



CONTENTS

**Shadow Boxing The Apocalypse:
An Alternate History of the Grateful Dead 3**

Nicholas G. Meriwether

Dead Heads Tell Their Tales..... 78

Fans & Friends of the Grateful Dead

Show Notes..... 146

David Lemieux

Song Chronology 161

Jesse Jarnow

Credits..... 169




ETYMOLOGY: *grate* noun.

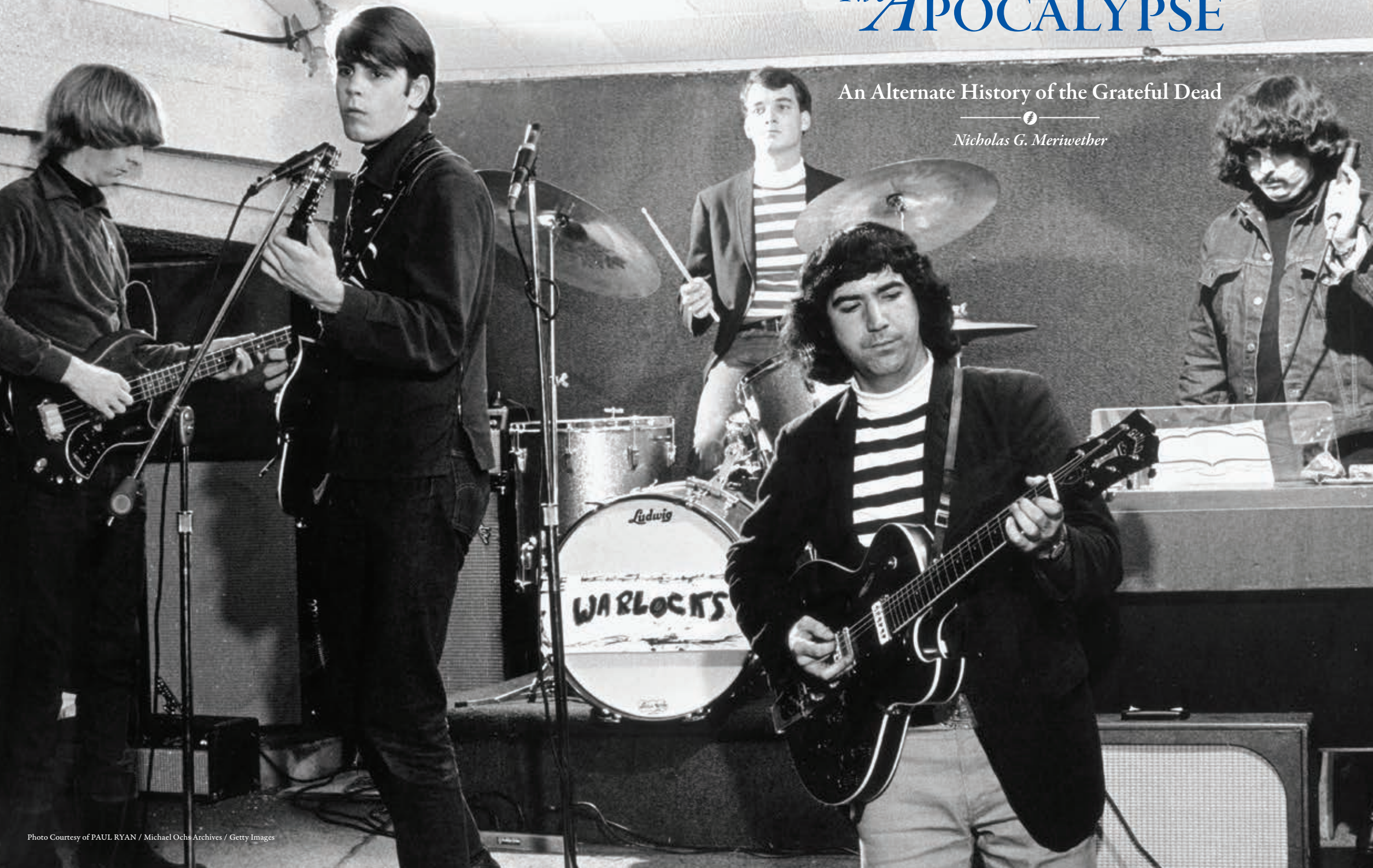
GRATEFUL DEAD The motif of a cycle of folk tales which begin with the hero's coming upon a group of people ill-treating or refusing to bury the corpse of a man who had died without paying his debts. He gives his last penny, either to pay the man's debts or to give him decent burial. Within a few hours he meets with a travelling companion who aids him in some impossible task, gets him a fortune, saves his life, etc. The story ends with the companion's disclosing himself as the man whose corpse the other had befriended.

GRATEFUL DEAD noun. The act of gratifying a debt.

SHADOW BOXING *The* APOCALYPSE

An Alternate History of the Grateful Dead

—  —
Nicholas G. Meriwether



“Why can the dead do such great things?”
—St. Augustine, *The City Of God*, 426 AD

Introduction:
Epiphanies and the Fragments of the Dead

“Mammoth epiphanies.” That was how one early critic described the impact of a Grateful Dead concert. It stuck, just like Willy Legate’s Dead Head catchphrase “There is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert.” Both phrases go to the heart of the achievement of the Grateful Dead, from the remarkable breadth of work they created and inspired to the many fascinating characters—artists, thinkers, bohemians—who clustered around the band from their earliest days. That community remained a quiet wellspring that fueled and informed the life and times of the most significant rock band in American history.

Part of the magic of epiphanies is that they can’t be summoned. That is why we court them, and why we treasure them when they grace us. At heart, epiphanies change how we see the world—and they give us a glimpse of what lies beyond the trap of our own perspective, the limits of our own perceptions.

Phil Lesh called the Dead phenomenon “slippery” in a discussion with one writer: “There’s nothing you can get a handle on . . . it’s like looking at a mirrored ball: There’s nothing to grasp, because all you’re seeing is what’s reflected. All you’re seeing is yourself.” Barlow put it more poetically in his lyrics to “Let It Grow,” musing, “What shall we say, shall we call it by a name / As well to count the angels dancing on a pin.”

In an interview alongside Garcia, Lesh commented, “If we could explain it to ourselves, we would. But then, we’d probably lose it.” Garcia agreed: “Yeah, right! It’s always skittering out of our grasp.” Yet they welcomed that elusiveness—that was what their music sought. “That’s why we play,” Bob Weir explained to a reporter in 1980. “If there’s anything about us, if there’s any point we’d like to make, it’s so ethereal, so abstract, that we have to turn to music to articulate it.” It was a tantalizing statement of what the band’s mission really was: to reveal what was hidden, to do what Aldous Huxley had suggested of psychedelics when he quoted William Blake’s line from *The Marriage Of Heaven And Hell*: “If the doors of perception were cleansed, every thing would appear to man as it is, Infinite.” For the Dead and their listeners, that went to the heart of what the shared ritual of music-making could be: nothing less than a tool for expanding consciousness.

Together, all of these insights add up to indeed form mammoth epiphanies. Yet at their core, what made those epiphanies were moments, scattered and fragmentary and precious. When we look at the history of the Dead, that’s what we see: dozens—hundreds—thousands of those moments, all strung together to form one of the most remarkable and enduring careers in popular music. This boxed set looks back on the Dead’s three-decade odyssey, presenting 32 recordings that document the range of those luminous moments that defined the Grateful Dead experience. Mammoth epiphanies, individual and collective, that combined to make the Dead’s music a revelation, waiting to happen, for all who wanted to experience it.

It all began in California . . .

Prologue:
New Year’s Eve, 1963

New Year’s Eve always feels portentous; how else could the story of the Grateful Dead begin? On December 31, 1963, the small Palo Alto, California, newspaper presented readers with the expected allotment of reminiscence and rap sheets, benign reflections of a year amidst the usual small-town news of community, quirkiness, and crime. Outside the little township adjacent to Stanford University, more uncomfortable events roiled the country: the whispers that continued to swirl about President Kennedy’s assassination as well as simmering unease over civil rights, which played into activism brewing just a few miles north as students at Berkeley would soon begin to agitate for their right to free speech.

Those larger concerns seemed a long way from four people who were about to gather at a small music store in Palo Alto. Walking along behind the store, three teenaged friends heard someone playing a series of banjo runs. Who on earth was playing in a music store on New Year’s Eve? The group knocked on the door. Their answer? A young instructor, so involved in music that calendars didn’t have much sway for him (beyond marking the too-infrequent paying gig).

“Here for your lesson?” he asked, recognizing one of his students in the group, Bob Matthews.

“Ah, no, not really.” In fact, however, one of them was, though neither of them knew it at the time. Some epiphanies emerge only in hindsight. What did emerge that night was the idea of a band, as they all picked up instruments from the front of the store and began to play. So it was that Bob Weir and Jerry Garcia decided to form their first band, at Matthews’ suggestion. Called Mother McCree’s Uptown Jug Champions (among many spellings), it was a spirited ensemble that matched whimsy and irreverence with some serious folk chops, gigging throughout 1964 and earning a fine local reputation. Much has been written about what Garcia memorably dubbed “the Great American Folk Scare” of the late 1950s and early ’60s (and much more needs to be written), but it informs the genesis of the Grateful Dead—and the San Francisco rock scene—in particularly resonant ways. Mother McCree’s left only one recording, a spirited performance at a small venue in Palo Alto, but it cemented the musical bonds between Garcia, Weir, and Ron “Pigpen” McKernan.

The biographies of these players could fill books—and have—but brief sketches show how fertile and fortuitous their interactions would be. Garcia’s father was a musician and later bar owner who was tragically killed when Garcia was a boy. Raised in San Francisco, Garcia had a difficult childhood, beautifully if elliptically recounted in his illustrated memoir *Harrington Street*, published posthumously. After a dismally unsuccessful stint in the army, Garcia found himself in Palo Alto, where he connected with another folkie, Robert Hunter, and both of them became

— *The Sixties* —

fixtures in the local folk scene, with Garcia establishing a reputation as a formidable banjo player and guitarist.

Bob Weir was a younger member of that scene, the adopted son of affluent parents who lived in Atherton, just up the peninsula. His undiagnosed dyslexia made school problematic, and music became his outlet. After a string of failed schools, including boarding school in Colorado, where he became friends with an equally gifted but trouble-prone teen named John Perry Barlow, he returned to California and quickly fell in with the local folk scene. Weir was especially attuned to the blues, and he tape-recorded local players to better learn their techniques, including a young guitarist named Jerry Kaukonen, who would later use his given name Jorma when he joined the Jefferson Airplane.

Ron McKernan, first nicknamed Blue Ron, was soon to be dubbed Pigpen, after the Peanuts cartoon character. The son of a local blues DJ and Stanford staff engineer, McKernan was steeped in the blues and moved easily in East Palo Alto's African American community, where he had friends who encouraged his efforts as a budding singer, harmonica player, and guitarist. It was a subset of a larger musical and cultural scene that produced a remarkable number of people and players who went on to inform the Dead, Haight-Ashbury, and the larger San Francisco rock world.

Several local institutions anchored the scene, including Kepler's Books and the Top of the Tangent, where another local musician discovered Garcia. Bill Kreutzmann had already earned a reputation as a first-rate drummer, and one night he walked into the Top of the Tangent to find Mother McCree's performing. "It was an amazing night," Kreutzmann recalled. "He had the whole place totally under his spell . . . Right then, I became the first Deadhead because I said, 'I'm going to follow this guy forever.'" In a wonderful piece of synchronicity, the banjo that Garcia was playing that night came from Kreutzmann's father, who had sold it to the young musician some time before.

Kreutzmann was born in Palo Alto and had taken up the drums at age 13. His first performance with Garcia and Pigpen was a gig in an electric band fronted by a hotshot local guitarist named Troy Weidenheimer, with Garcia on bass. Kreutzmann felt like he was in over his head, but it was exhilarating. It was also a sign of the times. By year's end, Mother McCree's had gone about as far as a local jugband could. The folk scene was losing energy just as a couple of bands from England were starting to make a splash. Purists were dismissive, but some of the folkies were fascinated: bands like The Beatles and The Rolling Stones were not only playing good music and getting good gigs, but they looked like they were also having fun. Suddenly rock 'n' roll was looking like an appealing option—and a viable one as well.

THE 1960S WERE THE CRUCIBLE that forged the Grateful Dead and their legendstock, even though the era's meaning remains contested; indeed, how we read the decade has become a kind of intellectual Rorschach test designed to ferret out a deeper cultural orientation—or political agenda. The Dead came to embody that challenge as well, carrying it into their music: how you responded to the Dead's eclecticism, lyrics, and most especially their jams—this said something about you, something fundamental. And so it remains today.

None of that was apparent in the spring of 1965 when Garcia, Weir, and Pigpen decided that electric instruments might be more fun. It was Pigpen who convinced Garcia and Weir to go electric, adding Kreutzmann and recruiting Dana Morgan, Jr., as bass player—if you defined that role as conduit to instruments and equipment, courtesy of Dana's father's music store. Calling themselves The Warlocks, that first lineup lasted for three performances, each well-received by all accounts. But Dana Jr. had a hard time holding his own, and when Garcia spotted his friend Phil Lesh dancing up a storm at the third show, it clicked: they needed a real musician on bass, someone whose ears and instincts they trusted. Chops could come later; besides, electric instruments were new to them all.

Lesh was the last link. Something of a child prodigy, he had started out on violin and then taken up trumpet, playing in the College of San Mateo's renowned jazz band. At CSM he had fallen in with the local bohemian scene, shepherded by his friend Bobby Petersen, a sometime sax player and poet who had an abiding affinity for, and some connections to, the Beats and their broader milieu. Lesh transferred to Berkeley, where he became friends with Tom "T.C." Constanten; after an unsuccessful semester, T.C. encouraged him to take a graduate course with famed avant-garde composer Luciano Berio at Oakland's Mills College, which changed his life, though not his present.

In May 1965 he felt adrift and unsettled, and when he and Petersen and Petersen's wife Jane heard about a new electric band fronted by his friend Garcia, they drove down to hear them. They were all high on LSD, and they were amazed. It was The Warlocks' second show at Magoo's Pizza Parlor, and the impact on Lesh was particularly acute. He caused a scene by getting up to dance.

Garcia noticed. "Didn't you used to play the violin?" he asked Phil during the break between sets. "Listen, man, I want you to come and play bass in this band." A month and many hours of practice later, the final lineup of The Warlocks made its debut.

The Warlocks may not have been polished, but they were far from crude. If bands are defined by chemistry, then something gelled immediately when Lesh came to his initial practice session. In their first seven months, they became a band. Pigpen acted as frontman. As one of their earliest fans, Connie Bonner, remembered, “Pigpen caught your eyes and ears right off . . . His blues voice, his harmonica playing, and keyboards were just incredible. If everyone else seemed a bit uncomfortable, he appeared right at home.” Years later, Garcia commented that “Pigpen was the only guy in the band who had any talent when we were starting out . . . He had great stage presence.” To Garcia, “he was the guy who really sold the band, not me or Weir . . . Pigpen is what made the band work.” Modesty aside, Garcia was clearly the most accomplished instrumentalist, but Pig’s singing provided authority, his harp and keyboards were more than passable, and his persona oozed authenticity. As Lesh put it, Pigpen was “our keel, our roots, our fundamental tone,” and he grounded the band as it continued to explore and stretch.

Weir was a good folk guitarist with a far-reaching interest in the guitar’s possibilities; still a student, his large hands and adaptability let him develop a way of providing fills and chords that embellished Garcia’s lines in interesting ways. Lesh appreciated the place of the bass in rock and blues but immediately pushed for a more melodic role, making his instrumental voice more of a tenor guitar that played counterpoint to Garcia’s leads. It was a heady brew that impressed each of them profoundly, one that already hinted at complexity and ambition. Kreutzmann was their rhythmic anchor, an accomplished rock drummer with an appreciation for jazz that would blossom in the years to come, serving the band well.

Those first months were chaotic, but in an appropriately formative way. It’s difficult to determine exactly how many performances the band played, for example, although we can count 45 to 50 shows between April and the end of the year. The bulk of those were at a bar called the In Room, in Belmont, one of the peninsula towns whose watering holes catered to travelers and flight attendants from the nearby airport. The fledgling Warlocks played five nights a week for six weeks there, mostly Rolling Stones covers, blues, and a few other songs imported from the Mother McCree’s repertoire. When two proto-hippies from San Francisco named Ellen Harmon and Alton Kelley came to the In Room, scouting for bands for a concert they were planning, they rejected The Warlocks for being only a cover band. The Warlocks’ focus was not on writing songs at the time; they were simply concerned with learning to play as a band, honing their chops together. It was fun, it was demanding, and it had its fair share of setbacks—like when they showed up for the second night of a three-night engagement and found themselves summarily replaced by an elderly trad jazz trio. It was Phil’s second gig, and 40 years later he still recalled it as one of the most humiliating moments of his life.

That fall, history seemed to accelerate, connecting threads of the Bay Area bohemian scene until everything coalesced. In San Francisco, Harmon and Kelley and a couple of friends mounted their first rock concert, which they held in the cavernous

Longshoremen’s Hall on the waterfront. Calling themselves the Family Dog, their shows would not only feature the young, hip bands that appealed to their bohemian friends but, most importantly, they would allow people to dance. “That’s what’s wrong with those Cow Palace shows,” one of the organizers explained to local music columnist Ralph Gleason, presenting their vision. “There’ll be no trouble when they can dance.” Dancing was not allowed at the “teens and twenties” concerts at the venues where local impresario Bill Quarry promoted shows, but those shows featured teen pop that was already light-years behind what the new young bands like the Airplane and The Warlocks were developing.

Called “A Tribute to Dr. Strange,” the first Family Dog concert was held on October 16 and featured four bands. The Jefferson Airplane headlined, and the show was a revelation for the denizens of the city’s burgeoning subcultural scene, most of whom attended. Dancing was definitely permitted at the other seminal event that fall, a benefit held to raise money for the San Francisco Mime Troupe’s legal defense for performing in the city’s parks without a permit. Put together by the Troupe’s business manager, the event was held at their South of Market rehearsal loft on November 6. Featuring the Airplane and Beat poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti along with a host of other artistic luminaries, the show was a commercial and artistic success. Years later, the former manager—an ex-New Yorker named Bill Graham—still remembered it vividly. “It was this cross section of people who had never come together before. A mixed group. It was amazing. In San Francisco, you could turn over seventeen different parts of the city and the worms under each rock would represent one neighborhood. That night, all the worms got into one pot.”

But not The Warlocks—at least, not yet. For the young band, two other events defined that fall: local literary sensation Ken Kesey returned from a cross-country bus trip, and Lesh unearthed a single by another band named The Warlocks. Kesey had made a splash with his novel *One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest*, whose first pages had been written under the influence of psychedelic drugs. He had been exposed to the drugs as part of a government-sponsored program administered by the VA hospital in Menlo Park, and like Robert Hunter, who also participated, he found the drugs enormously stimulating. To Kesey, the bus trip had shown that community and psychedelics could fuse into an art form that far surpassed the film footage he and his friends had taken of the adventure. As one of Kesey’s group, nicknamed the Merry Pranksters, later wrote, “the bus trip turned out to be one of the signal adventures of a gloriously adventurous decade. Ken’s loose assortment of protohippie sybarites had, almost inadvertently, administered to America its first national contact high, and they came home to California fired with missionary fervor. They purposed, these new-minted zealots, nothing less than to turn on the world . . .” The mechanism? A set of free-form happenings fueled by the powerful—and then legal—psychoactive substance d-lysergic acid diethylamide, or LSD.

Books, essays, and memoirs have all traced those experiments in theater and consciousness, starting with Tom Wolfe’s groundbreaking work of New Journalism, *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, published in 1968. As a writer, Wolfe saw Kesey as the

center of the story and intuitively grasped the literary dimensions and artistic implications of the Pranksters' project. With one chapter, however, he also immortalized the nascent Grateful Dead and forever sealed their genesis in an artistic and literary amber that would give them an imprimatur and gravitas that none of their peers would share.

The Dead were forged from much deeper literary influences, however, which was the second event that November. When Lesh discovered a single by another band called The Warlocks, it provoked a crisis, for recording was very much on the band's agenda. Indeed, their first studio session happened that same month, an audition for local label Autumn Records, where they recorded six songs under the watchful eye of engineer Sylvester Stewart, who would shortly go on to become Sly Stone. Stung by their rejection by Kelley and Harmon, they had plunged into writing songs, and they recorded four of them that day; one, a moody little fragment called "Caution," had a slinky, blues-inflected feel, and it would be a keeper. It is the earliest track included here, and the only original recorded at that session that would endure.

The same was not true of the name they used that day. The Emergency Crew was a stop-gap, a compromise because no one could come up with a moniker that really seemed to fit. One afternoon later that month they gathered at Phil's Palo Alto bungalow, debating names. Finally Garcia pulled a dictionary from the bookshelf. "I opened it, and there was GRATEFUL DEAD, big black letters edged all around in gold, man, blasting out at me, such a stunning combination," he told one reporter a few years later.

It was a stunning discovery: a strange entry for a dictionary, it defined a "motif of a cycle of folk tales" involving a traveler who pays off the debts of a corpse as well as its burial and is later helped by a mysterious stranger who is finally revealed as the corpse. An ancient motif found in every human culture, it represents the ideal that if one honors the past with no thought of reward, one will be rewarded. Based on a 1908 book of the same name by a scholar named Gordon Hall Gerould, the phrase left Weir and Pigpen cold, but Lesh recognized its power immediately, jumping up and shouting, "That's it!"

He was right. Not only was the name wonderfully redolent of some arcane mysticism, it had a faintly psychedelic connotation, and it masked a deep connection to scholarship, literature, and ancient humanity. It was a perfect encapsulation of the nascent Grateful Dead; in other words, a name that not only described but somehow shaped the band, one that "called sheaves of spirits down on us all," as Robert Hunter later wrote.

A few days later they went to the first Acid Test, held at a Prankster household just outside of Santa Cruz, and the future began to emerge. The first Test was an experiment, more of a party than an experience, but the Pranksters were seasoned professionals when it came to the artistic implications and potential of LSD. Anything that enhanced the sensorium was fair game, from electronics and sound to strobe lights and room games; and although music does not appear to have been the primary part of that first Test, it was clear that the Dead had a role to play. The next week

the Tests began in earnest, and the Dead were a driving part of the proceedings.

It had been an interesting first nine months. They had logged more than 50 shows up and down the San Francisco peninsula and had written a handful of songs and recorded three of them for a six-song demo. Most of all, they had learned what it meant to be a bar band, and they didn't want that. What they wanted was freedom, musical and artistic and social, but that desire was also wrapped up in a hunger to *excel*. The next year would offer them to the chance to do both.

— 1966 —

If the events of 1965 had the whiff of history, those of 1966 bore all the marks of legend. The Dead earned their wings that year playing 102 documented shows, mostly in California but with the wonderful exception of their first international performance: a jaunt across the border to Vancouver, Canada. And we suspect that a number of shows are lost to the mists of time, especially those that unfolded almost on a whim in Golden Gate Park. Their documented repertoire at the time included more than 60 songs, but with the sterling exception of "Caution," the first flush of originals they committed to tape the previous November would all be retired in the next few months. After the Acid Tests, and especially once ensconced in the Haight, even the most ambitious of those tunes seemed like pop pabulum.

The path that took them there was appropriately serpentine. The year began with the Fillmore Acid Test, which Ken Kesey considered to be the most successful one; it was something of a culmination of what they'd learned from the first three. Each Test imparted lessons and imprinted memories. At Muir Beach it was the band's future benefactor and first soundman, Owsley "Bear" Stanley, giving a most public freak-out; it also created the first whiffs of an archival legacy, in the form of a wonderfully whimsical poster, primarily the work of Prankster Paul Foster but with contributions from many of the Pranksters—Carolyn "M.G." Garcia remembers doing the calligraphy of "Huge Rumbly," or Hugh Romney, later Wavy Gravy, just over the thumbprint. It also created the first literary documentation: Santa Cruz writer William J. Craddock's *Be Not Content*, which had a fine chapter about the event written from the standpoint of a participant, although this account would not be published until 1970.

At the Big Beat Test in Palo Alto, participants were struck by the linguistic gymnastics between Neal Cassady and Hugh Romney. The Fillmore Test represented the collision between the Test and the straight world, symbolized by the police shutting it down, all captured on tape. The more benign side of that came in Portland, when a businessman who chanced the dollar admission and took his dose found himself in the spotlight; he responded beautifully, dancing with his umbrella and his shadow in a striking pantomime that Kesey remembered vividly decades later. It was a sublime memory that showed what could happen when the mood and the music and the moment all came together. That was the power of the Test: a straight person set free, providing a singular performance that drew everybody in and left them all transformed.

The pinnacle of the Acid Tests was a three-day extravaganza called the Trips Festival. Held in the Longshoremen's Hall in San Francisco in late January, the festival was carefully billed as a multimedia artistic happening. Insiders knew that the Kool-Aid was the star, but the straight media mostly ignored the screaming implications of listing the Acid Test as one of the named participants. Inside the program, the Pranksters laid out their vision:

Can YOU pass the acid test? There's no way to think about it or read about it. There's no other way to know than go ahead on it. Can you die to your corpses? Can you metamorphose? Can you pass the 20th Century? What is total dance? The acid test has been conducted in recent weeks at Santa Cruz, San Jose, Palo Alto, Portland, San Francisco, here, and is snowballing fast. Rolling east next month, it will be soon be international, if not cosmic.

To Ralph Gleason, the Trips Festival was only partly successful: fine when the bands played, but a bore otherwise. Hippies knew better. It was nothing less than a triumphant merger of the new scene, the culmination of what Graham had discovered at his first Mime Troupe benefit, "a glorified version of the Family Dog dances and the Acid Tests which preceded it," as one early history put it: "more lights, strobes and old movies, more people (some 10,000 attended over the three days), and, if it were possible, more highs."

For the Dead, the high was not the performance but a connection. Deep into his trip on the second night, Garcia took the stage only to find that the bridge on his guitar had been smashed, strings curling free of their anchor in an apt metaphor for many of the minds in the hall, with the exception of one: Bill Graham, stage managing the chaos with a clipboard and single-minded devotion to a schedule that probably mattered only to him. When Graham told him it was time to play, all Garcia could do was point to the bridge and say, "It broke. Broke, you know?" So Graham dropped to his knees, trying to accomplish the impossible and reattach the bridge. For Garcia, it was an epiphany: "Always loved him for that," he told Graham's biographer. "It's like I'll always have that image of him. No matter how much he screams or what kind of tantrums he throws or anything. With me, he's never been able to shake that first impression of 'Here is this helpful stranger.' In the midst of hopeless odds, trying to help me with my guitar." It cemented a bond between the band and Graham that would last until the promoter's untimely death in 1991.

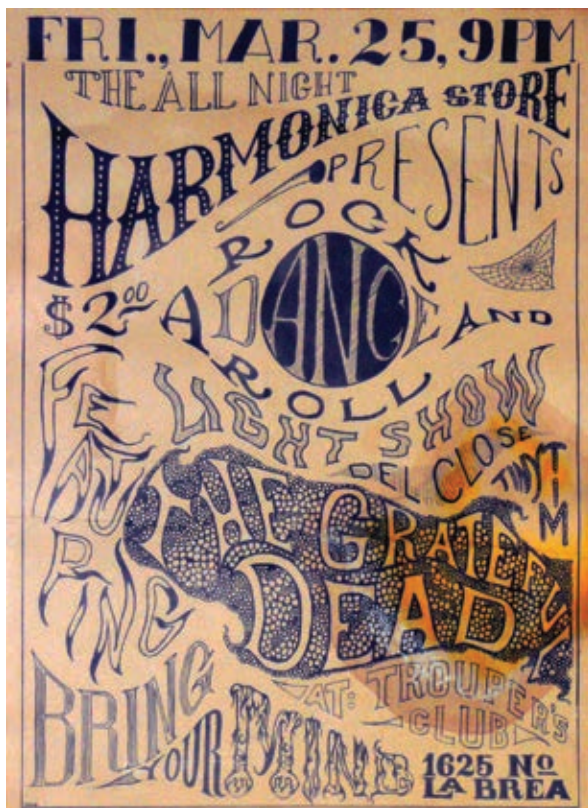
A few days later, the Dead tramped into a small San Francisco studio with Kesey and the Pranksters to try to put the Test on tape. The session wasn't successful, although it did produce an LP and, even more bizarrely, a single. Neither were particularly evocative documents, although they became fascinating artifacts. The main result of the Sound City session was the flowering of the Dead's relationship with Owsley Stanley, better known as Bear.

A legend in Bay Area bohemian circles, Bear was known as the chemist who had perfected the manufacture of LSD, and he had been a major participant in the Muir Beach Acid Test. At Sound City, Lesh had spent much of his time deep in



conversation with Bear, finding a simpatico soul and a fascinating mind. At the end, Lesh asked him if he wanted to manage the band, and Owsley declined, but the idea of being their soundman appealed to him. In the years to come, Bear would devise a number of audio engineering innovations that would serve the band well, but before then, he served an even more vital role: benefactor. Intelligent, eccentric, and gifted, Bear was something of a renaissance man whose interests ranged widely and whose talents would serve the band well.

Less than two weeks later, the Dead headed south to join the Pranksters in Los Angeles. The success of the Trips Festival, and the scrutiny on the group deriving from Kesey's second arrest for marijuana, meant that a sojourn elsewhere might be



wise, and L.A. represented the heart of the music industry, a citadel they were anxious to breach. Eventually taking up residence on the outskirts of Watts, the band was supported by Bear, who acted as patron, soundman, dietician, and even artist, creating a nicely drawn poster for one of their gigs at the time.

Gigs were not really the point, however: L.A. was for working on their music and playing the Tests. That spring the band played four Acid Tests and a couple of gigs in the city, all learning experiences for a variety of reasons, not just musical. They were developing their ability to improvise collectively, fueled in part by Owsley's finest; Bear and his friends worked equally hard on the band's PA. That paid dividends at gigs, but

their time in L.A. was overshadowed by the rising tide of LSD alarms in the media. When the UCLA Test was cancelled at the last minute, the writing was on the wall, as the media would soon brand LSD the greatest new drug peril facing America.

Some of that was merited. At Watts, too many hands spiked the punch, and the overdosing led to freak-outs and bad feelings that lingered long after. It would be many years before those memories softened enough for Paul Foster to write his poem "1966: The Breakers," dedicated to Ken Babbs "in thanks for six great weeks in L.A." It ended with the lines: "We ran like young gods, chasing what we could never quite see. / We eventually influenced everyone under thirty and / We thought it fair game to destroy wisdom." Foster also provided one of the great summations of that time, calling the Tests "an allnight explo/implosion of razoredged twinkledust, a vocal commentary on the teeming void set to the music of the Grateful Dead, intended to push you through some journey/crisis of your own (hence, *Can you pass the Acid Test?*), a light show full of sound and fury and signifying everything all at once."

But to Foster and many others, the Acid Test's greatest significance was that "it was the principal vehicle of the early Grateful Dead..." And, like any chrysalis, it was all too ephemeral. "Many years later, Garcia, the best banjo player I ever heard, would say to me, 'If we could just capture that thing again, whatever it was,'" Foster recalled. "But history grants her favors according to her purposes only and then moves on; today the glory that was Greece tends sheep and the Roman Empire makes pizza." (Perhaps it was fitting that The Warlocks' first gig was in a pizza parlor.)

Allen Ginsberg, who participated in several Tests, wrote a poem about LSD

several years earlier that could have been a description of those events and a tribute to the Dead's centrality:

Bands rise up in anthem to the worlds
Flags and banners waving in transcendence
One image in the end remains myriad-eyed in Eternity
This is the Work This is the Knowledge This is the End of man!

But it was a poem by Robert Hunter, written many years later, that seemed to encapsulate the lessons imparted by the Tests: "It seems we / must learn to / value the place / of becoming; / the almost but / never quite— / the sense of / impending as / opposed to the / consummation / of any desire."

A few years later, Garcia waxed rhapsodic about the Tests to Yale law professor and author Charles Reich. "That was the Acid Test, and the Acid Test was the prototype for our whole basic trip. But nothing has ever come up to the level of the way the Acid Test was. It's just never been equaled, really..." For Lesh, the Acid Tests forged the band:

It's safe to say that in the ninety days or so that the Acid Tests existed, our band took more and longer strides into another realm of musical consciousness, not to mention pure awareness, than ever before or since... At the end, we had become shamans helping to channel the transcendent into our mundane lives and those of our listeners. We felt, all of us—band, Pranksters, participants—privileged to be at the arrow's point of human evolution, and from that standpoint, everything was possible.

For the whole band, the Tests were a glimpse of the infinite. As Weir put it, "I found much more than anything goes with the Pranksters. There was a world of limitless possibilities."

Some of those were now unfolding in San Francisco. As the band woodshedded in L.A., word came back that Graham was now holding dances every weekend at the Fillmore, while his erstwhile partner Chet Helms, from the original Family Dog, was booking bands at the Avalon Ballroom. With a chance to play a gig in April for another semi/pseudo Trips Festival called "Trips 196?", it seemed time to return.

If the gig was not particularly memorable, their new digs were. With a six-week lease, band and extended family landed in a beautiful bucolic mansion just north of San Francisco in Marin County called Rancho Olompali. Their tenure was immortalized by a series of photographs taken by their friend and future Haight-Ashbury colleague Herb Greene, who captured people and parties and performances that convey a scene both serene and sublime. Olompali became an outpost of the bohemia that had taken root in the Haight-Ashbury, welcoming every musician and artist who willingly fled the city every weekend (and some weekdays) to play music, drop acid, create art, or just lounge around the pool. Decades later, Jefferson Airplane guitarist Jorma Kaukonen still recalled Olompali as a kind of paradise, with the Dead as its core: "Before we knew what rock star heaven was, they were defining rock star

heaven.” When the lease was up, the band moved to another rural playground at Lagunitas, further west, before finally taking up residence in the Haight that fall.

Setting up shop in a wonderful, spacious Victorian at 710 Ashbury, just up from Haight Street, cemented the Dead’s association with the neighborhood, and by extension San Francisco, a city they embraced and that eventually embraced them as well, though the process took time. The band was a good fit for a city “whose history has been the stuff of legend since its beginning,” as the WPA Writer’s Project put it in 1940. To the Dead and the other young bohemians congregating there, the Haight felt like a real artists’ community. “What I remember best about the Haight was the incredible feeling of creativity,” Mickey Hart recalled. “Everybody was an artist, whether they had a craft that our culture would recognize as ‘art’ or not. Everybody was high with the spirit of adventurous exploration; everybody was busy becoming new.” For Lesh, the Haight was “a sea of brightly clad humanity, each and every one glowing with delight at the sheer joy of being alive. There was truly magic in the air in those days . . . Life in the Haight was one great celebration—all day, every day.”

Managed by their friend Danny Rifkin, the 710 address became a community hub, and Rifkin and his friend Rock Scully became the band’s managers. Even though not everyone lived in 710, it was their communal home and headquarters, with everyone sharing and everyone working. Strong women, including Carolyn “M.G.” Garcia, helped to manage the chaos, and 710 became not just a home but an expression of their collective vision. That vision encompassed more than just a band; it was the reification of what they had learned at the Acid Test, with music and performance as a transformative experience. At its best, life in the Haight was an expression of that ideal, and for the Dead in particular, concerts had an almost sacred feeling; as the band was fond of saying, “every place we play is church.” Years later in a long poem, Hunter captured that feeling with the lines “No longer / satisfied with / bread or other / sacramental / substitutes for / living flesh, / they practice / the old religion: / transfusion / rather than / transmutation.” A team of sociologists visited the Haight that spring and wrote that “the Fillmore is just that: an unforgettable journey into an arena not yet part of the American mainstream.”

It was developing quickly, though. Graham soon realized that filling a bill required hiring something other than just rock bands. There weren’t enough, for one thing; for another, they often cost too much. But there were any number of blues, R&B, and soul acts that could easily be found, and they started appearing alongside the rock acts. Cynics criticized him for exploiting his audience, but he was shrewd enough to know better. Musicians told him which acts to book, and even nonplussed audiences quickly understood. “Gotta eat your meat and veggies. *Then* you get your ice cream,” he famously remarked. “The ice cream was the Grateful Dead,” of course.

As much as those bills educated audiences, they also exercised a profound effect on the musicians, who idolized the older blues players they were booked with. When Steve Miller played with Chuck Berry at the Fillmore, it was a highlight of the young musician’s life. And the lingering cultural cachet of the British Invasion still cast visiting U.K. bands with a certain allure. Almost 20 years later, Garcia would recall

playing bills with British bands such as Pentangle, crediting them for inspiring the Dead’s acoustic sets in October 1980.

By summer, Ralph J. Gleason was sufficiently impressed with the scene to write: “San Francisco has a new center for the Performing Arts without even being aware that it has happened. I’m speaking of the Fillmore Auditorium (or ballroom, if you prefer) where the most interesting things in the performing arts in San Francisco are taking place these nights.” The show included here dates to that climactic month; when Gleason singled out the Dead, praising them for their performances that month, he could have been describing this show.

Long known in taping circles, the recording of the band’s show on July 3 was for years one of the few insights into that summer that we had, although most tapes were generations removed from the source, with a running order that reflected some fan’s sense of how the recording should be sequenced. It is a slice of history, from the jam that defines “Dancing In The Streets” to Garcia’s sheepish onstage plug for a Haight Street clothing store, a favor to a hippie emporium that had featured the band in one of their advertisements. More to the point, the recording shows why the Dead earned Gleason’s respect and made the Fillmore, in his words, “the general headquarters for the artistic revolution that is taking place here.” Gleason also understood the Dead’s particular appeal: in an earlier column announcing the concert, he published a poem from a fan who urged him to “please, pay some attention to the Grateful Dead”; as she noted, “They can absolutely blow your mind.”

All that summer, they continued to improve—and impress. In September Gleason gave the Dead a glowing review, praising Pigpen in particular: “[T]he band went into ‘Midnight Hour’ and Pig Pen made it into a one-man blues project. He sang for almost 20 minutes, stabbing the phrases out into the crowd like a preacher, using the words to riff like a big band, building to climax after climax, coming down in a release and soaring up again. He is one of the best blues singers of his generation . . .”

High praise indeed, and a sentiment that more and more critics would share. When New Yorker Richard Goldstein visited that fall, he wrote a thoughtful, admiring piece for the *Village Voice* that focused on the Dead as the center of the scene. “Partially because of limited funds, but mostly because of the common consciousness which almost every group here adapts as its ethos, the Grateful Dead live and work together. They are acknowledged as the best group in the Bay Area,” he wrote. “Together, the Grateful Dead sound like live thunder.” It boded well for their first trip east. The Dead impressed another visitor that September as well, and when Joe Smith returned to Los Angeles, having seen the Dead play a pair of superb shows at the Avalon, he was convinced that Warner Bros. should sign them. He sent a contract that week.

It was not the only document to commemorate the weekend. Nor was it even the most famous. That honor went to the band’s friends Alton Kelley and Stanley Mouse, who created the poster advertising the gig. Earlier that summer they had been going through books in the San Francisco Public Library, looking for the



perfect image that would capture the essence of the band's name. Flipping through a 1913 edition of one of Edmund FitzGerald's translations of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, featuring wonderful drawings by Edmund J. Sullivan, Kelley saw the illustration for the 26th quatrain, and he had his image. "Hey, Stanley," he crowed, "is this the Grateful Dead or what?!" A deft slice of the pen-knife and the image left the library with them, becoming the centerpiece of one of the most famous rock concert posters in history.

They still had to play unusual gigs, perhaps the most surreal being a debutante party that took place that fall in tony Hillsborough, just south of San Francisco. In October they performed at the opening of the North Face, a ski shop in North Beach, bringing a touch of the Haight to the former Beat enclave, replete with Hells Angels checking invitations at the door. It was a sign of the times: "[P]eople were dancing wildly amid the ski equipment displays," the local reporter observed. "And what a collection of people. There were nattily dressed individuals rubbing shoulders with bearded, long haired and sandle [*sic*] clad beatniks from the neighborhood. . . . Needless to say the whole evening was a wild show . . ." And even more importantly, it was noticed. The band began to collect their press that fall, cutting out Ralph J. Gleason's columns and keeping them in a file folder. Remarkably, they decided to subscribe to a clipping service in October, and that was an expense they would shoulder faithfully from then on. (Indeed, they still subscribe to the same clipping service, 50 years later.)



They ended the year with what would become a tradition: their first New Year's Eve show, promoted by Bill Graham, on a bill with their friends Quicksilver Messenger Service and the Airplane. It capped a year of growth and transformation in a month that was a whirlwind of activity. It was telling that no one remembered exactly when in December they finally signed the contract with Warner Bros.

— 1967 —

To the rest of the country, 1967 was the year of the Haight-Ashbury scene, the apex of which was the Summer of Love. For the Dead and their friends—the first hippies in the Haight—1967 marked the decline and demise of the original experiment, the heyday already passed. That year, the Dead grew up: they recorded their debut album in Los Angeles, performed at

Monterey Pop, and had their first real tour (all the way to Canada!); in short, it was the year that marked their first real immersion in professionalism, or at least in the logistics and the business of being a band. It was an immersion that felt like a cross between a baptism and a drowning.

There are still enough holes in what we know to make reconstructing the year a challenge, though: no business records survive, for example, and although they had begun their practice of taping performances, they were still years away from developing a tape vault. We can document 121 shows, but there are probably a few more missing from the list—a free show, an afternoon party for friends. They were honing their repertoire: slimmed to 32 songs, their sets began to show real confidence, jams gelling as they learned to complement each other's lines and ideas. Pigpen was still the frontman, a role that alternated with Garcia, but each of the players was really coming into his own.

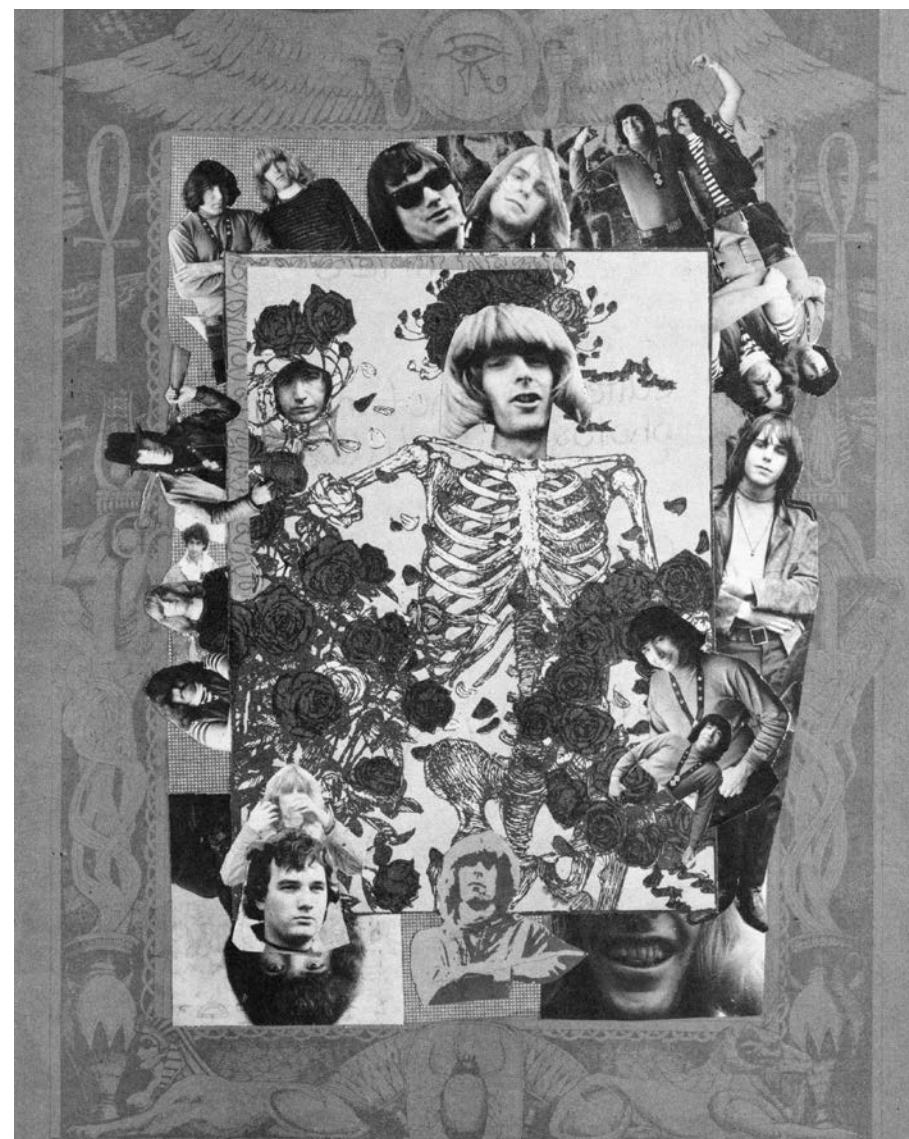
The year began with one of the great countercultural events of the 1960s, the Great Human Be-In, held in Golden Gate Park on January 14. More than 25,000 people gathered at the Polo Fields in Golden Gate Park to hear Beat poets, Berkeley politicians, and the San Francisco rock bands in what was billed as a "Gathering of the Tribes." The brainchild of painter Michael Bowen and Haight-Ashbury underground newspaper editor Allen Cohen, the Be-In was intended to celebrate the Haight by bringing together the leading lights of the counterculture in an event designed to banish conflict and confrontation. It did—in spades.

Essays, chapters, and memoirs have all discussed the event and its significance. To Tim Leary, who used his seven minutes to announce his mantra "turn on, tune in, and drop out," it was nothing less than a revelation. "It's a powerful memory," he later recalled. "It was miraculous. That was the first time there was that kind of a show in numbers." Poets Gary Snyder, Allen Ginsberg, and Michael McClure were well-received, but the music made the biggest impact. As Leary noted, "We got a sense of the demographic power the music had. Of course Owsley was there, but the Dead! They were the only band I remember from that day." Big Brother and the Holding Company, Quicksilver Messenger Service, and the Jefferson Airplane all performed, and it made an impression: this was the largest audience that any of them had attracted. Garcia was awestruck: "I'd never seen so many people in my life. It was really fantastic. I almost didn't believe it. It was a totally underground movement," he explained, made all the more special because "everyone had a good time. There was no violence, no hassling."

For McClure and his fellow poets, the Be-In demonstrated the underlying connection between their work and the next generation of bohemians clustered in the Haight. "Rock had mutual attraction for all," he wrote, "a common tribal dancing ground whether we were poets, or printers, or sculptors, it was a form we all shared." To him, rock "comes out of the Beat mutation or it has the same root." Beat poet Gregory Corso put it more simply: "The hippies are acting out what the Beats wrote." Lesh's friend Bobby Petersen, soon to write lyrics for the band, was out on bail from a marijuana bust and saw the gathering in particularly charged terms; in his eyes,

the Be-In offered participants nothing less than the chance "to worship and rejoice at the perfect beauty of all things in creation," as he wrote shortly after. Addressing the judge, Petersen provided the best summary of the Be-In, noting: "[T]hat day I thought that perhaps it is not we who are ahead, but you who are behind."

It was magic and they all knew it, even if work offered little chance for basking in the afterglow. The Be-In launched the band into a busy spring, with performances all over the city and up and down the state, but first they had an appointment in Los Angeles. On January 30 they boarded a plane at SFO, and a couple of hours later they were blinking in the bright sunlight of Los Angeles. Five days later they had recorded their first album, fueled by diet pills and directed—some said cowed—by the Warner Bros. producer and engineers. Some tracks worked well, like "Morning



Dew” and “Viola Lee Blues” especially, which showed a little of the band’s prowess in stretching out. Garcia’s “Cream Puff War,” a kinetic paean to Berkeley politics wrapped in an allegory of domestic squabbling, was a snarling little masterpiece. But when Joe Smith called to say, “We still need a single,” the band was quick to oblige, and they whipped up a song that captured the world of the Haight.

“The Golden Road (To Unlimited Devotion)” was a minor hippie anthem, bouncy and infectious—everything the band thought Smith wanted. It was not an entirely artificial exercise: the name came from Sue Swanson, one of their first fans, who had coined the phrase as the name of their fan club. She and Connie Bonner wrote their first newsletter for the fan club that spring, and amidst the breathless prose was a fair amount of insight—and pranking. The tone probably didn’t please Warner Bros., but the song did. That may have been its downfall: the band played it a few times and then abandoned it. It would be the last time the band sought to please Warner Bros., or Joe Smith. As they settled into sessions for the next album that year, they swore that it would be on their own terms.

In March *The Grateful Dead* appeared, but the first flush of pride at the album subsided into disappointment once the novelty wore off. Reflecting its circumstances, it sounded rushed and lacked the dynamics that gave the band’s live performances such mesmerizing power. Still, having an album out was beneficial commercially, even if musically all it did was harden their determination to learn from the experience. But the cover was perfect: a collage by Mouse and Kelley that wrapped the band in a fantastic psychedelic swirl of imagery.

The album didn’t have much of an impact on shows, fortunately—not that it was a collection of radio-friendly hits either. Still, the band’s reputation as a live act inclined the best audiences to listen for something new and not wait for the familiar. In New York that reputation paid off, and free shows in Tompkins Square Park and Central Park that June cemented their reputation as “the people’s band.” When the organizers of the Monterey Pop Festival sat down to plan the three-day lineup, slated for June 16–18, the Dead made the A-list.

Although the band felt their set was lackluster, the event was historic. Monterey Pop is remembered more for Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin than the Dead, but its larger accomplishment was presenting rock in a way that made it look respectable. The jazz world took notice. Barry Hansen’s long review of the Festival appeared in the venerable jazz magazine *Down Beat*, making the parallel explicit with his opening: “The county fairgrounds in Monterey, scene of many of the decade’s great moments in jazz, witnessed a major milestone in rock history on the weekend of June 16.” He even singled out the Dead’s performance, praising them for having to follow The Who’s incendiary stage theatrics (they smashed their equipment, as usual): “The unenviable task of following this mighty circus was placed in the strong hands of the Grateful Dead, a curiously down-homey bunch that has become enshrined as the king group of West Coast acid-rock. It is a formidable outfit . . .” Though he missed the point of their jams—“it’s kind of a slipshod, lazy way to play music”—he called their shorter arrangements “brilliant” and admitted that a Dead jam “mesmerizes

the freaks (which is what the Dead get paid for doing).” For the band, the real pay-off was their “liberation” of some first-rate PA equipment from the Festival, which provided them with a sublime experience at a free show in Golden Gate Park a few days later before being dutifully reunited with its owners.

In July they set out for Canada again, this time for a show at the Pacific National Exposition Agradome in Vancouver, followed by eight shows in Toronto and Montreal. It was a memorable trip. The local promoter filled a bus with Vancouver Dead Heads and brought them to meet the band when they arrived at the airport, where the band obliged fans by signing posters, cigarette packs, and even bare arms. The Vancouver press loved it and detailed the clash, or lack thereof, between the Dead, their fans, and ten visiting British newspaper reporters in the Vancouver airport in glowing terms. “They’re well-behaved, a pleasant group of kids,” one commented. “The hippies aren’t offensive and they liven the show up a bit,” another offered. “They’re a stimulating influence on Canadian society which tends to be stuffy and conformist.” But what most impressed the news media was how fans behaved at the show. Drawing a pointed comparison to The Rolling Stones’ concert the year before, which had resulted in 36 fans being ejected from the show as well as several arrests, including one for assaulting an officer, the Vancouver reporter praised the crowd, noting that they “did not scream, screech, swoon or tear their hair. Despite the music’s wild, soaring crescendos, they sat silently, as rapt as meditating monks.” One fan explained, “We don’t believe in screaming, because then you can’t hear the song. We still get emotionally aroused, but now we scream inside.” It left the police incredulous. The inspector responsible for crowd control found the music “grueling” but marveled, “It was one of the most orderly crowds we’ve ever had.”

Two weeks later in Toronto, the Dead’s reception was far more mixed, reflecting all of the currents within and around the counterculture. Reviewing their set at the venerable O’Keefe Center on July 31 on a bill with the Airplane, the *Daily Star* hailed the Dead as “the true spokesmen for the San Francisco hippie scene,” contrasting them with the Airplane’s slicker, more commercial presentation. *The Globe and Mail* saw no such distinction. To their critic, the Dead were “five simian men who presumably reek with San Francisco authenticity” whose set was “nothing but noise . . . it sounded like a jet taking off in your inner ear while the mad scientist was perversely scraping your nerves to shreds.” But the Dead were really just a foil to heap scorn on hippies, both local and visiting, who were “revolting” and there only “to indulge in ludicrous self-exposure.” In short, “The apocalypse has come to the O’Keefe Center.”

It would have been funny, except that it was a very real reminder of the harsher world around them, which seemed to explode that summer. As Beat writer John Clellon Holmes wrote, “Yoked photographs of bombed-out civilians in Vietnam, and burned-out civilians in Detroit—with American bayonets at the ready on the edges of both pictures—create an indelible image of Imperial America . . . There are those of us here who are sickened. My America is breaking my heart.” Back home, the Haight was groaning under the impact of thousands of pilgrims, but those were

only sparks compared to the conflagrations engulfing the rest of the country, and the world.

Work was the only possible response, and fortunately it paid off—sometimes unexpectedly. In early September they spent an idyllic few days in Rio Nido, where they reconnected with their old friend Robert Hunter, just back from a sojourn in New Mexico. After years honing his chops as a poet under a steady diet of methedrine, he was primed for a new direction, and when Garcia wrote him that the band had worked up one of his lyrics, he jumped at the chance. In the beautiful bucolic splendor of Rio Nido, he listened to a melody that Garcia was working on, and inspiration flashed: “Dark star crashes / pouring its light / into ashes” fell out of his pen, quickly followed by two more stanzas. When Garcia read them approvingly and said, “Yeah, that works,” Hunter knew he had finally come home.

He was not the only addition to the band that month. In late September a friend of Kreutzmann’s finally got a chance to see the band. A fellow drummer, Billy’s friend credited him for being his guide to what the new rock music in the Haight was all about, taking him to see bands at the Matrix and other venues and inviting him to band rehearsals. His job at his father’s drum store on the peninsula meant that he missed those rehearsals, but finally, in late September, he got his chance to hear the Dead. “The only thing I’d heard about the band was that its lead singer, a guy named Pigpen, was a Hells Angel lookalike,” Mickey Hart wrote in his memoir. “I remember that the band was playing a kind of blues, the tempos speeded up and slowing down in unfamiliar yet not awkward places, so the music almost seemed to be breathing, like it was alive.”

Hart was primed to appreciate what he heard. The son of award-winning rudimental drummers, he had developed a taste and talent for esoteric rhythms, fueled by a high school passion for Nigerian percussionist Babatunde Olatunji. At set break, Kreutzmann suggested that Hart sit in for the second set—and the rest is history. “I threw away my caution and dove in. I remember the feeling of being whipped into a jetstream,” Hart wrote. Two hours later they all embraced, and Mickey was a member of the Dead. Hart would forever after wonder “what might have happened if I hadn’t crossed paths with Kreutzmann.” Already the Dead were noticing that history marked its increments in ways both large and small, although it was sometimes difficult to tell at the time.

That was true for bad news as well. A few days later the police walked into 710 Ashbury without a warrant and arrested 11 people, including Pigpen and Weir. They claimed to have found more than a pound of cannabis (although they missed a particularly good batch hidden in plain sight in the pantry). Part of a neighborhood-wide sweep of five raids that day, the Dead’s group included managers Rock Scully and Danny Rifkin along with girlfriends and staffers, but not Garcia. The band handled it well, holding a press conference afterwards where they made a thoughtful defense, as did the band’s lawyer, Michael Stepanian, who noted that no such raid would ever have been contemplated in a different neighborhood. The underlying point was clear: not only was the Haight no longer safe, but the original

spirit of the place was dying. Pilgrims continued to flock to Mecca that fall, but for the old-timers, the bloom was off the rose, plucked clean by what Wavy Gravy memorably called “the looters of love-ins, the vultures of free.”

A more complex marker of the transition was the advent of *Rolling Stone* magazine, former Berkeley undergraduate journalist Jann Wenner’s venture into rock journalism. The debut issue, which appeared in November, featured a full-length story on the bust, headlined “The Dead Did Get It.” That could be read in two ways—as a description of the bust, or what it signified. It was a harbinger of the path the Dead were on.

That path led them away from San Francisco, though they would forever be rooted in the fertile, extraordinary soil of Haight-Ashbury. Their departure would be sad proof of Goldstein’s observation in his piece on the neighborhood: “The most fragile thing to maintain in our culture is an underground.” To its first bohemian denizens, the Haight’s “hippie ethic was too fragile to withstand the combination of police surveillance and media exposure that soon afflicted it.” When the Haight’s underground newspaper called a summit that year to assess the state of the counterculture, they asked, “Well, here we all are, Uncle Sam on the verge of death. A sleep-stupor, symbol-addicted environment haunts our hearts, and what are we going to do about it?” For the Dead and many of their friends, the answer was simple: leave.

In November the band headed south for a two-day run at the Shrine Exhibition Hall in Los Angeles, a venue that would host them ten times in the next six months. Although they didn’t play any other dates around it, a two-night gig in a 5,000-seat hall was well worth the trip. There was even talk of Warners providing professional multitrack recording of the shows for possible inclusion in a live LP release. That didn’t happen, but the shows attained legendary status in tape trading circles. Despite formidable problems with the sound, even poor-quality tapes became treasured sonic documents, fuzzy markers that hinted at the astounding trajectory the band was on that year. With this release—covering the first show, Friday night—now that is abundantly clear.

The reference to recording the shows was a nod to *Anthem Of The Sun*, which put tremendous pressure on the band, creatively, logistically, and financially. After an abortive set of sessions in New York that winter, producer Dave Hassinger finally had enough of what he felt was indirection and inefficiency and flew back to Los Angeles, where he expressed his displeasure to Warners in no uncertain terms. That provoked a two-page letter from Joe Smith on December 27, who expressed his displeasure in equally blunt language. Calling the album “the most unreasonable project with which we have ever involved ourselves,” Smith noted that the band “ran through engineers like a steamroller.” With the memory of the first album still fresh, the band gleefully tacked the letter up for all to see, cheerfully wrote “Fuck You” on it, and continued to ignore Smith. In the years to come, however, they would take one of his remarks to heart: “No matter how talented your group is, they’re going to have to put something of themselves into the business before they go anywhere.” They would.

— 1968 —

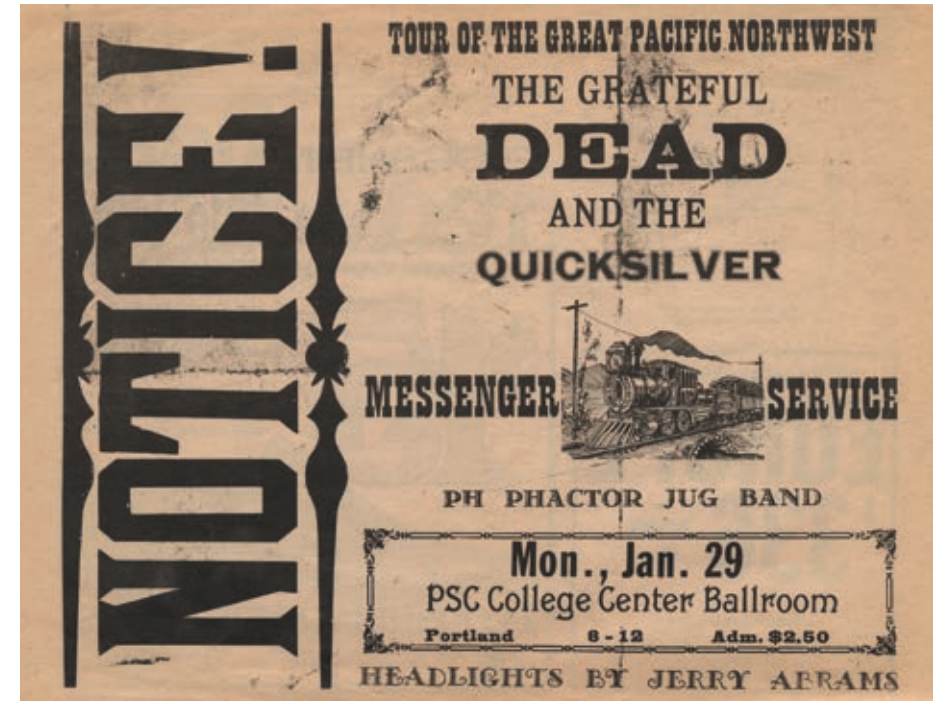
The addition of Mickey gave the band more than just rhythmic power; it also provided their first real taste of eastern rhythms. Hart's roots were in rudimental drumming, but his affinity for complex time signatures gave the band an added dimension they all appreciated. Hart's contributions were cemented by a schedule that had them booked to play 117 shows across the country in 1968, with a repertoire of 46 songs. Several were worked up for their second album, *Anthem Of The Sun*, which they also managed to complete that year.

As hard as they worked, it was not a profitable year financially. By year's end, their debt to Warner Bros. had reached sobering proportions, all for studio time; their expenses beyond that were slender enough to be recorded in a small account book. That book is evocative: a small ledger with cream pages, all designed to enshrine the numbers documenting a new business. It didn't take. After a few lines on the first page, they abandoned it, but even those few entries tell a hopeful story of trying to monitor an enterprise, to marshal a group.

Musically, it was a year of growth and friction. After chafing at Graham's restrictive policies, the Dead and two other bands, Quicksilver Messenger Service and the Airplane, leased an old second-floor ballroom in the heart of downtown San Francisco. The Carousel lasted a glorious six months, presenting some great shows before succumbing to the financial realities that made it a success, artistically, and a failure, commercially. The Dead played eight shows for the Carousel, mostly unpaid, including a few of their best that year.

Fittingly, the year began for them at the Carousel: Wednesday night, January 17, which showcased much of the material they were now developing for what would become *Live/Dead*. Three days later they embarked on another ambitious venture, a nine-date Northwestern tour with Quicksilver and the PH Phactor Jug Band dubbed the Quick and the Dead, replete with a wonderful 19th-century circus-style advertisement designed by fellow Haight-Ashbury musician and designer George Hunter. They returned to the Carousel for its official grand opening, an epic Valentine's Day concert recorded on eight-track and broadcast locally that would remain a cherished memory for the band. Years later, that multitrack recording would produce a remarkable release in the band's *Road Trips* series, one that revealed the depth and intensity of the band's affection for the show's dedicatee, Neal Cassady,

who had died shortly before. To many, Cassady's passing marked the real end of the Beat era, and it marked the advent of the Carousel as a brave new world indeed. Band historian Dennis McNally aptly called the Carousel "a last gasp of that millennial vision, a sanctuary for craziness, a place where



anything could happen," and often did. But it was also a place where the family regrouped: Rosie McGee remembers it as much for the prevalence of children as hippie craziness. But there would be craziness aplenty in the coming months.

Touring was work, however, and that was very much on the Dead's minds. They played another half-dozen shows after Valentine's, including three nights in Lake Tahoe (billed as Trip and Ski), before returning home for a performance that would also enter the record books: a free show on Haight Street. It was the best kind of surprise. Lesh recalled being "blissfully unaware" of the plans until the day of the show: "[T]he call came: Come down and bring your instruments, we're gonna play on Haight Street. Hot-diggity-damn!"

It was a triumph of hippie engineering. The street had been blocked off for the day by the city in an attempt to defuse tensions in the Haight. As if it were choreographed, the barricades parted to let two flatbed trucks line up, extension cords snaked out of windows, the band sauntered up, and the powerful opening downbeat of "Viola Lee Blues" thundered out. "We play on through that sparkling spring afternoon," Lesh wrote later, "and it's as if we've moved into a timeless realm where only the music and the people listening exist, the whole world of confrontation and conflict seems to have faded away. Of all the free shows we played during the time we lived in the Haight—the Panhandle, in the park itself, the Be-In—this is the Dead's finest hour." Most of all, it was a "swan song, a farewell to the spirit that brought us all together at that time and place."

After more shows at the Carousel, as well as one-offs in Sacramento, at the Avalon, and most memorably, outside of San Quentin (a free show, of course), the

Expenses Incurred				August 68
Date	Dr	Description	Wrs. Secs.	Amount
8-1-68		Car Repair (general check-up)		22.51
8-3-68		Traveling Expenses (gas)		10.00
8-2/6-68		Hotels (L.A.)		75.49
8-6-68		Plane fare (L.A.-SF.) PSA		14.18
8-7-68		Traveling Expenses (gas-food)		15.00
8-23-68		Plane fare (SF.-LA.) TWA		18.36
8-23-68		Cab fare		6.00
8-28-68		Supplies (journals)		5.06

Dead played two dates in Detroit and one in Anaheim before coming home for another run at the Carousel. Then it was off to Florida in April, followed by concerts in Philadelphia and New York—a hard tour, geographically, but one that offered another wonderful moment: a free show at Columbia University. In New York, the band heard about the ongoing student strike that had hamstrung the university, which had escalated into a stand-off with police guarding the campus. Charges of police brutality and countercharges of student violence made it easier for the Cox Commission to later conclude that “it was hard and in some cases impossible accurately to establish the relevant facts.” But the charged atmosphere was an ideal opportunity for the Dead. In an inspired move, Rock Scully proposed that the band play a free show on the steps of Ferris Booth Hall, and even though the band was not particularly involved in the politics, the Dead were always sympathetic to the underdog. More to the point, this was a perfect stage for genuine street theater—precisely the kind of performance that went to the core of what they had developed in the Haight.

The show proved to be an oasis amidst the storm. The student newspaper reported that the band “came to campus to help celebrate the current strike” and ran a photo of Garcia playing to a seated group of students. “The Grateful Dead rocked on FBH plaza,” the article opened, and the band’s patented brew of good vibes played well in the strife-torn environment: “it was sunny, people were dancing to ‘Morning Dew’ . . . even three-piece suits in the journalism school looked pleased.” So was the band. For the Dead, it was a reminder that free shows were more than just a demonstration of good vibes, guerrilla-style. The impact of a free show was both an expression of their values and a wellspring of their media charisma. As one reporter explained, years later, “Grateful Dead music became culturally important not just because it was free, but because it helped bring people together and conveyed the spirit of a better way to live.” When Weir booted one of the politicians out of the way, prompting cheers, he realized that many of the students simply wanted to hear music, too. It reinforced an important point the band had learned in the Haight, already enshrined in their mission: music and performance transcended ideology.

Geography trumped all, however, which was the unrelenting lesson of the road that year. They played 13 dates on the East Coast in April and May before heading home for shows in San Jose and Los Angeles. The next week they went to St. Louis for two shows before returning to the Carousel for a stretch of hometown shows that helped to keep the doors open a little longer, even if it was already clear that the venue couldn’t last. Even a bright spot—the release of a new single in May—struck an odd note. The A-side featured their studio version of “Dark Star,” which had already flowered into a magnificent concert vehicle far abstracted from the sub-three-minute, fast-paced version Warners released. The lead sheet was the most graphic representation of that gulf: a few lines that in no way hinted at what the song was in performance. It was an indication of how different their world was from L.A. and the industry, even as that world—the Haight—was waning.

They went east again in June, playing a string of shows at the Fillmore East before coming home for three weeks to recharge prior to heading out for a trio of dates in

Dark Star

Dark star crush-es pour-ing its
light in-to ush-es rea-son lat-ters
the forc-es tear loose from the ax-is
search light cast-ing for
faults in the clouds of de-lu-sion shall we go
you and I while we car through-
the trans-it-ire night-full of dia-monds

words by Robert Hunter
music by Jerome Garcia, Philip Lesh,
Robert Weir, Ronald McKernan,
William Krumpholtz, Michael Hart

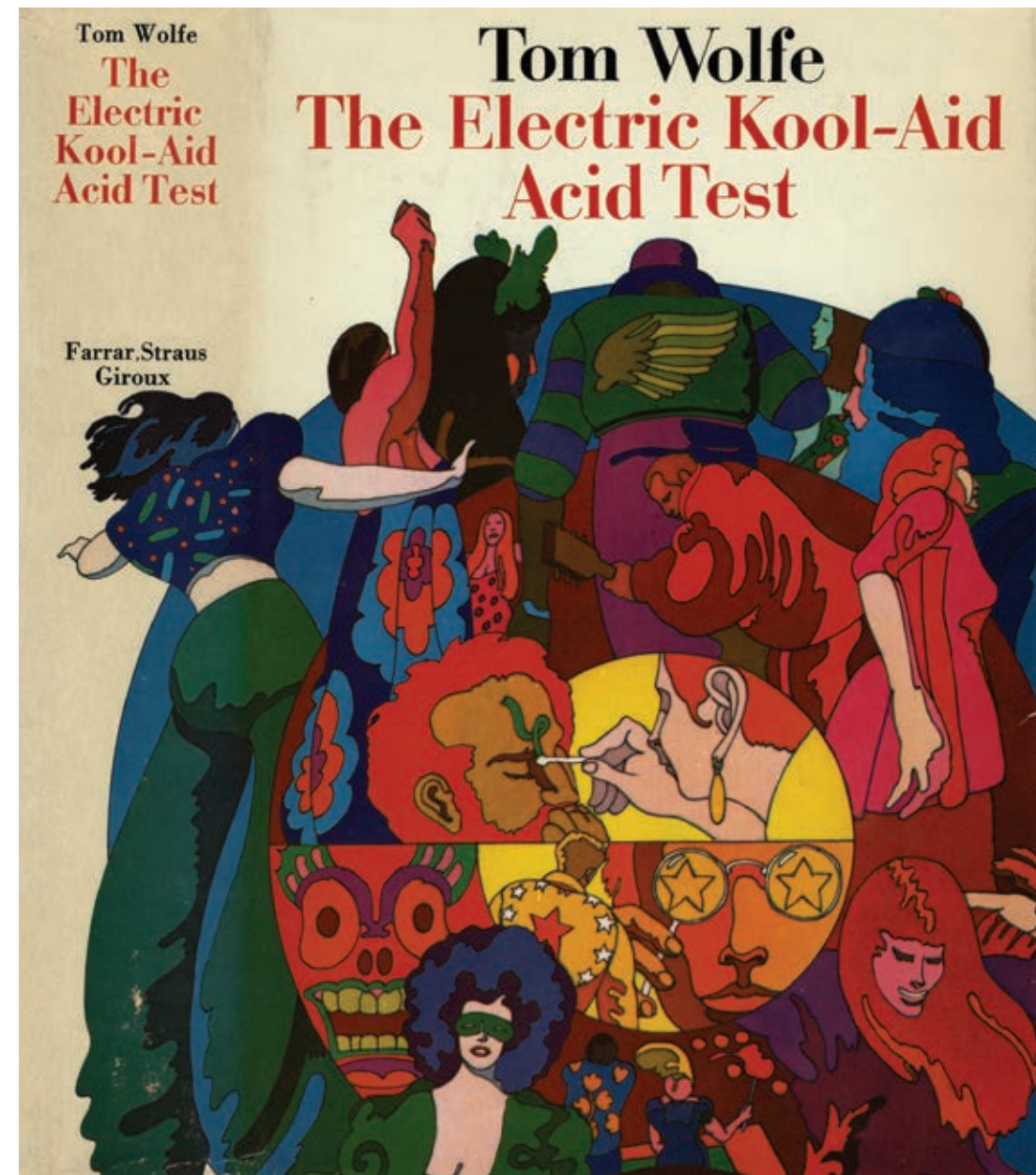
L.A. and Lake Tahoe just before they celebrated the release of *Anthem Of The Sun*. As their sophomore album, it was a triumph of vision and execution, especially the mix. A beautifully layered collage of live and studio tracks, it demonstrated the sophistication that informed their music and, most especially, their understanding of the studio. The live tracks blended and morphed beautifully, a tribute to their realization that a mix was itself a performance, one that meant that many hands had to be on the board in order to execute a genuinely collective vision. Ambitiousness aside, the results were spectacular, and it acknowledged the dazzling array of influences the band drew upon and had learned to combine in performance, from avant-garde classical to gut-bucket funk.

It all seems clear today, but at the time the album left non-fans puzzled. The suite “That’s It For The Other One” wasn’t exactly radio-friendly, and even “Caution” was a little too weird for most program managers to consider blues. The band didn’t really care. If Warner Bros. thought the Dead’s touring would now somehow support the album, they were disappointed. It wasn’t really that sort of album—and they were most definitely not that sort of band. When they went out on the road in August, their set list was already shaping up to present what would become *Live/Dead*.

Songs were not the only ghosts they were fleeing. In August Tom Wolfe’s *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* was published, and it would do more to cement their legend than they could have ever imagined when they first talked to the dapper, clean-cut writer. Wolfe’s book focused on Kesey, but it immortalized the Acid Tests, and along with them the nascent Grateful Dead. The book was a stunning work of what would be called New Journalism, in which any feint at objectivity was sacrificed for literary and artistic effect—an approach that resonated with the genre-busting, boundary-blurring ethos of the Haight, and especially the Dead. Hailed by *The New York Times* as “an astonishing book,” it would immortalize the Dead as the premier exponents of hippie consciousness, for good and ill. It also marked the Dead’s first major entry in the literary history that they had inherited—one that now included their own story, weaving the early psychedelic threads of their work into the fabric of American bohemianism.

After three stops in Southern California, the band came home and gigged in San Francisco for both Chet Helms and Bill Graham, the latter now ensconced in the old Carousel, renamed the Fillmore West. They began September by heading up to Washington for a wonderful event, the Sky River Festival, before settling down to record their third album, whose working title was *Earthquake Country*. They had learned a lot from *Anthem*, but the studio was still a classroom, and they were still avid students. The sessions at Pacific Recording, just south of San Francisco, went fairly well, but they continued to compound their debt to Warners, and the sales of *Anthem* did not allay fears.

Those pressures came to a head that fall. In a tense and sad meeting that for some reason they actually recorded, Rock Scully delivered the message that Pigpen and Bobby simply were not keeping up with the band’s new direction. Years later, Weir remembered it with a laugh: “We were the junior musicians in the band, and Jerry



and Phil in particular thought we were sort of holding things back. The music wasn’t able to get as free because it was hog-tied by our playing abilities, which was kind of true.” The next few months were difficult for the band. They played a few gigs in San Francisco as Mickey and the Hartbeats, without Pigpen and Weir, but gig contracts they had already signed demanded everyone’s presence at the shows, including a date at Berkeley’s Greek Theatre on October 20.

It’s one of those gigs with only a ghostly presence in the Archive: no contract, no correspondence, no press that survived. There wasn’t much to save: a couple of lines



in Ralph Gleason's columns, and those are at the end, in the "Ad Libs" section, along with a couple of mentions in the Berkeley student newspaper. Three days before the show, *The Daily Californian* had a brief announcement singling out the Dead as "one of the country's finest rock bands" and noting, cryptically, that they were "faithful to the in life-style [and] promise to present an afternoon of unusual experiences and irresistible musical power." They did, headlining a Sunday afternoon show in a marvelous venue with Canned Heat, Mad River, Linn County, and two others—a good cross-section of bands, two of whom would appear with the Dead at Woodstock in less than a year.

The campus reporter described a crowd "happily cavorting under a warm, glass-clear sky," and though the event lost money, the musicians "obviously enjoyed working in such a climate, thereby constructing a very loose, casual performer-audience communication." The Dead closed out the afternoon, and the review: "In typical fashion, nearly late, generally disorganized, but clearly undaunted, the Grateful Dead managed to arrive. Once set up, they proceeded to play a stormburst of music in their hardest fashion." Fortunately they had the presence of mind to make a recording, included here, which allows us to hear how all of that intraband tension could melt into music and create a performance that showed that the Dead were still very much a collective, however tense.

When the band set off for a string of dates in the Midwest, Pigpen and Weir were there. So were the tensions, which escalated on November 23 when Phil's old friend Tom "T.C." Constanten joined the band. Given the friction, T.C.'s arrival looked ominous, but for T.C. it was a perfect opportunity. Earlier he had come to a gig to see what his old friend Phil was up to. It was his first rock show, and the sensorium

of lights and smoke and dance and decibels had been dazzling, but it was the Dead that truly captured his imagination. Years later, he still recalled that evening as a revelation: "They had something that avant-garde art music didn't have, and probably never will: a vast audience. You almost have to be a graduate student to enjoy some of these experimental pieces, but rock music attracted a larger audience, so you could say things from a platform and there would be people there to listen." As soon as his stint in the Air Force was up, he joined, adding his avant-garde instincts and intricate keyboard fills to the stew. The tour would take them through the Midwest to Philadelphia and finally Kentucky in early December; they had a few days' rest before playing a pair of gigs in Torrance and Los Angeles, then heading off to Texas and Florida before closing the year at Winterland.

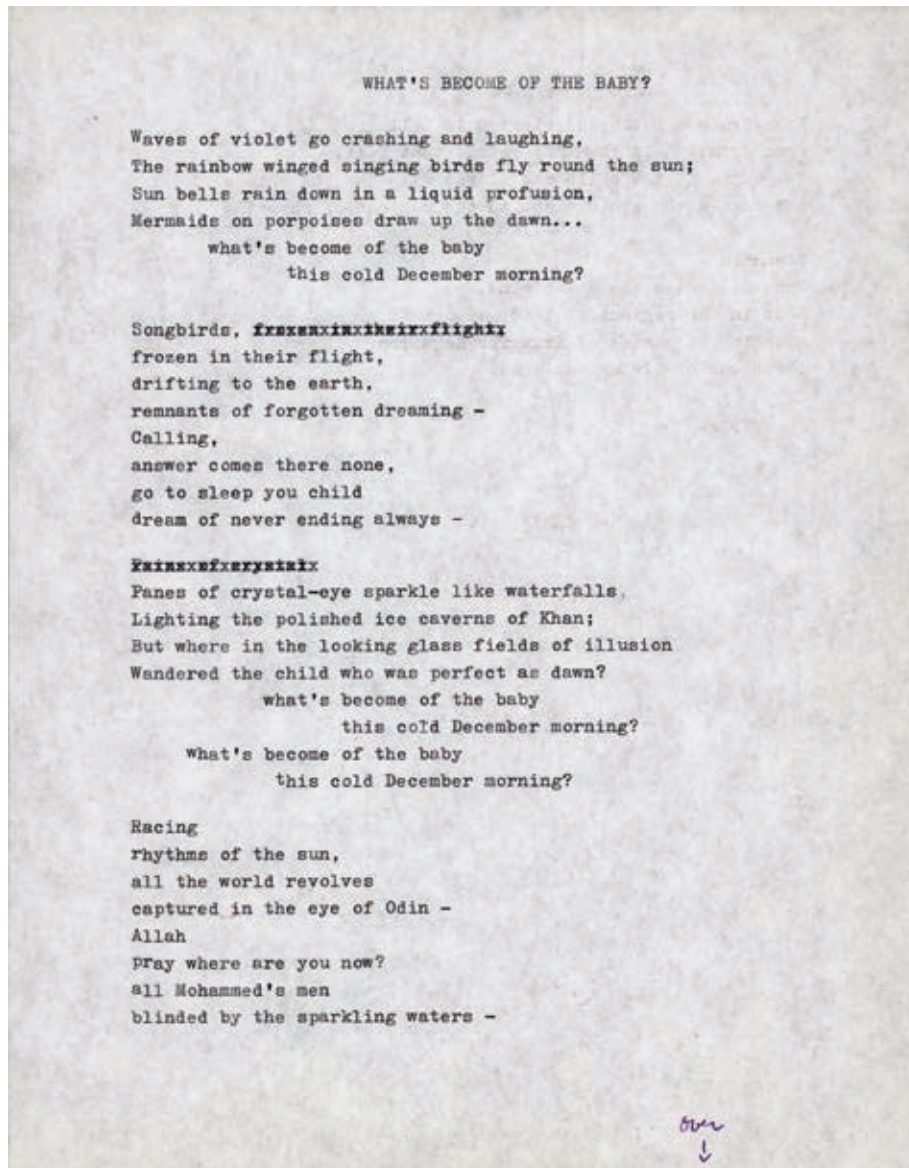
T.C. was not the only addition. With the close of the Carousel, the band added several new hands, chief among them Jon McIntire. An old friend of Rock Scully and Danny Rifkin, McIntire had thrown himself into the Carousel. "We were all psychedelic revolutionaries," he told Dead Head journalist Blair Jackson, "and we all became great friends during that time." A former actor, he had spent his youth in the Midwest before gravitating to San Francisco in 1964. He quickly fell in with the burgeoning Haight-Ashbury community and soon found the Carousel to be a perfect forum to exercise his theatrical orientation, but as a director. In St. Louis, McIntire felt that "most of the plays being done were sort of museum pieces, and I really didn't feel like I was part of a contemporary creative process." With the Carousel, and then the Dead, that would never be a problem for him again.

It had been a year of hard work, enormous creativity, and more than their fair share of hard knocks. It had also demonstrated the power of the band's original vision, the durability of their mission, and their ability to learn from their mistakes—and to bounce back. That resiliency would be tested, and burnished, by the events of the next year.

— 1969 —

Of all of the lessons of 1968, one loomed largest: the band's only real source of income was gigs, and they needed to play as many as possible. In 1969 they would play a punishing 146 shows, a 25% increase from the year before that had them crisscrossing the country and putting in thousands of miles. The work on their songbook was equally ambitious. Of the 97 songs that made up their repertoire that year, 63 were debuts, including 13 powerful originals. Those also traced an evolution that carried the band from the psychedelic baroque of *Aoxomoxoa* and *Live/Dead* to the stripped-down country-folk that would flower in 1970 on *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty*. Creatively, the Dead reached a peak in 1969, even if that climb was marked by its share of missteps.

Climbing is easier when you can see the summit—or feel your rope fraying. Both of those were true of the Dead in 1969. Still mastering the intricacies of the studio, especially with the advent of 16-track recording, the band continued to spend money on studio time, working on what would become *Aoxomoxoa*. Deep in the weeds,



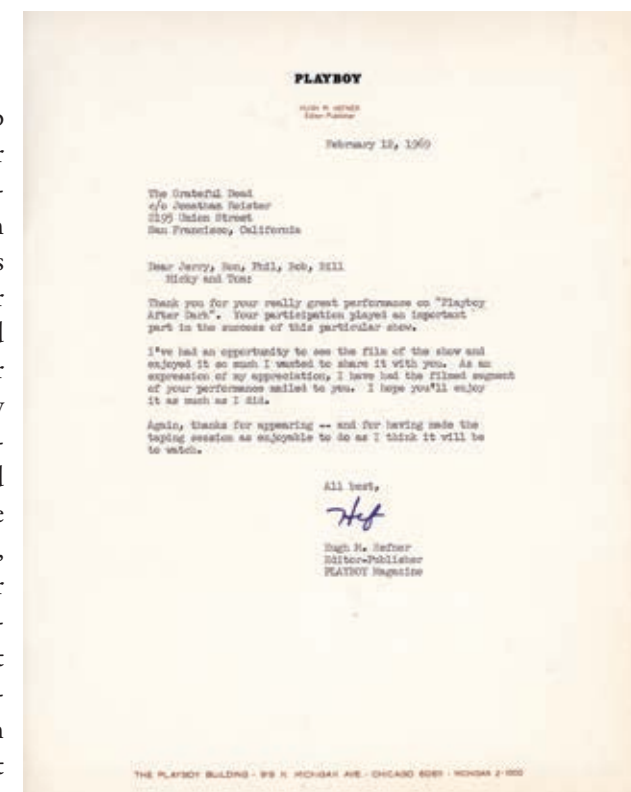
they were discovering gold nonetheless, as Hunter's lyrics gelled into often beautiful settings. "Mountains Of The Moon" would become a lovely minuet, evoking Beat poetry and hippie symbolism in a superb lyric that balanced "Dupree's Diamond Blues," Hunter's contribution to the DuPre song cycle that somehow managed a nod to the Haight's affinity for all things Western. The casualty of their experimentalism was "What's Become Of The Baby," a lovely meditation that made an explicit bow to Christianity. Any sense of that was lost in sonic weirdness, but the lyrics would haunt Garcia for years afterwards as one of the songs that got away. A typescript draft survives in the band's archive, mute testimony to what might have been.

If their work in the studio was slowly coming to fruition, it needed to. The

other side of that was a failed trip to L.A. to ask Joe Smith for another advance. Literally chasing their emissaries out of the building, Smith made it clear that Warner Bros. was no longer going to foot the bill for their studio education. The Dead would complete *Aoxomoxoa* on their own terms, but they also knew they needed to propitiate a mightily annoyed label, and they already had a perfect olive branch. With the ace assistance of Ron Wickersham, an Ampex engineer with a gift for creative problem-solving, they pioneered live 16-track recording that spring, which would not only capture what they did best—perform live, for people, not machines—but also do so much more cheaply than working in the studio. *Live/Dead* would be the result, a masterpiece that would mollify Warner Bros. and cement the Dead's reputation as a consummate live band.

The year began *in medias res*, with only a day off for New Year's before they settled into four dates at the Fillmore West. They put in a couple of days in the studio, working on the new album, before heading south for a couple of performances in Santa Barbara and L.A. The gig in Los Angeles was surreal, played on a set for *Playboy After Dark*, a television show that purported to present a party at the Playboy Mansion, with Hugh Hefner and a gaggle of male models and Playboy bunnies as a dedicated audience. In fact, it was filmed at a soundstage; even the books looked phony. This was an environment tailor-made for a dose of the Dead, which they dutifully provided—in spades. The band turned in three songs, including an especially sweet "Mountains Of The Moon," as the stage crew and models slowly succumbed to the effects of dosed coffee. Even Hef was not immune—nor did he mind. Eyes glinting, he thanked the band at the end of their set, and a few days later he wrote to say, "[T]hanks for appearing—and for having made the taping session as enjoyable to do as I think it will be to watch." The band kept the letter, one of the earliest that survives in their correspondence files today.

Then it was back home to work on the album, which produced another fine piece of serendipity, a visual epiphany in the form of a poster advertising their three-night stand at the Avalon, now under new management. Produced by Rick Griffin, a friend and one of the scene's best-loved artists, the poster was an instant classic, and the band would adapt it to serve as the cover for the album underway. Griffin was fond of palindromes, and his name for the release would trump *Earthquake*



Country. Ambiguous but somehow portentous, *Aoxomoxoa* evoked all of the mellifluous mysticism that fans associated with the Dead, and it stuck.

The shows also heralded the advent of the live recording project. It took some time to work the technological kinks out, but by the third night both band and equipment were working at a peak. By the end of the show, they had two of the album's songs, "The Eleven" and "(Turn On Your) Love Light," in the can.

A few days later they set off for a 16-date tour of the Midwest and Northeast, going from Chicago to Nebraska to Pittsburgh. They played two shows in Baltimore prior to four dates at the Fillmore East and two final days at the Electric Factory in Philadelphia before they finally headed home. They didn't rest much: three days later they played the Fillmore West, turning in a show that left reviewers and fans amazed. The band tried to record that show, to no avail, but it did produce superb press: *Rolling Stone* raved that the Dead's set was "some of the best music the Fillmore West had seen in some time." The most interesting comment came from artist Bob Thomas, who performed with his band The Golden Toad; he hadn't yet designed the Steal-Your-Face logo, but the Dead impressed him. "I haven't seen anything like this in years," he exclaimed, adding, "it's like one of the old Ken Kesey Acid Tests, only it's less hectic and confused. It's fucking amazing."

It was. Riding that energy, the Dead headed up to Napa for a pair of shows at the Dream Bowl on Friday and Saturday nights. Saturday yielded the show included here, further proof of how inspired they were that spring. It was the perfect warm-up for their celebrated four-show run at the Fillmore West, which generated the rest of *Live/Dead*. Released in their entirety in 2005 as the band's first live boxed set, those shows made it clear that *Live/Dead* was no accident: it was the result of hard work, disciplined planning, and ferocious energy. The show in Napa on February 22 reflects that, documenting a momentum that was still building.

That momentum carried them through a grueling spring. The rest of March and early April was punctuated by gigs in California, until they headed out for 13 dates in the Midwest and Northeast, beginning April 11 in Arizona. They were still greeted as ambassadors from the Haight, though their place in the neighborhood was already a fading memory, along with much of the neighborhood itself. In Minneapolis, their performance at the Labor Temple generated the admiring comment, "Making it happen was the Grateful Dead, a group billed as the leader of underground rock, as the nationally famed but uncompromised original." In Omaha, fans wrote: "A lot of people in this city wanted to, but were unable to thank the Grateful Dead for coming to Omaha . . . No one that could even touch them have [*sic*] been in Omaha before." And in Boston, a local reporter praised the Dead's showing at the Ark, noting that Mickey's Hart's grandparents, both in their sixties, came to the show and had a fine time. "We go to see them every time they're near Brooklyn," Grandma Tessel told the reporter. "I bake cookies for them." It was a publicity triumph. "The Grateful Dead out of San Francisco are today's All-American boys," the reporter concluded. Grandma Tessel had the best line, though: "They're just like any other boys," she explained. "They like chocolate chip cookies and music." As the *New*

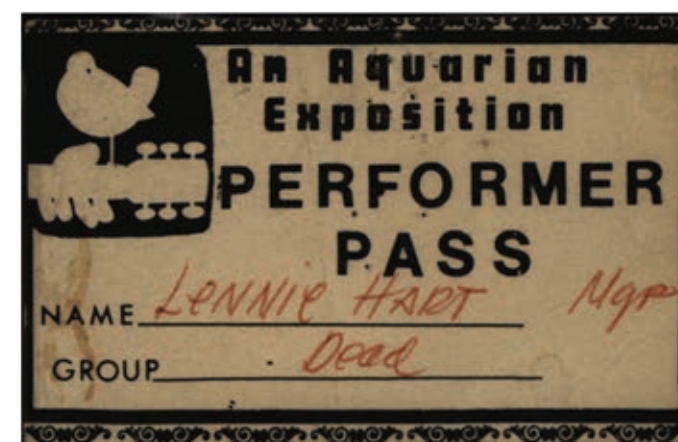
York Times' Robert Christgau concluded, "[T]he Dead espouse a mysticism which is not only Occidental but American, even Californian . . . if rock music is music that makes you dance, then they may make the best music of all."

Back home, the band played one of the best gigs of the year, a free concert held in Golden Gate Park with the Airplane on May 7. An estimated 25,000 turned out for what would be a fine and fitting good-bye to the decade, in a last free show with the two bands most known for that defining rite of the Haight. For the Dead, it would be the best outdoor show in a year defined by such spectacles, a hometown event that would stand in stark contrast to the two others that captured the public's imagination.

The first of those was still three months away, however, and during those months the band would play another 37 shows, from California to Florida to Toronto, before they finally landed at Woodstock. One journalist would see the band at three of those, and he was impressed by what he heard. *Rolling Stone* editor Michael Lydon saw the band's shows at Winterland, U.C. Santa Barbara, and Portland, and his thoughtful article would be anthologized over the years as one of the best examples of rock journalism. It would remain Garcia's favorite piece on the band, an eloquent account of travails and triumphs that captured both the spirit and the sweat that infused the Dead's work.

The rest of the year would be defined by the events that forever established the poles of the counterculture in the public mind, and the Dead's association with them: Woodstock and Altamont. In August the Dead joined 31 other acts for a rock festival billed as "three days of peace and music" on a 600-acre farm in upstate New York. The advance billing didn't mislead. Despite massive traffic snarls and the complete failure of any sort of official crowd control, 400,000 young people endured rain and the lack of infrastructure for an event that felt to Garcia like "a place where history was being made. You could tell," he explained shortly afterwards. "There was a sense of timelessness about it. You knew that nothing so big and so strong could be anything but important, and important enough to mark somewhere." Hugh Romney (not yet Wavy Gravy), whose Hog Farm commune provided herculean logistical support for the festival, agreed. "It was some kinda truth that made us so high and so cocky," he reflected later; "we were just channels for whatever that was that wanted Woodstock to happen. The people were Woodstock. The music was second base and every place else was home."

That was indeed the magic, for the Dead and for most of the other participants: to be, once again, right in the thick of history as it unfolded, in all its massive unpredictability. But the real epiphany for the band that emerged from Woodstock was more



personal—and cautionary. In the midst of the torrential rains, someone sunk a second grounding rod in the mud behind the stage. The differential between the two grounds fed back into the PA system, and when Weir stepped up to his microphone, it gave him a massive shock, knocking him off his feet and leaving him with a fat lip. He was lucky: the next year, they would play a bill with the Scottish band Stone The Crows, whose lead guitarist would actually be electrocuted onstage two years later. When the band began distributing a manual to would-be promoters in 1972, an entire chapter would be devoted to proper grounding, reproducing and explaining Ohm's Law and ending with the proviso that "if any of this is unclear, obtain a large quantity of good-quality wire, and wait."

The Dead famously deplored their set at Woodstock, refusing to sign the release for the movie of the event and only grudgingly allowing one song to eventually appear on the 40th anniversary boxed set. The recording is one of the only artifacts documenting their appearance at the festival; Lenny Hart's backstage pass is the sole document that survives in the Archive. Objective listeners find their performance more than passable, especially given the circumstances. They started late on Saturday night, managing a 90-minute set despite high winds, heavy rain, equipment

breakdowns, and Weir's near-electrocution; all in all, a respectable showing given the circumstances, even if far from their best.

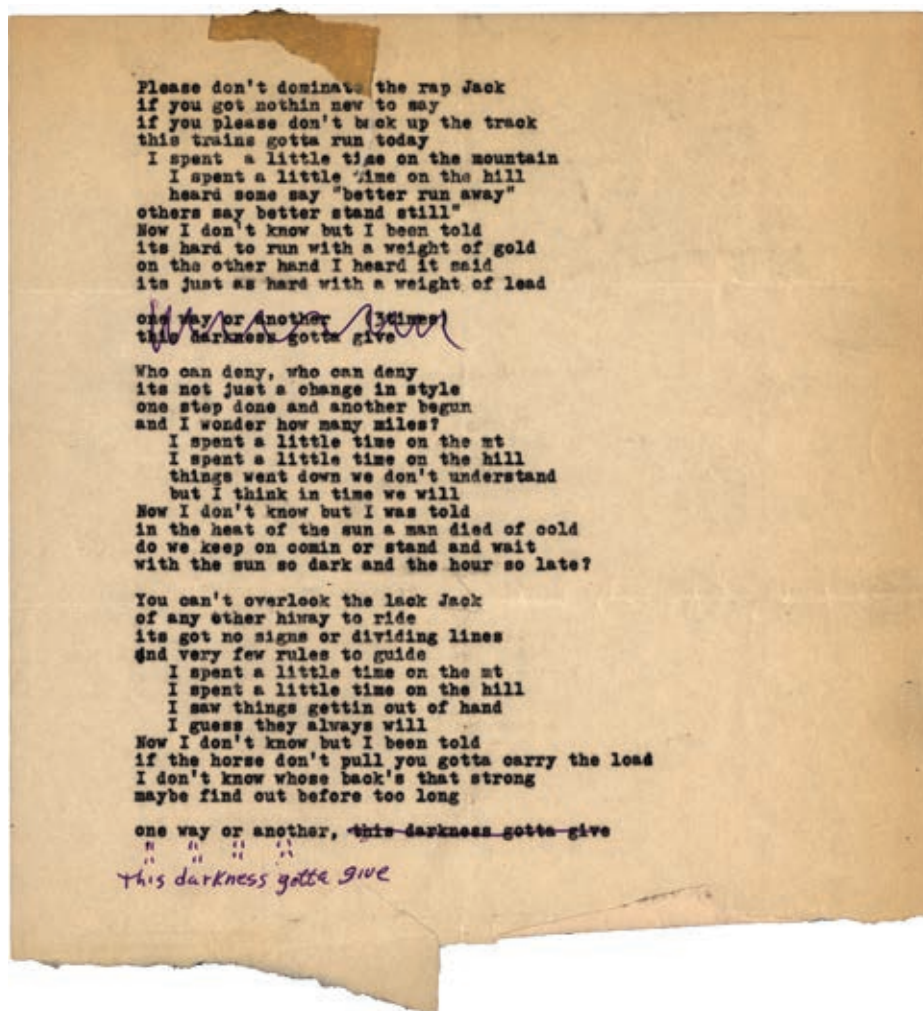
That was how the entire event was first portrayed. Early coverage focused on the negative; only later did the stories of hippie heroism begin to take shape. The afterglow only deepened that fall, enshrining Woodstock as proof of mainstream misunderstanding of the counterculture and a symbol for the generation wars of the 1960s. It also made the idea of mammoth rock festivals far more palatable in the public mind, and far more feasible to promoters. Four months later, those lessons would help to push the Dead into helping to plan a festival in which they ultimately didn't even play.

That fall, The Rolling Stones toured America, generating compliments about the shows tempered by complaints about ticket prices. A free show in San Francisco, the bastion of free outdoor concerts, seemed like the ideal response. As the tour progressed, the show morphed into a festival, including Santana, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, the Flying Burrito Brothers, the Airplane, and the Dead, but a nest of politics intervened, shifting the site twice before finally settling on the Altamont Speedway, in the East Bay hills of Livermore, only hours before it was scheduled to begin.

Filmed by the Maysles brothers for the documentary *Gimme Shelter*, the concert was more about the collision of the burgeoning rock industry with the internecine bitterness of the ebbing counterculture than it was about music. The film would become a defining document of the end of the '60s, and finally evidence in the murder trial of a Hells Angel charged with stabbing a young African American concertgoer to death. The film captured the brutality of some of the Angels (as well as the dismay of others), who were seen beating concertgoers with pool cues as waves of fans crowded the low-slung stage. In the face of the violence, the Dead decided not to perform.

Garcia was shocked by Altamont, but Hunter S. Thompson, whose rise to fame as a journalist was fueled by his articles (later a book) on the Hells Angels, could have warned him: "The association of motorcycles with LSD is no accident of publicity," he wrote. "They are both a means to an end, to the place of definition." Altamont provided an abject lesson in the politics of definition, as the band was tarred by the association, blamed for their role in helping to plan it, and especially for endorsing a role for the Angels. *Rolling Stone* unfairly painted the Dead as the prime movers behind the event, but they also provided a perfect epitaph in a follow-up piece, simply calling it "rock and roll's all-time worst day . . . a day when everything went perfectly wrong." Robert Hunter set to work, drafting a set of lyrics that captured their sense of what went wrong and what it all meant, and on December 20 "New Speedway Boogie" made its debut. His wonderfully evocative typescript draft of the song survives in the Archive.

Woodstock and Altamont are always invoked as both the Dead's and the counterculture's bellwethers, a pairing especially bittersweet for the Dead, whose participation in both had left bad tastes, albeit on different scales and for different reasons. If Woodstock taught them that they had to rely on their own expertise for their safety and their sound, then Altamont taught the band a sobering lesson about the



complexities of concert promotion and event management. And it made the point that they would be held accountable as the artists responsible for attracting the crowd. In the years to come, they would shoulder that responsibility in tour riders and correspondence, constantly trying to ensure a safe space for their fans.

Altamont proved to be one of the 16 nights they didn't play in December, a schedule that was actually a blessing, providing a physical and psychological remove from those wounds. It also allowed them to bask in what should have been the focus of the press: *Live/Dead*, which had been released on November 10. It was their masterpiece, the culmination of so much of what they had sought, musically, compositionally, technologically; everything. The standout track on the album was, of course, "Dark Star," the song that would come to define the band's first era and for many remain their signature. Years later, in one of the finest scholarly exegeses on the band's music, music professor Graeme Boone would explain the song's appeal simply as "a fertile musical conception, in which aspects of local tonal construction relate to large-scale events in original ways and also relate intimately to the song's expression." But, most of all, the performance captured on *Live/Dead* was "one of the most memorable performances in rock music." It was a song that left its stamp on the band as well; as Garcia remarked, years later, "in reality, there's sort of a little 'Dark Star' in everything we do."

Fans always claimed that *Live/Dead* was the perfect soundtrack to their own psychedelic journeys, and it created a mystique that would follow the band for the rest of their career. Years later, long after the band had turned to other musical realms, critics confidently asserted that all of the band's releases "are excellent companions for LSD trips." *Live/Dead* would remain a high point for the band, a music that was uniquely theirs, and a solid creative foundation that they could return to in later years for renewal.

— The Seventies —

LOOKING BACK ON THE BAND'S EARLY DAYS, Robert Hunter remembered the Dead as "ill-shorn, perplexed, pissed off at the government, the record companies, military mindset, and bad TV. More inclined to change the world from outside than from within, we allied with no movement but our own and hence became one." That described their trajectory through the 1970s as well.

What made that trajectory possible—and helped to define it—was the crew. In late 1969, New Yorker Steve Parish came out at the invitation of a crew member, and he soon became a linchpin. He joined a team that included powerful figures such as Ramrod Shurtliff and Rex Jackson, who had been there for several years already, both from Oregon and part of the extended Kesey orbit. It was a team that Parish had seen in action while still in New York—and he knew immediately that he wanted to be a part of it. "They worked furiously, but almost poetically," he recalled. "There was magic in the way they could transform an empty space into a perfectly wired stage in a matter of hours . . . This wasn't a job to them—it was a calling, a

way of life." As Parish saw it, being a member of the Dead's road crew "was about blending life and work and friendship and art and music on a daily basis." During the 1970s, the crew would emerge as a central player in the band's fortunes, both musically and financially, the mobile counterpart to the band's home operation.

That operation also took root in the era, beginning with the band's lease of a house in San Rafael in 1970. Fifth and Lincoln, as it became known, would be home for the band over the next 25 years, and if the road crew tended to be a male-dominated group, Fifth and Lincoln would be defined by a number of powerful women. Of course, the divisions were more fluid than that: women like Betty Cantor-Jackson and Candace Brightman performed respected and critical roles on the road, and there were often as many men at Fifth and Lincoln as women. But the bigger point was that the organization surrounding the Dead was an expression of their commitment to community, and that community was defined by both women and men.

In that, as in so many other parts of their work, the Dead were ahead of their time—as the events of that decade would prove. The band emerged from the '60s, but not in the public's mind; however far they would travel, metaphorically and actually, from their cocoon in the Haight, they would be forever tattooed with that psychedelic brand. For once, the media branding had some meaning: in 1973 one San Francisco journalist (and Haight-Ashbury alumnus) would write that "the Grateful Dead are a good mirror to our common consciousness—which is why we used to value them so much . . ." That common consciousness would fragment in the 1970s, but many more fans would learn to value the Dead in the process.

Musically, the turn of the decade also accompanied the band's major shift away from the aleatoric majesty of *Live/Dead* and into songwriting—a development Dennis McNally summarized as going "beyond the purely experimental mode to a full and masterful range of musicianship." Fans would always see that mode as the band's unique forte, however—and every Dead Head appreciates the wistfulness that haunts the end of his essay: "But boy they were good at being experimental."

The band may have forged their countercultural street credibility, but in the bigger world of rock music, they were still, as one reviewer noted, "easily the most underrated rock band in the world." That would change, critically, over the next decade, but theirs was not a particularly notable success, at least by music industry standards. Those were not the Dead's standards, however. As Steve Parish saw it, "By 1970, the Grateful Dead had become something more . . . a hard-working, professional, career-oriented band, a band that had a chance to do what only the greatest bands do—make money and sell records without losing its identity and its integrity along the way." What they did in the '70s was to build the foundation for a success they never could have anticipated.

The next decade began, appropriately enough, in mid-tour. It may have been the turn of a decade, but the band scarcely noticed. They played 142 shows in 1970, covering a lot of miles. It was not an efficient way to tour, but it kept them busy. Their repertoire that year comprised 119 songs, with a dozen recorded for *Workingman's Dead* and *American Beauty* that would emerge as among their finest. Standouts included "Friend Of The Devil," "Candyman," "Attics Of My Life," "Sugar Magnolia," "Brokedown Palace," "Ripple," "Truckin'," and "Box Of Rain," all of which would become Dead Head favorites and transform their sets that year.

While there would be several years of seismic change in the band's organization, 1970 represented a watershed for the Dead on several levels. With Jon McIntire in charge of the office, they hired Sam Cutler, who had been abandoned by the Stones after the Altamont debacle, as road manager. A tough and seasoned veteran, Cutler would dramatically enhance the band's profitability on the road and usher in a new era in their handling of promoters. McIntire's vision was the foundation for their small empire: a community of like-minded souls whose loyalty and good energy were the primary prerequisites for employment—expertise and skill sets could be developed. At times that ideal would fail them, but over the long term, it was a remarkably effective strategy.

The band also established an important relationship with Los Angeles-based entertainment lawyer Hal Kant, a championship poker player and savvy industry professional who would give the band a critical keel as they navigated the shark-infested waters of the burgeoning rock industry. One of the farsighted moves he made immediately was refusing to be put on retainer and instead serving as a paid adviser. While that distance would eventually sequester his files from the band's archive, much to the chagrin of future scholars, it put a useful moat between their business and Kant's work for them, protecting them both.

The other critical position in the band's organization was far less successfully filled. After a brief experiment with Bill Graham as manager the year before, the band had acquiesced to Mickey's suggestion that they hire his father as manager. But as 1969 ground on, Lenny Hart had not inspired confidence in anyone, spinning a fundamentalist rap—he had become an ordained minister—that failed to cloak a casual way with money that aroused several friends' suspicions. Even the departure of road manager Jonathan Reister didn't end Lenny's tenure, though it almost provoked the resignations of Ramrod and Rex Jackson. Reister persuaded them to stay, even though he had had enough. McIntire and Bear remained deeply concerned, especially when Bill Graham expressed his doubts as well.

Still, the primary barometer of the band's overall health was the music, which continued to flow; indeed, that year it seemed as if the muse breathed hardest when life seemed darkest. One song in particular seemed to capture that feeling. As Lesh renewed his bonds with his terminally ill father, a song began to emerge. "I'd been fooling around with a chord sequence that had sprung into my mind one day that

spring," he recalled. "It's funny how songs occur, or develop: each in its own way, as if it were a living thing, an organism, with its own rules of growth." Spurred by the emotions of dealing with his father's passing, Lesh polished the song and presented it to Hunter, who reciprocated with what Lesh called "some of the most moving and heartfelt lyrics I've ever had the good fortune to sing." The song was "Box Of Rain," and it would become a mainstay in the Dead's songbook, the last song they sang in concert (and included here). Once again, musical epiphanies counterbalanced the slings and arrows of fortune.

There were many slings and arrows that year. After three dates at the Boston Tea Party, the Dead began 1970 with four shows at the Fillmore East prior to heading back home for a week of rest before a swing south and north, to San Diego and Oregon, followed by a treat: three dates in Hawaii, on a bill with the Airplane. They took a few days off, then headed to New Orleans for a trio of shows with Fleetwood Mac, known then as a respected British blues band. It was an eventful trip. On January 30, the first night in New Orleans, T.C. played his final performance with the band, a bittersweet moment for him. It seemed like a good point to strike out for greener pastures: however much he added, it felt inconsistent, both to him and the band. Lesh thought that T.C. never learned how to swing; for his part, T.C. thought the band held him back, commenting, "I don't think they're willing to grant the keyboardist enough turf to develop as an entity." Amplification was a constant problem, but it was the lack of room in the arrangements that most frustrated him. "I was a seedling, and I couldn't see any sunlight." T.C.'s ongoing involvement with Scientology didn't help, making him a stubborn fricative in the band's ongoing quest for sonic alchemy through chemistry. With a Broadway musical and an LP deal lined up for him, it was the right time to part ways, and T.C. buried any resentments successfully, even recruiting Garcia to assist with those projects.

The next day, the Dead were busted for drug possession in the hotel after the show. It led to one of the best moments of the year: in classic Grateful Dead fashion, the band then invited the police to come to the next show, and in classic New Orleans fashion, they did. The bust would eventually dissipate with good lawyering and hefty fines, but it would cause more serious problems for Owsley.

They stopped off for a gig in St. Louis on the way home, had one day off, then plunged into five straight nights, first at the Family Dog at the Great Highway, then four nights for Bill at the Fillmore West. They took a day off, then headed to New York for seven dates before a three-date swing through Texas on the way home. After a few days, they played three nights for Chet at the Great Highway, then had almost a week off before a one-off in Arizona, followed by a night in Santa Monica and then a break before a Northeastern tour. It was a whirlwind.

Other winds were swirling as well. Before they left, Lenny's reign finally unraveled. After weeks of strange maneuvers, raising even more alarms, he finally got caught absconding with a check and disappeared with his assistant, who had been helping to cover his tracks. In time, his embezzlement was estimated at more than \$155,000. But the band didn't have time to reflect on it, and eventually didn't even

press charges, though the DA would. They plunged back into work, heading off to Buffalo (where they played a benefit for the Buffalo Philharmonic that included the Dead jamming with the orchestra), Port Chester, Florida, Cincinnati, and finally home on April 4. And somewhere in there they had time to put in a night at Pacific High Recording, the first session for *Workingman's Dead*.

The gigs that spring were strong and the reviews admiring. Ironically, given the Dead's new direction, much of the coverage focused on *Live/Dead*. Predictably, it left some reviewers mystified, others cold, but the cognoscenti raved, and the band's tour that spring was widely anticipated. In Cincinnati, the reviewer called them a "living textbook on rock history of the last five years," while noting that they were also "[s]till approximately 10 years ahead of their time." In Colorado, the local reviewer raved, "Magic is alive and well. It exists in the form of one of the few truly unique bands rock has produced, the Grateful Dead . . ." He closed with, "Understatement of the Year: The Grateful Dead are terrifyingly good. They are an overwhelming, almost mystical experience."

In the studio that spring they were cultivating a much more earthy persona. Lenny's theft had left them in an even deeper financial hole, and they needed an album—quickly. The summer before, Hunter had handed Garcia a sheaf of new lyrics, and after some gentle prodding Garcia had gotten to work, producing "Dire Wolf" in short order. Prompted by his recent acquisition of a pedal steel, Garcia set about retracing his folkie roots, helped by his reconnection that spring with his old friend John "Marmaduke" Dawson. For the rest of the band, a return to acoustic terra firma was a welcome direction: after long years in space, it was nice to feel the dirt of Bakersfield between their toes. Songs and sessions went beautifully, and in short order they had an album.

In May *Workingman's Dead* was released, but the band hardly had time to notice. After another eight dates in San Francisco in April, including a superb set of shows with the Miles Davis Quintet, they headed out to Denver. That tour would take them to Wisconsin, where they played the Sound Storm Festival, leaving locals with a lifetime of memories, and then back to the Northeast for dates in New York, including a legendary show at Harpur College at SUNY Binghamton (later released as *Dick's Picks 8*). The show that netted the most headlines was a few days later, at MIT's Kresge Plaza, where the band gave a free show in solidarity with the nationwide student strikes protesting the killings by National Guardsmen of four students at Kent State University on May 4. The outrage and anguish made a tense backdrop for the rest of the tour, exacerbated by the killing on May 15 of two more students at Jackson State College in Mississippi. The fact that both tragedies had happened as a result of student protest over the Vietnam War made them all the more poignant.

The visit changed the band, too. The show had been organized by a group of undergraduates, one of whom was Ned Lagin, a serious music student who had written to the band sometime before, discussing some of his ideas. When he approached Garcia at his hotel, Lagin was amazed to see him turn and yell to Lesh, "Phil! I found

the guy! I found the guy!' It turned out the letter had a tremendous effect on him," Lagin recalled. Their friendship would bear fruit in interesting ways in the years to come.

After a second show at MIT, the band hopscotched for the next ten days, going from Massachusetts to New York to Massachusetts to Atlanta to Missouri, then back to New York City, Philadelphia, and Connecticut. Seven days later they played two dates in England, with shows in Newcastle and London. In Newcastle, the Dead were part of the Hollywood Festival, playing with acts as diverse as Black Sabbath and Screaming Lord Sutch, but it was nice to share a bill with Traffic. They also reconnected with Alan Trist, a close friend of Garcia's and Hunter's from the old Palo Alto days.

Back home, they played four shows at the Fillmore West in early June before appearing for two nights in Hawaii with Quicksilver Messenger Service, who were recording there. They played a gig on June 19 in Memphis, then it was back to Berkeley for a show at Pauley Ballroom at Berkeley, then on to Port Chester for two days at the Capitol Theatre. The Cap shows were warm-ups for what would be one of their most unusual tours: the Trans Continental Pop Festival, consisting of a train full of musicians who played four shows while they crossed Canada. Starting in Toronto on June 27, the Dead joined The Band, Janis Joplin, the New Riders, Delaney and Bonnie, Ten Years After, Traffic, Buddy Guy, Seatrain, and a few others for a rolling party that everyone described as a once-in-a-lifetime week of music and fun. The concerts proved problematic, with political agitation marring the opening show in Toronto and later shows being cancelled, but the atmosphere on board was an alcohol-fueled romp.

The camaraderie of the excursion allowed for remarkable cross-pollination. Garcia learned the old folk tune "Going Down The Road Feelin' Bad," made famous by Woody Guthrie, from Delaney, and Robert Hunter's "Might As Well" immortalized the trip, enshrining it in Dead Head lore long before the film documenting the tour finally appeared in 2003. The trip created fond memories. Years later, Garcia reminisced that it was "the only time I was ever exposed to a serious five-day party with nothing but musicians." For him, and for everyone on board, it was the "only real party situation I can remember that was absolutely a party all the way through . . ." As Mickey put it, "Woodstock was a treat for the audience, but the train was a treat for the performers."

The politics outside left an impression, however, and the year felt like the counterculture was in disarray and retreat. The hippie diaspora set the stage for Dead shows to act as catalysts for reunions as they toured. As the band's music forged ahead, their shows would also look back, continuing to redefine what they had done and where they had come from, showing that they were firmly in control of their own destiny—as Lenny's departure and their response to it showed on another level.

They stayed in California in August, playing a few gigs in San Francisco, a one-off in San Diego, and a couple of gigs in Los Angeles, but it was a month focused on *American Beauty*, which they recorded between August 6 and September 16.

Continuing with the discipline that had produced *Workingman's* in record time, they finished recording well before setting off for New York later that month. The sessions produced gold: the simplicity of the presentation highlighted the songs and the playing, a feel enhanced by cameos from David Grisman and even Ned Lagin, newly arrived from Boston, who walked into a session right as they were getting underway. The sense of community captured by the chorus of "Ripple," which included 30 singers from the extended family and friends, sounded like a coda for the Haight-Ashbury. An abandoned verse, shed while the band was working it up in the studio, made that point even more explicitly: "The wisest man / is but a pilgrim / he will not claim / to know the way / he will not promise / dreams of glory / his words are few / and his ways are kind." It was a perfect description of the band that was now the Haight's most illustrious musical expatriates.

After three shows at the Fillmore East, they came back to California for a performance in Pasadena, followed by one in Utah. They played two shows at Winterland in early October, where they got more bad news: Janis Joplin died the night of the second show, on October 4. They had a few days to grieve before heading back to New York to start another swing through the Northeast and Midwest that would have them playing 30 shows in six weeks.

The unrelenting schedule was exhausting but deeply fulfilling, a way of doing something positive in the midst of the storms. The tour that fall mainly concentrated on colleges and universities. This offered its fair share of irritations—dealing with campus shows meant dealing with amateurs—but it also meant good paychecks and, most of all, it earned them legions of college-aged fans, an audience they would never lose.

American Beauty was released that November, about the time that Jon McIntire offered Alan Trist a job. He was a perfect candidate: both Garcia and Hunter had considered him a major catalyst for the early Palo Alto scene, and after leaving in 1961, he had graduated from Cambridge, earning his degree in anthropology. His work for his father's think tank, the Tavistock Institute, focused on social change through organizational analysis. Decades later, Trist's father and the Institute's work would be recognized and gain adherents in both academic circles and industry, but at the time it was Jon McIntire who saw the deeper connections between Trist's orientation as a social anthropologist and the need for the band to "harken the scene back to the heart and roots of 710, the kind of care that everyone took for each other," as he put it. He advocated that Trist come to work for the Dead and lend his skills to helping the band understand and refine their own organization. It was a natural step: Tavistock was dedicated to a pragmatic, non-ideological approach to organizational health and excellence, and that's what the Dead were seeking, even as they grew. As Dennis McNally put it, Trist "had studied social change, now he had the opportunity to live it."

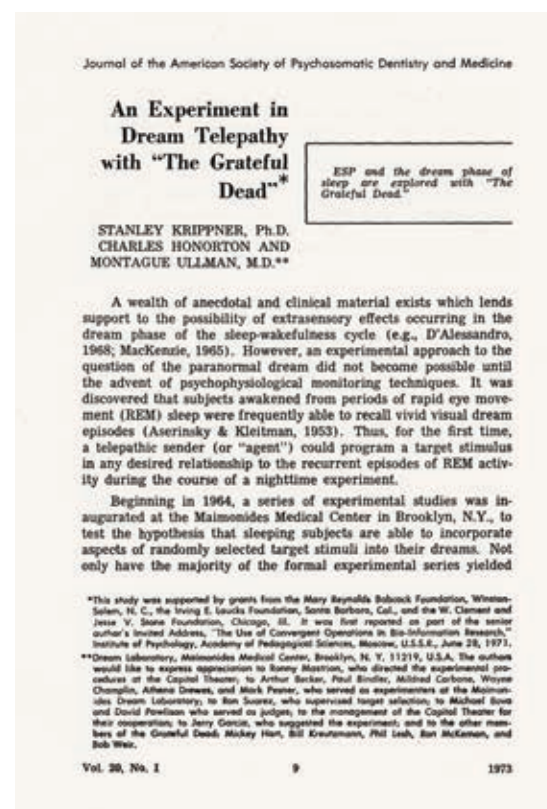
Trist would be the band's most thoughtful internal analyst, but his immediate task was administering Ice Nine, the band's in-house publishing company. The name was revealing: it was the defining metaphor of Kurt Vonnegut's novel *Cat's Cradle*, a

formulation that froze water at room temperature, but it was wrapped in a series of allegories that appealed to the band's sensibilities on many levels. As Trist explained to a fan who asked about the name: "The symbolism [of the name] as we would see it, has more to do with mystic world-death, rather than physical world-death. This is a positive aspect, and reflects the cliff-hanger the world (planet) has come to (pollution of both the mystical and moral orders); and the narrow line between enlightenment and world end. An underlying theme of the Dead's music is precisely this narrow line; the need to walk it, and the difficulty of pinning it down." One couplet in *Cat's Cradle* spoke to the Haight-Ashbury worldview: "So I said good-bye to government, / And I gave my reason: / That a really good religion / Is a form of treason."

— 1971 —

The band began the year by taking some well-deserved time off, nearly three weeks, before playing a set of gigs in Davis, Eugene, and Seattle at the end of January. That year they pared back to 82 shows, with a performing repertoire of 90 songs, including 18 new compositions. Garcia's joyous "Bertha" and Weir's up-tempo rockers "One More Saturday Night" and "Greatest Story Ever Told" recaptured their old bounce, balancing soulful ballads such as "Loser," "Wharf Rat," and "Bird Song," written in honor of Janis Joplin. Pigpen also produced two songs that year, both words and lyrics: "Chinatown Shuffle," which debuted in December and was a regular part of the rotation for the first half of 1972, and "Empty Pages," only performed twice.

But the introduction of new songs would not be the major change in the music that year. Pigpen went into the hospital in September, suffering from hepatitis and a perforated ulcer. That was not the only shock to the lineup. In February the band went out again, starting with a six-night run at the Capitol Theater in Port Chester. It was a remarkable set of shows, a series that also helped an academic friend with an experiment. Dr. Stanley Krippner, an experimental psychologist who had befriended the band in the 1960s when he was studying psychedelic drugs, was now running



a laboratory that studied ESP and sleep. With the band's enthusiastic support, he created an experiment in which fans would see slides projected above the band and then "send" the image telepathically to a sleeping subject in Krippner's lab. It produced statistically significant results and yielded the first academic article to feature the band, published a couple of years later—but the broader point was that the power of the band-fan bond was now a matter of scholarly documentation, in a truly fascinating way.

The shows also brought upheaval and sadness as Mickey Hart left the band. His father's betrayal had been gnawing at him for months, and though his bandmates supported him completely, Mickey's sense of responsibility was overwhelming. By the time he arrived in Port Chester he was in no shape to perform. Krippner hypnotized him and he made it through the first night, but after the show Krippner took him to his mother's house on Long Island, where Hart slept for three days straight. The band's need to rearrange the music for a single drummer would be a challenge that defined that spring.

They lost a drummer but gained a lyricist that week, when Hunter, furious with Weir's changes to "Sugar Magnolia," turned to John Perry Barlow backstage and asked, "You wrote poetry in college, right?" Barlow, who was in the midst of a bad time in his life, said yes without realizing what was happening.

"Take him," Hunter said, gesturing to Weir. "He's yours." It was the start of a partnership that would add a rich dimension to the band and a vital counterpart to Garcia's collaboration with Hunter. With Barlow as his lyricist, Weir continued to grow as a songwriter, contributing several songs; his "Playing In The Band" would become a powerhouse, along with Garcia's "Deal."

On the first night, Ned Lagin brought his Farfisa and clavichord, setting up on-stage that night for the end of the first set, and had a great time. He continued to play with the band over the next couple of years, but his real contribution would come in 1974, when his bioelectric music with Lesh was featured during the summer and fall tours. A merger of composition with cutting-edge computer-controlled synthesizers, the "Phil and Ned" segments reflected Lagin's skills as an engineer and chops as a musician, and he and Phil would produce some of the most challenging, esoteric music in the Dead's history.

Back home, they played two benefits in early March, including a memorable one for the Black Panthers, and a few days later they headed for the Northeast for another long college tour.

While they were home, they received a clipping that immortalized their recent business efforts: along with banks, million-dollar manufacturing concerns, and real estate developers, there was "The Grateful Dead Inc.," duly incorporated in Marin County as a "theatrical business" with Jerome J. Garcia listed first, and William Kreutzmann and Philip Lesh as directors. It was not only a sign of greater responsibility but sophistication as well, a trend that would only accelerate.

In March the band toured the Midwest, with a number of college stops—a defining theme that year—as well as two dates at the Fox Theatre in St. Louis, the second

of which is included here. The band's contract specified that they would play for three and a half hours—and, most importantly, provide their own sound system. The first night had a certain amount of pyrotechnics—literally, in the form of a smoke bomb that fizzled in the lobby—but both nights earned good reviews, with one headline calling the opening show the "best rock in years" heard in St. Louis. Built in 1929 and famed for its neo-Moorish décor and superb acoustics, the Fox hosted the Dead eight times in the early 1970s; this two-night stand enchanted locals. "There is no doubt among rock historians that The Grateful Dead is the original rock group," the *Globe-Democrat* reviewer noted, "and no doubt among many fans that it is still the best." What may have pleased the Dead the most was the praise for the sound system: "The concert was distinguished throughout by the fantastic acoustics of the hall, which were exploited to the fullest by continually skillful acoustic control to produce perhaps the best-sounding rock concert here in years." Others agreed. As another critic observed, "The gaudy Fox is a good place for The Dead." Locals cheerfully braved the cold and damp weather, with dozens standing in line all afternoon to get good seats. "The hassle was worth it, though," as one reviewer reported. He found the band "strange. The group does not play like 'your typical rock band,'" he opined. But they delivered a show that "kept gaining momentum as the evening progressed." And, by the end, he got it: the Dead's "style can only work with very creative players. It worked last night."

It was a promising omen for the rest of that spring, a series of 20 dates mostly in the Northeast, including seven colleges and universities. While the challenges of those gigs were not inconsiderable—gymnasiums did not make for good music venues—students provided great audiences and generous guarantees. The gamble paid off, and in years to come, many of those colleges sustained Dead Head communities that attracted and educated newcomers all the way through 1995. As one Rutgers student wrote, "It was a really great week of concerts, and everyone was beautiful. We have gained so much, and I can see how our consciousness has changed. The lyrics

New Incorporations

(By County)

3393

Toronto Dominion Bank of California (\$4,000,000-\$100 par) S.F. (banking). Orrick, Herrington, Rowley & Sutcliffe, 405 Montgomery St., S.F. Drs: Allen T. Lambert, 483 Russell Hill Rd., Herbert S. White, 53 Thorncliffe Park Dr., Toronto, Canada, David E. McGeachan, 5 Westridge Rd., Islington, Ontario, Canada.

Figg Enterprises Inc. (\$75,000-\$10 par) Santa Clara (landscaping, sprinkler systems contracting). Pasquinelli, Panelli, Nino & Filice, 999 W. Taylor St., San Jose. Drs: Ted Figg, 1079 Blackfield Ct., Santa Clara, Vickii Fleming, 880 Arnold Way, San Jose.

C.A.K. Inc. (\$75,000-\$1 par) Alameda (construction). Thiel, Wallace, Bolton & Cornblum, Financial Center Bldg., Oakland. Drs: Sidney Levy, 5 Hidden Valley Rd., Lafayette, Scot Bergren, 6041 Ascot Dr., Oakland.

Regional Construction Inc. (\$25,000-\$1 par) Alameda (building construction). Meade & Duane, 1504 Franklin St., Oakland. Drs: William Y. Lee, 989 Longridge Rd., Cleo Nelson, 2334 84th Ave., Leon H. Rountree, 9323 Burr St., Oakland.

M.L. & X. Inc. (\$300,000-\$1 par) Alameda (operate mortuary). Clarence Wilridge, 333 Hayes St., S.F. Drs: John D. Lawson, Helen C. Miller, 1131 Adeline St., Oakland.

Intermodal Services Inc. (10,000 shares-no par). Alameda (mfg. cargo shipping containers). Intermodal Services, Inc., 501 Union St., Oakland. Drs: Thomas P. McNamara, 84 Palmdale Ave., Daly City, Sigmund Janus, Jr., 212 Castro St., Richmond, Kay Hoshiyama, 84 Palmdale Ave., Daly City.

Powlan Manufacturing Co. (\$10,000-\$10 par) Alameda (mfg. surgical & orthopedic equipment). Brooks, Maier & Wilson, 3810 Security Pacific Bldg., S.F. Drs: Roy Y. Powlan, M.D., 1 Chapel, Lafayette, Lorretta Bishop, 507 Grizzly Peak Blvd., Berkeley.

Santa Rosa Pet Center No. 249 Inc. (\$100-\$1 par) Sonoma (sale of domestic pets, supplies). Kenneth M. Stedman, 5041 Canyon Dr., Santa Rosa. Drs: Henry W. Righetti, Jr., 530 Emerald Park Ct., Santa Rosa.

J. Morgan Upton Associates (2500 shares-no par) San Mateo (develop computer software). Scidmore, Fletcher-Smith & Lasky, 1736 Franklin St., Oakland. Drs: J. Morgan Upton, 88 Madera, San Carlos.

The Grateful Dead Inc. (\$500,000-\$10 par) Marin (theatrical business). Jerome J. Garcia, PO Box 1073, San Rafael. Drs: William Kreutzmann, Philip Lesh, PO Box 1073, San Rafael.

La Juan Inc. (2500 shares-no par) Contra Costa (real estate development). Miller, Starr & Regalia, 2150 Valdez St., Oakland. Drs: John B. Cook, 2216 Center Ave., Martinez, Herbert Lee Kinsey, 3918 S. Las Vegas Blvd., Las Vegas, Nev.

Santa Rosa Clinton Gow, Inc. (\$25,000-\$1 par) Sonoma (contract trucking). Lukes & Bassoni, 1025 Fox Plaza, S.F. Drs: Dinah Roberts, E.E. Schlottman, 1025 Fox Plaza, S.F.

become a philosophy of life, the songs animated by our memories. Such a long, long time to be gone, and a short time to be there." At Princeton, where the band played a legendary show that Lesh called a Pigpen tour de force, tapes of the show circulated on campus into the '90s, facilitated by a campus tape-trading group. Devoted Dead Head followings would also pop up at the University of Wisconsin, Michigan State, and Bucknell that spring, with more to come.

This tour was more pleasant for the band as well, as it relied on buses rather than planes. For Garcia it was "really fun, we were just able to hang together all the time, we didn't have to go through a lot of airports and all that. And we got to see some of the countryside. It was a little more like travelling and less like matter transmission."

A booking in June offered the apex of that experience: a trip to France to play an outdoor festival, all expenses paid. They jumped at the chance, and even though things didn't go entirely as planned, they had a great time and so did their hosts, with everyone enjoying a great party over a long, delightful afternoon of music. It also whetted their appetites for a more extended stay. Europe *liked* the Dead. The band noticed.

Later that month Bill Graham closed the Fillmores, which freed him from the burden of keeping a venue running and allowed him to focus instead on promoting. The Dead helped to close the Fillmore West, bidding a bittersweet farewell to a venue that had played a significant role in their formative years.

As the summer wore on, Pigpen's health continued to decline, and it was clear that the band would need another keyboardist. In classic Grateful Dead fashion, serendipity intervened. Keith and Donna Godchaux, a young couple with extensive music backgrounds, had an epiphany: one night a friend suggested they listen to a Dead album, and Keith said, "I don't want to listen to it, I want to play it." It was just a simple, primal inspiration: this feels right; it should be reality. "It had to happen because I had a vision," Keith explained later. "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." Donna remembers that Keith was too intimidated to actually talk, so she arranged for him to attend a rehearsal at the band's studio. Garcia met him there and was pleased enough with his playing to ask Kreutzmann to come down, and he, too, was impressed. Whatever they threw at him, Keith could handle, and gracefully. It felt right to Keith, too: "[T]he Dead's music is absolutely 100% positive," he told one reporter. "When I met them, I knew these were people I could trust . . ." After rehearsals that September, he played his first gig on October 19, in Minneapolis.

In September *Grateful Dead* was released, featuring a wonderful cover emblazoned with Kelley's reworking of the skeleton and roses motif from his famed Avalon Ballroom poster with Stanley Mouse. *Skullfuck* (as most fans called it), or more genteelly, *Skull and Roses*, presented 12 songs rearranged to fit what Garcia called "prototype Grateful Dead." Inside the gatefold was a simple message: "Dead Freaks Unite! Who are you? Where are you? How are you? Send us your name and address and we'll keep you informed."

The response was gratifying, and revealing. Fans wrote from all over Europe, including Romania, and from as far away as Taiwan. Japanese fans were polite and restrained, but the scene in the U.K. meant that a Scottish fan would write, confidently, "Dear Lysergicacidylethamide Please inform me who I am where I am and what I am THANK YOU." He got on the list. Others used their letters to express their

DEAD FREAKS UNITE
Who are you? Where are you?
How are you?
send us your name and address
and we'll keep you informed
Dead Heads
P. O. Box 1065
San Rafael, California
94901

Contract Blank #031791

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
(HEREIN CALLED "FEDERATION")

INTERNATIONAL FAMOUS AGENCY, INC.
ARTISTS' MANAGER

1301 AVENUE OF AMERICAS
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
Phone: 956-5800

9255 SUNSET BLVD.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: 273-8811

166 EAST SUPERIOR STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
Phone: 944-2800

RIDERS ATTACHED HERETO ARE HEREBY MADE PART OF THIS CONTRACT.
THIS CONTRACT for the personal services of musicians on the engagement described below, made this 11th day of February 19 71, between the undersigned Purchaser of Music (herein called "Employer") and seven (7) musicians.*

The musicians are engaged severally on the terms and conditions on the face hereof. The leader represents that the musicians already designated have agreed to be bound by said terms and conditions. Each musician yet to be chosen, upon acceptance, shall be bound by said terms and conditions. Each musician may enforce this agreement. The musicians severally agree to render services under the undersigned leader.

1. Name and Address of Place of Engagement The Fox Theatre, 527 North Grant, St. Louis, Missouri

Print Name of Band or Group THE GRATEFUL DEAD

2. Date (s), starting and finishing time of engagement Wednesday and Thursday evenings, March 17 and 18, 1971
Both shows begin at 7:00pm

3. Hours of employment ARTIST will perform one (1) 3-1/2 hour concert including intermissions on each night. ARTIST will receive 100% Sole Star billing in all advertising media. Employer agrees to pay an additional one thousand (\$1,000.00) dollars for the use of Artist's sound system.

4. Type of Engagement (specify whether dance, stage show, banquet, etc.) Concert.
Ticket prices: \$3.50-4.00 per person; gross potential: \$30,000.00 for both shows (approx)

5. WAGE AGREED UPON \$ (Terms and Amount) 12,000.00 (twelve thousand dollars) guaranteed, plus sixty (60%) percent of gross receipts in excess of \$22,000.00, less tax if applicable.

This wage includes expenses agreed to be contributed by the Employer in accordance with the attached schedule. The Employer on or before the date of engagement, \$35,000.00 balance payable upon completion of first night's performance; percentages, if any, payable upon completion of second night's performance.

DEPOSITS: \$ 6,000.00 (Certified Check, Money Order, or Bank Draft) payable to International Famous Agency, Inc. as agent upon signing of contract. (In the event that, contrary to contract specifications, an unsecured check is tendered by employer, same will be accepted and deposited for clearance purposes only. If check is not paid upon presentation, the contract shall be null and void, and the Employer shall be liable for the full amount of the contract.)

** BALANCE to be paid in United States currency (Certified Check, Money Order, Bank Draft, or cash) to leader on XXXXXX conclusion of engagement.

6. Upon request by the Federation or the local in whose jurisdiction the musicians shall perform hereunder, Employer either shall make advance payment hereunder or shall post an appropriate bond.

If the engagement is subject to contribution to the A.F.M. & E.P.W. Pension Welfare Fund, the leader will collect same from the Employer and pay it to the Fund, and the Employer and leader agree to be bound by the Trust Indenture dated October 2, 1959, as amended, relating to services rendered hereunder in the U. S., and by the Agreement and Declaration of Trust dated April 9, 1967, as amended, relating to services rendered hereunder in Canada.

7. The Employer is hereby given an option to extend this agreement for a period of XXXXXX weeks beyond the original term thereof. Said option can be exercised only by written notice from the Employer to the musicians, not later than XXXXXX days prior to the expiration of the original term, and a copy of said notice shall be filed with the Federation local in whose jurisdiction the engagement is to be played.

8. The Employer shall at all times have complete supervision, direction and control over the services of musicians on this engagement and expressly reserves the right to control the manner, means and details of the performance of services by the musicians including the leader as well as the ends to be accomplished. If any musicians have not been chosen upon the signing of this contract, the leader shall, as agent for the Employer and under his instructions, hire such persons and any replacements as are required.

9. In accordance with the Constitution, By-laws Rules and Regulations of the Federation, the parties will submit every claim, dispute, controversy or difference involving the musical services arising out of or connected with this contract and the engagement covered thereby for determination by the International Executive Board of the Federation or a similar board of an appropriate local thereof and such determination shall be conclusive, final and binding upon the parties.

ADDITIONAL TERMS AND CONDITIONS APPEAR ON THE REVERSE SIDE HEREOF.
THIS CONTRACT SHALL NOT BE BINDING UNLESS SIGNED BY ALL PARTIES HERETO.

Rainy Day Productions, Inc., by
Carl Bianco Employer's Name
Signature of Employer
7908 Bonhomme Street Address
Clayton, Missouri 63105 City State
314/721-3336 Telephone Number

Philip Lesh Leader's Name
Signature of Leader
P.O. Box 1073 Street Address
San Rafael, Calif. City State

6 Local No.

Bob Bonis/Chicago

Return All Signed Copies to: INTERNATIONAL FAMOUS AGENCY, INC., as Agent for the Musicians

*This contract does not conclusively determine the person liable to report and pay employment taxes and similar employer taxes under rulings of the U.S. Internal Revenue Service and of some state agencies.

FORM 9-28 3-6-70

fears about the demise of the counterculture and the Dead's ability to persevere—some in wonderfully colorful terms. One Canadian fan wrote, “The spaces out here are mostly of an upside down fashion with the linear minded increasing by droves and with the calling of the branding irons are dragging down with them the weaker steers . . . Some nice vibes of confidence in the ones that are making it disperses most of the numerous negative vibes with their strong position . . . The turning of a lot of major groups has caused a lot of despair but even this anguish dissipates as echoes of peace diminish but gather steel.” He was added to the list.

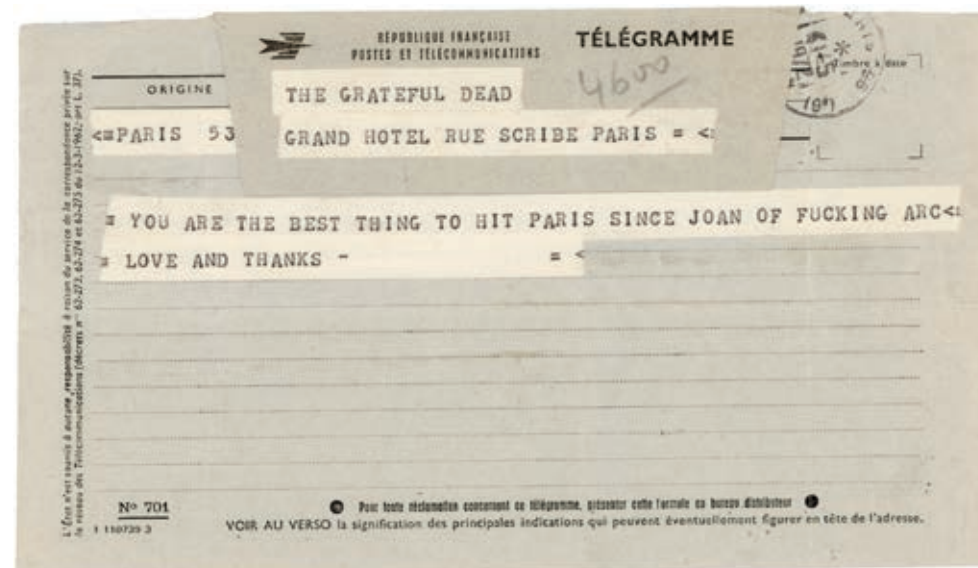
The first newsletter would go out the following January, and two years later the band had amassed 33,000 Dead Head addresses. The mailing list would bring one additional benefit: Eileen Law, who was hired to help handle it and the ensuing correspondence. In time she would take on a number of critical office functions, but she would be forever known as something of a den mother for the Dead Heads, a liaison whom everyone trusted. Though the cost of the mailing list was not insignificant—about \$35,000 by 1974—everyone was pleased. The list was proof that they could launch a very successful business initiative and handle it with utmost professionalism. Most of all, it was a deep indication of what their shows had already taught them: their bond with fans was deep, powerful, and now it was their primary business asset. In a year in which they had lost Mickey and saw Pigpen on the wane, it was a welcome reminder that they could endure and even progress, despite the slings and arrows.

— 1972 —

The year began well: 1972 would be the band's first sustained press honeymoon, with reporters and critics from papers around the country singing their praises. Even industry magazines touted the Dead as “perhaps the most mature band in America”—hard-earned praise for a band still paying off a debt to their label. That year they put in almost as many miles as they had in 1971, but they played fewer shows: only 86. What accounted for the miles was a month in Europe, one of their most celebrated tours. Their repertoire consisted of 87 songs that year, including a superb batch of standards that would never be recorded for a studio album, an oversight that would haunt Hunter.

In March the Academy of Music shows in New York gave ample proof of how deep the band's roots now extended into the Northeast, with heavy ticket pressure and media coverage. The shows were a huge hit, and the press respectful, with *The New York Times* raving that “the magic glow of the seminal San Francisco rock group was as strong as ever.” It was “the hardest ticket in town,” promoter Howard Stein admitted, adding, “Do you think we'll ever see the day when the Grateful Dead doesn't sell out in New York?”

One of the best articles on the band also appeared in March. Written by their old friend Ed McClanahan, a former Prankster, his “Grateful Dead I Have Known” appeared in *Playboy*. It would eventually be reprinted in a collection of his work published by the University of Kentucky Press in 2003. The cultural arc connecting



those two appearances also embodies the Dead's transition from the margins to the mainstream.

That same month, Lenny Hart was sentenced to six months in prison for embezzlement. Ostensibly repentant (a priest testified on his behalf), his words painted a very different story: “When I joined the Grateful Dead, I entered a new world entirely foreign to any previous experience—a lot of money floating around—everyone ripping off each other—I just succumbed to the temptation to take my share.” His odious rationalization was a far better indictment than anything the band could say, and they didn't even try, refusing to press charges. The district attorney did, however, and Lenny returned some of the money and spent six months in jail.

The band focused on the positive, and a few days after the Academy of Music shows, the entire band, crew, and family set off for Europe: 22 shows in two months, covering six countries. It was the stuff of legend. Press was mixed, but the shows were superb, and fans were ecstatic. One newly minted Dead Head wrote, “Thank you so much for coming to England, you all got everyone so high, something quite magical happened at Wembley and everyone enjoyed it.” That he was a student at Oxford was an indication that the band was continuing to appeal to budding scholars—which this fan's six-page letter proved. “I've never met you,” he wrote, “but it's as if I know you. You might think that this is just some stoned English mother of acid but I aint. It's just I know that I've got a lot in common.” It was a sentiment they left in their wake all over Europe, the best expression of which was a telegram they received after the Olympia shows: “You are the best thing to hit Paris since Joan of fucking Arc.” Best of all, they recorded the shows, collecting material to produce a three-LP set for Warner Bros.—and eventually allowing them to release a sumptuous boxed set of all of the shows in a move that would amaze the industry.

In May, Weir's solo album *Ace* was released. A sterling effort that showcased Weir's songwriting skills, it had particularly strong versions of “Playing In The Band,”

“Cassidy,” and “Black Throated Wind.” It was also mostly a Grateful Dead album: almost all of the songs were recorded by the band, and most of the songs joined the repertoire.

Back at home, the prospect of a show could prompt wonderful letters. One Colorado fan wrote in August that she and her friends were “overjoyed, to say the least, that the Dead are going to play here on September 3rd. It’s the best thing that’s happened (or is going to happen) here in a long time.” She also made the point that “I’ve travelled hundreds of miles before to see them because I feel that they’re the best damn band in the world.”

Others agreed—with all of her points, especially those who saw the show only a few days earlier just outside of Eugene. Nicknamed the Field Test, the show on August 27 at the fairgrounds in Veneta, Oregon, was a reunion of the Pranksters and the Dead in a benefit for the dairy cooperative run by Ken Kesey’s brother. The day had its difficulties, but the experience was sublime, immortalized on film and eventually released as *Sunshine Daydream*. It captured not just a concert, but a mood and feeling that stand as seminal expressions of the band’s aesthetic. For the Dead, the Pranksters, Dead Heads, and curious locals, the concert was a peak experience, a perfect slice of music, performance, and ritual that truly made history.

That fall, they were treated as conquering heroes by an almost universally admiring press. Already, though, they were considered avatars of whatever survived of the Haight-Ashbury; in Baltimore in September, the local reviewer praised their musicianship while averring that they were “almost as much a pop sociological as musical phenomenon.” Even as the Dead were carrying the torch of the Haight, the neighborhood had deteriorated into what one writer called “a smoldering shell” characterized by “the dingy, boarded-up look of a disaster area.” It made playing places like the Palace Theater in Connecticut an even more surreal experience.

The Palace was one of the more ornate, old theaters the band played, a magnificent blend of Greek, Roman, Arabic, and Federal motifs pulled together by architect Thomas Lamb in a Second Renaissance Revival building whose lobby and dome



ceilings were a Dead Head delight. The second night, released here, featured the first performance of “Tomorrow Is Forever,” but the whole show felt special. Even when only a fragment circulated, fans raved about the tape, calling it “one of the Dead’s finest and widest-ranging fifty minutes of improvisation.”

Shows defined the year, driving change at home as well. The biggest effort internally was Ron Rakow’s proposal for cutting themselves free of the record companies. Nicknamed the “So What Papers,” the meticulously researched 100-page report presented five chapters that showed his Wall Street acumen as well as his belief in the band’s organization. “As long as our energy is generating all this money,” their old friend Peter Cohon wrote in the introduction, “why shouldn’t we have the choice of where it goes? Why shouldn’t we get as much return from our energy as possible?”

For Rakow, the impetus came from what he saw as a blinkered industry. “The mechanism, methods, attitudes and beliefs, are archaic, designed to distribute products no longer important: the sweet, good Crosby, Como, Sinatra product. We inherited a system set up to distribute geriatric product.” In his mind, it was a distribution company, not a record company, though that distinction would be lost on most observers, but his persuasive analysis was enough to secure a substantial loan from the First National Bank of Boston, as well as an advance from United Artists for the rights to their foreign distribution. Buried in the market analysis and research was a remarkable survey they conducted of 1,100 New Yorkers, mostly Dead Heads. A few expressed reservations, but the overwhelming response was positive, many saying the idea “reaffirmed their faith in the Dead.” What sold them, and perhaps the band, was the report’s conclusion: “If the Dead were to do something in records comparable to what they do in concert as far as quality and quantity for your money, the people would probably appreciate it, and buy a lot of it.”

But Grateful Dead Records and Round Records were really nothing more than an extension of what the band had begun in the ’60s: trying to maintain control over every part of their trip. It was a goal they never abandoned. As Garcia remarked in

Photo: MARY ANN MAYER

	THE SO WHAT DISTRIBUTION CO., INC.
TABLE OF CONTENTS	
BOB HUNTER	
Introduction	
1. The Industry - An Overview	
2. The Desirable	
3. The Tedious Reality	
4. The Program	
5. The Numbers	

1974, “What I have to do, what the Grateful Dead has to do, and what anybody who really cares about music right now has to do, is to try and invent alternative structures and forms which will allow music to fit in with life in a manner that doesn’t devour the artist.” Those words would prove to be prophetic, and not in a good way, but at the time it was exciting: the Dead were building, on all levels, and to have that artistic success and creativity reified was nothing short of intoxicating.

It was a tumultuous year, but one with its fair share of marvelous moments. One of the smaller ones stands out as especially evocative. When their equipment truck was incapacitated by an angry politico in France, and halting French could not appease a concert crowd who felt they’d been burned, the band had to escape through a back window. The last one out, Weir left a flower on the windowsill of the concert hall, a spontaneous gesture that was both an apology and a promise—one they fulfilled, just a few weeks later, returning to play a free show in the town square. It brought tears to the promoter’s eyes, and an afternoon of music to the townspeople. For Lesh, it was an epiphany that produced a profound understanding of the Impressionists: that afternoon, they were all playing in a Cézanne painting, the spectacular colors of a French country afternoon lighting the memories of everyone there.

— 1973 —

After a long year of touring, the band pared back to 72 shows in 1973, giving them the chance to spend serious time in the studio recording *Wake Of The Flood*—close to 300 hours, in fact. Along with the songs they worked up in the studio, their active repertoire that year was 77 songs. Media coverage was largely favorable, and the band continued to gain admirers in the press corps all that year. For fans, it was a year in which taping became a more visible and active part of the scene, with articles on the New York City and West Coast tape trading scene appearing in *Rolling Stone* and even in local papers. In Eugene, one columnist plugged local efforts to start a tape exchange.

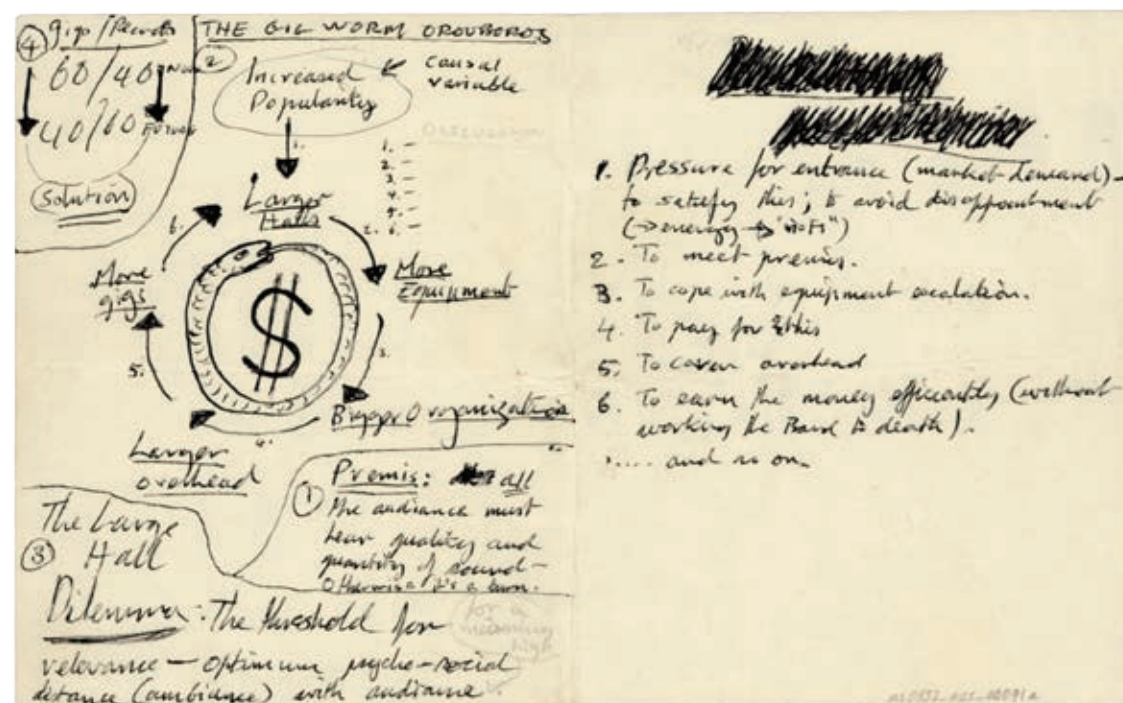
After more than a month off the road, the band started the first tour of the year on February 9 at Stanford, introducing “Eyes Of The World,” “Loose Lucy,” “Mexicali Blues,” and “They Love Each Other.” The first incarnation of what would become “U.S. Blues” also made its debut, called “Wave That Flag,” but it was not the only experiment: the show was also an expensive trial run of what would become the Wall of Sound when the opening notes fried thousands of dollars worth of tweeters (the high-frequency speakers), much to soundman Dan Healy’s chagrin. Reviews tended to focus on *Europe ’72*, released the previous November, but good critics who wrote about the performances found much to praise. The tour took them through the Midwest, ending up in Salt Lake City, and the band headed home for two weeks of rest before setting off for the East Coast in March.

Before that tour began, Pigpen passed away on March 8. Only 27 years old, he had been in failing health for some time, and the cause of death was listed as esophageal bleeding, often attributed to alcoholism. In later years that diagnosis would be questioned—even hardened alcoholics don’t usually die that young—but the loss

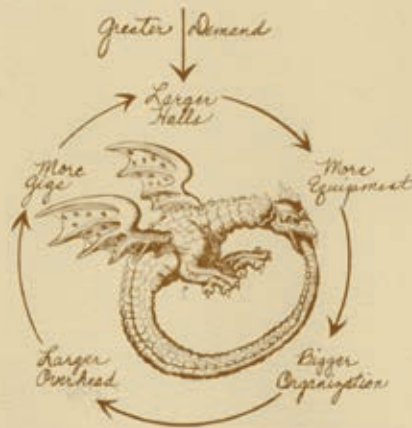
was shattering, regardless. It prompted one of the most moving letters in the band’s archive, from Pigpen’s father, who wrote to “express my most profound thanks for that which you all gave Ron that is beyond price . . . you gave him (or, perhaps, he found with you) something which many of us never find: a purpose and meaning for life. Far better than I, you knew of the great love for music he had and still shares with you . . .” Most of all, he credited the band for helping him to reconnect with his son, after years of estrangement. “Thank all of you for being a part of Ron’s life and for letting him be a part of yours,” he finished. “My thoughts, good wishes and my love always to the Grateful Dead.” It was a moving and eloquent tribute, and an acknowledgment that the positive energy of the Dead and their music could be a powerful force for healing.

The spring tour consisted of 11 shows in Philadelphia, Boston, and around New York state, with a month off in April leading up to a few dates in May and June, ranging from Des Moines to Washington, D.C., to Vancouver. Along with dates in Portland, Seattle, and California, they played enough to keep their appetites whetted for one of the defining spectacles of their career, Watkins Glen. Held over two days at a racecourse in upstate New York, the Summer Jam at Watkins Glen, as it was officially known, drew 600,000 fans to hear the Dead, the Allman Brothers, and The Band.

Originally scheduled for one day, July 28, the grounds were already filling up the day before, turning the soundcheck into an early show. Following a few songs from The Band and the Allman Brothers, the Dead turned in two full sets that for many attendees were the highlight of the festival. Rain and unseasonable cold, along with sheer numbers, made the following day more than challenging, but the fact that



70% of this income came from gigs, and 30% from record royalties. Gigs offer the only means to earn more money when it is needed to maintain our operation in all its particulars. We cannot sell more records at will, but we can go on the road, within the limits of energy: so that we must play larger halls, with more equipment, and a bigger organization, requiring more gigs..... St. Dilbert calls this fellow 'Urobouros', and he's a good trip, but he has a mind of his own:



We like a variety of concert situations. Ambiance comes in different sizes. We like a small hall, and so do you, and an outdoor gig in the sun, and a large hall when it can be made to sound good; (few halls over 6000 capacity aren't sports arenas with novel acoustic and environmental puzzles.) Urobouros is hungry. How do we control him? We've planned for a year to

it went off as well as it did was a tribute to good planning—and good luck. Even a last-minute decision to acquire additional amplifiers produced grand memories, with a helicopter flight to the nearby Macintosh manufacturing plant creating a media splash.

The band finished with two more shows at Roosevelt Stadium in Jersey City and then went home. It had been a successful summer, far better than they could have anticipated when they sent out a Dead Head newsletter in June advising fans about upcoming shows. The newsletter was startling from an industry perspective: not only did it tell fans what the band was earning, it also explained what their expenses were, in an article entitled “State of the Changes: How the Dragon Urobouros (Giga Exponentia) Makes Us Go Round and Round.” It began as a rough sketch at the office and evolved into a fine piece, but those who read it carefully could see that the band was far from prosperous. When fans saw the centerpiece of the newsletter, they knew where much of that money went: it was a glorious, two-page diagram of the band's next PA, the Wall of Sound, which would debut the following year.

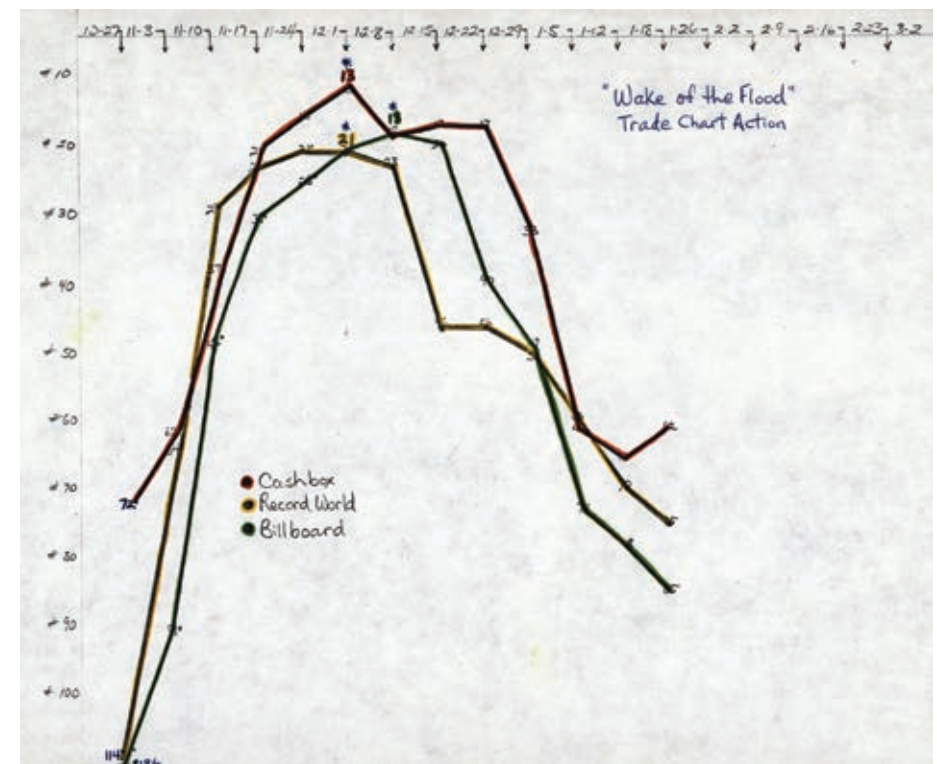
That was still on the horizon. In early July, *Bear's Choice* was released, one of the more curious entries in the band's discography. Consisting of live recordings from two days of the February 1970 Fillmore East run, it became a tribute to Pigpen when he died during its production. Recorded by Bear, the album featured a wonderful acoustic “Katie Mae” and a searing “Hard To Handle,” but it made a curious document, with more of the feel of a bootleg than an official live album. The graphics marked a milestone in the Dead's iconography, however: Bear's friend Bob Thomas

worked up the band insignia into a beautiful design for the album cover.

The art looked forward, but the music on *Bear's Choice* looked back, documenting a different band. Further proof of that unfolded during the summer when they started recording *Wake Of The Flood*. The sessions went well, despite the pressure of creating their first album for the fledgling Grateful Dead Records. Although the band approached the record with enormous care, production obstacles caused serious problems. That year the music industry was reeling from the impact of the scarcity of petroleum-based plastics used for records. Pressing facilities cut back on production, idling plants and laying off workers; by the fall, record companies were delaying releases and even postponing signing new artists. It made pressing *Wake Of The Flood* even more expensive—and that in turn exacerbated the problem of fakes.

Without the protection of a major label, the Dead were a perfect target for counterfeiters, whose substandard vinyl and shoddy production values damaged the album's reputation. The crowning insult for an album many critics praised for its songs was the track list, a badly printed label poorly glued onto the shrinkwrap. With the help of the FBI, the band did sue one counterfeiter, but their loss was substantial. The band saved a case of the 5,000 fakes that were confiscated as a somber reminder of what might have been; a few copies are still a part of their Archive today. *Wake* was released in October. The band anxiously tracked its progress on the charts. While it sold respectably, the impact of the counterfeiting was clear.

The other news that fall was the addition of two horn players, Martín Fierro and



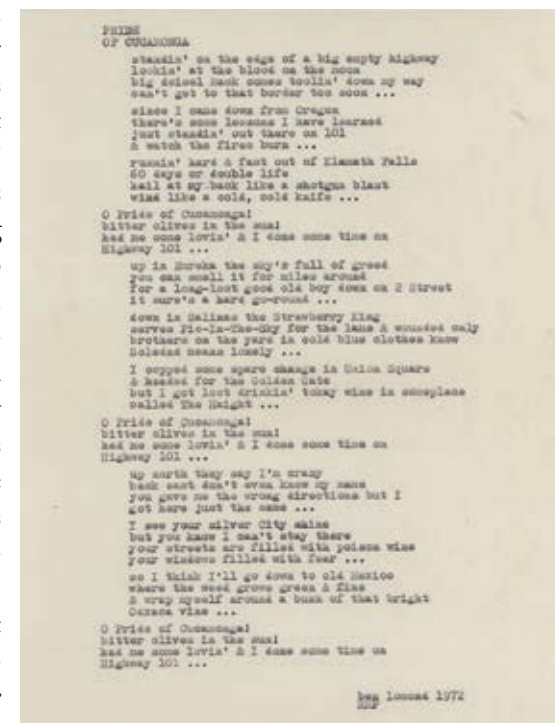
Joe Ellis, to the tour. Some reviewers were perplexed, others delighted. “The Dead have always been at the vanguard of social and musical change, and they have shown not only a willingness to adapt, but a tastefulness in doing it,” one New York critic wrote. He caught a good show, and knew it: to his ears, the horns “filled out the song and contributed yet another layer to its spiraling scope. Again The Dead had gambled and again they had won. As is everything they do, however, it was a calculated and well-executed gamble.” He found the Dead’s new direction reassuring. “That night, it was good to feel young again.”

In general, the press saw the Dead as “[r]iding on a reputation of near-mystical proportions, acclaimed as the world’s foremost exponent of acid rock.” True enough, but the band’s charm earned even more converts: they were “surprisingly laid-back and friendly, not the least bit devilish or overwhelming.” They were also honest, though their ambition was clear if you looked for it; as Garcia explained, “There isn’t a Grateful Dead in our world. It’s simply how are we gonna learn how to sing and play better. What else can we be committed to?” When the band played Pittsburgh, the local reviewer opened by observing that the “Grateful Dead are more than just an accomplished band, they’re the core of a musical religion.” The crowd were converts; the music, a creed; it was a gathering of the “faithful . . . with a zeal topping the average Sunday-go-to-meeting denomination.” And the energy, while restrained, spoke of a power that left the reviewer wholly impressed: the Dead “played for more than three hours, and could easily have continued for more than three more without boring anyone.”

When they played San Diego on November 14, that was especially clear—which is part of why it is included here. The show announcement in the local paper bore all the earmarks of either Rock Scully’s sense of humor or that of a simpatico journalist, tweaking the straights: “The Grateful Dead, who have never quite hung it up and keep re-appearing in various forms, will perform at 8 p.m. Wednesday in the Sports Arena . . . the Dead in concert can number from six to a hundred people, depending on who’s in town.” Nearby Riverside gave them a more accurate plug, announcing the show by calling them “one of the best performing bands in rock.” The review of the show by the *Union* was polite but restrained, calling the show “music performed with a delightful pokey ease that no other band seems quite so capable of,” and concluding: “The Dead are now like old denims. Their style increases with age.” But fans who saw the show tended to echo the thoughts of the journalist who covered the following show at UCLA’s Pauley Pavilion: “If they could play basketball half as well as they play music, they could be national champions.” Calling them “the greatest American rock group,” the reviewer raved about the show, marveling at how “[e]ach member of the group complements the other members so well that, as a musical unit, they seem to be almost organically integrated.” He singled out Garcia especially as “one of the few rock superstars having the good taste to spare us all of those showy trappings. His musicianship defies any amount of glitter and his lofty position in contemporary music remains untouched.” It was a high-water mark in a year of great shows.

In 1974 the Dead only performed 40 shows, a statistic that obscured the work required to stage them. For good and ill, it was a year defined by the gargantuan effort required to mount shows using the band’s fabled PA system, the Wall of Sound, but that also highlighted a repertoire of 83 different songs, including the first airings of “U.S. Blues,” “It Must Have Been The Roses,” “Ship Of Fools,” and “Scarlet Begonias.” Weir’s “Cassidy” debuted that year, along with his “Money, Money,” which was not well-received and faded away after only three performances in May. Sadly, two fine songs recorded that year would remain studio-only compositions for many years, both by Lesh with lyrics by Bobby Petersen: “Pride Of Cucamonga” and “Unbroken Chain,” both written by Petersen in 1972. Petersen’s lyrics for “Pride Of Cucamonga” changed a bit as they settled into Lesh’s soundscape, but the greater effort was “Unbroken Chain,” which went through several revisions in the studio, Lesh and Garcia making notes on draft after draft taped up onto the mike stands. The hard work paid off, and “Unbroken Chain” was quickly embraced as a Dead Head anthem. It staked its place within the band’s mythology shortly after it was recorded, with fans claiming that the band would play the song only at their last show—making its debut in their final year a bittersweet moment of near prophecy.

In the studio, the major achievement of 1974 was *Mars Hotel*, although reviewers were still catching up on *Wake Of The Flood* that spring. The good news was that despite counterfeiters and naysayers, the band could take comfort in some excellent press—and sophisticated appreciation. One review opened by observing, “[I]t’s about time we all started finding workable standards and meanings for ourselves. That’s why ‘Here Comes Sunshine’ says all that needs to be said about *Wake Of The Flood*, about the Grateful Dead, and about all of us.” Even more satisfying (and noteworthy) was the validation of the band’s musical vision: “In popular music, which I happen to consider the most significant art form of this half-century, there is The Grateful Dead and then there is everybody else.” He praised “Eyes Of The World” and “Stella Blue” especially, and ended with a wonderful postscript: “The crow on the back cover is for Lester Bangs’ breakfast.” Good reviews placed that achievement in the context of performance. As the Oregon State student critic observed, “The Grateful Dead, probably the most accomplished rock and roll group



5k 10
MT. CSUS/C Am/G/F/Em/G 2x
11111 1/2 HHHH 1/2
UNBROKEN CHAIN Am/C pickup

BLUE LIGHT, RAIN
UNBROKEN CHAIN
LOOKIN FOR FAMILIAR FACES
IN AN EMPTY WINDOW-PANE
2 — Dm/F
CSUS/C
Am, Em/F/Em/G (Am, C) *bridge Pick*

LISTENIN FOR THE SECRET
SEARCHIN FOR THE SOUND
BUT I COULD ONLY HEAR THE PREACHER
AND THE BAYING OF HIS HOUNDS
2 — Dm/FSUS
CSUS/Am
C/G/Am/G/F/Em/G

WILLOW, SKY
I WALK AND WONDER WHY
THEY SAY, LOVE YOUR BROTHER
BUT YOU'LL CATCH IT IF YOU TRY
3 — Am, C Dm/F
F G⁷ CSUS/Am C *butt*
Dm⁷ Em G (Am, C)

ROLL YOU DOWN THE LINE, BOY
DROP YOU FOR A LOSS
RUN YOU OUT ON A COLD RAILROAD
AND NAIL YOU TO A CROSS
4 — Dm/FSUS
CSUS/Am
C G Am G F Am (G C FSUS (F) 4x

NOVEMBER AND MORE
AS I WAIT FOR THE SCORE
THEY TELL ME FORGIVENESS
IS THE KEY TO EVERY DOOR
(Am, C) — — — — (F) 4x
Dm/F
CSUS/C
Dm⁷/Cmaj⁷/F⁶/Em/G — (Am, C)

A SLOW WINTER DAY
A NIGHT LIKE FOREVER
SINK LIKE A STONE
FLOAT LIKE A FEATHER
Dm/FSUS
CSUS/Am
C G Am G F Em (Dm, C Dm) 4x

(INST.) Gm⁷/Cmaj/Bb — TA. — (Dm⁷ Cmaj⁷ Gm⁷ F⁶ Em) 4x
1111 1111 1111
1111 G/C FSUS/F

LILAC, RAIN
UNBROKEN CHAIN
SONG OF THE SAN-WHET OWL
(Cm) Fmaj⁷ Dm⁷/Em/G/Am⁷
4x. 1 2 3 4
1 1/2 2 3 4
NUG

OUT ON THE MOUNTAIN
IT'LL DRIVE YOU INSANE
LISTENIN TO THE WIND HOWL

UNBROKEN CHAIN
OF SORROW AND PEARLS
UNBROKEN CHAIN OF THE SEA

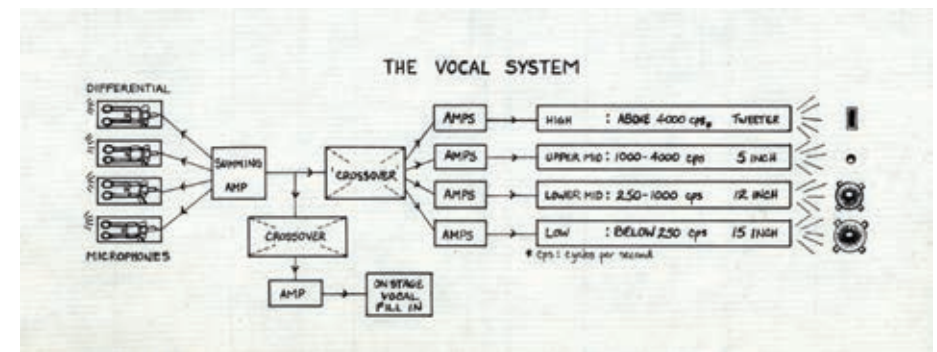
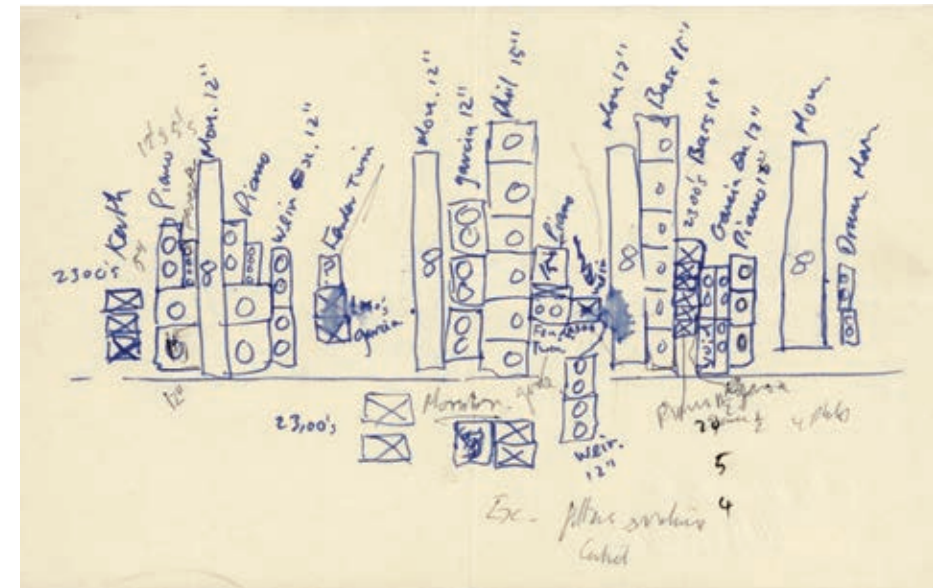
UNBROKEN CHAIN
OF THE WESTERN WIND
UNBROKEN CHAIN OF YOU AND ME

1 G | A>B⁹ C D⁹ 1/2 D⁶ Cmaj⁷ 1/2 D D⁷ Gsus Bm
Em/C Em/Bm G A || Am

of our time, is famous for their ability to jam.” Despite the trials and travails of the year, that ability would be showcased.

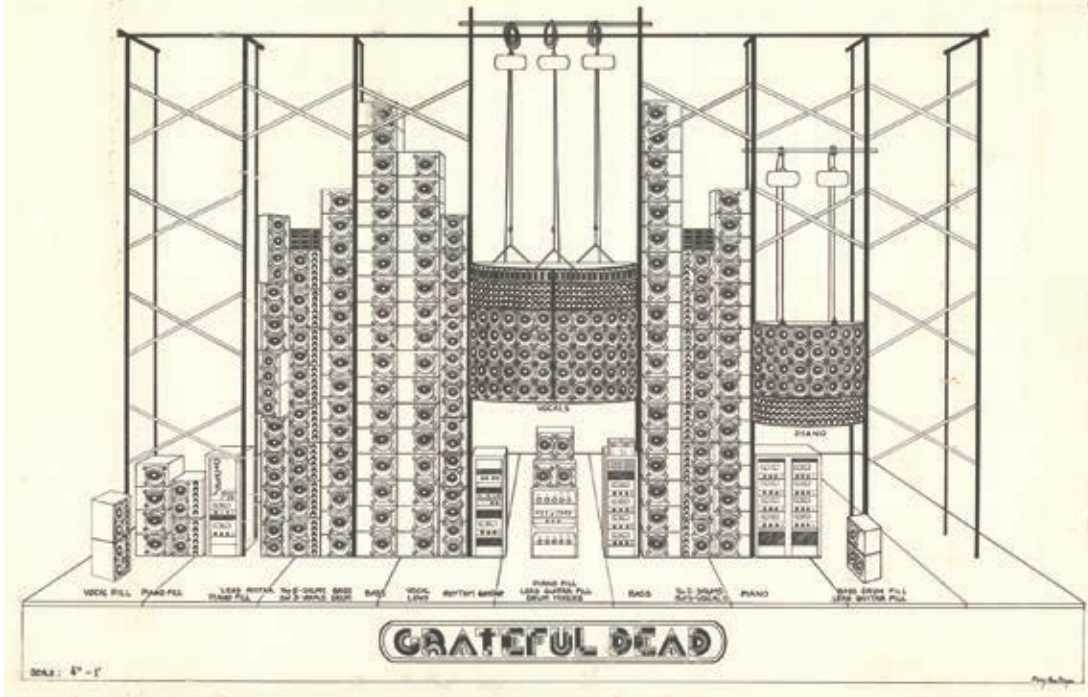
The year began with one major shake-up, which was Sam Cutler's departure. He had been enormously effective at increasing the band's revenues, but his Out of Town Tours had become a simmering source of unease to some, a semi-rogue operation whose billings appeared to suggest a conflict of interest with the band's business. Regardless, what was undeniable was that Cutler had few allies, and in January he was dismissed. The friction and fireworks of the office made a return to the stage a relief for everyone.

The Dead began the year's performances with a set of shows at Winterland in



February, warm-ups for the spectacular unveiling of the Wall of Sound a month later at the Cow Palace in Daly City, just south of San Francisco. At last, Dead Heads could hear the system that the newsletter had promised. Nicknamed “The Sound Test,” the show gave Healy and his crew enough feedback for them to refine and hone for the next six weeks, while the band began recording *Mars Hotel*. On May 12 the first tour with the Wall began: two complete stages, 75 tons each, leapfrogging each other to allow sufficient time to erect and break them down, with a crew of 30 to handle it all. The band explained the system in a remarkable program given to fans that summer, detailing the Wall’s specifications, goals, and history. Its 11 channels were powered by 48 amplifiers driving 641 speakers with 26,400 watts of power, configured to produce “a clean sound in which qualities like ‘transparency,’ ‘brilliance,’ ‘presence,’ and ‘clarity’ are substantial musical dimensions.” It had begun with a simple sketch; when it was finally complete, Mary Ann Mayer would spend many hours producing the beautifully rendered final diagram.

Perhaps most striking was the final section, which made the point that this was a project about the intersection of humans and technology: “The Grateful Dead’s



sound system has evolved over the last eight years as a technical and group enterprise, a sort of logical accumulation of speakers and people”—specifically, a collaboration between Ron Wickersham and Rick Turner of Alembic, along with Bear, Healy, and Mark Razine. And no other band informed their fans that “signals from each of the vocal microphones are brought together by a Differential Summing Amp, where phase purity can be regulated and hence the transparency of the sound maintained,” along with a diagram.

Critics were awed. *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist John Wasserman attended the Sound Test and was impressed. “The sound was simply phenomenal. It was clear without being loud, loud without being distorted and clean as [a] wax job everywhere in the huge arena. Every note played by every instrument was detectable and definable.” He understood the implications for the band as well: “They will always be, fundamentally, a rock and roll dance band, but it becomes increasingly inaccurate to think of them as only that.”

The Wall was not static. Every performance required adjustments. But for the band and the audience, the Wall represented a level of perfection that was the stuff of dreams and memories. As Lesh commented at the time, “For me, it’s like piloting a flying saucer. Or riding your own sound wave.” Engineers understood. One sound engineering textbook included a chapter on the Wall that remained in subsequent editions through 1987, a remarkable testament to its farsighted achievement, especially in a fast-changing industry.

In May the band played six dates that carried them from Montana to Canada. After a couple of weeks off, they played a bill with The Beach Boys, Commander Cody, and the New Riders at Oakland Stadium before setting off for a swing through the South and Northeast, starting in Iowa, followed by Kentucky, Georgia, and Florida before heading North. They took a break in early July before heading out for a tour

that took them from California to Chicago, Virginia, Maryland, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania, ending on August 6 with a show at Roosevelt Stadium in New Jersey.

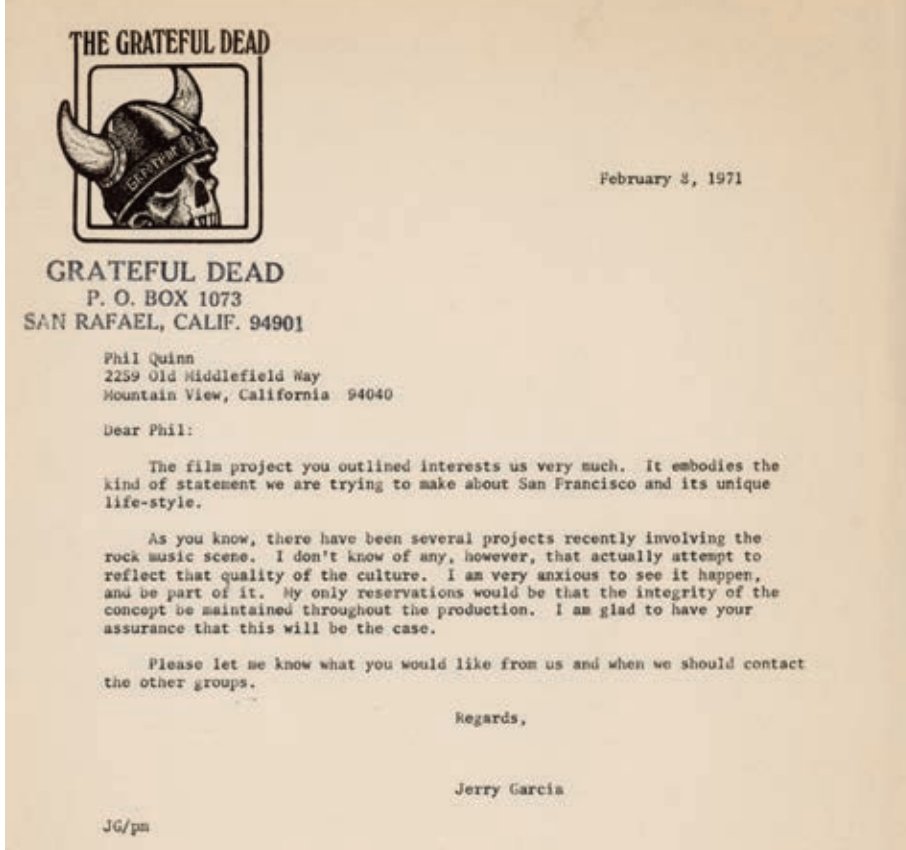
As the year progressed, the stresses of the Wall challenged the band’s organization profoundly. With new crew members came personnel issues, exacerbated by escalating cocaine use. To some extent, that was a mirror of broader currents in American society, as cocaine became an increasingly mainstream drug whose potential for abuse was often downplayed in the media, and even in professional circles. The Dead came to their own realization about the problem that fall when they started a short tour of Europe, beginning in London at the Alexandra Palace. Challenged by crew chief Rex Jackson (some remember the instigator as Ram Rod), the band and crew agreed that cocaine use was simply out of control, and they all pledged to address it.

Yet the caliber of the music created on the tour is a reminder that the relationship between the music and what was happening offstage, or within individual psyches, is murkier and more complex than simple cause and effect. Richard Loren, who left the tour along with Jon McIntire, called it a “death-march across Europe, plagued by cancelled shows, inept promoters, and a host of self-inflicted disasters.” Missing from his assessment was the actual music, which rose to some very fine heights indeed; even the London shows produced the very strong performances released as *Dick’s Picks Vol. 7*—and its place in the series shows how highly Latvala thought of those shows.

That was also true of the band’s show at Dijon, included here. It was originally supposed to take place at Arènes d’Arles, in southern France; the band even signed the contract on August 8 for that date, with all of the details in place. Despite the change of venue, the concert came off very well. In one of his longer tape reviews, Latvala described it as “one of the better shows from 1974,” singling out the performance as “tight and also inspirational and creative.” What is especially revealing is how he captured his mounting enthusiasm in terms every Dead Head can recognize: he finds himself going into more and more detail, trying to capture the nuances of what he is hearing until he finally exclaims, “I seem to feel pretty enthusiastic about this performance.” Listening to the recording today, we can follow along with his steadily escalating appreciation.

After two more shows in Paris, the band finally headed home to regroup and take stock. It had already been a year of triumphs, challenges, and seismic upheaval, mostly driven by the impact of the Wall of Sound, both economically and organizationally. Some of this was beyond their control; the oil crisis multiplied the cost of transporting tons of equipment far beyond anyone’s predictions, for example. But the internal friction was more profound, and both band and staff were outspoken about their frustration. It was clear that taking time off from touring was the most graceful way to resolve the issues.

In an interview the next year, Garcia was philosophical—and diplomatic—about the changes, commenting, “We’ve found that 40–50 people is about the number of people who can function effectively together as a community—that can deal with each other on a day to day basis, have some idea of what the others are doing and



what they each think about things.” In a newsletter, Hunter gave the decision a fine, poetic spin: “We falter and fall away, nothing holds. Political action is impossible. All we are left with are our arts . . . It is time to retreat . . . People tire and you can only do one thing so long. The band is tired of touring for ten years and needs to take a year to go fishing, because they really do.”

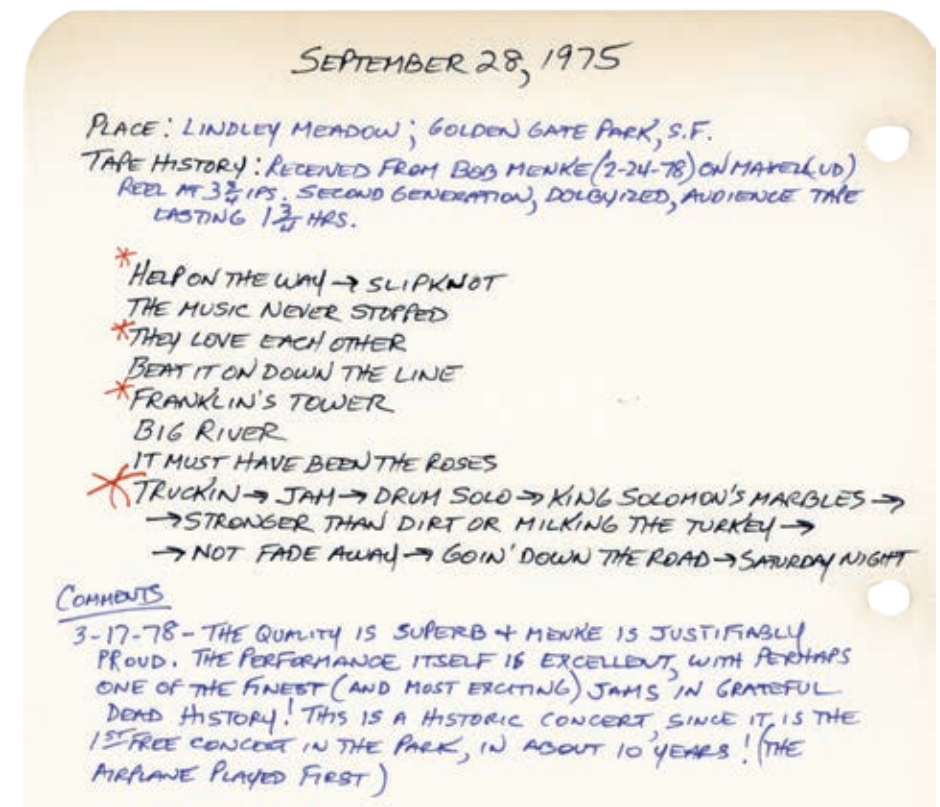
They decided to play five shows in October at Winterland, and the ticket for the final show bore the ominous legend, “The Last One.” In a fateful move, the band decided to include a film crew and document the shows. Garcia had been interested in making a Grateful Dead movie since the early 1970s; he had even exchanged letters with an aspiring filmmaker in 1971, who would go on to help create the movie *Sunshine Daydream*. But this seemed like the moment to seize the opportunity to make a movie on their own terms—especially if these might indeed be the last shows.

The film crews complicated the proceedings, but they captured some remarkable footage and history. One of the most important pieces of that history was the return of Mickey Hart, for the final show. Appearing backstage with his drum set, he was welcomed onstage like the brother he was. “The Grateful Dead seems like the only place where you can walk out and walk back in without saying anything,” he mused later. “No answers or excuses—one day I left, and three and a half years later I showed up and played again.” It would take time to rearrange their repertoire to make use of the double-drummer powerhouse that Hart and Kreutzmann formed, but over time that powerhouse would shift the band’s music in profound and remarkable ways.

— 1975 —

The next year was a time of woodshedding, with the band spending a great deal of time in the studio working up the material that became *Blues For Allah*, pursuing independent projects, and, for Garcia, putting in a great deal of time on the incipient *Grateful Dead Movie*. *Blues For Allah* was released in August, garnering mixed reviews with the occasional gem; the reviewer for the *L.A. Free Press* raved, “Typical Dead brilliance in all areas: music, style, delivery, vibe, production, packaging, etc.” Fans made up for the lack of shows by focusing on tapes, and by 1975 the Dead Head tape exchange was going furiously, so much so that one tape trader was moved to write to *Relix*, marveling at “how incredibly powerful these recordings actually are” and wondering how many others were listening to tapes and having “the same kinds of incredibly joyous and ‘cleansing’ experiences.” The writer? An avid fan named Dick Latvala.

For a band predicated on live performance, a complete break from concerts proved impossible. The Dead played four shows in 1975, all interesting and several noteworthy, with 28 different songs represented. In March they performed at Kezar Stadium, at the edge of their old stomping grounds in the Haight, for a benefit put on by Bill Graham for San Francisco schools; in June they played a benefit at Winterland for the family of their old friend Bob Fried, a poster artist who passed away far too young. On August 13 a few lucky fans, along with a crowd of industry professionals in town for a convention, were invited to a spectacular show at San Francisco’s intimate Great American Music Hall. Reporters called it “a treat” and noted that the band “looked especially spirited and played the same way.” Chosen as the first Vault release, it was a fan favorite, having long been a mainstay of tape collections both from the radio broadcast of the show as well as



several bootleg LPs, one of which achieved considerable fame.

The Great American Music Hall show whetted fans' appetites for the most spectacular Dead show that year, an outdoor concert in Golden Gate Park with their old friends the Airplane, now the Jefferson Starship. Estimates of the size of the audience varied from 25,000 to 35,000, despite no official announcement until the day before, and even advertising the Dead as "Jerry Garcia and Friends." Those were moves designed to allay fears on the part of Parks and Rec officials and neighbors of a repeat of the 1969 free show featuring the Dead and the Airplane, which had drawn such an overflow crowd that the city had been impacted for miles around. Even so, the traffic jam that afternoon was epic.

So was the performance. After the Airplane's set, the Dead took to the stage just before 4 p.m. As Dick Latvala raved: "The performance itself is excellent, with perhaps one of the finest (and most exciting) jams in Grateful Dead history! This is a historic concert," he wrote in his notebook. It was—which explains the show's inclusion here. Only three years earlier, famed *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen—always a friend of the band—had ended one of his pieces by reminiscing, "[R]emember when the Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane played for nothing in the Park? For another generation, THAT was San Francisco, city of instant memories." With this show, the Dead rekindled those memories.

The shows that year loom large in retrospect, but at the time the band's other projects attracted the most press. Much of that attention was respectful: by 1975 the Dead were seen almost as elder statesmen of the rock world, long years removed from their Haight-Ashbury heyday. Even negative reviewers still had to concede the Dead's mystique: *Down Beat* opened their otherwise dismissive review of *Blues For Allah* and *Seastones* by observing, "The Grateful Dead are a conceptual institution, a benign band that persists in the cold glare of adversity." It was damning with faint praise. More astute critics understood the implications of the band's hiatus. Reminiscing about the relatively Dead-less year, a San Francisco reporter called the Dead one of "San Francisco's greatest cultural assets," praising the March 23 show (in which the Dead played one of their most challenging sets) as one of the finest concerts of the year. It was a sentiment widely shared: even *Hit Parader* observed, "The Grateful Dead aren't a rock and roll band, they're a cultural institution." They also recognized the band's capacity to polarize. "You're either a Dead Head or you're not. There are no in-betweens."

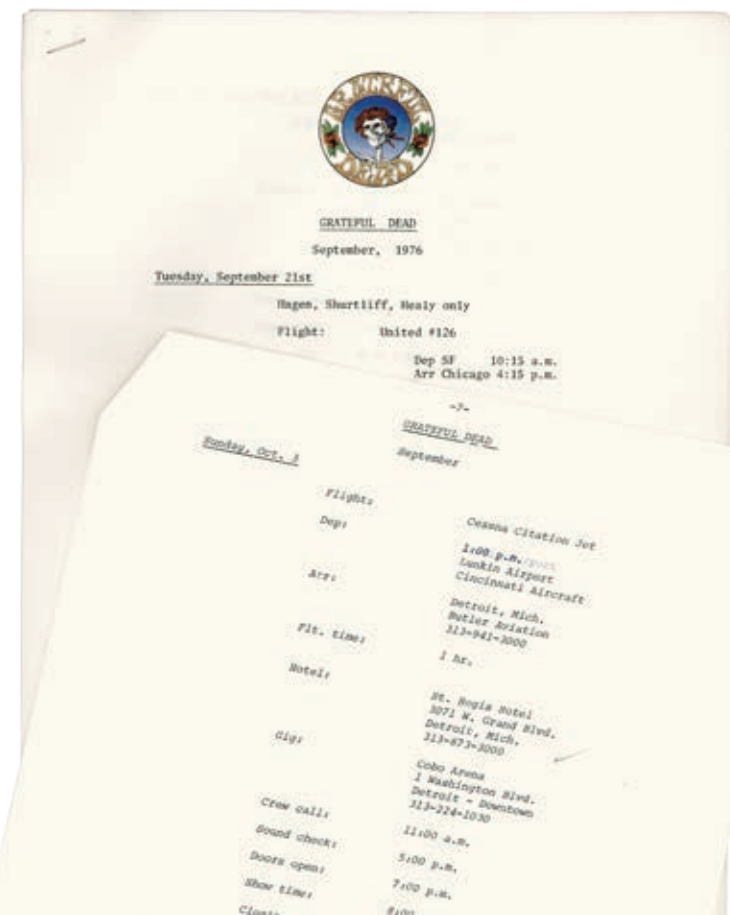
In a widely syndicated *Rolling Stone* story, longtime San Francisco writer Ben Fong-Torres wrote, "Of all the groups to pop up 10 years ago out of the Haight-Ashbury, the Grateful Dead have remained the truest to the spirit of those times." And to others, they were simply "a legend." *Playboy* closed the year with a glowing tribute to *Blues For Allah* that opened with sentiments familiar to every Dead Head: "After ten years and a dozen records, we are almost prepared to admit that a love for the Grateful Dead is a special taste. At times, we feel like dedicated missionaries still stuck away in a low-rent, storefront church, despite endless proselytizing. What's wrong with all you sinners?" Indeed.

— 1976 —

When the band informed Dead Heads that *Blues For Allah* was ready, the announcement was worded carefully: "Washed in the rain of contrite hearts and re-avowed purpose, we commend this effort to your attention." The real contrition lay in the announcement of changes in the band's business: "It is with a sigh of relief we shake off perpetual business hassles," they finished, but the bigger point was the promise of a return to touring. They began gingerly, playing 41 shows in 1976 and a total of 66 songs. Debuts that year included two Weir/Barlow efforts, "Lazy Lightning," generally paired with "Supplication"; two Garcia/Hunter works, "Might As Well," their tribute to the Trans-Canadian Festival Express, and the haunting "Mission In The Rain," performed five times in 1976 before becoming a staple of Garcia's solo repertoire. One cover introduced that year was Rev. Gary Davis's "Samson and Delilah," which would remain in the repertoire through the final show.

It was a momentous year. In addition to returning to the road, the Dead ended their relationship with United Artists and signed a multi-record deal with Arista. Lesh gigged occasionally as part of a Bay Area all-star bar band named Too Loose To Truck; Hart released *Diga*, a fine album that featured a stunning array of percussionists and drummers; Garcia released *Reflections*, perhaps his best-loved solo album, with four tracks recorded by the Dead; and Weir's side band Kingfish released their debut album.

The band's contribution to the discography was *Steal Your Face*, released in June, featuring tracks culled from the farewell shows at Winterland in 1974. Aside from the cover, which was a starkly rendered image of the band's signature icon, it was disappointing, a function of badly engineered recordings that no amount of technical wizardry could mask, and rushed by a punishing production schedule. Charged with salvaging the mess, Lesh and Bear used every trick they could, but it was "like trying to get shit out of peanut butter," as band staffer Steve Brown poetically put it. Lesh disavowed it publicly, and



although the CD reissue would correct many of its defects, it continued to cast a pall over the band's discography until it was quietly obviated by a first-rate boxed set of recordings culled from the shows, released in 2005.

Steal Your Face was met with a chorus of complaints and bad reviews, but it also marked the demise of the band's record company venture—and the abrupt departure of Ron Rakow. While Rakow was in L.A. negotiating an advance to keep the companies afloat and the *Grateful Dead Movie* in production, the band held a meeting, and Rakow was fired in a resounding vote of no confidence. When Rakow heard, he cashed the check for \$270,000 that he had just negotiated, kept \$225,000 for himself and paid off what he saw as critical obligations, sending a box of other bills back to the band with a graphic instruction as to how to handle them. As Steve Brown saw it, "Rakow went weird . . . the Grateful Dead had been bitten by their own weasel gone rabid."

It was the last blow to Grateful Dead Records and Round Records. For fans, the silver lining was that the collapse necessitated the band's return to touring, which began with a vengeance that June. After several days of rehearsal, the Dead headed out for two shows in Portland before beginning a 17-date East Coast tour that took them from Boston to New Jersey to Chicago. For the six Northeastern and Chicago performances, they played smaller halls: the Boston Music Hall, the Beacon Theatre in New York, the Tower in Philadelphia, the Capitol Theatre in Passaic, the Auditorium Theatre in Chicago, and the Syria Mosque in Pittsburgh. "We don't want to pack around the equipment necessary to play giants gigs," they explained in a letter to fans. "In our experience, the bigger the production, the bigger the expense and the overall feeling is not as satisfying as a smaller scale effort. It will be good to be back on the road, actually trying to fulfill our fantasy of playing for a mostly Dead Head audience in a comfortable environment."

Reintegrating Mickey was a challenge, but the shape of the band's sets that tour was also a function of all of the work they had done in the intervening year and a half. One critic—an avowed fan since the 1960s—called the band's Capitol Theatre appearance "a concert which reaffirmed my faith in the Grateful Dead as one of the most sophisticated live units. Seeing the seven piece ensemble is a pleasure." Some fans did not appreciate the band's new turn. After the Beacon and Cap Centre shows, one fan complained, "Their recent music (and renditions of some old stuff) has taken on such a slow, mellow sound that the audience as well as the band appears to be falling asleep." But most welcomed the new sound: "I find it refreshing and reassuring to see that the Dead can still be innovative in spite of the length of time they've been together . . . Isn't it a pity that even Dead Heads are reluctant to accept change? I loved what they did."

Most did, as their letters to the band expressed. By 1976 the bond between band and fan was intergenerational as well. One Dead Head's parent, "a real proud Mother and a wearer of your 'Greatful Dead' tee shirts," wrote to ask if the band could sell her a set of concert tapes to replace those stolen from her son's van, "a loss which left him heart-broken and in tears." Her letter supporting her son, whom she proudly identified as both a taper and a tourhead, is a remarkable document, and a testament

to the state of the Dead phenomenon only a short time after their return to touring.

In July the band played six nights at San Francisco's Orpheum Theatre, their only visit to that beautiful old landmark. Two weeks later they played two dates in Hartford, Connecticut, and Roosevelt Stadium in Jersey City, before taking a few weeks off prior to the fall tour.

That almost didn't happen. Tragedy struck on September 5 with the death of Rex Jackson, a central force in the band's organization, key crew member, and a linchpin in more ways than an organization chart could ever indicate. The band seriously discussed cancelling the tour, but music was also grief therapy, and the year felt fragile enough already. News reports speculated whether the tour would happen, but in the end the band decided that performing was the best tribute to their fallen comrade. Later the Dead would honor his memory and contribution by naming their charitable arm for him.

The tour that fall began in North Carolina, followed by shows in Virginia, Maryland, and New York before swinging west for four dates in the Midwest. The last stop was October 3 at Cobo Hall in Detroit, included here. It was a performance that tapers admired almost immediately. Even with a poor-quality recording, Dick Latvala was amazed, writing in his notebook that "the performance is quite exceptional." In one of his longest tape reviews, he filled the notebook page with praise for individual songs and jams, highlighting those haunting moments when songs seemed to be emerging from the jams and the telepathy between players was most intense; you can hear his excitement, listening to the conversation unfolding onstage; the whole show struck him that way. "They must have been really loose this night," he finished, "so many unusual tunes strung together in such a unique way."

Latvala is one of the few to discuss the show in the Archive. There are several documents in the business papers, but while the band's press files have plenty of coverage of the Cincinnati gig right before Detroit, not a single clipping on Cobo Hall survives. The only news there was a recent curfew for under-18 concertgoers, the result of a brawl at an Average White Band concert on September 15. That didn't seem to be affecting ticket sales for the impending Dead show, local reporters observed—perhaps a function of the fact that Dead Heads had a good reputation as peaceful concertgoers. But the gap in the record represents an interesting silence

G.D. Ticket Letter/Form Original 1976

MAIL CERTIFIED CHECK OR MONEY ORDER (include the handling charge) PAYABLE TO:
G.D. TICKETS
P.O. BOX 174
SOUTH ORANGE, NEW JERSEY 07079

Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.
MUST BE POSTMARKED BY _____

(please print)
NAME _____ PHONE # _____
ADDRESS _____

MAIL

Music Hall, Boston, Mass.	_____	June 10	11	12
Beacon Theatre, New York, N.Y.	_____	June 14	15	
Capitol Theatre, Passaic, N.J.	_____	June 16	17	18 19
Tower Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.	_____	June 21	22	23 24
Auditorium Theatre, Chicago, Ill.	_____	June 26	27	28
Syria Mosque, Pittsburgh, Pa.	_____	June 30	July 1	

Please send me 1 2 tickets for the Grateful Dead at \$6.50 \$7.50 \$8.50 (where applicable)

TOTAL AMOUNT \$	_____
Handling charge \$	_____
TOTAL DUES \$	_____

I will accept the best available ticket price and/or a different date if my choice is not available YES _____ NO _____

When returning form, please print name of hall on outside of envelope

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

Tickets sold _____	Box # _____
Sold out _____	Check or M.O. # _____
Refunded _____	

from an archival perspective: without a recording of the show, it would be another forgotten treasure, a gem otherwise lost in a busy and productive year. Dan Healy always talked about the shows that didn't get recorded, "the ones that got away," as he put it, which somehow managed to become touchstones of fond memories for both band and fans, and sometimes crew. Those shows are the band's own "grateful dead" stories, shows that deserve better than oblivion but need friendly intervention to be rescued. We did know about this show, but like so many in this box, we never knew so much.

Back home, the band played their biggest shows of the year, at least in terms of press: two days at Oakland Stadium with their friends The Who for the ninth "Day On The Green." *Rolling Stone* called it "one of the odder billings of the year," but the pairing "sounded like a dream booking" to others. It certainly made sense to Bill Graham, who promoted the show, and it pleased both bands; Pete Townsend commented, "We've always wanted to play with them," and Garcia, a longtime fan of The Who, had in fact made the initial suggestion. Fans found the first show a bit stiff, but the second gloriously hit its stride, and The Who acknowledged it by dedicating their encore to both the Dead and the Dead Heads. They finished the year with two shows in L.A. at the Shrine in October, the last shows before a memorable New Year's Eve at the Cow Palace.

It was a year of innovation on more than just a musical front. That summer the band tried an experiment that was to prove prescient, allowing Dead Heads to send in a certified check or money order to get tickets. It was a great idea, and fans who received the tickets were ecstatic. The problem was that the promoter was processing the mail orders, and many more fans did not receive tickets. Worse, the promoter did not handle refunds well, and fans complained directly to the band. More than a year later, the office was still fielding plaintive letters, mostly prefaced with compliments: "I've seen your show in Hartford and had a great time," went one typical request. "Thanks for working so hard. Please look into this check, I really need it."

It fell to Eileen Law to answer the dozens of sad, affectionate, and occasionally anguished missives, and the lesson was clear: When the

band's reputation was at stake, they had to be in control. "Stay in your own movie," as Kesey always said. When the Dead revisited the idea of a mail-order operation a few years later, it would be on their own terms.

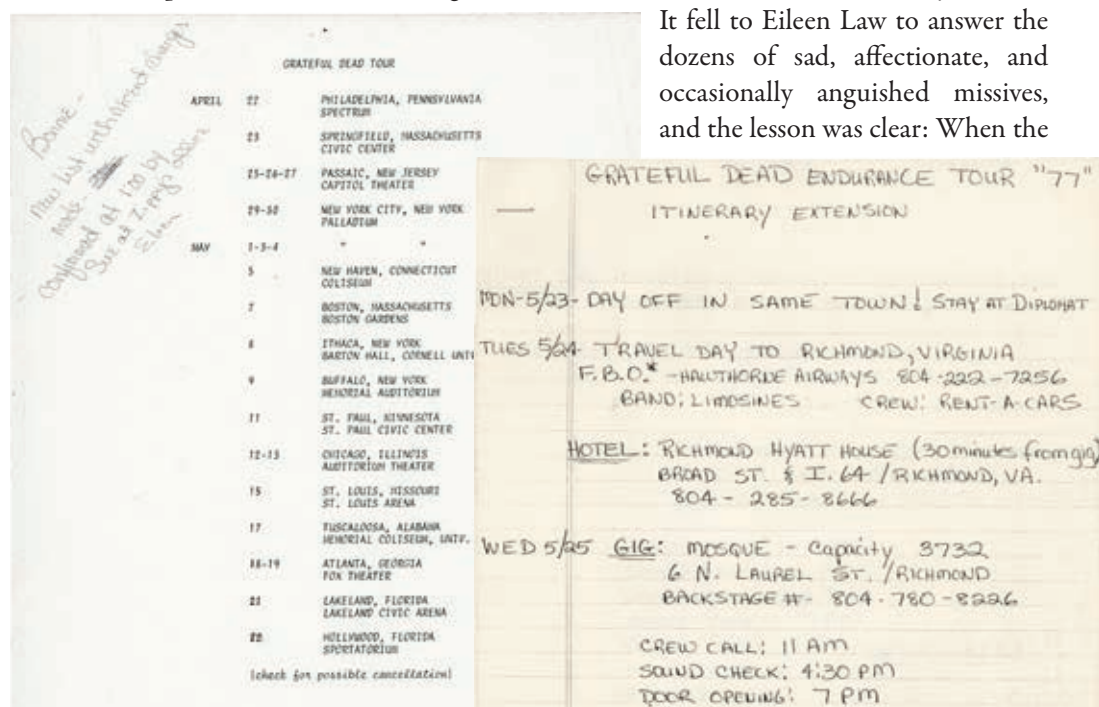
That fall, fans discovered that the band had an archive, which supported its first-ever auction of memorabilia on September 26, raising more than \$3,000 which the band donated to the artists who had created the posters and album covers for the band over the years. Robert Hunter's band Roadhog played, and one of the most exciting items sold was Rick Griffin's stunning painting for Hunter's *Tiger Rose* album. It was a sign of the growing respectability of rock art in general, heralded by an exhibition of 250 rock concert posters held at the San Francisco Museum of Art that month. Curator Walter Madeiros called them "a triumph of art over function," explaining that "[a]dvertising the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane and Moby Grape freed the artists to make innovations in the use of color, printing techniques and design of typefaces." In time, the band's role in inspiring and sponsoring so much of that art would be honored as formative, the driving force behind the creation of both an art form as well as one of its defining image banks.

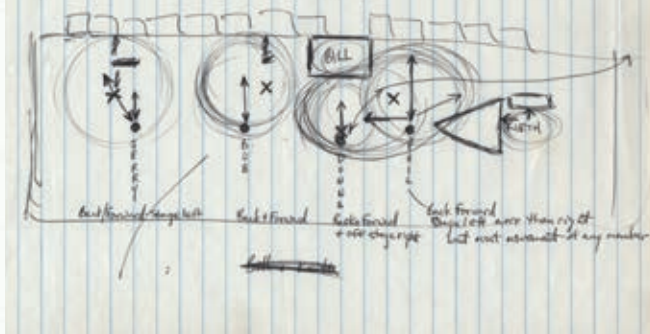
— 1977 —

January ushered in a new year and a new era for the Dead, as they recorded the album that would become *Terrapin Station* with their first outside producer since Dave Hassinger's abrupt departure so many years before. That year the band turned in a respectable 60 shows, performing a total of 81 different songs. Weir's "Estimated Prophet," with lyrics by Barlow, made its triumphant debut and would remain a mainstay all the way through 1995, but the standout was Garcia's "Terrapin Station," part of a suite of Hunter's lyrics that would become the centerpiece of the album. Donna Jean's elegy to Rex Jackson, "Sunrise," made regular appearances that year and into 1978; Phil Lesh's much-loved rocker "Passenger," with lyrics by band friend Peter Monk, lasted until 1981. The band also worked up two enduring covers in 1977, the traditional ballad "Jack-A-Roe," and the wonderful New Orleans standard "Iko Iko."

For fans, it was a year in which the double-drummer drivetrain came into its own, becoming a defining part of the band's sound. In February the band played a pair of shows in Southern California, debuting "Terrapin" to astounded and ecstatic fans in San Bernardino. They played four dates at Winterland in March to keep their chops up before setting off for a 26-date tour in April that would take them up and down the East Coast from Florida to Connecticut and through the Midwest. Enough ink has been spilled about this tour to fill a book, but perhaps the greatest accolade came from the Library of Congress in 2011, when the band's performance at Cornell was placed on the National Recording Registry. After the tape's widespread dissemination in the late 1980s, the adulation heaped on that show would come to irk some fans, but at the time it was justly revered as one of the best shows of the tour and year.

There are still gems from this year in the Vault, however, as the release included here shows. On April 25 the band returned to the Capitol Theatre in Passaic, New





Jersey, for a three-night run at the venerable old theater and rock landmark. Although the band only played there for four years, those ten appearances were special, and this show, the third of the run, demonstrates why. Listening to the FM radio broadcast of the concert, one reporter remarked, "It was a brilliant show but then again, the Dead never disappoint us." He wrote his column while the Dead played, ending it with, "Grateful Dead, New York loves you." The performance even charmed a jaded Dick Latvala, who commented, "After hearing so many excellent shows from the 1977 tour, I was somewhat surprised to find that this show is one of their better ones." High praise, considering its company.

The press reception for that tour was almost uniformly admiring. Calling the Dead "as much an institution as it is a rock band," one reporter marveled at the mood surrounding their show at the Palladium: "The celebratory mood wasn't a regression to the 1960s as much as it was about the Dead's and the audience's vitality in 1977." The sold-out Spectrum shows created a small storm of press, but all of the New York-area shows got a fair amount of media attention. The three-night stand at the Cap even got a special section in the local newspaper, with articles on their history, discography, and fans. "Welcome Grateful Dead!" was the banner headline. "And thanks for all the good times," the lead article concluded. The occasional crank weighed

in—one baffled reporter, sitting in on one of the Cap Theatre shows, found their music "safe" and "conservative," concluding that the band was "one of the truly puzzling cults in rock." Good critics knew better. "The difficulty presented by the Grateful Dead is to find something new to say about the group which, perhaps more than any other, personifies not only rock and roll music but the entire sub-culture which has surrounded it for 15 years," wrote veteran music critic John L. Wasserman that spring. "I will resolve this difficulty by not trying."

In June the band celebrated the triumphant release of *The Grateful Dead Movie*, aptly dubbed "the rock and roll version of 'Gone with the Wind'" by band staffer Steve Brown, who also noted that it had been in production "longer than the Civil War." More than most, he understood what it represented: his early sketches showed Garcia that he appreciated what the movie could be, and he worked hard to help it achieve their goal of making it an expression as well as a document of the extraordinary bond between band and fan that the best Dead shows always showcased.

It had been an ordeal, as Garcia frankly admitted. "Making a film is a hassle," he commented years later, and he found directing especially trying. "Directing is dog work on a certain level. It's really hard." There would be other snags along the way, from the challenges of showing the film in a way that met the band's demand for good sound to even, years later, difficulties in transferring the film to other media, symbolized by overseas art for the VHS release, which mysteriously featured Brent Mydland, several years before he had joined. Yet it was and remains a cinematic masterpiece, not only for Dead Heads but also for cinephiles of rock documentaries.

They only played a few dates that summer: a show in Inglewood in early June, followed by three superb shows at Winterland. The rest of their summer schedule was unexpectedly freed by near tragedy, when Mickey drove his car off the road on June 20, narrowly escaping death. His broken arm and collarbone, cracked ribs, and punctured lung meant a long convalescence, giving the band a respite from the road in July and August. *Terrapin Station* was released in July, along with the compilation *What A Long Strange Trip It's Been*, a four-LP survey of their Warner Bros. years that included the studio version of "Dark Star," first released as a single in 1967. It was a shrewd choice by Warners that made an otherwise odd collection indispensable.

The fall tour began in Englishtown, New Jersey, where the Dead made up for the cancelled summer dates by playing to a mammoth crowd of more than 150,000 at Raceway Park, with the New Riders and Marshall Tucker Band opening. A triumph of promotion, logistics, and sound reinforcement, Englishtown dazzled fans, who entered the grounds to find "a sea of heads stretching off a quarter mile in each direction," as one wrote afterwards. For younger Dead Heads, it was "a glimmer of an idea what Woodstock must have been like." Three weeks later the Dead played Seattle's Paramount Theatre, kicking off an 11-date tour that would take them from the Northwest to the Southwest and on through Texas and Louisiana. They took a couple of weeks off before a second leg sent them out on eight dates in the Midwest and Northeast, including Toronto. Four nights at Winterland finished the year, culminating in a rousing New Year's performance. It made a fitting cap to a banner year.



A Grateful Crowd of DEADHEADS

I. Deadheads Arrive

- Line forms early - night (sometimes) and early AM.
- Colorful trucks, vans and cars
- Groups (tribes) of various vintage settle into line
↳ A day in the line.

II. The Grand Entrance

- Mad Dash to the front of the stage
- Unique Dead whoop/yelp (rebel yell) as crowd enters Winterland.
- Tribes gather under their flags

III. The Concert Crowd

- Anticipation - energy builds
- Introduction - kickoff - energy release
- Movement - groovin', dancing, singing along, taping
- Break/Intermission - subdued usually
- Electronic set - crowd tunes in - spaces out some - slowly Dead drops into set - becomes 2nd set.
- Energy rebuilds by end of 1st tune
- G.



— 1978 —

The Dead started off the New Year with a 17-date tour that took them from California to Iowa, starting January 6 and ending February 3. They played 80 shows that year, performing 86 different songs, including several notable debuts. “I Need A Miracle” was a Weir rocker whose energy would be matched by Garcia’s disco-inflected “Shakedown Street,” both mainstays of the band’s repertoire till the end; the only other new song to emerge that year with that kind of staying power was “Stagger Lee,” Hunter’s take on the folk song motif that Garcia set to music, although it would drop in and out of the repertoire in the early ’80s before returning regularly over the last ten years. “If I Had The World To Give” was a pretty Garcia/Hunter ballad that would only have three airings, all that year; Donna Jean’s “From The Heart Of Me” was a regular entry in 1978 sets, retiring the following February at the Godchaux’ final show. The greatest structural change in the band’s sets that year was not a song per se, but rather the appearance of “Drums” and “Space,” deep in the second set. Though some fans would treat them as bathroom breaks, for many Dead Heads the rhythm duets of the drummers followed by drummerless sonic excursions by the rest of the band were critical parts of a show. In the years to come, “Drums” and “Space” would serve as a kind of free soundscape that represented the apotheosis of the Grateful Dead, something that set them apart from any other band.

After a two-month break, the Dead launched a late spring tour in Tampa, 14 dates that took them up the East Coast and into West Virginia, Ohio, and Kentucky, ending in Illinois. They rested for almost two weeks before putting in another ten dates in the Northeast, finishing up in Chicago. The first leg of the tour earned overwhelmingly positive reviews. At the Spectrum, one critic wrote that “fans cheered every song and with good reason,” noting that “this time the unmitigated band-worship was musically justified.” In Syracuse, the reporter called the show

“richly discursive, as delicate vocal harmonies, intricately filigreed guitar work and elaborately polyphonic percussion arrangements rang cleanly through the packed fieldhouse.” The Burlington music critic opened by discussing what scalpers were getting for the tickets—a whopping \$50 per entry. Why? “Simple. The Grateful Dead are absolute masters of their art.”

The Providence *Bulletin* focused on the fans, praising Dead Heads for being peaceful (in contrast to other local rock shows) and quoting police as saying they were “an orderly crowd.” Out-of-town papers raved about the show, however. *Variety* called it “clearly the most exciting rock extravaganza in Providence so far this year,” praising Garcia and Weir’s “superb instrumental work” and the entire band’s “dynamic musicianship.” The highlight of the coverage was a lengthy review in the *Patriot Ledger*, which read like a knowledgeable Dead Head had written it, discussing the sets and songs with real insight. Noting that “this time the band would truly outdo themselves,” the reporter called the concert “three hours of particularly exciting music,” and even tactfully described Weir’s work on slide guitar as showing “real promise.” Praising the show for “the kind of balance between tight ensemble work and diffuse melodic exploration that makes their music the unique and pleasurable tonic that it is,” he concluded: “All in all, this was the Dead at their best . . .”

Playing large markets was not the point, however. The second leg of the tour focused on colleges and universities, nine venues that included Dartmouth, the University of Vermont, and Rensselaer Polytechnic. “The band has been huge in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Washington,” promoter John Scher told one reporter, “but it has never had the opportunity to play secondary markets and rarely for college dates.” It was an appealing strategy that even casual reports acknowledged. “The Grateful Dead have been building their following for almost a decade and a half,” the *Philadelphia Inquirer* observed, “and they have become an institution.”

The tour had two particularly delightful moments. The first was when the Syracuse City-County Drug Abuse Commission showed up for the concert at the Onondaga County War Memorial to investigate firsthand the reports of drug use at the venue. “I am surprised and appalled by what I’ve seen,” the Commission Vice Chairman sniffed afterwards. His colleagues were more sanguine. As another Commission member drily observed, “This looks to me to be as American as apple pie.” The second moment was when an older Dartmouth professor—“no great fan, to say the least, of rock music,” as he put it, nor of “the drug culture”—took in the show on May 5. “Well, I was wrong,” he wrote afterwards, calling the show “a genuinely impressive performance.”

That spring they played Warren Zevon’s “Werewolves Of London,” an uncharacteristic move given its status as a current radio hit. It was the last song of the spring tour, precipitated by Kreutzmann’s abrupt departure after an altercation with Keith that cancelled the final show. A few weeks later they were delighted to have Zevon open for them at UC Santa Barbara; unfortunately, he failed to charm, and his drunken performance earned vigorous boos. The only other show that month, at the University of Oregon’s Autzen Stadium, also had a special guest: Ken Babbs, who



GRATEFUL DEAD PRESS RELEASE

The Grateful Dead will perform three concerts at the Great Pyramid site, Gizeh, Egypt, on September 14, 15 and 16.

The concerts will be performed in the Sphinx 'Sound & Light' Theater before audiences of 2,000 Egyptian concert-goers, along with visitors from the United States and Europe.

All proceeds from ticket sales will be donated to the Faith and Hope Society, a charitable organization devoted to the rehabilitation of the handicapped headed by Mrs. Amwar Sadat, and the Department of Antiquities, which is responsible for the restoration and maintenance of the Nubian temples and other historic monuments.

The concerts have been arranged exclusively as a co-operative effort of the Grateful Dead and the Egyptian Ministry of Culture. The concerts represent a high point in the fourteen year career of the Grateful Dead. They are the result of the Grateful Dead's collective, long-standing interest in Egypt and its millenia-old monuments of man's culture and capacity to endure.

The final fruition of the project began when the group's manager, Richard Loren, determined that the concerts were feasible, while on an independent photographic mission to Egypt. An advance team consisting of Loren, associate manager Alan Trist, and the group's bass player, Phil Lesh, first visited Cairo in March 1978. Assisted by Joseph and Lois Malone of Middle East Research Associates, Inc., Washington, D.C., a proposal for the concerts was presented to Egyptian Government officials, who subsequently granted permission and offered assistance in promoting the concerts. At the inception of the project, advice was sought from Jonathan Wallace of the Middle East Economic Digest, London; and Bill Graham, the Grateful Dead's long standing associate in concert promotion in San Francisco.

More than a decade ago, the group pioneered free open-air concerts, performing several of them in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. The band is also noted for its performances at such large outdoor summer music festivals as Woodstock, in 1969, Watkins Glen in 1974, and Englishtown in 1977. The last two concerts this year were held at the Red Rocks Amphitheater in Denver, Colorado, and at Giant Stadium in East Rutherford, New Jersey.

Hanza El-Din, distinguished and innovative Nubian musician, will begin the concerts with music of the peoples of the Nile Valley. All who have participated in the arrangement, production, and performance hope that the concerts may be an expression of the universality of culture.

ages," he wrote later. "The music swirled around the Sphinx and the pyramids, a sinuous fabric of sound connecting the ancient and modern worlds." The feeling was infectious, and it played on Lesh's and Garcia's interest in geomancy and esoteric knowledge. That interest had been fired by their trip to England in 1972, when they both joined RILKO, Research Into Lost Knowledge Organisation, a scholarly society Alan Trist connected them to that was devoted to precisely the kind of esoterica they all loved. Garcia saved his first invitation to one of their lectures, now a part of the band's correspondence files.

The trip also planted the idea of playing ancient sites imbued with power by ritual and history. For a band whose music was predicated on the moment, environments like that offered the chance of a peak experience like no other, a glimpse of Olympus. The Egypt trip required remarkable diplomatic efforts, detailed at length in several books and articles, but the fact that the band was able to pull it off made this a career-defining success, a self-promoted triumph of logistics and chutzpah even if it failed to produce the hoped-for live album. For years, the slender but beautifully illustrated concert program was the only record of the performances, until a few recordings began to circulate. Forty years later, the official recording would finally appear, and even if the shows themselves were uneven, there were more than enough highlights to merit the release.

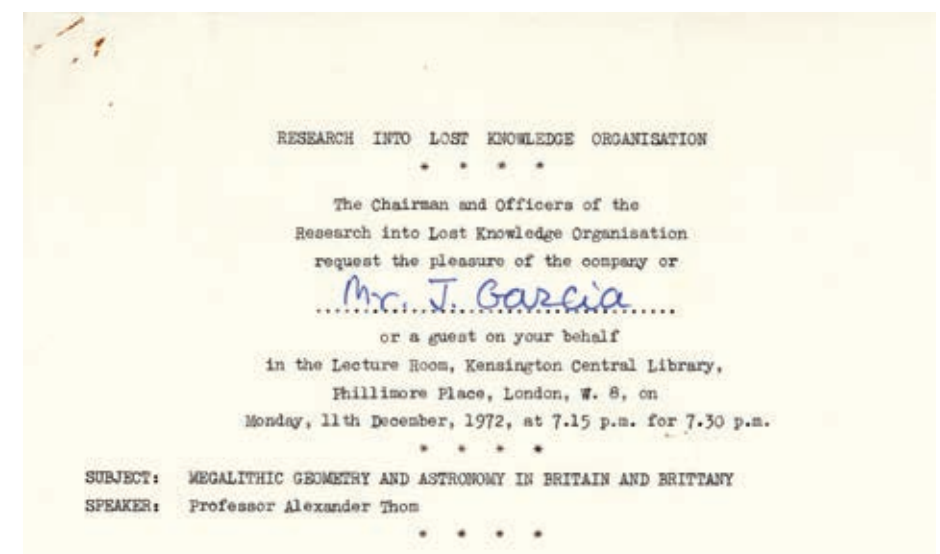
Attendees were not surprised. To those lucky enough to make the trip, it was a high that challenged not only superlatives but even syntax. Paul Krassner wrote, "An air of incredible excitement permeated the first night. Never had the Dead been so



added an appropriately Prankster touch to the aleatoric weirdness of the "Drums" and "Space" segment, making it clear that the aural legacy of the Acid Tests lived on.

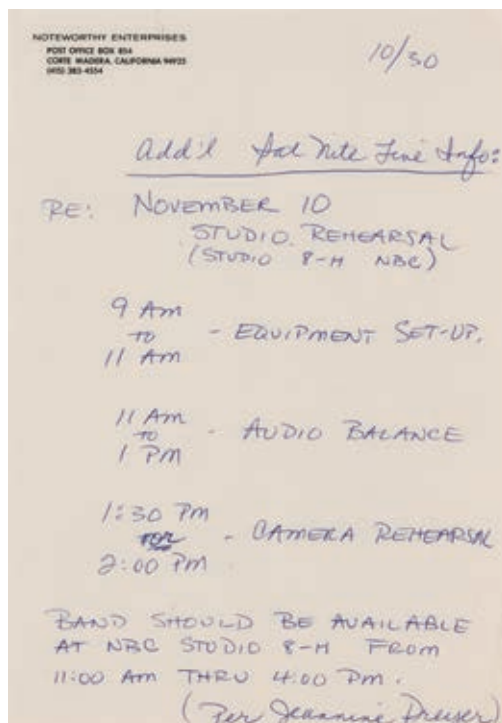
In July they played five shows, covering Missouri and Minneapolis and making their last appearance in Nebraska, followed by two memorable days at Colorado's spectacular Red Rocks Amphitheatre, where they would return in August for two more performances before a much larger show at New Jersey's Giants Stadium. It was a suitably imposing location for the second press conference of their career. What they announced was even more dramatic. In two weeks, the Dead would become the first rock band to play at the foot of the Great Pyramid in Giza, Egypt: three shows that would cement the band's legend in a number of ways. The press release said it all.

The genesis of the shows was a trip Richard Loren had taken during the band's hiatus. One evening, standing at the foot of the Great Pyramid, he had an epiphany: "I envisioned the Grateful Dead playing and singing their melodic odes to the



inspired.” As another fan wrote afterwards, “The concerts were beyond great. I loved them.” Seeing the Dead perform in front of the Great Sphinx with the pyramids looming behind them was impressive enough, but Dead Heads also found the locals welcoming, and those who made the trek were bonded, excitedly describing casual encounters with the band, Ken Kesey, and Bill Graham. As one fan put it, “I guess dreams come true.” Kesey had the last line, however. Years later he reminisced to Paul Krassner that “they played the Pyramids, and won.” A month later, the band played five dates at Winterland, dubbed “From Egypt With Love,” with a spectacular slide show that brought Egypt home.

Before the band left for Egypt, they’d spent time with Lowell George of Little



Feat, recording tracks for what would become *Shakedown Street*. As nominal producer, George would prove to be an able collaborator and a mediocre taskmaster, but working in their own Club Front was a pleasure, as was George—discipline be damned. They finished the album on their own when they got back from Egypt, since George was on tour by then. In November *Shakedown Street* was released, appearing during a long tour whose first leg consisted of ten dates in the Midwest through the Northeast, with one stop in Maryland. The album left some critics cold, but others noted that record sales had little relationship to what the band really did, which was perform. As one reporter shrewdly noted, “Every time

critics count the Dead out, the band goes on another tour and sell out Madison Square Garden.”

The album’s release was not the most memorable day on the tour. That honor fell to the opener: though the band only played three songs, they performed them on one of television’s most popular shows, *Saturday Night Live*. Both drummers were fans, but not as much as *SNL* writer Tom Davis was a fan of the band, and the show made good sense as album promotion. Their very brief set was perfectly acceptable, despite the pressure of an unseen audience of 60 million, but the post-show party was magnificent, and it cemented friendships between the cast and the band. It was a bond that would pay off handsomely a short time later, ending the year on another legendary note.

Before then, there were another dozen shows to play on the second leg of the

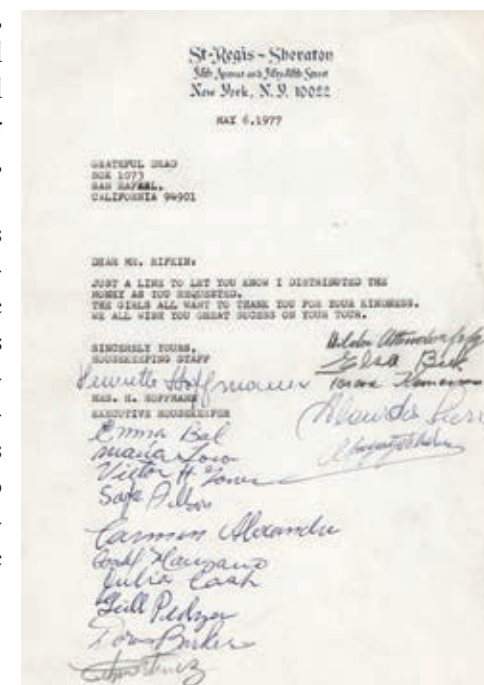
tour, which began in Miami on December 12. The tour ended with New Year’s Eve at Winterland, with the Blues Brothers and New Riders opening. It was the closing of the grand old crumbling landmark, and everyone involved felt the pressure of history. For the Blues Brothers, a crack band put together by *SNL* stars Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi, the word was caution—the Dead still had a reputation for challenging fellow musicians to join them in the cradle of psychedelic creation. Despite their best efforts, the entire band was dosed. Steve Cropper was convinced that the only way it could have happened was if the Dead’s roadies had dosed the ice chilling the drinks, and the band absorbed it through their skin as they fished for cans and bottles. That was unlikely, but the outcome was undeniable: far from impaired, they were on fire, “red hot,” as one of their *SNL* colleagues recalled, though Dan Aykroyd at one point was convinced that he was “going to swallow my harmonica.” Dosed but ecstatic—and inspired. Sometimes the old Prankster lessons still shone.

Fans waxed elegiac about the old ice-skating rink. “Winterland captivated the soul,” one college Dead Head wrote. “From the moment one gazed upon the arena, one was filled with an excitement that lasted the whole night. It was like being at a huge party where it didn’t matter who you knew, because you always had a good time . . . the passing of Winterland signals the end of that era.” It also heralded the end of an era for the band, though that wouldn’t really sink in until the first few weeks of 1979, as the Godchaux’ tenure finally came to an end.

— 1979 —

They didn’t take a break. On January 5 they started another tour, beginning in Philadelphia at the Spectrum and playing 19 dates in 12 states within five weeks. It was grueling under the best of circumstances, and for Keith and Donna, those circumstances could not have been worse. Onstage Donna’s chronic inability to hear herself meant that she pushed her voice until it was flat; offstage she had become, in her own words, an alcoholic whose temper produced trashed hotel rooms and black eyes for limo drivers and her husband alike. The band’s consideration for hotel staff could atone for damage to property, but the human toll was a festering problem.

Keith’s demons were equally obvious. His gentle and sensitive personality had been fraying for some time under the pressures of the road and the dynamics of the band, and his relentless self-medication meant that his contributions were increasingly erratic—and problematic. As Donna reflected, years later, “[I]t’s not the Grateful Dead. It’s what success does to your self-image, what it does to the human spirit. It’s destructive, and some people can handle



it and some people can't." Both she and Keith agreed: they couldn't. For Donna, it came to a head in Buffalo, and she left before the show on January 20. When Keith got home, they both agreed that a change was necessary.

The Godchauxs completed the next leg of the tour, seven dates in the Midwest, and a week after they got home they played a show in Oakland that became their farewell. A few days later the band all met. As Donna recalled, "[W]e discussed it, as a band, and we mutually decided we'd leave. I'll tell you, I instantly felt like about a billion pounds had been lifted off me." Some of that weight shifted onto the band, now charged with finding a replacement for Keith, but Garcia had already planted the seeds a few months earlier, sizing up the keyboardist in Weir's side band as a potential replacement. Brent Mydland would prove to be a first-rate addition whose high harmonies, keyboard chops, and overall sensibilities made him a fine choice for the position. He was an accomplished player who had gigged in several bands before joining Weir's, and although Arista president Clive Davis found his compositions to be an awkward fit for the band, fans quickly warmed to him, and over the years his taste in covers would be especially welcome.

The band took a month off to bring Mydland up to speed before starting the spring tour. A warm-up date on April 22 introduced him at nearby Spartan Stadium in San Jose; two weeks later they opened the tour in Charlotte, playing the East Coast up to Maine, nine dates in ten days in seven states. They took two weeks off before embarking on a three-stop mini-tour, Sacramento to Portland to Seattle, then home for a month before starting a long tour that would stretch into mid-December. The first leg began on August 4 at Red Rocks in Colorado and ended at Madison Square Garden on September 6; the next leg began October 24 in Springfield, Massachusetts, and finished up at the University of Michigan on November 11. Those 22 dates took them to Maine and back to the Midwest, with three-night stands at both Madison Square Garden and Nassau Coliseum on Long Island. After 12 days off, they completed a third leg that ended on December 11 in Kansas City, another 13 dates at eight venues in seven states in 18 days.



OCTOBER 27, 1979

PLACE: CAPE COD COLISEUM; SOUTH YARMOUTH, MASS.

TAPE HISTORY: RECEIVED FROM STEVE ROLFE (H-S-7A) ON MAXELL (LD) REEL, AT 3 3/4 IPS. SECOND GENERATION AUDIENCE TAPE, LASTING 3 HRS.

JACK STRAW
CANDYMAN
ME & MY UNCLE →
→ BIG RIVER
BROWN-EYED WOMEN
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW EASY IT IS
* NEW NEW MINGLEWOOD BLUES
* STAGGERLEE
LOST SAILOR →
→ THIS MUST BE HEAVEN →
→ * DEAL

* DANCING IN THE STREETS →
→ FRANKLIN'S TOWER
* HE'S GONE → JAM →
→ THE OTHER ONE →
→ JAM → PERCUSSION JAM →
→ NOT FADE AWAY →
→ BLACK PETER →
→ AROUND & AROUND
(ENCORE)
SATURDAY NIGHT

COMMENTS

2/15/80 - THE QUALITY IS NOT AS GOOD AS USUAL FOR STEVE, BUT IT IS STILL UP IN THE VG-ERC. RANGE (8-9). THIS IS THE NIGHT THAT KIDD WAS RAVING ABOUT. THE FIRST SET IS PRETTY UNEVENTFUL, BUT THINGS CHANGE RADICALLY WITH THE UNUSUAL OPENING MEDLEY, WHICH IS VERY INTENSE (ONE UNUSUAL FACTOR, IS THAT THE QUALITY OF THE SOUND SEEMS TO BE NOTICEABLY BETTER THAN THE BEGINNING OF THE SHOW.) THE CLOSING JAM IS WHERE THE SHIT COMES DOWN! AFTER AN AVERAGE VERSION OF "HE'S GONE," THEY FALL INTO AN EXCITING JAM SECTION, WHICH EVENTUALLY EXPLODES INTO MY FAVORITE SONG. THEY REALLY DO A NUMBER ON IT THIS TIME, WITH ONE THRILLING INTRO INTO THE 1ST VERSE OF "THE OTHER ONE." (I STILL DON'T FEEL THAT IT TOPS THE VERSION FROM 8-13-79 AT DENVER!) "THE PERCUSSION JAM" & "NOT FADE AWAY" ARE NOT NEARLY AS INTENSE AS "THE OTHER ONE," BUT THEY ARE BOTH PERFORMED IN AN ABOVE AVERAGE MANNER. "BLACK PETER" IS ONE OF THE MINOR HIGHLIGHTS OF THE JAM.

1/27/84 - "FRANKLIN'S TOWER" IS SIMPLY AWESOME AND THE CROWD GETS OFF IN THRILLING FASHION. THE "JAM" SECTION BEFORE "THE OTHER ONE" IS REALLY HIGH-ENERGY & EXCITING. THE "JAM" SECTION THAT FOLLOWS IS A BIT SHORT BUT VERY INTENSE, ALMOST A BRAIN-FRY, BEFORE THE DRUMMERS GET A FAST PACED TAKE OFF INTO THE "PERCUSSION JAM." "NOT FADE AWAY" IS PERFORMED IN A MUCH SLOWER TEMPO THAN IN YEARS PAST AND IT HAS A VERY DELIBERATE QUALITY THAT GIVES IT LOTS OF ZING. ONE OF THE BETTER SECOND SETS EVER.

The band may have only played 75 shows that year, but they covered a lot of miles. The venues are revealing: markets like New York were mature, as three nights at Madison Square Garden proved, especially since they also played three more nights at nearby Nassau Coliseum. But they also played some smaller halls and a number of one-night dates as well. Cape Cod Coliseum, in South Yarmouth, Massachusetts, hosted them for two nights in October, and the first of these nights was one for the record books. Fans called it "a legendary show," and Dick Latvala gave it a long, thoughtful review in his private notebooks. Included here, the recording captures the band at a peak, playing off of a crowd that one longtime fan called "an absolute monster of an audience. Luck of the draw must have given tickets to every diehard, knowledgeable, juiced and fanatical Dead Head on the East Coast. What a force of energy..." They fueled what Latvala called "one of the better second sets ever."

Fans listening to the audience tapes noted that the sound improved during the

— The Eighties —

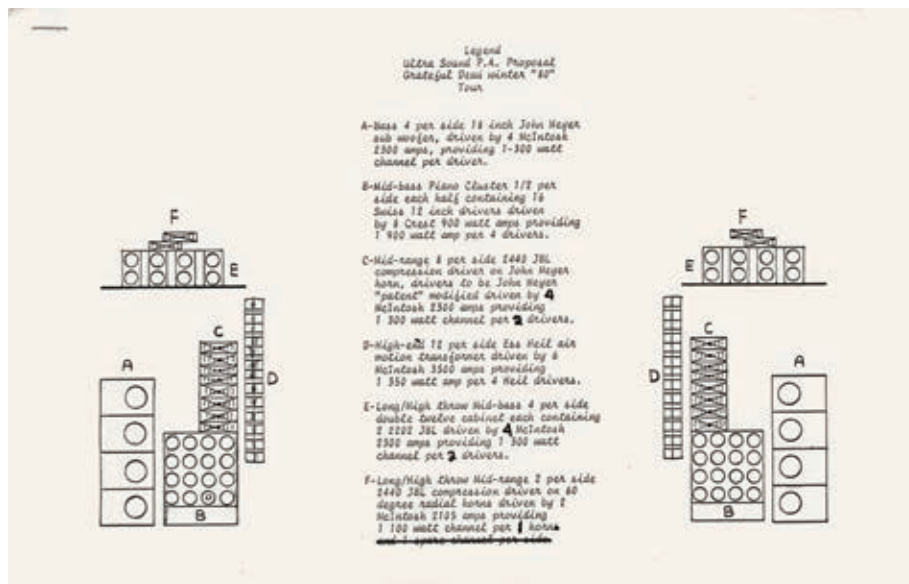
THE BAND ENTERED THE 1980s with a very Dead-like sense of history. The weight of their past was defined by a real sense of achievement: a body of work that was as ambitious and accomplished as any in rock, and an operation that had been tempered by pressures that would have crushed most bands. Yet they were also starting over with a new keyboardist who was still finding his role and his voice, and the chemical cloud that hung over the scene still darkened their world offstage, complicating the work behind the music in often subtle ways that nonetheless troubled, vexed, and bedeviled. The next ten years would trace an arc leading to a remarkable renewal and reinvention, a cultural trajectory that took them from the abyss of Reagan-era antipathy for their origins and ideals to being celebrated as American icons and avatars. It was a path that would tax them profoundly.

Proof of that came in 1980. With the election of Ronald Reagan in November, it seemed to many that this was “an open hunting season on the sixties and on unreconstructed sixties people.” And in many people’s—and most journalists’—minds, there was no more visible a standard-bearer for that era than the Grateful Dead. It led some critics to applaud, others to condemn. What stung was the ignorance behind the dismissals. “Clearly, the Grateful Dead isn’t interested in attracting new fans or exploring new roads,” one reporter wrote after seeing the band’s show in Lakeland in 1980, included here. More enlightened critics knew better. “The good old Grateful Dead is a band inextricably linked to the ’60s in the minds of many. But the group, plugging along in its own inimitable style, has now put a full decade between itself and the era it is most remembered for. They were a ’70s band more than twice as long as they were a ’60s group. Now they’re a full-speed-ahead ’80s aggregation . . .”

And some critics observed that the band did indeed attract new fans, “a brand new younger following to its long-time legion of now-aging ‘dead heads.’” It meant that “seeing them is not a nostalgia trip. It is a group which had something musically to say two decades ago and its message is no less vital today.” The band shrugged it all off; media confusion meant staying below the radar, which was a good survival strategy for both band and fans in the Reagan Eighties.

The stress of that exacted a toll on the group, although it’s difficult to hear that in the music. If some band members needed to fortify—or numb—their chemically, concerts continued to show drive, dynamism, and magic. The reason was simple: the blood oath to play together still held, and no matter how difficult and fractious the world offstage, the urge to transcend still triumphed. When they walked out together, and the roar of a crowd engulfed them, they were still the Grateful Dead. As Lesh put it, even after all that time, “the music we made playing together could still surprise and astonish me intensely”:

I knew in my heart that the infinite potential present in that moment was available to us all, if we could reach out and grasp it. That remained my goal—to walk out every night and play as if life depended on my every note, to wrest meaning from the jaw of entropy and decay, and to transform every place we played into a shrine of expanded consciousness.



course of the show, and that fall Healy and his colleagues from the former Jefferson Airplane/Hot Tuna sound crew presented an ambitious plan for a PA system that would take the band into the next decade. Their company, called Ultra Sound, was built on the same willingness to experiment and commitment to sonic excellence that had always defined the Dead’s approach to sound, now with the added benefit of Meyer speakers. The goals—and lessons—of the Wall shaped this into a brief but technically dense report, beautifully detailed but wonderfully concise and simple.

One of the system’s strengths was its clarity, which was especially welcome on new songs like “Althea,” one of five to debut that year. Other new entries were Weir’s angular, lilting “Lost Sailor,” often paired with his fine rocker “Saint Of Circumstance,” an immediate fan favorite. Mydland’s “Easy To Love You” was a pleasant addition with just enough of an edge to indicate that he was settling into his role. Garcia’s “Alabama Getaway” was a straight-ahead rock tune with lyrics by Hunter; after an initially heavy presence in set lists, it would subside, making an occasional appearance through 1989, when it disappeared until its last four performances in 1995. In the 75 shows the Dead played in 1979, fans heard 93 different songs.

All of the new songs would appear on 1980’s *Go To Heaven*, and even though the band was thoroughly established at Arista, Warner Bros. was far from a distant memory, and not always in a pleasant way. In July 1978 the band had been informed that the California State Board of Equalization had dunned them more than \$22,000 for back taxes, based on the fact that they had created their own master recordings, making their transfer to Warners a taxable event; this strange bit of logic continued into 1979, with the fines more than tripling in the process. Band lawyer Hal Kant worked his wizardry, however, creating the very real understanding that a hearing would not go well for the Board, and in June 1979 he could report that the hearing officer had advised the Board to drop the entire suit. It did. It was another triumph for Kant, one of the many people attracted to the Dead in the course of their career whose creativity, expertise, and commitment served the band well.

It was true of them all: “Deep down, everyone in the band felt the same way,” Lesh wrote. “The music was still the reason we were standing together every night.” And it still had the capacity to surprise. “It’s working for us after 15 years,” Garcia told a reporter in 1981. “The result is that this thing expands as we go along, rather than getting too small . . . The Grateful Dead grows with us.” That included the audience. “We’ve been allowed access to a new level. It’s hard to explain. It’s as though a new door is opened to us and more is available to us. In the best of all possible worlds, the band sends out music, the audience sends back its sensitivity to it and we respond that much better to the audience. Then the music gains a sort of effortless quality.” It was a quest that everyone in the scene understood.

And it was a quest that seemed especially important—and fragile—in the 1980s. Reagan troubled many Dead Heads, and his tenure would spark serious discussion among fans about the political implications of being a Dead Head. Clearly some felt that the music was divorced from politics, but as one thoughtful Dead Head wrote in 1985, “I cannot see a reconciliation between the values of communion-like sharing of pleasure, thought, mind-altering substances and food on one hand, and the ‘Look out for Number One,’ ‘I’ve got mine, the hell with you’ ethic symbolized by Reagan, but taken up by the entire yuppie mainstream.” No wonder more and more people would find an oasis in the Dead phenomenon as the Reagan Era ground on.

— 1980 —

The Dead began the new decade with a strong year, playing 86 shows with an active repertoire of 103 different songs. The only new additions to the songbook were Mydland’s “Far From Me,” a fine song that many fans would consider his best effort for the band, and Weir’s haunting “Feel Like A Stranger,” which played to the weird to superb effect. Both tunes appeared on *Go To Heaven*, released that April to generally mixed reviews; *Rolling Stone* dismissed it as “uninspired fluff,” though *Stereo Review* wanted “more albums like this one.” Fans tended to find the production by Gary Lyons to be sterile, and the white suits worn by the band for the cover raised eyebrows (disco Dead?), but flashes of appreciation for the album peppered concert reviews that year. In December one critic opened his piece on the band’s last East Coast show by observing, “The Grateful Dead does, as the title of the band’s latest album suggests, ‘Go to Heaven.’ It happens every time they step onto a stage.”

Other than a star-studded benefit for Cambodian refugees in mid-January, the band took a couple of months off from performing at the start of the year, hitting the road at the end of March for a few dates at the Capitol Theatre in Passaic, followed by their second appearance on *Saturday Night Live*, where they dutifully touted the upcoming album with good performances of “Alabama Getaway” and “Saint Of Circumstance.” They kicked off their spring tour in Birmingham on the day that *Go To Heaven* was released, opening with “Alabama Getaway” to the delight of local fans. Those 14 dates carried them up the East Coast, ending with three nights at Nassau Coliseum; they took a couple of weeks off before starting the second leg in

Des Moines, another 14 dates that took them through the Midwest and Northwest, culminating in three shows in Anchorage, their only shows in Alaska. Those were not the most memorable moments of the tour. When the band played Portland on June 12, Mount St. Helens erupted during the second set, covering cars outside with ash. The song they were playing at that moment? “Fire On The Mountain,” of course.

They played two more dates at UCLA and San Diego to finish the tour before heading home for some downtime, but the respite was shattered by tragedy. On July 23 Keith Godchaux died, two days after a terrible car accident. His death hit the band hard; as Lesh put it, “here was a man who’d had his dream come true, and it had turned on him and destroyed him.” They had faced death before, but this felt different somehow, stirring up all of the lingering and unresolved emotions engendered by the Godchaux’ departure. Looming in the background was the specter of drug dependence, the alchemy of their shared psychedelic vision in the 1960s having devolved into chemical destruction by the 1980s, finally claiming Keith.

Yet the music could still soothe even the worst psychic pain, and the work was still all-consuming. They plunged into both. In mid-August they played the Mississippi River Festival in Edwardsville, Illinois, the start of a 16-date tour that took them through the Midwest and into the Northeast, ending in Maine. It was a preamble for what would become another career superlative, a truly remarkable set of shows at San Francisco’s Warfield Theatre and New York’s Radio City Music Hall in October and November. Garcia remembered the Dead sharing bills with Pentangle in the 1960s and credited them for giving him the idea. “It was a lovely

PAGE 1 OF 2

GRATEFUL DEAD RIDER
attached is hereby made
part of this contract

AGREEMENT # _____

THIS CONTRACT for the personal services of musicians on the engagement described below, made this 17th day of October 19 80, between the undersigned Purchaser of Music (herein called “Employer”) and six (including leader) musicians.* The musicians are engaged severally on the terms and conditions on the face hereof. The leader represents that the musicians already designated have agreed to be bound by said terms and conditions. Each musician yet to be chosen, upon acceptance, shall be bound by said terms and conditions. Each musician may enforce this agreement. The musicians severally agree to render services under the undersigned leader.

1. Name and Address of Place of Engagement Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y.
Print Name of Band or Group GRATEFUL DEAD

2. Date(s), starting and finishing time of engagement October 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31 - one show per evening of approx. 5 hours in length, to begin at 7:30 p.m.

3. Type of Engagement (specify whether dance, stage show, banquet, etc.) concert
Capacity: 5882 per show @ \$15.00 & \$12.50, Gross Potential: \$84,410.00 per show

4. WAGE AGREED UPON AFM scale v. 100% of gross receipts after approved expenses, including 6% of gross paid to Radio City Music Hall Productions, Inc., and including production fee payable to Monarch Entertainment Bureau, Inc. r/s/o Grateful Dead said amount to be advised.
This wage includes expenses agreed to be reimbursed by the employer in accordance with the attached schedule, or a schedule to be furnished the Employer on or before the date of engagement.

5. Employer will make payments as follows: deposit of \$50,000 by certified check or cashier's check upon signing of this contract. Balance due as per attached schedule when payments are to be made

Upon request by the Federation or the local in whose jurisdiction the musicians shall perform hereunder, Employer either shall make advance payment hereunder or shall post an appropriate bond.

If the engagement is subject to contribution to the A.F.M. & E.P.W. Pension Welfare Fund, the leader will collect same from the Employer and pay it to the Fund; and the Employer and leader agree to be bound by the Trust Indenture dated October 2, 1959, as amended, relating to services rendered hereunder in the U.S., and by the Agreement and Declaration of Trust dated April 9, 1962, as amended, relating to services rendered hereunder in Canada.

6. The Employer shall at all times have complete supervision, direction and control over the services of musicians on this engagement and expressly reserves the right to control the manner, means and details of the performance of services by the musicians including the leader as well as the ends to be accomplished. If any musicians have not been chosen upon the signing of this contract, the leader shall, as agent for the Employer and under his instructions, hire such persons and any replacements as are required.

7. In accordance with the Constitution, By-laws, Rules and Regulations of the Federation, the parties will submit every claim, dispute, controversy or difference involving the musical services arising out of or connected with this contract and the engagement covered thereby for determination by the International Executive Board of the Federation or a similar board of an appropriate local thereof and such determination shall be conclusive, final and binding upon the parties.

ADDITIONAL TERMS AND CONDITIONS

The leader shall, as agent of the Employer, enforce disciplinary measures for just cause, and carry out instructions as to selections and manner of performance. The agreement of the musicians to perform is subject to proven detention by sickness, accidents, riots, strikes, epidemics, acts of God, or any other legitimate conditions beyond their control. On behalf of the Employer the leader will distribute the amount received from the Employer to the musicians, including himself as indicated on the opposite side of this contract, or in place thereof on separate memorandum supplied to the Employer at or before the commencement of the employment hereunder and take and turn over to the Employer receipts therefor from each musician, including himself. The amount paid to the leader includes the cost of transportation, which will be reported by the leader to the Employer.

All employees covered by this agreement must be members in good standing of the Federation. However, if the employment provided for hereunder is subject to the Labor-Management Relations Act, 1947, all employees who are members of the Federation when their employment commences hereunder shall be continued in such employment only so long as they continue such membership in good standing. All other employees covered by this agreement, on or before the thirtieth day following the commencement of their employment, or the effective date of this agreement, whichever is later, shall become and continue to be members in good standing of the Federation. The provisions of this agreement shall be subject to the provisions of the Labor-Management Relations Act, 1947, and any amendments thereof.

band that sounded great onstage,” he told a reporter several years later. “We played a lot of shows with them, and I thought that combination of two acoustic guitars and a standard rhythm section had a lot of possibilities.” Bill Graham agreed and put together a 15-night run at the Warfield that became one of his masterpieces of promotion. It began with a cryptic advertisement in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, a full page showing two skeletons with the classic Graham catchphrase, “They’re not the best at what they do, they’re the only ones who do what they do.” It listed 12 dates at the Warfield. Three more would be added later, and all sold out immediately. Graham festooned the lobby with memorabilia borrowed from the band and from his own collection, and he wrote detailed critiques of every night’s production for his staff—which he shared with the band. It was a triumph of show production, and a tantalizing glimpse into the band’s archive. Everyone was impressed.

The band rose to the occasion. Every night they opened with an acoustic set, which delighted Dead Heads as well as the band. Garcia in particular called it “fun because we were all real close together on stage. It made a nice intimate experience.” And the sound was a dream. Speakers in the lobby made hall dancing a part of the entire experience, and Healy’s colleagues Don Pearson and John Meyer brought their considerable skills to the challenge of recording the shows, a multitrack effort designed to give Arista two double albums, one acoustic and one electric.

Both the shows and the recording went well. Betty Cantor-Jackson and Dan Healy recorded and mixed the shows, and the multiple nights at each venue meant that they could fine-tune the PA and the recordings. “I had to tell Jerry I was going to break his legs if he didn’t get right on the microphone,” Cantor-Jackson chuckled afterwards, but the hard work paid off, with the mixing sessions proving “less exhausting than recording the performances themselves.” Garcia listened to the mixes but left the decisions to them, and the result was two releases, *Reckoning* and *Dead Set*, that did justice to the band’s sound and to the performances, despite the limitations imposed by the LP format.

Graham saved his best for last. On the final night, the band walked out onstage for the encore to be surprised by a small table, set with glasses, a bucket of ice, and a bottle of champagne. When Garcia picked up a glass, spotlights played over the audience—and the band saw 2,400 fans, all with glasses raised, toasting the Dead. A rose-draped banner hung over the balcony, emblazoned with “Thank You.” It was Graham at his best, providing a reaffirmation of both history and community, and everyone saluted the moment.

They finished on October 14, took a couple of days off, and headed down to New Orleans for two shows at Saenger Performing Arts Center before their final eight dates at Radio City Music Hall. Where the Warfield shows had been a dream, Radio City proved fraught. Ticket pressure was immense, and one scheme for alleviating it was a simulcast of the Halloween show. It was a good idea but met with only “mixed success,” as Garcia diplomatically put it. Then there was the poster, which artist Dennis Larkins had illustrated with a pair of skeletons leaning against the art deco landmark. The financial woes of the institution made the hall’s management

sensitive to the imagery, which they interpreted as “ridiculing our recent financial problems,” as they snapped to the band’s management, or simply as an indication of impending doom, as their lawsuit alleged.

That was not their only complaint, which also extended to the broadcast, but Radio City management proved to be difficult even after the lawsuits were settled, agitating for control over the cover art of *Reckoning* and *Dead Set* (which they eventually approved, despite legal grumblings). It was hard to know what lessons to draw from it all, other than the enduring Dead axiom that whatever the circumstances that put them onstage, once there, the music was its own reward.

For Richard Loren, the greatest memory of the run was when his father, elderly and dressed in his New York going-to-the-opera best, was accosted in the lobby. “What are you doing here, man?” a wide-eyed Dead Head asked. “You like this music?” This prompted the elder Loren’s response, “Young man, the Grateful Dead is the greatest rock ’n’ roll band ever!” As the 1980s wore on, newcomers at Dead shows would notice, admiringly, that any music that attracted three generations of concertgoers couldn’t be as limited as its conservative detractors suggested.

The creative momentum from the October shows fueled the remainder of the year. After Halloween, the band took a few weeks off before turning in a three-stop tour of Florida, with a final night at Atlanta’s Fox Theatre in November. Lakeland was the second stop on the tour, and its inclusion here shows how strongly they finished the year. It was a concert that left Dead Heads awed and thoughtful critics impressed. If it left some outsiders baffled, that also suggested something deeper at work. As one nonplussed reporter observed, “[I]f you’re interested in popular musical trends and a fresh sound with any urgency or energy, you didn’t have to be at the Dead’s concert Friday night at the Lakeland Civic Center. If you’re a Deadhead, though, the show was probably a success.” Yet critics could still concede the band’s prowess—“The Dead’s doubleheader drumming is still strong and Jerry Garcia’s guitar work is still the cornerstone”—and miss the point. “The Dead have provided the background music for a segment of a generation,” one wrote, “and those memories, as much as Jerry Garcia’s guitar, sustain Deadheads.” Even he had to admit, however, that “those memories were kept alive Friday night.”

Both newcomers and seasoned Dead Heads alike could not have disagreed more. For one young fan, the show was “so perfect and tight that when I walked out of Lakeland Civic Center that night I got to thinking, it is like everyone at the show was drawing the same picture at the same time.” Knowledgeable commentators concurred. After the triumphant tour closer at Atlanta’s Fox Theatre, a staff reporter concluded, “[I]f you don’t find yourself transported at some point in the four-hour show, forget it. Rock ’n’ roll is not for you.”

It was a fine note to end on. They played a handful of dates in California in December before completing a five-night run to close out the year, ending with a wonderful New Year’s romp that included their old friends John Cipollina and Matt Kelly. The first encore, the Stones’ “(I Can’t Get No) Satisfaction,” was a nod to the mood and moment that delighted fans, and surprised everyone, including the band.

The band started 1981 on a quiet note, taking almost three months off from performing. When they did return to the stage in late February, it was the start of a busy year that encompassed 82 shows and featured 123 different songs, although there was only one debut, Mydland's paean to love gone wrong, "Never Trust A Woman." They played a mix of old and new venues that spring, appearing for 13 dates in the Midwest and Northeast before setting off for the first of two jaunts they would take to Europe that year. In March they played four dates at London's Rainbow Theater and one show with their old friends The Who at the Grugahalle in Essen, West Germany. While in London, Garcia sat for what would be one of the most interesting interviews of his career, an extended attack by punk music critic Paul Morley that turned into a remarkable meeting of the minds, to be published in *NME*. Garcia's humility, humor, and affability defused Morley's ideological hostility in a kind of intellectual equivalent to the band's disarmingly positive approach to music. It was, in band publicist Dennis McNally's words, "one of the more fascinating encounters in rock journalism," though it angered thousands of the paper's readers, who cancelled their subscriptions.

Other encounters on the tour had less positive outcomes. One morning Loren woke up to an enraged Kreutzmann, who was convinced that he had discovered proof of Loren's financial perfidy or incompetence. Loren went home, and although an apology from Kreutzmann smoothed things over for a time, he was soured on the scene. Like many, his primary attachment was to Garcia, and as he felt Garcia's involvement slipping, the fun of the challenge eroded as well. He left for good in September.

They returned home in time for *Reckoning's* release, which was greeted by largely laudatory reviews, *Rolling Stone's* oddly dismissive and mean-spirited rant notwithstanding. Major magazines such as *Melody Maker* and *Stereo Review* gave it high marks, but its greatest impact unfolded in regional papers, where the Dead were hailed as "rock's best caretakers of deep-rooted Americana." Even critics used to dismissing the Dead admitted that "the quality of performing and recording is extremely high," and one concluded:

This is an album that flies in the face of philistine notions to the effect that the Grateful Dead are some grizzled, drug-pandering pack of hippies who cater to spaced-out fans with impenetrably spaced-out rock. The audience response to these earthy, time-mellowed tunes—and the effortlessly inspired intricacy with which the Dead blend their guitars, piano, percussion and gritty vocals—proves that the band's importance and longevity have really nothing to do with some shallow 'acid-rock' image.

All in all, it felt like they were indeed "living the full life," as the local headline observed before shows that May in Syracuse and Ithaca. On April 30 they started a tour that would take them up and down the East Coast, from North Carolina to Rhode Island, 15 dates that included an appearance on *The Tomorrow Show*. But that was not the highlight. When the tour was announced, Dead Heads were delighted to

see one venue in particular. As one fan exulted, "A Dead show in May at Cornell—you know it's going to be a good one!" It was. The local newspaper critic remarked that "last night's performance was vintage Grateful Dead, perhaps even better than that." He praised the show's "wildly creative, improvised sections" and singled out Kreutzmann and Hart as "one of the most under-rated rhythm sections in popular music." Yet it was the crowd that most appealed—and perplexed: "[W]hile the Grateful Dead's music is always interesting, and occasionally inspired, it is their audience that often provides the most remarkable aspect of the event." For him, Dead Heads were "strange and fascinating to the point of distraction . . ."

But the Dead Heads themselves were not distracted. For fans, Cornell was all about the music. "I don't know what it is about Barton Hall in May," one fan wrote, "but there was certainly some kind of magic afoot, once again, when the Dead came to play there in '81." In the years after, tapes bore that out. Reviewing an audience recording of the show, one fan called it "a triumph!!! Almost as good as '77. One of the best shows of the 80s . . ." Another called it "thunderously good. It's one of those fall-in-love-all-over-again kind of tapes—an awesome, crisp recording of a well-played, energetic show with truly wonderful moments scattered all through it." And while some fans there found the crowd crush to be too much, that, too, spoke to the energy of the show. Included here, it makes a worthy representation of a very good year.

The show was a highlight in a tour filled with highlights. Journalists may have called fans "extras from the set of the '60s musical 'Hair,'" but they also admitted that even if Dead Heads were "doused in Patchouli oil, the worshippers came for the magic that can be the Dead." The magic might be elusive, even confounding, but when it happened, it was palpable: "the Grateful Dead rolls on, agile and timeless, with good nature and grace." Shows could still harken back to the heyday of the Haight, where both band and fans called every venue church. One reviewer that spring opened his column by quoting the dictionary definition of religious fanaticism, noting: "Rock music and the bands that produce it have for years been alternately hailed and assailed for their status as a surrogate religion. But seldom has application of the word coincided so well with textbook definitions as in the case of The Grateful Dead." In his view, when the Dead played, the entire town "got religion."

Except for a benefit in May at the Warfield—not a Dead show, though all but Lesh performed—they took a break from the stage until July, when they toured the Southwest and Midwest, starting in Texas. An itinerary of 13 dates in the height of summer heat was exhausting, but the band only took a couple of weeks off before setting out again for four more shows in Long Beach, Arizona, and Las Vegas. In August *Dead Set* was released, showcasing the band's electric sets from the Warfield and Radio City runs. Featuring a superb cover by Dennis Larkins, the two-record set had a fine mix of songs, well played and beautifully recorded. Blair Jackson called it "nicely representative of the band at the time," though most critics found it far less interesting than *Reckoning*.

They took a little more than a week off, then played three dates at Berkeley's Greek Theatre in September before setting out for their second trip to Europe



that year, preceded by three dates in the Northeast to warm up. The second Europe '81 tour took them to Edinburgh, London, Copenhagen, Paris, Barcelona, and three cities in West Germany, but the shows in the Netherlands made the biggest impression. When a booking was cancelled, Rock Scully arranged an acoustic show for Garcia and Weir at Amsterdam's famed Melk Weg club, and they had such a great time that they convinced the entire band to return a few days later. The Oops concerts, as they were billed, became a much-needed restorative for the band. Lesh called the shows "one of the last of our truly spontaneous moments," with all but Lesh playing on rented equipment, "crammed onto the tiny, low-ceilinged stage" and leaving everyone "in shock from the startling spontaneity of it all." Even the poster was a wonder-

fully ad-hoc design that exuded the same spirit of gracious enthusiasm, the magic of the impromptu—and the kiss of epiphany.

That described the return of "(Turn On Your) Love Light" deep in the second set of the second night, on Bob Weir's 34th birthday. It was the first time they'd played it since Pigpen died. They finished the tour with shows in Paris and Barcelona—where, curiously, the poster became an immediately sought-after collectible—and headed home to take stock. Lesh had already done so, drafting a letter to Garcia that cloaked serious concerns in humorous terms, accusing him of "certain high crimes and misdemeanors against the art of music." The whole band signed it. Garcia's response isn't recorded, but everyone sensed that the pressures of touring and business were approaching pre-hiatus levels. Scully had managed a challenging tour, with some genuine highlights, but Loren's departure was a sign that problems remained.

They finished the year with a short winter tour that kicked off in late November in Pittsburgh, eight dates that carried them through the Midwest and ended in Colorado. Back home they rehearsed "Dark Star" to introduce Mydland to that musical touchstone (which they would perform for delighted fans on New Year's Eve) and they played a benefit in San Mateo, close to their earliest stomping grounds, prior to a five-show run in Oakland to close out the year.

It had been a grueling 12 months. Sixteen years in popular music was an eternity, but Garcia was optimistic to the press, commenting in April, "I keep saying it's like we're just getting started. There's so much that we haven't even done with the band in its present incarnation . . ." Accomplishing that required focusing on their business structure.



It had been five years since the hiatus, and though the general trend in the band's business had been upward, there were enough blots and blights, failures and foibles, to warrant reflection. It fell to Alan Trist to articulate this, and he did, producing one of the more extraordinary internal documents in the band's history. Modestly titled "A Balanced Objective," it presented a careful organizational analysis of the band's business operations. Born of Trist's background in anthropology and organizational change, it was also cloaked in wonderful Dead trappings, including a poem from Bobby Petersen and a thoughtful preface by Garcia, one of his rare and eloquent prose efforts, all the more significant for its focus. "This report shows how we



SATURDAY, JULY 31

Local

MANOR DOWNS
P.O. Drawer 7
Manor, Texas 76853
(512)270-8881 • OFFICE

Local 301

Lights 8:00pm
Sound 8:00pm
Band 1:00pm

Local 302

8:00pm

Local 303

8:00pm

Local 304

PUBLIC PRODUCTIONS
Francis Carr
Cresley Hill 1215
(512)270-8881

Local 305

One night at the
AUSTIN MUSEUM JON
(512)458-8181

Local 306

YELLOW CAB - AUSTIN
(512)470-1111

Local 307

4000 RENT A CAR - AIRPORT LOCATION
(512)470-8127 (8am-1pm)

really work. We do business the way artists do business,” he wrote.

We have to fulfill the standard formalities of operating as a business . . . Just because we have an office doesn’t mean we have to feel we have to be office workers, nor identify ourselves as a Corporation because we have a corporation . . . We need to liberate ourselves from misunderstanding ourselves. We need to protect ourselves from believing that we are essentially a corporate entity. The Grateful Dead is a 24-hour a day living reality. It doesn’t matter where we are when we’re doing it, we’re always doing it. This report sets out to distinguish the different kinds of work we do. We have it all covered. We need to appreciate the parts each of us plays and how to fulfill the roles efficiently.

Trist’s insights were part of a general sense of refocusing, accelerated by Loren’s departure.

The band’s finances were not the driving concern. Rather, “A Balanced Objective” grew out of Garcia’s and Lesh’s realization that it was time to take stock—and, as Trist later observed: “There was always an awareness amongst everyone that when things didn’t work well in the organization, the music suffered.” Although the report did not take the final step of attaching names to functions—a move that would have been sure to create friction—its deeper function was to serve notice that the organization was healthy, even if some of its members were not. Most of all, it showed that positioning the Dead to accommodate their steadily increasing popularity was on everyone’s minds.

— 1982 —

The Dead slowed down a bit in 1982, playing only 61 shows. Their repertoire that year was 110 songs. Several of those were new, and some were standouts: Garcia produced a first-rate setting for one of Hunter’s darker lyrics, which in his mind described a post-cocaine bender hangover but most listeners heard as satirical whimsy with an infectious chorus. In a few years “Touch Of Grey” would become the band’s first Top 10 hit, after a bit of onstage maturation. Weir and Barlow produced an incisive diatribe against what they saw as the country’s political drift, and “Throwing Stones” would marry a powerful set of images to some of Weir’s most effective songwriting. Garcia and Hunter’s brooding “West L.A. Fadeaway” matched it for musical intensity, but their “Keep Your Day Job” would annoy fans immediately, a lightweight effort whose refrain veered into what many felt was inappropriate didacticism, or simply tiresome advice. When Hunter published the lyrics, he commented that “this song was dropped from the Grateful Dead repertoire at the request of fans. Seriously.”

The first stage of the year to host the band was the Warfield’s, with two benefits played in February before they headed south for three shows in San Diego and UCLA. The spring tour proper commenced on March 13 in Reno, the first of a 16-date schedule that would take them from North Carolina to Connecticut. One highlight was an appearance in New York City between stops on Long Island and Glen Falls, where Garcia and Weir performed two acoustic tunes on *The David Letterman Show*. The tour ended with three shows at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, and except for a benefit in San Francisco’s Moscone Center later that month, the band would devote June and the first part of July to projects away from the stage.

Summer touring started July 17 at the Ventura County Fairgrounds, where they played two days as part of a 14-date swing through the Southwest and Midwest, including stops in Arizona, Colorado, Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Iowa, where they bade the University of Iowa’s Fieldhouse farewell on August 10. It was the venue’s last concert.

To many, the best show of the tour was Texas. On July 31 they played Manor Downs, a racetrack turned concert venue just outside of Austin, a town with its own storied countercultural rock history, and one that welcomed the Dead. It took some work to book the gig and even more to mount the show, but the results were spectacular, making it a first-rate representative of the year for the box. “Ah, the Grateful Dead!” one local critic wrote. “If I hesitated because I didn’t quite know what to write about them in 1982, it’s because their music really does defy the bourgeois perimeters of rock journalism, much less anything as mundane as words.” Hailing “the breathtaking quality of their performance,” she realized that the music “is not in the aggressive, boot-in-your-face nature of punk or even new wave. Its subtlety lies in the savage undertow, never seen, but a force to be reckoned with.” To another reporter, “there was never any doubt as to the importance of the occasion,” which found the Dead “in their element, totally distinctive and inimitable.”

That didn’t stop another local critic, Ed Ward, from dismissing the concert,

denigrating the Dead's musicianship and lyrics, and calling them "another under-rehearsed bunch of hippies noodling around." The reaction from fans and his peers was gratifying, however. Calling the review "irresponsible, vague and just plain mean," one fan noted that "most people who recognize the Dead's excellence and who have seen most of their Austin concerts will agree that they were never 'hotter' here than they were at Manor Downs Saturday night. Too bad Ward missed it." Another respondent—one of many the paper acknowledged—called the show "pure magic," and made the point that "Ed Ward obviously knows as much about the Dead as my grandmother does. Nothing." Even Ward's defenders had to admit that he got it wrong. "After Saturday, I have to side with the Dead Heads," another critic wrote, observing that the band "most certainly can play, and play well." All in all, "the plusses usually outweigh the minuses at a Dead concert," he concluded. "That also proved true Saturday." And another journalist joined the ranks of the full-blown converted, calling it a "top-quality show" while admitting, "It's a circuitous route to an introduction to the world of the floating notes, but . . . my longtime love affair with often-losing bangtails has provided me with a winner: that winner is the highly-praised Grateful Dead."

Latvala would have been especially pleased at the inclusion of this show for the box. After years of enjoying the audience recording, he was annoyed to receive a poor soundboard tape in 1986, one that made him question his earlier high opinion—it was "O.K. but not as exceptional as I thought"—until "Truckin'" kicked in and worked its reassuring magic, a standout that "almost makes me feel that this show was as good as I remembered!" It was, and this release shows why.

Polarization aside, in an era still defined by the embers of punk and new wave, most thoughtful reviewers found the Dead a bastion of anticommmerciality and integrity in an industry still predicated on the Next Big Hype: "[N]o matter what waves come along to break the various tides of music, the Dead will always have an ipanema effect." Buried in the tumult were a few comments from Garcia that might have obviated some of the misunderstanding. "We have a lot to be thankful for," he commented to the San Antonio newspaper. "Our fans feel like they're a part of our music. They keep us going. We take our music seriously so they take us seriously."

So did better critics. In one of the more thoughtful reviews that year, one reporter called them "the most consistently cohesive band in the history of rock 'n' roll," and noted that "The Grateful Dead elicit more human energy in one show than most groups do in a career." He understood the gestalt he witnessed: "Half social phenomenon, half exceptional music, the Dead, who floored about 22,000 people Friday night at the Carrier Dome, transcend any rational attempt at definition."

They took a couple of weeks off, putting in a rehearsal to practice two new songs that they would debut on August 28 for a family celebration, the "Second Decadenal Field Trip," hosted by their old friends the Keseys and the Pranksters. "West L.A. Fadeaway" made a good first impression, but fans found "Day Job" to be dubious, even baffling—this was not the sort of advice that Dead Heads expected to hear. After a quick follow-up in Seattle, the band headed home for a few days' rest before

playing one of the two oddest shows of the year, the US Festival.

Sponsored by Apple cofounder Steve Wozniak, the US Festival brought together an eclectic bill that included Jimmy Buffett, Jackson Browne, Fleetwood Mac, and a multitude of others, with Bill Graham brought in at the end to help manage it. He persuaded the Dead to open the second day of the festival, starting at the ungodly hour of 9:30 a.m.—but for their best payday of the year: \$100,000 for two sets. Remuneration notwithstanding, it was a weird gig, with odd logistics, and it produced a lackluster show.

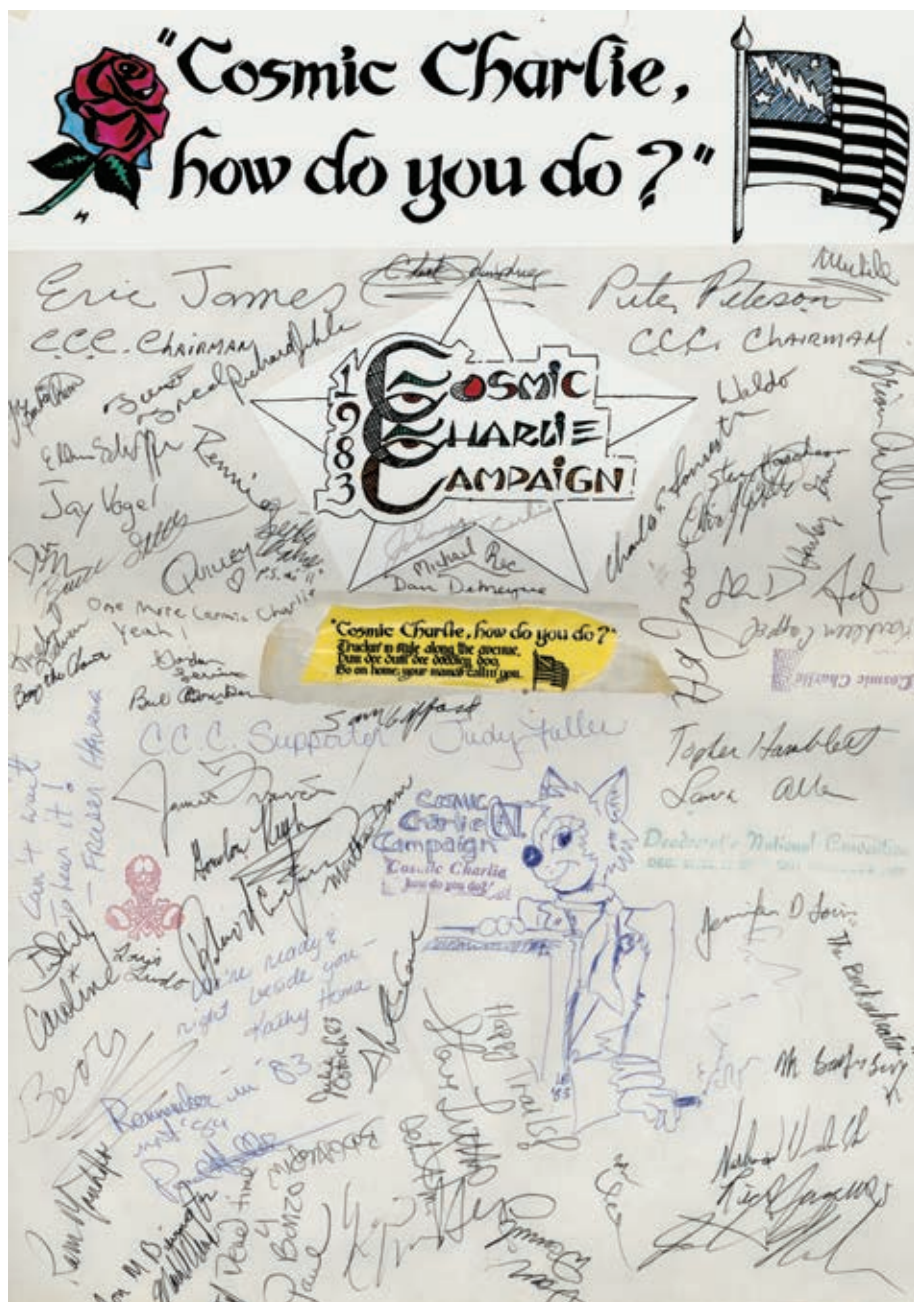
That was a harbinger of an even stranger gig, with an even odder start time: the Jamaica World Music Festival, held in Montego Bay in late November, where the band went on at 4:30 a.m. on the 26th, playing with armed officers behind them and a dust storm around them that made for an unsettling and surreal experience. Those two shows bookended a 14-date tour that carried them from New Orleans to New York and back to California before a final show in Santa Fe on October 17. As usual, they finished the year with five nights at the Oakland Auditorium Arena, culminating in a New Year's Eve show that featured Etta James and the Tower of Power horns. It was one of the better ones, leaving both band and fans delighted, especially at the warmth of the James's interaction with Garcia.

— 1983 —

The Dead added a few more performances to their calendar in 1983, turning in a respectable 66 shows over three tours with a handful of additional dates. Their repertoire remained at 110 songs, but they worked up several new ones: Weir and Barlow's meditation on Vietnam, "My Brother Esau," which remained a regular part of sets through 1987; Mydland's "Maybe You Know," only played a half-dozen times, mostly in 1983; and Weir's curious "Little Star," nicknamed "Bob Star," which only appeared three times, all in 1983. The standout was Weir and Barlow's hard-charging rocker "Hell In A Bucket," which evolved into a powerhouse that would stay in the rotation all the way through the final tour. If fans were worried about Garcia's weight gain, tapes showed a band that still fired on all cylinders, and often.

On the business front, Danny Rifkin was proving to be a most able manager (even if his frugality irked the crew), boosting the band's earnings and often providing very good ideas for how to improve operations. One of his best happened early that year when he enlisted the aid of Eddie Washington and created a mail-order ticket operation. Now Dead Heads with day jobs could order tickets without having to wait in line at a venue—but this time it was under the band's control. Dubbed Grateful Dead Ticket Sales, the operation soon employed Steve Marcus and Frankie Accardi, along with several formidable staffers: Calico, Joanne Wishnoff, Carol Latvala, and Mary Knudsen, who handled 24,500 tickets that year alone. That number would balloon rapidly, to almost five times that amount in 1984 and more than a half million every year by the 1990s.

Another change came when longtime Ice Nine manager and band secretary



Alan Trist stepped down. He moved to Oregon to raise a family and spend some well-deserved time away from the increasingly frenetic environment of the band's broader scene, but he would use his time in Oregon well, working with Carolyn "MG" Garcia and others in a publishing venture called Hulogosi. It produced an important series of books on the larger Grateful Dead scene, including a volume of Bobby Petersen's collected poetry, Hunter's translations of Rainer Maria Rilke, and

Trist's own retelling of the Grateful Dead folktale that connected the band to the original motif in an eloquent and carefully researched narrative.

The year began with a delightful acoustic set by Garcia and Weir for the Bammies, the Bay Area Music Awards, in early March. Less than three weeks later, they embarked on the first leg of their spring tour in Arizona, playing 19 dates that would carry them to Nevada, Virginia, Vermont, and Maine, among other stops. Summer took them to the Northeast, Midwest, Northwest, and the Southwest, segueing into a busy fall with stops in the Midwest and Northeast.

One of those stops was Worcester, Massachusetts, where the band played two sold-out shows at the Centrum. Fans and critics admired the first night, with local Dead Heads telling one reporter they loved the show, and one knowledgeable critic calling it "one of the most well-rounded, enthusiastic shows I've heard from them in some time." Another critic delighted in how the Dead were "ambling through a set that seems to increase the audience's collective bliss with the passing of each whining chord."

Outsiders found the fans puzzling, but the music amazing: "Almost every song became transformed through several musical shifts," one journalist wrote. "Fans of the Grateful Dead had a lot to be grateful for last night. Those who were not Dead Heads when they entered the packed Centrum were Dead Heads when they left." His colleague from a rival newspaper had the same experience, admiring the show's "continuous and ongoing evolution in instrumental prowess and dedicated professionalism." For the second show, nothing less than "[l]evitation of the Centrum is expected." He wasn't disappointed. As tapes filtered out, fans ranked this as one of the best shows of the year. Included here, it marks a fine performance and a fitting celebration of Mydland's 31st birthday. "It isn't easy to know what makes The Grateful Dead important," one local reporter concluded. "But it is important, that's certain." For the crew, the shows were a logistical dream, too.

After the tour, they played two shows to finish October at the Marin Veterans Auditorium, practically in their backyard, and ended 1983 with four nights at the San Francisco Civic Auditorium, with their old friends The Band helping them ring in the new year. Dead Heads made it especially memorable by presenting Eileen Law with an enormous scroll, a petition politely requesting the band to play "Cosmic Charlie" again. The scroll was nice; the flood of letters was tedious, but they were all dutifully saved. The show had other highlights as well: In a particularly nice touch, John Cipollina joined them for a spirited rendition of the old Leadbelly tune "Goodnight Irene," the only time the Dead performed it.

All in all, it felt like momentum was continuing to build. The band's fabled alchemy was still producing musical gold, shows were continuing to attract newcomers, revenues were steadily increasing; in so many ways, the band looked—and sounded—very good indeed. If clouds hovered offstage, they remained invisible to most observers—and, most importantly, to most listeners. For those who looked closely, the Dead's muse might appear a bit bedraggled, but she still sang beautifully.



July 11, 1984

Dear Media:

This will introduce our new press representative and publicist, Dennis McNally.

The author of a leading biography on Jack Kerouac, "Desolate Angel," McNally first became associated with us as our house historian and biographer some years ago. He's now on board full time, and we ask that you direct press and interview inquiries to his attention.

Two years ago, after nearly 18 years of doing interviews, we realized that we hadn't said anything new in a while and were pretty sick of listening to our own voices -- so we decided on a no-interview policy, with the occasional (and inevitable) exception. Until we do find something new to talk about, this policy will stay in effect.

But if you have any creative or interesting ideas, please do be in touch with him.

Regards,

Jerry Garcia, for
Grateful Dead

JG/dsm

Grateful Dead

BOX 1073, SAN RAFAEL, CA 94915 • TELEPHONE (415) 457-2322

— 1984 —

The Dead didn't return to the stage until late March, but they still managed 64 shows in 1984, playing a repertoire of 125 different songs. New entries in the songbook included two by Mydland, "Don't Need Love" and "Tons Of Steel," and he also introduced the Traffic classic "Dear Mr. Fantasy," an instant fan favorite. On the business side, two innovations made waves, internally and externally: the Rex Foundation and the taper's section, respectively.

Over the years, the band had been unhappy with a number of the benefits they had played, watching proceeds get siphoned off to overhead or squandered in squabbling, and in early 1984 Danny Rifkin's idea of a band-controlled charitable arm became a reality. With the Rex Foundation, the band donated concert proceeds to the Foundation, which gave away grants of \$5,000 to \$10,000 to causes and individuals

that were deemed worthy. With a board made up of band members and longtime associates such as Bill Graham, John Scher, and Bill Walton, Rex would become an important benefactor for a host of deserving but overlooked causes, from avant-garde classical composers in England to homegrown charities like soup kitchens, AIDS relief, and rural schools.

The second innovation happened late that fall, when the band announced that they would set aside a special section behind the soundboard for tapers. Prompted by tapers' propensity to set up in front of the soundboard, obscuring critical sight-lines to the stage, as well as by increasing complaints from fans about insensitive taper behavior, the newly designated tapers' section commenced at the October 27 Berkeley Community Theatre show. Despite some grumbles at the location, most fans agreed that it was a sensible and positive solution to the problem, and most recognized the remarkable validation that a taper's ticket provided for an activity still considered the height of illegality by most bands.

It was a year of changes in the band's business. In March Rock Scully was fired and sent to rehab. He would not return, though in later years, glowing with sobriety, he would be welcomed as an old friend and fellow traveler. His departure catalyzed a thoughtful hire: though Scully's duties as publicist had never been ones that he took particularly seriously, the band's burgeoning popularity necessitated a more professional approach to media relations, and at a meeting Garcia recommended Dennis McNally for the position. Garcia's letter announcing the hire was classic. McNally had been hovering around the scene since 1980, when Garcia had suggested he write a history of the band, the counterpart to McNally's superb biography of Jack Kerouac. While his work as publicist would eventually shunt his work on the history aside, McNally never really stopped researching it, and in the end his insights as an insider would provide his history with a vital dimension, a perspective that his training as a historian would shape into a truly seminal account, the first reliable full-scale history of the band.

Some developments in the world of the Dead happened beyond the band. That fall, fans welcomed the debut of longtime Dead journalist Blair Jackson and Regan McMahon's fanzine *The Golden Road*. Over the next nine years, its 27 issues would provide in-depth coverage of the scene, with show reviews, letters, articles exploring the band's musical roots, and interviews with band members and associates. It would become an invaluable resource for fans, and a powerful indication of the increasing sophistication of the Dead Head scene.

The band didn't begin performing that year until late March, playing four dates at Marin Vets to celebrate the inauguration of the Rex Foundation before kicking off the spring tour in Las Vegas on April 6. They played 14 more dates, including a one-off at Irvine Meadows Amphitheatre prior to an East Coast swing from Virginia through the Northeast, ending at Nassau Coliseum. After a few days off, they played three more dates at Eugene's Hult Center, which made a nice coda to the tour.

They rested for a month before heading out for a long summer tour, 22 dates beginning at Cal Expo in Sacramento, covering the Midwest, with a quick stop in

AUGUSTA CIVIC CENTER
CITY OF AUGUSTA, MAINE
DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE
WHICH CHECKS RETURN TO
CITY TREASURER

CONCERTS EAST, Inc.
Frank Russo
P.O. Box 20198
Canton, Rhode Island 02320

DATE: October 11, 1984

NO 3121

Re: Grateful Dead Concert

DATE	CODE	DETAILS	AMOUNT	CREDIT	BALANCE
Oct 11 & 12, 1984	1000-C01	Main Act - 2 days	\$12,000.00		
	1000-C11	Stages	500.00		
	1000-C10	Portable w/operator	150.00		
	1000-C22	Box Office	4,300.00		
	1000-C22	Ticket Printing - 2 sets	210.00		
	1000-C23	Spotlights - 4 - 2 days	490.00		
	1000-C30	Doctor	400.00		
	1000-C71	Electrician	270.00		
	1000-C72	Police (26) Saxons (2177)	2,044.00		
	1000-C72	Police (26) Saxons (2177)	2,122.00		
	1000-C74	Ticket takers (10)	250.00		
	1000-C74	Ticket takers (10)	250.00		
	1000-C77	Custodial Service (clean up)	500.00		
	1000-C84	Miscellaneous Expense-Grating	245.44		

PLEASE REFER TO THE NUMBER IN CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE RECEIPT

IF THIS BILL IS NOT PAID WITHIN 30 DAYS OF THE DATE HEREON, AN INTEREST CHARGE OF 1 1/2 PERCENT WILL BE CHARGED IN ADDITION TO THE DUE AND SET FORTH IN SECTION 3-214 OF THE RELEVANT ORDINANCES.

PAY LAST AMOUNT IN THIS COLUMN

21,170.00

Canada. Back home they played three nights at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, with a couple of shows at the Ventura County Fairgrounds to wrap things up on July 22. They didn't head out again until October for their last tour of the year: a 17-date East Coast jaunt, from North Carolina to Maine, before heading home for a triumphant six-night stand at the Berkeley Community Theatre.

All that year, the clash between the Dead and the mainstream bubbled beneath what was generally good press. In New Jersey, a positive concert review quoted a pensive Garcia. "While we want to give an audience their money's worth, we also want to avoid putting them in positions of harm. There are some places in America where we can't play because of the friction between the local authorities and the audience." He even singled out Nassau Coliseum as a particular trouble spot. "We've had the experience of acting as bait," he explained. "The first couple of times we played Nassau Coliseum on Long Island, the police busted about 100 people . . . We have to try to make sure that doesn't happen." Reagan's re-election was a disturbing indication. As Blair Jackson observed, Reagan represented "a general assault on most of the things Deadheads hold sacred." Scholar Peter Richardson sees Reagan as "an ideal foil for the Dead and their project," precisely because the band "offered a fully formed alternative to Reagan's vision . . ." But their alternative was only that, and while he was in office, Reagan's vision was a cloud that hung over the scene, casting what happened inside concert venues in stark relief.

Those pressures fell heavily on the band, Garcia in particular, and his withdrawal into an opiated world offstage accelerated that year, reaching alarming proportions by the fall. Journalist Robert Greenfield saw him at a show in September and was shocked. "God, but Jerry looked awful that night," he recalled. "Not just dead but like a creature who'd returned from beyond the grave." If some shows were affected, most still amazed—one fan called the fall tour "one of the greatest runs of shows on a tour since the late 70's." In Richmond, the local critic opened by waxing rhapsodically: "The Grateful Dead concert Saturday night was a religious experience for some. For many, the concert at least moved the beauty of rock improvisation up a few notches, redefining it as a true art." In Worcester, they were "a tight and committed band" who "had triumphed against time once more." The headline of another review said it all: "When They're Cooking, There's No One Better."

By the time the band rolled into Maine for the show included here, locals were

rolling out the red carpet. The director of the Civic Center was enthusiastic, noting that all local motels were sold out, and praising fans: "They're good to deal with." The band felt the same way about the city-run venue, whose expenses were more than reasonable. Local motel managers sang Dead Head praises: "They're real friendly people," one hotelier told the local newspaper. "They talk nicely, I mean no rough language or anything." Retailers were also thrilled, ringing up record sales. About the only downside was the number of counterfeit tickets that made Friday's sold-out show much more difficult for law enforcement and security.

It all added up to a certain unease. The schizophrenic reception by venues and communities was mirrored by internal concerns. Yet as worried as insiders were about the state of the Dead, fans still heard a band beyond description.

— 1985 —

The band didn't slow down in 1985, adding another few dates to bring their total for the year up to 71 shows. Fans heard 130 different songs that year, with a healthy number of new covers but no new original compositions. It was the first year since they began that they did not premier any new songs, which some commentators chalked up to the lack of interest in recording, though others worried it was a sign that health woes were taking a toll on the band's creativity.

Those concerns were well founded. On January 18 Garcia was arrested in Golden Gate Park for drug possession after a policeman noticed that his car registration had expired. He agreed to treatment, and as the year progressed, he took steps to improve his health. A month later he stepped out onto the stage of the newly rechristened Oakland Auditorium Arena, now the Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center, and it was business as usual. After a three-night run to celebrate Chinese New Year's, the band played a four-night stand at the Berkeley Community Theater in March, all for the Rex Foundation, before starting a Northeastern tour on March 21. Each of the six stops was two to three nights, a sign of mature markets and a touring strategy that minimized strain.

The pace offset any respite, however, and five days after the last Spectrum show, they were back in California for two nights at Irvine Amphitheatre before playing three sessions at Marin Vets, videotaping performances that would eventually inform the video *So Far*. They finished the month with two shows at Stanford's Frost Amphitheatre, always a favorite venue, and one the band acknowledged with a two-song encore to close the second show.

They took a little more than month off before starting their summer tour, warming up with three shows at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley before a series of gigs that took them from Alpine Valley to Pittsburgh, nine dates covering Ohio to New York and Maryland. It was a difficult schedule, and the pace didn't ease, but the momentum produced some excellent shows.

In Cincinnati, the show included here, the band turned in a superb performance that left fans delighted and critics impressed. It was a more difficult gig to plan

than most—typical contracts did not have a first page with that many strikeouts—but the logistics fell into place and the show came off well. “Making up their sets as they go along, they have no need for orchestrated light shows and dry-ice fog displays,” one journalist observed. “They’re out to do one thing, play music. And play they did Monday night.” Even a rainstorm didn’t dampen the mood, as “the crowd stayed, everybody got soaked and the Dead played on.” Still dubbed “the house band for the Woodstock generation” by lazy reporters, a more perceptive take came from a fan who observed that “the great thing about the Dead is: It’s not nostalgia, it still *is*.”

Cincinnati Post reporter—who was baffled by “Drums” and “Space” and thought Garcia’s solos “occasionally meandered”—had to concede that “the Grateful Dead is a great band. An ensemble instead of just a bunch of ‘stars,’ the group’s members are masters of dynamics, of building and releasing tension. Despite the outward mellowness and occasional sloppiness, there’s an underlying intensity in the Grateful Dead that few bands share.”

Accolades notwithstanding, the Dead were still largely flying below the radar of Reagan America. That year made "The Music Never Stopped" even more autobiographical, with its description of a band parading into town, lighting it up with song and celebration, and silently slipping away afterwards. Dead shows really were the modern-day equivalent of a circus, just as going on tour was the modern equivalent of running away to join it. And, like a circus, a Dead show could transform a barren basketball arena into an alembic: a place where ecstasy reigned and everyone could leave transformed, if they just welcomed the experience.

The problem was finding those places. The pressures of popularity meant they were still anxious to find new venues. For Halloween, they stopped in Columbia, South Carolina, playing the University of South Carolina's basketball arena. It was not one of the best shows of the tour, but that somehow made it all the more revealing. Opening with a splendid, atonal space jam that morphed into a sparking "Werewolves Of London," the show left Columbia changed. Local hippies bonded, basking in a unity that was especially precious in a very red state, and thousands of new Dead Heads would be forever proud that the Palmetto State had hosted the band—ten years later, the local paper would still trumpet upcoming shows in the region. In the depths of the Reagan Eighties, even in cultural cul-de-sacs far below the mainstream's notice, the Dead still worked their magic.

The strategy paid off: Columbia had proved to be a good locale—nicely positioned, untapped, and receptive. When the band met in late November to discuss the 1986 schedule, another Southern tour was confirmed. It included Columbia, a stop that helped to make a tour that would be, as they discussed, “long . . . make money and is efficient.” Sadly, that did not happen: the events of 1986 would make Columbia another one-time venue, all the more special for its uniqueness.

— 1986 —

In 1986 the Dead performed only 46 shows due to the cancellation of the fall tour. Still, they managed to visit ten states and Washington, D.C., playing mostly well-established markets that allowed for multiple-night stands except for a handful of new venues that summer. They took January off, playing five nights at the Kaiser in February before heading out on a long spring tour on March 19. After a three-night run at Hampton, they covered the Northeast, playing two- to three-night stands in Philadelphia, Providence, Hartford, and Portland, Maine, where they gave the only performance of one of their most unusual songs, “Revolutionary Hamstrung Blues,” a composition by Lesh and Mydland setting the last lyric that Bobby Petersen wrote for the band. Petersen described it as “sort of a period piece about people fighting amongst themselves, instead of fighting who they should be fighting,” and it reads like a veiled meditation about the demise of the counterculture in the age of the yuppie. It was one of 125 songs they performed in concert that year.

The band's steadily growing popularity continued to cause problems. In April a band meeting focused on the issue, with Rifkin bluntly pointing out, "Our extreme popularity has cost us many venues," including the Carrier Dome, Saratoga, and Hershey. This pushed the summer tour to add dates at new venues where markets weren't saturated and crowd pressures were less. Stops at the Minneapolis Metrodome and the Akron Rubber Bowl would prove to be one-offs, but Rich Stadium in Orchard Park, New York, would host them four more times over the next seven years.

The Dead's popularity had one unlikely effect: In February, famed mythologist Joseph Campbell came to a show at the Kaiser and was dazzled. Despite his conservative political beliefs, he found it "a grand affair" and told an audience, "I became

a convert immediately.” He had always believed that humanity’s myths had deeper cultural continuities than scholars could recognize, and what he saw that night was proof: “[T]he Grateful Dead are a contemporary container of the body of wisdom that is relatively timeless,” he observed. And that was more than just a powerful, fundamentally positive phenomenon. For Campbell, the Dead were nothing less than “the answer to the atom bomb.” Later that year he participated in a symposium with Jerry Garcia and Mickey Hart and explained his view:

The atom bomb is a function of separation . . . [P]eople are separated from each other by lines of thinking. They align themselves with this group against that group. An evening with the Grateful Dead is one of those harmonizing experiences. All differences between age, race and economic situation were simply erased. People were seeing themselves as human beings, having . . . a common experience, an experience of joy and fulfillment and life in play . . . The more of that we can bring forth . . . the less there will be any trend toward the separation which the atom bomb represents.

For Garcia, it was a particular thrill to share a stage with the coauthor of *A Skeleton Key To Finnegan's Wake*, but the entire band was honored by Campbell’s appreciation for their work.

In May they played four dates at Cal Expo and Stanford’s Frost Amphitheatre. The show included here is Saturday’s, the first of the two at Cal Expo. Local critics were impressed. “Happily, the Dead sounded better than ever during Saturday’s show,” one journalist wrote. Fans found the show unusual—one of those “occasions when the band was ‘different,’” as one British Dead Head put it. Highlights included a stunning “Drums” and “Space” that some consider to be a career highlight, singling out the former for presenting “enough mutant jungle rhythms to addle the most polymorphously polyphonic of minds.” Even the band’s mythical ability to channel the weather was on display, when sputtering rain was “miraculously dissipated” by a spirited “Cold Rain and Snow” to open the afternoon show. The only downside was the lack of an encore, attributed by one journalist to a blown amplifier. But after a surprising descent into full-on space at the end of “Sugar Magnolia” to close the show, and a Healy-garbled announcement from Weir, Lesh’s explanation made it clear: “What Bob meant to say was that Jerry’s fingers are totally frozen, his guitar is broken, and my mind is blown so I don’t think we’re going to do an encore. See you tomorrow!”

On July 10, two days after the tour ended, Garcia slipped into a coma. “The symptoms were all there,” Garcia told a reporter afterwards, “but I didn’t recognize them.” He was dehydrated and diabetic, among other problems, but it was the mental component that struck him most forcefully. The hallucinations that presaged his descent into the coma were beyond phantasmagoric, and they were deeply disturbing and still very present, even after he woke up. Describing them to his old friend Robert Hunter, he asked, “Am I insane?” “No,” Hunter told him, “you’ve been very sick. This will pass.” The visions were a sign of how much damage had been done, however, and his road to recovery would be very, very difficult. His doctors were

amazed: they had never seen someone that sick who did not die. Garcia attributed his miraculous recovery to “lots and lots of Deadheads putting good energy into me,” and singling out the card that he got from Juvenile Hall in San Francisco as especially delightful: “Hey, Garcia, get well or we’ll mug ya!”

After his discharge from the hospital, his old friends Merl Saunders and John Kahn visited a couple of times a week to help him practice. “At first it was very stiff and mechanical,” he told one reporter. “I could figure things out up to a point, but it took a while before I really had a sense of how music worked.” It wasn’t just music that he had to relearn. One journalist, who had known Garcia for years, wrote that “it is a jolt to hear this well-read, extremely articulate man occasionally groping for words.”

It would be a long time before Garcia felt that he had thoroughly recovered, but by October he was well enough to play a handful of dates with his solo band. He returned to the stage with the Dead for a triumphant show at the Oakland Coliseum on December 15, where they debuted two songs: “When Push Comes To Shove,” a mid-tempo rocker, and “Black Muddy River,” one of Hunter’s deepest lyrics, treated to a musical setting by Garcia that drew out every nuance in the dark meditation.

Dead Heads all over the country (and in many foreign countries) rejoiced at Garcia’s return. One group of fans felt especially invested in his recovery, however: Dead Heads with disabilities. For them, Garcia’s heroic work to regain his skills had a special impact. One poet, the friend of a longtime Dead Head confined to a wheelchair after being shot in the spine, explained his passion in terms that any Dead Head could identify with: “He’s quadriplegic now but doesn’t change his lifestyle anymore than / absolutely necessary . . . catches most of the concerts, lived through Jerry Garcia’s / diabetic coma / sees him comeback, stays a comeback himself. / Once a Deadhead always a Deadhead.”

Cal Expo Amphitheater
May 3-4, 1986

CAL EXPO AMPHITHEATER
Exposition Boulevard
Sacramento, CA (Cap: 12,200)

Directions: East on Hwy 80 toward Sacramento. Do not turn right onto Hwy 50 into Sacramento (green sign). Follow signs for Cal Expo. Follow Exposition Blvd. to Ethan Street; turn right onto Ethan Street to Gate 12. Get remainder

Hotel: El Rancho Resort and Conference Center 916/3 1029 W. Capitol Ave (Business 80 exit Jefferson Sacramento, CA 95831)

SATURDAY 3 MAY

Travel: From Gross Field, Novato To Executive Airport, Sacramento
Crew: 7:00 am to 7:30 am
Band: 11:45 am to 12:15 pm

Promoter: Bill Graham Presents 415/864-081
Bob Barsotti/Peter Barsotti
Limo: Presidential Limo, Sacto 916/920-1123

Note: Airport to gig: 30 min
Hotel to gig: 20 min

SUNDAY 4 MAY

Crew: 9:00 am
Doors Open: 12:00 noon
Show Time: 2:00 pm

Travel: Van leaving site for airport:
Band: 4:30 pm
Crew: 6:00 pm

Handwritten notes and calculations:

- Cal Expo 1986
- May 3-4
- 21055
- 139728.00
- 116768.00
- \$256496.00
- 232449.50
- 5500.00
- 79469.70
- \$134469.70
- 60% overbook
- total due GDP
- use chain retailers
- 5500.00 cash taken in
- 129,469.70 final check

— 1987 —

The Dead celebrated Garcia's return with a grueling 85 shows in 1987, covering 15 states as well as Canada. The year began on a surprisingly high note: faced with the always unwelcome task of recording, rather than contend with a studio or the funky familiarity of Club Front, they set up in Marin Veterans Auditorium, which Garcia called "an incredibly nice room to record in. There's something about the formal atmosphere in there that makes us work." With songs that had matured and an abundance of energy, the sessions went beautifully. Even a grumpy Bill Graham appearance turned into serendipity: miffed about something, he showed up to complain, and his eyes joined those of the band members on the cover. The idea came from a moment in which they turned off all of the lights while playing, and though the song fell apart in fine and fragmented fashion, the experiment gave birth to an idea, and a name: longtime friend and Haight-Ashbury portrait photographer Herb Greene photographed everyone's eyes for the cover, and *In The Dark* became the album title, an inadvertent but perfect nod to the sense of mystery that surrounded the anticipation and excitement they all felt.

They mounted three tours that year, beginning with a very long spring tour, from late March into May, which took them from Virginia to Canada and across the Midwest to California. The summer tour ended on August 23; fall tour commenced on September 7. When that wrapped up at the Spectrum, they played three more

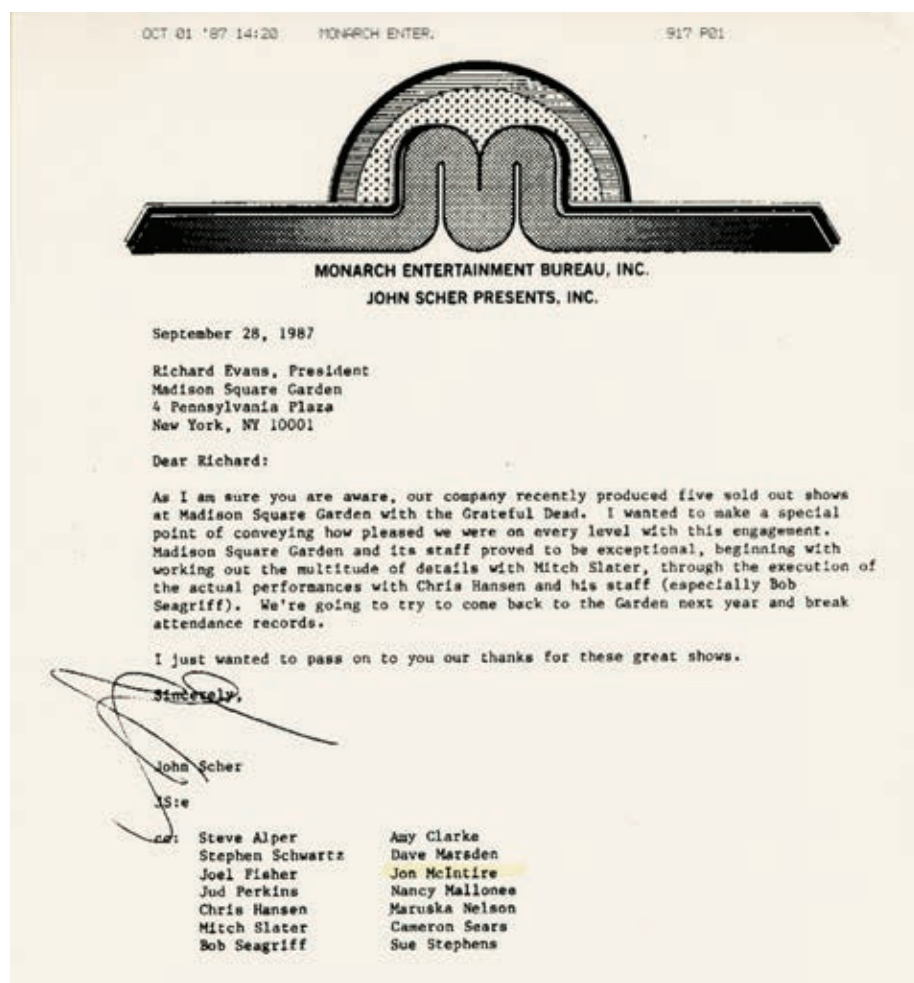
shows at Shoreline the next week, with the rest of fall punctuated by California dates every month. Not surprisingly, they finished in the top five grossing tours of the year, according to *Pollstar*, and would stay in the top five for the rest of their career. Their \$24.3-million concert gross ranked them fourth. It was an accomplishment widely noted. Three years later, when Paul McCartney was asked why he had scheduled a tour, his first in 13 years, he commented, "If Jerry Garcia can come out of a coma to tour, then I shouldn't have a problem. What he did inspired all of us." It was a thoughtful tribute from a fellow artist—and survivor.

The Dead's repertoire that year was a staggering 150 songs, testament to the creative roll they were on. Some of that abundance was due to their work with Bob Dylan that summer. Following the 1986 summer tour, when the Dead had played a set of shows with Dylan as the opener, the idea of mounting a tour with the Dead backing Dylan emerged. After a fine time rehearsing together in May, the Dead and Dylan played a handful of dates in July, all stadium shows. It was a treat for both band and fans, and their work together would have an enduring impact on Dylan. Garcia even played pedal steel at the Foxboro show, delighting fans with his accompaniment to "Knockin' On Heaven's Door." Although that would prove to be a rare treat, a number of additional Dylan songs would become part of the band's repertoire.

One enhancement that summer was the advent of an onstage MIDI (Musical Instrument Digital Interface) system for Mickey Hart, courtesy of ace technician and keyboardist Bob Bralove. A classically trained pianist with a degree in composition and orchestral arrangement, Bralove had served as the sound designer and computer music director for Stevie Wonder, and he would go on to be associate producer of the Dead's final studio album. At the end of the tour, Bralove "was having such a great time and they seemed so pleased that they just said, 'Hang out.'" He was more than amenable. It was the start of a long and fruitful collaboration, one that would result in Bralove's involvement in recording and producing releases—*Infrared Roses* would be his masterpiece—as well as providing MIDI for every band member.

The biggest news of the summer was the release of *In The Dark*, on July 6. By September it had sold more than one million copies, earning the band both gold and platinum awards in the same month, according to the Recording Industry Association of America. The enthusiasm for all things Dead also pushed *Shakedown Street* and *Terrapin Station* to gold record status, their first for Arista. Accolades for the album continued that fall, winning over critics who otherwise cheerfully proclaimed an utter disinterest in the band. Reviews bore headlines such as "A Dazzling Return." Calling it "a pleasure to listen to," one critic noted, "Perhaps the biggest reason for its success is the joy that infuses the band and the music. These people love what they're doing and they do it well . . ." And even if fans would lift an eyebrow at the songs that captivated new converts, it was gratifying to read lines like "the reason for their longevity and devoted audience becomes clear. These guys can PLAY, and they play as a band, not as soloists fighting for the spotlight."

In September the band played five nights at Madison Square Garden, with 85,000 tickets selling out in less than four hours, a venue record. The Garden's management



saluted the Dead's drawing power in a brief ceremony before the second show, awarding them the Garden Platinum Ticket Award honoring entertainers who had sold more than 250,000 tickets. The band was equally impressed with the Garden; promoter John Scher even wrote the venue's management a warm letter afterwards, thanking them and promising an even stronger run the next year.

The show included here was the third of the run. The first two nights had been good shows; in retrospect, they were warm-ups for this one: Friday night at the Garden, and the New York crowd was psyched. Fans praised the first set for a number of moments, but it was the second set that dropped jaws, especially "Morning Dew." For *DeadBase* coeditor Stu Nixon, this was "my favorite show of 1987." He was not alone.

Critics raved over the run. On opening night, the *Post's* music critic called it "nothing but great," admiring the "mesmerizing, stream-of-consciousness soloing" and the "dreamy guitar interplay between Garcia and Weir." Even reporters who didn't really understand the music found highlights to discuss. After admiring a blues "so blue that, if you weren't dancing in the aisles, you might be tempted to sit down and weep," the obvious had to be stated: "No question about it, the Dead will survive." That was on everyone's mind, though. "Survive?" another asked. "After 22 years together, this band might be indestructible." True enough, but some paused to wonder at the implications for the scene. "For more than 20 years, Deadheads have learned to live happily as fringe citizens," one New York reporter wrote. "Now they must cope with approval." He understood older fans' concerns and wondered whether newcomers would have the chance to learn "the whole mellow philosophy of going to shows and trading tapes and being part of a community which has never run on money, status, or the slightest hint of trendiness."

Later that fall, Garcia downplayed the surge of interest. "For us, it's pretty much business as usual," he explained to a crowd of reporters gathered to preview *So Far*. "It's nice to get all the attention, though—you know, that's kind of fun. But as far as it having an effect on us and the way we do things it really hasn't filtered down to us yet." That would come, and soon. By December, the pressure on the band, the venues, and the scene was on everyone's minds. In an interview before the New Year's run, Garcia remarked that "there's only so much of us; we can only play so many times—and the ticket thing is getting to be a problem." It was more than just a question of how to make the celebrated band-fan ethos work in larger settings; it was also simple fairness: "We don't want to have to exclude anybody," Garcia explained. "The problem of being fair and distributing ourselves intelligently, that's getting to be more and more a matter of discussion."

Fans reading the press carefully that fall were more troubled. The tsunami of acceptance that accompanied the album continued. Even small-town critics found it accessible—undercutting another's confident assertion that "sales notwithstanding, the Dead retain an outsider's aura." Not for long. "Could it be that the world at large is finally ready for The Grateful Dead?" one Washington state critic mused. "It seems so."

— 1988 —

The only response was to work, and work they did in 1988. The Dead mounted four tours that year along with ten other dates, for a total of 80 shows in 20 states, playing every region of the country. There wasn't much downtime: they performed through nine months of the year. It paid off. Ticket sales topped 1.3 million, for a reported gross of just over \$28.6 million, making the Dead the fourth biggest touring act that year. They played 131 different songs, including a batch of debuts. Weir's collaboration with actor Gerrit Graham, "Victim Or The Crime," developed into a powerful and angular song that stayed in the repertoire all the way to the end, though its lyrics—especially the opening line, "Patience runs out on the junkie"—many considered to be in bad taste, given Garcia's well-publicized issues with addiction.

Three Garcia-Hunter efforts appeared that year: "Foolish Heart" was a sprightly up-tempo tune that some viewed as the redemption for "Day Job," offering the same kind of cautionary advice but in a vastly more effective vehicle, both lyrically and musically. "Believe It Or Not" was a fine effort that surprised everyone, Garcia included; it showed how powerful a simple, declarative love song could be, even this late in the Dead's career. Sadly, it made only a few appearances that year before being retired after a final airing in 1990. More enduring was "Built To Last," which received far more stage time, though it, too, would disappear after 1990. Mydland was especially prolific, contributing "Blow Away" and "Gentlemen, Start Your Engines," both with lyrics by Barlow, and a solo effort, "I Will Take You Home," a lullaby written for his daughter. Several cover songs appeared as well, including The Beatles' "Blackbird," but the greatest surprise was a sparkling rendition of "Ripple," fulfilling a request by a terminally ill Dead Head.

The band played two stands at the Kaiser to start the year: four nights in February and three in March, celebrating Chinese New Year's and Mardi Gras, respectively, that sandwiched a memorable performance at the Bammies, where they walked off with awards for Best Album, Best Song, Best Group, Best Bassist, and Best Guitarist. A long spring tour began in late March with a one-off in Atlanta at the Omni, their first appearance at that venue since 1973. With the exception of Detroit, the rest of the tour would be multi-night stands at well-established arenas: Hampton Coliseum, the Meadowlands, Hartford Civic Center, the Worcester Centrum, Rosemont Horizon, Irvine Meadows, and, finally, two glorious afternoons at Stanford's Frost Amphitheatre, ending on May 1.

A mercifully shorter summer tour began on June 17 in Bloomington, Minnesota, the first time they returned to the Sports Center since 1973 (and one of only three visits). They played Alpine Valley, Wisconsin, and Buckeye Lake in Hebron, Ohio, prior to a set of East Coast dates, including Saratoga Performing Arts Center and Silver Stadium in Rochester. The tour finished on July 3 with two days at the Oxford Plains Speedway in Oxford, Maine, in what was billed as "the largest gathering of people ever to witness a concert in Maine." Both shows went well, but the second night—included here—was the one that everyone raved about.

The weekend had all the makings of history. Despite band misgivings, the promoter provided ample room for parking and camping, and the town was ecstatic: the shows had few problems and provided a significant financial windfall. Police noted that the Dead's crowd posed far fewer problems than other recent concerts, despite an audience that was more than three times the size. "It's been hectic because of all of the people," one police deputy commented, "but they are basically a mellow group that has given us little trouble." Although some residents nearby were irked, most praised the estimated 100,000 concertgoers. "This is like watching a show right here," one resident marveled. One fan thought the scene "seemed like a pilgrimage site in India . . . It was pandemonium, controlled chaos, contained anarchy." Reporters praised the "happy, peace-loving atmosphere" and called the weekend "the ultimate concert experience." Even the unexpected addition of 35,000 more fans didn't faze the tiny town of 4,500, thanks to Dead Head manners and deft logistics. It helped that many townspeople profited from providing parking, shuttle service, and vending to the crowds. The fire department even set up outdoor showers and spray stations to help fans cool off.

Fans responded gratefully. "The sheer size of the crowd was awe-inspiring," one reporter wrote. "What made it unbelievable was that it all worked in this Woodstock weekend atmosphere, where the rule among concertgoers was to share what you have and respect all others." A Dead Head put it best: "This is the real American dream that sometimes gets lost." Local authorities agreed. "It was the largest single gathering I've ever seen in 20 years with the State Police," one officer said. "It was one of the most peaceful." They made no arrests.

By the time the band returned to Madison Square Garden in September, the press treated them like conquering heroes. Nine shows over ten days was newsworthy by any measure. Even the San Francisco papers got in on the story. The *Examiner* sent a reporter to Manhattan to interview cops, bemused citizens, and fans, capturing the Dead's newfound visibility and impact in a haunt far removed from their West Coast stronghold. From a San Francisco perspective, the idea of the Dead in New York was more than odd. "The mad incongruity of it is enough to make you gasp," he wrote, epitomized by the inflatable gorilla, dressed in tie-dye, that loomed above the Garden's marquee. For him, "The symbolism was inescapable: The Dead had come to eat the city like a ripe banana."

It was amusing *and* symbolic, even to the band. "There is nothing like the Garden!" Mickey Hart enthused. "It's the center of the world . . . San Francisco is beautiful and I love it, but you come *here* to do business." His bandmates agreed. For Garcia, "Madison Square Garden is a big one. That place really has the juice." Lesh saw it as "the largest place we've been able to successfully and consistently levitate . . ." Even though it was the end of the tour, the shows went beautifully. "The Grateful Dead were at the top of their game for the New York shows," San Francisco critic Burr Snider wrote, "and as the engagement progressed night by night they seemed to be achieving a groove that was ever tighter, ever more sublime." They used their time and clout to make a public statement as well, designating one of the shows in the

run as a benefit for three organizations devoted to addressing the survival of the rain forest: Greenpeace, Cultural Survival, and the Rainforest Action Network. Garcia, Weir, and Hart even spoke at a press conference at the UN on September 14. It was the most political gesture of their career, but in the band's view, the significance of the rain forest to planetary survival transcended politics. They did their homework, producing a pithy and effective press kit, and answering questions thoughtfully and eloquently.

The Garden honored the band for their work. In a little ceremony before the start of the final show, the Garden's president announcing that the Dead were finishing up the longest run of any musical act in the venue's history, attracting the most concertgoers. To thunderous applause, a tie-dyed banner with "25" (for the number of years the band had performed there) was lifted to the rafters, where it joined the retired jerseys of the sports greats who had played there. It was appropriate: nine nights was a feat of athleticism as well as art.

To the band, there was far more light than dark in the picture. Before the rain-forest benefit, Garcia commented, "You keep asking yourself, 'How do you do this? This can't be done.' But it keeps getting smoother, better, everything heals itself. The whole experience is still inspiring." And it continued to attract new fans—legions of them, fueled by breathless press accounts of sold-out shows and first-rate performances. Every newspaper joined in the chorus: "The kids don't take to Kerouac's road anymore. The Haight-Ashbury has been redone in expensive real estate. There are few communes in the woods to head to. To the young and seeking in Reagan's America, there seems to be just one kindred signpost left. Good old Grateful Dead." It was a drumbeat that began in 1987 and continued to pick up steam in 1988.

Outside of the shows, the vending bazaar had grown to the point that some estimates placed the volume of sales at more than \$200,000 per show—with nary a penny going to the band. That was less of a concern than the manner in which those sales accrued, since a substantial amount involved goods bearing the band's trademarked logos. For years the band had looked the other way, chortling over the cleverness of fan-made crafts that staffers brought back from shopping excursions to Shakedown Street. With the band in the spotlight, however, failure to police their marks carried serious legal implications—and financial consequences, not least of which was the rise of large-scale bootleggers.

Copyright woes were troubling enough, but the band was capable of ignoring, or at least failing to address, issues that did not threaten their livelihood. And revenues were fine; more than fine, in fact. But with more and more venues cancelling, suddenly that was open to question. Inaction was not an option. It fell to Hunter to make the case. Fans who mail-ordered that spring received a strongly-worded letter that explained what had happened and what it meant, and in terms that also made the band's philosophy abundantly clear: "The good old days when we were your personal minstrels have been overshadowed by a new reality which must be addressed." His opening sentences made a historic point, addressing "the question of who *we* are" by conceding, "the answer is, partly us, partly you." They had never put it quite

Dear Deadheads,

Here we are sitting on top of the world: big record, open doors and lots of steaming plans. This raises the question of who we are-the answer is: partly us, partly you. Our part is to provide the music and logistics of the Grateful Dead experience; your part is to have one hell of a good time without anyone getting hurt or sore, -which is what this trip is mostly about.

Our current situation demands that we provide our part to growing numbers who are beginning to catch on to what you knew all along.

There is no blanket solution to the problems caused by increasing demand and there is no turning back. We are now the biggest "draw" in the history of rock and roll. That's not a self congratulatory statement, rather a bald fact showing the seriousness of our logistical problem. The good old days when we were your personal minstrels have been overshadowed by a new reality which **must** be addressed. We are not a political, religious nor a grass roots movement; not a counter culture, drug culture nor the latest big shakes snatch and run glamor act- we are a symbiotic fun machine designed to get 10,000 or more heads straight at a pop.

We don't want to be consigned to doing only stadium gigs but, in order to play smaller venues, our friends must heed our pleas to not attend certain shows without tickets. Otherwise, cities will simply not rent us their facilities and that will be that.

Many doors have been closed to us in the last several months due to the trash and boogie behavior of new fans who have no regard for the way the Dead do things.

Environments as large as those which we are called upon to provide must be controlled or we will be responsible for the ensuing Pandemonium.

Some of the changes we are making are for our benefit, others are for yours. Frankly, we don't intend to hand over a big portion of the bread we need to run this operation to organized crime. This is no joke, there are some big time heavies muscling in. Follow the cigar smoke! Hence we are forced into a tighter structuring of merchandising. What began as a spontaneous vagabond marketplace has devolved into a competitive and obnoxious full scale illegal rip off, squeezing out the gypsy Deadheads and offering violence to rival merchandisers. We intend to step on it-hard!

Wherever venues allow it, good people will still be allowed to make road money dealing artifacts-all you gotta do is ask for permission. You keep what you make, or give us a cut if you deal our trademarks. Fair and simple.

Tapers, as you may know by now, are assigned certain sections because they are **so** touchy. We let you tape for free and love it when you exchange tapes. But if anybody asks for more than the price of the blank tape, they are playing a different game.

If you can keep your sense of proportion and understand that we are doing what **must** be done to ensure our rights and yours, we gratefully invite you to experience this unexpected era of Mega Dead-dom. Take it with the grain of salt it deserves and enjoy watching the ripples as our personal tributary begins mingling with larger currents. It's just as weird for us as it is for you, but, after all, this wasn't meant to be a private party!

Robert Hunter
for Grateful Dead Productions, Inc.

COUNTERFEIT TICKET WARNING

OVER THE LAST YEAR THE COUNTERFEIT TICKET PROBLEM HAS GOTTEN MUCH WORSE, CULMINATING WITH THE NEW YEARS EVE CONCERT AT WHICH OVER 350 BOGUS TICKETS WERE STOPPED AT THE DOOR. THESE 350-PLUS PEOPLE DID NOT GET IN, AND LEARNED A VERY EXPENSIVE LESSON.

ONLY BUY TICKETS FROM AUTHORIZED TICKET AGENCIES, DO NOT BUY TICKETS ON THE STREET!! THEY WILL MOST LIKELY BE COUNTERFEIT AND YOU WILL NOT GET IN!!

IF YOU DON'T HAVE A TICKET, PLEASE DON'T COME TO THE CONCERT. THANK YOU.

that bluntly, and it was a remarkable public acknowledgment. "If you can keep your sense of proportion and understand that we are doing what must be done to ensure our rights and yours, we gratefully invite you to experience this unexpected era of Mega Dead-dom," he finished. "It's just as weird for us as it is for you . . ."

It was not so much advice or admonition as it was a statement—and an appeal to Dead Heads to participate in finding a solution. As Garcia explained, "We're interested in letting as many people plug in as want to. We feel that there's no reason why they shouldn't join in the problem-solving and the thinking and the directionality of where we're going . . ." They were all groping for enlightenment, just as they always had. Only now there were a lot more people involved.

The Dead scaled back only slightly in 1989, performing 73 shows in 17 states in three tours that covered a large part of the country, along with ten other stops over the course of the year. All told, they played dates in ten months that year, maintaining their status as the fourth-largest-grossing act, according to *Pollstar*, with \$28.6 million in sales. Their repertoire for the year was 135 songs, including several debuts. The best of the new songs was the Garcia-Hunter ballad "Standing On The Moon," a moving meditation on war and the human condition that evoked some of the old feel of the pre-Haight-Ashbury folk scene. It would remain in the rotation from then on. The other enduring entry was "Picasso Moon," a Weir-Barlow rocker that included lyric contributions by Bob Bralove; it took longer to gel but became a strong first-set contender. Barlow also provided lyrics for two Mydland efforts, "We Can Run" and "Just A Little Light." Cover songs introduced that year included the one-off "California Earthquake," sung to commemorate the Loma Prieta temblor that rattled Northern California that fall, and the jubilant garage-band classic "Louie Louie," a throwback to the band's earliest bar band days. Fans were especially delighted to hear another chestnut from that era, the Pigpen rave-up "In The Midnight Hour." Weir even brought back "The Monkey and The Engineer" as a one-time treat.

Most of the new songs were slated for the band's next album, which they began recording in February and which substantially occupied their time between summer and fall tours. The lessons of *In The Dark* had faded, however, and *Built To Last* was produced by Garcia and John Cutler from individual tracks recorded by each band member, usually in isolation. The work pleased no one. For Kreutzmann, "there was no joy in it." To Lesh, it was "Total-Overdub Land, a nightmarish briar patch of egotistical contention." Grand pronouncements in the press about the sophistication of the recording techniques obscured the underlying tensions, but those seemed painfully obvious to their old friend Stanley Mouse, whose wonderfully cartoon-like paintings for the album cover managed to convey the sense of a

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
(HEREIN CALLED "FEDERATION")

CONTRACT
(Form TP-2)

FOR TRAVELING ENGAGEMENTS ONLY

GRATEFUL DEAD RIDER IS HEREBY ATTACHED AND BY THIS REFERENCE MADE PART OF THIS CONTRACT.

Whenever The Term "The Local Union" Is Used In This Contract, It Shall Mean The Local Union Of The Federation With Jurisdiction Over The Territory In Which The Engagement Covered By This Contract Is To Be Performed.

THIS CONTRACT for the personal services of musicians on the engagement described below is made this 27th day of September, 1989, between the undersigned purchaser of music (herein called "Purchaser") and the undersigned musician or musicians.

1. Name and Address of Place of Engagement: Miami Arena, Miami, Florida

Name of Band or Group: Grateful Dead

Number of Musicians: Six (6) Number of Vocalists: _____

2. Date(s) of Engagement; daily or weekly schedule and daily clock hours: October 25-26, 1989 at 7:30 P.M.

3. Type of Engagement (specify whether dance, stage show, banquet, etc.): Concert; Cap. 16,636 @ \$18.50; Gross Pot. \$615,532; Less 2700 est. kills & 1000 est. comps; Tax 6% plus 75c seat tax; Net Gross Pot. \$495,192.

4. Compensation Agreed Upon: \$100,000 guarantee vs. 80% of the net box office receipts after taxes and Employer's reasonable and actual direct concert (amount and terms) expenses as approved by Artist; whichever is greater. Employer also to pay \$40,000 est. production (per day)

5. Purchaser Will Make Payments As Follows: \$25,000 deposit due on 9/26/89 to Metropolitan Entertainment
Balance due in full on night of engagement via _____ (Specify when payments are to be made) Employer's check or cash during the intermission of the show. Make check payable to Metropolitan Entertainment

6. No performance on the engagement shall be recorded, reproduced or transmitted from the place of performance in any manner or by any means whatsoever, in the absence of a specific written agreement with the Federation relating to and permitting such recording, reproduction or transmission.

vanishing counterculture with a hot rod fleeing a postapocalyptic landscape. His vision was rejected, and though the final cover would prove to be a fine image, it was hard to miss that both cover and recording marked a lost opportunity to return to their roots and to rekindle their spirit.

Had they done so, however, and *Built To Last* proved to be a hit, it might well have ended the band's ability to perform in public. As it was, the pressures on both venues and the band's organization remained intense. Some of this was shouldered by Cameron Sears, who was brought on to help Jon McIntire in 1987 and rapidly assumed more and more responsibility. He had his hands full. The music inside the concert halls that year remained luminous, but outside the problems continued. That fall the band took the extraordinary step of writing each promoter a three-page letter detailing steps they expected to be taken in order to ensure smooth interactions with local authorities:

We need to make sure that police and security officials understand that although Grateful Dead fans look different from most concert goers, they are a very peace-loving and gentle audience . . . There may be a small fraction of troublemakers, however the band is determined not to let this small number spoil the peaceful environment that usually evolves around their shows. Please take every measure to support them in this effort.

Some of those measures they spelled out, such as calling a meeting two weeks before each show, including the promoter and production manager, heads of the police details, building and parking lot security, building management and operations—with minutes of that meeting to be shared with the band for comment.

Those steps didn't prevent tragedy from striking. On October 14, the body of a Dead Head was found in the road outside of the Meadowlands. Adam Katz had left the show, on LSD, and was initially thought to have died in a fall from an overpass. But his injuries led the coroner to classify the death of the slender, 115-pound fan as murder. Suspicion fell on the arena security guards, who had a well-deserved reputation as bullies and thugs, and many fans considered them eminently capable of such brutality. Despite considerable efforts, no one was convicted of the crime.

In December another Dead Head left the band's final show at the L.A. Forum, high on LSD and looking for medical help. While witnesses said that Patrick Shanahan had been acting strangely, none said he was violent. It was impossible to fathom why six police officers felt sufficiently threatened to beat him so badly that he had bruises covering his entire body, some an inch deep, and finally kill him with a chokehold. They were acquitted, but two years later the LAPD's tactics with Rodney King would spark nationwide outrage.

The deaths may have been isolated, but reports of brutality against fans by police and arena security were widespread. One freelance journalist found that "virtually every Deadhead had a horror story to tell." The band dedicated a Vault release to Katz and vowed never to play the Forum again, but there was no way to avoid the conclusion that the friction between the Dead scene and the mainstream was deeper and more fundamental than anyone had realized. Katz's death in particular was

heavily covered and cast a long pall over the end of the fall tour, only obviated by the release of *Built To Last* on Halloween.

The news coverage made for a complicated dislocation between the ongoing musical peaks inside the venues and the darkening scene outside. Navigating that gulf would define the remainder of the band's career, bringing out the best and the worst in the Dead Head scene as it confronted its most profound challenge.

The band's efforts to defuse those tensions included one novel experiment that fall: unannounced shows. Billed as Formerly The Warlocks, the band played two sold-out shows at Hampton Coliseum, the strange saucer-shaped venue that had welcomed them ever since they outgrew William and Mary. The stealth shows created a comfortable cover that produced a memorable set of performances. Fans lucky enough to be there still waxed poetic, years later. Hearing "those unmistakable opening chords" of "Dark Star" sent the crowd into paroxysms clearly audible even on the soundboard recording. As the band embarked, you can hear ten thousand throats gasp in disbelief; "A moment of stunned comprehension later," one fan wrote, "the place exploded." Years later, the recordings still have that effect. "I still get the shivers when I listen to the tape of the second set," another fan remarked.

A few nights later, the second airing of the song was even more ecstatic. "Unbelievable," wrote one attendee, "it was bedlam . . . People fell to their knees on the spot. Others stood with arms uplifted, some embraced each other, all smiling and grinning knowingly. There was an electricity in the air that made my hair stand on end . . . How do you feel when a dream is realized? Dark Star." The electricity buzzed the entire tour.

That energy was as palpable as it was mysterious. In Miami, the show included here, local reporters dutifully observed that there was more to the shows than they could fully understand: One writer called it "a tribal, ritualistic happening" in which the show itself was "just a portion of what occurs," but the music, "built around improvisation," left him befuddled. "It was probably an erratic night for the band," the *Palm Beach Post* staff writer suggested tentatively. Not really. One older critic—a self-professed former hippie "old enough to know what the latest generation of Deadheads missed out on in the first place"—found it satisfying: "the Dead can still space out with the best of 'em." Fans agreed, praising the second set in particular. "I'm sure that anyone outside the arena during the Star>Space>Star saw the arena walls bulge," one Dead Head wrote afterwards. For those lucky enough to catch the tour, it was a wonderful close. As one fan put it, "All in all, the perfect ending to the perfect tour!" And a perfect show to represent the year for this box.

A reporter from West Virginia—the business editor of the tiny *Beckley Register-Herald*—caught five shows that fall and wrote an appreciative account for his paper. In his view, it was "a very special time right now for Deadheads." He found the shows superb, noting that "the interplay between the musicians—which is really what makes the Dead special, after all—remains." His conclusion? "If there's any band fit to put out an album called 'Built to Last,' it's the Dead, and they seem determined to live up to the title."

— *The Nineties* —

IT FELT LIKE A RENAISSANCE to the band as well. After a particularly good show in 1989, Weir had mused, “At this point we’ve refined ourselves back down to the curious revelation that anything can happen.” He meant it positively, but it would prove to be a strikingly apt—and markedly neutral—assessment of the last five years. The 1990s would be marked by dramatic swings from musical peaks to logistical depths, from reinvention and renewal to stultification and decline, however unpredictable and erratic the pendulum’s movement seemed.

The band worked hard to manage it all. From an artistic standpoint, their last songs would cement their status as not just elder statesmen of rock but as simply superb musicians whose work had deeply enriched American songcraft. From a logistical perspective, they struggled to manage a level of success that would have destroyed most businesses, one that damaged the scene and threatened its ethos. They never stopped trying. If forces outside of shows challenged their ability to maintain control, inside arenas they continued to demonstrate a professionalism that not only made them industry leaders but exemplars. Backstage, for example, was still the band’s domain, with Cassidy Law capably handling the press for laminates, tickets, and backstage passes with graciousness and aplomb. In the 1990s, McNally estimated, the band gave away up to \$600,000 of free tickets every year. Guests often included old friends: Pigpen’s sister or Bobby Petersen’s mother might show up, or an old friend of Garcia’s from the days of the Chateau. One of those came to a show and was delighted:

Jerry and the band didn’t forget their old friends, lots of people I knew from the old days were backstage, drinking beer and smoking. It was like a Love Scene party in a slightly different language, because of the things that hadn’t changed, and the things that had . . . Backstage at those shows, I felt like I’d come home.

That sentiment—and practice—were unique in rock music. So were the Dead. Even sympathetic journalists couldn’t quite wrap their heads around the Dead’s ethos: writing about the band’s September run in Philadelphia, one journalist concluded that “there is no greater anomaly in music than the Grateful Dead. Everything that makes them unique is precisely the opposite of what makes for success in the modern music market.”

One sign of that uniqueness happened during the spring 1990 tour, when the band made it possible for deaf fans to enjoy the shows by hiring an interpreter to sign the songs. Starting at the Cap Center, deaf fans had a special section, and they responded with delight. “The way the crowd moved, I could almost see the music,” one deafhead wrote. Even more, Dead Heads understood. “Here they don’t stare when I sign,” one deafhead exclaimed. Over the next five years, thousands of hearing-impaired Dead Heads participated in shows through a section set aside for them dubbed the DeafZone. The band’s popularity would be a constant challenge during their final years, but as a group their commitment to their craft, and to their fans, never wavered.

— 1990 —

In 1990 the Dead played 74 shows in 15 states and the District of Columbia, along with five foreign countries: four in Europe, along with Canada. There were three major tours in the spring, summer, and fall, with brief three-stop outings in June, September, and December, along with two runs at the Oakland Coliseum Arena in January and December. In those nine months of shows, they sold almost one-and-a-half million tickets and grossed more than \$31.5 million, maintaining their ranking as the fourth-largest touring gross of the year. Audiences heard an impressive 144 different songs, including the return of “Loose Lucy,” to fans’ delight, as well as a host of covers ranging from The Beatles’ “Revolution” to The Band’s “The Weight.” Dead Heads commented on the lack of new compositions, but no one complained about the shows, especially that spring.

All told, it was a roller-coaster of a year, with musical highs that ranked with their best, all the more remarkable for the pressures that continued to mount outside of shows. Those magnified the low points, however, from the jet-lagged dud of their show in Sweden—one of the only off nights that year—to the heartbreaking tragedy of losing Brent that summer. The extremes made reflection difficult and objective assessment impossible for those on the inside; and they still make dispassionate criticism a struggle now, sifting for perspective amidst the flood of press and letters and business files documenting those tumultuous months.

The Dead returned to the stage in late February for their traditional three-night Mardi Gras stand at Oakland Coliseum Arena, strong shows that whetted fans’ appetites for the spring tour. That tour earned the extraordinary accolade of being released in its entirety, a testament to the strength of the music they made during those 16 nights. Extensive liner note essays in the two boxed sets covering the tour explored how things looked from behind the scenes and in the audience, but the magic of the music made that spring takes on a particular glow when seen from outside the venues. In a taste of what would increasingly define the Dead’s final years, media glare and community friction that spring put the band and scene under a lens that could just as easily have scorched the relationship between band and fans and burned out the fragile spark of improvisation they all courted. What happened instead was a tribute to everyone and every ideal in the scene. As Branford Marsalis said to the band after sitting in at Nassau on the second night of the run, “I now know that playing rock and roll can be all that I have envisioned it would be.” He would become the most welcome guest the band ever had.

After a month’s break, the band played two nights in May at Cal State Dominguez Hills, shows marred by poor planning and crowd difficulties that made the next shows a month later a pleasure: three nights at Cal Expo and three nights at Shoreline, strong performances that augured well for summer. Summer tour began in Kansas on July 4, but they played a two-night stand at the University of Oregon’s Autzen Stadium a few days earlier to warm up, with their old friends Little Feat opening. The tour’s 12 dates took them from the Midwest to the Northeast, ending with three days at the World Music Center in Tinley Park, Illinois. Fans remember

rainy shows but fine playing, including some particularly sparkling performances by Mydland.

Those musical highlights belied what Mydland was feeling, however. At age 37, he still felt like the new kid in the band, though that was not how he was perceived by his bandmates. Despite a fine tour, Brent's deterioration had been a long process almost as visible as Keith's, though not as audible. Its most searing moment had come years before, in fact, when his performance of "Maybe You Know" in 1986 had degenerated into a scream of anguish and soul-searing pain. Only Garcia's gentle intervention helped bring the song to a close, and he deftly defused the moment by launching into "Going Down The Road Feelin' Bad" in what McNally saw as "an act of extraordinary compassion." Mydland had rallied, but the ebbs and flows of his moods over the next four years led to darker and darker corners of his personal abyss, and by 1990 he was facing jail time for multiple DUI convictions. It was a symptom of the turmoil and pain that gnawed at him and that his bandmates saw all too clearly but felt powerless to assuage. In truth, Brent was inconsolable, facing pressures he could not fathom and lacking the perspective and resources to manage them. As Steve Parish saw it, "The scene and the lifestyle ate him up. He just wasn't wired for it." Three days after the tour ended, he overdosed on a combination of morphine and cocaine.

His death devastated both band and fans. Garcia took it especially hard, becoming "noticeably more withdrawn" in Kreutzmann's eyes. Younger Dead Heads found it particularly difficult to process; Mydland had been a way of humanizing a band whose mythic origins seemed distant, shrouded, and unobtainable to those who had come of age in the Reagan years. As one wrote, "In Brent's youthful fire, arrogance, innocence, brazenness, freedom and barely tapped potential I had recognized those qualities in myself." For that generation of Dead Head, "when Brent was wailing on his keyboards and shredding the speakers with his vocals, I was right there with him . . . He was the most vulnerable, the outsider, the brilliant long shot whom I wanted to see succeed." So did the band, but the road is merciless, and touring at that level does not permit weakness or fragility. It was not lost on anyone that Brent's last show marked the ten-year anniversary of Keith's death.

Yet the band's momentum and popularity produced enormous pressure to simply move on: the wheel was turning and it wouldn't slow down, to paraphrase Hunter, but it was hard not to hear a darker, prophetic cast to the second line of the refrain: "If the thunder don't get you, then the lightning will." To some staffers, it seemed as if the only bright spot left was the music—but somehow that remained more than lustrous, if burnished by pressure and tears.

That pressure rushed the choice of their next keyboardist. With only a few weeks before the fall tour, auditions were a crucible, magnified by media scrutiny and a frenzy of speculation on all sides. Merl Saunders took his phone off the hook. Four players appeared at Front Street, including their old friend Pete Sears, but they needed high harmonies, and in the end they chose another San Francisco alumnus, although from a very different era: Vince Welnick. Formerly of The Tubes, whose



glam-rock persona was the absolute antithesis of everything Dead, Welnick was a gifted player whose taste brought another set of fine covers to the band's repertoire. Although his compositions never really meshed with the band, he developed into an able player, though he, too, was burdened by a deeply vulnerable psyche.

The call for him came at an opportune time. Welnick's career had bottomed out, and he was on the verge of relocating to Mexico when Mydland died. He was still unsure, until his meeting with Bralove and Garcia convinced him: "That's when I realized that these were real people, and this could be a family kind of thing. I was totally sold at that point." But he was referring to the job itself. He still had reservations about the music. For his audition, the band handed him tapes of the spring 1990 tour, and Welnick was stunned. "I was amazed at the wealth of wonderful material. Simple yet complex and wonderful," he told one reporter.

Joining a band with that much history, and especially with that kind of fan, was daunting. He told another journalist, "Being the new keyboardist in this band is like being the new guy in 'Nam." And Dead Heads were terrifying: "They write reviews for every show, and they really put you under a microscope," he marveled. "If you drop a note in any given song, that's gonna be published." But at shows, he quickly experienced the other side of Dead Heads, who encouraged exploration and valued risk-taking far more than polish: "[T]hey're very forgiving, so that inspires you to reach for the brass ring." At his first show, fans printed up stickers, welcoming him with "Yo Vinnie!"

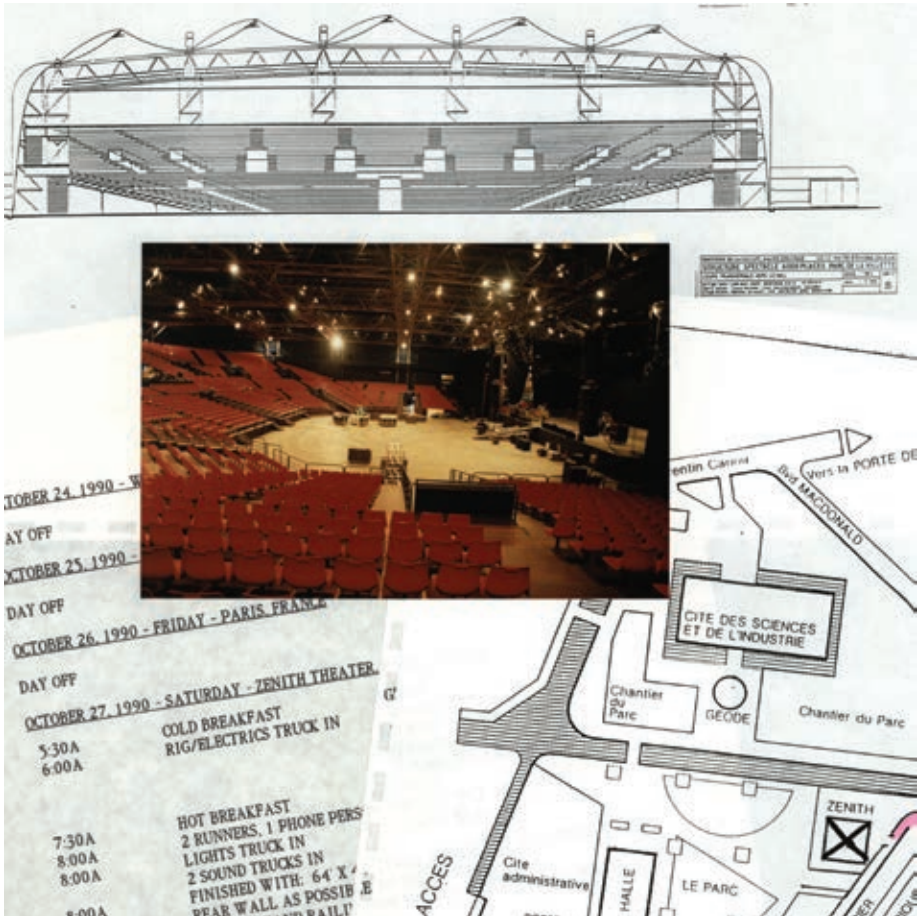
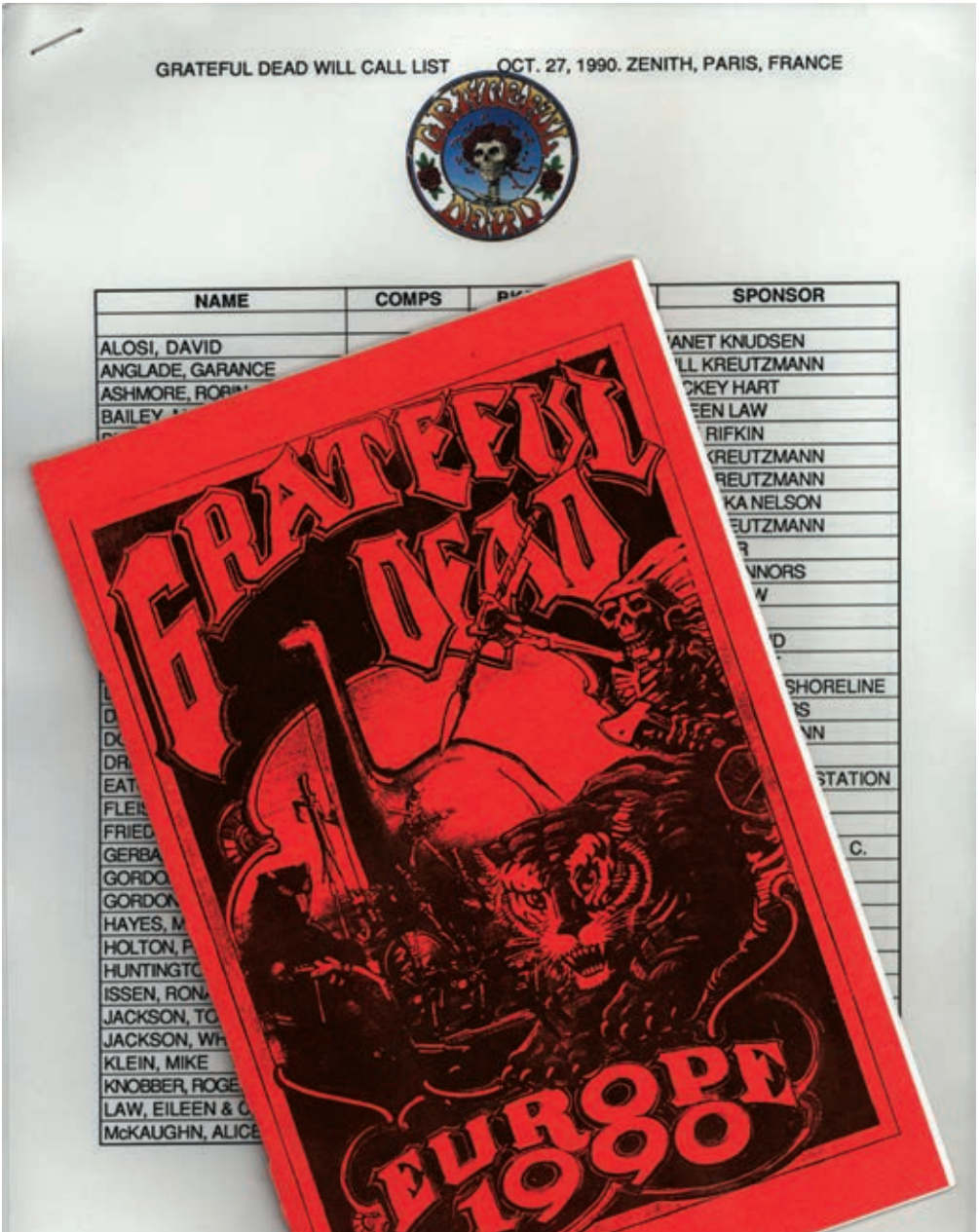
In September *Without A Net* was released, dedicated to Clifton Hanger, Mydland's nom de hotel, and it made a fine tribute to their fallen brother. Drawn from performances on the fall 1989 and spring 1990 tours, it was a sparkling assemblage that mimicked the arrangement of a show from the era—an ideal show. It was everything that *Built To Last* was not, and it energized the fall tour. They played 11 dates starting September 7 in Richfield, Ohio, before settling into three

nights at the Spectrum and six at Madison Square Garden. On the second night at the Garden, the band welcomed Bruce Hornsby as guest keyboardist. A friend of Garcia's, Hornsby had opened for the band in 1987, and Garcia and Lesh had hoped to recruit him as Mydland's replacement. Hornsby's solo career was doing too well to allow him to abandon it, but he agreed to sit in, and over the next two years he was a frequent guest, adding his piano and superb grasp of the band's music and style to the proceedings.

They took three weeks off before embarking for Europe, playing 11 dates that carried them from Sweden to Germany to Paris and ended in London. Swedish fans were polite, but courtesy couldn't mask the disappointment of an off night. The band shrugged it off, Weir chalking it up to jet lag, but it was profoundly disheartening to Welnick, who was so visibly distraught backstage that McNally grew

genuinely concerned. "It's not you," the publicist reassured him. "Don't worry about it." Vince soldiered on. In Germany they played Essen, Berlin, and Frankfurt, generating the most coverage of the tour, but the best press accompanied their final nights in London. Curiously absent was the French media reaction: only a few mentions and a couple of articles, but fans there were properly delighted. A small hall on the outskirts of Paris, Le Zénith was cozy, comfortable, and welcoming, a pleasant change for Americans used to stadium shows. It was not without its challenges, logistically, but the payoff was magnificent.

Opening night—included here—was one for the record books, a show that everyone on both sides of the stage agreed was a keeper. A small backstage list still produced enthusiastic witnesses. Staffers wrote home, saying "Paris is a treat—shows great," and "The shows here were the best." To McNally, "Saturday night in Paris was as good as it could get." Dead Heads concurred: "The energy was immense and it was probably the best Dead show I ever saw," one wrote. This wasn't hyperbole. Superlatives pepper the reviews from those who attended: "a great show!"; "stunning, everything played to perfection"; "a superb and inspired experience." Even jaded fans who found the set list standard noted that "they were in such good form that



each number seemed fresh and exciting.” And everyone commented on the encore, a rendition of “One More Saturday Night” that one American said “ALONE was worth travelling over 4,000 miles, expending thousands of dollars, and forsaking nearly one month of American livelihood. It was a reward for the faithful.”

That described a busy December as well, with 11 shows, mostly at home in Oakland except for a brief foray of five dates in Arizona and Denver. It made a fitting, and appropriately exhausting, cap to a momentous year.

— 1991 —

If 1990 had left little time for reflection, 1991 would be no different. The band added a few more dates, playing 77 shows and 138 songs. No new songs entered the repertoire, but several new covers and returning originals delighted fans, chief among them “New Speedway Boogie” and “Might As Well.” The greatest surprise was “Reuben and Cérise,” long a staple of Garcia’s solo repertoire but entirely new for the Dead. It made four appearances, all that year. “Forever Young” and “Mona” were other noteworthy covers that year, nods to their old friends Dylan and Quicksilver Messenger Service, who had truly claimed “Mona” back in the days of the Haight.

Older Dead Heads joined newbies in singing the band’s praises. “The shows haven’t been this consistently hot since ’77!” one fan wrote. “The period of late ’89 to now [1991] has been a GD renaissance.” Veteran Dead chronicler Blair Jackson wrote, “By any standard, 1991 was an extraordinary year for the Grateful Dead,” one that he viewed as “an *excellent* year musically.”

The Dead returned to the stage in February for their traditional Chinese New Year’s run in Oakland, this time fencing with shadows far larger than those surrounding their own scene. The drumbeat of war had sounded since August, following Iraq’s invasion of Kuwait, and in January 33 nations joined the U.S. in mounting a massive effort to oust the invader. The televised spectacle had dominated newscasts in January and February, prompting Robert Hunter to write one of his most remarkable poems, called “A Strange Music.” For Dead Heads at the first Oakland show, the symbolism of hearing “New Speedway Boogie” could not be missed. Indeed, the whole run read like an extended commentary on the war, with set lists and lyrics weaving a densely allusive narrative about violence and self-righteousness, power and forgiveness; in short, all of the great ideals and grand ineffables that the band’s music and lyrics had always plumbed were now rewoven as a meditation on yet another complex military folly whose only sure result was blood.

The violence of war had two tragically personal counterparts that year, in the deaths of Rick Griffin and Bill Graham. Griffin died in August, killed by a driver who collided with his motorcycle. Graham died in October when his helicopter crashed into a power line pylon. Both deaths affected the band deeply. Griffin had been one of the main artists to define the band’s visual legacy; Graham was the promoter who most defined their performing career. When Griffin took a friend to a show in 1989, without tickets, the friend was amazed to find them ushered inside

and given seats next to the stage. At set break, he understood: “[W]hen Jerry Garcia came to meet us backstage, it dawned on me: In Garcia’s eyes, he was a fan and Rick was the star.”

Bill’s impact was more complicated but no less powerful, a cross between a big brother and a conniving uncle; the Dead recognized his unscrupulousness but admired his altruism, and they had enormous respect for his acumen as a promoter. Graham’s concern for concertgoers had led him to create sections for handicapped patrons, remonstrate with police, and avert disaster on many occasions. His deep affection for the band was sincere and boundless. When the band took the stage at Oakland two days after his death, they were flanked by two wreaths, and when Garcia played “Knockin’ On Heaven’s Door” for the encore, the hush that fell over the arena was a remarkable, unanimous gesture of respect. So were the tears.

Before then, the band turned in two tours with a handful of other dates, all multishow stands: by 1991, every market supported longer stays. They opened with four nights at the Capital Centre in Landover, Maryland, followed by three nights at the Knickerbocker in Albany, three nights at Nassau, two nights at Greensboro Coliseum in North Carolina, three nights at the Omni in Atlanta, and three nights in Orlando to finish on April 9. They took a couple of weeks off before playing three shows at the Silver Bowl in Las Vegas in late April, followed by three-day runs at Cal Expo and Shoreline in May. Summer tour began with a one-off warm-up at L.A.’s Memorial Coliseum on June 1 prior to a series of 14 dates that took them from the Midwest to the East Coast and back, in a series of swings: Deer Creek in Indiana, to Buckeye Lake in Ohio, then Charlotte, RFK Stadium, Giants Stadium, and back to Michigan, Chicago, Kansas, and finally Denver. The machinery of the Dead’s touring operation was tuned to perfection.

They took July off, playing a second pair of three-day runs at Cal Expo and Shoreline in August before setting out for a fall tour on September 4. After three dates at Richfield Coliseum in Ohio, they settled into a record-breaking run of nine shows at Madison Square Garden, fulfilling John Scher’s promise. Even *The New Yorker* weighed in on the band’s run, noting: “A Grateful Dead concert is an institution old enough and strangely American enough to warrant an exhibit at the Smithsonian. It’s a movable Chautauqua, a portable Mardi Gras, a temporary city where any day of the week can be the weirdest Saturday night of your life.” The band’s sold-out run was the second-highest-grossing stand of the year, barely edged out by Liza Minelli’s 15 shows at Radio City Music Hall. Seasoned critics and entertainment reporters could only comment that the band sounded great, and that audience issues that had threatened to overwhelm them seemed to be on the wane. “The Dead are still packing them in,” was all that most could say, as one headline observed. Still, even the most jaded writers could admit, “When it works . . . the Dead and their followers build an Everest of music and magic.”

Poignant proof of that came from an unlikely source: famed author and clinical neurologist Oliver Sacks, who had testified before Congress with Mickey Hart earlier that summer on the healing potential of music. At Hart’s invitation, Sacks

brought one of his most severely damaged patients to see one of the shows. A confirmed Dead Head who had suffered from massive brain trauma, Sacks's patient responded miraculously. At the show he was "transformed," Sacks wrote; "he seemed at this moment completely normal, as if the music was infusing him with its own strength, its coherence, its spirit." Most of all, "His energy and joy were amazing to see," Sacks noted. It represented a profound breakthrough—and gave undeniable proof of the restorative powers of the band's music, performance, and the audience.

To the press, the band was typically self-deprecating. Garcia quipped, "If I knew what made us popular, I'd bottle it," he said to *The New York Times*. "But insofar as we're providing a safe context to be together with a lot of people who aren't afraid of each other, which is real valuable in New York, I'd guess, we're important." But he also talked seriously about their craft, providing insights into the soaring quality of the shows that year. "There's a certain problem-solving aspect to improvisation that I like, it's thinking on your feet. There's an intellectual and emotional side to it, and the emotional side I can't quite articulate," he explained. "As I get older I'm starting to perceive a greater sense of composition, a sense of contour and development . . ." Critics noticed. "Rarely, if ever, have I witnessed such a symbiotic bond between audience and performer," one critic wrote after the Sunday show. "All in all, it was a magical event . . ."

But Tuesday had Branford, and the combination of him and Bruce Hornsby—the only show to feature both—made it especially memorable. To many Dead Heads, it was, as *DeadBase* coeditor John W. Scott wrote, "the finest show of the year." Its inclusion here was a natural.


Other reports on the run focused on their box-office appeal—big news after a summer of "rock tour flops," as the *Times* put it. That became a defining theme of the year. *Pollstar* called it the "Year of the Dead," making the band the year-end cover story and observing, "There's a strange kind of irony in seeing a group as uncommercial as the Dead top the list of highest grossing tours of 1991. The numbers add up, but it still makes no sense." Too true. With ticket sales off by 25%, promoters were going bankrupt, seeking outside partners, and even criticizing acts—the North American Concert Promoters Association issued a list of the ten worst acts of the summer, the first time it had publicly criticized an act or the deal it demanded. "Usually, the top grossing act is a superstar band that hasn't been out in a while, like the Rolling Stones, or a pop group with huge hits, huge sales and a big show, like New Kids on the Block," *Pollstar* wrote. "The Grateful Dead [have] none of these things." What they had was an impressive jump in tour revenue: \$34.7 million, up from \$29 million the year before.

The rest of the tour, and the year, proved no less compelling. They followed New York with six nights at the Boston Garden to close the tour. In October their four-night stand at Oakland Coliseum became an extended tribute to Bill Graham, with their old friends Carlos Santana and Gary Duncan from Quicksilver Messenger Service sitting in for two of the shows. The climax came on Halloween, when Ken Kesey delivered a thundering eulogy during "Drums," the centerpiece of which was

a searing performance of the e. e. cummings poem "Buffalo Bill's / defunct," which knit together the old Prankster's thoughts on the legacy of the counterculture and the Acid Tests and the death of his son in a powerful and moving tribute to a man who had been almost an adversary of Kesey's in the 1960s. It was mesmerizing, and it showed another side of what a Dead show could be.

After that, the band's set during the Bill Graham memorial at Golden Gate Park a few days later seemed almost anticlimactic, but they delivered an impressive performance with Neil Young, John Popper, and John Fogerty all sitting in. They finished the year with four nights at Oakland Arena, their first New Year's without Bill—and the last one they would play.

It was a year of triumph and tragedy, but one good surprise turned out to be their most unlikely appearance on the *Billboard* charts. In April the band released *One*



DATE: July 10, 1991

GRATEFUL DEAD SHOW SHEET

FACILITY: MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
LOCATION: #4 PENN PLAZA, NYC, NY 10001

OPENING ACT: NONE

TICKET HEADER: METROPOLITAN ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

DATE(S): SEPTEMBER 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, 1991
SHOW TIMES: 7:00 PM / 10:00 PM / 8:00 PM

TICKET

CAPAC

COMP

CUSTO

MAIL C

TICKET

MAIL C

OUTLE

GDTS :

GDTS :

PROM

BOX O

ON SALE: 8/10
TIX: \$24.00 / \$22.50
CAPACITY: 18,093

GRATEFUL DEAD
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
SEPT. 8-9-10, 12-13-14, 16-17-18, 1991

	1	2	3	4
GDTS INCLUDED IN COUNT:	7,616	5,220	5,189	6,559
DATE	SEPT. 8	SEPT. 9	SEPT. 10	SEPT. 12
8/10 12:30	SOLD OUT	-	-	SOLD OUT
8/12	-	114 avail.	425 avail.	(4:30 PM)

GDTS INCLUDED IN COUNT:

DATE

8/10 12:30

8/12

SEPT. 13

SEPT. 14

SEPT. 16

SEPT. 17

SOLD OUT

SOLD OUT

SOLD OUT (4:30 PM)

1275 avail.

From The Vault, the first of many releases from their legendary tape archive, and by November it reached #106. It was a testament not only to Healy's exacting technical standards, which produced a beautiful mix with the help of Don Pearson, but also to farsighted contract negotiations that gave them the right to release archival recordings. It was a gamble: thanks to the FM broadcast of the show and a couple of boot-leg LPs, this was a show that most Dead Heads had in their collection, the Great American Music Hall show from August 1975. But the demand was tremendous, and it was the first indication that the band's foresight in recording their history had much wider significance, both historically and commercially.

Commerce was not the point, though, as their other release that year made clear. Perhaps the height of the Dead's anticommerciality—or stubborn uniqueness—appeared in November, with the release of *Infrared Roses*, sound wizard Bob Bralove's remarkable assemblage of segments of "Drums" and "Space" drawn from five years of shows. "To me, it's the music that is on the personal edge for the musicians," Bralove explained. "There's something about it for them that puts it on that edge—you're taking away their safety net. There's something about it that's so *bold*. Somebody described it as 'team sports without rules.'" That was risky, but as he put it, "The kind of magic that can happen when it really works is so brilliant that it's worth the effort when it doesn't." As Bralove evaluated the performances, he found that "at the moments where the magic peaked, there was something happening as an ensemble . . . There was a shared direction happening in a musical format where there were no rules. The intuition was matched in a magical way." One of Bralove's nice touches was opening the CD with a two-minute collage of sounds, voices, and music from the parking lot; it was a tribute to Shakedown Street in full flower, and it quietly made the point that the sonic experiments of the Dead's most adventurous musical explorations were made possible by Dead Heads. It was a hopeful—and reassuring—note to sound, even as the band continued to struggle with the problems posed by those same parking lots.

— 1992 —

Two major tours defined the Dead's work in 1992, one in the spring and one in the summer, along with shorter forays in May and December. In addition to brief runs at Oakland Coliseum Arena in February and December, those all combined to make a total of 55 shows in 15 states, along with the District of Columbia and Canada. The band played 134 different songs to an audience of more than 1.2 million. And, despite cancelling the 22 shows of the fall tour, they still made the second highest touring gross of the year, with box office receipts of more than \$31.2 million. Only U2 surpassed them—and the Dead were not touring behind an album (nor with a corporate sponsor).

Fans heard four new songs that year. The one that made the greatest impact was the Garcia-Hunter ballad "So Many Roads," an eloquent elegy that would grow into an emotional powerhouse in the band's last year. Hunter collaborated with Lesh on "Wave To The Wind," their first work together since 1970's "Box Of Rain." Though

the lyrics would continue to evolve, it never really gelled for fans and was retired from the repertoire after 1993. An even more surprising collaboration was "Corrina," a tune by Weir and Hart with lyrics by Hunter; after a somewhat rocky debut, it would develop considerably. The same could not be said for Welnick's "Way To Go Home," written with Bob Bralove for a set of Hunter lyrics. Fans found it plodding despite the band's best efforts to infuse it with some punch, although it stayed in the rotation until the end.

The bigger point was that the band's creativity was undergoing another surge, and to most observers that described the year as well. At the time, it felt like the momentum was continuing to build. To Weir, "the band has something of a new identity, and now the challenge is what to do with it," he told Blair Jackson. "We can do about anything." Dead Heads agreed, though some pointed to countervailing signs amidst the optimism. After Garcia's public statement that a break would be welcome, Kreutzmann explained that the hiatus had been abandoned, revealing that "we've nixed that idea, it's impossible for the Grateful Dead to stop, because we have tremendous overhead, the amount of money it takes for us to run for a month." The Dead's business prowess continued to attract admiration, but lost on those pundits was the fact that success in commercial terms had never been their goal. The reconciliation of their commitment to their art with the realities of commerce would be a defining theme for the rest of their career. That year, Robert Hunter published his long poem *Idiot's Delight*, and one of its long phrases seemed especially apropos: "Nothing changes / but our state of / relative health; / savagery broils / while in bib & / bunting we give / appetite shelter in / halls resplendent, / halls most high, / with nothing to / salute but the roast."

The most visible change that year was the departure of Bruce Hornsby following the spring tour. Though many fans bemoaned his loss, most saw Welnick as more than ready to assume sole keyboard responsibilities. So did the band: as Weir observed in January, "Vince is a little more integrated into what we're doing now than I see Bruce becoming. Bruce more or less imposes his personality on the band—which is not a bad thing at all. Vince has been endeavoring to become *one* of us, whereas Bruce is just playing *with* us."

The year began with the traditional three-show run at Oakland Coliseum Arena celebrating Chinese New Year's, followed by a 17-date spring tour. They played multi-night stands at seven venues, beginning with three shows at the Omni in Atlanta and heading up the East Coast, ending at Copps Coliseum in Ontario, followed by a two-night coda at the Palace in Auburn Hills, Michigan, finishing March 24.

When the tour was announced, Dead Heads especially looked forward to the two Canadian shows, remembering the warm welcome Copps Coliseum gave them in 1990. They were not disappointed. Dead Heads praised the venue, the town, and the police, who "beautifully controlled a scene where 'peace and balance are the rule,'" as one fan wrote, pointedly noting: "Many U.S. East Coast venues the Dead currently play should send representatives up to the Copps Coliseum and take lessons on how to control a concert crowd effectively and efficiently."

02/26/92 16127 X 261 744 5898 METROPOLITAN ENT F.02

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
(HEREIN CALLED "FEDERATION")

CONTRACT
(Form TP-2)
FOR TRAVELING ENGAGEMENTS ONLY

GRATEFUL DEAD RIDER IS HEREBY ATTACHED AND BY THIS REFERENCE MADE PART OF THIS CONTRACT. Whenever The Term "The Local Union" Is Used In This Contract, It Shall Mean The Local Union Of The Federation With Jurisdiction Over The Territory In Which The Engagement Covered By This Contract Is To Be Performed.

THIS CONTRACT for the personal services of musicians on the engagement described below is made this 13th day of February, 1992, between the undersigned purchaser of music (herein called "Purchaser") and the undersigned musician or musicians.

1. Name and Address of Place of Engagement: Copps Coliseum, Hamilton, Ontario

Name of Band or Group: Grateful Dead
Number of Musicians: Six (6) Number of Vocalists: _____

2. Date(s) of Engagement: daily or weekly schedule and daily clock hours:
Friday, March 20 and Saturday, March 21 at 7:30 p.m. Merchandise deal will be 75% / 25%.
All figures are Canadian dollars using an exchange rate of 1.15.

3. Type of Engagement (specify whether dance, stage show, banquet, etc.): Concert; Cap. 18,680 @ \$26.50 (per night Gross Pot. \$990,040; Less \$79,300 est. comps & kills; 17% Tax; Net Gross Pot. \$778,239.

4. Compensation Agreed Upon: \$288,000. guarantee vs. 80% of the net box office receipts after taxes and Employer's reasonable and actual direct (Amount and Terms) concert expenses as approved by Artist, whichever is greater.

5. Purchaser Will Make Payments As Follows: \$36,250 deposit due immediately to Metropolitan Entertainment Balance due in full on night of engagement via (Specify when payments are to be made) Employer's check or cash during the intermission of the show. Make check payable to Metropolitan Ent. f/a/o

6. No performance on the engagement shall be recorded, reproduced or transmitted from the place of performance in any manner or by any means whatsoever, in the absence of a specific written agreement with the Federation relating to and permitting such recording, reproduction or transmission.

7. It is expressly understood by the Purchaser and the musician(s) who are parties to this contract that neither the Federation nor the Local Union are parties to this contract in any capacity except as expressly provided in 6 above and, therefore, that neither the Federation nor the Local Union shall be liable for the performance or breach of any provision hereof.

8. A representative of the Local Union, or the Federation, shall have access to the place of engagement covered by this contract for purposes of communicating with the musician(s) performing the engagement and the Purchaser.

9. The agreement of the musicians to perform is subject to proven detention by illness, accidents, riots, strikes, epidemics, acts of God, or any other legitimate conditions beyond their control.

(Continued on reverse side)

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have hereunto set their names and seals on the day and year first above written.

DONALD E. DONALD, BY: DONALD TARTLTON
METROPOLITAN ENTERTAINMENT, BY: JOHN SCHER

Print Purchaser's Full and Correct Name (If Purchaser is Corporation, Full and Correct Corporate Name)
Donald E. Donald

Print Name of Signature Musician
Grateful Dead Productions

Signature of Purchaser (or Agent thereof)
[Signature]

Signature of Musician
[Signature]

Street Address
1445 Lombert Clove

Street Address
P.O. Box 1073

City
Montreal, Quebec

City
San Rafael, CA 94915

State
Quebec

State
CA

Zip Code
H3A 2K4

Zip Code
94915

Telephone
[Blank]

Telephone
[Blank]

Booking Agent
[Blank]

Agreement No.
[Blank]

Address to Which Official Correspondence Should Be Sent to Signature Musician
[Blank]

REPRODUCING COMPANY
7125 Steeles Street
Richmond, B.C. V6X 1G7
(604) 271-5831

FORM TP-2

The first night, included here, was the keeper. It wasn't so much the set list, although it had some gems; it was the performance, one in which "the very good often turned into the transcendent," as one fan put it. Even jaded fans agreed. "Although the 1992 Spring tour was mediocre in general," one veteran grouched, "it is arguable that Hamilton was the tour's highlight."

Even thoughtless critics couldn't sour the mood. The Vancouver reporter covering the shows turned in a vacuous, shallow assessment that questioned why fans would "devote themselves so shamelessly to a band of warmed-over hippies who, arguably, exhausted their musical muse about 200 acid trips ago?" Shrewd readers

picked up on the fact that he hadn't bothered to see the shows, wandering the parking lot instead. His strange taxonomy of Dead Heads managed to misunderstand and mischaracterize every segment of the audience he surveyed. His conclusion? "The '60s—far-out, man—live on." Or at least the poorly thought-out media stereotypes that passed for journalism did.

Dead Heads had the last word. The nicest assessment of the run paid homage to the place in a way that marked another entry in the Dead's own cultural geography: "Most satisfying was the feeling that the Copps Coliseum received a show it truly deserved," one fan wrote, "a good old fashioned Grateful Dead show in a peaceful, friendly environment; something surprisingly rare in 1992, east of the Mississippi."

In May the band released *Two From The Vault*, a pair of shows recorded in August 1968 at the Shrine Auditorium in L.A. Although they posed a tremendous challenge technologically, the results were spectacular, a testament to Healy and Don Pearson's painstaking efforts to clean up the tapes and re-create an accurate sound field. For the first time, fans had a sonically compelling window into a formative time in the band's early years, and they would respond enthusiastically.

Also in May, they repeated their mini-West Coast tour of '91 with three-date stands at Cal Expo, Shoreline, and the Silver Bowl in Las Vegas; they were joined by Steve Miller for the Vegas shows, who opened for them and sat in on a few tunes for the third show, including an encore of "Baba O'Riley" into "Tomorrow Never Knows," to fans' delight. Six days later they opened a summer tour at Rich Stadium in Orchard Park, New York, the first of a 17-date series that would take them down the East Coast and through the Midwest. When it ended on July 1, Garcia took a brief break and then plunged into a six-show Garcia Band tour, ending on August 2.

Back home, Jerry complained that he felt strange, as if he had been dosed, and the next day his partner, Manasha, found him almost insensate, speaking incoherently, with blue lips and swollen legs. He refused to go to a hospital, and Manasha summoned a doctor and a Chinese herbalist to minister to him. The prognosis was dire: Garcia had an enlarged heart, lung damage, and borderline diabetes, and it scared him enough to make serious lifestyle changes. With the fall tour cancelled, Garcia worked on his health, losing weight, exercising, cutting back on cigarettes and giving up hard drugs.

Even though some felt it was too soon, by December Garcia was rested and restless, and anxious to take the stage. They finished the year with nine shows that month, playing a pair of two-night stands in Denver and Arizona ahead of five nights in Oakland, ending on December 17. It was the first time in many years that Dead Heads would spend New Year's without their favorite band.

For the band, it was a welcome relief. Garcia took a vacation to Hawaii with Lesh, Weir, and Hunter, a trip that gave them all "a chance to remember that we're old friends in addition to being colleagues," as Garcia put it. The break produced a burst of creativity for both Garcia and Hunter, the first writing for Garcia in almost two years. "I felt like I turned a corner," he told one reporter. "Everything's better . . . we're all feeling like we're on the verge of the golden age of the Grateful Dead."

Garcia marked his return to health with three tunes, all featuring Hunter lyrics: “Lazy River Road,” “Liberty,” and “Days Between.” All were strong efforts. “Lazy River Road” had wonderful sing-song imagery, and “Liberty” made a catchy, upbeat statement of the band’s philosophy of anti-authoritarianism, but “Days Between” was simply stunning. Garcia’s music was the perfect setting for Hunter’s wistful, almost melancholy lyrics. A poignant look back at their early folkie years, “Days Between” also conveyed a world-weary retrospective on the band’s journey. Years later Hunter called the song “the story of what went down as far as I can see. More so than any other single song. It seemed to get my feeling about those times and our place in it.” He was modest. Its haunting, deceptively simple-sounding chords and melody and elegiac couplets transcended genre and made it simply a great song, as subtle, sophisticated, and ambitious as any German *Lieder*.

Celebrating Garcia's recovery, *Pollstar* made the Dead their year-end cover, praising them for capturing the top spot with nearly 1.8 million tickets sold for a gross of \$45.6 million. Calling them "one of the most unorthodox bands on the touring circuit," the industry magazine noted that the Dead's achievement was all the more remarkable for its sheer uniqueness: "With virtually no radio or video support, this cultural phenomenon known simply as the Dead seems to attract new elements to its fan base every year . . . For a band that has traditionally approached its career in an uncommercial way, the Grateful Dead is one of the most consistent money-making entities in show business today." Even more noteworthy was how they achieved that: with other acts charging \$75, \$100, even \$125 a ticket, the Dead's prices remained



accessible to the average fan. As *Performance* magazine observed, “The 1993 concert year can be summed up as the year of increasingly higher ticket prices.” Not by the Dead—despite the fact that they paid a premium for high-quality ticket stock.

The Dead started 1993 with two three-night runs in Oakland, one in January for Chinese New Year and the other in February for Mardi Gras, all the more special for the appearance of jazz legend Ornette Coleman, who joined the Dead for the last part of the second set of the final night. Garcia radiated health, 60 pounds lighter and positively glowing with renewed vigor. “I feel much younger,” he confided to one reporter. The shows reflected it.

Their spring tour was a strong one. If some sharp-eared fans found the tapes uneven, those who actually saw the shows were ecstatic. Awestruck fans were moved to write letters to the band, raving over the new songs, and many found the shows as transformative as ever—especially newcomers. “I was ready to just give up—but out of the blue, I decided to go to one of your shows (3/14/93) and I came out with a whole different point of view,” one new convert wrote. “The music, the atmosphere, the emotions . . . it was if I was in another dimension,” she finished. “To me, the Dead is the closest connection to any spiritual ‘kingdom’ that might ever be.”

Spring touring began at the Rosemont Horizon in Illinois, followed by a stop at Richfield Coliseum prior to an East Coast swing that took them from Maryland down to Atlanta and back up to New York, where they finished with four nights at Nassau Vets. They played three nights in Albany right before Long Island, turning in a particularly fine performance on the opening night (included here). The show earned rave reviews from critics and fans, and the media attention was intensive. More than 20 articles about the run appeared in a swath of local papers, discussing everything from Dead Head dietary habits to the parking lot scene to the shows themselves. The coverage made the point that, despite the band’s best efforts to keep the focus on the music inside the venues, the scene outside continued to be a lightning rod for commentary, for good and ill.

Some of the commentary was positive. “All businesses downtown should be happy,” one restaurant owner stated. “I just wish it was more than once a year.” Reporters pointed out that every hotel in the area was sold out. Despite the crowds outside the shows—estimates ranged from 5,000 to 10,000 ticketless fans in the lots during the run—the city complimented Dead Heads, noting that almost half of the seven tons of garbage created was recycled, with a dramatic decrease in costs to the city. Even the police were happy. “The crowd was very good, cooperative,” the police inspector in charge of the shows remarked afterwards. Other media accounts played up the inevitable arrests, but police were unfazed, calling them “typical” for any concert weekend.

The shows received glowing reviews. *The Boston Globe*’s critic called opening night “a soaring effort” that “confirmed this just may be the next ‘golden age’ of the Dead,” quoting Garcia. “The performance by the Dead was spectacular,” one student critic wrote. “No explosions. No flamboyant light shows. Just music.” Even his description of the scene outside was positive. “Experiencing a Dead show is something

everyone should try out at least once. Even if you don’t enjoy their music, and are not planning on attending the actual concert, there is a great time to be had just walking around outside, observing, experiencing and enjoying the festivities.” One critic thought the opening set was “flat” but had to recognize the power of the second, which “expressed the Dead’s remarkable ability to rebound, to transcend.” He had perceptive comments for most of the songs, calling “All Along The Watchtower” “a song hard to get wrong, maybe; but also hard to get as right as the Dead did Saturday.” Others echoed his high praise, especially for the second set. Singling out the “long, organically woven” jams, another reporter praised Garcia’s work in particular, noting that “his intricate, provocative guitar figures added fuel to the already smoldering fire, proving once again that the Dead is really a jazz band at heart.”

Newcomers were awed. One college journalist, seeing her first show, reported that “the music was great, and it was an experience to see such rock icons perform, but what impressed me most were the people at the show.” At its best, the scene inside venues could be more than reassuring; it was proof that Dead Heads were a vital part of the show. Commenting on the encore, “I Fought The Law,” the *Globe*’s critic concluded, “The Dead have fought their own battles lately, but they’re still beating the odds.”

There were other surprises. For their May mini-tour, another trio of three-date outings to Las Vegas, Cal Expo, and Shoreline, they had Sting as their opener for the Vegas run, the culmination of an idea first proposed in 1985. He also opened for their two shows at Giants Stadium in June, which kicked off a 15-date tour of the Midwest and Northeast. They took July off before starting a six-date mini-tour in August, three days at the University of Oregon’s Autzen Stadium followed by three at Shoreline, ending on August 27. After resting a few days they headed back out for a fall tour, starting September 8 at Richfield Coliseum. This time the tour was limited to only four stops: three nights in Ohio and Philadelphia, and six nights each at Madison Square Garden and Boston Garden. They finished the year with seven shows in December, three in Los Angeles, two in San Diego, and three in Oakland, ending December 19.

It had been a successful year, both artistically and financially, but it had also taxed the band’s organization. Two experiments that fall had been particularly successful: first, in November, the *Dick’s Picks* series of archival releases had debuted, a vehicle for Vault archivist Dick Latvala to release shows without the oversight and effort that went into the multitrack Vault series. Second, it was advertised by the launch of the band’s official newsletter, the *Grateful Dead Almanac*, edited by New York Dead Head Gary Lambert. The *Almanac* quickly reached a circulation of more than 200,000, and it would become a colorful and effective means of communication and marketing.

Behind the scenes, planning that year focused on minimizing friction between concerts and communities—and protecting fans. In January band manager Cameron Sears wrote *USA Today* to request permission to reproduce their recent article, “Attack on Deadheads is No Hallucination,” which documented how a “quirk” in



January 14, 1993

USA Today
Library Reprint Department
1000 Wilson Blvd.
Arlington, VA.

VIA FAX: 703/247-3139

To Whom It May Concern:

I was very impressed with your article dated December 17, 1992, entitled GRATEFUL DEAD FOLLOWERS "Attack on Deadheads is no hallucination". The article was most informative and we feel that the information it contained can be a phenomenal tool to educate our fans.

We would therefore like to include this article in our informational flyers that are being distributed on our upcoming seven-city tour. As we are going to print with these flyers on January 20, 1993, your immediate approval would be appreciated.

Thank you in advance for your prompt attention to this request.

Sincerely,

Cameron Sears
Manager

Grateful Dead

BOX 1073, SAN RAFAEL, CA 94915 • TELEPHONE (415) 457-2322 • FAX (415) 457-9402

the federal law against LSD had hit Dead Heads especially hard. While the media coverage that year tended to be more positive than not, it also tended to focus more on what happened outside of shows than inside; as one reporter noted, "the biggest problem at a Grateful Dead show is trying to separate the center ring from the side-show, and that's getting harder and harder."

Everyone purchasing mail-order tickets that spring received a flyer that reprinted the *USA Today* article. Vendors also received a letter, a blunt appeal that spelled out the rules for the tour. "We appreciate all the energy you've put into improving the situation," the band wrote, "but we still take the scene outside the shows seriously

and we need you to do the same." And they made it clear that this was to protect the scene: "We are not trying to eliminate the spirit of the Grateful Dead experience. But for us to continue to play live music in as many facilities as possible, we must ask you to follow the rules to lessen the impact on the buildings and the local community." The letter closed by enlisting their aid: "You guys are the ones on the street—use your eyes and ears (and hearts) and let us know what you see and hear. We need to learn too . . . If it's something immediate, tell one of our security guys so it can be handled righteously." For the summer tour, Lesh recorded a public service announcement that was sent to all of the venues, asking those without tickets not to come and to refrain from vending and camping. "Remember, this information isn't put out to cramp your style," he added. "Please take this situation very seriously. Security outside Grateful Dead shows has become a major issue . . ."

Inside, the music still enchanted. When *Saturday Night Live* comic Chris Farley saw his first show that September, the burly comic was transfixed—and transformed into a complete Dead Head dervish, "dancing so hard," his colleague Tom Davis wrote, "that he shook the lighting booth." When Farley passed away, that image would be one of Davis's most treasured memories of his fallen friend. It was proof that the joy of a show remained infectious, and the Dionysian revelry it inspired could be a precious memory of a life tragically cut short.

— 1994 —

The pace continued in 1994, with the Dead playing 84 shows—too many, for those close to the band who were aware of Garcia's fragile health. The repertoire that year was an impressive 145 songs, including 12 not played in 1993 and three debuts: Welnick's "Samba In The Rain" and two by Lesh, "If The Shoe Fits" and "Childhood's End." All had potential; none really developed. It was a sign of a fraught and fraying scene.

Yet it was a very good year for the band financially. *Pollstar* ranked the Dead fifth on their Top 50 Tours of 1994, behind The Rolling Stones, Pink Floyd, Eagles, and Barbra Streisand. "Year in and year out, the Grateful Dead are among the top five concert attractions and 1994 was no exception," the industry magazine observed, noting that the band's gross was the highest in its history.

The year began on an odd note. In January the band was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, and everyone attended the ceremony except for Garcia, who was represented by a life-sized cardboard cutout. Hart quipped that Garcia was "out looking for his sense of humor," but Lesh and Kreutzmann made particularly gracious remarks. Although Garcia acted entirely in character—he was deeply ambivalent about honors and awards—and his bandmates certainly understood, it was hard not to see his absence as a troubling omen.

There were other worrisome signs. Communication between band members off-stage had ebbed, something they all felt slowly crumbling since Mydland's death, although from the audience—and even onstage—it could be hard to discern. Against that backdrop, the spring tour commenced, only to stumble. Kreutzmann's father

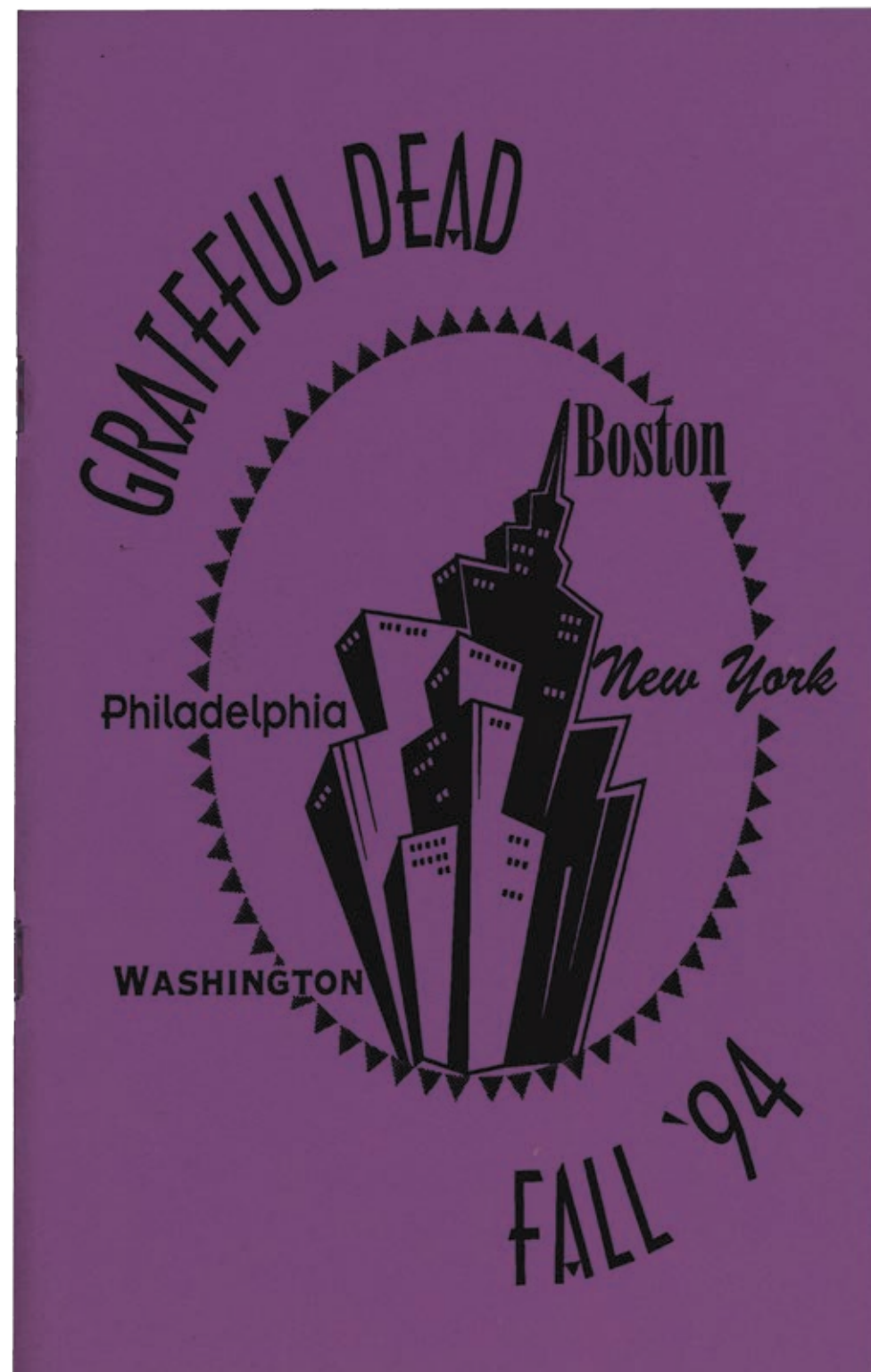
fell critically ill, and Kreutzmann flew back to be with him, necessitating the cancellation of the first day of the two-night stand in Orlando. The next night, hundreds of ticketless fans stormed the venue, and clouds of tear gas greeted the band as they arrived. Dodging the gas, Lesh wondered “if the disconnect that was happening in the band was somehow transferring itself to the fans.”

It was a chicken and egg question. Yet both band and fans still created enough magic to fuel a year that had its fair share of highs—even a few historic ones. The oddest came that summer, when the band was hosted at the Senate dining room by Barbara Boxer. Lesh was amazed when nonagenarian Strom Thurmond, former segregationist and now the oldest Senator, greeted the band and accosted Garcia, who shook hands politely, marveling at the incongruity afterwards. It made an impact on everyone there. When Thurmond died, Senator Patrick Leahy, who brokered the introduction, remembered it as “one of the strangest” encounters he had ever witnessed on Capitol Hill. “It was a meeting of cultures, very different cultures,” he wrote, with diplomatic understatement.

There were also real bright spots. That summer, the Dead rolled into the tiny (population 3,000) town of Highgate, Vermont, right next to the Canadian border; thanks to careful planning, including extensive meetings with local officials and the townspeople, the show came off without a hitch. There were even tickets to be found: “The fact that practically anyone could pick up a ticket to the show on the street for a reasonable price, negated the gate-crashing factor,” one journalist observed. All in all, it was a welcome change, as *Relix* observed: “In an age of dwindling venues, it seems that the Grateful Dead may have found a friendly place to play.”

The band’s fall Northeastern tour generated its predictable flurry of press, much of which focused on their stand at the Spectrum, which brought them to 50 appearances there, the most of any rock band. The Boston shows also garnered their fair share of media attention. In Salem, the newspaper wrote about a local state senator who finished a grueling primary and then celebrated by taking in one of the shows at the Garden. The *Harvard Crimson* wrote a favorable article about campus Dead Heads, calling the Dead “a much misunderstood phenomenon” and quoting student Dead Heads as saying that the Dead were an “entryway to the spiritual path.”

The most thoughtful review, in the *Patriot Ledger*, quoted fans as saying that both the first night and Saturday’s show, included here, were “superb.” The spectacle could still amaze. “Yes, there really isn’t anything quite like a Grateful Dead concert,” he concluded. It was a sentiment that the *Boston Globe’s* critic emphasized heartily, calling the run “a week in which the Dead won more raves than in their last two visits combined.” He, too, cited fan acclaim for the show included here, calling it “a magical mystery tour of classics . . .” Drummer and scholar Peter Lavezzoli called it “the undisputed heavyweight champion” of the tour and more: “If I had to pick one show to represent Jerry in the best light during the final 12 months of his life, 10-1-94 is the clear choice”—this from someone who saw most of the tour. Others may disagree with his assessment of the show as “the last truly great GD performance,” but it is an undeniable peak.



And it was a favorable portent. More good news followed. Thanks in part to local Dead Head efforts, fans in North Carolina were delighted to read that the Dead were welcome to return to Chapel Hill's Smith Center, with Chancellor Paul Hardin reversing his decision to ban them in 1993. Although Hardin attributed it to simple scheduling, local media reported that the combination of the band's economic clout along with a vigorous grassroots campaign created the climate that made this possible. Regardless, it was a welcome change. As one simpatico resident explained, "We need to show people that it can be a privilege to have these joyous and loving people in our town. The color and energy they brought to the town was just incredible."

Tapers found the year uneven, but even longtime fans found much to celebrate. One particularly moving letter from a fan described how the Riverport shows completed a long process of reconciliation with his father, who was estranged over his Dead Head son's affinity for the band. "The shows were terrific," he wrote, helping his father to finally understand his son: "The feeling was indescribable," he finished. "I owe you an extraordinary debt of gratitude for making this possible . . . It was an experience that will stay with me the rest of my life." It was a sign that despite the pressures to be found outside of the shows, inside, the music and community still worked their magic. As Oliver Sacks had seen, even late-era Dead shows could be powerfully healing experiences.

— 1995 —

Viewed from afar, 1995 looks like a good year for the Dead. They played 47 shows, with an impressive repertoire of 143 songs, 13 of which had not been played in 1994, including the spectacular debut of "Unbroken Chain," the one-off performance of Weir's "Salt Lake City," and the cover of The Beatles' "All Too Much," among others. Touring revenues were strong, despite the cancellation of the fall tour, ranking them fourth in *Pollstar's* list of the top-grossing tours of 1995, after the Eagles, Boyz II Men, and R.E.M. The Dead's gross was reported as \$33.5 million, and their final two-night stand at Soldier Field on July 8 and 9 was the fourth-largest concert gross of the year. Only dates by The Rolling Stones, Elton John, Billy Joel, and the Eagles topped the Dead.

Behind the statistics lay another story, one that to seasoned fans was dreadfully familiar, even if the details had changed. Though problems outside of venues were nothing new, 1995 brought more of them, and a few new ones as well. In addition to gate-crashing, there were horrifying accidents, a death threat against Garcia, and a final tour that many fans called "cursed."

Yet that was not the full story—and for those who saw a great show, who experienced a Dead Head epiphany, it was not the real story. We have to search for moments of revelation, of genius, by 1995, but they are still there, sometimes brought into bas relief by the stresses and privations and problems of those last seven months. Every show had its moments; every show had its converts, discovering the wonder of the music, the performance, the scene. And even for the pickiest Dead Head,

listening in the quiet and contemplation of home, there are songs, jams, sets, even full shows that demonstrate the old fire and ambition, that reveal the familiar magic, sinuous and gossamer as ever.

The year began with a scare: a hand injury cancelled a Garcia Band show in February, but Garcia recovered to begin spring tour at the end of February. The tour was 21 dates, from February 19 through April 7, starting in Salt Lake City, followed by a brief respite at home and three Oakland shows before a second leg that began in Philadelphia, followed by a swing through the South: Charlotte, Atlanta, Memphis, Birmingham, and Tampa. By now, even Southern stops were mature markets: they played four nights in Atlanta and three in Charlotte, though Tampa was new territory, with only one show.

The tour began well, with three dates at Salt Lake City's Delta Center. It was the first time the band played Utah since 1987, and the response was fervent: 54,000 tickets sold for three shows, a state record. Locals were delighted: "[T]hanks for giving Utah the gift of a lifetime, three shows. What did we do to deserve this great fate?" one fan wrote. "Whatever the case, we are ecstatic . . ." Early media coverage was positive, with admiring reports on both band and fans; even the police were in favor of the shows, commenting, "In fact, we'd like Salt Lake City to be a yearly stop on the Grateful Dead tour." The press honeymoon continued through the shows. Instead of focusing on the few arrests and the exotic scene, reporters found thoughtful fans and curious locals. One Salt Lake City loan officer decided to see what the fuss was about with her 16-year-old son in tow; she found a Dead Head drum circle and was entranced. "I didn't understand it. That's why I came," she told a reporter. "It's awesome. I'm old and I love it. Look at this. Little. Big. Young. Old. It's wonderful."

And it was. "It's almost perfect here," one fan commented to a reporter. Opening night received a positive though clueless tribute from one critic, who praised the band's "wonderfully composed grooves" and called it "a great show," but thought that "Uncle John's Band" was one of the "older and more obscure" songs. Another admired "rock 'n' roll as only The Dead can play it," noting that they played to "a culturally starved" audience who relished "the free-form improvisational style of music [the band] has perfected over the years." The third night of the run, included here, was the highlight. Garcia's performance of "Visions Of Johanna" left everyone amazed, and they even pulled out Weir's "Salt Lake City" as a treat, its one and only performance.

The whole run went beautifully, though, especially from a PR standpoint: local press was enthusiastic and respectful, with even Idaho papers running brief notices complimenting fans as "congenial." The kicker was a remarkable piece written by Utah citizen Mike Lookinland, who played Bobby on the hit TV show *The Brady Bunch*. A confirmed Dead Head who saw more than 114 shows, he wrote an eloquent explanation of why the Dead mattered so much to him, leavened with some wonderful (and funny) anecdotes that showed how completely he got it. The piece was not puffery, though. "The Dead opened an avenue I was searching for," he

explained. “They allowed me to live a childhood I never had.” Most of all, he played up the dichotomy between his own experience and that of the band to superb effect. “People often ask me how I account for the enduring success of a television show like ‘The Brady Bunch.’ I tell them that it was a good thing, a fun thing and that as the original fans get older, they remain fans, and there is a constant supply of new kids who discover it, love it and become fans themselves. Funny, you could say the same thing about the Grateful Dead.” It was a publicist’s dream.

The only blot was a spate of stories about an incident involving a local radio deejay known as “Crazy Dave,” who thought it would be funny to wake Garcia up early Tuesday morning and shove a microphone in front of him, live on the air. In a wonderful bit of irony, he got one of the crew’s rooms instead, who was understandably annoyed at being woken up after two very long, grueling nights. Asked, “Are you Jerry Garcia?” the crew member replied, with admirable understatement, “Do I [expletive deleted] look like Jerry Garcia?” and punched him. It left McNally to make a tiresome litany of explanations, but it was hard not to feel that the modest fine was money well spent.

They came home for a few days, playing three nights in Oakland before starting the second leg of the tour on March 17 at the Spectrum. There were moments in Philadelphia that made everyone hopeful: on the second night, Garcia played a “Visions Of Johanna” that Lesh called one of the most moving performances of Garcia’s life, included in his *Fallout From The Phil Zone* compilation. But the show that everyone talked about was the third night. At the end of an otherwise lackluster first set, after “Don’t Ease Me In,” the band started a lovely, descending melody line—and the first murmurs in the crowd began. When the song became clear, the cheer that went up was dizzying. More than 20 years after they recorded it, the band was actually performing one of the most beloved of Dead Head anthems, “Unbroken Chain.” It had grown a great deal from its simple copyright lead sheet.

The emotional intensity of the moment defies easy description. “Hearing the crowd utterly erupt when they recognize just what is about to go down is enough to bring tears to my eyes,” one fan wrote afterwards. On the recordings, the roar of the crowd is overwhelming as recognition and amazement turn into stunned disbelief and finally joy. For those there, it was “one of my favorite moments at a Dead show . . . being in the crowd for the first Unbroken Chain was an unforgettable experience.” And for many, it remains a highlight of their time with the band. “I felt the magic then,” one Dead Head wrote, “and I still feel it every time I listen to it.” Perhaps the best affirmation came from a young fan:

I was only able to go to two shows and this was one of them. While I didn’t realize the magnitude of what was happening on stage when Unbroken Chain went off, you’d have to have no soul to not feel what was happening in the crowd. I had never been and have since not been around so many happy people at one time.

At the set break there were no lines at the bathrooms. The lines were at the pay phones, where everyone was waiting to call their friends with the news.

The tour rolled on, with three-night stands in Charlotte and Atlanta and two nights in Memphis and Birmingham, wrapping up with a one-off in Tampa on April 7. By then it was clear that Garcia was struggling, but the hope was that the break would let him rally. When the second leg of the spring tour began on May 19, those hopes vanished. Garcia looked haggard, and as the tour continued, the

precariousness of his health was apparent to everyone, onstage and off. The band played 11 dates at four stops, ending at Shoreline on June 4. One bright spot was the opening acts: the Dave Matthews Band joined them in Vegas, and in Portland they played with Chuck Berry. It was an honor to share a stage with a musical icon whose songs the band had covered for years.

Less than two weeks later, they headed out for a summer tour, 15 dates beginning in Highgate followed by multiday runs at Giants Stadium, the Knickerbocker in Albany, RFK Stadium, the Palace just outside of Detroit, Three Rivers Stadium in Pittsburgh, Deer Creek, Riverport Amphitheatre, and finally Soldier Field.

It was a tour of extremes. Somehow all of the excesses of the Dead phenomenon were exploded and explored onstage and off, with dark serendipity compounding ill fortune outside of venues, yet this only highlighted the wonderful moments inside, in songs and jams that defined new ground and powerfully evoked the old magic. The contrasts were stark and sadly ironic. Offstage, the media saw only gate-crashers and parking lot nihilists, thousands of kids dazzled by superficial permissiveness, with no awareness of, or interest in, the music and social codes that made it all work. Dead Heads could see that as well. Peter Connors, who penned a thoughtful memoir of his time in the scene, saw its deterioration from the inside and deplored it:

There were too many busts and too many kids who translated the freedom of the Dead into an increasingly aggressive anarchic posturing. Don't have a ticket? Just "crash the gates" and get into the show. Glass doors were smashed in. Fences were kicked down. To our dismay, these gate-crashers were often greeted with cheers by people already inside the show. Their behavior was celebrated as a victory over the authority figures who were exerting more and more negative control over the scene. The cops arrested the kids and the kids destroyed the venues. The venues and the media started taking it out on the band.

This, from someone who used his time in the latter Dead scene to become a musician, and in time, a gifted poet and accomplished writer.

It was not all bleak. Fans, both old and new, still found much to celebrate. One French fan wrote to report his "gladness, happiness, euphoria, the pleasure from being on the road again, the warmth and conviviality of the people, the spirit of brotherhood through this magical moment and the universality of cosmic music..." American fans were no less grateful. One convert, 26 years old, wrote a detailed two-page epistle, thanking the band—Garcia in particular—and reflecting on "how wonderful it is to be part of the Dead Head experience." For her, the scene was defined by "such camaraderie... when I encounter a fellow Head, it gives me such happiness. Thank you for preserving some of that niceness and caring of the 60's for us today... You should be proud."

That pride was apparent to other Dead Heads. One grateful fan sent a long, handwritten letter to Eileen Law, detailing a series of misfortunes that had left him ticketless. Despite the fact that it was "a really hectic time for Cassidy [Law]," who "had to deal with many difficult situations and complaints," she was charmed by his

courtesy, and he got a ticket to the sold-out show. "It was an emotional and magical moment, running up the steps of the Spectrum," he wrote. "Oh the magic is still happening."

Others agreed. One fan sent a poem along with her request to join the mailing list which made it clear: "The bus is waiting / Climb aboard / Totemic gestures / Faith is all you really need / The Quest. / The music... / Collaborative magic... / The Dead... / Loving life... / A communal celebration, openness in spirit and attitude." It was proof that inside the shows, newcomers still found wonder. The epitome of that was Lesh's son Grahame, eight years old and keenly interested in the music, seated behind Garcia's amps for every show that tour, with a delighted Garcia playing and watching as the boy "practically lifted off from the road case in delight," with Lesh beaming at the sight.

Longtime Dead Heads understood. "Comparing today's show to past shows is futile," one older fan wrote. "Rock, smile and dance. Today's show is the best Grateful Dead there is anywhere today." However fraught the scene, however inconsistent the shows, the magic still inhered: old-timers still grooved, newbies still got it, and converts still boarded the bus. "Your music is my inspiration," one Dead Head artisan wrote, enclosing a picture of a house he had painted in a beautiful, rainbow pattern. One fan described the scene that year in two poems. "Conjuring up the Spirits / That's what we do. / It's getting clearer now / We're ALL learning how." What was most striking was her optimism, though: "Facing the New Days / The unforeseen challenge. / It came to us all in a flash / In the Lightning Bolt / ON TOUR / Head to Head / Heart to Heart / The best is yet to come... / Shout it to the world: / THE BEST IS YET TO BE!!!"

The most moving letter came from the parent of a fan who had passed away following the spring tour. Severely brain-damaged following an accident five years earlier, this Dead Head had been unable to communicate, but he responded to hearing the Dead's music. "We often wondered the source of his strength—something nourished his soul," his father wrote. "Certainly love. But just as certainly, his music—your music. Although his ability to move any muscle purposefully was severely impaired, he could still smile and frequently, when he listened to your music he smiled." At a show that spring, this parent marveled at the feeling in the crowd: "I understand better now the calming, elating effect your music had on [my son]. It was his lifeline to a saner more promising world. It helped keep him alive because it nourished his soul, reminded him of better times, and gave him hope." So it was, for so many.

Summer tour commenced at Highgate, and this time it would prove to be difficult. Despite the band's request that camping be banned, Highgate wanted Dead Head dollars, and the town was flooded with 20,000 ticketless fans; only a quick decision to open the gates averted a disaster. Bob Dylan opened for their two Giants Stadium shows, but Garcia missed the opening verse to "The Other One." Two days later in Albany, he couldn't begin the second set, "sitting zombielike in a total meltdown" as McNally watched, horrified, until Weir told him what to play. Offstage

was no better. In Washington, three fans were struck by lightning in the parking lot. Rainstorms were always a potential problem for summer East Coast tours, but this seemed like an omen. Members of the road crew were feuding; tensions backstage were rife. But at Three Rivers, heavy rains brought out the best in everyone, and the band celebrated an audience of stalwarts who were enduring a lot to get their Dead, giving them "Rain," "Box Of Rain," "Samba In The Rain," and "Looks Like Rain." For a moment, the clouds dispersed.

The moment didn't last. When the band arrived at the next stop, Deer Creek, the head of security played them a telephone message left with the local police, a threat on Garcia's life that the police found credible. Garcia laughed it off, saying that he should get hazardous duty pay, but security lines moved very slowly as fans endured the most rigorous pat-downs that anyone could recall. When the band came on, a phalanx of plainclothes police in bulletproof vests lined the front of the stage.

They couldn't protect the back fence, however. Outside the venue, thousands of ticketless fans milled around, drinking beer and huffing nitrous, and late in the first set several hundred rowdies decided to break through the fence, assisted by the crowd inside, while the police used tear gas and dogs to try to keep them out. Watching from the stage, Lesh remembered, "We looked at one another in horror and kept playing; somehow we knew that if the music stopped the rioting would escalate." The shock and anger that most fans felt turned into anguish when the next night's show was cancelled. The police informed the promoter that they would not perform security, and for the first time in the band's history, a show was cancelled because of the fans.

On July 5 the band circulated a letter. This time they didn't appeal to promoters or towns; this time they spoke to Dead Heads. And despite their antipathy for acting as authority figures, this time they told Dead Heads what to do: Don't come without a ticket, and don't vend. Period. "Your justly-renowned tolerance and compassion have set you up to be used," they began. "Want to end the touring life of the Grateful Dead? Allow bottle-throwing gate crashers to keep thinking they're cool anarchists instead of the creeps they are." It was blunt, respectful, angry, and sad. Every band member signed it.

Three days later, more than 100 Dead Heads were injured at a nearby campground when the roof of a porch collapsed. Most were bruised, some badly, but one was paralyzed. Tragedy on top of disaster proved too enticing to resist, and all three networks sent crews to cover what they were now calling a "deathwatch." By the time the Dead reached Chicago, 11 television crews requested media access from a very frustrated publicist. "Entropy was tearing the scene apart," one fan wrote. "And the press covered it all."

Tours were not only rooted in the reality of the world outside of the shows, they were also reflections of that reality, of the state of the scene and of the society encompassing that scene. As the accidents and disasters outside the shows mounted, the band's ability to play through and against the storms flagged. Parish watched Garcia's mood turn "increasingly dark" that summer. "He seemed to have lost his

sense of humor," Parish thought, "and he became prone to making strange and cryptic comments, like 'Why has God forsaken us?'" Garcia's sense of responsibility was crushing. In 1987, in the wake of the band's first sustained problems with success, he had explained the band's position: "[A]re our fans really comfortable? Are they having a good time? Are we doing what we can to be as responsible as we can for them? I mean, there's limits to this stuff, but I think it's right that people look after their fans, you know? It's really that simple. We all feel that way." It had required superhuman concentration to make spring 1990 a success on both an artistic and a public-relations front. By 1994, that resilience was badly eroded. By 1995, it was all but gone.

On July 8 the tour rolled into Chicago for the first of two nights at Soldier Field. The first night featured a moving "Visions Of Johanna," but even fans who had seen earlier shows that year were profoundly shocked at Garcia's appearance and performance. Missed lyrics, awkward solos; this was deeply disturbing. Expectations were low for July 9, but the first set had some fine moments. Everyone felt a little relieved; this was better than the first night, if still fraught.

Then, deep in the second set, Garcia sounded the opening notes of "So Many Roads" and he rallied, summoning every ounce of concentration and creativity. A hush fell as he began a vocal riff that left everyone moved, onstage and off: "I've been down those roads," he sang, giving the words a gospel-tinged inflection that he had never given the song before. When he added "Lord" to it, the spell was complete, and everyone knew they were in the presence of something deep and powerful and haunting, a brush with the same spirit that the band had invoked, back in the Haight-Ashbury, when they said that "every place we play is church." It was the shining moment that everyone who had endured the tour sought, a fine and public prayer for the scene, the journey, and the experience.

So when Garcia called for "Black Muddy River" as the encore, Lesh could not let it be the final note of the tour. However Dead Heads tried to reweave the words and tease out alternate meanings, the song still stands as Hunter's dark night of the soul, a place where humans confront mortality and despair, and Lesh swiftly turned its dying notes into "Box Of Rain," transmuting anguish into hope. It made a perfect coda for the show and the tour. Most of all, the song's melancholy optimism and fierce determination made it a telling, accidental epitaph for the Dead's performing career. When Phil sang the final line, it called up depths of emotion that everyone sensed, leaving 60,000 fans to mull and marvel at Hunter's words: "Such a long, long time to be gone / and a short time to be there." It is the B-side of the single in this box.

The fireworks display that ended the show seemed symbolic on a number of levels: more than just a reward for completing the most difficult tour of their career, the spectacular display of pyrotechnics was also a comment on what they had endured. A month later, Garcia died in his sleep. The attendant who found him said he had a smile on his face.



Photo © SUSANA MILLMAN/mamarazi.com

The details of Garcia's last days have been exhumed, exhaustively. After an abortive stay at the Betty Ford Center, he voluntarily checked into another facility, close to the band's old stomping grounds at Lagunitas, where they had spent an idyllic time in the summer of 1966. It was a quiet, determined statement, a deeply significant gesture that spoke volumes about his courage. Predictably, the media focused instead on the circumstances.

The news prompted an outpouring as public as it was heated. Dead Heads were amazed. "I never expected it to affect so many people," one longtime taper wrote. "[T]he world did seem to stop and take a long look at our pain." The coroner's report noted that Garcia's advanced atherosclerosis would have killed anyone. "Jerry Garcia's heart simply gave out," the coroner told the Associated Press. "He was a 53-year-old man with hardening of the arteries. This was a mechanical process." Richard Loren's more poetic take was "in the end, that big heart had just worn out its body."

Robert Hunter provided the greatest poetry to commemorate his friend's passing, writing "An Elegy For Jerry" that he read at the funeral; Wavy Gravy gave a dramatic reading of it at the memorial held in Golden Gate Park on August 13, and it was printed and sent to Dead Heads who made a contribution to the Rex Foundation in Garcia's memory. "Now that the singer is gone, / where shall I go for the song?" he wrote, ending with:

We'll know you live inside us
With love that never parts
Our good old Jack O'Diamonds
Become the King of Hearts.

I feel your silent laughter
At sentiments so bold
That dare to step across the line
To tell what must be told,
So I'll just say I love you,
Which I never said before
And let it go at that old friend
The rest you may ignore.

Accolades came from surprising quarters. Despite the obligatory moralizing, President Clinton called Garcia "a great talent; he was just a genius." Bob Dylan's tribute was the most eloquent public statement:

There's no way to measure his greatness or magnitude as a person or as a player. I don't think eulogizing will do him justice. He was that great—much more than a superb musician with an uncanny ear and dexterity. He is the very spirit personified of whatever is muddy river country at its core and screams up into the spheres. He really had no equal. To me he

wasn't only a musician and friend, he was more like a big brother who taught and showed me more than he'll ever know. There are a lot of spaces and advances between the Carter family, Buddy Holly and, say, Ornette Coleman, a lot of universes, but he filled them all without being a member of any school. His playing was moody, awesome, sophisticated, hypnotic and subtle. There's no way to convey the loss. It just digs down really deep.

It was the perfect rejoinder to the mean-spirited dismissals of cultural scolds like George Will, who seized the moment to peddle their ignoble agendas and parade their ignorance. Lost in the pyrotechnics were the quiet voices who mourned the private man as well as the music and era he symbolized. Years later, one of Garcia's friends from the early Palo Alto days reflected:

In a way, death and its romance had been as much a part of our scene as the love. Yet Jerry's death meant a little more; it was the end of something. There was more to miss than who he was, even more than who people thought he was, what they made of him. He radiated an orb around himself, like a sun, and whenever his music was playing I could step into that circle of sunlight and roses and meet heart to heart, like at a reunion, the people who had made my last months living at home so extraordinary: the Love Scene. Jerry and his music had kept my youth alive and told the whole world about it, and it came back to me every time I heard one of his songs from the speakers of a passing car or a boom box at the beach . . . I played those songs over and over, remembering a love that was more an animating spirit than an obsession.

In December the band met and decided to retire the name. It was more than a gesture of respect for a fallen colleague and friend—it was a statement of how central he had been. When Garcia's heart gave out, so did the Dead's. After 30 years and more than 2,300 shows, the long strange trip had finally ended.

For Nicholas Meriwether's further reflections on Grateful Dead history, as well as a complete bibliography, visit Dead.net/30Trips.Apocalypse



An Elegy for Jerry

Jerry, my friend,
you've done it again,
even in your silence
the familiar pressure
comes to bear, demanding
I pull words from the air
with only this morning
and part of the afternoon
to compose an ode worthy
of one so particular
about every turn of phrase,
demanding it hit home
in a thousand ways
before making it his own,
and this I can't do alone.
Now that the singer is gone,
where shall I go for the song?

Without your melody and taste
to lend an attitude of grace
a lyric is an orphan thing,
a hive with neither honey's taste
nor power to truly sting.

What choice have I but to dare and
call your muse who thought to rest
out of the thin blue air
that out of the field of shared time,
a line or two might chance to shine.

As ever when we called,
in hope if not in words,
the muse descends.

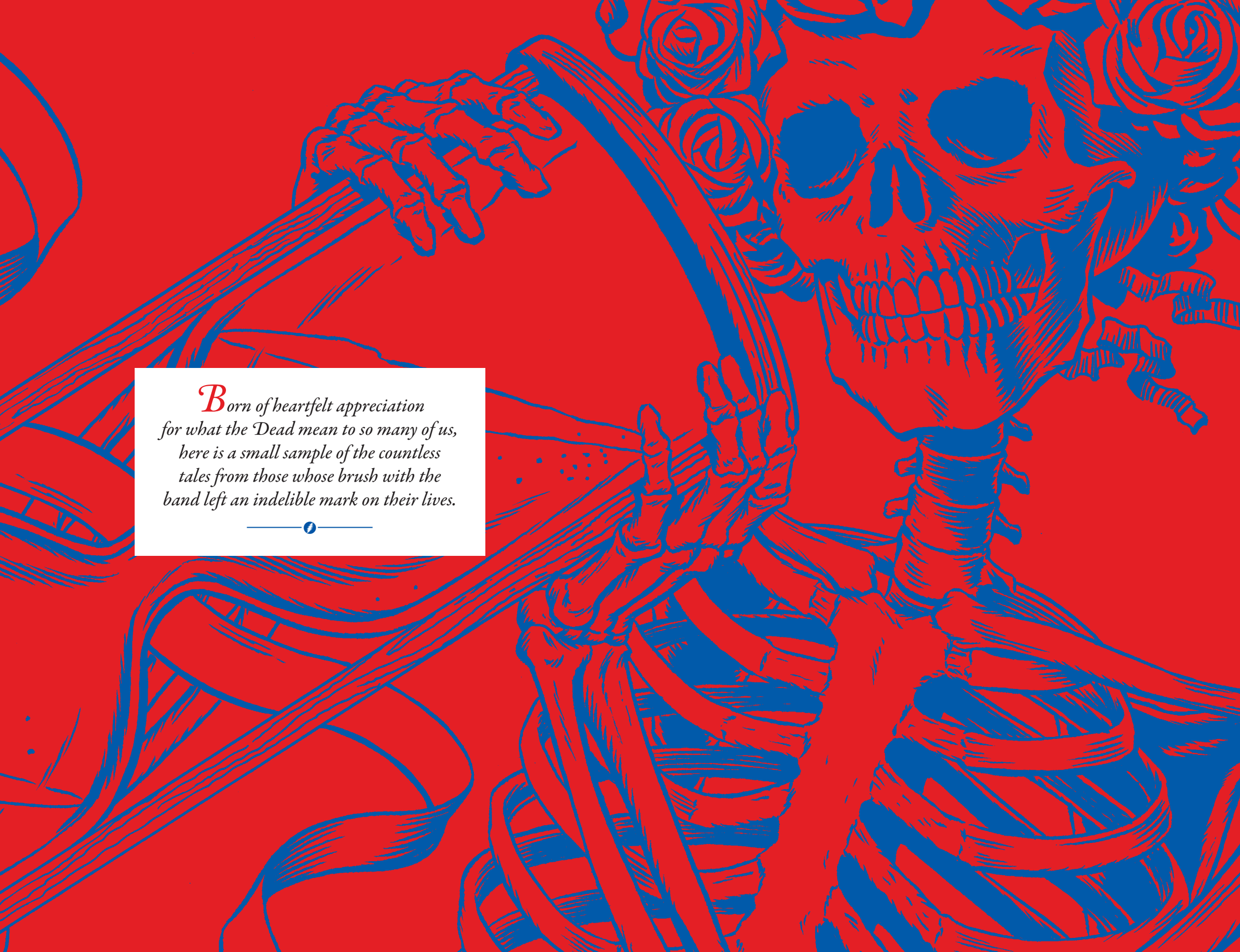
How should she desert us now?
Scars of battle on her brow,
bedraggled feathers on her wings,
and yet she sings, she sings!

May she bear thee to thy rest,
the ancient bower of flowers
beyond the solitude of days,
the tyranny of hours—
the wreath of shining laurel lie
upon your shaggy head
bestowing power to play the lyre
to legions of the dead

If some part of that music
is heard in deepest dream,
or on some breeze of Summer
a snatch of golden theme,
we'll know you live inside us
with love that never parts
our good old Jack O'Diamonds
become the King of Hearts.

I feel your silent laughter
at sentiments so bold
that dare to step across the line
to tell what must be told,
so I'll just say I love you,
which I never said before
and let it go at that old friend
the rest you may ignore.

Robert Hunter 8/11/95



*Born of heartfelt appreciation
for what the Dead mean to so many of us,
here is a small sample of the countless
tales from those whose brush with the
band left an indelible mark on their lives.*





The dead is bottomless. I am always quenched when I drink from their cup and the world they introduced to me is one of exploration and playfulness. There truly are no words that express how grateful I am for the dead and for the iterations that have followed. I know myself better for having experienced the Grateful Dead and their music. Thank you bobby, mickey, phil, bill, and of course jerry.



It all started in 1969 at a Camp Fire Girls camp in Minnesota. Camp was deserted one Saturday night except for three of us counselors hanging out in an old wooden cabin near the lake. We were dunking graham crackers in milk and listening on a portable stereo to albums by groups such as the Doors and the Blues Magoos. I didn't expect to acquire a

mutant ID for life — all I knew was that after one of the records dropped to the turntable, the music started sounding like space dragons roaring at the edge of the universe. I picked up the album cover — Anthem of the Sun — and checked out the song titles: "Cryptical Envelopment," "Quadlibet for Tenderfeet," "The Faster We Go the Rounder We Get." How weird! Intrigued, I bought the LP when I went back to the

University of Colorado that fall. I tortured my roommates with it, telling them they had to listen to it philosophically with detachment. "Really, guys, there's something cosmic here," I told them. "But you have to listen behind the notes." They were not convinced. Who, OK. Stones, OK. But what kind of lyrics were these? Out of the river all ugly and green The biggest old alligator that I've ever seen ... Screamin'



and yellin' and lickin' his chops
He never runs he just stumbles
and hops. Besides, "Caution (Do Not
Stop On Tracks)" sounded like you
were getting electrocuted. But oh,
it sounded good to me. Forty-five
years later it still does.

Thank You Grateful Dead, Crew
& staff! Likely all Deadheads
have an anecdote or story of
Grateful good will. I was waiting
for a plane back from Compton
Terrace to Chicago in December
of 1992 and realized too late
that my cheap Swatch had stopped
and I had missed my plane...
"For the Love of God"...quickly
raced...panicked to the counter
and was denied a new flight
without a \$20 change fee, which
I didn't have. A lovely lady was
flying back from the shows to CA
was nearby and took care of that
\$20 and I sent her 1st gen tapes

I had recorded @ Compton. A quick
example of strangers stopping
strangers just to shake their
hands.

For our first anniversary,
friends chipped in and bought
us tickets to the '83 St. Paul/
Minneapolis show. Dirt poor and
with no car we hitchhiked from
Ashland, WI. Once there, we found
our friends and celebrated along
the Mississippi that we had all
made it! Walking back toward the
show, we were on the side street
by the civic center when a limo
came flying toward us. I didn't
see it, but my husband did. He
pulled me back, and as I looked
up, there was Jerry, with a smile
and wave riding on in. Best
moment! Excellent show!

First saw the Dead in March of

67 at the Avalon, we went to see
Quicksilver but read the poster
wrong as they were playing
another night. I was fifteen and
had seen the Stones & Airplane
at the Cow Palace summer of
'66 but still really a novice.
Someone had the Dead's new album
outside but still hadn't put it
together... Chet Helms introduced
the Band and wow, as the first
notes started to play I remember
thinking F___ the Beatles this is
it! Pig had 16oz Schlitz malt atop
his organ & Jerry was wearing a
thick net sweater & pants with
stripes going down the legs, I
wondered how he could do that
because it was hot inside.... I
just couldn't believe how good
they were.... six months I later
I went with my younger brother
to see them a Kings Beach Bowl
in Lake Tahoe and their music
had already changed to the
reincarnation.... What a band!

Very Simply - Life can be a grind.
The Dead (and having tickets in
hand) always gave me something to
look forward to on the calendar.
No two shows were alike and no two
times were alike either. No need
for me to get sappy.

I wanted to be able to thank you
all for the music you created and
shared and for the experiences I
had and friends I made that were
bound by listening to the music
of the Grateful Dead. Many of
these friends I've known now for



Capitol Theatre, NJ. April Fool's 1980.

30+ years. A favorite moment of
mine is from a concert in 1982 in
Hartford, CT. It was the night of
"the Barbary Coast 1906, nothing
but sin and nooooo salvation". I
was right up front standing in
front of Jerry. You were playing
Rambling Rose and I was singing
along and looking up at Jerry
when he looked right at me. I
could see him smiling, his cheeks
rounding below his glasses. I can

still see it. We sang together a few moments before I forgot the words and looked away. It was something I'll never forget and I'm glad to have the opportunity to tell you about it and how important your music has been in my life. Thank you all so very much! I wish you all and your families peace and good health!



It's at the dirt parking lot in Ventura, CA, mid 80's. I'm checking out the scene before the show. I see this guy with a sign saying "I need a miracle". All of the sudden out of nowhere comes Bill Graham riding a bicycle. He rides up to the guy, takes his sign and gives him a ticket. Then he rides off and it happened very fast. The guy was SHOCKED!! Only at a Dead show....



When I was a 6 year old kid my family had two cats; Gallery and Althea. I asked my mom one day where their names came from. Gallery was a "gallery of colors" and Althea was named after "a song" and the conversation ended at that. It wasn't until later, when I was 13 or 14, that I started getting interested in music and began looking through my Dad's CDs. I came across Without a Net, found that live recording of Althea, and fell into a sound more alive than anything I had heard before. From the thumping, flowing pace of that one recording I branched out

into other tracks, other albums, the stories, the movies, going to shows, even briefly hosting a local GD Hour radio show that aired after the David Gans hour. This was in the mid/early 00s, after Jerry had passed and the guys were mostly touring solo. It felt like archival work. Digging into a rich history that had been living right beside me all along but that I lacked the key to fully unlock. Through the common bond of music I learned about a side of my Dad I had never known before; about the 70+ shows he had been to, seeing the guys play at Watkins Glen and Redrocks and Sandstone. We only got to see a few shows together, the first was Ratdog in '04 with some others scattered here and there over the years after, before he died in '09 at the age of 50. And while I regret not experiencing more of the music with him, none of it probably would have happened if I hadn't had a cat named Althea when I was 6 years old.



It was May 1971 at Winterland in San Francisco when I saw my first Dead show. There was already an especially good vibe because the band asked that ticket prices be lowered to \$4 so everyone could afford to come to the show. We had just listened to a rousing set by the New Riders (my first seeing them also), and after a break the Dead came onto a dark stage and started tuning their instruments. The excitement was



The question most asked seems to be, "How many Grateful Dead shows have you been to?" As that question is almost impossible to even think about, I instead tell them about my first Dead show. I was 3 months old and my parents took me with them to Woodstock. I'd be lying if I said it was because they wanted me to be a part of a legendary event or that it was something the entire Dead family had a calling to experience together. Truth be told—they could not find a babysitter. So that is why I can be seen being carried off the helicopter behind Phippen in the Woodstock movie and you see my dad carrying the diaper bag.

First concert, first movie appearance, but probably not my first set of diapers.

Garcia complained that, growing up, we kids had no one to hang out with on the road except the guys in the band and crew. The band became more like older brothers and friends than parent figures.

Jerry and I would hang out as we went through the seemingly endless series of airports and hotels. I'd pick his brains about movies or Buddy Holly records and he would borrow my Marvel comic books.

So it doesn't really matter if you've been to a thousand shows or only one. It is the experience you had while at the show that is important. Now when someone asks me how many shows I got to see in my life, I remember the wide-eyed look on the Deadhead's face as he looked up at my dad and said, "Wow, Bill, you've been to every show!"

—Justin Kruezmenn

Photos by Susila Ziegler AKA Mom





building and the energy palpable. Then the lights came up and Bill Graham walked onstage and gave the following introduction: "If 100 years from now they write a book about the history of rock and roll, these guys will be in the first paragraph, and the last; ladies and gentlemen, The Grateful Dead". The band launched into a smoking hot Bertha and it was love at first note. What a great night, and what a long, strange, and great trip that began right there.



In my family, the Grateful Dead has become emblematic of our collective grief. At the funeral of my Uncle Darryl, a Deadhead who died suddenly in a tragic accident, "Box of Rain" and "Ripple" were played. They were so memorable, so beloved in this context that they became the soundtrack of my family's

mourning rituals. These two songs have had such a lasting impact in my family that they have been used in three more funerals, and during memorial events for our dead. Lyrics from these two songs can be found in countless sympathy cards, funeral programs, engraved in metal placards beside commemorative trees, and the list goes on. Though we are scattered across many miles, these songs have brought us all together, and provided much solace when little else felt comforting. I am grateful, as is the rest of my family — dead and alive — for the soothing words and melodies of the Grateful Dead.



I went to Temple Stadium in my hometown Philadelphia....it was a 12 hour outdoor concert, with Nugent's Cactus, Steve Miller, The Dead, and Jimi Hendrix...it was 2 weeks after the Kent State



tragedy....the Dead were setting up, with freshly hung tarps, as a storm approached.....they seemed very angry, or just angst...I heard there were scheduling conflicts, backstage issues, and if true, a stolen garcia guitar....they had two red fists painted on the bass drum heads, which I figured pegged them as radical hippies (perfect for me, as I was draft age, and considering Canada flight during the height of the war)....at one point, a very pissed off Phil Lesh grabs a mic, and yells..."one match! That's all it takes, one match!!" (which might have lent itself to the burning benches after their set)....then the music begins....I'm about 20 yards from Garcia...grinning ear-to-ear, he was...jeans tucked inside his boots....Casey Jones opener....behind Jerry, there were flames shooting from his amp! Oh myyyyyy - why is this guy still smiling while his gear is blowing up??? - turns out that was Boots, their cook/driver, lighting magician powder, as seen in GD movie....later on, and what could



be the highlight, was a zillion hour long Lovelight! Pigpen, with wife beater tee shirt, gnarly hat, and lit cigar, leaning off the edge of the stage, encouraging fans to hug the person next to you...grab that girl...take her home...kiss her...hold her.... he was the reigning champion of tough love!! I later learned, and have the tape, that a pal was taping with a small hand held Sony....during New Speedway Boogie, you can hear Sam Cutler on the tape... "I'm the manager of the band...I want that tape!!"... my friend clicked it off and ran fast....we still listen and laugh today....after the set, my mind was totally blown apart! I was ON the bus!!....many years later, and over 250 shows, I live and breathe GD and GD family....tapes are well stored....stories always unfolding and retold...hang out with like minded people, and living the credos that the band sung about life - love - happiness - tribal unity - staying alert and helping others learn, good and bad, as presented to me....



sharing, hugging, all that hippie stuff that set the tone for a better world...and the risk and adventure that life offers...



Summer of '74 heading west to Dead/Beach Boys at Oakland, in my '57 VW bus, Easy Ed says, "show me the tickets". We are going downhill past Rainbow Rd exit, the roaring Yuba Rvr between east and west lanes. Ed looks at them and puts them in the tray under the dash. The wind coming thru the open windows, immediately blows them out the sunroof onto the river side of the road. I'm stopping, but a big semi blows tickets into the river. Ed runs back up the road, I go down to the river. Here they come floating down. I jump in and grab them. I'm Norfolk, Va. born and within

Dead community I've always used the handle the "PoorBoy". Well the opening song was Promised Land. Ship of Fools, and Big River were also large that day. Typical.



We were able to adopt our son, now 21, because of the Grateful Dead. The connection cemented a lifelong bond of strangers who came together with trust and love. In 1990, we were committed Dead Heads in the Bay Area and found ourselves in an adoption program. We put together our profile as prospective parents but we played our dead head devotion on the down low, thinking we didn't want anyone to make judgments. We happened to slip in a photo in our "profile" of a group camp out (all deadheads) and the birth parents saw the tie dye and

thought, we HAVE to meet these people!! We met and immediately bonded as dead heads...though they were young and had heard the music but had not made it out of the parking lot scene. Long story short, these two fine people chose us for the honor of being the parents of our son. We flew to Southern California for his birth and in the magic twist, the social worker mentioned that it was ok for adoptive parents to offer a "thank you" gift to the birth parents. There was an ad for The Grateful Dead playing in the LA area...we looked at each other and wondered, should we? So yes, this was our gift. They went to the shows, their first shows! We are all still in contact and the love has spread so far in all of our circles. Thanks and blessings to everyone, especially the Good 'Ol Grateful Dead. You never know where the road leads. We are forever Grateful.



In 1985, my buddy Bill and I wanted to drive up to Alpine Valley to see the June 22 concert and we had somehow convinced our wonderful wives to stay home and watch the kids so we could do it. In those days I was driving a '72 Pinto, and Bill and I were going to drive either the Pinto or his car to Wisconsin for the weekend. Two days before we were due to leave though, disaster struck. While I was driving home from work I pushed in the clutch pedal to shift gears and something in the linkage snapped. That night I called Bill and told him the bad news. I said I was sorry but he would have to drive to Alpine Valley. He was heartbroken. He said he was just going to call me and tell me that his car had broken down that day! The next day I was telling my friend John about what happened. He had been a truck driver and was and still is a great mechanic. "Clutches are optional," he said. He explained that a car with



A game my girlfriend made for my birthday



a manual transmission can be driven without the use of the clutch if you know how to do it. He made me think of Neal Cassady describing one of his jackless tire changes. It was one of those revelatory moments when you realize that knowledge is all around waiting to be discovered. I called Bill and asked him how adventurous he was feeling. "Let me get this straight," he said. "You want to drive a car with no clutch from Aurora, Illinois to East Troy, Wisconsin?" "And back," I said. "Sounds good. When do we leave?" When we got to the entrance for the main parking lot there was a sign saying "Lot Full" and a guard posted to prevent anyone else from going in. I downshifted to first gear and turned in anyway. I was going as slow as possible without stalling the engine as we passed the guard. While he was trying to tell us we couldn't go in, Bill yelled something like "We don't have a clutch," which I'm sure explained everything to the poor guy. I don't know what we expected him to say... "Oh, yes sir we have reserved parking for cars without clutches. Just go



behind the stage. There's an empty spot next to the Dead's limo. Look for the sign that says "Clutchless Cars". It really didn't matter what he said though because by this time he was just a figure in the rear-view mirror waving his arms. The concert was great with the Dead doing some of their not-so-frequently played tunes like "Walking Blues" and "It's All Over Now" but this was one time where getting there was as memorable as being there.

Like the Grateful Dead, I was founded in 1965. I was born in October. Maybe 15 miles from that music store. Maybe all of our energy got mixed in together right then. Because your space, all of our space, is my happy place, too. I was so anti fitting in, I wore tie dye to school, and designer jeans to the shows. Then I felt the peace and the weight of the world disappear, and we danced. Every single one of us. Without a care. Without strings. Beyond words I won't even try.

We attended the 1977 NYE run



at Winterland and had a blast so were primed and ready for the Grateful Dead to play at Mac Court in Eugene on 1/22/78. We decided to rent an RV to drive all our friends down from Olympia, where we live, about a 6 hour drive. To make the trip interesting, we decided to stop off in Portland and watch the early showing of Close Encounters of the Third Kind, a movie we had heard good things about. It was being shown on a big screen which was pretty exciting for us small town folks. It was a great experience, but our friend Craig had decided to record parts of the movie on his small hand held audio recorder. So from Portland to Eugene, he regaled us by replaying over and over the note sequence of the alien visit. So we get to the show, get our seats and settle in for a real good time. First set is a good one, I'm recording, everything is going smoothly. Mushrooms have kicked in as has the Grateful Dead. Second set is smoking hot, but after The Other One, my brain starts slipping as I start hearing the Close Encounters

theme again. This being before instantaneous transmission of shows, I had no idea that Jerry had been toying with the theme on his voyage up the coast that month. I finally turned to my wife, Dena, and asked her if I was losing my mind. She still had a head on her shoulders and assured me that my mind was OK. After Close Encounters slipped into St. Stephen, I realized that The Grateful Dead had done it again, conquered the Universe!!!!

On our way to a New Year's Eve show at the SF Civic in the early 80's, our group of Deadheads were piled into a van, driving to the show. Of course the music was playing loudly, the windows were open as some in the group were partaking of some smoke (not the driver) and we were thoroughly enjoying ourselves. As we were stopped at an intersection in downtown SF, a policeman who was directing traffic approached the van. The thought was "Oh no, we are screwed." As the policeman stopped traffic in the intersection, he came to the



the Catacombs and literally threw us back a few feet. Over the next two hours the Dead played the entire "Anthem of the Sun" album, which had only been out but a few months, and left the room of young Houstonians totally speechless. Literally. No one could talk when intermission came. We just looked at each other and with shining and glazed eyes sent telepathic messages acknowledging our lives had been altered. A half-hour later Garcia, Kreutzmann, Hart, Bob Weir, Phil Lesh and Tom Constanten came back to the bandstand. Pigpen could be seen exiting the club with a girl, not to be seen again that night. No matter, because the Dead opened the second set with "Dark Star," then went into "The Eleven" before going back into "Dark Star." For the next two hours it was like being a roller-coaster of sound and visions, something I've never seen equaled since. I saw the Grateful Dead at least 25 more times over the next 27 years in many different cities, but nothing quite like that night in Houston in 1968. As Jerry Garcia played and smiled and seemed to stare right into my eyes, I received the message of their quest: to open up to life and never look down or back. To this day no one ever has explained why they stopped for a show in Houston on their way to a pop festival in Florida, but I guess it doesn't matter. I can still hear the closing notes of "We Bid You Goodnight" from that night, and

know exactly why I was meant to be there that evening. It changed my life forever.



It was Sunday morning May 1st, 1977 and my older brother was telling me about the concert the night before at the Palladium in NYC. He kept repeating that I MUST go and see this band. I was in 10th grade and as long as my brother was willing to take me into Manhattan from our Long Island home my parents didn't have a concern. Now the bigger problem was paying for a ticket. I had the money from my newspaper route to pay for the Long Island Railroad and the subway token but only had \$20.00 to purchase a ticket from the scalpers. Unfortunately, this was not enough so my brother loaned me \$5.00 which allowed me to buy one ticket in the next to last row of the upper deck of this famous music hall formerly known as the Academy of Music. My brother said, since I saw them last night, you go tonight. I will wait for you outside so we can go home together. It was 10 minutes until showtime and I was a little apprehensive attending this concert by myself so we continued to wait outside the 14th Street entrance hoping and praying. Our patience paid off as this young Asian American man approached us with 2 tickets for \$40.00. I quickly sold my one ticket for \$25.00 and bought two for \$40.00 for my brother and I. Much to

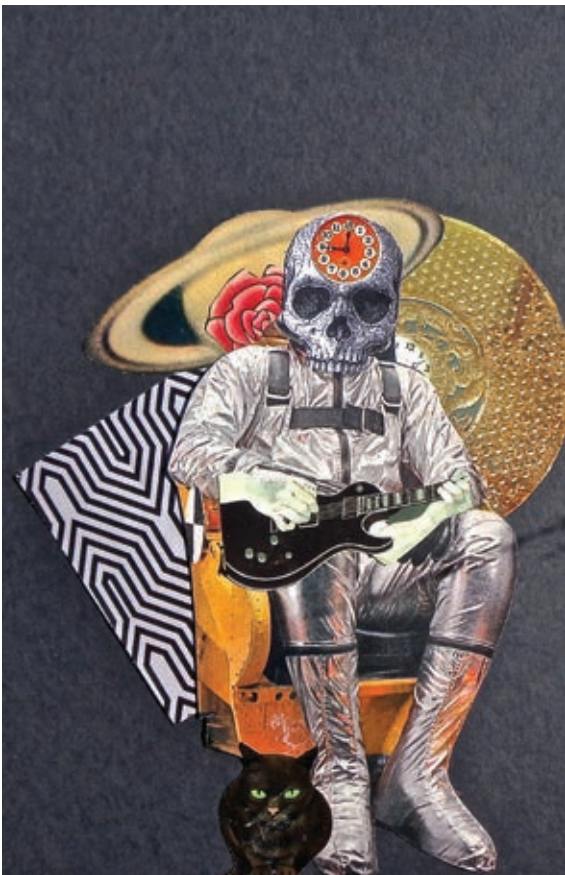


our surprise we were told by the ticket taker to proceed to the floor level. We were freaking out and continued to do so when the next employee viewed our tickets and told us to continue closer to the stage. AA must have meant row 27 right? Wrong. AA was row one at the Palladium. We scalped front row seats for my first ever Grateful Dead show and I got to shake Phil's hand afterwards. I was not a very productive student Monday morning but it was well worth the academic ramifications.



April 1977. I liked a local band called Old Glory, who played every Monday night at Huck Finn's in the Belmont Shore strip in Long Beach, CA. They played rock,

country, surf music, the Dead, and what have you. One Monday night at Huck Finn's, while Old Glory was playing, I was talking to a certain gorgeous young woman I'd met a few weeks before. Old Glory broke into I Know You, Rider. We saw the instant joy on each others faces. And thus we learned we were both Deadheads. My first concert was June 17, 1972 (Hollywood Bowl). Hers was May 21, 1974 (Hec Ed in Seattle). Having the Dead in common led discovering we had many other things in common. We've now been together for 38 years. Our first Dead concert together was June 4, 1977 (The Forum in LA). From then until 1995, we went to every Dead concert and every Jerry Garcia Band show within range;



first in Southern Cal, and then in Washington and Oregon. Our last was May 28, 1995, in Seattle. So thank you, Grateful Dead; for all the wonderful noise, for so many primal and joyous moments, and for being our Mother Of All Icebreakers.



1991 was the year everything changed in my life when I saw my first show in Orlando, Florida. I was a 20 year old without any sense of what the future would hold - not too sure of who I was yet. Things became clear at the show as I felt I had found my tribe at last. My mind was blown not only by the boys and the live music that awakened my soul,

but by the happy, loving vibe that surrounded me. So many smiles, beautiful people dancing, kindness everywhere - it was such an alternate universe from what I had known. Suddenly, everything made sense and I began a new journey. It's ok to be different. It's right to be kind. Spread the light as much as possible. A smile can change someone's day. Simple things that became clear the more I toured. My soul was more at peace than ever before. Then there's the music. Pages could be written about the way the Grateful Dead's tunes dance in my head...how those songs make you wanna dance and sing and sometimes cry. Jerry really could touch deep emotions as he sang. His style of playing was so unique. The band as a whole was like a continual metamorphosis of notes coming together to make an amazingly great show! The best. Hands down. I'm so thankful I got to experience four more years of the boys with Jerry. Those were some of the most fun years of my life! Then came '95. My friends and I mourned Jerry's death like he was an old friend. I feared the experience was done. Sad days... Then came the Other Ones, Further, Supralingua, and on and on. How did the guys know we needed that so much? Did they realize how important still being able to hear that music would help continue the positive vibrations in our lives? Jerry was still there. You could feel it. Thank you so much for doing your

Although my first experience with the Dead was a show at Freeborn Hall in 1967, that's all a bit of a blur at this point. What I really remember was my first work project with the Dead at Front Street in San Rafael. I was a recording engineer at The Plant Studios in Sausalito at that time (1980), and I was used to the regimen of studio life. Betty called up The Plant looking for an engineer who could edit tape, and I was all over that, so I took the drive up the 101 freeway and entered the organized insanity of Club Front. It was a wonderfully different environment from what I was used to. No control room with window or acoustically treated studio . . . nope, it was one huge room surrounded by theater curtains and large, round sound diffusers. The console sat in the center, and then a walk five feet away was the "studio." As unconventional as it was, it all worked great: nothing but state-of-the-art equipment. Betty and Dan Healy were mixing Radio City Music Hall . . . I thought it sounded great (and I still do). They employed a very unique technique for adding the audience tracks by having them on a separate machine and were able to manipulate the time and space of the audience image . . . all very cool, and it created a wonderful ambiance to the soundscape. The scene at Club Front was something else as well . . . truly a club for the crew and band.

—Jeffrey Norman

I had seen the Dead twice, in 1970 and early 1971, but I remember little about those shows. Fall of 1971, a freshman at Brandeis, I attended a concert at the Boston Music Hall. I remember arriving at the ornate hall and taking our seats—good ones! The next thing I recall was the sound of rabid applause. I turned to my friend: "Man, I think I missed the show." (Probably something I ate.) "Don't worry," he said, "that was just the New Riders." Relieved, I settled in, and from the first chords of "Bertha" I was hooked. The Dead played music that was new, but eerily familiar, and much more immediate and urgent than their records. What other band could slip from a psychedelic cowboy song to a Bobby Blue Bland barnburner, to Merle Haggard, with a dose of Chuck Berry as an encore? I'd discovered a band that looked like us, were obviously having a ball, and were writing songs that were many levels deep. It turned out the show was broadcast, and taped by a friend, so I did get to enjoy the New Riders. We wore that tape out, and I went on to see many more Dead shows. I hope 12/2/71 gets the official release it deserves! I write this sitting in my studio a month after completing mastering work (along with Jeffrey Norman) on 30 Trips. I'm still trying to figure out what it all means.

—David Glasser

thing and just playing. We love it! And appreciate all of you for it!



Oh the joy! I was just letting my "Freak Flag" fly, high school graduation was quickly advancing. I was looking forward to what adventures were ahead. I had seen the Dead about a dozen times locally in the bay area, I had the "Dumb suburban high school geek, man I was cool in my homemade tie dye T-shirt, where are the bare breasted women" look. But now I was working on the "look". Long hair (It would be seven years before I cut it). Flannel shirts, Hiking boots, and becoming a Deadhead. The news of the GD playing at the Santa Clara Rock festival on May 18, 1968 was electric. This was the perfect date for me and my new girlfriend. I played up the GD as saviors of the soul. This would be the pilgrimage to cement our relationship. The day was perfect, the crowd was roaming to find what stage bands played. Found a good spot to flop and waited for the GD. But wait! Jerry tells the crowd the band would play for 35 minutes or so because they had a gig in LA that night. WTF! Now the girlfriend is annoyed. This is the band you put your faith into. Ok, just sit back and enjoy. Now I notice during "Alligator" roadies giving wind it up signs. The band looks like one of those Cow Palace acts who are contracted for 20 minutes that look continually

at their watches. The gig ends, the band splits. Poof! The vibe is lost. The soon to be ex girlfriend begins the "Whatever" death stare. I head home in my newly purchased used Rambler lost on what went wrong. The sojourn of life begins. It would be years, a marriage and two sons later that I would go to a GD concert. The memory of feeling betrayed still burned. But after hearing the first chords of "One More Saturday Night" all was forgotten. Years later I find a copy of the concert and laugh. It was good to be young. Damn! It feels good to be old and still enjoy the GD.



I'm a lawyer, was in mediation, trying to settle a civil action on behalf of a woman who was run over by a truck, and the opposing counsel made an offer he said was his best, final offer. It was just not enough, and I said, "If you want to take it to trial, that's just fine. 'Come on boys and gamble, roll those laughing bones, seven come eleven, boys, I'll take your money home.'" The mediator was rather swept away by the poetry of my comment, and said to the opposing counsel, "Don't you think he would be great with a jury?" Then, quickly, to the other lawyer, "I'm sure you would be too." Too late, the damage was done, and the other lawyer quickly came along and made an offer my client was happy with.



My GD story seems so surreal to me now, but it really did happen! On 7/18/72 I went to see the GD at Roosevelt Stadium NJ. As usual, we saw a great show. Afterwards we stopped for gas. I saw Jerry & Bob standing next to a limo. I thanked them for a real good time & asked what they were waiting for. They said the limo had a problem & they would have to get another. I said we could give them a ride. Incredibly, they said OK. We drove them to the Hotel Navarro Central Park So. We talked about the Europe Tour, Pigpen's health

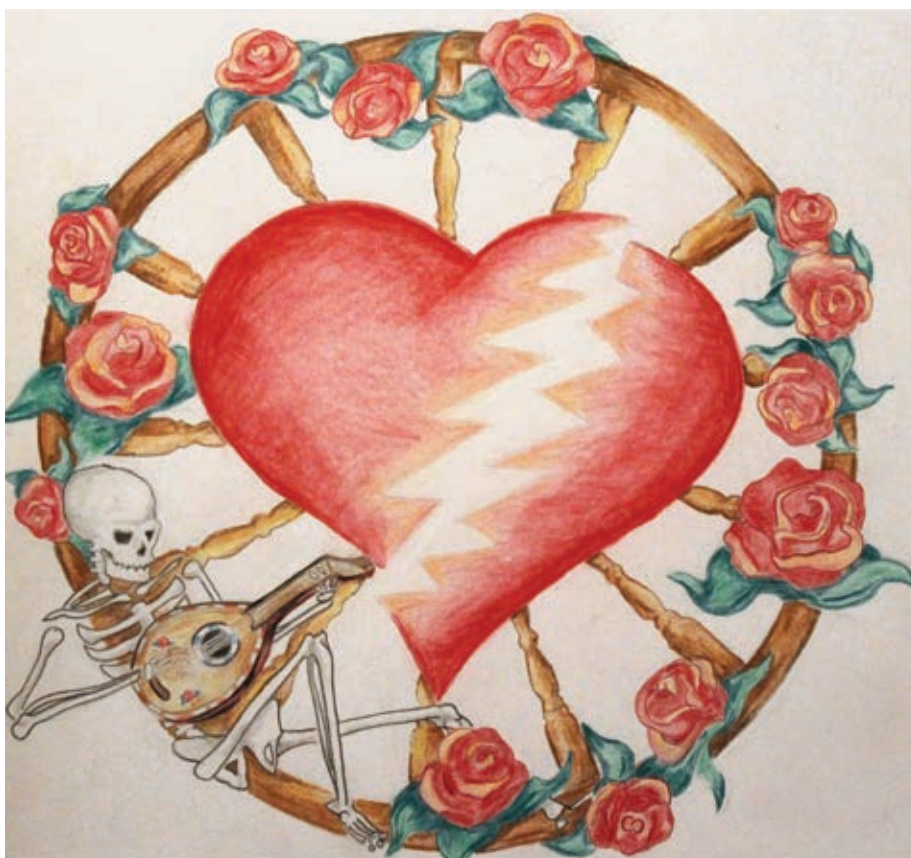
& the upcoming Europe 72 album. When we arrived, Bob offered us \$20. I said no thanks, this was our pleasure. Bob said when they come to NY call them at the Navarro to get backstage passes. We did & got passes to the Stanley Theater, Roosevelt Stadium & Nassau Coliseum. Eventually, we were taken off the pass list to make room for other lucky Deadheads. There is nothing like a GD concert!



I saw my first Grateful Dead

concert in February 1970 at the Fox Theater in St. Louis. I was in school in Champaign-Urbana Illinois at the time. We drove down to St. Louis the day of the concert, bought tickets at the front window for \$4.50, stood in line outside the building until it opened, and sat in the middle of the 10th row. My last show was in 1993 at Soldier Field in Chicago. The tickets were \$50 apiece and I needed binoculars to see the stage from where we sat. In between I attended about 75 of the concerts. At one of the earliest shows at the Fox Theater, a friend of mine asked if I had ever gotten down close to the

stage and watched Jerry Garcia intently. He claimed that Jerry made eye contact with people and then amazing things would happen. At the break between sets, I worked my way down as close to the stage as possible and stared for a long time at Jerry. You could see his eyes flitting about from person to person in the audience; and, every once in a while, he would stop and remain fixed with his gaze on somebody. As I watched him, his eyes briefly made contact with mine on several occasions until "Pow!" he zoomed right in on me. They were in the middle of a jam, and as he stared at me he did a



little something with a riff and nodded at me slightly. I nodded back, and he took it a little further and nodded again. I nodded back again, and he closed his eyes and took off with the most amazing riff. I swear to you that the next thing I knew, I was 30 feet above the stage looking down at everybody. He had ripped me right out of my body. I started to float back down slowly and then rushed back into my body. I stood there completely stunned. He never looked at me again for the rest of the concert. It was one of the most incredible things that ever happened to me at any concert I've ever been to. Please tell the band, "Thank you! Thank you! You have no idea how much your concerts meant to me and

to all your other fans. I have tears in my eyes right now as I'm finishing this letter. Thank you!"



In 1965, I was a student at Menlo-Atherton high school in Atherton, CA. There was a strange guy who transferred there who had a locker near mine. He had big brown eyes, carried a guitar and kept to himself. My friends and I hung out at Magoo's Pizza Parlor in Menlo Park. We were Madras-wearing "surfers". Imagine our surprise when we walked into Magoo's and saw, in the left-hand corner by the window, the same guy from school with others who had long hair (horrors!) playing music the like of which we had never heard. It was the Warlocks,

and the guy was Bob Weir. I've been a fan ever since!



I carried a small address book on tour to record where I was and every song I heard from 12/27/80 Oakland Auditorium through Red Rocks 6, 7 and 8th 1983. Following Jerry Garcia Band and the Grateful Dead the book is filled with cosmic wimpout stickers and doodles from the coast to coast tours. I lost the book in New Jersey at Brendan Byrne on 4/17/83. I was devastated to say the least. Some kind person

found it and mailed it back to me, it was in the mailbox when I returned from shows. On 9/1/83 in a bathroom line in Park West Utah, I was telling the tale to a woman in line. She was the person who mailed it back to me, never sending a note so I could thank her for her kindness. She knew my address and it blew my mind of how cosmically we are all connected. I still have my book of set list treasures and amazing memories of 64 shows.



I grew up in a suburb of Montreal



where the GD was definitely not a band that was widely known. The one rock radio station in town never played their music. I will never forget the day I saw this guy walking down the street in my hometown carrying the 'Skullfuck' album and remember being very impressed by such striking album-cover artwork. I wondered what kind of music this could possibly be? I was 14 years old at the time. A few years later, I moved to Toronto where I made friends with an American guy named Ed who was from Delaware and whom I would often playfully tease about his American roots. One day, Ed showed up at my door with two concert tickets in his hand and said: You are coming with me and I am going to show you some REAL American culture! The tickets were, of course, for the Grateful Dead's first appearance at Kingswood Music Theatre in

June of 1984. I will never forget that night. It changed my life as well as my appreciation of music forever! I knew none of the songs (except for NFA!) but was stunned by the music, the quality of the songwriting (as well as the quality of Healy's mix: I had never heard such awesome concert sound!!!) and, of course, the colourful scene and the fans. I had never been to a concert where literally everyone danced all night long and most everyone knew all the words and sang their joyous hearts out throughout the performance! Nor had I ever seen a crowd of concertgoers reminding each other to 'Keep the scene clean,' and that 'Deadheads leave nothing but footprints' while handing out garbage bags to one another and putting them to good use in the parking lot after the show!!! WOW, I thought; this exists??? There is hope



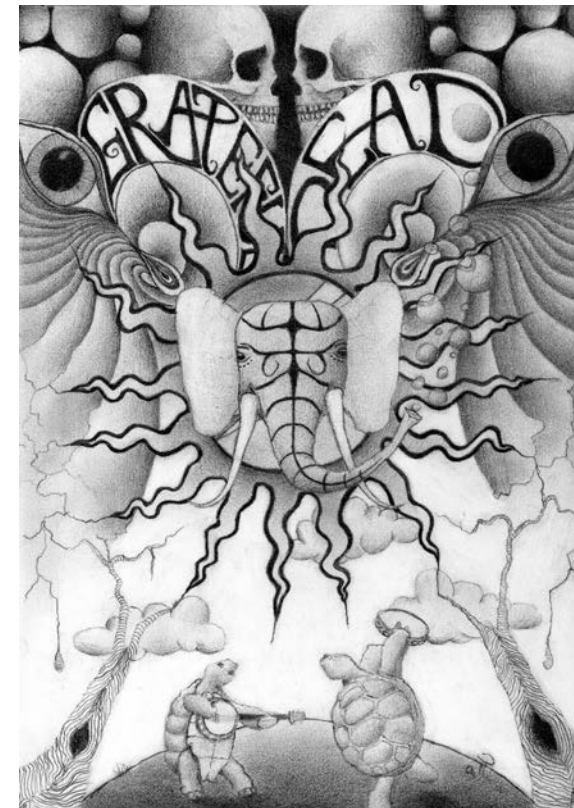
for humanity after all!! What a special trip it's been! Thank you for the music! Thank you for the memories! Thank you.

August, 1968. My buddy and I walked down a street in South Pasadena, California. A garish, exotic looking handbill stared down at us from a little above eye level on a phone pole. "San Francisco's Grateful Dead, Shrine Auditorium, August 23-24". It was the original Skull and Roses picture, and I'd never seen anything like it. We had been to the Shrine twice before: I said, "Let's go see what's been happening in San Francisco." Friday night we arrived at the Shrine at 6:30 p.m., doors to open at 7:30. The street was utterly deserted. People didn't wait in line for them then, at least not in L.A. That would not last long. By the time 7:30 rolled around, there were 25 or 30 people there.

The doors opened, we slapped our tickets in someone's hand and ran the length of the hall to plant ourselves at the foot of the stage, a six-foot-high scaffold fronted with plywood. The band came on at 8:00. We were pure as the driven snow, just turned 17; no weed, no acid, no cigarettes, no booze, no nothing whatever. It took the band about two minutes to obliterate every conception about music I owned, and replace them all with something much more exciting. Don Ellis' Band playing in 17/32, Turkish dance music, the Pozo-Seco Singers, whatever - they were all good, but this was - this was - what the hell was it? I didn't care, all I knew was that it was what I had been waiting for since I heard Jailhouse Rock at the age of 5, in 1956. They played on. You can look at the set list; at the time I had never heard any of it. We started beating time on the front of the stage. We were standing directly under Weir; at one point he looked down at us, rocking away at the plywood, and gave us a little smirk; "Ha - got you bozos going, don't we?" Yeah, Bob, you sure did. Alligator. Oh, my God. The Eleven. The Other One. CAUTION. Now I knew what music was actually about, and forty seven years later, I still know. I owe you folks. Thank you.

I was a confirmed Dead Head in 1970 and went through the jeers from friends because they all

found it so weird, and of course I was also dressing in a fashion that was abnormal to many. Later I moved into a house in Sacramento and when I met my neighbors the Sullivans, they too found me a weird guy with odd musical tastes. They were into heavy metal and did not get the Dead thing. One day when I came home after a show at Cal Expo, my roommate told me that 3 members of the band were next door earlier. I laughed and asked how or why they would be there and how he even knew who they were. He told me he noticed them on my Dead calendar. Of course I went next door to see what was up and sure enough it turned out my friend Lisa was going out with Brent and was soon to marry. I was stunned. Well of course at that point their whole family went to shows and all were changed into Dead Heads once they saw you guys play. I ended up with back stage passes and laminates which was a treat, but the best part was seeing them all get into something they really did not think they would like. And through that experience I did get to meet you all and that was neat as I got to see that you are what you sing, play and act as. The changes that can happen to people through music is a fantastic thing and with the Grateful Dead it is almost always positive change. Thank you for that! May the four winds see you safely home.



I first saw The Grateful Dead in 1970 at the Capitol Theater in Port Chester, NY. That February I had just come back from Nam and my old buddies were running the theater. I can remember standing behind the speakers there many times. It was just the place for me to revive my soul and the Dead were the perfect bodhisattvas to perfect the alchemy.

I lived at 21st and Geary in SF in '78, had mail-ordered tix but spent three days in line anyway to Witness The Closing of Winterland! New Years Eve... Eyedroppers... The Flying Karamatsov Brothers... The freakin' Blues Brothers, Uncle BoBo's Santa in a flying, smoldering joint tossing

elaborate red Chinese New year envelopes (each w/a twist inside!), hitting the stage at the stroke of twelve as the band hits Sugar Magnolia!!!... Met Herb Caen!!!... The Show!!!...played til dawn...a cappella Goodnight/Farewell... and then fed us all an awesome breakfast. Absolutely the most incredible experience of my rather full days....still. A Miracle of a show in and of itself!!!! Gotta Love The Good Ol Grateful Dead



In October 1981 I went to a transcendental meditation course in Lelystad, Holland. Early one evening, a course participant who had just arrived from nearby Amsterdam told me he had seen handwritten posters on the walls about a Grateful Dead concert that night in De Melkweg. I couldn't believe my ears. I knew that De Melkweg was closed that

week. I made a phone call, asking them: "Is this really the Grateful Dead, from San Francisco." Yes it was, and it was a spontaneous thing. I got really excited, having been a fan for almost 10 years. I gathered some friends, and we took the bus to Amsterdam, a one hour drive through complete darkness. When we arrived, the first set had already been played, and the guy selling T-shirts had already packed up his things. We enjoyed a great second (electric) set. There they were on stage, playing in such a small hall, for a few hundred people! It was like a dream! After the show I went to the crew who were sitting on the stage, and asked them if I could get one of their T-shirts. No, this night was also very special to them, and their T-shirt was a souvenir. Then I saw on the side of the stage the dressing-room door, people going in and out, so I also went in. There were about 20 people there, band members, crew, faces I recognized from pictures. Also, our mutual friend, Dutch poet Simon Vinkenoog. The door opened, and Phil Lesh came in. I went up to him, and asked him for his T-shirt. Naturally, he said no (no hard feelings, Phil). Then, after a few minutes, Bob Weir came in, and I asked him for his T-shirt, as a souvenir. To my surprise he said: "Sure, I have a sweatshirt in the back." So we went to the back of the dressing room, he took off his T-shirt, gave it to me, and put on his sweatshirt. Then we

had a little conversation about the concert, it being so warm they couldn't play any longer. Then I thanked him, shook his hand, and went back to the hall. I went up to the crew guys on the stage. "I have my T-shirt," I said. "How did you get it?" "I got it from Bob Weir." "Yeah, right!" But I convinced them. Rock Scully writes about it in his book 'Living with the Dead.' He also writes that it was Bob's 34th birthday. So now, 34 years later, it seems like the right moment to thank you, Bob Weir, for your kindness and generosity that night, and making one fan very, very happy!

1974, June. Iowa State Fairgrounds. I got to help put up the Wall of Sound. I left my ticket at home by accident. I was in the phone booth calling home to see if someone could bring my ticket. Stepping out of the phone booth, I run into an old friend, Gary Summers, who used to book bands out of Madison, WI. He could tell something was wrong. I told him I left my ticket at home, no more tickets available. He says "Hey, do you wanna work? They put up the wrong scaffolding, so now we have to find this guy who's on a Honda 90 riding around." We found him. I got the job! Full Access! Still have the pass. Bill Graham was there. It goes to show you never know what can happen at a Grateful Dead concert.

I didn't know about the Dead in May 1980 when my brother, John, fell out a window in upstate New York while I was finishing up my graduate program in Civil Engineering at Berkeley. I was the serious sibling; he was more of the party type. We had a rough time growing up and we went separate ways after high school as each of us was just trying to hold on and grow up. We were



thrown together again when he broke his neck and was paralyzed from the neck down from the fall and he ended up on life support in the intensive care unit of Albany Medical Center. He was in critical condition but his friends and I kept the seriousness of his condition from him. He was only 21 at the time. Not being able to speak because of the tracheotomy

tube, John communicated by us spelling the alphabet starting with "A" and then he would blink when we got to the correct letter. He spelled the word, "Dead." Then he mouthed the word, "tonight." When he was doing this, he was very aware that there had been several times already when he had coded and was brought back to life again. We figured he was telling us that he would be dead that night so his friend, Bob, and I told John that he would be alright, he would be fine and not to worry. John then mouthed the words, "My tickets," and then "Sell them." My first experience with the Dead was right then and there. Who are these guys and why was this so important? Two years later, John, still hospitalized, cried while I cradled his head because he had never seen the Dead and felt he probably would never get to. I told him that, heck, if they were around this long, they will be around long enough for him to see them. We took him in his wheelchair from the hospital to see the 4/12/80 Providence, R.I., show and many shows after that. He moved to California, lived in Berkeley and I took him to many shows after that. Being at a Dead show was always a happy place to be and a place where John could just exist and enjoy the music and feel the music. John died in 1991 at the age of 33. Eventually, it had become too difficult for John to get out of bed and he stopped going to shows. I continued,

however, and over the span of the next 10 years had gone to over 125 shows. I will always thank the Dead for the special relationship it gave me with my brother. Their music is comforting to this day and for that I am so very grateful.



My mom was a big opera fan, Wagner in particular. Back in the early 80s she and a friend booked a trip to go to Bayreuth, Germany, to see the complete performance of the "Ring" cycle. My mom was so excited to tell me when she returned home that Phil Lesh and his girlfriend, Jill, whom he married on the trip, were part of their group! And he had offered backstage passes for us when they were in the New York area. Well of course my boyfriend (later husband) Steve and I jumped on that, being die-hard deadheads for years. At one of the shows Steve ran into an old friend who was working catering for John Scher, and he ended up cooking on the East Coast summer tour that year, 1985. Absolute heaven.



Cleveland, Ohio - In 1990, we wrote to Dennis McNally and asked if Jerry would like to do a Public Service Announcement to help with a local recycling initiative. Dennis replied that Jerry couldn't, but Bobby would be more than happy to oblige. We met with Bobby in his hotel room at the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Cleveland



Alpine Valley, Wisconsin, 1987.

with our small film crew (4) to film the PSA. Through many outtakes we finally completed the filming. Bobby's final comment before we finished, "It's not nice to Fuck with mother nature."



I discovered the Grateful Dead when popping into my favorite record store at age 14 and saw on the wall Anthem of the Sun as one of the new releases. So though the band was already 3 years old and I was big on the Jefferson Airplane (who was that guy Jerry Garcia, credited on the back of Surrealistic Pillow as "musical and spiritual adviser"? I had never heard of him. Hmmm) I thought the album cover art was sufficiently weird enough for me to buy the album. I was immediately stricken with the fever and went further nuts when Aoxomoxoa came out. Clearly the best band in the known universe.

But then, then, then Live Dead came out!!! Changed my life on every molecular level for all time. OMG! Most especially Dark Star! Jeez! Music was capable of this?! The owner of the little music store knew I was crazy about the Grateful Dead. One day I stopped into his store after school like I did most days. With a certain gleam in his eye he mentioned a new double live Grateful Dead album just came out that day. He was very innovative in that he had an 8 track (remember those?) listening station and told me I could listen to the new album right then. I put on the 8 track and my mind literally melted from the very first notes. I stopped the 8 track and said to Jim, the owner, "I don't have any money on me, but I have to have this album. Today! I promise I'll bring you the money tomorrow". Kind and trusting man that he was, he said "yes."



I started going to shows when I could - first one at Pasadena Civic Auditorium (no tape exists, and only a partial set list!). Two years of total submergence in Dark Star and by fall of 1972, and several shows by now, I still hadn't yet experienced one in the flesh, so to speak. Hollywood Palladium Sept. 9/10 1972 - two shows. I was up in the very front right in front of Jerry both nights. As many can attest, often Jerry while playing would lock eyes with people in the audience. He and I were doing this both nights - a lot! So intense! Lots of people were yelling out song requests. I was not, I never had, nor ever intended to. I found it presumptuous and obnoxiously annoying. The band as far as I could tell completely ignored any and all shout outs. It was the second set second night. The band I think had just finished Black Peter. They were tuning and what not. Jerry was looking into the crowd and again, like so many times the last two nights, our eyes locked. Don't know what came over me but while I had his attention I yelled to him DAAAAAARK STARRRRRR!!!!!! He started cracking up laughing and immediately walked over to Bobbie and Phil and they talked, laughed some more. Then they played Dark Star! Could have been a coincidence. I'll never know. Probably my single greatest experience ever at a Grateful Dead show. Still, after the hundreds of shows I attended and all the tapes and



later, cds collected, this is the one show that I attended I most would like to return to and experience again. I never yelled out for a song again. Thanks for so many wonderful experiences and memories. Will always miss you Jerry! xoxo



The first and most important thing I have to say is Thank You! I can't imagine what my life would have been like if there was no Grateful Dead. It's hard to say if my connection with the Dead may have started when I saw news clips of the Haight-Ashbury on TV when I was 4 or 5 years old (which I still remember vividly today). Or if it was made when I started going to Grateful Dead shows in my teens; my family moved around a lot and about the only continuity I had between locales was that the band always seemed to play in whatever city we happened to be living in. It

wasn't till I was in my early 20's that I actually joined the circus and went on tour - and after that, life was never the same! I soon found the tribe I'd somehow always wanted to be part of but didn't know existed. I traveled all over the US and Canada, and went to Europe too! (We Are Everywhere.) I laughed and loved life as I never had before and I learned so many valuable lessons that have served me so well. I am so, so grateful for (what was for me) about a ten-year period that included over 200 shows and produced many amazing experiences, quantum personal development, and so much dancing and true heartfelt joy. The band was a beacon that led me to my awesome "now."



I went to my first Dead show sometime in the mid 80's. I'd heard of the Dead - even knew a few songs, but was truly clueless

about the journey on which I was about to embark. A college student in Boston, I went to a show in Providence, RI with a boyfriend. It was unlike any other concert experience I'd ever had! (But then, you knew that...) Upon returning home I began borrowing and buying as much Grateful Dead music as I could get my hands on. The albums were great. And I do mean albums--vinyl, with scratches and pops and cardboard covers with artwork. And the tapes! Oh, the tapes! So many friends had tapes of favorite shows. I hadn't even known so many of my friends were Deadheads. Quickly I was mail ordering tickets, and going to as many shows as I possibly could. I spent an amazing couple of days in Portland, Maine and met some folks I kept in touch with for years--always finding each other at shows without any pre-planning or arrangements (Dead shows always had that magical quality.) Several years later I met up with a friend in Oakland to catch the New Years shows - I remember the Neville Brothers were playing with the Boys and I was blown away all over again. The friend I was meeting up with wasn't a great house guest and as I arrived he was being politely kicked out of the house where we were supposed to stay. Not a problem--the scene always provided opportunities to make new friends. What's a few more people on the floor of a hotel room? I made myself useful by cleaning up the room,

and keeping things organized in the midst of beautiful chaos. I recall the little white lies I had to feed my mother; "Do you have a place to stay?" "Of course! I wouldn't travel all the way across the country without a place to stay, Mom!" She couldn't know what I knew - The community of Deadheads was a loving, peaceful and sharing community and no matter what, I knew I was going to be okay. Dancing at Dead shows taught me to feel the music and dance like no one is watching. Walking the parking lots before shows taught me to talk to new people and to be open to new experiences. Traveling taught me I could rely on my wits and on others to lend a helping hand. Being part of the community was so important to me, when I was earning my Master's Degree in Social Work I decided to do my thesis on Deadheads. It wasn't a popular decision among the thesis committee at Smith, but when a few respected academics advocated for me and "came out" as Deadheads themselves, saying, "Hey, what makes this population less worthy of study than another group or sub-culture?!" the committee had to say okay. When my thesis was chosen for publication in a scholarly work edited by Rebecca Adams a few years later I think they changed their tune! (I'm chapter 9! You should check it out sometime!!) I still love the music, and I still love the community. I'm in my 50s now, a manager in Social Work, and married to a

woman who doesn't get it at all but who encourages me at every step - "Oh, are you going to Hippy Hour at the Midway tonight? Have fun!" We are still dancing in the streets, still thrilled to be part of this long, strange trip. And a part of me is still that 20-something student in Boston, awed by the life-changing power of music and love at a concert in Providence.



Merriweather Post Pavilion, Maryland, 6/20/1983 if memory serves. My best friend had just drowned in the Chesapeake Bay and I had come from the funeral that day. I was going to skip the show, but my friends dragged me out saying it might make me feel a bit better. It was a dark and stormy night, lightning everywhere fucking with the sound and soaking the folks on the hill. We were sitting in the next to last row, but just undercover. Before the second set, I went to the backstage entrance and gave a note to the guy there to request for Jerry to play He's Gone for my friend's memory for me. I told him I normally do not do this kind of thing, but my best friend just died, so it was worth a try. The guy said he would try, but probably would not be successful. An hour later, in the middle of the 2nd set when the lightning and rain was at its fiercest, Jerry and the boys played a beautifully sad He's Gone. I cried like a baby

(something I rarely do) the entire song, and when the song was over, I felt like I had very nicely said goodbye to my best mate. It was, for the way I was feeling that night, absolutely an intensely perfect moment in my life. Even though I am certain that He's Gone being played that night had nothing to do with my request, it was very much appreciated and the perfect way for me personally to send my friend off to heaven. Following the boys around the country for 22 years was a great adventure in my life and prepared me to deal with and get by quite nicely in the world.



My First Grateful Dead Show was in 1979 at the Philadelphia Spectrum. I was 16 yrs. old, already a Deadhead along with my two brothers. Playing blues guitar was a serious passion for me by then and Jerry Garcia was

my immediate guitar playing soulmate, and I listened to and watched every single member of the band with pure joy and wonder...listening to the band, and watching them, I was thinking to myself "where did these cool people come from, what county, planet, I want to live there!!" Sometime during the show the band started playing "Ship of Fools" which was and still is one of my all time favorites. As Jerry started singing the words, something came across my entire being, I started crying a river and I felt for the first time I was finally home and I belong with these people. The world finally began to make sense to me. I realized at that moment that the guy on stage singing along with the others and singing with such intensity, viewed the world like I did. I broke down and started crying, tears gushing.



Got married 04/28/91 Las Vegas Show.
24 years later still married with
two great kids in college.

When my brother Bryce and The National's drummer Bryan Devendorf first gathered in an attic in suburban Cincinnati in 1990, we played "Eyes Of The World" without stopping for several hours. The Dead gave us a way in, and our love for their music hasn't faded through 25 years of playing together. Their legacy and influence on generations of musicians is impossible to summarize. It's been a total joy to work with so many of our favorite musicians to celebrate this music we all so deeply love for charitable purposes—so familiar but always yielding some new discovery. We wouldn't be the musicians we are, or musicians at all, without the Grateful Dead. Thank you.

—Aaron Dessner



Winterland 1973 (?) After the show, I just couldn't leave. It had been an incredible experience. The crew came out with the huge mops to sweep the floors. But I just couldn't leave. My one vivid memory is of Jerry sitting on the edge of the stage, smoking a cigarette. Sitting there, it put him at eye level with three or four deadheads standing in front of him. I can still see the incredible attention that he directed to each of the deadheads as they shared their thoughts about the evening's journey. There was no "could I have an autograph?" There was no "picture with Jerry." It was just a group of folks sharing the experience.



It must have been 1965. I heard that there was to be an Acid Test at Long Beach State but then when the college figured out what that meant they canceled it and it moved to a sound stage

in LA on Olympic Blvd. I went with a girl friend and REALLY didn't have a clue what lay ahead. And that was then and this is now. I will be 71 next week and am proud to say that I have 2 granddaughters, Stella Blue that is 2 years old, and now Scarlet Fire who is 3 weeks old tomorrow. And so the music never stops. We are 3 generations that love to let the music play the band. Thank you for all the years that have brought smiles to our faces and helped in my own creative process. Treasured memories--Thank you from the bottom of my heart--Thank you!



In 1974 I saw a Grateful Dead concert in Santa Barbara when they were using the wall of sound and instantly became a Deadhead. The guitar playing inspired me to take up learning the guitar and I started learning songs out of the first songbook...Workingman's Dead/American Beauty. Those songs are perfect for a beginning



guitar player...but I wanted to learn the songs off of Europe '72. Flash forward to about a year later... a Keith & Donna show in Cotati Calif. at a club called Inn Of The Beginning. I am sitting way in the back listening to the opening act when someone walks up and sits next to me. I don't really look at them because I was watching the opening act who was playing the spoons...in a really clever way. He did some neat little pattern with the spoons and my neighbor and I briefly turned to grin at each other in shared appreciation. And the guy who had sat next to me was Jerry

Garcia. I just about ate my beak but outwardly maintained my composure. I was full of questions about guitar playing and that was something Jerry always liked to talk about...because ya know that's really all that he was... a great guitar player. Anyways, we talked for about 1/2 an hour about guitar playing and he gave me the best guitar lesson I ever got. When I asked him if they would be coming out with a songbook for Europe '72 he told me "forget about learning from a songbook... You need to learn how to listen, you should be able to learn all those songs by playing

along with them. Develop your ear. The key to learning to play is learning to listen." Well to this day I think that has been the most useful advice that anyone ever gave me about playing. Learning songs comes easily to me now, because if you listen enough you learn to recognize the simple relationships in chord progressions...the 1-4-5s and relative minors etc. I still think about Jerry all the time and what a great influence he had on me musically. Music was his passion and he should be remembered for that.

I've been a deadhead since their first record came out back in 1966-67. I was a teenager growing up and expanding my mind in a little community in the Berkeley hills (Kensington) and attending El Cerrito High School. I've attended well over 30 shows, all of them in the Bay Area at various locales. One stands out more than any others though. My buddy Bruce and I went to a Berkeley night club (the New Monk, before becoming Keystone Berkeley) back in 1970-71? (not sure of the exact date). We were gonna drink beer and play pool when this band and its members came in to play that night. Bruce and I didn't recognize the name of the band on the marquee outside but didn't really care since it was a Monday night and the place was pretty empty. Besides beer and pool seemed like a good way

to pass the time. This dude with a cool leather cowboy hat put a quarter down on the pool table to challenge the winner to a game, which happened to be me. Well this guy kicked my ass and one of his partners challenged him to the next game. Well they were about halfway through the match when they had to leave because this tall skinny blonde fellow said it was time to play some music. The two combatants handed Bruce and I the cue sticks and we finished the table. Once the band started warming up it dawned on us this band was the Grateful Dead and they were playing that night. The 2 pool players were Pigpen and Bob Weir! Wow! Bruce and I were shocked we had been hanging with the Dead. Within the hour word got out and the "Monk" was jammed packed with people. Apparently Phil Lesh knew the owners and decided to use the club before the band went on tour. A practice gig. Needless to say it was an amazing night I'll never forget. To this day I listen to some "dead" tunes to help make me smile on a daily basis. Their music will live on well after we're gone. God Bless you guys, life as it is would have been dull without your music.

9/3/1977. Typical pile up with some friends in the van to go to a show that none of us knew how BIG it was gonna be. My one buddy was bringing his girlfriend and two other girls. One of which



I really didn't think met my interpretation of what a head was! Superficial dick that I was, I pitched a fit and refused to go if she went. Really??? I was pathetic. She heard through the grapevine and was hurt. She stood her ground and said to her friends who does this guy think he is?! And was determined to go. I went. We all went. It's now 2015. We've been together since 9/3/1977 and got married in 1980. Very much in love and have 2 "kids" and 2 beautiful granddaughters! If I had a time machine I'd spin the hands of time back to 9/3/77!



On 11-1-1985, my life was changed forever in the best way. I was 16 growing up in the suburbs of Richmond, Va. and was a confused and crazy kid. I had been playing drums since the age of 12 and was a big fan of Led Zeppelin, The Who, Steely Dan and believe it or not... John Denver. I got a copy of Skeletons from the Closet and was instantly in love with the cassette. My best friend at the time, Eddie, was also loving it. Eddie and I scored tickets to the show on 11-1-85. From about 25



people back on the floor, we stood there amazed at the craziness all around us, but were not prepared for what happened when the lights went out. DARK... and then... just pure excitement and pandemonium. The band had not even hit the stage and people were absolutely flipping out all around me. The band comes on and the excitement triples... I'm like... "look at these fucking guys. They look like an old garage band". Nothing flashy, just regular fellas looking excited to get things cranked up and obviously feeling the energy themselves. They started the show with Dancing in the Streets, and this memory of Jerry will always be one of my favorites. Everything sounded super crispy except Jerry's guitar did not seem to be making much noise. Sounded cool and all, but kind of muffled. I was close enough to see an annoyed look on his face as he tried to noodle a solo... he looked back at someone and shook his head... adjusted a knob or two... still nothing... Then it was like a twinkle hit his eye as he figured something out. He stepped on a pedal, looked up, smiled,

stepped back, hunkered his head back down, and proceeded to rip into his guitar like nothing I had ever seen. The notes cracked out like a whip spitting fire and butterflies, and the audience was instantly relieved to hear the sweet sound. I fell in love with the Grateful Dead, Jerry Garcia, that guitar, the family, the circus and the happiness right then. That deep love and respect carried me through the next thirty years - through many shows, missed shows, incredible nights and disappointments. Troubled times and beautiful days - the Grateful Dead were always there for me. I love you now and forever. Peace to you and your family.



My college roommate Tom introduced me to the Grateful Dead. He played some of Anthem of the Sun for me, but he insisted that I had to go see them live to really appreciate them. So I did. It was early 1970, the Fillmore East, and it was a great show. The level of the musicianship and the imaginative complementary instrumental interplay was something I'd never heard before. The driving rhythms of the drums made it impossible to stay in my seat, and the insightful, expressive, intelligent lyrics inspired me to think about things I might not have thought about otherwise. At the tender age of 19. It was like opening a door and walking into a whole new world.



I ended up going to see them a lot, and I was never disappointed. But the thing I appreciate most is what they didn't do. They didn't say they had the answers. They didn't invite hero worship. They didn't spout any philosophical points of view. They didn't suggest I should follow or emulate them. I remember feeling at the time like they were consciously avoiding all that, which made me more aware of the fact that it was up to me to find out whatever it was I wanted to know in life. That realization set the stage for everything that's happened since. My life hasn't been remarkable, but I've tried to seek the truth, do what's right, be kind, and treat others the way I want to be treated. So - thanks for all you've done, guys, and for



all you haven't done. Vaya con Dios.

I had a friend Wally who lived in my dorm at MSU. He wore a Grateful Dead vest every day and only listened to Grateful Dead tapes. The sound was awful. I knew nothing of the band. I loved Wally and loved his energy. We would always give him his fair air time with the Dead and then put on our music. As I got to know him, I learned he had never experienced a Dead show. He was going to see his first show as soon as our year at college ended. College ended. I couldn't wait to hear how his first show was. I got a call two days before the show. Wally had drowned while fishing

with his dad. The biggest Dead fan I knew had never been to a show. I swore that I would go to a show for him. I went to the 89 Alpine shows for him and couldn't believe it. I was so sad that he never experienced the show, but forever thank him for introducing me to a scene that changed my life.

I first saw the Dead at the music concourse in Golden Gate Park (between the Steinhart Aquarium and the DeYoung Museum) in the summer of 1967. During that summer various bands would play free shows once a week in the afternoon. The week before (or following) I caught Country Joe and the Fish at the concourse.

I was taking the 10 Monterey Muni bus after attending summer session at Washington High School that summer and got off at the concourse on my way home to watch the guys. There were probably 100 or so spectators. I bought the Dead's first album that same summer—the first album I purchased on my own. I played the hell out of that album. I still have it—including the cellophane wrapper (with a Sears sticker in the upper corner of the album's front side). It was a great time to be a teen growing up in the City. Thanks for the great memories Jerry, Bob, Phil, Bill, Ron ("Pigpen"), and Mickey.

The music of the Grateful Dead is joyous music that touched our hearts and minds. Never explicitly preachy, there were still messages to be heard. There were words to live by. It was music that fostered a huge, living community where misfits like myself could fit in. Maybe it didn't change the world, but it changed us. It made my own small corner of the world a better, happier place. Without being able to objectively say why, it made my life better. The music of the Grateful Dead has been the soundtrack to my entire adult life. I still listen every day, without fail. They have my admiration, respect, and gratitude. To all its members, living and dead, I say "thank you!!!" P.S. Thanks for

4/28/71—even now, 35 years after I first heard it, it sends chills up and down my spine and makes me smile, smile, smile!!!!

My humble journey began the summer of 1967. My friends and I were returning from an outing somewhere in the back roads of Ventura. There were stands selling strawberries the size of a small fist. We purchased a crate containing four baskets. As we drove away from the fruit stand, Strawberry Fields began to play on the radio. The orchards green and brown stretched out before us with clear blue skies above. In the distance the radio station antenna appeared. So, with a crate of strawberries in the car, the decision was made to give the DJ some strawberries. I had become the spokesperson somehow. The station's door was open. I entered to a room with a large glass window where a





young man with cans covering his head was talking into a mike. He finished talking, came out of the broadcasting booth and smiled. A conversation began concerning the strawberries and wanting to give him a basket. He thought it was such a kind gesture he told me to enter a room next to the broadcasting booth and select any album I wanted. I thanked him and opened the door. The room measured about 8' by 10' with albums everywhere. Some stacked on the floor in square pillars four feet high. There was an abundance of albums. But what caught my eye was one album on top of a square pillar propped against the wall. The cover had what looked like the Creature from the Black Lagoon (an epic childhood film). Behind the creature a fireball was burning. That was my choice. It was The Grateful Dead released March 17th 1967. I have loved them ever since. It truly was the summer of love for me.



In the Fall of 1970 I was still a fairly naive, but know it all, Sophomore at Stony Brook. The first year had brought many

changes, especially in my musical tastes and in my introduction to "Better Living Through Chemistry". But, what invariably ended up on our turntables were horn bands. My consciousness regarding the Grateful Dead was limited to the famous Life Magazine coverage of the San Francisco music scene and my far-sighted and musically ahead of his time cousin Steve, who spun stories of epic Dead shows at the Fillmore East. But I was pretty much oblivious. One night a dorm denizen blew into my room and asked to play me Live/Dead on my stereo. She chose Dark Star. I made a couple of snide remarks to the effect that the music was "self-indulgent." Then "Workingman's Dead" showed up, and it was like, ok, country rock, this I can dig! We wore out the grooves on that boy (still to this day my favorite studio album of all time). When it was announced that the Grateful Dead would do four shows on Oct 30-31, we made plans to get the late show on Halloween night and gather up whatever "molecular substances" were available. Cut to: Night of the show, waiting outside of the Gym for the doors to open with my great friend Gerry (dressed as

he would later become known as, 'The Devil'). Little did we suspect that no one was leaving after the early show to make way for us. So, the doors opened and we entered a full Gym, with music happening on stage! It was grand, crazy, serendipitous, whatever, but the sounds coming through the PA were amazing - serious country FU rock and roll! A few tunes and the band left the stage, and the disappointment that my by now seriously "molecular" brain experienced was titanic. Gerry took his red silk lined cape and covered me - I had no idea what was to come of my poor soul. At this point I thought I had seen (or at least heard) the Dead and was prepared to return to the dorm and figure out what to do with the next several hours. Then, a magical thing happened, another band took the stage and began to play... This band opened with "Casey Jones", then Sugar Magnolia" and I thought all was right with the world - I could relate to this! But then, with the "molecularity" at its peak: Cryptical>Drums>Other One>Cosmic Charlie... I had all I could do to grab a piece of the Gym floor and ask Gerry, "Who the fuck are these

guys?" The rest of the "show" was a blur, and even though I have listened to it countless times, I just can't recall...but the change that would inform the next 45 years and counting had occurred.



I was 15 in 1968 when a friend turned me onto the Grateful Dead's first album. It was a dark time in my life and I truly believe that this music saved my life. When Woodstock was announced (I lived within 20 miles of the venue) my parents stated CLEARLY that I would not be in attendance. I HAD to see the Dead live, at least once. So in June 1969, I heard that the band was playing in Central Park. I concocted a story, got a little help from some friends, and hitchhiked the 60 miles to be there. And I was. And it was a transformational experience. Many, many shows and roads later, I'm sitting here at 62, knowing that this music, this philosophy of being, has been the soundtrack of my life. My partner Mark (who was at Watkins Glen) is in my life because of the music as it is a rhythm we share. And I thank you, every day....we are truly



grateful...Peace to all who have shared the bus with us...

There I was, barefooting along down Shakedown Street. It was the summer of 88, in Alpine Valley, WI. A boy caught my eye. He asked if I wanted to go for a walk. After the show, we were noodling in the back of his truck when Calico came by and said, "Nothing like love in the back of a truck," and she handed us a garbage bag. When I wanted some space from him at Saratoga, it was again Calico who hung with Jay for the show.

He talked me into doing the west coast tour. After replacing our car in Ogallala, NE we headed to San Fran. We got there just in time to see Jerry perform for free in Golden Gate Park. We listened to the shows from the tennis courts in the Greek theater. Somehow, we got to work with Bill Graham Presents on the clean up crew for the Monterey shows. Once again, Calico was there to feed us and encourage us to travel further together. Well, we've been walking together ever since (27+ years). We have two amazing sons and a life we love all thanks to

the Grateful Dead. We are forever grateful.

I was desperate to go to Deer Creek - 1992. I actually paid \$79.50 per ticket for 4 tickets, two for night one, two for night two. This was more than double their face value. I stopped a car in downtown Syracuse that I saw a Jerry sticker on and a beautiful curly light brown hair blue eyed girl said yes to giving me a ride for a ticket. Her name is Suzette and she ended up marrying a friend of mine. The rub was we had to come back after the first night. We both went to the first night and it was great. I sold the first of the second night at the lot for what I paid for it and still had one left. People were bugging me all day to sell my ticket but the scalping thing was getting to me. Only one thing to do after many (not enough) shows and several miracle gets. I found a desperate tour rat who did not know I had a ticket, but happily shared a chat and a sandwich with me. He had been shut out of the last few nights and was feeling down - perfect place to set the wheels right and give the dream away. I knew all was right when they played the Scarlet/Fire I had not seen since my first show. He got to see it, I did not - all was well.

In the early '90s, my husband was a student at Texas A&M. He

and a fraternity brother, who was from New Jersey, were huge deadheads. They flew to NJ to attend a concert, then borrowed the friend's mother's car to drive to Atlanta for another concert. They made it to North Carolina and the car broke down. They found a mechanic, but he didn't have the necessary part and would have to order it, which would take a couple of days. When the mechanic found out where they were headed and why, he gave them the keys to his personal vehicle and told them to get going! We will never forget the kindness of this stranger!

ALMOST MISSED THE BUS: I finished high school in '71 in Arkansas (sadly one of the few states the Grateful Dead never got around to). American Beauty and Workingman's Dead serenaded me into college. Without proximity to a live concert, I mistakenly figured Live Dead and Skull & Roses were secondary to the studio LPs. Wake of the Flood and later LPs all became dear friends, but I never ran into actual deadheads or tapers or others on the bus who could have enlightened me about what the Grateful Dead were really all about. It never dawned on me that I absolutely needed to drop everything and haul my carcass to the concerts. . . Years later, right after Jerry died, I happened to pick up Hundred Year Hall. Listening to the inspired extended playing, I realized that

this transcendent, mesmerizing music transported me light years beyond where the familiar, crazy-cool, but mostly truncated studio versions could take me. I've been playing catchup ever since - a lot to try to absorb, but I'm having a blast trying. I'll always regret living through the seminal years of the Grateful Dead without once crossing paths to experience them live. Even so, I'm glad to finally wake up to find out that there's still plenty of room on the bus. THANK YOU GRATEFUL DEAD FOR ALL THE MUSIC, MEMORIES AND JOY!



It was 1970. First big concert after Woodstock - Festival Express in Toronto Canada. The Boys were the top act for the first night. I was standing on the top of the Stadium where the event was held and I watched as the kids tried to jump over the fence (every large concert was supposed to be free after Woodstock!) The ticket prices were \$8/day! The Royal Mounted Police were on horseback smacking the kids with billy clubs! Jerry and the Dead saw the

chaos and Jerry got up and said that "anyone who did not have bread, stay cool - after their set they would set up in the field where we were sleeping and give a free concert." They played their usual 3 hour+ set, broke down the stage and set up on flat bed trucks in the park. They started playing at midnight. I woke up to Morning Dew at 6 am. It was my Woodstock moment - Sam the Record Man was giving out free records, some bagel joint was handing out free food. The vibe bordered on surreal. It was there and then I became a Dead Head! For the past 45 years they have provided me more peace and serenity as a listen to the tribal magic of their sound, a sound that truly moves my soul!



One of the biggest things the Grateful Dead meant to me besides the great music was the people, everyone getting along and so nice and giving and respectful to everyone else. Everyone was my new best friend and my family, everyone looked out and took care



It's been long. It's been strange . . . But what a trip . . . Never seems to end, and for that I am grateful . . .

—Herb Greene

I spent time with the Dead, but nothing really to say. Funniest thing was trying to clear this group of ragtag, longhaired musicians with pointy shoes past customs and immigration . . . for entrance to Canada for their Vancouver show. I think they eventually refused to play up here . . . too much hassle . . . we Canadians had to go down to Seattle to see the Dead.

—“Masso,” aka Bob Masse

of each other, the way the world should be. I don't think for me there is anything better than a show when the boys were on fire, and we all have to find away to keep that truckin on. My first Grateful Dead show was The Closing Of Winterland, December 31, 1978 when I was just 14 years old, and I was hooked. Don't get me wrong, I graduated from high school in 1982 and I love rock and roll, hard rock, metal and damn near everything, but I loved the vibe and music of a live Grateful Dead show, if you don't know what I mean there is no way that I could explain it to you. I would see them every chance that I could and California shows were very easy for me to get to, so I saw them a lot all over California.

I am not sure what year it was, but I rode the train with my buddy Mike from San Luis Obispo, CA, to Eugene Oregon, to meet up with some friends to camp and see

the Grateful Dead and Little Feat at the Ducks Stadium. Grateful Dead shows were what I lived and went to work for, we were ready for a three day show. I did not get much sleep that week and I don't think anyone else did either, it was a 24/7 party camp ground.

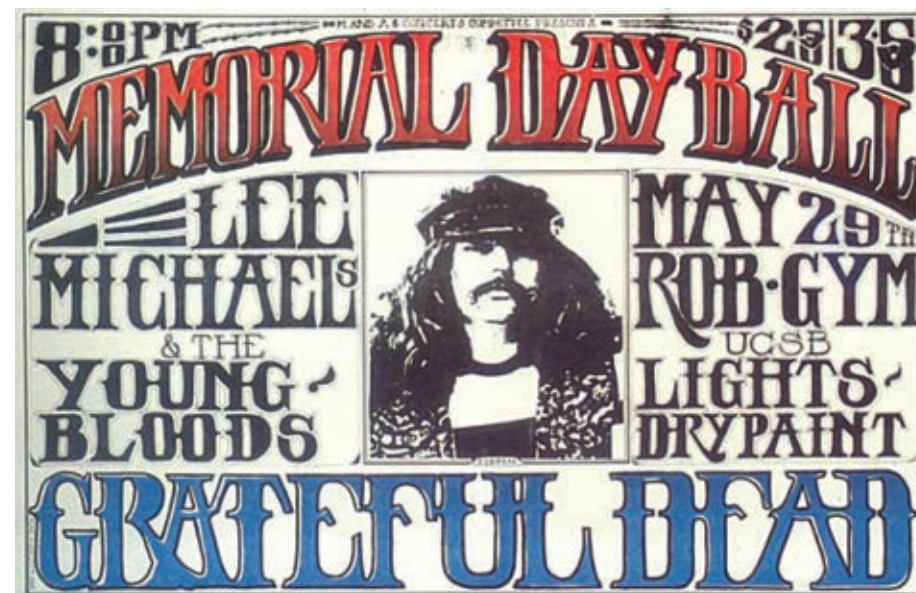
On the train ride back I met some nice heads in the bar car, we were talking about the shows, camp grounds, highlights and funny stories. We were taking turns each going one by one in to the bathroom to have a puff and someone said we could go to one of the handicapped bathrooms 5 or 6 cars up and we could all hang out and burn one. We went through car after car after car until we got to the baggage cars and the bathrooms. There was this big empty handicapped bathroom that we could all fit in, and there was no one around. It was sweet, we sat down kicked back got comfortable twisted one up,

everyone is smiles, smiles, smiles. I sparked it up and this very loud alarm started going off (0 shit!) There was a woman outside of the bathroom saying that there was no smoking in the bathrooms. We all panicked I chucked the J in the toilet, flushed it, and we all took off running through the train, car by car, back to the bar car. Over the train's PA system the announcement loud and clear THERE IS NO SMOKING OF MARIJUANA ON THE TRAIN AND ANYONE FOUND SMOKING MARIJUANA ON THE TRAIN WILL BE THROWN OFF THE TRAIN AT THE NEXT STOP. We made it back to the bar car, all out of breath. Everyone else in the bar car gets very paranoid because of the announcement, they don't know what we just did and they start trying to hand their bags off to everyone else. It was crazy, where were we going to run to? We were on a train!

I'm only 21 so I can't say I was there but I've grown up with this music. My parents used to take me to concerts and festivals when I was little. I wish I could remember more than just the parking lot scene but at least I have that. I am a college student and overnight janitor and every week I look through the concert ads in the buffalo papers. If there is anything that I can make it to I'll take my check and whatever friends can make it and we go. My favorite concert yet by far was Bob Weir and Ratdog at

Shea's. I see this reunion concert in Chicago as my last chance to actually see this band that I've been following my whole life but never had a chance to see. It's on my bucket list and even if I don't get tickets, I'll make it to Chicago and be cheering you guys on in the street. And even if this is really your last show, it won't be the end of the music. That'll last as long as us fans carry and pass it on. Which for the past 50 years, I'm living proof, will continue far into the future. I'll make sure of it!

In my 1971 Pratt Institute dorm, my roommate Alan had two JBL Voice of the Theatre speakers, a 200 Watt AR amp, an AR turntable, and 12 albums. All Grateful Dead albums. He would not allow any other albums to be played on that massive sound system. I of course already loved the Dead prior to that, and became even more enthralled with their music. After college, I got a job at the Capitol Theatre in Passaic NJ. From that association, I ended up on tour with the Grateful Dead working with Jerry Garcia and the band. (I got Alan a job at Englishtown NJ 77 working for the Dead show also. He almost lost his mind!) On tour, I worked for Cy Kocis who was the head caterer for the Grateful Dead. One of my jobs on tour was to crawl behind the amplifiers on stage during shows to supply Jerry with his Camel cigarettes, as well as his



I drew this poster in my UCSB dorm room in the spring of 1989. My pal and I convinced the school's print shop manager to meet us after hours where we loaded up a small offset press with red and blue ink to turn out the funky, clearly handmade result. As we got deeper into the print run, the colors began to bleed into the middle of the tray, so many of the later prints are distinguished by a purple hue at the bottom of "Memorial Day Ball" and the top of "Grateful Dead." We then wandered around town affixing them to telephone poles and the like. I held on to about 20 originals. A number of years ago, the poster showed up (as a surprise to me) in "The Art of Rock" book. Later, it was featured on the front page of the SF Chronicle accompanying an article announcing the establishment of the Grateful Dead archives at UC Santa Cruz. There's also one in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame archive and it pops up from time to time in appropriately timed/themed exhibits. A long, wonderful trip!

other supplies. It was a fantastic opportunity to work closely with the band. I used to sit up with Jerry late at night in the hotel rooms and talk about music and politics. He loved to be up on current events. I would tape the concerts from the remote studio backstage and listen to them with Jerry after the show. He was so incredibly interested to hear how he sounded. Looking back to those years 1977, 78, I

was completely blessed to work with this incredible band. It was deeply moving to watch Jerry come alive on stage with his amazing guitar leads from such a unique perspective, and also share great stories with him after the shows. When you review the complete catalog of his work, you realize there will never ever be another musical genius who even comes close to what he has achieved. He was a wonderful human being. I



was so very lucky to be that close to the magic. The world is not the same without him.

I met my wife on the front row (Phil Side) at the Hampton Coliseum March 6, 1992 show!!! Our first song is Feel Like A Stranger. We have been married for twenty-two years. Our plan was to conceive our first child at a GD Show.....but in 1997...we had to settle for a Ratdog Show to conceive our first child. We are excited to attend the Fare Thee Well Run of shows!!!

So many great things were born in 1965. Me and the Dead were two of them, on opposite sides of the Atlantic Ocean. I did not know

of my birth brothers until we were both 18, a Canadian played Live Dead and turned me on to the whole new musical form and a way of being. We finally met at Wembley Arena in 1991 when we had reached the age of 26. Two shows. Werewolves of London and an exploding Dark Star are my abiding memories. We may have only had the briefest of meetings but the feeling still remains, experiment, play and see what happens. Travel on.

I've been a Deadhead since 1969. I've seen them at the Fillmore East with Pigpen. I've worked at Madison Square Garden since '87 and the Dead always rocked that place. But, this story is about my daughter. My daughter Kelly

was born on August 9, 1995. Yes, you read that right. She was born the day Jerry died. My wife and I were in the delivery room when we heard the news. I like to think that Kelly has a little bit of Jerry inside her. She has a great love of music, she attended an arts high school where she "played in the band." We were truly "grateful" for our little girl.

As a young girl in the 60's I became hip to the music, rebellious to the authorities and destined to wear patchouli and ramble. A Boston native, my older friends were already tuning in, turning on and brought me along for the ride. And WHAT A RIDE! Began sitting in the dark with ACE telling the greatest stories ever told...and progressing backward and forward thru every tune, every rendition and every Dead related show in town. Boy, those boys sent us all to another space. 1st show was somewhere in the '72 range of time. There was Dancing in the streets of Boston! Peace, love and granola! Strangers stopping Strangers just to shake their hand... these were literal themes. The lyrics that the Grateful Dead penned and played, to music like I'd never heard, made me sway lightly in the crowd of like-minded followers of the band. Nights I can't remember with friends I'll never forget, sums up the 40 plus years I've been

in the realm. As things went, and many Dead shows under my toes, I eventually became more interested in the groove than school, left proper Catholic Girls' School, and hit the trail for California. BERKELEY HERE I COME! Hitched across America... met some of the nicest people on that road trip! One car picked me up somewhere between east Oshkosh (there really is such a place?!) and walk and don't walk. They had Massachusetts tags on their car, they had to be okay! We spent the next two days cruising, singing songs and camping out, making our way to the Promised Land... albeit our own individual way... together! Crossing the border from Nevada to CA we all shouted for joy, stopped the car to jump out and shout! Hey, the guys were just as psyched as I was! We separated when we hit Berzerkely, and went off on our own journeys. (Thanks guys.) First day I checked into HOTEL CAL (no kidding!) and saw the KEYSTONE marquee saying Jerry Garcia plays Friday night! Yee-Ha! I was in the right place... Then the California things happened to me, and that's another story...But the Dead were the persistence that kept me singing and dancing as I





Father's Day 1985, Greek Theatre, UC Berkeley... my father never ventured chemically beyond a glass of wine until he obtained a full-blown Berkeley-style contact high from The Dead and its community. Forever before, he had just one Neil Diamond tape in the deck of his Mercedes. Forever after, he had the tapes that we made from this show. A fantastic swing dancer, he was only ever seen dancing at one concert... this one.

slowly made my way back to Boston, 2 years down the line. Sweet memories all stored up. It's true what they say "THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GRATEFUL DEAD CONCERT" and for that, I am forever and truly GRATEFUL. Amen.

On the day of the Englishtown NJ show, I caravanned with 3 other cars full of friends. We left Long Island very early in the morning; best recollection was about 4am. We arrived to find about 20 cars in front of us at the locked gate. We shut down the engines and began waiting. As sunrise came and we woke, we realized lots of commotion, and a long line of cars

behind us, in single file. We now see that the road in is lined with homes and people staring out at us in line. As the crowd converged on the gate, we realized that when they were opened, many Heads had abandoned their cars to enter the field before the autos were allowed in. We were stuck behind 20 cars with nowhere to go. We then started calling to our brethren to help us get in, and we began to pick cars up and move them off the road so we could get into the lot. To this day, I swear my friends and I were the reason the cars finally got into the lot, by moving about 20 autos out of our way, with the help of the crowd.

It was September 18, 1987. There were three of us heading to NYC but only two of us had tickets. We left a little early and figured we would park way uptown and subway in and try to find a ticket for "Jarvis". This was a 5 show run so we figured there would be a chance, but it was also Friday night which would make it a little tougher. As we were going to find that miracle parking spot (not as easy as it sounds!) a group of fellas were walking across the street in front of us. Jarvis yelled out the window - mind you, we were nowhere near to MSG at the time - hey, got an extra ticket. Well, wouldn't you know, one of the guys stops, walks over to the car and hands Jarvis a ticket for the show. He says "Here you go, free of charge. Just remember, if you have something extra and someone needs it, share it!" He would not take any money or other form of "compensation". Truly a miracle. The show, probably one of the best Shakedown 2nd set openers and easily the greatest Morning Dew played.

My story begins in Miami where I moved from Ohio. I met a great group of new friends who would introduce me to the Grateful Dead. They were to take me to my first shows at the Omni in Atlanta GA. When we received our mail order everyone got all three shows

except me, I got the 2nd and 3rd. Lee said not to worry we can get you one in the lot. So we loaded up the step van - yes we traveled to many shows in the old step van, 9 people 2 seats no one complained because we were on the road to the shows. After arriving in Atlanta we hit the lot to get my ticket for the 1st show. It didn't take long - got my ticket face value. Lee said it was my first miracle. Little did he know. As we all walked to the gate I fell behind taking in all the sights. Then came the scariest moment of my life. As all my friends walked into the show I find out I just bought a bad ticket. I stood there stunned not knowing what to do when out of nowhere I hear a voice. What happened bro? I just got a bad ticket I replied. This man I never met before in my life then asked me, have you ever seen the dead before? No, I said this was going to be my first time. He then blew my mind and said here take my ticket you have to see the dead. He handed me his ticket said enjoy the show and without another word walked away. And what a show it was. I never saw that man again but whoever you are and wherever you are thanks for the miracle. It was at that very moment that I truly understood what the Grateful Dead was all about and I just want to say to that man wherever you are now you will be with me right in the middle of this Dead Head's heart. In closing, as I always say, thanks for a real good time.



I had just come home from college and my sister was going to see the Dead up at Alpine. My good friend had been trying to get me to go for years so on a leap of faith I went and was never the same. For me it came down to one memory that night, I was by my car sitting on my cooler drinking a beer near the front entrance of Alpine; I saw this girl really upset, freaked out and before I could even stand up to help out multiple people from different camps, opposite sides of the lot all went to her and I watched at least 3 hours they stayed comforting her until she was okay then went back to their camps. To put this story in perspective, when I was a kid riding my bike someone hit me on a busy street, cars blew by, no one stopped to help except a nun that lived nearby. That night at Alpine, I had never seen such compassion from total strangers and unknowingly they had re-gifted my faith in people. For me being deadhead is a lifestyle about treating everyone and our planet with dignity. As my fellow

Deadheads and I have said on many occasion, our world would be a better place if people treated each other with the respect and dignity we all deserve. And don't forget: listen to the music all around baby!



Not a story per se, just a thank you to the band for an amazing 50 year run that changed attitudes, perceptions and opinions about so many things that I cannot begin to list them all here. I always loved the scene, but the music was always at the core. Thank you to everyone who played in the band, was part of the crew and part of the scene. It changed me profoundly and forever.



One of my first shows was in the early 80s at Kaiser Convention Center. I will never forget what I witnessed across the street from the venue in the park where all the vendors were set up and the party was in full effect. The chaos of street sales and



the sounds of Grateful Dead bootlegs emanating from multiple sources made up a confusing yet intriguing landscape for this young soon to be Deadhead. I remember being very high and focusing in on a dark figure that was clutching a garbage bag and maneuvering through the mass of aging and young freaks. What was this guy doing? He wasn't in a tie dye. He must be really high... He's in a dark jacket that seems out of place but he seems to belong here for some reason. He is picking up our trash. Mind you this is the first of a 3 day run at Kaiser. As quick as he picks something up someone walks by and adds another. The party is raging and we're not even concerned. But this guy IS, and he's letting me know it. He's not making eye contact but he is clearly aware that other people are watching him. Some people even stop for a double take. One person knows who he is and starts to talk to him. The man looks up from the grass to look into the eyes of the passer by. I recognize him. I've seen him before...where was it....I know him. He IS this scene. He IS the Grateful Dead. He IS the 60s. This man took the 60s and kept it in a vault for me to enjoy in the 80s. This man's name is on nearly every ticket stub I saved from my youth. Bill Graham Presents.... the Grateful Dead. Bill Graham, picking up trash in the midst of a psychedelic tornado.



"Munchies"
(made of
corn chips)

I met the Love of my life sitting on the steps at Red Rocks, waiting for a Dead show. Of course, this came much later in the tale... I truly believe I first saw her sometime in the early 80s, all flowing skirts with hair unbraiding itself sometime during a Homeric second set. At the time, she was as elusive and mystifying to me as trying to bottle the wind. However, much as that first passionately worn and practically demagnetized cassette of 5/26/72 did to me, a seed was deeply sown. It would be preposterous to not acknowledge the intertwined nature of my own odyssey and the role the Grateful Dead have played in it. From my big brother Skippy's sea changing introduction to the music that played the Band, to watching my true to life, pretty Peggy O come stepping down the stairs all those years ago, the Grateful Dead have been

far more than just a frolicsome soundtrack. And, much like the sometimes-labyrinthine music, I eventually found my way through it all to breathtaking finales by just listening to the music play. I've become as closely bound as is humanly possible with my big brother, met my most peerless and mirthful friends, and learned the true meaning of authentic acceptance and undeniable love with Peggy O. (Yes, that is really her name.) We came for their songs, but discovered ourselves in between the melodies. As for my tale of tenderness, the years combined; I gradually and not so discreetly dragged my brother closer and nearer to where my hippie princess danced so fine. Ultimately, one extraordinary night beneath the western stars, she took my hand and my heart while the band cried, "I'd rather be with you..." And, thanks to the uncanny allure of the Grateful Dead and the arcane ways of the human heart, I still truly have a lovely view of heaven. I have nothing but gratitude and love for the Grateful Dead and all their family over the years that have brought not only shows, but also the opportunities for genuine happiness to the magnificently odd birds like my Line Rat friends, and all the other Deadheads. Sadly, we must now bid the band "Fare Thee Well." I have no doubt that although the ride may be over, the tour will forever roll on with our hearts and minds remaining unbended...

The Grateful Dead was the very first concert I ever went to. I saw them 3 more times before Jerry died. But I was only in the 4th grade when I saw them the first time! It was in Philly at the Spectrum. When I finally saw another band perform, I wondered why the parking lot was so empty. I thought all concerts had deadheads lined up selling their wares and seeking miracles! Having the Dead as my first concert was amazing, even if it ruined all other concerts for me. :)

I started listening to the Dead seriously when a chance purchase of Workingman's Dead in vinyl as a sophomore in High School brought me past just listening to Skeletons. Their music has inspired me for the last 20 years. The blend of amazing music and poetic lyrics come together to form a perfect live artwork. As a college music education major, I started arranging my own exercises and using the Dead to strengthen my Aural Skills (a class you need to take four levels of as a music major). I brought a cassette tape of a chord progression I was having trouble transcribing to my professor, the inspiring Dr. Haymaker. He smiled and said, "I've always heard you were quite a Beatles fan, I didn't know you liked the Dead too!" We talked about how he saw the



Dead live in the 60's. He said, it's so cool to see two drummers play in tandem. We then worked through the chord progression and I had my exercise. Now I'm a high school band director, have been for 14 years. I love to teach improvisation to my jazz ensembles using Jerry as an example. Last year, my marching band design team was putting together a competitive field show about life in an Appalachian Home. When we got to a spot where we needed music for a bluegrass band to play on a porch, I said, "There's a great version of

'Althea' as played by Pickin' on the Grateful Dead. Let's see if we can get the rights." We got it, and it was a show stopper every time. The best part was hearing the Competition announcers say, "Performing music by Robert Sheldon, Jay Ungar, Michael Daugherty, and The Grateful Dead." I even slapped a Deadhead sticker on our equipment truck. Your music inspired me, inspires my students and just makes the world feel better for a while. Thank you.



My parents used to lay me in front of their home speakers as an infant in order to soothe me to sleep. It seems as though there was always Grateful Dead playing in our house when I was growing up. Come ticket buying time, my dad would put me on his shoulders and I would hold up my fingers to help him get tickets. My first concert was in July of 1989, when I was seven years old. I carried a red rose, and my dad and I sat underneath the tree on the hill at Alpine Valley. "When Push Comes to Shove" was our song and we acted out some of the lyrics together. He brought binoculars so I could clearly see my "Uncle Jerry and the boys." I brought my own son to see The Dead in Chicago when he was two...three generations of Deadheads were there that night. It doesn't get any better than that. I love you guys.

Driving cross country from California to Georgia, spring 1988 for my first official East Coast tour. Four of us and a couple of dogs, piles of tie dyes, in a small pick up? Surprise myself just thinking of that alone. We all get to talking about what our favorite songs were and what we wanted to hear. I mentioned that I had never heard Jerry sing "To Lay Me Down" and that would be my pick. After Georgia it was off to the fabled spaceship Hampton. I had heard so many stories, the expectations were high. First set, second night, dancing with my friends, having a blast.... what's that I hear? The opening notes to...To Lay Me Down...sends shivers down my spine just typing this...brought tears to my eyes then, and again now, but it was small moments like that which make all the years combined, of going back again and again, worth it. Those moments of magic and bliss...not something you can even explain to folks who aren't heads. But still feeling blessed for having been a part of this troupe of freaks for all these years....blessed for sure...Heaven on Earth, it is possible, I have experienced it....

There are many different kinds of deadheads and I learned this first hand in 1991. I had been a deadhead for about six years when I moved from Virginia to



I didn't get a ticket to Furthur @Sweetwater Music Hall. I painted this to the live stream from my hotel in Marin. I gave out some copies, labeled THANK YOU! It was on stage with Phil for his Unbroken Chain benefits at Terrapin Crossroads a few weeks later. It went up as a set break screen saver on the live stream. I have never been more proud.

California to serve in the Air Force. Needless to say, there are not a lot of deadheads in the Air Force, but a few months after I arrived I got a ticket to the Los Angeles Coliseum show and a friend of a friend asked me to give a ride to his friend, "Grateful Greg". In true deadhead spirit I agreed to take him with me, a perfect stranger, to the show. We didn't hit it off right away but he grew on me and five months later we eloped. I always knew I would marry a kindred spirit (read fellow deadhead). However, our short romance meant I really didn't know him that well when we got married. After a couple of Shoreline to Vegas summer runs, I realized we both

love The Grateful Dead equally but in very different ways. I am the spiritual love child, giving my last dime for a stranger's gas money. I love the Shakedown Street, meeting new people and sharing and caring. I feel the music unites as a community, a family. So while I love to feel the music run over my soul as I dance in joy and enchantment, I enjoy the show even when I am behind the speakers or the sound is not perfect. On the other hand, my husband is a musician first, rejoicing in the technique and complexity of the sound, preferring to move gently and lightly so he does not miss a hint of the next song to come. While he will share with his brothers



and sisters in the audience, for him it is the music that is his first love and he values the fans because a strong fan base means the music never stops. Thanks to The Grateful Dead, two very different souls have shared a love for each other and the Grateful Dead for more than 23 years. Not fade away.....



I was at the run of shows at Alpine Valley of 1988 when, on the day off, I found out that my cousin, Megan, had committed suicide. The evening of 6/21/88 I was at a meeting of the Wharf Rats which I had been a member of for many years. I shared my story of woe with my fellows. As we passed a hat for a newsletter to carry the message, a hand came over my shoulder and threw in a twenty. Some in the group were in awe, as it was none other than Mickey and Bobby checking out the parking lot scene on the day off. I never saw who it was, but I offered the last show of the run in honor to my cousin which was 6/23/88. I was repaid with a sweet version of "He's Gone" that

had me in tears. If that was not the best thing to happen, I was repaid with the first ever version of "Blackbird" followed by "Brokedown Palace" as an encore. To mourn with 40,000 fans and to feel the love of the crowd was such an experience that I shall never ever forget. I want to personally thank you for giving the opportunity to grieve with such love as I have never felt before then.



I remember a great story about a show at Cal Expo. After the show was over, deadheads leaving the venue encountered a small group of skinheads in the parking lot. The skinheads were standing in a knot, seemingly hell bent on provoking the deadheads by chanting "white power" and shaking their fists in the air as the crowd flooded out of the venue. The deadheads quickly surrounded the skinheads, outnumbering them several hundred times; and soon the deadheads started a chant on their own: "Love is real, not fade away," clapping to the same beat

as the skinheads and drowning them out completely. No one laid a hand on them, but soon the skinheads melted away, their evil vibe completely defeated.



I was 13 years old in 1983 the first time I got to see The Grateful Dead. My brother is 5 years older than me and he took me to my first ever concert. I thought he was crazy because he bought tickets to all three days and we were showing up before noon for an evening show. I had no idea what to expect when we went but I was hooked from the moment we arrived. We walked around and met so many great people. People that didn't know us invited us to sit with them, share their food, and enjoy the love that was always part of the entire Grateful Dead experience. As the years went by we got to see them dozens of times in multiple

states all over the Western United States. No matter where we went, the story remains the same, we found old friends and made new one along the way. Shortly after Jerry died I was diagnosed with Non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma. It was one of the most stressful times in my life, not knowing if I would live or die. Having your music, the memories of all the great times, and the support of so many people I met at the concerts with me in the hospital for the month I spent there and the two years of treatment/recovery, helped keep me going through it all. Near the end of my treatments and recovery I married, in 1998, the most wonderful girl in the world. As is usually the case with married folk we proceeded to bring more little "Dead Heads" into the world. Both of our children had Ripple as a lullaby that I sung in the best key of "Off" that I could muster. Our daughter, who



is 13 now, took up the guitar at the age of 10. Her teacher said they could bring in sheet music for a song to learn during their free time. To the shock of her teacher, and the undying joy of her father, she came to me with my copy of The Grateful Dead Anthology and asked if she could take it to school for her free time because she really wanted to learn Uncle John's Band. Life has gone full circle, and I know I coaxed it along, but I am so proud that the music and culture that meant so much to me growing up means so much to my sweet daughter now. Thanks guys for a lifetime of amazing work and for making the world a better place through your music. To paraphrase Janis Joplin, "That's what music is all about."



When I was eighteen, I met a young man, and we became friends. I remember it was a blistering



hot summer in Chicago, the kind of heat that lingered all day and lasted long after the sun went down. We used to drive around on those hot nights and listen to the Skull and Roses album. My favorite tune was Wharf Rat, because it reminded me of us. Both of us (for different reasons) carried some hurt and loss. After about a year, shit happened, and, like a lot of friends, we drifted apart, but I always remembered him and that hot summer that seemed to last forever, especially when I heard Wharf Rat. By chance, fifteen years later, we reconnected and fell in love with one another. We are soon approaching our one year anniversary! I know this isn't a wild rock 'n' roll, traveling-with-the-band, star-studded story, but it's life, and I do want to thank the Grateful Dead for being a part of that small miracle that happened in my corner of the world, the miracle of finding



It was summer in 1967.

The summer of love. The Dead had two houses on Ashbury Street: their main house, and across the street was the annex house. They gave me the third floor in the annex house, which was the top floor, for Kelley and I to use as a studio.

One afternoon we were working hard on a poster for the Avalon Ballroom. The windows were open, and the sounds of Haight and Ashbury were coming in. We heard outside in the distance a clickity-clack sound. It got louder and louder until there was a giant noise and the whole house shook. We thought it must be an earthquake.

Then people were talking and yelling in the street. We went down to the street to find Owsley Stanley getting out of a VW that had just crashed into the porch of the house. He said that coming down the steep hill on Ashbury Street, he found that he had no brakes and he had to make a decision lightning-fast. His only out was to crash into a house rather than hit Haight Street at very fast speed, so he chose the Dead annex house. He wiped out the porch and the car but walked away.

I never found out if he was tripping.

—Stanley Mouse

love and solace with my best friend. Thank you for the music, Gentlemen! And I love you, Phil J.!



Back in the late 70's, as best as I can recall, I worked security at an outdoor Dead show in Englishtown, NJ. I think it was the N.R.P.S., Marshall Tucker and the Dead. The venue was enclosed by shipping containers placed end to end in a big circle. The crowd was insanely huge (I would love to know how many were actually there). 12 gigantic speaker towers, named after the months of the year. At one point someone came out on the stage and after some brief "niceties", asked the crowd

to make room for an ambulance to come down to the stage from the back of the venue because a girl had just gone into labor. What followed was nothing short of amazing. It was as if Moses himself had made the request. It was like the parting of the Red Sea. No pushing or shoving, just a whole lot of loving. The space cleared (and remained cleared), the ambulance rolled in, picked up the mom-to-be and just as calmly rolled on outta there. After all was said and done, the crowd slowly and calmly refilled the space they had just vacated and the show went on as if it was just a routine event. That child is probably now roughly 35



years old. I wonder if its mom ever told them they were almost born at a Grateful Dead concert? Anyway, it was one of those "You had to be there to appreciate it" moments in life, and I was fortunate enough to have been there. As an epilogue, we (the staff) were advised that someone else passed away at the show, may they R.I.P. I guess it was all a representation of "The Circle Of Life." Thanks for all of the memories, guys (and Donna). God bless the Grateful Dead !

In 1984, I was a sophomore at William & Mary, gay and internalizing all the anti-gay hatred and HIV hysteria fomented by Ronald. The first Dead show, at Norfolk Scope, was a release. It freed me, allowed me to find a loving community, and guaranteed my survival through a tumultuous and self-destructive time. It was the first time I knew I could just 'follow the love' and I'd be fine, and I was. Thank you so much for spreading lovingkindness while

making some incredible music jams I will never forget. I have passed along the lovingkindness given to any that would receive it. You have an incredible legacy in the hearts of many.

My best concert ever was at the old Boston Garden when I walked out onto the second level and yelled "I'm home" and two spinner girls in long skirts ran up to me and gave me hugs and kisses, what a way to start the show before the music even began. My friends and I would always start out the show in the "Phil Zone" and watch the show until Drums and Space and then walk around checking out the different folks and then meet up again in the "Zone" so we could all find our way back to the car together after the show. Those were great days, kids today don't know what they missed.

Like many people, I heard "Touch Of Grey" first. I loved the song, and especially the video, but it wasn't enough to bring me to where I am today. That happened during summer camp.

I was a teenager at summer camp during the late '80s. My counselors would play music late at night before going to sleep. One of them was a Dead Head. For the entire summer, he played the same tape every time it was his choice. I never fell asleep before it was over. The now-ingrained-in-my-soul,

beginning-of-the-second-set 5/8/77. All right, now we're gonna play everyone's favorite fun game, Move Back. Now when I tell you to take a step back, everybody take a step back, right? Right. OK, take a step back, and take another step back . . .

Some stage banter by Bobby, with Jerry quick to add his two cents. Some tuning. Keith playfully contributing "The Streets Of Cairo" theme. Guitars teasing what lay ahead with a few chords. The tapping of drumsticks to count in the song. A slight pause, then Mickey and Billy . . . BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, THWACK! That wondrous Phil bass line in the spring 77 versions of "Scarlet Begonias." Jerry strumming the chords so simply and melodically, but in a way only Jerry could. Bobby countering those chords with his intro chord riff. This was the same group who did "Touch Of Grey"? No way!

That's it! On the Bus! Collecting and trading tapes. Going to as many shows as possible. Trying to learn as much as I could about the band and their history. Following that path to other parts of life they introduced me to, such as books, music, people, travel, and history. It's amazing that I have been actively studying this one group for more than 25 years and I still have so much to learn.

At the core of it all are the Grateful Dead concerts themselves. They truly were an unparalleled experience. I miss



Grateful Dead concerts. How lucky for us they decided to record just about everything. It is still exciting to get "new" concerts released regularly. I have mastered the art of unwrapping a CD, removing it from the package, and playing it, without ever looking at the set list. I don't like to know the set list prior to the first time a show gets listened to. I don't read or research the show beforehand. It gives me, at least a little bit, a sense of that anticipation and adventure of being at a show. I am forever Grateful to the band, their music, and the Dead Heads bringing me so much joy and for making me feel so at home wherever I may be.

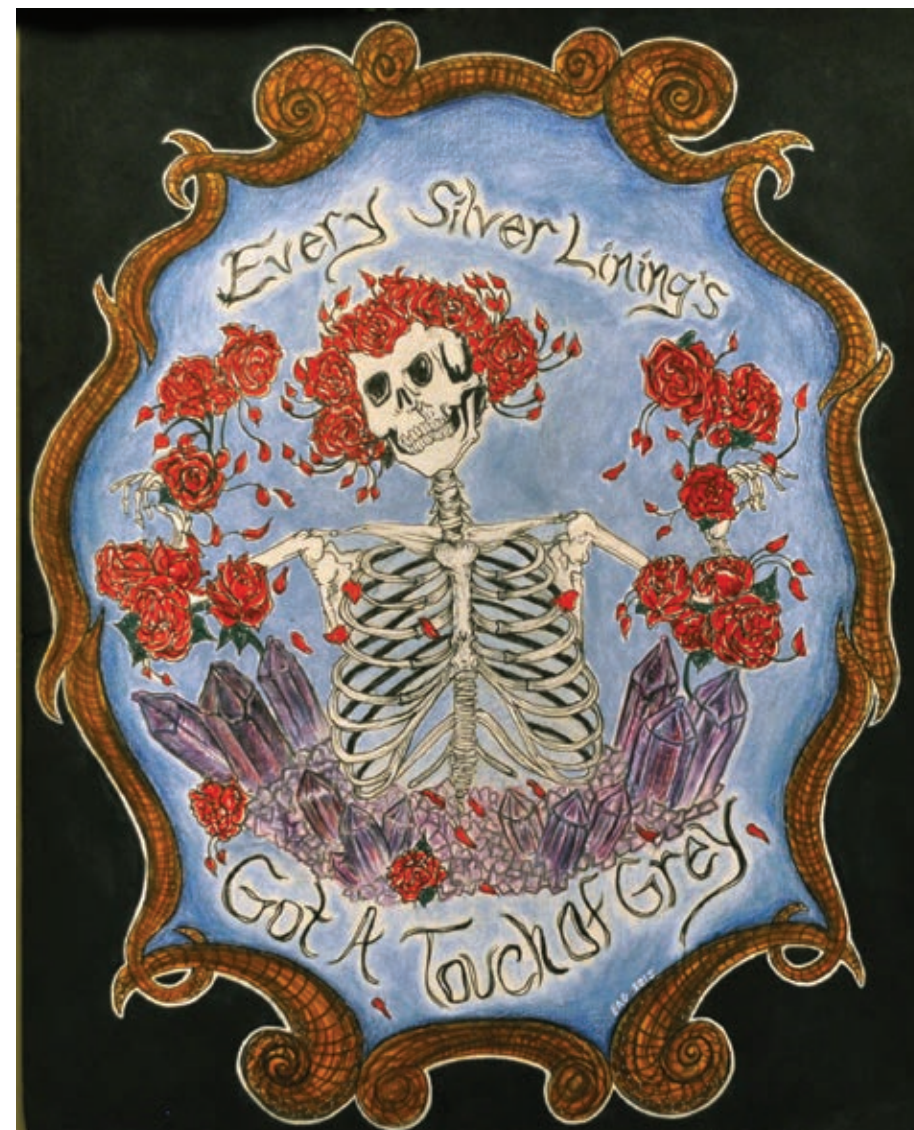
I have listened to the Dead since 1970. In 1981 I was pregnant with my son Tim. My due date was in early September. I talked to my doctor and explained that if he got a call from Compton Terrace on August 30th it was me in labor and he better hurry. I wasn't



leaving the concert! Well I ended up having Tim on August 16, so on August 30 with Tim in tow we headed to the Dead. It was great (of course) and believe it or not my 2 week old son fell asleep to the drums solo. Thus began his love affair with drums.



Rather than drive my car to Angel's Camp, I thought I would hitch hike for the adventure. As you know, it's hard to get to Highway 4 from San Rafael because you've either got to go across the Richmond Bridge or use Highway 37. I went across the bridge and I wound up on Alternate Highway 4, not Highway 4, all the time hitch hiking. There was very little traffic on Alternate 4. After about two or three hours a pickup truck full of Dead Heads stopped and said, "What the hell are you doing here? Get in. Let's go." Coming home after the show I started hitch hiking. People would pick me up. Seemed like I was being carried to and fro on the western side of the Sierras. Finally about 1:30 or 2:00 o'clock in the night I found myself back on Highway 4 where I needed to be. Very little traffic. Finally a car stopped and a Grateful Deadhead asked me where I was going. I said, "San Rafael," and he said, "I live in Richmond. If you want to crash on my couch, I'll take you across the bridge in the morning." That was fine by me. I slept on the couch in the living room. There was a little



short hallway going down to the bathroom and two bedrooms, one on each side of the hallway. The next morning as I was waking up, somebody walked out of the hallway into the living room. It was not the person who had picked me up the night before. BUT IT WAS THE PERSON WHO HAD PICKED ME UP AND CARRIED ME TO THE SHOW. We both looked at each other and

said at the same time, "What in the hell are you doing here?!"



Went to a free Dead concert at American University. We were there early watching the crew set up. We were sitting on the grass in a circle smoking out of a pipe I had made out of an old Shure microphone. A voice came



from behind saying, "That sure is a cool pipe." It was Phil. We went nuts. And shared, of course. Later, before the show started we got to meet JG in his trailer and got an autograph. It was also the last time we were lucky enough to see Pigpen with the band. It was a great concert and a magical day.

Newcastle 1972. I was 17. I hitchhiked from Aberdeen in Scotland to Newcastle with my

pal Eric to catch your gig at the City Hall. This was on the strength of having heard 'Live Dead' and 'American Beauty' and having read about you in Rolling Stone. Bear in mind that we didn't really know which voice was whose before we saw you. It still ranks as one of the best gigs I've been to and of course now I have the '72 tour CD to confirm that it was 'a belter.' We hadn't really thought through what we would do after the gig - we had

nowhere to stay - so we headed to the train station with the intention of hanging about there until morning and then heading for home. Unfortunately at about 2am they closed the place and threw everyone out. So we were walking about and approached a trustworthy long haired hippie type and his girlfriend and asked if he knew of any all-night cafes. As happened in those times he asked if we needed a place to stay and we ended up being in Newcastle for a bit of a lost weekend. When we made it back to Aberdeen we went into our local record shop and I bought 'Live Dead' and my pal Eric bought 'Skull and Roses'. He wrote away to the 'Dead Heads Unite' address which meant that Alexandra Palace 1974 . . . two years later while we were living in a tent in Holland, Eric's mum forwarded a letter to him which contained the news that the Dead were going to be playing in London in September. A call to Eric's brother in London meant that we got two tickets for one of the shows - can't really remember which one. We came back from Holland to catch the show, and I bought 'Mars Hotel' from a local shop - just to be up to date. Another great gig after which of course the underground had stopped running so we spent the night in a shop doorway before heading back. I also saw you a couple of times at the Rainbow Theatre in London - sometime in the 1980s. Thanks for all your

wonderful music and ethos which has helped me through some tough times (there was a time when I played 'The Wheel' every night before I went to bed) and helped me enjoy some great ones. When I'm driving home and I'm about 10 minutes from getting there I often put on 'Not fade away / GDTRFB' from Skull and Roses just to see me home nicely.

Once upon a time, there was a young girl from Birmingham, Al.; not unlike many other girls from her time and her town. She was molested and abused by her older adopted "brother" at age 10, raped at her parents' church at age 12, raped again by a "friend" of a friend at age 13, and finally locked up in an institution for "emotionally disturbed adolescents" just outside of Atlanta, Ga. Ironically, the institution was shut down a few years later for sexually abusing children. The girl was locked up for a year before the opportunity presented itself to make her great escape.....and so she did. She ran away and finally found a small group of hippies with a broken bus at Little 5 Pts. in Atlanta. The lovely lady Mara explained to the girl that as soon as their bus was repaired they would continue their journey on tour following the Grateful Dead. The girl was unfamiliar with the band but she loved these people and felt good vibes from them and safe in their company.

Mara played "Uncle John's Band" and then invited the girl to come along. So with a hug and kiss, she got on the bus and there she stayed on tour through 1984 and 1985. It was there among the Deadheads the girl saw what life could really be; in the company of strangers who became her family and showed her what love, safety and peace were all about. The joy, beauty and love she found there, she was able to carry with her throughout the rest of her life.



That girl is now a grown woman who will be 45 in three days and she is me. I now have a wonderful husband and beautiful children, most of them grown as well. I needed you to know how much this band and this music has done to change my life and the lives of all the other teenage runaway girls who, because of the Grateful Dead, found the will to survive. From the bottom of my heart, thank you!



I collect bumper stickers. I love them. I have them on my cooler,

my dartboard, my mirrors and my walls... (oddly, I do not have any where they belong: my actual BUMPER, but the way profiling is these days I wouldn't dare). Every festival and show I go to, I bring home stickers. Freebies don't bother me....I can find somewhere for the Techniflora sticker, and the ENO one...you want to give me a sticker? I'll take it! I am always on the quest for a new one, or a creative spin on a classic, or a replacement for one that had one too many beers spilled on it, or had one too many kids picking at it. However, there is one sticker that I will never be able to own. One I covet more than any other sticker, probably primarily because I can never, in good faith, own it.... The one that says "I Saw Jerry". You see, I didn't. I never got to see Jerry Garcia play live. I grew up with a Deadhead aunt. She would go on tour and bring me back a couple of cool lot shirts (I had ALL the cool Calvin and Hobbes), or some sweet jewelry she had found. I would sneak in and raid her bootlegs and hole up in my room, listening to them all night and memorizing lyrics. I spent my evenings listening to shows and reading old Relix magazines. Back then (and I am talking circa 1991-1995), there was no internet available to me, and the information I was reading was often months, even years old. Still, I absorbed it like a sponge. At school, I was just any other kid (my small town didn't



take kindly to "hippies" so at the time it was almost like my alter ego) and when I came home I snuck carefully back into my aunt's room and snagged a new tape to listen to. The year Jerry died was to be my year. The Grateful Dead always played Buckeye Lake Music Center (AKA Legend Valley) in Thornville, Ohio, which was really close to us. My aunt had promised that summer or fall when they came to town, she would take me. I had it all planned. I knew what shirt I was going to wear, what cute little skirt was going with it. I even had my envelope decorated for my mail order tickets, after many different designs and re-dos. All I had to do was wait...and I was not doing that very patiently. The

beginning of August 1995 I went to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina with a friend and her family. One morning, we were watching MTV (when it was still about music) and the vee-jay shattered my whole world...Jerry Garcia had died. I stared at the TV in disbelief for a few minutes. Then I called home and asked to speak to my aunt. She wasn't there, but I was crying and asked if she knew Jerry was gone. I was told yes, so I just hung up the phone. The family I had traveled with were pretty straitlaced. I had gone to Catholic school with the daughter for years. I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, they would not be sympathetic to my misery. So, good little girl that I was, I just continued to

get ready for lunch at the Hard Rock Cafe. As we walked into the Hard Rock, I was surprised to see groups of people dressed in tie dyes standing around one of the memorabilia displays. They were hugging and comforting one another. I wanted to walk up to them and share my pain and let them share theirs, but my friend's



mom was pushing us along, and as we walked past the group, she sniffed a little and muttered under her breath. I looked sadly at the group and moved on. Their pain and confusion was palpable. Later on that night, we went for a walk on the beach. I was wearing a flower circlet in my hair from

some little beach side stand. As my friend and I walked along, we came across a group gathered in the sand. There was a guy my Dad's age playing the guitar, but I recognized "Stella Blue" immediately. They had a magazine cover of Jerry in a frame, and some candles lit. As we walked by, I dropped my flowers from my hair next to the impromptu shrine, did a little curtsy, and carried on down the beach with tears pouring down my face. To this day, I do not think my friend ever understood what was going on. I was just very glad we were going home the next day. I needed to mourn in private. I knew, that day, that I had missed something Earth shaking. Something that I would never in a million years be able to re-create. I never got to hear the man sing live, or hear the golden notes fall out of his guitar like teardrops. I was not one of Jerry's Kids. And I never would be. That didn't stop me, though. I became voracious about reading anything I could find about the band, the culture at the time: firsthand accounts, fiction, articles, you name it, I tried to hunt it down. I became obsessed with Ken Kesey and the Pranksters. I read the Beat Poets. And I found others like me... too young to see Jerry, but old enough to have gotten on the bus. I embraced my role as a Deadhead. I would argue vociferously with anyone that tried to say I wasn't one...seeing Jerry Garcia play is not a requisite. The only

requirement for being a Deadhead in my book was love of the band, and love of the life. It was the way you lived, not how much you had done. To be honest, I think that those of us not blessed to see Jerry in this life have to be that much more proactive in their endeavors to be a Deadhead. There's a lot more research, a lot more to learn. I can't just say "Oh, I know this show from 1985 is good because I was there." I have to search, and explore. I have to find my own way. And honestly, I like it that way. I might not have earned my touring stripes, but I certainly have had a long, strange trip. And believe me, I'm still trucking. But...I will never get to own that sticker.



Took a road trip up to UMass Amherst to catch the band. Even though we were hundreds of miles from home you, could always find a dead head headed in your general direction. Stuck out my thumb after the show and got a ride all the way to Yonkers N.Y. ONLY AT A DEAD SHOW MAN ONLY AT A DEAD SHOW.



The journey actually started in May of 1968, in high school, when the Grateful Dead played the National Guard Armory in downtown St. Louis, underneath the overpass. That concert permanently altered the arc of my life to be. I vaguely knew of the Grateful Dead and the scene in

San Francisco they had sprouted from and was excited to see them since I had read an article in Ramparts magazine that I found in the high school library. I did not know the players or the songs, but the power and enthusiasm of them playing those songs absolutely blew me away. I had never seen, heard or experienced



anything like that, and at the end of the concert (Morning Dew), a band member took the microphone off the mic stand and took it over to a six foot tall vertical gong and began smashing the mic repeatedly on the gong face. The mic kept working because it was still making sounds and then

Watkins Glen, 1973



A good friend of mine passed away. He would've loved for his photos to be seen by the band or other dead heads. I'm trying to keep his wish alive.

he started rotating the still working mic around and around the gong face, making even more and different sounds. Meanwhile, the band keep playing in unison with the sounds from the gong/mic combo and it led to an immense and cataclysmic crescendo of sound that ended this last song of the concert. The band and the crowd were stunned into silence by this intense final song and its crashing conclusion. We all sort of woke up and began clapping and yelling our appreciation. Looking at the band, you could tell that they wondered: "what just happened?" That moment I decided that I would do whatever it took to see this band over and over again, as much as possible. Right then and there, I decided

that I needed to get to the San Francisco/Bay Area so that I could see these guys play on their home turf. Flash forward to the Fall of 1988, college recruiters were coming through pretty regularly. I never went to any of their sessions until somebody mentioned that this recruiter from Menlo College in Menlo Park, California was coming through and I should visit with him. Well, Menlo Park was just South of San Francisco, so I thought I would give it a whirl and meet with this recruiter. He says your SATs are high but your grades not so much. "A classic underachiever" were the words he used to describe me but he said Menlo would accept me if I applied and that Menlo College was considered the back door

into Stanford after two years. So I bit, applied, got in, and in the past 48 years I have seen the Grateful Dead well over 200 times.

I was living in southern CT at the time and had mail ordered for the 5 nights at Madison Square Garden, 9/15/87-9/20/87. I had drawn a cartoon on my envelope of the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, standing arm in arm and chanting "Dead tickets get you through times of no money better than money gets you through times of no Dead tickets". Then that glorious day came when I got my tickets back from GDTS, and looking at my tickets I noticed I had front row for Saturday night! And a handwritten note from our beloved Ruby. "Hope you enjoy the shows

and don't have to hitch hike. Love Ruby" What a treat!

The spring of 1977 was a heady time. Not only did I get to catch the Dead on 5/4/77 at the Palladium in NYC and then just a few days after that on 5/7/77 at Boston Garden, I also got to watch as my apartment building in Medford, MA burned to the ground about a week later! Being suddenly without a lot of possessions changes you, at least for a while. So realizing I had nothing better to do (having dropped out of college only a week before), I decided to head out to California to see what I could see. My wanderings brought me to Kansas City a week or so later, where I learned that the Dead were planning a 3-night stand

Radio City, 1980



at Winterland in San Francisco in just two weeks. I went to a Ticketron outlet and snagged a ticket for the second night, 6/8/77, and continued my way to San Francisco. I found it to be a truly great city. To make money, I hung around Fisherman's Wharf where I sold soapstone carvings I'd made. It was enough cash to keep me going and I met some new friends while I was doing that. On the afternoon of June 7th, one of my new friends wandered over to where I was selling my stuff. She asked me if I was going to catch the Dead that night. I told her I had a ticket for the 6/8/77 show, but not for that night. "Let's go get you one then!" she said as she pulled me along to the bus station. I protested, arguing that the show had to be sold out already. "You east coast guys are too cute!" she laughed. She gently explained that there were always tickets at the door of Winterland, to be sold a couple hours before show time. Sure enough, when we got there at about 6PM, there were tickets being sold at the window and I bought one. The two of us went inside and discovered that Bill Graham was on-stage with a mic in his hand, calling out relay races that were being held on the floor. Teams of folks from different cities were there in an informal round-robin tournament, competing for free tickets to the next night's show. It was a fun time and Graham seemed to be having a ball calling the races,

urging on the runners, and hyping up the crowd. In between races, I went back into the Winterland lobby just as a horde of motorcyclists came roaring up to the front entrance. They began unloading themselves and what appeared to be an endless supply of cases of beer. It was the Hells Angels. Bill Graham's security people went out to tell them that they couldn't bring the beer inside. "It's okay" said one of the bikers as he hefted a couple cases under his arms, "Jerry says it's alright." No it wasn't, the security people responded quietly. You can't bring beer into Winterland. "Well then" said the same biker, "then Bill says it's okay." Realizing that a riot with 40 or so angry Hells Angels was going to put a real damper on the evening, the security people backed off and welcomed the Angels in. The Angels for their part happily offered free beer to the security people (and to anyone else who was around) and peace was restored. It was an excellent evening already and the band hadn't even taken the stage yet. I managed to get a copy of the 6/7/77 show on tape in 1999 and played it over and over again. More recently, I picked up the release of the June 7-9 stand and I love listening to it, thinking about that improbable night at Winterland.

Memphis. So happy the boys were playing there in spring 1995. We



even spent money on a hotel room. No back of the pickup truck this time for me and my best girl. Morning of the first of two shows. BOOM! Rear End a lady who was cut off. Oh Shit! "Hello... are you okay?" "I am the chief of police's wife." Yep. This could be the last time. While we waited for the cops to get there we talked. She was interested that we were traveling and thought it was fantastic that we could go around the USA

following a band. When the cops got there she asked them not to ticket us and to get us to a local garage where she knew the owner. Then she took us to the store to buy bread and cheese and dropped us off at the show. Best car crash ever.

I was living in Cambridge while Bill Walton was there during his stint with the Celtics. I lived

a few blocks away from him and would see him around once in a while. One day, I'm coming down out of my apartment building to walk across the street to the pharmacy, and I see a very large man riding down the street on a girl's Schwinn 3 speed bike. You know the kind, with a basket in the front and a little bell on the handle bar, the whole thing. His

tear himself away, and he repeats the same scene at the cashier up front. I follow him outside. "Hey Bill great show last week, huh?" He looks at me suspiciously. "What show?" It was the week after a Dead show in Worcester, and I had seen him back stage with Kevin McHale and Jerry Sighting (hard to miss them). "The Dead show, of course". He throws his hands up, huge grin on his face. "Oh, fantastic show!! Unbelievable! It was my birthday, and Jerry said he'd play a request for me for the encore! I told him I wanted Uncle John's Band into Saint Stephen into China Cat into..." and he goes on for like 3 minutes about the ridiculous request he made. "I think I got too greedy though. Jerry just rolled his eyes and laughed and walked away."

I saw the GD in 1969 at the Ice Palace in Las Vegas. Santana opened for them. After the show, I walked up to the stage and as Jerry was taking off his guitar, I asked him, "So, what's happening in Haight-Ashbury?" He said, "Well, I'd stay at home with your parents and stay in school if I were you. Things are getting pretty strange there nowadays." I said, "Thanks, Jerry!" He smiled and I smiled back. In an age of "Do your own thing" and "Don't tell anyone what to do," Jerry cared. I was a very young, naive 14-year-old girl and he could have saved my life. I will never forget that moment. At that time, Jerry was



not, "Jerry Garcia, rock star," but "Jerry Garcia, my older brother, giving me very sound advice."

So many roads for me, started around 1984 (age 15), when my father gave me his old albums and turned me on to the likes of the Allman Brothers, the Beatles, and the Who. But it was the American Beauty LP that hooked me!! I jumped on the bus and never looked back!!! It was the music for me that I first connected with; man I wore that album out. Over the next few years, I bought more studio releases and eventually started getting some bootlegs here and there. So by the time I graduated high school, I was getting familiar with the Deadhead Community. Growing up

with hippie folks (though they never did any Dead shows), I was in my element and drawn to the scene. Well, it was just a matter of time before I would get the opportunity to get to my first Dead show! I was living at the Ocean that summer and met Neal (seriously) who gave me the golden ticket and mentored me about the fire and ice of the scene! It was the Roanoke Civic Center, VA 1987 > incredible first show!! Yes, I guess I could be considered a part of the 'Touch Of Grey' generation (though I had been listening to them since 1984), it's a drag that some older heads are resentful of those years. It's not that I don't understand their angst, it was more secret and intimate in those earlier years and was magical in its own right! The



knees are hitting his chest as he pedals. It's Walton. He stops and goes into the pharmacy just as I walk in. I semi-follow him around, hopefully not too obviously. He goes to the prescription counter and the two pharmacists take turns gushing for several minutes. Walton is very gracious, thanks them, tells them how great it is to be in Boston and all that. Finally he manages to

thing is, I was coming of age at that time and of course I was not old enough to get on the bus yet! The one thing I do know for sure is that the band fostered a scene of inclusion, experimentation, brotherhood, and always were more

the first lick of the 1st set Jam! I have a symbiotic relationship with the band, the heads, the music, quite literally playing in the band! Once I got on the bus I knew I would be dead to the core! I have been going to see the Other Ones, the Dead, Furthur, Phil & Friends, Rat Dog, and other bands that carry on with the songs you guys have given us - and I will continue as long as I'm able! So here we are celebrating 50 years of the Grateful Dead! I am highly appreciative for everything these guys have given me, my love for them is unconditional!!! It has been 50 years of highs and lows > damn I miss Jerry, but thank you Bob, Phil, Bill, and Mickey for not letting go and keeping the wheel turning!

My story with the Dead began when I was fourteen years old in 1971. At my school a friend of mine told me that if I drew some technical maps for him, he would give me three records. And so I did. One of these records was "Europe 72"!!!!!! I loved it immediately, but it was very difficult to follow the dead because I was living in Roma, Italy (where I live now)!!!! At that time having some records was impossible and you could only buy them when they were released in stores. When I was eighteen I wrote to Jerry but Alan Trist told me that he couldn't answer me because he was too busy. I was always looking for Grateful Dead stuff

than willing to turn on anyone that wanted to tune in! That, my brothers and sisters, is a big reason that drew me to what would be a long strange trip! A Grateful Dead show for me is an escape from everything else; it's a musical journey that starts from



I'm a proud and loyal Dead Head—have been for the last 48 years, since 1967, when I was 15 years old. This pretty much makes me the luckiest guy on Earth—and beyond.

The Grateful Dead epitomize everything that I believe in: dreams, teamwork, culture, foundation, sacrifice, discipline, integrity, credibility, reliability, consistency, creative imagination, empathy, innovation, science, technology, engineering, health, structure, education, mathematics, art, literature, risk, failure, love, spirit, and soul. This all leads to the freedom and independence that everybody craves in a world as it could and should be—where we get to do what we want.

The Grateful Dead is my medicine. I'm always sick—of something or somebody. But when I'm privileged enough to be immersed in the intergalactic family, music, dance, and tribe of everything Grateful Dead, I always get better—healed, inspired, enabled, and emboldened in incalculable ways, and quickly find myself more than ready for whatever is next.

The authenticity, currency, and relevancy of the Grateful Dead makes me happy. They make me think, smile, laugh, cry, and want to be better at everything I do.

The Grateful Dead are my friends and teachers, my moral compass, my shining star, and my beacon of hope on the distant and ever-changing horizon. They have taught me everything that I know. They have shown me things and taken me places that I never could have found or got to on my own. They have made me who I am.

I am eternally grateful for everything Grateful Dead. And I so look forward to the next 50 years.

Here we go. We're just getting started around here.

—Bill Walton

Today I have got CDs, records, etc. of about 400 concerts (now getting dead material is easy!) and in 2013 I saw my first concert with Bob and Phil at the Capitol Theatre - Port Chester!

At 11:30 pm on December 7, 1973, our friend Pete knocked on our door, and he described hanging out with a cleanshaven Jerry at a Raleigh, NC hotel earlier that

evening. We were preparing to see the Dead the next night at Duke University's famous Cameron Indoor Stadium, and I had a section of a bed-sheet artfully re-creating the "Skull and Roses" artwork. The next morning, Pete and my wife Ruth and I took my artwork over to the hotel, hoping to catch Jerry. He was in the lobby, waiting on a taxi. So we tried to calm our racing hearts and act "normal." One of Jerry's



delightful strengths (and maybe a weakness of his as well) was being a very real, genuine person. He immediately made us feel at ease, so when he asked if we had a car available, we were eager to offer our taxi services to Durham from Raleigh. It was raining heavily as we drove Ruth's '66 Mustang with our precious cargo in the backseat, Jerry having deferred with, "We're hippies. We're used to riding in VW's". I remember a delicious Hawaiian treat that Jerry produced from a little Chinese sliding-panels container. And I definitely remember

shaking his hand as we unloaded at the venue. He offered to bring us inside, saying "You're with me" but we declined, explaining that we had agreed to meet others to go to the concert. We still wonder "what if" we had gone inside and hung out backstage. But I prefer to believe Jerry appreciated friends who could help him and enjoy the experience and then leave him to his space without becoming a benevolent annoyance. I did carry my "banner" signed by Jerry, which I know he saw me waving during the show on December 8, 1973. We know he

smiled directly at us, and we know the band gave us all one absolutely inspired concert at Duke. Thank you guys, for a real good time!

The first Dead song I ever heard was a snippet of China Cat - it was on a television broadcast on PBS, I believe called Go Ride the Music (?) in, I think, '69 or '70. I couldn't get the riff out of my head; I realized this was the same band Rolling Stone had recently written that great 'put on the dead and spread' fictional review about (as well as that very insightful one as well), so I found Live Dead at a local department store, took it home, threaded it up (reel to reel, Roberts, 7 1/2 ips)... and of course was hooked. It was the East Coast, with zero progressive radio stations, so everything about the SF/West Coast music scene I either got from reading Rolling Stone or from random album acquisitions. That year WD then AB came out, and, like so many others, I never looked back. Then, one afternoon in '72, I was in the back seat of my parent's Chevrolet - too young to drive, father in front driving - and we were in Baltimore to pick up some clothing he was having altered. I was staring out the back window, when a large automobile went by the other direction... back windows down, and some long hairs goofing out their window. I told my parents, wow, they looked

like a couple of guys from that group I like, GD. They laughed. Anyway, got to the clothing store, and my parents were talking to the salesperson, wondering why a 'bunch of hippies' were driving around town in a limo, and I reiterated that they looked like those guys in the GD... And the



salesperson - I remember his words to this day - said, well the Grateful Dead DO have a concert in town this evening. ARRGH! I went nuts... I didn't even know they were in town, but had just actually randomly seen them! I begged, begged, begged my parents to let me see them. They relented, we drove to the Civic Center, I bought ONE ticket, and we waited until showtime. They dropped me off, and said they would wait until an appointed time and pick me up (we lived a good ways out of town), and it was going to have to

be early because I think the next day was a 'school day'. I walked into my first rock concert ever, not knowing what to expect. Show started, and bam! If I wasn't a convert before, that first few minutes did it. I had no idea that this type of music, feeling, camaraderie, was even possible. I sat enthralled through the first set, and as it drew to a close, I thought the show was over - until I realized it was only intermission, the end of the first set. The appointed pick up time was drawing close, and I was furious with the band for taking such a long break. Then they came back, and I heard and experienced a little more but pick up time had now come and gone. I walked ever so slowly toward the exit, angry at having to leave, but without any option. I walked out with my head full of that music, but that feeling of the Civic Center door closing behind me with the music wafting in the air sucked beyond belief. It was many, many years later that Dick's Pick 23 came out, and I finally re-heard the music, as well as the rest of the show I had walked out on!



It was my last year of medical school and I had been looking forward to this run of shows in Landover for a LONG time. It happened to fall on my birthday and I had vacation for the week. I was PSYCHED! A few months earlier I had gotten two ferrets and named them Rubin

and Cherise. I also had a new girlfriend named Debbie. Not a Deadhead, but I was working on it; she had potential. I'd played her a lot of my tapes and she liked them, but what she REALLY liked were my Jerry shows. She was nuts about both my ferrets as well as the song Rubin and Cherise. I mail-ordered for tickets on the first day and told GDTS that it was my birthday (even sent a copy of my driver's license to prove it) hoping they would send me something better than my usual nosebleed seats. It worked and for all 4 nights I had floor seats. The *worst* were 20th row center!! My friend Dave and I were SO psyched!! Debbie had said that she would go to one show with me (not being a head, she didn't see the point in doing all four) and chose the 17th. Dave and I were SO excited that day! On the drive there we talked about what we hoped they would play, and Debbie, knowing nothing, said, "I hope they play Rubin and Cherise!" Dave and I laughed at her, explaining that it's not a Dead song, it's a *Jerry* song and the Dead won't do it. Ever. She said, "Well, maybe they will tonight since you got your little fuzzys." We laughed at her and told her that, although the karma is there, under NO circumstances would they EVER EVER EVER play Rubin and Cherise. It's just not an option at all. She just crossed her arms and looked pouty and said, "Well, *I* think they are going to play it tonight for *ME*,"



and didn't say another word for the rest of the ride. We teased her for a while and then a really good help>slipknot>franklins from a Buffalo show back in '77 came on, and the conversation

stopped. We forgot all about it when we got in to the Cap Center and got to our seats. The show started with a nice strong Hell in a Bucket>Sugaree and then a great Walking Blues, Peggy-O, and



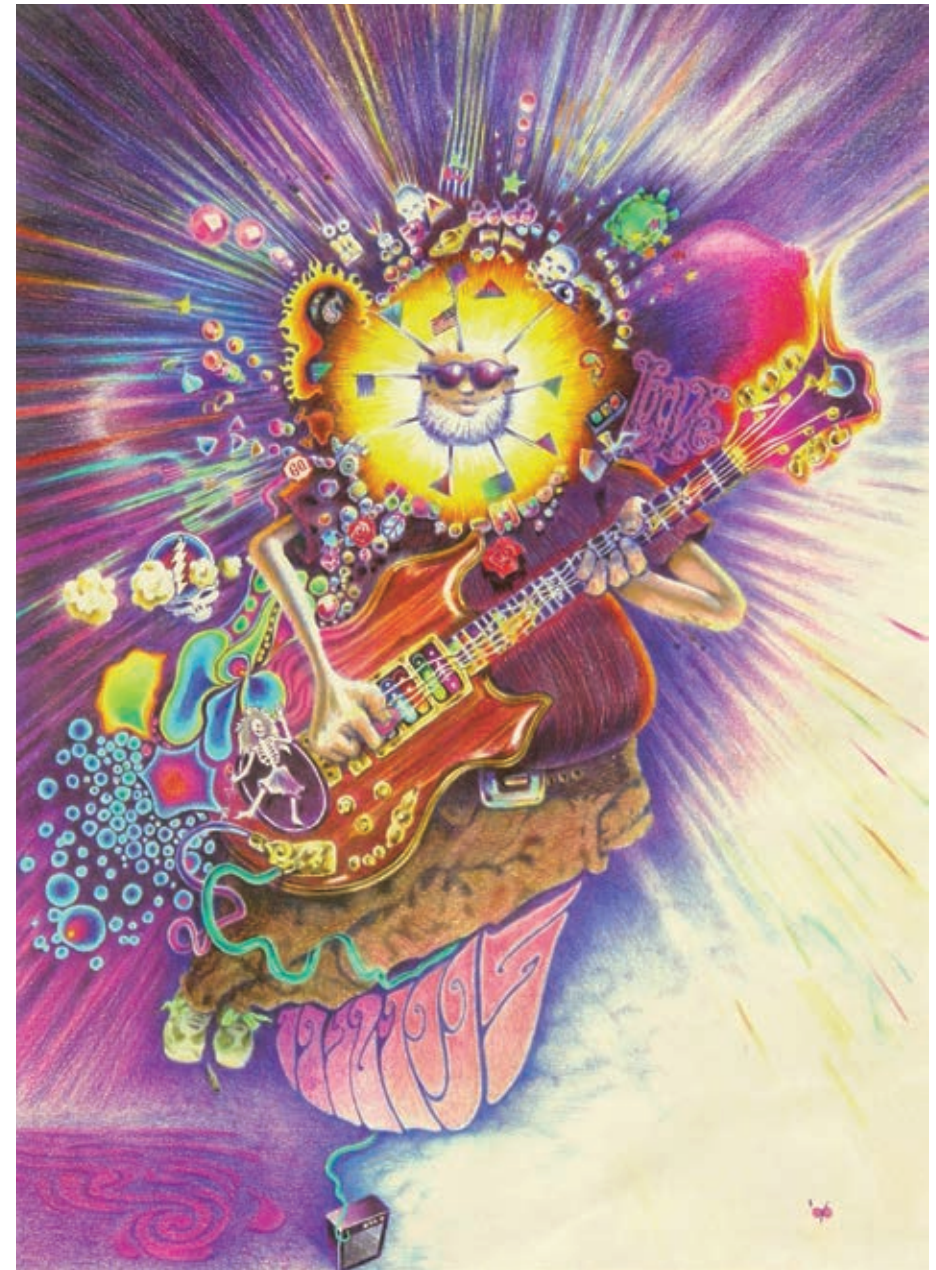
Queen Jane. Then there was about a minute pause and the crowd began to chant "We want Phil". That died out after about 15 seconds and there was quiet again. Out of the quiet came three very distinct notes. The Capital Center fell silent.

Chills went up all three of our spines (as they are doing now as I type this). I think we were the only three people who knew what they were starting to play. Could it be?!?! Oh SHIT!!! Dave and I went NUTS!!!!!!!!!!!! Jerry went... "Cherise was brushing her long hair gently down...." and the rest of the crowd went wild! It was one of the most exciting and memorable experiences in my life. Debbie turned to me with her arms crossed and said quietly, "See?"

Would like to share with you just one of the many ways your music and energy has impacted my life. I studied for 7 grueling years to become a Veterinarian. While in school there were times when I didn't think I could go on. When I was ready to quit I would listen to Stella Blue and you would tell me to "Dust off those rusty strings just one more time and make them shine." Those words inspired me to keep trying and helped me graduate with honors.

Now I'm a grateful mountain vet. I'm a mobile veterinarian and spend my days truckin down so many roads through the cool Colorado rain. My dogs Ripple and Stella Blue are my constant companions and in my mobile clinic, Ramblin' Rose, we care for the critters in our community. Yes, you could say your music has profoundly impacted my life. Thanks for all the great shows. Thanks for making music that makes me dance until I can feel it in every cell of my body. I will always be grateful and you can be sure my love will not fade away.

1973 Baltimore Civic Center, the Dead were wrapping up an extraordinary long...but great show and I got restless. Left my friends and went to the highest seats at the rear of the auditorium...I'm up there sitting on the floor with my legs hanging out into space, I'm starting to come down from a nice....place and the whole place is quiet as the Dead start the instrumental lead into Morning Dew and I just start singing "Walk me out in the morning dew my honey". I guess I was a little loud, the band heard me! Garcia steps to the mike and says "We gotcha man". The song goes on and Bob Weir gets the entire audience singing, I'm freaking out it was so emotional. Dead Head for life since 1968, I will never forget Jerry looking right at me and talking right to me...



It was 1969 and Aoxomoxoa had just come out and we got tickets to see the Dead at the Cafe' au Go Go in the Village. It was an intimate venue in a basement, fire limit of 350. We had to

take early show tics. We were blown away, naturally. When we were being shuffled out to make room for the second show, my college roommate started to make a desperate pitch to a door man to let us stay for the late



show. It was going nowhere but we persisted. Suddenly Pigpen emerged from a dark hallway. "Why don't you let them stay?" "I'll lose my job," the door guy said. "It's time we all lost our jobs," said Ron McKernan, and so we were in. That whole set of cymbals was on racks across the small platform that passes for a stage. They did Alligator and Mickey danced back and forth as he pounded and coaxed the brass discs. We were invited to sit on the platform. Our job was to roll bombers and pass the water jug. We heard songs that hadn't been issued yet like "Dire Wolf" which we called "Don't Murder Me". The show went into the small hours. There was a smashing Dark Star and The Eleven. We

left crazed. A few weeks later we saw them at the Fillmore East. I shouted "Don't Murder Me", still not knowing the right name. After the third time, Bill looked up at the balcony and said, "Don't worry man, no one's going to hurt you!" Anyway, that was it for me. I dropped out of school and hitched to San Francisco. I lived in Berkeley. I celebrated my 21st birthday at Winterland. The bill was The Airplane, The Dead, and an obscure opening band, The Sons of Champlin. Grace looked like an Indian princess. She wore a fringed buckskin-like dress.

Jorma had no shirt on and was painted blue from the waist up (I'm pretty sure that's true, I know that's what I saw). The show was a great Bacchanal. In the midst of the Dead set, Steve Stills came out with his white 12 string guitar. He sang part of a song he said he was "working on". It was "Teach Your Children Well". I'm an old man now, but the Dead bent the whole arc of my life. And several generations of my kids and siblings and nieces and nephews are all on the bus.

Michael Linah was Mikel. His stickers and flyers were handed out freely in the lot for many of the shows he attended between 1982 and 1984 and he also offered

newsletters to those who sent in their SASE. Michael was also a Duplicate Bridge Director, and when I saw the pile of colorful envelopes on his desk at a bridge game in 1983, I was intrigued and he asked me if I would help him process them. Little did I know that he was terminally ill and would pass away in 1985. Little did I know that he would ask me to join a few other old friends in maintaining his Mikel newsletter and that I would be the caretaker of the leftover stickers. I had never seen the Grateful Dead, but I fell in love with the people who were sending him these hand-decorated envelopes and I went to my first show in November 1985 in Long Beach, CA, using his tickets to the show. Another friend of mine traded his tickets for ours so we could be in the front row!! Benny Naginis and I made T-shirts and stickers for this show and I fell in love with the Grateful Dead as they sang "He's Gone" for Mikel and I felt his spirit move me through the music. We left a shirt on stage for the band and shared some stickers. It was an experience I wanted to repeat again and again over the years, and a few of us continued the Mikel newsletters as St. Mikel for a couple of years until it was obvious that The Golden Road was doing a great job of presenting the schedules, the set lists and articles about the band; our little cut and paste newsletter was no longer the only way some of the fans could find out about the



shows, get the set lists and offer personal ads to connect with one another. I gave out newsletters and stickers in the lots for a few years and traveled whenever I could to get to shows. Then Jerry died. I was so hoping the music would never stop, and when Philharmonia happened in 1997 and when Ratdog kept playing, I began a renewed relationship with the music which continues to this day.

My first show was May 8th, 1977 at Cornell. I've been a fan since I was 12 in 1971. I was really looking forward to seeing the dead. I just finished my freshman year at Ithaca college and the



dorms were closing on May 8th. I packed up my belongings into a friend's car, on this beautiful May day and headed over to Barton Hall early to start the festivities. Had a great time hanging out all day and made sure I was in a good position to get a good spot on the floor for the show. As fate would have it I ended up in the center of the first row with my 3 college friends. When the 2nd set began Bobby asked everyone to take a step back cause people were getting crushed and horribly bugeyed. I am sure we were part of the inspiration for that request. When we went into the show it was a beautiful warm May day, and stranger than fiction, when we stepped out of Barton Hall that evening we were greeted with 5 inches of snow.

Picking your favorite GD moment would be like picking your favorite child. My first was November 1970, when they were

the band that played homecoming my freshman year at college, but the three most memorable would be Watkins Glen '73, and the surprise Friday evening "sound check" (never seen the band that "laid back"); Barton Hall in '77 (yes, I was lucky enough to be there) or driving in a van full of hippies from Philly in 48 straight hours and rolling in to SF just as the first of the five nights at the Winterland was starting in '74 just prior to the band's hiatus (we were so tired we slept on the floor at the Winterland!). I made four out of five (we didn't quite have enough tickets to go around) of those shows, and I still carry the ticket in my wallet that Bill Graham gave back to us at the end of the Sunday night performance with "The Last One" stamped on it (lest anyone I meet doubt my devotion to the music). Lucky Bill was wrong about that or there never would have been Barton Hall!

My alarm went off at 6:00 AM that morning, but I was already up... smiling and tingling. It was "concert day"! It was May 8th, 1977. At the time, I was attending Oswego State University. If you were lucky enough to be a college student during the 70's in upstate New York, you had the opportunity to see The Dead at least once, maybe even twice per year.... and do the circuit of shows, Binghamton, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo. Since I was kinda the central point, all my buddies were meeting up at my place for the trek down to Barton Hall at Cornell University. We found the main parking lot after touring the campus and settled in for "Shakedown Street", which was already buzzing at noon. After some balloons, grilled cheese sandwiches and lots of talk of previous shows, we headed into the venue. The lights went down, everybody lit up and the energy in the arena spiked to an all time high (literally). I just knew this night was going to be special! The set started with yet another incantation of New Minglewood Blues. This version, high energy and electric. A fantastic start to the show. The buzz continued and then they launched into They Love Each Other > Jack Straw > Deal. We were all grinning like fools and high-fiving at the end of that trilogy. The set ended with Row Jimmy and tears streaming down my face. The second set was the best set I had, and still to this day, have ever

heard! Scarlet Begonias > Fire On The Mountain was born during this show. A "first time ever".... and man...was it goood. Changing gears later in the set, (time for space), the band found an amazing groove, Saint Stephen > Not Fade Away > Saint Stephen > Morning Dew. It just blew my mind! To this day...after 40 years and 100 shows...this show stands high and above the rest! I will be buried with a copy of this show...Ithaca, New York. Cornell University, Barton Hall.

May 8, 1977. I still remember the student volunteer cleaning up after the show. She was dancing with her broom as she swept the floors clean. It was poetry in motion and symbolic of the very powerful yet subtle energy that rippled in and then out of that building that night. I understand it is still rippling today as one of the most sought after Dead shows. It was one of the most beautiful nights of my life and truly deserves its legend and place in American history.

Well the summer of 73 I grabbed a ticket, took my Dad's old Chevy and took off to Watkins Glen. Really went to see the Band and Allmans come back. Had seen the Dead in 71 in Pittsburgh but was surprised by the country sound. I didn't get it then. Back at the Glen it was a great trip. Having missed

When I was about to turn 15 years old, I was living in the San Francisco Bay area. My friend Gary and I were on our regular weekend bike-riding prouls in search of adventure. We were already great fans of music, girls and fun. This time we were on a search to locate what at this point was only a myth—a cool all-teen dance club named “Cinnamon Tree.” It was apparently buried deep down in the industrial district of Redwood City. This sounded exciting. We rode our bikes into this dark, seemingly uninhabited warehouse district just off Industrial Road, a wasteland that appeared dark and highly unlikely to support life. It was a little scary and beginning to feel like some kind of generational rite of passage going on. Without a compass or any directional map to the club, we began to search through deep concrete canyons where each repeating street we turned up seemed to appear the same as the last, like the factory work itself, day after day. Nothing changes. It was a template from a time where you would grow up to be like your parents and you were expected to get in line for the same job as they did. It was a bit difficult to fathom a cool teen club buried in this depressing scenery, but, coming across other teen cats like us, it started to feel like it existed. Finally there it was, the Cinnamon Tree building with its glistening bright night-lights. A great contrast to the surrounding industrial gray—“color!”

In the club’s short time in business, it was already known as the place for a battle of the bands competition. That night the featured band was named “The Warlocks.” I thought it was a really cool name. I’m pretty sure the other band was “William Penn And His Pals.” They did great harmony vocals of Beatles tunes. Beach Boys-looking button-down shirts, three guitars, drummer, keyboard. But when The Warlocks hit the stage, the room seemed to light up with a refreshing burst of new energy, and you could feel this contagious electrifying buzz of the band members, giving us the feeling this was not going to be just another dance party, and that this was real, as in “real” fun. I right away recognized Jerry from a couple of past gigs, such as at Kepler’s Bookstore where even young teens like myself could get in. They had longer hairstyles, like many of us in the Bay Area who had now adopted Freedom to be Real, whatever that meant to each of us. Carried by the Beats of the ’50s and early ’60s, an undercurrent that seemed to be always questioning “why” or “why not.” The overall look of The Warlocks immediately spoke of this no-dress-code theme. It gave me a feeling of uninhibited fun, that they were not afraid to be themselves, which really got me off. But the best part of their entrance, after listening to several rounds of the inter-band bantering falling between multiple equipment adjustments, guitar noodling, and tuning was, of course, occasional Pigpen/audience swaps of laughter largely directed at cute chicks.

When the first note struck, it became obvious The Warlocks were unlike any other band, not only their look but also the sound. The Warlocks broke the mold and tore it up. Musicians talented enough to carry their own weight,

but hip enough not to have to overshadow the other members. Pigpen was the force behind vocals, with a strong, distinct, powerful blues type voice.

The Warlocks became the Grateful Dead, and in time the counterculture movement would become bigger than rock ’n’ roll, and it was clear that they had become the flagship. It was Ken Kesey that I felt came up with the best explanation for what was going on here. Ken had a daily ritual where whoever was visiting the farm would join him in the afternoon, suit or tie dye, all hands on deck, to load the tractor trailer up with hay. Fire

up a joint, spark the conversation, and slowly drive out among the cattle, break up the bales and begin to feed. Because I was a friend and neighbor, I had the joy of doing this hundreds of times with Ken. One time Ken looked at me and blurted out, “Wind sucks!” He began to explain the counterculture phenomena as when there is low pressure it creates a void, causing high pressure to rush in and fill it, hence the rushing is the wind. A perfect metaphor for the spark that kicked off one of the most amazing cultural movements in American history, the ’60s. Interest in those early days for the Grateful Dead, once ignited, has fueled me for 50 years now and for all the best reasons. Innate talent and wit. While feeding the Tibetan monks, many years after the Cinnamon Tree, I picked up a phrase that is so fitting in describing the band members of the Grateful Dead: “equal parts of spirit and humor.”

I have a deep-seated gratitude for my relationship with the Grateful Dead family. This is right alongside decades of a cherished friendship and so many wonderful and unique experiences with the Pranksters and the entire Kesey clan. This wonderful journey has been for my entire family and myself a motivating factor in producing the best possible product while cooking for the band and staff. I so believe in the counterculture movement as one of the obvious examples in the outcome of the great American experiment.

—Chez Ray Sewell
Grateful Dead tour chef





Woodstock I was ready for the big scene and not disappointed. Then during the Dead's sound check set I found myself in front of the stage looking up at the plywood that stretched over the crowd. It was Tennessee Jed, and Jerry would come up to the lip during his solos, looking down at us. It was pretty cool. By the third solo I became overwhelmed with that "thing" we all know. I was pulled into that world of music, color and unworldly levitation. No question at that point I became a Deadhead. Saw over 120 shows after that to Spring 95. 59 years old now. It was a great ride.

I saw my first Grateful Dead show at Cornell. No, not the famous 5/8/77 show, but the next one on 5/7/80. After seeing the Dead more than 50 more times, including the

last two shows in Soldier Field, it's fair to say they changed my life. Years later, a friend who knows Bob Weir invited me to join him backstage after a RatDog show at Chicago's Vic Theater. I had never met anyone connected with the Dead, much less someone in the band. It began uncomfortably for me. After making introductions, my friend and his wife sat and chatted with Bob and his wife while I awkwardly looked on. Anything I may have said risked sounding like an obsessive fan (because I am) which surely would have been annoying or tiresome to Weir. So, after "hello", I said nothing. As the group broke up to leave, Weir stood and graciously offered his hand, even though we hadn't spoken. It occurred to me that I may never meet him again, so I blurted out, "Thanks for everything." He muttered, "Sure,"

as if I were thanking him for the beer someone handed me. That, of course, was not my meaning at all. Awkwardly, I held onto his hand and repeated more slowly and deliberately, "No, what I mean is: thanks for....everything." He stopped, paused, looked me straight in the eye and said, "I know...exactly...what you mean." Perfect. While there are times when I wish I could talk for an hour or two with him or Barlow, Lesh or Hunter, that moment somehow was enough.

Long time dead head from 1975 but remote as living in Ireland. Finally saw band live in 1981 in London's Rainbow Theatre and then in October 1990 at Wembley. Wembley shows most memorable of my life and during Terrapin started to weep with joy as Garcia sang "from the northwest corner of a brand new crescent." Bouncing afterwards I was dying to hear other dead heads' reactions. Met various strangers outside the gig and on tube - chatting at different times to at least four different groups of people who had been in different parts of the venue and none of whom overheard the previous conversations. Yet each conversation was started by someone new saying "I suddenly started crying during Terrapin when Jerry sang 'from the north west corner...'" Incredible multiple simultaneous eargasms all caused by the magic of the Dead.

It all began when a friend's older brother asked "what do you listen to?" I was 14, and murmured something about "Foreigner". He laughed and dropped the needle on "Friend of the Devil" from "American Beauty" and said "listen to this." The bus



came by at that moment. I got on later that year, January 11th, 1979, at Nassau Coliseum. My Mom (bless her) chaperoned me and my best friend to our first ever show. Half terrified but totally electrified, I remember weaving through the swirling chaos of the halls when a tie-dyed woman with a wreath in her hair ran up to me and my friend and gleefully shouted "Look! Little Dead Heads!" I stared stupidly, unable to respond, thinking only "I'm not little." The bus had started to move, but I didn't get "on" until the version of "Jack Straw" that soon followed. I had known only the pretty ditty featured on "Europe '72" but that Straw on 1/11/79 ripped a hole in the space-time continuum. I didn't know any band could jam like that, that any song could be taken to



Look closely Art Jerry Garcia April 20, 1995 Southwell CA

such monumental heights of wave and sound and power and glory. I was on the bus for good. Years later, a sophomore in college at Tulane University, I had finished my final exams and had time to kill, itching to see a show, but the closest one was in Hampton, VA., a good 16 hours drive by car. None of my buddies were done with their exams yet, but a friend of a friend told me that a couple I didn't know wanted to make the trip and needed a third person

to share the driving duties and split gas money. This was 1986, when you could still get a ticket at face value in the parking lot, so we all took off sans tickets, confident we would get in. The drive was horrendous. It rained the entire length of the trip, torrential, monsoon rains, white knuckle driving all the way. Where it really paid off was at the end of the first set when Bobby announced that "now we're gonna show that practice makes

perfect", and Phil stepped up to deliver the first "Box of Rain" played in 14 years to a crowd that went from stunned to delirious in a matter of seconds. When the song and set ended, hundreds of Deadheads, rows and rows deep, lined up at the pay phones (ah, those innocent pre-cell phone days), all to do the same thing: drop in their coins, dial up friends back in the world and yell "Box of Rain!!!", and then hang up. Over and over that's all you heard. "Box of Rain!", and the slam of the receiver. It was glorious, and made the entire harrowing journey worth every moment.

Tour of 1984 I was dancing in the womb while we followed with the Grateful Dead around the USA. Growing up, the best times I can remember involved going to and getting ready for the shows. We were part of a family of deadheads that would all get tickets together; we would have shifts of 4-6 hour intervals where we would sit outside ticket venues to get the stash for the group. As a young girl, I remember playing Yahtzee and go fish with new deadhead friends outside waiting for ticket venues to open up. I remember the gates opening and having to run for your seat, my mom and dad holding a hand each, I felt as though I was flying through a herd of hippies as my feet were barely touching ground. My first show

we got seats so close I could see the hair on Bobby's legs shining in the lights of the stage - I thought we would always have seats that good! We had a van my mom had converted with a bed and kitchen counter inside. She designed the bed frame to be hollow underneath, which held our clothes and camping items. The kitchen counter had a sink, but no running water. There was one drawer we put all the important things in: money, tickets, etc. My job once we got the van parked



was to fly my rainbow bright kite high into the sky as a beacon for our dead head family. My mom would be getting us and our stuff settled in as the family would start to emerge. We would make plans to gather near the Madonna poster during Drums. I remember dancing till the drums started at midnight, a sign that my bedtime had come and it was time to retire to the van in the

parking lot. I remember people seeing my mom, my dad and I all dancing to the rhythm of the blues and naming us "The Dancing Family." I remember watching all the balloons and balls bouncing around above people's heads in slow motion, waiting for one to come close enough so I could be held up by dad and hit it back into the crowd. In the beginning I wanted to keep every balloon and ball that came our way; Mom ended up making a rule that we could keep it only if it came back to us three times in the course of one concert. Once, I received a balloon more than three times. I kept that dark balloon with white stars from the Dark Star show in Shoreline and still have it in my scrap book to this day. One of my fondest show memories came from one of the most difficult experiences we had. We had driven the van into the show and parked in the parking lot, only to find our starter had blown and the van was immobile. We were \$400 short of getting a new starter and being able to go home. I remember walking the parking lot selling chocolate crinkle cookies to deadheads sharing our news, they were paying \$10 - \$25/cookie to help us get home. I think we even scalped our ticket for the last day of the show to get to the final \$400. But when all was said and done we got a new starter and we got home with the help of our extended family. This was my first awareness of feeling not alone in this big world,



feeling like you CAN create, live amongst and thrive in your own communities of like-minded individuals. Even though I was only a young girl I picked up on the fact that society didn't like the lifestyle of the deadheads, hippies and free thinkers. This is what made me the strong willed individual that I am today. I got to attend over 57 shows before Jerry died when I was 10 years old. I'll never forget the day I came home from school to find my mom weeping over the news of our loss, we already had tickets to the next show. There was a memorial in our small town, where I thought I would see our whole deadhead family, but I was shocked to see so much more. Almost half the town came out for the candle light vigil for Jerry Garcia; so many people gathered in tie-dye and cried for the loss of our family at large. I feel like the luckiest girl to have been able to experience the love, protection, family vibe, safe gathering, and counter cultural hippie movement. It truly was a spectacular time in history for society, music, and



the fundamentals of life. I grew up with the Grateful Dead and it has shaped me to be the dancing, colorful, vibrant being that I am. Thank you for all that you gave to the world!

I first learned about The Grateful Dead in 1990 when I was 15 years old and reading a copy of Sassy magazine. There was an article about the band and Deadheads. I was intrigued. I then made a point to listen to the New Year's Eve broadcast on my local radio station (yes, I taped it on a boombox in my bedroom), and I was hooked. I was lucky enough to grow up on the east side of Cleveland, OH - easy to get to Midwest and East Coast shows! My friend and I took a train

to Chicago for our first show at Soldier Field. As I listened to the band more and more, my friends got hooked as well. My dad would hear the music and ask who it was. When I said, "The Grateful Dead," he would say, "No way!" He was born in 1933, but he didn't get into The Dead in the 60s and 70s. He listened to The Mamas and The Papas, The Moody Blues, Elton John, etc. He also fell in love with The Dead and we began touring together. When I was a senior in high school, he and I went to the Chinese New Year's shows in Oakland. It was fabulous. After Jerry passed away, I stopped listening to all of my tapes. It made me sad that I would never get to experience the music live again. I still had my wonderful memories. When I



heard about the Fare Thee Well shows, I immediately called my dad. I am now a 40 year old OB/GYN practicing medicine in Denver, CO. My dad, who is a retired OB/GYN, is now 81 years old and on dialysis. He still lives in Cleveland, OH. I said, "Dad! Did you hear? The Dead are doing three farewell shows at Soldier Field! Are you up for it?" And he is. I love my dad and I love all of the memories we have created over the years regarding our mutual love of The Grateful Dead. Thank you for bridging the gap between a teenage daughter and her dad, and providing us many, many, many years of listening joy.



Fall East Coast tour 1982, I got

roped into being the Assistant T-shirt Puke (helped drive the merchandise truck). The Band thought Winterland was ripping them off and wanted an insider (sort of) in merch. They also sent down an edict: No Comps. For the most part, we held the line... until Boston. We roll into the old Boston Gardens, up the ramp to floor level. No sooner had we parked the truck than here comes Steve Parrish with this look of terror on his face, a striking incongruity. "We need hats!" was all he said, knowing full well the edict. Seeing the look on his face and realizing this was one of those times, I replied, "How many?" He had to stop and think. "About a dozen and a half," he guessed. Just to cover

eventualities, I made a judgment. "I'll get you two dozen. Where?" Again the pause. "On the stage." Ten minutes later, I arrive at the stage with two dozen hats. Backed up to the stage are the two 40-foot trailers with the doors open and nothing unloaded. In the bleachers sit about 20 Teamsters, waiting for their hats before they started work. I explained later to Danny Rifkin, the Road Manager, that everything was currency. This was nothing compared to Madison Square Garden in New York. We arrive on the cobblestone ramp that leads to floor level, five stories up. There are two cars parked on the ramp so our truck cannot make the corner. A big guy with a grin on his face walks down to where we stopped. "I know who you are," he challenges. I bark out the driver's window at him in my best New York attitude, "Yeah, yeah, yeah, you'll get your fucking t-shirts. Sure would be nice if those cars got moved." He waves his hand and two guys step out of the shadows and get into the cars. As soon as I see smoke from the second car's exhaust, I gun the truck's engine and drive right at them. They jet out of the way and we head up to floor level. I can see the guy in the rear view mirror waving and yelling, "Hey." At floor level, everyone is waiting for us. The caterers cannot get into the kitchen until the union kitchen crew get t-shirts. The teamsters need shirts before they unload the trucks, plus a second set for

the late shift the next night to reload the trucks. Rifkin is wringing his hands and begging us to keep track of everything we give out. I finally have time to walk back down to talk to the parking guy. We make the arrangements, and I deliver his shirts fifteen minutes before his guys go off shift. The Band must have gotten the word, because they opened with "Shakedown Street". Also played a blistering "Terrapin Station" that same



night. I don't remember a whole lot else about the music that tour other than the struggles and frustrations around "Throwing Stones" before they debuted it in Portland Maine. What I will always remember is how the crew made it happen, night after night, despite the obstacles and distractions along the way.



My son wanted to get a Mom tattoo for his 21st birthday. I didn't want to be on his arm. So he did the next best thing to satisfy us both. The 'O' is SYF. I cried when I saw it. Best gift he could

give me for his 21st. He is not a dead head, but boy he gets a lot of attn. from complete strangers in the warm weather. I think he gained understanding of my love for the dead by having these conversations. Happy 50th to all who love the Grateful Dead, and the ones who have not yet discovered. Thank you to all band members still with us, and those who have moved on to a better world, for bringing forth the best community of people any band has as followers.



Alpine Valley 89, my Woodstock. It was pouring rain and I went out for an early walk to see what was shaking. A golf cart pulls up beside me and this hippie lady with long gray hair yells, "The porta potty trucks are stuck in the mud. Do you need a trash bag?" I looked over and smiled, rain pouring down my face, and replied, "No, but do you need any help?" The hippie lady smiled

back and said, "Sure hop in we are going to pass out garbage bags for a while." I hopped on the golf cart and got comfy. I knew she was important but I didn't know who she was... she gave the golf cart some gas and looked over at me, "Boy what's your name?" I was all excited I was like, "MARK!" She looked at me and said, "Well we will just call you Mark 105. Stick around on tour and maybe you could be Mark 5 someday. (I think he is still alive. They call me Bozo Mark.) Then she tells me, "Mark try not to give garbage bags to anyone that doesn't need one." It was pouring out and people were using them for rain coats and she wanted them for garbage only. I gave them to anyone. Kind of an inside joke. Then I asked her name. "My name is Calico." "Calico, how did you start touring?" "I don't tour, the Grateful Dead pay me to be here." I couldn't believe someone could get paid to do the greatest thing I had ever done in my life. "So how did you get started doing that?" "Originally I'm a Hog Farmer." I looked over and said, "Really my dad was a 4-Her for years." From then on we were friends for life. We got a crew together and dug the trucks out and over to the porta potties, hassled a few nitrous guys and attended to all the challenges a Grateful Dead super hero like Calico did. People kept asking me how I rated to ride in the golf cart and I said I just asked her if she needed help. I got to share

a warm moment on a wet day with the friend of the Dead Heads, Calico.



As a young Dead Freak (as we were called then) I had only seen 2 shows by 9/28/72, so I decided to go down early to the Stanley Theater in Jersey City to see if I could get a ticket for that night's show. I brought a sandwich, a harmonica, a sign reading "Got an Extra?" and my stash. I arrived in the middle of the afternoon and started casing out the scene. As I prepared for a long afternoon of waiting I peered down the driveway to the loading dock. There were about 15 freaks who looked and dressed just as I did taking pieces of lighting equipment into the theater. So I jumped into line, grabbed a piece handed to me, and walked into the theater with it. I put the piece next to where the piece the kid in front of me put his and assessed the situation. "I'm IN!" I thought to myself. What now? Off the Men's Room to hide in a stall! Of course! So once in the stall I did what any self-respecting Dead Freak would do; I dropped my acid. Oh my how those stall walls did vibrate. Then, after an indeterminate amount of time I heard music. The Concert! So I rushed from the stall into the auditorium just in time for the sound check. I am peaking and wander down to the front row and watch them play "Cumberland Blues," "Around & Around," "Jack



Straw" and "Box of Rain" (which they had yet to perform live little did I know). WOW! After the sound check the band came out and sat in the audience. I saw Jerry sitting alone, so I walked over and asked if he wanted to smoke a joint. "Sure, Man" came the reply. So I sat down and pulled out my handmade pipe which looked sort of like an alligator and spent a few minutes hallucinating on his face. It seemed so natural; this kind of thing must happen all the time I thought. So after a while I said "see ya" and went over to give Phil a toke. Bobby didn't want one; he was busy looking at the new batch of Ace T-shirts. Then the crew shirts came out and were being passed around. I was too high to realize their benefit, and soon after the concert started I was discovered to be ticketless. The guy who busted me said "OK,

wait here a minute, I'll be right back." As soon as he was gone I dashed inside and ran down the aisle. At the end of Row N there was an empty seat and so I sat down and took off my hat just as the guy came running down the aisle and missed me. I spent the rest of the show there; the Lord Loves a Hippie. What a show! 9/72 was some month! I saw them 9/19

So he took me to my first show on September 14, 1988 at Madison Square Garden. We took the train into the city with a bunch of friends and dropped acid, in fact too much acid, I think I ate 4 tabs that day. I remember sitting on the wall outside the Garden looking into the sea of tie-dyes and hippies and saying to myself "I cannot believe this exists!" I thought the 60's were over, but apparently the spirit of the 60's was alive and well in this crowd. I could not wrap my mind around it and felt as though I was probably more blown away by the experience because the drugs were enhancing it for me. After hours outside witnessing this spectacle, we proceeded inside for the show. As soon as the band came on the stage I was in love. I could literally feel the energy from the crowd and the love for the band and the band's love for their fans, it was very intense. So much that I kept thinking it was the drugs and that to know for sure I would have to experience this scene without LSD the next time. I remember vividly when they played "Ramble on Rose" and closed the set with "Let it Grow" - I was blown away and forever changed. It was comparable to the first time I had an orgasm. I walked around in a haze with my head in the clouds for hours. I had to know if I would feel the same way about them without the drugs. So the next show I attended LSD-free. I was more blown away the second time because now I knew

and 9/30 as well. But sneaking into the Stanley was something I'll always treasure. AND we got a "Baby Blue" encore!

A Dead Head and I became a couple and I had to listen to many hours of GD music. In no time I started to enjoy it, but having never been to an actual show I really had no idea what I was in for.

Winterland: March 18, 1977. It was my first Dead show since the two Oakland Stadium concerts with The Who in October '76; so nice to be back "home" at Winterland! It was also my first Dead show of that famously spectacular year. I was perched with a couple of friends in perfect seats—about a third of the way back in the shallow balcony on the left-hand side, dancing with truly mindless abandon. During the first-set "Sugaree," Jerry whipped out the thwacking envelope filter and melted my brain; I'd never heard anything like it. That magic "wah" got a bigger workout a couple of songs later on the first-ever version of "Fire On The Mountain"! Wow, what an amazing song! And paired with "Scarlet Begonias," no less—I could've died happy right then. But there was lots more to come. The second set featured my first "Estimated" (still more thwack!), followed by my first glimpse of the spectacular and unexpected peaks of "Terrapin Station," what remains the most explosive "Not Fade Away" I ever witnessed (and I saw a million), the always-glorious "St. Stephen," and "Uncle John's Band" as the encore. I think my mind returned to my body sometime during the following week. I went the next night, 3/19, too, but remembered nothing about it. (It was a great show, too, the tape told me later.) But 3/18 is burned into my cerebrum, there for me to re-experience every time I hear it.

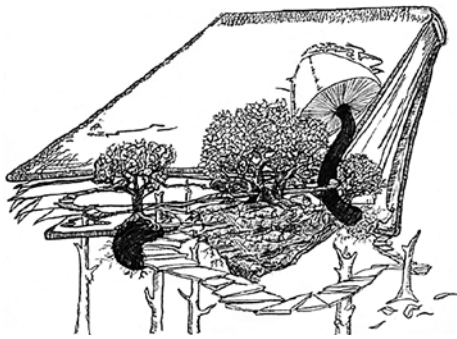
—Blair Jackson

it was the music and from there on out I would be fully present at every show (upwards of 50), so I never again did mind altering drugs while at a Grateful Dead concert. How many Dead Heads can say their first Dead show was the last time they ever did acid?

I fell in love with the Grateful Dead in 1987...by 1989 I saw my first show in April at Rosemont. The rest, as they say, is history. I love the Grateful Dead for the stories the lyrics tell of our souls, our societies, and our universe. Beyond the lyrics, the music takes us to the far corners of our cognition...lilting phrases pulsing over time, melodies that move into the center of our being,

and phrases and choruses that coexist within the center of my own ethos. Their body of work inspires my body and my work. So, what have I done with all the Grateful Dead have given me over the years? I am a junior high social studies teacher with the Chicago Public Schools. The essence of my career is to love and respect my students, and guide them on their journey of life to self-discovery. The Grateful Dead helped me ask and answer questions central to life and I carry that tradition forward to my classroom. How can we be good to each other? How can we care for our world? How can we care for life beyond our Earthly realm? I am privileged to serve my students and share the cultural

bandwidth of the Grateful Dead in my own manner. I extend my heartfelt thanks to all members of the Grateful Dead, the crew, and the office staff. Thank you for bringing such joy to my life. I wish you the very best in all that you do in the years to come.



The music never fails to lift my spirits and allow my mind to wander off where it wants to go. I recall 24 years ago now, copying 10/16/89 for a trade, my 80 odd years old Mother was staying with me at the time. She had never heard the band before that day. I thought she was asleep during Dark Star; however she was not, saying to me after it had ended, "That music was amazing, it allowed my mind to go off wherever it wanted."

This is one of my most prized possessions. I was sent off to the war during Desert Storm and I lived in Turkey for a few years. I asked a local carpet seller if they could make me a handcrafted rug of the picture

"skeleton and roses." After a few days I was informed they could. However it would cost about \$700 US Dollars with \$350 up front. Without blinking an eye I pulled out 3 Ben Franklins and some change and commissioned the work. Several months had gone by and I nearly had forgot the carpet when one day to my surprise this Turkish man comes chasing me down all excited - he has my carpet. When he showed me the work I was floored, it was beyond my expectations. My friends and I marveled at the detail and quality. I gladly paid up the remaining sum. After collecting my piece of art another carpet seller asked me how much I paid for the carpet. Upon telling him he flew into a rage, trying to show me other carpets I could have bought, much larger with various traditional designs. The man just didn't get it, and I could not explain this American Icon to him.

My first real Dead show was February 14, 1970 at The Fillmore East. Valentine's Day and a legendary night! A brand new band called The Allman Brothers played first (Arthur Lee and Love opened the show). Crazy amazing! The Dead were still grungy, raw, loud and electric, with Jerry on his Gibson SG. Rocked my world forever. Late 60's/early 70's is still my favorite GD era!! My friends and I had a band in high school and we played Dark



Star during our HS graduation ceremony. For real! I had a Gibson EB-3 bass and Phil was my biggest influence. My drummer partner was Clayton Call, who I know has worked with Billy K. as a tech at times. Pretty much all the bands I've ever been in were about playing some good ol' Grateful Dead music. There was a big fanbase in NY and we went to all the shows (including Watkins Glen). In 1974 I moved to San Francisco and continued to follow



them thru all their ups and downs (the SNACK concert... wow) and it has been a wild ride indeed. The sky truly did fall when Jerry's star went dark. He is deeply missed, but thankfully Phil, Bobby, Billy and friends have really kept the ball rolling with all the amazing bands and tours they've given us the last couple of decades. Thank you for all the colorful light you brought to this murky world over the years my friends! I am blessed to have been a part of it. I don't know about farewells, if you ask me... May The Dead Live Forever!

The first time I heard "Truckin'" I thought someone was following me. It was too real. It was in the spring of 1972, I hadn't turned 20 but I'd been busted on Bourbon Street and in a hotel waiting for someone to kick the door in again. I don't believe in coincidence. And so it started.

I was compelled to be at Egypt '78. A World Map on the wall of a Kentish Town, London, bedsitter clearly had flashing red arrows, London to Cairo, telling me I had to go. The Egyptian Embassy confirmed that the Grateful Dead, an 'American ballet', was scheduled to play. Quick visit to a London bucket shop got us a cheap flight. Having arrived, next day found us at Tahrir Square ticket booth. Yes, we could, and now we have tickets to the shows! The soundcheck plus 3 nights gave us 4 shows. Hamza bought us all a Stella beer at the Mena House. We climbed to the top of the pyramid and watched the full moon set as the morning sun rose over distant Cairo. At the end of the final song on the final night, 9/16/78, the band stood still on the stage and gazed out at the audience. I glanced sideways and saw that the entire ecstatic audience had been raised up, we were giants, each one of us looming eight to ten feet tall. Ah, the power of the Pyramids! The power of the Grateful Dead!



The first day of Spring used to mean Hampton Coliseum for me and my fellow Midwesterners. The band would always play there in late March. In 1985 Jerry broke into a Bertha for the first time since his dope bust the previous winter. When Jerry got around to singing, "test me, test me..." the roar of

the crowd blew the roof off the place. "WHY DON'T YOU ARREST ME!" There was Garcia, sheepishly grinning at the reaction, and returning with a "THROW ME IN THE JAILHOUSE, UNTIL THE SUN GOES DOWN!" and it was all screams and giggles on the floor. While I was dancing in the concourse the next year, Phil said something inaudible into the microphone as

I leaned forward trying to hear. A few notes were played when what only could be described as a wave of music and human emotion undulated through the venue. I pushed myself into the morass to hear what was happening. The lyrics to Box of Rain were heard at a Grateful Dead concert for the first time in eleven years. No one I knew ever thought they would step in to splintered sunlight on any morning, any evening or any day. I tried to soak up the words to everybody's favorite poem scribed by Robert Hunter. This was easily the highlight of my then seven year long career as a deadhead. When the song and the set ended, people raced to the concourse to make phone calls and tell their friends of the unforeseen turn of events. It reminded me of an old movie where reporters rushed to a pay phone to holler, "stop the presses" and file a report for a special edition. I'm guessing every phone call began with, "dude you'll never guess what they just played!"

It was the spring of 1965 and I was a senior at Menlo School finishing term papers and getting ready for finals when a friend told me that Bob was in a band called The Warlocks and they were playing that night at the student union, which the school shared with Menlo College. Bob had gone to Menlo School before transferring to Menlo Atherton. We played "c" football together



and other team members included Matt Kelly and Tim Hovey. Bob had a bit of girth back then and played the center line. That night I walked over to the student union to see the band. There was no stage. They just set up right on the floor just inside and to the left of the doors. There were between 60 to 100 people there. I remember Big Boss Man and Midnight Hour and not much else. This was their first show as The Warlocks and just before they played at Magoo's Pizza. I went to the first show at Magoo's but I got



thrown out for yelling "when the fuck are we gonna get served?" I had started having fun too early. I went back again but they recognized me at the door....and then there was the time I proposed to my soul-mate at a show and she said yes, but that's another story among a gazillion. Somewhere along the road I was asked what the secret of the Grateful Dead was and I said it's not a secret, it's a heart connect. Time and the river flowing.



My Deadhead days began in 1973; I was 15 years old in 10th grade in Philadelphia, a great place to see the Dead. We had great FM radio and amazing cheap record stores and it all conspired to enable me to obtain a full library of albums and make me love the Dead. Whether it was a Spectrum dance concert for \$5.50 complete with the dancing hippies and psychedelic festivities in Tripper's Corner as we strolled around looking for friends, the Civic Center for three nights, the Tower theater to see Jerry and Kingfish and Old and In the Way — every incarnation — Philly had lots of Deadheads and cover bands. It was magical, tribal. When the Dead movie came out my boyfriend Louis and I printed GD bumper stickers and spent the summer selling them so we could fund our next tour which took us to New York, New Jersey, State College, PA and ultimately Oakland, and the Greek theater



in Berkeley, a faraway trip from Philadelphia. It was like being on a psychedelic pilgrimage. We made friends wherever we went, always had phone numbers, floors to crash on in faraway cities and Jerry's kids who reciprocated the hospitality. This was way before social media and the Internet. We had no fear of danger and we bonded through our love for good music, and good acid. It was pure love; it is something I am so grateful to have experienced. My straitlaced parents woke up many mornings to a living room floor of strangers that I dragged in from pre-Shakedown Street the night before. One night was a bunch of guys from Brooklyn, NY; all Orthodox yeshiva high school guys who were nevertheless experiencing God through Jerry and the boys and an awesome acid trip. My Nixon-electing father went out and brought bagels back for them. In return the guys left

me with amazing photos they had taken of Bobby. I placed them on my piano in the living room; they were there for years. I knew my parents really made the grade when the life insurance salesman was over and asked my mother if that was her son in the picture and she responded, "No, that's Bob Weir." Go Mom!



Corvallis early 1971, I was introduced to the music of the Grateful Dead and they became 'my' band. For some 43 years this music has influenced and delighted me. Living in Alaska it was sometimes difficult to make it to shows but I got to quite a few over the years. From a young age I was taught to 'pay it back' or to return a favor. I got to do that in 1984. Once the 1984 Eugene Hult Center shows were announced I planned my 'payback'. I contacted Sue Kesey at Springfield Creamery and boldly asked if I could cook some Alaskan Abalone for the band for their halftime break. Amazingly Sue went for it, and the chores I needed to do started. Took about four or five outings scuba diving in the North Pacific Ocean near Sitka Alaska to gather enough Pinto Abalone to take to Eugene to cook up for backstage break at the Hult shows. Was having a hard time finding a kitchen to do the prep and cooking until Chuck and Sue invited me to do the prep in their kitchen. Did the prep, cooked the 'Abs' and

delivered them to the backstage entrance then went to the show. I was invited backstage at the break and met most all the band members. Met the rest at an after-show gathering at the Eugene Hilton when wandering the halls and turning the corner I saw Bobby standing in a doorway and someone invited me into the room. I was most impressed the next morning when, as I was going to breakfast, I was greeted by Phil and a couple others and Phil addressed me by my name and asked me if he should still sing or stop singing. How many thousands of people have these gents met and how many names can they remember? It was truly amazing. For the next ten years I took or sent Abalone to Sue and she would use it for dinners for some of the band members at her home when they were in Eugene. Those Abalone were my ticket to the backstage area at breaks and some pretty good seats over the years. I am approaching sixty eight in a few days but my life is so exciting because four years ago my first child was born. I now teach and sing the songs to my four year old daughter and she loves it, and she can sing along.



Hey Guys! I am taking us back to 1971, October 30, 1971 to be exact! You know, I was always told, if you have to hitch hike 100 miles to go see the Grateful Dead you just gotta go do it! Well, at the time I was going to



school in Lexington, Ky of all places, Transylvania University, and on the 30th, the GD were going to play their Halloween Concert at the Taft Theatre in Cincinnati. My neighbor in the dorm, Charlie from North NJ, and I hitched Friday night north to Cincinnati where we partied with rednecks and played pool and finally crashed at the U of Cinn. Those were the things to do back in those days.....not much different than now. The next morning we woke up and had some breakfast and started to roam the Italian Market and found

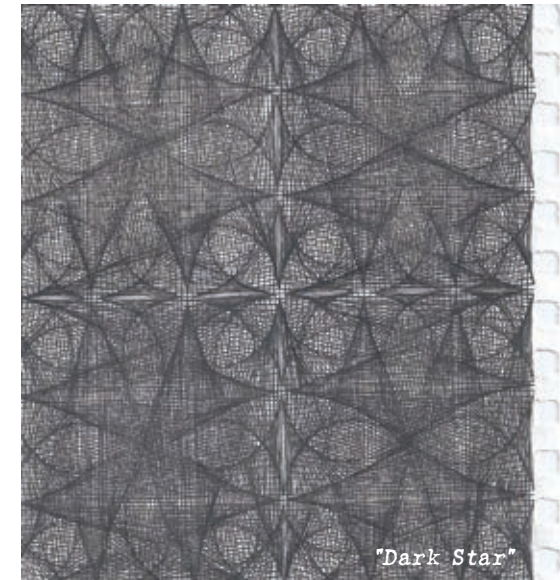
ourselves in a really low key hotel with barely any activity. We thought we'd mosey in and try to find out where the Dead were playing that evening. To our splendid, unbelievable sleep filled eyes Daddy Jerry Garcia was sitting in the hotel lobby reading the morning rag. Was this a dream? And then I asked..... you are Jerry Garcia? With a very inviting response, "yeah man".... I sat right down next to him. Explaining our plight of needing a "miracle".....Jer..... responded by saying he was lucky if he would be getting in the



gig this evening! We exchanged pleasantries, smiled and engaged in the tribal peace shake only to ask Jer, hey man....what if we helped you guys set up the stage? Could this get us entry past the gate keeper.....??? Jerry for whatever reason found this to be either industrious on our part, humorous or downright sincere, and responded by saying..... that's cool and maybe it will work! He suggested that we get over to the Taft by noon and connect with a guy named Winslow, a roadie with the Band. Thinking

that we might be wearing our welcome out with our new found best friend in the hotel lobby.....just maybe the miracle we were looking for just came our way.....in the biggest way possible. We thanked Jer for the information with bubbling smiles from one end of the universe to the other, my friend Charlie and I backed our way out of the lobby and made a bee line for the loading dock at the Taft. Maybe an hour and a half later, yellow U Haul vans started to show up. It looked like our mother load just

arrived. We noticed this really long haired dude with deep brown eyes emerging looking to find his way to sort the dock area out. We asked if he was Winslow and he said yes! We explained our encounter with Jerry and the deal that we proposed to him to help set up the speakers and tech equipment. It was like Jerry and Winslow had already discussed the plan, as Winslow said follow me! No problem.....!!!! Charlie and I spent all afternoon helping Winslow and his crew set up the bright tie dye speaker cabinets in the beautiful Taft Theater.....What an afternoon.....it really was so damn cool for 2 college student to be setting up with the Grateful Dead. One thing I haven't told you up until this point was that this was my first show.....was I really that plugged into my senses? If I wasn't, I surely would be in a few hours..... Believe it our not around 5PM we were booted off stage and out the back door. Till this day I still don't know who that NYC guy was in a leather jacket who pushed us all the way out and down the steps, man our hopes and dreams just gone. However, we asked another person who was going in the way we just went out... to go get Winslow, and in about 15 minutes he came to the door like a truck load of instant karma. Finally we were in!! In a matter of 30 minutes we were asked if we wanted to join in for some



"Dark Star"

dinner with the crew and with the band.....This lady was so nice and kind I will never forget her smile and warmth..... This must be Heaven!! After some food, I went over to Garcia, and thanked him.....he said, "I'm glad to see you guys made it!!" Please understand, from my most humblest soul, I felt like a made man! In chatting with Garcia about setting up and how it all worked out with Winslow, we asked permission to fire up. Jer responded by saying.....if ya get busted don't blame it on the Dead! My first experience with the Grateful Dead left me totally bonkers, feeling extremely fortunate and more than anything feeling really silly. Mainly because both Charlie and I knew no one would believe this story.....Thank you Jerry Garcia!! Thank you Grateful Dead, and Charlie wherever you are, I hope you get to read this!!



Back in 1977, my girlfriend (now wife), myself, and two buddies decided to road trip from Nebraska to the old Winterland for the New Year's Eve run of shows in San Francisco. I toted along with us a clay sculpture that I had made the prior year. It was a one and 1/2 foot (in circumference) dragon that was consuming its own tail. I had carved designs into the entire beast's 'hide' and then it was fired and stained. It was the biggest piece of clay sculpture that I have ever made. And I thought it would be fun to give it to the band on New Year's. So away we go, get to the venue and secured tickets for the run (12/27-29-30-31-77). I spied a door that said 'Backstage' and began knocking. No answer. The line of

people on the side walk started getting up and moving toward the entrance. Banged even harder, and the door yanks open so hard that it yanks me into the doorway. This doorway is immediately filled with a gigantic man in a red event t-shirt who puts his hand on my chest and leans forward and bellows "WHAT DO YOU WANT?" I held out the dragon with both hands and stuttered "to give this to the band". The giant took it in his immense hand and his face curled into a grin as he held it closer to inspect it and I watched my dragon shrink to the size of a key chain. He exclaimed "Wow, what is this, I'd like one" and I explained "It's an ouroboros and that is the only one there is." He grinned and said "Cool, who do you want me to give it to?" and I said "To Garcia, give it to Jerry Garcia." Anticipation was high and the Dead came out for the first set. When the house lights went down, and the stage lights went dark in between songs, I saw it. On top of a monitor, in between Billy and Mickey, there was a flame, it was a white candle sitting in front of a dragon consuming its tail. It was my ouroboros, ON STAGE WITH THE DEAD! The next morning before I left the hotel, I got a wild hair and called the front desk and asked "Could I have Jerry Garcia's room please?" and the phone rang and Jerry answered! I said "Hey, I'm the guy that brought the dragon to the show" and Garcia said "Meet you in the coffee shop

in 20 minutes." I couldn't believe what was happening but stumbled into the coffee shop and saw Jerry seated at a table. I walked over and introduced myself, and "shook the hand, that shook the hand, of PT Barnum and Charlie Chan." Jerry beamed that smile and gestured and said "Sit down, man." He asked me "How did you fire that dragon so that it didn't explode in the kiln?" and I explained how I had cut it in half and hollowed it and joined it back together. I told him how I had used a guitar string to "halve it" and we locked eyes at that moment and he burst into laughter.



When I made it to my first GD show, I felt free to be MYSELF - and accepted - for the first the time in my life. I vividly remember asking to buy a beer from someone in the parking lot, only to get the response, "For a smile, you can HAVE one." In none of my previous parking lot scenes, such as tailgating before concerts or sporting events, had I ever seen someone GIVE anybody anything, even such a small thing as a beer, without getting some "thing" in return. It immediately changed ME and showed me a better way of life, of treating each other, and helped shape me into the person I am today.



A friend of mine and I were at a general admission show in Tulsa right in front of Jerry. Between

songs, with my friend's back to the stage, he loudly says "You know what I wish they'd play..." while unbeknownst to him, Jerry runs up right behind him and crouches down with his hand cupped over his ear to listen. My friend says "China Cat" and immediately Jerry winks at me and starts playing China Cat Sunflower, as my friend flips out and Jerry starts laughing.



I saw the Dead live only once. It was my first live concert ever, 23rd or 24th of December 1966. I was on Christmas leave from West Point, where I was a Plebe (1st year cadet). My home town was Novato; my former high school friends dragged me along to the "happening". I was confused, thinking, "When did the space ship touch down?": a concert with no seats, music but no songs, the floor commanded by an army of dayglo freaks



dancing under black light. I had refused the joint before driving to the Avalon, so I wasn't really prepared, "Thanks, but I don't want to get addicted!" Smiles all around. The Dead launched into "Dancing in the Street" and I went, "Wow, there's a song I know, Petula Clark did that one!" After a couple of verses they simply left the song and started playing that crazy, swirling stuff I didn't get, only to end up in "Dancing..." again twenty minutes later! That's all I can remember of the evening. Back at West Point I told the record stockist from New York City that I wanted a copy of the promised first release due out early 1967. The guy looks at me and goes, "The grateful what?"

Eventually he showed up with the LP, "Grateful Dead", saying, "It's gotta be the first copy on the east coast. We had to source it from Warner Brothers in California." Things had gotten pretty hairy by the time Warners released "Anthem of the Sun" and I would spend Saturday nights lying on the bed with the speakers of my stereo tee-pee'd over my head (no headphones), replaying it over and over. I was sooo subverted, man! I have owned four copies of that album over the years, and it's still at the top of my list of greatest records of all time. I found a copy of the extended remastered edition in a tiny CD store in the transit lounge of the Tel Aviv airport. The dude who ran the place looked just like Pigpen! Viva!

1966-1967, Wednesday night, we took the train from the Bronx to our weekly date at Palm Gardens club. After being painted and hugged we entered to the music of the house band The Group Image. Tonight the buzz was on, the Grateful Dead were performing. They had an album that was ready. Onstage they appeared dressed with the longest hair I had witnessed until then. The Stones and Beatles seemed like yesterday's convention. Morning Dew held us in wonder, as we entered the cloud. Pigpen, we were told, was incapacitated - could I fill in on keyboards? I wanted to, but was still transcending

from the first set. Anyway, I missed my shot, and the music continued. The time was expiring towards midnight, as the confetti started pouring down, and the music was getting turned up. Dancing, holding hands in large circles, we found ourselves on the floor, looking up at the strobes of colored paper covering us, and the sound, oh that Good Ol Grateful Dead.



I am a United States Merchant Marine. Very early in my Shipping Career I was on a U.S. Flagship called S/S Elisabeth Port from Sealand Services sailing between Port Elisabeth, New Jersey and Saudi Arabia. The Ship arrived at the anchorage to await our turn to go through the Suez Canal. The Captain arranged to have a tour guide take crew members who wanted to go to the pyramids of Giza. Being 25 years young I signed up to go. We took the launch ashore and got on a bus to Cairo. We then went to the Pyramids. Another crew member and I rode a camel around the site as most tourist do. As we went by the Sphinx of Giza I saw some speakers and amplifiers that looked familiar. I got off the camel and walked over to a security guard and asked who was that sound equipment for. He replied some American Band called something Dead!!! I said Grateful Dead? He said yes, that is the name. This is now early afternoon, I go to the 1st Engineer, my boss,

and I said I was going to quit the ship - the Grateful Dead are playing here tonight and I'm not going to miss the show!!!! He said I couldn't do that. I said I'll go to the American Embassy tomorrow and tell them I missed my ship in transit and they will fly me back to the states. Sure I would get into some trouble with the US Coast Guard, but I was not going to miss that show. The 1st A/E said Okay, I'll let the Captain know what is going on, but I would have to make my way to Port Suez the next evening and when the ship comes through the Canal I would have to get on the Pilot Boat and meet the ship on the other side. That is exactly what I did, and I was there that first show in Egypt. Very, very cool. I've been a Dead Head since 1966 when I was





just 13 and the Dead were playing a free concert in the Bandshell in New York Central Park. I was walking around the Bandshell looking at the sound equipment when I meet this guy carrying a backpack and he asked if I wanted to go on a trip with the music. I said sure and he reached into his backpack and gave me a little barrel of what I later found out was Owsley Acid. That is when It all began for me. And I've enjoyed the ride ever since. I'm still on that Long Strange Trip and still sailing ships.

January 1978. I was stuck among the icicles, snow and cold of small town Nebraska, suffering from a broken heart. She left me for some one else, without so much as a fare thee well. I was

freezing alone and miserable. Indeed, I was in need of a miracle. Then Mike called. He was an old college friend who lived in San Diego, and he said if I could make it out there he had an extra ticket to see the Dead, two nights that weekend. I put on a full court press, made plane reservations, scraped together the fare, drove the two hundred miles to Omaha and made it to the airport on time. Look out baby I'm gone goodbye. That night we got to San Diego's Golden Hall with time to spare. We had great seats, right up front. Golden Hall was a great place to see a show, and you must admit, when among the Deadheads waiting on the band, there is a certain comfort and energy in being at the epicenter of all things Grateful Dead. They opened with New Minglewood Blues, and as they got going it seemed they too were in a comfort zone, and energized, perhaps because of playing in their home state. Then came a surprise announcement from Bob Weir that Jerry wouldn't be singing because he had laryngitis. Yikes, I thought, I've come all this way and no Garcia songs. BUMMER. The Dead though easily turned it in their favor. They were hot, and Jerry's guitar was on fire. It turned out to be a real treat, two straight nights of Bob's songs, with Donna's help of course. How often did that happen? Since it was Saturday night they concluded with One More Saturday Night. Sunday was more of the same, great seats,

The music never stopped . . . and the extended family of almost five decades has been a long Grateful trip. We will continue going down the road feeling glad. The Grateful Dead are a true American Beauty.

*Huge Hugs,
—Hale and Anne Milgrim*

great show. Looking back on the experience now, I realize what a lift it was. I could have stayed in that funk forever. But why? Just as the Dead were spectacular without Jerry singing, I understood, you have to make the best of what you have.

2/10/1979 Soldiers & Sailors Memorial Hall, Kansas City, KS. It was the 2nd show of a 2-night run. The energy trickled over from the Friday night show. We were cracking the windows open in the balcony where we were taping, to let the smoke out. The show closed with Sugar Mag. Then the band played a One More Saturday Night encore. The 3,600-seat filled place erupted in unified pandemonium. The familiar hand claps of Not Fade Away from the night before returned as a distant sounding heartbeat, growing louder and louder, with the "You know our love will not fade away" chant entwined within the hand claps. The house lights came on, and the audience remained in harmonic unison, ready to lift off at any moment. I ran to a window and looked out. I saw band members get into the waiting limos. You could see the perma-grin on

every face as the lights were on! And then I looked back through the window and saw Garcia and Donna Jean walking toward us. I ran to tell my group "THEY'RE COMING BACK!!!" Within seconds, it seemed, the band appeared on stage, the house lights went out, and they began playing "I Need a Miracle"! Everyone sang each word, hands up in the air! It was Christmas, Birthdays and Fairy Tale all rolled into one. A so-happy-you-cry moment. The universe was complete. But the universe was always complete when the Grateful Dead were introduced into your life. "Kindred Spirits" is what Weir has always stated we were, and it seems to truly be the only valid explanation of it all.

The Grateful Dead changed my Life. Every lyric touches me down to the core of my existence. My Late Husband toured from the day of his discovery of the Dead to the day of Jerry's passing. He was a Dead Head Artist. Selling his work along the way. If someone mentioned the Grateful Dead, Ronnie would tell you a story with eyes lit with excitement, we had to smile! If all else failed, we always had the Grateful Dead



Morley Art Studios
Art by Ronald Morley

music, stories, and dreams. The Grateful Dead remind us that we are all the same. We are here to get through this together. Love and light!! Ron Morley saved 5 lives donating to Gift of Life. Phil Lesh inspired.

In high school, at age 17, I still had to battle with my mom to get the car to be able to go to any concert. Getting to go to see the Dead took a while, as their reputation was what it was. I remember my parents reading the stories in the morning Chronicle about the Winterland show where everyone got dosed and was running through the streets after the show - that set my plans back a while. Finally, I got permission and tickets to see them at the Berkeley Community Theater in August 1972. I convinced my best friend, Peter, to go with me ("I don't know man, I hear they

play for 5 hours!") and I threw in an extra buck for him so we could buy the expensive seats (\$5.50 as I remember). We had seats right in the middle, about ten rows from the stage. From the opening notes of Promised Land, everyone was on their feet, dancing and smiling. It was all new to me at that point: "Wow, China Cat jammed into I Know You Rider - who knew?!" Dark Star got very weird in a much different way than the album I had memorized, then Jerry and Bob drifted offstage and I found myself listening to a jazz piano trio with Phil, Keith and Bill which somehow ended up morphing into the country western ballad "El Paso" - I was totally hooked! They did indeed play for about 5 hours, and at the end my friend said he wished they had played even longer. Over the next couple of months I went to see the band three more times. In December I took my girlfriend along with me to another Winterland show. She was not into it, we didn't have good seats and it wasn't much fun. (I do have to mention a highlight: during Around and Around, I swear, Jerry moved to one side of the stage and Bob to the other side. As they built to the big chord climax, they took off running towards each other and did simultaneous Pete Townshend-style flying leaps. Seriously, that's what I remember.) Then came Maples Pavilion 2/9/73. Good God, what a show! Amazing new sound system and seven, count 'em, seven brand new songs. A

favorite visual memory: during the China > Rider 2nd set opener, the crowd was bouncing up and down on the spring-loaded gym floor, which had the speaker stacks swaying back and forth in time. Such a great show in so many ways that were just absolutely perfect for me at that moment. (How many times can so many of us say that!) This is the show that made me understand that I was in this for life. Although I might wish I had been born earlier so I could have hopped on the bus in the 60's, I know I was blessed to be born when I was - this put me in college at Chico during the Dead's fire-breathing years of 77 & 78. I had met a like-minded group of Deadheads, we made a banner, "Chico Deadheads Not Fade Away!" that we took to shows, and we had the time of our lives. If I had to pick just one show that was "absolutely perfect," it would be Winterland 10/21/78. A month after the greatest show of my life, I found myself lucky to be alive. I had accompanied Congressman Leo Ryan to Jonestown (I was unsuccessfully trying to get my sister to leave Peoples Temple), and I ended up getting shot several times in the attack that killed the Congressman and several others. Recuperating in the naval hospital in Puerto Rico, my favorite telegram came from Chico - "You know our love is real, not fade away!" A month later, a friend gave me a ticket to the closing of Winterland and I once again found myself in the

balcony, smiling through tears and chills as they opened the third set with the much longed for return of Dark Star. Once again, no matter what was going on outside, all was well in our world inside Winterland. "Thank you" doesn't seem to be adequate, but I am truly thankful and grateful for all I've been lucky enough to have been a part of.



Sometime in the 80's backstage at Nassau Coliseum I was with my friend Syd who runs a charity called "Rock and Wrap It Up." They collect unused food from concerts and distribute to the homeless. Anyway, I was standing with Syd and his kids and Jerry comes walking by. After exchanging hello's Syd asks Jerry if he could take a photo of him with his kids. Jerry says sure. Well the guy standing by us says "Jerry can I take a picture of you and the kids?" Jerry looks at him and says "Fuck no...get your own kids."

I was 12 or 13 years old, 7th grade school pictures, and there was no other choice but my Spring Tour 92 shirt. Was the best photo

they ever took of me :) - years later, I look back and see how much it meant to me and how good the songs made me feel. I go back to that place still today and it brings a smile to my face.



Summer vacation had just started, I was still in high school. My friends and I had wheels, but nowhere to go. My friend Mark called. "Do you have plans this weekend?" "No. What do you have in mind?" I asked. "Let's drive to Berkeley," Mark suggested. "The Dead are playing there this weekend." Mark and I had grown up together through music. We had attended dozens of concerts together, listened to albums together, traded tapes. But I didn't really know the Dead's music. I only knew two songs - Truckin' and Casey Jones. So, I hesitated. "Aren't they a heavy metal band?" I asked. "No," Mark answered. "They're totally mellow. You'll love it." So, off we went. No place to stay, no tickets, no

plan, but ready for adventure. The first show was Friday night. I have many fond memories of going to sporting events with my father without tickets. Just wait until game time, he taught me. That's when ticket prices start dropping. Mark and I walked up and down the street outside the Greek Theatre Friday night looking for tickets. Eventually, just before the show was about to start, someone gave us two tickets. I didn't know the songs, but Mark was right. I loved it. As the Dead played their encore, they projected a slide show with images from space onto a movie screen - the moon, the stars. Everyone was freaking out. Someone said they saw a shooting star in the sky. We were two happy campers by the time we crashed that night on the couch of some fraternity that took pity on the two high school kids with no place to stay. The next day, no tickets came through. Even though we were disappointed that we hadn't made it in, we knew that Sunday would be another day. In fact, we discovered as we talked about it Saturday night, we had enjoyed the scene outside the theater - just walking around talking to people. I told Mark about a conversation I had with this "old" woman (she was probably 30). I told her how I wished I had grown up in the 60's - so much had happened then. I still remember her reply. "You were born at exactly the right time for you." All in all, a perfect weekend - two beautiful summer nights (we

Every longtime Dead fan remembers the date of their first Grateful Dead show. Not necessarily because it was the best concert they ever saw, but because it changed their life in a way that no other concert or band ever had or ever would. July 13, 1984, at the Berkeley Greek Theatre was my first night with the Grateful Dead—and what a show! The concert went down in Dead history as the only time the band ever played "Dark Star" as an encore (and the only time in my 73 shows that I ever saw them play "Dark Star" at all). But, more importantly, 7/13/84 changed my personal and, ultimately, professional life in ways I could never imagine.

*On 7/13/84 I realized how transformative live music could be. How it had the ability to take you places you didn't even know existed. The only album I owned at the time was *Skeletons From The Closet*, so I only knew two songs they played that night, but at the end of the three-hour show I felt like I had to see them again the next night. So indeed I did see them again on 7/14/84—and so my Grateful Dead journey began.*

For over 30 years I have listened to the Grateful Dead nearly every day. Sometimes it's just a few songs on dead.net's Jam of The Week, and other times it's three CDs worth of the latest Dave's Picks, and on the days I'm real nostalgic, I pull out my bootleg of 7/13/84. I know all the songs now!

—Mark Pinkus

got in Sunday) in the Berkeley hills with good music, and a good friend. It wasn't long before we both became more involved in the scene. We bought their albums and became familiar with the catalog. After we started college, we attended shows more regularly. We started to write down the setlists of the shows that we each went to. When Mark came across the tape of a particularly good show, he would send it to me. I would do the same for him. A couple years after our first show, Mark and I were talking. "Do you remember the first Dead show we went to?" Mark asked. "What kind of question is that?" I

answered. "Of course I remember." Mark pressed on. "Do you remember the encore?" I assured Mark that I had not been to many concerts with an astronomical slide show. Mark interrupted, "Do you know why people were freaking out so much?" "No," I confessed. "It wasn't the slide show?" "No, it wasn't." Mark reported. "When they had that slide show going, they were playing Dark Star. That was the first time they had played Dark Star in 167 shows." So, that night wasn't just history for me and my buddy, Mark Pinkus. It was also history for the Deadhead community. Unforgettable.



There once was a Deadhead who dressed for the Grateful Dead concerts according to the Seasons. In Summer, he wore a white tuxedo jacket with a large skull and rose embroidery on the back, and in the Winter, he wore a black tuxedo jacket with the GD lightning bolt and skull embroidery on the back. People would come up to him and touch his back with "thumbs up" for the beautiful embroidery. Even Bill Graham noticed him in the crowd. Well, this dedicated Fan, my Husband, Walt, passed on 2 years ago from Leukemia, and the many memories live on in my heart. You would not believe all of the memorabilia that he had collected through the years. Our music room has been referred to as a "mini-Fillmore" with a wall filled with rock art and posters. And, in the center of it all is an original painting of "Roses, Skull and Wings" by Stanley Mouse. I bought this painting for my Husband's 50th Birthday from Stanley Mouse about 16 years ago. Stanley told me then that he had never reproduced it, so it is truly a one-of-a-kind painting. I think it is worthy of recognition in the celebration of the Grateful Dead 50th Year Anniversary. I share this art with you.

I have been a huge fan of the band for many years. My son who is 20 even listens now and has been to hear Mickey. I guess technically he heard the band. I was pregnant with him when they played in summer of 94.

I saw my first show in Arizona at Compton Terrace. Some friends

of mine from Arizona State University were Dead heads and asked me along for the ride. I just couldn't believe the incredible vibes at the show - so much love! So many people looking out for each other and being human in the best way possible. Soon thereafter we went to the Las Vegas shows and I saw a guy wearing a t-shirt that said "Rock Medicine." I was a trauma/critical care nurse at that time. I asked

him what that was and he told me about their role in taking care of the Dead Heads. I decided to move to San Francisco, get a job, and volunteer for Rock Medicine. It was a blast! I learned how to take trippers down gently, care for feet that were danced into blisters and a whole lot of other first aid tricks that are outside the realm of trauma nursing. The people I worked with were so kind; it was truly an extension of the love that pervades the shows. It was such a privilege to be able to contribute to the happy vibes and give something back to the scene. I did that for five years. The day Jerry died, I was working. Everyone knew I was a Dead Head. They sat me down and broke the news; I was shattered. We put some Dead songs on the sound system and everybody danced; it was so spontaneous. You should have seen it - all these doctors and nurses in scrubs shaking our bones. No one else was a Dead Head, but they all just grooved to the music. I was smiling and crying at the same time. It was a true celebration of Jerry's life. Living without the Dead shows was really hard. I moved to Rhode Island, still working as a nurse, teaching English at two universities, all while going to school full time to earn my Ph.D. Barely time to wait, for sure; barely time to breathe! I also developed a rare type of tumor in my head that required major surgery at the Mayo Clinic and I had a long, arduous recovery

It was really hot that August day in Veneta.....



from that. Basically, life pretty much sucked for a while. I had to do something good to get out of my funk, so as an English professor, I started teaching a comparative poetry course about the Beatles' lyrics, and I found I kept relating them to the Dead's lyrics. I finally realized that I should be teaching the Dead, so I developed a course and it filled with a waiting list the first time I taught it. This put me back on the road to happiness, for sure. The music will remain in my head, forever. And I'll take that bit of heaven with me as I continue this journey through life, a gift from The Grateful Dead. Thank you Jerry, Phil, Bob, Bill, Mickey and Pigpen for the miracle that is you and that you have so generously shared with us.

It was my second show, my first being the night before, of the 4 night 1976 Boston Music Hall run. My older brothers gave me a single, second row ticket and they sat further back somewhere. The two guys in front of me were smoking lots of hash and kept passing me their pipe. The two seats to my right were empty. I

kept thinking I should go find my brothers and bring them down to the empty seats but I didn't know where they were and I didn't want to miss any of the show. I was also getting quite wasted because of the guys in front of me. Bobby was singing Lazy Lightning/ Supplication and the guys passed me the pipe yet again, only this time... I dropped it. They started freaking out and screaming "GET THE PIPE, GET THE PIPE". They handed me a lighter to find it, but my attention was STRICTLY on a young studly Bobby singing right above me and I lit the guy's pant leg on fire sitting to my left. It was so much stimulation I didn't know how to handle it. So I just sat very quietly for the rest of the show. Fast forward 30 years. We met a couple at a Dark Star Orchestra show. We were exchanging Grateful Dead stories, which Dead heads do when getting to know each other. I told them my tale and their mouths dropped to the floor. As it turns out they lost their 2nd row tickets for that show, never found them and still don't know where they went. What a small wonderful crazy world we live in.

At my first show I immediately felt like I was at home and I fit in. Everyone was friendly and I quickly learned that the way I could live my life was much broader than I had grown up believing.

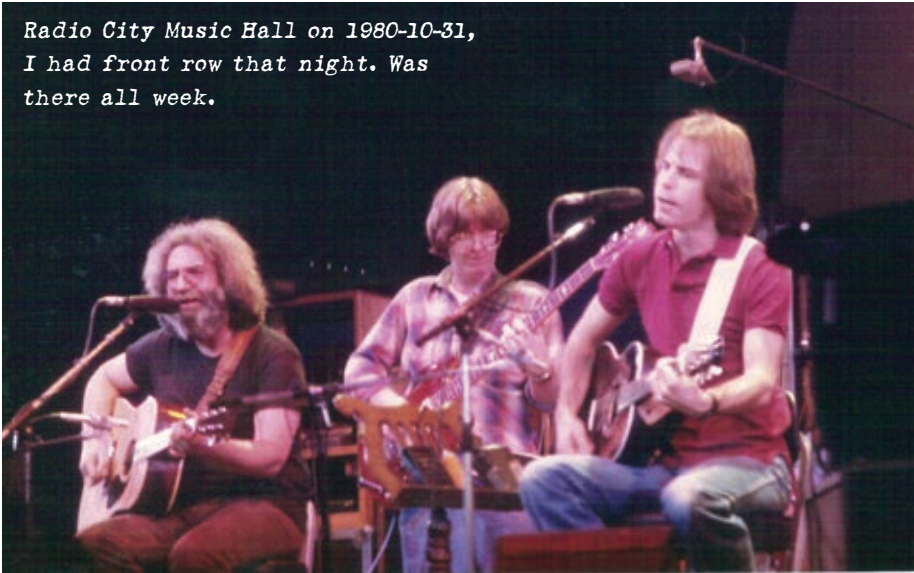
I am a huge GD fan since 1972. In Germany at that time still The Beatles, CCR, T.Rex, The Sweet or the Rolling Stones and others were being played on the radio stations. I was 15 years old at that time and I didn't know that a band named "Grateful Dead" actually exists. This changed in February of 1972. More than ten years after my youngest brother has been born, my mother got pregnant again. She decided to stay 2 weeks in the hospital after giving birth to my sister, and all three brothers had to stay with friends for two weeks. At that time I'd been listening to Jefferson Airplane for more than a year or so. My friend had an older brother, 17, and he was really listening to strange music which I thought was very chaotic, at least at the beginning when he showed me some of the early songs from a band called "Grateful Dead." "Jefferson Airplane is too much mainstream" he said "You have to listen to real music from San Francisco". And I can remember when suddenly I liked a song he played very often each day: "Saint Stephen" from "Live Dead" changed my mind. For me, this song was the "mind opener" and I started to explore the Dead songs more and more. When I came home and saw my little sister for the first time, I was already a Dead Head. Put all my Jefferson Airplane and It's A Beautiful Day albums aside and started to



get any GD album I could get in Germany. Just two months later, the above mentioned brother drove to Hamburg to see the Dead during their European Tour in 1972. He asked me whether I would like to join, but at first I wasn't sure. You know, still 15 years old and, as all Germans, a huge soccer fan (at that time, soccer was still more important than the GD for me, hard to believe, but it was true.) The Dead played in Hamburg, Music Hall, on April 29th, exactly the day when the German Soccer team played a very

important game against England in the Wembley Stadium. We just got our first Black & White TV and of course, it was a must to watch this game. So I had to decide, Soccer vs. Grateful Dead. This was a tough decision. But I decided to drive 450 miles to Hamburg and listened to my first Dead concert in my life and I was blown away. But the most exciting thing happened sometime in the middle of the show. Bob Weir took the microphone after playing "Good Lovin'" and said: "Tonight in the Wembley Stadium Germany won

*Radio City Music Hall on 1980-10-31,
I had front row that night. Was
there all week.*



with England 3 to 1." This was the first time the German soccer team has won a match in England, and this game is still looked at as the best German soccer game ever. So this day was really a historic day for me in two ways: First time Germany won in England and my first Grateful Dead show. Today, GD is still my most favorite band, by far the best music I have ever heard.

In 1972, I had just graduated from college. I shared a love of music with a number of my friends, though I'll admit that at the time, the Grateful Dead was really not on my radar. When some of my friends suggested a trip to Eugene to take in the band at the Renaissance Fair, I said, "Why not". The day dawned hot and just got hotter. I believe the temperature maxed out at around 105 degrees late in the

afternoon of August 27th. The two things I most remember about the day were both weather-related and can be summed in two words, "ice" and "water". Maybe a couple of hours after we arrived at the show and found a good spot, we were listening to The New Riders and starting to realize that we'd tied into some really uncomfortable weather. Right around that time, and out of nowhere, some guy started making his way down our row holding onto a block of ice. As he passed each person, he'd stop, rest the ice on your neck and let the cold water run down your back. I distinctly recall someone saying "Only at a Dead show". As I came to know in the following years, they could not have been more right. "Water" enters the picture because there wasn't any. By the time the temperature was peaking, a swallow of water was more popular than a hit of the

best Columbian you ever smoked. Then all of a sudden and out of nowhere, a tanker truck carrying 20,000 gallons of water pulled onto the grounds. As it turns out, Ken Kesey and his people had made arrangements for its delivery and it couldn't have come at a better time. Everything immediately fell back into place and fine Columbian resumed its rightful place in the cosmos. That totally communal experience in Veneta remains one of my most memorable concert experiences.

Sometime between 1988-90 The Dead did a Concert at Compton Terrace - Phoenix/Tempe. My roommate was a partner for a local event security company for most of the events around Phoenix. He asked me if I would be interested in being a "runner" for the day for a band playing at Compton. I said sure. Honestly, I had no idea who they were. I showed up at the place early in the day and was greeted by a guy that gave me a wad of cash and a list of crap they needed. If I remember correctly I went to JC Penney for socks & underwear, GNC for some weird honey based supplement, probably for Jerry, and the music store for some Zildjian cymbals. I had a hell of a time finding some of the stuff so it took a lot longer than planned. Compton Terrace was out in the middle of nowhere at the time and cars would back up on the interstate for miles to get in the place. By the time

I started back it was cutting close to the start of the show and I had someone's cymbal in my back seat! I started freaking out and decided to pull off on the shoulder and haul ass. Well it didn't take long before I had a State Trooper on my ass and a bunch of pissed off fans yelling at me for cutting in line. The trooper came up to the window, asked me what the F I was doing. All I could think to say was "I'm WITH THE BAND!"... How cliché was that!! After he stopped laughing he allowed me to explain then got on the radio to verify my story. Sure enough I got a police escort all the way to the backstage area.

I found the Grateful Dead right when I needed them. I guess that's about the time most people find them.

The Grateful Dead have had a very big impact on my life. I saw my first show when I was only 15 and what a show it was. Radio City Music Hall 1980, 1 set acoustic 2 sets electric, WOW. For 15 years they would do about 3 tours a year and between those shows there were Jerry and Bobby shows so it was almost a year round full of good music and good people. In the winter of 2008 I moved from New Jersey to West Virginia to work at a ski resort - my job was a snow maker. On December 30, 2008 I was in a very bad snowmobile accident and a helicopter had to fly me to

Ruby hospital where I remained in a coma for about a month. The doctor told my family to talk to me, it might wake me. That didn't work. After about 3 and a half weeks the doctor took my mom aside and asked her if I liked music. She didn't know why he asked but said yes he has always loved the Grateful Dead, why? He said get him a CD player with headphones and put them on him and play the Grateful Dead for him. So the next morning they did just that. Well after about an hour, after not moving for a month, I started tapping my hand on my leg to the music. Still in the coma I started singing, and then soon after that I woke up. It's pretty ironic but the Grateful Dead brought me back to LIFE.

I am writing this story for my wife who passed away a few years ago. We were always Dead Heads and as our three sons grew we took them to shows as well. The younger two sons got their names from being Dead Heads. The middle son is Hunter, the youngest son is Cassidy. We travelled a lot to see shows especially since the band did not come that often to Texas. The last time was the Fall of 1988. We took all three boys, as well as their godparents and a few friends to see the show in Houston. Since it was close to Bobby's birthday, my wife created a beautiful woodburning to give to him; it was of Texas with a rose in the middle and said Dead



in the Heart of Texas on it. Not knowing how else to get it to Bobby she handed it to the guys at the soundboard who promised that it would be delivered to him. A few years later, my wife got backstage at a Bob and Rob show. She got Bobby to sign a note to our youngest son Cassidy, and as he was writing it the pen began to run out of ink; and he looked up at her and said, "What you have here is a 'dead' pen"! Classic don't you think?



These are some of the bumper stickers I sold on tour from 1984-1988. They were all drawn by me and screen printed by hand, one at a time, on a small portable printing press that I took on tour. I sold them on the East Coast, barking "Grateful Dead Memorabilia" and "Just a buck, what the fuck" (with a smile). With the proceeds, I paid for my

tickets and tour expenses for those years.



When considering humankind's accomplishments in the proverbial vast cosmic scheme of things, forget about architecture or literature...never mind engineering or medicine or sculpture...forget agriculture or painting or astronomy or any of that stuff...MUSIC is the best thing there is in the whole world. Thanx again to all you folks for providing us with so much of it for so long in such excellent and exemplary fashion.

I first saw The Dead in November 1970 at the Fillmore East at a one-nighter benefit. Simply put, they had me at "Ridin' that train." So by the Summer of 1973, I'd already seen them a number of times when I went with some of my other Grateful Dead traveling buddies to see two noon-to-midnight shows they did at RFK Stadium in Washington D.C. with The Allman Brothers. Some of my more well-off friends made trying to hang with the musicians and/or roadies part of the whole trip so they stayed that night in the motel outside of DC that the bands were ensconced in while Judie, my then-girlfriend, and I crashed in a shabby little ten-dollar-a-night

bungalow right across the road. Late Sunday morning Judie and I were in the lobby of the swankier motel waiting for our ride to RFK stadium when I recognized the unmistakable voice of Jerry Garcia. I knew I might never have this chance again (and indeed, I didn't) so I waited for him to finish his conversation, screwed my courage to the sticking place, and dove in. I introduced myself and Judie, telling Jerry what huge fans we were, how we'd traveled all the way from New York to see the shows and how great the band had been the previous day, variations of the things he must have had to hear every day of his life. Jerry thanked us for coming and responded to all this with good nature and good humor; he didn't take his fans for granted. Finally, trying to come up with something original to say, and because I was genuinely curious, I said, "Jerry, I have to ask you, what does it feel like to stand up there and do what you guys do?" I can still recall what he said verbatim. With his familiar California twang and a chuckle he replied, "Well, man, it's kind of like trying to pedal a unicycle uphill through quicksand using one foot." I always remembered what Jerry Garcia told me about the amount of work and sweat that went into making something that was so beautiful and difficult and yet looked so effortless and, on some nights, sounded just like magic.



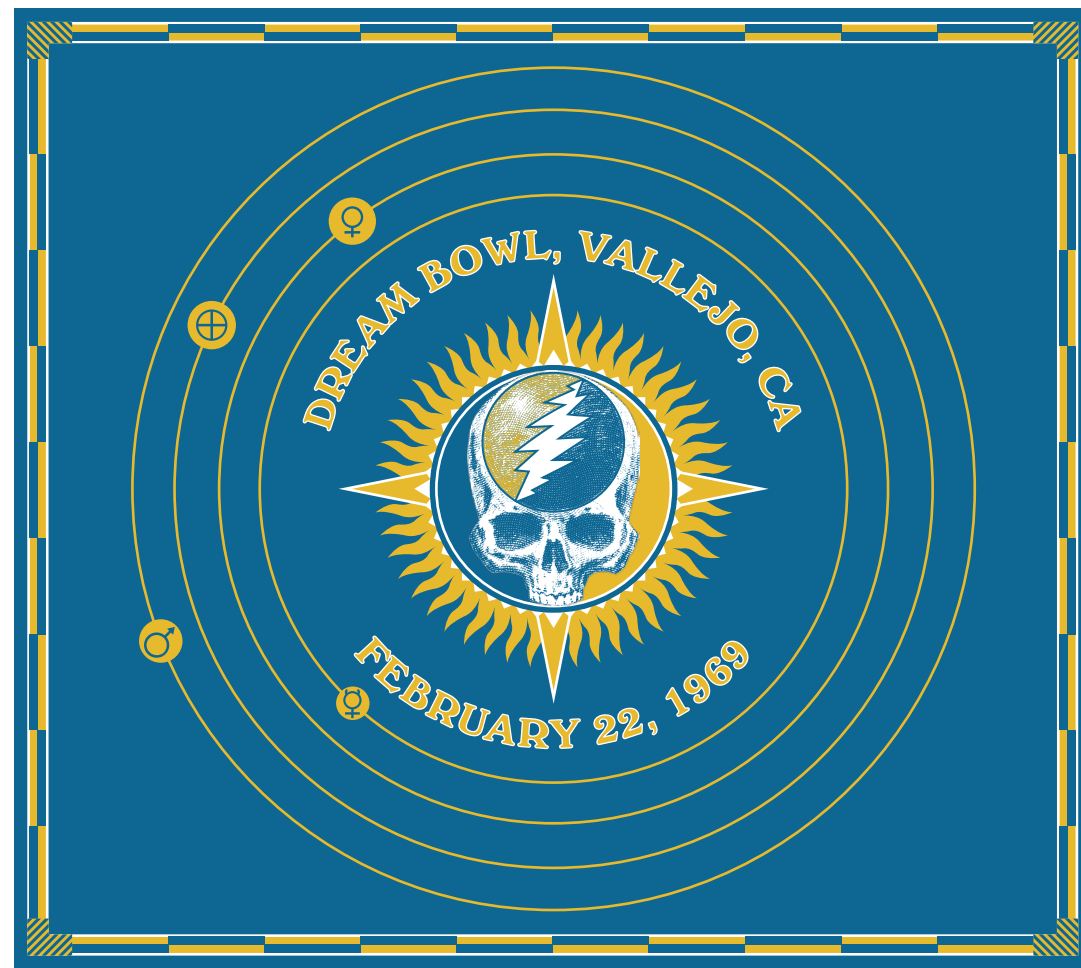
The philosophy behind every selection in this box is to present a show that defines the Grateful Dead for that year. For '66, we're setting the stage, showing off early Grateful Dead and everything that was good about them, and showcasing the kind of music they were playing, both originals and, of course, cover songs. Unfortunately many of the 1966 shows in the Grateful Dead's tape collection are incomplete. But there is one show in particular that we have always had our eyes, or rather our ears, on—July 3, 1966, at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco. By 1966 standards, this is a pretty long show—19 songs, to be exact. There's a good mix of originals, including "Cardboard Cowboy" and "Cream Puff War," but it was mostly the band's treatment of cover songs like "In The Midnight Hour," "Nobody's Fault But Mine," "Dancing In The Street," "Next Time You See Me," "Viola Lee Blues," "Big Boss Man," and "Sitting On Top Of The World" that really defined their early repertoire. Some of them, specifically "Viola Lee Blues," "In The Midnight Hour," and "Dancing In The Street," were songs that allowed the Grateful Dead to make their first forays into extended jams. A tremendous concert recorded by Bear. Great stuff.



For most of 1967 the Grateful Dead lineup was the original five-man band, founded in 1965 as The Warlocks. In September of 1967, Mickey Hart joined and the band's sound changed dramatically. About six weeks later, the Dead found themselves playing a couple of nights at the Shrine Exposition Hall in Los Angeles. One night in particular—this November 10 show—could be considered some of the finest music that the Grateful Dead would play in that early era. This is the beginning of "primal Dead," as Dick Latvala called it, the period that started when Mickey joined the band and ran until early '69 (with a few other examples here and there). This is truly one of the most sought-after shows of early Grateful Dead. It's also one of the only multitracks from 1967—an eight-track recording—giving Jeffrey Norman the opportunity to do a great mix. It includes many of the important songs of the era, including "Viola Lee Blues," "That's It For The Other One," and "Alligator" (including one of the biggest "Alligator">"Caution" jams you're ever going to hear). This is a show we've always wanted to release, but we've been saving it for a special occasion. Now it's finally time, and it's one of the real centerpieces of this box.



We've released quite a bit of music from early 1968 but not too much has been done with the latter part, primarily because we don't have too many tapes from the second half of the year. But one show that we do have and that we've always wanted to get out to the world is this October 20 show at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley. In the 1980s this venue became synonymous with the Grateful Dead. While they didn't play there at all in the 1970s, they played three-night stands there every year from 1981 to 1989, inclusive. They also played there a couple of times in the 1960s, including this show. It's shorter than usual, as they were sharing the bill with other bands, but what it lacks in length it certainly makes up for in quality of performance. It is one of the bigger, stronger performances of the 1960s, particularly the later part. This is right before Tom Constanten joined the band, so it's towards the end of the era of Pigpen on the organ, and he was still a major force singing or playing harmonica. While we never choose shows based on venue, we're really happy to have one from this iconic location. It's a wonderful show, and it marked the last time the Dead would play at the Greek Theatre until 1981.



In February 1969, the Grateful Dead were about to embark on a run of shows at the Fillmore West that would become widely known as one of the great four-night stands in Grateful Dead history, perhaps even the greatest. Those shows were recorded for *Live/Dead*, as were the shows at the end of January at the Avalon Ballroom, so in this five-week period the Dead were playing at an exceptionally high level. Every single night was incredible. In the midst of that, less than a week before the Fillmore West run began, the Dead found themselves in beautiful Vallejo, California, in the North Bay. The venue was called the Dream Bowl, once a popular dance hall in the '40s and '50s. The Dead played there in the winter of 1969, and it's one of the best shows of the era, up there with Fillmore West! They were really exploring that "live Dead" sound, so you get classic mainstays of the Dead's repertoire at the time—"Dark Star," "That's It For The Other One," "Death Don't Have No Mercy"—plus a lot of the new *Aoxomoxoa* material like "Dupree's Diamond Blues," "Mountains Of The Moon," "Doin' That Rag," and "St. Stephen." Then you also get Pigpen doing a huge version of "Lovelight," so it's really a combination of the best of all Grateful Dead worlds in this show, and another terrific Bear recording.



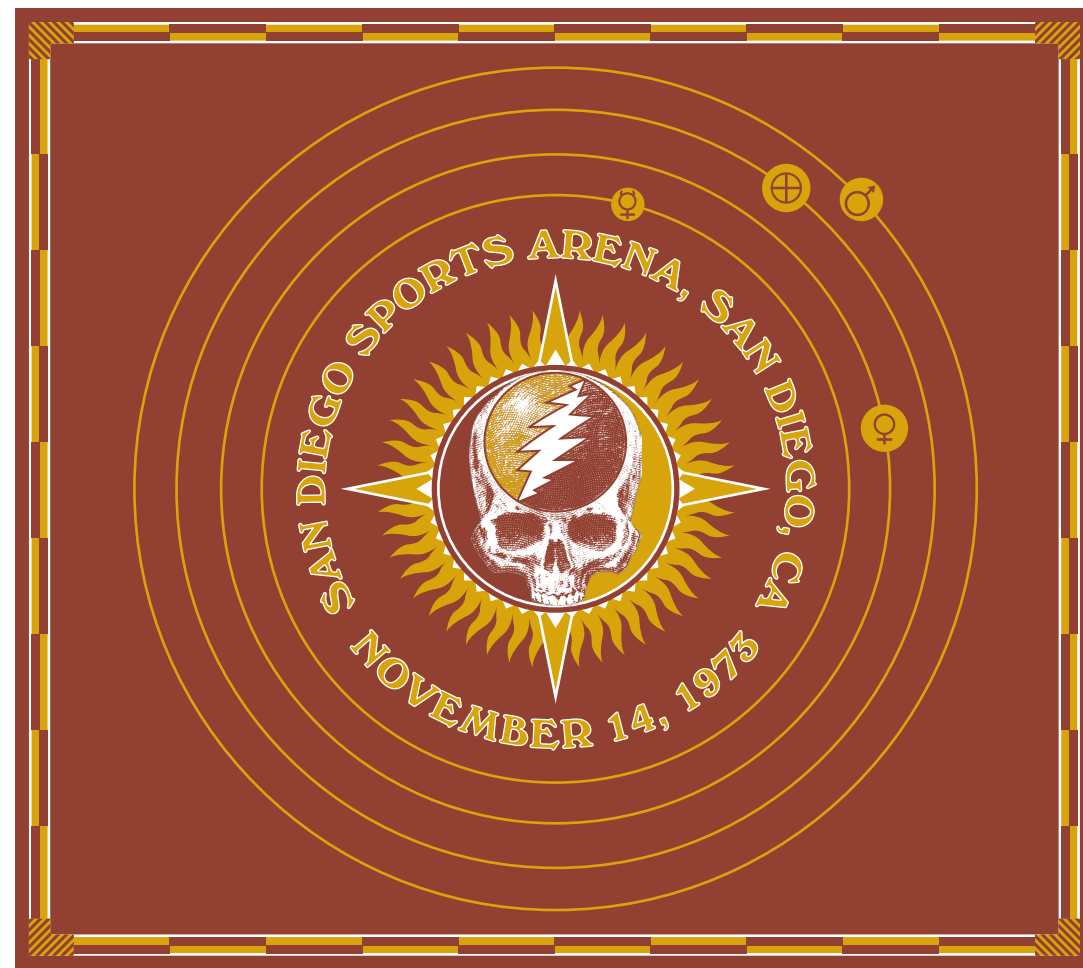
In 1970 the Grateful Dead played a four-night run at the Fillmore West on April 9, 10, 11, and 12, and then on April 15 they played at Winterland. The Fillmore West stand was very good, but the show at Winterland really is one of the best shows of the year. David Glasser called me while he was mastering this one to say, “This is a really great show.” To me it’s one of the greatest shows of one of the band’s greatest years. It features almost everything you’d want from a 1970 show—they didn’t play “Dark Star,” but that’s okay because this performance of “That’s It For The Other One” is exceptional. You’ve got some good Pigpen, including “It’s A Man’s Man’s Man’s World,” “Hard To Handle,” and a very big “Turn On Your Lovelight.” And then you’ve got a few other vehicles for shorter jams, songs like “Dancing In The Street,” which the Dead really had a good time with. They also performed several new songs that would appear on *Workingman’s Dead* and *American Beauty*—“Candyman,” “Cumberland Blues,” and “Dire Wolf”—and some traditionals or cover songs that they played extremely well, like “Mama Tried” and “Cold Rain and Snow.” It’s a perfect high-energy show, a show I’ve always wanted to see released on CD, and this box is the ideal place for it.



We wanted to be sure our 1971 selection showcased Pigpen, because we knew this would be his last appearance in the box and Pig, of course, really helped define the Grateful Dead early on. As you’ll hear, this March 18 show from St. Louis contains some outstanding performances by him. There are a few big ones, including “Big Boss Man” and “The Rub,” in the first set. In the second set, the band plays a terrific “Truckin”>“Other One”>“Wharf Rat” sequence—and keep in mind that “Wharf Rat” was only about a month old at this point. Later, out of “Goin’ Down The Road Feeling Bad,” the Dead head into a nice little jam that turns into—and this is where it really gets great—an unbelievable version of “Caution,” and then a full-blown “Feedback.” It was the first time since late 1970 that the band played “Caution,” and it was the last time until the end of 1971. We thought it was a nice way to wrap up the Pigpen era of the Grateful Dead.



I have often been asked which, in my opinion, are the greatest tours in Grateful Dead history. The same ones keep coming up: Europe '72, the late winter of 1969 including the Fillmore West shows, and the spring 1977 tour. But another great tour, which is really a couple of tours jammed together, is the fall tour of 1972. At this point, Keith had been onboard for nearly a year and was fully integrated as a member of the band, and Donna Jean was doing some great singing on quite a few songs, including "Playing In The Band." The September tour was primarily East Coast, in places like Boston, Philadelphia, and the Stanley Theatre in Jersey City. It included two shows at the Palace Theater in Waterbury, CT, and the second of the two-night run is our selection: September 24, 1972. It's really a majestic show! It has long been given consideration for a CD release, as it's a perfect representation of that terrific 1972 Grateful Dead sound. They opened up with "Big Railroad Blues," rarely played as a show opener, and ended the first set with a big "Playing In The Band"—a wonderful first set with a lot of the songs you'd expect from the time, including an expansive "Bird Song." The second set revolves around a version of "Dark Star" which clocks in at 35 minutes. Interestingly, instead of "Dark Star" going into a typical choice like "Morning Dew" or "Sugar Magnolia," it goes into "China Cat Sunflower">"I Know You Rider," which is very unusual. And they follow up with a rock 'n' roll version of "Sugar Magnolia." This show captures the Dead really hitting their stride in late '72—a very different band than the Europe '72 version, which of course featured Pigpen. This one is just magnificent.



For 1973, we are very happy to present the November 14 concert at the San Diego International Sports Arena. This one has been given consideration many times for CD release. It's a special show, and to unveil it in this setting is a real treat. The band opens up with "Big Railroad Blues," just as our 1972 show from Waterbury, CT, did. What are the odds? The first set features a lot of good music, but the highlight is one of the greatest versions you're ever going to hear of "Here Comes Sunshine." The jam is spectacular! It's followed by "Black-Throated Wind," "Cumberland Blues," and "Row Jimmy"—just wonderful performances. It ends with "China Cat Sunflower">"I Know You Rider" and "Around and Around." The second set is where things *really* get interesting. They open up with "Truckin'" that goes into "The Other One"—that alone is over half an hour. "The Other One" goes into "Big River," back into "The Other One," into "Eyes Of The World," back into "The Other One," and finally into "Wharf Rat." So they did "The Other One" three times at this show—a really special thing! Then we've got a few rock 'n' rollers with "Me and My Uncle," "Goin' Down The Road Feeling Bad," and "One More Saturday Night." (We've placed these last three at the end of Disc 2 in order to avoid breaking up the amazing hour-plus of continuous flow that begins the second set. Reprogram to your heart's content.) I'm very happy that this San Diego show is *finally* being released. It's about time!



For 1974 we selected the third-to-last show of the Dead's tour of Europe, from the Parc des Expositions in Dijon, France (a show originally planned for the southern city of Arles). The band brought the Wall Of Sound over to Europe and they needed venues that were big enough to accommodate it, and this one shines. In a scene from *The Grateful Dead Movie* outtakes, Bill Kreutzmann talked about the superb sound quality of the recordings, particularly the Dijon and Paris shows. Kidd Candelario recorded this, and the sound really is wonderful. The first set opens up with one of the best versions of "Uncle John's Band" I've ever heard and ends with a completely crazy "Playing In The Band." And then, after the first set, we have a "Seastones" segment with Phil and Ned Lakin doing some wild stuff. The big sequence in the second set is pretty darn cool, and it runs more than 40 minutes. It starts with "He's Gone" into "Truckin'." Then it goes into "Drums," and then into a full-blown "Caution Jam," which is extremely rare at the time, since Pigpen had been gone for a couple of years by then. From there it's into a beautiful "Ship Of Fools," and they end the set with "Johnny B. Goode." Appropriately for a Europe '74 show, they played "U.S. Blues" as the encore. It's a great show.



For our 1975 show, we really didn't have much choice, but luckily the choice we did have is a pretty great one. Remember, the Grateful Dead performed only four times that year. At the first of those shows, the March 23 SNACK benefit at Kezar Stadium, they played for about half an hour, previewing some of *Blues For Allah* and throwing in a "Johnny B. Goode" encore. They played Winterland on June 17, but we don't have a tape of that one. The August 13 show at Great American Music Hall is well-known as *One From The Vault*, the band's first archival release back in 1991. Finally, there's this oft-requested show, the free concert at Lindley Meadows in Golden Gate Park from September 28. They opened things up with "Help On The Way," "Slipknot!," and "The Music Never Stopped"—three brand-new songs, just released a month earlier on *Blues For Allah*. Then they get into "They Love Each Other" and "Beat It On Down The Line," followed by "Franklin's Tower," which goes with the "Help On The Way"/"Slipknot!" Then "Big River," "It Must Have Been The Roses," a version of "Truckin'" that goes into a jam, "Stronger Than Dirt/Milkin' The Turkey"—also from *Blues For Allah*. The highlight of the show, though, is "Not Fade Away">"Goin' Down The Road Feeling Bad." They may have been a little rusty, given how few shows they'd done in the previous months, but you wouldn't know it here because the band is on fire!



In June of 1976 the Grateful Dead returned to active touring after an 18-month break. They played a string of multinight stands, starting in Portland, OR, jumping to the East Coast, and finishing in Chicago. A couple of weeks off were followed by a six-night run in San Francisco in July. They did a pair of East Coast stadium shows in August, and then in September they hit the road for less than two weeks to play one-off shows in less frequently visited cities. This tour featured more arenas, including the final stop at Cobo Arena in Detroit on October 3. This is yet another show we've been close to releasing many times. The first set is pretty typical of 1976 first sets: laid-back, played extremely well, and with some major highlights, in this case "Looks Like Rain," "Loser," and, in my opinion, one of the best stand-alone versions of "Scarlet Begonias" the Dead ever played. The song itself is outstanding, but the jam the Dead lock into after "Scarlet Begonias" is phenomenal. The first set ends with "The Music Never Stopped." The second set features a fantastic sequence that is characteristic of the fall tour of '76—every night they were doing something unique and different, and this one certainly qualifies as that. They played "Good Lovin'," which they'd rarely done since the Pigpen days, and "Comes A Time," another beauty that they brought back in 1976. And then "Dancing In The Street" in its "disco" arrangement, followed by a nearly 15-minute version of "Not Fade Away." This Cobo Arena show is a great example of the transitional sound they were heading into for the spring tour of 1977, as you'll hear in our next show.



It almost goes without saying that the spring tour of 1977 is one of the greatest in Grateful Dead history. The first part of the tour is something of a transition as the '76 sound evolves into the '77 sound (which really came into its own on May 5 in New Haven and thereafter). On April 25, the Dead opened up a three-night run at the Capitol Theatre in Passaic, New Jersey, with a really interesting show that bridges that 1976-to-1977 sound. A couple of songs make rare first-set appearances: "Ship Of Fools," which is traditionally a second-set song, and "Estimated Prophet." "Estimated Prophet" had been debuted just a few shows before this and it would soon find its home in the second set, where it would become the launch pad for many big jams, moving into "Terrapin Station" or "Eyes Of The World" or "Playing In The Band." Other notables in the first set include "Lazy Lighting">"Supplication" and "The Music Never Stopped." Bob Weir had a *really* good night, and his guitar playing is some of the most powerful stuff I've ever heard from this era; he's on fire. Speaking of fire . . . the second set opens with a tremendous version of "Scarlet">"Fire." Keith is doing some great stuff, Bobby's doing some great stuff, Jerry's hot, everyone is *on!* Then they head into a big jam—"Terrapin Station">"Playing In The Band">"Drums">"Wharf Rat" and back to "Playing In The Band"—a terrific sequence played extremely well. The "Playing In The Band" reprise in particular goes much deeper than most; after "Wharf Rat" the jam goes on for about ten minutes before they return to "Playing In The Band." Wonderful stuff.



If you look at the cities and venues represented in this box you'll see quite a bit of New England Dead here. That's really a testament to how consistently well the Dead played in the region. This show, May 14 at the Providence Civic Center, is no exception. It's important to note that this is from the second part of the spring tour of 1978. The band took ten days off after the end of the first leg on April 24 and, for some reason, when they came back they were a lot looser. This is a tremendous concert, a perfect representation of 1978 Grateful Dead. The first big highlight is that the show opens with a great version of "Mississippi Half-Step." Later in the set, "Looks Like Rain" is of particular interest, as is what may be the longest version of "Let It Grow" the Dead ever performed. Longest doesn't always mean best, but this is also one of the most interesting and intricate versions of "Let It Grow" you'll ever hear. The second set includes a huge version of "Estimated" > "Eyes" and then a post-"Drums" sequence that does not feature a ballad, making it quite a rarity for the time. Usually the second set of 1978 Dead would include something like "Stella Blue" or "Black Peter" or "Wharf Rat," but this has none of that—it's just rock 'n' roll straight through, including a *big* 15-minute version of "Not Fade Away" > "Goin' Down The Road Feeling Bad" and a rippin' version of "Around and Around," with a "U.S. Blues" encore. A *classic* 1978 Grateful Dead show!



As we selected shows for this box, the philosophy was always "great music, great concerts"—concerts that would be definitive of that year in Grateful Dead history and would help create the narrative of the band's live journey. Additionally, there were a few shows that were so head-and-shoulders above any others from that given year that the choices were obvious. Our 1979 selection is one of those—October 27 at the Cape Cod Coliseum. It's a show that a lot of us have had in our tape collections for many years, but now, thanks to David Glasser's mastering, it sounds so much better than you've ever heard it before. It's a testament to his skill. It is also important to note that Brent Mydland had been in the band for over six months and had truly become part of the defining sound of the Dead. Because the second set is such a monster, the first set has always been a little underrated, but it contains a lot of great music, including a terrific "Candyman" and "Easy To Love You." It also features a great four-song sequence to end things, "Stagger Lee," "Lost Sailor" > "Saint Of Circumstance" > "Deal." Those four in a row are just spectacular! Still, the second set is where it's at, with a half-hour opening sequence of "Dancing In The Street" > "Franklin's Tower" played to perfection, followed by a nearly 25-minute sequence of "He's Gone" into "The Other One" by way of an incredible "Caution Jam." Then post-"Drums," they break into an almost ten-minute version of "Not Fade Away"—wonderful stuff—into a perfect version of "Black Peter" into a rock 'n' roll "Around and Around," with an encore of "One More Saturday Night." This, to me, is a flawless show. That is not to say that the Dead didn't make mistakes, but when they did hit their stride—they really hit it! It was perfection.



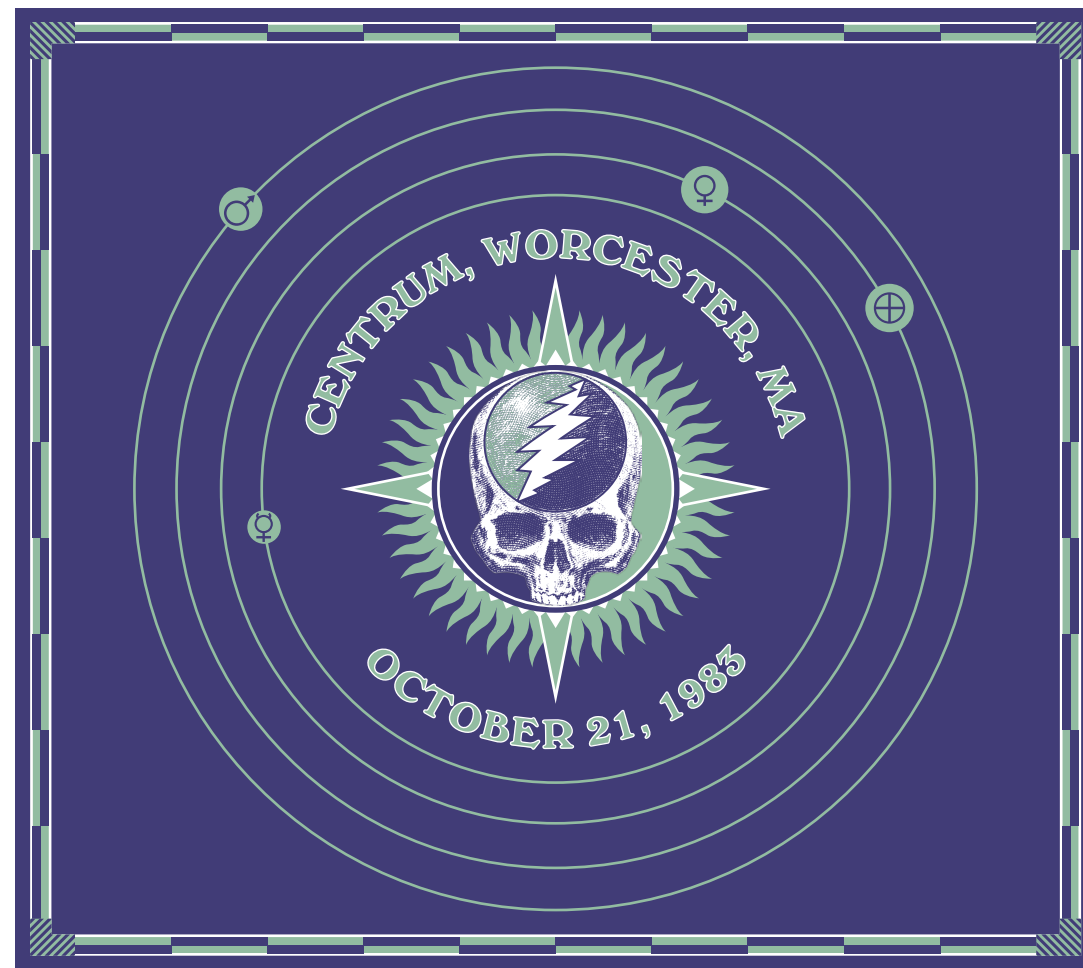
After the final Radio City Music Hall show on Halloween 1980, the Dead took almost a month off before hitting the road for a very short four-show tour of Florida and Atlanta. The penultimate show of this little tour took place in Lakeland, Florida, at the Lakeland Civic Center. We've released November 30, the next show in Atlanta, as part of the *Dave's Picks* series, and this show is right up there with it, with that kind of energy and engagement by the band. The first set features some of my favorite songs from this era, including "Passenger" and "Deep Elem Blues." The Dead had played "Deep Elem" acoustically at the Radio City and Warfield shows earlier in the year; this is one of my favorite electric versions ever. The "Passenger" that precedes it is very raunchy, in the best way. "Little Red Rooster"—Jerry's really hot. The set closes with "Deal," one where they keep going and going—wonderful stuff. The band is really on fire as they open the second set with the still-new "Feel Like A Stranger." They debuted it earlier in the year and it appeared on the *Go To Heaven* album that spring. They followed it up with a couple of rare second-set songs. "To Lay Me Down," also performed acoustically at the Radio City and Warfield shows, comes back in an electric version, which they hadn't done in quite some time. The other big rarity, for the second set at least, was "Let It Grow," traditionally a first-set song. That goes into "Terrapin Station" followed by "Drums" and "Space." They come out of "Space" with a short but very powerful "Not Fade Away" and a classically beautiful "Black Peter" and "Sugar Magnolia" to wrap things up. This is a show that defines the fresh 1980 sound. They've come off the Radio City and Warfield acoustic shows with a heightened confidence and they're playing terrifically.



What would a box set featuring some of the very best Grateful Dead live shows over their 30-year touring career be without a concert recorded live at Cornell University's Barton Hall? Of course we have a Barton Hall show in the box set—but it's not the one you might expect from May 8, 1977; it's the third and final Barton Hall show, from May 16, 1981. We all know how great the Cornell '77 show is, but this one is incredible too—it's a really big, jammed-out Grateful Dead concert. They open up with a very meaty version of "Feel Like A Stranger" and play a few more songs from 1980's *Go To Heaven*, including "Althea," "Don't Ease Me In," and, in the second set, "Sailor">"Saint"—but let's not get ahead of ourselves. Other first-set highlights include "Passenger," "High Time," and "Let It Grow," as well as "C.C. Rider"—in fact, everything in this first set is top-notch. The second set is, as was so often the case, where things take off, starting with one of the best "get up and dance" versions of "Shakedown Street" you're ever going to hear, clocking in at well over 15 minutes long. There's a tight transition into "Bertha," followed by "Lost Sailor">"Saint Of Circumstance" into a really nice "Spanish Jam" before "Drums." Coming out of "Drums," we have a closing sequence that's pretty classic for the era: "Truckin'," "Stella Blue," "Goin' Down The Road Feeling Bad," "One More Saturday Night," and an encore of "Uncle John's Band." A technical note here: In addition to the soundboard tapes for any given show, the Grateful Dead's vault often has audience tapes as well. For this show, the board tapes were missing the end of the second set. Fortunately, there's also a really good audience recording in the vault. The last few songs in the second set, after "Truckin'," are from the audience-sourced recording, and we are very happy to be able to include them. You'll definitely notice quite a dramatic change in the sound, but this performance is so good we didn't want you to miss any of it.



At the end of July 1982, the Grateful Dead embarked on a short but really interesting summer tour. They played a couple of shows in Ventura County, just north of Los Angeles. Then they officially started the tour in Tempe, AZ, at Compton Terrace, followed by three very good nights at Red Rocks and, on July 31, this show at Manor Downs in Austin, TX. Manor Downs was a horse-racing track, and you'll really get that nice big open-field sound here. This show has been a contender for release ever since the *Dick's Picks* days, and we're very happy to finally be able to bring it to you. It has an extremely long, really good first set. A few highlights: "Bird Song">"Little Red Rooster," a very beautiful "Candyman," and the double-barreled ending of "The Music Never Stopped" into "Deal." The second set may not have a lot of surprises as far as song selection, but everything is played extremely well. "Scarlet">"Fire," "Estimated">"Eyes," and out of "Drums" and "Space" we have "Uncle John's Band." Another big moment is the "Morning Dew," with an encore of "Don't Ease Me In." About a month later, the Dead would start debuting quite a few new songs—"West L.A. Fadeaway," "Touch Of Grey," "Throwing Stones," and "Keep Your Day Job." This show is something of a last hurrah for the *Go To Heaven* era before those newer *In The Dark* songs enter the repertoire. It's great stuff from one of the best years of the 1980s for the Grateful Dead.



In the "I'm not going to lie to you" category, the 1983 selection for this box was a bit of a challenge. The Grateful Dead did play some very good shows that year and had a lot of great moments within shows, but there was also a lot of inconsistency. Jerry was uninspired at times, and health issues were creeping in. It was a tough year for the band. The show we kept coming back to, one we've had our ears on for many years, is from the fall tour, which was widely considered to be a very good one—*Dick's Picks Vol. 6*, from Hartford, is of course from this tour, as is the Madison Square Garden "St. Stephen" show. For this box we selected another New England show, October 21 at the Centrum in Worcester, Massachusetts. It begins with "The Music Never Stopped"—a very rare opener—and we also get some of our favorite songs from the era, including "Loser" and a special treat, "My Brother Esau." The second set opens with a very tight, almost 30-minute version of "Scarlet">"Fire." To me "Scarlet">"Fire" is really three songs, with the transition jam right up there with "Scarlet Begonias" and "Fire On The Mountain." When all three are on, it's an unbeatable sequence, and here they are definitely *on*. Next they play "Uncle John's Band," which is quite unusual. Typically "Scarlet">"Fire" would be followed by a Bob Weir song, but in this case, it's another Jerry song. You knew it was a good Jerry night when this kind of thing happened. Then they do "Playing In The Band," so Bobby finally gets his slot, and that has a really nice jam too, with some cool sounds from Brent. Then "Drums" and "Space," followed by a fairly typical selection of songs. The show ends with a bit of a rarity, however: "Touch Of Grey" as the second-set closer. It was about a year old at this point, having debuted in the late summer of 1982, and it had become an important song in the Dead's repertoire. They encore with a very rock 'n' roll "Johnny B. Goode." The band always seemed to play well in New England—as we'll see yet again in our 1984 selection.



Much like 1983, 1984 is often considered one of the lesser years in Grateful Dead history. There were a lot of lesser nights, but there were also some really good ones. October 12 at the Augusta Civic Center in beautiful Augusta, Maine, was arguably not only the best show of 1984, but one of the best shows of the 1980s. The elusive X factor, that undefinable thing that was such an important part of the Dead's performing success, really kicked in that night, and they were an unbeatable live force. They opened up with one of the heaviest versions of "Feel Like A Stranger" you're ever going to hear, and there are some rarities sprinkled throughout the first set: "It Must Have Been The Roses," "On The Road Again" (making its last appearance), "Jack-A-Roe," "It's All Over Now," a nice tight "Cumberland Blues," and "The Music Never Stopped." When the set list was a little out of the ordinary, it often meant that the Dead were really feeling it that night and were ready to step out of their comfort zone. They ventured even further in the second set. They kicked things off with "Cold Rain and Snow," followed by "Lost Sailor" and "Saint Of Circumstance" into Brent Mydland's infrequently played "Don't Need Love" into a long, jammed-out version of "Uncle John's Band" into "Drums." And then it's out of "Space" through "Playing In The Band" and back to a great "Uncle John's Band" reprise, and then a huge "Morning Dew" to end it. It's probably the most emotional "Morning Dew" that Jerry sang in the '80s. What a sequence! Then for an encore it's "Good Lovin'," also a bit unusual for that era. This has been one of the most highly requested shows for release, so it's about time, you might say—and we agree. Wonderful stuff.



The year 1985 was a big one for the Grateful Dead—their 20th Anniversary! Here we are in the 50th year looking back 30 years to their 20th, which was big news in the Grateful Dead world. Many bands don't stick around for even a few years, and here's the Dead celebrating two decades and doing it in style, playing extremely well. This is one of the best shows of 1985, which is saying quite a bit because the Dead had a lot of good nights in 1985. This one, from Cincinnati on June 24, is terrific, high-energy, extremely inspired stuff. They played a very good first set, with a classic set list for the time, including one of my favorite songs, "My Brother Esau," as well as a super closing sequence of "Loser" followed by "Let It Grow." The second set is where it's at, with "Iko Iko" going into "Samson and Delilah." Then on to a great "Smokestack Lightnin'," a song that had returned to the repertoire after a 13-year absence. "Cryptical Envelopment," part of "That's It For The Other One," had been brought back a few days before, at the Greek in Berkeley, and they played a great version here, leading into "Drums">"Space," followed by "Comes A Time" that then roars into "The Other One." And of course what can follow "The Other One" but the "Cryptical Envelopment" reprise? Then we get two Jerry ballads in the post-"Drums" sequence—"Comes A Time" and "Wharf Rat"—which is almost unheard of, especially in this era. The rock 'n' roll closing of "Around and Around">"Good Lovin'" and an encore of "U.S. Blues" wrap up one of the best shows of an excellent year. I have to believe they were inspired by hitting the 20-year mark.



Our selection from 1986 was a little challenging. It was the year of very high-energy performances, but it was sometimes lacking the emotional hit you might get from a truly great Grateful Dead show. However, there's one show that for many years has been at the top of the heap for us—May 3, the first of two nights at Cal Expo Amphitheatre in Sacramento. It's a short show, without an encore, which is unusual—you can hear some announcements at the end of the show that allude to either some equipment problems or just some weird vibes. They opened up with “Cold Rain and Snow,” followed up by “The Race Is On,” because of course the race *is* on, since this was Kentucky Derby weekend. The other real highlights in the set are “C.C. Rider,” where everybody locks in perfectly, and “High Time.” There's also an interesting Bob Weir-sung double feature of “Beat It On Down The Line” into “Promised Land,” which is a bit of a rarity, with a particularly nice transition. We like to bring you rare music or rare sequences, especially when they are played as well as this. The second set, as you might expect, is where they really get going. There are two big highlights: “Scarlet”>“Fire,” where all cylinders are firing and the rhythm section is perfectly in synch, and the post-“Drums” sequence, specifically coming out of “Space” with “The Other One,” followed by another song they didn't play very often, “Comes A Time.” You knew the Dead were on when they started pulling out things like that, and this is a special show.



When we were putting this box together, we knew this was the opportunity to release some Grateful Dead shows that have long been considered among their best ever. Of all of the shows people ask us to release, this one is always in the top 5: September 18, 1987, at Madison Square Garden in New York. The band returned to the Garden after a four-year absence, and this is the third night of a five-night run. I was fortunate enough to catch the first two, on September 15 and 16, but I didn't see this one. By all accounts not only was this the best night of the run, it was the best show of 1987. It's a spectacular Grateful Dead show by any definition of a great Dead show from any era. The first set is a little bit short but it's full of highlights, from the “Hell In A Bucket”>“Sugaree” opener through a simply beautiful “Candyman” and an extremely powerful, soaring “Bird Song.” To me, that song was really at a peak in 1987–88, as you'll hear in this rendition. The second set has numerous big moments, specifically the “Shakedown Street” and “Terrapin Station” before “Drums,” both of which are played superbly. The post-“Drums” sequence features a “Morning Dew” that is widely considered one of the best versions they ever played, both instrumentally and vocally. Jerry is so on it! The next highlight is a “Good Lovin” that segues into “La Bamba” with Jerry singing in Spanish, and then back into “Good Lovin.” A special show all around—the set list is great, and the performance is so much better than the set list would suggest. It's a perfect addition to our set as the 1987 representative.



The Grateful Dead in 1988 reminds me quite a bit of 1978, in that there are some truly exceptional shows and also some hit-or-miss nights. There were a lot more inconsistencies in 1988 than in 1987 or 1989, but when you got a great show, man, it was truly epic! There were some great shows on the spring tour, particularly at Hampton and Brendan Byrne, but while the summer tour had some good concerts, nothing truly exceptional happened until the Grateful Dead hit the last stop, at Oxford Plains Speedway in Maine on July 2 and 3. That is where things really came together. We've chosen the final night of the tour, from July 3, and it's a great show for any year. You feel the energy, the band is on fire and extremely inspired, and the set list is terrific. They open with the same three songs as on our 1987 selection: "Hell In A Bucket," "Sugaree," and "Walkin' Blues." That's followed by "Tennessee Jed" instead of "Candyman," with "Queen Jane Approximately" next, in the Dylan slot. Just like at Madison Square Garden, it ends with a huge version of "Bird Song." In the second set, we have a rare six-song sequence before "Drums," including the brand-new "I Will Take You Home" that Brent had debuted just a few weeks before at Alpine Valley. Other highlights are "Hey Pocky Way" and "Estimated" > "Eyes"—both really well done. The post-"Drums" sequence is truly outstanding, with "Goin' Down The Road Feeling Bad," "I Need A Miracle," "Dear Mr. Fantasy," and "Hey Jude," a series that was played a lot in 1988, which meant they really had it down. This was followed by what was then an extremely rare encore of "Not Fade Away." By all accounts, the setting of this concert was just spectacular. When anyone asks for 1988 Grateful Dead, this is pretty much what they are asking for, with very good reason.



A lot of great Grateful Dead music from 1989 has been released over the years, including The Warlocks shows in Hampton, Bob's birthday at Meadowlands Arena, and the Pittsburgh shows from the download series. But one that has not yet been released that everybody seems to want is October 26, the final night of the fall tour, at the Miami Arena. This show's energy is just through the roof—both positive, happy energy, and dark energy, specifically one of the most powerful versions of "Dark Star" the band ever unleashed between the song's return in '89 and its last performance in '94. It is intense! The first set opens with the most uplifting tune in the repertoire at the time, "Foolish Heart," which was released a few days later on *Built To Last*. Other highlights include a nice "Stagger Lee" and a "Victim Or The Crime" with a spacey jam into "Don't Ease Me In." The second set opens in unusual fashion with "Estimated Prophet," which had not led off a second set for a long time, and that goes into a ten-minute version of "Blow Away" where Brent really gets to shine. But of course the pinnacle is the almost half-hour version of "Dark Star." It begins at a nice, deliberate pace, but it morphs into one of the biggest meltdowns that the Grateful Dead ever performed. It is extremely deep. At its furthest reaches, it gets so out there that you have no idea where you are in terms of what song it is, and then it fades beautifully into "Drums" > "Space." Particularly noteworthy after that are "All Along The Watchtower" and a really powerful "Not Fade Away." Then "And We Bid You Goodnight," which they'd brought back just a few months before at Alpine Valley, provides a perfect ending to the night and the tour. This is one of the Dead's finest shows of 1989, and you've never heard it sound this good. Jeffrey Norman did a stellar job mixing from the 24-track recording, working at Bob Weir's TRI Studios. I'm proud that we got a couple of multitracks in this box, and I'm very proud of the job Jeffrey did. This is a perfect addition from one of the Dead's finest years.



In selecting a show for 1990, we faced a hard choice between the end of one Grateful Dead era and the beginning of another. We could have picked one from the end of the Brent era. I did the entire summer tour and there were some really good shows, but you could tell Brent wasn't doing very well, and of course he died a couple of days after the tour ended. It was an extremely sad time in the Grateful Dead world, but with American and European dates already booked for the fall, the band decided that the show must go on. They got a new keyboard player, Vince Welnick, and they also invited their friend Bruce Hornsby to come along for the ride for as many shows as he could. I think that having Bruce as a playing partner/safety net helped Vince make the transition to being the sole keyboard player, and their combined playing was really something interesting. As you'll hear, we decided to go with Vince and Bruce, from the first night in Paris at Le Zénith on October 27. I was fortunate enough to be there, in the smallest venue in which I ever saw the Grateful Dead. I think it held about 5,000 people, a rarity for the Dead in America since the early to mid-'80s, and it was just magical. The first set had a few really great highlights for me: "Black-Throated Wind," "Bird Song" and "Ramble On Rose." The second set was high energy from beginning to end, with a masterful version of "China">"Rider" and a rare stand-alone "Saint Of Circumstance" where the jam got really intense. They followed up with a nice "Crazy Fingers" into "Playing In The Band" into a jam of "Drums"—the sound totally filled the little dirigible-like venue. Out of "Space" a "Playing In The Band" reprise, then a gorgeous "Stella Blue" and a rock 'n' roll "Throwing Stones">"Not Fade Away" that had the whole building shaking. For an encore, "One More Saturday Night," because it *was* Saturday. What a great way for me to see the Grateful Dead in Europe for the first time. I only saw the Paris and the London shows, but boy was it fun.



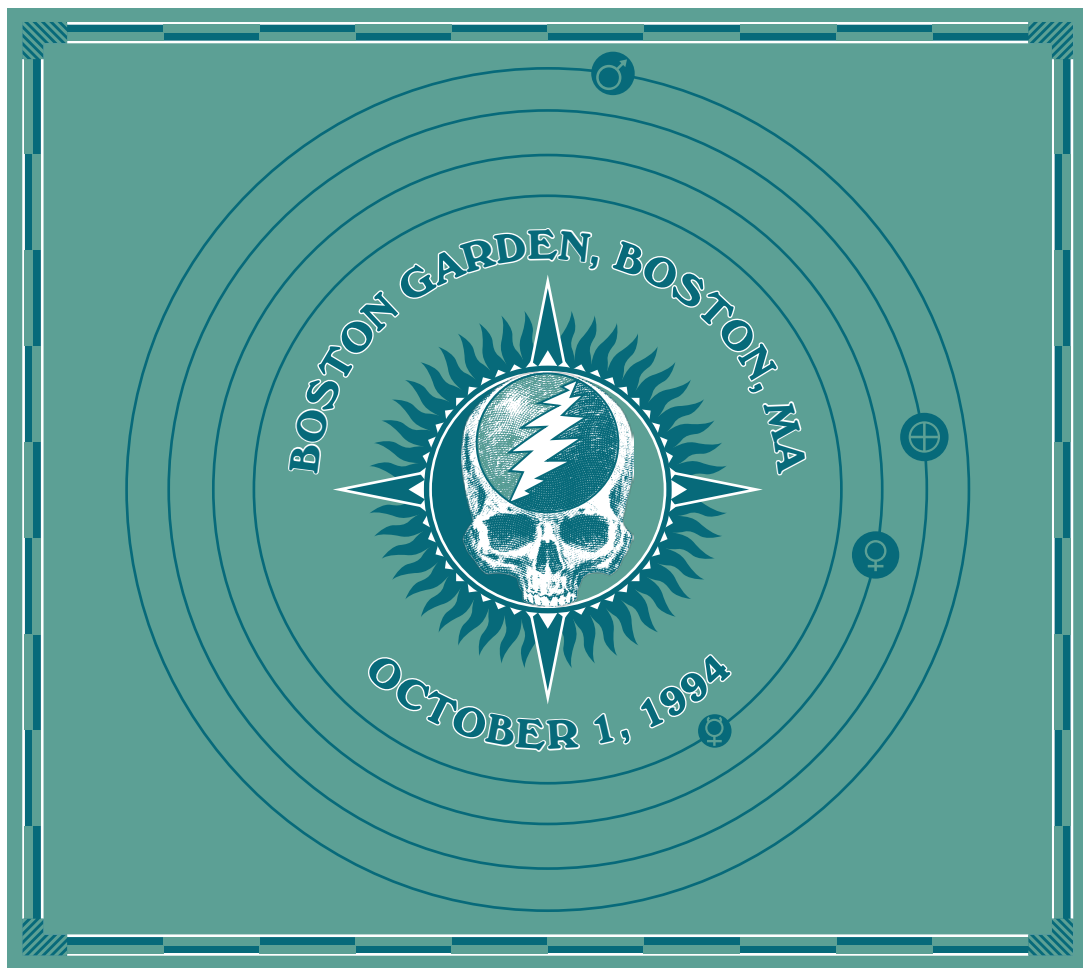
The year 1991 was a very interesting one for the Grateful Dead. Vince Welnick had been in the band since September, and Bruce Hornsby was a regular addition, appearing at most shows. With terrific spring and summer tours, playing stadiums and amphitheaters, and then a fall East Coast tour with extended stands at just a few venues, the Dead had a pretty busy schedule. On September 10 Branford Marsalis sat in for a complete show at Madison Square Garden. Branford had played with the band for the first time at Nassau Coliseum in March of 1990, and more than any other guest artist, he fit in with the Grateful Dead sound absolutely perfectly. A musician's musician, Branford shared the Dead's sense of adventure and improvisation and could pick up on what was going on between the band members—he elevated their performance, as opposed to a lot of special guests for whom the band might have had to tone it down. Adding to that was Hornsby, such a talented musician in just about every genre—and of course the Grateful Dead themselves could do pretty much anything when they were on. And for the fall tour of 1991 they most certainly were on, especially on September 10, when they played perhaps the best show of the year as well as one of the most requested shows in the vault. It opens up with some really big moments in the first set—specifically a huge "Shakedown Street" and then a cool combination that was new at the time, "C.C. Rider">"It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry," which is such a great transition. In fact, the whole first set is a highlight! In the second set, Branford gets to revisit a couple of songs that he had played at Nassau Coliseum, "Estimated Prophet" and "Dark Star." There's also "Slipknot!," a perfect thing for a saxophone player to jump in on, and "Franklin's Tower," as well as some interesting numbers like "Standing On The Moon" and "Turn On Your Lovelight," with an encore of "Baby Blue." It's an epic show, and we are thrilled to be able to include it in this box.



On March 20, 1992, the Grateful Dead played their penultimate show outside the United States. This is the first of a two-night run at Copps Coliseum in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, an industrial city that's home to a lot of steel mills. The show features Vince Welnick on keyboards, as well as Bruce Hornsby on piano for one of his final shows with the Dead, as he left the band just a few days later. I distinctly remember the energy in the building on this night—it was truly a monumental show. The first set has a ton of great music, including “Althea,” “The Same Thing,” and a soaring “Bird Song” with Jerry all over the MIDI and Hornsby doing some great stuff on the piano. It’s just spectacular! They also hit a high point with “Maggie’s Farm,” as all five vocalists in the band—Phil, Bobby, Jerry, Vince, and Bruce—each sang a verse. That was pretty amazing! The second set has some major highlights: “Shakedown Street” finds a groove very similar to the one from our 1981 show at Cornell, and there’s also “Dark Star,” which was becoming increasingly rare by that time. They were only playing it a couple of times a year, and in March of ’94 they’d be done with “Dark Star” forever. Post-“Drums” features some great stuff, including “The Other One” and “Standing On The Moon.” To wrap it up, the Dead ended their second-to-last show outside of the United States appropriately with an encore of “U.S. Blues.” The energy in the show was just through the roof, and this show really is a perfect example of that 1992 sound.



In 1993, as the Grateful Dead were rolling along on their spring tour, they hit Albany, New York, for three nights. We bring you the first of those shows, March 27, as our representative of that year. Jerry’s health problems, of course, had caused the cancellation of the fall ’92 tour, but now Jerry was back and doing great, and everybody was completely engaged, with a fresh, new, clean sound. Spring ’93 could be considered the last consistently great tour. The first set from night one in Albany features some really nice songs, including “Peggy-O,” Phil Lesh singing “Broken Arrow,” and a great version of “Loose Lucy.” “Casey Jones,” one of the Grateful Dead’s most popular songs, had returned to the repertoire in 1992 after a long absence, and this night’s version, closing the first set, would prove to be its final performance. The groove of the second set is unique. They start up with “Eyes Of The World” into “Estimated Prophet,” and both are really well-played at beautiful tempos, with incredible jams on each. We then hear the penultimate performance of the very rare “Comes A Time.” The appearance of this song was always a sure sign that the band was feeling “on.” They played it again for the last time about 18 months later in 1994. Next we’ve got a couple of new songs in the set—“Corrina” and “Days Between”—which mix things up interestingly, and for the encore, the Dead bring it home with the old chestnut “I Fought The Law.” This is the only time I saw it, and I remember that when they sang the line about a six-gun, Vince got up and pretended to shoot Jerry, which got a good reaction from the crowd. The city of Albany always treated Dead Heads very well, and I think Dead Heads treated Albany very well in return. Certainly the Knickerbocker in Albany always brought out the very best in the Dead.



From the very beginning of this project, one of the challenges we expected to face was selecting the shows for the last couple of years. There were plenty of good moments and well-played songs, but it was that elusive complete show that, well . . . we knew it was out there. And for '94 we knew the show was going to come from the fall, since there were quite a few very good shows on that tour. Apart from Jerry, the rest of the band was playing extremely well at the time—in fact, this was some of the tightest music they'd ever played. Jerry sometimes just wasn't quite as present, but when he was, you knew it was going to be a good night, and our selection is one of those: October 1 at the Boston Garden. This show is full of very confident playing. They opened things up with a solid jamming version of "Help">"Slipknot!">"Franklin's Tower," which is always a good sign. Other big highlights in the first set, and this really shows it was a Jerry-centric show, are "Althea" and "So Many Roads," which was just a couple of years old. It's a really hot "So Many Roads," and Jerry gets into a very emotional ending. The second set features some huge jams, specifically the opening "Scarlet">"Fire," which clocks in at almost half an hour long, and also "Terrapin Station," which is longer than usual and very well played. The post-"Drums" sequence contains more of a Jerry focus with a beautiful "Stella Blue" and an encore of "Liberty." A neat thing about '94 was that the Dead were starting to mix things up with some acoustic playing, and in this first set we hear Bob playing acoustic on "Me and My Uncle" and "Big River." They also had many new songs from '92 and '93, so there was a lot of freshness in the repertoire, including Vince Welnick's "Way To Go Home," and this is one of the better Welnick-era shows you'll hear. Overall, a very solid show.



Similar to 1994, looking for a 1995 show was a bit of a challenge. There were so many good moments that year, but great complete shows were fewer and further between. We focused on the spring tour, and the show that we kept coming back to was one that we've been listening to for 20 years: Delta Center, February 21. They opened the night at this Salt Lake City venue with the only Grateful Dead performance of "Salt Lake City," a really great Bob Weir/John Barlow song from Bobby's *Heaven Help The Fool* album. Following that up, we have an extremely well-jammed-out "Friend Of The Devil" followed by "Wang Dang Doodle," a nice groove and a bit of a rarity, since that blues slot would usually be given to "Minglewood," "Walking Blues" or "Little Red Rooster." Like our '94 show, there's a terrific version of "So Many Roads" right before "The Music Never Stopped." The second set features a good mix of some older and newer Dead as well as some rare songs. It kicks off with "Foolish Heart," Vince Welnick's song "Samba In The Rain," and then "Truckin'" goes into a nice jam that segues into a couple of very big rarities: "I Just Want To Make Love To You" and "That Would Be Something." Great stuff! After "Drums" and "Space," we get one of the most beautiful versions of "Visions Of Johanna" you're ever going to hear, followed by "Sugar Magnolia" and, again like '94, an encore of "Liberty." This was quite a common encore in that era—it's a very triumphant song, always well-played, and a good way to send people home. This is a great conclusion to our boxed set, an excellent show from start to finish that demonstrates that even in the later years the Dead could really catch fire.

—David Lemieux

A CHRONOLOGY OF GRATEFUL DEAD COMPOSITIONS & SELECTED COVER SONGS

I Know You Rider (trad., arr. by Grateful Dead)

5/65-1966, 9/69-10/20/74, 12/29/77, 2/3/79-7/8/95. Played at the earliest Warlocks shows. Aside from 1970 acoustic sets, attached by jam to “China Cat Sunflower” after late 1969.

Beat It On Down The Line (Jesse Fuller)

1965-9/28/75, 3/20/77-10/3/94. Adapted from Mother McCree’s Uptown Jug Champions, performed in all but two years thereafter with ever-changing number of introductory beats.

Caution (Do Not Stop On Tracks) (music: Grateful Dead/lyrics: McKernan)

Mid-1965–5/11/72. Pigpen showstopper inspired by Them’s “Mystic Eyes” (1965). In ’60s, a platform for feedback and drum jams.

Can’t Come Down (music: Grateful Dead/lyrics: Garcia)

Mid-1965–1966. One of band’s first originals, with lyrics by Garcia. Recorded at first studio session, November 1965. Dropped by 1966.

Mindbender (Garcia/Lesh)

Mid-1965-1966. Lyrics mostly by Lesh, sometimes known as “Confusion’s Prince.” Recorded at 1965 session as *The Emergency Crew*, but dropped thereafter.

The Only Time Is Now (music: Grateful Dead/lyrics: Garcia & Dave Parker)

Mid-1965–1966. Lyrics by Garcia’s friend (and longtime Dead employee) Dave Parker. Song retired around time band changed name to Grateful Dead.

Good Lovin’ (Artie Resnick & Rudy Clark)

Early 1966, 8/29/69-5/25/72, 10/20/74, 10/3/76-6/28/95. Rock staple sung at high speed by Pigpen (1966), slowed down by Garcia (1969), Pig (1969-1972), and with new groove by Weir (1974-1995) to open *Shakedown Street* (1978)

Not Fade Away (Buddy Holly/Norman Petty)

2/19/69-7/5/95. Used as basis for late show rock-suite from late 1969 through final 1995 tour, including hiatus year of 1975.

You See A Broken Heart (McKernan)

Early 1966. Early Pigpen original. Played during band’s Los Angeles period in early spring 1966.

You Don’t Have To Ask (Grateful Dead)

Early 1966. Also known as “Otis On A Shakedown Cruise.” Intended for B-side of band’s debut single. Performed through at least mid-1966.

Cream Puff War (Garcia)

Early 1966-3/67. Only Dead song written completely by Garcia, title by Weir. Recorded on debut LP and played through early 1967.

Viola Lee Blues (Noah Lewis)

Early 1966-10/31/70. Jug band adaptation containing three jams with distinct approaches. Major vehicle for improvisation until its retirement in late 1970.

Don’t Ease Me In (trad., arr. by Grateful Dead)

Early 1966–mid-1967, 1970, 9/16/72-8/6/74, 2/7/79-7/8/95. Band’s first single in 1966, revived during 1970 acoustic sets, re-electrified in 1972, and played through final tour.

Cold Rain and Snow (trad., arr. by Grateful Dead)

Mid-1966-10/20/74, 6/9/76-6/19/95. On debut LP and a Garcia staple most years except 1975. Tempo begins to slow in late ’60s. Often a first-set opener or closer in ’80s and ’90s.

Tastebud (McKernan)

Mid-1966-1967. Played live in 1966 and recorded in studio with alternate words before leaving repertoire.

New, New Minglewood Blues (Noah Lewis)

Mid-1966-1967, 4/26/69-4/29/71, 7/12/76-6/27/95. Part of early Dead sets. Weir staple from 1976 through final tour, often with location-variable lyrics. Weir acoustic once, 1994.

Cardboard Cowboy (Lesh)

Mid-1966. Known within band as “The Monster” and “No Left Turn Unstoned,” played only in 1966. Only song (until 1995) with music and lyrics solely by Lesh.

Keep Rolling By

(Grateful Dead) Mid-1966. Sung by Garcia and Lesh with answer vocals by Pigpen. Performed only in 1966.

Standing On The Corner (Grateful Dead)

Mid-1966. Group-composed original with lead vocals by Garcia. Part of Dead set lists in 1966 exclusively.

Dancing In The Street (William Stevenson/Marvin Gaye/Ivy Jo Hunter)

Mid-1966–12/23/70, 12/31/71, 6/3/76–7/7/81, 6/24/84-4/6/87. Early jam favorite, 1966–70. Revived in disco arrangement, 1976–81. Reverted to more traditional cover, 1984–87.

Alice D. Millionaire (Grateful Dead)

Late 1966. Briefly-played original with lead vocals by Pigpen. Title puns on 10/66 San Francisco Chronicle headline referring to band’s patron, Owsley Stanley, “LSD Millionaire.”

Down So Long (Grateful Dead)

Late 1966. Short-lived Dead original with traditional-sounding chord changes and lyrics inspired by Richard Fariña’s 1966 novel “*Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me.*”

Me and My Uncle (John Phillips)

Late 1966-3/67, 4/27/69-6/17/75, 4/23/77-7/6/95. Band’s all-time most performed song. High-rotation Weir “cowboy” favorite during nearly every phase of band’s career. Weir on acoustic, 1994-1995.

Morning Dew (Bonnie Dobson)

Early 1967-10/18/74, 9/23/76-6/21/95. Garcia’s powerful Cold War folk song set-piece. From early ’70s, performed almost exclusively near end of shows.

New Potato Caboose (Lesh/Bobby Petersen)

Early 1967-summer 1969. Oft-jammed anchor to 1967 song suites. One of four Dead songs co-written by Lesh's friend, poet Bobby Petersen.

The Golden Road (To Unlimited Devotion) (Grateful Dead)

3/67-7/67. Single written at Warner Bros.' request, credited to "McGannahan Skjellyfetti." First track on debut, recorded separate from rest of LP. Performed live only in mid-1967.

Alligator (music: Lesh & McKernan/lyrics: Hunter & McKernan)

Summer 1967-4/29/71. Penned by Pig, featuring Robert Hunter's first lyrical contributions. Frequent entry to Kreutzmann/Hart drum duos, disappearing (except 4/29/71) with Hart in '71.

Turn On Your Love Light (Joseph Scott/Deadric Malone)

Summer 1967-5/24/72, 10/16/81-12/31/82, 7/7/84-6/19/95. Signature Pigpen showstopper, platform for Lord Buckley-influenced vocal improvisations and band's adventurous backing jams. Revived by Weir in '80s.

Cryptical Envelopment (Garcia)

11/11/67-9/23/72, 6/16/85-9/3/85. Garcia's prelude and epilogue to "That's It For The Other One" suite. Played decreasingly through 1972 and brought back for summer 1985.

The Faster We Go, The Rounder We Get aka The Other One (music: Weir & Kreutzmann/lyrics: Weir)

11/11/67-7/8/95. Weir's Neal Cassady-referencing middle to "That's It For The Other One." Jam staple every year from its introduction, growing sometimes to 30 minutes during 1972.

Born Cross-Eyed (Weir)

11/67-4/3/68. Early Weir song, performed through early 1968 as part of Anthem Of The Sun suite.

Dark Star (music: Grateful Dead/lyrics: Hunter)

11/67-10/18/74, 12/31/78-1/20/79, 12/31/81, 7/13/84, 10/9/89-3/30/94. Band's signature jam. 2:44 single version recorded in 1967, expanding to 45 minutes by 1973. Played intermittently, 1978-1984.

Revived with MIDI accoutrements, 1989-1994.

China Cat Sunflower (Garcia/Hunter)

1/17/68-10/20/74, 12/29/77, 2/3/79-7/8/95. First Garcia/Hunter collaboration. Used in song suites throughout 1968, affixed to "I Know You Rider" in 1969. After five-year break, played heavily from 1979 to 1995.

The Eleven (Lesh/Hunter)

1/17/68-4/24/70. Designed for two drummers in difficult 11/8 time signature. Central to evolving Live/Dead song suite from early 1968 through spring 1970.

Spanish Jam (Grateful Dead)

1/17/68-2/14/68, 2/11/70, 3/24/73-10/17/74, 7/16/76, 5/6/81-11/8/87, 5/30/92-6/18/95. Theme adapted by Weir from Miles Davis's "Solea" (1960). Heard very briefly on Anthem Of The Sun, and as Weir-initiated jam motif during various eras.

Clementine (Lesh/Hunter)

1/20/68-1/26/69. Infrequently performed almost only in 1968. Recorded without vocals during Aoxomoxoa sessions. Unknown to tape collectors until 1990s.

And We Bid You Goodnight (trad., arr. Grateful Dead)

1/24/68-8/15/71, 2/28/73-10/20/74, 12/31/76, 12/31/78, 7/17/89-9/26/91. A cappella adaption via Bahamian guitarist Joseph Spence. Closer and encore during Live/Dead era, on special occasions thereafter. Garcia often quoted melody in solos.

St. Stephen (Garcia/Lesh/Hunter)

5/68-10/31/71, 6/9/76-1/10/79, 10/11/83-10/31/83. Live/Dead centerpiece played often (with live cannon), 1968-1971. Revived with slower arrangement (minus Lesh's "William Tell" coda), 1976-1979, and again in 1983.

Cosmic Charlie (Garcia/Hunter)

10/8/68-1/21/71, 6/4/76-9/25/76. Debuted by Mickey and the Hartbeats, 1968. Played often during first double-drummer era through 1971. Briefly returned with Mickey Hart in 1976 at slower tempo.

The Seven (Grateful Dead)

10/8/68-3/21/70. Instrumental in 7/8 time premiered by Mickey and the Hartbeats in 1968, performed intermittently through spring 1970.

Rosemary (Garcia/Hunter)

Late 1968. First acoustic song. Released on Aoxomoxoa. One known live performance: December 7, 1968, in Louisville, Kentucky.

Doin' That Rag (Garcia/Hunter)

Late 1968-10/26/69. Played almost entirely in 1969, released on Aoxomoxoa, with one of Robert Hunter's earliest uses of playing cards as imagery.

Mountains Of The Moon (Garcia/Hunter)

12/20/68-7/12/69. Most often performed as prelude to "Dark Star" with organ counterpoint by Tom Constanten. First regular acoustic guitar onstage. Hunter rewrites verse, 1995, though never performed.

Dupree's Diamond Blues (Garcia/Hunter)

1/24/69-7/11/69, 10/2/77-4/14/78, 8/28/82-3/26/90, 9/24/94-10/13/94. Featured on Aoxomoxoa, played throughout 1969, dropped until brief 1977-1978 revival, steady '80s performances, at final acoustic show in 1994.

What's Become Of The Baby (Garcia/Hunter)

1969, never performed live, played on PA on 4/26/69. Nearly a cappella Aoxomoxoa studio experiment featuring solo Garcia vocals, heavily processed. Played over speakers during "Feedback" once in 1969.

Barbed Wire Whipping Party (music: Grateful Dead/lyrics: Hunter)

1969, never performed live. Collaborative studio experiment featuring tape loops of group chants by David Nelson and others, plus recitation by Robert Hunter. Left off Aoxomoxoa.

The Main Ten (Grateful Dead)

2/19/69-11/8/70. Instrumental progenitor to "Playing In The Band" intro riff with variations on theme in 10/4 time. On Hart's Rolling Thunder (1972).

Dire Wolf (Garcia/Hunter)

6/7/69-10/19/74, 9/28/77-7/2/95. Sung by Weir (with Garcia on pedal steel) in earliest 1969 versions, acoustic in 1970 and 1980, and electric during almost every other year.

Casey Jones (Garcia/Hunter)

6/20/69-10/17/74, 10/2/77-8/3/82, 6/26/84-11/2/84, 6/20/92-3/27/93. Cautionary folk-motif adaptation turned FM radio hit where not banned for drug reference. Played off and on following 1975 hiatus, including 1978 Saturday Night Live debut.

High Time (Garcia/Hunter)

6/21/69-7/12/70, 6/9/76-5/26/77, 2/17/79-9/21/82, 4/27/84-12/9/88, 3/28/90-3/24/95. Often followed "China Cat Sunflower > I Know You Rider" in 1969-1970. Revived with Donna Jean Godchaux, 1976-1977, and later without. Weir on acoustic once, 1994.

Easy Wind (Hunter)

8/20/69-4/4/71. First Dead song written solely by Hunter. Sung by Pigpen, his only lead vocal on Workingman's Dead.

Cumberland Blues (Garcia/Lesh/Hunter)

11/8/69-10/18/74, 8/27/81-7/9/95. Lesh's only co-writing credit on Workingman's Dead. Acoustic and electric, 1970. Played heavily through 1974, absent in late '70s. Weir on acoustic, 1994.

Black Peter (Garcia/Hunter)

12/4/69-10/19/74, 10/1/77-6/22/95. Debuted electric before anchoring 1970 acoustic sets, including rare solo Garcia take on 1/31/70. Performed often as late-set Garcia ballad, 1977-1995.

Uncle John's Band (Garcia/Hunter)

12/4/69-10/19/74, 12/31/76-10/6/77, 12/26/79-6/28/95. Guitar melody borrowed from Greek folk song. Rare song played in 1970 acoustic sets but also to build jam segments, especially after 1980.

Mason's Children (Garcia/Hunter)

12/19/69-2/28/70. Written in response to Altamont Speedway Free Festival, debuted two weeks later. Used sometimes in early-1970 jam suites, but quickly dropped. Left off Workingman's Dead.

New Speedway Boogie (Garcia/Hunter)

12/20/69-9/20/70, 2/19/91-7/2/95. Hunter's second Altamont answer lyric. Included on Workingman's Dead, played in 1970 acoustic sets, but dropped by autumn. Revived in 1991. Weir acoustic once, 1994.

Friend Of The Devil (Garcia/Hunter/Dawson)

3/20/70-12/11/72, 9/18/74-10/19/74, 6/4/76-6/24/95. Co-written by Hunter with New Riders Of The Purple Sage's John Dawson, finished by Garcia. Played at slower tempo after 1976, inspired by Loggins & Messina cover.

Candyman (Garcia/Hunter)

4/3/70-2/24/74, 6/3/76-6/30/95. Played acoustic and electric in 1970, sparsely from 1971-1974, and regularly in post-hiatus first sets through final tour.

Attics Of My Life (Garcia/Hunter)

5/14/70-12/26/70, 9/27/72-10/28/72, 10/9/89-7/2/95. Quiet three-part harmony, sometimes played acoustic but mostly electric in 1970, briefly in 1972. Reintroduced with several songs at Formerly The Warlocks shows, 1989. Acoustic once in 1994.

Sugar Magnolia (Weir/Hunter)

6/7/70-7/9/95. Debuted at slower tempo, completed during American Beauty sessions. Split with "Sunshine Daydream" coda occasionally starting 6/28/74, often on New Year's. One of band's most-played originals.

To Lay Me Down (Garcia/Hunter)

7/30/70-9/20/70, 11/9/73-10/19/74, 9/26/80-10/17/83, 3/27/88-12/14/90, 6/28/92. American Beauty outtake played acoustic, mid-1970, twice with Garcia on piano, and electric, 1973-1974. Brought back for 1980 acoustic sets and electric rarity thereafter.

Truckin' (Garcia/Weir/Lesh/Hunter)

8/17/70-9/28/75, 9/3/77-7/6/95. Debuted acoustic, 1970. Developed jam, 1972. Three times with horns, 1973. Often segued into "The Other One," 1971-1974, or out of "Drums/Space," 1978-1989.

Ripple (Garcia/Hunter)

8/18/70-4/29/71, 9/25/80-10/16/81, 9/3/88. Performed almost exclusively in 1970 and 1980-1981 acoustic sets, except for four electric versions in 1971 and one in 1988.

Brokedown Palace (Garcia/Hunter)

8/18/70-10/20/74, 5/1/77-10/14/77, 12/26/79-6/25/95. Paired with "Ripple" as on American Beauty during several acoustic sets but quickly electrified, 1970. Post-hiatus rarity until 1979 return.

Operator (McKernan)

8/18/70-11/8/70. Only solo Pigpen composition on Dead studio album. Several acoustic and electric performances in 1970, then dropped.

Box Of Rain (Lesh/Hunter)

9/17/70, 10/9/72-7/28/73, 3/20/86-7/9/95. Played at least once acoustic in 1970 with Garcia on piano plus guests. Electric, 1972-1973, with Donna Jean Godchaux. Revived, 1986-1995. Final song performed, 1995.

Till The Morning Comes (Garcia/Hunter)

9/18/70-12/26/70. Recorded for American Beauty, played only in fall and winter of 1970.

Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad (trad., arr. by Grateful Dead)

10/11/70-7/5/95. Popularized by Woody Guthrie, learned by Garcia from Delaney Bramlett on 1970 Festival Express train trip. Appeared often in late-second-set rock-suites through last tour.

Bertha (Garcia/Hunter)

12/15/70-10/18/74, 9/25/76-6/27/95. Debuted by David [Crosby] & The Dorks, 1970. Perennial Dead set opener. Often with "Greatest Story Ever Told" and "Promised Land," 1972-1974, "Good Lovin'," 1977-1980.

Greatest Story Ever Told (Weir/Hunter)

2/18/71-10/18/74, 2/17/79-6/27/95. On Hart's Rolling Thunder (1972) as "The Pump Song," built around rhythm of water pump at ranch-studio. Paired with "Johnny B. Goode," 1971, "Alabama Getaway," 1979-1983.

Loser (Garcia/Hunter)

2/18/71-10/20/74, 7/18/76-6/28/95. On Garcia's self-titled debut (1972). "Sweet Susie" lyric disappears in 1973, with sporadic returns (1974, 1979).

Playing In The Band (Weir/Hart/Hunter)

2/18/71-10/20/74, 6/4/76-7/5/95. Born from "The Main Ten." Major improvisation vehicle, 1972-onwards, reaching 45 minutes in 1974. Often segued and reprised, especially after 1976.

Wharf Rat (Garcia/Hunter)

2/18/71-10/20/74, 6/3/76-6/25/95. Debuted inside "Dark Star," Ned Lagin on clavichord, 1971. First song to occupy Garcia ballad slot segued from long second-set jams, especially "The Other One."

Bird Song (Garcia/Hunter)

2/19/71-9/15/73, 9/25/80-6/30/95. Played in D, 1971. Reintroduced in E with false ending, 1972-1973. Acoustic, 1980, then electric as self-contained late-first-set jam. Acoustic once in 1994.

Deal (Garcia/Hunter)

2/19/71-6/18/95. First-set Garcia staple through final tour. On Garcia (1972), but rare Dead-associated song introduced into Jerry Garcia Band repertoire, 1978-1995.

Mister Charlie (McKernan/Hunter)

7/31/71-5/26/72. First of four Pigpen originals introduced during his last year in band, 1971-1972, though only one featured on Europe '72.

Sugaree (Garcia/Hunter)

7/31/71-7/8/95. #94 Billboard hit from Garcia (1972). Sometimes expansive first-set song. In Garcia solo repertoire, 1975-1987.

Brown-Eyed Women (Garcia/Hunter)

8/24/71-10/18/74, 6/4/76-7/6/95. Introduced late summer 1971. Recorded, Europe '72. Virtually unchanged in tempo, arrangement, and length through 1995.

Empty Pages (McKernan)

8/24/71-8/26/71. Pigpen original, played twice in late summer 1971 before his absence from band in autumn.

The Wheel (Garcia/Kreutzmann/Hunter)

1971, live: 6/3/76-5/25/95. Written during July 1971 sessions for Garcia (1972), Garcia on pedal steel, Kreutzmann on drums. Debuted live, 1976. Almost always followed "Drums/Space," 1979-1995.

Tennessee Jed (Garcia/Hunter)

10/19/71-10/20/74, 6/11/76-7/8/95. Lyrics written by Hunter in Spain. Debuted by Dead in autumn 1971 on first tour with Keith Godchaux. Tempo slowed considerably, 1976.

Jack Straw (Weir/Hunter)

10/19/71-10/20/74, 5/3/77-7/8/95. Sung solely by Weir through May 1972. Lyric occasionally altered to "We used to play for acid, now we play for Clive," 1978-1980.

One More Saturday Night (Weir)

0/19/71-7/8/95. First draft written by Hunter. One of two Dead songs credited solely to Weir. Played nearly every show, 1972. Perennial show-closer/encore, especially on Saturday nights.

Mexicali Blues (Weir/Barlow)

10/19/71-10/19/74, 5/9/77-6/25/95. First Barlow lyric. With Tower Of Power horns on Weir's Ace (1972). Often with "Mama Tried," 1978-1982, "Me and My Uncle," 1983-1989. Weir acoustic, 1994-1995.

Comes A Time (Garcia/Hunter)

10/19/71-10/19/72, 6/12/76-10/2/80, 6/14/85-7/8/87, 12/27/90-9/16/91, 3/27/93-10/9/94. Moved into post-jam Garcia ballad slot in 1972 and almost exclusively 1977-onwards. Played rarely after late '80s. On Garcia's Reflections (1976).

Ramble On Rose (Garcia/Hunter)

10/19/71-10/17/74, 9/23/76-6/27/95. Second-set standard, 1971-1974, moved to first following 1975 hiatus, rare song to make switch.

Chinatown Shuffle (McKernan)

12/31/71-5/26/72. First of two songs only played by brief McKernan/Godchaux lineup, both by Pigpen. Last of 18 originals debuted by Dead in 1971, most of any year.

Cassidy (Weir/Barlow)

1972, live: 3/23/74. 6/3/76-7/6/95. Named for Cassidy Law, born during writing of Weir's Ace (1972). Played once by Dead, 1974. Expansive first-set staple, 1976-onwards. Acoustic, 1980, and once in 1994.

Black Throated Wind (Weir/Barlow)

3/5/72-10/19/74, 3/16/90-6/28/95. Played regularly, 1972-1974. Reintroduced with new lyrics, sung twice in March 1990 and abandoned. Weir on acoustic, 1994-1995.

Fire On The Mountain (Hart/Hunter)

1972, live: 3/18/77-7/2/95. Written for Hart's unreleased Fire On The Mountain (1972). Live, affixed to "Scarlet Begonias" except for very rare occasions, 1977-1995.

Mind Left Body Jam (Grateful Dead)

3/5/72-10/17/74, 10/18/78-10/22/78, 9/6/79, 11/29/81, 6/24/83-12/30/83, 3/10/85-3/22/85, 3/24/90, 9/25/91. Four-chord motif named by Dead Heads for 1972 Paul Kantner song. Absorbed into "The Music Never Stopped," 1975. Entwined with "Mojo Workin'," 1978. Elusive in '80s-'90s.

Looks Like Rain (Weir/Barlow)

3/21/72-12/18/73, 6/3/76-6/30/95. Garcia on pedal steel, spring 1972. Phil on harmony vocal through fall 1973. Returned in 1976 with Donna Jean Godchaux. Weir vocal outro extends, early '80s. Weir acoustic, 1994.

The Stranger (Two Souls in Communion) (McKernan)

3/21/72-5/26/72. Pigpen's final original song, performed only on his last tours, spring 1972.

He's Gone (Garcia/Hunter)

4/17/72-10/19/74, 10/15/76-7/6/95. Only song debuted in Europe, 1972, bridge added several shows later, vocal outro and jam over summer. Often prologue to "Truckin'," "The Other One," or "Drums/Space."

Stella Blue (Garcia/Hunter)

6/17/72-10/20/74, 6/4/76-7/6/95. Debuted with Pigpen on organ at his last show, his only appearance that night, 1972. Moved almost exclusively to post-jam Garcia ballad slot, 1974.

Mississippi Half-Step Uptown Toodleloo (Garcia/Hunter)

7/16/72-10/20/74, 7/13/76-10/17/82, 3/27/85-7/6/95. Played in the second set, 1972-1973, and in the first thereafter. Frequently paired with "It Must Have Been The Roses," 1974.

Weather Report Suite Prelude (Weir)

11/18/72-10/18/74. Instrumental played as jam prologue through spring 1973. Attached to "Weather Report Suite," September 1973. Never returned after 1975 hiatus.

Eyes Of The World (Garcia/Hunter)

2/9/73-7/6/95. Ending in 7/8 time, developed several shows after debut, 1973-1974, usually seguing into Garcia ballad. Most often between “Estimated Prophet” and “Drums,” 1977-1989.

China Doll (Garcia/Hunter)

2/9/73-10/19/74, 5/19/77-12/29/77, 5/8/79, 9/26/80-10/11/94. First song debuted in ballad slot. Frequently after “Eyes Of The World,” 1973-1974. Sparse revival, 1977. Acoustic with Mydland on harpsichord, 1980, second set ballad thereafter.

Here Comes Sunshine (Garcia/Hunter)

2/9/73-2/23/74, 12/6/92-7/2/95. Played into first shows of 1974 with self-contained jam, except 2/17/73 into “China Cat Sunflower.” Revived with semi–a cappella introduction with Welnick, 1992-1995.

Loose Lucy (Garcia/Hunter)

2/9/73-10/19/74, 3/14/90-7/5/95. Played through 1973, revamped in spring 1974 in uptempo arrangement, then shelved until 1990.

They Love Each Other (Garcia/Hunter)

2/9/73-2/2/74, 9/28/75-9/27/94. Garcia first-set staple at various tempos, including peppy in 1973, slowed down in 1975, and slower later. Early versions featured bridge. In Garcia solo repertoire, 1975-1995.

Row Jimmy (Garcia/Hunter)

2/9/73-10/18/74, 6/3/76-6/21/95. Mostly in first-set, and always after 1977. Always slow. Title and chorus evolved from earlier Hunter lyric “Fair To Even Odds.”

U.S. Blues aka Wave That Flag (Garcia/Hunter)

2/9/73-7/8/95. First draft “Wave That Flag” played throughout 1973. Reintroduced with slight changes as “U.S. Blues,” played nearly ever show, 1974. Almost always an encore after 1976.

Weather Report Suite Part 2: Let It Grow

(Weir/Barlow) 9/7/73-10/18/74, 6/3/76-7/2/95. Mostly played inside “Weather Report Suite” through 1974, sometimes jamming into other songs. With horns, 1973. Used for “Drums,” 1976. Self-contained late-first-set jam, 1981-1995.

Weather Report Suite Part 1 (Weir/Eric Anderson)

9/8/73-10/18/74. Played only with the complete “Weather Report Suite,” rare set-piece played in both first and second set. Lyrics by folksinger Eric Anderson. Dropped post-hiatus.

Let Me Sing Your Blues Away (Keith Godchaux/Hunter)

9/8/73-9/21/73. Only Grateful Dead song written or sung by Keith Godchaux. On Wake Of The Flood, played six times (five with horns), then dropped, 1973.

Peggy-O (trad., arr. Grateful Dead)

12/10/73-7/5/95. Scottish folk song adapted by Garcia into slow first-set ballad. Played frequently, sometimes rare in late ’80s and ’90s. Recorded by both Dead and Garcia Band, 1979.

It Must Have Been The Roses (Hunter)

2/22/74-6/22/95. Second of two songs written solely by Hunter, on Tales Of The Great Rum Runners (1974). Moved between sets through 1982, then in first. Acoustic, 1980.

Ship Of Fools (Garcia/Hunter)

2/22/74-10/18/74, 6/9/76-6/25/95. Rare Garcia original used in the middle of second sets, not in ballad slot, and not containing jam. On From The Mars Hotel.

Scarlet Begonias (Garcia/Hunter)

3/23/74-10/19/74, 6/3/76-7/2/95. Debuted at Wall Of Sound Test, 1974. Mostly self-contained through 1976, almost always attached to “Fire On The Mountain,” 1977-1995, occasionally to “Touch Of Grey,” mid-1980s.

Money, Money (Weir/Barlow)

5/17/74-5/21/74. Also known as “Finance Blues,” on From The Mars Hotel, played three times then dropped.

Pride Of Cucamonga (Lesh/Petersen)

1974, never performed live. Second of four songs written by Lesh and longtime friend, poet Bobby Petersen. Demoed by Lesh, 1973. On From The Mars Hotel, 1974.

Unbroken Chain (Lesh/Petersen)

1974, live: 3/19/95-7/9/95. Multiple time signatures. Demoed by Lesh, 1973, on From The Mars Hotel, 1974, with Ned Lagin on synthesizer. Debuted live in 1995 at request of Lesh’s son.

Proto 18 Proper (Grateful Dead)

1975. Never performed live. Instrumental played during collaborative 1975 studio sessions that begat “Blues For Allah,” but never developed into a song.

Blues For Allah (Garcia/Hunter)

3/23/75-8/13/75. Modular suite created during 1975 sessions at Weir’s studio, debuted as Jerry Garcia and Friends at Kezar Stadium, performed in various iterations that year. Quoted in 1981 and 1984.

Stronger Than Dirt aka King Solomon’s Marbles/Milking The Turkey (Lesh)

3/23/75-9/28/75. Composed instrumental similar but distinct from 1974 “Eyes If The World” ending, on Blues For Allah, played in 1975, then dropped.

Crazy Fingers (Garcia/Hunter)

6/17/75-9/30/76, 7/18/82-10/8/83, 4/4/85-7/5/95. Developed from 1975 studio instrumental “Distorto” and Hunter haiku lyrics. Revived in 1982. Played often in or out of “Playing In The Band.”

Help On The Way (Garcia/Hunter)

6/17/75-10/11/77, 3/25/83-9/12/85, 10/8/89-6/22/95. Always into “Slipknot!” Debuted as instrumental at Bob Fried Memorial Boogie, recorded as opening tracks on Blues For Allah, 1975. Retired for two half-decade stretches in ’80s.

Slipknot! (Garcia/Weir/Lesh/Kreutzmann/Godchaux)

6/17/75-10/11/77, 3/25/83-9/12/85, 10/8/89-6/22/95. Instrumental theme played by Garcia, 1974. Full group piece, 1975. Always between “Help On The Way” and “Franklin’s Tower,” 1976-on. Other songs inserted twice, 1976.

Franklin’s Tower (Garcia/Hunter)

6/17/75-6/22/95. With “Help On The Way/Slipknot” during all active years. Also frequently with “Mississippi Half-Step,” 1978-1982, “Feel Like A Stranger,” 1987-1989.

Showboat (music: Keith & Donna Jean Godchaux/lyrics: Brian Godchaux)

From Keith & Donna (1975), sung by both, words by Keith’s younger brother Brian. Rehearsed in August 1975 and never performed live.

The Music Never Stopped (Weir/Barlow)

8/13/75-6/28/95. Developed during 1975 sessions at Weir's studio, incorporating so-called "Mind Left Body Jam." Played nearly every show, 1975-1977. Increasingly rare in '80s.

Sage and Spirit (Weir)

8/13/75, 10/31/80. Guitar instrumental, played twice onstage, second time acoustic in 1980. Used by Weir as a warm-up exercise.

Lazy Lightning (Weir/Barlow)

6/3/76-10/31/84. From Kingfish's Kingfish (1975). Always paired with "Supplication." In 7/4 time.

Supplication (Weir/Barlow)

6/3/76-10/31/84, 5/22/93. From Kingfish's Kingfish (1975). Except for twice, performed after "Lazy Lightning." Appeared as instrumental theme, mostly 1985-1986 and 1991.

Might As Well (Garcia/Hunter)

6/3/76-11/2/77, 2/11/79-2/17/79, 8/12/81-4/5/88, 3/20/91-6/17/91, 3/23/94. On Garcia's Reflections (1976), recorded with other Dead members. Chorus suggested by Weir. References Festival Express train trip. Mostly in first set, on and off, through 1994.

Samson and Delilah (Rev. Gary Davis)

6/3/76-7/9/95. Folk-blues adapted by Weir. Often second-set opener. Platform for drummers. On Terrapin Station, 1977.

Mission In The Rain (Garcia/Hunter)

6/4/76-6/29/76. Set in neighborhood where Hunter lived during late '60s. On Garcia's Reflections (1976). Performed five times by Dead, 1976. Staple of Garcia solo repertoire, 1975-1995.

Equinox (Lesh)

1977. First song composed solely and sung by Lesh since 1966. Recorded, left off Terrapin Station, and never played live.

Estimated Prophet (Weir/Barlow)

2/26/77-6/28/95. Moved quickly to second-set jam slot, 1977. Sometimes after "Ship Of Fools," often leads to "Eyes Of The World," 1977-1989.

Lady With A Fan/Terrapin Station/Terrapin aka Terrapin Station (Garcia/Hunter)

2/26/77-7/8/95. First and most frequently performed sections of "Terrapin Station" suite. Often featured in first half of second set as jam springboard.

Terrapin Transit (Hart/Kreutzmann)

1977. Percussion-oriented portion of "Terrapin Station" suite on Terrapin Station. Never played live.

At A Siding (Hart/Hunter)

3/18/77 (instrumental only). Sung with lyrics on Terrapin Station, performed instrumental only once in 1977.

Terrapin Flyer (Hart/Kreutzmann)

3/18/77. Percussion-oriented portion of "Terrapin Station," performed only once in 1977.

The Ascent (Grateful Dead)

1977. Instrumental portion of "Terrapin Station" suite left off LP and never played live.

Sunrise (Donna Jean Godchaux)

5/1/77-9/16/78. First of two Dead songs written and sung by Donna Jean Godchaux, performed in both sets though autumn 1978.

Jack-A-Roe (trad., arr. by Grateful Dead)

5/13/77-4/17/82, 10/12/84-8/31/85, 12/9/88-6/25/95. Likely learned via folksinger Tom Paley. Acoustic 1978, 1980-1981, and in Garcia acoustic repertoire, 1981-1986, 1991-1995, including with David Grisman.

Iko Iko (trad., arr. by Grateful Dead)

5/15/77-3/18/95. 1964 pop hit for Dixie Cups assembled from two traditional native New Orleans chants. Performed twice acoustic, 1980. Used in both sets, often springboard for guests.

Passenger (Lesh/Peter Monk)

5/15/77-12/27/81. Music by Lesh, inspired by Fleetwood Mac's "Station Agent," sung by Weir and Donna Jean Godchaux. Lyrics by band friend and Buddhist monk Peter Monk.

Heaven Help The Fool (Weir/Barlow)

1977, live (instrumental only): 9/29/80-10/31/80. From Weir's Heaven Help The Fool (1978). Performed as acoustic instrumental, 1980.

This Time Forever (Weir/Barlow)

1977, live: 11/17/78. Descending changes contributed by Garcia. Performed once acoustic as Bob Weir and Friends, 1978.

Salt Lake City (Weir/Barlow)

1977, live: 2/21/95. From Weir's Heaven Help The Fool (1978). Performed once live in 1995.

Rubin and Cherise (Garcia/Hunter)

1977, live: 3/17/91-6/9/91. On Garcia's Cats Under The Stars (1978) and solo Garcia favorite, acoustic and electric, 1977-1978, 1982, 1984-1987, 1989-1995. Four Dead versions, 1991.

Drums/Space (Grateful Dead)

1/11/78-7/9/95. Hart/Kreutzmann duet followed by drumless improvisation by other musicians, formalized in mid-second set, 1978, occurring nearly every show thereafter. Forum for guests, experimentation, crew contributions.

I Need A Miracle (Weir/Barlow)

8/30/78-6/30/95. Paired with "Bertha"/"Good Lovin'" to open/close second sets, 1978-1980. Mostly following "Drums/Space," 1986-1995, often with "Dear Mr. Fantasy," 1988. Dead Head terminology, early '80s.

Stagger Lee (Garcia/Hunter)

8/30/78-12/4/79, 8/4/82-8/10/82, 6/14/85-6/18/95. Hunter's version of common folk motif, earlier version based more closely on traditional song, adapted further by Garcia, 1978. Played mostly in first sets. Rarity in many years.

If I Had The World To Give (Garcia/Hunter)

8/30/78-11/20/78. Released on Shakedown Street, performed three times in the second-set Garcia ballad slot, then dropped.

From The Heart Of Me (Donna Jean Godchaux)

8/31/78-2/17/79. Second of two Dead songs written and sung by Donna Jean Godchaux. On Shakedown Street, 1978. Played regularly in both sets through Godchaux's, early 1979.

Shakedown Street (Garcia/Hunter)

8/31/78-7/9/95. Disco-grooved LP title track used as opener of both first and second sets, almost exclusively, appearing elsewhere on rare occasions.

France (Weir/Hart/Hunter)

1978. Released on Shakedown Street but never performed live.

What'll You Raise (Garcia/Hunter)

1979, never performed live. Solo arrangement performed by Hunter in 1978 and on Rock Columbia, 1985. Played by Dead during Go To Heaven sessions, 1979.

Althea (Garcia/Hunter)

8/4/79-7/8/95. On Go To Heaven. Performed in first set almost entirely after 1980.

Lost Sailor (Weir/Barlow)

8/4/79-3/24/86. On Go To Heaven. Except for earliest versions, always followed by "Saint Of Circumstance." Split once by "Drums/Space," 1985. Retired, 1986.

Easy To Love You (Mydland/Barlow)

8/14/79-9/3/80, 3/15/90-7/18/90. Mydland's first song played by the Dead. Performed for a year, shelved for a decade, performed on Mydland's last tours.

Saint Of Circumstance (Weir/Barlow)

8/31/79-7/8/95. With few exceptions (including Saturday Night Live, 1980) followed "Lost Sailor," 1979-1986. Usually started jam segment in first half of second set. Rare in late '80s.

Alabama Getaway (Garcia/Hunter)

11/4/79-6/18/89, 2/19/95-6/2/95. #68 single from Go To Heaven. Played on Saturday Night Live, 1980. Almost always show opener through 1989. Revived in various slots on last tours, 1995.

Far From Me (Mydland)

3/30/80-9/6/80, 10/15/81-10/30/84, 3/29/87-7/22/90. Go To Heaven song played frequently, 1980. Revived in Amsterdam, 1981, and mid-'80s rarity, except 1987.

Feel Like A Stranger (Weir/Barlow)

3/31/80-7/5/95. Go To Heaven LP side-closer. Almost always a show or set opener. Often with "Franklin's Tower," 1987-1989.

Never Trust A Woman aka Good Times Blues (Mydland)

8/28/81-12/28/82, 4/26/84-7/23/90. Played on and off through 1981 and 1982, rare most years afterwards. No studio version.

Keep Your Day Job (Garcia/Hunter)

8/28/82-4/4/86. Set and show-closer before being dropped, according to Robert Hunter, at Dead Head request. No studio version.

West L.A. Fadeaway (Garcia/Hunter)

8/28/82-6/30/95. Early versions feature additional verse. One of several songs recorded at early '80s studio sessions. Played every year after debut, rarer in early '90s.

Touch Of Grey (Garcia/Hunter)

9/15/82-7/9/95. Debuted by Hunter with extra verses, 1980, by Dead, 1982. #9 hit with smash MTV video triggering massive wave of band popularity, 1987. Often opener, closer, or encore.

Throwing Stones (Weir/Barlow)

9/17/82-7/5/95. By 1983, frequently in late second set after "Drums/Space." Subject of second video, 1987. Frequently segued into "Not Fade Away" via Bo Diddley beat. Acoustic, 1994.

My Brother Esau (Weir/Barlow)

3/25/83-10/3/87. Debut featured alternate verse. Heavily played in first sets until 1987 retirement. On In The Dark cassette, but not LP. With vocal ad-lib by Weir.

Maybe You Know (Mydland)

4/13/83-4/26/83, 4/21/86. Played five times in April 1983, and once three years later, featuring only Mydland and drummers. Recorded for unreleased Mydland solo album.

Little Star aka Bob Star (Weir)

4/15/83-6/20/83. Short two-verse song by Weir sung several times in spring 1983 as prelude to The Other One."

Hell In A Bucket (Weir/Barlow)

5/13/83-6/30/95. Frequent show opener after 1985. Video starred band's family and crew, as well as a duck, 1987.

Don't Need Love (Mydland)

3/28/84-4/13/86. Almost always played in pre-"Drums/Space" slot. Early versions without Garcia and other band members.

Dear Mr. Fantasy (Winwood/Capaldi/Wood)

6/14/84-7/21/90. Traffic cover sung by Mydland. Often out of "Drums/Space" or "I Need A Miracle." Frequently segued into coda of "Hey Jude," 1988-1990.

Tons Of Steel (Mydland)

12/28/84-9/23/87. Recorded for unreleased mid-'80s Mydland solo album. Played sparingly in mid-'80s, on In The Dark, dropped autumn 1987.

Revolutionary Hamstrung Blues (Lesh/Mydland/Petersen)

3/27/86. Played once, sung by Mydland with Lesh. Final Dead song with lyrics by poet Bobby Petersen. No studio version.

Black Muddy River (Garcia/Hunter)

12/15/86-8/31/91, 6/24/95-7/9/95. Played in second set, 1986. On In The Dark and moved to encore, 1987. Reintroduced 1995, including encore at last show.

When Push Comes To Shove (Garcia/Hunter)

12/15/86-7/17/89. On In The Dark, 1987, played in first sets through summer 1989.

Victim Or The Crime (Weir/Graham)

6/17/88-7/2/95. Lyrics by Weir's friend, actor Gerrit Graham. Debuted by Weir with the Midnites, 1983. Influenced by Bartok. Except for 1989, second-set jam vehicle. With MIDI instruments, 1990-1995.

Foolish Heart (Garcia/Hunter)

6/19/88-6/27/95. Played throughout both sets, frequently as opener. On Built To Last. Often after "Victim Or The Crime," 1988-1991. Video, 1989. Developed jam, 1990.

Blow Away (Mydland/Barlow)

6/20/88-7/16/90. Opened side B of Built To Last LP. Played through Mydland's last tours, usually in first set. With vocal ad-lib by Mydland.

I Will Take You Home (Mydland)

6/22/88-7/14/90. Debuted out of "Scarlet Begonias" but almost always played following "Drums/Space." Last song on Built To Last.

Believe It Or Not (Garcia/Hunter)

6/23/88-10/21/88, 3/22/90. Left off Built To Last. Played half-dozen times in 1988, never finding a recurrent slot, once in 1990, retired.

Gentlemen, Start Your Engines (Mydland/Barlow)

6/26/88-7/31/88. Left off Built To Last. Two performances in the summer of 1988.

Built To Last (Garcia/Hunter)

10/20/88-3/26/90. Title song of final studio album, played once in 1988, throughout 1989, once in 1990, then dropped.

Standing On The Moon (Garcia/Hunter)

2/5/89-6/30/95. On Built To Last. Moved into Garcia ballad slot, 1991, often after "I Need A Miracle."

We Can Run (Mydland/Barlow)

2/5/89-7/10/90. On Built to Last. In constant rotation, 1989, and sporadically on Mydland's last tours, 1990.

Just A Little Light (Mydland/Barlow)

2/7/89-7/21/90. On Built To Last. In constant rotation, 1989, as well as on Mydland's last tours, 1990.

Picasso Moon (Weir/Bob Bralove/Barlow)

4/28/89-6/25/95. Regular first-set song, sometimes played as show-opener after 1991. Lyric contributions by Dead keyboard engineer Bob Bralove.

So Many Roads (Garcia/Hunter)

2/22/92-7/9/95. Introduced in 1992, performed through final show. Played mostly, though not exclusively, in first sets. Weir acoustic once, 1994. Never recorded in studio.

Wave To The Wind (Lesh/Hunter)

2/22/92-12/9/93. Played spring 1992 and, with rewritten lyrics, throughout 1993. In second set except for debut. First Lesh/Hunter song since "Box Of Rain," 1970. No studio recording.

Corrina (Weir/Hart/Hunter)

2/23/92-7/9/95. Played frequently in the second set from introduction through final show. On Ratdog's Evening Moods (2000).

Way To Go Home (Welnick/Bob Bralove/Hunter)

2/23/92-6/28/95. First of two Dead songs written and sung by Vince Welnick. Played frequently in second sets through final tour. No studio recording.

Eternity (Weir/Rob Wasserman/Willie Dixon)

2/21/93-7/8/95. Collaboration between Weir, bassist Rob Wasserman, and veteran blues songwriter Willie Dixon. Rehearsed in studio, 1993. Weir on acoustic, 1994-1995.

Lazy River Road (Garcia/Hunter)

2/21/93-7/9/95. Played in both sets, 1993. Moved to second set, 1994. Rehearsed in studio, 1993. Weir acoustic occasionally, 1993-1994. Acoustic at first Phil Lesh and Friends show, 1994.

Liberty (Garcia/Hunter)

2/21/93-7/6/95. Recorded by Hunter in earlier arrangement on Liberty, 1987. Debuted by Dead, 1993. Frequent encore through last tour.

Days Between (Garcia/Hunter)

2/22/93-6/24/95. Rehearsed in studio, 1993. Performed only in second-set Garcia ballad slot, sometimes out of "Drums/Space."

Easy Answers (Weir/Bob Bralove/Rob Wasserman/Neil Young/Welnick/Hunter)

6/5/93-6/28/95. Collaboration featuring Neil Young and Weir's drum programming, on Rob Wasserman's Trios, 1994. First set, 1993-1994. Post-"Drums/Space," 1995.

Samba In The Rain (Welnick/Hunter)

6/8/94-7/9/95. Second of two Dead songs written and sung by Welnick. Played throughout second sets in 1994 and 1995. On Missing Man Formation, 1998.

If The Shoe Fits (Lesh/Andrew Charles)

6/9/94-3/24/95. Lyrics by Barbados-born musician (and Lesh friend) Andrew Charles. Played in first and second sets, 1994-1995. No studio recording.

Childhood's End (Lesh)

7/20/94-7/9/95. Last original Grateful Dead song, played in first sets. First performed Lesh lyric since "Cardboard Cowboy," 1966. Acoustic at first Phil Lesh and Friends show, 1994.

GRATEFUL DEAD

JERRY GARCIA: *Lead Guitar, Vocals*

BOB WEIR: *Rhythm Guitar, Vocals*

RON (PIGPEN) MCKERNAN: *Organ, Harmonica, Percussion, Vocals*

BILL KREUTZMANN: *Drums*

PHIL LESH: *Electric Bass, Vocals*

MICKEY HART: *Drums*

TOM CONSTANTEN: *Keyboards*

KEITH GODCHAUX: *Keyboards*

DONNA JEAN GODCHAUX: *Vocals*

BRENT MYDLAND: *Keyboards, Vocals*

VINCE WELNICK: *Keyboards, Vocals*

Inspired by and dedicated to all Dead Heads past, present, and future.

Produced by Grateful Dead

*Produced for Release by David Lemieux, Doran Tyson
& Mark Pinkus*

Associate Producer: Ivette Ramos

1967 & 1989 Shows Mixed by Jeffrey Norman *at* TRI
Studios, San Rafael, CA

CD Mastering: Jeffrey Norman *at* Mockingbird
Mastering, Petaluma, CA, and David Glasser, *at*
Airshow Mastering, Boulder, CO

Tape to digital transfers and wow and flutter correction:
John K. Chester and
Jamie Howarth, Plangent Processes
(1966–1978 concerts). Special thanks to Charlie
Hansen *at* Ayre Acoustics.

Original Recordings:

Owsley Stanley—1966, 1969, 1970, 1972
Dan Healy—1967, 1976, 1979–1988, 1990–1993
Grateful Dead—1968
Rex Jackson—1971
Kidd Candelario—1973, 1974
Betty Cantor-Jackson—1975, 1977, 1978
John Cutler—1989, 1994, 1995

Main Essay “Shadow Boxing The Apocalypse”:
Nicholas Meriwether

Individual Show Notes: David Lemieux

Scroll Text: Jesse Jarnow

Design & Artwork: Steve Vance

Art Direction: Doran Tyson & Steve Vance

Package Supervision: Kate Dear

USB Production: zamekworldmarketing.com

Tape Research: Michael Wesley Johnson

Help On The Way: Lisa Glines, Lauren Goldberg,
Cindy Vance

Stories & Art: Contributed by fans, friends & family
of the Grateful Dead. We hope you understand
our choice to share these anonymously.
With special recognition to Aaron Dessner,
Bill Walton, Blair Jackson, Bob Masse, Chez Ray
Sewell, Dave Glasser, Hale & Anne Milgrim,
Herb Greene, Jeffrey Norman, Justin Kreutzmann,
Mark Pinkus and Stanley Mouse.

We were overwhelmed by the stories and art
that you submitted, and we thank you. There are
many more enlightening, heartfelt, and worthy
contributions than would fit in this book. Please
check them out at dead.net/30-trips-fans

Special Thanks to: Bernie Cahill, Kris Tanner, and
the ROAR Team, Jacqueline Sabec, TRI Studios,
Tyler Roy-Hart, Lucky Budd, Dorothy Stefanski,
Julie Temkin, Steve Woolard, Lee Ann Wong,
Charles Benson, Kelly Spinks, Kent Liu,
Gene Lee, Daniel Matusov, Sheryl Farber, Pam
Barnes, Oronde Jenkins, Stacy Conde, Jason Elzy,
John Hughes, Lisa Lum, Mac Dunlop, Heather
Lewis, Ben Trask, Jonathan Lane, Dianna Lee,
Brian Sadler

R2-547369

© & © 2015 Grateful Dead Productions. All Rights Reserved. Manufactured & Marketed by Rhino Entertainment Company, a Warner Music Group
Company, 3400 W. Olive Ave., Burbank, CA 91505-4614. Made in USA.