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JERRY GARCIA

What A Long Strange Trip It Was

JERRY:

The Man
The Music
The Magic

Deadheads Remember

History of the Dead

Display until December 19, 1995

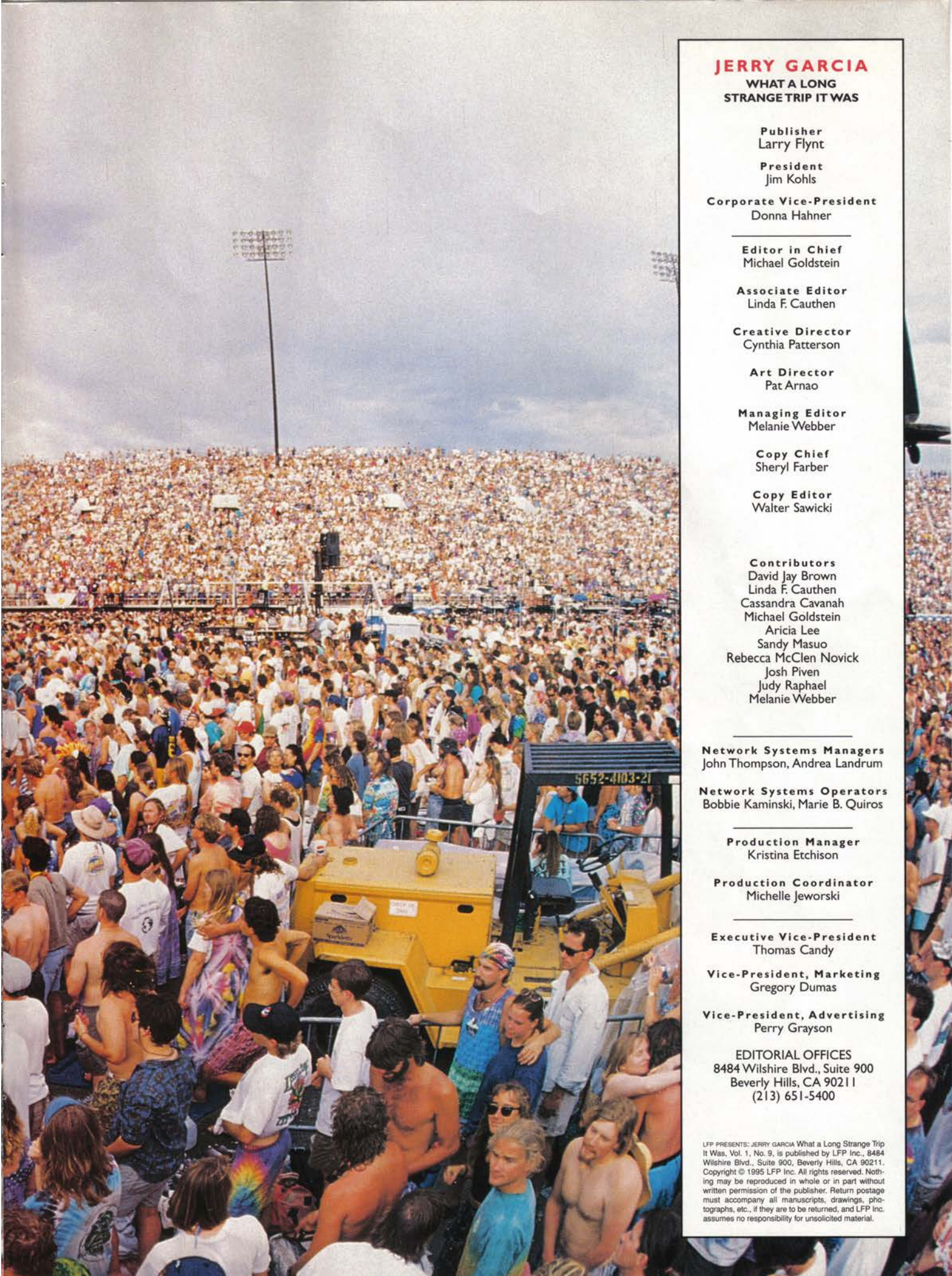
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JERRY GARCIA

**WHAT A LONG
STRANGE TRIP IT WAS**

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Michael Goldstein

Associate Editor
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Copy Editor
Walter Sawicki

Contributors
David Jay Brown
Linda F. Cauthen
Cassandra Cavanah
Michael Goldstein
Aricia Lee
Sandy Masuo
Rebecca McClen Novick
Josh Piven
Judy Raphael
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Network Systems Operators
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Production Manager
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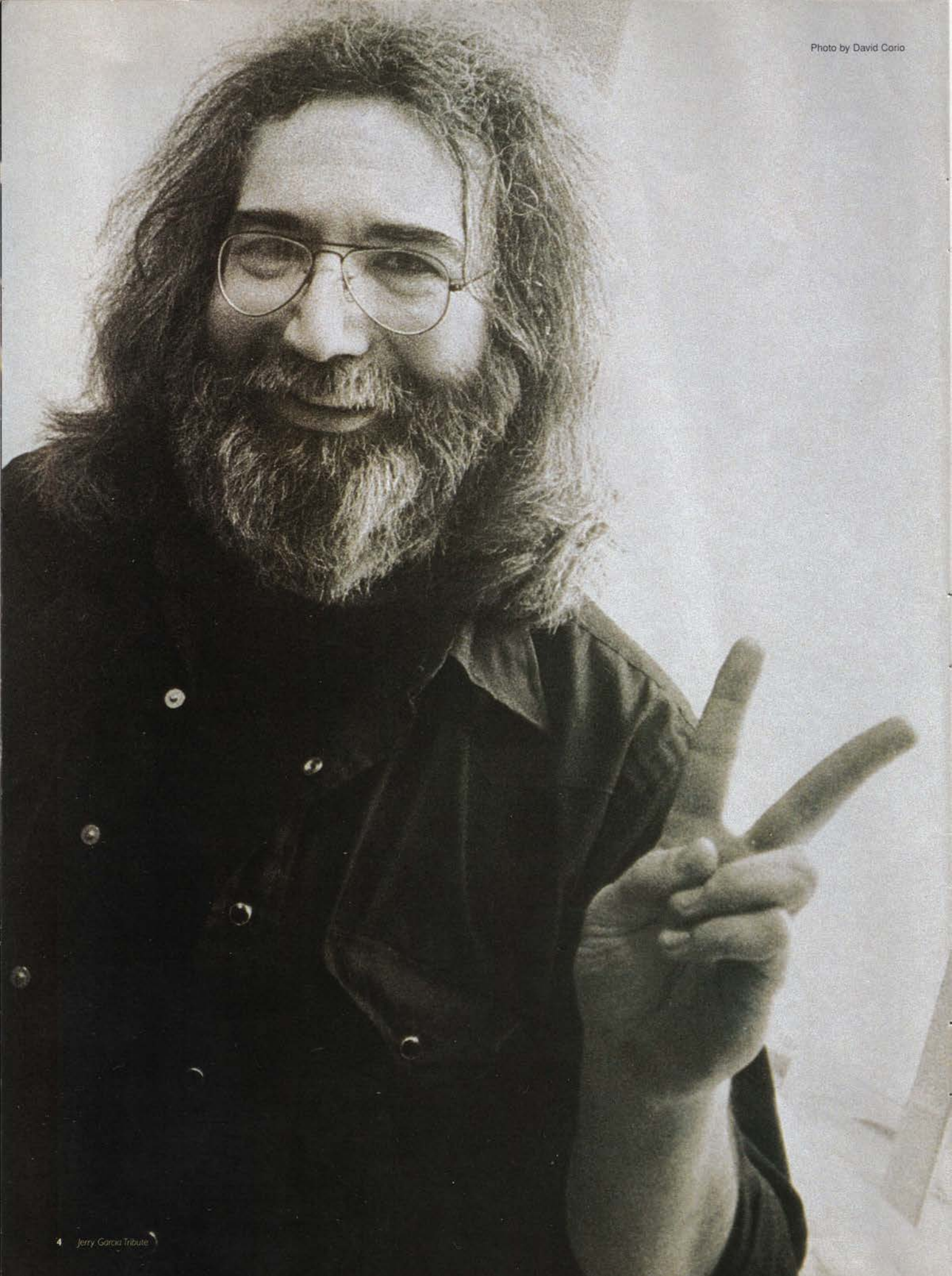
Executive Vice-President
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Vice-President, Marketing
Gregory Dumas

Vice-President, Advertising
Perry Grayson

EDITORIAL OFFICES
8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900
Beverly Hills, CA 90211
(213) 651-5400

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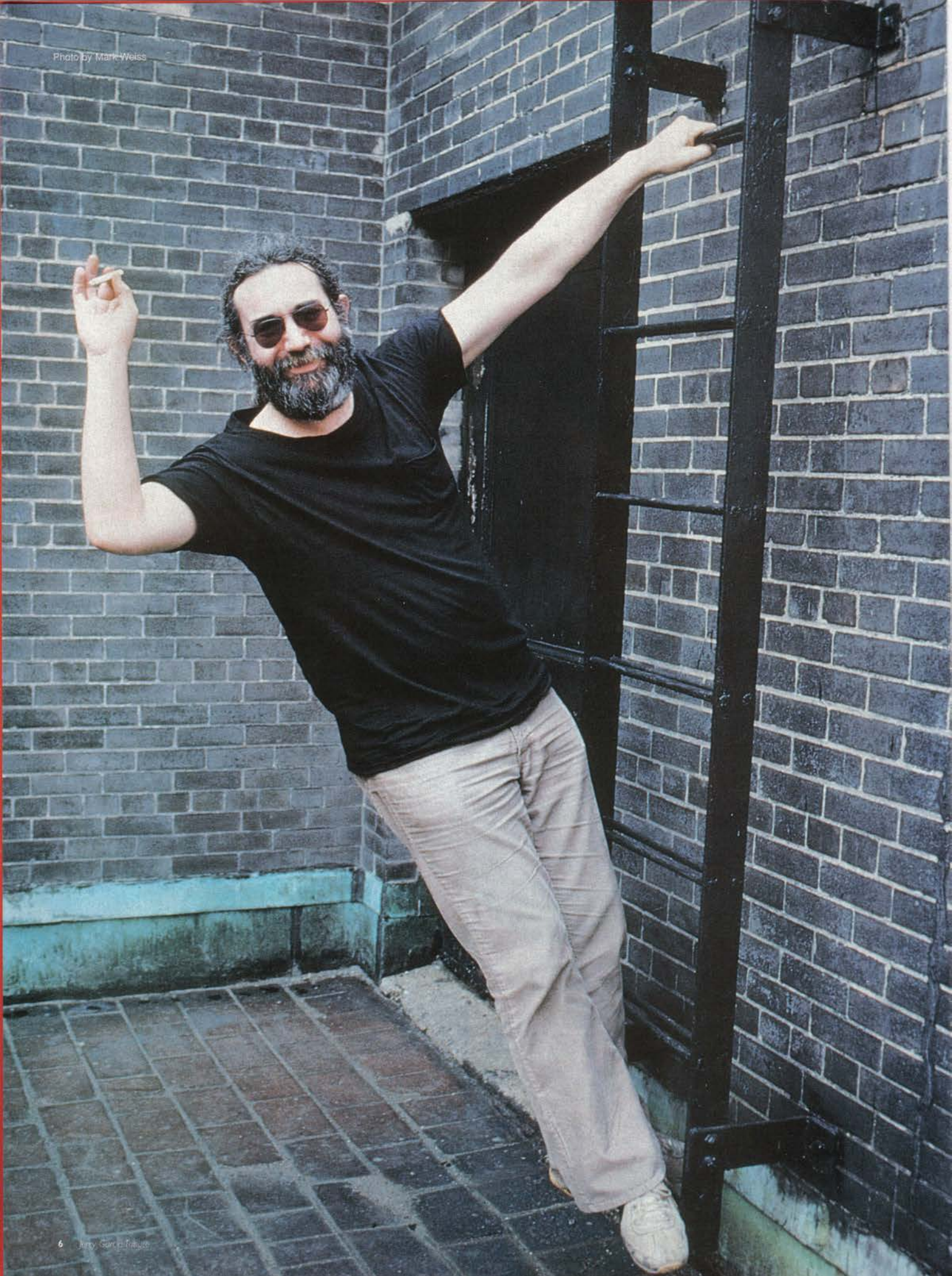
JERRY GARCIA WHAT A LONG STRANGE TRIP IT WAS

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Photo by Peter Figin



JERRY'S GONE

Jerry's gone. It's hard to carry on.

But Deadheads will get by. Despite their name, the Grateful Dead are all about life. And how can someone who's larger than life really die?

The big friendly bear of a man with wisdom in his eyes who sang and played for us is gone, but he's left behind much more than memories.

Millions of people were touched by his spirit, from the twirling tie-dyed teenagers who magically appeared anew each spring for 30 years to the "grown-up" veterans who came to the concerts for a healing touch of magic. Often, two or even three generations of fans came to hear the music.

Indeed, "there is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert." Couples make love, babies are born, life-long friendships are made, and sometimes, like in Las Vegas last May, people wearing top hats and crowns of flowers get married at the show.

Once made, the Dead connection won't be broken even by death. Bob Weir, in tears, told a New Hampshire concert crowd on August 9th that Jerry Garcia's life was "a blessing for all of us." Then he went out and played a set with his band for the sold-out crowd. As he told the audience, "Good music can make bad times better."

I went to my first Grateful Dead concert in Englishtown, New Jersey, in 1973, when I was 16. I went to my last at the Los Angeles Sports

Arena in December 1994, when I was 37. Dead concerts are moments that have marked my life, like they've marked the lives of so many others.

When I tried out for my high school chorus, I sang "Box of Rain."

At Haight and Ashbury streets in San Francisco, streets the Dead helped make famous for the Summer of Love, hundreds of fans gathered as news spread of Garcia's death. Some made a memorial, others placed flowers, and one girl simply chanted, "Jerry, we remember."

Guitarist Carlos Santana said he took comfort in thinking that Garcia's spirit was now joining artists like Jimi Hendrix, Marvin Gaye "and other greats who have left us much too soon." Jefferson Starship guitarist Craig Chaquico said, "I guess right now Bill Graham is asking Jerry if he has the right stage pass!"

And in a gesture that surely would have made Jerry laugh, Mayor Frank Jordan ordered San Francisco city flags to fly at half-staff in his honor.

When he died, the papers said, "Garcia... had a history of drug use, weight problems and poor health." That's like saying, "It's your fault that you're dead." Many of us fight the same demons, and ultimately, all of us lose the battle with death. That doesn't make it any less of a tragedy.

John Donne wrote, "Each man's death diminishes me." We're all diminished by Jerry's passing, but we can take comfort in the music he left behind and in the lives he touched.

We will get by.

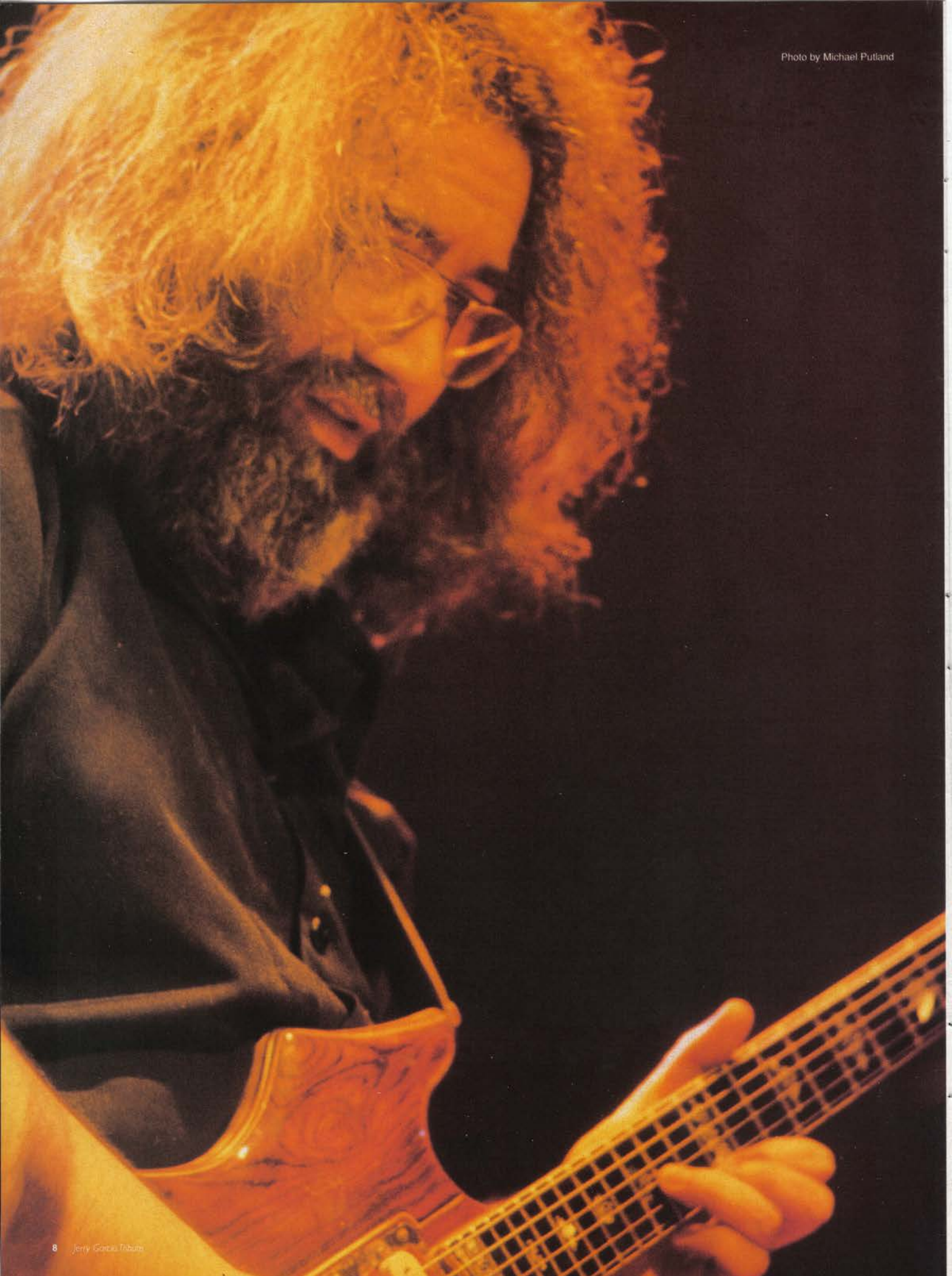
We will survive.

Because Dead fans will remember.

And because love is love.

Not fade away.

—Michael Goldstein



**WHY HIS SPIRIT,
MUSIC AND MAGIC
WILL LIVE ON.**

JERRY GARCIA THE GOLDEN ROAD

BY DAVID JAY BROWN AND REBECCA MCCLLEN NOVICK

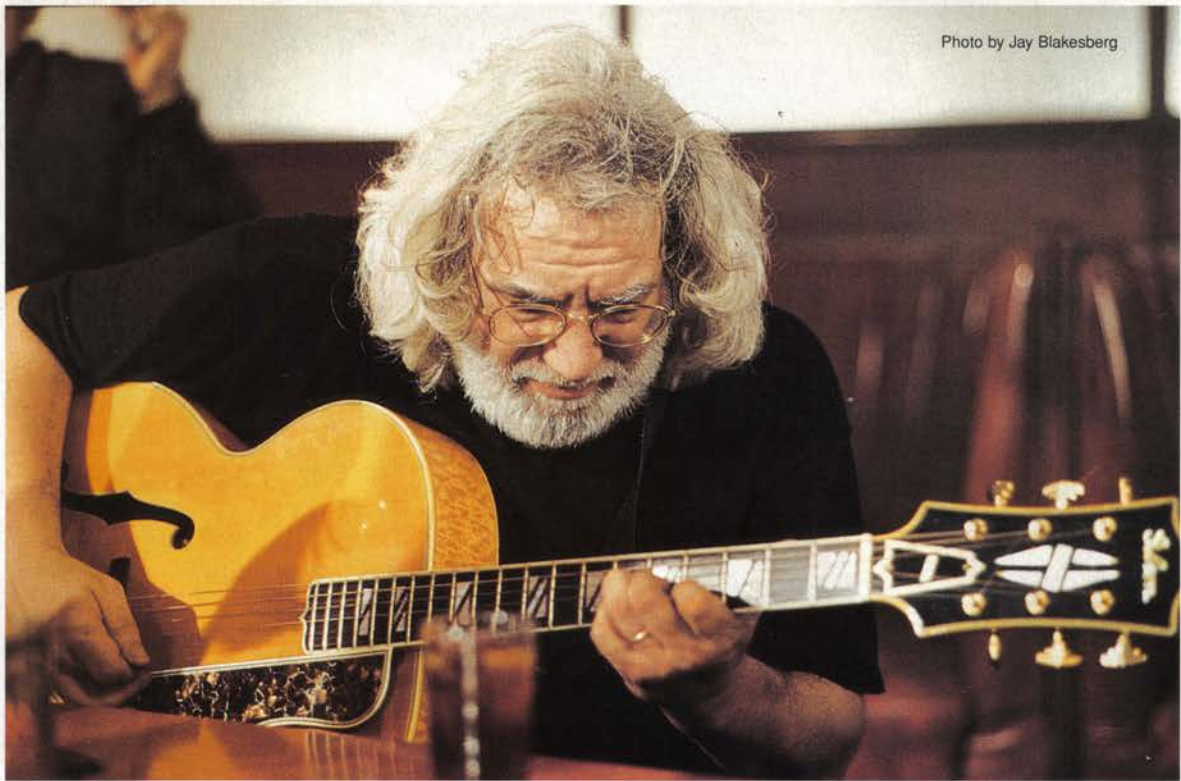
When you have had a street named in your honor, then you can congratulate yourself on a certain notoriety, but when you have had an ice cream flavor named after you, that's the kind of recognition that dreams are made of.

Jerry Garcia, whose enormously prolific musical career spanned more than three decades, was many things to many people. To some he was simply a great musician, to others he was virtually a supernatural being with divine (or at least extraterrestrial) status.

Part of the magic of the Grateful Dead, said Jerry when we interviewed him in 1994 at the Grateful Dead office in San Rafael, California, was that the band had always avoided defining any part of itself. In not defining itself, the band became whatever the audience wanted it to be.

The Grateful Dead were one of the most successful bands in rock 'n' roll history, yet they had only one hit single (1987's "Touch of Grey"). It wasn't their hundred or so albums that people remember them for so much as their live shows.

Dead concerts were shamanic voyages into a trick-mirror Wonderland where anything could happen (and often did). And Garcia, known to some as Captain Trips, was a prime force behind the music—and the experience.



Dark Star

One of Jerry's musical trademarks, reflected in the style of the Grateful Dead as a whole, was that he never played the same song the same way twice. Repetition was anathema to him, and he was continually experimenting and improvising, never letting the dust settle on his creativity.

Jerry's tinkling glass guitar had the ability to whip up your mind like a meringue, and let you lick off your fingers afterwards. Like a maternal roller coaster, it shook you up, made you laugh and scream—but always kept you cushioned, safe and on the rails.

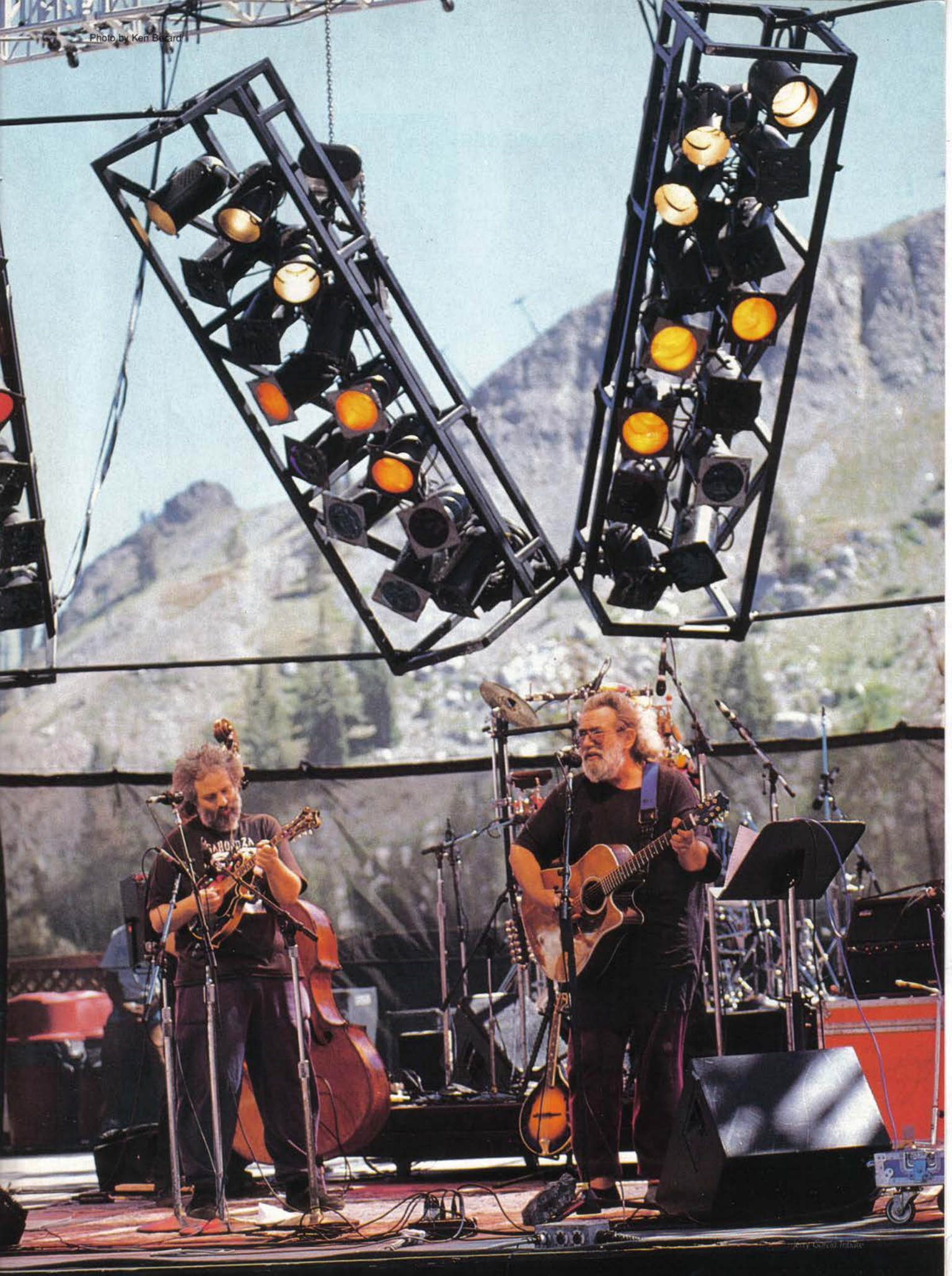
Jerry's passing into the next world truly marks the end of an era. The concerts kept alive a '60s spirit of peace, love and tie-dyed optimism. It's hard to imagine where all that Dionysian energy will go. Grateful Dead concerts were one of the few venues of spontaneous group expression. As Jerry told us, "There is a human drive to celebrate, and we provide ritual celebration in a society that doesn't have much of it."

Music and Spirit

Fans the world over mourned upon hearing the news of Jerry's death on August 9th. It provided a chance for the world to see who Deadheads really are—colorful and eclectic groups of people joined in spirit with a common love for a man who gave them music reflecting their hopes, fears and passions. Sharing a special relationship with his audience, Jerry was loved by millions.

He described the extreme expressions of devotion that flowed from some of his fans as "a little silly." But it was his humorous, father-like tolerance that fans adored. It was clear that he also had a deep affection for them when he would say warmly, "Deadheads are very kind."

When we interviewed him, he came across as humble, wise and self-effacing. There was something strangely familiar about him. Despite his superstar status, being around him felt comfortable. The idea of his own fame seemed to amuse him. "I'm kind of like a good ol' celebrity. It's hard to take the fame seriously, and I don't think anybody wants me to. Fame is an illusion," he told us.



“IT’S HARD TO TAKE THE FAME SERIOUSLY, AND I DON’T THINK ANYBODY WANTS ME TO.”

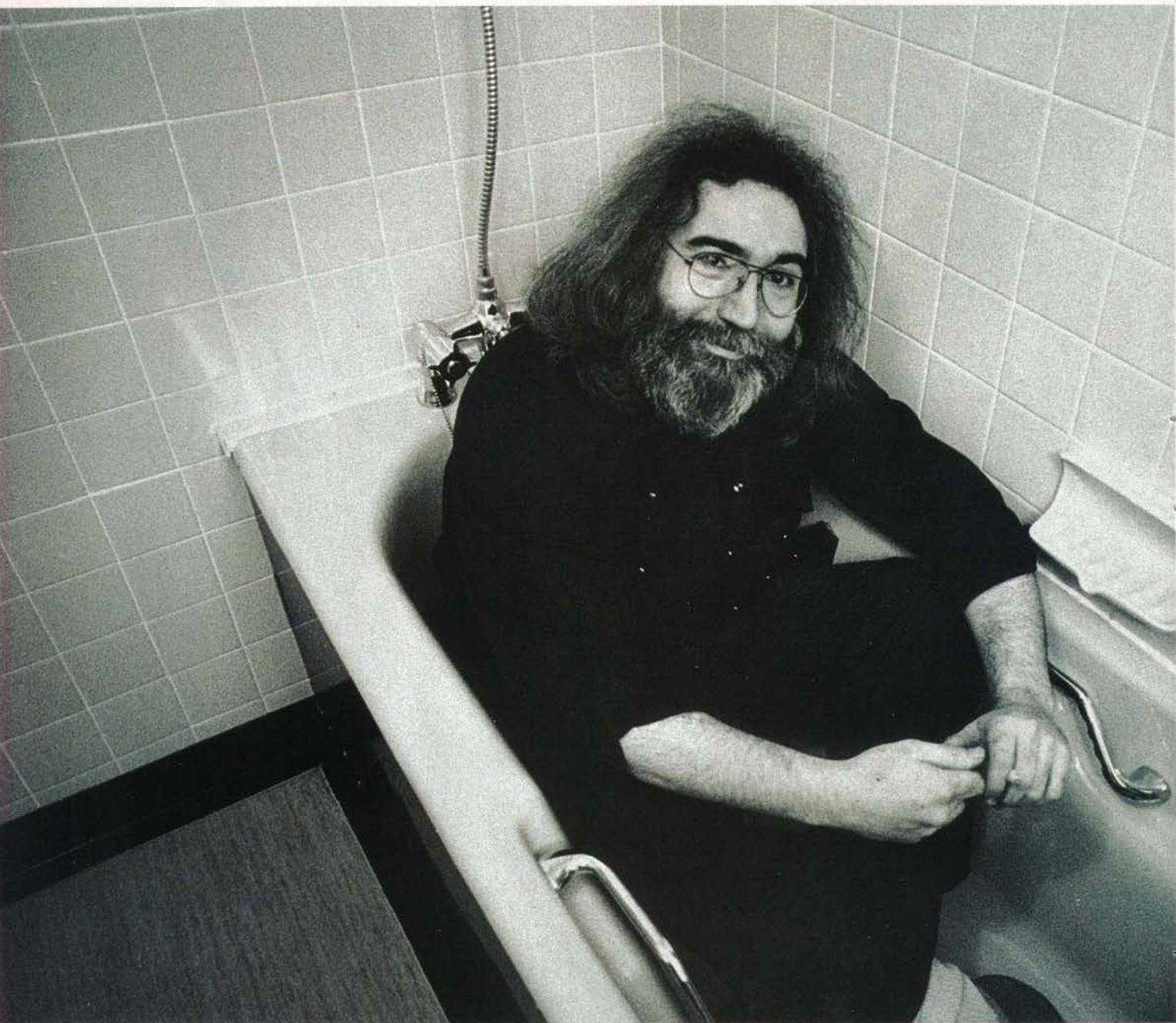




Photo by David Corio

Captain Trips

Jerry Garcia began playing with the Grateful Dead in the early '60s, and he developed his improvisational style at the infamous Acid Tests in California, where the Grateful Dead were often the house band. The Grateful Dead and LSD were a potent combination, and there has always been an intimate association between psychedelics and the band. Jerry Garcia claimed that his introduction to psychedelics was "probably the single most significant event in my life."

Millions upon millions of people went to shows tripping on acid, and band members themselves were often known to perform under the influence. To many, the shows were rites of passage, an environment in which to enter altered states and push open the doors of reality a little wider.

Jerry described the band's role as being something like psychic doormen. "We're a conduit," he told us, "but we're not responsible for what comes through it." What came through, when the gods were smiling, had the potential to truly transform, and a lot of people had profound life-changing experiences at the shows. Joseph Campbell, the acclaimed mythologist, went as far as describing Grateful Dead shows as "the antidote to the atom bomb."

Knockin' On Heaven's Door

Jerry Garcia was only 53 when he died, but he packed more living into those years than most people do in a hundred. He told us that he was not afraid to die. Humorlessness frightened him more than death. At Grateful Dead shows, images of mortality were never far away. The rose-wreathed skulls and dancing cabaret skeletons were there to remind us that the big D was not to be taken too seriously.

Jerry was optimistic about humanity's future, and he believed that there is a universal drive toward consciousness. He told us that he thought the goal of evolution was to bring the "big mind and the little mind" closer together.

Those who loved him and his music feel that Jerry helped to do just that. Jerry really believed that music could make hard times easier, and he brought a lot of upbeat positive energy into many people's lives for many years.

He was the midwife to countless visionary quests—a pied piper of synchronistic journeys through the collective imagination. Yet when we asked whether he thought of himself as a guide, Jerry replied with typical modesty, "It's a knack . . . It doesn't require competence, it only requires the gesture."

It was this gesture he made, with all its magical generosity, for which his fans will always be grateful. Ironically, when we asked Jerry about his thoughts on life after death, he replied that he thought consciousness "probably dies with the body." One thing is for sure, although the whereabouts of Jerry Garcia's soul may remain a mystery, his music and spirit will certainly live on for a long time to come.

David Jay Brown and Rebecca McClen Novick are coauthors of Mavericks of the Mind. Their new book, Voices From the Edge (Crossing Press; (800) 777-1048), includes an extensive interview with Jerry Garcia.



San Francisco,
1967

THE LIFE AND TIMES

of the GRATEFUL DEAD

ACROSS TIME
AND SPACE, IT'S
BEEN A LONG
STRANGE TRIP
INDEED.

BY MICHAEL
GOLDSTEIN

Look at the picture. Haight-Ashbury, 1967. Look at how young and innocent they were—and we were.

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times," wrote Charles Dickens. For America over the last 30 years, it too has been the best of times, and the worst of times, with the music of the Dead playing in the background.

Perhaps that's why the alternate title of *American Beauty is American Reality*. Perhaps that's why the Dead can sing about arrests and injustice, about busts and bad deals going down, about ecstasy and spirituality, about "Dancing in the Streets" and "Good Lovin'."

There's always been a little magic associated with the Dead, right down to the tale of how Garcia plucked their name straight out of a dictionary. "Grateful Dead" refers to a folk tale about people mistreating a corpse of a man who died without paying his debts. A traveler gives his last penny to pay the dead man's debts. Later a mysterious companion helps the traveler gain a fortune. It turns out to be the grateful corpse.

Life and Times

The life and times of the Grateful Dead have been our life and times. For 30 years the Dead have played dual roles, as improvisational musicians and as messengers of peace in a violent era.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1939

World War II begins

MARCH 15, 1940

Phil Lesh, Grateful Dead bass player and singer, born

JUNE 23, 1941

Robert Hunter, Grateful Dead lyricist, born

DECEMBER 7, 1941

Attack on Pearl Harbor; U.S. enters WWII

AUGUST 1, 1942

Jerry Garcia, Grateful Dead guitarist and singer, born

SEPTEMBER 11, 1943

Mickey Hart, Grateful Dead drummer, born

JUNE 6, 1944

D day; Liberation of Europe begins

AUGUST 6, 1945

Atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima

AUGUST 14, 1945

Japan surrenders; World War II ends

AUGUST 22, 1945

Donna Jean Godchaux, Grateful

Dead vocalist, born

SEPTEMBER 8, 1945

Ron McKernan, Grateful Dead vocalist and harmonica player, born

MAY 7, 1946

Bill Kreutzmann, Grateful Dead drummer, born

The Dead at a press conference after a 1967 arrest for marijuana



SUMMER 1946

Jerry's brother Tiff accidentally cuts off half of Jerry's middle finger

OCTOBER 16, 1947

Bob Weir, Grateful Dead guitarist and singer, born

JUNE 21, 1948

Berlin Airlift begins; height of Cold War

JULY 19, 1948

Keith Godchaux, Grateful Dead keyboard player, born

JUNE 25, 1950

North Korean troops invade South; Korean War begins

FEBRUARY 2, 1951

Vince Welnick, Grateful Dead keyboardist and vocalist, born

OCTOBER 21, 1952

Brent Mydland, Grateful Dead keyboardist and vocalist, born

NOVEMBER 1952

Dwight D. Eisenhower elected President

JUNE 19, 1953

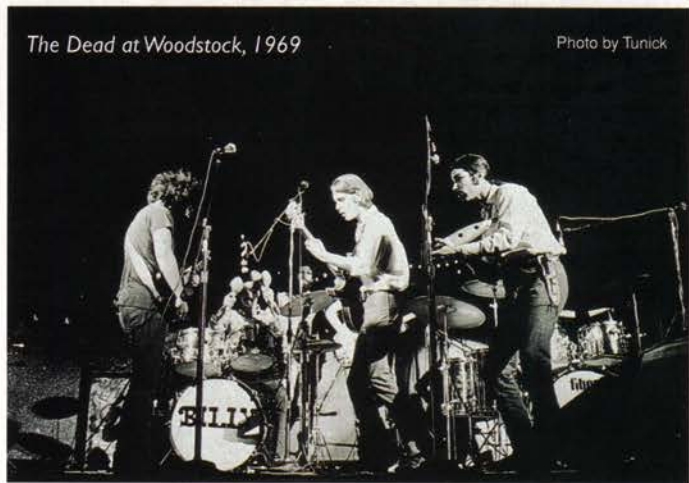
Ethel and Julius Rosenberg executed at Sing Sing for spying for U.S.S.R.

NOVEMBER 25, 1954

Bruce Hornsby, solo artist and Grateful Dead keyboardist, born

1960-61

Eighteen-year-old Jerry Garcia discharged from army; meets Robert Hunter. They play folk music in Bay Area as Bob & Jerry

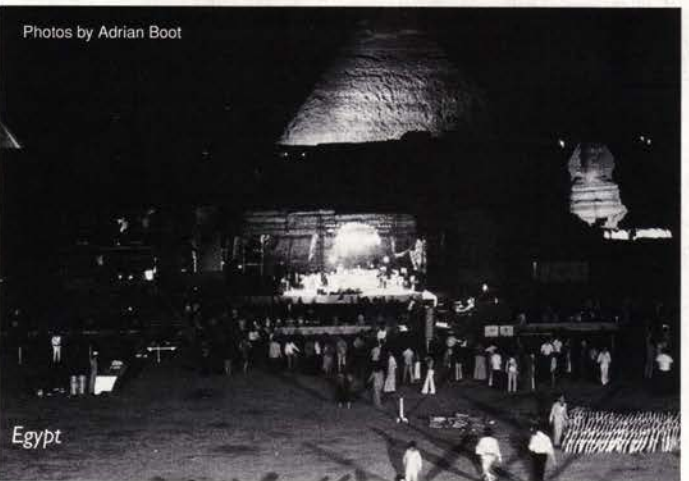


The Dead at Woodstock, 1969

Photo by Tunick



Egypt



Photos by Adrian Boot

Egypt

NOVEMBER 1960

John F. Kennedy elected President

NOVEMBER 22, 1963

Kennedy assassinated in Dallas

DECEMBER 31, 1963

Weir and Garcia meet at Dana Morgan's Music store

1964

Birth of Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions jug band

1964

Garcia and friends start drug experimentation with Merry Prankster Ken Kesey

FEBRUARY 1964

Beatles start first U.S. tour; have five

top singles by April

AUGUST 7, 1964

Gulf of Tonkin Resolution expands U.S. involvement in Vietnam War

FEBRUARY 1965

The Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. and 2,600 others arrested in Selma, Alabama

APRIL 1965

Mother McCree's becomes the Warlocks and goes electric

AUGUST 1965

Watts riots; 34 die in Los Angeles

NOVEMBER 1965

Garcia thumbs through dictionary, finds phrase "Grateful Dead"



The Dead guesting on Tom Snyder's TV show

A quick glance at our timeline will show that most of the Dead were born during World War II, children during Korea, young adults throughout Vietnam and the civil rights struggle, mature adults during the war against Iraq.

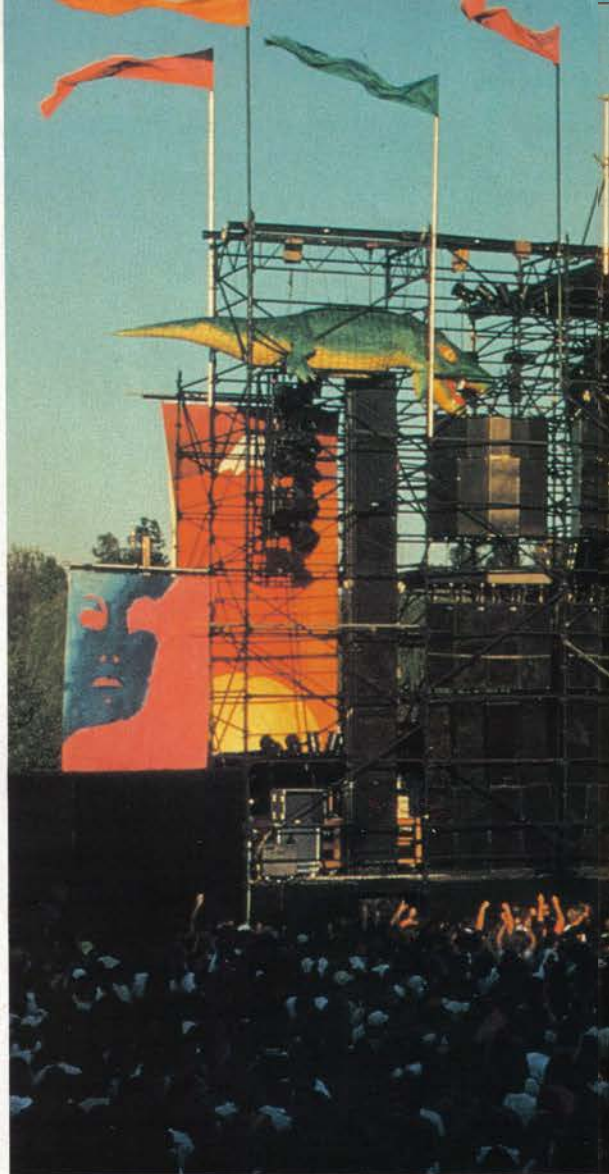
Or consider that the Dead's long run began when LSD was legal, and has continued into today's "Just Say No" environment. Or that the millions of Baby Boomers who grew up with the Dead, and boogied with them at colleges across America, now have families, mortgages, potbellies and more than a "touch of gray."

Winter and Summer

It's been a long strange trip, across time and space. The Dead have toured America for 30 winters and 30 summers, accumulating three generations of fans. Their long road has taken them from the streets of San Francisco to Europe, the Woodstock festival, the Great Pyramid in Egypt and, last year, to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

Yet the Dead always returned to the city by the Bay. Jerry may have flown far on the wings of his guitar, but he always stayed grounded in San Francisco, where he was born, he lived, and, not far away, he died.

From their beginnings as the psychedelic house band for the Acid Test and the Trips Festival through their evolution into one of the most important acts in the history of rock 'n' roll, the Grateful Dead were always part of a larger community.



DECEMBER 1965

Acid Test—band plays first show as Grateful Dead

SEPTEMBER 1966

Grateful Dead move to 710 Ashbury Street in San Francisco

OCTOBER 1966

California legislature makes use of LSD a crime

JANUARY 1967

Band plays at Be-In, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco

JUNE 28, 1967

Dead play Monterey Pop festival

SUMMER 1967

Summer of Love, Haight-Ashbury, San Francisco

APRIL 1968

Martin Luther King assassinated

JUNE 1968

Robert Kennedy assassinated

NOVEMBER 1968

Richard Nixon elected President

SUMMER 1969

Moon landing; Dead are part of

Woodstock festival

JANUARY 1970

Band arrested for marijuana in New Orleans, immortalized with the line "Busted on Bourbon Street" from "Truckin'"

MAY 4, 1970

Kent State shootings; four students killed



Chet Helms, producer of the Family Dog shows at the Avalon Ballroom and now an art gallery owner, said, "They lived in the Haight; you could walk up to their door, and if you had a good enough rap, you could get in. They were key figures in the free things that happened in the park, as was the Family Dog." The Dead house in the Haight was approachable to all. "They lived right down the street," remembers writer Judy Raphael. That sense of community continued through their long careers.

The Summer of Love may have been replaced with the

long winter of AIDs, but the music of the Dead was always uplifting. At the center of the circle stood Jerry Garcia, the heart and soul of the Grateful Dead. While the Dead may not have been Uncle John's Band, Jerome John Garcia's soaring solos, his singing, and above all his conciliatory personality, helped keep it all together. Helms says, "Jerry's wonderful quality was that he had the ability to be a conflict resolver, a Solomon-like figure. He could tease, humor and cajole, and get people to get along with each other. He was very generous of spirit."

DECEMBER 1972

Christmas bombing of Vietnam

MARCH 8, 1973

Pigpen (Ron McKernan) dies of cirrhosis of the liver

MARCH 29, 1973

U.S. POWs released, effectively ending U.S. war in Vietnam

JULY 28, 1973

Dead play to more than half a million at Watkins Glen festival

FEBRUARY 1974

Patty Hearst kidnapped by Symbionese Liberation Army

AUGUST 1974

Nixon resigns under threat of impeachment

1974-76

Dead temporarily disband; members pursue outside projects

JUNE 1977

Grateful Dead movie comes out

AUGUST 16, 1977

Elvis Presley dies

SEPTEMBER 1978

Grateful Dead play three concerts at the Great Pyramid in Egypt

FEBRUARY 1979

Keith and Donna Godchaux play their last Dead show

JULY 1980

Keith Godchaux dies in car crash



Jerry and his art

NOVEMBER 1980

Ronald Reagan elected President

DECEMBER 8, 1980

John Lennon murdered

JANUARY 18, 1981

U.S. hostages freed in Iran after 400-plus days of captivity

MARCH 30, 1981

President Reagan wounded by gunman John Hinckley

OCTOBER 1981

European Tour includes concert at Amsterdam's Milky Way hash bar

OCTOBER 1984

Session for "tapers" to record Dead concerts introduced

JANUARY 18, 1985

Jerry Garcia arrested for freebasing cocaine, gets community service

JUNE 1986

Dead tour with Bob Dylan and Tom Petty

JULY 10, 1986

Garcia collapses in diabetic coma; unconscious for 24 hours

DECEMBER 15, 1986

Dead Comeback show, Oakland Coliseum; Garcia's "Touch of Grey" leaves audience in tears

AUGUST 19, 1989

Last show at Berkeley's Greek Theatre draws unmanageable crowds



Photo by Jay Blakesberg



A cardboard figure of Jerry Garcia filled in as the Grateful Dead were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in January 1994.

The Dead have been there for the parties—the Acid Tests, the Trips Festival, the Be-Ins, the Summer of Love—and for the wakes, when Ron “Pigpen” McKernan, Keith Godchaux, Brent Mydland, impresario Bill Graham, and now Jerry Garcia passed on.

The Dead have gone from acoustic to electric and back again, from three minute songs on their debut album to extended two hour jams in concert, from cozy venues to playing for half a million. In thousands of concerts, Jerry never played a song the same way twice.

Garcia weathered three marriages, three drug busts, and survived a coma. When he died, Helms says, “He was making major efforts to right himself. It was his body that gave out, not his spirit.”

Life After Death

Can the Dead survive Garcia’s passing? Chet Helms says, “I don’t think the future of the Dead is necessarily over; if they found a strong, unique guitar player, a Clapton or a Winwood.” Treason? I don’t think so—if the Dead toured, I would go.

But it will be different. As Helms put it, “Jerry was the Sun in that small solar system.”

OCTOBER 1989

Band plays “Dark Star” for first time in five years

DECEMBER 1989

Berlin Wall crumbles; Cold War ends

JULY 26, 1990

Keyboardist Brent Mydland dies of cocaine/heroin overdose

SEPTEMBER 1990

Vince Weinick and Bruce Hornsby replace Mydland

OCTOBER 1991

Longtime Dead promoter Bill Graham killed in helicopter accident

AUGUST 3, 1992

Garcia collapses; Dead tour cancelled

DECEMBER 1992

President Clinton wears J. Garcia ties

JANUARY 19, 1994

Dead inducted into Rock and Roll Hall of Fame

FEBRUARY 14, 1994

Garcia marries Carolyn Koons, his third wife

JUNE 1995

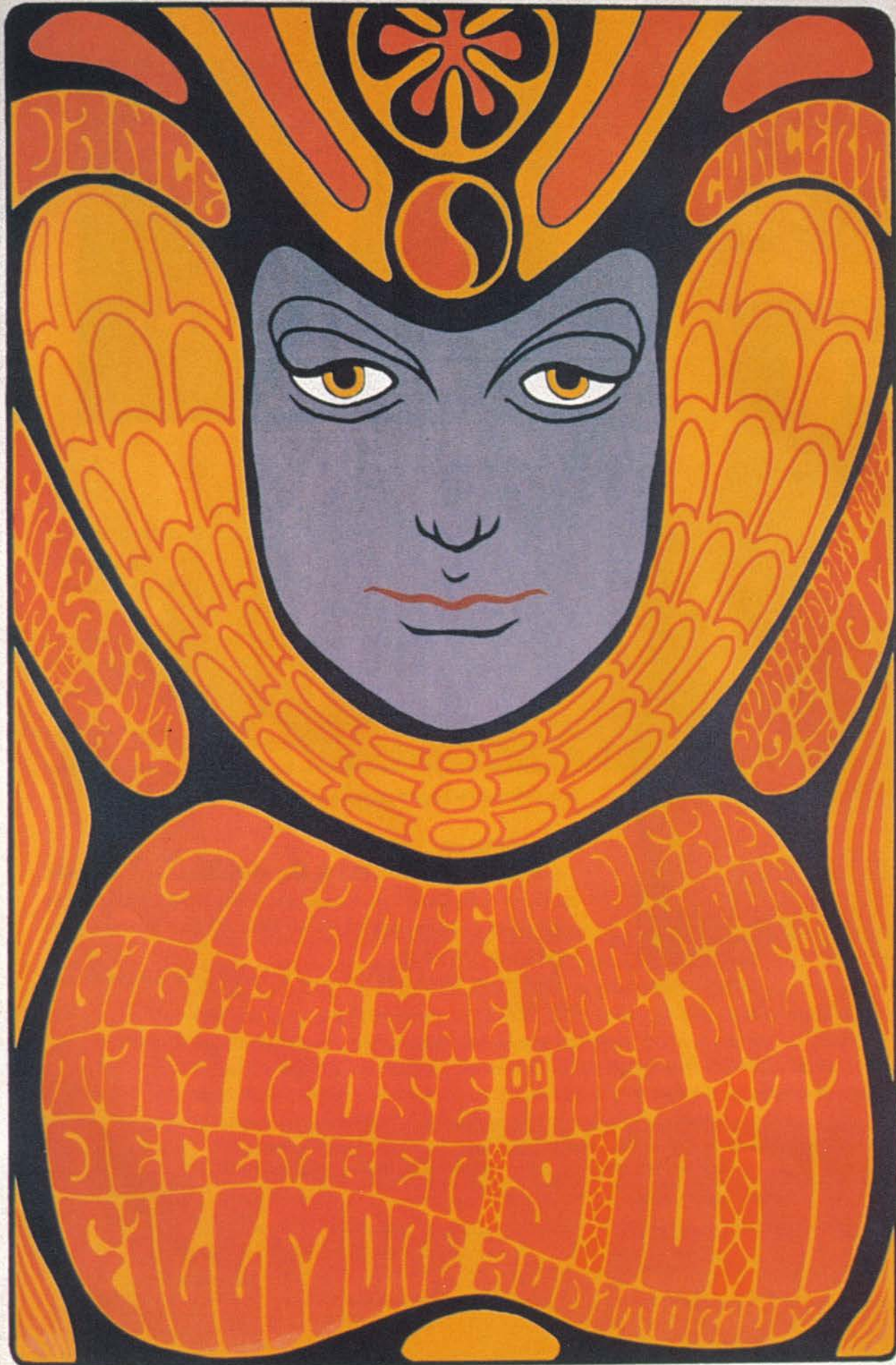
Dead play last show with Garcia at Soldier Field, Chicago

AUGUST 9, 1995

Jerry Garcia, 53, dies at Serenity Knolls rehabilitation center in Northern California

Bill Graham Presents

in San Francisco



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TICKETS SAN FRANCISCO: City Lights Bookstore; The Psychedelic Shop; Miasidika; Bally Lo (Union Square); The Town Squire (1318 Polk); S. F. State College; BERKELEY:

FROM THE TRIPS FESTIVAL TO
THE SUMMER OF LOVE TO THE
'90s, WE DANCED TO THE MUSIC
OF JERRY GARCIA AND THE
GRATEFUL DEAD.

DOING DEAD THE DANCE

BY JUDY RAPHAEL

I arrived in the Haight-Ashbury, a lost young girl from Los Angeles, in April of 1967, after I saw the big *Life* magazine cover showing the January Be-In in Golden Gate Park. I'd just gotten fired from a folk coffeeshop and felt my life was over.

On Easter Sunday, I took the Greyhound, \$40 and a small bag and wound up blocks away from the park. It was like walking into that *Life* cover. What a scene! Everybody was playing, flying kites, blowing bubbles or playing flutes, turning each other on.

It was all about something called Peace and Love and any newcomer or runaway immediately felt at home. Somebody turned me onto a Victorian crash pad and that was the beginning of the celebration.

But for me, the celebration started even earlier.

My First Time

I first saw the Dead almost 30 years ago, at San Francisco's Trips Festival in January of 1966. I came up from Los Angeles for the three-day rock event and LSD party. It was one of the first "multimedia events," with liquid projections, slide shows and sound feedback—plus the multimedia imagery provided by three days' worth of LSD, which was legal

then. Everywhere you looked, something was happening

The Dead, along with Big Brother and the Holding Company, featuring a young girl singer from Texas named Janis Joplin, were the Trips Festival's house bands.

This is where Garcia got his name Captain Trips playing early stuff like "I Know You Rider," "Golden Road (To Unlimited Devotion)" and the wonderful "Morning Dew," which hooked me as a folkie.

Jerry himself said of the Trips Festival, "Thousands of people, man, all helplessly stoned, all finding themselves in a room of thousands of people, none of whom any of them were afraid of. It was magic, far-out beautiful magic."

I was dancing, spinning in little circles all night long. I wasn't tripping, but I got a contact high from the colors and the music. Writer and Merry Prankster Ken Kesey's voice came out of the speakers and filled the room like G-d.

Suddenly, everyone spontaneously formed a human chain and swayed to the rhythms of the Dead. We looked at each other and said Wow! Something was really happening.

Summer of Love

Haight Street was the community center during the Summer of Love. It was a total non-stop happening. People wearing headbands and beads passed out flowers or roaches and smiled and greeted each other like they shared a special secret.

To get the news, which traveled fast, all you had to do was hit the streets. Within an hour, either by the mimeographed "Broadside" or word of mouth, you'd know where the smoke-in was, or the Love Rally, or where free bread was being baked.

Almost everything could be had for free. There were hip stores, like the Psychedelic Shop, which had bells, dance posters and flutes. But

there was also the Diggers Free Store, where you were encouraged to take Army-Navy coats, bell-bottoms or blankets. Besides free crash pads, there was free food and even a free clinic where they sent out Acid Gurus to help people through their first trip—all night long.

That helped, because new kids were pouring in by the day, and Sunshine Acid, Morning Glory seeds and peyote were handed out like candy.

And anyway, who had time to work? Everything was going on at once. Word would get out that George Harrison was on the street, and you'd get out just in time to see him get out of his sports car in—wow—heart-shaped shades and lead a joyful, excited crowd like a pied piper up and down Haight Street.

Janis was often tooling around in her psychedelically painted VW bug. Or there'd be some Light and Aura Show or Summer Solstice in the park, or you could just run along the Greyline "Hippie Hop" flashing hand mirrors back at tourists gaping at the freaks.

But what really drew the community together was the music.

The Music Never Stopped

Within minutes, a concert could come together on the Panhandle, a green strip just below Haight Street. The day I arrived, Quicksilver Messenger Service was there playing this strange, unearthly music that seemed to unfurl out of the fog, as girls in short white mini-dresses and bare feet swayed. A new band called Blue Cheer had its first concert in a room at the church.

The biggest and the best musical happenings were always by the Dead, though. Quicksilver lived in Marin, and the Jefferson Airplane house was just out of the neighborhood. I spent a night there once—when it was too late to go home, you just crashed wherever.

But the Dead were just us, part of the community, as they lived in a Victorian house up

the street at 710 Ashbury. Once, to everyone's amazement, San Francisco police actually announced on a bullhorn: "Attention, the Dead are playing in the Panhandle in an hour!"

A crowd gathered as huge wires and amps were dragged down the street and a place was found to plug them in. But 30 minutes or so into the music, without warning, the fuzz pulled the plugs. Instantly, someone got them back in, and the Dead just kept on truckin', Dead-style.

It was literally dancing in the streets!

Even after they were playing big concerts, the Dead would come back and give free concerts for thousands in the Sheeps Meadow at Kezar Stadium.

But of course the real trips were the concert halls, especially the Fillmore, run by Bill Graham, and the Avalon, where Chet Helms and The Family Dog, originally a Haight-Ashbury commune, held sway. The tuned-in preferred the Avalon, where Chet, "the real hippie" with his long blond hair, granny glasses and embroidered frock coat, stood at the door like a country deacon letting any broke Head in for free.

Bill Graham, on the other hand, the New York capitalist, was "bad vibes" running around with a clipboard and acting uptight as he counted heads and kept people out. His idea of cool was to have a bowl of apples outside the door.

Still, Big Brother, the Airplane and the Dead all played both halls, and you went where the music was. If you didn't have the \$2 to get in, you could go grab some *Oracles*, the psychedelic newspaper, and hawk them to tourists or sailors on Broadway in North Beach.

Once you got in, it was magic. And the magic could be best experienced firsthand doing the Dead dance at the Avalon.

Live Dead at the Avalon Ballroom

My first night seeing the Dead at the Avalon was something else. They'd changed, gotten riffer and more psychedelic. Some guy asked me

to dance—everyone asked everyone to dance there. As the music kept going through change after awesome change, as they kept on jammin', from "Uncle John's Band" to "Casey Jones," "Friend of the Devil" and "To Lay Me Down," stretching it out into this interminable series of ragas, you had to keep time.

It helped that no one looked at anybody else. Not that it wasn't a pretty outrageous party. Folks were dressed in not just today's tie-dye and headbands but in elegant feather boas, lace and velvet, and embroidered vests stitched from old curtains and decorated with Woolworth sequins.

But unlike the showy Fillmore, there were no spotlights at the Avalon. Instead, there were only dim, colored lights onstage and off bathing musicians and dancers in the same unreal glow.

The Dead Dance

On a contact high, under flashing strobes, you learned to spin in your own orbit or mirror your more experienced partner in the new together-apart dance. It was all about doing your own thing.

The real secret to the Dead dance, though, was to make those invisible energy patterns in the air, to do that wavy-weavy move with your arms, to let them lead you, even when mind energy flagged or legs wobbled. For those who had never fit into the mold back home or mastered the silly steps of the teenage dances, it worked. It still does.

Later, it caught on as the hippie dance everywhere, but it really started at that special moment in time dancing with Captain Trips, the leader, the gentle sage, as he bobbed and waved onstage with the band doing the Dead dance and going on their long strange trip.

Judy Raphael is a Los Angeles-based freelance writer specializing in music and the '60s.



A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF THE LEADER OF THE BAND

JERRY THE MAN

BY ARICIA LEE

On his fifteenth birthday, Jerome John Garcia, born August 1, 1942 in San Francisco and named after the Broadway composer Jerome Kern, walked into a pawn shop. His father, a professional jazz musician and Spanish immigrant, had died before his eyes in a fishing accident five years earlier. His mother, who supported her two sons as a nurse, moved out of the city to Menlo Park to keep Garcia out of trouble. Unable to control his rebellious nature and hoping that music could provide an outlet for his restless energy, she bought her son an accordion.

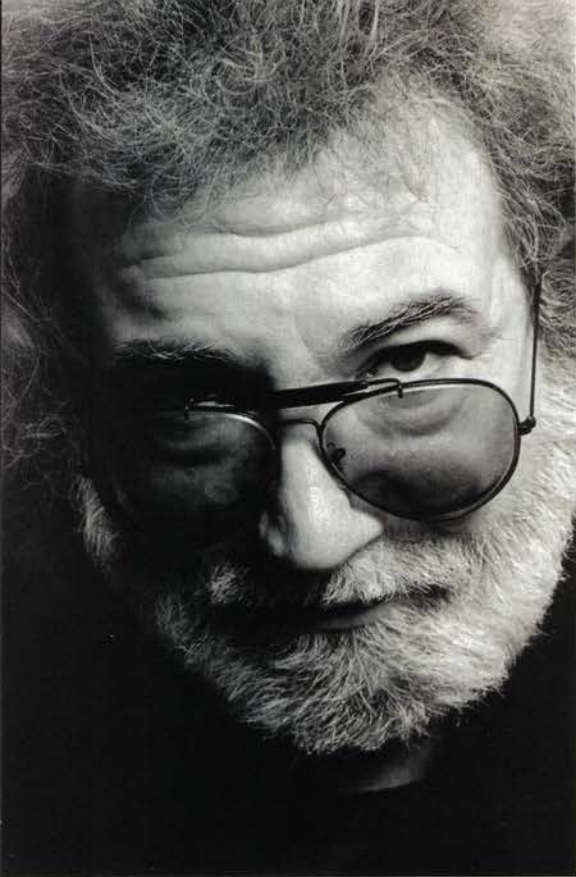
Garcia traded it in at the pawn shop for his first electric guitar. His decision led ultimately to the creation of the music that would provide millions of people with an outlet for community celebration and psychedelic exploration.

Early Days

Garcia quickly became a proficient guitarist, despite an accident that deprived him of half of his middle finger on his right strumming hand. His brother Tiff accidentally severed the digit in a wood-chopping mishap when Jerry was four. Like so much of Garcia's life, the missing finger, appearing in album cover images and Deadhead iconography, became part of the myth surrounding the man.

Raised a Catholic, but never a conformist, Garcia himself noted, "I was a fuckup in high school . . . a juvenile delinquent." So he quit school at 17 and enlisted in the Army—"it was either that or jail." Bored in barracks, he would often miss roll call, and he went AWOL eight or nine times. As a result, he was restricted to barracks and even court-martialed twice before his commanding officer finally had him dishonorably discharged.

The army wasn't a complete disaster for Garcia. Inspired by a fellow recruit who played country music, Garcia taught himself how to play acoustic guitar. When he heard the sounds of bluegrass, it reminded him of the time just after his father's death when he lived with his grandmother, who listened to the happy sounds of the Grand Ole Opry. Garcia became obsessed with creating these spontaneous eruptions of banjos and guitars.



Photos by Jay Blakesberg



The San Francisco Scene

After being discharged in 1960, Garcia gravitated toward the burgeoning coffeehouse scene around Stanford University. Playing banjo and guitar with his girlfriend, Sarah Ruppenthal, he started performing folk and country songs. When she became pregnant, he felt he should do the "straight" thing, so he married her in a traditional church ceremony.

Garcia's first daughter, Heather, was born in 1963. To support the family, he began giving guitar lessons at the Dana Morgan Music Store. He was also studying painting at The Art Institute in San Francisco. But when Garcia got into a car accident in which a friend was killed, he became single-minded about his music.

Birth of a Band

Future Dead guitarist Bob Weir, then 16, and Bob Matthews wandered into the music store on New Year's Eve 1963. After borrowing guitars and jamming for awhile, they discussed forming a jug band. Garcia responded with his usual enthusiasm, "Great—I'm in on it!"

Thus, Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions, which included Garcia on guitar and banjo, Weir, Bill Kreutzmann on drums, Ron "Pigpen" McKernan on harmonica, guitar, piano and vocals, Marshall Leicester on guitar and mandolin, and Bob Matthews on guitar, began. After playing jug music for around a year, the band went electric and became The Warlocks.

Passing the Acid Test

By 1966, they became the Grateful Dead, a name that seemed to leap at Garcia right off the pages of a dictionary. Inspired by the counterculture Beat movement portrayed in Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*, the band moved to 710 Ashbury Street and began experimenting with LSD at Ken Kesey's Acid Tests.

They lived their own "Declaration of Independence," which granted them "freedom of body, the pursuit of joy and the expansion of consciousness." Garcia was finally able to explore the edge of art, sensuality and spirituality that he always yearned for.

"Psychedelics were probably the single most significant experience in my life," Garcia confessed to writers David Brown and Rebecca Novick. "It freed me because I suddenly realized that my little attempt at having a straight life, and doing that, was really a fiction and just wasn't going to work out. That realization made me feel immensely relieved."

Days in the Haight

It was at an Acid Test that Garcia met his second wife, Carolyn Adams, who everyone called "Mountain Girl." Garcia ended his marriage with Sarah and ventured off with Mountain Girl, a wild and well-educated young woman who drove a motorcycle and was much more in tune with the radical direction Jerry's life was taking. Ironically, this lifestyle, characterized by a disdain for success, would quickly lead Garcia to international success beyond his expectations.

The Grateful Dead began playing free concerts for the neighborhood, where people would shed their clothes and dance naked in the sun. This, along with a drug bust at 710, attracted media attention.

A freedom-loving man of high ideals, Garcia was at the center of Haight-Ashbury's Summer of Love in 1967. His enthusiasm and devotion to music were contagious. He felt music should ultimately be "a transforming experience . . . that it not be dull and that the experience of playing doesn't get boring. Being stale is death."

This musical philosophy created a synthesis between the band's music and their audience. A Dead show became an experience that people followed

Garcia around the world to get. His "every note counts, every note has a personality, every note has a little spirit" philosophy drew a growing audience, and Garcia and the band found themselves on the road much of the time.

Many Families

His first daughter with Mountain Girl, Annabelle, was born in 1970 and raised unconventionally amidst roadies and hippies. But because of his tours, Garcia spent more time with the family of Deadheads than his own family.

Mountain Girl, an independent and outspoken woman, grew bored and frustrated and decided to stay home with their daughter in 1971. Meanwhile, Garcia met Deborah Koons on tour in Cincinnati. She moved back to California with him for a few years.

Garcia and Mountain Girl separated in 1975, although they had just had another daughter, Theresa, the year before. Garcia said of the split, "It was painful, but it's more honest this way."

The Cult of Jerry

As the Dead shows gathered a cult following around the world, many came to believe Garcia was a guru or shaman who led thousands of show goers into altered states and on journeys into profound revelations of consciousness.

Garcia said that he didn't like the power that superstardom brought, so he repeatedly tried to sabotage it. Ultimately, he understood that people like to have someone to follow and he didn't mind playing that role. Garcia never took his fame very seriously. His priority was "to have as much fun as possible." He felt that "humor characterizes consciousness." Said Garcia, "Life would be so empty without humor—it would be like life without music."

So he laughed about the "Jerry is G-d" crowd and said, "I'll put up with it until they come for me with the cross and the nails." More darkly, he once noted, "Anyone who thinks I'm G-d should talk to my kids."

As an absentee father to both his real and spiritual children, Garcia could not be all things to all people. So he and the other band members used their star power to start the Rex Foundation that gave grants to a variety of "close-to-the-bone, low-profile, direct-action" organizations for causes such as AIDS, the homeless and fighting Amazon deforestation.

This was an extension of the longtime Dead tradition of free concerts and benefits for causes. It was their belief that "part of working for a living is working for a world to live in."

A New Start

Drugs, from marijuana and LSD to cocaine, had always been available around the Dead. In 1985, Garcia was arrested for possession of cocaine and heroin while freebasing in his BMW. He was sentenced to community service, but his friends and band members gave him an ultimatum—choose between the drugs or the Dead.

Realizing he was more of a music junkie than anything else, Garcia went into rehab, and in that same year completed one of the Dead's most successful tours. He felt it was his friends that had pulled him out of it.

Garcia's addiction was under control, but his penchant for chili dogs and milk shakes made him overweight and exacerbated his dia-

betes. Exhausted and dehydrated after another long tour in 1986, Garcia slipped into a coma. It was rumored that he was using drugs again. After three days, he came to. His first words were, "I'm not Beethoven."

Garcia had to face the prospect of life without music when he discovered he had lost all muscular coordination and was no longer able to play his guitar. With patience and hard work at rehabilitation, and with the support of his family and his fans, he was playing better than ever within the year.

Taking up painting again also helped his rapid recovery. Both his love of nature and his whimsical imagination came through in his paintings and drawings. They were sold at Weir Gallery and then developed into a line of silk ties.

Touch of Grey

Manasha Matheson, an adoring fan who had gone to great lengths to be Garcia's companion, gave birth to his fourth daughter, Keelin, in 1987. Under the pressure of another extramarital affair, his marriage to Mountain Girl finally ended. Though his career was at another high point, he took more time to be a family man with his youngest daughter. Jerry knew that he had never really been there for his other daughters.

At 50, he had another serious bout with diabetes as well as other heart and lung problems related to his excessive diet and smoking. He began to eat healthier foods, lose weight and cut back on his smoking.

He also reconnected with Deborah Koons, now a Marin County filmmaker. On Valentine's Day of 1994, the two were married at a private ceremony in Sausalito, California. They honeymooned in Mexico. People around his home in Novato, California, outside San Francisco, often saw him driving his black BMW around town and getting carrot juice at the local health food store. He once served as Grand Marshall in the Mill Valley Memorial Day Parade.

Not Fade Away

Comfortable with his celebrity status, Garcia still enjoyed showing up unannounced and playing local venues around the Bay Area. He was looking forward to performing with his daughter, who plays first violinist in The Redwood Symphony Orchestra.

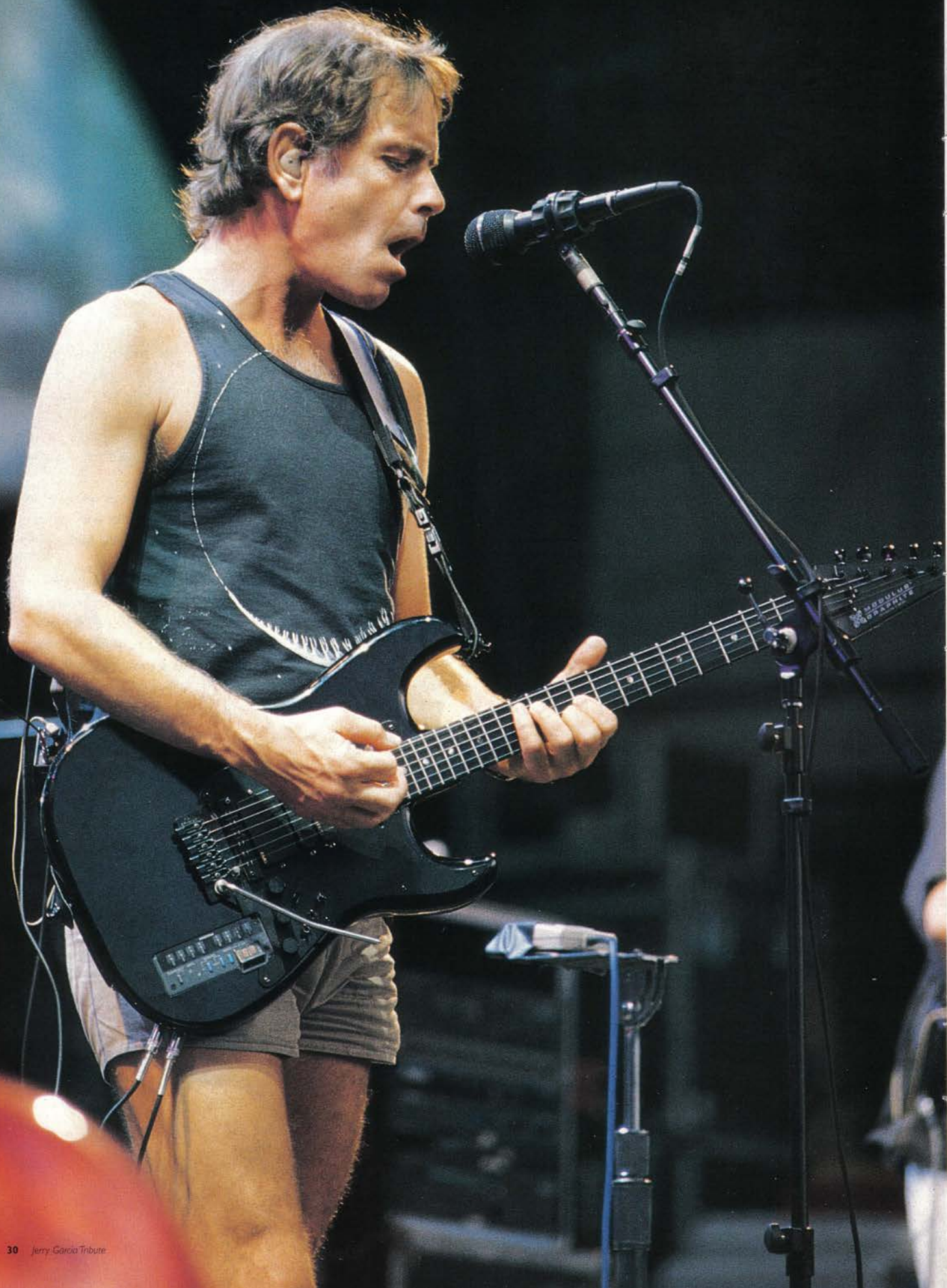
The Dead's popularity as a "tribal experience" and a "ritual celebration" had long since surpassed Garcia's wildest dreams. About his fame Garcia felt that "the best thing about it is that you get to meet famous people and you get to play with wonderful musicians."

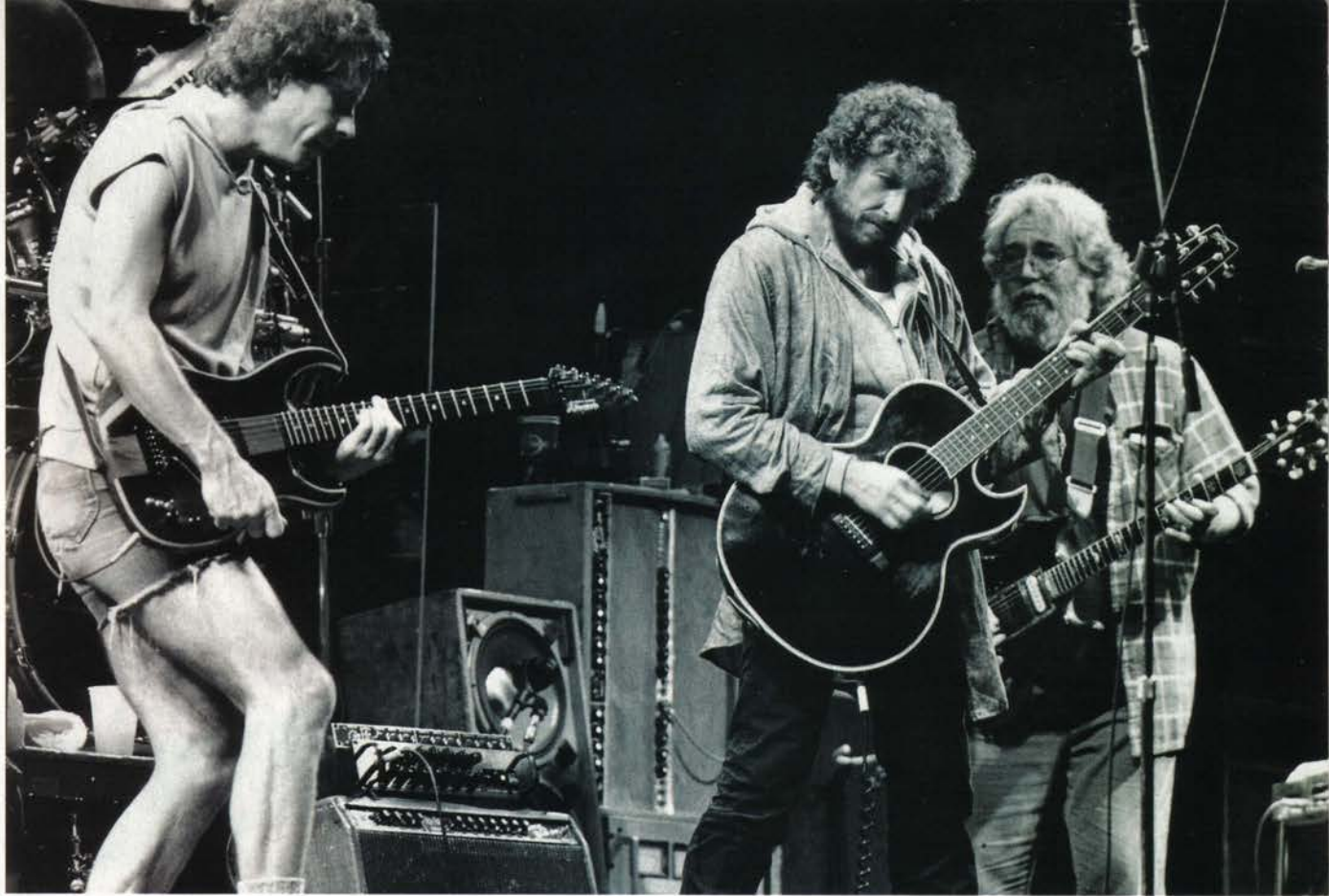
"Moody, awesome, sophisticated, hypnotic and subtle" is how Bob Dylan once described Garcia's music. That aptly reflects Jerry Garcia the man.

At 53, Garcia checked himself into a drug treatment center. Early on the morning of August 9, 1995 he was found dead of an apparent heart attack. After recovering from his coma in 1986, Garcia realized, "Finally mortality started to catch up with me . . . but I'm not afraid of death."

As Chet Helms, promoter of the early shows at the Avalon Ballroom, put it, "His body gave out—but not his spirit."

Aspiring writer Aricia Lee works at a large Los Angeles publishing company.





Bob Dylan and the Dead

CAST OF THOUSANDS

BY LINDA CAUTHEN

Can you tell the players without a scorecard? Deadheads can, of course, and the key players—Jerry Garcia, Phil Lesh, Bob Weir, Bill Kreutzman and Mickey Hart—played thousands of concerts together.

Yet over their 30-year history, the Grateful Dead have featured a revolving cast of members and guests. Although several of the original Warlocks remain with the band today, many musicians have come and gone (some permanently) over the years.

The early Dead lineup included Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, Phil Lesh, Mickey Hart, Bill Kreutzman and Ron "Pigpen" McKernan. Keyboardist Tom Constanten joined in 1968 and departed in 1970. Keyboardist Keith Godchaux and his wife Donna joined the Dead in 1971, a few months before the departure of McKernan, who died in 1973.





The Godchauxs were members of the Dead from 1971 until 1979. Godchaux was replaced by keyboardist Brent Mydland, whose tenure spanned from 1979 to 1990. Today, keyboardist Vince Welnick (formerly of the Tubes) handles the keyboard duties. Bruce Hornsby, who's had a successful solo career, stepped in on keyboards after Mydland's death and occasionally joined Welnick on stage.

Garcia coined the term "The Curse" for the effect an artist experienced after performing with the Dead. He was referring to the heightened interest guest artists experience from Deadheads, who would flock to the artists' subsequent shows.

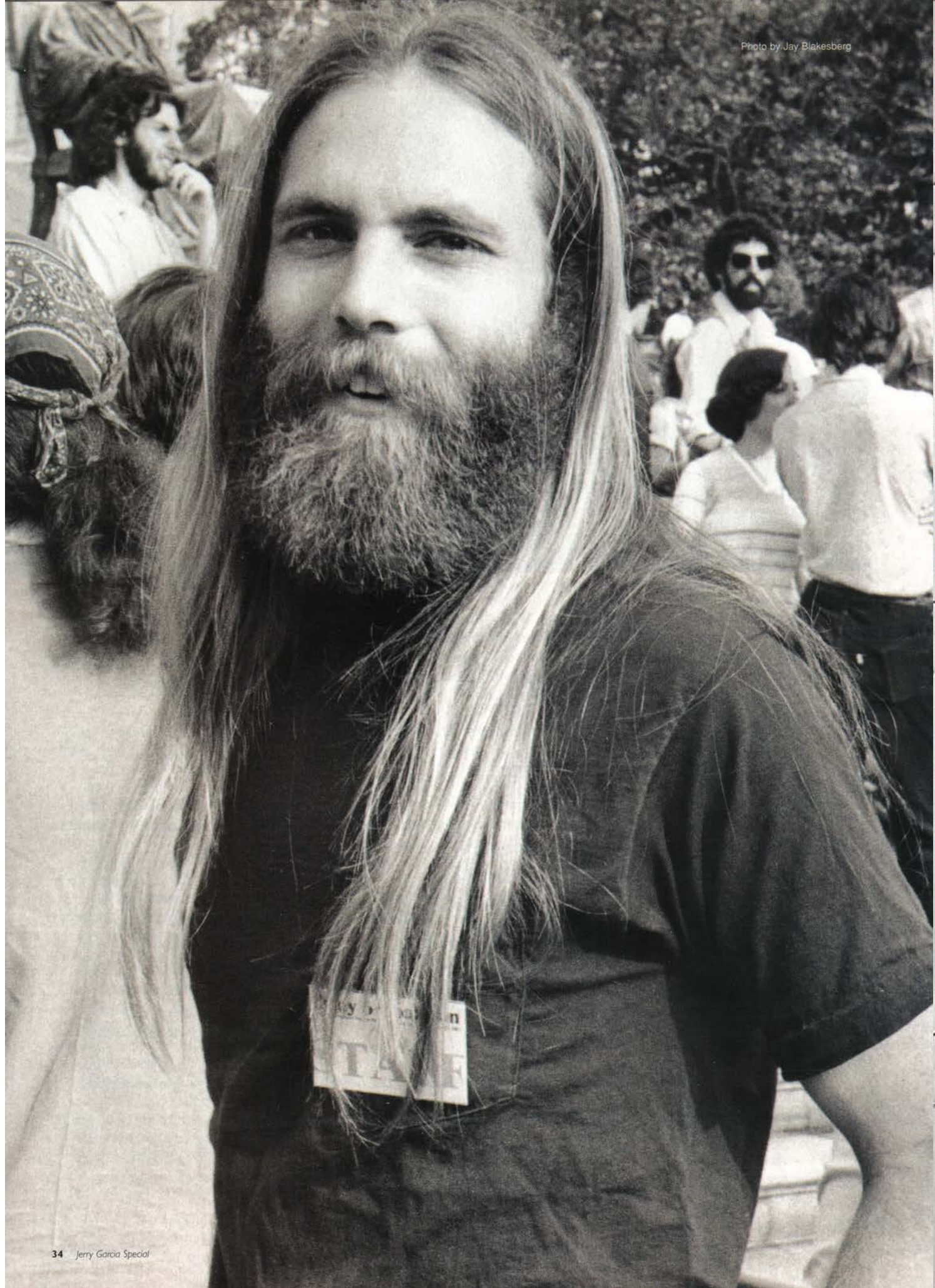
The list of artists who have been "cursed" is huge and includes Duane and Gregg Allman, Joan Baez, The Beach Boys, John Belushi, Clarence Clemons, Billy Cobham, David Crosby, Bob Dylan, Bela Fleck, John Fogerty, Daryl Hall, Etta James, Janis Joplin, Huey

Lewis, Branford Marsalis, Maria Muldaur, the Neville Brothers, New Riders of the Purple Sage, Bonnie Raitt, Carlos Santana, Boz Scaggs, Grace Slick, Stephen Stills, Pete Townshend, Suzanne Vega, Steve Winwood and Neil Young.

The death of Garcia has left the future of the Grateful Dead very much in question. As we went to press, a poll of Dead fans showed that nearly 90% did not think that the group should go on without Jerry Garcia. If indeed the Dead have played their last show, their millions of fans will at least be consoled by a lifetime's worth of memories.

In this photo essay, we look back at this cast of thousands—the performers who brought truth to the words "There is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert."

Linda Cauthen is a Los Angeles-based journalist who's covered the music industry for 20 years.





Bob Weir

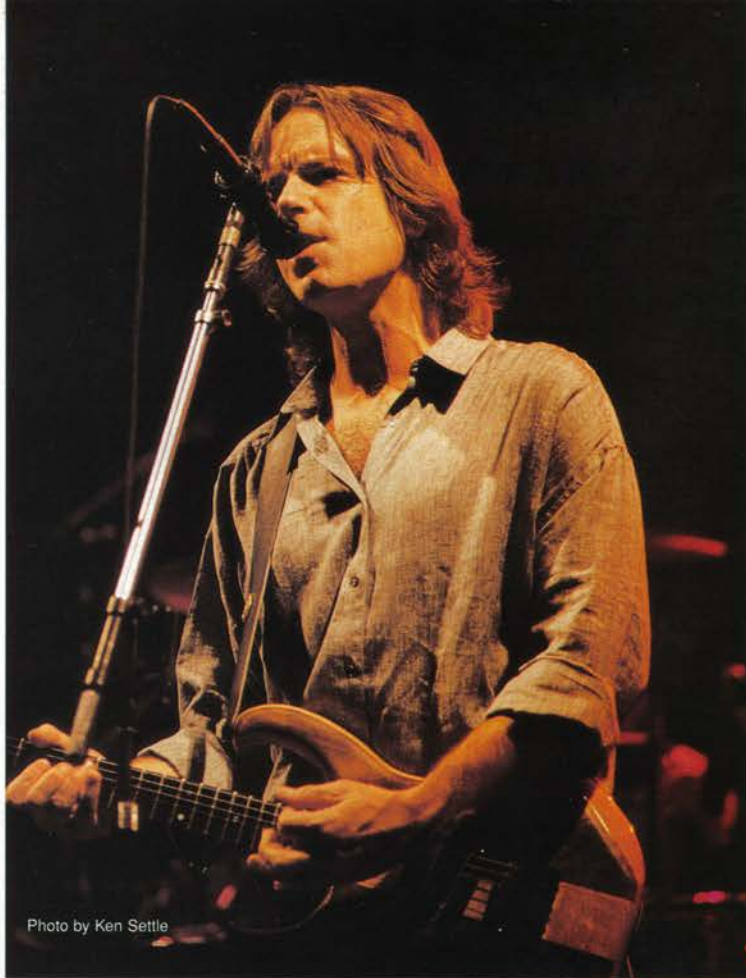


Photo by Ken Settle

Brent Mydland



Photo by Scott Weiner

Mickey Hart

Randy Hayes (top)
Phil Lesh (bottom)

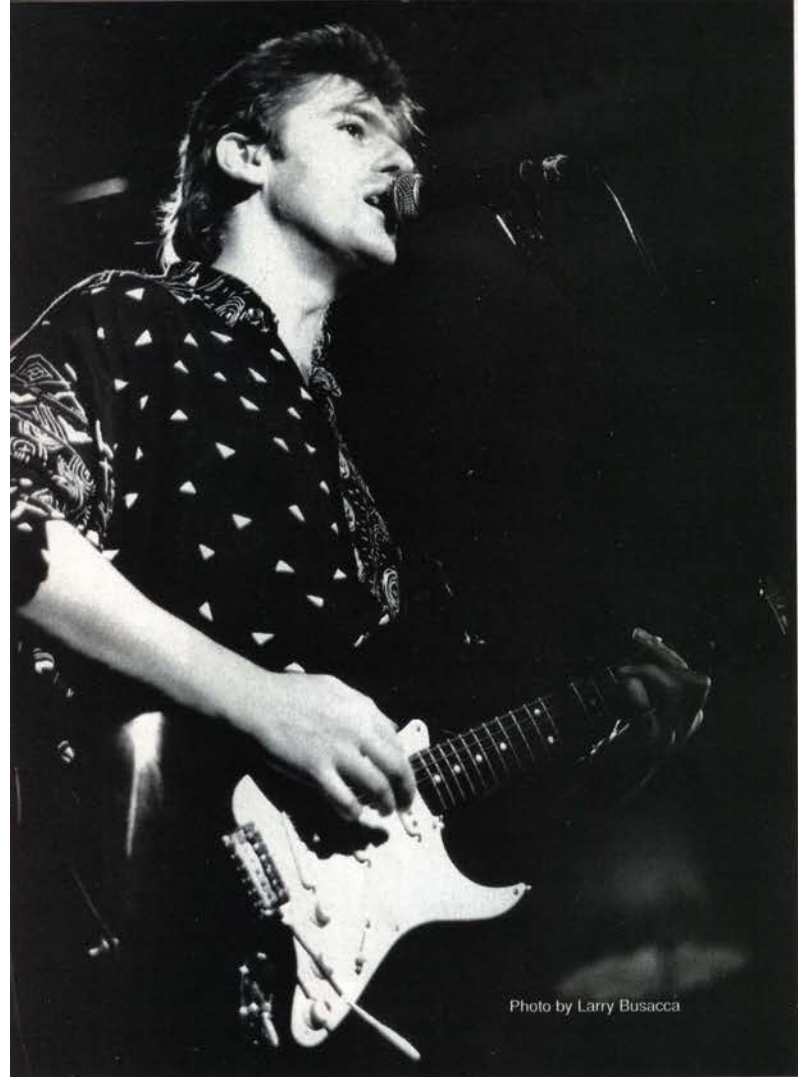
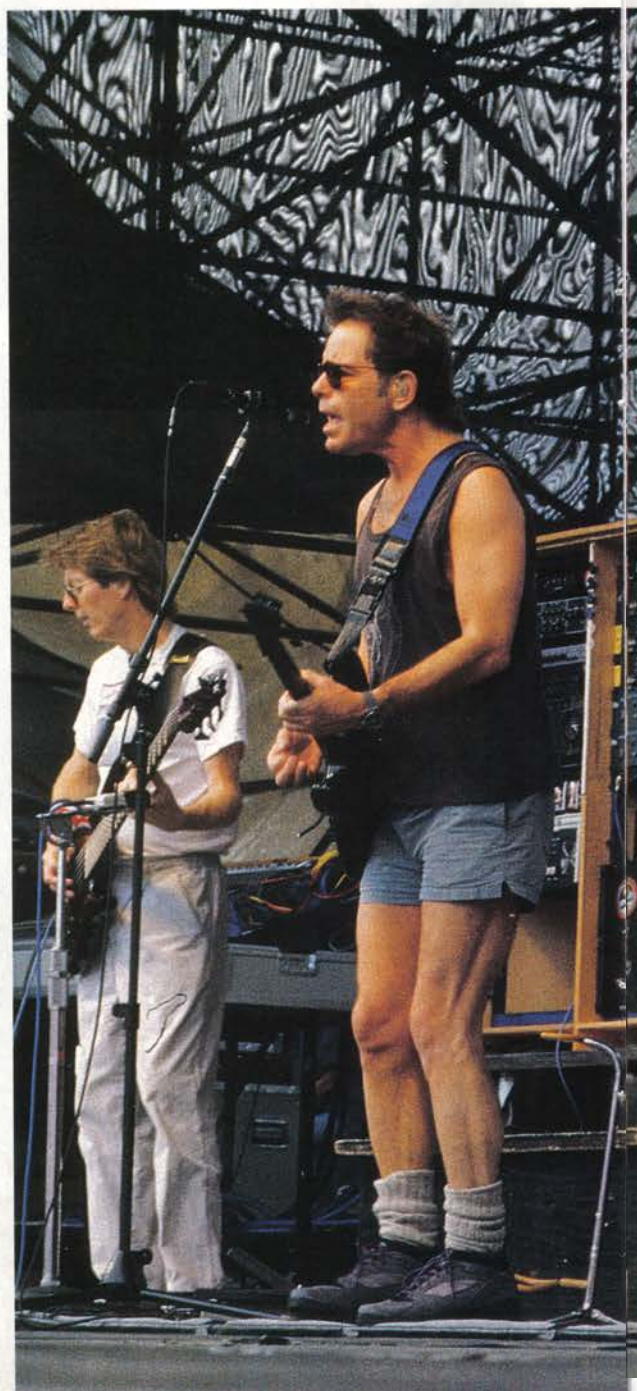
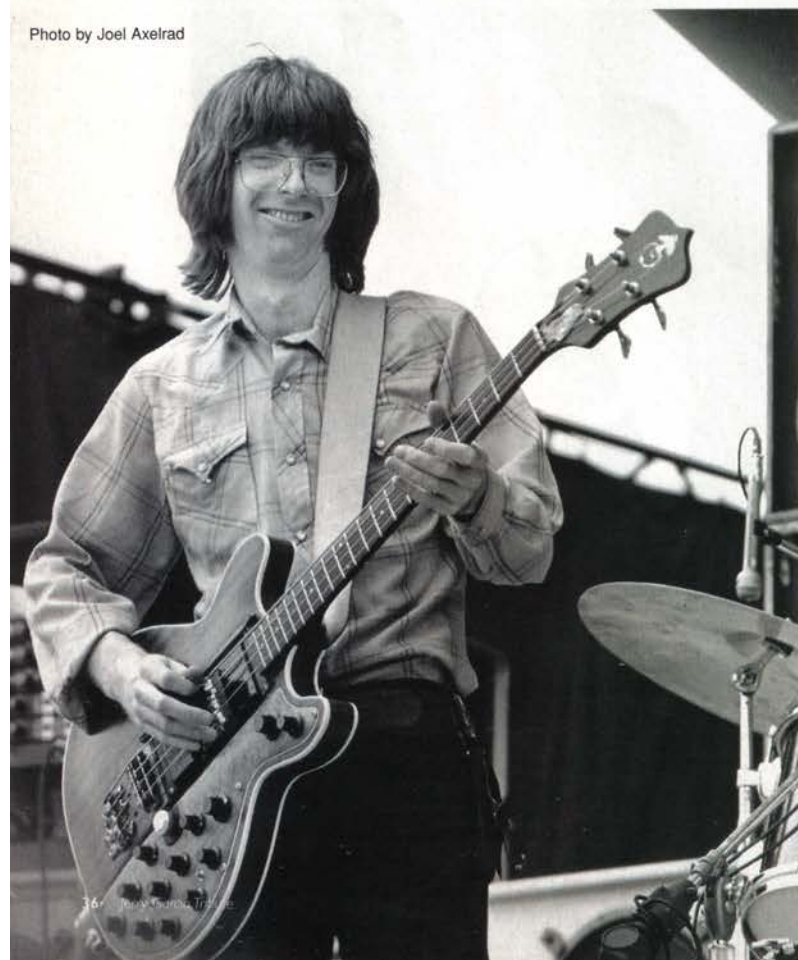


Photo by Larry Busacca

Photo by Joel Axelrad



Jerry Garcia, Donna
Godchaux, Bob Weir



Through all the changes,
Phil Lesh, Bob Weir, Bill
Kreutzmann and Jerry
Garcia played on, as the
heart of the Grateful Dead.
(Photographed in 1993.)



Photo by Mark Weiss



Photo by Jay Blakesberg



THE DEADHEADS

BEING A DEADHEAD IS
ALL ABOUT SHARING.

REMEMBER

BY LINDA CAUTHEN
AND MELANIE WEBBER

What is a Deadhead? According to *Skeleton Key, A Dictionary For Deadheads*, a Deadhead is "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."

There are 1 to 2 million hard-core Dead fans who supported the band with a dedication that resembled religious obsession. Deadheads include lawyers and doctors, students and computer geeks, wealthy suburbanites and the homeless, ex- and future hippies and the hopelessly unhip. The core group of "tourheads" that occupied the "deadlots" are die-hard fans who built their lives around the Dead's tour schedule. Living out of their reconstructed Volkswagen minibuses in arena parking lots when the local law permitted and on nearby streets when it did not, this community managed to survive on the fringes of society.

Occasionally, like in July 1995, a few Dead fans found their way into national headlines when disturbances broke out in Indiana and Vermont involving an excessive number of people who couldn't get tickets. But most of the Deadheads are a huge communal family of generally good-natured, peace-espousing people. Until Jerry Garcia passed on August 9, 1995, their long strange trip seemed as if it would go on forever.

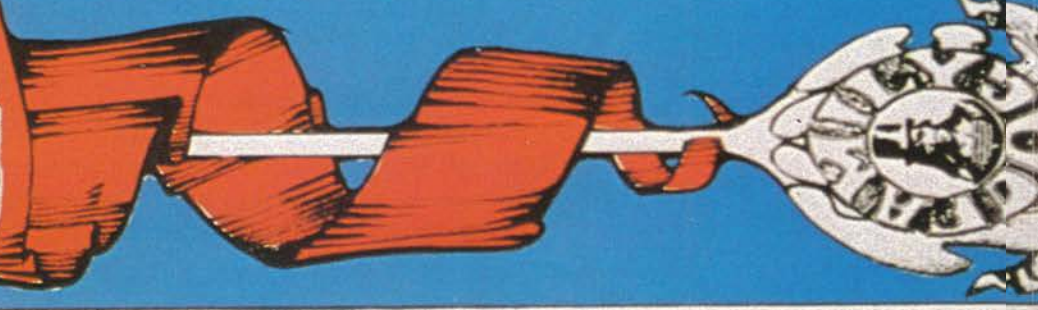
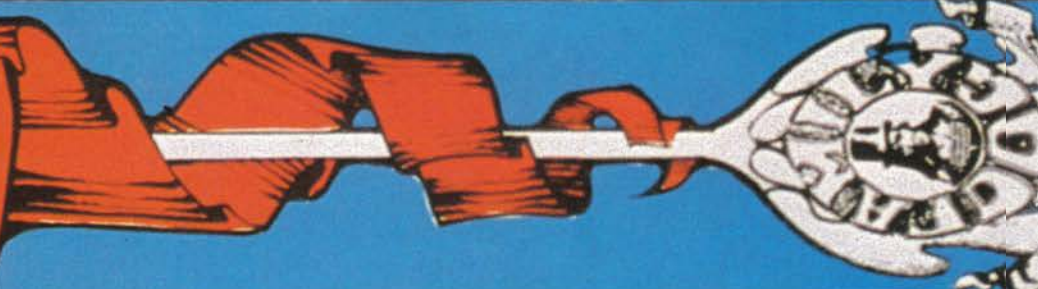
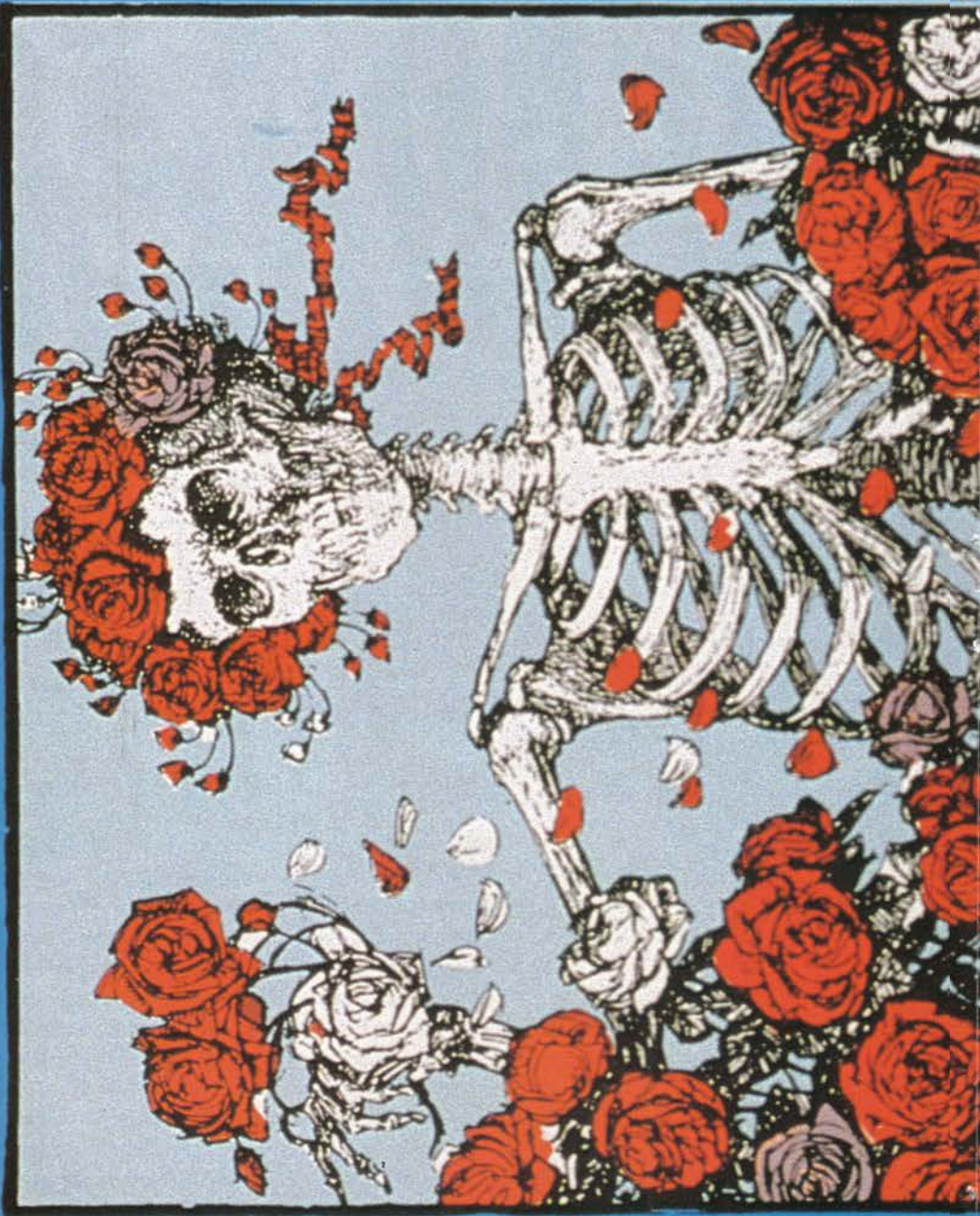
THE DEADHEADS MOURN

The spontaneous solidarity and the spirit that made Grateful Dead concerts unique happenings have swept the country in the wake of Jerry's passing.

Deadheads mourn the loss of the father of their family and, perhaps, the end of an era.

We interviewed a dozen Deadheads, and we heard the grief in their voices—and the

GRAND



THE DEADHEADS

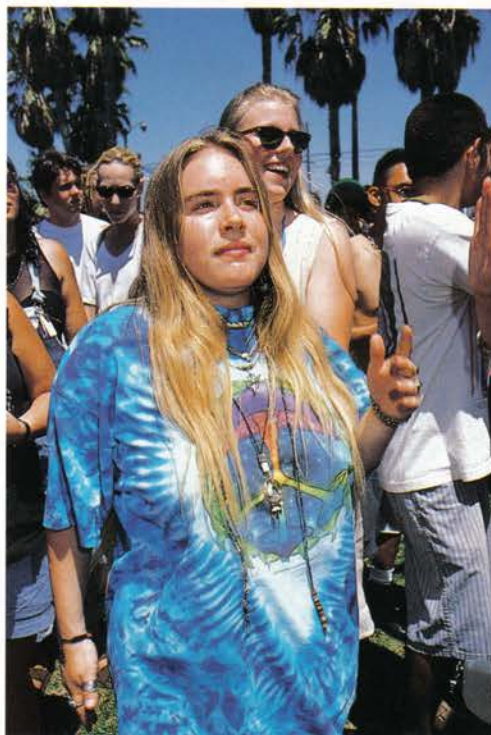
REMEMBER

Fans signed a loving message to Jerry Garcia at a vigil on Venice Beach in Los Angeles.



Hundreds of Deadheads showed their love and shared their memories on this yards-long letter.





Deadheads wore their tie-dyes at the Venice Beach vigil.

resolve to go on. Some burst into spontaneous song, some into tears. Some did both.

It all started with the music ...

THE MUSIC

The main thing was the music. They played great music. They had a very distinct sound. Jerry plucked the guitar like a banjo; as soon as he picked three notes, you knew it was Jerry. The music was very much about spiritual matters, letting go ... they covered other people's music as easily as they sang their originals.

—Todd Harris

Feature film producer,
Davis Entertainment
Venice, California

They could do a 25-year-old song, and it always sounded different. They made a point of allowing people to tape the show. At times they were utterly transcendent and at times they would suck. But they came to play. What was different about a Grateful Dead concert? It's like the difference between eating a meal without any herbs and spices and eating a meal that is properly spiced.

—Tony Coyote

San Fernando Valley, California

Every show was different. I enjoyed the spontaneity, you never know what you are going to get. Everything today is so prepackaged and formulaic. ... With most concerts you might as well stay at home and listen to a CD, but not the Dead. Over time, the focus changed, but it was always a great time and you never knew what to expect at any given show.

—Nick Boulukos

Director and Government Securities Trader,
Barclay's de Zoete Wedd
New York, New York

The Dead opened up your musical horizons by the sheer breadth of the music they played. The Dead were a museum, no, a celebration of American music.

—Mike Moroney

Promotions director for
sports radio station
Dallas, Texas

FIRST CONCERT

The first Dead show I went to was in '71 in San Francisco. It was the days of four- and five- and six-hour concerts. A people's band. I have muscular dystrophy and am in a wheelchair, but I saw them everywhere.

—Tony Coyote

In 1971 I was going to LSU and saw them at RFK Stadium with the Beach Boys and the Allman Brothers. All three bands en masse, which, put together, was about 23 musicians, did a performance of "Good Vibrations" and of "Truckin'," and the Dead and the Allman Brothers did the Robert Weir/Robert Hunter song "Sugar Magnolia." I don't think I've ever seen a bill that big where all the musicians got together and played.

—Tom Bourgeois

Director, *Dramas Based on Fact*, CBS Television Network

THE DEADHEADS

REMEMBER

1979. I had just turned 16. The Fox Theatre in Atlanta. My best friend was a big fan and got me into their music . . . but it was the second show that got me hooked. It had a parking lot scene. It was like nothing I'd ever seen before, like entering a completely different world. It was a large crowd of people but it felt really small and really safe and it was a lot of fun.

—Susan Van Liere

Sales representative
Mill Valley, California

1979. Oakland Coliseum [the last show for Keith and Donna Godchaux]. I thought they were a "cult band." I went out of curiosity with college friends. There is a portion in the middle of the show called "space" when the guitarist and the keyboardist would leave the stage and the drummers would do a solo. At some point the other members of the band would come back and they would start playing improvisationally. It was very loose, disorganized playing, spacey music.

I didn't get it. It seemed interminable. I said to my friend, "That is the most mindless, pointless music I've ever heard." My friend said, with a huge smile, "No it isn't." Two years later at my seventh show at the Greek, I finally got it. It was the song "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue," and the switch finally flipped. I learned that "space" is the most creative part of the show, where they pull together and create a song.

—Mike Moroney

1980. Senior year at Stanford. At the Warfield, a fabulous place to see the Dead because it is so small. My friends were all wired but I fell asleep. But I went back . . . and this time it was such an amazing, mind-opening experience that I couldn't help but want to do it again.

—Todd Harris

1989. A friend told me how awesome it was and that I would really love it. I went to my first show at Ann Arbor and have been following them ever since.

—Joe Krzminski

Owner of Dead shop,
Shakedown Street
Grand Rapids, Michigan

1994. I went to a concert and hung out in the deadlot. Within half an hour, I knew that I had found my lost tribe. . . . If I had found them when I was in college I would probably still be on the road.

—Andrew Behar

Documentary filmmaker,
director of *Tie-Died*
Northern California

HOW MANY SHOWS?

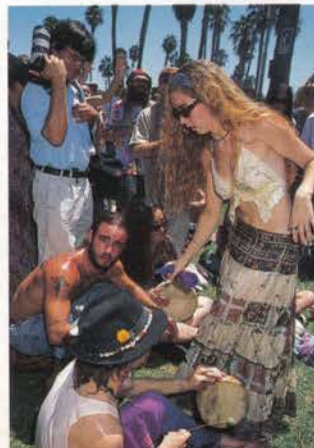
Two hundred thirty-six

—Mike Moroney

About one hundred fifty

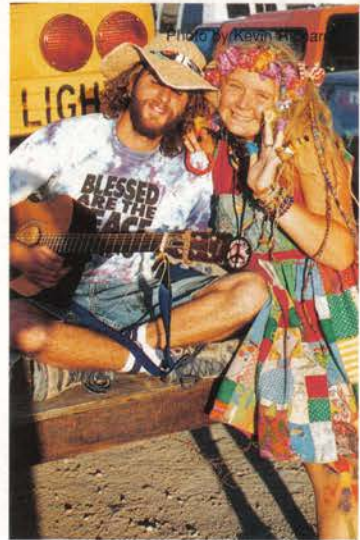
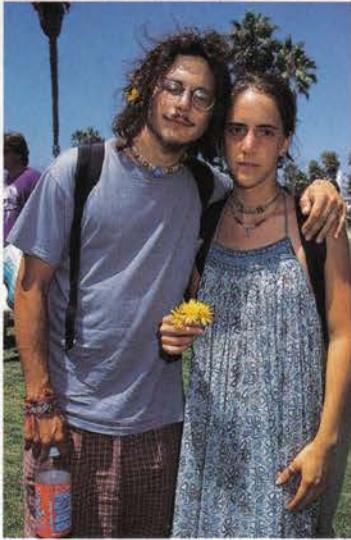
—Todd Harris

One hundred twenty-five



Deadheads hundreds strong at the Venice Beach vigil.





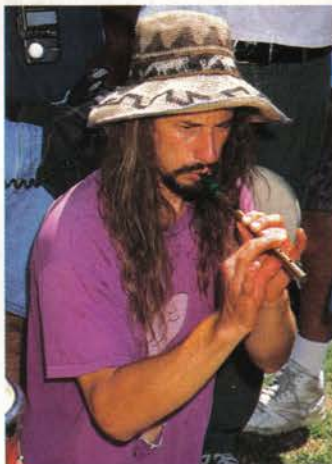
Portraits of Deadheads



THE DEADHEADS

REMEMBER

A gathering of Deadheads



—Susan Van Liere

One hundred ten

—Nick Boulukos

Over one hundred five

—Joe Krzminski

About a hundred

—Tony Coyote

THE "DEADLOT"

I've sold my tickets to stay in the parking lot if the feeling was really good.

—Joe Krzminski

They are there to make enough money for gas, a couple of hits of LSD, and food. Mostly they barter; they don't like money. Their only agenda is just to be, to live out there with their friends, with their music, to hang out and make enough money to get by. Humans have this need to gather in mass groups. It's a primal need.

—Andrew Behar

I always enjoyed walking around the parking lot after the shows talking to people and seeing the wares that they peddled. The Dead always had an intelligent and creative following, and there was a carnival-like atmosphere post concert. Everyone was always so friendly. The '60s ideology seemed to transcend the '70s, '80s and '90s. Certain things in life are timeless.

—Nick Boulukos

You don't park your car, march into the auditorium, listen and then leave. You get there a couple of hours early and hang out in the parking lot. People played frisbee, skateboarded, played with their animals, bartered. There was a huge bazaar area selling T-shirts, jewelry, tie-dyed clothes. We'd enjoy doing the parking lot as much as the show. After shows, you'd go wander around and come down along with hundreds of other people waiting for the cops to shoo you away. We'd leave a show and say "That was good lot."

—Todd Harris

I dropped out of school, kind of got into dope. I took a Greyhound bus to San Francisco in 1980, when they played three weeks in the Warfield Theatre to record an album. I got into nine of the shows. I was a hippie kid trying to relive the '60s. I started selling T-shirts and things to pay from one show to another. Back then, the Dead would give away tickets to kids like me.

—Ben

Los Angeles

THAT FAMILY FEELING . . .

The most extraordinary thing is that the band doesn't say anything to the people about how to do things. We came up with our own way of doing things, the brotherhood and family feeling we have. I don't know where it came from. In a religion, it's written down, but with the Dead it just happened. I just felt that we were a big family and Jerry was the father and symbol of our whole movement. I didn't have that much of a family, and when I was introduced to the Grateful Dead, I found my family. They have been with me ever since.

—Joe Krzminski

It was a different slice of life, always an adventure. People with warm hearts willing to surprise and be surprised. A free loving time.

—Tony Coyote

Wall Street is a very competitive and cutthroat environment. We have a network within the government securities market who go to shows. I'd get together with these guys I compete with and go to shows and have fun. I made tremendous friendships that will continue. There is such a good positive feeling at the shows, a communal feeling. I often felt that you didn't need any authority figures or ushers. There was such respect for people's space that you'd translate that into life.

—Nick Boulukos

It's become a lot more than just going to see music, it's become a reunion of friends. A really high percentage of the important people in my life I know because of the Grateful Dead.

—Susan Van Liere

It's been a great forum for me and my friends to stay together. It's been a touchstone for all of us. There is an invisible sign that hangs in

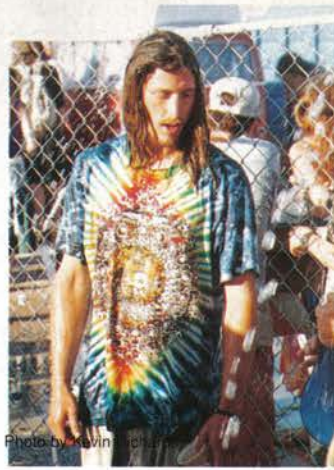
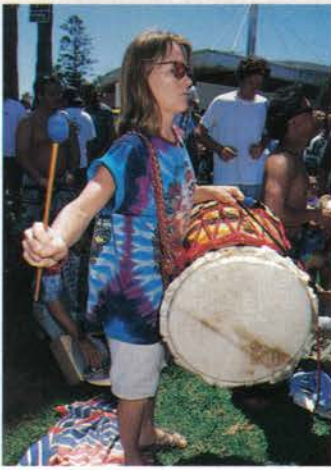


Photo by Kevin [unreadable]

Photo by Jay Blakesberg

front of every show: *We're all friends here, get to know each other, get to know what each other does. Revel in it and explore it.*

—Mike Moroney

I got into a pattern where I got excited about three weeks before the show, started listening to the music, communicating with my friends, making reservations, getting excited. Then do the show, sit together with these people, party with them, and trade tapes.

—Ben

THE GREATEST FEELING . . .

The greatest feeling was being 21, free from college, and being at the Greek for the 20th anniversary show. I was sitting on the top of the Greek, which was pretty much the top of the world from what I could see and watching the sun set over the Golden Gate Bridge with the band playing below and everyone dancing. There was so much love and hope and excitement about the future. A lot of the words of their songs had a big spiritual effect on me. "The Wheel" is the way I like to look at life. "The Wheel is turning and you can't slow down/You can't go on, and you can't stand still/If the thunder don't get you then the lightning will."

—Susan Van Liere

One of my peak experiences was following the Dead to Europe. The shows were small and there were only about a hundred of us from the States. We mingled with a lot of Europeans, and the only thing we had in common immediately was the music. . . . We watched the Europeans and the Europeans watched us watch the Grateful Dead.

—Todd Harris

The religious side of the Deadheads is a pagan spirituality, worshipping Mother Earth and Father Sky. People find religious ecstasy within the music. You are in concert with thousands of people, you are one with the music, the music is one with you.

—Andrew Behar

Part of the spirituality was tied to its roots, to its whole '60s pedigree. There was a spirit at the shows where you could be free, where you could do what you wanted to do without pretensions, without having to put on a mask or face. . . . You knew you were stepping into

a no-hassle zone, a no-anxiety zone, a no-corporate zone.

—Todd Harris

It was the most beautiful and wonderful trip and experience that's been on this earth.

—Ben

WHEN I HEARD ABOUT JERRY . . .

I was stunned. We were shooting a scene on a lonely Texas highway in the boiling heat. I felt the way people felt when John Lennon died. One of my friends said it best: "I guess the first half of my life is over." There is a part of life that is gone. I went out to a field and cried.

—Todd Harris

Jerry Garcia had a voice that has had us all searching our souls, singing out our hearts and dancing till we can't dance anymore. Jerry was the father and symbol of our whole movement. But just because the father is gone the brothers and sisters don't need to go their separate ways. We need to keep the idea alive and keep the love going. There is a spiritual bond. Deadheads are the best people on the planet.

—Joe Krzminski

I feel very saddened. It's like a member of the family has passed on. My love for the music and the friendships I made will continue though. I only regret that I never took my younger sister to a show. People don't understand unless they go.

—Nick Boulukos

You think about losing presidents and losing people and nothing will ever come close to the loss that this is for so many people. This is one of the major things that I'll have to go through in my life.

—Susan Van Liere

When Jerry went into a coma in 1986, we spent the entire night wandering the streets and beaches of Ventura talking about *what if*. I had my dress rehearsal then. When I'm alone I go through crying fits and heave great sighs. The greater impact will hit when I know I can no longer drink deep from the well of the Grateful Dead, the elixir we kept going back to and drinking from and feeling refreshed from.

—Mike Moroney

THE MAKING OF TIE-DIED: ROCK 'N ROLL'S MOST DEADICATED FANS

BY MELANIE WEBBER

A NEW FILM TAKES YOU INSIDE THE WORLD OF THE DEADHEADS.

CATHY STERLING, INC., PADDED CELL PICTURES AND ARROWOOD PRODUCTIONS PRESENT A BEHAR & SACKNER FILM: TIE-DIED: ROCK 'N ROLL'S MOST DEADICATED FANS

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: Joseph A. Kim, Sarah Sackner, Jennifer Fish
PRODUCERS: Marsha Oglesby, James Deutch
LINE PRODUCER: Catherine Pellow
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER: Peter Shapiro
ORIGINAL MUSIC: Peter Fish
SONGS BY: The Heads On The Lot
EDITORS: Andrew Behar, Sarah Sackner
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY: Hamid Shams
DIRECTED BY: Andrew Behar

When Marsha Oglesby became curious about her "major Deadhead" sister's obsession, she and friend Jim Deutch went to a Grateful Dead show. They were "amazed" by the concert, but even more so by the subculture in the "deadlot." They couldn't believe no one had done a documentary about Deadheads, so they decided to produce one.

When they approached documentary filmmaker Andrew Behar (*Painting the Town*), he was not a Dead fan. He soon became one. "I went to a concert and hung out in the deadlot. Within half an hour, I was sitting in a drum circle and knew that I had found my lost tribe—the most magical and spiritual group of people I had ever met."

After a scramble for financing, Behar, cinematographer Hamid Shams and a small crew joined the Deadheads in Seattle and filmed throughout the Dead's '94 Summer Tour. The result is *Tie-Died: Rock 'n Roll's Most Deadicated Fans*, scheduled to open in New York and Los Angeles on September 22 and nationally thereafter.

Tie-Died is a visually stunning film incorporating on-location interviews with fans whose ages range from six to 60. Often, there are three generations of Deadheads. Some were there at the beginning. Others were conceived at Dead shows, and some were even born there. An eight-year-old on his way to his 100th show told the filmmakers: "At my first show, I was still inside my mom."

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about the film is that neither the band nor the band's music ever appears, yet their presence is palpable. "When the shows would start, we'd stay with the people outside," explains Behar. "In Seattle, the stadium held 22,000, but there were at least 30,000 people outside dancing and having fun." The film is filled with original music performances from the deadlot fans, including a chorus

of aboriginal didgeridoos, a haunting a cappella solo, a one-man band, blues, harmonicas, guitars, violins and drum circles all pounding away on a variety of percussion instruments.

The film has a joyous feeling. Yet Behar doesn't shrink from the harsher realities of Deadhead life, from police harassment to drug use to the cynicism of overexposed fans. "I wanted to show how difficult and dark it can be, but also how bright the light can be."

The production was filled with seemingly magical incidents, coincidences and curious events. For example, two crew members won a VW minibus in a parking lot raffle. They dubbed it the "Miracle Bus" and used it as a studio for some of their night shots. Then it passed from Deadhead to Deadhead, wherever it could fill a need. The magic continued with *Tie-Died's* acceptance into the prestigious Sundance Festival, where it was picked up by ISA, the releasing company that represented the acclaimed *Hoop Dreams*.

The response by Deadheads who have seen the film has been extremely positive. Many Deadheads have told Behar, "Thanks for making the movie. If only I could get my parents to see it, maybe they'd understand what I'm about." In Cleveland, Behar was approached by parents who said: "Both of our kids have been Deadheads for the last 12 years. We never understood why until we saw the movie."

To Behar, that's the greatest compliment he could get. "There's something really important out there. They're looking for something far deeper than just a party. They're finding a sense of family and spirituality they just can't get anyplace else."

Jerry Garcia's death adds a special poignancy to the film. "It is over in the truest sense, because Jerry was the heart of the band, and I am truly thankful that we were able to capture that before it was too late," says Oglesby.

Behar hopes the Deadheads will find a way to stay together as a group, a family and a nomadic tribe. He says, "I dedicate the film to Jerry's memory and the magic he brought into all of our lives."

For more information about *Tie-Died*, access *Tie-Died's* Web site: <http://www.tie-died.com>.

Melanie Webber, a Los Angeles-based freelance writer, screenwriter and film producer, is the proud sister of a Deadhead. She produced the film *A Modern Affair*, scheduled for nationwide release in late September.

THE DEADHEADS

REMEMBER

MOVING ON

There is an ethos about the Grateful Dead that I hope I can live my life by, following your spirit. I took a lot away from the experience and brought it back to my life. I would go to shows and I would come back renewed with new perspective, new emotional discoveries, new intellectual thoughts. It was a combination of things and the Dead were the core of the experience. I don't know where that will come from anymore. There is a real finality to it. It had been a party for 30 years and it seemed like there would be another ten, easy.

—Todd Harris

A lot of us have mail orders in for fall shows, but I assume they will cancel. We'll all get our checks back in the mail and then it will hit us that there are no more shows, no longer the intense Dead scene. We'll move on. Our job is to take all the love we shared and all the beauty and carry it into our jobs, our love, our families . . . to give back what we have been given.

—Mike Moroney

Life keeps moving on. The biggest challenge is to figure out a creative way to keep the good things going. I feel sorry for the kids coming along who wake up to find they are the eyes of the world and there is no Grateful Dead. They have to wade through so much trash, so much negative energy, to feel good about themselves. The Dead's message was one of inspiration, optimism, excitement, willingness to do new things. They were very active in empowering other people and making the world a better place. I don't think there will be a Grateful Dead anymore, but the energy will find a way to recreate itself.

—Susan Van Lier

Deadheads could go to any town and have a festival and people would come, a Happening, like Ken Kesey's bus. Wherever they stop, people in that neighborhood will come and participate in that spirit.

—Andrew Behar

The music will carry on, but the live performance is gone. No one will ever be able to replicate it. We have come to that cross in the road where we have to say, "What's up?" And nobody knows.

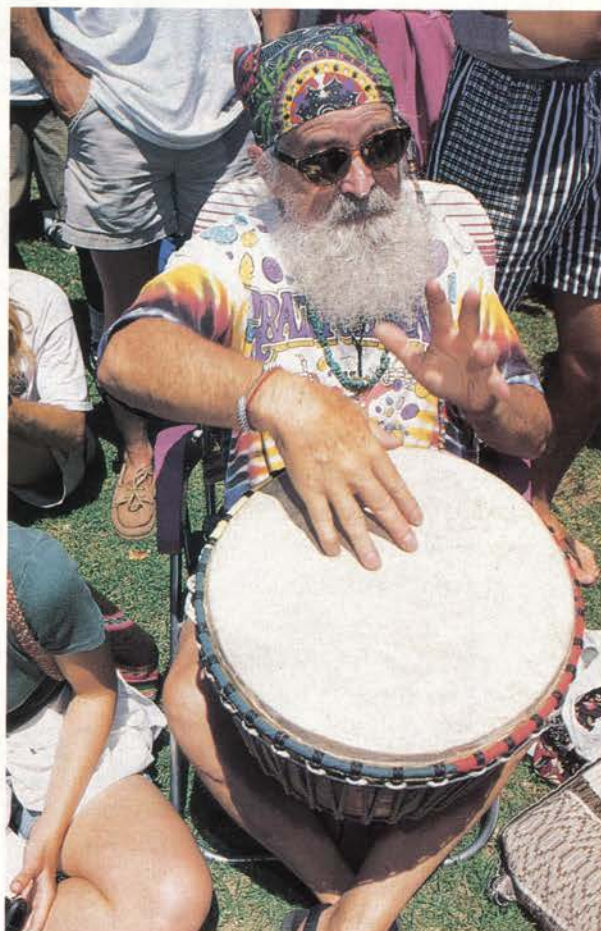
—Nick Boulukos

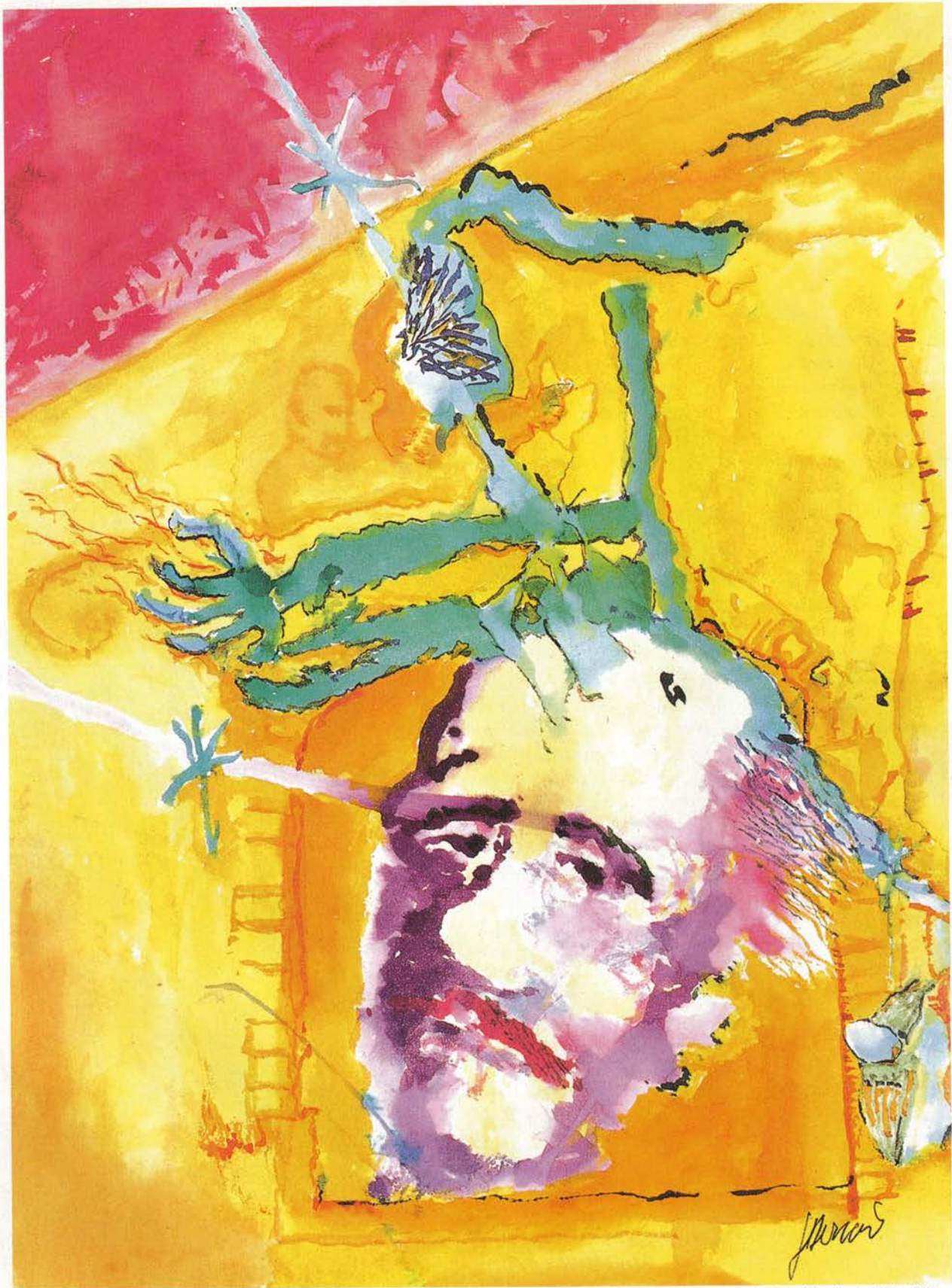
*Jerry's been here and gone,
And you know the music's still playing on.
Jerry's been here and gone,
And it's time for him to be moving on.
Jerry is a brother on the way.*

—Tony Coyote



A floral tribute to Jerry.





Poet Absorbs the War, 1991
9" x 12"
Watercolor

**GARCIA'S SKETCHES AND PAINTINGS
DRAW INCREASING POPULARITY.**

ARTIST WITH A GUITAR

Rock stars aren't just the subjects of photographs and posters. They often show a flair for art themselves. John Lennon's sketches and watercolors showed talent and a sense of humor. David Bowie was a commercial artist for

BY MICHAEL GOLDSTEIN

three years, while '70s icon Patti Smith was a painter turned poet turned rock star.

Jerry Garcia's first love was the visual arts, although he achieved his greatest artistic success in music. Even as a teenager, he took classes at the San Francisco Art Institute.

Art critic J.W. Mahoney notes: "His art carries a wise humor and a childlike inventiveness...it is made up of anecdotes—stories of unusual people, humorous animals, imaginary landscapes, fantastic architecture. His pieces are epigrams, expressions of quick wit, whose lightness and delight are surprisingly simple, given the darker complexities of the artist who made them."

Garcia created paintings, drawings and sketches working with ink, colored pencils, colored markers, acrylic airbrush and watercolors. His artworks have drawn increasing popularity among collectors, despite Garcia's disclaimer, "I hope that nobody takes them too seriously." Some

of his designs have even been turned into a line of ties, though Jerry certainly wasn't doing art for the money.

Sadly, since his death, demand for his artwork has never been higher. Debi Jacobson, owner of L'Imagerie Gallery in Los Angeles, told me that in the three days following his death on August 9, she sold more than 30 Garcia drawings and paintings priced between \$800 and \$5,000.

Fortunately, Deadheads need not spend this kind of money to enjoy Garcia's art. *J. Garcia Paintings, Drawings and Sketches*, edited by David Hinds and published by Celestial Arts Publishing, is just \$19.95, and includes more than 90 artworks.



Blue-Eyed Man
1986
4" x 6"
Watercolor

FRAME UP

Collecting rock posters has also long been popular among Deadheads. Posters from San Francisco in the '60s are among



Birdland, 1985
7" x 5" Ink and Colored Marker

the most popular. You'll find posters from the Avalon Ballroom and Bill Graham Productions, courtesy of Chester Helms of The Family Dog (who now runs San Francisco's Atelier Dore) and Jerry Pompili of Bill Graham Productions, reprinted in this tribute edition.

Because of their rarity, the originals of such classics as Alton Kelley and Stanley "Mouse" Miller's *Skull and Roses* sell for as much as \$1,500—if you can find them.

Rick Griffin's *The Dead in Hawaii* poster with skull and surfing eyeballs, announcing a canceled concert, sells for an awesome \$3,000 to \$5,000—if you can find it.

Fortunately, a Dead collector doesn't have to start at the top. Debi Jacobson says, "We have many beautiful posters for between \$50 and \$100," in addition to Garcia prints, tickets, postcards and other memorabilia.



Thirsty, 1991
7" x 9" Ink and Watercolor

R E S O U R C E S

THE ART PEDDLER

P.O. Box 1371
San Rafael, CA 94915
(415) 454-7331

ATELIER DORE

771 Bush St.
San Francisco, CA 94108
(415) 391-2423

CELESTIAL ARTS

PUBLISHING

P.O. Box 7123
Berkeley, CA 94707
(510) 559-1600, (510) 845-8414
(Publishes *J. Garcia Paintings, Drawings
and Sketches.*)

L'IMAGERIE

12117 Ventura Blvd.
Studio City, CA 91604
(818) 762-8488

Michael Goldstein is a Los Angeles screenwriter, journalist and Editor in Chief of PC LAPTOP COMPUTERS Magazine.

GARCIA SELLS OUT!

JERRY GARCIA NEVER SACRIFICED HIS INTEGRITY—BUT HE DID PUT HIS NAME ON AN ODD ASSORTMENT OF HOT PRODUCTS.

BY MICHAEL GOLDSTEIN



What do wet suits, hotel rooms, neckwear and ice cream have in common? Not much—but Jerry Garcia put his name on all of them.

Suggested just for fun by

Deadhead Jane Williamson

MacDonald, who sent a postcard to Vermont-based Ben & Jerry's, Cherry Garcia (an ultrarich mix with flakes of dark chocolate and cherry slivers soaked in amaretto) has become one of Ben & Jerry's top five selling ice creams. Cherry Garcia tastes good, but it also feels good—half the profits are donated to the Dead's charitable Rex Foundation.

In San Francisco you can stay in a hotel suite designed by Jerry Garcia. The Hotel Triton (415/394-0500), near the Dead's old Haight-Ashbury haunts, features bedspreads, shower curtains and trash cans with Garcia's artwork. Regardless of its nearly \$300-a-night tab, the Triton suite has been booked 90% of the time since opening last year.

Despite the "Fat Man's" famous girth, he was a devoted scuba diver. That's why Henderson Aquatics (609/825-4771) is offering distinctive J. Garcia Water Wear, which bears a J. Garcia patch with his artwork. Wet suits are offered for divers and surfers. Landlubbers will love the sweatshirts and caps.

FIT TO BE TIED

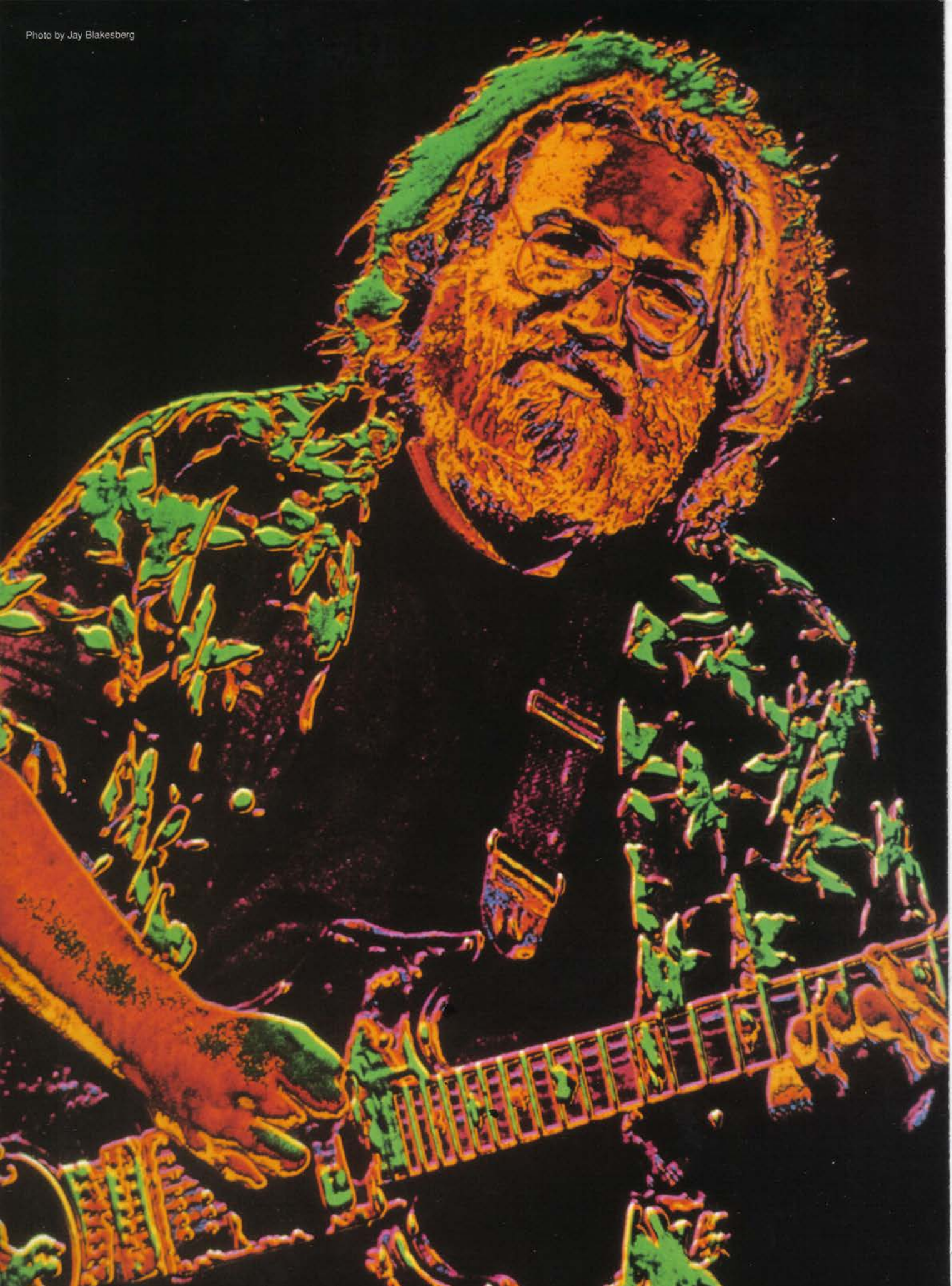
Considering that Jerry's concert attire usually consisted of jeans and an extra-large black T-shirt, the success of J. Garcia's Art-In-Neckware from Stonehenge Limited (212/947-0290) is doubly amazing.

Yet these limited edition ties, based on Garcia's artwork, hang around the necks of some of America's most powerful men, from President Bill Clinton and Vice President Al Gore to Republican Senator Allan Simpson. Longtime Deadhead and basketball legend Bill Walton wears his J. Garcia each time he appears on television.

Ties based on Garcia's artwork are available in a number of designs, from *Van Gogh's Tree* to *Birdland* and *Shaman*. Stonehenge Ltd. has sold an incredible 2.5 million Garcia ties and grossed over \$30 million since the line was introduced in 1993.

BOTTOM LINE

To Deadheads, the money doesn't really matter. These Garcia products, like the Dead tapes they trade or the albums, posters, artwork, magazines, books, T-shirts, tie-dyed clothing, crafts, jewelry, bumper stickers and other items they purchase, help make memories concrete. Whether tying a tie before another day's toil or just eating a spoonful of ice cream, a smile will flit across our faces as we think of Jerry, and the good times.



**WHEN DEADHEADS WANT TO
SHARE THEIR JOY OR PAIN,
THERE'S NO BETTER PLACE TO
GO THAN THE INTERNET.**

NET HEADS

The Grateful Dead have always been about family and community. The Internet, the loose network of computers that spans the globe, connects that community in times of joy

and, now, in a time of sadness.

The culture of Deadheads is a world unto itself. Deadheads range from Tourheads, people who follow the Dead from town to town, to Netheads, cybernauts who use their computers and modems to keep in touch with other Deadheads. But one thing's for certain—this is a tight-knit family.

After Jerry Garcia's death, the information superhighway was inundated with poems and thoughts about the loss of the Fatman. Seeking solace and spreading their positive energy, Dead fans gathered not only in cities across America but in enclaves online. As one corporate Nethead we interviewed said: "This is the end of an era. Luckily we're the people who have jobs."

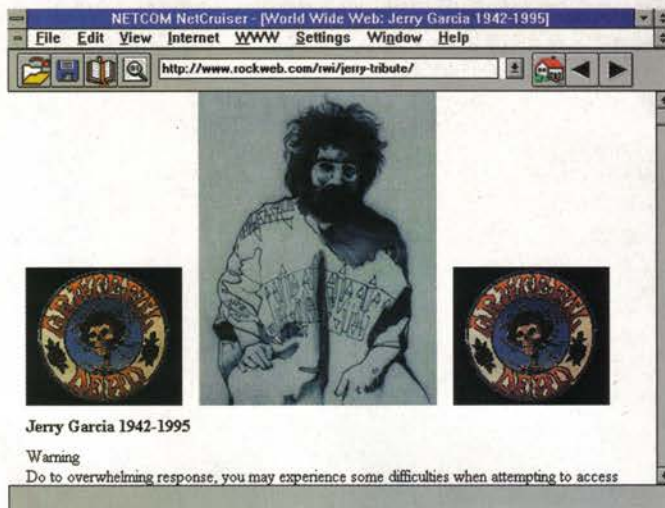
Log onto CompuServe, America Online, the Well or the World Wide Web, and you'll find plenty of Deadheads sharing upcoming concert dates, sound clips, artwork and videos, discussing recent car accidents at Dead shows, swapping tapes and talking about the best food at shows and everything else about the Dead you can imagine.

You'll find bulletin board addresses and Internet Web site information later in this story. For now, let's hear what Deadheads had to say when they heard that Jerry had gone away.

BY CASSANDRA CAVANAH

ONLINE MESSAGES OF LOVE

AS NEWS OF JERRY GARCIA'S DEATH SPREAD, THOUSANDS OF DEADHEADS CONNECTED ONLINE TO SHARE THEIR GRIEF. HERE'S A SAMPLING OF THE MANY MESSAGES OF LOVE AND REGRET FROM DEADHEADS AND LOVERS OF JERRY THAT WERE POSTED TO AMERICA ONLINE'S GRATEFUL DEAD FORUM. DUE TO COPYRIGHT LAWS, WE ARE UNABLE TO PRINT THE SCREEN NAMES OR THE ELECTRONIC ADDRESSES OF THE PEOPLE WHO WROTE THESE MESSAGES OF LOVE AND PAIN. OTHERWISE, THEIR MESSAGES ARE PRINTED EXACTLY AS THEY APPEARED.



Subj: Shake it easy...

Date: 95-08-10 00:09:02 EDT

Scarlet Begonias and pink champagne...(or egg creams)

We loved you Jerry, thanks for the ride

Minnie the Moocher/Danny The Seltzer Man

If I could, and if it would help, I'd hug each and everyone of you out there. It hurts, but we'll get through and Jerry'd be happy for us that we did.

{{{{{{{{{{}}}}}}}} [hugs]
Peace to all, Dan

Subj: Vigil in Pittsburgh

Date: 95-08-10 00:18:02 EDT

Just returned from Pittsburgh vigil for Jerry. About 500 strong and plenty of love in the air. I used my bandana to wipe tears at the start, then the same bandana wiped sweat from dancing inspired by the crowd music. Thanks Jerry...You taught your kids well.

Subj: he was a friend of mine

Date: 95-08-10 00:47:50 EDT

though i never met him i knew him just the same, he was a friend of mine

your body may be gone but your spirit will never die

from all of us THANK YOU FOR A REAL GOOD TIME

but everything you gather is just more that you can lose.

"Mission in the Rain"

Jerry, you gave me plenty and I lost a lot today. But it is far, far better to love and lost than never to had loved at all.

You will forever be in my mind and heart. Peace.

Subj: i loved the bus...

Date: 95-08-10 01:04:08 EDT

In 1979 i got on the bus...wow what a ride...i dont think its really over now...but its definatly never going to be the same.... i was lucky enough to see 87 shows...needed about three more years for my 100th...we cant always reach our goals...in times like these a person needs friends...unfortunatly i was unable to attend the vigil in pittsburgh tonight, hopefully there will be a gathering this weekend...i need to be with people who understand this loss...god i hope its not time to get of the bus...

Subj: Re:Goodbye

Date: 95-08-10 00:23:31 EDT

bye bye papa bear.

i miss you.

Zgirl in KY

greg...going down the road feeling bad....real bad...

Subj: re: goodbye

Date: 95-08-10 00:32:43 EDT

The "real" Deadheads are wonderful people who are genuine and care about each other. Peace be with you in this time of sorrow, then :) :) [smile, smile, smile]

Subj: Re:Goodbye

Date: 95-08-10 01:07:42 EDT

Just to know that I'll never get that same rush that I always got when the lights went down and the boys hit the stage really makes me sad.

Subj: Re:Ripple . . .

Date: 95-08-10 00:45:00 EDT

Always thought that I would outgrow them never did

Goodbye, Jerry.

Goodbye friend be free



Subj: Re: a poem for him
Date: 95-08-10 01:21:02 EDT

now that it's over
 and i'm left
 with nothing but
 emptiness
 to let go
 in a field with my brothers
 and sisters
 and knowing that
 no one
 nothing
 can touch us
 all that's left to say
 and sing
 is we love you
 and never
 could we ever forget you
 after what you've given us.

Subj: A THOUSAND WINDS
Date: 95-08-10 01:23:23 EDT

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
 I am not there, I do not sleep.
 I am a thousand winds that blow;
 I am the diamond glints on snow.
 I am the sunlight on ripened grain;
 I am the gentle autumn's rain.
 When you awake in the morning hush,
 I am the swift uplifting rush
 Of quiet in circled flight.
 I am the soft star that shines at night.
 Do not stand at my grave and cry.
 I am not there; I did not die.

With Deep Remorse,
 Makoto Nagano
 Tokyo, Japan

Cassandra Cavanah is Executive Editor of PC LAPTOP COMPUTERS MAGAZINE.

DATABASE DEADHEAD

It's always a surprise to see which people turn out to be Deadheads. Paul Santinelli is a product manager at Lotus Development Corp., a huge software company in Massachusetts. He's a suit-and-tie Deadhead who prides himself on his collection of Dead tapes.

"The whole idea behind the Dead is being able to exchange the music freely. When I was in high school, I realized that there was a whole group of people who did nothing but trade Dead tapes. Once I could afford my own taping equipment, I started taping shows."

Even while working at his full-on corporate job, Paul has found time to make it to at least fifteen shows a year. Perhaps it helps that Mitch Kapor, founder of Lotus, is a Deadhead himself.

Now that he's the Product Manager of Approach, Lotus's user-friendly database software, Paul has created a database of all his live Dead recordings that includes date, venue, sets, songs played in the set, notes on the songs that were hot, and more. "Because I keep a record of all my tapes, if anyone asks me if I have a particular show, I know. I also grade the tapes for quality."

Paul has even begun to embed 30-second sound clips of each tape into the database.

If you're a taper and you want to set up a similar database of your tapes, try CompuServe's Dead forum for a couple of Windows-based shareware programs: Wintaper and Windead.

ONLINE SERVICES

America Online
 (800) 827-6364

CompuServe
 (800) 848-8199
 (614) 457-8600

DEAD SITES ON THE NET

The Internet is a great place to find serious Netheads. Check out these sites:

<http://www.rockweb.com/rwi/jerry-tribute/>
 Jerry Garcia tribute page

<http://www.cs.cmu.edu/~mleone/dead.html>
 Mark Leone's The Grateful Dead Page

<http://www.tie-died.com>
 Page from the director of the Tie Died documentary on Deadheads

<http://wl.iglou.com/hippie/hippie1.html>
 Lists of other Dead sites

<ftp://gdead.berkeley.edu/put/gdead>
 A favorite originating from Berkeley

http://www.shore.net/~aiko/dead_html/index.html
 Seth's Deadhead Home Pages Index

<http://sedona.uafphys.alaska.edu/~price/dead.html>

rec.music.gdead (newsgroup)

The place for up-to-date info on the Dead

http://www.teleport.com/~mcarver/bus_stop.htm
 Just a cool page

<http://www.charm.net/~cunning/wwwtour/>

Touring information and other news/stories about recent Dead shows

<http://levity.willow.com/digaland/index.html>

Steve Silberman's Web site, with links to many Dead sites. Steve is the coauthor of the indispensable Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads, Doubleday, \$14.95

DEDICATED BULLETIN BOARDS (BBS)*

(Numbers listed are for modem connections.)

Dead Board

(301) 530-9346 (9,600 bps)

Terrapin Station

(203) 656-0134 (9,600 bps)

Sugar Magnolia

(703) 347-7460 (14,400 bps)

Darkstar Systems

(206) 578-1157 (14,400 bps)

Cumberland Mines

(714) 373-1509 (9,600 bps)

*Excerpted from Skeleton Key by David Shenk and Steve Silberman

JERRY'S KIDS

BY SANDY MASUO

JERRY'S GONE, BUT HE LEFT THESE EXCITING YOUNG BANDS TO CARRY ON.

Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead not only represented the '60s, they embodied its ideals. They were an enduring reminder that people can coexist in peace and harmony—if only for the duration of a concert, though Dead followers seemed to carry that philosophy with them wherever they were.

The Dead were in the vanguard of '60s rock. They survived the fragmentation of rock in the '70s and rock's diversification in the '80s into tiny sub-groups. They were validated in the '90s by the neo-hippie spirit of festivals like Lollapalooza.

Certainly, no single band could really replicate the Dead's 30-year legacy of music and magic. Nonetheless, even if the Dead never play again as a unit after Jerry's death, the band will be survived by a bevy of bands who carry on their spirit. Adding their own touches to the folk-, blues- and jazz-tinged sonic continuum, all of these bands adhere to the free-spirited musical foundation of the Dead—and all of them heed the call of the road.



Phish

Photo by Danny Clinch

Phish

Though they may actually sound the least Dead-like of the Grateful Dead's progeny, Phish's improvisational music is certainly grounded in the same *raison d'être* of the Dead. Their extended-play jams are just as likely to dip into reggae or New Orleans-style jazz as Zappa-esque surrealism or barber-shop quartet harmonies.

Since the foursome's early days on the University of Vermont campus in the early '80s, their fan base, won over as much by the band's music as its wacky stage antics, has consistently, enthusiastically grown. In 1994 alone they played some 100 concerts for more than 600,000 fans. This year they finally documented their renowned live shows with a double album, *A Live One* (Elektra). But it's more than just a live album. In a way it recaps Phish's career thus far—a career that somehow

merges a post-punk self-determination with the individualist credo of the '60s.

More than just a touring band, Phish is a small do-it-yourself business enterprise. In addition to the newsletter (which has a circulation of more than 80,000) Phish publishes for their fans, they maintain their own Web site on the Internet (phish.net) and a mail-order service that keeps their followers outfitted with both clothing and music.

Though they've recorded half a dozen albums over the last seven years, it wasn't until their fifth release, last year's *Hoist*, that Phish garnered any radio play ("Down With Disease" and "Sample In a Jar")—which is in itself a kind of tribute to the Grateful Dead, who charted only one top-ten single in their 30-year existence.

The Mother Hips



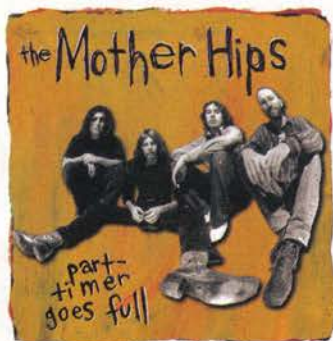
Photo by American Recordings

The Spin Doctors

From New York City, The Spin Doctors, unleashing irrepressible, effervescent ditties that scamper around hooks as solid as the jams that drive them, take a more popcentric tack. They made their first big splash with "Little Miss Can't Be Wrong" from their 1991 Epic debut *Pocket Full of Kryptonite*. The popularity of the song, according to *Rolling Stone* writer John Swenson was based on "universal rock 'n' roll virtues—the tuneful grooves and the neo-hippie charm of vocalist Chris Barron."

Like the Blues Traveler, they also dip into funk, but with a lighter touch. They're earthier than Phish with much less of a quirk factor, though the intensity of their playing is tempered with a good dose of silliness—mostly a product of frontman Chris Barron's impish demeanor.

After the success of *Kryptonite*, the Spin Doctors self-released a live album called *Homebelly Groove*. Though their next release, 1994's *Turn It Upside Down*, was a studio album, it was the end result of four years of nonstop touring that preceded it and included material ("Bags of Dirt," "Indifference") that had become concert staples. And, within weeks of the album hitting the streets, the Spin Doctors hit the road again.



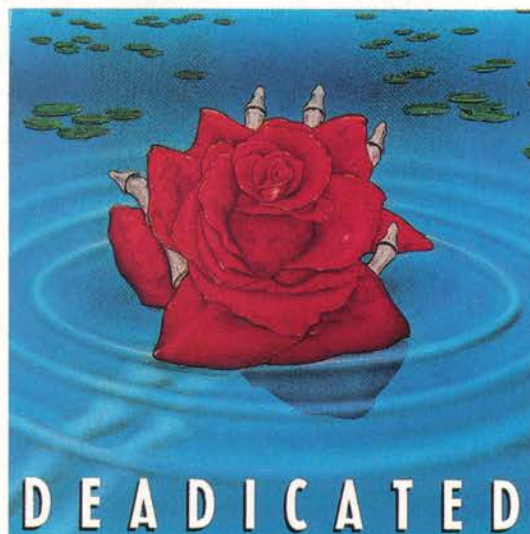
The Mother Hips

Though The Mother Hips' cofrontman Tim Bluhm has expressed his bafflement over the band's association with both the Grateful Dead and the H.O.R.D.E. crowd, the Chico, California, quartet have been embraced by the same audiences. After playing the second stage during last year's H.O.R.D.E. festival, The Mother Hips will be joining the lineup again for H.O.R.D.E. '95.

They add more of a sassy Black Crowes-like twist on the general blues-rock jam approach, though in their mellower moments, they reveal far folkier roots than their neo-Dead compadres. In "Chum," from their 1992 self-released debut, *Back to the Grotto* (reissued earlier this year by American Recordings), they combine psychedelic sitar-isms here and there and twangy touches and moments of Simon and Garfunkel-esque harmony drenched tunefulness.

The album prompted *The San Francisco Chronicle* to declare, "Not since Moby Grape did it in the heyday of 1967 has a Northern California band been so adept at combining a down-home country-and-Western sensibility and free-spirited, no-rules rock and roll!"

An even more literal tribute to the Dead was paid by artists including Los Lobos, Elvis Costello and Dwight Yoakam on the 1991 album Dedicated.



Blues Traveler

New York's aptly named Blues Traveler are more contemplative than the Phish folk, not quite as blissful as the Dead. There's a distinct element of angst that makes the "blues" component ring true—ironic, considering frontman John Popper's early aspirations to become a comedian. Popper's distinctive, soaring harp work and soulful vocals and the evocative strains of Chan Kinchla's guitar mesh with the groove-induced rhythms of bassist Bob Sheehan and drummer Brendan Hill to ooze rollicking bar band blues.

As for the "traveler" component, Popper and company conceptualized the now annual H.O.R.D.E. summer festival and headlined three of them. Even a serious motorcycle accident that left Popper wheelchair-bound for nearly a year didn't stop the quartet from touring to support *Save His Soul*, the album the band was working on at the time of his injury. Like Phish, the Blues Traveler's first hit single, "Runaround," came from their latest effort, the appropriately named *Four* (A&M). The song itself is a catchy piece of scruffy pop rock, but what has perhaps done more to attract the attention of those outside the Traveler's camp is the equally catchy video (a savvy move on the part of their label, A&M, to bring the band to a wider audience) that's been hogging airtime on MTV and VH-1.

Video success is yet another irony for a band that is the antithesis of glamour: "George Michael's butt is perfectly round, and nine-year-olds care about that," the hefty Popper told *USA Today*. "Videos are about image. It's an art form some people are good at, but we'd be stupid to assume we're good at it just because we're in a band." But it will be the Blues Traveler's live rendering of the song, on the road, that will clinch its hit factor.

Widespread Panic

Nine years ago, Widespread Panic, a six-piece from Athens, Georgia, got their start fighting against the music currents of the day. "We were totally going against the grain at the time," bassist David Schools told the *Tampa Tribune* last spring. "R.E.M. was the big thing, and college rock. We were some long-haired, non-fashion-conscious guys who got off on extended two-chord jams for 20 minutes."

Widespread Panic present a more Allman Brothers-infused variation on the sprawling jam scenario. John Hermann's keyboards and the wailing pedal steel add the powerful Southern-rock flavor to the mix, and at times their music can be quite haunting. Like many of their H.O.R.D.E. brethren (they played both the 1992 and 1993 festivals), Widespread Panic often develop songs over the course of their relentless touring schedule.

Their fourth and latest album, last year's *Ain't Life Grand* (Capricorn), was as much a product of the studio as it was the stage. "We play [our songs] in concert before we record them—a baptism by fire," Schools explained in a Capricorn press release. "We hammer them into shape live so we're all the more prepared to go into the studio and record them rather than waste time coming up with arrangements while we're recording. It's fun, too—we can try out different approaches to see how they work and get the audience reaction."



Blues Traveler

Photo by Jay Blakesberg

Parting Words

Will any of these whippersnappers be able to fill the shoes of the Dead? That remains to be seen, but in order for any of them to even approach the Dead's three-decade, multigenerational legacy, these bands will need to show that they're truly "Built to Last."

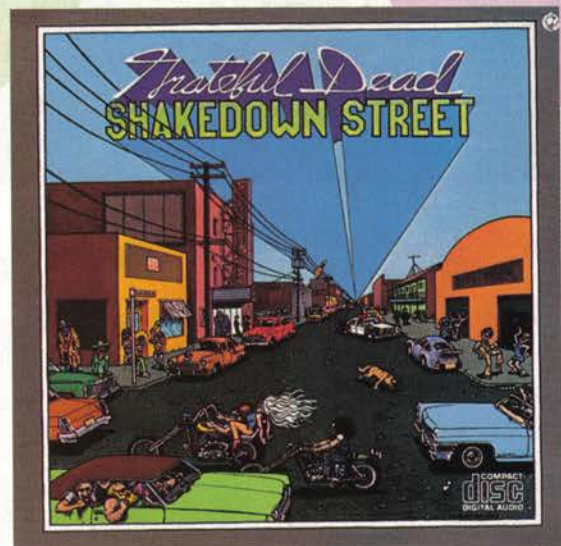
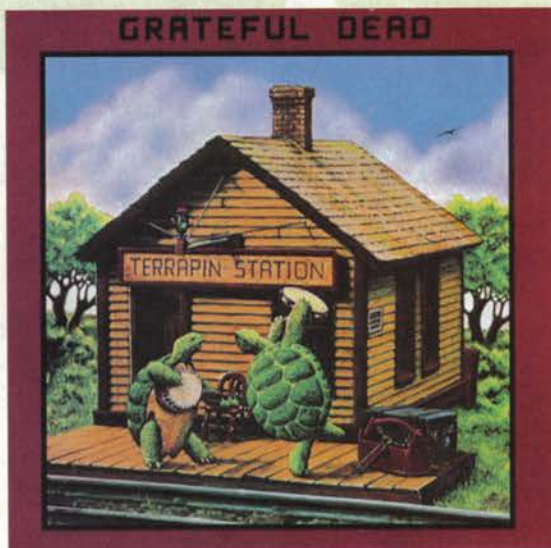
Sandy Masuo is a Los Angeles-based music writer.

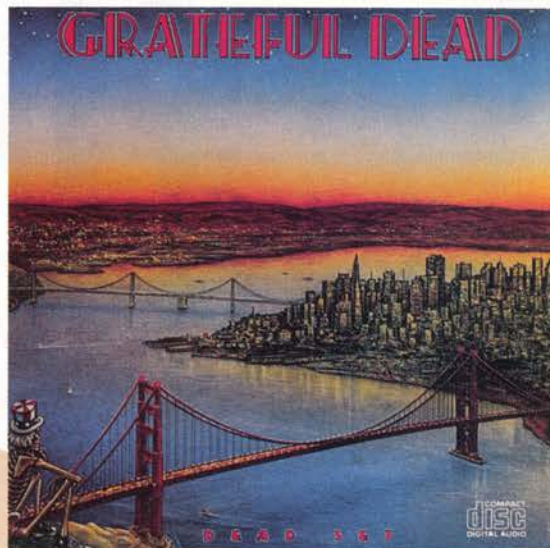
DISCOGRAPHY

THE MUSIC NEVER STOPPED WHEN JERRY, PHIL, BOB, BILL, MICKEY AND THE REST OF THE DEAD WERE PLAYING.

Since beginning their recording career in 1967, the Grateful Dead have recorded on a number of labels, including Warner Brothers, Grateful Dead Records and Arista. Solo or as a group, this prolific group of musicians has recorded dozens of studio albums, live records, solo projects and collaborations.

COMPILED BY
LINDA CAUTHEN





ABBREVIATIONS:

- WB**—Warner Brothers
- AL, AR**—Arista
- RX**—Round Records
- GD**—Grateful Dead Records
- F**—Fantasy Records

GRATEFUL DEAD ALBUMS

The Grateful Dead

[WB 1689 - March 1967]

- The Golden Road
(To Unlimited Devotion)
- Beat It On Down the Line
- Good Morning, Little School Girl
- Cold Rain and Snow
- Sitting On Top of the World
- Cream Puff War
- Morning Dew
- New, New Minglewood Blues
- Viola Lee Blues

Anthem of the Sun

[WB 1749 - July 1968]

- That's It for the Other One
- I. Cryptical Envelopment
- II. Quadlibet for Tender Feet
- III. The Faster We Go, the Rounder We Get
- IV. We Leave the Castle
- Now Potato Caboose
- Born Cross-Eyed
- Alligator
- Caution

Aoxomoxoa

[WB 1790 - June 1969]

- St. Stephen
- Dupree's Diamond Blues
- Rosemary
- Doin' That Rag
- Mountains of the Moon
- China Cat Sunflower
- What's Become of the Baby
- Cosmic Charlie

Live Dead

[WB 1830 - November 1970]

- Dark Star
- St. Stephen
- The Eleven
- Love Light
- Death Don't Have No Mercy
- Feedback
- And We Bid You Goodnight

Workingman's Dead

[WB 1869 - May 1970]

- Uncle John's Band
- High Time
- Dire Wolf
- New Speedway Boogie
- Cumberland Blues
- Black Peter
- Easy Wind
- Casey Jones

American Beauty

[WB 1893 - November 1970]

Box of Rain
Friend of the Devil
Sugar Magnolia
Operator
Candyman
Ripple
Brokedown Palace
Till the Morning Comes
Attics of My Life
Truckin'

Grateful Dead

(a.k.a. "the Skull and Roses album")

[WB 2-record set - October 1971]

Bertha
Mama Tried
Big Railroad Blues
Playing in the Band
The Other One
Me and My Uncle
Big Boss Man
Me & Bobby McGee
Johnny B. Goode
Wharf Rat
Not Fade Away
Goin' Down the Road
Feeling Bad

Europe '72

[WB 3-record set 2668 - November 1972]

Cumberland Blues

He's Gone
One More Saturday Night
Jack Straw
You Win Again
China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Brown-Eyed Woman
Hurts Me Too
Ramble On Rose
Sugar Magnolia
Mr. Charlie
Tennessee Jed
Truckin'
Epilogue
Prelude
Morning Dew

Wake of the Flood

[GD 01 - November 1973]

Mississippi Half-Step
Uptown Toodeloo
Let Me Sing Your Blues
Away
Row Jimmy
Stella Blue
Here Comes Sunshine
Eyes of the World
Weather Report Suite
Prelude
Part I
Part II

Grateful Dead From the Mars Hotel

[GD 102 - June 1974]

Scarlet Begonias

Ship of Fools
Pride of Cucamonga
Loose Lucy
U.S. Blues
Unbroken Chain
China Doll
Money Money

Blues for Allah

[GD-LA (United Artists) 494-G - September 1975]

Help on the Way
Slipknot!
Franklin's Tower
Stronger Than Dirt or
Milkin' the Turkey
The Music Never Stopped
Crazy Fingers
Sage and Spirit
Blues for Allah
Sand Castles and
Glass Camels
Unusual Occurrences
in the Desert

Terrapin Station

[Arista 7001 - July 1977]

Estimated Prophet
Dancin' in the Streets
Passenger
Samson and Delilah
Sunrise
Terrapin Station Part I
Lady with a Fan
Terrapin Station
Terrapin

Terrapin Transit
At a Siding
Terrapin Flyer
Refrain

Shakedown Street

[Arista 4198 - November 1978]

Good Lovin'
France
Shakedown Street
Serengetti
Fire on the Mountain
I Need a Miracle
From the Heart of Me
Stagger Lee
All New Minglewood Blues
If I Had the World to Give

Go to Heaven

[Arista AL 9508 - 1980]

Far From Me
Althea
Feel Like a Stranger
Alabama Getaway
Don't Ease Me In
Easy to Love You
Lost Sailor
Saint of Circumstance

In the Dark

[Arista AL8453 - July 1987]

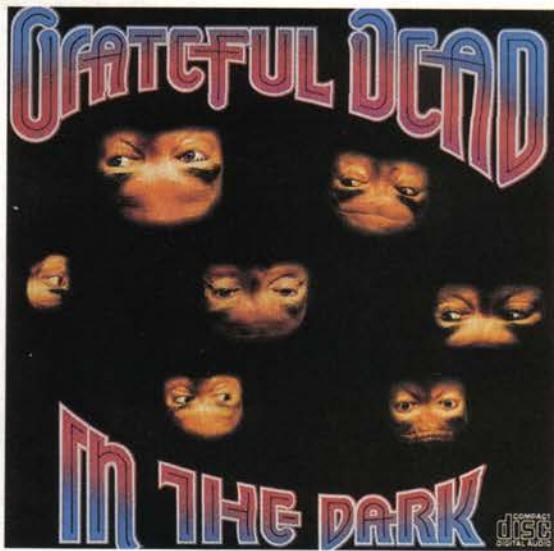
Touch of Gray
Hell in a Bucket
When Push Comes
to Shove
West L.A. Fadeaway

GRATEFUL DEAD



R E C R O N I N G





Tons of Steel
 Throwing Stones
 Black Muddy River
 My Brother Esau
(on cassette only)

Built to Last
 [Arista ARCD 8575 - Oct. 1989]

Foolish Heart
 Just a Little Light
 Built to Last
 Blow Away
 Victim or the Crime
 We Can Run
 Standing on the Moon
 Picasso Moon
 I Will Take You Home

COMPILATIONS

Bear's Choice - History of the Grateful Dead Vol. I

[WB BS2721 - 1973]
 Katie Mae
 Dark Hollow
 I've Been All Around This World
 Wake Up Little Susie
 Black Peter
 Smokestack Lightnin'
 Hard to Handle

The Best of/Skeletons From the Closet

[WB 2764 - 1974]
 The Golden Road

Truckin'
 Rosemary
 Sugar Magnolia
 St. Stephen
 Uncle John's Band
 Casey Jones
 Mexicali Blues
 Turn on Your Love Light
 One More Saturday Night
 Friend of the Devil

Steal Your Face
 [GD-LA620/J2GD-104 - 1976]

The Promised Land
 Cold Rain and Snow
 Around and Around
 Stella Blue
 Mississippi Half-Step
 Uptown Toodeloo
 Ship of Fools
 Beat It on Down the Line
 Big River
 Black-Throated Wind
 U.S. Blues
 El Paso
 Sugaree
 It Must Have Been the Roses
 Casey Jones

What a Long Strange Trip It's Been

[2WB3091 - 1977]
 New, New
 Minglewood Blues
 Cosmic Charlie

Truckin'
 Black Peter
 Born Cross-Eyed
 Ripple
 Doin' That Rag
 Dark Star
 High Time
 New Speedway Boogie
 St. Stephen
 Jack Straw
 Me and My Uncle
 Tennessee Jed
 Cumberland Blues
 Playing in the Band
 Brown-Eyed Woman
 Ramble On Rose

Reckoning
 [A2L 8604 - 1981]

Dire Wolf
 The Race is On
 Oh Babe It Ain't No Lie
 It Must Have Been the Roses
 Dark Hollow
 China Doll
 Been All Around This World
 Monkey and the Engineer
 Jack-A-Roe
 Deep Elem Blues
 Cassidy
 To Lay Me Down
 Rosalie McFall
 On the Road Again
 Bird Song
 Ripple

Dead Set
 [A2L8606 - 1981]
 Samson and Delilah
 Friend of the Devil
 New Minglewood Blues
 Deal
 Candyman
 Little Red Rooster
 Loser
 Passenger
 Feels Like a Stranger
 Franklin's Tower
 Rhythm Devils
 Space
 Fire on the Mountain
 Greatest Story Ever Told
 Brokedown Palace

Without a Net
 [ACD2-8634 - 1990]
 Feels Like a Stranger
 Mississippi Half-Step
 Uptown Toodeloo
 Walkin' Blues
 Althea
 Cassidy
 Bird Song
 Let It Grow
 China Cat Sunflower/I Know You Rider
 Looks Like Rain
 Eyes of the World
 Victim or the Crime
 Help on the Way/
 Slipknot!/Franklin's Tower

One More Saturday Night
Dear Mr. Fantasy

One from the Vault

[GDCD 40132 - 1991]

Help on the Way
Franklin's Tower
The Music Never Stopped
It Must Have Been
the Roses
Eyes of the World/Drums
King Solomon's Marbles
Around & Around
Sugaree
Big River
Crazy Fingers/Drums
The Other One
Sage and Spirit
Goin' Down the
Road Feeling Bad
U.S. Blues
Blues for Allah

**SELECTED
SOLO ALBUMS**

Garcia - Jerry Garcia

[WB BS 2582 - 1971]

Deal
Bird Song
Sugaree
Loser
Late for Supper
Spidergawd
Eep Hour
To Lay Me Down

An Odd Little Place
The Wheel

Ace - Bob Weir

[WB BS2635 - 1972]

Greatest Story Ever Told
Black-Throated Wind
Walk in the Sunshine
Playing in the Band
Looks Like Rain
Mexicali Blues
One More Saturday Night
Cassidy

Rolling Thunder -

Mickey Hart

[WB BS2635 - 1972]

Rolling Thunder/Shoshone
Invocation
The Main Ten
(Playing in the Band)
Fletcher Carnaby
The Chase
Blind John
Young Man
Deep, Wide and Frequent
Pump Song
Granma's Cookies
Hangin' On

**Tales of the Great Rum
Runners - Robert Hunter**

[RX 101 (Round Records) - 1974]

Lady Simplicity
That Train
Dry, Dusty Road

I Heard You Singing
Rum Runners
Children's Lament
Maybe She's a Bluebird
Boys in the Barroom
It Must Have Been
the Roses
Arizona Lightning
Standing at Your Door
Mad
Keys to the Rain

**Compliments of Garcia -
Jerry Garcia**

[RX 102 - 1974]

Let It Rock
When the Hunter Gets
Captured by the Game
That's What Love Will
Make You Do
Russian Lullaby
Turn on the Bright Lights
He Ain't Give you None
What Goes Around
Let's Spend the Night
Together
Mississippi Moon
Midnight Town

**Keith & Donna - Keith
and Donna Godchaux**

[RX 104 - 1975]

River Deep, Mountain High
Sweet Baby
Woman Make You
When You Start to Move

Show Boat
My Love for You
Farewell Jack
Who Was John
Every Song I Sing

**Tiger Rose -
Robert Hunter**

[RX 105 - 1975]

Tiger Rose
One Thing to Try
Rose of Sharon
Wild Bill
Dance a Hole
Cruel White Water
Over the Hills
Last Flash of Rock 'n Roll
Yellow Moon
Ariel

**Seastones - Phil Lesh
and Ned Legin**

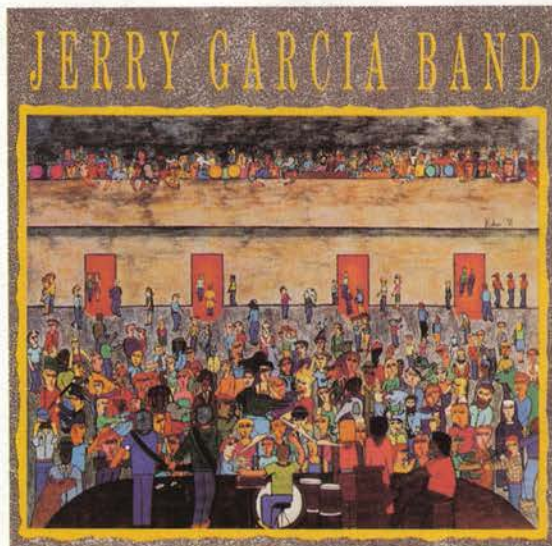
[RX 106 - 1975]

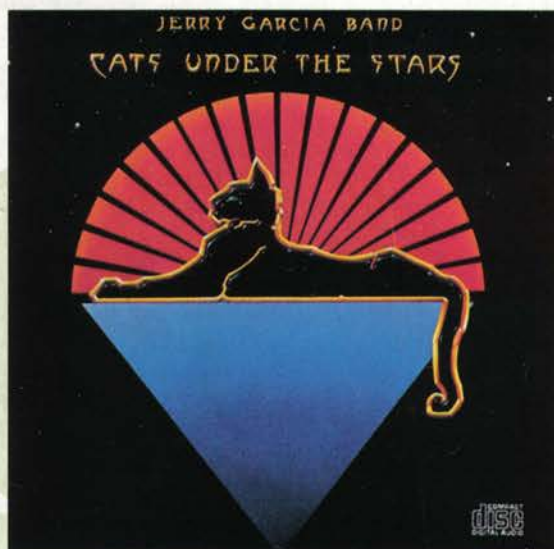
A Union of Music, Biology
and Physics
(suite)

Reflections - Jerry Garcia

[RX 107 - RX-LA565-G - 1975]

Might As Well
Mission in the Rain
They Love Each Other
I'll Take a Melody
It Must Have Been
the Roses
Tore Up Over You





Catfish John
Comes a Time

**Diga - Mickey Hart/
Diga Rhythm Band**

[RX 110 - RX-LA600-G - 1976]

Razooli
Happiness is Drumming
Tal Mala
Sweet Sixteen
Magnificent Sevens

**Heaven Help the Fool -
Bob Weir Band**

[AB 4155 - 1978]

Bombs Away
Easy to Slip
Salt Lake City
Shade of Grey
Heaven Help the Fool
This Time Forever
I'll be Doggone
Wrong Way Feelin'

**Cats Under the Stars -
Jerry Garcia Band**

[AB 4160 - 1978]

Rubin and Cherise
Love in the Afternoon
Palm Sunday
Cats Under the Stars
Rhapsody in Red
Rain
Down Home
Gomorrah

**Run for the Roses -
Jerry Garcia**

[ARCD-8557]

Run for the Roses
I Saw Her Standing There
Without Love
Midnight Getaway
Leave the Little Girl Alone
Valeria
Knockin' On Heaven's Door

**Hooteroll? - Jerry
Garcia and Howard Wales**

[KZ 30859 (Douglas Records) -
1971]

South Street Strut
A Trip to What Next
Up From the Desert
DC-503
One A.M. Approach
Uncle Martin's
Da Bird Song

**Heavy Turbulence - Jerry
Garcia and Merl Saunders**

[F 8421 (Fantasy Records) - 1972]

My Problems Got Problems
The Night They Drove Old
Dixie Down
Save Mother Earth
Imagine
Welcome to the Basement
Man-Child



**Fire Up - Jerry Garcia and
Merl Saunders**

[F9421 - 1973]

After Midnight
Expressway
Charisma
Soul Roach
Chock-Lite Puddin'
Benedict Rides
The System
Lonely Avenue

**Live at Keystone - Jerry
Garcia and Merl Saunders**

[F79002 - 1973]

Finders Keepers,
Losers Weepers
Positively 4th Street
The Harder They Come
It Takes a Lot to Laugh,
It Takes a Train to Cry
Space
It's No Use
That's All Right, Mama
My Funny Valentine
Someday Baby
Like a Road

**Old and In the Way - with
Jerry Garcia**

[RX 103 - 1975]

Pig in a Pen
Midnight Moonlight
Old and in the Way
Knockin' on Your Door
The Hobo Song

Panama Red
Wild Horses
Kissimmee Kid
White Dove
Land of the Navajo

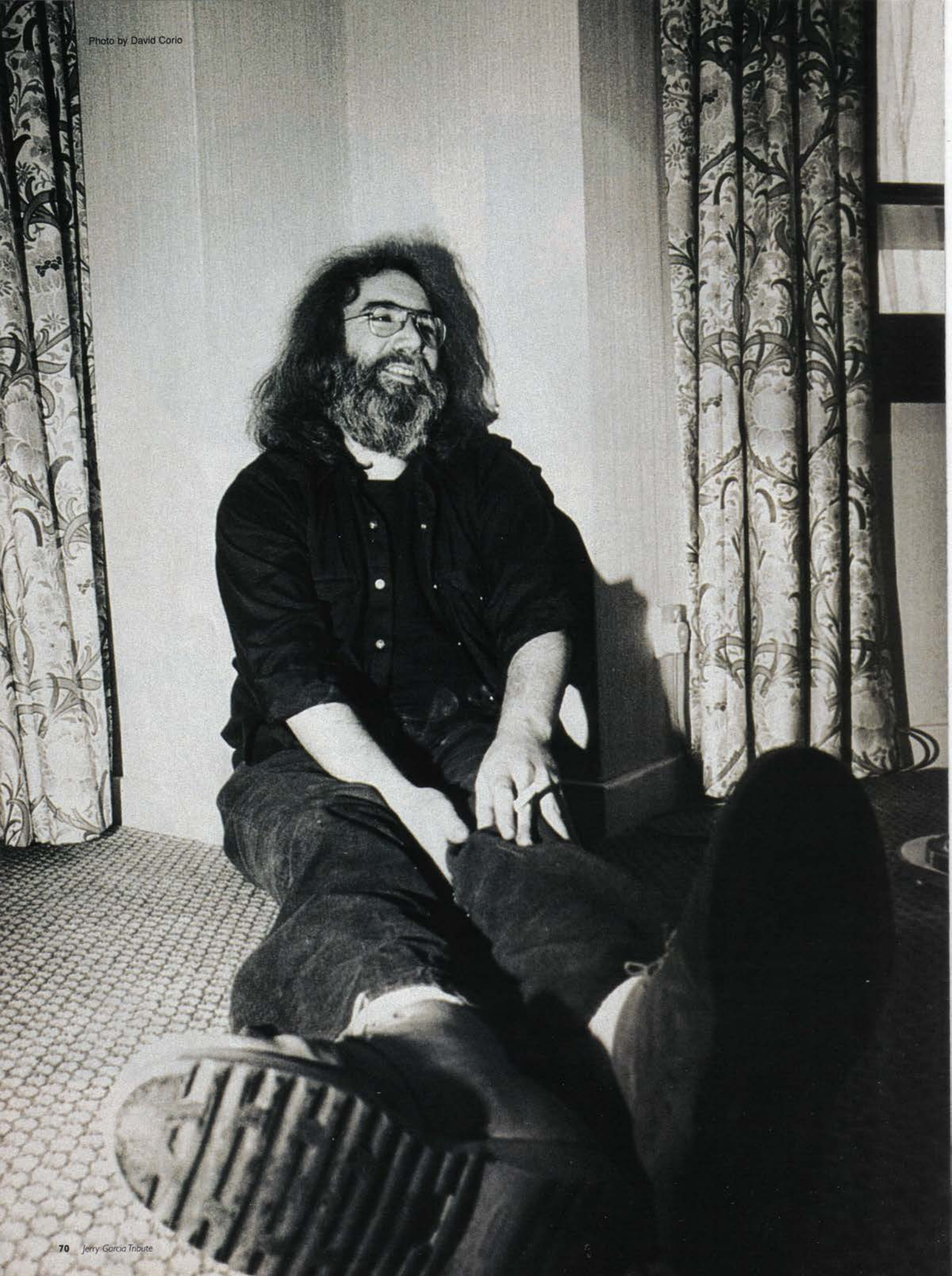
**Kingfish - with Bob Weir
[RX-LA 564-G RX 108 -
1976]**

Lazy Lightnin'
Supplication
Wild Northland
Asia Minor
Home to Dixie
Jump for Joy
Good-Bye Yer Honor
Big Iron
This Time
Hypnotize
Bye and Bye

Dylan & The Dead

[Columbia 45056 - 1989]

Slow Train
I Want You
Gotta Serve Somebody
Queen Jane Approximately
Joey
All Along the Watchtower
Knockin' On Heaven's Door



BY JOSHUA PIVEN

AND WE BID YOU GOODBYE

From celebrities to the average Joe, Deadheads remember the magic and say good-bye.

When I heard from a friend on Wednesday morning, August 9, that Jerry had died, my thoughts didn't return to great shows that I had seen, though there were many, or to the "miracle" tickets that I had obtained—though there were many of those too.

Instead, I thought of the night before, when, for the first time in months, I had put on a tie-dyed T-shirt emblazoned with Jerry's smiling face. Once, tie-dyes were my attire of choice, but I have since traded my shorts for slacks and my sandals for shoes and joined the working world, much to my chagrin.

With the memory came the sudden realization that no longer would I be able to slide back into the Dead scene as neatly and comfortably as slipping on an old T-shirt. That I wouldn't have Jerry and his music to retreat to when the real world got too heavy, too "real." Who, or what, could ever replace the feeling of sheer joy that washed over me on a night when Jerry was "on"? What could possibly substitute for that wonderful sense of belonging that is the Grateful Dead experience?

Jerry will be remembered best for how his music brought people together on both a physical and a psychological level. But Jerry's death, while invoking huge public gatherings and a shared sense of loss, will ultimately have to be assimilated by each of us in our own way. The Tourhead that followed the band for the last five years will react differently than the weekend Heads, who will react differently than the young fans who can't remember when the band didn't play "Unbroken Chain."

People with vastly different lives share a common love of Jerry's music. With the virtual Dead community that has emerged on the Internet, they now can share their experiences with Deadheads all over the world. From the Internet come these memories of Deadheads. The writers vary in almost every way but one: They will always remember how Jerry Garcia touched their lives.

Eyes of the World

McBee Butcher, a Philadelphia investment banker, remembers a March 29, 1990 show at New York's Nassau Coliseum as one of the happiest times in his life. "When Branford [Marsalis] came out and played with Jerry on "Eyes of the World," it all came together for me. One of the great things about the Dead is the anticipation ... you would always hope to hear



particular songs, but you just never knew. When Branford played with Jerry, it was beyond all expectations . . . his playing just fit so perfectly. I was in a state of natural delirium.

"There's no question in my mind that the most euphoric moments of my life have come at Grateful Dead shows. It's really the only religiousness that I've ever felt. It was always like, How bad could life be? There's still the Grateful Dead."

Standing in the Light

Scarlett, a 39-year-old attorney from Virginia, also experienced a kind of religious awakening. "Until I went to my first Grateful Dead show, I thought God was an angry old man on a throne far away just waiting for me to have a good time so he could punish me. Now you might think I am going to say that Jerry is G-d, but that's not it at all. Jerry's music is simply the conduit through which I first saw G-d. At my first show, Jerry's fingers reached out and wrapped themselves around my heart. I had turned my back on the throne sitter and thought I didn't need G-d. But I was wrong.

"Now I see G-d in a completely different light. Any G-d who can give a mere mortal the ability to play like Jerry can't possibly be bad. I began to understand that G-d loves me and wants me to be happy. G-d is not sitting around waiting for an opportunity to punish me. G-d is a purely spiritual being, not far away on a throne, but

right here within me. G-d is love. The 62 Dead shows in which I participated were experiences of G-d, experiences of love."

Playing in the Band

Brian Wetherbee, 41, a computer consultant from Massachusetts, saw his first show in 1968. He fondly recalls one of the most important aspects of Jerry's magic: his ability to communicate with an audience through his music.

"I particularly remember one show at the Worcester Centrum. The band went into the last song 'Not Fade Away' after 'Throwing Stones.' I remember Jerry standing on the edge of the stage with a huge smile on his face doing the 'You Know Our Love Will Not Fade Away!' chant. He was touching his heart with his hand and then throwing it to the crowd. The show ended, but the crowd kept up the chant: 'You Know Our Love Will Not Fade Away! Bop, Bop Bop, Bop Bop Bop!'"

"I will always remember him walking out for the encore, a big smile on his face, and taking up his guitar and picking a few chords 'Bop, Bop Bop, Bop Bop Bop,' while the rest of the band got ready to plunge into 'One More Saturday Night.' To me, this is what it was all about. The only other thing that beat the happiness I have felt at Dead shows was the day I got married to my wife."

From the Heart

RC Stilwel, a psychologist from Oregon, remembers the day in 1968 when he met Jerry in the living room of a friend's house. "I served in Vietnam with the brother of Marmaduke Dawson, of the New Riders of the Purple Sage. Following our return to the states, I met Marmaduke and visited the New Riders' house several times.

"One bright day, I walked in and there sat Jerry in the living room. During the afternoon people came and went. Eventually, just Jerry and I sat in the living room. We had a great hour of conversation. He was honest and fun, and had no star ego at all—a terrifically nice guy to a nobody he had never met before. Years later, I was a DJ at KTIM in San Rafael, where I interviewed other rock stars. I really learned to appreciate what a fine guy he was after interviewing so many conceited, snotty, self-absorbed jerks."

Fire on the Mountain

Jason Motsko is a graduate student at Lehigh University in Pennsylvania. He recalls one of those special moments at shows when the music seems to reach out and affect everything around it: people, places and even the weather:

"I was at a show at RFK Stadium in June of '93. It was a ridiculously hot day. Late in the evening, it started to cool down a little, and started drizzling a bit. Then, during "Terrapin," Jerry's really building the intensity, and when he finally sings "INSPIRATION!" the clouds just opened up and it started to pour."

Turn On Your Love Light

Will Dunross remembers the feeling of community that the Dead inspired. "In '67, when I was hitchin' around the country looking for 'something,' I ended up walking up Haight Street with a friend on my first day in San Francisco. When we reached the corner of Ashbury, people were hugging each other and a young lady came up to me and gave me a flower. I realized I had found what I was looking for. That night I went to the Fillmore Auditorium with some friends I had met that day. I took some acid and I saw the Dead for the first time. I danced all night next to the speakers, under the black light.

"My life had changed forever. What I found that day was not a band or a place but a family. From that summer in '67 the family has spread out far and wide and much of what we all found we have given to others so it may continue. The family will go on but it hurts when you lose your brother."

Farewell, Dark Star

Indeed, the entire extended family of the Grateful Dead is still trying to come to grips with the finality of Jerry's death. We struggle to understand the meaning of a life filled with so much accomplishment and achievement, of a life that brought joy to untold millions of admirers who never even met Jerome Garcia.

Some have said that Jerry's death signals the end of an era. I disagree. For me, Jerry and his music always symbolized hope. Hope that people could live together in peace. Hope that people could respect one another. Hope that people could find a common sense of purpose in a world filled with meaninglessness. Hope that, thorough music, people could be happy not doing, but simply being.

His passing offers us a challenge: To live our lives as he lived his, with the belief that we can accomplish anything if we work together.

"Without love in the dream it'll never come true ..."

Josh Piven is a Los Angeles-based writer.

Celebrities Say Good-bye

Jerry Garcia's life was "a blessing for all of us."

—Bob Weir

"Jerry was a uniquely insightful and talented musician and human being. He was extremely gracious and genuine when we met and performed together. I'll think about him fondly and miss him every time I hear the sweet and innocent sound of the steel guitar that he played so beautifully on Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young's 'Teach Your Children.'"

—Dwight Yoakam

"I was very sad when he died. He had a great gift. I would go around wearing Jerry Garcia ties and giving them away to people.

"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."

—President Bill Clinton

"It was the music that really got to me. . . . You went to a concert, and you always went out feeling better. The two largest gatherings in Vermont's 300-year history were both Grateful Dead concerts . . . the music lives on."

—Vermont Senator Patrick J. Leahy

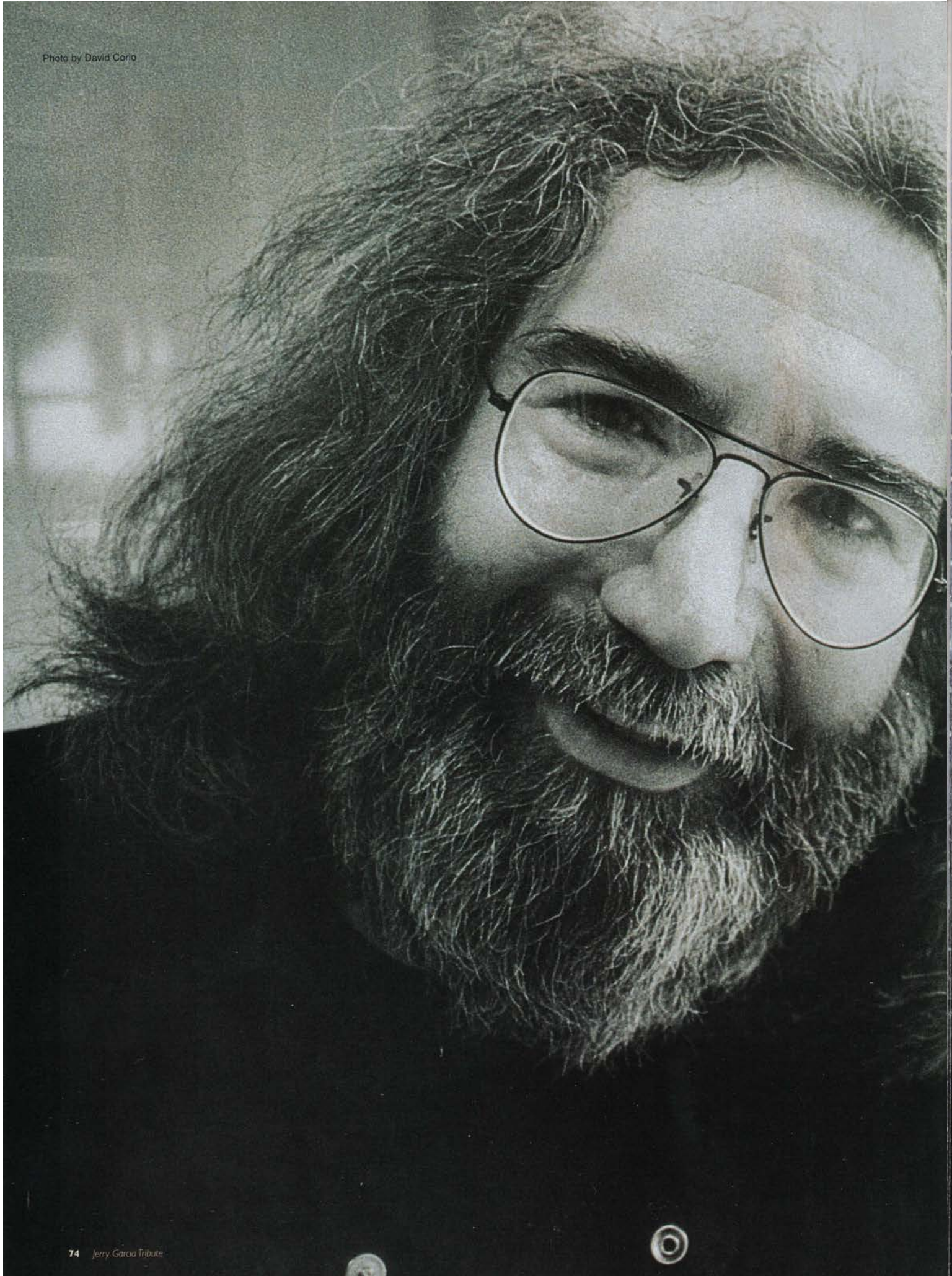
"The music was wonderful. They were like a big electric jug band . . . Jerry was a major magic force."

—David Crosby

"There's no way to measure his greatness or magnitude as a person or as a player. He really had no equal. His playing was moody, awesome, sophisticated, hypnotic and subtle. There's no way to convey the loss."

—Bob Dylan

—LC



SPECIAL CREDITS

For use of posters:

FD #26 - Alton Kelley and
Stanley "Mouse" Miller

Family Dog 1966, DBA
Chester Helms, 771 Bush St.
San Francisco, CA 94108

FD #82-D3-Dennis Nolan

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San Francisco, CA 94108

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Arista Records

RETNA

Celestial Press

The Deadheads

And always, Greta and Ben

TWENTY QUESTIONS THE GRATEFUL DEAD TRIVIA QUIZ

**ARE YOU A TRUE DEADHEAD?
TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE.**

1. What are "bathroom tunes"?

2. What's a Deadhead in utero?

3. How do you know if Deadheads have stayed at your house?

4. Who are railrats?

5. What is "reentry"?

6. What is "seat surfing"?

7. What are 'shrooms?

8. What are SBTs?

9. What are stylesies?

10. What is a sugar magnolia?

11. What are tour rats?

12. What is a "wedger"?

13. What is a "biscuit"?

14. Who was the "bogus Bobby"?

15. Who was Captain Trips?

16. What is the alternative name for "American Beauty"?

17. What are trustafarians?

18. What are runners?

19. Who are "civilians"?

20. What is a "benji"?

Answers

1. A: Deadhead slang for their least favorite songs, the first note of which provides their cue to make a run for the rest rooms. [drums/space fits into this category for many.]

2. A: An unborn future Deadhead who gets to enjoy the show for free. (This perk ends two years after birth—at age two, you have to start buying your own ticket.)

3. A: They're still there.

4. A: Fans who want to be right up front, at the railing. Such fans are willing to put in hours of "line duty" for their cause.

5. A: The less than blissful transition back to the real world after the delicious bliss of a Dead concert.

6. A: Stealthily sneaking from one vacant seat to another in an effort to get as close to the stage as possible.

7. A: Psilocybin mushrooms, known for their psychedelic effects.

8. A: Soundboard tapes, which are copies of master tapes made by crew members from the direct stage feed. Prized by Deadheads, who accumulate huge tape collections and trade with their friends.

9. A: Caucasians who sport dreadlocks. Also called Dreadheads.

10. A: An especially beautiful female Deadhead.

11. A: Hard-core followers who basically live on the road calling parking lots home and earning their bread by selling T-shirts and other merchandise.

12. A: One who attempts to sneak ahead in a moving line.

13. A: A very low note played by Lesh, also known as a "bomb."

14. A: A con man and Bob Weir look-alike named Randall Delphino incarcerated for impersonating Weir.

15. A: This handle was laid on Jerry Garcia by the Merry Pranksters.

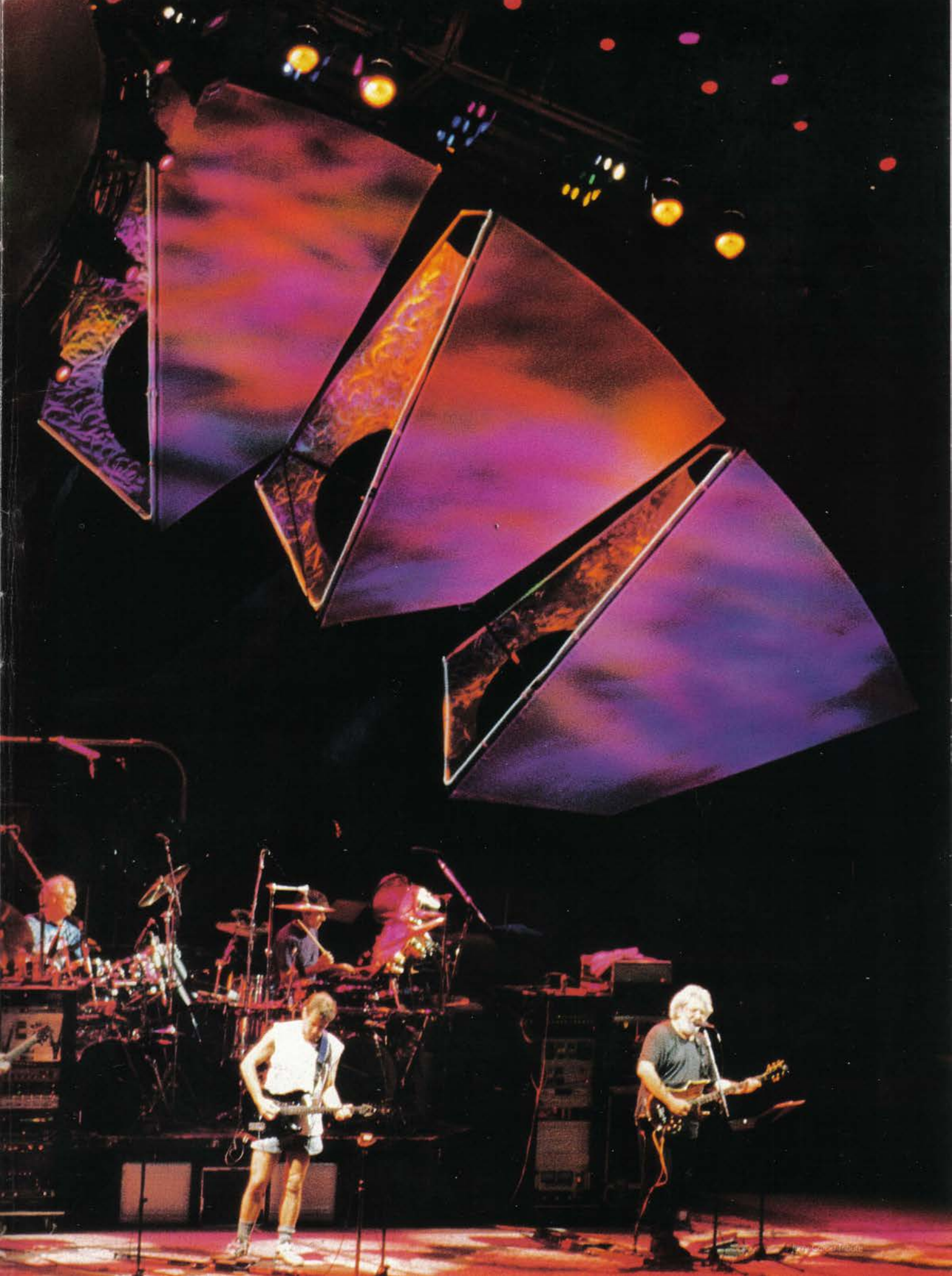
16. A: American Reality.

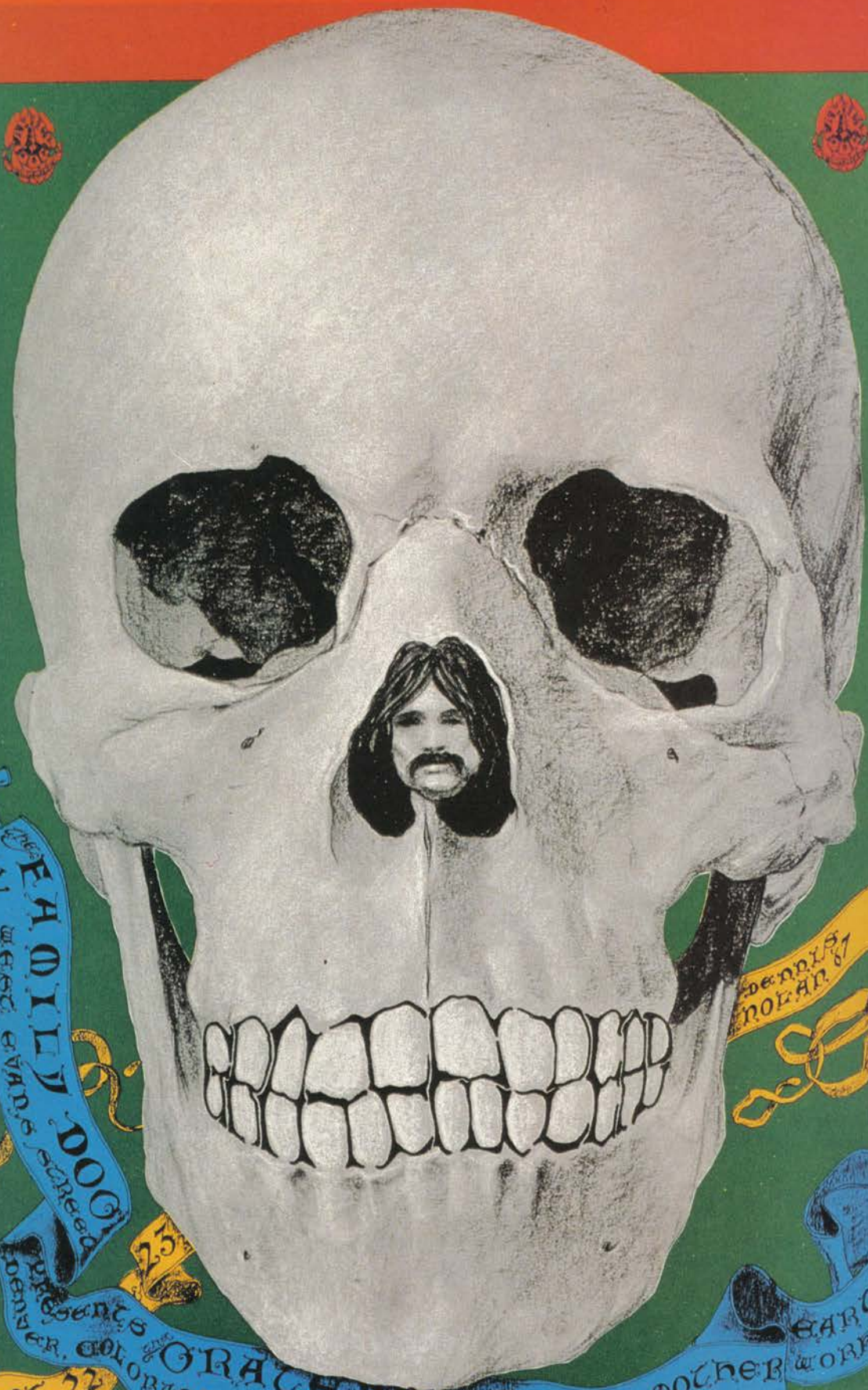
17. A: Faux hippies with trust funds from their wealthy families.

18. A: Fast, wiry Deadheads who rush onto the field or into the arena unencumbered by backpacks or other weight, the quicker to stake out prime territory in front of the stage. They are followed by bulkier Heads, known as mules, bearing supplies.

19. A: Nonhippies at shows, usually seen buying non-tie-dyed T-shirts with cute designs rather than skeletons.

20. A: A \$100 bill kept in reserve for tour emergencies.





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