BILL GRAHAM PRESENTS THE SAN FRANCISCO SCENE

JEFFERSON!! AIRPLANE

GRATEFUL DEAD

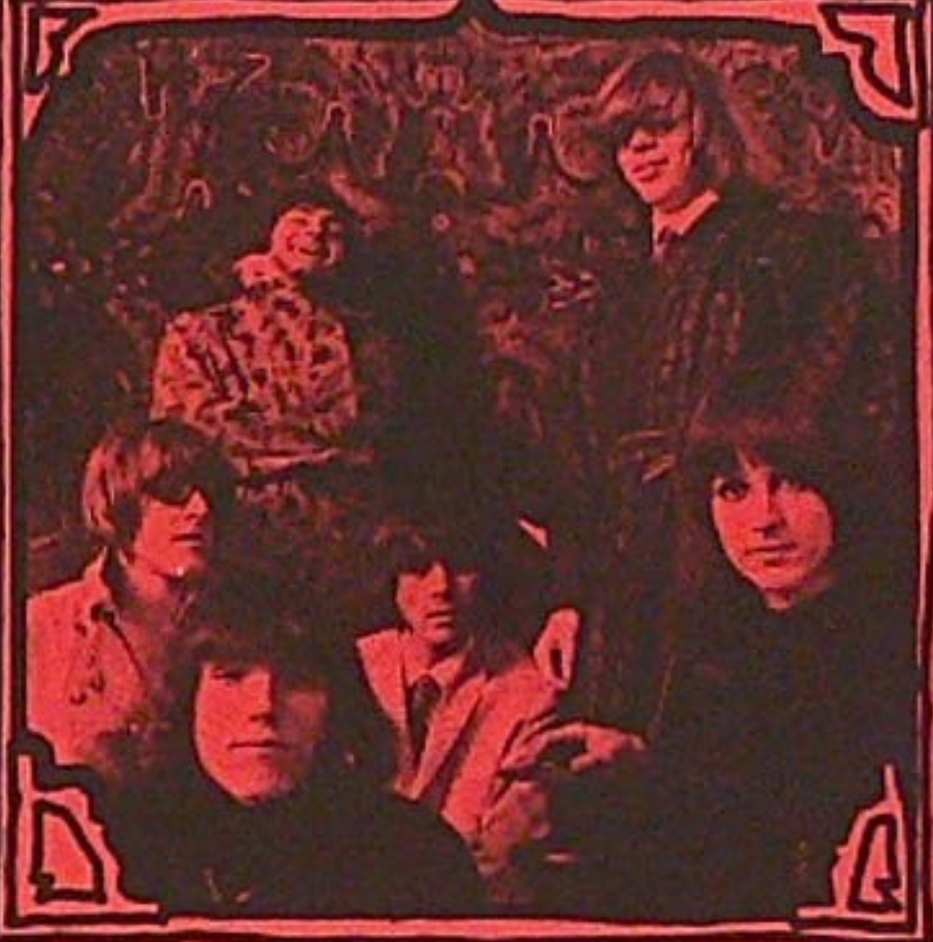
CHICAGO TRANSIT AUTHORITY

LIGHT SHOW BY SEEN MOVIES

HEAD LIGHTS

AT THE

HOLLYWOOD BOWL



PRESENTED IN CONJUNCTION WITH RADIO KRLA

TICKETS AT ALL SOUTHLAND AGENCIES AND HOLLYWOOD BOWL

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PROGRAM

BILL GRAHAM PRESENTS

"THE SAN FRANCISCO SCENE"

THE GRATEFUL DEAD

BIG BROTHER &
THE HOLDING CO.

* INTERMISSION *

THE JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

GLENN McKAY'S —
HEAD LIGHTS — LIGHT SHOW

PRESENTED IN CONJUNCTION WITH KRLA

A SIGHT & SOUND PROMOTION

BILL GRAHAM
PRODUCER

Born Wolfgang Wolodia Grajonca in Berlin, January 9, 1931, Bill Graham spent the early years of his life escaping the Nazis. He lost most of his family in the war while he himself was moved from Germany to France, Spain, Casablanca and Bermuda. In September 1941 he arrived in New York and was placed in a foster home.

In 1949 Bill became an American citizen and legally changed his name to William Graham. Until 1955 he attended the City College of New York, interrupted by two years in the United States Army, including combat in Korea.

Always interested in the theatre, Bill moved to California where he worked by day and produced the San Francisco Mime Theatre by night. In March 1964 he resigned his job as regional office manager for Allis-Chalmers to become full time producer of the Mime Troupe.

When funds ran low and the need for publicity grew high, Bill hit upon the idea of a dance-concert benefit. The first was given in the Mime Theatre's loft. At midnight it is estimated that the loft which could hold some 250 people comfortably had 1500 people in it and 3000 waiting their turn outside on the street. Clearly this was something to continue and a larger hall was needed.

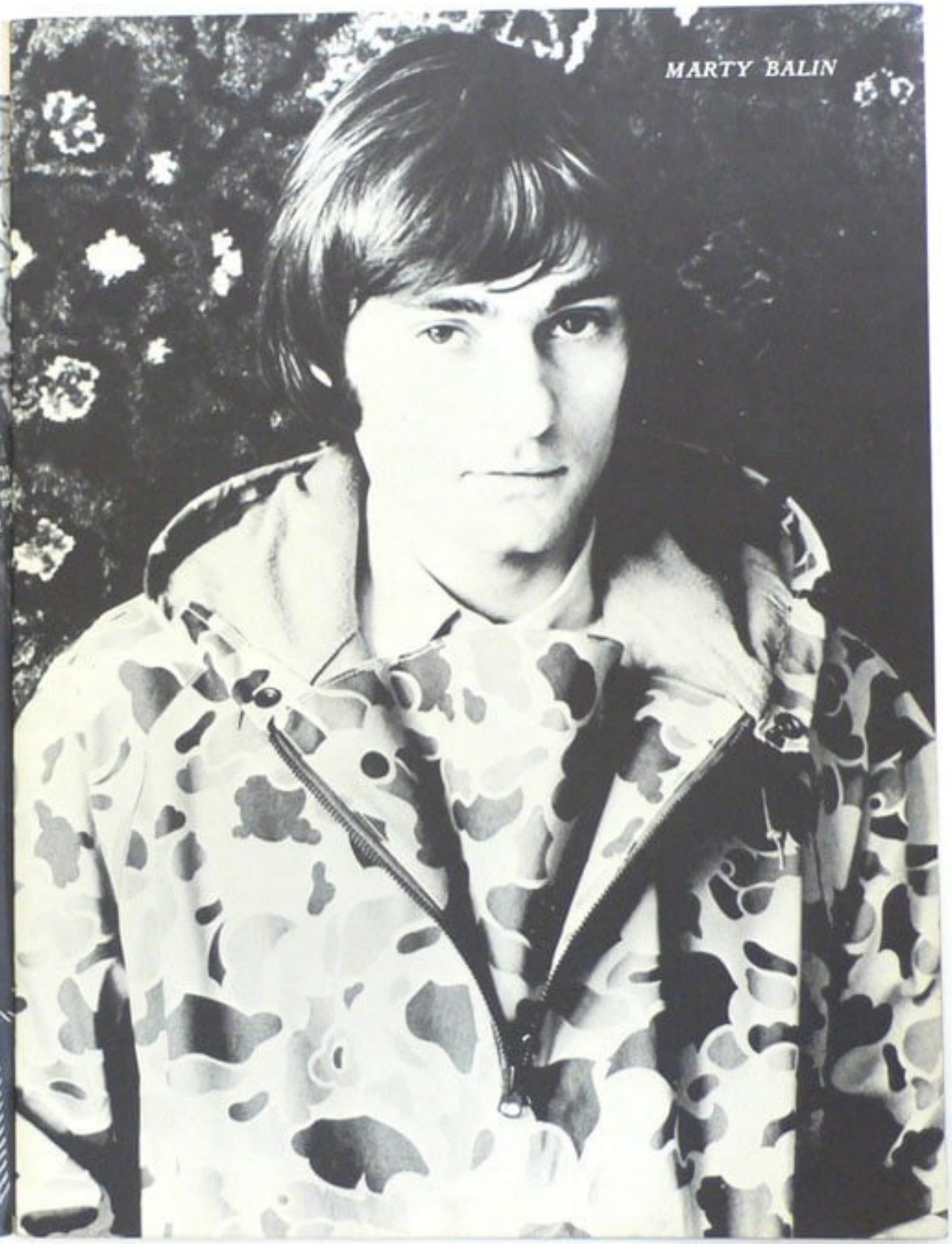
Bill found the Fillmore Auditorium, a run-down dance hall in the ghetto section of North San Francisco. There he began full-time production of dance-concerts, a combination of sight, sound, sit, talk, dance and general happening. They have included such diversified programs as the Russian poet Voznesensky with "Jefferson Airplane", Leroy Jones' play "The Dutchman", with the "Byrds", and the "Count Basie Orchestra" with Charles Lloyd Quartet.

From it in the past two years we have seen the emergence of the love-rock of "Jefferson Airplane" (of which Bill is producer and business manager), the Art Nouveau revival of poster art (largely for Graham produced shows at the Fillmore), and light shows that stimulate the eyes in much the same way hallucinatory drugs are supposed to affect the senses.

Bill Graham has not single-handedly created the San Francisco sound, rather he has had a hand in it – but the hand has made it that much more interesting.

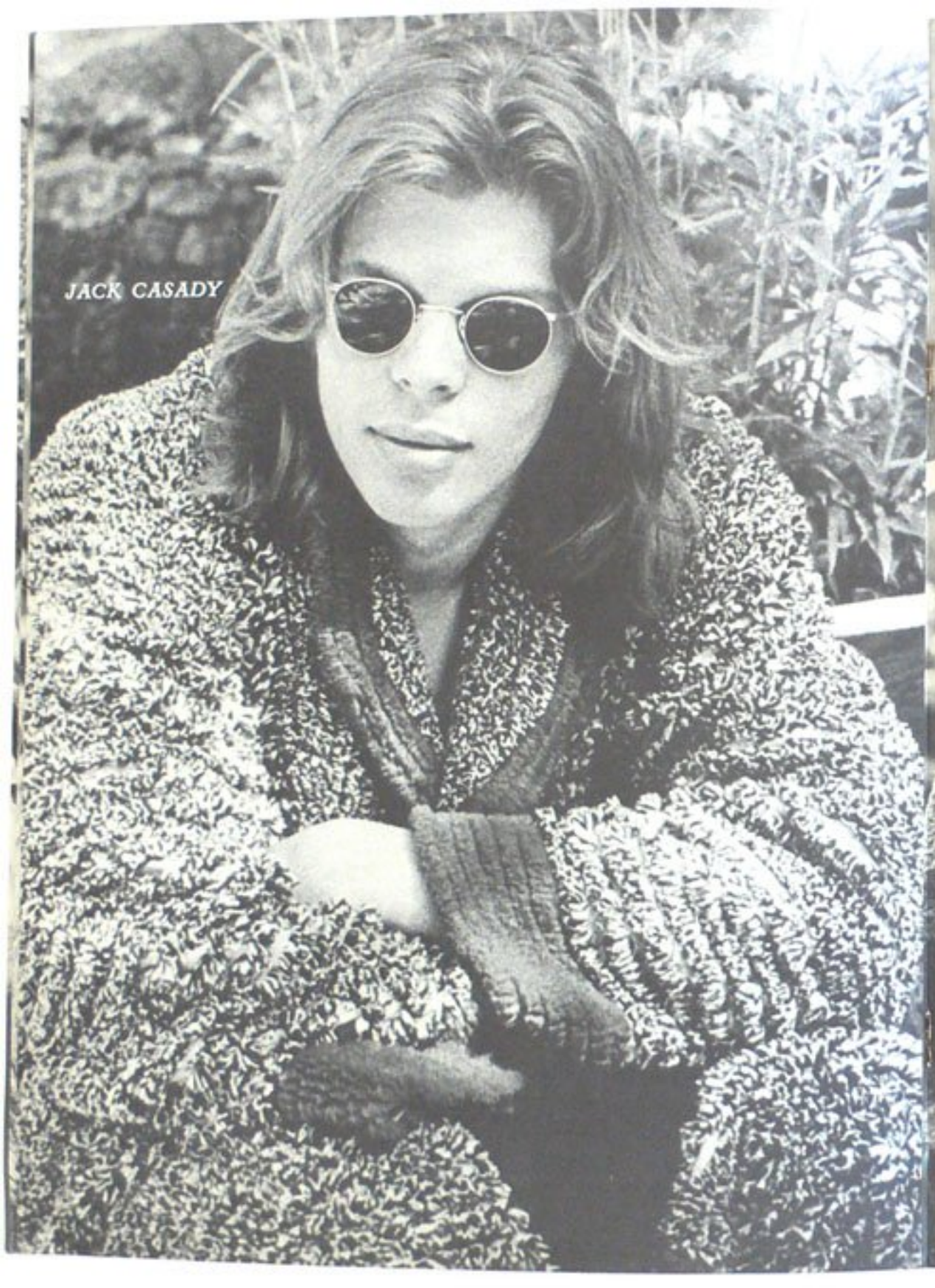
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

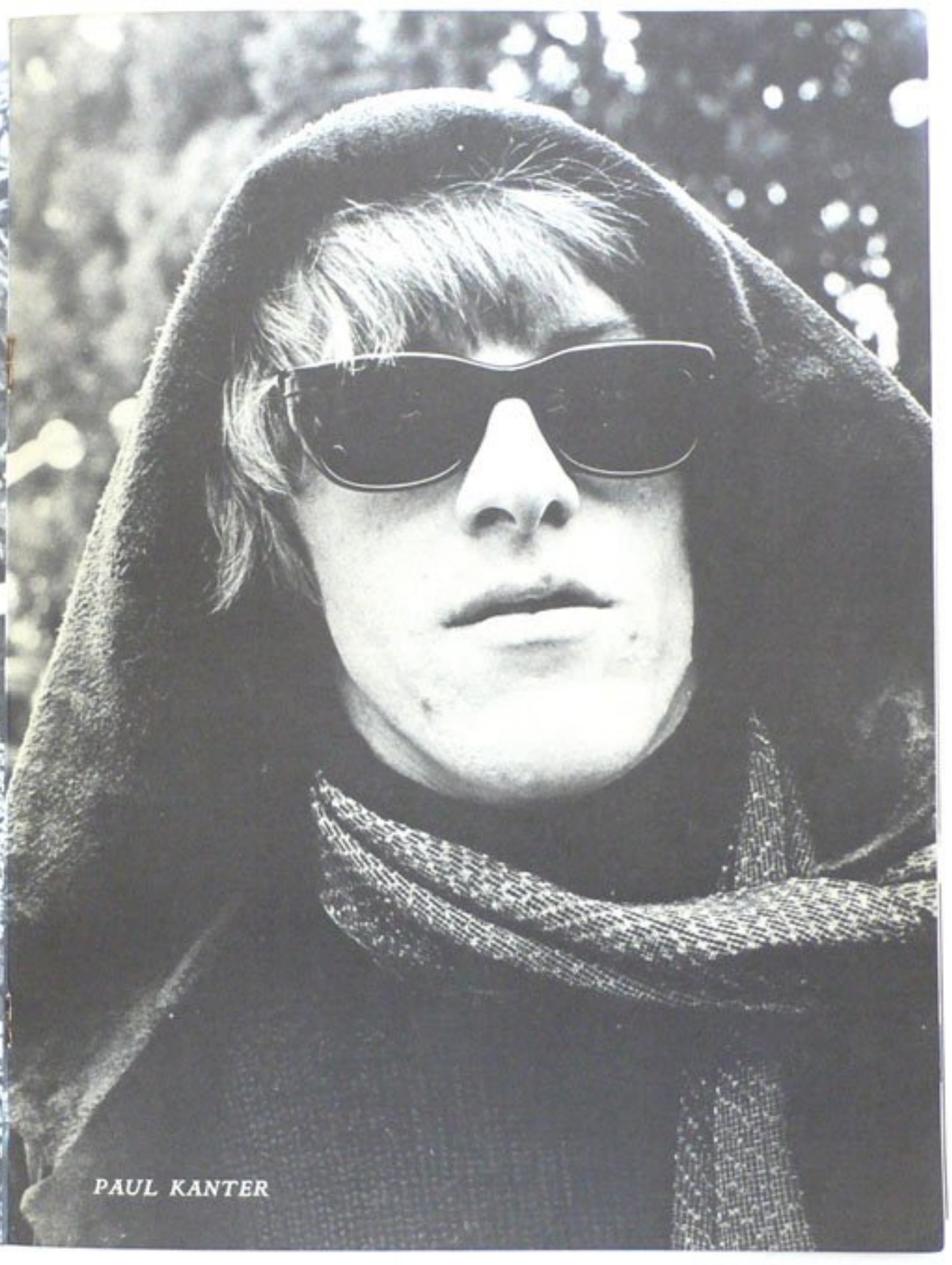
MARTY BALIN



GRACE SLICK

JORMA KAUKONEN


JACK CASADY


PAUL KANTER

SPENCER DRYDEN

GRATEFUL DEAD

"Turning On at the Fillmore"

by MILTON MIRON

UNDER THE SPASTIC COLORS of Tony Martin's liquid light projections every Friday night The Sound begins, a sound that will keep a relatively new, ever growing and very identifiable segment of San Francisco's population moving throughout the week-end. This sound is produced by an assortment of vocal groups and bands. It's rock, it's hot, it's exciting, it's musically intelligent, and it's part of a revolution which is reaching out to encompass art, politics, fashions, religion, business and human relations. It is, perhaps, the beginning of a totally new way of life.

The scene is a practically unrenovated twenties dance hall, and nostalgic ghosts of that frenzied period can occasionally be detected flapping in the flickering strobe lights. There the resemblance ends. Despite the great dance hall revival, any correlation between the 1960s and the 1920s collapses when attitudes prevalent in both periods are compared. Today's healthy hedonism can easily be contrasted with the earlier period's frantic escape from emptiness, a giddy bubble that burst leaving an entire world shaken, disillusioned and depressed. Today's dancers are not burdened by the same illusions—a rosy world made secure by a paternalistic America. They are children of depression and war, they move to a different beat, and in the free uninhibited expression of feeling they are, hopefully, building a firm psychological foundation for strong social change.

Although music, particularly as it relates to the Fillmore Auditorium, is the dominant aspect of what can only be described as a movement, at the Fillmore it cannot be divorced from the other elements that comprise the total experience: the lights, the type of sound, the dancing, the people, their clothing, the entire indescribable whirl of sensations. It is an atmosphere in which a particular kind of joy flowers.

The Fillmore features several types of light projections. Martin's liquid designs are projected on the wall behind the bandstand, often superimposed on film clips or slides. They are produced by mixing colored oils in a plastic disc which is jiggled in time to the music. The long right wall of the auditorium is decorated with projections by Dan Bruhns, who uses hand-painted slides projected through a revolving color wheel. Bruhn also dabbles in intricate liquid inventions for which the only formula is spontaneity. In addition there is the strobe light which produces shattering visual distortions on the dance floor, roving beams, iridescent footlights and fluorescent lamps, casting a soft lilac sheet of light on sections of the floor and motivating amateur artists to paint intricate and often imaginative designs on walls, floors, clothing, arms, hair faces and anything else that will stay still long enough to be painted. The effect of this conglomeration of lights and visuals is at first wierdly grotesque, but the Fillmore Auditorium is a world in which ever changing design has found a home. Entrance into that world requires only a condition of receptivity. Beauty will make itself known.

The Fillmore crowd is, of course, mostly young. It is also mostly turned-on. This has little to do with the direct use of marijuana, LSD or other hallucinogens. It has much to do with new attitudes toward experiencing and expressing. Turned-on has come to mean much more than tremendous euphoria. It is an explosion of the senses, released from the deadening ballast of habit and given flight through love without anxiety, joy without guilt and movement without inhibition. Whether this is being achieved with or without drugs is irrelevant. The important thing is that it is being achieved.

Expression has flowered most visibly in the costumes of the customers. Although the general trend is toward mod fashions, wild hair, beards, granny dresses, Indian gear and other manifestations of the hippy element are not unusual. The emphasis is on individuality, and although nothing looks more bizarre than a business suit it would not get a second glance.

Music is the heart of the Fillmore. The beat, provided by local groups such as the Jefferson Airplane, The Grateful Dead, The Great Society, The Sopwith Camel, The Quicksilver Messenger Service, Wildflower and Moby Grape and such imports as The Byrds, Muddy Waters, Otis Redding, Mama Mae Thornton, and Paul Butterfield Blues Band, moves the lights as well as the dancers. Electricity is the blood of this system. It pours into the instruments, through the amplifiers and spills over into the cascade of lights. It gives the entire event its certification of modernity and the endorsement of McLuhan advocates.

Music does not exist without musicians, and their physical presence is as important to the Fillmore scene as the sound they create. No amount of amplification can give to a recorded piece of music that unmistakable thrill which accompanies a live performance. If it can, there is something very wrong with the live performers. The performances at the Fillmore generally have that special something. Not every set can convey the same force. There are too many variables which can include unresponsive audiences, turned-off musicians, union tangles, amplification quirks, mediocre material or even the mood of the city. But the Fillmore Auditorium follows a policy of trying to obtain the best groups available.

Among the best is Jefferson Airplane, a group which emerged only little more than a year ago as the musical voice of the Bay Area's most active protest groups. The Airplane took off with the dance hall revival which itself is only a year old, the exact date lost in the confusion of splintering organizations. Jefferson Airplane is to San Francisco what The Rolling Stones are perhaps to the rest of the world, the current embodiment of the most contemporary expression. But Jefferson Airplane is more than a symbol; they are first-rate musicians. Their love of the medium is reflected in their heady arrangements, diligent rehearsals and passionate performances that reach the soul by blowing the mind.

Folk Rock, the off-spring of Folk Music's moral agony and Rock and Roll's sensual fervor, is currently the most exciting, creative and important form of music being composed and numbers among its adherents the most serious music critics and the most imbecilic teeny-boppers. It comes closer even than films to being the long dreamed of popular art. Jefferson Airplane typifies the Fillmore and inspires the pattern for numerous new groups, but no amount of imitation can subtract from their distinction. From the sweet, virile love-sound of Marty Balin's voice to the electric pulsations of the guitars of Jorma Kaukonen, Jack Casady and Paul Kantner to the resounding back-up by Spencer Dryden on drums and Grace Slick on the electric organ they are what is happening.

A cultural by-product of the dance-concert movement has been the revival of poster art, dormant since shortly after its Parisian impressionist heyday. The Fillmore posters, designed by Wes Wilson, demonstrate a continuous line of imaginative development from the early use of letters to create design apart from advertising content to the inclusion of photographs to the graceful incorporation of beautiful line figure drawings. Poster sales are now a flourishing business, bringing in unexpected but welcome revenue from outlets all over the Bay Area and presently from such far flung outposts as Denver. The demand for Wilson posters has been so great that it has necessitated the reprinting in huge quantities of many favorite back numbers.

The Fillmore is not without faults, but they are technical shortcomings and reflect the limitations of facilities designed for another era. The bottleneck at the coatroom should be eliminated, and more seats should be provided for the dedicated listeners who shun the dance floor. The vastness of the auditorium tends to wash-out some of the light projections, but a smaller room could not accommodate the multitudes who need room to dance. There is also a tendency to equate volume in amplification with quality in sound, and at the higher levels the sound sometimes becomes shrill and metallic. Many numbers cry out for a soft, quiet, almost hushed reproduction. Loyal Fillmore audiences show admirable patience with these difficulties, and refinements are being introduced as swiftly as coping with a rapidly growing baby business will permit.

The soul of the Fillmore Auditorium is Bill Graham, the controversial and volatile personality whose vituperative response to police pressure has made him a hero to his clientele. Emerging relatively unscathed from a stupid series of establishment attacks—including a withheld dance hall permit and a bizarre police raid that netted them nothing but a few teen-agers, a host of indignant parents and the wrath of the press—Graham still retains the instincts of a jungle fighter. The music business is a jungle, not because it is music but because it is business, and Graham is shrewd enough to know that in business only the fighters survive. But Graham's obeisance to enterprise is mitigated by his devotion to a standard of the highest quality in his concerts. His unrelenting honesty and frank verbal explosions have earned him enemies, but in these days of hyprocritical politeness and bland good manners his refreshing candor places him eons apart from the bureaucratic mush that makes up the business community.

The scene at the Fillmore has grown to encompass midweek and other special events that do not ordinarily lend themselves to dance-concert presentation. Mike McClure's *The Beard*, one of the totems of the Underground, was first presented at the Fillmore, and LeRoi Jones' *Dutchman* made one of its rare Bay Area appearances there. Lenny Bruce, Andy Warhol's *Exploding Plastic Inevitable*, A Psychedelic Fashion Show by the Mod Hatter and Mimi Farina, Manitas de Plata, Bola Sete, and poetry readings by Andrei Voznesensky, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Allen Ginsberg have also found an audience there.

The Fillmore Auditorium is often described as a happening, and the impromptu appearance of people like Joan Baez and Mimi Farina or the conversion of the auditorium into a setting for a huge hippy wedding does leave you with the feeling that anything can happen there. And more and more does happen there. Despite the demands and pressures of a highly competitive business, Graham has found the time to donate his time and auditorium to benefits for the arts, Both/And, SNCC and others, utilizing his talents as a lever for a particular type of social action. 1966 closed with an all night bash that left the dance floor carpeted with sleeping bodies, but The Sound never stopped as group after group dropped by to jam into the morning. It is this atmosphere of constant and exciting activity that has given the Fillmore Auditorium its magnetic attraction for a new and restless generation, who feel that when they are in the Fillmore they are home at last. •

Jefferson Airplane at Fillmore: 'A big love thing going around'

The Nitty-Gritty Sound

Until recently it was an underground sound, the personal and private expression of the hippies, the new Bohemians who have flocked to permissive San Francisco. Today, aboveboard, the San Francisco Sound is the newest adventure in rock 'n' roll. It's a raw, unpolished, freewheeling, vital and compelling sound. And it's loud. In Bill Graham's Fillmore Auditorium a tidal wave of overdriven, electronic sound penetrates the farthest corner, thunders off the walls and sets the vast floor vibrating.

With the emergence of the sound, San Francisco has become the Liverpool of the West, spawning some 1,500 bands. True hippies, long-haired, unkempt, psychedelic, the groups have adopted whimsical irrelevant names—the Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead, the Quicksilver Messenger Service, Big Brother and the Holding Company, the Sopwith "Camel," the 13th Floor Elevator, Country Joe & the Fish, and the Loading Zone.

Every weekend in such immense halls as the Fillmore and the Avalon Ballrooms, and college auditoriums like the Pauley Ballroom at Berkeley, the music assaults the ears, strobe lights, pulsating to the beat, blind the eyes and sear the nerves. Psychedelic projections slither across the walls in protoplasmic blobs, restlessly changing shape, color and size. Two or three thousand young people jam the floor, many as "ecstatic" dress—men with shoulder-length locks and one earring, cowboy outfits, frock coats, high hats, women in deliberately tatty evening gowns, rescued from some attic, embellished by a tiara and sneakers. Arab kaftans are worn by both sexes, who also affect bead necklaces, the high sign of LSD initiation.

Some of the crowd crouch close to the bandstand where the sound is most earsplitting, listening as raptly as if Horowitz were playing Mozart. The majority (including a sprinkling of young mothers with infants asleep on their shoulders) dance, dropping their inhibitions like Salome her veils, inventing odd but apparently satisfying gyrations, the whole scene a dance-happening. "People are getting more into the nitty-gritty of emotional and personal life," says 22-year-old guitarist Peter Albin. "They're expressing themselves through physical movement and this creates a real bond between the musicians and the audience."

Raga: The San Francisco Sound reflects this. It is a cheerful synthesis of Beatles and blues, folk and country, liberally sprinkled with Indian Raga. Most popular of the groups is the Jefferson Airplane, led by 23-year-old Marty Balin. Balin's clear soft voice leads the group toward melodic folk-style harmonies in such songs as "My Best Friend," included in their second RCA album to be released in January. The Grateful Dead, second in popularity, are blues-oriented, and so far unrecorded. Their hard, hoarse, screeching sound is pure San Francisco. "I don't believe the live sound, the live excitement, can be recorded," says 24-year-old lead guitarist Jerry Garcia.

One significant characteristic of the San Francisco songs is the length, often fifteen minutes or longer, ample time to build thunderous climax upon climax, to change the throbbing tempos, and within a single number to pass through the land of the blues, the folk, the country and anywhere else freewheeling invention beckons. Mostly untrained, the top groups boast skilled and intuitive musicians in whom a depth of genuine feeling and expressive originality is unmistakable.

Avalon: The homespun texture, the spontaneity, the freedom of the San Francisco Sound appeal forcefully to the hippie culture. Who are the hippies? NEWSWEEK's Hendrik Hertzberg asked a number of them what they did. Typical answers included, "I just try to love everybody, man," or "I take a lot of acid" [LSD], or "I don't know, I try to keep open to all the beautiful things." Tall, thin Chet Helms, the bearded 24-year-old patriarch who runs the Avalon Ballroom, says that San Francisco has become the focus of "a 'now consciousness,' instrumented by the growing influence of psychedelic chemicals as a tool for expression."

Meanwhile more and more record companies are tempting the San Francisco groups, more and more clubs across the country are opening wide their doors. But so far the San Francisco Sound prefers the warmth of its hippies. "When we play out of town," says 23-year-old John Cipollina, lead guitarist of the Quicksilver Messenger Service, "the out-of-towners have to be turned on to our message of freedom. In San Francisco they already accept it. The people out here are really open and the musicians are open. There's a big love thing going around, you know."

The Grateful Dead: Mixed bag

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