

UPPERCUT DIAMOND

NEWS

DOCUMENTING THE DEADHEAD EXPERIENCE

VOLUME III—ISSUE 5 SIXTEENTH EDITION \$2.50

Interviews With

BOB WEIR
BILL WALTON
AND
RAM DASS





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Volume III — Issue 5

Sixteenth Edition — July 1990

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Statement of Purpose:

This newsletter is published five times a year. Its purpose is to offer a forum for progressive exchange within the Grateful Dead and related communities, and to present information and ideas that might not normally cross your path. Some is written by us and some is submitted by contributors.

All correspondence received by *Dupree's Diamond News* (DDN) is reviewed, prior to printing, to determine if it is ethically, morally and politically concurrent with the presentation of our goals, though they need not be in agreement with them. We maintain the right to decide the appropriate use of all materials submitted and cannot return any material unless accompanied with a self-addressed, correctly postaged envelope.

All correspondence relating to previously published material should be addressed to the editor. Include your name and address. We will withhold your name only if requested. If submitting artwork or photos, put your name, address and phone number on the back. Any materials submitted to DDN becomes the property of DDN. We hold the right to use them at any time in the future.

The opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of DDN, and our opinions are not necessarily those of the Grateful Dead.

WHAT'S INSIDE

Letters To The Editor	2
Deadication, by John Dwork	4
An Interview with Bob Weir, by Heidi Dehncke	6
Spring Tour '90, by Heidi Kelso	11
Truckin'..., by David Meltzer	12
Inner Growth..., by Mark Koltko	14
An Interview with Bill Walton, by Scott Lewis	16
Confessions of a Convict, by Pam Fischer	21
The Dead at Nassau, by Johnny Dwork & SAM	22
The Synchro Energizer, by Mark Star	27
30 Years of Weirdness..., by Mark Koltko	28
Getting Free: Moments with Ram Dass	30
The GD in Atlanta, by Doug Corkhill	33
Stop the War, by Al Giordano	34
Should 25 Million Americans..., by Ed Rosenthal	35
The Wharf Rats	39
Odds & Ends...DDN Notes, Dead Ahead, Stuff, etc.	41

NEXT ISSUE

Cleaning
Up Our
Act

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Dupree's Diamond News

Letters To The Editor

Deaditor's Note: As you'll notice, most of the mail we've chosen to feature this time around relates to this issue's theme — getting high. While the horrible experiences these people are now having to deal with are most unfortunate, they should serve as a warning to others that getting high on drugs is often the fastest way to get burned.

Hello, Dupree's Diamond News:

I don't know really how to start this letter. It wasn't very easy getting this address. I hope the people on the other end of this letter won't hate me, like everyone else. My name is Mike, I'm from West Suffield, CT. I'm 24 years old. In 1983 I saw my first Grateful Dead concert. It changed my life dramatically. Material things seemed to have little value to me. I became a seeker of spiritual enlightenment through music and psychedelic drugs. Now I am shunned by society for what I believe in. Some really lame things have happened to me this past year. I'm in prison doing an 18 month sentence for drug charges. I can't believe what prison is doing to my mind. I am totally wiggled out over this. I guess I'll try to explain what happened.

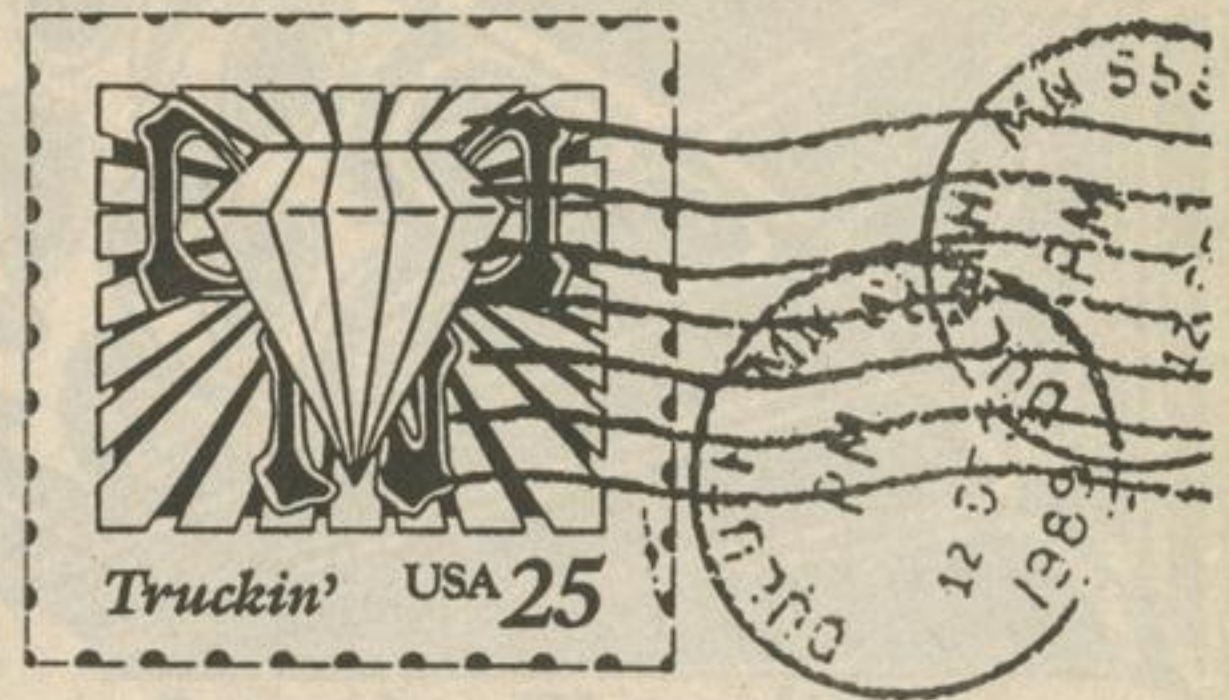
I was on spring tour. I was travelling with some other Heads from Connecticut. We were coming down from Ann Arbor, Michigan to Cincinnati, Ohio for a show they were doing in Riverfront Coliseum. We stayed in a motel the night before the show in Kentucky. On the day of the show, the city of Cincinnati was putting all the Deadheads in Union Terminal 'cause they didn't want any Heads camping around the coliseum before the show. It ended up being a big undercover police trap. We were low on cash, and we had a good supply of doses. So we thought we would go there before the show and try to get some cash so that we could stay on tour.

When we get there, we all split up. I sold a few doses here and there, then I ran into some people. They looked cool, and I sold them a half sheet for \$50. It turned out they were undercover police and I was busted shortly after. I was brought down to the Cincinnati Justice Center, booked, and put into a holding cell with a bunch of other Deadheads who were busted for the same thing. Over the course of the night, they just kept bringing them in, one right after another—all busted for drugs. They were from all over the country and Canada, too. Then that Monday morning, we all went to court. My bail was \$10,000; meanwhile, the people I was traveling with split with my car. I always left the keys in it in case it had to be moved. Well, they split and left me there. I found out later they got into an accident with it. They rear-ended someone just before the Irvine shows, and the California State Police impounded it. Good-bye car, hello accident claim. I'm probably gonna get sued when I get out of here, but I'm not worried about it right now.

So, I'm in the Justice Center for ten days and it's time for my Preliminary Hearing. They gave me this screw-ball public defender who told me to waive this hearing, and they would reduce my bond to 10% of \$10,000. But I didn't trust this yo-yo, and I had nobody to bail me out, so I refused to waive the hearing. The police department said I was making a mistake. But when I went into court, they dismissed my case, because they didn't have my lab report — and a couple hours later, I was free.

Now I'm walking around Cincinnati, no car, no money. They took my money when they busted me. So I set out to hitchhike to Massachusetts. I pan-handled at fast food restaurants just to eat along the way, but I made it in six days. I went to stay with a friend in Massachusetts, but it was time for summer tour. It started in Foxboro, so I didn't have too far to travel. So I fixed myself up with a backpack, my friend gave me a guitar, and I was on my way, starting from square one. I had no money. I was making cash by playing guitar and panhandling — I wouldn't sell any drugs. I had a good tour. Saw most of the shows that I went to. I stopped the tour in D.C. and trucked it back to Massachusetts. Stayed with my friend for awhile, but he was getting kicked out for having too many people live there.

Well, we all went our separate ways; then there was a Jerry & Bob tour, starting in Merriweather Post Pavilion in Columbia the first week of September. The plan was to hitch-hike there the last week of August and follow the tour up the east



coast, but it didn't work out that way. I made it to D.C. faster than expected, and I had a couple of days to find somewhere to hang out, so I thumbed it to Ocean City to try to make some money playing guitar on the boardwalk for a day or two. The first night I did alright; I made about \$40 and I found some people who let me sleep in their van.

The next night is when the bullshit occurred. Now in between April and August in Cincinnati, the police got the lab report back for my case, which they had dismissed earlier, and I didn't know they were going to pull this bullshit on me. That night on the boardwalk, I was having a great jam with some dudes I had met down there, and a pretty big crowd was hanging out to hear us play. We thought it was cool, so we just kept playing—but the police didn't think it was cool, so they busted us for unlawful assembly and making unnecessary noise, and made everyone leave.

When we got to the station, they checked my I.D. and ran it over a national computer and found that I had felony warrants in Ohio. They let the other two guys go on Desk Appearance tickets, but kept me in jail. Well, a couple of days later, some detectives from Cincinnati came to get me and I faced the original charge of Sale of a Class I Controlled Substance (ISD). Now my bond was \$50,000; I had no way to get out of it this time. When I got to court, they worked a plea bargain where I would plead guilty to the lesser charge of possession and I would take 18 months in state prison, which is where I am today.

Well, that's the story. Since all this has happened, a lot of people have made me feel like a rotten person. I was wrong and I'm paying for it; but when I was out there, I never sold doses to teenagers, I only sold doses to responsible adults who I thought were Heads. I really blew it bad, and everybody hates me for it. My parents won't have anything to do with me, I have no way of contacting any of my friends. I've tried to write to some addresses out on the west coast, but no one writes me back. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. While I was at shows, I felt like a child, playing with the most wonderful toys the world has to offer. All that has changed. There's one other Head who was busted at that show in here (he's the one who gave me this address), but he's on another unit and I don't get to see him that much.

I hate my life now—I'm beginning to hate myself. I guess what I did was so evil that I don't deserve to have any friends. You people are my last hope of contacting anyone from the outside. I know I'll be out someday, but each day gets harder and harder to deal with. I would love to get mail from somebody, just to talk to somebody and knowing that someone is thinking of me would help me get through this time, despite what everybody thinks of me. I'm really an all right person. I've been on many tours east and west, and seen some great shows. I miss Jerry, Brent, Mickey, Bob, Bill and Phil. Those six men have taught me so much about myself—Robert Hunter, John Barlow, too. I will always love them and their music, no matter what the rest of society has to say about it. It's what I feel in my heart that counts and with that, I'm gonna try to make it through this, although it will always leave scars on my mind. This is a rotten place filled with rotten people, and I feel rotten about myself.

Well, that's enough. Please write me back. I need a friend right now. It's such a long, long time to be gone and a short time to be there.

Good-bye,

Michael Peller
215-115 H-2-A
R.C.I.-P.O. Box 7010
Chillicothe, Ohio 45601

Dear DDN,

Landover, Maryland was utterly unbelievable for me. Beware, Brothers and Sisters, they are out to get you!

There are undercover DEA agents who tour with the band now. These agents worked with the local police in Landover and pulled one hell of a scam.

While dressed in dyes and jeans, they approached people and offered their tickets (sometimes mail order!) for drugs. Then when the innocent victim pulled out the drugs to trade for the tickets, the cops and/or DEA agents would arrest them. Sometimes it wasn't so simple. I was arrested this way in Landover, but another guy I was with was really set up. On Wednesday, the first show, he traded some LSD for a ticket and they didn't arrest him, but rather let him go into the show. Then they found him again Thursday (somehow!) and asked for a quantity of hits. He hooked them with 20 sheets and then they arrested him. They set his bond at \$100,000 and he will be in jail for awhile.

This is a systematic scam they have set up, and I'm sure it happens in more cities than just Landover.

So remember:

- They are undercover in dyes, jeans, bandanas, etc.
- They want drugs for the tickets—they won't take *any* money.
- Overall, they really did not look like cops *at all*.
- They may set you up one night and get you the next.
- They are brutal. I saw Heads beaten and harassed for no reason—really, no reason at all!!

In Landover, they got at least 50-60 people, maybe more, with this ticket scam. This is no game for them, they are at war with us.

Thanks,
Matt Feinberg

About Our New Look

Dear DDN:

I wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed the quality of Issue #4, 15th Edition. The thick paper stock and easy to read monochrome printing make it look far more professional.

Your publication is important in my life. Its look now displays a sense of strength. The dollars you invested in the better quality paper and inking will hopefully sell enough copies to justify the switch. I'm all for it!

Keep up the hard work — this new issue has already got me absorbed. Thank you for all your continued efforts in improving DDN.

Michael Sherry

Dear Sir/Madam:

When do you publish your issues? Do you have a certain month every year, or do you just put one out when you feel like it?

If you could give me the publication dates for DDN, maybe I'll be able to better understand why I haven't received an issue for three months. Thanks.

Doug Earl
P-town (Rock Island), IL

Deaditor's Note: DDN is published 4-5 times a year. We have no definite schedule dates, but try to get one out every 2 1/2 - 3 months. It's a lot of work. We do the best we can.

CHANGES

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Dedication

Get high on life. If the Grateful Dead Experience offers Deadheads one message, more than any other, it is, perhaps, that we humans possess a tremendous potential to **get high on life**. Now when I say **get high on life** I'm not talking about getting *stoned*, mind you, I'm talking about taking advantage of life's great opportunities for creativity, celebration, adventure, and learning. We have the opportunity with every passing moment to continually become more sensitive to, and appreciative of, the richness of the human experience — all of it, even the painful parts. Do you remember the immortal quote by Garcia in his 1972 Rolling Stone interview?

"To get really high is to forget yourself. And to forget yourself is to see everything else. And to see everything else is to become an understanding molecule in evolution, a conscious tool of the universe. And I think every human should become a conscious tool of the universe. That's why I think it's important to get high...I'm not talking about unconscious or zonked out, I'm talking about being fully conscious. Also I'm not talking about the Grateful Dead being an end in itself. I think of the Grateful Dead as being a crossroads or a pointer sign, and what we're pointing to is that there's a whole lot of universe available, that there's a whole lot of experience available over here."

Reading this simple yet profound thought changed *our* entire perspective on the Grateful Dead Experience. For us the enormous potential for making the most out of life that is implied by Garcia's quote transcends whatever he may specifically have intended by it at the time. It suggests to us many things, including that getting high can and should be an act that honors and nurtures the body, mind, and spirit. Those who eventually "get the message" find that **getting high in the way Garcia implies** is the ultimate human accomplishment. The question is: *how does one become fully conscious?* Or an even more appropriate question for this day and age: *how does one get high in a way that does not compromise the body, mind, or spirit?* This may prove to be one of the most important questions of our time. Certainly for Deadheads (the band included), finding the answers to these questions often turns out to be a lifelong quest.

Deadheads are drawn to the Grateful Dead concert because it offers, in and of itself, a peak experience. Through the acts of singing and dancing to the music and rejoicing with other like-minded people, we alter and heighten our "normal" states of consciousness. It is also often the case that we ingest external catalysts to trigger or accentuate the eventual state of bliss that is all but inevitable under such circumstances. More often than not these external catalysts provide us with a change in consciousness that is temporary. Everybody knows that when you get high by putting something in your mouth you're eventually gonna come down. The high that can be triggered from "within," however, will almost always result in a more profound, longer-lasting state of fulfillment. The catch, however, is that getting that same buzz *without* an external catalyst is a skill that takes practice and almost always a fundamental change in perspective.

You've probably all heard the concept that the human animal has three prime instinctual drives in life: to seek food and water, to seek safe shelter, and to reproduce. Since time immemorial there has been endless debate as to what instinctual drives, if any, follow these fundamental requirements for survival. In light of the consistent habits of our species throughout our entire history, we believe that what follows these first three is an instinctual priority to alter one's state of consciousness. That's right, folks, what we're suggesting is that next to eating, staying warm, and making babies, the human animal is inherently driven toward trying to get high. Take your pick: Sex (as a purely pleasurable activity), religion and spiritual practice (prayer, meditation, chanting and ritualistic dancing), athletics (competitive and otherwise), the artistic process (including making music), eating, laughing, loving, and even through violence, crime and war. And then there's getting high through the ingestion of substances: sugar, caffeine, alcohol, tobacco, ganja, hallucinogens. People in **all** cultures throughout the entire history of the human race have consistently chosen to engage in activities that, for better or worse, alter their state of consciousness. Those who refuse to acknowledge this cold hard fact have their heads buried in the sand. (This includes the very narrow-minded Congressman Rangel, who you'll read about later on in this issue.) It is indeed the denial of this fact that is at the root of many of our modern day problems. No matter how hard you might try to stop them, people will go to any lengths in order to alter their consciousnesses. If you don't offer them ways to do this **naturally** and **safely** (ideally from within), they will choose artificial or exterior means. If you don't give them artificial or external means that are safe, and train them how to use these things or methods safely, they will choose whatever means are available to them, even at tremendous risk, because the instinctual desire to alter consciousness is so strong.

Getting high on drugs. Unfortunately, without access to either internally generated or "safer" means for getting high (ways that have less risk attached to them), people in this society have all too often come to rely on external, often dangerous means for altering consciousness. Taking drugs is the fastest, easiest way to accomplish this. Some drugs make us feel good (or at least that's the promise). Some of them kill pain. Taking them with friends creates social bonding. Many of us take them in the hopes of gaining greater insight or getting in touch with the forces that be. Let's face it, folks, the Grateful Dead Experience has been and may always be as conducive an environment for getting high on drugs as any other setting available to us in our society. But with the tremendous risks attached to drug-taking these days, the question often becomes, **how does one choose to get high?** *With* drugs or *without* drugs. Is it possible to get high on drugs in a safe, responsible, and productive manner? Are there better ways to get high other than with drugs? And if so, what are they, and how can one find out about them? Again, these are questions that we Deadheads find ourselves trying to answer for much of our lives.

Whether for better or worse, drugs have become the main vehicle of choice for changing consciousness in our society. After all, it's easier to take a toke or a swig than it is to sit in contemplative silence or to master a discipline. There are those who say that all drugs have gotten a bad rap because of the improper use of a few. But even they realize that there's a well-defined line, for example, between the state of bliss brought on by a well-regulated lung-full of nitrous oxide taken under "safe" circumstances and splitting one's head open on hard pavement after wiffing down a \$5 balloon in a civic center parking lot. (And while we're on this topic, I'd like to pose a couple of other questions, like just what *do* we say about those people who split their heads open? Did they get too high? Or did they get too low?) Deadheads are attracted to the Grateful Dead Experience because it offers the promise of an exciting peak experience. And it *can* be a truly great transformational ritual. But if this is the case, what does the consistent history of people splitting their heads open while high on nitrous at Dead shows suggest to us? Several things are wrong here:

- 1) The establishment in our society does not accept the inevitable, common sense conclusion that the desire to alter consciousness is instinctual and, therefore, inevitable. Furthermore, it does not offer us "safe" methods for achieving one's desired states of consciousness, nor does it provide avenues for the responsible use of the substances that the majority of humans use in our attempt to achieve these states. What it *does* do, however, is to lump most of these substances into the same legal pile (with regard to their financial and moral value rather than their comparative safety). We must, therefore, strive to change the laws to reflect both the reality of human nature and the degree of risk associated with each substance.
- 2) If Deadheads are going to use drugs in order to alter their consciousnesses, then they should at least learn how to use their drugs responsibly (as tools for transformation — not as agents of self-destruction).
- 3) People have to learn that drugs only offer a temporary glimpse of a being state that can and ideally should be achieved naturally without drugs. Humans ultimately need to learn how to get high from within themselves.

Please keep in mind that we do not mean to imply that drugs do not hold potential as a vehicle for positive transformation and/or healing (nor do we mean to belittle the obvious risks). It's just that most people have long since stopped taking drugs as medicine or sacrament or have never been given the necessary training on how to use them responsibly in the first place. The fundamental problems here are that we don't know how to safely and effectively get high with or without drugs. In our Western society there are very few safe, responsibly produced **rituals** through which to experience the great variety of alternate states of consciousness that are available to us, or at least none that *speak* to our hearts.

We here at *DDN* believe that the collective shortsightedness of our society at large has created a modern scenario in which performing the instinctual act of altering one's consciousness presents the individual with unnecessary risks. Getting high naturally, from within, is a task infinitely harder than it should be. We have lost or never adopted the rituals and spiritual practices that in other societies make consciousness-expansion a safe, productive life experience. It is, therefore, easy to see why we are so easily drawn to relying on drugs to achieve alternate states. However, sooner or later, those of us who are seriously committed to achieving a lasting sense of inner happiness come to realize that drugs, even when used to their best potential, only offer a glimpse of what can be obtained through serious inner transformation. Finding safe and effective methods for this transformation is virtually impossible for many.

What we're *really* trying to say here is that however you choose to get high *in* or *on* life, do so responsibly. And always, for your own sake, try to refine that process. Nurture yourself and strive for growth.

In this issue we will explore several key ways Deadheads get high in and on life, (both for better and for worse). For those who have come to realize that getting high *without drugs* isn't easy, we have an introduction to the Wharf Rats, a drug free support group with a presence at every Dead show. We'll take a glimpse at Bobby Weir and Bill Walton's experiences with getting high through sports and music and we'll listen in on the provocative thoughts of our favorite spiritual guide Ram Dass. We invite you to consider the ramifications of these possibilities. Here's hoping that the Grateful Dead Experience continues to serve as a valuable setting in which to pursue your own quest for that perfect high.

In Light,
Johnny Dwork

An Interview With

BOB WEIR

by Heidi Debncke

I'm curious about how you became interested in bicycling.

Well, okay. It's a great way to get exercise. It's also transportation, and it's also fun. I started out running. I've pretty much been a distance runner for most of my life. I played other sports, as well.

When I was in my twenties I sort of re-took up running. It keeps me in shape, keeps my head clear, or as clear as it gets. It's sort of a meditation, too. I still run, but a bunch of my friends who used to run with me, one by one, they all defected to mountain bikes. This is a great area to ride a mountain bike, here in California. Especially here in Marin County. They all told me that I ought to try a bicycle; I'd never run again. And that almost happened. And then, in recent years, I started running again, but I sort of defected to bicycles. The exercise is good. And running around, you get to see things. It's fun.

When you're out on tour, do you find a lot of opportunity to exercise?

Yeah, well, I've been called excessive for this, but I take my bicycle on tour with me. I'm kind of lonesome without it. I used to just take a pair of running shoes, but now things have gotten much more complicated. I also take a tennis racquet on tour with me. I'm not a very good tennis player; anyway, but every now and again, I manage to get something happening.

Have you ever considered getting into any bicycle racing?

I may be getting on, a little bit, for serious bicycle racing. And besides, I don't really have the time to train so that I can be competitive, 'cause if you're gonna race, you've got to put in hours. I mean, I know some bicycle racers, and they put in eight hours a day. Now, there's professional racing, but even amateur racing, I don't have time for that. Besides, I like to cross-train. I like to play tennis, play football, run, whatever.

Sally Ansorge Mulvey



How big of a sports fan would you say you are? Like as far as following certain sports.

I'm probably a pathological Forty-Niners fan. Aside from that, I'm not that much of a sports fan. I used to follow the Celtics when Bill Walton was playing for them. I thought that what Greg Le Mond did last year was pretty special.

In "Playing in the Band" there is a quote from Jerry Garcia that reads, "We used to talk to Bill Walton, the basketball star, about being on, hitting it just right. There's a great correlation between music and professional sports; they're both improvisational." I'd like to hear your thoughts on the similarities, and even differences, between playing pro sports and performing in a band.

Well, what we're talking about is "the dance," whether it's playing music with a band full of other musicians, or playing basketball, for instance, with a team full of other basketball players. You know when you get into "THE DANCE," in capital letters, where everybody's doing their part just right, everything fits just right, there's a sort of a magic that occurs. If you've never experienced it, then you don't know what you're missing. And you don't know what I'm talking about. It's really superb. It's a wonderful feeling to be really that in touch with somebody in motion and, God, I just couldn't live without it.

I talked to Bill about that, and he told me about just knowing that somebody is about to pass the ball to somebody, and he knows they're there. He's not looking at them, he can't look at them, 'cause he'll tip the defense off. But he knows they're there, when they feel each other, and it's kind of like that when we're playing, and we're getting loose. I can intuit where Jerry or Phil or Brent are going to go, or where the rhythm's going to go, and I can be there, and we have all these happy collisions in the music that make it really great, to my way of thinking.

Anyway, so there are real big similarities between team sports and team music, or band music, 'cause everybody plays a role that supports everybody else. You can be a star, but you still have to relate to the team or to the band. And what you have to do is learn the dance, whether it be sports or music, whatever. What I mean by "THE DANCE" is in capital letters.

When you talk about this dance, are you referring to it as kind of like a zone that you reach, a certain level of communication between each other, where you just know that everything's going to go right?

One of the major components of "THE DANCE" is a state of grace in which each person's motion, whether it be figurative or physical, is in synch with other people's motion. That's because they're in touch with each other on a real high level, a real magical level--intuitive...probably telepathic. There are all kinds of communications that are going on and all kinds of connections that you make on the team or in the band, weaving together, in response to situations that come up as a unit. It's great stuff.

What do you think creates the difference between having a really good, "on" night, like you guys do obviously, and having a bad night, which happens once in a while?

In music as with sports, you have to keep in shape. You have to keep on your game, or on your instrument. You have to

practice. You have to keep in reasonable physical and mental health. You have to keep on your toes. And, that way, you can improve your chances of having a good night or a good game. There are factors that I just don't understand. I hate to call it luck, 'cause I don't really believe in luck, but there are other factors that are a little beyond my grasp.

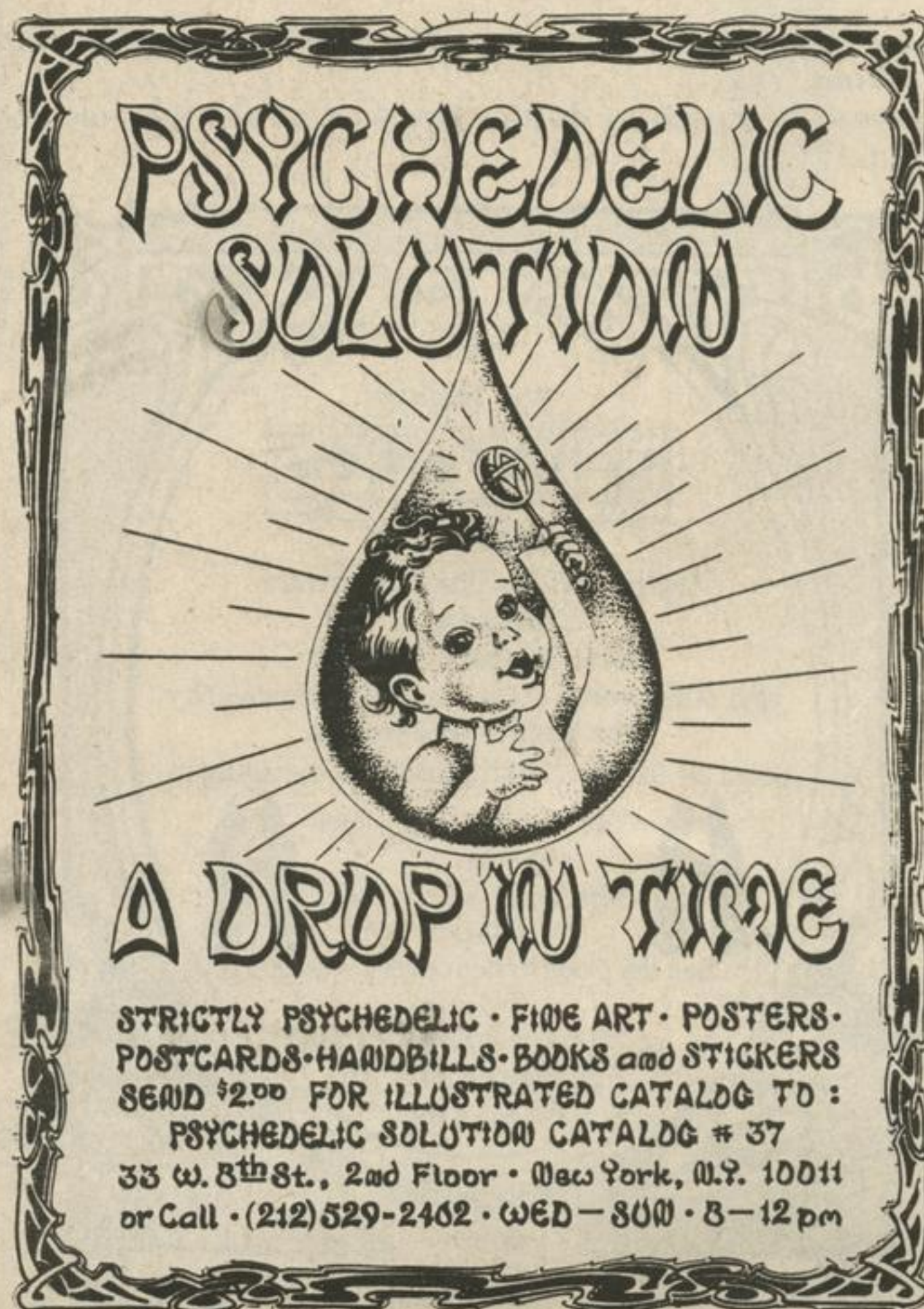
How the audience make you feel when you're up there playin? The participation of the audience in both music, in a concert, and at a sports event, I would think, must be similar in some ways.

In sports, there's the home field or home court advantage. That's a very big factor — it gets a team ripped-up, and needless to say, at a concert, when the crowd shows their approval, when they get enthusiastic, it affects us greatly. They get excited; you get excited. You know, they're rooting for you; they're pulling for you; you get excited for them. (Laughs.) You get excited for yourself, or just for the event. It makes it just that much more fun, and that much more exciting.

Do you experience stage fright at all before you go on? Or are you pretty much used to it, 'cause of all the years?

My theory is that if you ever, in your life, experience stage fright, it never goes away. Most of the people I know who have stage fright always have had it, and I don't think anybody really gets over it. Or at least not many people. I sure have

continued on next page



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An Interview With BOB WEIR

continued from previous page

stage fright. I'm not real pleasant company before I go onstage; I'm crawling the walls.

How long does it take you before you finally feel comfortable with the situation, or you're past it?

About halfway into our first set I start to relax a bit. And I'm not the only guy in the band who's like that.

Would you agree with the idea that the sum of the band is greater than its parts?

That's what they keep telling me. People say that the sum of the Grateful Dead is greater than its parts, and I'll just take that on faith. I haven't really examined it in all that much depth, but I think it's the nature of a cooperative venture like playing music or team sports—the whole idea is to get the magical chemistry happening, so that you are more than the sum of your parts. And amazing stuff happens.

I know that sometimes — not as a ritual rule, but sometimes — you guys decide on a theme you're going to use for the space segment of the second set.

(Laughs.) Right.

And I know that you've done things like "Reagan's trip to China."

Oh, yeah, we used to do the Japanese invade the Solomon Islands.

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I saw you guys in New York last October. You were in town, so were the Rolling Stones, and I guess Eric Clapton was there too.

Yeah.

Knowing that your paths crossed while you were in New York City, do you guys ever feel a sense of competition with these bands?

No, not really. That's one place where music and sports kinda differ. For instance, with the Rolling Stones, I feel more like we're in sort of a cooperative venture. We're promoting music. And there really isn't that much competition, at least for us, at our level. There's a competitive aspect for younger bands, but we're not a younger band; we don't do that.

What is the one factor that you think everybody's able to see, able to appreciate?

I think these are people who like adventure in their lives. And therefore, they like adventure in their music, and we try to put a little adventure there for ourselves and for them.

So, how did the Grateful Dead originally become acquainted with Bill Walton?

I remember the first time I saw Bill Walton. I was in Portland. I remember looking out at the crowd, and he was in the second or third row. And it looked like he was standing up and everyone else was sitting down. Everybody was standing up, so I was thinking to myself, "Well, there's a truly tall individual." Later that evening, I met him backstage. He had gotten backstage, somehow, just sort of struck up a loose relationship, and just let it roll. It's been, God, a lot of years, now. In seventy-eight, he came to Egypt with us. He and I rode in from the airport to our hotel in one of those amazing Egyptian taxicabs, where the guy drives a million miles an hour, and he's about to hit something, and you don't hit the brakes, you hit the horn. We had a great cab ride. Then we unpacked. As I recall, that evening at some point, we sort of ran into each other and we had jet-lag, and we were up, and it was getting near sunrise. We decided just to go climb the great pyramid and watch the sunrise from there. Which we did. That was a lot of fun.

Did you know that Bill's number was recently retired from the Portland Trailblazers?

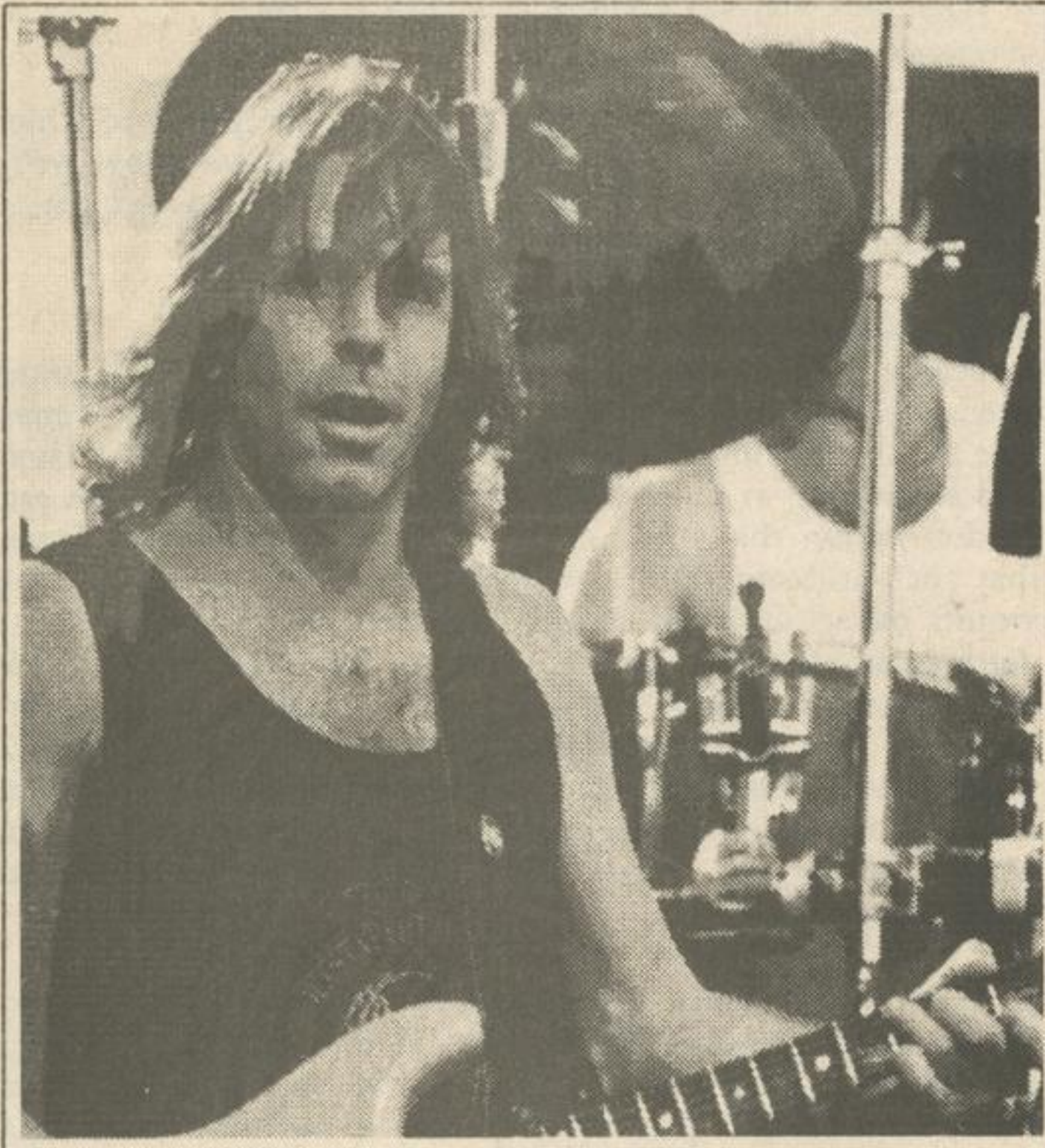
Yeah. I heard that. 'Cause Bill's the best guy who ever played on that team, I think.

Did you have any feelings about when he was making his speech, when his number was retired, that he referred to a number of lines from "Truckin'."

(Laughs.) When they retire my number, I won't put him through that. As my good friend Bill Walton once said, "No, I won't do this." I'm kinda honored, you know?

What do you think about those fans who feel so strongly about your shows, and the band, that you become kind of an integral part of their lives and you don't even know these people personally?

(Pause.) I really don't know much what to think about that. I never intended to be taken that seriously. You know, there are people out there who suspect that we know the secret. Whatever that is. And I'm here to tell you we don't. At least, if I do know it, everybody knows it, and it's in there somewhere, but really, I'm just making it from day to day, like everybody else. It kind of amazes me that people regard us so highly. We just do what we do. We play music. We've



Philip Gertzheimer

gotten kind of good at it, because we've stuck to it for a while.

What about people who don't seem to understand the music? Some of it's partly the idea of xenophobia, you know, being afraid of your own freedom, in a way, and they think to enjoy your music, you have to kind of like open yourself up a bit. What do you think about people who can't seem to get into what it is that you do, and they just don't get it?

To each his own. I hope there is something that they do get into, and that it's real fulfilling for them. This is fulfilling for me. My music and what I do. I hope all the best for people who aren't into our music. It takes all kinds.

And why do you think they're not into it?

Ah, it's just a matter of personal taste. Everybody has their own tastes, and there's just no accounting for it. There are a lot of people who just simply don't understand why people are into us. In fact, the majority (laughs) of people just simply don't understand what people could find attractive about the music we play.

Do you feel that society has become a little too concerned with a number of the wrong things and has kind of forgotten the good things in life. What are they?

Well, this isn't the last century. This world has become real

continued on next page

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An Interview With BOB WEIR

continued from previous page

material to the point where we're polluting the planet to where it won't be capable of supporting life. And we know we're doing this, and we're still doing it. I think we haven't got all our priorities straight. I mean, that's pretty obvious.

How did you get into helping out?

I became aware of the rainforest situation, a little bit, about twenty years ago. Read something in the New York Times, one of our first times in New York, if not our first time. There was something in the New York Times saying that at the rate of destruction that's going on in the Amazonian rain forest, that such-and-such stuff would happen, and very likely this would cause changes in the weather, might even have a detrimental effect on our atmosphere. That was about all they said. Then for about eighteen years, I heard nothing more about it. And, really, nothing happened. Except that all their direst predictions came true. And some more. I have been thinking about the environment and [asking] where's a good place for me to focus my efforts in regards to the environment.

So, I wonder, where do I focus my efforts, my attentions. Where can I do some good? And, at the same time, what is probably the most pressing issue in the environment? What one place should I put myself? They're all interrelated, [but] the rainforest issue is the one that most clearly and succinctly spells doom. Within our lifetime. If we don't do something. So I decided to get behind that. You'd think it'd be easy. Nobody really has it in for trees or anything like that, but the amount of massive, willful ignorance that we have to deal with, and greed, and corruption, all these things, it's really astounding how much of that has to be dealt with, and how quickly it has to be done.

Lately, I have been watching a series on PBS, with Bill Moyers.

Ah, yeah.


In the series, Joseph Campbell talks a lot about past cultures, and Indians especially, and how in their tribes, the shamans are the ones who are responsible for showing the rest of the people the way to look beyond their lives, and really kind of learn to appreciate what life is more. Do you feel in any way that you are kind of like being shamans for people?

I don't think I'm fooling myself by thinking that a lot of people sort of think of us in a shamanistic role. I surely have (laughs) no formal education in these matters, nor have any of the rest of us. (Laughs.) I tend to think of myself as a musician, but where do you draw the line? For the people who think of us that way, maybe we are that. For me, I play guitar and sing.

And do you have anybody that you can look at the way a lot of fans seem to look at you?

Ah, yeah. John Coltrane, sax player, jazz musician. What he did with music sort of does something to my head. And I think it's really great. I think it's wonderful. Wonderful in the dictionary sense of the word, it's full of wonder. And I tend to think of him as a really elevated human who happened to play the sax and somehow managed to impart that elevation, that kind of intelligence and feeling, through his music. I'm a big fan of his. ◇

Interview courtesy of Heidi Dehncke, InSport Television Productions



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Spring Tour '90

by Heidi Kelso

Amid rampant rumors of this being Phil's last year with the band, and even that this might be the last year for the band in its entirety, Spring tour 1990 featured some of the best consecutive runs of hot shows this reviewer has seen in a long time.

When I got down to Landover, it was a summery 90 degrees (after being 35 degrees just three days earlier). Good Springtime energy prevailed, as is usual when everyone is together again.

The parking lots opened around 3:00. Everyone stood around for a while trying to decide if they should take the risk and sell their goods. Bracham, the same people who handled the Rolling Stones tour, had recently signed a two year contract to handle the GD merchandising and wanted no outside vending. Eventually the goods came out, but it was pretty low key in case one had to move. Given the rumors of massive impending confiscations, things could have been much worse, but I did see piles of tie-dyes (mostly shirts) being taken away. That's the risk one takes these days.

From past experience, I've found it usually takes the band at least one show to get in sync. But not this time! From note one they were really on, with great song choices to boot. The most obvious highlight of the first set was the unexpected "Loose Lucy," played well with some noticeable structural changes.

"Crazy Fingers" to open the second set was a welcome surprise. "Black Peter," which seems like it's being played less and less these days, was positively as rip-roaring as it can get.

The second show continued on the same level of excellence as Phil turned the big FIVE-O. Fifty years old, WOW! As to be expected, there was much speculation about what he might play under such circumstances. By this time, everyone had heard that the band had rehearsed "Unbroken Chain." The parking lot was full of "Unbroken Chain" t-shirts and stickers. But to no avail our prayers fell on deaf (or uncooperative) ears as Phil chose to sing "Tom Thumb's Blues." We all figured he wasn't into all the hype and so we just enjoyed what was offered. (We always make bigger deals out of these things than they do.) "Revolution" for the encore blew everyone away.

The third night was strong, with a particularly hot "Loser" and the long-awaited "Black Throated Wind." After years of refusal on Bobby's part to perform this haunting ode to love-on-the-road it finally surfaced with new lyrics. A whole bunch of us really love this song. The combination of Bobby's great trepidation to play it at all, along with the execution of the song being somewhat weak, leads us to wonder if it has come and gone in one fell swoop...we certainly hope not. "Blow Away" to close the set was undoubtedly the longest one to date and was grossly over-exaggerated.

By the time Sunday night in Hartford rolled around, the band seemed to be exhausted from three days in Landover. The show seemed lackluster and dragged a bit. It was disappointing, but in my opinion no surprise after all the hullabaloo over the tickets. (They never went on mail order, but the rumors abounded for over a month as to what exact day the tix would go on sale. Consequently, people gathered by the box office on a daily basis for close to three weeks.)

On Monday night, however, they regained their stride with up versions of "Box of Rain," a truly beautiful "Foolish Heart," flawed only by a brief moment of amnesia on Jerry's part, and a sweet combo of "China Doll"> "Goin' Down The Road."

The mood in Hartford was noticeably more relaxed than the last time they played there, partly due to the ushers wearing spiffy sweaters rather than the infamous and threatening A-Team security jackets. Despite all the hoopla made by local authorities, permits were sold, and the streets were full of vendors.

The Grateful Dead ripped up Canada with another pair of great performances. There was excitement in the air as everyone seemed to feel like we were on foreign ground — you know, the circus comes to a new town for the first time. "Loose Lucy" appeared again to our delight and "Victim or the Crime" got unbelievably spacey with all sorts of feedback.

The second show in Canada brought us the first "Beat It On Down The Line" since 10/21/88, and "Must've Been The Roses," which is getting rare as well, was most welcome.

The entire second set was ferocious. Much to our surprise, the Boys actually sang the **whole** "Hey Jude" (not just the end) with "Fantasy" nestled within. What made this even more spectacular was that during the "Fantasy," Jerry broke a string and Steve Parish actually changed it on stage as Jerry continued to play the other five strings. Way to go, guys!!!

On to Albany, which found us breaking in the brand new Knickerbocker Arena. Dupree's was even mentioned in the official arena pamphlet! Fortunately, the first show was on a Saturday night, so the local police were able to gauge the crowd for the next day. The arena is downtown and all hell could have broken loose during rush hour if not for their smart decision to close off the streets around the arena. Vending was everywhere. So much for Bracham.

The first show was totally solid and featured one of the hottest versions of "Loser" in years. The entire second set, including a wild drums>space, was breathtaking.

The second and third shows were not as good; it seemed like they were in "cruise" mode.

This brought us up to Nassau. Let's hope this wasn't the last East coast Spring tour with Phil. ◇

Truckin' To A Higher Consciousness

by David Meltzer

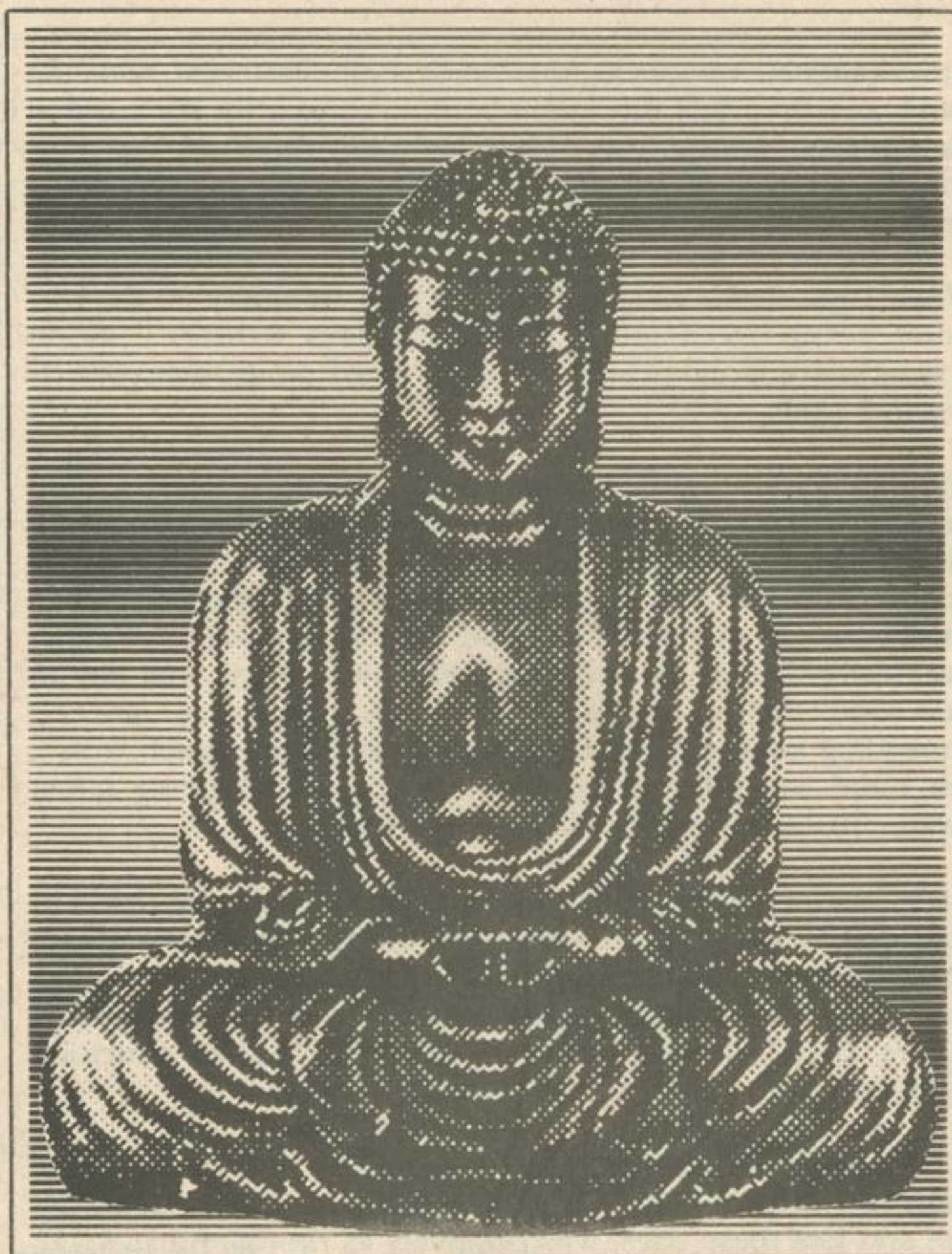
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Is it really possible?

It's not as easy as Nancy Reagan and the "just say no" gang might think it is, but peaceful spiritual warriors from around the world and across the centuries have promised us it is possible. Noble paths leading to higher consciousness have existed in every place and time, and although they've differed in their specifics, they have all shared certain universal principles of attitude and behavior. These principles are not programs that some group of guys voted on at a parliamentary meeting. Rather, they are the result of understanding certain scientific principles about the nature of consciousness and how it can be affected in a positive manner. "Paths are many, Truth is one" is a saying known and honored in the East. Let me share with you one tradition to give you an idea of the nature of what a noble path to higher consciousness is like.

The Buddha, "The Awakened One," lived 2,500 years ago in a materially oriented environment that did not encourage his self-expression or realization. Sound familiar? Buddha sort of turned on and tuned in, and after he was tuned in he shared himself with whoever had the ears to hear. The Buddha taught that virtually no one stays high — that is, joyous, peaceful, and wise — all the time because we get caught up in our own selfish trips. Selfish trips lower our consciousness and keep us tied to fear. Fear is at the root of all selfishness and unhappiness, and the overcoming of fear leaves one free to pursue life adventures that help one stay high.

The way to become free, he said, is to follow what he called The Eightfold Path. Now The Eightfold Path is a map, a map that is just as accurate as anything published by Rand-MacNally. The only difference is that the map in your glove compartment tells you how to steer your car so that it can take you where you want to be. The Buddha's map tells you how to steer your life so it can take you where you *really* want to



be. The Eightfold Path is made up of the following: right understanding, intentions, speech, and actions; right livelihood, effort, mindfulness; and right concentration. Allow me to loosely translate from the ancient Pali that Buddha spoke into our contemporary tongue.

Right Understanding: Live life with honesty and integrity. Don't be fooled by the miserable mates on the ship of fools who will try to seduce you with promises of pleasure and fame. Take the time to see where life's paths culminate. The only truth to be found in the rat race is that the rats are winning. If we live to get, we will always be unhappy because there always is more to get. If we live to give, we will always be happy because there is always more to give.

Right Intentions: There is no way of knowing, for certain, how anything we do will pan out in the long run. All we do know, if we're honest with ourselves, are our motives. And if we pay attention, we're certain to see that although Donald Trump gets more press coverage, actions arising from sincerity and conviction will bring us rewards undreamed of in the board rooms of Wall Street. Joy, peace, and wisdom are no small stakes.

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Right Speech: Three gates are mentioned beyond which all words should pass before they leave our mouths; the gates of kindness, necessity, and truth. If we speak only words which fulfill these three criteria, what marvels approach us!

Right Actions: This path is not for those who look for a set list of *thou shalt* and *thou shalt not*s. This path is for those who are willing to live their lives based on the highest light they are capable of seeing. Everything else is a cop-out. And we know it in our guts.

Right Livelihood: No job is totally pure, totally unrelated to the world of fear and military-industrial destruction. All that one can do is allow oneself the space to discover one's true work. This is an especially difficult task in our day and age. It's easy to get lost in the fear of economic and social security, or the illusion that we shouldn't contribute at all. Follow your bliss. Be patient upon yourself. Your true work, your life's purpose, is waiting to meet you around the corner of your integrity, courage, and commitment.

Right Effort: Hanging out is crucial to feeling good, but at a certain point it becomes a drag on the energy. When something needs to be done, do it wholeheartedly, with complete attention. If it doesn't need to be done, leave it be.

Right Mindfulness: One of the principal reasons we're not experiencing the depths of joy, peace, and wisdom is because we are not particularly attentive. What was the first thought you had when you woke up this morning? Which foot did you first put a shoe on? Do you always put that shoe on first? Why? These may seem like meaningless questions until our minds become more capable of seeing the meaningful. Strong mindfulness makes the mind capable of cutting through dead dreams and approaching another, more vibrant land.

Right Concentration: This means a sadhana, a spiritual practice. A practice that touches your deepest self. Yoga, meditation, music, dance, whatever. It's your path and only you know what practices are right for you. It is universal, however, that regular, consistent, dedicated practice is sure to be interrupted if one indulges in the myriad of reasons for not performing sadhana. But if you do not get distracted, the consciousness is raised. Guaranteed!

I know it isn't easy, and I know it sounds like it might not be true. But just imagine if it is! Just imagine that maps, such as the Buddha's, really do exist. Guidelines that can help us live in a space where we always feel as good as we felt at the end of the last show that we saw. Then what happens is folks start to stop you at shows, or on the street, and they ask you where they can cop whatever it was that got you so high. You tell them about the path of the Buddha. Most of them think it's a put-on. They'll go on to other things. A few, however, will have the ears to hear. They'll pursue Truth.

What do you hear? ◇

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Inner Growth Through Your Outer Job

a book review *by Mark Koltko*

The 1990 What Color is Your Parachute? A Practical Manual for Job-Hunters & Career-Changers.

Richard Nelson Bolles

426 pages; Berkeley, CA: Ten Speed Press. 1990.

Paperback; \$11.95.

My boss was such a pip when he fired me. He called me into his office and sat me down:

"I am happy to tell you that you have been terminated."

"Come again?"

"I am not happy to tell you that you have been terminated."

"What did you say when I first came in?"

"You're terminated! You're fired!"

I never did find out whether he understood that he had made a revealing slip. I did find out that my job was over after more than six years, in a way which I thought was somewhat unfair. (It was little consolation that in the ensuing year this boss, as well as *his* boss, each left under a cloud.) But I found out something else as well: It was good to be gone. Within less than two weeks, people I knew would stop me on the street to ask what good fortune I had had, because "you look so much better now than you have lately." I stopped bleeding. I stopped waking up in the middle of the night. I started writing again. I became a much better person to be around. My dismissal began a process of inner healing and growth which continues to this day.

I found out the hard way that work which does not suit you can kill you slowly, even if the money is right and the environment is civilized. I had to learn this the way I had to learn to jump into the deep end of the pond: by getting pushed. (Don't push folks into ponds, though, people!) I was fortunate to have the support of my family and some close friends (the beautiful people know who they are), as well as the professional training needed to make a good career change. But sharp people make their own good fortune, and one way to do that is to get a copy of Richard Bolles' *What Color Is Your Parachute?*, the current edition of which is simply the best because twenty years of experience in the field have gone into it.

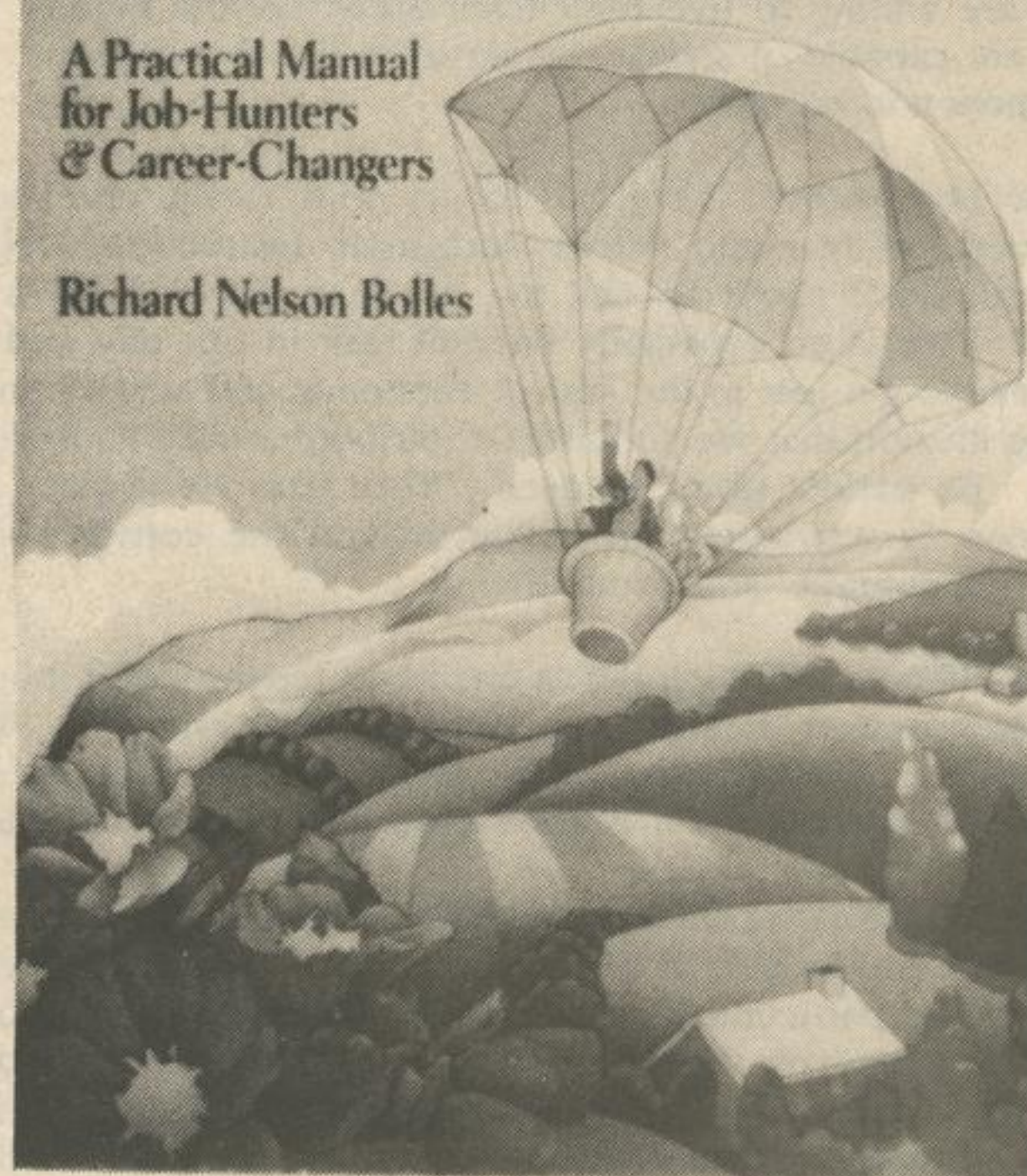
This is *not* the "fitting-the-right-pegs-into-the-right-holes" approach to career development that you may be familiar with.

The 1990 What Color Is Your Parachute?

20th Anniversary
Edition

A Practical Manual
for Job-Hunters
& Career-Changers

Richard Nelson Bolles



Yes, I know those tests. In my own counseling work these days, I avoid them. The approach I find most helpful and fulfilling involves a discovery process, in which people identify the skills and talents that they possess and that make them happy, and then do their homework and discover where they can apply those skills. *Then* it makes sense to deal with issues like writing a high-powered resume, and so forth, which most "career" books seem to focus on. I learned this approach from masters in the field, who themselves learned it either from Bolles or from the people who Bolles learned from. *Parachute*, which is revised annually, contains the best description available for a general audience regarding the soup-to-nuts process of finding work you love. (But see also Tom Jackson, *Guerilla Tactics in the Job Market*.)

Career-changing can lead to some unpredictable switches: the music teacher "goes corporate," the nurse becomes a psychologist, the computer jock writes advertising copy. These are all true examples, and in each case the people involved made the switch to achieve a fuller expression of their values and talents. (If this is not a spiritual quest, I don't know what is.) But to change one's career (or to find for the

first time a career, as opposed to a job) may seem daunting, undoable, the kind of thing other people do because they have a clue — and maybe you don't. Bolles is the cluemaster.

Parachute makes three things excruciatingly clear: First, the task of finding work you love *can* be accomplished, by a process which is easy to understand. Second, it is going to be a lot of work. Third, it is really worth it — this is your (working) life, after all. When you buy this book, buy a box of pens: you will need them to do the many crucial exercises in the book. But be assured, there is no busywork here.

The first three chapters of *Parachute* lay out the realities of how people get hired and fired, and the effectiveness of different methods of finding work. The next three chapters lay out Bolles' basic approach to answering the questions: "What skills do you most enjoy using?"; "Where do you want to use your skills?"; and "How do you find the person who has the power to hire you?" It sounds simple, but ask yourself: how many jobs did *you* go after in this way? And how many of your jobs have had you happily bouncing out of bed? Exactly.

The remainder of the book consists of appendices, which in this edition are actually slightly longer than the body of the book, and which deal with a number of special situations. Most readers will probably want to work with Appendix A, which is a workbook for creating a picture for your ideal job or next career. This is the stage, the very first step of identifying what it is you would like, where, in my experience, most people stumble. And, just like at the candy store when you were four, if you couldn't figure out what you wanted, then you got what somebody else picked out for you — or zip. This appendix just appeared in its present form in the 1989 edition, so it may be new to those of you with older editions of *Parachute*.

Appendix B lists books and other resources for various parts of the career development process (for example, "alternative forms of jobs," such as self-employment, and "particular kinds of jobs," such as those dealing with social change). Appendix C lists information for those who are either looking for a career counselor, or who are looking to *become* one. Both of these appendices have been extensively revised for this edition.

Appendix D, which is new in this edition, gives almost thirty pages of information about how to meet the special challenges faced by the "disabled" or "handicapped." Appendix E answers various questions readers have asked over the years (like "How can I look for work while I am still employed?").

My favorite is Appendix F: "Finding your mission in life." It is an overtly religio-spiritual approach to identifying your part in the Big Picture. Apparently this appendix was added only in the last few editions, but it has generated a lot of positive response from Bolles's readers. It addresses an existential frustration which I have found among people of all ages.

It is a pleasure for me to see that more authors are addressing the spiritual basis underlying human happiness, whether in work (Bolles, as well as Marsha Sinetar's *Do What You Love, the Money Will Follow*), life-style (Duane Elgin's *Voluntary Simplicity*), or many other areas. That's why I review these books, and why you read them (at least our mail suggests you do). *Parachute* is another book which will help you to integrate your need for inner fulfillment with your need to work in the "outside" world — leading to the realization that these two are one. ◇

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AN INTERVIEW WITH

BILL WALTON

Hoops, The Dead And "Being On!"

by Scott Lewis

Bill Walton was born in San Diego in 1952. He starred for the UCLA basketball dynasty under legendary coach John Wooden from 1971-74, leading the Bruins to two national championships and earning three All-American awards. He was the first player selected for the NBA draft in 1974, when he went to the Portland Trailblazers and led them to the 1977 NBA title. He was named most valuable player in the NBA in 1978. Bill played for the San Diego Clippers from 1979-85, before signing as a free agent to the Boston Celtics in time to help them win the NBA title in 1986. He attended Stanford Law School in 1981-82 during a hiatus from the NBA due to recurring foot and ankle injuries, and both he and his number are currently retired from basketball.

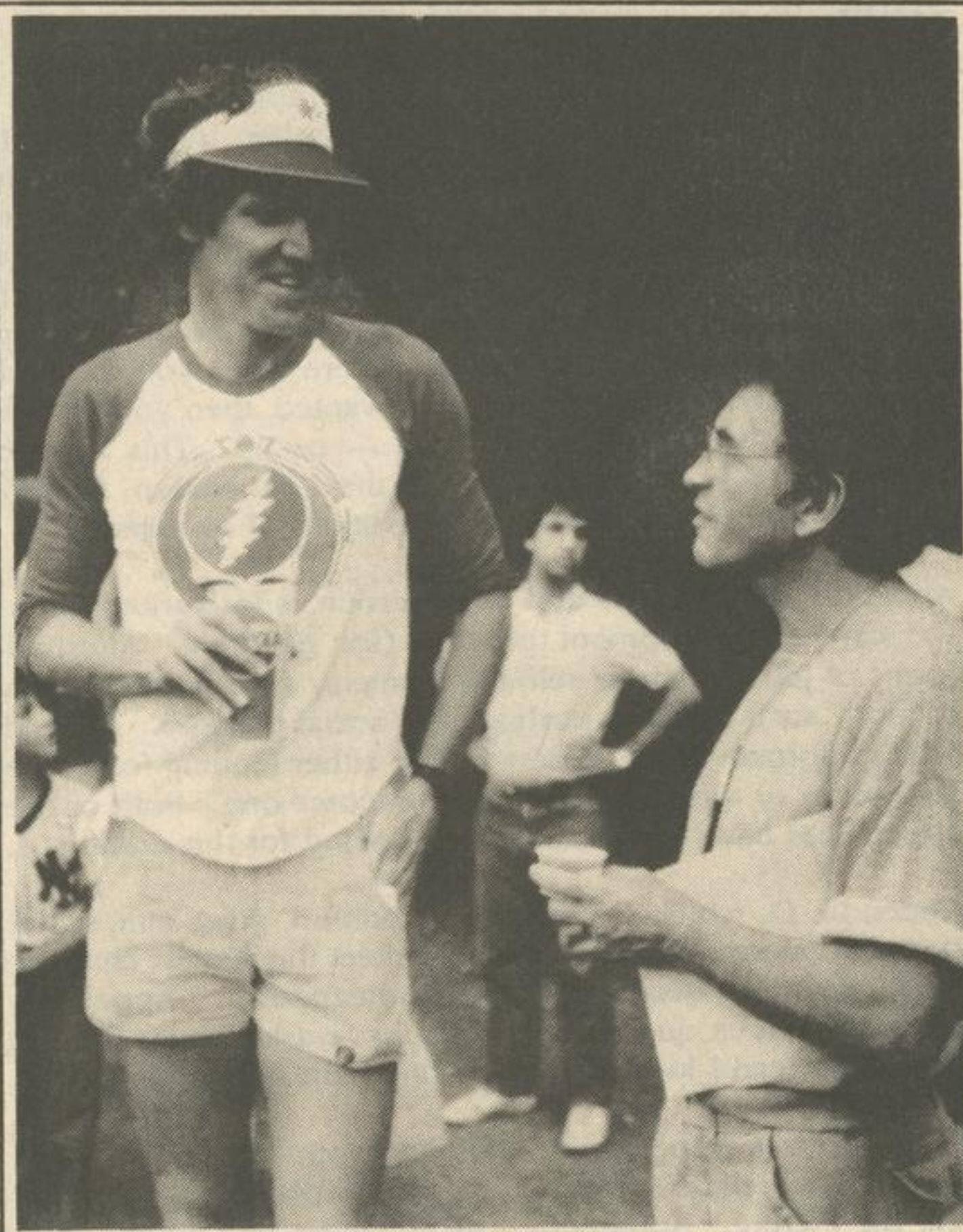
When did you first hear the Grateful Dead?

Oh, gosh, it was in the 60's sometime. I heard them on record, then I think my first concert was in the early 70's.

Do you remember what show it was or when?

No, I don't remember; it was a long time ago, though, about 20 years ago, I guess. I've been going ever since. I still go all the time.

Scott Lewis is the Northern California Sports Editor for Dupree's Diamond News. His book, *The Rainforest Book*, will be released this September by Living Planet Press. Buy several copies.



Bill Walton Backstage with Bill Graham

When did you first realize that the Grateful Dead offered something different than other kinds of music?

Well, I liked them right from the very beginning.

The first time you heard them?

From the first time I heard them. I liked the speed, the energy, the charge in the music and then the beautiful melodies, the beautiful, sweet, slow stuff — although I admit I like the fast songs better than the slow stuff.

You like the fast songs better?

I like the fast songs, yeah. I like it when it makes you want to dance.

Favorite songs?

The next one.

Whatever is the next one?

Whatever is the next one is my favorite.

Even if it's a slow song?

Yeah, the slow songs; they're sort of often introductions to the fast songs.

How did you first meet the members of the band?

I was at a show... Actually, a couple years before I met them, somebody came up to me at a show when I was dancing around in the crowd and said, "We're with the band; would you like to come backstage and meet them?" I was a very shy young man, very shy and very reserved.

So I turned them down that time. I was having a good time out in the crowd and anyway, a couple of years later, the same thing happened. Somebody came up to me — it was in Portland, at the Paramount Theatre. I was standing out there in the crowd having a great time, and a couple of members of the road crew were hanging out backstage watching the show. One of them looked down and said, "Hey, who's that guy standing on the box out there?" and somebody else looked out and said, "Hey, that's Bill Walton standing out there." And so one of them came out, gave me a couple of passes. I said "Thanks, I'll be back to say hello after the show is over," and I went back after the show was over, and met all the guys. They've become some of my very best friends.

You think shows are better now than they were ten years ago?

They're different — I think by and large they're better. I have so much fun when I go to the shows — I just can't wait until the next one.

Do you go on tour ever?

Yeah, I've been on tour lots. I love going on tour with the Grateful Dead.

You went to Egypt, didn't you?

I went to Egypt with the Dead, yeah. And plus, as you travel around the world, travel around playing basketball, the Dead are often right there, too, 'cause they play the same buildings that we play in basketball. And so I would always try to schedule my business around the Grateful Dead's tours so that I could spend my evenings relaxing and dancing and having a good ol' time.

I can understand that.

I like going to places with the Dead where I've never been before — that's a lot of fun. But I like going anywhere with the Grateful Dead. It's just a tremendous amount of fun, everybody's always fired up and excited — can't wait for the show to start, and everybody's deeply disappointed when it ends. That's one great thing about the Dead, they just keep playing — they keep playing on a very regular basis so you can see them all the time. I've seen a lot of shows. I see anywhere from 40-50 shows in a year to probably a low of five or six, just depending on what my schedule is like.

You were at one time one of the greatest college basketball players in the country for a great team, UCLA, where you were All-American for three years. You were at one time on the greatest NBA team, and you got most valuable player there, too. So you've really experienced the peaks of performance in sports in a team's context. I'm wondering if you see any parallels between that and what happens on stage when the Grateful Dead are playing.

Well, the parallels are that you have a big arena with a crowd that over a two-hour period gets worked up into a fevered pitch because of what you're doing out there. And the excitement in the building, surrounding a Grateful Dead show or surrounding a basketball game, is very similar. Tension, anxiety, anxiousness about "let's get going — let's get it happening," is just tremendous. Now a basketball crowd is a little different than the Dead crowd. You don't have, like sometimes you do on the road in basketball — where you can have a very antagonistic, a very hostile crowd — you don't really have that sort of hostility at Grateful Dead concerts.

What about the dynamic among team members or between band members?

Well, there's an incredible similarity there, too, with the team work necessary to pull off [both a Dead show and a basketball game.] The Dead is a band of six musicians and six or seven or eight absolutely essential backup staff people, and a basketball team is 12-15 people. So, it's a small group that really puts it on, that really makes it happen. In basketball, you know, it's very, very serious in terms of the preparation and the execution of the event. Grateful Dead concerts are very serious, too. I mean, that's hard work. You know, they

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BILL WALTON

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gotta be out there and there's a tremendous number of people who are counting on them for a very important moment in their life, and that's a lot of pressure, a lot of pressure on the entertainer.

I guess one difference would be the competitiveness in basketball. Do you feel that there's any of that kind of energy in a concert format?

Tremendous.

Really?

I definitely think so. I think it's competitiveness in the purest sense of the word in that you're competing against yourself to be the absolute best musician or best basketball player you can be. In basketball, competition [can involve] player versus player, team versus team. The competition in the Grateful Dead is in creating the festive atmosphere from dead space, from just zero, creating this incredible atmosphere of creativity and festivity from a big, cold, empty building, and

everybody in the band brings something to that. And when one guy is having a really great night, that's gonna bring up the rest of the guys, too. And when somebody's having a bad night, the other guys have got to step up and cover for him.

In a really great show or game, something almost magical occurs and creates a transcendental energy. It seems almost as if it's not a deliberate effort by any individual out there.

Yeah, I don't think that happens by accident. When it actually is happening, the performers and the crowd aren't consciously aware of the effort it takes. It's a huge mistake to think that pro basketball players, pro athletes, the Grateful Dead, professional musicians, professional entertainers, just walk out on the stage and it happens. There are millions of hours of preparation required to get not only your skill level up, but to get your personality and your whole psyche to a point where you're able to create. It's not something you just turn on and turn off. What's so great about basketball is how fast it is; and I love the speed of the Grateful Dead, where everybody's chest is going so fast. And they're going in different directions, yet they're always able to come back. It's like a basketball game. One guy doesn't do everything. When everybody is doing his little part is when the team is really happening. Hey, if you're a terrible team, then everybody is doing everything by himself. But when you're on a true team and you're working together out there, everybody doing his

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Scott Lewis with Bill Walton on his boat: "Ship of Fools"

part, it makes for the magical moment and it's not easy to do that. That's why there's so many bad basketball teams and that's why there's so many bad musical groups.

When that magical moment really happens, what's going on? Everybody gets "bigb"...

Yeah, it's the group working at a level they can't get to by themselves. They can't get there without the whole atmosphere, without the fans just cheering, going crazy. In basketball, there's no way that you can play at the same level in a quiet gym with nobody there as you can in a big game where the place is packed, it's on television, and everybody's watching. You just cannot get yourself going enough because the crowd gives you so much. One of the things that happens in pro sports when you're playing in really big events is that your body just glows with energy — there's just so much energy in the place, people just urging you on, or urging you to fail if you're playing on the road. There's just a tremendous influx of energy into your body and it's so key for a player to take that energy and turn it into positive results and not to let it become such a factor, such a force that you're out of your game and you can't concentrate on the things that need to be done. [You've got] to take that energy, that crowd surge and use it to make your body feel perfect. Just tingle with pure energy.

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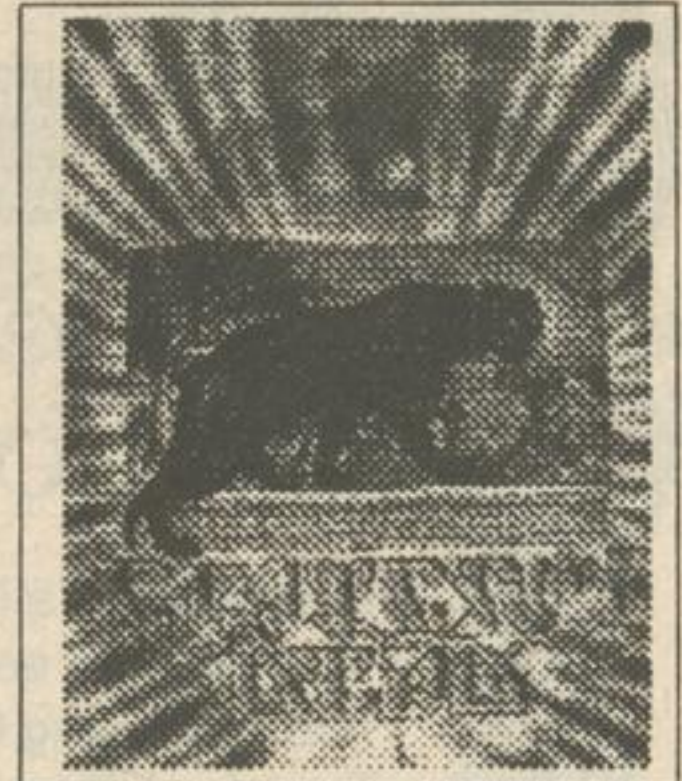
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BILL WALTON

continued from previous page

For a great performance, is that essential?

Well, the other guys out there are good, too. When you're playing basketball, you're not playing against *nobody*, you're playing against people who are real good and have their own ways of trying to kick your butt and you have to keep things very clear mentally because the decisions you have to make during the course of the game — they're rapid fire decisions. I mean, you've practiced them all, and you've imagined them all beforehand, but you gotta make on-the-spot decisions and you can't be emotionally carried away by these things — you gotta be real clear and real sharp, but you want to use that excitement just to make your body just glow with energy.

You think that's the same in context of the band playing?

Yeah, they have to make incredibly quick, on-the-spot decisions, [and] it's all real live stuff. That's one of the things that's so great about the Dead: it's different each and every time. I've been to hundreds of shows, and every time, it's different. It's that live creativity that I love. I love to watch basketball, too.

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I was going to ask about that.

I like to watch basketball and listen to the Dead at the same time. I can't play basketball any more, but I would've loved to have had a real nice basketball court right next to or right behind the stage and been able to play basketball against some of the really good players during a Grateful Dead show. Now there've been some shows where they've had hoops put up and stuff, and I've shot around a whole bunch and had a good time.

At shows?

At shows. But I can't really play basketball at all any more.

Why do you think people find sports and the Dead so compelling as spectator events?

Because they're *live* and because you don't know what's going to happen.

Unpredictability?

Anything could happen, and it often does. Fun things, weird things, good things, bad things — it all happens in live sports and live entertainment and there's nothing more live than the Grateful Dead. [When] they're out there, they've got an idea of what they're doing, but they're still creating the music as they go along in time. It's not like they're just playing the tapes. And in basketball as in the Grateful Dead, the game starts every day at zero-zero — you don't start with a lead. You've got to go out and earn it each and every day. Make it happen — and it's great when that pressure is on you.

Is it inspiring to you?

Very inspiring. Basketball is a rhythm game, very rhythmic, and I listen to a lot of Grateful Dead music all the time anyway, but when I was playing basketball, I would listen to incredible amounts. I would listen to it all the time. I'd started listening to it with a dedicated purpose — hours and hours before the game just to get the rhythm going. I would have tapes of concerts I liked.

When I was playing in Portland, I had a buddy who was in charge of the P.A. during the warm-up, and I would bring in Grateful Dead tapes, and he would play them over the P.A.

During the warm-up...

Through the whole building during the half-hour warm-up period before the game.

And then in Boston the organist learned a few Grateful Dead songs.

You requested him to?

I didn't, no, he just did it on his own. He would play "Truckin'" and "Touch of Grey," and a couple of other songs. It was funny.

Well, how exactly does it inspire you?

Well, I think one of the things about the Grateful Dead is that they're a very proud people, and they're proud of their accomplishments, of what they're doing, of what they're going to do, and of what they've done. And they're proud of their skills. When they exhibit their skills, they're out there saying, "Yeah, here we are, this is what we do...can you dig it?" And I can dig it.. You know, when they start jamming away, boy, I say, "Yeah. I'm with *those* guys." ♦

Confessions of a Convict

by Pam Fischer

I have lots of time to think here. I remember back to when I first went on tour. The incredible feeling of freedom and family. I found people I could be myself with — and be accepted, shown love and good times.

A few years later, I found myself snug into the family of people who never missed a show. Touring with the Grateful Dead was our life, and it was beautiful... but as the days rolled by, I began to notice a darker side. Dealing became more important than anything. Kids came on tour and blindly joined a fantasy world where "doses, doses" was the "in" thing to be yelling, before the reality of jail and undercover cops (very much a part of our scene) ever hit their heads. Very rarely does anyone ever think of the amount of time that goes with the quantity they are holding. Peopled joned off the high of dealing as if it were a hit of crack. Suddenly there were strangers who didn't dance following us at shows, taking our pictures. A shadow hung over us that prevented us from being with the people we cared about.

Well, I got lucky and only got twenty-one months. By some small miracle, a not-so-lucky friend who got ten years was put in the same prison. Right next door is another jail, and just the other day we noticed another Deadhead friend there. We stood in our recreation yard waving...so good to see family...wait a minute, there's something definitely wrong with this picture. Maybe it's the dual razor wire fences.

I watch a lot here. I realize that these people fighting "the war against drugs" couldn't survive without us. We create many thousands of jobs, and support a system we don't even believe in. We are put to work (slave labor) and make five dollars a month. For 150 hours work.

We are not allowed to write to other inmates; we are cut off from many of our family. We all wear the same thing and are told what to do and when to do it. We are subject to the guards' moods and games — at the cost of our good time.

The family spirit still shines strong — but yet, nothing can change the fact that we are separated by this fence. The hugs that felt so good are now just a distant longing. The freedom we had to be anything anytime is a memory.

I think back to my last shows — they were great — as always. But something has changed. I got tired of dancing with two monkeys on my back — monkeys who stood with their arms folded, watching. I got tired of wondering who was taking my picture — and why. I missed my friends who wouldn't hang out with me because I was "hot." It seemed that we were sacrificing the very freedom and closeness we had struggled so hard to gain — for something that would ultimately destroy us.

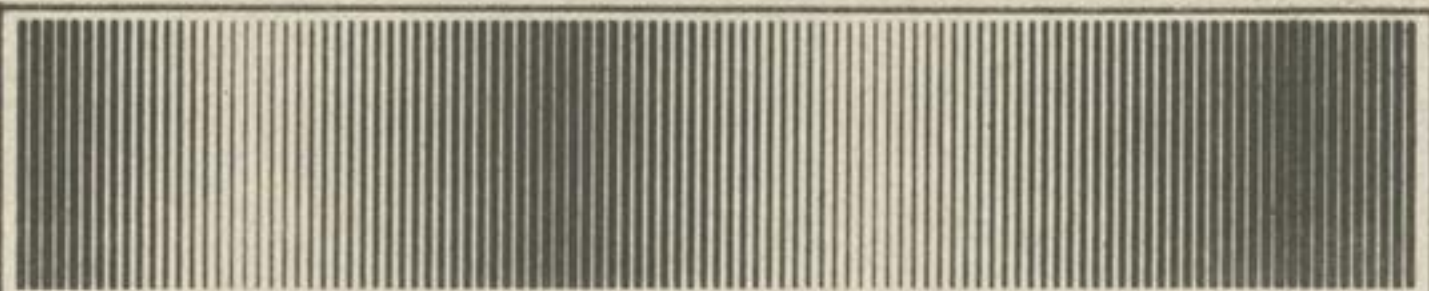
In the sixties, we protested the war — in the nineties, we are the enemy in the war. Billions of dollars are being spent to put us in jail. We are paying with our lives, and ultimately with the lives of our children. We are living blindly in a very

sheltered "free" world where the harsh reality of incarceration can't even seem real until it is too late. And then we woke up screaming inside every day.

I wonder about the future. Even existing outside the system you still must function within it. The label "convicted felon" (and even worse in the 90s, "drug dealer") has slammed many doors in my face. It has taken away the simple freedom to smoke a joint, for many years to come. It is something that will haunt me for the rest of my life.

I wonder about the future of our scene. Drugs, gate crashing, and inconsideration for the neighborhoods we play in are causing the government to take notice of us in a very negative way. The band is taking the flack for our behavior. Where are we headed? Right now, there are hundreds — maybe thousands — of us scattered in prisons all over the country. *Think* about what you're doing. Don't count on not getting caught because today's reality leans towards getting busted. Think about how you'll feel if you do get caught and have to do the time.

One thing we have all come to learn is — all we need is each other! Let's stop giving them the leverage to take our freedom away. Drop out of the drug war. Let's get back to the pure *high* of love, music, the earth, dancing and the *freedom* to enjoy them. We need to take what we have learned and use it in a positive way to get back to living by the ideals we supposedly believe in. Let's join together now, and work to save the beautiful scene we live and love. ◇



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The beginning and end of the Spring tour were like a frame on a beautiful picture. The band got hotter and more into it as things progressed.

No one could believe the Dead were actually going to come back to Nassau. Hadn't Jerry said, "Never again..." only to retract his



Sally Ansorge Mulvey

*Jerry Garcia Dances
as Branford Marsalis Soars...*

The Dead At Nassau

Pow...Wham...Zap!

words? "People think that Jerry is the Grateful Dead, that he is the word of God, that we act like frogs when he says jump, but that's not the case," band spokesman Dennis McNally told the *Daily News*. "The Grateful Dead is an organization. We wanted to play for our New York fans, but Meadowlands/Byrne was out of the question at that point. So Nassau was our only viable alternative, and after long negotiations, we decided to give it a try."

So our cynical friends were right. (Or are they the realists?) The bottom line is the big dollar. New York is a very viable market, so the Grateful Dead played Nassau. With great trepidation, off we went. Much to our complete disbelief, upon our arrival at Nassau, we saw literally hundreds of tickets being sold at face value or below. By showtime, you couldn't even give a ticket away for free. If ever there was a show on Spring Tour '90 that all the "I need a miracle" people should have been at, this was it.

POW! HOLY HALLUCINATION, BATMAN

Just before the lights went down, I noted that this was one of those shows at which there were a lot of "old faces" in the crowd. At one point, I had a mini reunion with a large group of old friends who had not been together as a group since the 15th anniversary shows at Folsom Field in Colorado in 1980. And so it was no surprise when the boys came out obviously in great spirits and played an absolutely smokin' first set, studded with seldom seen gems like "Cold Rain & Snow," "High Time," and "Loose Lucy." From beginning to end, the entire set cranked. It included what was probably the hottest "Loose Lucy" of the tour and a long, high-energy "Deal." It's our pleasure to report that once again the Boys were **ON!**

Second set opened with "Foolish Heart," which when it first appeared did not really impress me, but as of late, the melodic jamming that has found its way into this song has made it a welcome musical exploration. At midpoint during "Cumberland Blues," the band showed us that something special was goin' down. There are moments we notice when the Dead are really happening, and they appear to lose themselves in their own uncharted musical journey. At times like these, it doesn't matter *what* they are playing or if they even know *where* they are. Who cares? It's just plain great! And "Cumberland" was such a time.

**by Johnny Dwork
with Sally Ansorge Mulvey**

Everybody has their own "wish list" they'd like to see the Dead play. Mine include "I Am The Walrus" (with Phil singing "cu cu ca chu"), "2000 Light Years From Home," and more songs by Dylan and The Band. But no one was expecting the awesome surprise that was to come. We almost fell over as the boys pulled out a picture perfect rendition of The Band's classic, "The Weight." Jerry, Bobby, Phil and Brent each took a verse and sang the final verse and the choruses together — **POW!**

The next song was "Hey Pockey Way," which featured an extended jam that, once again, made time melt away. They were back in the thick of it, and this time it went on for many minutes.

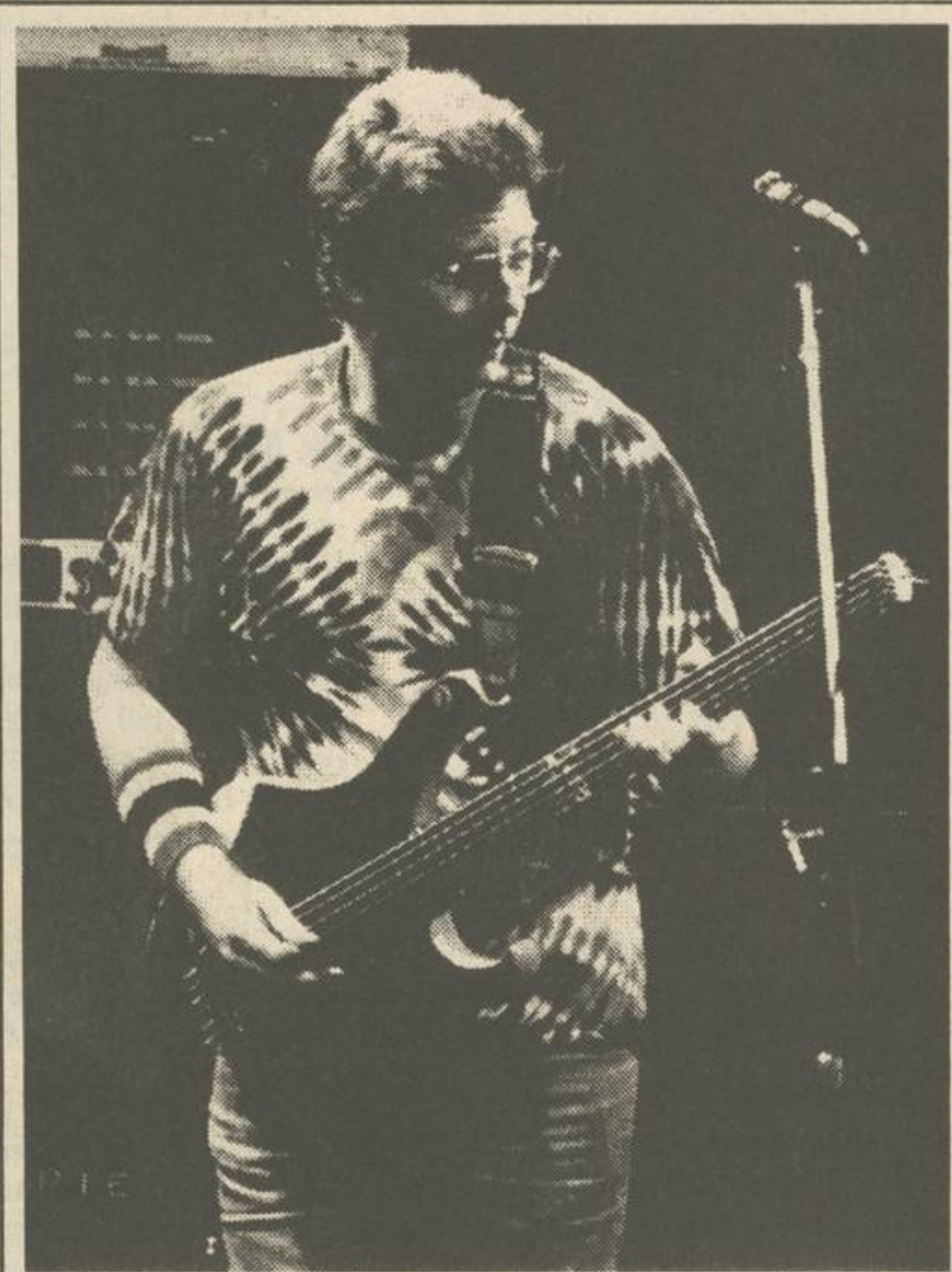
The set closed with "Good Lovin'," which is not being played as often any more. Jerry struggled with the words to "Revolution" a bit, a song whose political moniker suits him quite well, but it was a welcome choice for the encore. All in all an amazing show.

This set of shows at Nassau was different from the last Nassau run because they put up a buffer zone — 100-200 feet from the entrance, there was a guarded fence between the hall and the crowd without tickets, so there were no broken doors, no gate crashing, fewer skirmishes, and the cops on horseback stayed in sight but out of the way. There were 114 arrests, mostly outside the arena, a majority of which involved people who refused to leave the grounds after the show and/or engaged in conspicuous and blatant drug use.

The Marriott hotel directly across the parking lot from the coliseum was the scene of some of the biggest, most relaxed hotel partying we've seen in the recent past. Hotel security guards allowed Heads to freely roam throughout the lobby and bars. At one point, the tuxedoed piano player in one of the bars, overwhelmed by the massive throng of Deadheads, gave up his seat to a young virtuoso Head who sat down and tinkled the ivories, much to the pleasure of the crowd. He played "Truckin'" and many more. Everyone was delighted!

The Dead At Nassau

continued from previous page



Philip Gertzheimer

WHAM!

The second night was surprising in that those of us handing out Dupree's flyers were allowed to go virtually anywhere in the arena as long as DDN's were in hand—guards and ushers everywhere were asking for copies. Though we can't speak for anyone else, we found the ushers overall to be polite and relaxed.

So here we were, show number two, stoked, psyched, ready. But by the fifth song in, the show was looking merely good. It was obviously several steps down from the amazing show the night before.

Wrong we were.

After "Masterpiece," Bobby stepped to the microphone and announced their special guest for the evening: Branford Marsalis. Within seconds of Branford's arrival on stage, Jerry's tuning betrayed the perfect selection for a guest jazz musician, "Bird Song."

Those of us who know Branford's music quickly realized that he may very well be the best musician to ever play on stage with the Dead. His embellishments during "Bird Song" sent chills up our spines and left no doubt in our minds that this was the start of something heavier than we could have possibly hoped for. As "Bird Song" soared, we knew that even the Dead were impressed by this unique synergy. In our opinion, this was one of the two or three best versions of "Bird Song" since 1973. Check out the tape!

With the ending of "Bird Song," Branford left the stage to the satisfied cheers of thousands and Bobby launched into a high-spirited "Promised Land" to end the set.

The lights went on and everyone looked around with that special grin. There was magic in the air. You could feel that the best was yet to come.

Second set started with Branford again joining the band. What followed was just as special as the 10/16/89 Brendan Byrne "Dark Star" show — great song choice and inspired playing. "Eyes of the World" was a bit slow, but as jazzy as one would expect. "Eyes" then segued most surprisingly into "Estimated," which left us wondering how Branford would fit in. And to our extreme pleasure, the "Estimated" smoked!!!

It was very obvious at this point in the evening that the Grateful Dead had arrived at what Jerry calls their "optimum mechanical facilities level" — a state in which the artist is so at one with his form and body, that in actuality he becomes the vehicle through which the spirit of the music can best be communicated. At that moment, I turned to my friend George and said, "Dark Star" — there was no other choice. And sure enough "Estimated" segued into our favorite musical exploration, "Dark Star." Just at that moment, a dear friend ran up to me and shoved a piece of paper in my hand and told me to come back at the end of the song. Standing there in the 20th row, I pulled out my flashlight to identify what she'd given me and discovered a front row center ticket stub. Those who know me will appreciate this. I was speechless! Surely when Deadheads die and go to heaven, every seat is front row center, and for me, every song would be "Dark Star."

A year ago, I heard Branford Marsalis say in a television interview, "What makes musicians great is not how loud or how fast they can play, but how well they can listen, and to what degree they pay attention to the nuances — the subtleties." This made me think of perhaps the greatest improvisational musician of modern times, the late great jazz saxophonist, John Coltrane. We've always known that the Dead have the utmost respect for Coltrane, and as we've said before, their music, when at its most explorative self, reminds us of him. So it came as no surprise that the "Dark Star" of this evening was to be a thick, gooey jaunt through the great jungle of sound. Branford, switching from Clarinet to Sax, proved to be the vital catalyst that crystalized what may very well be the finest, most powerful, out-on-a-limb "Dark Star" the Dead have played since 1974. After the first verse, all hell broke loose on stage with dissonance and chance-taking reigning supreme. After a long extended jam, Branford and the guitarists left the stage.

continued on page 26

IN CONCERT

RAISING THE DEAD

BRANFORD MARSALIS, THE young jazz-saxophone star, has played with rockers from Sting to Springsteen, but he wasn't prepared for the invitation that came his way last month. "A friend called," Marsalis says, "and asked, 'How'd you like to sit in with the Grateful Dead?' I thought he was joking."

After a quarter-century together, the Dead are now playing to an army of followers who weren't even born when critics started dismissing the band as a loathsome hippie excrescence. Marsalis, though no Deadhead, knew what lay at the heart of the group's mystique—long, sometimes ecstatic improvisations.

"I'd never seen them live," Marsalis says. "I think I had a Dead record in high school. But [Dead bassist] Phil Lesh likes my music and wanted me to sit in, so I decided to

check 'em out. And they were not at all what I expected."

He joined the band onstage at Nassau Coliseum on the last Thursday in March, late in what had been a typical first set—a couple of Jerry Garcia's guitar joyrides, a



couple of dirges during which the old men caught their breath. The band began the simple, undulating melody of a 1971 Garcia tune called "Birdsong," and the guitarist started to play genial host to the jazzman. Smiling above his white beard, Garcia

danced a little shuffle, guided Marsalis through the changes, and gave him some room to play. Soon Marsalis's soprano sax and Garcia's bell-like guitar were somersaulting through the upper reaches of the audible spectrum—trading licks, chiming together—while Lesh's bass lines bounded around in the depths. The entire band seemed galvanized by Marsalis's presence, and the crowd—even those who had, like, no idea who the dude was—settled down for a night of exploration.

If it wasn't exactly rock—or jazz—it was fine, delicate music: Marsalis stayed around for the second set, adding his soprano arabesques and thick tenor runs to such Dead staples as "Eyes of the World" and the mammoth, swaggering "Dark Star," an improv piece from the band's late-sixties heyday that was put in dry dock a decade ago and returned to

active duty only last fall—but the crowd recognized it immediately, and cheered happily as the tune sent Lesh, Garcia, and Marsalis on a half-hour's wander through space, revolving like lost planets around guitarist Bob Weir's strange chordal voicings.

"Those guys can play music," says Marsalis. "They're much better than most people give them credit for. They have big ears and real chops, and they've got 18,000 tie-dyes dancing along. I'd never seen anything like it. Most rock shows are just live versions of MTV, but not the Dead—they're into jazz, they know Coltrane, they're American musical icons." Marsalis is starting to bubble over. "They're fantastic," he says at last. "As a matter of fact, I just bought their records. I went out and copped 'em all."

Next time, maybe Janet Jackson will show up, and Garcia can teach the dance to her.

ERIC POOLEY

Illustration by Robert deMicheil.

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The Dead At Nassau

continued from page 24

The rhythm devils on this evening played more feedback than percussion. When Branford and the boys took the stage again, they went back into the second verse of "Dark Star." The crowd went crazy. If they didn't get there before, they were berserk now. People were feeling faint. They couldn't believe this was happening.

"The Wheel," "Throwing Stones," and "Lovelight" were all great choices and were played well to boot, and "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" was positively religious.

We later found out that the Dead were every bit as impressed and surprised by their performance that night as we were. We heard they kept playing the tape for anyone who'd listen. They played it at the after-show gathering.

ZAP! (AS IN, "WE'RE OUTTA HERE")

Show number three was scheduled to be a radio simulcast on WNEW-FM. In keeping with this fine Grateful Dead tradition, the band played a show that paled in comparison to the night before, but given the consistent history of the band playing abominably when being simulcast, this show could have been infinitely worse. It was, as they say, like having a smoke after

good sex. The band seemed tired and so were we.

The strong suit of night number three was the second set, which on paper looks tremendous. Although the energy of the night before was clearly gone, we found the "Gimme Some Lovin'" into "Standing on the Moon" to be full of passion. The Boys were thoughtful enough to end this tremendous three night stand with a song whose lyrics may be the most spiritual they've ever written, "Attics of My Life." Whatever stumbling we had seen earlier slipped quickly from our memory with an impeccable rendition of this beautiful song.

Thanks again, boys, "for a real good time"!

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MARCH 28, 1990
Cold Rain & Snow
New Minglewood Blues
Easy to Love You
High Time
Queen Jane Approx.
Loose Lucy
Cassidy
Deal

Foolish Heart
Looks Like Rain
Cumberland Blues
The Weight
Hey Pocky Way
Drums>Space
Other One
Wharf Rat
Good Lovin'
*Revolution
17 Songs

MARCH 29, 1990
Jack Straw
Bertha
You Can Run...
Ramble On Rose
Masterpiece
Bird Song**
Promised Land

Eyes of the World**
Estimated Prophet**
Dark Star**
Drums>Space**
Dark Star**
The Wheel**
Throwing Stones**
Lovelight**
*Knockin' On Heaven's Door**
15 Songs

**with Branford Marsalis

MARCH 30, 1990
Help On The Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Little Red Rooster
Dire Wolf
It's All Over Now
Tom Thumb's Blues
Don't Ease Me In

Iko Iko
Playin' In The Band
China Doll
Uncle John's Band
Terrapin Station
Drums>Space
I Need A Miracle
Gimme Some Lovin'
Standing On The Moon
Not Fade Away
*Attics Of My Life
10 Songs



The Synchro ENERGIZER

by Mark Star

Many of you have probably seen those audio/visual devices that promise variously to induce relaxed brain wave states, to focus brain patterns, to provide a psychedelic experience, or some such thing. They usually consist of a pair of glasses with some type of pulsating light source attached (often a red, diode-type light) and a headset connected to a sound source, typically a portable tape player.

Well, I'm here to tell you that many of these machines are of dubious practical value and can even be dangerous. One such machine, however, stands clearly apart from all the rest: the Synchro ENERGIZER. This biofeedback-type machine was first developed by Dr. Denis Gorges in the late sixties and patented in 1980. Since it was made available to the general public in 1985, an estimated three to five million people have used the system with profound and impressive results.

The Synchro ENERGIZER uses full spectrum frequency white light, pulsed at various rates and timing cycles, from nine independently controlled bulbs mounted in a set of goggles. The sound, transmitted over a headset, is generated by a computer-controlled chip designed to produce 128 specifically designed harmonics that sound like chirps and beeps. The harmonics are usually played in tandem with a soundtrack of the user's choosing, and the aural combination has a strangely soothing effect. (Unfortunately, I'm told that people have reported that tapes of Grateful Dead concerts do not produce very good results. Clearly, more research is needed in this area.)

When the soothing soundtrack is combined with the fantastic imagery generated by the pulsating white lights (the eyes should be closed), the effect is astonishing. The experience is different for everyone, so I can only tell you what I saw. Brilliant flashes of reds and greens, blues and yellows swirled across my mind's eye in constantly changing patterns, intensities, and tempos. Sometimes a brief shift from brilliant explosions of color to a muted, finely-textured, sand-like effect occurred. Using this system is like having your own internal kaleidoscope. It is exhilarating.

Without getting too technical, the audio and visual pulses are emitted by the Synchro ENERGIZER at frequencies ranging from one to 30 Herz (cycles per second). The four brain wave patterns of the human brain — Beta, Alpha, Theta, and Delta — are also in the one to 30 Herz range, so it is possible to engender a "following response," whereby the brain patterns synchronize with the frequencies transmitted from the machine. Thus one can experience the entire range of brain wave activity while awake (the Delta patterns, for example, at one to four Herz, take place only during very deep sleep), and the brain's wave patterns can be tuned to conform to a particular set of patterns. The ramifications of this technology are enormous.

In my first experience with the machine, I asked to be "focused," and I emerged from the 45 minute session feeling refreshed and...well, focused. I also had a happy grin on my

face and a bounce to my gait. Christine Zerrer, who runs the Synchro ENERGIZER center in New York, told me that I could expect the effects to last a couple of days, and they did.

There are over fifty Synchro ENERGIZER centers around the world. You can call the New York center at 212-941-1184 to find one near you. Forty-five minute sessions are usually about \$20, and believe me, you won't regret the expense. For those of you who really dig the Synchro ENERGIZER, you can buy your own "Relaxman" portable unit, which costs about \$650. ◇

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Thirty Years of Weirdness

a book review *by Mark Koltko*

What A Long Strange Trip It's Been: A Hippie's History of the Sixties & Beyond

by Lewis Sanders

198 pages, Straight From the Hip Press, Inc., 1989
Paperback \$10

Have you ever wished that history came with a user's manual? The twenty-year anniversaries of Earth Day and the killings at Kent State indicate that our recent history is full of persons, organizations, and happenings which carry heavy reverberations for today, but which are easy to lose track of, especially if one wasn't around (or wasn't listening) the first time around.

For example: the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy, Vietnam, the rise of LSD, the Students for a Democratic Society, the Weather Underground, COINTELPRO, FBI agents provocateur, Yippies, Black Panthers, the American Indian Movement, the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago, environmental awareness, Kent State, Watergate, Patty Hearst and the Symbionese Liberation Army, the presidential administrations of Johnson, Nixon, Ford, Carter, and even Reagan and the Irangate scandal. Fear not. Have I got a book for you.

Each of my examples has at least one chapter devoted to it in Lewis Sanders' book. Some of these are brief, but all are described in enough detail that this quick-reading book makes for a good crash course in the last thirty years of the American dream and nightmare. Readers will learn much about fraggings, My Lai, the Free Speech Movement, the trial of the Chicago 8, the Committee to Re-Elect the President (CREEP), the Pentagon Papers, and the White House Plumbers, so they



won't have to nod "uh-huh" with that confused feeling any longer when these subjects come up.

I know what (some of) you are thinking. "Politics! History! Deathstar Rising!" But this is not a boring text. *What A Long Strange Trip It's Been* is more a passionate outpouring of the tribal legend, a recital of what the sixties (and seventies and eighties) meant to one self-described hippie, who grew up in the sixties, attended Kent State and resisted the draft, and who now seeks personal and world peace through natural diet and yoga. I found this to be a quick-reading account of many of the complex issues which have shaped my own life. Political and social history are not my strongest fields, and I found it useful to see how some of the same (usually nasty) characters showed up in different scenes of the great drama of the last three decades (for example, the Bay of Pigs invasion, the Kennedy assassination, and Watergate -- it's not pretty, folks, just important). Often detailed but never dry, and assuming little background knowledge on the part of the reader, these are the Cliff's Notes to the last generation you have been waiting for.

Sanders has no problem showing his biases. He gives no quarter in describing the heroes and villains who have strolled

You Should Read This Book

What a Long Strange Trip It's Been:

A Hippie's History of the 60s & Beyond

by Lewis Sanders

• featured in 12/89 issue of *High Times* •

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across our national landscape since World War II. But there are many paths to objectivity, and an informed understanding of delightfully partisan points of view is one of them. Many of Sanders's bad guys have already written *their* books, so there is no lack of places to go for other opinions, and much of Sanders' material is not available in the "objective" histories anyway. In addition, Sanders is not completely uncritical about his heroes, either, as shown in his description of some of the Weathermen.

I do have my quarrels with this book. Sanders' coverage of issues and movements is a bit spotty. Women's Liberation deserves much more attention than Sanders gives it. (To devote only one paragraph is almost an insult.) Sanders does better in his attention to the Civil Rights Movement and Martin Luther King, Jr. — but not by much. Malcolm X is also conspicuous by his absence from the chronicles.

Sanders also has no problem with descending to needless and vulgar personal attack. It is one thing to describe a powerful political leader in an insulting fashion — hey, that's almost the only appropriate fashion I can think of anyway. But it is another thing altogether to describe the leader's spouse in such a way, when that spouse wields no particular direct power. Sanders takes the occasional cheap shot like this, which soils his avowedly pure motives.

In addition, Sanders loses all credibility for me regarding his fervent and uncritical belief that marijuana and acid are the keys to a mellow, enlightened nation. The spiritual leaders of the sixties who have survived into the nineties have outgrown this position, and Sanders would do well to do the same.

The first few chapters are a poetic prelude, mentioning a few landmarks of the earlier part of the century, such as the Beats and jazz. If Sanders's style here does not impress you, hold on for a little longer, and you will find that he gets down to cases soon enough. The book lacks an index, the proofreading is touchy, and some of the footnotes need work, but overall this is a good Baedeker's of the period. You might even be inspired to try the Om circle which Sanders describes in the back matter. It couldn't hurt.

Possibly the most important benefit one can gain from this book is the realization that the same kind of oppressive political garbage which went down in the sixties is still, to a large extent, going down today. Downside news, but not to be discouraged. Sanders has some good advice on how to deal with this, sprinkled throughout the book. Just one example:

Don't be intimidated, just aware. If you're politically active, expect surveillance; just live your life with sensible caution and be cool in all respects, *and watch what you say on the phone!* And stay away from guns and those crazies advocating acts of violence, 'cause 10 to 1 they're agents provocateur trying to create violence to discredit the Left. (pp. 71-72)

Sanders is a good example of that rare balance, a non-violent radical. For that alone, more power to him. ♦

This book is available directly from the publisher for \$10 plus \$1 postage and handling from Straight From the Hip Press, Inc., P.O. Box 8005, Suite #316, Boulder, CO 80306

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Getting Free!: A Few Moments With *Ram Dass*

Ram Dass, born Richard Alpert, was a professor of Psychiatry in the mid-sixties at Harvard University, where he became involved in research on LSD with Timothy Leary and Ralph Metzner. Even though the sensational press that accompanied their experiments with undergraduates resulted in their expulsion from Harvard, Ram Dass credits his experiences during this time with starting him on the spiritual path he now treads.

Traveling to India in pursuit of an endless high, he was introduced to Neem Karoli Baba, who became his spiritual adviser. His work since that time has sought to bring to the West an understanding of spirituality and to practice a path of "compassionate service." He is one of the founders of the Seva Foundation, which is no doubt familiar to many as a sponsor of benefits with the Dead and as the mother organization of local "service" groups involved in compassionate action throughout the United States and Canada. Ram Dass is currently wrapping up an extensive tour, "Here & Now in the Nineties," to raise awareness and funds for Seva. We get high every time we hear Ram Dass speak, and while he's promised us an in-depth interview in the near future, we thought it appropriate to give you a small introduction to him. The following are selections from an evening with Ram Dass at John Hancock Hall in Boston, tapes of which are now available from Seva. If you would like copies, or more information on the Seva Foundation, you may write them at 1301 Henry Street, Berkeley, California, or check out their booth at the next Grateful Dead show.

I've lived for the last 30 years being a closet compassioner. Certainly for the last eight years. Compassion isn't in vogue. It hasn't been. During President Reagan's reign, compassion was not in vogue. And when President Bush said he wanted a kinder and gentler land, considering his constituency, that's a pretty risky statement. See, you and I have touched certain truths in our hearts, in our intuitive hearts, but the external social institutions are not reflections of what we know to be true inside. We know inside that human beings can be truthful with one another and enter into honorable contract. We know that. But on the outside, we have social institutions [embodied by] Oliver North saying, "Yes, I lied to Congress; that was perfectly fine to do." Now he makes bullet proof vests, which I thought was an appropriate karmic outcome.

After you realize you've been had, and that you're in "somebody-training," absolutely the wrong direction, you get the wisdom that you've got to become somebody training to

be nobody. You can't go into nobody-training from nowhere. You've got to go from somewhere. So you've got to be somebody to go into nobody-training. That's why kids should cool it with drugs, 'cause you really should become somebody first. You know your zip code first so you've got a place to come back to each time.

...And then I turned around and there I saw vast amounts of suffering. And, I thought, I can't look at all that suffering. It's too much. I remember back in the sixties Steve Durkee and I were crossing the country in a Volkswagen microbus, a little Volkswagen, a bug...a great trip, days across the country...and the expression in those days was "too much." Hey, tooo much. Now, it's "bad" or whatever. Hey, that's bad. Which either means it's good or it's bad, you don't quite know, 'cause it keeps flipping. And every time some phenomenon would happen, I'd say, "whoa, toooo much." And Steve would say, "Don't do that to yourself, just say 'just enough.'" So I changed it; he trained me to say, "Wow, just enough." See?

Isn't it poignant? Aren't we poignant? First time you break out of your sombodyness, you can't believe it. I mean, is this me all along? Far out. Like William James says, "Your normal waking consciousness is but one type of consciousness, whilst all about it parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie other consciousnesses." We may spend our entire lives without knowing of their existence. But apply the requisite stimulus, and there they are in their completeness. Wow. This was here all the time. And I'm here, too. And then the chemical wears off and the tentacles of sombodyness come on back. You're hungry. You've got to pee. You're somebody, you know. Rrrragh. And you feel it. It rolls in like a blood red carpet full of images of yourself and you go, oooh, but you don't know the secret mantra to keep it from coming back.

This is my oldest story; it's such an oldie, I'm going to use it just for that — it's a golden oldie. It's about a guy who goes to the tailor in a small village in Lithuania to have a suit made. He goes to the best tailor and has the best suit made and puts it on and one arm is longer than the other. He says, "Sam, I don't want to complain, it's a beautiful suit, but this sleeve is longer than the other." The tailor, who is making the best suits in town, says, "There's nothing wrong with the suit, it's you. If you stand like this, the suit fits perfectly." So Mr. Zumbach, the tailor, has pronounced the problem and solved it. The man says, "Well, I tell you, there's this material up by the neck and my wife doesn't like it when a suit has that material." Mr. Zumbach says, "There's nothing wrong with the

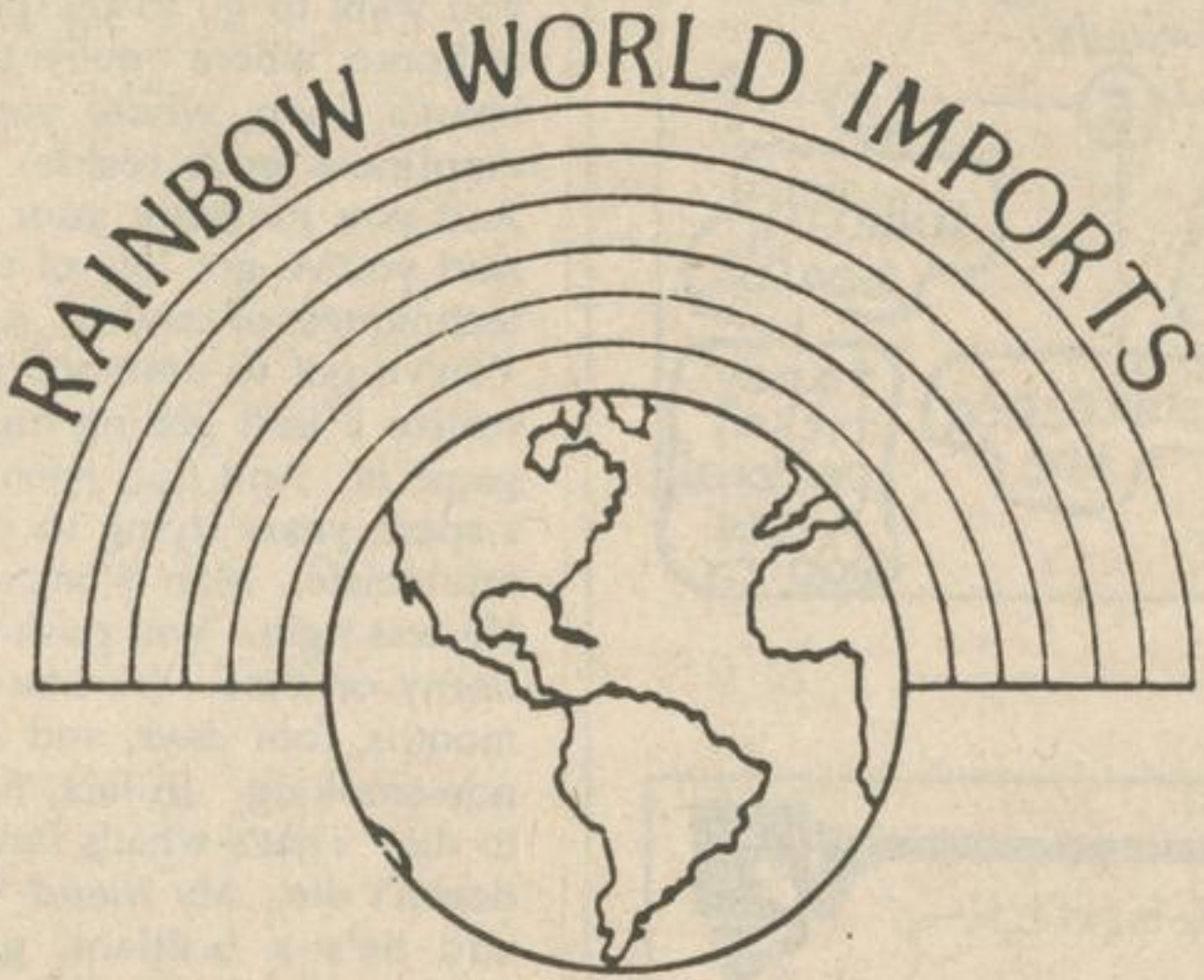
suit." He pushes the guy's head forward until the suit fits perfectly. Then the man leaves and goes to the bus. He's in his new suit. He gets on the bus and somebody comes up to him and says, "What a suit! I'll bet Zumbach the tailor made that suit." The guy asks how he knows, and he says, "Because only a tailor as skilled as Zumbach could fit somebody as crippled as you."


the criteria of the game, but they don't feel happy or content. And it's as if they bought into a myth that didn't work and there is horror in that: "I was a good person, I did it all, I married, I did the thing the right way and why aren't I feeling this." Then there is an eagerness again to escape into another realm where it's more sensual, pleasant, immediate gratification, etc. Now that's all part of another question of how we deal with people's consciousness in this society, and who has a right to legislate [people's] consciousness. Do you deal with it through laws? Do you deal with it through repression? Do you deal with it through education? And part of it you deal with economically, and part of it you deal with by reexamining the myths we live with, and part of it you deal with through education, and in the course of education, you see that all chemicals aren't necessarily bad chemicals, that you can make the differentiation between opium and cocaine derivatives, coco derivatives, or triptamines or psychedelics. And the psychedelics have a potential in this society because they can, under proper circumstances, with the right set and setting, create an opportunity for an individual to, if you will, for a moment stand back to see the context in which they're caught, see how they're caught because they see the context around it. Think of somebody in prison for whom the recidivism rate is so high that the likelihood when they get out of prison is that they'll go right back in. The opportunity to see their predicament would give them some freedom of power to change it. So under certain conditions psychedelics

What are your thoughts on the current drug problem in our cities, particularly cocaine and crack?


Well, my thoughts, of course, are very complex about them. It's not simple. If you take the crack epidemic in inner cities, I see that as a symptom of the fact that there are a lot of people in our population for whom there is no place to go, and that they're not getting the goodies, they're not sharing the goodies, and it's painful and it's unjust. And because of that predicament, they want to avoid the pain, and they want more of something, and what's available to them to get more of is the crack experience, which is more a sense of power, more a sense of sensuality, etc. It's a painful symptom because if you don't have a ground to come back to, every time you come down, you just want more stuff to get away, and it's very addictive. See, the predicament is that it's addictive just like power is addictive in our culture. I mean, we're all addicts, it's just a question of which thing we're addicted to. The cocaine situation, to just make a parallel here, which is in the middle class, is a different thing. I experience that as a reflection of people who have played the game and won by

continued on next page






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GETTING FREE: A FEW MOMENTS WITH

Ram Dass

continued from previous page

could be very useful for behavior change in relationships, in prisons, with dying people, stuff like that. So it's unfortunate that our fear of chaos or loss of control that we see represented by drugs, except for the drugs of our choice like alcohol of course and coffee, are such that we have just said no to all of it. And that's just a time we're passing through; already there's research on MDMA as a therapeutic tool happening in Switzerland and some stuff happening at Bethesda and I can feel slowly we're going to get a more intelligent approach to this. But I can see there is a large economic and mythic root in our problem

Is there a stage you can reach where after awhile something like LSD, which at first can open your eyes, could then cloud them?

My sense is that what changes is that you go from thinking [that taking LSD is] a method that will free you to seeing that it's just another method and that methods themselves are traps. And that just like in meditation you want to meditate but you don't want to end up a meditator, you want to end up free.

At first you just want to get high all the time, high meaning you want to go to the place where you belong, where you're at home, where you're part of the whole thing, where you're heart's open, where you're in love, where compassion and emptiness both reside. But you keep getting thrown out. And you meditate your way in [or take drugs to get there]. And you've got lots of techniques, but all the techniques are techniques, of course. And finally you've got to eat it all alive. You've got to embrace it all to be free. Because you finally realize it isn't getting high, it's becoming free that is what the game is. And free means you're not pushing away anything. I spent years trying to push it all away; I became a spiritual renunciate. Alan Watts said, you're too attached to emptiness. He was right. You push it away and all I did was end up like a horny celibate. It's like I haven't smoked in three years, two months, four days, and 22 minutes. You're going to die from non-smoking. In fact, if you're somebody at all, you're going to die. That's what's funny. Somebodies always die. Nobody doesn't die. My friend Wavy Gravy is on the Board of SEVA, and he's a brilliant, great, wise being. We set up this organization to do all this work with the suffering, the blind in India and Nepal, Guatemalan women whose husbands have been murdered, and Native Americans who have been screwed and genocided by us, and who have fetal alcohol syndrome. And Wavy said, "If you don't have a sense of humor it just isn't funny." There are so many places from which to play and do the dance of life. You can do it like Monopoly. Herman Hesse says through Leo the servant in *Journey to the East*, when he meets HH at the very end of the book, that HH has lost the whole mystery into the trivia of his mind, and HH says, "You don't mean to tell me life is just a game." And Leo, who is the wise servant, says, "That's just what it is. An absolutely exquisite game." And you're free when you play the game. And you become such a player that you are one with the game. ◇

The Grateful Dead in

by Doug Corkhill

The Grateful Dead rolled into Atlanta for the conclusion of the spring tour after three nights on Long Island that saw the band building terrific momentum. They debuted "The Weight" there, and showed that "Dark Star" could pop up again. Expectations were high for three nights in "Hot 'lanta," especially with the first show falling on April Fool's day.

It was the crowd that was fooled, as the band seemed more interested in the start of daylight savings time, which had taken effect the night before, because they opened with "Touch of Gray" ("It must be getting early, clocks are running late"). True to form for the first part of the tour, the rest of the first set was long, lasting an hour and fifteen minutes as they took us through ten songs. The set seemed a little sluggish at first, but began to build speed with "Big River" and "Althea." Another reference to the time change in "Music Never Stops" ("We forgot about the time") and the set was over.

A smoking "China/Rider" started the second set off well, and then the band nodded to the date with "Ship of Fools." A long introduction to "Women are Smarter" kept us wondering if they would do "Iko Iko" two shows in a row (that would have fooled us!), and was followed by drums and space. "Truckin'" made an unusually late second set appearance after "Dear Mr. Fantasy" with the "Hey Jude" reprise, and the show wound down with "Stella Blue," including the new, long ending, and "Sugar Magnolia." A "Baby Blue" encore prophesied the Duke basketball team's fate the following day.

The second night was everyone's turn to sing. After "Stranger" and "Mississippi" got things going, Jerry, Bob, Brent and Phil each took a verse as they covered "The Weight" to the obvious delight of the crowd. Imagine, 16,000 part harmony on "And, and, and you put the load right on me"! The remainder of the first set was overshadowed by "The Weight," and was much shorter than the first night with only seven songs.

A day late, "Foolish Heart" popped up to open the second set, with "Looks Like Rain" following in its second set position. A strong "He's Gone" jam turned into "The Last Time," with the vocals being passed from Bob to Brent again. When they both looked to Jerry to take a verse, he did, but he played the entire time on the now-midi'd guitar. That got one of the biggest hands of the night. Drums and space evolved into a wildly revolving "Other One," a tour de force of playing with a light show to match. Out of that came the biggest surprise of the three nights, "Death Don't Have No Mercy," long and elegant. For the third time that evening, the vocals were passed from Jerry to Bob to Brent as the crowd swayed, mesmerized. Then in a radical change of pace, Bob picked things up with "Around and Around," and kept it going with "Good Lovin'." Jerry calmed us down and sent us home with "Black Muddy River," a surprise choice as many expected "U.S. Blues" since President Bush had been in Atlanta that morning.

It has been written elsewhere that if a show starts with "Shakedown Street," it is impossible for it to be a bad night. The last night in Atlanta proved that true, as Jerry had us all bopping in our seats: "Just want to poke around." A nine-song first set followed, with a Dylan tune ("Masterpiece"), two new tunes ("We Can Run" and "Picasso Moon"), and a nod to our location ("Promised Land"). Again the set lasted well over an hour.

A wild "Estimated" led off the last set in Atlanta, with an extended jam that hinted at "Dark Star." As the band tuned up before the start of the set, Phil boomed some bass notes, and his playing was evident through "Estimated," and I kept thinking...would they? In a twist, they turned it into "Scarlet Begonias," and another twist by following that with "Crazy Fingers." A very unusual set so far led us into a short "Playing in the Band," and then the strongest drums and wildest space of the three nights.

Coming out of space, Jerry began "The Wheel," but Brent stole it away and sang "I Will Take You Home" after a long trumpet solo. (Isn't that midi great!) It seemed as if the band had us packing for the drive home the next day with "Going Down the Road Feeling Bad," and I would have been disappointed but for the energy with which they were playing. The same went for the "Throwing Stones/Not Fade Away" closer; I would much rather have heard "Morning Dew," but the band seemed really fired up during all three of these songs, and just would not let go. The audience responded in kind, and 16,000 voices sang out "You know our love will not fade away" until it dissolved into a roar. Jerry alone had an instrument for the encore, and led the band in a soft, sweet rendition of "And We Bid You Goodnight." It seemed as if all the people leaving the Omni that night had smiles on their faces.

So, three solid shows in Atlanta, with the most intriguing set list on the second night, but the most emotion coming on the third. Too much expectation put a damper on April Fool's, which was a fine show in its own right. On to the summer tour!

OMNI — ATLANTA

APRIL 1, 1990
Touch of Grey
Walkin' Blues
Just A Little Light
Candyman
Me & My Uncle
Big River
Althea
Victim or the Crime
To Lay Me Down
Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Ship of Fools
Women Are Smarter
Drums>Space
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude Reprise
Truckin'
Stella Blue
Sugar Magnolia
*It's All Over Now, Baby Blue
20 Songs

APRIL 2, 1990
Feel Like A Stranger
Mississippi 1/2 Step
The Weight
Queen Jane Approx.
Easy To Love You
Brown Eyed Women
Let It Grow

Foolish Heart
Looks Like Rain
He's Gone
The Last Time
Drums>Space
The Other One
Death Don't Have No
Around 'n Around
Good Lovin'
*Black Muddy River
17 Songs

*Encore

APRIL 3, 1990
Shakedown Street
Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
You Can Run...
Masterpiece
Row Jimmy
Picasso Moon
Tennessee Jed
Promised Land

Estimated Prophet
Scarlet Begonias
Crazy Fingers
Playin' In The Band
Drums>Space
I Will Take You Home
G.D.T.R.F.B.
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away
*We Bid You Goodnight
19 Songs

Stop the War

by Al Giordano

In Ed Rosenthal's article on the legalization of marijuana in this issue, one of his pieces of advice for lobbying state legislators is that "dress and grooming are important." Some Deadheads may have trouble with such a concept, but really, is putting on the uniform of the governing class any less conforming than putting on a tie-dye for the show? Or, conversely, is wearing jeans to the State House going to gain a person any more trust from the natives there than wearing a policeman's uniform at a Dead show?

A good anecdote about the power of appearance comes in Carlos Castañeda's *Tales of Power*, the fourth in the author's series about his apprenticeship with a Mexican Indian sorcerer, don Juan. Castañeda's books have sold over five million copies, and are best known for the author's graphic description of his experiences ingesting peyote and other psychoactive plants under don Juan's instruction.

In one chapter, Carlos encounters don Juan by chance in Mexico City. "He patted me on the shoulder several times," wrote Castañeda. "He seemed to be glad to see me. He put his hands on his hips and swelled his chest and asked me whether or not I liked his appearance. It was only then that I noticed he was wearing a suit. The full impact of such an

incongruity hit me. I was dumbfounded.

"He noticed my confusion. His body shook with laughter as he turned around so I could see him from every angle. His attire was incredible. He was wearing a light brown suit with pin stripes, brown shoes, a white shirt. And a necktie!

"What added to my bewilderment was the maddening sensation I had had when don Juan tapped me on the shoulder and I turned around. I thought I had seen him in his khaki pants and shirt, his sandals and his straw hat...(In his suit he) looked like an old Mexican gentleman, an impeccably tailored urban dweller.

"I have put on this suit for you," he said in a mysterious tone. "This suit is my challenge. Look how good I look in it! How easy! Eh? Nothing to it!... Do you think it is easy for me to look natural in a suit? To wear a suit is a challenge for me. A challenge as difficult as wearing sandals and a poncho would be for you... The basic difference between an ordinary man and a warrior is that a warrior takes everything as a challenge, while an ordinary man takes everything either as a blessing or a curse."

There are few challenges as great as that of repealing drug prohibition. Each day we fail to accept that challenge, more of our brothers and sisters will be carted off to jail, stigmatized, demonized, and made criminals for doing things that are not necessarily crimes.

For those concerned with equally great challenges like peace on earth and saving the environment, legalization is an issue that must now be faced. The invasion of Panama demonstrated how drugs have replaced communism as the new enemy and justification for foreign wars. The region that faces the greatest environmental destruction from U.S. intervention against coca and marijuana crops is the Amazon rainforest. The war on drugs is, in a way, a war on plants, a war on nature, and an expensive distraction from real problems like poverty and pollution.

The time has come to stop the war. In growing numbers, Americans are turning against the so-called war on drugs. Today, according to two recent polls, at least 33 percent of all Americans — one out of every three — favor legalization. That's up from only ten percent last September. More and more people see the repeal of drug prohibition as the only way to end the cycle of crime and violence created by the black market.

The seeds of an anti-war movement in opposition to prohibition have already been planted by groups like NORML and the Drug Policy Foundation. There are not yet many local organizations to join, but a New York State group called End Drug Crime has surfaced as an early prototype of how to organize on a state level.

In the words of the late Bob Marley, "Get Up, stand up, stand up for your rights." ◇

Al Giordano is a reporter for the Advocate newspaper in Springfield Massachusetts. Both his articles and his morning radio talk show deal with poignant socio-political issues such as this.

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Should 65 Million Americans Be Criminals?

by Ed Rosenthal

Deaditor's Note: *The decision to print an article in defense of the legalization of marijuana was no small matter for us. While we know in our hearts it is the correct thing to do, it does not come without a price. There are several stores that may remove this publication from their shelves in order to avoid hassles by local anti-drug groups. Opponents argue that marijuana lends itself to abuse, but so can anything else we do or consume, including food, sex, and exercise. We believe the drug crisis in this world will not end with more laws and restrictions, and that our only hope is to transcend it through education. The answer lies in the awareness of how to avoid and properly use, not abuse consciousness-altering substances. If you believe the marijuana laws are wrong, then stand up and be counted — do something about them. And if you don't, just pass it by.*

The marijuana laws must be changed. The old saying, "God helps those who help themselves," is an apt phrase for the responsibility we all have to change them. The government is not going to change the laws without some tough work on our part so we might as well buckle down and get on with the job.

No law should be more dangerous to society than the activity it is designed to regulate. The criminalization of marijuana is just such a law. There are many perspectives from which its effects can be measured. The first that comes to mind, perhaps because of its severity, is the criminological. Here are a few arguments for legalization from that area.

1. The marijuana laws have been a complete failure. When prohibition was instituted in 1937, there were only 55,000 people estimated to be marijuana users in the United States. In 1987 there were over 360,300 arrests for marijuana.
2. The marijuana laws actually increase the crime rate. A very high percentage of arrests (49% in 1981) are of people under 21. For most it is their first arrest. These people are more likely to get into trouble again in non-marijuana as well as marijuana-related crimes than users

who have not been arrested. This is because of their contact with unsavory characters in jail, and the alienating experiences of going to jail.

3. The total space used to jail marijuana prisoners is astounding. If they were released, jail overcrowding in some states would be eliminated. Of the 360,000 people arrested for marijuana in 1987, 140,000 or 40% do not make bail, staying in pre-trial detention ranging from 1-90 days, averaging 45 days for a total of 6,300,000 prisoner days. The other 60% spend an average of three days in jail before making bail or being released on their own recognizance, for 660,000 prisoner days. This accounts for about 6,960,000 prisoner days a year or about 19,068 people in jail at any time for suspicion of marijuana law violations. Twelve and a half percent of federal prisoners are in jail for marijuana law violations.
4. Approximately 65 million people use marijuana occasionally or on a regular basis. This represents 28% of the total U.S. population as of the last census. For the vast majority of them, the use of a restricted substance is the only serious illegal act they commit. Criminalizing a sizeable proportion of the population is a dangerous move for society. With drug testing, a large part of the population is threatened with criminal problems for a relatively innocuous act.
5. The marijuana laws are making a sizeable minority of citizens who fear the police in the course of ordinary living. This makes it more difficult for the police to function since they do not have the confidence of a large portion of the citizenry. Were there no laws prohibiting marijuana use, these citizens would have no fear of law enforcement and would probably not have as hostile an attitude towards the police. They would be more helpful in criminal investigations.
6. Marijuana laws tie up police resources. Since police agencies function on limited budgets, to fight crime efficiently careful budgeting is required.

Enforcing the marijuana laws limits the resources that can be used to fight violent crime. In 1981, nationwide marijuana arrests totaled more than the arrests for arson, manslaughter, rape, stolen property, vandalism and sex offenses combined. Based on the number of arrests,

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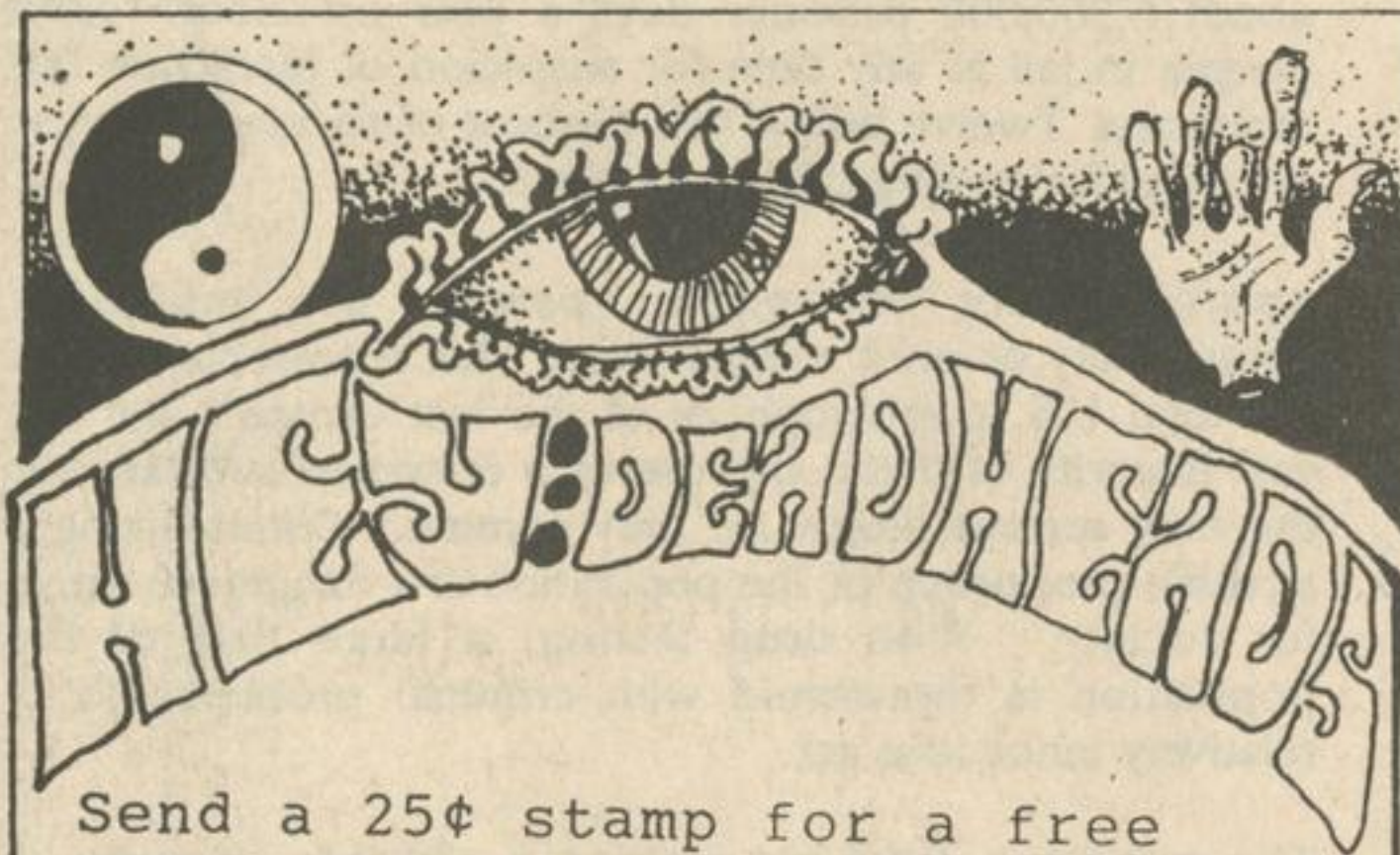
Should 65 million Americans be criminals?

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marijuana enforcement accounts for 4.7% of total police resources nationwide.

7. The marijuana laws lower the morale of law enforcement agencies for other reasons, other than the allocation of resources. Most police probably recognize that marijuana's use is a benign attraction and that enforcement generates hostility from its generally law-abiding citizenry. Law enforcement officers know that all the arrests do not deter the aficionado from its use; they know their work involving marijuana is totally in vain, accomplishing nothing but placing people in a confrontational path with the law. At the same time, law enforcement's credibility in the community is jeopardized.
8. Because of the high risk factors in the marijuana business, commercial marijuana law victims often attempt to bribe law enforcement agents.

For the most part I find state legislators abysmally ignorant about the subject of marijuana. Usually they are led around by the state attorney general, the police and "parents' groups"



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because nobody else speaks up on the issue. Once the legislators become more informed, their attitudes loosen up a bit. With concerted work, their votes can be changed.

My experiences have convinced me that continual lobbying efforts in the state legislatures could change the marijuana laws very rapidly. Prohibition is a model. In the spring of 1932 Roosevelt was opposed to a "wet" plank because he thought it would lose him votes. Within a few months public opinion had turned, and FDR made a statement endorsing repeal of prohibition. The corruption, killings, and lack of liquor made the public disgusted. Roosevelt won not only on anti-Hoover depression votes but also because of the promise to repeal the 18th Amendment.

The anti-pot groups have had a field day for years. They have faced no opposition in the government and media and have been able to deal in hysterics. Now you can help cut short their non-joy ride. We need thousands of people to talk their throats dry.

In order to approach the government most effectively, you have to sort of play their game. Here are some rules and pointers for talking with elected governmental officials and their aides.

1. Everyone at the legislature is dressed in business clothes. In most legislatures this means suits and work dresses. Attempting to approach these people in jeans makes their eyes glaze over. This will probably turn a lot of people off, but dress and grooming are important. It is a signal to them that you are ready to talk the same language.
- On the other hand, legislators usually have office days in their local office. You can go and visit them there to voice your concerns. These meetings are usually more informal than the ones in the capitol. However, going up to the capitol raises the "importance" of the issue.
2. Rehearse your arguments so that you know them by heart when you are talking with the representatives.
3. Listen to what they have to say and do not interrupt. Once they have made their argument or asked their question then answer it or make your rebuttal.
4. Try to de-polarize the issue by first talking about what you agree on. When I was talking to conservatives I started the discussion by bringing up some areas on which I knew we could see eye to eye: "There is a tremendous drug problem that is out of control." "Cocaine, especially crack, is the most dangerous drug around to both society and the people who use it." "The government has limited resources, and they should be used where they will do the most good."
5. Talk in sound bytes. Legislators have a limited attention span. Instead of hearing a whole build-up of an argument, they would prefer a "chunk," preferably no longer than 18 seconds.
6. Don't make an ass of yourself by blowing off or getting mad if things don't go your way. The marijuana laws were not made in a day, and they won't go away in a day. Fighting the marijuana laws is a long-term effort.

7. Any comments made about your style should be taken to heart if they are made from concern.

Anyone can be an effective proponent of a viewpoint. Legislators and their aides listen to people who take the time out to talk with them. Sometimes the most blustery opposition folds in the face of reasoned argument.

Legislators and their aides are not knowledgeable about drugs, especially marijuana. The only "information" they receive is from the police and attorney general's office. Very often they have not been apprised of the real issues.

In order to get your views across, you must be able to communicate in a coherent and understandable way. Rehearsing in front of a mirror or discussing the subject with friends will help you organize your thoughts.

In addition to the many reasons why marijuana should be legalized from the legal viewpoint, there are many reasons why legalization would be a boon to society economically.

The Economics...

The marijuana industry is an \$80 billion a year industry. About 65 million people light up a joint at least once in a while and

about 1.5 million people work part or full-time in the business.

The price of marijuana is based on two factors — supply/demand and the risk factor. Because of the risks associated with the industry, consumers pay a "premium." When marijuana is legalized, the price will go down because there will be a more plentiful supply. Some of the "risk" money will be returned to consumers and the other part will be absorbed by the government as taxes.

When other banned products were legalized their cost was reduced 30-80% (alcohol 66%, banned books 30%, abortions 80%). Using conservative figures, a reduction of 50% and an increase in use by 25%, the industry will gross about \$75 billion. Federal and state excise and licensing taxes will absorb about one-third of the total: \$25 billion. Indirect taxes such as corporate and personal income taxes will add another \$5-6 billion in revenue.

Currently the government acts as a price support for marijuana dealers. By limiting supply, prices are kept at an artificially high level. At the same time, the government collects no taxes, so it is giving the entire industry a 100% tax credit.

At first you might think the taxes are a good reason NOT to

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Should 65 million Americans be criminals?

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legalize marijuana. However, the average consumer will find it cheaper to buy and restrictions on home growing will be minimal. As for the seller, if it is legal, there is no reason why he/she shouldn't pay taxes, just like the rest of the people.

Taxes and employment would also be generated by sales of paraphernalia, seed and nursery stock, growers' supplies, cultural events, nightclubs, and food-related products.

Under the current system, the government places a confiscatory tax on consumers and sellers who are caught. Under the 1970, 1986 and 1988 federal crime laws, property connected to the marijuana business is confiscated by the government. The zero tolerance policies allow the government to confiscate vehicles transporting any amount of marijuana, including a roach. Still, the taxes collected from these arbitrary procedures is just a small percentage of what could be realized under a regulatory process.

The marijuana laws cost the country a tremendous amount of money. There were about 360,000 arrests in 1987. If 25% of those people hired lawyers at an average cost of \$1,000 (ha ha!), \$100 million was sucked from the U.S. economy into non-productive services that year.

The funds collected through confiscation cover only a small portion of enforcement costs. The total cost including police, judicial, legal, and corrections services probably comes to more than \$5 billion. Costs of running the DEA eradication programs and other special police teams bring the total up astronomically. This is a waste of government resources. The money could be much better spent providing other services to society.

For instance, in 1980 in California, The Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement (BNE) made a total of 2,269 drug-related arrests. The budget came to \$8.2 million or about \$3,623 an arrest. The Buy Program, using 12,348.5 agent hours, made 292 arrests, expending 42 agent hours per arrest. This does not include the costs of legal proceedings, incarceration or police fringe benefits, which have not been included in the police salary figures.

Since California decriminalized possession of under an ounce, they estimate they have saved as much as \$74 million per year over what it cost previously to enforce the marijuana laws.

Marijuana is possibly the largest crop in dollar value in the U.S., between \$15 and \$20 billion. It is estimated that one-third of the total agricultural net income is from marijuana sales. A single ounce of marijuana may command the same value as an acre of field corn.

Because of the laws, most farmers do not cultivate marijuana, leaving a small variety to reap the harvest. These laws cause some unusual economic patterns. While large farmers are being foreclosed, a marijuana grower with a spare room can make \$50,000 a year. Allowing farmers to grow marijuana will save many farms.

To enforce the marijuana laws, the cultivation of hemp has been outlawed. Hemp is a viable crop in France, Italy, Yugoslavia, the U.S.S.R., Japan, and China. It is used for the production of fiber for industrial and commercial applications, including insulation, cloth, rope, and paper. Its seed is used as an animal feed and a source of high grade industrial oils. It may also be possible to use the plant for fuel applications. Industrial and chemical exploitation of the plant has not yet begun. There is a tremendous potential for hemp as a basic raw material in manufacturing processes. When hemp cultivation is permitted again, it will quickly become part of many farm management programs. Hemp paper, which does not suffer age deterioration the way pulp paper does, can be used for archival matter. This alone will result in a multi-billion dollar industry.

* * *

In 1989, I was asked to speak at the July 4th marijuana legalization rally in Washington DC. There was pleasant weather on the preceding days, but the 4th was marked by thunderstorms and sheets of rain. Despite the weather, the day-long anti-marijuana law rallies and marches were a success. Unfortunately, the Independence Day festivities preempt any in-depth coverage by the media. This has been a fatal flaw of the July 4th rallies since their inception twenty years ago.

While in Washington, I visited the office of the Select Congressional Committee On Narcotic Abuse and Control. Representative Charles Rangel is the chairman of the committee. We saw James Alexander, one of his aides. Mr. Alexander basically agrees with former President Reagan and President Bush that we need a "no drug" policy. Any idea of prioritizing the fight against drugs (going after the most dangerous ones first, for example) is ridiculous to them.

They say that one drug leads to another. Legalization would send the wrong signal. Marijuana makes you totally spacey. When I pointed out that use of two legal drugs, alcohol and tobacco, have gone down without repressive laws, Mr. Alexander said that was because of an educational campaign. I replied, "Exactly." When he realized what he had said, he tried to extricate himself by saying that campaigns like that couldn't work for these other drugs because they were different.

Mr. Alexander claimed that the Dutch experiment was a total failure. I replied that the Dutch thought the laws were working. On the other hand the marijuana laws in the U.S. were not working. In 1937, when the federal law was enacted, there were estimated to be 50,000 marijuana users in the country. Now there are 50 million. That doesn't sound like a success story. He said that more funds are needed to fight the war, that we really haven't thrown our full resources at the problem.

If these are Representative Rangel's viewpoints, he suffers from Westmoreland Complex, named after the general most famous for his role in the Vietnam War. When he saw that his tactics weren't working, he redoubled his efforts (sending tens of thousands more troops to the front) but used the same strategy. Of course the efforts remained a failure.

Before I left, I asked Mr. Alexander to relay my message to the Congressman, but he said he wouldn't because Rangel has rejected any compromise in the war on drugs. Meanwhile, in his Congressional District, Harlem, a vial of crack is cheaper and

more available than a joint. This street commentary should relay a message to Rangel. "Your theories are wrong; your tactics won't work. And your policies are causing untold agony to millions of people because they are responsible for the crack epidemic and the jailing of recreational marijuana users."

While I was writing this article, I received a call from Dr. Todd Mikuriya, a long-time marijuana activist. He had some harsh words regarding Congressman Rangel. "Rangel is to be held responsible for the thousands of additional cases of AIDS among his constituents. It is well known that Harlem citizens have a higher rate of IV exposure to AIDS than many other communities. He has been a staunch opponent of needle exchange, and has recently authored a bill to remove funding from any government supported agency with such a program. His statements at the September 29, 1988 hearings (about legalization of drugs) proved that he knows little about the complexity of drug problems within his constituency. He is part of the problem, not the solution. I doubt that many New York Black leaders would support his stand."

Since Mr. Alexander refuses to tell Representative Rangel what citizens from all over the United States think of his policies, Rangel will have to hear it directly from us. His address is:

Representative Charles Rangel
Chairman, Select Committee on
Narcotic Abuse and Control
House Annex #2
Room 234
Washington D.C. 20515

Mr. Alexander and his supervisor, Edward Jurith, should receive copies of your letter. While you are at it, you might send a copy to your Congressman. You might tell him or her how dissatisfied you are with Rangel's dogmatic, unsuccessful approach to drugs and drug policy. ◇

This article was excerpted from a larger report I have written called "Why Marijuana Should Be Legalized." It is a long, detailed, footnoted monograph and is an excellent reference for marijuana law debates. For a copy send a check for \$25 made out either to The FREEDOM FIGHTERS or to NORML and send it to: Ed Rosenthal, c/o DDN, P.O. Box 3603, New York, NY 10185. I will be happy to send you a copy.

If you send me a copy of the letter you wrote to your federal, state or local legislator regarding marijuana prohibition, I will send you, free of charge, an "End Marijuana Prohibition" campaign idea kit.

NORML (202) 283-5500
The Drug Policy Foundation (202) 895-1634
End Drug Crime (518) 434-3279

Ed Rosenthal, author of the "Ask Ed" reader's column in High Times magazine, speaks from experience. He has appeared numerous times as an expert witness not only in courtrooms, but also in the halls of state legislatures. He has also been a visible advocate in the mass media for the legalization of marijuana.

THE WHARF RATS

STRENGTH IN NUMBERS MEANS VICTORY FOR DRUG-FREE DEADHEADS

You may have noticed during the break at Dead shows recently a large group of Heads gathered together in a tight circle outside in the hallways exchanging stories out loud and sharing a curiously potent form of good energy. Chances are you encountered one of the "hipper" happenings that goes down at Dead shows today, The Wharf Rats, a loose-knit group of men and women who have joined together in the hope of remaining drug-free. The basic idea is that strength lies in numbers and for a great many reasons these folks feel that banding together at shows is a way they can get high without drugs. As for why they feel the need to avoid drugs, well, there are as many reasons for that as there are Wharf Rats.

In today's high pressure world, it's easy to see how drug use can often become a devastating personal problem. In fact it's startling just how many people find themselves caught up in a downward circle with drugs being the destructive or limiting catalyst in their lives. We have not been taught how to achieve bliss or reduce pain in ways that respect the body, mind, and spirit. And so, in our search for that bliss, or for ways in which to reduce our suffering, or just so that we will "fit in," we all too often turn to drugs. For many, this is where the greatest challenge in their lives begins.

As we've said in this issue's Dedication, a Grateful Dead concert is just as likely a place as any other in today's society to use drugs. For many, the inability to avoid the temptation of drugs puts them in yet another corner without exits. Grateful Dead concerts should be a place for growth and self-nurturing, not a place in where bad habits are reinforced. It was with this realization that the Wharf Rats were formed.

The Wharf Rats share two common denominators. First, they wish to avoid the temptation of using drugs, a temptation that for many has proven to be a stronger temptation than they can avoid. Second, they use a 12 step program adapted from well known alcoholism programs — a proven method for achieving sobriety. This belief system allows those who are struggling to keep or regain control of their lives. So whether you might be trying to escape the grip of substance abuse, or if you'd just like to be with a group of people who make the conscious decision to get high without drugs, check out the Wharf Rats at your next show. They'll have a table set up out in the hallway. If you'd like to get their newsletter, send a self addressed, stamped envelope to WHARF RATS, P.O. Box 248, Manahawkin, NJ 08050

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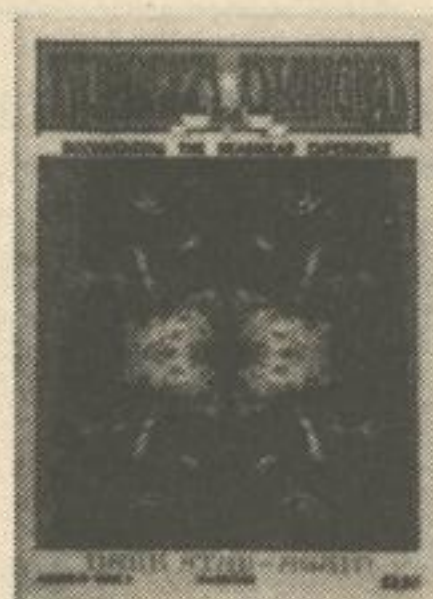
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DEAD AHEAD — '90

*-confirmed

GRATEFUL DEAD: (confirmed)

July 21,22,23 The World, Tinley Park, IL-7PM*

August 5 JGB Greek Theatre, CA*

August 31, Sept 1,2 Shoreline Amp, CA*

September 7 Coliseum, Ridgefield, OH*

September 10,11,12 Philly Spectrum*

September 14,15,16,18,19,20 Mad Sq. Garden, NYC*

October 30 Wembley Arena, London England*

The following are TENTATIVE — UNCONFIRMED dates. Please do not call the Dead office or the venue.

October/November — More Europe

December — Shoreline

December — New Year's — Oakland Coliseum

DDN NOTES

• At the Cal Expo shows, Phil said he has no plans for retiring and quitting the band, not ever! He said "It's all just a bullshit rumour."

• Bob Weir was in New York a while back to discuss the possibility of a Grateful Dead comic book with the executives of Marvel Comics. HOLY HALLUCINATION BATMAN!!!

• The Northeast Rainbow Gathering will take place in the Ithaca National Forest on July 20-29. For more info contact: Rainbow gathering, P.O. Box 277, Montague, MA 01351.

• Camp Creek, a weekend camping jaunt with Max Creek and other terrific bands will be at the Arrowhead Ranch this summer the weekend of August 3-5. For more information, call the Max Creek Hotline # 203-653-7616.

• 1989 was the 20th Anniversary of Woodstock — 250,000 people showed up at the original site (what was once Yasgur's Farm in Bethel, NY) to celebrate, and the same energy was shared — it is hallowed ground. People will be gathering there again this summer (August 13-20) to celebrate the beginning of the new decade. The spark that was ignited 20 years ago and rekindled last year will be fanned again this year. Join us. Bring your instruments, your friend, and your love. [Did you know in the Bible, Bethel means the rock, a place of gathering.]

• If you thought Cherry Garcia was great, you'll love Wavy Gravy ice cream, coming soon from the ice cream team of Ben & Jerry.

• For those of you interested in hooking up with the in-concert drug-free support group, The Wharf Rats send a S.A.S.E. to: Wharf Rats, P.O. Box 248, Manahawkin, NJ 08050. Or if you're at a show, look for their booth in the halls — it's decked out with yellow balloons. And remember: YOU DON'T NEED DOPE TO DANCE!

• Hundreds of counterfeit tix showed up in Carson on ticketmaster stock. PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHO YOU GET YOUR TICKETS FROM.

• Professor Rebecca Adams would still like your help documenting the Deadhead Experience. Send your address to Rebecca Adams, Sociology Dept., UNCG, Greensboro, NC 27412-5001.

• High Schoolers take note: the Grateful Dead, via the Rex Foundation, have just sponsored a summer camp run by a group called CREATING OUR FUTURE. This group, formed by and for students, is dedicated to providing leadership-training for young environmentalists. We can't speak highly enough of this bunch of young people dedicated to making a difference in this world. If you'd like to become a member of CREATING OUR FUTURE and receive their great newsletter, send a donation (they suggest \$15 but will take whatever you can afford) to CREATING OUR FUTURE, 398 North Ferndale, Mill Valley, CA 94941.

• Art Peddlers, a San Rafael based art dealer, has started marketing limited edition, signed lithographs of a Jerry Garcia painting entitled "Wetlands I". There are 500 prints available at \$400 a piece, and 2 more will be issued in 1990.

• There's a new East Coast Hotline #: 201-488-9393.

• Did you see Kesey's Bus in Eugene? It was there!

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM DDN TO YOU!

Everybody knows how important it is to start taking care of the planet. The following is one simple but incredibly powerful way you can make a difference.

Did you know that toilets are the largest users of fresh, clean water in your home? **The average toilet uses between three and five gallons of water with every flush!!!** If you take an empty liter-sized glass soda bottle, fill it with sand, dirt or water, screw the cap back on, and place it upright in your toilet's water tank, you can save hundreds of gallons per year (don't use bricks; they disintegrate and cause pipe damage, and plastic is toxic).

90,000 of you will read this message this summer. If only 10% of you do this, we Deadheads will save at least four million gallons of water per year. If half of you get it together, we can save 21 million gallons per year! It's one of the easiest ways in which you can help save our planet. Remember, if you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem.

DID YOU KNOW...

today's drug laws are hurting as many as two million Americans who, because they suffer from glaucoma, cancer, or muscle spasms, need marijuana as medicine? Marijuana is the only treatment that reduces glaucoma patient's pain. Cancer patients who suffer from nausea due to chemotherapy or radiation treatment need marijuana to gain enough of an appetite to swallow food and oral medications. Sufferers of multiple sclerosis and other spasticity problems need it to relieve the incredible pain they suffer.

In September of 1988, United States Administrative Law Justice Francis L. Young ruled that marijuana should be transferred from the list of Schedule I prohibited drugs to the list of Schedule II drugs, allowing doctors to prescribe it for their patients. But the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration says they consider the judge's decision to be non-binding. The case is still in the courts, while victims of these diseases are forced to seek their treatment from a black market and risk harsh penalties if caught, or to go without it.

— Al Giordano

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DOCUMENTING THE DEADHEAD EXPERIENCE

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I was forewarned not to expect too much. So, I didn't. The group I was with arrived late on a Friday night (real early Saturday morning really). We awakened Ken (he and his wife Michelle own the 800+ acre ranch) from his recent slumber, and he was enthusiastic, friendly and welcoming despite the hour. Our entourage were given rooms, and we silently went upstairs. Hey, the rooms were **clean** with **new** beds, pillows, carpet, TV, etc. I thought to myself, this place might be bordering on quality. I mean I certainly felt at home (and I'm a clean freak). In the morning, the breakfast was the special secret French toast recipe, fresh pancakes, and more, served by an energetic, enthusiastic, smiling face. It was all very good.

Next, we went to the stable. I was expecting 90 year old emaciated plugs, seriously in need of care and attention. Instead, I found a well loved group of horses supervised by a few people who knew every little quirk about all 40 horses. We all went out in small groups on beautiful trails for almost two hours. Everywhere we went it was clean and fresh and beautiful — it made me forget the city real quick. We barely touched the surface of the Arrowhead property (they have 800 acres), but all around you could feel this relaxing, positive energy.

There was lunch, another ride, dinner, and down time. I couldn't put my finger on it, but I felt relaxed, happy, and good all over. Saturday night we were treated to a couple of live bands. Really good sound, you know, not ear shattering. Another great night's sleep, a real tasty breakfast and back to the horses. We were treated to a really fun ride specifically designed for our group.

All of a sudden, the weekend was over. None of us wanted to leave. This place felt like home. The people who worked here were instantly family. I mean, we all just met each other, but we knew we were home.

How can I tell you what the Arrowhead Ranch really is? I think you have to experience it for yourself. You can come alone, with friends, with your whole family, or with family and friends. I guarantee no matter how hard you try to resist, you'll get caught in the up-beat feeling of the folks around you. There's nothing like being with people who have no desire to be anywhere other than where they are. That's special!

So, it was time to leave. Not a single part of me wanted to, but being the responsible sort, I forced myself to. Before I even left, I secured the date of my return (to ease the stress). Wow, \$125 for an entire weekend, meals, entertainment, horse back riding, a pool, canoeing on the lake, fresh air, nice people, and live entertainment,...I must be dreaming. No, this is all for real. Arrowhead Ranch in Parksville, New York — about two hours from New York City. The alternative. No pressures. Share the experience.

CARSON, CA

MAY 5, 1990

Good Times Roll
The Race Is On
Help On The Way>
Slipknot>
Franklin's Tower
Queen Jane Approx.
Loser
Me & My Uncle>
Mexicali Blues
Loose Lucy
One More Sat. Night

Truckin'>
Crazy Fingers>
Playin' In The Band
Uncle John's Band>
Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Dear Mr. Fantasy>
GDTRFB>
Around 'n Around
*Touch of Grey
20 Songs

MAY 6, 1990

Mississippi Half Step
Feel Like A Stranger
Easy to Love You
West LA Fade Away
Masterpiece
Candyman
Victim or the Crime
Foolish Heart

Iko Iko
Samson & Delilah
The Weight
Blow Away
Terrapin Station>
Drums>Space>
The Other One>
Standing on the Moon>
Throwing Stones>
Lovelight
*The Last Time
17 Songs

***Encore**

Need Jerry 89 and GD. Have some summer tour. Send to: Nick Cochran, 1347 Tremont St., Duxbury, MA 02332.

Hey now: was at and need tapes for: Pittsburgh '89, Foxboro & Meadowlands — Summer '89 and Byrne Fall '89 DARK STAR!! Frank, Box 489, Skidmore, Saratoga, NY 12866.

Looking for April — Pittsburgh and all fall tour show especially Hampton, Philadelphia. Will send blanks! Bob, West 154 Midland Avenue, Paramus, NJ 07652.

Have historic Dead, Foxboro 89, others. Need 12/31/68 Winterland. Please send lists to CRAPSI, 4441 Overlook, Williamsville, NY 14221.

400+ hrs trade? Send list to J&J, Box 544, Stowe, VT 05672.

Looking for hi-qual 2/19 & 2/20/82. Also 12/30/80. Have 800 hrs of Dead and 100 hrs of others to trade. Mike, 15909 Devonshire, Granada Hills, CA 91344.

Wanted: hi-qual JGB 9/1-5/89. Have tapes to trade. Matt McAlum, 214 Apt A 12th St, St. Augustine, FL 32084.

Have 400+ hrs to trade 65-89. Your list gets mine. Jay, 165 Tullamore Rd, Garden City, NY 11530.

Wanted: any lists — have 700+ hrs Dead 100+ hrs others — am at school — if I don't have it **someone** will! Send to: Bruce Adams, Pomfret School, Pomfret, CT 06258.

Lookin for a sweet masterpiece and this year's Alpine — will send blanks and trade — K. Adams, P.O. Box 160, Goldvein, VA 22720.

Seeking Dez '89 Forum, last two long beach, any with Neville Bros. Will trade blanks, Cajun music, Alligator Sausage, whatever. Chuck, 7112 Flight, LA, CA 90045.

Long Island Deadhead looking for serious traders. Have 400+ hrs. Want sbds of Greeks 82 to 89 send blanks to Chris Fearon, 41 Tottenham Place, New Hyde Park, NY 11040.

Please! I am young Deadhead trying to get GD concert tape collection only have 1 please help. Dave Gallo, 1535 Appleby, Inverness, IL 60067, 312-359-4578.

Birth of son forced me to miss the 89 fall Philly shows. Can anyone help me out? Have 100+ hrs or blanks to trade. Fast & reliable. The Goat, 210 N. Blvd., Belcoville, NJ 08330, 609-625-0174.

Beginner, 40 years old, has nothing to trade, wants to collect. Will you help? Send lists, terms, barter? Any help gratefully appreciated. Bill, P.O.B. 89, New Hyde Park, NY 11040.

Seeking quality Creek & Jerry shows. 600+ hrs GD to trade. Chris Thompson, Box 5077 Wesleyan Station, Middletown, CT 06457. During school year — 1324 SW 8th St., Rochester, MN 55902 summer.

GD DH seeks '77 and anything else. Have over 30 hrs your list gets mine. Write CR Chamberlain, 808 Carriage Court, Augusta, GA 30909. Let It Grow.

Wanted: good/exc. quality tapes, any year. Send listing of yours. F. Coyle, 187 East Lake Ave., Massapequa Park, NY 11762.

Looking for any & all Ventura shows. Have some excellent tapes to trade. Ned Stenger, 998 Church St. #27, Ventura, CA 93001.

Have 500 hrs — looking for quality pre-74 & all Cantor vaults. Send lists: Pat Lozinak, 2835 Copper Mine Road, Augubon, PA 19403.

Hey now California Deadhead want to trade tapes with other Heads you list for mine. Jim Koehler, 16503 Hayter, Bellflower, CA 90706, USA. Earth.

Have many hot hours to trade — Jerry — 23780 Hess Dr, Gary, IL 60013. Want Alpine 89.

Quick, reliable trader with high qual. tapes seeks the same. Mark Vossler, Ermine St., Fairfield, CT 06430.

Let's start out the year with a lot more awareness of Mother Earth and all the different people in her. B&C Lee — peace!

Western MA head seeks qual tapes of all recent shows. Will trade. Send list to: Tapes, Box 368, Huntington, MA 01301.

Need 7/7/89 Philly plus others. Send lists. Have over 90 hrs to trade. Rowdy Barton, 830 N. Donahue #88, Auburn, AL 36830.

All list cared for & answered. Have 100+ hrs. No list too big or small. Send it. Tom 20 Deer Run, Brookfield, CT 06804.

Looking for Atlanta '88 or '89's will trade Bayfront '88, Spac '88, or Oxford '88 among others. D. Bunton, 309 Shannon Circle, Bradenton, FL 34209.

Deadhead seriously seeking any Go Ahead, Bob Weir or Bobby and the Midnights recordings. Will send blanks and postage. Chris Greange, 20 Gleason Drive, Thiells, NY 10984.

Tapes from any of the midwest shows: Alpine, Indianapolis, Rosemont, Minnesota, and Milwaukee. Will buy or trade, also, any original posters out there? Mark K., 3912 N. Janssen, Chicago, IL 60613.

Have/Want: Hunter, Jorma and ..., Zeppelin, Richie Havens, Hendrix, etc. L.S. Berger, RR1 Box 234, Woodstock, VT 05091.

Veteran taper needs more Dead, Stones, Hendrix, Airplane & Little Feat. Thousands of hours available on cassette, reels, VHS HiFi, and VHS PCM Digital. Write to: John Tsalikes, 1910 Candlewood Drive, Holiday, FL 34690.

Boston/Providence area tape collector with over 200 hrs of quality bootlegs (many bands), wants to trade tapes and photos. Call Poe at 617-551-0929.

NY DH looking for any HQ Dead tapes. Have list and ready to trade. Send blanks or questions to E.S., 125 Beacon Hill Drive, Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522.

New Deadhead desperately seeking concert tape of Oct 14/89 Rutherford, NJ. RU Kind enough to share? Write me — Christine Landreville, 4292 Ferncrest, Pierrefonds, QC. H9H 2A3, Canada.

Casual trader seeks same. Have some gems to share, looking for more. Especially Dead and JGB with special guests. Michael Peter, 87 Lansdale Street, Rochester, NY 14620.

Reliable trader desires similar. Have recent Warlocks & 200+ hrs. Want oldies. John Sprow, 4600 University Dr Apt 1001, Durham, NC 27707.

WANTED DESPERATELY: Cal Expo 8/4-6/89 and Shoreline 9/29-30/89. Have over 150 hrs to trade. Eric Gross, 193 Stanbery Avenue, Columbus, OH 43209.

California's been good to me. Peace & Love in the '90's.

Any Deadheads interested in starting an adopt a highway program in triad of NC, please write Bryan Swing, 1478 Old Coach Rd., Kernersville, NC 27284.

We'd like to thank Jerry Garcia, Bobby Weir and all our other friends for helping celebrate our engagement at Alpine Valley. Cheri and Carl Granath.

Hey now! In need of Northwest shows — C'mon guys — take a break from the East and play WA & OR!

For Santa Fe summer outdoor concert schedule, write Big River Corporation, Box 8036, Albq, NM 87108.

Help me find my 1st show! Taper/trader looking for Niagara Falls '84 & others. Send list for mine. John, 3928 Sierks Way, Malibu, CA 90265.

Interested in completing search for lyric book, please forward replys to Brian Cavallaro, 129 Pierce Creek Rd., Binghamton, NY 13903.

Looking for the following: any videos, a used copy of Dead Base I, 60's audios, and a Box of Rain. Have many audios and videos to trade. Vernon, 4704 Melrose Ave, Tampa, FL 33629; 813-289-3409.

Hoping for 3/23/86, 3/26/88, 8/27/88 and 9/22/88. Have 100+ hrs of reasonable quality to trade. E.P.S., 165 Old Ford Drive, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

Hey now! Have many hours to trade. Need late 60's-early '70's. Also pre-Dino-Quicksilver. JGB, too! Little Bear - 516-676-6589 until 10 est.

Trader w/900+ hrs seeks hi qual-to gen sbds/FM/Aud Dead, Jason Smoliak, 417 Walnut Street SE#7-365, Mnpls, MN 55455.

DH w/50+ hrs would appreciate any lists or correspondence, yours gets mine. David Suter, Box 14505 Surfside Beach, SC 29587.

Looking for 9/2/89, 10/23/89, any 89 New Year shows, have 2nd set of both 89 Hampton or will send blanks. Billy, 309 Decatur St., Cumberland, MD 21502.

D-CLASSIFIEDS:

Looking for an **original leather** case for my D-5. I know there's one out there with my name on it — I've tried the others, I want the leather one. Call me at 212-228-3162 — Sally.

Groovy photos of the boys at Red Rocks, KC, Laguna Seca. Love to trade for tapes. Write to Philip Gerstheimer, 2001 David Drive, High Ridge, MO 63049.

Beginner trader, have 40-50 tapes but need many more. Please send list: John Peters, 120 North Broadway #21A, Irvington, NY 10533. Attn: Rudy dudey.

Attention North West Deadheads. Do shows the elegant way on the "Other One." Departing from Seattle, Olympia and Portland. Call Jesse for details 206-866-2165.

New to taper world. Looking for a way in. Love to here my tours again. Please respond: C.F. Altmann, P.O. Box 3547, Silver Spring, MD 20910.

High quality GD wanted. Will trade my 120 hours. Send list or call Pat Murphy, 201 Gregory House Tripp Hall, Madison, WI 53706, 608-264-0924.

I will send blank tapes or trade. Your list gets mine. Want to add to collection. Jon, PEA Box 731, Exeter, NH 03833.

Looking for reliable traders. Have quality Dead & non-Dead i.e., Dylan, Little Feat, J.T. Looking to trade same, esp. sbds. Your list gets mine. Pete DelGado, 484 B. Dewdrop Circle, Forest Park, OH 45240.

Looking for HT 1/23/88, 8/13/88 GD, 9/2/88, 7/6/86, 9/24/88. Your list gets mine. Send to Karl, Box 1061, Talahassee, FL 32304.

Wanted! 4/19/71 Princeton, 7/31/82 Austin. Will send blank/post. BG, P.O. Box 4508, Breckenridge, CO 80424. Thanx.

July 15 or 16 Washington DC. It was our honeymoon. Have tapes to share. Andrew Sanders, 9120 W. Lake Ruby Rd., Winter Haven, FL 33884.

Would like copies of 88 December 27 and 88-89 New Year's tapes. I have about 60 hrs of live tapes. Lucien Ellington, 206 Founders Hall, UTC, Chattanooga, TN 37403.

Fast reliable trader w/250+ hrs (Hampton '89) needs any hi-qual sbds and old GD photos. Carl Avent, Box 149, New Suffolk, NY 11956.

Looking for kind Heads to trade tapes with Kevin Kragt, 10-14 Myrtle, Grand Rapids, MI 49504.

Beginning taper with 40+ qual hrs seeks the same or more experienced. JM, 71 Heatherbrook Lane, Kirkwood, MO 63122.

I have no tape trade add because my tapes were recently stolen and I have nothing to trade at this point in time. Eddie Harris, 7970 Old Montgomery Rd., Ellicott City, MD 21043.

Help on the way beginner collector. Send lists and I'll send blanks. Thanks, J. Woelper, P.O. Box 1441, Hampden-Sydney, VA 23943. Esp need 7/12/89.

Help!! I'm a Deadhead with no connections and I need show tapes badley. Can you help. Steve Katz, 19135 Beachcrest #E, Huntington Beach, CA 92646.

RTP North Carolina Deadheads! I'm looking for a few special tapes and any local kindred spirits out there. Beth Livingston, 102G Hollingsworth Ct, Cary, NC 27513.

Wanted: Trader needs as much hi-qual low gen '89 GD. Send your lists and I will send blanks. David Sabatini, Pomfret School, Pomfret, CT 06288.

Wanted: Alpine 82 or 88 or 89, also Brendan Byrne and Binghampton 11/83 —± top quality only please. John Hamel, 131 Hesmer Dr., Syracuse, NY 13210, 315-638-1481.

Wanted: Tapes of Garcia Band at Eel River and Greek Theater. Tapes of Grateful Dead at AIDS BENEFIT, Sacramento and Shoreline this year. Albert Alford III, P.O. Box 511, Medford, OR 97501-0035.

I am looking for Eugene 8/27/72 and other psychedelic early Dead. Send lists and letters to: Stephanie Richard, 806-C1 McNamara, Univ of Mass, Amherst, MA 01003.

Help on the way? Need recent shows. Send lists, I'll send blanks, thanks. C. Hurgin, 83 Grassy Plain, Bethel, CT 06801.

Have 500 hrs GD trade your favorites for mine. Want hi-qual 89 Spring & Fall - Acoustic, Riders? Ron Padula, 64 Lockwood St., W. Warwick, RI 02893.

Canadian Head will trade 200+ GD qual tapes for same. Send lists all answered. Thanx, St. Steven, 83 Champlain Crescent, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada N2B-2Y7.

Have Weir/JGB: 9/5-6-7/89. **Want** GD 10/11/89-Byrne. Send list for mine — have many hours. Who's got Quicksilver live tapes? So Judd, 80 Big Oak Rd., Stamford, CT 06903.

Beginner trader looking for recent tapes especially Oct 1989 Meadowlands. Please write John Pollard, 2616 Thornlodge Drive, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada L5K1K5. I have 60 hrs.

Wharf Rat 5-19-86 Looking for lost shows. 1st show '74 Dillon Stadium, Hartford (blackout): late 60's, 70's metro area & New England shows. Bill, 505 Jewett Av C-6, Bridgeport, CT 06606, 203-374-8153.

Needed: good quality tapes of July 4, 89, Buffalo 2nd show Giants Stadium (Summer 89), Write: JJ, 726 S.State St. Apt B, Ann Arbor, MI 48104.

A Japanese Deadhead seeks all 1979 California shows, and all 1981 Greek shows. Naoki Nishigori, 1-39-1 Nagata-Kita, Minami-Ku, Yokohama, 232 JAPAN.

Tapes stolen, need to start over. Looking 77's, RFK/Expo 89, Jerry, Will trade for blank tapes of choice. Thanx, MH, 3 Wallis #3, Lexington, MA 02173.

I'm interested in trading blank tapes for complete Dead shows. Must be good quality please. Address: Joe Ninnemann, 1501 N. Alder G-10, Ellensburg, WA 98926.

Want qual GD tapes. Will send blanks & my list. Send yours to: Jim Battram, 4315 E. Sierra Madre, Fresno, CA 93726

I'd love to trade tapes with you! Send me your list. 303 East University Parkway, Baltimore, MD 21218. Or call 301-889 2792. Thanx! Kim.

All my tapes were stolen — please help rebuild collection — need hi qual 70's to early 80's shows — send reply to P. Belluardo, 325 W. Ivy Hill Rd., Woodmere, N Y 11598.

Need both sets of my first show: Chicago 12/6/81. Have 50+ hrs to trade. Matt, 2929 Conn. Ave. NW #607, Wash, DC 20008. Help on the way?

When in Philly, Pole 19, JFK lot is said to be a cosmic center point and source of wisdom.

Need Charlotte Fall 89 — both shows — 400 hrs to trade. Call J.P. at 615-327-0364 now. Also looking for 10/14/83, 10/18/83 and 4/3-4/86.

South Florida DH in dire need of Miami shows 10/25-26/89. Have approx 50 hrs to trade. Will send blanks. Let's X-change lists. D. Haack, 1515 NE 110th St., Miami, FL 33161.

Please help me expand my collection looking for Meadowlands 10/18-19-20/89 & Miami 10/25-26/89. Tammy Riemer, Rt 2, Ashland, WI 54806, 715-682-8026.

Fast reliable trader looking for GD Spring/Summer 89 and any JGB especially Hartford 89. Will send blanks or trade. Have 70 hrs. Tom, 14 Chapman Pl., Redding, CT 06896.

Need tapes: KC 7/81, St. Louis 7/81, Landover 11/79, Charlotte 10/84, Brendan Byrne 10/89, Philly 10/89. Call Bill 804/357/3699.

I'm seeking someone to send me a tape list. New Deadhead — nothing to trade. Will supply blanks and postage. Send to Tara, 150 West Church St., Fairport, NY 14450.

Want qual GD video, B or VHS, have 40+ hrs inc Alpine '88/89. Also Jimi, Duane, SRV, EC, Beatles, Stones. Audio too. Send list or SASE. Tim Theisen, 3220 Girard Ave S#307, Mpls, MN 55408.

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