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THE GRATEFUL DEAD ENGLAND '72



The book of the DEAD

Book of the Dead first published Lyceum Ballroom 23rd May 1972 at the first of four concerts presented by Jumpin' Jack ... but the book remains timeless and free

GRATEFUL DEAD

Lead guitar & vocals

Jerry Garcia

August 1, 1942, Leo

Rhythm guitar & vocals

Bob Weir

October 16, 1947, Libra

Piano

Keith Godchaux

July 19, 1948, Cancer

Drums

Bill Kreutzmann

May 7, 1946, Taurus

Organ & vocals

Ron (Pigpen) McKernan

September 8, 1945, Virgo

Bass & vocals

Phil Lesh

March 15, 1940, Pisces

Songwriter

Bob Hunter

June 23, 1941, Cancer



GRATEFUL DEAD FAMILY:

Equipment

**Ramrod Rex Heard Winslow Parrish
Sparky Healey The Kid**

Sound

Alembic Studios

**Bob Matthews Jim Furman Betty
Rosie Wizard**

16-track recording of all live
performances: Alembic Studios

Stage Lights

Candace Ben Haller

Management

**Jon McIntire Sam Cutler
Rock Scully David Parker
Allan Trist**

Tour Manager

Sam Cutler

Secretaries

Annette Bonnie Dale

"The Grateful Dead" says Garcia "isn't for cranking out rock and roll... it's for getting high".

Well, the Grateful Dead have been playing a spot of rock and roll, been getting people high and getting high, since Garcia, Pigpen and Weir first got together in Palo Alto, California, on New Year's Eve 1964, and decided to form a jug band. Garcia and Pigpen were playing in a band called the Zodiacs, and Pigpen was janitor at the music store where Garcia taught banjo. They decided to call themselves Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions. It wasn't long before they borrowed electronic equipment from the music shop, were joined by Kreutzmann on drums, and lost the store owner to the store.

"It got to the point where we became a serious hard-working young rock and roll band" says Weir, "and he couldn't make it any more. He was only in it for the flash anyway!"

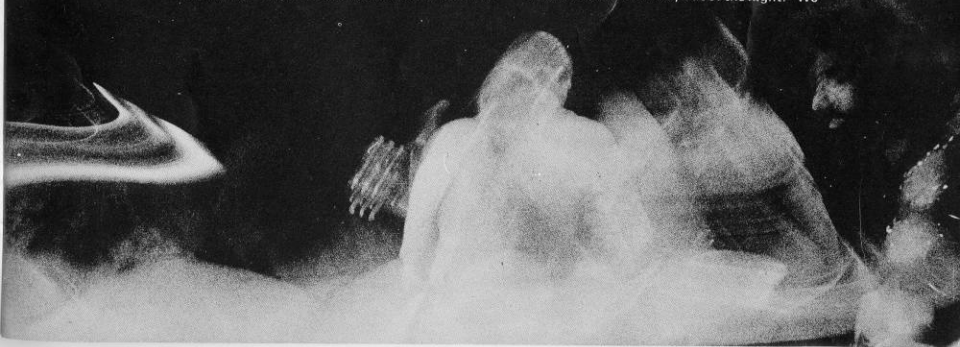
Garcia had a friend who was a trumpeter, a musician with perfect pitch, called Phil Lesh. He was invited to learn to play bass and join them. He

learned in two weeks.

By early 1965 they were called the Warlocks and had met Ken Kesey, who lived near them in Palo Alto, a small town. It was before L.S.D. was made illegal. The State Hospital was using people for experiments with hallucinogenic drugs. Kesey was one, and Bob Hunter, poet friend of Garcia - now the Dead's song-writer, was another.

"They gave Hunter acid, psilocybin and mescaline and put him in a little white room to watch" says Garcia. "Paid him to get stoned" says Pigpen, drily. He and Kesey got very high indeed, and wanted to extend the experience, which started the pursuit of psychedelics outside hospital bounds and eventually led through a political tunnel to the whole Haight Ashbury hippie acid culture that stuck the name Grateful Dead up on the billboards of public consciousness.

Kesey and the Merry Pranksters began the Acid Tests in Palo Alto in the summer of '65. It was a series of parties where people could get high on acid and dance their way out of the night. "We





learned how to roll with punches" they say. Garcia and friends played weirder and louder and longer than any rock and roll band anyone had heard before. And they took a great deal of L.S.D.

"What the Kesey thing was" Garcia explains now "depended on who you were when you were there.

"It was open, a tapestry, a mandala — it was whatever you made it. So you take L.S.D. and suddenly you are aware of another plane, several other planes, and the quest is to extend that limit, to go as far as you can go. In the Acid Tests that meant to do away with old forms, with old ideas, to try something NEW.

"The Test would start off and then there would be chaos. Everybody would be high and flashing and going through insane changes during which everything would be demolished, spilled, broken, affected, and after that another thing would happen, maybe smoothing out the chaos, then another, and it'd go on all night til morning. Just people being there, and being responsive, thousands of people, all helplessly stoned, all finding themselves in a room full of other thousands of people, none of whom any of them were afraid of. It was magic, far out, beautiful magic."

Then the band discovered there was another group called the Warlocks. Garcia and Weir were hanging out at Phil's house, trying to think of a new name. Garcia picked up a large dictionary, not an unusual object in the home of Phil the academic, and came upon the words GRATEFUL and DEAD, together. A strange and wonderful enough juxtaposition to enchant Garcia into choosing it for the band's new name.

"I thought people would find it too morbid" says Weir. "They have a way of only hearing Dead, and thinking corpses and skeletons. But Garcia reckoned it was Fate. In fact it's a musicological term for Scottish and Irish folk ballads that have to do with visitations after death, to clear the impugned honour of the dead man." Thus grateful dead . . .

In 1966 they all moved into a house in the

middle of Haight Ashbury, San Francisco. It was a time of change for many, and the Dead became known as 'the people's band'. Blacks were demonstrating for integration, students were in revolt, Martin Luther King's star was rising, Kennedy was elected. The Haight, a beautiful area of old San Francisco, near Golden Gate Park, became a gathering place for kids who wanted out of the existing political and social system to try to find an alternative within which they could have fun, get high, go about life with wonder, love, music and laughter instead of orders, money, bribery, violence and fear. The Grateful Dead was their band.

Rock Scully and Danny Rifkin became managers. Rock was a graduate of San Francisco State University and the University of Vienna, but campus revolutionary, organising student strikes against racial discrimination and getting busted for demonstrating his politics.

Danny and Rock and the Dead got involved with the Diggers, the thirty or so people Emmett Grogan and Peter Cohen gathered together to play street theatre to the institutions of San Francisco. They embarrassed churches into opening their kitchens to the starving and the poor, instead of providing money-making dinners for Bingo players. There were ideas for a Free University. Grogan opened the Free Store. Ron Thal in started the Psychedelic Shop which fast became a haven and centre for the Haight community.

The Dead played the weekly dances at the Family Dog, which was a group of students from Ann Halpern's Dance Workshop, the San Francisco Art Institute and television and radio students from the State College, who had parties once a week in one of the big Victorian houses on Haight Ashbury. After the Acid Tests, the Dead played there, at free concerts in the park, and later took over the Carousel Ballroom with the Airplane's help to run dance nights every week.

All of those people who were trying to avoid the violence of political confrontation while at the same time living out their beliefs by being

indefinable and indivisible through a kind of non-violent creativity, wanted a meeting place. The Human Be-In at Golden Gate Park was planned. It would be a gathering of the tribes - the Haight hippies, the Diggers and the Mime Troupe, the surfers from along the coast and the country people from Big Sur. It was also going to be a platform for radical California liberalism, with anti-HUAC, pro-Civil rights speakers and the student leaders from Berkeley.

The Dead decided there should be music. Rock Scully and Danny Rifkin, scored a couple of trucks and went round collecting equipment and musicians.

More than 20,000 people showed up at Golden Gate Park. Allen Ginsberg led his chant at sundown; the lamest comedian in San Francisco made everybody laugh because everybody was kind that day. Timothy Leary spoke, the students from Berkeley made speeches, a parachutist dropped from the sky, the Grateful Dead made music.

The Monterey Festival came soon after. An L.A. rock aristocracy dream where the Mamas and Papas would pull in the people and everybody would make money. The Dead wanted profits to go to the Diggers, and refused to sign releases for the film. Finally they organised a free concert nearby, stealing banks of amplifiers and speakers for an all-night jam.

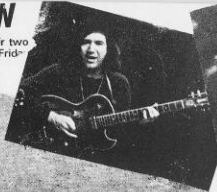
Scully says: "We have it in us to be just as much a thief as a Christ."

Monterey showed the world the exploding force San Francisco sound had become. The media latched on. The San Francisco hippies became legendary, the Dead among them.

Since then the band has lived in L.A., moved back into San Francisco, and out to Marin County, where they all live now. They have made six albums, the last of which, 'GREATFUL DEAD', became their first gold at the beginning of this year.

DEAD STORM BRITAIN

GRATEFUL DEAD marched on their two massive concerts at London's and Saturday. Over 16,000 fans concerts by America's legends Garcia is pic



is just
Dead
A GRATEFUL DEAD concert is extraordinary experience: one can remember the brilliant and mellow moments, but three at the time, the excitement at the assembly, on



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Grateful Dead

THE triumph of The Dead is that at long last they've transcended those quasi-hippies and emerged as a band that can draw as many eyes as any of the great rock and roll acts of the last 20 years. They're the Berkeley psyches that along too good with the scene because... well, the scene always called them "energy you see..." "Too much energy in there, you know what they always used to say."

guy coming running... I mean he... that chair... in' it, I guess

atched him for a

the Berkeley psyches

et along too good with the scene because... well, the scene always called them "energy you see..." "Too much energy in there, you know what they always used to say."

Hardly anybody did. accomplished between the Dead at that time? looser than they were. They of semi-fascist organization as had to go to Mexico. And of at the helm and at the time such into keeping everything

He was into one of these security firms



Mickey Hart joined them on drums in 1967, leaving three years later after his father, Lenny, had landed the band in over 100,000 worth of debt. Tom Constanten played keyboards during 1969 and early 1970. Last September, Keith Godschaux started playing piano with them, and this April, his wife Donna, took to the stage with the band for the first time.

Around the beginning of 1970, Hunter introduced Garcia to Marmaduke (John Dawson). He learned to play pedal steel, with Marmaduke on rhythm guitar and Dave Nelson on bass. This combination, plus Phil Lesh and Matthews each playing bass for a while, and Spencer Dryden on drums, became the New Riders of the Purple Sage, a country rock band that quickly became incorporated into the Dead's musical scene. The New Riders and the Dead did a series of American tours together, built round the idea of a family show.

Hunter and Garcia hang out, get high, and write lyrics and make music together as usual. Garcia says that when he and Hunter first started writing together, when they both got out of the army in 1960, Hunter was a poet, deep into the magical properties of words. The poetry was difficult to set to music. It was not 'til Hunter went on the road with them that his words really became Grateful Dead words.

"The way Hunter works" says Garcia "is that you have a melody and you're sort of singing it at him and he'll listen to the way you're singing it at him and try to construct his words along those lines."

Now Bob Weir is writing a lot more material and has released an album in the States that will be available in Europe later this year. His single, One More Saturday Night is out now, so is Garcia's solo album. Pigpen is working on his at the moment. They are building their own recording studio on a piece of land called Dead Patch in Marin County. Bob Matthews and his wife Betty, who run the present recording set-up, Alembic, have known the Dead since Acid Test days. When the band was busted and moved out of 170 Haight into the country,

Alembic became a workshop and place to practice as well as an office. Matthews handled the equipment alone then. Much of it was built by Owsley, the chemist attributed with discovering how to manufacture and distribute illicit L.S.D. of the purest kind. He developed concepts and ideals of exploration into sound, which the band still use, though he is in jail. He experimented with the different extremes of direction sound can take. Matthews continues the work:

"I don't know if we'll ever reach the pure state we are trying to attain" he said "But we're improving."

Allen Trist, an Englishman who's known Garcia since 1960, has helped them start their own publishing company - Ice Nine. The name is taken from a science fiction story by Kurt Vonnegut. Ice Nine was a crystalline substance created by the freezing of liquids beyond the normal degree. One chip of it, if thrown into a river would freeze not only the river but the streams, waterfalls, lakes and springs that fed it. Rain would fall as knobs of ice, and the world would end. The scientists who discovered it, put it in a bottle labelled with a skull and cross bones and shortly afterwards died from Ice Nine freezing. An obscure analogy, but physical death is just another end to another cycle.

On their card is printed a hexagram from the I Ching, or Book of Changes. It is Gathering Together, changing to Holding Together.

The first Hexagram deals with the spiritual strength of family life, and says 'Only collective moral force can unite the world'. The second talks of the waters of the surface of the earth flowing together wherever they can; the relationships that are formed and established according to definite inner laws, and the fact that common experience strengthens these ties:

... Human society should hold together through a community of interests that allows each individual to feel himself a member of the whole'.

The Grateful Dead's collective experience is that, as Bobby Weir says "The sum and total of our being is that we were all brought together by good times".



the

DEAD

JERRY GARCIA

instrument:
lead guitar + vocals

birthdate:
August 1, 1942

place of birth:
San Francisco, California

eyes:
brown

hair:
black

height:
6'

Garcia's been hearing and playing music for a long time. His father was a musician, he got his first guitar at fifteen and learned to play by intuition.

He says: "I've been into music so long I'm dripping with it; it's all I ever expect to do. Music is yoga."

And yoga is union with the universe.

Garcia perhaps touches the centre of the universe when he plays his guitar. Now he lives with Mountain Girl and their two children, Sunshine and Annabel, out by Stinson Beach in Marin County.

When he talks, it is usually for and about the Grateful Dead, for whom he was mostly responsible back in the early sixties when he and Pigpen met up with Weir and Kreutzmann to give birth to what is now more than a rock and roll band – a tightly functioning, close knit community.

"The thing of everybody doing what they can is an important part of the music. There is a hierarchy with us, but it's constantly changing. It's very difficult for a group of people to exist without a leader at a given time. The way we see it the optimum situation is to let everybody be the leader when they feel their time. Everybody has to go for it, though, if they don't, it won't work.

"For instance Keith and Donna have only been with us eight months, and they fit right in. The space is what they imagined. It fits right in with their personal fantasy as well as ours. At least part of the requirement is that it has to fit in with your own head.

"We all sort of see the same things from different viewpoints. There are some basic broad together trends of thought in everybody's head, but everybody comes at it from a different place. That's essential as well. Coming at it from a different place means they bring that place with them into the trip.

"Overall direction seem to be the same for all of us. But it's more like a forward motion. The wheel's been rolling for a pretty long time. We have a good attention span. That's because as we've gone along we've said at various intervals, wow, this is all wrong, we're going someplace weird, so let's change the course of this thing, and go someplace where it's right. We've learned how to do it. It was difficult at first because it meant changing momentum. We've learned not to resist things. You learn as you do. A continuous learning experience keeps us interested in what we're doing.

"The music gets everybody off, but that's only because it's what we've chosen to focus on. If we decided to make movies, everybody would live for the movies.

"I don't very often look at it closely. Probably because I'm inside it. When we talk about it between ourselves we do so in very practical terms. Like – is it going or not? If not, why isn't it? Or, well, this move is out because Pigpen doesn't like it. It doesn't fit in with his trip, so fuck it.

"The way I see it nothing is worth a shit unless it can change. The reason for example that Christianity is fucked up, or the Government is fucked up, and so many of the institutions we've inherited have been fucked up, is because they've been unable to change. They erected a rigid structure, rather than saying we'll always allow for it to change.

"You need structure of course, because you need a focus. But once you've got one, it's got to be able to move, because nobody stays the same minute to minute, let alone year to year. Everything has to change with everything else if it's gonna work at all. That means any rigid possibility that occurs, somebody's eventually going to bump into.

"The Grateful Dead have learned to trust each others' intuitive flashes, whether they're based on reason, personal prejudice, or anything. It's like, if that flash says it's not right, let's not do it – then we don't do it.

"If you think of it like a prism with all these beams of light coming through, you know it has to include all possibilities. You don't want it to be filtered to cut out red, or blue, or green...

"I don't find it difficult to keep myself open like that. If I did, I couldn't do it. That's part of it too. It's a great sweat and lots of work, fuck it, man, it ain't worth bending yourself really horribly out of shape for.

"When the music doesn't work it's because somebody isn't bending enough. Or we're not letting enough of it just be.

"I think people get into our music more quickly now because we're better at it. It has to do with everything moving a little closer towards the centre, and at some time I can imagine it going TILT – or BINGO – and it's a whole new ball game!

"It's different being in England not because it's

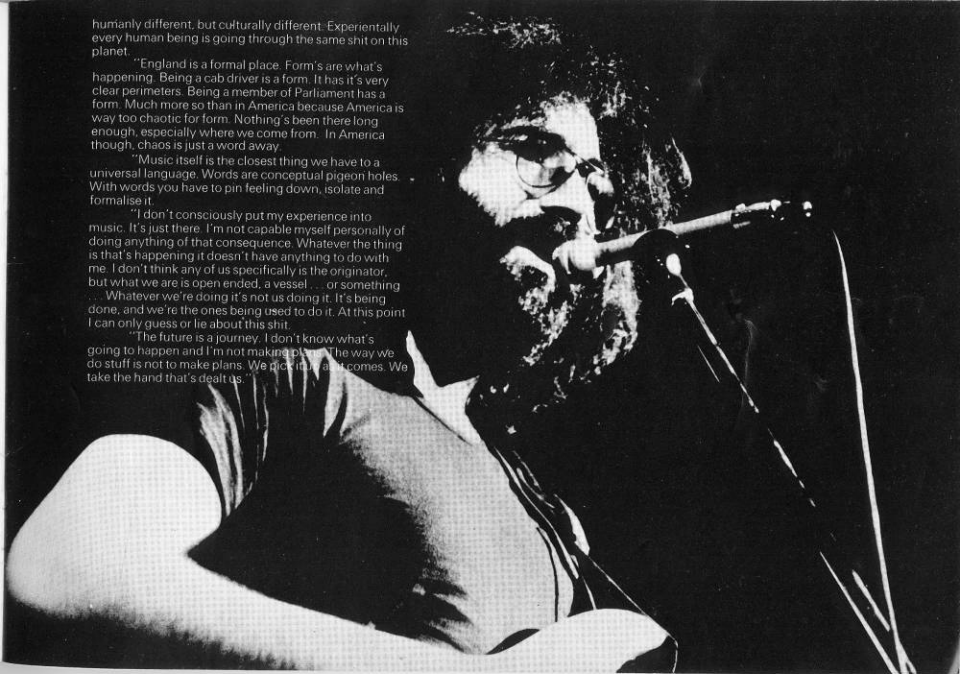
humanly different, but culturally different. Experientially every human being is going through the same shit on this planet.

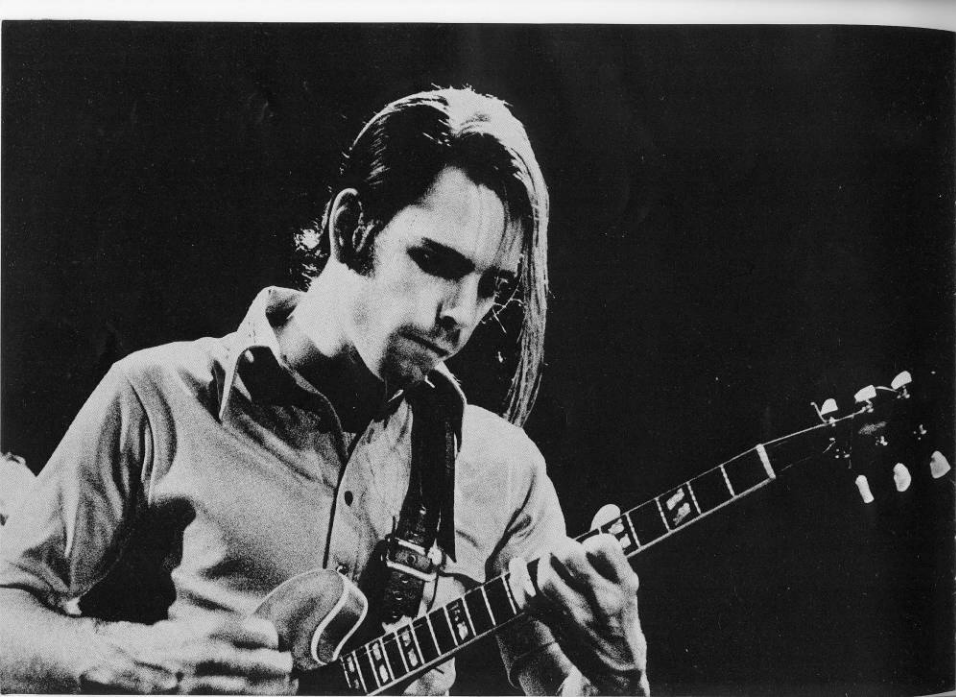
"England is a formal place. Form's are what's happening. Being a cab driver is a form. It has it's very clear perimeters. Being a member of Parliament has a form. Much more so than in America because America is way too chaotic for form. Nothing's been there long enough, especially where we come from. In America though, chaos is just a word away.

"Music itself is the closest thing we have to a universal language. Words are conceptual pigeon holes. With words you have to pin feeling down, isolate and formalise it.

"I don't consciously put my experience into music. It's just there. I'm not capable myself personally of doing anything of that consequence. Whatever the thing is that's happening it doesn't have anything to do with me. I don't think any of us specifically is the originator, but what we are is open ended, a vessel... or something... Whatever we're doing it's not us doing it. It's being done, and we're the ones being used to do it. At this point I can only guess or lie about this shit.

"The future is a journey. I don't know what's going to happen and I'm not making plans. The way we do stuff is not to make plans. We pick it up as it comes. We take the hand that's dealt us."





BOB WEIR

instrument:
rhythm guitar + vocals

birthdate:
October 16, 1947

place of birth:
San Francisco, California

eyes:
brown

hair:
brown

height:
6'

Bob Weir, plays, sings and talks a lot more than he used to in the early days of the Dead.

He and his old lady Frankie, once George Harrison's girl Friday, live in Marin County, where they have just moved to a new house. Bobby has recorded his own album 'Ace', due to be released at the end of June. And his single 'One More Saturday Night' is out now.

He has written much of the new material, with school friend, John Barlow, and Grateful Dead songwriter, Bob Hunter. The album will be the first Grateful Dead record with Donna Godschaux singing.

Back in the early sixties, he went to Palo Alto after boarding-school hopping from an early age, to drop out, freak out and all those falling from tradition things that went with the first period of turning on. That's where he met Garcia, became part of the Grateful Dead, and first took L.S.D.

"I haven't taken acid for five years now. It was taking me back to the same place every time. It seemed like time for a change, and the availability of good acid in the States has gone way down.

"I'm really quite divorced from the drug culture. I don't smoke dope because it gets me stupid as often as not. I've only taken enough downers to count on one hand, and that when I had to sleep. But just before going to sleep I get stupid. And I really draw the line between getting stupid and getting high. Besides which, I could generally use all the wit I can muster.

"Not taking drugs only puts my head in a different place to people who are stoned in as much as other people benefit by drugs better than I do. If they're benefiting, that's the kind of vibes they're putting out. They're having a good time, I pick up on that, and it gets me high. "I guess it boils down to a more intelligent approach towards any sort of endeavour, whether it be the use of drugs or the use of instruments for music.

"In a sense we're all strung out on music. But that's more a calling than a binge. As far as music's concerned I don't think the Grateful Dead are given to excesses. We're certainly eclectic and have a whole range of mobile abilities and we don't find ourselves in mode getting too far into it to make sense any more, like some groups. But everyone has a way of getting themselves out of that.

"I think we've got to the point now where we're simply not given to excesses like we could be. We have a pretty diverse format and I don't think everything we do sounds the same, or has sounded the same for a long time, or is so far into a given thing that it's past the point of being relevant.

"We generally play better when our heads are together. Physically, I would imagine we're all broadcasting vibrations and like any electric principle, the intensity of your reception of some-one else's vibrations or brain waves is governed by the inverse square ratio. The closer you are, the more you're getting from them. The more you're receiving from their broadcast.

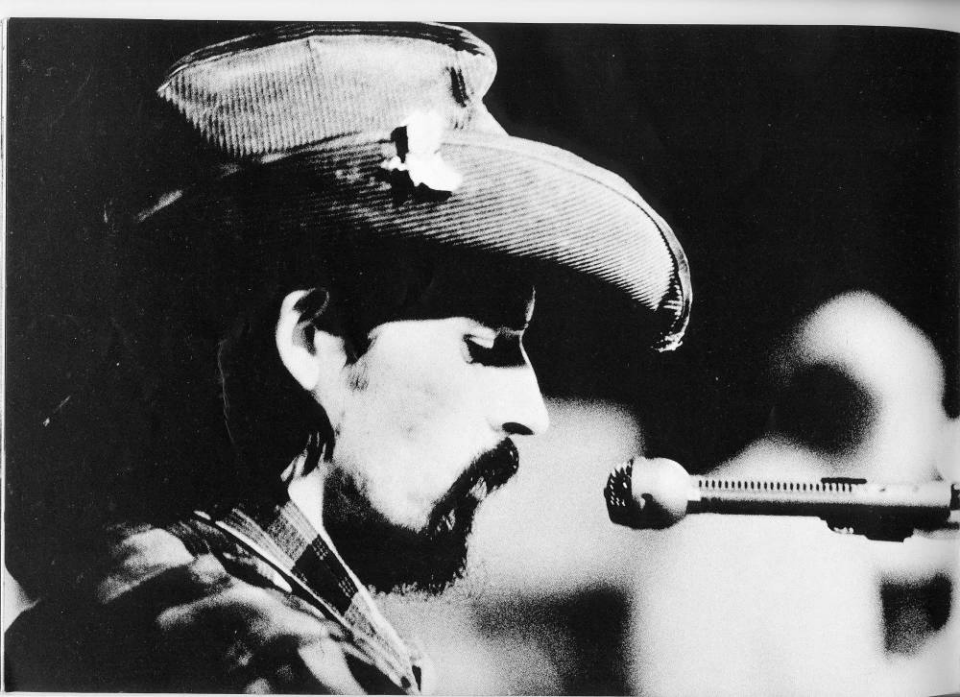
"You're conveying feelings, not notes. What makes it interesting is the dynamic range of things you can present to both yourself and the audience.

"A lot of cross-fertilisation happens at home, due to the physical proximity of other musicians. We live in Marin County and usually record in San Francisco. Whoever's recording at the same studio at the same time, you're going to bump into.

"Crosby and Nash were hanging out in San Francisco and we feel in with them. We were amazed at how well they sang together, and realised we had really neglected an essential part of our potential — that being our ability to sing together. We started working on that just because they were around and we heard them sounding good. We started consciously working on vocal blends, and having fun doing it.

"We increased our audience with people who liked that kind of sound, as well as keeping our old fans who seemed perfectly happy with that too, although we still played our old kind of music. Different sounds attracted new people. There were only a very small given number of people in the entire world who could really get into the stuff we started out doing. Those were the original Grateful Dead freaks. They've got hooked into what we're doing now, and I think our audience will keep growing even though we change, because we like to play so many different kinds of music.

"We've just added a piano player, and his wife's a good singer. We're working on bringing her more into the act. Then Garcia and I were talking about doing a tour with maybe a brass section, maybe even a string section, to do something different again.



**RON McKERNAN
(PIGPEN)**

instrument:
organ – vocals

birthdate:
September 8, 1945

place of birth:
San Bruno, California

eyes:
blue

hair:
black

height:
5' 8"

Pigpen was the son of an early white rhythm and blues DJ. He has played harp and harmonica most of his life, and was the first of the Grateful Dead to meet up with Garcia.

They played together in the Zodiacs in 1963, worked at the same music shop in Palo Alto, and formed Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Band with Weir and Kreutzmann in 1964.

Pigpen used to be big and ugly so they say. But he's been very ill. Too much booze. So they say. Now he is quiet, and hollow cheeked below his cowboy hat and eyes of arresting blue intensity.

"I like being in Europe. It's kind of odd the time change. San Francisco and New York is nothing compared to New York and London. The distance is not that much greater, but the effect is. I haven't adjusted to the pace. I'm not even quite sure what it is yet. It's interesting odd.

"Normally we don't travel with this many people. But this time we figured why not? We'll just take the whole shop. People usually only take their old ladies if it's not just a working trip – and there's side trips going on.

"I prefer to play in small theatres rather than large halls. You can relate to the audience better. Playing big halls you feel about a million miles away from the audience, and that's a weird feeling.

"The audience at Woodstock was a million miles away. But it was fun, though a really odd experience to play to so many people. I don't know why we weren't in the film. Sam would know. Me? I just play!

"Sam's done an incredible job co-ordinating this whole thing. All the musicians really have to do is play. We don't have to worry about technicalities, we just go where we're pointed and hope we're pointed right. We're told there's a bus at two, be on it. People can get that together by now. It's a matter of necessity. If you miss it – too bad. If you're on the bus, you're on the bus!

"We don't go on the road that much when we're in America. We do it in spurts. Do it a lot for a while, then lay back, work on new material, practice, maybe do a few dates, then we're hopefully got a pocketful of new stuff.

"We've got a pocketful of new stuff now!"





BILL KREUTZMANN

instrument:
drums

birthdate:
May 7, 1946

place of birth:
Palo Alto, California

eyes:
green

hair:
black

height:
6' 1"

Bill was a rock and roll drummer in high school. He's been drumming with the Grateful Dead since he met Garcia, Weir and Pigpen in Palo Alto in 1964.

He is married, with a son called Justin. His wife, Susila, runs a shop in Marin County, where the other Grateful Dead old ladies get together to make and trade things.

Kreutzmann's sense of humour is noisy and infectious. He likes to drink, and to feel the drums firm under his sneakered feet.

"I've been playing for about fifteen years. Right after my first drum lesson in High School I ran into my first set of drums and another guy went out after his first guitar lesson and bought a guitar. That afternoon we played together. It was like instant love.

"Drumming is a physical release for me. When I was a kid I'd have fights with my parents, then go up to my room and beat the shit out of my drums for hours. You've got to have that kind of attitude. Ginger Baker's like that. I heard he used to tear up his hotel rooms. I'm a bit like that. Kind of an adult vandal.

"It's good to leave America for a bit. I'm really bored with it. If you play in American cities all the time, they're quite a bit alike, and if you're living in hotel rooms, playing gigs, coming back and sleeping all day it's all much the same. People from other countries are a heavier turn on. They feel differently about life than you do. They teach you things that you don't learn from a redneck in Texas who's killing eagles.

"We tried to play once in Paris. The Festival was rained off and we ended up playing for the local farmers and little kids who hadn't heard rock and roll music before in their lives. They loved us. Blew their minds. We just had a giant party. It's a good trip. It's fun to see people having fun!

"That's why I started playing music. To make people feel good, because it made me feel good too. That's what the Grateful Dead's all about—communication between the band and the audience.

"After one really long set I'll come back to the dressing room now, look around, look at my hands, and think maybe I'm high on acid. But I know I'm not. It's just the music that does it. Six people meditating with the audience for two, three hours—that's the whole truth about getting high without drugs.

"It wasn't hard to play stoned on acid because I was such a new drummer at the time of the Acid Tests, I didn't even know hard from easy. I might find it hard now, if I took that much. People aren't into it so much now just a tool anyway. You never outgrow it, you just learn what it has to teach you. You outgrow the need for it. It's not the basis of the music..."



PHIL LESH

instrument:
bass + vocals

birthdate:
March 15, 1940

place of birth:
Berkeley, California

eyes:
blue

hair:
blonde

height:
6'1"

Phil Lesh started as a child violinist at the age of eight, and later played trumpet before Garcia beckoned him into the Grateful Dead, via a bass guitar.

"I grew up on Brahms, went to the same music school as Garcia, then quit. We're all drop-outs.

"All my education led me to composition, and I followed a form of that down to the end of the road. It was a dead end. The only thing I could do after I'd composed the things I had to say, was to shut up. It was a question of style and technique leading you right into a corner.

"I was composing classical electronic music. Surreal orchestra music. Improvised change reaction music. Then I realised that if composition was improvisation, and you let random change make your decisions for you, you may as well just blow. Your chances of hitting any significant combinations are about the same either way.

"That's especially true in a collective situation, where there's more than two musicians playing. Two is the ideal situation: rhythm and melody. Pure interaction.

"More means things get confused, they do with us a lot. Then it clears up again. If you have five or six musicians playing together, they can actually improvise very complicated music. The musical structure from which we go the furthest out is a sort of combination of all the different kinds of music we know. It's like making a stew. You start throwing pieces in, it cooks, some pieces take on the characteristics of other pieces, it blends together, you let it simmer a while, and pretty soon it has a character all of its own. Then an idea that's concrete for the six of us will emerge out of all that.

"A lick here, a rhythm there, a chord pattern — all the elements for a coherent musical idea will be going on at the same time, but they won't have quite the right time relationship, say. Then all of a sudden it will all slide right together. And there it'll be — a complete musical entity.

"I've always called what we play, electric chamber music. It's closely interlocked. Chamber music has been called the music of friends. Most of the music written for string quartets are extremely interwoven in their talk and the by-play between the various instruments. Our music is a lot like that and I think it's kind of unique in improvising electric bands.

"It's hard to get into exactly what the source of our

energy is. I've got it down to the point where I can see this is what I do. The phenomenon you are observing now is worked by me on you. I do this to you, just this, and no more. I've never been able to get past that and identify the energy. The transferences I perceive are between the people in the band, and between the band and the audience. That in itself is a closed system. But it's like there's visible light and there's invisible radiation all around us that we can't see. You have to be pretty high, and there's very little control over it. There has to be extremely strong circulation between the band and the audience. Then you're just out there on the edge of the surf board. Or the edge of the arrow of time.

"The music that comes out at that point is completely free. It's the manifestation of now. Not pre-conceived.

"Owsley used to say: 'When we make our magic, we put out energy and it comes back down to earth in some positive way somewhere'.

"I don't know quite what it is, but there definitely is a flow, and all I can do is feel it. It's like somebody else behind me. Some real big guy watching everything I do. Not necessarily controlling, just creating energy. It's not even a he or a she and it's not personal to me. I think it's collective, in the sense that the energy is coming through the organism that is the whole band and the system created by the band with the people.

"Those hook-ups are like living things. Children. We're like cells in the body of this organism. That seems to be the transformation taking place in human beings. To learn to be cells as well as individuals. Not just cells in society, but cells in a living organism."





KEITH GODCHAUX

instrument:
piano

birthdate:
July 19, 1948

place of birth:
Seattle, Washington

eyes:
blue

hair:
light brown

height:
5' 8"

Keith has been married to Donna for a year and a half. He joined the Grateful Dead in September of 1971, and has been playing music most of his life. His father was a pianist.

Donna comes from Muscle Shoals, Alabama and met Keith while she was working for the Union Oil Company in San Francisco.

Donna: "We married very soon after we met. We didn't even live together. We just did a straight number, because we love our parents very much, and anything else would have hurt them."

Keith: "It's fun being in Europe, but I never get flashed too heavily by my environment because I spend a lot of time spaced. I'm a Cancer and have every hang up a Cancer could possibly have. Everything bad about being a Cancer I have—raging! But a couple of years ago I learned some tricks about where to put my head."

"My old lady's a Leo. Guess that's a pretty weird mixture, but it's definitely high as shit."

"The only explanation of how we joined the Dead is that it was a cosmic thing. We went into this club in San Francisco where Garcia was playing, and just talked to him. A couple of days later I was playing with he and Bill and it just sort of came together. It had to happen. I knew it had to happen because I had a vision. I've had several at different times in my life—flash, go from A to B, and it was right. So I had another one—flash go from B to C, so I did. Flash—go talk to Garcia."

Donna: "I had a dream that it was supposed to happen. It was the direction our lives had to go in. The only direction."

Keith: "I wasn't thinking about playing with them before the flash. I didn't even try to figure out what the flash was, what it meant, what would become of it. I just followed it, not knowing what was going to happen. I wasn't playing with anyone else before that. Just playing cocktail lounges and clubs."

Donna: "I'd never sung in public before New York. It's an entirely different kind of music to me, because I've done studio work all my life. Around the Muscle Shoals area—and Nashville... r and b bands—backing up Presley, Joe Tex, Wilson Pickett, lots of people, but that was as far as my musical experience went. I sing now depending on what the band plays and when I'm called for."

"They've completely changed my life, and I really love these people."

Keith: "She really needs to be singing. She's a super singer. Nothing else really turns her on or inspires her. Her singing with us will be natural. There are certain songs that a pretty female voice can really add something to. I imagine it won't be earth-shaking, but kind of subtle. You gotta be careful. You can't fuck with the natural flow."

"I think what I've contributed to the band as a whole is an added amount of energy which they needed, for my taste. When I'd heard them play a couple of times, they really got me off, I was really high. But there were still a lot of ups and downs. Like an animal that didn't quite have the strength to pull the load it had to pull. I have a super amount of energy. I'm just a wired up person and I relate to music super-energetically. It's like a five volt battery turning into a six volt battery. It was very far out, because the part of their music which I played fit in perfectly, like a part of a puzzle."

"I first saw them play with a bunch of my old lady's friends who were real Grateful Dead freaks. I went to a concert with them and saw something I didn't know could be really happening."

"The way I saw and heard, it was a pure light spirit. It was not like mind-blowing far out, just beautiful far out. Not exactly a choir of angels, but some incredibly holy, pure and beautiful spiritual light. From then on I was super turned on that such a thing existed. This was about a year and a half ago, when I first met Donna. I went on about my own trip after that, going from A to B. But I knew I was related to them."

"I would say that the Dead's music is absolutely 100% positive influence. When I met them, I knew these were people I could trust with my head. They would never do anything which would affect me negatively."

"That is the core of the Grateful Dead. They are righteous people."



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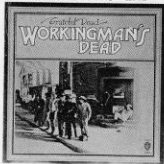
ANTHEM OF THE SUN



LIVE DEAD



WORKINGMAN'S DEAD



AMERICAN BEAUTY





The Grateful Dead came to England on a winter morning in 1972. One of the curious elements of their psychedelic history, living outside the mainstream, forty-five strapping hippies, bearded and a half-inch or never to be repeated, electronic equipment, perfect, priceless guitars, funky, clutterless clothes - Western shirts and baseball shoes, big muscled hairy quippers, slender and ladies, equipment trucks and two sleek coaches - concrete proof of a prosperity that has sprung up only over the past few years, after near bankruptcy.

Now they neither shy nor reject the conditions it brings. It's just another phase in a constantly changing situation. It's O.K.

Before the mass arrival, Sam Cutler, their road manager, came to smooth the way. Once super-regular with the Rolling Stones, Cutler took shelter with the band after Altamont, stayed, and is now part of the family.

In February, he and producer John Morris, plotted a course for the Grateful Dead in Europe.

"Don't know why it's taken us so long to get around to cracking Europe," Bob Weir said on the day they arrived. "It may be because our records haven't caught on here, or people don't ever quite believe we're going to get it together to be here. Which is not altogether unfounded."

True. There have been countless rumours of the Dead's imminent appearance, which have foundered - all but one. They did play the Woodstock Festival in 1970, but didn't feel they played well.

Last summer there was a surprise flight to Paris to play a Festival that was rained off. It was hoped then they might play at Glastonbury.

"We didn't go because somebody told us it was a sea of mud and we weren't about to take our equipment through that, having just been rained out in Paris," says Phil Lesh.

They were disappointed, they'd like to play at Glastonbury, it is one of Lesh's special projects, but as Garcia says: "It just didn't seem right at the time." In London this time they were approached by



Andrew Carr, who organised the Festival at great financial loss, to lay down some tracks for the double L.P., he is putting together to recoup money. Garcia and Lesh both hope the band can do it, if they aren't too wasted by months on the road and seven European countries seen out of forty five pairs of eyes and the windows of two buses.

After Cutler's first visit to London, a four day gig for the New Riders and the Dead was set up for the Rainbow Theatre. Sam made a whistle-stop tour of Germany, Holland, Denmark, Luxembourg, Switzerland and France, to establish a pattern for the Continental dates. Back in San Francisco the band got ready to move the family on the road.

Then the Rainbow collapsed, under awful financial strain, the band a day away from leaving for New York on the first lap of the tour. Morris suggests they play the Hammersmith Commodore, a pretty art-deco theatre used now as a Bingo hall. The Dead okay it but the local council and residents don't.

By this time the band is actually playing at the Royal Academy in New York. The only alternatives left are afternoons at the Lyceum and a night at the Roundhouse. Too scattered. There is so much equipment to move. Or the marathon effort of two nights at Wembley's 8,000 capacity pool.

Rock Scully flies over from New York. He's known Morris a long time, since before Woodstock. They go out to inspect Wembley while a badminton game is in progress. Scully's enthusiasm rockets. It will be all right. There are only ten days left to performance time, with Easter weekend's inactivity falling in the middle. But it's on. Scully's arrival releases a shock of enthusiastic Grateful Dead energy that builds and builds until Wembley is hung with parachute silk to catch the notes before they fly away and the band turns on 16,000 curious British Deadheads.

"It's the same as at home" they said afterwards, jubilant. "We didn't really expect people to have such a good time!"

They're a good times band. They're the Good Ol' Grateful Dead at heart. They liked playing

baseball in Kensington Gardens, watching the chicks in multi-coloured boots walk down the King's Road, beer and wine and music and museums and English monuments like Hampton Court, the Tower of London, the Albert Hall.

For the first couple of days the old ladies, especially Garcia's Mountain Girl, spent a deal of time walking, and observing. The band sat in the Kensington Hotel that held their madness in its middle class velvet glove, and talked to reporters - national newspapers, underground press, magazine writers, radio interviewers. Into the blue carpet blue smoke rooms poured the inquisitive crowd, grasping tape recorders and notebooks, only to stagger out again, hours later, minds turned around a few times by the cross-fire raps from six members of the band, three managers, one tour manager, two secretaries, their publisher, half a dozen quippies, a few old ladies, and Ramrod's six month old baby, affectionately known as Pushrod.

In one room Garcia easily entertained three reporters at once with tales of Grateful Dead past present and future. In the bedroom, littered with people and drink and cigarette butts twenty-three hours a day, Weir, Kreutzmann and Godschaux are asked if they think they're religious.

"I'm not a very religious guy" says Weir.

"I believe what we put across is religious" says Kreutzmann, putting him on. "And that I'm very religious."

"Certainly none of us is a preacher" amends Weir. "We're not preachin' on stage. We're just havin' a good time. If we really fuse together we feel like real high fulfilled individuals". A bark of laughter from Kreutzmann, but Weir goes on. "You feel like a whole human being. You're doing something as rich and full and rewarding as you could imagine. If there's such a thing as religion in my life then it's playing well."

Their interviews, conversations and stoned raps are only briefly serious, conducted with random humour, words plucked out of the hat like white rabbits.

No one member of the band has a superstar complex waiting to be unleashed on the public.

Garcia would obviously like to move back a little from the role of guru and spokesman imposed upon him by a public floored by his articulate speech, magical guitar and somewhat ambiguous, friendly but other-wordly presence. Bobby Weir, Kid, Ace, twenty four year old boarding school acidhead drop-out, seems about ready and able to step up, both on stage and off. Keith Godschaux and his wife Donna, have brought another dimension to the music with his piano and her voice. The balance is easy – it's secret perhaps that it constantly changes.

They like to travel with their old ladies. Garcia and Mountain Girl, Kreutzmann and Susila, Bobby and Frankie (for whom he wrote Sugar Magnolia), Donna and Keith. Pigpen left his lady behind because she's studying to be a nurse and final exams are coming up. Phil is just hanging loose.

"It makes it like a big party going through Europe this way, rather than a working tour" says Weir.

"It's what we do when we're rich" adds Garcia.

Everybody gets the same amount of road money, about £4 a day, including old ladies. Salaries are paid on top of that, with musicians getting only marginally more than the others – just over \$100 a week. Road money is doled out in cash each day by Cutler and his old lady, Francis, which takes some organising. Cutler pays the hotel bills at the end of each stay. Any profits there might be after the tour get ploughed back into their own co-operative: the office in Marin County, Alembic studios and Ice Nine publishing, so the Grateful Dead becomes a gradually more self-sufficient unit.

They work hard all the time. Order and form is kept in the midst of the potential chaos of forty five people travelling together, partly through their sense of responsibility towards one another, learnt through the collective experience of keeping cool through anything, partly through Cutler's inspired shepherding, and partly through the discipline of individual responsibility to the music.

The two concerts at Wembley on April 7th and 8th required an immense amount of graft. Equipment flown in from New York had to clear customs, be unloaded and set up. Work began at 8 a.m. on Wednesday 5th, erecting the Stones' huge proscenium arch. Candace and Ben Haller did the lighting. The Dead's quippies set up the tie-dyed p.a. Alembic's Bob Mathews prepared for the 16-track sound recording. He and his wife, Betty, work as a team of recording engineers. "We describe ourselves as technical support for the music" says Mathews. Betty takes care of the microphones which are used for both the p.a. and recording systems. Mathews pays detailed attention to the guitars and cabinets the bands use, not only in terms of maintenance, but progress through technical experiment.

They encountered a few difficulties the first day. Flying can damage delicate equipment; it had not been used for a week, the power cycles in England are different.

Garcia spent the whole of Thursday at the Pool. On Thursday evening the band rehearsed for four hours in the freezing cold. By Friday night the troubles were gone and the fans were there. The music soared, the audience danced, the attendants danced, it was a righteous high and mellow Grateful Dead party to warm the English hearts.

Next night was different. Larger audience. More drink. More Noise. More house restrictions. After the intermission, Dark Star turned the band into themselves and then out into space. Light hit Candace's revolving crystal globe at every facet, as it moved with the ethereal electronic music.

Whistles, yells, stamping the floor and imperative applause brought them back to do Bobby's new single, One More Saturday Night, as an encore.

Afterwards the band left, delighted by the scene, for supper at the Hard Rock Café: "They're all Deadheads – we didn't know they're in England too!"

There was a day's break on Sunday. Phil Lesh went to talk to flying saucer expert, John Michell. The rest of the family went out to a







beautiful country house in Kent, to get stoned on the lawn under willow trees, and marvel at the English spring.

On Monday, April 10th, the bus left for Newcastle. On arrival, after an eight hour drive, the Grateful Dead headed another well-carpeted brightly lit highway.

On Tuesday they rehearsed all afternoon at City Hall. Frankie and Susan took a heady thread, Susan to decorate Kreutzmann's jacket with a dragon. Mountain Girl says she sees the Grateful Dead as a flying dragon.

The musicians rap about music between music: Lesh: "Stravinsky built his rhythms out of cells and would overlay them in different places. I've never heard a performance of the Rite of Spring, for instance, that makes it sound like it probably should - one huge instrument. Especially the final part - which is expanding and contracting - metaphysics..."

Garcia: "We do that all the fucking time though don't we?"

Lesh: "Yeah. And another interesting thing is to try to get things to rotate, the way the tabla drums do. That's a good way to look at it, as though we were all drummers!"

Garcia: "When I hear three levels of rhythm all trying to be one, that nobody's playing and that don't coincide - I'll relate to it, but I won't play it. I'll be relating to what somebody else is doing, and then bring that in at some point... I'm starting to do stuff that's going in two directions at once. It's got a lower and an upper rhythm..."

The hall fills up. 2,200 capacity. Promoter Tony Smith sits at the back, underneath the massive organ that towers behind the small stage.

"Half of these kids have hitch-hiked from Scotland just to come to the concert."

They had a great time and ended up roaring for more, even after the encore, reluctant to move out into the rain away from the fiery warmth of the flying dragon's music.

Next day the buses left at 8 a.m. for Harwich, stopping only briefly in Cambridge for people to see King's College Chapel, the old college buildings and the river Cam.

The boat journey took them from Harwich to Esbjerg, in Denmark, giving them enough time to listen to tapes of the English performances. Then there were one-nighters in Copenhagen, Hamburg, Cologne, Frankfurt, back to Hamburg, and then Paris. An abortive trip to Lille, in the French provinces, came to nothing when the equipment trucks were sabotaged. Water was put in the petrol tanks. Nobody knows who did it. The audience waited for the band and the band waited for the equipment. All in vain. In the end the Dead had to climb out of the dressing room windows to leave, intending to go back to play free for those who'd waited so long.

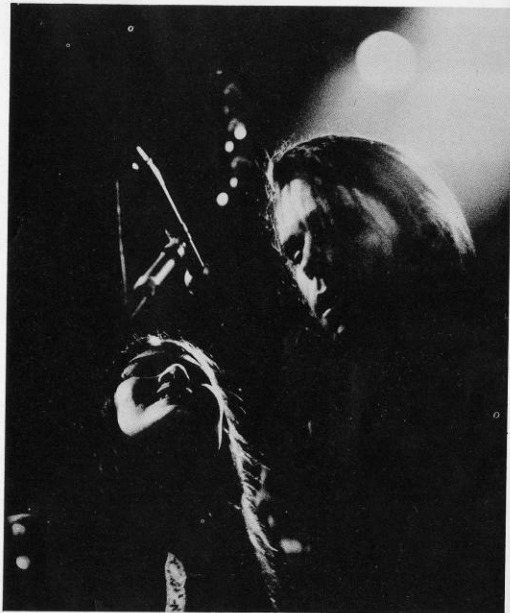
Next day they were due to leave for the Bickershaw Festival. Original plans had the band only scheduled to fly to Manchester, the rest of the party to go ahead to Amsterdam. After the Lille fiasco, which made things a little weird, nobody felt like separating. They all flew to Manchester from Paris, arriving at the same time as the New Riders, who had come in from San Francisco that morning. The entire family was present for the cold black mud bath of Bickershaw.

By midday on Sunday, May 7th, the site was drenched with rain. Somebody said: "I've seen the Dead come on and the weather change. It's something they do."

The Dead came on after the New Riders and Country Joe. It was around 7 p.m. The weather changed. Sun lightened the evening sky. Bonfires were lit. The stage radiated. People got high up, shivering, thought they could never get there again.

Grateful Dead. Living organism. Craft, inspiration, humour, weirdness and sanity. Six brilliant musicians who, having learned what it is to get high, and a bit about how to stay there, want the rest of us to fly for a while.

Remember Garcia's words: "Have a good time. And don't take anything too seriously, least of all music!"



'St Stephen!' someone shouted above the largely unintelligible barrage of requests which floated up to the Dead on stage at Bickershaw. Bob Weir, always a handy guy to have near a mike, replied, 'We've forgotten that. We could go back and listen to the record and cop the licks. It's all water under the bridge.' For us in England the flow of that musical water the Dead have been riding and the number of bridges it has passed under has, up until now, mainly been signposted by their records. These officially began in '67 with 'San Francisco's Grateful Dead', an album which was not generally available here, and which featured the original nucleus of Garcia, Weir, Lesh, Pigpen and Kreutzmann. Jerry finds the album a bit embarrassing now but as with all their recordings it only says what happened at that particular point in time. You aren't ever gonna go to a Grateful Dead concert and find them promoting their latest album with all your favourite songs note for note.

Just like most other bands starting up together their repertoire consisted of reworkings of other people's compositions. The first album interprets 'Morning Dew' and 'Good Morning Little Schoolgirl', and some rip off tapes from early Avalon performances, which someone is trying to cash in on now, has the Dead's version of 'Midnight Hour', 'Dancing In The Streets' and 'It's All Over Now Baby Blue.' If that was all you had to go by you might have thought they were just a thumping r'n'b band, heavy on the beat belting on down the line in a series of fast runs and rhythms. What the records didn't tell us was the whole picture. Gradually other signs came by like flashing indicators. 'Anthem of The Sun', incorporating Mickey Hart as second drummer and Tom Constanten on keyboards, also credited Phil Lesh on trumpet, harpsichord and piano. Obviously a bunch of versatile musicians who didn't mind widening a few boundaries here and there. 'That's it for the other one', kicked it off. If you want to hear what they did to it later on it reappears on their new live album. If they play it tonight you'll hear how it sounds tonight. Like Phil Lesh says, 'The music that comes out at that point is completely free, it's the manifestation of now. It's not at all preconceived.' 'Anthem' was a fusion of live and studio cuts, which were pieced together in collages of sound, rushing by in electronic fragments which would have been a little difficult for the average radio one listener to

grab hold of. 'Alligator' gave a glimpse of what the group could get into when they had the space to stretch out. 'Aoxomoxoa' was their third album but the first to credit Robert Hunter as lyric writer and incorporate two of the New Riders, Marmaduke and Dave Nelson, as supporting musicians. 'All the music is on the tapes, the tapes were well recorded, and the music is well-played and everything on it is really right. It's just that it was our first adventure with 16 track and we tended to put too much on everything... a lot of the music was just lost in the mix.' Well dear requester this is the album that first gave us 'St Stephen'. It was an early indication of catchy melodies that jumped across the beat and lodged themselves in your head to re-emerge in spontaneous outbursts of singing, whistling or humming, depending on how extrovert you were feeling as you walked down the street the next day. It also served as an interesting contrast when it popped up again on the double set, 'Live Dead'.

The group were obviously still learning what studio atmosphere and equipment was all about when they cut their first three albums. 'Live Dead' was being recorded at a few gigs simultaneously to much of 'Aoxomoxoa'. Turn on your love light and you'll turn on the Dead. Out in front of living feedback energy, Stephen sounds a lot healthier and a lot more confident. A whole side of 'Dark Star' blew minds near and far and showed music a few other places it could go. The picture was definitely being filled in now. Of course back in acid test days when gigs and parties could last all night they had found the freedom to delve deep into the essence of sounds and to extend the framework of songs into long exploratory improvisations. Perhaps they might whirl off into the cosmos and never be seen again. As if to forestall such a disaster for the rest of us, they produced 'Workingman's Dead', tight, tuneful and relaxed. It was approached differently than their previous recordings, rehearsing the songs for a month before entering the studio. They'd also been hanging out with Crosby and Nash, getting off on just singing and harmonizing. Weir says it made them realise they had neglected their vocals. The album surfaced as a jewel rising out of some heavy rain that was falling all around them but which ultimately served to bind them even closer together. By now they had overcome studio troubles and the lack of an audience. 'It's just us bouncing off each other. It was the first

record that we made together as a group, all of us.' They had opened up another frontier and as they strolled beyond it they found a rose which will always be known as 'American Beauty'. Ten petals that unfold untold delights at every listening, delicately, balancing poetry and music. These two albums were their most accessible to date and began to attract a wider and different audience outside the hard core Dead freaks, but again it was only what was happening on record. The live prism was still showering many reflections some of which were captured on their latest double album. 'We try to cover as diverse a range of music as we can incorporate in a given programme' says Weir, and the live album certainly goes along with that as labels like space-age, boogie, country, rock and roll band are quietly removed from the files of music critics to be replaced by Grateful Dead.

As they've inched their way round Europe they've been recording every concert slipping in new songs among the old, but none of the gigs have featured the same sequences of the old showbiz repertoire syndrome. Their open ended instrumental improvisations have been a lesson in group telepathy and the dynamics of sound. Instead of the continual bombardment with which many 'heavy' groups are currently wrecking ears, the Dead have penetrated the sounds of silence and had thousands of people straining to hear them. They're breaking up rhythms to the point of mind fragmentation and just when you're completely disorientated they'll ease you up to boogie level, then back down again to a place where the quietest note, the least touch of a cymbal dropped beside the silent pulse is felt in every cell of fellow musician. And they left enough space for Keith Godchaux, Donna, you and me to wander in on another frequency and add to the whole broadcast. That's why they had the local people, out for a quiet Sunday walk in the Bickershaw mud, raving alongside the freaks and making wild promises to burn those old grey suits. And the wheel's still turning. Garcia says, 'Tonalitywise man, we're going in many different weird directions,' and as fast as they're going into tonalities they're going into rhythm. Always changing, always looking for new ways to play their instruments, like young children who take apart toys to see what their made of and reconstruct them in fashions that were not listed in the instruction booklet.

GARCIA'S OWN ALBUM



**AND A
TERRIFIC SINGLE
GRATEFUL DEAD
WITH BOBBY ACE
'ONE MORE SATURDAY NIGHT'
'BERTHA'**

