Waiting For Jerry Garcia

by Sam Silver

The dressing room in the Keystone lies behind the bar and adjacent to the pooltable. The pooltable is the 25th style and the players are very skilled. They play with an abandon that makes the back of Keystone Berkeley a very strange place. In this area the band was playing before the guy...

"Anybody know about a gas station in Berkeley?"

"There's one in the City."

"Thanks."

An astroturp makes his way into the room. Green immediately shuts his duffel down and surrounds him with snake. "Listen, I have to talk to you, but not here."

"Whats wrong with here?"

"It's not the sort of thing I can talk about...It's a marrinal problem."

Green is left unstratiified. He goes back to his fiddle. He begins to play a thing that brings families to a.

Grissman: "What is that?"

Green: "It's Flanagan Bach."

Grissman: "What key is it in?"

Green: "Fuck it, I'll just arrange it myself."

Out of the dressing room. The good sharks are still doing their constant thing and out into the crowd is the everfilling Keystone. 2:15 AM. The band would be an inseparable part of the scene. As Owlsly, is working the moves around with the help of a woman. The gate at The Keystone is very obvious, and the good offices of the Grateful Dead organization...

"Could you please move?"

"I will as soon as the music starts. I will surely transformate myself. You will surely be able to see."

You know who Jerry Garcia is. You might also know that Richard Green is a good fiddler. You remember John Kahn from his playing with Garcia, David Nelson wrote Midnight on the Oasis and both he and David Grissman played with Maria Muldaur on her hit album...All of these men collectively make up the American Great String Band. They play totally nonelectric music. They did this at the Keystone in Berkeley last Sunday night...

Garcia is not the star of the band. They play banjo but this band has two other lead instruments, namely the fiddle and the fretted fiddle of mandolin. Despite this, he is the star of the band. He is the man who "would risk his neck for his brother man" Garcia. Garcia is the mystical force who can fill up the Keystone without even one amplifier.

Garcia is known to be an inseparable part of the scene. From my seat on the mezzanine of the Nourse Auditorium, The Mandelas were clear in a way I'm sure they were not from the main floor. To appreciate a work like Golden Rains and any other dance for that matter the whole music must be seen as well as the individual parts. Those seated below could not have seen the circular Mandelas, only the dancers near the apog of the stage. This is unfortunate.

Beautifully orchestrated environment by Crystal Rainbow.

Mandalas Made Of Bodies

Committed dancers live their lives for the form and their bodies are always as disciplined as the choreography of the works in which they perform. All art forms are selfish, and the Dance is no different. It is done for the self, to prove something to the self, and of all the arts, it is the one most closely associated with professional sport engagements. These are a few of the random thoughts running through my skull along with the flashes of light. They play color woven into the various segments of Carlos Carvajal's Golden Rain. The music is traditional Balinese and Javanese, monotonous to the Western ear, particularly since it is near destruction by a decade of hard rock. The mood of Rain is as romantic as the attitudes. The sets are "Mandalas," the first, using 'jungle flowers,' all women, contrast sharply with the second as the delicate movement of the flowers is jarred by the chants of the island warriors involved in their competitive games and initiation.

All men, the warriors. Ab, tradition.

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Traditional dancers always wear costumes and when a role calls for nudity, the wardrobe mistress has to come up with a skin. So it was in Rites of Spring. That wasn't a debatable streaking Dance Spectrum to chalk up a few points in Palo Alto, just the sacrificial victim in a flesh-colored costume.

Absolutely yummy, if you'll pardon me colloquialism. Spring is a dance of the elements, seasons, and planets. This production is an interpretation of Bruce Bain. Makes you feel good.

It's a lush evening of entertainment with a loby show you can даже just by wearing your fur Chubay and diamond-studded deed. Lots of hot boots and platforms and cigarette holders and cufflinks around, not to mention an "organic" food bar and a choice of dance photography on the mezzanine.

It's cheaper and more interesting than The Great Gatsby, about $35. But the fun painting this weekend with several different bands, 524-9044 for information. -C.G.