BOOK FIVE

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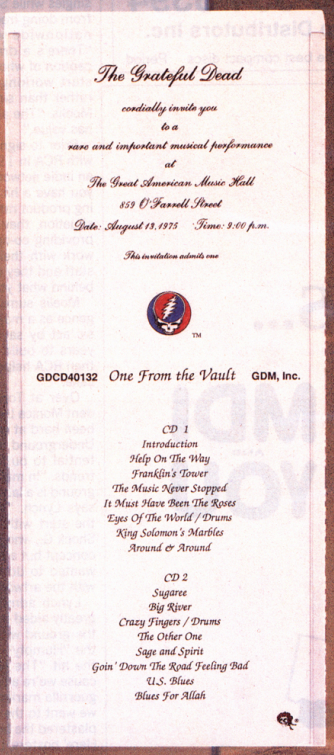
BILLBOARD - 3/30/91

The Wait Is Over...







ONE FROM THE VAULT

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THE GRATEFUL DEAD: BUSINESS AS UNUSUAL

By Matthew Gilbert
GLOBE STAFF

Chances are, you've met the stereotypical Deadhead. And chances are, he irked you. Innocently, but forcefully, he held you hostage to his music, which he claimed was more than music: the good old Grateful Dead. "They're a band beyond description," he'd say, reciting scripture. His hissing, ancient bootleg tapes were endless, and distressing, "Dark Star" sidling in and out again like a bad dream. While God spoke to him through Jerry Garcia's effusive guitar riffs, you wanted to go wash dishes.

The more you voiced your dislike, of course, the more this head espoused the Dead, speaking as if they were old friends. "Jerry's tired on this jam," he'd say knowingly, or "You have to catch them on a good night." His walls were plastered with psychedelic posters, his bookshelves with Kerouac and Kesey. And when tour time arrived, every year or so, he was in full flower, on the road, a spectacle of silk-screen and E-Z Wider. Next Satur-

DEAD, Page 50



For the Grateful Dead, it's b

■ DEAD
Continued from Page 47

day, at Foxboro Stadium, you'll find him dancing and trancing, the hero of his own movie.

This Deadhead, of course, seemed like a cartoon. He was a relic, wrapped up in the romance of a brief '60s past. His Fillmore tapes, his yellowed Beat classics, his love-Haight philosophy – they were a tired nostalgia trip. But in this, the 25th year of the Grateful Dead, it may be time for reconsideration. With all his dusty faith, our Deadhead friend is very much present tense. He and his fellow fiends, it seems, have created a rock phenomenon that is as enduring as it is unique. And each year, thousands of converts join them in their monomaniacal trek down the golden road.

As proof of the Dead culture's vitality, go to a Grateful Dead concert in 1990. Right beside the many die-hard older fans, you'll find scads of teen-agers wearing tie-dyed T-shirts and ponytails. Last year, the Dead were the country's fourth-highest-grossing concert act (behind the Rolling Stones, the Who and Bon Jovi). Since the release of their 1988 album, "In the Dark," the band has reached new heights of popularity. For the first time, you'll find their songs on the charts. Once again you'll find Garcia on the cover of Rolling Stone.

At a Dead show, you'll also find that, as a musical unit, the band seems self-rejuvenating. The players and the song list have remained nearly the same for 25 years, but they still find enough inspiration to play sometimes for four hours. Constantly on the road, they are continually experimenting with new sounds and new technology, particularly Garcia's recent affair with MIDI programmed-guitar effects. "Victim or the Crime," for instance, a song on their new album, features a heavy barrage of high-tech guitar riffs that is cutting-edge all the way. And in the last few years, members of the Dead have been seen onstage with Elvis Costello, Bob Dylan, Ornette Coleman, the Neville Brothers, Edie Brickell, Bruce Hornsby and Suzanne Vega, to name a few.

How have the Grateful Dead come about their longevity? How has this exercise in anachronism weathered a quarter of a century so far?

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There's something embarrassing to nonfans about the devotion of Deadheads. The emotional commitment between the band and its following is passe – it's too sincere. In the late '70s, when bands such as Talking Heads and the B-52's were at their mocking best, irony became the dominant rock-music sensibility. No one got too serious. The Dead, however, continued on their hippie-rock track. You'd never hear them goofing on sexual roles, for instance, or on rock music itself. They have remained stubbornly out-of-time.

This notion is nothing new to Deadheads. In fact, they seem to revel in the stable history of their band, which was known as "good old Grateful Dead" long before it was particularly good or old. As Dead fans, they consider themselves beyond fashion, explorers of the eternal consciousness – the consciousness that, at one time, was thought to be found only through use of LSD. They hold dear the legends of carefree figures such as Neal Cassady and the Merry Pranksters, who were immortalized in books such as Tom Wolfe's "The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test." Such books are their bibles.

The words of Robert Hunter, the Dead's primary lyricist, promote this aura of legend. His poetic songs are loaded with classical allusions – to the Bible, to American history, to medieval England – which he plays off. "Light a candle, curse the glare," from "Touch of Grey," derives from the Chinese proverb "It is better to light a single candle than to curse the darkness." Hunter adapts the Sermon on the Mount's "You are the light of the world" to exhort, "Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world." Such references are everywhere in Dead songs, reminders to listeners of the way things have stayed the same, even while they have changed.

In the music, as well, the Dead exude a certain sense of history. At a Dead concert, there is the feeling that not too much has changed since 1970. Songs that the Dead have been playing since their first years together, such as "Morning Dew" and "China Cat Sunflower," are still in the rotation, just as prominent as the newer material. While most long-lived acts eventually eschew their early songs, the Dead continually pump life into their old standards, jamming them into new shapes and sizes. They are still who they were, in some ways.

Furthermore, most of the cover songs they play are traditional in origin. They precede the existence of the Dead, lending another tinge of the past. "Going Down the Road Feeling Bad," "Cold Rain and Snow," "Morning Dew" – they're in the American grain. They speak of the Depression, the downtrodden, hopping freight trains. The newer cover songs – such as a group by Dylan including "When I Paint My Masterpiece" and "Queen Jane Approximately," the Beatles' "Hey Jude" and the Band's "The Weight" – are, in a sense, newer classics; they update the same American canon.

The stability of the personnel also lends a sense of history to the Dead. Since the very beginning, Garcia has been the eternal Captain of lead guitar; Phil Lesh has been the intellectual on bass; Bob Weir's been the whiz kid on rhythm; and Bill Kreutzmann has been strong and silent on drums. While other band members such as Pigpen, Mickey Hart, Tom Constanten, Keith and Donna Godcheaux and Brent Mydland have provided some flux in the lineup, the center has held remarkably.

In these ways, the Dead form a sort of institution, one that is indeed built to last. They grant a sense of membership, a stable identity to rock fans seeking more than the latest fads – seeking, in fact, the opposite of trendiness.

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For most Deadheads, the intimacy of the concert experience is as important as this sense of tradition. They like to feel as though the band members are their friends. The Dead dress as the Dead, generally in T-shirts and jeans. Their tours, which occur with amazing regularity, have no formal names, like "Steel Wheels" or "Blond Ambition" – it's

DL0502

usiness as unusual

simply another Dead show. Once they are onstage, and generally not before that point, they decide which songs they'll play. They try to be completely present for their audiences, unobscured by any prepackaged designs.

Often, the songs they choose to play will tweak their fans. Playing "Loose Lucy" for the first time since 1974, for instance, can create a small sensation, as the information is carried from show to show by fans who follow the group on tour. But more than what they play, it's how they play it. As conventional song structures dissolve into extended jamming, the band members follow their imaginations with their instruments. In a sense, as you sit in the audience you are within the group brain as it discovers the song. "The music plays the band," according to one of their lyrics. It's a pensive style, turning one moment to jazz, the next to blues, the next to African heat; it's all very interior and nonconfrontational. There's a rhythm, but it doesn't affront – it's usually more of a shuffle.

While Dead songs aren't confessional in nature, there's something personal about the band's performances. If they aren't feeling good, or together, then they may play listlessly. And when it's a bad night, Deadheads know it. Mediocre concerts, with aimless space jams, are a constant threat on the tour circuit. But if there's a spark among the band members, the fans are ignited. The songs are lively, the jams are bright. While most fans prefer to hear a hot show, they are generally sympathetic and forgiving of a bad one. No hard feelings.

This friendly environment is in stark contrast to that surrounding other older acts such as the Stones, and newer ones such as Madonna, who are very big business right now. These performers are under stunning financial pressures. To avoid risk of failure, they tend to produce prefabricated concerts, laden with staging and spectacle. Their tours are exercises in ultra-careful planning, and the goal seems to be to make each show look and sound the same. With formidable music-business machinery, these acts draw their audiences into the arena, deliver the product and send them home with a T-shirt. There is a barrier between the musician and the audience that can be summed up in one phrase: business savvy.

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The Dead have managed to transcend this business-oriented band/audience paradigm. Their new-found popularity has occurred without any marketing muscle; it simply happened to them. As businessmen, they've remained loyal to their early ideals of small operations and musical experimentation. This is a band that, upon the release of its first Arista album, "Terrapin Station," didn't play any songs from the album at a concert attended by label boss Clive Davis. This is a band that generally allows fans to tape its shows, even designating areas for tapers. Try holding up a mike at a Stones concert.

The Dead actually attempted to keep their entire operation independent of the established music industry. Back in 1973, with the core group of friends that had formed around them, their "family," they began their own record label, Grateful Dead Records. They stepped up contact with fans, via their Dead Freaks Unite program, and by 1974 there were approximately 80,000 names on the mailing list. They developed their own sound system, a 23-ton "Wall of Sound" they lugged from gig to gig.

None of it was viable. Records from the label – among them "Wake of the Flood," "From the Mars Hotel," "Blues for Allah" – sounded high in quality, and the Wall of Sound was loud and precise. But the energy and money it took to keep these monster enterprises moving sapped them. Since then, the Dead as a business have pursued the art of compromise. They make the best of rock realities – arenas, for instance.

Since the "In the Dark" explosion, many of the band's newer fans have caused trouble at the gigs. They arrive early, stay late, make a mess, flaunt their drug use – and aside from unpleasant concertgoing, the result has been a lot of bad publicity and busts. A few arenas have asked the band not to return. In response, the Dead launched an all-out campaign to educate their new fans. Fliers on concert "Deadiquette" were issued with all mail-ordered tickets; the band asked that all camping at stadiums stop; they sent radio spots, asking fans to be civilized, to areas on their tour route. They've tried a number of experiments in ticketing and promotion as well, such as announcing shows only a week or so in advance, with tickets available only locally, to discourage ticketless travelers from hanging out. They are trying to keep in touch.

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The most obvious paradigm for all this shared consciousness is religous ceremony, not rock concert. And it is not uncommon to hear Dead shows referred to as religious events, or Deadheads as religious fanatics (maybe that's why you can't stand your Deadhead friend). The pilgrimage to concert sites; the ritualistic behavior, which sometimes includes the ingestion of drugs, the host; the preachers on the altar; the martyrs, like Pigpen and Janis; the spiritual lift from the words and the music; the unlimited devotion.

But more acurately, the Grateful Dead are a quasi-religion. The ritual is for ritual's sake; there are no teachings, really. The dominant imperative seems to be to have a good time, en masse, without hurting anyone. The Dead recede from didacticism. Their lyrics, by Hunter or not, seem to keep their roots in the hallucinogenic: What is learned is not exactly communicable, and always beyond judgment, except to someone who takes the same strange trip at the same time. The narratives are captivating but so undefined in space and time that their real-world implications often remain nebulous. When there are messages, they are elliptical and existential, or token and uninspired ("Nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile"). If there is a directive in the lyrics, it's about growing older ("Every silver lining has a touch of gray") or about growing through paradox into spiritual enlightenment ("It's all a dream we dreamed one afternoon long ago").

Aside from a commitment to the survival of the rain forests, the band members tend not to preach in public. Their mode is generally apolitical. In a number of interviews, Garcia has said that he doesn't vote, that he's chosen not to choose from among the lesser of evils.

• • •

While the Grateful Dead's music may not suit most tastes, it's hard to deny the appeal of their presence in the rock music business. With their seemingly pure intentions, they are its core of integrity. They play for music, not money, reaching for their audience's ears and not their wallets. Wish your Deadhead friends would wear Walkmen; wish they would all move out West. But after all is said and done, perhaps it's time to be grateful for their endurance.

Ralph J. Gleason

Large Halls, Huge Sums

WHEN we read about the amazing concert tours by the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, Led Zeppelin and others, including Elvis Presley, which sell out all seats coast-to-coast even before the first concert in the tour begins, we may well wonder if we will ever again see any of these stars in more intimate surroundings.

Not that the Civic Auditorium is exactly an intimate surrounding, but the Rolling Stones and Elvis did play there and in the past such stars as Dylan regularly played the Berkeley Community Theater, a concert hall with approximately 3500 seats.

Now it is a rare day indeed when one of the top groups in pop music or one of the top single stars will play a 3500-seat hall, much less ever consent to play a small club. Boz Scaggs and Van Morrison do it now and then, but most headliners do not.

Several things are involved here, as I see it. Firstly, there is a change in the relationship between the audience and the star. In past years, even as far back as Al Jolson and Sophie Tucker, the stars were huge box office attractions but not proportionately as powerful as they are today. I doubt seriously that even at his peak, Jolson could have sold out halls the size of the Coliseum coast-to-coast. Records were a lesser factor in popularity in those days, for one thing, and the instant media impact had not yet been invented. It took time to get the mass impression that TV can now produce overnight.

That's part of it. Audiences were willing to wait in line to buy seats at Broadway shows or for seats to a week-long engagement in a road company version.

Now the concert by Sinatra, Presley, Dylan, anybody, is, in and of itself, an instant event. You have to be THERE and THERE is where it's at on the night it happens. Like an opening night every night. Some kind of other dimension is added by one-night-stand availability of a huge pop figure.

WHAT WOULD happen if the Rolling Stones or Dylan, for instance, were to take over the Opera House or the Berkeley Community Theater for a ten-day or 30-day engagement, six shows a week plus two matinees?

I think that beyond



the shadow of a doubt there would be a total sell-out in 24 hours. But I also do not think that a sell-out is enough.

The basic problem is the way the pop artist sees himself and whom he listens to. In years past, an artist would turn down a week's work at a club rather than take a lower price than he had established himself as being worth previously. It was regarded as a come-down to take less and, implicitly, the lower price might then be established as the norm.

Today's pop artists can gross huge sums from a weekend at a big outdoor concert or even from one night at a huge amphitheater.

To offer them instead a week-long engagement (groups usually work weekends only and occasionally throw in an early-in-the-week date) which would add up to less money for six nights than they can make in one is rather mind-boggling.

IF, INDEED, a group can be persuaded to do this, or can persuade itself to do it, that decision is immediately challenged by a whole lot of people. Managers, agents, promoters and the rest will do everything in their power to persuade a group to play for bigger and bigger money, if any persuasion is necessary, for a simple reason. They make more themselves that way.

Control of their own careers is really no greater today with our crop of pop stars than it was in the days of vaudeville and the Palace Theater. Some performers have control because they have the kind of personality that can take and hold control. Others do not. A prime and pitiful example of the latter is Tiny Tim who blew a fortune through bad advice simply because he was naive and not the kind of individual who was capable of fighting.

So when a group such as The Who finally makes a decision to present "Tommy" as an opera for three days at the Metropolitan in New York or some such place, it is a decision which they have had to defend against almost everybody who is in contact with them except their fans. And the fans, at least those who break through to personal contact, are not really used as an intelligence service or a committee of advisors.

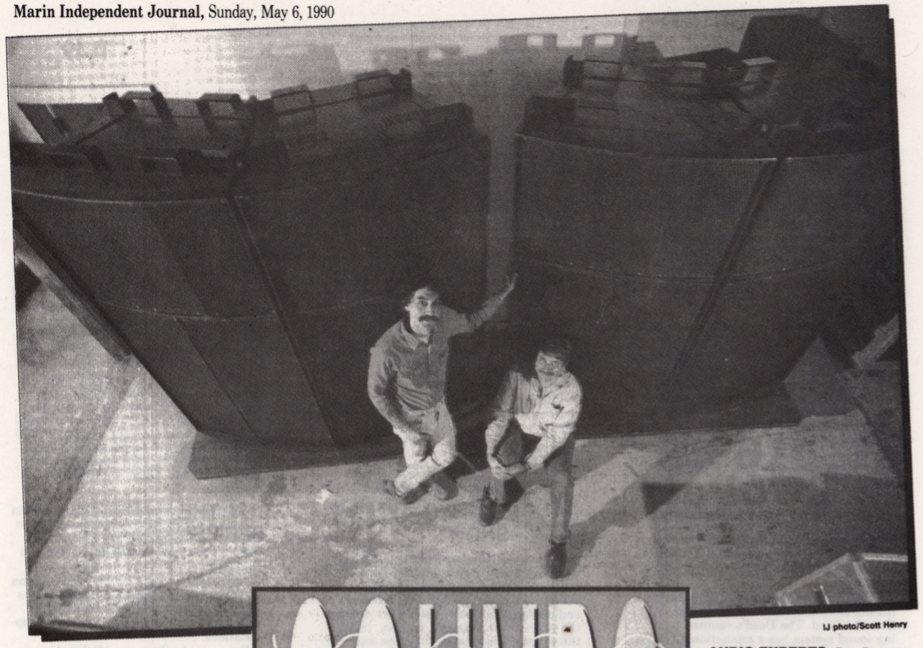
I KNOW of one nationally successful star who wanted to begin a coast-to-coast tour with one or more appearances in a small hall for several reasons, not the least of which was to break in the new show. He was persuaded by his advisors and the promoters not to do this on the grounds that his fans would be disappointed if they could not buy tickets. So he gave in.

They usually do. It would be nice, once, if things could work out so that the pressures on an artist would permit him to do it the way he really wants to. There's the excitement of the big crowds, of course, but no one really thinks of it as music any more. It's an event. A show. An experience.

On the other hand, there are certainly several individuals and groups who could successfully fill the Curran Theater or even the Opera House for two, three or four weeks at a time, at top prices, too. Not only is the primary audience for them that large, but it is an audience that is full of repeaters.

EVERY time one of those groups, the real heavies in the business, plays a two-show night at the Coliseum there are many who buy seats for both shows.

Successful groups are like snowballs. As they roll along, they get fatter and fatter. More and more people attach themselves to the unit in one capacity or another and eventually the payroll is so big that the group has to go out of business in order to survive, almost. The Grateful Dead had to retire for a year, their family expenses, as they put it, were so high. The expenses, that is.



IJ photo/Scott Henry

AUDIO EXPERTS: Don Pearson (right) and Howard Danchik: 'We don't want the sound to just be loud. We're trying to make it sound like a hi-fi in your living room'

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME

ULTRASOUND

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Editorial Comment

Dead Quality

A rock 'n' roll band is an unusual place to find an outstanding employee care program, but then there's very little that's usual about the Grateful Dead.

In the incendiary world of rock music, where most performers burn brightly—and burn out—almost as quickly as they are discovered, the Dead has been shining for more than a quarter century. Instead of barring recording equipment from their concerts, a standard practice designed to protect record sales, the band embraces fans who want to record performances and sets aside a special area in concert halls to accommodate their equipment. Instead of scheduling months-long, coast-to-coast concert tours, the band limits its tours to about three weeks at a time and usually takes a month off after each tour.



While the secret to the band's musical success is a subject better suited to a music industry publication, there is no secret to what keeps its business running smoothly: the band takes care of its employees. As reported by Mark Memmott in *USA Today*, Grateful Dead Productions employs about 50 people full time. Their average annual salary is estimated at $50,000, with those at the top end receiving about $100,000. The company pays for health and life insurance and has established trust funds for college-age children of long-time staffers. A profit-sharing system has been established, and there probably are healthy profits to be shared. A music industry source estimates that in 1990 the Dead had ticket revenues of $29 million, with perhaps 50% of that total making it to Grateful Dead Productions after concert expenses were paid. Record sales and band-related souvenirs also contribute to revenues.

Support goes beyond a paycheck and benefits. *USA Today* reports that road crew members are entrusted to do their jobs with very little supervision. Their opinions are valued, too. A member of the band's sound crew said that if a new $100,000 piece of equipment is needed, all he has to do is provide facts that support the purchase and he gets the equipment.

The Grateful Dead takes care of its fans, too. Besides allowing tape recorders at concerts, the band keeps its ticket prices at or below the average price of other rock concerts. Although a Grateful Dead concert can be nearly twice as long as those of other performers—3.5 hours compared to two or less—the band plays from a 140-song repertoire in which no songs are repeated during a four-night stand in one city. Provisions are made to sell some tickets for each concert by mail order so that fans don't have to interrupt their schedules to stand in line for several hours.

Where does the Grateful Dead fit into the quality field? There are signs that a quiet transition is occurring there. Rather than adopting the quality processes of a specific quality leader such as Crosby, Deming, Feigenbaum, or Juran, organizations are instead adopting the techniques employed by Florida Power & Light, Milliken & Company, Motorola, and Xerox. Is it time to add the Grateful Dead to that list?

Brad Stratton
Editor

Quality Progress: JUNE 1991

DL5of4



By Paul Liberatore

IJ senior features writer

IT STARTED OFF simply enough. In the mid-'70s, when Don Pearson and Howard Danchik were a couple of young roadies for the rock group Hot Tuna, the band needed a piece of equipment called a harmonizer, but didn't want to lay out the money to buy it.

"So we said, 'Why don't we buy it and rent it to them?' " Danchik recalled.

Now, 15 years later, Pearson, 48, and Danchik, 43, are still supplying gear to rock bands, but on a scale they never would have imagined.

These two electronic whiz-kids are partners in UltraSound, a $2 million-a-year San Rafael-based company that provides concert sound systems for some of the world's top touring acts.

"All we wanted was for rock concerts to sound good," Danchik said. "Little did we know that it would be a big business."

UltraSound has worked with Bob Dylan, the Jefferson Starship, the Bangles, Yes, George Thorogood, Lou Reed and Debbie Gibson, among others.

The company is currently doing the sound for the Boitano-Witt Ice Skating Tour (at the Cow Palace on May 14), including placing tiny microphones in the two stars' skates that amplify the whooshing sound of blade against ice — in stereo no less.

But UltraSound's most enduring and fruitful association has been with the Grateful Dead. The Dead's vaunted touring sound system has a reputation for being the best in the music industry — loud and clear with practically no distortion or noise.

It didn't just get that way automatically, but has been developed and fine tuned from thousands of live shows.

The Dead, who are celebrating their 25th anniversary this year, maintain a rigorous touring schedule, playing 70 to 80 shows a year to satisfy the legions of Deadheads, many of whom tape the concerts themselves on home recorders.

Under the direction of Dan Healy, the band's engineer and sound mixer for the past two decades, Pearson and UltraSound have worked every show since 1980.

"I'm self taught," Pearson said. "I learned by being on the road, sitting in a dark truck with a flashlight in my teeth, trying to make something work."

Just as the band specializes in a form of creative anarchy, spontaneity and improvisation, the sound technicians are constantly experimenting, inventing, pushing the envelope of technology.

"We don't want the sound to just be loud," Pearson said. "We're trying to make it sound like a hi-fi in your living room. Dan Healy keeps us on the cutting edge of technology. It's never the same two tours in a row."

In the old days when the Dead started, becoming a major force in creating the psychedelic "San Francisco Sound" in ballrooms like the Avalon and Fillmore and outdoors in Golden Gate Park and on the streets of the Haight Ashbury, they'd throw some amps up on the stage and hope they didn't blow up in the middle of the show, but they often did.

The setup has gotten considerably more complicated since then. When the Dead embarks on this year's summer stadium tour of the East Coast, it will hit the road with a crew of just under 100 and a caravan of a dozen semi-trucks loaded with tons of sound gear, scaffolding, forklifts, video projection screens and all the other accoutrements of a high-tech rock show.

Typically, they'll use as many as 120 public address speakers for an arena show. Some of their Meyer stadium speakers are 7-foot-high monsters.

The Dead may have a hippie image and disdain flash, but they don't scrimp on their sound in concert, using a system that cost more than $2 million to put together. Their production budget is in the neighborhood of $100,000 a day.

"More and more the music industry is becoming a bottom-line business," Pearson said. "The accountants' theory is, What difference does it make what sound and lights you use as long as you can still sell tickets? But is that fair to the fans? Luckily, there are a few bands that care, and the Grateful Dead are at the top of the list."

UltraSound can handle concert audio in any sized venue, from a 2,000-seat hall to the huge Meadowlands stadium in New Jersey, one of the best designed facilities in the country for good outdoor sound.

Members of the band also keep Pearson and Danchik hopping on outside projects that require them to build and design sound systems and gear for specialized applications.

For example, drummer Mickey Hart recently needed some portable equipment so he could tape sounds inside a rain forest.

"We came up with low noise micro-

Sounds

From page E1

phones and a battery system for Mickey's tape recorders so he could go into the rain forest and record," Pearson said. "The Dead always want something you can't buy. It's never ending."

Working with the band also makes for some exotic musical experiences, like the time Hart brought the Gyuto Tibetan monks to UltraSound's warehouse headquarters in an industrial park in San Rafael to rehearse with the specialized headset microphones the company designed for the monks' American tour.

"It was intense seeing these 24 monks sitting on carpets in here," remembered UltraSound operations manager Jacky Sarti, who laid out an array of fresh fruit and organic food that the holy men didn't even touch.

"They went over to the Coke machine and just emptied it," she said with a smile. "They wanted the sugar."

"New Yorker magazine did a story on them," Pearson added. "It was a typical New Yorker piece about the monks practicing in the shadow of a concrete factory.

"When they were on the road," Pearson went on with a laugh, "they wanted to eat at McDonald's every night."

UltraSound has a full-time staff of about 12, which can double when the company takes on outside projects. It has a wood and metal shop for making speaker cabinets and amplifier racks, a computerized research laboratory and a library packed with 16 years' worth of audio magazines and books.

"We can build anything electronic, or anything out of wood or metal," Pearson said. "We've got a great staff."

UltraSound is forever winning audio awards from industry publications like Pro Sound News and Mix magazine. The company is considered one of the finest in the world, but Pearson and Danchik have purposely kept their business on a modest, manageable scale.

They haven't forgotten why they got into this highly specialized line of work in the first place: Because they love the music and enjoy the challenges that live cocert sound presents.

"We don't want to be too big," Danchik said. "You lose control."

WARRIORS REPORT S.F. CHRONICLE 4/3/92

Dead Assist On Donation To Sarunas

Phoenix

The relationship between the Warriors and the Grateful Dead deepened considerably yesterday.

A charitable foundation whose board includes members of the band voted to give "a substantial donation" to Sarunas Marciulionis and his Lithuanian national basketball team.

"It's a small thing, but a good thing," said Dead spokesman Dennis McNally, who, with longtime crew chief Ramrod, will present a check to Marciulionis tonight when the Warriors play the Sacramento Kings at the Coliseum Arena.

Marciulionis, who last week attended a Dead concert in Auburn Hills, Mich., said he was elated at the donation.

— GEORGE SHIRK

TONIGHT'S GAME

- OPPONENT: Sacramento Kings
- WHERE: Coliseum Arena
- WHEN: 7:30
- TV: SportsChannel
- RADIO: KNBR-AM (680)

Marin Independent Journal Tuesday, March 10, 1992 ■ A7

Grateful Dead's Weir fights Montana forest bill

Associated Press

WASHINGTON — Grateful Dead guitarist Bob Weir of Mill Valley lobbied Congress on Monday against a Montana wilderness bill that he described as a pro-development measure for the timber and mining industries.

"If you look at what's left of the forests in Oregon and Washington, it's really, really pathetic. That's why the logging has gone to Montana," the rhythm guitarist said.

"Logging used to be almost all of Oregon's economy but now it's only 10 percent. And it's not because of the spotted owl. It's because there are no forests to log there," he said.

Weir said he was visiting congressional offices with conservation leaders to try to whip up opposition to the proposed Montana National Forest Management Act of 1991.

In an op-ed piece he wrote for The New York Times last week, he said the bill "attacks the largest remaining old-growth forest in the lower 48 states," allowing logging and other commercial development across millions of acres of the Northern Rockies.

Sens. Max Baucus, D-Mont., and Conrad Burns, R-Mont., introduced the measure last year as a compromise in a decade-old fight over 6 million acres of untamed wilderness stretching from Yellowstone National Park to the Canadian border.

But the critics say only about 1.2 million acres would be permanently protected and most of that is rocks and ice along the tops of ridges.

Several noted scientists — including world-renowned grizzly bear biologist Frank Craighead Jr. — have sounded off against the legislation as a threat to grizzly bears, gray wolves, elk and bull trout.

Aides to Baucus and Burns said Weir is exaggerating the amount of land that would be logged.

Mark Smith, Baucus' timber expert, said the Forest Service only has plans to log about 1 million of the acres.

The bill is awaiting Senate floor debate.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1990/BAM

PHOTO: JAY BLAKESBERG



Grateful Dead sound technician Bob Bralove at the Dead's recording/rehearsal space, "Club Front"

VIRTUAL REALITY—DEAD STYLE

From Stage To P.A. To Audience, The Grateful Dead Maintain A Fidelity To State-of-the-art Sound

By Edward Tywoniak

Timothy Leary was in San Francisco recently, espousing the virtues of Virtual Reality to a throng of futurist experimenters. Like the Hyperspace frontiers of the cyberpunk novels of William Gibson, Leary's vision of this new computer technology embodies endless vistas of unchartered territory within the inner workings of the mind. He zealously believes that this technology represents the next critical step in the evolution of human consciousness—an acid trip in a box, if you will.

It is only fitting that Dr. Tim's lecture was held in the same city where twenty-five years earlier the first consciousness revolution took place with ground-breaking and mind-bending kaleidoscopic circuses known as the Acid Tests. The "experiments" (the brainchild of such luminaries as Allen Ginsberg, Stewart Brand, Ken Kesey, Bill Graham and Neal Cassidy) became the playgrounds of Kerouac's dharma bums, the post-Beat generation of ecstasy-seekers, with the house band for the psychedelic festivals being an unlikely collection of Bay Area musicians known as the Grateful Dead. From this rather auspicious beginning, the Dead has somehow continued the experiment, exporting for a quarter century their own brand of alternate-universe Virtual Reality to anyone willing to grab on.

The Grateful Dead of 1990 is, of course, quite different from the one of 1965. The last 25 years have propelled them into the high-technology world of the microcomputer. Once unimagined consumer electronic gadgets have suddenly become common artifacts in the lives of the musicians and their fans.

Since the earliest days of The Dead, the band has espoused the utilization of the finest equipment available. From the early state-of-the-art sound systems of Owsley Stanley to the current high technology wondersystem from Meyer Sound, Jerry Garcia and company have attempted to give themselves and their audience the ultimate sonic experience each and every time they perform. The band has enthusiastically embraced the latest developments in music instrument and sound reinforcement technology and has employed a support staff of the finest technical artists around.

There's a unique triadic relationship that exists between the band members, the technical support staff and the audience. Each musician, embracing advanced MIDI and signal processing gear, is capable of producing myriad sounds and musical patterns from a virtually limitless sonic palette. In turn, each musical gesture initiated on stage is translated flawlessly through the most accurate concert sound system available guaranteeing exact reproduction of the immense dynamic range and emotional intensity that lies at the heart of the band's music. Finally, following a longstanding tradition of allowing fans to tape live concerts, a virtual subculture of advanced audiophile "tapers" document each performance with banks of $1,000 stereo microphones and DAT digital recorders, and adhere to a strict code of silence within the sacred confines of the "taping area." The results are live recordings that often surpass Dead studio albums in both performance and sonic excellence.

At the heart of the Dead's behind-the-scenes computer music system is Bob Bralove, a quietly passionate MIDI maven and composer. Bralove holds a master of arts degree in composition from San Francisco State and gained early computer experience while working for Micropro and Osborne Computers in the early '80s. It was his association with Osborne that led to his signing on as the keyboard technician for Stevie Wonder in 1982. In 1985, he was first exposed to the Grateful Dead while working on the soundtrack for *The Twilight Zone* television series along with Dead drummer Mickey Hart and Garcia Band keyboardist Merle Saunders. Bralove was later hired to help with keyboard overdubs for the Dead's *In the Dark* album and to assist with the MIDI systems on that year's Dylan and the Dead tour.

Today Bralove is an integral part of the band both onstage and off (he co-wrote with Bob Weir *Built to Last*'s "Picasso Moon"). He is given free reign to explore real-time computer music improvisation throughout each show with the "drums and space" section providing an especially fertile starting point for his electronic musings. Although physically situated behind the percussion riser out of sight from the audience, his sonic presence is felt in not only the spacier parts of each show but throughout each number as he controls and manipulates several racks of sophisticated digital samplers, drum machines and synthesizers from Roland, Korg, Kurzweil and Yamaha. The late Brent Mydland was especially reliant upon Bralove for assistance with his MIDI system. Between Bralove's backstage work, incredible hardware modifications by long-time Dead instrument technician Peter Miller of CAE Electronics in San Mateo, and stacks of equipment played by Bralove, each member of the band has at their immediate disposal a complete universe of sounds and possibilities to incorporate into their musical stew.

Another vital member of the sound crew is veteran soundmixer Dan Healy. Healy is the legendary true survivor who handles the Herculean task of maintaining sonic excellence in the house public address system no matter what the band is doing on stage. Given the improvisational nature of the music and the wide dynamic range of the instrumentation, his is an almost impossible task. But Healy's longtime involvement with the Dead has given him the experience and understanding to pull the task off night after night with seemingly effortless ease, even recently doing his mix with his young son in one arm and a cast on the other.

Healy's tools of the trade are provided by Ultrasound under the loving guidance of Don Pearson. According to Pearson, there is no magic in the components used in the Dead sound system. Assembled from the finest equipment available (including Meyer speakers, Jim Gamble and Associates consoles, a Bruel and Kjaer real time computer analyzer and even a portable weather station monitoring wind and atmospheric conditions), it is a truly impressive system that rivals any road system on tour today.

But while these off-the-shelf components are available to any sound company, none come close to matching the pristine quality of Dead shows. The reasons, according to Pearson, are simple pre-planning and attention to detail. When the system is installed and in place for a performance, Pearson and Healy know that when the spirit moves them, the technology is in place to carry out their wildest sonic fantasies, whether it's a whisper or a roar.

People like Bralove, Healy, Pearson and Miller are the unsung heroes of the Dead's music, artists whose unique love affair with technology has allowed them to produce an art form that is as challenging to them and the front members of the band as it is for the legions of fans in the audience. Indeed, from stage to P.A. to audience "tapehead," there is a symbiotic relationship between all parties that is unlike anything else in music today. ■

ULTRASOUND 70-V WOODLAND AVE., SAN RAFAEL, CA 94901 (415) 459-0100 FAX (415) 457-0264





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SOUND REINFORCEMENT

Healy/Ultra Sound/B&K/Meyer

Adjusting Real-Time Acoustics

E. RUTHERFORD, NJ—As sound reinforcement becomes increasingly sophisticated, sound companies are trying to eliminate or modify acoustical environments so that the concept of the room is eliminated and only the music can be heard, according to Dan Healy, sound mixer for the Grateful Dead. Healy recently demonstrated the next step in making the live sound match the music in the musicians' heads at the Brendan Byrne Meadowlands Arena here last month.

Healy, along with Don Pearson of Ultra Sound, of San Rafael, CA, has been using a Bruel & Kjaer room analyzer and FFT (Fast Fourier Transform) to analyze room acoustics and "shape" the acoustics of individual rooms so that the sound quality is optimized despite poor or less than optimum quality acoustics. At a demonstration before the evening's concert, Healy and Pearson announced the final goal of their research—to plug the B&K's "ears" into a computer which is in turn linked to the mixing console so that the system can adjust sound levels and balance itself "untouched by human hands," according to Healy.

"Data taken from FFT analysis is fed to a third computer to EQ the room in real time during the show," said Healy. "The human factor will be eliminated. This will therefore insure consistency on a day-to-day basis. This is the key with this closed loop interlink.

"This will be the singular largest step in sound reinforcement in the last 10-15 years. In the future, we will see equalizing becoming more cost-effective so small touring companies will take advantage of it. The result will be that no matter where you go to hear a concert, the sound quality will be great."

The test covered one midbass channel out of the roughly 50 possible. Once proven, Healy and Pearson expect it will take three computer programmers six months to a year to create a software program that will cover all the channels. "At that point," said Pearson, "we will have a piece of software that every music organization in the world that uses mixing boards can use—and at a reasonable price."

In addition to a look at the future, the Grateful Dead concerts featured the largest Meyer Sound system ever assembled.

Ultra Sound designed a special hanging array for Dead soundmixer Healy that included 112 Meyer MSL-3 enclosures along with 30 Meyer 650-R2 subwoofers. Logistical coordination for the event was handled by Ultra Sound's new East Coast system manager, Dave Robb, of Woodstock, NY. Enclosures were subcontracted through Audio Support of Irvington, NY, and Capital Sound of Alexandria, VA.

"This is the largest single indoor sound system, in terms of acoustical power, that we have ever assembled," said Healy. "We have 133,000 watts available to drive the speaker system. Since the Meyer loudspeaker system offers a more linear power response than traditional systems, that translates into a lot of sound. By contrast, the Dead's famous 'Wall of Sound' used 33,000 watts of electrical power in 1974."

The five-tier, 14 ton system, flown from 50 points, featured Crest power amplifiers and Gamble consoles for both the house and monitor mixes.

ULTRA SOUND

WEST COAST: 70-V WOODLAND AVE., SAN RAFAEL, CA 94901 (415) 459-0100 FAX (415) 457-0264
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What a long, strange trip it's been

Grateful Dead lyricist draws inspiration from itinerant upbringing

By Burr Snider
OF THE EXAMINER STAFF

THE FIRST Robert Hunter song that the Grateful Dead ever recorded was called "Alligator," and it went, as they say, something like this:

Sleepy alligator in the noonday sun
Sleepin' by the river like he usually done
Call for his whiskey
He can call for his tea
Call all he wanta but he can't call me.

Simple and down-home, it seemed to fit right in with the Dead's folkie-honk bent at the time and Hunter was paid $250 for the lyrics. He spent the money on a car and headed for Seattle looking for work, but the car broke down. This was OK by Hunter since he couldn't afford gas anyway, so he retreated to San Francisco, having decided to try to make it or break it as the "unseen member" of the Dead.

It's quite possible that only hard-core Deadheads will be interested in such arcana from an ancient era, but it is exceedingly likely that Hunter's just-out book of rhymed poems and lyrics, written over a prolific 25-year career, will appeal to a much wider audience. Robert Hunter is an impressive American folk poet, and this comprehensive collection, "A Box of Rain" (Viking; $22.95), replete as it is with images of cowboys and card sharks, hard women and mean streets, cheap whiskey and dudes gone wrong, is as refreshing as a dunk in the horse trough after a hot day riding fence.

Who would've thought that a book of lyrics without the music could be this much fun? Even Hunter himself expresses some reservations about the enterprise.

"Song lyrics are often embarrassed by print, and some of mine are no exception," he warns in the preface. "Rhyme, rhythm and manageable phrasing impose restrictions on what might be said; fortunately, once in awhile, the very limitations help to create something which could be said no other way."

Limitations? Try this stanza from "Stella Blue," a Jerry Garcia staple and possibly one of the most beautiful ballads ever written:

When all the cards are down/ there's nothing left to see/ There's just the pavement left/ and broken dreams/ In the end there's still that song/ comes crying like the wind/ down every lonely street/ that's ever been . . . Stella Blue.

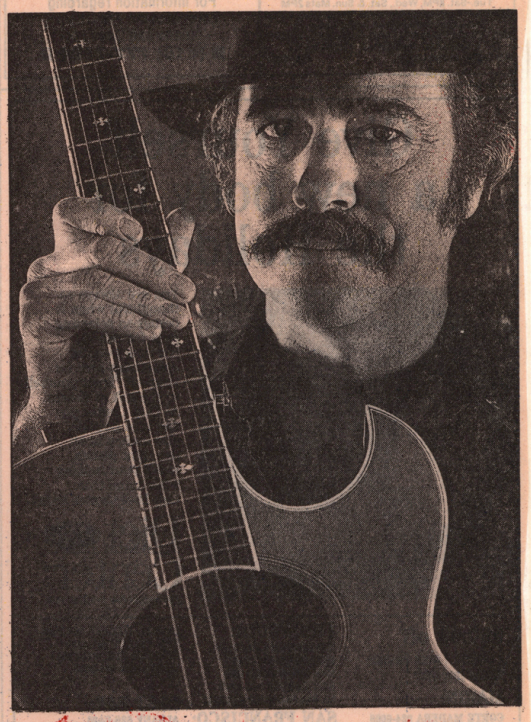
"This is a sobering thing for me to have done," says the usually reticent Hunter. "The feeling I have now is: How can I top this? But I guess I figured it was time to go ahead and lay my cards down. I just hope I don't end up like Steven Foster, though. He wrote all those magnificent songs, and that wasn't good enough for him, so he went and wrote a symphony and brought the unholy wrath of the critics down on his head."

Robert Hunter is more likely to be deified by the Deadheads than vilified by the critics. And, by the way, he'd like to take this occasion to give the honest-to-God true story of how he originally hooked up with the Dead.

"There's a lot of versions of this, but this is the definitive one because it stars me," he laughs. "I was just out of the Army and I had come back to Palo Alto and was just sort of wandering the streets one midnight when I dropped into a coffee house and there was Garcia and a guy named Alan Trist. We sat around and talked and sort of hit it off, and the next day there's a knock on my hotel room door and it's them, wanting to go to Berkeley to see 'Animal Farm.' I had a 1948 Chrysler Straight-8, which I think was the big attraction. We never got to the movie but we started hanging out together."

Later, he says, they were at a party at the house of a Ken Kesey

[See HUNTER, C-9]



Robert Hunter: *"I figured it was time to go ahead and lay my cards down."*

SF EXAMINER 11/26/90

◆ HUNTER from C-1

A long, strange trip it's been

pal named Pancho Pillow. "There was a guitar lying around and Garcia and I both went for it, neither of us knowing that the other one played. I got it first and played a few of my folk songs and next thing I knew this four-fingered hand was reaching toward me and taking the guitar away. And he just sort of held onto it. But I just fell into the scene, and it seemed like a natural thing to do to become the Grateful Dead lyricist."

As to where he gets his inspiration, Hunter says he has to look no farther than his own itinerant upbringing.

"My dad got out of the Navy when I was a young kid and he started banging around with us in tow, and I saw a lot, went to maybe a dozen schools before the sixth grade. We were pretty down and out before my mother decided it was best for us to split up, so I had a good little look at the underbelly there, leaving town in the middle of the night, that sort of thing. I got the flavor of all that.

"I just like that down-and-dirty old-timey stuff. I'm not country and Western, I'm an urbanized boy, but that's in there, too. We *are* a Western band, native Westerners, and that has a tie-in. It wasn't *that* long ago that this was a frontier, and since I've lived all up and down this coast I feel it. Plus I read a lot as a kid — a survival mechanism — and I picked up a [illegible] that lore. It's just a vein I feel is right for us."

It's a vein that's also informed by Hunter's omnivorous reading of classic literature. He brought out a translation of Rilke's "Duino Elegies" a few years back, and he will tell you that one of his proud recent achievements has been to plow through the complete Proust.

So what's it like writing for the Dead? Just fine, Hunter says, but although he and Jerry Garcia have achieved an almost eerie symbiosis in their songwriting over the years, Hunter is often baffled by what the Dead pick of his stuff to do. "Sometimes I'm surprised by the tunes they do, but I'm more surprised by the ones they *don't* do," he laughs. "'Silvio,' for example, they didn't take, and then one day Dylan was flipping through my songbook and he yanked it right out, along with 'The Ugliest Girl in the World,' and he recorded them both. Actually, I don't believe I've ever written a good song that didn't find a home."

That's a lot of good songs. Any special favorites among them? "Oh, I guess 'Ripple,' 'Box of Rain,' 'Stella Blue,' they stand out as having a particular resonance which may be *my* resonance," says Hunter. "These are as close as anything can come to being products of my own emotional life. They're little histories."

Robert Hunter will appear at the Warfield Theatre Monday night with former Grateful Dead keyboardist Tom Constantin. Show time: 8 p.m. Tickets are $19, available through BASS or at the door.



The Beat of a Different Drummer: Mickey Hart

By Joel Selvin
Chronicle Staff Critic

It was Joseph Campbell who first told Mickey Hart his passion for drums was really "a quest." Hart only knew that percussion consumed his life.

But Hart doesn't let his work as drummer for the Grateful Dead take up more than its fair share of time in his life. When he isn't touring with the band, he could be editing tapes of Kaluli tribesmen from the rain forests of New Guinea, meeting with French first lady Danielle Mitterrand about producing a festival of "forbidden music" in Paris next year, restoring Woody Guthrie recordings for compact disc release by the Smithsonian Institution, discoursing with an ivory tower ethnomusicologist or jamming with world-renowned African drummers.

More than 10 years ago, he began seeking the mythic origins of percussion instruments. His "quest" not only led him to such people as Campbell, the late mythologist who became a good friend, but also to British scholar John Blacking, who counseled him not to worry about the origins of drummings but to study the effect of percussion on the human body.

"Blacking was a bad mother----r," Hart said with characteristic enthusiasm.

Chronicle of a Quest

Hart recently published "Drumming at the Edge of Magic: A Journey Into the Spirit of Percussion" (with co-author Jay Stevens), a book more than 10 years in the making, chronicling his quest. A second volume is to follow next year, and a third book book is already simmering in his brain.

Anyone expecting the Dead drummer to be a laid-back, dope-smoking hippie — a character out of Gilbert Shelton's "Furry Freak Brothers" cartoon strip — would be instantly disabused upon meeting the fast-talking, intense Hart, whose behavior sometimes borders on manic.

"We live in a rhythmic universe," said Hart. "This is not cosmic mumbo-jumbo; this is fact. We know that. Everything is vibrating. When you violate the rhythm, you get disease, hardship, grief, all those things that happen when you go against the flow. This is a rhythmic universe. We are machines flowing with it. This is where the book led me."



BY BRANT WARD/THE CHRONICLE

Grateful Dead drummer Mickey Hart worked out on the timbales at his home in Petaluma

Hart truly views the world through a drum. His parents were both drummers, and Hart can remember the powerful emotion he felt as a child experiencing the report of a drum being struck.

"Some people find their passion when they're really young," he said. "I was fortunate. Some people go without it until their rhythms stop — when that last pulse stops, you're gone. I'm doing exactly what I want to be doing. I'm not a madman; I'm just passionate about my work."

Indeed Hart, who lives on a Sonoma County ranch with a recording studio and a collection of exotic percussion instruments, doesn't lead the relaxed life of a country squire.

To Hart, drumming — music itself — is key to a transformation of consciousness. Drumming can induce trances. He talks about how drumming plays a crucial role in rituals. "Why is percussion used in rites worldwide?" he asked. "Why is rhythm always associated with it? Since I was involved in one of those (the Dead), I thought it might be nice to know. Then I fell into the shaman lore. Where did this come from? Nobody made this up. All around the world, they used drums to enter states of consciousness. This couldn't have been manufactured for me."

He met co-author Jay Stevens after reading "Storming Heaven," Stevens' account of the social effect of LSD. They began collaborating on Hart's book through daily telephone conferences with Stevens from his Vermont home and with computer transmissions via modems.

'This Is Hip'

This week, Hart and a colleague are assembling tapes of the Kaluli, a New Guinea jungle tribe that sings and beats on hollowed-out roots. "They think the forest is a tuning fork — this is hip. And they play duets with the birds, the waterfalls, everything," Hart said.

He has a deal with Rykodisc to release "Mickey Hart's World," a series that so far has included recordings by Hart of folk music from Egypt, India, Africa and other world cultures. It includes his own 1976 pioneering world-beat record of the Diga Rhythm Band, as well as a current solo percussion work, titled "Drumming at the Edge of Magic."

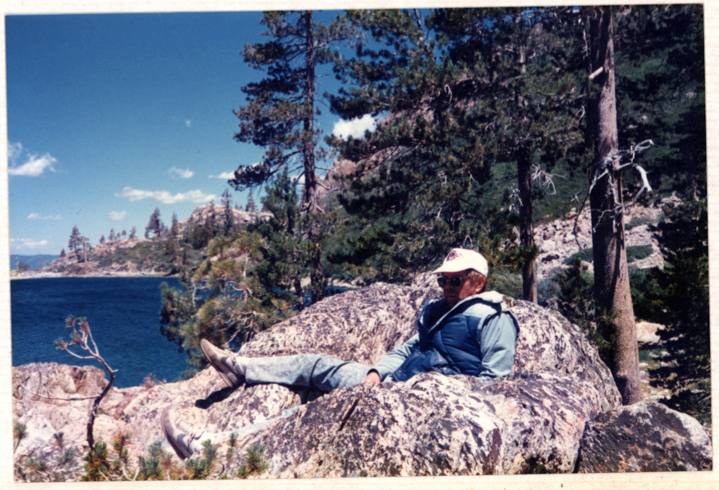
Once rock vocalist Greg Kihn wandered into a local nightclub where a stage full of black African drummers were wailing away, with Hart, the lone white, holding his own in the center. Kihn went backstage afterward and introduced himself. "I just wanted to tell you," Kihn said to Hart, "that you're a credit to your race."

His fellow band members feel similarly, including his close friend, guitarist Jerry Garcia, who co-produced a breathtaking album last year by the Dzintars, the Latvian Women's Choir, with Hart. "Garcia's getting a kick out of this," Hart said. "He takes a custodial interest. 'My drummer, the author,' he says."

Dead's Eclectic Crowd

Playing six sold-out nights at the Boston Gardens, the **Grateful Dead** certainly attracted a fair share of strange backstage guests, including Massachusetts Governor **William Weld,** rockers **Tom Petty** and **John Cougar Mellencamp,** vocalist **Tony Bennett,** avant-garde jazzer **Ornette Coleman,** famed sibling **Livingston Taylor** and, in a wheelchair, the 91-year-old lyricist who wrote "Stardust," **Mitchell Parrish,** whose cousin **Steve Parrish** is road manager for Dead guitarist **Jerry Garcia.**





Drumming into the spirit of percussion

Grateful Dead's Mickey Hart makes personal quest for origins of sound

By Burr Snider
OF THE EXAMINER STAFF

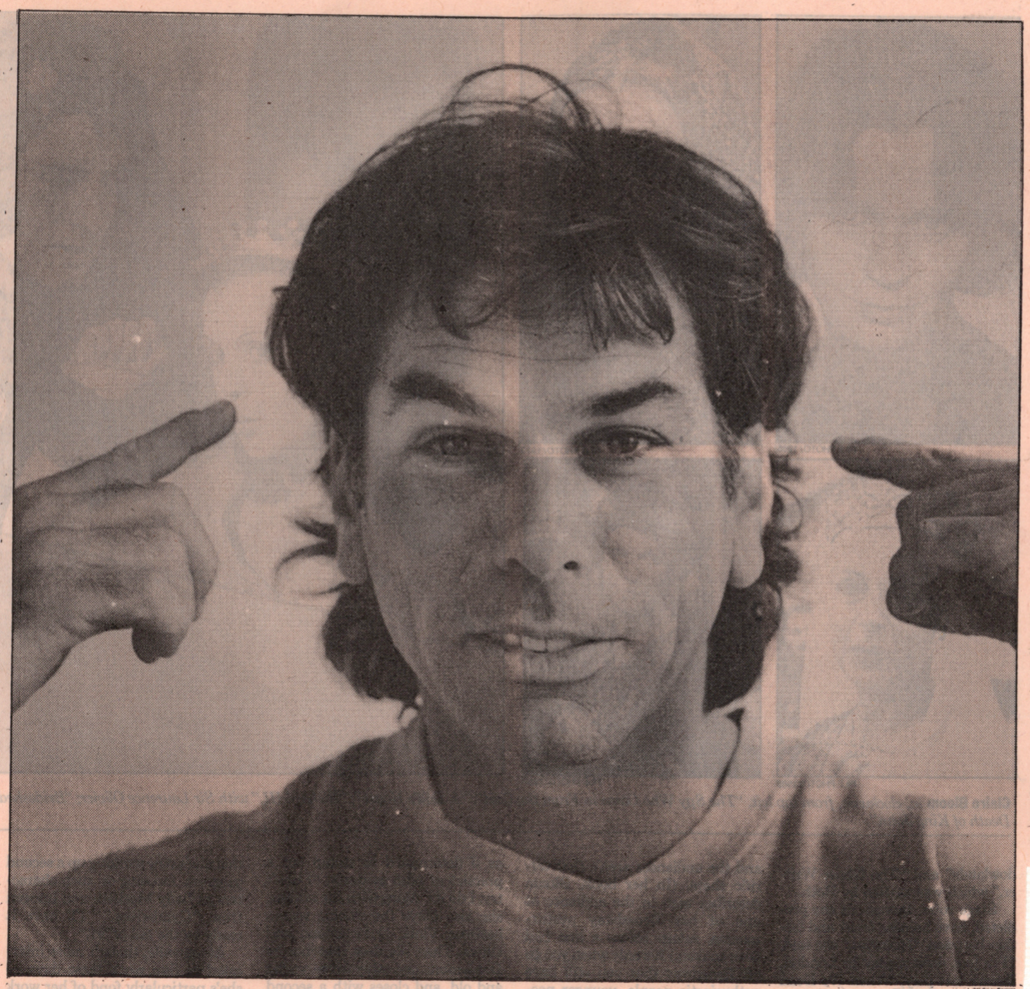
RHYTHM, FOR Mickey Hart, is at the very heart of life's mystery. It is the vibration of existence itself. Hart, for example, once made a recording based on the sound of his son's heartbeat — from the womb.

As any dedicated Dead Head can tell you, Mickey Hart is a "Rhythm Devil," one of the two drummers for the Grateful Dead, the most enduring rock 'n' roll band in history. Anybody who has ever heard a sonic-boom level percussion segment of a Dead concert can tell you how profoundly bone-shaking, if not mind-altering, drum noise can be.

But Hart wears another hat in the world of percussion. For the past 10 years he's been engaged in a passionate campaign of scholarship in the world of ethnomusicology, an exhaustive quest to discover the elemental meaning of drums and drumming in human history. It has been, as Hart puts it, "a journey into the spirit of percussion."

"In the beginning was noise, and noise begat rhythm, and rhythm begat everything else," writes Hart in "Drumming at the Edge of Magic" (Harper San Francisco; $19.95), the definitive — and fascinating — popular tome he has written with Jay Stevens, author of "Storming Heaven: LSD and the American Dream."

And that's where Hart starts his search, at the very beginning, even before the appearance of Homo sapiens on Earth. Percussion, the oldest coordinated rhythmic movement, precedes even mankind, having been practiced by hominids from the dawn of time. Wherever there was ritual or magic or tribal communication, there were drums.



Mickey Hart *became a "hunter-gatherer" among ethnomusicologists to learn the meaning of percussion in human history.* EXAMINER/KATY RADDATZ

There was no road map, a blank slate."

Hart launched himself into a self-imposed project to research everything he could find about drums, becoming, in his words, a "hunter-gatherer" of data. He immersed himself in the world of the ethnomusicologists, those esoteric scholar-adventurers who go to the corners of the planet to ferret out clues to the mystery of primitive man's relationship with music. He met and became friends with the late mythologist Joseph Campbell, who urged Hart forward in his quest.

"Joe told me that looking back in history you never found a shaman without a drum, that drums are always right there in the center of things in ancient cultures," Hart says. "He pushed me on. He said the adventure doesn't begin until you get into the forest, that the first step of any quest is an act of faith. He caused a permanent shift in me."

Out on tour with the Dead, Hart visited the major research libraries searching out drum lore. He tapped into the vast network of Dead Heads who helped him gather data and referred him to a growing chain of experts. His computer banks swelled with arcane gleanings from the world's archives. He learned of such esoteric riddles as that of "entraining," the mysterious force that causes two adjacent clocks to eventually begin ticking together, and of "auditory driving," the subtle study of what sound does to the body. He picked the brains of such drumming giants as Olatunji, the great Nigerian drummer, and Airto, perhaps the greatest Brazilian percussionist.

D0510

ON THE FASTRACK/by Bill Holbrook



"At the beginning of the universe there was a din of noise, rhythm and noise," said Hart recently, just before the Grateful Dead embarked on a European tour. Hart is a trim, compact, highly energized man whose obsidian eyes blaze with enthusiasm when he launches into his favorite subject.

"That's what drums are, repetitive noise. The first drumming was probably inadvertent, the sound of tool-making, banging out those serrated edges on arrowheads. But those early creatures knew power when they heard it."

Man recognized that nature itself was rhythmic — the cycles of the stars, the migrations of animals, the fruiting of trees, the menstrual cycle — and soon came to know the force of mystery in that rhythm. The Hindus discovered early on that there is terror in noise, but also knowledge.

"Vibration, to a Hindu, is the seed sound of the universe," says Hart. "You could call it God. Everything beats to a time."

It was that beat that captured Hart early in life. Both his parents were drummers and his first toys were a drumpad and a pair of snakewood drum sticks handed down by his father, a champion "rudimental" drummer in New York.

"All my life noise has attracted me," Hart writes. "If there was a parade when I was a kid, I'd always be as close to the drums as I could get, running alongside for block after block. The hairs on the back of my neck quivered with excitement as the snare drums, in perfect sync, roared out their rhythmic tattoos. The bass drum was like a blow to the stomach, leaving me breathless."

Hart was the kind of kid for whom the school band room was like a magic playland. And it came complete with a magician, a music-mad bandmaster who consistently produced the best high school bands in New York — and who saw in Mickey Hart a kid who was born to beat the sticks.

Hart drummed his way through school and a hitch in an Air Force band, becoming an accomplished jazz percussionist in the Gene Krupa-Buddy Rich mold. Then he came West, where he met a young drummer named Bill Kreutzmann, who was working with a fledgling group called the Grateful Dead.

Kreutzmann took Hart to hear some of this new mega-amplified "acid rock" performed by Janis Joplin and Big Brother at The Matrix one night and Hart's life changed on the spot.

As a Grateful Dead drummer, Hart assembled a world class collection of percussion instruments. He tells the story of going to the Boston factory where the famous Zildjian cymbals are made and being given an exquisite set of antique Chinese gongs whose perfect tone can't be replicated by modern methods. He relates a scary tale of being given a *damaru*, a Tibetan drum made from a human skull that is said to have the power to wake the dead — and which ended up, in effect, waking the *Grateful Dead*.

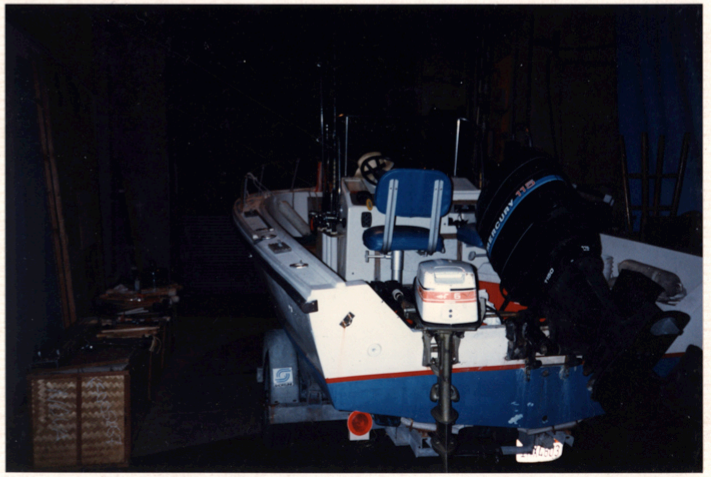
But at some point Hart begin to recognize that in spite of his obsession with percussion he actually knew very little about drums. "I realized one day that I simply didn't have the tradition," he says. "I'd been drumming 20 years and there were these big gaps in my knowledge. I knew nothing about Indian or African percussion, nor did I know of drumming's role in ritual or trance inducement. I knew nothing of the 'spirit' side of drumming. I started to take my own collection apart to see what I could learn and that's when I found out that very little had ever been written on the subject other than scholarly treatises written for scholars.

"It all started opening up like King Tut's tomb for me," says Hart. "I'm not an academic, but I'm not intimidated by academe, plus I'm computer literate and have *lots* of energy. Drumming is an oral tradition and even the greatest drummers don't talk too well about it — they're players, not PhDs — so most people who wrote about drumming were observers, while I came from performance. I *know* about traveling in and out of these changes in consciousness. We in the Grateful Dead always say we're in the transportation business, so we know a little something about altered states.

"I wanted this book for the Dead Heads and for the brotherhood of drummers. I've been chasing this invisible feeling my whole life, the question of why music gets me so high, why that rock 'n' roll backbeat is so powerful.

"After a show sometimes I can barely walk and my speech is slurred so people can't understand me, and I wanted to know why. Why does music have such a strong effect on the human body? I just didn't want to call it a day without knowing."





FRONT ROW

BY GARY KAMIYA

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

The past isn't dead if you can dance to it.



Did the '60s really happen? Or were they just a strange dream, a decade-long mass cultural hallucination?

The decade of the "counterculture" is not faring well right now. Its political agenda, insofar as it had one, has been utterly defeated; its spiritual treasury, never as rich in metaphysical insights as advertised, has long been depleted. Even worse than denunciation is the trivialization: The whole period threatens to become just another nostalgia act, a historical fashion show inhabited by extras from a *Mod Squad* episode.

There doesn't appear to be much left of the '60s. But there is one small, strange corner of society where the freak flag waves as high as it ever did. I'm talking about the cult of the Grateful Dead.

It's a strange phenomenon. Perhaps for the first time in human history, an entire subculture continues to exist only because of a rock band.

This is weird. It's as if thousands of beret-wearing existentialists spent the entire 1950s driving around in dilapidated Citroens following Jean-Paul Sartre's lecture itinerary.

I never joined up. I grew up in Berkeley in the '60s and was even what you could very loosely call a "freak," but somehow I never saw the Dead play. In the last few years I became curious — what were all these time-warped kids in their dress-issue tie-dyes doing? — but I still avoided the experience.

Perhaps it was the fanatical conviction of the Deadheads that made me suspicious. The hushed tones with which they discussed the group, the maniacal I-counted-all-the-words-in-the-Bible zest with which they cataloged every note ever played by Jerry Garcia, reminded me a little too much of young Wagnerians at Bayreuth.

Nor did my (extremely limited) knowledge of the Dead's music raise great expectations. They were famous for never making good records, and I had to concur: What I heard sounded like sloppy doper songs with odd, piercing guitar solos, creaky vocals of dubious intonation, and occasional insane bursts of improvisational intensity. Theirs seemed to be a music of boring revelation: too "inspired" to hit the groove. I put them down as a funky, original but not particularly impressive band of hippies, a group that owed its success to sociological factors, just like punk groups. Without articulating it, I suspected that they represented the worst qualities of the hippie ethos: indulgence, smugness, insularity.

But in late December, at long last, I gave in and went to see them. I had an odd experience driving into the parking lot of the Oakland Coliseum. Filled with parking hubris, I decided to drive all the way down an aisle towards the front. I soon realized I had made a terrible mistake. For by imperceptible degrees my car had become surrounded by a vast throng of musical pilgrims meandering towards the Grail. The strange thing was, none of them made any effort to move out of the way. They drifted slowly to and fro like swaying underwater plants, utterly ignoring the fossil-fuel guzzler that had invaded their bazaar.

It was the Middle Ages. I was in the goldsmiths' quarter, somewhere deep in the labyrinth of the medina in Fez, Morocco. This experience did nothing to dispel my aesthetic apprehensions.

Well, I was wrong. By the end of the show, I was repeating to myself in dazed delight a strange and wonderful piece of news: *The Grateful Dead are a great rock 'n' roll band.* They are playing some of the best music around: deep-dish, soulful, completely their own and yet utterly in the grain of American music. Only The Band, among modern rock groups, played with this authority.

Hold on, there. I am in full and unaltered possession of my faculties. And I no longer believe that the CIA is watching me through my TV set.

The Dead are quite simply one of the strongest, most creative, versatile and sophisticated rock groups playing today. Period. No appeals to mystical experiences, born-again-hippie revelations or communitarian virtues are necessary. We're talking about music. That music may be surrounded by a cloud of countercultural mystification. It doesn't matter. All those Deadheads are onto something.

"Strong" is not a word one associates with the Dead, and neither is "sophisticated." But they are the right words. Sure, there are wavering moments, strange in-between rhythms, missed directions. But those come with the territory. For the Dead have remained true to their improvisational, spontaneous style. Their music is exploratory. They take risks, and sometimes they fail. But they have the musicianship and the experience — 27 years of experience! — to pull off most of their forays into the unknown. They've been together so long they can read each others' minds.

But don't take my word for it — take that of Branford Marsalis, who joined them on New Year's Eve. The opinion of the man who's probably the best young tenor player in the country carries a certain amount of weight.

The Dead sound starts, of course, with Jerry Garcia, the now-grandfatherly Pied Piper to several generations of transcendentally befuddled souls. Garcia is an original. Rock guitarists are notorious riffers, a herd of sheep playing B.B. King licks at double-time. But Garcia plays almost riff-free, firing off stinging runs which have a marvelous internal melodic logic. The strong play of bassist Phil Lesh didn't surprise. What did was the work of rhythm guitarist Bob Weir. Weir is a master rhythm player: complex, accurate, mean. He *kicks* that band the way Keith Richards used to kick the Stones.

The Dead have their weaknesses, but they're the result of their strengths. The band in general, and Garcia in particular, is so given to quirky, low-level climaxes, to endless musical epiphanies, that it often eschews conventional grooves. At these times its sound becomes attenuated; it can be too jumpily original for its own good. But in today's music scene, where creativity consists in turning up the bass on the drum machine, this handmade aesthetic is like a whole sky full of fresh air.

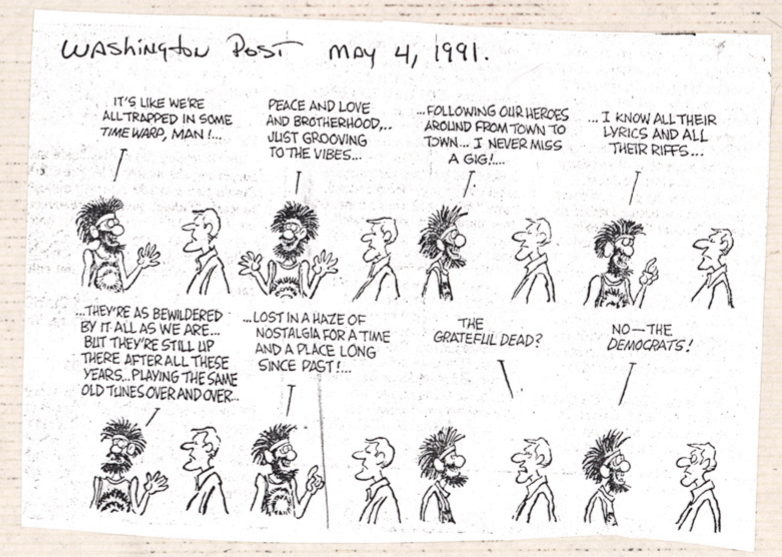
Meanwhile, the world is catching up with the Dead. They are one of the most successful groups in rock history (check out a copy of that freak's bible, *Forbes*), and their success is not just built on aging hippies. Their followers have become increasingly eclectic. In the last few years, hordes of young people have joined up.

There's something profoundly satisfying about the Dead's achievement. They are one of the only "through lines" in American culture, a living link with a past generation and a once-exuberantly alive culture. Their thriving is a tribute, above all, to perseverance, that great Puritan virtue. By some priceless irony, the princes of acidhead anarchy, who remained true to their multicolored lights, have become an American institution, a musical legend. And they've earned it.

In the end, the Grateful Dead's success says something about the '60s themselves. That era was, in many ways, a gigantic fraud — a bunch of half-grown-up kids playing at rebellion until the teacher rang the bell and it got dark outside. It was an age that was driven by an unholy passion for spiritual climaxes, and this was its undoing. "Not the intensity but the duration of high thoughts makes high men," said Nietzsche, and the '60s had no staying power. When the decade was over, it left a generation not so much enlightened as afflicted by a permanent condition of spiritual *nostalgia.* It was as if it had seen an angel flying over the rooftops one day in 1969 and were still waiting for it to return.

But there was something alive in there, too, something in that commitment to freedom, to improvisation, to new forms. The Dead, in their small way, prove it. They're a bunch of 50-year-old men playing their behinds off, making free, joyous, original, deeply American music. They're rocking it. And the past isn't dead if you can dance to it. ■

Gary Kamiya is a senior editor of Image.



DLD513

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

BUREAU OF THE CENSUS

WASHINGTON

Notification of Birth Registration

This certifies that the following Record of Birth is registered and preserved in the office of the State Registrar of Vital Statistics at Sacramento, California

Name RICHARD ALLAN LATVALA *Sex* MALE *No.* 1418

Date of Birth JULY 26, 1943 *Place of Birth* ALTA BATES HOSPITAL, BERKELEY

Name of Father THEODORE NELS LATVALA

Maiden Name of Mother SYLVIA VIOLA JOKINEN

J. C. Capt, Director of the Census.

Marie B. Stringer
Special Agent, Bureau of the Census.



SIXTY-NINTH GRADUATING CLASS

PIEDMONT HIGH SCHOOL

ACHIEVE THE HONORABLE

1990



Richard Daniel Latvala

The Senior Class
of
Piedmont High School
announces its
Commencement Exercises
Friday afternoon, June fifteenth
Nineteen hundred ninety
four o'clock
Witter Field







June 20

Hi-

Many thanks for taking us to the concert Sunday. It was very enjoyable. Shoreline is an impressive place to see.

We had car trouble on our way to the Stanford Shopping Center. A thermostat had to be replaced. After roasting 2 hours at the service station, we got lost trying to find the Shopping Center & then we got lost again when we left the area. It was about 4:30 when we finally got to Anne + Orvi's.

All in all our "Grateful Dead" experience was great. We enjoyed the music, the people + the atmosphere. Thank you!

Dad is nursing a cold today. He is outside in the sunshine resting on a lounge in the garden.

Love

Hi from Dad

Mom

DLOS14

DL0515





CRIBSIDE

IT'S A BOY
JESSE LUCAS PERI

ACCARDI & PERI PRODUCTION
CONCEIVED FROM AN ORIGINAL PLAY BY
FRANCINE ACCARDI & MICHAEL PERI
"It's A Boy"
★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
Jesse Lucas Peri
★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
FRIDAY ★ JUNE 15, 1990 ★ 4:14 AM

PRICELESS

6 LBS 5 OZ
19¼ INCHES







Silas' 30 Paces Believers' Romp

1961

Belford's Believers made it three straight walks with a 71-46 rout over the Albany All-Stars in the Tuesday Night Division of the Live Oak Basketball League.

All-American prep Paul Silas paced the winners with 30 points. Dick Latvalla had 12 for Albany.

In other games, the Deuces, with Dave Thompson scoring 14, edged the Bears, 48-44, as the losers' Roger Kent also had 14, and Garfield AC toppled the Shamrocks, 52-35, as Andy Morris led the way with 16, Max Sarkela 14 and Kent Bourgault 13.

Wednesday Division games: 7—Grove Street Basketeers vs. Pete's A.C., 8—Richmond Oilers vs. Al Kent's Alpacas, 9—Oscar's Restaurant vs. Sharpshooters.





1953-BERKELEY



D10516







God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.

But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way.
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy
Undying love . . .

IN MEMORY OF

BRENT RICHARD MYDLAND

BORN
OCTOBER 21, 1952
Munich, Germany

DEPARTED THIS LIFE
July 26, 1990
Lafayette, California

FUNERAL SERVICE
Monday, July 30, 1990 at 2:00PM
Ouimet Bros.
Concord Funeral Chapel
4125 Clayton Road
Concord, California

OFFICIATING
Rev. Larry George
Foothills United Methodist Church
3301 Green Valley Road
Rescue, California

FINAL RESTING PLACE
Oakmont Memorial Park
Lafayette, California

Grateful Dead Keyboardist Brent Mydland 1952-1990

"To be a musician/It's not an easy life to live"

—Brent Mydland

"The Grateful Dead is immortal, but these men who play in the band are not."

—David Gans

Mortality is hard-wired into the Grateful Dead experience. It's in the name. It's in the dancing skeletons. It's in the forest of tapers' microphones, a feeble net to capture the vanishing moment. Each concert is less an entertainment event than that day's version of the dance of life and death, set to words and music. Sometimes it's knowing the band is mourning the loss of a family member or friend, "He's Gone" rising up in commemoration. Sometimes it's watching all-too-frail musicians struggle with unseen demons and turn it all into passionate music. And sometimes it's watching them sing to their children.

PHOTO: JAY BLAKESBERG



Brent Mydland, 1987

At Shoreline on Father's Day, Brent Mydland perched his daughter Jessica next to him at the keyboards and sang the lullaby he and John Barlow had written for their children: *"Ain't no way the Bogeyman can get you/You can close your eyes, the world is gonna let you/Your daddy's here and never will forget you/I will take you home."*

After Mydland, 37, was found dead at his home in Lafayette July 26, Deadheads recalled his singing to Jessica. They remembered the ecstatic looks that flew between him and guitarist Jerry Garcia as jams got strange and wonderful. They recalled this solo on "Friend of the Devil," that tormented rap on "Blow Away," the delicate harpsichord sound he put into "China Doll."

Mydland hit the ground running when he joined the band in 1979, replacing pianist Keith Godchaux (who had stepped in for the late Ron "Pigpen" McKernan in 1973, and who was himself killed in a car accident in 1980), taking the stage at San Jose's Spartan Stadium after a mere two weeks of rehearsals. The band, recalled Garcia, was "hungry for color," and Mydland's artistry brought new life to their work. At the time of his death (of still undetermined causes), Mydland's own tunes were prominent in concert and on the Dead's most recent album, *Built to Last*.

Lyricist Barlow, whose work with Mydland includes "I Will Take You Home," "Blow Away," "Just a Little Light," and the environmental anthem "We Can Run, But We Can't Hide," says of his songwriting partner, "I loved him very much. I saw in him a sweetness and light which too few others got to see. Writing with him was some of the biggest fun I ever had."

On August 31, the Dead will take the stage at Shoreline Amphitheatre. As always, they will do it without a script, and this time they'll do it without Mydland. The fall tour and European concerts in October will go on. "It won't be as sweet," says Eileen Law of the Grateful Dead office, "but we've seen these times before, and it'll happen again."

Mydland left his wife, Lisa, his daughters, Jessica and Jennifer, his father and two sisters. His family has requested those wishing to send memorial donations to direct them to Greenpeace.

—Mary Eisenhart

NEW YORK TIMES 9/20/90

For a Grateful Dead Party, Bring Your Own Patience

By PETER WATROUS

Enjoying the Grateful Dead, which pulled into Madison Square Garden on Friday for the first of five sold-out shows, demands faith. One is either part of the City of Tie-Dye or in the suburbs.

From the outside, the adulation and close scrutiny the band gets from its audience seems intentionally blindered, since most of the musical elements used as selling points by the band's fans can be found in a much better form elsewhere.

From the inside, the band's myriad musical weaknesses, including the group's inability to sing and two flaccid drummers who rarely find a groove, are made up for by an icy and clear group sound, the hard-driving and serenely intense improvisations of the band's lead guitarist, Jerry Garcia, and an interplay that moves from the flat-footed to the stunningly graceful.

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As well, the band gives an audience desperate for quickly vanishing traditions what it needs, not only letting it relive a 1960's-style social disengagement, but also singing songs built on questionably relevant myths, from a Beat existentialist esthetic that mirrors "On the Road" to a romanticization of the West and California.

And the band members play their instruments, a sign of authenticity in a musical world made up of artificial samples, choreography and lip-synching. The modern world and its complexities, for the four hours of the show, is banned, replaced by a party.

But it's a good party, and the band generates a real feeling of celebration for each performance. If anything linked the opening show on Friday night, featuring a new keyboardist, Vince Welnick (replacing Brent Mydland, who died of a drug overdose on July 26), with the show on Tuesday night, which featured Mr. Welnick and Bruce Hornsby, the other new keyboardist, it was a sense that the band's legendary fealty to improvisation might allow something unusual to happen.

And the forest of high-tech home-recording microphones behind the sound booth on both nights attested to the sort of slavish attention the group's fans pay to each show.

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The recorders picked up some exceptional moments, and as is the case in most Grateful Dead shows, the good moments took their time emerging from the sludge. The first of two sets on Friday tore through older material, inlcuding Bob Weir's harmonically complex "Cassidy," and "Black-Throated Wind" as well as "Sugaree"; the first set on Tuesday, slack in parts, worked through Mr. Garcia's "To Lay Me Down," "Mississippi Half Step" and Chuck Berry's "Promised Land."

But the first sets, heavy on songs, aren't the point of these shows. The band limps through rock-and-roll, and the song forms confine the exploratory, exciting side of the group. The second sets, full of chilly beauty, have the band taking songs apart, exploring the crevices and textures of tunes, putting together medleys that revolve around fluid empathetic improvisations.

There's nothing like it in arena rock, and it can be a revelatory experience. On Friday, the group put together "Scarlet Begonias" with "Fire on the Mountain"; "Truckin'" with "Terrapin," and "The Other One" with "Wharf Rat" and "Sugar Magnolia." On Tuesday, the band played one medley, working over the quickly changing harmonic facade of "Eyes of the World" and "Foolish Heart," but threw in a freely improvised piece featuring Mr. Garcia and the two keyboardists.

To many fans, who study the minute changes and personalities of the band, the arrival of the new keyboardists has signaled a new vitality.

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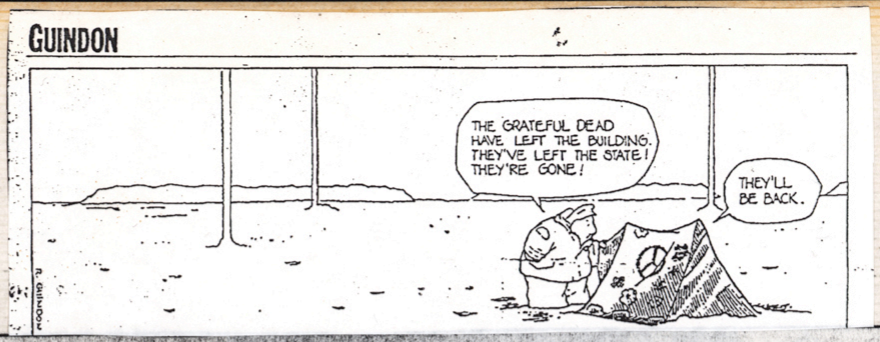
Oddly, though the two keyboardists generated moments of real musical heat on Tuesday, helping the band roar through a tempestuous version of "The Other One" only to stop suddenly and move into a version of "The Wheel," eerie and silent, neither seemed able to move beyond the stiff-fist sort of rock classicism. Neither Mr. Welnick nor Mr. Hornsby pushed the harmony, with Mr. Welnick pumping out blues clichés while Mr. Hornsby mostly added trite pop counter lines.

On Tuesday, when Mr. Garcia and Mr. Hornsby and Mr. Welnick improvised intensely around a few figures, it was Mr. Garcia who added bitter dissonances, moving in and out of harmonies, suggesting ways to escape the harmonic prison the way any decent improviser familiar with the jazz tradition could. The audience, which had been supportive to the new members as if welcoming new additions to the family, gave them a big applause, appreciating the band's new intensity and its new possibilities.

Careers:
Tuesday in Business Day



New 'reefer madness' for Garcia

The unassuming singer and guitar wizard of the Grateful Dead, whose music sprouted from the "Acid Test" LSD parties of the 1960s and remains an enduring legacy of the psychedelic era, now gets his kicks underwater.

By Ben DiPietro
Associated Press

HONOLULU — It's a different kind of reefer madness these days for Jerry Garcia. The man they used to call Captain Trips has become Captain Cousteau.

The unassuming singer and guitar wizard of the Grateful Dead, whose music sprouted from the "Acid Test" LSD parties of the 1960s and remains an enduring legacy of the psychedelic era, now gets his kicks underwater.

Garcia is on a "working vacation" in Hawaii that includes two concerts with his Jerry Garcia Electric Band wrapped around as much scuba diving as possible. The first show was May 12 at Waikiki Shell in Honolulu.

It's Garcia's first Hawaii performances since 1970, when the Dead last played Honolulu. He says all he can remember from that concert is the opening act, an heir to a margarine company fortune who played a set of "terrible" acoustic guitar.

The second concert is Sunday at Hilo's Afook-Chinen Civic Center, and is a benefit for The Ocean Recreation Council of Hawaii. TORCH is trying to preserve Hawaii's coral reef by placing anchor mooring pins in ocean waters. The moorings would be used by fishing and tour boats who currently drop anchor into the coral reef and destroy it.

"I've seen what anchors do to coral, Garcia said. "The reef is the bottom of the food chain. It provides food for the fish and so on, and the fish end up on people's plates and so on. If you do away with the coral you're basically thrashing the whole economy of the islands, or at least a large percentage of it."

Garcia also is active in the rain forest movement. The Grateful Dead has raised more than $1 million for environmental groups such as Greenpeace and the Rainforest Action Network.

With Hawaii being the last place with low-lying tropical rain forest in North America, Garcia says people here "have a real opportunity to do something about it. People need to get involved."

Garcia, 47, started scuba diving three years ago, shortly after recovering from a 1976 coma caused by untreated diabetes and exhaustion. That illness, which almost killed him, occurred a few months after Garcia stopped using cocaine and heroin.

In more than one way it was a rebirth for the beloved and reluctant figurehead of a subculture — the Dead Heads — that spreads across the globe and numbers in the hundreds of thousands.

Garcia's recovery was followed by the 1987 release of the most successful Grateful Dead album ever, "In The Dark." The current album, "Built to Last," also has gone gold, but never caught on with radio stations and didn't fare as well commercially as "In The Dark."

Not that Garcia cares very much.

"We certainly aren't Top 40. That's not what we do, it's not who we are," Garcia said. " Our relationship to Top 40 is pretty remote. It's almost as remote as our relationship to classical music or mainstream jazz. We're about 90 degrees off of just about everything."

Musically, Garcia said the Dead is working on a live album that will feature material performed on tour this spring. It should be out by summer, he says. The band is planning a series of stadium shows this summer, with a European tour slated for fall, the band's first in a decade.

Garcia says work is continuing on an electric Garcia Band album, but more recording needs to be done this summer. "Work in progress — that's a good excuse," he says of why it's taken so long to get the album together.

Garcia's "other band" has been around in various forms since 1972, when he began playing gigs with keyboardist Merl Saunders as the Garcia-Saunders Band. In 1974, the band was known as Legion of Mary, and became the Jerry Garcia Band when Saunders left in 1975.

The original JGB included pianist Nicky Hopkins, drummer Ron Tutt and bassist John Kahn, who has been in every configuration of the band. The present Garcia Band has been together for about eight years, and includes Kahn on bass, Greg Errico on drums, Melvin Seals on organ and singers Jaclyn LaBranch and Gloria Jones.

Garcia says the band's rapport and enjoyment of the music it plays makes it a fun and easy thing to be involved with when the Grateful Dead is on break.

"It's fun. I do the songs I love, no matter whose they are or where they come from," Garcia said. "The people in the band play the way I would play if I were playing their instruments. This is the best it's ever been, and it's just getting better and better."

While the Garcia Band enjoys its best success ever, there are problems in Grateful Dead land. The band is having trouble finding places to play, as more and more venues say the problems, real or perceived, associated with the band outweigh the big economic boost a series of Dead concerts provides.

As the success of the band increases — 1990 is their 25th anniversary — many people come to concerts without tickets to take part in the "parking lot scene" of hanging out and partying. Sometimes this leads to confrontation with police when ticketless fans try to crash a concert.

There also is the problem of drugs. As the band that made its name at the famous LSD parties thrown by Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters, the Dead and their fans always have been associated with LSD and other mind-expanding substances. While the band frowns upon drug use now, there still are significant numbers of fans who don't.

The band and most of the Dead Heads are making a very conscious effort to minimize their presence, cutting down on outside vending, camping and working to keep concert areas clean and positive.

However, Garcia has more pressing things to worry about.

"I have a hard enough time playing the music," he said.

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The New York Times 9/9/91



Angel Franco/The New York Times

The Grateful Dead, who are earning more in live shows than any other band, yesterday began a series of nine sold-out shows in New York City.

The Grateful Dead Are Alive and Thriving

By PETER WATROUS

In a recessionary pop music environment in which tours keel over and die and radio and MTV stars hit the road only to cancel their tours, the Grateful Dead, 26 years old and counting, are doing better than ever.

So far this year, their gross for live shows has been higher than any other band's. For the first six months of the year, the Dead earned $20 million. Playing stadium-size venues — something no other tour has dared do this summer — the band has sold out virtually every show it has played, and the prediction is that for the rest of the year, it will sell out everything that's left.

Yesterday, the Grateful Dead arrived in New York to play nine sold-out shows at Madison Square Garden.

'More Than Music'

"If I knew what made us popular, I'd bottle it," one of the group's leaders, the guitarist Jerry Garcia, said in a telephone interview. "Whatever it is, it invented us. We didn't invent it. The audience thinks we're providing more than music, but we don't let on what we're providing, intentionally. We're elliptical. Someone once wrote that we're a real cheap vacation to Bermuda, which is kind of right. But insofar as we're providing a safe context to be together with a lot of people who aren't afraid of each other, which is real valuable in New York, I'd guess, we're important."

Only a 26-year-old band sells out the really big shows this summer.

Part of the Grateful Dead experience is its audience. However the baby-boom generation has ended up making a living, it still likes to go to concerts, perhaps dreaming of California freedom and San Francisco bohemia. People sliding in from a hard day on Wall Street sit next to people two generations younger in tie-dye whose glazed eyes don't come from staring at a computer all day and who have been following the tour, showing up at every concert.

Standard parts of the scene are the Grateful Dead A.A. chapter, out in force, and the officially sanctioned bootleggers, who sit beneath a forest of microphones taping each precious drop of music. And unreconstructed older hippies, role models and mentors to the teen-agers in the audience, also show up in tie-dye but with streaks of gray in their hair.

Each show is an event, a spectacle that draws meaning from itself as much as it does from the music.

"With all the kinds of people that come, old-timers and kids, it's a little hard to tell what makes them all have a valuable experience," Mr. Garcia said. "I used to wonder about it and worry. Suppose we're misleading all these people? But it's not really like that, I realized, because we're not selling a point of view. We stay away from advocating much at all, so people are left on their own to imagine who we are."

Though the core of the band — Mr. Garcia and Bob Weir on guitars, Phil Lesh on bass, and Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann on percussion — has been together since 1968, the loss of its pianist, Brent Mydland, to a drug overdose last year and the subsequent inclusion of Vince Welnick and Bruce Hornsby on keyboards have meant that the band has been changing its sound.

Continuity With Change

Though it still does its standard two-set shows, with a long drum interlude, and though it still performs many of its classic songs — playing without a set list, the band can do six nights without repeating itself — it is developing a thicker and harder sound. Not that this has changed the audience's experience too much; the shows still feature people dancing in the aisles, performing a particularly arrhythmic dance that's specific to Grateful Dead shows.

"The band is basically a new band with the two new guys," Mr. Garcia said. "Those guys have to catch up with 25 years of stuff, and we have to learn to hear what their unique capabilities are. In the short run, it's a setback, but in the long run it's an advantage. The band is more solid now; it's lost some of its lightness but there's a little more rhythmic precision, which we could always use."

Mr. Garcia has been busy recently, putting out two albums, including one, "The Jerry Garcia Band," (Arista) culled from a tour he did with his own band, featuring songs like "The Way You Do the Things You Do," "Dear Prudence" and "Tangled Up in Blue." Typically, the songs are completely remade, as much a comment on the tunes' potential as about the original version of the songs. The other album, "Jerry Garcia/David Grisman" (Acoustic Disc), is a series of acoustic pieces by Mr. Garcia and his old mandolinist friend, David Grisman.

"I can afford to be more selective now, and I have the luxury to pick and choose that I haven't always had," Mr. Garcia said. "I worked as a studio musician in the late 1960's and early 70's, without that much concern for who I was recording with. Everything I've done recently is something that I wanted to do."

Mr. Garcia mentioned possible projects with Paul Kantner, the former Jefferson Airplane and Starship guitarist, and with Mr. Hornsby. And he has just appeared in some ads for Levi's jeans: "Me, Hornsby and Branford Marsalis," Mr. Garcia said. "Spike Lee directed, and I figure if Spike can sell out, so can I."

Continued on Page B3

Dead Are Out of the Vault

Speaking of sensational albums, the first compact disc from the tape vaults of the **Grateful Dead** recently was released, and what a gem it is. Polished to sonic splendor by longtime Dead engineer **Dan Healy**, "One From the Vault" captures the band in performance at the Great American Music Hall in 1975, where the band played for a record company convention to celebrate the release of an album, "Blues for Allah." Somehow in the band's current deal with Arista Records, the sneaky Dead managed to retain their own mail-order rights and have sold more than 50,000 of these splendid two-CD sets at $15 apiece on word-of-mouth alone. Wait until the reviews hit about how this vintage number is superior to the recent "official" Arista double-CD live set at half the price. To order, call (415) 456-2883. 9/19/91

BY STEVEN RINGMAN/THE CHRONICLE

The Grateful Dead Are Still Alive and Thriving

Continued From Page B1

Of all the major rock guitarists to arrive in the 1960's, Mr. Garcia is arguably the most musically literate. He's just as at home talking about Indian improvisation as he is about John Coltrane or about Brazilian mandolin players. Taking bluegrass and jazz as a conceptual framework, his solos, shifting easily from harmonic color to harmonic color, always sidestep clichés. And his improvisations swing and crest the same way a jazz musician's might, with an intensity that isn't predicated on volume. He's one of the few rockers, in fact, who can sustain a lengthy improvisation.

'People are left on their own to imagine who we are.'

"I'm still learning," he said. "As long as I'm still learning, I can keep playing, and it's going to be fun. There's a certain problem-solving aspect to improvisation that I like. It's thinking on your feet. There's an intellectual and emotional side to it, and the emotional side I can't quite articulate. It's one of those things you feel or you don't. The intellectual is easier to grasp. It's the bead game, with infinite ways a solo can go. Freezing the choices in time and choosing, that's the satisfaction. As I get older, I'm starting to perceive a greater sense of composition, a sense of contour and development that is missing in my early stuff. The earlier stuff, truthfully, is embarrassing."

It is the improvisational aspect of the Grateful Dead's music that keeps it fresh, even as the band's members reach an age that at one time would have been thought impossible for a functioning rock group. (Mr. Garcia is 49 years old; Mr. Lesh is the oldest at 51.)

"If Benny Goodman and Pablo Casals could do it, so can we," said Mr. Garcia. "I keep playing and touring because I enjoy it. But it can be labor intensive. Rehearsing the Grateful Dead is major work. It's one of the reasons we don't come up with new material every tour. The band is evolutionary, and where everybody learns a new tune right away, deciding what to play goes on for years. Everybody in the band is so amazingly idiosyncratic, nobody plays a formula. From a writer's point of view, there's two years' worth of discomfort performing a new tune. About the second year it starts turning into something.

"But, you know, everything is always subject to change."

WRAP-UP

★★★½
JERRY GARCIA BAND
Arista

★★★½
JERRY GARCIA/DAVID GRISMAN
Acoustic Disc

★★★★
ONE FROM THE VAULT
Grateful Dead
Grateful Dead

WHEN JERRY GARCIA emerged from a life-threatening coma in 1986, his health wasn't all that he regained. Judging from the Grateful Dead's renaissance and two new releases from Garcia – one as a bandleader, one as half of a duet – Garcia's instrumental abilities and venturesome musical spirit have returned stronger than ever. The latest flurry of activity by Garcia recalls the early to mid-Seventies, when, in addition to piloting the Grateful Dead through one of their most fruitful periods, he maintained a prolific solo career and participated in side projects like New Riders of the Purple Sage and Old and in the Way.

Jerry Garcia Band, a live double album, finds the guitarist interpreting cover material the way jazz players do. After a fairly faithful exposition of a song, be it by Dylan or the Temptations, Garcia and the band use its basic framework as a point of departure for long, improvisational solos. At times they venture so far that hearing them find their way back is half the fun. "Don't Let Go," a rockabilly bopper from the Fifties, evolves into a spacey jam, eventually reentering Earth's atmosphere in time for a few more runs through its good-time chorus. Throughout the album the Garcia band sounds well rehearsed, and the solidly arranged background vocals shore up the tunes with a tidy professionalism the Dead are rarely wont to muster. Garcia sideman Melvin Seals keeps things on track with his soul-inflected organ playing, which owes as much to Memphis as to San Francisco. Garcia himself targets notes with the aim of a Zen archer. More than at any other time in the past fifteen years, you can hear him developing ideas in the moment without a lot of floundering. Overall, this is a surprisingly wide-awake live album that deserves to be heard by more than the usual corps of Jerryatrics.

Garcia's untitled collaboration with mandolin player David "Dawg" Grisman is an acoustic showcase that harks back to the exchanges between guitarist Django Reinhardt and violinist Stephane Grappelli. The mood is convivial, the playing crisp and clean. Garcia and Grisman, whose friendship dates back to 1964, are sufficiently versed in the formal conventions of folk and bluegrass to bend them to their own eclectic ends. Joined by stand-up bassist Jim Kerwin and percussionist-fiddler Joe Craven, they tackle everything from a high-spirited jazz-grass romp ("Grateful Dawg") to Irving Berlin's "Russian Lullaby" and Grisman's own 3/4 lullaby "Dawg's Waltz." Jewel-like notes from Grisman's mandolin decorate "Friend of the Devil," a stately remake of the Dead's folkish, uptempo original. They save the best for last: "Arabia," a compelling, suitelike excursion into Middle Eastern modality that sustains its exotic mood and momentum for over sixteen minutes.

Finally, the Grateful Dead have delved into their private stock for *One From the Vault*, released by the group's custom merchandising arm. It is a sort of legal bootleg – the first of a promised series – though it doesn't spring from the same motives as Frank Zappa's *Beat the Boots* series, because the Dead have never discouraged taping of their shows. It is, rather, a high-quality recording of a legendary 1975 concert at the Great American Music Hall, in San Francisco, on August 13th, 1975; homemade tapes of the show have circulated among Deadheads for years. Its release performs a service not just for die-hard fans but for anyone with an interest in the group, because it is a remarkable show from start to finish.

The show, held in the middle of a two-year hiatus from touring, served largely to première material from *Blues for Allah* a few weeks before the album's release. The album was the closest the Dead came in the Seventies to the band's trippy, late-Sixties peak, and the performance indulged the group's jazzy, free-form impulses even further. "Help on the Way," "Franklin's Tower" and "The Music Never Stopped" cohere into a twenty-minute song cycle. "King Solomon's Marbles," a tumbling, polyrhythmic instrumental by bassist Phil Lesh, crackles with energy. Inventive percussion duets by Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann are appended to "Eyes of the World," as well as to the pretty, elliptical "Crazy Fingers." The crowning touch is "Blues for Allah," which runs 21:01 on *One From the Vault* and explores inner space with a meditative intensity barely hinted at on the studio version.

One From the Vault is available from Grateful Dead Records, telephone 800-CAL-DEAD. – PARKE PUTERBAUGH

WASHINGTON, D.C.
AUG 22 1991
ROCHESTER, NY
TIMES-UNION
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KAREN KREMS

They're not the Dead, but they're darn close

I tend not to waste much space on so-called "tribute" bands — cover junkies that rehash the music of supergroups like Genesis, Rush and The Doors. It's great if people want to go hear them — heck, Moonlight Drive is the closest you'll get to seeing the Doors, right? — but usually, there's not much more to be said.

But **Gratefully Yours**, dubbed "A Musical Tribute to the Grateful Dead by Their Friends," is a tribute with a twist: The band, which will play two shows at the Red Creek Inn on Saturday night, really is made up of Dead intimates. The lineup includes original Dead pianist Tom Constanten (*Anthem of the Sun*, *Live Dead*); David Nelson, who tours with the Jerry Garcia Acoustic Band and is a longtime Dead collaborator (check the *American Beauty* liner notes); Merl Saunders, who plays keyboards with Garcia and is also a New Age musician (*Blues for the Rainforest*); Steve Kimock, who has toured with Bob Weir and Merl Saunders; and Kingfish, one of the earliest Dead bands.

"Wait! There's more!" And in this case, more means 72-year-old violinist Papa John Creach, who will sit in with Gratefully Yours for a rare concert appearance. Creach served as a sort of fiddling guru to San Francisco bands back in the '60s; he was made a member of the Jefferson Airplane and then Jefferson Starship, played with Hot Tuna, is still a member of the group Dinosaur, and even released a solo album with help from buddy Garcia.

This may not be the long strange trip that Deadheads have been waiting for, but since the bona fide Dead won't be coming anywhere near Rochester this summer (and haven't *been* by for ages), Gratefully Yours might make for a quick, respectable fix.

Grateful Dead are 'still into the moment'



Garcia (left) with newcomers Bruce Hornsby and Vince Welnick.

By Steve Morse
GLOBE STAFF

No Grateful Dead story is complete without telling of the first encounter. A striking first memory came at the Boston Tea Party in the late '60s. Organist Ron McKernan, alias Pigpen, sang his climactic tune of the night, "Lovelight." Wobbly after hours of serious hedonism, he fell off the stage in midsong, splatting on the floor. Helped up by a roadie, he dusted himself off and finished the song as if nothing had happened.

A fitting sign of the band's spirit?

For sure.

That's life in the Grateful Dead – the stubbornly determined hippie band that's defied the odds of the fickle pop world, plus the deaths of three keyboardists (Pigpen, Keith Godchaux and Brent Mydland) and the diabetic coma of guitarist Jerry Garcia to keep making music based on instinct, not commercial greed. For rock's greatest antitrend band, the song is still the same.

"What keeps it alive is our approach," says guitarist Bob Weir, whose compatriots – bolstered since their last visit by new keyboardists Bruce Hornsby and Vince Welnick – play Boston Garden for six sellout shows starting Friday. "We try to walk out each night with our eyes open, as if we were playing together completely anew.

"I like to think we're a bit more articulate than back in the '60s, but there *was* a certain brutal honesty about what we were doing then," Weir adds from his home near the band's birthplace of San Francisco, where

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The Grateful Dead are 'still into the moment'

■ DEAD

Continued from Page A1

they often jammed in Golden Gate Park back when Haight-Ashbury was a melting pot of experimentation, not a tourist trap.

"We're more sophisticated now, but we're still into the moment," Weir says. "We're still into deeply improvisational stuff where we have no idea where we're going. We do our best to achieve a sort of hallucinogenic realm and just go there and live a little while."

"Still into the moment" is the key, since juggling continuity and continuous reinvention is what the band's about. But the Dead are not a *completely* free-form group, whatever some Deadheads like to believe. While they rarely repeat songs night to night, there's more structure than meets the eye. For a typical concert of two 90-minute-plus sets, they plan the first song of the first set and the first four of the second. And they always do their ritualized "space jam" in the second, sparked by dual drummers Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzman.

A few song arrangements have also become formalized, such as "Touch of Grey" (their only Top 10 hit), their many covers of Bob Dylan tunes (they backed Dylan on a live album four years ago) and their country covers, such as "Big River" and Merle Haggard's "Mama Tried."

But improvisation colors most everything else. The one constant through the years, despite personnel changes, is that the Dead can resemble a genre-splitting jazz troupe more than a rock band. Maybe that's because they never fit any pop pigeonhole, since they've ransacked the whole closet of musical influences, from Chuck Berry to Bill Monroe and back again. Certainly that image is enhanced by their latest chemistry with the jazz-trained Hornsby, who studied at Boston's Berklee College of Music; and former Tubes keyboardist Welnick, who's been known to play John Coltrane tunes during sound checks.

"There are times when I get goosebumps with this band," says Hornsby, the well-known solo star who has an open invitation to sit in with the Dead and expects to make 60 of their 80 shows this year, including all the Boston dates. As a teenager, Hornsby joined his brother in a Dead cover band called Bobby Hightest & the Octane Kids in his hometown of Williamsburg, Va. He first met the Dead in 1986, after they heard he was doing an occasional Dead cover with his Grammy-winning band, the Range.

The stubbornly determined hippie band has defied the odds of the fickle pop world to keep making music based on instinct, not commercial greed.

"There really is a magic some nights," Hornsby adds from a tour stop in Cleveland. "One thing the Dead do, which not many bands *dare* do, is they're willing to wing stuff and play songs with minimal rehearsal. The Dead are a group willing to screw up to get to the great stuff – and I admire that. There's a certain recklessness. They don't play it safe in that sense. And there's a time when it all comes together. It can be a certain thing the drummers do" with bassist Phil Lesh. "It has its own build; and the ebb and flow is unique. It's a collective thing that just *happens*. I can't explain it. And that's one good thing about it. It hasn't been whittled down to a formula."

"There's an immeasurable amount of freedom," adds Welnick, who studied at the San Francisco Conservatory and played with the Tubes (anyone remember their hit "White Punks on Dope"?) and Todd Rundgren before auditioning for the band last year, after Mydland's death.

"The Dead are like a cross between a Dixieland band and a progressive jazz band, blues band, country band and folk band," says Welnick. "Kind of folkie-country-bluesy-jazzy-progressive-avant-garde."

Not for MTV

That ought to do for definitions. Whatever you call it, don't look for it on MTV, or on any of the image-drenched, computer-programed package tours that have become the rage.

"These days, there's too much importance placed on trends," says Weir. "And music to me is not a matter of fashion or trend. It's a matter of *feeling*. All too often these days, if you're concentrating on whether something is appropriate for the times or the current trend, you're forgetting about the feeling you're putting into it and what it is you're doing. And the music comes out sounding like that. It may be polished, it may be glamorous, but it's lacking in depth."

The Dead are still led by the R&B-based Weir, whose chunky chords marry a garage-rock feel with a Stax/Volt session; and Garcia, the congenially inscrutable singer-/guitarist who grounds the band in country, blues and bluegrass when he's not traversing psychedelic realms. The two trade songs during a Dead concert and, through subtle nods and gestures, urge other members to solo.

"Garcia and I tend to go back and forth and play off of each other a lot," says Hornsby, who moves from piano to accordion on stage. "That's been happening more and more lately. He likes me to get in his face sometimes and enter the fray." Adds Hornsby: "I'm not up there to hang out. I'm up there to push it and some nights to jack up the energy level."

"The nod comes at any time," says Welnick, who grew up in Phoenix and attended Dead shows there. "You never know. It doesn't happen at the same time in every song, or necessarily ever in the same song again. So you don't have preconceived notions of what to play and you just do it for better or worse. Maybe they'll be laying back, so you might play a big synth solo; or maybe play something in half-time, so it doesn't sound so busy."

Sounding busy has reportedly been a problem sometimes for the 1991 Dead. With two drummers, two guitarists and, on many nights two keyboardists, the potential is there for mayhem. "A lot of my input has been to get people to play a little less," says Hornsby. "There's so many people on stage now. It's easy to get up there, get excited and overplay. I'm really aware of it."

"Knowing when *not* to play is the biggest challenge. . . . And you've got to be careful you don't step on the big fellas," says Welnick, meaning Garcia and Weir.

After all, the big fellas and their rhythm sections have been at this a long time; and it's hard to argue with the Dead's unique brand of success. The group has been the No. 1 concert draw of the last several years in terms of average grosses per show. They're playing Boston Garden for an unprecedented six nights, following nine nights at New York's Madison Square Garden. And the recent tribute album "Deadicated," featuring Dead covers by everyone from Los Lobos and the Indigo Girls to Elvis Costello and Jane's Addiction, only confirms the group's stature among their peers.

"They're an absolute phenomenon – and it's not based on any obvious thing," says a recently chatty Robbie Robertson, formerly of the Band, who played the legendary 1973 Watkins Glen, N.Y., show with the Dead and Allman Brothers in front of 600,000 people. "They don't have the greatest vocalists or the greatest songs or the greatest musicians. There's nothing you can really pinpoint, except they give off a kind of love that's unique in music."

That uniqueness is about to invade Boston Garden, which is a long, long way from Golden Gate Park. Or is it?

Stay tuned.

RECORD ROUNDUP 78, 1991

Grateful Dead *One From the Vault*

GRATEFUL DEAD 40132 CD, $22.00 (2 CDs); Cassette, $17.50 (2 cassettes, C-41034)

One aspect of the Grateful Dead that is often overlooked is their role as the most successful interpreters and presenters of traditional and old-timey music. How many other "rock" bands have recorded/performed Charlie Monroe's "Rosalie McFall" (to give but one example)? First, let's look at the discographical facts. They peaked in the studio in 1970 with *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty*. Whether you're a Dead Head or just a numb skull like me, it's obvious as the grey hairs on Jerry's chin that their studio projects in the past 21 years have pretty much sucked bongwater. No wonder the true believers trade concert tapes and bemoan the fact that official "live" releases have been missing the mark since *Europe '72*.

One From the Vault is the first of an expected series of releases (possibly four per year) from the Dead's own tape vaults and marketed by the merchandising wing of Grateful Dead Productions, Inc. It documents a special invitation-only night (August 13, 1975) at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco to celebrate the completion of the *Blues for Allah* album. This double-disc set finds the band in just about the best shape I've ever heard. Swingin' and loose, rockin' and tight, the Dead offer superb versions of "U.S. Blues" and "Sugaree" among other works of that era in addition to improved live reading of the *Blues for Allah* project. Of special note are their covers of Johnny Cash's "Big River" and Chuck Berry's "Around and Around" (which accelerates to a truly lively pace)

I know what you're thinking: "hey, man, two hours plus of the Dead must have some useless space." Well, not really. The two (short) pieces entitled "Drums" are relatively painless and the only part at all that doesn't have a solid pulse is the 21-minute "Blues for Allah," but I'm starting to enjoy that on its own experimental soundscape level. Without a doubt, this is their best release since the early '70s and blessed with exquisite sound quality. Now I'm looking forward to more treasures from the vault. —Rick Swenson

Dead certain about the sound

By DEAN JOHNSON

The Grateful Dead have a reputation as a "seat-of-the-pants" rock band. But a glance at the band's sound board in the middle of the Boston Garden makes it plain the band doesn't take chances with its sound system.

There are banks of DAT and analog tape decks capturing the sounds of all six Boston Garden shows. Two computers are also part of the system, the less complicated one programmed specifically to operate the more complicated one. There's a $60,000 sound analyzer and various equalizers, too.

According to sound man Dan Healy, who's been with the Dead almost non-stop since 1966, the band's total sound system (including amps, horns, etc.) is insured for $3.5 million.

Healy's crew begin preparations months before the band arrives in each city. Once the Dead tour is booked, he explained, the organization feeds blueprints from each venue into a master computer.

The computer then creates a sound system set-up for each site. When the Dead's sound crew arrived in Boston Garden it had a printout of a customized sound system created specifically for that room.

Healy, 46, who's also acted as the band's producer and engineer over the years, is also responsible for the "From the Vault" series of releases documenting past Grateful Dead concerts.

The first "From the Vault" effort released earlier this year was a 2-CD collection documenting the band's historic 1975 Great American Music Hall shows.

The second "Vault" project should be in stores in January. The two or possibly three CD set captures the Dead's Aug. 24, 1968, Shrine Auditorium show with original keyboardist Ron "Pig Pen" McKernan.

Healy estimates he spent about 200 hours finding and prepping tapes for the January release. His enthusiasm for the archival project is unabated, though. "I'm gonna keep doin,' 'em," Healy said, " 'til I drop."

A long, strange trip: eternal Grateful Dead

BOSTON GLOBE 9/20/91

26 years of mystique comes to Boston

By Matthew Gilbert
GLOBE STAFF

The operative word will be jam.

For six nights over the next week, Boston's arteries and airwaves will be thick with Grateful Dead. On the congested expressway near the Boston Garden, shiny sedans will mingle with rusty Volkswagens. On radio stations, Dead classics like "Sugar Magnolia" will clog playlists.

Within the Garden itself, some 15,000 crowded fans per night will reinvent a psychedelic Eden, while extra thousands mill about North Station seeking a "miracle," a ticket. And onstage, the San Francisco band that inspires a quasi-religious fervor will weave its bright, celestial funk, jamming on the songs they've been reviving for 26 years and counting.

How is it that the most hippie-passe, most gimmick-free, most idealistic rock band ever is, so far, America's No. 1 top-grossing concert act of 1991?

While fresh mainstream players like Whitney Houston and Guns N' Roses have struggled to fill recession-era concert halls, the graying Grateful Dead sold out six Garden dates in three hours last month. Tonight's Dead arrival comes on the heels of nine packed shows at the even larger Madison Square Garden in New York, where a media circus including a visit from Dan Rather encircled the band.

There is, it seems, something about the Dead that is recession-proof. They are even sturdier than Wall Street at this point. Most rock-era listeners will sneer at the band, damning them as tired '60s relics dwelling on a bygone love-Haight romance. But their fans, known as Deadheads, are profoundly, eternally dedicated.

There are Deadheads who follow

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NEWSDAY PHOTO / DAVID POKRESS

Grateful Dead leader Jerry Garcia in New York this month.

Long, strange trip: Dead back in Boston

■ GRATEFUL DEAD
Continued from Page 1

the band cross-country, catching every show in every city at sometimes $25 per ticket, talking of the musicians as if they're old buddies. Promoters, aware of the Deadheads' tenacity, are increasingly eager to book their guaranteed full-house shows.

And there are fresh crops of Deadheads every year. While curiosity-seekers come and go, new converts arrive and never leave, college-age youths eager to don the tie-dye and grow the ponytail. Now at shows they sway and boogie alongside the elder statesmen, daydreaming of the fiction of Jack Kerouac and Ken Kesey and canonizing free-thinking figures like Neal Cassady and the Merry Pranksters.

What exactly has engaged the unlimited devotion of these fans, young and old? Ironically, it's the opposite of what draws the masses to, say, Madonna. The Dead is a family-like band that has never had financial triumph, or even simple icon status, as its goal. Their mission has always been low-rent and iconoclastic, in league with the working-class characters on one of their most popular early albums, "Workingman's Dead." Musical craftsmanship has always been their priority.

Dead fans revel in the intimacy of the Dead endeavor. For instance, when a Dead show is announced, close to half of the tickets are reserved for Deadheads by the Dead's West Coast organization, then distributed through a mail-order system. Also, at Dead shows there is a section reserved for tapers, whose microphones reach into the air like eager giraffes. The Dead have officially condoned bootlegging, aware of the importance of tapes to their many fanatical archivist fans.

In such small but critical ways, the psychic distance between the Dead and their audience is closed. They are a band of six middle-aged men who refuse to lord it over their fans. Dressed in T-shirts and jeans, they stand unassumingly on the stage, no egos flaring, no limelight, no choreography. Jerry Garcia, pudgy and gentle, emits an undeniable solar force, a dynamism that is far from sexual. But the attention stays on the music.

The music itself is discursive and democratic. There are no backup musicians in the Dead; each band member has the same musical say. The songs, and especially the extended jams within them, are like conversations among equals, with Phil Lesh playing bass to match the two drummers, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann, or perhaps carrying on a subtle dialogue with Garcia's lead.

Similarly, no single musical style predominates. Grateful Dead music is an uncanny melting pot of bluegrass, folk, blues, jazz, reggae, experimental "acid rock," African rhythms . . .



NEWSDAY PHOTO / DAVID POKRESS

The Grateful Dead at one of the nine packed concerts the band gave in New York this month.

Deadheads also thrive on a spontaneity found at Dead shows that flies in the face of MTV-era prefabricated touring. The band draws impulsively from a song repertoire that can take them through six or so nights without a repeat. As they reach back to early, trippy tunes like "China Cat Sunflower" and forward to the more poppish strains of "Touch of Grey," they reward the Deadhead who is attending every show with variety. The Dead also grant themselves the room to jam on songs as long as they like – sometimes as long as 30 minutes.

With all this flexibility, Dead concerts are free to vary radically in quality. If the inspiration doesn't flow – the band members are tired, say, or the sound system is vexingly muddy – then it shows. A bad Dead concert can be like a summer cold: You feel listless and burnt. But a good show, fans will say, makes the bad ones worth bearing.

The concert experience is the element between the Grateful Dead and their fans. Except for moments on albums like "From the Mars Hotel" and "Blues for Allah," the true Dead sound has evaded their studio efforts; they are first and foremost a performing band. And a Dead concert is a Scene, what some might even call a religious rite. As Deadheads descend on a city, in full silk-screen regalia, there is a sense of pilgrimage. The preachers are at the altar, spiritual lift is in the air, magical hymns are in the ears . . .

The Dead have turned out to be quintessentially American shamans. They are children of technology and freedom, of electric guitars and improvisation. They travel across the country, taking their music and business in new and democratic directions. They offer their fans a dose of group spirit and organic music – for a night for some, a lifetime for others.

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Garcia for president?



ALEX BEAM

There I was on Causeway Street, on my way to the Grateful Dead concert, trying to generate some Ponderous Column Thoughts. This must be a trans-generational demographic socio-cultural phenomenon, I thought as the Boston Garden's red-shirted security man frisked under my armpits and behind my kidneys, seeking out bad karma, I presume.

What About These Deadheads? Where is Mountain Girl? What Does It All Mean? I glanced nervously at the pay phones. Was there still time to call Oliver Stone for a quote? From the faraway 1960s, I summoned a snatch of sage advice that R. Crumb's comic book hero Mr. Natural once delivered to Cheeses K. Rist: "It don't mean a thing." Suddenly, I felt a whole lot better.

Walking through the Garden portals was like traveling backward in time. Remember black lights? Psychedelic light shows? Marijuana? People with really dirty hair? "Man" is the expletive of choice here, as in "Wait 'til you hear the 'Drum/Space,' man." You can call your date "my old woman" and no one will shoot you that corrosive libber glare.

If the scene sounds familiar, it should. It's the United States, circa 1965, the year the Dead were born. Richard Nixon was out of office and Ronald Reagan was on TV, where they belonged. The energy czar hadn't been invented, much less a drug czar. It was Eden, before the Fall.

My historical reverie was interrupted by two Stamp People, who gently affixed cosmic star signs to my notebook. One of the women pointed to the words "Jerry Garcia – Sonic Hedgehog?" on the open page. "Jerry's the Messiah," said Notter Reelname of Greenwich, Conn., who specifically asked to be mentioned in this column. "You're going to have a conversion experience."

She also asked me not to "rag" on the Deadheads, the band's dyed-in-the-denim (diehard? These puns are . . . lethal) camp followers who have been getting bad press lately. I agreed to be objective, even when she explained how she had counterfeited her ticket on a laser copier. Clearly, this was going to be a lot more interesting than writing about the Clarence Thomas hearings.

The least satisfactory part of the evening was the music. The band seemed badly lost during many of its jam/improvs, an impression reinforced by guitarist Bob Weir's frequent trips to a song list taped on the speakers. The much-vaunted "Drum/Space" improv sounded like that klonky kinetic sculpture in the United Airlines terminal at Logan, which doesn't charge $23 admission.

Sitting under the esophagus-shuddering bass speakers, I felt like Manuel Noriega inside the Vatican embassy. Even my seatmate, a veteran of 30 Dead concerts, admitted that the music had fallen off when the Dead started using a computerized sound system that drowned out much of their virtuoso guitar playing. But attending a Dead concert for the music is like going to Harvard for the education. You go for the Experience.

The Experience is about growing old, youthfully. I notice in my copy of Dupree's Diamond News, the Deadheads' newspaper of record (does it have a morgue?) that drummer Mickey Hart testified before the Senate Committee on Aging last month, on the healing power of drums. The Dead have achieved pop immortality; they're like Beatlemania with the real Beatles. I would tell my grandchildren about them, but at this rate my grandchildren will see the Dead for themselves.

And look at who buys tickets for their concerts, to commune in the soft blue cannabis haze: my neighbor's 17-year-old daughter, my dentist – in spirit only, as he couldn't score a ticket – and Republican Party animal Bill Weld, who could. And 14,998 other people. That's a big tent, as they say in politics. Jerry Garcia for president? Well, never mind.

Jerry seems happy where he is, and we're just as happy to have him there, blasting out lines like "Every silver lining/has a touch of grey." I read where a prominent demographer recently characterized the Baby Boom generation as indulging "the longest perpetual adolescence on record." But you have to admit: It sure beats growing up.

Alex Beam is a Globe columnist.

VIDEO BEAT

A 'must have' for Deadheads

The Grateful Dead have a knack for putting out popular home videos. Their last, "The Making of Touch of Grey," was No. 1 on the Billboard music video charts for five weeks. A similar fate should await "Backstage Pass," a unique Dead video history that is released today.

Since the Dead aren't planning to tour soon or release a new album, this video history is their major push for the moment. It's a high-impact delight, filled with archival footage, live tracks, new animation and a concluding light show that rivals anything in Stanley Kubrick's space odyssey, "2001."

Video director Justin Kreutzmann (son of Dead drummer Bill Kreutzmann), who also made the group's last video, outdoes himself. He melds modern, quick-cut special effects, but never loses the Dead's grass-roots flavor. He blends everything from 1964 Garcia home movies, to up-to-the-minute studio footage of drummers Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart in the space jam "Fearless Groove."

The new video also functions as a tribute to two of the Dead's bygone pianists, Ron (Pig Pen) McKernan and Brent Mydland. Each sings a song and is captured in some hilarious backstage antics. McKernan is shown in his clean-cut, pre-outlaw days, though it's those outlaw days that are depicted during his version of Otis Redding's "Hard to Handle," while footage is intercut of a Haight Ashbury sidewalk procession of the Dead, Quicksilver Messenger Service and Big Brother & the Holding Company. Janis Joplin, who fronted the latter, wears a gypsy shawl and floppy velour hat that you simply can't miss.

Mydland is shown later in a funny exchange with Hart. "Brent, is that really you?" says Hart, emulating a fan's worship. "I can't believe it! A fan after all these years!" says Mydland, acknowledging he never quite fit in with the band.

Other highlights: Bob Weir singing "The Other One" with visuals from the band's 1978 visit to Egypt (including No. 1 fan Bill Walton, poking his head out of an Egyptian taxi cab, looking very spaced); and Weir and Garcia sparking an acoustic studio version of Bob Dylan's "She Belongs to Me." Needless to say, Dead fans will revel in "Backstage Pass," which will retail for $19.95.

– Steve Morse

Welnick just happy to be playing in the band

By DEAN JOHNSON

Playing keyboards for the Grateful Dead may be the most dangerous job in rock 'n' roll. Three of its keyboardists — Rod "Pigpen" McKernan, Keith Godchaux and Brent Mydland — have died during the Dead's 25-year history.

"When I got a call from Bob Weir about my audition, his first question was if my insurance was paid up," said Vince Welnick said, the newest Dead keyboard player. "Then I knew I was in the group."

Welnick, 40, has been with the band for nearly a year — after working with the Tubes and Todd Rundgren — and he's still getting used to the job. The Dead's live repetoire was more than 140 songs last year and can change on any given night at any given moment. But he's learned to enjoy the challenge.

"I stopped worrying at the first gig," he said. "But I'm still concerned at holding up my end of the log, like a good lumberjack should. It's a concern that this time I could get a curve thrown at me."

The Grateful Dead are known for their spur-of-the-moment musical changes in concert, and Welnick confirmed that's exactly the way the band does things.

"Most of the time you never know what song's going to come up next," he said. "Jerry (Garcia) might give you some idea what key a song's going to be in by fiddling around just before it, but Bobby (Weir) just counts it down and takes off. You can't assume anything about the band.

"There aren't even cues a lot of times," he said, "and you just hope you get the right idea. Every now and then someone will say to me, 'You know this one? It goes like this . . .' and they're off.

"It *is* fun," he said. "But it's definitely not easy."

Even auditioning for the band forced the Phoenix native to resort to a shoot-from-the-hip attitude about his music.

". . . they give you a selection of songs you might want to play at the audition, cutting the list from 140 to about 20. We played about eight at audition.

"I didn't know they were recording me, but they were and said I was cool under fire because I managed to play along with them and follow the rhythm better than some of them did that day."

BOSTON HERALD 9/21/91



DL0523

For Immediate Release

October 25,1991

Grateful Dead/"Infrared Roses"

If you've ever been to a **Grateful Dead** concert (and by now, who hasn't?), you know how it is — at some point during the show, structure begins to dissolve — a trap door opens in the old rock 'n' roll terra firma, and band and audience alike are sent careening down a funhouse slide into the Great Unknown. It's the aural equivalent of walking down a familiar street in your old neighborhood, turning a corner, and finding yourself in a Salvador Dali landscape of melting watches and giant eyeballs.

Welcome to the portion of our program known to Grateful Dead tapers and compulsive set-list keepers as **"Drums and Space,"** a zone of absolute improvisation and intuition — of existing, as jazz players like to say, "in the moment."

Welcome also to **Infrared Roses**, the new **Grateful Dead** album.

But **Infrared Roses** is a Grateful Dead album unlike any other. It's all-instrumental, all-improvised — a brilliant distillation of those moments of sheer musical adventure that happen at Grateful Dead shows and nowhere else in the known world — as heard through the keen ears of one **Bob Bralove**.

And who is this **Bralove** fellow, you ask? Do you remember the Wizard of Oz urging Dorothy and friends to "pay no attention to that man behind the curtain!"? Well, *do* pay attention this time, because Bob Bralove is "that man." Since 1987 Bob has been an invisible but crucial collaborator with the Grateful Dead, as the band's guide through the wonderful world of **MIDI** (**M**usical **I**nstrument **D**igital **I**nterface), a function he previously performed for **Stevie Wonder**. Bob started out with the Dead programming keyboards for the late **Brent Mydland**, but soon began making a myriad of MIDI sounds available to the other players in the band. Bralove's work is the reason **Jerry Garcia's** guitar can suddenly sound like a trumpet or bassoon, **Bob Weir's** like a glockenspiel, **Phil Lesh's** bass like a gong or a pan flute on Pluto. **Bill Kreutzmann** and **Mickey Hart** can summon up the sound of an African balafon, a Brazilian berimbau or something not of this earth. Through Bralove's MIDI wizardry, keyboardists **Vince Welnick** and **Bruce Hornsby** have at their disposal an limitless selection of textures, giving the Dead's music an orchestral grandeur and density like never before. It was also Bralove's inspired notion to fashion a Grateful Dead album exclusively from "Drums and Space" segments.

"Drums" and **"Space"** may be convenient enough words to identify a specific portion of a Grateful Dead concert, but they don't begin to adequately describe the depth and breadth of weirdness and wonder covered in these sonic explorations. "Drums," obviously, denotes the sequences belonging to the Rhythm Devils, Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart, while "Space" generally means the time given to the guitarists and keyboardists. But there are many places where the lines between "Drums" and "Space" blur, both in the personnel on stage and sonically: sometimes "Drums" is melodic, "Space" intensely percussive. "Drums" can be as peaceful as a sunrise in Bali [illegible] the soft "clang" of a Gamelan, or as ferocious as a night on Mount Olympus, the go[illegible]ing thunderbolts at we mere mortals below. "Space" can evoke the fragile lyricism o[illegible]y Miles Davis, or the sci-fi mayhem of a "Rodan vs. Godzilla" movie. Pastels or primary colors, impressionism or surrealism — the possibilities are infinite, even more so with MIDI adding to the Dead's pallette.

In creating Infrared Roses, Bob Bralove has taken on the difficult task of portraying as much of this vast musical spectrum as possible, and has succeeded brilliantly. Bralove is himself a musician and composer as well as a technician, and strove to arrange the improvised material on the album into a compositional entity. As Bralove states in his liner notes: *"I have attempted to sift through these explorations, distilling moments where the Grateful Dead magic occurs in its highest form. All the material was performed live by the Grateful Dead in concert. But instead of presenting this material as it was performed in a show, I have focused on specific musical themes. Some pieces have been created from performances of the same night. Others have been created from multiple shows. I have tried to focus the energy of the selections while maintaining the integrity and nuance of each performer."*

The album is divided into four sections (or movements), each with three parts, each representing a different aspect of the Dead's improvisational approach. The first section might be characterized as "pre-MIDI," featuring predominently acoustic drums and electric guitars without synthesized embellishments, with a delightful trip into the pre-show Deadhead parking-lot bazaar as a preface (and how *did* that dog learn to bark in time with the drums?). The second movement depicts the abandonment of song structure, as the band bravely steps off the musical cliff into freefall. The third breaks down the ensemble into smaller subsets, first keyboards, then drums, finally guitars. The final section starts out as a portrait of soundman Dan Healy's vital role in the creative process, showing how Healy works his amazing spatial magic with the sound onstage. The album ends with a generous dose of the Dead at its collective improvising best, joined by special guest Branford Marsalis on saxophone. This is 20th century electric free jazz of the highest order.

For the wonderfully evocative names of the album's twelve sections, Bralove turned to an ace wordsmith — Grateful Dead lyricist **Robert Hunter**. After listening to an advance tape, Hunter came up with characteristically imaginative titles, such as **"Magnesium Night Light," "Post-Modern Highrise Table Top Stomp," and "Apollo At The Ritz,"** to name but a few. **Jerry Garcia** contributed the compellingly surreal cover art, which looks a lot like the music inside sounds.

As Bob Bralove writes:
"Tear up your set lists, sit back and listen!"

Infrared Roses is now available from **Grateful Dead Records**, on compact disc **(GDCD40142)** and cassette **(GDC40144)**. It can be found at record stores everywhere, or can be ordered by mail from **Grateful Dead Merchandising (P.O.. Box X, Novato, CA 94948)**

To Order by phone, call: 1-800-225-3323
Fax Orders: 1-415-898-9695

Press Info: Dennis McNally — (415) 648-4832
Gary Lambert — (510) 658-7978

DL0524

DL0525

The Cosmic Conductor of the Grateful Dead

As soundman for the San Francisco rock band, audio engineer Dan Healy makes sure that all the notes and chords reach the audience just as the Dead intended

BY DAVID W. MAJOR

DAN Healy has long maintained a strict policy of keeping his distance from the Grateful Dead. As the audio engineer responsible for integrating the sound of the band's live performances, Healy is precisely 85 feet away from Jerry Garcia and company at every indoor concert. It's one detail among thousands taken into consideration to improve the fidelity of the Grateful Dead.

"There are a lot of things like that," Healy says, speaking backstage at The Spectrum before the Dead's March 16 performance, one of three in Philadelphia as part of the band's current East Coast spring tour. "The stage setup is extremely critical and is also exactly the same, within an inch, for every show. So, too, with where everyone stands on stage."

"The more you can eliminate the variables, the more you can concentrate on those things that truly are — like the weather and the moods of people," Healy says. "There is enough in those two elements to cause you a lifetime of grief."

Since 1967, when he joined the band, Dan Healy has dedicated himself to improving the concert sound of The Grateful Dead. During his tour of duty, he has encountered every conceivable accoustical predicament, whether preparing the Dead to play before the pyramids of Egypt or coping with rain, wiley electricity and thousands of rabid fans in the Colorado Rockies. In the early 1970s, his painstaking research contributed to the creation of the "Wall of Sound" sound system of 1974, a huge, astonishing piece of stereophonic hardware that, at the time, outstripped all available knowledge of sound systems.

"The most that was known about sound reinforcement, for all the speaker formulas and stuff like that, came in the 1920s by Bell Labs," says Healy, who throughout this interview catches himself from slipping into the jargon fit for an MIT roundtable discussion. "We had bottomed out in absorbing all known research, and we were far from satisfied. So we developed The Wall of Sound as a resource to learn about the properties of sound. That was the beginning of writing the book."

Within the music industry, the frontiersman spirit has long been associated with the Grateful Dead, who have always possessed state-of-the-art sound. Initially relying on the genius of Owsley Stanley, Ron Wickersham, John Curl and Healy — and whatever money was thrown their way — the band set the standards that they themselves are frequently re-establishing.



PHOTO/DAVID GANS

Audio engineer Dan Healy, the Grateful Dead's soundman since 1967, during a light moment at the Greek Theatre, University of Berkeley, in 1984. "I basically represent the band to the audience. But I also represent the audience to the band. I am the translator, in a strange way."

"It involves going beyond caring, because I assume everyone cares," says Healy. "We want to continuously improve. Most bands sort of take the sound system for granted. They never really think about this; it's not part of their daily reality. It is with our scene. We all live together with this dream, and we all go out of our way to continuously improve it."

The evolving quest to harness the elusive properties of sound — and to cope with the barbaric acoustics of the facilities in which the band performs most of its 80-odd yearly concerts — led Dan Healy to undertake some extraordinary measures.

"Years ago, when we began playing larger venues," Healy says, "I sort of took it on as a personal challenge to see how far I could take the sound quality in, basically, a sports arena. Just how good can you get an awful-sounding place to sound?"

At the time, Healy scouted ahead and researched the various facilities at which the band frequently plays. With the aid of the computer, he created "maps" of the acoustical properties of the arena. Next, he got his hands on the architectural drawings of the buildings. Back at the band's San Rafael, Ca., offices, Healy applied this information to knowledge gleened in the '70s about the propagation quality of sound: how it comes out of the speakers and what happens after it leaves.

"I have a very complicated computer system at home, which has an architectural design-based software," Healy says. "In that, I have a model replica of each and every speaker in the sound system. I can take that program and set up model sound systems. Then I run tests on it and see what I want to do to shape the 'array,' which is the term we use to describe the group of speakers. So, I literally design the sound system to fit the room."

Once theory meets practice at the concert hall, however, all sorts of surprises can surface. The threat of an equipment failure always lurks, although it is a remarkably rare occurrence at a Grateful Dead concert — given the expertise of the band's veteran road crew. They can unload the three 18-wheelers full of gear and have the equipment up and running in four and a half hours, including the apparatus for the subtle, seductive lighting effects designed and managed by Candace Brightman.

From his position at the soundboard, which looks like a cutaway model of the Space Shuttle cockpit, Healy also monitors the pulse of the audience, which, on some nights, is simply too restless to listen carefully. (The exception is always the "tapers," a legion of Deadheads who are positioned in a designated area behind Healy's soundboard in order to tape record the concerts — a practice that the band

(See COSMIC, Page 4)

MESSENGER PRESS
ALLENTOWN, N.J.
3/19/92

ETC. S.F. EXAMINER 5/18/92

The telephone system at the Golden State Warriors offices has been crashing since the announcement that the team was selling tie-dyed T-shirts like the warmup shirts worn by the Lithuanian men's basketball team at the Olympics.

The shirts were designed by the Grateful Dead, to help Warrior **Sarunas Marciulionis** in his efforts to put together a team from his newly independent country.

The shirts became available for $30 each Monday. But Warriors officials said phone lines were clogged all day and more than 25 employees spent the day taking orders.

The Warriors are now asking that orders for T-shirts be phoned to (510) 762-BASS instead of the team's office.

Cosmic Conductor of the Grateful Dead

(Continued from Page 3)

condones despite record companys' erroneous complaints over the years that it dampens record sales.)

"I don't play volume wars with the audience; if I wanted to, I could have people diving under their seats," says Healy, who has logged more than 2,000 shows as the Dead's soundman. "You can be loud without creating a lot of sound: Your ideas can be loud, but the volume doesn't have to be loud. Most bands have volume without loudness."

Healy doesn't underestimate the mood of the band and the conditions they confront during a show. Throughout a concert, he can communicate with any member of the band, each of whom has an intercom station near him on stage. He may contact Harry Popick onstage to have him adjust "the mix" of the monitors, a speaker system that allows band members to hear themselves playing. Talking to the drummers, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann, is particularly important because of the sensitive nature of their equipment. Between sets, Healy will usually make the rounds backstage, soliciting feedback from the band and making a suggestion or two.

"I've been called another member of the band many times," says Healy. "The idea is that I basically represent the band to the audience. But I also represent the audience to the band. So, I'm sort of this agent, whose job is to put the music into a form that is as close as what I believe the band is intending, and to put it into a form that people can perceive. I am the translator, in a strange way."

Translating the live concert sound of the Grateful Dead to compact disc and cassette has become a moonlight job for Healy. Away from the crowds and concert halls, he has locked himself inside the band's San Rafael studios to resurrect vintage shows that have been salvaged from the Dead's exhaustive tape archive. With a little Dan Healy sleight of hand and his extensive high-tech know-how, crackly old tapes are transformed into pristine reproductions that, upon hearing them, drop you right in the front of Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, Phil Lesh and the rest of the Dead.

One From the Vault, released in 1991 on Grateful Dead Records, is from The Great American Music Hall performance that took place Aug. 13, 1975. This spring, the band will release *Two From the Vault*, which is based on the Dead's Aug. 24, 1968, concert at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. The Dead intend to release two to three concerts each year from its tape vault, which contains all of their concert performances and is managed by tape archivist Dick Latvala. With miles of tape documenting the band's musical past, arriving at a decision over what concert to produce would seem difficult. The Dead, however, depend on their zealous fans to come forward with suggestions.

"I'm more interested in taking the tapes and seeing if I can make them sound good," says Healy, who recently produced *Devout Catalyst*, a Grateful Dead Records release featuring the surreal poetry and mesmerizing baritone of Ken Nordine that's accompanied by the music of Jerry Garcia, Tom Waits and others. "I'm pretty game for having someone give me a tape and say, 'Here, Dan, this is your next mission.'

"I never think of it in terms of what songs we played and what the performances were like," he says. "At the time, I was usually so involved in the doing of it to sit back and listen to it." ●



1/4/92

C4 San Francisco Chronicle ☆☆☆☆☆

SOMETHING ELSE / *JOEL SELVIN*

Grateful Dead Is Top Draw

Year Of the Living Dead: With a cover featuring the familiar skull and roses, Pollstar magazine, a Fresno-based outfit that tracks the concert industry, proclaims the Grateful Dead the concert attraction of 1991. According to Pollstar, the Dead took $34.7 million at the box office during 76 shows in 27 cities, topping the list of concert attractions for the year.

The Dead have landed in Pollstar's upper register for the past five years, beginning with $24.3 million in 1987. But last year's chart-topping gross outdistanced the band's 1990 record by nearly $5 million. In a recession year that had concert producers across the country crying the blues, the Dead drew an average of more than $1.2 million at every show.

This puts the Dead ahead of such red-hot hit attractions as ZZ Top, Guns N' Roses and Michael Bolton.

Furthermore, the Dead accomplished all this without a hit record or even a new record, MTV air play or a prolonged absence. The Dead's following is no longer concentrated in large coastal cities, either, as demonstrated by the more than 38,000 tickets the band sold during two shows last June in Indianapolis.

Incredibly, in no other way was 1991 a landmark year for the Dead. The record box-office was business as usual for a band that last released a new album, to no particular acclaim or great sales, in 1989.

The tapes of the shows are GREAT! .....



925010

DL0527



B-2
INDIANAPOLIS STAR
2/10/92

RECORD REVIEWS

Only fan

Grateful Dead
Infrared Roses
Grateful Dead
★½

Not since 1969's *Aoxomoxoa* has the Grateful Dead recorded music this weird. Not since Lou Reed's *Metal Machine Music* has there been a record as grating.

This 58-minute disc of chirping cacophony is an outgrowth of *Space*, the middle portion of the Grateful Dead's concerts where the band flies into a percussion-based exploration. It's the point in live shows where most of the audience makes its way to the bathroom.

A few portions of this disc are intriguing — Bruce Hornsby's piano work on *Silver Apples of the Moon* is a severe departure from his tinkling-waterfall style and Branford Marsalis' sax playing on *Apollo at the Ritz* is extremely jazzy — but acid-king Owsley would have to be back in business for anyone to listen to this a second time.

Give the Dead points for experimenting, something that's been lacking in its endeavors the past few years. But take points away for making what can't be described as listenable and what is only in the strictest sense music. For the most fanatical Deadheads only.

— *Marc D. Allan*

NEW YORK POST
NEW YORK, NY
D - 644,738
S - 412,106

NOV 18 1991

1-908-842-1616 3393
GARDEN STATE PRESS
CLIPPING BUREAU

Slo-mo Jerry-built wreck

By DAN AQUILANTE

JUST like the great pharaohs of ancient Egypt, Jerry Garcia, the spiritual leader of the Grateful Dead and its legions of tie-dyed followers, is a living, breathing god. So you can be sure I'll be wearing a hardhat and bullet-proof vest for a while because it's less dangerous to tell Allah jokes at the Baghdad Hilton than to say anything bad about Garcia.

J.G., fronting the Jerry Garcia Band at Madison Square Garden

***ROCK** review*

put on a stinker of a show Friday. It was long, it was boring, it was lifeless. Adding to this triple Sominex threat was the Garden's penny-pinching reluctance to turn on the air conditioning, which made the arena a super-sized sauna.

Appearing without his regular Deadmates, Garcia had a talented quintet, but they didn't have the horses to pull the big guy out of the rut he was in. The band's stage configuration was part of the problem. Everyone was set up on line about 40 feet back of the lip of the stage.

Nobody moved during the three-hour plus concert. It was as if they had a massive case of stage fright. Garcia, the world's worse frontman, did nothing to lead the band; he just stayed way back, keeping as much distance between himself and the fans as possible. It's no different when he plays with the Dead, except then J.G. has Bob Weir up front leaning into the crowd trying to light the fire. Visually, the Jerry Garcia Band has no focal point.

Every song rambles its way into an extended solo of Garcia's liquid fretwork (often at the expense of a song's potency). Either Jerry is disinterested in the mostly cover song program, or his style is to make upbeat tunes drag and ballads crawl. I mean, if the J-Man played "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" or "I Shall Be Released" any slower, I was gonna call EMS.

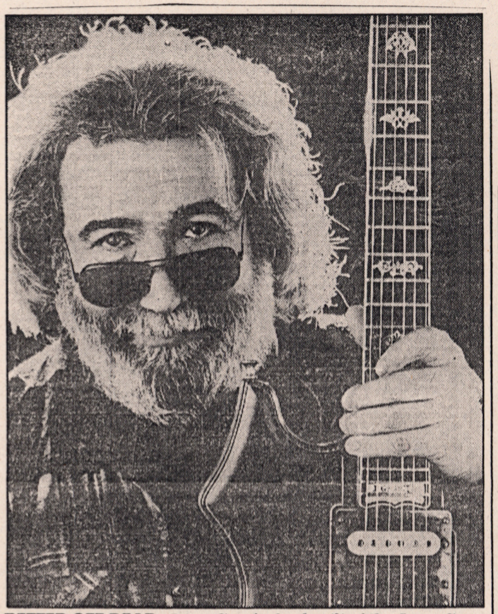
There was no stage patter, nothing to really engage the sold-out house. This was the kind of show that demanded an intimate venue, such as the Village Vanguard, the Bottom Line or Tramps. It was a disaster in the huge expanses of the Garden.

Even though there were no signs of life onstage from Jerry and company, and certainly nothing to see up there like a good light show, most of the crowd stood for the entire performance. One very old guy (maybe the oldest Deadhead in the world), confined to a wheelchair, was left unattended at the back of the stage. He was more entertaining than the band.

The unfortunate fellow first looked bored, then p---ed off that he wasn't elsewhere, and then desperation set in as the show entered its third hour. Later, looking hopeless, he pressed his face into his hands and finally fell asleep in the wash of volume. It wasn't because he was an oldster and it was past his bedtime, a young blonde sitting a couple of rows in front of me was sawing lumber in dreamland too.

I personally don't understand why Garcia does anything he doesn't want to, let alone perform. With the Grateful Dead, he reportedly made $20 million in the first half of this year and more than $1 million per stadium show this summer. Friday's concert on the surface appears to be a greedy attempt to squeeze loyal fans for every buck they have left.

In a recent Rolling Stone interview, Garcia, 49, admitted he wasn't having fun anymore and he wasn't enjoying playing with the Dead. If the Madison Square Garden show was in any way telling, then the problem isn't with the Dead.



BETTER OFF DEAD: *Jerry Garcia, leader (?) of the Jerry Garcia Band which acted as if it had been buried in the Garden.*

Grateful Dead

LATVALA, DICK

LAS VEGAS
MAY 29, 30, & 31, 1992
4 COMPS
4 BACKSTAGE

IF YOU HAVE ANY TICKETS LEFT OVER, PLEASE TURN THEM BACK INTO CASSIDY OR EILEEN. THANKS!

Fusions for the 21st Century

Melding indigenous folk traditions with Western jazz and high-tech pop, world music forges a vital new sound

By GUY GARCIA

In her native Africa, singer Aster Aweke is so popular that she has been dubbed "Ethiopia's Donna Summer." But Aweke, who grew up listening to Aretha Franklin and Billie Holiday, always dreamed of being a hit in America. Now, nine years after moving to the U.S., she has achieved her goal. Her album *Kabu* (Columbia Records) reached No. 4 on *Billboard*'s World Music chart. *Kabu* gets its power from Aweke's vocals, which soar above a lush weave of Ethiopian folk melodies and American jazz and pop, evoking sunny images of love and life in her rural homeland. Yet most fans who buy her records can't understand a word she sings. Says Aweke, who sings in Amharic: "Americans say, 'We don't know what you're talking about, but we can follow; we feel you there.' "

Aweke is not the only non-English singer who is coming through clearly. Salif Keita, an ebullient singer from Djoliba, Mali, whose album *Amen* stayed at No. 1 on the *Billboard* World Music chart for 12 weeks, mixes Western guitars and drums with high-tech electronics that mimic such Mandingo instruments as the stringed kora and the xylophone-like balaphon. Brazilian singer Margareth Menezes, the French guitar troupe Gipsy Kings and Zimbabwe's Thomas Mapfumo, among others, also have solid new albums on the U.S. market.

"People are becoming aware there are other musical styles besides Western rock and pop that are just as valid," explains David Byrne, who helped pioneer the fusion of rock and Third World traditions with his band Talking Heads. Byrne's interest in non-European music led him to found his own label, Luaka Bop, which has issued an ambitious series of compilations and samplers.

The appeal of world-music artists lies in their heartfelt intensity—something that has become rare in the cookie-cutter commercialism of Western rock and pop. "You get tired of turning on the radio, and it sounds like the same producer could have made half the Top 10," says Byrne, who plans to bring out an album by Indian composer Viajaya Anand this year. "You get assaulted by a million different cultures when you walk down the streets of most American cities, and that's not reflected in the music."

World music—the term was coined by ethnomusicologists as a catchall for non-European, indigenous traditions—has been seeping into the Western pop mainstream for years through progressive recordings by Byrne, the Beatles, Peter Gabriel and Paul Simon. Simon's *Graceland* and *The Rhythm of the Saints* albums, particularly, brought South African and Brazilian folk styles to a mass audience. Now, after decades of borrowing by Western musicians, Third World composers are creating cross-cultural fusions of their own—and finding a growing audience. Ten years ago, a world-music album was lucky to sell a few thousand copies in the U.S. Today 10,000 to 50,000 copies is more typical, and the number of artists and record companies—from Luaka Bop to Mango, Real World and Rhythm Safari—has exploded. This year's Grammy Awards will feature a Best World Music category for the first time.

The crossover potential of the new aural hybrids is obvious on Mickey Hart's *Planet Drum*, a dazzling display of rhythmic virtuosity performed by the Grateful Dead drummer and a super group of percussionists from Nigeria, Brazil and India. *Planet Drum*, which has been No. 1 on the *Billboard* World Music chart for the past nine weeks, is a rollicking time machine, at once archaic and up-to-the-second, primal and technologically smart. In songs like *Udu Chant, Temple Caves* and *Dance of the Hunter's Fire*, the players coax a torrent of tattoos and flowing rhythms from a battery of drums, synthesizers, Chinese cymbals, rattles and even Mexican donkey jaws.

"Indigenous music is being brought into the digital age," says Hart, who, in conjunction with the Library of Congress, will soon issue a recording of music from the Amazon basin. "This is not a bunch of savages killing chickens and howling at the moon. These are people playing older instruments who are virtuosos in their own right. World music tells us where we have been and where we are going. We are looking for the rhythms of the 21st century."

They seem to be everywhere. The 3 Mustaphas 3, a cutting-edge band from England, incorporates styles from the Balkans, Africa and Latin America—sometimes in a single song. And Shang Shang Typhoon, a Japanese septet with two albums on the Epic/Sony Japan label, blends Okinawan and traditional Japanese music with salsa, reggae, funk and rock. "There is no pure, unadulterated music anymore," says Hart. "Nor should there be. If music doesn't change, it dies. And when the music dies, the community dies." By that measure, the world's future sounds pretty lively. ■



SUSANA MILLMAN



FRANK OCKENFELS 3

CULTURAL CROSSOVERS Drummer Hart bangs out a dazzling tattoo on skins, gongs and donkey jaws; Aweke's Amharic vocals soar beyond the language barrier

5/17/92

New Technology Revives Tracks



The Grateful Dead of the late '60s: The recording comes from shows in October 1968

'60s Live Recordings Could Be Best of Dead

BY JOEL SELVIN
CHRONICLE POP MUSIC CRITIC

RESCUED LITERALLY from the distant clouds of history, "Two From the Vault" could be the best live album ever by the **Grateful Dead.** Originally recorded on eight-track machines almost a quarter-century ago, the material underwent an entirely new process for retrieving sounds from a previous generation of technology for the new double-disc CD.

Using a 48-track transfer analyzer that the band uses to measure reverberation in different auditoriums and a sophisticated digital delay system, producer **Dan Healy,** the Dead's long-standing sound whiz, used computer technology to bring the antique recordings into the modern realm. "It's a rather elaborate procedure that took several days just to set up," Healy said. "But when we first got it up, punched in the numbers and heard it, we fell over backward."

The recording comes from shows in October 1968, just after the band released its second album, "Anthem of the Sun," and the new live set, released on the band's own Grateful Dead Records, features some of the classic material on which the band originally staked its story — "Dark Star," "St. Stephen," "The Eleven," "The Other One," "New Potato Caboose." The late keyboardist-vocalist **Pigpen** is included in all his glory, performing his blues staples "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" and "Turn on Your Lovelight."

"It's the Grateful Dead I think of when I think of the Grateful Dead," said Healy, who plans to release "Three From the Vault" from a series of 1971 concerts (not yet finalized) later this fall. The first set, taken from 1975 performances at the Great American Music Hall, sold in excess of 200,000 copies, without the interference of a middleman, big-time record company.

"For the first time in 25 years of doing it," said Healy, "instead of doing it for the industry with some record company guy standing over me telling me what songs to use and how long they should be, I'm doing it for me — which is probably the way I should have been doing it all along."



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From: Allen's P.C.B
MAR 6 1992

BURRELLE'S

THE DEAD LIVE, LIKE YOU'VE NEVER HEARD THEM BEFORE

By Rickey Wright
Special to Preview

"THERE IS NOTHING like a Grateful Dead concert," goes the old saying — not even the band's own studio albums, admits everyone, including band members.

Now their own label has embarked on a series of new releases in an attempt to capture several different sides of the Dead experience for home consumption.

Aug. 13, 1975, was the night of the Dead's live premiere of its "Blues for Allah" album in San Francisco. Tapes of the show have long been favorites among collectors, so it was a natural for "One From the Vault." The double-CD captures every note.

TONIGHT IN HAMPTON

The album and a forthcoming sequel, "Two From the Vault," were produced by Dan Healy, the Dead's sound engineer for a quarter-century. Where the first in the series was a relative breeze to put together, the second proved a chore.

When tape archivist Dick Latvala settled on a little-known August 1968 Los Angeles show for the second release, Healy had his work cut out. The "practically flawless performance" had been captured on a tape that was anything but.

The Warner Bros. engineers responsible for the recording "were guys who had worked mostly in big-band sort of situations," Healy says. Their inexperience in handling amplified rock led to an eight-track master tape with "a phenomenal among of leakage" among instrumental, vocal and "audience ambience" microphones.

Back then, "there was nothing you could do about it," Healy says. "It was just considered a lost tape."

But the advent of digital technology allowed Healy to restore the stereo image and remix the tapes.

"It took weeks. It took probably six weeks of working seven days a week" in the Dead's Club Front studios, by Healy's reckoning. "This is something that nobody has experienced. It's a treat on that level."

The late vocalist/harmonica player Ron "Pigpen" McKernan is heard "in one of his finest forms ever" on the two discs, according to Healy. The album's concluding note is a sign of the times.

"At the tail end of 'Morning Dew,' the cops turned off our electricity, which was very fashionable then."

"Infrared Roses" is another Grateful Dead Records release whose existence is owed to modern technology. MIDI (Musical Instrument Digital Interface) allows musicians to alter the sounds of their instruments in a number of ways. Bob Bralove first brought it to the Dead about five years ago.

"Roses" is Bralove's baby, an hourlong, all-instrumental release put together from "Drums" and "Space" breakdowns performed in concerts over the band's MIDI-capable period. To coin another bumper sticker, there's no other Dead album like this one.

A forest of drums gives way to doomy, science fiction-inflected sounds. All of which finally gives way to a classic stage-jam ending featuring guest saxophonist Branford Marsalis going head to head with a MIDI-altered Jerry Garcia guitar that sounds for all the world like Miles Davis' trumpet.

That segment, "Apollo at the Ritz," is one of only two on "Roses" that comes from one performance — and even it has been altered in editing. "The later part of the evening comes in the early part of the piece," producer Bralove says.

The album, which is intended as a separate experience from a Dead concert, took about two years to manipulate into shape. The band, which gave Bralove a free hand in creating it, is happy with the result. And even the tape freaks are stumped by some of his trickery. Case in point: "Little Nemo in Nightland," a six-minute cut assembled from bits of 18 shows.

Though Bralove says "they're good at (guessing source) shows," he's proud not to have "found a Deadhead who has been able to nail an edit point" on the album.

Grateful Dead. 7:30 tonight at Hampton Coliseum. 627-1440. Sold out







Dick Latvala
Grateful Dead Productions Inc.
P.O. Box 1073
San Rafael, CA 94915



The BLARNEY STONE
Official News for the 1992
WINNIN' O' THE GREEN
Poker Tournament
3/19/92

HAL KANT HOLDS 'EM ALL

No-Limit Hold 'Em

$300 Buy-In • One Optional Re-Buy
Tuesday, March 17

Event Results

Player	Winnings
1- Hal Kant	$22,720
2- Howard Andrew	$14,200
3- Jenny Kaye	$6,816
4- John Bonetti	$3,976
5- George Michalas	$2,840
6- Rich Korbin	$2,272
7- Roger McDow	$1,704
8- Barbara Enright	$1,136



Total Prize Pool $61,800

Total Number of Entrants 139

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By Connor O'Connor
Emerald Isle Wire Service

Hal Kant has something to be Grateful for besides Jerry Garcia and the boys -- namely his ability to win at No-Limit Hold 'Em. Players at last Fall's Oktoberpokerfest will remember he also won this event at that tournament, and now he's done it again. Kant's winner's share of the pot was $22,720 from a total of $61,800.

A decidedly coed group sat down to play at the final table. Tahoe Andrews had a comfortable lead with $4,550 in chips, followed by John Bonetti with $2,625, and then came Hal with $2,300. But Kant obviously could, and outlasted all to face Andrews in the showdown.

Tahoe went all in with an off-suit K • 7, and was called by Hal with an off-suit 4 • 7. The flop was 6 • A • 10. Then a 5 came on the turn to give Hal an open end straight, which he immediately made with a 3 on the river to send Tahoe up the river.



D2530

D10531

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གསེར་ཐང་དགོན་པ།

5 April 1992

Dear The Grateful Dead,

We are proud and happy to announce that the reconstruction of Serang Gompa in Guru Rimpoche's "Hidden Valley" of Kyimo Lung is now complete and ready for inauguration. The fund-raising and budget goals have been totally achieved, and our support group, Friends of Serang, will now be dissolved. Thanks to your generous efforts, and those of other Friends of Serang, our monastery has been well and beautifully built. You are cordially invited to make a pilgrimage to this sacred place on the occasion of the consecration, which will be held as planned on the 10th Day of the 4th Tibetan Month, Year of the Water Monkey (10 June 1992). On this date a copper plaque will be dedicated to all patrons (with your name engraved as shown above).

A schedule of inaugural festivities and ceremonies will be held from the second week of May until the full moon of 15 June. This is also the holiest day of the 4th Tibetan Month, Saga Dawa, the day of Buddha Shakyamuni's Enlightenment and Parinirvana. We sincerely hope that all spiritual patrons will be able to attend at least some of these auspicious ceremonies.

Finally, with sincere gratitude, the people of Serang wish to thank you for your generous support, without which the reconstruction of our monastery would not have been possible. As the project is now complete, no further patronage will be requested. As before we ask that the publicity surrounding these events be kept to a minimum, and that the valley now return to its original "wild" state and spiritual environment. All serious pilgrims, and particularly Dharma practitioners, are welcome; but please do not publish any stories, maps, detailed descriptions, trekking itineraries, or guide books about the area. We hope the monastery will last another 500 years as a pure and natural Buddhist "Pe Yul" or Secret Valley. This is what Guru Rimpoche intended, and we hope to preserve its essential spirituality for future generations, and the benefit of all. Tashi Deleg.



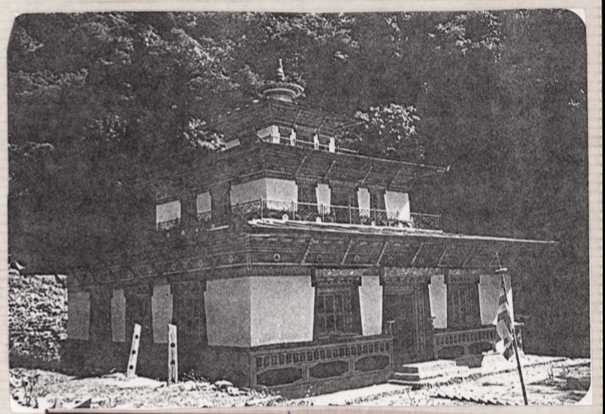
Signed,

ཆོས་གྱི་ཉིམ་རྒྱབ་རི་པ་

Lama Churgi Nyima

2nd Day of the 2nd Tibetan Month
Year of the Water Monkey





S. F. CHRONICLE 8/15/92

Grateful Dead Cancels Entire East Coast Tour

By Joel Selvin
Chronicle Pop Music Writer

The Grateful Dead announced yesterday the cancellation of the 18-date East Coast tour scheduled to start next month and, for the first time since guitarist Jerry Garcia took ill, backed off the official description of his condition as "exhaustion."

The band's press office released a statement from Garcia's attending physician, Dr. Randy Baker, who described his patient's health problems as "primarily chronic rather than acute."

Baker admitted that Garcia has an enlarged heart, but denied that fluid had been found in his lungs or that there had been any kidney failure. The doctor said weight loss should solve Garcia's current diabetic trouble.

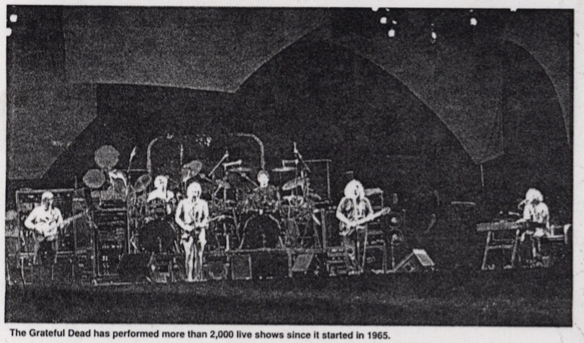
He also said Garcia has agreed to a program of not smoking, weight loss, exercise and diet change. "As this is accomplished," said Dr. Baker, "he should regain good health and continue performing for many years."

Grateful Dead bassist Phil Lesh, who said he expects to be performing again with Garcia and the rest of the Dead before the end of the year, made light of the situation.

"I talked to Elvis this morning myself and he said they already have too many guitarists up there," said Lesh, "and he also doesn't need any competition in the postage stamp market."

Sacramento Bee 5/17/92

NIGHTS OF THE LIVING DEAD



The Grateful Dead has performed more than 2,000 live shows since it started in 1965.

For the legion of fans who haunt Grateful Dead concerts, the performance is everything

By David Barton
Bee Pop Music Critic

Drugs have always played a major role in the story of the Grateful Dead, but its most devout fans have a stronger need: An insatiable thirst for the music.

"It's an addiction," says Dick Latvala of his relationship to the band he first heard at the Longshoremen's Hall in San Francisco in 1966. "When I discovered in 1974 that there were tapes of their live shows, that became my focus, totally. I spent about 15 years collecting tapes and getting the best ones I could, because I craved the experience.

"That's about all I've done in life, other than work on my inner self," he says sheepishly. "Basically, all I've done is collect this music. If I was religious, this would be a religion. I'm definitely fanatical."

He is not alone in his fanaticism. The hunger for the music of the Dead, which Tuesday evening begins a three-night string of shows at the Cal Expo Amphitheatre, is apparently impossible to sate for hundreds of thousands of Deadheads, many of whom have devoted their lives to the band's music.



A quintessentially '60s psychedelic poster put out the word of a concert at the Avalon Ballroom in San Francisco.

That devotion has been infectious, spreading far beyond the circle of Deadheads to reach a mass audience, which last year bought enough tickets to make the Grateful Dead, against all the conventional wisdom, the biggest-grossing concert act in the world.

That devotion also prompted Deadhead John Scott to quit his job as the head of a Macintosh software development team at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire to pursue his passion. His business now is DeadBase, a database recording all things related to the band "in nauseating detail," says Scott. He guesses he spends 60 to 80 hours a week on the database, much of it listening to tapes of every Dead show, painstakingly timing them and recording every title and detail.

Scott, working with West Coast associates Stu Nixon (a statistician at biotechnology giant Genentech Inc.) and Mike Dolgushkin, records set lists for virtually all of the shows the band has played since it formed in 1965, covering more than 2,000 shows. Those set lists include every song, who sang it, when and where, and notes special musical guests who appeared.

The DeadBase is then cross-referenced to songwriters, the most commonly played songs (through 1990, "Me and My Uncle" was the topper, with 532 performances, with "Sugar Magnolia" and "Playing in the Band" right behind), polls of readers' favorite tapes and comments on which concert venues do and do not like Deadheads. There's a discography, some 300 reviews of concerts and details of television appearances and the band members' side projects.

DeadBase, the sixth annual edition of which will be

Please see DEAD, page 18

Recording the Dead

If the Grateful Dead is at its best in concert, and not in the studio, it should be no surprise that they have released more than their share of live recordings.

Not counting the literally thousands of tapes of the Dead circulating, as well as the "bootleg" albums that have been issued since 1970, the Dead have released a whopping 12 official live albums, far more than any other rock act.

The value of Dead live albums is that they not only capture – or come close to capturing – the band's live sound, they usually include tracks not found on the studio albums, from covers of others' material (Merle Haggard's "Mama Tried," Traffic's "Dear Mr. Fantasy") to new songs of their own, such as "Playing in the Band" and "Bertha," that were never released in studio versions.

What follows are thumbnail sketches of the Dead's dozen live albums designed to advise listeners who won't be able to get to the Cal Expo Amphitheatre or those who merely want an idea of what the fuss is all about.

Live Dead (★★★): (1970, recorded 1969) This first live album shows the band at its pre-"Workingman's Dead" peak, when its extended jams and progressive song arrangements (all linked in an unending song cycle) made it the soundtrack to a thousand psychedelic experiences. Contains the classic noodler "Dark Star" (all 23 minutes) and a rip-roaring version of "Turn On Your Lovelight."

Grateful Dead (★★★★): (1971) Along with the Dead's two classic country-rock albums of 1970, "Workingman's Dead" and "American Beauty," this is one of the Dead's best and tightest collections of songs, with the classics "Playing in the Band," "Wharf Rat" and "Bertha."

Europe '72 (★★★★): (1972) Perhaps the best introduction to the band for non-fans, this three-LP (now reduced to two-CD) set contains hits such as an extended version of "Truckin'" and takes on old favorites such as "(Walk Me Out in the) Morning Dew" and "Sugar Magnolia," as well as the definitive versions of "One More Saturday Night" and "He's Gone."

Bear's Choice (★★): (1973, recorded in 1970) A selection of tracks ostensibly dedicated to the late keyboardist Ron "Pigpen" McKernan, this part-electric, part-acoustic hodgepodge features a good version of "Smokestack Lightning," but little else to recommend it.

Steal Your Face (★): (1976, recorded 1974) Nicknamed "Steal Your Money" by some disgruntled fans, this jumbled selection of songs from what were reportedly excellent Winterland concerts doesn't capture a Dead show, being hobbled by dumb sequencing and poor sound quality. A must to avoid.

Dead Set (★★): (1981, recorded 1980) Another unimpressive album, this double album suffers from poor sound and, for the most part, weak performances of songs from the last half of the '70s, despite some fine slide guitar work from Jerry Garcia and a few songs, such as "Brokedown Palace" and "Candyman," that don't appear on other legitimate live collections.

Reckoning (★★★★): (1981, recorded 1980) This most unusual Dead live album is an all-acoustic recording from San Francisco's Warfield Theatre, with the band tackling a slew of traditional songs ("Jack-A-Roe," "Deep Elem Blues" and "On the Road Again") as well as reworkings of classic 1970 tracks "Ripple" and "Dire

Please see RECORDING, page 19

AT A GLANCE

The Grateful Dead
Tuesday through Thursday at 6 p.m. at Cal Expo Amphitheatre. David Grisman Quintet opens Tuesday, Hieroglyphics Ensemble opens Wednesday, Pharoah Sanders opens Thursday. Tickets: $25. 923-2277.

Design / Barbara Stubbs

San Francisco Chronicle C1
★★★

8/14/92

TELEVISION PAGE C16
THEATER LISTINGS PAGE C2
MOVIE LISTINGS PAGE C6, C8

Garcia Illness More Than 'Exhaustion'

Future of Grateful Dead hangs on guitarist's recovery

By Joel Selvin
Chronicle Pop Music Writer

Despite official denials by the band's office, the illness of Jerry Garcia apparently leaves the future of the Grateful Dead very much in doubt. His condition appears to be far more serious than official reports of "exhaustion."

Although the group still plans to mount an 18-city East Coast tour starting September 9 in Washington, D.C., Garcia, the group's lead guitarist, will continue his recovery at home. Symptoms of Garcia's recent collapse apparently included an enlarged heart and fluid in his lungs, symptoms doctors call strongly indicative of heart failure.

Garcia, who turned 50 last week, canceled appearances by his solo band last weekend at the Warfield Theater. Concerts scheduled to take place at the end of this month in Oregon and at Shoreline Amphitheatre were canceled earlier this week. Sales of tickets for the East Coast shows were suspended pending Garcia's continued recovery.

Dead drummer Mickey Hart reported that Garcia is now exercising and has stopped smoking. His previous concession to health was to switch from unfiltered to low-nicotine cigarets.

"I'm not hysterical and I don't know anybody who is hysterical," Hart said. "He's been better, but he's been worse."

Garcia, who entered a hospital in 1986 in a diabetic coma and was placed on a dialysis machine, is known for poor health habits. In addition to cigaret smoking, he is overweight and routinely indulges his fondness for chili dogs and milkshakes, a potentially fatal combination for a diabetic, according to doctors.

Following his 1986 collapse, the Dead did not perform for more than five months. The Grateful Dead, who emerged from the Haight-Ashbury rock scene 27 years ago, are currently the leading concert attraction in the country, having earned more than $30 million last year at the box office and selling out all the appearances they've made this year. Garcia plays such a key role in the band that the group won't consider performing without him.

According to the Dead office, an announcement on the East Coast dates will be made sometime next week.

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DL0533

COVER STORY

Dead

Continued from page 17

published in September (about $26; call 1-800-CAL-DEAD) runs to more than 500 pages, with more detailed annual reports (back to 1987) exceeding 200 pages ($12).

The database is based on tapes of every show the band has played, which are taped and traded by Deadheads with the band's approval.

That approval distinguishes the band from other rock acts, who jealously guard their performances with prohibitions against tape recorders and even cameras.

The Dead, by contrast, makes it easy for tapers to record shows, even providing a taping section right in front of the sound booth. The speed metal group Metallica is the only other major group to have adopted this practice.

It wasn't always this way, according to Stu Nixon of DeadBase. "The tapers were just tolerated through the mid-'70s," he says. "The band is lax about a lot of things, and they didn't mind the tapers if they didn't affect the performance or people's enjoyment of it. But by the mid-'80s, it was getting a little crowded – there were a lot of people doing it."

Nixon credits Dead soundman Dan Healy with the idea to have a section specially demarcated as the tapers' area, with special "taper tickets" available through mail order before the shows.

It is not a free-for-all, however, and the band is still careful. "If you're caught with a tape recorder outside of the taper section," Nixon says, "You're ejected. And I don't know why, but with a video camera, you're taking your life in your hands. You're out on the street and your equipment is in danger. There are a couple of people on the stage with binoculars looking for camcorders, directing the heavies to go get 'em."

Few of those amateur tapers will have the good luck of Dick Latvala, the "fanatic" who has spent his life collecting Dead tapes. Latvala was picked by the band to turn his addiction into a profession. In 1985, he was hired as the Dead's official tape archivist.

"I became known around the Dead office," he explains. "And one day (bassist) Phil Lesh overheard me say, 'Someone ought to be taking care of these tapes, it's really important



"Two From the Vault" is part of a new, high-quality series of live recordings of past Dead shows.

stuff.' The next day, I got a phone call and I'm the guy."

Latvala has been charged with helping longtime soundman Healy ferret out the tapes the band began releasing last year in the "From the Vaults" series, of which two have been released. A third is planned for this fall.

"The main interest in the 'Vaults' program for addictive types is to get the best quality tape available," Latvala says. "Lots of people have those shows on tape – not the early stuff, but as it gets to 1974, you can get a tape of any show. But it's the quality of the shows that is interesting."

Latvala, whose own Dead library encompasses more than 500 tapes, notes an irony in the reissue of tapes from the Dead's three tape vaults. While he says that a lot of the material in the vaults is not live, consisting of all sorts of studio experiments, the band's vaults are "missing tons of shows," and that they have "nothing in the vaults from 1966-67."

But with the tapers, that's no problem. The wide availability of tapes and the analytical attentions of people like Scott, Nixon, Latvala and Jackson, among others, make Dead concerts – an experience many find difficult to explain – the best-documented and most closely examined concerts in rock.

Like Scott and Latvala, David Gans, a "vintage '72 Deadhead," has turned his fandom into a career, with two books on the Dead and a radio show, "The Grateful Dead Hour," that goes out to 55 radio stations nationwide, including Marysville's new free-form rocker KRFD (99.9 FM), where it is heard Saturday nights at 6. (The station will broadcast Thursday night's concert live.)

Gans, who also has access to the Dead's tape vaults, says: "My mission is to shed light on the music of the Grateful Dead and its sources, to try to wise the audience up, to say, 'Hey, isn't it interesting that there's a Miles Davis thing happening here and Johnny Cash over here, in the same piece?' Then I can play some music, or a bit of an interview, that shows that."

Patterns emerge from this analysis. According to Nixon, the typical Dead show, of which there are 70 to 80 a year, is loose, but structured.

Divided into two sets, the typical Dead show opens with one of five or six established openers: Currently, they are "Bertha," "Jack Straw," "Let the Good Times Roll" and lately, "Hell in a Bucket."

Of what Nixon says are approximately 120 actively rotated songs, only about a half-dozen are set openers and closers. Both sets run about 80 to 90 minutes. The first features "shorter songs" – those under 10 minutes.

In the second set, according to Nixon: "The band plays its 10- to 20-minute songs, including one song that they can stretch out into the drum solo, which is generally about midway through the second set. Then the guitarists will come back and do what they call 'space' for 10 to 15 minutes, then the rest of the band comes back and you get a few more songs and then one song for an encore. Maybe once a year, you'll get a two-song encore."

Nixon also notes a recent permutation. "Nowadays, they'll start a show with one song and then finish it several shows (or sets) later. In the New Year's run, they opened the show with 'One More Saturday Night' and then didn't finish it until the close of the second set."

Despite their fanaticism, none of these people claims the Dead is perfect, and even the "fanatical" Latvala admits that the band can be less than ideal: "I can sympathize with people who say it's out of tune, they can't sing – but it's magic, you can't pin it down to any formula. You just have to let go and say wow, man . . . it's amazing. But if the band aren't into it, it can be lame."

But, he adds, there's a reason for that. "For the Dead, each show is an experiment – that's a radically different approach from trying to reproduce something, which is what most acts do. The Dead rehearse on stage."

Blair Jackson, managing editor of Mix magazine and the fanzine the Golden Road, and author of the Dead book "The Music Never Stopped," says that the tapers are important because they capture the band at its best, something the band's studio albums, it is widely agreed, have generally failed to do.

"The studio is antithetical to the way they work," says Jackson. "They're into playing – documenting it isn't important to them. The band becomes greater than the sum of its parts when it's playing in front of the fans.

"The songs don't change through the years much, but the feeling and sound of the band changes," says Jackson, noting that the band has had six different keyboard players. "Besides, I think it's hard for them to decide when something's done. They believe that they're always getting better."

Latvala differs in his assessment of the development of songs.

"I don't know any song that hasn't gone through changes," he says. "Well, 'Don't Ease Me In' they've played since 1965, and it's pretty much the same, but 'New Minglewood Blues' was from back then, and it's changed regularly. 'Dark Star' was originally a three-minute thing – it was a single! – then it grew to seven or eight minutes, then 10 to 12, and by 1969 (when it was finally recorded for 'Live Dead'), it was 24 minutes long."

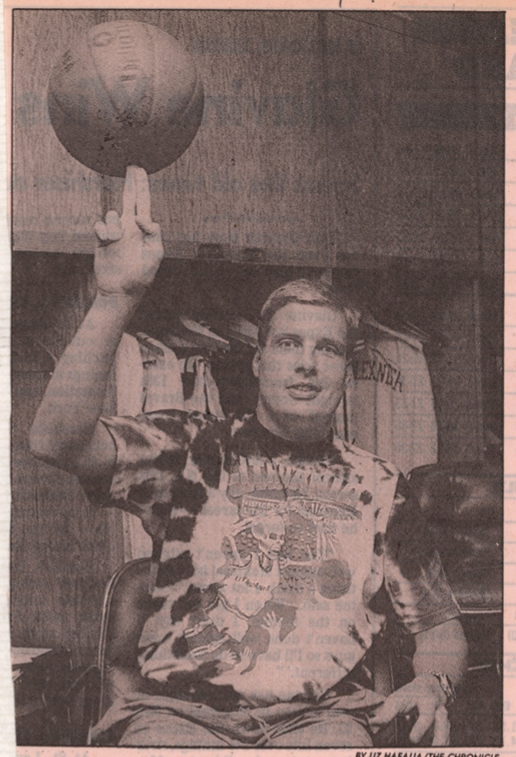
Ultimately, that quality of perpetual change may be the key to the band's enduring appeal, and the basis of the fanatics' addiction.

While the band certainly pleases its fans, the fans' need is never totally satisfied – a true mystery is never really solved – making them a part of an open-ended process.

"I believe this could be going on 30 years from now," says Latvala. "This road goes on forever."

DAVID BARTON is The Bee's pop music critic. Write him at P.O. Box 15779, Sacramento 95852, or call 321-1075. If you would like the letter considered for publication, please include a phone number.

8/20/92



BY LIZ HAFALIA/THE CHRONICLE

Warriors assistant coach Donnie Nelson models the Lithuanian men's basketball team T-shirt inspired by the Grateful Dead

Lithuanian Dead Shirts Going Fast

Demand for the Lithuanian Olympic men's basketball team's Grateful Dead-inspired T-shirts has reached the point where both the Warriors and the Dead are scrambling to meet the requests.

The band announced a toll-free telephone number yesterday to accept orders for the tie-dyed shirts, which Warriors guard Sarunas Marciulionis and his bronze-medal Lithuanian teammates wore on the medal stand in Barcelona earlier this month.

According to Dead spokesman Dennis McNally, people can call 800-225-3323 to place orders for the shirts, which feature a Grateful Dead skeleton dunking a basketball. Last week, the Warriors began accepting orders for the shirts, but on Monday, the Warriors' phone system crashed because the team was receiving so many phone orders. The Warriors now are asking fans to call 510-762-2277.

The shirts cost $30, and proceeds from the sales will go to pay the lingering expenses the Lithuanians still have, according to both the Warriors and McNally.

The remarkable merchandising coup is a direct result of the relationship between the band and Marciulionis. — *George Shirk*

Lackluster Grateful Dead passes time as faithful fans cheer

By David Barton
Bee Pop Music Critic

The great thing about Grateful Dead concerts, their devoted fans say, is that you never know what you're going to get. At its best, the decades-old sextet can sparkle, delivering on their promise to balance on the sharp edge between traditional American country, rock and blues and jazz improvisation.

When the band falls short, you get what 14,000 fans got Tuesday night at the Cal Expo Amphitheatre, where the band began a three-night stand (concluding tonight) with a lackadaisical, shambling performance.

Perhaps the band's recent time off the road has left them rusty; perhaps the unseasonably chilly breeze that blew throughout the band's nearly three hours onstage stiffened their fingers.

Whatever the reason, the band's two sets held very little in the way of interesting music and way too much in the way of dutiful time-serving.

AT A GLANCE

The Grateful Dead
With Pharoah Sanders opening, appear at 6 p.m. today at Cal Expo Amphitheatre. The show is sold out. 923-2277.

Not that it appeared to matter much to the thousands of fans, whose legendary devotion to the band and obsessive fascination with the nomadic, quasi-communal lifestyle the band signifies mean that any gathering of Deadheads to hear their heroes is a special occasion.

Indeed, the joy and camaraderie expressed by the members of a Dead audience is infectious, and a disinterested party may feel a bit of a heel pointing out that the center of attention didn't deliver.

But that was certainly the case Tuesday night. Opening with "Cold Rain and Snow" and continuing through a first set that also included singer/guitarist Bob Weir's take on "Little Red Rooster" and Bob Dylan's "Queen Jane Approximately," as well as old Dead favorites such as "Althea," "Let It Flow" and "Tennessee Jed," the band struggled to find inspiration but came up short.

On "Tennessee Jed" they made a valiant try, but the performance was inspired only when compared to the other material. Perhaps sensing their weakness, the band took a break before an hour had passed.

After a 40-minute break, the six returned with an hour-and-45-minute set that started promisingly with a solid version of the popular medley "China Cat Sunflower/I Know You Rider," Weir and singer/guitarist Jerry Garcia roaring out their lead vocals. New keyboardist Vince Welnick gave a surprisingly confident reading of his new tune, "Long Way To Go Home," delivering a vocal that outshone both Weir and Garcia.

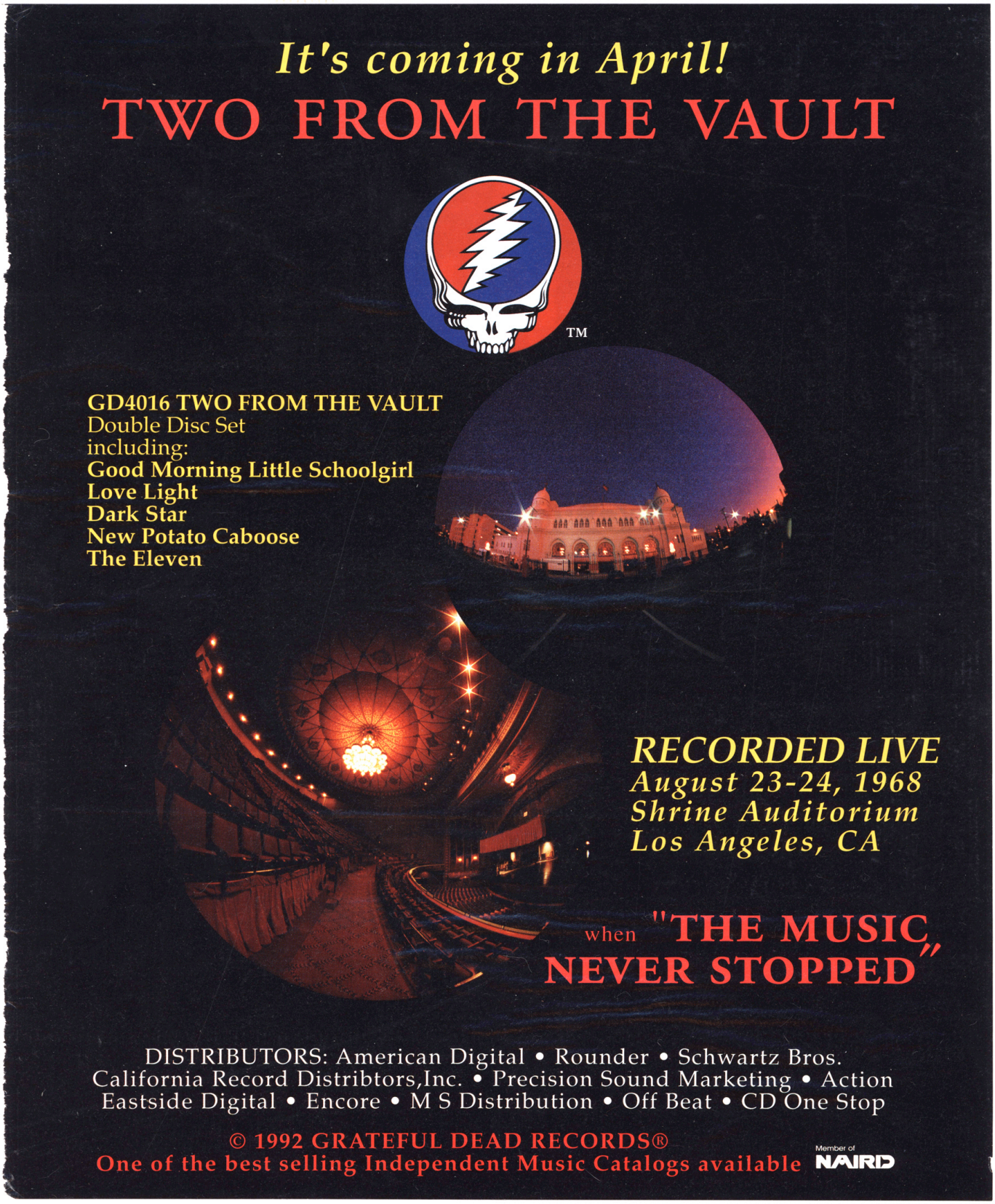
But it was mostly downhill from there. Garcia was particularly uninspired, seeming to toss off leads without fire or consideration, and the band's other flaws – off-pitch vocal harmonies and a pair of drummers, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann, who can sound miserably out of sync when the band's not working – became painfully apparent.

The choice of songs left something to be desired as well. Particularly egregious was Weir's schmaltzy soul ballad, "Looks Like Rain," and warhorses like "Terrapin Station," "Black Peter" and "Sugar Magnolia." The traditional half-hour segment split into "Drums" (a drum duet) and "Space" (extended guitar fidgeting) was unconscionably dull, especially given its function as a place for experimentation and the unexpected.

It wasn't all bad. Weir's "I Need a Miracle" struck some sparks, and the bizarre encore, a medley of the Who's "Baba O'Reilly" and the Beatles' "Tomorrow Never Knows," both sung by Welnick, were good for a belly laugh to end the night. The crowd loved shouting out the "They're all wasted!" climax of the former.

Likewise, the production of the show was tremendous, with excellent lighting effects and the clearest live sound on the road, despite the fact that the whole system went silent for much of the "Drums" segment.

Moreover, viewed as part of a three-night run, these two sets were only the first of six sets. The band and its fans may yet find that legendary musical *frisson* of which they are in a perpetual search. But for those catching only one night, Tuesday's show was a promise left unfulfilled.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TWO FROM THE VAULT
TM
GD4016 TWO FROM THE VAULT
Double Disc Set
including:
Good Morning Little Schoolgirl
Love Light
Dark Star
New Potato Caboose
The Eleven
RECORDED LIVE
August 23-24, 1968
Shrine Auditorium
Los Angeles, CA
when "THE MUSIC NEVER STOPPED"
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FRIDAY
JUN 19 1992

30 .xenqq BURRELLE'S .a.... WF

To Live and Dead In L.A.—Circa '68

3000 Z

AFTER THREE disappointing studio albums, it was 1970's "Live Dead" that finally captured the chemistry of the Grateful Dead's live shows on a recording. Warner Bros. had tried to record the band's April 1968 shows at the Shrine Auditorium in L.A., but phasing problems had made the tapes unusable; the label decided to tape the band playing live in a studio full of enthusiastic fans. The resulting double-disc album featured a 23-minute version of the original space-jam "Dark Star," a 15-minute version of the R&B standard "Turn on Your Lovelight" and lots of the improvisatorial interaction that won the band its devoted following.

The Grateful Dead engineers, using new technology, have now been able to clean up those original L.A. tapes, however, and release them as a double-CD set, "Two From the Vault." Five of the six songs on "Live Dead"—including the legendary "Dark Star"/"Saint Stephen"/"The Eleven" medley—are recycled on "Two From the Vault," and the basic sound of the band is the same. There are some notable NN

NN differences, though. For one thing, the CD technology creates room for more music, so lengthy versions of "The Other One," "New Potato Caboose," "Morning Dew" and Sonny Boy Williamson's "Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl" are available on "Two From the Vault."

For another, the band sounds looser on the L.A. tapes, resulting in some inspired guitar dueling by Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir on "The Other One" but also resulting in some embarrassingly sloppy sections on the blues tunes. Some fans consider this first incarnation of the Dead—with Ron "Pigpen" McKernan on R&B vocals and organ—the best, and this time-capsule recording illustrates how that band approached the same songs differently every time they played.

— *Geoffrey Himes*

THE GRATEFUL DEAD — "Two From the Vault" (Grateful Dead). Appearing Saturday with the Steve Miller Band at RFK Stadium.
To hear a Sound Bite from this album, call 202/334-9000 and press 8106.

From: Allen's P.C.P.

TIMES
TRENTON, NJ
SUNDAY 94,157

JUN 14 1992

2430 .ke 6q BURRELLE'S XJ

Grateful Dead's blast from past

By DAVE FERMAN
Fort Worth Star-Telegram

3000Z

Like many Dead fans, I listen to the band for a number of reasons: I'm fascinated by the abstract/biblical/western bent much of the songwriting takes; I love the history and aura of the group; I respect a band that never plays the same set twice; and I truly enjoy going to see the boys in concert because of the feeling of community, a vibe unlike any other rock 'n' roll show.

But c'mon, you know as well as I do that one of the real draws to this band are those moments in concert when they throw down a jam that takes the top of your head off.

"Two From the Vault," the band's excellent new two-CD live set from August 1968, is valuable from a historical standpoint in part because it's an excellent look back at those heady days when Pigpen led the band on vocals, harp, organ and attitude. And we get plenty of Pig, especially at the beginning — a 15-minute toodle through "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" that bubbles and boogies nicely — and near the end, on an astounding, 17-minute tour de force version of his signature tune, "Turn on Your Lovelight."

As a document celebrating Der Pigster in all his hipster/bluesman glory, "Two" is a job well done and well worth your money. The real deal here, though, is that "Two" is a terrific showcase of the psychedelic/blues firepower this band could unleash in concert; to my taste, it's an even better document of the band live than '69's "Live Dead," which contains many of the same songs found on "Two."

Pigpen was a great frontman and a convincing blues singer and harp player, but he wasn't much of an organist, and by necessity the long jams during this era of the Dead's career focused on Jerry Garcia's guitar, Phil Lesh's bass and the interplay between drummers Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann.

Remember, "Two" was recorded two years before the band began exploring shorter, acoustic-based country-rock on "American Beauty" and "Workingman's Dead," and more than three years before pianist Keith Godchaux joined for what would be a long stint with the band. The band's sound at this point was pure acid-drenched, what-the-hell improvisational squonk, fuzzy and nasty and at times amazingly intense — huge waves of brittle, spacy guitar and shifting rhythms surging, crashing, rising and falling as if the band was one person with one brain and a whole lotta hands.

The second CD is even more delightful, containing as it does an all-stops-out version of "The Other One" and a primo "New Potato Caboose," which builds from a Lesh bass solo to fantastic interplay among him, Hart and Kreutzmann. This is followed by "Lovelight," and the set ends with a beautifully gentle "(Walk Me Out in the) Morning Dew" that cuts the version on "Europe '72" to ribbons.

THE FORBES TOP 40 ENTERTAINERS

The following is the ranking for the 40 top-paid entertainers, totaling their incomes over a two-year period, as compiled by Forbes magazine.

S.F. EXAMINER 9/14/92

'91-'92 Two-year rankings	'90-'91	Star/ Age	1992	1991	Gross Income (In millions of dollars) Total
1	2	Bill Cosby / 55	$40	$58	$98
2	3	Oprah Winfrey/ 38	46	42	88
3	6	Kevin Costner/ 37	21	50	71
4	1	New Kids On The Block/singers	8	54	62
5	10	Steven Spielberg/ 44	30	27	57
6	5	Michael Jackson/ 34	26	25	51
7	9	Charles M. Schulz/ 69	24	25	49
8	4	Madonna/ 34	24	24	48
9	12	Julio Iglesias/ 48	25	23	48
10	28	Guns N' Roses/ rock group	26	21	47
11	7	Johnny Carson/ 65	15	30	45
12	31	Prince / 34	35	10	45
13	—	Garth Brooks/ 30	24	20	44
14	17	Arnold Schwarzenegger/ 45	28	15	43
15	15	Eddie Murphy/ 31	16	24	40
16	—	U2/ rock group	27	9	36
17	—	David Copperfield/ 35	20	15	35
18	16	Tom Cruise/ 30	18	15	33
19	38	Mel Gibson/ 36	22	10	32
20	20	The Grateful Dead/rock group	15	16	31
21	—	Dustin Hoffman/ 55	23	7	30
22	30	Siegfried & Roy/ illusionists	15	15	30
23	26	Michael Douglas/ 48	14	16	30
24	36	Tom Clancy/ 45	14	15	29
25	—	ZZ Top/ rock group	18	11	29
26	29	Stephen King/ 45	15	13	28
27	19	Hammer/ 29	16	12	28
28	—	Robin Williams/ 40	20	7	27
29	—	Cameron Mackintosh/ 45	12	15	27
30	34	Sylvester Stallone/ 46	16	10	26
31	32	Andrew Lloyd Webber/ 44	14	12	26
32	—	Robert DeNiro/ 49	14	11	25
33	8	The Rolling Stones/rock group	14	11	25
34	14	Bruce Willis/ 37	10	15	25
35	23	Jack Nicholson/ 55	14	10	24
36	24	John Hughes/ 42	4	20	24
37	35	Arsenio Hall/ 37	12	12	24
38	25	Frank Sinatra/ 76	9	14	23
39	21	Sean Connery/ 62	9	13	22
40	13	Janet Jackson/ 27	4	18	22

GRATEFUL DEAD

BAM 8/7/92

Two From The Vault
(Grateful Dead Records)
♪♪♪♪♪

Sound Summary: *Dead circa 1968; weak vocally, but instrumentally "raging and storming like a twelve-legged dervish"*

The material on *Two From the Vault*, recorded at the Shrine Auditorium in LA August 23–24, 1968, was considered unlistenable until it was electronically reconstructed by Don Pearson. It's kind of weird to put that much effort into a two-disc set that reiterates every song of consequence from *Live/Dead*, which was recorded at about the same time; the only tunes missing are "Feedback" (which the group liked so much they credited authorship to "Mcgannahon Skyjellyfetti") and the 36-second "And We Bid You Goodnight." It makes you wonder if *Two From the Vault* was released just so the Dead could sell songs on their own label.

However, the superiority of the new release not only justifies *Two*, it sets a new standard for archival reclamation. *Live/Dead*'s fidelity is sludgy and the songs meander in a druggy haze. *Two From the Vault* crackles with excitement; each instrument and voice is crisply defined to reveal the arrangements' complexities and the musicians' placement on stage. Jerry Garcia's guitar is razor sharp, Bob Weir's coloring is clear (for a change), and Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart's drums are precise and distinct.

The performance is tight when the Dead play verses and definitive hooks, but *Two From the Vault* also contains some out-on-a-limb improvisation—most notably in "Dark Star" and "New Potato Caboose"—that is daring and inspired. The band locks into high-energy grooves in "The Eleven" and "The Other One," raging and storming like a twelve-legged dervish. The surprising rawness of "(Walk Me Out in the) Morning Dew" is a fiery exclamation point at the end of the album.

Other than Pigpen's irresistible singing in "Good Morning, Little Schoolgirl" and "Turn on Your Love Light," the vocals are no better than on any other Grateful Dead record. Awful pseudo-Jefferson Airplane harmonies render the lyrics unintelligible in "New Potato Caboose" and Garcia's singing in "Death Don't Have No Mercy" is completely unconvincing. But they've never been known for vocal prowess, and even their worst singing is forgotten as soon as they launch into the next riff.

Simply put, *Two From the Vault* is a treasure. If you want to own one antediluvian Grateful Dead recording, you'd do well to make it this one.

—*Richard Price*

81 STATE COLUMBIA, SC 6/12/92

Two Dead Discs Reveal Past Glory

DAVE FERMAN
Fort Worth Star-Telegram

Like many Grateful Dead fans, I listen to the band for a number of reasons: I'm fascinated by the abstract/biblical/western bent much of the songwriting takes; I love the history and aura of the group; I respect a band that never plays the same set twice; and I truly enjoy going to see the boys in concert because of the feeling of community, a vibe unlike any other rock 'n' roll show.

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Remember, "Two" was recorded two years before the band began exploring shorter, acoustic-based country-rock on "American Beauty" and "Workingman's Dead," and more than three years before pianist Keith Godchaux joined for what would be a long stint with the band. The band's sound at this point was pure acid-drenched, what-the-hell improvisational squonk, fuzzy and nasty and at times amazingly intense — huge waves of brittle, spacy guitar and shifting rhythms surging, rising and falling as if the band was one person with one brain and a whole lotta hands.

This is what Dead fans talk about when they talk about the magic the band can whip up live, and it's all over "Two." "Schoolgirl" is gently bluesy, a perfectly mellow opener, but the real gem is how "Dark Star" winds around itself before slipping into a powerful "St. Stephen," which is followed by a nice take on "The Eleven." Notice how, especially on "Dark Star," Garcia's guitar work and the band's ensemble playing resemble some of the finer moments of the Allman Brothers' "Fillmore East."

The second CD is even more delightful, containing as it does an all-stops-out version of "The Other One" and a primo "New Potato Caboose," which builds from a Lesh bass solo to fantastic interplay among him, Hart and Kreutzmann. This is followed by "Lovelight," and the set ends with a beautifully gentle "(Walk Me Out in the) Morning Dew" that cuts the version on "Europe '72" to ribbons.

From: Allen's P.C.B.
HUNTSVILLE TIMES
HUNTSVILLE, AL
SUNDAY 79,279
JUN 28 1992
152 ..e ba BURRELLE'S RW



Music Beat
John Wessel

Discs allow fans to enjoy Dead live

Much of the Grateful Dead's massive popularity stems from the band's unique approach to live shows.

As any Deadhead will proudly note, no two Dead shows have ever contained identical song selections and the band always seems to interpret certain tunes differently from one concert to another.

Most notably, though, the Grateful Dead allows fans to make audio recordings of the band's performances. This practice has been in effect since the band's 1965 inception.

In many instances, these audience recordings receive more fan scrutiny than the band's "official" albums. As a result, a major grassroots tape-exchange network is in operation. Contacting each other through a variety of methods, Deadheads make arrangements to trade tapes of past concerts. Naturally, this system often features recordings of varying quality and limited availability.

Sometime last year, the Dead organization unveiled a plan to meet the demand for certain tapes. The group began remastering a series of concert soundboard recordings and preparing them for release on compact disc. "One From The Vault," the project's initial offering, restores a highly revered, 1975 performance at San Francisco's Great American Music Hall. Released last month, "Two From The Vault" presents an equally impressive, two-night engagement at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles in 1968.

Prepared by long-time Dead soundman Dan Healey and computer wizard Don Pearson, the set remarkably re-creates an authentic concert feeling. While the pair used technology to eliminate multi-track leakage, no overdubbing or additional sound alterations took place.

In order to fully understand "Two From The Vault," take a look at the Dead's circumstances at the time of the Shrine show. Mickey Hart, one-half of the band's fabled "Rhythm Devils" percussion tandem, had been with the Dead less than a year. In addition, keybordist/vocalist/harmonica player Ron "Pigpen" McKernan — who died in 1973 — was still a major focal point of the group's live canon.

Also, the Dead had yet to enter their period of acoustic-oriented material that peaked around the time of the 1970 LP's "Workingman's Dead" and "American Beauty." In '68, Grateful Dead concert sets were marked by hard, electric performances that often evolved into marathon jams. Therefore, one can relate to the fact that six of the nine "Two From The Vault" tracks clock in at over 10 minutes.

Pigpen's memory receives unprecedented, commendable treatment on such perennial covers as "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" and "Turn On Your Lovelight." The Dead's dynamic disposition for jamming is accurately reflected by the original compositions "The Eleven," "The Other One," and "New Potato Caboose." Perhaps the most climactic moment, however, occurs with a stirring reading of the ballad "Morning Dew."

A perfect opportunity for Deadheads to enhance their collections of live music, the "Vault" series possesses unlimited potential. Since the band has played over 2,000 concerts, it is not completely unfathomable to picture fans lining up someday to purchase "1999 From The Vault."

John Wessel of Huntsville is The Times' music columnist. His column appears Sundays in Entertainment.

The Indianapolis Star
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
D. 228,582
IN-131
From: Allen's P.C.B.
JUL 6 1992
BURRELLE'S

Grateful Dead
Two From the Vault
Grateful Dead
★★½ 30002

The Grateful Dead pays tribute to the late Ron "Pigpen" McKernan on these discs — and they work best when his blues background is in the spotlight.

Easily the top track is *Turn On Your Lovelight* from midway through the second disc of the two-part set. When Pigpen growls his demand: "Let it shine," the Dead complies: Tight, harmonious vocals, country-tinged guitar and brief but effective two-part drum "solos" back the full range of moods in the song, from shouting to whispers.

But beyond that, *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl* and *Death Don't Have No Mercy*, the rest of the album just doesn't stand up.

A nice bass line opens *Dark Star*, but the keyboards and guitars add only a tinny, distracting sound to the mix. Ragged harmonies mar *Saint Stephen* and *The Eleven*, and pops and hisses interrupt the opening of the second CD. And the entire set comes to a harsh, abrupt end with the sudden close of *(Walk Me Out in the) Morning Dew*.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1992 E3
San Francisco Chronicle ★★★

TOP 10 TOURS

The top 10 concert tours in 1992 and how much money they grossed, as reported by concert industry newsletter Pollstar.

In millions of dollars:

U2	$67
Grateful Dead	31.2
Guns N' Roses-Metallica	31.1
Neil Diamond	28.4
Bruce Springsteen	27.7
Genesis	27.6
Elton John	27.5
Metallica	23.2
Eric Clapton	22.7
Hammer	22.5



DL0536

6/28/92 - S.F. CHRONICLE

D10537

FILM

'On the Edge'

Improv: Evolution Of Music From the Heart

BY DAVID RUBIEN
CHRONICLE STAFF WRITER

JERRY GARCIA and the Grateful Dead are the exception to the music industry's rule in "On the Edge," a British TV Channel 4 documentary on music improvisation around the world.

Shown boogying at the Shoreline Amphitheater, the Grateful Dead and their thousands of enraptured fans seem to have more in common with Africa's Tonga people — whom the documentary captures in the midst of an ecstatic funeral celebration — than with the run-of-the-mill rock-and-roll scene in the United States.

The joke that's often made about Deadheads and their free-form "Sufi" dancing would in fact be no joke to the makers of "On the Edge," who for the second segment of the four-part series visit New Delhi, India, where actual Sufis perform the ancient, sacred music of the *Qawwali*, entering a trancelike state for hours and making it up as they go along.

"Making it up as you go along," what Garcia says he was instructed to do as a teenager by an older relative, is the simplest definition of the theme that ties together all the disparate musical traditions portrayed in "On the Edge" — from the Dead to Gaelic psalms to flamenco to Hindu rags to rap to Louis Armstrong and even to Mozart.



BY DEANNE FITZMAURICE/THE CHRONICLE

Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead: 'Making it up as you go along'

It's in the Mozart portion of the series — which Berkeley's Pacific Film Archive is showing in halves Thursday and Friday — that narrator Derek Bailey gets to grind his primary ax. To wit: Improvisation, though the paramount force in music creation around the world, is a word not spoken in the airless corridors of the Western music industry. The result is a stultification of both "serious" and "popular" music in our part of the globe.

In European orchestras, Bailey says, "improvisation is extinct, even though [it] played a valued part in the creation of this music, especially in the case of Mozart, who in his time was valued more as an improviser than composer."

Bailey then proves the point by filming a performance of piano concerto K 414 by British pianist Robert Levin, who improvises at length during a cadenza that Mozart left in the piece expressly for that purpose.

Bailey's point later is echoed by Garcia, who, while being interviewed in his Marin County home, laments the prefab state of the rock-and-roll industry. "The music business," the rotund guitarist says, "has almost nothing to do with music."

Luckily, most of the four-hour series, directed by Jeremy Marre, is devoted to showing that improvisation is alive and well in a good chunk of the world's musical traditions. As the films skip around the globe we get anthropology and sociology lessons as Bailey and the musicians he films explain how the various traditions sprang from their respective soils, with improvisation as the juice that keeps the music thriving and evolving.

In the first hour of the series, "Passing It On," Bailey startles us by exposing traditions of improvisation lurking in corners where we might least expect them: Christian churches. The caterwauling that goes on during Gaelic services on the remote Scottish Hebrides Islands sound as weighty as the ocean that laps at the barren shores, "a perfect reflection of the harshness and starkness of the landscape," Bailey says. One of the congregationalists says that "the singing of notes is not as important as singing from the heart."

"Passing It On" is the choppiest of the segments, with Bailey jumping from a Chicago elementary school classroom, where horn player Douglas Ewart discusses the value of collective participation in music, to the Mozart sequence in London; to New York, where iconoclastic artist John Zorn directs a group of somewhat beleaguered-looking musicians in a Machiavellian exercise where improvisation is allowed in fits and starts; to a Paris church, where a tradition of organ improvisations has existed for centuries; to the Hebrides; and finally to the exotic banks of the Ganges River in India, where a father teaches *Varansi* rags to his children, explaining that the tradition has continued for 30 centuries — "not in the academy, but in the hands of improvising performers."



Narrator Derek Bailey

Part 2, "Movements in Time," is the most linear of the episodes and also the most visually and aurally breathtaking, with Bailey ushering us down various musical migratory paths. We see how Iranian Sufis settled in India to perform their "low culture" trance music. On the other side of the tracks in India, we learn about "classical" rags, played on *sarangis* to entertain the Brahmans; this music, we learn, migrated through Arab countries and settled in Granada, Spain, where, picking up Christian influences, it gave rise to early medieval music.

A member of the early medieval music group Sinfonye in Granada talks about the importance of spontaneity to her art. The music, she says, was written down only for posterity — not to be played. The live performances were meant to be improvised. Early medieval music leads to flamenco, which, Bailey explains, also has roots in Indian *Kathak* dance.

Throughout these migrations the common musical strains are apparent, and it's clear how improvisation is the shepherd to them all, leading them through the eddies of their respective evolutionary paths.

In Part 3, "A Liberating Thing," Bailey shows how improvisation allows musicians to adapt to whatever situation they may find themselves in, making the best of sometimes straitjacketing situations. Legendary jazz drummer Max Roach, taking a break from leading a class of Harlem school kids in an improvisation exercise, explains how jazz, blues and gospel were shaped by strategies black musicians had to use because they were denied access to conservatories. A 1930s clip then shows Louis Armstrong scatting to "Dinah," making it up as he goes along.

The irony here, as Bailey points out, is that jazz now is "basically archival," stuffed into academic pockets and not very connected to the real world of today. Bailey explains how he spent 13 years working as a jazz and pop guitarist in the entertainment industry and finally rebelled to create his own form of unique, totally improvised music. We get an all-too-short glimpse of Bailey's magical, fairy-dust style of guitar playing in this episode.

But in "A Liberating Thing," Bailey's most personal episode, his anti-jazz bias is clear. When he takes us to a Nashville, Tenn., studio session to show how improvisation thrives even in a commercial form of music such as country-western, it's hard to see how this is any less archival than jazz.

Part 4, "Nothin' Premeditated," visits a Chicago Blues club, where Buddy Guy plays some scorching guitar; and to Africa, where musicians in Zimbabwe and the Zambesi Valley are shown engaging in the improvisatory rites that are vital to their cultures. The point of this episode is to show how the interaction of performer and audience is crucial to the music. Guy stresses how he makes it up as he goes along every night: "I'm going after the audience like a prizefighter," he says. "He doesn't wanna reveal what he's gonna do beforehand."

The most instructive portion of the final episode, though, comes

See Page 24

"On the Edge" screens in two parts Thursday and Friday at the Pacific Film Archive in Berkeley.

'ON THE EDGE'

Continued From Page 23

with the Grateful Dead. The improvisatory nature of the band's playing and the importance of the group's audience are obvious. What the film doesn't discuss is the fact that the Dead are the most moneymaking performing band in the country. Somehow, by making it up as they go along every night, the Dead has evaded the music industry's strictures and hit it big in the process.

For Americans, at least, that may be the most profound lesson of "On the Edge."

In a neat tie-in with the local improvised music scene, intermissions during each of the day's screenings at the Pacific Film Archive will feature live improvisations by Derek Bailey acolyte Henry Kaiser on guitar and Greg Goodman on piano. ■

Dick + Christy

SEASONS greetings

Eddie & Karen Claridge

It was great to see you. Hope we'll get to do it again soon. All the best for '93



OAKLAND TRIBUNE 8/28/92





LITHU-MANIA

Grateful Dead shirts score big after Olympics

By Larry McShane
The Associated Press

NEW YORK — Reebok dropped $25 million on Dan and Dave. Nike paid muchas pesetas to promote Air Jordan. So who came away with the greatest return on their Olympic investment? Could it be Team Lithuania and the Grateful Dead?

The tie-dyed shirts worn by the basketball bronze-medalists were paid for by the veteran rock band that emerged from the 1960s psychedelic era. Featuring a slam-dunking skeleton, the shirts are the hottest-selling item to emerge from the Summer Games in Barcelona.

Thousands of Americans are scarfing up T-shirts like those worn at the Olympic medal ceremonies by household names (in Vilnius, anyway) Rimas Kurtinaitis and Valdemaras Khomicus. One-third of the $30 shirt cost goes to the Lithuanian Olympic Committee; the band got nothing more than a good time.

"A small-time little thing, a small gesture from the heart, has become a fad," said Grateful Dead spokesman Dennis McNally.

While America's Dream Team was busy obscuring its warm-up logo with American flags, the Lithuanians proudly accepted their bronze medals in multicolored outfits more suited to Jerry Garcia than Larry Bird.

"All those American millionaires covering up their logos, and then these guys . . . We felt great," McNally said. "Obviously, it was a gas."

Journalists in Barcelona paid $50 to get extras, while Lithuanian team members received offers of up to $150 for the green shirts off their backs.

A flood of callers to the NBA's Golden State Warriors in Oakland, where Lithuanian star Sarunas Marciulionis plays, knocked out the switchboard last week.

The demand coupled with Lithuania's need for funding for its post-Soviet Olympic program prompted the sale. The shirts are sold via the band's fax and toll-free phone numbers and by Ticketmaster.

McNally said the band's merchandising arm has received 20,000 orders since the shirts went on sale last week. Ticketmaster reported more than 5,000 orders in 48 hours.

McNally said the band — led by Jerry Garcia and legendary for the loyalty of its "Deadhead" fans — is not making any money from sales of the shirts, which were created by Phoenix entrepreneur Mike Fitzgerald and Not Fade Away Tie-Dye Co. based in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. They get a portion of the profits.

What attracted the Dead to a tiny Baltic republic with a teamful of players they've never met? Marciulionis was introduced to the band at a Detroit concert; none of the other players would know Bob Weir (guitarist-vocalist) from Bob Hope.

"The Grateful Dead are about celebration and freedom," McNally said. "It was utterly appropriate — this small country, emerging from the shadows after 54 years. What could be better than connecting with us?"

It's just another bit of good news for the Lithuanian hoopsters, who returned to the Games as an independent country after the break-up of the Soviet Union.

They won a medal by defeating the Soviet remnants, the Unified Team, in one of the Games' most emotional moments. Each team had four members from the Soviets' 1988 gold medal team — a group which favored hammers and sickles over slam-dunking skeletons.

"There's just something very loose and fun-loving with the Lithuanian basketball team," concluded McNally. "There's an affinity there."

People interested in buying the T-shirts can call the Grateful Dead merchandising line at 1-800-225-3323 or fax orders to 415-898-9695.



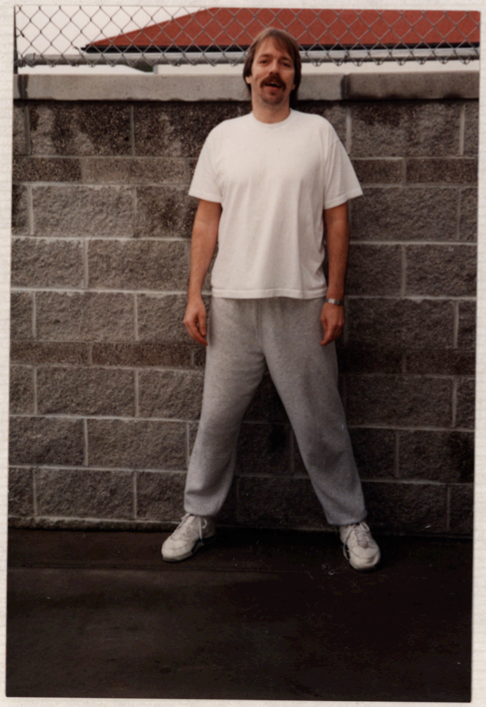
The Associated Press

These models show off the tie-dye shirts made famous by the Lithuanian basketball team at the Olympics in Barcelona. The shirts, donated by the Grateful Dead, show a slam-dunking skeleton.

> *'All those American millionaires covering up their logos, and then these guys (the Lithuanian players) . . . We felt great. Obviously, it was a gas.'*
>
> **— Dennis McNally**

DL0538





DL0539

May 27, 1992

Dick,

I've been meaning to write this note for awhile - ever since your name started popping up on the Dead's album covers - and the recent vault release finally got me to sit down and do it.

You may not remember me at all, but a whole lot of years ago when you were still living in Hawaii we used to communicate quite frequently. Basically, I used to send blank tapes and you took it upon yourself to choose some of your favorite shows and dub them for me. For about two years the tapes came by the boxload along with detailed annotations and song lists. (occasionally you'd also send some amazing weed with the tapes unannounced - a situation which I always thought represented an amazing leap of faith on your part).

So now it seems more than fitting that you are listed as tape archivist for the Dead - hell, I could have told them that 14 years ago. Needless to say that thanks to you my collection has now grown to around 500 shows. Since I now work as a librarian in a college here in New York I'm into cataloging and preserving so all my tapes are neatly arranged and numbered for maximum access. So I guess we're still in the same business.

But, the only real purpose of this letter is to say Hi, and most especially Thanks again for helping me out back then. I was just starting to get into the taping scene and you were like an angel from heaven turning me on to so much music. I don't do as much trading now as I used to, (although I'm always looking to keep up with recent Dead and Garcia shows), but it's amazing how often another trader will ask for a show from my list and it turns out to be one of yours. They still sound better than most.

Hope this reaches you - great to see you're still into it all

Take Care,

Bob

Bob Grappone
P.O. Box 206
Middle Village, N.Y. 11379

P.S. Look up my cousin John if you feel like it - he recently got a job as a Dee Jay on KFOG.

Do you ever come east with the band? Let me know.

3-14-91

DICK!

THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL MEMORABLE HEART WARMING MOMENTS IN MY LIFE TIME — BUT THE ONE THAT TOPS THEM ALL IS WHEN I RECEIVED AND READ YOUR LETTER H.C. IT REALLY TOUCHED ME AND ON THAT PARTICULAR DAY I FELT GOOD + SPENT A GOOD PART OF MY TIME THINKING ABOUT OUR RELATIONSHIP PAST - PRESENT — + FUTURE. WE BOTH WENT THROUGH A SIMILAR EXPERIENCE AND CAME OUT A BETTER MAN FOR IT. — AND LIKED TO TALK ABOUT IT, A 360° TURN AROUND. WE BOTH NOW — APPRECIATE THE GOOD THINGS IN LIFE — SON SHINE — THE FLOWERS — THE BIRDS + THE BEES (?) MUSIC — SO ON + SO ON.

IN RECENT YEARS — I'VE COME TO HATE CONFRONTATION — PARTICULARLY WITH MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY. IN THOSE SITUATIONS — THINGS ARE OFTEN SAID WHICH ONE REGRETS AND WHICH LEADS TO MISUNDER-STANDING + DEPRESSION. FAMILY TIES ARE AN IMPORTANT PART OF OUR LIVES. WE SHOULD STRIVE TO HOLD ALL MEMBERS IN RESPECT IN RESPECT — LOVE + UNDERSTANDING.

MANY — MANY THANKS FOR YOUR LETTER — I'LL TREASURE IT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. YOURS FOR A BETTER LIFE IN THE FUTURE — CARRY ON THE HAARAOJA NAME — MINA RAKASTAN SINUA — DAD





D0540

BOOK SIX

‘92 - ’95



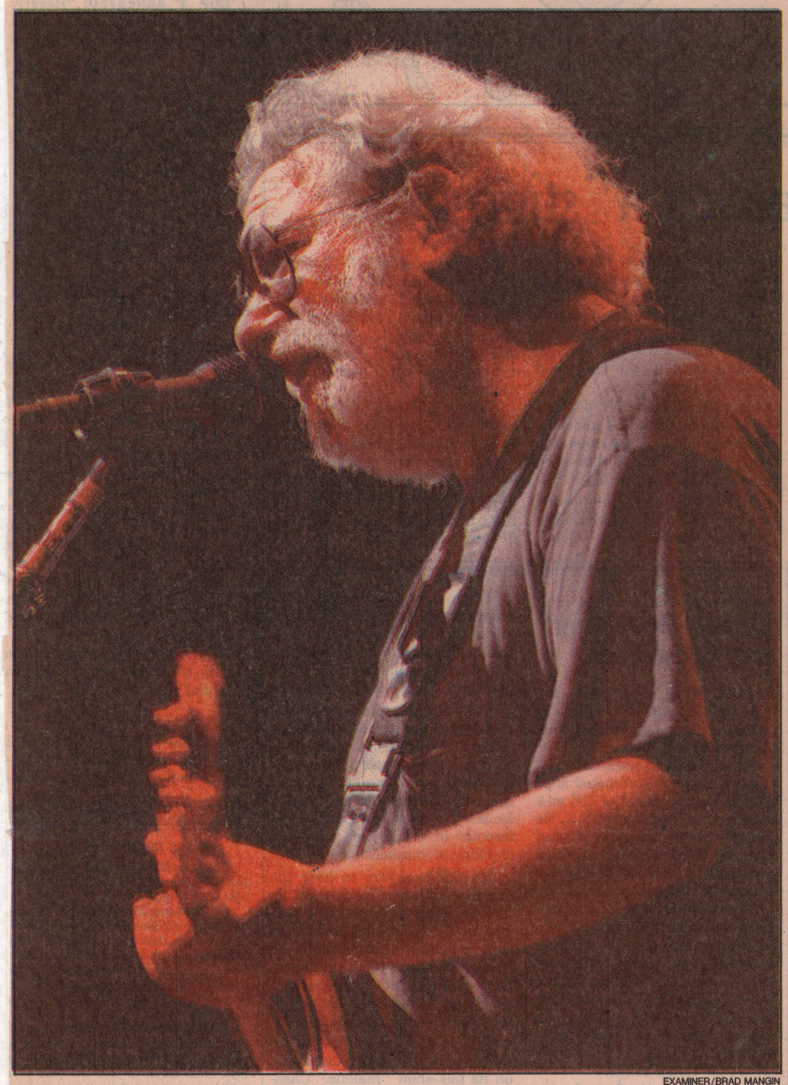
DL0601

San Francisco Examiner
Style



Helen Schneider stars in "Frida," the Brooklyn Academy of Music's mythologic retelling of the life story of an icon of feminism. [B-3]

It's good to see ya, Jerry



EXAMINER/BRAD MANGIN

A slimmer, livelier *Jerry Garcia leads his band in an Oakland Coliseum Arena concert Halloween night.*

Happier, healthier head of the Dead hosts rollicking Halloween show

By Philip Elwood
EXAMINER MUSIC CRITIC

AFTER critical health problems had grounded and nearly killed him three months ago Jerry Garcia, grand guru of the Grateful Dead kingdom and its realms and celestial spaces beyond our universe, returned to active duty on Saturday in the Oakland Coliseum Arena.

Garcia and his band played for 15,000 reverent subjects at a Halloween concert, dance and costume party.

With his near-white beard and mane neatly trimmed, his figure noticeably less portly and his demeanor lively and youthful, Garcia said backstage , "I'd forgotten how good it feels to be healthy."

Garcia's weight was up and his resistance was down when the Grateful Dead returned to the Bay Area in August after months of touring.

He collapsed from exhaustion shortly thereafter and spent subsequent weeks under medical care for a myriad of internal ailments, overweight and diabetes-aggravated problems.

Saturday's show sold out quickly after it was announced a few weeks ago. "Lots of people wanted to see if I was still alive," said Garcia, laughing — a little.

"I've really changed my habits and lifestyle," said Garcia. "I'm on a strict diet, I've cut out a lot of stuff and I'm trying to quit smoking — it's tough.

"The Dead will be gettin' it together again next month (December) for a couple of dates in Denver, two more in Phoenix, then five here in Oakland, on Dec. 11, 12, 13, 16 and 17.

"No New Year's Eve show this year. After 17 years it had become like the Super Bowl; too much hype and media attention. It was like the music didn't much matter," he said.

Garcia and his colleagues came on stage Saturday to cheers, whistles and screams. With him were Melvin Seals on organ and John Kahn, bass; Dave Kemper was on drums and Gloria Jones and Jackie LaBranch were vocalists.

"How Sweet It Is (to be loved by you)" he and the girls sang, with Seals' organ mellowing-down the backup sounds and Jerry playing a couple of superb guitar choruses.

Next, a strong gospel-funk number, "Stop This Train From Leavin'" with Jones and LaBranch in command, followed by "In the Eyes of the Maker," with Garcia singing the response lines and playing strong guitar.

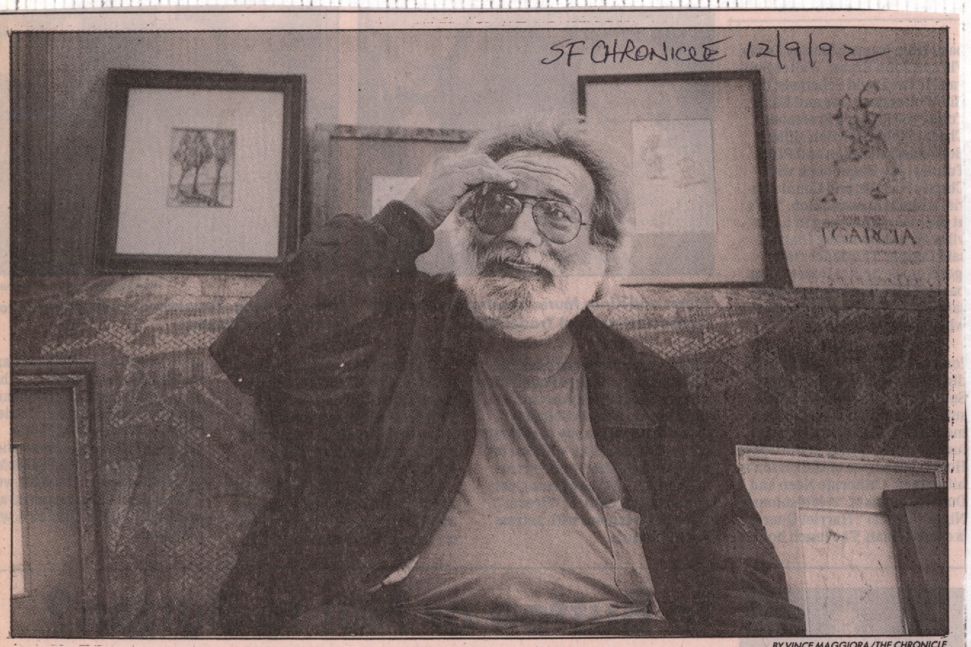
Much to most old-timers' surprise, Garcia then spoke to the crowd, asked them "How ya doin,' thanks for comin'" and got shouted answers back, "How 'bout you?," "Look great, Jerry," etc.

He kicked off a slow-drag beat for Chuck Berry's "Never Can Tell," maintained the laid-back pace for "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" and ended the set with a marvelous "Don't Let That Deal Go Down."

Also aboard for the show: Ken Kesey, resplendent in a couple of colorful, exotic costumes. He judged the costume contest, and

[See GARCIA, B-5]

SF CHRONICLE 12/9/92



BY VINCE MAGGIORA/THE CHRONICLE

Grateful Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia has lost 60 pounds since being hospitalized in August for exhaustion and intends to lose 30 more. He's a junk-food-free vegetarian now, and works out three times a week with a personal trainer. He even plans to give up cigarets. 'This is the best I've felt in years,' he tells everyone who asks.

Introducing Garcia Lite

Jerry Garcia talks for the first time since his collapse about his health and his artwork

BY JERRY CARROLL
CHRONICLE STAFF WRITER

Full-bodied Grateful Dead rock 'n' roll demi-deity Jerry Garcia is disappearing before our eyes, fat cell by fat cell. All those cheeseburgers sopping with saturated and unsaturated fats, gassy chili dogs, creamy thick shakes, crispy fried chicken, breaded pork chops, those Matterhorns of mashed potatoes with lakes of gravy, the soggy french and cottage fries — they're melting away.

All the plunder from the countless midnight refrigerator raids after weed smoke, the between-meal snacks, the greasy finger-licking takeout, all that fast food and its legacy of drooping belly, breast and butt.

Jerry Garcia, 50, is flushing all those mega-calorie binges from his system, blowing them out, easing the once-weighty burden of gross flesh that reached 300 pounds lumped over a six-foot frame, putting him in Hulk Hogan's league.

But now 60 pounds has melted away. He can see his toes again. He means to lose another 30, raising the possibility of that rib cage long hidden by the clasp of suet will surface one day, Atlantis-like.

"This is the best I've felt in years," he tells everyone who asks.

This is a lot of people.



'Merry Christmas,' 1992, shows Garcia's whimsical style.



Garcia's drawings and paintings, including 'Mandolin Player' from 1990, are on display beginning tomorrow at the Weir Gallery in Berkeley.

When it comes to public figures with health problems having the power to scare fans, only Liz Taylor is in Garcia's league. Limit it to musicians and you have to go back to wounded songbirds Edith Piaf and Judy Garland to find an equal.

Garcia doesn't eat meat anymore or anything that once wore feathers or swam in water. No butter, no milk, no nothing that came from cows or goats. He eats greens, grains, legumes, fruits, vegetables — the diet, in short, of a tract-passing ani-

GARCIA: *Page D5 Col. 1*





209070

GARCIA: Well, He Still Does Mushrooms to 'Blow Out the Pipes'

From Page D3

mal rights fanatic.

This '60s paragon of slothful self-indulgence and drug-trance doing Nautilus with a personal trainer? It's true.

"Three times a week," he admits sheepishly. "It's something I never figured I'd do."

But it feels good, those weird muscles awakening from long sleep. Lats and pecs, just to name a couple muscles whose existence was assumed but never observed.

And three weeks from now, on New Year's Eve, he'll take a final drag on one of those ultra-filtered cigarets that are like inhaling somebody else's bad breath and crush out the last butt. This can be compared to Linus Pauling giving up on Vitamin C or Bill Walsh walking away from football.



BY BRANT WARD/THE CHRONICLE

Jerry Garcia performs in 1985, a year before he almost died from obesity-related diabetes.

Only Mushrooms Are Left

Last August, before he collapsed on the eve of an 18-city East Coast tour, Garcia sucked up three packs of cigarets a day. "Camels," he said. "Unfiltered." That's serious smoke, as strong as hydroponically grown sensimilla — another hard-on-the-lungs habit tough to give up. Heroin was easier to quit than tobacco's turning out to be.

Only mushrooms are left, and that's just the special occasion when "you want to blow out the pipes." Psychedelics, he says, are the only thing that comes close to a near-death experience for showing the great extent of the mind, its capacity for revealing "a whole other universe, hundreds and millions of universes."

At first the story on his collapse was exhaustion — true in a way. Lugging all that weight around wears a body down.

"I wasn't ill. There was no pain. I just had zero energy. I was always tired. I'd always been able to get through a concert, but now it was getting hard. I hadn't realized how run-down I'd got."

He did sometimes say he felt like a hundred million years old.

At the hospital, doctors discovered Garcia's heart was enlarged from the effort of pumping blood to every last hair-sized capillary needed to supply all that corpulence. The obesity-related diabetes was nothing new. He nearly died from that in 1986 after being found in a coma that lasted 24 hours and was oddly like a mushroom or acid trip when he looked back on it. Sixty-five thousand fans telephoned then to say they hoped he was feeling better.

The guitarist's new lifestyle has paid off big. Last week he climbed the steps of the kitchen of the cheery Victorian house in Marin that for 22 years has been the nerve center and world headquarters of the Grateful Dead. The old floorboards no longer creak under the slimmed-down Garcia Lite.

Neither Cult nor Conglomerate

Despite resemblances to both, the Grateful Dead is neither cult nor standard corporation (1991 revenues topped $20 million). Nor acid-revealed religion, though you'd get an argument from some hard-core fans, not all of them wispy-haired, ropy-necked Summer of Love veterans who stared at the sun so long hoping to see the lineaments of God that they burned retinas and never read again.

Factoids: The band has given nearly 2,100 concerts since it began touring, played more than 30,500 songs, averaged 14.9 songs per three-hour-plus show. "Drums," the improvisational percussion and feedback session in every show, has been played more than 1,300 times. Every concert is sold out, hordes of Deadheads traveling however long it takes to get there. The Dead have played in every state but four, one of them Arkansas, an oversight it now seems will be remedied.

But all this energy Garcia has now, it's amazing. One thing it has allowed him to do is really get back to real roots — art. "I used to think of myself as an artist who played music."

Even before that he thought of himself as just a plain artist, representational, if you had to name an influence, ever since the third grade through his time at the Art Institute, where future stars like Richard Diebenkorn taught.

The music took a while to surface.

"My mother sent me to music lessons when I was a kid until hell wouldn't have it. But I never learned a lick."

He paints or draws a couple hours a day and now works out of his own studio. "I've definitely turned up the heat."

Zen Watercolors

The Weir Gallery in Berkeley will open its third show of his work tomorrow. Stonehenge Inc. of New York is marketing 150,000 ties (price: $28.50) based on eight Garcia designs.

The art and ties, as you might expect, are particularly prized by Deadheads who made the transition from hobo pursuits in day-glow VW vans to an affluence able to afford the $10,000 some of Garcia's canvases fetch. Yet there is that in his work that appeals to others.

"His work has a lot of value on its own, apart from who he is," said gallery owner Roberta Weir (no relation to Grateful Dead guitarist Bob). "His little ink paintings are whimsical, spontaneous and beautifully done. . . . His little watercolors are very Zen."

Here we enter the realm of early myth. Jerome John Garcia (he was named after composer Jerome Kern), a Leo born August 1, 1942, to a Spanish-born father who was a ballroom jazz musician and a nurse whose Swedish-Irish family was in California for the Gold Rush.

His father drowned in a Northern California river when Garcia was 5. "We were on vacation," he told Rolling Stone, "and I was there on the shore. I actually watched him go under. It was horrible. I was just a little kid, and I didn't really understand what was going on, but then, of course, my life changed."

His mother took over the family-owned bar next to the Sailor's Union of the Pacific at First and Harrison. After she remarried, they moved to Menlo Park. Garcia had trouble in school, dropping out and moving back to San Francisco, where he hung out with a heavy-drinking crowd. He took a liking to Chuck Berry's music and talked his mom into buying him a secondhand Danelectro guitar at a Market Street pawn shop when he was 15. Too proud to take lessons, Garcia taught himself, spending 10 hours a day learning the instrument.

"Music seduced me. That was more or less the end of my art career."

A Stint in the Army

Hoping for a fresh start, he joined the Army when he turned 17. He spent most of his nine-month tour fingering guitar strings in the barracks. He was kicked out when it finally dawned on the Army that he wasn't soldier material.

Garcia bummed around the Peninsula, living in a car parked on an empty lot and paling around with Robert Hunter, later to become a Dead lyricist. In 1960, Garcia had his first near-death experience. He was in a car crash that killed another teenager. Feeling he had been "spared to do something," he buckled down to learning to play bluegrass on the five-string banjo.

He met Bob Weir, another high school dropout, and the two joined with blues-harmonica player and organist Ron (Pig Pen) McKernan to form Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions. After the Beatles hit the scene, they made the transition to electric and in 1965 became the Warlocks.

The group began hanging around the LSD crowd that grew up around Stanford — Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters were at the center of it — where it developed psychedelic rock. The Warlocks name was dropped when the group heard another band was using it.

After rejecting hundreds of suggestions for a new name, Garcia opened a dictionary at random to "grateful dead." It has different meanings in Irish folklore and Egyptian mythology, but the band decided it all boiled down to cyclical change.

In August 1965, the band moved to 710 Ashbury Street, setting up a communal relationship that had seen the rise and fall of countless bands now forgotten. Garcia sometimes plays with Dead spinoff bands like the New Riders of the Purple Sage and fronts separate electric and acoustic groups.

The Dead won't be playing New Year's Eve for the first time since 1975. Age is one reason. "Our pace has become majestic, stately." The death of Bill Graham is another. "Bill used to start working on us in April, and we always dragged our feet until October, when we'd cave in."

A Second Family

Garcia has a 5-year-old, Keelin, by his companion, Manasha Matheson, and two daughters by second wife Carolyn — Annabelle, 22, and Theresa, 20. A third daughter, Heather, 28, was from his first marriage to Sarah Katz.

"With my older kids I was pretty much an absentee parent, a mediocre father at best. But they still seem to like me. With Keelin, I'm able to get more quality time in."

Although he's investing more time in it, Garcia is beguilingly modest about his art, much of it now done on his Apple computer. "I'm lazy and I don't like all that picky stuff, like cleaning brushes.

"Frankly, it's still weird for me to walk into a room filled with my work, these little fragments of my subconscious. When I'm finished with them, my part is done. I'm glad there are respectable sellers who accept my stuff with some degree of seriousness."

One thing being a millionaire rock musician has done for his art:

"I didn't have to pay long-term dues. I didn't have to do commercial work I hated. It turned out to be another lucky thing."

EXHIBIT OPENS

"New Pages From the Sketchbook of J. Garcia" opens with a reception from 6 to 9 p.m. tomorrow at the Weir Gallery. The show lasts until January 30. The gallery, 1605 Solano Avenue, Berkeley, is open from noon to 6 p.m.



DL0603

TO: Bill Clinton and Al Gore
FAX NO.: 501/372-2292
FROM: Grateful Dead
DATE: November 6, 1992 Page 1 of 1

Dear Bill Clinton and Al Gore,

Congratulations on a momentous victory!

Rock On!

GRATEFUL DEAD

Jerry Garcia, Mickey Hart,
Billy Kreutzmann, Phil Lesh,
Bob Weir & Vince Welnick

IF YOU HAVE ANY PROBLEMS IN RECEIVING, PLEASE CONTACT
SENDER AT: TELEPHONE: 415/457-2322
FAX: 415/457-9402

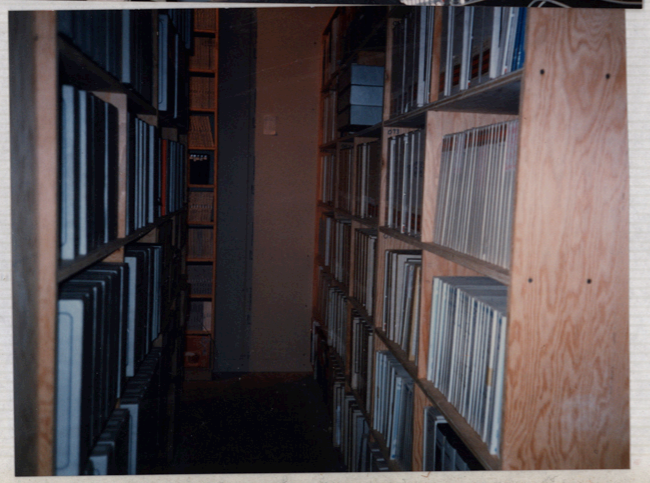


DLD604

DLG605







TO: Bill Clinton and Al Gore
FAX NO.: 501/372-2292
FROM: Grateful Dead Staff
DATE: November 6, 1992

Dear Bill Clinton and Al Gore,

"One watch by night, one watch by day;
if you get confused, listen to the music play." *

Congratulations and best wishes from the Grateful Dead Staff

*Lyrics by Robert Hunter
"Franklin's Tower"

IF YOU HAVE ANY PROBLEMS IN RECEIVING, PLEASE CONTACT
SENDER AT: TELEPHONE: 415/457-2322
FAX: 415/457-9402

SF EXAMINER 11/11/92

SAN QUENTIN'S GOSPEL CHOIR



EXAMINER/KURT ROGERS

Members of the San Quentin Prison Mass Choir *have made a recording, available on tape cassette or compact disc.*

People with a record

Prison party celebrates choir's musical release

By Philip Elwood
EXAMINER MUSIC CRITIC

SAN QUENTIN — The San Quentin Mass Choir, Chaplain Earl A. Smith, Warden Daniel B. Vasquez, Mickey Hart and a partying (or at least *exuberant*) crowd of out- and inmates held a spirited record-release party here at Q on Tuesday.

Mickey Hart of the Grateful Dead, in the San Quentin Protestant Chapel?

A handclapping gospel choir composed of a couple of dozen male inmates and a dozen female prison staffers — three in security uniforms — with a high ranking security officer playing organ?

That's right.

Hardly your ordinary record release party; it's hardly your ordinary recording, or cassette, CD, or whatever.

The key to all this is Mickey Hart, who in the past has brought us Planet Drum and the Gyuto Tantric Choir — the Tibetan monks' choir, each of whom sings or intones chords.

In 1988 members of the Gyuto group, touring the Bay Area, felt concern for those incarcerated at San Quentin. In 1991, the Tibetans (after Herculean efforts by Deadmen Hart and Danny Rifkin, among others) performed at San Quentin. The San Quentin Mass Choir, at first reluctant to accept non-Christians in their chapel, were soon drawn into an evening of song and good fellowship.

Meanwhile Chaplain Smith, Hart, inmates Mandell Motley and Donald Cronk and many others were planning a recording project which, after months of diligent work and massive music and religious and secular support, resulted in "He's All I Need," a nine-selection recording by the San Quentin Mass Choir issued by the Rex Foundation.

Tuesday's release party (*record release* that is) was — like the recording itself — heavy with message and inspiration and joyously spirited and magnetic in music.

Chaplain Smith — attractive, strong of voice and Christian exhortations (and, in looks, strikingly like Martin Luther King Jr.) — spoke of the recording's spirit. Warden Vasquez praised his staff

[*See QUENTIN, C-10*]

◆ *QUENTIN from C-1*

Prison choir's record released

"who make things like this happen."

"We worked on a recording before," said Smith, who has been Protestant Chaplain at Q for nine years, "we sent it out but nothing came of it — we were depressed.

"It's one thing being a ripoff artist; but it's another being ripped-off," he commented.

(At that, cheers from the inmates in the crowd.)

A 12-minute video, produced at the prison, was shown — sensibly organized, a neat publicity trip for the choir's recording .

In it, Hart mentions "I fell in love with this choir" (not hard to do) and after the showing, Smith, not to be outdone said, "This evening and this recording are the greatest moments in the lives of these inmates, and of San Quentin."

"And now," as the choir started down the prison chapel's aisles, said Chaplain Smith, "the hottest group in San Quentin!"

The band kicked in — organist C.T. Jones, harmonica player Mike Etchison, bass, guitar, drums, a half-dozen others — the choir got the willing crowd to stand, and clap and sing.

And Ronald O. Williams — a rich-voiced leading baritone — launched into "He's All I Need," inmate Tyrone Holmes, guard Angel Schramm and others testified; the choir's backup singing, the pulsating beat and the clapping and the crowd's euphoria continued.

Williams, from Baton Rouge, is due for release in a week. The choir's turnover, happily, is considerable.

"Take Care of Me" and "I'm On The Lord's Side" swung along; the choir walked off, on, sang some more. It's a powerhouse group; its dedication and spirit leap out from the stage, and the recording.

Hart came on mike. "There are no limitations to art," he said, "The loss of self esteem, the loneliness (of this place) can be replaced by spirit, by the breaking down musically of spiritual walls."

It seemed a better world as I left the chapel, although I was still behind forbidding gates.

Many of those I'd just heard and talked with will never see the outside world I re-entered so easily; a number of long-termers and lifers are in the choir. It's their in-house salvation.

In his benediction Chaplain Smith said, "Oh Lord, we thank you for pullin' this off."

Amen.

"He's All I Need," by the San Quentin Mass Choir; Studio-Q/Rex Foundation Production is available on cassette or CD by phone at (800) 225-3323 or by sending $9.25 to Prison Bible Studies, P. O. Box 446, San Quentin 94960.



DL0906





Dick,
Best wishes for
a great '94!



Season's Best
TO YOU AND YOURS
Eddie + Karen

Seattle, WA
(King Co.)
The Seattle Times
(Cir. D. 233,995)

NOV 26 1992

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3393

Interest in Grateful Dead is alive, well

Economic success all in the marketing

by Ian Johnson
Baltimore Sun

NEW YORK – Flipping through the pages of Relix magazine, a rock 'n' roll newcomer could be forgiven for thinking the Grateful Dead was a star consumer-products division of a large company called Classic Rock.

In fact, the San Francisco-based rock group sells products on every other page of the rock magazine. Through licensed businesses or the group's own merchandising division, fans can order downhill skis, men's ties, dolls, backpacks, an array of books and videos, comic books and equipment for perhaps the least likely of Deadhead sports: golf.

"The interest in the Grateful Dead is phenomenal. It's like a part of American history that people want to have," said Tim Petrick, vice president of Lunatic Fringe, a subsidiary of Anthony Industries Inc., a $375 million company that specializes in recreational products.

New territory

Although Grateful Dead products have been available for years, the band has branched out over the past two years into new territory for a music group. Today, the group that defined the spirit of counter-culture America through songs such as "Truckin' " and "Box of Rain" is at the center of a multimillion dollar industry going far beyond the usual concert T-shirts, posters and pins.

Rather than the ubiquitous tie-dyed shirts sold by Deadheads following the group around the country, the band might soon be better known for the colorful neckties designed by band guitarist Jerry Garcia, which sell in pricey mid-town Manhattan boutiques.

The downhill skis are made by Petrick's company, which also makes skateboards, surfboards and other "gravity" sports products.

Last year, Lunatic Fringe sold 1,700 pairs of skis named and decorated after a Grateful Dead song, "Dark Star."

Other products include $450 snowboards and another series of skis planned for next year called "American Beauty," after one of the band's albums. Also in the works are "wakeboards" – flat boards towed behind a motorboat.

Environmental spin

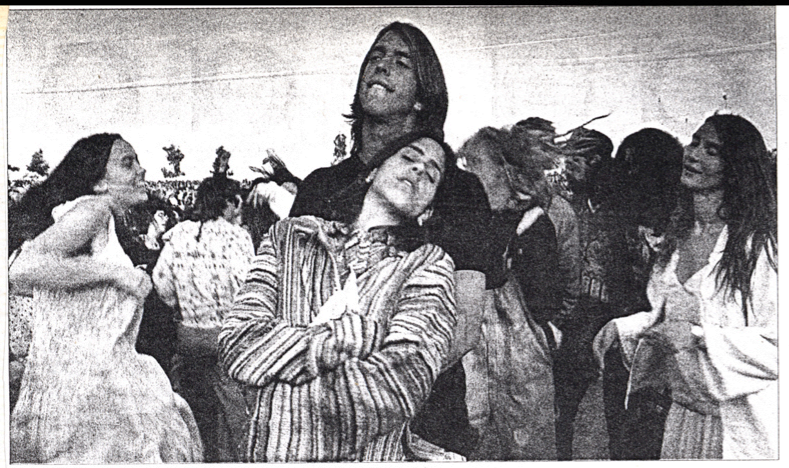
But unlike many acts, the Dead is starting to put an environmental spin on some of their sales.

Their new "Panther Dream" skis will earn $60,000 for several development projects aimed at preserving tropical rain forests, Petrick said. The snowboards will also contribute, with 5 percent of sales going to the forest project.

"I've been interested in the environment for a long time, especially biodiversity. Anyone with much intelligence these days is aware that our planet is in big trouble," Grateful Dead lead singer Bob Weir said.

The skis cost $500 a pair, with a percentage of the sales going to the projects. The skis are decorated with drawings based on a children's book about the African rain forest that Weir and his sister, Wendy, wrote.

Bob Weir said Grateful Dead products have such an appeal because the group's fan base is so broad. Rather than attracting a certain generation, the group attracts a kind of person, he said, the sort of person who thinks: " 'I like a little adventure in my life and I call on my imagination when I'm playing or just living.' "





ANGELA PANCRAZIO — MERCURY NEWS

Dan Healy, above, has spent 25 years perfecting the sound system that fans such as John Gaucher and Vanessa Caldari, top, lose themselves too.

FRONT LINES

Dead Right

Jerry Garcia's illness forced the Grateful Dead to take autumn off. But now they're back on the road, and the long strange trip will continue in front of more than 75,000 fans at the Oakland Coliseum this weekend. We caught up with the Dead and the Deadheads in Phoenix for a glimpse backstage and a preview of the current show.

BY BRAD KAVA
Mercury News Staff Writer

TEMPE, Ariz.

IT'S 11 a.m., and Dan Healy is tromping through the mud in black rubber boots, hooking up wires to a giant speaker perched on a cherry picker.

He's been at it since 6 a.m. in this patch of desert turned swampland by two days of rain. Yesterday he did the same thing in a downpour.

The pressure is on, because in three hours 30,000 Grateful Dead fans will crowd into this bowl at Compton Terrace to hear the results of Healy's labors.

Who ever said rock 'n' roll was glamorous?

Maybe it is for the handful of performers on stage, but for the hundreds of sound technicians, production assistants, gear haulers, roadies, truck drivers, caterers, tower mounters, lighting technicians and general grunts who support the musicians, it is a lot of hard work.

Healy, 47, is not just a roadie. For 25 years he has been the chief engineer responsible for how the Grateful Dead sounds in concert. The band has been one of the highest-grossing live acts in the music business for much of that time; so it's safe to say he is one of the most successful sound men in the world.

Maybe the best.

His job is often thankless. Few people notice a band's sound system unless something goes wrong.

But anyone who wonders why the Dead is approach-

See GRATEFUL DEAD, Page 24



Jerry Garcia is back on his feet.

RELATED STORIES:

■ The Arizona shows PAGE 24

■ The newest piano man PAGE 25



FRONT LINES

Making the Dead's sound come alive

■ GRATEFUL DEAD
from Page 3

ing its third decade of selling out halls and outdoor arenas could put Healy's multi-million-dollar concert sound system high on the list.

At a Grateful Dead show, you know you will be able to hear the music clearly and precisely, with none of the buzzes, hums or muddy mixes that plagued the early days of concert rock and still are a pox on many performances by other bands.

And thanks to Healy's efforts, you will be able to hear it just as well at the back of an outdoor venue, where the performers look only thumb-size, as you would sitting in the front row. This has an added economic advantage for the group, allowing them to cram 35,000 fans into amphitheaters that usually hold 25,000 and ensuring that even those in the back rows will enjoy it and come back. Year after year.

"We spare no expense," says Dead guitarist Bob Weir. "We try and take care of the people who come to see us. We try and make it so they will come back."

The band spends about $250,000 to produce a show, Healy says, more than almost any other rock band. The next closest he knows of is U2, which spent $110,000 per show on its last tour.

"This sound system is so pure and clean, it's awe-inspiring," says piano player Vince Welnick. "The first time I played with this band, I'd never heard myself out front like that. It scared the s— out of me. It was so big."

Healy was born in Portland, Ore., with music and electronics in his blood. His mother was a piano player; his father owned a nightclub and later a vending-machine and jukebox operation. By the time he was in his teens, Healy could fix the machines and was well on his way to being a techie, or what he calls a "Gyro Gearloose."

After running away to San Francisco at 17 and working at a radio station, Healy joined up with the band in 1966, when he saw the Dead open a show for Quicksilver Messenger Service. Lead guitarist Jerry Garcia's amps blew — how's this for a techie's dream come true? — and the band asked for help from the audience. Healy stepped forward.

Afterward, he spoke with Garcia and criticized the shabby two-speaker system the band was using.

"Jerry challenged me," says Healy. "He has a way of making you want to do your best, to step outside yourself and make you do what you wouldn't normally do."

Garcia told him that, if he had an idea for a better sound system, he should give it a try.

Healy says he went out and rented as much equipment as he could, from three stores, to put together a public-address system. It became the state of the art for rock 'n' roll at the time.

In his first work with the Dead, Healy helped popularize underground FM radio in the Bay Area. He sneaked his earliest recordings of the band onto a 3:30 a.m. radio show he did on KMPX. The regular format was elevator music, but he let freaks in the budding music scene know they could hear the first Dead recordings and tapes of other new groups in the early morning hours.

It was one of the things that helped the local music scene soar, "from nothing to everything in about four or five months," says Healy.

Soon, he quit his jobs, mixed the Dead's second album, "Anthem of the Sun," and took over producing the sound at their concerts full time, a job he has continued with a few short breaks until now.

Before the concert last Satur-

See GRATEFUL DEAD, Page 25



Tammy Powers and her 9-month-old son, Jediah, dance to the Dead. Powers says Jediah has already been to 27 shows.

ANGELA PANCRAZIO — MERCURY NEWS

Point-counterpoint on the shows

BY BRAD KAVA
Mercury News Staff Writer

TEMPE, Ariz.

DO YOU want my review of last weekend's Grateful Dead shows, or Bob Weir's review?

The fact that we came up with such different opinions of the same shows says a lot about the subjectivity that comes into play when observing this band.

REVIEW

Weir said he thought Saturday's show was perfunctory and the rhythm section was running away with the songs. He said he had more fun Sunday.

I thought just the opposite, and Mercury News photographer Angela Pancrazio agreed. I also thought that much of what was good and bad about these two shows had to do with Weir's playing.

Saturday's first set went smoothly, and the band seemed tight. Lead guitarist Jerry Garcia played the way he has been playing lately with his solo band, sort of noodling and not often taking command.

On both days the Dead did their usual three-hour shows with a first set mostly of songs, followed by a 40-minute intermission and a second set of longer jams, including a live drum solo to a taped Dead jam.

Weir, however, was fiery Saturday, playing rhythm guitar with the intensity of a lead instrumentalist and conjuring new sounds, not just basic chords, and slashing rhythms that brought the music to life.

His voice was sharp, and he played at his best while underscoring Garcia's songs. His pulsing rhythms on "Sugaree" seemed to push Garcia to his best vocal work in a long time. Same thing on "New Minglewood Blues," on which Weir fired off leads that raised my eyebrows.

Someone once said that a rhythm guitarist is best when not noticed, but as with Keith Richards on "Get Your Ya-Ya's Out," you just couldn't miss the fact that Weir was putting the band through its paces. His instrument was the howling wind during "All Along the Watchtower."

Saturday, the Dead spent only a brief period tuning up and delivered a well-paced show.

Sunday's show seemed lackluster in comparison, although in it the band took on more challenging material and brought out two chestnuts, the opener "Here Comes Sunshine" and the encore "Brokedown Palace."

The first set was interrupted when Weir had problems with his guitar and his ailing voice. He sang two Bob Dylan songs, almost as if he was looking for pieces that didn't need to be sung gracefully.

His voice all but gave out later on "Not Fade Away." Garcia was a little stronger on "Althea," but I miss the days when he really blew me away with his leads. Bass player Phil Lesh also seemed subdued; he never hit the chest-shaking bottom notes that were once his trademark.

There were miscues and faulty rhythms throughout the first set but occasional great moments in the second, such as the jam on "Uncle John's Band" and "Crazy Fingers." The quality was hardly consistent.

Weir disagreed in an interview Monday, but added, "Don't ask the players; they don't know."



DL0608

A sound man makes the world safe for tapers

■ **GRATEFUL DEAD**

from Page 24

day outside Phoenix, the sun finally breaks through, and Healy stands watching from the sound-mixing booth in the audience as the band takes the stage 250 feet away. He sways and dances like all the other Deadheads.

The booth, which comfortably holds six people, has become a living room for him, with a couch and oriental rug and enough racks of dials, computers, knobs and buttons to rival the cockpit of the space shuttle. It even has a computerized weather station to sense humidity and wind during outdoor shows.

If you stand behind Healy for a while, you start to think the $3 million system, with its 200 speakers, is his personal stereo. If he wants to hear more drums, he turns a knob and cranks up Billy Kreutzmann (an act reminiscent of a Dead lyric: "The music plays the band").

He also can throw in tapes and sound samples during the Dead's "Space" jam to interact with the musicians. And the system is so broad and deep, it can throw out highs and lows beyond the range of hearing. It is one of the things that helps make the Dead a far better band in concert than on record.

Healy says it is such a fine system, he doesn't own a stereo at home, because he couldn't afford one that would compare.

"By the time I need a fix, we go out on the road again," he says.

Behind Healy during the shows are scores of enthusiasts who hold microphones mounted on poles; they look like a huge medieval army displaying their banners. Many of them know of Healy and appreciate that he has fought record companies and even some band members to allow them to tape Dead shows.



ANGELA PANCRAZIO — MERCURY

Jerry Garcia doesn't mind if fans tape shows, but record labels do; Dan Healy makes sure they can.

Most bands and recording labels discourage the taping of live performances for fear that they would hurt sales. But the Grateful Dead decided its music was for the people; it finds nothing wrong with letting the audience tape it.

Trading live Dead tapes has become a cottage industry for fans, who like to keep copies of shows they attended or hear those they missed.

In past concerts, the fans with recorders used to spread out all over the arena. But after feuds between them and fans whose view they blocked, Healy's daughter, Ambrosia, suggested setting up a special section for those who wanted to record. Now some 200 tickets are set aside for

See GRATEFUL DEAD, Page 25

DEAD SONGS

Here's what the Grateful Dead played last weekend in Arizona; you can be sure some of these songs will show up in the band's five-day gig, beginning tonight, at the Oakland Coliseum.

Saturday

First set:
- "Let the Good Times Roll"
- "Hell in a Bucket"
- "Sugaree"
- "New Minglewood Blues"
- "Tennessee Jed"
- "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues"
- "Candy Man"
- "The Music Never Stopped"

Second set:
- "Scarlet Begonias"/"Fire on the Mountain" jam
- "Estimated Prophet"
- "Drums/Space" jam
- "The Wheel"
- "All Along the Watchtower"
- "Black Peter"
- "One More Saturday Night"
- "The Weight"

Sunday

First set:
- "Here Comes Sunshine"
- "Greatest Story Ever Told"
- "Friend of the Devil"
- "Me and My Uncle"
- "Maggie's Farm"
- "Althea"
- "Paint My Masterpiece"
- "Deal"

Second set:
- "Samson and Delilah"
- "Crazy Fingers"
- "Uncle John's Band" jam
- "Drums/Space"
- "The Last Time"
- "China Doll"
- "Throwing Stones"
- "Not Fade Away"
- "Brokedown Palace"

The newest of the Dead is grateful to be there

BY BRAD KAVA
Mercury News Staff Writer

TEMPE, Ariz.

WHEN guitarist Bob Weir invited keyboard player Vince Welnick to join the Grateful Dead, he did it with more than a little irony.

"Is your insurance all paid up?" Weir asked, a reference to the fact that Welnick's three predecessors on keyboards died premature, drug-related deaths.

But for Welnick, the call was a dream come true.

He hadn't been working much, recalled the 41-year-old Phoenix native in interviews before and after Sunday's show here.

Welnick didn't have the money to buy his own synthesizer. He and his wife, Lorie, had rented out their three-bedroom Sebastopol home and moved into a barn on the same property.

He had borrowed equipment for his last regular gigs, on Todd Rundgren's "Nearly Human" and "2nd Wind" albums. Before that, he was a member of the Tubes.

Then he received tapes and compact discs from the Dead, who asked him to learn the songs and audition.

"I was in a slump," he says. "I didn't want to tell them I didn't own a CD player."



Vince Welnick doesn't worry about the fate past keyboard players met.

But he found one, and the band loaned him equipment for the tryout. He had seen them twice in his life before joining them, including a '60s Phoenix show during which the band invited audience members to jam with them onstage.

Now, after two years with the Dead, the band is playing one of his original songs, letting him sing more often and taking his suggestions about what they should play. At his request, the Dead opened Sunday's show with "Here Comes Sunshine," a song the group hadn't played in 14 years. And they added the Who's "Baba O'Riley" to their set list.

Now Welnick and his wife have moved back into the main house.

"This is better than winning the lottery every year of your life," he says. "It's better than being Elton John."

Despite the fate of his predecessors, he's not worried about his mortality.

"I could think of worse ways to go," he says jokingly. "Besides, I've gone through my various phases. Knowing these guys in the '60s could have killed me off."

He avoids the temptations of a rock star's life. When not working, he is reclusive, getting up at 8 a.m., going to bed at 9 p.m. and "doing the opposite" of what he does on the road.

"I'm a lazybones when I'm not working," says Welnick, who still likes meeting fans and who spent Sunday night in a hotel bar chatting with admiring Deadheads.

"I smoke herb; I eat; I try to keep my body stretched out so it doesn't cramp when I'm on the keyboards. I don't do drugs — I don't consider pot to be a drug. My worst habit is cigarettes."

Welnick says he likes his level of fame: Hard-core fans know him, but he can still walk the streets unrecognized. He says loyal Deadheads have taught him about the band's history. He has formed his own '60s-style cover band, The Affordables, which includes old Tubes mate Prairie Prince, and he plays old Dead songs with them.

The Affordables, who open shows for Jerry Garcia, began playing "Here Comes Sunshine" after a Deadhead told Welnick he liked the song — long ignored by the Grateful Dead.

At Welnick's suggestion, Garcia decided to revive it for the Dead. But Welnick couldn't find a tape of "Wake of the Flood," on which the song originally appeared, and supplied Garcia with the Affordables' version.

The best thing about being in the band, Welnick says, is that so much of the music is improvisational, and, with hundreds of songs to choose from, the show changes with every performance.

"It's gotten easier," he says. "Now I've played all the songs more than once. I've got more of a feel for things in general."

FRONT LINES



ANGELA PANCRAZIO — MERCURY NEWS

Jerry Garcia's guitar is the center of all eyes, but Dan Healy makes sure fans can hear it.

Playing with the band's sound

■ **GRATEFUL DEAD**

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such fans, who are seated in a special section behind Healy's booth.

Healy said the decision to tape wasn't really made by the whole band — in which anarchy reigns — but that he's the one who allows it, because that's his part of the show, his domain.

In contrast, taping isn't allowed at Jerry Garcia Band shows, because the people around Garcia are against it, even though Garcia supports it, Healy says.

"Dan Healy is a sweetheart for letting us do this," says David Powers, 37, who flew from Boston to tape the Arizona shows with $1,400 worth of gear. "He goes to great lengths — politically, electronically, everything — to make sure the band sounds good for us."

For Healy, the long strange trip with the Dead has taken some jagged turns — or as he says, quoting the band, "Every silver lining has a touch of gray."

He has four kids (ages 4 to 30). His 28-year-old son works with him for the band. Healy lives in a small Marin county house with his wife, Patrice, and collects and refurbishes antique radios as a hobby.

He has invented new technologies for rock, taking it from the dark ages of feedback and buzz to sounds that are clean, quiet and powerful. He works with computer programs and speaker delay systems that allow him to hear how music will sound from everywhere around a venue and let him bring equal sound quality to every seat.

He helped pioneer the use of formulas that predict what effect the body heat of an audience will have on the concert sound (amazingly, heat plays a part in how sound travels), as well as the effects of humidity and barometric pressure for outdoor shows. (Sound quality at the worst outdoor show is still better than the best indoor one, he says).

Healy also helped design the band's current stage sound monitors, specially molded earplugs which allow the performers to hear one another without feedback or hiss trickling out to the audience.

He says he often feels underpaid (he makes around $100,000 a year) and underappreciated by the band. He is hurt that they've canceled their traditional New Year's shows this year, which he produced on radio nationwide and took great pride in. The Dead also canned his latest entry in their "From the Vault" series of concert albums, which he produces, because bass player Phil Lesh didn't like it.

He says he thought the Grateful Dead would be a communal effort, sharing money and stature evenly. However, Weir, one of the four original members, notes the band is more a tribe, with everyone taking part at a certain level. And, as for the New Year's shows, he says the band meant no harm to Healy. Band members just thought it had become too much to deal with because of the demands of friends and family for tickets.

As for the lack of praise for Healy's work from the band, Weir says, "He shouldn't be so thin-skinned."

The Dead's audience does appreciate him and shows it at every performance.

Where else do you see a sound man applauded and cheered as he leaves the arena? What other fans even know who their band's sound man is?

Turning the controls over to an assistant during an encore and walking out in the motorcade that will speed him and the band from the arena, Healy gets a thumbs-up sign from fans.

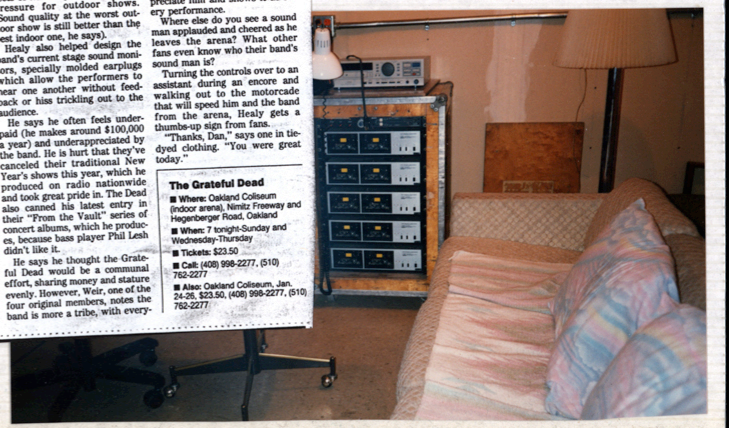
"Thanks, Dan," says one in tie-dyed clothing. "You were great today."

The Grateful Dead

- **Where:** Oakland Coliseum (indoor arena), Nimitz Freeway and Hegenberger Road, Oakland
- **When:** 7 tonight-Sunday and Wednesday-Thursday
- **Tickets:** $23.50
- **Calls:** (408) 998-2277, (510) 762-2277
- **Also:** Oakland Coliseum, Jan. 24-26, $23.50, (408) 998-2277, (510) 762-2277







DL0609

GRATEFUL DEAD FOLLOWERS

Attack on Deadheads is no hallucination

Band's followers handed stiff LSD sentences

By Dennis Cauchon
USA TODAY

David Chevrette was a young, free-spirited hippie.

His only possessions were his clothes, a dog and a 1970 Volkswagen bus painted with peace signs. For fun, he followed the Grateful Dead rock group on concert tours.

Then, the 20-year-old got busted for selling LSD in 1990 to a guy he met on the beach.

Now, he's doing 10 years without parole in federal prison — a longer sentence than those given in federal court to rapists, armed robbers and some big drug dealers.

Chevrette is a victim of a concerted crackdown on Grateful Dead fans — called Deadheads — and a quirk in federal drug law.

That quirk — involving whether to weigh the paper or sugar cube the LSD is stored on — has resulted in what Sen. Joseph Biden, D-Del., calls an "unintended inequity."

In short: LSD sentences are out of proportion — by a factor of 50 or more — with other drug sentences.

Chevrette's term for $1,500 worth of LSD is more severe than if he'd smuggled $100,000 worth of heroin.

The quirk — buried deep and unnoticed in a large drug law — has been turned into a bludgeon in the battle against Deadheads.

Today, 1,500 to 2,000 Deadheads are in prison, up from fewer than 100 four years ago. Most are young middle-class whites or old hippies. Many are serving mandatory no-parole prison terms of 10 or 20 years.

"We've opened a vein here," says Gene Haislip, head of LSD enforcement at the Drug Enforcement Administration. "We're going to mine it until this whole thing turns around."

The DEA has tripled spending, personnel and arrests for LSD since January 1990. "We've seen a marked pattern of LSD distribution at Grateful Dead concerts," says Haislip. "That has something to do with why so many (Deadheads) are arrested."

The Grateful Dead — top-grossing concert act last year ($34 million) — has been around since the 1960s.

Some people are weekend fans, such as Vice President-elect Gore and his wife, Tipper, who took their daughter to a June Dead show.

Others are more devoted. They wear tie-dyed shirts and catch five or 10 shows a year.

The most dedicated fans follow the band from show to show, creating a traveling village of 3,000 to 6,000 sometimes called "Deadland."

The values are pure '60s: peace, love, vegetarianism, communal living and partying. To many, mind expansion is also part of the Deadhead experience — and that means LSD.

"Yes, LSD is my sacrament," says Franklin Martz, a Haight-Ashbury-born hippie who saw his first Grateful Dead show in 1967. He's now serving a 40-year LSD sentence.

This brazen advocacy of LSD angers many parents and police.

A USA TODAY review of more than 30 Deadhead cases found they routinely have their musical tastes, dress and lifestyle used against them in the criminal justice system:

▶ **More police searches.** A University of New Hampshire police officer acknowledged to the student newspaper that he pulled over cars with Grateful Dead bumper stickers.

▶ **Bond denial.** Deadhead Janet Godwin's license plate was presented at her North Carolina bond hearing to prove she was a flight risk. The plate read RAMBROSE, after the Grateful Dead song *Ramble on Rose*.

▶ **Negative portrayal to jury and news media.** Police told the media that Michael Thrasher's 1,984 doses of LSD had a satanic symbol — an upside down pentagram. No mention was made of the word "LOVE" stamped across the LSD paper.

The jury learned that Thrasher, 19, a college student from Portland, Ore., was in a band named Ethel & Jake's Psychedelic Jug Band, Jamboree and Wino Wrestling Team. "A big issue at my trial was my 'alternative lifestyle,'" Thrasher says.

▶ **Sentencing prejudice.** Deadhead Todd Davidson, 20, sentenced to 20 years without parole, was described in his pre-sentence report in Florida as a member of the "cult that follows the Grateful Dead."

▶ **Prison labels.** Richard Cash is classified as "gang-affiliated" in the Colorado prison system because he's a Deadhead. That label — usually reserved for Crips, Bloods and members of Aryan Nation — is used to determine where a prisoner is placed in order to curb gang violence. But Cash, a pacifist, complains: "I'm exposed to harsher conditions all because I'm a Deadhead."

Nadine Strossen of the American Civil Liberties Union says: "People shouldn't be singled out because their lifestyles or musical tastes are unpopular with the majority."

Deadheads get few breaks behind the scenes, too.

North Carolina lawyer Charles Brewer entered into what he thought were routine plea talks for a client. He was surprised to find prosecutors unwilling to deal. "They were powerfully impacted by the fact that she was a Deadhead," he says.

Deadheads often are subject to what's known as "jurisdiction shopping" — prosecuting a case where it gets the greatest punishment.

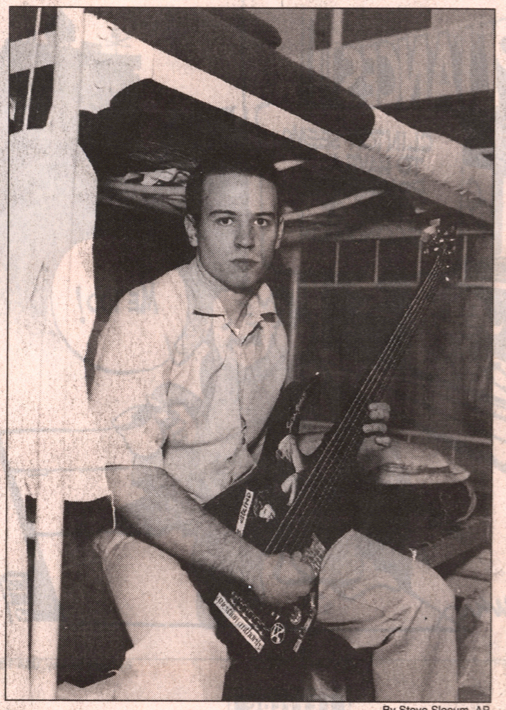
Thrasher was arrested and prosecuted entirely by local authorities.

But the case was switched from state to federal court to get a longer sentence. In state court, he would have gotten 16 months; in federal court, he got 10 years without parole.

Davidson, now 22, is scheduled to be released from prison on March 19, 2010. He'll be 40.

"I'd go back on tour in a heartbeat," Davidson says. "It was a big happy family." At least until the real world intruded.

"It's funny," says Deadhead Christopher Jones, who just finished an LSD sentence in Virginia. "Everyone is like 'We gotta be careful,' but everyone is doing the same old thing. You've still got idiots walking around shows yelling, 'Doses! Doses!' "



By Steve Slocum, AP

DOING TIME: Michael Thrasher, 19, in Sheridan, Ore., prison, where he is serving 10 years for possession of $2,000 worth of LSD — his first offense.

Quirk in law weighs heavily on sentences

People imprisoned on federal LSD charges are treated more harshly than other drug offenders because of a quirk in the law.

The 1986 law sets sentences by a drug's weight for charges of possession, sale or conspiracy. But LSD, unlike other drugs such as cocaine or heroin, isn't sold by weight. It's sold by the dose, or "hit."

A dose of pure LSD is so tiny that it's not practical to sell. A penny weighs the same as 50,000 LSD doses. To make LSD usable, producers put the drug onto something big enough to sell.

An LSD crystal is dropped into water or alcohol, and the solution is sprayed onto a "carrier," usually paper or gel. The carrier could also be dental floss, a sugar cube or a glass of juice. The carrier's weight has no relation to the drug's potency or price.

Should the carrier be weighed during sentencing?

The issue wasn't discussed during debate of the bill. There's no indication anyone even knew it mattered.

The Justice Department could have interpreted the law's wording to weigh only the drug. Then LSD penalties would be comparable with other drug sentences.

But the Reagan Justice Department said the carrier's weight should be counted. In 1991, the Supreme Court agreed, saying it was within Congress' power to make inequitable sentences.

Result: LSD sentences are set by packaging weight, not drug weight. Sentence for 100 hits, worth $100:

▶ pure LSD, 10 months.
▶ on paper, five years.
▶ on sugar cubes, 16 years.

When Sen. Joesph Biden Jr., D-Del., chairman of the Judiciary Committee, learned of the problem, he put a correction in the 1989 crime bill. The crime bill passed the Senate, but the House took no action. Nothing has happened in Congress on the matter since.

Comparing times for crimes

How the prescribed prison sentence for a first-time offender with $1,500 worth of LSD compares with sentences[1] for other federal crimes:

Crime	Minimum	Maximum
LSD possession	10.1	13.9
Attempted murder with harm	6.5	8.1
Rape	5.8	7.2
Armed robbery (gun)	4.7	5.9
Kidnapping	4.2	5.2
Theft of $80 million or more	4.2	5.2
Extortion	2.2	2.7
Burglary (carrying gun)	2.0	2.5
Taking a bribe	.5	1.0
Blackmail	.3	.8

1 – No parole is available on any sentence
Source: U.S. Sentencing Guidelines Manual; Drug Enforcement Administration

The ABCs of LSD effects

LSD became popular in the 1960s and is used by an estimated 2.8 million people annually.

A Primer of Drug Action, a classic college psychopharmacology textbook, says of LSD:

▶ Its main effect is perceptual: sounds and sights become more vivid. Laughter and sorrow are easily evoked, sometimes simultaneously.

▶ Psychotic episodes that would normally have been suppressed sometimes occur.

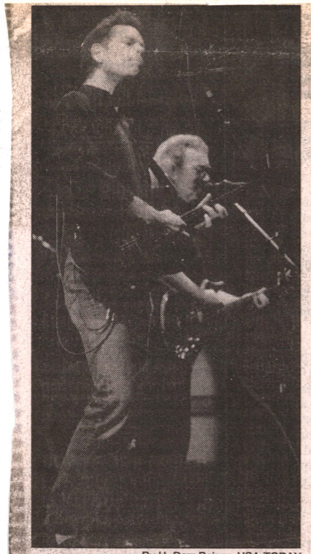
▶ The drug loses half its potency in three hours, but effects last 10 to 12.

▶ Occasional use of LSD for experimental purposes does not induce physical damage.

▶ No overdoses have been reported, but flashbacks, accidents and suicides have.

Band to Deadheads: Be as invisible as possible

USA TODAY 12/17/92



By H. Darr Beiser, USA TODAY

BOYS IN THE BAND: Bob Weir, left, and Jerry Garcia have told fans to be careful.

Grateful Dead band members declined to be interviewed, but spokesman Dennis McNally scoffs at the notion that the band and its fans are a cult, gang or criminal enterprise.

"I work for a rock 'n' roll band. That's all we are," he says.

The band has done a few things to help Deadheads, such as making radio ads asking them not to do any business — legal or illegal — at their concerts.

"We tell them that shows take place in the real world and they will be exposed — sometimes doubly so — to real-world penalties," McNally says. "But it's hard to educate 19-year-olds. They can be mind-bogglingly naive.

"They believe they're doing a non-violent, positive act, and they want to share it with the world."

His advice to Deadheads: Be as invisible as possible.

"The Grateful Dead cannot be mayor and town council of Deadland," says Bill Chengelis, a Deadhead since 1969 and publisher of *China Dolls*, one of three newsletters for Deadheads in prison.

He says the band wasn't prepared to handle problems that followed the unexpectedly successful 1987 album *In The Dark*.

The band went from 3,500-seat halls to 80,000-seat stadiums. The Deadhead community swelled. The Drug Enforcement Administration, regional drug task forces and local police counterattacked. Deadheads saw the increased police presence but didn't realize the consequences.

Christopher Doyon, 28, serving 12 years in Indiana for selling 300 hits of LSD, remembers undercover agents joining the tour in 1988. They were so obviously cops that Deadheads kidded them.

"They traveled in a luxury Winnebego. They wore tie-dyed shirts with dress slacks. We got a kick out of them," says Doyon.

"They got better as they went along. I know three dudes doing federal time because of them."

The DEA's Gene Haislip won't discuss techniques, except to say: "We use undercover investigations all the time."

— Dennis Cauchon





Garcia: Truckin' Again

The Grateful Dead bounce back with new releases and a tour in '93

By Michael Goldberg

A SMILING, ENERGETIC, VISIbly thinner Jerry Garcia calls this "the golden age of the Grateful Dead." "We're going through a good moment right now," said Garcia. "This is a good period for us."

The Dead's first performance since Garcia collapsed last August from exhaustion bore out his words. The group's three-hour concert before 18,000 fans – the first of two sold-out shows at Denver's McNichols Sports Arena in early December – was a triumph.

Garcia was animated, moving about the stage, joking with keyboardist Vince Welnick and singer-guitarist Bob Weir and offering up a tour de force of brilliant electric-guitar pyrotechnics. Whether getting down and dirty with raw slide work on Willie Dixon's "Same Thing," finger-picking country-flavored licks on "Jack-a-Rowe" or reaching for the heavens with jazz-inflected flurries of notes on "They Love Each Other," Garcia delivered one virtuoso performance after another.

"For me, there's always moments of excruciating despair and hideous embarrassment, and then there's moments of pure joy," said Garcia a week after the Denver gigs. "It goes all over the place from note to note. For me, it's a complex emotional experience. That's what I love about it."

The leader of the Dead was alert, upbeat and in good humor as he sat in the office of Berkeley's Weir Gallery (no relation to Dead member Bob Weir), which is currently holding an exhibit of Garcia's artwork. "Mainly, I really enjoyed playing in Denver," he continued. "And I loved the way the band played. It was fun for us."

Both Garcia and the entire group have, in Weir's words, "been revitalized." In addition to resuming a full touring schedule for '93, there are plans to record a new studio album, the group's first since 1989's *Built to Last*, and a third volume of the group's older live recordings will be released by Grateful Dead Records.

For Garcia, the revitalization is due to the radical changes he's made in his lifestyle to avoid potentially life-threatening lung and heart problems. "I wasn't that sick," said Garcia. "I didn't go to a hospital or anything. It was one of those things that are reversible and fixable, provided you make changes. That's what it boiled down to."

Once his doctor made it clear what was required, Garcia rapidly got on the program. "I guess it was quick," he said. "I don't think of myself as a suicide. It's silly to ignore dire news about your health.

"For a long time I was sort of planning on something along those lines in kind of a nebulous way," Garcia said. " 'One of these days I'm going to do something about my health.' It's embarrassing to go through this stuff publicly. I'd rather sneak off in a corner and be ill by myself. . . . I like what I do and mostly enjoy myself. I don't think of myself as a person who's anxious to die."

Garcia has lost sixty pounds on a special vegetarian diet since last August and intends to lose another thirty in the months ahead. "It's pretty much the same diet that Phil [Lesh, bassist] and Mickey [Hart, drummer] are on," said Welnick. "No oil, no fat, no salt, nothing with a face." He laughed. "Jerry takes it one step further: nothing with an asshole."

In addition to the diet, Garcia works out three times a week on a Nautilus under the direction of a personal trainer. And he is trying to give up a thirty-five-year smoking habit. "This is the best I've felt in years," Garcia said.

Following the Denver shows, the group was scheduled to play seven more dates in December and a handful of Bay Area dates in January. An East Coast and Midwest tour is being booked for the spring. "I don't think we're gong to slow down," said Weir. "Maybe in five years, but for the time being I think we're actually going to pick up some speed and momentum."

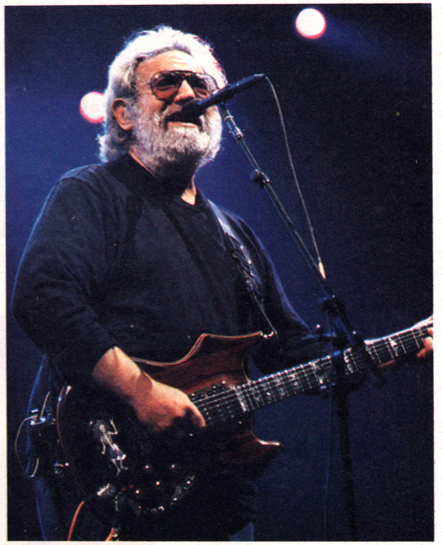
Recording the next album could begin before the summer. Material already written includes Garcia's folk-style "So Many Roads"; "Long Way to Go," a gritty rocker sung by Welnick; and the soulful "Corinna."

Garcia has no overall concept for the next album. "I never do," he said. "I hope it turns out even halfway decent. When we first started making records, I used to have ideas. Now I see our records as a long string of failures. I see it in terms of near misses."

And what kind of record would satisfy him? "Music that has the power to transform the ordinary into the divine – how's that?" Garcia said, smiling. "For me, the big test is if I can perform a piece of music without being embarrassed by it."

As he prepared to leave the gallery, Garcia said the break from touring has, ultimately, been a positive experience. "It was good for all of us," he said, zipping up his leather jacket. "We all needed it. Right now we're happening. We're enjoying what we're doing. It's all new again. I think it's helpful to have those kinds of near-death experiences once in a while."

Garcia laughed, then said dryly, "They kind of brighten up your perspective." ♫



The new and improved Garcia

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD CAUDLE

LIVING

Their new magazine takes dead aim at society's gray areas

The founders, big Grateful Dead fans, aim to provide a forum for alternative lifestyles.

By Christopher Durso
INQUIRER CORRESPONDENT

Not so long ago, Netta Gilboa headed up an anti-pornography group called People Against Pornography.

From 1979 to 1986, she lectured across the United States and Canada to prisoners, fraternity members and high schoolers. Unlike many of her fellow crusaders, she had "actually watched the stuff, and if I was against something, it was because I had seen it."

But during her time on the road, she met many players in the adult-film industry, and she realized the issue was not as black and white as she had thought.

"One of the things I learned . . . was there are people in the adult-film business who are not about creating violence, and it led me to rethink my positions," Gilboa said.

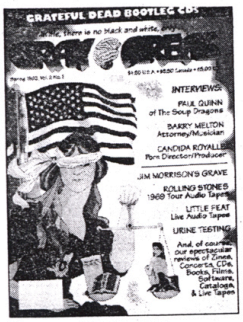
Pornography is but one of the hazily defined topics Gilboa, 34, and her husband, Alan Sheckter, 33, of Marple Township, tackle in Gray Areas, a new "zine" — a magazine industry term for a publication with a circulation of under 100,000 — devoted to subject matter that is "illegal, potentially illegal and/or controversial."

Similar gray areas include search-and-seizure laws, 900 numbers, computer viruses and — the zine's pet issue — taping, the recording of live concerts which, while permitted by some bands, is illegal.

"As a balance to the very serious subject matter," Gilboa said, "we look to review products that are cool, fun and hip," including computer software and live tapes.

Resembling a Grateful Dead fanzine in its laid-back, seriously irreverent tone and steady allusions to the legendary band, Gray Areas differs, its founders said, in that its content is not quite so Dead-centric.

The quarterly's debut issue, published this fall, is a professional-looking, 82-page publication with a four-color cover photo of the band-sanctioned taping section at a Grateful Dead concert. The issue also contains interviews with lyricist and computer writer John Perry Barlow and adult-film star Kay Parker, a list of authorized and unauthorized Dead videos, and reviews of mostly alternative music, books, catalogues and zines.



The second issue of the nationally distributed magazine is due out in February.



For The Inquirer / BOB WILLIAMS

Gray Areas' debut issue was published in the fall. Working on the second are senior editor Alan Sheckter and his wife, publisher/editor-in-chief Netta Gilboa. They live in Marple Township.

The idea, Gilboa said, is to educate — to illuminate life's gray areas by providing a forum that is accessible to "alternative lifestyles and deviant subcultures" as well as mainstream institutions such as record companies and the police.

"By going after the taping aspects, we've given ourselves a longevity that other fan magazines don't have," said publisher/editor-in-chief Gilboa, looking quite the countercultural journalist in her tie-dyed shirt and blue jeans.

Gilboa, who has a bachelor's degree in journalism and master's degrees in sociology and advertising, had worked as a sales representative for several publishers and had always been interested in "deviant behavior." Sheckter, who has a degree in computers and has worked at a variety of jobs, is a longtime concert-goer with about 250 Dead performances under his belt and a photo collection going back to the 1970s.

When Gilboa realized she was "underemployed" working for a rival Dead fanzine, she and Sheckter — who met at a 1986 Dead concert in Oakland, Calif. — decided to combine their backgrounds and interests, and launched Gray Areas.

"There's a lot of magazines out there," said Sheckter, Gray Areas' senior editor. "And it seemed to me the photos I had and the experiences I had were unique, and gave me as much a base to work from as they had."

More than a year of groundwork went into the first issue, but the zine is now incorporated, with a UPC code, a 10,000-issue first run, and a nationwide distribution that includes Barnes & Noble and Borders bookstores in Bryn Mawr and Tower Records in Center City. Issue two — at 116 pages — is due in February and will include an interview with Paul Quinn of the band the Soup Dragons and an article on urine testing.

"What all these issues have in common is addictions," said Gilboa. "In my mind, there is no difference between someone who collects every Grateful Dead tape, someone who collects 20 different word-processing programs, and someone who tries every new variation of LSD."







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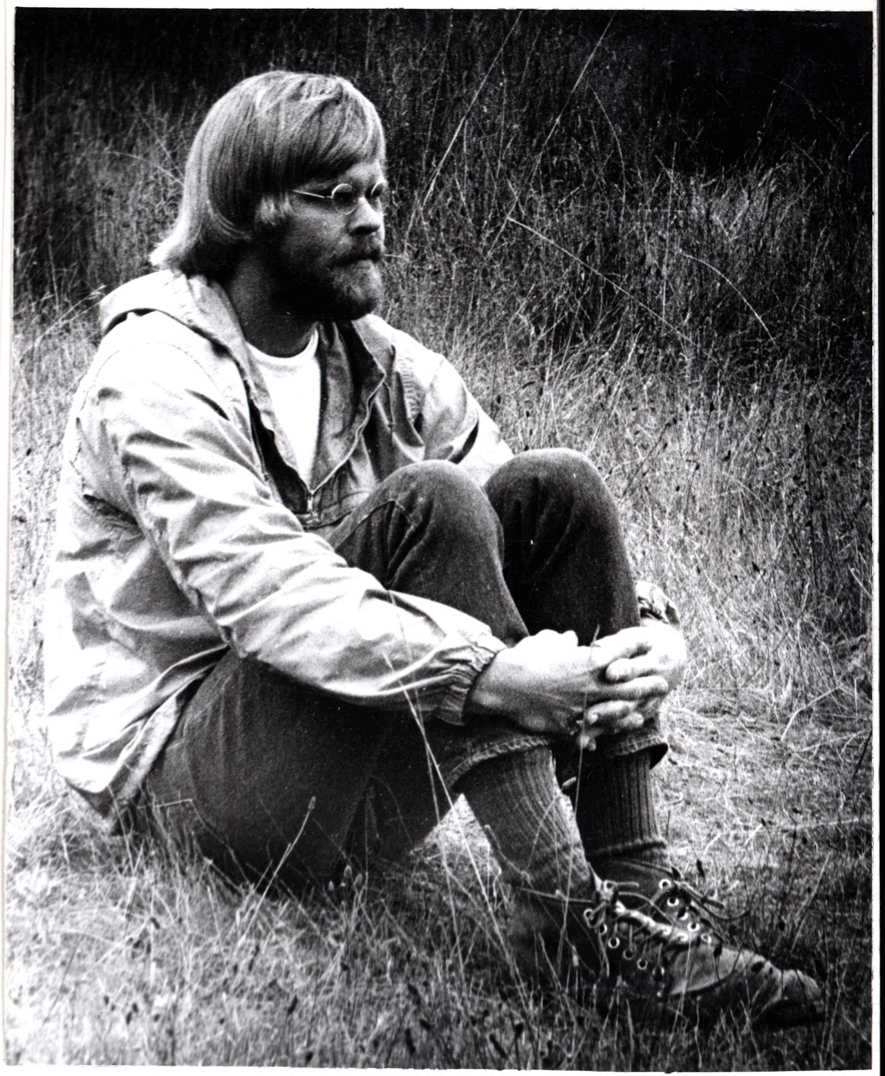


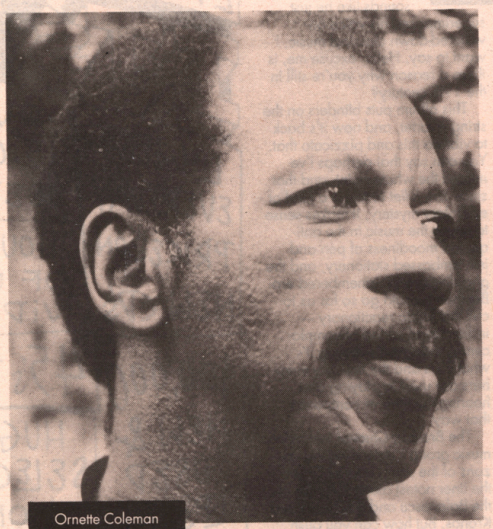
BAY GUARDIAN

PRIME TIME

by LARRY HELP

IT SEEMS AN unlikely combination: free-jazz pioneer-theoretician Ornette Coleman and the Grateful Dead. But paradox is nothing new to either, and here was Coleman on the phone from his New York headquarters, audibly excited about his band opening for the Dead's Feb. 23 Mardi Gras concert at the Oakland Coliseum.

"Jerry's such a phenomenon," Coleman said of Dead guitarist Garcia. "There's more music in his tone than in most musicians' whole style. He has a very gifted ear. And the Grateful Dead is a very creative band. I've heard them in different settings. They're very good American musicians. I'm just now beginning to understand that you don't hear that many bands on the Dead's level who *do* play American music."



Ornette Coleman

The admiration is mutual. Dead bassist Phil Lesh was forcing the rest of his band to listen to Coleman's ground-breaking quartet records for Atlantic as early as 1964 and '65, long before alto saxophonist Coleman had come up with a name for his revolutionary approach to music — *harmolodics*, where melody, harmony, and rhythm are all given equal weight, and all are available for band members to alter according to the mood of the moment.

Hmmm. Does this sound like a Grateful Dead show?

Even Coleman gets the similarities, and not just the musical ones. "I'm reminded of a 1965 concert I did with just my trio in Berlin," he said. "We went into improvising, and suddenly this audience of 23,000 people stood up, like they got what we were doing. I've noticed that the Grateful Dead audience does that — as a single entity they instantly get what you're doing and react together."

The Feb. 23 show will be Coleman's first local performance since a wild Fillmore concert with his Prime Time band in the fall of 1988, shortly after the release of Coleman's album *Virgin Beauty* — a recording that featured Jerry Garcia playing guitar on three pieces. Although *Virgin Beauty* is Coleman's most recent release, it's not as if he's been taking time off in the interim. Last December he oversaw the concert performance of his symphony, *Skies of America*, in Poland and Germany with the Polish National Orchestra; and he recently performed in multimedia concerts in Japan, which were connected to his work on the sound track of the 1992 film *Naked Lunch*.

Since founding his revolutionary quartet in Los Angeles in 1959, the Fort Worth, Texas, native has made music that is far removed from what is considered the mainstream of jazz and European classical music. Even today, Coleman's radical harmolodic theory is more easily understood in such countries as Morocco and India than it is at home. Getting recorded, other than the *Naked Lunch* sound track, has been a struggle at best. Yet he is widely admired: the Kronos Quartet commissioned his "In Honor of NASA and Planetary Soloists" for string quartet and oboe; John Zorn's *Spy vs. Spy* is a tribute album of Coleman compositions; and Zorn and other young player-composers have adopted some or all of Coleman's harmolodic theory in their work.

The Coleman-Dead friendship was cemented in 1987 when Phil Lesh, with co-host Gary Lambert, launched a monthly radio show, "Rex Radio Hour" (recently retitled "Eyes of Chaos, Veil of Order"), on Berkeley radio station KPFA-FM. The program, broadcast the second Monday of each month, was devoted to exposing music by composers and improvisers, often unreleased works from around the world. "Phil thought it would be good to spread the word about the show to as many composers and musicians as we could," Lambert recalled. "To search out material that wouldn't be aired by any other station. Ornette was at the top of our list."

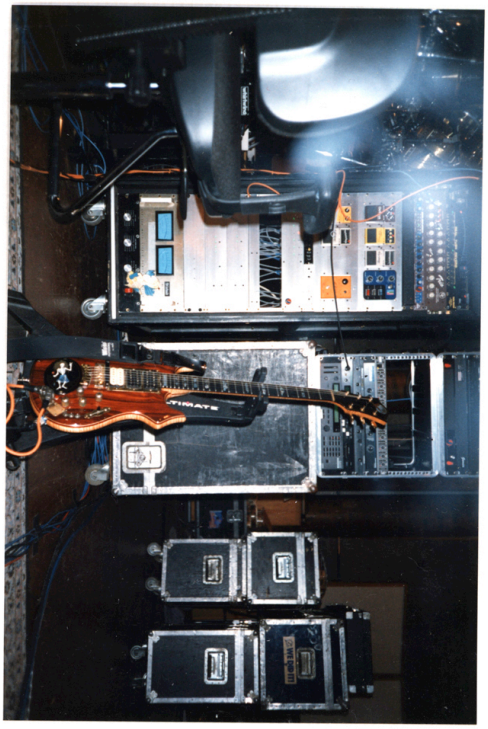
The program made its debut in August 1987. That September, the Dead played Madison Square Garden. "I'd worked with Ornette on shows he'd done here previously," Lambert said, "so we called and invited him to a Dead show. By coincidence, someone else in the Dead family had invited Cecil Taylor the same night, so I was their guide into the world of the Dead."

Coleman remembers the experience: "I thought of the time I participated in a religious ritual with the White Crow Indians in Montana. The Dead concert reminded me of people coming together to worship something. Everyone knew why they were there; they all had the same image in their minds."

Two weeks later, Coleman's drummer/manager/son Denardo called Jerry Garcia and asked him to record with Ornette. "We were looking for a soloist for a tune ["3 Wishes"], and Denardo said, 'Well, the Dead has almost the same instrumentation as Prime Time, with two drummers and two guitarists; let's ask Jerry.' "

Most of *Virgin Beauty* had already been recorded, so it wasn't so much a collaboration as it was Garcia finding a space





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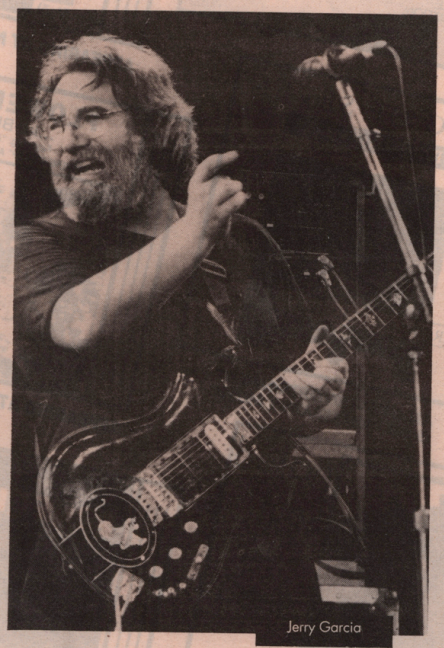
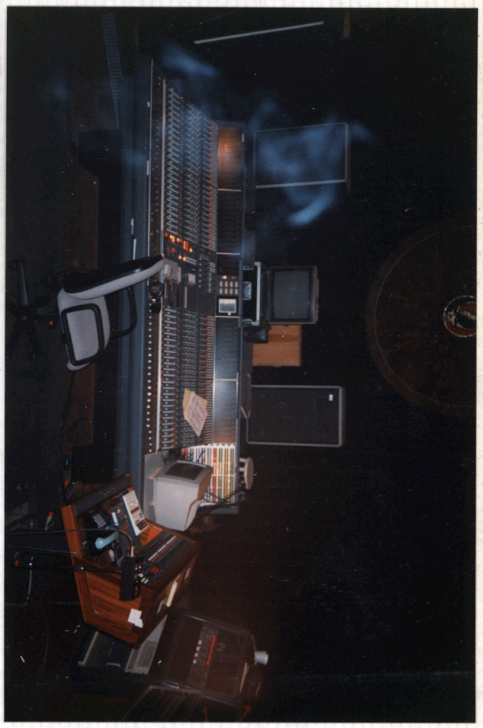
FOR Garcia AND Lesh

ORNETTE COLEMAN AND THE DEAD CONNECTION



Jerry Garcia





for his own ideas in the music. Far from his usual Dead sound, Garcia played guitar like a whirling dervish, with notes dancing rapidly around Coleman's saxophone melody. Before he was done, Garcia had added solos to two other pieces on the album, "Singing in the Shower" and "Desert Players."

Since then, Coleman and the Dead have talked about doing a project together, but schedules have kept them apart. Even at the Mardi Gras show there is no set plan for interaction. Prime Time will open; whether it goes beyond that remains to be seen.

Prime Time, which works frequently on the East Coast and in Europe, has been Coleman's main access to public exposure. But Coleman sees his role as something other than bandleader. "I've always thought of myself as a composer," he says. "But the classical world is not open to minorities, not ones who don't live and work in that field. I've always written with a wide range of instrumental colors, like an orchestra. So Prime Time is as close as I can achieve on my own to an orchestra. The instrumentation is trying to get that sound."

For a good decade, from the late '70s into the '80s, Prime Time was a double trio, with two each of electric guitar, electric bass, and drums. But in 1988 the lineup dropped to one drummer — son Denardo — plus percussionist Badal Roy, longtime bassist Al McDowell, and guitarists Chris Rosenberg and Ken Wessel; the newest member is keyboardist Dave Bryant. Dead and Coleman fans at the Coliseum show may note that this Prime Time doesn't just approximate, but duplicates, the Dead's instrumentation.

Another similarity between Coleman and the Dead is that, while their music does sound very different, they approach performance with a certain attitude. "In playing onstage, I don't think so much of having a band and doing what makes me happy," Coleman says, "but of how the band and audience can have a better experience together. And my playing is directed to that, so that it creates a better moment." ●

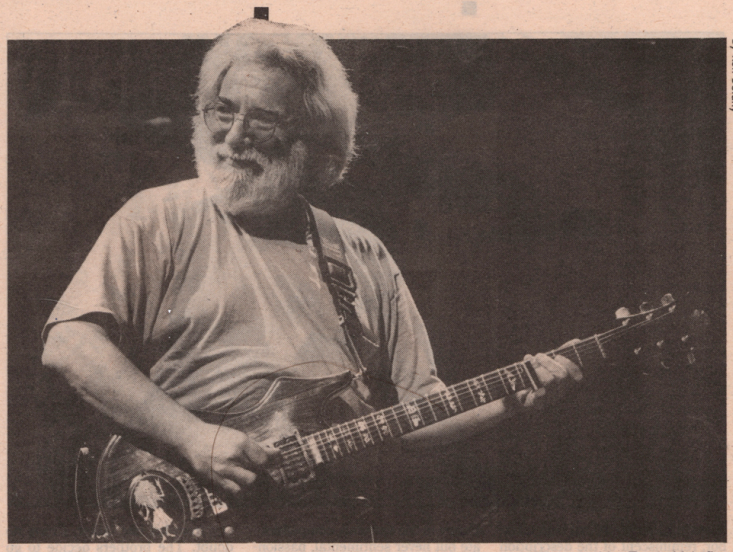
IN CONCERT

Night of the Harmolodic Dead

GRATEFUL DEAD *and* ORNETTE COLEMAN'S PRIME TIME

At Oakland Coliseum Arena, Tuesday, February 23.

By Larry Kelp



By Ron Delany

It was one of those shows that fans wish the Grateful Dead would do for uninitiated friends—no chance-taking, just your basic Ornette Coleman Mardi Gras.

Since Bill Graham's death in late '91, spending New Year's Eve with the Grateful Dead just hasn't been the same. In fact, the band purposely skipped it this time around; last year's show brought on too many sad memories. So Mardi Gras has been beefed up as the Dead's substitute celebration, and on Fat Tuesday it was just that.

The crowd was pumped up, and the band played off the energy of the more than 15,000 fans with as tightly focused a performance as it has ever delivered (which doesn't necessarily mean "best"). There was a spectacular Mardi Gras parade with wild and colorful floats. And there was Ornette Coleman, the contemporary music revolutionary, to open the festivities with his electric Prime Time band.

Coleman didn't stop there, but gave fans exactly what they had hoped for but figured wouldn't happen: an onstage collaboration between Coleman and the Dead. Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia joined in on Coleman's set, then Ornette (following in Branford Marsalis's footsteps) jammed with the Dead on their "Space" improvisation, then stayed until the end. When the music finally stopped at around 12:30 a.m. with a wild "Turn on Your Lovelight," it was as good a New Year's show as anyone could want, even if the participants walked to their cars in the cold chill of the first day of Lent.

Coleman turned out to be the critical factor. A major player in redirecting the course of music during the second half of the 20th century, he has spent the past thirty years evolving his concept, called harmolodics, in which not just the melody, but also the harmony and rhythm are open to improvisation at any point, by any and all bandmembers. It's a concept easily understood by musicians from Morocco to India, but in the United States, harmolodics and Coleman are still not accepted in all circles.

The Dead first dug into Coleman when bassist Phil Lesh brought his records to band sessions in the mid-'60s. And after Coleman attended his first Dead concert in New York in 1987, he asked Jerry Garcia a couple weeks later to add guitar parts to Prime Time's *Virgin Beauty* album. Since then Coleman and the Dead have talked about getting together, but it didn't happen until Fat Tuesday.

Coleman, 62, has had his compositions performed by string quartets (Kronos Quartet in particular) and full symphony orchestras, and has received worldwide critical acclaim, but he hasn't performed locally since a wild 1988 Fillmore auditorium concert, because no local promoter has been willing to take a chance on whether there would be an audience. This time the Dead footed the bill (as they have done for everyone from NRBQ to Olatunji's huge ensemble and Peter Apfelbaum's Hieroglyphics Ensemble), flying Prime Time out from New York as a special musical gift to the Deadheads.

As usual with such events, things weren't perfect. The sound system for Coleman was not loud enough to be heard more than halfway back, and even for those who could hear, it was woefully inadequate. Adding to the probem were those audience members who talked throughout his performance. Meanwhile, Coleman and crew worked hard in a fifty-minute appearance that would have been ear-boggling in a smaller concert hall or club but was lost in the cavernous arena. With only one personnel change since 1988, his current Prime Time includes two guitarists (Chris Rosenberg and Ken Wessel), bassist Al McDowell, new keyboardist Dave Bryant, drummer Denardo Coleman (Ornette's son), percussionist Badal Roy. In addition to alto sax, Ornette played occasional violin and trumpet for coloration.

For longtime Coleman followers, the whole set was a revelation. Dressed in an electric blue blazer, Coleman began with a series of tunes that used fairly standard song structure with regular rhythm and chord patterns, and melodies that were catchy enough to fit onto pop radio. It was almost as if Kenny G. had suddenly become a great artist.

An as-yet-untitled song the band just calls "Bach" offered some surprisingly delicate Baroque counterpoint. Not everything was smooth. The bandmembers seemed to have trouble hearing each other, and Roy played his set of Indian tabla drums like bongos, with no subtlety at all, as if he were just trying to make them audible.

Coleman then swung into a Sonny Rollins-style calypso, went on to "Kathelin Gray," and eventually built to the whirling dervish-like "Theme from a Symphony" (his best-known tune). By then those who could hear were beginning to get into a dancing mood. By the time Garcia came out, Prime Time was in high gear, fully harmolodic and pedal-to-the-floor. Though Garcia did play on three tunes on Coleman's last album, it was a matter of adding his parts to what Coleman had already recorded. This was the first time the two musicians had actually performed together, and the energy level jumped as Garcia and Coleman tried to find comfortable ground for improvising on "Three Wishes." And then all too soon it was over.

The Dead opened slowly with the traditional "Cold Rain and Snow," then kicked into dance gear with "Wang Dang Doodle," followed by Bob Dylan's "Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again." Then Phil Lesh (who after years of silence has been singing a lot recently) broke into a complex arrangement of Robbie Robertson's "Broken Arrow," an emotion-laden ballad more in the Bob Weir tradition. Current keyboardist Vince Welnick got Garcia, Weir, and Lesh in for the vocal harmony chorus of his "Long Way to Go." A quick "Johnny B. Goode" closed the set on a high note, priming the crowd for the parade.

More than a dozen floats entered from the back of the arena, somehow parting the sea of people and winding through the hall—airborne fish, balloon clouds with streamers of rain, pirate ships, dancing women, clowns, a float that looked like Dead song Franklin's Tower, a mobile disco dance floor with a John Travolta clone (a Bill Graham veep), Graham office staff and Deatheads in costume, even Wavy Gravy tossing trinkets and beads. And then there was Bill Clinton, or at least a huge twenty-foot-tall head, bringing up the rear, in shades, a sax in one hand, and a joint in the other, with smoke pouring from his mouth and nostrils.

As the last float began heading toward the exit, the Dead kicked into the Mardi Gras party favorite "Iko Iko," and the crowd sang and clapped along. Next came what may be Weir's best song in years, "Corina," more a mood piece than a real song, with more four-part vocal harmonies from the band, an intriguing sequenced guitar riff underpinning the whole thing, and Weir in fine voice. Cowritten with drummer Mickey Hart and Dead sound man Bob Bralove, with a lyric by Robert Hunter, it has the makings of a classic. Garcia followed with his Hunter collaboration, "Lazy River Road," which, like the decade-old "Black Muddy River," sounds as if it had to have been part of American folk-country tradition for at least a century. "Playing in the Band" was short and punchy (last month the Dead were so far into taking chances that it metamorphosed into ever getting to the chorus), leading into their usual long drums segment which featured a diggeridoo player. Half an hour later the rest of the band returned, this time along with Coleman, who added his sax to the group improvisation. Their spacy noodling eventually coalesced into a familiar Dead song, "The Other One." Coleman stayed onstage for the rest of the set, through two more tunes, the slow ballad "Stella Blue," which led into the ecstatic closer, "Turn on Your Lovelight."

The Dead throughout were tightly focused, the music fine—one of those shows that fans wish the Dead would do when they bring uninitiated friends for the experience. It was not a night for chance-taking, for reaching for the stars. If Mardi Gras becomes the regular substitute for New Year's Eve, this was the right start.

But for old fans, there's the problem of having a favorite group continue to grow in popularity. It's difficult to get tickets even with connections these days. And the band's attempt to throw enough weird stuff onto the followups to its 1987 hit album *In the Dark* to scare off the less-than-dedicated failed miserably. Even with the band taking half a year off in 1992 while Garcia recovered his health, it still came out the second highest concert grosser, right behind U2, who spent half the year playing stadiums.

To call them a "rock" band is to limit the scope and effect the Dead have had on music and culture. The Dead remain a local institution, a global commodity, and, when they put their minds to it, one of the best improvising bands ever, to say nothing of continuing to offer a wide stylistic approach to music, incorporating American roots of country, blues, folk, and jazz in their playing.

19070

Dead drummer helps keep rain forest music alive

By Nita Lelyveld
ASSOCIATED PRESS

WASHINGTON — Grateful Dead drummer Mickey Hart said he felt like he'd found buried treasure when he learned of more than 50,000 rare sound recordings collected in the Library of Congress' Archives of Folk Culture.

Hart and the library Monday jointly released the first of a series of compact discs aimed at bringing the recordings to a wider public audience.

"The Spirit Cries: Music from the Rainforests of South America & the Caribbean" is produced by Hart and Alan Jabbour, director of the American Folklife Center, which houses the archive. It is being marketed by Rykodisc.

The disc's release will launch the library's Endangered Music Project, which aims to help preserve the traditions and music of disappearing cultures. Profits from the disc will help support the performers and pay for future releases.

Music has always been a key to bridging cultural differences, Hart said.

"It's a great way of understanding other people. It's an international language," he said. "It helps people see that there's a big world out there, a precious world, and we all breathe the same air."

The Library of Congress may seem a far cry from Hart's band. But Hart has written two books on the history of drumming and has recorded the indigenous music of people in places from Egypt to the Arctic Circle.

He won a Grammy in the category of world music for his 1992 album "Planet Drum," which included performances by himself and drummers from places like India and Nigeria.

"The Spirit Cries" contains 27 digitally remastered recordings of music from the rain forests of Jamaica, Peru, Belize, Panama, Colombia, Suriname and French Guiana. Hart chose the selections from many hours of material.

The chants, wails, hand claps and drumming don't make for relaxing background music. The unfamiliar rhythms and harmonies are often jarring, always hard to ignore.

In a way, that's the point.

Once people hear the voices of those who live in the Caribbean and South American rain forests, they may find it harder to forget their plight, Jabbour said. After all, as the forests go, so go the human traditions that grow out of them.

Most of the music has to do with rituals and traditions connected to life in the rain forests. There are songs to invoke spirits, help heal illnesses and commemorate the dead.

"These are people with oral traditions mostly," Hart said. "All of their history, their stories, their myths, are in these songs."

Hart came up with the idea for the Endangered Music Project several years ago when he first found out about the library's collection, which includes everything from early American blues recordings to Mongolian throat singing.

He carefully remastered each selection on "The Spirit Cries" and made sure the disc was beautifully packaged. It comes in a green-tinted jewel case with a booklet explaining the different cultures and songs.

With the growing interest in world music and the environment, Hart believes, it can be a success.

"You think to yourself, 'I don't know what they're saying, but this is soulful. This is amazing,'" he said. "When I hear it, it just rattles me to my bones. It's something that has to be heard."

But he admits he didn't choose the music for its accessibility. "It's not a luxury, this music. It's a necessity."



Drummer Mickey Hart

APR 6 - 1993
Allen's P. C. B Est. 1888

USA TODAY (WASH. D.C.)

The scales of justice weigh LSD convictions

By Dennis Cauchon
USA TODAY

3393

Several hundred followers of the Grateful Dead rock band could be released from federal prison soon if the U.S. Sentencing Commission votes today — as many expect — to change LSD sentencing laws.

The so-called Deadheads have received long prison terms for small amounts of LSD because of a quirk in sentencing rules that punishes LSD more harshly than other drugs.

Under the proposed change, sentences would be based on the amount of LSD involved. Now sentences are based on the weight of the inactive material — paper or sugar cubes — that the LSD is placed on.

Since the weight of inactive substances varies wildly, so do LSD sentences: five doses on sugar cubes can get the same 10-year/no parole sentence as 50,000 doses of pure LSD.

Tom Hillier, head of the federal public defender group that proposed the change, and others who've talked to the commission say they've been told the change will be approved.

Reports last year revealed that the LSD laws had targeted Deadheads, who often live hippie lifestyles and use LSD openly. Of about 500 LSD offenders in federal prisons, more than 80% are Grateful Dead fans.

Another 1,000 to 4,000 Deadheads are in state prisons, but they would not be affected by a change in federal law.

The Sentencing Commission, appointed by the president, meets today and April 20 to consider LSD rules and other sentencing changes.

The changes become law on Nov. 1, unless Congress vetoes them.

The LSD change had limited support until a March 23 commission hearing when:

▶ Parents made an emotional plea that the law was unfair and should be changed.

▶ Families Against Mandatory Minimums presented a study showing how LSD sentences were not closely related to the amount of LSD involved.

▶ The Justice Department softened its opposition to the change. "There's obviously a problem with LSD sentencing," said department attorney Roger Pauley.

▶ No one at the hearing opposed the change.

Commissioner Julie Carnes, a federal judge, told those testifying: "It sounds to me like you've made a strong case to switch" LSD sentencing.

"I'm very optimistic," said Julie Stewart, head of FAMM, which led the fight to change the LSD law. "Everyone knows the law doesn't make sense."

The commission also must decide whether the change should be retroactive. If it is, many defendants could be released in November or have their sentences sharply cut.

Chuck Smith — known to friends as "King of the Space Crickets" — is a typical Deadhead awaiting a decision.

Smith, 21, a cook from Fairhope, Ala., was convicted in March 1992 for possession of LSD he bought for $130.

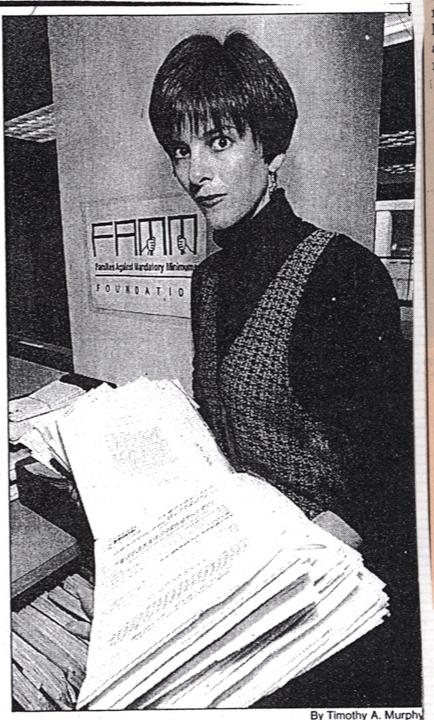
His case involves 396 hits of LSD — 391 on paper; five on sugar cubes.

The five sugar cubes alone qualify the first offender for a 10-12 year/no parole sentence.

At trial, the jury was told of his Deadhead ways — his tie-dye curtains, musical tastes, Grateful Dead memorabilia.

Prosecutor Maria Steiber calls him "a prophet of LSD."

Defense lawyer Jeff Deen disagrees: "He's a very smart and loving kid. If he'd been sent to a youth camp, he'd be a productive citizen today. He just had a lifestyle that doesn't sell well in the Bible Belt."



By Timothy A. Murphy

'OPTIMISTIC' ABOUT CHANGE: LSD sentences are not closely related to the amount of LSD involved, says Julie Stewart.

DL0617

World Music on the Hill

The Grateful Dead bring the rain forest to Washington

By J.D. Considine

IS CONGRESS REALLY FULL OF DEADheads? It certainly seemed that way at the Library of Congress reception for *The Spirit Cries*, an album of rainforest music produced by Grateful Dead percussionist Mickey Hart and the American Folklife Center. Although the event's ostensible purpose was to promote the library's new Endangered Music Project, the focus was squarely on Hart and his band mates, who were schmoozed by the likes of Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont and Congressman Vic Fazio of California. "I'm a longtime supporter of the Library of Congress, and I'm interested in the project," said California congressman Tony Beilenson. But he admitted the real reason he was there was that some of the people in his office wanted to meet the members of the band.

"Hey, it's part of the job," said an autograph-signing Jerry Garcia. "I'm just here to help Mickey. And also the rain forest – that's real important to me."

For Hart, the celebration marked two things: the release of the album, which took three years to assemble, and the increased accessibility of the library's enormous collection of field recordings. "People have been leaving their collections to this library for years," he said. "There's hundreds of thousands of hours [of folk music] here. But these tapes were only accessed by scholars – and only those who knew exactly where to go. It really wasn't disseminated."

Hart, an enthusiastic world-music buff, stumbled onto the collection while doing research for his first book, *Drumming at the Edge of Magic*, and spent countless hours making digital transfers from recordings in the library's collection. "Sometimes the tape will give its life on the first play," he said. "The oxide will just peel off. Once I have it in the digital format, I can do anything with it."

With its emphasis on the rain-forest cultures of South America and the Caribbean, *The Spirit Cries* includes music from the Garifuna people of Belize; the Indians of the Choco, along the Colombian-Panamanian border; the Shipibo and Ashaninka of Peru; the Aluku and Wayana of French Guiana and Suriname; and the Maroons of Jamaica. "I wanted it to go from the Amazon basin all the way up to Jamaica," said Hart. "To hear that span of music – what a road map!"

What a job, too. Hart started out with more than eighty hours of field recordings, which eventually were whittled down to a mere seventy minutes. "It was a laborious task," he said. "I slowly eliminated what didn't move me. What we have here is what I consider the power songs, the essence of this collection."

Then there were the technical challenges. In addition to the usual problems with background noise, Hart had to compensate for the differences in fidelity among the various recordings, some of which dated back as far as 1949. "Ear play is important," he said. "They want it to sound good. So I brought the same production values to this as I would to a Grateful Dead record or to my own solo record. It's as if it would sell, it would win a Grammy and sell a million records."



Garcia and Hart at the Library of Congress

Not that he expects it to do quite that well, but Hart has high hopes for the project. He points to *Voices of the Rainforest*, which he produced with ethnomusicologist Steven Feld. "Feld's CD from the rain forest has sold more than 25,000, I'm sure," he said. "In the old days, if you sold 300 of them, you were a success. Now it's different."

Even better is the fact that royalties from the album will go directly to the native musicians. "That's the other part of it," Hart said. "Once they know it's a commodity, they can deal. They don't have to run away and work in the oil fields. They can make their music, and they can make a good living. These recordings will more than support them in whatever they want to do down there."

24 • ROLLING STONE, APRIL 29TH, 1993

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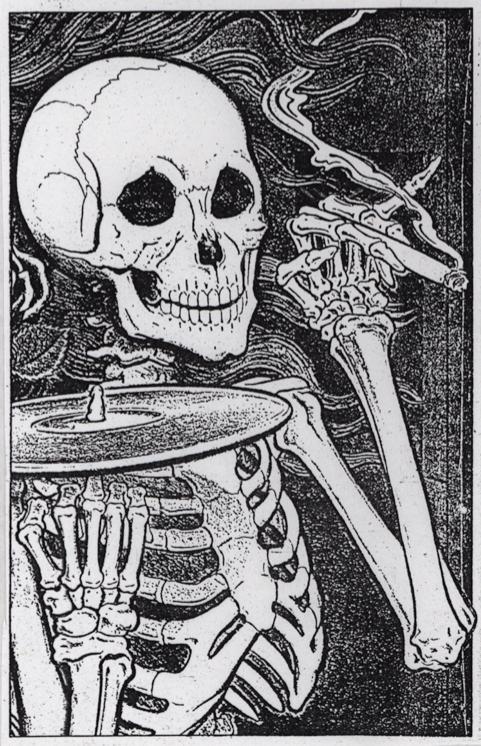
POST TRIBUNE
GARY, INDIANA
3/5/93

music



Church of 'Dead'

▶ Munster man sees Grateful Dead concerts as religious experiences.

Drivin' that train
High on cocaine
Casey Jones you better
watch your speed

"Casey Jones" the Grateful Dead

3000Z

By Bob Kostanczuk
Staff writer

Mention "religion" and the "Grateful Dead" in the same sentence and most people will scratch their heads in bewilderment.

They just seem incompatible.

However, Daniel Tharp — a Munster native and avowed "Dead Head" — just earned his master's of arts degree in religious studies at Arizona State University by writing an 88-page thesis that contends the quintessential '60s-hippie band is a religious experience, of sorts.

Tharp, 25, points out that one can go to a Dead concert and "see signs of this ecstatic ritual release — kind of lost-in-self, becoming part of that whole throng of people."

Citing three earlier periods of "religious awakening" in this country, Tharp said: "The 1960's counterculture represented the latest religious awakening in American history."

▶ IN TUNE

Qualifying that statement somewhat, professor Richard Wentz, Tharp's adviser, said: "This fourth one is not explicitly Christian. It has broken out of that context and represents something new that's going on religiously in our culture."

In essence, Tharp said, the Grateful Dead are a model of religious behavior.

"Especially," he said, "in the context of everything that was going on in the 1960s — trying to get back to this kind of primal aspect of religion; this release, not so much anything tied to a dogma or a doctrine like in Christianity or Judaism."

Tharp's professor concurs.

"When one examines the language of so-called Dead Heads; when one examines the behavior of what goes on at a rock concert — all of these things taken into consideration can lead to the conclusion that it very definitely is a religious phenomenon; that it *does* carry forward the religious values of the '60s," contended Wentz.

When Tharp was putting together his thesis — titled "Come Hear Uncle John's Band: Religious Behavior in the Wake of the 1960s" — he was writing from experience because he's been to some 20 Dead concerts.

"You have that feeling of community," explained the 1986 graduate of Munster High School, now living in Tempe, Ariz. "There's much more to going than just going to hear the band."

Many share Tharp's enthusiasm. The Grateful Dead continue to be one of the most successful touring acts around, even though it's been more than 25 years since they first burst on the scene during those trippy Haight-Ashbury days of the mid-'60s.

Grateful Dead concerts are a kick-in-the-pants flashback to the days of Woodstock. The drugs and alcohol are still evident, as is whirling-dervish dancing by the obsessed.

But most of all, Dead concerts are a happening; a counterculture ritual of the '60s that refuses to die.

Whether there's a religious edge is in the eye of the beholder.

The Grateful Dead perform at 7:30 p.m. Tuesday through Thursday at the Rosemont Horizon, 6920 N. Mannheim Road, Rosemont, Ill. All performances are sold out.

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TELEGRAM & GAZETTE, FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1993

Here's some options for anthem singers



John Gearan

Item: The Grateful Dead will sing the national anthem at the San Francisco Giants' home opener.

What's going on here? Does Roseanne Arnold have laryngitis and can't make it? Couldn't Robert Goulet, who's playing King Arthur in rehashed Camelot productions these days, make it out west to bungle a few lines of the Star Spangled Banner?

Jerry Garcia, Captain Trips himself, will lead his hippie soulmates, Bob Weir and Vince Welnick, in droning the anthem and disgracing our already declining National Pastime.

A CAPPELLA GIG

They are doing this gig a cappella (without musical accompaniment). Which means — egads! — that Garcia and Weir won't be picking a fight with their guitars and Welnick won't be pounding on his keyboard.

Bad enough the middle-aged Garcia, crowned king of counterculture by the great unwashed in the mid-'60s, represents a lost generation of druggies. You'd think that baseball, trying to clean up its image tarnished by major-league abusers like Steve Howe, would avoid The Dead like the scourge they encouraged.

But, even judged on the talent level, everyone knows Garcia can't sing a lick and relies on the sound of his own noise to drown out his dreadful voice.

Yet, as they say, the show must go on. Baseball needs fans, so why not pander to the Deadheads of the land to tune in before they tune out? No doubt, pregame music like "Truckin" will waft through Candlestick Park and fans will be singing along with lyrics like, "What a long, strange trip it's been..."

Yeah, man, play ball.

From: Allen's P.C.B.
VALLEY ADVOCATE
HATFIELD, MA
WEEKLY 70,000
MAR 4 1993
BURRELLE'S
105 ...e.. PS un..u.

Devil's Advocate

By Mark Kendall Anderson

Sucker Magnolia

30002

Of the '60s legacies stuck swirling in the eddies like litter and froth, The Grateful Dead have yet to distinguish themselves as anything beyond a monumental American bore.

As Dave Marsh of the *Rolling Stone* opined, "There simply isn't much about The Grateful Dead that's impressive, except the devotion of its fans to a mythology created in Haight-Ashbury and sustained in junior high schools across America... They fulfill the same purpose as do the current Beach Boys: offering facile reminiscence to an audience with no memory of its own. This would have been a tragic end, if there had been any genuine glory to begin with."

I would add, though, that at least The Beach Boys once had songwriting skills and a set of chop that outshines Jerry Garcia's tiresome, stochastic meanderings, which somehow pass for "jamming."

Curiously, many younger Deadheads, themselves not even the proverbial gleams in their daddies' eyes when the Dead started out, still somehow find redeeming value in the band's bloated generational solipsisms, as if midwifing a retroactive Disneyland of peace and love were the only possibility for rock'n'roll today.

While such '60s rockers as Neil Young and Lou Reed have remained dynamic (and at times in recent memory a lot more innovative than their younger imitators), the Dead have scarcely moved from stylistic ground zero. Therein may lie the band's enduring appeal. In this ever-changing world, one can always count on the Grateful Dead to serve up the same plateful that made them famous long ago. Of course, Jerry and Co. will have to share that sort of accolade with the likes of McDonalds and Spam.

And don't even bother seeking out their studio albums. Even some Deadheads would attest to the dearth of worthwhile recorded material. (A fan of lengthy, fusion-like modal jams would be better directed to the likes of Can, Gong, The Soft Machine, Weather Report or *Bitches Brew*-era Miles Davis.)

Had the Woodstock generation delivered on its idealism, much of which the Deadhead flock attempts to embrace, we would have undoubtedly witnessed one of the grandest political shifts in American history. In such a brave new world, the Grateful Dead could be readily raised from the fringes and to the forum it so deserves: main rooms and lounges all over Las Vegas. ♦


Chancellor Tien, Maestro Nagano, Phil Lesh. *Photo by Dana Davis*

The Berkeley Symphony Orchestra's
SECOND ANNUAL
Guest Conductors Benefit Concert
WEDNESDAY MAY 11TH 8PM
Zellerbach Hall on the UC Berkeley campus

featuring
Maestro Kent Nagano,
Berkeley Symphony Music Director:
Conducting the first movement of Mozart's *Concerto for Two Pianos*, featuring his wife, **pianist Mari Kodama & Sir Ernest Hall** in his American debut.

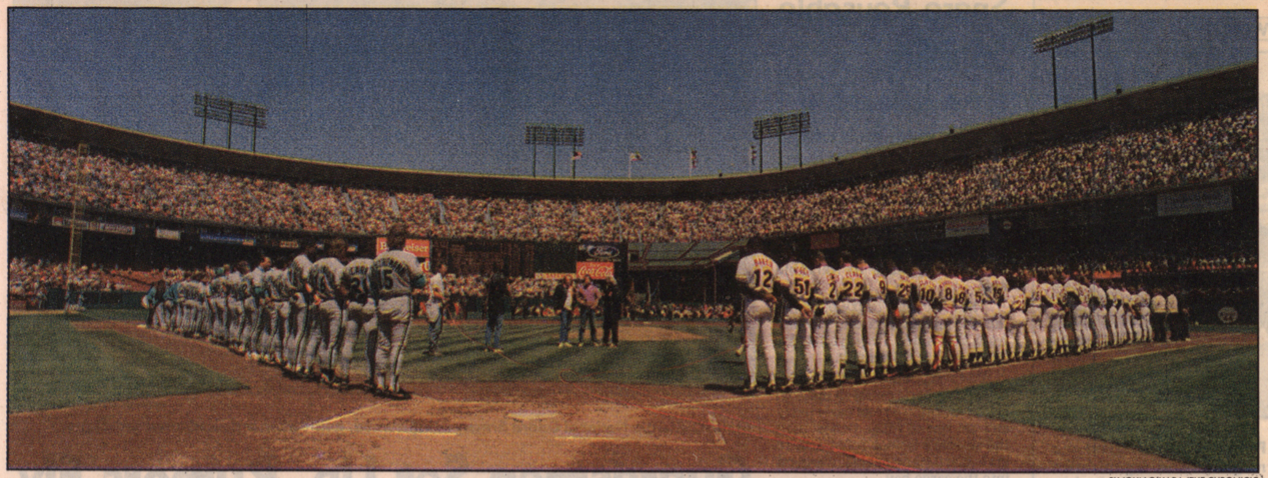
with Guest Conductors including
Grateful Dead bassist, Phil Lesh
UCB Chancellor Chang-Lin Tien
UCB Head Basketball Coach Todd Bozeman
Dr. Don Francis Narsai David & Others!

Tickets: $25–150: Charge by Phone: 510 841-2800
WEEKDAYS 9–5. VISA & MASTERCARD, NO SERVICE CHARGE.

THE BERKELEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
2322 Shattuck Avenue Berkeley California 94704

DL0621

Record Crowd Sees Giants Win Home Opener



BY JOHN O'HARA/THE CHRONICLE

The Giants (right), the Florida Marlins and a record-breaking crowd of 56,689 listened as the Grateful Dead sang the national anthem at Candlestick Park

The Dead sing, Bonds homers, foghorn blows

By Marc Sandalow
Chronicle Staff Writer

It took exactly one at bat for Barry Bonds to set off the new foghorn at Candlestick Park.

Under bright blue skies before 56,689 fans, the largest regular-season crowd ever at Candlestick, the Giants' new leftfielder lofted the ball over the right-field fence in the second inning, igniting three long tones and a mist of fake fog from a center-field horn that will accompany every Giants homer.

Bonds' blast helped the Giants beat the Florida Marlins, 4-3, in a game that took 11 innings. It was just one of many new sights and

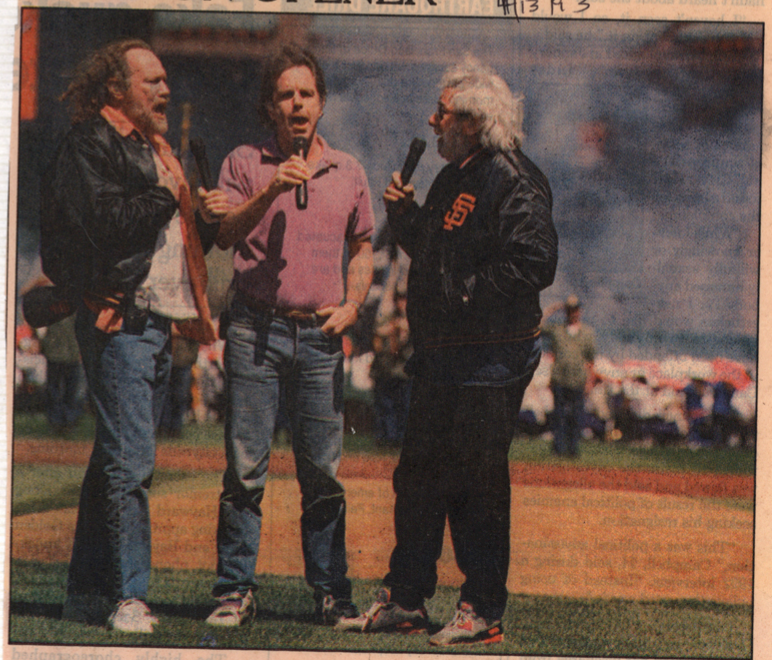
GIANTS: *Page A9 Col. 1*



DAMIAN STRAHL

DEAD-ON OPENER

SF EXAMINER 4/13/93



EXAMINER/PAUL CHINN

The Grateful Dead *offer the San Francisco Giants' home-opener crowd their own version of the national anthem Monday at Candlestick Park. The Dead, from left, are Vince Welnick, Bob Weir and Jerry Garcia.*

Dennis W. Alpert
Director of Advance

Office of the Vice President (202) 456-7935

THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

April 13, 1993

Dear Dick:

THANK YOU!

Great tapes, thanks. You're becoming a legend in my office. I want to especially thank you for sending the Cap Center tapes - pretty good shows... we had lots of fun (Lucy In the Sky, I Fought The Law, etc...).

Hey... when should I stop requesting tapes, Never?? Seriously, I can't tell you how much I appreciate this. Might I be too bold to request some more? - 5/2/70 Harpur College
1/22/78 Eugene
10/31/91 Oakland

Any of the Spring Tour would be awesome, too!

THANKS DICK!

* What's your phone number? Call me... my card is enclosed!!

OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT

DICK:
This is a photo of me on-board Air Force II from February '93. I'm holding a photo of Bob Weir serenading the VP and Mrs. Gore at one of the Inaugural Balls. This photo hung aboard AF2 for a few months last year. I thought you'd get a kick out of it.

TAKE CARE!!



DLD622

SACRAMENTO NEWS & REVIEW 5/20/93

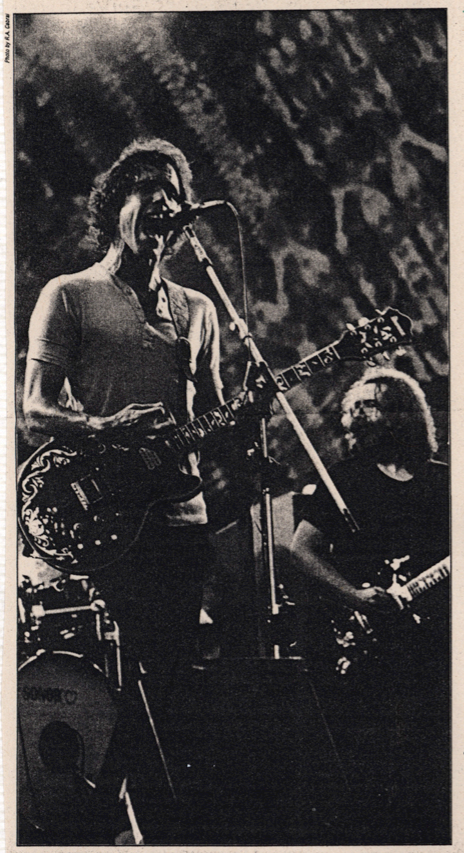


Photo by A.A. Dare

Trips ahoy: The Dead play Cal Expo May 25-27.

Grateful Rex

The Beneficent Musical Dinosaur

By Rick Cabral

Next week as fans of the Grateful Dead file through the gates at Cal Expo Amphitheater (May 25-27), their ticket money may wind its way to rain forest activists in Africa, classical composers in England or local environmental organizations, like Sacramento's Friends of the River. That's because proceeds from the shows will go to the Rex Foundation, a non-profit philanthropic Dead spinoff that each year quietly funds an eclectic mix of environmental lobbies, social causes and private ventures.

The Dead's Cal Expo series should generate between $600,000 to $700,000 for the Rex Foundation coffers. Not bad for a band often criticized for being a musical dinosaur.

Yet after 28 years, the Dead consistently play before sold-out arenas while legions of Deadheads mushroom. In 1991, the Grateful Dead led all U.S. touring acts with $34.7 million in gross billings, and finished second last year to U2 with $31 million. And that's after canceling their East Coast tour following lead guitarist Jerry Garcia's illness.

People accuse the Dead of all kinds of things, but no one ever says the band grew a social conscience after striking pay dirt. Their first gig, in fact, as "Grateful Dead" was a benefit for San Francisco's Mime Troupe in 1965. Throughout the '60s they performed steadily at benefit shows: from the Black Panthers to Native American Indian causes.

People accuse the Dead of all kinds of things, but no one ever says the band grew a social conscience after striking pay dirt. Their first gig, in fact, as "Grateful Dead" was a benefit for San Francisco's Mime Troupe in 1965.



Origins of the Rex Foundation date back to a time when grant recipients traditionally promoted Dead benefit shows. "Which didn't always result in a well-run concert," notes Dead publicist and historian Dennis McNally. After years of tolerating ineptitude and internal strife among charitable organizations, the Dead started their own foundation. "When in doubt," McNally says, "the Dead do it themselves." (Due to an IRS technicality, the Rex Foundation is "affiliated" with the Grateful Dead, but not a legal entity of the band.) The foundation was named for Donald "Rex" Jackson, the band's road manager, who died in an auto accident in 1976.

The first Rex fund-raisers were staged in 1983 at San Francisco's Warfield Theatre, later shifting to UC Berkeley's Greek Theatre. In 1990, Cal Expo became the designated home of the annual benefits.

According to McNally, "Cal Expo is our smallest gig (14,500 capacity), and in some ways it's the hippest. (It) has a feeling of intimacy—it's essentially a field with bleachers—which is very much the Dead's style."

The Rex Foundation is governed by a nine-member board of directors, which meets twice a year to divvy the revenues. Among the musicians on the board are Garcia, guitarist Bob Weir and drummer Mickey Hart. NBA Hall-of-Famer Bill Walton also sits on the board, as did rock promoter Bill Graham until his accidental death in 1991.

Rex Foundation grants are given to a diverse range of groups, mostly specializing in social healing and environmental causes. Recipients have included the American Red Cross, Greenpeace, Friends of the River, Native American Indian groups, various AIDS organizations, and idiosyncratic interests such as British classical composers (thanks to bassist Phil Lesh) and United Anglers of California (courtesy of the Dead crew).

Over the past decade the Rex Foundation has distributed approximately $4 million in amounts ranging from $5,000 to $10,000, which McNally correctly notes is "a lot of money for a really small organization."

Tom Martens, executive director of Friends of the River, agrees. Last year his group received $10,000 from Rex. "That means a lot to us because we work with a very low overhead (an $800,000 annual operating budget), and it can be converted to hiring two interns, who we can focus on community outreach."

Martens categorized Friends' appeal "an informal process," which he credits to his "personal relationship" with Garcia, who, like the rest of the band, prefers to deal face-to-face with people, rather than with mountains of applications.

In fact, the more personalized the cause, the better the odds of receiving grants from the band, or its extended family. "We're really not interested in people approaching us," McNally emphasizes. "Our whole approach is more personal or idiosyncratic."

In 1988 Weir and Hart attended a slide presentation given by Randall Hayes, founder and executive director of San Francisco-based Rainforest Action Network (RAN). After the meeting they asked how they could help. "Next thing I knew," Hayes says, "the band had made a lifelong commitment to the rain forest issue and decided to do a benefit concert at Madison Square Garden." That concert (September 1988) generated $400,000, which was divided among Greenpeace, Creating a Future, Cultural Survival and RAN.

More donations followed as the band persuaded artist Robert Rauschenberg to do a poster promoting the concert. Limited-edition prints of the rain forest painting signed by the band sold for $2,500, raising additional funds for the four groups. In all, Hayes estimates the Dead have generated half a million dollars "directly or indirectly" for RAN. But the band's commitment goes beyond money.

The Dead permits RAN to operate information booths for free at concerts; it speaks out against the deforestation of tropical rainforests (which are being wiped out at a rate of 100 acres a minute); and band members give personal contributions.

Bob Weir, for instance, donated $10,000 to the African Environmental Network out of the proceeds from "Panther Dream," a children's book published in 1991 about a boy and a panther in the African jungle. The project was a collaboration between Bob and his sister, Wendy Weir, who illustrated and co-wrote the book. Weir also got his publisher, Hyperion Books for Children (Disney Press), to ensure that one tree was planted for each one that was harvested to print the book.

Percussionist Mickey Hart, too, has made personal contributions. He's produced Third World music and generated spinoff funds for RAN out of benefit events related to those recordings. Last May, he recorded the San Quentin Mass Choir, a unique assemblage of inmates and prison guards, and produced their gospel album "He's All I Need."

Apart from Rex, one of the Dead's most important contributions this year will go to Stanley Mouse, the renowned rock poster and album artist who is a lifelong friend. This spring, when Mouse went in for a liver transplant and had no money or medical insurance, the Dead pledged to pay half his medical expenses, estimated at $350,000.

Rex Foundation grants are given to a diverse range of groups, mostly specializing in social healing and environmental causes. Recipients have included the American Red Cross, Greenpeace, Friends of the River, Native American Indian groups, various AIDS organizations and idiosyncratic interests.

Perhaps the most fruitful Rex Foundation donation came without band members' help. Backstage at a Detroit show, McNally and "Ram Rod" Shurtliff, the Dead crew chief, met Warriors basketball coach Don Nelson and star player Sarunas Marciulionis. Marciulionis, a member of the Lithuanian Olympic basketball team, appealed for help to send the Lithuanians to Barcelona. Ram Rod persuaded the Rex Foundation to donate $5,000, and at Marciulionis' request, he and McNally presented the check at a Warriors game.

This unusually high-profile gesture drew the attention of Mike Fitzgerald, who created the now famous tie-dyed T-shirt depicting a skeleton slam-dunking a basketball. The sports marketing whiz and Deadhead promised to donate one-third of the T-shirt sales to the Lithuanian cause. The shirts retailed for $30 and sold like windowpane tabs at a Winterland concert. To satisfy the overwhelming demand, Fitzgerald enlisted Grateful Dead Merchandising's marketing network, which helped move more than $300,000 worth of the shirts and generated approximately $100,000 for the Lithuanians—enough to send Marciulionis and friends to the Olympic Summer Games, with the surplus going to Lithuanian children's charities.

"It was the single best thing we could have done for the country of Lithuania," says McNally.

In Barcelona, the Lithuanian team demonstrated its gratitude by wearing the tie-dyed shirts and warm-up pants to the medals ceremony. Cheers resounded throughout the Olympic arena.

And, no doubt, from Deadheads around the globe. □

DL0623

Rex Foundation Report

The Rex Foundation, celebrating its tenth year of community service, was brought into being as a charitable organization by members of the Grateful Dead and friends. The Foundation was named in memory of Donald Rex Jackson, a roadie and road manager for the Dead.

What Rex Does

The Foundation aims to help secure a healthy environment, promote individuality in the arts, provide support to critical and necessary social services, assist others less fortunate than ourselves, protect the rights of indigenous peoples and help ensure their cultural survival, build a stronger community and to educate children and adults everywhere. The Rex Foundation is an all-volunteer organization, with no paid board or staff members.

How Rex Works

The primary source of funds for the Rex Foundation has been proceeds from benefit concerts performed by the Grateful Dead (The Foundation also welcomes donations from individuals and businesses). More than thirty such benefits have been staged in Northern California since 1984. This year, for the first time, two shows on the Grateful Dead's fall tour of the East Coast were designated as Rex benefits. These shows took place in New York and Boston, and a special emphasis was placed on funding for deserving recipients in that region. There will be more details on these East Coast Rex activities in the next Grateful Dead *Almanac*.

Olympic Basketball Team. Since 1986 the Foundation has given an award named in memory of pioneering music journalist Ralph J. Gleason, to individuals and groups who have made outstanding contributions to culture. Past recipients of this $10,000 grant have included Alan Lomax, Pharoah Sanders, David Grisman, San Francisco Mime Troupe and Peter Apfelbaum. Rex also helped fund this year's Academy Award-winning documentary, "The Panama Deception." (A complete list of last year's grants can be found in The Foundation's annual report, available upon request).

Help Support Rex's Work

Rex is a growing circle of donors. We encourage donations to help support our work. If you wish to contribute, please send your tax-deductible contribution to:

The Rex Foundation
P.O. Box 2204
San Anselmo, CA 94979

The Rex Foundation's federal ID number is 68 0033257.

Who Rex Helps

Virtually all of our grant recipients are selected through the personal knowledge of our decision makers. Literally hundreds of organizations and individuals have received Rex funding to support an extraordinary variety of social, environmental and cultural endeavors. Among notable recent beneficiaries have been: Rainforest Action Network; San Quentin Mass Choir; Camp Winnarainbow; Fishery Foundation Of California; San Francisco Food Bank; Lithuanian

FRIENDS OF REX

In 1993 an auxiliary organization called FRIENDS OF REX *raised over $40,000 for the Rex Foundation with a raffle. Thanks to all the intrepid volunteers and especially to everyone who bought raffle tickets.*

Rex Foundation

10th Anniversary
ANNUAL REPORT
1992

Who Rex is

The Rex Foundation, in memory of Donald Rex Jackson, was brought into being as a charitable foundation by members of the Grateful Dead and friends. Rex was a roadie and later road manager until his untimely death in 1976.

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Help support Rex's work

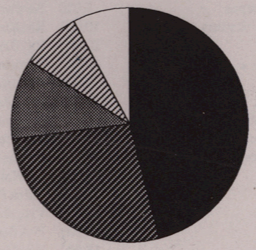
Rex is a growing circle of donors. We encourage donations to help support our work. If you wish to contribute, please send your tax-deductible contribution to The Rex Foundation, P.O. Box 2204, San Anselmo, CA 94979. The Rex Foundation federal ID number is 68 0033257.

How Rex works

Virtually all of our grant recipients are selected through the personal knowledge of our decision makers—as a result, unsolicited requests are not likely to be filled. We have no application forms and no published guidelines. Grants are made once a year, and our report and newsletter are published annually. Our consideration of your proposal may take up to a year, so please be patient for your response.

In addition to our regular grants, we also give the Ralph J. Gleason Award to group and individuals who have made an outstanding contribution to culture. These awards are in the amount of $10,000 and were created in the memory of Ralph J. Gleason, San Francisco Chronicle columnist, who covered the Bay Area music scene in the '50s and '60s. Some of the past recipients include Alan Lomax, Pharoah Sanders, San Francisco Mime Troupe, Heiroglyphics Ensemble and David Grisman.

Social Services (46%)	$270,000
Arts (27%)	$156,000
Environment (11%)	$62,500
Education (8%)	$50,000
Other (8%)	$47,500



Proportional distribution of Rex Foundation grants

BOARD MEMBERS

Robert H. Weir
Jerome J. Garcia
John Perry Barlow
Bernard S. Bildman
Carolyn A. Garcia
Michael Hart
Harold S. Kant
Bill Walton

Bill Graham
(1984-1991)

TEN YEARS OF SERVICE IN THE COMMONWEAL

Rex Foundation
P.O. Box 2204
San Anselmo
California 94979
(415) 457-3032

DL0624

DL0625

FINANCES 1992

Year Ended: August 31, 1992

Beginning Balance: 8/31/91	Checking		$137,046.47
	Petty Cash		$200.00
Income			
Contributions, business & individuals		$39,812.45	
Concert proceeds		$625,430.52	
Merchandise		$18,330.59	$683,573.56
Disbursements			
Grants	$586,177.85		
Admin/Office	$491.76		
Taxes/Fees	$15.00		
Concert (Cal Expo 92)	$108,649.12		
Bank Fees	$43.00		
Merchandising Expense	$4,652.20		
Insurance	$2,409.25	$702,438.18	($702,438.18)
Ending Balance: 8/31/92	Checking		$118,181.85
	Petty Cash		$200.00
		TOTAL	$118,381.85

This year Rex was the subject of a BBC documentary about the support they gave to the recording of neglected British composers.

Rex helped fund this year's Academy Award winning documentary "Panama Deception."

GRANTS 1992

ACLU Foundation of N. CA, Inc	$ 10,000	The Marin Ballet	$ 10,000
ASK, Inc.	10,000	Marin Center for Independent Living	5,000
Bay Area Blues Society	10,000	Marin Child Care Council	10,000
Berkeley Society for the Pres. of Traditional Music	13,000	Marin Communities in Schools	10,000
Bernard Stevens Trust	10,000	Marin Concerned Citizens/Adopt-A-Family	15,000
Big Brothers/Big Sisters of Sonoma County	1,000	Marin Housing Center	10,000
Bread & Roses	20,000	Marin Theatre Company	10,000
California Center for Wildlife	2,500	Marin Waldorf School	20,000
Camp Sunburst	2,500	Music Now	2,000
Camp Winnarainbow	10,000	National Bone Marrow Transplant Link	5,000
Campaign for a Healthier Community for Children	5,000	Native American Health Center	6,875
Children's Village Inc.	10,000	Oregon Trail Special Olympics	5,000
Christopher Dench, composer	10,000	Pacifica Foundation	12,500
Coalition on Homelessness	10,000	Pharaoh Sanders	10,000
Committee on Poetry	10,000	Planet Drum Foundation	10,000
Cottage Grove Wrestling Club/Youth in Action	10,000	Poetry Flash	10,000
Drug Policy Foundation	5,000	Prison Bible Studies	14,552
ds Sports Inc./Lithuania	5,000	Rainforest Action Network/The Coral Forest	10,000
Earth Island Institute/Valley Keeper	5,000	Re-plen-ish	10,000
Families Against Mandatory Minimums	10,000	Rio Ruso Childrens' Home	10,000
The Farm School	20,000	R.J. Barrett, composer	15,000
Feet First Dance Co.	10,000	Sacramento Symphony	1,000
The Ft. Bragg Pilot House	5,000	Sacramento Valley Toxics Campaign	10,000
Friends of the River	10,000	San Diego S.U./Therapy For A Dying Planet	10,000
Galant Productions/Palo Alto Medical Foundation	5,000	San Francisco Food Bank	10,000
Haight Ashbury Free Clinic/Rock Medicine	10,000	San Francisco Mime Troupe	10,000
Hamilton Family Center/Homeless Prenatal Program	10,000	Southern Humboldt Senior Center, Inc	10,000
Hintil Kuu Ca	5,000	Special Olympics/Sonoma County	3,750
Hospice of Petaluma	1,500	Tides Foundation/The Rhythm For Life Project	20,000
The Hundredth Monkey Project	5,000	Visual & Performing Arts Foundation	5,000
In Spirit	10,000	WA State Council on Alcoholism & Drug Dependence	10,000
Jan Sawka, artist	15,000	World Association of Symphonic Bands and Ensembles	5,000
Linus Pauling Institute of Science and Medicine	5,000	**Total**	**$ 586,177**

Phil Lesh hosts "Eyes Of Chaos/Veil Of Order," a monthly radio showcase for composers and improvisers of unusual, adventurous new music. The program airs on the second Monday of each month at 9 pm on KPFA-FM in Berkeley, CA. (The possibiliity of a national version of the show is being explored.) Anyone interested in music from the outer limits of consciousness should also be on the lookout for "The Grateful And The Dead," a



fascinating hour-long Arena Films/BBC-TV documentary about the Grateful Dead's support of 20th century music via the Rex Foundation. The film features extensive interview footage with Phil and other Grateful Dead members, beautifully shot concert sequences from the Dead's 1992 Rex benefit shows and some extraordinary music from recent recipients of Rex Foundation grants. Call your local PBS station and suggest they show this film.

Eyes Of Chaos Top Ten

A random selection of music by composers and performers featured on Eyes Of Chaos/Veil Of Order. We strongly recommend you check this stuff out.

Peter Apfelbaum And
The Hieroglyphics Ensemble
JODOJI BRIGHTNESS
(Antilles)

Harrison Birtwistle
Earth Dances
BBC Symphony — Peter Eotvos, conductor
(Collins Classics)

Anthony Braxton
Eugene 1989
(Black Saint)

Havergal Brian
Symphony No. 7
Royal Liverpool Philharmonic — Charles Mackerras, conductor
(EMI)

Don Byron
Don Byron Plays The Music Of Mickey Katz
(Elektra Nonesuch)

Elliot Carter
Violin Concerto/Concerto For Orchestra/ Three Occasions
London Symphony Orchestra — Oliver Knussen, conductor
Ole Bohn, violin
(Virgin Classics)

Ornette Coleman
The Shape Of Jazz To Come
(Atlantic)

Joe Gallant and Illuminati
Code Of The West
(Scratchy)

Bill Frisell Band
Have A Little Faith
(Elektra Nonesuch)

Jonathan Harvey
Bhakti
Spectrum — Guy Protheroe, Conductor
(NMC [import])

Rex Foundation

10th Anniversary Benefit Concerts

CAL EXPO AMPHITHEATRE

May 25, 26 & 27, 1993

Once again, it is a great pleasure for the Rex Foundation to welcome Deadheads to these benefit concerts. We wish to thank the Grateful Dead and Bill Graham Presents for donating their time to our efforts. The Rex Foundation is a tax deductible, non-profit charitable organization established in the fall of 1983 to make contributions to creative endeavors in the arts, sciences, education, and in the area of social exchange and healing. The first benefits were held in the spring of 1984 at Marin Veteran's Memorial Auditorium.

Some of the recipients of the proceeds from this series of concerts will include:

A Class Act
The Addictive Diseases Trust
Aldar Academy
American Civil Liberties Union
Arcata House
ArtWatch International (Inc.)
Banff Center for the Arts
Bay Area Blues Society
Baykeeper
The Berkeley Society for the Preservation. . .
. . .of Traditional Music
Berkeley Symphony Orchestra
Camp Unalaylee
Camp Winnarainbow
Central Sierra Watershed Coalition
Chidren of the Night
Coalition on Homelessness
Community Language Institute
Delaware Art Museum
Dolphin Research Center
The Doula Project
Drawbridge/Bay Area Homeless Children's Project
Earplay
Families Against Mandatory Minimums
Gila International Center of Diversity
Glide Memorial Church
Good Neighbors of the Mendocino Coast
The Great Round
Harry Smith Archives
The Healing Forest Conservancy
Homeless Independence Project
Human Concern Center of Marin
The Infant and Childcare Center of Mendocino
In Spirit
Intertribal Sinkyone Wilderness Council
Larkin Street Youth Center
Mainstream Foundation
Marin Concerned Citizens Adopt-a-Family
The Marine Mammal Center
Mendocino County AIDS Volunteer Network
Musicians United for Superior Education
Native Forest Council
New Horizon School
Orange Cardiovascular Foundation Inc.
Peace Development Fund
Pediatricare
The Poetry Project at St. Mark's
Project Sanctuary
Rainforest Action Network
Shoreline Unified School District
Southern Humboldt Senior Center
St Mary's Community Center
Tanglewood Music Center
Therapy for a Dying Planet
The Tides Foundation/Eco-Rap
Western Shoshone Defense Project

We welcome your contributions.
Please make checks payable to:
The Rex Foundation, P.O. Box 2204
San Anselmo, CA 94979

Information tables have been set up at these concerts by many of the above beneficiaries.
Please stop by and find out what they are doing.

Thank you for your contribution and enjoy the concerts!

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1993

Grateful Dead Fans Say

BY ARTHUR SPIEGELMAN
Reuters

New York

This time the fans of the Grateful Dead say they are not hallucinating — someone is out to get them.

And according to drug enforcement officials and associates of the band, the fans are right — federal, state and local police are zeroing in on Grateful Dead concerts in a bid to break up the gangs that distribute the illegal drug LSD.

The Dead, a leftover rage of 1960s hippiedom and a group known around the world, frequently attracts LSD users who bolster their enjoyment of the show by tripping on the illegal hallucinogen. Fans say using LSD is "a sacrament" that goes with the show and that up to a quarter of the audience at a concert may be high on the drug.

Gene Haislep, head of the Drug Enforcement Administration's division that deals with LSD use, says that the DEA is involved in a major crackdown on LSD distributors and that "we have noted for some time that there is a lot of LSD distribution that occurs at Grateful Dead concerts."

Haislep says that the arrests that take place at Dead concerts are designed to lead authorities up the ladder to the distribution rings that make millions of dollars a year.

Haislep said that state and local police make the bulk of the arrests at Dead concerts but would not comment on whether DEA agents are also going there, because that would be revealing the agency's strategy.

Up to 2,000 Deadheads are serving long prison terms Congress intended for heroin dealers, according to the Grateful Dead fan magazine Relix, which is in contact with many incarcerated fans.

Dead fans are only part of that group, which also includes people arrested for selling marijuana, cocaine and heroin.

Grateful Dead songwriter John Perry Barlow and other associates of the band say that it is not uncommon for police to show up in long hair and hippie clothing and try to buy LSD from dealers who frequent the shows offering doses of the drug in concert parking lots.

Often a dealer will convince a fan to sell LSD for him and the fan will wind up being arrested for a first-time offense and sentenced to a long term in jail. Dennis McNally, the spokesman for the group, says

Drug Raids by Federal Agents

the Dead now makes public service announcements on local media warning fans not to do anything illegal because the concerts are taking place "in the real world" and subject to legal scrutiny. But many of those arrested don't have information to trade and wind up in jail, writing letters to Relix magazine. An editor of Relix quoted one recent letter writer as saying:

★★★ San Francisco Chronicle F7

Are a Bummer

"I am serving a 16-year sentence for doing a favor for someone who called himself a Deadhead. He had long hair and pretended to be one of us. They look like us and talk like us, but they are vicious backstabbers with no compassion."

DL0626

Review/**Rock**

A Glimpse Of the Dead Of Old, With Sting

By PETER WATROUS

Over the years, the Grateful Dead's main musical problem in concert has been consistency: it can produce lapidary improvisational moments, only to join them with hours of swill. Only the faithful, there for the particularly Californian dream of transcendence the band sells for a living, can overlook the boredom and sluggishness the band has perfected.

At Giants Stadium in East Rutherford, N.J., on a rainy Saturday night, at the first of two sold-out shows there, the band turned in what must be a rare thing, a whole three-hour concert that rarely flagged. The rhythm section meshed well, the singers, Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir, sang in tune and even harmonized without rough edges, and Mr. Garcia's improvisations, which can plod along at 15 miles an hour, actually hurried, as if he were trying to get somewhere.

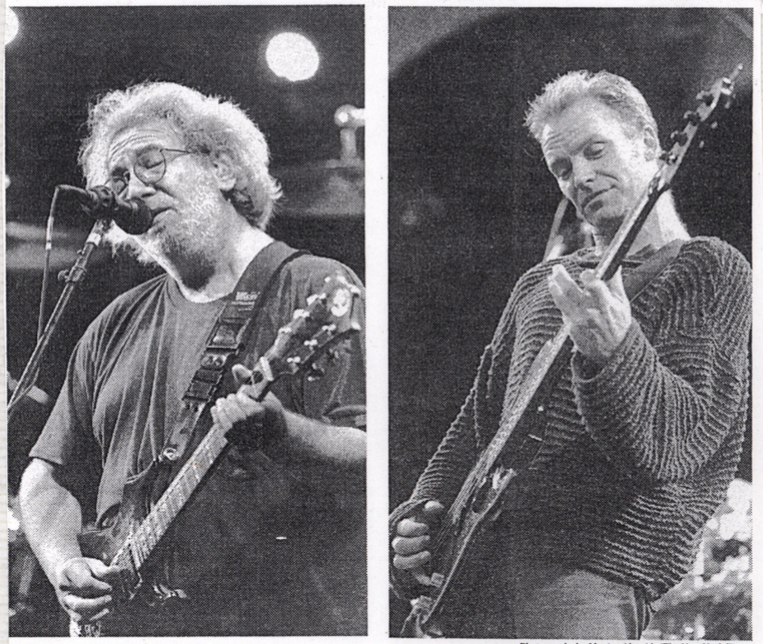
It was a show in which the band, the product of a strange cultural explosion some 30 years ago, playing music more experimental than anything heard on the popular music circuit, suddenly surfaced as something it had been, not the bloated legend it has become. It surfaced as a particularly smart, Americanist bar band with imagination.

On Tour

The Grateful Dead and Sting will share the bill in Hebron Ohio on Friday; in Orchard Park, N.Y., on Sunday; Chicago, June 18 and 19, and Washington, June 25 and 26.

Other stops on the Dead tour are Auburn Hills, Mich., June 8 and 9; Louisville, Ky., June 15 and 16, and Noblesville, Ind., June 21-23.

Sting will appear in New York on Tuesday and Wednesday, in Clarkston, Mich., on Saturday, Burgettstown, Pa., June 15; Cincinnati, June 16; Maryland Heights, Mo., June 20, and Milwaukee, June 24.



Photographs by Monica Almeida/The New York Times

Jerry Garcia, left, of the Grateful Dead, and Sting, performing on Saturday in East Rutherford, N.J.

And as usual, the moments of brilliance lay in the transitions, from song to improvisation, where the edges gave way, as if underscoring the anti-authoritarianism of the band's profile and the American promise of exploring uncharted terrain. The band opened the second half of the show with a two-song medley, starting with "Scarlet Begonias," while all the instruments took individual, repeating patterns.

After singing the song, Mr. Garcia produced a gently lyrical improvisation, bending notes gracefully at the end of phrases, playing with the melody's notes. Suddenly the band moved into a riff, taken by Mr. Garcia and the bassist Phil Lesh, then the song gave way, its boundaries spreading out like liquid spilled on a smooth floor, but in slow motion.

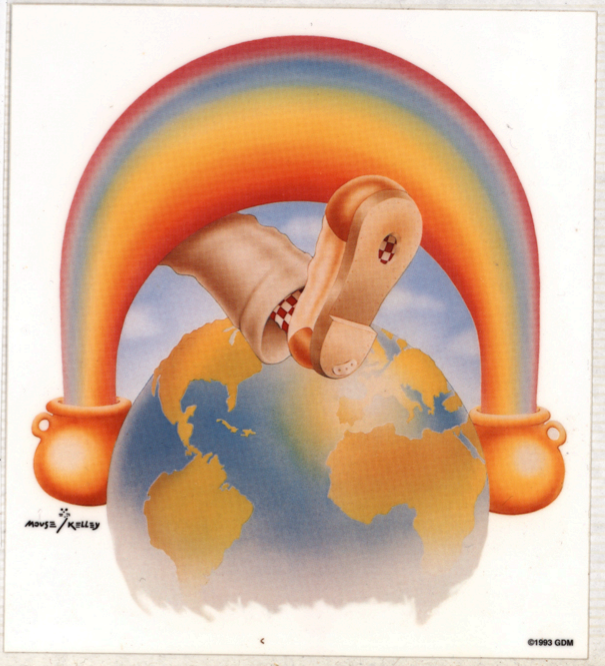
After Mr. Garcia's improvisation, the band worked its way into "Fire on the Mountain," the individual instruments moving their separate ways with pellucid simplicity until, with a jolt, they found their way into a song. Mr. Garcia, turning up the intensity, improvised again as the various band members went their way, leaving the song behind again, with Mr. Garcia's insistent rhythmic phrasing drawing a listener through the bumps and heaving of the band. Mr. Garcia, particularly awake, matched chromatic and steely runs with wrenching, repeated, lyrical ideas, changing the tempo of his improvisations to give them texture. The band came back to the song, Mr. Garcia and the band went into the transition riff and the piece was over.

The band brought out tunes from its entire career, including harmonically and structurally complicated pieces like "Crazy Fingers" and "The Music Never Stopped"; "Crazy Fingers," with its slow reggae lope and its frozen, weirdly unhostile bitterness, opened up for a lazy and dreamlike solo for Mr. Garcia, until a rhythmic change spurred him into double-time leaps that led toward the long, rolling rhythms of "Estimated Prophet." The band was a bar band doing its job, and doing it well.

Sting opened the show, and for an often long-winded pop star, he put in a tough and concise performance. All the pop trappings were gone, no backup singers or saxophonists, no light show or fog, just Sting, his bass and a backup band.

Where the Grateful Dead were about expansion and the possibility inherent in improvisation, Sting and his music were about editing and pop precision. With the new, lighter Sting, his music, often heavy with portentousness, seemed scaled-down and manageable, human. He sang a Beatles song, and in the middle of "Roxanne," he improvised the lines "rain, rain go away, come again another day." Even his melodies, which often sound borrowed from Gregorian chants, were invigorated by the spare rock background he gave them. Sting sounded as if he was playing in a club, and having a good time doing it. It suited him, just as it had suited the Gratefu! Dead.





DL06 27

The Rex Foundation's 1993

Ralph J. Gleason Award

The Rex Foundation is proud to announce its fifth Ralph J. Gleason Award. The 1993 award will go to composer, bandleader and interstellar explorer

SUN RA

FANS of the section of a Grateful Dead concert known as "Space" would do well to investigate the music of Sun Ra, a man who's been there and back—in fact, Sun Ra's credo can be found in the four-word title of his best known song: "SPACE is the PLACE!"

Ra maintains that he was born on Saturn several centuries ago, and was sent here on a mission to promote peace and understanding through music. So far, no one has stepped forward to prove him wrong, but it is generally agreed that he first surfaced on this planet's jazz scene in the 1940s, playing with the likes of Coleman Hawkins and Lil Green. Well versed in the piano styles of such masters as Count Basie, Duke Ellington and Earl Hines, he landed a seat in the orchestra of the great composer-arranger Fletcher Henderson. This experience opened Ra's eyes to the creative possibilities of the big band, and in the 1950s he formed the first of his large ensembles (or "Arkestras," as he called them).

Before the term "Free Jazz" was coined, the Arkestra played music that was astonishingly free, bringing collective improvisation to the big band setting for the first time. More than a decade before "fusion," Ra introduced electronic instruments—organ, theremin, early synthesizers—to jazz. Sun Ra also revolutionized the presentation of music—his live shows are legend: Ra and the band, dressed in flowing, glittering robes and sci-fi headgear, chanting, dancing, throwing brightly colored confetti, even marching, Mardi Gras-style, through the audience.

More than any other bandleader (with the possible exception of Ellington) Ra inspired unshakeable loyalty in his players. Many of the Arkestra members have been on board since the very beginning, creating a group consciousness and cohesion that can only come with time.

During this week's Rex Foundation benefits, you'll be hearing the music of Sun Ra in the Cal Expo Amphitheatre before the show and during set breaks. Many of Sun Ra's classic recordings have recently been reissued. We strongly suggest that you explore this amazing musical universe for yourself. Here are some recommended titles:

Sun Ra Visits The Planet Earth/Interstellar Low Ways (Evidence ECD 22039-2)
Cosmic Tones for Mental Therapy/Art Forms of Dimensions Tomorrow (Evidence ECD 22036-2)
The Heliocentric World of Sun Ra, Vol. 1 (ESP 1014-2) & 2 (ESP 1017-2)
My Brother The Wind (Evidence ECD 22040-2)
Sunrise in Different Dimensions (hat ART CD 6099)
Destination Unknown (Enja CD 7071-2)

The Ralph J. Gleason Award—The Rex Foundation established the Ralph J. Gleason Award in 1986 for outstanding contributions to culture. The award is named in memory of the pioneering jazz and pop music journalist Ralph J. Gleason (1917-1975) who was a major figure in the advancement of creative music in America. As a critic for the *San Francisco Chronicle* and *Down Beat*, and a founding editor of *Rolling Stone*, Gleason displayed an openness to new music and new ideas that transcended differences between generations and styles. The Rex Foundation hopes to keep his legacy alive by presenting the award bearing his name to those who exemplify the qualities of talent, vision and innovation that Ralph so tirelessly supported.

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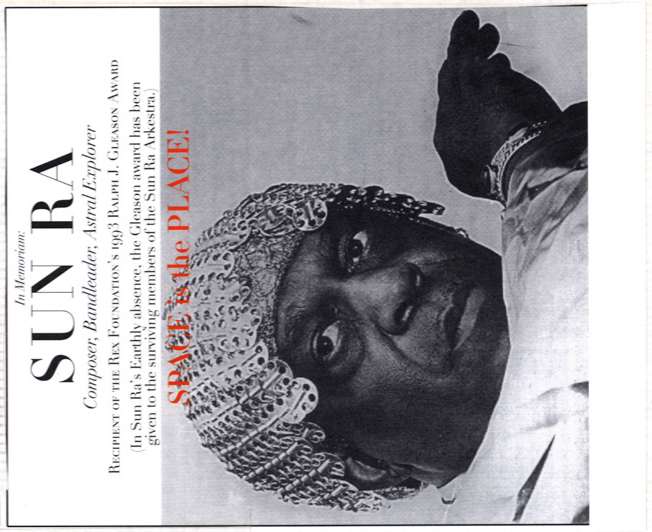

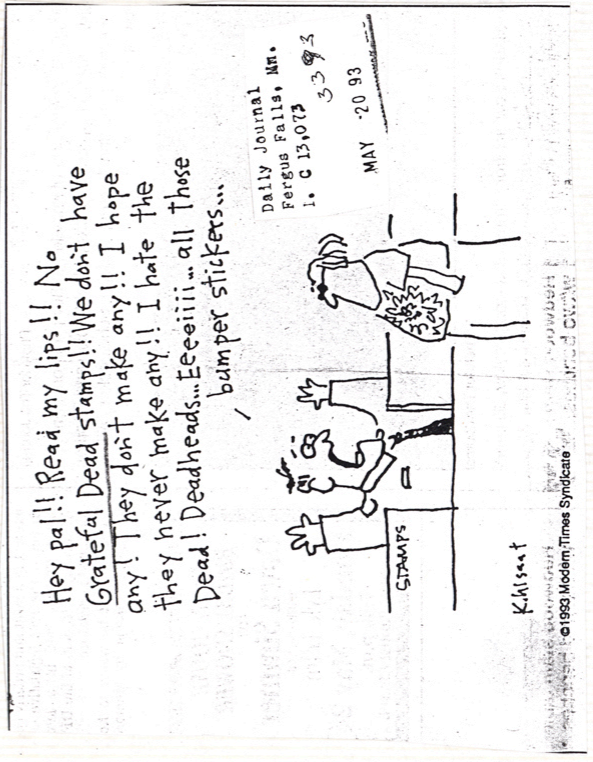

DL0628

DL0629

SF CHRONICLE 4/28/93

Stanley Mouse Gets New Liver With Help of Grateful Dead

By Peter Stack
Chronicle Staff Writer

Legendary Bay Area rock and roll poster artist Stanley Mouse underwent a liver transplant operation, a major portion of which will be paid for by the Grateful Dead rock band, The Chronicle learned yesterday.

The illness of the 52-year-old artist was revealed last week after he collapsed at his Sonoma home and wound up in critical condition at California Pacific Medical Center in San Francisco.

Mouse, whose real name is Stanley Miller, was in such bad shape that he was put on life-support devices. A lack of money and medical insurance complicated the future of the man who was a central figure in creating the Bay Area's distinctive rock and roll poster art scene.

"It was grim and getting worse," said his friend and publisher Roger Williams.

Drawing under the nickname Mouse, given to him because of his quiet manner, the artist established himself in the Bay Area in the 1960s and, with collaborator Alton Kelley, designed posters for the Avalon Ballroom. He is responsible for creating the Grateful Dead skull-and-roses logo, and, in essence, gave the Dead its elaborate psychedelic image on posters and album covers.

He also created noted images for Journey, Steppenwolf and the Starship and his airbrush portraits of Jimi Hendrix and Bob Marley are considered masterworks of art rock.

When word got out about Mouse's liver condition — an ailment possibly brought on by his years of using airbrushes and breathing toxic fumes — a foundation was set up in his behalf at a Marin County bank. But there was little hope of attract-

MOUSE: *Page E2 Col. 4*



MOUSE

From Page E1

ing donations sufficient to meet the estimated $350,000 needed for his surgery. By yesterday, about $15,000 had been pledged by individuals.

But those pledges came independently of a decision by the Grateful Dead to put up approximately $175,000 to literally ensure that Mouse got a new liver.

"It's not every day you get a chance to help save somebody's life," said guitarist Jerry Garcia after his band played Friday night.

"The band's feeling was that Mouse is family — there's no question but that you help family," said Dead spokesman Dennis McNally.

Without the Dead even realizing it, physicians at California Pacific Medical Center had already ordered that Mouse, whose condition was growing worse, be put on a recipient list on Saturday. By Sunday morning Mouse had a liver transplanted from an Arizona donor, the operation carried out under the supervision of transplant expert Dr. Carlos Esquivel, said a hospital spokesman.

Mouse responded well to the operation, and was listed yesterday as being in serious but stable condition. A successful recovery is anticipated.

"Since Mouse often painted in the Southwest desert, and since his liver came from Arizona, we're calling it coyote liver," said Williams.

Plans are still being made for concerts to benefit Mouse. Big Brother and the Holding Company has agreed to participate in one, and the Marin-based reggae band Strictly Roots said it will perform at a benefit show. The Dead also may play a benefit, although no specifics have been announced.

In the meantime, Mouse's bills exceed the Dead's pledge by approximately $160,000, according to the hospital. The Freehand Foundation is the conduit for funds specifically earmarked for Mouse. It is at West America Bank, 1177 Magnolia Avenue, Larkspur, CA 94939.

From:Allens R C B

LEADER TIMES

KITTANNING, PA
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TUESDAY
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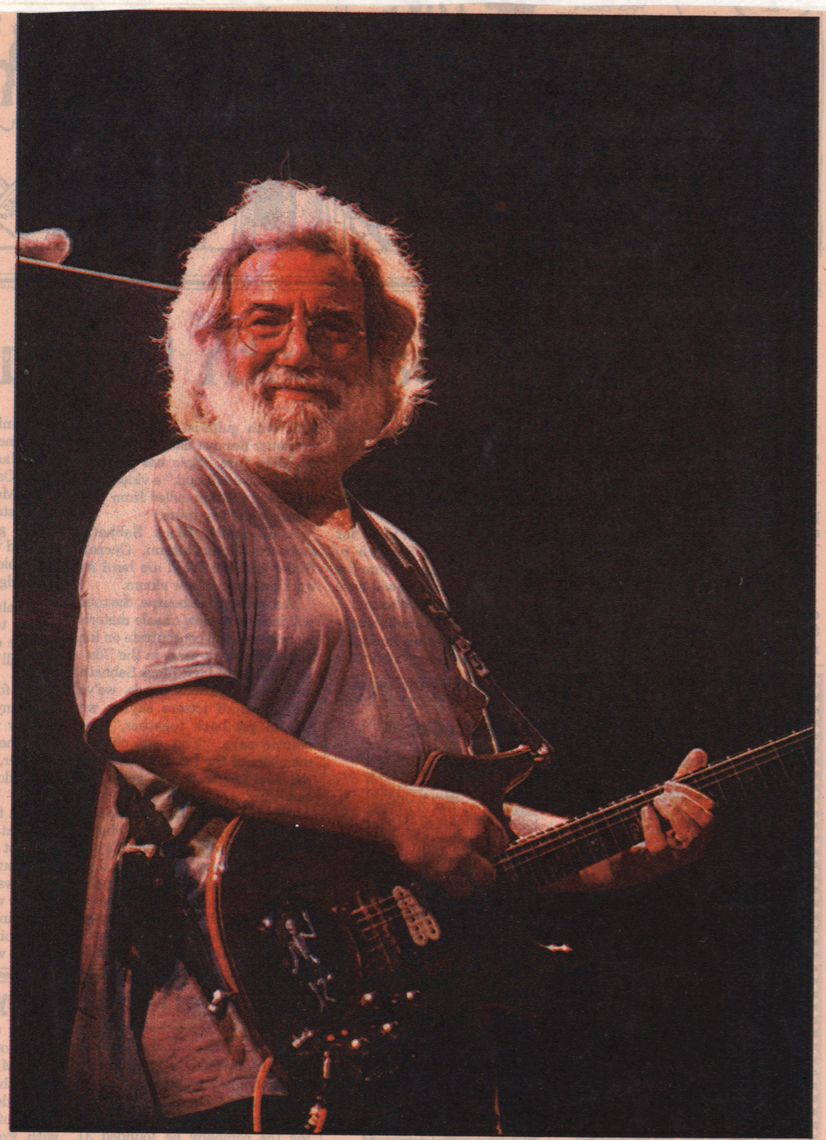
Strangely, nobody focused on *syndicated columnist.)*

P2002 Grateful Dead



JERRY GARCIA REJUVENATED



EXAMINER / 1992

Garcia, 51, *who checked himself into a hospital last summer, has lost 60 pounds and is trying to "just be sensible."*

The Grateful Dead leader is feeling better, playing better, than he has in years

By Greg Kot
CHICAGO TRIBUNE

LAS VEGAS — The 1 a.m. silence hangs over the hotel courtyard and its network of pools and brooks, and finally the 95-degree sizzle of the day begins to dissipate.

A late-arriving guest trudges to his room, only to be startled out of his sleepwalk by a miragelike vision.

Dangling his bare feet into one of the bubbling outdoor hot tubs is a bespectacled bear of a man with long, silvery hair. At his side are a dog and a pair of pale, fragile waifs in print dresses.

Fellini couldn't have staged it better, but it's just another moment in the life of the Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia. The 42,000-strong legion of Deadheads who had come to see that day's performance at the Silver Bowl has dwindled to two, and Garcia sits and chats with them amiably, patiently.

A few days later, backstage at the Silver Bowl, Garcia laughs when a visitor conveys his impression of the post-midnight encounter.

"They just wandered down there," Garcia says of his hotel visitors. "They were friendly, perfectly non-threatening, very polite, and they didn't get in my face. They treated me like another person. I always try to be polite to people who approach me, because they deserve at least basic respect. That's just the way I was raised. I've never been able to just shut 'em off or ignore 'em."

At 51, Garcia is in a jovial mood. He has shed 60 pounds during the last few months, and he says he hasn't felt this good in years. Only last summer, he was checking himself into a hospital for treatment of heart and lung problems brought on by an accumulation of bad habits: chain smoking, a steady intake of chili dogs and milkshakes, an aversion to exercise.

"I was having trouble doing anything," he says. "I was just really tired, exhausted, really. I was really heavy and having trouble moving around."

The Dead canceled its fall tour, but within months Garcia was back and so was the band. In recent months, Garcia has been playing with renewed vigor and daring, and in Vegas the usually placid guitarist was smiling frequently as he and the band soared.

"Rejuvenated — yeah, I certainly feel that way," he says. "I have a new respect for my own mortality — again. But this time I've been a little more serious about doing

[See GARCIA, B-7]

6/21/93-SF EXAMINER

Grateful Dead Concerts Gross $45.6 Million in 1993

Reuters SF CHRONICLE 12/24/93

Fresno

The Grateful Dead was the highest-grossing band on the concert circuit in 1993, cashing in with $45.6 million, a music newsletter said Thursday.

The trade publication Pollstar said the Grateful Dead, known for its nonstop touring and consistently sold out concerts, played 81 shows in 29 cities around the United States and Canada.

The band sells out in the largest venues in the nation, such as 77,000-seat Giants stadium in New Jersey.

"We're blessed with doing something we can do until we fall over," singer Bob Weir said in a September interview with the Boston Globe.

Rod Stewart, riding on the success of his chart-topping acoustic "Unplugged" album, came in second, grossing $30.5 million in 1993.

Neil Diamond was just behind with $29.8 million.

The Rolling Stones hold the record for the highest grossing year ever.

Their "Steel Wheels" tour earned them $98 million in 1989.

DL0630

◆ GARCIA from B-1

Jerry Garcia rejuvenated

something about it. I changed my lifestyle to accommodate that."

As he fondles a cigarette, he acknowledges that the road to better health hasn't been easy.

"It's a process of discovery for me," he says. "I can't say, 'Oh, yeah, I'm a total model for health.' But I'm on a program. I've accepted the idea that my life has to change, and I've taken some steps to do that, to create less stress, have more physical activity, eat right and just be sensible.

"And I feel so much better physically. There's a positive feedback aspect to it that makes it easy to keep doing it."

At one recent concert, Garcia closed the show with a particularly poignant version of Bob Dylan's "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," a song to which Garcia can bring a lifetime of experience. Besides his collapse last summer, he survived a diabetic coma in 1986.

"Some of these songs, it does hit you, you can't help but notice these things," Garcia says. "You're dying, everybody's dying, and at some point or another you have to face it. It's a beautiful metaphor, a lovely way of saying that this is happening, to all of us."

Garcia taps a lot of those universal emotions by simply being who he is, a rock star almost in spite of himself. Whereas most rockers strive to be sexy or threatening, Garcia is avuncular and unassuming. Whereas most rock bands must calculate their performances and load up on special effects to hold the attention of a stadium-size crowd, Garcia and his band rely on improvisation, interplay, musicianship and the spontaneity of the moment to carry the day.

"We don't want to cartoon the music to fit the venue," he says. "There aren't any tricks. What you need is faith, that what you're doing is communicating itself. If there are any tricks, I wish someone would show them to me. . . .

"The big places all have their own personality, each day has its own personality. And you want to be able to play into the moment. 'This moment seems to feel like it needs a medium tempo.' (He laughs.) You don't try to force the experience through some kind of sieve or template. You cut a new template for each moment."

No wonder this band hates making studio records — it has cut only three in the last 13 years. "We'd like to start one late this year and have one out in '94," he says, "but recording in a studio isn't our fundamental priority. Our priority is to enjoy this," sweeping his hand toward the Silver Bowl. "A studio record is a lot like work. It's like building a ship in a bottle. Playing live is like being in a rowboat on an ocean."



EXAMINER/1993

Garcia sings *anthem at the 'Stick with Vince Welnick and Bob Weir.*

That aversion to making records and videos has virtually cut the Dead off from the normal conduits of rock 'n' roll stardom: record companies, commercial radio, MTV. Instead, Garcia and company have gone it alone, heading their own 50-person enterprise, Grateful Dead Productions Inc., based in San Rafael.

Success has not come without compromises, however. The Dead are consigned to playing only arenas and stadiums because of their popularity. "I love the small rooms," Garcia says, "and it's a little sad we can't play them anymore." Each of their shows requires a year's worth of planning to accommodate community needs on crowd control, traffic and security.

Yet the rewards have been great. Even after canceling 22 concerts because of Garcia's illness, the Dead grossed $31 million on tour last year, more than any band except U2.

Much of the Dead's huge recent success can be traced to a tie-dyed army of kids bent on re-creating an era that came and went before they were born. But a good part of the band's core audience is composed of older, weekend Deadheads — lawyers, accountants, executives — who grew up in the '60s and see a part of themselves reflected in the music and demeanor of the taciturn Garcia and his co-conspirators: Bob Weir, Phil Lesh, Bill Kreutzmann, Mickey Hart and Vince Welnick.

"Garcia is about the idea that middle age doesn't have to be a dead end," says one longtime member of the Dead's entourage. "That makes him a very reassuring figure for a lot of people." And it's why his recent health problems were big news.

Talking to Garcia and the other band members, one is struck by their smarts. Many of them have families and have developed interests outside the band. Weir, for example, has become an articulate spokesman and activist on the environment. Hart has become a champion and chronicler of world music. In his spare time, Garcia does drawings, paintings and watercolors. Yet there's still a sense of, "Can you believe we're getting away with this?"

Garcia laughs. "I feel like we've been getting away with something ever since there were more people in the audience than there were on stage," he says. "The first time that people didn't leave after the first three tunes, I felt like we were getting away with something. We've been falling uphill for 27 years. I don't know why. I have no idea. All I know is it's endlessly fascinating, and incredible luck probably has a lot to to with it."

Which isn't to say the members of the Dead have won over everyone on their journey. While the band's tendency to wander in concert is hailed as adventurous by its fans, some critics find it boring. And certain portions of the show — such as the improvised "Drums and Space" segment of free-form percussion and electric noodling — are reviled even by some fans.

"That's something we do for fun," Garcia says. "We're going to keep on doing it to have a part of the show absolutely unstructured and not attached to anything. If people don't like it, so what? There are times I hate it too. There are times when it goes nowhere. But I don't care. That's not the point. The point is that it doesn't have a point."

But there's no denying that Garcia is one of the more distinctive guitarists in rock. His solos have a jazzman's logic, and he makes every note sparkle.

Garcia says that passion for playing is what keeps the band together through the rough times. In an interview two years ago with Rolling Stone magazine, shortly after the death of longtime keyboardist Brent Mydland from a drug overdose, he said, "The Dead have been running on inertia. We need to make some changes."

Mydland had been replaced by Welnick, but the band was still struggling to find its new identity. What's more, the flow of new songs had virtually stopped.

"We were burning out, we were all suffering that," Garcia now says. "We had been working a lot and we hadn't been able to put much energy into newness. Then everybody started to write more and our rehearsals started becoming more directed. Our whole community has taken a jump toward a reaffirmation. We're kind of gearing up to make it to the millennia."

Garcia smiles. "With Vince in the band, the attitude has become much more positive, more competent, more mature. All these things are starting to pay off for us. It's also much more communicative. We're just in a better space."

PEAR

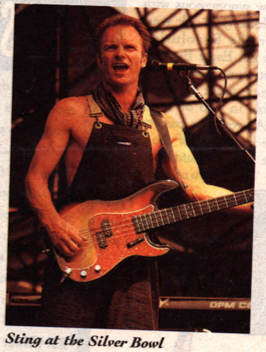
THE GRATEFUL DEAD STING

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Sam Boyd Silver Bowl, May 15th, 1993

WHERE BETTER THAN VEGAS TO roll the dice with this seemingly odd combination of acts? The risk was clear for Sting, who at this stage in his career hardly needs to take an opening-act slot, especially in front of a crowd that can be so tough. The Deadheads are a love bunch, to be sure, but they're also very parochial and selective about who gets admitted into the extended family.

But the payoff proved big for all involved. The psychedelic WELCOME STING banner draped over the railings in the stands of this 40,000-seat football stadium stated upfront that there was a friend-of-the-Dead-is-a-friend-of-ours attitude prevailing among Jerry's Kids toward the blond English pop star this weekend. Sting responded in kind with a loose and sometimes frisky set, light-years away from the Important Artist at Work tone of his past.



Sting at the Silver Bowl

Perhaps he was a little too conscious of crowd pleasing, playing an hour mostly made up of old Police hits, with only three songs from his recent album, *Ten Summoner's Tales*. But Sting seemed to make a quick study of how the Deadheads like their music to ebb and flow. Halfway through the set he had it down, turning "King of Pain" into a monster raveup and setting keyboardist David Sancious loose for an extended, jazzy piano solo on "When the World Is Running Down" – drawing the biggest response from the crowd – before closing with "Every Breath You Take," its moodiness in sharp contrast to Sting's very visible ebullience.

The Dead, in turn, may have been influenced by Sting's presence as well. At least there must be some explanation for Jerry Garcia's performing in shorts – the first time most remembered ever seeing his legs – though one must question the wisdom of going gam to gam against Sting, generally considered a pop sex symbol.

In any case, the vibrant Americana of the Dead and their colorful fans is, strangely, a perfect match for Vegas – all that tie-dye somehow fit in just fine amid the gaudy lights and jangling rhythms of the casinos. But the Silver Bowl is a few miles outside of town and a million miles away culturally, set in a low desert valley, and the Dead made the most of the setting. The driving desert rain and dust storm that greeted the group seemed a fitting elemental attraction rather than a nuisance, one more sensory stimulant in which the Deadheads could revel, ultimately setting up a perfectly timed version of the rarely performed "Here Comes Sunshine" to open the group's second set of the day.

Reviewing a single Dead show can be a losing proposition, since one can be radically different from another and these multiday stands can often take the tone of one long set rather than three separate gigs. But this day was a particularly strong one, a good sampler of what the Dead do best – original myth songs like "Tennessee Jed," statements of purpose like "Playing in the Band," Deadified roots workouts on Willie Dixon's "Same Thing" and Bob Dylan's "All Along the Watchtower," all crowned with a new Garcia-Robert Hunter composition, "Days Between," a stately, elegant tune that may be the group's best new song in ages.

In the end, the Dead did, perhaps mischievously, take on Sting in a battle of Beatles covers. While a rather perfunctory version of "A Day in the Life" was part of Sting's set, the Dead encored with a stunning, shimmering version of "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds," a sly nod to lysergic roots that hit the jackpot.

— STEVE HOCHMAN

DL0631

A touch of green

Selling the Dead

Bay band drums up spinoffs, from flying discs to chia pets

By Georgia Pabst
MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

MILWAUKEE — Right there near the "Find Elvis" key chains and the "Still a swinger after all these years" gift bags packaged in a plain brown box (made of recycled paper) with grassy green lettering sits the "Grateful Head."

It's a small clay bust with psychedelic eyeglasses, and it's alive — a chia pet that sprouts green when you add water.

This latest kitsch-with-cool gift item at the Graffiti stores is surrounded by bumper stickers, decals, tie-dyed shirts, polo shirts, mugs, key chains, calendars and an ever-growing line of Grateful Dead merchandise, from baby bibs to designer neckties.

What gives?

Has rock's oldest psychedelic, counter-culture band — born in the Bay Area during the '60s when love, peace and pot filled the air, and whose music, tours and laid-back style created a cult of loyal Deadheads — gone Madison Avenue?

You bet.

Time, trends, marketing and merchandising have caught up with the band in the '90s, and vice versa.

"We've become fashionable in spite of ourselves," laughs Gary Lambert, who works for The Grateful Dead Mercantile Co., the Dead's merchandising arm in Novato. The Mercantile does direct mail-order sales and coordinates and supervises the manufacture of all merchandise sold on tour.

"Hippie-era merchandise is coming back," says Debra DiCola, buyer for the Graffiti stores in Milwaukee. "That includes tie-dye, which is very big, peace signs and even Beatle posters."

Grateful Dead decals have always been a popular item at the store, but there's never been the variety of Dead merchandise that's now coming out, says Ruth Dumbleton, manager of Graffiti's Mayfair store.

Lambert says the Mercantile does sell a

[See DEAD, D-12]



EXAMINER/KURT ROGERS

With his Grateful Dead *cap and blanket T. Morris of GD Mercantile of Novato will never have to be "goin' down the road feelin' bad."*

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER ★ Monday, November 15, 1993 D-12

◆ DEAD from D-1

A touch of green: Selling the Dead

Jonathan Marks, of Grateful Graphics in San Francisco, says his firm is licensed by the band to produce and use the dancing bear logo, which he does in a variety of colors on various kinds of merchandise. He says he found the obscure little bear on the group's 1972 album, "Bear's Choice."

He sells his merchandise primarily to small independent gift shops and record stores. It can be found in more than 800 stores throughout the United States, Canada and Japan, he says.

Marks says he likes working with the network of Grateful Dead people because it's not like working for a large corporation and a whole chain of executives. "It's a delightful world in which I live," he says.

But Marks doesn't believe the Grateful Dead is merely riding a wave of nostalgia. "There's a lot of really angry, negative music out there, and the Grateful Dead music evokes feelings of positivism and peaceful enlightenment," he says. "You can go to the show and get a feeling of harmony, and you're not concerned about any sort of violent or angry nature."

Of course, part of the Dead concert scene has always been the caravan of artists, T-shirt vendors and others who peddled their wares outside the concerts around the country.

John Reeves, 28, of Catfish Designs in Palos Hills, a suburb of Chicago, says he's sold his "Grateful Head," a hip chia pet, at Grateful Dead concerts. Because he's not licensed to sell Dead merchandise, he says the head isn't really Jerry Garcia, the band's bearded 50-plus leader, but just someone who is a caricature of him.

But the Dead is not generally laid back when it comes to licensing, says Lambert, noting that the band has filed infringement lawsuits in seven states.

Lambert says that before last summer there were third parties merchandising Grateful Dead items, but after the '93 tour the band decided to centralize all merchandising.

However, Garcia's ties, which are based on his own artwork, are handled by another company.

One of the organization's new enterprises of which Lambert is proudest is the Grateful Dead Almanac, a newsletter with all the latest news in the musical and merchandising world of the Grateful Dead that's offered free by calling (800) 225-3323.

The Examiner staff contributed to this report.

SF CHRONICLE 12/5/93

times seem to substitute melody for irony. — J.S.

GRATEFUL DEAD: Dick's Picks Vol. One

Grateful Dead Records

Another budget-priced, double-disc set drawn from the band's own vaults, this particular live recording, culled by tape archivist Dick Latvala (hence, the title), a 1973 Tampa, Fla., concert, captures the Dead rolling through a typical repertoire of the day.

Recording quality is fair to good, but the performance compensates with spirit and inventive flights of fancy.

Available only through mail order — (800) 323-2300. — J.S. ■

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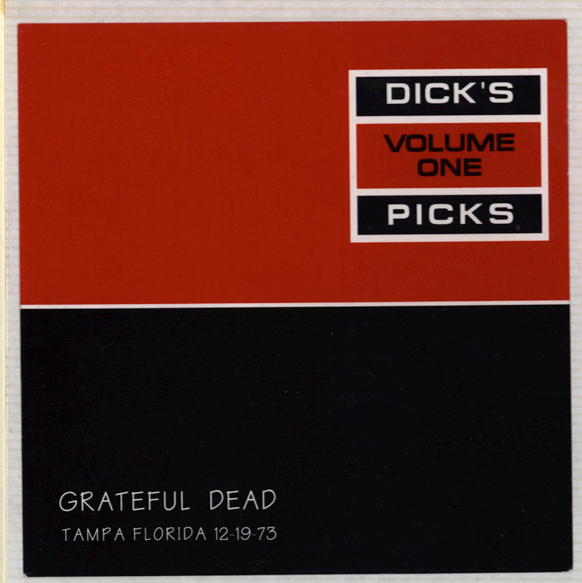
DL0633



NOTABLE NEWS

From the GRATEFUL DEAD camp comes *Dick's Picks*, a batch of the Dead's finest live recordings amassed by Dick Latvala, official keeper of the Dead's tape archives. Also pending: Dead lyricist ROBERT HUNTER's first spoken-word album, *Sentinel*.... The definitive package of DAVID BOWIE singles is due out this month. The double CD is titled *Bowie: The Singles 1969-1993*.... BOB DYLAN's remarkable volume of poems *Tarantula*, will be re-released in paperback early next year.... AXL ROSE sent a six-figure check, a dozen roses and two tasteful bottles of champagne to NYC's Greenwich House Children's Safety Project. Party down, kids....

ROLLING STONE 11/93

Grateful Dead Mercantile Co.

THE FINEST OFFERINGS FROM THE WORLD OF THE DEAD

THANK YOU for purchasing *Dick's Picks*. We are enclosing this brochure for your perusal and enjoyment. Please feel free to call us regarding any questions you may have about our products or services.

OTHER OFFERINGS We have just published our first newsletter and catalog. Called the *Grateful Dead Almanac*, it is filled with unusual and interesting anecdotes in addition to the most complete inventory of high-quality Dead products available. We will continue to publish the Almanac as occasion, interest and energy demand. (Quarterly sounds about right, more or less.) We welcome any input you might have regarding content or things of interest.

AND NOW A BIT ABOUT US For over twenty years, the Grateful Dead have been uniquely committed to their followers. The Dead was one of the first groups to offer merchandise and, from the very beginning, they have required that their products bear only the highest standards of quality and taste. § That tradition continues with the Grateful Dead Mercantile Co. Formed this year, the Mercantile Co. is the result of our decision to handle all phases of merchandising ourselves. We've created the Mercantile Company as the official Grateful Dead company store to serve the needs of Deadheads directly. Our best assurance of quality, value and service is in providing them ourselves. We look forward to serving—and hearing—from you.



UL DEAD ALMANAC CALL 1-800-225-3323



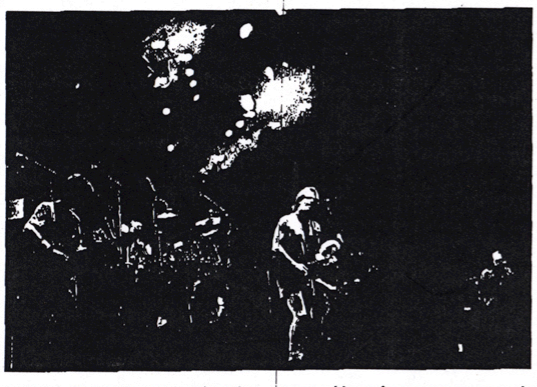


ROLLING STONE 11/93

EQ Magazine June 1993

DEAD ON MONITORING

■WHEN THE national anthem was sung this past April in San Francisco's Candlestick Park, just before the baseball season's opening game, something unusual happened: it sounded really good. The a capella singing was clear, the harmonies were sweet, and that familiar "echoey mess" that is so often the result of perfunctory pregame stadium performances was nowhere to be heard. About 56,000 pairs of eyes and ears were eager to see the Giants vs. the Marlins — but they could have easily been fans of the Grateful Dead, listening to Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, and Vince Welnick, as they stood near the pitcher's mound singing their one-and-a-half minute rendition of the anthem. When cameras from local TV news zoomed in on the band, a closer look revealed that the singers were wearing some beige colored "earplugs."



In fact, they were wearing wireless Ear Monitors by Future Sonics of Newton, PA — a company specializing in leading-edge technology for stage monitoring.

These and similar monitoring systems, such as C:MAX designed by Circuits Maximus of Columbia, MD, have caused a modest revolution in a critical area of sound reinforcement in the last few years. Many bands have adopted wireless monitor technology as a permanent component of their live shows. Clients of Future Sonics (all the lads and ladies who had to visit their friend the Ear Doktor) include artists like The B-52's, Ian Anderson, Todd Rundgren, Genesis, U2, and Branford Marsalis.

After an impression of your ears is taken by a registered audiologist, the Ear Monitors are then custom molded to fit you perfectly. Both hard-wired and wireless receiver belt-packs worn by musicians accept audio comprised of a monitor mix from the single 1U rack-mountable transmitter. For safety purposes, Future Sonics recommends the use of an Aphex 720 dominator II limiter for both systems. Two separate working UHF frequencies are provided per transmitter and per belt-pack for a wireless setup.

A crystal-clear mix transmitted directly to the ears of the players will eliminate any need for conventional stage monitors such as side fills or wedges. And most important, it will automatically aid musicians in any efforts they make to preserve good aural health. The decrease of overall SPL on stage and the elimination of feedback squeal from traditional monitors creates an ear-friendly environment for every show; even if you toured as often as the Dead, you would not fry your ears from hearing fatigue caused by high volumes.

Don Pearson (president of Ultra Sound in San Rafael, CA) and his crew have been the Grateful Dead's preferred sound reinforcement company for 11 years. Pearson outlined some of the operations and advantages of Ear Monitors during 27 nationwide gigs with the Dead since the beginning of the year. "In the past, it took us considerably longer to set up the monitor system. But with this new wireless technology, we can use the saved time to concentrate on getting the cleanest sound possible to the audience. The clarity of the PA has tremendously improved — there's no "roar" that spills from wedges and side fills into the stage mics and out of the house speakers as just white noise and mud. With the Ear Monitors, the PA can sound almost as clean as studio monitors."

Even though the Ear Monitors have tiny adjustable ports that allow increased monitoring of ambient sound (sound from amps on stage and audience cheers) at the expense of low-end frequency response, Pearson goes one step further to customize the monitor mix so that it matches the acoustical environment in which the band is performing.

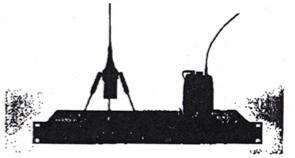
"The signal can sound a little dry and unnatural, especially if the ports are closed on the Ear Monitors. So the first step we take in getting the right balance is to pipe the mix through an appropriate patch on a TCM 5000 reverb so that it sounds to them as if the reflections and bounce of the performance space are part of the mix as well."

Operating a live sound system with direct-to-ear monitoring can also alter some shopping habits with gear — especially in the area of microphones. "It's great to pick a mic that just sounds good and to forget about worrying if it'll feed back into the monitors because it's too sensitive. This allows us to experiment with a number of condensers in terms of how good they sound through the PA. We don't have to experiment with eliminating feedback. We've been switching back and forth with vocal mikes, using both B&K 4011's and Beyer M700's."

Ear Monitors also demonstrates a clear advantage in terms of aiding vocalists with their harmonies and in the alleviation of singing fatigue. Pearson adds, "The harmonies have dramatically improved. The monitor mix can be tailored precisely to feed clean vocals from each singer to the others. If they can hear each other perfectly, their performance can be flawless. Also, a very important benefit is that the singers don't get blasted with loud floor monitors and side fills during a show, which means they don't have to compete and sing so hard over them, so their voices are saved."

For the Grateful Dead, Pearson and his colleagues have even incorporated this technology into designing a special communications system between the band members. "An idea that Dan Healy (Grateful Dead's house engineer) had was to use burglar alarm pads, which would normally go underneath a carpet, and place them on stage where each vocalist would normally stand and sing into his mic. If the singers are not standing on these pads, the mics are turned off and won't feed any signal to the board, but as soon as they do stand on them the mics are on and they can sing. Now at the head of these pads I have a little footswitch that cuts the mic signal from going to the PA, but keeps the signal going through the monitor mix loop. So if the band members step on this switch, they can talk through the microphones and hear each other through the Ear Monitors — but their voices won't be piped through the PA. This allows them to have a conversation between songs. They can decide which song to do next, talk to the sound crew, tell a joke or whatever."

So far, Pearson has experienced only minor problems and received limited criticism of this technology. Nonetheless, he admits that Ear Monitors have revolutionized the way he goes about his sound reinforcement. "At first the drummers were a little hesitant because of the relative lack of frequency response in the bottom end, which they would normally get from speaker monitors set up right next to them. But they soon got used to Ear Monitors and now they even prefer them. Also, the wireless version, just like FM or any other compressed radio transmission, is somewhat susceptible to the various anomalies in these systems, such as radio interference and so on. But even though they take a little time to get accustomed to for the players and the monitor engineer, the Ear Monitors have made an immense difference. Every band I've worked with that's used them has been converted — it eventually becomes impossible for them to go back." ✪



IN YOUR EAR: Future Sonics Ear Monitors



THE GRATEFUL DEAD TAKE TO THE ROAD WITH WIRELESS IN-EAR MONITORING SYSTEMS

BY CAMRAN AFSARI

Photo by Susanne Hillman

DL0634

Pro Sound News INTERNATIONAL EDITION
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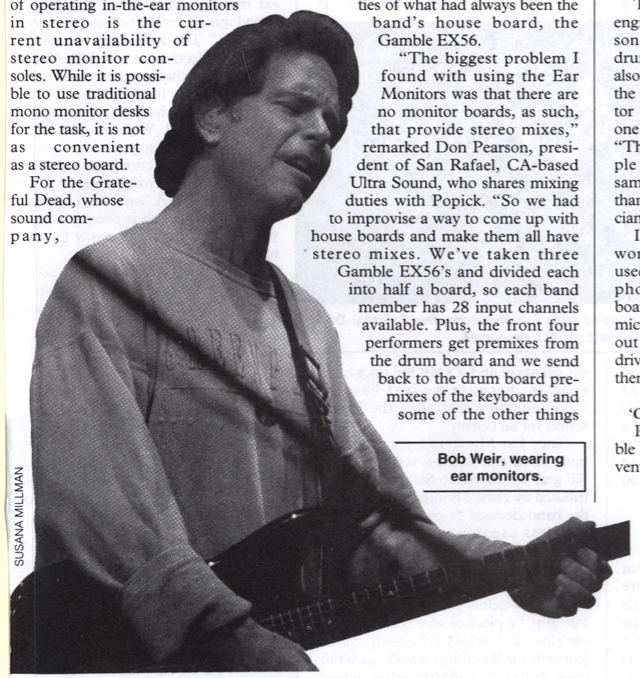
Ultra Moves House to Stage for In-the-Ear

UNIONDALE, NY—While the popularity of in-the-ear monitoring continues to spread throughout the touring industry, the technology used to implement it is also part of the evolutionary process. As noted in the press, [*see* PSN, *May '93*], one drawback of operating in-the-ear monitors in stereo is the current unavailability of stereo monitor consoles. While it is possible to use traditional mono monitor desks for the task, it is not as convenient as a stereo board.

For the Grateful Dead, whose sound company, Ultra Sound, and mixing engineers Dan Healy and Harry Popick have always remained abreast of the current technology, an unusual solution was found for the problem of stereo monitor mixes for their Future Sonics Ear Monitors: utilize the stereo capabilities of what had always been the band's house board, the Gamble EX56.

"The biggest problem I found with using the Ear Monitors was that there are no monitor boards, as such, that provide stereo mixes," remarked Don Pearson, president of San Rafael, CA-based Ultra Sound, who shares mixing duties with Popick. "So we had to improvise a way to come up with house boards and make them all have stereo mixes. We've taken three Gamble EX56's and divided each into half a board, so each band member has 28 input channels available. Plus, the front four performers get premixes from the drum board and we send back to the drum board premixes of the keyboards and some of the other things since 28 channels is not quite enough." In addition, kick, snare and hat are available independently on each person's 28 channels along with feeds from the house and a few other things. "Basically, each half of a board provides a stereo mix," he said.



SUSANA MILLMAN

Bob Weir, wearing ear monitors.

The current Grateful Dead monitor engineer crew includes Popick, Pearson and Ultra's Mike Brady mixing drums. House mixer Dan Healy was also very much involved in working out the new configuration. As far as monitor mix duties, "It's a little more than one person can handle," Pearson said. "There's a lot of times when four people are asking for something at the same time and it's hard to mix more than two people at a time. Each musician needs full-time attention."

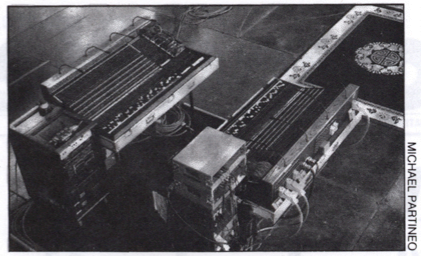
In order to make the new setup work, a number of strategies were used. One is using one set of microphone preamps on the first set of boards, "so we're not loading down the mics with six boards. And then the line out of the first board's mic preamps drives the other half of that board and then links to all the other boards."

'Can Be Done' with Monitor Boards

Pearson explained that it was possible to mix in-the-ear monitors on conventional monitor boards, but it's cumbersome. "You can sort of do it with monitor boards where you take two pots and try and turn them equally, but it's a lot easier to just use a house board and assign it to a subgroup and have the use of pan pots and all the other features."

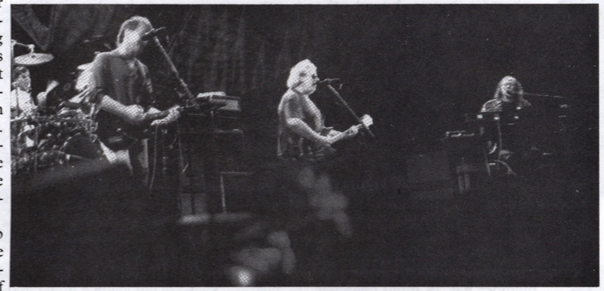
With the Gamble EX48, which had been used previously for monitors, "you'd have to take two pots on each channel and adjust them separately for left and right, plus everybody had to live with the same EQ." Using the EX56's, each person gets their own individual EQ on every channel, he explained, "so if somebody wants more low end or high end, it's easily adjustable."

Although the EX56's for monitor use are basically stock, there were some modifications done. "The one big thing was that there weren't enough mults in the patch bay, so we had to add 24 extra mults." In addition, he took one of the tie-line connectors and built a box that lets all three consoles share the same connector, "so whatever goes on in one board is in the other board on the 48-pair tie-line interconnects."



MICHAEL PARTINEO

DEAD CENTER—Two Gamble EX56 house boards onstage at Giants Stadium.



AMERICAN CLASSIC DEAD—Equipped with Ear Monitors, the Grateful Dead perform at Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, NJ, on June 6.

'Less Is More'

After using the Ear Monitors for more than a year, Pearson related that certain strategies have proven more successful than others for mixing the Dead's monitors. "Less is more is the big clue," he said. "You start out with a whole lot and then the more you start taking away, the more clarity happens, the more vocals are improved. You'll hear yourself how dramatically improved the vocals are these days compared to the old [wedge] days, when there were always complaints that they couldn't hear the monitors. All those problems are gone and the new definition and clarity is dramatic."

Currently, the only speakers which are anywhere near the stage, (besides the P.A.) is an isolation chamber Ultra Sound built for a Leslie cabinet. "It sits off-stage and it's got the mics built right in, because we just haven't found anything that gives the Leslie sound for an organ."

Since Ear Monitors are available in both wired and wireless versions (with RF gear by the Radio Station, also distributed by Future Sonics), members of the band decided to go different ways. Wireless capability is available for everybody, said Pearson, "but at the moment, the drummers and Weir are wireless, and everybody else is wired." Although wireless certainly offers more freedom, "a piece of wire is always better than a wireless," he said, "and [some of the band] was already wired to their guitar. No matter what, when you're in a wireless situation, you've got a compressor and a limiter. You can't overmodulate the transmitter. The other deciding factor is how much amplifier power is in a little battery-powered receiver."

Nevertheless, Pearson had high regard for the quality of the Radio Station UHF wireless. "It's very good stuff," he said. "The wireless has been working really well and Future Sonics has been really helpful. As they discover improvements, they take the units back and upgrade them."

Now that the band has had a chance to get used to in-the-ear monitoring, "they love it," remarked Pearson. "It's a whole new era for them. And there's a few little tricks. There's a little button under the microphone which they can push to talk to each other and to the monitor engineers [during the show], and no one in the audience can hear it." In one instance it was used in Las Vegas when Weir looked down and said he saw a spider on his mic. "Popick came and flicked it off," he said.

Pearson said that when using in-the-ear monitors, it is essential to have a "good quality reverb because the mix is very dry." The audio crew decided to use T.C. Electronic's new M5000 digital units for that purpose, two in the house and one for the stage. They're "real clean" and have "some good algorithms," he said. With the M5000, "I try to simulate that you're in the concert hall, so it's actually pretty scary. You have to take your earpieces out to hear that the P.A. isn't on, because it sounds like the hall is reverberating at you. We're using them mostly for vocal reverbs."

In response to the growing acceptance of in-the-ear monitors, concluded Pearson, "I think it's definitely the way. The wedges are history."

—*Joseph Spiegel*

SUSANA MILLMAN



ONSTAGE DEAD—Dead monitor mixer Harry Popick, left, and Ultra Sound's Don Pearson.

DL0635

From Even Deeper In The Vault Comes...Dick's Picks!

Famous in song and story are the world's great repositories of hidden riches: There's Fort Knox, King Tut's Tomb, The Wreck of the Titanic...and, of course, the Grateful Dead Tape Vault. Happily, in recent years, some of the latter's treasures have begun to see the light of day, in the form of Grateful Dead Records' highly successful *From The Vault* series. The first two releases were the answer to a Deadhead's prayers: a pair of the very best shows from the band's stash of multitrack masters, impeccably mixed and mastered for optimum sound quality. Ever since then, music-starved tapeheads have been clamoring for *Vault #3*, wondering what show would yield a worthy successor to 1 and 2...

...aye, there's the rub: given the Grateful Dead's famously fanatical perfectionism about such things, the broad diversity of ideas and opinions among band members, and the incredibly high standards set by those first two releases, it's been pretty hard to settle on said worthy successor. A few strong candidates were proposed, but none that everyone agreed was as sonically pristine as Vaults 1 and 2. So Vault 3 might be a little while coming, kids. But fear not, sound-hounds — for out of the void, into the breach, leaps...*DICK'S PICKS!*

So who's Dick? And just what has he picked?

Dick's Picks is a new series of releases on the way from Grateful Dead Records. And Dick is Dick Latvala, one of the original Dead tapers. Among those notorious "picky Deadheads," Dick is one of the pickiest — by his own admission, he's spent an alarming portion of his life wired to a tape deck, compulsively sifting through countless hours of Grateful Dead music, searching for those golden moments when the band unties the Gordian Knot, finds the Holy Grail, strums the Lost Chord. Luckily, like many of us in Grateful Dead Land, Dick was able to turn his obsession into a job — since 1985, he's been the official keeper of the Dead's tape archives, performing the heroic task of organizing nearly three decades of recorded music — a job which requires the combined skills of a curator, archaeologist and detective. And Dick has a special affinity for a certain kind of tape: not the relatively high-tech multi-track items, you've heard on the first two Vault releases. No, these come from somewhere deeper, darker — down in the cobwebbed catacombs, across the alligator-infested moat — that's where you'll find *Dick's Picks*.

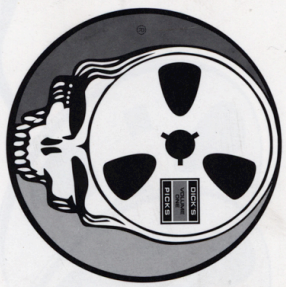
This is the real, raw stuff. Recorded direct to two-track, with no chance to "fix it in the mix." You hear it just like they played it — to borrow Phil Lesh's pet phrase, this is the Grateful Dead "warts and all." There are also good old-fashioned glitches, splices and gaps due to reel changes. In other words, you won't get the complete show — some editorial surgery has been necessary. But combine Dick's keen ear for a hot tape, the excellent quality of the source recording, and the fact that mastering and editing has been placed in the wizardly hands of the Grateful Dead's audio alchemists and we've got a live one here!

The first *Dick's Pick* is from the Dead's final show of 1973, at Curtis Hixon Convention Center in Tampa, FL. During this time various members of the Dead family took turns taping shows, and stalwart crew member Bill "Kidd" Candelario turned out a particularly impressive batch, of which this is among the best. We won't try to describe just what gets played here, but believe us, it gets played!



Dick's Picks (a two CD set) will be sold only by mail for $18.95 starting November 1st. To order, call 1-800-323-2300 or send $18.95 to: Dicks Picks, Box 2139, Novato, CA 94948. (CA residents add 7.25% sales tax.)

From even deeper in The Vault...Dick's Picks! For those of you who have been clamoring for a worthy successor to the wildly successful numbers One and Two From The Vault, comes something a little different. Dick's Pick's is a new series of live releases carefully selected by the Grateful Dead's intrepid vault custodian, Dick Latvala, and lovingly edited and mastered by the Dead's team of audio alchemists. This is the real, raw stuff, direct from the original two-track tapes, with no chance to "fix it in the mix." Unlike the "From The Vault" series, we didn't have access to complete shows -- the source tapes had good old-fashioned glitches, splices and gaps due to reel changes. Some editorial surgery was required. But the historical value and musical quality of these tapes more than compensate for any sonic anomalies.



The first "Dick's Pick" is from the Dead's final show of 1973, on December 19, at Curtis Hixon Convention Center in Tampa, FL. This is a period that Latvala describes as "just chock full of killer shows". We won't try to describe just what gets played here, but believe us, it gets played!

Dick's Pick Vol.1 is a must-have item for any serious Deadhead (like you, we'll wager) and will be available by mail order only starting November 1st. The two-CD set will cost $18.95. To order, call 1-800-323-2300, or send $18.95 to Dick's Picks, Box 2139 Dept. E, Novato, CA 94948. (California residents add 725% sales tax.)



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DRAWN BY DAMIAN STRAHL 11/93

D26637

Artists & Music

Grateful Fans Can Order Direct From The Dead

■ BY CHRIS MORRIS

LOS ANGELES—The Grateful Dead Mercantile Co., the San Francisco band's merchandising unit, keeps truckin' along with the recent publication of its first house organ, the Grateful Dead Almanac, and a move into mail-order record sales with the release of the live album "Dick's Picks Volume One."

In October, the premiere issue of the Almanac—an eight-page, four-color newsletter that combines editorial matter with an extensive catalog of Dead merchandise—was mailed to what editor Gary Lambert describes as a "pretty vast" network of 85,000-100,000 Deadheads.

The first newsletter went to the Dead's fan mailing list and others who recently purchased merchandise or requested catalogs.

Lambert acknowledges that a major impetus for creating the Almanac came when the Dead took its tour merchandising in-house this summer, after the conclusion of a three-year arrangement with Toronto-based Brockum. (That agreement had followed a 17-year association with Winterland.)

Mercantile Co. head Peter McQuaid says, "As of the first of June, [we took] all merchandising aspects back in-house—tour, retail, wholesaling, licensing."

Taking on the merchandising responsibilities "helped [the Almanac] gel," Lambert says. "We really wanted to do some new things

(Continued on page 97)

GRATEFUL FANS ORDER DIRECT FROM THE DEAD

(Continued from page 12)

with the catalog. We also wanted a neighborhood newspaper for this growing neighborhood."

According to Lambert, the Almanac is an outgrowth of the Dead's early efforts to communicate with the band's immense fan base.

"[In the early '70s] they'd do very sporadic, very funky mailings to keep fans current on touring and on the short-lived Grateful Dead label," Lambert says. "The mailings kind of petered out . . . Earlier this year, we started kicking around the idea again."

The fall 1993 issue of the Almanac includes editorial plugs for such Dead-released products as "Dick's Picks" and the new Grateful Dead Records release "Upper Limb," by "word jazz" master Ken Nordine. But the newsletter also includes such features as a poem by Dead lyricist Robert Hunter (who Lambert says will be a regular contributor); a playlist from basist Phil Lesh's monthly KPFA-AM Berkeley radio show, "Eyes Of Chaos/Veil Of Order"; and information about the band's nonprofit organization, the Rex Foundation.

"In every issue, we'll definitely have information about the band's nonprofit activities," Lambert says. "We're going to tap into the band members a lot. We want to open up a forum for all kinds of ideas."

Lambert says the goal is to make the Almanac a quarterly publication; the next issue is slated for January.

McQuaid says that with the Mercantile Co.'s expanded responsibilities and the initiation of the Almanac, "we're going to have the ability to enhance the offering mix. We're going to be able to make deals with artists and companies independent of an agreement with a main licensee."

While the Dead previously addressed the group's followers with one mail piece a year, McQuaid notes, "[The Almanac] is a way the band can be more connected to their followers directly."

Some 200 items of merchandise are now being offered through the Almanac. The product mix ranges from such traditional items as T-shirts and stickers to a $200 wool-and-calfskin Dead jacket and such computer-related products as mouse pads and wrist rests embossed with Dead logos. Even golf balls bearing the familiar "Steal Your Face" skull-and-lightning artwork are available.

"We're getting out of the T-shirt game that everybody associates with music," McQuaid says. "There are a lot of people out there who use computers, who go to the office every day, or they wear a polo shirt. We're looking to diversify our offerings."

The band is also expanding its record label horizons with the release of the first "Dick's Picks."

The group remains signed to Arista Records, but a provision in its contract allows it to release archival material on its own Grateful Dead label.

In the past, concert albums like "One From The Vault" and "Two From The Vault" have been distributed independently and made available at retail. "Dick's Picks Volume One"—named after Dead tape archivist Dick Latvala, who selected the live show for release—is a CD-only, mail order-only issue.

The two-CD set, designed to resemble an Ampex tape box, contains tracks recorded at a 1973 Dead show at Curtis Hixon Convention Center in Tampa, Fla. The set, which was recorded on a two-track Nagra machine by Dead employee Bill Candelario, was one of many cut over the years for the band members' use.

Latvala, a self-described "Dead freak" who has archived the group's tapes since 1985, says, "The purpose for which [the tapes] were made was for the band to listen to themselves after the show . . . It's not professional. Nobody thought that these would be viable to sell."

A "caveat emptor" on the CD package notes, "[W]e simply did not have access to complete shows . . . But we think the historical value and musical quality of these tapes more than compensate for any technical anomalies. In other words, what you hear is what you get. And what you get ain't bad!"

Latvala says that if the first "Dick's Picks" is a success, he will cull other sets from the Dead's voluminous live archives.

"There's no real plan [for other releases]," Latvala says. "It's a rough plan of two releases a year . . . This is real test to see what interest exists. We assume there's interest among Deadheads."

OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON
AL GORE

Mr. Dick Latvala
8 Betty Court
Petaluma, California 94952

August 24, 1994

Dear Dick:

I just wanted to thank you again for the latest shipment of Dead tapes !! They're awesome. You truly are spoiling me.

There's something about sitting at my desk mellowing with the Dead in the background as the world of the White House spins around me. It's hard to explain, though I know that you know what I mean.

Take care and stay cool with the project. Trust in your judgement and let the rest take care of itself.

Sincerely,

Dennis W. Alpert
Friend

"Once in a while you can get shown the light...."

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DUPREE'S DIAMOND NEWS #26 (BACK COVER)

What's in a date? Latvala has answer

By Scott McLennan
Entertainment Columnist

Dick Latvala speaks in numbers:

"Everyone has 8-13-75." "People ask me about 2-13-70 and 5-2-70." "I chose 12-19-73 for its 'Here Comes Sunshine.' "

It might sound like gibberish, and to most people it probably is. But to collectors of Grateful Dead concert tapes, Latvala makes perfect sense. The numbers correspond to dates of Dead concerts. And for hard-core Deadheads, those dates are as well-remembered as any birthday or anniversary.

OVERWHELMING TASK

Latvala may be the hardest of the hard-core. He doesn't collect Dead tapes for a hobby. He does it for a living. Latvala is the official keeper of the band's tape library. Every note the band has ever captured on tape — live or in the studio — is at Latvala's disposal. And it's his job to label and organize thousands of boxes of tapes.

Latvala acknowledges the task is overwhelming at times, even for the most ardent Deadhead.

"To tell you the truth, it's piles of chaos there," Latvala said of the archives kept in the band's studio in San Rafael, Calif.

But after eight years of sifting through thousands of tapes, Latvala is being allowed to let the rest of the world hear what he has. The Grateful Dead organization is releasing compact discs of concert recordings made primarily by Dead road crew member Kid Candelario. The series of releases is called "Dick's Picks," and Vol. 1 is the Dead concert from Dec. 19, 1973, in Tampa, Fla.

"Dick's Picks" is something of an experimental project, with the releases being made available by phone order through the Dead's merchandising office. To order the first volume, call (800) 323-2300. The disc costs $18.75.

The material for "Dick's Picks" is raw, since little remastering can be done to two-track recordings. Candelario made many of the recordings while taking care of keyboardist Keith Godchaux's needs during concerts. So if the roadie was working with Godchaux and the tape ran out, so be it.

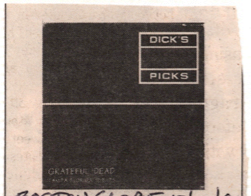
Latvala worked around the tape glitches by omitting some portions of the concert and rearranging the set list. To purist tape collectors, this will be heresy, but Latvala — who has 900 tapes in his personal collection — insists such tinkering was necessary in order to pass the band's quality control checks.

Latvala, 50, saw his first Grateful Dead concert in 1966. He discovered the world of bootleg taping in 1974 and amassed a collection of reel-to-reel concert tapes.

One day, while hanging around in the Grateful Dead's business office, Latvala got into a discussion about "primal Dead." Latvala didn't realize the band's bass player, Phil Lesh, was standing behind him taking it all in. Primal Dead, Latvala explained, is Grateful Dead music taken to the pinnacle, where improvisational jams stretch the listener's imagination and awaken all the senses. Lesh was so impressed that he had Latvala hired to make sure the band's tapes were being properly taken care of.

"I'm one of the luckiest people around," Latvala said. "Considering I have no other talent whatsoever and have done nothing else but immerse myself in Grateful Dead, I've really hit a home run here."

DL0638



BOSTON GLOBE 12/12/93

GRATEFUL DEAD

DICK'S PICKS VOLUME ONE

Grateful Dead Records

Longtime Dead fans treasure those moments when the band is firing on all cylinders, producing their brand of seamless, hypnotic music. The success of their "From the Vault" series has spawned "Dick's Picks." Selected by head tape archivist Dick Latvala, it's intended as a stopgap measure until the third "From the Vault" can be produced. The result is this classic concert from Tampa in December of 1973. The Dead are in peak form as they work with some of their best material from the "Europe 72"/"Wake of the Flood" era. The late Keith Godchaux is in particularly fine form as the boys sail through "Here Comes the Sunshine," "Mississippi Half Step" and "Weather Report Suite." On the second disc the jamming keeps intensifying with "He's Gone" into "Trucking" into Blind Willie Johnson's "Nobody's Fault but Mine," among others, including a soaring "Stella Blue." This gem is available through phone or mail order only. Call 1-800-323-2300. The cost is $18.95 and it's well worth it.

– JIMMY CAWLEY

DL0639

News and Happenings From Finnish and Finnish-American Communities

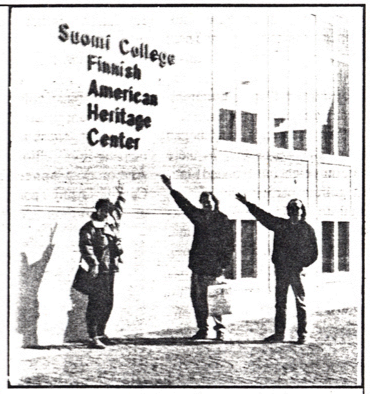


Dick Picks Hot Dead Hits

In the "here today, gone tomorrow" world of rock n' roll stardom, very few groups have lasted as long as the San Francisco Bay Area group the Grateful Dead. Year after year they continue to be one of the most profitable bands in the USA. One reason for their continuing success is the unbelievable dedication of their fans known as "Deadheads." One of those fans, Dick Latvala, has worked his way into a very unique position within the Grateful Dead organization. In the Fall 1993 issue of the *Grateful Dead Almanac*, an article appears about Dick and his work as custodian of the Dead's tape vaults. Since 1985 he has been organizing nearly three decades of the band's recorded music. The article says it is a job that "requires the combined skills of a curator, archaeologist and detective."

Get Trova-tized

The folk band Trova received a glowing review for its new album "Healing Zone" (Red House) in the Minneapolis *Star Tribune*. The following passage is an excerpt from critic Rick Mason's review. "Vivid songwriting, strong vocals and an adventurous spirit characterize this trio, whose second album picks up the innovative threads of its admirable '91 debut. Taking off from chief songwriter Eric Peltoniemi's roots in folk music and musical theatre, Trova ventures far and wide, carried by Ruth MacKenzie's alluring, emotionally charged jazz- and blues-inflected vocals and shimmering three-part harmonies. The most surprising element is Jeffrey Willkomm's electric bass, which rampages from Bill Wyman riffs to Jamaaladeen Tacuma funk, with such a lyrical touch that its folk context seems perfectly natural."



Trova performers (L-R) Ruth MacKenzie, Eric Peltoniemi and Jeffrey Willkomm stand outside Suomi College's Heritage Center in Hancock.

Christmas in Lapland

A storybook Christmas awaits visitors to Finnish Lapland this year, with value- and adventure-filled packages to five of Finnish Lapland's most scenic regions. Priced beginning at $1,185 per person, based on double occupancy. for three to seven nights, from December 18-28. Included are roundtrip airfare on Finnair from New York to Lapland, all transfers, accommodations, most meals, saunas and a special family Christmas program

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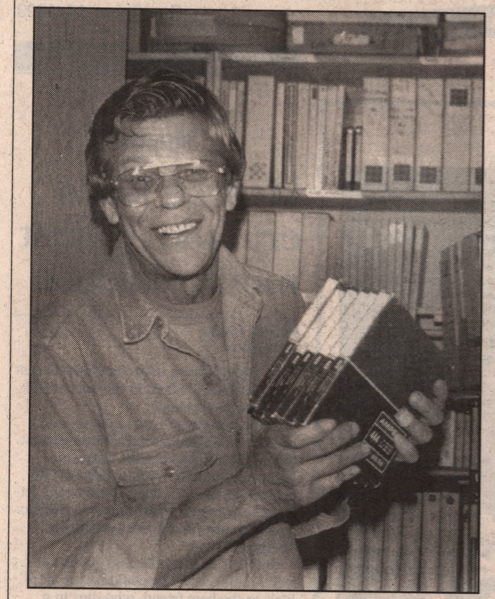
OAKLAND TRIBUNE 12/14/93

ARTS *Biographic*



DAVE BECKER — Staff

Dick Latvala

Deadhead

HE doesn't wear fancy clothes or drive a slick sports car, but Dick Latvala is still one of the most successful men in the Bay Area. What else can you say about someone who's managed to turn his one and only passion in life into a steady career, especially when that passion is something as seemingly unmarketable as listening to concert recordings of the Grateful Dead.

For the past eight years, Latvala has been responsible for preserving and cataloging the vast collection of concert tapes the Dead has compiled over the past three decades. Since the band's early days as the kings of the Haight-Ashbury scene, crew members have routinely plugged a tape machine into the sound mixing board and recorded each performance so band members could listen afterward.

The thousands of tapes that have piled up over the last three decades are an invaluable document of one of rock's most enduring legends. With tapes scattered here, there and everywhere, not even the Dead knew what they had, however, until Latvala began organizing and cataloging the treasure trove. The fruits of his labor are now available to the public through "Dick's Picks," a series of double-CD concert recordings culled from the tape archives. The first entry in the series, a recording of a 1973 Tampa, Fla., concert, is now available through the Dead's merchandising arm, at (800) 323-2300.

Each concert tape selected for CD release will be personally chosen by Latvala, and there couldn't be a better person for the job. The 50-year-old Deadhead says he discovered the band in 1965, as he was wading into the booming San Francisco psychedelic scene. "I was a Dead freak from day one," he says. "I decided pretty fast that this was my direction. The music reflected exactly what was going on in my mind."

Latvala was a regular at Dead shows, until he moved to Hawaii in the early 1970s. There, he plugged into the network of Dead "tapers," who record each performance and swap and copy tapes with fellow Deadheads. His life hasn't been the same since.

How did you get started with Dead tapes?

I discovered the live tapes in 1974 through some friends, and I was in heaven. The tapes meant I didn't have to wait for the Dead to put out a record or go on tour. I could have the music whenever I wanted.

That became my calling. Pretty soon, I was making and listening to tapes 12 hours a day. It was my life. I collected and listened to tapes and made friends with all the tapers.

Were you taping shows yourself?

No. First off, I wasn't catching that many shows, especially when I was in Hawaii. I'd come out for the New Year's shows every year, but I've never followed the Dead around on tour. The tapes were plenty to keep me happy.

How many tapes do you have at your disposal?

Way too many.

I've got about 900 reels (three hours each) at home in my personal collection. And in the vaults here, there's just thousands and thousands of reels. There's all these different levels of tape — live shows, various record projects, solo stuff.

It boggles my mind every time I walk in here and see how much stuff there is. I war to hear everything, but even though I'm listening all the time, there's more here than I'll ever be able to listen to in my lifetime.

Do you ever get tired of listening to the Dead?

After so many years, you'd think I'd be bored out of my mind, but there's always something new to discover. The deeper I get into it, the more fascinating and exciting it is for me.

Part of it is not overloading myself. It's easy to get burned out. I just went two weeks without listening to any Dead tapes, and now I'm really excited about going through more tapes.

It sounds like you can recall exactly what's on each of the tapes you've listened to. How do keep all that in your memory?

I do have a good working grasp in my mind of most of the tapes I've heard. When I see a date, I usually can think of the show and remember what it sounds like.

It takes a real weird person who's done nothing in his life but listen to and memorize tapes. This job is my destiny, what I was born to do. The Grateful Dead is the only thing I'm trained for, the only thing I can do.

I'm just the luckiest guy in the world to be in this situation.

Won't "Dick's Picks" be redundant for the die-hard tapers?

We're concentrating on old stuff, from back when there weren't a lot of tapers at the shows. The further back you go, the harder it is to find good-quality tapes.

So the stuff we're releasing is right up the alley of what the tapers want. Everybody's got their own opinion, though. I get letters all the time telling me what to release.

How long do you figure you and the band can keep it up?

The best musicians just keep going until they die. These guys are never gonna quit, and neither am I.

There's too much to do. Whenever I start to think that maybe I've heard everything, I come across something that just knocks me out, something I wasn't even aware of before.

— Dave Becker

For the discerning Deadhead

■ For Grateful Dead fans, a listen to this vintage Dead concert — warts and all — is pure listening pleasure.

By TERRY TOMALIN
Times Staff Writer

It's a Deadhead's dream.

A pristine recording of a lost show, Dec. 19, 1973, Curtis Hixon Convention Center in Tampa . . . the Grateful Dead, raw, unpolished troubadour of a new generation riding a wave of cosmic consciousness.

The Dead has always turned a blind eye to bootleg recordings of its shows. Catch one on any night and you'll see dozens of tie-dyed youths holding tape recorders and microphones aloft without fear of ejection.

These amateur recordings, often marred by crowd noise and stage rumblings, have always been a hot underground commodity, traded among the faithful like treasured religious icons.

The band's sanctioned live records, such as *Europe '72* and *Skull & Roses*, have garnered critical acclaim, helping make the San Francisco garage band one of America's most popular live acts.

The *From The Vault* series (Vol. 1 and Vol. 2) features slick, high-quality, four-track live recordings, and helped fill a void.

But sound hounds will rejoice with what Dick Latvala, one of the original Dead tapers, has dug up for you . . . a 2-track beauty, with no chance to fix it in the mix: the Grateful Dead, just like it played, as bass man Phil Lesh describes, "warts and all."

The official Grateful Dead archives contain literally thousands of tapes, according to Latvala.

There is a lot of music there. . . . solo efforts, studio and live outtakes," he said. "Oodles and oodles of stuff. To tell you the truth, it is quite overwhelming."

Latvala, who has a personal collection of more than 900 reels of Grateful Dead music, said the Curtis Hixon concert was the last show of a grueling fall tour.

Complete with glitches, splices and gaps due to reel changes, *Dick's Picks Vol. 1* is rock 'n' roll before MTV. A must have for any serious Deadhead, the two-CD set is available for $18.95, mail-order only. You won't find this package in your local record store.

The first set has fine renditions of Johnny Cash's *Big River* and Noah Lewis' *Railroad Blues*, rounded out with Bobby Weir's bread 'n' butter *Playing in the Band*.

The second set measures up with the commercial fave' *Truckin'* (a 15-minute jam), and closes with a show-stopping version of Chuck Berry's *Around and Around*.

Latvala said other releases will follow. "We'd like to put out two a year," he said. "But there are a lot of people who still have to agree on that."

To pick up a copy, call (800) 323-2300, or write to Dick's Picks, Box 2139, Novato, CA 94948

Wanted: Dead Live

Note: When a title is followed by two dates, the first date indicates recording date; the second is the release date.

ON GRATEFUL DEAD RECORDS
Steal Your Face (1974/1976)
One From The Vault (1975/1991)
Infrared Roses (1991)
Two From The Vault (1968/1992)
Dick's Picks, Volume 1 (1973/1993)

ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS
Live/Dead (1969)
Grateful Dead (aka Skull & Roses) (1971)
Europe '72 (1972)
Bear's Choice (1970/1973)

ON ARISTA RECORDS
Reckoning (1980/1981)
Dead Set (1980/1981)
Without A Net (1990)



SIGN OF THE DEAD: Jerry Garcia.

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GRATEFUL DEAD

Dick's Picks
(Grateful Dead Records)
♪♪♪
Sound Summary: *live Dead, circa 1973*

Like the *From the Vault* series, the first volume of *Dick's Picks* (named for Grateful Dead archivist Dick Latvala) resurrects decades-old concert material and masters it for CD release. The difference is that *Dick's Picks* was recorded direct to two-track without the benefit of a remix, so the music is pretty much what was heard in concert at Curtis Hixon Convention Center in Tampa, Florida, on December 29, 1973. *Dick's Picks* offers the intimacy of a great bootleg, the legendary magic of a Grateful Dead concert, and the foibles that go along with both.

Aside from substituting Keith Godchaux for the departed Pigpen, the lineup is the same as on *The Grateful Dead* (the live album usually called "Skull and Roses")—Jerry Garcia, Phil Lesh, Bob Weir, Bill Kreutzmann, and Godchaux; the arrangements are as spare as on the 1971 album, but with Godchaux's loping piano instead of Pigpen's bluesy organ and harmonica (or that of Merl Saunders, who plays organ on two songs), the songs take on the honky-tonk jazziness of *Wake of the Flood*.



Each player's contributions are prominent on the extended version of "Here Comes Sunshine" that opens the first disc. The interaction is spritely off-kilter in that Grateful Dead way—they seem to be playing not quite in sync, but it's perfect. The ambling "Mississippi Half-Step" has a lovely extended bridge but lacks the lyrics that close the studio version. Much of the improvised noodling in the 21-minute "Playing in the Band" just doesn't work—they supplicate their muse over and over, but lightning fails to strike. The 16-minute "Weather Report Suite" sounds threadbare and unfocused without the horns that fill it out on *Wake of the Flood*, though Garcia turns in some expressive country/Spanish/jazz guitar lines. There's a good, short jam on "Big River," and Godchaux's piano mellows a ragged "Big Railroad Blues."

The long medley on the second disc opens with "He's Gone," featuring wonderful interplay between Weir's guitar punctuation and Godchaux's piano, while Garcia's guitar and Lesh's throaty bass embroider an equally compelling pattern. The instrumental transitions from "He's Gone" to "Truckin'" to "Nobody's Fault but Mine" elevate the segue to an art form: songs gradually evolve into a free-wheeling boogie, only to unfold into the next tune. Two cuts named "Jam" are bookended around a two-minute "Other One"—some of the rapid noodling takes hold, but there are too many wrong turns and too few moments when it actually meshes. The second "Jam" is a harsh, nonlinear experiment that sounds like the soundtrack to a *Dragnet* episode about LSD. You could call it the Grateful Dead's "Revolution #9." Or self-indulgent shit. Whatever. With this bludgeoning out of their system, the group eases into the medley-ending "Stella Blue," which sounds sweeter than ever in contrast. Godchaux's piano makes the finale "Around and Around" gentle and jazzy, though Weir confuses expressive singing with shouting, which tends to overload the mic.

The singing—that's a *big* rub. The woodsy vocals in "He's Gone" and "Nobody's Fault but Mine" suit the material, but the vocals are badly miced and often badly performed. If *Dick's Picks* had been mixed like a conventional album, the singers would be more up-front. The harmonies in "Weather Report Suite" are so thin and painfully flat that the song disintegrates before your very ears, and someone should have told Weir to calm down.

It's kind of weird, but *Dick's Picks* is available only by mail order ($18.95 + tax from 1-800-323-2300); it's even weirder to post a *caveat emptor* warning on an album that can't be seen until after it's been purchased.

—*Richard Price*

CD REVIEW 3/94

GRATEFUL DEAD
Dick's Picks Vol. 1, Tampa, Florida 12/29/73
GRATEFUL DEAD 40182 • 1973, 125:03 (2 CDs)
Performance ★★★★
Sound Quality ★★★

The world's most-taped band has bootlegged itself at last, and despite an apologetic sonic disclaimer, archivist Dick Latvala has picked wisely and has done an admirable job of remastering this stereo soundboard recording. Okay, so the balance isn't perfect, reel changes necessitate a few fadeouts, and you can't quite smell the patchouli in the air, but this is as close as most of us will get to attending a classic mid-'70s Dead show. This was the band's most creative period, when everything from bluegrass to the avant-garde was infiltrating its recordings, and the collective live improv were overflowing with the joy of discovery.

For fans of mythical jams, this double-disc set has much to offer. Less than three minutes into the opener, "Here Comes Sunshine," the Dead surges into improvisational bliss. Once freed from the tunes' rolling beat, a different Dead emerges: syncopating here, double-timing there, probing every available opening in the music before restoring the song's familiar structure. Most of the first disc follows a similar pattern, until the marathon ad-libbing of "Playing in the Band," which erases all memory of its origins through Keith Godchaux's restless piano chords, Bill Kreutzmann's jazz flourishes, and non-stop guitar invention.

Even the vocal harmonies, often the most glaring blemish of anyone's favorite Dead tape, are confident, and occasionally even soar. The difficult changes of "Weather Report Suite" come off without a hitch, blessed by a lightness that would soon be forgotten in the double-drummer lineup to come.

The first of two extensive second-set improvisations is a wondrous journey through flitting 6/8 meter and pastel tonalities. After a seamless transition to a muscular "Other One," the band blasts off into a feedback and echo-laden space voyage that rivals the most abstract stretches of Sun Ra or Miles Davis. Finally, the over-amped delivery of Chuck Berry's "Around and Around" is anti-climactic at best but, besides an interminable "Truckin'," is the concert's only failing. Available by mail order only at 800-323-2300.

—*Myles Boisen*

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A 1972 set by the Grateful Dead provides some magic in the night

A Dead concert album to be grateful for

Dick's Picks Volume One
Grateful Dead / GDCD
3 0 0 0 2 ★★★★
by **Jonathan Takiff**
Daily News Staff Writer

In this most perfect of Grateful Dead concert recordings from Dec. 19, 1972, the band is soaring coherently into the first of many terrific jams just three minutes into the first song, the 14-minute-long warmup "Here Comes Sunshine." Life should always be so good!

The sweet-groovin' interplay of guitar master Jerry Garcia, Keith Godchaux (their best of now three deceased Dead keyboardists) and fellow travelers Bob Weir, Bill Kreutzmann and Phil Lesh just keeps on coming in improvisation-rich treatments of "Weather Report Suite" and "Playing in the Band," and the country shuffles "Big River," "Mississippi Half Step" and "Big Railroad Blues."

The second set (on a second CD) then builds seamlessly from "He's Gone" and "Truckin'" to one of their legendary, free-form improvisations, before sending us packing with a melancholy "Stella Blue" and joyous "Around and Around."

Sparing us from a "Drums in Space"-style interlude, second percussionist Mickey Hart was out of the scene during this spell — still miffed because the band had charged his dad, Lenny (the band's sometime manager), with embezzlement. And Keith's wife, Donna Godchaux (then the backup singer), was also missing from this pre-Christmas party — off "giving birth," notes the credits. But clearly, she's still adding to the effervescent, celebratory spirit, the magic in the night that happens at Dead shows when everything and everyone is up and in perfect synchronicity.

The "Dick" of the album's title is Dick Latvala, a Dead tape collector who recently landed the ideal job as the band's tape archivist. His first "pick" is a simple, two-track tape made off the sound board by one of the band's stagehands.

Yes, the production is a little sloppy. The tape runs out at the end of one track, forcing a fade. In general, the sound lacks the depth and spaciousness you'd expect from a glossy, multi-track concert recording.

But the fidelity is clean and clear enough (reminiscent of Dead FM radio concert broadcasts) to let these fantastic performances shine brightly.

Packaging is frill-free, resembling a box of Ampex reel-to-reel tape.

This official Grateful Dead release is available only by phone order (800-323-2300) for $18.95, which includes shipping.

If there's a Deadhead on your holiday shopping list, he or she will love you *forever* for this present. ■

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BURRELLE'S
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ATHENS, GEORGIA
ATHENS OBSERVER

Please don't say goodnight, Dick

By Tony Aguirre

30002

Deadheads, sit up and salivate because the dinner bell is ringing. With an ample supply of skeletons in the closet, under the bed, in the bathtub, on the patio ,etc., the Grateful Dead has tossed a bone to their fanatical followers in the form of "Dick's Pick's-Volume One" on Grateful Dead Records. While most expected the third installation of the "From the Vault" series, the adoringly received and highly successful offerings from the group's enormous tape archives, it seems there has been some intense discussion and infighting over which show could prove worthy enough to follow "Vaults" 1 and 2.

In the meantime, some sympathetic entity deemed that there be a new series – yes, series – of releases that, while not matching the crystal quality of the "Vault" efforts, are eons beyond the hand-me-down tapes to which most heads have grown accustomed.

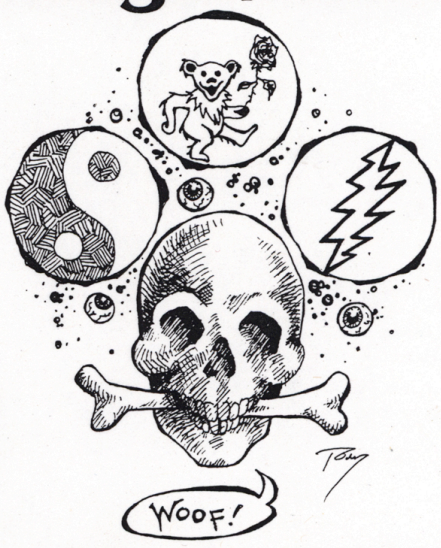
The unassuming jacket of the two CD set puzzles at first glance, but a little research turns up some worthy answers. The Dick in question is Dick Latvala, the man with the dubious task of holding the keys to the kingdom, i.e. the proprietor of the Grateful Dead's tape archives. A long time taper of the Dead who was elevated to this dream post in 1985, Dick is a caring nurturer but is not a licensed therapist.

In other words, he's the right man for the job. The pick in question is the last show of 1973 on December 19th at the Curtis Hixon Convention Center in Tampa, Florida. Four out of five deadheads agree that this was a superior period in Grateful Dead history during which a slew of excellent shows unfolded.

There's something for everyone as the band runs the usual gamut from their signature brand of acid rock to blues and country. Things start with a bang as they open with a ripping, fourteen minute version of "Here Comes Sunshine", sweetly padded out with some crisp guitar runs. Other jewels include "Let it Grow" with the now discarded "Weather Report Suite" intro and a silky rendition of "Stella Blue". The standards are here as well with a meandering "Playing in the Band" and a "Truckin" mixed in for posterity. Also included are a pair of sweltering jams: "The Other One" and the seldom heard "Nobody's Fault but Mine" by Blind Willie Johnson.



The Greatful Dead sold out three shows at the Omni this month.



Give that dog a bone. Art by Tony Aguirre

Though a disclaimer on the backside warns not to expect the exquisite quality of the "Vault" series, there are few instances of noticeable deficiency. The end of "Mississippi Step" is missing and the bass volume fluctuates wildly but these are problems any tapehead is eminently familiar with.

As most true believers would want it, this is a no-frills product re-mastered direct from the original two-track master and "...not immune to the various glitches, splices, reel changes, and other aural gremlins." It further reads under the heading CAVEAT EMPTOR: "...we think the historical value and musical quality of these tapes more than compensates for any technical anomalies." Geez, you'd think they were talking to someone other than deadheads.

Whether you're a novice or you bleed tie dye, you need to hear this. "Dick's Picks" is not available in stores but that's never been known to stop a deadhead (everybody knows one). Still, don't settle for a seventh generation tape trickling down through a wackily unpredictable network.

The two disc set (while noticeably lacking imaginative packaging that is a Grateful Dead staple, though decorating the discs themselves as reel-to-reel tapes is a nice touch) is available by calling 1-800-323-2300, or send $18.95 to: Dick's Picks, Box 2139, Novato, CA. 94948.

Technology is sneaking in the sliding door of the VW microbusses and perhaps someday soon that wall of cassette tapes containing more evil hiss than a bundle of snakes (a recurring nightmare) will be replaced by a wall of discs that ring with a beautiful clarity but remain true to form.

Don't say goodnight, Dick.





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GRAY AREAS SPRING 1994

DL0643

By G.S. JOHNSON
Staff Critic

"DICK'S PICKS VOLUME 1"
The Grateful Dead
(Grateful Dead Mercantile)
Format: Double CD

Only the Grateful Dead could release a CD like this. Which is good, because only Deadheads would ever think about buying it.

Consider: "Dick's Picks" is an outmoded, two-track recording of a 20-year-old concert, offered largely without advertising and available only by mail-order.

If that doesn't sound like a recipe for commercial disaster, consider also the $18.95 price — and the fact that Vol. 1 is supposedly just the first of a series of similar CD sets to be released every six months or so.

Yet no matter how implausible it may seem, it's really cool.

Part of the cachet comes from the band itself, which not only allows its fans to record its concerts, but actually encourages the practice by selling special tickets for "tapers."

As a result, after any given Dead concert, hundreds of tapes are copied, circulated, traded, evaluated and argued about. And argued about some more.

So, among serious Deadhead collectors, the question about "Dick's Picks" isn't *why* — but why 12/19/73, instead of, say, 5/8/77 or 12/18/73 or even 4/9/89? (That's when the band sang "Louie, Louieville" to a grinning crowd in Freedom Hall.)

For garden-variety Dead fans without DAT recorders and stereo mikes, "Dick's Picks" re-creates the feel of a personal recording of a great concert.

The opening "Here Comes Sunshine" is a strong version of a song that recently has been reintroduced to the Dead concert repertoire.

There are concert "classics" like "He's Gone" and "Truckin' " and "Stella Blue." There are the long, reflective jams and sudden inspirations that enliven a good Dead concert.

And the sound, *digitally remastered by* Dead archivist Dick Latvala from the band's own tapes, is more "authentic" than "annoying" in its old-tech rendition of concert-hall reality.

The Dead's own occasional goofs and glitches only add to the you-were-there feeling.

In the middle of winter there are worse things to do than lie back, light a fire and imagine yourself in Tampa 20 years ago.

If your favorite Deadhead didn't get this for Christmas, wrap it up for Groundhog Day. Send $18.95 (check or money order) to Dick's Picks, P.O. Box 2139, Dept. D, Novato, Calif. 94948; or call (800) 323-2300.

SUNDAY 720,174

JAN 2 1994
BURRELLE'S

Musicians take the rein

For an unknown musician, starting your own record label is an annoying thing you may have to do in order to further your career. But for an established act, it's a luxury — a way of maintaining control over all aspects of the record-making process, and avoiding record company hassles.

The Grateful Dead and British synth-pop star Howard Jones have both released new albums on their own labels that will be available through phone or mail order only.

★★★½ *Dick's Picks, Vol. 1*, The Grateful Dead (2-CDs, Grateful Dead Records). The title of the album is derived from Dead archivist Dick Latvala, who was given the honor of determining the show to be documented. He selected a December 1973 performance at the Curtis Hixon Convention Center in Tampa, Fla., that originally was taped so that band members could listen to their performances after the show. It is improbable that anyone, at that time, foresaw that there would be a huge interest in Grateful Dead concert tapes over the next 20 years.

Dick's pick was a wise one. There may be more unusual Dead performances in the archives, but in all likelihood, few are as consistently inspired as this one.

This doesn't mean that every track is a winner. Only the most ardent Grateful Dead fanatic will willingly sit through the 21-minute "Playing in the Band," most of which is devoted to a spacy Jerry Garcia guitar solo, or Bob Weir's pseudoprofound "Weather Report Suite."

Still, there are plenty of highlights to compensate for the lifeless moments — something that can't always be said about the band's shows in the '90s.

The two-CD package showcases a pared-down version of the band, as both drummer/percussionist Mickey Hart and backing vocalist Donna Jean Godchaux were taking leaves of absence at the time of the show. This may be one of the factors behind the bar-band fervor the Dead brings to its road anthem, "Truckin'," and Chuck Berry's "Around and Around." Weir sounds as animated as he ever has at the climaxes of both songs.

Other notable performances include a sweetly rippling cover of Johnny Cash's "Big River," and a free-flowing jam, full of bizarre sound effects, that miraculously develops into a cohesive piece of music. This track — the second "Jam" on the second CD — is surely one of the Dead's most successful forays into avant-garde territory.

The album is available by calling 1-800-CAL-DEAD. More "Dick's Picks" albums may be released if the response to this one is strong enough.

Columbia (Boone Co.)
Circulation - 16,998
DEC 19 1993

Page 6E

MUSIC

Dead releases set of concert recordings

GRATEFUL DEAD — "Dick's Picks Volume One" (GDCD).

In this most perfect of Grateful Dead concert recordings from Dec. 19, 1972, the band is soaring coherently into the first of many terrific jams just three minutes into the first song, the 14-minute-long warmup "Here Comes Sunshine." Life should always be so good!

The sweet-groovin' interplay of guitar master Jerry Garcia, Keith Godchaux (their best of three now-deceased Dead keyboardists) and fellow travelers Bob Weir, Bill Kreutzmann and Phil Lesh just keeps on coming in improvisation-rich treatments of "Weather Report Suite" and "Playing in the Band," and the country shuffles "Big River," "Mississippi Half Step" and "Big Railroad Blues."

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Sparing us from a "Drums in Space"-style interlude, second percussionist Mickey Hart was out of the scene during this spell — still miffed because the band had charged his dad, Lenny (the band's sometime manager), with embezzlement. And Keith's wife, Donna Godchaux (then the backup singer), was also missing from this pre-Christmas party — off "giving birth," notes the credits. But clearly, she's still adding to the effervescent, celebratory spirit, the magic in the night that happens at Dead shows when everything and everyone is up and in perfect synchronicity.

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Yes, the production is a little sloppy. The tape runs out at the end of one track, forcing a fade. In general, the sound lacks the depth and spaciousness you'd expect from a glossy, multitrack concert recording.

But the fidelity is clean and clear enough (reminiscent of Dead FM radio concert broadcasts) to let these fantastic performances shine.

This official Grateful Dead release is available only by phone order (800) 323-2300 for $18.95, which includes shipping.

— **Reviewed by Jonathan Takiff of Knight-Ridder Newspapers.**

Grateful Dead
DICK'S PICKS: Volume One
(Grateful Dead Records, $18.95, 800-323-2300)

The Dead have put out lots of live records in their day. The last few years have also seen the band release volumes one and two of the *From The Vault* series, where the multi-track tapes from complete classic Dead shows were taken, mixed, mastered and released to the mass approval of hard-core tapers and casual Deadheads alike. With this release, it is Dick's turn. I've heard of Dan Healy, the man at the soundboard at every Dead show, you might say, but who is Dick?

Dick Latvala has earned the title of the Dead's tape archivist. After the tours are over, the equipment, band members and trucks are back home, the resulting recordings fall into Dick's domain as keeper of their famed tape vaults. *(ed. note: you can see two fine photos of Dick in the vault with David Gans in our Summer 1993 issue).*

This CD is different from the *From The Vault* series in that there was no re-mixing. It is simply taken from a two-track master tape that long-time crew member Bill Candelario made of the final show of 1973, December 19th, from the Curtis Hixon Convention Center in Tampa, FL. As it is only a two-track recording, it is quite simple compared to the more common multi-track recordings normally done in the studio, but this grass-roots format is perfect for showcasing the band *exactly* how they sounded that night. The simplistic yet extraordinary quality of the sound, allows you to feel Phil Lesh pluck each string of his bass, each Bill Kreutzmann tap of a cymbal or hit of a snare, every Keith Godchaux piano and organ note, Jerry Garcia's guitar mastery and Weir's vocals as they would feel from the first row.

Admittedly, this is not a complete show, but you get over two hours of music on two CDs for a great price. The songs are arranged in appropriate Garcia/Weir tradeoff order, although they are somewhat out of order from the original show. Dick knows that, and he also admits to the presence of glitches and splices (not noticeable to me), but what *is* here is awesome and is worth upgrading, even if you already own the tape.

Donna Godchaux, backing vocalist with the band at the time is not present, nor was she on that entire tour as she was about to become a mom. Some fans will miss her, some Donna-haters will enjoy it all the more.

The first CD contains six songs, averaging over ten minutes each. The opening number, "Here Comes Sunshine," is an absolute monumental version. And at over 14 minutes, its smooth, easy jamming portions are twice as long as modern day versions. Johnny Cash's "Big River" is next, Kreutzmann double-timing on drums as Weir sings out like a cowboy. "Mississippi Half Step" is superb, Garcia singing clear and strong, and though the tail end of the song fades out, it doesn't even cause a blemish in the overall effect. My favorite track is the 16-minute "Weather Report Suite." Part one of this suite, which begins with a gorgeous instrumental hasn't been performed in twenty years. Here, it is performed with all of the love and attention you could hope for. A fine "Big Railroad Blues" and 21-minute complete, extended "Playin' In The Band" close out the disc, just as it closed out set one that night in Tampa.

The second CD also has six songs, and the musical workmanship on each is fine. First is a nice, long "He's Gone," followed by a particularly spirited rendering of "Truckin'," its post-jam a bit abbreviated by the welcome transition into the old blues number, "Nobody's Fault But Mine." Next is a quick, little "Other One," which oozes into a jam that a couple of times gives forth some mind-warping feedback until the bottom drops out and the band flows into Garcia's ballad, "Stella Blue." Finally, "Around & Around," with Weir letting loose with some throat shredding screams, rocks out as the last track.

A CD short on artwork and packaging, but oh-so-full of great, historic Dead music. (Alan Sheckter)

Greta
NO BITING
(Stardog/Mercury)

Greta, a four-piece hard rock band, wins a prize for ugliest cover photo of the year; it's so grotesque. At least it doesn't exploit women! These guys grab the fury of Pearl Jam and Soundgarden,

The Grateful Dead enter a 'golden age'

■ DEAD
Continued from Page 77

"It feels good to play again," says Dead percussionist Mickey Hart, in advance of a six-night Garden run that starts Friday. "We're feeling less tension and more harmony. We know the music better, of course, but we're just more relaxed with who we are as individuals and as a group. Sometimes it's scary to be the Grateful Dead. Having to live up to being the Grateful Dead every night is hard, but if you take it too seriously you're in trouble.

"By now, we've gone through everything. We've done everything," Hart adds in a phone interview from Cleveland, noting the band's nearly 30-year career dating back to hippie days in San Francisco. "But all our experiences have somehow allowed us to find a balance. I guess you could call it a golden age. . . . The Grateful Dead are an instrument of good, and that's what makes me get up every day and want to do it again.

"We're now on more common ground," says Hart. "Everybody is more focused, and I think that's what you get with age. If you keep doing it long enough and you can keep your passion and keep your energy and attitude, then this is what happens. It's happening to us. You can't read about this in any books, because there are no books that talk about it. There's just the Dalai Lama, who is the only guy really talking about this. You know, the Dalai Lama doesn't even hate the Chinese. What an attitude he has! The Chinese have killed his people, have massacred them, yet he doesn't hate them. So that's it – love, compassion and forgiveness. All these things play an important part in the Grateful Dead world."

As for Garcia, Hart says, "He's happy now. He just refilled his batteries. He had run them all down. He was running on fumes. He was also a sickly kind of guy. He never really worked out. He ate hamburgers forever and smoked cigarettes, and he worked himself into a state where he was run down. He just didn't have the juice. Now he's put it back. He goes on vacation. He swims. And he's on a diet. We're all pretty much on a veggie diet. We have special menus – fat-free and veggies. We maintain that on the road. We're just better prepared to play Grateful Dead music.

"We listen to each other, and it's not as confusing. We have less distractions. We don't do as many drugs. We don't alter our consciousness every three minutes. And we have better management that gets us to the places we have to go. We don't have to worry. We're not hassled. Our business is together now. Remember, it was real chaos in the old days. We had to fight our way through the fog, so when we got to the stage it was anybody's guess what would happen. That's where the consistency comes in now. That, and caring for each other. I really care about the Grateful Dead as people and care about their health. I guess everybody is feeling this way onstage, because we give and take and don't try to dominate. You wait and you look and you see where the music is going, and you go there with a certain kind of joy."

Indeed, the band is coming together like no other time in recent years. Singer Bob Weir has a new richness to his voice, based on a show I caught in Albany this past spring. He also has a new song he wrote with Neil Young called "Easy Answers." Drummer Billy Kreutzmann, who, like Garcia, is an avid swimmer, is more clear-eyed in his role. Bassist Phil Lesh, arguably the group's best musician, is more adventurous and is even singing more, notably on a cover of Robbie Robertson's "Broken Arrow," even though his singing pales next to his bass playing.

Welnick hits his stride

But no one has improved more than keyboardist Vince Welnick. He's come into his own during his three-year tenure, having emerged from the shadow of Hornsby, who's returned to his solo career. As Hornsby recently told the Globe: "Vince has totally arrived. It's his band now."

"I am trying to evolve into this place where the band has already been for some time," Welnick says in a phone interview. "I'm trying to catch up. I figure by about the year 1996 I'll probably converge with the rest of the group. No, seriously, it is getting better. It's starting to feel good."

Welnick was accused of overplaying when he first joined the band, but by most accounts, including his own, that has changed. "I'd say the No. 1 thing is not so much playing as it is *listening*," he says. "And the No. 2 thing is knowing when *not* to play."

Welnick, the former Tubes keyboardist who came to the Dead after pianist Brent Mydland passed away, has learned about 150 Dead songs since joining. "I'm in the process of learning all the time. I am never completely satisfied. I'm always listening to the tapes of the shows. . . . I just want every show to be better, to be the best one yet."

The band appreciates Welnick's work ethic. "It's great watching Vince mature," says Hart. "It was difficult for him to work behind Bruce. Bruce is a virtuoso player with a big sound. But Vinnie never competed with Bruce. And then when Bruce left, Vinnie just took over, and here we are. A great addition."

The band is so confident in Welnick's abilities that they even let him sing lead vocals on several tracks (though he never sang lead before). These include Welnick's new original tune, "Long Way to Go" (written with Garcia collaborator Robert Hunter), and, surprise, a cover of The Who's "Baba O'Reilly."

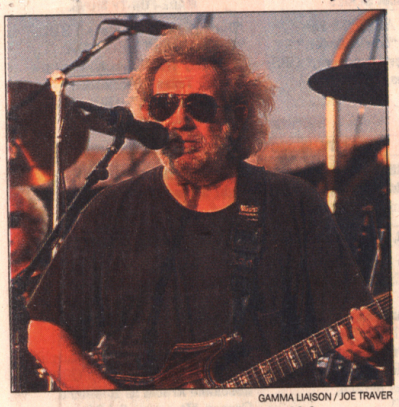
Oh say can they sing

Welnick also did the vocal arrangements for the national anthem that he, Garcia and Weir sang to so much fanfare during a San Francisco Giants game earlier this year. "I had worked out a three-part harmony when the Tubes once sang the national anthem for the Oakland A's. But I was flabbergasted by how much coverage the Dead got for singing it," says Welnick. "I thought, yeah, we're going to go to the ballgame. We're going to have fun. We're going to get free tickets, good ones at that, but I didn't realize all the mileage we were going to get out of it. It even ended up on CNN and MTV."

The Dead also got some mileage this year from doing stadium dates with Sting, the British pop star who wanted to see what it would be like to be the Dead's opening act. Normally that's a tough assignment given the fanaticism of many Deadheads, but they embraced Sting – and so did the band."Sting not only got the audience up. He got the band up," says Welnick. "We came early for most of the gigs to see him. And Jerry got to sit in with Sting. It went just perfectly."

All of which brings the Dead to their Garden shows. "I love to play the Garden," Hart says. "They just don't build places like that anymore where people can ritualize. That's a problem of society, that there aren't enough places to do these things, where we can get together as a community and celebrate."

BOSTON GLOBE 9/19/93



GAMMA LIAISON / JOE TRAVER

A recharged Garcia has gone on a health kick.

The new dawn of the Dead

As musicians hit 50, band enters its 'golden age'

By Steve Morse
GLOBE STAFF

The Grateful Dead just played Boston Garden, didn't they? It might seem that way, but it's actually been two years since the Dead pitched their tent at the Causeway Street shrine. And much has transpired since.

Pianist Bruce Hornsby has left the group, while guru-guitarist Jerry Garcia has become a Lazarus of the '90s. The more rabid "Deadhead" fans feared the worst when Garcia broke down on the road last year, paying for decades of bad nutrition, cigarettes and other self-abuse. The Dead's flag was suddenly flying low – and the group hurriedly scrapped six shows planned for the Garden last September. This writer, as well as many followers, wondered whether the band – a surviving relic of the '60s – would ever tour again.

Today, however, the Dead are enjoying yet another resurrection. They have a fresh spirit, a more tight-knit harmony. There are new songs, new hopes and, pray tell, even talk of a "golden age" of the Dead, as most band members pass the age of 50 without looking back or offering any apologies.

DEAD, Page 82

December 24, 1993

N.J.

Grateful Dead buys Novato site for studio

By Nancy Isles Nation
Independent Journal reporter

The Grateful Dead bought a Bel Marin Keys building which the band plans to turn into a recording studio.

Members of the group, one of the most popular concert acts in the world, closed the deal for the 31,000-square-foot building earlier this month.

The building, owned by Coca-Cola Enterprises of Los Angeles, sold for $3 million, according to Thomas Lowe, of Keegan & Coppin Co. in Larkspur. Lowe represented Club Front Inc., the Dead's investment group.

The seller was represented by Steve Leonard and Mike Lieberman of Meridian Commercial in Larkspur and Robert Farrar Associates.

Dennis McNally, publicist for the Grateful Dead, said the office and warehouse building will be renovated to serve as the band's rehearsal and recording studio, and for equipment storage.

The band has practiced in a leased studio in the Canal Area of San Rafael. The new studio is considerably larger than the Canal studio.

McNally did not know details of the renovation plans, but said a state-of-the-art sound studio is planned.

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Focus 11/2/95

ingly stunning, "Truckin'". At this point the band seemlessly, without stopping, shifts into a blues mode with Blind Willie Johnson's "Nobody's Fault But Mine" that opens up into a firey, twenty odd minute "Space" jam of "The Other One". Garcia returns to the mic an offers up a hauntingly beautiful version of "Stella Blue" that answers any questions about the ability of the band either now or then. The set is closed with "Around And Around", a Chuck Berry tune that still gets the house jumpin' everytime its played.

This is one of the many albums, OK, its like all of the Grateful Dead albums; you either "get it" or you don't. *Dick's Picks* is very typical of The Dead's whole phenomenon; you either love it or you hate it. For those of us who love it and weren't fortunate enough to actually be there, *Dick's Picks* offers a peak into a very important time in the band's metamorphosis to what it has became today.

David Nelson

GRATEFUL DEAD
DICKS PICKS (GRATEFUL DEAD RECORDS)

The band that can't die has released yet another live album from their vault of recordings and have provided many heads with one more reason to smile, smile, smile. The fourth release of the

From The Vault series from Grateful Dead Records, *Dick's Picks*, a live recording from Tampa, Florida 12/19/73, is very representative of the high point the band set just prior to the eventual collapse of the original Grateful Dead Records. *Dick's Picks* was rescued from the vault by long time show taper Dick Latvala, who replaced the recently departed Dan Healy as tape archivist for the band, and was originally recorded and produced by Kidd Candelrio. The recording was remastered directly from the original two-track

remarkably well recorded and luckily, preserved.

The show opens with a blazing rendition of the now popular "Here Comes Sunshine", and a show-stopping version of Johnny Cash's "Big River". Early versions of Jerry Garcia's 'Mississippi Half Step" and Bob Weir's "Weather Report Suite" are followed by the classic "Big Railroad Blues". The set is closed with a highly exploratory "Playing In The Band" that winds its way over peaks and valleys in a twenty one minute deluge of technical ecstasy that is simply incredible.

"He's Gone" fittingly opens the second set and flows directly into the almost cliche', yet surpris-

master tapes; even though the technology of the time wasn't what it is today, the tapes were

9/24/93

THE MUSI

A week of rule-breaking for Dead

By Matthew Gilbert
GLOBE STAFF

There are the raggedy heads who trail the Grateful Dead like Chaucer's pilgrims. And there are the reputable "recovering" Deadheads who slip into the Garden to commune with their '60s selves. And between them are codes of behavior and apparel that were handed down on tablets carved with the words Haight-Ashbury.

Beneath them all, however, at the core of the Grateful Dead experience, is the music itself, the porous amalgamation of bluegrass picking, jazz improvisation, folk structure and cosmic feedback that finds its best incarnation in live performance. In the 28 years since they instantly became the "good old Grateful Dead," the Dead has stubbornly focused its efforts on furthering its own art. The band has refused to retreat into the egotism of personality-driven rock or the creative dead end of hippie nostalgia.

During this week's six nights at the Boston Garden , the Dead proved to be musically revitalized. In 1991, with Jerry Garcia heading toward exhaustion, the band's six-night Boston stint was an exercise in burnout, as if its players were "standing on the moon" instead of "playing in the band." But for exceptional moments, all the elements of the cruelest Dead parodies were in evidence – the sloppy harmonies, the go-nowhere jams, the unwitting audiences. An absence of new material threatened to make them a Dylan cover band. And the death of Brent Mydland in 1990 had left the band in transition hell, with replacement keyboardists Bruce Hornsby and Vince Welnick overcrowding the mix.

Partly, the new energy stems from a group of recent songs, including "Lazy River Road," "The Days Between," "Easy Answers" and "Eternity." While they sound familiar – the Garcia shuffle, the Weir growl, the Hunter "ease my soul" lyrics – they bring long-needed new possibilities. In particular, the band connected to "Way to Go Home," a Welnick tune, and "Eternity," a fine, jazzy Weir piece. During each night in Boston, the Dead introduced one or two of these songs.

More importantly, the band has tightened the patterns of its shows. While the Dead has a reputation for free-form performance, concertgoers know that sets have abided by certain rules for many years, with songs designated for specific segments. The drums and space segments always arrive in the middle of the second half, with bold, science fiction instrumental excursions.

Rather than be trapped by these rules, and by the group's reputation for lengthy shows, the Dead's members are allowing themselves to make liberating changes. They seem more willing to address their own ebbs and flows of inspiration. The first sets have been shortened, allowing energy to be devoted to intensity and concentration rather than simply long-distance running. The songs themselves are more defined, particularly in the second sets, when the songs were once required to leak in and out of one another, sometimes aimlessly. Aimlessness now seems restricted to the exceedingly long "space" jam.

Certainly there were lackluster stretches during the six-night run, particularly the Wednesday show. But at their least motivated, the Dead are worlds better than two years ago. Many of the endless two- or three-chord repetitions – in "Fire on the Mountain" or "Uncle John's Band" – never extended into fiery jamming; and still they gathered momentum. Sometimes, especially early in the run, song melodies got buried in the muddy jumble – Friday's "Picasso Moon," for instance. Yet consistent rhythmic acuity saved these songs from disaster.

One of the greatest improvements is the Dead's elaborate light show – for those who could see it. Often in synchronicity with the music, beams of color moved around the hall like tiny search lights or frantically turning prisms. Meanwhile, on small screens above the band, abstract images twisted and receded. During its best moments, the light show made literal the geometric structures that Dead music often implies.

Garcia's voice and bearing have taken on a new life. At a West Coast show weeks before he collapsed, he was spitting words into the microphone and riffing poorly at inappropriate moments. In Boston, he appeared to be more attentive, playing safer, more dependable leads. His MIDI-programmed guitar sounds added flair – for instance, the flute on Tuesday's excellent "Row Jimmy." His singing, while still unrefined, is capable of show-stopping moments, particularly on Sunday, when his rousing refrain of "I'd rather be with you" in "Standing on the Moon" brought down the house. The new "So Many Roads" also affords him a chance to sing his head off. Garcia even had playful moments, riffing like a rooster for "Little Red Rooster" on Friday, making "I Need a Miracle" sound like "Truckin" on Sunday.

If you never liked the Dead, you still won't. While their shows have become more reliable, their brand of experimentation remains indulgent and trying, with unpredictable moments of brilliance. It takes stamina, for the band and its audience, to puncture black holes in the conventions of rock concert-going.

An up and down night with the living Dead

Reprinted from late editions of yesterday's Globe.

By Jim Sullivan 9/28/93
GLOBE STAFF

Music Review

The Grateful Dead have not turned into the self-parody that nearly every other surviving band of their era has.

GRATEFUL DEAD
At: *Boston Garden, Sunday night. Repeats tonight, tomorrow and Thursday.*

I'm not a Deadhead, haven't owned anything tie-dyed in two decades and, in the mid-'70s, walked out on the only Dead show I ever attended because it was stupefyingly dull and the bikers scared me. But I do have access to drugs, so I popped a ciprofloxacin before Sunday night's Grateful Dead concert at Boston Garden, the third of six. Why? Well, Deadheads say drugs are essential to the experience, and the warning on this antibiotic, which I'm taking to combat an ear infection, states that it "may cause drowsiness or dizziness." Perfect. I figured it should put me in the right space to appreciate the lazy, languid ways of America's longest-running rock institution. My metabolism would be one with the Dead's.

There turned out to be some truth to this little hypothesis during the Dead's hourlong first set. Even a Dead representative termed it "mellow, even-tempered." With the exception of the relatively kickin' opener "Jack Straw" – a fave of Gov. Weld's and a song that features the line "We can share the women/We can share the wine" (Uh, Gov. . . .) – most of the set consisted of meandering medium-tempo country-rock with a tinge of blues. Crisply played, mind you. Jerry Garcia is one eloquent picker, and Bob Weir's "Easy Answers" (co-written with Neil Young, to be released on a Rob Wasserman "Trios" album in January) had a slinky appeal. But too much of the set was the Grateful Dead on cruise control and not even thinking about the passing lane. It was the kind of stuff that makes you think: Young, able Americans give up their lives to travel around to see this!?

Ah, but then, after a 40-minute break, the Dead came back and the pieces started to fall into place: An elongated, truly joyous "Iko Iko," a gorgeous Bob Weir/Garcia guitar mesh during "Saint of Circumstance," Garcia's sweet "Ship of Fools" and then, of all things, "Truckin'." Just as I'm ready to slide back into my ever-ready cynicism mode, the Dead hit this crescendo – OK, it might have been when Weir sang "Stay and trip with me" and the sold-out Garden crowd went bonkers, or it might have been when Garcia uncorked a wailing solo – and the Dead's universe made at least temporary sense. So what if there's no *edge*? The vibes are warm, sincere. The sense of community is palpable. The players have a keen interest in music and none in showbiz – as usual there was no chitchat. A band I once wrote off as an anachronism has held firm against the odds. They've not turned into the self-parody that nearly every other surviving band of their era has.

"Truckin' " led into the Mickey Hart/Bill Kreutzmann drum duet and "space jam," and while I often recommend this portion of most rock shows as the best time to visit the toilet, Hart and Kreutzmann were dazzling, unleashing a barrage of quadrophonic polyrhythms and odd, whirring-screaming sounds (choppers? sirens?). They segued out of the jam into "I Need a Miracle," followed with a re-energized "Standing On the Moon" and encored with the Beatles' "Rain."

A couple of years back in an interview with David Bowie, I asked his take on the Dead phenomenon. "As an outsider, it's something I don't completely get. But I do see the insistence of a family bond which has permeated the whole feeling of what they've done over the last, almost, 30 years. . . . There's something very Boy Scout-ish about it. I know what it reminds me of, also: It's like an inverse of 'Lord of the Flies' – these schoolboys marooned on an island and they have to fend for themselves. They've become this kind of ramshackle, pioneering, fending-for-themselves bunch, and it's turned to peace and love as opposed to violence and crime. Is that terribly off the mark?"

Dead on, I'd say.

New Age Dead ready to play until they're . . . dead

BOSTON GLOBE 9/28/93

By Steve Morse
GLOBE STAFF



GLOBE STAFF PHOTO / LANE TURNER

The Dead's Bob Weir: "We don't have bad nights like we used to."

Ever wonder how the Grateful Dead spend the last few minutes before a concert? No, they don't huddle around a hash pipe or belt down Milwaukee's finest brews. On Sunday night, shortly before the Dead's third straight sellout show at Boston Garden, the atmosphere was quite different from the Bacchanalia for which the Dead was once known.

Singer Bob Weir was glued to the San Francisco 49ers game. Alternately smiling and grimacing at the screen before the 49ers finally succumbed to a last-minute field goal by the New Orleans Saints, Weir said, "This is a heart-stopper. It's not the 49ers of old."

Drummer Bill Kreutzmann, meanwhile, was napping on a couch in a dressing room. Well, not quite napping. "I'm just meditating and getting my thoughts together," he said upon arising and heading toward the stage.

Dead guru Jerry Garcia had his own ritual. He headed into the dressing room to sip from a bottle of ginseng extract – considered a hippie panacea. But he wanted no part of the 49ers game. "Weir takes the 49ers a little too seriously. Yes, he does," Garcia said with a laugh. "I only take it seriously when they're winning. I don't need the additional heartache, you know what I mean?"

Garcia paused briefly to answer a question about his stunning new ballad, "Days Between," which he sang Friday night. "We're still feeling for it, but it works even in a very skeletal form. I think the song is going to have a very long life," he said, before scooting out the door, adding, "I can't settle down before a show. I've got to cruise. But we're having fun. We're getting there."

Indeed, if you were looking for any wild backstage antics, you would have looked in vain. Once the 49ers game ended, Weir even hunted for his own sip of ginseng. "I think they call it a cerebral stimulant or something like that," he said of the ginseng. "I don't know exactly what it does. One thing they do know about it is that it increases your blood oxygen capacity."

Whatever's going on in this New Age era of the Dead, the result is that they've become a much more consistent band. "I can't think of any really bad nights on this tour," said Weir. "We don't have bad nights like we used to. The real abysmal nights, I mean. We have some lackluster nights, but we can't seem to get it together to be as bad as we used to be.

"Practice makes perfect," Weir said, on a more serious note. "That, plus the fact that we're different people. We used to have terrible fights, but all that stuff is history."

Terrible fights? About what?

"Anything. The fights would come up all the time."

Were some drug-inspired?

"Hard to say," Weir noted. "Maybe it was just the fact that we were not quite as in control of ourselves, as younger folks tend not to be."

As to the band's new consistency, Weir, 46, cites lifestyle changes, maturity and Garcia's improved health. Garcia has made a remarkable comeback after collapsing last year from physical exhaustion.

"Everybody in the band is doing a little better," said Weir. "We're all in the gym and stuff like that. I don't think we're going to turn into a bunch of muscle-flexers, but we have better endurance so we don't sag toward the end of a show."

Speaking of the Dead's shows, the group still plays two sets each night, but the first set has been getting shorter (Friday's was only 50 minutes) and the second longer.

"Yes, that's true. It's more or less worked out that way," said Weir. "It's a natural thing, so we just go with it. It feels better this way."

Told that even rock marathoner Bruce Springsteen is cutting down his first sets these days, Weir said, "There's only so much the human spirit can endure. When I saw Springsteen, even on a good night, I thought his show was too long. If you're concerned with giving people their money's worth, the length of the show is not the only criterion. It's how much you can pack into a reasonable-length show."

Weir is told that Allman Brothers drummer Butch Trucks says today's fans prefer the Allmans to keep their shows to two hours and 45 minutes, down from the three- to four-hour lengths once common for acts like the Allmans and the Dead. "Yes, I've got to say it seems that way to me, too," said Weir. "The whole ongoing music presentation scene has evolved. It's been a natural occurrence. The musicians can put more in a little less time; and the people have the rest of their evenings free. They're not dog tired at the end of a show."

Asked which Dead show on the current tour stands out, Weir cited last Wednesday's final night in New York, where saxophonist David Murray (of the World Saxophone Quartet) sat in for most of the second set and steered the band into a heavy jazz-fusion realm. "David Murray has got to be the greatest thing since canned beer," said Weir. "He has an amazing ear. He came the night before and checked us out. You can't stump him with your chord changes. He's just a fantastic musician."

The current six-night stand at Boston Garden completes the Dead's tour. The band will take two months off, but Weir won't be idle. He intends to work on another children's book with his sister, Wendy. (Their first, "Panther Dream," was a best-seller.) He also will write songs with bassist Rob Wasserman (with whom he's had a side band for several years) and hopefully complete a separate musical he's writing on the life of legendary baseball pitcher Satchel Paige, who dominated the Negro Leagues before the major leagues were integrated (Paige was inducted into the Hall of Fame in 1971).

"It was a colorful era; one of the most colorful eras in human history," said Weir. "And it's particularly fun for me, because the music that surrounded that whole baseball scene was Kansas City jazz and Chicago blues. All the players knew all the musicians and they used to hang together. Satch played guitar and sat in with Louis Armstrong."

As for the Dead's future, Weir isn't sure when another album will be made ("We'll do it when we get around to it"), but foresees a similar Dead touring schedule next year that will again route the band through Boston for six nights in September. "It's an established pattern now," he said of the Garden run.

And you can forget about thoughts of retirement, he said.

"I'm not going to take my earnings and go start a burger chain, if that's what you mean. That's not what I had in mind. Fortunately, we're blessed with doing something we can do until we fall over."

To emphasize his point, Weir told the story of seeing jazz great Count Basie in his last days. "It was a few years back and Count Basie was at the Venetian Room in San Francisco. It was a wonderful evening. Three of the four of his original quartet were still playing with him. They had replaced the drummer with some 22-year-old kid, who was real good. And the others had been doing it for 40 or 50 years. They were playing their music and having a ball. And a week or two later, Basie went back to his place in Florida, put his feet up and checked out. So I may have seen his last show. But the thing is, he was doing the only thing he could imagine doing right up until the end. And he's a hero of mine for that. He taught me something really valuable that evening."

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Quirky Celebration Of Rock and Roll

Even the Grateful Dead wore tuxedos

BY STEVE MORSE
Boston Globe

New York

There's nothing quite like the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame awards. Where else can you see the Grateful Dead in tuxedos? Or witness Axl Rose on his best behavior? Or hear Elton John describe himself as "the chubby kid next door who made it." Or have Jeff Beck analyze his "love-hate relationship" with Rod Stewart this way: "He loves me and I hate him."

How about Irishman Bono inducting Jamaican Bob Marley with this comparison: "Jamaica and Ireland have lots in common — weeds, lots of green weeds, religion and the philosophy of procrastination of, 'Don't put off till tomorrow what you can put off till the day after.' Unless, of course, it's freedom."

Strange, quirky things went on before 1,200 people at Wednesday night's $1,500-a-plate dinner/awards at the Waldorf-Astoria ballroom.

"What does it feel like to be dressed in those monkey suits?" a reporter asked the tuxedoed Grateful Dead. "Hey, we're just surprised to still be alive. Any day above ground is a good day," said drummer Mickey Hart.

Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia didn't make it, but Garcia was represented by a cardboard cutout of himself that the Dead's Bob Weir held aloft. The laughs continued ("I guess we're officially old guys now," Weir said of his feeling toward induction), but just as suddenly he switched gears and launched a diatribe against "draconian drug laws" that keep a lot of Deadheads in prison for just small amounts of marijuana.

These awards were more honest, more down-to-earth than the reverential tone of some past ceremonies. Former Beatle Paul McCartney showed up to induct John Lennon (for his solo career) and joked that when he first saw Lennon perform, back before the Beatles, Lennon was "singing 'Come Go With Me' by the Del Vikings, but he didn't know the words. He made them up and sang, 'Come go with me to the penitentiary.' That wasn't in the lyrics! But that was John."

Backstage, McCartney also addressed an upcoming studio reunion among himself and fellow Beatles survivors George Harrison and Ringo Starr. "We're not trying to better the Beatles," McCartney said. "We just want to have a bit of fun." Added Yoko Ono, who accepted the award for Lennon: "Just please give the three of them a chance."

One "power table" in the ballroom contained this seating arrangement: Eric Clapton, McCartney and wife Linda, Ono and son Sean and John F. Kennedy Jr. Also spotted in the crowd: Bruce Springsteen and wife Patti Scialfa, Whoopi Goldberg, Wayne Gretzy and Peter Wolf.

Also inducted were the Band (presented by Clapton), rock guitarist Duane Eddy (presented by Foreigner's Mick Jones), Elton John (presented by Axl Rose, who noted what an inspiration John was on his life and even praised him for his AIDS benefit work), Johnny Otis (of "Willie and the Hand Jive" fame), Stewart (who didn't show up because of the Los Angeles earthquake, but was inducted by Beck), Marley, the Animals (lead Animal Eric Burdon didn't show up) and Willie Dixon, the ace Chicago bluesman who was inducted by Chuck Berry.

"Willie Dixon had the beat, man," said Berry. "That's what Alan Freed called it back then. The beat. And no one had it like Willie."

The posthumous Marley induction was the most poignant moment of the night. It opened with his backup singers, the I-Threes, in sparkling white robes, intoning an a cappella version of his "Redemption Song." And it ended with Bono saying, "He wanted everything at the same time and was everything at the same time — prophet, soul rebel, Rastaman, herbsman, wild man, a natural mystic man, ladies man, island man, family man, Rita's man, soccerman, showman, shaman, human, Jamaican."

The night was capped by a postmidnight jam highlighted by Clapton's joining the Band on "The Weight," and Springsteen and Rose harmonizing a bit awkwardly on the Beatles' "Come Together."



Grateful Dead, live, with cardboard-cutout Garcia: 'I guess we're officially old guys now'

Deborah Koons
and
Jerome Garcia
request the pleasure of your company
at their wedding reception
Valentine's Day
nineteen hundred and ninety-four
six o'clock
Marin County, California
Please call that morning
for directions 415 383 0553 *R.S.V.P.*

Grateful Dead guitarist weds filmmaker

SF EXAMINER 12/15/94

Legendary Jerry Garcia met Deborah Koons in the 1970s

EXAMINER STAFF REPORT

Grateful Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia, shunning the tie-dye social set, was married in a quiet Episcopal ceremony Monday to a filmmaker he met at one of the band's concerts nearly 20 years ago.

Garcia, 51, and Deborah Koons, who is in her 40s, were married at Christ Episcopal Church in Sausalito before about 50 guests.

"It was very traditional, very Episcopal, not New Age at all," said mandolin player David Grisman, who has recorded with Garcia and who attended the wedding.

The bride wore white. The groom arrived late, probably the fault of his chauffeur, Grisman said.



Jerry Garcia

Grisman and other musicians performed a 12th century Gregorian piece at the ceremony. Afterward, about 100 people attended a reception at the Corinthian Yacht Club in Tiburon, where a '50s oldies band was among the entertainment.

The Garcia entourage went to great lengths to keep the wedding from turning into a Deadhead event. Spokesmen for the band steadfastly refused to comment ahead of time, and members of the wedding party begged two fans who stumbled across a rehearsal last weekend not to spread the word, publicist Dennis McNally said.

Koons just completed her first feature film, "Poco Loco," shot on a Carmel ranch. "It's kind of a romantic comedy with elements of magic," said a friend of Koons who asked to remain anonymous.

In the 1980s, Koons produced a series of educational films on early child development.

Garcia and Koons reportedly have known each other since the mid-1970s, when they met at a Grateful Dead concert.

Garcia, who lives in Marin County, has been married twice and is the father of four daughters.

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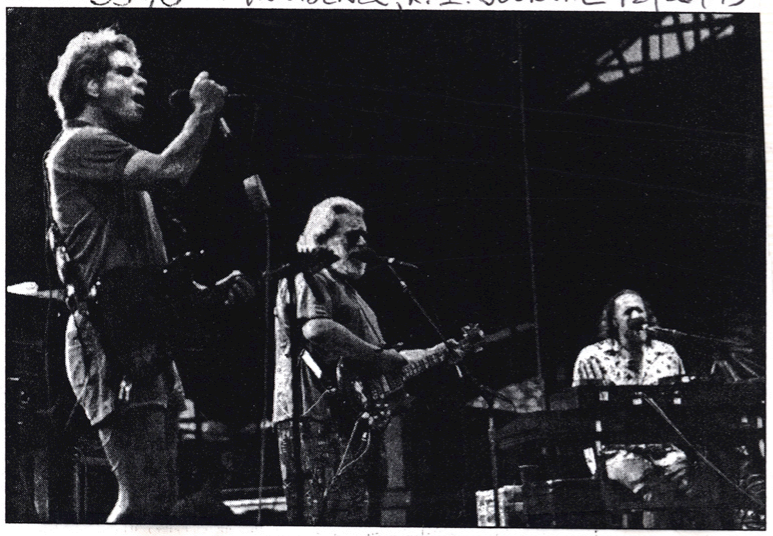

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STILL ROCKIN': The Grateful Dead's tape archivist, Dick Latvala, put together a two-track tape made off the sound board by one of the band's stagehands. Above, the Dead's Bob Weir, left, and Jerry Garcia, center.

Best of the Grateful Dead live

First volume of the band's concert recordings is a joyous jamfest

By JONATHAN TAKIFF
Knight-Ridder Newspapers

Dick's Picks Volume One (GDCD) is the most perfect of Grateful Dead concert recordings. On Dec. 19, 1972, the band soars coherently into the first of many terrific jams just three minutes into the first song, the 14-minute-long warmup *Here Comes Sunshine*. Life should always be so good!

The sweet-grooving interplay of guitar master Jerry Garcia, Keith Godchaux (their best of three now-deceased Dead keyboardists) and fellow travelers Bob Weir, Bill Kreutzmann and Phil Lesh just keeps on coming in improvisation-rich treatments of *Weather Report Suite* and *Playing in the Band*, and the country shuffles *Big River*, *Mississippi Half Step* and *Big Railroad Blues*.

The second CD then builds seamlessly from *He's Gone* and *Truckin'* to one of their legendary, free-form improvisations, before sending us packing with a melancholy *Stella Blue* and joyous *Around and Around*.

Sparing us from a "Drums in Space"-style interlude, second percussionist Mickey Hart was out of the scene during this spell — still miffed because the band had charged his dad, Lenny (the band's sometime manager), with embezzlement. And Keith's wife, Donna Godchaux (then the backup singer), was also missing from this pre-Christmas party — off "giving birth," it is noted in the credits. But clearly, she's still adding to the effervescent, celebratory spirit, the magic in the night that happens at Dead shows when everything and everyone is up and in perfect synchronicity.

The "Dick" of the album's title is Dick Latvala, a Dead tape collector who recently landed the ideal job as the band's tape archivist. His first "pick" is a simple, two-track tape made off the sound board by one of the band's stagehands.

Yes, the production is a little sloppy. The tape runs out at the end of one track, forcing a fade. In general, the sound lacks the depth and spaciousness you'd expect from a glossy, multi-track concert recording.

But the fidelity is clean and clear enough (reminiscent of Dead FM radio concert broadcasts) to let these fantastic performances shine brightly.

Packaging is frill-free, resembling a box of Ampex reel-to-reel tape.

This is an official Grateful Dead release is available only by phone order (800-323-2300) for $18.95, which includes shipping.

One Show at a Time

Sober Deadheads offer support at concerts

SF CHRONICLE 12/22/93

BY SAM WHITING
Chronicle Staff Writer

After his first few hundred Grateful Dead shows, Wally H. needed the music straight, not filtered through a polluted skull. So he found the Wharf Rats — those brave Deadheads dedicated to clean and sober shows.

Wally, a 26-year-old San Francisco State University student and musician, wears long hair parted in the middle and shorts inside at night. His legs are bright white, the hair dark black. And last Friday at the Oakland Coliseum, he was dancing like a dervish before a hanging speaker. He is clean of his former fancy for "psychedelics, heroin, cocaine, you name it." But his free-form dance is still wild and hallucinogenic, except that "I tend to step on fewer people's feet," he says, "unless I want to."

For anyone attempting to avoid the seductive perils of mind alteration, a Dead show is a very dangerous place to be. Jerry Garcia sings, "If the thunder don't get you, then the lightning will," and it would have reclaimed Wally H. and thousands like him if it weren't for the Wharf Rats, a nuclear family within the larger band of gypsies that follows the band.

The Rats are affiliated with neither Alcoholics Anonymous nor the Grateful Dead nor any other group. But there are enough similarities to standard recovery programs that anonymity of the members is respected.

Meetings Make the Shows

"The music itself has healing qualities, but I couldn't keep coming to the shows if it weren't for the meetings," says Jim, 47, of San Francisco.

He stays away from bars and parties and trusts himself at Dead shows only because of the Wharf Rats, who meet at an information table beforehand, then conduct a support session at intermission. They are not preachers, but it is clear that nothing will ever again steal their faces right off their heads.

The Wharf Rats, says Ben K., 31, a Long Beach mortgage broker, are careful "not to intrude on the Deadhead scene. We try to be festive, too. We're not a bunch of sorry drunks."

Only around the Dead tribe can they coexist with the chemically affected.

"I normally can't handle people who are loaded anymore, but somehow there's a fellowship here," says Jim. "As long as people aren't slobbering on me or throwing up on me, I'm very happy to be with people who are loaded. But not outside the Grateful Dead."

The Wharf Rats were founded in 1984 during a Dead swing through the East Coast. Don B., a military man struggling to stay free of addiction, was en route to the show when he came upon a bag of psilocybin mushrooms, as only a Deadhead can. He didn't want to take them, but the drug kept calling him, until, after a tormented day, he gave away the entire bag.

"I realized a lot of people were slipping through the cracks," says Don, 39, "so I knew we had to unify."

Rats All Over the Country

He ran an ad in the Golden Road, the Deadhead magazine, before a show in Philadelphia, soliciting people in recovery. There are now an estimated 6,000 Wharf Rats nationwide and 1,500 in the Bay Area.

The name is derived from Robert Hunter's lyrics in the haunting 1971 hymn "Wharf Rat," in which the down and dirty hero August West vows, "I'll get back on my feet someday, the good Lord will-

WHARF RATS: *Page E7 Col. 1*

DICK'S PICKS

Imagine my delight as I awaited the Dead's new CD project, *Dick's Picks*. Imagine my delight when I thought I was to hear the Dead's only version of "Sugar Shack." Imagine my delight when I looked at the set lists for the show (12/19/73) and thought I was going to hear it all in its crystal clarity, just as it unfolded that evening in Tampa Bay, some twenty years ago.

Imagine my dismay when I received the CD and realized what had happened. Songs omitted, songs out of order, second set songs in the first set and a song ("The Other One") from who knows what show, but it wasn't from 12/19 or even 12/18. Please don't get me wrong, I appreciate the effort. It *is* the Grateful Dead playing, but it is *not* an evening with the Grateful Dead. A very big difference. It's billed (re: cover of CD) as Tampa, Florida 12/19/73, but it is not the way it went down. It's no secret that part of the magic of a Dead show is the song selection and order. There is a "warning" of sorts on the back cover, basically excusing itself for something. It mentions that its historical value will "more than compensate" for any technical anomalies (glitches, splices, et al). I'm sorry, but any historical value was devalued when songs were added, rearranged and omitted.

So there you have it. Dick's in charge. He has power. He controls the horizontal, he controls the vertical. Do not attempt to adjust your set; he'll do it for us and for the Grateful Dead. It indeed has been a long, strange trip. But when I got on, and the lights went down, last I checked it was Bob's turn to choose the song or Jerry's or Vinnie's or Phil's...

One more thing. I phoned the Dead office to simply get an address for Dick or the producer to express my opinion. I was in no way unpleasant. But I was met with an extremely rude woman who basically said that *"they"*

DL0448

WHARF RATS: Drug-Free Deadheads

From Page B3

ing, if he says I may."

The line "captured the same spirit as the first step in recovery," says Don B. "Which is admitting that you're powerless over alcohol and drugs and your life is unmanageable."

For many Wharf Rats that moment comes upon awakening in a microbus in the parking lot with an uncollected ticket in the back pocket and a show missed not only in mind but also in body.

Tom Heckley, 39, a salesman in Santa Clara and West Coast coordinator for the Rats, once favored "the garbage can approach to drug use." His preconcert intake was a six-pack, a pint of tequila, "as much pot as I could smoke, LSD and mushrooms."

He had the usual blackouts, but that is why God invented the set list. What finally got him is when he saw "The Grateful Dead Movie" and noticed himself in a crowd shot. "I don't remember going to the show," he says.

A New Awakening

"Eventually, doing drugs got more important than the shows," says Ben K., the mortgage broker, who followed the band on tour but never made it out of his hotel room. With recovery he found the concerts a new awakening.

"It was like when I first started seeing the Dead," he says. "Being sober cleared the path from the music to my ears."

For last Friday's show, Ben arrived with his daughter Elizabeth, 2, and headed straight for the Wharf Rats table, which is always marked by yellow balloons.



Little Eden Rose (left) watched as Mikl left a message at the Wharf Rats table asking for a 'clean and sober ride home to Marin' after the show

"It's a slippery atmosphere," he says. "I'll see some good drugs go by me. It's a tempting smell."

The table offers a newsletter, buttons and stickers — "Another Friend of August W." There is a message board for use of the straight and bent alike. "Heidi T. Hey friend I'm right in front of the sound board," reads one.

The Dead allows two Rats free admission to each show to ensure that the table is staffed during both the sets and intermission.

"They're doing a great thing for them that need it," says Wavy Gravy, who serves as backstage baby sitter to the band.

"The Dead themselves are unfairly pointed to as promoting drug use," says Dr. Greg Haynor, chief pharmacist at the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic. "I've always thought the Wharf Rats were really a good trend."

"Obviously, health is a recommended activity around here," agrees Dead publicist Dennis McNally, "but we don't tell anybody what to do. It's the last bastion of anarchy on this planet."

Spinners and Lobby Heads

As the first set begins, and the band eases into "Here Comes Sunshine," a group of young Rats moves down the corridor to a bank of speakers above a BART map. The performance onstage is peripheral to the Deadhead drifters living along the lobby walls.

This is where the wildest dancing is done, for the entertainment of Coliseum security. There is enough room to move, and it is smoke-free, though outside the actual arena.

"Being sober doesn't impinge upon the ability to free-form dance in the slightest," says Michael, 27, in from Phoenix. "When the band is on and the people are on, it's a social phenomenon."

Wally H. starts stomping with Janet B., 24, who has come from Detroit for the shows with her daughter Eden Rose, 2½. A hometown is inconsequential to a roaming Deadhead, and Janet finds Wharf Rats in every port.

"It's a good safe place for kids and me, too," says Janet, who needs neither a view of the stage nor the pot-sweetened air to find the mood.

When the band breaks, the Wharf Rats regroup downstairs. "Intermission is when a lot of people get high," says Wally H., "and the meetings are a good place to be around sober people."

Don B., the soldier from Colorado Springs, leads the meeting. First there is a sobriety prayer, then the group applauds when a convert admits to his first clean Dead show. High Deadheads who drop by in curiosity quickly move on. But it doesn't bother Don B.

The Fourth Dimension

"I've hung out with Wharf Rats all over the world. We all earn the place," he announces to the group. "Not only am I getting as high as I was before, I'm reaching the fourth dimension."

At meeting's end, more than 100 Rats gather in a circle. They hold hands as Don B. recites the lyric from "Black Peter," another Robert Hunter composition: "See here how everything leads up to this day, and it's just like every other day that's ever been. The sun going up and then the sun going down. Shine through my windows, and my friends, they come around."

The Wharf Rats will make it through another show. August West would be inspired.





don't care what we think (to quote: "You probably weren't even born when that show was played. Now, I am *off work* and I have to go!" No kidding, she said that.). And she would not give me an address to write to. So I write to you, *Relix*. I know, I know, get a life John. This is no big deal. But hey, this group has been a very integral part of my life. I've used this music in my recovery from drug and alcohol addiction (10 years), in my volunteer work and in my travels throughout the world. This music has been a wonderful bridge between myself and the different cultures I have encountered. If they want to put together a montage, great. Then simply bill it as such.

JH
Oak Harbor, WA

RECORDS

VV 3CD TAMPA TRIBUNE 2/4/94

■ **GRATEFUL DEAD, Dick's Picks Vol. One** (Grateful Dead Records) — ★★★½ The Grateful Dead ended their tough 1973 touring schedule at Tampa's Curtis Hixon Hall.

On that merry Dec. 19 over 20 years ago, none of us in the crowd imagined that Jerry Garcia and Co. would outlast the very building we shared that night.

Nor could we have predicted that, two decades hence, technology would bring us the same show more accurately reproduced than when we stood in that concrete cavern and heard mud bounce off the walls.

The two-disc set is named "Dick's Picks Vol: One," which means we might expect future such efforts from Dick Latvala, a Deadhead who recently landed the dream job as the band's tape archivist. Dick's debut "pick" is a simple, two-track tape made off the sound board by stagehands.

So although it lacks the polished production values of "Europe '72" or the two recent "From the Vault" sets, "Dick's Picks" does deliver a full-strength dose of vintage Dead, with nearly half the songs taken from "Wake of the Flood," their newest studio album at the time.

This Tampa concert shows the group in a rare quintet mode: Drummer Mickey Hart was on hiatus because of intraband squabbles and singer Donna Godchaux (wife of the late keyboardist Keith) was on maternity leave.

The first disc opens with a 14-minute stretch on "Here Comes Sunshine" and ends with a delicious 21-minute excursion through "Playing in the Band."

Disc two is a Deadhead delight. A 10-minute "He's Gone" (presumably dedicated to Hart) blends into a 9-minute "Truckin'," roughly 15 minutes of swirly "Jam," an elegantly rueful "Stella Blue" and a Chuck Berry-fresh "Around and Around." Exquisite.

This official Grateful Dead release is available only by phone, (800) 323-2300, for $18.95, which includes shipping.

— Bob Ross

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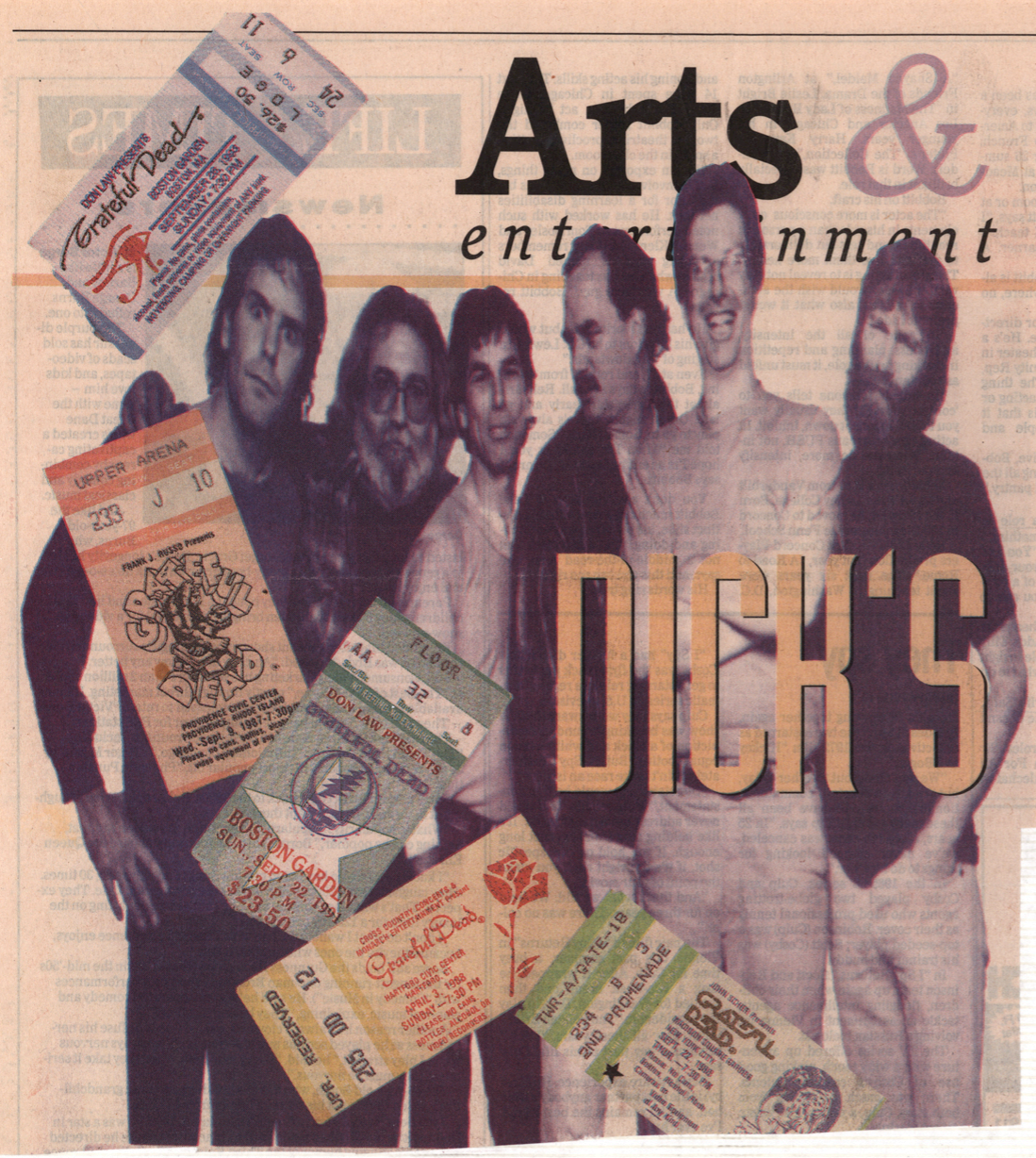
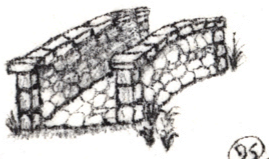
Arts & entertainment

Life & Times	2C
Entertainment	4C
Home & Garden	7C



The Grateful Dead release CD versions of performance tapes

DICK'S PICKS



(95) 3-30-95

The Stone Bridge

A BRIDGE FOR ALL REASONS AND OCCASSIONS.

JEFF STERLING

DL0150

DL0651

By James Amorello
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Help is on the way for Deadheads suffering through this long winter who have gotten the unkind news that the band will ignore the Northeast during this year's spring tour.

Now, for $18.95 you can have a Grateful Dead concert, or three-quarters of one, in your own home, or teepee, whatever, if you've got a portable disc player.

As in the past, the Grateful Dead is once again preparing to fly into the face of reason with their mail-order-only release of a two-CD set of old live material entitled, "Dick's Picks Vol. 1."

It includes better than two-thirds of the band's last concert of 1973 — that's Dec. 19, 1973, Tampa, Fla., sets 1 and 2, in tape-trader talk.

The CDs are cleaned up versions of the band's original two-track recording system that they used to review their performance after each show.

In those days, the tape setup was usually handled by then-roadie Bill "Kidd" Candelario. The results could be hit or miss when he was preoccupied with broken drumsticks or the band's other musical needs.

Opening the vaults

After the tours, these tapes were placed in storage — the legendary vaults — where they sat unattended for years. Nine years ago, the Dead appointed Dick Latvala, a longtime Deadhead and tape trader, as tape archivist.

He's been sifting through and cataloging this monster collection of 7- and 10-inch reel-to-reel tapes. The Dick's picks series will primarily concern shows from the years 1969 through 1979.

The concert featured on this pick was in many ways unremarkable, in that the band was turning in a solid three hours of musical magic night after night in those days, and this is just another great night from that year. There are no special guests, no breakout songs, just a sampling of the band's two consistent sets that night.

Some of the show's songs have been omitted and the sequencing has been changed slightly to avoid tape glitches and gaps that occurred during the original recording process.

'DICK'S PICKS,' PAGE 3C

CD package featuring music culled from a 1973 Dead show in Tampa, comes from the original two-track master tapes, as opposed to the more sonically sophisticated multi-track tapes released on the Dead's "From the Vault" series. That means you the get the raw sound — the music exactly as it was played, plus glitches, splices, and gaps caused by reel changes.

You can get the $18.95 CD only by calling 800-323-2300. The Dead's "From the Vault" discs, sold the same way, as well as in stores, did OK: Volumes I and II each sold more than 100,000 copies.



...Corel

...the film together." SFCHRONICLE 11/30/93

Wanted: Dead and Live

Hey Deadheads: Grateful Dead Records has just issued the first in a new series of remastered live recordings called "Dick's Picks." Who Dick? He's **Dick Latvala**, the obsessive tape-head who's been the Dead's official recording archivist since 1985.

The new series, which opens with a two-

'Dick's Picks'

'DICK'S PICKS,' FROM 1C

These changes only improve the release. The sound quality is fine considering the primitive source. In comparison to some existing audience tapes, it could be considered outstanding.

The lineup

The first CD begins with a gorgeous version of "Here Comes Sunshine," one of four songs from the Grateful Dead's "Wake of the Flood" album, which debuted that fall. Johnny Cash's "Big River" is given a lively workout graced by the late Keith Godchaux's piano work.

"Mississippi Half-Step" and "Weather Report Suite" (better known to later day fans as "Let It Grow") showcase the songs in their infancy.

"Big Railroad Blues" is next before the Dead take off for heaven with a 21-minute-long long "Playin' In The Band." If any song could serve as the Grateful Dead's anthem or statement of purpose, this is it.

As it often did in the '70s, the song brings the first set to its conclusion.

The second disc is close to an hour of music lifted from the show's second set. The lovely "He's Gone" flows like a gentle stream for nearly 11 minutes before a flawless segue into "Truckin." This version is fairly pedestrian and needs the polyrhythmic contribution of second drummer Micky Hart who was on sabbatical that year.

"Truckin" clocks in at nine minutes before the band covers the blues chestnut "Nobody's Fault But Mine," which they've just begun performing again in the past few years. Musically, it sounds like a cross between the songs "Spoonfull" and "Fever."

"Nobody's Fault" seamlessly leads into 16 minutes of jamming which includes the volcanic psychedelic gem, "The Other One." It's these transitional jams that make the Dead so different from other bands. As a non-Deadhead friend once admiringly said, "It's as if the members of the Dead are in the woods and they're all given a map which shows where they are and their destination, but no paths to that destination are shown. They all take different roads to get there."

Exactly.

Bits and pieces of the song they're finishing blend with the song they're about to do. The feedback-laced jam following "The Other One" fades into the melancholy "Stella Blue." It's elegant and haunting as always. Chuck Berry's "Around and Around" is the set's rave-up closer and it gives Bob Weir the chance to exhibit some of his hambone yelping.

Fortunately, the Dead have never been about marketing. They've always been about playing live, taking the risk and bringing their music directly to their audience.

Since 1965, they've performed hundreds of different songs during over 2000 live concerts and the Grateful Dead have always been incredibly generous in allowing this body of work to flourish through a network of tape traders.

They never bothered fans who taped early shows and by 1984 their sound crew was providing a tapers section for fans to record the shows for non-commercial use.

Why bother to release "Dick's Picks" when similar materials is already available? The band's attitude seems to be that if the music is out there in primitive form, why not clean up some of the lesser known shows and put them in convenient, cleverly designed and packaged CD format.

Some of the band's studio work has withstood the test of time, but like no other band, the Grateful Dead's sound is best defined live in concert.

The Dead's music is an acquired taste. If you don't care for them now, nothing on these discs will change that. However, if you are already into live tapes or consider yourself musically adventurous, it's worth the chance. I'm glad somebody is making the effort to get some of this music out.

Dick's Picks Vol. 1 can be ordered by calling 1-800-323-2300.

It's about music

Now back to my remark about flying against the winds of reason.

In comparison to the band's comfortable financial success from today's tours, there is little money to be made from these releases while allowing less polished earlier performances to be marketed.

From fan to picker

By James Amorello
NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Who is the man that holds the keys to the Grateful Dead's legendary vaults?

Meet Dick Latvala, the Dick of "Dick's Picks" and one of the forces behind the new release of old Dead. He calls himself "one of the most fortunate people in the world."

Like very few people, Latvala managed to fashion a career from a hobby. Latvala's passion was collecting tapes of live Grateful Dead performances.

During a recent phone interview (delayed a few hours so Latvala could enjoy the San Francisco 49ers thrashing of the New York Giants), the 50-year-old Berkley, Calif., native says he started as a fan, attending his first Grateful Dead concerts in April 1966 at the legendary Tripps Festival in San Francisco.

Like thousands of others, Latvala knew he was onto something good.

While never actually taping a show himself, over the next few years he gathered hundreds of hours of live Dead through the fans's informal tape-trading network. Latvala remembers living in Hawaii and gratefully walking four miles to the nearest post office to collect new batches of tapes.

His first big break came in 1979 when Latvala and a friend went to a Dead show at the Red Rocks Amphitheater in Colorado, where they were introduced to longtime crew member Bill "Kidd" Candelario. Latvala refers to his backstage pass and introduction to the band's informal family as "one of the three most significant events of my life."

His next break came in 1985. While hanging out in the Dead's business office Latvala was talking music — what else? — with band secretary Eileen Law. Speaking of tapes from the band's early years, the so-called "primal Dead," Latvala remarked, "I hope somebody is taking care of them."

Grateful Dead bassist Phil Lesh overheard the remark and his interest was piqued. The rest, as they say, is history.

Today Latvala maintains and catalogues thousands of hours of music contained on 7- and 10-inch reel-to-reel tapes as well as digitally recorded cassettes that capture current tours.

Latvala no longer tours with the band, preferring to maintain a relaxed lifestyle in his Petaluma, Calif., home. He is in regular contact with longtime Dead associate John Cutler.

Latvala describes the job as an ongoing education. "I'm a diehard Deadhead and always thought every show I just saw was the best ... until I got heavily involved with tapes. Then I got pickier about sound quality. I was more inclined to hear the (music's) emotional quality. I'm still learning about the sonic aspects. In the past year Cutler has been grooming me to listen more (laughs) discriminatingly. It's a real education."

Latvala says it's impossible to name a single favorite performance. Even in uneventful years, there's something interesting, however subtle, happening in the music.

Dick's pick for the next release? Again, he's non-specific. Although good quality tapes of legendary shows are available through the network, many Deadheads are dying to see them commercially released. Harpur College 5/2/70. Cornell 5/8/77. Fillmore East 2/13/70.

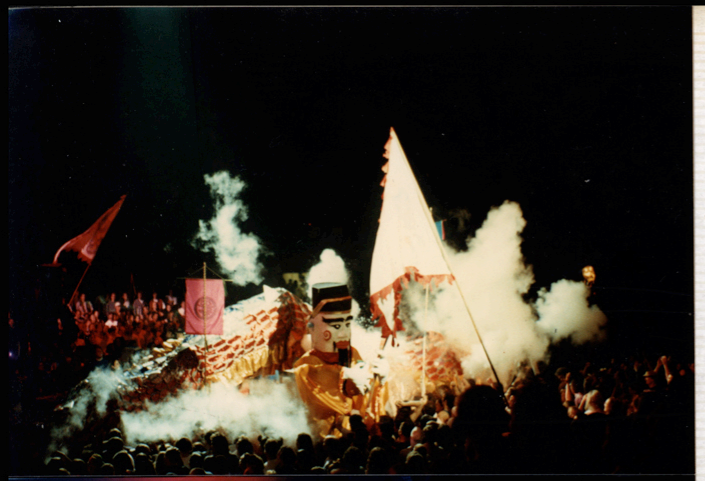
Like the Deadicated everywhere, Latvala speaks the Deadhead's numerical language, referring to specific shows by date and venue.

My humble suggestions of 10/29/79 Cape Cod, 8/27/72 Renaissance Fairgrounds or 7/8/78 Red Rocks sparked a lively conversation about the Dead's pumped up "Dancin' in the Streets" from the late '70s; the "Bertha" waltz phase of '77-'78; and which "Mississippi Half Step" was better in 1977, Boston Garden 5/7 or 9/3 at the Englishtown Raceway Park in New Jersey.

But nothing concrete about future selections.

Latvala is in the unenviable position of having to please more than just Deadheads. His selections come under close scrutiny from the band's management family as well as the Grateful Dead themselves, some of whom might be understandably ambivalent about the project.

Latvala seems content to make his suggestions and let the Grateful Dead in turn make theirs. When and if they do, it'll be Dick Latvala, guardian of the vaults, keeper of the flame, and our link with the Dead's glorious past, who'll help organize the party.







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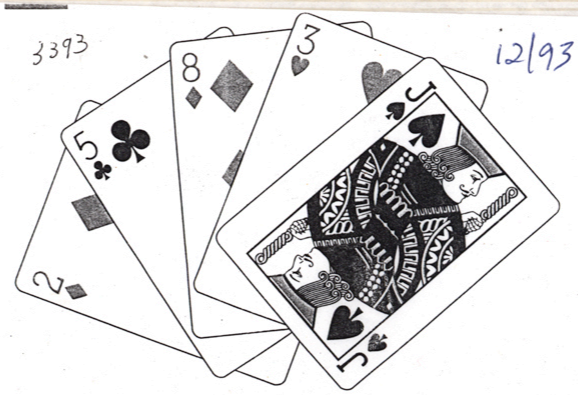


Poker Player

THE GAMBLER

by John W. Sammon

A gambler takes his or her chance based on luck and skill, the best of them knowing when to show 'em, when to fold, and when to run.

A keen student of the game, Hal Kant is one of the top poker players in the country. He is also an attorney for the Grateful Dead rock band. Kant credits his success to practice and observation and estimates he has won $1 million in tournament prize money over the past several years.

The origin of poker is obscure, but the best available evidence credits the Chinese with inventing the first playing cards, probably during the Tang Dynasty (618-908 AD). Card playing was introduced to this country by sailors with Columbus and became a mania in England by the mid-16th century. It was repressed by moralists, though never stamped out.

The production of cards today is at an all-time high, with the Superior Playing Card Company of Milton, Massachusetts reportedly producing 60 million decks last year.

Kant said poker is a growing phenomenon that is attracting participants and a level of interest undreamed of just a few years ago. The competition is fierce and there are more and better players than ever before, so the number of tournaments has been stepped up to meet demand.

"The tour circuit in poker is comparable to what you have in golf, for example," Kant explained. "Tournaments are becoming more numerous. There used to be one every three or four months. Now there's a couple each month."

"I'm participating right now in a moderate-sized tournament at the Peppermill Casino in Reno," Kant said this summer when *Hi Sierra!* spoke with him. By the time the Peppermill tournament was finished, Kant's take was about $11,000.

"I did all right," he later added.

Kant, who likes to play mostly in the Western US, Nevada and California, said his interest in poker began when he learned the game as a kid.

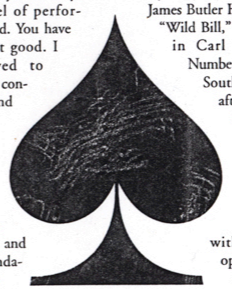
"I was interested in poker early on and learned the game by playing it, by observing and reading books on the subject," he recalled. "If the books are good, they can take you to a certain level of performance, not beyond. You have to practice to get good. I eventually moved to Squaw Valley and continued to learn and refine my game."

Kant is one of the few attorneys who specialized in representing musical groups during the 1960s, and on the recommendation of a mutual friend, began representing the Grateful Dead during the famous beat years of rock. He developed a business logo because of the relationship that reads "Legally Dead."

"I've represented the Dead for about 23 years," he said. "Other groups I used to work with you may remember if you're old enough, included the Association and Big Brother and the Holding Company (after the death of band member Janis Joplin)."

In fact, Kant is sometimes referred to in poker circles today as "Dead Hand Kant," not just over his Grateful Dead association, but because he beat two other poker players in a high stakes match, one who was holding the infamous dead man's hand, aces and eights (two aces, two eights). Kant held three eights.

The term dead man's hand originally came about in the Old West. James Butler Hickok, known as "Wild Bill," was playing cards in Carl Mann's Saloon Number 10 in Deadwood South Dakota, on the afternoon of August 2, 1876. The feared and usually cautious gunman, called the "Prince of Pistoleers," made the mistake of sitting with his back to an open door. A glory-seeking, cross-eyed whiskey-head named Jack McCall came in with a revolver and blew a bullet through the back of Bill's head while he held black aces and eights, plus a nine of diamonds (the winning hand). Hickok's hand was forever after known in poker parlance as the "dead man's hand."



Kant's defeating a modern dead man's hand established him a reputation.

"Wild Bill didn't survive his hand, and neither did the two guys in my contest," Kant joked. "They were forced to drop out of the game."

Tournaments vary in size, the amount of prize money offered, allowable limits, and "deal-me-in" money to get started. Large tournaments attracting the best poker talent around the world include the Gold Coast Tournament in Las Vegas and the Diamond Jim Brady Tourney held every August at the Bicycle Club in Bell Gardens (Los Angeles County). There are 88 incorporated cities in the Los Angeles area, Kant explained, and some of them allow gambling.

"Tournaments in Nevada usually start in the morning and those in California at 7 pm, unless it's a weekend when they might start at noon," Kant explained. "The reason is that more professionals take part in the Nevada contests, whereas in California you have more amateurs who have day jobs they have to go to."

The difference between an amateur and a professional is simple,

DL0652

Kant said. A pro makes his living off poker, while an amateur has another activity, a job, as the main source of income.

"I wouldn't want to be a pro because if my livelihood depended on poker, it might not be as fun," he said. "I might not do as well. It would be boring to do full time and I wouldn't enjoy it as much. Smoke-filled rooms aren't my favorite places either."

Kant estimates that he plays about five major tournament a year.

The granddaddy of them all remains the World Series of Poker. This annual tournament happens every May at Binion's Horseshoe Casino in Las Vegas where Kant won his top (to date) single pot of $200,000.

"The winner of a world series gets a gold champion bracelet, which is a very coveted honor," Kant said. "Like a sport, poker is highly competitive, involving endurance and concentration. If you put up the required amount you can play against anybody. There are about 50 big names in poker, and they're outstanding players."

Kant said tourneys last "as long as it takes," in other words until one player has cleaned the others off the table. He said he has gone on for 17 hours without stopping. Asked how he can keep such a grueling pace, Kant said it's not hard when the stakes are high.

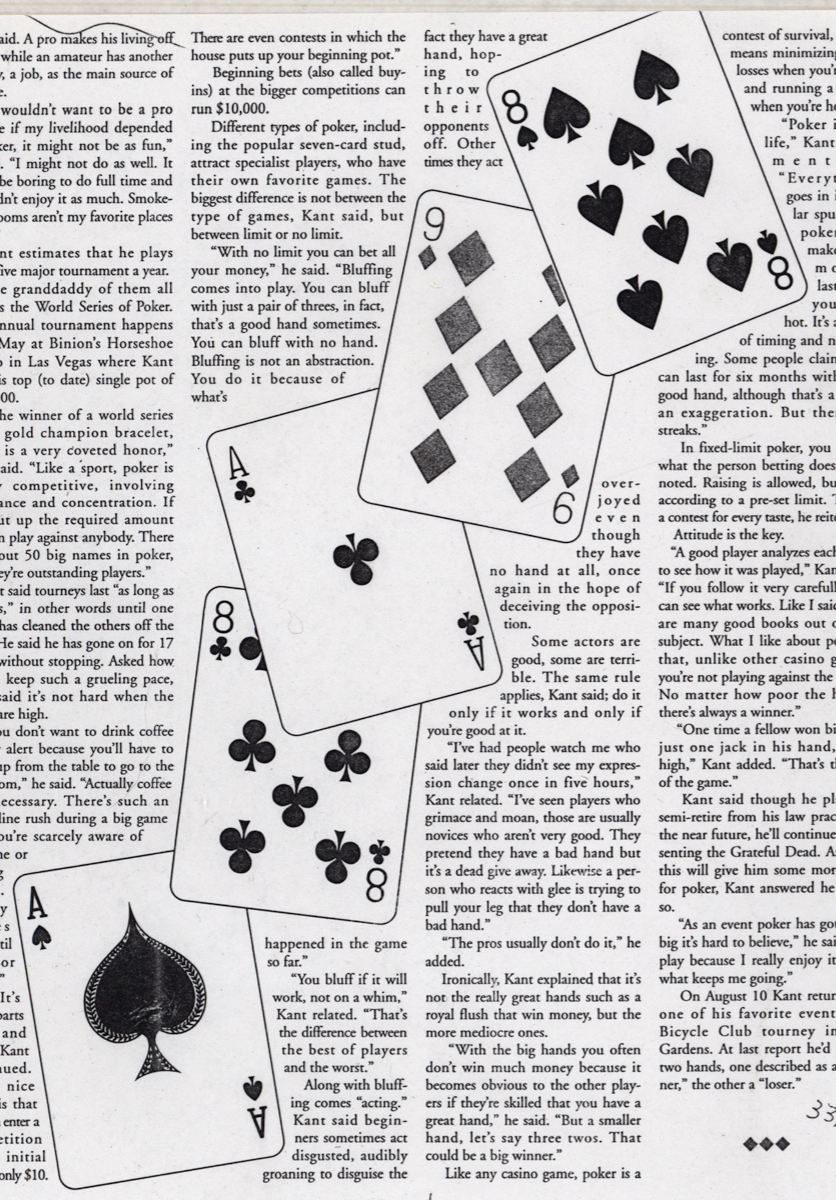
"You don't want to drink coffee to stay alert because you'll have to jump up from the table to go to the bathroom," he said. "Actually coffee isn't necessary. There's such an adrenaline rush during a big game that you're scarcely aware of the time or being tired. Many games last until 3 am or longer."

"It's equal parts skill and luck," Kant continued. "The nice thing is that you can enter a competition for an initial bet of only $10. There are even contests in which the house puts up your beginning pot."

Beginning bets (also called buy-ins) at the bigger competitions can run $10,000.

Different types of poker, including the popular seven-card stud, attract specialist players, who have their own favorite games. The biggest difference is not between the type of games, Kant said, but between limit or no limit.

"With no limit you can bet all your money," he said. "Bluffing comes into play. You can bluff with just a pair of threes, in fact, that's a good hand sometimes. You can bluff with no hand. Bluffing is not an abstraction. You do it because of what's happened in the game so far."



"You bluff if it will work, not on a whim," Kant related. "That's the difference between the best of players and the worst."

Along with bluffing comes "acting." Kant said beginners sometimes act disgusted, audibly groaning to disguise the fact they have a great hand, hoping to throw their opponents off. Other times they act overjoyed even though they have no hand at all, once again in the hope of deceiving the opposition.

Some actors are good, some are terrible. The same rule applies, Kant said; do it only if it works and only if you're good at it.

"I've had people watch me who said later they didn't see my expression change once in five hours," Kant related. "I've seen players who grimace and moan, those are usually novices who aren't very good. They pretend they have a bad hand but it's a dead give away. Likewise a person who reacts with glee is trying to pull your leg that they don't have a bad hand."

"The pros usually don't do it," he added.

Ironically, Kant explained that it's not the really great hands such as a royal flush that win money, but the more mediocre ones.

"With the big hands you often don't win much money because it becomes obvious to the other players if they're skilled that you have a great hand," he said. "But a smaller hand, let's say three twos. That could be a big winner."

Like any casino game, poker is a contest of survival, which means minimizing your losses when you're cold and running a streak when you're hot.

"Poker is like life," Kant commented. "Everything goes in irregular spurts. In poker, you make your money last until you get hot. It's a sense of timing and not losing. Some people claim they can last for six months without a good hand, although that's a bit of an exaggeration. But there are streaks."

In fixed-limit poker, you put in what the person betting does, Kant noted. Raising is allowed, but only according to a pre-set limit. There's a contest for every taste, he reiterated.

Attitude is the key.

"A good player analyzes each hand to see how it was played," Kant said. "If you follow it very carefully, you can see what works. Like I said there are many good books out on the subject. What I like about poker is that, unlike other casino games, you're not playing against the house. No matter how poor the hands, there's always a winner."

"One time a fellow won big with just one jack in his hand, jack-high," Kant added. "That's the fun of the game."

Kant said though he plans to semi-retire from his law practice in the near future, he'll continue representing the Grateful Dead. Asked if this will give him some more time for poker, Kant answered he hopes so.

"As an event poker has gotten so big it's hard to believe," he said. "I'll play because I really enjoy it. That what keeps me going."

On August 10 Kant returned to one of his favorite events, the Bicycle Club tourney in Bell Gardens. At last report he'd played two hands, one described as a "winner," the other a "loser."

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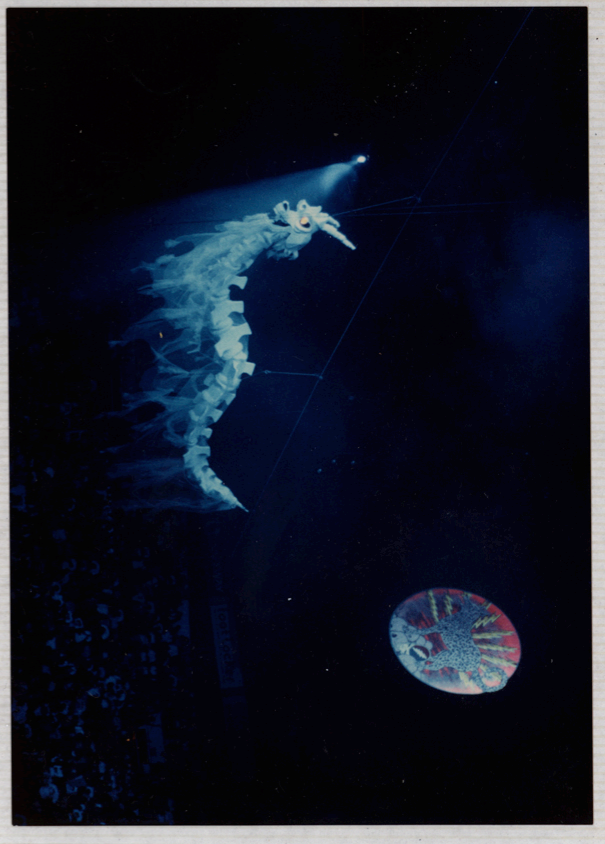

DL0653

Grateful

CD REVIEW

By DAVE FERMAN
FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

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In the world of Deadheads, those hardy souls who follow the Grateful Dead hither and yon, Dick Latvala is one lucky guy, maybe the luckiest of all.

Beginning in 1966, he, like thousands of like-minded Deadheads, collected tapes of the band's shows, savoring the long improvisational jams and only-played-once medleys, the soft ballads Jerry Garcia sings in his tender huggy-bear voice, the dual drum solos of Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann, and all the other musical highlights.

'DICK'S PICKS, VOL. 1' GIVES DEAD FANS SOMETHING TO BE GRATEFUL FOR

Then, through longtime roadie Bill "Kidd" Candelario, Latvala actually met the Dead.

Then, in 1985, 19 years after attending his first Dead show, he was hired by the band to oversee and organize its massive vault of tapes of live shows, rehearsals, outtakes from recording sessions and solo projects by various band members. It's a sound library so large that neither he nor a Dead spokesman would even hazard a guess as to how many hours of music it contains.

Then, last summer, Latvala landed what is probably the ultimate gig in the Deadhead cosmos: He was given the go-ahead by the band to

More on GRATEFUL DEAD on Page 3



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DEC 24 1993

BURRELLE'S

Grateful Dead

Continued from Page 1

choose his favorite two-track tapes for a series of releases on the Dead's own label.

Like, wow, man.

"It's a one-in-a-million chance, and I'm in awe and sometimes overwhelmed at the level of responsibility I have," says Latvala, 50, from his home in Petaluma, Calif., where he does much of his work. "But I have to just do the best I can. I'm just trying to keep this stuff from getting lost in the shuffle."

Dick's Picks Volume One, released Nov. 1 and sold only by mail-order through the Dead's merchandising branch, is the lion's share of a show in Tampa, Fla., on Dec. 19, 1973. Taken from tapes recorded by Candelario — who at the time was in charge of the late Keith Godchaux's piano — *Volume One* is raw, unadorned live material. It doesn't have crystal-clear sound, or flawless playing, but it does capture the band at its fuzzy, acidic, jam-happy best.

Latvala says he chose it largely because of the rare live version of *Here Comes Sunshine,* but the real highlight is the long jam on disc two that includes *He's Gone, Truckin',* the traditional blues/gospel number *Nobody's Fault But Mine* and *The Other One.* This is the sort of loose, flowing, Garcia-led live stuff that Dead fans tend to drool over.

Latvala says the only editing of note was that bassist Phil Lesh asked that one of his solos (described by Latvala as "meandering") be taken out.

Latvala is also keenly aware that hard-core tapers everywhere — some of whom pride themselves on having shows that other tapers don't — may well say they know of better, hotter shows, and that he made the choice to release this show from a purely personal standpoint.

After all, he notes, the Dead has been one of the very few bands to allow fans to tape shows, and in the mid-'80s actually provided the tapers with their own section, directly behind the band's own soundboard. Not long afterward, he notes, the band's 1987 *In the Dark* CD became its bestselling release ever.

Latvala says the plan is for there to be two volumes per year — but for how long, and what the next volume will be, nobody knows.

"We'll just see how it goes," he says. "We could do 20 a week, but we don't want to saturate the market. A lot of times the quality of two-track isn't that good, and it takes someone as crazy as me to find the ones that are decent. I just want to find the good stuff most people aren't aware of — and I'll keep looking."



How to order

Dick's Picks Volume One is $18.95. To order, call (800) 323-2300 or send $18.95 to Dick's Picks, Box 2139, Novato, Calif. 94948.

"I understand anybody criticizing it," he says. "It was my personal choice at the time. It's got a lot of juice and a lot of emotional content to it. I just think it's a real coup for Deadheads to get [the band] to let us release some of this stuff."

Latvala says that the series both is and isn't part of the Dead's long line of live CDs, the latest two of which also came from the Dead's own vaults. Those two packages, 1991's *One From the Vault* (which documents a 1975 show) and *Two From the Vault* (which documents a 1968 show) come from multi-track recordings (at least 16, maybe more) and are available in most CD stores.

Latvala's series, says band spokesman Dennis McNally, is "in the nature of an experiment" and is for more hard-core fans who don't mind the unadorned sound and occasional outright mistakes. It's also, he says, part of an attempt to develop the band's mail-order business.

Latvala says Candelario proposed the series at a spring band meeting. Once band members gave provisional approval, he had three days to make tapes for the band to listen to.

"Kidd just said, 'Why not have Dick pick the three best shows on two-track?' " Latvala says. "I had to be really critical. I had three potential shows, one from 1970, one from '73, and one from '77. There were so many good shows during that '73 era, but I chose this one for the version of *Here Comes Sunshine,* and the whole show was great."

"Kidd recorded the show, and he was working Keith's piano, so the taping wasn't his first priority," Latvala explains. "There were some spectacular edits. You can't do much with two-track, and they spliced edits together and did some major surgery."

McNally says *Volume One* has sold around 10,000 copies in its first month, and says there is no concern that the series will cut into sales of the band's subsequent studio or live CDs.

4/94

LIVELY

DEAD'S MIXER DUMPED

BY MICHAEL SNYDER
CHRONICLE STAFF CRITIC

In a move that surprised fans and insiders, the **Grateful Dead** fired producer/engineer **Dan Healy,** who has mixed the band's concert sound since 1972. For the Dead's current East Coast tour, Healy's spot has been taken by **John Cutler,** a veteran mixer with credits on the **Bob Dylan**/Dead live album and various projects by the group's guitarist **Jerry Garcia.**

Healy is highly respected in the music business as an innovative sound man. He has recorded numerous remarkable albums, including the recent collaborations between Garcia, mandolin virtuoso **David Grisman** and spoken-word wizard **Ken Nordine.** But Healy is most lauded for his ability to create a vivid live mix in the vastness of the enormous stadiums and arenas that the Dead play because of their great popularity.

"Dan has been a friend to the band since 1966," said Dead spokesperson **Dennis McNally.** "In the 22 years that he handled the house mix for them, he set the standard for concert sound. All I know is that his departure was a band decision. Maybe they just wanted a new set of ears."



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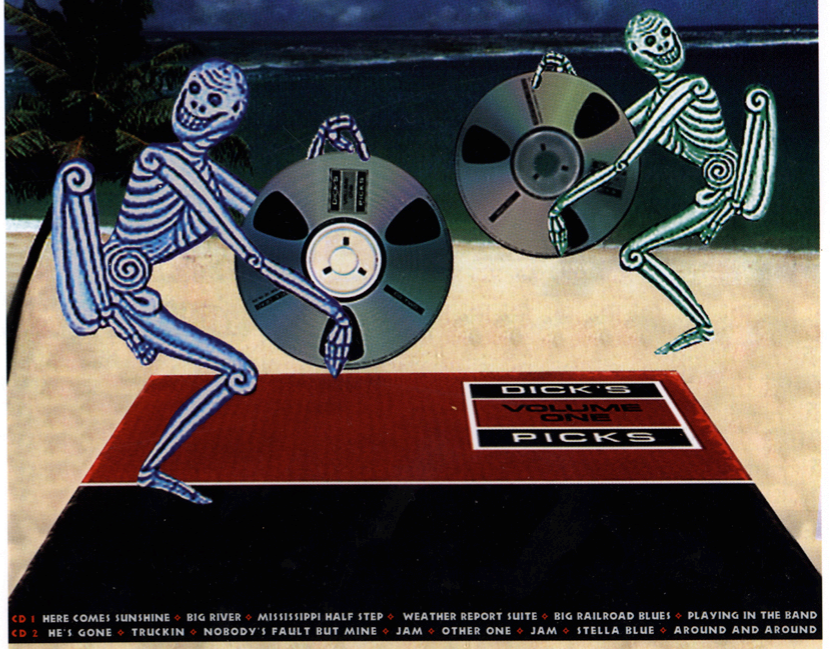

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ROCK & ROLL HALL OF FAME
INTRODUCTION, BY BRUCE HORNSBY

Bruce Hornsby:Thank You, Thank You. I'm here to talk about and pay tribute to the amazing wonderful phenomenon known as the Grateful Dead. A lots been written about these guys, often discussed in terms of the sorts of sociological or cultural phenomena aspects. The vast undulating throbbing tie-dyed masses and the entire subculture that surrounds and follows the band. But I'd like to deal with the band's music from the point of view of a fan. Someone who was a fan for 15 or 20 years, who then ended up playing music with them. In 1974, as a 19 year old college student, I went to see the Grateful Dead play in my home town. At the end of the 5 hour show Bobby Weir walked up to the microphone and said "We had so much fun tonight that we're gonna come back tomorrow night, take out all the seats and play for free." Now when your 19 years old, I mean that was really for me. That was, that was big. And anyone else who was there for that matter. I think they instantly converted anyone. From that point on I was a real fan. And my friends and I did come back for the second free night, where they didn't repeat one song from the night before. And still don't, as some know. The Dead had an influence on lots of people I knew in those days. Such as the college fraternity of Deadheads I knew who used to drop acid, paint their faces, and go play intramural volleyball. True. They never won, not once. At later shows in those days, those same friends could be seen scratching their heads as Phil Lesh played his electronic music at the intermissions, the Seastones records. The Dead has always been about more than Rock N'Roll, about artistic curiosity and freedom. And has always been interested in and involved with the gamut of the music of the world. From Mickey Hart's world music projects, that were going on long before the current widespread interest and sort of fadish interest in world music. To Garcia's bluegrass projects. To their Rex Foundation a charitable organization that among other things gives grants to obscure 20th century classical composers, along with such varied musicians, from other musical areas, like Pharoh Sanders and David Grisman. They've always been more than just a rock band. And speaking of world music, picture Mickey Hart, Bill Graham, and basketball hall of famer Bill Walton riding around on camels around the Sphinx in Egypt when the Dead played there years ago. These guys have truly always gone their own way. But in the end it would always come back to closing the concert night with a Chuck Berry song, or Not Fade Away, a Dylan song, or Turn On Your Lovelight. No other band would give you Olatunji and Lovelight, shades of Luciano Berro and Chuck Berry, musique concrete and three chords in the same night. Rock N'Roll has supposedly always been about freedom. To me the Grateful Dead changed the idea of a rock show, from something really rather strict and calculated. You probably knew when Elvis was going to do his moves. When the Beatles were going to shake their heads and go woo. Or when Jerry Lee was gonna play the piano with his feet. If you saw the shows once. To something very loose, unstructured, antipop, a less formal and spontaneous approach to a rock show. A rare situation where they play a show, where the music is always up for grabs. Believe me I know about this, there were many times when I'd be on stage with these guys when I didn't know what the hell was happening. Truth. Billy Kreutzmann would have to give me some sort of sign, some sort of hand signal. We are going here Bruce, go there with us. (the Dead give Bruce grief from the side of the stage) They're telling me to shut up over there. Another hand signal. But thats good to me, thats freedom and spontaniety, and it makes for many more special musical moments than would occur if you just played their same rote show every night. I mean how many groups would ask a musician to come in off the street, namely me, and let him play all night, everynight, with no rehearsal, knowing that I only knew about a quarter of the songs to begin with. That's loose. I mean there's no where else I know of where in front of the a fore mentioned tie-dyed masses you can play one song for an hour.

Phil Lesh:Here's to them.

Bruce Hornsby:Once I started playing with them I realized that they were on the inside just as I had imagined on the outside. A bunch of really good people, with some great songs, and a very unique approach. As the bumper stickers have proclaimed for over 20 years, there is really nothing like a Grateful Dead concert. The Dead show to me is about the best party you can go to. The modern day three ring circus, the modern day tent show, something much more than just a rock show. They're also unique in the sense that unlike almost anyone ever inducted into the Hall of Fame, the Dead exists virtually completely outside of the record business. A very nice place to be, sometimes. Their own business has gotten to the point where someone could have shown up tonight to this dinner wearing a Garcia tie, a Garcia dress, Garcia jeans, and a Garcia coat. All bought at Macy's or Bloomingdale's. Thats quite a concept to me. These guys have been together for 28 years, an amazing feat in and of itself. They've been through an awful lot in that over a quarter century of time together, and in that time have been graced with the talent of several members no longer with us. Who should be remembered for the good years they spent with the group. Ron "Pig Pen" McKernan, Keith Godchaux, and Brent Mydland. And also let us not forget the current keyboard player Vince Welnick, and a guy from the early days Tom Constanten, who are also here tonight. Through it all, the tough times and the mostly great times, they've been the true renaissance band. And frankly I don't understand why they didn't get into this thing last year, there I said it. Ladies and gentlemen here's to the Grateful Dead and another 28 years. Thanks a lot.
(U.S.Blues from the Grateful Dead movie plays as the Dead walk onto the stage)

Bill Kreutzmann:Hello, Thank You, Thank You. It's nice to be here. That was a nice thing Bruce, thank you very much. In Grateful Dead tradition I'm not gonna read this. (he rips up his prepared speech) I'm just not gonna do that, you know. I just want to say it is amazing trip to play in the same band for 28 years, with these guys right here on stage with me. Thats pretty unusual I think in this business, the music business. We've gone through a lot of strange things, been slight hair color changes. Feel good.

Phil Lesh:Looking good Bill.

Bill:So I'm just happy to be here, its an honor to be here. I'm really doing this tonight cause I like to play music. Thats where I come from. I usually play for people that don't have quite this outfit on, usually they're a lot more colorful, but you guys all look good. This is fun. Anyway, I want to sway one thing very important to me is I miss Pig Pen, Keith, and Brent. They were 3 keyboard players, they were really important to the band. Ron"Pig Pen" McKernan was our first lead player he, before Garcia had all the spotlights at him, Ron was our boy, he did it all. So thanks a lot. Thanks for being here tonight. And its a pleasure. These other guys have something to say too. Thanks

Phil Lesh:I'd like to thank everybody who voted for us this year. You, whoever you are. And I gotta say for all our friends and colleagues, its been long, its been strange, and its definitely been a trip. We'd like to take this

DLD656

opportunity however to thank the Deadheads worldwide, because without them we wouldn't be anywhere, much less right here right now. Also, like to say to the thousands of heads who are currently serving maximum sentances, that there's still hope for a miracle in America. And so keep the faith, keep the change, and keep watching the skies.

Mickey Hart:Ya Phil, I guess its time to talk about the 17th' century balladeers and the African drummers and singers who's songs and rhythms all came together on these shores to make that soup that became the music we love. There won't be time tonight to thank all the great blues, country, and jazz players who honed this music and then passed it on to us. But for one of them, Mr.Willie Dixon is being honored here tonight.

Bob Weir:A few years ago, a few of us had the pleasure of going to the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco and catching Count Bassie and his orchestra. They featured a quartet, the core of the band was a quartet that had been together for 45 or 50 years. And they swung like angels. Some of the soloists had been around for a long time as well. And it was such a treat to watch those hoary heads rocking up and down and back and forth. And then a couple of weeks later I learned, or We learned that the Count had gone home, to his home in Florida and put his feet up and quietly checked out. And to a man we all thought to ourselves, Yes, thats what I want to be, that's what I want to do. And now here we are, and its really great to be here.How could we not love it. Cause just like him we're doing what comes naturally. What we would've done anyway, no matter where life had lead us. And the people come from miles away to hear you play your music, or uh, from miles around to hear you play your music when the sun goes down. And you can hear the tune, and you can feel the feel, and you can hear the tune. Feel the feel. Alright. Thank You.

Phil Lesh: Say Goodnight Jerry.

Group:(while they hold the life size cutout of Jerry) Goodnight Jerry.

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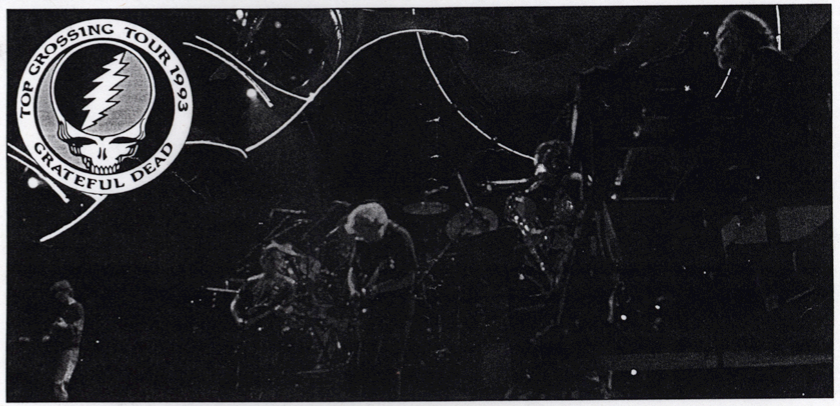
★ 1993 Top Grossing Tour



Fully recovered from the medical problems that plagued him in 1992, Jerry Garcia, the fiftysomething guitarist for the Grateful Dead, helped his band achieve the highest grossing tour of the year. After slipping to second place in '92, the Grateful Dead came back in full force, grossing more than $45.6 million for 81 dates in 1993, which also made it the biggest year ever for the band. But even when it wasn't in the number one spot, the Grateful Dead has held a position among the top five tours every year since 1987.

The Grateful Dead is one of the most unorthodox bands on the touring circuit. With a liberal bootlegging policy, virtually encouraging fans to record their live shows, the Dead have managed to hold on to the vibe of the San Francisco hippie scene of the 60s. Yet it has its foot planted firmly in the economic realities of the 90s. With virtually no radio or video support, this cultural phenomenon known simply as the Dead seems to attract new elements to its fan base every year. Yet they do so without alienating their long-standing fans, many of whom can brag that they've seen hundreds of their shows. At any given Grateful Dead concert, one can see young and old, rich and poor, straights and stoners coming together to share the Dead experience.

For a band that has traditionally approached its career in an uncommercial way, the Grateful Dead is one of the most consistent money-making entities in show business today. The merchandising rights alone have burgeoned, featuring items from housewares to Christmas wreaths and beyond. Of course, the traditional skeleton stickers and T-shirts continue to evolve along with the dancing bear paraphernalia associated with the band.

This past year on the road has allowed the Grateful Dead to reestablish its touring circuit at a combination of stadiums, arenas and amphitheatres. Tour production continues to be geographically split between Bill Graham Presents in the west and Metropolitan Entertainment in the east, with local promoters co-producing most of the dates.

It wasn't very long ago that the Dead was finding it difficult to find venues to play. They had been banned by some facilities because of the caravan of Deadheads that like to congregate and camp on site. The parking lot Deadhead extravaganza, complete with unauthorized vendors selling or bartering everything from tie-dyed T-shirts to grilled cheese sandwiches and marijuana brownies, often spills over into a community's streets.

Some, mostly newer fans of the group, had treated the community areas around facilities disrespectfully, urinating on lawns and littering streets. But the band mounted a grass roots effort encouraging everyone to treat the communities in a respectful manner so they would continue to have places to play. That strategy, along with closer local coordination, seems to have achieved dramatic results. The band makes sure local communities are aware that there will be an abundance of people looking for camp sites when they come to town, and with proper preparation, problems have been minimized.

The communal family that makes up the Grateful Dead organization is now rolling towards it's 30th year together with no signs of slowing down. And in the concert business, it's nice to have at least one thing you can count on every year.

Cover photo by Ken Freidman at Oakland Coliseum.
Inside photo by Art Foxall at Los Angeles Sports Arena.

Date	City	State	Venue	Promoter	Tickets Sold	Gross $
Jan.24-26	Oakland	CA	Oakland Coliseum	Bill Graham Presents	44,930	1,055,855
Feb.21-23	Oakland	CA	Oakland Coliseum	Bill Graham Presents	39,799	955,176
Mar. 9-11	Rosemont	IL	Rosemont Horizon	Metropolitan / Jam Prod.	48,356	1,208,900
14	Richfield	OH	Richfield Coliseum	Metropolitan / Belkin Prod.	17,852	437,374
16-18	Landover	MD	USAir Arena	Metropolitan / Cellar Door	50,599	1,264,975
20-22	Atlanta	GA	The Omni	Metropolitan/Concert/Southern	47,102	1,153,999
24-25	Chapel Hill	NC	Dean E. Smith Center	Metropolitan / Cellar Door	38,535	905,573
27-29	Albany	NY	Knickerbocker Arena	Metropolitan	47,344	1,159,618
31	Uniondale	NY	Nassau Coliseum	Metropolitan	82,416	2,142,816
Apr. -5	Uniondale	NY	Nassau Coliseum	Metropolitan	82,416	2,142,816
May14-16	Las Vegas	NV	Silver Bowl	BGP / Evening Star	126,000	3,276,000
21-23	Mt. View	CA	Shoreline Amph.	Bill Graham Presents	66,000	1,453,231
25-27	Sacramento	CA	Cal Expo Amph.	BGP / Rex Foundation	41,500	1,021,155
June 5-6	E. Rutherford	NJ	Giants Stadium	Metropolitan	112,976	3,219,816
8-9	Auburn Hills	MI	Palace Of Auburn Hills	Metropolitan/Cellar Door/Belkin	30,327	743,012
11	Hebron	OH	Buckeye Lake	Metropolitan / Belkin	50,000	1,325,000
June 13	Orchard Park	NY	Rich Stadium	Metropolitan	62,847	1,728,292
15-16	Louisville	KY	Freedom Hall	Metropolitan / Sunshine	31,496	771,412
18-19	Chicago	IL	Soldier Field	Metropolitan / Jam Prod.	115,239	3,041,690
21-23	Noblesville	IN	Deer Creek Music Ctr.	Metropolitan / Sunshine	59,289	1,385,904
25-26	Washington	DC	RFK Stadium	Metropolitan / Cellar Door	114,737	3,155,526
Aug21-22	Eugene	OR	Autzen Stadium	BGP / Double Tee / Field Trip	86,005	2,236,130
25-27	Mt. View	CA	Shoreline Amph.	Bill Graham Presents	59,742	1,321,913
Sept. 8-10	Richfield	OH	Richfield Coliseum	Metropolitan / Belkin	49,696	1,242,400
12-14	Philadelphia	PA	The Spectrum	Metropolitan / Electric Factory	49,182	1,303,343
16-22	New York	NY	Madison Square Garden	Metropolitan	105,757	2,893,355
24-26	Boston	MA	Boston Garden	Metropolitan / Don Law	87,315	2,387,932
Dec. 8-10	Los Angeles	CA	Sports Arena	BGP / Avalon Attractions	43,001	1,075,025
12-13	San Diego	CA	Sports Arena	BGP / Avalon Attractions	25,510	663,260
17-19	Oakland	CA	Oakland Coliseum	Bill Graham Presents	46,626	1,096,620
				TOTAL Tickets / Gross	1,780,168	45,625,301

NEW YORK TIME 6/26/94

POP MUSIC

Who Else Would Name a Foundation for a Roadie?

By J. PEDER ZANE

THE COMPOSER ROBERT SIMPson has garnered great praise but little support during his long career, a predicament that has left many of his works unrecorded. "It's Simpson's luck," he says. "What's Simpson's luck? It's bad luck." So he was "marvelously astonished" when he received a $10,000 money order from some outfit in America called the Rex Foundation.

"My agent said they were associated with an American music group called the Grateful Dead," recalls the 73-year-old composer, who used the grant to help record his Ninth Symphony. "I laughed and said, 'Good heavens, only someone with a name like that would want to help me.' "

The Dead call it Lone Ranger philanthropy. Brandishing fat checks instead of silver bullets, the San Francisco rock band has donated $4.5 million, often anonymously, since establishing Rex, which is now celebrating its 10th anniversary. In addition to supporting obscure composers, it has set up scholarships that have enabled Salvadoran refugees to go to camp and Sioux women to study medicine, assisted the saxophonist Pharaoh Sanders and the Lithuanian Olympic team, and financed programs to eradicate blindness in Nepal, clean up rivers in Alabama, protect striped bass in California and feed the homeless in Boston.

"We look for things that have fallen through the cracks of the big charities, that need an angel to come down and give them a shot," says Phil Lesh, the band's bassist.

Rex is also unlike other charities because of what it doesn't do: It has no endowment, no fund-raising campaigns and no paid staff. It solicits no grant proposals, rarely advertises its good works and raises almost all its money at rock concerts at which the Grateful Dead perform.

"We play some benefits; we make some money; we give that money away," says Mickey Hart, one of the Dead's two drummers. "Then we go play some more benefits so we can have more money to give away."

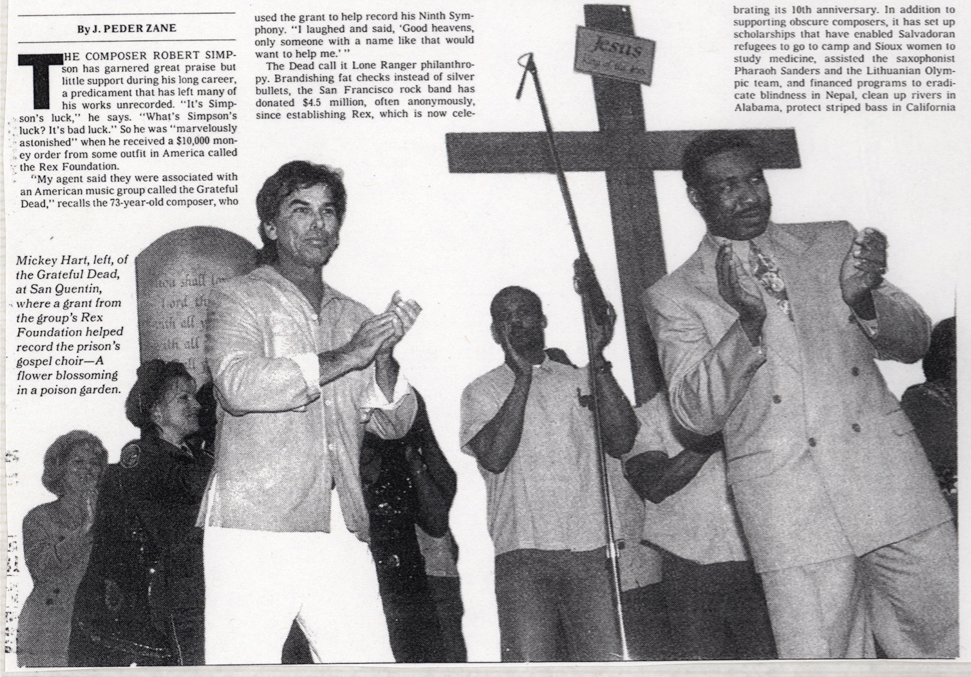
In this era of limelight activism, when celluloid messiahs often draw less attention to their cause than their célèbre, the Dead have been quietly donating time and money since they formed in 1965. And at a time when the 1960's are both overglamorized and rashly demonized, the Rex Foundation is a reminder that that decade's better impulses are relevant today.

REX DRAWS ITS INSPIRATION from two sources: a former roadie and an old television series. "We named the foundation after Donald Rex Jackson, who was killed in a car crash in 1976," explains Mr. Hart. "He embodied this great generous spirit. He was wild, a renegade who'd do anything, and I think Rex has some of that spirit.

"It's also like that old show 'The Millionaire' where someone you don't know enters your life and gives you the chance to turn it around," he adds. "I like to think we're doing that through Rex."

It was this James-Dean-meets-Mother-Teresa spirit, he said, that guided him to use Rex money to go behind the barbed-wire gates of San Quentin and record the prison's gospel choir. Like many Rex grants, it came about through a strange brew of karma and serendipity. In 1991 the Gyoto Tantric Choir — Tibetan monks whom Mr. Hart helped bring to America — felt the presence of "trapped souls" as they passed the prison in a van. "They wanted to go right in, but we told them that would be a little difficult," Mr.

Continued on Page 34



Mickey Hart, left, of the Grateful Dead, at San Quentin, where a grant from the group's Rex Foundation helped record the prison's gospel choir—A flower blossoming in a poison garden.

The Band That Named A Foundation for a Roadie

Continued From Page 28

Hart says. When the monks later performed at San Quentin, he heard the prison's gospel choir and "was blown away."

"Here was this flower blossoming in this poison garden," he says.

They began rehearsing during the same week that Robert Alton Harris became the first man in 25 years to be executed in California's gas chamber. "The air was thick," Mr. Hart recalls. "It was bursting with lightning. It was on fire." And then something amazing happened. "The guards started coming off the towers when they heard the music. I turn around and there's a captain playing the drums, there's a lieutenant on the organ, guards and inmates were mixing and singing sacred songs."

The album, entitled "He's All I Need," peaked at No. 28 on the Billboard gospel charts. All proceeds went to a fund for victims of the inmates.

Mr. Hart knows that the project did not transform the felons into choirboys — although they have started a feeder group for parolees. "Whether the light goes on, that's up to the individual, but I think we gave some of them the power to turn it on."

In the Grateful Dead's school of Lone Ranger philanthropy, fat checks are the silver bullets.

It also helped him repay an old debt. As a child in Brooklyn, he was sent to camp through a program for the underprivileged. Around the campfire, counselors handed out tomtoms and the youngsters mimicked Mohican rites. "I'd never seen the drum used in a ritual setting before, as a force of power, spirit, healing and community," he said. "And a light went on. I stumbled, blundered into a life-giving experience that changed me forever."

Before the Dead had money to give away, the band played for free; in fact, its first show as the Grateful Dead was a benefit for the San Francisco Mime Troupe in 1965.

The idea for a foundation occurred as early as 1972, but every time the Dead came close to pulling together the necessary funds, quixotism intruded. They were in retirement from late 1974 to 1976, once they paid off debts from their failed record label, they decided to jam at the Great Pyramid in Egypt in 1978. They spent $500,000, putting them in a financial squeeze for two more years. As the 80's dawned, the group moved from playing clubs and theaters to larger places like Madison Square Garden. "While every creep in America started making a billion dollars on Wall Street, we started making a lot of money," says Dennis McNally, the group's publicist. "And coincidentally, we responded by figuring out a way to give it away."

He says starting a foundation enabled the band to control the money, parcel out the proceeds among many causes and have a ready excuse for saying no to "the three or four hundred groups that were asking us to do benefits every year."

REX WAS ESTABLISHED as an independent charity. It raises about 85 percent of its funds at three to five Dead concerts a year. The rest comes from private donations; almost all administrative and personnel costs are absorbed by the band. Rex has two guiding principles: limit grants to $10,000 and give the money without conditions.

"There are no strings because if we trust them enough to give them the money, we trust them to know the best way to use it," Mr. Lesh says.

Most of the 60 to 100 grants awarded each year go to recipients nominated by a body called the Circle of Deciders. It is composed of band members and their families, its 50 employees, and friends like the former basketball player Bill Walton and Bernie Bildman, an oral surgeon from Birmingham, Ala., known as the Mouth Man From the Southland.

Dr. Bildman has been a follower of the band since the early 1970's when a divorce left him "open for adventure." Like others in the Circle, he says his nominations are guided by serendipity. "I'll read about something or someone will turn me on to a group and if I get a good vibe, I'll do a little more research," he says. "If it checks out, then it's warp speed ahead."

■

Curiously, Rex money has had perhaps its greatest impact on modern symphonic music. Under Mr. Lesh's guidance, the foundation has spent $100,000 commissioning and recording works by avant-garde composers including Michael Finnissy, Richard Barrett and Mr. Simpson. Rex has also helped revive the work of Havergal Brian, a British composer who had only one of his 32 symphonies recorded before he died in 1972.

"Phil Lesh has been key in sparking interest in Brian's music," said David J. Brown, vice president of the Havergal Brian Society. "His money allowed us to record some of his music and show there was an audience for it. Now the Marco Polo label is recording all of his symphonies."

Dressed in the gray sneakers, jeans and purple pullover he wore on stage seven hours later, Mr. Lesh recently acknowledged the apparent irony of his patronage. In fact, he studied music composition with Luciano Berio in the mid-60's and wrote many classical compositions. "But life changed things around on me and I ended up in a rock band," he says.

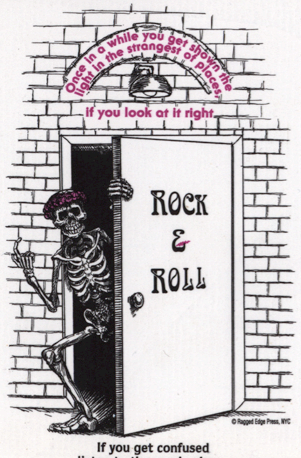
He points out that the composers he supports have many similarities. "They are all outsiders, and I guess, despite our success, we're outsiders, too," he says. "These guys take no prisoners. They are not writing down to anybody. They are not trying to be comprehensible."

Mr. Lesh hopes to return to composition one day. "I'm sure there is a certain vicariousness for me in giving these grants," he says. "If I were out there, I'd hope there was somebody like me out there."

GIVE TO THE FRESH AIR FUND



Donald Rex Jackson in the early 1970's, as shown in the book "Grateful Dead Family Album"—"This great generous spirit."



If you get confused
listen to the music play...



ROCK & ROLL · JUN 16 1993 · RHYTHM & BLUES

FIRST DAY OF ISSUE
CELEBRATIONS
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SANTA MONICA, CA 90401

Grateful Dead
Productions
1016 Lincoln Ave.
San Rafael, CA 94901

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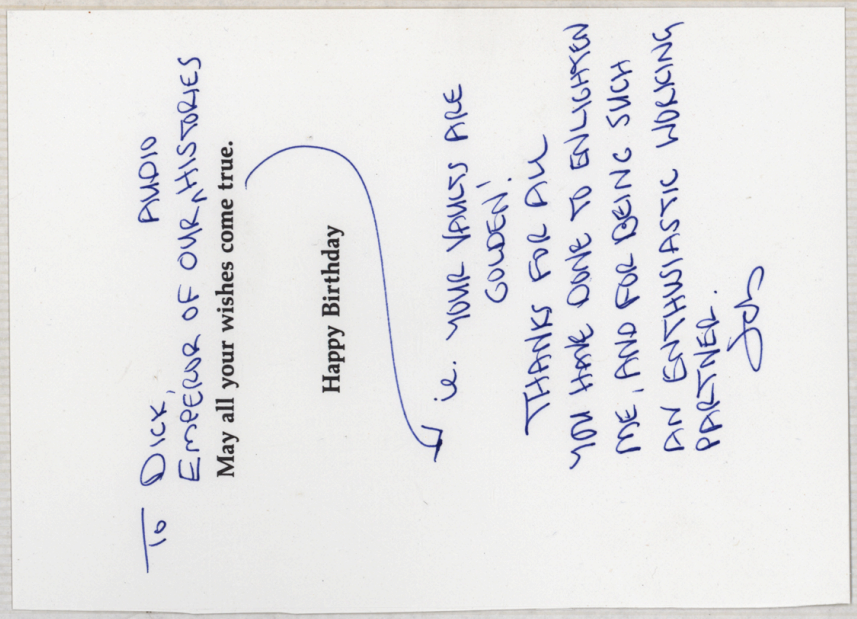
DL0659



To Dick,
Emperor of our Audio Histories
May all your wishes come true.

Happy Birthday

i.e. your vaults are golden!
Thanks for all you have done to enlighten me, and for being such an enthusiastic working partner.
Job

Happy Birthday
You Ole Hunk -
♡ Basia

Have a Happy Birthday
Love Nancy

Happy Birthday
Dick - May this one be the BEST
♡ always
Jmnd

May your dreams keep coming true - if you dream - dream big and lots of peace love magic's light
We love you,
Jeannie's LOBO

To the cat's meow
It's your time - Happy,
Happy Birthday.
Love,
Diane,
& Sweetie

HEY DICK! 7/26

Happy Birthday

Wishing you a very Happy Birthday
You've added so much color to our lives! We love you!
Love, John + Anne

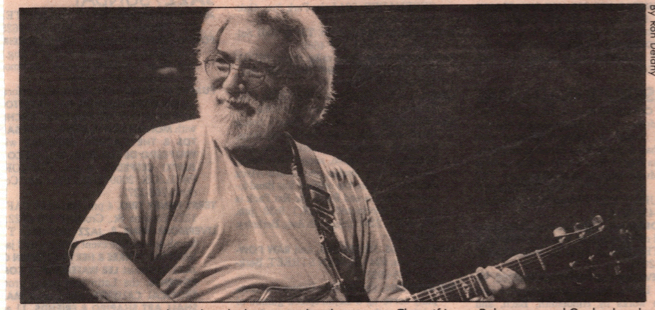
FOOLS RUSH IN

Woodcrock

By Gina Arnold

It's difficult to decide what to hope for regarding this weekend's thoroughly bogus Woodstock '94 celebration in Saugerties, New York. Beginning on Friday, thousands of suckers are expected to gather in a thoroughly well-policed, fenced-in field for Woodstock Inc., there to watch many bands while simultaneously being voluntarily deprived of their human rights.

Part of me hopes that the enterprise—a corporatized mush of misplaced sentimentality—bombs big-time, thus leaving the greed-driven promoters (incidentally, the same three guys who did Woodstock I, in conjunction with Polygram, Pepsi, and various other corps) humiliated and broke for the next eleven years. But part of me wants it to be a huge success. There is something satisfying about the thought of a bunch of paunchy forty-somethings cheerily driving their Volvo station wagons hundreds of miles, parking in a giant lot, being bussed to the gates of a minimum security prison and then systematically stripped of food, drink, money (you have to purchase scrip, like in the Army), and cameras (you have to buy a throwaway on site, at a vastly marked-up rate no doubt), hiking miles to some spot relatively close to the stage—and then, when they're finally all settled in, being confronted by **Nine Inch Nails**.



By Ron Delany

Axl's evil twin Jerry

Head Like a Hole

Of course, Woodstock '94 doesn't think it will be attracting paunchy 44-year-olds who wish they'd had the foresight to go to the first Woodstock but missed the boat—it wants, according to an interview with promoter Michael Lang in last week's *Newsweek*, to attract those under 29. That, apparently, is the rationale behind having a band lineup that includes **Metallica**, **Green Day**, the **Red Hot Chili Peppers**, and **Henry Rollins**. But even disregarding the fact that only the people who haven't been to a rock concert in fifteen years would accept the restrictions involved in this one; that $135 ($165, including service charge) is out of the price range of most under-thirties; and lastly, that this core audience is more likely to seek community at Lollapalooza, the Yo Yo Festival, or a rave—the promoters of Woodstock Inc. have made a crucial mistake in booking these bands. They've forgotten that the very word *Woodstock* only has meaning to kids who specifically aren't into Metallica, Green Day, and NIN. It appeals, rather, to Dead Heads. Thus, if Lang, Polygram, and Co. had really wanted to pack that field, they'd have booked the **Spin Doctors**.

It's really astonishing that they lost sight of what would appeal, since the only thing that could conceivably have encouraged Woodstock's promoters to take on the venture at all is the continual success of the **Grateful Dead** over the past couple of decades. Without meaning to sound down on the band itself, the cult that surrounds it is pretty vile. Granted, the Dead's music is not to my taste (and, although they never get crucified for it like certain other bands, several members' personal lives make **Guns N' Roses** seem like fonts of cleanliness, sobriety, and integrity.) But if the whole horrid Dead Head ethos didn't incite aesthetic and cultural vulgarity on a mass scale year after year, I could easily let them slide. Then the Dead would just be like **Jimmy Buffett**, who also promotes an unendurably smug form of social self-indulgence couched in faux rootsy music, and with an equally vast amount of success.

Mean People Suck

I mean, have you been to a Dead show lately? I have. Other than the occasional casual concert-goer, there are two types of folks there: tie-dyed hippie types, both young and old, who claim to be following the peace-love-drugs-&-big-bucks ideals of the '60s, and frat people in sportswear decorated with little dancing bears who like to smoke pot. Both types of Dead fan are diehard conservatives at heart, as is evidenced, first, by their selfish conception of entrepreneurship (selling buck burritos, sloppy hairwraps, and tabs of acid offsite and thus messing up other people's homes, while basically refusing to contribute to their own communities in a meaningful way), and second, by their reactionary taste in music.

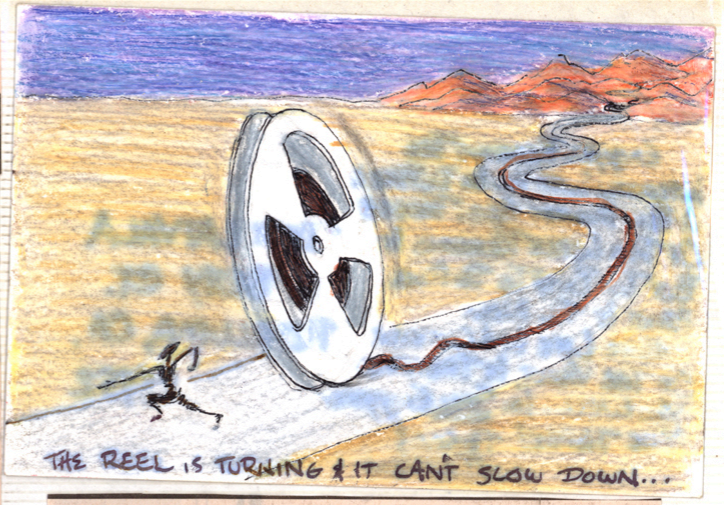
In some ways, the Dead's take on American music reminds me of **Tom Carson**'s mid-'80s review of **R.E.M.**'s *Fables of the Reconstruction*, in which he claimed that the bandmembers were Reaganites at heart because their music was nostalgic for a smalltown American past. He was wrong about R.E.M.—in fact, their music yearns for an idyllic smalltown present—but the Dead, with their benevolently confused attitude toward Americana, have disinformed an entire generation. "Truckin'," "Casey Jones," "Uncle John's Band"—it seems to me that none of these songs tell the truth about life as we know it, but have created, instead, a fictional world where simple, bullheaded, redneck folks are actually kind, generous, and willing to be panhandled.

This isn't to say that some of the Dead's songs aren't pretty, lucid, and musically adept. It's just that, taken as a whole, their work lacks relevance in the real world. Even their charity work always has some airy-fairy character to it—blind kids in Tibet and rain forests—anything rather than face up to reality.

Meanwhile, according to a recent article in *Details*, undercover cops now supposedly cruise Dead concerts and victimize poor downtrodden rich white college kids by setting them up to score 20,000 tabs of acid for resale and then clapping them in jail for ten years after the sting. Excuse me while I save my pity for homeboys whose whole life has conspired to put them in prison permanently...

Artificial light

But back in the garden, a bunch of suckers are taking part in nothing. I wonder who was dumb enough to buy a ticket? Their punishment is clearly that they'll have to be there, but it does make you wonder: what was Woodstock all about to begin with? I don't know, but I know I don't need it—I have my own music, my own refuge from the mainstream, my own cultural revolution to shape in years to come. Woodstock itself was like the light from a star which only reaches earth long after the star itself has burned up and passed away. What we saw in the first place wasn't even real—and what we're recreating is far, far worse.



Strom Thurmond schmoozes with Grateful Dead in D.C.

WASHINGTON — Strom Thurmond and Jerry Garcia? Could the eyes deceive?

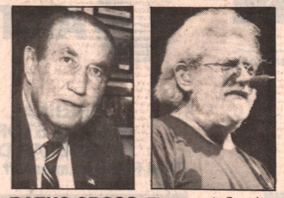
The two caused quite a stir in the Senate dining room when the 92-year-old Republican senator from South Carolina came over to say hello to the Grateful Dead's lead guitarist.

Garcia, a Mill Valley resident, and fellow band members Bob Weir, Phil Lesh and Mickey Hart were the guests of Sen. Patrick Leahy, D-Vt., a big fan who's known to play Dead music while he works.

Leahy sat on stage for the San Rafael band's concert in Washington over the weekend and wanted to return the favor, said Joe Jamele, Leahy's spokesman.

"Lots of folks came over" said Jamele, adding that Sens. David Pryor, D-Ark., and Barbara Boxer, a Greenbrae resident, also were sitting at the table. "It was an extended luncheon. Almost two hours."

Thurmond is a Southern gentleman who just probably wanted to make the guests feel comfortable, Jamele explained.



PATHS CROSS: Thurmond, Garcia

MARIN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL 7/20/94



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BOSTON GLOBE 10/94



GLOBE STAFF PHOTO / LANE TURNER

The Dead performing in Boston last year.

Reading the book of the Dead

Just what is the message behind the band's myth?

By Matthew Gilbert
GLOBE STAFF

What are they trying to say? When it comes to the Grateful Dead, The Message is stubbornly open-ended, and musical. The infamous improvisation, fueled by the moment and the momentum, is the truest Grateful Statement of all, as it changes from lanky shuffle to geometric explosion to pure space and back. When the Dead inch their jams farther and farther out, as they no doubt will tomorrow through Thursday and Oct. 1-3 at the Boston Garden, they gesture to an illogical cosmos where a "Dark Star" crashes, where "reason tatters," where "sunlight splatters." It's the psychedelic go-with-the-flow non-statement.

Ah, but what are they saying – literally? The Dead's song lyrics are one of the few unchanging elements in their concert history. While the sound and the scene have shifted radically between 1965 and 1994, from the intimate Acid Test daze to today's arena haze, the words have provided Deadheads then and now with a shared and beloved

DEAD, Page 8

The Dead keep tales of fringe America alive

■ DEAD
Continued from Page 30

mythology. Some nights it even sounds like Deadheads know the lines of lyricists Robert Hunter and John Barlow better than singers Jerry Garcia or Bob Weir, who are wont to lose them in the abyss.

Generally, the script of today's Dead shows includes a rough balance of Hunter-Garcia songs and Weir-Barlow songs (with Beatles-Stones-Dylan covers and traditional tunes thrown on top). These divergent lyric sources fit together comfortably in the Dead set, creating an effect that is often melancholy, overwhelmingly male and profoundly American. The American landscape is virtually a character in the songs, particularly in the early 1970s material that still forms the primary source of shows, from albums like "Workingman's Dead," "Europe '72," "Wake of the Flood," "From the Mars Hotel," Weir's "Ace," "Garcia" and "American Beauty," whose jacket typeface also reads: American Reality.

The American men in these songs are usually outcasts or outlaws. Men going down the road feeling bad – often dirt roads of the early West – are constants in the lyrics, evoking either romance or amorality as they make their way. "Friend of the Devil" is a light-footed on-the-run tale; "Jack Straw," like "Me and My Uncle," shows the more desperate underbelly of hightailing it out of town. The wistful "Black-Throated Wind," with its hitchhiker under the "Mother American Night," aims more for Beat generation existentialism. Other outcast tunes range from the somber "Wharf Rat" and "Lost Sailor" to the feisty "Mississippi Half-Step Uptown Toodeloo" and "Mexicali Blues." The most classic road song of all, of course, is "Truckin'."

The Dead's lone, travel-weary characters, many of them gamblers, have as their loose parallel the Deadheads, on the outskirts of society, forging their own vision of life. Cruising from Dead show to Dead show, rejecting materialism, they live outside of convention and, in some cases, the law. A line like "Hello baby I'm gone goodbye," from "Mississippi Half-Step," sums it up. Of course, most Deadheads aren't outsiders; they're people who fantasize about an untethered life, smitten by rebel novels like "On the Road" and tales of Neal Cassady. Like oral historians, the Dead keep the stories of fringe America alive, performing them as they tour endlessly back and forth across the country.

For a band that calls little attention to its members as performers, the Dead are happy to be self-referential in their lyrics, and more than a few tunes refer to the band itself. "Playing in the Band," "Truckin'," "Uncle John's Band" and "The Music Never Stopped" all appear to be autobiographical. Other songs, like "Stella Blue," "Touch of Grey" and "Standing on the Moon" seem autobiographical, if universal, especially when you hear the phoenix-like Garcia belt out "a lovely view of heaven but I'd rather be with you." The Dead are also occasionally – and elliptically – anthemic about the journey of the 1960s generation, as angry songs like "US Blues" or "Ship of Fools" speak of failed hippie ideals and "Touch of Grey" urges survival in the face of disappointment. And the cleverly titled "Estimated Prophet" caricatures the Dead's own obnoxious, I-know-the-truth fanatics: "You all been asleep, you would not believe me."

When straight philosophy is transmitted through Dead songs, it's often simplistic, sometimes naive. While pleasant, there's not much dimension to lines like "Nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile" and "Don't give it up, you've got an empty cup only love can fill," or in notions of nature's circularity as in "Let It Grow" and "Eyes of the World," where "the seeds that were silent all burst into bloom and decay." And Weir and Barlow are fond of easy political commentary, with songs like "Throwing Stones" and "Victim or the Crime."

It's the stories, with their mythic characters and landscapes, and the poetic language, that resonate. Songs like "Bird Song," "Box of Rain," "Stella Blue," "Brown-Eyed Women" and "Cassidy" are neo-traditional songwriting at its finest. They are decorated with a set of literary images that are distinctly Dead. Red roses are the band's insignia, showing up on album jackets, posters, decals and in numerous songs. In "It Must Have Been the Roses," "St. Stephen," "Black Muddy River," "Sugar Magnolia," Hunter uses the flower both as something beautiful and as something that will definitely pass by – a prickly blessing. The wind is another recurring motif, in songs like "Bertha," "Black Peter," "Terrapin Station," "Franklin's Tower" and "Bird Song," written for Janis Joplin.

Some of the Dead's imagery reaches back to other texts, in particular the Bible. Moses, Abraham, Issac, Esau, Gideon, Sampson, Delilah, Cain and Abel make appearances at Dead shows, as do lines like "Just like New York City, just like Jericho." Eastern influences come in the "bodhi" in "China Cat Sunflower" and the "Touch of Grey" line "light a candle, curse the glare," adapted from the proverb "Better to light a single candle than to curse the darkness." Shakespeare's Ophelia makes an appearance in "Althea." These allusions add layers onto Hunter's original tales and Barlow's exercises in reason.

Naturally, there are Dead songs without borrowed images and tidy metaphors. These hallucinogenic visions are pure, drug-inspired spacescapes, most notably the Dead classic "Dark Star." They are like waking dreams that, along with the music, point to something not easily communicated, clear only to someone who has taken the same trip at the same time. "China Cat Sunflower" is an encoded vision, while songs like "Attics of My Life" and "Box of Rain," written for Phil Lesh's dying father, lapse in and out of trippy flashes: "This is all a dream we dreamed one afternoon long ago."

Alas, it doesn't matter to Deadheads if these songs are so undefined in space and time that their real-world implications are nebulous.

Ungrateful punch

Mistaking one of the road crew members for Jerry Garcia might be all but sacrilegious to Grateful Dead fans, but Salt Lake City authorities say it still doesn't justify a punch in the mouth. Disc jockey Dave "Crazy Dave" Bentley said he was only looking to talk to the Grateful Dead legend when he knocked on a hotel room door at 8 a.m. Tuesday and asked the man who answered if he was Garcia. He said William Grillo responded with an expletive and asked, "Do I look like Jerry Garcia?" Then Grillo punched him in the jaw, Bentley said. Grillo, 47, faces a maximum $1,000 fine or six months in jail.

GARCIA SAVES YOUNG BOY'S LIFE DURING FINAL BOSTON SHOW!

In the true spirit of American heroism, Jerry Garcia recently helped save the life of a young dying boy. While in Boston last fall, Garcia received word that Pete "Skippy" Tiatelli, a 12 year old Deadhead and die-hard Red Sox fan from Boston's north end, was battling a rare form of cancer brought on by eating too much stadium food. Garcia paid a bedside visit to the young man at Boston General before the fifth show. The boy, claiming that he'd never seen Garcia sing "Dark Star" in concert, begged Garcia to do it. Garcia, having just played it the night before, was in a quandary. Realizing that a young boy's life was at stake, Garcia arranged to have "Skippy" brought to the sixth and final Boston show by ambulance. Skippy's stretcher was wheeled onto the stage for the final set, and Garcia, after pointing to the outer left field of the audience, triumphantly swung into a blazing home run rendition of "Dark Star." Skippy is reported to be in full remission. Eileen Law, Grateful Dead office manager, says that since this episode more than 280 Dead Heads have called the office claiming to be dying from rare forms of cancer. "The psychic pressure of Garcia playing Dark Star at every show would be too much so we're working on plans to do a "Dark Star-only" closed circuit cable TV concert broadcast to hospitals across America sometime later this year." This oughta be more fun than watching preachers on late night TV performing hands-on healing!!

In a similar act of compassion, Dan Healy recently installed a remote concert PA system in the home of 28 year old Dead Head Charles "Meatball" Purviss. Purviss, who weighs over 500 pounds because of a glandular problem, is confined to bed and cannot attend Grateful Dead concerts. At the advice of new age diet expert, Dick Gregory, Dan Healy will continue to provide Meatball with this special service as long as he loses two pounds per concert. Purviss told reporters, "When I hear Jerry jammin' I just start quiverin' all over. I'm likely to lose two pounds per song!" Good luck, Meatball. ♦

FOR YOUR HUMOR FILE EILEEN

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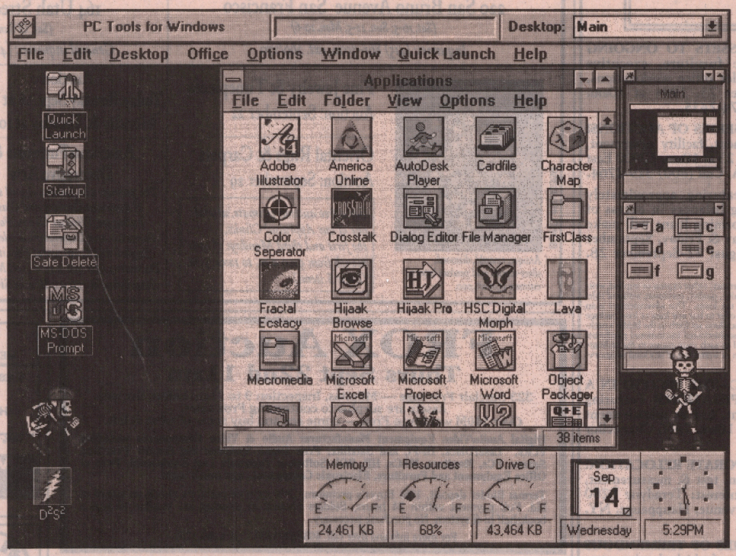
S.F. EXAMINER 9/18/94

Raising the Dead on-screen







Deadhead Dave Jacobs, top, and his wife and partner Amy Shelton of Jacobs Multimedia Inc. dreamed up Digital Dead Screensaver, which is expected to feature a variety of Dead-related graphics and characters, including skeletal "Skater Sam," cruising the desktop at left, and the famed Dead Dancing Bears, below.

DAVE JACOBS IS A MULTIMEDIA MARKETING consultant and a veteran of companies like Microsoft and Macromedia. But secretly, he's also one serious Deadhead. And having squeezed into more than 500 Grateful Dead concerts since 1972 is paying off: Turns out Jacobs is joining with Grateful Dead Merchandising, screensaver giant Berkeley Systems and the KM Disney & Co. animation studio to create a Grateful Dead-related software title that will be promoted through one of the most innovative outlets of all: Grateful Dead concerts.

The product, the Digital Dead Screensaver — or D2S2, for short — is a screensaver title that should also hit the band's Grateful Dead Almanac by early next year. Capable of running on either PCs or Macs, D2S2 will include lots of images, samples of Grateful Dead music and animated versions of familiar and new Dead characters.

"It's a very vertical and very deep market," says Jacobs, 38, who runs his San Francisco-based Jacobs Multimedia Inc. firm with his wife, multimedia producer Amy Shelton.

"The (Grateful Dead Merchandising) group has the best access to that market, with 1.3 million concertgoers showing up every year and more than 100,000 subscribers to its catalog. This isn't one generation — it's three generations of everyone ages 12 to 55. I wanted to see this project happen, and I can pull it off."

And Deadheads, as Jacobs points out, are a fairly techno-friendly bunch. Thousands of them tune into on-line conferences on services like America Online and The Well every week. And hundreds of thousands of them truck in advanced recording equipment for making band-sanctioned "bootleg" Dead tapes every year. Jacobs calls them "a high-tech, high-touch bunch."

D2S2 represents a big coup for Jacobs on several fronts. One is that he managed to arrange a joint venture with the merchandising arm of Novato's Grateful Dead Productions. Grateful Dead Merchandising, or GDM, is a $5 million company that markets T-shirts and other Dead paraphernalia. But aside from its ill-fated DayTripper software calendar product of the late 1980s, it's made no other forays into the software business.

(DayTripper tripped, insiders say, because it required that Deadheads use it with FileMaker Pro, a business software title mostly used in office environments. Few Deadheads were inclined to purchase the expensive program just to run the calendar.)

"We believe there could be a strong opportunity for Deadhead software, and we're willing to try it out," says GDM director of merchandising Peter McQuaid.

McQuaid says that dozens of proposals for similar "Dead-centric" products have come in from software

[See JACOBS, B-13]

GINA SMITH

INSIDE SILICON VALLEY





D2S2

DL0663

◆ JACOBS from B-5

New screensaver raises the Dead

companies of all sizes. Kimberly Disney of KM Disney and Jacobs, in fact, submitted proposals simultaneously, and GDM brought them together.

"We want to see what happens with this one product," McQuaid adds, explaining that GDM might do a whole string of software titles should this one take off.

Jacobs' proposal was attractive to GDM for several reasons, McQuaid says. The whole idea behind GDM is to provide Deadheads with products that can identify them as Deadheads when they're not in full tie-dyed concert attire. Jacobs' screensaver idea accomplished that.

Another reason was that Jacobs, unlike large software companies with complex licensing programs, could give GDM a percentage and creative input for the title.

"We try to make sure products that people develop serve a purpose and that they're tasteful," McQuaid explains. "We would much rather deal with someone who allows us to be active in the development and that brings us ownership."

Moreover, Jacobs has some innovative partners in Berkeley Systems, maker of the acclaimed After Dark screensaver series, and the KM Disney animation company.

After Dark connection crucial

To help create the title, Berkeley is licensing Jacobs both the After Dark software engine and its in-house development software. That affiliation is allowing Jacobs to create a higher-performance product faster, and to simultaneously create versions for the PC and Mac.

It's also a very rare partnership: Berkeley has licensed its engine only once before (to Peanuts multimedia titlemaker ImageSmith) and has never let outsiders use its cross-platform software tool.

The Berkeley engine will allow Jacobs' Dead title to run either as a module under AfterDark or by itself.

Those Berkeley tools, plus animation and programming expertise from KM Disney, will allow the Dead screensaver to come to market faster and have better sound and animation.

Dancing Bears will finally dance

"We're really trying to break the boundaries of what screensavers have always been," says CEO Kimberly Disney. (A first cousin, twice removed, to Walt Disney, Disney says her firm is not connected with entertainment giant Walt Disney Co.)

"Working with GDM, we have an extremely rich source of content, images and characters, and we can do stuff that's never been done before," she adds.

Take the Dancing Bears characters that first appeared on the Bear's Choice LP. "They're called the Dancing Bears, but they've never danced! We get to make them dance for the first time. We can make the characters come to life, and our animation is going to be so good it will even work on 33MHz Mac and PC machines," she says.

And the partnership is even creating new characters they hope will appeal to longtime Deadheads. One, called "Skater Sam," is a roller-blading skeleton that will skate around and do acrobatic tricks off the images on users' computer screens.

The hope is that such new characters will find a way into the hearts and minds of Dead fans, and then find their way into other Dead products.

A tie-dyed in the wool fan

Creating a product that fits into the now 29-year-old Deadhead culture the Grateful Dead have cultivated is crucial to the new venture's success. That's why Jacobs, who first befriended the sound engineers for the Dead while attending concerts in the early 1970s, seems the perfect man for the job.

He's intimately familiar with Dead characters and culture, and with an audience whose members think nothing of traveling to places as remote as Europe, Alaska or Jamaica to see the band. Heck, Jacobs has done that himself.

Even more importantly, he's staying out of traditional retail channels for the time being. And that makes sense. These days, it's practically impossible for small software makers to get onto retail shelves without selling themselves out to affiliate programs or venture capitalist communities.

If Jacobs' title makes it big among Deadheads, getting retail distribution will be vastly easier. The tie-dye channel is definitely one worth watching.

Gina Smith hosts "The Personal Computing Show," a TV show that airs on CNBC every Saturday at 11 a.m. She also hosts "On Computers," an internationally syndicated weekly radio talk show, and writes The Help File in Wednesday's Examiner.



THE DAVID NELSON BAND

MANAGEMENT:
8 HUNT CUP CIRCLE
OWINGS MILLS, MD 21117
(410)581-0665



4/95

Dick,

We can't thank you enough for sending us Dick's Picks II. We absolutely love it and we've been listening to it nonstop!

We're so happy for you on all of your wonderful success and we feel so lucky that we can reap the benefits of your hard work!

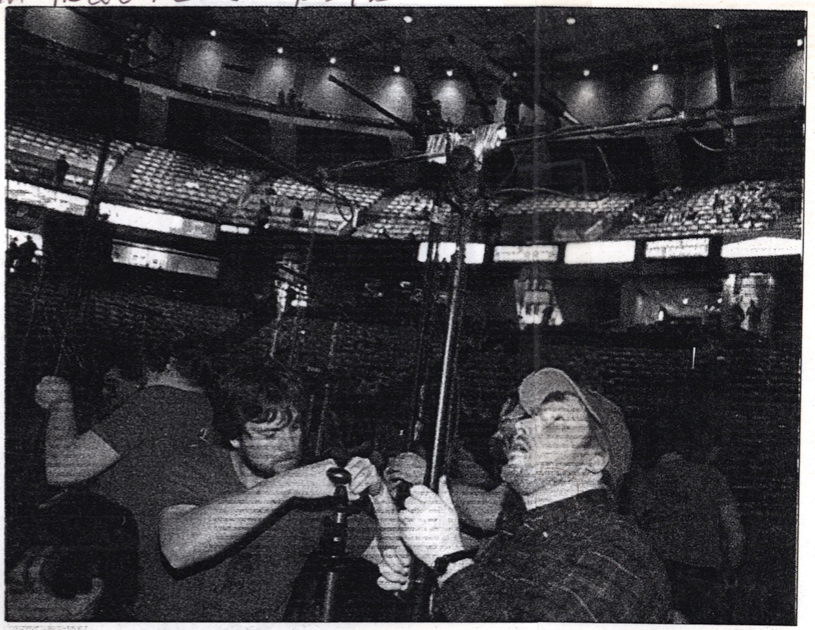
Take good care & thanks again for everything. Your thoughtfulness & generosity will always be remembered & appreciated.

Love Always,
Bill & Lory

P.S. When do we get to see you & spend some time together?!

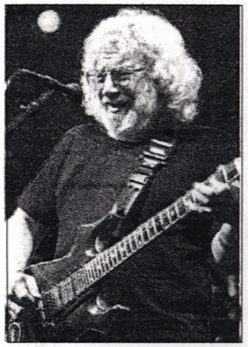
PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER 3/23/95

Following the Grateful Dead's lead, more bands are letting fans make audiotapes. Listener loyalty outweighs worries about bootleg sales.



The Philadelphia Inquirer / ERIC MENCHER

Setting up to record *the Grateful Dead's Spectrum visit are Steve Bellwar (left) of Chalfont and Dave Bauer of Syracuse, N.Y.*



Associated Press / STEVEN SENNE

Pro-taping performers *include the Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia, above; Robert Plant and Jimmy Page, right; and the Black Crowes, below. Plant and Page will be at the Spectrum April 3 and 4; Black Crowes will play the Tower March 31 and April 1.*





Home Entertainment

Concert copying

By Mark Marymont
FOR THE INQUIRER

Where the Dead have led, others follow.

For more than 20 years, the Grateful Dead have allowed fans to make audiotapes of their shows. "When we're done with it, you can have it," is the standard response the Dead's Jerry Garcia reels off when questioned about taping.

That attitude runs contrary to standard rock practice that bans concert taping on the theory that the recordings could be sold as bootlegs, depriving the bands and their record companies of royalty payments.

The Dead and other bands don't see a problem, and the populist rock icons' gospel of taping has been spreading. Among the disciples are the Black Crowes, who play the Tower Theater March 31 and April 1, and Robert Plant and Jimmy Page, whose tour invades the Spectrum April 3-4.

The band Phish, self-described Deadheads, allow taping, as do youthful newcomers Ween and the Dave Matthews Band. Roaring rockers Metallica have allowed taping, in a designated section only, since 1991.

Most of the bands restrict tapers to a designated section. None of the bands charges extra for the taping privilege, but some of the sections may provide an obstructed view of the stage.

"We always wanted to allow taping; it was just a hard message to get out to the promoters and fans," says Chris Robinson, lead singer of the Black Crowes, checking in from Toledo, Ohio. "It sort of started on the last tour. Now, it's official and it's going good."

Asked about the response of American Recordings, which issued their three albums, Robinson laughs and says he doesn't know. "I mean, they

See **CONCERTS** on E4

DL0664

More bands are permitting fans to tape concerts

CONCERTS from E1

don't run my life. They make money off our work. Other than that, that's the only relationship we have.

"What the record companies don't understand is that we want the Black Crowes touring experience to be as comfortable for our audience as possible," says Robinson, who cheerfully acknowledges he collects fan-generated tapes and unauthorized concert bootlegs of his favorite bands. "Those are the people who bought the records and keep coming to the shows. If they want to take some of that home, they should have it."

Robinson and company invite fans to bring tape recorders to any seat in the house. The Grateful Dead, who played the Spectrum Friday through Sunday, have allowed taping since the '70s, and have provided a designated section since the early '80s. It's a necessity, says Dan Healy, who did the band's sound for 27 years before moving on to other projects last year.

"By the mid-'70s, the tapers were showing up with a formidable amount of equipment, with big reel-to-reels and battery packs. They even showed up in teams," says Healy, from his home north of San Francisco. "They would sprawl all over the area and they were real serious about their sound and would muscle anyone near them who made any noise."

Healy says the tension between the tapers and the talkers got so bad that the band considered banning recording "because it was unfair to the people who were there to see the show. We finally came up with the idea of a designated section behind the soundboard. It kept the tapers away from the rest of the crowd. And we could see, too. Sometimes there were so many tapers in front of us they blocked our view of the stage."

Page and Plant aren't doing interviews, but their manager, Bill Curbishley, recently told Billboard magazine they decided to let fans tape in a designated area, to undercut bootleg sales.

Record-company personnel wouldn't comment on concert taping, but Alexandra M. Walsh, director of media relations at the Recording Industry Association of America, was less reticent. Although the trade association clearly is more interested in combating piracy and bootlegging of commercially released recordings, Walsh maintains that concert tapers could also cost artists and their labels money.

"Obviously, we don't have any control over a band choosing to allow fans to tape their shows," says Walsh. "But you have to wonder what happens to some of those tapes. I'm sure a lot of fans listen to the tapes over and over, and some trade them, but some of them may very well sell them and make money off the tape. And how do you differentiate from those people and the fans when they tape? When that happens, the artist is cheated out of royalties."

But Robinson is so unconcerned, he says the next Black Crowes album might be a live release.

The Dead have released numerous live albums over the years, and soundman Healy and spokesman Dennis McNally, at the Dead's office in San Francisco, both say taping hasn't hurt sales. The Dead even released some tapes of a 1975 radio concert, *One From the Vaults*, and even though McNally says every Dead taper he knows has tapes of that show, the remixed compact-disc version sold more than 200,000 copies.

Many Dead fans say they feel an obligation to buy the band's commercial releases. Al Kemp of Wilmington, who calls himself a "quasi-Deadhead — I have a job," has seen the band close to 100 times. He also has about 1,000 concert tapes, "and they don't do anything to take away from the record sales. It's a way to bring back memories of a show. I'm glad to see other artists coming around to this."

The Dead are beginning to mix a new studio album — their most recent release, in 1991, was a live recording — and Kemp promises he'll buy it.

If Kemp or other Deadheads want even more show tapes, they can find listings on the Internet and in various fan magazines. The Black Crowes' Robinson says his group started a newsletter with this tour, which began March 3. Called Taller, it has "like a personals section that lets them list the shows they have and what shows they want on tape, so they can trade back and forth."

Shelly Culbertson at Dionysian Productions, near Boston, which oversees the career of Phish, says many of the band's fans trade taping information on the Internet. The band has allowed taping since their debut, Oct. 30, 1983. The group's sixth album, a live collection, is due in June on Elektra.

"The record company hasn't said a lot about taping," Culbertson says. "When [the band] reached agreement with the company, they made it clear they wished to continue allowing the fans to tape. I think the people at Elektra understand Phish's relationship with their fans helps develop a closeness and loyalty that more than offsets any potential negative impact on sales, if that is even an issue."

It's not an issue for Dave Matthews, a promising young rocker who is promoting *Under the Table and Dreaming* on RCA, his band's first major-label release. The group recently played two sold-out shows in Philadelphia and he says he ran into a lot of tapers.

"The only time it's a problem is if we are touring with another band and they don't allow taping, but we just tell the fans they can't tape that band," says Matthews, still on the road, from Kansas City, Mo. "I know some record companies don't like it, feeling they won't sell records, but our show is different every night, and so you can tell a real difference from each tape."

Promoters and venue officials say the taping isn't a problem. Ike Richman, a public-relations assistant at the Spectrum, says the designated tickets are usually sold at one box-office window. Some bands, such as the Dead, even sell them through their own mail-order operations.

Jim Sutcliffe, who promotes shows for Electric Factory Concerts, says taping may be some fans' reactions to bands' inactivity in the studio, often waiting three years between albums.

"To me, that shows an interest in live music," says Sutcliffe of the tapers. "With MTV, I think that squelched the interest in live music some. With live music, it's a whole different thing each night."

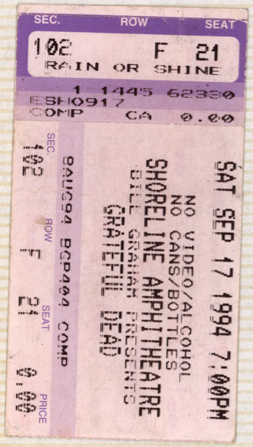
Some promoters are having to adjust. Howard Cotner, who has booked shows throughout southwest Missouri for 15 years, says the Black Crowes' May 11 date in Springfield will be his first taper-friendly concert, "and I guess we'll bring them in through one door of the hall to check their equipment. And, we still have to look for video cameras."

Steve Litman, who has booked shows for three years at St. Louis' venerable Fox Theatre, says he's had no problems with fans who tape, but sees an irony "that for years every contract you got had these very strident clauses that objected to any tape recorders at a concert. . . . Now, we are seeing a reversal of all that."

If you do want to tape, soundman Healy suggests a small digital audiotape recorder and a general-purpose stereo microphone.

As for the bands that don't allow taping of their shows, the Grateful Dead's McNally says they are being taped anyway.

"Every show is taped, without exception. I know people who do it," says McNally. ". . . Sony makes a [digital audiotape recorder] about the size of a cigarette pack. There are miniature mikes you can hang from your ear as an earring, and they are quite excellent. Granted, the result is not a record-level tape, but . . . it ain't chopped liver, and it's a perfectly decent representation of what went on at that show."





Temecula, CA
(Riverside Co.)
The Californian
(Cir. D. 12,000)

MAR 19 1995

Allen's P. C. B. Est. 1888

Suite home for Dead devotees

3393

LODGING: *Jerry Garcia lends his name to two special rooms in hotels*

GARY DRETZKA / *Chicago Tribune*

For Dead Heads who've gotten too brittle, or too co-opted, to maintain the nomadic lifestyle embraced by younger legions of devotees, Jerry Garcia offers a suite alternative.

Two generations of admirers still flock to Grateful Dead concerts, 30 years after the psychedelic survivors helped invent the San Francisco sound. But many find their tie-dyed rock 'n' roll hearts now beat under a pinstripe suit or silk blouse.

It is for these counterculturally challenged fans that the Kimpton Hotel & Restaurant Group has introduced J. Garcia Suites in two of its California properties — the Beverly Prescott in Los Angeles and Hotel Triton in San Francisco.

Yeah, good ol' Jerry, founder of the Grateful Dead and spiritual leader for tens of thousands of Dead Heads. . . Captain Trips his own self.

The iconic guitarist and singer keeps adding new riffs to his commercial repertoire, first heard in 1987, when he played on an ad for Levi's 501 jeans ("A good pair of Levi's are bound to set me free"), then allowed his name to be used by Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream for its Cherry Garcia flavor.

After a serious health crisis, Garcia renewed his lifelong interest in art, and in 1991 finally permitted pieces of his work to be sold in galleries. They were signed "J. Garcia."

These colorful works would inspire menswear companies to ask permission to market J. Garcia neckwear, shirts and vests. By the '90s, Garcia had become the unlikeliest of corporate symbols.

According to Grateful Dead spokesman Dennis McNally, the idea for the hotel suites was born when the 52-year-old musician's art agent, Nora Sage, saw the large bolts of fabric used in his clothing lines and imagined what the designs might look like on curtains and furniture. Connections were made along the Dead network and the San Francisco-based Kimpton Group agreed to promote a J. Garcia Suite in its arty and intimate Hotel Triton.

Last month, the Beverly Prescott Hotel — a chic but mostly unpretentious hotel perched on a hill overlooking much of L.A.'s celebrated 90210 ZIP-code area — added a J. Garcia Suite (Room 807) to its attractions.

Dead Heads expecting psychedelic graffiti on the walls of the suite, or marijuana joints in the honor bar, might be disappointed by the room's simple pleasures. Business travelers and harried tourists, however, likely will find the unexpected patterns and tones a nice escape from busy Pico Boulevard eight floors below.

The Beverly Prescott is at 1224 S. Beverwil Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.; 310-277-2800 or 800-421-3212. The Triton is at 342 Grant Ave., San Francisco; 415-394-0500 or 800-433-6611. Both hotels are wheelchair accessible, though neither J. Garcia Suite has special bathrooms.

D10695



The Dead Have Customers, Too

THE MOST FAN-FRIENDLY AND COMPREHENSIVE BUSINESS ORGANIZATION IN THE ROCK WORLD IS RUN BY THE LOWEST-KEY GRANDDADDIES OF THEM ALL. SURPRISE: THE GRATEFUL DEAD ARE A LOT LIKE YOU

BY LESLIE BROKAW

FOR SIX YEARS RUNNING, THE GRATEFUL DEAD ROCK BA has appeared on *Forbes* magazine's list of the highest-pa entertainers, alongside other perennial list makers li Madonna and the Rolling Stones. The band, according to *Po star*, a trade publication that tracks concert receipts, was al last year's top touring act in the United States and Canada, se ing $45.6 million in tickets for its 81 concerts. Add in recor ing royalties, licensing dollars, and merchandise sales of ever thing from tie-dyed T-shirts to stadium blankets imprint with the band's "skeleton and roses" insignia, and the Deac gross last year was well over $50 million.

What's singular about the Grateful Dead, though, is neith their financial success nor their almost unmatched 29 years performing the same program to sold-out stadiums. Rather, it the bona fide business—complete with offices, payroll, an letterhead stationery—that supports the band's free-flowin persona. Musical artists are the raw stuff at the core of a mult billion-dollar industry, but they tend to be the ultimate ou sourcers; a business behind a band is unusual in the rock ir dustry. One that is closely managed, carefully run, an unapologetically traditional is rarer still.

Grateful Dead Productions (GDP), incorporated in 1976, i certainly the rock industry's most fully formed company. Its 6 full-time, year-round employees—who enjoy health-care and dental-care benefits, profit sharing, and bonuses—move the musicians from concert to concert and handle a broad range of operations, including mail-order ticket sales, catalog merchandising, concert-site merchandising, a record label, a publishing company, a fan club, and a nonprofit foundation.

ILLUSTRATIONS: DAVID POHL

It's a stretch to imagine Jerry Garcia, the Dead's hirsute guitarist, losing sleep over whether new fans will become repeat customers. Or co-front-man Bob Weir holding forth on recurring revenues from concert tours. Or the group debating whether it's really focused on its core competency. But the structure of Grateful Dead Productions is such that it meets two tangible business needs: first, Dead fans—the company's customers—are better served than the fans of any other musical artist or group. And second, band members themselves—as quasi managers and sole shareholders of the corporation—steer the colossal force that whirls around them while distancing themselves from most operational details. Whether or not they think of themselves as entrepreneurs, the members of the Grateful Dead have what owners of other growing businesses strive for: an organization that thrives but doesn't distract.

Given how easily the business side of entertainment can dwarf and consume performers, it's remarkable that as their popularity has swelled, the Grateful Dead have managed to retain any of their counterculture image. What's intriguing is that the band seems to have done so not *in spite* of its growing network of business operations but *because* of it.

"IF THERE'S A GENERAL CONCEPT THAT WE'VE DEVELoped, I think it's one of maintaining control over what is our business," says Cameron Sears, who's been with GDP since 1987. The lanky 34-year-old manager coordinates tour plans from the skylighted attic of the band's Victorian house in San Rafael, Calif., which serves as GDP's offices. Tugging at his goatee, he describes GDP's evolution: "When we farmed things out we found that, by that simple fact, we'd lost control. And control in the creative process is very important; it's how we maintain our integrity. The more people that come between us and the final delivery of our art, the more diluted it becomes. And the less money we make."

Once an ordinary house with living rooms and bedrooms, the Deadquarters is now a warren of compact offices in which staffers oversee that creative process and supervise the mechanics of concert tours. Next to the space Sears shares with two others and the charitable Rex Foundation is GDP's "computer-network-station brain center," which houses a relational database of detailed expenses and revenues, venue by venue. An average concert last year, for instance, brought in $563,000 in ticket sales, but 45% to 65% of that was eaten by promoters' fees, building rental, and ancillary costs, like security. "When we're going back to a concert site," says Sears, "we get information off the computer and we negotiate. We can say, 'Your security costs are 20% higher than any other place in the country; you've got to cut those fees in half.' "

PHOTOGRAPH: AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



Whirling-dervish dancers enhance the ambience at Grateful Dead concerts, but like the other fans, they pay more than $20 each to be there.

The fan-club operation in the next room is the "home of the Deadheads" and also home to a database of their 90,000 names. Last fall GDP mailed fans their first issue of the *Grateful Dead Almanac*, a combination newsletter and product catalog that offers a dizzying array of more than 150 items—among them 50 recordings, 12 varieties of T-shirts, three styles of mouse pads, and golf balls emblazoned with the band's "Steal Your Face" skull logo.

The Dead make it easy for their ardent fans to keep track of scheduled performances. Two hot lines ("For the latest updated concert information on this hot line, press one...."), one for each coast, describe tours and other appearances by band members. Whenever concert and ticket announcements for one of the band's thrice-annual national tours are imminent, the phone lines log 20,000 calls a week.

The band's ticketing business is probably the service most appreciated by customers. Started 12 years ago to handle the Dead's legendary New Year's Eve shows, Grateful Dead Ticket Sales now distributes up to half of all Dead concert tickets directly to fans. The Dead are the only band to run such an extensive operation. Pearl Jam's fan club has embraced the concept, but it may find that selling tickets directly to concertgoers can be costly: in addition to the hot lines and a line dedicated to ticketing instructions, the Dead support yet another line just to handle ticket problems. *(Continued)*

DL0666



In the summer of 1993 the band brought all merchandising in-house. Until then, outside contractors had handled concert-site vending, licensing deals, and prosecution of souvenir bootleggers. "Our contract with the merchandising firm was expiring," says Sears, "and we had become sure enough of ourselves to do it ourselves." Under merchandising director Peter McQuaid, who had previously cofounded a company that runs fan clubs for other rockers, average product sales at concerts have doubled to $2 a head. "I think it's appreciated by the fans that the band is more responsible for the merchandising," says McQuaid. He has introduced a level of management to the expanded operation as well. "We have a new software program for our mail-order processing and inventory control and for our music-inventory control. We're on the verge of generating our own daily, weekly, and monthly sales reports and profit-and-loss statements for each division—wholesale music, retail music, tour merchandising, and so on. It will give us much more accountability to the overall GDP operation."

HOW MUCH DOES ALL OF THIS BUSINESS REQUIRE OF Garcia, Weir, and the rest? "We kind of leave it up to them," says Sears. "If they show particular interest in something, then we feed into that, but the idea is to allow them the opportunities and go about our business." Band members may review T-shirt artwork or help figure out tour routes, but nobody needs to wait for their opinions. There are people on staff whose job it is to make sure those things get done.



Legions of Jerry Garcia wanna-bes are among the faithful who keep the Grateful Dead in business.

The job of chief financial and executive officer of GDP is a shared responsibility that band members trade off among themselves. The current CEO, bassist Phil Lesh, followed drummer Bill Kreutzmann. The CEO pro tem gives his approval to purchasing authorizations, compensation issues, schedule changes, and advertising designs.

But most weighty decisions are made by all the band members, at more-or-less-monthly board meetings. They're joined by Sears and McQuaid, and by controller Nancy Mallonee, publicist Dennis McNally, and longtime road-crew member Ram Rod. A portion of each meeting is open to all the staff, but as other boards of directors do, the group considers accounting audits, income projections, salary reviews, vacation policies, and the like in private.

IF THE GOALS OF HAVING YOUR OWN BUSINESS ARE TO PLAY TO your strengths, have a good time, and do things on your own terms, then the members of the Grateful Dead are very good businessmen. It's that familiar balance of control and delegation. "The major decisions, I'd say the band members are very involved in," says Sears. "The minutiae they're not involved in much at all. Really, they're not unlike the president of any other corporation." ■

PHOTOGRAPH: SUSANA MILLMAN © 1994



DL0667

2/11 | 70-FILLMORE EAST ("LOVELIGHT")

Philadelphia Daily News 3/17/95

A Dead-on manual for fanatical fans

'Skeleton Key' opens door to the ultimate cult band

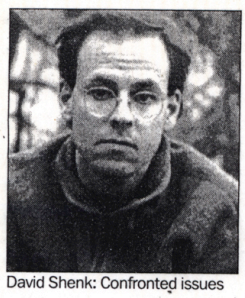
by **Doug Darroch**

Daily News Staff Writer

Just because they wrote the definitive *Deadhead* book, don't get the idea that David Shenk and Steve Silberman have *Deader-Than-Thou Syndrome.*

"Some people would call Steve and I the quote-unquote 'ultimate Deadheads' for having explored all this trivia and putting so much energy into documenting this stuff. I would reject that," Shenk, 28, said in a phone interview from his home in New York City.

"I don't think we're any more Deadheadish than anyone else. I hope that we have shown our appreciation [for the culture]. Our goal was to try to articulate, as professional writers, some things that haven't necessarily been put down on paper up to this point, and to help people understand a little bit more about this amazing phenomenon. I know that's what it's done for me."



David Shenk: Confronted issues

The Grateful Dead begins a sold-out three-night run at 7:30 tonight at the CoreStates Spectrum. They have performed at the arena 50 times — this weekend's three shows hike the number to 53. All have been sellouts.

Whether you're on the outside looking in, or on the inside looking blissful, there is no better way to understand the scene than by reading "Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads" (Main Street Books/Doubleday / $14.95). (Italicized expressions in this article are among the terms from the book defined on this page.)

For Silberman, working on the book meant leaving the comfort of his customary *Phil Zone* seat — the best place to get hit by *Phil bombs* — and finding an enlightening assortment of other views.

"I felt that I already knew a lot, and I set for myself the task of discovering things I didn't already know," said Silberman, 37, a San Franciscan who has been *on the bus* for 22 years. "That's one of the reasons the book has been successful. It could have been done more superficially ... We really tried to make it astonishingly detailed. Doubleday was expecting 200 pages and it turned out to be 400."

Between terms, albums and bios of past and present band members, there are more than 450 entries, with elaboration in many cases from serious Deadheads (there's an oxymoron). There also is a section with tie-dye instructions, and another on how onliners can become *Netheads.*

"We think the book is just a beginning of a discussion of what being a Deadhead is about," said Shenk, who said a truly comprehensive Deadhead dictionary would be thousands of pages and would be updated weekly to reflect the culture's changes.

Silberman said one of the greatest things to come out of the project for him was the opportunity to interview the woman he calls the first Deadhead, Sue Swanson. A California high school classmate of Dead vocalist and rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, Swanson was there as far back as the second rehearsal for *the Warlocks.* Swanson and two other people went on to found the first Dead fan club, *The Golden Road to Unlimited Devotion.* Silberman found her to be friendly, funny, spiritual, intelligent, free-spirited.

"It was like seeing the original DNA from which Deadheads were cloned," he said.

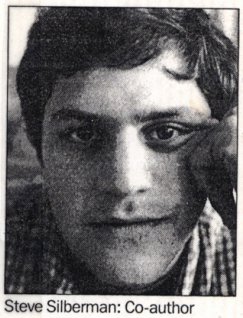
A magazine writer and student of legendary Beat poet Allen Ginsberg, Silberman is a conference host on The WELL, a lively Deadhead neighborhood in cyberspace. Much of Silberman and Shenk's exhaustive research is the result of online discussions of Deadhead terms; in fact, the book was virtually co-authored in cyberspace, with segments being "bounced" between the authors from coast to coast.

They met when Shenk was visiting a mutual Deadhead friend in the Bay area, and corresponded by E-mail before starting the eight-month book project in August 1993. It was released last October, and has 36,000 copies in print.

Shenk, a Spy magazine writer whose column deals with ethical lapses in the private sector, now is writing a book on democracy in the information age. Among his favorite entries in "Skeleton Key" are *no shows on Shabbas* and *Deafheads*, looks at special groups of Deadheads on a personal level.

The book deals frankly with drugs. There are warnings of abuse, particularly of *nitrous oxide.*

"We wanted to try to confront some of the drug issues," Shenk said. "One thing we wanted to try to articulate was, why do people take drugs? I mean, there are some real dangerous things about some drugs. But there's also some real positive, progressive, helpful things about some mind-altering substances if you treat them with respect. We also tried to deal with the unbelievable level of harassment that Deadheads have gotten from law enforcement."



Steve Silberman: Co-author

The band is said to be pleased with the book, and the organization has included it in the Grateful Dead Merchandising catalog. But the book isn't about the Dead as much as it is about Deadheads, and it is their almost universally positive feedback, via E-mail and regular mail, that is the authors' greatest reward.

"One of the first times I did a book-signing at a show," Silberman said, "there was a 15-year-old with a copy that was already a lot more worn than my own copy, which I got a month-and-a-half before it came out.

"I said, 'Wow, what happened to this book?' He said, 'All my friends have read it, we're passing it around. We all love it.'

"I was practically in tears." ■

Setting the record straight

Back after its three-show run in the Daily News last October is "Dead Sets," in which we print the set lists from the previous night's show and rate the sets on a scale of one to five Dancing Bears. And here's the big news: Vince Welnick, the Grateful Dead's keyboard player, has agreed to give us his input after each show. The first Dead Sets from this run will appear in tomorrow's Daily News. Since we don't publish Sunday, a special double Dead Sets in Monday's Yo! section will cover tomorrow's and Sunday's shows. ■

Deadfinitions

Here are some terms defined in "Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads," in shortened form:

■ **Deadhead:** Someone who loves – and draws meaning from – the music of the Grateful Dead and the experience of Dead shows, and builds community with others who feel the same way.

■ **Deader-than-thou syndrome:** The temptation to try to one-up other Heads with esoteric knowledge of band history, ability to recite set lists from memory, call the opener, remember lyrics better than the singers or predict which color guitar Bob Weir will come out with after "Space."

■ **Phil Zone:** The left side of the floor facing the stage, so called because of the proximity to bass player Phil Lesh's position on stage.

■ **Phil bombs:** Very low notes and chords played by Lesh that can literally cause floorboards and seats to tremble.

■ **Netheads:** One moniker for Deadheads on the Internet.

■ **On the bus:** The moment that you realize you are a Deadhead ... Most Deadheads recognize the phrase from Weir's lyric to "The Other One": "The bus came by and I got on, that's when it all began – with Cowboy Neal at the wheel of a bus to Never-Ever Land."

■ **The Warlocks:** The name adopted in April '65 by the jug band Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions when they decided to make the transition to electric instruments and dig into R&B. When they were about to make their first record, they learned another band had beaten them to the name, so they changed it to Grateful Dead.

■ **The Golden Road to Unlimited Devotion:** The Dead's first official fan club, founded in '65 by the original Deadheads: Sue Swanson, Connie Furtado and Bob Matthews. The first song on the Dead's first album, a tribute to a high-spirited young woman who is "a-whistlin' and a-singin' and a-carryin' on" was named after the club.

■ **No shows on Shabbas:** The bottom line for Orthodox Jewish Deadheads who observe the Sabbath from sundown Friday to nightfall Saturday, a period set aside to do nothing but rest, eat, pray and quietly reflect on what it is to be a Jew.

■ **Deafheads:** Deaf Deadheads who, with the aid of paper cups, balloons and other resonating props, enjoy the music by feeling the harmonious vibrations from the sound system. An official "Deaf Zone" was established in the late '80s, close to the stage and staffed with a sign-language interpreter.

■ **Nitrous oxide:** The "laughing gas" used commonly as an anesthetic in the dentist's chair. Heads use nitrous for the warm, pervasive buzz it induces, a tendency to find everything amusing and its characteristic effect, such that all sounds, including the music the band is playing, are made to ripple and shimmer. Nitrous poses several real health hazards. Rapidly decompressing gas inhaled directly from the tank valve can freeze the throat and lungs, suffocating the user. Episodes of vomiting, blackouts and convulsive seizures (which some Heads call "doing the fish" or "fishtailing") are not uncommon. Repeated use of nitrous causes dehydration and inactivates vitamin B-12, which can result in irreversible neural damage, causing "the shakes" and memory loss.

– Doug Darroch

Bears' hazy beginnings

What's with the dancing bears, the five multi-colored little critters that seem to appear everywhere the Grateful Dead do?

Flash back to the mid-1960s when LSD was so new it wasn't even illegal, and San Francisco Bay area countercultural icon Augustus Owsley Stanley III, credited and vilified as the first mass producer of the psychedelic drug. Owsley's potent wares, sometimes printed on blotters with bear figures, were soon outlawed and "Bear," as he became known, was imprisoned. After his parole, he became the first of the Dead's fine audio engineers and bought the fledgling band its first big sound system.

In 1973, Owsley and the Dead put together "Bear's Choice," an album of some of his favorites. The cover art: A mandela of the five dancing bears by artist Bob Thomas. ■



— Shaun D. Mullen

D00668

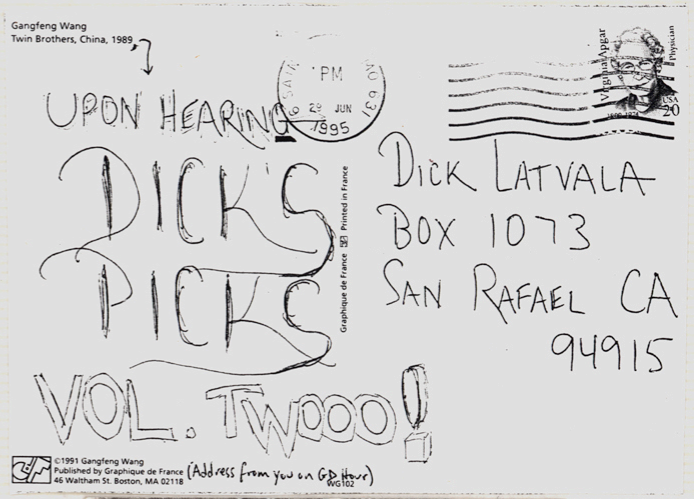
BOOK SEVEN

‘95



DL0701


GRATEFUL DEAD
PRESENTS
DICK'S PICKS VOLUME TWO
DARK STAR-SUGAR MAGNOLIA
ST. STEPHEN-NOT FADE AWAY
GOING DOWN THE ROAD
FEELING BAD-NOT FADE AWAY
RECORDED LIVE
COLUMBUS, OHIO
HALLOWEEN 1971
TO ORDER CALL 1-800-323-2300
or send check or money order to:
DICK'S PICKS VOL. TWO
PO BOX 2139 DEPT 6
NOVATO CA 94948
$13.50 includes shipping and handling
Ca residents add 7.25% sales tax
Available by mail order only!


Gangfeng Wang
Twin Brothers, China, 1989
UPON HEARING
DICK'S PICKS
VOL. TWOOO!
DICK LATVALA
BOX 1073
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94915
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(Address from you on GD Hour)
WG102
Graphique de France
Printed in France
Virginia Apgar
Physician
USA
20
PM
JUN
1995



postal chase ☎ 1-415-566-9776 3/15/95 4:10 PM

From: Graham Knight <graham@disr.den.mmc.com>
Date: 15 Mar 1995 18:25:12 GMT

Well I am thrilled. I get a great quality show on CD and
it only costs $13!!!!!!!

With the average bootleg CD costing upwards of $25 the Dead
could put them all out of business in a hurry if they released
TONS of Dick's Picks at $13 a piece.....

Graham Knight graham@disr.den.mmc.com 303-977-7085

Subject: Re: Dick's Pick's #2 released today 3/14
From: fbe000@colum.edu (Fritz Eifrig x123)
Date: 15 Mar 1995 15:07:03 GMT

I'll publicly state that I'll buy each and every release they put out.
Dick's commitment to -quality- is evident. The man knows his shit, and if vol. 2
is only one disc, so be it. If they can get it up to four sets a year I'll cream myself!
Like the liner notes say: what you hear is what you get, and what you get ain't
bad!

Fritz

Subject: Re: Dick's Pick's #2 released today 3/14
From: scotthen@wam.umd.edu (Scott J. Henderson)
Date: 15 Mar 1995 01:38:30 GMT

Thanks a million for posting that, I really enjoyed reading it!
I think we should be enormously thankful for
anything that they release.
By the way, Steve, I've read Skeleton Key twice now, and
really love it! :-)

Scott

Date: Tue, Mar 14, 1995 9:25 PM EST
From: SunDayDrm
Posted on: America Online (using WAOL 2.0)

Hey Now,

I just read your interview with Dick - and promptly ordered the new
Dick's Picks! If it can make Dick say...
"I have to put myself in a seat belt. I start shaking, it's so exciting"
...then it's probably pretty good, yes? Anyway, thanks for posting

postal chase ☎ 1-415-566-9776 3/15/95

it for everyone. Dick sounds like a great guy!

From: "John Tomcavage" <JOHN@phl.cursci.com>
Date: 15 Mar 1995 13:47:43 GMT

Hey all,

Just read Steve Silberman's interview with Dick. Great stuff! Can't
wait to get that disc in the mail! I, for one, am happy with
anything released from the vault, be it 60 min. or 120 min., who
cares? If Dick felt the first set wasn't interesting enough, so be
it! Can't wait to get my hands on this one, from the description.
Now where's 3 From The Vault?
Mmm . . . just thinking about the prospects of a vault release every
3 or 4 months like Dick was talking about. Mmm . . .

Jerry, take me away . . . .
Peace

John (john@phl.cursci.com)

Subject: RE: Dicks Picks II
From: "Christopher M. Brewer" <cmb4363@nuernberg-acirs.army.mil>
Date: 15 Mar 1995 12:16:26 GMT

Yay!!!! I can't wait to hear it!

From: Duane.Day@EBay.Sun.COM (Duane Day)
Date: 15 Mar 1995 18:39:34 GMT

I sure do appreciate it!
If anyone's compiling stats, I ordered my copy yesterday.

Go Ahead On, Brother Latvala!!!

MAIL 7/21

PINE 3.89 MESSAGE TEXT Folder: INBOX Message 1 of 2 100%
□[2;1H□[m□[3;1H□[KDate: Fri, 14 Jul 1995 18:17:18 -0400
□[KFrom: Ryneir@aol.com
□[KTo: Latvala@well.com
□[KSubject: Dead tapes
□[K□[8;1H□[KI was listening to dead hour, and I heard this e-mail address.(I think) Are
□[Kyou the one that has recorded all the dead shows. If you are I sure would
□[Klike copies. I could send you blank tapes and postage. Please respond.
□[K Thank you for your time.

02/07/94 14:17 ☎510 465 9777 TRUTH & FUN INC →→→ GRATEFUL DEAD MG 002

TO DICK FROM GARY, GDM (VIA GANS, VIA AMERICA ONLINE)

Subj: dear mr latvala 94-02-06 18:22:42 EST
From: Rubadub555

sir; bodacious exhumations to you and the necrophiliacs. Most copacetic unearthings to your people. We're not worthy,etc.
Might we respectfully request you release, in no particular order, whatever the flock you deem of interest, and IN GREAT VOLUME AND WITH DISPATCH, SOON, LOTS, IN HASTE,MORE, PLEASE, WE LIKE IT, WE'LL BUY LOTS, WE PROMISE... honest, we appreciate your autopsial discharge.
respectfully, us without vault passes

DL0702

Dead CD focuses on Halloween, 1971

DICK'S PICKS VOLUME TWO
Grateful Dead (Grateful Dead Records)
★ ★ ★
By Scott McLennan
T&G Entertainment Columnist

This second installment of the Grateful Dead's in-house project of concert releases is a show from Columbus, Ohio, recorded on Halloween night, 1971.

Grateful Dead tape archivist Dick Latvala (yup, the band really has a guy on payroll overseeing the organizing of its concert tapes) picked a show that captures the band at one of its many turning points, this one being the time the band's songwriting and arranging skills were ready to take off.

To set the stage, pianist Keith Godchaux is on board for about his 10th show, with original keyboardist Pigpen McKernan on sick leave. Billy Kreutzmann is solo on drums, with Mickey Hart still not a full-fledged member of the ensemble. Those two acquit themselves nicely, particularly Kreutzmann, who to this day is often mistakenly seen as the less adventurous of the Dead's two drummers. Guitarist Jerry Garcia and bass player Phil Lesh proved to be the biggest monsters on that Halloween, playing the bejesus out of every tune.

'Dark Star' to 'Not Fade Away'

The CD captures a 58-minute set that opens with the opus "Dark Star," and includes "Sugar Magnolia," "St. Stephen," Buddy Holly's "Not Fade Away," and "Going Down the Road Feeling Bad."

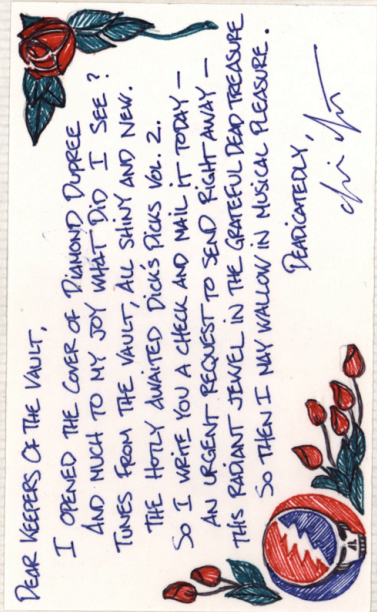
The Dick's Picks series is aimed squarely at the Dead fan who has it all, and to that end the "Dark Star" does the trick. In its 23-plus minute roll, the "Dark Star" swirls and soars with the Dead hitting an improvisational peak. Then in a jam toward the end of the song, you can hear the song "Eyes of the World" start to take shape, perhaps being played for the first time outside of a rehearsal. The melody line is undeniable, with the rest of the song falling into place by 1973 and landing on the Dead's very pretty "Wake of the Flood" album.

The remainder of the set is a snapshot of the band feeling very comfortable in crafting its cosmic rock. Alter all, to this day you're liable to hear a set end with "Not Fade Away," segueing into "Going Down the Road," and back into "Not Fade." But you won't hear it with the same "Wow, how did we do that?" freshness captured on "Dick's Picks Volume Two."

"Dick's Picks Volume Two" is available for $13.50 through Grateful Dead Merchandising only. To order, call (800) 323-2300.

Sunday Telegram (Worcester, MA)

DL0703



Dick's Picks, Volume Two
Grateful Dead
Grateful Dead Merchandising
P.O. Box 2139, Dept. E
Novato, CA 94948
$13.50, CD

At the point history bends upon itself and sees its reflection in the spirals of time, the dead will arise and redeem their rightful place.... or something to that effect. In any case, the future was bright for the Grateful Dead in the fall of 1971. Although the seminal leadership of Pigpen was missing, due to his ailing health, the band confidently plowed through such classics as "Dark Star" and "Saint Stephen."

Recorded in Columbus, Ohio, *Dick's Picks, Volume Two* features a very young Grateful Dead wailing through an array of musical styles. Strains of jazz and blues echo throughout, and although twenty years too early, there are jams that seem to reek of what is now called grunge.

As archivist for the Dead, Dick Latvala is up to his ears in reel-to-reel tape. His natural talent for finding the crème de la crème out of thousands of hours of listening is no easy task, but Latvala makes it seem that way. This finely produced CD is not just for the hardcore Deadhead, it is a welcome addition to any collection, and is sure to be listened to until the point history bends upon itself.

MAGICAL BLEND (THRU 7/95) —reviewed by DNA



University of California
Santa Barbara

The Chancellor, Faculty and
Graduating Class of The
University of California,
Santa Barbara,
are pleased to announce that
Richard D. Latvala
will be conferred the degree of
Bachelor of Science
in Microbiology with an
emphasis in Recombinant DNA
at the Annual Commencement Exercises
to be held, June seventeenth
Nineteen hundred and ninety-five
at four o'clock in the afternoon
Faculty Club Green
University of California, Santa Barbara





DL0704

DL0705





DAILY HOME
Talladega, Alabama
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APR 8 95



Scott Adamson

The Dead don't get me truckin'

One of the greatest cultural events in Alabama history — second only to the annual goat rope and hoe-down performed each summer in Opp — was held last week in Birmingham.

In case you missed it, the Grateful Dead came to town. This band has probably the biggest cult following of anyone other than Jim Jones, and these followers are a faithful lot.

Personally, I've never cared for the Grateful Dead — never understood the attraction. Lead singer Jerry Garcia, who I believe celebrated his 85th birthday recently, sings as though he just dropped his drawers and plopped down on white-hot charcoal.

Some of their songs include "Uncle John's Band," "Truckin'," "Casey Jones" and "Ripple."

Don't like any of them, even though they have serious, socially significant messages. The opening line of "Casey Jones" is "Riding that train, high on cocaine, Casey Jones you better watch your speed."

Brilliant. And to think this was written long before the Exxon Valdez captain got liquored up and caused a natural disaster.

I don't recall the words of "Truckin'," but it's something like, "Truckin', I just stole me a truck/ Truckin', I'm down on my luck/ Truckin', when I get stoned and put Pringles potato chips between my lips I look like a duck."

Actually I'm not sure of the exact words because I always change the station when the song comes on.

The song "Ripple" is self-explanatory. It sings the praises of Fred Sanford's favorite beverage.

Basically, the Grateful Dead sing about getting ripped and crashing trains, and their fans love it. Known as Deadheads, these are people with names like Moonbeam, Spliff and Parvo, who dress like hippies and say "Man" and "Dude" quite a bit. They travel the country following the Dead, claiming the group's music gives them good karma.

By all reports of the two concerts held in Birmingham, a good deal of the karma came not from the Dead, but from Colombian weeds rolled up in little white paper. This of course meant really good karma, followed by an uncontrollable urge to scarf down little white doughnuts, chocolate chip cookies and, in the case of some bigger fans, entire flame-broiled sheep.

I've often wondered how these people can hold down jobs since they follow the Grateful Dead everywhere they go. Maybe that is their job.

Perhaps there's some coffee shop in San Francisco where a sign appears in the window that reads: "Help Wanted. Deadheads. Must be willing to travel across the country, wear ponchos, panhandle and bathe only biannually. Experience driving a bus like the Partridge Family used to drive helpful, but not necessary. The successful applicant will receive good karma and be given countless opportunities to destroy brain cells. Apply within, dude."

ACTUALLY, DEADHEADS are pretty nice folks. Most of the Rainbow People, who recently visited Talladega National Forest to commune with nature and give mosquitoes new food opportunities by running around naked, are Deadheads. I've never heard of a Deadhead knocking over a liquor store or trying to assassinate the Ambassador to Guam, so they're pretty harmless.

They just have really poor taste in music.

Just kidding. There is no right or wrong taste in music. If you like it, it's good. If you don't like it, it's bad. I don't like the Grateful Dead, therefore to me it's bad. Then again, I don't like running around naked in turkey and deer infested areas — unless I have a really, really good reason to do so — nor do I have any desire to change my name from Scott to Dances With Some Chick Who Rarely Showers.

I'm not an old fogey — I like everything from speed metal to new punk by the likes of Green Day and Offspring, but I've yet to enjoy a group so much that I would sacrifice personal hygiene and a paycheck to follow them around.

Of course, if Sharon Stone, Karen Duffy, Dana Delaney and Sheryl Crow ever team up to form a band, I might reconsider.

When that day comes, hide the soap and break out the Ripple. Scott "Lustbucket" Adamson will be ready to hit the road ...

THE LEDGER
LAKELAND, FL
4/7/95

Getting all the good stuff out

By Steve Webb
The Ledger

It was the stack of bootlegs that did it.

For years, The Grateful Dead had figured that controlled permission to tape all its concerts would create such a wide network of tapers that profiteers would see no benefit in releasing unauthorized recordings of the band. "Once we walk off the stage, they're welcome to it," Jerry Garcia once said about taping a Grateful Dead show.

And "done with it" meant the band wasn't all that interested in releasing any more live albums than it felt necessary. Considering that meant one single vinyl LP, five two-LP sets, a three-LP set and a two-CD set over 25 years (and concurrent with 13 studio albums), The Dead wasn't exactly skimping.

But, as tape archivist Dick Latvala recalls, one day several members of the band's staff went to a group meeting and presented the musicians with an assortment of unauthorized CD concert recordings, sets that dated back as far as a 1968 show that featured "Hey Jude" as an encore and as recent as its previous tour.

"I think they saw what kinds of products and what kinds of prices were out there and they realized we could do it better," Latvala said. "Those bootleggers aren't really smart enough to know what the good stuff is, and their prices are outrageous — $30 for a single disc, $90 for a three-disc show."

It was out of that revelation that then-sound engineer Dan Healy was allowed to put together "One from the Vault," a 1975 show that was the first of now six releases culled from the tape archives. "Two from the Vault" came a few months later, a 1968 show that did more to showcase the late founding vocalist Ron "Pigpen" MacKernan than the 1973 "Bear's Choice" had.

In between was "Infrared Roses," a collage by keyboard programmer Bob Bralove of "Space" and "Drums" freeform improvisation. Just in time for last Christmas, Canadian sound collage artist John Oswald completed and released the first of two "Gray Folded" discs, combining dozens of live versions of "Dark Star" into a massive whole. It is on Oswald's Plunderphonics label, while the other five releases are on Grateful Dead Records.

Latvala has his own series as well, "Dick's Picks." A 1973 show at Tampa's Curtis Hixon Hall was released last spring, and the second volume features 58 minutes from the second set of a 1971 Halloween show in Columbus, Ohio. Both albums are available by mail-order by calling 1-800-323-2300.

"This latest isn't really that known. I was surprised by it myself," says Latvala, whose concert-going extends back to one of the 1966 "Acid Test" dates. "It opens with a really free-flowing 'Dark Star' and the band is just generally open sounding."

He notes it was among the first dates the late Keith Godchaux played with the band, at the time as a temporary substitute for the ailing Pigpen. "He's down in the mix, so it's not as obvious here as on 'Vol. I,' but yeah, Keith played great those first few years."

The "Dick's Picks" series is intended to concentrate on two-track recordings that don't allow for correcting levels and tonal "smearing" in the mastering process. Multi-track recordings are eligible for the "Vault" series, the next of which will feature a 1972 show in Frankfurt, Germany, "one of the best live albums you'll ever hear" according to Latvala.

"My intention is to concentrate on the '70s because that's the period I recall as the band's greatest in concert," Latvala said. "There was an unwritten role at the beginning to go up to the band signing with Arista (in 1977), but I don't know how hard and fast that is."

At any rate, he has a lot of choices to make. He has heard and taken notes on hundreds of tapes, including a legendary Fillmore East show from February of 1970 that features what many tape collectors call the band's best-ever performance.

"Yeah, it lives up to the billing," Latvala says. "To have been a cockroach on the wall of the Fillmore — a lot of us in the Bay Area say they only rehearse here to play in New York."

The problem with the tape is that it breaks up in the middle of the extended "That's It for the Other One," and several songs were included in the poorly mastered "Bear's Choice" single LP.

"I'm really wanting to hit people with things they aren't that familiar with," he continues. "Everybody knows Harpur College (a May 1970 date with a particularly strong acoustic set). I think my role is to turn people on to shows like this Columbus one that's on 'Vol. II.'"

The 1978 Egypt shows? Possible at some point, although Latvala agrees with the popular assessment that the first two weren't that strong. Tapes from the subsequent "From Egypt With Love" shows at San Francisco's Winterland are missing.

"That's my biggest disappointment right now, that I can't find that third Winterland show," he said. "Actually, the taping became less of a priority after Owsley (Stanley, a.k.a. "Bear," the band's early benefactor and electronics guru, also known for marketing LSD) went to prison and before 1980. There were a lot of two-track recordings, and they tended to be done by someone who had something else to do as well during the show."

PITTSBURGH CITY PAPER
PITTSBURGH, PA
WEEKLY 82,000
MAY 17 1995
BURRELLE'S
1682 EG

Grateful Dead

Dick's Picks Volume Two
Grateful Dead Records P2007

This second release of vintage material chosen by the Dead's tape-vault archivist, Dick Latvala, is a bracing shot from a key point in the band's history. It's a continuous sequence from Halloween 1971 in Columbus, consisting of "Dark Star," "jam," "Sugar Magnolia," "St. Stephen," "Not Fade Away," "Going Down the Road" and a "Not Fade Away" reprise, clocking 58:33 total — a fairly typical sequence for fall '71 Dead, but hardly a run-of-the-mill release. This is not a show in wide circulation among tape collectors, and what copies exist fall short of this disc's digitally remastered sound, so it's a welcome addition. This also was just the 10th show keyboardist Keith Godchaux played with the Dead (Ron "Pigpen" McKernan was at home, trying to bolster his failing health); with Mickey Hart having left the previous February, this disc serves as a snapshot of the Dead in transition from the raw majesty of '69 (with keyboardist Tom Constanten, documented on *Live Dead*) to the amazingly exploratory, jazz-like sound that would come to full flower from 1972-74 (just compare the "Stephen" from *Live Dead* to this one). But most of all, this is a document of an exceptional night when the Dead were so *on* that their instinctive interplay and spontaneous mutual combustion were continually astonishing. A highlight: After the wide-ranging, contemplative "Star," the "jam" moves through several different figures and moods, including one that distantly foreshadows "Eyes of the World." That, and the achingly beautiful transitions in the "NFA-GDTR-NFA" run, are, by themselves, worth this disc's $13.50 price (which includes postage and handling; call 1-800-323-2300 or mail-order to Dicks Picks, P.O. Box 2139-Dept. E, Novato, CA 94948). ■

— Alan Wallace

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USA

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PRINTED IN ITALY

Grateful Dead

★★★ Grateful Dead archivist Dick Latvala's second classic Dead concert disc — a Halloween 1971 show in Columbus, Ohio — begins with the band under the spell of that spirit that leads them into their periodic meandering jams.

Starting off with a twirly-trance version of *Dark Star* that seems likely to veer into *Space* at any moment is a vintage Dead approach. It also makes the rest of this guitar-dominated disk that much nicer.

This was an uneven show, but *Sugar Magnolia*, *St. Stephen*, *Going Down the Road Feeling Bad* and two versions of *Not Fade Away* will get you in the mood to trek back to Deer Creek for the Dead's annual visit. This year, it's July 2 and 3.

Dick's Picks Volume Two is available only by mail order for $13.50. To order, call (800) 323-2300, or send a check or money order to Dick's Picks, P.O. Box 2139 — Dept. E, Novato, Calif. 94948.

"Dick's Picks, Volume Two," Grateful Dead Records. Reviewed by staff writer Eric B. Schoch.

INDIANAPOLIS STAR
Circ:252,491/406,980
Party:Indep
Dist:M-Sat/Sun
County:MARION
Pop:797,159.00
JUN 11 1995

90070

DL0707

THE LEDGER
LAKELAND, FL.

MUSIC

Space opera from a jug band

By Steve Webb
The Ledger

At the cornerstone to the Grateful Dead's reputation as an experimental band is a single song/composition/exploration, an Epiphany song of sorts about a sighting that defies rational experience and summons its viewer to seek it out.

Dark star crashes
pouring its light
into ashes,

Robert Hunter wrote, 28 years ago.

Reason tatters
the forces tear loose
from the axis.

Those are the first lines of "Dark Star," the elusive "it" that a large segment of the Grateful Dead's audience wonders about each night the band plays live. "You pretty much have to plan on going to a year's worth of shows if you want to guarantee hearing it," says Dennis McNally, the group's publicist since the mid-'80s. One of the more memorable Deadheads-in-line-for-the-show photographs features a Winterland concert-goer holding up a sign that said, "One Thousand Five Hundred and Sixty-Five Days Since Last SF 'Dark Star.' "

At a show in Atlanta in 1991, the first strains of it sent a woman from Chatanooga to a pay telephone, where she called a friend long distance who had never gotten to hear it before. Several nights later in Orlando, bassist Phil Lesh would tease the audience with its two-bar introduction before launching the band into "Box of Rain."

As signature tunes go, it's a modest one. At 78 words of verse (not counting a spoken afterthought on the single), it is downright spare. The first stanza of Bob Dylan's "Like A Rolling Stone" clocks in at 87 words. "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" has 74 words in its first stanza.

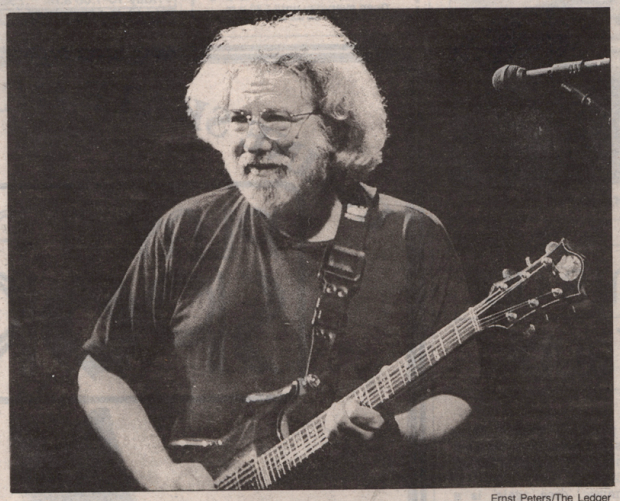
But although the lyrical imagery of "Dark Star" is part of what has created its legend over the years, such a comparison is meaningless. "Dark Star" is a journey for the band, a sci-fi space opera, a spiritual quest and most important one that involves melodies and harmonies.

If the piece has an official version, it is the 22-minute Carousel Ballroom recording that adorns the 1969 album "Live Dead." A single exists as well, appearing on the Warner double-album "What a Long Strange Trip It's Been," and a pair of other versions have appeared over the last three years on "Two From the Vault" from a 1968 performance in Los Angeles and the just released "Dick's Picks, Volume Two" from a 1971 Columbus, Ohio, show.

Most prominently, the first disc of what will be a two-CD mail-order album titled "Gray Folded" features segments of 51 versions of the songs over 25 years in an aural collage.

"Dark Star" was the first lyric Hunter consciously wrote as a Grateful Dead piece after the group set several of his other poems to music. The group developed it to formaiize (maybe that isn't the right word) its anything-goes ethic into a piece structured to have no structure. It has a framework: The introduction/fanfare, a theme built around several sub-dominant scales, a first stanza, a free-form jam, the second stanza and some disparate lines that can drift into another song or an endless assortment of instrumental possibilities.

But any of those elements can be missing on a given night. The newly released "Dick's Picks" version foregoes a second stanza. A widely circulated concert tape of a 1974 show in Missoula, Mont., foregoes the introduction, segueing straight into a slow version of the theme from the three-part "Weather Report Suite." Some performances feature a loose but tuneful jam coming out of the first stanza; others feature a "Space" section with no discernible key or tempo.



Ernst Peters/The Ledger

Jerry Garcia at the 1994 Grateful Dead show at the Orlando Arena.

Let's start with the lyrics. Hunter wrote them shortly after returning to the San Francisco Bay area after a stint in the Army. It isn't about hallucinogenic drugs, but the group's in-house lyricist (like novelist Ken Kesey and co-writer Garcia) was among those who discovered LSD-25 as volunteers for military experiments with the drug at Stanford University in the early '60s. The Grateful Dead cut its teeth as a live act accompanying Kesey's then-legal "Acid Tests," which he considered to be party-like re-creations of those experiments.

More than anything, the lyrics are about vision and travel. They present the listener, an equal partner with the performer, with a common revelation that defies reason and experience. The Grateful Dead's most obvious literary antecedents are the Beat-generation writers including Kesey, Allen Ginsburg and Jack Kerouac. "Beat" to the Beats meant different things, but among them was a shortening of beatific as in blessed generation, and life was a quest for the holy.

They were a self-possessed lot, to be sure, and during the travels suggested in the novel "On the Road," they would likely have viewed the Texaco star coming over the horizon as a sign to a car-load of Magi, beckoning them west.

Shall we go,
You and I
while we can?
Through
The transitive nightfall
of diamonds.

Hunter's invitation was to the band, at that point largely a loose cover band with a few originals to its credit and a lot of ambition. Its membership included two ex-students of avant garde composition (Lesh and keyboardist Tom Constanten), a pair of drummers (Bill Kreutzman and Mickey Hart) who wanted to work together as they'd seen a pair of drummers work in John Coltrane's 1966-67 band, a would-be bluesman (Ron "Pigpen" McKernan) who had no interest in the psychedelic experience, and a pair of jug-band and bluegrass guitarists (Garcia and Bob Weir) who had varying reasons to create rock music that was as free as the thoughts it and psychedelics provoked in them.

Garcia took the words and jotted down a slim framework culled from the bridge of the band's most enduring "cover" tune, the Appalachian folk song "Cold Rain and Snow."

What made "Cold Rain" work in concert were passages that alternate between G and A major chords, a product of its key signature. "Cold Rain," as the Grateful Dead perform it, is in a dominant rather than tonic key, which is to say the seventh tone (ti, as in "a drink with jam or bread") in its scale is flattened.

By 1967, several rock bands had found how well they could improvise in dominant E, producing such songs as "Day Tripper," "Mr. Soul" and "Paperback Writer."

What the Dead found playing in dominant A is that they could produce a freer improvisation alternating between two chords one whole step apart. Scales built from different starting points on the G chord could lead into the A with all sorts of possibilities. The two chord pattern could swell and ebb dynamically.

It wasn't that great a logical leap to change that pattern from an often-repeated transitional phrase between stanzas into a theme separate from the stanzas. The "Dark Star" theme starts with several distinct instrumental roles. The lead guitar establishes a main melody and then explores its variations. The bass is a counterpoint to it. The rhythm guitar serves up several fingerings of the two chords, just a touch off the lead's cadence.

The keyboard's role as the theme is established can vary more widely than the guitars — everything from laying out entirely to slight repeated piano phrases to full sustained organ chords and so on. The drummers (or drummer during the four years when Kreutzman handled the chores by himself) tend to use light hands keeping the others in time.

The players' various roles then blur, interchange and otherwise dissipate as the theme develops, usually for five to eight minutes although in some cases during the late '80s and early '90s for as short as two minutes. The longer themes tend to drift into jams with only a hint of the theme, and in some cases seem to slow to a virtual stop before the first stanza starts. It takes less than a minute.

At that point, anything can happen. The theme sometimes resumes, but not often and when it does it is barely recognizable. The group can launch into any of its various total improvisation formats, from a loosely structured jam to a drum duet to a formless "Space" of dissonant tones that eventually turn into something more structured. Guests can turn up. At one point in a 1970 show, Mick Fleetwood joined Kruetzman and Hart during a drums section, playing a handheld drum and chanting "I'm in the Grateful Dead." Ken Kesey eulogized his son and Bill Graham during a Halloween show in 1991.

On a 1972 performance near Veneta, Ore., Phil Lesh plays what seems to be a reintroduction of the theme coming out of the first stanza, only for pianist Keith Godchaux to use it as a foundation for a faster, more staccato improvisation. The guitars join in, but bass and piano had established an entirely different theme.

Sometimes the second jam will involve woodshedding ideas that will eventually form songs. The "Dick's Picks" version features a samba section after the first stanza that two years later will form into "Eyes of the World." Constanten, in an interview with Dead biographer Sandy Troy, recalls playing the theme from "Uncle John's Band" at that point in "Dark Star" months before the song was written.

The second stanza has never been guaranteed, and has shown up less frequently since the number was reintroduced in the late '80s. Just as often, the band will come out of "Space" or the drums duet into something else. In a couple of cases, the second stanza have been dropped in the next night.

It's an attitude of playfullness that even makes sense of Lesh's "Dark Star Tease." Every performance of every song, the bassist once asserted, has the potential of taking off like the best "Dark Star." The four-second snippet makes it official: This isn't a rare song at all. Concert-goers hear "Dark Star" every night. Some last 21:23; others last 0:00.

THE GRATEFUL DEAD

With Black Crowes. On this tour, by the way, the Dead have started playing "Unbroken Chain," a Phil Lesh song from the 1974 album "From the Mars Hotel" that had previously been the band's most conspicuously un-performed song.

When: 6:30 tonight

Where: Tampa Stadium, 4201 N. Dale Mabry, Tampa.

Admission: $30; Ticketmaster.

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CD VAULT

Intimate sounds from Band at Watkins Glen

Contrary to popular opinion, the 1969 Woodstock Festival was not the biggest rock festival of its era. That honor goes to the July, 1973 "Summer Jam" held at the Watkins Glen Grand Prix Circuit in Watkins Glen, N.Y.

An estimated 600,000 people attended the show, which featured sets by The Band, The Allman Brothers Band and The Grateful Dead. The Band, which had a hard time dealing with the hugeness of the Woodstock Festival, was initially reluctant to play Watkins Glen, but ultimately agreed, and ended up having a positive experience. According to one account, guitarist Robbie Robertson told the crowd "You're the most fantastic thing we've ever seen!" as he left the stage, and later told reporters, "There was an alertness to the audience I could not believe."

★★★ ***Live at Watkins Glen,*** The Band (Capitol). This CD consists of ten numbers from that legendary event. Whereas previous Band live albums ***Rock Of Ages*** and ***The Last Waltz*** documented the group giving its material new twists—collaborating with a horn section on the former, and with a slew of guest stars on the latter—this collection is a less ambitious affair, drawing attention to the deft interplay between the five band members and the impressive range of colors and textures provided by the trio of lead vocalists, drummer Levon Helm, pianist Richard Manuel and bassist Rick Danko.

There is a wonderful intimacy to "The Rumor," "Don't Ya Tell Henry" and "Up on Cripple Creek," and Manuel melts hearts with his fragile falsetto on "I Shall Be Released." The group comes across as an inspired bar band on covers of Chuck Berry's "Back To Memphis" and Stevie Wonder's "Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever."

On the negative side, organist Garth Hudson's solo number, "Too Wet To Work," seems like little more than a stall for time, and an improvised group effort entitled, simply, "Jam," is mundane.

Since five of the ten tracks have already been released as part of Band retrospective albums released in 1989 and 1994, this isn't exactly a earth-shaking reissue. It does, however, capture a major rock band near the top of its game.

★★★ ***Dick's Picks,*** Vol. 2, The Grateful Dead (available through Grateful Dead Records at 1-800-323-2300). This live album, the second in a series compiled by Dead archivist Dick Latvala, doesn't document the Dead at Watkins Glen, but it does capture the band on a good night approximately two years earlier at the Ohio Theatre in Columbus, Ohio.

Like ***Dick's Picks, Vol. 1,*** released in 1993, the album is devoid of the dull moments that mar a typical Dead show.

GRATEFUL DEAD
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THE GRATEFUL DEAD

Weir to fans: Be happy, don't analyze

By Russ DeVault
STAFF WRITER



Arista Records

Thirty years of making music and myths has only advanced the fortunes of the Grateful Dead and added to the cult of fans that follow them from city to city.

Guitarist Bob Weir, singer-songwriter and onstage showman for the Grateful Dead, has some advice for everyone trying to analyze and categorize the band: "Relax, and don't worry about it. Enjoy the music."

But Weir acknowledges that the 30-year-old psychedelic band, due in Atlanta to open a four-night series of concerts Sunday at the Omni, is a cultural phenomenon.

"A lot of people take us more seriously than we take ourselves," Weir says from a tour stop in Philadelphia. "But maybe we signify something within our culture."

Of that, there's no doubt. Books about the San Francisco-based band and its Deadhead fans abound, with the most recent being a 400-page "Dictionary for Deadheads" (Doubleday, $14.95). Computer networks, magazines, newsletters and even college courses are dedicated to the Dead.

"Some see us as normal folks and some see us as demigods," Weir says. "But there's no way we can be what they're looking for. We can't be gods or regular guys, either — at least within their view of what a regular guy should be."

But Weir, 47, works at having a life outside the band. Though he never completed high school, he has several honorary high school diplomas and is about to publish his second children's book/cassette, "Baru Bay: Australia" (Hyperion, $19.95). Due in stores next month, it's an environmentally conscious blend of reality and fantasy illustrated by his sister, Wendy Weir.

"It's a pretty simple story," says Weir, who spent a month in 1992 diving the Australian coral reef and getting to know the aboriginal people and their culture. "A young girl comes to a remote bay, meets some people and learns some things about life and the ecology of northern Australia."

Weir will share proceeds from the book with the nonprofit Coral Forest educational project he founded and with Australian rocker Mandawuy Yunupingu's Yothu Yindi Foundation for work on an aboriginal cultural center.

Before he can pursue another book, he has an album to record with the Dead and the band's spring, summer and fall tours to finish. (The Dead has just released the CD-only "Dick's Picks Vol. Two," recorded live at Columbus, Ohio, on Halloween 1971.)

The plans for recording and yearlong touring should ease the minds of Deadheads fretting that the band's 30th anniversary might signal a cutback. "Ah, I got nothing better to do," Weir says, laughing. "I'm not going to retire and work on my golf game or anything like that."

PREVIEW

The Grateful Dead
7:30 p.m. Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. $27.50. Sunday and Thursday shows sold out. Limited availability for others. The Omni, 100 Techwood Drive N.W. 249-6400.

▶ To hear selections from the Dead's "Dick's Picks: Volume Two," call Soundline at 511, enter 8600, then enter access code 210. Three free calls per month. Additional calls are 50 cents each. See **Page A2** for details.

ACCESS ATLANTA

Have a question for the Grateful Dead? The band's taking questions on-line through Monday afternoon and answers will appear on Tuesday. Information, **Page A2.** *Members, jump: Atlanta BB.*

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The History of Rock 'n' Roll

May 16, 1995

Dick Latvala
8 Betty Court
Petaluma, CA 94952

Dear Dick:

I am happy to enclose a boxed set of The History of Rock 'n Roll. We hope you enjoy the series and we thank you very much for your help in making this project a reality.

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Series Producer

Jerry Schilling
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GRATEFUL DEAD

DICK'S PICKS VOLUME TWO

Grateful Dead Records

The departure of soundman Dan Healy has stalled the "From the Vault" series of live Dead concerts, but the slack has been picked up admirably by tape archivist Dick Latvala. This time out we get a show from Columbus, Ohio on Halloween night 1971. The disc starts with a 23-minute "Dark Star" in which the jam goes to the outer edges of the universe and slides back into a rollicking "Sugar Magnolia." Next is a classic "St. Stephen" followed by "Not Fade Away," which slips seamlessly into "Going Down the Road Feeling Bad" and back into "Not Fade Away" for a rousing closer. Anyone with a fondness for early '70s Dead (arguably one of their most fruitful periods) or just after high quality live recordings of the band would be well served with this choice. It's available through mail order only from the folks at Grateful Dead Merchandising at 1-800-323-2300.

– JIMMY CAWLEY

The Grateful Dead
"Dicks Picks Vol. II"

Diese Doppel-CD enthält eine bisher unveröffentlichte Aufnahme einer Show aus dem Jahr 1971, die Dead-Archivist Dick Latvala als zweiten Release aus dem Dead-Archiv ausgesucht hat. Die simple (Zwei-Spur), jedoch klanglich erstklassige Aufnahme zeigt, wie improvisationsfreudig die Band bereits zu diesem Zeitpunkt spielte. Klassiker wie "Dark Star", "Sugar Magnolia" und "Not Fade Away" finden sich hier in ausgedehnten Versionen. Da diese für Deadheads obligatorische CD nur über den Dead Merchandising Kanal erhältlich ist, hier die Anschrift: Dick's Picks, P.O. Box 2139 Dept. E, Novato, CA 94948, USA. (ms)

Mike Schuppisser
Verkaufsleiter/Sales Manager

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Dead CD focuses on Halloween, 1971

3393 WORCESTER, MA. 6/18/95 TELEGRAM & GAZETTE

DICK'S PICKS VOLUME TWO
Grateful Dead (Grateful Dead Records)
★ ★ ★
By Scott McLennan
T&G Entertainment Columnist

This second installment of the Grateful Dead's in-house project of concert releases is a show from Columbus, Ohio, recorded on Halloween night, 1971.

Grateful Dead tape archivist Dick Latvala (yup, the band really has a guy on payroll overseeing the organizing of its concert tapes) picked a show that captures the band at one of its many turning points, this one being the time the band's songwriting and arranging skills were ready to take off.

To set the stage, pianist Keith Godchaux is on board for about his 10th show, with original keyboardist Pigpen McKernan on sick leave. Billy Kreutzmann is solo on drums, with Mickey Hart still not a full-fledged member of the ensemble. Those two acquit themselves nicely, particularly Kreutzmann, who to this day is often mistakenly seen as the less adventurous of the Dead's two drummers. Guitarist Jerry Garcia and bass player Phil Lesh proved to be the biggest monsters on that Halloween, playing the bejesus out of every tune.

'Dark Star' to 'Not Fade Away'

The CD captures a 58-minute set that opens with the opus "Dark Star," and includes "Sugar Magnolia," "St. Stephen," Buddy Holly's "Not Fade Away," and "Going Down the Road Feeling Bad."

The Dick's Picks series is aimed squarely at the Dead fan who has it all, and to that end the "Dark Star" does the trick. In its 23-plus minute roll, the "Dark Star" swirls and soars with the Dead hitting an improvisational peak. Then in a jam toward the end of the song, you can hear the song "Eyes of the World" start to take shape, perhaps being played for the first time outside of a rehearsal. The melody line is undeniable, with the rest of the song falling into place by 1973 and landing on the Dead's very pretty "Wake of the Flood" album.

The remainder of the set is a snapshot of the band feeling very comfortable in crafting its cosmic rock. Alter all, to this day you're liable to hear a set end with "Not Fade Away," segueing into "Going Down the Road," and back into "Not Fade." But you won't hear it with the same "Wow, how did we do that?" freshness captured on "Dick's Picks Volume Two."

"Dick's Picks Volume Two" is available for $13.50 through Grateful Dead Merchandising only. To order, call (800) 323-2300.

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The Dead

50007
Grateful Dead
"Dick's Picks, Volume Two," Grateful Dead Records. Reviewed by staff writer Eric B. Schoch.

★★★ Grateful Dead archivist Dick Latvala's second classic Dead concert disc — a Halloween 1971 show in Columbus, Ohio — begins with the band under the spell of that spirit that leads them into their periodic meandering jams.

Starting off with a twirly-trance version of *Dark Star* that seems likely to veer into *Space* at any moment is a vintage Dead approach. It also makes the rest of this guitar-dominated disk that much nicer.

This was an uneven show, but *Sugar Magnolia, St. Stephen, Going Down the Road Feeling Bad* and two versions of *Not Fade Away* will get you in the mood to trek back to Deer Creek for the Dead's annual visit. This year, it's July 2 and 3.

Dick's Picks Volume Two is available only by mail order for $13.50. To order, call (800) 323-2300, or send a check or money order to Dick's Picks, P.O. Box 2139 — Dept. E, Novato, Calif. 94948.

REMIX

A BMG ENTERTAINMENT PUBLICATION FOR NORTH AMERICA

BMG ENTERTAINMENT
SPRING 1995
ISSUE NUMBER 7

IN THIS ISSUE:

BMG INTERACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT
STRAUSS ZELNICK
ON THE AIR
IN THE FIELD
LAFACE RECORDS

The BMG Archives and the Vault

PRESERVING CULTURE AND HISTORY

In a limestone cave 200 feet underground in a small town outside Pittsburgh, BMG's vast U.S. archives will soon come alive in a new vault. Beginning in June, the contents of BMG's vaults in Indianapolis, Nashville and Fogelsville, PA, will be moved to a state-of-the-art storage facility currently under construction.

In fact, BMG Entertainment has begun a comprehensive review and redesign of its worldwide vault and archive systems. Headed by Joanne Feltman, vice-president of business affairs, the archives project will create multiple, networked resources for BMG's companies throughout the world.



In a limestone cave deep underground, lies a vault where BMG's archival treasures will be stored.

The U.S. vault is being constructed in a location not publicized for security reasons. It will be a climate-controlled storage facility in a network of underground caves originally owned by U.S. Steel. Government agencies such as the FBI and the Social Security administration, as well as other entertainment companies such as Disney, store irreplaceable materials in adjoining caves.

"This is a worldwide project," Feltman stresses. "With BMG continually expanding its global influence, additional assets are being acquired every day, reinforcing the urgent need to create a uniform system to record and catalog it all. We have companies all over the world who want to exploit each others' assets," she says. It is Feltman's hope that by the time the project is finished, "anyone with responsibility for marketing BMG's assets will be able to access complete information about all of BMG's recordings within its global network."

Most remarkable is how much uncalculated revenue could be generated from material newly rediscovered in the vault. Feltman could not begin to estimate how many special projects, new compilations and reissues could be created through the careful analysis of what BMG currently owns. "There

Continued on page 5

DL0712

DL0713

ARCHIVES *Continued from page 1*

will be planning involved with how we are going to market what we find. Our priorities will be substantially driven by what BMG's marketing and A&R experts tell us," she says. "Right now, vaults are passive; people use what they know is there. Soon we expect to be able to surprise them with newfound riches."

The project began with an examination of the oldest, and potentially largest, reserve of American music, the RCA Records vault. These recordings, many of which exist in a delicate state, are housed in rudimentary storage facilities in New York City, Fogelsville and Indianapolis. According to Feltman, within these repositories lies a wealth of musical information unparalleled in the history of recorded music. It includes up to one million recordings made in the United States alone, ranging from Toscanini recordings, and Cajun folk music and blues masters to the works of artists like Lou Reed and Elvis Presley.



At the entrance to the limestone cave.

From 1979–85, while director of business affairs for RCA, Feltman's duties included overseeing the A&R Administration department which operated the RCA archive room. At that time the room consisted of "a library of paper documents starting with ledgers from 1896, representing early recording sessions, and continuing up to contemporary times."

The archives and vault project will ensure a controlled storage and retrieval method for the collections, some of BMG's major assets. Previously, environmental controls for humidity or protocol for handling recordings did not adequately exist in the archive room to preserve them and ancillary documents.

Feltman has assembled a core team that includes project coordinator Alex Hankin; Glenn Korman, manager of preservation; Bernadette Moore, manager of archives; Claudia Depkin, archivist; and Lynn Hazan of BMG International. In addition, key staffers from the labels will be critical to the success of the project, Feltman notes. Restoration experts will be working closely with BMG Studios to preserve and transfer recordings. And, at the site of the new vault, a warehouse manager and a vault administrator will be based full-time.

Establishing a unified archival structure for global use will necessitate creating an electronic storage system for inventory control and data management; determining rights to exploit masters; and taking inventory, identifying, preserving and/or restoring masters and "work parts" for future use.

It was an idea during a key management seminar in 1993 that led to the archives project. After a speech by BMG top executives extolling the virtues of the digital future, Feltman raised a point that no one could deny: How could BMG fully ready itself for the future when it hadn't preserved its past? She raised the point that a digital future was nearly impossible without comprehensive methods to catalog the materials and preserve the recordings.

The response from senior management took Feltman by surprise — "Make us a proposal."

Feltman began her explorations. In Indianapolis, Los Angeles and Nashville, Feltman talked to engineers, end-users, A&R and marketing people at BMG operations in the U.S. and around the globe to identify the exact goals of the project. "I reached a point where I could tell them what I thought we needed to do, but I told them I didn't yet know how we would do it," she recalls. "There are solutions; we will find them or create them."

Over time, the project became larger as new information was uncovered and new problems were identified. Working through more than 725,000 different items stored in facilities in Indianapolis and Fogelsville, Feltman estimates the project will be completed in seven to ten years.

Feltman and Hazan have visited BMG archives and vaults in the UK, Germany, France and Italy, including Sonopress facilities in Gutersloh and Ricordi's archives in Milan.

The final stages of the project will come when a complicated database and retrieval system, including bar coding and scanning, is implemented to encompass all the historical information and recordings. Taking into account the global needs of BMG, these systems will initially be tested in the United States and then made available internationally. ✪

Worcester, MA
Telegram & Gazette
(Cir. D. 116,437)

JUN 18 1995

Dead CD focuses on Halloween, 1971

3393

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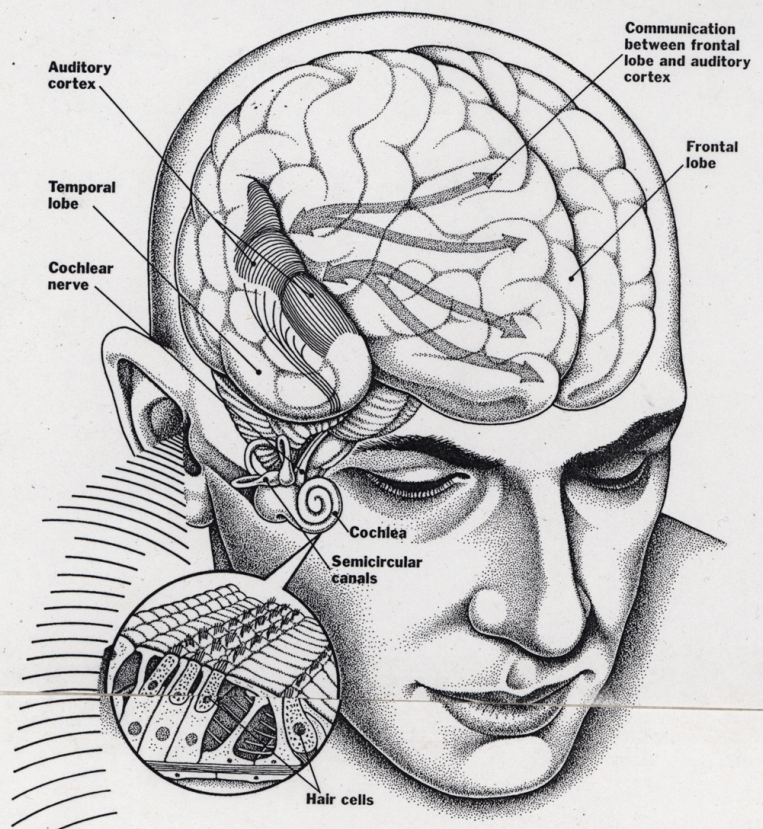
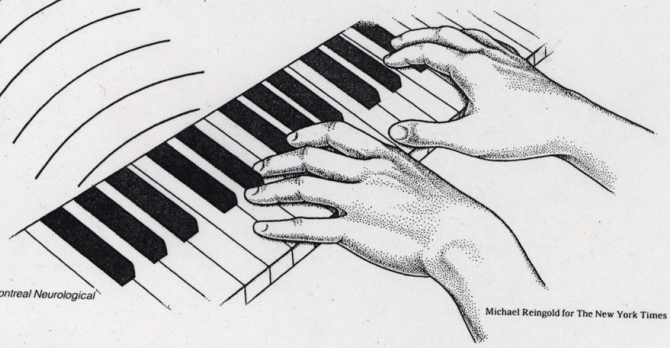
Science Times
The New York Times
z B5
TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1995



Some Brain Pathways for Musical Processing

Sound entering ear is converted into nerve impulses by hair cells in cochlea. Impulses are transmitted into auditory cortex, where specialized regions, especially in right cerebral hemisphere, are thought to analyze musical features like pitch and timbre. These areas are also thought to be important in short-term memory for musical sounds and in musical imagery, or "hearing music in one's head." Information from auditory cortex is transmitted to many other brain areas. Links to and from frontal lobes (arrows) are believed to be key parts of a complex interactive network that permits perceiving, remembering and enjoying music.



Source: Dr. Robert Zatorre/Montreal Neurological Institute and Hospital

Michael Reingold for The New York Times

The Mystery Of Music: How it Works In the Brain

By SANDRA BLAKESLEE

A 61-year-old Canadian businessman, who asked that his name not be used, recently took his wife to a fancy restaurant to celebrate their wedding anniversary. As they sat down, he asked the musicians to play the couple's favorite song, "La Vie en Rose."

When the meal ended, the man turned to his wife and said: "I'm so sorry, darling. They didn't play our song."

She looked back sympathetically and said: "But they did play it. Three times."

Neither of them was really surprised. Since suffering a stroke 15 years ago, the man has been afflicted with a rare condition called amusia. He cannot recognize any music or songs, however familiar they once were, though his speech and other auditory faculties are mostly normal. He can hear music, tap out the rhythm and dance to it, and even respond to it emotionally. But the music sounds weird and distorted, and he cannot distinguish Beethoven from Chuck Berry.

Patients like this man are helping neuroscientists plumb the mysteries of music in the human brain, raising questions whose answers are as deep and intricate as a Bach cantata:

How is music perceived by the brain, and which cells and circuits come into play?

Has music blossomed in the march of human evolution, becoming a uniquely human trait, or are other animals, such as songbirds, equally musical?

What is the relationship between language and music?

Why does music tap our emotions?

What makes a tune stick in our heads? What makes some people more musically talented than others? Are musicians' brains wired differently from other people's?

And, finally, a question asked by many parents: How does music influence a developing child's brain?

While many answers are being found with the help of brain imaging machines and experimental techniques, the question of how and why music arose in human evolution remains speculative.

The ability to perceive and enjoy music is an inborn human trait, said Dr. Mark Tramo, a neurobiologist at Harvard Medical School. While many animals use intricate sounds to recognize one another, attract mates and signal danger, humans have developed the richest musical repertoires of any species.

Continued on Page B8

Behind the Veil of Thought

Fourth article of an occasional series about advances in brain research.

DL0715

Music's Mystery: How It Works in the Brain

Continued From Page B5

A crowning achievement of human evolution is the ability to communicate complex ideas and emotional states, Dr. Tramo said. The human brain has evolved specialized circuits, called feature detectors, for this purpose, which can be used to decode aspects of both speech and music. For example, the temporal lobes at both sides of the head contain cells that recognize and process pitch, which is the unitary pattern of frequencies that one hears when a musical instrument or the vocal cords are vibrated.

"Pitch is a part of grammar," Dr. Tramo said. "When you ask a question, the pitch rises. When you string individual speech sounds and sequences into sentences to express ideas, you begin to use pitch."

Pitch is also an integral part of music. When the brain listens to music, Dr. Tramo said, it uses many of the same pitch detectors that are used in decoding spoken language.

The first musical instrument was probably the human voice, Dr. Tramo said. As language flourished, so did music, with cultures inventing different kinds of resonators — flutes, reeds, simple strings. While language was used to transmit knowledge, he said, music was used to promote social cohesion through shared tribal rituals.

Some scientists think that language and music are two sides of the same intellectual coin, a view supported by the anatomical distribution of feature detectors in the human brain. Cellular circuits that recognize language and music are found on both sides of the brain, said Dr. Jamshed Bharucha, a psychologist at Dartmouth College in Hanover, N.H. But the left hemisphere also contains regions that specialize exclusively in language and the right has some regions that exclusively serve musical perception, he said. In the brains of musical idiot savants — individuals who are talented musicians despite severe mental retardation — the dichotomy is especially pronounced.

Researchers are beginning to model these special music circuits in computer neural networks and to map them in living brains, Dr. Bharucha said. Some of the biology is known. When sound waves enter the human ear, they stimulate neurons called hair cells that lie on a flat plane. Depending where it is located, each hair cell responds to a characteristic frequency. Those at one end respond to high frequencies, those at the other end to low frequencies.

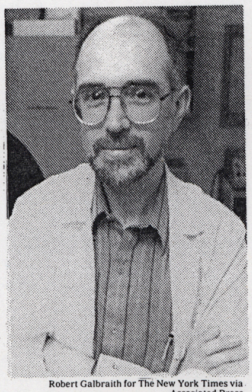
The signals are then passed up through the brain stem, where information from both ears is integrated to help locate the origin of the sounds. From there they enter the primary auditory cortex, which contains cells that specialize in particular frequencies. Simple sounds are again mapped on neural tissue.

At these lower levels, language and music have shared pathways, Dr. Bharucha said. The question is, at what point do they diverge? Where are the neural circuits for music and which qualities of music do they specialize in recognizing?

"We predict you should find cells that are tuned to familiar chords," Dr. Bharucha said. Some cells may be tuned for octaves, musical fifths and fourths, he said. Others would specialize in detecting patterns of ascending or descending tones.

There even may be cells that are wired together to encode familiar songs and melodies, Dr. Bharucha said. The more familiar the song, the fewer the neurons needed for this task. The idea is supported by classical experiments in which doctors inserted tiny electrodes into the brains of awake patients. As the active electrode was moved from one tiny clump of cells to another, patients reported hearing different songs, fragments of symphonies or familiar voices.

Studies of brain-damaged patients shed considerable light on these circuits, said Dr. Isabelle Péretz, a psychologist at the University of Montreal. She has studied three patients who suffered damage to both the left and right temporal lobes — where major auditory circuits reside — and as a result have lost the ability to recognize familiar songs, the condition called amusia. Only music is affected, Dr. Peretz said. These patients can recognize human voices, animal cries, traffic sounds and all other auditory information with no trouble. The patients say they can still respond emotionally to music, even though the neural network that recognizes melody and other musical qualities has been destroyed.



Robert Galbraith for The New York Times via Associated Press

Dr. Robert Zatorre studies brain regions that process music.

One intriguing question: How does music tap emotions?

Clues to what has been lost may be found in connections between the temporal lobes and frontal lobes, where higher-order decisions are made, said Dr. Robert Zatorre, a psychologist at the Montreal Neurological Institute and Hospital. "Music evolves over time and to decode it you need to hold information in working memory," he said. "You need a sophisticated buffer to relate an event happening now to an event 12 seconds ago. We think this is happening in the frontal and temporal lobe interaction. The frontal lobe runs the traffic here, holding the relevant information." Depending on what you are listening for in a particular piece of music, the relevant information may be repeated themes, for instance, or timbres of different instruments.

Music can also be imagined, as Dr. Zatorre points out, because people have stored representations of songs, melodies and the sounds of instruments. These representations can be stimulated internally, he said. When a song is "imagined," the cells and networks that are activated are identical to those used when a person actually hears music coming from the external world. But when songs are imagined, Dr. Zatorre said, parts of the visual cortex also light up, suggesting that tonal patterns evoke visual imagery patterns.

"We don't know what triggers musical imagery," Dr. Zatorre said, "but it is very common for people to wake up in the morning with songs running through their heads."

Brain mapping shows that musical networks also extend into the brain's emotional circuits in the limbic system, Dr. Zatorre said. People report strong emotional sensations when they listen to music, saying, for example, that they feel like their hair is standing on end or that they have a lump in their throat, he said. How these circuits are wired up has yet to be determined. Dr. Fernando Nottebohm, a neuroscientist at Rockefeller University in New York, suggests that bird songs may also have an emotional component. "I believe some birds sing purely for pleasure" he said. "I wouldn't be surprised if a male song bird singing on top of a tree is having a glorious time."

Research into how the brain decodes music reveals insight about what makes music so interesting to most people. It is a matter of surprise, researchers say. The brain becomes accustomed to patterns of music based on exposure to various musical traditions, Dr. Bharucha said. Groups of cells may be especially attuned to sounds heard in rock and roll, Mozart or riffs on a sitar. When the brain hears, say, 10 notes of a melody, it will predict the 11th note based on these stored connections. When the note is predicted correctly, he said, the cellular connections become even stronger. If a note is slightly off, it can be either jarring or aesthetically pleasing.

It is the violation of these brain-based expectations that makes music interesting, Dr. Bharucha said. Composers regularly exploit them. For example, the note-to-note violations in classical music are very subtle. "At the beginning of a Handel violin sonata, the violin plays notes that lead you to expect completion of a chord with a D on the musical scale," he said. "Instead, you hear an E, which is a subtle violation in the same key in the same scale.

"If you want more serious violations, you pick notes out of key," Dr. Bharucha continued. "Western music pushed the limit of these violations until, in the early 20th century, the whole thing collapsed." Composers like Schoenberg minimized the degree of expectation completely, but it never caught on with popular audiences. Minimalist music by composers such as Philip Glass is a revenge against excess surprise, he said. It is very predictable, some would say boring.

Rock and roll, Dr. Bharucha said, is often thought to be a new form of music, but in fact it uses chords and elemental patterns that go back centuries. Ironically, as far as pitches and harmonies go, rock and roll is more traditional and has changed less than classical music, he said, which may help explain its popularity.

Musical talent is another mystery. As with any kind of intelligence, the neural maps that serve music perception may be stronger or larger or better in some people. Earlier this year researchers reported that people with perfect pitch have in their left hemispheres highly developed structures associated with musical perception. But there is no single musical talent, said Dr. Peter Ostwald, a psychiatrist at the University of California School of Medicine in San Francisco. There may be separate talents for tone recognition, melodic structure, movement, ability to play an instrument well, and the gift for dramatizing oneself and playing in public.

Nevertheless, early exposure to music and musical training does make a difference in musical talent. Like language, music follows a course in infant and child development, Dr. Zatorre said. Six-month-old babies are sensitive to musical patterns. A 2-year-old hearing the Barney song will pick it up and start singing it incessantly. Children sing songs to themselves as they play.

At the University of California at Irvine, researchers built computer models of how cells in the auditory cortex might fire together during learning. When the computer program was connected to a device that translated its mathematical code into sounds, musical themes appeared.

"It got us to thinking," said Dr. Gordon Shaw, a physicist at Irvine's Center for the Neurobiology of Learning and Memory. He said that the way cells are connected throughout the cortex might compose the basic neural language of the brain. "When you hear music, you are exciting inherent brain patterns that derive from this structure and connectivity.

"Then we made another big jump," he added. "Musical training at an early age might reinforce these patterns. Music is structured in space and time. Could it enhance or strengthen the circuits that help you think and reason in space and time?"

To find out, Frances Rauscher, an Irvine researcher, has been working with preschool children in Los Angeles. One group of 3-year-olds received weekly piano lessons and participated in daily sessions of group singing. Another group did not get the extra training. After a year, she said, the musically trained children scored 80 percent higher on tests of spatial and temporal reasoning, an ability that underlies many kinds of mathematics and engineering.

Could this explain why so many physicists and mathematicians are also gifted musicians? Scientists who study music and the brain may soon find the answer.

The Series

The first article in this series, about evidence for a new theory of consciousness, appeared on March 21. The second article, about the way the brain processes emotion, appeared on March 28. The third article, about the brain's "working memory," appeared on May 2.

Marin IJ
September 16, 1995

Film tackles Deadhead phenomenon

By John Horn
Associated Press

LOS ANGELES — To appreciate Grateful Dead music you have to listen to a song. To understand the band's nomadic fans you have to see a movie.

The new documentary "Tie-Died: Rock 'n Roll's Most Deadicated Fans" offers an unusual portrait of an unusual phenomenon: the eccentric tribe that followed the Marin County band across the country, show-in and show-out.

Several of the film's Deadheads were born and grew up on the concert tour. Others have spent years living out of tents, hopscotching the nation in Volkswagen vans, making ends meet by peddling T-shirts and wares.

Where to see film

The movie opens with a special premiere showing next Thursday in San Francisco.

Details, A9

Due out Friday, the film was finished long before lead guitarist-vocalist Jerry Garcia's Aug. 9 death. The movie's distributors say they were pressured to hasten the documentary's debut to capitalize on his death, but chose not to. The Sept. 22 release, in fact, was set months ago.

The movie's sudden significance springs not only from Garcia's death but also from how that death marked the end of the Grateful Dead way of life. It's like watching bison roam the plains: You simply can't do it anymore.

"In an instant, the film went from a document of something going on in the present to a document of

See Dead, page A9

something happening in the past," said the film's director, Andrew Behar.

Garcia's death "really changes the perspective of the film — but I wish the Dead were touring. It's so sad, the whole passing of an era."

At any given time, thousands of fans were on the road with the band, following the Dead from venue to venue, state to state. Behar spent much of the group's 1994 summer tour tagging along with the devotees, interviewing and filming the activity in parking lots rather than in the concert arenas.

The Dead prohibited the use of any songs and forced the filmmakers to change the movie's original title, claiming a copyright on the word "Deadheads."

The modern-day hunter-gatherers Behar profiles support themselves selling keepsakes and food — or by cashing in a nest egg. Transportation from concert to concert is haphazard, and many fans arrive at shows without tickets or the money to buy one.

Before he began work on the film, Behar was unfamiliar with the traveling circus that accompanied the Grateful Dead. "Within 15 minutes I was sitting in a drum circle," Behar says of the spontaneous percussion jams popular among Dead fans. "I thought I had found my lost tribe."

June 29, 1995

To the band and everyone in the GD office:

On Sunday June 25, 1995 at RFK Stadium I was struck by lightning along with my boyfriend, Jon, and his friend, Kristin. Several eye witnesses stated that we were sitting in a tree in the middle of a lightning storm. Actually, we were standing near a tree and it had just begun to rain. When Kristin and I were struck we were flung through the air and landed about six feet away. I suppose that when people saw us falling from the sky they assumed we had been sitting in the tree.

Immediately after the accident, Jon and I both knew our conditions were serious; however, we remained optimistic by telling ourselves that we would be fine and would be able to make the show that night. After spending three hours in the emergency room it was obvious that I would not be able to go to the show, but by that point I knew that Jon and I both would survive. Needless to say, we were very disappointed that we couldn't make it back to RFK, but extremely glad to be alive.

Dick
Can you help out!?
Eileen

Since our release from the hospital we have tried to find a tape of the show but have been unsuccessful. I realize that everyone in the Grateful Dead office is very busy; however, we would be extremely grateful for any help you could give us in locating a copy.

The reason the tape is so important to me is because I thought that I was going to die that afternoon. I did not know where Jon was, but I thought he was already dead and that I had not had a chance to say good-bye. After we each found out the other was alive we began to tell each other we would make it to the show - together. This may sound overly dramatic and emotional, but this experience was the scariest thing that has ever happened to me.

Jon and I were released from the hospital on Monday morning. Jon suffered only slight muscle soreness and some burned hair. I am still experiencing some trouble walking and have some pretty impressive burns, but we will be just fine. Kristin, on the other hand, is still in critical condition at DC General Hospital. If everyone could think positively or say a prayer for Kristin, maybe we can help her and her family through this ordeal. All of us are very lucky that so many Grateful Dead fans were willing to help and were prepared enough to give Kristin CPR.

By the way, if you play at RFK again we will definitely be there, but if it rains we're staying in the car!

Thanks for all the great shows

Kira Lee

Kira Lee
109 Northview Drive #1
Blacksburg, VA 24060
(703) 552-2378

From latvala@well.comFri Jul 28 22:28:23 1995
Date: Fri, 28 Jul 1995 22:26:27 -0700 (PDT)
From: Dick Latvala <latvala@well.com>
To: joliver@crl.com
Subject: SOS info (fwd)

---------- Forwarded message ----------
Date: Wed, 26 Jul 1995 18:37:32 -0700 (PDT)
From: Michelle Waughtel <corrina@well.com>
To: Dick Latvala <latvala@well.com>
Cc: John Dwork <dwork@well.com>, Michelle Waughtel <corrina@well.com>
Subject: SOS info

Dear Dick,
John Dwork asked me to provide you with information regarding the SOS (Save Our Scene) project. There are several attachments below which should give you a good overview of what we are up to.
1) Statement of Purpose
2) Structure of Project
3) Recent Status Update
If there is any other information I can provide, please let me know!
Sincerely,
Michelle Waughtel

SOS Statement of Purpose (brief version)

SOS (Save Our Scene) invites all to help to make Grateful Dead concerts as safe and joyful as possible for everyone, and a benefit to the communities that host concerts.

Toward this goal, SOS freely offers information, education, and experience, to ensure that local resources are wisely used and enriched by the presence of the Grateful Dead and Deadheads. SOS is a practical vehicle for the Grateful Dead community to express its generous spirit, so that the concerts are a safe and welcoming environment for all.

Greetings!

The SOS effort is currently organized into projects/committees.

Our GDP liasons are:
Sally Mulvey of Dupree's Diamond News
David Gans <tnf@well.com>

Handling Media Relations will be:
Steve Silberman (author of Skeleton Key, Dictionary for Deadheads)
John Dwork of DDN <dwork@well.com>

The following are Projects that require your input, skills, and resources!

a) Issues/Ethics: This group will discuss the various problems with the

DL0716

DL0717

scene, gather info on previous efforts, decide which behaviors and attitudes that SOS can realistically "tackle", and present possible solutions over the short and long-term.
Coordinator: Dario Wolfish <dario@larry.berkeley.edu>

b) Fundraising: account management and raising $$ for the project.
Coordinators: Sandy Ruth <SOStours95@aol.com>
John Dwork

c) Electronic communications: distribute info to various on-line communities, develop web site, handle e-mail.
Coordinators: Michelle Waughtel <corrina@well.com>
Don Combee <dooda494@aol.com>

d) Correspondence management: will communicate with those not on-line via form letters, the official address of SOS.
SOS
103 Rio Rancho Drive, SE
Rio Rancho, NM 87124
Coordinators: Norm and Sand Ruth <SOStour95@aol.com>

e) Information production: will coordinate production of flyers and and other information to be distributed to the masses.

Coordinators: Norm Ruth <SOStour95@aol.com>
Dave Serrins, Unbroken Chain
Sally Mulvey, DDN

f) Local Leadership: will recruit team leaders for every venue town as well as organize forces of volunteers to work in the lots, hand out flyers, communicate with venue and local authorities, man an SOS booth or table, and educate/guide wherever possible.
Coordinators: Sandy and Norm Ruth <SOStour95@aol.com>
Don Combee <dooda494@aol.com>

The coordinators of these projects will be along shortly to indicate specifically what is needed.

If you are not sure where you fit in, or have had difficulty reaching a project coordinator, please send email to one of the SOS co-facilitators:

Michelle Waughtel <corrina@well.com>
Sandy Ruth <SOStour95@aol.com>

Thanks for your patience and Deadication!

STATUS REPORT 1 7/27/95

1) GDP: Sally will be informing Dennis McNally about SOS efforts. David will present an announcement to Phil and Cameron and request that it be included with mail order tickets for Fall Tour.

2) Media Relations: On the table for editing now are: our Vision Statement, a short Statement of Purpose, and a letter to GDP asking for their input. A press release writer has made contributions which are being held until needed. Dennis McNally will be a "guest" on AOL mid-August and will likely be addressing issues relevant to SOS.

3) Issues/Ethics: Dario has organized 4 teams to tackle the separate issues that have been identified as problems. He is establishing an email list for each team to facilitate discussion.

4) Fundraising: An SOS bank account has been opened. The SOS t-shirt project is well underway and orders are being accepted now through Sandy and Norm. In addition, Sandy is organizing a benefit concert in her local area with a GD clone band.

5) Information production: the three project managers had preliminary discussion...one idea that has been mentioned thus far is SOS balloons to be printed and batted around inside the venue.

6) Electronic communications: A WEB page team is in place and ready to start producing three pages: 1) Primary SOS page, 2) SOS listserv Digest archive, 3) SOS t-shirt photo/information. A representative from each on-line service/BBS with GD discussion has been appointed and will distribute SOS info on a regular basis. Don Combee will be synthesizing what is being said on AOL, listserv, and the WELL, and will be providing our group with compact reports. I will be compiling Status Reports such as this for our group, with *future* ones to be distributed to the masses.

7) Local leadership: Sandy, Don & Norm are keeping track of people who are volunteering their services.

8) Correspondence management: Sandy and Don are preparing to handle the flood of inquiries via U.S. mail. ;-)_

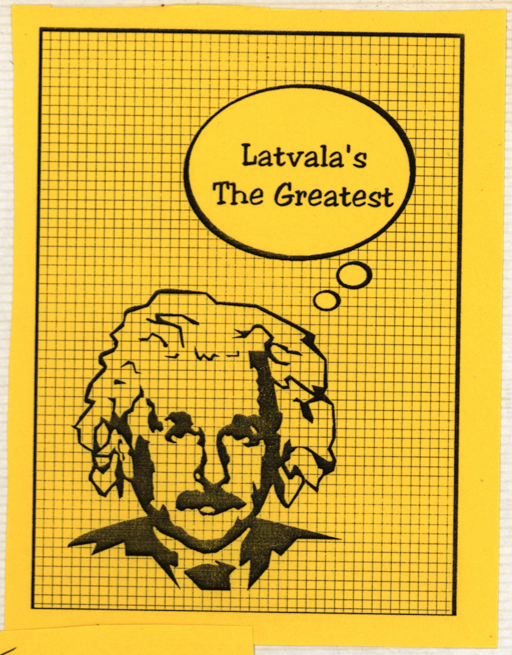


PINE 3.89 MESSAGE TEXT
Jul 1995 21:51:57 -0700 (PDT)
KFrom: John Dwork <dwork@well.com>
To: latvala@well.com
For your eyes only:
Save Our Scene
A Deadhead Community Project
KTo: Grateful Dead Productions
7/24/95
From: The SOS Project Committee
Re: Learning How We Can Best Help
Dear Dead People,
Greetings! By now you probably know that a strong contingent of Deadhead community
leaders have responded to your request for action by starting an □[Korganization named Save Our Scene (SOS). We have filled key positions in what we believe to
be a strong organizational structure and are beginning to address the serious issues at hand.
Before our team springs into action however, we need to know more about where you stand on several fundamental issues so that we may synergize with GDP's goals and systems. Here are the questions we most need answered:
Issue I: People coming to shows without tickets
How many people come to shows without tickets?
Is the problem worse during the summer?
Does GDP want to keep ticketless people out of some or all of the parking lots?
If so, is it easier to accomplish this in some lots more than others?
Does GDP want to admit only people with tickets into the parking
If so, is it easier to accomplish this in some lots more than others?
Does GDP want to admit only people with tickets into the parking lot?
Has GDP developed a new policy about ticketless people and do you have plans to?

Issue II: Gate Crashing
At Shoreline, ticketless folks are kept in the parking lot away from the gate. Has GDP considered security standardization measures to prevent gate crashing?
Does GDP have any ideas how to prevent gate crashing from happening again?
What does GDP consider the primary reasons gatecrashing occured at Highgate and Deer Creek?
Issue III: Vending
Does GDP want to end ALL vending?
Issue III: Vending
Does GDP want to end ALL vending?
If not, what types of vending does GDP consider acceptable?
Is there a distinction between vendors who sell alcohol with those who sell shirts, food, or other items?
Has GDP considered registering vendors and designating them to certain places in the parking lot or to elsewhere?
Issue IV: Nitrous Oxide, Alcohol and Other Drugs in the Parking Lot
Does GDP think there is a "drug problem" in the parking lot?
If so, what drugs?
If so, does the problem mainly occur with ticketless people?
Does GDP have any ideas how to deal with the alcohol and drug use in the parking lot?
Does the Dead want a greater police/security presence in the lot?
And finally, are there any questions which you think we've forgotten to ask?

We are organized, we are determined, and we already have several hundred volunteers standing by to help once we decide which actions to take.
We would very much like to be in communication with you regarding any progress/decisions
we make.
Think this through with us. Let us know your minds.
In Light,
The SOS Committee:
Sandy & Norm Ruth, Michelle Waughtel, John Dwork, Steve Silberman, David Gans,
Sally Mulvey, Dario Wolfish, David Serrins





Warmest Regards,
Mark & Jan



81070

EDITORIAL

"It's got no signs or dividing lines, and very few rules to guide."
Robert Hunter (from *New Speedway Boogie)*

To our readers:

We would like nothing more, in this *Almanac* coinciding with the Grateful Dead's 30th Anniversary, than to say, "Having a wonderful tour, wish you were here," but alas, we can't do that. As we were preparing to go to press, there was bad news indeed from the road: First, on July 2 in Noblesville, Indiana, a mob of ticketless people trashed a Grateful Dead show at Deer Creek Amphitheatre (a Rex Foundation Benefit, no less) by destroying a fence and invading the venue, and pelting police with rocks and bottles in the ensuing melee. This necessitated the cancellation of the next night's show — the first time in the band's history that a show has been called off due to fan violence (a similar, if slightly less violent episode marred the Dead's show at Highgate, Vermont earlier in the tour. Three nights after the Deer Creek riot, there was a horrifying accident at a campground near the Riverport Amphitheatre outside St. Louis, when a two tiered pavilion, overcrowded with ticketless fans seeking refuge from a rainstorm, collapsed, injuring dozens, some critically. While this terrible event certainly cannot be blamed on the Grateful Dead or Deadheads, it can be seen as symptomatic of the chaos and crowd problems that imperil the fragile ecology of our community. Any threat to the safety and well-being of our our fans is, quite simply, intolerable to all of us in the Grateful Dead organization.

• • •

The band responded to the Deer Creek incident with the following communiqué, which was circulated at subsequent shows on the tour:

Dear Dead Heads,

This is the way it looks to us from the stage:

Your justly-renowned tolerance and compassion have set you up to be used. At Deer Creek we watched many of you cheer on and help a thousand fools kick down the fence and break into the show. We can't play music and watch plywood flying around endangering people. The security and police whom those people endangered represent us, work for us -- think of them as us. You can't expect mellow security if you're throwing things at them. The saboteurs who did this can only do it if all Deadheads allow them to. Your reputation is at stake.

Don't you get it?

Over the past thirty years we've come up with the fewest possible rules to make the difficult act of bringing tons of people together work well -- and a few thousand so-called Dead Heads ignore those simple rules and screw it up for you, us, and everybody. We've never before had to cancel a show because of you. Think about it.

If you don't have a ticket, don't come. This is real. This is first a music concert, not a free-for-all party. Secondly, don't vend. Vending attracts people without tickets. Many of the people without tickets have no responsibility or obligation to our scene. They don't give a shit. They act like idiots. They think it's a party to get as trashed as possible at. We're all supposed to be about higher consciousness, not drunken stupidity.

It's up to you as Dead Heads to educate these people, and to pressure them into acting like Dead Heads instead of maniacs. They can only get away with this crap if you let them. The old slogan is true: If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem.

Want to end the touring life of the Grateful Dead? Allow bottle-throwing gate crashers to keep on thinking they're cool anarchists instead of the creeps they are.

Want to continue it? Listen to the rules, and pressure others to do so. A few more scenes like Sunday night, and we'll quite simply be unable to play. The spirit of the Grateful Dead is at stake, and we'll do what we have to do to protect it. And when you hear somebody say, "Fuck you, we'll do what we want," remember something:

That applies to us too.

(signed)
Billy Kreutzmann
Jerry Garcia
Phil Lesh
Mickey Hart
Bobby Weir
Vince Welnick

• • •

If there's a silver lining in all this, it is the heartfelt response of the Deadhead community -- you have, in overwhelming numbers, expressed your dismay and revulsion at the small, selfish minority who disregard the common good and threaten our existence, and many Heads have asked what they can do to help. The guidelines in the band's message are a good place to start.

This scene has always run best when fueled by compassion and common sense, and we know that most of you possess those qualities in abundance. When it's working right, this relationship between band and fans has been nothing less than miraculous. Maybe now when we need it most, we can muster up a few more miracles, together.

Sound Alternatives

Grateful Dead — *Hundred Year Hall:* 4-26-72 (GDM/Arista)

This release was planned months before the not-so Untimely death of Jerry Garcia; one of the band's vital organs— It's heart. This release is a single performance sequel to *Europe '72* (Warner Bros.) a highly recommended double-disc set that offered a multi-show aural documentary of The Dead's infamous tour that bears the album's name. *Hundred Year Hall* was recorded during a show at Jahrhundert Hall on April 26, 1972 in Frankfurt, Germany.

It's worthy of note that none of the versions on *Hundred Year Hall* are duplicated on any other legitimately released recording, although some of the song titles are duplicated. But that certainly isn't true of all the material. In fact, not one, but two tunes make their debut as legally released Dead recordings: "Next Time You See Me," and "Comes A Time." The former is a Pigpen driven remake of the Junior Parker blues classic while the latter is a Garcia/ Hunter tune that would eventually surface in studio form on Garcia's solo *Reflections* (GDM/Round) album some years later.

This multi-track, two-CD set accurately captures what is great about live performances by the Dead: they are far from perfect, but the flaws (missed vocal intros and overall lyrical confusion) are so overshadowed by sheer inspiration that it might take a dozen or so listenings to begin to catch them.

The discs are crammed full of the cream of this show. The first disc, which clocks in at 74 minutes exactly, is graced with some of the best released versions of show standards and head favorites like: "China Cat Sunflower>I Know You Rider," a most rubbery and flexible version of the combo of "(Turn On Your) Lovelight>Going Down The Road Feelin' Bad." Not to mention a well jammed and thoroughly spaced "Playing In The Band." The one complaint of this version is that it only clocks in at 9:17, a far cry from some of 20+ minute versions that would evolve in the months to come.

Disc Two, which is over 68 minutes in length, offers the greatest example of the previously mentioned harmony that can exist between flaws and inspiration. The disc opens with a strong and well defined "Truckin'," which was their current "hit." However, Bobby Weir hasn't quite mastered the vocal portion of the tune. Which, incidentally, continued to become Weir's most frequent lyrical stumbling block. This is directly proceeded with one of the finest and most ethereal musical moments that I've heard thus far from the Dead. The "Cryptical Envelopment" (which is really only "The Other One") takes no less that 36:29 to unravel and it feels oh so good going down. This is worth your dough in and of itself. The ebb and flow of this track is nothing short of the manna from Dead-Head heaven that has kept so many so satisfied for so long. But wait, we land on the cushion of "Comes A Time," a haunting Jerry tune that comes from the "Stella Blue" and "Days Between" school of ballads. As per all post-"Space" segments, we have a kick in the ass to send us home. The boys deliver a high energy, spine-chillin' and bone shakin' "Sugar Magnolia" to move us on our merry way.

Thanks to the high production values of bassist Phil Lesh and producer/ concert sound mixer John Cutler we have a beautiful and full soundstage that takes shape right in your ear. A personal recommendation to those who wish to really get the full effect of this mix— experience *Hundred Year Hall* first with headphones. You'll be amazed what gets lost in the open-air listening translation. *Hundred Year Hall* lists for under $17. That is a steal for two discs or two hours and 20 minutes of aural ecstasy ... don't you think?

— Lindsay Planer

Garcia in Top Form In Early Dead Show

GRATEFUL DEAD: Hundred Year Hall

Grateful Dead Records, $19 ★★★★

Ironically, after the death of Jerry Garcia, this 1972 live recording could wind up the biggest-selling record in the Dead's history. And why not? It's as good a place

POP CDs: *Page 46*

CD RATING GUIDE

★★★★★ Classic
★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Good
★★ Average
★ Below Average

POP CDs

From Page 32

as any to start unraveling the mysterious pleasures of the Grateful Dead.

Recorded one night on the same tour as the band's first gold album, "Europe '72," this April evening in Frankfurt captures the band in transition. Pigpen, the band's original bluesman, makes a cameo appearance with his trademark "Turn on Your Lovelight," nearly 20 minutes long, with Garcia snapping off guitar lines like a bullwhip. But the bulk of the band's performance on this two-CD set finds the Dead meandering off into pure improvisation.

When the band drops out of the 36-minute version of "Cryptical Enlightenment" that consumes almost half of the second disc, leaving the soundscape to a remarkable dialogue between guitarist Garcia and bassist Phil Lesh, the effect is like eavesdropping on an intimate conversation. The long ensemble passages in selections such as "Playing in the Band," "Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad," "Truckin'" or "Sugar Magnolia" show the band handling the twists and turns of the rhythmic gait with ease, even if the vocal mix is far from polished.

At the heart of the sound is always the glistening guitar of Garcia, shooting silvery lines across the wide, rambling sound the rest of the band churns out, linking them all with his expansive gifts. To hear this one night of his work from long ago forces recognition of how special and irreplaceable Garcia was. On a good night like Frankfurt in 1972, Garcia could throw away more great ideas than most guitarists come up with in a lifetime.

— Joel Selvin

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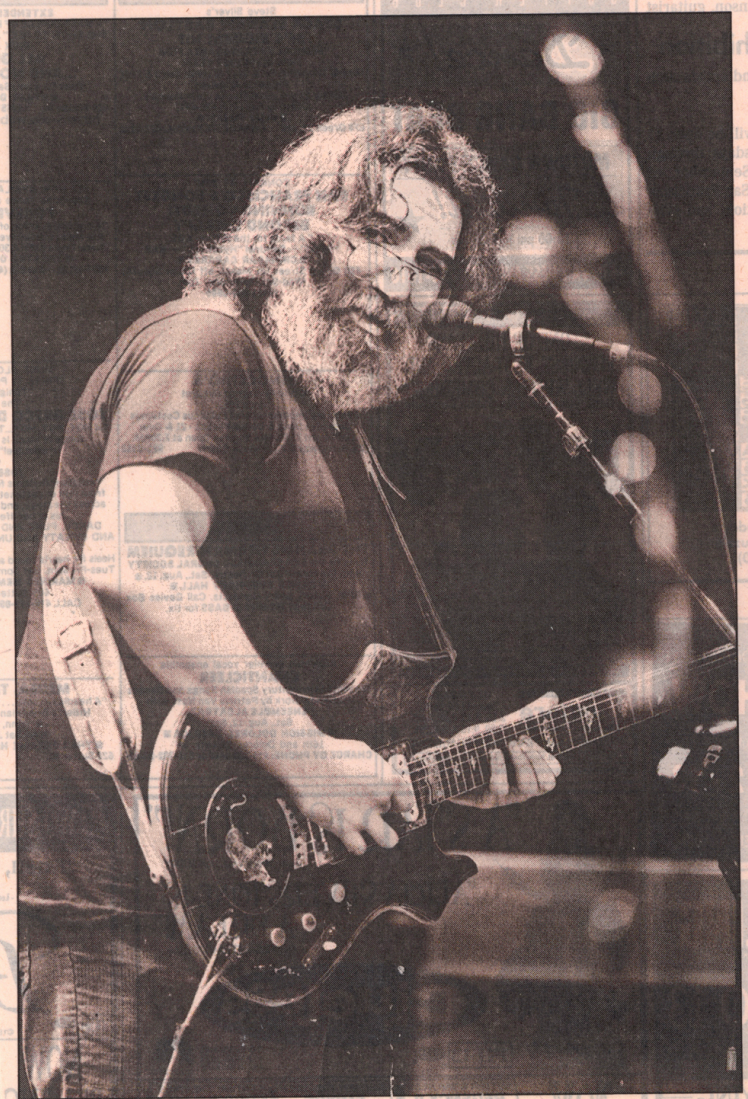
SF CHRONICLE 8/10/95

JERRY GARCIA

He's Gone and Nothing's Gonna Bring Him Back

Deadheads gather at Polo Field, the Haight to mourn the leader of their band



BY THE CHRONICLE

Jerry Garcia playing with the Grateful Dead in 1983, well into the band's 30-year lifespan

BY JESSE HAMLIN AND SAM WHITING
Chronicle Staff Writers

The Grateful Dead and its Deadhead band of followers form one huge musical organism, and the loss of spiritual leader Jerry Garcia is nothing less than a death in the family.

A sunny summer day in the Haight, historic home of the hippies, turned dark early yesterday as news of Garcia's death spread through the tribe.

By midafternoon, the sprinkle of gypsies who always seem to be hanging around Haight Street looking for the '60s had joined a somber exodus to Golden Gate Park's Polo Field, where a crowd of about 500 Deadheads assembled.

They made up a sad and mellow scene, uniformed in tie-dye, playing Dead tapes on boom boxes and free-form dancing in circles around a shrine composed of candles placed inside beer and wine bottles, pictures of Garcia and incense. The sweet scent of marijuana wafted on the breeze, along with someone strumming "Sugar Magnolia" on a guitar. There were Frisbees and dogs and memories.

Somber Mood

Slowly the somber mood turned more upbeat, the small circle becoming a larger one, with people singing and playing the Dead song "Bertha" on harmonicas, tambourine, a flute and guitar. When the jam ended, Rusty Jones, a Cal graduate student in English, led the crowd in the great spiritual "Amazing Grace" on bagpipes.

"I came to share my feelings with other people. It's always been a communal experience," said Jonathan Rosen, 39, a sales rep. "We've all been brought together because of the Grateful Dead. I met my wife at a Dead show in Hartford in 1979."

As the ceremony progressed a 30-foot strip of white butcher paper was rolled out on the field, and people began writing messages to Garcia in felt pens.

Most evoked Dead lyrics. The unsignedofferings included: "You know my love will Not Fade Away," "You changed my life forever Jerry. Thank You for Your Music and Your soul," "There's a Jammin' heaven tonight," and in big black letters: "We will get by. We will survive."

Gathering Place

The first gathering place for bereaved fans may have been online — on the Well, where Deadheads began posting notes about Garcia's death as early as 7 a.m.

"Beams to deadheads everywhere," "Nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile" and "group hugs for everyone" were among the postings. Several hundred messages flooded the Well yesterday by noon.

"Fare you well . . . we loved you more than

DEADHEADS *Page E5 Col. 2*

SF CHRONICLE 8/10/95

JERRY GARCIA



BY CHRIS STEWART/THE CHRONICLE

Grateful Dead fans engaged in a group hug at the Polo Field in Golden Gate Park yesterday after the news of Jerry Garcia's death

DEADHEADS: Tie-Dyed Tribe Gathers to Mourn

From Page E1

words can tell," posted one user. "What are we going to do now," asked another Deadhead.

In the Haight, everybody had a story of a particular set at a particular show. And for all, the "long strange trip" had just gotten stranger.

Barbara LeWine, 28, a waitress, said Garcia's death "will leave a big hole in my life. It's not my whole life: I've got a job, I go to school, I have a daughter. But in between all that I would go to Dead shows, and all the joy it gave me made everything else worth it. It was my thing. Nothing can really fill that void."

The day's first gathering spot was the band's old house on Ashbury, where a few dozen fans placed roses, incense and candles.

Pablo Heising, producer of the Haight-Ashbury Street Fair, said "Jerry and the Dead have always been a part of my life. Now Captain Trips is gone. I knew he was going to die, but when it actually happens, it's hard to believe."

Downtown, a Macy's salesperson said customers have been leaving flowers on the table where the Garcia's line of neck wear is displayed.

In Sacramento, at the urging of a local radio station, a crowd of about 1,000 gathered in Capitol Park to pay tribute to Garcia. It was like a concert without the band: Hacky-sack, drums, tambourines and pleasant smoky odors.

In Berkeley, a Deadhead haven, a makeshift memorial was set up at the People's Park Annex at Telegraph Avenue and Haste Street. The words "Jerry Garcia" were spray-painted along with two hearts on a wooden sign, which was propped up on an orange traffic cone. Flowers were placed in two empty gallon milk containers.

A sign in the window of a nearby shop selling tobacco pipes and leather jacket said it best: "We miss you Jerry."

Chronicle staff writers Henry K. Lee and Torri Minton contributed to this report.

DEADHEADS ONLINE

- The WELL: Check the Grateful Dead, News, Music, PopCult and GenX conferences.
- America Online: Keyword DEAD.
- World Wide Web: The Grateful Dead home page is at **http://www.cs.cmu.edu/~mleone/dead.html**

RockWeb Interactive! set up a Jerry Garcia Memorial WebChat at **http://www.rockweb.com/x/nph-jerry-chat**

- Usenet newsgroup: **rec.music.gdead**
- Mail lists include DEAD-HEADS and DEAD-FLAMES. To subscribe, send e-mail to **Majordomo@gdead.berkeley.edu** — in the body of the message type **Subscribe DEAD-HEADS** or **Subscribe DEAD-FLAMES**

DL0722

DL0723

Ragtag Hippie Band Was Big Business

SF CHRONICLE 8/10/95

From tickets to garden tools, Grateful Dead set the pace

BY LAURA EVENSON
Chronicle Staff Writer

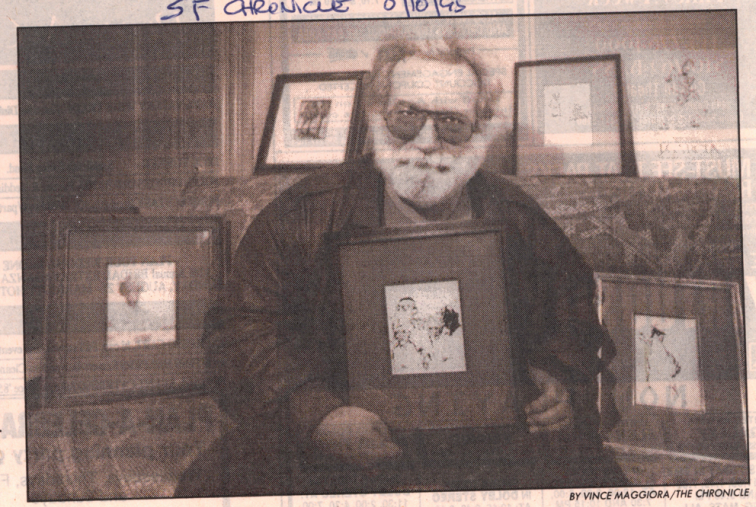
Jerry Garcia's laid-back image as the pied piper of counterculture belied a huge ticket sales and merchandising machine that ranged from records to neckties and far outstripped nearly every other band in rock and roll.

"People want to put them in a pigeonhole and disregard that we're talking about the biggest musical enterprise in the history of the world," said Herbie Herbert, manager of Bay Area musicians Steve Miller, Santana and Journey, and a figure on the local music scene since the '60s. His company, Nocturne Productions, has done video projection and camera work for Dead shows.

Garcia, the guitarist, composer and vocalist for the Grateful Dead, died at a Forest Knolls drug treatment center yesterday at the age of 53.

Yesterday, news came that the Dead had canceled part of its upcoming tour, originally slated to start in Boston September 13 and wind up at the Shoreline Amphitheatre in Mountain View

BUSINESS: *Page E6 Col. 1*



BY VINCE MAGGIORA/THE CHRONICLE

Garcia showed off some of his artwork in 1992; he exhibited his drawings in a gallery in Albany

Can the Dead Go On Without Jerry?

Music industry insiders are divided on the band's future

SF CHRONICLE 8/10/95

BY MICHAEL SNYDER
Chronicle Staff Writer

Does the death of Jerry Garcia mean the end of the Grateful Dead? It's too soon to tell what the surviving members of the group will decide to do. But Garcia's inimitable guitar lines — blues-rocking, jazzy and phantasmagoric — and his amiable, reedy voice were the heart and soul of the group.

Few bands could survive a blow like this. One that made its mark through inspired, idiosyncratic improvisation and ensemble play, such as the Dead, is doubly challenged.

The Who replaced the late Keith Moon with a fine drummer, Kenney Jones of the Faces, but no one could approximate Moon's percussive frenzy and near-telepathic interplay with guitarist Pete Townshend and bassist John Entwhistle. After a couple of lukewarm albums and a U.S. tour, the Who called it quits.

Allman Brothers

On the other hand, a reconstituted Allman Brothers Band is still releasing albums and touring, two decades after the death of guitar icon Duane Allman. Van Halen replaced singer David Lee Roth (who is alive) with Sammy Hagar and continued to flourish.

Ben Fong-Torres, managing editor of the music industry publication Gavin, thinks that the Dead may choose to continue without Garcia.

"It all depends on what their vision of the band is," said Fong-Torres. "They have lost members before, Pigpen and (Brent Mydland). But Jerry Garcia, in the eyes of the fans, was the Grateful Dead, along with Bob Weir."

Blair Jackson, editor of the Golden Road fanzine dedicated to the Dead, agreed.



BY HERB GREENE

The Grateful Dead posed at the famous Haight-Ashbury intersection in the mid-'60s

"I would be very surprised if they did continue," Jackson said. "Jerry was the fulcrum of the band. Just as the Beatles without John Lennon are not truly the Beatles in people's eyes, the same can be said for the Dead. No matter what you hear from anybody, Jerry is and always will be the leader of the band."

Despite a checkered recording career that has left them without a major-label record deal, the Dead continue to sell thousands of live albums from their tape vaults via the band's own mail-order company. Their concert tours — ritual gatherings for the devoted army of fans known as Deadheads — were usually sold-out affairs, even in a soft market.

If the Dead return without Garcia, can they still be successful?

Greg Perloff, president of Bill Graham Presents, the Dead's longtime concert promoter, wouldn't speculate on the future of the band. "I am in no position to comment, other than to say that I have a tremendous feeling of emptiness. How many artists can play a single note and you know who they are immediately? There's a hole there now. Jerry left a mark, and he left a void."

One concert business insider, who chose to remain anonymous, said of the band's future: "The members could do solo gigs or perform in different combinations and have moderate success, but the chance of the Dead going out without Garcia is ludicrous. When Garcia was on, the band soared. When he wasn't on, they were still competent, successful musicians, but they couldn't go to that magical, transcendent place where only the Dead can go."

Fan Base

Gary Bongiovanni, editor of Pollstar, a weekly trade magazine that covers the national concert business, was more optimistic. "If the Dead elect to continue, I think that their fan base will continue to support them. Their shows are more than a musical experience — they're tribal, counterculture events. If Mick Jagger dies tomorrow, I couldn't imagine the Stones continuing without him. The Dead have no specific leader. Bob Weir could handle all of the lead vocals, but it would be a different Grateful Dead without Garcia."

"There are very good reasons for or against the Dead continuing," said Rick Gershon, a spokesman at Warner Bros., the band's first label. "Out of respect for Jerry Garcia, who many people view as the essence of the Dead, I could understand why the band would choose to split up at this time and pursue various outside projects.

"Due to that popularity, I could understand why the band might want to continue to exist and tour. This is a band like no other, with a following that's broad in appeal and age group, and still growing. Some of the fans are quite young and just discovered the band. The audience is so staunch, it would continue to follow them. I guess we'll wait and see."

JERRY GARCIA



BY LIZ HAFALIA/THE CHRONICLE

Luke Bluefeather, a Jerry Garcia follower for 23 years, consoled a younger Deadhead at the corner of Haight and Ashbury

In the End, There's Still the Song

Generations of Grateful Dead fans lose icon

By Joel Selvin
Chronicle Staff Writer

He never wanted it this way, but Jerry Garcia symbolized the '60s, both for aging baby boomers who lived through that era and for younger fans who wished they had.

As the unacknowledged leader of the Grateful Dead, Garcia's bespectacled, bearded, benevolent face evoked images of the Haight-Ashbury and an innocent time of optimism, hope and caring.

To die-hard Deadheads who followed the band from city to city, Garcia was the father figure of the Woodstock tribe. For lost youth looking for answers in a world of cynicism, he was their icon, their figurehead. And spending a few hours at a Dead concert, where sets could be long, free-form and experimental, was a chance to reach back to a fondly remem-

FAREWELL: *Page A13 Col. 2*



BY BRANT WARD/THE CHRONICLE 1985

Jerry Garcia at the Grateful Dead's 20th anniversary concert in Berkeley in 1985

Rock legend dies at Marin detox center

By Joel Selvin
Chronicle Staff Writer

Jerry Garcia's last desperate effort to halt his drug addiction ended when the Grateful Dead guitarist died at a Marin County treatment center yesterday morning.

Garcia, 53, was found dead at 4:23 a.m. at the Serenity Knolls drug treatment center in Forest Knolls. He had entered the clinic less than two days earlier.

The central figure in one of the longest-running and most beloved bands in rock history, Garcia died from natural causes, according to a preliminary coroner's report, after attempts to revive him failed.

But he had been struggling with a heroin problem for weeks, according to sources close to the band. A few weeks earlier, he had checked into, but then

GARCIA: *Page A13 Col. 1*

INSIDE

■ Herb Caen remembers Garcia as part of an era that wasn't supposed to end, because people like Garcia aren't supposed to die. PAGE A 14

■ As news of Garcia's death spread, about 400 fans honored him at an impromptu memorial at Golden Gate Park's Polo Field. PAGE E1

■ Besides being a musical group, the Grateful Dead is a huge business operation with enterprises ranging from records to neckties. PAGE E1

■ Does the death of Garcia mean the end of the Grateful Dead? It's too soon to tell what the surviving members will do. PAGE E5

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CONTINUED FROM THE FRONT PAGE

GARCIA: Rock Legend Dies

From Page 1

abruptly left, the Betty Ford Clinic in Palm Springs.

Fans around the world expressed shock and sadness at Garcia's death.

"He really had no equal," Bob Dylan said. "To me he wasn't only a musician and a friend, he was more like a big brother who taught and showed me more than he'll ever know."

"It's a big loss for the world and anyone who loves music," said a red-eyed Dead guitarist Bob Weir in New Hampshire, where he dedicated a concert last night to the friend with whom he launched the band three decades earlier. "His life was far more a blessing for all of us. . . . Perhaps if we're going to dwell on anything, we should dwell on that."

Mayor Frank Jordan, wearing a Jerry Garcia tie, ordered flags in San Francisco lowered to half-staff.

Fans gathered in the Haight-Ashbury neighborhood, where the band spent some early years, and in the nearby Polo Field at Golden Gate Park, where a crowd of 500 played Dead tapes on boom boxes and danced free form as if they were at a concert.

A single red rose was tied to a tree at 710 Ashbury, where the Dead first lived together, and one man knelt in prayer.

Word of Garcia's death spread quickly on the Internet, where so many fans were sharing their grief yesterday that the Sausalito-based Well computer network posted warnings of a system slowdown.

A mile up the road from the shady, fir-shrouded treatment center where Garcia died, a sign outside the San Geronimo Valley Cultural Center read "Jerry Garcia — With Respect."

"His body let him down," said Dead publicist and historian Dennis McNally at a news conference at the band's San Rafael office. "He packed a lot of living into those 30 years (with the band). His body just couldn't keep up."

Inside the band's headquarters, calls came in from all over the world.

Outside, Deadheads brought flowers and reminisced, hugged and wondered what to do next.

Garcia spent the last few weeks of his life wrestling with drug-addiction problems. Sources close to the band said he entered the Betty Ford Center in Palm Springs for treatment of his heroin addiction after the Grateful Dead ended a tour at Soldier Field in Chicago on July 9.

His wife, Deborah Koons Garcia, and road manager, Steve Parrish, reportedly joined him briefly at the residential drug and alcohol treatment center, before he abruptly left two weeks into his treatment.

Garcia was persuaded to enter Serenity Knolls by friends and family, according to sources close to the band.

"We were not pessimistic — we were optimistic about recovery," said Dr. David Smith of the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic, who has been involved in Garcia's drug treatments for several years. "For the first time, he expressed an interest in recovery groups."

A Near Miss

Garcia almost died in 1986 when he collapsed and was rushed to Marin General Hospital in a diabetic coma. The diabetes damaged his heart, and doctors ordered Garcia to maintain a careful diet and exercise regimen. But he had difficulty sticking with a program — his idea of healthy living was switching from smoking Camels to a filtered brand.

He was admitted to the hospital again in 1991, suffering from "exhaustion."

Drug detox specialists said withdrawal from heroin addiction can be particularly stressful to patients with heart problems or diabetes, although death is rare.

"When it occurs," said Dr. Darryl Inaba of the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic, "it is because the patient has serious underlying medical problems that aren't being properly managed."

Officials at Serenity Knolls declined to comment about Garcia's death.

According to the Marin Information Project Directory, the facility is a "28-day residential alcohol recovery facility . . . designed to introduce people to, and reinforce the value of, Alcoholics Anonymous 12-step recovery principles."

Band Meeting

Band members Phil Lesh, Mickey Hart and Vince Welnick met quietly yesterday at the band's office but made no plans. Weir, on tour, and drummer Bill Kreutzmann were absent. The first dates for the Dead's scheduled fall tour probably will be canceled, and other plans are in doubt.

"Could this be the end?" said Hart. "I don't know. It's not over. We don't know."

No funeral plans or memorial services have been announced.

In the Beginning

Jerome John Garcia was born and raised in San Francisco, where he attended Balboa High School before dropping out and joining the Army. After being discharged, he began playing in folk and bluegrass clubs around the South Bay, where he also worked as a guitar instructor.

He formed the Grateful Dead — originally known as the Warlocks — in early 1965, and the band played at the epochal Acid Tests staged by author Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters to illuminate the experience of ingesting LSD, then a legal drug.

Over the years, the Grateful Dead — and Garcia in particular — became emblematic of '60s-era San Francisco rock, attracting an audience ranging from young people not yet born when the band played the Fillmore and Avalon ballrooms to politicians, sports figures and business leaders who grew up with the group's music.

Vice President Al Gore is one such fan. He has hosted band members on visits to the White House.

In the past 10 years, the band's audiences have swelled to the point where the Dead have consistently been one of the top five concert attractions annually, drawing more than $50 million at the box office every year.

Garcia's death caps a run of bad luck for the band. Several thousand ticketless fans rioted earlier this summer at an Indiana concert, causing the Dead to put out a message on the Internet saying, "The darkness must stop."

A few days later, fans in Wentzville, Mo., were injured when a structure they were dancing on during a concert collapsed.

In addition to his wife, Garcia is survived by four daughters — Heather, 32, Annabelle, 25, Teresa, 21, and Keelin, 6.

Chronicle staff writer Torri Minton and Chronicle wire services contributed to this report.



BY BRANT WARD/THE CHRONICLE

Grateful Dead keyboardist Vince Welnick (left) and bass guitar player Phil Lesh drove from the band's offices in San Rafael

FAREWELL: Generations of Fans Lose an Icon

From Page 1

bered — or imagined — era.

Garcia, who died yesterday of apparent natural causes at age 53, never felt comfortable in his role as cultural icon. To him, he was a musician, a guitar player, but never a spokesman.

It is no wonder that Garcia's fans viewed him as an icon. Over his long career he did it all, from the acid-trip festivals of the '60s to having a hit video on MTV. But in the early days, nobody could have predicted that his band of reckless, resolute hippies would be playing together more than 30 years after its first gig at a Menlo Park pizza parlor under the name the Warlocks.

The band became the Grateful Dead after it discovered there already was a band called the Warlocks. The members plucked the new name from a dictionary — a grateful dead is a British ballad in which a human helps a ghost find peace. The name now seems more appropriate than ever.

Of all the bands to emerge from San Francisco in the '60s — the Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Quicksilver Messenger Service — the Dead was the only one that endured into the '90s. Recently, a new wave of Dead-influenced bands such as Phish, Spin Doctors and Blues Traveler have emerged, drawing large crowds and selling millions of records. Garcia, it seems, also was a father figure to a new generation of musicians.

At the beginning, as the musical entertainment at the fabled Acid Tests thrown in 1965 by author Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters, the Warlocks served as house band for the dawning of the psychedelic era. The band played its first date under the new name that December in a benefit for the San Francisco Mime Troupe at the Fillmore Auditorium, although promoter Bill Graham insisted on printing "formerly the Warlocks" on the poster.

Over the years, while other rock groups with multi-million-selling albums came and went, the Dead ambled along on its own with almost utter disregard for the conventions of the record industry or even its own relatively modest record sales. This anti-commercial posture earned the band both an aura of integrity in an arena of hype and the respect and hearts of fans.

Garcia was the father figure of the Woodstock tribe

"The Grateful Dead has been everything conceivable," Garcia told The Chronicle in 1981. "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."

But being one of the most beloved musicians on the planet did not make Garcia a happy man. He struggled with his stature, troubled and bewildered by the demands of an immense public profile. As a result, he retreated into a somewhat reclusive private life.

Garcia was a restless, compulsively creative spirit. Before fame made it impossible, he could be found, in between Dead tours, playing Bay Area nightclubs almost nightly with different bands — organist Merl Saunders, a bluegrass group called Old and in the Way — or recording with musicians as famous as Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young or as unknown as organist Howard Wales.

Despite a missing finger on his right hand, the result of a childhood accident, Garcia sculpted a signature style as a guitarist that has spawned imitators around the world.

His musical appetite was boundless. In recent years, he produced an album by a Latvian folk chorale with Dead drummer Mickey Hart and did a children's record with mandolinist David Grisman. He continued to record and perform with his own group, the Jerry Garcia Band, even torn, as he was, between the demands of the Dead and his own deteriorating health.

With his final performance on July 9 at Chicago's Soldier Field, one of the most remarkable chapters in American music came to a close, although no one knew it at the time.

As the late rock promoter Bill Graham once said of the Dead, "They're not the best at what they do; they're the only ones who do what they do."

A misfit from the Mission District whose mother ran a downtown saloon, Garcia found a means of expression in playing guitar that meant more to him than anything else. No matter how rich and famous he became, it was always the music that mattered — and only the music.



Garcia remembered from coast to coast

Marin: Musicians, others share special sadness

By Paul Liberatore and Janet Kornblum

Independent Journal reporters

Marin residents joined Grateful Dead fans around the world yesterday in mourning the death of Jerry Garcia.

Expressions of grief poured in from every walk of life — politicians, musicians, fans, just plain folks.

Deadheads planned a sunset wake on Bolinas Ridge. Others headed for The Emporium to snap up Jerry Garcia ties.

Shawn Garvey, a political consultant from Muir Beach, drove up to the wooded site of Serenity Knolls where Garcia died because "I just wanted to come. I don't know why."

Many Marin musicians had special memories.

"The world has lost a special human being," said guitarist Carlos Santana of San Rafael. "He was a profound talent, both as a musician and as an artist, and he cannot be replaced.

"I take solace in the thought that his spirit has gone to join the likes of Bill Graham, Jimi Hendrix, Marvin Gaye, Miles Davis and other greats who have left us much too soon," Santana added.

Van Halen singer Sammy Hagar of Mill Valley was looking forward to jamming after both got off the road.

"It's sad that ... some of our greatest people aren't making it into old age," he said. "It would have been nice to hear what kind of music he would have made later in life."

"Jerry and I were friends for 30 years," said mandolinist David Grisman of Mill Valley.

"It's impossible to put into words the profound impact that he had on my life, both musically and spiritually. His love for and commitment to good music of all kinds was 100 percent."

"I'm in shock," said a tearful Martin Fierro of San Anselmo, a saxophonist who played with Garcia in the '70s band Legion of Mary.

"He was such a beautiful guy. He gave 110 percent through his music, his art work, his public persona."

Brian Slattery, director of the Marin Treatment Center, said patients in his programs were very sad at Garcia's passing.

"They idolized Jerry Garcia a great deal," Slattery said. "He's almost like a father figure to them, regardless of age."

Slattery said people may take a lesson from Garcia's story.

"Maybe there will be a beneficial effect," he said. "Not to say it's a drug death, but who would want to die in a treatment center? It's not home."

Marin fans flocked to a press conference at the Dead headquarters in San Rafael yesterday afternoon.

Kirk Seidel, a 34-year-old San Anselmo resident who was among the crowd, said that the band's message was helping him cope with Garcia's death.

"We all die," he said. "One of the great things about the Dead is we all realize our time comes.

"The message was in the music. Just keep enjoying the music."



IJ photos/Marian Little Utley

MUSICAL MOURNING: Grateful Dead fans dance yesterday to drums and guitars on Haight Street in San Francisco.

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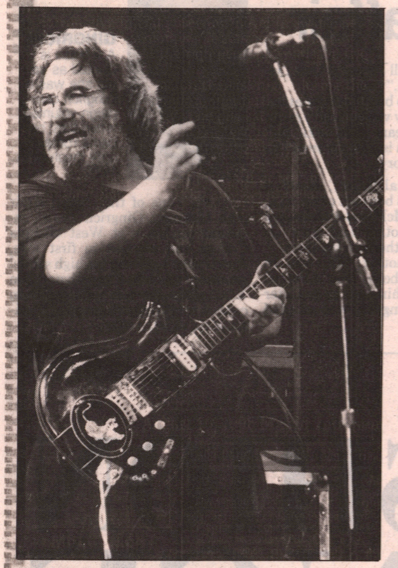

GARCIA: 'We need magic and bliss and power and myth. . . and music gives us that.'

◆ EDITORIALS ◆

We still have his music

IT'S HARD TO believe he's dead.

Jerry Garcia was found at 4:23 a.m. yesterday morning by a counselor at the West Marin residential treatment center where Garcia had admitted himself the day before.

That burly, white-haired, 53-year-old guitar player won't be picking any more intricate riffs, won't be dropping in to jam with local musicians, won't be touring with the Grateful Dead or playing the all-night New Year's Eve's show at the Oakland Coliseum.

Garcia was part of the '60s revolution, was synonymous with tie-dyed tee-shirts and VW vans and the flower children of San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury. Garcia's generation smoked pot, believed in free love, fought to protect the environment, protested the war in Vietnam, and challenged Ronald Reagan when he was governor of California.

Garcia lived hard, on the edge, and had scrapes with death. Like in 1986, when he was hospitalized in a diabetic coma. And again, in 1992, when the road trip was cancelled because Jerry suffered from exhaustion.

This time, he wasn't so lucky.

We won't forget Jerry Garcia.

Garcia was part of the '60s revolution, was synonymous with tie-dyed tee-shirts and VW vans and the flower children of San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury.

We won't forget his unique blend of bluegrass, rock and folk guitar.

We won't forget the grief of his wife, Deborah Koons, and his four children — Heather, Annabelle, Teresa and Keelin.

We won't forget his generosity, the millions of dollars he and the band have contributed, through the Rex Foundation, to needy individuals and cutting edge causes.

We won't forget Jerry's modesty, his insistence that he was not the leader of the band, his refusal to compromise his music to sell records for big-name companies.

We need music, Garcia said, because "We need magic and bliss and power and myth and celebration and religion in our lives, and music gives us that."

Garcia gave us that. He was, in the words of one fan, "pure luck, pure goodness, pure charm."

An era may be over. But it's not forgotten. Nor is Jerry Garcia, a Marin resident who's presence was always welcome, whether at a local cafe, a family outing at a community park or a fundraiser for AIDS.

As long as we have his music, we have the memories, and a record of one man, and one generation's idealism, originality, protest and passion.

And the band played on.

World's media blitz Marin after death

8/10/95

By Janet Kornblum
Independent Journal reporter

Everywhere you turned yesterday, it came up Jerry.

Journalists from around the world jumped onto the story that Grateful Dead leader Jerry Garcia had died, crowding each other at press conferences, overwhelming the Marin County coroner's and sheriff's offices and roaming the streets in search of bona fide Deadheads.

It was a story that not even the sober PBS news show "MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour" could ignore.

In an almost surrealistic moment, the news show momentarily broke from its talking heads mode to air a Grateful Dead tune.

For local county offices not set up to handle massive media blitzes, the calls were at times overwhelming.

"It's been really, really crazy," said Gary L. Erickson, an investigator with the coroner's office.

"This has been a big, big media event," he said, his eyes bloodshot with fatigue.

Erickson began his day yesterday just after 7 a.m. with a phone call reporting Garcia's death. By 2 p.m. the tiny coroner's office at the Marin Civic Center in San Rafael had fielded more than 50 press calls from around the globe. Several reporters also walked into the Civic Center office, including two middle-aged leather-clad men from "A Current Affair."

They did not get an interview with Erickson, but later he granted one to Channel 7, dutifully repeating answers on-air that he had just given to them off-air.

Although he seemed like a polished pro, Erickson said he's not used to all the hoopla.

"I don't need it," he said. "I don't want it and am uncomfortable with it, and it really, really disrupts us here.

"We're real low-profile. We're not used to this."

But just last month, he handled the high-profile suicide of local political consultant Duane Garrett and two years ago he handled the death of German actor Klaus Kinski.

He hadn't received any requests for autopsy photographs, as he did in the case of Kinski, but the press resulting in their deaths paled in comparison to the hype yesterday.

"This guy, in terms of name recognition — he's right up there with Bill Clinton," Erickson said of Garcia. "But everybody likes him."

Reporters also packed an outdoor news conference that Dead spokesman Dennis McNally held outside the Grateful Dead offices on Lincoln Avenue in San Rafael, parking their camera trucks on the sidewalk and crowding McNally with cameras and microphones.

Organizations covering Garcia's death included television's "Entertainment Tonight," CNN, New York Daily News, the San Jose Mercury News, KQED, the San Francisco Examiner, the San Francisco Chronicle, ABC, CBS, Rolling Stone magazine, KFOG-FM, KGO-Channel 7, Reuters, People Magazine and the Point Reyes Light.



NEWS CONFERENCE: Grateful Dead publicist Dennis McNally briefs media at band's San Rafael headquarters.

IJ photo/Jeff Vendsel

Death could have 'ripple effect' on Marin economy

8/10/95

By Ingrid Becker

Independent Journal reporter

The Grateful Dead's lead guitarist, Jerry Garcia, was a creative force in a $50 million-a-year business empire with a clothing line, tie-ins to Ben and Jerry's ice cream, a philanthropic foundation and more.

Observers said Garcia was involved in so many enterprises his death will have a "ripple effect" on Marin County's economy.

A one-time art student, Garcia lent his designs and name to neckties, colorful casualwear, wet suits and even hotel rooms.

Garcia's limited-edition prints and lithographs were expected to jump in price following the 53-year-old rock legend's death at a Forest Knolls drug treatment center yesterday.

"The Grateful Dead is a major marketing force in America today," said Mitch Wilenchik, owner of Steal Your Face, a San Anselmo-based company licensed by the Grateful Dead.

The band grossed more than $50 million in concerts alone last year, but a spokesman declined to disclose the revenues from merchandising and licensing, a substantial part of the band's business empire.

In addition to employing 30 people in Marin, the unique franchise supports dozens of other businesses including retailers and production crews.



AN UPSET FAN: Jack Ortman sells Dead memorabilia at his store, Larkspur Books and Office Supplies.

IJ photo/Robert Tong

If a product says "Jerry Garcia" or "the Grateful Dead," it sells.

The Ben & Jerry's ice cream company in Vermont reports that its "Cherry Garcia" is the second-best-selling flavor. Royalties for the use of the name go to the Rex Foundation, the philanthropic charity set up by the Grateful Dead.

"Cherry Garcia was meant as a tribute to Jerry while he was still alive. It's certainly a continuing tribute now that he's gone," said Ben Cohen, co-founder of the ice cream company and its chairman.

Similarly, a line of neckties bearing likenesses of Garcia's artwork have been popular and are expected to continue to sell. A new collection of eight ties is about to be introduced and will go forward as scheduled, said Libby Wegner, vice president of Stonehenge Ltd.

The Hotel Triton in San Francisco never has to worry about a vacancy in its $255-a-night J. Garcia Suite decorated with Garcia's designs.

Garcia's line of wet suits is also selling well, according to Millville, N.J., manufacturer Henderson Aquatics Inc.

"Anything and everything Grateful Dead that I've ever had, I've sold," said Jack Ortman, who carries a full line of Dead gear at his Larkspur Books and Office Supplies.

"The ramifications in Marin County are humongous, it has a tremendous ripple effect," said Jacky Sarti of Ultra Sound, which provides sound design for Grateful Dead concerts.

Wilenchik agreed. "It affects all of us in some way economically."

At Artrock in San Francisco, the price of Garcia's prints and lithographs was expected to double, said Randy Line, a buyer for the rock 'n' roll memorabilia store.

The Grateful Dead offices were closed yesterday but outside business consultants said the company was a pioneer in several areas:

■ Serving customers. The Dead was the first major band to allow fans to tape-record concerts.

In the early '80s, it added another service: mail-order ticket sales, accounting for 20 percent to 40 percent of seats at its shows. That made it easier for baby boomer fans — many with children — to get tickets. No more waiting in line.

■ Quality management. One mantra at corporations is "empower employees." The Dead has always given skilled workers — sound and light technicians, for example — the power to make decisions.

— USA Today and The Associated Press contributed to this report.

Trip to tie department seemed like thing to do

By Richard Polito

Independent Journal reporter

Different people seek their solace in different places.

For the couple from Chicago, that place was Nordstrom in Corte Madera.

"They were on the freeway when they heard it on the radio. They were just passing Nordstrom's and they said 'Hey let's go to Nordstrom's and buy a tie," said Deborah Steele, a saleswoman in men's furnishings at the Corte Madera department store.

It was one of many Jerry Garcia edition ties Steele sold yesterday.

Garcia, an accomplished artist, had developed a line of ties incorporating his designs. The ties are always good sellers, but they were selling especially well yesterday in the wake of Garcia's death.

"That is the reason people are buying them today," Steele said.

At the Emporium at Northgate, the sales staff had moved the Jerry Garcia tie display out from behind the short- and long-sleeve dress shirt display to take advantage of the moment. The sales staff was peeling the tissue paper off more ties to set out.

Lisa Galli sold eight of the ties to one man.

"We weren't even open a half-hour and this guy comes in and asks me if they were going to be collectors' items. I said 'What do you mean?' and he told me what happened."

Galli said she had sold upwards of 30 by mid-afternoon.

A spokeswoman for San Francisco Mayor Frank Jordan said the mayor was sporting one of Garcia ties yesterday.

At Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream at Haight and Ashbury streets in San Francisco, the Cherry Garcia flavor was "selling well" but had not sold out by late afternoon.

At Watts Music in Novato, Carol Watt was still waiting for the hordes.

"I thought I would be very, very busy, but it hasn't been overwhelming."

Bay Area: Haight acts like a magnet for fans

8/10/95

By John R. Moses

Independent Journal reporter

SAN FRANCISCO — A solitary bagpipe's wail joined the brisk ocean breeze whipping across Golden Gate Park's Polo Field. The crowd of hundreds of Jerry Garcia fans fell silent.

They were among as many as 800 mourners who streamed into the park from all directions for an impromptu vigil that carried on late into the night.

It was the continuance of mourning that began early in the day in the Haight Ashbury district after word spread of the rock icon's death.

Black crepe trailed high in the sky from the top of the Polo Field goal posts. Grateful Dead fans shared pipes of marijuana and liquor shrouded in paper bags. Police officers watched from a distance.

Musician Chas Ainsworth of San Francisco sat shivering on a blanket, playing slide guitar. A small wooden coffin with a red rose and black candle lay at his feet.

"It's kind of an act of saying goodbye," he said.

Others formed huge circles and chanted. Still others quietly meditated.

As darkness fell, about 10 candles flickered in the middle of a makeshift altar, alongside pine cones, posters, books, and beer bottles sprouting red rose buds.

People occasionally yelled out "We love you Jerry."

Parents sat with toddlers. Teenagers with dreadlocks joined middle-aged men with hardly any hair at all. As the night wore on, the memorial grew. A young woman leaned over to place a slender black candle in a silver holder. A man reached down to place a votive candle. The throng of bodies surrounding it staved off the wind blowing a chill through the field.

Many came from all over the Bay Area. When news of the 53-year-old musician's death hit the airwaves, they flocked earlier in the day to the neighborhood that spawned the Dead and other 1960-era groups.

Like hundreds of others, Ken Estes and Stacey Trainor of Brentwood in east Contra Costa County knew the corner of Haight and Ashbury was where they had to go.

To them, Garcia's passing means the end of the band, and an era.

Four chaplains from nearby Saint Mary's Hospital arranged the ever-growing contributions to a make-shift shrine in front of a consignment shop.

A black-and-white photo of Garcia rested atop a shirt. Chalked letters below the shrine spelled "Goodbye Jerry, I love you."

Marina Poliakoff wasn't one of the sad mourners. She struggled in the stiff breeze to light a stick of incense.

Poliakoff, of New York, said she followed the band for a while, but stopped two years ago.

She happened to be visiting San Francisco yesterday and came straight to Haight Street.

"It's great that everybody's kind of celebrating. I think that's what he would have wanted."

Nation: Grief extends across cultural borders

Combined news services

Where Jerry Garcia's life symbolized the counterculture, his death demonstrated the cross-cultural appeal of his music and his message.

Hippies and politicians, free spirits and titans of finance: All took time to mourn.

The legions of Deadheads, of course, grieved from coast to coast in spontaneous gatherings.

But the wave went far beyond the expected.

It swelled from the Senate floor and through the Internet; it even rocked Wall Street.

So many Wall Street traders called up news of Garcia's death on the Bloomberg terminal — a news and stock quote service — that the system momentarily crashed at noon.

A Denver lawyer left the office in a state of shock. Even a classical station in Portland, Ore., broadcast the news.

"I feel like I just got kicked in the stomach," Sen. Patrick Leahy, D-Vt., told the Burlington Free Press.

Fellow Sen. Orrin Hatch, a conservative Republican from Utah, called him out of a meeting to break the news.

"I felt a great comfort level listening to their music," Leahy said. "They were like old friends."

Just as hundreds of mourners gathered in San Francisco, so did kindred spirits across the country.

More than 500 gathered near the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia last night, a sea of tie-died shirts with lighted candles and incense.

Most of them gathered around a makeshift tombstone — cardboard with Garcia's picture on it, and the words: "Jerry Garcia is now and forever one of the Grateful Dead."

"There's no way to measure his greatness or magnitude," said rock icon Bob Dylan. "I don't think any eulogizing will do him justice."

"It was very shocking," said Willie Nelson, who admired the Dead's blend of country, blues, bluegrass, gospel and jazz.

"I love the Grateful Dead. I've listened to them as much as I've listened to anybody."

The community lost its patriarch," said Rusty Jones, 32, who played "Amazing Grace" on the bagpipes at an impromptu tribute in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park.

"We've had 30 years of the Grateful Dead," said Jackie Tocco, a municipal bond trader in St. Louis. "I guess we should be grateful for that, but I could've taken another 30 years."

James Henke, curator of Cleveland's Rock and Roll Hall of Fame & Museum, said Garcia "will be remembered not just as a musician, but for the lifestyle and values he represented ... freedom and experimentation and not being rigid."

"He was one of those really special people on this planet, a person who had unbelievable skill at what he did in bringing joy and happiness into people's lives," said former basketball star Bill Walton, an avowed Deadhead who went to more than 600 of the band's concerts.

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CLIPPING BUREAU

Psychologist says Deadheads will be lost

By LISA MARTINS
Herald Staff Writer

For those who have wrapped their lives around the Grateful Dead's counterculture, like a substitute family, the death of the band's leader Jerry Garcia could leave them in the lurch.

"I think they will have trouble finding another cause they can easily devote their lives to that is so effortless. The Deadheads migrated around with the Dead, like a traveling circus, flea market," said Dr. Seth Ersner-Hershfield, of Newton Memorial's Center for Mental Health.

One fan tended to agree. "No offense, they are already kind of lost. I don't know how you could live your life like that. I hate to commercialize myself, but I would like a house and a family," said Wendy Stilwell, who saw the band 37 times, but never toured the country with them.

A clinical psychologist, Ersner-Hershfield said the Grateful Dead and traveling entourage was akin to a substitute family of sorts. Followers, he said, could become part of a larger family, "where you can identify with and feel welcome, without having to do the dishes or take out the garbage."

While the band formed in the 1960s, its popularity continued to grow through the 1990s, thanks in part to relentless touring.

And with so few movements in the 1980s or 1990s to truly galvanize a generation, becoming a Grateful Dead fan provided easy identification with a movement, Ersner-Hershfield said.

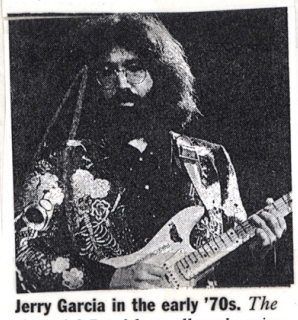
"Just showing up makes you cool and hip, and there is nothing else like that," he said. "The Deadheads are leaderless. It used the Dead as a focal point, but it's not based on charismatic leadership like a cult. With the Dead, it's like, the more the merrier."

Even Ersner-Hershfield admitted to being a fan, but was never intrigued with the whole concert thing. "I guess I never will," he said.

For other fans who will never get a chance to see the band, there is always the countless bootleg tapes of shows, although Deadheads say a Dead show cannot be captured on compact disc.

Rob Marcazo, 24, of Vernon, and a fan who saw 47 Dead shows, said some of the Rainbow People, who tour with the Dead selling merchandise, have already left that scene to tour with Phish.

More music in the vault but no rush to cash in



Jerry Garcia in the early '70s. *The Grateful Dead long allowed taping, so there's much music out there.*

30002
By Dan DeLuca
INQUIRER STAFF WRITER

Will Grateful Dead fans see a deluge of hastily thrown-together collections of unreleased music from the pioneering space-rock band's 28-year recording history?

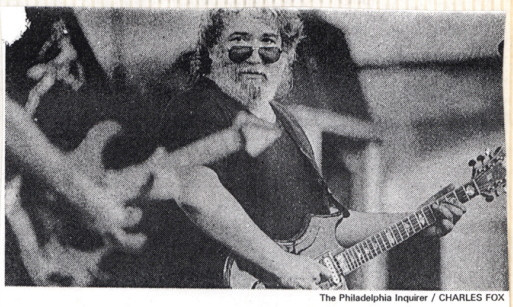
That's what often happens when a musician with an especially intense following dies. "New" Jimi Hendrix discs are still coming out 25 years after his death.

But in the case of the Dead, the answer is: not likely. Not because there isn't plenty of material in the vaults to be exploited. It's just that the Dead has long maintained close control over the release of its studio recordings, and every album the band has ever released, from 1967's *The Grateful Dead* to the 1990 live album *Without a Net*, remains readily available on CD.

In addition, the events at the heart of the Deadhead experience — the three hour-plus, jam-filled, never-identical live shows — have long been taped, collected and traded by fans, with the band's blessing.

Greg Geller, executive in charge of re-

See **RECORDINGS** on G3 GG



The Philadelphia Inquirer / CHARLES FOX

Jerry Garcia *jamming beside Bob Weir at the old JFK Stadium in South Philadelphia during a July 1987 concert.*

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER 8/10/95

More music in the vault but no rush to cash in

GG

RECORDINGS from G1

issues at Warner Bros., the label that the Dead called home until the mid-'70s, said that the band retained control over everything recorded during its tenure there, even any previously unreleased recordings.

"Contractually, they have control," Geller said. "So nobody could cash in even if they wanted to. There are some unreleased recordings, and we have had discussion with them in the past about putting together an elaborate retrospective. But that has never gotten further than the discussion stages."

A spokesman for Arista Records, the label the band has recorded infrequently for since *Terrapin Station* in 1977, wasn't certain if the Dead had a similar relationship with the label and couldn't confirm rumors that the band has a recently recorded but incomplete studio album in the can.

In October, Shanachie Records plans to release the Dead-sanctioned *The Music Never Stopped: Roots of the Grateful Dead*, a collection of songs the Dead cover in concert, recorded by the original artists as selected by Garcia and Bob Weir.

Dead spokesman Dennis McNally made it sound unlikely that there was a box set to end all box sets around the corner.

"There's nothing new, and there won't be," McNally said in a statement yesterday. "We don't have any comment on any plans. We don't have *any* plans at the moment. We're just getting through this day."

In recent years, the Grateful Dead Merchandising (800-225-3323) has begun releasing CDs of rare selections from the band's live performances — there was *One From the Vault* in 1991 and *Two From the Vault* in 1992. Dead archivist Dick Latavala's personal selections of the best of the rare Dead have also been issued under the titles *Dick's Picks, Vol. 1* and *Vol. 2*.

Other releases of live material are planned, but a call to the Dead offices yesterday yielded only a recorded message: "In respect to Jerry's passing, the Grateful Dead will not be accepting orders until Aug. 14. Please feel free to call back then. Stay in touch."

Meantime, Deadheads looking for solace will be turning to their own tape collections for that special version of "Ripple" or "Dark Star."

Deadbase is a New Hampshire-based company that publishes a list of every song the Dead has played at every show since 1965. John Scott, the compiler of Deadbase, said the band had played 2,267 shows through 1994, and that about 1,600 of those shows are available to tape traders. The Dead first sanctioned taping at its concerts at a show in Waterbury Conn., in 1972.

"There are lists of people who trade tapes, and selling them is almost universally frowned upon by Deadheads," said Scott, who, like many Deadheads, said he felt "numbed" yesterday. "Obviously the Dead have been very important spiritually to a very dedicated portion of society. Following the band and collecting their music was like a religion for many people."

Les Kippel, the founder of the Dead-centric magazine Relix, said that he and other Dead fans would have to turn to the tapes — and other Deadheads — to get them through life without the band.

"They have no choice. Jerry's dead. They can't get another Jerry Garcia tape," Kippel said, adding that Deadheads looking to increase their collection of live music through trading wouldn't have any trouble because "everything's available."

"The Dead have a wonderful support group," said Scott. "And all of their best music has been done live. The studio efforts often lack the vitality that you get in live performance ... and there's plenty there. Jerry has left a huge body of work behind him, and it will take all of us a long time to assimilate all of it."

DEA chief condemns eulogies for Garcia

By ARTHUR GOLDEN
Staff Writer

33993

The United States can never hope to defeat the scourge of drug-trafficking if Americans eulogize Jerry Garcia as a "wonderful person," the nation's chief narcotics officer said yesterday.

Thomas Constantine, administrator of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), said he was troubled by praise for the founder of the Grateful Dead rock band, who died Wednesday and who had a history of drug abuse.

The praise for Garcia sends a message that Americans are not totally committed to an all-out assault on illicit drugs, Constantine said in a phone interview from his offices in Washington.

Constantine testified Tuesday before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to seek Senate support for the administration's request $225 million in anti-narcotics money for the year beginning Oct. 1. The House voted to appropriate half that — $113 million.

Constantine said yesterday he was optimistic about the DEA eventually winding up with the administration's request, and perhaps even with "some enhancements."

A "political reaction" in Congress to fighting illicit drugs is important, Constantine said, but the will for the struggle "is going to have to come from the American people first."

Constantine said he did not see how anyone could seriously say that the United States is engaged in a war on drugs when professional baseball players escape serious punishment for using illicit narcotics.

"And you can't have Jerry Garcia, reportedly a heroin addict, now being extolled as one of the great parts of the American system, and what a wonderful person he was, and things like that," Constantine said.

"All of these things come into play," Constantine said, and dramatize a "lack of will that is not going to translate well into an action plan" to effectively battle illicit drugs.

Constantine, 56, who was appointed DEA administrator in April 1994 after service as superintendent of the New York State Police, said he has been hearing about a supposed war on drugs for years.

"I am uncomfortable with that phrase," Constantine said.

In fact, there has never really been a war on drugs, Constantine said, because the American public has never made a commitment to invest the resources that would be required for the struggle.

On the other hand, Constantine said, the public is increasingly "fed up with crime" and its connection to drugs, and is making those views felt at all levels of government. The result is tougher laws, he said.

Marin Independent Journal

THURSDAY

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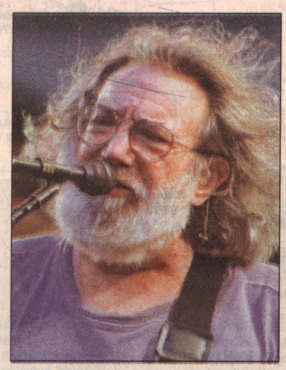
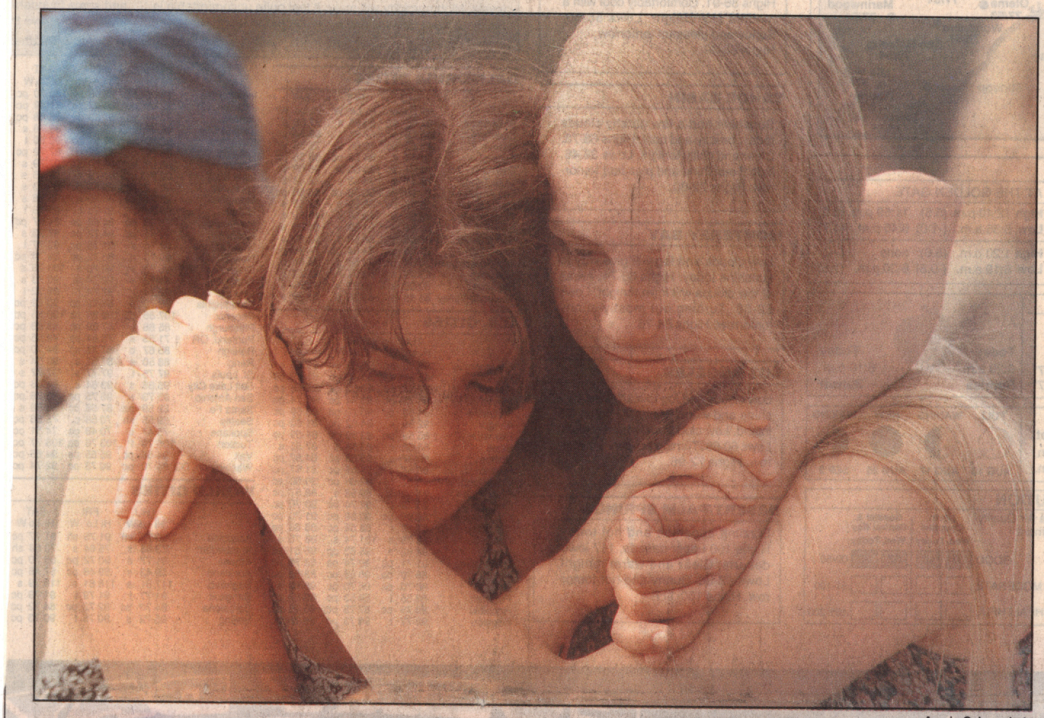


"I feel like I've lost my best friend. I know there are thousands of others who feel the same way that I do."

– Steve Wilson, Deadhead from Kentfield

Tears, disbelief bid Jerry Garcia goodbye



Averie Cohen photo

UPSET: News upset Anna Amezcua of Saratoga (left) and Sarah Gage of Portola Valley, who've attended 20 Grateful Dead shows.

By Paul Liberatore

IJ senior writer

The future of the Grateful Dead was up in the air today as the band and its fans came to grips with the death of lead guitarist Jerry Garcia.

Band members gathered at the Grateful Dead's San Rafael office yesterday to grieve and talk about what to do next.

While they were meeting, the shock waves of the venerable Marin rock icon's death reverberated all over the country.

Deadheads who idolized the 53-year-old musical legend gathered in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury, where the Grateful Dead helped define the counterculture in the '60s.

INSIDE

■ Full page poster of Jerry Garcia/**A10**

■ Fans mourn in Bay Area, around country/**A8**

■ Press interest overwhelms Marin officials/**A9**

■ His music and memories live on/**Editorial, A6**

But the sense of loss may be the most heartfelt in Marin County, where the band is headquartered and the charismatic Garcia lived for more than 25 years.

He was a familiar figure around the county, one of the few places where he wasn't hassled by fans.

"I feel like I've lost my best friend," said Steve Wilson, a 33-year-old Deadhead from Kentfield who was looking for a place to mourn with other fans. "I know there are thousands of others who feel the same way that I do."

The gray-haired, white-bearded Garcia was found dead in his room at a Forest Knolls residential drug treatment center yesterday morning.

An investigator with the Marin County Coroner's Office said he died of natural causes.

Band members were too "shaken, upset, distraught" to comment on Garcia's death, but the group's publicist, Dennis McNally, met with reporters in the parking lot outside its office as friends and members of the Grateful Dead's organization and extended family hugged and consoled each other.

While the prevailing opinion

See Garcia, page A9

TELEGRAM & GAZETTE 8/10/95

Deadheads bring gridlock to information highway

The Associated Press

SAN FRANCISCO — Cyberspace slowed in Jerry Garcia's memory.

As people logged onto the Sausalito-based WELL, they saw this message: "The WELL is currently experiencing a system slowdown. There is an influx of users to discuss the passing of the Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia."

In the past, Grateful Dead fans used the Internet global computer network to find tickets, discuss songs, line up places to sleep while following the band on the road. Yesterday, after news of Garcia's death at age 53, they used it to mourn.

"The '60s are finally over," one Deadhead posted.

"Someone please tell me this is not true," another said.

"The man is dead, but those beautiful ringing notes with every touch of his guitar will live on. Peace," wrote another.

"My dad just came in and asked me if I felt sad," yet another said. "He said he remembers how he felt when JFK died."

RockWeb Interactive set up a Jerry Garcia Tribute page with text, graphics, songs and photos on the World Wide Web within hours of getting the news.

It included artwork by Stanley Mouse, who designed the original skull and roses icon that appeared on many Grateful Dead album covers and has become a symbol for Deadheads everywhere.

On the WELL, a 12,000-member computer network, a user posted this tribute:

"There's a helluva jam goin' on right now!

Janis, Pigpen, Brent, Zappa, Jerry, Hendrix ...

Dancin' in the streets, jammin' at the Pearly Gates!

I hear Bach and Garcia are gonna blow the roof off tonight."

Online sites for Grateful Dead fans:

Usenet: rec.music.gdead

IRC: channel gdead

W W W

http://www.shore.net/(tilde)aiko

DELOTO

Garcia

From page A1

among Deadheads is that the group can't continue without Garcia, the remaining members of the band were undecided about what to do next.

They are scheduled to begin a new tour Sept. 13 in Boston, ending with six shows at Shoreline Amphitheater in Mountain View in October.

"The future of the band is in doubt, but I'm not a band member and can't say," McNally said yesterday.

"They are way too distraught to have anything to say today."

Band was surprised

McNally said that neither he nor the other members of the band knew that Garcia had checked into the Marin drug treatment center until they were notified of his death yesterday morning.

Garcia last told them he was going to Hawaii, where he frequently vacationed and went scuba diving.

McNally deflected questions about Garcia's drug use, saying: "Whatever his problems, he had made a clear commitment to deal with them, but his body couldn't keep up.

"He died trying to get better."

The band is not planning any public memorial event for Garcia in the immediate future, but urged Deadheads to "grieve with style and dignity" in their own way.

A private funeral is planned.

Turned 53 Aug. 1

Garcia was found dead in his room at Serenity Knolls, a 12-acre drug and alcohol rehabilitation facility, at 4:23 a.m. yesterday by a counselor.

Garcia, who celebrated his 53rd birthday on Aug. 1, was pronounced dead at the scene after unsuccessful attempts to revive him by an on-staff nurse and Marin County Fire Department paramedics from the Woodacre station.

Gary L. Erickson, an investigator with the coroner's office, said the counselor heard Garcia's loud snore when he passed by his room at 4 a.m., but heard nothing when he returned 23 minutes later.

He entered the small, "almost monastic" room and found Garcia dead.

Erickson said Garcia's death "appears natural and straightforward. My understanding is there was a drug history and, after a while, that catches up to you. It has to take a toll somewhere."

"You have to pay a price."

Erickson said an autopsy would be performed this afternoon. Toxicology reports will be completed in a week.

known for songs like "Truckin'," "Friend of the Devil" and "Uncle John's Band." They had their only top 10 hit in 1987 with "Touch of Grey," which includes the line, "I will survive."

The easygoing, personable Garcia used to laugh off questions about his health.

"Yeah, somebody is always worrying that I'm going to die," he said once, shaking his head. "Every couple of years somebody worries and they tell me to get checked, and I do, and I'm OK."

Rock world stunned

Garcia's death stunned the rock music community and sent waves of grief through the networks of fans across the country.

Carlos Santana of San Rafael was shocked and visibly upset when he was told of Garcia's death after he arrived in New York yesterday.

"I am deeply saddened to hear that my good friend of three decades has passed from this earth," he said. "Being guitarists and being a part of the San Francisco music scene together, Jerry and I shared a special bond."

"Good grief," said Wavy Gravy, the counterculture figure who had known Garcia since the '60s. "It's a stunner, but it's something that everyone's been prepped for for a decade. He was the man who always said yes.

"He was a great wit, a jovial, intelligent man who will be greatly missed."

Idolized by Deadheads

Garcia was idolized by Deadheads, who built a lifestyle around him and the band. Garcia was so concerned that a misguided fan might misinterpret something he said that he refrained from speaking on stage.

"It's going to be a major turning point in the lives of a generation," said Steve Silberman, who wrote "Skeleton Key," a dictionary for Deadheads.

"There's a whole subculture of young kids who make a living from selling food and crafts at shows and they're going to have to find a new way to live," he said.

"He never sold out his music," Silberman said. "He never bought into the idea that they were just a '60s band.

"They kept evolving. They were pushing the envelope."

Health, drug problems

Garcia suffered from health and drug problems. He nearly died in 1986 when he went into a diabetic coma and was hospitalized at Marin General.

In 1992, the Grateful Dead was forced to cancel a concert tour when Garcia became seriously ill just after his 50th birthday. He spent three months recovering from lung problems and an enlarged heart and went on a strict health regimen, quitting smoking and losing 50 pounds.

Garcia, a former art student, resumed painting during his rehabilitation. His artwork spawned a popular line of neckties and clothing.

With Garcia in the forefront, the Grateful Dead, which helped create the San Francisco psychedelic sound in the '60s, became the most successful touring band in the world over the next three decades.

Legions of fans, called Deadheads, followed the band from concert to concert.

Top-grossing touring act

The Dead was the top-grossing touring act in the country two of the past four years. The band grossed $50 million last year from its concerts and employed a full-time staff of 30 employees. Proceeds from other Dead enterprises, including a Marin mail-order merchandising firm, have not been disclosed.

Garcia and the band were best

Garcia showed strain

In recent years, Garcia showed signs of wearing down. Veteran fans noticed that he forgot lyrics and had to strain to hit high notes.

But he and his bandmates continued to explore uncharted musical territory with their celebrated space jams.

"The music was an adventure," said band publicist McNally. "You leapt off a cliff and sometimes you flew and sometimes you landed on a rock. In that interval between finding out whether you flew or crashed, there was this bit of magic."

The band's summer tour, which the band jokingly called "The Tour from Hell," was marred by mishaps that included a riot in Indiana, a tragic campground accident in Missouri, and Deadheads struck by lightning in Washington, D.C.

Garcia's last show with the Dead was July 9 at Soldier Field in Chicago.

Known for humbleness

He is survived by his wife, Deborah Koons Garcia, whom he married last Valentine's Day, and four daughters: Heather, Annabelle, Teresa and Keelin, ranging in age from 32 to 6.

He also leaves a brother, Clifford "Tiff" Garcia, who works for Grateful Dead Merchandising.

One of Garcia's most endearing qualities was his humbleness and his devotion to music and mastering his instrument.

"Jerry felt that being a star is nonsense," McNally said. "Being a musician is what counts."

Marin IJ reporters Brad Breithaupt and Janet Kornblum contributed to this report.

Fans gather with members of the Dead at Jerry Garcia's memorial service to show that their love will not fade away

Grateful to a legendary man

BY BRAD KAVA
Mercury News Music Writer

WITH actions speaking as loudly as their words, the remaining members of the Grateful Dead said goodbye to Jerry Garcia, and seemingly to their fans, at a Golden Gate Park memorial service Sunday.

In view of about 40,000 fans, the band members made short speeches, then stepped off the makeshift stage and joined the audience in a walking parade of drums, banging out the rhythm and chanting the words to Buddy Holly's "Not Fade Away" — *"You know our love will not fade away."*

This had become ritual at hundreds of Dead performances during intermissions and after shows, but never before had the performers left the stage to join their fans in the celebration.

In a tie-dyed T-shirt, bass player Phil Lesh carried a multicolored drum and writhed joyously as he banged it, looking indistinguishable from the Deadheads nearby who followed him in a send-off that mixed New Orleans and Dead style. He was followed by a white-bearded Bill Kreutzmann, one of the band's drummers, and intense-looking guitarist Bob Weir. Paul Kantner, the founder of Jefferson Airplane, was also in the line.

It was as if they were saying the long strange trip had come to a close, and now they would resume normal lives.

Some of their speeches said as much.

"You have the groove, you have the feeling," said drummer Mickey Hart. "You've worked on it for almost 30 years. So what are you going to do with it? Take your dead heads and take it home. We didn't do all this for nothing."

GARCIA, the 53-year-old lead guitarist and spiritual leader of the Dead, died Wednesday at a Marin County drug rehabilitation facility. Sunday's memorial was put on by the Dead and promoter Bill Graham Presents at the site where the band had performed legendary free concerts in its early days.

The spoken ceremony took about half an hour. Before it, the band members and their friends paraded around the huge Golden Gate Park Polo Field, while Dead-

> **"Please remember he has played a great role and part. The rest is left to you and I."**
>
> *— African drummer Baba Olatunji*

heads sat on blankets, drummed along and danced their twirling dance — looking almost as if this was just an intermission at one of the band's 80 yearly performances.

Then African drummer Baba Olatunji, who has joined the band many times over the years, began a chant and a speech celebrating Garcia. Above him was a giant photograph of Garcia playing guitar in front of a tie-dyed banner and in front of Olatunji was a shrine of notes and photos.

"Please remember he has played a great role and part," said Olatunji. "The rest is left to you and I."

Garcia's third wife, film maker Deborah Koons, spoke next.

"What a great guy he was," she said. "He would have loved this. He is loving it. He was a big-hearted, generous, hard-working man. . . . What I learned from Jerry was to open my heart and live in the moment."

His daughter, Anabelle Garcia, 25, who had said he was a genius but a lousy father during a small memorial service Friday, was lavish in praise of Garcia on Sunday and thanked his fans.

"We love each and every one of you guys," she said of herself and her three sisters. "You all put us through college and we didn't have to work at Dairy Queen."

She also said her father "was one of the greatest Americans ever born."

When Weir took the stage, he choked back tears.

"I think I owe Jerry an immense debt of gratitude for showing me how to live with joy," he said. He raised his hands in the air and asked the crowd to join him every day in letting their joy reflect back to Garcia.

Pianist Vince Welnick compared Garcia to Santa Claus and Kreutzmann said the happiest times of his life were on stage behind the band.

AFTER a few more speeches, the band members joined the drum line and were swarmed by fans.

"In all these years, this is the closest I've ever gotten to them," said Jim Branly, 24, a bartender from Greensboro, N.C. "It was orgasmic. It was like being in church."

San Francisco police officers estimated the crowd between 30,000 and 50,000. Band members have not said whether they would play together again or what they would do about tickets already sold for their fall tour.

Fans listened to tapes of old and new live Grateful Dead shows played by band assistant Dick Latvala and radio host David Gans.

The speaker system was so good that it almost sounded like the band was actually playing. At several points, including the song "The Other One" from a 1968 show that Garcia dedicated to dead beat writer and bus driver Neal Cassady, thousands of fans got up and started dancing.

Tents by the stage served band members and employees salads, M&Ms and Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream (including Cherry Garcia, named for the guitarist). Band members kept sneaking looks out at the crowd, as if this was the last time they might see them. Kreutzmann kept staring out, taking it all in.

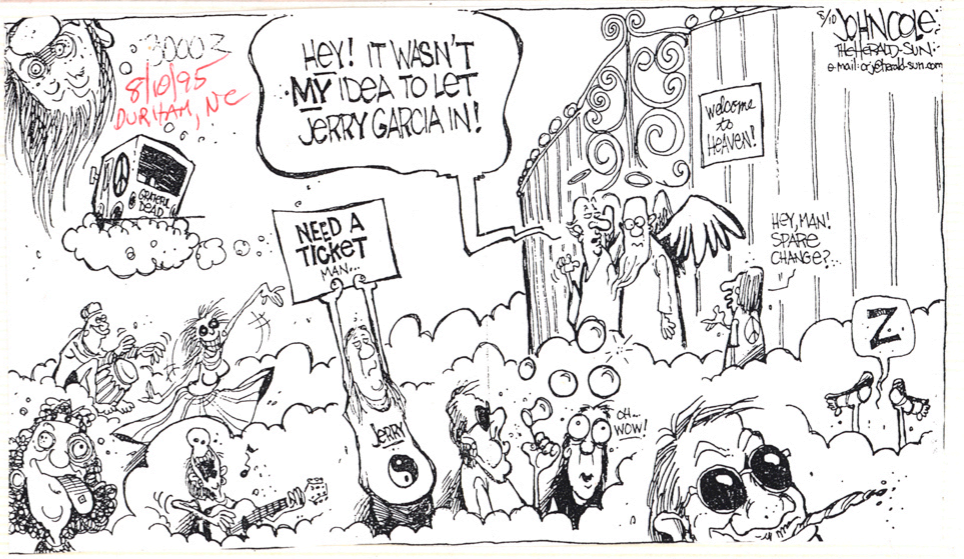
It was the kind of audience you see at Dead shows and nowhere else. Tie-dye and dogs were everywhere. Marijuana was smoked from fancy water pipes. Young women spun in circles to the music.

There was a small girl carrying a rabbit with a red collar around its neck talking to a man wrapped in a bright green suit and hood with his face painted like a morbid skeleton.

"Are you supposed to be scary or funny?" she asked.

"Both," he said.

One by one, the band members left with their families, but the crowd stayed for several hours, listening to the music. One wore a shirt with a drawing of Garcia on a postage stamp. Others had lyrics on their shirts: "Ain't no time to hate," "The music never stopped," "I will survive," and "Thank you for a real good time."



D10731



Britt's View 8/11/95 Tacoma, Wash.

Garcia's music built to last

Long, strange trip rooted in unique talent

By LARRY KELP
Staff Writer

No one could make music like Jerry Garcia did.

But that may not be what people remember most. He played brilliantly, but to the public, he was best known as a musical guru of the '60s counterculture.

"Jerry was saddled with a huge cultural baggage that was not of his choosing. Over the years he became the sole surviving icon of '60s counterculture, over his vehement protests. Because of that, the importance of his music is overshadowed," said David Gans, host of the nationally syndicated radio show "The Grateful Dead Hour."

Garcia lived to play music, on guitars, pedal steel guitar, even banjo — in the Grateful Dead, in his own band, in the bluegrass group Old and in the Way, with jazz revolutionary Ornette Coleman, and even on a children's album with mandolinist David Grisman.

"I think it'll be years before Jerry is given his proper place as an American musical innovator, along with John Coltrane, Duke Ellington, Charles Ives and Robert Johnson. He was that important," said avant garde guitarist and record producer Henry Kaiser of Oakland.

Even before the Grateful Dead's 1967 debut album hit the record stores, high school and college circles throughout Northern California perceived the band's importance. Along with the Jefferson Airplane and a few other bands, the Grateful Dead justified the journey to San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium.

The Dead, with Garcia playing guitar, sounded like nothing on Dick Clark's "American Bandstand," or even the trendier TV rock shows of the day, "Shindig" and "Hullabaloo." Even if the Dead had played on TV, their magic wouldn't have translated to the little screen.



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Garcia, left, performs a Canadian show with the Grateful Dead July 2, 1970, in Calgary, Alberta. With him are Phil Lesh on bass and Bob Weir on guitar.

The Grateful Dead's vast fan network formed via word of mouth. People who had been to the Haight, to Golden Gate Park's Panhandle, to the Acid Tests, or who had hung out with the band in that year of the Summer of Love spread news of the experience to others.

At Santa Rosa Junior College, instructor Gerald Ogle outraged some colleagues by putting up a San Francisco rock concert poster on the music department wall, "The Sound," featuring a painting of a dancing nude woman. It almost caught the Dead's essence: Free, with no constraints, reaching out for a future that promised paradise through musical ecstasy.

That clarion call — in the form of songs from "Dark Star" to "Touch of Grey" — played through Garcia's totally original guitar style, has continued to catch the ears, hearts and minds of succeeding generations of youth.

Garcia and fellow band members lived what they preached: They put their money back into the community and the world through benefit concerts, as well as through grants from their charity offshoot, the Rex Foundation.

San Rafael pianist and bass player Pete Sears and Garcia played on each other's albums, so Sears felt the loss more personally than some, but he spoke for many Garcia fans:

"I'd like to remember Jerry for his gentleness and generosity. If there was a benefit for a good cause and I asked him, he'd show up with his guitar. He was socially conscious before it was fashionable for musicians to be."

PressInfo 523-8080
24-HOUR NEWS & INFORMATION LINE
What did Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead mean to you?
TO COMMENT:
First dial 523-8080
PRESS 2400

1942 - 1995

Aug. 1, 1942: Jerome John Garcia born in San Francisco.

1946: Half of Garcia's right-hand middle finger is accidentally cut off by his older brother. The "nub" will later become an integral part of his playing style.

Aug. 1, 1957: His mother gives him an accordion for his birthday, which he pawns for a Danelectro guitar and a small amplifier.

1960: Enters the Army; discharged in 1961.

1963: Pursues folk, bluegrass and blues music. Forms Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions, later renamed the Warlocks.

July 1965: The Warlocks are the house band for novelist Ken Kesey's LSD-fueled Acid Tests. Looking for a new name, he turns to dictionary at bassist Phil Lesh's house. "The first thing I saw was the grateful dead," Garcia once said. A grateful dead is a traditional British folk ballad in which a human helps the ghost of someone who has died recently find peace.

Dec. 10, 1965: Band first plays as the Grateful Dead at the Fillmore in San Francisco.

June 1966: Garcia and most of the rest of the band move into 710 Ashbury, near the heart of the Haight-Ashbury hippie scene.

May 1967: First album, "Grateful Dead," released.

1970: The Dead release their two classic albums, "Workingman's Dead" and "American Beauty," which contained the signature tune "Truckin."

March 8, 1973: Keyboard player Pigpen dies.

1975: Garcia returns to bluegrass with the group and album "Old and In the Way."

July 10, 1986: Garcia goes on tour again, but he collapses into a five-day diabetic coma.

August 1987: With "In the Dark," the Dead earn a platinum album and make their first videos.

Oct. 31, 1989: "Built to Last," the last Grateful Dead studio album, released.

July 26, 1990: Keyboard player Brent Mydland dies.

1992: Garcia cancels fall tour because of ill health.

Jan. 19, 1994: The Dead is inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

July 9, 1995: The Dead play the last of a two-night stand at Chicago's Soldier Field.

Aug. 9, 1995: Garcia dies of a heart attack at 53.

New albums? Works already collected

By DAN DeLUCA
Knight-Ridder Newspapers

Will Grateful Dead fans see a deluge of hastily thrown together collections of unreleased music from the pioneering space-rock band's 28-year recording history?

Not likely.

Not because there isn't plenty of material in the vaults to be exploited. It's just that the Dead has long maintained close control over the release of their studio recordings, and every album the band has ever released, from 1967's "The Grateful Dead" to the 1990 live album "Without A Net," remains readily available on CD.

In addition, the events at the heart of the Deadhead experience — the three-hour-plus, jam-filled, never-identical live shows — have long been taped, collected and traded by fans, with the band's blessing.

Other releases of live material are planned, but a call to the Dead offices Wednesday yielded only a recorded message.

D0732

DL0733

Garcia blended into Marin's lifestyle

IJ 8/10/95

He could get privacy here despite stardom

By Dan Fost

Independent Journal reporter

Sometimes it was just a glimpse of the man, driving by in his black BMW.

He could be seen in Whole Foods, ordering a fresh carrot juice at the bar. Or renting a bunch of videos, or munching on a kosher hot dog at the Royal Frank. Homes all over the county claim him as a former resident.

Jerry Garcia may have been a famous rock star, but he was also just another man in Marin.

"He was very quiet and kept to himself," said Laura McFarland, who works at the juice bar at Whole Foods in Mill Valley.

"He'd get his juice, and maybe he would sit at a table and then drive home. He totally made me all nervous, but he didn't have that attitude."

When Garcia was in the store a few days ago, he ordered a fresh carrot juice, a carrot-orange juice and a baklava, said cashier Monica Garcia-Osorio. Garcia-Osorio — no relation, that she knows of, to Jerry Garcia — said someone offered the singer a beer. "He refused," she said. "He said, 'No, I don't need anything like that.' "

Garcia lived in Marin since the 1960s, when the Grateful Dead set up camp at communes in Novato and Forest Knolls. He lived in San Rafael's Dominican and Gerstle Park neighborhoods, and a house he once owned in Nicasio is for sale for $2.1 million.

He married and divorced here. When he crashed his BMW on Highway 101 this year, it was front page news.

He was a marshal at the Mill Valley Memorial Day Parade. He jammed, often without publicity, in Marin clubs such as New George's and Sweetwater.

Last year, he lived in Tiburon,

See Local, page A9



IJ photo/Jeff Vendsel

GARCIA SHRINE: Dave Nichols is among those to put flowers outside band's San Rafael offices.

Local

From page A1

and most recently made his home in Novato while the Mill Valley home he and his wife, Deborah Koons, shared was refurbished.

"We're all San Franciscans who are too lazy to live in an urban environment," said Dennis McNally, publicist for the Grateful Dead and a longtime Garcia associate.

"So what do you do? You move to Marin, because it's paradise."

The Dead maintained offices in San Rafael, and a recording studio in Novato.

Garcia, like other rock stars, found Marin a nice haven, where celebrities are just regular folks. "It was remarkable how little he was bothered," McNally said.

Still, the Deadheads who follow the band could sometimes be tenacious.

A New Yorker article by Bill Barich last year told how Deadheads sometimes "make a prisoner of Garcia. He can't wander about in Marin County or anywhere else the way he once did."

Morrow Cater of San Rafael knows. Four years ago, she bought a former Garcia home.

"We've had many a Deadhead come to our gate," she said. "That's why they put the gate up."

She told how one night, at 1:30 a.m., she was awakened by a buzzer. Her husband answered, and a Deadhead asked, "Is Jerry here?" Told he moved, the fan left — only to return 15 minutes later to ask, "Do you know where he moved to, man?"

"Apparently Deadheads make a profession of this," Cater said.

The home's celebrity is more fun for Cater's guests than for Cater, who put a lot of work into the home.

"Let's just say they did a lot of living here," she said.

Garcia left an old refrigerator in the basement. When Cater was looking at the house, she saw a collection of unreleased tapes. On one shelf was the final mix of Bob Dylan with the Grateful Dead. The tapes were gone by the time the sale closed.

The Garcia home for sale in Nicasio sits on 10.5 acres, featuring views encompassing Mount Tamalpais, San Pablo Bay, and the hills of West Marin. The home itself boasts five bedrooms, seven baths — all with phones — marble fireplaces, a library, a media room, a mirror-walled gym, and a swimming pool with spa, waterfall and fiber optic lights.

Architect Jeff Kroot was working with Garcia and his wife on the remodel of their Mill Valley home.

"He was always gracious and pleasant and very perceptive," said Kroot, a member of the San Anselmo City Council.

"He was very easy to work with."

Not only was Garcia an ultra-talented musician, Kroot said, but "he had a wonderful ability to visualize things. He was on this other level."

Dictionary gave band its name

Associated Press

The Grateful Dead got its name from the dictionary in — what else? — "a truly weird moment."

Jerry Garcia formed a band in 1964 with Bob Weir, Bill Kreutzman, Ron "Pigpen" McKernan and Phil Lesh. He called it the Warlocks, not knowing there was already another band by that name.

They had to find a new name, and Garcia said that in their search, they turned to a dictionary at Lesh's house.

"He had a big Oxford dictionary. I opened it up and the first thing I saw was the grateful dead," Garcia once told Rolling Stone magazine. "It said that on the page and it was so astonishing. It was truly weird, a truly weird moment."

A grateful dead is a traditional British folk ballad in which a human helps the ghost of someone who has died recently find peace.

"They're about karma, which is apt," said Dennis McNally, the band's longtime publicist and historian.

Garcia's music accomplishments

Albums by Jerry Garcia with the Grateful Dead and as a solo act.

GRATEFUL DEAD

- Grateful Dead, 1967
- Anthem of the Sun, 1968
- Aoxomoxoa, 1969
- Live Dead, 1970
- Workingman's Dead, 1970
- American Beauty, 1970
- The Grateful Dead, 1971
- Europe '72, 1972
- History of the Grateful Dead, Volume 1 — Bear's Choice, 1973
- Wake of the Flood, 1973
- Best of the Grateful Dead — Skeletons From the Closet, 1974
- The Grateful Dead From the Mars Hotel, 1974
- Blues for Allah, 1975
- Steal Your Face, 1976
- Terrapin Station, 1977
- What a Long Strange Trip It's Been, 1977
- Shakedown Street, 1978
- The Grateful Dead Go to Heaven, 1980
- Dead Reckoning, 1981
- Dead Set, 1981
- In the Dark, 1987
- Built to Last, 1989
- Without a Net, 1990
- One From the Vault, 1991
- Two From the Vault, 1992
- Dick's Picks, Volume 1, 1993.

JERRY GARCIA

- Garcia, 1972
- Compliments, 1974
- Garcia, 1974
- Merl Saunders, Jerry Garcia, John Kahn, Bill Vitt: Live at the Keystone, 1973
- Reflections, 1976
- Cats Under the Stars, 1978
- Run for the Roses, 1982
- Almost Acoustic, 1988
- Jerry Garcia Band, 1991
- Jerry Garcia-David Grisman, 1991
- Not For Kids Only, 1993.



IJ photo/Frankie Frost

PAYING TRIBUTE: Jerry Garcia played at service for rock promoter Bill Graham, who died in helicopter crash, in 1991.

Fan's lament: '60s are finally over'

By CHRIS COURSEY
Staff Writer

Jerry Garcia's thin, fragile voice poured out of speakers everywhere Wednesday, from the Sonoma County bagel shops named for his band, from the radios of cars stuck in downtown traffic, even from the all-news radio station KCBS in San Francisco.

"When I got into the car this morning and KCBS was playing 'Uncle John's Band,' I knew instantly what had happened . . . The '60s are finally over," posted one user of the Sausalito-based Well computer network.

Garcia, who led the Grateful Dead out of the psychedelic San Francisco of the late 1960s to become a cultural phenomenon of the 1990s, finished that long, strange trip early Wednesday. And all day his music filled the air.

"People are depressed," said Hoyt Wilhelm, co-owner of The Last Record Store in downtown Santa Rosa. "Everybody knew the guy wasn't in great health, but it's still a shock. He is a folk hero. You've got to put him right up there with Willie Mays and Joe

See Fans, Page A8

Fans

Continued from Page A1

Montana in San Francisco history."

Wilhelm and other fans talked in the past tense not only of Garcia, but of the Grateful Dead.

"It's over," said Steve Turer, a Santa Rosa attorney and self-described "Deadhead." "There's no way to replace him. He was the heart and soul of the band. There is no Grateful Dead without Jerry Garcia."

He was a "quiet leader" who never sought the spotlight, said Chris Andrian, another Santa Rosa attorney, who got to know Garcia when he defended him on drug charges in 1985.

"Jerry drove the band, but he let his music do the talking," Andrian said.

The Dead hasn't recorded an album since 1989, but maintained and even increased its popularity with live concerts. Fans followed the band like pilgrims, rearranging or even abandoning schedules and careers to listen to Garcia's intricate guitar riffs. Wilhelm said he's seen 150 Grateful Dead shows, most recently over the Memorial Day weekend in Portland and Seattle.

"Every show was different," said Wayne Gibb of Forestville, who estimated he'd been to 30 or 40 concerts. "Sometimes, they were merely competent. But at other times, it was like the hand of God had touched Jerry Garcia."

The band in the last six or eight years had become more than a musical group. It was a symbol of the good vibrations of the '60s — peace, love and rock 'n' roll.

"They reflected the laid-back mentality of the hippie times," said Turer. "I never remember a fight at a Grateful Dead concert."

The band's appeal crossed generational and party lines. Vice President Al Gore is a fan. San Francisco Mayor Frank Jordan ordered flags on city buildings flown at half-staff today.

"More than any one song, it was just the consistently mellow approach they took to everything, life as well as music," said Massachusetts Gov. William Weld, a 50-year-old Republican and an unabashed fan. He called Garcia's death "a loss to both my generation and my children's."

But while many in Garcia's generation renounced the hard-driving days of their youth, Garcia offstage followed the fast track. He admitted abusing drugs. He was chronically overweight. He smoked.

"I was devastated, but not surprised" at the news of his death, Andrian said. "He was one of those people who are so gifted, so talented . . . so extraordinary, but because of that he was also eccentric, unique and fragile. He was a spokesman for so many good things, but in his own life he didn't take care of himself."

Garcia in 1986 was hospitalized in a diabetic coma. In 1991, suffering from exhaustion, he quit touring for a while and tried to clean up his life. He quit smoking. He hired a personal trainer. He turned to Santa Rosa diet guru Dr. John McDougall for help in changing his eating habits.

"He was real sick. He was in terrible shape," McDougall recalled. "I spent a day with him talking about the McDougall plan and he embraced it. The band has its own chefs who have traveled with them the last three years, cooking the McDougall diet. Jerry lost weight and his health improved tremendously. But I have heard secondhand that he wasn't able to stick with it."

Fans and friends around the country talked about Garcia's legacy of a vast catalog of music he recorded not just with the Dead, but as a solo artist and on a variety of folk and bluegrass albums. The Dead is one of the few bands that not only allowed, but encouraged private recording of live concerts.

"I think his spirit lives on," said Sonoma artist Stanley "Mouse" Miller, who created the Grateful Dead's "skull-and-roses" logo on the psychedelic posters he painted to advertise their early concerts.

"His death leaves a giant hole, but things carry on. People don't die until they are forgotten."

Jerry Garcia's discography

Albums by Jerry Garcia with the Grateful Dead and as a solo act.

GRATEFUL DEAD

- Grateful Dead, 1967
- Anthem of the Sun, 1968
- Aoxomoxoa, 1969
- Live Dead, 1970
- Workingman's Dead, 1970
- American Beauty, 1970
- The Grateful Dead, 1971
- Europe '72, 1972
- History of the Grateful Dead, Volume 1 — Bear's Choice, 1973
- Wake of the Flood, 1973
- Best of the Grateful Dead — Skeletons From the Closet, 1974
- The Grateful Dead From the Mars Hotel, 1974
- Blues for Allah, 1975
- Steal Your Face, 1976
- Terrapin Station, 1977
- What a Long Strange Trip It's Been, 1977
- Shakedown Street, 1978
- The Grateful Dead Go to Heaven, 1980
- Dead Reckoning, 1981
- Dead Set, 1981
- In the Dark, 1987
- Built to Last, 1989
- Without a Net, 1990
- One From the Vault, 1991
- Two From the Vault, 1992
- Dick's Picks, Volume 1, 1993

JERRY GARCIA (Solo)

- Hooteroll, 1971
- Garcia, 1972
- Meri Saunders, Jerry Garcia, John Kahn, Bill Vitt: Live at the Keystone, 1973
- Compliments on Garcia, 1974
- Jerry Garcia, David Grisman, Peter Rowan, Vassar Clements and John Kahn: Old and in the Way, 1975
- Reflections, 1976
- Cats Under the Stars, 1978
- Run for the Roses, 1982
- Almost Acoustic, 1988
- Jerry Garcia Band, 1991
- Jerry Garcia-David Grisman, 1991
- Not For Kids Only, 1993

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Jerry Garcia of Grateful Dead, Icon of 60's Spirit, Dies at 53

N.Y. TIMES 8/10/95

By JON PARELES

Jerry Garcia, whose gentle voice and gleaming, chiming guitar lines embodied the psychedelic optimism of the Grateful Dead for three decades, died in his sleep yesterday at Serenity Knolls, a residential drug treatment center in Forest Knolls, Calif. He was 53.

A spokesman for the band, Dennis McNally, said the cause was a heart attack.

The guitarist had suffered serious health problems for a decade. In the 1960's, he was known as Captain Trips, referring to his frequent use of LSD, and he struggled through the years with heroin addiction. He was hospitalized in 1986 in a diabetic coma, and in 1992 the group had to cancel tour dates when Mr. Garcia fell ill from exhaustion. In recent years he had tried to stop smoking and to lose weight.

The Grateful Dead, and Mr. Garcia as their most recognizable member, had come to represent the survival of 1960's idealism. As news of his death spread, fans wept in the streets of San Francisco and the Internet was flooded with eulogies and reminiscences. [Page C19.]

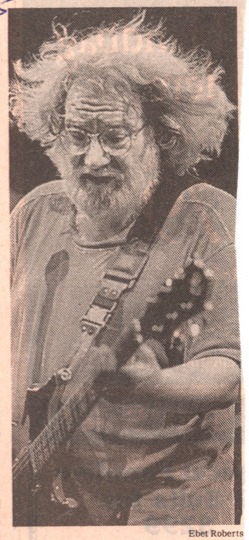
Within the music business, the Dead exemplified integrity in a sphere of hype and artifice; beyond, they symbolized a spirit of communal bliss, with free-wheeling, anything-can-happen music to bring together a community of tenacious fans, the Deadheads.

The band's future is uncertain; the Dead had planned to record their newest songs in a studio for an album to be released next year.

The Grateful Dead were one of rock's most beloved institutions. Formed in 1965, when a Bay Area jug band decided to switch to electric instruments, the Dead created an all-American fusion of bluegrass, blues, country, rhythm-and-blues, folk and rock, all laced with improvisation. The band never played a song the same way twice.

The Dead built their reputation on long, free-form concerts, going onstage without a set list and playing anything from original songs to rock

Continued on Page C18, Column 1



Ebet Roberts

Jerry Garcia at a Grateful Dead concert in June in New Jersey.

DL0734

Jerry Garcia of Grateful Dead, Guitarist and Mellow Icon of 60's Idealism, Dies

Continued From Page A1

oldies to extended experiments with feedback. The music could shift in any direction as it sought what the band and its fans called the "X factor": spontaneous, revelatory stretches of music arrived at through practice and serendipity.

The Dead were one of the top bands in late-1960's San Francisco, and unlike their hippie-era contemporaries, they continued to thrive, their essence unchanged and their popularity expanding. John Scher, chairman of Metropolitan Entertainment, which coordinates the band's East Coast performances, said yesterday that the Grateful Dead "are unquestionably the highest-grossing band cumulatively in the history of the music business."

He noted that the band in recent years played 85 to 110 shows annually. It set attendance records for every major arena in the New York area, as well as the Spectrum in Philadelphia and the Boston Garden.

The Dead's fans savored the group's unpredictability, seeing as many concerts as possible and sometimes following the band for a full-length tour. For most of the 1980's and early 1990's, the band toured stadiums and did not play to a single empty seat; some concerts sold out before they were advertised, purely through announcements in the Deadheads' newsletter and on a telephone hotline. (The band had planned six concerts in late September at Madison Square Garden as part of a fall tour, but it is unclear if they will be held.)

Unlike the vast majority of rock bands, the Dead focused on performing rather than recording. Even as a stadium attraction, the Grateful Dead were something like an old-time jug band, barnstorming a territory that stretched around the world.

Mr. Garcia was at the heart of the Dead's music. His reedy voice was unassumingly sincere; his guitar tone was pristine and bell-like, as he spun long, leisurely lines with distinctive curlicues and downward slides. He wrote about half of the Dead's own material, working primarily with the lyricist Robert Hunter, and many of his finest tunes — such as "Ripple," "Touch of Grey," "China Cat Sunflower" and "Uncle John's Band" — sounded as natural as traditional songs. Mr. Garcia's smiling, bearded face became an icon of a utopian 1960's spirit.



Gene Anthony/Black Star

Jerry Garcia, top right, and other Grateful Dead members in the late 60's in San Francisco. With him, from top left, are Phil Lesh and Billy Kreutzmann, and bottom, Bob Weir and Ron "Pigpen" McKernan.

Jerome John Garcia was born in San Francico on Aug. 1, 1942. His father was a professional musician, and he took piano lessons as a child. But he lost most of the third finger on his right hand in a childhood accident. When he was 15, he heard Chuck Berry and took up the electric guitar. After nine months in the Army, he turned to folk music, picking up the banjo and playing in bluegrass bands; he also studied at the San Francisco Art Institute. By 1964, he was in Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions, which also included Bob Weir on guitar and Ron (Pigpen) McKernan on harmonica.

A year later, with Phil Lesh on bass and Bill Kreutzmann on drums, the band plugged in and became the Warlocks. At first, they worked as a bar band, playing blues six nights a week. The Warlocks soon changed their name to the Grateful Dead — a type of British folk ballad in which a human being helps a ghost find peace — after running across the phrase in a dictionary. They became the house band for Ken Kesey's Acid Tests, the public LSD parties held before the drug was outlawed.

The Dead lived communally in San Francisco and played many free concerts, soon working their way up to the city's ballrooms and the Fillmore West. The band signed a contract with MGM Records in 1966, but its efforts were shelved. In 1967, the Dead signed with Warner Brothers, and while their first albums sold modestly, their reputation spread. From the beginning, when the band was financed by the LSD chemist Stanley Owsley, the Dead were known for the latest in sound systems as well as for their music. The group performed at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967 and at Woodstock in 1969.

By 1970, the Grateful Dead had made five extraordinary albums in a row: "Anthem of the Sun" in 1968, "Aoxomoxoa" in 1969 and "Live Dead," "Workingman's Dead" and "American Beauty" in 1970. Its 1971 live album, "Grateful Dead," became its first million-seller, and it continued to play to larger and larger audiences. In 1973, it was one of the three groups (with the Allman Brothers Band and the Band) to perform for half a million people at Watkins Glen, N.Y.

Mr. Garcia also worked outside the Grateful Dead, as a musician and a producer. He recorded with the Jefferson Airplane and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young; he produced the first album by the New Riders of the Purple Sage, adding parts on an instrument he was just learning, the pedal steel guitar.

Outside the Dead, Mr. Garcia pursued some of the styles that were tucked into the Dead's music. In the early 1970's, he played jazz-rock with the keyboardist Merl Saunders and bluegrass with a group called Old and in the Way; he also recorded his first album as a leader in 1971, playing rock songs tinged with country. Through the years, he toured (between Grateful Dead tours) with his own band, and he collaborated with musicians including the keyboardist Howard Wales and the mandolinist David Grisman. His most recent recording, released in 1993, was an album of children's music, "Not for Kids Only." In another recent project, Mr. Garcia designed a line of neckties that was sold at Macy's and other stores.

Yet most of his time was devoted to the Grateful Dead. While the band had touched on funk and jazz, and had incorporated some of the new sounds made available through synthesizer technology, its music remained immediately recognizable, with a folksy, homespun tone that belied the size of its audiences. Grateful Dead concerts are among least overbearing in current rock; the band's customized sound systems emphasize clarity and warmth, not sheer volume. Through the years, the Dead's tour circuit expanded, including a 1978 series of shows at the Great Pyramid in Egypt; the band toured with Bob Dylan in 1987, a collaboration that resulted in a live album. The band weathered the deaths of Mr. McKernan in 1973 as well as the deaths of two of its keyboardists, Keith Godchaux and Brent Mydland.

Since the 1970's, the band has attracted a significant following of Deadheads, which expanded further in the 1980's as the sons and daughters of baby boomers embraced the band as a symbol of 1960's pleasures and hopes. The Dead made an effort to treat their fans well. Unlike many bands, the Dead encouraged their fans to tape their concerts, even providing a place near the sound engineer's booth for fans to set up microphones and tape recorders. They also kept ticket prices low and maintained contact with fans through the newsletter, a hotline and, more recently, electronic mail. In return the Dead have held on to what is probably the longest-lasting mass following in rock history.

In tie-dyed clothes and bare feet, dancing in the aisles, the Dead's audiences revived the wardrobe, and perhaps some of the hopefulness, of the Summer of Love. In an interview for Joe Smith's book "Off the Record" (1988), Mr. Garcia said, "To the kids today, the Grateful Dead represents America: the spirit of being able to go out and have an adventure."

He is survived by his third wife, Deborah Koons Garcia, and by four daughters: Heather, Annabelle, Teresa and Keelin, all of Marin Count

On His Own and With Friends

The Grateful Dead are generally acknowledged to be at their consistent best in the late 1960's and early 70's, though there are superb moments on nearly every album. Here is a selection of albums by Jerry Garcia with the band and as a solo act.

GRATEFUL DEAD

Grateful Dead 1967
Anthem of the Sun 1968
Aoxomoxoa 1969
Live Dead 1970
Workingman's Dead 1970
American Beauty 1970
The Grateful Dead 1971
Europe '72 1972
Wake of the Flood 1973
Best of the Grateful Dead — Skeletons From the Closet 1974
The Grateful Dead From the Mars Hotel 1974
Blues for Allah 1975
Terrapin Station 1977
Shakedown Street 1978
Dead Reckoning 1981
In the Dark 1987
Built to Last 1989
One From the Vault 1991
Dick's Picks, Volume 1 1993.

JERRY GARCIA

Hooteroll 1971
Garcia 1972
Merl Saunders, Jerry Garcia, John Kahn, Bill Vitt: Live at the Keystone 1973
Cats Under the Stars 1978
Run for the Roses 1982
Jerry Garcia Band 1991
Jerry Garcia-David Grisman 1991
Not For Kids Only 1993.

DL0735

SAN JOSE MERCURY NEWS 8/10/95

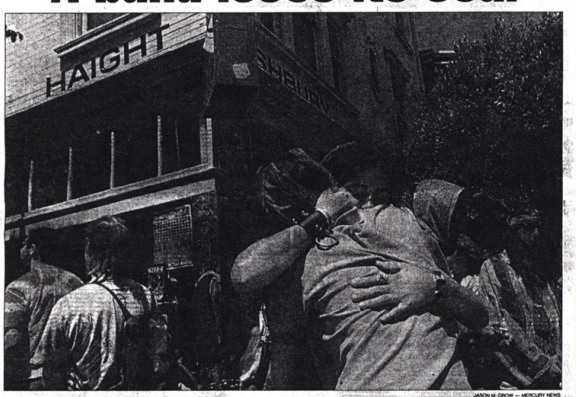
Jerry Garcia 1942-1995

'It feels like we've lost a family member. I've listened to him since I was 14. Now there's a lid on the summer of '67.'
— Tricia Adkins, 41, of Hayward



'Jerry Garcia was a great warrior battling for the hearts and souls way out on a dangerous frontier. The dire wolf finally got him.'
— Ken Kesey, writer

A band loses its soul



JASON M. GROW — MERCURY NEWS

Deadheads share their grief Wednesday afternoon at the corner of Haight and Ashbury streets in San Francisco, the historic home of 1960s rock music.

S.F. mourns loss of rock legend whose spirit lives on in his music

BY MICHAEL DORGAN AND CLAUDIA PERRY
Mercury News Staff Writers

A tie-dyed flag flew from San Francisco City Hall and the Internet was flooded with expressions of grief Wednesday as one of America's most distinctive subcultures went into mourning over the death of a musical legend.

Jerry Garcia, leader of the Grateful Dead rock band and guru figure for tens of thousands of fanatically loyal "Deadheads," was found dead earlier Wednesday at a Marin County drug and alcohol treatment center.

A band spokesman said he suffered a heart attack, but an investigator for the Marin County Coroner's Office said the cause of death will not be known until toxicology tests are

See GARCIA, Page 14A

MORE INSIDE

■ **Garcia's talent spanned jazz, bluegrass, rock and blues.** PAGE 1C

■ **At the end, memories of the beginning's promise.** PAGE 5C

■ **One of a million fans of Uncle Jer's band.** PAGE 5C

■ **Communal grief unfolds on Net.** PAGE 18A

Garcia's vision encompassed band's thriving business side

BY SHERRI ENG
Mercury News Staff Writer

The counterculture lifestyle of Jerry Garcia hid a command of capitalism seldom seen in rock 'n' roll or in any other form of entertainment.

Almost accidentally, the Grateful Dead — with Garcia viewed from outside as something of a CEO — created a unique company with annual revenue topping $50 million.

"Among other things, the Grateful Dead is an amazing business story," said David Wild, senior editor of Rolling Stone magazine. "Garcia and the band broke new ground in business in many ways for rock 'n' roll bands."

And it's a business that has thrived because it was practic-

COMPANY, Page 15A

Jerry Garcia, 1942-1995



DENNIS MARIE REMEDIOS — MERCURY NEWS

Siblings Jennifer Mink, 26, and Michael Mink, 22, embrace at an informal gathering of Grateful Dead fans in Golden Gate Park on Wednesday.

Garcia changed business of rock 'n' roll

■ **COMPANY**
from Page 1A

ing so-called quality management and please-your-customer concepts long before those ideas caught fire in more traditional corporate boardrooms.

Most of the Dead's business came from the band's rigorous touring schedule, which made the group among the most successful acts in rock 'n' roll over the years. This year, the Grateful Dead took in $32.5 million in ticket sales, second only to the Eagles, who charge more for tickets, said Gary Bongiovanni, editor of Pollstar, a weekly trade magazine that covers the concert business. Since 1987, the band consistently has ranked among the top three highest-grossing bands. The group ranked No. 1 in 1991 when it grossed $34.7 million and again in 1990, when it took in more than $40 million.

But it was Garcia, an artist before he was a musician, who captured the marketplace. His products or those he licensed included ties, wetsuits, scarves, abstract watercolors, hotel rooms and ice cream.

A rush on ties

The neckties, bearing likenesses of Garcia's abstract watercolor-graphed wearing the "Undertow" design in an Oct. 25, 1992, New York Times Magazine profile. The Emporium/Broadway stores have sold about 50,000 ties worth $1 million in the past three years. The ties, which sell for $28 to $35, have been a top seller at Emporium and Macy's stores.

Garcia's line will continue to be sold, said Libby Wegner, vice president of Stonehenge Ltd. in New York. The company has sold 2.5 million ties to upscale department stores nationwide since the product was introduced in 1992. The eighth line of the limited edition ties will be distributed on schedule at the end of August, Wegner said.

Upon hearing news of Garcia's death, scores of Deadheads rushed to snap up the neckwear. By midday Wednesday, many Macy's stores were selling out of the ties.

"It has been non-stop all day," said Macy's spokeswoman Merle Goldstone. "People have been buying five or 10 ties at a time. Everyone's coming in to buy it as a collector's item."

The success of the ties also inspired Garcia to branch out into other areas of fashion, including sports shirts and earlier this year a line of wetsuits — priced from $35 for a rash guard to $260 for a full wetsuit, manufactured under

"Jerry was an artist before he was a musician," Wegner said. "He was a legend and a beautiful artist, who definitely added a lot to men's fashion."

Stonehenge will go ahead with its plans to launch a new line of J. Garcia women's scarves this September. The scarves, which again will depict Garcia's artwork, will be sold initially at Bloomingdale's stores.

Hotel suite in S.F.

Garcia's work also can be found in the J. Garcia suite at the Hotel Triton in San Francisco. Garcia, who studied at the San Francisco Art Institute, decorated the $255-a-night room's walls with his prints as well as covering the sofa, bed shams and shower curtain with his artwork. The room opened in September 1994.

"The fans loved it," said Jan McCormick, the hotel's general manager. "We had a leather-bound book in the room where guests could write down their thoughts about the room. We were going to present it to Jerry on the first anniversary of the room, but now that won't happen."

Marketing innovations

In addition to coming up with unique products, Garcia pioneered some innovative market-

band was the first major group to allow fans to tape-record concerts. It also offered mail-order ticket sales, making it easier for baby boomers to get tickets. The band embraced the mantra of empowering employees by giving its sound and light technicians the power to make decisions. To retain a loyal staff, the band believed in paying well, $50,000 or more, on average, for office workers at Grateful Dead Productions; more than $100,000 for some longtime crew members.

That company culture is what will continue to sustain the band's following even after Garcia's death, industry observers say.

Vermont-based Ben & Jerry's Homemade Inc. said it would continue marketing its Cherry Garcia line of ice cream, frozen yogurt and other frozen desserts and T-shirts. The name "Cherry Garcia" was the result of an anonymous Deadhead's postcard to the company's Waterbury, Vt., headquarters. The flavor was created in 1987.

"Cherry Garcia was meant as a tribute to Jerry while he was still alive. It's certainly a continuing tribute now that he's gone," said Ben Cohen, co-founder of the ice cream company and its chairma-

SAN JOSE MERCURY NEWS 8/10/95

One of a million fans of Uncle Jer's band

BY PAUL ROGERS
Mercury News Staff Writer

THE day before Christmas 1986, I was in Cincinnati, home from college for the holidays. The phone rang, and a guy I'd never met introduced himself.

"Hi, I'm Scott," he said. "My mother knows your mother. I'm going to see the Grateful Dead this weekend. Want to come?"

"But the band is playing in Oakland," I said. "I don't have tickets. The shows are sold out . . . OK."

We left 12 hours later. We first swung a 500-mile detour to pick up friends in Michigan, then headed West. The van had no heat or speedometer. We stopped only for gas, racing across icy farm roads of the Great Plains, through Texas, Death Valley and up the California coast in 49 hours.

We rolled into the Oakland Coliseum parking lot at 7 p.m., 30 minutes before the first of four New Year's shows was to begin. I had $100 in my pocket to last the entire week. Buying a ticket at face value from a Denver expatriate, I made it inside that night, and eventually into all four shows. Wheeling and dealing, selling T-shirts, sleeping on motel floors, watching friends pick up garbage for Bill Graham in trade for tickets were all part of the adventure.

"Our audience is like people who like licorice," Garcia said in a 1981 interview. "Not everybody likes licorice, but the people who like licorice really like licorice."

Through the 1970s, '80s and '90s, hundreds of thousands of people — many of them not even born when Jerry Garcia first took to the stage, — traveled coast to coast on pilgrimages to see the band.

I was one of them. I never had a firm count, but I saw about 170 concerts.

People sometimes derided younger fans as nostalgic for the 1960s. For most of my friends, now in their late twenties and thirties, we didn't view Jerry Garcia as a trip down memory lane, but as a wonderful adventure.

Half the fun was getting there. Sometimes Garcia was brilliant; other times, awful. But we always came back.

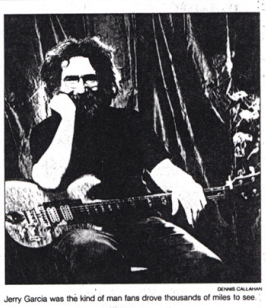
Attending a Grateful Dead show was a spontaneous celebration. In more than 2,000 performances from Egypt to Iowa, New York to San Francisco, the band never played the same set list. People were allowed — encouraged — to make bootleg tapes.

A remarkable sense of community emerged in which fans knew the names of roadies, played volleyball with promoters before shows and developed an unmistakable, passionate love for Garcia, the band and one another. People I know met friends, even husbands and wives, through their love of the music.

We needed the band as much as they needed us. And even though all of us knew that one day the circus would come to an end, that doesn't seem to soften the sense of loss today.

Jerry Garcia was the heart and soul of the Grateful Dead for 30 years. In an instant Wednesday morning, a 30-year free-wheeling cultural phenomenon ended.

As he sang, ending hundreds of shows: "Fare you well, fare you well. We love you more than words can tell."



DENNIS CALLAHAN

Jerry Garcia was the kind of man fans drove thousands of miles to see.

At the end, memories of the beginning's promise

BY LEE QUARNSTROM
Mercury News Staff Writer

A lot of middle-aged folks who share memories of friendship with Jerry Garcia kept the telephone wires humming Wednesday morning. I guess we all wanted to pass along the news that Jerry had finally died and to reassure ourselves that the rest of us are still alive and kicking, if not quite as actively as 30 years ago.

I met Jerry and the rest of the band in 1965. They weren't yet the Grateful Dead, they were the Warlocks. Aside from Jerry, who hadn't yet disguised his basically unphotogenic mug with a beard, there was Pigpen, the hard-drinking keyboard player who died long ago, Bill the Drummer, Phil Lesh and 17-year-old Bobby Weir, all of whom are still part of the band.

We met at Ken Kesey's rustic home in La Honda in the forested coastal hills west of Palo Alto. Jerry and the rest of what would soon become the Grateful Dead were drawn there by the birth (in many senses of the word) energy emanating from Kesey's psychedelic version of Xanadu.

I was acquainted with many of the psychedelic rock stars of the mid-1960s, particularly in the San Francisco area, and while some seemed much more musically adroit than Jerry Garcia, none seemed as bright. Jerry was quick, witty and articulate.

It has been difficult for me, in recent years, to see the fat, graying, unhealthy Jerry standing zombie-like on stage during televised segments of concerts (I haven't attended a Dead show in a quarter century). It took a while to recall the self-deprecating, boyish grin he'd flash when we'd shoot the bull back in 1965 and '66. To this day, I am always stunned when I realize any intelligent friend has become addicted to heroin.

The Merry Pranksters, as we called ourselves, began in 1964 or so to put on occasional displays of weirdness that some (not us) called "happenings." The band, by now calling itself the Grateful Dead, joined us, improvising real music while we Pranksters banged on pieces of metal sculpture, twanged strange stringed instruments of our own device and did anything we could to shock our guests as well as ourselves.

In late 1965, we moved south to Soquel on the outskirts of Santa Cruz and soon put on the first of the famous, or infamous, Acid Tests at the old farmhouse at the edge of Rodeo Gulch we called The Spread.

The first Acid Test was held in the living room of The Spread. The Grateful Dead played real rock music and some Pranksters made noise on our makeshift instruments. Famed Beat Generation poet and now bohemian elder statesman Allen Ginsberg and his boyfriend, Peter Orlovsky, were there with Neal Cassady, the driver of our psychedelic bus "Further" and the main character in "On the Road" and other Jack Kerouac novels.

As friends spoke about Jerry on Wednesday morning, I kept thinking of the promise of youth and the reality of advancing age. I kept thinking that frankly, given his bad habits, it was a miracle that Jerry lived as long as he did. I realized that like all long, strange trips, Jerry's finally ended at the destination that awaits us all.

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Blues for Jerry



The stage seemed to be home for Jerry Garcia, who often performed more than a hundred shows a year.

MERCURY NEWS ARCHIVE PHOTO

BY DAVID GOODMAN
Mercury News Music Writer

JERRY Garcia didn't want to be known as a superstar. In a KFOG-FM interview two years ago, he said he just wanted to be remembered as a "competent musician," as which he, in a way, like remembering Einstein as a competent physicist or Willie Mays as a competent center fielder.

In fact, the Mays comparison may be useful to understand Garcia's place in the pantheon of rock music and the region's cultural history.

Garcia, who died Wednesday at age 53, is the only guitarist to play a center field today for the Classic Rock Hall of Fame who is near the peak of his career after 30 years, and still knocking balls out of the park and selling out stadiums.

I'll always remember you had with Garcia. At 53, he was still trying to blaze a new trail in rock 'n' roll. He was taking blazing form once associated with youth, with it with the improvisations of jazz.

And the more Garcia tried to downplay his star image, the more his fans venerated him.

The more important and entertaining part of the Grateful Dead shows were not the featured songs, but the spaces between — and within — the songs, filled with jazz-like noodling and discordant improvisations.

See GARCIA, Page 5C

Rock's brilliant, endless improviser storms musicians with an early coda

Music man

Garcia's venerated talent spanned jazz, bluegrass, rock and the blues

■ **GARCIA**
from Page 1C

rocker Greg Kihn remembered one day. "Who else could pick up a mandolin and play it like a mandolin? What I respected was that he could play anything. He could play anything. He could play jazz. In today's specialized times, he was a specialized kind of person who brought the Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd crowd sometimes seeming to settle for another soldout show, comparing band's former sound and the bands every Deadhead lives and dies. When he took off and flew, when he let go and cascaded like a breathtaking those moments were fewer in and fewer. But they still came often enough that you still went to see the band, knowing that you still were selling out 80 stadium and arena shows a year, and so omnipresent that it has been called by many of those in the commercial music industry as the most popular music act in the country, popular enough that fans from 30 nations have come to the Bay Area to hear the band through the gates at a show.

Jerry for President

Those gates and shirts and claiming Garcia God and suggesting Garcia should be president. Garcia seemed oblivious to the cult of personality that grew around him. On stage his head would droop, his eyes would close, he was always the consummate musician.

"He was the most surprised of that the Grateful Deadheads were," said writer Ben Fong-Torres, one of the healthiest aspects of the Deadhead phenomenon was that they never expected Garcia to be a superstar. People who appreciated Garcia's music appreciated it for what it was, and would up forms of music that have risen and fallen in popularity, but Garcia and the band have always been there, playing long jams into the night.

The last time I saw Garcia up close was before a 1992 Phoenix kept all of them together in a way, but was being called by fandom, and was being

The music was everything

members were in private rehab some, battling drug interviews, walked on stage alone, carrying a

He sat down at a folding table, guitar, and would be playing it when he opened the case.

While his Grateful Dead bandmates were in private rehab, Garcia was mostly oblivious to the

Still favored the young

And while other aging rockers, the Rolling Stones and Neil Young, were attracting a young audience, Garcia's fans grew older with him. Dylan, Los Lobos, the Black

'Ideally I would just like to disappear gracefully and not leave behind any legacy to hang people up.'
— Jerry Garcia

DL0736

DL0737

THE DEAD'S MYSTIQUE

With Garcia gone, what will his disciples do? With death come many questions, much sadness

BY MARK LEIBOVICH
Mercury News Staff Writer

AMID the media eulogies, tributary tie-dyeds and Internet commiseration that followed Jerry Garcia's death lies a long, strange trail of questions.

What is it about Garcia and the Grateful Dead, the rock band he headed, that has pulled in disciples by the thousands? What has sustained their road show as the most enduring symbol of America's counterculture? And what has been the key to the band's

See MYSTIQUE, Back Page



"Fare You Well" reads a flower-decked memorial to Grateful Dead lead singer Jerry Garcia on Thursday in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district.
JASON H. GROW — MERCURY NEWS

8/11/95- SAN JOSE MERCURY NEWS

SAN JOSE MERCURY NEWS 8/11/95

BUSINESS

MARKETS ◆ HIGH TECH ◆ ECONOMY

TALKING BUSINESS

"When I heard yesterday's episode of Netscape, I thought the landscape of investing had crossed the border into 'Alice in Wonderland.'"

CURT WEIL,
Palo Alto financial planner

FRIDAY FOCUS:
Management/Leadership

Fans grateful for Dead credo

Many carry 'live and let live' style of Garcia, band into the workplace

Gannett News Service

The death Wednesday of Grateful Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia was felt at businesses across the nation, by longtime fans who say he touched their lives — and even influenced the way they think about their jobs.

USA Today reporters talked to chief executives, lawyers, money managers and others about Garcia and what he and the Grateful Dead mean to them. Many say they carry the Dead's "live and let live" style into the workplace.

□

■ Terry Jackson, 46, of Houston, is CEO of Kentucky-based Great Western Coal. He attended his first Grateful Dead concert in 1970.

"A lot of their music had an impact on me. It was just good music and had a righteous thought line," says Jackson.

"The way they did their business is the way I wish I could do mine. The bottom line just wasn't the total emphasis," Jackson says. "A lot of what they did was with a

See FOCUS, Page 2C

Jerry Garcia

Grieving yet grateful: Deadheads end an era

■ **MYSTIQUE**
from Page 1A

peculiar mystique?

Garcia's death has given these cultural mysteries, pondered for years, a new urgency. They resonate from both inside and outside the roving clique of Deadheads mourning the fresh loss of their icon, who died in his sleep at the Serenity Knolls drug treatment center in Marin County on Wednesday at age 53.

To some, the band represented 1960s idealism, a vestige of an era marked by spiritual and intellectual openness. To others, it was the band's fusion of musical genres, an improvisational style flowing from rock to blue grass to folk to country. And to many, the Dead simply afforded both a personal musical outlet and membership in a larger club.

"It's been an incredibly difficult thing to talk about," inveterate Deadhead John Leopold, executive director of the Santa Cruz AIDS project, said of Garcia's death. "What drew me to the Grateful Dead is a product of power, energy and experience."

"As big as it was, the Grateful Dead was never going to be mainstream," said Blair Jackson of Oakland, author of two books about the band, who published a Grateful Dead fan 'zine, The Golden Road, from 1984 to 1993. "They were still as weird as anything out there."

To Jackson and others, the band's appeal rested in its promise of something mysterious and inclusive. "People were able to pursue the whims of their muse without caving in to the fashion consciousness that afflicts other groups of that stature," said Steven Silberman, author of "Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads."

One toe over the line

"I'm someone who always had his foot in the straight world," added Jackson, who said he's attended about 350 Grateful Dead shows. "I made money, did that kind of stuff. But I always felt like I was pulling a fast one on the world by having all this big adolescent fun at age 42."

Indeed, beyond the intangible — and to many, deeply personal — allures of the Grateful Dead, followers point to simpler ideals. Like fun. "Basically, the Grateful Dead stood for fun and freedom in my life," said Mark Jurkowitz, 40, a lifelong Deadhead and the media critic and ombudsman for the Boston Globe.

"Once you get into it," he said, "the whole gestalt sort of survives on its own. Since high school, this is the first and last fraternity I will ever join."

Deadheads comprise both a vast and a selective fraternity, Jurkowitz said. He can watch Garcia's death covered on Nightline one night, then get teased for being a Deadhead at a party the next. Such varied experiences, he said, "reinforce the exclusivity and univerality that's all part of being a Deadhead."

Leopold charts his personal milestones by the roughly 250 Grateful Dead shows he has attended in his 20 years. He left his native Pennsylvania for California because of the Grateful Dead; he met his wife at a Grateful Dead concert in 1984 ("Our first kiss was backstage at Boreal Ridge"); and he got a job from someone he met at a Jerry Garcia Band concert.

"One of the trademarks of Deadheads," he said, "is that they mark their lives in shows, not time."

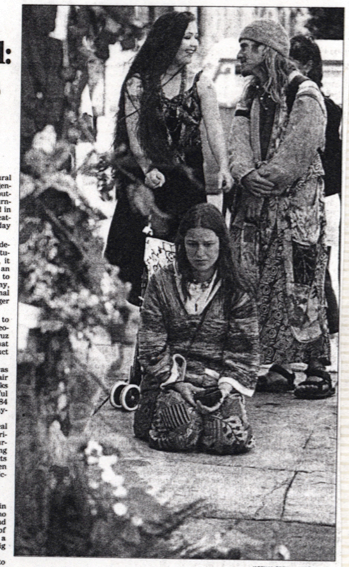
Now that the shows are over and time persists, it's unclear what will fill the void left by Garcia's death. As many of the bands that defined the 1960s died out, Jackson said, the Grateful Dead was left in the role of "standard bearers for an entire culture and lifestyle."

Now what?

Time for mourning

Just mourning, Leopold said. The loss leaves him awash in contradictions: "The Grateful Dead seemed so infinite in my life, and suddenly it's become finite. We all knew this was inevitable. But this feels so unimaginable."

"Nothing in my lifetime will give me the same highs and thrill of a Grateful Dead show ever again," Jackson said. "It's a sadness I think I'll be feeling for years."


Barbara Bednar, 23, of San Francisco, a Deadhead for seven years, kneels Thursday at a memorial to Grateful Dead singer Jerry Garcia in the city's Haight-Ashbury district.
JASON H. GROW — MERCURY NEWS

FRIDAY FOCUS:
Management/Leadership

Fans are grateful for Dead philosophy

■ **FOCUS**
from Page 1C

social conscience."

□

■ David Steinhardt, 36, is a portfolio manager at Spears Benzak Salomon and Farrell in New York. He became a Grateful Dead fan in college and has gone to a Dead concert every summer the past four years.

The Dead's "live and let live" philosophy has influenced the way he handles himself at work.

"One lesson I've learned from the Dead's music is that, in our business — managing money — if you come up with a lousy stock idea or you lose money, it's not the end of the world. Life goes on," Steinhardt says.

□

■ Roger McNamee, 39, manages the technology investment company Integral Capital Partners in Menlo Park. He grew up listening to Jerry Garcia — attending his first Grateful Dead concert 22 years ago. Garcia's death was a personal loss for McNamee.

"I heard the news (Thursday) morning, and I felt like a member of my family had died," McNamee says. He sees Garcia as more of an icon than rock star, a view shared by many people in the financial world.

"I must have gotten 20 calls (Wednesday) morning from business associates, all calling to commiserate. People in the brokerage business, venture capitalists, entrepreneurs," McNamee says. Wednesday was "a very interesting day in my life because Netscape, the biggest public offering in 10 years (was made), and Jerry Garcia died."

□

■ Nancy Ryan, 35, is a senior manager at Quantum Consulting in Berkeley.

She sees the Grateful Dead as "a nice alternative to what I hear every day in the business world." "I think the music just kind of — for me at least — reinforced the message that you as an individual have your own path. You can't rely on others to tell you what it is."

□

■ Ken Young, 26, is an attorney in Williamsport, Pa. He sees the Dead's practice of letting some fans tape concerts as a gift to devotees that fueled the group's success.

"From a purely business standpoint, you would think it may have reduced their profits and ability to survive, but it probably made them more popular," says Young, who has seen the Dead eight times.

□

John Oppenheim, 42, is an attorney in Denver. He's gone to 140 concerts since 1971 — the most recent in May.

"They were very customer-oriented, and they created a family. That's why the organization got so big and so vital. It is so multifaceted, it shaped people's lives, and they gave people energy in their lives," Oppenheim says.

"The music would stimulate your brain like nothing else could."

□

■ Laurie Weiner, 42, is a legislative affairs representative at the U.S. Postal Service in Washington. She's also a self-described "aging hippie."

"I went to my first Dead concert in 1970 and went to my last one just a few weeks ago. Whenever they were in town, I went to their concerts. I don't know of many other bands that can bring people of all ages together like the Dead did.

"The band and the entire ('60s) era has clearly influenced me. I seek to continue the tolerance that was indicative of that era. I seek to bring into my work relationships more of a tolerance that was endemic to the early era of the Grateful Dead. . . . I don't always succeed, but I try."

MONEY MAGAZINE OCTOBER 1995

MONEY NEWSLINE

His will survives: estate-planning tips from Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead

FOR A MAN WHO PRIDED HIMSELF ON NEVER SELLING OUT TO commercial pressure, Grateful Dead leader Jerry Garcia—who died of a heart attack at age 53 in August—apparently cared a lot about what happened to his assets once he was gone. In May of last year, just three months after he married his third wife Deborah Koons, 45, Garcia signed a new 18-page will. The document holds valuable dos and don'ts for millions of divorced and remarried Americans wrestling with how to share their wealth among a blended family.

Howard Zaritsky, an estate planner in Fairfax, Va., says Garcia's fairly unsophisticated will nonetheless accomplished what the musical icon wanted, which was to take care of his four daughters, ages seven to 31. "Most people make taxes a higher priority," notes Zaritsky. "But Garcia did what he wanted, and it was a perfectly reasonable approach." Here are the highlights:

➤ **He took care of some key obligations outside the will.** Smart move. At the same time that he drafted the will, Garcia drew up separate papers providing child support for his seven-year-old and an agreement with her mother, Manasha Matheson, regarding a house she would own jointly with the daughter.

➤ **He failed to reduce Uncle Sam's big bite.** Garcia's attorney says the musician's estate could be worth "in the ball park" of $10 million. Among his ventures, Garcia had a share in ticket sales from the Grateful Dead tour, which last year grossed an estimated $52 million, and a part of the more than $10 million his line of ties has pulled down annually since its 1993 launch. He also scooped up royalties from Ben & Jerry's (no relation) Cherry Garcia ice cream, as well as income from his own paintings, which were selling for as much as $20,000 before his death.

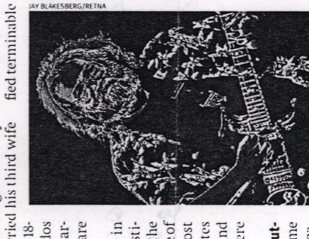
Still, Garcia did little to shelter his estate from taxes. He could have used the "unlimited marital deduction" to pass along his entire estate—tax-free—to his widow. But that would have cut out his kids. He also chose not to create a QTIP (qualified terminable interest property trust). The trust would have excluded the first $600,000 of his estate from taxes, and his widow would have gotten the trust's income. When she died, the beneficiaries named by Jerry would have inherited the principal. But Jerry did not want his kids to wait.

➤ **He made sure that all beneficiaries were treated equal.** Under California community property law, Deborah Koons Garcia, whom he married on Valentine's Day in 1994, automatically receives half of the assets acquired during their marriage. In addition, Garcia gave his widow one-third of his half of the community property from the marriage, plus one-third of the rest of his estate. The remaining assets are divided among his kids, his brother, and the daughter of his friend and '60s LSD-guru Ken Kesey.

The widow's share of the estate is technically tax-free under the unlimited marital deduction. But Garcia decided against burdening the other beneficiaries with all of the estate taxes. So instead he will have the estate pay the taxes before anyone receives a penny—including his widow.

➤ **He died without a living trust.** He never got around to completing it. Now the will—to borrow from Dead lyrics—"must make the long strange trip" through probate.

—Carla Fried and Karen Hube


JAY BLAKESBERG/RETNA
Willful bandleader Jerry Garcia

Communal grief unfolds on Net

BY DAVID PLOTNIKOFF

"I'm sitting at work in my office with tears in my eyes. I can't believe Jerry is gone. I can't believe he is no more. I'm either in remembrance. Thank you, everyone, for the love.

Jennifer, tell me this is a very, very bad dream."

The word came first by pager, then by e-mail, then by Internet newsgroup Wednesday morning. From points as far-flung as Stanford, Alaska and Japan, Deadheads began to log on to the Net to share the news that Jerry Garcia, the 53-year-old guitarist and leader of the Grateful Dead, had died in his sleep at a drug rehabilitation center in San Francisco.

Within two hours, thousands of Deadheads turned directly to the Internet to express their grief and console one another.

"Over at the Well, the 11,000-member service that hosts the Grateful Dead conference, users warmed at once to the task of mourning. Otherwise, users were warned at the door that they were entering a public forum unsuitable for idle chatter. The Well's Grateful Dead conference has been in operation for a very long time, "It's grim," said writer/editor Gail Jarvis, who has been with the Well's Grateful Dead conference since 1987. "It's a hotline for people who are living in isolation in the company of fellow Deadheads," he said. "It's a hotline to do. At time goes on, the participants will begin to share their memories over the net. There's been speculation on-line about his drug problems, but I suspect that most users regard it as Jerry will now feel no more pain, and that's a good thing. Jerry's problems will get deeper and it will all begin to sink in."

Wes Unruh, 34, a Deadhead who lives in Fairfax, Va., says Garcia's death is "the end of an era. I've been a Deadhead for 15 years, and I've been checking in," said Mary Eleanor Unruh, who co-founded the Deadhead community "Five years ago, when (Dead members) Brent Mydland and Keith died, it was much the same way. I expect much the same thing to happen in the coming days and sharing memories. I'm sure there will be a lot of people who'll drop in on this conference who don't usually post."

Unruh has attended more than 200 Dead shows, said Mary Eleanor, and has a devoted following who co-founded the Deadhead community "Five years ago, when (Dead members) Brent Mydland and Keith died, it was much the same way. I expect much the same thing to happen in the coming days and sharing memories. I'm sure there will be a lot of people who'll drop in on this conference who don't usually post."

The Big Three on-line networks — America Online, CompuServe and Prodigy — also reported a flood of activity. At America Online at midday, Garcia was the most frequently discussed topic in five chat areas talking about Garcia and the net-wide search for information about him in its highest-priority news area. At CompuServe, users in the Dead forum posted several clips of recent interviews and created links to Dead sites. "The traffic has been very heavy, but there haven't been any flames," said Prodigy spokeswoman Carol Wallace. "We're bracing for the possibility that people will come home from work and want to talk."

RockWeb Interactive, a San Francisco-based Internet Web site for rock, posted what Stanley Mouse, a Deadhead and longtime friend of Garcia's, called a "tribute page" within two hours of Garcia's death. Within 24 hours, it reported that its site had logged more than 100,000 visits, said Jim Gibson. "Right now, people are still too stunned to think of anything to say. They're just hearing a lot of people just checking in to see what's going on and dwelling on the positive contributions he made."

'Shock and disbelief'

"People are still in the state of shock and disbelief," said Gibson. "Over the next few days, I expect that the Bloomberg financial news service will begin to see users with multiple-based on-line identities emerge from the Deadhead community that the Deadheads have been using to communicate with each other during the prolonged system slowdowns.

"The Grateful Dead community is, probably the largest musical community in the on-line world. The news, while not totally unexpected, all of a sudden has become real to me, yet. It's as if he's going on an extended tour."

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MORE NEWS ON JERRY GARCIA

Mercury Center
INTERACTIVE ONLINE

■ Page 1: Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia dies of heart attack at age 53
■ Page 1A: Garcia was inventor of the electronic guitar
■ Page 1A: Garcia's peculiar mystique
■ Page 1A: Deadheads mourn Garcia
■ Page 1A: Deadheads turn to Internet to share grief
■ Page 1A: Garcia's death affects the Haight-Ashbury scene
■ Page 1A: Deadheads, nonDeadheads remember Garcia, 9/31
■ Page 1A: Deadheads, nonDeadheads,

THE WORLD OF JERRY GARCIA

Beyond the music, an innovative business empire

By Mark Memmott
USA TODAY

Jerry Garcia's death will dramatically change, and possibly end, one of the most remarkable business stories in rock 'n' roll history.

Almost accidentally, the Grateful Dead — with Garcia viewed from outside as something of a CEO — has created a unique company with annual revenue topping $50 million.

And it's a business that has thrived because it was practicing so-called quality management and please-your-customer concepts long before those ideas caught fire in more traditional corporate boardrooms.

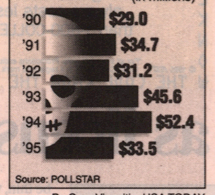
"There is a beauty and an elegance to the way their business has evolved," says Wayne Gantt, an Atlanta-based economic consultant and fan of the band. Now the question is, can the company survive?

"Yes, if they want to," says James Northam, a vice president at Gemini Consultants — a company that advises corporations on change. "What it will require is quick and decisive leadership from those who are left behind to show their customers that they're going on."

Will the business move on? "I think there will be something that comes out of this," Gantt says. "Maybe they'll play the small theaters, not stadiums. But I think they'll go on."

Concert draws

The Grateful Dead consistently rank among the top entertainers on tour. In both 1991 and 1993 the band grossed more revenue from ticket sales than any other act: (in millions)



Source: POLLSTAR

By Gary Visgaitis, USA TODAY

What the Dead has pioneered, from a business view:

▶ **Serving customers.** The Dead was the first major band to allow fans to tape-record concerts. In the early '80s, it added another service: mail-order ticket sales, accounting for 20% to 40% of seats at its shows. That made it easier for baby boomer fans — many with children — to get tickets. No more waiting in line.

Other customer-friendly innovations: Long, two- to three-hour concerts that are different each evening; ticket prices that are well below the top prices charged by the Eagles and other headliners.

And the band has a toll-free number for merchandise (800-225-3323; order-taking suspended until Monday).

▶ **Quality management.** One mantra at corporations is "empower employees." The Dead has always given skilled workers — sound and light technicians, for example — the power to make decisions.

In addition, the band has retained a loyal staff by paying well: $50,000 or more, on average, for office workers at Grateful Dead Productions; more than $100,000 for some longtime crew members.

The band's efforts have produced annual revenues from concerts of up to $52 million, even though most of its records have been modest sellers.

"Those of us who appreciate the Grateful Dead as a unique franchise and business have to be saddened at this moment," Gantt says. "But I believe they will go on in some way."



By Bebeto Matthews, AP

TIED IN WITH GARCIA: Kelly Becker is among shoppers Wednesday in a New York City shop looking at neckties printed with designs created by Jerry Garcia.

A legacy of art and ice cream

Ben & Jerry's Cherry Garcia Ice Cream and Jerry Garcia neckties will stay on the market. Sales of both were booming Wednesday.

"People want goods," says Libby Wegner, vice president of Stonehenge, which makes ties and other clothing based on Garcia's art. "In the meantime, we've lost quite a legend."

Ice cream mogul Ben Cohen, cofounder of Ben and Jerry's Homemade, fondly recalls sending the first case of Cherry Garcia (on dry ice) to his hero: "He happened to have been in a diabetic coma at the time, so he couldn't try it, but we got a call back from his wife that it was great. I believe he later said something like, 'At least they didn't name a motor oil after me.' "

— *Andy Seiler*

Head of Dead mourned



By Lacy Atkins, AP

GRIEVING FANS: Deadheads Paladin, left, and Nancy Hethering comfort each other in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury after learning of Jerry Garcia's death. (More Garcia coverage, 2D)

COVER STORY

Gratefully Dead-icated to Jerry Garcia

By Karen Thomas
USA TODAY

God, this is horrible! I cannot believe this is happening! The end of an era.

From the moment *Jerry has died* flashed on computer screens, on-line chat rooms reverberated with a frenzy rarely seen as Grateful Dead fans mourned the death of Jerry Garcia.

The wave couldn't be missed. It swelled from the U.S. Senate floor and through the Internet, spilling onto the streets of Haight-Ashbury. The death of the genie and revered Garcia was talked about in boardrooms and locker rooms. It even rocked Wall Street.

"The entire Deadhead community . . . is in a tremendous state of shock," says Leslie Kippel, founder of *Relix* magazine, devoted to the band's music and following for 23 years. "It will take a lot of time for the souls of the Grateful Dead fans to heal," says fan Chris Trupp, 24.

But the sorrow extends beyond band groupies and a tie-dyed subculture.

So many Wall Street traders called up news of Garcia's death on the Bloomberg terminal — a news and stock quote service — that the system momentarily crashed at noon.

A Denver lawyer left the office in a state of shock. Even a classical station in Portland, Ore., broadcast the news.

"I feel like I just got kicked in the stomach," Sen. Patrick

Please see COVER STORY next page ▶



Gannett News Service

A DEADHEAD IN D.C.: Garcia, left, visited longtime fan Sen. Patrick Leahy, D-Vt., in 1993

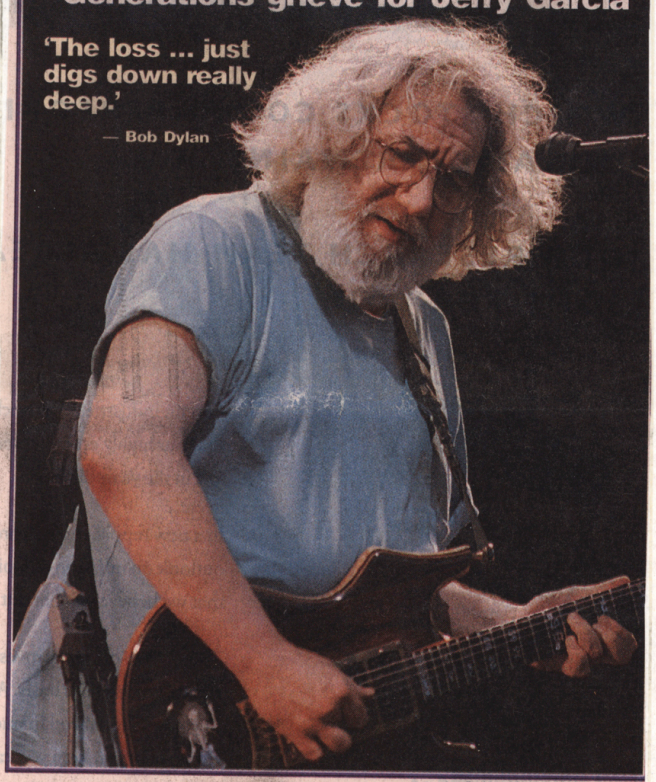
D0728

DL0739

Deadheads 'mourning with music,' 1,2D

'FARE THEE WELL'

Generations grieve for Jerry Garcia



By Matt Mendelsohn, USA TODAY

DIES AT 53: Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead performed more than 2,000 live concerts

COVER STORY

Grateful Dead founder's death 'end of an era'

Band's future unclear after guitarist dies in clinic; 'body gave up on him'

By Edna Gundersen
USA TODAY

Jerry Garcia, the Grateful Dead guitarist whose band defined the counterculture of '60s hippie hedonism, didn't die alone. He took with him a good deal of the era's idealism and gentle spirit.

"There's no way to measure his greatness or magnitude," Bob Dylan said after hearing Garcia had died at a drug treatment center. "I don't think any eulogizing will do him justice."

Garcia was found dead in his bed early Wednesday in the Serenity Knolls clinic in Marin County, Calif. He was 53. Funeral arrangements are pending.

He died of natural causes, "most likely a heart attack," said band publicist and historian Dennis McNally.

Garcia had a long history of drug abuse, but in recent years, dieted, quit smoking and began a fitness program.

"Just when he was making a clear statement about positiveness, his body gave up on him," McNally said. "I'm depressed, disappointed and frustrated."

So are millions of fans: casual music lovers and its cult of Deadheads, both of which cross generational lines from teens in tie-dyed T-shirts to CEOs in pin-stripe suits and ties.

"The community lost its patriarch," said Rusty Jones, 32, who played *Amazing Grace* on the bagpipes at an impromptu tribute in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. "Everybody is just a little bit sadder today."

Please see COVER STORY next page ▶

COVER STORY

Music will 'get its due'

Continued from 1A

"We've had 30 years of the Grateful Dead," said Jackie Tocco, a municipal bond trader in St. Louis. "I guess we should be grateful for that, but I could've taken another 30 years."

San Francisco Mayor Frank Jordan, who has taken his three sons to Grateful Dead concerts, ordered flags lowered to half-staff and a tie-dyed Dead flag hoisted up the City Hall flagpole.

Said another politician, Massachusetts Gov. William Weld, a 50-year-old Republican and an unabashed fan: Garcia's death is "a loss to both my generation and my children's."

Garcia's death also upset a recording industry already accustomed to the premature demise of its stars.

"It was very shocking," said Willie Nelson, who admired the Dead's blend of country, blues, bluegrass, gospel and jazz. "I love the Grateful Dead. I've listened to them as much as I've listened to anybody."

Carlos Santana, Garcia's friend and colleague for 30 years, mourned the loss of a "special human being."

And Van Halen singer Sammy Hagar, Garcia's neighbor in Marin County, was looking forward to jamming after both got off the road. "It's sad that ... some of our greatest people aren't making it into old age," he said. "It would have been nice to hear what kind of music he would have made later in life."

James Henke, curator of Cleveland's Rock and Roll Hall of Fame & Museum, said Garcia "will be remembered not just as a musician, but for the lifestyle and values he represented ... freedom and experimentation and not being rigid."

Garcia once said, "We need magic, and bliss, and power, myth, and celebration and religion in our lives, and music is a good way to encapsulate a lot of it."

Few bands embodied those values more fully than the Dead, a 30-year institution founded in the glory days of San Francisco's psychedelic rock scene.

Garcia, raised in the city's Mission District, turned to electric guitar at 15, dropped out of high school at 17 and was discharged from the Army in 1961 after a year of service.

In 1964, he formed the Grateful Dead with Bob Weir, Bill Kreutzmann, Ron "Pigpen" McKenna and Phil Lesh. Over three decades, the band enjoyed only one Top 10 single, 1987's *Touch of Grey*, yet grew to be one of rock's most profitable acts, earning $250 million from tours — and the industry's highest concert grosses for nine of the past 10 years.

Yet the Dead's struggle was not painless, and Garcia was not its first casualty. McKenna died of alcoholism in 1973. Keith Godchaux died in a 1980 car crash. Brent Mydland died of a drug overdose in 1990.

Garcia was hospitalized in a diabetic coma in 1986 and collapsed from exhaustion in 1991, causing the portly, graying musician to change his lifestyle.

While beloved by the Deadheads — who often followed the band from concert to concert — the Grateful Dead is also popular with less-nomadic fans of all ages and genres. Many of them in the industry, from Los Lobos and Lyle Lovett to Jane's Addiction and Elvis Costello, donated tracks to 1991's *Deadicated* tribute to the band.

Dylan, who recorded six shows with the band for 1989's *Dylan & the Dead*, said Garcia "taught and showed me more than he'll ever know. ... There's no way to convey the loss. It just digs down really deep."

Garcia's death "definitely marks the end of an era in the sense that the Dead were one of the greatest surviving San Francisco bands and Garcia was the era's symbol," said David Fricke, senior editor at *Rolling Stone*. "It's not like that vibe is dead ... but a certain chapter has been written.

"Garcia embodied the positive quality of what the hippie movement tried to convey," Fricke said.

But Steve Silberman, co-author of *Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads*, said the band went out of its way not to espouse a philosophy.

"They downplayed themselves as spokespeople for a generation and let the music do the talking. The music said: You don't have to control the universe to be happy; keep an open mind and play the next note with all the heart you've got and the song will take you places you never dreamed of."

Garcia was "an American original," said *Rolling Stone* publisher Jann Wenner. "It's unlikely that our music and society, and *Rolling Stone* itself, would have turned out the way they did without him."

"His music transcended cultures and generations," said Michael Greene, president of the National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences.

But history will remember Garcia and the Dead more for their nomadic fans and cosmic caravans than the music itself, said Ken Zambello, who teaches rock history at Boston's Berklee College of Music.

"There won't be songs on the tip of people's tongues," he said. "But the cultural phenomenon won't be forgotten."

Most agree the Grateful Dead won't continue without Garcia, who Silberman said was an "inexhaustable fertile exponent" of American music. And that music has a future.

"The Dead are the most meticulously recorded human beings who ever lived," said Silberman, citing the 70 to 80 concerts taped annually. "Garcia's music legacy is thousands of hours of moments of discovery for scholars and Deadheads to examine. The music will finally get its due and maybe people will stop focusing on tie dye and clouds of pot smoke."

Contributing: Bruce Haring, Andy Seiler, Mary Smaragdis

Tribute

Grateful fans say FAREWELL

Jerry Garcia: An artist who broke the rules

By Dave Becker
STAFF WRITER

Jerry Garcia would have been the first to tell you he wasn't the world's greatest guitarist. While he was quite proficient technically, especially for a guy missing half the index finger on his picking hand, there have been dozens of other guitarists with more dazzling technique and instrumental virtuosity.

What Garcia did have was guts. Few musicians could match the Grateful Dead leader, who died Wednesday morning of an apparent heart attack, for sheer bravery.

➤ Garcia and the Dead: A discography. CUE-5

It took courage to time and again step into the melodic void created by the Dead's improvisational style. It took courage to ditch the usual music industry rules by largely ignoring album sales and allowing tape recorders at concerts. It took courage just to be Jerry Garcia, an object of near-religious devotion to hundreds of thousands of fans yet a man with a generally affable, easy-going nature.

That attitude, rather than any distinct musical style, is likely to be the legacy of Garcia and the Grateful Dead. Nobody's ever really sounded like Garcia or the Dead, and it's hard to imagine anyone trying.

"The Dead forged a tremendously broad musical language for themselves," said David Gans, author of several books on the Dead and host of the syndicated "Grateful Dead Hour" radio show, which airs 7 to 9 p.m. Wednesdays on KPFA-FM (94.1). "I think they kind of occupied a world of their own."

Look around, though, and the Grateful Dead influence is clear in contemporary rock, especially with the recent 'spate of "jam bands" such as Phish and Blues Traveler, groups that reflect the loose, improvisational spirit of the Dead's music without sounding anything like the Dead.

"I think there's a new generation of bands who have

Please see **Garcia,** CUE-5

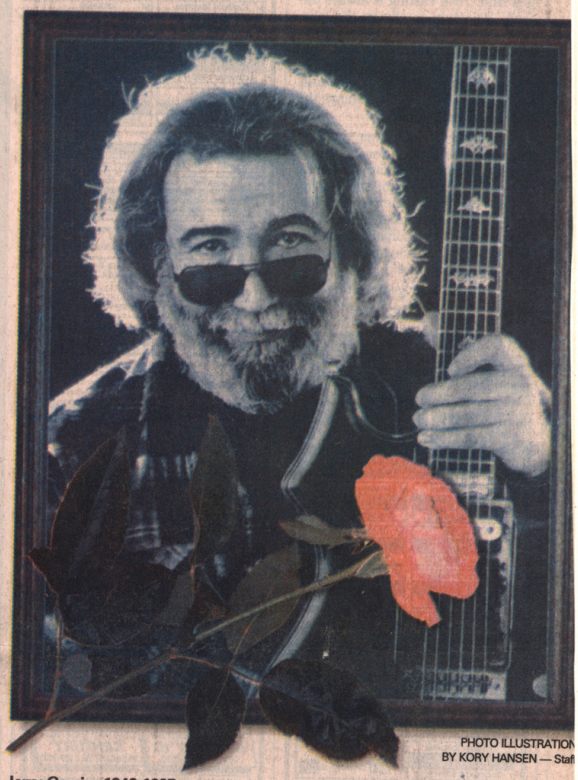


PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY KORY HANSEN — Staff

Jerry Garcia: 1942-1995

The first days are the hardest days

By William Friar
STAFF WRITER

Jerry Garcia is dead. Those of us who call ourselves Deadheads have long dreaded hearing those words.

If ever there was a man who abused his body, it was Jerry. He was overweight, diabetic, a junk food junkie, a heroin addict for eight years, a man who smoked unfiltered Camels. In recent years, especially after some frightening collapses on stage and off, Grateful Dead concerts had taken on a new urgency, had became more precious. There was always a feeling in the crowd that this could be the last show.

My last show came on Saturday, June 3. It's easy to check — I have the ticket stubs of every Dead concert I've ever been to, and it's quite a stash.

That's the kind of obsessive Dead freak behavior that makes most people laugh and shake their head. Trying to explain what this Grateful Dead thing is about was always frustrating. Sometimes I got exhausted even thinking about where to begin. It was always easier just to smile and shrug my shoulders.

All I know is that the music of the Grateful Dead, and of Jerry Garcia especially, has gotten me through the darkest times in my life. And that the greatest moments of joy I've ever known have hit me at Dead shows.

Joy and sadness were popular themes in Jerry's music, often woven into the same song. So many songs Jerry wrote with Robert Hunter were about accepting loss, about hope in

Please see **Grateful Dead,** CUE-5

Not just respectable, Garcia was American Buddha



READ ALL ABOUT IT

Tom Goff

HE ONCE said the band was like architecture and old whores. If you hang around long enough, you get respectable.

Jerry Garcia became more than respectable. He became a modern American Buddha.

It was a long, strange trip, and it terminated in Marin Wednesday morning. Now we have to sort out the shadows of Jerry Garcia's darkened sunshine daydream.

If you're like me and not a Dead fan, you're probably not in mourning. But you have to admit something larger than another rock 'n' roll death has happened in our back yard.

Garcia was a musical giant, and he was ours. His music and name will be linked forever to the page of Bay Area history where you find tie-dyed tank tops, amoeba light shows, patchouli oil and cumulus clouds of pot smoke. It is a heavy passage in our story and, like Garcia himself, one that left a deep impression on many lives.

Garcia and the band belonged to a particular era and place yet were never stuck in time or style. If they were, they would have lost fans instead of spawning them across two generations and the globe. The Dead now have so many followers that we all probably know at least one Deadhead whether we realize it or not.

But now the leader of the band is dead. What's been lost?

"The main thing we're losing is a brilliant musician, a committed, charismatic guitar player who I think found himself reluctantly cast in the role of a spiritual leader," said David Gans, producer and host of the Grateful Dead Radio Hour on KPFA.

It happened as the Dead emerged as the only living and commercially successful practitioners of the psychedelic style. As a result, said Gans, "all of the credit and blame and the historic baggage about the '60s wound up on the shoulders of the Grateful Dead, ergo on the shoulders of Jerry Garcia. I think sometimes he felt this huge weight and responsibility for it. It's not just that he made so many people happy, but that so many people's lives revolved around him."

Gans, of course, is talking about Deadheads, a phenomenon Rebecca Adams has studied closely. Adams, an assistant professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina-Greensboro, is working on a book about the Grateful Dead's following. She'll have to change a lot of the verbs to past tense.

"It's clear the Grateful Dead shows are spiritual experiences for Deadheads and Jerry was certainly seen as their spiritual leader," Adams said Wednesday. "When Deadheads go to shows, they go not for entertainment but for spiritual growth. The most common experience is the feeling of unity and self-revelation."

There was also magic and ritual. If you went to a Dead show, you saw what looked like a large, colorful tribe dancing in tongues. A lot of them seemed to be in the grips of a very pleasant tractor beam. Apparently, it was transformative, because being a Deadhead became a way of living with its own language, dress, beliefs, rules and God figure — Garcia.

"Jerry Garcia is not God," Dead publicist Dennis McNally once said. Well, no. But if nothing else, he did look like a guru. And to his fans, he was one.

It's some power to make free spirits soar on every note and word. So it's not surprising that the wires reported Wednesday that Garcia rarely spoke on stage because he was afraid some rabid Deadhead would misinterpret him. It's hard to imagine some Deadhead poking his eyes out because Garcia barked, "Dim the house lights," but it does signify his stature.

And now? Garcia's death can't be much of a shock to Deadheads. He had been a physical wreck for some time.

Still, "It's not too much unlike having a plug pulled out," said Adams. "In addition to mourning Jerry's passing and realizing that the sense of unity that comes about at Dead shows may never happen again, there's a general anxiety about what the future holds for the community.

"It's not just whether the band will be together anymore, but whether there goes a whole way of life. Will this community survive and will these people feel again the things they felt at a Dead show?"

★★ A-9

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Grateful Dead: Concert memories

Continued from CUE-1

hopeless situations, about survival in spite of it all. Those songs deepened with meaning as the years went by and Jerry's health got shakier.

The uninitiated often think of the Grateful Dead as some kind of cult, with Jerry its guru. Again, it's one of those ideas that's best answered with a smile and a shrug. What people don't realize is that for most of us, Jerry was the object of a lot of affectionate teasing. The Fat Man, we called him. He was a big, lovable teddy bear who also happened to make music that became the soundtrack of our lives. He wasn't a god. He was family, and now he's gone.

On stage, Jerry rarely said a word between songs. He hardly even moved. When asked once by an interviewer, he said that all words are lies, and what he had to say he said through his music. We knew what he was getting at. An awful lot got communicated at a Dead show, from the crowd to the stage and back, but it had little to do with talking. It was something first-time concert-goers often found puzzling. The band concentrated on the music, poker-faced. The crowd went nuts occasionally, for no apparent reason.

Most of the explosive cheering had to do with the music, for reasons too involved to explain (smile, shrug). But sometimes it was just Jerry. When he would let a shy grin slip out, or play a particularly joyful solo, it seemed to warm everyone's heart. In an almost parental way, we loved to watch Jerry have a good time.

My friends know me as a cynical guy with a biting sense of humor. It always tickled them to watch me at Dead shows, with a silly grin stuck on my face for hours at a time. They weren't surprised when I announced in the fall of 1990 that I was quitting my job and following the Dead around Europe. They just laughed. I smiled and shrugged.

I'm 32 years old, and my closest friends long ago quit wondering when I was going to outgrow this phase. They didn't blink when I explained the only reason I was in a hurry to have kids was that I had an image of my little girl in a tie-dyed skirt, dancing lightly to "Uncle John's Band" at a sunny outdoor show. I didn't like to think about it, but I knew that fantasy was dependent on somebody else's biological clock. I guess I don't need to hurry anymore.

Now that Jerry's gone, I also won't have to explain what keeps me going to those Dead shows. But now I have a new problem. How do I explain how hard it is just sitting here writing these words, how every few minutes I have to squeeze my emotions back down inside? Not too professional for a reporter to cry at his desk.

Every once in a while a friend calls, or a co-worker stops by. They ask how I'm doing. Not so good, I'm afraid.

Garcia's musical legacy

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Here is a listing of albums by Jerry Garcia with the Grateful Dead and as a solo act:

Grateful Dead

Grateful Dead, 1967
Anthem of the Sun, 1968
Aoxomoxoa, 1969
Live Dead, 1970
Workingman's Dead, 1970
American Beauty, 1970
Vintage Dead, 1970
Historic Dead, 1970
The Grateful Dead, 1971
Europe '72, 1972
History of the Grateful Dead, Volume 1 — Bear's Choice, 1973
Wake of the Flood, 1973
Best of the Grateful Dead — Skeletons From the Closet, 1974
The Grateful Dead From the Mars Hotel, 1974
Blues for Allah, 1975
Steal Your Face, 1976
Terrapin Station, 1977
What a Long Strange Trip It's Been, 1977
Shakedown Street, 1978
The Grateful Dead Go to Heaven, 1980
Dead Reckoning, 1981
Dead Set, 1981
In the Dark, 1987
Built to Last, 1989
Without a Net, 1990
One From the Vault, 1991
Two From the Vault, 1992
Dick's Picks, Volume 1, 1993.

Jerry Garcia

Hooteroll, 1971
Garcia, 1972
Merl Saunders, Jerry Garcia, John Kahn, Bill Vitt: Live at the Keystone, 1973
Compliments on Garcia, 1974
Reflections, 1976
Cats Under the Stars, 1978
Run for the Roses, 1982
Almost Acoustic, 1988
Jerry Garcia Band, 1991
Merl Saunders, Jerry Garcia: Blues From the Rainforest, 1991
Jerry Garcia-David Grisman, 1991
Not For Kids Only, 1993.

Garcia: Musicians' role model

Continued from CUE-1

taken some guidance and spirit from the Grateful Dead as far as to how to run their shows and present their music," said Gans, who will appear on "Forum," at 9 a.m. today on KQED-FM (88.5), with Steve Silverman, author of "Skeleton Key," a Deadhead dictionary. "The idea you should treat your audience with respect, that you should have spontaneity in your act, that the music should be different every night — that owes a lot to the Dead."

Even for bands that don't share the Dead's off-the-cuff playing style, the band has provided an example of how to negotiate the rapacious music industry with integrity and conviction.

"If you want to be a big success in rock 'n' roll, generally you've got to be able to package it," said Paul Marsyalek, program director at San Francisco-based KFOG-FM (104.5).

"The Dead could never really be packaged, and yet they were a huge success on their own terms, as a live band. They never really fit that commercial mold, and they never wanted to.

"I think a lot of bands of all stripes looked to the Dead and saw you didn't necessarily have to play by the rules."

Garcia also provided an example for other musicians and entertainment figures of how to deal with the pressures of immense fame and constant attention, Gans noted.

"As difficult as it might have been for him to be Jerry Garcia, he took it with a tremendous amount of class and equanimity," he said. "He remained fairly open and affable to the end."

Musically, the band's and Garcia's influence is harder to judge. While no prominent guitarist today remotely matches Garcia's sound, you never know.

"There weren't that many saxophonists who sounded like (jazz giant) John Coltrane until after Coltrane died," said Berkeley guitarist and musical explorer Henry Kaiser, who played with Garcia and Dead collaborator Bob Bralove on the recently released "Second Sight" album.



DINO VOURNAS — Staff

Jerry Garcia performs in a concert with Bob Dylan at the Oakland Coliseum in August 1987.

"With Jerry, I think you have a very original American musical visionary, and it's going to be interesting to see what happens now. He's one of only a couple dozen guitarists I can think of where you know who it was just from hearing one note."

Kaiser, who will be part of a sold-out Dead tribute concert originally scheduled for Sunday at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco (arranged months ago to celebrate the 20th anniversary of "Blues for Allah" and now postponed), said it wouldn't be such a bad thing if other musicians tried to imitate some of Garcia's attitudes.

"It was a joy to play with him," he recalled. "When he played, he shared and gave you everything he had. Very few musicians are willing or able to do that."

Regardless of how many other musicians pick up on Garcia's attitudes and style, he still leaves a remarkable legacy, noted Gans.

"What the Dead did was make hundreds of thousands of people deliriously happy for a very long period of time," he said. "As far as epitaphs go, what more could you ask?"

The power of his paternal persona

By Peter Eisler
USA TODAY

In 1982, as I was getting ready to hitchhike across the country to follow the Grateful Dead, I played my anxious mother a tape of Gene Shalit interviewing Jerry Garcia.

"Seems very nice," she said.

He sure did.

Having seen well over 100 Dead shows during that part of my life, I can say that for me, and countless others who worshipped the band, the persona of Jerry Garcia was perhaps as important as the music itself. Without Jerry, the Dead will be no more.

When he was happy, we were happy. On those nights, the audience swooped and soared with his guitar solos. He'd start with the song's melody and build, fueling the Deadheads' frenzied dancing, reaching peaks that would have people screaming "whoooo" as if they'd hit a steep roller coaster descent.

Sometimes, he'd look up from his guitar and smile. And we would smile back.

He had a power most rock stars could only dream about. But where other guitar heroes would crow about partying or politics, Jerry did almost nothing to acknowledge his status.

"I've tried to avoid telling people what to do," he told Shalit. "We make an effort to treat (fans) decently, play honestly for them, rather than ... some kind of show-biz formula."

If Jerry's playing spurred reverence, it was his attitude that spurred the kind of love that made the Dead so different from other bands. Come with us and do what you want, it said, we'll treat you right.

For me, that meant scraping together money to follow the group by playing guitar on street corners. It meant dining at 7-Eleven, sleeping in campgrounds, showering in rain.

I'm not sure my mother ever understood, but something about Jerry reassured her. Maybe it was that warm, gravelly voice, or the Santa Claus eyes that seemed to promise nothing surrounding him could be *that* bad.

But it could. There's probably never been another rock band with a culture so tied to drugs. Hallucinogens were part of the deal. Deadheads never doubted that in this arena, as in the musical one, Jerry was a leader.

But while Deadheads rarely worried about their own drug use, they did about Jerry's.

When he looked tired or strung out onstage, it usually made for a bad show — and complaining on our part.

"Beat show," we'd say. "And Jerry looked terrible."

If the Dead and their fans were a big family, Deadheads saw Jerry as a wayward father.

Lately, I'd become a distant cousin. Where I once saw 20 or 30 shows a year, now it's two or three. My friends and I, all professionals, don't talk much about the Dead anymore.

But as soon as word got out about Jerry's death, my phone rang off the hook. Old memories, old stories, flooded back.

In that interview, Shalit asked Jerry why these kids followed him all over the country.

"If I knew that," he chuckled, "I'd be running the world."

For a lot of us, at least for a while, he almost did.



EISLER: Saw 20-30 Dead shows a year

Album sales tell a tale

Sales figures didn't drive the Grateful Dead, but their best-selling albums are a barometer of their appeal. Among them:

Platinum

- *Workingman's Dead* (1970)
- *American Beauty* (1970)
- *Best of the Grateful Dead — Skeletons From the Closet* (1974)
- *In the Dark* (1987)

Gold

- *The Grateful Dead* (1967)
- *Europe '72* (1972)
- *Terrapin Station* (1977)
- *Shakedown Street* (1978)
- *Built to Last* (1989)
- *Without a Net* (1990)

Source: Recording Industry Association of America

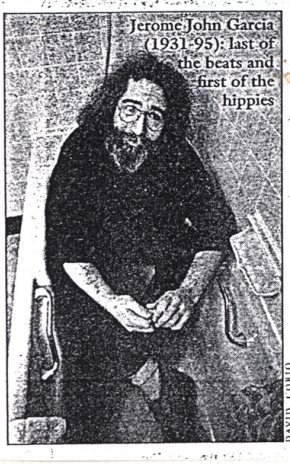
VILLAGE VOICE 8/22/95

to Lay Him Down

By Richard Gehr

Three days since Jerry Garcia's untimely finale in the bucolic-sounding Serenity Knolls rehab center, and I'm still shambling through a suddenly less interesting world. Garcia and lyricist Robert Hunter's "Standing on the Moon" won't leave my head. "A lovely view of heaven, but I'd rather be with you," howled Garcia during his last year onstage—the song's concluding lyric yet another chiming, Hunter-penned affirmation of the Grateful Dead's limitlessly complex and ambivalent relationship with its audience (though, as with all Hunter songs, interpretive mileage varies considerably). I'm somewhere in the Catskills, ostensibly on vacation, detached from the media clusterfuck, unable to hear the Dead's music even if I could stand to, and writing shivahs as the wind whispers sweet farewells through the rich August foliage. But Friday night, after a couple hits of a substance that seemed appropriate to the occasion, I spontaneously flick the dial of a radio tuned, as usual, to the world's only hydroelectrically powered public-radio station. Tears fall one more time as the opening chords of—what else?—"Standing on the Moon" chime like church bells through the boombox.

No matter from which direction you choose to engage or deny them, Jerome John Garcia and the Grateful Dead mirrorballed nearly everything exciting and important about American music of the past three decades. The only reasonably comparable musical legacy is Duke Ellington's Orchestra, to whom Garcia-Hunter offered musical homage in "Mississippi Half-Step Toodle-oo." Garcia developed an ever-evolving musical palette that connected Earl Scruggs, Django Reinhardt, Chuck Berry, and Ornette Coleman. Yet his solos—rambling guitar narratives of mythical scale, lyrical wit, and emotional risk—always bore his immediately recognizable signature, warm and earthy phrases also as subtly alien as his right paw print.



Jerome John Garcia (1931-95): last of the beats and first of the hippies

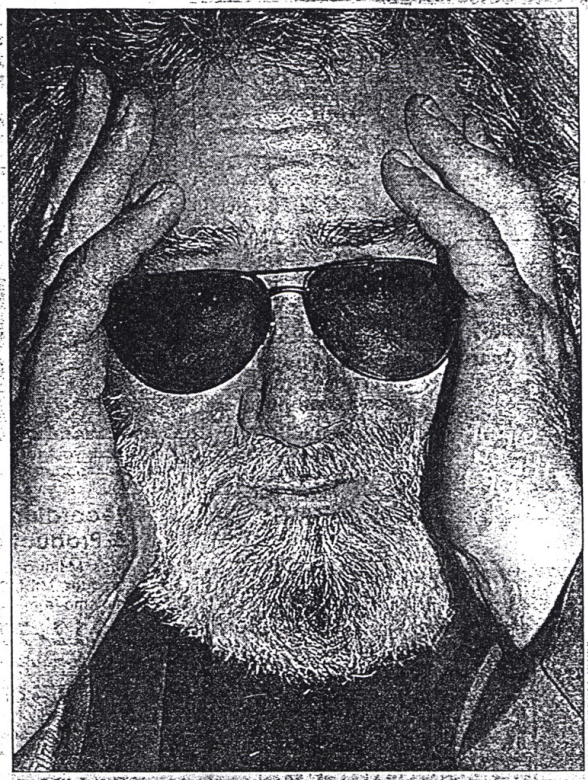
DAVID CORIO

Last of the beats and first of the hippies, Garcia ascended from the hootenanny into the starship before falling back to earth. In a sense, every Dead show traced that same hazardous arc. From the humble beginnings of a warm-up set focusing mainly on roots music, the perennially avant-garde combo would spiral collectively skyward toward the dark nova of the second set's freely improvised drums/space centerpiece before returning to one of Garcia's redemptive epiphanies and an r&b eruption. Fact is, give or take a "Dark Star," no band ever played so much freely improvised music to so large an audience as the Grateful Dead, which is to say that no band ever took so many musical risks night after night, tour after tour, year after year, generation after generation.

I was an ignorant young stoner the first time I saw the Dead. But it didn't take me long to realize that a Dead show could be far more than a party—that, in fact, it was the closest thing to a holy communion I might ever know. After attaining a semblance of adulthood, I saw shows as strange celebratory hybrids of picnics, baseball games, and revival meetings. Maybe every show in three, the secrets would be revealed in all their crazy splendor, and it would once again feel nothing less than a modern version of the ancient Greeks' Eleusinian mystery rites.

Problem was, nobody asked Garcia if he wanted to be the tragic high priest of this religion cum circus. Likewise, how could he have avoided it? His youthful music vibrates with all the freedom and potential the '60s had to offer. Unfortunately, Garcia's personal karma seems to have stalled somewhere in the '70s and '80s, decades whose indulgences and delights drew many into their jaded riptide maw. In the end, Garcia was just a man, a craftsman more than a symbol, congenitally incapable of basking in the beauty he regularly delivered to his audience. Where Frank Zappa lived in constant fear of his music being stolen, Garcia gave his away freely to the tapers, thus creating the largest publicly documented legacy in musical history. Say what you want about his chops, Garcia died with the stats.

It's difficult to imagine another contemporary musician transforming the landscape of American music with as quicksilver an alchemy as Garcia. As much chemical substance as pop star, he turned the subject-object relationship of listener and artist upside down, reflecting back each auditor's best self in an impossibly bemused and knowing voice, and guitar notes as dear as precious metal. He was an Armstrong, a Coltrane, a Miles . . . a Garcia. ❖



ELENA GARROTE/ONYX

The Gainful Dead

By Richard Goldstein

Don't know 'bout the ages, but he do belong to the pages. Many column inches in Jerry Garcia's honor. FARE THEE WELL, gulps *USA Today*, in four-color story that actually jumps to second page. *Post* drools over heroin habit, then tab dabs eyes! TEARS, HUGS IN CENTRAL PARK: Not since *Pocahontas*.

People gives him the Hubert Humphrey send-off: "Rock's Happy Warrior." *Wall Street Journal* dubs him "amiable anarchist." *New York Times* prefers "Bearded Buddha." Front-page obit is only the start. Two, three, many tributes in the paper of record. Earnest opeder says he died from "a lifetime of playing Captain Trips." Editorial begs to differ: "Unkempt they may have been, but they were sweet [and] that sweetness, in the end, was probably what kept him alive." Tears in the boardroom; *Times* publisher is unrepentant Deadhead, hard-assed with unions but still on spiritual quest. "The miracle of Jerry Garcia, really, is that he managed to live so long and that in the process his music stitched together three generations."

Never mind the time and place that nurtured Garcia, with its repudiation of parental authority, rejection of form and function, embrace of chaos and transcendence (a/k/a sex and drugs). In America, all roads of excess lead to the palace of commerce. As Garcia kept playing, time and the market altered the meaning of his music until it served the very purposes it originally was intended to abjure: sweetness instead of acuity, respite instead of awakening.

The Grateful Dead became the Gainfully Employed, purveying their vision as another slice of Americana—a hippie version of the Mormon passion play. "A thriving counter-cultural corporation," was how the veejay on MTV's tribute described the band. Jerry was its round-faced logo. He had stopped speaking during sets, lulled, perhaps, by the timeless threnody of jazz and junk.

Not even Mickey Mantle—another trickster god who "abused" himself to death—could raise this kind of grief. Sure Mantle got the 28-page wraparound with commemorative pin-up centerfold. Sure he had the grand language and cool nicknames: The Mick was a lion, a hothead, a jock, a stud (all this from a single obituary), more than one anchor intoned, "a part of me died, too." But these are the drippings of sports-prose professionals, always ready with a superlative when a tear will do. Sure, the president extolled his "honor and redemption," but there was nothing of the fan in it. Not like the U.S. senator who proudly proclaimed his identity as a Deadhead.

Mantle had the boys of summer, but Jerry had the summer-of-love elite. They're hoisting an iced latte to his memory right now in the upscale Haight. A tie-dyed flag flies at half-mast over San Francisco's City Hall. On *Nightline* of the Grateful Dead, even Ted the K is moved by the live remotes from Golden Gate Park and the D.C. Mall. Candles in the gloaming.

"Stay tuned for the Red Hot Chili Peppers reacting to this tragic news," says the veejay on MTV. We await the Official Memorial. Special web site, Microsoft tie-in. Ben & Jerry vow to end world hunger with proceeds from Cherry a la Mort, a nonfat, lactose-free dessert. Tipper and Al unveil the Jerry Garcia postage stamp.

"This could be the biggest celebrity death since Elvis Presley," a Beverly Hills agent tells the *Times*. Rock stars never rest in peace. ❖

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VILLAGE VOICE
8/22/95

A *Farewell* to CAPTAIN TRIPS

By Sia Michael



Ten years from now, people will ask, "Where were you when Jerry Garcia died?"

SAN FRANCISCO—In a city renowned for its sense of spectacle, the death of Captain Trips promised bizarre pomp and circumstance beyond even Timothy Leary's wildest dreams. Jerry Garcia Dies," the *Examiner* headline reamed Wednesday, August 9, in the 72-oint type usually reserved for earthquakes and 9'ers wins. Anybody who ever wondered *here have all the flower children gone?* had on- to visit the Haight.

By 10:30 a.m., just six hours after the legndary Grateful Dead guitarist died of a heart tack in a Marin County rehab center, a crowd Jerry's Kids had gathered on the corner of aight and Ashbury to grieve, bang bongos, d eulogize one of the Bay Area's most ominent icons for the sake of fellow Deadads—and the ubiquitous reporters assailing ery furry freak brother and sister. Older votees congregated at 710 Ashbury, the forer Dead house. Panhandlers adjusted their tches accordingly: "Spare some change, de, to help me forget Jerry?"

"Ten years from now," said 26-year-old Gary oods, "people will ask, 'Where were you en Jerry Garcia died?' I was lucky to be here Haight when I found out. I lost touch with t whole Dead scene when I left college, but eryone has to admit that this is a major nt—like the end of an era or something." like "losing Golden Gate Bridge," as one izen put it. Accordingly, a Dead flag was wn outside City Hall, while Old Glory flutd at half-mast. "We all plan to keep on ckin'," said Mayor Jack Quimby, er, Frank dan, in an official press release.

By early evening, ground zero of hippie culture was swarming, makeshift memorials covering sidewalks with offerings like notes, wine bottles, "kind bud"—and a pocket stress detector. Ironically, the biggest monument covered a skinny tree in front of the local Ben & Jerry's ice-cream outlet, itself symbolic of the kind of warm-fuzzy capitalism the entrepreneuring Garcia had come to represent. On that tip, shoppers at Macy's left roses on the tables where Garcia's custom-designed neckties are displayed. Are we groaning yet?

Soon mourners congregated at the Polo Fields in Golden Gate Park, the site of the 1967 Human Be-In. People wept openly, group-hugged, and signed a long scroll with messages like "not fade away." Later, tribal drumming erupted and several hundred Deadheads eased into that familiar hippie shuffle dance. The touchy-feely vibe approximated that of a Dead show, inspiring rhapsodic commentary on the "intergenerational community" in the next day's press. As midnight drew near, the mourners looked a little wild-eyed, as though trying to dance away a long, strange future without the Boys. Or maybe they were just peaking.

Of course, even the "biggest non–blood-related family in the world" has its wayward spawn. Kids sporting Manic Panic–dyed 'dos clomped down Haight street taunting, "He's dead! It's all over now! All you dirty hippies can go back home to Connecticut." Over the weekend, as the neighborhood became a mecca for thousands of patchouli users from all over the world, mini culture wars erupted between cops and crowd, alternatypes and heads. Sample dialogue: "You're stuck in someone else's past," says indie boy; "why should I live by your fascist present?" responds teenage hippie.

"Deadheads have always been misunderstood," said a 35-year-old woman nicknamed Harmony, "by people who haven't even ever been to a show. But this isn't about *us*—it's about Jerry. He never asked for any of this," she said, gesturing toward the throngs. "He just wanted to play music."

Harmony's comment underscores Garcia's undeniable appeal. A walking deity to hundreds of thousands of followers, he never abused his cultlike power or fed off his celebrity life. He seemed to keep rocking solely for his fans (although surely the money didn't hurt), donated a proper tithe to charity but kept his causes nonabrasive (is anyone really *against* the rainforest?), and stayed out of the political fray while maintaining a countercultural frisson. His musicianship offered moments of sheer transcendence; his reclusive papa-bear image provided a mellow yellow screen upon which idealists of all ages could project their visions of the '60s past, present, and future.

Unfortunately, he was also a notorious substance abuser in rehab for heroin, a fact that fans and the media alike kindly glossed over: "Whatever private demons drove Garcia to drug addiction . . . he died while trying to heal himself," a *Chronicle* editorial read. "Jerry didn't have a responsibility to teach your children," argued a caller on KPIX radio. It didn't take a degree in boomer conspiracy theories for a number of youngsters to make a connection to that other "voice of a generation"—Kurt Cobain—whose own habit generated endless finger-pointing in the wake of his suicide. We're just surprised Garcia made it to 53.

The shock over Jerry's death is not merely its dose of mortality for middle-aged fans, or the possible demise of a subculture phenomenon. S.F. is a city built on myths, and the Summer of Love, though it wasn't the first, is the mother of them all. Not since that era has the city regained its pop-cultural preeminence, and Garcia's passing is a symbolic rump-kick 30 years in the making.

Friday, Bob Dylan and Ken Kesey attended a subdued private funeral at St. Stephen's Church in Belvedere, but Garcia got a properly paganistic send-off on Sunday, at a public memorial in the park. "He may have been a genius, but he was a shitty father," his daughter Annabelle joked to a *Chronicle* reporter, but that afternoon, at least, some 20,000 people proved her wrong. ❖

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8/12/95-SAN JOSE MERCURY NEWS

A heartfelt farewell



PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Jerry Garcia remembered with final standing ovation

BY MICHAEL DORGAN
AND BRAD KAVA
Mercury News Staff Writers

When Deadheads get together and reminisce about the band's shows, most can count on one hand the number of times they heard "Saint Stephen." The band rarely played it live, so any chance to hear it was a special occasion.

Ironically, Dead avatar Jerry Garcia was eulogized privately Friday in a church that shared the song's name. The service ended with a standing ovation, not unlike many of Garcia's performances.

The service was attended by about 250 mourners at the small St. Stephen's Episcopal Church nestled in the pine-covered hills of Belvedere in Marin County near a lagoon. Garcia's family, the other members of the Grateful Dead and close friends, including singer Bob Dylan, author Ken Kesey and former basketball star Bill Walton, were among those present.

Garcia, who died early

See GARCIA, Page 8A



Friends and relatives embrace, above, outside St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Belvedere, left, before the service for Jerry Garcia.

Garcia eulogized in private funeral

■ GARCIA
from Page 1A

Wednesday at a Marin County drug-treatment center, was never the sort to dress up. He didn't wear a tie to his wedding last year even though he designed and sold his own line of ties. And he didn't have one on at his funeral.

At the open-casket ceremony, according to band spokesman Dennis McNally, Garcia's body was clad in his trademark black T-shirt and sweat pants. The wooden casket was flanked with a floral arrangement in the shape of the Grateful Dead's skull-and-lightning-bolt logo.

McNally said all members of the band gave eulogies, as did Kesey and Garcia's wife, film maker Deborah Koons.

Kesey, who along with Garcia helped launch the LSD-laced hippie movement in the 1960s, told mourners to remember that Garcia was a "warrior" and that they must use his positive energy to "save the world," McNally said.

Service closed to press

The service, whose location was leaked to members of the media shortly before it began, was closed to the press. But in a briefing immediately afterward, McNally said the most moving moment of the 1½-hour service came when longtime Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter read a final tribute to his friend. It read:

If some part of that music
to heard in deepest dream
or on some breeze of summer
a snatch of golden theme
we'll know you live inside us
with love that never parts
our good old Jack O'Diamonds
become the King of Hearts

The service was led by the Rev. Matthew Fox, who married Garcia and Koons on Valentine's Day 1994. Fox, a former Roman Catholic priest who left the church after being reprimanded by the Vatican for his New Age teachings, is now a minister at San Francisco's Episcopalian Grace Cathedral. During his remarks, Fox quoted from both the Bible and the writings of Swiss psychologist Carl Jung.

Band's future unknown

McNally said he did not know if Garcia's body would be cremated or buried. Nor did he know what would become of the Grateful Dead, for which Garcia had been the central figure for 30 years.

"The Grateful Dead have managed to put together a funeral," he said. "They have not made any other plans."

The Belvedere ceremony was an exclusive affair, but a simultaneous gathering of a couple of hundred friends and employees of the band was much less formal. Under the storied mirror ball at a shadowy Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco, they wrote out their goodbyes and tucked them under pictures of the Dead that were flanked by candles.

At the center of the stage was a large picture of Garcia pulling a guitar out of his top hat, magician-style. Surrounding the photo were mingled gifts, including a small quantity of marijuana piled atop a note stating "The Cannabis Growers Club." Someone else left a banjo box, which noted Garcia's love of traditional American music.

A note from percussionist Michael Caballero, an original member of the group Santana, read: "You were and are a big influence on our music and spirit."

The assembled mourners cried, talked quietly and hugged one another.

"It feels like being backstage at a show," said David Gans, who produces the "Grateful Dead Hour" on KPFA-FM. "I keep expecting to go around the corner and see the band playing."

Koons has asked that donations in her husband's memory be made to San Francisco's Haight Ashbury Free Clinic, a non-profit group that provides free health care to the needy.

David Smith, founder and president of the clinic, said in a statement that Garcia "supported us when no one else did — he staged a concert that was our first fundrainer 28 years ago — and has been a tremendous supporter ever since."

Also Friday, police arrested a 16-year-old Montana girl who allegedly stole the family car to make Garcia's funeral. The girl and five friends were stopped after they pulled into a gas station in Larkspur to refuel from the roughly 1,000-mile drive. The teen-ager's mother had figured the girl was headed to Marin County and asked officers there to look for her, police said.

Garcia was mourned Friday by President Clinton, who said the musician "had a great gift. And he even wound up putting out that line of ties. He had great ties. I would go around wearing Jerry Garcia ties and giving them away to people."

In reference to the musician's well-publicized battle with drug addiction, Clinton said, "I would hope that all of us who loved his music and valued his contributions would also reflect on the consequences of, again, really self-destructive behavior."

Mercury News Music Writer Claudia Perry and Mercury News wire services contributed to this report.



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Deborah Koons, center, leaves St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, where 250 people attended the service for her husband, Jerry Garcia.



SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

Bob Dylan, right, was among the mourners. Others included author Ken Kesey and former basketball star Bill Walton.

Mercury Center
INSTRUCTIONS ON PAGE 2A

■ Additional Jerry Garcia coverage available on Mercury Center Web. Point your World Wide Web browser at the following URL: http://www.sjmercury.com/garchome.htm. 12

An Elegy for Jerry (by Robert Hunter)

Jerry, my friend,
you've done it again,
even in your silence
the familiar pressure
comes to bear, demanding
I pull words from the air
with only this morning
and part of the afternoon
to compose an ode worthy
of one so particular
about every turn of phrase,
demanding it hit home
in a thousand ways
before making it his own,
and this I can't do alone.
Now that the singer is gone,
where shall I go for the song?

Without your melody and tase
to lend an attitude of grace
a lyric is an orphan thing,
a hive with neither honey's taste
nor power to truly sting.

What choice have I but to dare and
call your muse who thought to rest
out of the thin blue air
that out of the field of shared time,
a line or two might chance to shine –

As ever when we called,
in hope if not in words,
the muse descends.

How should she desert us now?
Scars of battle on her brow,
bedraggled feathers on her wings,
and yet she sings, she sings!

May she bear thee to thy rest,
the ancient bower of flowers
beyond the solitude of days,
the tyranny of hours–
the wreath of shining laurel lie
upon your shaggy head
bestowing power to play the lyre
to legions of the dead

If some part of that music
is heard in deepest dream,
or on some breeze of Summer
a snatch of golden theme,
we'll know you live inside us
with love that never parts
our good old Jack O'Diamonds
become the King of Hearts.

I feel your silent laughter
at sentiments so bold
that dare to step across the line
to tell what must be told,
so I'll just say I love you,
which I never said before
and let it go at that old friend

the rest you may ignore.

"There's no way to measure his greatness or magnitude as a person or as a player. I don't think any eulogizing will do him justice. He was that great, much more than a superb musician with an uncanny ear and dexterity. He is the very spirit personified of whatever is muddy river country at its core and screams up into the spheres. He really had no equal. To me he wasn't only a musician and friend, he was more like a big brother who taught and showed me more than he'll ever know. There's a lot of spaces and advances between the Carter family, Buddy Holly and say, Ornette Coleman, a
lot of universes, but he filled them all without being a member of any school. His playing was moody, awesome, sophisticated, hypnotic and subtle. There's no way to convey the loss. It just digs down really deep."

- Bob Dylan on the loss of Jerry Garcia..

A HAIKU FOR JERRY
ON THE DAY
OF HIS DEMISE.

THE FAT MAN ROCKS
OUT/
HINGES FALL
OFF HEAVENS DOOR/
"COME ON IN."
SEZ BILL.

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DL0744







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Jerry Garcia, 1942-1995

GRATEFUL MEMORIES

Readers reflect on the legacy of Jerry Garcia

We asked readers to share with us their memories of Jerry Garcia. Here are a few of the hundreds of responses we received.

YOU MAY ASK, "Where have you been since the '60s?" ot, although I'm the same age, I idn't know who Jerry Garcia as until three years ago.

While on a family vacation in ona, Hawaii, I checked into ark's Diving Locker about 8:30 M for the 9:00 AM dive. After hecking out my gear, I was introduced to Jerry, a retund 50 year old with a huge salt and pepper eard. We didn't say much on the ide in the front seat of the dilapiated pick-up truck to the boat. he fun started on the boat ride ut to our dive site.

In an attempt to start up a conversation, I mentioned that this as my first time in Kona. Jerry aid he would come six to eight imes a year. "What type of business are you in, Jerry?" I asked im.

"Music."

"Are you a distributor or hat?"

"No, I'm a musician."

"Do you play in a band?"

"Actually, I play in 3 bands."

"What type of music?"

"One of the bands plays rock nd another bluegrass."

"What's the name of the and?"

"One of the bands is The Garcia and."

I still didn't have a clue. We went on a very shallow dive of bout 35 feet in which we explored volcanic arches. Jerry found a small octopus, we saw ome turtles, Moray eels, coral nd other sea life. I returned to he surface with my assigned buddy while Jerry and his dive buddy stayed down. Jerry was the last one back to the boat after a bottom time of 100 minutes on one tank of air.

While he was drying off, I noticed his towel was from the fifty-five Mauna Lani, which I recognized as one of the most luxurious and expensive hotels on the island. "Hey, Jerry, are you staying at the Ritz or did you rip-off the towel?" I said, "No, I'm staying there," he told me with a big smile.

"What were you doing down there so long?"

"I like to sing underwater."

"How can you sing underwater with the regulator in your mouth? How can you move your jaw?"

"I don't know, but I can hear myself. I like to float around neutrally buoyant, sometimes upside-down and make up songs."

That evening I discussed the dive and my encounter with Jerry with my wife and 18-year-old daughter, Julie. My wife suggested that maybe I had met someone famous, and I said, "No way! He was a wonderful guy but he looked like a bum."

Since we had to go back to the dive shop the next day to pick up the dive video, we decided to ask who Jerry was? A dive shop employee told us, "That was Jerry Garcia."

It wasn't until I asked Julie if she'd ever heard of Jerry Garcia at I finally "got a clue"

"Dad, he's the leader of The Grateful Dead!" she answered in disbelief.

Knowing that he dives just about every day that he's on the island, we met the dive boat at the dock later that afternoon. Spotting Jerry on the boat back, I, I asked if he had stayed down another 100 minutes! "No, I were a little deeper today," he replied.

"My daughter figured out who you are," I told him and he smiled as he sat down on he dock to talk to us. "I know you're on vacation and I don't want to start a discussion with all the other people on the dive boat around, but could you please sign an autograph for my daughter?" I asked him.

"Sure," he said, "but don't worry about these other people — it's the rest of the band."

My life is richer for the brief encounter with this unique man. I am sure he enjoyed the few hours of repartee with someone who had no idea of his immense talent and fame.

— Tom Gubala, 53

a commemorative page in tribute to Jerry Garcia's life appears left. "Not Fade Away" is the name of a Buddy Holly song the Grateful Dead often performed.



Karen Ferguson and son Sam Pierce

We have to keep coming together ... and being kind and compassionate.



Rich Landucci and son Scott

I remember seeing Jerry ... with that wonderful smile of his and that hot guitar making everybody in the crowd crazy.

Michael and Kathi Mann

I don't know where to go or what to do to relieve my stress now.



Derk Brill and stepdaughter Amber

We had the Grateful Dead in common when she was in her mid-teens. Now we're extremely close.



Nick Kirkendall

Every show was different, unlike other bands. That's what kept it so fresh and alive.

Chris and Lauri Vaughan

Now, for many (Deadheads), there is nothing – except each other.

PHOTOS BY PATRICK TEHAN AND LUCI S. WILLIAMS, Mercury News

JERRY'S LEGACY of peace, love, compassion and tribalism doesn't die with him. One person couldn't be expected to keep it all going. We have to keep coming together and keep playing music, and being kind and compassionate. We need to use some of our time and energy against the assault on women, poor and minorities. Against the violence and guns. The Grateful Dead said all of these things to us. We need to keep it going.

— Karen Ferguson, 33

I GREW UP in Palo Alto. I was a wannabe hippie and attended some of the "be-ins" in 1968. One of the first albums I bought was a Grateful Dead album, and listening to some of those songs on the radio yesterday brought back the memories of buying that album.

One special thing: I was having a troubled time with my now 21-year-old stepdaughter. But we had the Grateful Dead in common when she was in her mid-teens. Now we're extremely close.

— Derk Brill, 38

WHEN MY WORK and life would get full of stress and pressure, I knew it was just a matter of time until my friends and I could go to a Dead concert. When I met the woman that would become my wife, I introduced her to the music. She warmed to it slowly and fell in love with it to the point that "Standing on the Moon" was sung at my wedding. We always looked forward to the times when Jerry would come to town. We could escape and relax and be happy for a few hours. I don't know where to go or what to do to relieve my stress now.

— Michael Norman Mann, 28

I'VE BEEN a fan since I was 14. Jerry Garcia was like the last chapter of your favorite novel: You hate to see it end, yet you know it has to sometime. You could start the book over again. I am just glad I could share his legacy with my children.

— David Gurrola, 41

UNITED BY personal encounters ("strangers stopping strangers, just to shake their hand"), by untold uncanny coincidences, by cryptic in-jokes and most of all by a love of joyous gathering, Deadheads wholeheartedly endorse the old slogan, "There's nothing like a Grateful Dead concert." And now, for many, there is nothing — except each other.

— Chris Vaughan, 36

I WAS BORN in 1946 in San Francisco. I was smack-dab in the middle of everything that happened there beginning in 1965. I can still remember going to the Fillmore Auditorium and seeing some of Jerry Garcia's early shows. I remember seeing Jerry and his group up on stage with that wonderful smile of his and that hot guitar making everybody in the crowd crazy. I will always have those memories of him.

— Rich Landucci, 48

JERRY AND THE Grateful Dead loved to play. There was nothing sick about them. They were always real. They never looked back; they were always looking ahead. Every show was different, unlike other bands. That's what kept it so fresh and alive.

— Nick Kirkendall, 25

THE PEOPLE you met at his concerts were one in a million. We are all one, and we are all together. If it weren't for Jerry, we would never have been together. I hope we will still gather in some way, and that it will still mean something. To all of the Dead-heads like me — millions of them — I love you, brothers and sisters.

— Zellia Endrich, 18

WHAT JERRY and the Grateful Dead created is a society of people that live together and support one another. There is a feeling of community and love that one gets when surrounded by "Deadheads." I don't know how or if the band can continue without Jerry, but I hope they will find a way to keep the spirit alive.

— Ray Shum, 27

MY MEMORIES of Jerry Garcia are both as a fan and a friend. He was a close associate of my father, Neal, for a few tumultuous years in the mid-'60s. I was a teen-age hippie/guitarist wannabe, and I thought Jerry was God. Although I saw him as often as possible in concert, I met him in person less frequently, but he was always kind to me.

I last spoke to him only briefly after a Dead show in Eugene, Oregon, in 1992, which I happened to attend during a visit with friends in Portland. It turned out to be, for me, a fantastic Prankster reunion. Kesey, Ken Babbs, George Walker, Zonker (Steven Lambrecht) and others of Dad's cohorts were there, most of whom I hadn't seen in 20 years. There was a private showing of Babbs' "Multi-media Cassady Tribute" that night at a downtown hotel ballroom, which Jerry and the band also attended. I was flattered that Jerry remembered me and seemed genuinely interested in my welfare after so long. That night he was cheerful and funny. When the management asked us to leave because the Dead's roadies had loaded in their own beer for the function (we were supposed to buy it from the hotel bar), Jerry stood up and announced, "We've been thrown out of better places than this!," and we retreated to Bobby's suite in their own hotel a few miles up the freeway to continue the party. Jerry skipped it and went to bed, and I was always disappointed that I wasn't able to talk to him more that night. Now he's gone and I never will.

Years before I would timidly approach backstage doors to be intimidated by gruff security personnel until Jerry intervened and invited me to talk backstage and watch the show. He'd be casually I'd feel awestruck. He was just an extremely nice man. He was my guitar hero, and directly influenced my own style with his staccato down-beat accents in his solos, the tripled hammer-offs, and the unique way he could play out of key and make it work.

I think his legacy is the remarkable way in which he could bring joy to so many people from different walks of life in so many ways that made one feel he was talking personally just to you. I know he affected me that way.

— John Cassady

"Close to the perfect Dead concert"

-New York Post, September 26, 1995



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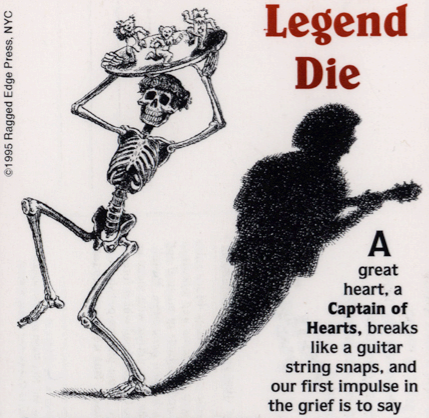

A great heart, a **Captain of Hearts,** breaks like a guitar string snaps, and our first impulse in the grief is to say *Good-bye, Grateful Dead.* But the Grateful Dead are more than the sum of its band members; as the musical bedrock of an entire subculture, it feeds the imagination, rekindles communal spirit and holds aloft dreams of personal and planetary transformation.

Keep The Grateful Dead Alive

- The Sticker Dude

DL0747

Jerry Garcia on Tour: The Way We Were

PERSONAL PERSPECTIVE

By Paul Krassner

Even though President Bill Clinton occasionally wears a Jerry Garcia designer necktie, Garcia himself never wore a tie. But he did have a drawer filled with black T-shirts, along with a copy of the "Urantia Book." He once told me that anyone who read that 2,097-page sci-fi/spiritual tome from cover to cover, which he had done, would receive a mysterious visit from three elderly women. They never arrived at *his* door.

▪ ▪ ▪

In 1985, I asked him how he remained optimistic. "There's 48 wars going on now, simultaneously, and yet your music is joyful. Even 'Please Don't Murder Me' is a joyful song."

"Well," Garcia answered, "when things are at that level, there's kind of a beauty to the simplicity of it. I wrote that song when the Zodiac killer was out murdering in San Francisco. Every night, I was coming home from the studio, and I'd stop at an intersection and look around, and if a car pulled up, it was like, 'this is it, I'm gonna die now.' It became a game. Every night, I was conscious of that thing, and the refrain got to be so real to me. 'Please don't murder me, *please* don't murder me . . .'"

▪ ▪ ▪

It was 1967, and there was a concert in Pittsburgh, with the Grateful Dead, the Velvet Underground, the Fugs and myself as comic relief. I soon found myself in the lobby talking with Garcia. As people from the audience wandered past us, he whimsically stuck out his hand, palm up. "Got any spare change?"

A passerby gave him a dime, and Garcia said thanks.

"He didn't recognize you," I said.

"See, we all look alike," he replied.

In the course of our conversation, I used the word *evil* to describe somebody.

"There are no evil people," Garcia said. "There are only victims."

"What does that mean? If a rapist is a victim, you should have compassion when you kick him in the groin?"

After the show, some local folks took me to a restaurant that, they told me, catered to a Mafia clientele. As I glanced around at the diners, I wondered if anybody had killed anybody. Then I remembered what Garcia had said about evil. So these guys might be executioners, but they were also victims.

It was the Summer of Love.

▪ ▪ ▪

Cut to 1978. Bob Weir looked up at the Great Pyramid and cried out, "What is it?"

Actually, it was the place for locals to go on a cheap date. The Pyramids were surrounded by moats of discarded bottle caps. The Grateful Dead were scheduled to play on three successive nights at an open-air theater in front of them, with the Sphinx looking on. An air of incredible excitement permeated the first night. Never had the Dead been so inspired. Backstage, Garcia was passing along final instructions to the band: "Remember, play in tune."

The music began with Egyptian oudist Hamza el-Din, backed up by a group tapping out ancient rhythms on their 14-inch-diameter *tars*, soon joined by Mickey Hart, a butterfly with drumsticks; then Garcia ambled on with a gentle guitar riff, then the rest of the band, and as the Dead meshed with the percussion ensemble, basking in total respect of each other, Weir suddenly segued into Buddy Holly's "Not Fade Away."

"Did you see that?" Ken Kesey said. "The Sphinx's jaw just dropped!"

Every morning, my roommate, George Walker, climbed to the top of the Pyramid. He was in training. It would be his honor to plant a Grateful Dead skull-and-lightning-bolt flag on top of the Great Pyramid. This was *our* Iwo Jima. In preparation for the final concert, I was sitting in the tub-like sarcophagus at the center of gravity in the Great Pyramid. I had heard that the sound of the universe was D-flat. So that's what I chanted. It was only as I breathed in deeply before each extended *Om* that I was forced to ponder the mystery. The secret of the Dead would finally be revealed to me, if only I paid proper attention.

There was a full eclipse of the moon, and Egyptian kids were running through the streets, shaking tin cans filled with rocks in order to bring it back. "It's OK," I assured them. "The Grateful Dead will bring back the moon." And, sure enough, a rousing rendition of "Ramble On, Rose" would accomplish that feat.

The line between incongruity and appropriateness had disappeared, along with the moon. The music was so powerful that the only way to go was ecstasy. That night, when the Dead played "Fire on the Mountain," I danced my ass off with all the others on that outdoor stage as if I had no choice.

"You know," rock impresario Bill Graham confessed, "this is the first time I've ever danced in public." "Me, too," I said. That was the secret.

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Jerry Garcia will remain an icon representing the sense of community that has always accompanied the music of the Grateful Dead. Their concerts served as

Please see GARCIA, M6

Paul Krassner, who edits the Realist, is author of "Confessions of a Raving, Unconfined Nut: Misadventures in the Counter-Culture" (Simon & Schuster).

OPINION

ALLISON SILVER
Sunday Opinion Editor

GARY SPIECKER
Deputy Opinion Editor

arcia

Continued from M2

healing ceremonies, as extended family reunions, as celebrations of a shared value system, as Martian conventions. There is a powerful continuity spanning three decades of Dead events, from a benefit in Oakland for the Black Panthers to a concert in Canada, where the entire audience was younger than the number of years that the band had been together.

"It's soulful," Garcia told me. "I see those kids, and I talk to them, the 16-year-olds of today, the 18-year-olds, and they're the same people that we were in the '60s."

"Except with a loss of innocence."

"Exactly. They know there's way more bull---- going on, but all that stuff is more visible, and so, in a way, it's easier for them to deal with it. We were dealing with that world and didn't quite understand what we were up to, although we suspected the worst, and now they're used to being in that kind of paranoid reality."

"So they have less deconditioning to do."

"That might work for them, it might work against them, but the point is that they're game, they're good people, I know that about them."

That's the essential spirit of Garcia's legacy, and it will continue to transcend generations, even though the Zodiac killer finally sneaked into his room and murdered him in his sleep, and then he was mysteriously transported to another plane by three elderly women.

On a radio call-in show, a teen-age girl, who last year mourned the loss of Kurt Cobain, reassures listeners now mourning the loss of Jerry Garcia, that "the pain never goes away but it does fade." Another caller advises that "Rehab is not for everybody." And somebody else suggests that "there will now be actual chunks of Jerry Garcia in Ben & Jerry's Cherry Garcia ice cream."

Jerry would love them all equally. □

DL0748

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N.Y. TIMES 8/20/95

POP VIEW/Jon Pareles

He Let His Music Do the Talking

JERRY GARCIA NEVER SPOKE MUCH during Grateful Dead concerts. The Dead's lead guitarist, singer and main songwriter was a voluble, articulate man offstage, as his many interviews reveal. But he worried that any words he spoke to the Dead's audiences in sold-out arenas might be taken far too seriously by fans, who seemed willing to consider him an oracle.

Garcia, whose death on Aug. 9 led to spontaneous, tearful vigils across the United States, never strove to be a rock icon. Bearded, bespectacled and usually portly, he did not trade on conventional sex appeal or any kind of self-aggrandizement. At concerts, Garcia received a star's ovations whenever he started to sing, and often at the first glimmer of his lead guitar. But he wanted fans to treat him as a musician — to listen above all — and throughout the Dead's 30-year career he made sure that they did.

Jerry Garcia's self-effacing, kindly uncle persona helped keep his guitar playing ahead of personality.

Grateful Dead concerts were notably quieter than anything else on the arena and stadium circuit: they didn't bludgeon an audience; they whispered and drew listeners closer. And Garcia himself was determinedly low-key, unconnected to show-business flamboyance. He performed his guitar solos without moving much more than his fingers, and when it was time for vocals, he simply sidled up to the microphone and delivered his part, singing words he did not write. He simply wasn't interested in putting personality ahead of the music.

Garcia's self-effacement made him rock's kindly uncle, a tolerant adult who wouldn't disapprove of partying all night at a concert. As the Dead became rock's best-selling concert attraction, particularly as they filled arenas throughout the 1980's, Garcia's age grew to be double that of many Deadheads, and when his hair turned gray, he could have almost been Santa Claus. He didn't raise his voice but did deliver benedictions like the one that ends "Ripple": "If I knew the way, I would take you home."

The tone of Garcia's guitar, recognizable from just one note, was open and amiable; he might use a wah-wah pedal, but he didn't make his guitar bite or cut or scream. More often than not, he eased away from the big climaxes that most lead guitarists live for. There was no aggression in his solos, and even when he picked up speed, he phrased with the relaxed tickle of a bluegrass guitarist. His most characteristic mannerism, sliding down a few frets, was the sonic image of someone slipping out of the spotlight. He played the way a dolphin swims with its school; his guitar lines would glide out, shimmer and gambol in the sunlight, then blend into the group as if nothing had happened.

The words he sang were usually by the band's longtime lyricist Robert Hunter, and they shied away from constructing any single persona. In Grateful Dead songs, Garcia wasn't consistently a lover or a fighter; he wasn't a sufferer, a rascal or a cynic. Nor was he angry, tortured or self-important; he was just the unassuming voice that carried tall tales or strings of images, which would dissolve as Dead songs turned into jams.

When Garcia sang, he might be the fugitive in "Friend of the Devil," the enigma-watcher in "China Cat Sunflower," the wry survivor in "Touch of Grey," the tempted suitor in "Scarlet Begonias," the ill-starred hillbilly in "Tennessee Jed," the departing lover in "Brokedown Palace," or a wife-stealing, rock-and-rolling Uncle Sam in "U.S. Blues." He didn't play the hero, and he wasn't some kind of romantic anti-hero either. In their songs, Garcia and Hunter gave advice — "Don't you let your deal go down" — but they never whined.

Obviously, Garcia chose the words he wanted for his melodies, and he and Hunter must have shared some favorite themes: wandering, hard luck, gambling, the American South, the inevitability of loss and death. It was the stuff of old blues and mountain music, which face tragedy through resilient humor. The Dead reinterpreted those traditions with a psychedelic sense of detachment and whimsical causality; there would always be another metamorphosis, so why not enjoy it?

GARCIA'S MUSIC, THE DEAD'S MUsic, embodied that metamorphosis. He knew about structure; his compositions use time-honored song forms. But in a rock business devoted to selling recordings, which are fixed and immutable, the Dead were determined to take music out of the can; in that, Garcia was like a jazz musician, though he didn't really play jazz. The Dead's repertory included dozens of songs with an infinity of variations on them, preserved on official recordings and on fans' homemade tapes that the band condoned and encouraged. But none of the recordings are definitive; the Dead heard music not as something perfectible but as something best heard at the moment of creation.

Most institutions are dedicated to stability, and in some ways the Dead were, too. Year after year, they hit the road with a good sound system to play generous, sprawling sets. But they had built their institution on the love of instability, on the inspirations and coincidences of each night's place, time and community, with the musicians at its center. It's difficult to imagine the Dead without Garcia; as an institution, the Dead may turn out to be as fragile as one man's health, battered by drugs, cigarettes and junk food. And with all the benevolence of his voice and his guitar, Garcia kept reminding fans that death was never too far down the road. □

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Sun Aug. 13, 95

ON CALIFORNIA
PETER H. KING

A Long, Strange Trip, Etc.

The Grateful Dead represents the end of the Sixties, basically.

—A 21-year-old college student, interviewed in the Haight after the death of Jerry Garcia.

SAN FRANCISCO

Yes, they were saying it again last week. Jerry Garcia had died and so, it was proclaimed by many, had the Sixties. Again. By my rough count, this latest passing represented about the 25th time that the decade has died. It was said previously to have died in a kitchen of the Ambassador Hotel, and also in the stage pit at Altamont, and on a motel balcony in Memphis.

Or it died with Jim Morrison in Paris, or with Cesar Chavez in La Paz, or with Sharon Tate and the rest, in the house up on Cielo Drive. It died when the last chopper fluttered off the roof of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon. It died when John Travolta danced disco in "Saturday Night Fever." It died when Marine One took Nixon away. And it died, oh, most definitely, when Jane Fonda showed up at the World Series, performing the Atlanta Braves tomahawk chop with Ted Turner.

A curious thing, this capacity to die and die again. It raises questions. Maybe some people have been overly eager to bury the Sixties. Maybe some other people have been afraid to let them go. In any case, the fixation on this long-gone decade—long gone, anyway, by the conventional calendar test—provides powerful evidence that they haven't made any like it since. Look at it this way: Has anyone out there ever wasted a single moment wondering just when, exactly, the Seventies died? Didn't think so. □

On the night Jerry Garcia died, a memorial was under way in Golden Gate Park. The crowd, a couple hundred strong, huddled together at the center of the polo grounds. A breeze was up, bending the trees that encircle the vast bowl of green. News vans were parked on the perimeter, waiting to go live at 11 with the death of the Sixties.

While plenty of old hippies were present, most of the mourners seemed young enough to need Cliff notes to decipher Forrest Gump. They looked the part, though, with their tie-dye shirts and their soulful stares into the flickering light of candles stuffed into empty wine bottles and beer cans. The night smelled of pot and incense. Many people played music at the same time, but none played together. A wild man wandered the edges, screaming, "Sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll."

In short, everyone performed to type, acting precisely as one would expect at a keening for the man who was the soul of Sixties music, San Francisco-style. And it was precisely this that left me feeling unsettled, again. I'd experienced the same flash covering a farm workers march last summer . . . and watching protesters take over a UC regents meeting last month . . . and, back in my cub reporter days here, writing continually, it seemed, about the low-rent court trials or religious conversions of Sixties icons.

It is a gnawing sense that much of what transpires on the public stage anymore is but an acting job, a reprise of famous performances from The Decade. The right slogans are shouted, the proper songs sung. Even some of the old characters shuffle through in cameo roles. Still, it's all been said and sung before, by the original artists in real time. Ours is the age of the sequel.

□

All of which, no doubt, says as much about me as it does about the endless churning of decades. I was only 13 when the Sixties first died, back in 1968. I had read the operator's manual: "The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test." My bell-bottoms were decorated with flowers. I was ready. And then, boom, Bobby Kennedy, Charles Manson, the draft ends, the Beatles break up, leaving us with . . . Rod Stewart? No wonder I feel out of sorts in encounters with echoes of the Sixties: I was cheated.

No wonder, too, why so many people contrive to cling to that time. What has come after? Disco, Yuppies, New Puritans, computer nerds. Those who created the social and political revolutions of the 1960s had no script. They didn't know where it all was going. That was its beauty. Maybe if they did know—that Cleaver would turn to peddling codpiece trousers, that Hayden would wind up in the state Legislature, that Garcia would die trying to sober up in Serenity Knolls—maybe they would have canceled the whole deal.

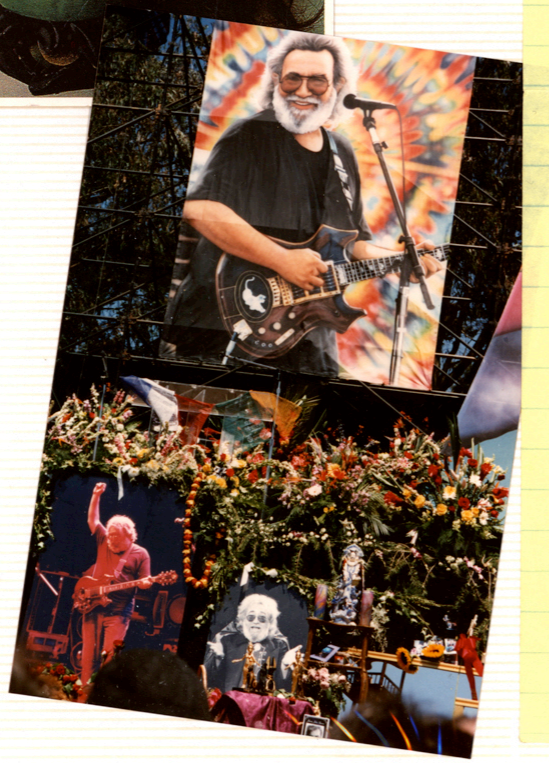
They didn't, happily, and so they stocked the wine cellar with an irreplaceable vintage. What Garcia's death represents is the polishing off of one more bottle. There are others left, but not that many. So hang in, Dylan et al. When you go, a whole decade goes with you. Again.

BOOK EIGHT

‘95 - ’96







What It Is

Music isn't just something to listen to when you are going about your day, it's everything! Its the reason we exist, it why we are here in the first place. Why do you think love is at the core of every song, every symphony, every opera, from an Aboriginal Courting song to Stravinski's "Le Scare Du Pretemps" (the Rite of Spring), it all boils down to our most primative emotion.... Love!

How many People in this world were concieved while music was playing? How many people are born to the sound of Tribal drums, the melodies of music or the ryhthm of the city.

Music is every where. It permeates every culture, every society and is the thread of life we sew from generation to generation.

Without music life would cease to exist. All our culture would die, wars would break out in every corner of the world and we would eventually exterminate ourselves..... not fun.

So instead, lets have a big party and turn the music up real loud and praise the Lord that we have such a wonderful diversity of Real Good Music in this WORLD!

Yahoo!

JS 3·31·95

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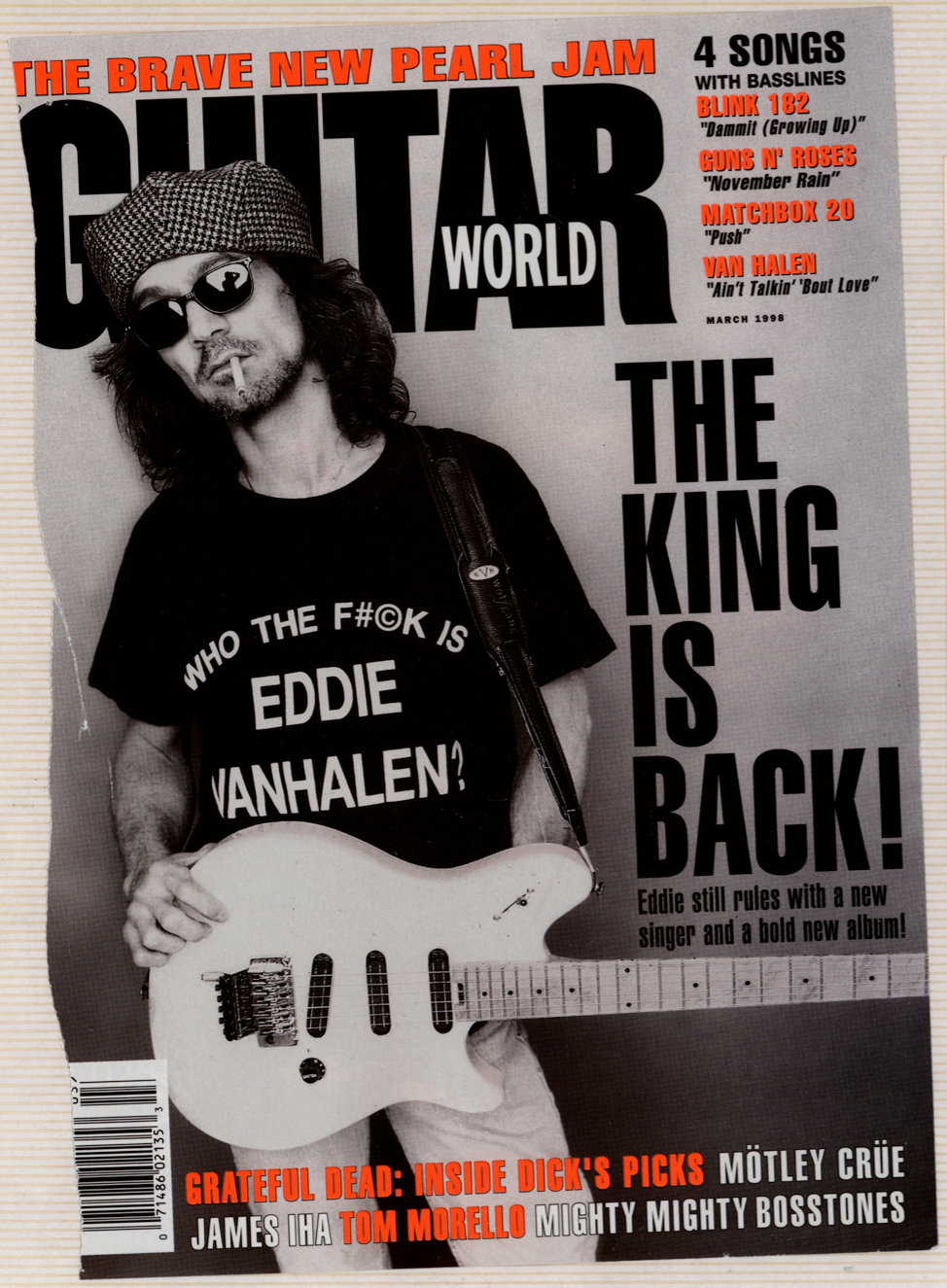
THE BRAVE NEW PEARL JAM
GUITAR WORLD
4 SONGS
WITH BASSLINES
BLINK 182
"Dammit (Growing Up)"
GUNS N' ROSES
"November Rain"
MATCHBOX 20
"Push"
VAN HALEN
"Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Love"
MARCH 1998
THE KING IS BACK!
Eddie still rules with a new singer and a bold new album!
WHO THE F#©K IS EDDIE VANHALEN?
GRATEFUL DEAD: INSIDE DICK'S PICKS
MÖTLEY CRÜE
JAMES IHA
TOM MORELLO
MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES


PRESENTS
GRATEFUL DEAD
AND
NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE
AT THE
SANTA ROSA FAIRGROUNDS
SATURDAY NIGHT, DEC. 12th
WITH LIGHTS & ORB LIGHTS
DOORS OPEN AT 7:30
PRESALE $15.00
$20 AT THE DOOR
BAY AREA: Changing Faces & Tower Records, San Francisco; Discount Records, Berkeley; MARIN: Sound Shoppe & Everybody's Natural Foods, San Anselmo; Changing Faces & Rock Island Line Organic Food, Sausalito; Larkspur Natural Food; San Rafael Pawnshop; SONOMA: Music Box, Stanmy's Music, Jones' Music & SRJC Student Activities Office, Santa Rosa; Cotati Co. No. 2; Forestville Trading Co.; Faith Records, Glen Ellen; Satori, Monte Rio; Rising Sun, Sebastopol.

DL0802

THE CHARLOTTE OBSERV (BREAK MAGAZINE)

Sound Alternatives



Grateful Dead — *Dick's Picks Volume Three* (GDM)

The recent autonomy that Grateful Dead tape vault keeper Dick Latvala has been granted is beginning to show. The most recent installment in the releases that bear Latvala's name is the proof. This time around Dick chose a crisp Betty Board (note: named after tape operator Betty Cantor Jackson) recording from May 22, 1977 at the Sportatorium in Pembroke Pines, Florida.

Dick's Picks Volume Three is a smoking example of the heights that the Dead could reach, when inspired to do so. Disc One begins with a quick "Funiculi Funicula" tuning that is usually started by Garcia and if he plays long enough, the rest of the band will swiftly follow suit. A rousing "The Music Never Stopped" is next, followed by "Sugaree" that not only is over 15 minutes in length, but is superior in the execution department as well. Next up is the Dead's CD debut of "Lazy Lightning> Supplication." These two tunes are linked together in an extended jam that just wasn't possible when performed by guitarist Bob Weir's other part-time band — Kingfish. As if that wasn't enough another 16 minute extravaganza develops as the disco-influenced "Dancin' In The Streets," explodes. No folks, it literally erupts and oozes all over the place. Donna Godchaux — the only lady in the band and a damn good vocalist to boot, shines as she does some fine vocal counterplay with Garcia during the songs' waning moments. Disc One then comes to a sweaty, teeth gnashing, aurally orgasmic frenzy with what some Deadheads call "The Trinity" "Help On The Way> Slipknot!> Franklin's Tower." I can't stress just how good this version is.

After a short respite, to change discs, a full throttle attack from Bobby Weir comes in the form of "Samson and Delilah." This cover from the Rev. Gary Davis catalog was a recent addition to Dead shows around this time and while it packs a mean punch thanks to our friends in the rhythm section, it hasn't quite evolved into the bone shakin' paean it would become. Donna Godchaux is in the spotlight next with "Sunrise," her only solo vocal performance with the Dead. It is absolutely haunting. It is the proverbial calm before the impending "Estimated Prophet>Eyes Of The World>Wharf Rat>Terrapin Station>(Walk Me Out In The) Morning Dew." This 45 minute musical montage throws bassist Phil Lesh in front of the mix for a while and has him performing audio acrobatics that remind me of the notion I once had that he'd make somebody a nice band leader someday.

All said, Mr. Dick Latvala should be very proud (as usual) with his work. He has picked a tremendous show from an even more spectacular era. As usual, if you want any of the discs in the Dick's Picks series, they are only available domestically through Grateful Dead Merchandising at 1-800-225-3323 or by writing PO Box X Navato, Ca. 94915. The price is only $18.50 and that includes shippage of this double-disc masterpiece to your door. If you're wanting to order for the holidays do so post haste. Due to the passing of Jerry Garcia, GDM is swamped with requests for all things Dead.

— Lindsay Planer





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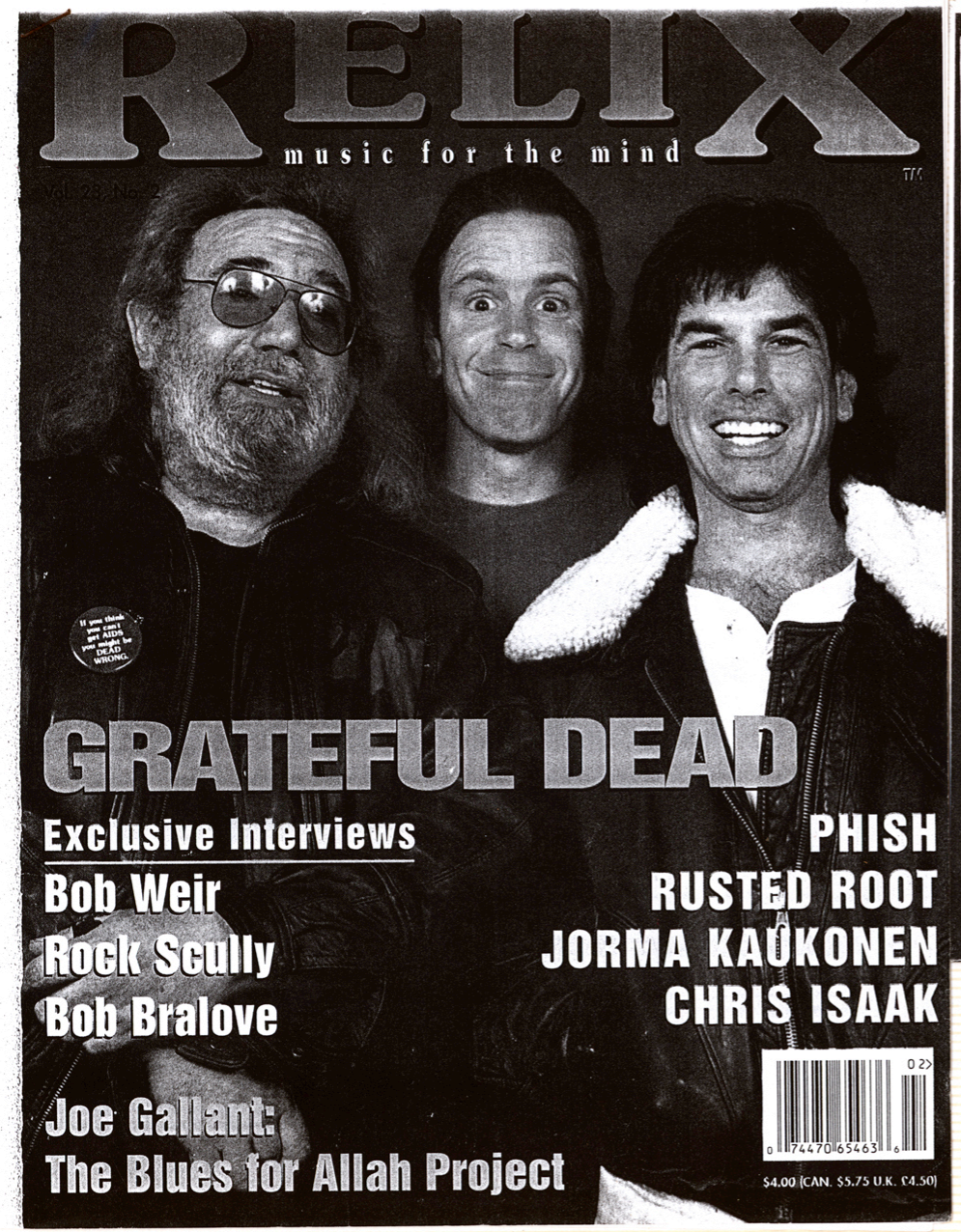




THE FILLMORE EAST FAMILY
Managing Director . . . . . Kip Cohen
Business Manager . . . . . Jane Geraghty
Stage Manager . . . . . Michael Ahern
Assistant Stage Manager . . . . . Bill Chesboro
Box Office Treasurers . Robert Beckwith

GRATEFUL DEAD

Grateful Dead includes Jerry Garcia (lead guitar), Bob Weir (rhythm guitar), Phil Lesh (bass), Ron "Pigpen" McKernan (vocals, keyboard, congas) and William Kreutzman and Mickey Hart (percussion).

The group began in San Francisco in 1964 as Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions, including Jerry Garcia, Pigpen and Bob Weir. When a music store owner offered to loan them rock equipment against its eventual purchase, they assented and took in Bill Kreutzman and Phil Lesh.

At first calling themselves the Warlocks, they began experimenting with this new idiom they had stumbled across. They played at Kesey's home in La Honda, thus initiating the relationship with the Merry Pranksters which Tom Wolfe has documented in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test:* "Acid-Rock . . . the mothers of it all were the Grateful Dead."

Timothy Leary went one or two steps further: "They're the greatest of rock groups."

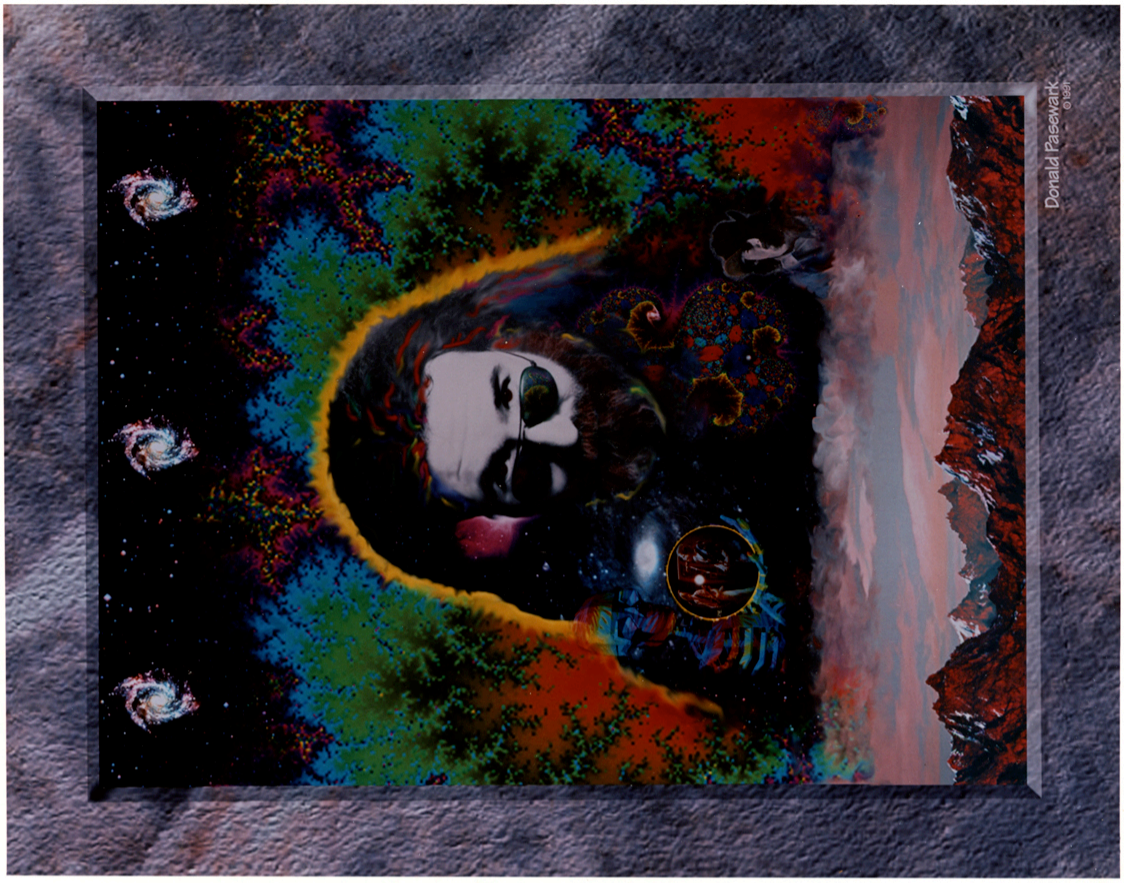
A *Rolling Stone* review of the group's latest LP put forth that "if you'd like to visit a place where rock is likely to be in about five years, you might think of giving *Live/Dead* a listen or two."

They've played at many free concerts. This is their sixth appearance at Fillmore East.

Table 1. Alleged and actual chemistry of 36 drug samples. One LSD and three mescaline samples were possible duplicates.

Alleged chemistry	Actual chemistry							
	LSD	Psilocybin	Mescaline	STP	MDA	Other	None identified	Total
LSD	14					1*		15
Psilocybin	4						1	5
Mescaline	7			4		1†	1	13
STP								
THC					1			
MDA						2*		2
Total	25			4	1	4	2	36

DL0804


Donald Pasewark
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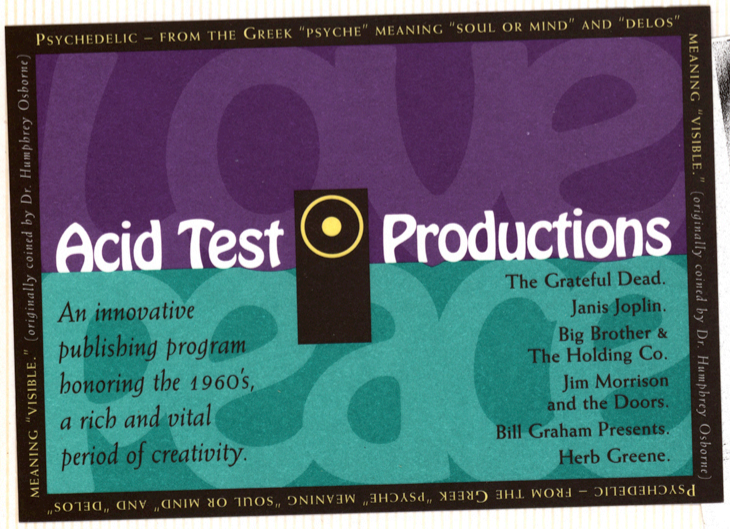
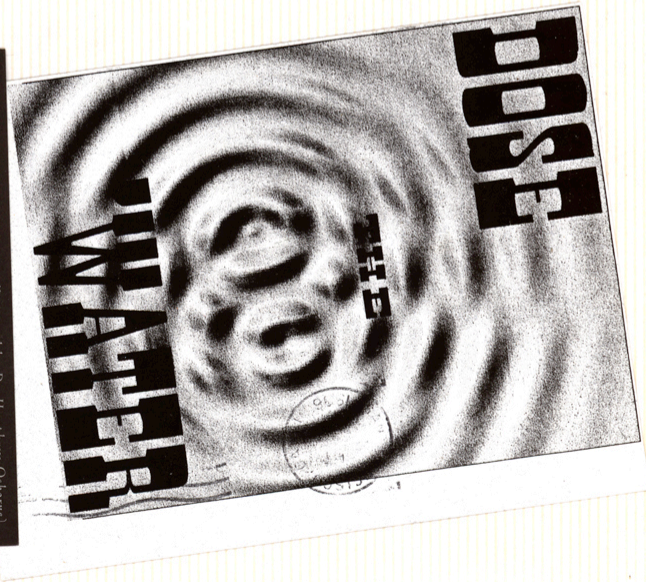

PSYCHEDELIC – FROM THE GREEK "PSYCHE" MEANING "SOUL OR MIND" AND "DELOS"
MEANING "VISIBLE." (originally coined by Dr. Humphrey Osborne)
Acid Test Productions
An innovative publishing program honoring the 1960's, a rich and vital period of creativity.
The Grateful Dead.
Janis Joplin.
Big Brother & The Holding Co.
Jim Morrison and the Doors.
Bill Graham Presents.
Herb Greene.
PSYCHEDELIC – FROM THE GREEK "PSYCHE" MEANING "SOUL OR MIND" AND "DELOS"
MEANING "VISIBLE." (originally coined by Dr. Humphrey Osborne)


ESP
WATER

Deeds

ENCORE

THE SACRAMENTO BEE, MAY 17, 1992

LIVE DEAD



PAGE 16

HOW THE GRATEFUL DEAD BECAME ROCK'S TOP-GROSSING CONCERT ACT

DL0807

NIGHTS OF THE LIVING DEAD



The Grateful Dead has performed more than 2,000 live shows since it started in 1965.

Boston, MA
Boston Globe
(Cir. D. 509,573)
(Cir. S. 787,858)

DEC 2 8 1995

GRATEFUL DEAD
DICK'S PICKS VOLUME THREE
05/22/77
Grateful Dead Records

Tape collectors have long revered May '77 as one of the Dead's peak periods, and tape archivist Dick Latvala has satisfied the faithful with this honey of a show from Pembroke Pines, Fla. The two-CD set is virtually flawless and is filled with well-executed standards and a few rarities.

Disc one takes off with a sweetly played "Sugaree" and continues to gain momentum with a "Lazy Lightning/Supplication" jam that is exquisite. "Dancing in the Streets" gets a thorough workout and the disc finishes up with a signature "Help on the Way/Slipknot/Franklin's Tower" trilogy.

A roaring "Samson and Delilah" starts disc two along with the rarely played "Sunrise." Later comes "Wharf Rat," trailed by "Terrapin Station" and an awe-inspiring "Morning Dew."

There has been some grumbling among the taping cognoscenti about the release of this widely available show, but it's a service extraordinaire for those without access to high-quality tapes.

Available through mail order only at 1-800-CAL-DEAD.

— JIMMY CAWLEY

Most bands can't say that the song list was different for every show they ever performed, or that the material itself, evolved from night to night, year to year.

For the legion of fans who haunt Grateful Dead concerts, the performance is everything

By David Barton
Bee Pop Music Critic

Drugs have always played a major role in the story of the Grateful Dead, but its most devout fans have a stronger need: An insatiable thirst for the music.

"It's an addiction," says Dick Latvala of his relationship to the band he first heard at the Longshoremen's Hall in San Francisco in 1966. "When I discovered in 1974 that there were tapes of their live shows, that became my focus, totally. I spent about 15 years collecting tapes and getting the best ones I could, because I craved the experience.

"That's about all I've done in life, other than work on my inner self," he says sheepishly. "Basically, all I've done is collect this music. If I was religious, this would be a religion. I'm definitely fanatical."

He is not alone in his fanaticism. The hunger for the music of the Dead, which Tuesday evening begins a three-night string of shows at the Cal Expo Amphitheatre, is apparently impossible to sate for hundreds of thousands of Deadheads, many of whom have devoted their lives to the band's music.

C18 San Francisco Chronicle ☆☆☆
8/18/95

JON CARROLL

Dead Today, Gone Tomorrow

ONE OF MY RULES for the column is that I try not to write about something that lots of other people are writing about unless I have something new to say. Would, he said smugly, that others would follow this rule.

So when Jerry Garcia died, I figured there were plenty of people saying plenty of things, and in among them were all the things I would have said. I met Garcia once for a few hours — he struck me as low-key, modest, ordinary. People said that

People said a lot more, though — indeed, people talked more about the meaning of his death than about the nature of the man who died. And I do have something to say about the thanatological commentary.

I thought it said more about the commentators than about the event commented upon. I thought a lot of it was propaganda or self-justification, and was really pretty tasteless in a time of mourning. Dead men don't give no piggyback rides — I made that up just now.

It's not even a box of rain — it's just another passage, just another day

Inevitably, a lot of it was about drugs. One stream went like this: Drugs killed Jerry Garcia; let that be a lesson to you. He lived the rock and roll life, and he died of an overdose of the '60s; he died of illegal drug use. Nyah nyah nyah, only said with polysyllabic sorrow.

Folks, the human body does not know which drugs are legal and which drugs are illegal. It doesn't know a hit of heroin from a cheeseburger. It does not know whether that pain pill was obtained legally or illegally.

It's a damn paper clip, the body. Twist it enough, bend it enough, it breaks. Total fatigue followed by total system failure.

As my friend Jeanne says, how the world works is not a secret. On average, all things considered, fat people don't live as long as thin people. People who smoke tobacco die sooner than people who don't. People who exercise live longer than people who don't.

And people who had the bad taste to choose poor parents don't live as long, either. People who were born in Bosnia have a lowered life expectancy. People who don't wear seat belts get killed in car wrecks more than people who do.

In this regard, there is no new lesson to be learned from the death of Jerry Garcia. He made choices the consequences of which were known to him. Few of these choices had much to do with "drugs," as the law narrowly defines them.

Jerry Garcia died the way people die. In this too, he was ordinary.

THE DRUG ISSUE was used the other way too. The whole romantic portmanteau was dragged out again, the stuff about Promethean heroes sacrificing themselves for their art, about yearning for transcendence and being willing to take the risks. Baudelaire, Rimbaud, blah blah blah.

Behind the rhetoric was a central belief: Good chemicals make good art. I have some experience in this matter, and I do not believe that to be true. I've written drunk and I've written sober, and you can't tell the difference. I know you can't. Looking back a decade, I can't tell the difference either. It is precisely irrelevant.

Sober writers live longer than drunk writers — that's about the only generalization that holds up.

This is not a lesson that anyone wants to hear, as it confounds the theories of both camps. But ask the people who have done it; they'll tell you.

Kids, if you want to make good art, make good art. If you want to get loaded, get loaded; fine with me. Don't think it's the only route to creativity, though. Ain't true. People get loaded all the time because humans just wanna have fun — that's about all there is to say about that.

LOOK: "American Beauty" still exists. "Workingman's Dead" is available in a million homes. The lessons to be learned are still there; you can own them merely by hearing them. Do that.



A quintessentially '60s psychedelic poster put out the word of a concert at the Avalon Ballroom in San Francisco.

That devotion has been infectious, spreading far beyond the circle of Deadheads to reach a mass audience, which last year bought enough tickets to make the Grateful Dead, against all the conventional wisdom, the biggest-grossing concert act in the world.

That devotion also prompted Deadhead John Scott to quit his job as the head of a Macintosh software development team at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire to pursue his passion. His business now is DeadBase, a database recording all things related to the band "in nauseating detail," says Scott. He guesses he spends 60 to 80 hours a week on the database, much of it listening to tapes of every Dead show, painstakingly timing them and recording every title and detail.

Scott, working with West Coast associates Stu Nixon (a statistician at biotechnology giant Genentech Inc.) and Mike Dolgushkin, records set lists for virtually all of the shows the band has played since it formed in 1965, covering more than 2,000 shows. Those set lists include every song, who sang it, when and where, and notes special musical guests who appeared.

The DeadBase is then cross-referenced to songwriters, the most commonly played songs (through 1990, "Me and My Uncle" was the topper, with 532 performances, with "Sugar Magnolia" and "Playing in the Band" right behind), polls of readers' favorite tapes and comments on which concert venues do and do not like Deadheads. There's a discography, some 300 reviews of concerts and details of television appearances and the band members' side projects.

DeadBase, the sixth annual edition of which will be

Please see DEAD, page 18

DL0809

The Virginian Pilot
NORFOLK, VA.
D-153,181
VA-97
From: Allen's P.C.B.
MAR 6 1992
BURRELLE'S

MUSIC



LOVE YOU LIVE: THE 1985 INCARNATION OF THE GRATEFUL DEAD.

THE DEAD LIVE, LIKE YOU'VE NEVER HEARD THEM BEFORE

By Rickey Wright
Special to Preview

"THERE IS NOTHING like a Grateful Dead concert," goes the old saying — not even the band's own studio albums, admits everyone, including band members.

Now their own label has embarked on a series of new releases in an attempt to capture several different sides of the Dead experience for home consumption.

Aug. 13, 1975, was the night of the Dead's live premiere of its "Blues

TONIGHT IN HAMPTON

for Allah" album in San Francisco. Tapes of the show have long been favorites among collectors, so it was a natural for "One From the Vault." The double-CD captures every note.

The album and a forthcoming sequel, "Two From the Vault," were produced by Dan Healy, the Dead's sound engineer for a quarter-century. Where the first in the series was a relative breeze to put together, the second proved a chore.

When tape archivist Dick Latvala settled on a little-known August 1968 Los Angeles show for the second release, Healy had his work cut out. The "practically flawless performance" had been captured on a tape that was anything but.

The Warner Bros. engineers responsible for the recording "were guys who had worked mostly in big-band sort of situations," Healy says. Their inexperience in handling amplified rock led to an eight-track master tape with "a phenomenal among of leakage" among instrumental, vocal and "audience ambience" microphones.

Back then, "there was nothing you could do about it," Healy says. "It was just considered a lost tape."

But the advent of digital technology allowed Healy to restore the stereo image and remix the tapes.

"It took weeks. It took probably six weeks of working seven days a week" in the Dead's Club Front studios, by Healy's reckoning. "This is something that nobody has experienced. It's a treat on that level."

The late vocalist/harmonica player Ron "Pigpen" McKernan is heard "in one of his finest forms ever" on the two discs, according to Healy. The album's concluding note is a sign of the times.

"At the tail end of 'Morning Dew,' the cops turned off our electricity, which was very fashionable then."

"Infrared Roses" is another Grateful Dead Records release whose existence is owed to modern technology. MIDI (Musical Instrument Digital Interface) allows musicians to alter the sounds of their instruments in a number of ways. Bob Bralove first brought it to the Dead about five years ago.

"Roses" is Bralove's baby, an hourlong, all-instrumental release put together from "Drums" and "Space" breakdowns performed in concerts over the band's MIDI-capable period. To coin another bumper sticker, there's no other Dead album like this one.

A forest of drums gives way to doomy, science fiction-inflected sounds. All of which finally gives way to a classic stage-jam ending featuring guest saxophonist Branford Marsalis going head to head with a MIDI-altered Jerry Garcia guitar that sounds for all the world like Miles Davis' trumpet.

That segment, "Apollo at the Ritz," is one of only two on "Roses" that comes from one performance — and even it has been altered in editing. "The later part of the evening comes in the early part of the piece," producer Bralove says.

The album, which is intended as a separate experience from a Dead concert, took about two years to manipulate into shape. The band, which gave Bralove a free hand in creating it, is happy with the result. And even the tape freaks are stumped by some of his trickery. Case in point: "Little Nemo in Nightland," a six-minute cut assembled from bits of 18 shows.

Though Bralove says "they're good at (guessing source) shows," he's proud not to have "found a Deadhead who has been able to nail an edit point" on the album.

Grateful Dead. 7:30 tonight at Hampton Coliseum. 627-1440. Sold out

Recording

Continued from page 17

Wolf." Unfortunately, the group hasn't performed acoustically since. (An edited version, "For the Faithful," was released in 1984.)

Dylan and the Dead (★ ★): (1989, recorded 1987) The Dead had been performing more and more songs by Bob Dylan during the early '80s, so they had tracks like "Joey" and "I Want You" well worked out for their 1987 stadium tour with the enigmatic songwriter. A compelling combination, but it wasn't particularly flattering to either act.

Without a Net (★ ★ ★): (1990, recorded 1989) An excellent, lengthy (two CD) recording that captures the group at the height of its current resurgence, with a number of extended tracks like "Bird Song" and "Eyes of the World" (jazz saxophonist Branford Marsalis guest performing on the latter), as well as a few old favorites like the classic medley "China Cat Sunflower/I Know You Rider." Not for beginners.

One From the Vaults (★ ★ ★): (1991, recorded 1975) The first of the current series of live recordings to be issued from the band's own vaults, this historic tape captures the Dead's only public appearance during a 16-month hiatus from touring in 1975-76. They had just finished recording "Blues for Allah," and debuted the material for fans at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco. Its appeal is mostly to serious Deadheads, which is not to say it's bad, but just inessential. A 21-minute "Blues for Allah" caps a set that also includes a lazy cover of Chuck Berry's "Around and Around."

Infrared Roses (★ ★ ★): (1991) Theoretically live, this is actually a studio creation by producer Bob Bralove, who collects the free-form experiments (generically dubbed "Space") that are a regular feature of the Dead's second set. Bralove has digitally stitched together elements of a wide range of "Space" sets, creating something utterly unlike any other Dead album. For Deadheads and fans of experimental music.

Two From the Vaults (★ ★ ★): (1992, recorded 1968) This year's release from the tape vaults is the oldest of the commercially available live recordings. Made a year before the classic "Live Dead," this two-CD set is beautifully remastered and captures the group's psychedelic roots with most of the songs from "Live Dead" plus versions of "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl," "The Other One" and "New Potato Caboose."

– David Barton



"Reckoning" is a recording of an all-acoustic 1980 performance in San Francisco's Warfield Theatre.

Recording the Dead



If the Grateful Dead is at its best in concert, and not in the studio, it should be no surprise that they have released more than their share of live recordings.

Not counting the literally thousands of tapes of the Dead circulating, as well as the "bootleg" albums that have been issued since 1970, the Dead have released a whopping 12 official live albums, far more than any other rock act.

The value of Dead live albums is that they not only capture – or come close to capturing – the band's live sound, they usually include tracks not found on the studio albums, from covers of others' material (Merle Haggard's "Mama Tried," Traffic's "Dear Mr. Fantasy") to new songs of their own, such as "Playing in the Band" and "Bertha," that were never released in studio versions.

What follows are thumbnail sketches of the Dead's dozen live albums designed to advise listeners who won't be able to get to the Cal Expo Amphitheatre or those who merely want an idea of what the fuss is all about.

Live Dead (★★★): (1970, recorded 1969) This first live album shows the band at its pre-"Workingman's Dead" peak, when its extended jams and progressive song arrangements (all linked in an unending song cycle) made it the soundtrack to a thousand psychedelic experiences. Contains the classic noodler "Dark Star" (all 23 minutes) and a rip-roaring version of "Turn On Your Lovelight."

Grateful Dead (★★★★): (1971) Along with the Dead's two classic country-rock albums of 1970, "Workingman's Dead" and "American Beauty," this is one of the Dead's best and tightest collections of songs, with the classics "Playing in the Band," "Wharf Rat" and "Bertha."

Europe '72 (★★★★): (1972) Perhaps the best introduction to the band for non-fans, this three-LP (now reduced to two-CD) set contains hits such as an extended version of "Truckin'" and takes on old favorites such as "(Walk Me Out in the) Morning Dew" and "Sugar Magnolia," as well as the definitive versions of "One More Saturday Night" and "He's Gone."

Bear's Choice (★★): (1973, recorded in 1970) A selection of tracks ostensibly dedicated to the late keyboardist Ron "Pigpen" McKernan, this part-electric, part-acoustic hodgepodge features a good version of "Smokestack Lightning," but little else to recommend it.

Steal Your Face (★): (1976, recorded 1974) Nicknamed "Steal Your Money" by some disgruntled fans, this jumbled selection of songs from what were reportedly excellent Winterland concerts doesn't capture a Dead show, being hobbled by dumb sequencing and poor sound quality. A must to avoid.

Dead Set (★★): (1981, recorded 1980) Another unimpressive album, this double album suffers from poor sound and, for the most part, weak performances of songs from the last half of the '70s, despite some fine slide guitar work from Jerry Garcia and a few songs, such as "Brokedown Palace" and "Candyman," that don't appear on other legitimate live collections.

Reckoning (★★★★): (1981, recorded 1980) This most unusual Dead live album is an all-acoustic recording from San Francisco's Warfield Theatre, with the band tackling a slew of traditional songs ("Jack-A-Roe," "Deep Elem Blues" and "On the Road Again") as well as reworkings of classic 1970 tracks "Ripple" and "Dire

Please see RECORDING, page 19

Grateful Dead: A Guide to Live and Solo Dead

By Jeff Tamarkin

Ask just about any Deadhead and you'll get the same answer: The music that mattered most was what they performed live. The recordings were secondary, and for many a Grateful Dead fan the myriad group, solo and spinoff albums recorded during the band's 30-year career might as well not have existed at all. It would not be uncommon to find a collector boasting of owning literally thousands of hours of Dead-related concert music on tape, without ever having purchased a single official Grateful Dead album.

That didn't stop the Dead from recording numerous studio albums, though, or from releasing an inordinate number of live albums during their tenure. But again, for the hardcore, even those live albums, fragments of concerts at best, didn't do the band justice: Beyond the official releases was the world of tapes, traded freely with the band's tacit approval. The Dead encouraged this activity by setting aside an area at each show where tapers could feel free to set up their equipment without being harassed, a stance that had many of the more bootleg-wary members of the music industry – and quite a few fellow artists – shaking their heads in disbelief.

In their later years, the Dead admittedly got lax about recording. Their 1987 album, *In The Dark* (which turned out to be their best-seller), was actually their first studio album in seven years, and though they followed up that artistic triumph two years later with the tepid *Built To Last*, that latter studio collection turned out to be their last. Although another studio album by the group was in the formative stages when Jerry Garcia died in 1995, it was never completed (though it is reportedly going to be), and by that time the market for Dead music that one could buy in a store (rather than obtain through the taping network) had shifted anyway, to CD releases of complete concerts taken from the band's own legendary vaults.

Unlike most other artists (only the Beatles and Dylan come to mind), the Dead can truly claim that nearly every note they ever played (save for the earliest stuff) has been documented. From the late '60s onward, the group and/or its devoted fans have made sure that every show was captured on tape, and thousands of collectors have made a lifelong pursuit out of obtaining as many as possible. To the uninitiated, this probably seems insane: Who would want hundreds of recordings of concerts by the same band? But then, most bands can't say that the song list was different for every show they ever performed, or that the material itself, much of which contained passages that were improvisational in nature, evolved from night to night, year to year.

The nature of the beast, then, was such that their shows, each of which seemingly took on a life of its own, could be wildly erratic. Serious Dead collectors quickly came to know which shows from any given era were considered the keepers, and enthusiasts would try to obtain, if not *every* show, at least the ones considered the landmarks.

But not everyone who was into the Dead had the time nor the means to chase down tapes. Thus when Grateful Dead Records was established in the early '90s, with the express purpose of making available to anyone those classic shows, on CD, a whole new area of Dead collecting was opened up. Now non-tapers could own the best gigs too, albeit for a price, and even those who'd already had a show that the Dead chose to release might benefit from the souped-up sound quality and the permanence of the compact disc medium.

This '90s label wasn't the first attempt at a record company from the Dead. In the mid-'70s, between their stay with Warner Bros. and their 1977 move to Arista, they attempted to put out both group and solo recordings, simultaneously running both Grateful Dead Records and Round Records (the latter for solo efforts). But for whatever reason (mismanagement, mainly), that enterprise fell apart and the idea of handling their own affairs was abandoned. It wasn't until the advent of the compact disc made it obvious that they could finally give fans what they'd craved – high-quality, full-length concerts from the archives – that they gave it another go. This time, they're running a tight ship, successful in both the artistic and financial areas, the death of Garcia only giving the surviving band members and their organization more of an impetus to pump product into the market.

For better or worse, the releases that have come forth from the Dead's label – about four to six Dead vault items a year, plus sundry related releases – have attempted to draw fairly from all periods of their history. For younger fans who came aboard in the later years, the CDs have provided an opportunity both to re-experience shows they'd seen and to explore what



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GRATEFUL DEAD: Hundred Year Hall 1-26-72. Grateful Dead Records 40202.

The day Jerry died, all I could hear over and over in my mind were the lines "He's gone, gone, and nothing's gonna bring him back." Particularly, I was thinking of a version of the song of the same name "He's Gone") from the landmark Dead album *Europe '72*, a concert documentary of the band's legendary shows on the continent. Now we have the new album — the fifth in a series of official archival releases by — from that same tour, *Hundred Year Hall*. Incredments a spectacular show from April 26, 1972, recorded live at Jahrhundert Halle, Frankfurt, Germany. The thing to remember about the appeal of the Grateful Dead is its never-ending ability to improvise and grow the music. This night simply smokes.

The sound quality is generally good, though not up to the sonic spectacle of the *From the Vault* series (particularly the Great American Music Hall 1975 show). This set is notable for its second disc/set in particular which kicks off with "Truckin'" and folds seamlessly into a gorgeous 26-minute "Cryptical Envelopment." Often mislabeled "The Other One," this riff jam sequence is much like another Dead trademark song, "Dark Star," in that it is an excuse for the group to jam and improvise. And jam they do. The interplay is sensitive and delicate, and free. The set leads into "Comes a Time" and finally ending in "Sugar Mountain."

Disc one features the first official release of Pigpen singing the classic "Next Time You See Me." Other

PERFORMANCE REVIEW SPRING 1996

Dead classics are present from "Bertha" to "China Cat Sunflower/I Know You Rider" to a 20-minute "Turn on Your Lovelight." This series is great and we are glad that the Dead continue to release albums out of its archives. Get it. — MS

A comparison between any of the spellbinding shows of 1969-70 and one from the '90s often reveals a band that needed to go back and listen to some of those early tapes itself to try to recapture some of the specialness that made them what they were...

GRATEFUL DEAD
Fillmore East 2-11-69
Grateful Dead (GDCD 4054)

Dick's Picks Volume Eight
5/2/70
Grateful Dead (GDCD 4028)

Dick's Picks Volume Nine
9/16/90
Grateful Dead (GDCD 4029)

Terrapin Station–Capital Centre, Landover, MD
3/15/90
Grateful Dead (limited edition–no number)

Fallout From The Phil Zone
Grateful Dead (GDCD 4052)

BOB WEIR AND ROB WASSERMAN
Live
Grateful Dead (GDCD 4053)

KINGFISH
Live At My Father's Place – A Night In New York
Relix (RRCD 2089)

DONNA JEAN
Donna Jean
Muscle Shoals (DJCD-101)

the group was like in its earlier, more experimental days.

But for those older "Heads" who feel that the Dead lost much of their fire in the last decade or two, some of the more recently recorded shows have only served as a reminder that the more edgy, rapscallion Dead of the '60s and early '70s somehow transposed into a band that could actually veer dangerously close to slickness, lethargy and predictability at times, one which produced sparks of creative genius at a significantly less frequent rate than it once did. The Dead may have become more technically proficient as musicians and songwriters as they aged, but they often lost their sense of daring in the process: A comparison between any of the spellbinding shows of 1969-70 and one from the '90s often reveals a band that needed to go back and listen to some of those early tapes itself to try to recapture some of the specialness that made them what they were, that allowed a subculture of Deadheads to flourish and thrive in the first place.

The most recent of the live Dead CDs illustrate these points all too well, while, to a lesser extent, a recent spate of related studio and live recordings involving former members of the Dead, like many past solo and spinoff releases, will have one examining the old sum of the parts equation.

You couldn't ask for a more sterling example of the alternative universe that was the Dead at their peak than *Fillmore East 2-11-69* or *Dick's Picks Volume Eight*, the latter recorded at Harpur College in Binghamton, New York on May 2, 1970. It may seem ironic on the surface that both of these shows took place in New York state, rather than in the band's home base of California, but the Dead have long acknowledged that some of their most memorable performances occurred on the East Coast. In particular, they were fond of Fillmore East, run – as were its San Francisco predecessors – by promoter Bill Graham, originally a New Yorker himself. The New York audiences were less apt to take the Dead and their particular vibe for granted, as they didn't get to see them as often, and the band quickly established a rabid audience in that state. These two releases offer ample opportunity to understand why.

The Fillmore East collection, on two CDs, is atypical in that it isn't comprised of one marathon show. The Dead, still establishing themselves as a presence in New York in early 1969, were serving as the opening act for Janis Joplin on this night, thus their early and late show sets were only an hour long each, as opposed to the three or more they might have played as headliner. But they managed to pack in all of the wallop a full set would normally deliver, and the 2-11 CDs are stellar.

They also serve to indicate how diverse the band could be on a given night. The first set is largely a showcase for Ron "Pigpen" McKernan, the Dead's tough-guy (on the surface)/pussycat (in real life) R&B singer, keyboardist, harpist and mascot, who gave them much of their character in those early days. The show opens with a lengthy take on "Good Morning Little School Girl," the Sonny Boy Williamson blues classic that gave the Dead a chance to stretch out in bluesy mode and allowed Pig to prove that he was no mere white boy singing the blues, but a damn convincing ringer for the real thing.

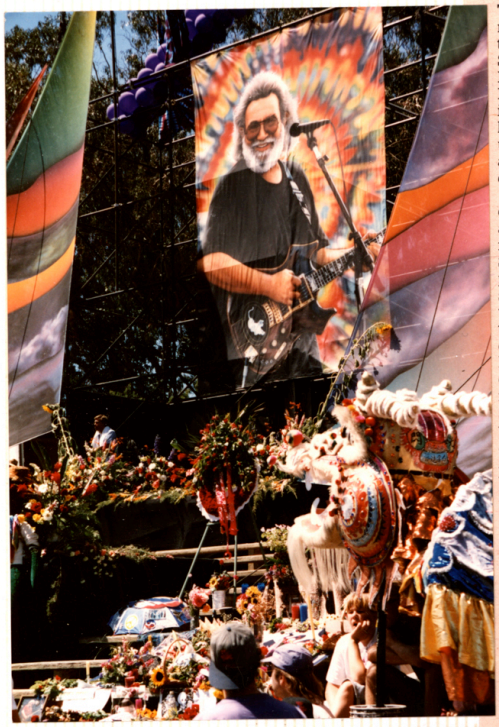
From there, the Dead stretch out into the "Cryptical Envelopment"/"The Other One" segment from their psychedelic masterpiece *Anthem Of The Sun*, riding from reflective to intense and back again. "Doin' That Rag," from their album-in-progress *Aoxomoxoa*, is a hint of the Dead's pending mellowing-out, before the show is driven home with a Pigpen triple-header, moving from the Slim Harpo blues standard "I'm A King Bee" to the Bobby "Blue" Bland showstopper "Turn On Your Lovelight" and closing down with a rare cover of the Beatles' "Hey Jude," which they claim only to have worked out the night before (and only did a few times afterwards).

For the late set, Pigpen must have been out cold in the dressing room, as he's barely present. This time, the band comes out low-key, apropos of the show's midnight launch, offering up two more quiet songs from the then-still-unreleased *Aoxomoxoa*, "Dupree's Diamond Blues" and "Mountains Of The Moon," before digging in to the epic "Dark Star"/"St. Stephen"/"The Eleven" suite that they would record officially for the *Live/Dead* album later that year. This version is especially impressive, the intuitive interplay among the musicians simply magnificent. But where the live album that year would find them heading from that suite into "Lovelight," having already performed that number on this evening they instead hooked it via a drum workout to "Caution," the warped Pigpen-sung blues that had been integral to the second side of the *Anthem* album the previous year.

A swell of controlled feedback derives from "Caution" before giving way to the gorgeous, extended version of the Caribbean acappella "We Bid You Goodnight," bringing the set to a close. Or at least it appears to draw to a close if one believes what the CD sleeve says. There is actually an unbilled semi-bonus track, an encore of "Cosmic Charlie," which is sliced mid-song because – really – the tape ran out on the night of the show.

Fillmore East 2-11-69 (with superb period photos from the venue included) is about as good as it gets, and comes close to matching *Live/Dead* itself as a definitive record of that formative period. But *Dick's Picks Eight*, the 5-2-70 show from Binghamton, is one of those Dead concerts that nearly everyone who is familiar with the band's live history agrees is one of the all-time must-have shows. It took place on the cusp of the Dead's boost into superstardom, that period when they were moving away from the all-electric format to embrace acoustic music, country and the like. This spring tour found them, for the first time on the East Coast, truly in control of their own shows – not only were they no one's opening act, they served as their own, performing an acoustic set to open the show. Between that set and the nightly electric set, the Dead brought out their friends the New Riders of the Purple Sage, an acid-country-rock unit that just happened to feature Jerry Garcia on pedal steel guitar and Dead drummer Mickey Hart. Fans got their money's worth alright. (The NRPS set is not included on the CD.)

Along with the Fillmore East concert they would give almost two weeks later, on May 15th, the May 2





ing on his guitar that is quite engaging. Wasserman, meanwhile, is nothing less than a bass virtuoso, and the two of them hit it off famously here. The material ranges from Dead repertoire ("Looks Like Rain," "Victim Or The Crime," "Throwing Stones") to blues ("Fever," "Walking Blues") and beyond (a Rudyard Kipling poem set to music), and while it'll certainly be appealing to Deadheads, it's far enough away from the usual Dead sound to be enjoyed by anyone who appreciates quality musicianship and pleasing acoustic music.

Back in the mid-'70s, Weir was part of Kingfish, a rocking little band that also featured bassist David Torbert, formerly of New Riders of the Purple Sage, and future Ratdog harmonica player Matthew Kelly. Weir only stayed for a couple of years, so he was gone by the time the band came to New York in 1977 to play at the club My Father's Place on Long Island. So, for that matter, were most of the other original members (except for Torbert and Kelly), but they were still a fun band to see. That's the set that Relix Records has now released as *Live At My Father's Place – A Night In New York*. Its Dead connection may be tenuous, but the music holds its own. (Relix, PO Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229)

The case of Donna Jean Godchaux is a curious one. Her husband, Keith, became the Dead's pianist in 1971, and she came on the next year as a vocalist in the band – its only female member ever. They stayed with the Dead for most of the decade, despite being disliked by a large percentage of the audience and, it would seem, the band itself – Keith and Donna were eventually booted out in 1979. Keith Godchaux died the following year and Donna disappeared from sight. Eventually, word filtered out that she'd become a born-again Christian, denounced the Dead life, remarried and was singing contemporary Christian music with her new hubby back in her native Alabama. But only now has she surfaced on disc, with, it appears, the full support of the Grateful Dead organization. Although her album, simply called *Donna Jean*, is not on the Dead's label, and has no involvement from other Dead members, it's available through their merchandising division, and Donna Jean MacKay, as she is now known, recently appeared at a Bay Area concert with Dead members Weir and Lesh.

So how is it? Well, it ain't great, it ain't bad. Donna Jean can belt one out, ain't no doubt about it – she always could. And she has an ear for a clever soul or country riff – always did (she sang background on many R&B records, and with Elvis Presley, before moving west to join the Dead). Yet the songs and performances here, however well-meaning and well-performed, are, overall, too bar band-ish and schmaltzy to qualify as anything original, and MacKay's vocals, while strong and emotional, fail to establish her as a stylist of note (at least she's on key, something she wasn't always with the Dead).

The original material, written by MacKay and other band members, is fraught with cliched quasi-religious imagery, although one tune, "American Beauty," written by Donna Jean and sharing a title with a classic Dead album, could, with its lines like "Who can save the American Beauty?," easily be interpreted as a castigation of the scene that once rejected her. (P.O. Box 481, Florence, Alabama 35631)

Bill Kreutzmann, Dead drummer from beginning to end (most of the time sharing the drum platform with Mickey Hart), has never recorded anything approximating a solo record, until now. *Backbone* still isn't a solo album, but it's the closest he's come yet to leading a project outside of the Dead. Kreutzmann apparently joined up with the other two musicians who comprise Backbone while in Hawaii, where he retreated following the demise of the Dead, reportedly not playing drums at all and spending his days ocean diving.

That he hasn't lost any of his chops during his hiatus is apparent. The band and album are aptly titled, as Kreutzmann always was the more solid and muscular of the Dead's drummers, laying down the tricky base rhythms while Hart embellished with his exotic and flashy percussive flourishes. Backbone shares little in common with the Dead – they're a bluesy power trio closer to Hot Tuna or the early Robin Trower band than anything GD-related. Were it not for the better-than-expected songwriting (Kreutzmann is credited with some, along with guitarist/singer Rick Barnett and bassist/singer Edd Cook) and never-dull instrumental workouts, the album would be of interest merely for Kreutzmann's drum work. But it should appeal to anyone who gravitates toward powerful electric blues-rock, and there is, for those who must have a Dead connection, an interesting version of "New Speedway Boogie."

Then, of course, there's ol' Jerry. Though gone, his recorded legacy continues to grow as music he made over the years finds its way to release. Among Garcia's side trips, one of the most loved was Old & in the Way, a bluegrass band that performed only a handful of gigs in the mid-'70s. The personnel was awesome: Garcia returned to his first love, banjo; mandolin was played by virtuoso David Grisman; the fiddlin' was done by legend Vassar Clements; Peter Rowan, an alumnus of Bill Monroe's group, played guitar; and John Kahn, Garcia's longtime bud, played bass. The singing was handled by Rowan, Garcia and Grisman. One album, recorded live at the Boarding House in San Francisco in 1973, was issued on Round in 1975 and remains, to this day, the best-selling bluegrass album of all-time. A few years back, Grisman's Acoustic Disc label issued a second set of recordings taken from those same gigs, and now there's a third, *Breakdown*.

Breakdown may just be the best of the three, too. It's exciting and exquisitely played from the get-go, and includes the best all-around selection of material. While many of the songs are repeated from the other two sets (the band only had time to work up a modest repertoire, after all, what with the musicians' other commitments), there's enough new stuff here to make it an essential purchase even for anyone who owns the other two. And anyone who doesn't, but enjoys bluegrass played with a modern twist (Monroe's Blue Grass Boys never jammed the way these guys did), will be astounded at how on this good-time, albeit part-time, band was. (Box 4143, San Rafael, CA 94913)

Garcia's main extracurricular activity during the early '70s, though, was a club band that featured the extraordinary Hammond organist Merl Saunders, with Kahn on bass and an assortment of drummers (among them Elvis' concert drummer, Ron Tutt). Garcia and Saunders indulged in lengthy explorations of R&B and rock classics, veering into jazz and experimental sounds and even a few pop standards. They recorded a handful of live and studio albums for Fantasy Records, which more or less hold up well today (although some of the jams seem to go on endlessly).

Saunders did have a life and career before Garcia came into the picture, and he's continued to have one since. Fantasy has now gathered together some of the best of his unreleased work from the mid-'70s with and without Garcia, as *Keepers*, and the title is on the money. The first two tracks, interpretations of songs Elvis recorded at Sun, "Mystery Train" and "That's All Right," are curiosities in that the basic Garcia-Saunders outfit is joined in the studio by Clements and Grisman of Old & in the Way, making for something of a soul-bluegrass concoction. Other tracks feature Saunders working, in 1971, with another brilliant guitarist, the late Michael Bloomfield. All in all, it's a tight collection that showcases Saunders at his finest, and sheds another kind of light on Garcia along the way.

As mentioned, Saunders is still going strong, recording for his own Sumertone label, and his latest release is *Fiesta Amazonica*, inspired by a trip he took to the Amazon a few years ago. The music is airy and soulful, worldly and spiritual, and while it bears only slight resemblance to the workouts from the Garcia days (although Jerry appears here on a 1985 track, along with Bob Weir and Bill Kreutzmann), old-time fans will have no trouble falling for Saunders' newer music. (P.O. Box 22184, San Francisco, CA 94122)

Lastly, a label called Hybrid, distributed by the Dead's merchandising arm, has released *Furthur More*, intended to commemorate last year's Furthur festival, which featured Weir's Ratdog, occasional Dead member Bruce Hornsby, Mickey Hart, Arlo Guthrie, the Black Crowes and others. The collection includes mostly previously issued recordings by the participants, but Dead completists will want the two tracks taken from the 1996 Furthur jam and Hornsby's version of "I Know You Rider," recorded at the 1996 Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction proceedings.

Most of the CDs reviewed in this piece can be ordered online at http://www.dead.net, by phone at 1-800-225-3323, by fax by sending a complete order (with phone and credit card number and expiration date) to 1-415-884-0585, or by mail by sending a complete order form (no P.O. boxes), with personal check, money order, or credit card number and expiration date, to Grateful Dead Mercantile Co., P.O. Box X , Novato, CA 94948. For order inquiries, call GDM Customer Service at 1-800-499-3998, 12-5 PST.

21870

August 9, 1995 *Wednesday*

I am in harmony with God and with all creation.

Harmony

There is no mistaking the feeling of homecoming when our thoughts and feelings touch the spiritual center of peace within us. We know we have found God. We understand that the same peace and harmony that are within us are at the core of all people; indeed, peace is in all creation.

Just as the spokes of a wheel come closer to each other the nearer they are to the hub of the wheel, so do we—as family members, friends, and co-workers—grow closer together and in harmony with each other when our attention is on the spiritual center of peace within us.

The more we keep our attention on God, the closer we feel to one another. We are in harmony with God, ourselves, others, and all creation.

"Thou dost keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee."
—Isaiah 26:3





printed on recycled paper

August 13, 1995 *Sunday*

With God, we create beautiful music—our melodies of life.

Melody of Life

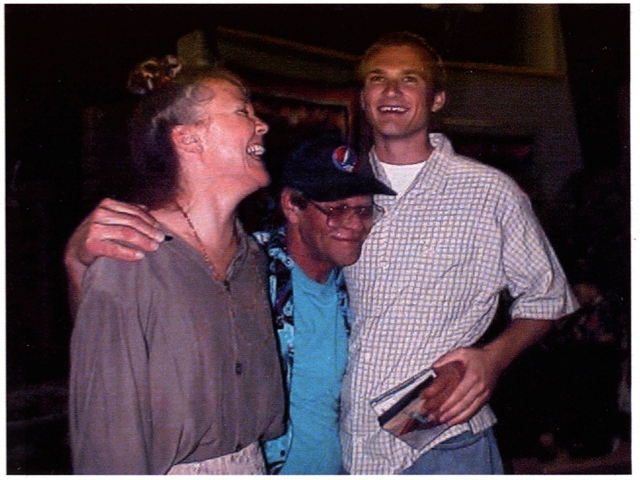
In musical scores, there tend to be many changes of notes and changes in tempo. If we think of our lives as works of music on a page, we can consider every event or happening as a high or low note in our melody of life.

And just as every note or tempo change helps create a beautiful musical arrangement, every experience we have adds something to our melody of life. As we reflect back on the unique musical score that we have created, we will recognize the importance of these notes, high or low.

Throughout our melody, one thing remains constant—the loving presence of God. And as we create new music, we know that we will not be writing it alone, for God is with us.

"Rejoice always, pray without ceasing, give thanks in all circumstances."—1 Thessalonians 5:16-18





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PREFACE

This report shows how we really work. We do business the way artists do business. The reason there is a Grateful Dead Productions is because the State of California requires that we identify ourselves as a business. We have to fulfill the standard formalities of operating as a business.

Grateful Dead Productions Inc. is a legal fiction, not a working reality. It doesn't represent our real work. Just because we have an office doesn't mean we have to feel we have to be office workers, nor identify ourselves as a Corporation because we have a corporation.

The reason for the attempt to describe ourselves is to free all the people in our organization from having to feel defined by what is actually an externally dictated fiction of convenience.

We need to liberate ourselves from misunderstanding ourselves. We need to protect ourselves from believing that we are essentially a corporate entity.

The Grateful Dead is a 24-hour a day living reality. It doesn't matter where we are when we're doing it, we're always doing it. This report sets out to distinguish the different kinds of work we do. We have it all covered. We need to appreciate the parts each of us plays and how to fulfill them efficiently.

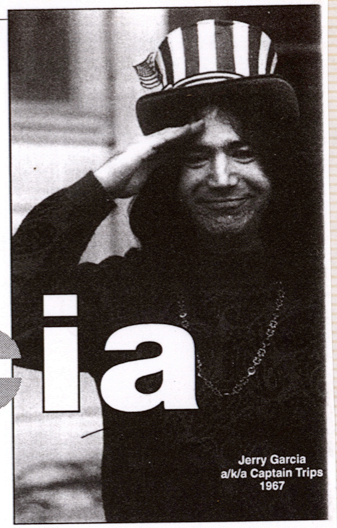
Jerry Garcia

San Rafael, Ca.
June 12, 1981

what happened?

interview with

Jerry garcia



Jerry Garcia
a/k/a Captain Trips
1967

BY DAVID JAY BROWN
AND REBECCA NOVICK

Jerry: I'll take off my glasses. They don't convey much humanity.

David: *Jerry, how did you start playing music?*

Jerry: My father was a professional musician, my mother was an amateur. I grew up in a musical household and took piano lessons as far back as I can remember. There was never a time in my life that music wasn't a part of.

The first time I decided that music was something *I* wanted to do, apart from just being surrounded by it, was when I was about 15. I developed this deep craving to play the electric guitar. I fell in love with rock 'n' roll, I wanted to make that sound so badly. So I got a pawn shop electric guitar and a little amplifier and I started without the benefit of anybody else around me who played the guitar or any books.

My step-father put it in an open tuning of some kind and I taught myself how to play by ear. I did that for about a year until I ran into a kid at school who knew three chords on the guitar and also the correct way to tune it. That's when I started to play around at it, then I picked things up. I never took lessons or anything.

David: *Who particularly inspired you?*

Jerry: Actually, no particular musician inspired me, apart from maybe Chuck Berry. But all of the music from the '50s inspired me. I didn't really start to get serious about music until I was 18 and I heard my first bluegrass music. I heard Earl Scruggs play five-string banjo and I thought, that's something I have to be able to do. I fell in love with the sound and I started earnestly trying to do exactly what I was hearing. That became the basis for everything else—that was my model.

Rebecca: *Jumping ahead a few years. During the '60s, you played a lot of acid-tests when you could fit all your equipment into a single truck. How do you compare those early days to now? Do you enjoy it as much?*

Jerry: Well, in some ways it's better and in some ways it's not. The thing that was fun about those days was that nothing was expected of us. We didn't have to play. *(Laughter)* We weren't *required* to perform. People came to acid-tests for the acid-test, not for us.

So there were times when we would play two or three tunes or even a couple of notes and just stop. We'd say, "To hell with it, we don't feel like playing!" It was great to have that kind of freedom because before that we were playing five sets a night, fifty minutes on, ten minutes off every hour. We were doing that six nights a week and then usually we'd have another afternoon gig and another night-time gig on Sunday. So we were playing a lot!



Jerry Garcia — 1966. A practice session at the Heliport in Sausalito

So all of a sudden, you're at the acid-test and hey, you didn't even have to play. Also we weren't required to play anything even acceptable. We could play *whatever* we wanted. So it was a chance to be completely free-form on every level. As far as a way to break out from an intensely formal kind of experience, it was just what we needed, because we were looking to break out.

Rebecca: *And you're still able to maintain that free-form style to a certain extent even though you're now more restricted by scheduling and order.*

Jerry: Well, also we're required to be competent, but the sense of accomplishment has improved a lot. Now when we play, the worst playing we do isn't too bad. So the lowest level has come way up, and statistically the odds have improved in our favor.

Rebecca: *What do you think it is about the Grateful Dead that has allowed you the lasting popularity which has spanned generations?*

Jerry: I wish I knew. *(Laughter)*

Rebecca: *Do you think you can define it?*

Jerry: I don't know whether I *want* to, particularly. Part of its magic is that we've always avoided defining any part of it, and the effect seems to be that in not defining it, it becomes everything. I prefer that over anything that I might think of.

David: *When you say everything, do you mean something different for everyone?*

Jerry: Well, that's one way of saying it, yeah. But the other way of looking at it, from a purely musical point of view, is that it becomes a full-range experience. There's nothing that we won't try. It means everything available to us. It also works from an audience point of view, too. We're whatever the audience wants us to be, we're whatever they think we are.

Rebecca: *Do you think there is a timeless quality about your music that appeals to people?*

Jerry: I'd like to believe there's something like

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that, but I have no idea, really. There is a human drive to celebrate and we provide ritual celebration in a society that doesn't have much of it. It really should be part of religion. It happens to work for us because people have learned to trust the environment that it occurs in.

Rebecca: *Do you feel at all disillusioned at the rate of social evolution? In the '60s, many people thought that massive social change was just around the corner?*

Jerry: I never was that optimistic. I never thought that things were going to get magically better. I thought that we were experiencing a lucky vacation from the rest of consensual reality to try stuff out. We were privileged in a sense. I didn't have anything invested in the idea that the world was going to change. *Our* world certainly changed. *(Laughter)* Our part of it did what it was supposed to do, and it's continuing to do it, continuing to evolve. It's a process. I believe that if you open the door to the process, it tells you how to do it and it works. It's a life strategy that I think anyone can employ.

David: *How do you feel about the fact that many people have interpreted your music as the inspiration for a whole lifestyle—the Deadhead culture?*

We're opening a door, but we're not responsible for what comes through it.

Jerry: Well, a little silly! *(Laughter)* You always feel about your own work that it's never quite what it should be. There's always a dissonance between what you wish was happening and what is actually happening. That's the nature of creativity, that there's a certain level of disappointment in there.

So, on one level it's amusing that people make so much stuff out of this and on another level, I believe it's their *right* to do that, because in a way the music belongs to them. When we're done with it, we don't care what happens to it. If people choose to mythologize it, it certainly doesn't hurt us.

Rebecca: *How do you feel about the fact that you enjoy such a divine-like status in the eyes of so many of your fans?*

Jerry: These things are all illusions. Fame is an illusion. I know what I do and I know about how well I do it, and I know what I wish I could do. Those things don't enter my life, I don't buy into any of that stuff. I can't imagine who would. Look at David Koresh. If you start believing any of that kind of stuff about yourself, where does it leave you?

David: *What about the subjective experience a lot of people talk about that there's a group-mind experience that occurs at your shows?*

Jerry: That's been frequently reported to me. In fact, even more specifically, of direct telepathic connection of some kind.

Rebecca: *Do you experience that yourself?*

Jerry: I can't say that I do, because I'm in a position of causality. So, I don't look at the audience and think, "I'm making them do what I want them to do."

Rebecca: *I'm thinking of it more as a spontaneous, noncausal experience which is being mediated by something greater than either yourself or the audience.*

Jerry: You might think of it as a kind of channeling. At the highest level, I'm letting something happen—I'm not causing it to happen. We all understand that mechanism in the Grateful Dead and we also know that fundamentally we're not responsible.

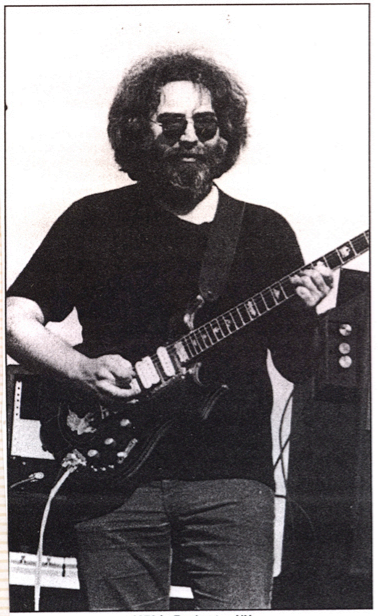
We're opening a door, but we're not responsible for what comes through it. So in a sense, I can't take credit for it. We're like a utility, like a conduit for life-energy, psychic energy—whatever it is. It's not up to us to define it or to describe it or to enclose it in any way.

Rebecca: *It's rumored that the Grateful Dead can control the weather. Can you shed any light on this? (Laughter)*

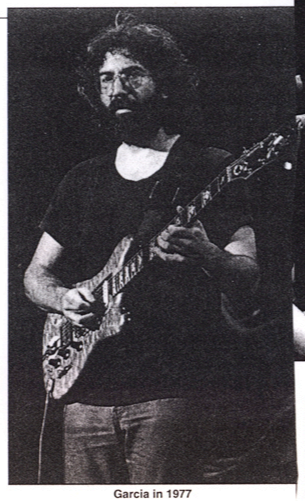
Jerry: *(Laughter)* No. We do not control the weather.

Rebecca: *You've heard those rumors though?*

Jerry: I've heard them, of course. Sometimes it *seems* as though we're controlling the weather.



1979 in Rochester, NY



Garcia in 1977

Rebecca: *But that is synchronicity?*

Jerry: It's synchronicity, exactly.

Rebecca: *So what is the relationship dynamic like between you and the audience when you're on stage?*

Jerry: When things are working right, you gain levels—it's like bardos. The first level is simply your fundamental relationship to your instrument. When that starts to get comfortable, the next level is your relationship to the other musicians. When you're hearing what you want to and things seem to be working the way you want them to, then it includes the audience. When it gets to that level, it's seamless. It's no longer an effort, it flows and it's wide open.

Sometimes, however, when I feel that that's happening, that music is really boring. It's too perfect. What I like most is to be playing with total access, where anything that I try to play or want to happen, I can execute flawlessly—for me that's the high-water mark. But perfection is always boring.

Rebecca: *I've heard that musicians using computer synthesizers are complaining that the sound produced is so perfect that it's uninteresting, and that manufacturers are now looking to program in human error.*

Jerry: Right. I think the audience enjoys it more when it's a little more of a struggle.

David: *What is it that you feel is missing in that case?*

Jerry: Tension.

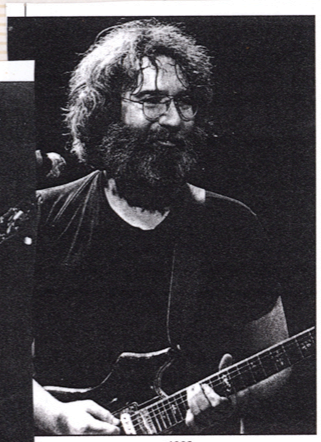
David: *Tension between what and what?*

Jerry: The tension between *trying* to create something and creating something, between succeeding and failing. Tension is a part of what makes music work—tension and release, or if you prefer, dissonance and resonance, or suspension and completion.

David: *Joseph Campbell, the renowned mythologist, attended a number of your shows.*

Jerry: He loved it. For him, it was the bliss he'd been looking for. "This is the antidote to the atom bomb," he said at one time.

David: *He also described it as a modern-day shamanic ritual, and I'm wondering what your thoughts are about the association between music, consciousness and shamanism.*



1982

Jerry: If you can call drumming music, music has always been a part of it. It's one of the things that music can do—it can transport. That's what music should do at it's best—it should be a transforming experience. The finest, the highest, the best music has that quality of transporting you to other levels of consciousness.

David: *Do you feel sometimes at your shows that you're guiding people or taking people on a journey through those levels?*

Jerry: In a way, but I don't feel like I'm guiding anybody. I feel like I'm sort of stumbling along and a lot of people are watching me or stumbling with me or allowing me to stumble for them. I don't feel like, here we are, I'm the guide and come on you guys, follow me. I do that, but I don't feel that I'm particularly better at it than anybody else.

For example, here's something that used to happen all the time. The band would check into a hotel. We'd get our room-key and then we'd go to the elevator. Well, a lot of times, we didn't have a clue where the elevator was. So, what used to happen was that everybody would follow me, thinking that I would know. I'd be walking around thinking, "Why the fuck is everybody following me?" *(Laughter)* So, if nobody else does it, I'll start something—it's a knack.

David: *A lot of people are looking for someone to follow.*

Jerry: Yeah. I don't mind being that person, but it doesn't mean that I'm good at it or that I know where I'm going or anything else. It doesn't require competence, it only requires the gesture.

David: *Is there any planning involved about choosing songs in a certain sequence to take people on a journey?*

Jerry: Sometimes we plan, but more often than not we find that when we do, we change our plans. Sometimes we talk down a skeleton of the second set, to give ourselves some form—but it depends. The important thing is that it not be dull and that the experience of playing doesn't get boring. Being stale is death. So we do whatever we can to keep it spontaneous and amusing for us.

Rebecca: *You play more live shows than any other band I know of. How do you manage to keep that spontaneity? Is this a natural talent you've always had or is it something you've had to work to achieve?*

Jerry: Part of it is that we're just constitutionally unable to repeat anything exactly. Everyone in the band is so pathologically anti-authoritarian, that the idea of doing something exactly the same way is an anathema—it will never happen. *(Laughter)* So that's our strong suit—the fact that we aren't consistent. It used to be that sometimes we reached wonderful levels or else we played really horribly, terribly badly. Now we've got to be competent at our worst. *(Laughter)*

Rebecca: *How do you compare a Grateful Dead show to a rave? There seems to be strong similarities between them.*

Jerry: Well, if we would let people get up out of the audience and add their two-cents worth, then it would be kind of similar. The acid-test was like a rave, the same sort of idea.

David: *Do you see the acid-tests or Grateful Dead shows as being an inspiration for the raves or do you think it goes back to something more ancient, more tribal?*

Jerry: Back in the '50s, there was a place in North Beach called *The Place.* They used to have blabber-mouth night and everybody could get up that wanted to and rave for ten minutes. I don't believe it's something new, but I think the modern version of it is a spill-off from the stand-up comedy explosion. Plus, there's been a resurgence of poetry-readings and performance art.

Psychedelics were probably the single most significant experience in my life. Otherwise, I think I would be going along believing that this visible reality here is all that there is.

David: *I'm curious about how psychedelics influenced not only your music but your whole philosophy of life.*

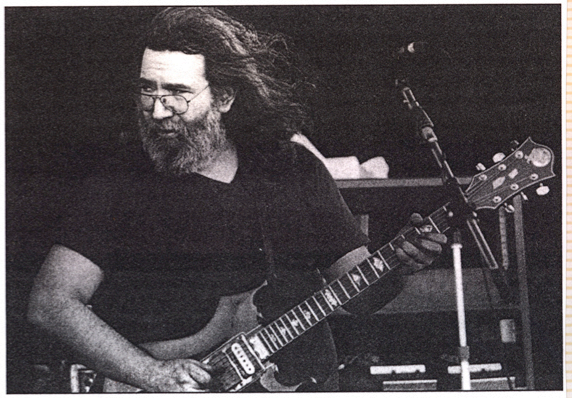
Jerry: Psychedelics were probably the single most significant experience in my life. Otherwise, I think I would be going along believing that this visible reality here is all that there is. Psychedelics didn't give me any answers. What I have is a lot of questions. One thing I'm certain of; the mind is an incredible thing and there are levels of organizations of consciousness that are way beyond what people are fooling with in day to day reality.

David: *How did psychedelics influence your music before and after?*

Jerry: Phew! I can't answer that. There was a me before psychedelics and a me after psychedelics, that's the best I can say. I can't say that it affected the music specifically, it affected the whole *me.* The problem of playing music is essentially of muscular development and that is something you have to put in the hours to achieve no matter what. There isn't something that strikes you and suddenly you can play music.

David: *You're talking about learning the technique, but what about the inspiration behind the technique?*

Jerry: I think that psychedelics was part of music for me insofar as I'm a person who was looking for something and psychedelics and music are both part of what I was looking for. They fit together, although one didn't cause the other.



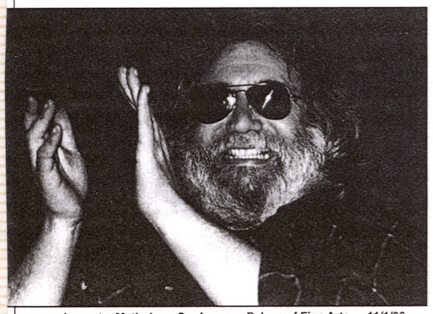
Cal Expo — 1984

Rebecca: *If you were made Clinton's drug-policy advisor, what would you do?*
Jerry: I would make everything legal immediately.
Rebecca: *Now when you say that, do you mean readily available to everybody without restrictions?*
Jerry: Yes, because the first thing to do is to take the criminality out of it. Take the profit out of it and the whole criminal structure will collapse. The next part is the health aspect, making drugs that are clean and in knowable, understandable doses. Why not spend research money on making drugs that are good for you, that are healthy? Is the problem that we don't like changing consciousness? I don't think that's a good enough reason not to have drugs.

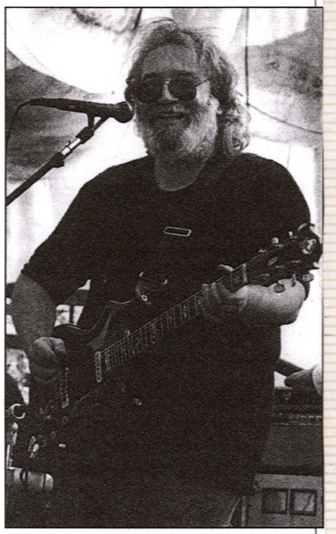
The point is, humans love to change their consciousness and so there will always be drugs. You can either deal with this situation by acknowledging it, or you can pretend it's not real and outlaw it. If you're going to make laws about what human beings should and shouldn't do, you need to have a template.

You have to be able to say what humans are and what they're capable of without moral imperatives. You have to start with what humans are *really* like, not what we *wish* they were like or what Western civilization or Judeo-Christian doctrine wishes they were like—but what they *are* like.

Rebecca: *Do you think that people in government have a knee-jerk reaction to drug use because they are afraid of unleashing the autonomous sensitivities that come with individuals exploring their own minds?*
Jerry: I don't think they're doing it on purpose, it's just part of the traditional way to act. It's part of that questionable quality called "responsibility," of somebody thinking that somebody should behave themselves somewhere. The ideas about what that means are very narrow and sadly in need of rethinking.
Rebecca: *So even hardened addicts—and now, of course, I'm talking about heroin, cocaine and crack users—have a right to use these drugs if this is what they feel they need to do, in the same way that society allows for people to become alcoholics?*
Jerry: Why not? What's the objection?
David: *Well, the objection would be that it puts a strain on society. If addicts need medical care, it has to come out of the tax-payers money.*
Jerry: I think addicts represent so little in the way of medical care. If society is worrying about taking care of people or not, it could start anywhere. Part of the whole rehabilitation of people is taking them out of the criminal spiral of having to get money to score their dope. If addicts have the drugs they need, it may be possible for them to get steady enough to start doing regular stuff like holding down a job.
Rebecca: *Just such a system has been put into effect in England, after they gave up on the war-on-drugs approach, and it's proven to be a success. People are overcoming their addictions while maintaining their self-esteem. They're allowed to remain with their families and are able to hold down regular jobs.*
Jerry: Right. There's nothing that says you can't be productive if you're an addict. The problem is the illegality. It puts such a stress on the whole system. The war on drugs is a failure, but people will never admit this.
Rebecca: *Isn't part of the drug problem also the social environment we've created for those less fortunate, the dog-eat-dog attitude of capitalist philosophy? Psychedelics are so different from a drug like crack. You use psychedelics to expand your experience of life, but many people use drugs to deaden an otherwise painful existence.*
Jerry: Perhaps. But if life is miserable, what's wrong with adding a buffer to it so that your experience of it is a little gentler?
Rebecca: *Do you have hope that the legalization of drugs will come about?*
Jerry: I have hope that something like that might happen some day, but I don't think it will, not realistically, not as long as there are people in power who believe that they know how other people should behave.
Rebecca: *What would you say to someone who described the Grateful Dead as simply a grand nostalgia trip?*
Jerry: Well, that's certainly an opinion. I don't think anybody who comes to our shows would see that. First of all, there are kids at our shows. It's not nostalgia for them—it's happening now.
Rebecca: *But they might be nostalgic for what they missed out on in the '60s.*
Jerry: That might be, but I don't think that's the case. The Grateful Dead has evolved—it does things. It isn't a steady-state, it's not a remnant. Really, the whole thing has been slowly growing all this time. It didn't level off at some point and then people started re-energizing it, it's been gradually picking up energy.
David: *When you project into the future, how do you see your music evolving?*
Jerry: I have no idea. I was never able to predict it in the past, I certainly don't feel confident to predict it now.
David: *Did you ever imagine it would get this far?*
Jerry: Oh God, no! It exceeded my best expectations 15, 20 years ago. We're way past the best I could come up with. *(Laughter)*
David: *How did you come up with the name the Grateful Dead?*



Jerry at a Mythology Conference, Palace of Fine Arts — 11/1/86



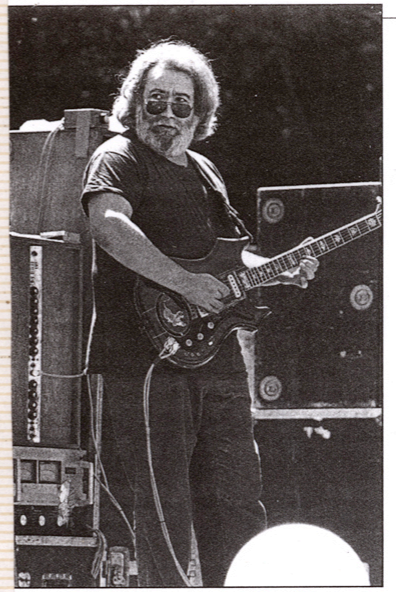
Eel River — 1987 presented by The Hog Farm & BGP

Jerry: We called ourselves the Warlocks and we found out that some other band had that name so we were trying to come up with a new one. I picked up a dictionary and literally the first thing I saw when I looked down at the page was the Grateful Dead. It was a little creepy, but I thought it was a striking combination of words.

Nobody in the band liked it, I didn't like it either, but it got around that that was one of the candidates for our new name and everybody else said, "Yeah, that's great." It turned out to be tremendously lucky. It's just repellent enough to filter curious onlookers and just quirky enough that parents don't like it. *(Laughter)*
David: *What's your concept of God, if you have one?*
Jerry: I was raised a Catholic, so it's very hard for me to get out of that way of thinking. Fundamentally, I'm a Christian in that I believe that to love your enemy is a good idea somehow. Also, I feel that I'm enclosed within a Christian framework so huge that I don't believe it's possible to escape it, it's so much a part of the western point of view. So I admit it, and I also believe that *real* Christianity is okay. I just don't like the exclusivity clause.

But as far as God goes, I think that there is a higher order of intelligence; something along the lines of whatever it is that makes the DNA work. Whatever it is that keeps our bodies functioning and our cells changing, the organizing principle—whatever it is that created all these wonderful life-forms that we're surrounded by in its incredible detail.

There's definitely a huge vast wisdom of some kind at work here. Whether it's personal—whether there's a point of view in there, or whether we're the point of view, I think is up for discussion. I don't believe in a supernatural being.



Frost Amphitheater, Palo Alto, CA — 1987

Rebecca: *What about your personal experience of what you may have described as God?*
Jerry: I've been spoken to by a higher order of intelligence—I thought it was God. It was a very personal God in that it had exactly the same sense of humor that I have. *(Laughter)* I interpret that as being the next level of consciousness, but maybe there's a hierarchical set of consciousness. My experience is that there is one smarter than me, that can talk to me, and there's also the biological one that I spoke about.
David: *Do you feel that there's a divine plan at work in nature?*
Jerry: I don't know about a plan. I don't know whether it cares to express itself that way or even if matters such as developmental constructs along time have any relevance to this particular God point of view. It may be a steady-state God that exists out beyond space-time, beyond our experience, or around it, or contemporary with it, or it may function in the moment—I have no idea.
Rebecca: *I understand that you became very ill a few years ago and came very close to death. I'm interested in how that experience affected your attitude to life.*
Jerry: It's still working on me. I made a decision somewhere along the line to survive, but I didn't have a near-death experience in the classical sense. I came out of it feeling fragile, but I'm not afraid of death.
Rebecca: *Were you afraid of death before?*
Jerry: I can't say that I was, actually. But it did make me want to focus more attention on the quality of life. So I feel like now I have to get serious about being healthful. If I'm going to be alive, I want to feel well. I never had to think about it too much before, but finally mortality started to catch up with me.
David: *You say that you didn't have a near death experience, but did anything happen that gave you any unusual insights?*
Jerry: Well, I had some very *weird* experiences. My main experience was one of furious activity and tremendous struggle in a sort of futuristic, space-ship vehicle with insectoid presences. After I came out of my coma, I had this image of myself as these little hunks of protoplasm that were stuck together kind of like stamps with perforations between them that you could snap off. *(Laughter)*

They were run through with neoprene tubing, and there were these insects that looked like cockroaches which were like message-units that were kind of like my bloodstream. That was my image of my physical self and this particular feeling lasted a long time. It was really strange.
David: *That sounds really similar to a DMT experience.*
Jerry: It was DMT-like as far as the intensity was concerned, but it lasted a couple of days!
David: *Did it affect what you think might happen after death?*
Jerry: No. It just gave me a greater admiration for the incredible baroque possibilities of mentation. The mind is so incredibly weird. The whole process of going into coma was very interesting, too. It was a slow onset—it took about a week—and during this time I started feeling like the vegetable kingdom was speaking to me.

It was as though in my whole library of information, all the books had fallen off the shelves and all the pages had fallen out of the books.

It was communicating in comic dialect in iambic pentameter. So there were these Italian accents and German accents and it got to be this vast gabbling. Potatoes and radishes and trees were all speaking to me. *(Laughter)* It was really strange. It finally just reached hysteria

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and that's when I passed out and woke up in the hospital.

David: *Do you feel that psychedelics might be a way for the vegetable kingdom to communicate with humans?*

Jerry: I like that thought, but I don't know if it's true. The thing is that there's no way to prove this stuff. I would love it if somebody would put the energy into studying the mind and psychedelics to the extent where we could start to talk about these things and somebody could even throw forth a few suggestions as to what might be happening. There's no body of information—we need more research. These are questions that we should be asking, this is the important stuff.

Rebecca: *And when you came out of your coma, did you come out of it in stages?*

Jerry: I was pretty scrambled. It was as though in my whole library of information, all the books had fallen off the shelves and all the pages had fallen out of the books. I would speak to people and know what I meant to say, but different words would come out. So I had to learn everything over again. I had to learn how to walk, play the guitar, everything.

Rebecca: *Did you always have faith that you would access it again? It didn't scare you, the idea that you might have lost it forever?*

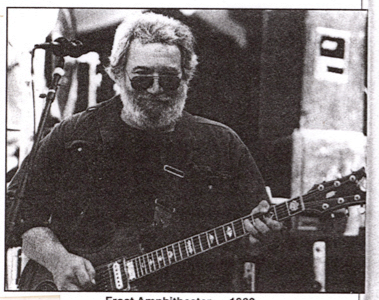
Jerry: I didn't care. When your memory's gone, you don't care because you don't remember when you had one. *(Laughter)*

David: *What do you think happens to consciousness after death?*

Jerry: It probably dies with the body. Why would it exist apart from the body?

David: *People have had experiences of feeling like they're out of their body.*

Jerry: That's true. But unfortunately, the only ones who have gone past that are still dead. *(Laughter)* I don't know what consciousness is apart from a physical being. I once slipped out of my body accidentally. I was at home watching television and I slid out through the soles of my feet. All of a sudden, I was hovering up by the ceiling looking down at myself. So I know that I can disembody myself somehow from my physical self, but more than that I have no way of knowing.



Frost Amphitheater — 1988

Rebecca: *So I take it you don't believe in reincarnation, in the recycling of consciousness?*

Jerry: It may happen in a very large way. It may be that part of all the DNA-coding, the specific memory, returns. There's definitely information in my mind that did not come from this lifetime. Not only is there some, but there's tons of it! Enormous, vast reservoirs.

Dreams are kind of a clue. What are these organizing principles that make it so you experience these realities that are as emotionally as real as this life is? You can feel grief or be frightened in a dream just as badly as you can in this life. And the psychedelic experience is similar in that it has the power to convince you of its authenticity. It's hard to ignore that once you have experienced it.

My main experience was one of furious activity and tremendous struggle in a sort of futuristic, space-ship vehicle with insectoid presences.

Rebecca: *What does the term consciousness mean to you?*

Jerry: I go along with the notion that the universe wants consciousness in it, that it's part of the evolutionary motion of the universe and that we represent the universe's consciousness. Why it wants it, I don't know, but it seems to want it.

Here's the reason I believe this. If the point of an organism is survival, why go any further than sharks or simple-minded predators that survive perfectly beautifully? Why continue throwing out possibilities? So my sense is that conceivably, there is some purpose or design. Why monkeys with big heads? Because that's the most convenient consciousness-carrier, perhaps.

Rebecca: *Do you think that humans are evolving en masse to be more conscious?*

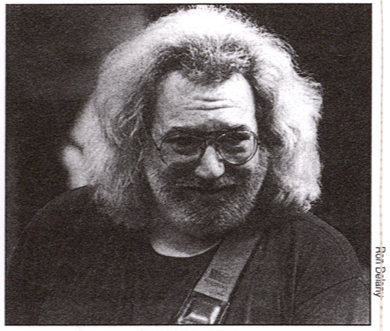
Jerry: I do think there's a drive towards more consciousness. There are huge setbacks all the way along, but all the aberrations that we see, holy wars etcetera, are metaphors for more consciousness. They are expressed as conflict because we haven't come up with enough good models to express it in other ways. We are it. We're the same stuff as stars and galaxies, so we're indivisibly part of it. We're the part that speaks, that plays music, that creates abstractions.

The atomic bomb is a good metaphor for consciousness. If you are able to describe a possible way that things work in this universe with enough rigor inside some kind of belief system, you're going to be the creator of fundamental change expressed as a huge eruption of energy.

You have to have the idea first about energy and mass. Once that idea is expressed perfectly enough, then it's possible to create something that will do it physically. So the atomic bomb is a physical model of the mind gaining control of the material world. The question is are we able to do it without blowing ourselves to smithereens?

David: *Are you talking about being able to organize reality the way we want, say with nano-technology?*

Jerry: Yes, that would be a good example. If the universe's mind—meaning us—is able to say what it wants about itself, to describe itself well enough, it can make decisions about where it's going and what it's doing—*consciously.* That's like bringing the big mind and the little mind together.



Ron Delany

Shoreline — 1991

David: *Have you had any experiences where you felt you were in contact with extra- terrestrials or multi-dimensionals—beings not of this world?*

Jerry: I can't say not of this world. I believe that anything that I was ever in touch with was fundamentally a part of this world. I would even go further to say that the concept of extra-terrestrial is not applicable in this universe. Everything in this universe is part of this universe.

David: *Have you ever felt like you've been in communication with beings of a higher intelligence than humans?*

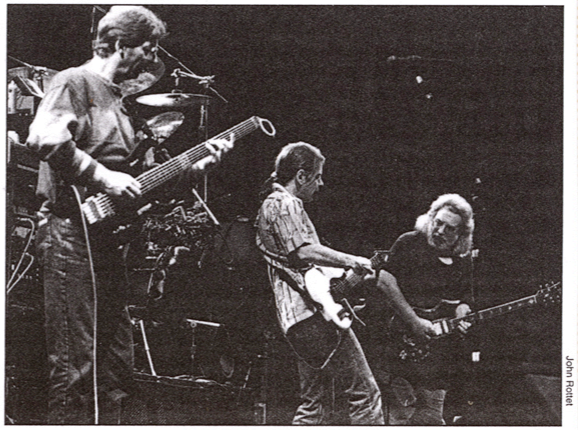
Jerry: I've had direct communication with something which is higher than me. I don't know what it is, it may be another part of my mind. There's no way for me to filter it out because it's in my head. It's the thing that's able to take bits and pieces of things and give me large messages. To me, they are messages as clear as someone speaking in my ear, they're that well-expressed and they have all the detail that goes along with it.

Sometimes it comes in the form of an actual voice and sometimes it comes in the form of a hugeness, a huge presence that uses all of the available sensory material to express an idea. And when I get the idea it's like, dah! Oh, I get it! And it's accompanied by that hollow mocking laughter. You stupid fuck! You finally got it, uh. Geez, it's about time. *(Laughter)* For me, enlightenment works that way, but it's definitely a higher order of self-organization that communicates stuff.

My psychedelic experiences were sequential. They started at a place and they went through a series of progressive learning steps. When they stopped happening it was like, this is the end of the message—now you're just playing around. That was when psychedelics stopped having the relevance they originally had. It lasted for about a year, I'd say.

David: *What do you think a Grateful Dead show in Virtual Reality would be like?*

Jerry: Deadheads would want to be part of the band, I would imagine. I think it would be fun if they could be, because it would make them see the experience differently. But I think they would be disappointed if they saw our version of it.



John Rickel

Greensboro Coliseum, NC — 1989

A Wild Ride With the Grateful Dead

LIVING WITH THE DEAD
Twenty Years on the Bus with Garcia and the Grateful Dead
By Rock Scully with David Dalton
Little, Brown; 369 pages; $24.95

SF EXAMINER 12/3/95

REVIEWED BY REGAN McMAHON

Jerry Garcia once told an interviewer that while other men have war stories to tell, he and his crowd — members of the Grateful Dead and their extended family — have drug stories.

Now comes a memoir from Rock Scully, who helped manage the band for its first 20 years — and it is just that: tales of wild, shared adventures, from the beginnings of the San Francisco rock scene, when LSD was legal and pot was wafting through the Haight and Golden Gate Park, to the dark days of the mid-'80s when Garcia and Scully were housemates secluded in Marin, strung out on Persian base heroin.



BY HERB GREENE/FROM 'LIVING...'

Author Scully (right) with Dead co-manager Danny Rifkin in 1967

Scully and co-writer David Dalton (co-author of last year's Marianne Faithful biography) skillfully capture the excitement of the early days, when the band came together to pioneer a mix of psychedelic improvisation and the American roots music of jazz, blues, folk and bluegrass.

Scully was a grad school dropout who had been promoting concerts for the Family Dog when he first saw the motley, scruffy group — "the kind of random sample of unregenerate human types you'd find in a lineup, say,



Oakland — 1991

Rebecca: *Why do you think that?*

Jerry: I don't know why. Remember, I don't *know* what the Grateful Dead are like, I've never seen the Grateful Dead, so I don't know what it is that the people in the audience experience which they value so highly.

Rebecca: *You facilitate the potential for an experience. People have full-on religious experiences at your shows; they pass-out, speak in tongues and are even picked up by flying saucers. Are you aware of the impact you have on people's minds?*

Jerry: Not like that. I've made an effort to not be aware of it because it's perilously close to fascism. If I started to think about controlling that power or somehow trying to fiddle around with it, then it would become fascism.

Rebecca: *Have you ever been tempted to dabble in the power?*

Jerry: Oh, yeah. For the first 18 years or so, I had a lot of doubts about the Grateful Dead. I thought that maybe this is a bad thing to be doing, because I was aware of the power. So I did a lot of things to sabotage it, I thought, "Fuck this! I won't be a part of this." I dragged my feet as much as possible, but it still kept happening! So, in that way, I was able to filter myself out of it and think, "well, it's not me. Phew! What a relief!"

Rebecca: *When you said before that you weren't responsible, you were saying it in a very modest way—I'm not responsible for the wonderful experiences people are having—but at the same time, you're also shedding responsibility for the negative experiences.*

Jerry: Absolutely. It's a cop-out. I don't want to be responsible. But this is also something I learned from my psychedelic experience, you don't want to be the king, you don't want to be the president because then you're responsible for everybody!

Rebecca: *Have you heard of the Spinners? They wear long dresses and do this whirling dervish dance at Dead shows.*

Jerry: They're kind of like our Sufis. I think it's really neat that there's a place where they can be comfortable enough to do something with such abandon. It's nice to provide that. That's one of the things I'm really proud of the Grateful Dead for, because it's kind of like free turf.

Rebecca: *It doesn't bother you that they use you as their religious focus?*

Jerry: Well, I'll put up with it until they come to me with the cross and nails. *(Laughter)*

Rebecca: *What are your priorities now? Are they very different from what they were 20 years ago?*

Jerry: Not very. Basically, I'm trying to stay out of trouble. I'm trying to play well. For me, playing music is a learning experience and it's satisfying to me to still be learning stuff. Also, my object is to have as much fun as I possibly can. That's a key ingredient.

Rebecca: *Some people believe that this is a pivotal time in history. Do you feel there is a New Age or, to use Terence McKenna's term, an Archaic Revival coming about?*

Jerry: Sure, I'll go along with that—I love that stuff. I'm a Terence McKenna fan. I prefer to believe that we're winding up rather than winding down. And this idea of the 2012 when everything tops out, well, I would love to be here for it. I'll buy into that belief—I don't want to miss it! It's like the millennium. At this point, it's a matter of personal pride. We have to survive, the band has to be able to play to at least to the turn of the millennium.

Rebecca: *What do you think that the future of the human race depends upon?*

Jerry: Getting off this lame fucking trip, this egocentric bullshit. There's entirely too many monkeys on this mudball and that's going to be a real problem. People have to get smart. I've always thought that the thing to do is something really chaotic and crazy like head off into space. That's something that would keep everyone real busy and would also distribute more bodies out there.

Otherwise, we end up staying here and kill each other and damage the planet. I've gotten into scuba-diving so I've developed a great affection for the ocean. I just don't want to see it get worse than it is. I'd like to think we could get smart enough sometime soon to make things better than they are instead of worse.

Rebecca: *When people say they're optimistic for the future, they usually mean the future of the human race. But you can be optimistic about life and perhaps, pessimistic about the future of the human race.*

Jerry: I think the earth doesn't have any real problems in the long run—I think we're just another disturbance. I don't think even we can really fuck up the earth.

Rebecca: *Do you think it's arrogant to think that we have the ability to save the earth, and even if it is, do you think it's a healthy attitude to develop anyway?*

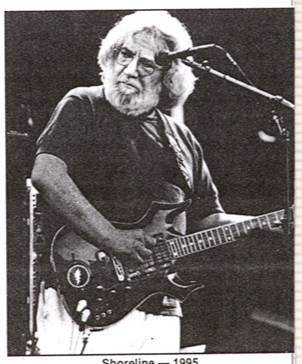
Jerry: It's arrogant but I think we should develop it anyway.

David: *How did you get involved in helping to save the rainforest?*

Jerry: Well, I remember we started hearing about these things 25, 30 years ago almost. So we thought maybe we should call attention to this. Then there was the matter of finding out who the true players were, because there are a lot of bullshitters in the environmental movement, there are a lot of frauds.

You have to really go into it to find out who's *really* doing stuff and also who has the right perspective. So for us, it was about a two year process of finding the players and then getting them to agree to work together so we could do something that would matter. I think everybody wants to do stuff about these problems. We didn't want to just call attention to how powerless everybody is, instead we wanted to do some things that were really hands on using direct action, and it's worked out quite well.

Rebecca: *Can you tell us about any current projects that you're involved in?*



Shoreline — 1995

Jerry: I'm involved in an interesting project with a little symphony orchestra down the peninsula called The Redwood Symphony. I'm getting about five or six musicians to write pieces for me and this orchestra. Danny Elfman is one, David Byrne seems to want to do one, my friend John Cant, Bob Bralove and David Grisman. The interesting part about it for me is that my oldest daughter plays first violinist with this orchestra. So it'll be kind of fun to be involved in a project where she and I play together.

Rebecca: *That sounds wonderful. What are some of the basic messages in your music?*

Jerry: We've always avoided putting any kind of message in there, *(Laughter)* but I find myself more comfortable with committing to emotional truths as life goes on. I'm not an actor so I can't get on stage and sing a song that doesn't have some emotional reality for me. Sometimes it's only something about the sound of the lyrics, it may not be the sense of it at all, but there has to be something in there that's real for me.

Hunter's really good about writing into my beliefs—he understands the way I think and he knows me well enough to know what I'll do and what I won't do. He knows that I'm always going to be battling with my intelligence about whether I can sing this lyric or if I'm going to feel like an idiot singing it. It has to resonate in some way.

Rebecca: *I've been impressed throughout this interview by your modesty. How have you managed to remain so unaffected by your fame?*

Jerry: If you were me, you'd be modest, too. *(Laughter)* Deadheads are very kind. When they enter my private life, they almost always say, "I just want to thank you for the music, I don't want to bother you." When I feel that I really don't want to know about it, I just tell them. I treat everybody who speaks to me with respect. I've never been hurt by anybody or threatened in any way so I have no cause to be afraid of this kind of stuff. It just isn't part of my life most of the time.

Besides, I'm kind of like a good-ol' celebrity. People think they know me. It's not like, "Oh gosh! Look who it is!" It's more like, "Hi, how ya doin'?" I'm a comfortable celebrity. It's very hard to take the fame seriously and I don't think anybody wants me to. What's it good for? The best thing about it is that you get to meet famous people and you get to play with wonderful musicians.

Rebecca: *If you hadn't been a musician, what might you have been?*

Jerry: I'd be an artist. I was an art student and that was where I was going in my life before music sort of seduced me.

David: *What inspired you to design a line of ties?*

Jerry: I don't really have any control over them, they're just extracted from my artwork. I don't design ties, for God's sake! *(Laughter)*

Rebecca: *You mentioned earlier about how something that you could call God had the same sense of humor as you. Some people get extremely fractured as a result of intense psychic happenings and I was wondering how you feel about the importance of humor when faced with such mind-blowing experiences?*

Jerry: I think humor is incredibly important. It's fundamental. You have to be able to laugh at yourself and your place in the universe.

Rebecca: *What do you think happens when you lose your sense of humor?*

Jerry: Well, at the very least , you won't have much fun. *(Laughter)* Humor characterizes consciousness. For me, life would be so empty without humor—it would be unbearable, it would be like life without music. ■

I was an art student and that was where I was going in my life before music sort of seduced me.



Paris In the Rain by Jerry Garcia

DLB13

DL08 19

GRATEFUL DEAD

Continued From Page 1

or a Greyhound bus terminal"—at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco in December 1965.

This was also his first acid trip, courtesy of Owsley Stanley, the notorious LSD chemist, Grateful Dead benefactor and sound engineer, who had invited him to the concert. After the acid kicked in, Scully writes, "the room is *breathing*. . . . The words . . . are sweating, liquefying back into the images whence they came. Mississippi Delta dioramas — shotgun shacks, live oaks, gris-gris conjure women with yellow teeth, rotting porches, bo weevils, demon-haunted crossroads, rootless, horse-mad heroes — popping up *between* the words."

The next night, Scully writes, Owsley asked him to manage the Dead as they drove to one of the famed Acid Tests put on by novelist Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters.

Scully and the band began living communally in 1966 — briefly in Los Angeles and rural Marin and ultimately in a Victorian at 710 Ashbury. After the Haight became overpublicized and overcrowded, the band moved out to separate homes in Marin in 1969.

There's a great momentum to the first half of the book as Scully chronicles the band's passionate experimentation and growing popularity. His takes on seminal events such as the Trips Festival, the Human Be-In, the Monterey Pop Festival and Woodstock are full of colorful insider's details (Paul Simon trying to persuade the suspicious Garcia and Scully into playing at Monterey Pop as they walk down Haight Street; Scully directing traffic into Woodstock in the rain with Orange Sunshine acid running down his leg). He also offers his side of the debacle at the 1969 Altamont festival, where a man was killed by a Hell's Angel. The Dead (who never performed that day because of the ominous goings-on), and Scully in particular, have been blamed by some for what happened at the hands of their associates, the Angels, whom headliners the Rolling Stones had hired as security — over Scully's objections, he says.

The second half of the book is less cohesive as it dwells on often-hilarious, sometimes pathetic road anecdotes (groupies, greedy promoters, risky border crossings, "dosing" on-duty German fire marshals with acid at a show, partying with John Belushi). "I'm as coked up as a Taiwan freighter," Scully writes of the Europe '74 tour, "and the vibes are getting just as quaky. When you're brain crackles and your eyeballs burst out of their sockets, it's usually a sign that you're overdoing it just a wee bit." The Hunter S. Thompsonesque hyperbole of the tales makes for great reading, but one wonders how much has been embellished to give the stories maximum punch.

And the glaring errors in geography (Corda Madeira, Tamalpais Mountains), band history (he tells an elaborate tale of Weir's writing "Playin' in the Band" with John Barlow, when the co-writer was Robert Hunter), dates (he captions an Us Festival photo as 1980, when the concert was in '82), names (he misspells mandolinist David Grisman as David Grissim) and other facts (he dedicates the book to deceased Dead family members and includes the alive and well Zane Kesey — it was his brother, Jed, who died in a car crash) cast doubt on Scully's exactitude.



BY HERB GREENE/FROM 'LIVING WITH THE DEAD'

The Dead and friends in front of their Victorian at 710 Ashbury Street in 1966 — Rock Scully is front row, left

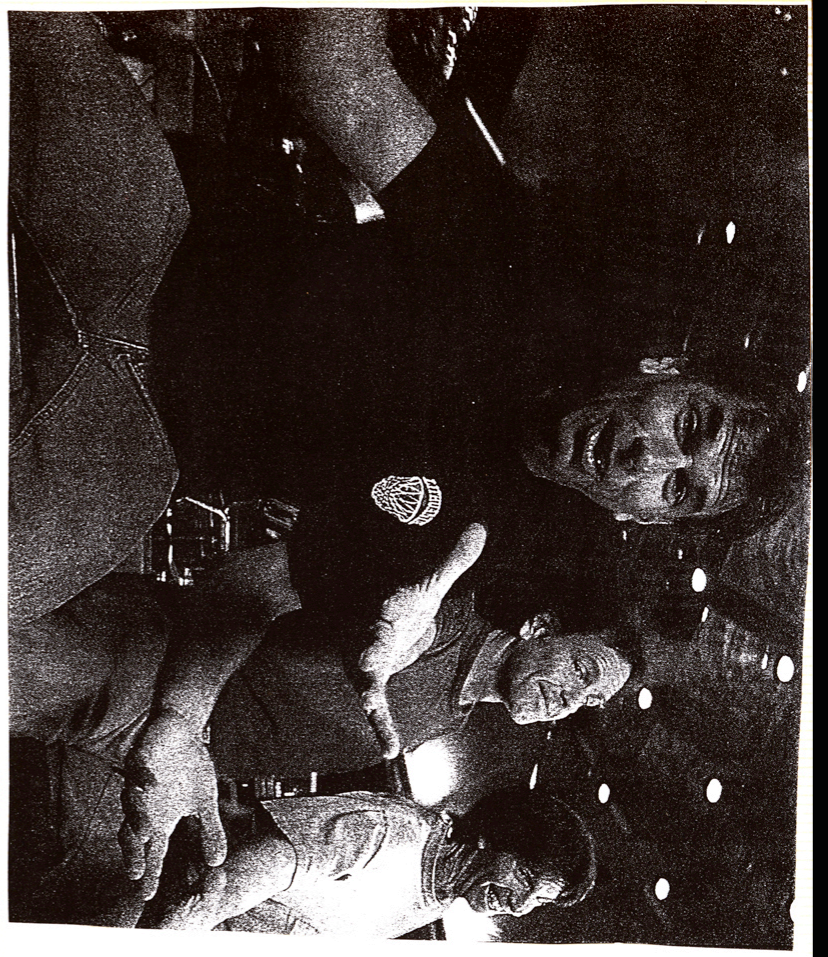
Surprisingly, the band members, with the exception of Garcia, remain only caricatures rather than fully fleshed-out characters. Since Scully was intimate with these people for 20 years, one expects more in-depth portraits. But here Phil Lesh is reduced to a wine snob, Bob Weir a space case, Bill Kreutzmann a hothead, etc.

Scully clearly has tremendous affection and respect for the hard-working, prolific Garcia, whom he describes as "enthusiastic, big-hearted, incredibly outgoing, and above all curious." But after Scully and Garcia became partners in Persian heroin during the late '70s-early '80s, they began to withdraw. "Drugs isolate you," he writes. "You go off and do them by yourself." Scully's focus on using and scoring limited his perspective on the band during the latter part of his tenure — and of the book.

Scully attributes Garcia's descent into hard drugs partly to his buckling under the weight of what became a multimillion-dollar operation. The band took a hiatus in 1975-76 to regroup, and by 1980, Scully suggests, Garcia wanted to do it again. "But any murmur of taking a break . . . was met by a huge guilt trip on Jerry," he writes. "There's a huge jones there for the money. Everybody who works for the Dead has been paid so well for so long they can't let the cash cow go to pasture."

The story ends in 1985 when Scully was fired over accusations of stealing money, a charge he claims was baseless. He says the real reason was his perceived bad influence on Garcia, due to their mutual addiction. Scully immediately went into detox and says he has not touched heroin since.

The next 10 years were full of achievement and drama for the Grateful Dead, but Scully makes no mention of that; instead, in the epilogue, he fast-forwards to Garcia's death this past August. "Jerry was the heart and soul and magic of the Grateful Dead and in the end that was too much of a burden for him to bear. It was already getting too much for him at the time I left the band in 1985. Ten years later it killed him." ■



THE LIVING DEAD

A year after Jerry Garcia's death, his bandmates gear up again—in new guises

SHORTLY AFTER JERRY GARCIA'S heart stopped beating last August, the surviving members of the Grateful Dead, the band he had led for 30 years, decided to let the group die with him. All agreed, recalls guitarist Bob Weir, that without Garcia, "it's silly to call it the Grateful Dead. I've seen groups do that, and I don't like the way it looks, I don't like the way it sounds, and I don't like the way it smells."

For the band's faithful, however, the Dead by any other name would smell as sweet. And so, 15,000 Deadheads, the nomadic tribe of '60s-redux fans who turn tours into movable meccas, were on hand June 20 in Atlanta to find out if, in the words of Dead drummer Mickey Hart, "there is life after the Dead." They flocked to hear Weir's new band Ratdog (will fans be called Ratheads?), Hart's new band Mystery Box and frequent Dead sideman Bruce Hornsby as they kicked off their 31-city summerlong Further Festival tour.

With the sweet smells of burning hemp and incense wafting through the Lakewood Amphitheatre and fans dervish-dancing in tie-dyed and India-print Deadhead regalia, the seven-hour concert, which also featured sets by Los Lobos and Hot Tuna, captured some of the old magic. "It feels like a Grateful Dead show," said one wowed fan. But not everyone felt that "Dead-a-palooza," as fans call the tour, lives up to the name. "It's not the same," another said. "There's one essential element missing."



By Robert Hanashiro, USA TODAY

Lesh: 'Very good chance' Dead will play again

Garcia's death led band to new musical paths

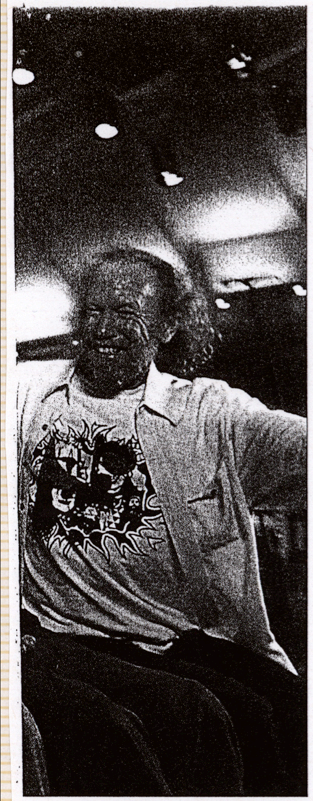
By Peter Eisler
USA TODAY

Life after the Dead is about to begin.

It's been 10 months since Grateful Dead members turned away from Jerry Garcia's open coffin to confront the end of the band's 30-year run as rock's most popular, prolific and profitable live act.

Never in those three decades did the Dead go so long without a show. Never was there such emptiness for the legions of Deadheads who made the band a kind of tie-dyed cultural institution.

With Garcia's death, band members put the Dead behind them. Now, they're heading down new musical roads.





JAY BLAKESBERG

➤ The Dead, says Mickey Hart (left, with Bob Weir, Phil Lesh and Vince Welnick, in San Francisco), "will never really end."

▲ Drummer Bill Kreutzmann (at a memorial concert for Garcia last year) is spending his summer enjoying Hawaii's surf.

If Garcia's weeping guitar lines and high-lonesome vocals were missed mightily, his image was everywhere, emblazoned on T-shirts, carved on hash-pipe bowls and conjured onstage. "I heard a sweet guitar lick," Hart sang in "Down the Road." "It sounded like Garcia, but I couldn't see the face/ Just the beard and the glasses and a smile on empty space."

In fact, Garcia's presence is almost palpable to some of his bandmates. "I don't know how to tell you this, but the guy's not dead," says Weir, 49. "Jerry's not here anymore, not physically. But he lives in my heart, he lives in all the music that I play." Besides Weir's work with Ratdog, the group he hopes will "carry on the Dead spirit," the guitarist has been busy composing a musical based on the life of famed black baseball pitcher Satchel Paige, and he collaborated with the Dead's Phil Lesh, Vince Welnick and Hart on the avant-garde orchestral piece they performed with the San Francisco Symphony last month. For Weir, a bachelor who lives in Marin County, Calif., the work has "kept me from moping."

Hart, who shares a Sonoma County, Calif., home with wife Caryl Ohrbach, daughter Reya, 2, and son Taro, 13, has also found hard work—arranging and producing a highly praised world music album, *Mickey Hart's Mystery Box*—therapeutic. "After Jerry died, I went into the studio big-time," he says. "I just went in and stuck my head in the sound. The music was healing." Like Weir, Hart, 52, doesn't grieve for the head Deadhead as much as he communes with his spirit. "He is constantly with me," Hart says. "His guitar is ringing in my ear. I can't get it out. It's harder for some people to cope. But I have my music, I have my memories, and I had a great time. It was one hell of a ride."

While fans hoped that Lesh would join the Further tour in Atlanta, the bassist and classically trained composer remained back in his Marin County home, where he lives with wife Jill and their two boys, Grahame, 9, and Brian, 6. For Lesh, 56, life after the Dead has its compensations. "I can spend more time with my family and have a certain amount of stability in my life," he says. "That's a wonderful thing after 30 years of touring." Lesh adds that, while he's pleased that the Further tour provides "Deadheads with a place to congregate," he has no interest in joining it. "My band was the Grateful Dead," he says. "I don't need another one." He keeps tabs on Deadhead doings via the Internet and sends e-mail messages to his former bandmates, including drummer Bill Kreutzmann, 50, who is laying back in Hawaii, studying oceanography and playing drums in a pickup band. "Of all of us," Lesh says, "he's the one having the most fun."



➤ "It's a family reunion," a fan (at a Ratdog show in California) says. "The energy is buzzing. We're together; it's perfect."



TOM ENGLAND

▲ "I still play music loose, improvisational, out of bounds," says Weir jamming with members of Hot Tuna and Los Lobos in Atlanta).



➤ Sixties icon Hugh (Wavy Gravy) Romney played the cosmic clown at a Further preview in Monterey, Calif., on May 25.



TOM ENGLAND

▲ "They've been supportive," Lesh says of fans (communing with Garcia in Atlanta). "Without them, the Grateful Dead would have been just another rock and roll band."

For a time, Welnick, 45, was having the least. The keyboardist says Garcia's death plunged him into the "worst depression of my life. I couldn't get out of bed, I didn't smile, I didn't laugh." Playing with Weir's band helped bring him out of it, says Welnick, who lives with his wife, Lorie, near Hart's home in Sonoma County.

But for some, there is little relief. "I loved him dearly and hated being taken away from him," says the second of Garcia's four daughters, Annabelle Garcia McLean, 26, who despairs that her father died before her wedding last December to sound technician Scott McClean, 28. "It was sad not to have him give me away," she says. "I hoped he'd stick around a bit longer, at least until he had a grandchild."

A graphic artist in Eugene, Ore., Annabelle was upset last April when filmmaker Deborah Koons, 46, who became Garcia's third wife 18 months before his death, scattered some of his ashes over India's Ganges River. "Dad never went to India, never studied Buddhism," she says. "He was more into UFOs."

Though Annabelle always preferred Neil Diamond to the Dead, she speaks for legions of Deadheads who continue to follow her father's star. "Late at night, working in my studio, I think of him," she says. "He's gone, but not gone. I miss my dad like crazy."

■ STEVE DOUGHERTY

■ GABRIELLE SAVERI *in San Francisco and* KRISTA REESE *in Atlanta*

DL0820

The Garcia legend lives on on three new discs

Tough decisions

Closing the books on the Dead is no easy task.

The band was a big business. Hailed as the highest-grossing live rock act ever, the Dead generated $330 million in ticket sales just in the last 10 years, according to *Pollstar* magazine.

The 80-show-a-year operation had a staff of 50, most of whom were with the band for decades. And the Dead was good to its employees — $50,000 to $100,000 a year, plus benefits.

The responsibility to those employees weighed heavily.

"When the bottom dropped out, and it dropped out very suddenly when Jerry died, it forced us to downsize," says Lesh. "We've had to restructure. Everything strictly related to touring has been cut back severely. It's been very, very difficult."

The main question now is what to do about the "Grateful Dead" the business entity.

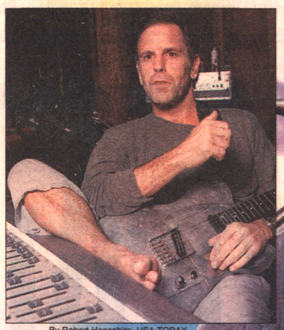
There almost certainly will be more merchandising. That will be a culture shock: The band always let fans support themselves by selling bootleg T-shirts, bumper stickers and other items that usually bring in millions of dollars for big rock acts.

The same is true for recorded music. The Dead, which always did its best work live, encouraged trade in bootleg concert tapes, so album sales never amounted to much.

"Dealing with that reality, the breaking-up of the organization ... was the most gut-wrenching thing, even more than Jerry's death," says Hart. "We never planned a real strategy to that effect. How many people really plan for death? It's not one of those things you like to do, but you should."

Life after the Dead

Band members talk about future



AP

Garcia: Died in August

By Robert Hanashiro, USA TODAY

Weir: Garcia's passing sad but somewhat liberating, too



By Robert Hanashiro, USA TODAY

Hart: Garcia 'looked so peaceful' in coffin

Organization's breakup was 'gut-wrenching'

Continued from 1A

"Being in the Grateful Dead was almost a full-time head trip," says drummer Mickey Hart, a band member since 1967. "When we put the Grateful Dead away, it freed us to fly completely, full throttle, in all these directions we had inside of us."

One's got an R&B group. One's in a multiethnic soul band. One's doing jazz-fusion. One's into avant-garde symphonies.

It's almost as if the Grateful Dead, which built its unique sound by mixing diverse personalities and musical styles, is splitting back into its component parts.

Still, band members are doing some things together, starting June 20 in Atlanta with the 31-city, multiband Furthur tour. It features guitarist Bob Weir's R&B band, Ratdog, and Mickey Hart's Mystery Box, the multiethnic soul group putting out an album in June. Dead cohort Bruce Hornsby will play, as will such Dead-friendly bands as Los Lobos and Hot Tuna.

Various Dead alumni also will join bassist Phil Lesh in an avant-garde symphony concert in San Francisco June 14-16.

Ticket sales to all events are brisk.

"Right now, people are doing what they wanted to get to most after Jerry died," says Weir, who helped found the Dead 31 years ago at the age of 16. "After that, God knows."

Death in the family

Lesh heard on a car phone, while driving his son to camp.

Hart was told by his yoga instructor.

Weir awakened to the news in a New Hampshire hotel.

Grateful Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia was dead at 53.

After years of health problems brought on by everything from drugs to diabetes, it was cigarettes and cheeseburgers that got him. A heart attack took him in his sleep, Aug. 9, 1995, at a northern California drug rehab center he'd entered to kick a longtime heroin habit.

Garcia was smiling when band members viewed his body, typically dressed in sweatpants, a black T-shirt and windbreaker, at a private service days later.

"I couldn't believe he wasn't talking to me," says Hart. "It was like he just nodded off ... like if I could have given him a little shock in the battery, I could have brought him back. He looked so peaceful. He never liked to cause hassles for anybody, and he didn't in death. He didn't go down on stage and that could have been real ugly. ... He died alone, no big scene."

"In the back of our minds, we'd all been waiting for this moment for many, many years, but (the fear) had sort of faded," adds Lesh. "Jerry was working very hard to effect a turnaround in his life, and if he'd succeeded, I think we would have had at least one more spasm of new stuff. ... When I heard he was dead, I thought, 'Well, the other shoe finally dropped.'"

No one was prepared.

Garcia was far more than the band's lead guitarist. He more than any other member had come to personify the music and mystique of the Grateful Dead, and the iconoclastic era that spawned it.

"There was something about Jerry's passing that speaks to me of liberation, and I'll be stir-fried if I'm going to find that saddening," says Weir. But "Jerry was a huge part of the Grateful Dead ... (and) at this point, I don't know if you could put anything together and still call it the Grateful Dead."

A multimedia 'gathering place'

See the Dead. Chat with the Dead. Dance to the Dead.

The Grateful Dead may be gone, but there's an effort to keep the band's music and mystique alive in a multimedia exhibit hall.

"It would be sort of a gathering place," Grateful Dead bassist Phil Lesh says. "There would be multimedia shows and exhibits of equipment and various artwork ... from all the years of the Dead."

Deadheads would be able to interview band members, asking questions that would trigger recorded responses drawn from interviews over the years. There would be concert footage, lectures, readings and films.

Plans for the facility, tentatively called "Terrapin Station" after one of the band's songs, are in their infancy. Organizers don't have a site or any money.

"We'll have to work with investors," Lesh says. "That's virgin territory."

Forward, into the past

The Grateful Dead's destiny always lay on the road, and surviving band members may find it there once again. In a way, Deadheads' intense loyalty makes touring a sort of safety net.

"They hold the power," Hart says. "These aren't just a bunch of stoned creatures. They're a fine machine. They look funny, they dress funny. But they know what's good and what's bad, and they come for fun. So we give them a lot of respect. They supported us all these years. Now, we're coming at 'em again."

With the Furthur tour, band members will temporarily employ much of the staff they laid off after Garcia died. They'll also try to legitimize merchandise sales. Permit required.

"After you've been on the road with somebody 15 or 20 years ... you carry them in your heart," Weir says. "You want to do well by them, and you want them to do well by you."

The Dead also will continue to profit from its past. The band will put out two CDs a year of old concert material. And next year will come the first of three archival boxed sets.

If all this sounds calculated, it's because it has to be.

The so-called boys in the band are middle-aged men. Most have families. All are clean cut, fit, health-conscious. They drive nice cars, mostly BMWs. They have busy lives and schedules — Lesh and Weir organize theirs on computers.

They also don't see each other much — Bill Kreutzmann, the band's founding drummer, is in Hawaii. Keyboardist Vince Welnick is busy with a jazz-fusion band.

Still, they think about each other.

"I think there's a very good chance that we'll be playing together again," says Lesh. "But I think now that it's really time for everybody to manifest what they want to do as individuals."

"I wouldn't want to go out there just to make some hay on name recognition," Weir adds. "But if we called it something different ... and if the music still had that resonance, if it still rings those lofty bells, why not?"

Jerry Garcia's aura continues to glow brightly, six months after the Grateful Dead guitarist's death, with the recent releases of two archival projects and an homage pieced together by fellow guitar guru Henry Kaiser.



Jerry Garcia

Kaiser's "Eternity Blue" (Shanachie) puts a new twist on the tiring "tribute album" concept. Here we have a largely underground cast of characters giving respect to a player of household name status. Kaiser and crew explore the duality of Garcia's playing by incorporating the rough-hewn Americana pieces such as "High Time" and "Cold Rain and Snow" with the exploratory space jams of "Blues for Allah" and "Dark Star." The avant-leaning Kaiser began toying with music by Garcia and the Grateful Dead in 1987, and since then struck up both friendly and working relationships with his brethren from San Francisco.

Revolving Cast

"Eternity Blue" draws from previously recorded material and songs cut in September with a revolving cast of players (pianist Tom Constanten, a collaborator with the Dead in its early years, and synthesizer/electronic programming wizard Bob Bralove, who was part of the Dead's NASA-like sound crew, pop up on this project).

The more traditional songs really don't break a whole lot of new ground. But the more free-form pieces, such as the half-hour "Blues for Allah" and 20-minute workout of "Dark Star" (with a delightful interpolation of John Coltrane's "A Love Supreme") are quite mind-bending. Kaiser really lets loose, though, on his original composition, "Eternity Blue," using his probing six-string style to shake a fist at the heavens with one hand and signal a quiet goodbye with the other.

A Labor of Love

"Eternity Blue" is obviously first and foremost a labor of love, and that is proved in part by the fact that all the artists' royalties are being donated to the Eyes of Chaos charity, which funds musicians working in the experimental realm. The record also serves as a reminder that pandering to popular tastes is not necessary to be commercially successful. Playing from the heart, and playing it well, is enough.

Worcester, MA
Telegram & Gazette
(Cir. D. 116,437)

MAR 31

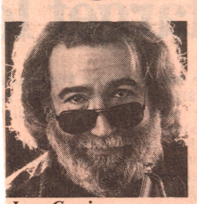
To my friend Dick,
"The faster we go the rounder we get"
Eddie
HE WON THIS RACE

the development of Dark Star - graphs -

DL0822

PAGE Global / Celestial

Astronomers name asteroid after Grateful Dead's Garcia



Jerry Garcia

Associated Press

SAN FRANCISCO — A previously unnamed and obscure asteroid orbiting between Mars and Jupiter now has a name that is sure to bring out star gazers.

The "Garcia" asteroid, which is 100 miles across and can't be seen without a high-powered telescope, was recently named in honor of Jerry Garcia, the late lead guitarist of the Grateful Dead.

Soon after Garcia's death, Simon Radford at the Radio Astronomy Observatory in Tucson and Ed Olszewski at the University of Arizona's Steward Observatory, both avowed Dead heads, began searching for a way to honor the guitarist.

A fellow astronomer, Tom Gehrels at Arizona's Kitt Peak Observatory, found an asteroid in 1985 but never got around to naming it.

"I could have named it after my mother, and no one would ever have known about it," Olszewski.

The International Astronomical Union, keeper of celestial names, officially confirmed the name Nov. 7.

The legendary singer died of a heart attack at the age of 53. He was found in his bed at a drug treatment center in Forest Knolls. He had a long history of drug addiction.

"His music meant a lot to a lot of people," Olszewski said. "I've gotten messages from people saying that they were moved and thought this was a fitting tribute."



[Archives] [Deadfile] [History] [Mailbag] [Deadnet]

Dark Star Named for Jerry Garcia

Grateful Dead guitarist lives on as an asteroid

By Caroline Keough of the Examiner staff
(Copyright 1995 The Examiner)
November 1995

When he was alive, Jerry Garcia was a star. Now a star is Jerry Garcia. Thanks to a pair of spaced-out Grateful Dead fans, Jerry Garcia has a place in a tiny piece of the sky. Two Arizona astronomers named an asteroid "Garcia" after the legendary guitarist and guru of a counterculture movement that spanned three decades. "Partly we were really sad, but really we just wanted to give a tribute, and it was the only gift we could give," said Ed Olszewski, a research astronomer at the University of Arizona's Steward Observatory. Olszewski and his friend Simon Radford, an astronomer at the Radio Astronomy Observatory in Tucson, came up with the idea in an e-mail conversation Aug. 9, the day Garcia died.

The nomenclature of celestial bodies prohibits planets, comets, moon craters and even the features of Venus from being named after dead rock stars, so "an asteroid was about the only thing left," Olszewski said. Radford and Olszewski, confirmed Deadheads who met in graduate school, found a fellow astronomer who had discovered an asteroid in 1985 and never named it. Tom Gehrels, a professor at Arizona's Kitt Peak Observatory, offered them a small asteroid in orbit between Mars and Jupiter. The asteroid, which is less than 100 miles across, can't be seen without a high-powered telescope.

"Without its high profile namesake, it would have remained obscure, Olszewski said. "I could have named it after my mother, and no one would ever have known about it," he said. After the asteroid was officially dubbed "Garcia" Nov. 7 by the International Astronomical Union, the keeper of celestial names, word spread quickly over the Internet.

"His music meant a lot to a lot of people," Olszewski said. "I've gotten messages from people saying that they were moved and thought this was a fitting tribute."

DL0823



Garcia Stamp Goes the Way of Elvis

Queen Elizabeth II has approved two designs for British Crown Colony of Montserrat's **Jerry Garcia** stamp: one of the young Garcia and one of the old Garcia.

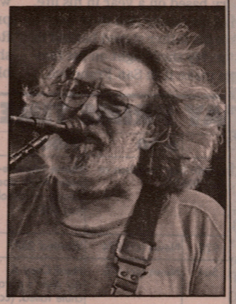
Fans are invited to vote Younger or Older on a postcard or in a letter to be sent to Garcia Elections, P.O. Box 28, Plymouth, Montserrat, B.W. 1.

The choice of the voters will be issued in October; profits to the Young Persons Concert Foundation.

P.S. Rolling Stone reports that **Steve McClain**, who used to be Garcia's personal chef, is now turning out such treats as jasmine-tea-infused shrimp cake at Eden, a trendy natural-food restaurant in Chicago.



Garcia the younger



Garcia the elder

DEAD NECKTIES



EXAMINER / CHRIS HARDY

A San Rafael *firm is offering ties in 19 designs "derived from" the music, history and lifestyle of the Grateful Dead. The psychedelic neckwear will be introduced Friday at a Union Square bash.* [C-3]

Jerry's gone, but Dead-inspired ties live on

By George Powell
OF THE EXAMINER STAFF

IN THE beginning there was the Grateful Dead and Jerry Garcia, and the music never stopped. After decades of music, Garcia, a man of many eclectic interests, decided to take some of his drawings and turn them into tie patterns. The result was J. Garcia ties, and his ties were good. But alas, there will be no more J. Garcia ties, as Deadheads everywhere know all too well after Garcia's death last year from a heart attack.

In fact, when J. Garcia ties were introduced a few years ago, it was taken as a sign that Deadheads were growing up and dressing up. But ties still aren't a part of the average Dead concert-goers tie-dyed ensemble.

Which brings us to the point of this opus, the introduction of the Grateful Dead Neckwear Collection, which has no commercial tie with J. Garcia (no pun intended). Mulberry Neckwear of San Rafael is the company that has obtained access to the Grateful Dead name and all Grateful Dead imagery and musical elements. The dollar amount of the fee was not released, but the ties are out — 19 different designs in a range of color combinations that, according to the accompanying publicity, "have been derived from the music, art, history, lifestyle and cultural lore that has surrounded the band and its fans."

The kickoff for this latest evidence that merchandising is the triumphant art of the '90s is Friday at noon in Union Square. Mulberry Neckwear and Macy's are sponsoring a lunchtime music and footbag (Hacky Sack) festival, with all performers clad in Grateful Dead neckwear. For veterans of the Grateful Dead scene for the last quarter-century, this free Head to Toe Festival is certainly the most unlikely use of the Dead's ethos that grizzled veterans of the '60s could imagine.

But Mulberry is keeping the band's tradition of service and caring alive by donating a portion of tie sales to the Rex Foundation, founded by the band and friends to help the arts, environment, social services, indigenous peoples and education.

On hand for the festival will be MC Bud E. Luv, the Ethel Merman Memorial Choir, the House Jacks and the Golden Gate Park Band. Freestyle footbaggers will also be exhibiting their skills at artistically booting the Hacky Sack around.

Dead neckwear has been previously displayed in Chicago and Las Vegas, but Macy's will have the exclusive sales rights until mid-October; the ties then can be found at department and specialty stores throughout the country. Official introduction of the ties nation-wide is slated for Oct. 1.

"The spirit of the Dead continues — we still love the music and the culture, even though we get up in the morning and put on a tie. We've grown up but haven't grown out of the Grateful Dead," says Mulberry chairman Henry Jacobson.

Hidden within this latest marketing of well-established symbols may be a profound kernel of knowledge that will illuminate these interesting times. One thing is evident — the image of the Dead that supported so many artisans and craftspeople through the years has been irreversibly changed.



DL0824

DL0825



SF. CHRONICLE 1/17/98



KEN GARCIA

The Dead's Unseemly Greedy Grab

Once irreverent group has sold out big time

Who would have thought that The Golden Road to Unlimited Devotion would be lined with dollar signs?

It's hard to believe that the Grateful Dead, which spent three decades following their own mystical beat to transcendent places, would now trade in their defining musicianship for mass merchandising.

Deadheads no doubt view the news that the band's recently announced vision for Terrapin Station — a $60 million shrine/museum/multicommercial multimedia center/concert hall/hamburger joint/hotel-apartment complex/massive corporate money-making venture somewhere in San Francisco — is a logical end to a remarkable spiritual, albeit often drug-induced journey.

To those who enjoyed the Dead but did not necessarily worship at the altar of Saint Jerry, it seems more like the latest manifestation of the marketing machine driven by some band members in the past decade — a venture that has seen clever Dead icons adorn such uncharacteristic products as golf balls, dog collars, nonalcoholic wine, even skeleton head Christmas ornaments.

For some of us who grew up with the Dead — I first saw them play for free in Golden Gate Park in 1967 — this recent incarnation requires a hearty leap of faith. Captain Trips and golf? Ties? What next, Pigpen blankets?

As it turns out, you don't have to be able to wade in a drop of dew to make the connection. In each case, it involves money. Yours.

No one can blame the Dead for trying to cash in on the Golden Age of Greed that now typifies rock. Twenty-seven years after their split, the Beatles are making more money than ever. The Rolling Stones will apparently tour until the band needs handrails to get on stage. The Eagles soared straight to the bank with tepid versions of 20-year-old hits. And who's next on the reunion circuit — the Archies?

But the Dead were supposed to be different. They spent their career defying commercial rock to unparalleled and unqualified success. They ignored convention and went out of their way to acknowledge the familial relationship they built with their fans. They even defied definition.

J. GARCIA

A·R·T

IN NECKWEAR FIRST

AT EMPORIUM

From the lead guitarist and vocalist of the Grateful Dead: A unique visual world of vibrant abstracts and whimsical drawings, each pure silk tie a reproduction of one of his original works of art. Shown clockwise, beginning at bottom: Ibid. Frog, Abstract Angles, Banyan Tree, Fish and Undertow, 27.50 each. Men's Furnishings, 7425



REGISTER TO WIN AN ORIGINAL JERRY GARCIA PRINT

You could win a limited-edition print by Jerry Garcia. Just stop by any Emporium store today through August 3 and register to win in Men's Furnishings. Also stop by the Emporium Downtown San Francisco to view selected pieces of his artwork, which will be featured near his new collection of neckwear. For more information about his art, contact The Art Peddler at (415) 454-7331.

D0826

DL0827

Ties celebrate Grateful Dead

MARIN IJ 9/19/96



IJ photo/Robert Tong

TIE TIME: Katie Smith and Henry Jacobson are owners of Mulberry Neckwear in San Rafael.

Marin firm making neckwear line

Designs from band's music, lifestyle, lore

By Tanya Schevitz

Independent Journal reporter

Baby boomers who are trading in their tie-dye and beads for more traditional wear can make the transition smoother by sporting one of the new Grateful Dead ties produced by a San Rafael neckwear company.

Mulberry Neckwear is launching the Grateful Dead tie collection this month, capitalizing on images developed by the Dead during the past 30 years.

"People who would never have thought of wearing a tie maybe will be compelled now because of their affinity for the Grateful Dead," said Henry Jacobson, chairman and CEO of Mulberry.

Mulberry Neckwear bought the licensing rights to the Grateful Dead name and imagery for a three-year period and has produced a collection with 19 designs, derived from the music, art, history, lifestyle and cultural lore of the band and its fans.

Each design is available in a few different color combinations.

Mulberry is already working on a spring line.

A percentage of each sale of the $29.50 ties will be donated to the Rex Foundation, a charitable foundation created by the members of the Grateful Dead.

The wavy lines, psychedelic bubbles and colorful dancing skeletons and bears can make anybody's head spin without chemical help. But for aging Deadheads, the ties can also invoke memories of concerts, songs and the Dead culture.

Younger Deadheads didn't see the band's fabled concerts at the Great Pyramids in Egypt in 1978, but older fans can hold onto the memories with a commemorative tie.

The collection includes other Deadhead mainstays that most fans can relate to, such as the

See Ties, page C3

How to get ties online or in person

The Grateful Dead tie collection can be viewed or purchased online at www.deadties.com after the Web site is finished at the end of next week.

Macy's West and Mulberry Neckwear will launch the tie collection in San Francisco tomorrow at the Head to Toe Festival.

The lunchtime music and footbag festival will be emceed by Bud E. Luv and will feature music by the Golden Gate Park Band, the Ethel Merman Memorial Choir and The House Jacks. The festival also features a footbag exhibition.

The free event will be from noon to 1 p.m. at Union Square in San Francisco.

Ties

From page C1

"space jam," the dancing bears and the "Spanish Lady," based on the garland and ribbon that adorned the Dead's famed skeleton icon.

"There are so many different ways to approach the ties thematically. It just goes on and on," Jacobson said.

"It is not just about the logos at all. It is more about the tone and sensibility of the Grateful Dead," he said.

The Grateful Dead ties are not Mulberry's first venture into musical themes.

The company produced a line of neckwear in 1993 based on the poster art from the rock 'n' roll shows at the Fillmore during the 1960s. Although bands like the Doors, the Who and Jefferson Airplane gave Mulberry the licensing rights to the posters from their shows, the Grateful Dead declined.

Mulberry kept contact with the band's representatives and finally got the licensing rights for a Grateful Dead collection this spring.

"I think it was an aesthetic question," said Grateful Dead publicist Dennis McNally.

"At the time when it came up, there was at least one person who said that the poster designs just didn't seem appropriate to ties. They might have been too busy, whereas these are using Grateful Dead icons and they can be relatively small."

The Grateful Dead had aesthetic review, McNally said. "If they didn't like them, they wouldn't have been made," he said.

Mulberry also got the rights to produce boxer shorts with the same themes, as well as ones based on Jerry Garcia's artwork. Stonehenge Ltd. of Manhattan already has the right to produce ties based on Garcia's artwork. Those ties — an entirely separate line — have proved very popular.

Mulberry's ties will be distributed through upscale department stores like Nordstrom, Macy's, Lord & Taylor and Bloomingdales. Macy's has an exclusive sale right until mid-October.

The Living Arts

The New York Times



Grateful Dead Productions





Disneyland for Deadheads: Ultimate Nostalgia Trip

Rock Group Lives in Memory and Master Plan

By NEIL STRAUSS

NOVATO, Calif. — If the red-brick warehouse in this Marin County town were open to the public, it would be a haven for one-stop shoppers. Its endless shelves are lined with everything from toothbrushes to golf balls, dog collars to stamps, skis to motorcycle parts, baby rompers to electric lanterns. But this is not a supermarket. It is the headquarters of Grateful Dead Merchandising, where the golf balls are tie-dyed and the dog collars are emblazoned with the head of Jerry Garcia. A thousand packages of Grateful Dead items are shipped from this warehouse each day, bringing in an annual gross of $50 million to $60 million.

But much more than the sale of memorabilia is involved here. There is a Grateful Dead master plan. Most of the revenue coming in is being earmarked for an enormous project, perhaps the biggest undertaking ever attempted by a single band. It is called Terrapin Station, to be built in San Francisco, a $60 million museum, amusement park, gathering place, concert hall, research center and possibly even a hotel for Grateful Dead fans who have lost their way since the band broke up after Garcia, its leader, died two and a half years ago.

"There's a way to keep this band going, even without Jerry, God bless him," said Dennis McNally, the band's press agent for 14 years. "Instead of dying, the Grateful Dead is morphing."

Rock-and-roll is a 50-year-old beast, and its founders and early innovators are just beginning to die off. With its pioneering musicians and bands gone, rock-and-roll is becoming a museum piece. Two years ago, the Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame opened in Cleveland. And Paul Allen, a Microsoft entrepreneur, is in the process of developing a $60 million Experience Music Project rock museum in Seattle. But Terrapin Station, named after a 1977 Grateful Dead album, promises to be a different type of tourist attraction altogether.

"This is probably the first rock-and-roll museum dedicated to one artist," said Bob Grossweiner, the senior editor of the concert industry magazine Performance. "If kids traveled all over the country following the band when they toured, I'm sure they'll all go to San Francisco to see the museum. It will

Continued on Page B6



Despite the death of their leader, Jerry Garcia, the Grateful Dead still distribute merchandise with their logos and his picture. Above center, a drawing of a theater at the group's planned San Francisco entertainment complex.



They were a San Francisco fringe band whose music lured their followers from Portland to the Pyramids, and if you didn't get the special magic of a stupor-inducing 90-minute version of "Dark Star," — well, you didn't belong there anyway.

That was when the Dead was a rock band, one that combined Dylanesque poetry with occasional virtuosity. They brought the acid to acid rock, accompanied by twirlers, jugglers, psychedelic lights and an all-knowing cosmic wink. They became an event, the ultimate on-the-bus experience, and they rode it to concert grosses that annually topped the charts.

But today the Dead is truly grateful for its financial intake. In the post-Jerry era, it functions as a commercial entity with a CEO, merchandising licenses, production facilities and not even the semblance of a tour. Yet even in

GARCIA: *Page A20 Col. 1*

GARCIA
From Page A13

announcing their $60 million, 65,000-square-foot amusement park, the Dead remain in denial. "This is not a theme park," said Cameron Sears, the band's manager. "This is not Disneyland."

What it is, in the words of one longtime Dead chronicler, is "regrettable." It's the Dead trapped in Vegas.

The band's desire to promote its legacy and make a healthy mountain of money in the process has now been translated into a dream that will feature the Dancing Bear Cafe, and the accompanying Mars Hotel complex. And the retail store and the record shop. And the two theaters and the museum and the percussion room and the rip-off of every Dead album name and concept since the band's inception. In and out of the garden they go — after visitors pay their admission fee, ante up for concert tickets and fork out a fistful of dollars for their American Beauty golf shirts.

Need a tip-off that the Dead's intentions are not altogether altruistic? Officials for the band say that they would put up approximately $3.5 million to fund the $60 million complex with about $1.5 million coming from the sales of a three-CD set of a 1990 concert. The rest would come from the sale of nonvoting preferred stock, costing $1,000 and $2,500, that would provide shareholders some discounts and some privileges, but would pay no dividends.

In other words, you can help the Dead fund their shrine and visit, but you can't share the financial rewards of any success. That's where the Dead Sea parts.

The mayor's office is said to embrace Deadland, which can only be described as a typical city involved in a typical daydream. They see dollars and tourists and hardly any risks in providing for an amusement park based on a popular fringe band that may have little resonance to youngsters 25 years down the road.

I'd like to stir my fond memories of the Dead with the volume dial on my stereo, rather than heading downtown for a Sugaree Shake and a Mexicali Burger. What a long, strange trip it's been, indeed.

DL0828

Unwind with the 'unwine'

MARIN IJ 7/22/96



IJ photo/Jeff Vendsel

STRANGE BREW: Dave Furano, president of the Long Strange Trip Beverage Co., is the man behind "Dead Red," a non-alcoholic red wine featuring the Grateful Dead logo. This recent example of celebrity merchandising is now available to consumers at Beverages, & More in San Rafael.

Celebrity Cellars opens its doors to Dead Red

Leslie Harlib

IJ correspondent

THE MILLIONS of fans consumed by their passion for the Grateful Dead can now literally drink in their favorite rock group.

A fledgling San Francisco-based wine company called Celebrity Cellars has just released their first vintage, an "unwine" (only 0.5% alcohol content) called "Dead Red" after the famous band.

Sleekly black, Dead Red's bottle looks a bit more sinister than a typical red wine bottle. And then there's the label: The red, blue and white skull with lightning bolt logo that's been a key symbol for The Grateful Dead since it appeared on one of their album covers in 1976.

"We needed an icon for our first release that had both cult and mass following," said Ken Sunshine, a spokesman for Celebrity Cellars. "The Grateful Dead personified that in this sense — their icons are extremely recognizable, they're the highest grossing act in the business and have been the United States' top touring act for many years."

Celebrity wine? Athletes have successfully marketed all types of sporting equipment and apparel for years, and currently the fashion business is luring dozens of Hollywood stars to hop onto the modeling and product endorsement bandwagons in the hope of gaining not only more money, but broader recognition. But why wine?

"Wine unto itself is perceived as a collectible. Putting artists on wine seemed a natural marriage," said Marty Erlichman, who founded Celebrity Cellars this year. Dead Red is only the first release in the young company's planned series of wines, both traditional and de-alcoholized, that are planned to be named after — and possibly sporting the pictures of — rock, classical and other celebrities in the music industry.

Erlichman, based in Los Angeles, has been Barbra Streisand's manager for 35 years. When Streisand went on her first concert tour in 27 years in 1993, Erlichman accompanied her. He was amazed at how the merchandising of stars had evolved.

"We had 60 product lines out during her tour alone. During this tour I was working with Dave Furano, who represented Sony Signatures — the division of Sony that handles producing and marketing their star-related products. David and I started talking, and realized that in the merchandising business as it pertains to usable celebrities, most stars don't have a merchandising life above and beyond the movie they're releasing or the tour they're on. As opposed to athletes, who have a merchandising life above and beyond each game. The collectible quotient is much greater with athletes than it is with entertainers.

"But we thought, why shouldn't it be greater with entertainers as well? One thing led to another over a period of time, and we hit upon the wine and wine bottles, and decided to start this company," he added

Erlichman, who also serves as the chief executive of Celebrity Cellars, San Anselmo resident Furano, and his new partner and company president, were also well positioned to approach a wide range of celebrities in the performing arts thanks to their professional connections.

As Erlichman puts it, "We proceeded to find celebrities. And we put together this company, starting our negotiations with Sony Signatures, of which Dave was still a part at that time."

Celebrity Cellars agreed on the Grateful Dead as their first target, and signed a contract with the band before Jerry Garcia's death almost a year ago.

"The Dead liked the idea, collectively. They and Marty made

See Dead, page D3

MARIN IJ 9/18/96

Author resurrects recipes from 'Dead' fans

Robert Makin

Gannett News Service

With her first book, "Cooking with the Dead," Elizabeth Peace Zipern combined her three loves: writing, natural food and the Grateful Dead.

Now the author has done it again with her newly published "Made With Love" (St. Martin's Press for $9.99). This tome has additional Deadhead recipes and stories, plus instructions for a variety of craft projects perfect for the band's fans.

"I was looking for a way to go on tour, to be able to see music and be involved with the Dead, but still have higher aspirations," says Zipern, 26. "It really worked out well, being able to combine three of my interests. It was really awesome."

A 1993 graduate from Rutgers University with a degree in journalism, Zipern was turned on to the Grateful Dead during college.

More than 100 shows later, she attended what would be the veteran touring band's final curtain: July 9, 1995, in Chicago. Exactly one month later, head band member, Jerry Garcia, died of heart failure. The band subsequently dissolved into a variety of mutual projects.

"Everything came from the Dead," says Zipern, who now lives in Vermont. "I loved writing the books, because I felt going to a Grateful Dead show opened another world of possibility. It was a doorway to so much more. I learned so much about everything: religion, philosophy, growing food, building, cooking. I was like, 'Wow, there's something bigger out there,' which may have been the draw for the Grateful Dead."

The band may be gone, but Deadheads can use Zipern's books as a means to keep their memories alive. Throughout the 1990s, the author interviewed nearly 200 fellow fans, many of whom were vendors at shows.

The latest results weave a variety of entertaining stories with instructions for hair wraps, tie-dyed T-shirts, dream catchers, flower wreaths and other crafts.

Like its predecessor, however, the main crux of "Made with Love" is organic vegetarian food, which is grown without fertilizers or chemicals. Such dishes as tofu pot pie, vegan taco salad and yummy 'nana bread were shared with Zipern, whose passion for natural cuisine was inspired by the band.

"It's cool to cook for yourself and not stop by the McDonald's drive-thru," she says. "It does go into politics, because it's not just what you eat, but where the companies are investing their money. McDonald's is responsible for rainforest destruction. You've got to look where you're spending your money."

Currently enjoying the Vermont countryside in a farmhouse she's renting, Zipern says she is going to take it easy for a while before writing a book about natural foods.

Here is a sample recipe from the latest book:

YUMMY 'NANA BREAD
(Makes one loaf. Recipe created by "Deadheads" Christy and Jarrett, from Indiana.
WET INGREDIENTS:
3 mushed up bananas ("The best bananas, of course, are the ones that are really old and have lots of dots," Christy says.)
1 egg
one-fourth cup butter, melted
DRY INGREDIENTS
1 cup sugar
1 and one-half cups flour. (Wheat flour gives the bread an interesting taste).
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda

In separate bowls, mix the wet and dry ingredients. Combine both bowls and mix. If the mixture appears too dry, adding a few tablespoons of organic apple juice can help. Grease a pan and pour in the batter.

Bake in preheated oven at 350 degrees for an hour. Make sure it is golden brown on top.

DL0829

THE NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1998

Disneyland for Deadheads: Ultimate Nostalgia Trip

Continued From Page B1

bring a lot of money into the economy, and it's very possible that Terrapin Station will outdraw the Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame, because it's in a bigger city, and some people are going to be spending weeks there instead of just a day. Hopefully, they'll have smoke alarms in the bathrooms and the staircases."

In its 30-year existence, the Grateful Dead was transformed from a band into a cult, attracting and retaining a more loyal, obsessive and dedicated following — the Deadheads — than any other rock group. Its tours were among the highest grossing, regularly earning some $50 million in a good year. But when the band broke up in 1995, it left tens of thousands of fans with nowhere to go, no band worthy of following so slavishly around the country. One of the roles of Terrapin Station will be as a kind of shrine and meeting place for Deadheads. Its builders expect, in their most conservative estimates, that Terrapin Station will attract 1.2 million people in its first year.

Though a site has not yet been chosen, the band is considering two San Francisco locations and expects to close a deal by the end of the month.

Meetings have already begun with city officials. Spokesmen for the band said that the city had pledged its support.

Phil Lesh, the Grateful Dead's bassist, said the idea first germinated in the late 60's when the band dreamed about becoming what he called "a rock-and-roll satellite" that would stay in one place and broadcast concerts around the world.

"The relationship between the band and the Deadheads needs to be nurtured because they are us, and we are them," Mr. Lesh said in a recent interview. "We'd been talking about Terrapin Station more seriously for the last five years, but the touring overhead and the number of employees we had were so great that we couldn't think of a way to generate enough time and energy, let alone money.

"With Jerry's death, everything changed. We are no longer a viable touring operation. We couldn't even support our entire staff. To make a smooth transition, we had to fall back on merchandising our music archives, and that became the cash cow for the whole organization."

"But we didn't want to just put out old live concerts until the material and interest dwindled away," he continued. "As big a draw as the music at our shows was the fellowship and community people had there with one another. We wanted to create a place that would be a presentation of what we did musically and culturally, and a place where people could gather, and new music could be showcased, and a nonprofit organization for music groups in the Bay Area could be developed."

The entrance to the 65,000-square-foot Terrapin Station, which Mr. Lesh said he hoped would be open by New Year's Eve 1999 for reunion of surviving Grateful Dead members, will be a parking lot, a re-creation of the place outside concert halls where Deadheads used to meet and sell food and crafts.

Inside, there will be a 1,000-seat auditorium for concerts by Bay Area bands and by members of the Dead, most of whom have formed their own groups; rotating museum exhibits focusing on the Bay Area music scene since the 60's, world music and chapters in Grateful Dead history, and a store full of band merchandise.

> A band thought to have died wants to morph.

Plans also call for a roomful of percussion instruments for spontaneous drum circles and jam sessions; a multimedia theater that will recreate the experience of Grateful Dead concerts, and a restaurant tentatively called the Dancing Bear Cafe. (Expect the vegetarian burritos and grilled cheese sandwiches typically served up in a Dead concert parking lot.) Depending on the size of the site that the Grateful Dead buys, there may also be a theme hotel or apartment complex, named Mars Hotel after another Dead album.

Terrapin Station will not be a giant Hard Rock Cafe, those involved say.

"I want to put my entire legal and business files on display," said Hal Kant, the band's lawyer for 30 years. "The music industry is kind of new, and I was one of the first lawyers, so maybe my files can help teach people about the development of contracts and business practices from the beginning. A substantial part of the museum is intended to be a research center."

Deadheads seem to be behind the project and have already contributed $1.5 million. Unlike most rock corporate ventures, the Grateful Dead has a very elaborate business partnership in which the musicians are heavily involved. Each original member owns an equal share in Grateful Dead Productions and has an equal vote in approving merchandise and business decisions.

When Garcia died, in keeping with an agreement made 25 years ago, the remaining members of the band bought back his interest in the corporation while his estate continued to receive his royalties from music and merchandise.



Peter DaSilva for The New York Times

Elisabeth Kirby, an employee at the Grateful Dead warehouse in Novato, Calif., prepares to ship merchandise, including computer mouse pads, at right. The band also licenses golf balls, watches, posters and dog collars.

Although it isn't involved in band decisions, the estate is behind Terrapin Station, said Garcia's widow, Deborah Koons Garcia. "It sounds like a really fun and imaginative project," she said. "I think it's a few years off, but my understanding is that people are most excited about it being a high-tech playground and looking toward the future, which is something Jerry was really interested in." (The estate still owes $4.6 million to Garcia's second wife, Carolyn Adams Garcia, known as Mountain Girl.)

The shock of his death, and the realization that with Terrapin Station the Grateful Dead would survive as a business entity long after its members were gone, has forced the rest of the band to set up a trust and start appointing trustees to take over their stock after their deaths.

"Band members are the board of directors," Mr. Kant said. "They're not figureheads. They make all the decisions, and we don't do anything until everyone agrees, so we're not dragging along a reluctant party. We're among the first rock groups to have health coverage, pension plans and other employee benefits."

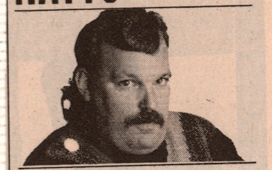
Grateful Dead Productions itself is a complex, rapidly growing machine fueled by the band's insistence on direct control over its products, enabling it to control its image and keep a greater share of the profits than most musicians who work through separate record labels and merchandising companies Besides the new company being established to run Terrapin Station, Grateful Dead Productions includes a retail arm, which develops products and runs a mail-order catalog for direct sales. A division licenses the Grateful Dead name and trademark to manufacturers (from multinational companies to entrepreneurs working out of the trunks of their cars) to develop and sell products.

There is also a merchandising service, which works on product development, inventory control and concession sales not just for Dead-related concerts but also for other music acts like the Gipsy Kings and Maxwell, and sports teams like the Oakland Raiders. And there is Grateful Dead Records, which, recently expanded, to compensate for some of the loss of touring revenue and merchandise, releasing albums by Crosby and Nash and the Allman Brothers as well as the Dead, whose rigorous and extensive archives of some 2,300 concerts and numerous studio sessions are kept in a vault in the Novato warehouse. In case of a fire, the vault has a security system that will pump the air out from the room, killing anyone inside but saving the music.

"Thanks to the archive that the band had the foresight to compile over 30 years, the music can be presented in different ways in the band's absence," said Peter McQuaid, the chief executive of Grateful Dead Productions. "With Terrapin Station, the Grateful Dead could theoretically go on and on performing without even having to show up and get on stage and play their instruments."

RAY RATTO

SF EXAMINER 5/22/96



Quest lives because of the Dead

IN UTAH, Frank Layden's number has been retired, and all he did was coach. In Portland, Larry Weinberg's number has been retired, and all he did was pay half the bills and take in half the money. In Sacramento, the fans have had their number retired, and all they did was buy beer and cheer for the Kings.

In San Francisco, though, we do things a bit differently, and for reasons that bluff old traditionalists might link to the excessive use of glue as recreational aid.

For instance, Jerry Garcia's number was retired Tuesday by the Lithuanian national basketball team and hung in what passes for the rafters (actually, table 33, in front of Todd Rundgren's guitar and to the right of the "Reefer Madness" movie poster) at the Hard Rock Cafe. And all he did was play guitar, write some checks and declare the impoverished Baltic hoopsters his kind of folks.

In other words, a man who never wore a number had it retired by an organization he never belonged to and hung against a wall in a place he rarely frequented. Now that's San Francisco with oak leaf clusters.

Then again, our little burg has always had its own oddball loyal-

[See RATTO, D-2]

DL0830



EXAMINER/ELIZABETH MANGELSDORF

Sarunas Marciulionis, *left, is joined by Bob Weir, center, and Mickey Hart of the Grateful Dead at the Hard Rock.*

Dead

From page D1

a decision that they wanted as many of their fans as possible to share this unique aspect of their marketing and merchandising. That's why we decided to de-alcoholize the wine," explains Celebrity Cellars spokesman Sunshine. "And because it is de-alcoholized, it can be sold everywhere."

Dead Red, made from grapes grown in Manteca and bottled in San Francisco, is being promoted with a unique marketing twist — not only in liquor stores, such as Beverages, & More, or supermarkets such as Safeway, but in stores like Tower Records.

Released two weeks ago as a test in California, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio and Illinois, Dead Red is expected to be shipped nationwide over the summer, but in limited editions.

"These bottles are collectibles," says Sunshine. "It means a finite number are being produced, and it is being marketed as something that people will want to collect. It won't be sold forever. So fans may drink the wine and save the bottle. Or they may never drink it. The likelihood is that they'll want more than one bottle."

So far, 25,000 cases have been shipped, and says Erlichman, the demand is growing.

"We're delighted at the initial success, though we don't know how many bottles of Dead Red have sold. In the entertainment or film business, you can get results imme diately. But in the wine business the wine goes through the ware houses, the distributors, into stores, and you get results once a month. It's frustrating right now, coming from the business I come from, to wait so long to know how it's doing."

Based on the way Dead Red is moving locally, it's doing fine. Over at Beverages & More in San Rafael, Dead Red has been on display for two weeks and, says store concierge Doug Eisele, "We've sold more than 50 percent of our stock. When people walk in, they see it, and they stop. They look, they read about it, they talk about it . . . 'Is it sponsored by the Grateful Dead? Is it really wine? Unwine? Does that mean there's no wine in it?'"

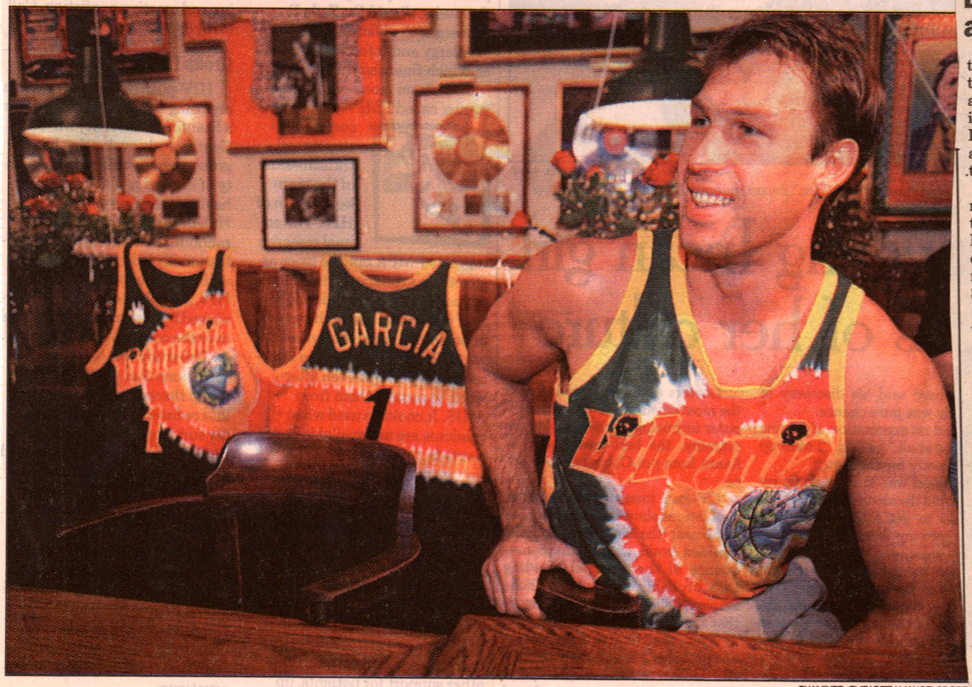
What does it taste like? Dead Red definitely gives the illusion of a wine — deep purple-black in the glass, and tangy, with a hint of oak, and plenty of raisin/black currant flavor on the tongue. There's not much of a finish, other than what you'd expect after eating a ripe black plum.

The taste, which is good, is only part of its appeal. Based on customer feedback, Eisele says, many people are buying at least two bottl — one to drink and one to keep.

"There are a lot of people o there who enjoy their rock star and I think they want to feel th they have something closely asso ated with them. This is a wonderf way of doing it. Something positi for everybody," Eisele says.

[★ ★ ★ ★]
dnesday evening
MAY 22, 1996
ING STOCKS
Dow up 41.74
NTY-FIVE CENTS
NEWSSTAND PRICE

JERRY GARCIA'S JERSEY RETIRED



EXAMINER/ELIZABETH MANGELSDORF

Former Golden State Warrior Sarunas Marciulionis poses at the Hard Rock Cafe on Van Ness Avenue in front of a jersey retired Tuesday by the Lithuanian national basketball team in honor of late Grateful Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia. Garcia never actually wore the jersey, but he gave generously to the financially struggling team, for which Marciulionis stars when he's not playing in the NBA. [*Ray Ratto, D-1*]

◆ *RATTO from D-1*

Lithuania, Jerry and the Hard Rock

ties. The 49ers, but only since they've started winning. The Giants, but only if they start winning in a new ballpark. The Grateful Dead, even though they don't tour anymore, because, well, because they're the Dead.

And as a result, the Lithuanian national basketball team. Because they are Dead-sponsored and Dead-approved, after a rigorous entrance exam taken by Lithuanian guard and chief sugar daddy Sarunas Marciulionis.

"When I was with the Warriors, we were in Detroit in 1991 and one of the writers took me and Chris Mullin to see them," Marciulionis said Tuesday. "We met them afterward, and got to talking, and we talked a little bit about our team and how hard it was to get money for the Olympics. A couple of weeks later, I got this check for five grand from them."

THERE WERE more to come later, and ultimately the association became a lasting one. Dead-sponsored. Dead-approved . . . and also Dead-dressed, which was the real reason for Garcia's latest posthumous honor.

The Lithuanians, whose national colors of green, red and gold were tie-dyed in the fashion of the Dead, were the hit of the Barcelona Olympics in 1992, and not just because they won the bronze medal. They were not only small (a population under 4 million) and new (one of the 15 countries crowbarred out of the Soviet Union), but had accomplished basketball players (Marciulionis, future Portland star Arvydas Sabonis, Rimas Kurtinaitis and plenty of others) without the Paleolithic public relations sense of the U.S. team.

As fairy tales go, though, this one stalled well short of happily ever afterhood. Shortly thereafter, the outfits and all manner of offshoots were manufactured and marketed with the cooperation of the remaining members of the Dead, raising more than a quarter of a million dollars for the Lithuanian Children's Fund.

FOUR YEARS later, Lithuania is still in what economists call the transitional phase, and what parents call preschool. Self-sufficient nations are not made in five years, and Lithuania doesn't turn 5 until September. Six months ago, much of the Lithuanian banking system collapsed. "Nine banks closed because of people who were not professional," Marciulionis said, "and 100,000 people lost their life savings. The national bank was in trouble for a while."

Thus, having been Charles Keating-ed the hard way, Lithuania is not exactly flush for Atlanta. So the basketball team, which made the final 12 for the Olympics by beating the richly hated Russians in the European semifinals, is back hawking haberdashery, using the Dead Shopping Network to help raise money for fellow athletes and hustle some surplus to take back home for far needier countrymen.

This year's catalog for you memorabilia nuts includes the new uniform, which is a fascinating combination of cool and cornea damage. The legend "Lithuania," which interestingly is not what Lithuanians call their country, is stretched across the front with skulls dotting each "I." There is a globe the size of Sabonis' head on the front, and a tie-dyed corona around it that from a distance looks like what a detergent box would be if Jerry Brown had won the presidency. And in a corner, the Dead hand logo with the missing middle finger, a la Garcia.

IN OTHER words, less than a timeless classic but much better than the New York Islanders' or Vancouver Grizzlies' jerseys, which were designed and marketed by professionals. The duds are also sufficiently unusual to separate them from the Uzbeks, Tadzhiks, Greeks, Sudanese, Sri Lankans, Trinidadians, Icelanders and Paraguayans, and link them to any hall in any high school in suburban America.

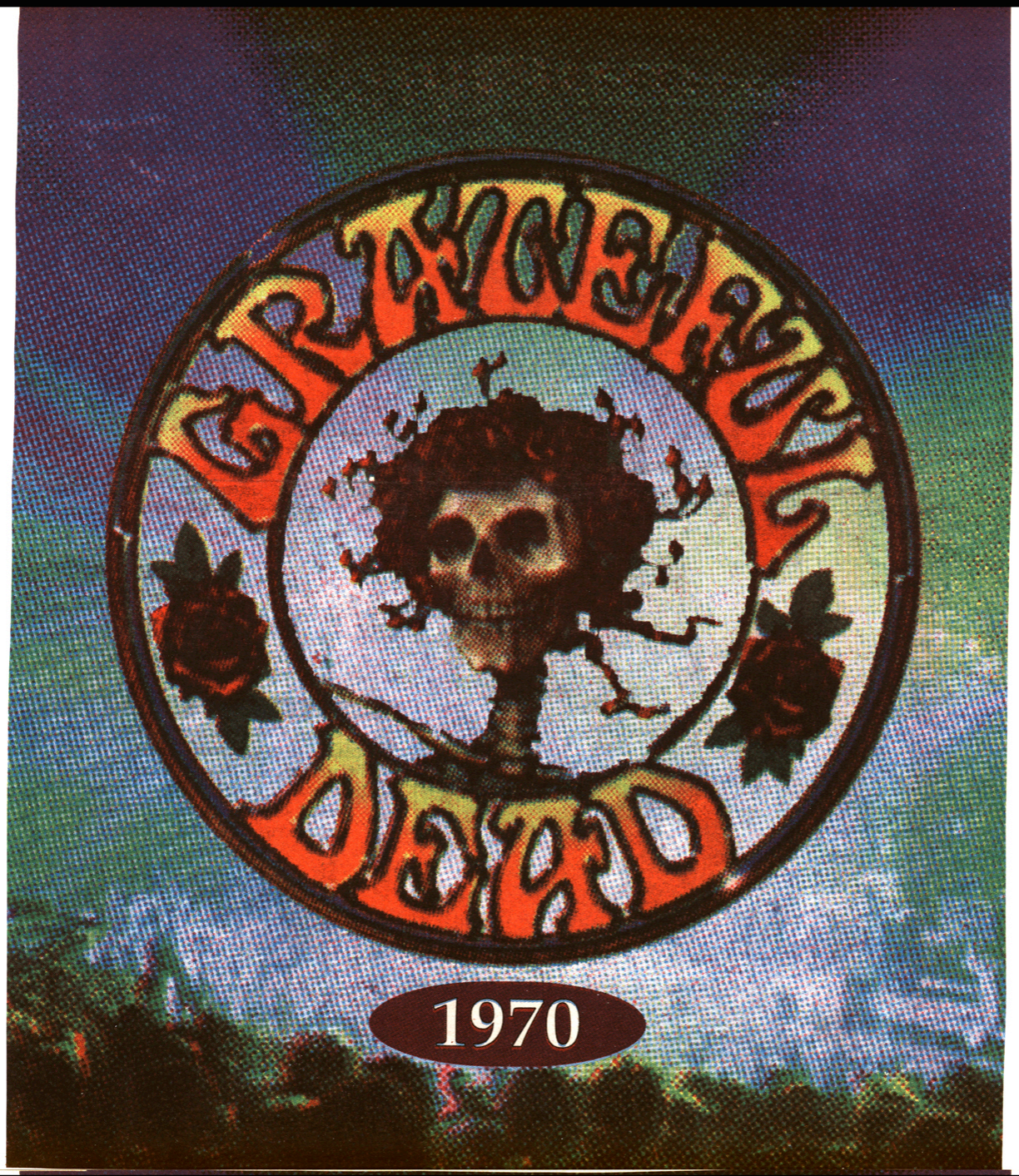
Not only that, they remain infinitely more lovable than the members of Dream Team III, who say they are playing for God, country and family but more likely for shoe company and agent. The Lithuanians are playing for their 3.7 million countrymen, which is far more romantic and noble than, say, winning one for Phil Knight or David Falk.

Indeed, it makes for a better story all around, "and the story is just beginning," according to Dead guitarist Mickey Hart.

And somewhere, Jerry Garcia is looking down from behind his gray hair and cheaters and upon his jersey, smiling as he thinks about it falling off its pole and into the crab-and-lentil fajita of some elderly tourist from Iowa and asking Jimi Hendrix and Cass Elliott, "Now what the hell do you think *that's* about?"

It's San Francisco in all its glory, is what it is. And changing existential planes in Vilnius.

DL0831



DL0832

friday, oct. 17, 1997 pipe dream Release entertainment



by RICHARD WOLINSKY
FORMER STAFF WRITER
(REPRINTED FROM 1970)

The article above this one raves about Pentangle. Sure, they gave a fine concert.

BUT... they didn't approach the Dead. The concert was the finest in Harpur history . . . the finest the Dead has ever given on the East Coast to my

knowledge. And the finest concert I've ever seen - and that includes a 3 hour thing in Tompkins Square by the Blues Project, Janis and Big Brother's finest moment at the Fillmore East and also all of Woodstock.

Live Dead

Waiting at the door. Tons of freaks waiting also. Painted. Tripping. Stoned. The doors open. A mad rush for the floor. Balloons fly through the air. "Clear for an aisle." "Anybody got any matches?" "No Smoking." "Anybody want Electric Wine?" Whoo. Whoo. Screams, A Bird Call.

Then the dead. Garcia and Weir come out and do acoustic stuff. I don't remember most of it. Some was really fine. Most was really fine. An acoustic "Beat It On Down The Line" that was really fantastic. Sit down. Everybody sit down. Garcia plays "Don't Murder Me." Screams. We sit and stand. End of acoustic set.

"Where's the electric?"

The New Riders

Announcing the NEW riders of the Purple Sage. Out comes some blond haired freak. Marma-Duke? Fine country music. The crowd roars but "where's the electric?" Riders do a fantastic version of the old Jack Jones song "The Race Is On" and a great "Weight" and "Lodi" which puts Creedence to shame. Then out comes Weir and they sing more country stuff.

Break

The Electric. Garcia plays the first two notes of St. Stephen and the crowd goes berserk. The light show (Better than any I've seen) flashed St. Stephen with horns and snake hair. St. Stephen more powerful and better than on Aoxomoxoa or Live Dead and the crowd fills in the album screams.

"That's It For The Other One," the long first cut on the second album, endless and non-ending and phenomenal. Garcia's guitar is cosmic. Then a song I don't know. Someone told me it was the "Train song." People flopping on top of themselves. Garcia throws in a Dark Star riff I think. Sit down, people scream. "Good Lovin'" or maybe It was "Dancing In The Streets."

Pipes and Joints flow to the Music.

IT'S IN THE MUSIC.

Pigpen gives a stirring rendition of "Good Lovin'" and Garcia gives a break which almost goes into Lovelight but never quite makes it.

It's in the Kool-Aid

Cosmic Charlie and people jumping up and down. The hour grows late and the Dead is giving their best concert on the east coast and where? AT HARPUR. Here. Binghamton dinktown USA and the dead are amazing.

ITS IN THE WATER.

On the screen a cartoon: A guy rolling a stone and falling under it again. Cold Rain and Snow, one of the best things in the set. The music comes on and keeps coming.

Break.

Everybody gets water and runs through the rain; People looking dazed. Some sitting giving TRIPRAPS and others sleeping.

MORE DEAD

Cool, calm, collected and totally controlled and superb Morning Dew OFF THE FIRST ALBUM. THE DEAD NEVER DO ANYTHING OFF THE FIRST ALBUM ANYMORE. bullshit.

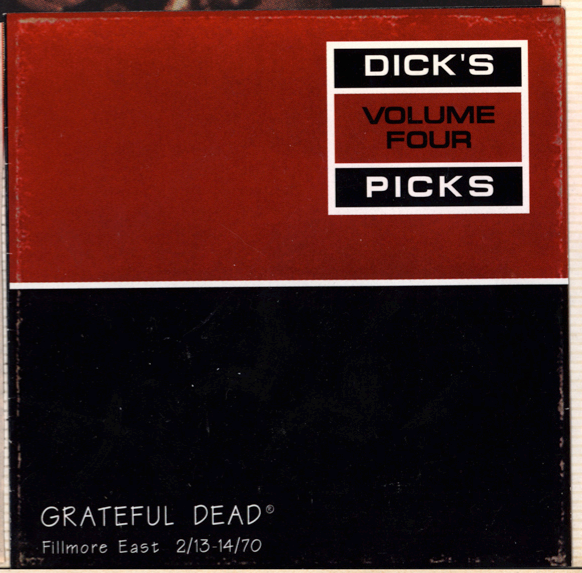
Anthem of the Dead

Followed by Viola Lee Blues with three buildups, the last ending with people screaming and shouting and Garcia pulling the most phenomenal notes out of one guitar. AND WE BID YOU GOODNIGHT, which they don't stop singing because no one will let them go.

But they do and the concert ends.

five and one half hours.

IT'S IN THE MUSIC.



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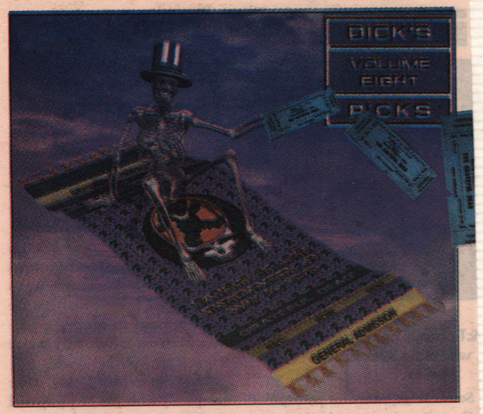


Take a Trip with the Grateful Dead

live dead live dead live dead live



ROLLING STONE 7/11 → 25/96



DL0834

DL0835

A TRIBUTE TO AN IDEA REALIZED

One Man's Overview of The Dick's Picks Series

by Greg McWilliams

As we all continue to grapple with the catastrophic concept of a world without a live and performing Grateful Dead, Deadheads have had a marvelous opportunity to assuage their grief and remember why this band had, and continues to have, such a tenacious foothold in their lives. The reason for such extended celebration is the *Dick's Picks* series of live releases, structured and presented by master archivist Dick Latvala, the guy down there in the vaults excavating all these juicy nuggets.

To know that we have a fellow Deadhead in such a critical position is wonderful enough; that it is also someone whose ultimate priority is to get as much quality music out as quickly as possible makes it all the better. Indeed, it's hard to conceive of a more potent and straightforward homage to the Grateful Dead's extraordinary musical abilities, fierce camaraderie and spiritual energy than this continually evolving presentation of the band's best-sounding material in all its exquisite, digitally remastered glory.

Now that we have the seventh and most recent *Dick's Picks, London '74*, we can now start to formulate an overview, allowing us to appreciate the *Picks* as fascinating and unique entities, each capturing a distinct era of the Dead's evolution. And just like those seven, pesky, little guys who hung around Snow White, each *DP* release is filled with individual strengths, peculiarities, and yes, even drawbacks. The following opinions on the *DP* series are mine alone, although I naturally believe they should be considered as sacred text, to be read, memorized, eaten and summarily digested, so that they become part of the fiber of your very being. To wit:



Buddy Finethy

DP 1: 12/19/73—Curtis Hixon Convention Hall, Tampa, FL. Two discs. (68:18, 56:40). A variety of selections from the 72nd and last show of 1973. Dick dives in with a vengeance, starting off this superb-sounding, two-disc offering with a "Here Comes Sunshine" that seems like it's been Fed-exed straight from heaven. It remains truly astonishing to hear such a wonderfully long, ecstatically jamming version of such a remarkable song in this pristine condition. Words really fail to describe the almost palpable pieces of joy that seem to flake off the sounds pouring out of my speakers whenever I play this song; indeed, the highest accolade I can give it is that it truly recreates the acres of goose bumps left on my body after first hearing "Dark Star" on *Live Dead* so many moons ago. The fact that this is the band's penultimate rendition of the song before it dropped out of rotation for almost 19 years (!) only further convinces me of my long and loudly touted belief that when a song was perfected, the band lost interest in it and dropped it, sometimes permanently ("Mountains Of The Moon," "Money, Money," "Viola Lee Blues," "Cosmic Charlie," "St. Stephen," "Doin' That Rag," "Mason's Children," etc.), or sometimes, for just a decade or two ("New Speedway Boogie," "Box Of Rain," "Loose Lucy," "B. T. Wind," "Death Don't Have No Mercy," "Attics" and, of course, "Dark Star," among many others).

I suppose Dick's desire to get things off to such a roaring start is the reason he presented the songs in a rather peculiar, non-sequential order. The rest of the first disc presents a variety of gems from the first and second sets, with a particularly wonderful "WRS" (weren't they all) and a long and spacey "Playin'."

The second disc really delivers the goods with the second half of the second set presented in sequential order. A wonderful and somewhat rare "Nobody's Fault" has to be the highlight here, as Jerry's jammin' and distinctive voice really digs hard into the guts of the lamentable nature of this traditional blues standard. This was a tasty harbinger of the denser and more fusion, jazz-oriented areas that the band would explore more fully in the following year. Initially, the only real quibble I had with the release was the exclusion of certain songs also played that night, like "Candyman," "B.T. Wind" and "Ramble On Rose" (all preferable to "Big River" in my book). And a "Bobby McGee" to jump-start the somewhat short second disc would have been highly appreciated. I've subsequently been enlightened, however, by reading interviews with Dick, and now know that not all songs from any given night are in the same category of sound quality. And one might also point out that the basic red and black coloring isn't exactly the most aesthetically pleasing package, but this is somewhat akin to complaining that the Mona Lisa doesn't sing songs and dance, too. Overall Rating: 9 (out of 10).

DP 2: 10/31/71—Ohio Theatre, Columbus, OH. One disc (58:20). This single disc utilizes quite a different approach than its esteemed predecessor, as Dick gives us a concise, but sequentially correct, chunk of the second set. It's fairly standard material from the era, but what really boggles the mind is how clear this soundboard is, particularly for a show that doesn't even have a full set list in my *Deadbase VIII* (a radical contrast to 12/19/73, which had always been a readily available tape). Hockey players note: you can sharpen your ice skates for the winter on the precise clarity of this luscious "Dark Star," which slips into a fine "Sugar Mag," with a rare, but very effective, "St. Stephen" follow-up song (also, the "Star>Sugar Mag>St. Stephen" arrangement is the only one I can find documented). By the end of the disc, the band is sizzling, lashing out with a delectable "NFA>GDTRFB>NFA."

Overall, it is fascinating to hear the band's change of approach in the wake of Mickey's temporary departure earlier in the year, as well as the departure of Pigpen (for the time being) and the addition of Keith Godchaux. This stands as the period of the sparsest, most quiet sounding music of the Dead's history—which also produced a vast improvement in Bobby's guitar work over the next few years. This format further allows us to more fully appreciate Phil and Jerry's remarkable complementary skills and Billy's frenetic playing. The main drawback I have about the package is the fact that it is just one disc (the only "single" in the series so far) and not exactly a long one at that. And by the way, where is the traditional Halloween version of "Werewolves Of London?" (Oops, I forgot, Warren hadn't figured it all out yet.) Overall rating: 8.

DP 3: 5/22/77—Pembroke Pines, FL. Two discs (74:00, 64:01). Back to Florida again for *DP3*, the release that ranks as my unqualified favor-

Sound Alternatives



Grateful Dead — *Dick's Picks Volume Three* (GDM)

The recent autonomy that Grateful Dead tape vault keeper Dick Latvala has been granted is beginning to show. The most recent installment in the releases that bear Latvala's name is the proof. This time around Dick chose a crisp Betty Board (note: named after tape operator Betty Cantor Jackson) recording from May 22, 1977 at the Sportatorium in Pembroke Pines, Florida.

Dick's Picks Volume Three is a smoking example of the heights that the Dead could reach, when inspired to do so. Disc One begins with a quick "Funiculi Funicula" tuning that is usually started by Garcia and if he plays long enough, the rest of the band will swiftly follow suit. A rousing "The Music Never Stopped" is next, followed by "Sugaree" that not only is over 15 minutes in length, but is superior in the execution department as well. Next up is the Dead's CD debut of "Lazy Lightning> Supplication." These two tunes are linked together in an extended jam that just wasn't possible when performed by guitarist Bob Weir's other part-time band — Kingfish. As if that wasn't enough another 16 minute extravaganza develops as the disco-influenced "Dancin' In The Streets," explodes. No folks, it literally erupts and oozes all over the place. Donna Godchaux — the only lady in the band and a damn good vocalist to boot, shines as she does some fine vocal counterplay with Garcia during the songs' waning moments. Disc One then comes to a sweaty, teeth gnashing, aurally orgasmic frenzy with what some Deadheads call "The Trinity" "Help On The Way> Slipknot!> Franklin's Tower." I can't stress just how good this version is.

any of the discs in the Dick's Picks series, they are only available domestically through Grateful Dead Merchandising at 1-800-225-3323 or by writing PO Box X Navato, Ca. 94915. The price is only $18.50 and that includes shippage of this double-disc masterpiece to your door. If you're wanting to order for the holidays do so post haste. Due to the passing of Jerry Garcia, GDM is swamped with requests for all things Dead.

— *Lindsay Planer*

Woodland Hills, CA
(Los Angeles Co.)
Daily News
(Cir. D. 135,010)
(Cir. Sa. 145,767)
(Cir. Su. 122,031)

JAN 12 1996

Allen's P. C. B. *Est. 1888*

Grateful Dead/"Dick's Picks, Vol. 3"

Finally, an album of old Grateful Dead concert material with some new imagination.

From the "Funiculi Funicula" tune-up to Jerry Garcia's searing licks in the post-apocalyptic "Morning Dew" finale, "Dick's Picks, Vol. 3" (Grateful Dead Records) is far and away the best of the defunct band's recent retro live offerings, many of which have been entirely too predictable. 3393

"The Music Never Stopped," "Lazy Lightning," "Dancin' in the Streets," even the delicate coda to the seasoned standby "Eyes of the World" all sparkle with that special vigor generated when the band hit all cylinders on stage, this time during a Florida gig in 1977.

The rarely featured lead vocals of Donna Jean Godchaux in her melodramatic "Sunrise" fable were never better.

Surviving members of the Dead plan to continue releasing several bygone concert recordings a year. Hopefully the boys and their hit-and-miss tape archivist, Dick Latvala, will keep them as fresh as this one. ★★★★

— Brett Pauly

Atlanta, GA
Atlanta
Constitution
(Cir. Morn. 194,938)

JAN 11 1996

THE GRATEFUL DEAD
"Dick's Picks Volume Three"
Grateful Dead Music. Two CDs (CD only).

3393

ROCK ★★★½

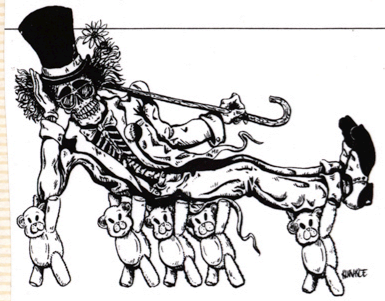
"Sugaree," "Estimated Prophet" and other concert faves make "Dick's Picks Volume Three" a superbly listenable Grateful Dead experience. Other highlights of the 16-song set, recorded May 1977 at Pembroke Pines, Fla., include a soothing guitar-driven jam on 'Slipknot."

The album has, as liner notes warn, some "occasional weirdness" of sound because of tape deterioration, but its song selection is solid. Also a plus is personnel — the band includes now-deceased keyboardist Keith Godchaux and his wife, vocalist Donna Jean Godchaux. "Volume Three" is a must for Deadheads and a maybe for newcomers. But anyone merely intrigued by the Dead because of the recent death of Jerry Garcia should opt for a recent major-label release.

— *Russ DeVault*

After a short respite, to change discs, a full throttle attack from Bobby Weir comes in the form of "Samson and Delilah." This cover from the Rev. Gary Davis catalog was a recent addition to Dead shows around this time and while it packs a mean punch thanks to our friends in the rhythm section, it hasn't quite evolved into the bone shakin' paean it would become. Donna Godchaux is in the spotlight next with "Sunrise," her only solo vocal performance with the Dead. It is absolutely haunting. It is the proverbial calm before the impending "Estimated Prophet> Eyes Of The World> Wharf Rat> Terrapin Station> (Walk Me Out In The) Morning Dew." This 45 minute musical montage throws bassist Phil Lesh in front of the mix for a while and has him performing audio acrobatics that remind me of the notion I once had that he'd make somebody a nice band leader someday.

All said, Mr. Dick Latvala should be very proud (as usual) with his work. He has picked a tremendous show from an even more spectacular era. As usual, if you want



ite of the *DP* series so far. What's not to like here? This package contains two long discs from that most magic of months, May '77, detailing the phenomenal highlights of a monster show. The 74-minute, first disc might really be the greatest disc ever associated with the Dead; even the "Funiculli" tune-up sounds glorious. This is followed by a relatively rare opener, "Music Never Stopped," which gets things rolling on an exhilarating note, before slipping into, what seems to me, to be the ultimate "Sugaree"—it is scary how deeply Garcia digs into this long and ferocious version. It's hard to think of any other post '74 show that reached such a forceful intensity so quickly in the first set. The fun continues as the disc skips to "Lazy Lightning>Supplication," the latter song driven by Jerry's majestic playing, the gorgeous sound unspooling from his guitar like a dazzling boa constrictor in this, by far the longest, version of the song I've ever heard. Another of the era's sublime "Dancin'"s awaits us, followed next by the second set opener, a solid, if unspectacular, "Help>Slip>Franklin's."

A sparkling "Samson" gets things rolling on Side Two, before Donna gets a moment to shine in "Sunrise." We then move into the meat of the disc—"Estimated>Eyes>Wharf Rat>Terrapin>Dew"—all full throttle versions. It is amazing how the relatively fresh "Terrapin" could jibe so seamlessly with the older standard, "Dew."

The format of the disc also seems to be streamlined as the songs are presented in sequential order with a full thirteen minutes more material on the two discs than on *DP 1*. The only possible quibble is the standard "Caveat Emptor" that appears on each disc, which basically says that the discs are digitally remastered versions of the original tapes. The *DP 3* "Emptor," however, indicates that the tapes were "baked" to reach a better overall sound quality. While this process has rendered, in its wake, some "occasional weirdness" the sound is still generally excellent and only gets strange on "Eyes" (and then, not too bizarre). Finally, the whole package is capped by a delightful photo of the band in this era, taken from above and behind the stage. It looks as if the boys were reveling in that special moment, directly slamming out the last chord that wrapped up another stellar show. All in all, Dick's masterpiece so far. Beg, borrow or steal, but just GET IT! Overall rating: 10.

DP 4: 2/13-14/70—Fillmore East, NY, NY. Three discs (66:58, 60:34, 62:33). When I first heard about the imminent release of these dates, I was a little skeptical because I couldn't see the point of releasing selected highlights from two shows that every Head worth his or her salt had, in good condition, in their entireties. This triple disc (the first one of the series), however, quickly vindicates itself by providing full, sensational sound, as well as excluding the glitches previously found in "Alligator" and "NFA," by mixing Bear's master tape with another good recording of the shows and smoothing out the glitches.

What is there to say about the songs themselves? You know 'em, and you love 'em. To me, "High Time" and "Mason's Children" (the last ever—sob!) stand as the real hidden gems of the package, but it's all a fabulous display of a band at the very peak of its performing powers. One might complain about the split in CDs between "Dark Star" and "Cryptical," but let's face it, they have to be split somewhere (plus you get "overlap" on both discs). The only other drawback is that future collectors might purchase these discs and then neglect to acquire the whole shows, thus missing out on the other electric and acoustic goodies from these two nights. But then again, why would someone choose not to pursue all of the music after hearing just these selected highlights?

The package is also graced with another cool photo of the band from the era, with this one naturally including Pigpen (but what exactly is in that oddly marked bag set right in front of him on stage?). A final photo on the back of the booklet shows the old Fillmore East in its full splendor, complete with the original marquee for these historic shows. There are also extensive notes from the great Bear himself regarding the technical aspects of the recording of these two shows. Though most of his info sails about twelve-and-a-half feet over my un-technical head, Bear's obvious dedication and technical expertise are readily apparent. I'm sure many pros will appreciate his recollections of aurally capturing this awesome stand. All in all, this release will endure as a very thoughtful snapshot of a legendary moment in time. Overall Rating: 9.

DP 5: 12/26/79—Oakland Auditorium Arena, Oakland, CA. Three discs (68:40, 55:11, 52:18). The first in the *DP* series to chronicle an entire show, this release prompted a variety of feelings. Upon hearing the date covered in *DP5*, I felt a twinge of disappointment as I already had a pristine copy of the amazing second set. This feeling was quickly balanced, though, by my realization that a show that I had long held as one of the Dead's most underrated, would now be available for all the world to hear and cherish. Plus, the entire first set was now intact, a set that I had always deliberately avoided in the past due to the apparent cuts at the beginning of "Looks Like Rain" and "Alabama Getaway," as detailed in my *Deadbase*.

Indeed, this long first set (for the Brent era, at least) is high energy and well-jammed, while also being an appropriate prelude for the goodies that follow in the second set. A sweet "Cold Rain" gets things rolling promisingly, followed by "C.C. Rider." Though not quite the monumental version it was when it debuted in Pittsburgh earlier in the month, the song nevertheless rocks out and seems to promise another fine first set nugget to enjoy for years to come. The band also plays an excellent "Big River," which indicates that the boys were inspired and ready to soar. The set continues with long and heartfelt versions of classic first set material, culminating in an absolutely scintillating "Alabama Getaway>Promised Land" (with no glitches and terrific Brent keyboard tickling). At times like this, it seems Jerry really had nine-and-a-half hands, instead of just nine-and-a-half fingers.

The second set explodes with a delightful "UJB," heard here after a two-year absence, although the band pulled it out as if it had been played every day. The "Estimated Prophet" that continues is solidly presented, before ambling into a heavy frenetic jam. The good sound and vibes flow on through Drums until the band finds itself expertly knocking off an exquisite "Brokedown Palace," another song that had fallen out of the rotation for a couple of years (and the last time ever played in a non-encore position). This show, like all classic shows, is capped by an unusual and delightful encore: a gratifying "Shakedown" that segued into the conclusion of the earlier played "UJB," a musical statement that neatly sums up the festive spirit of the evening. Whew—what a night! That the Dead would perform another outstanding show just two nights later indicates the band had temporarily found that magic place where the juices flow from all cylinders. The booklet, again, contains a terrific picture.

About the only negative thing I can think to say about this *DP* release is the brevity of the last two discs. Their length is understandable in that this package is concerned with presenting the whole show, and only that, on the disc; still, I don't believe the unity of the project would have been spoiled by tossing on some prime filler, like the "All Over Now," "High Time" and "Music" from the end of set one on 12/28/79. Perhaps that may be looking just a bit too far down the throat of a magnificent gift horse. Overall Rating: 9.

DP 6: 10/14/83—Hartford Civic Center, Hartford, CT. Three discs (66:44, 62:02, 48:58). After trailblazing along and radically enriching Deadheads' perspectives on live shows with the first five releases, I have to say that *DP 6* is the first, and only, truly non-essential release of the *DP* series. Yes, it's a full show stretched over three discs, it sounds fine and it features Brent more prominently than any of the previous releases. At the same time, it also marks the first representation from the '80s on a *DP*. Still, one has to question the wisdom of releasing what seems, to my ears, to be an average show at best (with one monster exception).

The first set is pretty typical, with three of the first set songs here all played better on the *DP 5*. Jerry flubs quite a number of lyrics, while it becomes quickly obvious that his voice is pretty strained and starting to emit that particular squeaky, helium-like quality that would interfere with the natural, melodic smoothness of his earlier singing (Damn those cigarettes!). Still, it is fun to hear an early "Bucket," and I always enjoy hearing the under-appreciated "Day Job" (and had always hoped the latter-day Dead would bring that one back for encores).

The next two discs cover the second set, and this is where one can find the choice morsel of the package in the tremendously vigorous "Scarlet>Fire." Everyone in the band, especially Mickey and Brent, have plenty of opportunity to shine in this long, rollicking version. The three white bed sheets, onto which a movie projector displayed images over the simultaneous light show, providing for a very trippy experience.

As the show progressed, students became aware that this was an amazing concert: "...What had started off as a concert became an event that you knew would not repeat itself," noted Zwerman. Wolinsky noticed that there was an explosion on the sides of the stage during "St. Stephen" "...although I am not sure whether it was the music or us." He recalled that the audience errupted as the first notes of the song were played. Unfortunately the first half of 'St. Stephen' was lost to history on account of technical problems. The most noticeable person in the band who stood out in many people's minds during that period was Pigpen. "He was a funny figure of a person to watch because he looked like a Hells Angel, but his [singing] was so gentle and ethereal," noted Zwerman.

But, what about the Drugs?

Although all agree that there was a clear presence of drugs that night, though it wasn't out of the ordinary considering the era. The atmosphere remained relaxed, although many of those present were stoned or tripping off the electric wine. The concert occurred during a time of political unrest due to the Vietnam War; this was the height of the anti-war movement on college campuses across the country. Just months earlier had been the Kent State killings in Ohio. Drumm believes that the concert became an avenue of release for those in attendance, and the band was able to match the level of intensity that the audience put forth.

Zwerman feels very lucky to have attended the concert that night, and time has not diminished the experience.

"Though it's 27 years later I have never witnessed a complete coming together of music, audience and musicians at a rock concert the way I did that night...the picture that I put in the main centerfold spread of the 1971 yearbook is worth a thousand words."

Did it matter? Does it now?... Stephen would answer if he only knew how ...

Special thanks to Rose Baemarski at the Alumni Office.

"It doesn't matter what you wear as long as you were there"

by MARC VIGLIOTTA
JAZZ EDITOR

I wasn't there, and neither were you, but I spoke, in one way or another, with three people who were. Although it has been more than 20 years since the Grateful Dead's performance on May 2, 1970 the significance of the show left such an indelible impact upon their minds that little was lost to time.

I was able to track down the author of the original review, Richard Wolinsky '71, which appeared May 5, 1970 in the Colonial News, the predecessor to pipe dream. He is now a freelance writer, and also hosts a radio show on KTFA, Berkeley, California. Morris Zwerman '71, the photographer at the show whose picture appears in the beautiful 1971 yearbook which he produced, and is worth seeking out. He now lives in Portland, Oregon. I also talked with Ron Drumm, a student at the time, who is given special thanks in the album's liner notes for his help with the project. Ron lives in Binghamton and is employed by the physical plant at BU, he is also the record librarian for WHRW-Binghamton

All agreed that it was an amazing show on every level, and each remember it as being one of the finest performances they have ever attended. The show as Drumm remembers, was a general admission concert with ticket prices set at $2.50. Wolinsky remembers that the gym was sold out, and most of the crowd consisted of Harpur students, or people from nearby colleges. They had not yet established a nomadic community of Deadheads that would be associated with the band in later years. Drumm notes that the sound system used that night was a scaled-down version compared to what they would use in later years. He also remembered that the front of the speakers were tied-dyed.

Many of their best memories came from the electric set that night. Zwerman recalls, "...they had the audience in the palm of their hand and they had complete control of the whole crowd without any need for security...The student body was dancing together like they were one big family." Wolinsky remembered that a "train" of students danced around the room while the Dead were playing Casey Jones (a song about a train engineer high on cocaine). Drumm recalls that the background for the psychedelic light show was nothing more than

Although all agree that there was a clear presence of drugs that night, though it wasn't out of the ordinary considering the era. The

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"It's in the music

by MARC VIGLIOTTA
Jazz Editor

The above article raves about the amazing Grateful Dead performance in the West Gym on May 2, 1970 and rightfully so. For years this has been one of the most highly acclaimed shows among Deadheads of the 2,317 concerts they performed in their 30-year career, until Jerry Garcia's untimely death in 1995. I look at this concert as the bridge between the experimental Dead from the psychedelic 1960's and the return to the traditional roots of the band into the 1970's. Grateful Dead publicist Dennis McNally rates the show as being in the top five of all time.

QUADRAPHONIC SOUND

The performance is now available on a three CD set as Dick's Picks Volume 8. The series features top concerts from the Grateful Dead's career, selected by the Dead's vault archivist Dick Latvala who had been trying to draw attention to this show since he began the Dick's Picks project. In a recent interview with pipe dream, Latvala described this show as "without a doubt the standard to which all live shows should be judged against." According to McNally, "this performance was in an extraordinary innovative era of the Dead's career, between the summer of 1969 and fall 1970." The CD was released without any overdubbing or extraneous mixing, raw and powerful, just as if you were at the concert on that fateful night.

CRYPTICAL ENVELOPMENT

The show begins with lead guitarist Jerry Garcia, rhythm guitarist Bob Weir, bassist Phil Lesh, Drummers Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann, and Ron "Pigpen" McKernan playing traditional and original acoustic folk songs. One of the highlights of the first set is the quiet and beautiful "I Know You Rider," a traditional American folk song, as well as great versions of originals such as "Friend of the Devil" from their album American Beauty, and "Uncle John's Band" off Workingman's Dead. They even do the gospel tune "Cold Jordan" with members of The New Riders of the Purple Sage, a country band that was touring with the Dead at the time.

The electric set is what makes the show legendary, beginning with the crowd favorite, "St. Stephen," which segues into an amazing "Cryptical Envelopment>Other One>Cryptical Envelopment," led by Phil Lesh's powerful bass throughout. Lasting more than 25 minutes in length, the song ranges from intense powerful jamming, which explores the realms of space, an early predecessor to the electronic space music of today, and then descends back to earth in a more mellow and melodic form. A classic "Good Lovin'" follows with Pigpen's vocals bringing the band to an R&B standard, much different from their usual psychedelic sound. The second set closes with what the Grateful Dead referred to as the "hippie anthem," "Dancing in the Streets," a far reach from the original Martha & The Vandellas version; the Dead stretch the song to 15 free-flowing minutes, reminiscent of the summer of love.

The Dead began the third set with a stirring rendition of the anti-nuclear song "Morning Dew." Jerry's vocals are tender, but powerful. The show closes with a great "Viola Lee Blues" which climaxes with a beautiful "And We Bid You Goodnight," sung a capella, with the crowd filling in the background with high spirited clapping. The crowd just wonít let them go, but reluctantly they leave and the show ends.

IT'S IN THE MAIL

The three CD set is only available through mail order only, directly through Grateful Dead Merchandising.

The jacket of the CD includes the original review by Richard Wolinski '71, as well as a band photo by Morris Zwerman '71. The CD of this legendary show is available for the dirt cheap price of $18.50 by calling 1-800-225-3323, but don't just take my word for it.

IT'S IN THE MUSIC.





transition between the songs is unbelievable as Jerry's intricate picking and "fanning" techniques are on unrelenting virtuoso display. Indeed, with the amount of effort Jerry infuses into the song, he literally seems to be climbing a mountain before launching into a scorching "Fire." The band seems to have a hard time recapturing the momentum after this, and the rest of the set is uneventful with the exception of a lovely, and always welcome, "Spanish Jam." (This version apparently includes Popeye on tambourine, as it has been retitled "Spinach Jam" on the disc.) As great shows inevitably demand great encores, so too, do average shows produce nondescript ones, and this holds true to form with a blah "U.S. Blues" toss-off.

Overall, while it's always positive to get any whole show in this quality, this particular *DP* offering, unlike its predecessors, is neither first-rate nor particularly rare. I know there are better shows out there available from that era and have found that the next night's show leaves this one in the dust. I'm not sure what exactly Dick was thinking on this one—the cynical side of me wonders if Dick, a '69 fan if ever there was one, didn't release such a blasé show simply to turn people off to the latter era Dead and send them scurrying back to the glory of the older material. Still, the booklet contains yet another cool picture of the band (with Phil prominently featured), while a picture of a ticket stub from this night adds a fun touch. Overall Rating: 6.

DP 7: 9/9-10-11/74—Alexandra Palace, London, England. Three discs (72:36, 70:13, 70:18). Selections from the three-night, London portion of the abbreviated Europe'74 tour. For anyone who was concerned about the direction of the *DP* series after the mediocre sixth release, this is Dick's payback with an absolute vengeance. I had always been curious about the complete lack of availability of these London shows in taper's circles, certain that somebody, somewhere was sitting on a lot of great music (and have a similar feeling about the New York Academy of Music shows in late March of '72). These three potent discs provide a marvelous cross-section of one of the Dead's most inspired and involved periods of musicianship.

The first disc starts things off with a mellifluous and still relatively new "Scarlet," chock full of the joyous enthusiasm that inevitably distinguished this song in the pre-"Fire" days. Indeed, the more casual, laid back quality of the music of this era lends a stretched-out, jaunty, almost rag-time feel to the music on "Scarlet," "Half-Step" and "Jed." This '74 version of the band is a mature and experienced unit that took time to explore the complex structures of these songs. "B.T. Wind" is wonderfully achieved, with a balanced and relaxed Bobby performance, and its high quality anticipates the song's coming departure from the band's repertoire for a decade-and-a-half. And if all this isn't enough, we get a vehemently spacey, profoundly intense "Playin'." Here and elsewhere on the release, special tribute should be paid to Donna, as she manages to contain her more extravagant vocal tendencies and add tasteful, vocal flourishes to the music. (Perhaps this is why her role in the band is switched from "Giving Birth" on the credits of the first *DP* to the more dignified position of "vocals" on this one.) So ends the first disc and, believe it or not, it only gets better, richer and fuller on the next two.

Any "WRS" Preludes and Pt. Ones are momentous occasions to me, and the incredible version contained here is overwhelming. To this day, I don't understand why the band dispensed with pre-"Grow" material after playing it for little more than a year—could the band have been turned off again by its own perfection? This glorious musical statement is followed by a magnificent "Stella Blue," whose appearance here after the moving "Let It Grow" imbues the song with an even sweeter, more poignant feeling than usual. Excellent renditions in prime '74 style fill out the remainder of the second disc with an intoxicating "Truckin'" (the buoyant riffs seem to splinter out of Jerry's guitar) and an especially passionate "Wharf Rat." (Was anyone in the history of the world ever more saintly than when Jerry sang a potent version of this heart-wrenching song? I don't think so.)

The third disc centers around "Dark Star" and what is labeled here as "Spam Jam." It stands as an involved, introverted and definitely noteworthy contribution to the "Dark Star" legacy, and yet its relatively sedate playing suggests that the Dead may, at the time, have lost new directions to go with the song. Indeed, the band would play it once more at Winterland the following month before giving it up for four years. The "Morning Dew" that follows is definitely an "on" version. Finally, the newly minted "U.S. Blues" provides an elegant snapshot of the song back in the days before it became standard throwaway encore material. Jerry even gets the words right.

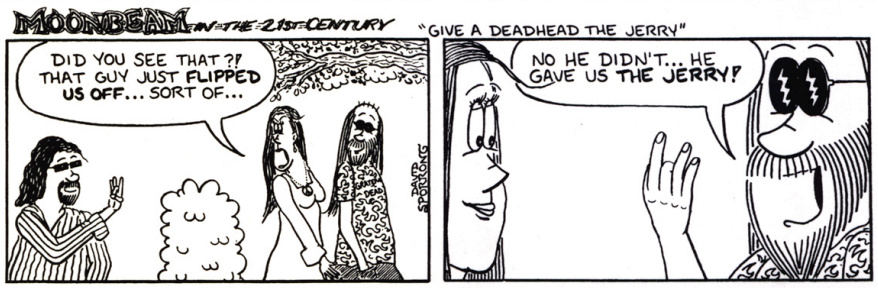
Special attention should be paid to Billy's sensitive and elegant playing on these three discs, in which the distinctive mixing allows ample opportunity to fully appreciate his lofty craftsmanship. Unlike many of his slam-bang, rock 'n' roll drumming peers of the time, the Kreutzer plays here with more of a delicate, free-ranging, jazz-like mind-set, laying down an enchanting landscape of percussion that both complements and contrasts the work of the other musicians. Still, he could joyously bash out the basic percussion beats of "NFA" with the best of them. That Billy could so seamlessly adjust from his intimate role as the sole drummer to soon complementing the prodigal son Mickey, proves yet again, why he is, in my book, really one of the great unsung musical forces of his era.

These three, really long, pristine discs from an under-documented era, truly make this *DP* one of the best. The only ever so small complaints are the abrupt change in the basic red and black cover packaging (I know I didn't like it at first, but now I'm used to it, damn it!) and the replacement of a band photo with etchings (which are, incidentally, quite well done). I also wish room had been made for what looks like, on paper, to be a brief but monster second set on 9/11/74 (Phil & Ned>"Eyes">Space>"Wharf Rat">Space—yeah, yeah, I know, the Europeans didn't like it much, but I would like to decide for myself). Is four discs too much to ask, Dick? But overall, these minor criticisms are more than compensated for by what seems to be a thicker, sturdier disc.

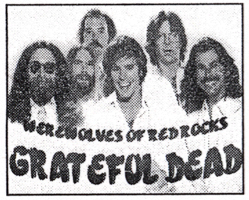
Lastly, a simple but extremely effective tribute to Dick himself is presented in the form of a sparse line drawing adorning each disc, showing our man meticulously doing his thing with a master tape. I fully trust that this imprint of the great benefactor will be forever etched on this spot on all subsequent *DP* releases. Overall Rating: 10.

There you have it. If anything is clear from the approximately 18 hours chronicled so far in this series, it's that Deadheads have a fabulous opportunity to celebrate the phenomenal musicianship of our old friends, while also appreciating the expansive dedication, warmth and conscientiousness of a relatively new friend, Dick. If these tapes have moved you at all (i.e., if you're still alive), I ardently suggest that you drop Dick a line at Grateful Dead Merchandising, just to let him know how much his work means to all of us. And don't forget to give him a suggestion or two—you just might play an important part in a future *DP* release. ■

As we go to press, Dick's Picks 8 *has been released—Harpur College, 1970.*



For The Record



In other CD reissue news, a spokesperson at **Grateful Dead** Merchandising claims that the band's tape archivist Dick Latvala has gotten "the big thumbs up" from the boys to release ***Dick's Picks. Vol. II*** . This second special release will take nearly an hour's worth of the Halloween '71 show from Columbus, Ohio, and slap it on a single CD that will retail for under $14. Don't expect to see this in any local music store (regardless of what stores might claim) GDM is the only place the *Dick's Picks* series will be sold.

In fact, they are so adamant about this exclusivity they are considering offering rewards to those who can report retailers selling copies. The running order for the CD will be: "Dark Star," "Sugar Magnolia," "St. Stephen," "Not Fade Away," "Going Down The Road Feeling Bad," and a reprise of "Not Fade Away." This show has been heavily traded and smokes like only the Dead do. GDM will begin taking orders the first week of April: (800) 225-3323.

In other Dead CD news, a bootleg triple CD set just came out featuring the late '70s incarnation of the band live at Red Rocks Amphitheater in Morrison, Colorado on July 8, 1978. The whole show is here in a crisp, stereo sound board mix (including more tuning than is necessary) — among the stand out tracks: "Werewolves Of London," and a light speed version of "Eyes Of The World." The set is imaginatively titled *Werewolves Of Red Rocks* (Silver Rarities) and retails for around $70.

Oakland, CA
(Alameda Co.)
Oakland Tribune
(Cir. D. 152,739)
(Cir. S. 156,163)

DEC 7 - 1995

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CelebrityChat

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3393

Highlight

Calling all Deadheads: The place to be on Sunday at 7 p.m. is the Grateful Web, a live Internet broadcast featuring conversation and musical highlights from the new Grateful Dead releases, "Dick's Picks Vol. III" and "100 Year Hall." The event will take place simultaneously in cyberspace and at the Fillmore in San Francisco.The celebration marks the 30th anniversary of the first formal show of the band as Grateful Dead, which took place at the Fillmore.

Chat with **Phil Lesh** from home or from the Fillmore. The event begins at sunset or 5;15 p.m. at the Fillmore; the Internet broadcast will run from 7 to 9 p.m.

The World Wide Web address is http://dead.net. Tickets for the Fillmore conference and concert are priced at $10. Call 762-BASS.

For The Record

of Billboard Magazine, and photos by the score. *Ravi: In Celebration* retails for around $60 and is in stores now.

archivist Dick Latvala will assuredly take this series into the record books with this historic release.

So how much will this musical manifest set you back? *Dick's Picks IV* is a steal for only $23.50, which includes shipping and handling charges. This volume of *Dick's Picks* will only be available via mail-order. If you see these discs for a penny more that the $23.50, then someone is getting ripped-off (and trust me, it ain't the store and it ain't the band). To order by phone, call toll-free (800) 225-3323.



The Dead At Fillmore East

As scheduled, the fourth installment of the *Dick's Picks* series of vault releases from **The Grateful Dead** is now available via Grateful Dead Merchandising. This is the first three-disc set in the series and covers the legendary Feb. 13&14, 1970, performances by the band at Bill "Uncle Bobo" Graham's Fillmore East in New York City.

Dick's Picks IV is not the first legally released and Grateful Dead endorsed recording of these shows. *Bear's Choice — The History Of The Grateful Dead Vol. 1* (Warner Bros.) captures part of the acoustic sets ("All Around This World," "Wake Up, Little Suzie," "Black Peter," "Dark Hollow," and "Katie Mae") as well as a few crucial elements in the electric ones ("Smokestack Lightnin'," and "Hard To Handle"). However, those really aren't the reasons that these two performances consistently rank among the top five of favorite tapes by Deadheads worldwide.

But, *Dick's Picks IV* most emphatically is! The set list is as follows — **Disc One:** "Introduction," > "Casey Jones," > "Dancing In The Streets," > "China Cat Sunflower," > "I Know You Rider," > "High Time," "Dire Wolf," and "Dark Star." **Disc Two:** "That's It For The Other One" (including "Cryptical Envelopment," and "The Other One") > "(Turn On Your) Lovelight." **Disc Three:** "Me & My Uncle," > "Not Fade Away," > "Mason's Children," > "Caution," > "Feedback" > "We Bid You Goodnight."

DL0838

nobody's vault but mine

Thanks to tape archivist Dick Latvala and his Dick's Picks series of CD releases, the Grateful Dead keep on kicking out the jams, three years after their demise.

by Alan Paul

ALMOST SINCE THE band's formation in the mid Sixties, Grateful Dead fans have traded live concert tapes with the eagerness of 11-year-old boys swapping baseball cards. And because the group allowed, even encouraged, true believers to tape shows, there has been an endless flow of Dead material on the trading circuit. The Dead shined most brightly on stage, so these live recordings are often deemed more essential than the band's studio output.

One problem with tape collecting is the variable sound quality of amateur recordings—particularly with analog tapes that are several generations removed from the original source. And while the Dead encouraged taping for non-commercial, private use and trading among fans, many bootlegs hit the market. Though many bootlegs were made from excellent soundboard recordings, the sound quality was often far from optimum, and bootleg companies were ripping off fans and the band, who received no royalties from the releases.

In 1993, the Dead addressed these problems with the introduction of Dick's Picks, sonically enhanced CDs of performances carefully chosen by the band's tape archivist Dick Latvala and sold through Grateful Dead Records' mail order service (1-800-CAL-DEAD) at a reasonable price. The CD releases spotlight some of the best gigs of the Dead's 30-year career, which ended with Jerry Garcia's 1995 death.

Thanks in part to Latvala and his series—which now includes nine releases simply titled Volume One, Volume Two, etc.—the Dead now put out more "new" releases than they did when the band was together, with six different live recordings coming out in 1997 alone. All of the material on Dick's Picks is culled from two-track recordings (reels, DATs, cassettes or videos) pulled from the extensive tape archives Latvala was hired to organize in the early Eighties. The improved sound quality and CD format make each release essential to any self-respecting Deadhead and a good starting point for casual listeners curious as to what all the fuss was about.



GUITAR WORLD: Everyone who's ever picked up a Dick's Picks wants to know: "Who the hell is Dick?"

DICK LATVALA: Dick is a crazy tape pervert who has never gotten his fill. He discovered that these things called live tapes existed in 1974 when he lived in Hawaii, and, boy, he was off and running. Nothing was more important to him. He had to walk miles to the post office, but kept going because he was obsessed. He had no money, but somehow within seven or eight years, he acquired 800 seven-inch Maxell reels.

GW: How did you go from being a fanatical collector to *the* fanatical collector—the guy on the band's payroll, sorting through tapes.

LATVALA: It all started when I met Kidd *[Candelario, Grateful Dead roadie]* at Red Rocks *[a Colorado concert venue]* on August 12, 1979. I had been a hardcore Deadhead ever since I had my first experience with the Grateful Dead, on January 21, 22 and 23, 1966, at the Trips Festival in San Francisco. I was just another face in the crowd, but everything started to change when I met Kidd backstage. Then I started meeting more and more people on the inside. One thing led to another, and suddenly I had [bassist] Phil Lesh's attention and asked him, in a concerned way, as a fan, "Is anybody taking care of these tapes?" I wanted to play him what I call primal Dead—great old tapes—so I said, "Phil, please sit down and listen to this." Much to my surprise, he actually did, and over the course of three hours we went through two or three cassettes from my collection. Man, he was real impressed, and before too long, I was brought in to start figuring out what was in those archives and get the tapes in order. That's what I did for a long time, maybe 10 years, before the releases started. There were countless tapes to go through and a lot of holes—missing shows—which I knew were out there and started tracking down. For instance, there was almost nothing from July to December of 1970, and I got access to most of them, most importantly 9/19/70, which has one of the best "Dark Star" jams they ever played.

GW: It's incredible that you can be so definitive about something like that. After listening to every performance the band's ever done, doesn't it all start to turn to mush?

LATVALA: No. It's like any other drug. If you abuse it, it will abuse you. You can't listen to 69 "Dark Star/St. Stephen/Lovelight" jams back to back or your brain will numb, but if you listen to whole shows, you'll put on one that's spectacular and realize it right away. You'll say, "Wow, something went by. That's the same jam, but it's really, really good. Magic happened there." Even in a numb state, you can catch that. Those things happen all the time and will continue to happen, because I still consider myself to be in a discovery stage. I listen to everything with open ears.

GW: Once you discover a great tape, how does it become a Dick's Pick CD?

LATVALA: The first thing I do is get the agreement of the two other people on my team: John Cutler *[who produced the Dead's last two studio albums]* and Jeffrey Norman. The three of us have total control and veto power.

GW: So the band has no input?

LATVALA: No. Phil initially played a role, but he became an obstacle. I'm not badmouthing him, but his sense of good music is so refined that we would never hear it out here in Deadland if he was left in charge. And I realized that a long time ago. It was hard to get things past his veto power. He didn't give things a fair listen, and how could he? It's not logically possible to be both the judge and the creator. Everyone on the inside is very critical, and they don't know how it is on the outside.

The mind-set of the people who put on a show and those who buy a ticket is fundamentally different. Everyone has their own agenda, and it can overshadow the important thing, which is to capture a great performance. They might listen to it and think, "Oh, I'm not mixed loud enough... I missed a note there... I'm a half-step off on the turnaround." Performers can drive themselves nuts with that type of close analysis, but that's not what the fan is interested in. What they need to do is just let it go and find someone they trust, then let them do it.

GW: Now that you three have full control, does the band listen to your work?

LATVALA: No, I don't think they do. They've never commented on any of the discs. I would bet everything I have that not one of them has ever heard a Dick's Pick.

PRODUCERS

Continued from page 201

GW: Once you make the decision on what show to do, what happens next?

LATVALA: We go into the archives and bring out the master, which could be on seven-inch reel, DAT, cassette or video. We transfer it into a digital format, load it onto a computer hard disk and start working it over with a fantastic digital editing system called Sonic Solutions. It's the other side of taking razors to tape, and you can manipulate sound with all these remarkable techniques. We EQ it as needed and smooth out the reel flips. We keep equalization to a minimum, because the idea is to get the tape as raw as possible, but to cover any imperfections. If there's a problem in the tape, and there always is, we'll attempt to solve it, which gets pretty interesting.

Remember, all of the Dick's Picks are from two-track masters, so you can't fix anything in the mix. You have to be creative. You can do some clever editing, even within the limited two-track format. I am amazed, thrilled and unbelievably proud of my team's performance. I think we've always made the recordings really beautiful, and some of the edits were enormously difficult. For example, a tape may flip in the middle of a jam and the other side of the tape starts in a verse. Every tape is different, with one constant: there never is studio-quality sound. These tapes weren't recorded with the intention of being sold later. It's hit or miss, and some of them are misses: the mixes are bad and we'll never be able to use them.

GW: Are you trying to recreate a concert experience for people to have in their home?

LATVALA: That can't be done. You need a lot of beautiful girls dancing around you, lots of flashing lights and swirling colors and real people up on stage. Instead, you're listening to a CD at home, alone in front of your speakers. There's no ambiance. It's just audio. You weren't at the show? Well, too bad, you missed it. But you can hear a tape of it, which is the next best thing, and it will hopefully give you a glimpse of what was happening that night. And that's my goal: to present one magical night of music. We have expanded the parameters of Dick's Picks beyond one concert, to include music that occurred in one run *[consecutive shows at the same venue]*. But I think it's invalid to go

More Dead From Dick

Also due on Nov. 7 is the third volume of the immensely popular *Dick's Picks* (GDM) series of releases from deep within the bowels of the **Grateful Dead**'s tape vaults. The series boasts the name of tape archivist Dick Latvala, who has chosen to make this [release] a double-disc set of highlights from May 22, 1977, at the Sportatorium in Pembroke Pines, Florida.

We had the good fortune of not only getting exclusive advance info on the release but also getting some comments about *Dick's Picks Vol. 3* from both Latvala and Grateful Dead Merchandising head honcho, Gary Lambert. They both contribute the increase in frequency of titles as simply supply and demand.

"Folks call, write, fax and e-mail us daily wanting more and more vault material. The *Dick's Picks* series is much easier to prepare [for release] because there is no real remixing involved," said Lambert.

"We are finally getting into some mid '70s stuff and that has been in response to the overwhelming request for it," Latvala added.

The track list is as follows: Disc One — "Funiculi Funicula," "The Music Never Stopped," "Sugaree (which clocks in at over 16 minutes), "Lazy Lightning > Supplication," a 14+ minute version of the Martha and the Vandellas classic "Dancin' In The Streets," and the "Help On The Way> Slipknot! > Franklin's Tower," trilogy, which is close to a half an hour alone. Disc Two — "Samson and Delilah," a rare Donna Godchaux-led "Sunrise," then an amazing jam that links "Estimated Prophet," "Eyes Of The World," "Wharf Rat," "Lady With A Fan," "Terrapin Station," and finally a quarter hour's worth of the Bonnie Dobson classic, "(Walk Me Out In The) Morning Dew." Whew!

As for future Grateful Dead related items, Lambert says, "We will have more vault material being released at regular intervals, and a second volume to *The Music Never Stopped: The Roots of the Grateful Dead* (Shanachie/ GDM) is already in the planning stages.

As is the case with all volumes in the *Dick's Picks* series, stateside heads can get their ears on a copy exclusively through Grateful Dead Merchandising beginning on Nov. 7 by calling (800) 225-3323. Lambert also had harsh words for CD outlets that import *Dick's Picks* and sell them for three times price charged by Grateful Dead Merchandising. "We choose to keep the prices at under $20 for a double-disc set for a reason," said Lambert.

Do not pay that much. I mean, the Dead still get their slice, but c'mon, do *you* really have the cash to burn?

For The Record

DL0839

PRODUCERS

Continued from page 208

beyond that. That's what they did with *Without a Net. [A 1990 live album on Arista taken from various shows on the Fall '89 and Spring '90 tours—GW Ed.]*, and it doesn't fly.

GW: In addition to the Dick's Picks series, there seem to be a lot of live Grateful Dead releases coming out, such as *At Fillmore East, 2-11-69*. Can you explain how it breaks down?

LATVALA: Sure. Anything that is made from multi-track recordings is put out by Grateful Dead Records and distributed by Arista, going into stores everywhere. Dick's Picks are strictly from two-track tapes and are also put out by Grateful Dead Records, but are available through mail-order only.

Dick's Picks serve an important function because the band didn't record every show on a multi-track; they only did that during limited periods which were financed by the record company to make a live release, from *Live Dead* [Warner Bros., 1969] to *Without a Net*.

GW: Have you ever had a great experience at a show, then later heard the tape and thought, "What was I hearing?"

LATVALA: Sure. Then you go, "It must have been the drugs, because this show sucks." *[laughs]*

GW: Last year, you worked on an Allman Brothers CD, *Fillmore East, 2-70*, which is the first and only Dick's Pick by a band other than the Dead. How did that come about?

LATVALA: Those tapes were from when the Allmans opened for the Dead, and Bear *[Dead soundman Owsley Stanley]* happened to tape them. Hooking up with the Allmans was a dream come true for me. They and the Dead are the only bands that ever really mattered to me, that said it the way I wanted to hear it. And they're still doing it. The Allmans have been my favorite band since '92, when I first got wind of the regrouping, went to see them and was just blown away. They were—and remain—the hottest band on the planet. Certainly hotter than the Dead at that point.

From about '92 on, it's hard to find Dead shows that will get your juices flowing if you're somewhat critical, like most picky Deadheads. I have a hard time finding great shows in '94 and certainly in '95, but there are a few, and I'm sure they will come out someday. Throughout their history, there were great shows and bad ones, but they seemed to not have as many winners as the years went on.

GW: Do you go back and listen to the Dick's Picks CDs once they come out?

LATVALA: No, I listen to them so much in the making that I burn out on them. It gets to be nauseating, like Chinese water torture, and you end up never wanting to hear the show again. They die for me to be set free to the public, and I have to keep doing it. It's my destiny, my compulsion. That's what Dick is all about. GW

Minneapolis, MN
Cir. D. 412,438
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APR 24 1996
Universal Press Clipping Bureau

Call from the dead

37

The Grateful Dead performed and taped about 2,500 concerts in its 30-year span, few more cherished by Deadheads than the Feb. 13 and 14, 1970, dates at the Fillmore East in New York. If you've ever wondered what the fuss was all about, "Dick's Picks Vol. 4" is as good as any place to get on the bus.

Dead fans hoping to catch the coming summer's Deadapalooza tour — featuring individual groups led by guitarist Bob Weir, drummer Mickey Hart and keyboardist Bruce Hornsby — will have to travel to Alpine Valley, Wis., for a tour stop in late June or early July, according to publicist Dennis McNally. The tour is not scheduled to hit the Twin Cities. The next release from a band member will likely be Hart's "Mystery Box," which the percussionist describes as modern R&B.

Meanwhile, bluegrass lovers will delight in the recent Acoustic Disc release "That High Lonesome Sound" by Old & In the Way, the quintet that featured the Dead's Jerry Garcia.
— *Paul Levy*

Boston, MA
Boston Herald
(Cir. Morn. 360,261)
(Cir. S. 251,993)
APR 12 1996

MAY EVERYTHING FROM YOUR

"SHORTEST" WISH TO



YOUR "TALLEST" DREAM,

COME TRUE IN 1996

Dick,
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Love Always ♥
-Lori, Tuffy, Luke, Nate, Adam, Bill-
You are so kind, thoughtful, generous..... We were thrilled to receive Dicks Picks III & we of course love it !!
We're glad to read that you are achieving your lofty goals. (I myself find it less stressful not to set any goals!)
Well, take good care & we hope to see you sometime soon.

New York, NY
(New York Co.)
Times
(Cir. D. 1,145,890)
(Cir. S. 1,543,100)
APR 2 - 1996
Allen's P. C. B Est. 1888

CRITIC'S CHOICE/CD's

Variations on Themes of Nostalgia

3393

By PETER WATROUS

Despite their differences, three new recordings share a fascination with Americana. All three take on various forms of American music, and tinker with them, amplifying some parts, hiding others, underscoring sadness or austerity or terror or joy. They are also surprisingly vital, and the built-in nostalgia never turns sour.

Bill Frisell, 'Quartet'

Using an unconventional instrumentation — Ron Miles on trumpet, Eyvind Kang on violin and tuba, Curtis Fowlkes on trombone — Mr. Frisell, a guitarist, delves deeply into the rich soil of American music. The blues show up, and circus music and riffs and country music. Mr. Frisell is a nostalgist, making frail miniatures, pure and clean, out of vital ritual music. But a creeping evil shows up as well; Mr. Frisell, who recently put together soundtracks for Buster Keaton films, learned well from Keaton's cynicism. The music, even at its most optimistic, glints with sadness.

Mr. Frisell has abandoned the workings of his regular group, which included bass and drums, and "Quartet" (Nonesuch) may be his masterpiece. It's heavily weighted in favor of composition over improvisation, and his guitar — sometimes electric, sometimes acoustic, sometimes vague and airy, sometimes cold and hard — motors quietly in and out of the horns. He may be after blues seriousness or slapstick humor. But he's always after grace and movement, and the album is an achievement, a profound mix of the old and the new.

Robin Holcomb

There's a cold austerity to Ms. Holcomb's recording that also suggests nostalgia, but in her case it evokes a New England purity that values spareness, as if the Shakers had written music in the manner of Debussy. "Little Three" (Nonesuch) is a solo piano recording, and Ms. Holcomb mines the salt of gray days; it can't be coincidental that the black-and-white cover photograph, by William Clift, suggests a pre-industrial America. Not much of the music moves faster than an amble, but it's beautiful; Ms. Holcomb has a way with melodies.

In this music, simple religious and folk tunes coexist with the more complicated harmonies of impressionism.

The mixture sounds logical, as if the two genres were always friends. Ms. Holcomb also sings two songs in which her reverence for the spareness of early American music is evident, although she has given it the imprint of art music.

Grateful Dead

America was the Grateful Dead's subject, and this live recording from the 1970's shows off the group's fascination with the dark, exploratory and fearful side of our culture. Like the Beats, from whom the band was descended, the Grateful Dead was obsessed with street culture and the improvisatory nature of hanging out.

On "Dick's Picks, Volume IV" (Grateful Dead Records), the band was caught at the Fillmore East, and the recording catches it at its best.

The longer improvisatory sections, half-hour versions of "Dark Star," "That's It for the Other One" and "Turn On Your Lovelight," crackle with ominousness, with Jerry Garcia's guitar slicing through the darkness. And the band sounds lithe and limber.

It was in an experimental mode, and the drummers sound as if they've had a cup of coffee or two. The group had been performing with the Allman Brothers during that period, and on several occasions Mr. Garcia and the band sound as if they've come to some of the same conclusions as the Allman Brothers; they sound alike.

060840

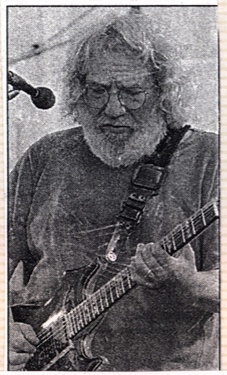
DL0841



GRATEFUL DEAD
'Dick's Picks Volume Four'
(Grateful Dead)

Deadheads with the date 2-13-70 tattooed on their arms won't need to be told twice: The band's legendary Fillmore East concert that weekend now is commercially available. Warner Brothers previously released a sliver as "History of the Grateful Dead, Volume 1"; the Dead's own label has just issued this triple-CD set of more than three hours of additional music.

Whether inspired by Valentine's Day or the preceding stage act the Allman Brothers Band, the Dead is in top form. (Vocals, as always, remain ragged.) The repertoire is heavy on "Anthem of the Sun" material, but includes 30-minute workouts on "Dark Star" and "Turn on Your Lovelight," as well as a fine "Not Fade Away." This one's not just for the converted. The disc is available by mail from Grateful Dead Records, 800-225-3323. — **Scott Isler**



Nassau, NY
Long Island
Newsday
(Cir. D. 512,419)
(Cir. S. 586,393)

MAY 12 1996

Grateful Dead at Fillmore East, Grateful Dead — America was the Grateful Dead's subject, and this live recording from the 1970s shows off the group's fascination with the dark, exploratory and fearful side of our culture.

Like the Beats, from whom the band was descended, the Grateful Dead was obsessed with street culture and the improvisatory nature of hanging out. On *Dick's Picks, Volume IV* (Grateful Dead Records), the band was caught at the Fillmore East, and the recording catches it at its best.

The longer improvisatory sections, half-hour versions of *Dark Star, That's It for the Other One* and *Turn On Your Lovelight*, crackle with ominousness, with Jerry Garcia's guitar slicing through the darkness. And the band sounds lithe and limber. It was in an experimental mode, and the drummers sound as if they've had a cup of coffee or two.

The group had been performing with the Allman Brothers during that period, and on several occasions Garcia and the band sound as if they've come to some of the same conclusions as the Allman Brothers; they sound alike.

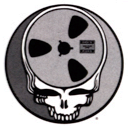
THE TENNESSEAN
Nashville, TN
DAILY
3393
APR 29 96

You can catch the Grateful Dead's live '70's tracks from the Fillmore East.



Dear Dick,
3/96
It seems like all I ever do is write you thank you notes! We've of course been listening to your latest Dick's Picks non stop. You're such a stud + we just love you for making our lives so much better ☺ We wish we could do something nice for you, so you'd know how we feel....
So, when the heck do we get to see you? I guess if you want to see Bill, all you have to do is turn on the tv to NBC on Sundays!
Well, take good care + we hope to hook up soon
Love Always ♡ Bill + Lori





THANK YOU for selecting *Dick's Picks Volume One*! This gem from the Grateful Dead tape vault was first issued in 1993, as a mail-order-only item for discerning Deadheads. It turned out to be so popular that we've decided to make it more widely available. *Dick's Picks* is a series of live releases carefully selected by the Grateful Dead's intrepid vault custodian, Dick Latvala, which are then edited and mastered to CD at the Dead's studio. This is the real, raw stuff, direct from the original two-track tapes. We don't always have complete tapes of shows, and sometimes what we do have isn't "just exactly perfect". But *Dick's Picks* is the next best thing to being there, a front row seat in history and most of all, a real good time!

DICK'S PICKS VOLUMES TWO AND THREE are now available via Grateful Dead Merchandising Mail Order (see reverse for details). You can cast your vote for shows you'd like Dick to Pick by visiting the official Grateful Dead site on the World Wide Web: **http://www.dead.net**

Thank You and Stay In Touch!

0782214018-2

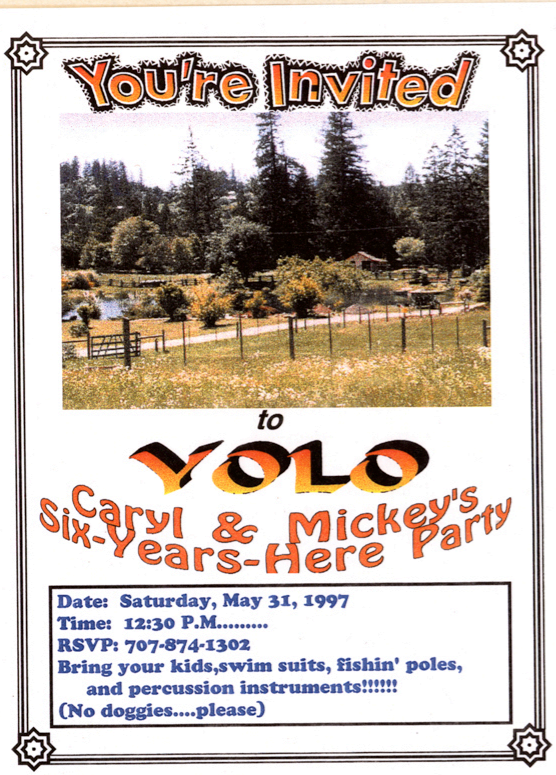


the grateful dead
DICK'S PICK VOL. 4:
FILLMORE EAST 2/13-14/70
(GDB/GDM)

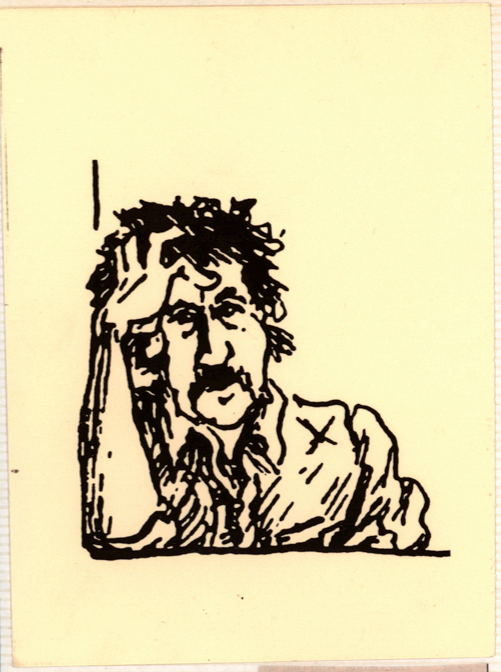
Though recorded just prior to what is considered by 'Heads to be the band's golden period – '71-'73, when Jerry looked more like a bear than Santa – this album still contains the most sought-after live Dead recording. The latest in a continuing series of tapes made by uber-fan Owsley "Bear" Stanley, this triple disc set contains such classics as "Casey Jones," "I Know You Rider," and "Not Fade Away." And it has plenty of the group's patented extended jams, of course, though they're less blues-oriented than on such earlier-in-the-archive pieces as *Two From the Vault*. But it's exactly the dissimilarities between this and its predecessors that sets *Vol. 4* apart. Sure, there's an epic version of "Dark Star," but it's eclipsed by two back-to-back jams – "That's It for the Other One" and "Turn On Your Lovelight" – that last half an hour each. There's also "Feedback," which later morphed into the band's nightly free-form jam "Space," as well as tasty versions of "Alligator" and "Caution." Though it lacks the tracks from *Bear's Choice* that would've made this a complete show, *Dick's Picks Vol. 4* is still the bee's knees. (P.O. Box X, Novato, CA 94948; 1-800-225-3323)

9 Paul Semel

kyuh Hmmm 5/96







Boston Globe - 3/28/96
GRATEFUL DEAD
DICK'S PICKS IV
Fillmore East 2/13-14/70
Grateful Dead Records

Ahh, where to start. Is it the 29-minute, exquisite "Dark Star" that finishes up disc one? Could it be the 60-minute "Other One/Lovelight" extravaganza on disc two? Or a roaring "Not Fade Away" (melting into a rare "Mason's Children") on disc three? Taken singly, any of these discs is a Deadhead's delight. Put them all together and you've got a masterpiece. Now factor in the paltry cost of $23.50 for *three* CDs delivered, and include Owsley Stanley's liner notes, and this is as close to Dead nirvana as you're going to get. Tape archivist Dick Latvala continues to serve the faithful, culling this beauty from a ledgendary two-night stand at Bill Graham's Fillmore East. The band is in peak form, soaring seamlessly through the "China Cat/I Know You Rider" couplet, as well as delivering on the ballads "High Time" and "Dire Wolf." Available through mail order only by phoning 1-800-cal-dead.

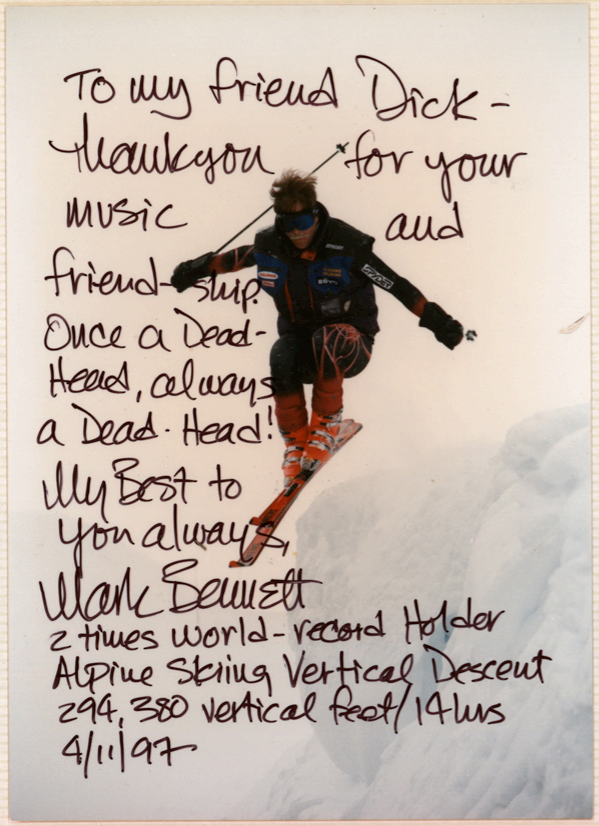


DOSE THE DOG



DL0842

DL0843



DUPREE'S DIAMOND NEWS & TERRAPIN TAPES PROUDLY PRESENT

DEADHEAD HEAVEN©

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MAY 25 & 26, 1996
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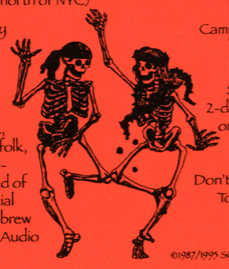

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A Snapshot Of The Grateful Dead At Play

"GRAYFOLDED"
MUSIC PERFORMED
BY THE GRATEFUL DEAD

PRODUCED BY
JOHN OSWALD

By ERIC CLARK
Music Critic

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO describe the Grateful Dead in a way that satisfies everyone. In one moment they seem to be some kind of cowboy band and in the next they're playing jazz. Rock & roll is as much a part of their ancestry as blues and even classical music traditions are easily discernible. The true picture of their musical tradition seems to be too slippery to nail down.

The discussion becomes even more wonderfully complex as we introduce the single stylistic element they were best known for: improvisation. You can call it jamming, experimenting, going off, getting out there, breaking it down, freaking out, or just plain making it up as you go along. I prefer to call it dancing at the edge of the unknown. Call it by any other name and it sounds as sweet, but it is the improvisation on their musical roots that places them in a special category.

On stage with the Dead there were no rules, but if there were rules, the first one would be that there are no rules.

Improvisation isn't a new musical concept by any stretch of the imagination. In India, there's historical evidence of highly sophisticated improvisational music dating back over 5,000 years. In our day, improvisation is a part of all but the most stodgy performances.

Improvisation was the central theme of a Grateful Dead concert. It was the reason so many fans returned again and again, night after night. No two nights were ever the same because the band's approach to improvisation was honest and adventurous.

The Dead took chances in front of an audience that would listen attentively and celebrate the finer performances, yet be forgiving of the lesser ones. Even when a particular evening's music wasn't perfect, everyone thrilled at the attempt. A failed attempt at something vital always seems better than a timid but "successful" show that plays it safe. It is an honest approach to music because it doesn't try to hide the looseness that is a natural part of musical expression.

Jerry Garcia has spoken at length about all of this. Here's a quote taken from the liner notes of "Grayfolded":

"All of our music is really a process. 'Dark Star' is a good example. It's not a work, it's not like an opus — now it's done, here's the tune, play it

Continued on Page 22

3393

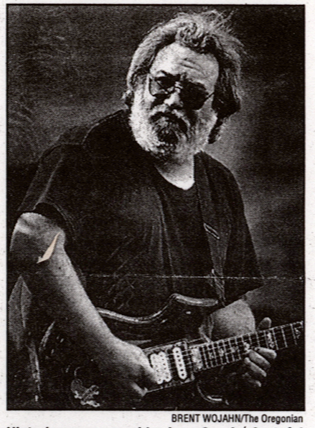
Should we be grateful for the Dead? Austin panelists riff on the topic

It's not often you attend a trial in which the judge's instructions are, "Gentlemen, start your guitar solos."

But then, **"Were the Grateful Dead Really Any Good?"** — a panel discussion held at Austin's recent South by Southwest Music and Media Conference — was only partly a trial. It was just as much a nasty, frivolous catfight.

That is to say, there was no verdict or victor, just loads of rhetorical fun.

The judge — well, moderator, really — was Bill Wyman, a Chicago rock critic who spent his college years in the Dead's Bay Area home turf ("Berkeley's the only city in the world where you go into a restaurant and ask for the non-tie-dye section," he quipped). Around him on the panel were supporters and detractors of the Grateful Dead's musical and extra-musical legacy.



BRENT WOJAHN/The Oregonian

Historians may consider Jerry Garcia' Grateful Dead to have been the world's best jug band.

Avant-gardists or pretentious jug band?

Leading the Deadhead cause was Paul Williams, the pioneering rock critic who founded Crawdaddy magazine. "They were extremely avant-garde, even for the '60s," Williams asserted, bobbing his head like the unrepentant hipster he is. "It was very experimental music, every bit as 'out' as anything (jazz groundbreakers) John Coltrane or Albert Ayler ever did."

Attack dog for the anti-Dead cause was Jim DeRogatis, a senior editor at Rolling Stone, who lambasted the band for its sloppy performances, its inability to rock convincingly and its growth as a merchandising, more than a musical, phenomenon.

"What they were marketing was community as commodity," DeRogatis charged. "They were selling nostalgia for a time in the '60s. It was like Disneyworld's version of Sixtiesland."

DeRogatis met a matching ferocity in Michael Krugman, a decidedly non-hippie-looking free-lance writer from Brooklyn. When DeRogatis slagged the Dead as merely a pretentious jug band, Krugman countered, "If they're a jug band, then that's cool, 'cause you don't get to see many jug bands in arenas." When an audience member claimed the band had outlived its usefulness, Krugman shot back: "So has Lou Reed!"

The Dead rise from the vaults with Fillmore East discs

Speaking of transcendent Grateful Dead performances, Grateful Dead Records has just released another vaunted episode from its vaults. **"Dick's Picks, Volume 4"** (named after Dick Latvala, a Dead tape collector and unofficial band archivist) was recorded Feb. 13-14, 1970, at the famed Fillmore East in New York City. The three-disc set, culled from what many Deadheads consider the band's glory days, includes such favorites as "Casey Jones," "China Cat Sunflower," "I Know You Rider" and "Dark Star." The album is available through mail order by calling 1-800-225-3323.

More intriguing Dead-related news, though, surrounds drummer **Mickey Hart.** Long known for his globe-hopping musical passions, Hart is preparing an album under the band name **Mystery Box** that's said to have, of all things, an urban contemporary flavor.

Among the musicians joining Hart will be Indian tabla master Zakir Hussain and a female vocal sextet from South Africa called the Mint Juleps. Lyrics are from frequent Dead collaborator Robert Hunter.

"We're going to have a lot of Deadheads not liking it because it's so different, and a lot of other people really enjoying it for that same reason," says Dead publicist Dennis McNally. "It's going to be really interesting."

The album will be released by Rykodisc on June 11. A tour by Mystery Box and Bob Weir's **Rat Dog** is being planned for the summer, McNally says, with a probable Portland-area date in late July.

— *Marty Hughley*

Snapshot

Continued from Page 17

play this tempo always, here are the expression marks. It isn't like that. What we do is an ongoing procedure. The procedures sometimes (allows) a magical relationship with the music and other people can dig it too. We're definitely a process band."

The Dead's improvisation worked something like this. First they'd establish the signature of the song. This could just as easily be a blues tune as a country-flavored rockabilly number. Once the structure was clear they'd change it. The degree to which the original song remained recognizable depended on the mood and state of mind of the players. Improvisation during "Dark Star," the featured song on both CDs of "Grayfolded," knew no boundaries. There are moments during these musical flights that taken out of context, would hardly be recognizable as the Grateful Dead, let alone any group of musicians live in concert. Such was the extent of their adventurous spirit (are all you Sonic Youth fans listening?).

"Grayfolded" is more than a collection of "Dark Stars" though, or just another document of the Dead's outstanding improvisational muscle. According to the band's bassist Phil Lesh, "'Grayfolded' is not a Grateful Dead album, it's a John Oswald album!" Deadheads tend to chuckle at this assessment.

The confusion results from the fact that the album consists of live versions of the Dead's composition "Dark Star." This was the song that signaled the start of a long improvisation. It becomes Oswald's project by virtue of his extensive manipulation of the source tapes. Employing techniques like the one he calls "folding," Oswald creates something new out of the tapes of the Dead's performances.

"Folding" involves cutting a section of recorded music in half, a 30-second passage for example, and playing both halves at the same time. This means the original section is now 15 seconds long and twice as dense. Repeating the process gives a segment 7.5 seconds long and four times as dense.

Because "Dark Star" can be spare and fluid, Oswald's manipulations don't seem impressive at first. But as the amount of layering increases things become more dense and beautifully chaotic. We get four Garcia guitar solos at once, each weaving in and out of each other, each spinning their own web of melody. We also hear the result of creating over 16,000 layers of sound presented in a brief but huge "whoosh!" at another point. This sound and the understanding of how it was created is worth the price of the set. Talk about modern music and the use of computers.

The extent of Oswald's experimentation ranges from a light touch to extreme transformation of the original tapes. It's simultaneously thrilling, intelligent and a lot of fun. His approach is related to modern classical music in a couple of important ways.

First, he's indebted to Edgard Varesé, who composed orchestral music to sound like backwards tape recordings before there were tape recorders. Secondly, he's related to Karlheinz Stockhausen who used tape recorders and electronics to create new sounds and compositional structures that couldn't exist without them.

In the end, though, all this technical manipulation is only interesting because the music that results is so great. While I find this tech stuff interesting, the music stands on it's own.

If you like the Dead and the "Drums/Space" improvisational section of their shows, this one is definitely for you, and both the novice listener and the experienced tape collector will find much to delight in with "Grayfolded."

As always. thank you for reading. Be strong, be direct, and remember kindness. Peace.

(Editor's note: Eric Clark, master of fine arts, is an artist who lives and works in Monmouth County.)

DLD844

A bonanza for Dead fans

By MARK BROWN
The Orange County Register

Whether they like the Grateful Dead or not, music fans have to admire what the band does for its followers. With its live shows in demand, the band has not only issued live albums such as "Hundred Year Hall," but it has dug into its archives with its "From the Vault" series as well as "Dick's Picks" — a series of shows selected by Dick Latvala, curator of the band's tape vaults.

Imagine if that caught on. Think of Bruce Springsteen making tapes available of his street-poet '73-'74 tours, his '78 guitar workouts, the great "River" tour, "Born in the USA" shows, the high-concept early "Tunnel of Love" shows. Or Led Zeppelin releasing complete sets of 1969 blues shows, Seventies-era folk rock, and guitar extravaganzas from 1972-1980.

Yet the Dead is the only one to seriously look at its catalog and get it moving out to the fans. The "Dick's Picks" series is now four volumes strong, and Latvala plans on keeping them rolling out.

"It's not all roses. But I'm honored. It's unbelievable. I started as a tape collector," he said.

As a fan, he had collected about 900 shows on tape since the early Seventies. It wasn't until the mid-Eighties that it really paid off. One day Latvala was in the Dead's office playing a tape for someone when Phil Lesh walked up behind him and overheard it.

"He ended up staying three hours listening to this stuff," Latvala said. "I kept saying, 'I sure hope someone's taking care of these tapes, because they are really important.' "

Turns out no one was. The next day the Dead called: Would Latvala be interested in a job sorting out the band's thousands of hours of concert recordings?

It took five years of cataloging and figuring what was there before the "Dick's Picks" series could begin.

"To hell with the [studio] records. The records meant nothing to me. I don't want a new tune. I want 10 'Casey Joneses.' I want every 'Dark Star' ever made," Latvala said.

Volume 4 documents the Valentine's Day 1970 shows at the Fillmore East. The tapes of the Fillmore show have been available in collectors' circles for years after the sound man at the show made them available.

"It's one of the most legendary shows of all time," Latvala said.

The shows are rivaled perhaps only by the May 2, 1970, show at Harper's College in Binghamton, N.Y.

"I'm not saying for sure that this is the best of the best. But this is among the best," he said.

The tone was set back then.

"This ain't a show. It's a party," the announcer said in introducing the band. Given that three of the guitar jams on the triple-CD set last a half-hour each, he wasn't kidding. And because of the magic of tape and CDs, the party rolls on.

"I think it can go on forever. It can't be understood in 10 CDs. This takes hundreds of CDs before you get close to understanding what's going on here," Latvala said. "The Grateful Dead is not something you can make sound bites out of."

But Deadheads worldwide second-guess the decisions that Latvala, the engineers, the producers, and ultimately the band make.

"You've got a bunch of picky Deadheads all over the planet saying, 'This is good and this ain't.' I'm just another picky Deadhead, trying to do the best I can," he said.

Latvala has stayed in his favorite era, the Seventies, but is looking to make the next volume a selection from the Eighties.

While other bands have gone the pricey box-set route to get rarities, the "Dick's Picks" series is less expensive, with simple but informative packaging. All four volumes are still in print and available; the three-CD Volume 4 is available at $18.99. Call (800) CAL-DEAD to order.



New releases of Dead archival records give followers a treat.

PREMIER ISSUE OF "AUDIO VIDEO STEREO" (8+9 96)

soft parade



Grateful Dead

DICK'S PICKS VOLUME THREE: PEMBROKE PINES, FLORIDA 5/22/77

DICK'S PICKS VOLUME FOUR: FILLMORE EAST, NEW YORK 2/13-2/14/70

Grateful Dead Records

Like good wines, Dead shows have their distinct vintages, and in the case of these two DICK'S PICKS releases, Dead sommelier/archivist Dick Latvala has brushed the dust off of two wonderful cabernets. Chosen from more than 2,500 shows over 30 years, these two rare vintages vary in complexity and refinement but ultimately offer up a real taste of the band at its finest.

VOLUME THREE is a concert from May 1977, which was the heart of the Keith and Donna Godchaux years; Keith replaced Ron "Pigpen" McKernan at keyboards, with his wife Donna adding vocals. This show finds the band in a much lighter musical spirit than the early '70s, moving from the deep blues of the psyche to a more complex cerebral jazz somewhat uneven in the sense that periods are colliding. This show's gems begin with the "Help on the Way/Slipknot!/Franklin's Tower" trilogy, which finds Jerry Garcia in an "endless riff" phase, beautifully weaving himself in and out of the song's structure. Disc Two showcases two absolute classics from the period in "Estimated Prophet" and "Eyes of the World," two self-reflecting Dead songs of power and beauty. The show ends with "Morning Dew" song contemplating a nuclear holocaust that begins in Day One quiet and builds to a personal, emotional detonation.

It's amazing to listen to VOLUME FOUR and consider that weeks later the band recorded its seminal album, the much mellower WORKINGMAN'S DEAD. This three-disc set was culled from storied Fillmore East shows—the most sought-after bootleg tapes in the entire Dead catalogue—and finds Owsley Stanley at the soundboard as well as the irrepressible Pigpen working a hard bluesy edge into their playing with his keyboard. The first disc showcases strong and succinct versions of "China Cat Sunflower," "I Know You Rider," and "High Time," with the underlying sense that the band was loosening its fingers for the marathon workouts to come. The disc ends with a plaintive Garcia riff leading us into the legendary "Dark Star," a 29-minute excursion into the Dead's unique playspace.

The 60-minute-long Disc Two (only two songs) features a blistering "That's it for the Other One" and the Pigpen-signature blues-athon "Turn On Your Lovelight." Disc Three brings the band out of the deep interior dimensions with Pigpen singing "Alligator," Weir singing "Me & My Uncle," a rare "Mason's Children," and the quintessential closer, an a capella "We Bid You Goodnight." This is truly vintage Dead, where their sound paints a darker, more emotional musical portrait of the world.

Both discs are real keepers if you're a fan of the band, otherwise I'd say start with VOLUME FOUR, perhaps the pinnacle of the early vintage shows. Sound quality on both albums is good, with Four's being very good. Dick sure can pick 'em. Available only by mail order: (800) 225-3323 (CAL-DEAD).—PETER S. BARRY

VOLUME THREE: Performance: 4, Sonics: 3

VOLUME FOUR: Performance: 4 Sonics: 5

Disc Key

MUSIC	LASERS
Performance:	Video:
1=eject	1=dog
2=scan	2=homely
3=program	3=plain
4=play	4=looker
5=repeat	5=babe
Sonics:	Sonics:
1=harsh	1=basement
2=mush	2=dub city
3=standard	3=in synch
4=lush	4=intense
5=reference	5=reference

DL0845

Garcia's death brings forth flood of Dead recordings

HARTFORD COURANT 11/3/96

By ROGER CATLIN
Courant Rock Critic

In the year since the band was officially laid down, the Dead has been anything but.

True, there are no more tours by the Grateful Dead, the long-running San Francisco psychedelic band that became the highest-grossing act of the '90s before guitarist Jerry Garcia's death on Aug. 9, 1995, at age 53.

But the marketplace seems fairly flooded with Grateful Dead recordings this fall.

A double-disc collection, "The Arista Years," has material recorded on eight albums since 1977, including the band's one Top 40 hit, 1987's "Touch of Grey."

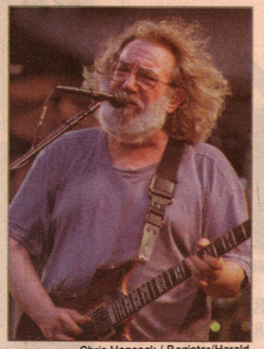
"Dozin' at the Knick," a triple-disc release in the "From the Vault" series from Grateful Dead Records, is also out on Arista, covering the Dead's stint at the Knickerbocker Arena in Albany, N.Y., March 24 to 26, 1990, just four months before the death of keyboardist Brent Mydland.

Just out on home video is the recording of a 1987 New Year's Eve show at Oakland Coliseum, "Ticket to New Year's," which features the Dead feeling loose enough to perform skits.

The latest in the series of mail-order-only taped concerts from Grateful Dead Merchandising, "Dick's Picks, Volume 6," chronicles an Oct. 14, 1983, concert at the Hartford Civic Center over three discs.

The number of Dead tribute albums in various genres continues. Nashville musicians Billy and Terry Smith have released "Long Live the Dead" on K-Tel Records. Joe Gallant

Please see Garcia, Page G9



Chris Hancock / Register/Herald

■ **Jerry Garcia**
In fine voice

'83 Hartford show latest 'Dick's Pick'

By ROGER CATLIN
Courant Rock Critic

At the time, it seemed like just another stop in a crowded touring schedule.

A newspaper review at the time called it "typically exhilarating for the chosen not-so-few, but tedious for those neophytes cajoled into taking part."

Even so, the Oct. 14, 1983, show by the Grateful Dead at the Hartford Civic Center has become just the sixth selection in the Dead-issued series of concert recordings called "Dick's Picks."

"There could be a lot of shows we could have used from Hartford," says Dick Latvala, the fan and tape collector turned official Dead tape archivist who lent his name to the series.

"They gave a little bit extra on the East Coast," says Latvala by phone from his home in Petaluma, Calif. "Because they

Please see Hartford, Page G9

Grateful For This News

Hear ye, heads! *Dicks Picks V* (GDM) is due the last week of May. This series of live performance compact discs will grow by three or so hours when the entire 12/26/79 performance from the **Grateful Dead** at Henry J. Kaiser Auditorium in San Francisco is released later this month. So, now allow me to 'bottom line' it for you. Disc One: "Cold Rain and Snow," "C.C. Rider," "Dire Wolf," "Me and My Uncle," "Big River," "Brown-Eyed Women," "New Minglewood Blues," "Friend Of The Devil," "Looks Like Rain," "Alabama Getaway," "Promised Land." Disc Two: "Uncle John's Band," "Estimated Prophet," "He's Gone," "Other One," Drums. Disc Three: Space, "Not Fade Away," "Brokedown Palace," "Around and Around,"

C4 TELEGRAM & GAZETTE THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1996

BOSTON

More Dead, just in time for Christmas

The Grateful Dead exists no more in concert only.

Since disbanding in 1995 after the death of Jerry Garcia, the Grateful Dead's music has been kept alive with various tribute albums and posthumous releases of concert recordings.

The trend continues unabated with four new CDs and a home video — just in time for the holidays.

Here's the rundown:

● **"Ticket to New Year's"** (Monterey Home Video): Clocking in at almost 2½ hours, this is a standard concert video shot at the Grateful Dead show Dec. 31, 1987. Comedy bits and Q&A between audience members and the band during intermission are the interesting things on this tape (a lot of the drug humor shown on the original airing has been scrubbed for the home release). The tape features good versions of "Birdsong" and "Knockin' on Heaven's Door."

● **"Dozin' at the Knick"** (Arista): This is a three-CD set of concert recordings taken from the band's shows at the Knickerbocker Arena in Albany, N.Y., in 1990. The sound quality is excellent, and the caliber of playing superb. Keyboard player Brent Mydland, who died a few months after these shows, is featured on his compositions "Just a Little Light," "Never Trust a Woman," "Blow Away" and "I Will Take You Home." Mydland's generally overlooked role in shaping the Dead sound from 1979 to 1990 is finally given its due.

● **"Dick's Picks Vol. Six"** (Grateful Dead Records): Another three-disc collection, this was recorded Oct. 14, 1983, at the Hartford Civic Center. It is the latest release handpicked by the band's tape archivist Dick Latvala. In keeping with this fine series, "Dick's Picks Vol. 6" is more for the hard-core Deadhead than the casual buyer.

● **"Shady Grove,"** Jerry Garcia and David Grisman (Acoustic Disc): This is a magnificent collection of acoustic recordings that Garcia, mandolin player Grisman and others made between 1990 and 1995 in Grisman's home studio. The casual surroundings bring out something previously unheard in Garcia's guitar playing and singing. The warmth and affection he brings to this set of old-time folk and blues tunes is spellbinding and reinforces the notion that Garcia was a musician first, and a reluctant shaman second.

● **"The Arista Years"** (Arista): This is your standard assemblage of album tracks from the Dead's output between 1977 and 1990. Although the band's best-selling song "Touch of Grey" and the album it came from, "In the Dark," are from the so-called Arista years, the Dead's studio output at this time was fairly unremarkable.

This two-disc set is a pleasant enough primer of material originally found on "Terrapin Station," "Shakedown Street," "Go To Heaven," "Reckoning," "Dead Set," "In the Dark," "Built to Last" and "Without a Net." The band's stiffness in the studio is balanced with enough cuts off the three concert albums Arista released during this time to keep things entertaining.

— SCOTT McLENNAN

Hartford show is Grateful Dead's latest live release

Continued from Page G1

didn't play there as much, and the people there demanded their fix."

In 1983, Connecticut trailed only California and New York as the state in which the band played most. The Oct. 14 and 15 shows in Hartford followed a two-night stand in March at the New Haven Coliseum. Oddly, the '83 shows were the first of two consecutive Oct. 14-15 stints the Dead would play at the Hartford Civic Center, where the band played the greatest number of its Connecticut shows — 18 from 1977 to 1990.

But many factors go into choosing which concerts — nearly every one of which was taped by the band — become "Dick's Picks."

"The main one is not to have it conflict with any previous release that has many of the same songs or is very close in proximity to some year you've already released," Latvala says.

He also has to keep in mind what's being released as part of the band's more widely released "From the Vault" series, which are from later shows recorded on multi-track tapes that need remixing. The newest in that series, "Dozin' at the Knick" (Arista), chronicles a 1990 stint in Albany, N.Y., as remixed by Dead bassist Phil Lesh and Sam Cutler.

"Dick's Picks Volume Six," available through Grateful Dead Merchandising, (800-CAL-DEAD), is, like the previous five releases, taken directly from two-track soundboard recordings. But in this case, Latvala says, he used cassette tapes from the soundboard instead of the usual reel master, which was missing.

A new decade

Latvala wanted to venture into the 1980s shows after five straight shows from the '70s (two from Florida, and one each from California, New York and Ohio).

"'83 and '84 were the most likely two years to use because of the other projects that had been happening at the time," he says. "With that in mind, I already had a working knowledge of those years, but I went down and listened to a lot of things from then."

Fans had been asking for tapes of shows featuring Brent Mydland, keyboardist for the Dead from 1979 to 1990. "The other major thing on my mind was to find a version of the 'Scarlet Begonias'/'Fire on the Mountain,'" Latvala says. "This show fit the bill."

Other highlights in the three-set show that night included versions of "Eyes of the World," "Sugar Magnolia" and the first-ever recording — and now release — of the Jerry Garcia/Robert Hunter song "Keep Your Day Job," which closes out the first set.

If it was Latvala's call, he would stay entirely in the earlier decades.

"I go way back to the beginning of time," says Latvala. "So I'm prejudiced to the '60s and '70s stuff. To be pushed into the '80s was a bit of a jump for me. I view it as bowing to public pressure."

Despite the series' bearing his name, "I don't really run this," Latvala says. "It's a group effort. I submit things to my other partners in crime, and we all make a judgment."

The dear Dead days

Like a lot of Deadheads, Latvala remembers his first Grateful Dead show with absolute clarity: Jan. 21, 1966. "From then on, they were my band." He'd see every show he could in Northern California. "The main part started when I started discovering that live tapes existed in 1974," he says. "That became all I cared about: to find people who had good live tapes, and trade. Once that became known inside the organization, one thing led to another."

By the time he moved back to California from Hawaii to become the Dead's tape archivist in 1985, he had 900 tapes of his own. "Some people thought that was excessive," Latvala says.

The first of "Dick's Picks," issued in 1993, was also the biggest seller, because it was the only one chosen to also be sold in stores. The rest of the series is available through mail-order only.

"He is the ultimate Deadhead tape collector, who then got the ultimate job — as tape archivist for the band," Grateful Dead spokesman Dennis McNally says of Latvala.

"My job is sifting through it all," Latvala says. "That's what I do all day. Listen and take notes."

Ask Latvala about other shows from Hartford that would be worth a release, and he can rattle them off by date: "Five-10-80 is a good one. Five-28-77 was a great one — that was my son's first show. Ten-14-84 ...

"Hartford is a lot like the Spectrum or Hampton or Madison Square Garden or the Boston Garden. They played there a lot."

"There's easily 200 shows I think are worthy of release," he says. "I'm optimistic maybe we'll get to 100 of exceptional quality."

Still, the team is mindful of not overloading the market or appearing to exploit the void created by Garcia's death with live material. "We don't want to be seen as taking advantage of anything," he says. "But you also don't want to miss the beat if it's demanded."

There's a market for official releases of live shows even for a band that encouraged fans to tape shows, Latvala says. "If anyone could get a better quality of a tape they like, they jump on it."

While "Dick's Picks" are digitally remastered from original two-track tapes, none of the shows are musically perfect. "There are low points in each, but they define the high points," he says. "It's not like in the straight world, where they think it all has to be high points — all good stuff, no mistakes. The Dead's shows are full of mistakes, but that's what experimental music is all about. And that's what Dead fans are all about. We don't want formula music."

To hear selections from "Shady Grove" and "Dick's Picks, Volume 6," please call Courant Source at (860) 246-1000 or (800) 246-8070. The Source number is 1043. A touch-tone phone is required.

DL0842

DL0847

"Johnny B. Goode," and the rare double-encores of "Shakedown Street," and "Uncle John's Band.(reprise)."

The show was performed as a benefit for SEVA, the Dead's charitable arm, and both the "Brokedown Palace" and the "Uncle John's Band" are reappering in the band's set after a two-year absence.

Grateful Dead tape archivist Dick Latvala says, "This is the first show the band did at the Henry J. Kaiser Auditorium, a venue that the Dead would call home turf for the better part of the next two decades. [At this point] Winterland Arena had closed and this really represents the genesis of the modern-era Dead with Brent Mydland."

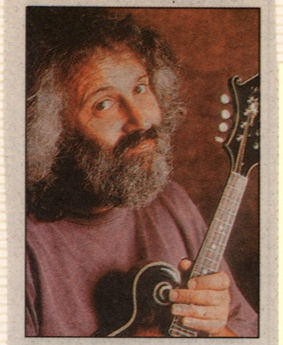
Latvala adds that this is a complete unedited show that contains everything that tape engineer Betty Cantor captured that night.

Latvala also gave the bitter-sweet news that *Dick's Picks V* will be the last addition to the immensely popular series "for a little while." That's the bitter. The sweet is that he is devoting some attention to more modern performances that will be released in the future.

The release date of *Dick's Picks V* is not inked as of yet. Grateful Dead Merchandising's Elena Chieffo says, "When we get 'em, we'll sell 'em." The best way to get more information on the disc is to call Grateful Dead Merchandising at (800) CAL-DEAD.

For The Record

BREAK MAGAZINE



Mandolin master David Grisman is Jerry Garcia's playing partner on *Shady Grove*, a recording of acoustic music.

Dead may be gone, but aren't forgotten

By Walter Tunis
Contributing Music Critic

It was nearly a year ago that the long, strange trip had finally wound down.

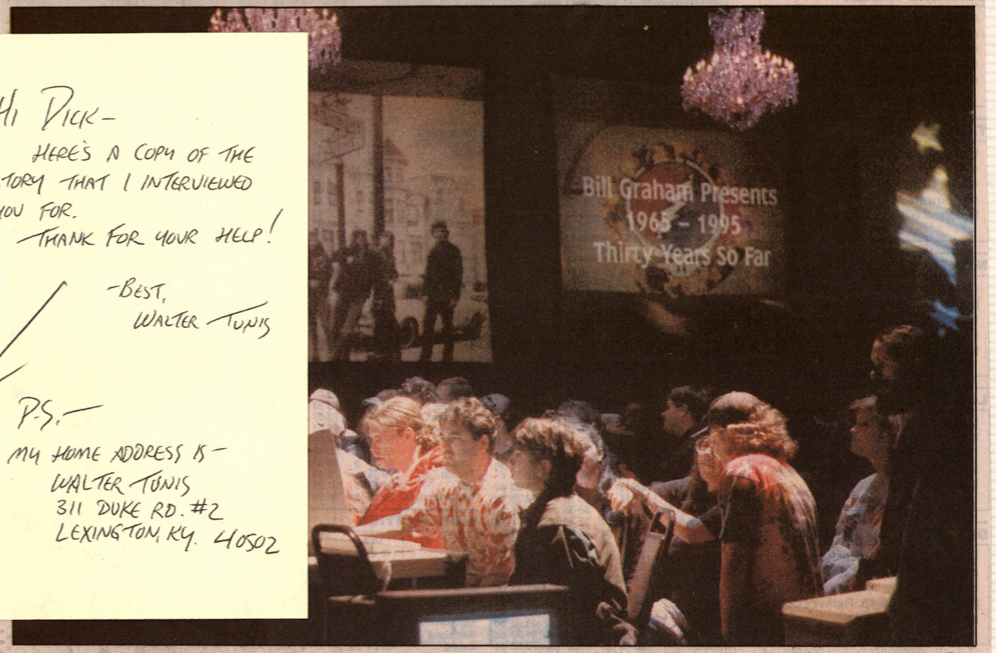
After three decades as one of the most commercially successful touring acts in rock 'n' roll history, the Grateful Dead was no more.

So why is it that the band seems bigger than ever now? With a nationally syndicated radio program of its music airing weekly and four new recordings as well as a home video invading music stores, the defunct group is now making a better living than ever.

"Despite the image of the Grateful Dead as that of a drug-addled, musically incompetent ensemble, I see something else," said David Gans, who has produced and hosted the weekly Grateful Dead Hour since 1985. "And I'd say there's 200,000 people around the country that agree with me about its wonderfulness."

On Page F6
Sources of Grateful Dead music

Grateful Dead alive on the Web



IJ photo/Robert Tong

ROCKIN' IN CYBERSPACE: Deadheads surf the World Wide Web at the Fillmore Auditorium yesterday during a broadcast of the Marin band's music on the Internet. The Dead last week announced the end of the band in the wake of guitarist Jerry Garcia's death, but the band's spirit lived during the event at the San Francisco rock hall and in cyberspace. Bass player Phil Lesh answered questions from fans on the Web, and the Fillmore event featured laser lights and slide projections of the band.

Hi Dick –
HERE'S A COPY OF THE STORY THAT I INTERVIEWED YOU FOR.
THANK FOR YOUR HELP!
– BEST,
WALTER TUNIS

P.S. –
MY HOME ADDRESS IS –
WALTER TUNIS
311 DUKE RD. #2
LEXINGTON, KY. 40502

High-Tech Dead

The jury is still out on what life will be like after the **Grateful Dead**, but the spirit of the band lives on, not only in the Furthur Tour (which hits Mountain View's Shoreline Amphitheatre on Tuesday) but also in an increasing number of recordings bearing the Dead name.

The band's in-house label this month issued the three-CD "Dick's Picks Vol. 5" (a previously unavailable 1979 Oakland Auditorium concert). Meanwhile, recording engineer and longtime Dead sound associate **Joe Gastwirt** has been commissioned to remaster the Dead's recordings on Arista and Warner Bros.

Arista is preparing to release a two-CD best-of compilation tentatively titled "Bring Out Your Dead" in the fall. Gastwirt last week finished remastering that album and the entire Dead Arista catalog using HDCD technology, the latest advance in digital sound. (HDCD stands for high-definition compatible digital.) "The sound is far beyond anything we've heard before," Gastwirt said.

— Larry Kelp

SF CHRONICLE 7/28/96



On the air

"The Grateful Dead Hour" — which spotlights rare and unreleased concert performances — is one of the most vital and visible voices for the group's music in 1996. About 80 stations — most of them public radio affiliates — carry the show, including WUKY-91.3 FM in Lexington.

Initially, WUKY was wary of carrying the Grateful Dead Hour. After all, how would public radio listeners accustomed to relaxing with opera and big-band music on the weekend react to a weekly dose of Jerry Garcia's otherworldly guitar solos?

"It was a big step for the station," said WUKY program and music director Curt Mathies, who decided to air the show in August 1995.

"But the response was instantaneous — just in the membership drives we hold alone. This one hour of programming a week has made more money that any hour of our drives."

In the stores

What the Grateful Dead Hour underscores each week is the plentitude of concert recordings. For the group's touring history, Deadheads liberally traded live tapes. For much of that time, the band let fans tape concerts.

But as intriguing as these

See **DEAD, F6**

DEAD: Group continues to fascinate fans

FROM PAGE F1

homemade tapes were, they were nothing compared to the library of recordings that the Dead amassed of its own performances. During the last five years, the band's merchandising organization has started to make some archive performances available to fans.

"It's what they want so that's why we're doing it," said Dennis McNally, the Grateful Dead's publicist since 1984."

Two archival series exist. The first is called simply the "vault series." Today, it is overseen by the Dead's longtime recording engineer John Cutler along with a band member, bassist Phil Lesh. Its new release is a lavish three-disc collection from March 1990 called *Dozin' at the Knick*.



The Grateful Dead's merchandising organization has been selling the group's own tapes of its performances for the last five years.

Dick's Picks

"Do you think it's too much?" asked Dick Latvala of the fact that the sixth volume of his *Dick's Picks* series is coming out on the heels of *Dozin' at the Knick*, a newly released concert video called *Ticket to New Year's* and a recent double-disc anthology of remastered studio recordings titled *The Arista Years*.

"You know, it's a big battle on our team. No one wants to be seen as taking advantage, yet no one wants to be missing the boat."

A longtime devotee of the band and an avid tape collector, Latvala was hired to organize the Dead's expansive tape vault in 1985.

One of his primary duties during recent years has been overseeing *Dick's Picks* — a series of concert recordings issued two to three times a year and sold exclusively through mail order. The just-released sixth volume — a three-disc set that presents a 1983 concert in its entirety — sells for only $20.

And, like the "vault series," Latvala sees *Dick's Picks* as a continuing project.

"I'm of the opinion that it'll go on for 20 years, easy," he said. "I can confidently say that there's 100 concerts worthy of release. Actually, it's more like 200."

Acoustic finale

There's a curious footnote to the wealth of Grateful Dead projects that have kept the band so popular after its demise. And it comes as a sort of postcard from its departed leader, Jerry Garcia.

The guitarist's love of music stemmed far beyond even the expansive playground of the Dead. He was, before all of the psychedelic side trips, a bluegrass musician whose love of acoustic music remained strong until his death.

The fourth Dead-related album to emerge this fall is *Shady Grove*, the latest in a series of acoustic collaborations with Garcia's friend, mandolin master David Grisman.

In contrast to the explosive, electric fire of the Dead concert albums, *Shady Grove* presents a warmer and more delicate view of the Dead's most vibrant, beloved and respected personality.

"The neat thing was we weren't even making any specific album when we did these sessions," Grisman said. "It was more of a fun thing.

"We were both interested in lots of the same kinds of music — such as old-time folk music and bluegrass. Other styles, too, like swing and blues and country. So recording with Jerry was like going through our past. It was like having fun, you know?"

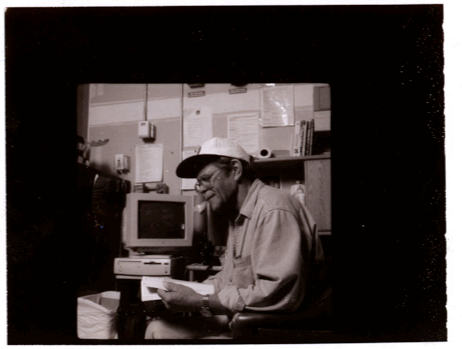
Plain man as artist

Grisman's final thoughts on Garcia suggest what continues to make the Dead so fascinating.

"It was just a real great thing in my life to have known him and to have been his friend," Grisman said. "He was one of the most positive spirits I've ever encountered. He taught me a lot of lessons on a lot of levels.

"Jerry was just one of those larger-than-life people. But he never wanted that kind of vibe. He just wanted to be a regular guy.

"But, of course, he never was."





Continued from previous page

FTR

For those keeping score at home, this release marks a few song debut recordings. This is first released performance of the "Scarlet Begonias>Fire On The Mountain," pairing; as well as the first released performance of "They Love Each Other"; and the first ever release of both "Keep Your Day Job," and the instrumental "Spanish Jam."

"All interested parties should be able to order *Dick's Picks VI* on or about October 16 by calling 1-800-CAL-DEAD (225-3323)," Latvala added.

The Video Dick's Picks

Now out of the audio, for a moment, and into the video. "New Year's '87-'88" is a two-hour home video feature that will "highlight the first two sets of the famous pay-per-view TV broadcast. This video has been heavily traded since it was originally broadcast," Latvala says. The proceedings include skits by the band members (Jerry Garcia as Santa Claus and Mickey Hart as TV's Mr. Spock), and a whole lot of music.

Some astute Dead traders will note that a large portion of the audio from this show was the subject of two separate 50-minute King Biscuit Flower Hour syndicated radio broadcasts that debuted on February 28, 1988. The show has since been re-edited and re-aired numerous times in one single 50-minute broadcast. An exact running order was not available at press time — however here is the running order of the two sets from which the video will be compiled:

Set One: Bertha>Promised Land, Cold Rain and Snow, Little Red Rooster, When Push Comes To Shove, When I Paint My Masterpiece, Bird Song>The Music Never Stopped. Set Two: Hell In A Bucket>Uncle John's Band>Terrapin>Drums> Space> Other One>Wharf Rat>Throwing Stones>Not Fade Away, Look to this column for a release date and price. Again, interested parties should call 1-800-CAL-DEAD for more information and to place orders.

Dozin' At The "Knick"

As we mentioned in these pages last week, *Dozin' At The Knick* (Arista) is a three-disc multi-track release that will highlight some precious goodies from the band's three-night stand at Knickerbocker Arena in Albany, New York on March 24-26, 1990. A few folks inquired about last week's information. Most questions were in regards to the "Mud Love Buddy Jam," and "Never Trust A Woman." The "Mud Love..." is a phonetic distortion of "Mind Left Body Jam," an instrumental theme that the Dead incorporated into 14 different performances between October of 1973 and March of 1993. "Your Mind Has Left Your Body" is the title of a song that Jerry Garcia and Mickey Hart contributed to from the Paul Kanter/Grace Slick epic 1973 release (which is sadly absent on CD) *Baron Von Tollbooth and The Chrome Nun* (Grunt). "Never Trust A Woman," is a Brent Mydland tune that most deadheads know as "Good Times." When asked about the selection of these shows for the next multi-track release, Latvala said, "I guess it came down to my recommendation, Phil [Lesh] and John[Cutler had gone through tapes for the better part of six months, and still couldn't make a decision. So, in their frustration, I was called in to make a selection and Albany '90 was it." said Latvala. *Dozin' At The Knick* will also herald the debut release of a few tunes. "Never Trust A Woman," When I Paint My Masterpiece," and "Mud Love Buddy Jam," are all first time releases. While, "Hell In A Bucket," "Dupree's Diamond Blues," "Blow Away," and "I Will Take You Home" are making their first concert performance release. Look for *Dozin' At The Knick*' in local CD racks on October 29.

Latvala says that he is currently in search of the next volume for *Dick's Picks* and is thankful for "all the great words and positive vibes" from local heads. "Give them my best and a big hug next time you see 'em," Latvala concludes. Well, I can't let this opportunity pass so... "XXXOOO from Dick. Y'all."

to new generations of rhythm and blues fans. The package lists for around $90.

For those R&B fans on a modest budget, *Highlights From The Mercury Blues 'N' Rhythm Story* is a 20-track sampling of... well, highlights from this massive compilation. This single disc contains many of the same sides mentioned above and is only a fraction of the $90 list price.

This Week: A Very Dead Column Starting With Dick's Picks

When BREAK last spoke to Grateful Dead vault-keeper Dick Latvala in mid-June, he was "fairly certain" that *Dick's Picks V* (12-26-79, Oakland, CA) would be the final *Dick's Picks* release of the year — because of a few other Dead audio and video projects that were "in the oven," according to Latvala. In a conversation with Latvala last week he was "pleased that we'll be able add not only the sixth volume to *Dick's Picks*, but also to another title to the "multi-track" releases; *and* the first full-length performance video in nearly a decade. First things first though.

Dick's Picks VI (10-14-83, Hartford, CT.) is the second complete show that has been offered in the three-year history of the series. "The center-piece of this collection is the second set opener — 'Scarlet Begonias>Fire On The Mountain', I've been asked from responsive deadheads to have an '80s show and to include a killer 'Scarlet/Fire.' I think that this volume fits the bill nicely," Latvala said. How has the response been? "Overwhelmingly positive," beamed the overly-modest Latvala. Quickly adding," It is the audience — the folks who are buying the releases — that inevitably dictate the parameters of what we do with *Dick's Picks*." So what's the story on this show? "Well," Latvala said, "it might surprise some folks to find out that the master tape we used is actually a cassette. The nature of the tape vault is such that we have just about every playback medium going — from these superior sounding cassettes to multi-track digital tapes. It doesn't really matter what format (i.e. reel-to-reel tape, cassette, or whatever) that the show was captured on. It's really how well it was recorded on any particular night. I have heard many cassettes that sound better than the reels," Latvala says.

The show was recorded during the first night of a two-night run at the Civic Center in Hartford, CT. — a venue that hosted the Dead 18 times between May of 1977 and March of 1990. This show also rates highly among deadheads who have rated it as among the best of the year in the latest edition of "DeadBase," — a multi-purpose guide to Grateful Dead song lists. The show is spread over three discs and here is the running order:

Disc One: Alabama Getaway>Greatest Story Ever Told, They Love Each Other, Mama Tried>Big River, Althea>C.C. Rider, Tennessee Jed, Hell In A Bucket>Keep Your Day Job. Disc Two: Scarlet Begonias>Fire On The Mountain, Estimated Prophet>Eyes Of The World>Drums. Disc Three: Drums (cont.)>Space>Spanish Jam>Other One>Stella Blue>Sugar Magnolia, and the encore, U.S. Blues.

See "FTR" Next Page

DL0848

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The page turns

By Greg Kot

Chicago Tribune

GARCIA'S GONE, BUT what of Jerry's kids, the Deadheads? What will they do with their summer? Plenty, actually. In some ways, there's never been a better time to hop on the Magic Bus and see some music.

That didn't seem to be the case last August, when Jerry Garcia — unofficial summer-camp leader for millions of wanderers — died of heart failure at age 53. Soon after, the surviving members of the Grateful Dead gathered in California and faced the future without their lead guitarist. In their hearts they already knew what they would decide: The long, strange trip — at least this particular version of it — was over.

"I've heard a lot of the rumors," says the Dead's Mickey Hart about chatter among Deadheads that the band might continue with everyone from Carlos Santana to Bob Dylan in Garcia's place. "But they're all rumors. That's not what it's all about. It's hard to say goodbye, it's hard to let go, but the page got turned for us."

Hart looks a bit like a guru as he sits cross-legged on an easy chair in a hotel room overlooking downtown Chicago. At 52, his face still has an ageless, almost elfin mischievousness about it, and it was that quality that endeared the Dead — and especially Garcia, the acid-rock St. Nick — to millions of followers around the world.

"I knew Jerry was not well — I rode home with him on the plane from Chicago after the last show" on July 9, 1995, at Soldier Field, "and his little heart was just pumping right out of his chest — it was like he was sleeping and running at the same time," Hart says. "But he was holding on tenaciously, because he still wanted to play badly. All he wanted to do was play guitar; the body to him was just a big hassle, and he'd just pull it along."

When Garcia died a month later, the media was saturated with end-of-an-era stories, but in a sense it was just the end of a significant opening chapter in a labyrinthine novel: the Dead's world had already mutated, multiplied and infiltrated countless subcultures.

In this, the first summer without the Grateful Dead in three decades, there are more examples than ever of how the band has influenced and altered popular culture: Blues Traveler's H.O.R.D.E festival of Dead-inspired jamming bands; Phish's tour of amphitheaters, complete with Dead-like improvisations and even a tapers' section to document every note; Medeski Martin and Wood's jazz-trio version of the Dead's elongated instrumental flights; and the European and American rave scenes, which take their cues, consciously or not, from Ken Kesey's Acid Tests of the '60s, before LSD was outlawed.

female vocals of the British a cappella vocal group the Mint Juleps with wave upon wave of African and Latin polyrhythms, churned out by Hart and an all-star team of world-beat percussionists. Though it sounds little like his better-known band, the Mystery Box does incorporate the lyrics of longtime Garcia collaborator Robert Hunter.

"Even though many of these songs were written before the Grateful Dead stopped, they talk about going on, persevering," Hart says of the new album. "Putting this tour together, Bob and I both wanted to go out and play, and the people wanted a place to go as well. I don't feel sorry for the Deadheads because they're my friends and we've had a long conversation over the years. It wasn't sorrow that brings me out, it was more like renewing old acquaintances, a ritual we've gotten into the habit of doing. I wanted everyone to know that there is life after the Grateful Dead."

The message is not lost on John Popper, the harp-playing, swashbuckling singer of Blues Traveler and organizer of the fifth annual H.O.R.D.E. (Horizons of Rock Developing Everywhere) festival. "The Dead's message was play music you like with your family," Popper says.

Bands such as Blues Traveler, Phish, the Dave Matthews Band and the Spin Doctors, which emphasize the make-it-up-as-we-go-along improvisational vibe of the Dead, represent a fairly short leap of faith for Deadheads. In its inaugural year, in 1992, H.O.R.D.E. lost money, but by last summer the festival hauled in more than $8 million from 23 shows, and emerged as a credible alternative to the ultimate alternative-rock festival, Lollapalooza, which made nearly $13 million on 29 dates.

"Two or three years ago I couldn't find enough bands to fill out the lineup," Popper says. "This year I had 146 bands ask to be on it, and I whittled that down to 50 bands (the bill of bands shifts throughout the tour). Lollapalooza is all about attitude and exposing people to different things: It wants rap fans slamming next to metal fans. We believe there is one fan who listens to it all, who wants to dance and spin around all day to bands that can really kick live. Our basic rule is if you can play a good groove live, we can use you."

What's missing among the new breed of jam bands is the simple blues- and country-based melodies that formed the core of the Dead's concert repertoire. In 1972, the Dead issued a triple-album of live material, "Europe '72," that sounds almost concise compared to such two-hour solo-fests as Phish's 1995 release, "A Live One" (Elektra, 1995), and Blues Traveler's "Live From the Fall" (A&M).

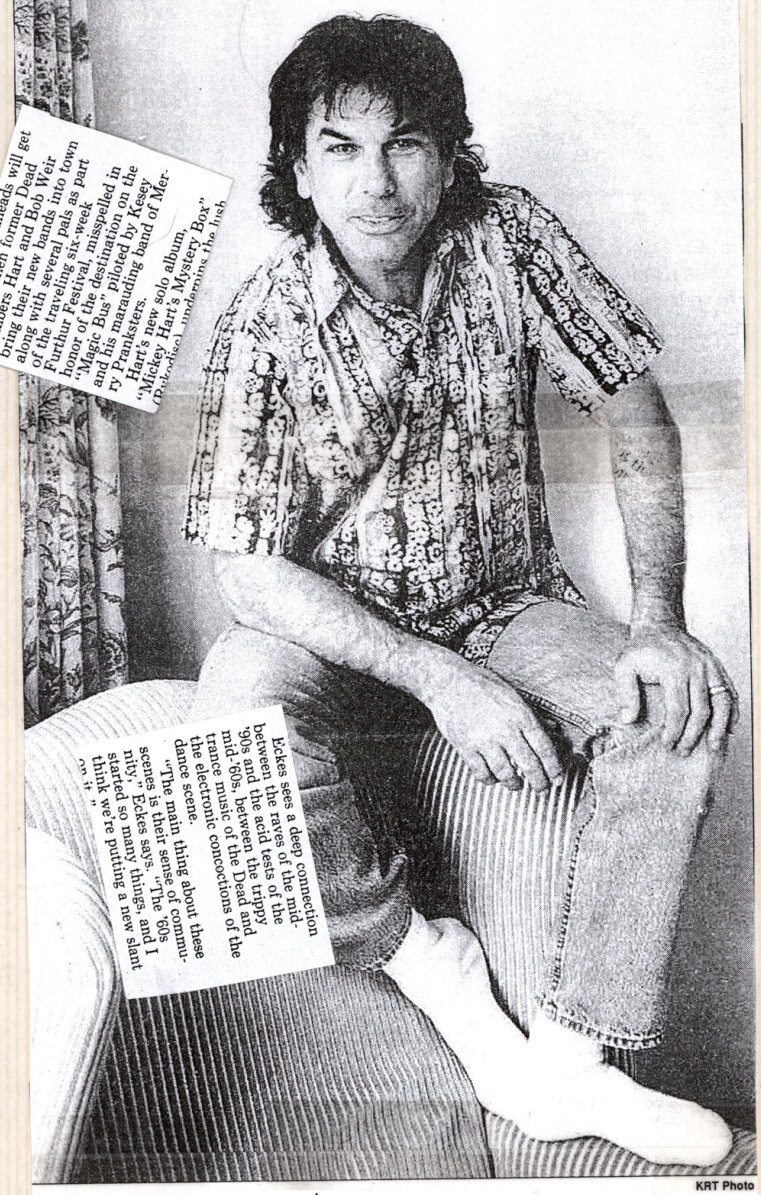
But while the Dead were clearly a last link to '60s counterculture, they were also adventurers constantly pushing into the unknown, from their pioneering breakthroughs in live sound technology to their avant-garde experiments in musical form.

It is an impulse grasped by such sonic explorers as John Oswald, whose two-CD digital deconstruction of the Dead's epic, avant-garde composition "Dark Star" was released a few months ago as "Grayfolded" (Swell/Artifact). Oswald, who coined the term "Plunderphonics" to describe how he manipulates and layers or "folds" recorded music, compresses 25 years of "Dark Star" performances into two epic tapestries. With the participation of the Dead, Oswald was able to create the illusion of the band harmonizing or jamming with past and future versions of itself. The more experimental second disc, "Mirror Ashes," is described by Oswald as an "ambient dance" record, similar to electronic music at raves.

And it is at these psychedelic dance parties where the Dead's legacy arches into the 21st century. Rave organizer Kurt Eckes (aka DJ Jethrox) of Milwaukee says he "never went to a Dead show, but I hold them in high esteem." Reading Tom Wolfe's novel "The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test" three years ago inspired him to organize with Chicagoan David Prince the most ambitious rave in North America, a Memorial Day weekend campout in rural Wisconsin with three days and nights of electronic music.

Their third annual rave, the Even Furthur festival, drew 4,000 people a few weeks ago, Eckes says.

The Grateful Dead is no more, but there's still plenty of music for Deadheads



Hard-core Deadheads will get their fix when former Dead members Hart and Bob Weir bring their new bands into town along with several pals as part of the traveling six-week Furthur Festival, misspelled in honor of the destination on the "Magic Bus" piloted by Kesey and his marauding band of Merry Pranksters.

"Mickey Hart's Mystery Box," Hart's new solo album, (Rykodisc) underpins the high-

Eckes sees a deep connection between the raves of the mid-'90s and the acid tests of the mid-'60s, between the trippy trance music of the Dead and the electronic concoctions of the dance scene.

"The main thing about these scenes is their sense of community," Eckes says. "The '60s started so many things, and I think we're putting a new slant on it."

KRT Photo

MICKEY HART: Grateful Dead drummer Mickey Hart in a downtown Chicago hotel room: 'It's hard to say goodbye, it's hard to let go, but the page got turned for us.' Mickey Hart's Mystery Box comes to the Bay Area July 30 as part of the Furthur Festival.

FURTHUR

The Furthur Festival, featuring Ratdog, Mickey Hart's Mystery Box, Bruce Hornsby, Los Lobos, Electric Hot Tuna, Flying Karamazov Brothers, John Wesley Harding and Alvin Youngblood Hart, comes to Shoreline Tuesday, July 30. ($30 advance; $25 general admission)

The festival is preceded July 28 and 29 by the H.O.R.D.E. Festival featuring Blues Traveler, Dave Matthews Band, Lenny Kravitz, Rusted Root and Rickie Lee Jones. All tickets are $33.

Tickets are available at the Shoreline Box Office and all BASS ticket centers, including Wherehouse and Tower Records.

SF CHRONICLE-8/1/96

POP MUSIC REVIEW



BY DEANNE FITZMAURICE/THE CHRONICLE

Phil Lesh (left), Jorma Kaukonen, Mickey Hart and Bob Weir played the Grateful Dead's 'The Other One' at the end of the Furthur Festival

Furthur Tour Revisits the Dead

Weir, Lesh, Hart headline Shoreline show with lots of emotional highs

BY JOEL SELVIN
Chronicle Pop Music Critic

Evoking the elusive spirit of the Grateful Dead may qualify as a dubious enterprise, but nobody has a better right to try than the troupe of performers gathered Tuesday at Shoreline Amphitheatre for the Furthur Festival.

A repertory company composed of former members, occasional associates and satellite groups of the Dead, the musicians all mixed and matched throughout the seven-hour concert, frequently dipping into the Dead's songbook.

Dead drummer Mickey Hart's Mystery Box closed its set on a peak when Hart summoned co-headliner Bob Weir, their former bassist colleague Phil Lesh and — of all people — Sammy Hagar, late of Van Halen, to play a powerful version of the Dead staple "Fire on the Mountain."

That emotional high point was surpassed an hour later when Hart, Weir and Lesh linked forces with pianist Bruce Hornsby, a onetime Dead member himself, and guitarists Jorma Kaukonen of Hot Tuna (and Jefferson Airplane) and David Hidalgo of Los Lobos for a half-hour jam on the Dead's "Truckin' " and "The Other One." Then Tuna/Airplane bassist Jack Casady took over for Lesh and followed a crisp bolero blast from Hornsby's trumpeter with his trademark rumbling introduction, as Hornsby's vocalist Debra Henry ripped into "White Rabbit" to bring the house down and the show to a close.

All this sentiment comes almost a year after the death of guitarist Jerry Garcia spelled an end to the Grateful Dead, leaving a void that New Jersey-based producer John Scher and Dead management hoped might be at least partly filled with this summer tour.

With solo bands led by Weir and Hart at the top of the bill, the program also featured performances by Dead associate Hot Tuna, which appeared in full electric configuration to open the show and returned with a jaunty, frolicsome acoustic set later in the evening. Hornsby and his band and Los Lobos also performed.

Between acts, acoustic performers including folkster John Wesley Harding and bluesman Alvin Youngblood Hart worked the stage. The Flying Karamazov Brothers, a troupe of co-

FURTHUR: *Page D3 Col. 1*

LEGENDARY PIANIST JOHNNIE JOHNSON JOINS BOB WEIR'S RATDOG

BY JOEL SELVIN
CHRONICLE POP MUSIC CRITIC

As one of the two guitar-toting vocalists in the Grateful Dead, Bob Weir stands to inherit the band's fabled sound. But instead, Weir has opted for a fundamental blues sound with his group, Ratdog, which will co-headline "The Furthur Festival" with Mickey Hart's Mystery Box.

He has galvanized the rootsy sound of Ratdog with the recent addition of one of the unsung heroes of rock 'n' roll piano, Johnnie Johnson, the man who played piano on all the classic Chuck Berry records in the '50s. The revamped roster makes its official debut this weekend at the Laguna Seca festival in Monterey.

"If you listen to those old records, he is half of the band's sound, which was what made those records, his rhythmic perspective is so broad," Weir said. "He is the guy who invented playing a shuffle against a straight beat, which you can hear on 'Johnny B. Goode.' He is the secret behind that, truly one of the seminal artists in rock 'n' roll."

The 72-year-old pianist joins a band that has been evolving since Weir first hooked up with bassist Rob Wasserman more than six years ago. Last year, Weir added harmonica ace Matthew Kelly, a colleague since their days together in Kingfish, Weir's '70s solo band, and, with drummer Jay Lane, the four became the nucleus of Ratdog. Dead keyboardist Vince Welnick also played with the group last year.

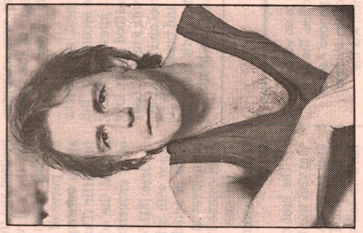
Although the band shares an improvisational approach and certain keystone pieces of repertoire with the Dead, the effect — with Weir playing a lot of acoustic guitar — is ultimately far removed from the signature sound of the Dead.

"We're not as loose as the Grateful Dead were — the Grateful Dead had 30 years' experience together," Weir said. "But we will be. We just have to play a lot."

He said the group doesn't plan to make an album immediately — "We've got our best guys on it," he quipped — but after the summer tour the band should have played together enough to consider recording.

Weir draws the Ratdog songbook from his old solo recordings, blues, and rock 'n' roll standards and a few of the more bluesy Dead numbers, such as "New Minglewood Blues," "Playing In the Band" and "I Need a Miracle." But Weir said jamming is "pretty much a given, not an expectation" with this band of musicians.

"I'm not willing to do strictly arranged stuff," he said. "It's just not fun for me. As far as I can see, that's my mandate. That's what I think people come to see. That's why we have an audience." ■



Bob Weir of Ratdog

FURTHUR: Musicians Honor the Dead

From Page D1

median jugglers, served as the whimsical hosts. The acts tickled the audience's Dead bone from the start, beginning with Tuna's Kaukonen joining folk singer Harding for a rousing "Jack A Roe."

Los Lobos brought a rollicking, boogie-fied set to a close with "Bertha," the Dead song that Los Lobos contributed to the tribute album "Deadicated." Hornsby not only did "Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad," an old blues song associated with the Dead that he has performed for years, but also brought out Weir to play guitar and share vocals on the Dead's "Jack Straw."

Even the Karamazov Brothers got into the act, dragging out Harding for a hastily rehearsed version of "Uncle John's Band."

The two performances by the Dead solo artists couldn't have been more different.

Hart assembled an international team of five percussionists, plus keyboard and bass, topped off with six Jamaican British women who sing a cappella as the Mint Juleps, in a techno-tribal tour de force. Hart himself elicited a lusty cry from the crowd with "Down the Road" from his "Mystery Box" CD, with its poignant recollection of Garcia in the song's final verse.

Weir's Ratdog, on the other hand, practically extinguished the spark ignited by Hart's incendiary set with a lusterless performance of ballads and blues. His quintet included the venerable Johnnie Johnson, the original pianist on all the Chuck Berry records, along with harmonica player-guitarist Matthew Kelly, Weir's associate from his '70s solo outfit Kingfish. Bassist Rob Wasserman supplied some experimental electronic improvisations, but playing a feedback-laden "Star-Spangled Banner" hardly qualifies as groundbreaking invention.



BY DEANNE FITZMAURICE/THE CHRONICLE

Kate Thornburgh (left) and Janna Cummings, two Deadheads from El Cajon, followed Bob Weir's band Ratdog to the Furthur Festival at Shoreline

Backstage the musicians, who were coming to the end of a six-week tour together, were exultant. Hart called it summer camp for musicians. Visiting wag Hagar described it as "halfway Dead."

"It's the best tour I've been on for years and years," said Casady. "This is how it's supposed to be done."

Nothing will ever replace the Grateful Dead, but talk of another Furthur tour — named after Ken Kesey's '60s acid-test bus — next summer could already be heard.



▲ Mickey Hart's Mystery Box.

SPOTLIGHT



MICKEY HART'S MYSTERY BOX

PRODUCER: Mickey Hart with Robin Millar

Rykodisc 10338

A worldly musician, author, scholar, composer, producer, engineer, patron of the arts, and the drummer for the Grateful Dead, Mickey Hart has always set his own agenda. His latest project, co-written with Dead lyricist Robert Hunter, features vocal ensemble the Mint Juleps backed by an eclectic cast of musicians that includes Giovanni Hidalgo, Zakir Hussain, Jeff Sterling, Airto Moreira, Habib Faye, Bruce Hornsby, Graham Wiggins, and Robin Millar. The resulting sound can pass for pop, rock, world music, ambient, funk, soul, or any combination thereof. Highlights of a set primed for triple-A, college, and adventurous AC outlets include the effervescent "Where Love Goes (Sito)," the funky "The Sandman," and Jerry Garcia tribute "Down The Road." One of the freshest albums in recent memory.

DL0851

San Francisco Chronicle

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA'S GUIDE TO ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT ◆ MAY 26–JUNE 1, 1996

DATEBOOK



BY BRANT WARD/THE CHRONICLE

RISING FROM THE DEAD

EX-GRATEFUL DEAD DRUMMER MICKEY HART GOES IT ALONE WITH SLEEK SOLO ALBUM AND SUMMER TOUR

JAKOB DYLAN ◆ MEXICAN MUSEUM UPDATE ◆ SOUNDGARDEN

258070

Forever DEAD

Musical festival keeps the Grateful Dead's legacy alive and well

Jerry Garcia may be gone, but his free spirit still remains. So do the spirits of several of the legendary guitarist's Grateful Dead bandmates.

Two of them — drummer Mickey Hart and guitarist Bob Weir — have reunited for the Further Festival, a musical carnival that keeps the legacy of the Grateful Dead alive and divergent.

The festival includes Hart's Mystery Box, a multiethnic soul band touring in support of a self-titled Rykodisc debut, and Weir's Ratdog, which also features bassist extraordinare Rob Wasserman and 72-year-old blues pianist Johnnie Johnson.

They will travel to Liberty State Park, Jersey City, today, and Blockbuster-Sony Ampitheatre, Camden, Friday, along with one-time Dead keyboardist Bruce Hornsby, the Mexican-American rock band Los Lobos, classic rockers Hot Tuna, British folk-rocker John Wesley Harding, blues singer Alvin Youngblood Hart (no relation to the drummer), the Brazilian dance-drum troupe Samba Nova, and the circus-like Flying Karamazov Brothers.

"A lot of people are disappointed that it's not a Dead show, but people who are rock 'n' roll fans will enjoy it, because you get a lot of music in seven hours," says Lance Neal, host of WBAI 99.5-FM's Grateful Dead show, "Morning Dew."

"As far as a musical festival, there's something for everybody, but most people are probably trying to recapture the spirit that they got at a Dead concert," Neal says. "The original purpose of the festival was so that everybody who was into the Dead just didn't fall off a cliff spiritually."

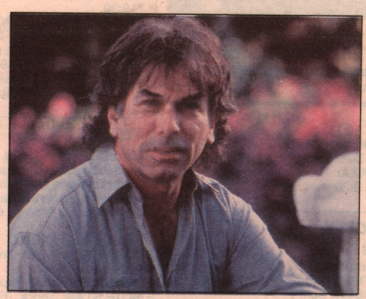
Mel Prussack, a Dead fan since the 1960s, says the Further Festival is an excellent way to keep Hart, Weir and their fans active and happy.

"You're going to get a lot of great music from this," the Old Bridge resident says. "It will be a growth from what they were doing for years in the Dead. Now they get to show what they can do individually. I think it's a positive thing. People should be happy about it."

Missing Jerry

While Hart concentrates on his new album, a followup to the 1991 Grammy-winning solo effort "Planet Drum," Ratdog plays several of Weir's Grateful Dead songs, such as "One More Saturday Night" and "Sugar Magnolia."

Neal says the Further Festival's parking lot and vendor scene is much like a friendly Grateful Dead concert of old, not the ugly negativity that plagued the band prior to Garcia's death.



▲ Mickey Hart, drummer of the Grateful Dead.

Despite these similarities to a Dead show, Garcia, who died Aug. 9 last year, is missed, Hot Tuna bassist Jack Casady says. As members of the Jefferson Airplane, Casady and Hot Tuna vocalist/guitarist Jorma Kaukonen were part of the 1960s San Francisco music scene that spawned the Dead, as well as Janis Joplin and Santana, among many other classic rockers.

The Further Festival is a means for the Grateful Dead family, which is how Garcia referred to his friends and fans, to move on, Casady says.

"You wake up the next day and I think it's your duty to go on and give to the world," he says.

Fondly referred to as Deadapalooza, the Further Festival was named by Weir. When he was 16, the guitarist left home via a bus called Further. Since the festival is a bus tour, Weir figured the name was appropriate, he recently told "Grateful Dead Hour" radio host David Gans.

The Grateful Dead family gathering may be an annual event, Hart says.

"I'm having a ball," he says. "It really is taking me on an adventure that I had anticipated musically, rhythmically and socially."



▲ Bob Weir, guitarist of the Grateful Dead.

Jersey will jam

While acts, including Mystery Box and Ratdog, are limited to an hour set or less, an extensive jam at the end of the festival captures the spirit of the Dead, Hart says.

The drummer has been rolling out "Fire on the Mountain," a Dead tune he co-wrote with the band's frequent lyricist Robert Hunter. Hunter wrote all of the lyrics for Mystery Box.

"If drums could speak, this is what they'd say," Hart says about his new band.

The best part of the jam is that everybody gets to shine for a short time, Kaukonen says.

"So far, it's been pretty successful at that," he says.

For the crowd, the jam's cross-pollination of artists stands out, Neal says.

Highlights have included Johnnie Johnson leading a packed stage through the '50s classic "Kansas City" and members of Los Lobos and Hot Tuna flying on Jimi Hendrix's "Little Wing."

"We've seen this creature emerge, this rhythm snake and we're nurturing it," Hart says. "We still wait in anticipation of the musical epiphanies that await us, just around the corner."

— By Robert Makin
Courier-News Staff Writer

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If you go

WHAT: The Further Festival.
WHERE/WHEN: Liberty State Park, Jersey City, today at 4 p.m., and Blockbuster-Sony Entertainment Center, 1 Harbor Blvd., Camden, Friday at 5 p.m.
TICKETS: General admission tickets still are available for $35.50 for Liberty State Park. The Entertainment Center has lawn seats available for $25. Call TicketMaster at (201) 507-8900 or (609) 338-9000 to purchase tickets by phone.
DIRECTIONS: Liberty State Park is off Exit 14B of the New Jersey Turnpike. The Entertainment Center is off Exit 4 of the Turnpike.

Author Kesey to deliver bus to Rock and Roll Hall

From staff and wire reports

PORTLAND, Ore. — Oregon author Ken Kesey plans to deliver his magic bus, an icon of the 1960s psychedelic era, to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland as the centerpiece of a new exhibit.

Dubbed "Further II," the 1947 International is the successor to the 1939 school bus used by the Merry Pranksters in a 1964 cross-country odyssey immortalized in Tom Wolfe's "Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test."

Members of the Grateful Dead were "on the bus" in the '60s as the house band. So was Jerry Garcia's ex-wife, Carolyn, immortalized in Wolfe's book as "Mountain Girl."

Before her relationship with Garcia, Carolyn had a daughter by Kesey.

In memory of the psychedelic '60s, former Grateful Dead musicians Bob Weir of Mill Valley and Mickey Hart of Sonoma named their summer rock concert tour "Further," after Kesey's original bus.

The bus will be among more than 500 artifacts assembled by the Rock and Roll Hall for its exhibit, "I Want to Take You Higher: The Psychedelic Era 1965-69," opening May 10.

Kesey plans what he calls the "Grandfurther Tour," driving the bus to San Francisco this week, then shipping it to Chicago, from where it will embark May 7 on a four-day ride to Cleveland.

ved, ultimately to be edited into a shimmering composite.

It was Hornsby, who added an accordion part to "Down the Road," who noticed the similarity with the work of British soul chanteuse Sade and suggested finding her producer to help finish the record. Hart contacted Robin Millar, who steered the ship into port, painstakingly assembling the thousands of vocal and instrumental parts on the more than 250 tape reels.

"Some people would call it insane," Hart said. "Some people would call it a masterstroke. It sounds great, doesn't it?"

'When Jerry went down, my life turned upside down'

He spent more than three years recording the album, which he originally envisioned as an extension of "Planet Drum," working up the initial recordings with "Planet Drum" colleagues Zakir Hussain, Giovanni Hidalgo and Sikiru Adepoju.

"First, I got Hunter's attention," he said. "You've got the mother lode if you've got Hunter on the case. Then you have to do justice to Hunter's songs. He's given me 10 gems."

The brilliant Dead lyricist, who wrote the original version of the Dead staple "Fire on the Mountain" for an unreleased Hart solo album 25 years ago, composed the songs from skeletal drum tracks, and Hart began to build the record from there. As Hart grew obsessed with the project, the budget went through the roof.

"I just wanted to make a great work," he said. "I had nobody pulling my chain telling me to stop, and that's a dangerous situation. I didn't skimp."

As recording entered the final stages, Garcia died and Hart's world went into a tailspin. Within months, the Grateful Dead decided to disband. "When Jerry went down," he said, "my life turned upside down. I (had gone) into the music deep. As soon as the music stopped, it started to get weird. So I just kept the music going. I finished it in a cathartic state, a passionate burst of energy."



The Dead in 1970: Bill Kreutzmann, Ron (Pig Pen) McKernan, Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, Mickey Hart and Phil Lesh

The onetime Air Force corpsman and member of the president's drum and bugle corps came to San Francisco shortly after he mustered out and was running a drum store in San Carlos with his father when he fell in with the Dead. He sat in with the group one night at the Straight Theater on Haight Street and never left.

But Hart is a different man than he was. He has started a new family. He and his wife, Caryl Ohrbach, have been married six years and have a 2-year-old daughter, Reya, whose toys litter the giant sandbox in the front yard. Every morning Hart does yoga on a platform in the middle of an exquisitely landscaped Japanese garden surrounding his house. The new album is more than just a solo record; it is Hart coming into his own.

"I don't have to be Mickey Hart of the Grateful Dead," he said. "This is a breakout, new energy, a new horizon. It's new growth, new life. It's not a retread. I'm not trying to play songs like the Grateful Dead. In fact, I went out of my way not to sound like the Grateful Dead. I want to keep the spirit, but I want it to be me. No guitars — just drums and voice.

"I'm in love with sound. I've got to be around sound. I love the creative moment, the creative spirit. It's about life and that's what I'm after — the good in life. I try to move to the good now and this makes me feel good. Making music is like sex or looking at your baby. It makes your heart jump."

But Hart is hardly some pop-savvy hustler trying to contrive his way onto the charts. He recently struck up a friendship with Van Halen vocalist Sammy Hagar, but didn't even know who Hagar was when they met. Hart thought Hagar was some Deadhead trying to be friendly. He has spent his entire adult life in the Grateful Dead, a bubble carefully protected from the vagaries of pop life.

"I never played in a pop band," he said, "but I love pop music — the Beatles, the Supremes, vocal stylings from the '50s and '60s, 'Duke of Earl.' Pop music just means that a lot of people will enjoy it.

"What do I know about pop music?" he said. "We're going to find out. I'm not trying to copy any particular style. It's an experiment. If this becomes popular, then it will be pop music. If not, then it will be another one of my enthusiasms." ■

Filling the void

Here are 10 ways that Deadheads can fill the void left by Jerry Garcia's death and the breakup of their favorite band.

1. Albums

■ "Dick's Picks, Vol. 1-5," a collection of live CDs compiled by one of the band's oldest fans, Dick Latvala. The just-released, three-CD set "Vol. 5" is the first in the series to capture an entire Dead concert: the Oakland Auditorium, 12/26/79. Latvala says that Vol. 6 most likely will be something from the '80s. To mail order "Dicks Picks," call (800) 225-3323.

■ "The Best of the Grateful Dead," due in September from Arista Records. The two-CD set will chronicle the band's Arista years with such material as "Alabama Get Away" and "Touch of Grey." Live offerings, such as last year's "Hundred Year Hall," culled from the same tour as "Europe '72," will be released by Arista in the future.

■ "The Blues for Allah Project" by Joe Gallant & Illuminati, a bicoastal jazz orchestra whose rotating lineup includes former Grateful Dead keyboardist Tom Constanten, Bay Area psychedelic guitarist Henry Kaiser, and Dead historian David Gans. Gallant, bassist for the New York City avant garde band Prima Materia, was commissioned by Dead bassist Phil Lesh to jazzify the band's 1975 album, "Blues for Allah," for its 20th anniversary. The result is a live album captured at the Knitting Factory and released on the New York City nightclub's label, Knitting Factory Works. Illumanti currently is rehearsing a similar treatment of the 1977 album "Terrapin Station" that will include a medley of "Shakedown Street" and a Dead-like version of "Stayin' Alive" from "Saturday Night Fever." Relix Records will release it next year.

■ "Fire on the Mountain: Reggae Celebrates the Grateful Dead" is a 11-song compilation that includes Wailing Souls ("Casey Jones"), Mighty Diamonds ("Touch of Grey"), Judy Mowatt ("Row Jimmy"), Steel Pulse ("Franklin's Tower"), and Chalice on the title track. Available from Pow Wow Records.

■ "Dark Star (The Music of the Grateful Dead)" by Bay Area saxophonist David Murray, who often jammed with the band. Besides the title track, tunes include "Shakedown Street" and a duet with Bob Weir on "Shoulda Had Been Me." Available from Astor Place Recordings.

2. Grateful Dead Archives

Lesh is working on the band's archives, notably "an unfinished last album that doesn't have much Jerry on it," he told "The Boston Globe" recently. He's also compiling a video of Dead stadium shows from the past seven years.

3. Radio shows

■ "Morning Dew" with Lance Neal, WBAI 99.5-FM, New York City, Saturdays, 10 p.m.-midnight. A birthday tribute to Jerry Garcia will air on Aug. 3 from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m.

■ "The Grateful Dead Hour" with David Gans, WFUV 90.7-FM, New York City, Sundays, 8 p.m., and WXPN 88.5-FM, Philadelphia, Saturdays, 7 p.m., and Thursdays, 10 p.m.

4. Internet

Just keyword "Grateful Dead" and **you'll** find dozens of sites, the best of which may be America Online's "Grateful Dead Forum."

5. Books and fanzines

■ "Dead Base," the complete guide to Grateful Dead song lists from nearly every show they ever played. Contact Dead Base at Box 499, Hanover, N.H. 03755.

■ "The Grateful Dead Almanac," a quarterly released by the Grateful Dead Organization. Call (800) 225-3323.

■ "Dupree's Diamond News," a quarterly fanzine considered the bible of the Grateful Dead Family. Send $15 for four issues to P.O. Box 148, Purdys, N.Y., 10578.

6. Deadhead Heaven

This is a tribute concert organized by "Dupree's Diamond News" and Terrapin Tapes, a Connecticut-based outfit that provides discount blank tapes to tapers via mail order ((800) 677-8650). The first gathering took place Memorial Day weekend at SUNY Purchase with moe., Strangefolk and Zen Tricksters. Deadhead Heaven will travel to San Francisco, Atlanta, Chicago and New Jersey in the future, organizers say.



▲ Leftover Salmon will be part of HORDE '96.

7. The Wetlands

This hot music spot at 161 Hudson St., New York City, features a host of Dead-related music.

■ Dead Center features Dead tribute bands every Tuesday at 10 p.m. Regular participants include Zen Tricksters, After Dark, Tiberius, Wig Jam, Slip Knot, Rose Hill, Juggling Suns, and the Hombre Players, which features Joe Gallant. On July 16, Dead Center will present a Dead set by the popular New York City ska band Skadanks. Tunes will include an island jam of "Fire on the Mountain."

■ You know about Phish, Blues Traveler, Dave Matthews Band, Rusted Root, and the HORDE Festival. Here's the next generation of original jam bands inspired by the Grateful Dead, all of which can be seen regularly at Wetlands.

■ Acoustic Hooka. — one of the most popular bands in Ohio.

■ Agents of Good Roots — a Charlottesville, Va.-based band that is following in the footsteps of the Dave Matthews Band. The jazzy jam outfit is on HORDE '96.

■ En Train — an original and Dead cover band from Connecticut.

■ Fatty Lumpkin — psychedelic folk-funk-blues from New Brunswick.

■ Franklin Turnpike — formerly a Dead/Phish cover band from New Jersey, now focusing on originals.

■ Free Beer and Chicken — Allman Brothers with saxophone from Albany.

■ Hypnotic Clambake — From Boston, a mix of Cajun, bluegrass, zydeco and psychedelic rock that whips the crowd into a frenzy.

■ Jambay — Literally carrying on the legacy of the Dead in San Francisco.

■ Leftover Salmon — This Colorado band's funkgrass will light up HORDE '96.

■ moe. — Albany, N.Y.-based band with two excellent indie albums recently signed to Sony 550.

■ Native — A psychedelic blend of Latin, Caribbean and native rhythms from New York City.

■ Ominous Seapods — Yet another Albany band with two indie albums. Very folkadelic.

■ The Other Half — Jersey-bred, New York-based, female-fronted, lyrical jams.

■ Percy Hill — Percussion-driven psychedelia from New Hampshire in the vein of the Dead and Santana. This band makes it very convenient to tape shows.

■ Rugby Road — Philly band with fluid, jazzy piano up front. Recently opened for the Allman Brothers.

■ Solar Circus — Central Jersey jam outfit that got its start as a Dead cover band. It's returned to those roots with burgeoning side project, Juggling Suns.

■ Strangefolk — an acoustic jam band from the Phish-land of Burlington, Vt., that sounds more like a cross between The Byrds and From Good Homes. For more details, call (212) 966-4225.

8. The Rex Foundation

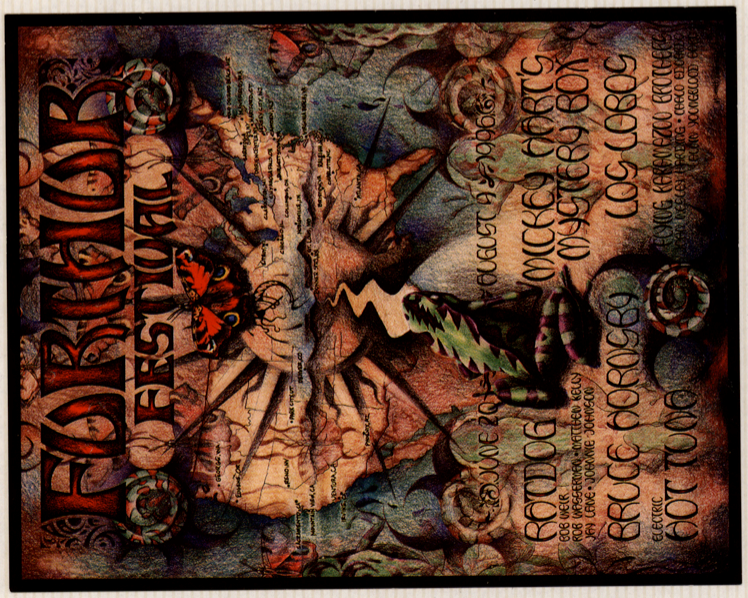
The charity arm of the Grateful Dead Organization, the foundation benefits AIDS groups, the environment, the American Indian College Fund, traditional American music foundations, and noncommercial musicians who can't get funding. Rex Foundation will benefit from "Eternity Blue," a Garcia tribute album organized by Henry Kaiser. For more info, write to P.O. Box 2204, San Anselmo, Calif., 94979.

9. The opening ceremonies of the 1996 Olympics

The annual festivities will include a piece partially composed by Mickey Hart entitled "A Gathering of the Tribes of the World."

10. Get a job.

— By Robert Makin
Courier-News Staff Writer





LONG STRANGE TRIP: Oregon author Ken Kesey stands next to 'Further II,' the bus he intends to deliver to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in this 1990 photo. AP photo

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PHOTOS BY THOR SWIFT / *For The Chronicle*

Rich Robinson (from left) of the Black Crowes, and the Grateful Dead's Bob Weir and Phil Lesh led a jam at the Further Festival

Day of the Undead

MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1997

Furthur Festival remembers Jerry Garcia

POP MUSIC REVIEW

By Joel Selvin
CHRONICLE POP MUSIC CRITIC

Concerts by the Grateful Dead, each and every one, were authentic epics. Dead performances grew to be ceremonies celebrated by concertgoers. Faced with finding a substitute, producer John Scher of New Jersey, who dreamed up the Furthur Festival with the band's organization, created a giant, self-conscious event, a festival celebrating something that doesn't exist anymore – the Day of the unDead.

Two surviving members of the Dead, some associates and acolytes banded together in a repertory company under the banner of the Furthur Festival that performed Saturday at Mountain View's Shoreline Amphitheatre before more than 13,000 fans.

With home base for the band mere miles away, this penultimate stop on the six-week tour attracted a few notable additions, as the members of the road troupe mixed and matched their merry way through a 7½ hour nonstop performance, summoning forth the spirit of the Dead at every opportunity.

With Bonnie Raitt blasting away on bottleneck guitar, the day reached its major epiphany early, during the late afternoon set by Bruce Hornsby. The onetime Dead keyboardist brought out bassist Phil Lesh, guitarist Bob Weir and drummer Mickey Hart for their first sentimental reunion of the day when Raitt launched the third instrumental passage of "Jack Straw" into outer space via the Mississippi Delta.

"I was in the Dead," she said backstage, barely containing her glee.

Lesh and Raitt weren't the only distinguished guests visiting the Shoreline stop on the second annual Furthur tour. Dead lyricist Robert Hunter, his voice rough and craggy, sliced open the heart of songs he wrote for the band like "New Speedway Boogie" or "Box of Rain" in a raw, powerful acoustic performance.

A religious-like reverence for departed guitarist Jerry Garcia could be found everywhere at Shoreline Saturday. T-shirts carried his picture. Photographs of him were on sale on the concourse surrounding the amphitheater. Bumper stickers proclaimed "Jerry Lives."

Onstage, Garcia's presence was evoked when Jorma Kaukonen joined Mickey Hart's Planet Drum for "Fire On the Mountain," when band-mate Weir reprised "One More Saturday Night" with his band Ratdog, and when Lesh, Weir, Hornsby and Hart reassembled to close the event with guitarist Al Schnier from moe., the festival's Deadish opening act, for a lengthy jam around "That's It for the Other One."

But there doesn't seem to be an explanation for what the Black Crowes were doing on the bill – unless the Stones-styled Southern rockers were put on the program just prior to the unDead finale to empty some of the more crowded sections of the amphitheater, because they certainly did that.

Both Hart and Weir led bands that represent their own musical affiliations. Weir's Ratdog, a rather ordinary loose-jointed, blues

▶ **FURTHER:** *Page E2 Col 3*



Robinson of the Black Crowes singing at the Furthur Festival.

Furthur adventures

30 years later, the Merry Pranksters and another psychedelic bus hit San Francisco

CYNTHIA ROBINS
CYN CITY



KEN KESEY, Ken Babbs, Mountain Girl and the rest of the Merry Pranksters brought Furthur, the famed "You're either on the bus or off the bus" bus, down from Oregon last Saturday but half way to San Francisco, they stopped for the night in Red Bluff.

"The older folks got hotel rooms," said Mountain Girl, a k a Carolyn Adams Garcia, ex-wife of Jerry and a seminal Prankster. "And when we got up in the morning, the bus was festooned with roses. I wanna thank those people."

The Bus has always drawn crowds, as it will when the Pranksters put it on a flatbed truck and ship it cross-country to Chicago, where 15 of them will meet it, get on it and drive to Ann Arbor, Columbus and then Cleveland. There it will sit until February as the centerpiece of the "I Want to Take You higher: The Psychedelic Era" exhibition at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

Actually, this gaily painted conveyance, a 1947 International Harvester covered in Day-Glo squiggles and psychedelic patterns, is Bus No. 2. The first one broke down years ago. But if you stood outside the Fillmore Auditorium Monday night anywhere near it, you'd have thought it was the Summer of '67. The contact high was strong enough to power the Way-back Machine. Some things never change.

Others do. Like hair (or lack of same), a certain gravitational pull that turns Adonises into adipose tissue, the kind of nearsightedness that prevents you

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◆ *CYNCITY from C-1*

Furthur adventures of Kesey & Co.

from seeing what's for dinner. And it was old friends, some of whom hadn't seen each other age and were quite unrecognizable, who gathered as Kesey and his mob were thrown one hell of a party by the Rock and Roll Hall to celebrate the kick-off to the 30th anniversary of the Summer of Love.

Call this the Winter of Lasting Affection as the Buddies of the Bud and Pals in Psychedelica, squinting in the half light on the F'mo floor, tried to figure out who each other was. "I had a moment where I only recognized somebody by his voice," said Phil Dietz, who had toured with Kesey in "Twister," his send-up of "The Wizard of Oz." "Kesey said each one of us should have a name tag." With real big print.

When Kesey and the Pranksters were permaplaqued by Tom Wolfe's rollicking prose in "The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test," they were a rag-tag band of proto-hippies giving shows with flashing lights (Mountain Girl's brother "appropriated" their first strobe light from a lab at Stanford), squishy oil patterns projected onto huge screens and general cacophony. Some of which is still operable in any rock show these days and most of which was in place as seminal '60s entertainments like Country Joe McDonald, Big Brother and the Holding Company and David LaFlamme and It's A Beautiful Day (I don't remember "White Bird" being so interminable, but then, I was straight as a die last night) played for the crowd.

The Jefferson Airplane's Paul Kantner chose, he said, "to drink," not to play. And when it was suggested to him it was a marvel that after all the stuff that was ingested in the '60s in the name of mind alteration and creativity anyone remembered a lyric or a chord, he said, "I spent a lot of money on my short-term memory loss. It comes in handy sometimes."

"Do you recognize anybody?" queried Dr. Flash Gordon, whose crusade these days is ear plugs for rock fans instead of treating OD's at outdoor festivals. 'My memory isn't that good. Not what it used to be. And I didn't even have help tonight getting stupid ... but it could be 'electric' hummus for all we know," he said, popping a carrot coated with the stuff in his mouth.

Gathered around a food table decorated with the Haight-Ashbury street signs were the era's designated artists, Stanley "Mouse" Miller, Alton Kelley and Victor Moscoso. Kelley-Mouse are still at it, working on an album cover for the rerelease of the Dead's "Terrapin Station."

"The first time I ever saw the Pranksters and Kesey," said Kelley, looking trim and healthy in a black cowboy hat and bristly white mustache, "was in Virginia City when we had the Red Dog Saloon happening." Which was his way of saying, it was a very long time ago.

Not everybody at the party was even old enough to remember what happened 30 years ago. And not everybody was even in San Francisco. Armistead Maupin, currently in the middle of production for the second set of "Tales of the City," said he was "probably working for Jesse Helms on WRAZ-TV." Maupin had ridden in on the back of his partner's cycle. Said a bearded and totally bald Terry Anderson, "He's my ridin' bitch tonight."

Maupin and Anderson were invited to the celebration by author Amy Tan, who was probably too young to have been an active participant in any of the Prankster Acid Tests. "I was a wanna-be," said Tan. "I was going to the Haight Ashbury in electric-colored shoe laces in my oxfords and I pinned my skirts up and took No-Doz. That was the extent of my drugs in 1967."

Meanwhile, the Pranksters, dressed in their "tour jackets," colorfully striped Guatemalan baseball zip-ups customized with patches and strips of reflector tape, were all quite blown away by the reception The Bus was getting. Parked right behind it, however, was the silver-painted Cyberbus with its Internet address printed on it.

Whoever said the '90s are just the '60s upside down must have been reading Kesey's mind.

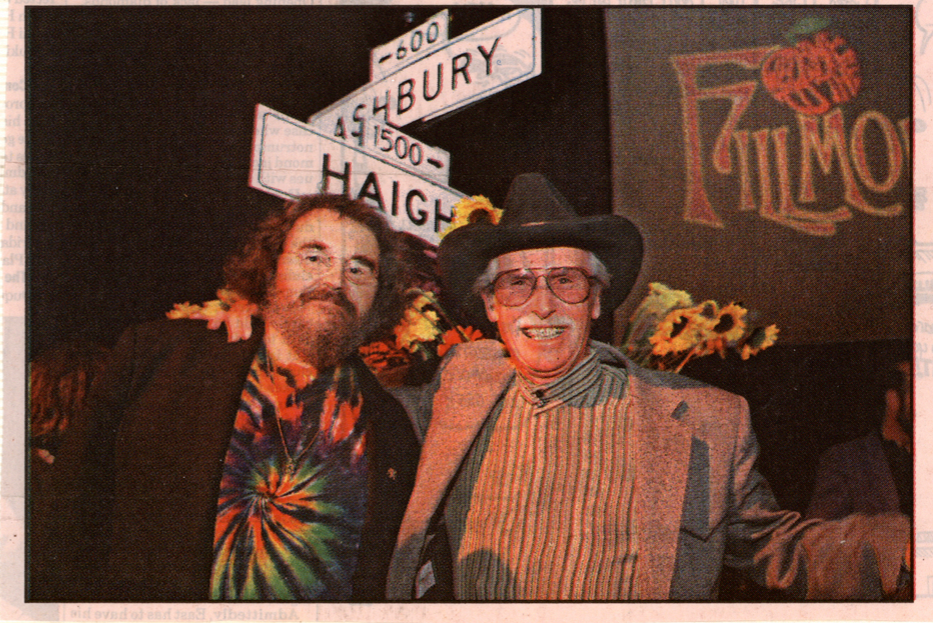
Trumpeter Wynton Marsalis *is one of the highlights of San Francisco Performances' 18th season, which will also see several Bay Area debuts.* [C-3]



COMICS C-6 ANN LANDERS C-7



EXAMINER PHOTOS BY KATY RADDATZ



Famed 1960s *rock poster artists Stanley "Mouse" Miller, left, and Alton Kelley attended the party for the Merry Pranksters bus tour. Below, Ken Kesey, original Prankster kingpin, and friend Jennifer Corinne.*

DL0857

MICKEY HART MARCHES ON TO HIS OWN BEAT

Ex-Grateful Dead drummer about to release magnum opus



BY BRANT WARD/THE CHRONICLE

Drummer Mickey Hart rehearsed in the elaborate home studio he built on his property in Sonoma County

BY JOEL SELVIN
CHRONICLE POP MUSIC CRITIC

For four years, when he wasn't on the road with the Grateful Dead, drummer Mickey Hart walked to work. Down the road from his house in the Sonoma foothills, Hart had built an enormous recording studio, complete with a fireplace in the corner and windows open to the pastoral views on his ranch.

Hart may seem to be an unlikely candidate to emerge from the ashes of the band that dissolved last year after guitarist Jerry Garcia died. His previous sideline projects have included such relatively esoteric endeavors as transferring ancient Woody Guthrie tapes to digital tape, recording New Guinea rain-forest dwellers and making "Planet Drum," a multicultural all-percussion album that became the best-selling world-beat record ever.

But Hart has spent thousands of hours in his studio during the past four years fashioning a sleek, contemporary soul album. "Mickey Hart's Mystery Box," that will be released next month by Rykodisc. Using vocals by a British a cappella group called the Mint Juleps and lyrics by Dead stalwart Robert Hunter, Hart supplied almost all the instrumental sounds himself by feeding his drums through computers, with only a few guest appearances by musicians such as Bob Weir and Bruce Hornsby.

Cadre of Percussionists

For the past couple of weeks, Hart has convened the Juleps and a select cadre of other percussionists at the 50-acre ranch he calls YOLO (You Only Live Once) to assemble the live version of "The Mystery Box," which he will unveil this afternoon at Laguna Seca Raceway in Monterey. He'll lead the band on the road through the summer as part of "The Furthur Festival," which he will co-headline with Bob Weir's solo band, Ratdog (see Page 31). He also has written a piece that 100 percussionists will perform at the opening ceremonies for the summer Olympic Games. More than 3.5 billion people are expected to tune in to the July 19 event.

Wearing a personalized tie-dyed basketball jersey from the Lithuanian basketball team the Dead sponsored in the 1992 Olympics, the intense, wiry drummer leaned back in an easy chair in the office above his studio, where a large pond and a llama pen across the road were visible through a window, and talked about life after the Dead.

"People want to know if it's going to be a Grateful Dead concert," he said. "The audience is the Grateful Dead now. They've got the power to make it a Grateful Dead concert once the groove starts and the lights go down.

"The musicians bring some of their past with them, but the audience does, too. They have the power to make this happen without Jerry (Garcia)."

Downstairs in the center of the large room that houses most of the studio stands a remarkable creation Hart dubbed RAMU, for Random Access Music Universe. Arrayed across chrome pipes is an assortment of drums, drum pads that trigger computers, bells, gongs, twangy things and a tall set of steel cables that go thwump when struck. From this unique contraption, Hart will oversee the live performances.

The centerpiece of the album is undoubtedly "Down the Road," a brilliant Hunter talking blues delivered by Hart, his half-spoken vocals cushioned by a pillowy bed provided by the six Juleps. In Hunter's original narrative, he portrays Hart encountering a set of fallen heroes — Joe Hill, John F. Kennedy, John Lennon and Martin Luther King Jr. But the King verse never quite worked out and, after the death of Garcia, Hunter was commissioned to come up with a new one.

When Hunter brought his sheet of paper into the studio, he refused to let anyone see it, insisting instead on laying down a rough vocal himself. When he returned to the control room, the faces on the other side of the glass were streaked with tears. "He laid me right out," Hart said.

"When the smoke and thunder cleared, enough to look around/ I heard a sweet guitar lick, an old familiar sound/ I heard a laugh I recognized come rolling from the earth/ I saw it rise into the skies like lightning giving birth/ It sounded like Garcia, but I couldn't see the face/ Just the beard and glasses and a smile on empty space."

Rehearsing Night and Day

It was Garcia, in fact, who directed Hart's attention to the Mint Juleps, a group of four Jamaican sisters and two friends, after seeing them sing on a Spike Lee-directed PBS special. Hart brought them to his ranch and kept them singing, night and day, for a month. They sang some songs more than a hundred times, and each performance was

Garcia's other band keeps on touring, despite dispute

By Scott McLennan
Entertainment Columnist

As the leader of the revived JGB Band, keyboard player Melvin Seals said he was pleased by the wildly enthusiastic response given the group when it recently played its first show outside San Francisco.

The second night, though, was a bit different for the band, which features a mix of veterans of Jerry Garcia's solo band and some new faces.

"Our first night in Aspen (Colo.), the crowd made it easy," Seals said. "The other nights, though, we walked out to dead silence. But by the second song we had them cheering."

Touring as the JGB Band, Seals has sparked a small controversy within the Deadhead nation. Both sides argue whether Seals has the right to carry on

Turn to JGB/Page C4

JGB Band

- **Where:** E.M. Loew's Palladium, 261 Main St., Worcester
- **When:** 9 p.m. Sunday
- **Tickets:** $12 in advance, $15 Sunday

SUNDAY EXAMINER 1/11/98

POP QUIZ

Q & A WITH THE DEAD'S BILL KREUTZMANN

By Steven Stolder
SPECIAL TO THE CHRONICLE

Drummer Bill Kreutzmann was always the obscured member of the Grateful Dead. Less involved in side projects than his band mates, Kreutzmann remained in the background from 1965, when he became the fifth member of the burgeoning ensemble (then called the Warlocks) until the Dead hung it up after the 1995 death of Jerry Garcia.

While fellow Dead survivors Bob Weir, Phil Lesh, Mickey Hart and Vince Welnick threw their energy into new music projects, Kreutzmann, 51, stepped back, relocating from Mendocino to a Hawaiian haven on the north shore of Kauai. He's resurfaced infrequently since the demise of the Dead, notably with the release of "Ocean Spirit," a documentary chronicling a 3,000-mile Pacific voyage he led. He also turned up in the news when he pleaded no contest to one count of assaulting a former girlfriend, an event he declines to discuss.

He's become active again musically as a member of Backbone, a bluesy, "back-to-basics" trio he formed with bassist Edd Cook and guitarist-vocalist Rick Barnett. The band releases its self-titled debut album this week on Grateful Dead Records.

On New Year's Eve, Kreutzmann talked by phone about his life after the Dead.



Q: *Considering what a concert staple a Grateful Dead New Year's Eve show once was, does it seem strange to have New Year's Eve free?*

A: I've been invited to about 10 parties tonight. In fact, I'm going to hang out with Todd Rundgren and his crew. One of the guys from R.E.M. is over here – the guitar player (Peter Buck). Actually, it's fun not having to play.

Q: *Will you be performing with the surviving members of the Dead on New Year's Eve 1999?*

A: There are some rumors to that effect. I'd certainly participate. There's no point in holding out. It'd be fun as hell, really.

Q: *What led to the formation of Backbone?*

A: I didn't play after the Grateful Dead stopped playing. I didn't touch anything for three or four months, and I just got pretty crazy. Instead of going out and auditioning everybody on the island, the bass player introduced me to the other guy, Rick Barnett, who turned out to be just the most soulful, wonderful musician I know. He's not like Garcia in any way, shape or form, but he has the honesty. For me, 90 percent of music is getting along with the people, then you work out the playing part.

Q: *Do you expect to tour with this group?*

A: I'm going to support the CD. I'd like to open for other bands. That was one of the most fun things with the Grateful Dead – that we'd have many types of opening acts. You'd get to hang out with different musicians.

Q: *What do you miss most about the Grateful Dead?*

A: Garcia. In a word: Jerry. I think about him almost on a daily basis. He was such an inspiration for me. I didn't want to tour with the band after he died. It would be like the Beatles without John Lennon. There is no such thing.

Q: *Can you imagine touring with the former members under another banner?*

A: I don't want to think like that. The way I do it is, I just think: What am I doing today? How good can I do today? That thing in 1999, that would be fun, but I'd rather tour with Backbone.

Q: *What do you miss least about the Grateful Dead?*

A: Staying in hotels, not being able to see things grow. Maybe because I'm a Taurus I like to watch plants grow. No matter how nice a hotel is, it's not home.

Q: *Do you like the Dead spin-off projects?*

A: I've heard Mickey's stuff; I love that. I haven't heard any recordings that Phil has been doing, and I haven't heard Bobby's band. You've got to realize, I hang out here and I work out here (in Hawaii), and that's it. I'm kind of getting ready to plug back into it.

Q: *Do you keep in touch with the members of the band?*

A: We just had a big Grateful Dead Christmas party. I went over for that. I didn't tell anybody I was coming over, so it was a nice surprise.

Q: *You do a lot of sailing, surfing and diving. Have you been in any threatening situations?*

A: I guess I've been in situations where I'm supposed to be frightened, but usually I'm so amazed at what I'm getting to see. We were filming this one pack of maybe 20 hammerheads. There are four photographers down there and we do a buddy system so you can back-to-back each other so one (shark) can't sneak up and grab you. We're looking at this one group off to the left and I look to my right and we're right in the middle of another school. I just went, "Yeah, OK." They're not hungry, I guess. There were big tunas in there, too, so I figured they'd go for the tuna before us. I just have confidence in the water. I can't take fear along with me; it just doesn't work. Same thing with music: When you go on the stage before thousands of people, you can be excited and nervous, but it's not fear.

Q: *Is it true that when the Grateful Dead first came together you were known to some as Bill Sommers?*

A: (laughing) I hope I don't get in trouble for this one. We formed in Palo Alto when I was about 18 years old, and all except for Jerry and Phil Lesh were under 21. I was working at Behavior Research Labs out behind Stanford as a gofer – I carried books for professors. So I got access to their equipment and made these phony draft cards. I used Bill Sommers as my alias. We didn't care about drinking. We just wanted to get into places where you could play music for people.

Q: *Is it ever a burden to have been associated with a legendary band?*

A: I wouldn't change a second, no matter what. I would love to have Garcia alive today. God bless him, if here were alive, we'd still be playing, we wouldn't be having this interview and I wouldn't be living in Hawaii. ■

JGB thrives on Garcia sounds

Continued From Page C1

a band that Garcia formed outside his main role in the Grateful Dead. Dead manager Steve Parrish has been outspoken in his opposition to the idea, while Dead publicist Dennis McNally has called it ridiculous.

Seals, who joined forces with Garcia in 1980, contends that he has the right to work and provide something to people who enjoyed the Jerry Garcia Band, which existed for almost as long as the Grateful Dead. Garcia died in August of 1995.

Further muddying the situation was the unexpected death of bass player John Kahn this year. Kahn was Garcia's longtime collaborator and the only person to have been through every incarnation of the Jerry Garcia Band, dating back to 1970.

Seals is touring with Garcia band alums Jackie La Branch and Gloria Jones on vocals and Donny Baldwin on drums. The new recruits are bass player Mario Cipollina (best known as a member of Huey Lewis and the News), guitarist Lorn Leber, and triple-threat player Armin Winter, who sings, plays guitar and saxophone.

LEGAL QUESTIONS

The awkward JGB Band moniker was chosen since the various estates controlling the work of Garcia and the Grateful Dead had no legal control over that name, Seals said.

"We're not misrepresenting anything," Seals said. "When people buy a ticket, they know Jerry's not going to be there. And we were the Jerry Garcia Band. We're playing songs that people enjoyed hearing."

The JGB Band is sticking to Garcia's repertoire, which relied heavily on odd cover tunes and a smattering of originals, such as "Deal" and "Cats Under the Stars."

Seals and Kahn performed once together this summer before the bass player died, but that project featured different songs and a somewhat different style of music from what the Garcia band offered.

"We played two nights and after the first night a lot of people asked me if we were going to play more songs we played with Jerry," Seals said. "Hearing that just made me want to do this even more."

TIME OUT



The JGB Band keeps on truckin', baby.

65807D

For Dylan, Winds Blow Fair Again

Singer-songwriter back on top after period in disfavor

BY STEVE MORSE
Boston Globe

Boston

Dylan mania?

Well, not quite. But the Bob Dylan saga has taken a dramatic upswing in recent years. From the fizzle of Live Aid in 1985, where he was out of tune and seemingly out of his mind, to the sizzle of Woodstock '94 a decade later, Dylan has reclaimed his throne as the bard that matters most.

Dylan's concerts are again major events, exemplified by the buzz surrounding his current tour. By many accounts, Dylan remains a sharper troubadour than anyone had a right to expect after his years as a slurry-voiced outcast.

This outcast has come in from the cold — and you can see it in the Dylan references again flooding the culture. The Rolling Stones just released Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone" as a single. New stars Hootie & the Blowfish paid homage in "Only Wanna Be With You," which features the Dylan line "tangled up in blue" and several verses copped directly from his song "Idiot Wind" of 20 years ago.



Bob Dylan is experiencing a career revival — even new groups such as Hootie & the Blowfish are using his lyrics

Sinatra Tribute

The inscrutable bard from the north country (Hibbing, Minn.) had another song verse, "If Not for You," turned into the title of a recent sitcom. He was a surprise guest at the Concert for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum in September, and he will be singing "Restless Farewell" on the Frank Sinatra tribute airing on ABC on Thursday (9 p.m. on Channel 7).

All of which has the Dylan camp in ecstasy, though even close aides don't know what his next move will be.

"There is one absolute about Bob Dylan," says longtime aide Eliot Mintz. "And that is that anyone who attempts to anticipate his next move is almost always wrong. I don't have a clue, and I don't even speculate.

"Bob doesn't pre-plan career moves," adds Mintz, who also represents Yoko Ono. "Mostly, gigs are set up and Bob picks up his guitar and harmonica and goes and does them. He's been constantly on the road. He still does 100 to 150 nights a year. It amazes me when I look at his itineraries. When I ask him about it, he points to jazz musicians who have done the same thing for years. He doesn't think it's unusual."

Dylan's career moves have had more variation than almost any other singer, with the possible exception of David Bowie. There's Dylan's Greenwich Village phase, his Woodstock days with The Band, his "Rolling Thunder Revue" era, his born-again Christian period in the late '70s, his touring with the Grateful Dead (as his backup band), his total embarrassment at the Grammy awards in 1991 (when he mangled his protest anthem "Masters of War") and his renaissance ever since.

Musically, Dylan's revival stems from hooking up with an outstanding band that can handle his chameleon twists — guitarist John Jackson, bassist Tony Garnier, drummer Winston Watson and pedal steel player/mandolinist/organist Bucky Baxter. And partly it's from reinvigorated health that has many fans wondering whether Dylan, 54, has become another rock star on the sobriety wagon.

'Young Man's Sport'

"Bob is in remarkably good health," says Mintz. "With the toll it takes to schlep around the world, you'd better be healthy to do it consistently. Rock and roll is still a young man's sport — and many of them still fall down and require outside sustenance. But maybe it's Bob's renewed performances that have influenced his state of mind. This is a very good time in his life."

Dylan once authored sea-change songs such as "Blowin' in the Wind," "The Times They Are A-Changin'" and "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues." But his more recent songs have avoided much philosophizing. In fact, his '90s studio output has included two low-key solo acoustic albums filled with traditional songs. The one exception to this trend was last year's single, "Dignity," with the verse: "Somebody showed me a picture and I had to laugh — dignity's never been photographed. . . . Sometimes I wonder what it's going to take to find dignity."

High-Energy Concerts

Dylan's concerts, meanwhile, have become high-energy affairs. Indeed, many fellow musicians have been knocked out by Dylan's more recent shows. Pianist Bruce Hornsby recalls seeing Dylan open two stadium dates for the Grateful Dead last summer in Washington, D.C.

"He just seemed to be so into it, so intense. There was a real fire onstage," Hornsby said in a phone interview from Amsterdam. "In fact, I thought it was hard for the Dead to come up to that intensity. And Dylan added different feels to his songs. 'Watching the River Flow' was done like a fast gospel two-beat like Leon Russell. I went early both days to catch him, and he was really happening."

Dylan redefines his songs each night but has not been deconstructing them to the point that he did in the middle '70s, when fans would walk out of concerts. And these days Dylan performs more of his signature tunes than he has in the past.

Dylan recently added the song "Alabama Getaway" to his concert sets as a tribute to friend Jerry Garcia, who died in August. Garcia was one of the last great '60s troubadours — and Dylan is upholding that tradition while gaining a new crop of young, tie-dyed supporters. Can anyone forget the sight of young fans moshing at Dylan's Woodstock show last year? It may be 30 years since Dylan went electric at the Newport Folk Festival, but he remains one of the most enigmatic performers the rock music.

MURRAY AWAKENS THE DEAD

DAVID MURRAY OCTET: Dark Star (The Music of the Grateful Dead)

Astor Place Recordings, $15.98

★★★★★

Oakland-born tenor saxophonist and bass clarinetist David Murray is one of the most powerful and prolific leaders in jazz. Since moving to New York, Murray has carved his niche through innovative work in his groups ranging from quartet to big band, and as founder of the World Saxophone Quartet.

Now, never deviating from his own funk-meets-avant-garde style, he has taken another step without leaving his realm, adding his arrangements and interpretations to Grateful Dead tunes. The results are surprisingly off-the-wall and exhilarating.

Murray's New York-based octet puts the emphasis on horns with a pair each of trumpets and saxophones. Also featured is trombonist Craig Harris and a rhythm section including Miles Davis keyboardist Robert Irving III on organ. (This lineup will be playing the album's music July 31 through August 4 at Yoshi's in Oakland.)

The tribute album is far from a spur-of-the-moment nod to the late Jerry Garcia. In past years Murray had jammed with the Dead, and he is collaborating with Dead singer Bob Weir on a musical about baseball great Satchel Paige.

The octet plunges into such Dead standards as "One More Saturday Night" and "Shakedown Street" (the album's only detraction comes in that tune's mixed-too-high, irritatingly on-the-beat drumming) and the traditional "Samson and Delilah." On the latter, Murray quotes some Dead phrasing but takes an 11-minute, New Orleans march rhythm and lets everyone blow away. Solo piles atop breathtaking solo in a swirling cacophony of brass ecstasy.

'Dark Star' is more proof that Dead tunes can survive — and grow — outside the band

As the Dead did, Murray takes the band's famous jam "Dark Star" as a melodic reference point through the course of a spacey, 16-minute group improvisation that opens new vistas of sound at each turn of phrase, especially at midpoint when Murray switches to bass clarinet. The octet then gets contemplative on a delicate ballad treatment of "China Doll."

Dismissing the band, Murray closes with a quiet duet with Weir on a tune from their Paige project, "Shoulda Had Been Me," just tenor sax and acoustic guitar.

"Dark Star" is more proof that Dead tunes not only can survive but also grow outside the band and inspire other artists to creative peaks.

— Larry Kelp

6/30/96 - SF EXAMINER

DL0860



SF EXAMINER; SUNDAY 3/16/97

POP QUIZ

Q AND A WITH ROBERT HUNTER

By Larry Kelp
SPECIAL TO THE CHRONICLE

For 30 years Marin County lyricist Robert Hunter has played a kind of Billy Strayhorn to the Grateful Dead's Duke Ellington, staying out of the limelight while supplying the lyrics to most of the band's songs – from "Dark Star" to "Truckin'," "Terrapin Station" to the Top 10 hit "Touch of Grey."

Hunter, who goes almost unrecognized on the street, is currently on a solo cross-country tour, his first since the Dead disbanded, singing his songs in a voice far closer to Leonard Cohen than Jerry Garcia.

Since the Dead called it quits, Hunter has become more active. He still administers the Dead's Ice Nine publishing ("I make sure Dead music doesn't get used for advertising, and if it's in a movie, it's one that makes sense"), but he also has a graphic novel, "Dog Moon," out, and Penguin Poets just published his third collection of poetry, "Glass Lunch."

A Fillmore concert next Sunday, the tour's final stop, is a benefit for *dead.net*, the Internet site for which Hunter serves as Webmaster.

Q: *Let's start with a question that has nothing to do with the Grateful Dead. What's your favorite color?*

A: Gray. Steel gray. And the next question is, "Which comes first, the words or the music?" The answer is: "Sometimes."



Q: *You're quick with answers. Is that how you became the Webmaster? Or is it because of a longtime fascination with the Internet?*

A: Being Webmaster is an executive function, and I run the discussion group, insofar as it's "run." This is not something I was thinking of doing even one year ago. My first time online was last February when AOL (America Online) asked to do an interview with me about a comic book I'd put out. When the band found out I was interested in the Net, they appointed me Webmaster. I'm doing it religiously right now. I haven't missed a day in my (online) journal entries. But I don't fancy spending the rest of my life in a chair at a terminal, so I picked up my guitar. I'm taking a laptop and may add entries from the road.

Q: *That can't be the only reason you're going on tour now. Would you even be performing if the Dead were still active?*

A: No, I wouldn't. They (Deadheads) don't need me if they've got the Dead; I'm a redundancy. The tour is a service to a degree. Also, I look at this as a shakedown tour to see what the road is like at my advanced age of 55.

Q: *Because of your lack of public profile, there's a myth that you are a recluse who mails in his lyrics.*

A: I did mail the first three songs from my home in New Mexico. But after that I moved here and have been in the thick of it ever since.

Q: *You are a writer and a musician. Did you start out to be one or the other?*

A: I was bitten young by J.D. Salinger. I was going to be a novelist. Musically my inspirations were the same as everyone my age: Dylan, the Stones and the Beatles. My influences were folk, country, old timey and Robert Burns. I was in a rock 'n' roll band in high school where I played lead trumpet. I used to have a spotlight on me for my solo in "Blues in the Night."

Q: *You and Jerry Garcia had a band long before the Grateful Dead, didn't you?*

A: It was a folk duo, Bob & Jerry, when I was 19 and he was 18. We parted musically when it became clear I wasn't going to put in the rehearsal time to be a dedicated instrumentalist. I started writing, so when the Dead got going, it was natural that I'd be the writer. But if you put a mandolin on one chair and a typewriter on another, I'd sit down at the typewriter.

Q: *While you've issued your own albums over the years, some with Dead input, you've never been a part of their concerts.*

A: It never came up. The Dead never mentioned my name onstage, even once. I had to be content to take a back seat because that's all that was offered. Now I'm going to be a driver for a while.

Q: *You've written enough songs that this concert could go in any number of directions. Have you considered a live album from this tour?*

A: There will be new material, Grateful Dead songs, songs for the band I'm currently working with, Zero, and other things. I've got 40 tunes worked up, and I plan to give people who paid their money enough of what they want to satisfy them. As for recording, there'll be enough people taping in the audience, I'm sure it'll get out. We could even put it on *dead.net*. My last music album was from the 1990 tour. And my most recent recording is a CD of "Sentinel" (on Ryko), poetry readings from the book.

Q: *The Fillmore show is a benefit for* dead.net. *Where's the money going?*

A: Right now half is paid for by Grateful Dead Productions' merchandising, the other half by Ice Nine. It's expensive, we have bills to pay and we're doing heavy development right now. We're going Java and audio soon. Last week the front page went 3-D. Now the planets are spinning and the comets are shooting around. And we'll soon have sound and music.

Q: *You claim you don't want to be tied to a chair, but it sounds as if you're excited about using the Internet.*

A: I think it's an important way to link Deadheads, now that the band isn't touring. And I'm aware that these are pioneering days. Fifty years from now this'll be the Conestoga wagon. I'm trying to help define it by putting out my journals, doing what I can to put a human face on the Internet and hope others do the same.

Q: *It has been said that your open-structured lyrics allowed the Dead to push the limits of their instrumental approach as well.*

A: No, it was more close-structured than I would like. The songs got tighter. But that last song Jerry and I collaborated on, "Days Between," was much different. And a great way to write. I'm unhappy that Jerry dropped out of life before we could continue.

Q: *When Dylan and the Dead hooked up, he took a couple of your new songs and recorded them, "Silvio" and "Ugliest Girl in the World." Did it bother you that he didn't ask permission?*

A: (Hunter in Dylan voice:) "Hey, Robert, I recorded a couple of your tunes." What can you say? It's an honor. I think he saw them and thought, "These are my songs. What are they doing in someone else's notebook?" And, you know, the first time I heard his recording of "Silvio," I wondered, "What does he mean by that?" And then I went, "Wait a minute! If anybody would know, it's me." ■



BY LIZ HAFALIA/THE CHRONICLE

Guitarist Bob Weir, former Grateful Dead band member, shook hands with fans at Davies Symphony Hall

MUSIC REVIEW

American Festival Rocks Davies

Ex-Grateful Dead at Symphony concert

BY JOSHUA KOSMAN
Chronicle Music Critic

AMERICAN FESTIVAL

The San Francisco Symphony's American Festival continues at 8 p.m. Thursday and Friday with "Sounds of the City" featuring the Kronos Quartet. The Festival runs through Saturday, June 29, in Davies Symphony Hall. For tickets and information call (415) 864-6000.

The opening salvo of the San Francisco Symphony's American Festival on Friday night brought an exhilarating clash of dissonances to Davies Symphony Hall — not only from the performers but throughout the hall as well.

The musical explosions came from the stage, where Michael Tilson Thomas presided over a superbly planned introductory survey of what he calls the American maverick tradition, from colonial times to the present day.

But there were some jarring juxtapositions in the audience as well, as tie-dyes mingled with jackets and ties in an unprecedented influx of new blood to Davies. The first-timers were drawn by the presence of four members of the Grateful Dead, but they first grooved appreciatively to the music of Ives, John Adams, and even the 18th century tunesmith William Billings.

The result was as unusual a spectacle as Davies has yet witnessed. Scores of Deadheads congregated outside the main entrance before the show, importuning passers-by for extra tickets; inside the hall, they wandered up and down the aisles, evidently befuddled by the constraints of a printed program or assigned seating. The air in the rest rooms was redolent of marijuana.

All this brouhaha came in response to the first public performance by all four of the surviving members of the Dead — percussionist Mickey Hart, bassist Phil Lesh, guitarist Bob Weir and keyboardist Vince Welnick — since the death of Jerry Garcia last year.

They took part, along with the Symphony Youth Orchestra, a few members of the Symphony, and four top-notch vocal soloists, in John Cage's "Renga" and

SYMPHONY: *Page D2 Col. 1*

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ROCKERS GIVE CLASSICAL KIDS A HAND

Ex-Grateful Dead members help Youth Orchestra ease into improvisation

BY JOSHUA KOSMAN
CHRONICLE MUSIC CRITIC

All year long they practice and hone their skills, learning to play musical parts as precisely as possible. But this week, the young musicians of the San Francisco Symphony Youth Orchestra face a more unusual task: transforming the sketches and jottings of Henry David Thoreau into a musical performance.

The San Francisco Symphony's three-week festival of American music under Michael Tilson Thomas gets under way in Davies Symphony Hall on Friday and Saturday nights with a program of iconoclastic works beginning with John Adams and Charles Ives.

The program's most unusual part, though, will come after intermission, when Thomas presides over a mammoth rendition of two works by John Cage, performed simultaneously.

Bicentennial Commission

One of them, "Apartment House 1776," is relatively straightforward by Cageian standards, a bicentennial commission that blends Revolutionary-period hymns and marches with American ethnic music.

But the other piece, "Renga," promises to put members of the Youth Orchestra through an unusual regimen of careful listening and unnervingly free improvisation.

Cage's score includes no musical notation. Instead, he took drawings that Thoreau had made in his notebooks and in the margins of "Walden" — including landscapes, animal tracks and other nature images — and simply superimposed them on a time grid. The individual parts, which include only tiny details of those drawings, are even more cryptic.

In other words, the composer's instructions for "Renga" consist of no more than elusive suggestions of what and when to play. The details are left up to the players.

"When you have 78 people improvising together," Thomas says, "it requires an enormous amount of imagination. It also requires terrific restraint, to listen for the precise moment to play."

To help guide the players through this conceptual thicket, Thomas has enlisted a group of acknowledged masters of improvisation: four former members of the Grateful Dead, bassist Phil Lesh, drummer Mickey Hart, guitarist Bob Weir and keyboardist Vince Welnick.

Led by Lesh — who, at a news conference in December, said he and his colleagues were "looking forward to jamming with MTT" — the rock musicians will mediate between the recognizably organized music of "Apartment House 1776" and the more free-form nature sounds of "Renga."

Unfamiliar Terrain

They are also spending the two weeks leading up to the performance coaching the Youth Orchestra musicians in the unfamiliar terrain of group improvisation.

"Improvisation starts off with imitation," Lesh explains. "You imitate what you hear and elaborate on what it suggests to you. So you have to be listening very carefully.

"That's what we always did when we were collectively improvising in the band — we were always listening harder than we were playing.

"Any musical context, a song, for instance, is like a labyrinth. It has lots of branches, but it's closed on itself. And we were always searching for the thread that was going to allow us to find our way out of that labyrinth into open territory, or maybe even another labyrinth."



BY CHRIS STEWART/THE CHRONICLE

Ex-Grateful Dead member Phil Lesh (left) demonstrated bird calls to members of the S.F. Youth Orchestra

For musicians in the worlds of jazz, rock, folk and some areas of contemporary music, the process of improvisation is so central as to be second nature. But classically trained performers usually have little or no experience with it.

> ***'The curious thing that happens with music that's "free" is that it can require more devotion of time and commitment than music that's written out'***
>
> — MICHAEL TILSON THOMAS

"That's true, but it does break down to some simple precepts," Lesh says. "Relax. Don't play too much. Listen to what others are doing. Imitate or comment on what others are doing. Don't play too loud.

"Often when people who are not used to improvising start to do it, they end up playing too much, or too loud, or too long. The trick is going to be to get everybody to relax and not feel like they have to play a solo. They don't have to carry the ball — *everybody's* got a piece."

The key to making the piece work, Thomas says, will be the careful preparation that goes into it. "The conductor in this piece is more of a coach — my whole function takes place during rehearsal, listening to what people are doing and making cautionary or encouraging remarks," Thomas says.

"But the curious thing that happens with music that's 'free' is that it can require more devotion of time and commitment than music that's written out. You can only truly practice it in the context of the entire piece, and if the piece is 35 minutes long, then every time you rehearse it takes 35 minutes."

To get the Youth Orchestra members into the right frame of mind, Thomas says he began with basic exercises.

"I would say, for example, 'I'm going to move my hands from the top of a clock to the bottom, and in that time I want each of you to play two notes, one short and very loud and another longer and quiet.' Then I would tell them to put the notes at the extremes of high and low, and explore how that affects the results."

Improvisation was an integral part of musical training until the current century, and Thomas agrees that it is a valuable part of any musician's education. "Like composition, improvisation is important because it gives people skills in handling the building blocks of music."

A New Tradition

At the New World Symphony, the Miami-based training orchestra that Thomas leads, he established a tradition that gives the players a concentrated dose of improvising. "On your birthday the whole orchestra plays 'Happy Birthday,' and when it comes to the part where your name is, you must play a cadenza.

"It's a deeply serious moment in the lives of these young musicians. I haven't tried it yet with the San Francisco Symphony — they'd be too embarrassed."

No amount of training or rehearsal, though, can make this weekend's performances any less of a wild card. Says Lesh, "You can only prepare so far. In the end, the only way we're really going to understand what any of this means is to do it." ■

AMERICAN FESTIVAL

The opening program of the San Francisco Symphony's event, featuring music by Adams, Ives and Cage, plays at 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday at Davies Symphony Hall. Call (415) 864-6000.

298019



EXAMINER/PENNI GLADSTONE

Michael Tilson Thomas *rehearses members of the San Francisco Symphony, S.F. Symphony Youth Orchestra and Grateful Dead in John Cage's "Renga/Apartment House 1776."*

Symphony of the Dead

Rock musicians help make opening night one for the ages

By Allan Ulrich
EXAMINER MUSIC CRITIC

IT'S safe to say there has never been a San Francisco Symphony opening night like Friday's overture and first installment of music director Michael Tilson Thomas' American Music Festival. It is also safe to say that summers will never be the same around here again. What a blast.

The Davies Symphony Hall audience seemed composed of the tie-dyed, the fit to be tied and the dyed in the wool. Deadheads collecting Social Security and novice Deadheads in shorts who weren't even fertilized eggs when the Grateful Dead first hit it big roamed the halls. A sweetish, vegetable-like aroma (not disinfectant) engulfed the nostrils in the men's lavatory.

Patrons entered late, they crunched potato chips in their seats, babies wailed, patrons departed before the end. Applause automatically followed fortissimos.

Some of those unfamiliar faces turned up to hear the surviving members of the Grateful Dead participate in the Symphony's reading of Cage's "Renga" and "Apartment House 1776," performed simultaneously, probably only the third time these scores have been given this way.

It was a liberating experience for some, an annoying ordeal for others, but these two scores and their manner of presentation seem to epitomize Tilson Thomas' eccentric, theatrical and deeply personal approach to 250 years of American music. Despite moments of genuine mystification, the sold-out house seemed extremely eager to follow the Symphony's music director wherever he might lead.

The program, "Soundscape U.S.A.," will be repeated Saturday at 8 p.m., and it included a lot more than the Cage works. Tilson Thomas opened with the American premiere of John Adams' buoyant essay, "Lollapalooza," and continued with Charles Ives' "Holidays" Symphony (we heard the fourth and final section, "Thanksgiving and Forefathers' Day," on the last subscription program in May) and five Colonial Era choruses by William Billings, Timothy Swan and Justin Morgan.

The latter were rendered by Vance George's S.F. Symphony Chorus, who also participated in the Ives. The Cage involved the S.F. Symphony Youth Orchestra. Associate conductor Alasdair Neale helped out in the Ives. If one of Tilson Thomas' objectives was to bring together the entire Symphony family, he couldn't have done a better job.

The first half was strictly tails and white-tie formality. Adams' seven-minute curtain raiser, completed last year, sounds so authentically American you're surprised to learn that it was commissioned by England's City of Birmingham Orchestra to honor the 40th birthday of its music director, Sir Simon Rattle.

Berkeley-based Adams has not slipped his minimalist moorings. He starts with an insistent, almost jazz-influenced motive in the woodwinds, introduces a raucous punctuation in the brass. The piano offers a commentary. The violas disengage themselves from the strings and soar in one of Adams' typically lyrical effusions.

The obsessive off-accents near the end suggest the urban energies of Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements, updated a half century. No matter; "Lollapalooza" is a breezy delight, and Tilson Thomas led it with a firm beat and an exuberant spirit.

Friday's was the first integral performance of the "Holidays" Symphony. And Tilson Thomas introduced composer Lou Harrison (the 79-year-old "avant-garde patriarch of the West Coast") to preface each of the movements by reading the relevant descriptive passages from Ives' "Memos."

This is not a symphony in the traditional 18th or 19th century manner (Ives scoffed at such textbook formalism). Yet, the four movements do partake of a similar structure and intention. The opening sections are bathed in lyrical nostalgia, a mood shattered by the sounds of the New England of Ives' boyhood — the marching bands, the popular songs and the hymns. The crashing dissonances adhere to no modernist aesthetic. Rather, they capture what Ives heard on

[See SYMPHONY, C-5]

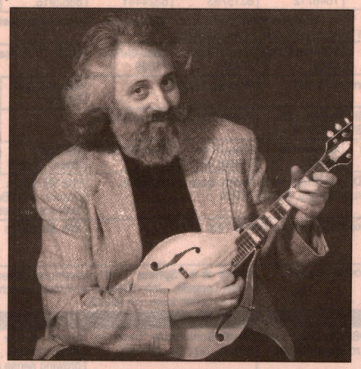
D08E3

Old and In The Way gets encore, thanks to Grisman

MARIN IJ 4/9/96

By John Rogers

Associated Press



MARIN MUSICIAN: David Grisman of Mill Valley founded the David Grisman Quintet in 1976. Thirteen years later he started his own record company, Acoustic Disc. Working out of the recording studio he built at home, he released the label's first album, 'Dawg 90,' in 1990.

AP photo

Unlike so many other musicians, David Grisman actually had gotten his professional start as a teen-age record producer, and he knew his way around the technical end of the business.

It was called Old and In The Way, and it may have been the greatest bluegrass band that never was.

"It didn't even break up, it wasn't formal enough for that," mandolinist David Grisman reminisces now.

It was born in 1973, in the living room of Jerry Garcia's Marin home. There, the late Grateful Dead guitarist would join Grisman and Peter Rowan in spending hours picking out tunes on the banjo, mandolin and guitar. They were trying, as Grisman once said, to capture that "high lonesome sound" they had fallen in love with years before.

They eventually got good enough to take their act on the road, so Garcia recruited another old friend, John Kahn, to play upright bass. They had trouble finding a fiddle player until Rowan came to the rescue.

The others knew Vassar Clements by reputation, as someone whose name in bluegrass was right up there with Flatt and Scruggs. But Rowan actually had his phone number.

"So we called him up," Grisman says, chuckling at the audacity of it.

And so a band was born: four long-haired, hippie-era guys and a bluegrass legend from the 1950s.

Looking back, Old and In The Way's arrival couldn't have been much better timed. It came not long after the 1960s, when the baby boomer crowd was ready to accept something new. With Garcia and Clements, it brought marquee names from two different musical genres. With Rowan, who had played with Bill Monroe, and Grisman, late of Red Allen and the Kentuckians, it had bluegrass credentials even the snottiest music critic couldn't dismiss.

But the band played only a few dozen dates over less than a year. Among them were shows at San Francisco's Boarding House nightclub that Owsley Stanley, the Grateful Dead's early sound wizard, recorded. The result was one album, "Old and In The Way," that came out in 1975. And now, 21 years later, another one.

"Just about the time they were getting it right, the buggers broke up on me," Stanley laughed during a recent interview from his home in Australia.

"We all had our own musical agendas to follow," Grisman explained during an interview from his Mill Valley home. "It was fun at the time, but no one wanted to make a career out of it."

For Grisman, it was time to pursue in earnest "Dawg" music, his unique fusion of classical, jazz, folk and international styles. It has led to his collaboration with a spectrum of musicians wide enough to include Stephane Grappelli, Tom Paxton, Maria Muldaur, Bela Fleck and Bonnie Raitt.

He founded the David Grisman Quintet in 1976. Thirteen years later he started his own record company, Acoustic Disc. Working out of the recording studio he built at home, he released the label's first album, "Dawg 90," in 1990.

Unlike so many other musicians, Grisman actually had gotten his professional start as a teen-age record producer, and he knew his way around the technical end of the business.

"The first record I produced? Red Allen-Frank Wakefield and the Kentuckians, 1963, Catalog Number FA2408 — for Folkways," he rattles off proudly.

He was producing Acoustic Disc's second album, by Brazilian mandolinist Jacob do Bandolim, when Garcia wandered back into his life. The two had drifted apart after Old and In The Way, and Garcia thought if they worked on another record they'd have an excuse to hang out again.

The result, 1991's "Jerry Garcia-David Grisman," was nominated for a Grammy and put fledgling Acoustic Disc on the map. Two years later, the duo struck again, with an album of children's songs called "Not for Kids Only."

By the time Garcia visited Acoustic Disc again last summer, Grisman was up to nearly 20 albums, offering acoustic masterpieces by everybody from bluegrass legend Jethro Burns to South American guitar virtuoso Enrique Coria.

Garcia proposed having Acoustic Disc reissue "Old and In The Way," but Grisman had another idea. Stanley still had about two-dozen recordings the band never had released.

The two gave the tapes a listen and, Grisman says, at one point an ecstatic Garcia clutched his chest and joked, "Oh my God, I'm going to have a heart attack and die right now."

The next day, Garcia was talking about breaking out his five-string banjo and going back on the road with Old and In The Way.

After Garcia's death a few weeks later, Grisman decided the next best thing was to release Old and In The Way's "That High Lonesome Sound." Although he says the band can never be resurrected now, its four survivors did plan a one-shot reunion in San Francisco on Grisman's 51st birthday. on March 23.

When Grisman speaks of Garcia now, it is with great fondness — and still in the present tense. Both had started out playing piano, Grisman moving to the mandolin after the early rock musicians who inspired him began to fade away.

"Toward the late '50s the golden age of rock 'n' roll had all but disappeared," he says. "Buddy Holly was dead. Elvis was in the Army. Chuck Berry was in jail."

The New Jersey native started heading out to mountain music festivals along the East Coast, meeting Garcia at one in Pennsylvania in 1964

"You know, Jerry actually gave me that nickname, Dawg," he says. "When I started playing my own style of music, people would ask, 'What do you call this?' I didn't want to call it bluegrass because it wasn't. . . . I figured I'd just call it Dawg music and I wouldn't have to answer the question. I didn't realize people would just ask, 'What's Dawg music?' So for 29 years, I've been trying to answer that question."

◆ *SYMPHONY from C-1*

Opening night for the Dead

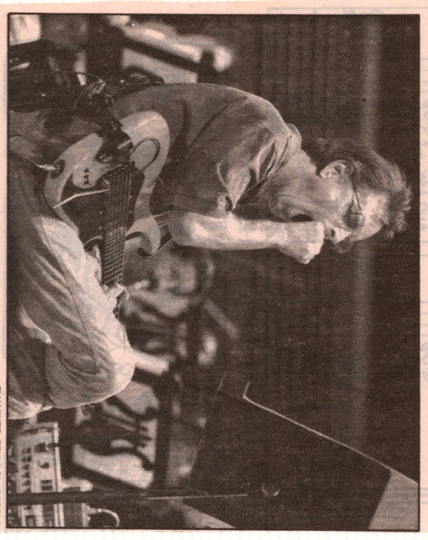
Ives' "Fourth of July" is a youth's celebration, brash, playful and stirring in the introduction of "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean." "Thanksgiving" is the most mystical movement of the four, the densest in its layering of incident and yet, in the choral interjection of "O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand," the most formal and moving of the set. Tilson Thomas and the players repeated their success of May.

George's choristers delivered the richly harmonized sampling from the Yankee tunesmiths with fervor. Billings' "We are met for a concert of modern invention" aptly summed up the evening's activities.

"Renga" (1976) consists of 78 parts for any instruments, drawn from drawings in Thoreau's notebooks. "Apartment House 1776" involves 24 musicians plus four singers of the religious music one might have heard in America 220 years ago.

The musicians in "Renga" included the Youth Orchestra improvising from Cage's parts. "Apartment House 1776" enlisted members of the Dead (Mickey Hart, Phil Lesh, Bob Weir, Vince Welnick) and emissaries from the Symphony, some perched on the box and tier levels. The vocalists were Pamela Warrick-Smith (African singer), Benjamin Maisner (Sephardic singer), Floyd Red Crow Westerman (Native American singer) and Pamela Sebastian (Protestant singer).

The idea is ingenious (Paul Attinello's excellent program note explains Cage's procedures), and Tilson Thomas, now clad in loose brown shirt, conducted carefully. Cage's chance methods and the utterly democratic nature of the listening experience provided moments of revelation and some less enlightening minutes, too. American music, Cage seems to say, is what you hear as American music. Could any festival offer a more enticing invitation?



EXAMINER/PENN GLADSTONE

Bob Weir *of the Grateful Dead yawns during rehearsal as Michael Tilson Thomas conducts the music of John Cage.*

D0864

At S.F. Symphony: America the bizarre, the wonderful

By Janos Gereben
IJ correspondent

REVIEW

For information about the festival and tickets, $20 to $68, call 864-6000.

Over the weekend, 100,000 showed up in Golden Gate Park for the 19-band "Free Tibet" concert and 10,000 checked out the action in Davies Symphony Hall in San Francisco where the main attractions were the Grateful Dead and Henry Cowell.

Henry who?

To paraphrase the encyclopedia: "American composer, born in Menlo Park, in 1897, died in New York, in 1965. Eccentric, innovative guy, teacher of scores of avant-garde composers from the 1920s to this very day, but otherwise unknown and neglected" — except by Deadheads, as of this past weekend.

It was to Cowell and the man on the podium that the booming voice was addressed: "We love you, man!"

Well-used to applause as he is, San Francisco Symphony conductor Michael Tilson Thomas was startled anyway. He looked for the source of the shouting and saw, in the otherwise orderly, even antiseptic environment of Davies Hall, a very large man in Hell's Angels get-up, next to a young woman, busy breastfeeding her baby.

Just another scene from the concert hall where Tilson Thomas made good on his promise to open the concert hall to everyone.

"Everyone" did come, more than 3,000 strong Friday, Saturday night, and for a four-hour monster concert Sunday afternoon. The hall holds only 3,000, so the actual attendance total defied natural law — and the ushers — just as it happens at rock concerts.

This was the beginning of the symphony's "An American Festival," an unprecedented, extraordinary 10-day celebration of 250 years of music in America. However dazzling the concept, the actual execution exceeded all expectations.

The big crowd included young people who heard their first live concert by a symphony orchestra and symphony subscribers at their first "musicircus." And, it included the previously mentioned picture of domesticity along with toddlers and babies not actually in the process of being nourished and therefore hitting high C's now and then.

The presence of babies is not challenged at the symphony, an usher said with a straight face, because of the possibility of legal action for age discrimination.

There was no legal action either involving those emitting exotic fumes outside Davies Hall and in the restrooms before, during and after the concert.

Yes, the Deadheads were out in force, perhaps for the first time since Jerry Garcia's funeral, fingers in the air trying to get tickets, chanting the "I need a miracle" mantra.

For MTT, the ringmaster of this bizarre spectacle, there WAS a miracle — complete, astonishing, overwhelming success.

In 20 years of following contemporary music, I never experienced anything like this: a breakthrough in getting an audience accept and even appreciate the genre. Not just any audience: 10,000 people from all walks of life, all musical tastes, all income levels.

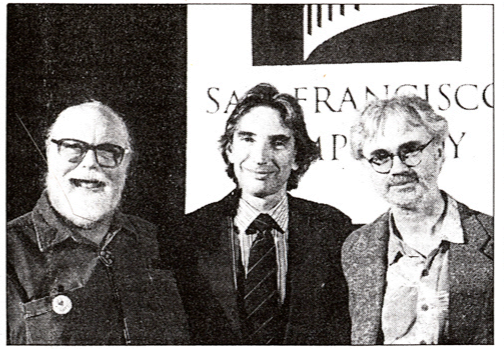
Considering that the Sunday event was all contemporary American chamber music, the attendance, the reception, the outcome of it all were in the realm of fantasy.

Each day, the hall opened two hours before curtain, with a "musicircus" on each of Davies' three levels — brass bands, costumed dancers from the 18th and 19th centuries, a pianoforte player by the name of Bell Bulwinkle, Deadheads and bank presidents brushing shoulders.

Music itself started with the American premiere of John Adams' "Lollapalooza," a brief, bright, bouncy, funny post-minimalist work, on the order of "Leonard Bernstein Meets Philip Glass."

Charles Ives, America's unique and grand composer, still doesn't get a hearing in the nation's concert halls, but Tilson Thomas put his "Holidays Symphony" on the program, a gigantic, terribly difficult and altogether glorious work. In a gesture of meaning and showmanship (in the best sense of the word), Tilson Thomas had the composer Lou Harrison act as narrator.

Harrison, 79 (and instantly winning the under-20 audience segment), was responsible for the very first performance of a complete Ives symphony, in 1946, when Ives was already 72. Harrison's knowledge, humor and rank as a composer buoyed the entire weekend. He made his teacher, Henry Cowell, the center of the Sunday concert.



PARTNERS FOR FEST: Lou Harrison (left), a narrator at the festival, Michael Tilson Thomas, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, and John Adams, composer of 'Lollapalooza.'

The Harrison-Tilson Thomas partnership pulled off a genuine miracle as even before the long-awaited members of the Grateful Dead appeared, there was a standing ovation — genuine and lasting — for the diminutive, supertalented classical pianist Julie Steinberg for her performance of Cowell's "The Tides of Manaunaun," four pieces composed in the 1920s.

Harrison's ties with the entire pre-World War II American music world of mavericks, innovators and "modernists" were also celebrated with the performance of Varese's "Ionisation," a percussive masterpiece so beloved by Tilson Thomas that he stopped the applause following the work and said: "We'll play it again" — and they did, receiving an even stronger ovation.

Meredith Monk performed excerpts from her works, Steve Reich did his famous "Clapping Music," the Abel-Steinberg-Winant Trio played Cowell's "Set of Five" to perfection, while Deadheads were walking around inside the hall and in the lobby, "visiting," babies dined, gurgled and chirped, people applauded, discussed and yelled — and somehow the hall was more attentive and respectful during performances than at "normal" times.

Everything broke loose at the culmination of the Sunday concert, when the Cowell "Tides" segued into a 12-minute tribute to Cowell, composed and performed by Grateful Dead's Mickey Hart, Phil Lesh, Bob Weir and Vince Welnick — and Tilson Thomas on an electronic keyboard. Although the Deadheads waited all weekend long for their heroes, Tilson Thomas' energy and dedication won them over and there was a wave of applause and shouting at the end of his riff exceeding even the shouts to "Hey, Phil!" and "C'mon, Mickey!"

Old and new contemporary American music fans all left the hall shaking their heads; it was the kind of experience difficult to believe even after being part of it.

Was everything peachy? Not completely.

On Friday and Saturday, the Deadheads experienced something Jerry Garcia's band had never done to them in 30 years. They got ripped off.

For them — and for most of the audience — there was a bad case of bait-and-switch. Unlike the Sunday concert, the orchestral pair of concerts cheated those who came to hear Hart, Lesh, Weir and Welnick play music because they were featured in a work that had no music.

John Cage's "Renga With Apartment House 1776" is a typical Cage piece of all concept and nothing else. "Renga" had the great Symphony Youth Orchestra yell and scream while banging on their instruments in cacophony with the chants of "four sacred traditions."

This went on for a half an hour; among the many voting against Cage with their feet were, sadly, Deadheads in extreme disappointment.

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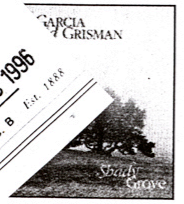

Music releases are something to be Grateful for

By ALAN DOYLE
Staff writer

It was about this time of year that Deadheads began stirring in anticipation of musical gifts to come.

There was the Grateful Dead's New Year's Eve run, which always produced some of the best parties of the year, if not the best music.

Then there were the traditional Mardi Gras/Chinese New Year's shows, also in the Bay Area, followed by the spring tour of the East Coast that always seemed to inspire the band to play some of its best music.

All that is gone. The New Year's run couldn't survive producer Bill Graham's death in 1991. The band itself could not survive the Aug. 9, 1995, death of Jerry Garcia, its guitarist-vocalist and spiritual leader, and, after a 30-year run, called it quits four months later.

But the music hasn't stopped, at least in recorded form, and Deadheads can satiate themselves this holiday season.

There are two transcendent live releases; a compilation of the band's 18-year association with Arista Records; a gorgeous recording of Garcia's acoustic work with virtuoso mandolinist (and longtime friend) David Grisman; and two adventurous CDs from keyboard player Bob Bralove, the Dead's MIDI/programming wizard:

■ **"Dick's Picks Volume Six"** (Grateful Dead Records, available only from Grateful Dead Mercantile Co., P.O. Box X, Novato, CA 94948, 1-800-225-3323): Before it became notorious for crowd-control problems, the Hartford, Conn., Civic Center was one of those inspirational venues where the Dead always seemed to play their best.

This three-CD set of the band's Oct. 14, 1983, performance at the Civic captures the Dead in one of its better shows during one of the peak periods of the band's 30-year run. The three-hour performance features inspired playing and singing on band staples "Althea" "Scarlet Begonias/Fire On the Mountain" and "Sugar Magnolia;" the first recorded release of the rarely played "Day Job," and the exotic 16-minute-37-second "Spinach Jam," not the longest of the Dead's acknowledgments of jazzman Miles Davis, but one of the tastiest.

The "Dick" in "Dick's Picks" is Dick Latvala, keeper of the vault containing tapes of most of the band's 2,500 plus

Please see GRATEFUL, Page 3F



The Grateful Dead (l-r, Garcia, Lesh, Weir) in 1969: two terrific new albums, a tribute from Henry Kaiser, and lots more to come.

Introducing Dick's Picks Volume Five

Listen to the River
by Steve Silberman

With much love for Dick, who knows how to let the music reach the people...
Steve
6/19/96

Dick's Picks Volume Five:
12/26/79, Oakland Auditorium

1979 was an auspicious year for the Grateful Dead. *Volume Five* is a milestone in the *Dick's Picks* series, marking the first appearance in the series by the late keyboardist Brent Mydland, as well as the first official release of a complete, unedited performance.

The Dead's fifteenth year on the road commenced with a champagne farewell to Winterland, the former ice rink that Bay Area Deadheads embraced as their second home, ending with a third set that harkened back to the first flashes of the Dead's inception. The banner hanging from the balcony of Winterland, numbering the days since "Dark Star" had been played by the home team, had come down at last, but the Dead weren't looking back. There was evolution in the air.

Keith and Donna Godchaux left the group in February, and the shaggy Bob Weir Band alumnus with the high, unvarnished harmony who got the gig - Brent Mydland - brought new primary colors to the band's palette, courtesy of a Prophet 5 synthesizer, a Fender Rhodes customized for a more piquant high end attack, and the steam engine of soul that had been Pigpen's rig too: a Hammond B-3 organ.

As a young player with a belly for risk and a heart of blues, Brent added more than pigments to the mix, eager to steer the tiller toward the hairy unknown whenever the collective muse whispered "Go." With Brent manning the hot seat, the music sounded supple and *dangerous* again. By Christmas, "the new guy" already had 50 shows under his belt.

The band's first year-end jubilee week in Oakland began the afternoon of December 26th, with a press conference to announce that the night's performance would be a benefit for the Seva Foundation - a minimum-bureaucracy, maximum-results task force of doctors, health-care workers, and volunteers dedicated to the eradication of preventable blindness on planet Earth. (80% of the world's blindness is preventable or treatable, and *seva* means service in Sanskrit.) The superb karma of the benefit was a long friendship between the Foundation and the Dead - with Bill Graham tendering unto Wavy Gravy a $10,000 check of his own during the show, beyond the proceeds of the benefit. ("Why are you doing this?" Wavy asked his surprise benefactor. "Because you did not hit on me, my friend," replied Bill.)

If the big room in Oakland had mojo in it, it had been accumulating long before the Dead loaded in. Jack Dempsey boxed there, Ellington swung, and even Elvis had gyrated his pelvis on that stage in '56.

The crew working the soundcheck were treated to a Garcia solo on "Black Throated Wind," which hadn't been played for five years, and wouldn't be heard in public for another ten. It was clear the band was aiming to make their first New Year's run in Oakland Auditorium (rechristened "the Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center" in '84) a special one.

Listen to the mojo grab the reins during "Big River," a Johnny Cash diamond from the early Sun sessions. This version catches fire after Brent's spirited lead, with Blackjack Garcia unleashing machine-gun volleys of sixteenth notes, like a banjo/fiddle hybrid shifting into hyperdrive - and the race is on.

The first set also boasts an especially cinematic rendition of Weir's "Looks Like Rain." Beginning in hushed, crystalline chords, the bass rumbling foreshadowings of things to come, the band paints a landscape around Weir's expressive vocal; then reins it back to the lonesome rumination of a man humming to himself under clustering storm clouds, before throttling back up to a thunderous conclusion, streaks of feedback flashing from Garcia's guitar, the Tiger.

It is disc two of *Dick's Picks Five*, however, that will monopolize your CD player. The "Uncle John's Band" that opens the second set was the first performance of that welcoming anthem of Deadville in over two years, and is, for what it's worth, my favorite version of the tune. The verses are sweetly harmonized without a hitch, and Garcia's statements are affirming, yearning, and expansive; one great ensemble passage after another flowing forth like lucid river water from a bottomless spring. (Dedicated fans will be relieved to know that I asked the author of those verses, Robert Hunter, to explain the genesis of the lyric. His answer makes everything, as Richard Nixon used to say, perfectly clear.*)

But it's the excursion after "Estimated Prophet" that is why Dick picked this one, and why, once you hear it (and the "Alabama Getaway" that, as Dick's notebook says, "can't seem to come down," and Mickey and Billy's *tar/djembe* dialogue straight out of Nubia, and Phil and Bob's slow smolder into "Not Fade Away," and that *encore*), the inside of your skull will be a more livable place.

Imagine a jam that almost eases into "Eyes of the World," which instead takes an unexpected left turn down some back road, when suddenly the chuffing apparition of a great American locomotive - the Orange Blossom Special! - charges past, all chrome and glistening on frictionless wheels, its boiler running white-hot, and pouring out smoke signals that say "Caution: Do Not Stop on Tracks"...

But you don't have to imagine it.
Thanks, Dick.

Steve Silberman
co-author, Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads

* Uncle John was a Kansas City drifter who had a flea circus, little critters in band uniforms with instruments you could only see under a magnifying glass. They didn't actually play them, but if they had, what a tiny music that tiny music would be. Technically, the song should go "Come *see* Uncle John's band," but I took poetic license with the verb. Also, the riverside is figurative, though he no doubt set up his flea circus wherever he felt he could draw a crowd, and I'm sure a riverside was as good a place to do so as any. He had some pretty hard times starting out, but learned to pick pockets while people tried to get their money's worth out of his gyp of a dead flea circus, which solved his financial worries.
- R. H.

Grateful

FROM PAGE 1F

shows and connoisseur of its best performances. Latvala has come up another gem in the Hartford show.

■**"Dozin' At The Knick"** (Grateful Dead Records, distributed by Arista): The latest in "The Vault" releases, is drawn from the Feb. 24-26, 1990, shows at the Knickerbocker Arena in Albany, N.Y., during the legendary spring tour when the Dead played perhaps its best music ever. The three-show run marked the band's first appearance at the Knick, which was to become a band and fan favorite.

The album includes first-time live versions of a raft of concert standards such as "Dupree's Diamond Blues," "Just a Little Light," "Row Jimmy," "Blow Away" and "The Wheel," and "Dozin.' " More important, it documents the irreplaceable contributions of Concord native Brent Mydland.

Mydland died of a drug overdose at his Lafayette home in 1990, and the Dead never were able to replicate his impassioned, soulful vocals and gritty keyboard playing.

■**"Shady Grove"** (Acoustic Disc): Garcia's staggering range of musical influences and talents ranged from the folk songs and English seachanteys of his early years to the progressive jazz he recorded with Ornette Coleman, and were rarely explored in full in his work with the Dead. This collaboration with David Grisman, a former bandmate in the legendary bluegrass aggregation Old and in the Way, recalls those earliest influences in songs recorded at Grisman's San Rafael studio between 1990 and 1995. It's obvious from "Shady Grove" that Garcia and Grisman were playing songs they loved, not assembling tracks for a commercial release. The picking is superb; the occasionally ragged singing from the heart.

"Shady Grove" is not even remotely a bluegrass album, although Garcia does play banjo on two of the 13 cuts, but rather a collection of traditional folk music from England and Appalachia and a touch of country blues. It was from that music the late Bill Monroe fused bluegrass, and also from that music that rock and country arose.

Folkies from the '50s and '60s may well relive their youth with most of the tunes on "Shady Grove," which comes with impressive, thorough liner notes. Nearly everyone knows "Down In The Valley," and Deadheads will recognize "Jackaroo" and "Stealin'" from their incarnations in the Dead's electronic repertoire.

Grisman says "Shady Grove" is the first of a series of releases of his largely spontaneous work with Garcia. Others will explore their collaboration on modern folk, country, jazz and even rock tunes. If those later offerings are anywhere near the quality of "Shady Grove," they will be indispensable not only to Deadheads but to anyone who wants to hear American roots music performed by two virtuosos.

■**"Second Sight"** (Shanachie): A challenging first outing from the Bay Area sextet led by Bralove, who for eight years programmed the exotic sounds and rhythms that came out of the Dead's instruments, especially during the free-form "Space/Drums" jam segments that were the highlight of many shows.

Second Sight was formed as a side project before the Dead disbanded and has been playing Bay Area club dates for more than a year. Its improvisational live performances are well represented here with a 15-minute version of "If 6 Were 4" and a remix of the Sly Stone chestnut "Dance To The Music."

Joining Bralove for an experimental, largely instrumental journey into a realm where rock, funk and jazz intersect are Vince Welnick, the Dead's keyboard player; Bay Area guitarist Henry Kaiser, long known for his experimental, improvisational work; reedman Bobby Strickland; and the sibling rhythm section of Marc Van Wageningen on bass and Paul Van Wageningen on Drums. Garcia and Weir lent their guitars to three cuts; Dead lyricist Robert Hunter provided the cryptic titles; and the production was handled largely by Grateful Dead family members and associates.

■**"Sonic Roar Shock"** (Dose Hermanos, available from Dose Hermanos, P.O. Box 20195, Oakland, CA 94620): Bralove returns with an even more intriguing offering. That's no surprise, considering the other half of Dose Hermanos is Tom "TC" Constanten, the avant-garde composer and keyboard player. Constanten was a member of the Dead from 1968 to 1970, the band's most musically adventurous period.

"Dose Hermanos," recorded live, is an adventure into uncharted musical realms on a level with the Dead's "space" jams, the legendary "Dark Star" or the odysseys to which Constanten contributed on the Dead albums "Anthem of the Sun," "Live/Dead" and "Aoxomoxoa."

It's essentially Bralove and Constanten improvising on keyboards, which, given Bralove's talents, means you never know what sound will be coming out next. Constanten and Bralove weave disparate sounds, styles and musical references into fascinating pieces that wander all over the musical map.

Deadheads, especially those who lived for the "Space/Drums" jams at concerts, should snap up this CD. Lovers of improvisational music and avant-garde composers will also appreciate this.

■**"Grateful Dead: The Arista Years** (Arista): A representative compilation of the five studio collections and three live albums released during the band's association with Arista from 1977 through the Dead's decision to disband in 1995.

Superb packaging of a predictable set of selections includes new art from Stanley Mouse and excellent liner notes from Richard Gehr and Blair Jackson. Jackson is a respected Bay Area writer who for years co-published "The Golden Road," the definitive Dead fanzine, and now is at work on a biography of Garcia.

"Arista Years" selections include studio versions of Dead concert staples, a few tasty live selections, including acoustic versions of "Dire Wolf" and "Cassidy", plus an elongated "Eyes Of The World" with Branford Marsalis sitting in on saxophones.

Of course, the compilation also includes the studio cuts from 1987's "In The Dark" and 1989's "Built To Last" that brought the band to the attention of the MTV generation. and led to its only appearance on the Top 10 charts.

"Arista Years" is a good general collection that comes closest to a greatest-hits package from a band whose forte was the concert stage, not the recording studio. But "Arista Years" hardly holds the musical value of "Dozin' At The Knick" or any of the "Dick's Picks" series.

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DISCS

THE GRATEFUL DEAD
The Arista Years (Arista)
★★★

THE GRATEFUL DEAD
Dick's Picks Vol. Six (Grateful Dead Records)
★★½

THE GRATEFUL DEAD
Dozin' at the Knick (Grateful Dead Records)
★★★

JERRY GARCIA-DAVID GRISMAN
Shady Grove (Acoustic Disc)
★★★½

The death of lead guitarist and vocalist Jerry Garcia last year was the worst thing that ever happened to the Grateful Dead.

But it may have been the best thing that ever happened to the band's merchandising machine, as the near-simultaneous release of these four albums — along with a concert video — demonstrate.

The 18 years the Dead spent on Arista have long been considered the low point of its spotty studio career. But this two-CD best-of set, remastered in glistening High Definition Compatible Digital (HDCD), demands a reappraisal.

"Shakedown Street" (1978) and "Go to Heaven" (1980) remain the worst albums in the band's canon, but the sweeping, near-art-rock suite from "Terrapin Station" (1977) is glorious, and the cuts from "In the Dark" (1987) and "Built to Last" (1989) are some of the band's best studio work in years, as well as the last it would ever release.

The three-CD "Dick's Picks Vol. Six" is the latest entry in the Grateful Dead's series of low-fi, two-track concert recordings, this one captured in Hartford in 1983 and available only by mail (call 415-898-4999).

It's not one of the series' best, since it takes a whole disc for the band to catch fire.

But when it does, on disc two with "Scarlet Begonias," it becomes a thing of beauty.

"Dozin' at the Knick," recorded in Albany in 1990 and available in stores, is the real winner of the two live recordings. And improbably so, since the band's performances from the period were frequently uneven or worse, characterized by an exhausted, ragged-sounding Garcia.

But "Dozin'," a three-CD set also mastered in HDCD, holds its own among the Dead's best live albums, serving as a peak example of the band's latter-day shows and a reminder of how much keyboardist Brent Mydland added to the band.

But the pick of the pack is "Shady Grove," a collection of acoustic duets and string-band collaborations between Garcia and mandolinist David Grisman, recorded during the last five years of Garcia's life.

These are traditional songs that influenced the early-'60s folk-song movement, which not only produced Garcia but part of the Dead's repertoire as well. Also recorded in HDCD, "Shady Grove" is a small jewel — and a worthy epitaph for a great lost talent.

— Kevin R. Convey □



MADE IN THE SHADE: The newly released 'Shady Grove' features acoustic duets between mandolinist David Grisman, left, and the late Jerry Garcia.

Boston, MA
Boston Herald
(Cir. Morn. 360,261)
(Cir. S. 251,993)

DEC 8 1996

Danville, CA
(Contra Costa Co.)
San Ramon Valley Times
(Cir. D. 35,611)
(Cir. S. 38,184)

DEC 12 1996

Allen's P. C. B Est. 1888

10/23/97 1:28 PM 2/2

Keeping the faith of the Dead

THE WONDERLAND BALLROOM IN REvere has seen many events in its history, but probably none more unusual than last Saturday's Grateful Dead party. It was unusual even for Deadheads, who are accustomed to bizarre happenings. In some ways it was lame, as Deadheads wandered around while canned music and videos swirled overhead. But, in other ways, it was a noble attempt to revive a communal spirit that's been fading since Jerry Garcia's death.

A crowd of 1,350 Deadheads – many of them colorfully attired and buzzed to the max – came to the Wonderland Ballroom, which normally caters to jazz, Latin, and country audiences.

MORSE CODE

No one from the Grateful Dead was there, though there were several ancillary luminaries in Dick Latvala (archivist who puts together the excellent "Dick's Picks" CD anthologies of Dead concerts), David Gans (host of the syndicated radio show "The Grateful Dead Hour"), and photographer Susanna Millman, who has captured many Dead moments through the years, and is married to band spokesman Dennis McNally.

"East Coast people are starving for this," said Andy Miller of MarkeTVision, commenting on the event, which his company helped produce.

The night picked up momentum. "When we first came in, things were a bit slow. But then we saw some familiar faces and we started to get into it," said Dean Budnick, author of "The Phishing Manual" (about the Dead-influenced band, Phish). Added his friend David Saslavsky, "This is definitely different, but it's keeping the gathering alive. Only this time, there's no band. You're just listening to tapes."

Thankfully, the sound system was exceptional – and so was the video, some of it depicting an abstract light show, some of it documenting the Dead in their many incarnations, especially their Haight-Ashbury days. You couldn't get away from the heavy nostalgia, but it was also a trial run, organizers admitted, to see if these kinds of happenings might work in the upcoming Terrapin Station museum in San Francisco, where interactive exhibits and drum rituals are also planned.

Overall, a thumbs-up reaction prevailed. The ballroom had a festive vibe (costumed clowns roamed through the audience) and the function-room decor was transformed into a Dead-inspired art installation. Hippie-style bamboo curtains were hung at intervals – and a mask of Garcia's face (designed by Fred Hahme) beamed down from a corner.

The tribal gathering evoked memories of a Grateful Dead parking lot scene before and after a show. There was even a back room at Wonderland where neo-hippie merchandise was sold, similar to a parking-lot experience.

Gans served as disc jockey for much of the night, mixing and matching many previously unreleased Dead tapes from his own collection. And he found a groove by playing some old Dead tapes from Winterland Ballroom shows in San Francisco from 1981 and 1987, including a segue from "Estimated Prophet" into "He's Gone."

"We want to do more of this type of thing in the future," said MarkeTVision's Miller. At the very least, it's a way for Deadheads to reconnect and still keep the faith.

– STEVE MORSE

Dear Grateful Dead people, 5/5/97

Thank you for the Dick's Picks cds. I had never known anything by the GD but the radio songs before, but after listening to all 7 of these excellent cd's, I know this is the way to hear the band. Great performances, good natural sound quality, very decent prices... i'm glad I finally have the chance to hear these great shows. Thanks for giving someone like me a chance to see the light, and keep Dick's Picks coming for a long time. Along with the rereleased star wars movies, you are proof that things I had thought were old and dusty can be made new again.

Take care,
Tom Gagnon

98 Washington St E#21
Salem, MA 01970

THE GRATEFUL DEAD: *Dick's Picks, Volumes One–Four*

Vol.1: Tampa, Florida, 12/19/73
Grateful Dead/Arista GDCD 40182 (2 CDs only). Kidd Candelario, prod., eng. TT: 2:04:59

Vol.2: Columbus, Ohio, 10/31/71
Grateful Dead GDCD 4019 (CD only). Rex Jackson, eng. TT: 58:20

Vol.3: Pembroke Pines, Florida, 5/22/77
Grateful Dead GDCD 4021 (2 CDs only). Betty Cantor-Jackson, eng. TT: 2:18:01

Vol.4: Fillmore East, 2/13-14/70
Grateful Dead GDCD 4023 (3 CDs only). Owsley "Bear" Stanley, prod., eng. TT: 3:10:05

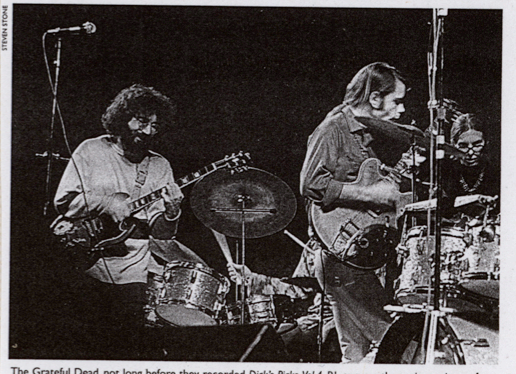
All four: Dick Latvala, Tape Archivist. AAD.
Vols.2–4 available via mail-order only; call (800) 225-3323 (CAL-DEAD).

Even though the Grateful Dead Screensaver has been morphing itself for months now at *Stereophile* HQ, I'm no Deadhead. I saw the band in concert once, a quarter-century ago, and I go for years without playing a Dead album. But once I started listening to Dick's Picks, I couldn't stop.

For this series, Grateful Dead Tape Archivist Dick Latvala has selected for release tapes of complete or nearly complete Dead concerts. Up until now, he's restricted himself to the best of the direct-to-two-track (*ie*, unremixable) concert masters from the '70s that are up to sonic and musical snuff. But despite Latvala's "Caveat Emptor" regarding the deteriorated, warts'n'all archive tapes he had to work with, these are far from "official bootlegs" — the sound is perfectly acceptable, and sometimes a lot more than that.

Vol.1 takes most of its first CD to get going, warming up through a set of desultory versions (with some pretty awful singing) of songs from *Wake of the Flood* — not the strongest material to begin with. It isn't until the 21:11 version of "Playing in the Band" that critical mass is finally gathered, touching off a chain reaction in the Jerry Garcia/Phil Lesh/Bill Kreutzman matrix. But from then to the end of disc 2, Vol.1 is rich in surprise, edge, and unpredictability.

But the obvious conclusion — that Vol.1 would have made a terrific single-disc set — would satisfy no serious Deadhead, or anyone interested in true improvisation, rock, jazz, or otherwise. Half the fun, after all, is hearing how often the Dead's grasp seems to exceed their reach. It's exciting — even, paradoxically, when it's most dull — to hear musicians define an edge, teeter on it, and sometimes just say "the hell with it" and jump off, magically sprouting wings at the last possible moment to effect a musical miracle.



STEVEN STONE

The Grateful Dead, not long before they recorded *Dick's Picks, Vol.4*. RL surveys the entire series so far.



Dick's Picks - The Continuing Saga

Since its inception in 1993, the Dick's Picks series has been a Deadhead's dream come true - peak Grateful Dead performances, selected by the Dead's intrepid vault archivist Dick Latvala, using his own amazing ears and the good advice of the GD tape collecting community, and made available for the first time ever on compact disc. This is the real, raw stuff, heard just as the band played it, without any overdubbing or "fixing it in the mix" - while some technical anomalies may remain, the performance quality and historical significance of these releases make them essential additions to any Grateful Dead collection. The discs have been digitally mastered from the original 2-track source tapes by the Dead's technical wizards, and the results are astonishing, yielding recordings with an immediacy and clarity that far surpasses even the best tapes in circulation.

It's worth it to listen through most of disc 1 to hear the opening guitar figure of "Playing in the Band" re-emerge two modulations away from the key you know it *must* eventually return to to conclude the song, though you have no idea how that will happen. This is almost as dramatic as the return to tonic in the finale of Mahler's First. But Mahler planned it that way from the get-go; I get the impression the Dead happened upon their own circuitous route only by taking the risk of getting lost in the first place. And you can only get performances as poignant and nothing-added as "Nobody's Fault But Mine" (disc 2) if you've been as relaxed and loosey-goosey as the band has been throughout disc 1. Garcia also takes a rare (and terrific) turn on slide guitar here, at the start of an extended suite that segues through "Other One" and one of the band's best feedback/"space" jams on disc, then on to a *very* slow and understated "Stella Blue" that's all the more heartbreaking for Garcia's vocal limitations, exhaustion, and the preceding hour of full-warp jam.

The rest of the series is even better. Vol.2's single CD starts off with a slow, spacious, lyrical "Dark Star" that segues inexplicably (and delightfully) into a samba (!), then to many other places before settling on an entirely unexpected "Sugar Magnolia." A big-beat "St. Stephen" transforms itself into "Not Fade Away" just when you've convinced yourself that "Love Light" is its inevitable destination. Garcia's soloing is heroically fluid throughout; and "Going Down the Road Feeling Bad" is brisk and energetic, with Garcia and Weir in great voice (for them).

The two-CD Vol.3, from 1977, is founded on the weakest material, linking selections from *Blues for Allah* and *Terrapin Station* with more classic songs ("Sugaree," and a strenuous workout on "Morning Dew"). But, as in most Dead concerts, the songs are little more than fondly recalled pretexts for another long reunion, less important for what the words might say than for the pleasure of singing and playing them. The Dead were somehow able to perform their own compositions, even when new, as if they were folk standards so old that the songs could be loved simply for having survived so long. Thirty years later, it seems actually to have turned out that way.

Which brings us to Vol.4, the most recent release, the earliest gig so far represented in this series, and the best of an already great bunch. Here is the classic Dead lineup (*both* drummers, plus Pigpen), taped at a time when their chops and their adventurousness, their professionalism and their commitment to an already well-established community of followers, had found an ideal balance. These are the truly legendary Fillmore East concerts of Feb.13–14, 1970, the remainder of which can be found on *History of the Grateful Dead, Vol.1 (Bear's Choice)*. During this Valentine's Day weekend was performed what most cognoscenti (read: Deadheads) agree is the finest "Dark Star" ever captured on tape, and which has been the single version most often requested (read: begged for) for release. (A 14-minute segment surfaced on John Oswald's and the Dead's *Grayfolded*; see March, p.237.)

Luckily for us, Vol.4 also boasts the series' best sound, the reasons for which producer/engineer/LSD alchemist-missionary Owsley takes some pains to explain in his fascinating notes. (Among others, we can thank the prescient Bill Graham for his then–state-of-the-art house PA.) The direct-to-two-track sound has wonderful presence and space for that period of rock recording, and fairly oozes with what Owsley calls "constructive leakage" between mikes.

The 30-minute "Dark Star" is by turns the quietest, hardest-edged, most seamlessly adventurous, chamber-music–like, and musically comprehensive version of this song ever recorded (it even quotes Paul Simon's "59th Street Bridge Song"). It's that rarity among long-rumored unreleased tapes in fully living up to its legend. From now on, this is *the* "Dark Star"—and, for that matter, any extended Dead jam on any tune—against which all others must be measured.

Half an hour each are also devoted to "That's It for the Other One" and "Lovelight," the former the only live version of the suite I know of that covers *all* the territory surveyed on *Anthem of the Sun*, but far more thoroughly. (By the time Vol.4 is over, *Anthem* is played in its entirety.) This and disc 3's "Drums" are Kreutzman's and Hart's finest moments—their drumming partnership is here revealed in all its perfect complementarity, Kreutzman bashing away in his role as indefatigably organic utility trapman, Hart adding deft wire-brush cymbal filigree and snare accents. The band's gangbusters re-entry behind Phil Lesh's thundering bass is almost overwhelming for a group that almost deliberately eschewed drama of any sort.

Ron "Pigpen" McKernan's R&B workout on "Lovelight" goes places no other version on disc even attempts, the band laying out for long stretches as Pigpen improvises verse after verse, accompanied only by the ecstatic and, for once, rhythmically ept audience. It's a delight you want never to end; at 30:27, it almost doesn't.

The eight-tune, hour-long medley of disc 3 starts with the only officially released alternate version of "Alligator"; it segues into the 12-minute "Drums," followed by Bob Weir's briskly confident "Me & My Uncle" and the rich cross-rhythms of a 14-minute "Not Fade Away," Garcia's fluid lead floating above like liquid sunlight. Then comes an early, rough sketch of "Mason's Children" that sounds like a demo for *American Beauty*, and a quarter-hour of nonstop-express–chooglin' "Caution (Do Not Stop on Tracks)," Garcia filling behind Pigpen's lead vocal with amazing grace and speed. Nine minutes of "Feedback" of genuine musicality and surprisingly multilayered soundstage depth precede that rarest of Dead treats, the seldom-performed "I Bid You Goodnight," in an a cappella version of which the *Live/Dead* version was only a preview.

What a show.

I recommend all of Dick's Picks. If you're leery of ordering them sound unheard, start with Vol.2; its single CD will give you a good idea of what to expect from the longer sets. Those more confident in their taste and 'head credentials should start with Vol.4: three CDs at a bargain $18.50 plus S&H. Vol.1 is already being distributed to retail outlets by Arista; Vols.2–4 will also eventually be made available in stores (though not this year).

As any collector of Dead tapes knows, the band played 2500 concerts in its 30-year career, and most of those are on tape *somewhere*. For the foreseeable future, Grateful Dead Productions plans one or more releases per year from the Dick's Picks *and* From the Vault series. Next up is *Four from the Vault* in late spring, after which Dick will start picking from the Dead's *four*-track archives. If, now that they've disbanded, there *was* nothing like a Grateful Dead concert, at least it's still true that there *is* nothing like Dick's Picks. Long live the Dead. —**Richard Lehnert**



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DICK'S PICKS

For The Record

By Lindsay Planer
Music Writer



Dead Picks From Dick

It's been well over three months since our man in the vaults, **Grateful Dead** tape archivist Dick Latvala, released *Dick's Picks VI* (GDM). After a well deserved rest, Dick has returned with the seventh installment in the continuing series. "We finally decided on a show. Or, in reality, a series of shows," Latvala told BREAK. "What we chose were the best performances during a run [read: series] of shows — kinda like the three [performances] that comprise the *Dozin' At The Knick* (Arista) release," Latvala added.

The reasoning behind this decision was to create a win-win situation for consumers and producers. "I am in favor of releasing entire and complete shows — if they merit release. However, I feel that if the space can be filled with better material, by using only the best from a two- or three-night stand, then I am doing a disservice if I put out a release that is only half as solid as it could be had I mixed it up a bit."

Good point Dick.

And what is the "two- or three-night stand" this time around? The first three shows on the Dead's brief Europe '74 tour: September 9-11 at Alexandra Palace in London. Latvala says that he had submitted several suggestions but they were rejected.

Latvala continued, "Then I was asked, 'If you could release *anything* at all, what would it be?'. My reply comprises this release." Latvala says that "All involved parties couldn't be happier with this choice."

Where does *Dick's Picks VII* find the Grateful Dead, musically? The band, which featured: Jerry Garcia on lead guitar and vocals; Bob Weir on rhythm guitar and vocals; Phil Lesh on bass and vocals; Keith Godchaux on keyboards; Donna Jean Godchaux on vocals; and Billy Kreutzman on percussion, were at their zenith as an improvisational performing ensemble. However, that fact aside, less than a month would pass from the time of these performances before the group would take a six month hiatus from any live performing, and nearly 18 months before the band toured again. The reasons for the break were primarily financial.

Latvala says, "This era of the Dead simply amazes me sometimes. They play with passion, clarity and strength during every performance. In fact, one of the most difficult things to do is choose what gets edited and what stays."

If the previous six volumes are any indication, Latvala has filled *Dick's Picks VII* with all killer and no filler. There is no release date or track listing confirmed as of our press deadline. However, when it becomes available, BREAK readers will hear about it first.

Just Exactly Perfect

The Grateful Dead's *Dick's Picks* series celebrated its tenth release by issuing the best disc of the collection. Sure, the fourth and eighth editions included must-have, top-notch shows — but they were widely known throughout the Deadhead community. With Volume 10, the spotlight is focused on a nearly perfect (and nearly complete) performance from December 29, 1977 that matches the magic of the February 13-14, 1970 (Volume 4) and May 2, 1970 (Volume 8) releases.

For years, December 29, 1977 has popped up in tape trading circles and scored minor recognition in the annual *Deadbase* "best-of" poll. Those who were there called the concert a legendary, life-changing event. It's unfortunate though that this show has lived in the shadow of the May 8-9 performances from earlier that year that have achieved a more-widely recognized legendary status among Deadheads. Nevertheless, December 29, 1977 was a better show, and this release should push it to the front of the pack.

From the first note of *Jack Straw*, the Grateful Dead put the controls into cruise control, leave their bodies behind, and begin to play their songs from a spiritual plane. Though the first four songs are really just a warm-up for the band, they are exquisitely energetic and draw the listener into the heart of each song. Of particular note is the inspired double-edged drumming attack from Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart. They seem to be herding the group towards the center of each song.

As the band begins *Looks Like Rain*, you can feel the group congeal into a single-bodied organism. Energy emanates with liquid radiance from the creature's many heads. There's no turning back from the trip that has begun. Jerry Garcia's guitar will lead you down the emerging pathway as musical notes dance joyously, painting a multi-colored landscape. The pathway becomes a river, raging with a beautiful intensity before cascading over a waterfall to the land of *Tennessee Jed*.

The beast continues to move as one as Garcia's guitar begins to soar. Bob Weir chimes in with his own unique rhythm style, and Phil Lesh grinds out a bubbly bass line. *Tennessee Jed* concludes and a raging *Minglewood Blues* threatens to send the group spiraling out of control. Yet, the band maintains its balance and continues churning, pushing, and driving the song into a sonic whirlwind.

At the center of the whirlwind is a calming *Sugaree*. It's a much needed rest from the intensity of *Minglewood Blues*. Its beauty is subtle, and it begins gently. If you let it, the creature will whisk you away. But before you know it, you're back in the whirlwind, circling the song faster and faster as the frenetic cosmic energy freely flows — forming a magic carpet under your feet and carrying you into the *Promised Land*. Amazingly, this is just the first set!

The second disc of the set includes nearly the entire second set. Two songs (*It Must Have Been the Roses* and *Sunrise*) were not included on the release, but should become widely circulated as they were recently played on David Gans' *Grateful Dead Hour*.

The band returns with a *Twilight Zone* tuning that leads to a tremendously energetic run through *Bertha* and *Good Lovin'*. Clearly the band is gearing up to top the amazing first set as they re-group into a single-minded, raging beast.

Playin' in the Band starts out with an upbeat intensity, but the song quickly enters a dream-filled garden of colorful sights and sounds. The song twists and turns through the foggy dew of time, creating a soft bed upon which to rest. Phil Lesh embarks on a bass solo as the band surrounds the tune with space-filled embellishments that hint at *China Doll*. But instead, the first *China Cat Sunflower* and the first *I Know You Rider* since 1974 erupt from the calm. From the way the band performs *China Cat Sunflower* and *I Know You Rider*, it's impossible to guess that these songs were in semi-retirement. The segueway between the two songs is magnificent.

Upon the conclusion of *I Know You Rider*, the band immediately dips into a truly sweet, impeccably performed *China Doll*. The group moves as one in their tender treatment of the song, and the music compliments Garcia's vocals perfectly. His guitar solo screams with pain and sadness, adding a darker-edge to this otherwise joyful concert.

The darkness is brief, and the light returns during a brief *Playin' Jam*. This brief interlude focuses around Lesh's thunderous bass and leads to a rather mellow drum duet. *Not Fade Away* was always a natural progression out of the drum solo, and this version picks up the pace quite a bit. *Not Fade Away* is a celebration, not only of the coming New Year, but of life. It slams the door on the darkness of *China Doll* and offers a ray of hope to those in need.

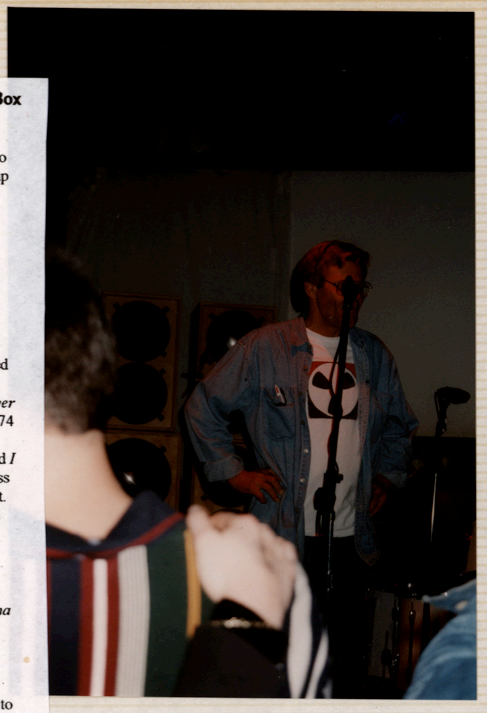
But *Not Fade Away* doesn't end the set. Instead, the band reaches into its bag of tricks for a final visit to *Playin' in the Band*. It's a fitting ending to an outstanding show.

The band returns for a double encore, which appears on disc three of this package. A beautiful, fully developed trip to *Terrapin Station* emerges first, and a thunderous *Johnny B. Goode* draws the whole performance to a conclusion.

The remainder of the third disc contains a sizable portion of the second set from the following evening (December 30, 1977). It's a nice bonus of some outstanding material from this sensational run at Winterland, and it provides a nice ending to the package while making good use of the extra space on the final disc.

The band enters a mellow groove riding the jam out of *Estimated Prophet*. Garcia begins to let the sparks fly, but after a few minutes, he pulls the song back and effortlessly allows it to give way to a joyful *Eyes of the World*. It's well-played and jazzy. *St. Stephen* and *Sugar Magnolia* wrap things up with high-energy, flawless performances.

In a nutshell, if you haven't bought any of the *Dick's Picks* releases, now's the time to start your collection. This one is sure to put a smile on your face. ♪♪♪♪♪



CHARLOTTE OBSERVER 1/97
"BREAK" WEEKEND MAGAZINE

D10869







Artist - Jim Carpenter

Image from a recent interview with Dick in Dupree's Diamond News (ed. 9/9/96)





DUDE76

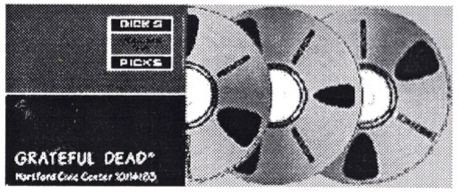
BOOK NINE

‘97 - ’98









Dick's Pick's Volume 6 (3 CDs) GDCD 4026

Hartford Civic Center 10/14/83

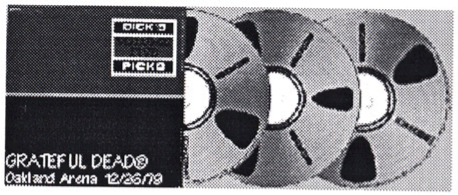
Disk One: Alhama Getaway > Greatest Story Ever Told - They Love Eachother - Mama Tried > Big River - Althea > C.C.Rider - Tennessee Jed - Hell in a Bucket > Keep Your Day Job Disk Two: Scarlet Begonias > Fire On The Mountian - Estimated Prophet > Eyes Of The World > Disk Three: Drums > Spinach Jam > The Other One > Stella Blue > Sugar Magnolia (Encore) U.S Blues





Dick's Pick's 6: Well, now he's gone and done it - intrepid Grateful Dead tape vault archivist Dick Latvala has taken the plunge into the vast waters of the band's 1980s output. This complete-show, three-CD set, recorded at the Civic Center in Hartford, CT, is the first non-70s show in the Dick's Picks series. As always, this is from the original, raw two-track tape, straight off the soundboard. In this case, the resident technical wizards had to work overtime, because for the first time they were working with a cassette tape rather than the customary reel to reel master. But, being wizards, they've beautifully captured the ragged-but-right essence of things and dragged it kicking and screaming into the digital domain. Among the highlights here are stellar performances of "Althea," "Scarlet Begonias>Fire On The Mountain," "Eyes Of The World," "Sugar Magnolia" and plenty more, including the first-ever recorded release of the long-lost Hunter/Garcia gem "Day Job," and the sinuous, exotic-sounding "Spinach Jam".

DL0901



Dick's Pick's Volume 5 (3 CDs) GDCD 4024

Oakland Auditorium Arena 12/26/79

Disc One: Cold Rain and Snow-C.C. Rider-Dire Wolf-Me and My Uncle>Big River-Brown-Eyed Women-New Minglewood Blues-Friend Of The Devil-Looks Like Rain-Alabama Getaway>Promised Land Disc Two: Uncle John's Band>Estimated Prophet>Jam 1>He's Gone>The Other One>Drums Disc Three: Drums>Jam 2>Not Fade Away>Brokedown Palace>Around and Around>Johnny B. Goode-Shakedown Street>Uncle John's Band (reprise)

For stories about Dick's Picks Vol.5

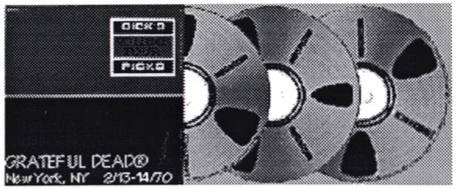






DL0902





Dick's Pick's Volume 4 (3 CDs) GDCD 4023

Fillmore East New York, NY 2/13-14/70

Highlights from the epic Valentine's Day run of shows at Bill Graham's fabled East Coast rock shrine. Among the shows most coveted and requested by collctors, and it's easy to hear why.
Disc One: Introduction By Zacherle-Casey Jones-Dancing In The Street-China Cat Sunflower>I Know You Rider>High Time-Dire Wolf-Dark Star CD Two: That's It For The Other One>Turn On Your Lovelight CD Three: Alligator>Drums>Me & My Uncle>Not Fade Away>Mason's Children>Caution (Do Not Stop On Tracks)>Feedback>We Bid You Goodnight

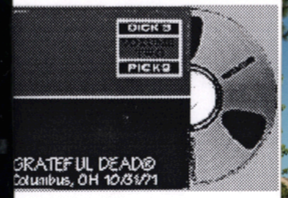


Dick's Pick's Volume 3 (Two CDs) GDCD 4021

Sportatorium Pembroke Pines, FL 5/22/77

From another golden era of live Dead music, this late-70s entry builds to a remarkable climax, culminating in an extraordinary "Wharf Rat/Terrapin/Morning Dew" triptych.
Disc One: Funiculi Funicula-The Music Never Stopped-Sugaree-Lazy Lightning>Supplication-Dancin' In The Streets-Help On The Way>Slipknot!>Franklin's Tower Disc Two: Samson and Delilah-Sunrise-Estimated Prophet>Eyes Of The World>Wharf Rat>Terrapin Station>(Walk Me Out In The) Morning Dew







DL904


"Women who seek to be equal with men lack ambition"
-Timothy Leary-
Celebrate
50
May you find everything you seek in 1998.
Happy New Year!
-Lori, Bill, Adam, Nate, Luke, Tuffy-
Celebrate
Hey Dick!
So we're still waiting for your visit! I guess we're going to have to just travel up north to see you! Stay in touch

CLEVELAND FREE TIMES 5/98

DAWN OF THE DEADHEADS

Thirty Years of Music and Counting

by Brett Sokol

What did the Deadhead say when he ran out of drugs? "Boy does this music suck!" It's not a particularly kind joke, but it sums up much of the rock world's attitude towards the Grateful Dead, whose music has always taken a backseat to the undeniable cultural phenomenon of the band itself. Even for their devoted legions, the Dead's studio output was always secondary to the live concert experience, an almost religious belief held that turned the group into one of America's highest grossing touring acts.

"Who are the Grateful Dead and why do they keep following me?" reads one tongue-in-cheek bumper sticker; they were words to live by for many. Even during the six years from 1981 through 1987, when the group released not one recorded note, they still sold out stadiums from coast to coast, drawing a cross-generational rag-tag group of followers: college students turning summer break into "summer tour," greying boomers taking a week off from the office, and of course, the hardcore 'heads, dropping out and living in VW minibuses, transforming the parking lots of the nation's arenas into their concrete backyards. It was a vivid reminder that not everyone was in agreement with President Reagan's rollback of the '60s counterculture and its values.

Rock promoter Bill Graham described the Dead in 1978 by saying "They're not the best at what they do, they're the only ones that do what they do." Or rather, *did*. With the August 1995 death of the band's chief visionary, Jerry Garcia, the band is no more and the long, strange trip would appear finally over. However, it's now possible to finally hear the Dead on their own terms, to separate the actual music from the myth. Setting aside Garcia's legacy as an icon and pillar of urban folklore, what about his playing? Isolated from the sights, sounds — and smells — of the concert hall, how does the Dead hold up in the privacy of your own home?

"Is it the acid or was it real?" asks Dick Latvala, chief archivist for the Grateful Dead, entrusted with sorting through, cataloguing, and now releasing on compact disc, their thirty years worth of live recordings. "A lot of people have been to shows and had just a mindboggling time, and then someday later they hear a tape, and it turned out there really wasn't much happening. It must have been the drugs! I've turned into a puddle enough at shows to know," he says. Unfortunately, the Dead's commercially released albums have never held a satisfactory answer to the "did you have to be there?" question. Even the most die-hard deadheads will readily admit those works' shortcomings. With the exception of 1970's country-tinged *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty*, the band just never felt comfortable trying to lay their music down within the confines of a studio, translating their ideas onto tape, and reigning in their jams to radio-friendly nuggets. In 1969 one Warner Brothers engineer reportedly threw his hands up and left the building after bassist Phil Lesh insisted on recording a track of "heavy air" as a beat; 1975's *Blues For Allah* featured hundreds of live crickets chirping away underneath many of the rhythms. Attempts to meet the marketplace halfway were equally unsuccessful, leading to stiff and bloodless creations. Accordingly, the public perception of the Dead's music has been anything but gracious. The *Rolling Stone Record Guide*, a barometer of rock and roll's mainstream, calls their sound "disarmingly thin, and musical and lyrical ideas were infrequent." As for the band's fans, "the songs provide an excuse for the revelry — and they remain songs whose appeal is all but inscrutable to non-initiates." Over in the rock underground, the Dead were viewed with pure loathing, matter to punk's anti-matter, with "I'll be grateful when they're dead" being the operative slogan. Ironically, much of the aural terrain explored by avant-garde outfits such as Sonic Youth in the late '80s and early '90s was eerily similar to the Dead's output circa 1969. Of course, the alternative scene's devotees had no way of knowing that. The Dead's vast live history has circulated only among tape-trading fans; the merely curious were shut out. Until now, that is. Under Latvala's guidance, the Dead's own recording label is embarking on a long-term project to release the cream of those live moments on commercially available discs under the moniker *Dick's Picks*, show by show, with ten out so far.

What you hear on these releases is the real Grateful Dead, warts and all. There's bum notes, forgotten lyrics, directionless noodling, and a few improvisational journeys that end as trainwrecks. There's also some gloriously beautiful music, the sound of a group of young musicians emerging from different schools of the blues, country, folk and jazz, passing through the raucous feedback of the '60s, making it their own, and then writing a fiercely original yet unabashedly downhome songbook in the decades to follow — heartfelt odes to "Mother American Night." Indeed, if the many volumes of *Dick's Picks* had been issued years earlier, it's hard not to imagine that the Dead's reputation wouldn't be far different.

"I think it's the most important music in the history of the planet," explains Latvala, referring to the content of his series. "I don't have a sane point of view here, but Beethoven was just a footnote. He didn't ever play live! He didn't even write electric!" That may be a bit much, but the Dead have certainly been the most important band in Latvala's life, hooking him in at one of their earliest gigs and drastically changing his path as a San Francisco university student in 1965.

"I was in my fifth year of college, not knowing why I was there, and really wanting an answer to the question of 'who am I?' and 'what am I doing here?' They don't teach that in school. They talk around it," he explains. "I took LSD in a research project in 1965 that fundamentally wiped out my hard drive. I had to relearn all the forms and ways of thinking about life. It was just at the same time that the music thing started in [SF] in the beginning of 1966." It was a scene he threw himself into eagerly, beginning with the Trips Festival in January of that year. A literal "acid test" helmed by Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, with the Dead as the consciousness-expanding soundtrack, the event had a dramatic effect. "Once I saw that, well, it was just a huge realization for me that I finally knew where I was supposed to be! You take acid and go see this music." He adds dryly, "My parents didn't quite get that."

To the dismay of many other families as well, young people nationwide began arriving at similar conclusions — an occurrence that would continue throughout the Dead's existence. Continues Latvala, "There was something compelling about white people finally having soul. In my opinion, in the early '60s there was no good music except R&B and gospel — black music. White music sucked! Once LSD got into the culture, that's when I first felt that white people had something to say that was really exciting, just like gospel is for black people in church. That's how I came on to music in the first place. I used to go to gospel concerts in the late '50s and early '60s, and I saw this guy run from the back of the building all the way down the center aisle and dive headfirst into the center of the stage. Now that is what music is supposed to make you do! It's supposed to move you somehow. Those early Dead shows had that same flavor. It was music that reflected what was going on in my mind... you are the universe! You are everything you see!

90607D

Dead Again

These three CDs offer a sampling of some of the best live stuff from Garcia and Co. ever recorded.

by Peter S. Barry

The Grateful Dead took to stages around the country and around the world for more than 30 years; one of the hardest touring bands ever. To their fans, every night was unique and worth catching if you could—it was on the stage that they *really* made music. And that leaves fans with a happy prospect—an endless stream of live releases in the days ahead. Whereas the recorded catalogs of most bands are limited by the redundancy of songs, the Dead never really played a song the same way twice, and over the years they often reworked familiar tunes into completely new-sounding ones, so that the potential for releases from the archives is truly vast, perhaps the greatest one of all time. Here we have three examples of that, two from the Dead and one from the Jerry Garcia Band.





We'll start with *Dick's Picks Volume Eight*, the latest in the series of releases from Dead tape archivist Dick Latvala. This beauty is the legendary (to tape collectors) show from Harpur College in Binghamton, New York, on May 2, 1970. It's a three-disc selection from when bands really knew how to play—this show lasted more than 5 ½ hours—and gives a good sense of the range of the Dead from folk-style acoustic, to expansive electric blues, to hard drivin' Southern blues. The opening is an acoustic set—pre-*Workingman's Dead* album. The set includes beautifully straightforward renditions of "I Know You Rider," "Black Peter," "Dire Wolf," and "Deep Elem Blues" to name just a few. Disc 2 starts right in with the extended electric workouts they thrived on: "St. Stephen," melding it's way into "The Other One," then on to "Cosmic Charlie." A 15-minute version of "Good Lovin" closes the disc but leads into the blues tunes on Disc 3 that "Pigpen" (Ron McKernan) made Dead classics: "It's Man's World," "Dancing in the Streets," and "Viola Lee Blues." Three strong musical directions all in collision here, and the band kicks it to a level they may not have reached in quite this way too often afterwards—Pigpen, on keyboards and vocals, passed away later that year. Sound quality is good throughout. Stirring stuff.

Fallout from the Phil Zone takes us to a new dimension of time and space, courtesy of bassist Phil Lesh. He culled these gems from tapes that he knew would never see the light of day as complete shows—unmarked tapes, partial dates—but still had interest for their historical significance and rarity, spanning the years from 1967 to 1995. The sound quality is variable but mostly pretty good, and it truly has some beauties with liner-note insights from Lesh. A 20-minute "Viola Lee Blues" from 1969 is described as "the definitive early GD jammin' tune," and "Easy Wind" as "one of Pigpen's best tunes." A 1989 version of "The Music Never Stopped" is "One of my fav Bobby tunes." There's a 31-minute version of "In the Midnight Hour"—"the longest I could find"—and an emotional gem from 1995 of Garcia singing the Dylan tune "Visions of Johanna," and, of course, the favorite to Zone cognoscenti, Phil singing the ever poignant "Box of Rain."



And how about this Jerry Garcia Band *How Sweet It Is* album—a perfectly named disc that delivers a sense of the joy that Jerry took in playing in his "side project." Taped at the Warfield Theater in San Francisco, these shows were recorded in 1990 and there is an ease to the grooves and a fluidity to the playing that is positively inspired. The recording is spectacular—so crystal clear that it definitely warrants cranking it up. And you should, too—you'll hear the rumble of Melvin Seals' organ playing, the deep bass line of John Kahn, and the gospel-inspired angel-like harmonies of Gloria Jones and Jackie LaBranch. Floating above it all is the poetry of Jerry's guitar; a guitar player at the peak of his powers delivering precise, powerful notes that tell the story of the song more completely and complexly than the lyrics ever could. Seriously gorgeous stuff. Cuts include JGB staples like "Someday Baby," "Like a Road," the woefully under-recorded "Cats Down Under the Stars," and, of course, the Dylan tunes—this time it's the powerful "Tears of Rage," and "Tough Mama." And take a listen to the brilliant versions of "Gomorrah" and the unusual "Think"—very sweet stuff, indeed!

They're all keepers: The *Dick's Picks* for a taste of the band in it's early days of musical convergence and marathon shows, *Phil Zone* for rarities and cuz it's *Phil*, and JGB for a gentler, rounder side of Garcia that was just as moving and powerful. Available via 1.800.CAL-DEAD or the local store.

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and Mambo lessons with Susan Molitor
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Tuesday, May 5
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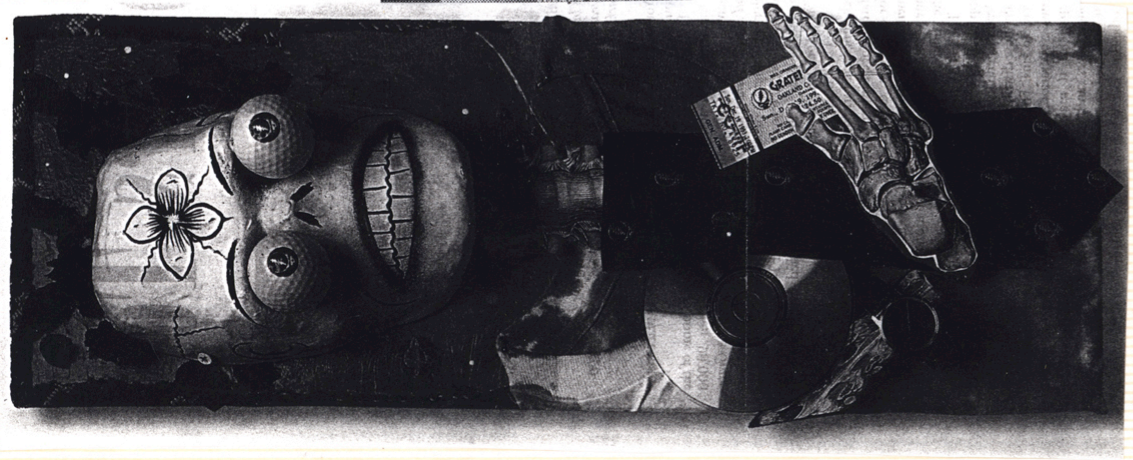
DL0907

Dick To Get Paid?

The rumor mill has it that Dick Latvala, keeper of the vault, may possibly (though not certainly) receive percentage points on the vault releases in exchange for his long hours, exquisite taste and encyclopedic knowledge of every Grateful Dead show ever recorded - which results in the Dick's Pick's series. But don't bet on it. DixPix 6 is due for release this week. Dick is presently paid a bi-weekly stipend for his work, but is unable to make his modest rent & car payments on the sum, plus provide Friskies for the feral cats of Club Front. He makes the trip to the studio even on non-work days to keep the cats topped up. He himself is getting mighty thin and mumbling about moving back to Hawaii. Don't go Dick! The cats need you and so do we!



Dick Latvala



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The news from
Lake WTFIGO?

David Gans solo/acoustic
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NO COVER

Sat May 9: David Gans and Eric Rawlins
Freight and Salvage, 1111 Addison St., Berkeley
Opening for Kathy Kallick
Info: 510-548-1761

Broken Angels
Thu April 9: Ashkenaz
1317 San Pablo Ave, Berkeley. 9pm
Sun Apr 12: Sweetwater
153 Throckmorton, Mill Valley. 8pm
Thu May 14: Ashkenaz

David Gans hosts Dead to the World
Wednesdays 8-10pm on KPFA 94.1 FM (Berkeley)
KPFA Marathon: Saturday, May 16, 9am-1am

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DL0908

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Boston Globe 9/4/97

GRATEFUL DEAD
DICK'S PICKS VOLUME 8/ HARPUR COLLEGE 05/02/70
Grateful Dead Records



Dick Latvala has the job Deadheads dream of. As musical archivist of Grateful Dead Productions, he has access to the recorded history of one of America's most popular bands. Every couple of months he selects a show for CD release, and he has yet to disappoint this fan. The Harpur College show has long been prized by tape collectors as an example of the depth the Dead were capable of on any given night. Returning to a smaller venue after playing arenas in 1970, they take advantage of the intimacy with an acoustic set on Disc 1 that's sparse and emotional. Garcia's voice shines on "I Know You Rider." Disc 2 changes the pace. A roaring "St. Stephen" goes into "Cryptical," which slides into "The Other One," back into "Cryptical," and sideways into "Cosmic Charley" for a blissful 35 minutes of seamless, searching guitar lines. The final CD features some blues with Ron (Pig Pen) McKernan belting out "It's a Man's World." The set is available from Grateful Dead Merchandising; 1-800-CAL-DEAD.

– JIMMY CAWLEY

Boston Globe 9/28/97

FUTURE SHOT



The Grateful Dead used to play Boston in the fall. Those days are gone, but a touch of the legacy lives on. There's a party to celebrate the latest Dead live album from the vaults, "Dick's Picks 9," at the **Wonderland Ballroom** in Revere on Saturday, Oct. 18. The CD will be aired, as will other previously unreleased music. The event features **David Gans** (above, host of the syndicated radio show "Grateful Dead Hour"), archivist **Dick Latvala**, special guests, and entertainment from the **Art Police**, an offshoot of the Merry Pranksters. Then on Sunday afternoon at the ballroom, there's a show by the Dead-influenced **Slipknot**. For tix, call 1-888-THE-DEAD.

STEVE MORSE

A-12 Sunday, January 11, 1998 ★★★ SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

A section of the San Francisco Sunday Examiner and Chronicle

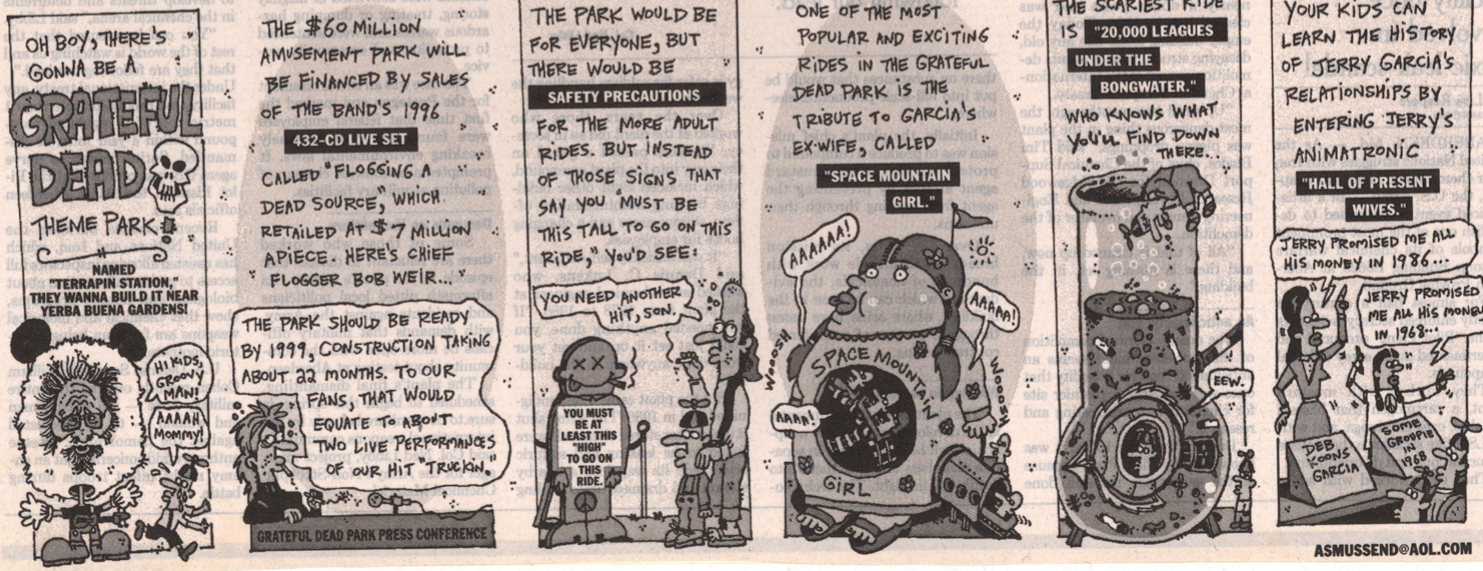
THE ALL NEW SAN FRANCISCO COMIC STRIP ®

READ IT WITH SOMEONE YOU LOVE.

By Don Asmussen

This Week: The Groovy Grateful Dead Amusement Park, Man!

"A man's dying is more the survivor's affair than his own." – Thomas Mann



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'Dead' archivist brings life to famed rock group P3

The Press Democrat P

PETALUMA NEWS

Santa Rosa, California, Wednesday, May 28, 1997 •

3 decades of tapes keep Dead archivist truckin'

Latvala nears release of eagerly awaited 8th Dick's Picks CD

By JANET HOLMAN PARMER
Correspondent

Picture the music that sends you into blissful reverie and touches the depths of your soul. Now imagine listening to that music as the core of your career, getting intimate with every rhythmic nuance, every lyric, every guitar riff and drum solo.

It's been a long, strange, trip for Dick Latvala, tape archivist for the Grateful Dead for the past 12 years.

He's the first to acknowledge it takes someone with a bit of an anal-retentive personality to dig the job. But Latvala, 53, says it's a prized position affording him the chance to become a scholar of Dead music, and during the band's prodigious reign, mingle with men who many considered musical geniuses, if not deities.

Since Jerry Garcia died nearly two years ago and the Grateful Dead disbanded, Latvala says his work's changed drastically. Now that there are no more live performances to keep pace with, he's concentrating on sorting out the nearly three decades worth of tapes, and cataloging the massive archives at the band's Novato headquarters.

Latvala, a Petaluma resident, also has been elevated to something of a celebrity, albeit reluctantly, among Dead fans who wait expectantly for his periodic release of Dick's Picks compact disks.

Dick's Picks are edited versions of Dead concerts selected by Latvala, and his choices are the subject of hot debates over whether he culled the best songs from particular concerts. Dead shows typically were marathon improvisational events, in which one recognizable song would take a circuitous musical route into the next song.

"For Deadheads, you can't come up with a 'best of' tape. They want the whole show," Latvala explains.

Since Latvala ventured onto the Internet a few months ago, he's been receiving a staggering volume of feedback from Dead fans voicing their opinions on his choices.

"They want to know why am I releasing this show instead of that. I openly solicit opinions from the public," he says.

The Grateful Dead organization is about to release the eighth version of Dick's Picks with a party in mid-June at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco. Latvala's earlier releases include three hours of Dead music edited from a series of shows at Alexandria Palace in London in 1974, and a three-CD package of Valentine's Day concerts at Fillmore East in 1970.

Latvala moved to a quiet cul-de-sac in central Petaluma four years ago from Berkeley, after his second divorce. His son, Richie, 24, who was raised listening to Dead music, is a microbiologist who works for Genentech.



JEFF KAN LEE/PRESS DEMOCRAT

Grateful Dead archivist Dick Latvala poses in his Petaluma home with some of the band's live concert tapes.

Latvala's tidy house is decorated with Dead posters and memorabilia, and one room has shelves and shelves of recorded Dead concert tapes. In his living room, which contains top-quality audio equipment in custom-made cabinetry, Latvala's personal music collection is eclectic, with CDs by Miles Davis, Bonnie Raitt, Clifton Chenier and several Windham Hill recording artists.

Like the Dead music he's listened to for decades, Latvala's conversation tends to ramble and he speaks in a slow California drawl. He's articulate and perceptive about the meaning of his work, the influence drugs have had on him and the significance of music in his life.

His introduction to the Dead dovetailed with his participation in a scientific research study into the effects of LSD. It was 1965 and 1966 when Latvala, then a psychology student at San Francisco State University, was asked to participate in the project at a time when LSD was legal.

"I couldn't get answers from the outside world into the questions about 'who am I' and I knew that LSD was more than just getting high. It was a shift in direction and I didn't want to do it whimsically," says Latvala, who was absorbed in the writings of Alan Watts, who translated Eastern wisdom into the English language.

He was present at the Trips Festival at the Longshoreman's Hall in San Francisco in January 1966, a local version of the electric Kool-Aid acid test, documented by author Tom Wolfe, in which the Grateful Dead played and partygoers drank punch laced with LSD. That impressionable encounter marked the start of his fixation with the band and its music.

"I dropped everything. Once I had that knowledge, that's all I did for the rest of my life," he says.

Latvala picked up a 12-string guitar and tried to play music, but quickly realized he'd rather be a consumer of music.

"I'm like a vehicle who gathers something to pass on," he says.

Latvala said he got his job as tape archivist because of his passion for collecting Dead tapes. Although he had a few odd jobs while living in Hawaii, his current job has been his longest — and most serious — employment stint.

"I'm an outlaw by nature, according to somebody's definition," he says.

In the late 1960s, Latvala attended as many concerts as he could, but over the years his attendance declined while the amount of Dead music he listened to on tape increased.

His position as tape archivist is full-time, but Latvala has flexibility and can do some of the work from home. Latvala makes the song picks, and works with two recording engineers who are responsible for getting the best audio quality onto the CDs.

When he heard about the Internet's online discussion areas, Latvala says, "I knew I had to have a presence." He equates the power of computers to his experiences with LSD, saying the psychedelic drug would wipe out his system folder, as a computer would do, and leaving him with a clean slate.

The Dead home page is at *www.dead.net* on the World Wide Web.

When the Dead moved from its San Rafael headquarters into a former Coca-Cola plant in Novato, Latvala was assigned the task of designing the new tape vault and organizing the voluminous archives.

"It was a mess. There was so much stuff. I'd get nauseous," he says. "There was so much chaos. They designed one monstrous room for tapes, and it's testing all of my anal-retentive skills."

Since the band broke up, Latvala says his job has changed. "It looks like all we've got left is merchandising," says Latvala, whose Dick's Picks CDs are sold exclusively through the band's mail-order business.

But he never wanted the Dead to go on without Garcia. "I prayed it wouldn't reform because Jerry epitomized it," he says. "He defined it and you can't replace him. But what do you do with all these people who centered their life around it (the band)?"

While the Dead was elevated to deity status by their hard-core fans, those who worked closely with the band saw a vastly different side.

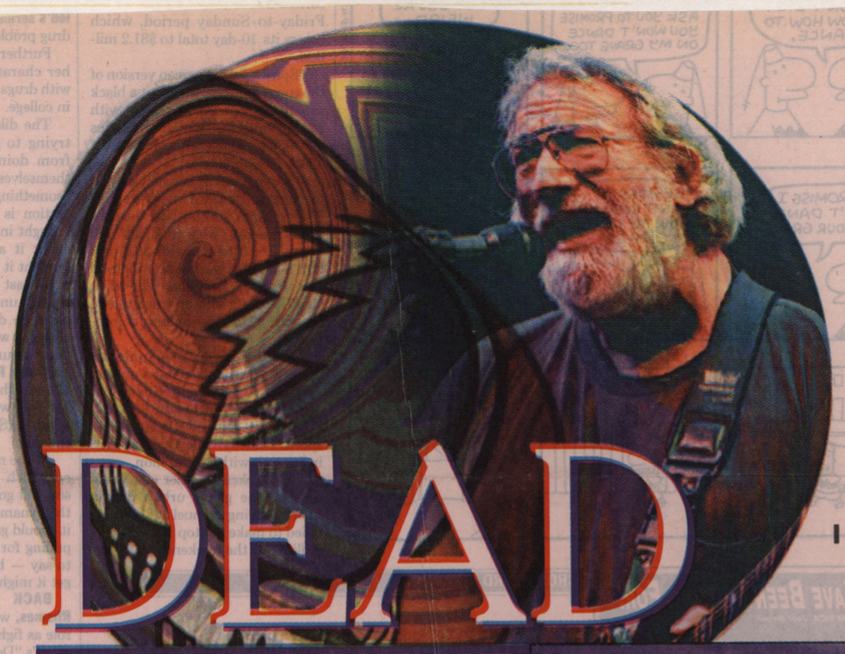
"It was amazing they ever played one show successfully. Each night there were special circumstances and unheard of things asked (of the crew)," Latvala says. "The crew got a bad rap, but they were the interface between Garcia and the rest of the universe."

Latvala chuckles as he compares working for the Grateful Dead with following orders from an organized crime family.

"It's a family operation," he says. "It's not like they'll take your resume for a job. It's like the mob. I served Mafia dons."

DLD910

DLD911



DEAD BUT NOT GONE

Newest archival release covers 1970 concert by the legendary S.F. band

EXAMINER PHOTO ILLUSTRATION

By George Powell
OF THE EXAMINER STAFF

JERRY GARCIA may be nearly two years gone, but the massive legacy of the Grateful Dead continues to mine the vault of the 2,500 concerts the band gave in its 30-year lifespan. If you believe that the Grateful Dead was a vastly overrated band, unable to play anything except psychedelic mush for decades, then read no further, because one record (excuse this old-timer, I mean CD) review won't change any minds.

The merchandising arm of the Grateful Dead has been been extracting items from the vault of live performances even before the group disbanded in the wake of Garcia's death. The latest CD set, "Dick's Picks, Volume 8," is part of a continuing series selected by "intrepid vault archivist" (as he is referred to on the Dead Web site, www.dead.net) Dick Latvala that has covered performances from the 1960s, '70s and '80s.

Volume 8 covers a marathon 5½ hour concert at Harpur College in Binghamton, N.Y., on May 2, 1970 with more than 3 hours of live Dead on three CDs. The ancient cliche "there is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert" has never shown more life than in this performance. The audience, which through the years became even more of a participant, was an intense presence that night, and a brief historical aside can explain why.

That May weekend, colleges and universities across the United States were gripped by a student strike against the sudden U.S. invasion of Cambodia. The continuing turmoil eventually led to the National Guard shooting protesters at Kent State. So the atmosphere was electric, to say the least.

[See DEAD CD, B-5]



"Dick's Pick" *CD offers three hours of music from a much longer concert of familiar Dead songs performed at a New York college show.*

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

◆ *DEAD CD from B-1*

(Grateful) Dead, but not gone

But the Dead, true to form, did not come forth with a slew of political songs — rather they chose on this particular East Coast tour to unveil a new format, "An Evening with the Grateful Dead." The program consisted of an acoustic set, followed by the New Riders of the Purple Sage (a country-tinged group that included Garcia and drummer Mickey Hart from the Dead), and topped off by a kick-out-the-jams electric Dead set.

The 1970s Dead were not the same as the 1990s version, not just because everyone was younger. The 1970 Dead had Ron "Pigpen" McKernan, the alcoholic organist and harmonica player, who gave the band a darker, brooding and bluesy cast before his death in 1972.

For those just catching up with the band as it sounded in its first decade this CD should be a must have. The harmonica work of Pigpen makes for one extended killer version of "Viola Lee Blues" on the third CD, and his rough and ready singing on "Good Lovin" (CD 2) and "It's A Man's World" (CD 3) shows the raw quality that the Dead never quite equalled in the 1980s and '90s.

The all-acoustic first CD is reason enough to purchase the entire package. It combines tunes from the pre-Dead Warlock past ("Beat It On Down The Line," "Don't Ease Me In" and "Deep Elem Blues") with songs from two of their finest, the yet-to-be-released Workingman's Dead and the yet-to-be-recorded America Beauty, "Dire Wolf," "Cumberland Blues," "Friend of the Devil" and "Uncle John's Band" all became concert staples, but were rarely performer as acoustic numbers later in the Dead's career. "Casey Jones" on the second CD became one of the most-performed Dead songs. Also included on the second electric set CD is a fragment of St. Stephen, one of the most requested but little-played items in the Dead's repertoire.

For Dead aficionados, there are the jazzed noodlings, the drums, a really long version of "The Other One" and a lot of Pigpen singing and playing harmonica and organ.

The CD doesn't include any of the New Riders set; it's missing part of "St. Stephen," and only the first CD is in stereo. And yes, other CDs in the first seven Dick's Picks do contain the same songs. But at a live Dead concert, the repetition is still quite different. I think this will be apparent to the casual fan who may want to get educated about the live phenomenon that was a Grateful Dead concert. It's an historical trip well worth the time for both young and old.

Dick's Picks, Volume Eight, $18.50. Available exclusively from Grateful Dead Merchandising.

Dick picks some favorites

- *DP Vol. 2,* **Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 31, 1971:** "This was one of those dives deep down into stuff where I didn't know what to expect, and came up with a jackpot. A pearl. It's a shocker."
- *DP Vol. 3* **(two discs), Pembroke Pines, Fla., May 22, 1977:** "I was there. I came out of that show saying, 'The Dead have gone opera, man' after hearing 'Sunrise.' I didn't [get] a thing that happened. I went through [tapes of] about 10 shows in May of '77, one of their more famous months, half of which I'd heard before, and May 22 was the last one I heard. Right away, I was blown away. . . . I think it tears apart Ithaca. I think it rips it to shreds."
- *DP Vol. 4* **(three discs), Fillmore East, New York, Feb. 13-14, 1970:** A record of one of the performances most coveted by Dead tape-traders. Mostly a Valentine's Day "breakfast" show (introduced by horror-film host Zacherle) memorable for its madcap hippie kids and a supercharged performance. Latvala: "That's just an obvious one."
- *DP Vol. 8* **(three discs), Binghamton, N.Y., May 2, 1970:** Recorded during the height of Vietnam War protests, some of the electricity in the crowd and band was the result of continued bombing in Cambodia. Transitional Dead debuted acoustic, folk-influenced songs to augment their "psychedelic" electric set. Latvala: "That's as good as it ever will get for one show."
- *DP Vol. 10* **(three discs), the Winterland in San Francisco, Dec. 29-30, 1977:** "Just frenetic with aggressive attack, regardless of what notes are hit. There's no concern for 'is everyone keeping up?' They're just flying. It's just electrifying."

— Rip Rense

The Philadelphia Inquirer

Magazine

Lifestyle & Entertainment

Wednesday, March 25, 1998

Section D

Gilbert & Sullivan fete to skip Phila. this year. **D6.**

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SUSANA MILLMAN

Dick Latvala *compiles CDs of Grateful Dead concerts.*

He holds the power to raise the Dead

By Rip Rense
FOR THE INQUIRER

Dick Latvala is the architect of what you might call the afterlife of The Grateful Dead, the band's continuing "tour" via the mail-order-only *Dick's Picks* series of concert CDs. Think of them as Grateful Dead reruns.

"I'm lucky, man. I don't know how I deserve this," said the gravel-voiced Latvala, at home in the Northern California town of Petaluma, ground zero of GD territory. "Who in life can get the *only* possible job he could do? There's nothing else I know how to do. I can chew Doublemint and sit on a couch longer than anyone, but no one's going to pay money for that."

Latvala, 54, is the keeper of the Grateful Dead vault, which in the Deadhead world is roughly equivalent to guarding the Dead Sea Scrolls. The group, which broke up following the 1995 death of lead guitarist Jerry Garcia, was famous not only for allowing fans to tape concerts, but for making its own tapes of its approximately 3,000 performances. Most were simple, two-track "soundboard" affairs, meaning they exist in the same warts-and-all mixes that the engineer chose during each show. And it is from these vault tapes that Dick . . . picks.

"I have an insatiable, unquenchable compulsion to receive the thrills that are inherent in listening

See **DEAD** on D8

'Dick's Picks' resurrect the best of the Grateful Dead

By Rip Rense

Dick Latvala is the Keeper of the Grateful Dead vault, which to Deadheads is roughly equivalent to being the Guard of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

"I'm lucky, man, and I don't know how I deserve this," said the gravel-voiced Latvala, reached at home in Petaluma, near ground zero of GD territory. "Overall, it's a miracle. I consider myself one of the luckiest persons on the planet. Who in life can get the only possible job he could do? There's nothing else I know how to do. I can chew Doublemint and sit on a couch longer than anyone, but no one's going to pay money for that."

Latvala is the 54-year-old architect of what you might call the afterlife of the Grateful Dead, the band's continuing "tour" via the mail-order-only "Dick's Picks" series of vintage concerts on CD. Think of it as Grateful Dead reruns.

"I have an insatiable, unquenchable compulsion to receive the thrills that are inherent in listening to and experiencing Grateful Dead music," declared Latvala, "whether it's live or by tape. That's how I got into tapes, and why it's consumed my whole life. I want to hear every show, because they are all different."

And they are all, or nearly all, on tape. The Dead, which broke up following the 1995 death of guitarist Jerry Garcia, was not only famous for allowing its fans to tape concerts — but for taping most of its own approximately 2,400 performances. Most of these recordings were simple two-track "soundboard" tapes, frozen in the same warts-and-all mixes that engineers produced during each show. And it is from these vault treasures that Dick picks.

Since the first "Dick's Picks" release in 1993 (the Dead's Dec. 19, 1973, concert in Tampa, Fla.), the series has been to die for among the die-hardest Deadheads. The new release, "DP Vol. 10," features dates long held sacred by fans as among the band's performing pinnacles — Dec. 29 and 30, 1977, at Winterland in San Francisco. David Gans, longtime host of the syndicated "Grateful Dead Hour" radio show, says of the concerts, "Many lives were changed that night."

If you haven't heard of Dick's Picks, there's a reason. Each release sells a quick 50,000 units or so without the benefit of publicity, and Latvala likes it that way. In keeping with the Dead organization's (an oxymoron,

See **DEAD** *on Page E-4*

21602

Raising the Dead, on CDs, is a dream job for the keeper of the vault

DEAD from D1

to and experiencing Grateful Dead music," declared Latvala. "That's how I got into tapes, and why it's consumed my whole life. I want to hear every show, because they're all different."

Since the first *Dick's Picks* in 1993 (Dec. 19, 1973, Tampa, Fla.), the series has been essential among die-hard Deadheads. Now Latvala is on the road to a handful of Dead-friendly cities for parties, light shows, concerts and raves to celebrate his latest release, *Dick's Picks Vol. 10*.

The self-described Deadhead ambassador will roll into the Electric Factory on Friday and Saturday. Or maybe it's more accurate to say that the Dead will play Dec. 29 and 30, 1977, at Winterland in San Francisco — at the Electric Factory. Those concert dates, held sacred by fans as being among the band's all-time best performances, comprise the three discs of *DP Vol. 10*.

On Friday, the Winterland performance will be pumped through a sound system loud enough to raise the Dead, you might say, and Latvala promises some surprise selections from the GD vault. And on Saturday, entertainment will be provided by the Dead cover band Splintered Sunlight, longtime Jerry Garcia keyboard sideman Merle Saunders, former Grateful Dead members Donna Jean (Godchaux) MacKay and Tom Constanten, and the band Another Planet.

David Gans, host of the syndicated *Grateful Dead Hour* (heard locally on WXPN-FM Thursdays at 10 p.m.), will be ringmaster both evenings. And the garrulous Latvala will be there, too, carrying on with anyone who wants to talk Dead.

To explain Latvala (pronounced Lat-VAL-uh) is almost as hard as explaining the appeal of the Dead's sometimes sloppy concerts, the mysterious attraction of their songs, and the fascination with Garcia's improvisations. Shortly after earning a bachelor's degree in psychology from San Francisco State in 1966, Latvala decided to dedicate his life to listening to and taping the Dead.

"I'm a hippie. I've never had a job, really, until now," said the Grateful Dead employee whose first encounter with the group came at the legendary 1966 Trips Festival in San Francisco. "Well, I worked for my father as an apprentice carpenter in '69 and washed some dishes in Hawaii, and I drove a taxicab. You could write an article saying that the Grateful Dead saved Dick from a life of crime."



SUSANA MILLMAN

"It's consumed my whole life," *Dick Latvala says of his job as keeper of the Grateful Dead tape vault. That's not a complaint.*

Latvala has probably attended more shows than anyone outside of the guys who played them. To hear him chat with other Dead connoisseurs is to hear a conversation peppered with dates, exclamations of joy and insider code. ("Scarlet/Fire," for example, is the frequently paired "Scarlet Begonias" and "Fire on the Mountain.") And then there's the frequent phrase. "But have you heard . . . ?"

His commentary is like that of a stats-obsessed sports fan. To wit:

"Harpur College should become the standard-setter for what a live show can do. That's as good as it *ever* will get for one show," Latvala said, referring to the half-acoustic May 2, 1970, concert in Binghamton, N.Y., that's captured on *DP Vol. 8*. "I have other periods, of course. . . . 2/28/69 and 3/1/69 — those two nights are *killers*. 11/7 and 11/8/69, when they first went back to the old Fillmore, they nailed it. Those are pretty hard to ignore."

If pressed, Latvala can rattle off the particulars of no fewer than 200 favorite Dead shows, complete with set lists, recording quirks and stand-out songs. After that, he needs to refer to notes.

Selecting the shows for a *DP* release is "torture central," he said — a tussle between his own tastes and the avalanche of requests from Deadheads. To explain his criteria, he returned to the gum analogy:

"Doublemint has a lot of chews in it. It'll last. Juicyfruit and Wrigley's Spearmint will go out real fast, compared to Doublemint. I mean, you can go twice as long on Doublemint! . . . Well, the goal is to find shows that can stand up under repeated listenings and still give you the goods.

"Look, how many movies have you bought? You may rent one, but do you watch it twice? But we listen to musical events 200 times or more and still find new things. That's the kind of show I'm looking for."

Latvala has one other requirement: secrecy. He seeks no publicity for the releases, and the dates to be featured on a *DP* are known only to him until the CD is released. "There aren't enough surprises in the world," he explained.

How did Latvala get to pick? Well, in the world of the Grateful Dead, happenstance is always a good explanation. He became friendly with some of the infamously unfriendly Dead roadies, who were amused by the depth of his knowledge. Eventually he was asked to perform odd jobs — sweeping up, hauling trash, etc. — before graduating to one of the oddest jobs a person could seek: organizing and cataloging the work of a group that thrived on chaos.

"I'm going to write a book, *How I Buffaloed the Dead Into Believing I Know Anything About Them*," he said with a laugh. "My nature melded well enough with everyone so that I was trusted enough over time to do things — being a runner, gopher, peon, whatever. It was pretty humiliating. I paid some heavy dues to get where I am."

The remaining band members leave Latvala, and *DP* production team Jeffrey Norman and John Cutler, to their own devices. (Latvala oversees mono- and two-track concert tapes; bassist Phil Lesh supervises multitrack Dead concert issues for Arista.) And the archivist talked about the vault tapes with Garcia exactly once.

"I said something casual one day, when blowing into Front Street [the Dead's studio in San Rafael, Calif.]. Something about the old tapes and how good they are. And he said, 'Well, you know, someone might do that job [of archiving them], but I certainly won't participate. I don't ever want to hear any of that. . . . All it does is remind me of what I was trying to do!' And I understood what he meant. But, man, that doesn't mean *we* can't get what came down!"

With a new assemblage of ex-Dead members, The Other Ones, planning to play the GD repertoire on tour this summer and Latvala still with roughly 2,990 concerts to pick from, there seems to be a good deal of life left in the old Dead.

"Dick Latvala is thoroughly authentic and utterly passionate," said Grateful Dead publicist Dennis McNally. "He was the ultimate guy for the job, no question about that. And there's lots of tape left. This could go on for a lot of years."

For More Information

■ *Dick's Picks Vol. 10* is available for $18.50, plus shipping, by calling 1-800-225-3323, and through the Internet at http://www.dead.net

■ Tickets to the *Dick's Picks* parties this weekend are $15 for Friday and $22.50 for Saturday; $39 for both nights. Electric Factory is at 421 N. Seventh St. Shows begin at 8 p.m. Information: 215-568-3222.

www.usatoday.com

USA TODAY

Life

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1998

LIFELINE

A QUICK READ ON WHAT PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS: Do Deadheads watch home shopping shows? Find out June 5 (1 a.m. ET; 10 p.m. PT) when Grateful Dead roadie Steve Parish and tape archivist Dick Latvala host *Extreme Shopping* on QVC. It'll be "more of a humor show than a sales show," says Dead publicist Dennis McNally, but the duo *will* pitch items, including Greatful Dead Records' new *Dick's Picks #11*, featuring a previously unreleased concert.

LITERARY HONORS: Herta Muller, a survivor of the Romanian police state, won the $150,000 International IMPAC Dublin Literary Award on Monday for her novel *The Land of Green Plums*. Published in the USA by Henry Holt, it's about young lives of quiet desperation at the height of Ceaucescu's reign of terror. It's the third novel by Muller, who, like one of her characters, emigrated to Germany.

NO SALE: The world of art and auctions is full of amazing stories, not all of them happy. Members of a Navajo community had hoped that selling a massive (28-by-26-foot) handmade rug would raise enough money to save their local health clinic. They were disappointed Tuesday when no bidders emerged at a Sotheby's auction in New York. It took a dozen weavers in the remote northeastern Arizona town of Chilchinbeto 10 months to make the *Little Sister* rug in 1983 and 1984.

SEX ED: Safe-sex lessons for children that emphasize condom use are more effective than those emphasizing abstinence, finds a study in today's *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Researchers divided 659 sixth- and seventh-graders into three groups, each receiving eight hours of health education. One focused on abstinence, one on condom use and a control group on avoiding nonsexual diseases. Twelve months later, 20% of the members of the abstinence group had had recent sex, compared with 16.5% of the condom group and 23.1% of the control group. The abstinence group also reported having more unprotected sex than the condom group.

Written by Michelle Healy from staff and wire reports

DL0913



Marin Theatre Co. succeeds with "The Real Thing" Review on page C4.

Friday LIFESTYLES

– *Movie times, page* **C2**
– *Kid-friendly movie reviews,* **C2**
– *Letters to Ann Landers,* **C3**
– *Pet Planet,* **C3**



PAUL LIBERATORE

The Dead go Bohemian

ADD THIS TO the list of things I thought I'd never live long enough to see: a member of the Grateful Dead, the band that defined the '60s counterculture, belonging to that exclusive, male-only establishment bastion, the Bohemian Club.

It may take some getting used to, but Dead guitarist Bob Weir is a member in such good standing that he provided the after-dinner entertainment this week at the tony Bohemian Club on Nob Hill, inviting bandmate Phil Lesh to accompany him on bass in a brief post-prandial musical review.

I'm told that in consideration of the geezerhood of his fellow Bohemians, Bob was asked to keep his set under an hour so as not to exceed their bladder capacity. I hope he sang "Touch of Gray."

■■■

While members of the Grateful Dead are old enough and respectable enough to be accepted in the Bohemian Club, their Deadhead fans are getting younger and younger.

Five teen-age Deadheads hanging around at the bottom of the driveway to Phil Lesh's Marin home the other day looked so fresh-faced and innocent that Phil's wife, Jill, actually invited them up to meet their idol, who was doing the family laundry at the time.

While signing souvenir T-shirts, Phil was astonished to learn that three of the five were so young that they have become Deadheads since Jerry Garcia's death in 1995, *after* the Grateful Dead ceased to exist as a band.

"They had never even been to a Grateful Dead show," a disbelieving Lesh said. "But they were still Deadheads."

■■■

More evidence that the Grateful Dead are becoming ubiquitous in American culture: A new musical featuring Grateful Dead songs by lyricist Robert Hunter is set to open at the San Jose Stage Company in June with a San Francisco run being discussed for July.

Called "Cumberland Blues" after the song of the same title from the 1971 album "Workingman's Dead," the theater piece, written by award-winning playwright and Deadhead Michael Norman Mann, 31, is not about the Haight-Ashbury or '60s psychedelia or rock music or the Grateful Dead.

Mann, who won a GLAAD (Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation) award for his play "Box 27," about gays in the military, set "Cumberland Blues" among coal miners in Appalachia in the 1930s.

Nineteen songs from "American Beauty" and "Workingman's Dead" make up the score, including "Uncle John's Band," "Friend of the Devil," "Ripple" and "Black Peter," Dead tunes in the folk tradition with lyrics by Hunter and music by Garcia.

Hunter, a Marin resident, wonders if Deadheads will go night after night and follow the show around in the tradition of Grateful Dead concerts. But that doesn't seem likely.

"The play is the opposite of a Grateful Dead concert in that it will be the same every night," says Dead publicist Dennis McNally. "Dead concerts were never the same."



STAR FILE

Dead again: *The Grateful Dead disbanded after the death of Jerry Garcia (third from left), but tapes of the band's concerts live on.*

Dead

Faithful Deadhead is keeper of the archives

Continued from E-1

really) famously unorthodox methods, Latvala not only seeks no publicity for the new releases, he keeps the dates of each new Pick under wraps from even the most demanding Deadheads — until they're released. He's created a kind of exclusive Grateful Dead appreciation society — "Club Dead," if you will. "There aren't," he'll tell you, "enough surprises in the world."

Life's work

To explain Latvala is almost as hard as explaining the allure of the Dead: the appeal of their sometimes slipshod concerts, the Pied Piper attraction their songs have for the more free-spirited, the fascination with Garcia's improvising. Suffice to say that shortly after earning a BA in psychology at San Francisco State, Latvala managed to dedicate his life to hearing, and eventually taping, Dead music — starting with his first encounter with the group at the legendary Trips Festival concert in San Francisco in 1966.

"I'm a hippie. I've never had a job, really, until now," he chuckled. "Well, I worked for my father as an apprentice carpenter in '69 and washed some dishes in Hawaii and drove a taxicab. You could write an article saying that the Grateful Dead saved Dick from a life of crime."

He has probably attended more shows than anyone outside of the guys who played them. To hear him chat with other connoisseurs of this acquired-taste music is to hear a conversation peppered with date references, exclamations of joy, shorthand language ("Scarlet/Fire" refers to "Scarlet Begonias" and "Fire on the Mountain") and the frequent phrase, "but have you heard . . ." Listening to Latvala is like listening to the passionate reminiscence of an ardent baseball fan.

He can, if pressed, rattle off the particulars of no less than 200 favorite Dead shows, complete with set lists, recording quirks, and standout songs. After that, he needs to refer to notes. Selecting the shows for DP releases is what he calls "torture central" — a tussle between his own refined tastes and the avalanche of requests from Deadheads. To explain his criteria for what doth a Dick Pick make, he returned to the gum-chewing analogy.

"Doublemint has a lot of chews in it. It'll last. Juicy Fruit and Wrigley's Spearmint will go out really fast, compared to Doublemint. I mean, you can go twice as long on Doublemint. It's really lasting. Well, the goal is to find shows that can stand up under repeated listenings and still give you the goods. Look, how many movies have you bought? You may rent one, but do you watch it twice? But we listen to musical events 200 times, or more, and still find new things. That's the kind of show I'm looking for."

How did Dick get to pick? Well, in the world of the Grateful Dead, happenstance is always a good explanation. Latvala became friendly with some of the infamously unfriendly Dead roadies in 1979; seems they got a kick out of his concert expertise. Eventually, he performed odd jobs — sweeping up,

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DL0914

DL0915

DAILY NEWS • Thursday, June 4, 1998



A TOUCH OF GREEN OR UNCLE JOHN'S BRAND: The show will be broadcast, 1-2 a.m. Saturday, from the Grateful Dead Vault in San Francisco. This photo is from the mid-'80s.

Now on QVC, Dead Air

Buy Jerry Garcia & Co. CDs on late-night cable

LATE TOMORROW NIGHT, somewhere between the cubic zirconium and limited-edition commemorative dolls, the **Grateful Dead** becomes the latest member of the QVC television family.

QVC is the Quality and Value Channel, one of the twin towers of TV shopping.

The Dead are one of rock 'n' roll's legendary cult bands, whose concert following was so large and loyal, it thrived for more than a quarter century while barely even recording.

They just let fans tape the shows and swap 'em.

The Dead has long merchandised its own stuff, but it never had corporate sponsors, and in general it was about as free of commercial encumbrances as any major band could be.



DAVID HINCKLEY
SHORT CUTS

Which is why spokesman **Dennis McNally** admits "there were eyebrows raised" when the QVC deal was cut.

For the record, the show will be broadcast live, 1-2 a.m. Saturday, from the Grateful Dead Vault in San Francisco. That's where the band stores the tapes from 2,300 shows back to 1969, and the musical hook is that Dick Latvala, the Dead's archivist, will reveal the contents for volume 11 of "Dick's Picks," a series of unenhanced two-track CDs from famous Dead shows.

Ironically, it's the fact the Dead does nice things like Dick's Picks that makes some fans consider the QVC gig a trifle tacky.

McNally has two answers.

First, "Our aim is to sell music. This is a way to sell music. QVC is not involved except as a vehicle for doing that."

Second, quoting the late Dead guitarist **Jerry Garcia** after he licensed his solo music for a **Cher** perfume ad: "F--- 'em if they can't take a joke."

"Dead fans have very definite ideas what should and shouldn't be done," says McNally. "When the band sang the national anthem at a Giants game, we got angry calls asking how they could endorse music of imperialism.

"On one of the Dick's Picks, the show included a version of 'Chinatown Shuffle,' which the band only performed a couple of times. So collectors wanted it. But it was a really bad recording, and to include it would have meant adding a third CD to the package — with five minutes of not very good music. We left it off, and some fans are still mad at us."

So any QVC debate, says McNally, is minor stuff. "It's a way to sell music, that's all. If it works, we might do it again."

The QVC deal underscores how the August 1995 death of Garcia, while it ended the live shows, hardly dented the Dead biz.

The Dick's Picks sell about 50,000 copies apiece in their first year, says McNally — a figure that most archival issues can only dream about. The Dead-inspired Furtherfest hits the road this month with a band that includes Dead members **Bob Weir**, **Mickey Hart**, **Phil Lesh** and pal **Bruce Hornsby**. It gets to Continental Arena on June 29.

Meanwhile, Holt has just published "The Deadhead's Taping Compendium," volume one, a well-informed 600-page book by **Michael Getz** and **John Dwork** that covers 1959-74, show by show.

Okay, so maybe authors that obsessive need a life. Maybe they should put down the book and tune in QVC.

Dead

Roughly 2,990 concerts are left to choose from

Continued from E-4

hauling trash — before graduating to one of the oddest jobs a person could seek: organizing and cataloging the work of a group that thrived on, and survived in spite of, chaos.

"I'm going to write a book, 'How I Buffaloed the Dead into Believing I Know Anything About Them,' " he laughed. "The idea certainly was not mine. I can't stand this attention, almost. My picture on a CD of Grateful Dead music — if you told me that 10, 20 years ago, man, it's not something I would be drawn toward. My nature melded well enough with everyone so that I was trusted enough over time to do things — being a runner, gofer, peon, whatever. It was pretty humiliating. I paid some heavy dues to get where I am.

"And a major part of it is I'm anal retentive. I'm real organized. I have a compulsion to put things in order. I don't have a spotlessly clean house — nothing paranoid. But I do vacuum. I do the dishes. I do not like to see tapes mislabeled. I do not like to see any chaos, and there was nothing but chaos in the Dead's vault. Until we moved it to a new home. And I'm proud to say I was in total charge of it."

The remaining band members leave Latvala, and DP production team Jeffrey Norman and John Cutler, to their own devices. (Bassist Phil Lesh supervises only multitrack Dead concert issues for Arista. The archivist talked about the vault tapes with the late Garcia exactly once:

"I said something casual one day, when blowing into Front Street (the Dead's studio). Something about the old tapes, and how good they are. And he said, 'Well, you know, someone might do that job, but I certainly won't participate. I don't ever want to hear any of that s---. All it does is remind me of what I was trying to do.' And I understood what he meant. But man, that doesn't mean we can't get what came down."

With news that a new band of ex-Dead members, The Other Ones, is set to tour this summer — playing the GD repertory — plus the fact that Latvala has roughly 2,990 concerts by the Grateful Dead left to pick from, well, there seems to be a good deal of life in the old Dead yet.

"Dick Latvala," said Grateful Dead publicist Dennis McNally, "is thoroughly authentic and utterly passionate. He was the ultimate guy for the job. No question about that. And there's lots of tape left. This could go on for a lot of years."

RIP RENSE, a Los Angeles-based writer, has followed the Dead for nearly two decades.

An open archive for grateful Deadheads

Dick's favorite picks:

■ **"DP Vol. 2"** (one disc): Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 31, 1971: "Absolutely," says Dick Latvala. "This was one of those dives deep down into stuff where I didn't know what to expect, and came up with a jackpot. A pearl. It's a shocker."

■ **"DP Vol. 3"** (two discs): Pembroke Pines, Fla., May 22, 1977: "I was there. I came out of that show saying the Dead have gone opera, man, after hearing 'Sunrise.' I didn't hear a thing that happened. I went through about 10 shows in May of '77, one of their more famous months, half of which I had heard before. And May 22 was the last one I heard. And right away, I was blown away. The quality and performance was better. And I think it tears apart, Ithaca. I think it rips it to shreds."

■ **"DP Vol. 4"** (three discs): Fillmore East, Feb. 13-14, 1970: Mostly a Valentine's Day "breakfast" show full of madcap hippie kids and supercharged performance; one of the all-time most coveted Dead performances.

■ **"DP Vol. 8"** (three discs): Binghamton, N.Y., May 20, 1970: Recorded during the height of anti-Vietnam protests. Some of the electricity in the crowd and band is obviously due to the ongoing the bombing of Cambodia. Transitional Dead, debuting acoustic fold-influenced songs to augment their "psychedelic" electric set.

■ **"DP Vol. 10"** (three discs): Latvala had a Grateful Dead T-shirt bought at this concert turned into a pillow. Perhaps that's all one needs to know.

■ **"DP Vol. 10"** ($22 including shipping) and the entire "Dick's Picks" series may be ordered through **www.dead.net** or (800) CALDEAD.

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