year.)

Do you help mix the tapes?

No, uh-uh. The music and the creative end of it is somebody else's job. What I do oversee is that nobody messes with it except the musicians, and that when the musicians do work on it that it's done in an orderly fashion. I'm one of the communicators in this complex organization; I let the band members know what's going on.

In terms of the gigs, I help the music by facilitating the band's abilities to play. I know it's a lot tougher

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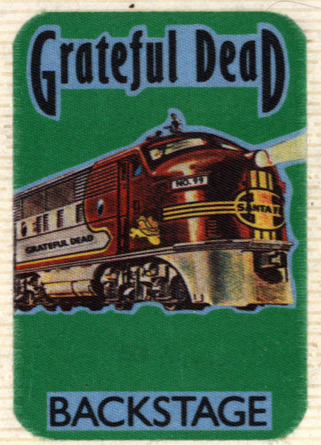

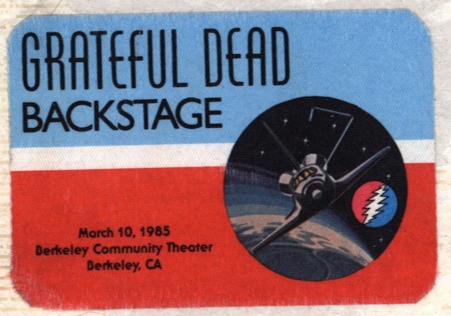

Dead ahead

continued from page 7

for them to get their music together in bum surroundings — bad sound, wrong hall, wrong promoter, or a scene where the tickets were put out in a bad way with scalpers getting them. Those kinds of things affect the band in that we get a crowd that's unhappy about how they got there. We try to remove all possible bummers. Once those conditions are met, it is up to the band to get their music together.

Do you in any way affect the way the music sounds?

No, except to let them know what my personal feelings are. Garcia checks with me all the time to see what I think about the way something sounds because I've been listening to their music for so many years. But certainly I'm not the only one he goes to for input.

You've been with the band pretty much since the beginning. How did the whole thing begin?

I was an original member of the Family Dog [a group of San Franciscans who promoted rock shows in the early Sixties]. I was going to school and promoting shows on the weekends. In the course of that, we ran into some competition from Kesey. He was coming into town and doing acid tests. I, unfortunately, was promoting a show at California Hall the same night Kesey was doing an acid test at the Fillmore. Not wanting to get wiped out, I devised a plan with Kesey and some busses: if you bought a ticket to the acid test, you could split the show, get on one of these busses, and come to our show. And vice versa; if you bought a ticket to our show you could hop the bus



every twenty minutes and go up to the Fillmore. That was the second time I saw the Grateful Dead; I split my own show, hopped on the bus, and went to see the Dead.

When did you first see them?

I went to an acid test at one of those early discos called The Beat Club somewhere between Palo Alto and San Jose. I was knocked out. They were a hot blues band to rival the best of them — Eric Burdon and the Animals, the Stones, any of them. They still can play the blues, but they've gotten away from that. That was principally Pigpen's bag.

I hooked up with them when they asked me to be their manager. There was enough buzz about them in the community, so I left the Family Dog to join the Grateful Dead. I thought we should disappear somewhere into California and woodshed, practice, work up a repertoire. We moved to LA, to the outskirts of Watts, the upper crust section of Watts, rented a big house and spent a few months there rehearsing songs. Parties, we played 'em, advertised the gigs ourselves, put up posters, handbills. Parties were a way to make money while woodshedding.

We moved back to San Francisco to my house at 710 Ashbury. We all moved into the house. At the time we barely had an office, just a telephone, really. That was our office. We were doing as many free shows as paid gigs. When the phone started ringing more than we wanted it to, we rented the house across the street — 715 Ashbury — and lived in the house at 710 and ran the business across the street.

The first gig we did when we came back to San Francisco was the Tripp's Festival at Longshoreman's Hall. We started alternating shows with Bill Graham and the Family Dog, back and forth like that.

How did you work with Graham?

I represented the band to him and we'd negotiate a price. We still do. We'd do the same thing with the Family Dog. We were real fair. If the Family Dog had been the last to promote us, Bill Graham would be next.

That was a very fertile period of culture.

Yes, it was. It was an extremely energetic, vital, fresh new time. It was a time of a tremendous outpouring of music, poetry, art, a really new way of looking at things. It was so fresh and effective that it reached directly to kids, no middleman — it went right to 'em. Almost overnight the outrageous clothes, the, uh, psychedelic art became mainstream. The *Chronicle* said our posters couldn't be read — the positive-negative electric red and blue images — yet a year later, it was on billboards on the freeways of San Francisco advertising 7-Up. Our art, our posters, our graphics were absorbed and are now on television everyday.

In an interview, Garcia talks about the Viet Nam war and the conservative politics of the Sixties being a great stimulus for art, just enough oppression to keep you angry and involved and enough freedom to allow you to express that anger.

I'll tell ya what it is. Basically, tough times and repressive times engender in Americans a very deep-seated response. And usually those first expressions of freedom felt are artistic. Loud and clear. There were certainly large, meaningful acts of violence occuring; there was an unjust, crazy, go-nowhere undeclared war going on where as many people who attended Woodstock were killed; there was a kind of repressive, police-state consciousness going on. That engenders a reaction in Americans when they feel their freedoms are being stepped on. Which is one of the reasons I didn't object to Governor Reagan being elected president. Because if he were to become a repressive president — which I'm not sure he will be — but if he does become that I know we'll have far more vital, energetic, and creative years ahead of us, certainly more so than during Ford or Carter.

You hear a lot about the Grateful Dead "family." Together you and everybody around you have weathered a lot of lows and highs — the death of a band member, Altamont, playing at the base of the

continued on page 10

Dead ahead

continued from page 9

Great Pyramid in Egypt. Does this make you all a family?

Family is a tricky word to use. It's used lightly a lot with the Grateful Dead, but it probably isn't one. It's more of a creative group of individuals getting together for a common cause. It is like a family in the areas you talked about; after fifteen years you experience so many ups and downs with the same people that you come to know and trust them because you've been through a lot together. Consequently, we rely on each other knowing we will weather more storms and more good times. But to put a label on it, that's difficult.

What accomplishment are you most proud of?

There are a couple of accomplishments I'm real proud of. Our first record contract. For the first time in the rock and roll business, the musicians were paid like jazz musicians, by the minute, not by the song. Up until our contract, groups were awarded 2¢ a song for publishing. Almost every rock and roll record had



I'm proud of my work on the Monterey Pop Festival, for which the Dead never got much credit.



six songs per side, hence 12¢ a side. Because the Grateful Dead did lengthy songs, 3 or 4 a side, we were going to be severely hurt by the song stipulation. I got Warner Brothers to agree to pay us by the minute, not by the song, like a jazz artist was paid.

Another thing I'm real proud of is my work on the Monterey Pop Festival, for which the Dead never got much credit. That was my home country; I had been the administrative assistant to the senator down there, Senator Farr, while I was in college and I knew the politics well. I spent weeks down there working with the police and so on to make sure everything went smoothly. We had sold out the pop festival and I knew we'd have a lot more people coming than we could possibly handle at the fairgrounds. We got the local politicians to give us the football field at Monterey Peninsula College for the spillover. So we had our own little free concert. Eric Burdon came over and played; Hendrix, Brian Jones from the Rolling Stones, Janis Joplin, the Jefferson Airplane. It was a good scene.

But today when we think of Monterey we think of Hendrix and Joplin, not the Dead . . .

We didn't get much attention at Monterey because we weren't in the movie. They wanted us to sign away the band's rights to the film. They'd hand these releases to the band on their way to the stage to play their set. We refused to sign; we saw the whole LA crowd as a straight-ahead rip-off of what we were trying to do. Consequently, we weren't in the movie. Janis and Country Joe and some others went along with us at first but signed later on.

We weren't in the Woodstock movie, either. This kid started throwing some bad acid off the stage and we had to stop to explain to the crowd not to take it. Then they had set up this huge screen behind the band; the wind picked up and the screen became like this giant sail and the stage started to slide downhill! The band had to scramble and rip holes in the $10,000 screen with knives. Too much was going on, and we didn't get into the movie.

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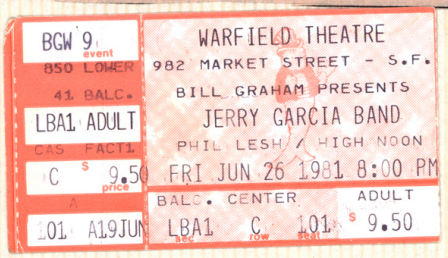

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Dead ahead

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So you were involved with organizing Monterey, Woodstock and Altamont, the festivals that are regarded as the beginning, the apex and the fall of the counterculture. What happened at Altamont?

On that question I'll . . . It's a long, long story. *Rolling Stone* magazine won a journalism award for their coverage, and they didn't even tell the whole story. It started out with all good intentions and it got ripped off.

This obviously isn't bragging because I'm ashamed of the whole trip, but Altamont wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been for my energy. I was the one who represented San Francisco, went to the Stones in England, got them their places to live during the tour down here, organized the whole thing. If it had stayed a free concert and stayed in Golden Gate Park, it would have been a wonderful event.

The agreement was there would be no announcement. They (The Rolling Stones) never heard what I told them. They organized a press conference in New York and announced they were going to play in the park in San Francisco, which blew out the park. KFRC announced, "Free concert"; KYA: "Free concert!" Suddenly it was everybody's free concert. They planned to make a movie of it, a *movie*; everybody started looking to make money on it. It became a lie; it wasn't a free concert, it became an exploited, horrifying event. [The concert was moved to Sears Point, then, less than 24 hours before the show, was moved again to Altamont Speedway, about 40 miles southeast of San Francisco.]

We knew some disaster was going to happen. They had such a crowd coming and they had a riot on their hands. We wanted out, but they had our equipment. We stayed in to see that it was a small disaster instead of a giant disaster.

Is that how you see it now? As a small disaster?

Yeah. In light of what it could have been, certainly. It could have been that a lot of people got hurt instead of a few. I mean a-lot-a-lot.

Do you see Altamont as an arbitrary endpiece to that era? I mean, if the violence hadn't erupted at Altamont would it have erupted at another gathering?

I think it would have happened at the next one, probably, yeah. Mainly because the scene was changing so fast. It had grown up quickly and had incorporated so many people who were just taking. We saw that happening in the Haight-Ashbury. We had a wonderful scene going there and the press made

Ray Baltar



A rare photo of Rock Scully, a man determined to keep out of the limelight

it out to be much more than it was. It became a magnet for every lost kid in the country. Then came those who wanted to exploit those kids. As soon as that started happening the Haight-Ashbury was no longer a good place to be. What happened there was a microcosm of what happened at those big festivals. Same kind of thing.

Is that why you ended up in Marin?

The Haight-Ashbury got quickly overrun after the Summer of Love. We became a focal point of craziness — people dropping in all the time, tour busses stopping by the house and pointing it out to tourists. But even before that notable summer we needed a place to woodshed, some peace and quiet, so we'd move out to Marin in the summertime. First summer we were out here we rented Rancho Olompali, just north of Novato. Huge 300-acre spread with an old stucco mansion on it, swimming pool. It was the site of the one and only battle of the Bear Flag Republic; happened right there on that place. We had 2 or 3 very famous gatherings up there (laughs).

The next summer we rented that place Camp Lagunitas, a bunch of cabins in the woods. We were near Janis and Big Brother, not far from where the Quicksilver were living. There, we cemented a relationship with those two bands. At that point we were starting to make money.

Now, anyone who's lived in Marin very long knows where to find just about anybody in the band. Deadheads, the devoted fans, have an easy time of it.

In the mid-Seventies the band took about a year-and-a-half hiatus. Why?

The band had worked too long and too hard without a break, and had come to a point of exhaustion with each other and the music — it didn't seem like it was progressing enough. We needed to break out of the . . . pattern we had fallen into.

Was there a chance the band would break up?

That was never considered. Everybody kept moving with their solo trips, Bob Weir with Kingfish, Garcia and his band, and me, I had to keep seeing the records that were out there.

During that time you got busted. You said it was a bum rap. What's the story?

Basically it had to do with my insecurities financially since the band was no long touring. Basically we got suckered into a pot smuggling adventure. We were going to get it and hold it, I don't know, I really wasn't thinking much about it; I was hoping to get some of it, was really where it was at.

The guy got in trouble. The plane crashed, or he had a forced landing. Anyway, he got busted and told the federal agents that I had organized and financed the operation, which was a lie.

We were indicted in a court in Texas. I had this reactionary judge named John Wood, who has since been murdered. He was a nasty judge, never let anyone go. So I pled guilty on a Rule 20; a Rule 20 means you can plead guilty in the court where the indictments come from and then you're moved to your local federal district for sentencing, which for me was San Francisco. My attorneys felt that in any normal court they could have gotten me off, but they didn't think they could prove it in front of that judge. It really looked like he'd give me five years at least, maybe fifteen. The judge here knew I wasn't a crook or a dealer, that I had ethics. Bill Graham came to the court and said yes, I was telling the truth. I wound up spending four months in the federal prison at Lompoc.

It was a horrible trip for me, terrifying. Both my wife and I had been thrown in jail, ripped out of our home just like that, totally unjustified. Just because this kid, his name was Tyler York, lied about us, became a police informant. Mention his name (laughs); maybe it'll make him leave the county if he's still here.

Fortunately I felt some justice had been done in that they delivered H.R. Haldeman to my back door.

That has to be one of the most ironic twists of fate: Nixon's right-hand man bunking with the Grateful Dead's manager! What did you learn from him?

I'm not saying. That would be violating the prison trust. I got a lot of information out of Haldeman; I learned an awful lot. But that's a story people have tried to buy from me, but I'm not willing to sell it, or give it away for free, for that matter.

But your attitude about him seems to have softened.

He was a broken, bitter man and I watched him piece his life back together. I felt for him on a completely human basis. I think he learned about the damage his conspiracy theories had done, all those reactionary police moves he had established with Erlichman and Mitchell — he saw the direct results of that there in prison. To me, that was karma kickback.

He didn't think what they had done was wrong, not on the money and power end of it. He felt that every president that had gone before had done it the same way and that every president that came after him would do it that way. He may be right.

Don't you think you might have had a tough time in court because of your band's reputation with drugs? For example, I was reading an article in the* Examiner *about Deadheads and one kid said something about the terrific thing about Dead concerts was half music and half drugs. Does that make you cringe when you hear things like that?

It concerns me only in that I don't feel the drugs are an important part of what we do. It's certainly not necessary to take drugs to enjoy our music, and it's definitely not important for us to take drugs to play the music.

A lot of people would disagree!

Yea, well, that comes from the acid test days and the Haight-Ashbury and all that. It's more fallacy than fact. It's part of our reputation but we're . . . There's something I learned a long time ago: it does you no good to deny stuff. I was often confused with a guy named Tim Scully who was put in federal prison for manufacturing LSD. So I was written up in the *Village Voice* as being a former Hell's Angel and having received 20 years in prison. That wasn't Rock Scully, it was Tim Scully, who wasn't a Hell's Angel, either. But it doesn't do ya any good to deny it because it'll be on the back page and if somebody chooses to believe otherwise they will anyway. So if I say, "The Grateful Dead do not do drugs everytime they play" (laughs) "somebody's going to say, 'Oh, he's just saying that.' " We let people persist with their mistaken ideas. It hasn't hurt us.

continued on page 16







Dead ahead

continued from page 15

Speaking of mistaken ideas, there is a book out that a lot of people are reading called The Dead *by Hank Harrison. Bob Weir called it "fiction." Nicki didn't seem too happy about it, either.*

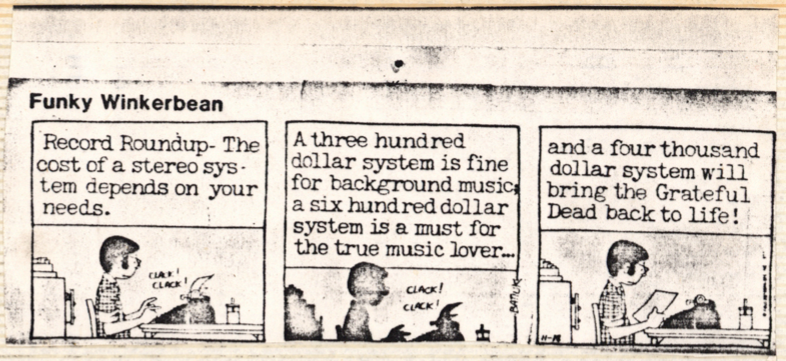
He lies in that book a lot. There is a part in there that says I snorted so much cocaine that I deviated my septum and had to turn to freebase for my coke fix. Absolute hogwash. I never deviated my septum nor do I smoke freebase. He says he was with us in Egypt. Another lie. Nobody saw him. He didn't get descriptions right, nor did he have the right people in the right places at the right time.

We busted the guy at the Whole Earth Festival where Celestial Books (the publisher) had its booth. Nicki said to the guy, "How could you do that, just lie and say you were there?" When pressed, he said, "After you've been around this group as many years as I have, you know that you can be with this band without really being there." Weird kind of justification.

All the photographs in that book that say "Archives" were stolen from my office. I had a box full of photographs that I was collecting for Rolling Stone Press [Straight Arrow Press] called *The California Book of the Dead*. Somebody snuck in there and got those pictures. It was a real shame because some of those pictures belong to friends who trusted me with them.

With all the headaches and craziness of being part of the Grateful Dead operation, what makes it all worthwhile in the end?

It's the fact that I don't know of anything more positive, really, than music. This group makes good music that makes people feel good. It's a service, as far as I'm concerned, and there are very few good human services left. So I'm involved in a process that is international in scope and has the ability to talk to young people, bring people closer together. And I can't name too many things that do that any more.





A talk with Nicki Scully

Nicki is dressed from head to toe in purple, her loose, gauzy shirt woven with sparkly threads. She is playing with a pocket-sized computer game her son got for Christmas. Babies fall out of a burning building into a fireman's net below. If the fireman (you, at the controls) misses, the baby splats and an angel appears; three angels and you're out. Every baby that makes it to the ambulance is worth one point. Nicki is losing, but she loves this game.

"It takes incredible timing and skill," she says as another baby hits the pavement. "I watch my 11-year-old daughter do this; she's better than anybody I know.

"You know," Nicki continues as we sit at the breakfast table, "I'm just beginning to understand the profound effect that computers might have, *will* have, on life on this planet. I've always shied away from things like televisions, but I'm starting to think there are some things computers can teach our children. Rock was telling me last night that their computer (an Apple the Grateful Dead are using to help out with the upcoming albums) can teach them how to upgrade the quality of their art. They can create finer amplifiers, they can use the computer to do what they do better. It opens up so many possiblities. They may be a source of inspiration and education in the future."

Now she is talking like a concerned mom, which she is. But on top of the duties of raising two kids, she has a career that is almost as varied as her husband's. Basically she is an activist in the anti-nuke and American Indian movements.

"My work is kinda hard to pinpoint," Nicki says. "I see myself as a connector. I am able to see issues in terms of who to connect to whom to make something happen. I introduce myself to issues like In Search of America and see who might be good to help organize it, who might help fund it, who might put forth the most driving energies. That's my work."

In Search of America is an organization that hopes to achieve worldwide nuclear disarmament. It was founded by Sat Santokh Singh, an organizer in the Sixties who had a Western name but went onto a spiritual path after Altamont. Jerry Garcia is on the Board of Directors of In Search of America, and the Grateful Dead have played benefits for the organization. Nicki worked for them as a secretary and connector.

SEVA is another group she works with; the word means service in Sanskrit, and the service is to prevent and cure blindness in Nepal. When the group was given a gift of a 17.7 carat diamond, Nicki took it around to have it appraised.

"It wasn't worth as much as we had hoped," says Nicki, who is an amateur gemologist. "But it had that quality of being able to give sight. Every dollar it would fetch gave sight to a blind person."

So in her connecting capacity, Nicki sometimes gets the Dead to raise money for projects. "Well, I don't exactly run around looking for things for the Grateful Dead to give money to," she laughs. "They get hit on for so many worthwhile issues; the last thing they need is somebody on the inside going, 'Okay, now it's time to do this . . . .' I have to be much more subtle than that!"

A good deal of her energies are devoted to the American Indian movement. By chance, her long, straight brown hair and sharp, angular facial features lend her the appearance of a Native American, though she is actually Semitic. Last July Nicki attended the Black Hills International Survival Conference in South Dakota, held to explore the worldwide medical and spiritual implications of nuclear power, including the plight of the Indians.

"Coincidentally or not," Nicki points out, "the places most sacred to the Native Americans are places that are rich in energy sources; coal, uranium, timber in the Northwest. Indians get moved out of their lush areas into more desolate areas.

"Right now they are relocating 6000 Indians to get at the coal on certain sacred mountains in New Mexico and Arizona. Some of the people from Big Mountain came to South Dakota and spoke. These people are really old. They speak their native tongue; their English is heavily accented and they speak very slowly. They're used to living with their herbs and their rituals and their land. It's their home and they're too old for relocating. It's really sad, you know?"

She became aware of Native American issues through Rolling Thunder, the Sioux Indian who had a vision of the long-haired white man as a friend to the Native Americans. As if fulfilling a prophesy, he came to San Francisco to hang out with the hippies. Rolling Thunder went out to the ranch in Novato that the Dead rented in the summer of 1969 to perform healing ceremonies; that was the year Nicki and Rock became a couple. Later, Nicki would start writing about Native American issues for the Sonoma County *Stump*, a tenacious little weekly that makes Sonoma seem like a happening place.

Ironically, Nicki started writing for the *Stump* while on federal probation after the pot bust in Texas. She was to spend 6 months doing public service work and the probation department hooked her up with the *Stump*. She stayed four years.

"I got a lot of support," says Nicki, fingering her scrapbook of clips as proudly as a kid with her first drawings. "Rock's father is a journalist and he gave me a lot of help. The Jerry Garcia Band and the Robert Hunter Band played benefits for the *Stump* while I was there. As it turned out I did okay. I felt I could report fairly and accurately on subjects I chose to write about."

Among the clips is a story about a remarkable woman named Rosemary who runs the California School of Herbal Studies on the Scully's farm in Sonoma ("A dream whose time has come," says the literature with a cosmic coo.); students live on or near the land during the intensive weekend workshops and 2-to-4 week terms. Nicki, Rock, and their kids lived on the land during the Dead's mid-Seventies hiatus.

Now they live in a comparatively urban setting in Marin; their large, comfortable house is middle class except for various decorations: gold records, skull-and-roses stained glass, the dried wreath of roses hanging on the dresser mirror (no glass) — a remnant of a concert gone by.

They moved back to Marin just after the famous trek to Egypt. In 1978 the Dead, the extended family and the fans went to Egypt to play at the base of the Great Pyramid. "There are certain times in life when everything changes," says Nicki philosophically. "Egypt was definitely one of those turning points for me.

"I was so energized I couldn't sleep. I got terribly spaced out from lack of sleep, lack of food, being too high. Not that I was using any drugs; I was becoming very high because of the incredible input. The thing is, the Dead didn't perform as well as you might imagine for such an auspicious occasion. But it didn't matter. It was one of those kinds of dreams you don't think could ever happen."

When it is pointed out that that's how many regard all Grateful Dead concerts, she says, "Yeah, and a psychedelic experience is the same. Many life experiences that are very profound just can't be put into words. I can talk about specific instances that happened there but . . . well, maybe, not really." She laughs.

"At a Grateful Dead concert," she says after a pause to collect her thoughts, "there is a synergy that is created. That is, you can make a prayer, and that prayer will have some power to it. If two people together make a prayer, it's going to have even more than the effect of one person doing it alone. Consequently, if you have 6000 people in a room who achieve a unified feeling, even if just for a second, that's a lot of power. And I believe that is what music is about."

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Tripping in the timeless zone

"THE MUSIC keeps us afloat, keeps us up. It's what we live for." Bob Weir, rhythm guitarist and living legend, is sitting in a London hotel room discussing the past, present and future exploits of his band, the Grateful Dead.

Beside him, looking positively ancient in comparison, sits fellow band member Jerry "Captain Trips" Garcia; in my humble opinion the greatest lead guitarist the world has ever known.

Over the last couple of decades the Grateful Dead have been a perplexing mixture of genius and sloth, constantly trying the patience of their enormously dedicated fans with long periods of hibernation and artistic stagnation, only to bounce back with renewed vigour and massive touring schedules to question the limitations that most other rock bands set for themselves.

Their new album, "Reckoning" status could prove to have been a period of recuperative reassessment; a prelude to a further decade of discovery.

As Bob explains, the album breaks no new ground as such, but it does show a marked upsurge in vitality after the lacklustre showing of their last three studio albums. In fact, it turns out that this double, live and largely acoustic album is the first half of a "double double" album package, the second of which is an electric set planned to follow in a few months.

"This particular acoustic set is in response to a great deal of fan mail and record company pressure and is more or less a gift to our hard core fans and not much of an attempt to expand our audience," Weir explains.

"Since we've been touring a lot recently, it seemed to make sense to do that rather than trying to make a new studio album. They wanted a live album and they wanted old chestnuts and it seems, especially in America where our crowd is much younger and new, that what they wanted was new renditions of old material and so we've done that. It's behind us now and it's good.

"There are no new songs although we, of course, do every song quite differently from night to night and, over a period of time, some songs really become markedly different and



so in that regard, it's all new. Also the recording is something of a milestone in the recording art insofar as we've utilised several new techniques. It was quite a complicated procedure but the overall effect is, for what it's worth, about the only real live record out these days.

"Live albums in America, like the Eagles' record, are usually heavily, heavily overdubbed but there's nothing done on this. There couldn't be because, in order to capture the live ambience, what we did was to suspend clusters of microphones and track recording capturing the natural reverb of the hall and also a bit of the crowd response.

"It's therefore raw, it's real, it's what we do, it's what everybody does, in fact. We made no attempt to hide it – nobody sings in tune all the time, everybody plays a clam now and then.

"I mean, it comes in waves," he continues, "but we get better y'know. It's like learning to play an instrument. It takes a long time to do that well and a band is an instrument, too, and everybody in it, so you have to learn to play off each other and listen to each other and intuit each other and blend with each other and that just takes time. We've put some years in at it now, and we can do it, at least in our own style, better than anybody."

Garcia pitches in: "Our percentages have gone way up. It seems like we've just turned a corner after doing the recent shows, out of which we produced the forthcoming albums. It seems to me that since then our general ability, or something like that, has taken a step up so these albums are a good reflection of the way we were just before now. We're a step ahead of ourselves all the time."

Although the Dead have always been a heavily improvisational band, I'd always blindly assumed that these chaps knew vaguely what they were doing. But when I ask them if they feel in control on stage, Weir laughs so hard I swear he nearly falls off his chair.

"Fuck no," chuckles Garcia. "What a joke. Are you kidding? No, no, it's not like that at all. It's like being strapped to the back of a horse in the middle of a stampede, y'know. There's no sense of control. Control is just a total joke."

Weir calms down enough to continue: "When it's going well you just stick your nose into the wind and then everybody's nose will be headed in the same direction. Sometimes, though, it seems as if absolutely nobody knows what's happening and it varies, it's a moment to moment kind of experience. It goes from order to chaos just immediately."

I tell them that the Rainbow shows better be good; having cancelled British dates twice in the last three years they've left a lot of fans clutching worthless ticket stubs in bitter disappointment.

"All I can say," grins Garcia, "is I apologise for showing up so infrequently." He laughs heartily and his whole jovial frame, reminiscent of a big cuddly teddy bear, shakes with the effort. "It wasn't because we didn't wanna come, it was just that things kept happening to us."

Weir explains: "The last time we didn't show up Billy (Kreutzmann, the drummer) broke his arm. What can I tell you? It was a stupid mistake, he fell off a horse."

"Yeah," Garcia continues, "he didn't do it on purpose, goddamn it. We'll try to make up for it at the Rainbow but I can see it now, they're gonna be total flops." He laughs at the idea. "People walkin' out of the auditorium going 'What was that? Hope they stay away again for another eight years.'

"Generally speaking, see," he continues, "the more people expect, the worse we are. In other words, the bigger the stakes, the more important it is that we make a good showing, the more likely we are to blow it. The paramount example was Woodstock – we were just plum atrocious. Jeez we were awful."

Weir picks up the story: "We had a sound man who insisted that everything was being done wrong so he was gonna set up his whole PA and proceeded to go about doing so."

"Hanging up the audience for four or five hours!" roars Garcia, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes. "When you multiply that by the number of people you get several human years."

"Yeah," shouts Weir excitedly, "several human years of chagrin and consternation, and add to that the so every time either of us touched our instruments we got horrible shocks."

They're really getting carried away now, like some zany Marx Brothers sketch with Garcia playing Groucho: "And we were on a metal stage and it was raining to boot and I was high and I saw blue balls of electricity bouncing across the stage and leaping onto my guitar when I touched the strings."

"No kidding, and all the intercom and CB radio, all that communication all came through the amplifiers, every bit of it. And there were helicopters buzzing by, drowning out everything. So there it was; dark, with these huge spot and searchlights on these towers about two to three hundred feet off in the distance blasting down on the stage, so the effect was you couldn't see anybody out in the audience."

"You know there were 300,000-plus people out there, but you couldn't see a soul and the stage was totally jammed with people and there was this hysterical rumour going round; guys yelling over the back of my amplifier, 'The stage is collapsing! The stage is collapsing!' It was," he cracks up giggling, "an ideal performance."

The worst you've ever done? I inquire innocently.

"One of 'em. I'd say it was in the top four or five for total disasters."

Another of his vivid memories of the Dead playing badly was on the legendary Egyptian trip (in more senses than one) which directly preceded the cancellation of their last projected UK tour, and led many to believe the band had blown all their money in typical style, leaving them too broke to come over. Garcia acknowledges a modicum of truth in the rumour but characteristically prefers to digress.

"Take a perfect setting, y'know. What could be better? What could be more amazing? A total eclipse, a full moon, the Great Pyramid, everything perfect and we went and played

But are the Dead still a militant, vital band, or are they simply trading on past reputation?

"Well, I can tell you this," says Weir. "The son of a recent president of our country told my lyricist, who's a friend of his, that the Grateful Dead were more important to him than his mother and his father and everything that he'd learned in school.

"Of course my lyricist said 'Surely you're outta your mind?' But he said, 'No, because these people showed me, more than anybody else, that there is another way'. We're committed to that ideal."

"Yeah," agrees Garcia. "Our trip was never to go out and change the world. I mean, what would we change it to? Whatever we did would probably be worse than the way it is now. We're just experts on a certain level or saying 'OK, so there isn't a whole lot available to you and there isn't a whole lot you can do about changing things around you, but you have yourself to work with and within that limitation you've got a lot that you can change – it's just a matter of taking that leap of faith and saying, 'Hey, fuck the world, I'm gonna do what I wanna do and I'm willing to go for it'.

"I think that we represent that possibility, y'know," he adds, almost as an afterthought. " 'Cos here we are, still surviving, still following this intuitive path which makes itself up as it goes along in an almost magical way and yet it's no mystery. I just believe that if you get caught up in reality or society or any of the rest of those illusions, you're definitely gonna get nowhere."

The long strange trip goes on. He was still laughing when we left.

END

and one time we went over and played in Auvers outside of Paris and that was wonderful. But Egypt was special. It wasn't really a party, it was an evening."

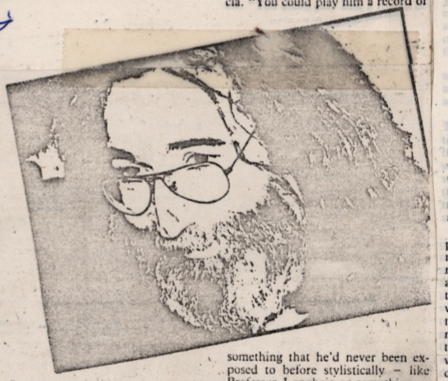
I wonder how they prepare themselves for such occasions and, as usual, Weir puts it in a nutshell.

"Every night when we walk onstage, our first solemn duty is to abandon reason. We do that with remarkable aplomb and from there unexpected stuff is easier to discover. We try to let it happen. We can't push for it to happen. We just try to be as open as we can." So that means you're as erratic as you seem to believe you always were?

"No," drawls Garcia. "Our worst, our baddest, when we fail, when we're not good is much better now than it used to be. It used to be that when we were bad, we were really, really, really bad but now when we're bad we're competent. Now, even on a bad night, it's professional, it's in tune and it's passable."

Although they both claim they never remember the good shows ("They're pure gold – we just let 'em go"), they're convinced that their recent tour of the East Coast of America was their best ever. That's largely because of the addition of a relatively unknown keyboards player called Brent Myland (formerly with Bobby Weir's solo band), who has replaced Keith Godchaux, who left due to domestic problems and "divergent musical directions".

"Keith had a thing with the piano that was truly remarkable," says Garcia. "You could play him a record of



cides: "We had a wonderful time, man, we really did. We gotta lot out of it. We got off like bandits. It was great."

Weir wholeheartedly agrees: "We stepped out of the twentieth century for a good few days and that was wonderful."

"Yep," giggles Garcia, who's well stoned, I suspect. "I mean that was a wonderful adventure and an old fantasy of ours y'know, to play the Great Pyramid. It totally blew my mind. Totally.

"For me it was one of those before and after experiences. I mean, here's my life before Egypt and my life after Egypt. It expanded certain levels. The Great Pyramid itself is such a wonder it completely burns out your concepts of things like size and the realm of possibility." He trails off into wonderment, leaving Weir to put the lid on it.

"We've played some great parties in our days. The Acid Test for instance, that was a wonderful, wonderful scene and a cross-continental train trip that we did with a bunch of bands as well (the Band, Janis Joplin

something that he'd never been exposed to before stylistically – like Professor Longhair or something – and a minute later he's have the whole idiom. It would blow your mind but what we wanted was a keyboards player who wasn't a pianist.

"The whole thing was that with piano, guitars, bass and drums, what you've got is a full percussion band. What we wanted was keyboards to provide colour and sustain and some of those qualities that guitars don't provide, and Brent has been real good at that. He's been adding a lot of texture and colour and also he's a fine singer, probably the best of all of us, so our trio singing is really nice now."

Myland's still working on fitting in with the band – a process which Garcia confidently suggests will take "three or four years" – so at the moment "St Stephen", "Dark Star" and "our other earlier ambitiously structured things" are beyond his capabilities.

No "Dark Star" at the Rainbow, I moan. We wait seven bloody years and no "Dark Star". "Don't worry, don't worry," cries Bob. "Just because we don't do the head of that

The Dead

from page 9

some of those places."

"Yeah," Garcia hurriedly agrees. "We still go to outer space, y'know. Outer space is still part of our territory."

That's a relief, I tell them, because I was beginning to think, on the evidence of recent recordings, that they'd traded in the spacesuits for carpet slippers.

"Oh no," says Weir. "You're sure not gonna get anything else like us over here. I mean, for high gloss, well-rehearsed, mini-flashpots and stuff we're not the band and we're never gonna capture that audience but we've done well enough doing what we do and it makes us happy.

"It's somewhat fulfilling for us to go out and not know what we're gonna do night after night, from song to song or even within a given song.

"See, we're vital unto ourselves really. We, in my own mind at least, inhabit a sort of timeless place and I'm sure it's that way for our fans as well, young and old. In fact, in New Jersey a few weeks back a bunch of new wave bands got together and did a tribute to us. They consider us the old lions of new wave and I guess that's what we are."

But, I suggest, there have been setbacks, like the recent clutch of abysmal albums. Garcia readily agrees.

"Nobody was very happy with 'Go To Heaven'. We had kind of a good time making it. It wasn't a total bust, but personally, I don't believe I've written any real great songs just lately with the exception of 'Elthea'. I don't think our records have ever been much to scream or write home about, actually."

The Dead, despite their massive popularity, have never sold a lot of records, perhaps because, as they admit, they've never been able to achieve the impossible and capture their live improvisational magic on vinyl. Not that their touring existence has been exactly a bunch of roses, the latest disaster being that their gigantic Alembic sound-system, which took a day to assemble, nearly drove them deaf and was financially totally unfeasible.

Weir says: "We could sell out every hockey hall in America and still lose money every night, so the only way around that would be to drive up the ticket prices and we're philosophically opposed to that.

"Music just shouldn't be expensive, music should be for everybody because it really does do something, it's a real vital force in society. Without music people would be a whole lot less happy and then you'd have wars and more strife and all that.

"The explosion of rock 'n' roll music in general over the past couple of decades has helped fire the . . . I don't know if it's proper anymore to call it the youth movement because I guess we're not all so young anymore, at least not in the physical sense . . . but it's given us something to more or less rally round.

"For instance we saw changes in America that were of a fairly large magnitude, and we managed to get rid of a bad president and the music surely helped to fuel the flames."

CONT'D

"SIT DOWN in that corner," says the photographer.

"Are you asking me or telling me?" murmurs the musician, innocuously. "Which corner?" He looks around the room, eyes twinkling with amusement. "That corner! On the floor! Jesus, do you think I'll be able to get up again?"

He sighs good naturedly and plonks onto the floor underneath a lamp, spreading his legs out. "Hiyeee," he gestures, mildly embarrassed. "This is for what? *New Musical Express* . . . Yeah, I remember. That's pretty amazing. I don't remember much. Memory is the first thing to go."

He chuckles to himself, and then steels himself as the photographer snaps. A lump of cigarette ash has found a good home on his profoundly shapeless greasy green cord trousers: When he stands up the ash will drift to the floor and the bottom of his trousers will sadly fail to reach his ankles.

"Do you listen to much new music?" asks the writer as the camera clicks again.

"I haven't heard anything really new," the musician admits.

Within the last ten years?

"Well, within the last year. I'm a big Elvis Costello fan. I like Dire Straits, but that's to be expected — it's easy to see why I like them. And I like Gary Numan a lot."

You like Gary Numan!!

"Sure do," he earnestly announces.

Have you seen him in concert?

"No, but I would like to. I think his stuff is really interesting. I think he's got a real thing. I like people who have a real conviction about what they do. Convinced that they have something to say and a real way to say it."

You should meet up with Numan and do some work with him.

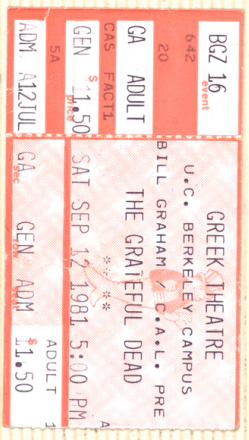
"Oh no! I'd be intimidated by him. Shit yeah . . . these guys all seem so much more together than I feel. I feel like someone who is constantly on the verge of losing it, of blowing it. I feel tremendously insecure. When I see people perform with such panache . . . I don't see how they do it. It takes tremendous nerve, tremendous balls.

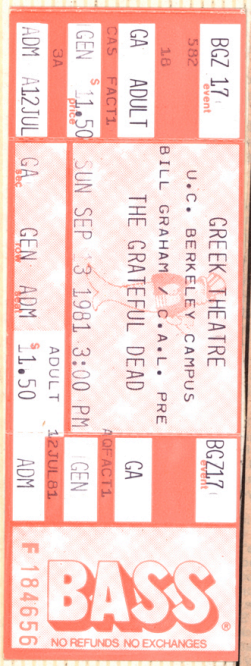
"I admire those guys. I admire Elvis Costello for his amazing output. Goddamn, the guy is so fucking prolific. For me a good year is like writing three songs. Songs don't come easy to me."

To the musician's bafflement, he's led by the photographer to a well lit mirrored bathroom for more photos. He poses uncomfortably in front of a mirror. Does he know what a mirror is? It looks like maybe he doesn't. He doesn't look too secure.

"We celebrities are used to this shit," he mock-boasts when he catches the writer's eye. "The typical bathroom shot."

*More than any other psychedelic era band, The Grateful Dead epitomised the hippie in rock'n'roll. — **The Rolling Stone Record Guide.***





THIS IS a good Tuesday. The sun is shining. The rain is falling. The traffic is moving. The tape is whirring.

The day after Joe Jackson calls me arrogant and superior at Cabaret Futura, an hour and a half after fighting my way out of bed, I'm keeping a 4.30 date in a posh hotel room with Jerry Garcia of The Grateful Dead.

We mix something like Grundy and the Pistols, or sugar and whisky. He looks like a busker drowning in a puddle of bad luck; I still have traces of make-up from the night before not quite rubbed away.

Garcia, cheery features awash in a stiff black-silver brush of hair that doesn't have shape or beginning is a collection of curves and pad straight out of one of those quaint Robert Crumb cartoons. "Yeah, well, I'm certainly part of that Crumb world," he admits.

We find things to talk about. I ask him whether he could stop existing now and not mind too much.

"Yeah, I think so. I'm not crazy about life. I wouldn't want to live here for hundreds of years. There isn't that much I'm interested in. There isn't much that I think I'm going to see that I haven't already seen."

So what sort of things concern you?

"Music. Music and drugs."

Does that limited concern manifest itself as the gross indulgence I see in Grateful Dead music?

"Weeaaall, I don't know what you see . . ."

I see gross indulgence: perhaps because you're only concerned with music and drugs. He laughs.

"No, actually I am concerned with a few other things. But in terms of what is actually compelling me to stay on this earth, there's not really a whole lot there. I'm interested to see what it's all about. It seems as though an awful lot has happened in a very short while. More has happened in the past 150 years than happened in all the time before that . . . trillions of years. It seems we're zipping up towards a moment. I don't know what's coming. But having come this far I'm determined to be around for the turn of the millenium. If nothing else. Just cos it's so close. Shit, it's only twenty years away."

He raises his eyebrows a little cheekily. So I would presume, with that sort of attitude, that political force and the like is abstract for you?

"Oh, I think all that shit is bullshit. I think the doings of people is actually really small potato. Really! It's like playground!"

What about the individual stress that pressures people?

"Even that."

What about murder?

"Well, murder may have some kharmic implications. I think the idea of death . . . I mean, everybody dies." Except The Grateful Dead I dryly interrupt. Garcia is not thrown. "Well there it is! But death is something that everybody has to confront. Murder . . . I'm not interested in murdering anybody. If there's a crime, that might be it. I feel like this because I have a lot of respect for the biological effort that has gone into putting humans here.

"If I was going to take a life I would start with my own. I flashed once that maybe a nice way for the world to govern itself would be that everyone would be issued at about five years old with a weapon. It would be like a two-way weapon. If you wanted to murder someone they would vanish instantly — but you would too! It would give everyone the power to make once in their life a life or death decision involving some other person, and they would instantly pay for it. All the hotheads would be gone *immediately*. I can imagine things working that way. It's a little radical . . . I haven't been able to sell the idea yet."

It'd be very clean.

"Something that's undramatic and unglamorous."

Thinking of the bits and snatches of drippy Dead music I've run into during the year, I tell him that, incidentally, undramatic and unglamorous pretty well sums up Grateful Dead. If you're being kind. Would he agree?

"Oh, very much," he smiles. "Very much, yes."

Impressed by his lack of anger at my lack of awe, I gain in confidence. Are you into making money, Jerry?

"Fuck no! Money! What is it? That's not to say I'm not greedy, but for me having something to do is better than having something. Having things has never been much of a turn-on for me. Having something to do is much more interesting."

Would you ever cut your hair?

"Would I! I did it once . . . I do it every couple of years. I do it once in a while, but only because it gets in my way, not because of style or fashion. I don't grow it because I have something to say. It just grows!" He laughs affectionately.

What kind of things embarrass you?

"Performing embarrasses the hell out of me! Getting on stage in front of people, shit, that's embarrassing!" He squirms. "Terribly fucking embarrassing."

But you stay on a stage for up to FIVE bleeding hours.

"Yeah! It takes me that long to get used to it. No, maybe after twenty minutes I'm used to it. I've been embarrassed by other things, like naked girls jumping out of the audience and grabbing me . . . But it can't compete with the embarrassment of just being visible."

I stare intensely at Garcia. He looks like one of those Muppets they get doing rollicking C&W music on rickety porches with Crystal Gayle. I should have asked him if he would like to *be* a muppet, but I ask him if he would like to appear on the show.

"Huhuhuh . . . No. I'm not an actor." You're a branch of showbiz.

"I prefer *The Muppet Show* to almost any other show. We've thought of it, actually. It's maybe the one show we'd be comfortable on."

He leans forward in his chair and laughs. I lean back in mine and join in.

"But it's constrictive as a format. I don't think I could fit in there. I don't think of myself as a professional performer. I just can't imagine what an audience would find interesting about my interacting with the Muppets."

But there is comedy in the music of The Grateful Dead, surely.

"Yeah! Sometimes it's funny."

Do people laugh? Or do they still hold you in awe?

"I don't know whether they laugh or not. I know that I laugh! Openly. It's very funny, sometimes. But I really don't know whether the audience laughs. I certainly don't hear great gales of laughter roaring back at me."

What kind of things do you find funny about life?

"All of it is kind of funny."

Humour seems to form the wrapping of your worldview.

"Sort of . . . but not superficially. My inner me is sort of characterised by like hollow mocking laughter. It's kind of like, well, everyone is the butt of the cosmic joke. The cosmic joke is — you're it! Oh! To me that is always very funny. The 'why me' situation. That's funny!"

There's been over a score of Grateful Dead LPs, none of them in any way essential. Do you have a quiet laugh at all those people who buy all those LPs?

"I have a lot of respect for them! I'm thankful . . . I'm thankful that anyone comes through the door to see us! Shit, hey, listen man it's been surprising to me that people haven't been walking out in droves ever since we started. Who knows why people like us . . . ."

*In their first beginning they were nothing spectacular, just another rock'n'roll band made up of suburban ex-folkies who, in '64 and '65, with Kennedy dead, the civil rights movement split into black and white, Vietnam taking over from Ban The Bomb, with The Beatles, Stones and Dylan, were finding out that the sit and pluck number had out run its course. — **Rolling Stone, August 1969.***

*The Grateful Dead acid mythology has always been, for us, a joke. — **Jerry Garcia, March 1981.***

THE GRATEFUL Dead have been meandering along for 16 years. My opinion is that it is absurd and disastrous that they still exist as a recording company. They're a kind of intricately patterned, mystical American supergroup equivalent of Status Quo, with a sliding reputation that's caught up in the outer limits of various 20th Century American myths, and they're renowned for 15-minute 'songs' and five-hour sets. They streak the face of rock'n'roll like blood sometimes streaks sick.

They co-sponsored Altamont; hired the Hells Angels. They've wandered the world generously scattering their music, like seed. They were one of the first groups to introduce the huge sound systems and complicated light shows into rock. They were one of those groups that switched the emphasis of rock away from 'style' towards 'experience'. They were "true explorers into the infinite recession that acid opened up", stars in Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. They didn't do 'gigs' — they did Acid Tests. "Thousands of people, man," Garcia said in 1969, "all helplessly stoned, all finding themselves in a roomful of other thousands of people, none of whom any of them were afraid of. It was magic, far out beautiful magic."

In the '60s the group were a family: a flowing freeform psychedelic musical experience. Sounds mediaeval. Maybe there was a weird transcendentalist drive that fitted into the formlessness and restlessness of the times, but the innocent adventure transformed easily into rock production, big business, a slimy perpetual motion. The Dead sifted into the '70s, splintered, came together and just grew and grew as if they couldn't help it. "The Dead, we all know, is bigger than all of us," said a group member 12 years ago.

They've emerged out of the '70s wasteland as '80s superstars: it's a familiar nightmare.

"We're not big big," Garcia points out with a little chuckle, "but we have our platinum and gold discs."

Instead of just disappearing into small clubs of lost America, the Dead became pop stars for the new American age. Their audience is teenage and indiscriminately enthusiastic.

What this stands for is depressing. That they are successful, celebrated, adored; that they've inevitably failed to fundamentally alter their synthesis of musical idioms; that they are unglamorous and undramatic; all this encapsulates the steady status quo of rock and roll music.

In 1980 Grateful Dead were one of the biggest live acts in America. I'm told this by a Dead helper who sits discreetly in the background as Garcia and I chat. Perhaps he wants me to realise the immensity of what I'm confronting: the super-ness of this limp tramp sat opposite me. "For the last five years the Dead have been one of the top five drawing acts in America," he intones. "Last year they were in the top three with Wings and The Who."

"So that's what we are!" smirks Garcia.

What does this mean, I scoff. My heated irrationality bumps into Garcia's sheer reasonableness.

"It means that a substantial amount of people, at least in America, are willing to come to our shows — when anything might happen. They're not expecting to see hits, they're expecting to see what's going to happen, and they realise that the show is attached to the moment. It's not a repeatable experience. It's not going

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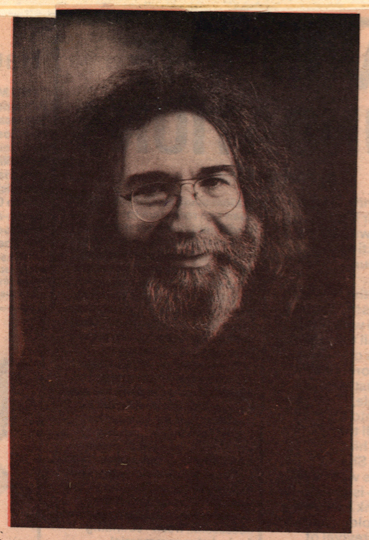

TRIP IT'S BECOME

WHAT A LONG PREDICTABLE

to be the same show from night to night."

I think the Grateful Dead mood, relaxed, reasonable, contained, is wrong for the times: it doesn't seem to be the type of music the youth of America should be getting involved with.

"Well, who's to say? Are you qualified to say what they should be getting into?"

Less than most people, I lie. But American youth, teenagers consuming pop music for the first time, don't seem to get or even want *youth* music. They seem listlessly satisfied with what's offered and channelled to them. Grateful Dead music is not young music.

"No. We're not."

I don't think the Dead mood, the acceptance, is a good stimulation for American teenagers. I think it anaesthetises their energy. It's a typical self-perpetuating American rock music.

"Well . . . I don't think so. Maybe! You'd have to ask them all! I know that our audiences get off and they come back. Our audience is a contemporary audience. That is to say they are the kids of today. How could they be anything else but?"

I still think it's sad they're throwing themselves at something that's nailed to the '60s.

"I'll admit that it's pretty remarkable for people as old as us to look out at an audience that are 16, 17-year-old kids. But their experiences are attached to today, and so are we. We're no more nailed to the '60s than anybody else. We're not celebrating an era that no longer exists. We're here and now partaking in what's going on.

"Part of our whole ship has been to open up some kind of sensitivity towards what it is that the audience are there for. Somehow it works. I don't know why it works — but the audience does. The Deadheads know. They know why we work! I'm the wrong person to ask on that level of experience.

"I do think it's strange we've got such a young audience, but on the other hand I think anyone can appreciate a certain amount of expertise. There's something you gain from doing something for 16 years with a great deal of determination without having to define it in any hard-edged way. We never say this is exactly what we're going to do, we've never enclosed ourselves, musically or any other way. It's an open-ended experience for us. So as far as the idea of change, time and fashion, everything changing, we're part of the flow for sure.

"Music at its finest addresses something that I think is universal. Whatever is great about all the music that has ever existed remains great. The music of Beethoven and Bach . . . anything that is great and uplifting and speaks the Universal. That is ideally what we would be trying to go for."

At the moment American youth seem astonishingly passive. When you emerged there was the spirit of participation and adventure. People were rummaging around. There's little of that now. Despite your popularity, the universal music you speak of aspiring to, essentially you're just a part of a perpetuation of bland, blanketing myths. Does that disappoint you?

"Well, it's a certain kind of disappointment. The world changes very slowly."

But surely it's turned against you.

"Not really."

Why not? Aren't you disappointed the way America has turned out?

"Naah! I didn't have any expectations. I started out without expectations. It's a trick. That's all. If you start out expecting to fail and expecting the worst then anything that happens is an improvement over that. So that's the kind of head I go into it with. In the '60s I wasn't imagining the world was going to be a beautiful and better place, y'know . . ."

But is Dead music a celebration of life?

"At its best moments it can be something like that. It's kind of hard to put into words. I don't really know exactly what it is. I just know that subjectively speaking there are special moments that make it feel that after being in Grateful Dead all of this time . . . we're just starting."

I gasp. Garcia concentrates.

"We're just starting to get ourselves together in a lot of ways, to start to do what we hope to do."

Does it disappoint you that after those 16 years and what you've struggled and soared through, people like me can be disrespectful of you: think you are rusty, crusty, dusty and fusty?

I just get the last –usty out and Garcia exclaims: "No! I don't give a damn. I would be afraid if everybody in the world liked us. The responsibility. I don't want to be responsible for leading the march to wherever. Fuck that. It's already been done and the world hates it. Humans hate it."

Wasn't that leading the march thing your '60s attitude?

"Fuck, no! Hell! For me the whole combination of music and the psychedelic experience taught me to fear power. I mean fear it and hate it. In those times there were lunatics that were constantly trying to get The Grateful Dead up as being the vanguard of some power trip. It was always the same thing. It was basically Hitler, y'know?"

As a creative body of sorts, can you feel comfortable within the present political and cultural context in America?

"Oh yeah. There's a lot of space for me. A lot of room. I enjoy America when America is involved in tension, y'know, I prefer a tense America. I prefer conflict. When there are difficulties going on, I like that vitality, that kind of energy. Like in the '70s it was dull, there was nothing to get mad about, nothing to get excited about, nothing to celebrate. I can live in that environment pretty successfully as well. But I prefer a little tension in the air."

You talk of tension and vitality, but I feel none of this in your music. It's dull; there's no celebration. To me it's a stream of nothing.

"Well. . .in a way that is what it is. I don't know what your exposure to our music has been but our music is not what our records are. If you see us play live you'll see that what we do is a different sort of thing. I think it'll be evident. . .it's tough to talk about. . .our music is attached to the moment in which it happens. The moment. It's very much that. It's more jazz in that sense. It's not art music. It's not form music. Things like records are a little artificial for us."

Have you ever made a decent record?

"I don't think so."

I think your music is dead dull — how would you sell it to me? Where's the vitality?

"I wouldn't try to sell it to you. If you think it's dull maybe it is. Yeah, I could find things to agree with for me our records are a series of failures. I see them in terms of what they might have been, or what I'd wished they'd been and what they weren't."

So why make records?

"Well, because it's one of the things you can do when you're a musician. What is there? When you're a musician you perform and what? make records. It's a way to conserve music. But records are not really appropriate to what The Grateful Dead does. Time alone is a big enemy of ours. On an album a short Grateful Dead song is seven or eight minutes."

Why?

"I don't know! I suppose at the beginning we were playing for a dance audience, not a listening audience, and when you play for a dancing audience you don't want them to stop, and they don't want to stop either. In those days people got real high and they danced all night. So three minutes of dancing is not enough. Fifteen minutes is really a bit more like it, for people to stretch out."

Have you heard of The Fire Engines, I say, a little ambitiously. Well, they play 15-minute sets.

"Fifteen! Phew!"

It's an injection of sheer tonic.

"Yup," grins Garcia, tight-lipped. "They're violent, tense, joyous, changeable. It's an uplifting celebration. It's in the things you're saying to me at the things you're and which I can't get out in your music

Garcia pours carefully articulated reason onto my glorious fury. "For me music is a full range of experience. In music there is room for space, there's room for quietness, room for sorrow, room for passion, anger, hate, violence."

I do agree. We still seem to be talking about different things though.

"It's not my desire to say there is only this or that. For me it's a full range of experiences, and within that it includes things like boredom. Sometimes boredom is what is happening in life, that's what it's about sometimes. Sometimes the tension between boredom and discovery is like an interesting thing. The idea of noodling around aimlessly for 15 minutes, and we are notorious for that, but then hitting on some

■ *Continues over*

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GARCIA

■ *From previous page*

rich vein of something that we may never have got to any other way, and that's the reward. I want there to be a complete vertical experience. I want it to be the full range."

I've been into music so long that I'm dripping with it: it's all I ever expect to do. — Jerry Garcia, August 1969

I'm surprised at our success. I can easily relate to the days when we outnumbered the audience. In my mind that isn't long ago. And it wasn't that different. I'd enjoy it whether we were obscure or hugely successful. Shit, I would pay to play music. — Jerry Garcia, March 1981.

GARCIA is cheery; mordant and ironic at times. His intelligence is quick and precise. He and The Grateful Dead seem to wash along in the mysterious tide of change without changing too much. It all changes and nothing much seems to change.

In 1979 a *Rolling Stone* reporter noted that Garcia looked you right in the eye and smiled encouragement. In 1981 Garcia looks you right in the eye and smiles encouragement. He noted that Garcia, however complex, was entirely open and unenigmatic. I could say the same today. In 1979 though, *Rolling Stone* was convinced Jerry Garcia had clear and inspired ideas. In 1981 I'm convinced that Garcia is a man in love with his instrument who's pretty lucky how his mind's turned out. Despite the resonance in Garcia's conversation, Grateful Dead seem to stand for the essential dowdiness of life.

Would you want to grow up like The Grateful Dead? As a force of change the Dead seem. . .dead. As a 'live draw' they're so alive if I think about it too much it aches.

Come on, Jerry, youth, rebellion, I don't want to be like the past, like you. . .pop is quick, a confrontation, flash. . .you're being consumed by millions of Americans and you're tastelessss!

Garcia chuckles, shoves a leg underneath his body and looks me in the eye with genial firmness. "First of all I don't think of myself as an adult. An adult is someone who's made up their mind. When I go through airports the people who have their thing together, who are clean, well-groomed, who have tailored clothes, who have their whole material thing together, these people are adults. They've made their decision to follow those routines. Brush their teeth regularly and all that.

If you get to that stage all you get is rock solid boredom. With no surprises, when you're pretty sure that your best years are behind you. I run into people who are 24, 25, who are into that bag and I feel tremendously intimidated by them. I feel *they're* adults.

American youth seems to be adult at 15.

"It's just a phase. It'll pass. The next group of people will dislike that so intensely and so thoroughly that they'll fight through."

That will include the resentment and antipathy towards Grateful Dead that I think should exist now.

"If it does, it does."

So if you're not an adult, what are you?

"I would say that I was part of a prolonged adolescence. I think our whole scene is that."

Moving towards what?

"Middling adolescence!" He laughs. I switch the tape off.

"Yeah, that's far enough!"

THE WRITER puts his tape recorder away. The musician eases himself out of his chair. The photographer gets his equipment ready.

The musician shakes his head as he recalls bits of the interview. "Fifteen-minute sets!" he marvels. "If I had to pay £8 for a 15-minute set I'd trip out. . .The economics of it! I would feel so guilty. Even if I did a 45-minute show so packed with emotion and intensity and everything it needed to have I would still feel like, God it ain't fucking worth it. I don't want to burn anybody. People have to work to get their little money. . .The best experiences I've had as an audience member is when I've seen a performer get excited and inspired and go over their time. Forget about time. . .forget about time and then you can think hey! an hour and a half has gone by and it seems like ten minutes! That's the stuff!"

The photographer scans the room looking for likely places the musician can pose. The musician stands looking a little lost near the window. The writer says to him that 45 minutes of his music seems to go on for two years.

"Well, have a nice rest!"

The whisky musician and sugar writer laugh, loudly. They'll never see each other again.



GRATEFUL DEAD



Reckoning
Grateful Dead

Arista

★★½

By Parke Puterbaugh

Like would-be dieters who can't keep their hands out of the cookie jar, the Grateful Dead are once again indulging in their favorite fattening pastime: issuing bulky live records for lack of new studio product.

While Deadheads can't get enough of the stuff, others may want to think twice before plunking down a ten-spot. Though about half of this four-sided, all-acoustic work has a certain appeal—owing to the homely charisma of the Dead and their following, plus some fine folk songs—much of it is pretty sorry indeed.

The main culprit is Jerry Garcia's voice. It goes flat in "Dire Wolf," cracks in "Jack-A-Roe" and drops to an inaudible murmur in Elizabeth Cotten's great "Oh Babe It Ain't No Lie." As an interpreter of traditional music (in which inflection and nuance are crucial), Garcia, with his uncertain pitch and inexpressive phrasing, is out to sea. In "Rosalie McFall" especially, he sounds like Mother Maybelle Carter with a nose cold.

Reckoning is plagued by weak material (much of it original) that tends toward the folkie dirges Garcia seems to favor. "It Must Have Been the Roses," "To Lay Me Down" and "China Doll" are Garcia-Robert Hunter songs taken at stillborn tempos, consuming over a side's worth of time to no apparent purpose. In the latter number, the arrangement falls apart midway, and an ensemble of six instrumentalists tapers off to just one guitar sawing aimlessly.

The upbeat songs belong almost exclusively to Bob Weir. Playing the crooning cosmopolitan cowboy to Garcia's gray-bearded rocking-chair sage, Weir leads the band through a brace of lively tunes. At least he recognizes the whimsy of a composition like Jesse Fuller's "Monkey and the Engineer." He even pulls off a credible version of the George Jones chestnut "The Race Is On." But, egad, here's Garcia, adding squeaky harmony to "On the Road Again" and nearly ruining it.

With its emphasis on recycling homebred American folk music, *Reckoning* is not without a rustic charm. Still, when it comes to hill-country stomps and ballads, I suspect that any average assemblage of back-porch pickers from West Virginia or Kentucky could blow the Grateful Dead clean away.

Actually, the strongest things here are a couple of self-penned cuts. "Cassidy" is atypically driving and dynamic, while "Bird Song" is lilting and airily psychedelic. Not surprisingly, "Dire Wolf" and "Ripple," which open and close the set, draw the most applause. Throughout, Garcia manages to get the same buzzing, tubular sound out of an acoustic guitar that he does from his fabled Stratocaster—no mean feat.

But this is the Dead's *sixth* official live album (four of them doubles, one a triple), and the rationale for *Reckoning* and its soon-to-be-released electric in-concert companion LP is fairly unconvincing, given the paucity of fresh material. These are supposed to be "definitive" performances, recorded during a "historic" series of concerts in New York and San Francisco last fall. Yet if many of the current takes represent the cream of some twenty-five shows, *Reckoning* is more a document of a once-memorable progressive group grown somewhat sluggish over the years than a compelling aural artifact.

Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir & Company have proved themselves capable of making transcendent music in the past. Both the Grateful Dead and their audience should be wary of settling for too little from each other in the Eighties. ❑

8-18-81 OREGONIAN

Grateful Dead insist on living

That San Francisco institution of rock music, the Grateful Dead, played in Portland Saturday night to a coliseum semi-full of remnants of the late Sixties, folks who forgot that time does not stand still.

The Grateful Dead's insidious popularity always comes as a surprise, but particularly in these days of increasing pressure on rock groups to be polished entertainers. The Dead put on a show that was looser, more disorganized than most of Portland's top local bands. This is nothing new, but the surprise comes when one notes just how long they've been getting away with it.

The band is pared down from its former extended family to a more manageable two drummers, bass, keyboards, and two guitars. Of course, Jerry Garcia is the "cause celebre" on lead guitar. Saturday night he had only to wave his guitar pick and people started cheering.

Garcia is a musician whose mystique has always eluded me, yet I have several sane friends who revere the man. His guitar solos are a signature, to be sure, and so is his lackadaisical singing.

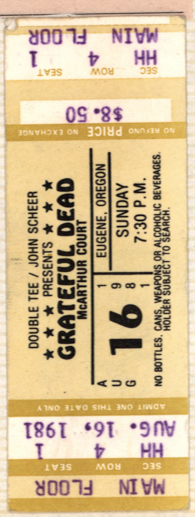
For my money, rhythm guitarist Bob Weir is the real inspiration of the group. His fine rhythmic sense gives his compositions distinction and drive that separates them from the dragged-out sounds of some of the Dead's other material, like "Tennessee" and "Candyman."

There's a real, very necessary contrast between Weir's and Garcia's compositions, revealed in the band's first set, an hour's music made up of about seven tunes and a lot of shuffling about between numbers. Weir's tunes, like "Cassidy" and "C.C. Rider" had some real muscle behind them. Maybe Weir's been lifting weights, lately.

In the two years since I last saw the Grateful Dead, many groups have played the Coliseum and they have all attempted to present some sort of cohesive show. This group, on the other hand, insists on the rehearsal approach to performance — whether out of stubbornness or true individuality, I don't know.

Karyl Severson







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Dead Heads Dead Ahead!

By Jon Pareles

AS FANATICS GO, THE DEAD Heads are pretty harmless. They gather once or twice a year for a sacred blowout, then return to private life—like the Shriners, only less rowdy. There's no Dead Head party line, no us-against-the-world mentality, and hardly any snobbery, as befits a group that's something more than a mailing list and something less than a fan club. All that unites the Dead Heads is their loyalty to the Grateful Dead's music. And while their devotion seems awesome when the Dead Heads muster for a concert, it's also as private and ragtag as the 20,000 variations on the skull/roses/lightning-bolt motifs that their fans wear as they file docilely in to partake of the hosts. The Dead have been around for sixteen years, the official Dead Heads for almost a decade, and to an amazing extent, they *need* each other.

The central Dead Heads rite is attendance at one of the band's four-hour live shows. Itineraries are announced first in the *Dead Heads* newsletter, and dates sell out quickly with a minimum of public advertising. So it's an insider's audience, not a transient crowd drawn by hearing a new Dead tune on the radio. (Right now, there aren't any.) Unlike any other bigtime rock band, the Dead exist as a touring unit above all else, and their efforts go into group playing, not hit songwriting. They put out an album a year—their next is a live acoustic set, to be followed quickly by an electric one—primarily to document new material. Royalties provide subsistence and keep the band solvent enough to hit the road. The Dead believe in the ritual, too.

For the band, the ritual demands constant interactive, improvisatory playing. One reason the Dead don't sound all that convincing on record (at least, not since 1970's *American Beauty*) is that they're not interested in settling on a solid, definitive, etched-in-vinyl version of each song. Just the opposite: they'll play around with anything that comes to mind or fingers, bouncing randomness off randomness, listening carefully to every sound in the air. Sometimes they'll follow each other a long way into the ether, sometimes they'll fall apart and pick themselves up again, sometimes they'll find something genuinely new. The Dead are last hippie band, their approach born of psychedelia, with every instant offering a rainbow of alternatives. Considering how little improvisation most rock allows, the Dead's free-flow is still a noble experiment. They can't play like their records because their short-term memories are shot, because the vibes are different, man, or because they've come up with dozens of new squiggles. You

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Grateful Dead

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can't step in the same river twice, so why play a fixed arrangement?

The Dead Heads' part of the ritual is to listen, and they do. Intently. (As in any assembly of thousands of people, there's some aura of tribal gathering, but not as much as the Dead Heads' dedication might lead you to expect. For one thing, the age spread is too wide. Fans who discovered *Aoxomoxoa* in 1968 don't have that much in common with high-school kids who like *Go to Heaven*.) Unlike Bruce Springsteen, who earned his you-gotta-see-him-live rep by running around onstage so no one would notice how repetitious his songs get, the Grateful Dead are about as theatrical as the average Maytag. They sway, their fingers move. Once in awhile they adjust their amps or step forward to sing. There's no front man to engage the crowd, no sex symbol, not even a spokesman to agree with, since no one on stage writes lyrics. Dead fans have to empathize with the band's communal give-and-take within the anarchy of the arrangements. That's headier—more cerebral, less visceral—than the idol-worship most arena bands ask for and get. The Dead don't want it.

Still, the Dead regularly face the rapt attention of coliseum-size crowds, and that's inevitably affected their music—it's brought out the band's innate gentleness. Under the pressure of the Dead Heads' concentration, even the subtlest spark can be explosive, but the Dead refuse to rabble-rouse. Fast tempos bring the fans to their feet, roaring, so the Dead play s-l-o-w. Or, when they do speed up, they play as lightly as they can, lilting but never stomping. The Dead's subtlest gestures will reach the bleachers, so they play to each other, intimately, never getting any heavier than stiff breeze. The Dead play the quietest concert you've ever heard and not from lack of wattage. They simply expect their fans to lean forward and listen to every nuance, every moving part.

The way to appreciate a Dead concert is to forget about foreground and background and listen to the moment-by-moment rebounding teamwork: the octopus double drumming of Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart, who often play rhythm and lead percussion; the way Phil Lesh's bass lines mesh with the drums, the guitars, keyboards, or no one in particular, as he chooses; the way new keyboardist Brent Mydland squeezes in between Bob Weir's strumalong rhythm guitar and Jerry Garcia's endless doodles. In a way, it's like listening to jazz—for the interplay—but jazz listeners get exasperated with the Dead because they're constitutionally nonlinear. Jerry Garcia's leads aren't directional the way George Benson's are because they're not meant to be solos, just the top-most strand in an ensemble (and frequently, the bass and drumming are the most inter-esting parts of that ensemble). The leisurely pace of the Dead's concerts allows the fans to mediate along and focus on anything interesting that floats by.

Of course, there *are* a few new refinements. Garcia has become a tone-control virtuoso, making his guitar talk in voices that are new to me: not only his trademark upper-register bends and careful feedback, but low twangs and plunks too. (His low-register playing is more decisive, possibly because it's not as easy to bend the thicker strings.) The band now hits not only its usual rolling country groove, but jazzy minor modes and a few shifty meters (like the 7/4 "Lazy Lightning") as well, both a long way from the stereotyped Dead sound. The best moments in their latest concerts come in the bluegrass-Latin groove of "Scarlet Begonias/Fire on the Mountain."

The Dead are privileged to have such an alert, encouraging audience. And you can bet they know it. In the climax of their current set, "Sugar Magnolia," Weir praises a miraculous dream girl who "can make happy any man alive." And where is she? Waiting backstage "while I sing to you." With priorities like that, the Grateful Dead have earned their Dead Heads.





AXE™

AES SPECIAL

Dan Healy on Recording the Dead 'Live'

By Diana Wendling

SAN RAFAEL — "Everybody has always said, 'The Grateful Dead have never been captured live . . . it's never like you're really there.' Well, I devised a way so that it *is* like you're really there."

Dan Healy, sound engineer for the Grateful Dead, is talking about *Reckoning*, the band's new double LP. It is a common criticism, much to a Dead Head's chagrin, that the Dead have never come close to recreating the improvisational crescendo they're known for live.

Dan Healy has been with the Dead for fifteen years and is acutely aware of this shortcoming. He knows exactly what the Dead could and should sound like on vinyl. In fact, Healy's lengthy career with the Dead is as important a factor in the creation of *Reckoning* as were the series of concerts the LP was recorded from. It gave Healy the leverage needed to recognize the subtle interplays onstage and marry them with the nuances of an eclectic audience.

The fifteen nights at the Fox Warfield in San Francisco, as well as the additional eight at the Radio City Music Hall in New York, also allowed the Dead to tune in and really listen to what they sound like—an opportunity not found when playing one night stands in hockey halls. For Healy, it was a chance to finally put to practice his concepts in pure, bare-bones recording.

"I have been working on this live recording process for the last three years," he says. "We initially set out to do the San Francisco and New York shows as just a fun trip, and actually planned to do another studio album. But I realized that these gigs would provide the opportunity to do this recording, so when I laid it out to the band, they flashed on it too."

Garcia, for one, was thoroughly intrigued by the idea. According to Healy, "Jerry is thrilled . . . for the first time he is able to hear what the Dead sound like onstage."

The reason Jerry (and you and I) can hear what's really going on is because Healy used what's known as psychoacoustics to create a sort of audio hologram. While perched on a stool at San Rafael's Club Front, a favorite hang-out of the band, he explained the basic concept:

"It's understanding how your ears work and how your brain deciphers what your ears hear. The way you know this is here (as he snaps his fingers to my left) instead of there (snapping them to my right) is not because it's louder in the left ear, but because it *arrives* at that ear faster than it arrives at the other ear. That's how you tell directions—not from volume, not from amplitude, but from *arrival time*. There's a microscopic amount of difference, but it's there."

This microscopic difference is of paramount importance when setting out to capture pure sound. Healy, having over a decade with the Dead under his belt, has developed a sixth sense for what's necessary in this regard. He knows precisely how close the mike should be to Garcia's guitar and is not one to settle for approximations. If it means calling downstage in the middle of "Bird Song" to move Garcia's mike half an inch to the right, you can bet he won't hesitate to make the adjustment.



Dan Healy at the board in the Dead's studio, affectionately known as Club Front. Photo: David Gans

The correct positioning of microphones is, of course, a crucial factor in any recording process, but Healy seems to have rediscovered the all-too-often-missing piece in this aural puzzle—*preserving* what is being recorded, so that when it is played back on home equipment the difference in quality between conventional methods of recording and Healy's is easily discernible. What's more, Healy swears that this difference is noticeable on even the cheapest stereo system.

"One of the reasons for needing high quality equipment is because of all the rules that have been broken to make a record," Healy explains. "By just placing the microphones anywhere and adjusting the EQ knobs, you're creating this veil of distortion, which means you're creating a layer of something between you and the sound. Now you multiply this factor by all the instruments and you have the reason why records don't sound all that incredible. In fact, for it to sound decent you have to have this incredible *equipment*. Now, if you don't break the rules out front, you can appreciate more of the sound from a lesser system."

The Dead's veteran sound engineers—Dan Healy, John Meyer, Betty Cantor-Jackson, and John Cutler—had a specific goal in mind while producing *Reckoning*. They set out to prove that a richer, cleaner sound could be captured without using the standard equalizing devices. One of the ways they were able to do this was by applying impeccable precision when positioning both the onstage and offstage microphones. They realized that the ambiance of the hall was a crucial factor in re-creating accurate aural images. Three pairs of microphones, plus one set of three, were strategically placed throughout the hall to cap-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

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Dan Healy

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ture the actual acoustical response of the room. Close-miking the instruments was avoided because it doesn't procure the natural sound of the acoustic chamber. Instead, it produces a multitrack image of the music that can be manipulated later with pan pots and equalizers. This will create an aesthetically pleasing sound, but certainly not pure by the Dead's engineers' definition.

Consistent with Healy's concept of arrival time, the pan pots on the console were left untouched. For *Reckoning*, "The Rules" were religiously adhered to.

"I didn't use any of the pan pots on either the recording or the mixing," says Healy. "They're basically all amplitude knobs and if you start manipulating amplitudes, you create this false sense of arrival time. That's really the wrong way to approach it since your ears and your brain don't work in terms of amplitude, they work in terms of arrival time. When you use EQ to, say, boost the treble on something, you create a *phase shift*—the high frequency notes are being boosted and shifted in time, but the low frequency notes aren't—and a distortion is created. One of the ways to get around this is to be exact when positioning the mikes, so that the arrival time is captured in sync."

By practical definition, to have a product in sync—or synchronized—is to successfully coordinate conflicting sources of input, thereby creating a digestible sound or image.

"By carefully positioning the mikes and avoiding the pan pots and all the devices that pervert the phase, I was able to achieve three-dimensional sound—an audiohologram," Healy says. "It leaves the sound pure, so that your ears can detect where it's coming from—just like when I snap my fingers."

Although the standard devices and procedures were eliminated in what appears to be a simplified process, there were many substitute steps that had to be taken. Rather than settle for one 46-track setup, two 16-tracks (which yields 30 channels) were linked with four 4-track machines. The 30 channels were used to get proper balance in the instruments, and the other 16 channels were used to capture the shrieks and shrills that emanate from the Dead Head jungle—or what Healy considers "the part that makes the experience whole."

To synthesize the two forces, he used the SMPTE time code. SMPTE is a system of pulses that serves to locate reference points on the tape. In this case, it also made it possible to strap the two 16-tracks and four 4-track machines together. By doing this, Healy was able to adjust the arrival time from the two sources of concern—the Dead and the Dead Heads.

"I recorded the stuff onstage with one tape recorder, and the stuff in the room on another tape machine," he explains. "I programmed it so the sound of the room was just ahead of the sound onstage, but synchronized via SMPTE. This way I could move the tape speed rather than use devices that would degrade the audio quality. I didn't want to use dolby or dbx noise reduction either because that also reduces the quality, even if it does take away the hiss."

Back at the Dead's studio, Betty Cantor-Jackson took hold of the reins. She began working with the Dead in 1967 as a junior member of the recording team, and for the last ten years has been the band's resident producer.

For the mixdown in the studio, Betty manipulated the playback of the four 4-tracks aurally, and was therefore able to restore the initial delay between what happened onstage and when it was heard in the audience. The special part about this was that the SMPTE time code track from the main 30-channel tape machine was run through a delay system, rather than the actual *sounds* of the audience. Since SMPTE is simply a series of pulses, similar to digital signals, it doesn't matter what happens to its quality as long as the resolver can hear it. In this way, phase shift distortion *and* additional sound degeneration due to the inherent nature of delay devices were avoided. This process also allowed for more control in the acoustic quality and a deliberate simulation of "the arrival time" in the best seats in the house.

Go To Heaven, the LP prior to *Reckoning*, was an effort that for many Dead Heads exemplified the band's inability to capture their essence while in a studio. It was not so much a mark of failure, however, as it was a conscious choice. With *Go To Heaven*, the objective was to market a slick, well-produced package in hope of increasing unimpressive record sales. It was a choice that proved incompatible with Healy's recording standards, as well as his perception of the Grateful Dead. *Go To Heaven* just wasn't his style, and he has serious doubts as to whether the album had any style at all, especially for Dead Heads.

"The producers on *Go To Heaven* took the Dead in a direction that some of our audience felt wasn't befitting—a bit too sweet and bubblegummy. I didn't agree with what was being done, so I couldn't have participated in it. I have to admit that the way studio records are approached is against my nature. I'm not a proponent of doing something a million times so that it's technically perfect but absolutely lifeless. I prefer to put the time into writing and learning the tunes instead of recording perfect renditions of them. Some of my favorite albums have the most mistakes and the most out-of-tune instruments, because that's not what makes or breaks a record for me. You can have a record absolutely perfect, and have it absolutely unfun to listen to. *Go To Heaven* was like that for me, except for the fact that it was the Grateful Dead, which by definition can't be totally useless."

On *Reckoning*, Healy was determined to record the Dead in the raw—blemishes and all. The gigs provided a golden opportunity to "indulge in soulful freedom" as well as illuminate the intricacies of live, unelectrified Dead. Healy admits that although this approach may seem radical, it can hardly be considered revolutionary.

"People have made experimental records before, but in order for an idea to get across, somebody who's real popular has to do it," Healy insists. "I am by no means the person who originally thought this up. But I am the first person who brought it to life with the aid of a very successful rock and roll band. All these guys are very acute listeners and support me 100 percent. Without the Grateful Dead, I could never have done this."

The Dead may have given Healy the green light, but a much more pervasive group of people provided the premise for *Reckoning*, the Tape Jocks—Dead Heads who make non-commercial tapes of the concerts they attend. By Healy's own admission, they played a substantial part in developing the approach taken for the album. Unlike the space cadets who find the Dead to be an effective vehicle for extraterrestrial travel, the Tape Jocks are audiophiles who know what the Dead could and should sound like onstage. They have cultivated a discriminating ear through their world travels and by Healy's willingness to let them hang around. It's a unique situation in that they are allowed to bring their equipment into a show and actually record the concert—a practice that is strictly taboo with other bands. In fact, there are those select few who sometimes plug into Healy's own equipment. The Tape Jocks have, therefore, created an amazing archive—one that Healy has used to his advantage.

"I started listening to their tapes, and heard stuff that I wasn't able to hear on our records, stuff that I never got myself," he admits. "I was really impressed. One of the reasons is because they don't have the shit to get themselves into trouble. By definition, their recordings are pure.

"So I started loaning these guys my mikes. I'd tell them, 'Okay, now I want to put them this way or that way,' so I'd have these multiple patterns. I'd get three or four of them all on a different trip each night. Then at the end of the show, we'd all get together, play our tapes and compare notes. It was great. These guys were learning and so was I.

"You see, I also started out as a junior tape jock way back in the dark ages," he adds. "I had a tape machine, too, but they only had mono back then. But I remember that my little tape machine with my little microphone used to blow me out. So I have a place in my heart for these guys."

Dan Healy's ultimate intention was to finally make a "killer record." And thanks to a little help from his friends, he might very well have succeeded.

"This album was done by the audience and for the audience. I wanted to make a record that they could put on the average sound system and tell me it was just like being there." □

AXE

NAMM SPECIAL

AX

Keyboardist Brent Mydland: New Life for the Dead

David Gans

SAN RAFAEL—Brent Mydland wasn't particularly a fan of the Grateful Dead when he joined Dead guitarist Bob Weir's solo band early in 1978, nor did he suspect that a year later he would become a member of one of rock's most enduring institutions. He has added new sonic vitality to the Dead's sound with his multiple keyboards, and he has brought much-needed strength to the band's vocals with his high, clear harmonies.

The 28-year-old Californian (born in Munich, he has lived here since he was an infant) began playing piano at age 7, and has played professionally since he was a high-school senior in Concord.

In 1975, Brent migrated to Los Angeles in hopes of breaking into the music business. He was hired by Batdorf & Rodney after the last of their three albums was released, and during his tenure they recorded one more single. Brent also met drummer John Mauceri in that band, and the two later put together their own group, Silver, which recorded one album and had one Top 20 hit, "Wham-Bam." "It was embarrassing," shudders Brent. "It went, 'Wham-bam shang-a-lang, and the sha-la-la-la-la-la thing.' It was written by somebody outside the band." Silver's career was short-lived, though—they were released by their label after a year.

Brent kicked around in other bands and did a little studio work—"just enough to pick up some spare bucks, but never enough"—and then moved back up north to Concord, where he knew more musicians personally. Meanwhile, Bob Weir was finishing up his second solo album, *Heaven Help the Fool*, and preparing to go on the road. He asked David Lindley of Jackson Browne's band to recommend a drummer, and Lindley mentioned Mauceri—who brought Brent along with him to play keyboards. "We rehearsed for about a week and then went to work," Brent recalls. "It was a little hard to cop three keyboard parts, though. I tried to take whatever seemed best, what was most prominent."

After a year of sporadic touring with the Bob Weir band (in between Weir's working periods with the Dead), Brent got a call from Weir asking if he'd be interested in playing with the Grateful Dead. "Bob said he didn't know for sure," Brent recalls, "but there was a possibility they would be looking for someone else.

"I said I'd like to try out, and a couple of weeks later I got another call saying they were definitely interested. So I listened to some of their tunes and then came in and played with them. The idea was pretty much to see if I could play the way they play and still sound like myself. I fell into it pretty easily."

Brent says he enjoys the freedom of the Grateful Dead's style. "I like the looseness, not feeling that I have to do the same thing every time. I like playing tight, too, but this is a real release from that. Any other band I've been in, we've rehearsed over and over, grinding it into the ground," he says. "With the Dead, it's more like, 'Let's not rehearse it again—it might sound too good.' Leaving it a little rough gives us something to play with."

He admits to occasionally feeling that the Dead could use a *little* more rehearsal. "I don't think we've ever run through any song more than four or five times before playing it onstage."

Onstage, Brent uses a Hammond B3, a modified Rhodes, a Minimoog, and a Prophet-5. "I have everything running through a Biamp mixer, including the Leslie speaker, which is miked offstage." He carries a spare Biamp board, and a couple of Intersound IVPs for spares and special applications.

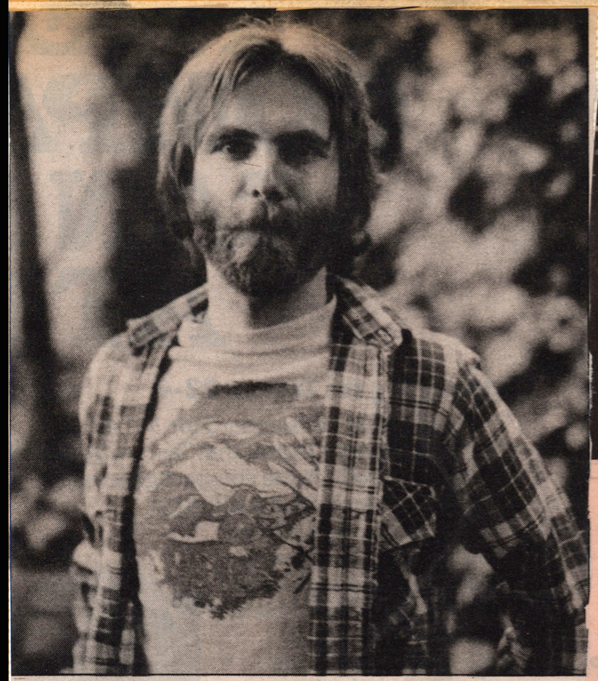
"I've got an Ibanez AD230, which is a delay or flanger. They have a new model which does both at the same time, but mine is either-or, so I have two of them. One is used on everything, and the other is just on the Rhodes."

That Fender Rhodes piano has a unique sound, with a lot less sustain and warmth than is usually characteristic of the instrument. "It's been modified a lot, and it keeps getting modified," Brent says. "I think I'm going to retire this particular piano and start over with another one. I like it for certain effects, but overall, I'd like it to sound closer to a Rhodes."

He's working the synthesizers into the act a little at a time. "I want to use them more, but it's a matter of finding places for them. As we do more new material, we'll be working it in more and more."

Brent says the problem with synthesizers in the Grateful Dead is one of time. "You have to have an idea of what you want and then find it," he says, "then use it. And the way we go, by the time I figure out what I want the music's changed and it's no good anymore."

Brent uses the Minimoog for one-note lines. "It has more balls than the



Brent Mydland. Photo: David Gans

Prophet," he says. "I use the Prophet for strings, the horn sounds on 'Feel Like a Stranger' and things like that, and sound effects."

From the mixer, Brent's sound goes through Yamaha crossovers to a tri-amped system powered by McIntosh 2300s. Heil airmotion transformers handle the highs, and 10-inch and 12-inch speakers, mainly Gauss, handle

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Brent Mydland

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mids and lows, respectively.

Stylistically, Brent lends a more solid blues-rock groove to the Dead's sound than his predecessor, the late Keith Godchaux. Commenting on the change in personnel, Jerry Garcia recently noted that Godchaux's sound was limited by his sticking to the grand piano: "It was like having another percussion instrument in an essentially all-percussion band. Brent gives us more color, more sustained tones—that's what we need."

The Dead's legion of devoted fans have greeted Brent's entry into the band with the predictable range of emotions from ecstasy to blithe acceptance to angry rejection. "I think half the people out there still think Keith's in the band," Brent comments. "Usually if they talk to me they just ask me where Jerry is, or they want tickets—they want something. A lot of times it's 'Do you work for the band?' Seriously!"

Regarding the Dead Heads' ongoing debate over the ever-changing Grateful Dead Sound, Brent says, "a lot of people don't like the change, but they've got to realize that no matter what the circumstances are, everything changes. People still want to hear the old stuff, but even if it weren't for me, the band wouldn't play the same way they did before. Little by little, everyone is evolving, becoming different musicians, having different influences.

"It's nice knowing that whatever you do, somebody in the band can relate to it. The whole spectrum is there—country, jazz, classical," he says.

Does he get told what to do by the other members of the band? "No—and I'm just starting to get used to it." □



(L-R) Jerry Garcia, Phil Lesh, Bill Kreutzmann, Bob Weir, Mickey Hart, Brent Mydland. Photo: Richard McCaffrey

Reckoning
The Grateful Dead
(Arista)

Perhaps more than any other major contemporary rock band, the Grateful Dead have consistently drawn from American musical forms that predate the rock and roll era. From the group's humble beginnings as a jug band and then an electric rock and blues band, the Dead have never lost sight of the great and diverse musics which originally inspired the individual members. If their image in 1981 to most of the world is that of an "old wave" band, it is not simply because they are veterans of the Summer of Love (though many of the band's numerous new wave detractors seem to distrust any band more than four years old), but rather because the Dead still unashamedly tap into bluegrass, country blues, and English and American folk music sources, instead of paying lip service to This Week's Trend, be it playing new wave Indian and pirate dress-up games or covering obscure Dave Clark Five songs. The Grateful Dead are timeless because they refuse to pigeonholed by labelmakers.

Like Ry Cooder and precious few others, the Dead have the remarkable ability to transmogrify entire genres. So, when they play a given tune it doesn't sound merely like bluegrass or blues, but instead it has a musical personality which is uniquely the Dead's while still being faithful to the spirit of the original. On *Reckoning*, a live, two-record set of acoustic music, the Dead traverse numerous styles, yet the chemistry within the band is so potent that there is nothing jarring about the eclecticism. Putting a bouncing mountain tune like "Rosalie McFall" on the same side with an extended jamming tune like "Bird Song" sounds odd on paper, but it works here. The success of this album is all the more amazing when one considers that the Dead had never really played live as a full acoustic band (Phil Lesh's bass being the lone electric exception) until the series of shows in San Francisco and New York where this album was recorded. (For a few months in 1970, Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir opened Grateful Dead shows with a short acoustic set, but only rarely did that segment integrate other members of the band. Here, all six members are very much in evidence throughout.)

The album offers no new material by the band members. But there are superb arrangements of such seldom-played nuggets as "Bird Song," "To Lay Me Down" (both of which originally appeared on Garcia's first solo LP), and "China Doll" (from *Mars Hotel*). This, and the introduction of several traditional country/folk/blues tunes, separates the package from the numerous live "hits" albums released over the past few months.

Sonically, it is easily the best-recorded live album the Dead have ever made. Credit should go to the band's sound wizard Dan Healy for truly capturing the ambience of these shows and mixing the various instruments so each can be heard clearly. And, for the first time ever, the record fairly follows the actual progression of the Dead's show, moving from shorter tunes to more involved free-form jams, and closing with Garcia's and Robert Hunter's strongest and most concise collaboration, "Ripple," whose lyricism and gentle Taoist philosophy has lost none of its sparkle.

As usual, the playing is fairly loose, the singing even looser, but that adds to the record's charm—it's as if the band has assembled in a living room to share these songs with a few intimate friends. It is precisely this casual "family" feeling that attracts Dead Heads to show after show.

The down-home air is at least as much a product of the types of songs the Dead offer as the way they are performed. These are, without exception, songs about common men and women—there are no songs with even remotely urban imagery (except "Dark Hollow" which has Weir singing that he *doesn't* want to be in a city); no songs about teenage love, life in the fast lane or any of the other subjects which typically become fodder for rock writers. Instead, we meet a long succession of interesting characters in times and places that seem far removed from the present but which touch upon situations and emotions that are unquestionably relevant. In this respect, the Dead somewhat resemble The Band, who forged a rock style that lyrically relied heavily on Civil War and other early American imagery, yet somehow always seemed valid for the modern era. When the two groups played together several times in the early '70s, some thought it an odd pairing, but actually the groups have always been quite similar tempermentally—just this side of sloppy, uninterested in being "stars," unself-conscious about their stage dress or deportment and fascinated with American music, history, and mythology.

It is a tribute to Garcia and Hunter that their own writing fits in so well with bits of vintage Americana as diverse as Elizabeth Cotten's haunting "Oh Babe It Ain't No Lie"; the bluegrass "Rosalie McFall"; and "Been All Around This World," which is about an independent mountain man's weary yet determined stand to remain king of his own hill. Because Hunter-Garcia songs like the lovely ballads "Must've Been the Roses," "China Doll" and "To Lay Me Down" (which has a dream-like, near gospel feel in places) are structured more like moody vignettes with imagery that exists outside of time-space considerations, the songs work both as contemporary pieces and fit in perfectly with the older, traditional songs.

There is much to recommend about this album—the versions of "Bird Song," "To Lay Me Down," "Cassidy" and "Oh Babe It Ain't No Lie" in themselves make the album worth owning—but what makes this LP a real triumph in my view is that these four sides represent, in a sense, the birth of a new musical form. Just as David Grisman and his various aggregations have developed a style undeniably their own (albeit with very clear roots in bluegrass and jazz) the Grateful Dead as an acoustic entity offer a totally different sounding folk-country-jazz amalgam, which, though occasionally flawed from a technical standpoint, has a rolling, chugging spirit that can't be denied (or defined, for that matter) and which sits outside of existing musical classifications.

The Dead have recently stopped performing acoustic sets, returning to an all-electric format (a live double-LP from the same shows that yielded the sixteen songs on *Reckoning* will be out later this year), but hopefully the group will bring with them some of the things they learned while making this record next time they go into the studio. Just as the band has successfully pioneered various electric fusions, they have proven on *Reckoning* that they can weave the same magic with acoustic music. It would be a shame if they decided not to take it even further.

—Blair Jackson



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· MUSIC ·

THE DAILY TEXAN WEEKLY
AUSTIN, TEXAS 7/6/81

Fireworks fly at Grateful Dead July 4th concert

by Jay Trachtenberg

If there were any doubts as to where I was, they were immediately dispelled when the wiry young man with the crazed glaze came up to me with a plateful of bright red fruit and asked if I'd like an electric stawberry. Where else could I be but at a Grateful Dead concert?

A Grateful Dead show is a cultural and spiritual as well as a musical event — a gathering of the tribes if you will, an invitation to craziness without fear of retribution from the straight world. Grateful Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia put it most eloquently when he suggested that the government should sponsor the Dead to go around the country playing for free and getting people high.

That's the whole idea — allowing oneself to let loose and surrender to the music. The Dead have always advocated and successfully engaged in this form of benign anarchy both in their music and in their audiences' response to the music. When musicians and fans take chances and let go like this, a certain bond is created, and from this, an unparalleled exchange of energy is generated between the two.

After all, it was this cosmic exchange that lay at the heart of the infamous acid tests of the mid-1960s. These LSD-imbued events played a most important part in the Dead's musical development — both stylistically and philosophically. The role of LSD cannot be overemphasized in garnering a complete understanding of the Dead.

As the house band at these often chaotic acid tests, the Dead were only a small component of a total happening. The audience was as, or more, important than the band in the total experience. It is this philosophy that continues with the Grateful Dead to this day. Of course, nowadays they stand most directly in the spotlight, but their role in this whole strange scheme of things, and I'm sure they would be the first to agree, is that of facilitator in guiding those willing souls to a higher plane of consciousness.

Again, Garcia was most succinct when he said "the Grateful Dead is not for cranking out rock 'n' roll; it's for getting people high." And in turn what this band does is serve up a completely different show each night they play — different songs, different jams, different vibes. The individual is given as much freedom as possible in finding his or her own cerebral niche within the music. Those heads willing to get "on the bus" seldom have any regrets.

Some nights are extraordinary from start to finish; most nights have their ups and downs, but on every night, in some way, the Dead are able to weave their own totally unique brand of magic — one no other musical entity has ever come close to duplicating. It is this magic that makes Deadheads so fanatically loyal and ever-ready to travel unheard of distances for another dose.



Jerry Garcia (left) and Bob Weir (below) jamming on a Saturday night

Photos by Joni Barnoff, Daily Texan Staff

This makes a Grateful Dead "concert" an experience that is ultimately personal and difficult to review in any general sense.

Suffice it to say that much of this show probably separated the hard-core Deadheads from the also-rans. For the true loyalist, every Dead performance is a cosmic experience with moments of phenomenal intensity and grandeur and this particular evening was no exception. Most folks, no doubt, had some difficulty along the way.

Always a band most sensitive to their environment, the Dead must have picked up on Austin's renowned laid-back mood and the gentle roll of the countryside around Manor Downs, because they served up a musical concoction that was, at least in the first set, very slow indeed. There was little energy for the crowd to latch onto and consequently both the band and the fans had a tough time exchanging any kind of sustained flow. In fact, this was the most sluggish I've ever seen the Dead begin a performance.

Part of the problem was their conservative choice of material this particular night. Relying mostly on decade-old material, the band seemed to have trouble injecting any life into these songs. This same set heard in 1971 would have been dynamite, but 10 years later it sounded tired. Besides, pacing a set with three long, slow songs to every short, fast one is no way to hook an outdoor throng all too easily distracted by fireworks and beer.

The band opened with "Jack Straw" (containing the prophetic line "leaving Texas 4th day of July.") and then groped its way through "Finario," "Me And My Uncle — Big River," "Loser" and "Tennessee Jed." The Howlin' Wolf classic, "Little Red Rooster," generated some excitement with Bob Weir's stinging slide solo. The Dead finally loosened up at the close of the set when they pulled the not-often-heard favorite "China Cat Sunflower" and its always interesting segue into "I Know You Rider."

Through all the tedium of the first set one must acknowledge the titanic bass of Phil Lesh. Laying down a colossal bottom of thunderous proportions for the rest of the band to build upon, Lesh is an often overlooked but totally irreplaceable component of the Grateful Dead's sound.

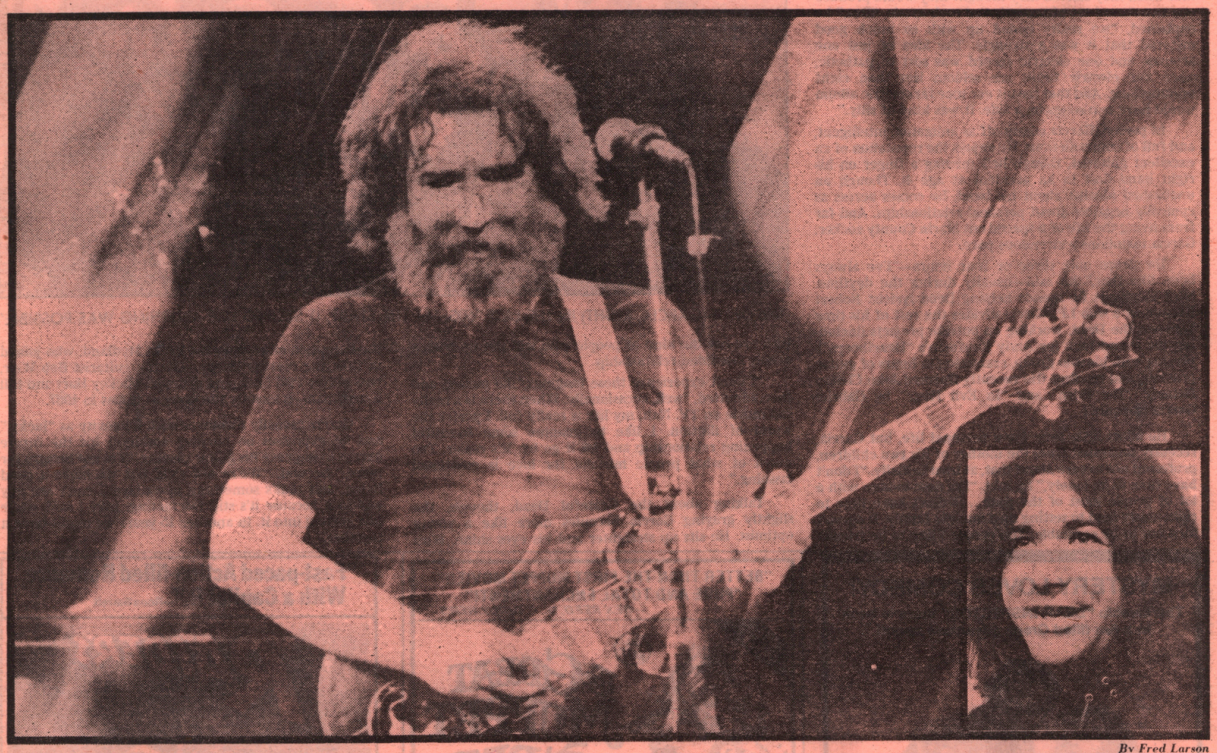
The Dead's forte always has been, and always will be, their improvisational prowess. Once they leave the structured confines of a given song and enter their own cosmos they weave immensely colorful and intricate tapestries of sound — sometimes dense, sometimes delicate, sometimes dissonant but always different from night to night. It is during these passages of flowing auditory opulence that the band completely transcends normal musical boundaries.

It was in the second set that the Dead magic eventually unfolded. Opening again with slow-tempoed tunes, Weir's "Feel Like A Stranger" and Garcia's "Bird Song," they finally started to open up. "Playing In The Band" evolved into a Bob Weir/Phil Lesh guitar-bass duo in which Weir did a masterful job of raising the energy level for drummers Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart, who then proceeded to work out extensively on a vast assortment of exotic percussion.

Things then began to get stranger and more spaced-out as Jerry Garcia noodled and doodled on a level only a true Deadhead could possibly have appreciated. This excursion gradually segued into an intense, mesmerizing "Not Fade Away." Garcia's "Wharf Rat" followed, with its towering crescendos. This in turn melted into a power-packed rendition of the old warhorse, "Sugar Magnolia." The band encored with the appropriately altered "One More 4th Of July Saturday Night." Throughout, it was the brillance of Jerry Garcia's majestic, shimmering, crystalline guitar lines that flowed through the Dead's sound and gave it a bouyant, ethereal quality.

The Grateful Dead experience is ultimately a particularly personal and individual one that cannot be adequately described or captured by written words. Through it all, what may be the most amazing aspect of the Dead phenomenon is the fact that we are midway through 1981 and can ***still*** experience the free-spirited joy that only the Grateful Dead communicate.





By Fred Larson

DEAD LEADER JERRY GARCIA AT A RECENT PERFORMANCE AND, INSET, 1966: 'IT'S TURNED OUT TO BE DEEPER THAN ANY RELATIONSHIPS I'VE HAD'

The Dead — 'Just Becoming Alive'

By Liz Lufkin

WHEN AN up-and-coming band known as the Warlocks approached Bill Graham back in January, 1966, and told him the group had just changed its name to the Grateful Dead, the rock promoter was certain the group had made a major mistake.

"He was mad," recalled Dead leader Jerry Garcia recently. "So he put up a blank picture, like a boxing poster, saying 'The Grateful Dead, Formerly the Warlocks.' He wanted to make sure people knew who we were. Like a lot of people, the name gave him the creeps."

The name gives few people the creeps any more. For more than 15 years since that off-beat Haight-Ashbury San Francisco beginning, the Dead have been playing music, and, in fact, Garcia believes they are just starting to warm up.

In a sense, he's right. The Grateful Dead always has had its hard-core, cult following. But today the Dead draw remarkably diverse audiences to its concerts, not just nostalgic veterans from the '60s counterculture. Last year the Grateful Dead released one of its most successful albums in years, "Go To Heaven." It went Top 20, and for a while it looked as if one cut from the album, "Alabama Getaway," might give the Dead a hit single for the first time ever. And this year, the Dead plans to release two double albums within months of each other.

But Garcia does not consider this new-found burst of popularity and productivity surprising. The husky, bearded Dead leader leaned forward to light another cigarette while sitting in a friend's Mill Valley living room late one night. Nothing about the Dead's long, strange trip, he said, has ever surprised him.

"AT THE time we started... it seemed like anything was possible," said Garcia. "It looked like we might be at the wheel of this vehicle that was the beginning of the final chaos, the end of civilization. You know, LSD and all that.

"The Grateful Dead has been everything conceivable. Sometimes it has scared the heck out of me. Other times it's been like a joke. Sometimes I cling to it for security. It's turned out to be deeper than any relationships I've had."

It's been just as intense for the many of the Dead's followers. Nowadays, approaching-40 ex-flower children and 14-year-olds who weren't even alive when the Dead first started playing, mingle at Dead concerts, one group still flirting with the '60s, the other trying to capture something they think they missed.

The Grateful Dead is one of the few bands left that can deliver both. The Dead's repertoire—a curious mix of blues-influenced rock and roll, peppered with bits of folk, country, and jug band music—has changed little over the years. But then again, the Dead never placed much emphasis on commercial success. In fact, Garcia almost boasts of the lack of it.

"We have never been pertinent in that world," he acknowledges. "We're definitely a minority act. I think of us as some kind of experiment. We're not trying to conquer. We're explorers but in a weird way."

A good part of that is because the Dead still operates in the organic methods of the '60s. And now that the Dead is signed to major label Arista Records and tours regularly again, that seemingly outdated, very loose mode-of-operation ironically has become its major asset.

While most groups step onstage with a carefully rehearsed show, the Dead maintain an individuality by relying on what they call audience "vibes." Even Garcia has a hard time explaining exactly how it works. "The people in our audience work as hard as we do," he said. "They suffer when we suffer."

But Garcia is a little more clear on what's been happening with the Dead in the record studios. "Grateful Dead Reckoning," the group's all-acoustic two-record set recorded live at San Francisco's Warfield Theatre and Radio City Music Hall in New York, is already out. And the companion electric album, still untitled, is due out in September.

In prosperous times, two double albums seems risky. In today's tight market, it could turn out to be suicidal.

See Page 34

Jerry Garcia, with his Jerry Garcia Band, will appear at the Bay Area Keystone clubs this weekend, Thursday in San Francisco, Friday in Palo Alto and next Sunday in Berkeley.

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Garcia and the Dead

Continued From Page 33

But Garcia thinks the dual release makes sense. He said that when they started they thought they would produce one two-record set of acoustic-and-rock music. "But," he explained, "we really ended up with so much good material that it was a struggle. The idea of just one acoustic and one electric record was sort of pathetic, since our electric tunes are seldom less than eight minutes long. And that meant our nice fat electric album would have two songs on a side. It was kind of silly."

In person, Garcia comes off as animated, intelligent, and full of contradictions. He enjoys the reputation of an excellent guitarist, though he's missing a finger on his right hand (lost in an accident at age 4). Though an unabashed idealist about his band, he comes across as cynically negative about personal relationships. And far from living the life of a spaced-out Marin County rocker, Garcia maintains a strenuous pace.

He sleeps only three or four hours—"I've always been like that," he said—usually during the daytime. Most mornings he spends helping Dead lyricist Robert Hunter on a solo LP. Garcia divides the rest of his time between the Dead, working on outside projects (including the soundtrack for Andy Kaufman's "Heartbeeps"), playing with his solo group, cramming in hours of guitar practice, and reading. (He recently finished John Clellan Holmes' "The Horn" and "In Evil Hour" by Gabriel Garcia Marques.)

He allots little time for a personal life, but Garcia, recently separated from the mother of his two children, professed not to care about that, at least initially. "I don't have time to be lonely," he said. "I'm nose-to-nose with a lot of people most of the time . . . I don't have time to righteously lend to setting up a nuclear family. It doesn't turn out to be equitable. The people I like to be friends with are not the kind of people who will put up with a deeply one-sided relationship.



THE DEAD (GARCIA, RIGHT) IN THE LATE '60S: 'AT THE START, IT SEEMED LIKE ANYTHING WAS POSSIBLE'

"I don't experience those longings," he paused and then admitted, "well, occasionally. When there is a really sad movie on TV. Nah, my life is really full. I perfer the world of illusion. I like to imagine some beautiful happening relationship and let it go by. It's easier. Too much of what people mistake for love is emotional lassoing."

Talking about the Grateful Dead, though, the slightly graying Garcia becomes more like a young optimist. He sits up straighter and his eyes shine. With the exception of keyboardist Brent Mydland, who joined in 1979, the current lineup—Garcia, guitarist Bob Weir, bass player Phil Lesh, and drumers Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzman—is exactly the same as it was in 1967.

Garcia casually dismisses such longevity as "lucky," and he expresses no burning ambition for the future except to improve his guitar playing. "I'm not hungry for more," he said. "We're not rich, but we make a good living, and that's something nowadays. I can't see any end to it because it's still fascinating. Like I said, we're just getting into it. In another 15 years we might have it together."

Flashes

AN OPEN LETTER TO JERRY GARCIA

Dear Jerry,

Why won't you talk to us? Mick Jagger talked to us, and so did Bob Marley and Norman Mailer. Even G. Gordon fuckin' Liddy, the guy who organized the DEA and came up with Operation Intercept—even our worst, most deadly enemies, have talked to us.

You talked to Tom Snyder. You did a *whole show* with Tom Snyder. Do you think that Tom Snyder ever waited outside the Fillmore Auditorium or Madison Square Garden with a head pumped full of acid singing "Riding that train, high on cocaine . . ." over and over and over again? You bet your Stratocaster he didn't.

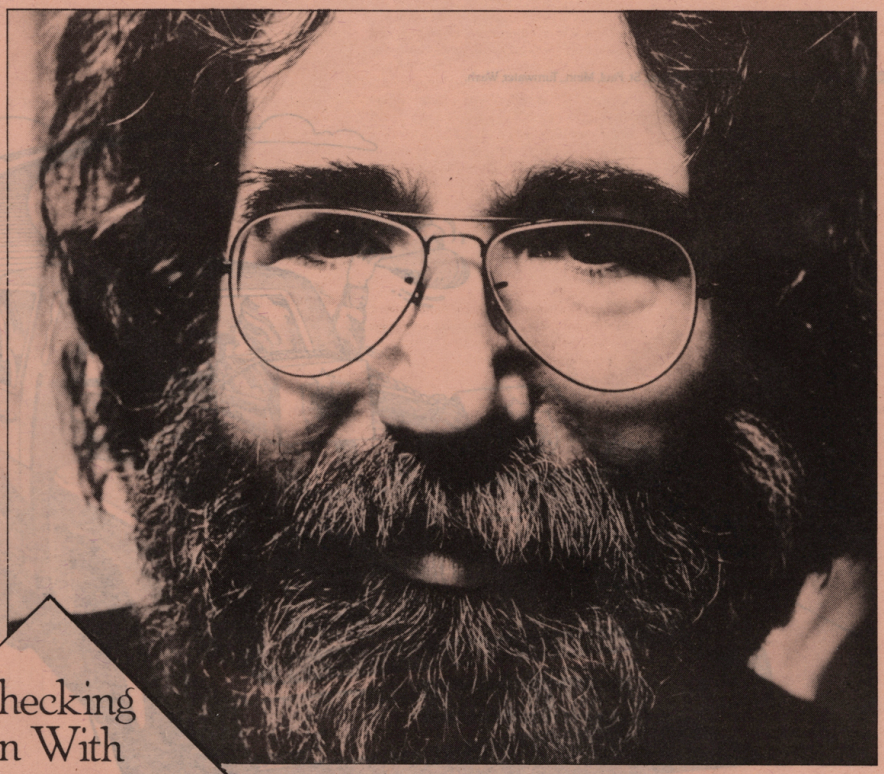
But forget that. Forget about the dozens of pathetic little messages we sent backstage to you. Forget about your old buddy from the Prankster days, Paul Krassner, who we sent to your house only to be told by a Chicano cleaning lady with a rag on her head that you'd moved. Forget about our publisher, Andy Kowl, who as a youth did severe and permanent damage to his larynx, screaming "Dark Star" across the continental United States, and who now sits alone in his office holding his head in his hands, muttering, "Why, why, why?" Forget all that shit. And think about "Capt. Trips." Remember him? The old Jerry would have talked to HIGH TIMES. Pigpen would have seen to that.

What's happened? Is it something we've said, or something you've smoked? What's wrong with us? Have not HIGH TIMES readers feelings? If you prick us, will we not bleed? Are we not fed by the same food and driven to boogie down by the same guitar licks as viewers of the "Tomorrow" show? Why have you hardened your heart against us? Jerry, we swear by the four remaining fingers of your right hand that we wish you no harm. All we want is for you to like us—and give us an interview.



Help us help Jerry: If you'd like to see an interview with Jerry Garcia in HIGH TIMES, write him and tell him so. Send your letters to Why Jerry Why?, Dept., c/o HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023, and we'll make sure he gets them. Don't delay, Jerry's future is in your hands.

Chuck Pulin/Topix



Checking In With JERRY GARCIA '81

PART ONE

"Not the Grateful Dead again!" The cry is as predictable as the return of the swallows to Capistrano. It echos through our offices for weeks before the publication of any issue featuring an article about the Dead, and as soon as the magazine hits the streets we brace ourselves for an onslaught of letters from new wavers and self-proclaimed "modern" people decrying our coverage of this "stone-age" band.

Why do we do it? The answer is simple, though not uncontroversial. The fact is, the Grateful Dead is the only major rock band that still plays highly improvisational rock music. Among the founders of the band were a serious banjo picker, an avant-garde classical composer, and a blues singer-harpist. The variety of influences and the open mindedness of the talents in the band has given the Grateful Dead a depth and breadth of style that most groups just don't approach.

Essentially, the Grateful Dead is an ongoing experiment that started sixteen years ago and has involved millions of people along the way. Though frequently accused of being "relics of the '60s" (a largely meaningless phrase — are be-bop players deemed "'40s relics"?), the Dead have experienced a steady growth in the size of their audience. They are consistently among the top two or three concert acts in the country, even though their records rarely make significant inroads on the charts.

When the "major" media began to pick up on the Grateful Dead recently — mainly in connection with the band's 15th anniversary last year — it seemed that much of the talk centered around the drugs and the lifestyle reflected by the most visible among the Dead's legion of devoted fans. The spaced-out image has carried over to the band, too, particularly the Dead's lead guitarist and long-time spiritual figurehead Jerry Garcia. When we sat down recently with Garcia for a pair of loose three-hour chats, we found him to be anything but the burned-out drug casualty Dead detractors undoubtedly believe Garcia to be. Rather, Garcia struck us as a vital, curious and extremely well-read man with a deep interest in philosophy. He is articulate in describing his music and what the Grateful Dead means to him. Further, he is acutely aware of the strange power the Dead's music has — he marvels at its mystery much the way any Deadhead would.

Part I of our interview deals with a number of different topics, ranging from how Garcia structures his free-flowing, often intricate solos, to his thoughts on worshipful Deadheads. In Part II (next issue) Garcia discusses the band's rela-

BY BLAIR JACKSON & DAVID GANS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENNIS CALLAHAN

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tionship with record producers, projects on the fire, and his views on songwriting.

Why do you think there aren't more bands that play heavily improvisational rock?

I couldn't tell you. I just don't know. We do it because it's our basic drive, an inescapable part of what we do musically.

At one point there were lots of bands who did it, and then they dropped off one by one by one, and now there's the Grateful Dead.

Well, one of the reasons is that all the pop music trends have been song-formula oriented. You can't say that improvisational rock and roll is a leading trend. It isn't exactly in the forefront of what's going on in music.

Yet bands coming up would see in your experience a constant growth in terms of audience. In '71 you were playing the Fillmore East, and now you're playing Madison Square Garden. It's certainly not anti-commercial music.

No, but we don't get that much exposure, and when we do get exposure on the radio, it's not our improvisational stuff. There is no place for that to happen. I guess that's partly the reason that a lot of young musicians that are happening now and getting their first exposure, choose a framework in which they play three-minute songs and put on a snappy show. It seems that things go in fits and starts, and maybe even big waves and patterns. Maybe an improvisational approach to music will be rediscovered in one of these flashes.

There's a very, very recent new psychedelic music, post-punk, which may find itself going in that direction, but I don't see that direction ever really being *prominent*. It really depends on whether the players see their music as being able to support improvisation. If there are young players who enjoy playing improvisational rock and their playing is interesting enough that their audience enjoys it as well, then they will be encouraged to do that the way we've been encouraged to do it. We do it partly because it's who we are. We even did it when we were playing in bars, five sets a night — and the bar owners *hated* us for it. [Laughs]

It's really difficult to extrapolate from the Grateful Dead to music, the music business, or the music scene — we're really not quite in that whole world as it's presently constructed. We're like the exception to every rule. We're in some kind of non-formula, non-linear developmental path which is definitely growing. We are experiencing personal growth in terms of our audience. It's not like we're just dragging along the same audience, we're actually getting new people. I don't really know why that's happening.

Do you feel much of an affinity to some of the more rock-oriented fusion bands like, say, Weather Report?

Not really. I don't know why those guys, with their ability, don't have a concept that involves much more ensemble improvisation. They're certainly capable of doing it, but they don't for some reason. They hint at it in their formal arrangements. There's talk in their arrangements, nice things that happen between Jaco Pastorius and Wayne Shorter that are interesting, that they write formally. They are usually melodies and harmonies, and it would be fun to listen to them just play against each other in a more conversational style. I can hear it in my mind's ear, so to speak. But they don't do it, and I don't know why they don't.

That whole generation of players, all those guys — Weather Report, Return to Forever, Al DiMeola — have that thing of real rigid solo structures, and I don't know why it is that they have chosen to tie themselves to that. I think it really limits the dynamism that's available to them in the music. They're the first generation of really schooled musicians, the first jazz musicians who have as good a command of electric instruments as rock and roll players have. It's the first time that that technology has found its way into "serious" music.

There's this whole new generation of players that woodshedded at home for ten years and never played with anybody. They have incredible licks —

But nothing to say.

No musical social skills.

And they have difficulty working in a band context. It's not enough to just be good at your instrument — you also have to be able to get along with other musicians. That means that you have to have an approach to music which allows flexibility. You can't be entirely dogmatic, entirely self-serving to play with other musicians. You can't expect other musicians to play only your music. Music stores are full of great musicians — guys that play real great but don't have either the ability to get along well with other musicians or they don't have a personal statement to make musically. It's like having a lot of technique and nowhere to go with it. Those are the curses of musicians — they always have been.

There's an emotional tone about the Grateful Dead that's unique, that makes it almost more like theater than music, because there's that same mental relationship to the stage.

It's the same chemistry.

There's much more trust happening at a Dead concert than is ever required at a James Taylor show, for example.

That's right. There is this mutual agreement that allows the whole thing to happen. I'm concious of that. It's definitely that for me. Being in the Grateful Dead is taxing in a way that nothing else is. When it's hard, it's the hardest thing there is, and when it's easy, it's magic.

When is it hard?

It's not quite black and white. If things aren't happening really perfectly then the Grateful Dead is really hard work. If things are happening in some kind of special way, then it's the easiest thing in the world — it's reflexive, almost. You don't think about anything, you don't plan anything, and it's no sweat. There's not much effort involved. It's either one or the other — there's no middle ground.

If I tell somebody from the audience, "Tonight was really hard work, and it seemed impossible to get anything together," I always get these reports back that it was great. I'm not able to tell whether or not what happens to *us* emotionally or physically has any kind of relevance to the way everybody else experiences it. One of the things that's amazing about it is that everybody experiences it on their own terms. But from the point of view of being a player, it's this thing that you can't make happen, but when it's happening, you can't stop it from happening. That's the closest I can come to really explaining it. I've tried to analyze it on every level that I can, and all the intellectual exercise in the world doesn't do a thing — doesn't explain it one way or another to any degree of satisfaction.

The Grateful Dead has some kind of intuitive thing — I don't know what it is or how it works, but I recognize it phenomenologically. I know it because it's reported to me hugely from the audience, and it's something that *we* know because we've compared notes among ourselves in the band. We talk about it, but all those things are by way of agreeing that we'll continue to keep trying to do this thing, whatever it is, and that our best attitude to it is sort of this stewardship, in which we are the custodians of this thing.

> "Being in the Grateful Dead is taxing in a way that nothing else is. When it's hard, it's the hardest thing there is, and when it's easy, it's magic."

Somebody once wrote, "The Grateful Dead is immortal, but these men who play in the band are not."

That's exactly right, and that's the way we feel. It takes the responsibility out of our hands, which is comfortable. It's scary if you feel like you're responsible for it — that's a lot of energy to be responsible for. I've had to pay those dues in the psychedelic world.

You know how much power is ascribed to you — to the band as a whole, but to you as the focus.

Yeah, I know, and luckily I've already been able to disqualify myself from it. I know it's not me. They make the association, but that isn't the case — well, it doesn't really matter what they believe, I've already tested it. People can believe whatever they want — I know from personal subjective testing that that is not the case.

Everybody has their own version, and that's good. That's one of the things about music that makes it a special thing. It can be experienced that way — it's so close to being perfect fascism.

What does that mean?

Well, it's so close to being perfectly manipulative. It borders on that, and people who use formula things on the audience are basically manipulating them in the same sense that fascism manipulates people.

You mean show-biz tricks?

Sure. That's just what they are, show-biz tricks.

There's a certain amount of that involved, though, with what you do.

Oh yeah, a certain amount of it, but our trip is to learn the tricks and then not use them. For us, we've discovered them — "Oh, far out, when we do this, look what happens to the audience." "Yeah, let's not do that." We want for the Grateful Dead to be something that isn't the result of tricks.

It's always struck me that in the second set, where theoretically things are very open-ended and loose, there always seems to be a time where you're in the middle say, of, "Stella Blue," and all of a sudden you just change into "Sugar Magnolia," which is like the most manipulative thing you can do. It says to everyone, "This is the end of the show, no matter what mood you're in. Get into your party mood, 'cause this is it." You can't get much more manipulative than that — it's really no different than what other groups do.

We end up closing the door just like we open up the door. In that sense, we create that framework. It has its ups and downs.

So in a sense, you are conscious of it as a "show."

The contour of it . . .

Wouldn't it be interesting, though, if you ended on a down note, if suddenly the end was "Stella Blue?"

We've done it. We used to end with real dire things in the old days — we used to end with "Death Don't Have No Mercy," and things like that. I like to end it gently sometimes. I really feel like I'd like for it to taper down. Well, there are always those possibilities. [Guitarist Bob] Weir sort of pushes the show-biz stuff.

At the beginning of the Dead's association with Arista Records, it seemed like [label president] Clive Davis had a genuine personal interest in the group. Do you still deal with him directly?

Once in a while. He likes Weir and me — he's impressed with us, and he likes to think of himself as a person that people like us like to associate with. I've never been able to fuckin' understand it.

Does he come up and hang around the studio then?

No. God, he wouldn't dare. He's totally afraid to do anything like that. But every once in a while he talks about lyrics. He complained about the lyrics Brent [Mydland, keyboardist] wrote — thought they weren't Grateful Dead enough. I don't know *what* he meant by that.

Brent said Clive made him change the lyrics.

If I had been Brent I wouldn't have done it, and I didn't know that Brent was going to take it that seriously. He never should have done that — what the hell does Clive Davis know?

Brent is a talented guy. I hope he gets a chance to get his stuff going. He's a good writer, he writes nice songs. He needs to relax, and to get a non-interference relationship going with Weir. Weir is like a great interferer in other people's work. [Laughs]

Brent has even picked up a lot of speech patterns and phrases from Weir.

It goes around, because Weir steals from Brent, too. Weir steals from everybody. He's a shameless thief.

You said he hides his thievery very well, though.

He does. He's good at it. On guitar, he's copped to having been influenced by people, but I can't hear it in his playing. He says he's been influenced a lot by Pete Townshend, and I can't hear it. And a couple of other people, too. You'd have to

be Weir to understand what he meant, or to have followed the evolutionary path that he's followed.

I've been affected by people, too, where I haven't been influenced by the notes they played but by the attitude, the gesture — the other part of it. The substance rather than the form.

Give us an example.

Oh, like John Coltrane — I've been influenced a lot by Coltrane, but I never copped his licks or sat down and listened to his records and tried to play his stuff. I've been impressed with that thing of flow, and of making statements that to my ears sound like paragraphs. He'll play along stylistically with a certain kind of tone, in a certain kind of syntax, for X amount of time, then he'll change the subject, then play along with this other personality coming out. That really impresses me. It changes in a holistic way, where the tone of his axe and *everything* changes. It's a complete vertical change, then it'll narrow down to a point, then it'll open up again.

Perceptually, an idea that's been very important to me in playing has been the whole "odyssey" idea — journeys, voyages, and adventures along the way. That whole idea has been really important to me. Golden Gate Park is another example of something that works that way —

You can step over a hill and be in another world?

Yeah. All of a sudden you're in one of those places where everything is that weird, prehistoric-looking shit, huge ferns — and it changes seamlessly from one thing to another. It's just a beautiful work — to walk from one end of Golden Gate Park to another, you go through all these different worlds. And they really are different — their whole texture and everything. It's the work of an artist —

In that case, it was probably a conscious construction. Whereas with Coltrane it would be more instinctive —

Right, but maybe not. Coltrane was a smart guy. He knew what he was doing — he spent a lot of time studying music.

Do you always know?

What I'm doing? In what sense?

Like in a long solo passage where you'll play those paragraphs, and maybe change something in your signal processing and start a new thing — or sometimes it won't even be a gross change like that, but you'll change modes or scales.

Sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. It used to be more rambling than it is now. Somewhere through the '70's, it's been my goal to be more in charge, to know what I'm doing. So now, pretty much, if you stopped me in a long solo I'd be able to tell you what it is I'm trying to do. I've got that kind of a handle on it. But when things are going really well I know automatically — certain lengths start to be apparent. I automatically know how long eight bars is, sixteen bars, and where the "one" is going to be. I can turn it around all different kinds of ways. I like to be able to know where it is, but I also like to be able to forget about it entirely.

In the Grateful Dead there's a certain philosophy about that. Rhythmically, you always know — our policy is that the "*one*" is where you think it is. It's kind of a Zen concept, but it really works well for us. It makes it possible to get into a phrase where I can change into little phrase spurts, spitting out little groups of notes that are attached fives — five in the space of four, or five in the space of two is more common for me — and then turn that into a new pulse, where those fives become like a sixteenth note pulse.

Then I'm inside of a whole irregularly rotating tempo in relation to what the rest of the band is playing, when they're playing, say, the original common time. It produces this ambiguity. But all I have to do is make a statement that says, "end of paragraph, AND, *one*," and they all know where it is. We all have that kind of privilege — it's partly something we've allowed each other, and partly something we've gained the confidence to be able to do just by spending a *lot* of time playing together.

When we started working on "The Eleven" back in the late '60s, we'd spend hours and hours and hours everyday just playing groups of eleven, to get used to that phrase, then we started working out things in seven, and from seven we started working out things that were like two bars of seven, three bars of seven, four bars of seven — patterns, phrases and licks that were those lengths and play them over and over and over again.

In an almost academic way?

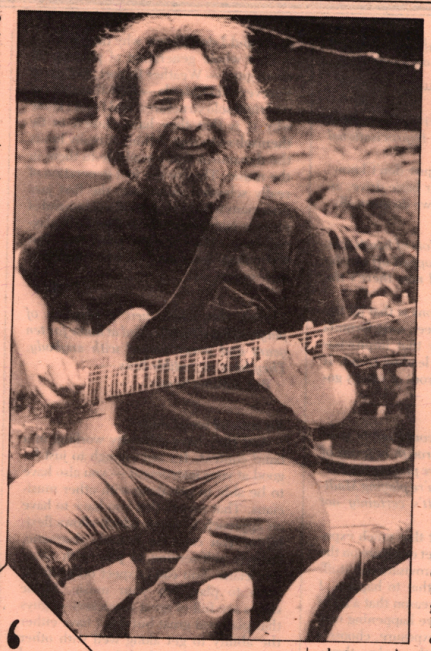
Oh, yeah, a real academic way. We *had* to do it because you can't play confidently and fluidly in those times without really knowing what you're doing. God, you can't play the way the Grateful Dead plays without working at it. It's not something that just *happened* to us.

It didn't happen overnight, either. There was a long, slow process that brought that into being. It really started when Mickey [Hart, drummer] first met Alla Rakha [an Indian tabla master]. He was completely blown out — it was the first time he'd ever heard Eastern players. He was so impressed with the level of technical ability, and the times they used. The odd times got to be a big thing, because with Mickey, technique was no problem — he was a champion drummer. As far as technique, he was a guy of national stature.

Mickey's background was fundamentals, which is more the military trip and less band music. It was the combination of tremendous freedom and tremendous discipline that really impressed him about Indian music, so he started right away studying with Alla Rakha. That influence got the rest of us starting to fool with ideas that were of certain lengths. The challenge with us was, "How do you take these lengths and make them translatable to Western body knowledge?" Westerners' body knowledge is basically twos and threes and fours, smaller increments. It's harder for Western ears to hear the large divisions, the long meters.

Dancing to "The Eleven" . . . well, people dancing to the Dead in general don't look like people dancing to most other music.

No, it doesn't, but it's still rooted in gravity and human body design, like all dancing is. Dancing is a function of gravity acting on the body, and the body is basically a gravity-designed thing. It's evolution. Things like the backbone are functions of this gravity on this specific planet. You jump up in the air, and gravity pulls you down at a certain rate. That's the reason why the march is always 110 [beats per minute], and when you march there's always a certain meter, which is marching meter — it has to do with the average stride length of a human.



> "What would we do without psychedelics? How grey life would be without psychedelics. How limited."

How much thought do you put into this?

A lot. I haven't thought about it in some kind of methodical, mad scientist, "Now-I'm - gonna - make - music - that - makes - people-dance" way, but just in terms of, "Why do some things work and some things not work?"

Why in some grooves do you look for some slower division of the meter? If something's going terribly fast, you look for a slower part of it, the half time or whatever. Something to get comfortable with, where your body knowledge works for you. It's part of what makes music so compelling. Music is like echoing, and talking about, physical law.

Other people, in other kinds of music, think about music that deeply. In Indian music, they have organized it to the point where the intervals in any one of those ragas have a definite emotional connotation. It probably has to do with some kind of real, nervous-system recognition. The nervous system has some rate, which you can describe as pitch.

Have you given much thought to that in Western music?

Yeah, but I'm not trying to codify it. In Eastern music, it is formalized. There's a raga for each time of day, and so forth. There are ragas for particular activities, and then within each raga, each of the intervallic relationships all has some definite, specific emotional sense. That's the way the music is structured — it's part of the learning process.

Are you and the other members of the band conscious of how lucky you are to have had the incredible musical freedom you've had? You've been able to attempt virtually every kind of music — some of it has worked and some has not — and night after night the crowds are there, waiting for what it is you offer them.

Yeah, you're right. We're insanely lucky! I appreciate it like crazy. At the same time, I don't think any of us feel that we've gained an improved position — in the larger sense — in life by virtue of doing what we do in the Grateful Dead. We're frequently seen as being privileged somehow, but being in the Grateful Dead doesn't exempt you from anything particularly. The reward is a fleeting, existential kind of reality, where the most important thing is the gig that just happened. Everything that we've done is culminated in the last note that we played. If it was a bad gig, it's like there's nothing but suicide, that the only reasonable thing to do is end it all. But the hope that there'll be a better one is an ever-present possibility. Luckily, they change for the better often enough so that it isn't complete darkness. But the nature of the experience is such that it's just balanced, really, on the most recent experience. No matter how good it's ever been, if the last gig was a bum one, God, you're stuck.

Do you get suspicious if you have a streak?

Yeah, then I start worrying, "What's gonna go wrong?"

You say, "Maybe I'd better screw this up."

Sure, that's exactly right! I've gone through so many of those things, all the way up to and including perversely trying to make it be as miserable as I can. But I wouldn't want it to have less range than that. If it had less range than that, we would be cutting it off somewhere short of its full capacity as an experience.

Seeing as how we're living our life through this medium, "Grateful Deadness," whatever that is, we're using this as a medium and we definitely want it to have as much room as it can possibly have, and that means it should be able to incorporate all the shading and all the changes that you can possibly put yourself through. It should have that much room — otherwise we would be making it too small, and it wouldn't fit.

According to all the rules by which other musical aggregations play, you guys are failures. But you've survived outside those definitions, and it's a privilege in that respect.

That is true, but I don't believe we're doing anything extraordinary. My feeling is that if any person felt there was something they were involved with that they could put as much energy as they wanted to, and did so, that their life would give them the kind of freedom that we seem to have, as well. In other words, we're just

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doing what can be done.

But you're involving thousands of people in it.

And, hopefully, someone will see it — and a lot of them do — as a model. In fact, some of my ideas about it come from the input that I've gotten from other people, who have seen tremendous amounts of stuff in it — stuff that I never would have imagined, really. For me it's been a learning process.

One graphic artist turned me on to a whole level of what the Grateful Dead does that I wasn't even cognizant of until this guy sat me down and showed me his version of the Grateful Dead, what it meant to him in terms of influence. He showed me this whole series of prints that he'd made, and he hipped me to the idea of full range, which was an exciting concept to me at the time. His name is Wilfred Satty. [Satty is a well known collage artist and illustrator who has published books and used to be a regular contributor to *Rolling Stone*].

He took me over to his house after a Dead show one night and really turned me on. He's one of the first of the environmental artists of the early '60s. He showed me all these prints that were made by assembling bits and pieces of prints. He's a lithographer, sort of. He showed me these, and each one was slightly different from the others, but each one was a print all in itself. It was the graduation, the overall effect, that he was trying to show me. He told me about what it was like to see the Grateful Dead when he was stoned on acid, what it meant to him visually. Sometimes he would just be terribly sick and brought down and it would make him cry, and sometimes it was beautiful and joyous.

Acid is changeable like that. I've had whole other universes dissolve and reappear. I've had things that were visual, but they were hyper-visual, they were extra-visual, they were more than visual, I would have to say.

I had this experience when I was living up in Olompali [in Marin County], when I completely blew myself out. A few of us all took a big hit of acid and a hit of mescaline at the same time, and I laid down and close my eyes. But I could see. It was like my eyes were still open. You know where your vision ends, the periphery? All of a sudden that started to open like an old-time coffee can with a key, that metal band, and my vision opened out until I had 360-degree vision. There was this pattern that I kept seeing, and I thought if I could only get enough distance on it I could *read* it. This pattern finally opened up to 360 degrees and it revealed the word "all." It was a totally cosmic experience. Somehow, the way it was put together, the fabric of the lettering contained in its whole design every kind of thought form somehow.

It was just an *amazing* experience, really, and it was beyond visual. It was effectively opened out into some kind of totally "other" dimension beyond time and beyond physical reality.

During that day, more happened to me than would happen to me in a thousand lifetimes. I'm still mulling over that day. There was so much information that was revealed to me, like DNA or whatever. It was like infinite lifetimes. But I can revisit it, and it had the same effect on me as any experience I've ever experienced in this life, certainly.

Was it totally outside of real life?

As far as my subjective reality, yeah, definitely. Things happened that I've never recovered from. It was definitely one of those "before and after" experiences.

What would we do without psychedelics? How gray life would be without psychedelics. How limited.

But at the same time, it's psychedelics that lead all these Deadheads into believing they have a strange, mystical connection with the band. It's acid that gets all these souls believing, for instance, that they're controlling what you play. It tunes them in so they believe they know what you'll do next —

God bless 'em man. I mean, so many times people have reported to us that experience: "You looked at me and I knew what you were gonna play," or "I knew what you were gonna play before you played it," or "I was making you play," all those variations. It's like flying saucer reports.

There are thousands of 'em, so I can't just pretend it doesn't happen, and I can't discount what they say. I have to admit that there's some validity to that experience, even though it's not something that I know about.

Synchronicity —

There's something to it, that's all I can say. It doesn't matter to me what mechanisms are involved — it's just that I'm very, very interested in it.

There are times when it seems like the music plays the band.

We know that's the case.

How often do you feel as though you've lost willful control?

Not very often. For me, it's the kind of experience where I am so distrustful of anything that's invisible or occult or that can't be measured, tasted or touched.

Do you seek it, though?

Oh, yeah. I seek it, but I don't seek it in a directional way — the way I seek it is to follow my nose. I don't have an approach.

You'd be open to some miraculous proof of these things?

Definitely. That's partly why I keep doing it, and partly what keeps the Grateful Dead such an interesting thing to keep doing. It keeps it fresh. It's definitely, truly and authentically a new experience every time, and that's not bullshit. And because of that, it can't be duplicated. There is no way to make that happen — to will that experience into being, no matter what kind of good vibes you have. We've had it happen to us in every kind of way, *every* kind of way. We know it for what it isn't — we know everything that *isn't* it, but we can't make any real direct statements about it. We're in the same position as Deadheads are, really, fundamentally, about that phenomenon — the magic side of it. Just the kind of person I am, I'm not trustful about stuff like that. I'm the first one to worry about it — "Maybe we're opening the door for some demons from the ninth dimension," or something.

As a human experience, on a par with religious cults and small political things, the Dead would have to qualify as a minor movement in the history of mankind, but definitely one that deserves its place in history.

Yeah, we're in there somewhere.

You're more than a footnote.

Oh...jeez, that's a relief. I thought I was going to have to go and shoot a politician. □

Perot

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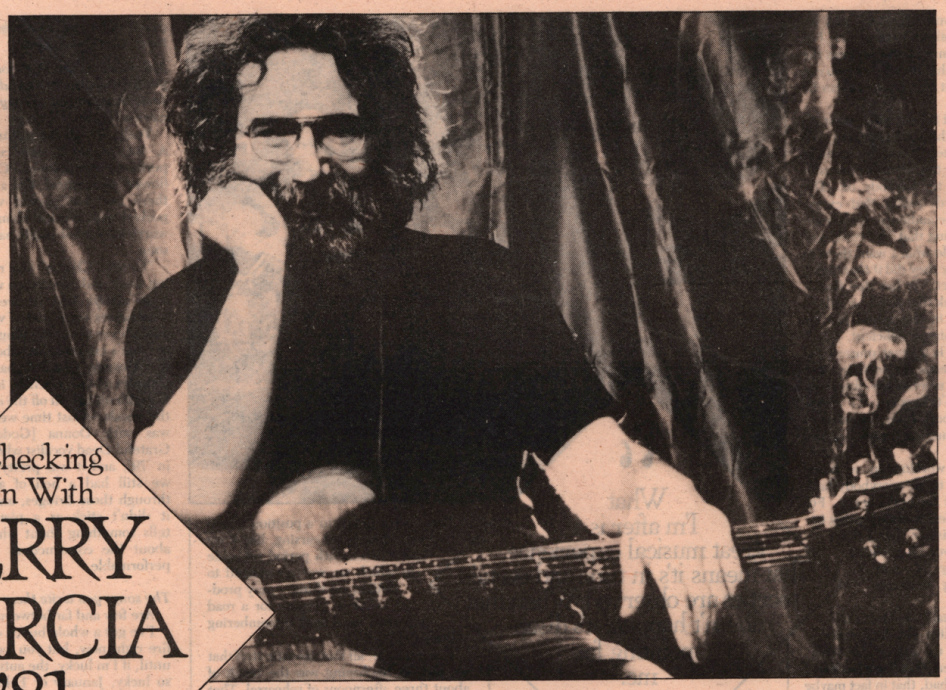


Checking In With JERRY GARCIA '81

PART TWO

BY BLAIR JACKSON & DAVID GANS

In Part I of our interview with Jerry Garcia, the Grateful Dead guitarist discussed his philosophy of playing, the fanaticism of Deadheads and the influence of drugs on his life (among other topics). This issue's installment picks up with Garcia's views on working with producers.

You've worked with a different producer on each of the last three Grateful Dead studio albums. Certainly Keith Olsen (Terrapin Station, *1977*), *Lowell George* (Shakedown Street, *1978*), *and Gary Lyons* (Go To Heaven, *1980*) *have different styles. What do you think you've gotten out of those three producers comparatively, and where do you think those experiences will take you on the next studio album?*

They're very good, and very different from each other. For me, it was interesting to see how other people deal with the Grateful Dead. I think that part alone was worthwhile, even if there was nothing else to it other than the way each one went about it.

Do you think they approached it sort of like a bizarre challenge — "Let's see what we can do with the Grateful Dead"?

Yeah, along those lines. They each had different relative levels of consciousness about it. None of them was as self-conscious about that idea as I would be, or am. Insofar as a producer has to make an effort to understand what we were trying to accomplish with the material we were working with. They spent time with us while we were rehearsing the tunes. They made the effort — they would ask musical questions that had some sense to them, such as, "What's happening during those eight bars or this twelve bars of the song?" They all had their different ways of dealing with that level of understanding, which was nice.

And there were just lots of useful little things that I picked up — little things to add to my vocabulary of production licks. I can't talk about them, because they're not big general hunks of knowledge — they're numerous little specific things.

There's always something to be learned from working with other people. Whether or not those records, or working with producers, has been in any way helpful to us as a recording band is doubtful.

How would you judge that?

Well, one way you could judge it would be by sales. The sales of those three records were steady, just like our other records. It didn't create any change.

Have sales ever really been a consideration for the band in making a record? You once said you don't relate to marketability, but that you see recording as a "life experience."

Yeah, that's the way it turns out.

But did you choose Keith Olsen, for example, with the hope that he would make a more commercial record?

No. Well, in a certain sense we did. When we went with Arista, we went with a spirit of cooperation, thinking, "We've tried things our way: we've had our own record company; we've produced ourselves — we've done it a lot, in fact — and it'd be interesting to try somebody else's approach and see where that takes us."

We wanted some fresh ears, and that was why the idea didn't seem outrageous to us. Grateful Dead purists said, "Why did you get another producer? Why didn't you produce yourselves, or have Dan Healy [the Dead's soundman] produce you?" The reason is that we're very conscious of how easy it is to get into your own trip so much that you just don't have any sense of it, no objectivity at all. It's easy to do.

But neither approach has worked.

By the standards of whether the records sell a lot or not.

Do you think the band's batting average is a little higher these days in terms of how often the group is "on"?

Yeah, much higher. Our music as a whole is heading toward places it's never been. We've had so many ideas that are more wonderful in the suggestion than in the realization, and ideas that continue to be legendary in spite of the fact that we haven't performed them for a long time. There's an amazing richness of stuff that hasn't found its way into our music the way it's presently constituted.

Whenever we get a new member, that member has to go through the hours, in his own terms, to catch up on the years that the rest of us have put in together. We used to spend a *lot* of time rehearsing, and as a result we worked out some tremendously intricate things. Your best strength comes from having a secure knowledge about what's going on, and nothing else will do but time. I don't feel that what's there in the band is going to be exposed for another couple of years.

It seemed like a good move to get a synthesizer player.

We always wanted somebody who would produce *color*. The effect of the piano in our ensemble was that of another percussion instrument in an all-percussion band, and it was too much of the same thing. We were looking for sustain, which you get from organ and synthesizer. You know, we were all *hungry* for color. Real hungry.

Is it inaccurate to think that Phil Lesh's role in the band has diminished in the last couple of years?

Well, he doesn't sing anymore.

But even so, he doesn't seem to have the same kind of presence, instrumentally.

It's possible. He's a different kind of guy than he used to be. Phil is a hard guy to know, and I can't characterize him in a way that I think is fair to him. He goes through his changes much more frequently and intensely than I think of myself as doing. This is really coffee-table psychoanalysis at its cheapest, I don't mind telling you.

Phil is an incredibly complex and brilliant guy. He does things for reasons of his own that are, just like his music, not easy for me to understand. I don't know why he is the way he is, why he does what he does, or what kinds of thoughts he thinks on and off. I do know that he has periods of enthusiasm and estrangement, which we all have about the Grateful Dead. We're all ambivalent about the band — it gets to be a love-hate thing after a while — and Phil goes through his cycles with greater frequency. Sometimes during the course of a gig he'll go through two or three great big changes.

He's much harder on himself than anybody is on him — he punishes himself in his own being, or his own artistic space, but he's a brilliant guy and he has a huge role. He's one of the fulcrumatic personalities in the band: if Phil is happening, the band's happening.

Is that cause or effect?

It's both. It's totally interactive. Phil has more individual power than any of the rest of us.

The way our relationships are in the band, we can see each other clearly but we can't see ourselves. It's very difficult

Photo: Dennis Callahan © 1981

as a completely orchestrated idea while I was driving my car. I drove home real fast and sat down with the guitar and worked it all out real quick so I wouldn't forget it, because it was all there.

The next day, I showed it to the band, and I showed everybody their parts, more or less, and then left them to construct more elaborations or variations if they wanted. They all added to it, but basically it's an orchestral idea.

How much intraband collaboration is there?

It's almost total. What a song is in the Grateful Dead is a melody, lyrics and chord changes — and that's it. Apart from that, it's really what everybody finds to say. The arrangements are almost nil.

What are the sorts of things that would lead to the radical transformation of a song like, for example, "Friend of the Devil"? That went from being a zippy uptempo thing to a very slow ballad.

What happened with that one is that I heard a tape of Kenny Loggins doing the tune as a slow ballad during a Loggins & Messina show. That stuck in my head and I thought, "Wow, that's a nice way for that song to go. It *is* a nice ballad." So it was somebody else's version of the song which exposed a point of view that I had never noticed before.

Not many people play ballads any more.

Except us. I love them.

I'm attracted to ballads, songs like "Jackaroe" and "Fennario." I've known them for so long — and there are others, too, but I don't remember all the lyrics. If I ever get around to researching the lyrics to those, we'll do them.

Do you listen to older music, looking for material?

I listen to all kinds of stuff, and I don't really listen to look for things. I just listen to be listening, and every once in a while something jumps out and grabs me.

What happens is that I get to be a fan of something, and pretty soon it becomes like an annoying commercial — I get hung up on it, and playing it is the only way I can get rid of it. There's an element of the curse to it. Like anything, it sneaks up on you.

I'm about to take a plunge into modern black music, just because it's in a few places harmonically that I haven't gotten to very much. That's a songwriting direction I want to try, and I've also got some tunes of other people's that I'm going to learn for my band.

What sorts of tunes?

I don't want to talk about them until I get them to where I like them. It would all be misleading at this point.

What do you mean by "modern black music"?

Like what you hear on the radio when you turn it on right now — the R&B stuff that's coming right on the tails of disco, but that's a little more hip.

What kinds of themes is Hunter working with in his new lyrics?

He just gave me this thing called "Idiot's Delight" that's like a four-hour song. [Laughs] It's a lot like "The Hunting of the Snark," sort of an epic nonsense vehicle. He set it to a weird, Dylanesque ballad melody. It has hundreds of verses — it's as thick as a magazine, I swear to God. I've got a cassette of it that's like 90 minutes long! I haven't even heard it all yet!

Hunter just turned over to me his latest batch of songs, and what I'm doing now is shaking his melodies and settings out of my system and out of my ears. Then I'm going to reset them.

And last week I started trying to write some lyrics for the first time.

Why is that happening?

I don't know. All of a sudden I just had a couple of ideas, which I rarely have.

You don't think in terms of lyrics?

Never. In fact, I'll even listen to a song and learn the lyrics before I have any idea of the sense. Sometimes I don't notice the sense for years, and I feel like the biggest dummy because I didn't even know what the song was about.

Hunter's lyrics can be so arch and complex — they yield new meanings as you keep listening to them. One of the questions I didn't ask you in our first session was, "How come there isn't much sex in the Grateful Dead materials?" And then I was listening to, for example, "To Lay Me Down" and realized that on one level —

It *is* a love song. How could anybody miss that?

It has a sort of gospel feel to it. I would hate to impose a sexual —

Really? Well, love *is* religious, I thought.

As far as I'm concerned, a song should have everything in it.

It seems, though, that there is very little stuff about open sexuality.

I've never been attracted to songs of that sort, I guess. It's mostly because most of them have real dumb lyrics.

We all come from a kind of weird place. Pigpen [the late Ron McKernan, founding member of the Dead and blues harpist/vocalist] got really dirty a lot of times — his orientation was straight-ahead sex. If there was a balance in our point of view, Pigpen occupied that position.

I've always been conscious of myself as a person with a very definite flavor and very definite musical biases. I think of my musical personality more in terms of its limitations than its inclusions, frankly. I think of myself as being a one-dimensional artist — if I think of myself as an artist at all, which I rarely do.

I appreciate it when somebody transcends that and says something effectively for all of us. That's what's so great about Dylan's songs, and that's why I love to do his songs. They speak to us in some kind of universal persona which you can pretty clearly recognize. He hits a real good nail on the head in terms of writing songs *about* something.

Do you have any trouble singing a song as bitter as "Positively Fourth Street"?

No, not at all. It's easy for me to cop that asshole space. I was that guy, too. For me, it occupies the same space as "Ballad of a Thin Man." It tells that person who's lame that they're lame, and *why* they're lame, which is a very satisfying thing to do.

"Positively Fourth Street" has this way of doing it where it's beautiful, too. And "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" is basically a put-down, too. It's one of those things like, "You're losing bad — dig yourself." It was the beautiful sound of "Positively Fourth Street" that got to me, more than the bitterness of the lyric. The combination of the beauty and the bitterness, to me, is wonderful. It's like a combination of something being funny and horrible — it's a great combination of two odd ingredients in the human experience. Anybody who can pull it off that successfully is really a score. That's something that *only* Dylan has been able to pull off, in terms of modern songwriting, I think.

Have there been times when it felt like time to break up the Grateful Dead and do something else?

Not really, just because the nature of it has been about right. It has always been an improvement over the state of things. It's really a very personal thing to each of us, and for me it's something that changes from day to day. After our next gig I might not feel this way — I might feel like, "Naw, it sucks! When am I going to get to retire?"

I'm subject to emotions about it, but I've spent plenty of time in a position where I'm forced to confront it, partly through things like interviews, where people ask me questions that I wouldn't ask myself. Then all of sudden I go, "Oh, wow, I never though of that," and a door opens and I'm compelled to look at it in some new light because somebody else is saying, "I see it this way."

I can't say with any certainty that the way somebody else sees it isn't the truth of it. I can't believe that my point of view is the only correct one. □

Axe Facts

When did you first start playing the guitar?

I got an accordion for my 15th birthday, and I traded it in for a good old Danelectro guitar. I was so happy with it. It had a little coffin-shaped case, and I got a teeny-weeny Fender amplifier.

My stepfather tuned the guitar to this weird bogus tuning, or maybe he tuned it right and I evolved the tuning wrong in some way, but I ended up with this open tuning. I worked out chords and stuff, playing along with what sounded good with absolutely no direction, for about a year. Then I met a guy in school who showed me the right way to tune it and four or five basic first-position chords. I had to unlearn somewhere between six months and a year's worth of self-teaching.

The banjo was the first instrument I got into seriously. I studied it and made much more of an effort to penetrate it and master it. That was the first instrument with which I really made a dent in what it means to play an instrument.

I didn't really get into the guitar with any depth until the Grateful Dead started — and even then, it took a long time. I didn't work hard at it, and I didn't have any lessons or guidance. I was really a slow learner.

So in a sense, the guitar became your primary instrument after the band was formed, just as the bass became Phil's.

That's right.

You guys all learned on the job, didn't you?

Absolutely!

With all due respect, I think that can be heard to a certain extent.

Certainly. Of course you can.

A lot of gigs seem like rehearsals.

It's always that way, in a sense. It always feels like we're just getting into it. Truthfully, I think that we're *just* starting to get somewhere, to open up more on a lot of different levels.

Why did you switch from Gibson to Fender guitars (in early '70s)?

I got bored with Gibsons. I felt that I didn't have any place to go with them. It wasn't that I wanted to lose the Gibson part of my playing, but I know that no matter what guitar I play I won't have any trouble getting a sweet sound, even though the most difficult thing to produce on a Strat is a sweet sound. I wanted the metallic clang that Strats have. I like that clankiness in the first position.

You can fingerpick Fenders better, too. They have better string-to-string separation; they don't mush up on you the way Gibsons do. They have that crispness associated with country-and-western guitar players.

I almost like the sound that I'm getting now. Weir's sound has come closer and closer to the stuff that I've been into, and his guitar sort of surrounds my sound. So now I go after a more horn-like sound, with less overtones.

[Note: For the last seven years, Garcia has been playing guitars made by Doug Irwin, who also built the bass Phil Lesh uses these days. Though they are not Fender guitars, both of Garcia's Irwins have Fender-style pickups and controls.]

What do you use for the fat sound, like on "Samson and Delilah"?

I use a regular MXR Distortion Plus. I just use regular straight shit. I have another kind of distortion device, but I've never looked at the brand name. I have an MXR Phaser, a Mu-tron octave divider and a Mu-tron envelope filter.

You've also taken an interesting approach to the wiring of your effects, looping them through the guitar itself —

That's one of the best ideas I ever had. The modifications are practically nil — all you have to do is put an additional jack in the guitar.

It's the answer to the instability problem of gadgets onstage. I wanted to be able to use those things, but I wanted them to perform the same way no matter what else was going on. There's no way to make those things stable *after* the volume control.

Not every guitar is set up so you can do it, though. Fender wiring logic is really tailor-made for it. You take the signal right off the pickups, after the selector switch, and the signal goes straight to the gadgets full-tilt. The extra jack is stereo — signal goes out one side and through the gadgets, then comes back up the wire and in the other side of the jack and on to the volume and tone controls. Then the signal goes out the regular jack to my amplifier. It's the best way I've run into to make those things work consistently.

I don't use a lot of fancy stuff in my system, because when you're on the road and something goes wrong, you can get in trouble. That goes for strings and picks, too — if you're using something specialized or peculiar and you can't get it in any music store, you're fucked.

What kind of amplifiers are you using?

They're plain Fender Twin Reverb amps. I used to use as many as five or six of them, the old black-face ones from around '66. I picked out the one that had the tone I thought was most like what I wanted — they're all different, you know, you have to hand-pick them.

I basically use the Twin for a preamp and McIntosh 2300 for the power amp. I have six JBL 12" speakers on my side, where my main sound comes from. □

DL0334

DL0335

The Dead Is Livelier Than Ever

By Joel Selvin

The open-air beauty of UC-Berkeley's Greek Theater provided a perfect setting for Saturday's concert by the Grateful Dead, as the band played straight through the end of the afternoon into the dark of the evening.

For five hours, the capacity crowd swarmed all over the concrete amphitheater and grassy slopes surrounding it. Aisles disappeared underneath the sea of humanity, and dancers filled the lesser populated, outer reaches of the hillside hall. All three shows last weekend at the Greek sold out long in advance — virtually as soon as tickets went on sale — as Bay Area Deadheads gathered for their annual convocation.

Many of the fans attended all three shows — 15 hours of concert-going in one weekend. Grateful Dead shows change like the weather and the band's intense followers keep coming back night after night, if only to catalog the differences between shows.

Performing in front of a giant, colorful mosaic-like backdrop, the Dead turned the massive Greek Theater into an intimate parlor. The stage was festooned with wreaths of flowers and various bits of Grateful Dead emblemology. Sound and lighting worked marvelously and the Dead played to beat the band.

Sticking largely to softer, country-oriented pieces in the first hour and 45-minute set, the band dug in hard to rock once the sun went down and the Dead returned for the evening half of the proceedings. By the time the band finished 30 minutes of the second portion, the crowd jammed into the amphitheater floor was a sweaty, writhing mass of humanity.

Improvisation lies at the heart of what the Grateful Dead does. Not only does the band perform an entirely different program every night but each selection is drastically altered each time it is performed through instrumental inventions. Some songs contain as many as five seperate instrumental breaks and sometimes lead mysteriously into whole new songs.

The outstanding musicianship of the band's five core members makes it work. The two guitarists — Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir — can both play interestingly in an amazing assortment of styles, and the flexibility of bassist Phil Lesh allows even more room to move. Neither of the two drummers — Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzman — work to anchor the band's rhythm by themselves, so metronome responsibilities keep getting passed back and forth between the two.

The music is a delicate synthesis of American music styles and traditions — jazz, country, blues, folk and electric rock — constantly kaleidoscoping into an ever-changing arabesque of musical patterns. The ultimate creation contains some majestic powerful passages and some mundane, boring sections. Such is the price of improvisation.

But the Dead have learned to move on quickly if the band begins to get bogged down, or keep it up if things really start to swing. Once the band strikes a satisfactory groove, the players work it over and over, until it's been reshaped many times and emerges on the other end something entirely fresh.

The whole Grateful Dead concert experience — from the retrograde partisan crowd to the sophisticated sound system, the challenging nature of the Dead's musical inventions to the anti-show biz presentation where the band just stands around aimlessly between numbers — is a unique institution in rock. While the band has codified and regimented the program to a degree, it remains an experience based in surprise, adventure and the luck of the draw. Saturday night, everybody went home winners.

COVER STORY

8-10-81
PORTLAND, OR.
DOWNTOWNER

The Grateful Dead: In search of the elusive

by Robert DuPree

Grateful Dead leader/guitarist Jerry Garcia once observed, "I think basically the Grateful Dead is not for cranking out rock and roll, it's not for going out and doing concerts or any of that stuff. I think it's to get high, and to get high—really high—is to forget yourself. And to forget yourself is to see everything else, to become fully conscious, to become a conscious tool of the universe."

Now, if the above seems like post-hippie gobbledy gook to you, then it's pretty certain that you aren't going to be finding yourself at the Coliseum on August 15 for the 7:30 Dead concert, and it's for damned certain that you in no way qualify to be a Dead Head. What? What's a Dead Head? Look, wouldn't you rather bail out now and go read the real estate section?

OK. A Dead Head is, on the simplest terms, someone who really digs the Grateful Dead. No, someone who loves the Grateful Dead. No . . . Hell, if you want to get right down to it, a Dead Head is someone who honestly, sincerely, passionately, rabidly believes that they, in fact, *are* the Grateful Dead!

Dead Heads come in all shapes and sizes, too. The hardcore Heads are wandering gypsies, following the group around the country with backpacks and cassette recorders from concert to concert—yes, recording's permitted inside Dead shows—experiencing and documenting the continuing cultural phenomenon that is the Grateful Dead. But you might also check out the 35-year-old tax lawyer living down the street: If he looks mighty blown out on Sunday the 16th, he's a closet Dead Head with few regrets.

So what's all the fuss about a 16-year-old band based in Marin County who many consider to be simply die-hard holdouts from the psychedelic '60s? How can this aging group of freakos who began in '65 as the house band for Ken Kesey's infamous Acid Tests, and later came to personify the whole LSD-drenched flower-power trip oh so many years ago, possibly have anything new to say to our uptight, buttoned-down '80s selves?

Well, they don't really. But what has always been the most seductive about the Dead is that . . . that unspoken, hard-to-pin-down feeling that happens at their shows—that mixture of cosmic communality, religioso beatitude, goosy-loosy creativity, and just-plain-folks charm that turns even off-nights into magic for their followers. Plus, one must remind those who left such things behind with their love beads and peace symbols, there's still some mighty powerful LSD running around on the street, just waiting to be discovered by each new generation. And each new generation inevitably discovers the Grateful Dead.

What all this means, of course, is that there is going to be one mighty strange, mighty expectant crowd gathering Wednesday night at the Coliseum, hoping that maybe—just maybe—they'll make the old hall levitate and spin this time around. After all, who can say that it won't happen? Just this once?

As Garcia commented awhile back, "Our audience knows that there's a certain phenomenon that can happen and, if they've come to see us enough, they've observed it, they've been part of it. And that's the pay-off. That's the reason to keep on doing it."

Hot Wax

SONOMA CO. STUMP
OCT. 1981

Dead Set in the Twilight Zone

by Michael Turner

As I write this, Dead Set -- the Grateful Dead's seventh "live" album -- has been out for nearly a month. So far I've listened to it dozens of times in order to make some sense of it and clear away the ambivalence pervading me. I want to declare it the resurrection of the Dead in all of their glory, the album we've been awaiting all these years -- only it's not.

Which is not to say it's a squalid, incoherent piece of trash like Steal Your Face, or a dispirited, anemic work along the lines of Shakedown Street. No, Dead Set lies somewhere in the twilight zone (as indicated by its cover art) between magic and mediocrity. . . which makes it a frustrating album to listen to. Like the Warfield and Radio City shows from which it was derived, it is a safe, commercial effort reminding one more of expanded studio sessions than live Dead.

Taken as such I'm prepared to state that it is their best studio album in a decade. It is certainly their best recorded album ever. Betty Cantor-Jackson and Dan Healy have done a brilliant production job. The fidelity and ambience of this 4 p. are unequalled by any "live" album I've yet heard. For comparison I've listened to every one I can find -- The Eagles, Stones, Fleetwood Mac, McCartney, Zevon, Young, even earlier live Dead -- no one comes close. The shimmer of Mickey Hart's high hat, the stereo separation of the Rhythm Devil's percussion duet, Weir's eccentric rhythm progressions, Lesh's melodic bass work, Brent's sparkling touch on his Fender Rhoades and sweeps on the Hammond organ, and Garcia's fluid, exuberant leads are all clear and resonant.

In addition, every song sounds significantly better than its original studio version. Fine performances are turned out on Candyman, Friend of the Devil, Sampson & Delilah, Deal, and The Greatest Story Ever Told, to name but a few. Yet, simultaneously, herein lies Dead Set's central weakness. For once again, in (presumably) the name of "commercial accessibility," and the tradition of (gag) Steal Your Face, we have been offered a collection of songs . . . four sides of recording space and not a single extended jam.

True, Candyman and Friend of The Devil are priceless, and Space (presented here as a 2 1/2 minute "song") evokes "Deadness" like nothing since Dark Star.

But when compared to an actual show, expecially after seeing three phenomenal concerts at Berkeley's Greek Theater, this reviewer feels tantalized, strung along and, ultimately, left hanging. I listen to song after song, anticipation building, waiting for the Dead to pull out the stops and take off on one of their incredible flying Weather Report jams (or Estimated Prophet, or Uncle John's Band). Instead, all they offer are short versions of Feel Like a Stranger and Franklin's Tower, the latter of which is followed by a brief pause before Rhythm Devils Hart and Kreutzman take the listener in to never ever land.

At least, however, an attempt is made to follow the format of an actual concert. Although my purist colleagues might object to closing the "show" with Greatest Story Ever Told (which traditionally opens the first set) it does add a nice rocking conclusion. Besides, Dead Set has been primarily designed to turn the record-buying public on to what the current live Grateful Dead is all about. The inner circle of converts and tapers don't need convincing. When viewed in this light the album succeds admirably. If it is adequately promoted and given a decent amount of airplay, Dead Set may earn the greatest popular and critical acclaim of any Grateful Dead album thus far.

Still, I can't help but wish that the band would quit trying to play it safe and produce a record that captures their thunder in all of its blazing fury. A single album called (perhaps) Dead Jam would leave me and the rest of the heads more than satisfied. Until then, does anybody know where I can get tapes of those Greek shows?

I want to declare it the resurrection of the Dead in all their glory....only it's not.

DEAD SET: Production - A+, Performance & Selection-B.

Pleasanton, CA
(Alameda Co.)
Times
(Cir. 5xW. 29,461)

SEP 18 1981

Allen's P. C. B Est. 1888

It's still carnival time for the enigmatic Dead after all of these years

By ALAN GOLDFARB
Times Lifestyle Editor

BERKELEY — What a wonderful enigma is the Grateful Dead.

This fine-aged rock 'n' roll band, which has been playing music for 16 years, has never had a hit record because it refuses to master over-produced, modern recording techniques. Yet, it always sells out almost immediately, every concert it ever plays attracting fanatical loyalists from distant locales.

The Grateful Dead has been known to play for hours, often playing one tune for 45 minutes and often creating an ambiance of mesmerizing boredom. And throughout all this, to review a Grateful Dead concert merely on the techniques and stylings of the music, is entirely futile.

This curious state of affairs, has through the years, evolved into an almost unexplainable phenomenon. For the Grateful Dead, thank goodness, transcends nearly every conventional thought concerning popular music in the America of the 1980s.

Because no matter how you might feel about this band — be it its style, its mannerism, its politics or its impact — there is nothing quite like the Grateful Dead nor, as the bumper sticker-message states, "There is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert."

We in these parts got yet another large dose of our hometown boys, this time the tribe convening all last weekend, in Berkeley's outdoor Greek Theater, for a marathon triad of concerts.

I have been swept up and taken on numerous flights of joy ever since my first Grateful Dead concert some dozen years ago in a shakey New Jersey theater balcony. And I have traveled considerable distances to take part in yet another joyful noise.

In those days, a six-hour Grateful Dead concert was the norm. And if we missed one show but were planning to attend the next day's festivities, we first had to check with our friends to find out the length of the previous show. I've been told that the boys once went on for eight hours.

And over the years, as we've grown in age and direction, so too has the Grateful Dead. The band doesn't play quite as long any more but you can count on the Dead delivering — everytime.

DEAD, page 2B



Dead...

From page 1B

Oh, the tunes often become tedious and Jerry Garcia's voice is frequently non-existent but we and they keep coming back.

For most people, I suspect, it is the fact that the Grateful Dead has always evoked a feeling of equality. Somehow, although its followers shower the stage with flowers, the boys in the delirious band are a part of us and not above us. They are stars but one can conjecture that Garcia, the most-revered one, can walk in the Haight and be considered one of the street people.

For me, the Grateful Dead has always been a symbol of freedom and independence and individuality. For unlike almost every rock 'n' roll band to ever strap on a guitar, the Dead was never concerned with conformity of formula.

The style strived for has always been a conscious knowledge of the improvisational stance that is jazz. Jazz has always strived for freedom and nonconformity as have the Grateful Dead.

Listening to the Grateful Dead over the years, and in particular, Garcia's high-toned soaring guitar flights, has taken me to places that I've visited with Charlie Parker and John Coltrane and Miles Davis.

At Sunday afternoon's show, however, the band would often seque from tune to tune, unlike in the past when they would sometimes gather in front of the drum risers and discourse, for five minutes on what they would next play.

And in addition to some lengthy and boring dream-like ballads, the Dead played more blues tunes than I've heard them play in awhile.

During Howlin' Wolf's "Little Red Rooster," I thought I was listening to the Rolling Stones' arrangement of that tune. Garcia's guitar at times sounded similar to the manner in which the Stones' Keith Richard makes his instrument sound like a pedal steel guitar. And in another instant, I thought I heard Garcia's guitar sound as though he were playing a blues harmonica.

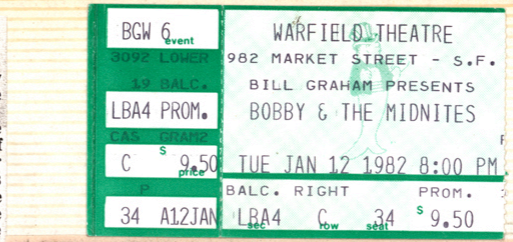
And as evidenced by Bob Weir utilizing a bottle neck to play slide guitar and newcomer Brent Mydland taking a solo on the Hammond organ, the Dead should play the blues more often. And as another test of their musicianship, the Dead brought the crowd to its feet with an uptempo rock arrangement to Peter, Paul and Mary's folk anthem, "If I Had My Way (I Would Tear This Old Building Down)."

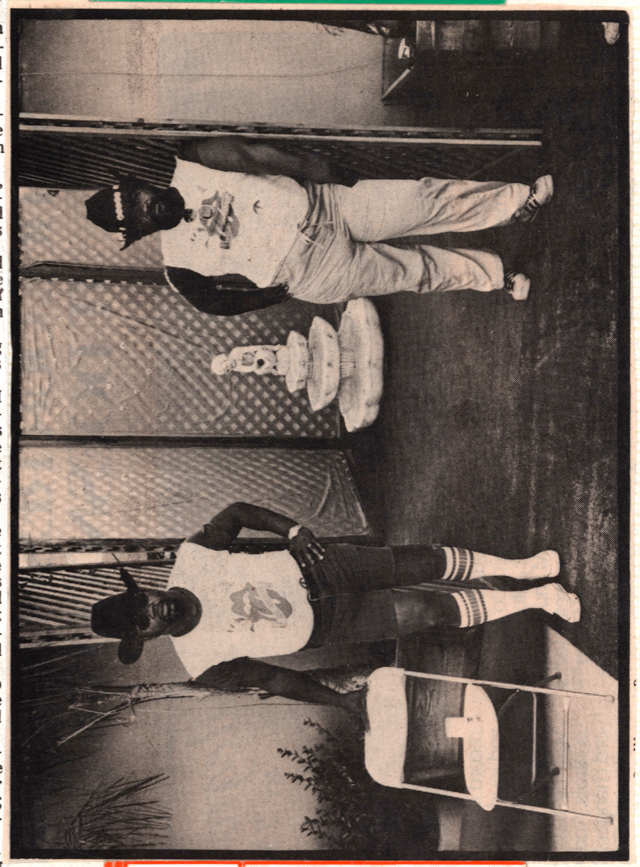
But, of course, it is not only the musicians who grab the spotlight at Grateful Dead concerts. The audience, too, is the thing. And the cast of Dead Heads is like a cast of characters in a carnival.

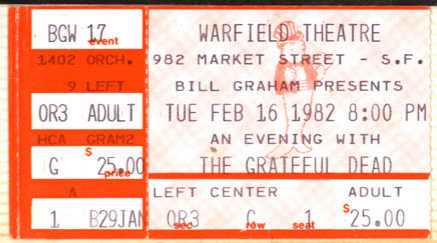
There is always the woman in a white-clad flowing dress, flowing with the music; there is the woman dancing with a huge, silk scarf over her head — a different colored one for each new tune; there are always several jugglers and face-painted clowns interspersed throughout the audience; there is the long-haired, long-bearded fellow, looking as though he jumped right out of the pages of the "Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers."

And the Grateful Dead seem to attract more disabled folk in wheelchairs than you've ever seen at a concert.

Oh, it's a circus alright. But it's like none other you've ever seen or heard. And you're not likely to see it again. This band not only performs an entirely different program each night, but each tune may be altered and played in a different key or tempo. You'll never see the same Grateful Dead concert twice. It's the freedom. The independence. There truly isn't anything like a Grateful Dead concert.







DL0336

DL0337

MADISON STATE JOURNAL 12/4/81

Lifeless Grateful Dead draws faithful fans

By PHIL DAVIS
Special to The Capital Times

Concert Review

With 15 years and some 20 albums behind them, the Grateful Dead refuse to live up to their name. They won't say die.

That seemed just fine with their audience of 6,000 at the Dane County Coliseum Thursday night. Why? Perhaps the long, noodling jams, bright, mystical songs and the group's "go with the flow" attitude create a safehouse for those who refuse to acknowledge that rock and America are not the same as they were in 1968.

It's not that the hippie lifestyle, of which this group was once the living embodiment, is not admirable. But, rather, it's out of touch with contemporary America. The Grateful Dead's art no longer sheds much light on what we are today.

Artistically, their finest work has not been their most recent. They've been less than successful musically by trying to remain relevant without compromising their counter-cultural ideas. The Dead's best work came during the flower-power years of San Francisco psychedelia.

Albums such as "Anthem of the Sun," and later, "Workingman's Dead" and "American Beauty," were full of populist rock spirit and foreshadowed a rebirth of interest in bluegrass and country music.

Most of their mid-1970s work lacked the incandescent liveliness and beauty of the early music; it was thin sounding and offered only a few diamonds such as "Eyes of the World" glinting in the rough.

None of that, however, has mattered one iota to some of the unflagging fans who call themselves, fittingly, Deadheads. They drive hours to see the band and some even devote their lives to following the group. It is just that kind of unflinching, unquestioning support that has allowed this mediocre rock band, which is sometimes brilliant in spite of itself, to remain commercially alive.

And, there's no end in sight if Thursday night's response was an indication. Calling the crowd adulatory is too tame. Perhaps devout is better.

For a Grateful Dead show is like no other rock 'n' roll show. It's a world unto itself. I can crab about Jerry Garcia's sweet-toned, circular solos that went purposely nowhere; I can chip at Bob Weir's ineffectual, strained vocals; I can cite a lack of dynamics in the show or within the songs themselves — save for the changes that come naturally with chord shifts and modulations.

I can mention how similar the material sounded and how every song seemed merely a starting block for more Garcia guitar ruminations; I can lambast the rhythm section for an interminably long and dull percussion interlude. But it's all to no avail!

Like airport Hare Krishnas, Grateful Dead fans accepted it all with broad smiles on their faces and bouncy bodily responses.

Acceptance with blind faith is what Grateful Dead fans give their ministers of sound. Love and faith stand outside criticism. That's why if you've seen one or 1,000 Dead shows, it makes little difference. It's ritual: A sacrament among listeners and a communion between the band and its audience.

Whether ambling through "Deep River Blues," "Jack Straw," "C.C. Rider" or "Me and My Uncle" — numbers they performed here — or, getting caught up in the brooding joy of "Dark Star," it's all part of the same Grateful Dead ethos. What a long, strange trip it still is.



GRATEFUL DEAD
Rainbow, London

Glad to be Dead

WITH a band as great as the Dead, criticism becomes almost redundant.

It's a bit like trying to prove that Bach was the greatest composer of his era, or that Charlie Feathers is a more significant figure musically than Carl Perkins. You either know it already, or you don't know what I'm talking about.

Despite the clouds of superlatives that have turned the atmosphere into a re-run of an old-fashioned London pea-souper (I suppose the clouds), you will rarely find an audience more in tune with the music, more likely to respond with immediate enthusiasm to a felicitous instrumental phrase or change in dynamics, more totally aware of what's going on.

The relationship between the Dead and their audience transcends all the usual trappings of stars up there and worshippers down here, for while there is no doubting the fans' devotion, it is more a communion between equals, a true folk relationship in the sense that Garcia, Weir and the rest are speaking for the audience rather than at them.

And, it is interesting to report, the audience is not several thousand relics from the Sixties. These young men and their incredibly young wives were perhaps eight years old when Pigpen died.

One reason for this young audience is the continual freshness of their music, whether it's Merle Haggard's "Mama Tried" or Willie Dixon's "Little Red Rooster" Garcia would say it was *because* of the clouds), you will rarely find an audience more in tune with the reggae and soul, or following an music, more likely to respond with unravelling yarn into labyrinths of immediate enthusiasm to a almost atonal melody.

felicitous instrumental phrase or The staying power of the Dead change in dynamics, more totally and their audience is a by-word aware of what's going on. throughout the music world, but

The relationship between the their ability to play for five hours at Dead and their audience is a stretch, with barely a break to transcends all the usual biz commune with their tuning trappings of stars up there and strobes before embarking on the worshippers down here, for while next phase, is more important there is no doubting the fans' than their sheer control of devotion, it is more a communion dynamics as an explanation of why between equals, a true folk the set never seems to drag.

relationship in the sense that They are masters of the segue, Garcia, Weir and the rest are moving smoothly (but not at all speaking for the audience rather mechanically) from one mood to than at them. its almost opposite, carrying us all

And, it is interesting to report, from one area of their mythology the audience is not several (part private trip, part collective thousand relics from the Sixties. consciousness) to another, so that These young men and their one listens not to individual tunes incredibly young wives were in the sequence — just as, despite perhaps eight years old when their frequent brilliance, one is not so conscious of any particular solo but for an organic whole, the sum of which is so much greater than its parts is so much greater.

This was typified by the way they closed. Having built up a near fenzy with a couple of closing rock 'n' rollers (including "Not Fade Away") a lesser band might have attempted to top that peak, leaving the crowd dissatisfied, the evening unconsummated.

Instead, they return for a valedictory gospel tune which was very obviously a true closer, as intimate as a post-orgasmic embrace. The shouts for more from the audience died away, the lights came up and they filed out, not with the obedience of a manipulated, Nuremberg-wise, but more like old friends who have met for an all-too-brief reunion, who part with warmth and a strength gained from each other, back into the world outside.

The autumn night felt not so cold, the city lights not so harsh, after five hours plugged into the Dead life support system. — KARL DALLAS

MELODY MAKER 10/10/81

Page 6, Section 6 • Wisconsin State Journal, Friday, December 4, 1981

Grateful Dead: More like a catalyst

By Michael St. John
Music writer

Review

Rhythm guitarist Bob Weir waxes philosophical when talking about music, and fairly accurately echoes the sentiments of the Grateful Dead as a group.

"Music can be just about as important as you make it," he said in an interview almost three years ago. "It represents something more than just entertainment for me. I think our fans probably feel kind of like that, as well."

At the Dane County Coliseum Thursday night the Dead as "entertainment" in the usual rock'n'roll sense paled in comparison to most of those in the audience. Although the age range appeared to be a full high school career ahead of most Coliseum rock assemblies, the crowd put more physical energy into witnessing the event than the band did playing it. But then, that's part of the paradox that's always characterized the Grateful Dead.

More like a catalyst than a force to be reckoned with, the Dead simply took the stage and played the music. The audience, moved to near-abandon, literally had a ball. And with the number decked out in classic Dead Head (fan) garb of tie-dyed shirts and headbands, it might have been 1981 outside, but within the walls of the Coliseum it was 1967 all over again.

After a shaky start with the p.a., the Dead smoothly settled into a mellow mood, choosing selections that drew more from their country and bluegrass influences than rock'n'roll. Even a cover of "C.C. Rider" was easily the slinkiest version ever, virtually the antithesis of Mitch Ryder's red-hot original.

What stood out significantly was the superior quality of the sound. Many times, the high amplification of a guitar causes a loss of definition, making individual notes difficult to discern. The Grateful Dead's volume level was low enough to allow for conversation at a reasonable level, therefore, permitting the tonality of the instruments to be heard clearly.

The jaunty "I Need A Miracle" boosted the energy level briefly, but for the most part the Dead's first of two 95-minute sets was comprised of less widely known material. Set two brought more diversity, sparked by the classic "Estimated Prophet" and hippie-era theme song "Truckin'." When Garcia and Weir led the gospel-styled chant of "Nothin's gonna bring you back," the majority of the crowd (estimated between 4,000 and 5,000), clapped in time as if on cue, with no hint of goading from the band. In fact, except for a barely audible "Thank you, good-night" from Weir at show's end, the Dead never addressed the audience aside from the lyrics.

The magic of the Grateful Dead is the group's ability to reflect America's musical heritage. Just as you look into a mirror to see the image, not the mirror itself, the Dead is almost imageless as popular bands go. The music is grass-roots fare, based on blues, bluegrass and country in the main, and hundreds of the faithful sang along throughout the concert as testimony to the band's deep impact.

DEC- 7-81

THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR

Grateful Dead wows small arena crowd

By JILL WARREN

When the Grateful Dead played in Market Square Arena Saturday night it was more than just another rock 'n' roll show. It was a combination party and family reunion — a reunion, that is, of hundreds of so-called "Dead heads," a nomadic lot clad in psychedelic tie-dies that virtually dedicates itself to following the band's itinerary wherever it takes them.

It would probably be safe to say that one-third of the 6,067 in attendance were from out of town. As one follower from Cleveland explained: "Going to the Dead concerts is something to strive for."

Undoubtedly, the concert was also the first experience with the Grateful Dead for many. For a novice, sitting deep in Dead head territory was definitely the best way to see the show.

Unlike performances with most bands, you do not exactly *listen* to the Grateful Dead. The process is more like synthesis; you find yourself swept away by music that is alternately smooth and lazy or hard-driving country rock. From the first note to the last, nearly the entire house was on its feet dancing and swirling, much to the consternation of security guards who made a fruitless attempt to keep the aisles clear of swaying bodies.

WITHOUT BENEFIT — or need — of a warmup band, the Dead opened with "Alabama Getaway." Though the sound seemed a bit muddy at first, it was soon adjusted and the band sounded clear and clean throughout the show. The crowd — small for the arena but the "intimate" size that fans, and the band itself, seem to prefer — made their satisfaction clear. From the thunderous applause you'd have easily believed there were twice as many people there.

Following up with "Promised Land" and "Friend of the Devil," the Dead played each tune with both life and length, frequently jamming between songs, often modulating in such a way that they would return to the melody in a completely different style.

When "Friend of the Devil" started, we were told it was a "classic." The advice seemed to precede nearly every song. It's easy to agree: There's a special feeling the band gives each song — an indivual flavor and flair — that made each of them special. There also are few bands that can match the onstage excitement the Dead generates.

A LONG STRING OF the band's most popular tunes followed, including "Cumberland Blues," "El Paso," "Ramblin' Rose," "Passenger" and "Let It Grow." For a moment during the latter, the house lights were turned on. Nearly everyone was was revealed standing, clapping hands high above their heads. They literally roared with pleasure when the band eased into "Birdsong."

The band took a half-hour break after the 75-minute first set. It was as much for the relief of the dancing fans as it was for their own need to rest. Opening the second half with "Shakedown Street," the security guards were back again waving flash-lights at those dancing in the aisles.

The guards were adamant about keeping the crowd seated. Problem was, you can't keep a Dead head down.

"It's not like we're being *violent*," one fan remarked after being "escorted" back to her seat. "Dead heads like to dance. They won't let you dance in Indianapolis. It's terrible." Others urged, quite seriously, that no chairs be put on the floor.

NEXT CAME A rousing version of "The Wheel," a song which eventually modulated into "Playin' in the Band," an incredible two-man percussion segment and a "spacey" section, only to return again to "Playin' in the Band."

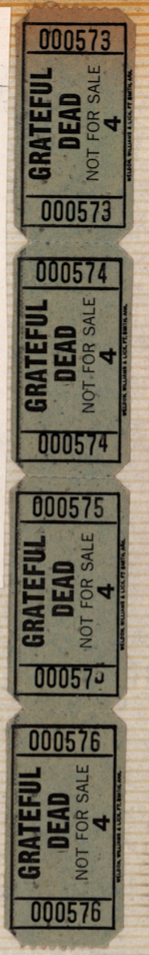
Jerry Garcia followed that with a moving version of "Stella Blue." It was one of the few times Garcia sang lead vocals all evening, but it was well worth the wait.

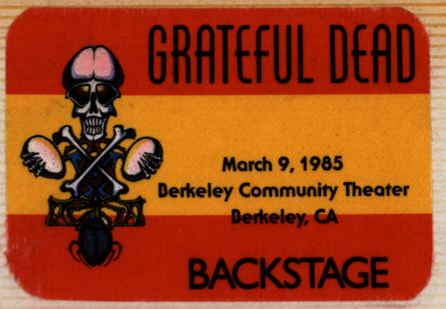
The set closed with "Sugar Magnolia" and as the band left the stage, the applause again grew deafening. They returned for a single, yet appropriate, encore: "Saturday Night."

It was probably the best concert the arena has seen since summer — perhaps the best of the year. The crowd seemed exhausted after the encore; many just sat around and talked over the show with friends. But before they all left, a shout was heard throughout the lower level.

"Anyone need a ticket for Chicago?"

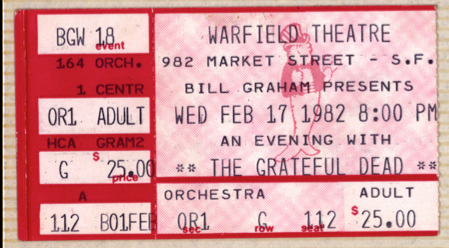


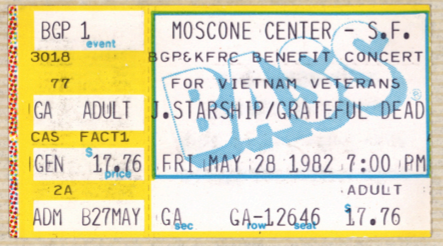














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DLO 339

1/31/82 - Boston Globe

MIDNITE HOUR

A fun time with a bunch of Dead Heads

The Gazette Reviews/

Music

By JOHN A. FRASER

Of The Gazette Staff

BOSTON — "The bad news is," announced Bob Weir, "We don't do the *Hully Gully*. The good news is we do this one," and Bobby and the Midnites roared into an old Leiber and Stoller warhorse, *Young Blood*.

There was more than enough good news at the filled Orpheum Theater last night as the band tore through several covers of other artists' hits, a number of Weir's tunes (mostly from his new album, *Bobby and the Midnites*, from his critically acclaimed but commercially ignored masterpeice, *Heaven Help the Fool*,) and two tunes from the Grateful Dead's enormous collection of delightful oddities.

Loose as Gooses

It was a marvelous performance by Weir and his four-man band. All were loose as gooses and by the time the concert neared the end, Weir was being playfully chased around the stage by guitar player Bobby Cochran to the point that he was cornered into using the wrong microphone.

Further, during *Haze*, a barn-burner from the new album, Weir forgot the words. Rather than mumble to cover up, he sang: "I don't remember the words . . . but I don't care" as the band sang the chorus, "better off not knowin'."

All of the Weir-written material — *Far Away, Salt Lake City, Book of Rules, Me Without You, Easy to Slip, Far Away* and a haunting *Shade of Gray*, were characteristic of the Grateful Dead's rhythm guitarist and singer: complicated songs that ebb and flow, building up to crushing intensity only to stop and begin again at a softer level. Weir's talents as a lyricist (the songs on the new album were written without the help of his longtime co-writer John Barlow) were founded on his marvelous use of the vernacular. His metaphor for falling in love anew is "bombs away" and in the wonderful *Josephine*, his nearly-spoken approach is: "Josephine, it's my desire/ to rock 'n' roll with you."

Slide Guitar Duet

He didn't stick only to his own material, though. Included in the 20 songs were Marty Robbins' *Big Iron* and the Grateful Dead's version of *New Minglewood Blues*, which was one of the hottest bits of the evening, featuring Weir and Cochran playing a slide guitar duet while keyboard player Dave Darling complemented the duo with his high-end, bluesy bits that floated constantly over the screaming guitars.

While it was Weir's show, Cochran was masterly as lead guitar. Strutting to stage front during his solos, he was a picture of a man entirely enjoying himself as a sort of good natured, rockabilly guitar hero. Because his playing on *Big Iron*, the second song, was so solid and effortless, it was easy to assume that his contribution would be limited to variations on rockabilly. But he demonstrated soon that he was comfortable with a number of Weir's stylized approaches to rock, a worthy achievement, since Bobby and the Midnites is an personalized spinoff of the Dead — probably the most idiocyncratic band in the business — and a number of other bands.

Near-Legend

Those bands were John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra (represented by Billy Cobham, a near-legend); Weather Report, The Crusaders and Chuck Mangione's band were represented bassist by Alphonso Johnson and Steppenwolf and the Flying Burrito Brothers contributed Cochran. While the Midnites presents itself as a pickup band which is interested above all in having a good time, make no mistake, these guys are heavyweights.

While it was Weir who set the tempo before each song, drummer Cobham exploded in frenetic flights of fanciful thunder only to settle back into an almost-unobtrusive groove, well behind Weir and Cobham's ravings.

While Weir is a simply marvelous, jazzy rhythm guitarist, his voice is not the most fluid or powerful in the business. But his willingness to take his shot and go for the high notes brought the predictable cheers from the full house, mostly committed Dead Heads (fans of The Grateful Dead). Even for the non-Dead Head, his marvelous, playful personality more than made up for any real or imagined shortcomings (he's a far better song stylist than he's generally given credit for). He would grimace and strain in effort as he reached for a high note and then immediately grin or cross his eyes, mugging to the crowd as if to say, "Hey, this is supposed to be fun."

It Was Fun

It was fun. And the shame of it is that with the fierce competition between FM stations results in the force-feeding the audience a steady diet of dreary, ultimately boring arena bands like Foreigner, Speedwagon, Styx and the like, the experimental, part-time bands like Bobby and the Midnites that are the lifeblood of rock 'n' roll have a hard time getting airplay on major stations. Therefore, the chances of selling enormous numbers of albums are just about zip.

Specifically, it's a regrettable misconception that Grateful Dead spinoffs like Bobby and the Midnites, the Jerry Garcia Band and Mickey Hart's Rhythm Devils make music for Dead Heads only. This kind of music is for everyone who loves — or even likes — rock 'n' roll.



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF ROCK & ROLL

I Suck up to the Top Cats

II Do not express independent opinions

III Do not work for common interest, only factional interests

IIII If there's nothing to complain about dig up some old gripe

V Do not respect property or persons other than band property or personnel

VI Make devastating judgments on persons and situations without adequate infor

VII Discourage and confound personal, technical and/or creative projects

VIII Single out absent persons for intense criticism

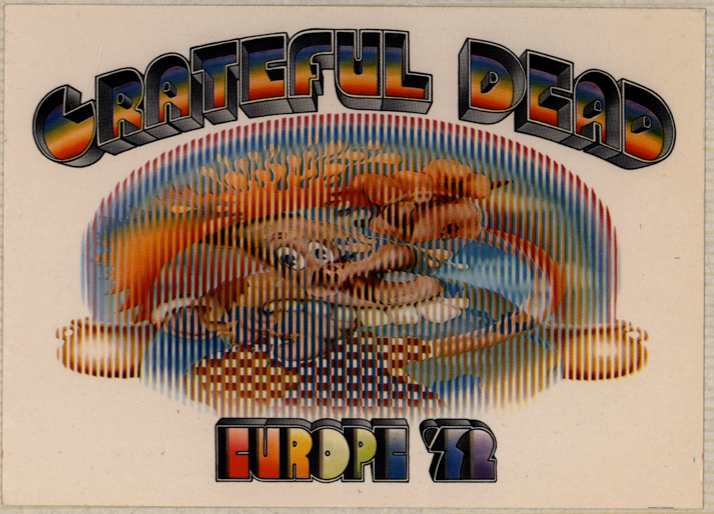
VIIII Remember that anything you don't understand is trying to fuck with you

X Destroy yourself physically and morally and insist that all true brothers do likewise as an expression of unity.

Grateful Dead

Twenty-two Rock and Roll Excuses
For All Occasions

1. The check's in the mail.
2. Of course I remember You
3. It sounds great out front.
4. I'll fix it in the mix.
5. They're prepaid at the airport.
6. I'll call you on Monday.
7. I only use a third of a bottle.
8. Only one more line, we'll go to bed early.
9. Don't worry, there'll be bonuses at the end of the tour.
10. Ask me.
11. I won't get drunk on stage tonight.
12. I usually don't do this with most girls.
13. Your name's on the list.
14. I'm all packed.
15. I'll turn down tonight.
16. We'll have a sound check tomorrow.
17. Don't worry, there's a t-shirt for everyone.
18. I'll be down in five minutes.
19. I've got some in my room.
20. Yes I turned you up.
21. I'll get up early and do it in the morning.
22. Can you hold for just a second.



DL0340

a conversation with

PLAYBOY EDITION ON ELECTRONICS -82

JERRY GARCIA

The head of the Grateful Dead tells what a long, strange trip it's been

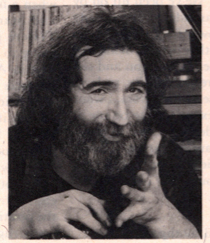
The closest thing The Grateful Dead ever had to a hit single was Truckin', off their American Beauty album. The song is a peppy, elegantly constructed tale of life on the road, a surrealistic procession of hotel rooms, strange acquaintances, obscure longings and run-ins with local authorities. It contains the most famous line The Dead ever wrote, wailed plaintively at the end of each long verse: "What a long, strange trip it's been."

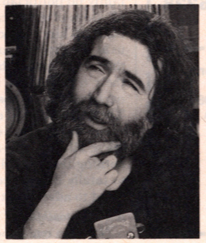
The emphasis here is on long. There have been many rock-'n'-roll bands who've had short, strange trips, but money and egos and drugs and death have taken a terrible toll. Few groups remain in their original, or even near-original, configurations. In the first rank of bands, there are only two: The Rolling Stones and The Grateful Dead. The two groups, while dissimilar in most ways, are alike in at least one. They are, by any measure, more popular right now than at any point in their history.

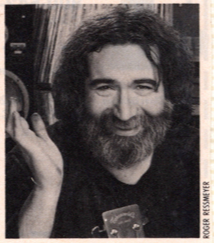
The Dead seemed unlikely candidates for a survival trophy when they first appeared on the scene in San Francisco in the mid-Sixties. They were the house band of the psychedelic revolution, the group whose free-flowing compositions (like Dark Star and St. Stephen) evolved during long and loony nights at Ken Kesey's Acid Tests in San Francisco and virtually defined the new noncommercial, nonstructured music coming from the West Coast. Their image was scary—the name itself, for starters. Then there was the skull that appeared on most of their posters and records and the association with the Hell's Angels, not to mention the cheerful endorsement of powerful mind-altering substances.

Yet The Grateful Dead were creating some of the sweetest, most accessible music around. And that music has attracted and kept some very passionate partisans. Deadheads are unlike any comparable group of fans both in the range of their ages—16 to 45, with most either 20–25 or 35–40—and in the diversity of their occupations, economic status, cultural backgrounds and current ambitions. They come to listen because, as the bumper sticker says, "There is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert."

Jerry Garcia is the spiritual leader of The Grateful Dead, although in the true communal sense of the Sixties he won't own up to it. At 39, he still sees himself as the lead guitarist. Period. We sent interviewer **Jon Carroll** *to talk with Garcia in his sprawling but modest San Rafael home. Garcia had just returned from a hugely successful Dead tour, and was about to go into the studio to record an album with his own, smaller band. Two new Grateful Dead albums had just been released, one a few days before the interview, and they were selling as well as might have been expected. (Dead albums are never blockbusters, but they have a long shelf life. Three golden goodies from the early Seventies—Europe '72, American Beauty and Workingman's Dead—are still selling more than 5000 copies a month, and Workingman's Dead is about to go platinum.) Still, the Dead remain an anomaly—more people come to their concerts than buy their albums, exactly the reverse of almost every other rock-'n'-roll group. The conversation started on that note.*







ROGER RESSMEYER

Why are The Grateful Dead more convincing—and more entertaining—in concert than they are in the studio making albums?

When you're on stage, all of these things that are really technical tend to occupy your attention. Music is something that escapes between frenzies, between anxiety attacks. Usually you're thinking, my God, that amplifier sounds a little weird, or what's wrong with that string. But every once in a while there are wonderful clearings in the wilderness.

The curious part is that they seem to require an audience.

I've never experienced it without an audience. I try to psych myself up in the studio—getting a nice tasty stereo mix in the earphones and closing my eyes and kind of imagining, kind of projecting myself into an audience situation, but it doesn't work. It's just some two-way street. The audience is hoping to get off, and you're hoping to click. We used to talk to Bill Walton, the basketball star, about being on, you know—hitting it just right. There's a great correlation between professional sports and music. They're both improvisational.

You said that The Grateful Dead doesn't will it to happen; it lets it happen. The Rolling Stones always seem to be trying to make it happen, to force the issue.

Right. They can sound very ugly and harsh at times, and then other times they're just wonderful. But their attitude is different. There's antagonism there. It's one of the classic rock-'n'-roll attitudes; it's the punk attitude. I dig it, but it's not what we do. We're friendly. For me, I can't see relating to the audience any other way. We exist by their grace. It's very hard for me to do anything but like them. They're nice people. This thing of following bands on the road is very funny. Some bands make it hard for other bands; some audiences are real rowdy and smash everything. You get lumped in with everybody, and you have to constantly separate yourself. Listen, our audience is not the Black Sabbath audience.

So your main responsibility is to your audience.

Sure. Of course, we want to give them their money's worth, but we also want to avoid putting them in positions of harm. There are some places in America where we can't play because of the friction between the local authorities and the audience. We've had the experience of, basically, acting as bait. The first couple of times we played Nassau Coliseum on Long Island, the police busted about 100 people. They took advantage of the situation. We have to try to make sure that doesn't happen.

Have you ever worked for the authorities? Would you ever consider playing to support a political candidate?

Never. We draw the line at that. Who's that cool, really? Who's so cool you would want them leading people? Nobody, certainly no politician. We've been hit on by all kinds of them, candidates, gurus, holy men. All kinds of power freaks have hit on us at one time or another to raise money for them or to get on the bandwagon and sell their trip. It's our responsibility to keep ourselves free of those connotations. I want The Grateful Dead experience to be one of those things that doesn't have a hook. We're all very anti-authoritarian. There's nothing that we believe so uniformly and so totally that we could use The Grateful Dead to advertise it.

Not even toothpaste?

Not even real good toothpaste.

Do you still get hassled by the law?

It's an ever-present danger. I have a feeling this whole Reagan era means a tightening down from the top, so we're always on guard. We try to be as cool as we possibly can. The world is still not that safe for people like us. But I don't think any law enforcement agency sees us as a real menace.

That's interesting, because ten years ago you were perceived as a menace to public health and safety.

Well, we might still be. It's just that nothing's ever come of it. No major disasters or anything; our audience comes out for a good time and that's it. We've had countless sheriffs and chiefs of police giving us points because they've dealt with our crowd, and they know the difference between our crowd and other crowds. I mean, maybe I'm wrong. Maybe they have thick dossiers on all of us and they're just waiting for us to make a false move. But I don't think so. I think we've won the fight against our Sixties image.

But that image was cultivated. The skulls and the Hell's Angels and...

Well, let me put it this way: We didn't make any effort to *avoid* scaring people. But we didn't think we'd scare them as much as we did. It all seemed pretty normal to us.

Were you surprised by the power of the images you put forth, by the power that other people invested in you because of them?

Well, one of the things about the name, right from the beginning, was that it has a lot of power. It was kind of creepy. People resisted it at first. They didn't want us to be The Grateful Dead. It was too weird. But that response has sort of flattened out. I don't think the connotation is anywhere near as creepy as it used to be, though sometimes the *power* is very evident. It comes back to us. Every once in a while, some soul out there overamps. And all of a sudden there's a guy banging on the door with a whole complex pathology, a whole weird Grateful Dead universe woven up with images from our stuff.

Well, at least that's not happening much anymore.

Hopefully there aren't as many suckers for rhetoric now. It was so obvious what was happening back in those days. Like the Black Panthers. I mean, what happens when a bunch of black guys put on berets and start packing submachine guns? They're going to get killed, man, they're going to get fucking killed. You can't do that in America. You can't wave guns in the faces of the biggest guns in the world. It's suicide. That's obvious, but how could you say it? Like, all that campus confusion seemed laughable too. Why enter this closed society and make an effort to liberalize it when that's never been its function? Why not just leave it and go somewhere else? Why not act out your fantasies, using the positive side of your nature rather than just struggling? Just turn your back on it and split—it's easy enough to find a place where people will leave you alone. You don't have to create confrontation. It's a game, and it's a no-win game. I remember once being at a be-in or one of those things, and the Berkeley contingent—Jerry Rubin and those guys—got up on stage and started haranguing the crowd. All of a sudden it was like everybody who had ever harangued a crowd. It was every asshole who told people what to do. The words didn't matter. It was that angry tone. It scared me; it made me sick to my stomach.

Well, it must be hard to be stuck with your own charisma, discovering that you have it and not knowing what to do with it.

Yeah. It's the only thing you have. And charisma is no shield. It's not something you can hide behind. All you can do with it is stuff like making speeches. And where do you go with that? It's a drag to be a celebrity. It can even be a drag to be a talented celebrity, with something to do. But if you're not a performer, being a celebrity could be all negative.

But don't you have people coming around and saying, "Be my leader; tell me what I'm supposed to do?"

We tell them we don't know. I've made every effort to tell them that we're not in a position to lead, that everybody's going to have to lead themselves. What it boils down to is: Who do you trust? Who would be such a perfect kind of person that you would trust him enough to follow him? And anyway, who wants to follow? Nobody I know. And even fewer people want to lead. And the kind of people who *do* want to lead are mostly assholes. I mean, being a politician is a lot like being a stand-up comic. The only thing you have is your personality, and the only thing you can do is stand up and say, "It's me, it's me, it's me." What kind of personality do you have to have to do such a thing? Do you want someone with that kind of personality controlling *your* life? No sir.

Of course, you guys never really had those temptations. Maybe it's a good thing that you didn't have a number one record in 1968.

Boy, you're telling me. It is lucky. I mean, 1968—we were ready to go. It's been a learning process. As we've gone along we've gotten more and more cautious about what we're doing, and we've been able to upgrade it.

And insist on surviving.

That's been an accident. We didn't really insist; it just worked out that way. It's a matter of tremendous luck; I don't know what else to call it. For us, there's never been an alternative as attractive as The Grateful Dead. You can't imagine, playing with people who really understand you... I'm glad it worked out the way it has. All in all, it's been pretty neat. I mean, that's a lot to ask of life right there.

By David Gans & Blair Jackson

After 17 years together, the Grateful Dead are one of America's longest-running musical arguments. Determinedly eclectic from the start, the Dead brought together influences ranging from bluegrass to avant-garde classical music to rhythm and blues, and the soup they've stirred up has bubbled, simmered down and boiled over many times. The flavor and texture have changed as various band members' influences have risen and fallen, but the core of the band—guitarists Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir, drummer Bill Kreutzmann and bassist Phil Lesh—has remained constant and committed to progress through numerous changes of peripheral personnel.

Because they eschew the normal stage and studio behavior of rock music—making admittedly weak records and playing four-hour, heavily improvisational concerts which include enough ballads to supply every other band on the face of the Earth—the Dead have become something of an industry joke, symbolizing the "hippie band" way of doing business. But the Grateful Dead are true to their own vision; it would be ludicrous to imagine them changing their approach a la REO Speedwagon in search of a hit single.

Jerry Garcia has always been the most visible member of the putatively leaderless band, if only because he is the most genial and outgoing one. This interview shows Garcia to be interested in much more of life than guitars, girls and drugs. Though he rejects the mantle of guruhood that many Deadheads have burdened him with, it is obvious from his conversation that the man reads a great deal and gives much thought to the nature of existence. In the best sense of the "hippie" tradition, Garcia seems cognizant of mankind's tenuous hold on the continuum of life on this planet, and of the distinct possibility that we all may be little more than self-conscious specks in the grand scheme of the universe.

There's an emotional tone about the Grateful Dead that's unique. I've often likened it more to theatre than to music, because I get the same mental relationship to the stage with you guys that I get at a really hot theatrical performance.

It's the same kind of chemistry.

There's much more trust happening at a Dead concert than is ever required at a James Taylor show.

That's right. The whole thing is this mutual agreement that allows the whole thing to happen. I'm conscious of that. It's definitely that for me. Being in the Grateful Dead is taxing in a way that nothing else is. When it's hard, it's the hardest thing there is, and when it's easy, it's magic. If things are happening in some kind of special way, then it's the easiest thing in the world—it's reflexive, almost. You don't think about anything, you don't plan anything, and it's no sweat. There's not much effort involved. And for reasons we don't know, sometimes it's all there, and other times no amount of effort can make it be there.

If I tell somebody from the audience, "Tonight was really hard work, and it seemed impossible to get anything together," I always get these reports back that it was great. I'm not able to tell whether or not what happens to us emotionally or physically has any kind of relevance to the way everybody else experiences it. One of the things that's amazing about it is that everybody experiences it on their own terms: but from the point of view of being a player, it's this thing that you can't make happen, but when it's happening, you can't stop it from happening. That's the closest I can get to really explaining it. I've tried to analyze it on every level that I can gather together, and all the intellectual exercise in the world don't do a thing—don't help a bit, don't explain it one way or another to any degree of satisfaction. The Grateful Dead has some kind of intuitive thing—I don't know what it is or how it works, but we recognize it phenomenologically. I know it because it's reported to me hugely from the audience, and it's something that we know because we've compared notes among ourselves in the band. We talk about it, but all those things are by way of agreeing that we'll continue to keep trying to do this thing, whatever it is, and that our best attitude is to consider it a stewardship, in which we are the custodians of this thing.

One time I came home from a concert and wrote, "The Grateful Dead is immortal, but these men who play in the band are not."

That's exactly right, and that's the way we feel. It takes the responsibility out of our hands, which is comfortable. It's scary if you feel like you're responsible for it—that's a lot of energy to be responsible for. I've had to pay those dues in the psychedelic world.

Do you know how much power is ascribed to you—to the band as a whole, and to you as the focus?

Yeah, I know, and luckily I've already been able to disqualify myself from it. I know it's not me. They make the association, but that isn't the case—well, it doesn't really matter what they believe: I know from personal, subjective testing that that is not the case.

Everybody has their own version, and that's good. That's one of the things about music that makes it a special thing. It can be experienced that way—it's so close to being perfect fascism.

What do you mean by that?

Well, it's so close to being perfectly manipulative. It borders on that, and people who use formula things on the audience are basically manipulating them in the same sense that fascism manipulates people.

You mean show-biz tricks?

Sure. That's just what they are, show-biz tricks.

There's a certain amount of that involved, though, in what you do.

Oh yeah, a certain amount of it, but our trip is to learn the tricks and then not use them. For us, we've discovered them—"oh, far out, when we do this, look what happens to the audience." "Yeah, let's not do that."

Do you always discard them?

Yeah, pretty much. We want for the Dead to be something that isn't the result of tricks, and we don't trust ourselves with it. We certainly don't trust anybody else with it.

It's always struck me that in your second sets, where theoretically things are very open-ended-and loose, there always seems to be a time where you're in the middle of "Stella Blue," and all of a sudden it's "Sugar Magnolia," which is the most manipulative thing you can do. It says to everyone, "This is the end of the show," no matter what mood you're in. "Get into your party mood, 'cause this is it." You can't get much more manipulative.

We end up closing the door just like we open it up. In that sense, we create the framework. It has its ups and downs.

So you are conscious of it as a *show.*

The contour of it, yes. And sometimes it *is* manufactured.

I've always thought it would be interesting if you ended on a down note, if suddenly the end was "Stella Blue."

We've done it. We used to end with real dire things in the old days—we used to end with "Death Don't Have No Mercy," and things like that. I like to end it gently some times. I really feel like I'd like for it to taper down.

Have "Black Peter" wind down and then walk off stage. But it doesn't, because here comes Weir with clang-clang, "Around And Around."

Well, there's always those possibilities. Weir pushes the show-biz stuff.

It's a good dynamic, I guess.

Yeah, it keeps people from taking it too seriously.

You don't take Weir very seriously, but in my conversations with him I've gotten the feeling that he lacks respect for you guys' attitude.

That's the thing. Weir is capable of being a tremendous cop at times. It's something he knows about himself. In the Grateful Dead, if you don't have a sense of humor, you're screwed.

When you're working in a band, you have to try to let everybody have his own voice the way he best sees it. There are always going to be things that create friction. It's part of what's interesting between he and I. He's always going to make decisions musically that I'm not going to agree with fully, but I'll go along with them anyway.

Sometimes his solo trip seems anti-Grateful Dead.

Yeah, in a way it is.

He doesn't have to put up with the quirks of five other guys.

I think he enjoys that, and I'm certain he needs it. The way it is with Weir is that he's continually making discoveries that are like old discoveries, sometimes, for the rest of us. But on the other hand, there are ideas that Weir has that I would never have had, that in fact maybe only *he* has. That's his unique value—he's an extraordinarily orginal player in a world full of people who sound like each other. I don't know anybody else who plays the guitar the way he does, with the kind of approach that he has to it. That in itself is, I think, really a score, considering how derivative almost all electric guitar playing is.

There are so many different musics at work in the Grateful Dead, and you all seem to have learned them from their sources: Bill Monroe, Rev. Gary Davis, Hawk Williams, Sonny Boy Williamson, etc. Younger musicians haven't been exposed to the pure goods the way you were.

The way I hear myself is that I hear my influences, to some extent, in myself. With Weir, I have a real hard time recognizing any influences in his playing, anything I could put my finger on and say, "That's something Weir got from such and such," even though I've been along for almost all of his musical development. I've been playing with him since he was 16 or so.

Weir's influence isn't only musical, though. Brent (Mydland), for instance, seems to have picked up a lot of speech patterns and phrases from Weir.

It goes around, because Weir steals from Brent, too. Weir steals from everybody. He's a shameless thief.

You said on another occasion that Weir hides his thievery very well.

He does; he's good at it. On guitar, he's copped to having been influenced by people, but I can't hear it in his playing. I know that he thinks it's true, but I swear to God I can't hear it. He says he's been influenced a lot by Pete Townshend, and I can't hear it. And a couple of other guys, too. You'd have to be Weir to understand what he meant, or to have followed the evolutionary path that he's followed.

It could be some really angular aspect of Townshend's playing, not some particular lick. In his own context, it's invisible to anybody but the architect.

That's right. I've been influenced by people too, where I haven't been influenced by the notes they played, but by the attitude, the gesture—the other part of it. The substance rather than the form.

Give us an example.

Oh, like Coltrane. I've been influenced a lot by Coltrane, but I never copped his licks or sat down and listened to records and tried to play his stuff. I've been impressed with that thing of flow, and of making statements that to my ears sound like paragraphs—he'll play along stylistically with a certain kind of tone, in a certain kind of syntax, for X amount of time, then he'll like change the subject, then play along with this other personality coming out, which really impresses me. It's like other personalities stepping out, or else his personality is changing, or his attitude's changing. But it changes in a holistic way, where the tone of his axe and *everything* changes. It's a complete vertical change, then it'll narrow down to a point, then it'll open up again. Perceptually, an idea that's been very important to me in playing has been the whole "odyssey" idea—journeys, voyages, you know? And adventures along the way. Golden Gate Park is an example of something that works that way. Walking through the park takes you through a lot of different worlds. All of a sudden you're in one of those places where everything is that weird prehistoric-looking shit, huge ferns—



"We're all ambivalent about the Grateful Dead."

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PHOTO: ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

and it changes seamlessly from one thing to another. They really are different, their whole texture and everything. It's the work of an artist.

But in that case it's probably a conscious construction, whereas with Coltrane it would be more instinctual.

Right, but maybe not. Coltrane was a smart guy. He knew what he was doing—he spent a lot of time studying music.

Do you always know what you're doing?

In what sense?

In a long solo passage where you play those paragraphs, and you'll maybe change something in your signal processing and start a new thing. Or sometimes it won't even be a gross change like that, but you'll change modes or scales.

Sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. It used to be more rambling than it is now. Somewhere in the '70s it became my goal to be more in charge, to know what I'm doing. So now if you stopped me somewhere I'd be able to tell you what it is I'm trying to do. I've got that kind of a handle on it: when things are going really well I know automatically—certain lengths start to be apparent. I automatically know how long eight bars is, 16 bars, and where the one is gonna be. I can turn it around all different kinds of ways. I like to be able to know where it is, but I also like to be able to forget about it entirely.

So it becomes an ongoing, subconscious kind of thing that's there when you need it.

That's right. In the Grateful Dead, there's a certain philosophy about that. Rhythmically, you always know our policy is that the *one* is where you think it is. It's kind of a Zen concept, but it really works well for us. It makes it possible to get into a phrase where I can change into little phrase spurts, spitting out little groups of notes that are attached fives—five in the space of four, or five in the space of two is more common for me—and then turn that into a new pulse, where those fives become like a 16th-note pulse. Then I'm inside of a whole irregularly-rotating tempo in relation to what the rest of the band is playing, when they're playing, say, the original common time. It produces this ambiguity, but all I have to do is make a statement that says, "end of paragraph, AND, one," and they all know where it is. We all have that kind of privilege—it's partly something we've allowed each other, and partly something we've gained the confidence to be able to do just by spending a *lot* of time playing together. When we started working on "The Eleven" back in the late '60s, we'd spend hours and hours and hours every day just playing groups of eleven, to get used to that phrase, then we started working out things in seven, and from seven we started working out things that were like two bars of seven, three bars of seven, four bars of seven—patterns, phrases and licks that were those lengths, and play them over and over and over again.

In an almost academic way?

Oh, yeah, a real academic way.

The band woodshedded together—

We had to do it. You can't play confidently and fluidly in those times without really knowing what you're doing.

Yet your image is not that of a studious band.

I know, but God, you can't play the way the Grateful Dead plays without working at it. It's not something that just *happened* to us. There was a long, slow process that brought that into being. It really started when Mickey first met Alla Rakha. He was completely blown out—it was the first time he'd ever heard Eastern players. He was so impressed with the level of technical ability, and the time thing. The odd times got to be a big thing, because with Mickey, technique was no problem—he was a champion drummer. As far as technique, as far as hands were concerned, he was a guy of national stature.

A budding Buddy Rich.

Well, in a way. His background was fundamentals, which is more the military trip and less band music. But for him, the idea of that kind of discipline, what Indian music seems to have—the combination of tremendous freedom and also tremendous discipline—that really impressed Mickey, so he started right away studying with Alla Rakha. That influence got the rest of us starting to fool with ideas that were in certain lengths. The challenge with us was how do you take these lengths and make them translateable to Western body knowledge. Westerners' body knowledge is basically twos and fours, smaller increments. It's harder for Western ears to hear the large divisions, the long meters.

Dancing to "The Eleven" . . . well, dancing to the Grateful Dead doesn't look like people dancing to most other musics.

No, it doesn't, but it's rooted in gravity, you know, and human body design, like all dancing is. Dancing is a function of gravity acting on the body, and the body is basically a gravity-designed thing. Its evolution, the back-bone of those things are functions of this gravity on this specific planet. Dancing has to do with, like, you jump up in the air, and gravity pulls you down at a certain rate. That's the reason why the march is always 110, and when you march there's always a certain meter, which is marching meter—it has to do with the average stride length of a human.

You've put a lot of thought into this, haven't you?

Well, I haven't thought about it in some kind of methodical, mad scientist, "now-I'm-gonna-make-music-that-makes-people-dance" sort of way, but just in terms of why do these things work? Why do some things work and some things not work? Why in some grooves do you look for some slower division of the meter? If something's going terribly fast, you look for a slower part of it, the half-time or whatever. Something to get comfortable with, where your body knowledge works for you. The thing that I see—for



PHOTO: MICHAEL PUTLAND/RETNA LTD.

A guitarist in search of the pure gold of the Dead experience.

me, where I can rock back and forth or tap my toe—it's gravity. It's that simple, it's like the test for me. It's part of what makes music so compelling. Music is like echoing, and talking about, physical laws—at least locally, physical laws in this universe, on this planet. It's part of what makes it really interesting.

Other people think about music that deeply. In Indian music, they have organized it to the point where the intervals in any one of those ragas—each interval has a definite emotional connotation. It probably has to do with some kind of real, nervous-system recognition. The nervous system has some rate, which you can describe as pitch.

Have you tried to relate this to our Western music?

Yeah, but I'm not trying to codify it. In Eastern music, it's formalized. There's a raga for each time of day, and so forth. There's ragas for particular activities, and then within each raga, each of the intervallic relationships all have some definite, specific emotional sense. That's the way the music is structured—it's part of the learning process. Have you ever read Inayit Khan's books on Indian music? It's fascinating as hell, especially since it's an oral tradition. You know that drummer talk—they teach you to sing it. Every Indian musician, no matter what instrument he plays, starts by learning how to sing each of those figures. It's fantastic. That's how they do the arrangements—they *talk* them to each other. They're as tight at that as any Western musicians are at sight-reading. They have phenomenal ability to remember long, long things, phrases that last the equivalent of 60, 80 bars. One guy can sing it to another guy one time, and the other guy's got it.

I wonder how that maps into the organization of the nervous system?

That's what's interesting about these Inayit Khan books—he does talk about that. He's Ali Akbar Khan's grandfather. There are about four or five books on classical Indian music, and they're all far out. It'll blow your mind how highly-organized the music is.

I also have an interesting treatise by this Dutch guy about medieval church music, from before Bach, before Baroque music. It's basically a study of this kind of music called *tactus*. This music is written in an early kind of notation that doesn't give any indication of the time. It's before they had rhythmic notation, but there are note values. These are like four-part vocal things, contemporary with Gregorian, but four-part instead of unison. They were written to be performed by these little groups of monks in gothic cathedrals. This guy ran a complicated vertical analysis of all the intervallic relationships in these works, which are commonly very short. They look like they're about eight bars long, in four-part vocal . . . harmony, you could say—early counterpoint. This guy made an effort to study all the relationships, and also to see if he could deduce what it was that they used for the time values. There's no bar lines or anything. There's this incredible readout of all these relationships, which the guy then applies to all the alchemical and masonic magical numerological traditions, the significance of all these really complex things, but also, it would take a monk like 20 years to write one of these things, and they wondered what the heck would take 'em so long, with these things that look like simple pieces of music. It turns out that they're really super-complex, highly-coded, sort of magical stuff that are designed for specific architectural spaces, designed to be sung in a specific place in a gothic

same relationships that you find in a gothic cathedral.

Taking into account reverberation times, standing waves—

It basically has all that kind of physics in it, but the way they . . . in those days they had it all in octaves, remember; and the divisions of 12 for the 12 apostles; and the trinity runs all through it because of the magical significance of all those numbers. It's a huge body of complex knowledge that's codified that way. It turns out that the way this music was sung . . . there's little wood engravings and stuff like that on the illuminations that this music was written on that show the group of usually 12 or 14, with their hands on each other's throats. His deduction is that they got the tempo and the time relationships from the heartbeat, from each other's pulse. So the implications are very far out.

Would that imply that eventually their pulses became synchronized?

Right. When they sang this music, they would get tremendously high in the church. In those days, the whole thing had power to make changes, the idea of music as drugs.

There are times when I've felt like the music plays the band, or that the band and the audience are definitely linked.

We know that's the case. It's wonderful. It means that you're no longer responsible. That's the stuff, the pure gold of the experience.

How often do you get that?

Not very often.

It seems to depend very much on Phil's frame of mind at the moment. But even so, is it inaccurate to think that his role in the band diminished in the last couple of years?

Well, he doesn't sing anymore.

But even live he doesn't seem to have the same kind of presence.

It's possible. He's a different kind of guy than he used to be—he's definitely changed a lot. You'd have to ask him. He's like a hard guy to know, and it's also one of those things where I can't characterize him in a way that I think is fair to him. To get insight into his personality you'd have to talk to him about it and see where he thinks of himself as being. Phil has much tighter a sine wave to who he is. He goes through his changes much more frequently than I think of myself as doing. This is really coffee-table psychoanalysis at its cheapest, I don't mind telling you.

Phil is an incredibly complex and brilliant guy. He does things for reasons of his own that are, just like his music, not easy for me to understand. I don't know why he is the way he is or why he does what he does, or what kind of thoughts he thinks on and off, but I do know that his period of being enthusiastic and of being estranged, which we all have about the Dead—we're all ambivalent about the Grateful Dead, it gets to be a love-hate thing after a while—that he goes through those changes with greater frequency. Sometimes during the course of the gig, he'll go through two or three great big changes. He's much harder on himself than anybody is on him. He punishes himself in his own mental being, his own artistic space or whatever it is. But he's a tremendously brilliant guy, and I think he has a huge role. He's like one of the fulcrumatic personalities in the band. If Phil is happening, the band's happening.

"Everybody has their moments of tremendous reasonableness that stretch on for years, then go through years of intractable weirdness. Everybody's weird, everybody's bent in the Grateful Dead."

Is that cause or effect?

It's both. It's totally interactive.

If Brent was on the rag, would it affect you as much?

Not as much. Nor me, or Kreutzmann, or Weir. Phil has more power individually than any of the rest of us has. He really is superimportant, and it's one of those things that—the way we are, and the way our relationships are in the band is that we can see each other clearly and we can't see ourselves. That's the position that we're in relationship-wise. It's very difficult to see how you yourself fit in, and it's easy for you to see how others have power, but it's not easy for you to communicate to them the amount of power they have. You can tell somebody, but that doesn't mean they can know. We try to report to each other to some extent what it's like and what we think is happening. We have frameworks through which to talk about it; we have our own metaphors, our own ways of discussing what's happening in the Dead that make the most sense to us, but ultimately you can't tip off anybody. The Grateful Dead has this weird quality, and everybody feels this, people in the audience feel it regularly, that "if I could just get everybody to do what I wanted them to do, or do it the way they did it that night, it would just be perfect." You know? It has this fixable quality.

And it never happens.

Right. You can't do it just by knowing the symptoms. You'd think that you would be able to make corrections in music just by saying what it is you think is deficient.

I get the feeling that certain guys in the band, or different guys at different times, would automatically do the opposite if you ever asked them to do something.

Oh, yeah. There is that degree of perversity.

Who's the moodiest in the band?

Everybody is pretty moody. I couldn't assign that to anybody, because everybody has their moments of tremendous reasonableness that stretch on for years at a time, then go through years of craziness, intractable weirdness. Everybody's weird, everybody's bent in the Grateful Dead. Nobody is that "clean," you know what I mean?

Nevertheless, you guys are pretty lucky. By all the rules by which other musical aggregations play, you guys are failures. But you've survived outside those definitions, and it's a privilege in that respect.

You're right. We're insanely lucky, and I appreciate it like crazy! But you don't gain an improved position just by virtue of being in the Grateful Dead, for example. We're frequently seen as being privileged somehow, but being in the Dead is in no way a privilege. It doesn't exempt you from anything particularly, and the reward is a fleeting, existential kind of reality, where really the most important thing is the gig that just happened. Everything that we've done culminates in the last note that we play. If it was a bad gig, it's like there's nothing but suicide, that the only reasonable thing to do is to end it all. But the hope that there'll be a better one is an ever-present possibility. Luckily they change for the better often enough so that it isn't complete darkness. But the nature of the experience is such that it's balanced, really, on the most recent experience. No matter how good it's ever been, if the last gig was a bum one, God, you're stuck.

Do you feel an obligation to keep the Dead going?

In a kind of large sense, yeah. I do sort of feel an obligation to it. I don't know the nature of the obligation, though.

Is it in the sense that so many people would be let down if you didn't do what you're doing?

No, it isn't that kind of obligation.

Lost lives, people running into walls . . . there are tons of people who would not know what to do if the Grateful Dead took off the planet. I know personally a lot of guys that would be broken men—and a few women.

Well, they should start stashing something.



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Deadheads

DENVER POST 7/29/82

Band's Followers Keep Finding Life

By G. BROWN
Special to The Denver Post

The Grateful Dead continues to be a concert phenomenon. Never mind that the group comes through Colorado more often than any other act — a Dead show is still reason enough for a legion of fans to make cross-country treks to witness the event.

Zealous? These Deadheads don't let little things like time and money stand in their way. Check the parking area at Red Rocks Amphitheater during the Dead's current three-night stand and you'll see license plates from every state in the nation. And don't believe that it's a different crowd each night — the Dead won't play to 27,000 people during their Red Rocks stay, only the same 9,000 folks three different times.

How does the San Francisco-based band command such a fanatical following? Quite simply, the Dead is the only major group that still indulges in improvisational rock. Whereas most bands rehearse every moment down to

Please See FANS on 8-C

Fans Find Some Life In 'Dead'

FANS From 1-C

where the lead singer's Spandex pants split, the Dead prides itself on marathon shows where the band simply lets loose and jams for hours on end. When it clicks, the result is magical — and that's why the Dead's following is willing to travel coast to coast.

But the magic isn't a surefire thing — which is why the majority of Dead shows are rather boring at this late stage. Don't tell that to the Deadheads, though — in their chemically altered condition, guitarist Jerry Garcia could play the tuba and they'd still scream for more. The Dead members change their set from show to show, but the crowd reaction stays the same.

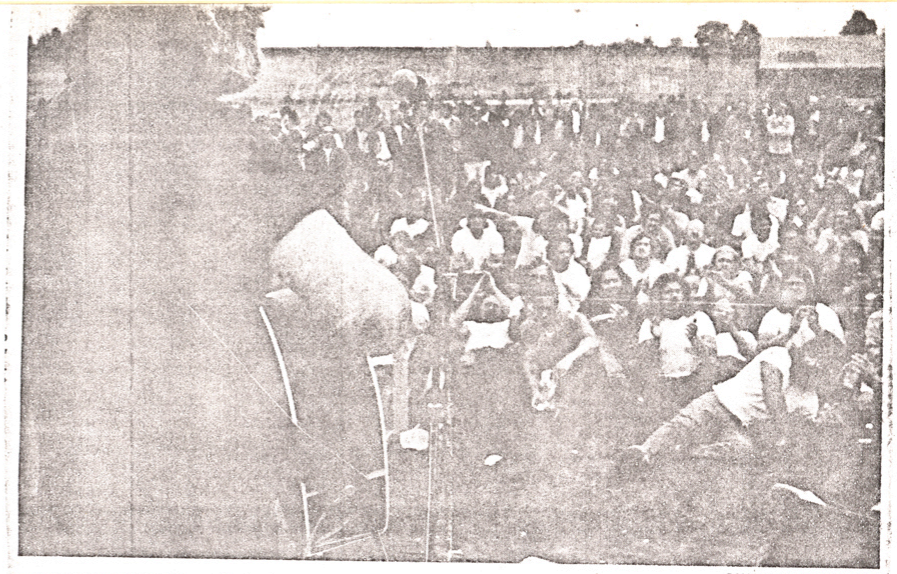
As a rule, Deadheads are polite and orderly — but their vagabond nature hardly endears them to the folks whose lawns they camp out on, or hit up for spare change. Elrod Hubbard, a fictional rock critic for Soldier of Fortune magazine, once saw a Dead concert while surrounded by Deadheads. His report remains the standard for all middle-class newcomers:

"As the Deadheads swayed and slobbered to the psychedelic sewage the band churned out, it was easy for this reporter to maneuver his way to front-row center. I simply yelled, 'Groovy!' and 'Jerry, Jerry!' repeatedly and the animals thought I was Bill Graham.

"The Dead's sound was mixed with the consistency of last week's gravy, but WHO CARED! It was the DEAD, man! The DEAD! The only people in the crowd with short hair were bikers, and all the Deadgirls were vintage 1968 calicos, moving in classic St. Vitus tradition. They should have put a film of it in the time capsule and labeled it 'Dance of the Mindless.'

"Six 'songs' were all I could handle before I began to mutate at the thought of getting trapped in the audience during a seven-hour version of 'Casey Jones.' I fled to the exits yelling 'Heavy, heavy,' dodging Dead freaks like a Klansman at an Isley Brothers show.

"I mean, it was truly a Dead evening. What hath California wrought? Had the big earthquake happened and we didn't even know about it? As I left the show, I could finally identify with that obscure feeling Custer must have experienced when he found they'd cloned Indians."



ROSS HAMILTON/Oregon Journal

PRISON PERFORMANCE — Cloudy skies and intermittent rain didn't dampen the applause of Oregon State penitentiary inmates for Jerry Garcia, lead singer for the rock group The Grateful Dead, who visited the prison for a one-hour concert Saturday along with John Kahn, a bass player who frequently accompanies the singer. Garcia, on a four-stop concert tour of the Pacific Northwest, volunteered to sing at the prison after receiving a letter from inmate Steve Stilling.

At state penitentiary

Garcia plays to captive audience

By STEVE KADEL
Journal Staff Writer

SALEM — There's a natural rapport when Jerry Garcia plays a prison concert.

"Sure, those guys are my friends," he said after an hour-long acoustic show at the Oregon State Penitentiary. "I look out and see faces I know. It's comfortable."

Garcia, lead guitarist for The Grateful Dead, visited the inmates along with bassist John Kahn. They sandwiched the performance between concerts in Portland and Eugene at the request of Steve Stilling, 34, who has become the impresario of the penitentiary while serving time.

Stilling arranges an average of two concerts a month, often getting top acts through connections from his days in the Bay Area.

"Country music always goes over good here," he said. "Some soul, too. The median age (of inmates) has gone down in the ten years I've been here; from thirty to about twenty-five. There are a lot more kids and they want to hear rock and roll.

"Most performers are very receptive to playing here. There's a good positive feeling."

That was evidenced last weekend in the response given Garcia. It was as though a kindred spirit had come calling.

"Jerry could have been in here," Stilling explained. "He's been busted before."

Looking somewhat sinister in a long dark coat, his gray hair flying wildly, Garcia walked into the yard a half-hour late. No one minded waiting.

Even the ever-present basketball game behind the makeshift bandstand halted as Garcia and Kahn tuned up. Denim-clad Buc Burgess, one of a couple hundred inmates in the audience on a cool cloudy afternoon put it this way: "We love that guy. He's cold-blooded."

The audience was attentive — more interested in the music, in fact, than Friday's audience which seemed more concerned with outhowling one another than listening.

But there are certain intrusions musicians must endure in such situations. A loudspeaker kept crackling announcements of visitors, and barbed wire doesn't add a lot to the gaiety to the atmosphere. Cameras constantly scan the scene.

Still, when Garcia sings that ". . . the sheriff's on my trail, and if he catches up to me I'll spend my life in jail," it adds a sense of immediacy to see guards armed with rifles standing on towers around the yard.

The lyrics hit home with this captive audience, none of whom left before the two had run through about the same repertoire as they did in the Portland concert, when patrons paid $10 a piece for the privilege.

Taj Mahal, Martha and the Vandellas. Stilling has had success working with virtually no budget. Some lesser-known local groups get $100 or so to help with expenses, but most performers donate their time.

"Of all the shows I've done, Garcia was the easiest to get," Stilling said. "He just said, 'Sure, I'd like to do it.' The hard part is getting to the musician. Generally you have to talk with management.

"Now I'm getting to know the roadies, or someone close to the performer, so it's easier."

This crowd didn't have to work hard for an encore. Garcia and Kahn had their guitars off for 10, maybe 15 seconds before launching into one more number.

Afterwards, prisoners clustered around Garcia for autographs. most thrust scraps of paper toward him, but a couple offered Grateful Dead posters.

Kahn, a longtime friend and playing partner of Garcia's, wasn't as recognizable to the inmates. one told him, "You sounded good. What's your name?"

Kahn told him. "Oh, well would you sign, too," he was asked.

The Grateful Dead

A cult following keeps these old hippies going

EVENING SUN
BALTIMORE 4-20-82

By Patrick Ercolano
Evening Sun Staff

ONE OF THE MOST prominent developments in recent rock history has been the revival of various acts that first found fame in the 1960s. Presently on the second-wind trail are the Rolling Stones, the Kinks, the J. Geils Band and Simon and Garfunkel. (You can also toss in the Doors, despite their being defunct for 11 years.) There have even been rumblings from out West that the great Creedence Clearwater Revival is pondering a comeback.

And then there's the Grateful Dead. One of the late '60s bands originally based in San Francisco—like the Jefferson Airplane, Country Joe and the Fish, Moby Grape, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Steve Miller Band, and others—the Dead seem to have always been around, and seem to go on and on. Last night, before a near-capacity Civic Center audience, they played the final concert of a 17-day, 13-show tour.

'The highest compliment one could make about the Dead's Civic Center show was that it was no nostalgia trip. Yes, the Stones were good in concert last year, but most of their repertoire was 10- to 18 years old.'



The Dead: from left, Mickey Hart, Phil Lesh, Jerry Garcia, Brent Mydland, Bill Kreutzman and Bob Weir

Unlike almost every one of the above bands, however, the Grateful Dead have never really attained mass popularity, not even a Top 40 single. Their best-selling album peaked at No. 27, and that was "Workingman's Dead" of the 1970s.

But the Dead have something better than fickle mass popularity. They have a cult following that may not bring them platinum discs, but it does keep them playing. Always has, probably always will.

The cult has apparently been taken over by a young crowd, most of whom were learning to speak their first syllables when the Dead were forming. This is roughly the same age group that flocked to the recent tours and gobbled up the newest albums by the Stones and the Kinks several months ago. At the Civic Center last night, for example, Deadheads who have followed the band for the last 15 years were few and far between the predominantly teen-age concert-goers on hand. No doubt the oldest folks in the whole arena were the creaky 40-year-olds onstage.

The Dead look like what they are—old hippies. Jerry Garcia, the lead guitarist disguised as bear, has gotten paunchier and grayer; rhythm guitarist Bob Weir's ponytail is long gone, replaced by a preppy short cut and equally preppy duds; bassist Phil Lesh looks more than ever like an English lit prof from the University of California at Santa Barbara; and drummer Bill Kreutzman, the grayest of them all, looks like he could be comedian Bill Murray's drug-smuggling uncle. Rounding out the band are a second drummer, Mickey Hart, and new keyboardist Brent Mydland.

The Dead, in fact, have been urged by several critics over the past decade to pack up and take what was becoming a tired sound to the Home for Aging Potheads. Maybe it's the trimmed-down lineup (they once had two keyboardists and a female backup singer), maybe it's spring—whatever the reason, the Dead sounded anything but moribund last night.

The vocals of Weir, Garcia and Mydland were strong, and the instrumentation was crisp. Garcia's unique leads, marked by jazz and bluegrass influences, were disciplined, a pleasant contrast to the self-indulgent playing of his solo tour last fall. Phil Lesh is always interesting to watch and listen to. Classically trained, he cradles his bass like a baby and plays sinuous, non-traditional bass lines. Like guitar leads, they fill gaps, playing against the rhythm instead of accenting it.

The highest compliment one could make about the Dead's Civic Center show was that it was no nostalgia trip. Yes, the Stones were good in concert last year, but most of their repertoire was 10- to 18 years old.

Conversely, the Dead seemed to acknowledge on this tour that the torch of their cult has been passed on to the children of the '70s. Old classics like "Jack Straw" and "Cumberland Blues" did surface now and then, but the band stuck with songs not much earlier than 1975 vintage.

It appears that the Grateful Dead have reached a healthy realization: As long as they plan to be around til arthritis sets in, they might as well keep their music changing and growing right along with their audience.







DL0346

APR-21-82 MORNING SUN; BALTIMORE

How have the Dead stayed alive? No theatrics, just solid music

By Rob Howe

Going to a Grateful Dead concert is like taking a spin through the Sixties in a rock 'n' roll time machine. Long ago, they jettisoned their original moniker, the Warlocks (what a relief!), abandoned their Haight-Ashbury pads for mellower digs in Marin county and lopped off their longer-than-long locks, but the Dead are still one of the best and brightest rock ensembles to survive the rise and fall of hippiedom's heyday.

Well over 11,000 loyal Dead Heads jammed into Baltimore's Civic Center Monday night for the last concert in the band's three-week East Coast blitz. Judging by the hoots and hollers of the faithful family of Dead fanatics, they weren't disappointed.

The Dead, together 17 years, are one of a handful of groups that have weathered the megabuck music business for a long time with egos, talent and band members substantially intact.

Of the original Warlocks, lead guitarist Jerry Garcia, rhythm ace Bob Weir, bassist Phil Lesh and drummer Billy Kreutzman still stand as the native nucleus of the band. Filling out the current roster are Mickey Hart on drums and Brent Mydland on keyboards.

Aside from Mr. Garcia's tired voice, the band was in fine fettle and obviously in the mood to celebrate the end of its mini-tour with gusto and golden oldies—and maybe even a few controlled substances.

People were still hassling like tie-dyed demons for better seats when the band broke into "Jack Straw." It was a very decent set as first sets go. "Cumberland Gap" still had that old zip; and, during "Must Have Been the Roses," a lyrical mid-tempo tune, the crowd marveled at Mr. Garcia's characteristically cosmic leads artfully constructed on the band's ever-awesome drum and bass foundation.

But after all, first sets are just warm-ups. They only last an hour—just time enough for these grand old men of rock to warm their weary vocal cords. The real meat of the matter is traditionally served up in the second course.

Fans danced down the aisles toward the stage as the Dead broke into the second set and "Feel Like a Stranger." The group played only one more piece before the set was through—and if you think that sounds like a short set, then you've never paid union dues to the Dead Head Trust.

That one "piece" lasted nearly two hours and wound its way around and through nine tunes, beginning with "Franklin's Tower" and ending with a rock-'n'-roll bang on "Good Lovin'." It is a tribute to the talents of and the trust among members of the band that they can survive transitions from ballads like the hypnotic "Stella Blue" to a steamy rock finale.

The "piece" also included the requisite drum solo where Mr. Kreutzman and Mr. Hart pound out an apocalyptic beat on an assortment of drums hung from a rack like so many pots and pans in a well-stocked kitchen. The band rejoined the drummers to the accompaniment of demonic peals of laughter and the booming voice of Lucifer himself—an unusually playful bit that was somewhat tiresome for sober minds.

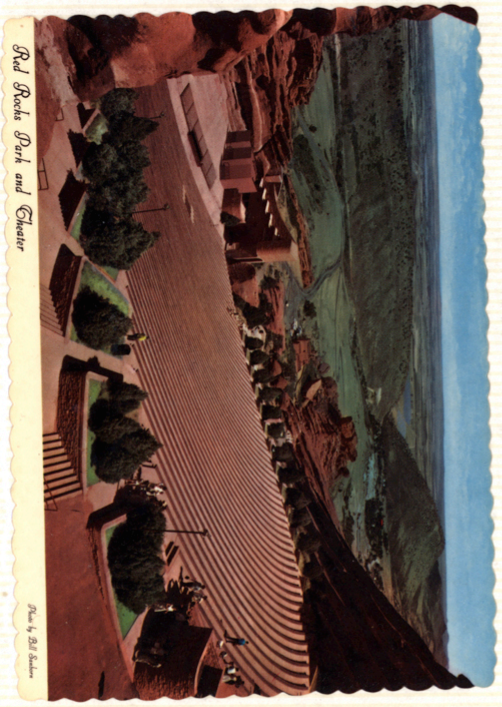
Just for good measure, the Dead pulled "Truckin'," one of their genuine classics, out of the closet and gave it a good dusting. Sure, the rendition was fraught with minor snafus, but who can complain when an audience that had already spent two hours on its feet bounded into the air, peaking with delight?

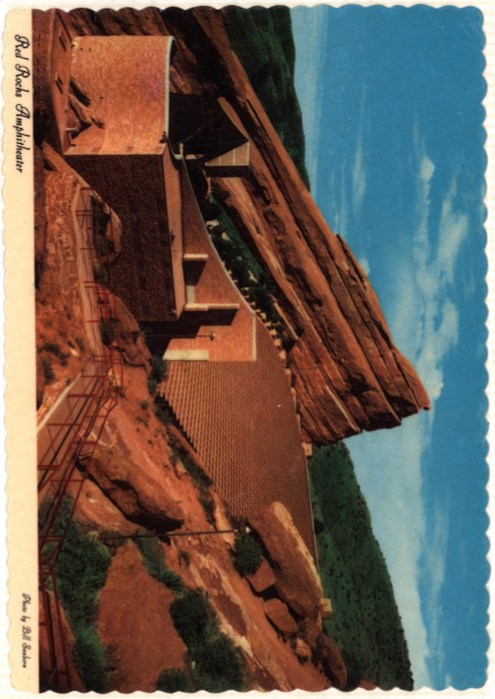
Despite long hours spent perfecting albums in studios equipped with state-of-the-art gadgetry or better, live Dead remains the best Dead (in fact, their albums rarely make the charts). But ironically, given their wild and wooly reputation, Dead sets are a picture of tradition. No theatrics. No exhibitionism. No bat-biting. Just two exceptionally long sets of music made to be experienced.

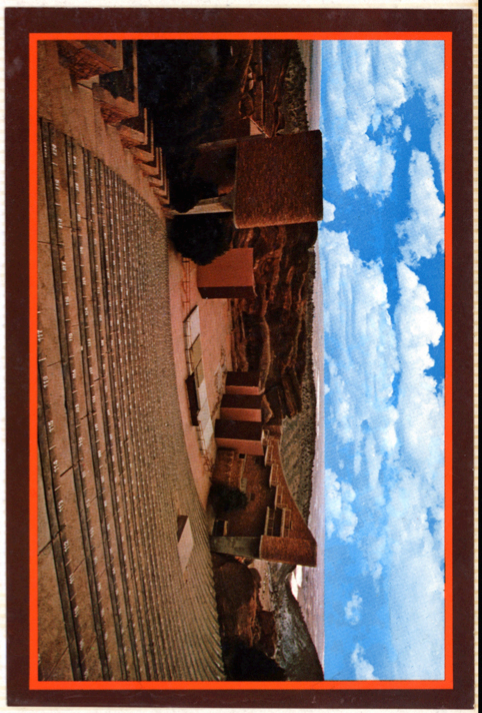
One would think that playing and hearing some tunes year after year would tire both band and fans, but not so. Unlike so many bands that record countless albums of joblike tunes that are lifeless before they've hit the record racks, the Dead blaze new trails through a wealth of tried and true material. Tunes like "The Wheel," "Terrapin Station" and "Brokedown Palace" (the single encore) evolve through the years. They're rejuvenated with new tempos or decorative licks, without diminishing the advantage of their familiarity. Loyal listeners are at once surprised and completely in sync with the music and one another. Thus, the family feel of Dead Head-edness.

After all, when the Dead go on tour, so do the Dead Heads. Old friends and tattered veterans reunite, share a hug and a common baggage of lore. The concerts are akin to family reunions, part of a tradition where the characters remain essentially the same, only the actors change.

Over the years, the Grateful Dead, kingpins of psychedelic lore, have become an establishment of sorts; they are upholders of the tradition of San Francisco born and bred rock 'n' roll. Speculators may have bought up the Haight and hippies have fallen into the corporate cracks of society, but the Dead are very much alive.







DL0347

Legendary Grateful Dead hits the count

3393 7-18-82 ENTERPRISE SUN-INBS

By John Rogers

Jerry Garcia was a kid who fell in love with rock and roll in the 1950s. Twenty-five years after he bought his first guitar at a San Francisco pawn shop, the love affair continues for Garcia, the cornerstone of the Grateful Dead.

The Grateful Dead, a band of which legends have been made, books written and movies filmed, brings its music to Ventura this weekend for Saturday and Sunday shows at the county fairgrounds.

Garcia, in a wide-ranging telephone interview this week from the Greatful Dead's home base in San Francisco, talked about the upcoming shows and about what is new in the life of one of the longest running — and most beloved — rock music attractions.

The weekend shows won't contain any real surprises for Dead heads, (the nickname by which serious Grateful Dead fans identify themselves) said the group's lead guitarist.

"I wouldn't say there would be anything specifically different. Of course our shows are never the same. We don't do a show as such. We have what you could call a large rotating repertoire of 80 to 90 tunes. During the course of a night we'll get to 17 to 20 of them maybe, so we can play four nights without repeating anything."

He continued, "How the show is organized and what gets played is mostly by chance."

Unlike most famous, successful rock bands, the Grateful Dead uses no set play list They perform on stage what they feel like, often whatever comes into their heads at the moment.

And they play for a long time. Their shows often run twice as long as almost anybody else's. A four-hour Grateful Dead concert is typical. A six-hour show would not be unexpected.

The shows are filled with long guitar jams from Garcia and rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, solos from the group's two drummers, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann, and long instrumentals that feature all of the band, including Phil Lesh on bass and Brent Mydland on keyboards.

It is a style that rock music fans seem to either embrace with joy or to quickly turn from. Serious Grateful Dead fans have been known to follow the band all around the world to see and hear them play in places like England, France and even Egypt, while others quickly turn their backs on the band, seemingly more in confusion than dislike.

Garcia can't fully explain the magnetic hold the group has on those who are its believers. "I would have to assume it's because they are something like we are," he said. "They're the same kind of people. There is something in what we can do that makes it interesting to follow."

It is not, he said, that the band is seeking such loyalty from its fans.

"It's not as though we do anything but what we can do. We just do the best we can."

Part of the magic the band works on an audience seems to emanate from the lead guitarist himself. Rated year after year by various music polls as one of the best guitar players in rock music, Garcia's hold on an audience at times seems magical.

But the spiritual link between musician and audience, says Garcia, "isn't something I can really talk about."

"It's not something I do on purpose. I don't know really what it is," he continued. "I do know the people of the audience are involved in what we are doing. After a show some people feel as though they were very, very intimately involved. Who am I to say they're not? It does tell me our approach to music, which is very intuitive, is leaving room for people to matter. I don't know if it's something you can define, though."

The only thing the band is consciously setting out to do says the guitarist, is to keep getting better.

"Our main goal is to play that special music. To make it so our percentages get better. We want to increase our percentages so that more and more often we're playing at our peak.

"My main goal," he added with a chuckle, "is still to learn how to play."

He has learned already to play a variety of music, from acoustic to electric, from rock to jazz and bluegrass, on such varied instruments as banjo pedal steel, piano and guitar.

Garcia, who played banjo with a number of bluegrass notables, including Vassar Clemments, on the album "Old and in the Way," noted he still picks up the instrument occasionally. COND ON NEXT PAGE

Psychedelic Revivor

MUSIC INTERVIEW: JERRY GARCIA
BY
STODDARD MARTIN

Some months ago our associate editor, Felicity Buirski, who had done interviews with Mike Oldfield and Paul Simon and was arranging to get John Lennon when he was murdered, asked me if I knew any way to approach another of the genii of music in our time, Bob Dylan. I was on my way to Los Angeles just then; as I knew Dylan I lived in Malibu, I said I'd give it a try. The result was an education on how to reach the stars in modern Hollywood. I started legit with Dylan's recording company, Columbia. The publicity department there directed me to his PR agent, Paul Wasserman. Some underassistant in Wasserman's office (I wasn't deigned worthy to speak to the man himself) told me that Dylan did not give interviews, did not talk to strangers, did not care what **Avantgarde** was, and buzz off, man.

Not to be discouraged, I called an old school acquaintance whose father had been a heavy film director, and who had become a big shot in the cable-television racket. He agreed to give me five minutes between lawyers and a première. I drove to his office in the San Fernando Valley, showed him the magazine, described my objective, and tried to sweeten him up with a hint of free publicity. That didn't impress him any more than it pleased me. He suggested I go see an old poufter who writes a Hollywood gossip page and knows everyone. 'Tell him you'll give him a free ticket to London,' my acquaintance said. 'He'll get you Dylan's number, if he likes you.'

Not my style, man. I drove back to Sunset not a little dejected and went to the English wine bar across from Chateau Marmont. I lamented my luck to the owner, Tats Bromley. 'I might know someone who can get Dylan's number,' he said. 'This guy's a coke-dealer, I think. I can't figure where else he could get his money. Anyway, he comes from New York and knows all that old Village crowd Dylan used to run with – Warhol, Bobby Neuwirth. You want me to ask him?' I was game for anything. Tats made a few phone calls. Within a day, where legitimate channels and nepotism had failed, a dope-connection produced the number.

We were ecstatic, but the trouble had just begun. We made countless calls to that Malibu number, Felicity from this side of the water, me from that. We became quite chatty with Dylan's personal secretary, Barbara Moldt. We may even have caught the man himself once or twice – who **was** that unidentified male voice? In spite of this, in spite of Felicity's remarkable letters, and in spite of the fact that she stood outside the White House for an hour one June morning trying to catch him before he left London on tour, we got no joy from Mr. Tambourine Man. We began to understand the reputation Tats had relayed from his connection that Dylan had become an arogant shit. We were not surprised when we went to his Earls Court concerts – the tickets courtesy of our friend, Bob Nisbett, not of Dylan's PR – that the delivery was dull, the house not full, and the audience torpid.

Avantgarde was chastened, but not discouraged. We resolved to continue with articles about the people who have made the music of our time. This issue we turn to a band that has sold out the Rainbow for two sets of concerts this year, in spite of the fact that it has been around nearly as long as recalcitrant Bob. The Grateful Dead share with the Rolling Stones the distinction of being one of the few bands of the psychedelic '60s still intact. Brian Jones died of drugs and asthma in 1969; Rod McKernan, 'Pigpen', died of booze and downers in '72. The Stones have had two replacement guitarists since; the Dead have had two replacements at keyboards – Keith Godchaux, who died last year and whose wife, Donna, sang willowy harmonies, and recently Brent Mydland, whose blues organ and high vocals seem what the band has been after all along.

People tend to think of the Dead as the fount of the philosophy of Haight-Ashbury, where they started, playing at Ken Kesey's Electric Kool-Aid Acid Tests; as the wild and colourful denizens of the 'house at Pooneil Corners', which they shared with the Jefferson Airplane, Crosby Stills and Nash, Janis Joplin, and others. The Dead's first electronic gear was puchased by Arthur Stanley Owsley, who made a fortune out of manufacturing LSD. The Dead themselves were the first in a series of rock-groups to get busted for drugs, shortly before the Stones' busts in '67. Musically they were the centre of the 'San Francisco Sound' that produced Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Steve Miller Band, Country Joe and the Fish, Big Brother and the Holding Company, etc. It was they – more specifically lead-guitarist Jerry Garcia – who more or less invented the twenty-minute break.

The original Dead, called the Warlocks, was a jug-band with pretentions to jazz. When drugs came along, the band went electric, changed its name, and grafted a new kind of musical free association onto basic rhythm-n-blues. Garcia and bassist Phil Lesh were the backbone of the sound. Their almost psychic communication performed miracles of bringing tunes out of incomprehensible tangles. Just when you thought a Dead number was going to break down into teminal wierdness, out popped the musical line again. The albums followed a similar pattern. From the exuberant R-n-B of the first album, they moved to progressively wierder experiments in **Anthem of the Sun** and **Aoxomoxoa.** Then, suddenly, surprising everyone, they launched into the electrified country-rock of the '70s with what must stand as two classics of the genre, **American Beauty** and **Workingmans Dead.**

In recent years, Garcia has toured and produced independent albums on his own and with black jazz keyboard-player Merle Saunders. Lesh has put out an album of experimental electronic music. Weir has cut an album and toured with his own band, Kingfish. These solo sojourns have profited the band when it has regrouped for recording sessions or tours. In particular Weir has developed. His ersatz cowboy vocals are now as acclaimed a part of Dead performances as Garcia's rippling, almost articulate guitar solos. Another evolution which is breathtaking is Mickey Hart's and Bill Kreutzman's drum duo. Left alone by the rest in the middle of the second set, the two drummers rise, turn their backs to the audience and, lifting their arms high above their heads, begin to pound at kettle drums suspended from a steel arc.

Some early memory wakens: of pounding on our tables when we were babies; of our primitive ancestors banging their clubs on tree trunks. And this is the Dead's genius, in true northern Californian fashion. Like Jack London, they arouse 'the call of the wild'. City-bred, they sing proletarian tales of hustlers, streetcorner girls, freaks with flowers in their hair. But all things with the Dead end by swirling out toward the fringes of what is civilized. Cowboys, outlaws, misfits of new and old kinds, they are always of the furthest reach of the West, where the Forty-Niners went to find their fortunes or die, and the women were whores with hearts of gold.

So I was thinking when, carrying the half-guilty feeling that a musician deserves to be able to make music without being harassed by importunate journalists, I went to the Dead's suite at the top of the Carlton Towers to interview Garcia during their recent tour. The scene was vintage rock-n-roll. Sitting around drinking coffee and passing joints were eight or ten true believers, Dead Heads. They traded trivia about every utterance of the band since day one. I felt nearly as alien as harlequin-clad Matthew Freud, great grandson of Sigmund, who had come to do an interview for **ZigZag.** After chatting for an hour to Rosie Bartlett of Arista Records – they had arranged everything for me, unlike Columbia with Dylan – I was ushered by a manager – Allan Trist, British born – down to the great man's room.

'Hi,' Garcia said in that jolly-Buddha way of his and extended the hand, middle fingr missing, with which he picks his guitar. 'Anwar Sadat,' he reflected as I settled into one of the plush armchairs. 'Have we heard anything more on his condition?'

The Egyptian president had just been shot. It wasn't until that evening that the news would come that he'd died. Garcia was relieved when I related the latest: that Sadat was in a military hospital but still alive. He lit a Camel and shook his hirsute pate.

'Was he a firend of yours?'

'Not a friend exactly, but we did meet him when we gave our concerts at the Pyramids. His wife was responsible for setting it up.'

The symbolism of that trip to Egypt coursed through my mind: 'Blues for Allah' underneath Giza. Similar symbolic acts were typical of the Dead: in a few weeks they would by playing in a Roman amphitheatre in Fréjus on the Cote d'Azur… I pulled out pen and paper.

'A guy like you who's been so into electronic gadgets must be pretty impatient with interviewers like me.'

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'Maybe you should. It's about Nazis in California. The thing that comes over is that, like, these people are just people too.'

'In other words, you take people as they are. They listen to your music, and you aren't interested in their politics.'

'You could say that.'

'Does it go back to 1965, to that Vietnam Day Committee Rally in Berkeley when Kesey and the Merry Pranksters played kazoos and mocked the proceedings with the contention that to organize to oppose the war was to play the same game as the people who organized to make the war?'

'Maybe. There was something in that. War against war is still war.'

'Your're anti-political, then?'

'Yes, Not anti-political, apolitical.'

'All right. But where do you draw the line? Say things get worse in the '80s and Anglo-Saxon supremacist groups in this country start trying to do the Jew-number on the two/three million blacks. Wouldn't you feel obliged to use whatever influence you had to prevent it?

'Nobody should be picked on, I believe that. But these are really wide-open ideas we're talking about. You have to have some kind of minimal standards – not murdering; allowing people to have their space. But what makes it all seem irrelevant to me is that we don't have a new realistic model of what a human being is. What is the human range? Until we know what our full capabilities are… Politics seem small to me. Tight-fitting. Limited.'

'I see. Well, this next question may tie in in another way. The Stones had a great hit with 'Sympathy for the Devil'. Not long after you brought out a song called 'Friend of the Devil' which has become one of your standards. Do you ever feel that you're capable of unleashing dark forces? evil? Do you ever wonder if Satan isn't overrepresented in rock music?'

'Maybe. I'm not sure. I don't have the answer to all these things. What I will say is that, if there were an evil manifestation like Satan on this earth, I would hope not to be serving it. At the same time, in the range of what humans are capable of, there exists a thing which you could call evil. I've felt it in myself; I don't like it; it's something I fear. But it's part of the human, and overall I think I'm most worried about just representing one point of view. I want the whole human.'

'Might this have to do with a distinction between wickedness, say, and evil? that things like wickedness and pranksterism are OK?'

'Yes, I think so. I'm on the side of humans. They're OK.'

'Do you have children?'

'The thing is that this game of Good and Evil may be necessary for humans to play; it may be that progress requires this kind of conflict. I don't know; I'm not a seer. Yes, I have children, and yes, they're OK too.'

I flashed on the kids I had seen at the concert the night before: the girl with the lightning-bolt grease-painted across her face; the boy in the black t-shirt with a white ghostly hand on the front, missing its middle finger; the couple in modified Mohawk hairdos and army fatigues who were wandering around calling 'Get 'em while you can', 'Fresh and hot', and other inexplicable barker's phrases. These were his children too, whether he kept conscious of it or acknowledged them as such.

'The Devil. God. The Trickster. Who are you to your audience? Are you ever aware of putting on these masks?'

'Yes. With psychedelics I've been into spaces where I've recognized myself in all those personae. Basically I prefer the light. I like to think of myself as working in, or toward, realms of light. But darkness may be a part of that process. Again, I don't know for sure. What I do know is that we need the All.'



'Do you believe in God?.'

'Do you mean the Judaeo-Christian God?'

'What I'm trying to do is get you to answer the question by telling me, if you **do** believe in a God, what the nature of that God is.'

'I believe that there is evidence of some sense in the design of the universe. In everything we do we're always seeing this incredible causality. There is some tremendous intelligence at work. It doesn't necessarily have to do with the brain. You don't have to be smart to be whole. Even an imbecile can have perfect skin. There has to be something to explain that.'

'You seem to be talking about some Force. Fate. Some ineffable –'

'Yes. Something like that.'

'Are you familiar with Emerson's concept of the "Oversoul"?'

'A little.'

'Is that what you're talking about?'

'There's something in that. But I don't want the labels. I don't want to be more explicit than to say that there is a design. There is a God, I don't see him as taken up primarily with the cause of humans. That part of it I don't buy at all.'

'So you find the Judaeo-Christian concept narrow?'

'Yes. That's a good way to put it. But that narrowness may not be God's fault. That may be a human failing.'

Our eyes locked for a moment on this paradox.

'My sense of these things,' he went on, 'comes from my awe of the organization of my own mind. Psychedelics revealed a lot about that to me. But in general, yes, I find the Judaeo-Christian idea of God too small. I find **ideas** too small, almost all ideas. My mind needs something more.'

'I think I begin to see the connection to music – especially your own guitar riffs. Would it be right to say that in the music you try to give some objective correlative for the overall pattern you apprehend behind things?'

'Yes, I think you could say that.'

'And isn't the ability to communicate something of that pattern really what distinguishes you from other bands and gives you such staying power?'

'Yes. I think there's a lot in that. We're always discovering these incredible things. Synchronicity. There's a large element of what we do that we have no control over. We have to beg off from what's happening – it isn't us that's doing it, we're only like the tools through which it's happening. And it's OK. We have faith. It's the thing that has to happen.'

'You're almost classically romantic in this sense. Coleridge. The poet – or in this case, the musician – as an Aeolian harp through which the wind of some divine inspiration blows.'

'Yes, that's it. That's what we're into. Only we're projecting it in a more far-reaching way, I think.'

The analogy was less to Coleridge than Wagner. At Dead concerts I have often experienced the inspiration French Symbolist poets experienced through Wagner: 'Mallarmè writes while the orchestra dictates'… A roadie and a leggy blonde were talking in another part of the room. More than one thing occurring at once, I would discover, is essential in the Dead milieu. Distracted slightly, I veered off on a different mental tack:

'In the early days you spent a lot of time in the redwoods, with Kesey and the Pranksters in La Honda. In '78 you went to the desert, to Egypt for those concerts, assisted by Sadat. The forest is traditionally the birthplace of the many spirits – the Celtic gods and Nordic pantheon – while the desert is the venue of the One God; monotheism, Judaic, Christian, or Islamic,'

'A third influence for me is the ocean, which I grew up next to.'

'Yes. But sticking to the forest and desert for a minute: do you feel these contrasting forces? Can you see them at work in what you do?'

'I do have the feeling that the forest is crowded. I don't know whether it's a matter of plant-consciousness or spirits, like the Celtic spirits; but I would agree that there are presences. In the desert there's just the sun. That's what's responsible for monotheism. The Sun became God. What's the name of that Egyptian guy? the first one who decided to worship only Ra?'

We deliberated on this for a moment, unsuccessfully. 'Do you see northern and southern California splitting itself in this way?'

'Definitely,' he said – I thought I could detect the northern Californian's characteristic lack of envy for the south. 'California's great because it has such incredible range. From the deserts to the forests to – '

Phil Lesh came in, smoking a joint. Rake-thin Rock Scully, the group's manager since Haight-Ashbury days, followed behind him, smoking a pipe. A comment was made about time and the schedule for the rest of the afternoon. It seemed to me that Garcia and I could have remained hermetically sealed in our conversation if these distractions hadn't started to peck at the shell.

'I've run across a few who prefer the traditional approach,' he chuckled. 'Fine by me. I'm not prejudiced.'

I noted the slightly wired-up energy. Was this what made it seem that I had stepped into a kind of magic circle? Totally secure, I glanced out over the rooftops of Harrod's and launched into what I'd prepared.

'Someone was always telling me that there were better West Coast bands than the Grateful Dead. The Jefferson Airplane, the Doors, Crosby Stills & Nash, the Eagles, even the New Riders of the Purple Sage, who you helped to start. You've outlasted every one of them. After sixteen years and nearly as many albums, can you tell me the reason?'

'I don't know' – there was a philosophic resistance to making unnecessary suppositions. 'We stuck together, the others didn't. Except the Eagles – they're still together, aren't they? We didn't split up. Why? It stayed interesting. It keeps changing. It grows.'

'How much has your audience changed accordingly? The hippies and Hells Angels you used to be identified with – do they still form the bulk of it?'

'Again, I'm not sure. Labels are something we've never cared for. Hippy – that was never a term that really meant very much. I think we take people as they are and deal with them one-to-one, not as large statistical groups.'

'Where were you born?' I asked.

'San Francisco. Why?'

'Where in the City?'

'You want me to tell you the hospital?'

'No. What I'm trying to get at is whether you came from, say, the Mission District (ethnic, working class) or Pacific Heights (establishment) or –'

'I was born in the Excelsior District, in the Outer Mission. When I was ten, my mother moved down the Peninsula to get the kids out of the middle-class suburb near Stanford University). Later we moved back to the City and I went to Balboa High School. Later still we moved north to Santa Rosa and I went to a place called Annalee Union High School, but that didn't stick long. I dropped out.'

'And now you live in posh Marin County.'

'We all live in Marin. I live in San Rafael.'

'At the concert last night Bob Weir opened with a question to the audience: did they think a movie entitled 'Springtime for Hitler' was in bad taste? They responded in the negative, and he said that that just proved his point.'

'And you want to know if there was anything in that?'

'Right.'

'No. He was buying time because my speakers were blown.'

'But as you know there's a neo-Nazi thing with some of the kids over here –'

'Over there too.'

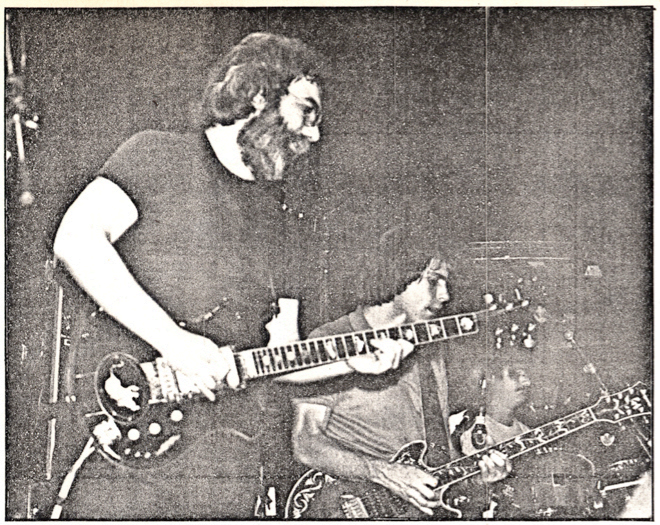
'– and I was wondering if you ever saw it in your audiences.'

'No. What would neo-Nazis want with the Grateful Dead? We aren't their kind of people and they aren't ours.'

'Are you sure? What about your old associations with the Hells Angels?'

'Sure, I've known some Angels. But the Angels aren't Nazis, that's different. The Angels are really the ultimate Americans – the ultimate rugged individualists… Have you seen this movie **California Reich?**'

'No.'



'You sing a song about Neal Cassady, the hero of Kerouac's **On the Road** and co-leader with Kesey of the –'

'That's not Neal Cassady,' he corrected. 'That song's about a child who was born on Bob Weir's ranch a year ago.'

'It's about both,' Lesh put in. 'At least I've always seen it that way.'

'Is it?' Garcia seemed surprised. 'I never thought about it, I guess.'

They speculated for a spell on the meaning of a song they had sung many times and recorded. No firm agreement was reached.

'Ask Weir what it's about,' Garcia concluded. 'I know the music came at the birth of the child. The only song I know for sure we sing about Neal Cassady is "The Other One".'

'The reason I brought it up has to do with the fact that Cassady died in Mexico of pneumonia after walking all night down the railroad counting the ties. Kesey wrote about it in his piece, 'The Day Superman Died'. He went on to say that the '60s were a time for counting. Sometimes I find myself counting to your music. Your lead solos in particular: they sometimes seem to be scales. With those long abstract passages the Dead are famous for pulling out of, isn't counting especially important to you?'

'No. Our music is never counting. For us the One is always Now. In time – whether it's 7/4 time, 4/4 time, or whatever – we're always coming back to the One.'

'I'm not sure I understand. How do you know when to come together?'

'We just do. We've put in our time counting; we don't have to do it any more. We know where the One is. Always.'

'You must have to maintain incredible hyper-awareness on stage.'

'Sure. But it's not through counting or anything like that.'

'I'm not sure I believe you. You seem so amazingly organized. I haven't seen you six nights back-to-back, but I did see the Stones like that a few years ago and I realized then what impeccable professionals rock-musicians could be. It was a marvel of human organization – completely choreographed. The same songs, the same movements even, night after night.'

'I don't know why they bother.'

I looked up. He was grinning. The grin was telling me what I would discover that evening at a concert which was completely different from the one the night before. Some unseen principle of organization actually did make the Dead not have to bother. But for the time being I was sceptical; and so I commented, re Jagger:

'But you're a Leo too, aren't you?'

It was his turn to study my grin. 'Hey, this isn't like one of my normal interviews,' he said. 'We're starting to get it together.'

We were. Whatever force was at work, however, determined that that point of contact was where we should leave it. I had pages of further questions, but Scully was not getting the band up and out for a photo-session with a man from the **Mirror**. Garcia's answer to my question about how the San Francisco matrix had changed since the '60 was rushed:

'Feminism, Gay Rights, all those street processes – further ways of searching for individual freedom. But it's still San Francisco, still the old whore of the West Coast. I love it's outrageousness, even if I live in Marin. I always think of San Francisco as the whole Bay Area anyway ... London? I don't know how it's changed. I wasn't ever really aware of any special nexus in the '60s

There was a flow, I suppose: London, New York, the City. The Animals lived in our house for a while – Eric Burdon, Jimi Hendrix. We were kind of a centre, I guess. But I never thought of London as an outpost.'

We were on our way to the elevator now. Lesh was trying to get me to whittle down my notes to the most salient and unique questions. Scully's watch was ticking away at us. Much later that evening after the concert, as the post-concert party was winding down in Bobby Weir's room, between the beer and the toots and the young girls in styles as various as ersatz Bianca Jagger and early Janis Joplin, while Lesh paced back and for making bizarre comments and Weir worked to woo a particularly sweet-skinned young thing and Garcia chased his grief over Anwar Sadat by genially suffering the conversation of a fool, I got filled with strange melancholy – nostalgia – of how time, inevitably, was ticking away on the band. In four hours on stage they had produced more than once an intimation of that will of something divine; yet they were mortal, so mortal. They were like any number of kids you can see in any number of American high schools: awkward, shy, mistake prone. They were living their lives close to the edge, as artists must; and it came to me with a hard realism that they were only tools, that the song was much bigger than the singer, that however immortal the song they themselves would one day have to die ... **What a fragile thing life is! What a strange evanescent vessel for the spirit to pass through!** ... I didn't talk about these things of course. As we rode the elevator to their photo session, I discarded questions about their musical antecedents, how they composed their songs, their literary overtones, how they really felt about drugs, how they dealt with fatigue during concerts, why they never played any of Pigpen's old songs, their advice to musicians of the future, Garcia's willingness to put in a good word for me with my estranged wife when he finally made it back home. I didn't ask if their second sets were intended to take the audiences up through the skies to Heaven, to let them free-float, experience drum-crashing thunder, and then flow like rain into river-songs washing away to the sea. I simply repeated the name of their band in a vain attempt for explanation.

'O no!' Lesh exclaimed. 'You mean you haven't heard **that** story?'

'No. Grateful Dead – what does it mean?'

'It was random,' Garcia said, 'Completely random.'

'Synchronicity' – Lesh.

'The dictionary' – Garcia.

'You mean,' I began – I felt like Dylan's Mr. Jones, with my pencil in my hand – 'it was all just a felicitous accident?'

'A **fortuitous** accident,' Lesh corrected as the elevator came to a stop.

'But,' I sputtered, 'what does it mean? What does **death** mean?'

'O no!' they wailed in chorus.

'You sleep when you're dead' – Garcia tried to assist.

'But if you're "gratefully dead" – mustn't this be anafter life? Isn't this then really some kind of reincarnation?'

CON'D FROM 11 SUN & ENTERPRISE NEWS 7-18-82

"It's the music rather than the banjo that really interests me with bluegrass," he noted. "If I had the time to get together with a band again and play it then I would pick up the banjo more and work on getting my chops back up but right now I don't have the time."

Having just completed his fourth solo album and a tour with his own band, Garcia will be busy the next several weeks with the Dead's summer western swing that will take it to Ventura this weekend, through much of the rest of California and into several Western and Midwestern states.

After that it will be time to work on the next Grateful Dead album.

"We're working on material for it right now. It will be different than our last few albums in that we are approaching it as our own thing. We're not using an outside producer this time, for example. We're producing it ourselves.

The solo album will be out next month, almost coinciding with Garcia's 40th birthday in August.

Titled "For the Roses," he says it will contain everything from acoustic to big band sounds.

"It's a little bit more varied than some of my other records but it's a little bit like all of them. I'm pretty happy with the way it turned out."

Garcia also seemed unconcerned with encroaching middle age.

"It really seems irrelevant," he says of turning 40. "It doesn't seem as important to me now as I thought it would have say five years ago or 10 years ago. The fact is I don't feel the way I imagine someone 40 feels. The adult world seems like something I'm not attached to. I meet a lot of people these days who act older than me but who are younger. I still feel like I'm becoming something, not that I am something. I'm still very much in the process. I'm not fixed or settled or fully developed."

But can the Grateful Dead, called by one of their publicists, "our favorite 40-year-old teen-agers," keep rocking and rolling indefinitely.

Garcia answers in a word: "Sure."

"Everybody in the band is still developing. We're still learning, continuing, developing new things. We're different enough and alike enough to keep it interesting and unpredictable. It's really hard for me to imagine music without the Grateful Dead."

The Grateful Dead, will be performing Saturday and Sunday at the Ventura County Fairgrounds. Doors open at 2 p.m. The show is set for 4 p.m. Tickets are $12 in advance and $13 at the door. Advance tickets are available at Ticketron outlets including the Sports Corral in Simi Valley and at Mutual outlets including Holbrook's Dept. Store in Simi Valley. For chargeline tickets, call 1-213-688-7380. The Grateful Dead hotline is 1-644-5777 or 1-485-5777.



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BOOK FOUR

‘82 - ’87



DL0401

'The Dead': alive and well after 15 years



By Mark Whittington

"Sometimes the light's all shining on me. Other times I can barely see. Lately it occurs to me what a long, strange trip it's been." — from **Truckin'**

The Grateful Dead is a rock 'n' roll rarity — a band that has survived 15 years.

It has survived without hit songs, extensive radio play or commercial appeal. It has survived despite the death of two members, drug busts and poor business efforts — including the failure of its own record company.

The Marin-based group has built a fanatic following that fills ballparks and theaters around the world, that sometimes hitchhikes across the country or jets halfway around the world for a concert.

It sold out a recent three-week stand in San Francisco with one newspaper ad. And that ad never mentioned the group's name. It simply showed two rose-covered skeletons holding a banner reading:

"They're not the best at what they do, they're the only ones who do what they do."

Now, the band is heading for the East Coast for sold-out shows in New Orleans and at Radio City Music Hall in New York City. The Halloween show will be broadcast live to 20 theaters east of the Mississippi.

In the drug-and-flower days of the Haight-Ashbury in the '60s, the Dead was the ultimate psychedelic band. It played louder, longer and more experimentally than the other bands.

It has made the transition to the '80s without losing the freedom and improvisation of its earlier music. The band still plays marathon concerts — four or five hours a night. The sound system is the best in rock 'n' roll. And the band's repertoire is vast.

What keeps a band together 15 years?

"I think its their dedication to playing together, to making music and to making it better all the time," said Rock Scully, the band's longtime friend, sometime manager and present publicist.

"The band members are all in agreement: As long as the music keeps getting better, there is no reason to not stay together. The 15 years have been progressive. The music has gotten better," Scully said. "The quality of their relationship has gotten better. They get older and wiser. They learn more about more kinds of music."

"The Dead are the only blues-jazz-country-funk-classical-rock band," one fan said, trying to sum up the band's varied musical influences.

"Some folks look for answers, others look for

Continued on page 6

Rock's most devoted fans

By Ed Smith

At the last concert the Grateful Dead played in Winterland in San Francisco on New Year's Eve, the first person in line had camped out at the hall since Christmas Eve.

In 1978, about 200 fans scraped together every cent they could to fly to Egypt and watch the group perform in the shadow of the pyrmaids.

Dead Heads, as the fans of the Grateful Dead call themselves, are probably the most devoted and long-lived cadre of fans in rock 'n' roll's three-decade history.

The fans of the Grateful Dead, Marin's best known rock band, range from those in their early 40s, who were listening to the band's sometimes complex improvisational music in Golden Gate Park in the late '60s, to teen-agers, who could only have heard the band's early music as they lay in their cribs.

But at concerts, such as the band's recent three-week stand at San Francisco's Warfield Theater, age means nothing.

All that's important is having a good time, dancing and being with a group that bears a striking resemblance to the crowds that listened to the Grateful Dead during the Summer of Love in 1967 in San Francisco.

R. Lee Brand of Larkspur, a 43-year-old executive with KQED-TV in San Francisco, said his love affair with the band goes back to 1970 when the public broadcasting station aired one of the shows.

Brand, also a modern jazz fan, reflected the feeling of many who say the band's constantly changing sound keeps them coming back.

"Every concert they do is different," Brand said. "I think the curse of rock 'n' roll is the tendency to be monotonous and repetitious. The Grateful Dead has taken that curse out of it."

Brand's enthusiasm is shared by his daughter, Erin, 17, who said she first heard the Grateful Dead "playing at my house because my dad's into it."

"It's almost like you can ride on their music

Conti

A rock 'n' roll rarity

Continued from page 1

fights. Some folks up in treetops, just looking for their kites. I can tell your fortune just by looking in your hand, but I can't stop for nothing, I'm just playing in the band." from **Playing in the Band**

The free form nature of the band builds from those varied interests. Jerry Garcia burns through a guitar lick from Django Reinhardt. Bob Weir growls out a chorus a la Merle Haggard. Brent Mydland, who replaced the late Keith Godchaux and Ron "Pig Pen" McKernan on keyboards, adds choirboy harmonies. Phil Lesh punches counterpoint on bass, betraying his classical training. The drummers, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann, pound out an exotic mixture of rhythm and blues and jungle music. Robert Hunter, the unseen lyricist, fills in the words.

The fans know. They'll explain patiently to the uninitiated the band's transition from the Warlocks of Palo Alto to the Dead of Marin. They'll fill in the details: Garcia started with bluegrass and folk and even produced a movie about the band; Lesh once composed symphonies; Hart composed music for the film, "Apocalypse Now." But first and foremost, the Grateful Dead is a dance band out to fuel a good time.

"Come hear Uncle John's Band, by the river-side. We got some things to talk about, here beside the rising tide....Come on along or go alone, he's come to take his children home." from **Uncle John's Band**

"Their fans are not looking for theatrics. They just want to see the music," said Bill Graham, who has been promoting Dead shows since the days of the Fillmore West. "Over the years, they've acquired a following that's based on what the music does for their fans.

"The environment and theater is really performed by the audience. It's a big party," Graham said.

"They come to a concert with one thing in mind: 'For the night let's have a good time.' It's simple. Isn't it wonderful?"

Most people still link the Dead to the drug scene of mid-'60s San Francisco. It's true they were mainstays of Haight-Ashbury and the hippie dance palaces. Even their too-young-to-know-first-hand fans will detail their connection to the Acid Test and the Trips Festivals, Ken Kesey, Neal Cassady and the Merry Pranksters and Stanley "Bear" Owsley, the underground chemist.

"I don't think drugs have much to do with the music. The band is no more than a reflection of the times," Scully said. "They don't advocate use of drugs. They also don't deny their use."

Rock's most devoted fans

Continued from page 1

like you're riding on a train. I don't usually feel that way with most music," she said.

Grateful Dead fans are not confined to Marin County, the Bay Area or even California.

Eileen Law runs the Dead Heads office, an organization that keeps fans informed of concert dates and other events, at the band headquarters in San Rafael. She has computer printouts with 80,000 to 85,000 names — all Dead Heads in the United States, who want to be on the group's mailing list. There also are several thousand from overseas.

Fans send letters, from a dozen to four dozen a day, telling the band what they liked and didn't like about concerts, the best halls to play, and experiences they've had at concerts. One couple, whose letter is tacked to the wall in the office, asked Jerry Garcia, the band's lead guitar player, to be the godfather of their child.

While most fans will not miss a concert in their area, there is a hard core group that follows the band around the country to every show.

Brand said he can understand people who throw over a job and a settled life to follow the band.

"I've been tempted to do it myself. A Grateful Dead concert is really quite a bit more than going someplace to hear music. It's more like a party. It's a way of life for six or seven hours," he said.

In addition to being attracted to the band's music, Dead Heads believe the band continues the ideals of the 1960s, especially in its refusal to change their music to make more money.

It says something about the band members, fans say, that in 15 years they've never had a Top 40 hit and yet they can sell out at Madison Square Garden in New York.

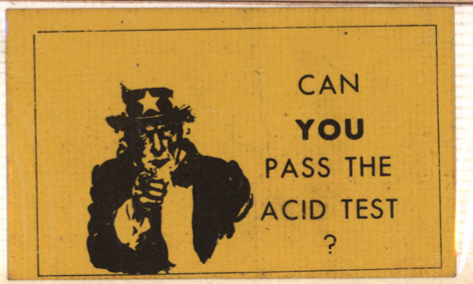
"It's an anti-commercialistic, purist trip," Tim Wachtel, another Dead Head, said.

Wachtel, a 31-year-old Southern California attorney, described himself as a typical Dead Head.

"When I go and set trials, I always have my concert schedule in hand," he said.

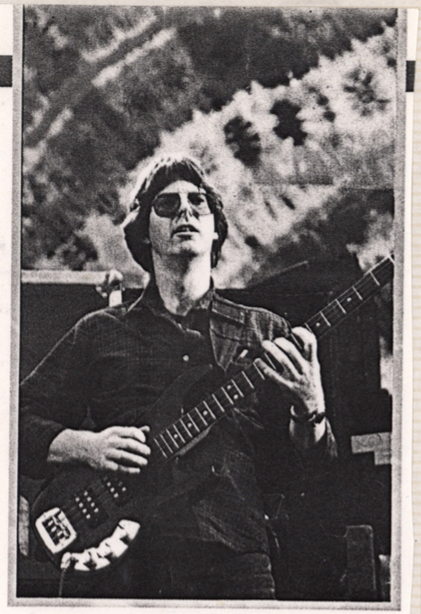
He also appreciates the band's willingness to try new things. He noted the band played 90 songs in 15 nights during their recent San Francisco appearance. That is a far cry from most rock 'n' roll bands that play the same 15 songs every night of a three-month tour.

If one were put in suspended animation in the late 1960s and then awakened in 1980 at a Grateful Dead concert, it would be difficult to know time had passed. Most men wear worn blue jeans and T-shirts with the band's skull and roses logo, and many women wear the long skirts and blouses common to the hippies of a decade ago.



PHIL LESH'S UNBROKEN CHANGES

The Grateful Dead's Mad Professor of the Bass



BY DAVID GANS

The music of the Grateful Dead can be described as an ongoing conversation, not just between musicians but between musics. Guitarists Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir, drummers Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann, keyboardist Brent Mydland and bassist Phil Lesh—and the others who have played in the band in the past—each bring a radically different set of values, traditions and goals to the party and set out to create their music anew at every performance.

Phil Lesh is a pivotal participant in the Dead's improvisations, contributing a puckish instrumental personality as well as deep musical literacy gained in a lifetime of formal training. He urges jams into uncharted territory and adds rich counterpoint to song arrangements. In concert, his face reflects the mood of the music and the musician as he runs through a panorama of unself-conscious poses: leaning into his axe in total concentration; shooting looks at his bandmates to register approval, reproach or intent; and dancing joyously, looking like a marionette caught by a sudden gust of wind. "Phil goes through his changes much more frequently and intensely than I think of myself as doing," says Garcia, who sums up Lesh's role in the ever-shifting Dead dynamic: "When Phil's happening, the band's happening."

Phil Lesh, warned the Dead's publicist, "never does interviews." But at our first meeting, which took place at the Dead's Marin County recording/rehearsal space, he gives a detailed history of his musical development, beginning with the time he heard Brahms's First Symphony on the radio at age four. Later at his home, he plays some of the music crucial to that development—Ives, Stockhausen, Berio, Beethoven, Coltrane and the Dead. He brings out scores, points out the notation of particularly interesting and complicated passages, and offers critiques and marginalia on everything we hear. It was like a visit to the home of a hip college professor: his love for the subject and the presence of a willing pupil elicits a marvelous private lecture, punctuated by his quick and sardonic humor—Lesh has a *wicked* laugh—and rooted in a deeply philosophical attitude towards the musical and social phenomena dominating his life.

"I got into popular music backwards," Lesh explains. "Until I was about sixteen, my entire input was classical. The more complicated classical music leads you to jazz; the blues content of jazz gradually sucked me into pure blues, and that led straight to rock 'n' roll." Lesh never so much as picked up an electric bass guitar until he joined the band that became the Grateful Dead, so one of his unique contributions to the musical conversation is a pair of hands unspoiled by the retooled-guitarist habits of most bass players.

By the time he hooked up with Jerry Garcia's electrified jug band in the mid-60s, Lesh had taken up and given up the violin and then the trumpet and turned to "serious" composition. He wrote pieces for multiple ensembles, each playing not just different keys and times but different *music*, and then dropped out of the University of California ("a school for musicologists, not musicians") midway through his first year, going straight into a graduate-level course under the tutelage of Luciano Berio. Hearing "Subterranean Homesick Blues" on the AM radio taught him that artistic substance and commercial survival weren't necessarily mutually exclusive. After finding himself "the only guy in a roomful of screaming chicks" at a showing of *A Hard Day's Night*, he decided "there must be something to this!" and started growing his hair long. These and "various other life scenarios" opened Lesh to the LSD-fueled creative flux that gave rise to the Dead and other San Francisco bands in the psychedelic 60s.

Lesh's pre-Dead influences can best be heard on *Anthem Of The Sun* (1968), which includes passages of *musique concrete* directly traceable to Berio's electronic music, and *Live Dead* (1969), where "Dark Star" illustrates the group's inprovisational bent and "The Eleven" (in 11/4 time) shows Lesh's ambitious structural and harmonic ideas. But Lesh will be the first to admit that Grateful Dead albums aren't the best way to hear Grateful Dead music. "I don't know whether what we do can be captured," he sighs. "And personally, if I never had to play in a recording studio again I'd be a happy man."

Lesh gave up writing for the Dead after 1974's *Mars Hotel* album. "'Unbroken Chain' could have been really something," he says, "and some people think it really *is* something. But I wanted it to be what I wanted it to be, and it just didn't happen. I can't get what I want from the band, and I don't want to lean on them because I know it would be counterproductive." He did contribute "Passenger" to *Terrapin Station* (1977), but "the only reason I made that song up was that I wanted the guitar players to play with a little raunch."

The Grateful Dead may not make platinum platters, but year after year they can be found at or near the top of the list of box-office winners. The reason is that for the Dead and their fans, each concert is more like a seance in the guise of a carnival than an evening of "entertainment" in the usual sense. The musicians approach each other sonically, entwining their ideas in two ninety-minute sets and hoping to catch a whiff of "it," that ephemeral spiritual linkage of minds that results, Lesh says, in moments "when you're not a musician any more, you're not even human any more—you're just *there*."

In characterizing the uniqueness of the players, Bob Weir notes that "Jerry doesn't play guitar like anyone else I've heard, and neither do I; Phil doesn't play the bass like a *bass*...." And it's true: like the rest of the Dead's two-drummers-no-waiting rhythm section, Lesh doesn't dwell too much on the traditional role of his instrument in the ensemble. "It was obvious at the beginning that there were certain fundamentals that had to be observed," says Lesh. "Coordinate with the bass drum, play the root of certain chords, and so forth. But after six months it was obvious to me that a lot of that could be disposed of. I could play off-beat to the kick, and I could put the seventh—or even the ninth—in the bass line and still have it make sense.'

The constantly-changing quality of the Dead's music is, says Lesh, "the nature of the beast. I prefer it this way, because if it didn't change it wouldn't exist any more. Sometimes a change isn't necessarily positive; sometimes it's not necessarily growth. But whatever occurs gives one certain person, or some people, or everyone, a different perception—which then leads to something positive."

In the early days of the band it was possible for the music to go "outside" at any time, but a decision was made at the start of the 70s to include more songs per set and therefore rely less on improvisation. "The *Workingman's Dead—American Beauty* style of material and the concept of the 'warmup set' have forced us into more rigidity than I'd like to see," says Lesh. "This particular show that we're doing now has been ossifying since 1970."

"Some nights we come out on the stage and from the first note it's straight on up. No problems—away we go! Then there's the more common experience where we have to start from just about nowhere and by the end of the first set or the middle of the second set we get to a place where something can happen.

"Or there's the one where nothing you do makes any difference. I'll systematically try everything I can think of to make a change—I'll play more, I'll play less, spread out my registers, play one note. I also do something that gets people really crazy: I will stop playing when I don't have anything to say or I know that what I do is not going to matter." He cocks his eyebrows and emits one of his diabolical belly laughs.

"When the Grateful Dead is happening, I can't put a finger in a wrong place," Lesh continues. "I don't have to think about what I'm playing; there's no *time* to think about it!" Those are the times that make all the rest of life seem pale by comparison. Lesh quotes aerialist Karl Wallenda to illustrate: "The wire is life, the rest is just waiting around."

After years of using sophisticated, custom-made basses, Lesh recently turned to simpler instruments—but only temporarily. A chance encounter with a '57 Jazz bass caused him to shelve his Doug Irwin (a twin to Garcia's 6-string), and he subsequently switched to a new G&L bass. "It's louder and it has more tone controls than the Fender, and it has a master volume," notes Lesh. "On the Jazz, when I wanted to change the volume I had to use two fingers, and I couldn't do it very rapidly. The G&L also has treble boost and bass boost, and humbucker-to-single-coil switching. I always use the single coil, because the humbuckers sound so choked. I don't quite understand that, because other humbucking pickups don't sound like that."

The G&L will soon be replaced by Lesh's dream bass. "My idea is to have a 6-string bass that's tuned in fourths, with a B below the normal E and a C above the G, so it's playable like a regular bass but with half again the range," he says. The new bass will incorporate a filter developed by Lesh and Alembic for the modified Guild Starfire II that Lesh played from 1971 to 1974 (and still uses on occasion). "The filter has five modes: notch, high pass, low pass, bandpass and bandpass with boost," he points out. "There are frequency, bandwidth and gain controls for the filter, plus an unfiltered gain control.

"If the acoustics are right, the bass can walk right up your backbone," says Lesh with a mad-scientist glint in his eye. "I'd like to be able to start from the feet."

After experimenting with steel picks (which cut his fingers and, being magnetic, tended to shoot pulses through the pickups), Lesh settled on a pick made of titanium: "It's really strong and really light, and it doesn't wear out like the Gibson heavies I used to use," he says. "The feel of it is superior for the bass—you hit the string and it knows it's been hit!"

Because of his early involvement with electronic music, the complexity of his basses and his adventures with synthesist Ned Lagin in the mid-70s, Lesh is thought of as a computer-music freak. "That was really only happening for a brief period, and somehow it got around that it was a big deal in my life," he shrugs, "but it's not. I'm not a computer person at all, but I know that it can be used to make music."

Lesh's collaboration with Lagin took the form of improvisations between the Dead's sets in 1974, and an album called *Seastones*, released in 1975. "Ned just had people blow, as it were, electronically and on drums and things," says Lesh. "Then he processed the tapes into a form that he could work with in his own way. I still don't understand completely how he arrived at the final product—he used the recordings sort of like the foundation of a building: most of the time you don't hear what was played."

Adding to Lesh's techno-geek image is the oscilloscope in his amp rack, but his stage setup is actually pretty straightforward, starting with an Intersound IVP preamp. He uses four 18-inch and four 15-inch speakers by Meyer Sound Labs, the same outfit that designed the Dead's current P.A. Meyer's system uses an electronic processor to monitor the coupling of the speaker to room acoustics and correct phase distortion, yielding truer frequency response and greater efficiency than conventional speakers.

His power amps are Godzillas. "John Meyer says they aren't made right," laughs Lesh, "and they aren't—but they have a slew rate of 600 volts per microsecond, which means that they deliver power the fastest. I need that because of the transients from the titanium picks." Wattage is relative, he adds. "Some say it's 600 watts and some say it's 1,000, but all I know is that I can be as loud as Garcia—and that's some doing. ☑

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A talk with Jerry Garcia

Backbeat

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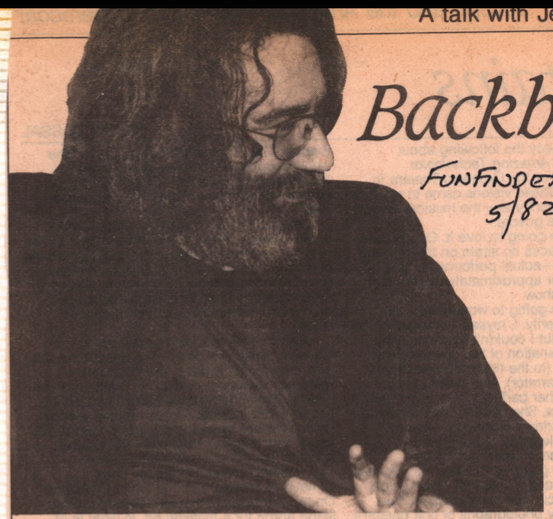

Jerry Garcia

JOSEPH TERRITO

Editor's Note: This is the first of a four-part interview with the Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia.

Grateful Dead manager Rock Scully popped a cassette into a suitcase stereo sitting on his dresser. "You're one of the first to hear this," he said, introducing the rough-mix copy of Jerry Garcia's latest solo album. "I'm taking notes," I replied.

That was 10:30 on a Sunday night and I was utterly exhausted from spending most of the day tethered to the phone receiving hourly updates on my floating appointment for an interview with Jerry Garcia, the lead guitarist and apparent fountainhead of the Grateful Dead.

The runaround began, believe it or not, a year and a half ago, when I met Garcia for the first time at the Grateful Dead's San Rafael office, and he agreed to an interview. In the interim, at least 300 calls were made to Rock Scully, who never told me simply to get lost but never set up the interview either.

"You know, I never took all of the delays personally," I told him when I arrived at his Marin home for the interview, "but you have to admit, it certainly did reach the point of absurdity." "We're into the *surreal* now," he replied brightly, and he is right.

After hearing Garcia's new material, I sat alone in Scully's living room for an hour while Rock tended to a phone that never stopped ringing. I put my bottle of champagne in the refrigerator, groaned and sank back into the couch to watch the TV with the sound turned down.

Why go through all of this trouble to get an interview with Jerry Garcia? Why not? In the course of covering rock and roll, it's become painfully apparent that most rock today is worthless nonsense born of spurious motivations. Most concerts have all the depth of a bad Hanna-Barbera cartoon, and the music industry puts most of its backing into taking chances on finding the latest quirk that could bring a big return from the teenage market.

The Grateful Dead, on the other hand, operate as far away from the industry patterns as is possible in a business based on selling records and tickets. For many reasons, they've been able not only to survive but to prosper in the course of approaching music exactly as they see fit, without having to compromise a single iota of their artistic integrity.

When they perform, they usually appear as the only band on the bill, though they will appear tomorrow night with the Jefferson Starship and Country Joe McDonald in a benefit for the Vietnam Veterans at Moscone Center in San Francisco. Not being at the mercy of concert promoters allows them and their ever-expanding legion of hardcore fans to set up a certain atmosphere.

The feeling at a Grateful Dead concert is one of community and spontaneity, among the audience as well as the band members. The Dead don't play a set show — they feel their way into a groove, and once they're comfortable with it, they play improvisationally. One of their musical interludes can easily last a half an hour if the musicians are connecting with each other. It is precisely for this reason that the group has its avid following.

Fans of the band, called Deadheads, go to the performances to catch a bit of what they call "the Dead mystique." But in Jerry Garcia's opinion, there is nothing mysterious about what the group does — he says it's all part of what he feels music is all about in the first place.

Almost since the Grateful Dead's formation sixteen years ago, Garcia has been looked upon by many as a guru of sorts. The views and ideas he's expressed in interviews over the years indicate that he's not just another drug-addled rock star, but a very alert and vital artist in his private life as well as on the stage. He has obviously given a lot of thought to many topics, from his guitar playing to day-to-day living, and his viewpoints have consistently been challenging, refreshing, and right on target.

Garcia finally showed up for our interview just before midnight. I poured three glasses of champagne and proposed a toast to "an 18-month interview." Garcia and Scully took polite sips, and I finished off the bottle during the interview.

We began by talking about his upcoming solo album and his methods of keeping his guitar work fresh. Garcia was upbeat, articulate and laughed easily throughout our talk, which lasted about an hour. He talked about the 1960's as he saw them. He spoke of his approaches to life as well as music, and touched upon several tangential topics that could be of interest to people who've never even heard of the Grateful Dead.

Poptalk

Grateful Dead's style continues to draw new fans

By MATT DAMSKER
Of The Bulletin Staff

While most rock bands will rise or fall repeatedly with the commercial tides of the hit parade, The Grateful Dead seems to stay afloat in a unique vacuum of vast popularity.

Chief among the San Francisco "acid-rock" pioneers of the 1960s, the Dead have been performing and recording for almost 15 years and have kept mainly to the fringes of the almighty pop charts. But neither their age nor their utter lack of glossiness seem to matter to the band's fanatically loyal legion of new and longtime fans.

At this point, in fact, the Dead seem bigger than ever. Their marathon, loosely rehearsed, "organically" spun concert appearances fill the largest stadiums and arenas as a matter of course, and on Monday and Tuesday nights, the Dead can be counted on to draw a total of nearly 40,000 fans to South Philadelphia's Spectrum.

"I don't think our image of ourselves differs too greatly from what people think of us," reflects lead guitarist and vocalist Jerry Garcia, the Dead's unofficial leader and prime guru figure. "Because we're so closely involved, though, we can laugh at ourselves, but there's definitely an "X" factor that we can recognize along with the audience, and that's nothing I can really talk about; I can only experience it. There *is* something special going on when we play.

"It might be that what we do and the way we do it suggests a group of people who can take a chance with each performance. I mean, our whole show runs in the high-80s in terms of what percent is improvised, and part of staying on the road is the challenge of surviving it. Rock and roll life can be pretty destructive."

Garcia acknowledges the cultural difference between the turbulent, drug-addled 1960s and the blander, less divisive nature of the present decade, but he feels that Grateful Dead fans really haven't changed.



The Grateful Dead now includes Keith Godchaux (seated) and, from left, Mickey Hart, Phil Lesh, Donna Godchaux, Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir and Bill Kreutzmann. They will be at the Spectrum Monday and Tuesday.

"I think that even our younger fans are the same kind of people as the last generation," he asserts. "They're just this generation's Grateful Dead minority. In talking with them, I find that their interests in life and directions are like our old fans' — they're the seekers, the people who think there's more to it all than the regular rap.

"You see, we've managed to stay slightly outside of all the labels people like to hang on bands. Our position is more intimate and real, and the fans pick up on that right away. The drug thing, well . . . I think that's all part of the seeking; it has to do with curiosity more than escape. It ties into an idea of adventure . . ."

Indeed, the Dead — whose line-up through most of the '70s has included original members Garcia, guitarist-vocalist Bob Weir, bassist Phil Lesh, drummers Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann, plus relative newcomers Keith Godchaux on piano and his wife, Donna, on vocals — have maintained an adventurous lifestyle. They recently performed a series of outdoor concerts at the pyramids in Egypt.

"I'd go back there anytime," says Garcia. "It was just about as positive an experience as I've had in a long time. Egypt has many interesting levels of experience, although my interest in the pyramids has more to to do with their position in the occult tradition than with any belief in 'pyramid power.'

"From a visual point of view, though, the shows were really interesting; we played in front of and just to the right of the sphinx, below the pyramid complex. We even made a tremendous effort to wire the king's chamber of one pyramid for its echo sound, although we couldn't get it right. But we recorded the shows on multi-track tape every night, and we'll probably extract an album from some of it."

The Dead's latest album, "Shakedown Street" (Arista), was released this week and it's one of the first Dead records to coincide so neatly with a Dead concert tour. Obviously, the band has come to some terms with the logical economics of pop music, having abandoned the sort of ultra-independent notions which once led the Dead to form its own record company and attempt to deal directly and exclusively with its registered fans.

"We've experimented with our own ways of communicating and advertising, and we've tried our own methods of ticket sales and record selling — we've tried everything, but nothing has turned out more viable than the mainstream record business approach," admits Garcia. "Anything else is too confusing for us. We're concentrating more on our music and less on peripheral possibilities."





DL0404

Phila., PA.

DEATH TO DEADHEADS







A gratuitous slap at the Grateful Dead and acid culture.

by Greg Forman

After being told for ten years by a variety of friends that I couldn't understand the Dead until I saw them live, I finally saw them at JFK Stadium. Didn't learn anything 'bout the band 'cept they got a good thing going. But their concert taught me a ton about their fans. So while a bunch of University of North Carolina sociology majors travel the country exploring Deadhead culture, let me give you the lowdown first:

1) Dead fans are elitists of the worst sort: ignorant elitists. They are anti-pop-music the way only fans of a cult band can be. Only a Deadhead could find the band's covers of such AM classics as "Dancing in the Street" or "Good Lovin' " anything other than laughable. The Dead don't have a single adequate vocalist, and the exuberance needed to project these songs is beyond them.

When the band launched into the New Orleans classic "Iko-Iko," every Deadhead around me instantly attributed the song to another cult band, the Neville Brothers. Actually, "Iko-Iko" was a humongous hit for a minor girls-group, the Dixie Cups. Anybody who's ever heard their version—which includes everyone who listens to radio, 'cause it's the only version that radio plays—knows this.

So I'm inclined to believe Deadheads don't listen to the radio ('cept probably WXPN, 'cause that's *good* radio). Which must be why the Dead's desecration of '60s R and B classics sounds so good to their fans: Their fans are elitists (and—let's face it, 'cause there were few black faces and the crowd seemed to love the Dead's desecration of black culture—quite possibly racists).

2) Deadheads are lethargic. Only a true waste-head could enjoy the energy level the band was putting out. The first set wasn't so bad: The band sailed through pretty straightforward versions of their better-known songs. But with the fans accepting anything the band did, they coasted.



Thirty-minute doodles for trippers: How Dead can you get?

The Bobby "Blue" Bland classic, "Turn on Your Love Light"—which sounded like a freight train rumblin' down the tracks on the Dead's classic *Live/Dead* (1969)—was out of steam almost from the beginning. Garcia's solos could've been mailed in, and the band's fabled double-drummer rhythm section didn't kick anybody's ass.

When I asked fans if they'd heard Garcia's work on last year's Ornette Coleman album, I got responses like "Coleman who?"

Coleman wouldn't stand for a musician who didn't play his ass off, and on the album Garcia played with intensity for the first time in 20 years. So why doesn't he do the same thing with the Dead? Because his fans don't care what he does. Which brings me to my third point.

3) Deadheads are tolerant to the point of extreme inanity. Not only do they tolerate their heroes, they tolerate each other, *as long as you live by the hippie credo.* Since the hippie credo seems to encompass different notions of personal hygiene, these concerts are not for the faint of nose.

And since the hippie credo seems to encompass drug abuse, the Dead's second set is tailored to those whose mental facilities have been diminished by LSD. At some concerts, a band would be



Death to deadheads

(Cont. from preceding page)

lynched for playing so tediously, but fans' comments were on the level of, "Here's the part where the band's playing for the people who are tripping."

No one expressed any outrage that the set was being wasted by the band's desire to create music for the wasted. The Deadheads accepted it as something that had to be done, as if tolerance for wilfully stupid people (what is terminal drug use but wilful stupidity anyway?) was a sign of compassion rather than a sign of an inability to make any sort of moral distinction between fans of music and fans of brain decay.

The nadir came during a half-hour "song" (I'll call it that for lack of a better term) called "Space." For 30 minutes Garcia noodled, the drummers bashed and the rest of the band acted as if they were tuning up while deciding what to play next.

The Dead persist—nay, thrive—because they appear to capture the essence of the '60s. But if this is what that decade was about, I'm glad I missed it. Pass the De La Soul, please.

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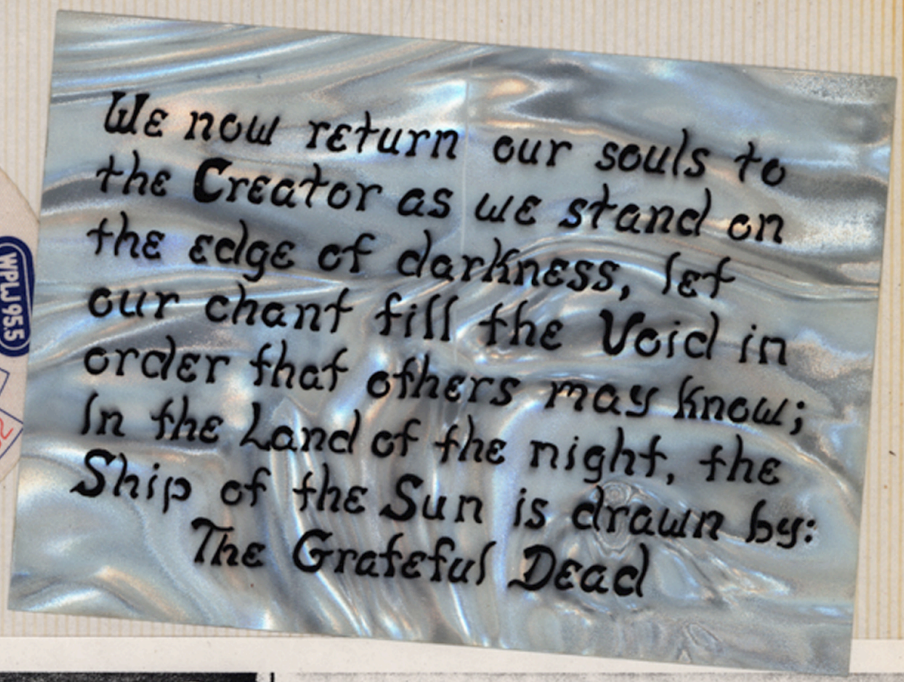

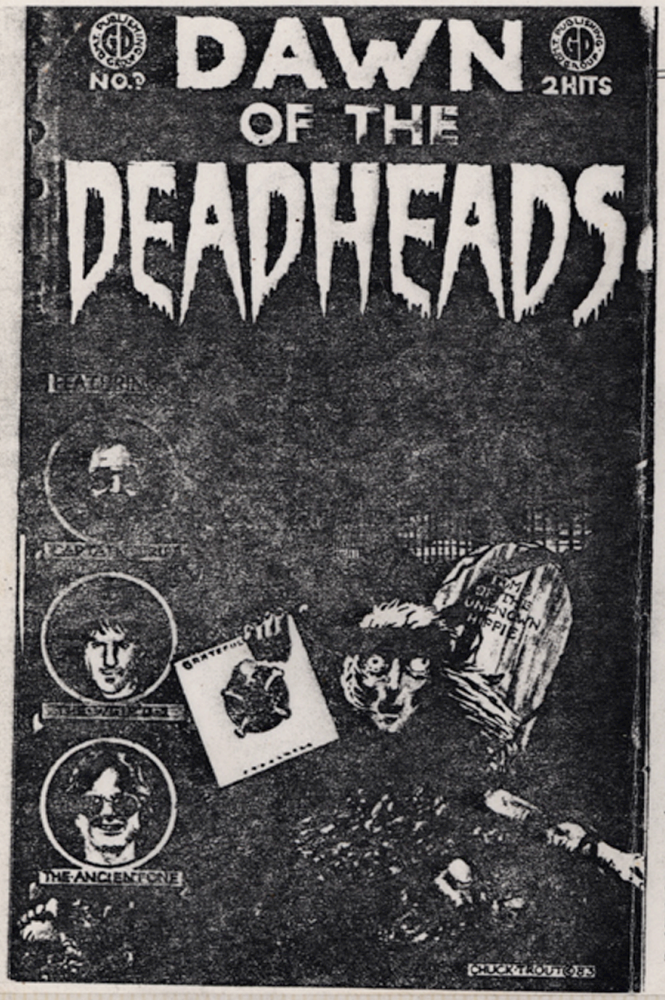

HEADLINER

by David Gans

"You want to know where all the hippies went? Go to a Grateful Dead concert. That's where they are."
—Grace Slick

The psychedelic era is ancient history, and LSD is so far out of fashion that it probably doesn't even need to be illegal anymore. But still you see them—people with shamelessly dated tastes in footwear who shop in the wrong places and dress themselves in impolitely colorful tie-dyed t-shirts overprinted with images of grinning skeletons sporting garlands of roses. If these stringy-haired anachronisms were a little more populous, or maybe just better distributed, they might be as good a movie sight gag as the Hare Krishnas and flower-foisting Moonies who molest us in our airports of choice.

A large subclass of the Last of the Hippies are Deadheads— those people who make The Grateful Dead their household religion and more or less organize their lives around their devotions. Grace Slick was right about Dead concerts being where the hippies went, but it's also true that that's where the hippies *come from* these days. You might think the Love Children are as rare as clean air and condors in the hostile, Hell-in-a-bucket environs of post-Me Generation America, but there are lots of people who have continued to live That Way and dress Like That since the days when saving the world with love seemed a viable aim in life to many. And furthermore, thousands who were unborn or still in diapers when the members of The Grateful Dead first started playing together nearly two decades ago are being initiated, learning the tribal arts and the laws of diet and hygiene which have been lovingly preserved and handed down since the Summer of Love.

Seen through Eighties eyes, the hippies are an odd but not wholly inenviable lot. Sure, they sport unfashionably optimistic and/or fatalistic world-views, furnish their lives in Low-Rent rather than High-Tech (except, of course, for their stereos), and work at jobs rather than professions or careers so they can unplug from employment and/or residence any time they want to hit the road with The Grateful Dead. But while mainstream America has lowered its expectations and tightened its belt, a lot of hippies aren't sweating it: their material expectations are already pretty close to the ground—and many of them don't *wear* belts.

More importantly, the Deadheads have a community—a real and widespread network of people who take care of each other—and that's something precious few modern Americans can say.

The most visible Deadheads are the ones who fly their freak flags proudly. But there are plenty of them who fly it on the inside, who participate more fully in mainstream society and economy.

Although the most visible of the Dead's audience may appear at first glance to be little more than a blissed-out throng of hippies, there are plenty of Deadheads you wouldn't mind being seen riding in a car with and with whom you can have meaningful conversations on subjects ranging well beyond their plans for the New Year's shows or the quality of the pot they just got. Believe it or not, there are Deadheads who go in for grand opera; hell, there's even a *member* of the Dead who's into opera!

There are Deadheads who hold responsible positions in the legal, medical, electronics, education and other fields. There are Deadheads who play tennis, live in fine homes, don't smoke pot, and know what things like T-Bills and Capital Gains are all about. There are Deadheads who drive BMWs, eat sushi and wear alligator shirts; hell, there's even a *member* of the Dead who wears alligator shirts!

There are Deadheads who make their livings from creative pursuits more closely linked to the Index of Leading Economic Indicators than to the Deadheads' own counter-economy of herbs, clothing, jewelry and religious supplies; these people see the Dead as an inspiration for their own work. There are some rock writers—myself included—who have Grateful Dead T-shirts in our closets between the obligatory tweed jackets and still manage to deal with

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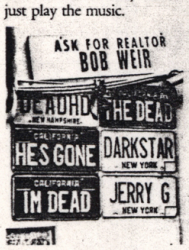
other musics objectively. There are Deadhead actors, scientists, software designers, artists—even dentists and veterinarians—who* function more or less normally most of the time. Hell, there's even a *member* of the Dead who functions more or less normally most of the time!

The Grateful Dead is *everything* to some people, and that's probably as unfortunate as any other kind of obsession. But for most Deadheads, a concert is something to help keep life from getting too dull or too serious—an escape valve and a bright spot on the calendar. There's more to it than just music, obviously, but everything about the Deadhead phenomenon stems from the music, and it eventually comes back to that: never mind the hit singles, the giant videos and smoke bombs, man—just play the music.



Aside from surface similarities, a Grateful Dead gig has very little in common with a typical rock concert. There are guitars, keyboards, drums, amplifiers and speakers, of course, but this is definitely a case of looks like a duck, walks like a duck, barks like a dog: no flash pots, no tortured *castrati* front man in a leather union suit shrieking breathlessly about how "It sure is good to be back in [local reference] again! You guys are the best audience on the tour!"

What the Grateful Dead do is perform different songs from show to show (their active repertoire is nearly a hundred songs strong), and play each song differently from show to show. The stately pace of a Dead concert is more like baseball than the hyperactive, aggressive tempo of football or heavy metal. It's music that suggests rather than insists, that asks rather than declares. This isn't the kind of band that'd be satisfied putting on a pat, prepared show with all its peaks and lulls in place; this isn't the kind of audience that would appreciate such an attitude.

The key element, the thing that sets the Dead apart from any other rock band, is improvisation. What each player says with his instrument is heard differently by each of the other band members, and the tone and content and dynamic contour are different every time they play. It's like psychic white noise in which each of us—band and audience alike—discerns a pattern and visualizes vivid mental pictures of indescribable things and ideas and emotions.

"The whole thing with the Grateful Dead is a challenge to get something new happening, even when you don't feel like doing anything new or don't feel anything new



lurking around the corner," says guitarist Bob Weir. "It's like pushing a boulder uphill all the time, until it gets rolling. It's a real-time experience; every time we do a song it's different, because the mood of the evening is different, the crowd is different, the way everybody in the band feels is different, and the sound in the hall is different."

The major ingredients of the Dead's musical jambalaya are almost too numerous to mention. The backgrounds, tastes, styles, skills, directions, personalities—just about every critical element you could imagine—of these players are as different from each other as Salvador Dali, Joe Namath and James Watt. There are folk, rock, jazz, bluegrass, classical, Brazilian, blues, Indian, hillbilly, Middle Eastern—even marching-band—influences among the band members, making the Dead's improvisations a truly interdisciplinary musical experiment, or perhaps America's longest-running musical argument.

Their albums show the Dead in a relatively static, distorted and ultimately unsatisfying way because recording isn't what this band does best. The band often doesn't *really* know the songs "until years

after they're recorded," says Weir. "We should make a blanket policy of not recording anything we haven't played on stage."

Keyboardist Brent Mydland, who joined the Dead in 1979 after having played in "normal" situations for several years, says, "I don't think we've ever run through a tune more than four or five times before we played it. Any other band I've been in, we've rehearsed over and over, grinding it into the ground." But the audience embraces that, too. A new song is joyously received, no matter how shakily it's presented at first; part of the fun of following the



Dead over the course of a tour or a season or a year is hearing the songs grow and sharing the players' delight when some nuance emerges in a part or arrangement or when two guys lock into a new idea to play together for a while.

"Musically, you couldn't ask for a better gang of people to play with, in terms of the variety of influences," Mydland adds. "The whole spectrum's there. It's nice knowing that whatever you do, somebody can relate to it. Nobody tells me what to play in The Grateful Dead—and I'm starting to get used to it," he laughs.

The best Grateful Dead music several years ago was a spiraling confluence of positive and interactively-minded musical intellects; these days it's often a case of each member doing what he can or what he feels like within the agreed-upon framework of a song or jam. "Music happens best for us when we rely on our intuitions more and our egos less," Weir explains. "It's sort of a tightrope: you're trying to forget yourself, and at the same time you're trying to maintain control."

"It's slow, it's anarchic, and sometimes it sputters and won't start," says Lesh. "But when everybody in the band is happening, I don't have to think about what I'm playing—there's no *time* to think about what I'm playing—and I can't put a finger in a wrong place."

In those moments, Lesh says, "you're not a musician anymore, you're not even a person—you're just *there*." Lesh admits those moments don't come as often as they have in the past. "But you have to keep believing that there's a payoff somewhere. If it's not happening right now, there's always the future. It's been 18 years now, and it's still challenging enough. Sometimes it's challenging in a negative way—'Okay, I'll show those bleeps'—and sometimes it's, 'Wow, did we really play that?! Let's try and get *there* again!'"



"One of the things that's amazing about it is that everybody experiences it on their own terms," says guitarist and guru-by-default Jerry Garcia. "From the point of view of being a player, it's this thing that you can't make happen—but when it's happening, you can't stop it from happening. I've tried to analyze it on every level that I can gather together, and all the intellectual exercise in the world doesn't do a fucking thing to explain it to any degree of satisfaction."

"The Grateful Dead has some kind of intuitive thing—I don't know what it is or how it works, but I recognize it phenomenologically," Garcia continues. "It's been reported to me hugely from the audience, and we've compared notes about it among ourselves in the band. We've agreed that we'll continue to keep trying to do this thing—whatever it is—and that our best attitude toward it is a sort of stewardship."

And across the country thousands of tie-dyed, saucer-eyed Deadheads—and their brethren in mufti—nod in telepathic agreement. ■





Oklahoma City, OK
194,690

DATE: AUG 3

Enthusiasm Gone At 'Dead' Show

There were endless Bohemian rhapsodies for a dog-day afternoon Sunday at the Zoo Amphitheater, and although the music of the Grateful Dead wasn't as consistently hot as the mean August sun, even the band's most tepid offerings seemed to zap the more ardent "Deadheads" into a state of blissful nirvana.

Deadheads, of course, are that diehard constituency of '60s flower-power survivors, bikers, second-generation hippies and just plain lovers of progressive rock who look to the Grateful Dead as their musical standard-bearers.

A Review

And the faithful were there in force, 9,000 strong — some bedecked in tie-dyed clothing, others clad in leather and chains and still others wearing next-to-nothing — to greet their heroes and relive the less-inhibited days of the Woodstock era.

It was rumored a limited quantity of a substance thought to be blotter LSD — a mind-altering substance that went out of vogue a decade ago — was being passed around.

Unfortunately, it seemed that the band itself did not share the audience's enthusiasm.

Perhaps it was the heat. Or perhaps guitarist Jerry Garcia was feeling depressed over turning 40 that day.

Whatever the reasons, Grateful Dead got off to an auspicious start at about 5:15 p.m., gradually deteriorating into some rather listless, overlong, self-indulgent jams and an early finale that left many fans disappointed and just a little bit miffed.

The band opened with a lively treatment of the countrified "Jack Straw" and the slow-blues mesmerization of "They Love Each Other," which featured some tasty, jazz-inflected keyboard passages by Brent Mydland.

Its cover of "See See Rider" featured some spunky riffing from Garcia, and "Tennessee Jed" and "Me and My Uncle" were jubilant cosmic hoedowns in the best Dead tradition, prompting joyous, loose-jointed improvisational dancing among the crowd.

But the heat seemed to take its toll on the enthusiasm Garcia and rhythm guitarist/vocalist Bob Weir had only an hour into the show, and the band took its usual 30-minute break only to return even more detached than before.

They wandered on tunes without fanfare or introduction, running numbers together in a drearily droning series of long, aimless, often tedious guitar solos, brightened only briefly by a thunderous percussion duel between Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart.

The Dead is known for its sometimes excessive self-indulgence onstages. But on this afternoon, group members seemed especially self-absorbed and uninterested, and when they left the stage an hour shy of their usual four-hour performance, devoted followers were disgruntled, to put it mild-

SUNDAY - 400,215
AUG 4 1982

KANSAS CITY STAR

Crowd boogies around lifeless 'Grateful Dead'

By Joe Rassenfoss
The Star's entertainment editor

Grateful Dead, Jerry Garcia, guitar and vocals; Bob Weir, guitar and vocals; Phil Lesh, bass; Mickey Hart, drums; Bill Kreutzmann, drums; Brent Mydlend, keyboards. Produced by Feyline Presents Inc. at Starlight.

The signs were all there.

Campers and vans started arriving in the parking lot at Starlight shortly after the last stragglers left the Blondie concert Monday. In the hour before showtime the lot looked more like some massive '60s party full of a tie-dyed, patchouli-scented crowd.

Rock

Sure enough, waiting in the open-air amphitheater was the cause behind all the activity—the Grateful Dead.

The band, which traces its roots to the San Francisco of the '60s, treated a sellout crowd of more than 7,800 faithful followers—and younger converts—to more than four hours of its mainly improvisational music.

Not that the audience necessarily attended for the music. Most of the fans seemed uninterested in even locating their seats, preferring to high-step and boogie through the aisles of the theater to each song, no matter how long. It was not an easy night to be an usher.

Jerry Garcia, the Dead's leader, did not squander his breath on anything like dancing. Mr. Garcia did not waste his breath on anything but singing, letting silence substitute for stage patter. If the crowd minded, it didn't complain. The burly band leader let his guitar talk instead, sending out lilting solos over the band's heavy rhythmic sound.

The music was danceable but not always listenable. Interminable stretching and repeated solos on the same theme rendered many of the tunes plain boring. Favorites such as "Cumberland Blues" and "Sugar Magnolia" drew the biggest reaction.

Maybe Mr. Garcia explained the band best in a 1980 interview:

"Our audience realizes what we are, and that we're not performers, and that we're a group that's earnestly trying to accomplish something that we don't quite know what it is."

Sure is fun, whatever they're doing.

Grateful Dead's concert is a throwback to the '60s

By Tom Strini ST. LOUIS 8/7/82

Jerry Garcia, the newly 40 lead guitarist of The Grateful Dead, recently told interviewer Jon Carroll that "music is something that escapes between frenzies, between anxiety attacks. Usually you're thinking, my God, that amplifier sounds a little weird, or what's wrong with that string. But every once in a while there are wonderful clearings in the wilderness."

The clearings were small and widely spaced at Kiel Auditorium Wednesday evening, where just

Review

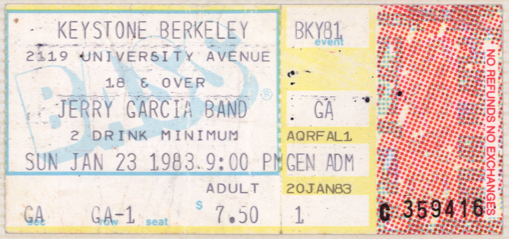
enough Deadheads gathered to fill the floor (the balcony was virtually empty).

The sound this band invented in the early '60s — a remaking of blues and folk along psychedelic lines — has become so commonplace that it's lost a great deal of its impact. Go into any live-band bar in, say, Mount Vernon, Ill., and there's a good chance you'll find a band that sounds pretty much like The Grateful Dead.

The people who follow the band appear by costume and behavior to be stuck in the '60s, and the band certainly is. They still play twice as loud as they need to, their harmonies are of the three-chord variety, their arrangements are loose to non-existent, and solos tend to be aimless, noodling and long . . . very long. But the biggest problem with the Dead is the tedium they induce by placing virtually every accent on the beat.

Still, there were some magical moments, some clearings in the wilderness. Keyboardist Brent Mydland's gravelly, pained voice was just right for "Never Trust a Woman," which opened the second half. And in an extended episode within, a 75-minute jam in the second half, bassist Phil Lesh and guitarists Bob Weir and Garcia played some ethereal counterpoint that gave relief from both the square beat (the drummers were offstage) and the monotony of three-chord rhythm guitar.

But a Grateful Dead concert is more than just music; it's a sociological event. Those who lived through the '60s come for nostalgia and those who still live in the '60s come for sustenance.



B10 Austin American-Statesman Monday, August 2, 1982

Night of the living Dead

15,000 flock to banal, mind-numbing concert

By ED WARD
American-Statesman Staff

One does not "review" a Grateful Dead show like the one that attracted upwards of 15,000 people to Manor Downs Saturday night. The reason is that almost nobody goes to one out of curiosity, or to hear the music. Instead, the Dead attract people whose devotion to them is close to religious, people who have had what any religious investigator would immediately recognize as a typical conversion experience, and which the converted almost universally will tell you happened under the influence of one or more powerful drugs.

Thus, it is useless to point out that the band can hardly play, that lead guitarist-lead singer Jerry Garcia can't sing and that his guitar style is mostly the sort of doodling around most guitarists leave in the rehearsal studio. It is pointless to mention that the band's lyrics, written by a non-performer, Robert Hunter, are sophomoric to the point of numbing banality. And it is totally futile to say that the band's songs nearly all sound alike — with the exception of those written in the period covered by the early '70s albums "American Beauty" and

Review

"Workingman's Dead."

No, if one is not on some sort of drugs — I wasn't; it would have been very unprofessional, illegal, and let's face it, if the music doesn't sound good on the natch, nothing you do to yourself is going to change it — and if one has not had the ecstatic conversion experience that was propelling various blissed-out types around the field, the Grateful Dead sound like another under-rehearsed bunch of hippies noodling around. Except that it takes $11 to see them.

The faithful will tell you there is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert. After four hours of the most mind-numbing music I've ever heard, after dodging persons in various states of intoxication and toxicity, and after very nearly destroying my car's suspension getting out of the concert site, I must agree. And pray that I never, never have to attend one again.



DL0428

DL0409

DATEBOOK

Tues., December 28 1982

The Annual Pilgrimage to 'Dead'-land

By Joel Selvin

No longer mere musical performances, concerts by the Grateful Dead have become, more accurately, convocations of Deadheads, the band's remarkable, fervent followers who adhere to antiquated hippie esthetics so strongly, they form an entire American ethnic group unto themselves.

But such intricate connections between the Dead and romantic visions of past psychedelia frequently obscure the true musical value of the band's work. The Dead's annual year-end Bay Area engagements have become a hallowed tradition among the faithful, and the group opened a five-night run Sunday at the Oakland Auditorium, sold out long in advance, that culminates on New Year's Eve, when the event will be broadcast live over KQAK-FM.

All throughout the hall on Sunday, in the foyer and the upstairs bar, long-haired, tie-dye-clad Deadheads leaped and skipped about in trance-like reverie for the duration of the four-hour show. The gentle aroma of patchouli oil wafted through the air, as the capacity crowd, many not even born when the band first began playing rock and roll 18 years ago, participated in archaic hippie rites that almost seem quaint this far removed from the summer of love.

The familiar Grateful Dead emblemology lends an even further religious overtone to the ritual, with paintings of brightly decorated skulls displayed prominently in the hall. Obviously, attending a Grateful Dead concert is more of a participatory venture than the regulation, run-of-the-mill rock show.

There really is no other band like the Dead, and it is a shame that these ironclad cultural associations keep the group from earning its well deserved kudos for masterful musical accomplishments. Working from a relatively standard repertoire based on a brilliant, singular synthesis of rhythm and blues, jazz and country and western traditions, the band expands each selection into a challenging exercise in ensemble improvisations.



The Grateful Dead: There's really no other band like it

The members' faces have become so familiar, Deadheads probably recognize their features faster than those on Mount Rushmore. And each of the members has sculpted a sense of character equally strong — matinee idol Bob Weir, patriarchal Jerry Garcia, professorial Phil Lesh, and the trim, athletic drummers, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzman. Keyboardist Brent Mydland, the fourth musician to hold this chair in the band's history, is still the new kid, seated to the side, although his musical contributions were substantial (great organ solo on "It's All Over Now," for example).

Lead guitarist Garcia is a deeply sensitive, skilled musician, and his expansive role in the Dead gives him room to reveal many different facets of his playing. His playing can whip the other band members along, at times. Charging into an instrumental section leading to "I Know You Rider," Garcia turned a corner and made a sprint.

Lesh, his bass never lurking far behind, suddenly thundered to the fore, alongside Garcia, and two exploded against each other, driving the band into the song with a vengeance.

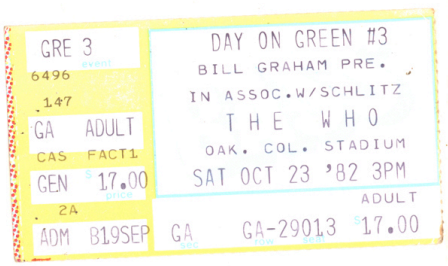
Even if the group rarely rehearses, each member is a studious, serious musician, always evolving, always improving. Lesh, for instance, not only reinterpreted the role of the bass player in a rock band, but has now apparently reinvented the instrument itself, brandishing a six-string model on Sunday.

The performance came to a climax with the band's epic renditions of Chuck Berry's "Around and Around" and "Good Lovin,'" a funky rocker made famous by the Young Rascals, before returning with a brand new original, "Keep Your Day Job," a biting, happy piece that is certain to become a Dead classic.

Too bad only Deadheads appreciate this spectacle. The Grateful Dead offers one of the more daring, intelligent and, ultimately, satsifying experiences rock has to offer. This is one band that talks down to nobody.





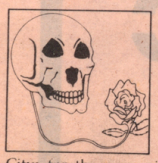


"The Official Book of the Dead Heads"

A New Book Celebrates Rock's Most Devoted Fans



Cover art by famed SF poster artist Alton Kelley



By Regan McMahon

Payphones are provided in the Brendan Byrne Arena, located in the New Jersey meadowlands across the Hudson River from New York City; for the convenience of patrons who might need to call a cab, inform their roommate they left the bathtub water running, or for any number of personal reasons one might have for pulling out a dime to talk into Alexander Graham Bell's most famous invention. But Mr. Bell, in his wildest dreams, could never have envisioned what Dead Heads would do with the technology. Right there in the hallway, as the Grateful Dead delivered their set onstage, Dead Heads loyal to the troops back home, tied up two payphones — one linked to Los Angeles, one to Boulder, Colorado (could there be a tape recorder on the other end or just a Dead Head who couldn't score the plane fare?). Who can explain such obsessive fan behavior? Certainly not the tie-dye-clad caller, busy bopping to the music while holding out the receiver with care. Perhaps the colorful publicity flier stuck to the wall between the phones holds the key; after all, it advertises the release of *The Official Book of the Dead Heads*. If not the key, some clues at least.

Dead Heads have been the butt of jokes and the subject of derision in rock circles for the more than fifteen years they've been following their favorite band, the Grateful Dead. And by following, I don't just mean buying their records and attending their concerts when they play the fans' hometown. We're talking FOLLOWING — tracing their concert itenerary as time and cash flow permits, going night after night in a concert series — five nights each New Year's week; three-day stints throughout the year; a fifteen-night run in San Francisco and an eight-night run in New York in 1980 — as drug-aided physical stamina permits. This is the band whose fans have followed them to Egypt, Alaska and Jamaica in the last few years, during an era when cultural observers maintain that hippies are dead and gone, having traded their roach clips for tie clips; their freely roving VW vans for discount coupon books for the commuter train. Whether the vast community of Baby Boomers known as the counter culture (a term far preferable to the term "hippies") who grew up chronologically and psychically with the Grateful Dead have or have not taken straight jobs by now is hardly the issue, however. The most remarkable thing about Dead Heads is not that they continue to create and wear tie-dyed T-shirts a decade after they've officially gone out of style. Rather, it is that they continue to be compelled by this unusual band of musicians who create an aesthetic the supercilious insist is equally out of style.



The Official Book of the Dead Heads, co-authored by longtime Dead Heads Paul Grushkin, photographer Jonas Grushkin and designer Cynthia Bassett, turns the spotlight on these aberrant creatures and lets them speak for themselves about the passion they feel for the band they wait in endless lines to see in as many cities as they can manage to get to. Its lively, easily accessible form is not unlike a scrap book, with photos, posters, Dead Head art, excerpts from Dead Head letters to the band or to rock magazines, snippets of ecstatic conversation overheard at concerts, quotes from incredulous rock critics' reviews, Paul Grushkin's stream of consciousness reflections, previously published comments by the band members, and pages of Dead Head brain twisters, challenging the faithful to match given Grateful Dead lyric imagery with the song it comes from or to find the 100 songs represented in a two-page illustration. These puzzles, found in the "Intermission" chapter, can be to Dead Heads what *Highlights for Children* magazine is to kids in a dentist office waiting room. Only the Dead Heads aren't waiting to see the doctor; they're just waiting for the next concert.

Dead Heads are, to say the least, a very baffling group to most non-Dead Heads. And this book does not explain them. Nor does it promote the band *per se*. It is a celebration of the unique relationship that exists between the Grateful Dead and their fans, a relationship that both parties agree makes the band's concerts "work." In his preface for the book, Jerry Garcia calls the music that comes out of this relationship "reciprocal entertainment." He explains, "Back in 1965, some of my friends and I answered a Cosmic Want-ad for 'mind expansion, the experimental life laboratory, continual musical education, socio-pharmacomusicological adventures, and weird and wonderful trips.' The response produced the Grateful Dead. Incredibly, it turned out there were lots of other people in the world who answered the same ad. They became the Dead Heads."



The *Dead Heads* book is like the yearbook of the continuing musical education Garcia speaks of. At the recent Berkeley Greek Theater Dead shows, where the book was sold alongside T-shirts at the concession stand, I saw excited Dead Heads scramble back to their seats after making their purchase, to dive through the 200 pages of photos (mostly from the last five years) to find themselves pictured somewhere. Like the high school student who finds "camera shy" next to his name in the drama society photo instead of his shining countenance because he skipped school that day, there are murmers of disappointment. But virtue triumphs over egoism as Dead Heads see that, pictured or not, quoted or not, this is *their* book, their cultural history. And to Grushkin's mind, this is the first rock book ever to focus on the fans rather than the band. And he should know: as general manager of the Bay Area Music Archives, he has read and collected every rock book ever published.

"Never before has there been a book that has such an autobiographical nature," says Paul. "The fifteen-year span of the Grateful Dead encompasses thousands of lives, including people who've stayed with the band since the beginning, people who were into the scene for a while and drifted away, and people who got turned on to them recently." The authors' autobiographical focus determined the book's structure as well as its content. Unlike rock books that concentrate on the band, which are organized chronologically, the *Dead Heads* book chapters mirror the sequence of a Grateful Dead concert, with headings "Arrival," "First



All illustrations and pages reprinted here are from the book

DL0410

DL0411







Set," "Intermission," "Second Set," "Encore" and "Homeward Bound."

"Along the way we found that anybody can join at any time. It doesn't matter if you joined in 1966 or last Tuesday in Philadelphia. All that matters is that you did go to a concert and you got off. If that's the case, doing a book like this chronologically wouldn't have made much sense," Grushkin explains. "It makes sense when you're telling the history of a *band*, but when you're telling the history of an audience that joins and drops out and whatnot, what's in common for everyone is going to the concert. You didn't have to be there in '66 to appreciate what's happening in '83. The fact that a third of the audience or more at any given Dead concert is between 17 and 21 or younger proves that."

The part of the book that makes it truly autobiographical, Grushkin adds, is the "Encore" chapter, which offers a Grateful Dead tour list of all of the band's recorded or remembered concert appearances. "People can refer to that, see a show there they went to, and it will jog their memory of a very special and personal experience. That was a real gift from Dennis McNally, who is working on his own history of the band which will come out several years down the line. One of the benefits to him of presenting it here in our book is that Dead Heads will now write in to make him aware of shows he is not aware of [McNally estimates there may have been as many as 200 additional concerts in the late '60s], so his book can include the absolutely definitive list."



Grushkin first got the idea of doing a book that would portray Dead Heads back in the mid-'70s. His initial plan was to do a photographic catalogue of Dead T-shirts, most of which are handmade by devotees in lots of as few as five, often produced for one's immediate circle of intimates rather than to make a profit off hundreds of buyers, like most "bootleg" T-shirts sold surreptitiously outside typical rock concerts. By the closing of the Dead's home base of Winterland (New Year's Eve 1978), Paul's brother Jonas was actively shooting Dead Heads at concerts and Paul was off to New York to round up a publisher. The response he got was that Dead T-shirts are only one aspect of the Grateful Dead experience. "They gave me the courage to go back to my friends at the Grateful Dead and say, 'Let's do the real thing — the audience's view of the whole thing.' And the way I defined the 'audience' was: anybody who isn't in the band. You could have been printed in the *New York Times* or overheard in the crowd at a show. Both are equally relevant and eloquent."

The Dead organization co-operated fully with Grushkin and his colleagues (hence the word "Official" in the title), opening up their files filled with newspaper clippings and Dead Head communications. And a communicative bunch they are, too. Paul estimates he read between 7,000 and 8,000 letters, in addition to 10,000–12,000 clips. In a quote excerpted from the 1980 **BAM** cover story on Dead Heads, someone explains the reciprocal nature of Dead concerts: "It's like a pact ... We show up and give the Dead our good energy and they fill us up in return ... It sounds kinda stupid when you talk about it."

Which is true; it does sound stupid in isolation. What the *Dead Heads* book does is offer the testimony of hundreds of individuals who share the same intense passion and rituals, and offer it in a colorful, personal form that ultimately becomes a large family album rather than an anthropological curiosity. As someone at a recent book-signing told Grushkin, "Everyone's there for one reason: to enjoy the music. But everyone has a different explanation for it — not only for what's going on but for why they're there or how they joined or why they stayed." The *Dead Heads* book lets those many voices be heard.

While his book gives a vivid visual and intellectual portrait of Dead Heads, Grushkin readily admits that his work can, at best, only approach the Grateful Dead experience in the same way a good concert tape (another Dead Head artifact) can. "It's there when it's there and it's gone when it's not," he states flatly, speaking of the "magic" of a good Dead show. "You can make portions of it live for you, but it isn't like a Christ figure you can wear around your neck day in and day out. You have to go to the concerts and get recharged. The damndest thing is that when it's working right ... there it is again, whatever 'it' is, so palpable you can put out your tongue and lick it! And yet the moment they leave the stage, it's gone.

"We took that lesson with us as we made the book. The images and the portrayal and the overall flow of the book are meant to evoke an experience — not to duplicate it, but to bring enough things to mind that let your mind drift a little and bring things back a little bit, like a wave of memory." □



Creg Darby Staff Writer

Bremerton, Washington
Sept. 1, 1983

A great fan of The Dead

They came streaming into the Seattle Coliseum by the thousands Saturday night, some in T-shirts illustrated with skulls and roses, others in psychedelic outfits whose colors made Van Gogh's seem pale.

The pungent smell of pot filled the air, and beatific smiles and widely dilated pupils made it clear that some had a taste for stronger medicine.

For one night each year it is 1968 all over again, as the Grateful Dead come to play for their friends.

"Fans" is far too mild a word to describe Dead Heads, the name followers of the band — myself included — call themselves. We Dead Heads are fan-atics, and will go to any length to hear the band.

It's common for Dead Heads to follow the band's tour, hitchhiking from city to city and panhandling money for tickets. And when The Dead went to Egypt a few years ago to play at the Pyramids, a group of Dead Heads chartered a plane to be there.

What makes this band so special? You'll get nowhere asking a Dead Head.

The standard answers are no answers at all: "There is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert," is by now a cliche, and the more mystically inclined smile knowingly and say: "If you understand, no explanation is necessary, and if you don't, no explanation is possible."

It's no accident that there's a religious ring to that second answer. Dead Heads are true believers, and the atmosphere before Dead concerts is strikingly like that of a revival meeting: the air crackles with the anticipation of miracles, and those who have been among the faithful for years regale first-timers with tales of musical epiphanies.

You won't understand The Dead by listening to their albums. Though they've cut some good vinyl, they still are without doubt the greatest rock band that never had a hit record: recordings just aren't what the band is about.

Lead guitarist Jerry Garcia, the amply-bellied, gray-bearded Buddha of the band, once said he didn't mind making a bad record, but just hated to do a bad show.

Nor can The Dead's following be explained by musicianship. Though all of the band members have talent, none has so much that he would be a star in his own right.

They've written some good songs, including many that evoke a Doomsday existentialism appropriate for a generation that grew up under the shadow of a mushroom cloud. But none are classics except within The Dead Head cult, and much of the band's repertoire consists of rock, country and blues standards written by others.

So what is it that accounts for the fervor of Dead Heads? What made two of them print up 2-inch square colored stickers as souvenirs of Saturday's concert, and hand them out free to all who passed by?

I wish I could explain, but it seems the magic that is the Grateful Dead is incomprehensible even to the band itself. They are as mystified by what happens when they get together as anyone — a common sight at concerts is a look of wonder on the face of rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, as surprised as anyone at the new sound that he has just pulled out of his instrument.

Part of what makes The Dead unique is the risk they take with every show. They don't come out night after night and play the same set, song for song, note for note, as many bands do.

Just the opposite: They improvise each and every show, always seeking some undiscovered musical terrain, and more often than seems possible, they find it.

Sometimes they jam for hours nonstop, flowing without seams from one song to another to music that is no song at all.

Sometimes they take an old standard, performed too many times by too many bands, and find a way to make it sound like it's being played for the first, and the last, time.

"Synergy," the summing of parts into a whole far greater than any one of them, is the term that best describes The Dead.

Typically, they are a bit disjointed at the start of a show, not quite playing together, taking many minutes between songs, testing the "vibrations," to use a very '60s phrase.

On a bad night, it stays that way for the whole concert — when you take huge risks, you're bound to fall on your face sometimes — and on those nights The Dead are just another good rock 'n' roll band, playing loud and danceable music.

But when everything is right — when the perfection they seek descends upon them — they surge ahead with the intensity and cohesion of a laser, six minds merged into one, playing instinctively, telepathically, absolutely sure of their direction. Or, to quote from one of their songs, "The music plays the band."

When that happens, The Dead and their Dead Heads are in heaven on earth, where no distance separates the band from the audience, where there are no guitars or drums or pianos or amplifiers, where there is only, everywhere, eternally, Music.

DL0412



POP EYE

IS THERE LIFE AFTER THE DEAD?

By PATRICK GOLDSTEIN

Has one of your friends been acting strange lately—say for the last 15 years?

Do they always scan Rolling Stone for Grateful Dead concert updates? Know all the words to every song on "American Beauty"? Lick postage stamps with anticipation? Do Jerry Garcia impressions in front of the mirror at night?

Then you're in the company of a diehard Grateful Dead fan, better known in rock circles as a Deadhead. For years, normal rock citizens have had to humor loved ones under the spell of this mysterious, and seemingly terminal, disease.

Now there may be a cure.

Tired of being surrounded by such fanatics, Ross Mitchell, a Philadelphia-based abstract artist, has founded the "Who Cares About the Dead Club," an anti-fan club formed to offer an alternative life style for Deadheads and comic relief for their long-suffering friends.

Official "WHO CARES ABOUT THE DEAD CLUB" Membership Card

This certifies that _____, as a thinking person must seriously question the sanity of anyone who bases their life on the Grateful Dead and their music, and through that questioning is hereby a member in good standing of the "WHO CARES ABOUT THE DEAD CLUB".

• • • • • • • • • •

To always be on your guard, here's how to recognize a suspected Deadhead:

1) Physical appearance; circa 1968
2) Affected speech pattern; a combination of nursery school teacher, sardonic radio announcer, and junked out junkie.
3) Their only motivation in life is D&D. (drugs and dead)
4) The only way they can relate is via the Dead.

For $5, members receive a poster, newsletter and a bumper sticker that reads: "There Is Nothing as Boring as a Grateful Dead Concert." According to Mitchell, the club already boasts more than 300 members, who all get membership cards equipped with a list of specific characteristics that would help any member recognize immediately a suspected Deadhead.

According to the membership card, Deadhead identifying marks include physical appearance (circa 1968) and an affected speech pattern that's a combination of nursery school teacher, sardonic radio announcer and junked-out junkie.



Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia.

"I've got a lot of friends who follow the Dead and spending a lot of time with them really inspired me to do this," explained Mitchell, who sees himself as something of a good-natured deprogrammer. "I've even been to several Dead concerts, and even liked them, once I got used to them, but to base your whole life on a cult like this is pretty crazy."

Though Mitchell has slapped a bumper sticker on his own car, he said he has escaped any Deadhead death threats, "at least so far." And what about his Deadhead cronies? "Oh, I think they realize it's all meant tongue-in-cheek, so no one's been offended."

Well, almost no one. When informed of this new crusade, Grateful Dead spokesman Zohn Artman complained, "Obviously this guy doesn't know what he's talking about. The Grateful Dead has fans everywhere—doctors, lawyers, politicians, grandmothers, you name it. Let's just say that if this guy knew what he was doing, he wouldn't do it."

(Memberships are available by writing NeoVations, 8 Winter Court, Philadelphia, Pa. 19107).

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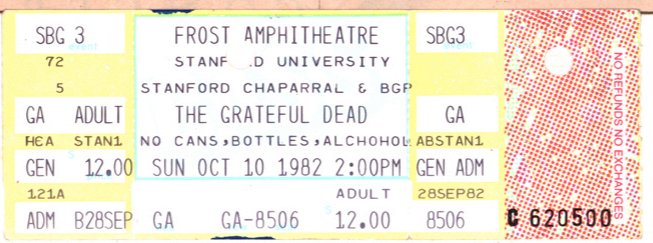


DL0413

DATEBOOK

Wed., November 2, 1983

'Heads Always Find the Dead

BY JOEL SELVIN

Only the most avid Deadheads got tickets for the two-night stand Sunday and Monday by their beloved Grateful Dead at the 2200-seat Marin Veteran's Auditorium in San Rafael. Just the previous weekend, the group sold out two shows at New York's 20,000-seat Madison Sqaure Garden.

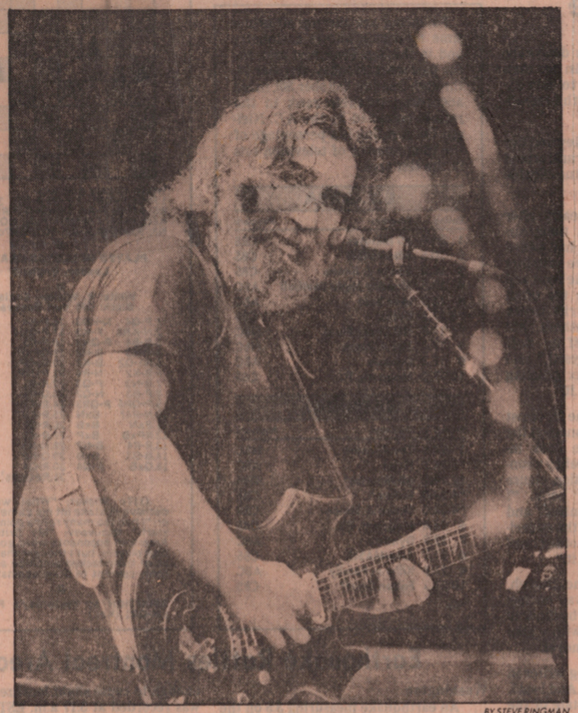
The sole advertisement for the Marin shows, produced by the band itself, was a taped message on a special Deadhead hotline — and the number was unlisted. Tickets were sold exclusively through mail order, and the concerts hardly had a chance to reach the rumor stage before all the seats were sold.

On Halloween, the relentlessly colorful crowd came bedecked in all sorts of crazy costumes. One gentleman was accompanied by two ladies dressed in giant zip-loc bags filled with bits of styrofoam. "This is my bag of grass," he said, pointing to the lady with green styrofoam, "and this is my bag of cocaine," he said, indicating the woman whose white styrofoam was leaking onto the auditorium carpet.

A number of fans came dressed as Jerry Garcia, the band's famed lead guitarist, almost all with stuffed-pillow stomachs. One enterprising Deadhead arrived disguised as a life-size backstage pass.

The best costumes, however, belonged to Alton Kelley, the artist responsible for creating most of the renowned Grateful Dead emblemology, and his wife Penny. In skull masks with movable jaws, he came as court jester, even sporting a mandolin, and she wore a painted skeleton costume with a headband of roses — they were his album covers sprung to life.

A commemorative T-shirt with a skeleton's hand holding a pumpkin and one word, "Halloween," emblazoned across the front was on sale in the lobby, and a massive jack o' lantern sat on the front of the stage.



BY STEVE RINGMAN

Jerry Garcia, without pillow, was dressed as himself on Halloween night

By the time the band left the stage after a 3½-hour performance, it was abundantly clear that the Halloween show would become legend among Deadheads, an elite offering filled with treats to be savored by the cognoscenti.

Take, for instance, the band's rendition of "St. Stephen," a vintage staple of '60s Dead shows not performed by the band in more than 10 years.

Word already had filtered back to the West Coast that the band had, indeed, played the song the previous weekend in New York and, even though the Dead had not performed the tune on Sunday, expectations ran high that it would be played on Halloween. When Garcia struck the identifying guitar licks that open the classic piece, coming out of yet another extended set of instrumental improvisations, an ecstatic roar swept through the crowd before a single word from the song had been sung.

The band also thrilled the audience with an encore of the Beatles song, "Revolution," another tune fans heard the group had played in New York. Taking the number at the kind of rolling gait in which the Dead specialize, Garcia singing lead, it fit the band like a glove and sounded like the Dead actually could make a hit record out of the song for the second time.

The Dead, however, never has traded on hit records. Unlike other rock bands in almost every respect, the group does not need a new album to stir interest in concerts; fans come out of the woodwork for every engagement, often attending shows night after night. On Monday, the road into the hall was filled with Deadheads pleading for a ticket, offering up to $100 for a rare ducat.

With improvisation playing a major role in any Dead performance, the success of a show depends on a delicate chemical synthesis between the musicians. When everything works, the six-piece band flows together like threads in a fabric. On Halloween, the balance worked brilliantly, with the two-man percussion section enhanced by the great jazz percussionist Airto Moreira, who shook and banged an assortment of instruments, as did Dead regulars Bill Kreutzman and Mickey Hart.

Bassist Phil Lesh put rumbles into the walls with the uncanny range of his playing. Guitarist Bob Weir, who plays a much larger musical role in the sound than the title rhythm guitarist would ordinarily imply, added some sizzling bottleneck guitar to "Little Red Rooster."

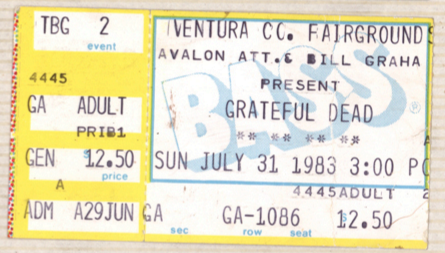
As always, however, it was with the guitar work of Jerry Garcia that show rose or fell and, on Monday, it definitely was soaring. Garcia etched crystalline, melodic lines that seemed to go on forever. On "Estimated Prophet," he gave his solo a light wah-wah wash that virtually glowed in the dark and, as Weir sang the song's final chorus, Garcia nailed down the vocals with a jagged, thumping line that rumbled ominously behind the singing.

The material included many songs the Dead never recorded, such as the old Chicago blues number, "Wang Dang Doodle," that opened the show, or a recent political tract by Weir, "Throwing Stones," that features a bit of the children's nusery rhyme, "ashes to ashes, all fall down," in the chorus. Although the song never has appeared on vinyl, members of the audience sang along knowingly for the entire tune.

Deadheads belong to a small world, where even unrecorded songs are well known. Even with a strictly enforced ban on tape recorders in the hall, you can bet live tapes of the Halloween show are already circulating among the intense Deadhead tape collectors.

One prominent member of the small world may have caught his last show Monday for quite a while. Longtime band associate Bear — also known as Augustus Stanley Owsley, formerly a noted manufacturer of LSD — said he is moving to Australia. He has determined that a series of storms later this year will bring a new and sudden ice age to the Northern Hemisphere and he is getting out of town while the getting is still good.









Examiner photos by Chris Hardy

The Grateful Dead last night: Lesh, Weir and Garcia up front; Kreutzmann and Hart buried behind their drums; Mydland, right, at his keyboards

The Grateful Dead jam out the old and in the new

By Philip Elwood
Examiner music critic

HERE WE GO again!

The Grateful Dead have begun their annual local year-end festivities (for the first time at the Civic Auditorium) and their devoted Deadhead followers are in San Francisco by the thousands — and they won't leave 'til next year.

The first of the Dead's four long nights of playing, last night, bore out the slogan that "There's nothing like a Grateful Dead concert." And that doesn't just apply to the huge, spirited and wonderful young Deadhead audience that the band now draws.

There's nothing like a Grateful Dead concert also because there is no band, and hasn't ever been, that has played quite the way the Dead play. I guess I'm one of the few over the years who has gone to a Dead concert first to hear the music and secondly to observe (if not wholly take part in) the ritual-like behavior of the Deadheads.

I was so innocent of acid-tests and the like that as early as January of 1966 I wrote of the now famous Longshoremen's Hall "Trips Festival" that my principal complaint was that I couldn't hear the music.

Last night, despite typical first-show complications (mostly electronic), the Dead played quite well — especially guitarist Jerry Garcia. Garcia has been in poor health for months, but last night, particularly in mid-concert, he was playing, singing and leading like a man posessed, which of course he is.

On "Fire on the Mountain," for instance, Garcia not only took the long, rambling vocal chorus — he also played the guitar solos between stanzas, and played them very well.

Bob Weir, who seems more the Dead's conductor than ever before, also had some smooth, bright guitar solos (although for the most part he backed Garcia) and, as usual, impressed me with his vocals — although his voice was rough. "If I Had My Way," featuring a reggae-like beat and a Weir bottleneck guitar solo, was superb.

Brent Mydland on keyboards and Phil Lesh on bass, the two "ends" of the Dead (on stage) work beautifully as a team, their rumbling, resonant sounds surging through the Civic and their harmonies providing a powerful underpinning for the Garcia-Weir team. The same is true, of course, of Bill Kreutzmann, Mickey Hart and their astonishing collection of percussion instruments; they, too, are part of the Dead's foundation as well as being spectacular, occasional soloists.

And yet, with all this power the Dead plays with a light, firm, swinging touch — little emphasis on electronic blast. And how they love it when the audience gets involved, as on "Might As Well," which had the whole place activated.

The Grateful Dead is a tradition-bound band — they're even playing "Spoonful" and "Revolution" again. They are at their best on country blues material and anthem-like chants; their followers, too, are traditionalists who filled the Civic's halls last night with dancing, although more thousands jammed every seat, and while standing, "festival seating" style, every inch of floor space.

There is a new generation of Deadheads; most last night were, I'd guess, about 18-19 on the average. They know the tunes, and the lyrics. There were a number of parents-and-children Deadheads at the Civic last night. The Dead aren't a passing fad, after all — they're a way of life.





DL0414

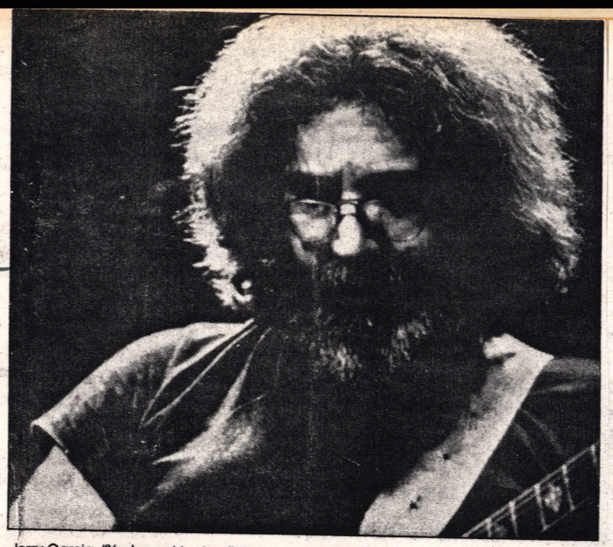
DL0415

Twenty Years After

And the Grateful Dead still live

3-20-85
VALLEY ADVOCATE
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

By Kathy Stoddard



Jerry Garcia: "You've got to stay light on your feet, that's very important, especially now."

"A Touch of Grey"

"The cow is giving kerosene/The kid can't read at seventeen/The words he knows are all obscene/but it's all right/I will get by/I will get by/I will get by/I will survive.

The shoe is on the hand that fits/There's really nothing much to it/Whistle through your teeth and spit/cause it's all right/I will get by/ I will get by/I will get by/I will survive.

Oh well, a touch of grey/kind of suits you anyway/That was all I meant to say/cause it's all right."

Whether it suits him or not, Jerry Garcia has sported more than a touch of grey for quite a few years. Now, on the brink of his 20th Anniversary tour as lead guitarist and vocalist with his band The Grateful Dead, there is no doubt he's earned it. And in their lyrics to this recent up-tempo rock number, not yet available on record or tape, Garcia communicates the unique mixture of experienced easiness and still-far-out trippiness which characterizes The Dead today.

"It's a conversation between him and his old lady," a member of the band's staff told me. Well into his 40s now, Garcia has stayed married but lives alone in Marin County, California. He has a couple of grown children, he's recently been busted on a minor drug charge, and he finally has given up smoking cigarettes. Garcia does not answer personal questions from friendly reporters. And to say that his life revolves around his music is a vast understatement. "He's just as happy as the last note he's played," said band press manager, Dennis McNally. "He feels he's totally successful as long as he doesn't have to have a straight job."

No straight job in the works, Garcia just keeps on playing. When he co-founded the Grateful Dead in the summer of 1965, Bob Dylan had not yet picked up an electric guitar in public. "Satisfaction" and "Mr. Tambourine Man" topped the pop charts. And Beatlemania was barely one year old.

Since then, while popular music has ridden the crests of acid rock, disco, punk and new wave, Garcia has expanded and refined his highly-committed, extemporaneous brand of improvisational rock music. He's never worn a sequined costume or turned backwards and wiggled his ass. He's passed on studio albums (where the money lies in the music business), preferring live recordings and, above all, plays live every chance he gets. And his music still lilts and pounds, reminding us of the fragility of the universe, reminding us, perhaps, of those never-to-be-forgotten LSD revelations we forgot anyway. "We don't sit there and play songs just for pleasure," said Grateful Dead percussionist Mickey Hart in a recent interview with *The Advocate*. "Our music creates altered states of consciousness. It's transportation, what we do, moving people from one state of consciousness to another."

Whether it's altered consciousness or just great music that keeps them, the Dead's fans are known for being extraordinarily loyal and enthusiastic. Virtually every show on every tour sells out weeks in advance, and the current tour appears to be no exception.

Though still as enthusiastic about playing as their fans are about listening, this group of complex, intelligent and highly creative individuals has begun branching out in new directions. For one thing, as a channel for their social conscience, they've begun a foundation—"The Rex Foundation"—named after Rex Jacksons, their former crew manager who perished in a car crash in 1976. The foundation donates all of the proceeds from the first four concerts every year to causes which band members want to support.

The Dead are also beginning work on a music video, due to be released next year which will feature Dead music and is rumored to be "nothing like anything you've seen before on MTV." A script for a regular commercial film, probably also directed by and starring the Grateful Dead, is in the beginning stages.

More fully realized at this time is their close connection with the up-coming network television revival of "The Twilight Zone." Though original creator Rod Serling died last year, the new show, scheduled to begin airing in the fall, will maintain the theme of its '60s forerunner—bizarre juxtapositions in time and space—a seemingly natural outlet for the spacey Grateful Dead. In addition to composing and playing the show's familiar but significantly re-worked theme music and creating the sound effects, the Dead will be involved in directing and writing for the series. "We've been given total freedom," said drummer Mickey Hart sounding amused and proud.

With all this just beginning, nobody's promising another 20 years but nobody's ruling it out either. In the words of Mickey Hart, "I feel we might just have something here. I think we can make something out of this band."

The *Advocate* recently spoke with Jerry Garcia about music, the world, the band, its fans and relaxation. The Grateful Dead appear at the Springfield Civic Center for shows this Sunday and Monday evening.

Advocate: The Dead has been playing music together for 20 years. Why is it still fun after all these years? And why is a band that violates all the rules of popular music today more popular than ever?

Jerry Garcia: One stays because it's fun, you're right about that. And it stays fun because it's so difficult. When we play, it's never the same twice. The band is composed of all unique musicians. Exactly what they're going to do next, it's impossible to predict. And we stay because we all continue to see improvement in our own work. It's an ongoing process, the process is what really keeps us going.

Twenty years! I don't feel that. It feels like maybe seven years. Yes, seven years. That feels realistic. It feels musically as if we're just getting started.

And, as for our fans, I guess there's a kind of person in every generation who is attracted to what the Grateful Dead does. Our letters reflect that our fans have an outlook similar to ours. They like being surprised. At every concert, they're really listening, hoping to hear something new, something different, a new way of playing a song. Deadheads are very discerning. Other than that, they are not easily classifiable, not classifiable at all. Yes, there are many young ones. . .They are simply the newest batch.

You've been described by one person who's worked closely with you as "self-critical to the point of nihilism." How do you deal with your self-critical nature? Are you still as hard on yourself after 20 years?

Well, I'm still self-critical, but I used to be much more emotional about it. I can still feel very uncomfortable at times, the way I'm hearing the music, the way things seem to be going. But I've had to learn to ease up, relax because I could see that attitude was not getting me anywhere. And another thing I've learned, particularly by listening to tapes afterwards, is that just because I feel I wasn't playing well doesn't necessarily mean I was right. I'm too subjective, much too subjective when I'm playing, and I've found out that, in fact, I'm wrong a lot of the time. So, I've gradually become able not to sweat it so much. At this point, I think I can say that I've just had to learn how to relax about it more, and lighten up on my self-critical nature. I mean, why make everybody else uptight?

In one of your recently composed songs, "A Touch of Grey," you seem to be espousing a kind of philosophy of survival, maybe a little resignation there, too. What exactly is your philosophy, now that you've reached this stage of life?

Well, all the news isn't in yet. I'm still gathering information. So, I'm still walking the line. I really haven't settled into what I would call a philosophy, because one thing I do know is that anything may be obsolete in six months. You've got to stay light on your feet, that's very important, especially now. I'm looking for maneuverability and agility, as far as point of view goes. Settling into one philosophical view point would be too easy to do.

Even so, if not exactly a philosophy, what is your view of the world situation today?

It eats it! It's terribly depressing! Yet, I've got to believe it's just a phase. The world is always dragging its feet while dragging itself reluctantly into the future. There's a real perverseness that way in the world, and it can be very annoying, it's so uselessly stupid. For instance, why are there hungry people in the world today? People starving. It's absolutely maddening, considering what the world is capable of.

By putting some of your profits into your charitable foundation, the Rex Foundation, are you hoping to make a difference, improve the world a little bit?

We don't have that kind of wealth, to really change the world situation. But we can make a difference in some causes close to the ground. By that I mean in the San Francisco area where we live. Oh, one thing is a fund for the homeless. We've been able to donate money for a significant increase in the number of beds for homeless people. That's the kind of thing we can do with a little money. We've been able to help a few organizations that help people stay in business, when they might have been going under. By staying close to home, the San Francisco area, we feel that's the best way for the foundation to be able to make a difference, in a small way.

And might your music make a difference, too?

Just in that I hope everybody is able to get some small respite in our music, by being there at our concerts. A few moments of positive energy. It's thrilling for us to be involved in making this music, and I'm really thankful to be doing it.

It's still really thrilling.





In California: the Dead Live On

An unbeliever claims that only 10,000 people in the entire world are followers—cultists, really—of the durable and idiosyncratic rock band called the Grateful Dead. What gives the band its undeserved appearance of popularity, he adds with exasperation, is that Dead Heads, as these fans call themselves in what should be apology but probably is boasting, are so zonked on Dead music that they all show up for every concert, no matter where on the planet it is played.

"I don't know," says J.R., 25, an engineering student from the University of Massachusetts. "I missed some concerts this year." He is standing in a very chilly line outside the Civic Center auditorium in San Francisco, where in something like five hours the Dead will go onstage. J.R. is making what sportswriters call a great second effort to get serious about college, he says, his first effort having been stopped for no gain by, in part, too many Dead shows. The reward he gave himself for industrious scholarship this semester was to hitchhike across the continent, with little cash and no tickets, to attend all three sold-out concerts in San Francisco. He has managed to score tickets somehow and now is a happy man.





The Heads enjoy the ritual of celebration; inset, Lead Guitarist Jerry Garcia

It can be argued that there are at least 37,351 Dead Heads, because that many attended an outdoor concert at Saratoga, N.Y., last summer. But even 37,351 is a statistical flyspeck in the megahyped world of rock music. The fact is that in almost 20 years of playing, the Dead have never managed to record a song that sold enough copies to make it as a hit single. They have had fair success with albums, but their ecstatic, visionary offshoot of rock spins with improvisation, and the necessity to nail things down in a studio version tends to fossilize the band.

What the Dead have managed, however, are those 20 years of playing, with most of the same early-'60s rebels and LSD voyagers who started the group. The original keyboard and harmonica player, Ron McKernan, known as Pig Pen, died of hard living in the early '70s, and the present keyboardist, Brent Mydland, is the only relative newcomer. Otherwise the Dead are still Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzman on drums, Phil Lesh on bass, Bobby Weir on rhythm guitar and, first among equals, Jerry Garcia on lead guitar.

One of the striking qualities of the Dead Heads' obsession with the band is that although it is highly personal—the fans think they can sense how Bobby and Jerry feel during any given song—it is remarkably unintrusive. The Dead Heads don't seem to know or care what bandsman is dating or divorcing whom.

One result is that the fans, knowing nothing important to the contrary, can go on assuming that the Dead live in a warm, funky, '60s time warp that has not really changed since the days when they jammed at the Acid Test roisterings of Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters. Playing in a rock band for 20 years is probably a good way of staying in a time warp, and if the legs go first, as with boxers and third basemen, you do not pick guitar with your toes. But the stranger truth is that the Dead Heads have a '60s warp of their own. While most of the band members are now well into their 40s, not many of the Dead Heads are as old as 35, and at least half are in their teens, far too young to remember much about the era of "tune in, turn on, drop out." Yet in their pot-fuzzed peacefulness and in their costumes—tie-dyed T shirts, headbands, out-at-the-knee jeans, granny dresses—they resemble a lost battalion of hippies.

Some of the Dead Heads in San Francisco had been to nearly all 60-odd of the shows in 1984, which meant that following the Dead around the country was what they had accomplished for the year. Such wandering is considered not goofing off but commitment. There were yuppies, who had flown out from New York and paid their fares with plastic. But the stoniest of the pilgrims followed their quest in the elderly bread vans and decommissioned school buses painted with rust primer and furnished with curtains and the kind of mattresses that are chucked under lampposts at 3 a.m. On their windows were stickers showing skulls or tap-dancing skeletons, talismanic to the Dead.

Dead Heads earn gas money to rattle from concert to concert by selling each other T shirts, and this activity took place in a small park near the auditorium. No camping was allowed, but neither the Heads nor the local police considered all-night snoozing on the park's wooden benches to be camping. (Dead Heads, who are apolitical, do not seem to enrage police as hippies did.) By the time the midday sun had warmed the bones of the park-bench bivouackers, the park had become a street fair. T shirts were on sale, decorated with tie-dyed spiral nebulas, skulls and roses (another important symbol to the Dead, who have more symbols than the Elks or the Masons). So were incense, posters, illuminated sweatpants, fly whisks for easy tropical living and magic cookies. "How magic?" the vendor was asked. "Magic enough to get you very high," she said with an encouraging smile.

The pervasive fog of drugs is the dark side of the Dead Heads' exceptional amiability. There is no thuggery here, as there can be in other rock crowds, no feeling of physical menace. Dead Heads cherish stories of Dead niceness. Kathleen from New Hampshire says that last fall at Augusta, Me., she was stopped at the door when someone sold her a counterfeit Dead ticket. She was sitting outside the hall, crying, when a stranger came up and gave her a real ticket, and a rose. But drug burnout is a problem among these nice people. Keep your ears open just before a concert and you hear an LSD vendor saying, "Trips, trips," without moving his mouth. "Yeah," says Monica from Santa Monica, Calif., a pale 20-year-old who looks 14. "My girlfriend was using acid, and she couldn't stop dancing at the end of one concert. They had to bring her down with Valium." There was another girl who was biting people.

Later, think about that later. For now, the doors opened, the kids who were first in line sprinted across the auditorium floor, which was empty of seats, like a high school gym rigged up for a dance, and staked out standing room in front of the stage. Five hours to go. Promoter Bill Graham got a volleyball game started. In the balcony the tapers set up their equipment (the Dead, unlike other rock groups, permit amateurs to record their shows, with the understanding that tapes may be traded but not sold). People sucked at funny cigarettes and listened with cheerful toleration to the opening acts.



A pair of '80s hippies in San Francisco

The Dead came on at 10:15, after half an hour of anticipatory hooting from the Dead Heads. As always, stage center was covered by two Oriental rugs, strewn with roses thrown by the crowd. Weir and Bass Player Lesh stood to the left, Garcia and Keyboardist Mydland to the right, the two drummers and a percussion rig vast enough to drive a spaceship elevated to the rear. Lights swirled, and the bandsmen swung into the saddle and began their long ride.

For four hours they played clear, strong rock, veering now and then toward folk, and once, surprisingly, toward the kind of electronic music that bright young conservatory professors are putting together with computers and tapes. To an outsider it was fine and enjoyable; to the Dead Heads it was a rare peak of brilliance. Most of the audience knew that the wife and baby of Veteran Roadie Steve Parish had been killed two days before in an auto accident, and they assumed that the performance was a special effort, a memorial. But the Dead are always private; no announcement was made. At 2:15 a.m., Garcia sang the last song, an elegiac Bob Dylan tune that ends with the words, "It's all over now, Baby Blue." An 18-year-old girl who had been in the first row told her father that "he looked straight at me, and he was crying." So were you, Honey, thinks the father, looking at her blotched, beautiful face; so am I. —*By John Skow*

TIME, FEBRUARY 11, 1985

S.F. CHRONICLE 5/6/85

HERB CAEN

Monday Morning Washout

CULTURE VULTURES: Even though 16,000 tickets have already been sold at $15 each, the Grateful Dead is canceling its appearances at Cal Expo in Sacramento June 8-9. The official reason is "scheduling conflicts." The real reason is that three members of the great rock group — Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir and Phil Lesh — have tickets to the S.F. Opera's "Ring" cycle on those dates and the band members voted to cancel rather than deny the three their Wagnerian pleasures.

"Deadheads" are often surprised to find a dedicated runner in a band associated with hippie counterculture for two decades. **Bob Weir,** 37-year-old rhythm guitarist for the Grateful Dead and lead singer on "Truckin'," "Sugar Magnolia" and many other hits, puts in a daily half-hour of 7:15 miles, when he's on tour and at home on Mount Tamalpais.



Rocker Bob Weir: half-hour daily

"People can live a sybaritic lifestyle and still require some self-discipline and enjoy running," Weir says. "That's not to say that I do, but I know people — I won't mention names — who you really wouldn't expect to run but do, people known for their sybaritic lifestyle."

Running "is my morning and afternoon constitutional," says Weir, who was a good high school miler. "I go out to meet the weather face to face and be alone with my thoughts and my footsteps."

Weir notes that three other members of the six-man band jog from time to time — drummers Mickey Hart and Billy Kreutzmann and bassist Phil Lesh.

Weir is not the only music superstar jogging in Marin. Huey Lewis is also an avid runner.

DL0416

DLO417

The Many Hats of Mickey Hart

Searching for the Essence of Percussion

By Bennie Green

There's precious little that can be stated about the Grateful Dead that hasn't already been said and isn't already known, so let's skip the history lesson. When this troupe of 20-year vets hits Portland this weekend (3/31-4/1) for a pair of long-since sold out shows, the focus will be on the culture of the Dead, actually a subculture of our own wherein hedonism at no one else's expense is the governing factor, and these six men are the driving force.

Think about the enormity of such an accomplishment; a mere group of musicians whose interaction has gone beyond the creation of music to the creation of a way of life. For at least one of the six, drummer Mickey Hart, lazily nurturing this entity — what many people who've cemented a place in history for themselves would be more than happy to settle for — is not an option. In a phone conversation some three weeks ago, Hart elaborated on a series of ongoing projects in which he's involved that prove he's still a student of his craft, a musician who's never stopped trying to grow.

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The main thing for you right now is the recordings you did in Africa. How did they come about? What is this going to sound like?

It's mainly my remote recordings of the indigenous music of the Sudan, music of the desert and music of the river. It was recorded in 1978 following the Grateful Dead's performance at the Great Pyramid. Afterward, I and my trusty associate, companion and long-suffering engineer John Cutler went up the Nile for about a month in search of the music. More like pre-entertainment music rather than popular music, archaic, old folk. We went to two places. One was Aswan and the other was Alexandria.

A couple of years ago Mick Fleetwood went over there to Ghana, I think, and did a similar thing, but he also took his band with him and sort of integrated them into the indigenous talent. Did you do that, or did you just record what was there?

Well, I did when I was performing there. During the Grateful Dead's performance, we had native musicians — tarists mostly, that's a single membrane instrument — who came out and played with us while we played and eventually worked into the Grateful Dead. But what I did was, I wanted to hear what their old folk music was and record that. What he [Fleetwood] did was marvelous, you know. But my mission was to bring their music back. I played the tar for them, and they enjoyed it. They usually don't see white people playing their instruments.

What other kinds of instruments do they use?

Well, one is that tar which is a framed drum, a single membrane stretched across a round frame about four inches deep, about 14, 15 inches wide. They play it with the fingers, and it's a very gentle instrument, very soothing. They play it in ensemble, and they play it alone. They take the heads off and use it to sift flour. So it's a very practical instrument. Then there's the darabuka, which is a goblet-shaped drum. It has a single membrane, and it's mostly a Middle Eastern drum, about 17 inches deep.It's played with the fingers and the hand. Those are the percussion instruments mainly, besides concussion sticks and tambourines.

There's a double reed instrument called the mizmur, like our oboe or the classic snake charmer's instrument. Then there's the five-string lyre. And, of course, the violin which is everywhere.

Do they play the violin with a bow as we do?

Yes, but they play it in their native tongue. With all these instruments they're playing *their* melodies. And their stories tell of where they came from, who they are, where they are going... They use it to make their work easier. Music used to be used like that before it was turned into purely entertainment, so when they have to get the water from the Nile or chop the garden, they usually sing and play to it. Then there are songs to go along with each aspect of the work.

Also, the talking drums were used for telegraphs. They mimic catch phrases that are repeated every two or three miles to another station which picks it up and translates it once again onto another station until it reaches its destination. Each drummer has his call letters to notify who's signalling whom. Once the drummer's call letters are sounded, the message is passed on until that drummer is found. It's a relay system, sort of. The drums carry anywhere from two to 20 miles, depending on the geographic location, the type and the size of the drums. The only problem is that on the edge of geographic zones when there's a change of language, there has to be an interpreter at the drum station, and usually that's where anything will go wrong. It's fascinating.

There seems to be a lot of cultural knowledge to be had there. What was your eventual goal when you set out to do this? Was it to put out a record of this music?

No. See, none of this music has been finely recorded, if at all. Most of it has been done by anthropologists as sort of an afterthought. On the way out of the country they'd just throw a Sony up in the air and record it. This is my pleasure. When I listen to music I like to listen to novel recordings. So I did it mainly for myself and for posterity eventually. It was just a great adventure, something I'd always wanted to do.

Would it be likely that if some people heard your recording, it would lend some creedance to some of the native Africans who are recording like King Sunny Ade or Fela Anikulapo Kuti?

That goes without saying, or at least that's my hope. But I have my very peculiar tastes. This is *my* music, the stuff I studied, the stuff I listen to going down the road. It wouldn't be unusual for nobody else to like it. I think it's very appealing actually. I mean, it's not so esoteric. There's melody and there's rhythm, and that means Western folk have a handle on it. It's not like some Chinese music that's so dissonant that it can't even be listened to sometimes. This is what was within the boundaries of Western tastes even though they're speaking another language. My tastes run to the extreme. I'm into indigenous music all around the world, so I've lost my sense of taste.

Which is probably good...

Well, as far as what would be accessible to the Western ear. I've been out there too long.

If this took off and a lot more people showed an interest in it, would you be willing to expand upon it?

Oh, of course. It's easy once you did it. All the hard work is done. I went and I got the music, made the covers and printed them up, pressed them up and then there's the bad pressings you have to deal with, the artists, the liner notes. And I'm a musician basically. There's nobody here but me. I do it all myself. I *wanted* to find out what it was like to do the whole thing. And I did.

You know, it took years to do this. It wasn't as simple as going there, recording it and making records, I assure you. But there's no hurry. It wasn't meant to be rushed out as a record. Its time has come, I think. If people like it, I'll just press up more.

Through this I'm starting to see this universality in music. All music has been influenced by other music. Some of my friends who are anthropologists in New Guinea who spend six months out of the year in the rain forests have a transistor radio. And wherever there's a radio, music is being influenced. People in the desert when we were there were listening to Kiss. Creedence Clearwater is big in Egypt.

Something else you're involved with



Photo by Herb Greene

At work in the dessert, Mickey Hart brings African music to the states.

Awesome Chants of Tibet Monks

BY JESSE HAMLIN

A dozen Tibetan Buddhist monks, exiled in India since the Chinese drove them from their Gyuta Monastery in Lhasa, Tibet, in 1959, came to Berkeley Saturday night and chanted ancient tantric rituals aimed at exorcising evil and greed, and creating enlightenment and world peace.

I can't confirm that the throngs of Deadheads, spiritual seekers and the curious who packed the Berkeley Community Theater wandered away cleansed of all anger, avarice and lust.

But it was impossible not to be awed and moved by the otherworldly sounds vibrating through the 12 little men in red and orange robes sitting on the floor. They were praying, not performing. Their strange and beautiful chants — partially heard, partially felt — filled the air and the body with the "breath of the Buddha."

Incredibly, these lamas can individually sing a three-note major chord. They have been trained in centuries-old methods of reshaping the vocal cavity in such a way that overtones not normally audible can resonate intensely enough to be heard.

Each singer's harmony joins with the slightly varying vibrations of the other 11 harmonies, creating endlessly shifting waves of unfathomable sound.

"The overtones are intended to awaken luminous feelings," said MIT professor Huston Smith, the first Westerner to hear and record the chants, in his introductory remarks. "This is not art for art's sake. The sound has symbolic power. The monks are tapping into the power of God and transmitting its very essence."

The monks, lost in tantric trances that usually go on for days, produced an incredibly deep, guttural drone, a primordial whisper that suddenly fattened and spread and bellowed with those holy harmonies. If anything, they sounded like a pool of cosmic frogs.

You also hear the forces of nature in these voices — the eerie whoosh of the wind ringing high on top, ocean waves rumbling down deep. The sound becomes all the more beautiful and exotic with the ritual tinkling of bells and banging of cymbals and drums while they chant.

The lamas were brought to America under the patronage of the Dalai Lama of Tibet by the Shunyata/American Institute of Buddhist Studies, and their Berkeley appearance was arranged by Mickey Hart, the Grateful Dead drummer and ethnomusicologist who was floored by Huston Smith's recordings of these chants 15 years ago.

Wearing beautiful gold capes and headdresses somewhat resembling those worn by American Indians, the monks began with a ritual chant of self-creation, becoming channels for the spirit of Yamantaka, the "divine Buddha-form" who is the archangel of "the adamantine wisdom of selflessness."

This was followed by the ablution of the new spirit, when the monks "symbolically wash the Body, Speech and Mind with holy water and vow to do everything in their power to eliminate suffering."

After a short intermission, they chanted the Mahakala Melody, in which Mahakala, "the most important Terrific Protector of Tibetan Buddhism," is invited to make his presence felt and protect the world from evil and suffering. They donned brilliant yellow hats, like those worn by ancient Hawaiian kings, and chanted for his holiness, the Dalai Lama, not to "pass away into Nirvana but to stay with suffering beings until all is happy and peaceful throughout the universe."

This was the most musically inspiring chant, with the monks accompanying themselves with four giant drums beat with long, twisted sticks, and two sets of horns: long wooden pipes that bellowed like a cross between a Tibetan fog horn and an elephant, and short curved horns that looked and sounded like ancient Hebraic shofars and blown with the same fierce emotion.

Tantric followers in the lobby were passing out ads for video tapes of the Dalai Lama "introducing Tantric rituals," and for videos on Tibetan medicine. Who knows if these chanting monks will hit the Billboard charts or make it to MTV, but interest in the West seems to be booming.

The monks said good-by with a final good luck chant, then Mickey Hart came out and handed the head lama a long ritual white scarf, which he then wrapped around Mickey's neck like a Bar Mitzvah tallis. The rest of us quietly walked out into the cool Berkeley night, perhaps not completely free of lust and greed, but certainly a little more enlightened.



The extraordinary Berkeley visit of the Buddhist lamas (above) was arranged by Grateful Dead drummer Mickey Hart

"This [African music] is...within the boundaries of Western tastes even though they're speaking another language. My tastes run to the extreme. I'm into indigenous music around the world, so I've lost my sense of taste."

Why is it always used to induce the trance state? Why does the shaman use the drum to go to the other side to heal? And I referred back to my experience in the Grateful Dead and my personal experiences over the years which have bordered on the edge of magic.

When do you expect the book to be ready?

Oh, I'd say another year. I have an agent in New York who's handling it, and we're negotiating now with publishers.

Most drummers, and probably most musicians for that matter, aren't as involved in their craft as you seem to be. After all these years are you still learning, still adding to your technique, still finding new tricks you can use?

Oh yeah, that never runs out as long as the desire to learn is there, the desire to go forward. I fall into it as soon as I put my sticks to the drums. Your imagination is limitless. It's like a well that never dries up. All the things that I learn about how to approach my instrument make me more aware of who I am and make it better for the Grateful Dead. That's where all this research and all this focus essentially winds up. It's just a circle.

This is a question that you'll hear a hundred times, but will you be recording any time soon or are you in the process?

No, we're not in the process of recording right this minute, but we will record someday. We have plans.

The Dead have been around for so many years, you've been referred to as "unique" and "legendary." If you could step outside and not be a member of the band, how would you assess your contribution? Would you say the Dead is a unique band that's had a great impact on American

...within the boundaries of Western tastes even though they're speaking another language. My tastes run to the extreme. I'm into indigenous music around the world, so I've lost my sense of taste."

I would indeed. But I wouldn't be patting myself on the back. I'd be struggling. That's what the Grateful Dead is all about. It's a struggle. We know it's unique, and we can step back out of the band, because we have room to do that. In the Grateful Dead you can kind of leave your body and look at what you're doing. It's nothing that's a flash. It's been there for a long time, you can see what it's done, and you can see where it's going. It's something that is worthwhile or we wouldn't be doing it. Not for 20 years. It's a treasure. Some people don't dig it and don't listen, but the people that listen really treasure it. It's the most worthy thing that I could think of doing. This is powerful medicine.

When you keep things in flux and don't crystalize things totally, you're able to stay fresh and new. Yin to yang, you're able to move back and forth. We're getting older, but we're not growing old in the sense of dying. The band is sort of re-living itself, feeding itself, eating itself. This organism has that ability to grow new parts. The spirit you bring to the music is what allows it to live or to die. Some bands die within weeks, months or years musically speaking. But if you don't care to do that you don't have to. That's why I'm into it so much. This is my life, this is not a hobby. This is all I think of all day besides my family. When you think of something so much, so long, so often, sooner or later you're going to find a way of going. Once you establish that way, your imagination is your own limitation. That's the Grateful Dead's byword.

...s the Rex Foundation.

It was named after our former equipment manager Rex Jackson [who died in a car accident], and it's a foundation through which we fund needy organizations like the American Indian, the homeless in San Francisco, the Mayor's Fund...it goes on and on. It's a way of us directing the funds from our benefits that we play every year. Everybody in the band has their pet priorities.

I understand that you're also working on a book. Last year Max Weinberg, Bruce Springsteen's drummer, wrote one. Is yours along the same lines as his or much different?

Mine is called *The Edge of Magic*, and it's nothing like the Weinberg book. He interviewed prominent drummers and found out their case histories, their recordings, their observations. This is a personal investigation into the *spirit* of percussion. It traces the lineage, the chronology of percussion, where it came from, why, when. Also the mythology surrounding percussion, drum lore, drum worshipping, consecration of drums, percussion in warfare,

It sounds like something that took a lot of research. What resources did you have?

I'm working with Fred Gleiberman who's a dean of the arts at Santa Cruz and Betsy Cohen who's a professor of physics at Stanford. Acoustics is her major. I've been going back to the archaeological references and scholarly works that are in French, German and Italian. And also first person investigation into the spirit of percussion, why the drum makes you do what you do.

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POP VIEW/Jon Pareles

N.Y. TIMES - SUNDAY 7/26/87

The Grateful Dead, Most Alive on the Stage

IN THEORY, THE GRATEFUL Dead are irresistible. Here's what they do: They roll into town, set up, play for about four hours and move on. What they play depends on the six musicians' moods. It might be a song they just finished, anything they've recorded in the last 20 years, an affectionate version of something by Buddy Holly or by Merle Haggard, or just free-form communal noise.

And here's what they don't do. They don't bother with crafting formula Top-40 singles (they've never had one). They don't cultivate a glamorous public image. They don't dress up for concerts. They don't do much on stage except stand there and play; while Bob Weir, on guitar, might jump now and then, it's news when Jerry Garcia, on lead guitar, smiles or waves to the crowd. And the Dead don't beat audiences over the head with their music; what they play is generally quieter, and far more nuanced, than just about anything else people hear at arena concerts.

Above all, the Grateful Dead have been dedicated to live, real-time performance since they got started in San Francisco in 1965. That separates them from most established rock bands — and certainly from every other band that, like the Dead, regularly tours stadiums. Where most big-time bands support themselves by selling recordings, and tour so they can simultaneously promote and cash in on their latest release, the Dead have a different — maybe healthier — relationship with recording.

■

"In the Dark" (Arista AL 8452 LP, cassette and CD) is the first studio album they've made since 1980's "Go to Heaven" and their first official album release of any kind since the live double albums, "Dead Set" and "Dead Reckoning," in 1981.

Yet that doesn't mean there aren't more recent Dead recordings. The band allows fans to tape their concerts, and every so often the group plays a live radio broadcast, so that almost anyone can get a quality concert tape. Where other rock bands clamp down on recordings that won't yield royalties, the Dead are downright generous. They don't treat recording as any big deal; true 1960's thinkers, they prefer process to product.

For most of the 1980's, the Dead have been making music the way jazz musicians and classical performers do — on stage, on the road, like an old-time chautauqua. (Band members even share songwriting royalties with the road crew.) Whereas most rock bands get wrapped up making music in studios, building songs one layer at a time, the Dead are primarily improvisers who make music on the spot, as a group. And where too many rock bands aim to re-create their records in concert, the Dead are known to warp and nudge and fiddle with their songs, risking mistakes while courting inspiration; they'll start a free-form jam with no idea what they'll end up playing. They're inconstant and unpredictable, unwilling to repeat themselves; they're a marketing expert's nightmare.

The band makes music on the spot, risking mistakes while courting inspiration.

■

And they're incorrigible. "Touch of Grey," the first song on "In the Dark" (and, symbolically at least, the breaking of a long silence on vinyl), opens the way it would at a Dead concert, tumbling into place — bass, then drums and rhythm guitar on an off-beat, and, almost as a throwaway, a catchy little keyboard phrase that most other rock bands would repeat a dozen times before the vocal. The Dead don't seem to care about radio programmers who demand that songs grab listeners in the first milliseconds — so "Touch of Grey" takes its time before it takes off.

Most major rock bands aim for a crisp, orchestral attack; the Dead prefer a loose (some would say psychedelic) colloquy, a discussion among equals. They aren't as free-wheeling or virtuosic as Ornette Coleman's Prime Time, but their concept isn't that different; foreground and background all in one. The Dead don't arrange songs so much as disperse them. Two drummers engage in dialectic about the beat; Phil Lesh's bass sometimes holds down the harmony, sometimes answers the lead guitar lines; guitars and keyboards tickle and enfold one another. As they sing in "Truckin'," they play "together — more or less in line."

But they've built themselves the most dedicated audience in rock. With little advertising beyond announcements in the Dead Heads fan-club newsletter, the Grateful Dead sell out stadiums. Through the 1980's, they've toured places that seat 20,000 to 100,000 people per show, and they haven't played to an empty seat in at least three years. They even sell what they call "tour booklets" — sets of seats for every show on a tour (mileage not included). Who needs hits?

■

Risky music, anti-commercial attitudes, minimal entanglement with the record business and stadium-filling popularity — it's a utopian situation, one that all sorts of independent groups would enjoy. Indeed, bands from NRBQ to the Bad Brains have similar, if smaller, networks built by dedicated fans a long way from mass marketing.

For some people, the flaw in the Dead utopia is the music. Along with their commitment to live performance, they're fine on such rock virtues as democracy, pride in roots and lack of pretense. But they don't do so well with concision (both songs and sets sprawl) or drive (the music is more likely to lilt) or charisma. Neither Mr. Garcia nor Mr. Weir is much of a lead singer; Mr. Garcia's voice is too wispy; Mr. Weir's is steadier but lacks depth and variety. And their cooperative anarchy doesn't always pay off. Because the music is so improvisatory, it can be intoxicating (as on the first three album sides of 1970 "Live/Dead" or the seamless medley of "China Cat Sunflower"/ "I Know You Rider" on "Europe '72") or aimless; true Dead Heads have sat through a lot of sludge along with some great moments.

Their songs, too, are iffy propositions. The Dead's songwriting depends on two main lyricists, Robert Hunter and John Barlow, who deliver everything from transcendent paradoxes (as in Mr. Hunter's words for "Ripple") to overworked cowboy and gambling metaphors. And the band's view of women could charitably be described as pre-feminist, or perhaps prehistoric. Mr. Hunter's lyrics for "Jack Straw" begin, "We can share the women/ We can share the wine," while on "In the Dark," Mr. Mydland's song, "Tons of Steel," describes a locomotive as "more a bitch than a machine," which becomes the song's governing metaphor.

"In the Dark" is, typically for the Dead, a mixed album. It has one simply wonderful song, the twinkling "Touch of Grey," about getting by and trying to "keep a little grace" while growing older. Beyond that, two more Garcia-Hunter songs are standouts: "When Push Comes to Shove" offers some sage whimsy about being "afraid of love," while the hymnlike "Black Muddy Water" has oblique images of mortality and survival. Then, there are near-misses: "Hell in a Bucket," which seems to be about kinky, upper-class shenanigans ("the Z-rated scenes you create"); "West L.A. Fadeaway," an attempt at mystery that doesn't quite add up, and "Throwing Stones," a heartfelt anti-war song that grows didactic and prosy.

■

As always, the Dead play their own variations on blues ("West L.A. Fadeaway"), basic rock with a Bo Diddley beat ("Throwing Stones") or a bluesy shuffle ("When Push Comes to Shove"), even a kind of cha-cha in "Touch of Grey" — and despite an occasional extra layer of keyboards or sound effects, the production captures most of the Dead's breezy interplay. While "In the Dark" doesn't stand up to the Dead's peak live and studio efforts from 1968 to 1972, it's stubborn and ambitious, and the Dead still sound like no other band.

The best Dead songs do something most rock doesn't even attempt. Like old-time mountain music and blues, they stare death, bad luck and metaphysical demons in the eye, then shrug and keep on truckin.' "Friend of the Devil," "Doin' That Rag," "Greatest Story Ever Told," "Alabama Getaway" and the new "Touch of Grey" are all obstacle courses, realistic and illusive; they insist that with a wink and a grin and a little ingenuity — and with homespun, spur-of-the-moment, hippie-tonk music — it's possible to make it through. That's a benign message, one that clearly appeals to hundreds of thousands of listeners.

The Grateful Dead, lapses and all, are the right band to carry that message. They don't spell things out; their music demands an active, cooperative listener who'll join the band to sort through the tangle of music, tolerate a few ups and downs and find something to enjoy. The Dead are professional amateurs, happy to stay that way. And even if their music weren't such a pleasure, they'd be something rock always needs: the exception to every rule. □





GUARDIAN PHOTO BY MARK LIKO

David Gans, host of the radio show 'The Deadhead Hour' and on-line editor of the computerized Grateful Dead Conference: 'The Grateful Dead as a model of human cooperation is a very powerful engine of faith.'

The hour of the living Dead

Twenty years after the Summer of Love, David Gans has taken the Grateful Dead high-tech with a locally produced radio show and computer network

By Derk Richardson

THE 20TH ANNIVERSARY of the Summer of Love already is bringing forth an endless parade of acid-jangled rock-and-roll retreads. But the Grateful Dead, even more emblematic of vintage '67 flower-power than It's A Beautiful Day or Moby Grape, is staying one step ahead of the nostalgia mongers by truckin' into the age of electronic communication.

This year, as the band prepares to release its first album of new material in seven years, it's expanding its communication network with an ever-growing audience at a staggering rate. *The Deadhead Hour*, the weekly Monday night radio show for Deadophiles on KFOG (FM 104.5), is about to go national. And in the micro-underground, a computerized Grateful Dead Conference sustains a nationwide Deadhead conversation through The WELL, the Whole Earth computer-linked data base and bulletin-board system based in Sausalito.

Both phenomena bear the fingerprints of David Gans, the music editor of *Mix* magazine, former senior editor of *Record* magazine and guitarist in a local band called The Reptiles. Gans produces and hosts the Deadhead Hour, which has attracted a faithful following in part because of the free-form approach Gans has cultivated, mixing early progressive rock radio with a Firesign Theatre stream-of-consciousness mentality. He also is the on-line editor of the Grateful Dead Conference, where WELL subscribers talk to each other via modem on a wide range of Dead trivia, Deadhead philosophy and, of course, appreciation of Grateful Dead music.

Gans, who like many Deadheads has extended his interest in the group almost to the point of obsession, may be uniquely qualified to host the radio show and computer network. His *Playing in the Band: An Oral and Visual Portrait of the Grateful Dead* (with Peter Simon) is one of the best books on the legendary group, and his contributions to *The Deadhead Hour* have made it a concentrated representation of both the band's sound and the world view that emanates from it.

One recent show, "State of the Union," segued a series of Dead songs into six minutes of spoken word and musical images related to political power-mongers and the prospect of nuclear war. The April 20th show featured Prairie Home Companion's Garrison Keillor performing the Dead's "Ripple," "Brokedown Palace" and "Attics of My Life" with his band, the Wigglers. And on April 27th, Gans aired an exclusive recording of Elvis Costello singing "Ship of Fools" and "It Must Have Been the Roses" at his recent San Jose concert. (Costello learned the Dead songs from a tape Gans made and channeled to him through KFOG deejay Bonnie Simmons.)

In recent weeks, Gans has worked out a contract with the Grateful Dead to syndicate *The Deadhead Hour* and shop it around the country. Album-oriented rock radio stations, such as WMMR in Philadelphia, already are lining up for the show. "I started hearing from people who asked, 'Why the hell aren't you syndicating this?'" says Gans, who has hosted the show regularly since 1985. "I would get mail from people in Illinois or Vermont saying, 'Hey, I got a tape of your show, why can't we have it here?'"

The Deadhead Hour was the brainchild of KFOG program director Dave Logan. The station had carried live broadcasts of the Dead's traditional New Year's Eve shows in 1983 and 1984, and Logan saw the chance to reach an audience that has been virtually ignored by commercial radio. "There are a lot of Deadheads out there," Logan says, "and very few other stations who play Grateful Dead music."

Originally the show was hosted on Monday nights at ten o'clock by M. Dung, as part of KFOG's effort to present what Logan calls "concentrated doses of alternative-style music." Last month *The Deadhead Hour* moved into a prime-time 9 pm slot in the station's Monday through Thursday specialty series that also features reggae, new age and blues.

Gans became involved with the show in February 1985 when he was promoting his book *Playing in the Band*. After being interviewed about his work and playing a few favorite tapes, he guest-hosted a show and by midsummer had become the official host. "They were playing tapes that were not particularly good-sounding," Gans remembers, "and there wasn't much information coming across with them. I had lots more tapes, ideas and themes I wanted to present, and I saw it as another way of directly contacting Deadheads." As one of the group's historians, Gans has hours and hours of taped interviews with band members and is privy to much sought-after inside information. And as a longstanding Deadhead, with close connections to the tapers who set up their high-tech equipment and record every show from the audience, he owns thousands of hours of Grateful Dead performance tapes, augmented by live recordings he gets directly from the band.

"I have close to a thousand cassettes and several hundred more hours on reel-to-reel," Gans says, "and I'm not proud of it. The idea that I have that much money tied up in pieces of plastic and oxide is kind of weird. The truth is that doing *The Deadhead Hour* legitimizes my collecting all those tapes. It's silly to collect all that stuff for no reason, but now this gives me a reason to have it."

Admittedly a relative latecomer to Deadhead-dom, Gans was indoctrinated in 1972, first at a Winterland show and then at four consecutive-day concerts in Berkeley. "The thing that got me about the Dead was their songwriting," Gans explains, drifting back in a recall reverie, "and Bob Weir's rhythm guitar style was so interesting, and Jerry's guitar figure on 'Black Throated Wind,' which was debuted that night, was burned into my brain, and Pig Pen did 'Good Lovin'." That was the crucible, at that point I was hooked and I started learning the music."

For the past 15 years, Gans has been listening, collecting and living the life of a reasonable, intelligent, hardworking Deadhead. But he doesn't restrict himself solely to Dead music and lore, and has also written a book on the Talking Heads. "I'm compelled by scholarship of the Dead," Gans explains. "As a journalist, I've been pursuing the Dead because I really couldn't help it. It's more fascinating on so many levels than any other kind of music that I've been involved with.

'BUT I'M NOT one of those people who says Jerry Garcia is God," he continues. "The Grateful Dead as an icon is a pretty shabby thing. But the Grateful Dead as a model of a higher human cooperation than we get in this society is a very powerful engine of faith. When we leave a concert, we don't stop being Deadheads. It gives these people something the church used to give people, or that the church doesn't give us. I'm a member of this community of people that I care about more, and trust more than I do the population in general. The anarchic nature of the band's six-way cooperation, and our thousands-way cooperation in the house, are the most instructive things."

Even as a devoted fan, Gans realizes the Dead's improvisatory rock and roll doesn't meet the commercial pop market's standards of technical proficiency. "Their songwriting is good, their vocals are so-so, in fact they are technically a bummer, but as theater, as emotional transmittal, they're great, and that's what the Grateful Dead teaches you."

That style of transmittal and theater is what Gans captures on his weekly *Deadhead Hour*. Although every show contains a healthy portion of music culled from concert tapes, there is no such thing as a typical program. "There are people who think it should just be Grateful Dead tapes, nothing more — no commentary, no news, no nothing," Gans says. "I have no patience for that. Those are people who take the Grateful Dead way too seriously and think that my job is to fatten their collections. One of the things the guys in the band said is 'You aren't going to just play Dead music, are

continued next page

INSIDE
AFTER DARK

High-tech Dead	29
Nightlife: The Mekons	31
Theater: "Moon on a Rainbow Shawl"	33
Movies: "Trial on the Road"	34
Microgrooves	30
Microfilms	46
Calendar/Eight days a week	35
Comedy, dance, movie listings	37
Music listings	40
Theater listings	45

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Dead

continued from previous page

you?' I have an hour on a major-market radio station every week to subvert what the program director and the computer do. Especially for the younger Deadheads, I think its important for me to to pry their heads open in between the Grateful Dead songs and give them something more to think about."

Other people are doing Grateful Dead radio programs around the country, but Gans believes he can deliver higher-quality shows of exclusive material. His contract with the Dead licenses him to use the term "Deadhead Hour" and authorizes him to use their own tapes. "I did not want, nor do I think I got, the sort of exclusive agreement that allows me to go kick butt on those other people who are doing shows," Gans says. "That would have made me a bully, it would have made the Dead look like bullies and it would have been wrong. But I have enough of a broad base in the music to be able to bring more to the party than just Dead stuff, and I also know more about Grateful Dead music than most people."

THAT THERE IS a huge market for the Grateful Dead is beyond question. The band reportedly earned $8 million touring last year, despite a schedule truncated by Jerry Garcia's life-threatening illness. "The scope and influence of this band is much heavier than most people realize," says KFOG's Logan. In addition to the consistently sold-out live shows, the several thriving Dead-icated fanzines and newsletters and the motley Deadhead subculture of gypsies, hippies, dentists and tax accountants, further evidence of the Dead's reach can be found in the computerized Grateful Dead Conference on The WELL.

"The Deadhead community was waiting to be organized," says Gans. He set up the hackers' bulletin board with Mary Eisenhart (the Deadhead managing editor of *Microtimes*) after a moment of mutual inspiration at a Dead Show. "When you're at the show there's an immense amount of socializing," he explains, "but there's not a place for intellectual discourse. Yet to most of us, this is the most interesting and compelling aspect of our cultural existence. The notion of creating a place where Deadheads could hang out and talk about what it means, no matter where they live, was a very solid idea." According to Gans' estimation, several thousand users, from a surgeon in Birmingham to a greeting card store owner in Florida, plug into the "self-defining, anarchic, interactive magazine."

In addition to concert reports, first-time concert-going tips and requests for tickets and tapes, the GD Conference features ongoing on-screen conversations about the meaning and merit of specific songs, or about issues such as how to upgrade the image and social impact of the Deadhead community.

A recent example came in the days immediately following an April 29th news report that a Santa Cruz soup kitchen had barred Deadheads from receiving free meals, on the theory that if the band's fans have money for concerts and drugs, they should have money for food. "They just try to find places where they can eat for free," Michael Grabianowski, a full-time volunteer at the St. Francis Catholic Kitchen, was quoted as saying. And Peter Carota, founder and director of the kitchen, added: "The (Deadheads) have the money for concerts, and drugs are a big part of their lifestyle, and that costs money. They aren't really needy."

At first incensed over the characterizations, members of the Grateful Dead Conference quickly settled on a response. In an on-line communique, Gans wrote, "...While I was defending the Deadhead community against this very strange denunciation I thought of a perfect response: We can give the soup kitchen money and change their opinion of Deadheads!"

In a flurry of computerized responses, WELL users applauded the idea and agreed to make donations of $10 to $20, to write "Deadhead power" on the checks and, as Gans suggested, to "pray that none of the checks bounce."

A week after the initial report, Gans said he didn't know how much money had been raised, but knew of at least a dozen people who said they sent checks to the kitchen.

Other times, the on-line discussions are more general, often about such questions as, "What does being a Deadhead entail?" Responses to this inquiry ranged from "I believe in doing by example (just like Mark Twain). Politics is nothing but a useless bag of sh*t, corrupt by design," to "Wake up and smell the rotten eggs, brother. Events aren't dictated by sleazy pols. PEOPLE, acting together influence events," and "On the surface, especially when infused with bliss, it seems like it should all just happen somehow.... The trap is that it is very tempting to just stay in the Mysterium and not return to the way it was and generate change."

Those sorts of ruminations are exactly what Gans tries to inspire with *The Deadhead Hour*, along with an appreciation for a type of pop music that is "very subtle and eloquent." "I try to do my best to put the human part forward," he says, "celebrate the great parts of the great parts, but not deepen the mythology, and not capitalize on it. It's not, 'Listen to me everybody,' it's 'Listen to *this* everybody.' I think this year, with the new album, the Dead are going to do very, very well. It might be that the world is ready for some of these ideas." ■

The Deadhead Hour is broadcast Mondays at 9 pm on KFOG (FM 104.5). For information about computer access to the on-line Grateful Dead Conference, call The WELL, 332-4335.



Grateful Dead Day

Sunday, June 22nd

5:00 am A Musical Offering
Music of all kinds, featuring lots and lots of Bach, presented by *Mary Berg*.

9:00 Embryonic Dead
The roots. . .delving deep into the archives for some classic Dead. After assorted embryonic formations, the hatchling Grateful Dead emerged in 1965 to play local ballrooms, free gigs in Golden Gate Park and become the house band of The Acid Test. We follow the developments from inception through the 60's and into the early 70's.

12:00 What's Become of the Baby? A Closer Look
We explore the offshoot works of individual members of the band including the esoteric and experimental works of drummer Mickey Hart, the works of guitarists Jerry Garcia and Robert Weir, keyboardist Brent Mydland, bass player and ex-KPFA programmer Phil Lesh, as well as singer/songwriter/collaborator Robert Hunter.

3:00 Live Dead
Special surprise— The band at work or at play? **Live Broadcast** of today's Grateful Dead show at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, courtesy of the Grateful Dead in conjunction with the KPFA production crew. This set of three shows at The Greek was sold out on the first day of ticket sales and will be a wonderful treat for all, as well as those who missed out on getting tickets. Also: an examination into the Dead State-of-the-Art audio techniques.

6:00 KPFA Weekend News

7:00 Primal Dead
Grateful Dick's Deadhead's Choice. Who knows the works of the Dead better than Deadheads? Deadheads: the band's devoted followers, are well educated in the art/music of their favorite band. By semi-democratic vote, this segment features live cuts from Deadheads' favorite Grateful Dead concerts of all times. Tune in for a really hot show hosted by Dick Latvala and assorted crazies.

KPFA-Folio

7:30 The Secret's Out
Grateful Dead Day Encore '86: One More Saturday Night. On June 22nd, KPFA and the Grateful Dead went into the history books with a whole day devoted to the Dead's music, including a live broadcast of their concert from the Greek Theatre, and a record-breaking day of fund-raising for KPFA. In preparation for that day, the producer selected many more hours of archival material of the Dead's choicest performances than could be squeezed into one day. To relive this backlong, tonight's host, Bari Scott, is joined by 60's archivist Dick Latvala and show producer Alice Giblin to play a few more hours of Live Dead, plus extra surprises.


Apocalypse Later
Starring: Jerry Garcia
by: Dire Wolff
Shit! Still the Holiday Inn!
Jerry gets up and Practices air guitar in the mirror while waiting for his next concert.
If he starts Round N' Round
Which one is me?
Wier you FucKin' Show boat!
SMASH
I guess he is Me
Knock Knock
Hey Rock! What's up? "Burp"
scratch scratch
Jerry you are a real mess. We got to clean you up and get you to the concert
Hey Jerry It's me Rock!
Rock plays a tape of Jerry on the way to the concert.
This is a pic of Bill Graham
A Snail slowly crawls across a Razor Blade
That's crazy! The Coke would stick to Snail slime
I may be going To Hell in a Bucket
He can say that again
Sing it! Don't spray it!
Thanks Bob I needed a Shower! Got any Shampoo?
I wonder what they think about while I am playing this feed back?
He Knows every thing I am thinking
You Know Jerry is telepathic! He Knows what every Dead Head thinks
Thin he Knows I want to Fuck him
This sounds like shit! My feet are tired! I'm hungry! I need a cigarette...
wow! Jerry has never played better
He is really getting into it
I love playing in California, my home court. I can't wait To Do the Berkley Shows
There is something I want to remember to do before the next set of Berkley Concerts... Let's see if I can remember.
Then like a flash Jerry Remembers:
Oh yes I want to send Dire and Michelle Wolff Tickets for the Greek Experience in this self-addressed stamped envelope
Dire Wolff Apples





DL0422

DL04 23

MONTEREY, CA.

Entertainment

Graying of the Age of Aquarius

Grateful Dead Bring '60s Time Warp

Second Rock Concert Today at Laguna Seca







By Charles Davis
Herald Entertainment Editor

Scene: the secluded, high tech lab of Mr. Peabody, time traveling dog, scientist without peer and the able Sherman, his boy.

Peabody: "Sherman, set the Way Back Machine for 1967 and dial in Monterey, California. We are about to investigate a peculiar social phenomenon called the Grateful Dead, a rock band that is scheduled to perform at an event called the Monterey International Pop Festival."

Sherman: "OK, Mr. Peabody. I'll just set these switches, dial in the year, push the button and ... (Whirr, chug, zooom, bump).

"Oops! I think I may have set the dial on '87' instead of '67.' Wow, there must be 30,000 people here. And they're dancing. Wait! Look at all those tie-died shirts and hippie beads! And look at all the long hair; I guess I set the Way Back right after all, Mr. Peabody. This *must* be 19 ... Hold on. That hair is *long* but it's all *gray*! And some of those people look a little, well, *worn*, Mr. Peabody."

* * * * *

This is the graying of the age of Aquarius but this weekend The Sixties is alive and well at Laguna Seca Raceway. Twenty years after the legendary rock group's last performance in Monterey, the Grateful Dead has returned, bringing their "family" of faithful fans with them.

According to the Monterey County Sheriff's Department, 35,000 to 40,000 rockers showed up Saturday for the opening performance of the two-day, Bill Graham Presents event. A like number are expected today.

Sure, Bruce Springsteen has fans. And tickets to Rolling Stones shows sell out as quickly as clerks can make the transactions. But the Grateful Dead is a way of life. Dead shows are happenings, places where the Dead "family" meets for social interaction; Dead concerts are forums for shared experience as much as they are musical events.

"You know, they'll probably play for four or five hours today, and tomorrow they'll play a whole different set. All different songs. There isn't another band anywhere that can do that," said Mark Williams, a 37-year-old, pony-tailed draftsman from Oakland.

Williams, a self-described "fanatic Deadhead," plans to take vacation time to follow the band to Ventura for a four-day concert series later this month. "I'm glad this one happened on a weekend," he said.

There was something for everyone on Saturday: Posters, badges, buttons and stickers. Neat kites and trippy gizmos. Interesting people. Full frontal nudity. Rear nudity, too. Food, drink. Plenty of drugs; lots of eyeballs with the old "nobody home" sign hung in them. And Bill Graham Himself lugging around on a Honda, barking at hapless time travelers who stumbled past the somewhat indistinct boundary of good taste and propriety. Lots of dust and sun to spare. Sun. More sun.

One bareheaded fan pleaded: "Sunscreen, anybody spare some sunscreen?" Time was, his entreaty would have been "Sunshine, anybody spare some sunshine?" Times change, time changes.

* * * * *

The thousands going pink on purpose in the Laguna Seca sunshine paid scant attention to a crisp blues set offered by show opener Ry Cooder and his band. The Grammy-winning, chart-topping second act, Bruce Hornsby and the Range, received little more notice in spite of that group's distinctive sound and readily indentifiable songs. "Mandolin Rain" and "The Way It Is" moved the crowd, but it took the Dead to make Happy Feet.

But at least one Deadhead appreciated the Hornsby set. "It took chutzpah for him to do a Dead song," said Fran Ross of Sacramento, referring to Hornsby's cover of the Grateful Dead's "I Know You Rider."

For a casual, non-Deadhead concertgoer, the afternoon may have been hard to figure: Two opening acts of unmistakable musical ability being all but ignored by a horde that jumped to its feet to pay tribute to six guys who play out of tune, sing flat and in whatever key seems to work at the moment.

But anyone who has ever attended a performance by a rock superstar act could not dismiss the current that passed through the audience at 3:20 p.m. when the band's Death's Head emblem was raised, signaling the imminent commencement of the Dead's first set. The band began to play at 3:30 sharp and, with breaks, they continued until about 7 p.m. And people had Fun. Their music may be iffy but the positive feeling that the Grateful Dead inspires in its audience is a rare commodity in rock music these days.

* * * * *



DEAD FINGERS TALK

Jerry Garcia has cheated death and returned to the Dead. With a new LP and a summer tour with Bob Dylan, the world's biggest cult band is headed straight for the cosmos

When a supernova explodes, by the time you see it, its light is—well, at least as old as Jerry Garcia. Does that make contemplating its brilliance "nostalgia"?

That seems to be the only way the uninitiated conceive of the Grateful Dead. Even people who've witnessed their feel-good-and-pass-it-on spiritual celebrations can miss the point. It's easy to focus on the Dead scene's assorted "cosmic" effluvia—the tie-dyes, the hallucinogens, the bongs and braids and blissed-out flower children—but it's the vibration from the vortex, the inspired, endlessly creative good-time music of the world's greatest experimental-electric-folk-blues-garage band, that makes the phenomenon happen. It's not for everyone, bu endures. And as it does, mut ing through exposure to the va increasingly strange popular c ture of 1980s America, it comes too diverse to categori


Glen Wexler

The Dead keep evolving i something new, while their written credo of benign anar remains unchanged. So d Jerry Garcia, their lead guita vocalist, and reluctant guru the past 22 years. His frame have thickened and his turned gray, but his battered duroys and oversized T-s look the same. The fingers a nimble as ever, and now tha fully recovered from a brush death, after suddenly fallin a diabetic coma last July, his mind.

Interview by Chris Vaughan

DL04 24

DL04 25

"It's a drag to lose a friend because of an overdose. But other than that, in terms of morality, I have no problems with drugs."

RIPPLE

Music is a language of its own. It's as close as earth comes to having a universal language, although even music, like language, is idiom. Music lets everybody talk at once and everybody listens at once.

FRIEND OF THE DEVIL

We've always harbored a basic distrust of big charity just like we have a basic distrust of big business or big anything. . . . But I hate to be categorical about stuff like that because I don't have any panaceas, I don't have those kinds of ideas. My ideas tend to be rats in cages rather than tigers loose on the streets.

ATTICS OF MY LIFE

Our success has been very slow, luckily, so it hasn't been a great shock the way it might have been. We've enjoyed a long slow curve. We still don't know if we have one audience that would fill one stadium, or whether we have audiences to fill several stadiums, because our audience is devoted enough to come to wherever we'll play. It's kind of elusive. It may look bigger than it actually is. Probably the best way to figure it out is to release a record. That's about the only kind of gauge we have, and even then I'm not really sure. Maybe a handful of Deadheads will buy the albums and circulate them freely to their friends. But I'm not worried about it. It's tremendously gratifying to have an audience that's large enough to support us the way they do. It means we have more chances to be better. I welcome that. If there are people who find enough cultural furniture in the Grateful Dead outback, that's great with me. It's where I live.

CATS UNDER THE STARS

The record I worked hardest at and liked best was *Cats Under the Stars* [a solo LP]. That was kind of like my baby. It did worse than any other record I ever did. I think I probably gave away more copies than I sold. It was amazingly, pathetically bad. But I've time. Sometimes they snap right into existence. It depends on the tune, it depends on a lot of other things.

BROKEDOWN PALACE

I'm not particularly prolific when I write. I'm lucky if I squeeze out two tunes a year, maybe three. Sometimes I hit a streak and do a few more. But usually it's slow going, and if something real special happens, it's a matter of tremendous luck. If you're somebody who produces a lot of music and you have access to a recording studio, then a recording studio is an instrument in the same sense that the Grateful Dead is an instrument. The difference is that you perform for a record and maybe never perform the song again in your life. The record is the definitive statement about the song, that's it, that's as long as it lives, that's as long as it lasts, and that's it. I've been in that mode at various times; I'm not in it much lately and I haven't been thinking that way much.

GOOD LOVIN'

Since the '70s, I've put a certain amount of energy into trying to improve as a musician. That's all taken up with me and my relationship to my instrument, which is different from my relationship to the Grateful Dead. In the Grateful Dead, there are nights when I have a good night, but the rest of us don't. I like the nights when we all have a good night, then I'm not so concerned about my own performance. It's more of a flow—it's just happening. Over the years, it's more like when we have an on night, it's an on night for everybody. When we have an off night, it's an off night for everybody. Now our off nights are at least competent. They may be flat, but they're not awful. It used to be if we had a bad night it was *awful*. I mean fuckin' awful. So our percentages have improved.

MORNING DEW

I get surprised by live performance. Somebody will say "Hey, listen to this [illegible]

RAMBLE ON ROSE

The Grateful Dead is always in the process of becoming something. In that sense, we're not that different from 10 years ago. It's never that we arrive at this moment and we look around and say, "Oh, hey, too much, we're the Grateful Dead now." It's always being on the verge of breaking over into some new space. What happens is new material gradually gets absorbed by the band, and old material, we forget we knew it, it sort of disappears. And then we go back and dig up other old material that we've forgotten and it's new again. We're kind of endlessly recycling stuff, and each time something comes back a little different. Or real different, depending on the tune or on what's going on in the rest of culture. We are of this time, of this society, so everything that happens touches us.

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

Drugs are one of those things everybody has to decide for himself. I've learned lots from drugs, and I think life would be terribly dull without them. I think the whole drug thing . . . they've just got it all wrong. It's so wrong that I feel funny addressing it. I don't want anybody to have the idea I'm somehow endorsing drugs. But I think anything that gives you the ability to change your personality or see things from another perspective is helpful. But it's people's responsibility to deal with it in their own ways. There are definitely traps there too. I just feel that the whole way drugs are dealt with is totally wrong. They should be like food. Is anybody considered a food addict because they eat three times a day? So if you're going to put something in your body, why can't you think of that as your food? If a person is an addict, strung out on some drug, I mean, it's up to them whether they take it or not. Who are we trying to protect is the question. We're all being controlled somehow. So why not be able to take a little more of that control onto yourself? If it were like that, people wouldn't die of overdoses. That's the kind of stuff I don't like. It's a drag to lose a friend because of an overdose. But other than that

GRATEFUL DEAD from page 76.

This illness changed me, but then so did LSD. So did going to Egypt. I've had about a dozen totally life-altering experiences. They're kind of before-and-afters. There was the me before I went to Egypt (with the Dead in 1978), and there's the me since I've been to Egypt. The automobile accident when I was young, that's one of the things that got me committed to being a musician. It kind of gave me a boot. Before that I was kind of running around on the streets and fucking off. I wasn't absolutely motivated by something. It was sort of an indirect thing, like this illness. When I was in the hospital, the only thing I could think about was, "Man, if I get out of here, I'm gonna play every chance I get." The worst thing about being in the hospital was not being able to play.

AMERICAN BEAUTY

Material things matter almost not at all. No matter what I have around me, I treat it badly. Everything I've got has cigarette burns in it. I've never really been able to get attached to stuff. I have a few nice things. I've had nice things in the past and lost them mostly, or given them away or drifted apart from them. I have a hard time having material lust. There aren't that many things crying out to me on the material plane saying, "Have me, own me." I'm just not that sort of person. I never was. Experience is my material. If I'm attached to this plane, it's because of experience. That's the thing that keeps me here.





K: What!? But I'm over 18, grown up, so sophisticated, a movie star even.

"We're a straight business now"

More than any other rock musicians, the six members of San Francisco's Grateful Dead have consciously put the building of goodwill among their fans before immediate profitability. Partly as a result, fans, friends and unscrupulous managers have stuck the band with overpriced equipment, traded freely on the group's trademarks and copyrights and ripped them off in countless other ways. The Dead's rhythm guitarist, Bob Weir, reckons the band has piddled away anywhere from $20 million to $50 million over the last 20 years.

On the brighter side, no band's fans are as loyal as the Dead's fans are. This is a major reason, in a business where superstars become burned out novas within a few years—where are the Bee Gees? the Byrds? Donovan?—the Grateful Dead still sell out concerts after 22 years. The Dead, says legendary rock promoter Bill Graham, "are the closest thing to Living Theater, to the communal expression of breaking down the walls."

"Dead Heads," as the band's fans style themselves, congregate at concerts in such numbers, they've become a traveling sideshow, a veritable bazaar of tie-dyed T shirts and Dead paraphernalia. At the Grateful Dead's recent three-concert series over Easter weekend in Irvine, Calif., the parking lot undulated with a colorful tide of Dead Head vendors using card tables, car trunks and backpacks to hawk shirts, jewelry, Dead books and newsletters, bootleg records and tapes and food ranging from steaks to tofu. Psychedelic drugs and marijuana moved fast, too. "On a good day," says Bill Candelario, the Grateful Dead's merchandising manager, "we're losing $200,000 in sales out there."



Chad Slattery

"Dead Heads" last month at an Irvine concert

"We're losing $200,000 a day in sales out there."

But the band gets the money back in other ways. Those fans spend much of their parking lot earnings to buy tickets and gas to follow the band around. Inside the arenas, the Dead still sell perhaps 1,000 shirts per concert, at prices ranging from $10 for last year's T shirts to $20 for a golf shirt.

Operating with a staff of about 35 from two offices in San Rafael, Calif., the band maintains a "Dead hotline" to update fans about band gossip, concert dates and mail-order tickets. A separate line handles orders for Dead T shirts and other trinkets. More than 50% of all tickets are sold directly by the band. That means the Dead needn't split much of their take with ticket brokers, who generally get $1 or $2 a ticket. The Dead's ten phones handle from 1,500 to 6,000 calls per day, and a computerized mailing list reaches 150,000.

Unlike other rock groups, the Grateful Dead permit fans to tape concerts from a special seating section known as "tape city." This has spawned dozens of unauthorized records and drives record company executives around the bend. But it also gives fans a chance to relive their concert visions of the band and freshens demand for the group. So popular are Dead concert tickets that the group has swallowed some countercultural pride and called in the FBI to investigate wholesale counterfeiting of tickets.

All told, the Grateful Dead have done more than 1,600 live performances in 22 years. In the last two years alone, playing almost always to sold-out arenas and stadiums, the band has grossed more than $20 million, according to *Amusement Business* magazine. Says lead guitarist Jerry Garcia, "When we're on the road, we're at home."

In tune with the times, the laid-back Dead now pay stricter attention to business. In the last year the band reorganized its business operations, hiring a new comptroller, linking to one another by Apple MacIntoshes, and holding board meetings every two weeks.

The move comes as the Dead find themselves on the threshold of huge financial success. The band's first new album *(In the Dark)* and its first new single ("Touch of Gray") in seven years will be released on Bertelsmann's Arista Records in July. Arista Records President Clive Davis predicts the album will sell over a million copies within one week after release. His confidence is based on the knowledge that even if the record doesn't hit the top of the charts, it can't lose money; the band's million or so Dead Heads all but guarantee a minimum sale of several hundred thousand copies. A feature film for New World Pictures, budgeted at $3 million to $5 million, is also in the works.

By midsummer the Grateful Dead could easily become the biggest surprise in mainstream music this year. "This will be a great year for us because we finally have the business together," says Bill Kreutzmann, drummer and chief financial officer. "We're a straight business now."—**A.D.F. and Edward F. Cone**







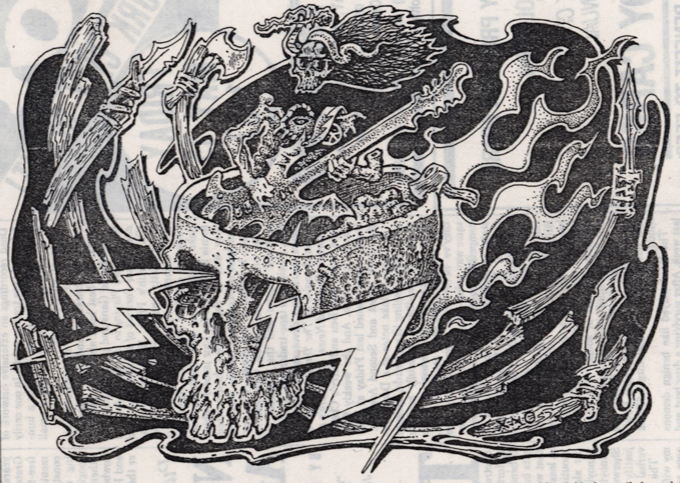
DL04 26

DL0427

Grateful Dead

The Dead Zone

BY RICHARD GEHR



ONK

'S funny. Today the Grateful Dead can't capture the attention of the so-called alternative audience, just as they couldn't the so-called straight audience in the late '60s. Yet anyone with ears and a brain knows their music's radder, riskier, rootsier, and ruder than you-name-it's; plus, they swing. Double-plus, the Dead do something no other musicians of their stature or influence dare: they suggest the possiblity of utopia in *everyday life*. Operating in a big way far outside the margins of mainstream video (or even indie) culture, the Dead indirectly nurture humanity, goodness, joy, truth, and solidarity among their devoted audience in a much less corny manner than you'd suspect. Preconceptions aside, the Dead do no less through their music than espouse the quaint notion that art can save your life.

Most friends and colleagues greeted my plans to attend Grateful Dead shows at the Meadowlands April 6 and 7 with reactions ranging from "That's, uh, nice" to "Someone's making you?" to "They're the worst, maaan." Charged cultural icons some 22 years into the game, the intolerant bile the Dead inspire in their detractors (who haven't heard them in how many years?) is matched tit for tat by the almost religious ecstasy you'll find in their ever-younger, ever-increasing audience. Not to mention the influence they've had on the two most important West Coast postpunk groups, Black Flag and the Meat Puppets.

Today, as ever, a Dead concert is a significant thing without normal musical limits in which thousands of believers do their squirmy dance of the Dead, alone together inside a loosely codified network. In Deadhead cyberspace, "just say yes" is the whole of the law. One blissed-out kid offered me a dose on the condition that I had to take it "right now."

I'm no Deadhead, but I can think of a whole lot of worse things to be. Rock's one-time unified audience has fractured into innumerable balkanized fiefdoms of feuding fanpersons. Deadheads, however, remain *toujours fidèles*. And the Dead respond in kind, addressing this unique audience-band reciprocity in such songs as "Uncle John's Band," "Gimme Some Lovin'," and "Not Fade Away." Numerous others allude to the group itself ("Truckin'," "Playing in the Band") or individual members ("Crazy Fingers," "Touch of Gray"); yet the Dead keep their lyrics intentionally vague in order to keep the game in play, so simple signification goes out the window in favor of unlimited interpretive pleasure.

Some call it a "game" while others deem it "religion"; I choose the former but understand the latter. Several million fans support the band on an active touring schedule that reportedly earned the group $8 million last year, a figure that, due to Jerry Garcia's illness (a diabetic coma induced by exhaustion), is substantially lower than previous years. Tickets for last week's dates went as fast as Springsteen ducats, with demand said to have run three times as high for the previous year's shows. Half the available tickets were sold quickly by mail through the Grateful Dead ticket office, the other half snapped up within an hour of being offered by Ticket Master.

MUSIC

This enthusiasm accompanies a group that hasn't released an album of new material in seven years. Garcia confesses "We don't play so good in front of machines," and anyone who's heard their most recent recordings, 1980's *Heaven* or 1978's *Shakedown Street*, knows what an understatement that is. But the Dead still owe Arista one more LP to fulfill their contract, and, according to the company's

Continued on next page

Continued from preceding page

publicity department, that record should appear sometime around the end of July. But don't set your calendar by it.

Not that the next album will surprise Deadheads, who've been observing the gestation of these "new" tunes for years, including keyboardist Brent Mydland's "Tons of Steel," one of the world's great train songs; Garcia and Robert Hunter's witty survivor's anthem, "Touch of Gray" (as in "every silver lining's got a . . . "); Bob Weir and John Barlow's multirhythmic antinuclear "Throwing Stones"; and the sinuous decadence of "West L.A. Fade Away." The group's catalogue also continues to sell, but beyond official Dead recordings an extensive network of tolerated tape trading exists. In one eerily quiet section of the hall, perhaps a hundred audience tapers sit among a small forest of microphones.

The Dead have also inspired some intriguing publications and other spin-offs. So far the best book about the group is writer David Gans and photographer Peter Simon's *Playing in the Band: An Oral and Visual Portrait of the Grateful Dead* (St. Martin's Press, 1985), which combines chatty and informative interviews with cogent analysis. *Mix* editor Blair Jackson's excellent *The Golden Road* (484 Lake Park Avenue, #82, Oakland, California 94606; $12 for four issues)—which may well be the slickest, best-written, and least self-conscious fanzine ever produced in honor of any group—also contains oral histories along with well-researched articles and the requisite set lists, gossip, and tape-trader ads. At Dead shows you'll find devotees handing out Xeroxed copies of *The Terrapin Flyer* or *Dupree's Diamond News*. And there's always *Relix*. And Ben and Jerry's Cherry Garcia ice cream. And the weekly Club Dead, which opened last Friday at Mingles (95th Street and Second Avenue).

It's easy to take notes at a Dead concert without feeling like a weirdo, because plenty of Deadheads faithfully scribble down the set sequences themselves. Since they never play the same set twice—hell, they've never even played a song the same way twice—the Dead are like a non-competitive baseball team, complete with stats, mythologies, and heavy hitters. A Grateful Dead double? Following Papa John Phillips's "Me and My Uncle" with Weir-Barlow's psychedelic polka, "Mexicali Blues." A triple? Mickey Hart and Billy Kreutzmann's obligatory drum break flowing into a dynamic "Terrapin Station" that segues into Weir's polyrhythmic carnival of souls, "The Other One." Other solid hits were "Jack Straw"; a slow, sad "Friend of the Devil"; the excruciatingly beautiful "Morning Dew"; and another new cowboy dirge, "Black Muddy River."

The Dead played like benign demons last week. After surviving a drug bust and serious illness, Garcia's voice is once again potent, while his guitar playing says everything he doesn't. During his solos, Phil Lesh's bass meshes into Garcia's slinky lines like a sandworm in heat, occasionally dropping concussive bass bombs. Weir's tentative, angular chords chop against Mydland's harmonic foundation, while Kreutzmann and Hart play in and around the beat, hellhounds on the tail of rhythm.

Whether jamming with the finesse of highly attuned improvisers, rocking out in high erotics, moaning some hopeless dirge, or creating a festival atmosphere with New Orleans or African rhythms, the Dead do the do like secret craftsmen in a backwoods guild. After more than 20 years with the same core personnel, the Grateful Dead still construct psychic free-trade zones and cryptic environments wherever they play. Through a constantly changing repertoire of ravishing melancholic grooves, sempiternal boogies, stalwart affirmations of social otherness, and mythologically complex cowboy ditties reminiscent of John Ford and Huston at their best, the Dead deliver the goods with dignity and elegance.■





San Francisco Chronicle

DATEBOOK

The Dead Overpowered Dylan

The Musical Minds Didn't Quite Meet

BY JOEL SELVIN

The irony of Bob Dylan needing the Grateful Dead to attain any kind of current relevance could not have been lost on the crowd of more than 50,000 that attended the joint performance last night at the Oakland Coliseum.

Dylan had already been elevated into rock's pantheon when the Dead were still knocking out LSD-laced inventions on Dylan's "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" to small crowds around the Bay Area 20 years ago.

Today, the band stands on the brink of the first Top 10 album in its career, while Dylan hasn't seen the upper reaches of the best-selling charts in years.

It was the Dead's audience that showed up at the Oakland baseball park last night, a special event for Deadheads, an extravagant convocation to watch the great singer-songwriter sup at the Dead's own festive table.

Dylan certainly looked odd, standing amid the familiar figures of the Dead; guitarist Bob Weir sporting short pants and Jerry Garcia wearing his inevitable flannel shirt.

The intended meeting of the musical minds never really took place, as the Dead swathed Dylan classics in a thick but subdued, blues-based attack that easily swallowed Dylan's offhand, reedy vocal presence.

Drawing heavily from his most prolific period, Dylan teamed the power of the Dead to "Blonde on Blonde" and "Highway 61"-era gems like a steaming rockabilly rendition of "Maggie's Farm," a bristling "Highway 61," with Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia spiking the sound with slashing bottleneck lines, and a pounding "Memphis Blues Again," the band driving home the song's potent chorus with big, sweeping riffs.

Garcia burnished the edges of "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" with rippling pedal steel guitar and fired up the instrumental sections of "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" with his long, ruminating solos.

Dylan snarled and whined against the raging band, but never appeared fully at ease in front of the powerhouse sound of the six-man band. The two drummers, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzman, relentlessly drove the group, with bassist Phil Lesh pinning the sound with imaginative loping lines. Garcia and Weir, who both joined Dylan for vocal harmonies on choruses, kept chords crashing and chiming behind the vocals.



BY LIZ HAFALIA

Dylan drew heavily from his most prolific period in his selection of songs as he teamed up with the Grateful Dead last night

Dylan wisely deployed some of his strongest material, saving the obscure and mundane for another time, bringing the 70-minute joint concert to a climax with a slow, elegaic "Knockin' On Heaven's Door," followed by a three-song encore of the Dead's "Touch of Grey," the current hit from the band's new album, and Dylan's "All Along the Watchtower" and "Tangled Up in Blue."

After four joint appearances last summer, when Dylan toured with Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers as his backup band, Dylan and the Dead decided to try a more fully realized collaboration on a six-date stadium tour this summer.

Dylan even joined the Dead at the band's San Rafael studio for two weeks of rehearsal before this tour — neither Dylan or the Dead are known for scrupulous rehearsals — compiling a songbook of more than 60 selections, running through each number once or, at the most, twice.

Although the Dead generally construct a concert program as the band goes along, for this tour Dylan and the Dead met each evening before a concert to put together a written set list.

The Dead opened last night's show with two more than hourlong sets of the group's own music, a light and playful first half followed by a second segment where the band finally dug into a series of songs to drive the group's portion of the show to a close with a rollicking "Bertha" and practically thunderous "Sugar Magnolia."

Typical of the Dead's renowned perversity, during the group's own portion of the show the band performed only one song from its new album, "In the Dark," which already looks like a cinch to become the first legitimate hit record in the band's more-than-20-year career.

Clearly, the more than 50,000 fans attending the concert were Deadheads out to witness a historic coupling of their heroes with Dylan, who couldn't have sold half the number of tickets without the Dead.

While Dylan is still riding on his own past accomplishments, the Dead has probably never been hotter than the band currently finds itself, something that is the cause of no small amusement to the members of the band.

But the Dead has never rested on laurels. The adventurous spirit the group has always displayed undoubtedly led the Dead to undertake this dubious collaboration, a challenge the band couldn't fail, a summit meeting the group would not miss.

DL0428

DL0429



RULES FOR BEING HUMAN

You will receive a body. You may like it or hate it, but it will be yours for the entire period this time around.

You will learn lessons. You are enrolled in a full-time informal school called life. Each day in this school you will have the opportunity to learn lessons. You may like the lessons or think them irrelevant and stupid.

There are no mistakes, only lessons. Growth is a process of trial and error; experimentation. The "failed" experiments are as much a part of the process as the experiment that ultimately "works".

A lesson is repeated until learned. A lesson will be presented to you in various forms until you have learned it. When you have learned it, you can go on to the next lesson.

Learning lessons does not end. There is no part of life that does not contain lessons. If you are alive, there are lessons to be learned.

"There" is no better than "here". When your "there" has become a "here", you will simply obtain another "there" that will again look better than "here".

Others are merely mirrors of you. You cannot love or hate something about another person unless it reflects to you something you love or hate about yourself.

What you make of your life is up to you. You have all the tools and resources you need. What you do with them is up to you. The choice is yours.

Your answers lie inside you. The answers to life's questions lie inside you. All you need to do is look, listen and trust.

You will forget all this . . . and you will remember . . . _____

Dear Deadheads,

Here we are sitting on top of the world: big record, open doors and lots of steaming plans. This raises the question of who *we* are - the answer is: partly us, partly you. Our part is to provide the music and logistics of the Grateful Dead experience; your part is to have one hell of a good time without anyone getting hurt or sore, which is what this trip is mostly about.

Our current situation demands that we provide our part to growing numbers who are beginning to catch on to what you knew all along.

There is no blanket solution to the problems caused by increasing demand and there is no turning back. We are now the biggest "draw" in the history of rock and roll. That's not a self congratulatory statement, rather a bald fact showing the seriousness of our logistical problem. The good old days when we were your personal minstrels have been overshadowed by a new reality which *must* be addressed We are not a political, religious nor a grass roots movement; not a counter culture, drug culture nor the latest big shakes snatch and run glamor act - we are a symbiotic fun machine designed to get 10,000 or more heads straight at a pop.

We don't want to be consigned to doing only stadium gigs but, in order to play smaller venues, our friends must heed our pleas to not attend certain shows without tickets. Otherwise, cities will simply not rent us their facilities and that will be that.

Many doors have been closed to us in the last several months due to the trash and boogie behavior of new fans who have no regard for the way the Dead do things.

Environments as large as those which we are called upon to provide must be controlled or we will be responsible for the ensuing Pandemonium.

Some of the changes we are making are for our benefit, others are for yours. Frankly, we don't intend to hand over a big portion of the bread we need to run this operation to organized crime. This is no joke, there are some big time heavies muscling in. Follow the cigar smoke! Hence we are forced into a tighter structuring of merchandising . What began as a spontaneous vagabond marketplace has devolved into a competitive and obnoxious full scale illegal rip off, squeezing out the gypsy Deadheads and offering violence to rival merchandisers. We intend to step on it - hard!

Wherever venues allow it, good people will still be allowed to make road money dealing artifacts - all you gotta do is ask for permission. You keep what you make, or give us a cut if you deal our trademarks. Fair and simple.

Tapers, as you may know by now, are assigned certain sections because they are *so* touchy. We let you tape for free and love it when you exchange tapes. But if anybody asks for more than the price of the blank tape, they are playing a different game.

If you can keep your sense of proportion and understand that we are doing what *must* be done to ensure our rights and yours, we gratefully invite you to experience this unexpected era of Mega Dead-dom. Take it with the grain of salt it deserves and enjoy watching the ripples as our personal tributary begins mingling with larger currents. It's just as weird for us as it is for you, but, after all, this wasn't meant to be a private party!

DLD430

DL0431

20th Anniversary Rag

Just like Grandma Moses
Just like Auld Lang Syne
Play the change, however strange
And get it right this time!

It's been a hard haul
20 as the crow flies,
When your back's to the wall
Got to play it as it lies

Let there be music, dance and the beating of drum
Drop whatever you're doing and come on the run
Twenty years later the groove is just starting to click
It's all variations on some impossible lick

Come hear Uncle John's Band
Playing to the years
Come along or go alone
Like an avalanche or a rolling stone

Wave that flag!
Wave it while you can
Long as you keep coming
You got a band

Thanks for 20 years of being
an audience which is the envy
of every other rock and roll band alive.
Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke!

Write if you get work.

Spare change?

Don't touch that plug!

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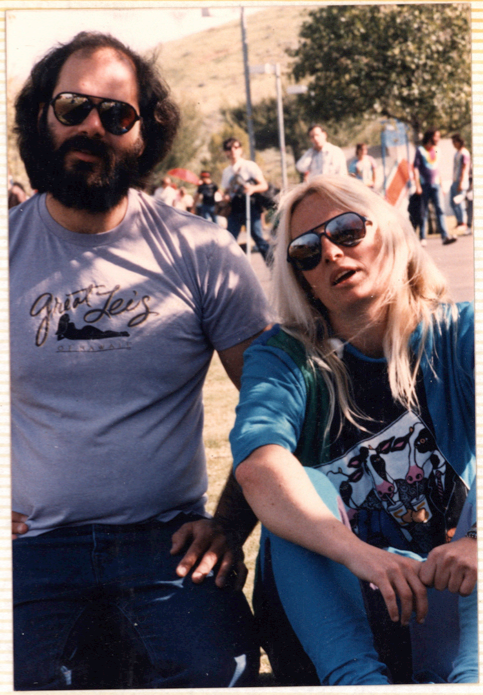
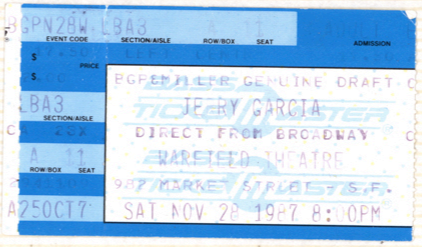






174, 28 of 52: Bernie Bildman (bernbb) Wed, Dec 24, 1986 (14:21)
How about some perspective from an 'old timer' of 46 who's been seeing the band play for some 16 or so years and who knows how many hundreds (thousands) of concerts later?? You know, if any of you who have a problem with any of the bands creative/performing energy, take this into consideration:

If you had just seen them for the first time instead of 300 concerts later, would you still be bitching about what they are or are not doing, whether they are putting as much ??energy?? (forget about quality of course) into their scene? For the first timer at least, this band must remain the premier consistantly high energy improvisational group ANYWHERE in rockdom to say nothing about other musical fields. It is true perhaps Mickey or Jerry or Bobby etc are not moving thru their licks in the same way they did before, but who's to say what's wrong with that. They've just chosen a new way to present themselves.

Now I take them in this light:

They're like old friends to me, and for that I give them a certain amount of leeway. Like an old friend, I don't chastise them for continuing old phrases that have become a part of their way. Like I have a friend who always says 'howdy' when he sees me, I certainly don't feel every year he should change his greetings, because along the way he has ALREADY proven his worth to me in so many ways I can't count them any longer. He's creative, like the band, and DOES put a LOT of energy into trying to make life for me AND him more interesting as he meanders along the road of life. He's my buddy, man, and come hell or high water, he's FUN to be with and as long as he continues the path of righteousness, he'll have me to hang out with. So's the Dead. Going to one of their concerts, I throw my away critical ears, put on my dancing shoes, hug ALL my friends, think hard in my heart of all those I love NOT there with me and thank God we all have this opportunity to get it on like that, even ONCE let alone 300 times. Not to say the criticism shouldn't be voiced and elaborated but along the way there's a whole lot more to the band than just their licks, or what they played in what set on what night in what clothes while who was on that night in juxtaposition to which song in what key in what order!

I love em, I love what they have opened me up to, they're still out there on the leading edge still turning me on to new parts of myself. God Bless the chance we have all had to share what is going on in this era of oftimes fear in the world we live in today. This enterprise called the Dead is music, it's charity (Rex), it's respect, and it's just plain RIGHT! And fun too on top of all that!

Merry Christmas, Happy Chanukah and whatever to all. How many bands can you name, after all these years have taken the time (and money while not working for 5 months) to send out who knows how many tens of thousands of year's end greetings to all who have ever written in to them as 'Our Band Beyond Description' has??

I feel SO good inside writing this, I just can't tell you!!!







DL04 32

DL04 33







Thanksgiving Dinner

November 22, 1987

To Start

Duck Liver Pate Tapenade spread
Roquefort Grapes Toasted Baguettes

Appetizers

Raw Bar: Oysters, Prawns, Miginette,
Remoulade, Cocktail Sauce

Salads

1. Mixed Baby Greens with two Vinegrettes
2. Endive, Watercress, Beet with Caraway Orange Vinegrettes

Main Course

Turkey with two Stuffings, two Gravies
Prime Rib with Hourseradish Sauce
Gratin of Sweet Potatoes Flambe in Bourbon
Mashed Potatoes
Green Beans with Herb Butter
Carrots with Candied Pecans
Cranberry Relishes
Breads (Sq. One & Acme.)

Dessert

Pumpkin Pie
Queen of Sheba Cake (chocolate)
Vanilla Ice Cream
Pumpkin Ice Cream

JUL-23-89

TIMES DISPATCH, RICHMOND, VA.

Grateful Dead strikes a chord in Congress



MARSHA MERCER

WASHINGTON — Hard to believe, but there's a cause that unites the Grateful Dead and members of Congress: Saving the world's rain forests.

Two days after band members testified on Capitol Hill, the House overwhelmingly passed a bill to preserve the last temperate-zone rain forest in North America, Tongass National Forest in southeastern Alaska.

The House would have passed the bill anyway. A similar measure passed last year but never made it through the Senate.

Congress is irate over the practice of letting two private pulp companies, one owned by the Japanese, buy timber from Tongass at bargain-basement rates for export to Japan and other Pacific Rim countries. By voting to end the sweet deals, congressmen also struck a blow for preserving the rain forest.

Politicians have to balance economics versus the environment. The Grateful Dead doesn't.

When a reporter asked lead guitarist Jerry Garcia how he became interested in rain forests, Garcia explained, "Because I'm an earthling on this planet."

The indefatigable Dead, rockers since before many of their fans were born, have been alerting the public to the plight of rain forests and global warming. They play benefits and buy full-page ads in such unhip publications as The New York Times. Rock stars Madonna and Sting, among others, have joined the rain forest preservation movement.

When the Dead played RFK Stadium here a couple of weeks ago, vendors sold save-the-rain-forests T-shirts for $17, along with the usual Dead paraphernalia of buttons, bumper stickers and shirts.

Garcia and other band members Bob Weir and Mickey Hart ventured to Capitol Hill before the concert to testify before the Congressional Human Rights Caucus, which has been studying what to do about rain forest destruction worldwide.

"We're really just citizens who have a constitutency, so to speak," said Garcia, who has a nearly white beard and a ponytail. "They are people who listen to us. Whether they are mistaken or not is another matter."

Rep. Claudine Schneider, R-R.I., speculated about their constituency's political activity, or lack of it.

"I would guess that about 90 percent of the Deadheads, your constituency, don't vote."

"Yeah," Garcia replied. "You've got it right. . . . It would be nice to think there was something to vote for. You know what I mean?"

But, Garcia said, "I know this. I know that Deadheads will chain themselves to a tree."

The vision that statement conjures up — thousands of blissful people in tie-dye, singing "what a long strange trip it's been," linking themselves to trees — probably had nothing to do with it, but two days later the House, 356 to 60, passed the bill aimed at preserving the 17 million-acre Tongass National Forest.

Tongass is a swath of islands and coastal land larger than West Virginia and Delaware where the climate is similar to Washington state's, with more rain than snow. Tongass receives 150 inches of rain annually. Its lush foliage and virgin forests of Sitka spruce and hemlocks date back hundreds of years.

The Dead was not mentioned during the Tongass debate, but Ms. Schneider, who is sponsoring a separate global warming prevention bill, said:

"It is incumbent upon the United States, which has been quick to criticize the flooding, cutting and burning of tropical forests in developing countries, to first get its own house in order.

"We can hardly call upon these other nations to quit subsidizing the destruction of forests when we are engaged in the very same process. Forest loss accounts for 10 to 20 percent of greenhouse gas emissions."

The House bill would end federally mandated timber sales in a vast part of the forest. The Forest Service has been required to offer 450 million board feet of timber for sale from Tongass every year to try to preserve logging jobs.

The bill repeals the 50-year contracts under which the two companies have been permitted to cut down ancient trees for as little as $1.48 each.

The arrangement, in which the Forest Service builds roads and provides other services to facilitate timbering, has meant a net loss of $354 million for the federal government since 1982, according to congressional estimates.

Ironically, the Japanese turn the pulp into rayon and other products and sell them back to the United States.

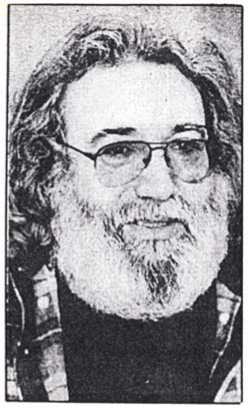
Some conservationists warn that the heart of the Tongass could be clear-cut within 15 years.

The bill allows companies to negotiate short-term timbering contracts, as they do in other national forests. It also sets up 23 new wilderness areas, comprising 1.8 million acres, in the premier fish and wildlife areas of Tongass.

A similar bill is pending in a Senate committee and could come to the floor for a vote this fall. Or it may not. As happened last year, the bill could die.

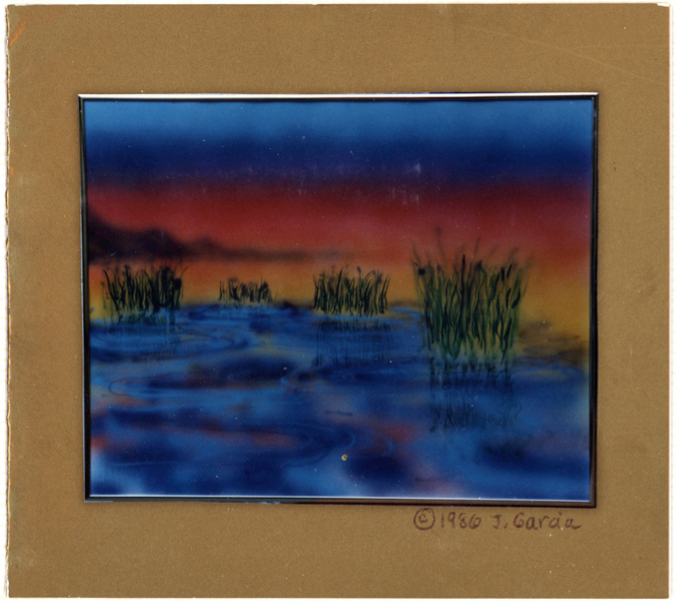
That could prompt some Deadheads to chain themselves to trees or perhaps even to register to vote.

Marsha Mercer is a reporter in the Washington bureau of Media General News Service.



"I know this. I know that Deadheads will chain themselves to a tree."

— Jerry Garcia





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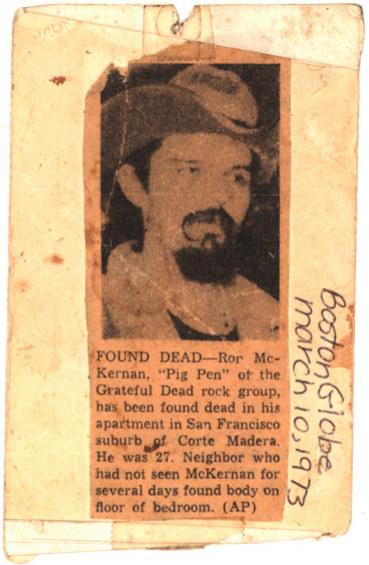

FOUND DEAD—Ror McKernan, "Pig Pen" of the Grateful Dead rock group, has been found dead in his apartment in San Francisco suburb of Corte Madera. He was 27. Neighbor who had not seen McKernan for several days found body on floor of bedroom. (AP)

Boston Globe March 10, 1973

DL0434

DL04 35

SONGS OF OUR OWN

Tales of Transformation On The Bus

"I'm telling you so you can tell the rest what you've been through..."

As Deadheads, most of us know the miracle of transformation that occurs when someone gets "On The Bus." Joseph Campbell, probably the world's preeminent authority on the mythologies of all the cultures that have ever inhabited this planet, said after seeing a show: "...It seemed to me we had the kind of awakening that the great religions first intended..." Yet somehow when the mainstream media turns its glare on us, they usually obliterate our light and focus only on the darker side: the excesses and abuses that have been plaguing our scene lately. And with a special, deluxe 25th anniversary bus ride planned for next year through the Bush/Bennett Mind Police State, you know it's gonna get stranger!

SONGS OF OUR OWN is being planned as a multi-media "book" that will focus as many of our individual lights as possible into one bright beam that can shine through whatever shadows mainstream society might attempt to cast on us. We are appealing to all Deadheads who would like to participate in this group-mind project to create, in words, pictures, music, or any other form that can be duplicated, an expression of how your life has been transformed on our trip to Further, and how the ripples of your personal evolution are reflecting back, and hopefully benefitting, your families, neighbors, communities, humanity and the entire planet. If you would find it easier just to tell someone your story, take turns doing interviews with your friends, or talk to your tape deck, and send in the tapes or transcripts. If you want to discuss mind-altering agents, but feel it might be risky to do so in public, send in your contribution anonymously. Send all submissions to: SONGS OF OUR OWN, PO Box 936, Bolinas, Ca. 94924. So that this can be ready by next summer, please submit as much as you can by March 1, 1990. (If enough material is received, an expanded edition may also be published in the future.) The final product will be distributed as widely as possible at a reasonable cost, with all revenues above expenses either being donated to the Rex Foundation or used to set up a new, non-profit foundation dedicated to preserving and furthering misfit Deadhead culture and its unique contributions to Planet Earth.

"The future's here, we are it, we are on our own..." Joseph Campbell also said that he saw in our rituals an "answer to the atom bomb." Please send your "help on the way" and let's see if we can share that answer with the rest of the world.

PLEASE MAKE COPIES AND PASS THIS ON

SONGS OF OUR OWN PO BOX 936 BOLINAS, CA. 94924









'So Far' combines the Dead's music with video improvisation.

'So Far': The Dead go high-tech

By Michael Nash

THE TITLE of the Grateful Dead's ambitious new long-form video, *So Far*, can be interpreted to refer to the band's remarkable longevity and to the implied intention that the ongoing experiment of this long, strange trip is far from over. Originally conceived as a sort of commemorative for the Dead's 20th anniversary in 1985, *So Far* arrives nearly midway into their 23rd year, which has been a banner year in terms of creative activity and commercial success.

Co-directed by lead guitarist Jerry Garcia and Len Dell'Amico, a ten-year veteran of long-form music video (who also directed the group's 1980 *Dead Ahead* video), *So Far* weds the Dead's music to a dazzling array of visual images brought to life through computer-generated video technology. The musical footage moves between sessions recorded without an audience at the intimate Marin Veterans Auditorium in 1985 and 1986, and a 1985 New Year's Eve concert at the Oakland Coliseum.

The soundtrack follows the contour of a second set at a Dead concert, wherein a number of songs are laced together in one continuous movement, often with inspired and unexpected improvisational threads. Each song is given its own distinct visual accompaniment, sound and image informing and enhancing one another in a reciprocal dance.

The process of *So Far*'s creation is as fascinating as the final result. After playing and sorting through a number of tunes to arrive at a conclusive soundtrack, Dell'Amico and band members made lists of images the music evoked, ranging from the literal, figurative or far and freely associative. The images were then industriously sought out, collected and catalogued on videotapes to provide for easy access. From that point, Garcia told the Bay Guardian, the methodology was somewhat like animating a cartoon. Dell'Amico, Garcia and editor Veronica Loza engaged in a series of what might be called visual improvisations, playing countless images to the music from a number of videotape decks in order to find the counterpoints best suited to each passage. This process eventually involved layering images over one another and manipulating them by the video equivalent of multi-track audio recording.

Dell'Amico, whose past projects include *Sass 'n Brass* (featuring Sarah Vaughan with horns) and *Fats and Friends* (a tribute to Fats Domino with Ray Charles and Jerry Lee Lewis, among others), says that unlike typical teleproduction, where a script is storyboarded and determined far in advance of its shooting, *So Far* was an extended interaction of the musicians and the artists, created in the process of creating it. "This program is made by the band, as much as anybody," he says. He describes working with the Dead as "a lot more difficult and a lot more fun. A lot more fun. They'll let you do almost anything you can imagine. You can try it and if it works. . . ."

So Far opens with what appears as a sea of swimming particles, over which are heard the voices of band members discussing the music. Decisions made, the particles resolve themselves into the group onstage at Marin Vets, where they break into "Uncle John's Band," a band trademark since the days of *Workingman's Dead*. The camera work, directed Dell'Amico and shot by One Pass Video, offers an intimate and refreshing alternative to this genre's standard footage. Rather than looking up at the band through the glare of concert lights, a technique that often tends to keep the musicians in a distanced, almost deified perspective, the camera moves among them, as though privy to the chemistry of this special onstage conversation.

Counterpointing the tune is a visual palette of Americana: stills of the Revolutionary War, the Old West, proud and somber Native Americans; split-screen images of flowing riversides, rolling hills and crop fields, evoking the vast potential of a agrarian

continued page 34

Video

continued from page 31

nation; sepiatoned generations of farmers and families come to plant the seeds of a dream.

The song segues into "Playing In the Band," another Dead classic, then into "Lady With a Fan," from the ambitious "Terrapin Station" cycle, where much of the visual terrain is generated by computer. As the ear drifts through Robert Hunter's lyrical landscape, the eye feasts upon a dreamy, cosmic chessboard, ringed by mountains and stretched horizons. A 3-D crystal ball mirrors dancing tarot cards, and roving chessmen are zapped by otherworldly lightning.

Garcia says the song itself is the source of the video's surreal imagery. "Something about the mythic quality of that tune is really where that comes from. To me, it suggests the timelessness and that sort of mythic space out of which all those Jungian, collective unconscious types of things . . . tarot cards, that sort of symbology, seems to come from the same place. There's something resonant to me, personally, about it. It was an early idea, actually, and it's tied to the song."

As for the technical means of creating the scene, the team employed the Quantel Paintbox, an electronic paint system specifically designed for video applications. This amazing tool allows an artist to do all kinds of graphics and manipulations on frames of video. By selecting from a variety of modes, one can draw polygons, circles and other shapes, create backgrounds gradated from one color to another, employ a stencil function to cut out various forms and choose from airbrush, chalk, crayon, wash or watercolor to achieve the desired effect, be it changing one's eye color from brown to blue or ridding a man of his five o'clock shadow.

What makes the paintbox so functionally wonderful, according to Paul Reinhardt of One Pass Video, is that while an artist watches a video display on a screen, he draws on a discreet pad and sees the display change accordingly. With a palette of more than 3 million possible colors, the combinations are endless. One can mix colors from a palette on the screen or use a pen to point to a specific color, which is then picked up.

Linked with Harry, Quantel's digital storage and edit system, and Encore, a 3-D digital effects box, the three form what's called the "digital editing suite" and maintain a dialogue that makes possible truly mind-boggling effects. Controlled by the same pen and tablet as the paintbox, Harry is able to store a number of moving images at the rate of 30 frames per second. By shifting between the paintbox and edit modes, one can layer image upon image and comp them all together into a new whole, as well as create moving mats.

Encore, meanwhile, takes flat shapes and gives them motion in a three-dimensional world. By programming moves, it enables the operator to place objects in a motion sequence without the trouble of figuring out where they would go on a time-consuming frame-by-frame basis. Similarly, one can paint in a filmic-type animation without the frame-by-frame labor.

The Mirage, yet another Quantel effects device, can take a flat image, create X, Y and Z axes, and manipulate it into virtually any shape, which can then be manipulated to move and react apropos to its form (the crystal sphere in "Lady With a Fan" is one example). In other words, you can dimensionalize any flat image in terms of aspect, size, perspective, rotation, break pattern (shatter it, for example), to create the illusion of three-dimensional shapes in

continued page 36

Video

continued from page 34

two-dimensional space.

In addition to the Quantel system, *So Far* incorporates other techniques such as single-cell animation. "The technology has gotten to the point where, if you can picture something in your head, there's a machine to create it. Whatever you want or imagine, you can do," says Larry Lachman, associate producer of animation and special effects for *So Far*. Describing himself as a video musician, Lachman says his philosophy is to approach video much as the band approaches its music. "The Dead are perfect for this kind of stuff because their music is so visual," he says. "I'm impressed at the extent to which the musicians were involved in the project, especially Jerry. He was very knowledgeable about video technology and science in general. In the studio, where we had all this equipment, he had a sense of what everything could do and was neither intimidated nor overexcited."

In its consistently artful, intelligent and magical way, the Grateful Dead has succeeded in making an adventurous, near hour-long video that, in its emotive force and visual breadth, presents something for everyone, to interpret as they see fit. As well, the band has offered a salient expression of hope and energy for an enduring world of creative cooperation. Certainly, the band's own long and active career has been such a world. And so far, their stay has been a welcome one. ■

So Far is available in both VHS and Beta video formats. Running time is approximately 53 minutes. Suggested retail price is $29.95.



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IOWA CITY
PRESS-CITIZEN
Wednesday, August 11, 1982
A Gannett Newspaper • 25 cents

Beads and bongos, 'cosmic eggrolls' — and the music of the Grateful Dead

By ROBIN GOLDMAN
Press-Citizen Reporter

It looked like a scene from the 1960s.

Hundreds of young people wearing beads and tie-dyed T-shirts milled around on the University of Iowa Fieldhouse lawn. They climbed into and out of vans and minibuses with license plates ranging from New York to California. Women in long gauze skirts and men in patched overalls tended camp stoves, smoked, blew soap bubbles, danced, played guitars and bongo drums. Even a few peace signs were in evidence.

These were the self-styled "Deadheads," fans of the rock group Grateful Dead, who follow the band on tour from city to city to hear the concerts.

Grateful Dead played Tuesday at the Fieldhouse from 8 p.m. until midnight for an audience of about 6,000 as the last stop of a three-week tour.

The Dead, formed in the mid-'60s in San Francisco, is one of the few bands associated with the psychedelic counterculture to have maintained a strong popular following. The group emphasizes performance rather than recordings and its tradition of long, improvisational concerts has encouraged the existence of the Deadheads, the fans who "hang out" along the group's tours.

Summer Goodwin, 27, a craftswoman from Santa Cruz, Calif., who has attended Dead concerts since she was 13, was one of those who came to Iowa City Tuesday for the concert. She guessed that only a few hundred hard-core Deadheads were in Iowa City yesterday.

That was enough draw notice from residents who saw the visitors around town, or who were approached with statements like "Can you spare some coins for people?"

"Panhandlers give a bad name to the rest of us," said Goodwin, who wore a purple dress, purple yarn in her hair and beaded earrings. "Some of us have a lot of money. We just tend to have a very casual lifestyle."

Many, Goodwin said, hold regular jobs to pay for traveling, food and concert tickets.

"Probably half of the Deadheads have a regular existence. There are craftspeople who put in

Please turn to back of section



Press-Citizen/Jeff Myers

Mark Olsson and Phil Garfinkel, both of Madison, Wis., attempted to earn money for tickets to Tuesday evening's Grateful Dead concert by playing on the University of Iowa Fieldhouse lawn.

Beads and bongos — and 'Deadheads'

Continued from page 1A

good time and make big bucks. Some make a whole lot of money working in electronics firms, and then go to the shows," she said. "You look at some of us walking around and you'd think we don't have any money, but we do. We stay in hotels and eat at nice restaurants."

Goodwin runs a shop in Santa Cruz, and takes colorful handmade quilts on tour to sell to the fans. She said she made about $1,000 on the three quilts she sold this tour.

Other Deadheads support their concert habit with odd jobs. "This is the third job I quit to go with the tour," said a 25-year-old Minneapolis man.

Some live off the concerts themselves, selling anything from T-shirts and bumper stickers to bagels and sandwiches.

Larry Millman from New York "got tired" of his job in a health food restaurant and started selling his "organic cosmic vegetarian eggrolls" to hungry Deadheads instead. He's been following the band for four and a half years.

Robert Mallory of Santa Cruz worked as a lumberjack, a centrifuge operator at a winery and a truck driver before he found four years ago he could make a living selling rainbow-colored tie-dyed T-shirts at the concerts. He's spent nine of his 27 years touring with the band on and off.

Some people make money off the fans by selling drugs, Goodwin says. "There's a large group of people going to the shows just to sell to the heads."

And, she added, "There are a few people from a lower stratum who just burn money off of others. Some people do really stupid things — steal, or shoplift. We don't relate with these people, but we're put in the same category."

According to police records, several complaints were made about solicitors in town, especially some who were passing out stickers and requesting donations for "underprivileged children." The solicitors were told they needed a permit.

Although most of the Deadheads seemed glad to talk to a reporter, many Iowa City residents arriving for the concert refused to give their names. "We're slumming," explained one man, who appeared to be in his late-20s, before ducking into the Fieldhouse.

Others seemed positive, or at least undisturbed, by the Deadheads.

"I love it," said Pamela Miller, 22, who was attending her first Dead concert. "It's interesting to see the people from the '60s."

Bill Tynan, director of security and parking at UI, said the Grateful Dead audience was one of the best concert crowds he'd seen. "It went exceptionally well," he said.

After the concert, only four or five bottles were found on the Fieldhouse floor, far better than the debris after a basketball game, Tynan said. "The parking lots looked cleaner than in football games."

Although two arrests were made Tuesday at the Fieldhouse for possession of drugs — one for marijuana and one for psilocybin, a hallucinogenic mushroom — drug use was almost invisible. Drugs are no longer a requirement for enjoyment of a Dead concert, Goodwin said.

"A lot of people don't get high for the concerts. But you can't help being affected even if you're not smoking. There's a contact high you can't avoid," she said.

Goodwin added that most Deadheads try to be cooperative with security personnel. "I'm so nice to bouncers it's pitiful. I'm there to see the show — no other reason."

Indeed, all of them, local or visiting, were there for the music.

Jane Gersh of Iowa City said she had been listening to the Dead since they formed, but had never been to a concert. "This may be my last chance — I'm 38."

For the traveling fans, the music can get a little repetitious. Goodwin said. "They'll play some songs over and over. But they improvise within the songs," Goodwin said.

Gary Walker, from West Hartford, Conn., said he "never gets tired" of the Grateful Dead. He celebrated his 21st birthday Tuesday night by attending his 118th Dead concert.

"People can't understand why I do this, and I ask them if they have anything that makes them totally utterly happy, something they can depend upon," Goodwin said. "I've got something. The concerts make me so happy I stand in the middle of the auditorium and cry."

"CHAIN OF SIGHT"

Dear Friend:

This is a chain letter, with two important differences! The good news is that, unlike many chain letters, this one is **legal.*** But, the best news is that it is **not** going to make **you** rich!

Why is **that** the best news?

Because this chain letter can do more than increase your own wealth—it has the potential for alleviating suffering in some of the poorest and most afflicted people in the world—the blind living in the Himalayan country of Nepal. When blindness strikes, it is always a tragedy, but in a developing country like Nepal, it is a catastrophe. Nearly 90% of this devastating blindness is preventable or curable. The cost of curing this blindness is unbelievably small: $15 can pay for a **cataract operation** to restore sight; $100 can deliver enough **vitamin A** to protect all the children in an entire village from **mainutrition blindness**; $500 can buy enough medicine to stop blinding **trachoma** in an entire Nepali village.

The average Nepali, however, earns only $50 a year. This is where the SEVA Foundation and you are joined together by a chain of sight. SEVA is a charitable, tax-exempt foundation (Michigan Charity Number MICS 7115) which has been raising funds and providing expert scientists for a Nepal Blindness Prevention and Control Project carried out jointly by the World Health Organization-Government of Nepal which aims to provide medicine, equipment, and eye doctors to remote areas of Nepal for a five (5) year period. The goal of this ambitious project is to conquer 90% of the blindness in Nepal and make Nepal self-sufficient in eye care. We need $5 million—over $1.5 million has already been received. Individual contributions will provide a major portion of this money. If you want to help, here's what you can do:

1. Write out a check to **"SEVA—Chain of Sight"** with the amount you want to contribute and send it to: **SEVA**, Department CS- 95
   519 Castro Street
   San Francisco, CA 94114

   SEVA will send you a receipt for your donation which is deductible from your Federal Income Tax.

2. Sign your name on the next signature line. Locate a copy machine, make at least five (5) copies of this letter. and send them to friends who you think will want to help keep this chain going.

When the chain gets to be twenty (20) lengths long, we will have reached over one million people, even if only half of our friends respond! Thank you for your help.

Sincerely,

Ram Dass — A Friend of SEVA

Mickey Hart

*P.S.: A copy of this letter was submitted to the U.S. Postal Service for evaluation. Their reply was: *"We have examined the letter entitled "Chain of Sight." It is our opinion that it would* **not** *be illegal for a person to make copies of it and mail those copies to friends."*







DLC438

DL04 39

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WAVY GRAVY, Everyone's Clown and Nobody's Fool, is known for his work at benefit events and for his "comic consciousness" as clown and M.C. He taught improvisation at Columbia Pictures (while teaching the same class for neurologically handicapped at California State University). Wavy studied with Viola Spolin and acted with the San Francisco Committee. He directed Pacific High School for three years. He is the fund raiser for the SEVA Foundation. He is currently running "The Wavy Gravy School of Improvisational Acting and Other Joys." He will also be directing a Camp Winnarainbow in New Mexico and Canada this year.

CAMP WINNARAINBOW provides the opportunity for children to discover new realms of personal achievement, communion with nature, and group spirit. Their artistic/athletic skills are developed at their various levels in class and play over the month and then featured in a play for parents, friends and video tape on the last day of camp.

MEALS: Three full meals (choice of meat or vegetarian) plus two snacks are graciously prepared.

A CAMP STORE sells treats, camp jerseys, mosquito repellant, stationery, etc. Proceeds go to our scholarship fund.

COUNSELOR TO CAMPER RATIO 1:5

DAILY SCHEDULE

8:30 Rise
8:45 Tea, Snack
9:00 Circle (Exercise games)
9:30 Breakfast
10:00 Class I
11:00 Class II
12:00 Show Time (Everyone is encouraged to share what was learned in the classes)
12:30 Lunch
1:00 Personal time
2:00 Swimming/Excursions
3:30 Snack
4:30 Sports (Clown Olympics, football, New Games . . .)
5:30 Dinner
6:00 Cleanup
7:30 Evening Program (Talent shows, movies, Guest Performances)
10:00 Lights Out

Tuition for two weeks is $350; for one month, $600. We encourage campers to participate in the entire one month of camp. A $50 deposit will secure a space.

Please indicate July 8 - July 21 _____
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(Please note that $15 will be deducted from refunds requested before camp. Half the tuition will be returnable if for any reason, camper withdraws during the first 3 days of camp; no refunds thereafter.)

Mail application and check to: Camp Winnarainbow, Inc.,
1301 Henry St., Berkeley, CA 94709
For further info: phone Jahanara at KAMP 115, or message 841-6500 x120

The Grateful Dead: 1987 pays off with record record sales, concert attendance and, now, the videocassette market, too

10/28/87 - S.F. CHRONICLE

First Look at Grateful Dead Video

BY EDWARD GUTHMANN

No doubt about it: in the rock world, 1987 is the year of the Grateful Dead. Ever since group leader Jerry Garcia's recovery from a diabetic coma last year, the 22-year-old, Bay Area-based band has enjoyed an amazing renaissance, hitting peak after peak.

"In the Dark," their first studio album in seven years, and far away their most successful, has sold nearly 1.2 million copies. Their first Top 10 single, "Touch of Gray," sold more than 200,000 copies. Their concerts invariably sell out, including a series of summertime stadium shows with Bob Dylan. "According to some estimates," Rolling Stone magazine stated in a long, unusually respectful piece this year, "the Dead are the single most successful touring band in rock history."

"We're sort of like the town whore that's finally become an institution," Garcia told Dead historian Blair Jackson recently. "We're finally becoming respectable."

Now, just in time for the November 6-8 three-concert run at Oakland's Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center, the Dead have delivered "So Far," a 53-minute video that matches computer-generated animation and other forms of visual mastery with half a dozen Grateful Dead tunes. Priced at $29.95, it's scheduled to arrive in video stores on Monday.

Co-directed by Garcia and Len Dell'Amico, who also made "Dead Ahead," the band's 1981 Showtime TV special, "So Far" was two years in the making. The audio track was assembled from live recordings at the Marin Veterans Auditorium (sans audience) in 1985 and 1986, and augmented with some choice moments from the Dead's '85 Oakland Coliseum New Year's Eve concert.

Using the audio track as a springboard for visual ideas, Dell'Amico acquired a massive amount of archival footage and initiated a series of conceptual jam sessions with Garcia — tinkering with visual combinations to determine how best to animate the songs. Veronica Loza edited the piece.

Described by Garcia as "just another Grateful Dead attempt to describe the indescribable," "So Far" is structured like a mini Dead concert, with each song getting its own visual twist. In "Uncle John's Band," a signature Dead tune for 18 years, it's an Americana montage: Revolutionary War drawings, pioneers, multi-panel images of American rivers, cornfields, shorelines. During the upbeat "Playing With the Band," it's archival footage of dancers from earlier decades. When a line of chorines kick up their legs, the image doubles, quadruples, then multiplies into a complex, undulating fabric.

For "Lady with a Fan," from the Dead's "Terrapin Station" cycle, it's a trippy, computer-generated chessboard, stretching to a distant horizon with Tarot cards and chess men gliding across.

For Bob Weir's feisty political anthem "Throwing Stones," we get images of war and destruction, followed by a wondrous, multi-layered visual riff: Egyptian, Hindu, Aztec and Catholic icons strobe by so rapidly that they form a single omni-cultural symbol. Finally a dove flies out of a stained glass window, offering the video's most potent image of hope and renewal.

During "Space" — Deadhead lingo for the improvised, wordless jam that distinguishes second sets at Dead concerts — the imagery turns cosmic: astral bodies exploding, shooting stars, lunar surfaces; then flows into primitive man: camels, pyramids, Stonehenge; and finally into 20th century techno-madness: freeway grids and crashing cars, tanks and bombers, Nixon and Kissinger, Khrushchev, red flashes of fire.

In its straightforward concert moments, "So Far" also provides a privileged, up-close gaze at the band. Notoriously unanimated at their concerts — these guys never indulge in platitudinous show-biz patter with the crowd — the Dead appear bouncier, yet more intensely involved with each other than one might guess from the opposite end of a concert hall.

There's a good reason for the enhanced communication: for the Marin Veterans footage, the band members turned toward each other, instead of facing the audience. Even the bearlike Garcia, who in the past appeared downright catatonic, brightens here, grinning and shouting an approving "Yeah!" during Weir's passionate "Throwing Stones" vocal.

Only the final number — a very hot, muscular version of Buddy Holly's "Not Fade Away" — is presented purely as a showcase of the band, without graphics. It's also a high point: when Weir invites the Oakland Coliseum audience to sing the refrain, the cavernous hall echoes with the crowd's good spirits, exemplifying the Dead's extraordinary kinship with their fans.

In those last moments, as the Oakland audience continues chanting, "You know our love will not fade away," the camera pulls back and seems to shoot right through the Coliseum roof. We soar heavenward, looking down at the East Bay shoreline, the state of California, the United States, Earth, and finally a glittering, enchanted solar system.

It's the kind of utopian, we-are-the-world gesture that very few artists could pull off with any style or conviction. The Grateful Dead manage it, beautifully.



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BAM 12/18/87

AGING GRATEFULLY

THE DEAD'S FLATTERING TOUCH OF GREY

BY MARY EISENHART

How often do the dead wake,
We thought were safely buried?
— Robert Hunter, Grateful Dead lyricist

November, 1987. Grateful Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia and video producer Len Dell'Amico are overseeing the final preparations of the Dead's "Throwing Stones" video. As shots of wartime carnage alternate with scenes of playing children, conversation centers on the rise and fall of Supreme Court nominee Douglas Ginsburg and on the previous evening's TV special, *Sgt. Pepper: It Was Twenty Years Ago Today*, a retrospective look at the epochal Beatles album and its era, which includes a clip of Garcia in 1967 explaining, "We would all like to be able to live an uncluttered life — a simple life, a good life — and, like, think about moving the whole human race ahead a step, or a few steps."

Suddenly the studio door flies open. Framed in the doorway stands "Throwing Stones"' singer and co-author, guitarist Bob Weir, who intones with a magnificent flourish: "I see no reason why I should not be nominated to the Supreme Court." While the ensuing days saw the presidential nod going to Anthony Kennedy instead, it's still been quite a year for the Grateful Dead. A year in which, after 22 years, the band had its first Top 10 single with "Touch of Grey." A year in which the Dead's first studio album in eight years, *In The Dark*, astonished everybody by going platinum within a few months of its release. A year in which the quintessential anti-commercial cult band had videos of its singles on MTV and an hour-long opus, *So Far*, in the stores. A year in which the band's hardcore and peripatetic followers, the Deadheads, found themselves in the company of unclear-on-the-concept newcomers who chattered through the Dead's famous live jams and leapt screaming to their feet for the "hit."

It was a year which saw the Dead getting respect and attention from some fairly unexpected quarters, as magazines from *People* to *Forbes* examined their 22 years of overnight success. Bob Dylan and the Dead embarked on an ambitious and much-ballyhooed "Alone And Together" stadium tour, in which the Dead played their customary two sets and backed Dylan for a third. Noted mythologist Joseph Campbell (*Hero With A Thousand Faces, The Masks of God, The Skeleton Key To* Finnegan's Wake, etc.), in one of his last appearances before his death, shared a San Francisco dais with Garcia and drummer Mickey Hart at a university symposium entitled "Ritual and Rapture: From Dionysus to the Grateful Dead," praising the Dead as worthy successors to the Eleusinian Mysteries and proclaiming them "the antidote to the atom bomb."

It was a year which could easily not have happened at all. Last year Garcia nearly died in a diabetic coma, and for months thereafter the band's future was uncertain; get-well messages poured in (one of Garcia's favorites, from the denizens of San Francisco's Juvenile Hall: "Get well, Garcia, or we'll mug ya") amid rampant speculation that Garcia would never play again. When the Dead took the stage last December for the first time since Garcia's collapse, there wasn't a dry eye in the house as band and audience chanted "Touch of



PHOTO: RON DELANY

DL0442

DL0443

Grey"'s chorus of "I will get by, I will *survive*."

The Dead seem relatively unfazed by the sudden change in their fortunes. They still take the stage about 100 times a year with no particular idea of what they're going to play for the next three hours — with results from the amazing to the abysmal. In an industry characterized by litigation and squabbling over artistic property, they set aside a special section at their shows for fans who want to tape the performance (Says Garcia, "We're done with it. You can have it."). They still sell out tours wherever they go, often with no advertising beyond the Grateful Dead Hotline — a bank of answering machines dispensing tour, ticket, and other info to fans 24 hours a day. Above all, they remain committed to the ideals of experiment and exploration with which they embarked on their artistic journey back in 1965.

For most of the year, Garcia, as the band's reluctant spokesman, has been hounded by interviewers, whose questions mostly revolve around such tried-and-true matters as "How does it feel to be onstage with Bob Dylan?" "Are you still using drugs?" and the new favorite, "Will success spoil the Grateful Dead?" Lured from his editing labors for One More Interview, he braces for the inevitable question…

Why do you suppose after 22 years of relative obscurity…

(Garcia cracks up)

…the commercial fame god has smiled on you?

I don't know. I thought it was going to happen on the first record. It's just one of those things. I guess if you wait around long enough eventually that stuff comes to you — or something. Or else maybe just the slow-rising amount of Deadheads over the years has finally turned into a substantial enough figure to make it look like we're successful.

Do you think having videos made a difference on record sales?

Maybe. Some. You're asking someone who knows as little…I mean, I've been in the music *business* (laughs), the industry, as we call it, for all this time, and the closest I've come to hits is the Jefferson Airplane and that kind of stuff.

I don't believe it's something you can know for sure — we didn't do anything different, other than that our approach to making the record was a little different, but that doesn't account for the success. Maybe a particularly lucky moment in terms of accessibility of material. The next material we put out may be too weird or something. It may be that our next record won't find a public.

But we're excited about making records again, so we're sort of anxious to make another record, to see — is this a roll? Are we on a roll now?

We're not uncomfortable with it, and we've already been through enough of the music business where I'm not really worried that commercial success is going to in some way — we're already past saving, you know what I mean? It's too late for us.

All your bad habits are entrenched.

That's right, yeah. So we're going with what we have. Our strong suit is what we do, and our audience. And the live show is still our main thing.

The advance of age makes it so our pace just necessarily has to slow down some. Otherwise we'll kill ourselves. There's nothing more difficult than being the Grateful Dead, I gotta tell ya. These last shows that we did in Oakland, even though it was only about a month since our last Grateful Dead shows, they were — it was hard work, and when those three days were over, we were all pretty tired.

Our problem is pacing ourselves and still reaching a large enough number of our audience. Because we don't want to burn the audience. And we don't want to be excluding anybody. So it's gotten to be an interesting kind of success problem. Just where to play, what kind of places, what kind of conditions to play in.

The alternate media are becoming important and viable alternatives to playing live. Records, videos, that kind of thing. They're going to start to count for something. Because there's only a limited amount of us-time available to us.

Supply and demand.

Yeah. So we have to figure out some creative solutions to this stuff, and we want the Deadheads — we need their help.

In what way?

Well, in whatever way. Anything that has to do with figuring out ways to solve these problems. We want them to be conscious that we're working on them, and that things don't always go in our favor, since now we're in a world that we don't control. The world of the big stadiums and that stuff — we don't control them anymore.

You essentially retired once because you couldn't deal with that stuff.

Absolutely. That's right.

Did you learn anything from that experience?

Not really. No. (laughs) Only that it's possible to grow to that place where you finally are just breaking even, and we can't operate that way. It's essential that we're — economically, we're not at a problem. If it came to it, if our records were successful, we could subsidize our playing.

Which is the way most people do it — they make money on the records, and take their losses on the tours.

That's true. Exactly. With us it's been just the other way around.

It's been more fun for us…

Well, it's been more fun for us too. But we're definitely mortal.

What would really be helpful would be for there to be half a dozen other Grateful Deads playing.

Have you ever checked out any of the Grateful Dead clone bands?

Yeah, but I don't think that's where it's at, exactly. Really, it's people who have to invent their own version of what the Grateful Dead is, starting now. Not doing what we've done, but digging the way we've done it, and doing what they're going to do — continuing this notion. But it isn't going to work just by following our footsteps. It's gonna work by taking off perpendicular to every direction we've gone off in.

There are probably people out there doing it. Doing their version of it, and it's certainly heartening when you get good musicians who seem concerned about their audiences, and who really love to play. The more of that you see, the better it makes me feel about the future of music. And the future of adventure in America, or whatever it is that Deadheads represent at their best. All that stuff.

Do you see that in any of the young bands you look at?

Bits and pieces here and there. Any time people go out and have a great time, and feel uplifted by the music, there's some of that in there. And really, that would be enough, as far as I'm concerned.

Somebody interviewed R.E.M. and said, it seems like what you do is not unlike the Grateful Dead, and they said, fine with us, we want to take care of our audience and stay honest.

That's right. That's it, man. It's heartening to hear that kind of stuff from anybody.

There's a lot of music that I like personally, and there's some soulful people there. I'm a big Peter Gabriel fan, I like Stevie Winwood's stuff — still good, still great. Los Lobos is one of my favorite bands — U2. There's lots more.

When I was in New York I went to see Suzanne Vega.

Isn't she great?

I love her. I offered to produce her next record. I'd love to do it, and I really have huge respect for her. I found her so real that I…She's very *there*. I thought she was a wonderful performer. She is terrific, really really good. It's that thing of commitment to what you're doing, commitment to your music, and the thing of something real *there*. That means a lot to me. I just — whenever I run into these people, people who are getting into the music business, starting to build their careers and stuff like that, I feel protective of them.

Getting into video at all is something of a departure for you guys.

Not really. It's kind of a cousin to what we've always done. That is to say, it's part of the electronic world, so it's only different in that it ends up on a cathode tube, not on a loudspeaker. But audio is a component of video, so there's always been that anyway, and although we've never expressed a visual side, apart from *The Grateful Dead Movie*, I don't find it that remote, you know what I mean?

A lot of the techniques overlap?

Yeah, it's never felt quite that remote to me. If anything, I've been optimistic about it. I've tended to think it was easier and more available and simpler to deal with that it actually is.

Is that because of the problems of editing digitally?

Yeah, but the most complex video editing problems are nothing, in terms of the amount of time they take, compared to film. Film is a much more time-exhaustive medium. With video, you can do the kind of stuff you saw us doing today, just things like colorizing images, changing the density of images — in film you need a lab to do that, which means you need two weeks to see it.

The relationship between 15 minutes and two weeks is extraordinary. It's not much different from making movies on some levels, except it's much faster. The immediacy is the part that makes it like audio.

Do you see doing a full-length concert-type video with all these new tools?

I don't think so. I don't see us doing that much more concert stuff, except — we would do concerts the way we use a video screen at the shows. That is to say, we would pull them down routinely, so that every show would, say, have a video tape — you'd be able to get a videotape of every show with digital soundtrack included.

There's certainly a market for that.

Yeah, we think so. We're planning along those lines, but we wouldn't do them — they would be the way we do our shows. In other words, whatever happened, that's what you'd get. The discretion, in terms of the images, would be the online director, Len [Dell'Amico] or someone like him, who would be making the editing decisions in the now, as it's going on, and we wouldn't spend time on post-production. So all this stuff would come off exactly the way it occurred, and we wouldn't fool with it. In that sense it would be a by-product, rather than a product.

But we have lots of notions along the lines of doing things that are formal works. Like the *So Far* video is a formal work. The albums are formal

works. That's what we're getting together, we're working on something on purpose.

They've got a structure, they've got a theme. . .

That's right. And they're characterized by — it takes us a long time to do them. For one reason or another. It's part of what we do, and in an effort to keep ourselves amused, the oftener we change the sort of thing we're doing, the more amused we are, you know.

Do you plan to cut down on touring?

Yeah, I think we have to. If we want our shows to be — if we want the quality of the shows to be good, and we want the energy to be high, and if we want to be in good enough physical shape to do them, and not exhaust ourselves on the road, and not get stale, we have to pace. This last year has been pretty good for pace, not really too bad — apart from the Dylan shows. Those were work — and also [playing venues] that large starts to get meaningless.

We are pretty convinced we don't want to play huge stadiums unless we can play them well. We don't want to play them often, certainly. So that restricts us to the Oakland Coliseum kind of places, which are still large rooms. And we already have trouble — I mean, we could probably sell out the Spectrum in Philadelphia for a month. So we're going to run into a problem somewhere.

'Cause it's a jungle out there. . .

It is, and it's like there's a certain amount of stuff that we've learned over the years, just personally surviving, and I feel like, God, if I could just spend 15 or 20 minutes with this person, I would really feel good that I at least was able to share something of what's involved in getting through. I really don't think there's much more to it than that, really.

But there's time for all that too. I'm not trying to clock scores in this lifetime, it's just that things are better now than they were like five, ten years ago. Music has gotten a lot better. There's a lot of people who are committed — soulfully.

Music, once you're in that thing where it gets to be so facile, where it's all technique and no substance — it looked like it was going to hang there for a good long time, but luckily it didn't last very long, because ultimately it's really boring. People are not that interested in it. The mystery, still, in the music world, is how do you — nobody can predict a hit. That's still fundamentally mysterious.

I wouldn't have expected "Touch of Grey" to be a hit.

No. Me neither.

[Lyricist Robert] Hunter's version of "Touch of Grey" is really different.

That shows you the difference between Hunter and me as composers. Hunter can write a melody and stuff like that, but his forte is lyrics. Sometimes he comes up with something really nice, like — "Must Have Been the Roses" is largely his melody, and I thought it was really lovely the way it worked. And so I used it pretty much the way it is, with only a few little changes. But other things I changed so they have absolutely no relationship to his original — "Touch of Grey" is a good example.

Hunter, a lot of times, after the song is done, he rewrites it, and says, okay, that's your version, now here's my version. And he chooses to take the opposite tack. Sometimes he rethinks what he's done and decides, well, this would've been a better ending. But usually he doesn't insist that I use it. Like he's got a verse that he's been wanting to do for "Friend of the Devil" for a million years. I refuse to do it.

else. I prefer that. I prefer to be hanging.

In folk music, I've always been fond of the fragment. The song that has one verse. And you don't know anything about the characters, you don't know what they're doing, but they're doing something important. I love that. I'm really a sucker for that kind of song.

Hunter's a very prolific lyricist; how do you decide what to turn into songs?

I don't decide. He'll give me maybe ten songs at a time. I'll take them and read through them, and look at them and look at them and look at them, and sometimes I'll sit down at the piano and fool around a little. And one of 'em will start talking back to me, or maybe two of them, or three, sometimes. All of a sudden a line or two will start resonating — I'll have it going around like doggerel, like skip-rope stuff, and pretty soon I'll

words, or something about the way a word sounds, or something about the meter, or something about something in it. Sometimes I don't even know what it is. Sometimes the sense of the words doesn't occur to me until years later. There's just something about them that I feel, yeah, this song speaks to me. I don't know why, it's the same reason why you like some music and you don't like other music. There's something about it that you like. I don't find it's in my best interests to try and analyze it, since it's fundamentally emotional.

We've lucked out and gotten some really nice songs. I mean, I have the experience of singing those songs over the years, so I know how really nice they are. It's hard to sing a song that doesn't mean something to you, and it's hard to have a song keep meaning something to you when you repeat it a lot of times. It's a testament to the power of a lot of those songs that I can still sing them and they still



PHOTO: RON DELANY

Hall-dancing Deadheads at Oakland's Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center, where the band provides speakers in the hall for their benefit.

Why?

Not for any reason. Just to be an asshole. Not for any good reason. (grins). It's gotten to be that kind of thing. But maybe I'll blow his mind someday and *do* it.

Hunter has the right to be able to make those decisions downstream. And change them. Like he's got his version of "Lady With a Fan" and "Terrapin" and all that. He's got several versions of it, but one version at least has a beautiful conclusion, where everything comes together finally in the end. I prefer the open — you don't know what happened, we don't know what happened. It's like — "the storyteller makes no choice" — and neither do we. And neither do you, and neither does anybody

start to hear something that fits it, that works with it in some way.

Hunter and I — our best collaborations are when we work together. That is to say, when I feed him a melody, and I say, okay Hunter, I've got this melody, and these changes that go like this. We both agree that that's our best way to work, but I'm such a lazy sucker that I rarely get around to. . .

So as far as his songs, the ones he gives me and that I eventually turn into music, they find me, and it really has to do with an emotional quality, which I can't describe. It's not mechanistic, you know what I mean?

An emotional quality of the words?

It's an emotional quality of the

mean something to me.

Do you have any favorites?

They rotate. I don't have any specific favorites. There are a few songs that I always really love — "Stella Blue" is a song I'll always really love. There are others. There's lots of them, actually. More of them than not, really, because they've already gone through the editing process — just the fact that they exist is a huge amount of pre-editing in there. Like I say, the only ones that find their way into existence are ones that speak to me on some level anyway.

Musical Darwinism prevails.

That's right, exactly. They're surviving because they're fit.

DL0445

Do you have any un-favorites? Songs you would gladly never play again?

Oh, I don't think so. Well, the ones that we don't play, obviously.

"Cosmic Charlie"?

I've always liked "Cosmic Charlie," but it's just really a little too difficult. If I could figure out a way to either just sing it or just play it — but playing it and singing it is a bitch.

People ask us, why don't you do "St. Stephen" anymore? The truth is that we did it to death when we did do it — when we did it, we did it. And people who missed it, that's too bad, you know? We may never do it again. It's one of those things that doesn't perform that well — we were able to make it work then because we had the power of conviction. But I don't think that our present sensibilities would let us do it, the way it was, anyway. We would have to change it some.

What about "Dark Star"?

"Dark Star" we could bring back, but "Dark Star" is so little, you know? I mean, "Dark Star" is only like three or four lines.

Really, "Dark Star" is a little of everything we do, all the time. So what happened to "Dark Star" was, it went into everything. Everything's got a little "Dark Star" in it. I've never missed it, because what we were doing with it is everywhere. I mean, our whole second half [the relatively spacy second set of a Dead concert] is "Dark Star," you could say.

"Dark Star" is an envelope for me, not really a song. But we may bring it back sometime. In fact, I won't say that we *won't* bring back "St. Stephen," or "Cosmic Charlie" for that matter. But it's much more interesting to me now to think in terms of well, let's write new songs.

If I have a choice between resurrecting old tunes and writing new songs, it's going to be new songs. Because it's essential that we stay interested. And there's only so much you can rub up against your own past, and keep loving it. It's fragile; finally it breaks down. Ultimately you can use it up. So it'd be great if we could come up with a whole lot of new tunes. That would be the best thing in the world that we can do. Every time we do come up with a few new tunes it enlivens everything else. So that's what I'm looking forward to, and that's the next priority in terms of what it is that I'm doing in the Grateful Dead.

It seems to me that the vast majority of the first 22 years of Grateful Dead songs have been situated in their own universe, that's everywhere and everyplace and nowhere and no place.

That's right.

And it seems to me on the other hand that *In the Dark* is very much a creature of the '80s.

Well, we're starting to find that place right here. That place that used to not have any strict location — I think if you take *In the Dark* and put it in some other decade, it speaks to that decade just as clearly. And it's equally nonspecific. I mean, if you really listen to it carefully it doesn't say anything that pins it to the '80s. It's stuff that pins it to *this* world, though. That may be the difference — we're finding that living this long of a time in this world and surviving it, there's some things that you start to be prepared to talk about.

Nobody else in the rock world has fans like the Deadheads. Very few people, relatively speaking, follow Bruce Springsteen around the country, go to lots of shows, get into Bruce as a way of life. It's an anomaly if somebody gets into Bruce as a way of life, and if a Deadhead does it, well, that's what Deadheads do. What do you think the Deadheads are finding? Why did it work with you guys and not with all these other people?

Well, a lot of it is because it *is* us, it's not me. For me it's easier to believe a group than it is a person. It takes the weight off that one person, you know what I mean? That's part of it, I think. That's certainly one of the things that makes the Grateful Dead interesting, from my point of view, is that it's a *group* of people. And the dynamics of the group part is the part that I trust. For me that's real helpful.

How do you deal with the Jerry-Is-God people?

I ignore 'em. I know better, you know? (laughs) I mean, no matter who you are, you know yourself for the asshole that you are, you know yourself for the person who makes mistakes, and that's capable of being *really stupid*. And doing stupid things, you know what I mean? On this earth, nobody is perfect, as far as I know. And — I'm right there with everybody else, you know what I mean? (laughs). I mean, you'd have to — I don't know who you'd have to be to believe that kind of stuff about yourself, to believe that you were somehow special. But it wouldn't work in my house, that's all I can say. My kids would never let me get away with it. So far it hasn't been a problem. If I start believing that kind of stuff, everybody's going to just turn around and walk from me (laughs) — Come on, Garcia — you know. And my friends — nobody would let me get away with it, not for a minute. That's the strength of having a group.

It stands to reason that you have a lot of fans among us 40-year-olds, but a whole bunch of kids that are just discovering rock and roll, period, are getting into being Deadheads. How do you account for that?

I just think that there's a certain kind of kid for whom we say something. And it's been that same person in each generation. Back when we started it was the people who were our age, and we've been picking them up younger and younger every decade. And there's a lot of that stuff with people bringing their kids, kids bringing their parents, people bringing their *grandparents* — I mean, it's gotten to be really stretched out now.

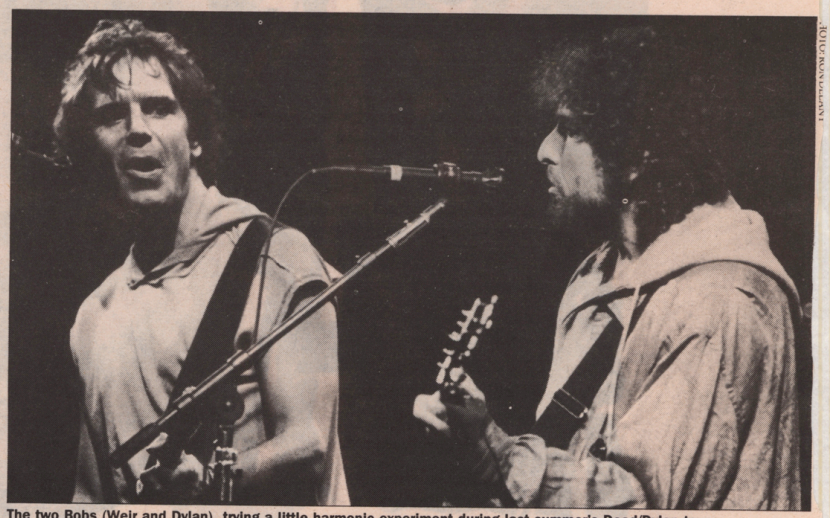
It was never my intention to say, this is the demographics of our audience. I was delighted the first time that people didn't *leave*. Everything above and beyond that is pure gravy. So when *anybody* likes it for *any* reason, *great*. And as far as why or what or the sociology involved or what's happening, or anything, I think...

On that show last night (*Sergeant per: It Was Twenty Years Ago Today*), somebody says, we won. It's over, and we won. They don't know it, the Reagan era is, they don't know...

They're dying off, and we're still here.

They're dying off. The point is, it happened, there was a revolution, and we won. And he's right, and a large part of this is the expression of, yeah, we did win, here it is. You want proof, here's the proof.

We've always basically had that feeling, and the audience is finding something that scratches a lot of itches. The thing of just having fun, having adventures, having something to follow around, having something to bounce off of, having something that's the background music for your life, which is always great no matter how close you are to it, or how far away you are from it. All of those functions get fulfilled, and hopefully the whole little society that's out there now, the new Grateful Dead marketplace out there, and all that stuff, these all represent alternates — these are all the extensions off of the American idea. The American experiment.



JOHN RANSOM

The two Bobs (Weir and Dylan), trying a little harmonic experiment during last summer's Dead/Dylan tour.

Everything you've done from Day One is stuff you're not supposed to be able to get away with.

Yeah, right. And we're here to say that you can get away with it, and that in fact this is the place you *can* get away with it at. This is the place.

And if it works here it can work someplace else.

That's right. If it works here it can work anywhere. I mean, we're buying into that. We're basically Americans, and we like America, we like the thing about being able to express outrageous amounts of freedom, and all of those things, and knowing that

there's all kinds of stuff that goes along with it, that there are no — you don't get something for nothing, there's still cause and effect relationships, life has its ups and downs and all the rest of that stuff, but even so, it's mostly out the other end, you know, it's mostly free space.

Do you think the Grateful Dead had something to do with the fact that we won? Just by insisting on that little piece of metaphysical turf?

I don't know. It may turn out that way. It depends on what happens in the future. It may turn out that way. It may turn out that just the thing of holding out, and being ridiculously — of refusing to lie down.

lifetimes that I can use up. I mean, I'm way out the top end, you know what I mean? This lifetime has led me so far past my own expectations on every level that it would be so mean-spirited of me to criticize any level of life at this point.

I think there are a lot of people who are similarly convinced, and they don't need any convincing or anything like that, and they're going along with what's there, because they know that force only leads to force, you can't fight things by fighting them, some things you can win by just surviving.

An old friend of mine once said, "Yeah, the revolution is over, it was over the first day, the rest of it is a cleanup operation." All this is a

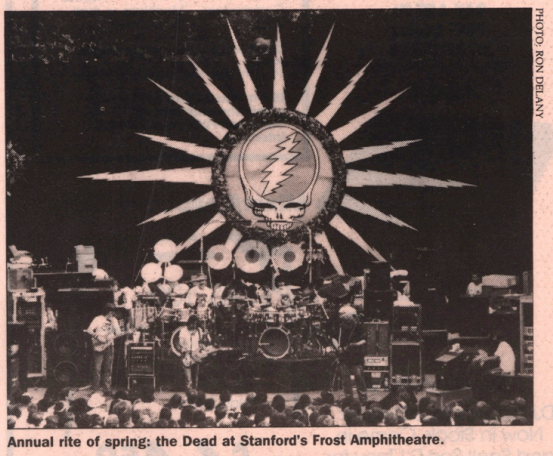


PHOTO: RON DELANY

Annual rite of spring: the Dead at Stanford's Frost Amphitheatre.

But we're not the only ones. I mean, everybody we know — it's not a matter of fashion, long hair, short hair, what you do for a living, or any of those things, it's what you believe. What things did you cling to as the polar beliefs in your life. What's the important stuff to you.

For us, it was never a question of — there never was a debate. It was over from the very beginning. For us, the very first acid trips, the very first excursions into psychedelia was — whatever there is, there's more than we've been allowed to believe. Whatever there is. We don't know what it is, we can't describe it, we just suspect its existence, but we know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there's more than anybody ever let on. We *know* that.

This is not the *Leave It To Beaver* boilerplate.

That's right. You can't lie about that. Once you've had that experience, or an experience like it, there's no going back. I mean, you can go back if you insist upon really blinding yourself, and refusing to look at what your eyes have seen, but for me there never was any going back. That was it. Once opened, I haven't been able to shut 'em, you know? And for me there's still more material than 20

cleanup operation. It may go on for another fifty years, but I believe that the battle is over. The victory is won. It's done. It's over.

But I also — this is not something that I can say unqualified for everybody in the world. This is one of those things that everybody has to see with their own eyes. You can't experience enlightenment for somebody. Everybody has to view it how they will. I don't believe that psychedelics are absolutely necessary, but I think they're surely helpful, at some point in your life when you really feel that there's got to be more than this drab, dull bullshit. They were helpful — I think it's too bad that everybody's decided to turn on drugs, I don't think drugs are the problem. Crime is the problem. Cops are the problem. Money's the problem. But drugs are just drugs.

As far as life and death is concerned, and drug-taking and all that stuff, they ran a little thing last night of all the people who've died in rock and roll in that BBC show, and it's like — the ones I knew were not suicides, they were just people who fucked up. They didn't mean to die, any more than somebody in their car who puts their foot down and the car goes out of control and they end-over-end and they're dead. Death comes at you no matter what you do in this life, and to equate drugs with death is a facile comparison. It's like equating — sure, equate *poison* with death. (laughs) I mean, whatever kills you kills you, and your death is authentic no matter how you die. So I've always thought that was a cheap argument. My feeling about all that stuff is on record.

So you're not joining the Just Say No crowd.

No. I think that's much too easy, and it doesn't address the problems. The real problems are cultural. The problems of the people who take drugs as a cultural trap — I think there's a real problem there, the crack stuff, the hopelessness of the junkie. The urban angst. But hey, when you live in Watts, you need a little smack to get by, you know what I mean? You need something soft and comfortable in your life, 'cause you're not going to get it from what's around you. And society isn't going to give it to you. And as far as I'm concerned, it's like I say, drugs are not the problem. Other stuff is the problem. If we had any nerve at all, if we had any real balls as a society, or whatever you need, whatever quality you need, real character, we would make an effort to really address the wrongs in this society, righteously. Deal with them — okay, what's *really* wrong here? The deep-seated racism — America has its problems, no question, but if everybody's fearless enough, we can deal with them.

It seems, though, judging by the fact that Reagan's in office, that a lot of people are willing to go for the facile answers.

They didn't want to believe that the '50s were over. And they were really frightened by the '60s. And this is their last chance to put up the thing — ah, everything's okay, that was just a little flurry. A little mania of some drug-taking freaks. But they're holding up a ruined edifice. It's coming down. It's on its way down, and nothing they can do — it's too late, really, to do anything about it. Those people are not going to be here that much longer. Reagan can't live forever.

I don't blame them for being afraid. A lot of them had to live through some real horrors, the Depression, the Second World War and so forth, and they deserve a rest. They deserve to be able to spend their final years in non-anxiety, floating comfortably in hypothetical America. And I wish them no ill, you know what I mean? But it's unfortunate that they're creating a kind of second wave of young people who are buying into the same mythos. And who are not seeing, historically, what happened — here was legitimate, authentic, *real* stuff.

But I think when it happened, it was too widespread. It reached everybody that cared, everybody that cared to look, everybody got at least to try — everybody smoked a little pot.

Even Reagan's tame judge smoked pot.

That's right. Everybody did. So it's one of those things where I feel it's just a matter of time, just a matter of sitting it out and waiting for it.

And also people coming up with looking at some of this stuff creatively, and dealing with the things that are real. De-politicizing the whole AIDS thing. We've got some real problems. There's some awful stuff in the world.

Get rid of the knee-jerk reactions.

Right. Exactly. Cut out the bullshit, get the politics out of there, get the unfortunate old notions about human sexuality, all the rest of that stuff. Clear the tables, dump it, let's get rid of it. It's bad baggage. Let's look at the problems. Let's be here now, let's deal with the real stuff. It isn't that hard. It just means that Americans have to not be fearful. It can happen. It will. This stuff will be taken care of. It will be dealt with eventually, I think.

Is there anything in particular in the current scene that you find most spooky-looking?

No. I see more light than I do darkness right now. There is a trend towards understanding, in spite of the forces of endarkenment. They don't have power that they once had. They don't have the power to *scare* that they once had. Stuff that's hidden and murky and ambiguous is scary because you don't know what it does. Now that everybody *knows* the government's crooked, everybody knows that this stuff is manipulative and self-serving — hey, you know, it's just a matter of —

America has always had a long tradition of people really distrusting politicians anyway, a nice healthy distrust of politicians. If that's in place, we're okay. We'll get through all this stuff.

The president of Apple Computer [John Sculley] says that to be successful in this day and age, first of all you've got to do things by group, you can't be the John Wayne company leader, you have to be willing to take chances, make mistakes and learn from them, and the whole company buys into the vision that they're going to change the world by doing the coolest things they can.

Right, that's it.

That's great. That's terrific. There should be more of that stuff out, because that's the stuff that makes America special. I mean, the different points of view, the different ways to make things work.

We've had that problem of identifying ourselves since we have to fulfill all the requirements of being a California corporation. So we've had certain stuff that's false definitions from the outside, that don't have anything to do with the way…So the whole thing is remembering, this is who we are. Remember who we are?

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We are in reality a group of misfits, crazy people, who have voluntarily come together to work this stuff out and do the best we can and try to be as fair as possibly we can with each other, and just struggle through life. And we want to do it our way, we don't *want* to do it that way. So it's just a matter of fictionalizing all the other stuff and putting it in place, and then they get a corporation that looks right to them.

It's just a matter of playing the game. You can do it. It can work. It *is* work, that's the thing. We've discovered that in order to manage ourselves successfully, we do have to take some responsibility for it. So we have our meetings every week and so forth, where we actually do take care of business and stuff like that, and it's *really* against our nature. Everybody really hates it. Any level of authoritarian stuff brings out the weirdo in all of us. We all hate it. But we do it, and it's working. It works out pretty good, we're actually coming to terms with all this stuff. I feel real good about our development on those levels.

Speaking of working with alien structures, are you indeed going to sign another contract with Arista?

Well, they've done so nicely with this last record. And their whole thing is, their whole company has turned over completely since seven years ago, and there's a whole different bunch of guys there, and they seem to be much more on our side now than they used to be. So it's one of those things. Of the alternatives we have, they seem to be — what I think we probably will do is something like this, although I don't know, we haven't really discussed it except loosely. We probably will do something like a one-record deal, with Arista.

That doesn't lock you up for the next ten years of your life.

Exactly. Perhaps we could come up with something that's more like an if-and-when kind of longer-term relationship. But we're wide open. Right now we're wide open.

Are you going to re-release all the out-of-print stuff?

We're in the process of doing it. The stuff that we have control over, yes. And Warner Bros. seems to be pretty much into re-releasing all of their catalog. Some stuff we don't have control over. Arista, however, has just put out a boxed set of their catalog of Grateful Dead CDs that are coming out for Christmas. It's quite a nice package, and I think eventually all our stuff is coming out on CDs. Almost all of it will certainly be out by the middle of next summer.

What do you think about this DAT protectionism stuff?

That's real bad. That's real stupid. It's the record companies trying to make it so people can't make tapes. That's all. Their theory is that the people are making tapes, and therefore they're not buying records, but I don't think that's true. It has never been *very* true. People buy records and *also* make tapes.

The worst thing about it is the notion that they have about how to protect — how to make non-copyable copies, which is to filter out one frequency. Unfortunately the frequency is a musically valuable frequency, so it means that you've got a little notch in your music at 8K, which contains a lot of musical information.

Who would *buy* something like that?

That's the point. They're assuming that people won't miss one frequency. But — I mean, if we were in an audio studio I could show you right now what it sounds like, and you'd hear it. You'd hear it, no problem. It's really stupid.

People have been making tapes for 20 years, and record companies are still there.

Yeah, that's right. They're just being silly. Not only that, but — it's just — it's a bad idea and it shouldn't be encouraged. Congress has been talking about it, though why it's their business I'll never know. It's one of those things that fall under federal copyright — it's copyright violations, so it falls under the copyright acts.

I can think of better ways to do it that would be frequency-additive. I mean, you know, you could put an ultra-low frequency that no loudspeaker on earth could reproduce but that would be easily detectable by some detection device and everything.

The problem can be solved in more than one way, is what I'm saying, even if they really insisted on it. Personally, I think it's dumb. The whole protectionism thing is — they're going too far.

Well, the computer industry's gone the same way. They seem to have decided that copy protection's more trouble than it's worth...it's gotten to the point where it's a legitimate cause for complaint if the software's copy protected.

Yeah, well, if the music companies have any sense at all, they'll take a hint from the computer guys. I mean, what they're doing is not even self-serving, it's just stupid. It isn't going to do what they want, it isn't going to solve any problems, and all it's going to do is make it so that people are paying good money to get a bad product. That's the worst of it.

And the fact that they don't even seem to *care* about that is appalling to me, but it's not surprising either, because in all my years of dealing with record companies I've never yet found record company guys who've actually been to a pressing plant, who've actually dealt with the manufacturing of their product, you know what I mean? So the manufacturing of the product gets short shrift — it's the thing that they are least concerned with. The marketing, yes. Advertising, yes. Manufacture, no. So, you know, at this late date to jump on the manufacture bandwagon and try to protect *music*...

The whole idea of music as product is a little problematical anyway.

That's right, it is. Once it goes on the radio, anybody can copy it anyway. And radio is where it gets exposed, so, you know what I mean...

It all comes around.

Absolutely. That's right. There's plenty for everybody. I don't see the problem.

The problem is that this is out in that protectionism world, so that in the zeal to protect what they view as the capitalist system, legislators, who don't know anything about the dynamics of the music business, might be tempted to put this kind of stuff into place. I hope everybody who hears about it — everybody who hears about it should write their congressman, or if they hear about it coming up, to make their wishes known, that they don't want this stuff in place. It's only a burn for the consumer.

How did you happen to cross paths with Joseph Campbell?

I met Joseph Campbell through Bobby [Weir]. I don't know *how* Bobby met him. All of a sudden he turned up one day at Bob's house, you know? (laughs)

I was a Joseph Campbell fan back in the early '60s when I read *The Skeleton Key* to Finnegan's Wake. Which I was fascinated by, and *Finnegan's Wake* — I was fascinated by James Joyce in the early '60s. I'd known about him for some time, and also of course his heroes and all that stuff, his famous stuff. Weir had no idea who he was, he was just this nice old guy. Every once in a while somebody really incredible pops through — ooh, what happened? boom — there they are in Grateful Dead reality, you know.

Joe Campbell was real fun for a while — he was one of those guys it was great to do an interview with. That panel thing that we did — it was great because we could defer to Joe. As soon as it got too dense — (snaps fingers) Joe! And he would say, well, ah...He would step right in there and talk about the invisible and the unutterable and the — you know, the stuff that I don't like to talk about, frankly.

That's his turf.

That's his turf, right. It was perfect. It worked out to be perfect, 'cause I'll take it all the way up to there, but when it comes to actually talking about the mechanics of the invisible, it takes a guy with 80 years on him. So it was really a drag to have him die on us, you know, just as we...

On the one hand, he was 83 and entitled, and on the other hand...

On the other hand he was an ally that was *really good*. We could've used him for another year or so. (laughs) But — he was a fine man. I really feel privileged to have met him, and to have experienced a little of the joy of life with him. That, I think, is a tremendous gift for me, and I'm an old admirer of his.

That Ritual and Rapture thing was great.

Terrific. I loved it. I thought it was fun. It's the kind of stuff I wish there was more of. And I wish there were more of those kind of open forums in which you could, you know, drag out some of this — some of the arcana.

Right, because there's all this knowledge walking around in people's heads.

Oh, incredible. And that's also part of the thing of sharing the psychedelic experience. The thing of, well, my experience was, blah-blah-blah, this-this-this, you know what I mean? This is valuable reportage that we really *need*, we need to know. It's like mapping out the subconscious. "My experience there was, well, I saw a phoenix-headed giraffe walking around" — you know what I mean? It's just, you know, what about it, where do these images come from, where do these ideas — where does this stuff arise from? What are we really holding? Are there places? Are there names for them? Or locations? What are they, states of mind? States of being? You know, all this stuff is part of the human experience, and some large amount of it is being actively suppressed. So it's like, that's not good, we'll never find out *anything* if we keep doing like that. So the more things that have to do with opening up and getting it out, getting the stories out, getting the experiences out, that gives us a larger vision of what a human being is so we can start to build on that. I think we've gone a long way on a kind of the Judaeo-Christian Graeco-Mediterranean model of what a human being must be...

We tried this out...

Right, here's Pythagoras's version of it, now, you know, let's check it out from the point of view of the twentieth century experiential — let's try it from this end. And we need a new measure. We need a new start — okay, *this* is the basic human. The basic human contains *all* of these contradictions, *all* of these possibilities, let's build out from there. Now let's talk about what we need for laws, how to govern behavior, how to govern each other, how to talk to each other, how to communicate, what structures we need — you know what I mean? Build out from a better model of the basic human. And we're lacking the model. We're lacking a good — we're lacking a modern version of what it is to be human. Somewhere along the line maybe somebody will start to do it. □

Barlow's 4th Memo
To the Californians

February 24, 1988

Neighbors,

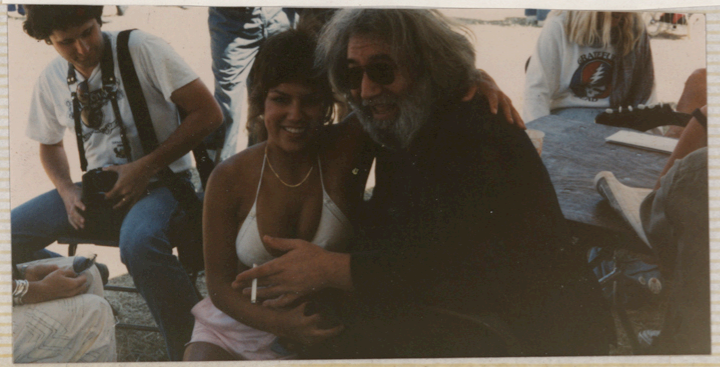
Just before Hallowe'en 1980, the late Bruce Baxter and I found ourselves passing an evening in the Navarro Hotel. In those days Bruce and I often devoted long nights to discussions of moral philosophy.

I can't imitate that voice on paper, but I can hear him plain as yesterday saying, "Barlow, they gotta do something for the kids. These people think they're gonna last forever. Someday this will all be over and their kids won't have shit." We agreed to do something about getting the ball rolling. Bruce was going to will an entire oil field to the Grateful Dead children, and I was going to dedicate the publishing income from "Cassidy" to the education of its namesake.

Though we usually talked pretty large in those discussions, I still believe that the only reason that Bruce didn't perform his half was that he died before he could figure out which field to designate.

In any event, Bobby and I set up the Cassidy Education Fund in early 1981, creating what we hoped would become a model for other, larger educational trusts. It didn't. To the present, the CEF remains the only institution of its sort around here. (And ought to cover about a year of college for her.)

Several things returned me to this subject recently. First was the tale that one of the most dedicated and hard-working members of this community was borrowing money to send his son to college. Second was the boom we seem to be enjoying. Being from Wyoming, booms always set me thinking of busts, and I felt a gathering realization of the fragility of the Grateful Dead. Fortune could smite any one of several guys and lay us all low.



Finally, there was the increasing concern that I feel about the eventual educational needs of my own little girls. It scares hell out of me.

At this point I must express a genuine willingness to withdraw the Barlowettes from the benefits of the fund I am about to propose. If anyone feels this initiative to be self-serving, I would rather exempt them than have the proposal sink under suspicion of its champion's motives.

So I've tipped my hand. I think the time has come to see more substantially to the next generation. Hell, I think we're overdue. Whatever gets set up will already come too late to help the kids that need it now.

It will be argued that any parent working around here ought to be able to afford to send his children to college. That's probably true if you exclude private institutions. But, while the State of California offers some of the best higher education in the country, there is a significant difference between attending college with 23,000 other students and going to a place where one can regularly hang out until 3 AM with full professors.

Trouble is, the really first-rate schools are now beyond the means of any middle class parent. You have to either be richer than God yourself or have a kid who is smarter than God. Unless, of course, you're a single, black mother with AIDS.

I'm not suggesting that there could *ever* be enough money set aside to send all these kids to Harvard (at 30 thou a year). I do think it would be possible to set up a fund which would cover a public education for everyone and at least make a private one within everyone's means.

Discussing it with various people, I don't sense any real opposition to this proposal...in general terms. That nothing happened after the Cassidy initiative had more to do with inertia than antagonism. If there was disagreement, it was over the fine specifics of execution.

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And such details remain the problem. I guess this is why good intentions pave the road to hell. It's one thing to be filled with such expansive good will as Bruce and I were...figuring how and to whom limited scholarships should be distributed is another. This is especially true in a village like ours where the citizens are always swift to think themselves unfairly dealt with. And would be true any time you mix such emotional cargo as money and children.

Maybe it can't be done. Maybe the status quo and the opportunities for petty dispute will combine into a mass too heavy to move. It will certainly be a lot of trouble.

It's *got* to be worth it. We've brought additional people into a world which already has too many. In part, doing so was plain selfish of us. In larger part we did so because we were vain enough to think that *our* kids would be more solution than problem.

Maybe. The problems are going to be huge. See how crazy things have become over the last generation. How bizarre will this society be after another 20 years of stewing in its own juices? What will it take in that world to be a persuasive force for the good?

It will require depth, insight, wisdom, versatility, discipline, and freedom from prejudice. It will require gigabytes of factual information combined with wetware capable of swiftly thrashing it down to the truth. It will require a profound sense of history, of the interconnectedness of life, of literature, of the spirit. It will require education.

Great steaming slabs of knowledge. Like most other things, this stuff has gotten a lot more expensive than it was when Lincoln took on a pretty good load of it for next to nothing.

This is a pretty fat scene right now. It might not even be here tomorrow. The survivors would certainly survive. It's not as though there are no skills around here, but they belong to us, not necessarily our kids. Let's reach through this window of opportunity and leave something in their future...

So. That's how I feel about it. My passion alone will not solve the riddles involved in setting up a scholarship fund. Here is how I would proceed from this point. First,

Resolved,

1. That the Grateful Dead appoint a committee to investigate this proposal at once. (Great way to start, eh? An immediate cop-out!) I would suggest that it might include at least: Rifkin, Ramrod, Hal, MG, Bobby, Eileen, and myself. It also might not be a bad idea to include a few outsiders with particular expertise in investment and higher education.

2. That this committee be responsible for issuing a set of recommendations regarding feasibility, desirability, ways and means no later than a month after its convention.

3. That Hal be asked to initiate a 501c(3) foundation application for the fund as soon as it has a name to apply under. (Rifkin is right...The Rex Foundation shouldn't be used as a vehicle such personal purposes.)

Some Suggestions:

(I present them in no particular order and for the inspiration of general discussion only. The actual guidlines would require knowing a lot more than we know now.)

1. I propose that the main body of the fund consist of a figure which, with interest and gradual depletion between now and about 2010, would provide about $20,000 total to each of the children currently on the scene. Investment of the fund would be controlled by a person or persons knowledgable and highly trusted in the field.

2. The principal amount of the fund could be established by a large concert or series of several small ones. I would also recommend that every member of the organization be able to contribute a certain percentage of his or her salary to this fund (as Hal has already volunteered to do) so that the entire burden doesn't fall

on the band and the Deadheads. Contributions from the outside (as in the Baxter offer) would also be accepted.

3. Determining eligibility could be a little...well, delicate. It recommend it be undertaken by a standing committee of 5 members, 3 of them without children and 2 parents. The parent members would participate in discussions but would not be able to vote. It may be necessary for the board to consist entirely of members from the outside in order for the fund to be tax-exempt.

4. There are a lot of ways to look at eligibility. I would suggest that benefits be limited to recipients whose parents had been officially employed by the Grateful Dead for at least a year at some point during our history. Special applicants would also be considered.

5. In the event that applications exceeded available funds, the board would award scholarships on the basis of academic performance in high school.

6. As in the case of the Cassidy Education Fund, scholarships would not be limited to strictly academic purposes, but any other use would have to be approved specifically by the board with a clear understanding that the fund is designed to be *educational*.

7. Requests for assistance with private secondary education would be considered only if all requests for college assistance had been met for that year.

These are just a few of things which come to mind. There will be a lot of tough questions to answer regarding investment policy and responsibility, tax liability, ethical righteousness. But if we don't ask those questions, they won't get answered and we will continue with the same state of affairs which got Loose Bruce so exercised almost a decade ago.

We've got to start building the future with a harder currency than faith alone.

Upward and onward,

I. BARLOW

On the Town

Quiet! The Dead Is Playing

John L. Wasserman

IT WAS ALONG about 10:15 on Saturady night at the Cow Palace, the Grateful Dead was tootling away to 14,000 true believers and I was exchanging whispered comments with Augustus Owsley Stanley III, American folk hero (Consciousness-Raising Department), currently ensconced as chief conceptual theoretician of the Dead's overnight-legendary sound system.

We were standing a few feet off to the side of the stage. We were whispering because we did not wish to distract those around us listening to the tune. Then it struck me. I was whispering at a rock and roll concert.

There are certain American traditions with which one does not tamper. One does not sing fight-songs at chess matches. One does not dance the polka at Martin Luther King memorial services. And one does not whisper to communicate at rock and roll concerts. One yells, one screams, one employs sign language if necessary, but one does not whisper.

* * *

AND THAT'S A good part of the story of "The Sound Check," the Dead's four-hour Saturday night concert which marked the unveiling of the sports-arena version of the band's music reproduction machine. The sound was simply phenomenal. It was clear without being loud, loud without being distorted and clean as wax job everywhere in the huge arena. Every note played by each instrument was detectable and definable.

It is no wonder the Dead can play four-hour concerts and permit the audience to go home still walking a straight line. Loud, distorted sound (which has traditionally been redundant) is, by itself, physically exhausting and never mind the permanent damage to hearing. Loud, clean, well-dispersed sound is another matter. And that's what eight years of work and about $350,000 (a more representative figure, according to soundman Dan Healy, then the $200,000 I used on Friday) has accomplished.

What Owsley (now known variously as Bear, The Bear and Z. Bear) was whispering about was the future. "It's just the beginning," he said, referring both to the Dead's music and the sound system.

I have no doubt he's right. After 10 years of music making, the Dead continues to play more sophisticated music with every exposure. Bear and bassist Phil Lesh are deeply into the music of Charles Ives, for example, and it is no idle foray. The concert on Saturday ranged through assimilation of country, blues, rock and jazz influences but was always, first and foremost, Grateful Dead. Every song, whether Marty Robbins' doleful "El Paso" or Jerry Garcia and Robert Hunter's controlled burn of "Casey Jones" was mellow, laid-back and unforced.

Further, especially now, with the extreme clarity of the music, it is fascinating to hear the interplay and harmonics exchanged between instruments and voices. What the Dead has developed, among other things, is a mini-symphonic concept in which each tune has two or three or four movements. They will always be, fundamentally, a rock and roll dance band, but it becomes increasingly inaccurate to think of them as only that.

* * *

THE BAND PERSONNEL, which has remained stable now for about two years, save for the death of Pig Pen, comprises Garcia, rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, bassist Lesh, drummer Bill Kreutzman, singer Donna Godchaux and keyboarder Keith Godchaux. I was particularly struck at the Cow Palace by the extraordinarily silky, molten sound of Garcia's guitar and the creative attack of Weir, whose role is generally filled in a far more passive and unimaginative manner.

Miscellaneous notes: "Wake of the Dead," the band's first album on their own Grateful Dead label, has now surpassed sales of 450,000 units, putting it within range of a gold album . . . they start recording a new album today . . . the next tour, of the Northwest, including a turn at the Spokane World's Fair, begins in May . . . Glen McKay, co-founder of the legendary Head Lights, was in attendance, as was Ramblin' Jack Elliott . . . Garcia has a solo studio album due in May on Round Records, the Dead's second label . . . as does Robert Hunter, the group's lyricist, his first.

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