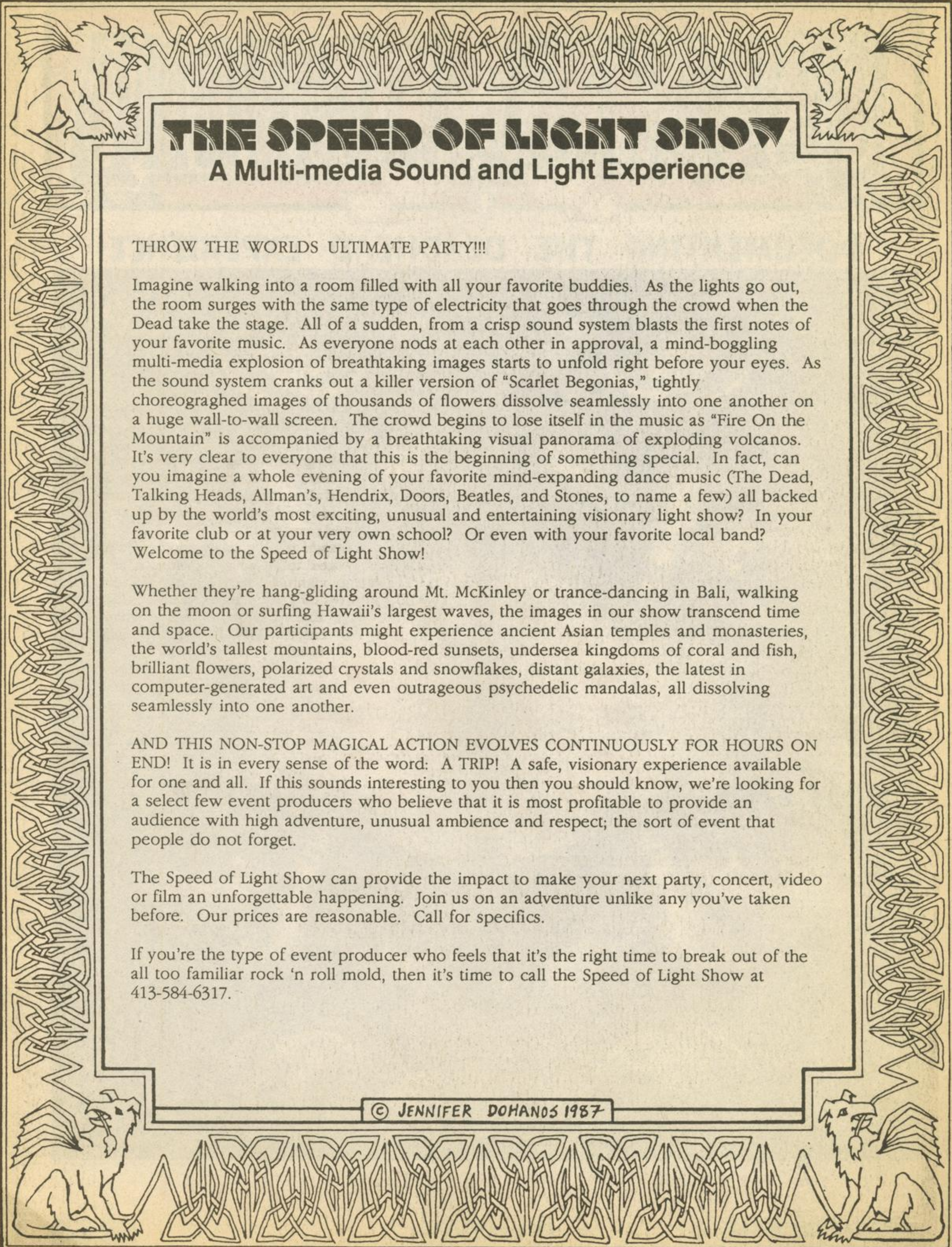




THE SPEED OF LIGHT SHOW

A Multi-media Sound and Light Experience

THROW THE WORLDS ULTIMATE PARTY!!!

Imagine walking into a room filled with all your favorite buddies. As the lights go out, the room surges with the same type of electricity that goes through the crowd when the Dead take the stage. All of a sudden, from a crisp sound system blasts the first notes of your favorite music. As everyone nods at each other in approval, a mind-boggling multi-media explosion of breathtaking images starts to unfold right before your eyes. As the sound system cranks out a killer version of "Scarlet Begonias," tightly choreographed images of thousands of flowers dissolve seamlessly into one another on a huge wall-to-wall screen. The crowd begins to lose itself in the music as "Fire On the Mountain" is accompanied by a breathtaking visual panorama of exploding volcanos. It's very clear to everyone that this is the beginning of something special. In fact, can you imagine a whole evening of your favorite mind-expanding dance music (The Dead, Talking Heads, Allman's, Hendrix, Doors, Beatles, and Stones, to name a few) all backed up by the world's most exciting, unusual and entertaining visionary light show? In your favorite club or at your very own school? Or even with your favorite local band? Welcome to the Speed of Light Show!

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If you're the type of event producer who feels that it's the right time to break out of the all too familiar rock 'n roll mold, then it's time to call the Speed of Light Show at 413-584-6317.

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Volume III — Issue 3

Fourteenth Edition — December 1989

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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.

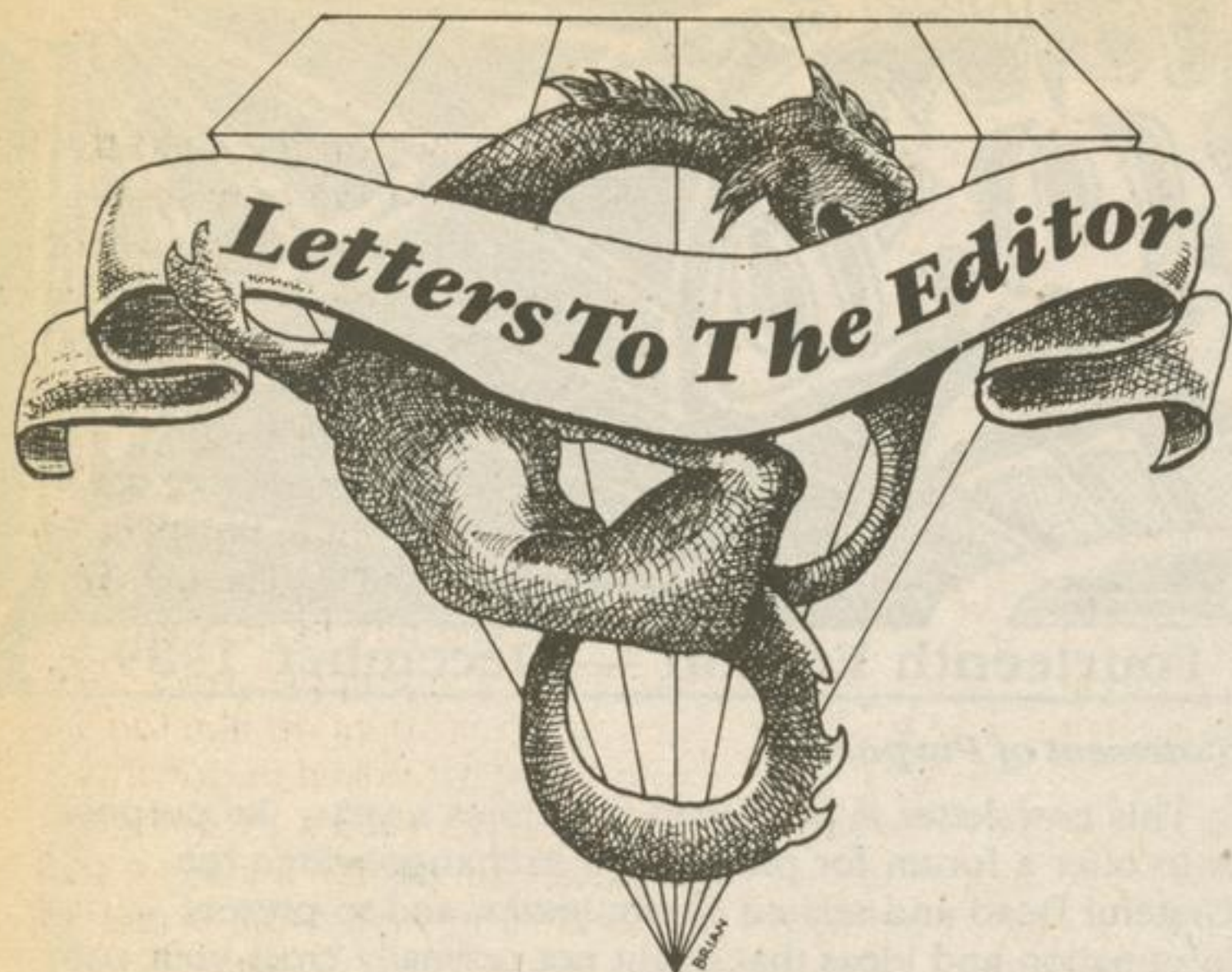
All correspondence relating to previously published material should be addressed to the editor. Include your name and address. We will withhold your name only if requested. If submitting artwork or photos, put your name, address and phone number on the back. Any materials submitted to DDN becomes the 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.

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Dupree's Diamond News



Dear DDN:

I am writing to you in response to the article entitled "Europe's Green Tinge," which appeared in the July 1989 issue of *Dupree's Diamond News*. Andre Carothers, the author of this article, mentions CEP's guide to socially responsible shopping — **Shopping for a Better World**. I am concerned that Mr. Carothers' parenthetical statement — **Shopping for a Better World** "gives the green light to Procter & Gamble, a firm alleged to conduct tests on animals" — will mislead your readers.

The guide does **not** give companies overall ratings. A company receives a rating for each of the ten areas separately. Individual consumers may interpret this information any way they like. If a certain issue is very important to a particular person, then that person may weight a company's rating in that area more heavily.

It is true that we called companies with at least 8 top ratings (out of 10) "highly rated." We mentioned the companies that met this standard in our press release and many newspaper/magazine articles repeated this information. Out of the 138 companies that we studied, only 10 had top ratings in at least eight categories.

Procter & Gamble did not receive a top rating in Animal Testing. However, it was one of the few companies which did receive eight top ratings, and it is for this reason that we gave it a favorable mention. The fact that Procter & Gamble, or any other company, is "highly rated" does not mean that we approve of all of its policies, nor does it mean that the company cannot be improved: we are merely recognizing that the company has made great strides in eight of the subject areas.

Sincerely,
Ben Corson
Project Director
Council on Economic Priorities
New York, NY — July 24, 1989

To our readers:

As we close out a phenomenal year of growth for *DDN*, we wish to thank all of you who have become our loyal and faithful readers. You may or may not have realized it but two key members of *DDN* spent a good part of the year either in the hospital as patients or at home recovering (nothing life-threatening), and a third is still recovering from a car accident. Yet, despite all of our operations and illnesses, we've still managed to put out four of our five scheduled issues. (Don't worry, your five issue subscription entitles you to just that — five issues.) With all of our health on the rise and an increase in readership of over 100%, we feel that 1990 will prove to be our best year yet.

We've been working on our next issue for a long time. We are planning to start the decade off with a new annual theme for us — concert and home taping. We've touched on this topic before, but never like this! Stay tuned.

So, here's to a healthy and happy new year and new decade — 10 more years of the Grateful Dead!

Your friends at DDN.

Dear DDN:

I wanted you to know about my experiences in Charlotte. The shows were great! The songs were hot, the crowd was really together, and the parking lots stayed clean and pretty laid back. Most of all, the love and good feelings were everywhere.

I called the Independent Order of Foresters number before I left PA. They told me they were working in the city doing tree clearing and would welcome any help. Their work day started at 8AM at the old coliseum, where we were sent out on work crews. I know I would start at 8, but I wasn't guaranteeing that any other concert goers would. It turned out that I was the only one of "us" at the old coliseum on Monday. We went out on crews and went to homes where the people either couldn't do the tree clearing themselves or couldn't afford to pay anyone. We worked at four places the first day; you cannot imagine how many trees are down all over that city. There are lots left, but we really worked. The crew I was part of was a church group from Minnesota, four retired men and two women. They were great. At first I had to explain that the Grateful Dead weren't devil worshippers or heavy metal maniacs. (They had some misguided notions but were open minded.) I got to play some tapes for them and two of the men wanted me to turn it up! I was glad to be able to explain to them what the Grateful Dead and followers were all about so now they can spread the good word too.

Anyway, we worked till 4:30 and I left to go to the show. I had done 6 hours of heavy labor, but I was floating. I couldn't believe how high I was from doing something for others in need. The show was magic and all the people around me were so happy. Other people may have gotten busted for drug possession, but I didn't see anyone being bugged by the cops or the security where I was.

I didn't see the TV story about Good Deeds By Deadheads (Mon. 10AM at YWCA) but a local man who saw it told me there were about 10-15 people there. He didn't know what they ended up doing, but he was glad to know that we cared. Barry Gurley (IOOF) said not to give up, that everything started out small and built itself up. He said to give it a chance in the future. Any time I'm at a show in the future, I know I'll be part of the crew. For me, the shows were even better than ever this time, and I'm positive that it was because I worked helping out on Monday and Tuesday. I was glad to be a representative of the whole group of Deadheads and show the public we are mostly a caring group of people who prove ourselves by our deeds and not just our words. I have a feeling we'll be welcome at Charlotte Coliseum again!

Please spread the word that we're not only responsible for keeping the parking lots clean, but also the hotels and motels we stay at. I took a bag and a box both days to pick up where I stayed. Other people helped, but I feel that the ones who caused the litter should be responsible.

Also, we had one group of misbehaving Deadheads at our hotel who made it a little bad on the whole group. They stole blankets and towels to give to their friends out in the parking lot, hassled the maids, and took the free breakfast out to the lot the next day too. The management ended up having them leave. They weren't mad at the rest of us, but I was embarrassed for the whole bunch. The general feeling I got from most people in the parking lot (at the coliseum) was that:

1. If you don't have a ticket, don't come to the show.
2. If you can't make arrangements to stay at a motel or campground (and bring your own blankets!), don't come to the show.
3. If you can't go to the store and get a loaf of bread and some peanut butter, don't expect everyone else to feed you.
4. Don't litter everywhere you go -- take trash bags or boxes!!

I took food and was glad to offer apples and juice to people at the shows, but there's a big difference in giving and panhandling.

Wow, I didn't expect this to be so long. I'm glad to say I didn't see any Duprees littering the ground or in the waste cans. Everybody was glad to get them and some people even wanted to help pass them out. I hope you get lots of subscriptions.

The Charlotte Observer wrote very positive news stories about us. It was nice to go to a city where they liked me. (Us!) I'd definitely go back to visit. The story they did the second day was about the Deadheads who live only to follow the band. I really think they are a minority (most of the people I met had steady jobs and another lifestyle), but at least it was a positive story.

Bye, Debbie

We want to hear from you! We want your thoughts for "Letters to the Editor," concert reviews, suggestions for books you'd like reviewed or environmental issues you'd like to know more about, or just other topics. Talk to us. We're listening! Write us at: **DDN-Editorial, P.O. Box 3603, New York, NY 10185.**

Dear DDN, Veteran Deadheads, All:

I am 18 years old and have had a few things on my mind that have really been bothering me. First off, I have only seen three shows in the last two years — for that matter, my whole life — Alpine last year and the Cal Expo shows this year. I've wanted to go on tour, but because of school, lack of funds and lack of transportation, I haven't. With the new problems with tickets, camping, vending, outsiders trashing it for us all, the threat of the new album, and so on, what will become of it all? Has this sort of thing happened before? Will there be space in the future for the next generation of sincere Deadheads? In addition, some of us out there, young and old, have been sporting a stuck up attitude sported by the preppie types. We all know how they are. Has this attitude caught on like the plague? I have also seen private school students in my area with short hair, the attitude, and I've even seen a polo shirt with Steal Your Face on it. Are these the people leaving a trail of broken beer bottles and fast food wrappers? What is making all the bad vibes? What's become of the baby? What will become of the next baby? Abortion?

Hug your loved ones, even if you don't know them.

Love, Praying,
Zack Gortein

Dear DDN:

In the most recent issue (Volume III — Issue 2, September 1989), a mistake was made on page 38 in the set list for the July 10 shows at Giants Stadium. The notation at the bottom of the set lists for the Alpine shows indicate that those songs with three asterisks were performed with Bruce Hornsby. Since there were no songs in the Alpine set lists with three asterisks, I figured that the notation was there for the Giants Stadium show on July 10. That being the case, it was the Neville Brothers, not Bruce Hornsby, who joined the Dead on stage for the last part of the second set on the 10th. The Neville Brothers were in town to open for Jimmy Buffett on the 11th at the Garden State Arts Center and also did a show at the new Ritz.

Thought you'd like my "feedback."

Gratefully Deadicated,
Richard Cohen

NEWS

TOUR INFO

1-900-USA-DEAD
where available

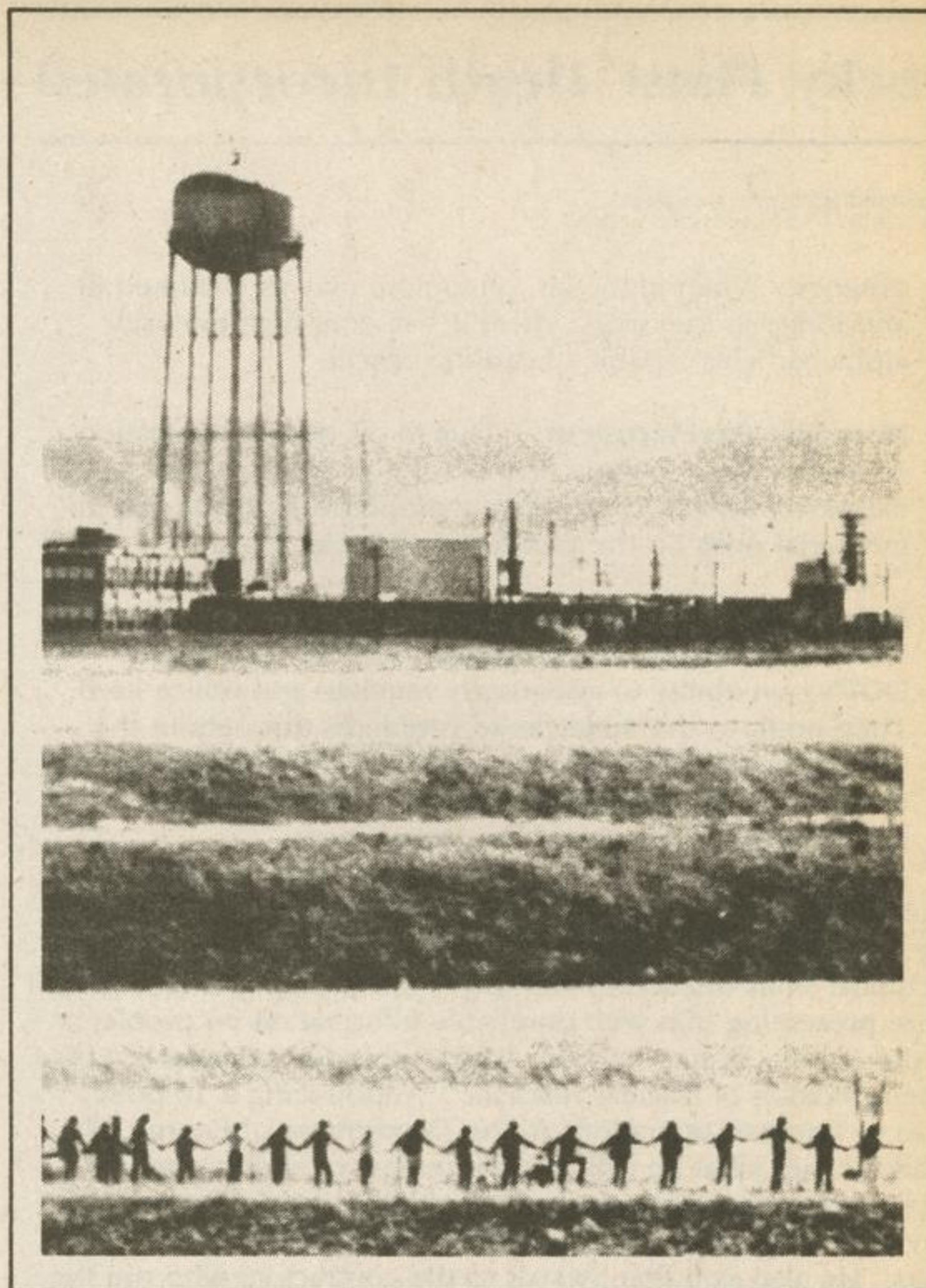
RECENT SET LISTS
UPDATED DAILY

55¢/MINUTE TOLL FREE
95¢/FIRST MINUTE

to correct health and safety problems at the plant. Quoting from a July 1986 Energy Department memorandum, the Justice Department said Rockwell and Energy Department officials sought to keep the public from knowing "just how bad the site really is." The affidavit added, "There is probable cause to believe that Rockwell and Energy Department officials have knowingly and falsely stated Rocky Flats' compliance with environmental laws and regulations and concealed Rocky Flats' serious contamination." The Justice Department document stated that the FBI conducted surveillance flights over the plant last December using infrared cameras and observation devices. Three nighttime flights over an incinerator, which plant officials said had been shut down for safety reasons, showed that it "was probably being operated on each of these nights." In another instance, infrared photography determined that one evaporation pond showed evidence of thermal activity, a sign that it was being used to dispose of liquid hazardous waste, less than 10 days after the Environmental Protection Agency refused to allow use of the pond for that purpose. The affidavit also took note of an \$8.6 million Energy Department bonus made to Rockwell in May 1987 for "excellent management." The bonus was awarded despite other Energy Department findings that "some Rocky Flats waste facilities were 'patently illegal' and that Rockwell had significant problems in controlling radioactive contamination." The bonus is now under the scrutiny by the General Accounting Office.

At the core of the activist movement is the Rocky Mountain Peace Center. Created in a spirit of unconditional nonviolence, the Rocky Mountain Peace Center is dedicated to research, education, and action in nonviolence as a means of personal and social change and to the achievement of justice by nonviolent means. The center publishes "A Citizens Guide to Rocky Flats" and has a library of materials about nuclear weapons. The center plans to canvas the surrounding areas and has a Rocky Flats committee. The Rocky Flats Watchdogs have always been independent, but never as credible as now. The Rocky Flats Monitoring Council serves as a conduit for information about the plant. Also, another coalition group is expecting a \$50,000 technical assistance grant from the Environmental Protection Agency to translate the mountain of technical data about Rocky Flats into common language. "We want to become a resource," said Joe Tempel, a Denver resident who is writing the grant proposal. "The gentrification of the protest movement is happening now." He finds it ironic that "the protest movement, which has been critical of the EPA, is now working with it."

"Protests have their place," said Jan Pilcher of The Sierra Club Toxic Committee. "But the long-term tough work will be to know the ins and outs of new legislation and contacting representatives. We are going to have to move indoors." Sunday vigils are still held at the plant's entrance, but there hasn't been a major protest at Rocky Flats since the 1987 demonstration, which commemorated the bombing of Nagasaki and Hiroshima. Larry Tasaday of the Rocky Mountain Peace Center says "lawmakers have noticed the constructive efforts of protesters of the Rocky Flats Plant in the last few years." Tasaday and Pilcher agree that the new emphasis "on constructive protest," more than anything, has caught the eyes of lawmakers. Tasaday concluded: "Our task now is sort of ironic. Those who have been protesting weapons for so long are now going to have to help the Department of Energy get us out of this mess. We have to get out of it together."



Among the major issues at stake at Rocky Flats are:

- **Waste Disposal** — The DOE is preparing an Environmental Assessment on a test burn of the fluidized bed incinerator for low-level mixed waste. They are expected to proceed with the test burn as soon as possible. Meanwhile, transuranic intermediate waste is piling up in boxcars at Rocky Flats, waiting for a permanent home to be found.
- **Ongoing Emissions** — Although Rockwell International and DOE officials say the emissions are within safety limits, critics question the prevailing standards and the actual monitoring devices used.
- **Health Studies** — Since the pioneering and controversial studies done by Dr. Carl Johnson in the late seventies, there haven't been other significant studies on the long-term health of people living near the plant.
- **Clean-up** — There is ongoing clean-up activity now at the plant site, mandated by Congress, under Superfund laws and performed by the DOE itself. a few old dumps and storage sites are now being cleaned but most of the contamination lies underneath the soil in the ground water and within the present production facilities.
- **Off-Site Contamination** — Plutonium particles have a propensity to escape the plant's filtration and capture systems to loft into the air and be carried for some

continued on next page

Rocky Flats: Death Incorporated

continued from previous page

distance. When in the air, plutonium may be breathed in and lodge in the lungs where it will emit high-intensity alpha particles capable of causing cancer.

- **Near-Site Development** — Due to off-site contamination concerns, many people feel it is not prudent and perhaps extremely unwise to develop a proposed highway and an industrial park on the perimeter of Rocky Flats.
- **Independent Oversight of the Department of Energy** — Many in Congress are completely dissatisfied with the DOE's non-ability to adequately regulate and police itself. They point to the widespread problems throughout the nuclear weapons production network, problems often due to many years of unsafe practices, as reasons for an independent oversight of the Department.

Energy Secretary James J. Watkins said on June 27, 1989 that the managers and supervisors in his department lacked technical skills needed to run the bomb production system and were presenting him with unreliable information on problems at the plants. Some, he said, "lacked the discipline needed for safe operation of nuclear reactors." Announcing a 10-point plan to improve operations in the Department of Energy, Mr. Watkins said what he called "tiger teams" of auditors would look at all other bomb production plants for violations of environmental laws like those said to have occurred at Rocky Flats. He also said that awards to the contractors who run the plans would be based primarily on environmental performance, not production quotas. Alternating frustration with contrition, Mr. Watkins said, "I am certainly not proud or pleased with what I have seen during my first few months in office." Mr. Watkins, a retired admiral, was the Reagan appointee to chair the AIDS Commission. It was through Mr. Watkins' efforts and guidance that the commission did not take the conservative hard-line position on the treatment and research needed for the cure to this national and global plague. Mr. Watkins proved to be the conscience of the AIDS panel and hoped to bring credibility to the Energy Department so that the public would not feel that the DOE was "jamming something down somebody's throat out there." He is involving himself in every major decision because of unreliably optimistic information he was receiving. "When I get a briefing, I only get one side, so I have to dig in myself," Mr. Watkins said. "I don't have the data base coming to me that I need. I have omissions in the data base. So I am making decisions today on a crisis basis and I don't like that. That's not my way of doing business."

Mr. Watkins learned in June that his department, in keeping with its iconoclastic attitudes, had ignored recommendations made by the National Academy of Sciences from 1983 to 1987 on the Waste Isolation Pilot Plant near Carlsbad, New Mexico. The opening of the plant, which is meant for disposal of plutonium-contaminated wastes, has been delayed for months on questions of the plant's quality. He said the plant would not open until next year, a delay that creates a crisis as wastes continue to pile up at a temporary storage site in Rocky Flats and weapons plants throughout the country. How useful and complete that database is remains to be seen. Mr. Watkins

also said he had asked the National Academy of Sciences to establish a committee on Epidemiology research to advise the Department of Energy on ways to study worker health issues. The department now plans to create a data base on the health histories of its workers who have been exposed to radiation for use by outside researchers.

Rocky Flats is a "creeping Chernobyl" that will threaten the health of 1.7 million people unless the government puts safety ahead of production. Dr. Kenneth Lichtenstein, the regional director of Physicians for Social Responsibility, stated, "We are very concerned that production will take priority over the clean up of the plant." He was reacting to the Department of Energy's recommendation that Rocky Flats step up plutonium production for the next five years and then begin a 15 to 20 year gradual shutdown. The doctor called for clean-up work to be overseen by non-governmental groups.

The late Dr. Carl Johnson remains the figure of conscience for the rights of the individual during this non-violent attack on one of the world's worst nightmares: Rocky Flats. In the summation of his *New York Times* editorial on December 18, 1988, Dr. Johnson wrote, "I was a whistle-blower. As a result of the buildup of enormous political pressure by vested interests between 1975 and 1981, I was forced out of office. If a nation is to be properly protected, all studies should be conducted primarily by independent scientists who are insulated from cynical retaliation."

If President Bush keeps his campaign promise and continues to be the "Environmental President," perhaps we can look forward to a gentler, cleaner environment. But so far, given the Bush Administration's performance on environmental concerns, this remains a pipe dream. This is a golden opportunity in history to see if we can search out better relations with the Eastern bloc considering the current disarmament progress and the troubles we share at nuclear weapons plants. But does global disarmament remain an idealistic dream? "It's a nice hope, a vision," said Dr. Lichtenstein. "If politicians start turning into statesmen"...or at least act civilized.

Much of the research for this article has been collected from the following publications:

"A Citizen's Guide to Rocky Flats," Rocky Mountain Peace Center

The Colorado Daily, March 22-24, 1989

The New York Times, December 18, 1988; June 28, 1989; July 9, 1989

The Daily Camera, Boulder, Colorado, January 7, 1989.

"A Citizen's Guide to Rocky Flats" is available from the Rocky Mountain Peace Center, P.O. Box 1156, Boulder Colorado, 80306-1156. There is a \$1.50 charge for postage and handling.

Hampton Review

by HK

By now I don't think there's anyone left who doesn't know what went down in Hampton.

Although the shows surprised most people, they had been in the planning since before the Jerry tour. The band themselves had wanted to play Hampton, but there were some complications and loose ties such as crowd control for the arena known to host exceptional shows, usually kicking off spring tour.

By Shoreline, the word was out and people on the East and West coasts were frenetically trying to change their plans to make it to Virginia a few days earlier than they had planned.

Tickets went on sale Monday, October 2 in Virginia in only three locations. There was no public announcement made on the radio or the hotline. There was no mail order or charge by phone. As a result, tickets did not sell out for the first few days.

We arrived late Saturday night and Hampton was like a ghost town. If I didn't know better, I would have sworn that the Grateful Dead — I mean "The Warlocks" — were not playing.

However, by Sunday afternoon, the place was transformed into the Hampton we all know and love. Expectations were high and tickets were tough to come by. It definitely wasn't as crowded as years gone by, but most people had the good sense to come down if they could. The major difference was that there was barely any selling on the sidewalks, and in the parking lots it was scarce due to the newly imposed rule of no vending.

The first set seemed somewhat ordinary on paper and was, in comparison to what people were expecting, but the second set proved otherwise. While tuning up for a good few minutes, they did those famous riffs and that was it. Everyone knew what was coming, and the suspense and excitement mounted. When they broke into "Help On The Way," the first one since September 12, 1985 at the Kaiser, everyone went berserk. The energy was so high it was impossible not to feel it. It was chilling. The band must have felt it as well because Jerry was smiling, and they played effortlessly and sang every note correctly. The excitement remained through "Franklin's Tower."

"Victim or the Crime" gave everyone a chance to catch their breath and slow things down a bit. "We Bid You Goodnight," although many argue it's too short to constitute an encore, seemed the perfect choice on this night, and they sang it strongly and more confidently than they did for the first few performances. Smiles graced everyone's faces as they left the show.

Monday night, tickets were practically littering the ground. A lot of people had left after the first show thinking they had seen the main breakout thus far and had to get back to the real world.

But on Tuesday night, everyone knew something was going to happen when they opened with an **intense** "Feel Like A Stranger" and Bobby had a Cheshire cat grin during "It'll be a long, long, crazy, crazy night." They made good on that promise.

The first set went smoothly as they played some favorites, "Ramble On Rose," "Jack A Roe," and a smokin' "Music Never Stopped."

The second set opened with a rambling "Playin' In The Band" which was more intricate than the usual "Playin'," but then again, it isn't every show that they play "Dark Star." "Uncle John's" was an anthem of sorts as Jerry serenaded his children back into a "Playin'" reprise.

Then, suddenly they started to go into "Dark Star," and there was more manic hysteria than the night before as they played it long and spacey. This long awaited "Dark Star" was the first one since the Friday the 13th show at the Greek back in July of '84 (see John Dwork's flashback in this issue), which eventually went into drums and space and "Death Don't Have No Mercy," and the second since Shoreline.

The encore was "Attics Of My Life," the first one since September 27, 1972, in Jersey City. It was so beautiful and so timely, you could have heard a pin drop.

These two shows had been planned and the second show had been kept very, very quiet. Many friends and family of the band members flew out, and it seemed to be the first official kick off coming into their 25 years together as a band. And they payed homage to that fact.

For the reward, the band and management were really happy about the general scene in Hampton. It went better than expected with people respecting the rule of no vending and camping. A few people sold, but it was kept to a minimum and overall, it was less of the human zoo it has turned into and more like the old times.

HAMPTON, VA — THE WARLOCKS

OCTOBER 8, 1989

Foolish Heart
Walkin' Blues
Candyman
Me & My Uncle>
Big River
Stagger Lee
Queen Jane Approx.
Bird Song
Promised Land

Help On The Way>
Slipknot>
Franklin's Tower
Victim Or The Crime>
Eyes of the World>
Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
The Wheel>
Gimme Some Lovin'>
Morning Dew
*We Bid You Goodnight
19 Songs

OCTOBER 9, 1989

Feel Like A Stranger
Built To Last
Little Red Rooster
Ramble On Rose
Memphis Blues Again
Jack-A-Roe
You Can Run...
Row Jimmy
Music Never Stopped

Playin' In The Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Playin' In The Band
Dark Star>
Space>Drums>Space>
Death Don't Have No
Mercy>
Dear Mr. Fantasy>
Hey Jude Reprise>
Throwing Stones>
Good Lovin'
*Attics of My Life
18 Songs

On Writing From The Soul

Writing Down the Bones: Freeing the Writer Within

by Natalie Goldberg
171 pages
Boston: Shambhala, 1986
Paperback, \$8.95.

by Mark Koltko

As it happens, I enjoy writing these book reviews for *DDN*. But if you ever read an announcement that I have given this up because my writing career has gotten too busy, you can blame Natalie Goldberg.

Writing Down the Bones is, if you will, a transpersonal or spiritual guide to writing. You will **not** read here instructions about how to prepare a manuscript for publication or hints about finding a good agent or how to land a writing grant. You will also find little about what is traditionally called the mechanics of writing: "How to Plot Your Novel," for example, or "Elements of a Great Poem." There are other fine books for these topics.

Writing Down the Bones, however, deals with the very heart and soul of writing: not tricks of the trade, but inspiration, fire from heaven. The 66 brief chapters deal with topics like coming to terms in your writing with "whatever's in front of you," be that a cafe streetside view of Greenwich Village or a burger joint in Elkton, Minnesota.

Natalie Goldberg, a writer and poet who teaches writing workshops by the score, brings her background in Zen meditation to writing. She emphasizes above all: "Keep your hand moving." Go for the raw first thoughts. You will edit later; for now, don't even dot your i's if it interrupts the flow of your writing.

Write down the bones, the unadorned truth that springs out of your soul. Yet, true to her Zen framework, Ms. Goldberg encourages a gentle non-attachment to one's writing. You are not the poem. Publication is not a panacea for your life's problems. Zen masters set their haiku afloat on rivers for anyone — or no one — to read.

Which is not to say that one should be bloodless in one's writing. Ms. Goldberg encourages passion in the act of writing, but she goes all the way. "*Go for the jugular*. (If something comes up in your writing that is scary or naked, dive right into it. It probably has lots of energy.)" (p. 8) The author encourages people to write from their pain, from their fears, if that is where their energies and muses live. "Your main obsessions have power; they are what you will come back to in your writing over and over again." (p. 38) This is one of the most emotional books on writing I have ever read, and one of the truest. Natalie Goldberg encourages writing where the soul races in the nude.

Yet, paradoxically, this is a book about great discipline. Not stupid discipline, not the "write-X-pages-per-day-or-you're-not-serious" type of discipline, but what Ms. Goldberg would call a warrior's discipline. The author is as direct about facing a writer's emotional resistances to writing as a good psychotherapist is appropriately direct about facing a client's resistance to insight in psychotherapy. You don't have to write X pages per week to make Natalie Goldberg happy. But you do have to face yourself. And if, after you face yourself, you wish to put writing aside for a while, fine. But if you are just resisting, just avoiding, then write; leave yourself no escapes, cut your resistance no slack. And when you write, write from your passion.

Part of the discipline involves editing. Ms. Goldberg conveys a good sense of the yin-yang alternation required in good writing. One writes raw, uncensored; *then*, and only then, one edits, ruthlessly.

For all the emotional power in this book, it is also eminently practical, full of aspects of Natalie Goldberg's pursuit of writing which one can include in one's own. These are not Mickey Mouse touches; they may be simple, but they are powerful.

For example, Ms. Goldberg writes about using notebooks. She tries to fill up one spiral-bound notebook a month; she uses the type which elementary school children buy at the supermarket. For some reason, that idea struck a chord with me. I am composing this review on page 93 of one of the notebooks I started to keep after I first browsed over *Writing Down the Bones*. If you were to look over my notebooks, you would find drafts of six short stories, a poem, and an essay that I have written and submitted for publication over the last few months, as well as outlines for many other stories and books. I could spend the next five years just developing material I've sketched out in my notebooks. Like I said, if I get too busy to write these reviews, blame Natalie Goldberg.

The author discusses several quirky but doable activities meant to expand one's perspective, writing exercises, writing marathons, and why she prefers cheap fountain pens. But in the midst of all of this, she never loses sight of what writers need to know in their souls: that nothing is wasted, no experience, no page or notebook full of drek, no pain, no boring summer spent watching the grass die, no dreary wait for the train to leave. Everything is material for one's private compost heap, and if you tend your heap diligently, one day bright red tulip shoots will peek out from under the dung. Believe in the value of your life and experiences. And keep your hand moving.

Readers interested in the ongoing debate about the legitimacy of transpersonal psychology may find it interesting to read a three-way debate in the current issue of the *Journal of Humanistic Psychology* (Fall 1989, vol. 29, no. 4), where Ken Wilber, Kirk J. Schneider, and I each have an article on the topic (Ken Wilber has two — the best of the lot, in my opinion).

DUPREE'S DIAMOND

NEWS

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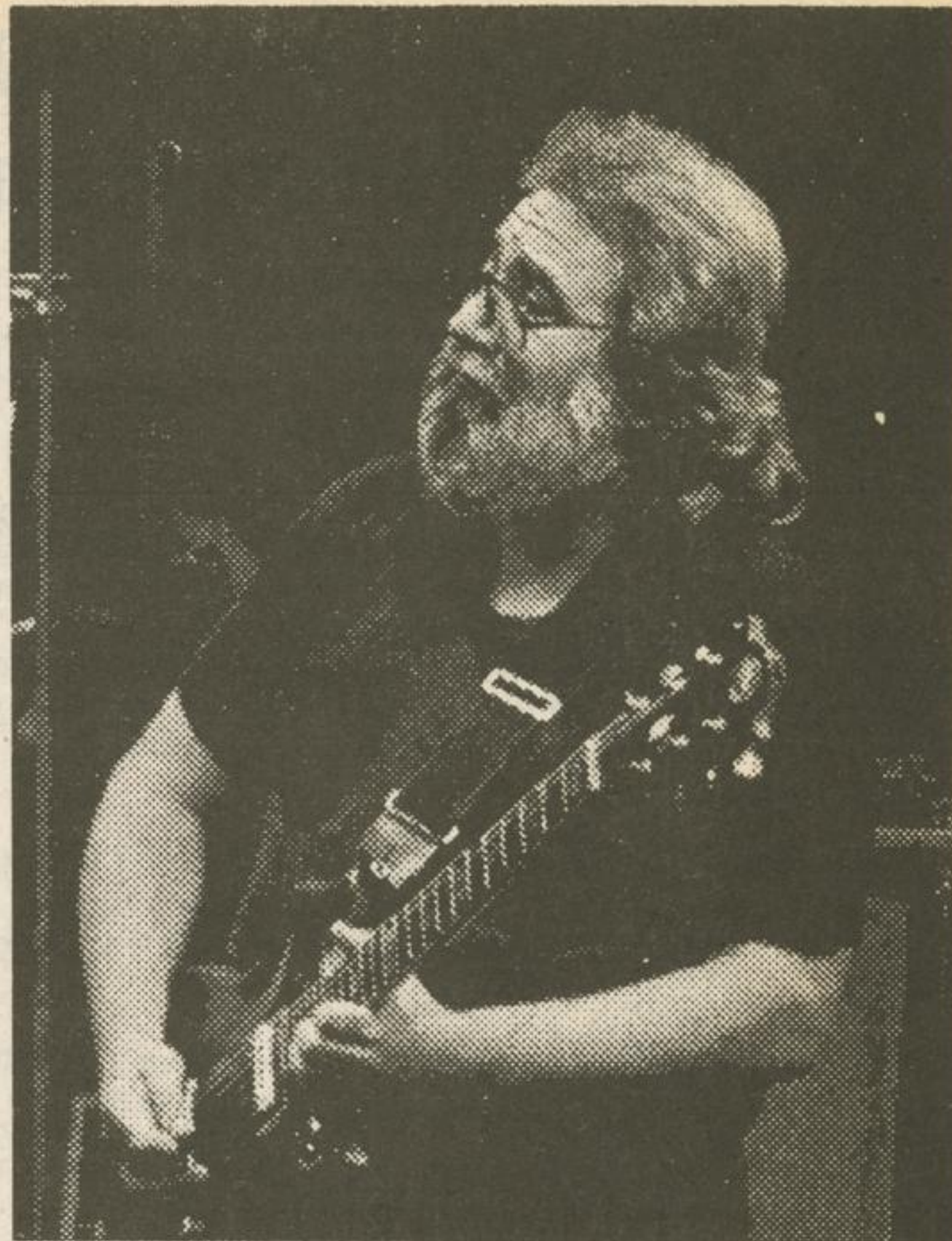
**Coming Through In The Clutch:
The GD Juice Heads at Brendan Byrne**

continued from previous page

set, it could only have been the briefly fragile and somewhat tenuous delivery of the words to "Uncle John's." But as is always the case in this circumstance, the Boys got it together just in time to sing in unison "Whoa, whoa, what I want to know, how does the song go?"

"Uncle John's" then bled into another long, strong space, the third of the evening. At one point, we were sure that "Playin'" would reappear here. However, it proved to be nothing more than a fast "main/ten" jam, followed by yet more space. It was no surprise when Phil remained on stage for a good part of the drums playing sub-harmonic tones — a rare but fitting appearance for him at this point in the show.

The rhythm devils chased each other's tails for a shorter time than usual. From here we were taken into an unfathomably intense space (now the *fourth*). As Mickey concluded the drum solo by hitting his "rail," Dan Healy took over once again. This time, he captured Mickey's long, extended notes and fed them through his maze of sound effects processors. Just as he had the night before, Brent appeared at the soundboard to send the ensuing sounds of space around the hall via the quadraphonic speaker arrangement. Jerry and Bobby proceeded to give us a guided tour of midi heaven and hell.



Phillip Gerstheimer

Shall We Go...

No one knew what to expect next. If it weren't for the absolutely perfect delivery of Brent's "I Will Take You Home" lullabye, many hardcore old-timers would never have stood for this interjection of modern Dead tunage. As we all know, there are still a number of Deadheads out there who don't particularly care for Brent's tunes, but on this evening, the Dead's rendition was so strong, so tight, so "right there," even the biggest skeptics were moved to appreciate its beauty.

Bobby then broke into "Miracle," and when he did, we all thought that was the end of the magic, and what a great night it was. However, once again, the minute we let go of our expectations, **BOOM!** Who would ever have imagined the *fifth* space of the evening (!) would lead into the second half of "Dark Star," which in turn would lead into an even more unbelievable segue into "Attics of My Life." Not since June 24, 1970 at the Capital Theatre in Portchester, New York — one of the all time great set lists — had we heard anything like this. And here we were again, nearly 20 years later, reliving such sweet moments for the first time. Whoever expected the boys could deliver such a sweet rendition of "Attics" with such strong harmonies. We were all crying and smiling and singing along. As if to leave no threads dangling, they went back into "Playin'" via the *sixth* space.

As the band left the stage, everyone looked up at the heavens, wiped their brow, took a breath and hugged each other. Was this not the Grateful Dead of mythic proportions...make the lame walk and the blind man see? This is the stuff we will remember when we are old. And this is what it's ALL about!

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Loser
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Althea
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Just A Little Light
Don't East Me In

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider>
Estimated Prophet
Terrapin Station>
Drums>Space>
The Wheel>
Watchtower
Black Peter>
Lovelight
*It's All Over Now,
Baby Blue
17 Songs

OCTOBER 12, 1989

Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Blow Away
Tennessee Jed
Queen Jane Approx.
Bird Song
Jack Straw

Hey Pocky Way
Cumberland Blues
Looks Like Rain>
He's Gone>
Drums>Space>
The Other One>
Wharf Rat>
Sugar Magnolia>
Sunshine Daydream
*Brokedown Palace
16 Songs

OCTOBER 14, 1989

Touch of Grey
New Minglewood Blues
You Can Run...
Friend of the Devil
Mama Tried>
Mexicali Blues
Help On The Way>
Slipknot>
Franklin's Tower

Foolish Heart
Women Are Smarter
Scarlet Begonias>
Truckin'>
Drums>Space>
China Doll>
One More Sat. Night
*Black Muddy River
16 Songs

OCTOBER 15, 1989

Let The Gd Times Roll
Iko Iko
Walkin' Blues
Far From Me
Row Jimmy
Victim Or The Crime
Standing On The Moon

Samson & Delilah
Just A Little Light
Crazy Fingers>
Estimated Prophet>
Eyes of the World>
Drums>Space>
Stella Blue>
Throwin' Stones>
Not Fade Away
*NFA Reprise
*Box of Rain
16 Songs

OCTOBER 16, 1989

Picasso Moon
Mississippi Half Step
Feel Like A Stranger
Never Trust A Woman
Built To Last
Memphis Bls Again
Let It Grow
Deal

Dark Star>
Playin' In The Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Drums>Space>
I Will Tke You Home>
I Need A Miracle>
Dark Star>
Attics of My Life>
Playin' In The Band
*We Bid You Gdnite
16 Songs

Everyone was ready for "Brokedown Palace," but the instant Phil and Bobby walked out on stage sans guitars, we knew better. Talk about icing on the cake — Jerry, Bobby and Phil broke out a holy rendition of "We Bid You Goodnight" and led the entire arena through a rousing a cappella version. If you hadn't cried yet, they gotcha now.

On this night, the band did what they've almost never done

before. With their backs to the wall, they came through in the clutch. They juiced us in the most serious way.

We could wax poetic endlessly on what this show was, but suffice to say that on this night the spirit that made the Grateful Dead so special and powerful in their youth, returned.

"And we bid you goodnight, goodnight, GOOD NIGHT!"



Truckin' To A Higher Consciousness

"Walk In Balance"

by David Meltzer

Gary Snyder, the Pulitzer Prize winning poet fictionalized in Kerouac's "The Dharma Bums," once said, "There's no such thing as the New Age. It's the same old age, and we're dealing with the same old problems." I go back and forth on whether or not I agree with him, but I can understand where he's coming from.

Sometimes I feel like most of the people I meet are one of two types. To the first, I feel like saying, "Man, why don't you just relax. Take off those awful polyester slacks, have a smoke, leave your watch and credit cards at home for a change. Take a vacation, you know, fall out for a while." To others, I feel like I ought to say, "Bro, being cool means much more than being able to bullshit your way into bed, breakfast, and a backstage pass. Why don't you honor the world you've been born into? Pull your own weight, recycle your crap, call your parents. Be less concerned, you know, about the deep unreal." Since there probably isn't anyone reading this wearing polyester slacks, let me offer a few more words to those who might be challenged with balancing the beauty of the Grateful Dead Experience with the hassles of 1980's America.

The ancients called it "walking in balance." The ability to be in the world, but not of it. The noble art of nourishing visions of Truth in the face of a culture that honors illusion. Having the courage and fortitude to ascend the mountain of illumination, and the compassion and integrity to live in the valley of daily life. Being one who can soar with the eagles on high, and who can also bear smiles to children, respect to elders, and encouragement to weary companions.

The total number of Grateful Dead concerts attended by those of us reading this issue of *Dupree's Diamond News* may well be close to six figures. And what we've gotten out of these experiences has been, I believe, of great value to us, our immediate circle of kin, and to the planet as a whole. But, as we have recently discovered, having the Dead play to the masses may not be the solution to unclogging their heads. And, likewise, another 50, 100, or 200 shows may still find us with our words half spoken and thoughts unclear. There comes a time, I feel, when our personal growth and contribution to planetary healing depends not so much on our again ascending to the peaks of Dead-ecstasy, but on our bringing our highs into the world and to the people who are living, as Emerson said, "lives of quiet desperation."

In the Buddhist tradition, a being who has dedicated his or her life to the welfare of others is known as a bodhisattva. The bodhisattva is commonly understood to be one who has renounced the bliss of higher planes of reality in order to help those still suffering. Actually, the bodhisattva renounces nothing; he/she simply recognizes the opportunity for growth, freedom, joy, and truth in a number of circumstances which we generally consider a drag.

For most of us, it's a hassle to not be able to smoke or wear

what we'd like in the streets, in the classroom, and in our parents' home. The bodhisattva, however, discovers that the joy and satisfaction that is found in the descent from the mountain top to the marketplace, or from tie-dyes to coats and ties, can equal the finest experience to be had at Red Rocks. Life is one great big tour when we take a giant step back and give ourselves and our neighbors space. The yogis say that the entire universe is a song and a cosmic dance. Our problem is that we have trouble matching steps with those much younger, older, or more uptight than ourselves.

There's a story about the mythical, mystical Sufi, Nasruddin, in which Nasruddin has lost the keys to his home. A friend comes by, sees him searching underneath a street-lamp, and asks, "Nasruddin, what is the matter?" Nasruddin answers, "Oh, I have lost the keys to my home." "Well," says the friend getting down on his hands and knees, "let me help you look."

Hours later, the tired duo have still not found the keys.

"Nasruddin," says the faithful friend, "we have searched every square inch, are you sure this is where you lost the keys?"

"Oh no," responds our hero, "I lost them in my garden."

"You lost them in your garden! Then why are we searching here?"

"Because," Nasruddin says, "the light is brighter here."

The light that we seek, and that we are beginning to discover, is certainly brighter at Dead concerts than at most other arenas of our daily lives. But just because the light is brighter doesn't mean that's where we're going to find what we're looking for. Often times, it's looking at it right that precedes getting the light shown to us in those strangest of places. Hang out in the brightest light you can find, for sure, but don't forget to bring it back home to your friends, family, and neighbors. For if we don't, we'll leave all of our visions of a peaceful New Age at the concert grounds, and the beautiful gardens that we might have grown will be covered with weeds because we spent too much time on the road, under distant street-lamps, and not enough time really looking for that lost key.

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The Full Story

BRIDGE TO CAPTAIN KIRK...

GO AHEAD, SPOCK...

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE WHALES?

HARDLY JIM, BUT OUR 'OTHER' GUESTS ARE A BIT CONFUSED...

'OTHER' WHAT OTHER ?...

STOWAWAYS, CAPTAIN. FROM THE YEAR 1986. MR. SCOTT FOUND THEM. SEEMS THEY WERE AT A 'GRATEFUL DEAD'...AH.CONCERT...

A WHAT, A WHAT, MR. SPOCK ?...

A CONCERT OF SOME SORT, SIR. I'M CHECKING THE UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR NOW...SOME FORM OF RITUALISTIC OR SYMBOLIC ...

SPARE ME THE BIO, MR. SPOCK ...

WELL THEY APPARENTLY HAD A "THIRD EYE" OR SOMETHING AND WERE WALKING THROUGH GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAW THE CLOAKED SHIP, ENTERED HER AND THEY

SAW THE WHALES...
THOUGHT IT WAS THE NEW AQUARIUM AND FELL ASLEEP.WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH TWO "DEADHEADS" IN THE 23rd CENTURY ?...

I'M ON MY WAY.. KIRK OUT.....SHIT...

NEXT TIME

SO...THIS IS SPACE..
AND AREN'T THESE HOLOGRAPHIC DEVICES SWELL ? THANK GOD I HAD ALL MY TAPES WITH ME.....

Are The Rainforests Dead Yet?

by Nick Morgan

Rainforests, this planet's most significant pool of genetic material, are a vital link to our survival on Earth. The issue is so important that in September 1988 the Grateful Dead announced to the world, at a United Nations press conference with Rainforest Action Network, Cultural Survival, and Greenpeace, that the entire band felt a commitment to do something about it.

Several days later, the band played a sold out benefit at Madison Square Garden. This benefit marked the first time in years (ever?) that the band had poured their energy into a political cause this aggressively. Certainly one could argue that the performances at S.N.A.C.K. and the SF Vietnam Veteran's Benefit were also political acts, but these events were not GD concerts organized by the Dead on behalf of a specific cause.

The Rainforest benefit served two purposes, other than the usual forum for general spiritual uplifting. First, the band put some serious cash behind their words. Over one million dollars went directly to the aforementioned front line activists on the rainforest issue. This was a dramatic act for the boys, who appear to abhor endorsement or direct involvement in any cause, even on a material basis. Certainly the Dead and their family have a long history of contributing to social causes. Indeed, the Rex Foundation is heavily funded by the Dead. Yet this fine organization, which has received a fair portion of my lifetime ticket expenditures, is now receiving approximately \$800,000 per year. Since this money is then divided among many worthy recipients, no single group/movement has received as much money at one time as the Rainforest issue.

An equally important component to the event was the consciousness raising aspect. Take for example the photo of Jerry, Bob and Mickey at the UN that was run on the AP wire service and was carried in newspapers around the country, perhaps even the world. The usually conservative San Francisco morning paper carried the photo with a classic Jerry quote, something to the effect that he, as a citizen of the world, was outraged about what was happening to our rainforests. Then, during the performance, the Dead played a stunning video portraying the earth's birth, death and rebirth cycle as experienced by a rainforest. These kinds of multi-media happenings are as unusual as the fund-raising for the customarily shy band.

In spite of the Dead's, Rainforest Actions Network's, and many other's fine efforts, we are losing ground in efforts to save the world's rainforests. Though we have confirmed that these precious resources are one of the planet's primary carbon dioxide sinks and will help control global warming, we continually find timber interests hell bent on depositing the trees into personal bank accounts.

A tragic example can be found in the Malaysian state of Sarawak on the island of Borneo. Here the Minister of the Interior is an owner of the same lumber company that is clearcutting massive tracts of precious rainforests. In so doing, the home of the Penan people is being destroyed. As they



More trees are being cut from Northwest rain forests

are relocated into fixed communities, they die from disease and suffer cultural genocide, much as the Native Americans did at the end of the last century and as may happen again to the Navajo and Hopi Indians at Big Mountain. The Penan are a truly unique people, the last known tribe of forest dwelling hunter gatherers on the planet. As these peoples are resettled, they die, and so will their intimate knowledge of the secrets of rainforest flora and fauna, especially plant medicinal properties. This tragic genocide is, not too surprisingly, being funded by the Japanese. The Japanese are funding the Minister of the Interior so that the wood, when it arrives in Japan, can be used for concrete wood forms and disposable chopsticks. Both of these are single-use, disposable items which could far more appropriately though perhaps more expensively, come from tree farms. (Think of your role in the genocide of the Penan people next time you order food to go or go to a restaurant and you let them provide a handful of disposable chopsticks without protesting.)

As momentum was building on this issue, we saw the Dead tackle another frontier — the political front lines of Washington, DC. On July 11, 1989, the hearing room at the Rayburn office building came to life with excitement as Jerry, Bobby, and Mickey testified on rainforest protection and the rights of indigenous people who depend on rainforests for survival. The briefing was officially titled Malaysia: Human Rights and Environmental Policy, and was conceived of and organized by David Phillips, Executive Director of the Congressional Human Rights Foundation. After the usual salvo of opening remarks by members of Congress, who scurry in and out of the room in order to make remarks at as many hearings as possible, there was a 20 minute break so all the members could attend a vote on the house floor. Then, as the attending members of Congress returned, there was electricity in the air, and the focus, much to the chagrin of the Congresspeople, was all on the band members. Cameras were flashing and both C-Span and MTV had their film cameras rolling. Jerry, all smiles, was clearly amused, and I doubt he was aware that everyone was noticing him puff away at cigarette after cigarette.

As some of the smoke settled, ace Dead photographer John Werner presented the first phase of his Endangered Peoples Project. This half-hour multi-image photo and video portrait



entitled "Penan of Borneo" superbly captured the plight of the Malaysian rainforest and the desperate plight of the beautiful Penan people. It was a moving and compelling documentary, and we wish him well as he moves on to document the plight of other indigenous peoples as related to the destruction of the earth. After a statement of appreciation for David Phillips by Congressman John Porter for organizing the briefing and an excellent statement by Randy Hayes of the Rainforest Action Network, the Dead took their seats at the witness table.

Jerry and Bobby made somewhat brief statements and expressed strong concern for the issue as well as the band's total commitment to instigate change. Mickey read a detailed statement that did an excellent job of connecting big business interests to reckless destruction of the earth and indigenous peoples, while acknowledging the role all people play in these vicious cycles of death. His point was highlighted when he smashed a pair of disposable chopsticks while attacking the Japanese financiers and extolling the need to make better personal choices.

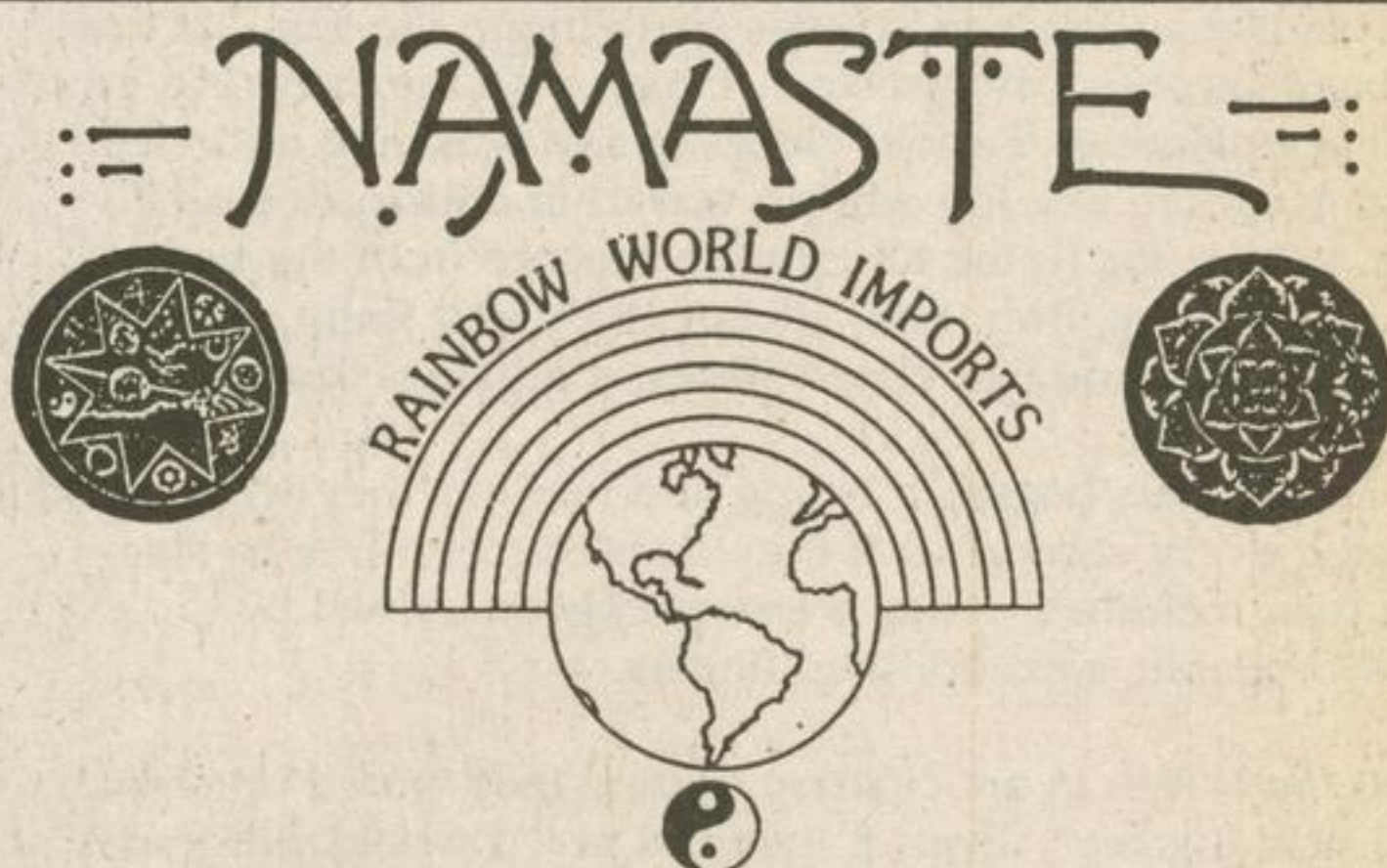
Congresspeople Claudine Schneider, a highly respected champion of social and environmental causes, and John Porter then began the question and answer period with the band members. It was all quite casual and friendly, yet it was clear that the Congresspeople saw themselves as the elected officials who are the real protagonists for global change and that rock stars, famous as they may be, are not true catalysts for change. Unfortunately, the boys weren't as articulate as I had hoped they would be in pointing out how much a force of change they are in both personal lives and on specific issues. Rather, they fell into the politico's game by agreeing (incorrectly, I might add) that sure, maybe only 10% of the bands' constituents vote, but as Jerry pointed out, politicians never give them anything to vote for. While that was a great comeback by Jerry, and Bobby made a point that the Dead could use their mailing lists to alert fans to impending crisis (good point, Bobby, maybe the Dead should start doing so), they failed to mention all the ways the Dead are moving things, independently of the Washington political scene. For example, they didn't mention the millions of dollars they do give to issues such as rainforest protection, or the massive awareness component of events such as the MSG benefit.

In the end, it seemed that neither party really acknowledged

the important roles each other has to play on common issues such as global survival. It seemed that the Dead thought the politicians, who kept shuffling in and out of the room so they could be seen on TV with the Dead, are nothing but politicians. Meanwhile, the members of Congress thought the Dead were nothing more than some very popular rock stars interested in a hot issue.

In my mind, neither party was fully right. Not all Congresspeople are typical politicians, some are aggressive advocates and true champions of social and environmental betterment. Also, the Dead can really mobilize people into action while continually acting as a fundamental vehicle for change, perhaps in ways that are not apparent to some Congresspeople.

Articulate or not at the hearing, thirty six hours later, the boys were once again at the center of the world for 30,000 people when they began a two night stint at RFK Stadium. Here, the Dead's message was crystal clear, searing Jerry note after searing Jerry note.



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A Deadly Experience

by Lynn Hines

There was an exciting stillness about me as I sat on the rough, dry gravel that created the turf in our quaint, little camp. I began to notice the hustle of people flowing quickly in one direction like blood rushing to the heart. Without a moment to lose, I locked my belongings in the car and joined the others in their rush to the amphitheater. It seemed that with each step I took closer to the gates, my heart beat louder and louder.

Once through the turnstile, the vivid colors of the spectrum in women's dresses flowing to and fro with the gentle breeze that circled around added to my enthusiasm. Every face I saw appeared to be a mirror image of my own. The sparkle in my eyes and my beaming smile seemed to move amongst the crowd. The sound of bells that jingled around me sent a tingling feeling throughout my body. The smell of beer and marijuana that surrounded the environment made it seem that right around the corner a cop should be standing, waiting to make his "big bust," but there were none in sight.

The warmth of the sun beat down upon me, adding to the positive energy that already existed about me as I looked across the plush, green foliage of the rolling hills that lead down to the deserted, wooden pavilion, searching for a place to experience my show.

The bongos and tambourines echoing in the distance drew me towards them like the calling of ancient people to a pagan ritual. I found myself following the rhythm as if the beat of the bongos was the beat of my heart. The rhythm flowed within my body, sending a bouncing movement to my feet as if to prepare me for what was soon to come.

Instantaneously, my attention was drawn from the rhythm to the stage. Hesitating, the lights began to illuminate the pavilion like a thousand crystals sparkling in the sun. As one, the band unveiled themselves. I rose with the crowd to greet them in exaltation. Furious clapping and whistling encircled the atmosphere like fog while I waited in anticipation as if I were waiting for Heinz Ketchup to emerge from the bottle. The band: Jerry, Bob, Phil, Mickey, Billy and Brent, took their places one by one like chess pieces at a games start.

The instruments began to twang and howl as they were tuned, resisting every second as if they wanted to be free to sing their own melodies. They were quickly restrained by knowledgeable, accomplished fingers.

I held my breath in anticipation hoping they would open with "Hell in a Bucket." Even if they did not, I would still feel enchantment and satisfaction that this moment had taken place and I was a part of it for this would never happen again. I felt as if this was where I had been called to be. The people were so caring, peaceful, and aware, creating one, joyous, enlightened family. Everyone was there for the same reason, with the same good intention. We were about to undergo a marvelous out-of-body expedition in mind-expansion in a magical, musical way. What I had been waiting for was finally here.



Bob Minkin

With the first note, the crowd was drawn into the music in a hypnotic way, like puppets on strings with the music being the master puppeteer. The feelings of delight and elation were overwhelming. I turned to my neighbor. To share and relieve some of the exhilaration I held inside, I embraced her tightly in my arms to express the passion that was about in the air. I must confess, I wish I were there right now because there is no natural substitute.

Suddenly, my body was uplifted. The world around me disappeared, and a harmonious, sensual environment enveloped my body to carry me to the place where only The Grateful Dead can take me as they flowed into "Mississippi Half-Step." And the music carried me through the evening.

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Juggling to the Grateful Dead

by Terry Minor

As Jesus was the Word made flesh, so is sound made light, and rhythm an interplay of objects in the air. Calculation, more than quick hands, that's what makes Garcia. A hand free for every ball that comes down, when it comes down, that's Bob. Phil is a lot of throwing. Mickey and Bill are either or both, it's kind of hard to tell.

The editorial objective of this newsletter is to explore the expressive and educational qualities of the Grateful Dead Experience, to learn more about that experience, so that we may raise our own aesthetic, intellectual and creative levels of awareness. One of the bases of our exploration is to immerse ourselves into the Grateful Dead Experience as deeply and as often as possible. Another is to remove ourselves from the Experience periodically in order to assess what we've learned, to note the changes we've made, in ourselves, in our world, and in our perception of both.

Juggling is an entryway toward greater understanding of the Dead, both musically and in that far more nebulous sense of experiencing truth. Never mind that juggling may pay your way into New Year's, if you're very, very good. Think instead that juggling requires an entirely different perspective to the music, a different relationship with the band.

Juggling offers the opportunity to participate in the music by translating the musical experience into a visual one, bringing the complex mix of images and rhythmic themes into a second mode of sense, giving us two modes of inquiry into its structure. Our language structure is based primarily on visual stimuli, making this mode of inquiry an especially fruitful one. Too often, I've been totally disabled by Garcia licks, thinking, just as Bob was about to sing, "Wait a minute...what did Jerry just do?" Visualizing the music through juggling keeps me from wondering.

The concepts of juggling and playing music are strikingly similar. This may not be readily apparent when you watch a juggle at a Dead show, where what you may notice is that both the Dead and the juggler are performing Magic. The key to understanding the illusion is understanding where the juggler departs from the basic juggling constructs. It is that departure which creates the illusion.

Fundamental juggling is the art of keeping a ball in the air while holding another ball in each hand. Learning to juggle is learning how to throw a ball, accurately, in order to catch another ball coming down, and to repeat this action with both hands over a sustained period of time.

Basic juggling is theoretically to be done within an imaginary square window in front of the juggler. No ball should ever go further forward than this invisible window. No ball should ever go further sideways than your shoulders, nor higher than your chin. Your hands should remain about waist high.

Obedying these guidelines does not offer the flexibility to juggle to the Dead. One could follow the rhythm of the song, or maybe a very laid back Garcia piece, by throwing a ball upwards with every strong beat, but the real challenge, and

where the greatest satisfaction and discovery lie is in capturing the more intricate patterns of the music.

A juggler must abandon these guidelines and form a more flexible set. He or she might begin by changing the first rule to: don't let any ball hit the ground. Remember that things will break if you don't catch them before they come into contact with anything other than your hands.

There is an underlying mathematical equation to guide the juggler at this point. Ball X, thrown with velocity Y, will reach its apex A, and descend to point H, your hand at time T, now.

Juggling to Bob's rhythms, I've had to run the demand line of this equation. That is, what is the last point at which a juggler makes the one correct and only possible maneuver? Weir inspires panic in a juggler, demanding the most difficult resolutions to a rhythm. It often means throwing each ball at its own rhythm, independent of the others, in order to show the shadings of the rhythm that back the Dead's music.

A juggler's view of his or her art differs from the perspective that an observer, even another juggler, might have. At times a juggler cannot even see the balls. The juggler cannot get an objective impression of the constructions the balls are forming. He or she is watching the patterns from behind, from above, from within. A juggler cannot plan for every bit of interplay between the balls in the constant process of the juggle.

A juggler keeps time by counting off when he or she throws the balls. In between the throws, the balls interact with each other independently of the juggler. A rising target ball first interacts with a declining ball, then with a different ball that reaches its apex and begins to fall. The target ball reaches its apex. During its decline, it interacts again with the first ball that it interacted with, which is now rising as the target ball falls into the juggler's hand. At any of these moments of interaction, an observer may note the patterns in the juggle.

It is in these seemingly random interactions that the magic of the Grateful Dead is revealed. A juggler can follow a single rhythm or melody line, or can follow the band as a whole. He or she can describe a drum roll or a guitar line, and in the construct of the juggle that the juggler can't even see objectively, is the interplay between the instruments, a single expression of the many facets that greet us in every moment of our lives.

In a way, the juggler's experience parallels the experience of the band itself. They can't see their own shows either. In that observation lies a whole rack of truth about the Grateful Dead Experience. Juggling to the Grateful Dead is a very special form of satisfaction. The juggler participates in a system that makes sense, a system so good that to lose yourself within that system, to experience the loss of individuality to the point where the music is juggling and you're supplying solidity and muscle power, is a form of Nirvana, of Bliss, Meditation in Action. The music plays the band, and the band juggles.

Reprinted from Deadbeat magazine



Ron Delaney

Flashback!

by John Dwork

DARK STAR. More than just a song, "Dark Star" is an invitation to explore the great unknown. More than any other thing the Grateful Dead does, it is "Dark Star" that sets them apart from all other rock 'n roll legends. "Dark Star," perhaps the closest that any modern white-skinned electrified band can come to embodying the spirit of the late, great John Coltrane, is truly "about" taking chances.

The mere possibility of the Grateful Dead performing this musical selection is enough to send many a hardcore Head into a frenzy, myself included. For many like me, "Dark Star" is not merely a song. It represents an intentional journey into the great unknown, an opportunity to travel beyond the limitations of the physical plane. From the moment I first heard "Dark Star" 15 years ago, there was no question that this was what the fundamental essence of the Grateful Dead Experience is really all about to me.

With this in mind, it should come as no surprise to you that "Dark Star" has been the catalyst for one of my most memorable Grateful Dead-related adventures.

On a beautiful star-filled Thursday night in July (12, 1984) in Amherst, Massachusetts, I found myself wandering back home from a free outdoor concert featuring Baba Olatunji. As I reached my doorstep, I looked up at the moon, which was one day from being full, and remarked to a friend that for once in my life it seemed as if I was the **only** one who **wasn't** affected by the big orb in the sky. Everyone else was most definitely "revved up" and possessed with crazy lunar energy. I said good night, went inside and went to bed. Little did I know that I had just put my foot in my mouth in a very big way.

hours the Grateful Dead were most definitely going to play "Dark Star" on stage at the Berkeley Greek.

HOLY SHIT.

Dumbfounded, dazed and confused, as only a "Dark Star" freak could be in such a situation, I attempted to put my mind in order. Fumbling for my checkbook I gagged as I realized I had only \$160 to my name. My credit card was maxed-out, and to make matters even worse, I was scheduled to start three straight days of nine-to-five work in less than 8 hours. Never mind that nothing short of a chartered Lear jet would or could get me "to the church on time." My heart sank. Sensing that my situation was completely hopeless, I picked up the phone and called the only other friend I knew who was crazy (and rich) enough to go on such short notice. I called Big George, waking him with the news. "George," I said, "I heard it from the lion's mouth, it's gonna happen, you've gotta go, I'm flat broke, so I'm out of the picture but you're in New York and you've at least got a fighting chance..."

There was a very long silence. George is well known for his long silences on the phone. "I can't make it," he said, "but you're going to go as my eyes and ears." "But George," I said, "I told you, I'm flat broke, and I have to work all weekend, and I don't live anywhere near an airport, *and* I don't even have any tickets."

"Look," he said, "You set it up, and I'll pay for it. Make the reservations, do whatever you have to do, just be there. I want you to be my eyes and ears."

DARK STAR

At approximately 1AM the telephone rang. "Greetings," said an old college buddy calling from California. "I'm at Mickey Hart's ranch, and we just called to thank you for the research." I had recently been in the library doing research for this friend, who was, at the time, Mickey's main research assistant for his still-as-of-yet unpublished book on drumming and its role in spiritual and mystical rituals throughout human history. Thank you's were conveyed, and then, as if to slay my earlier thoughts of my having been the only one in town not affected by the moon, my good old buddy and Mickey nonchalantly whacked me in the head with the news that in less than 24

It took me quite some time, but I managed to find out schedules for planes leaving from Hartford to New Jersey, New Jersey to Chicago, and then Chicago to Oakland. There weren't any seats available at the time, but I was informed that by flying stand-by with no check-in luggage, I would at least have a shot at it. I called Big George back and made arrangements for money — he would wire me cash and put as many of the flights on his credit card as possible as I called him from each airport along the way. I found out where the nearest Western Union was and how to hire a limo to get to the airport in Hartford on time. As I hung up the phone, a surge of paranoia came over me. Was this not the most foolhardy and impetuous thing I had ever considered doing? I looked over to the clock. It was 2:13 in the morning. Now I

This is an excerpt from John Dwork's soon to be published book entitled "My Dog Has No Nose."

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Flashback!

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shouldn't have to tell you that for any red-blooded "Dark Star" freak this was as strong a numerological omen as there could ever be. I had no choice. I was going.

I somehow managed to pack lightly and then got back into bed for 3 hours of completely restless and antsy sleep. At the crack of sunrise I arose and informed my roommate, the infamous "Bongo-Congo-I-and-I," of my intentions. He looked at me with the same sort of sad smile that an older brother gives to a misguided sibling as he or she heads off to get themselves into what is most obviously certain trouble, and then he wandered back to bed. I called the limo service, gulped down breakfast and then woke every fellow employee until I found one who was understanding enough to fill in for me.

I ran to the bank, took out one hundred dollars, hit the Western Union the moment it opened and waited for Big George's green to arrive. The limo met me at the Western Union and we proceeded, without hesitation, to race directly into rush hour traffic.

I got to the Hartford airport just in time to do one of those O.J. Simpson 100 yard dashes over chairs and through the crowded terminal. Nine minutes after tipping the limo driver, I found myself strapping into my first airplane flight of the day, completely covered in sweat.

Touch down at Newark International served as the starting point for a day full of nail-biting. Even with fast talking, the best I could manage was a seat on a plane whose final destination was Chicago's O'Hare Airport. This was the *only* chance I had to catch a plane to the Bay area in time for the show. I called George and after some nervous hesitation we decided to go for it, and he proceeded to pay for the ticket over the phone.

They say that ignorance is bliss, and had I been at all aware of what Chicago's O'Hare airport is like on a Friday afternoon at rush hour, I might never have entertained the idea of leaving Amherst in the first place. Thousands of people, all stressed out, tired, hurrying here and there, interminably long lines to check-in, and there I was trying to get one single stand-by seat on three airlines simultaneously. One by one my options fell through. I began to experience that empty pit-in-your-stomach feeling that one gets after too many hours of worrying. And then, three minutes before the last plane that could possibly get me to the Bay on time was scheduled to depart, the boarding gate steward informed me that there was one no-show on a fully seated 747, and the last seat was mine. I nearly fainted.

Fate always seems one step ahead of me, and on this day it took no exception. The seat they gave me was located directly next to my old college buddy, Andre Carothers. Andre was, of course, going to the show and even had a ride waiting for him (and now me, too) at the Oakland airport. At this point, even airline food tasted like heaven.

Having gotten this far I had but one more miracle to accomplish — scoring a ticket fifteen minutes before show time. In the car ride from the airport, another wave of panic washed over me. What if they play *IT* and I can't get in? What if I get in and they *don't* play *IT*? I realized that I had three factors working in my favor. One: I had a great track record — in eight years of touring the only time I had been left out of a show was the day **before** my first show. (One must keep in mind that those were the days when showing up without a ticket wasn't the big deal it is today.) Two: I was one of a very small handful of people outside the band who knew what they were planning. Having very few people expecting such a rare bird as "Dark Star" is always a good thing. Too much hype almost always leads us to disappointment. Three: there was a supposed reason that this rare bird was about to fly. Apparently, Phil had just gotten several "unusual" slides from some buddies of his at NASA. (Phil is a NASA freak.) It seemed some scientists who were reviewing new mappings of the surface of Mars sent back by the Viking orbiter were amazed to find what looked very much like a giant stone face and several nearby pyramids! The theory was that if there were once a race of beings on Mars, and they knew we were here on earth, and they wanted us to know they were there, then it would make sense if they created an image in the likeness of ourselves that we might see through a telescope. This theory was highly disputed but there were all sorts of strange coincidences; if you determined when these objects would have been built and then stood on the nose of the face during that time, all of the pyramids would line up with the sun on the equinoxes, etc.

Anyway, to make a very long story somewhat shorter, Phil had apparently talked the band into agreeing to play "Dark Star" while these slides of the face and pyramids on Mars were projected behind them. I knew that if I did get a ticket and made it inside and there were projection screens hung, I could be pretty sure that they would do *IT*.

We showed up outside the Greek with about a half hour before show time. I walked right up to the central plaza outside the amphitheater, held my airline ticket above my head and announced with great gusto a brief synopsis of my adventures over the previous 24 hours and then asked an obviously puzzled and quite bemused audience whether any of them might be so kind as to sell me a ticket. Immediately some gentleman walks up to me, asks to see my airline ticket to verify my wild story and then hands me a ticket...just like that.

HOLY SHIT.

Between the lack of sleep, the excitement, the travel, and the unusual series of events, I found myself in somewhat of a trance-state. Making my way into the theater, I held my breath as I turned the corner and looked to the stage...YES!...projection screens! I hopped, skipped and jumped through the crowd until I found most of my friends. Several days before, I had told all but one (my phone caller of the previous evening) that there was no way I'd make it, so they were all very surprised to see me. When they asked me why and how I managed to come I told them all to never mind but if they were planning to "open their minds" this weekend, I had very good reason to believe that this was the night on which to do it.



When the band hit the stage the craziness of the whole day finally hit me. The first set went by without much that is noteworthy (except for the 15 minute power nap I managed to sneak in!). During the set break I was able to psychically prepare several other friends without giving away the surprise.

The second set brought three surprises. The band opened with an unusual combination of "Scarlet"> "Touch of Grey"> "Fire." The drums and space segment of the show was and still remains one of the spiciest and most interesting that I have ever witnessed in modern times (listen to the soundboard version of this tape through headphones; it's well circulated). And, they **did not** play "Dark Star." As the band left the stage all of my friends looked at me with the same look that the little boy who cried wolf must have received.

Just as another wave of panic began to sweep over me Phil came out alone and stepped to the microphone, a very rare occurrence in those days, and told us that the band was about to do something special. "But just this once," he said. He told us to hang out and be patient for a few while they got things together. Yeah, right, be patient for a few, noooo problem. A surge of electricity shot through the crowd. My friends all turned to me in utter disbelief — I didn't even have to spell it out. I just shook my head as they mouthed the words: "Dark Star?"

With a shit-eating grin on my face, I sat back, breathed in the sweet smell of eucalyptus that the Greek theater is famous for and looked up at the star filled sky. The moon, which was full, had at that moment come into view and many other folks took notice. The word was passed that an honest-to-God total lunar eclipse was scheduled to occur in just a short while. Someone even had a newspaper to prove it. ...As if the whole evening wasn't already cosmic enough.

Once again the band took the stage. I've always noticed a strange and uniquely different type of silence on stage just

before they play "Dark Star," and this night was no exception to that rule. Just then an even more cosmic thing occurred, something that almost everyone in the theater saw — a shooting star, huge and bright, went sailing across the sky. A shiver went through all of our bodies and we were instantly covered with goose-bumps. The silence was broken by a solitary cry from the audience: "Dark Starrrrrrrrrrr." And then it happened; DA DA DA DA, DA DA DA DA... "DARK STAR." Everyone in the theater collapsed into each others arms. Sure enough, behind and above the band was a slide show of images from outer space. Regardless of how they ever play it, this song is the closest that many a hardcore Head will ever get to experiencing nirvana. It's sort of like the boys are opening an old and ancient door, like they're checking back in with a very deep and personal part of their inner selves.

The "Dark Star" lasted a respectable 10 or 15 minutes, ending with the second verse followed by a brief but crisp and intentional feedback epilogue. When they left the stage and the lights went on, everyone in the place was smiling. Bill Graham, sensing the special rarity of this event, allowed the crowd to hang out inside the theater for over 50 minutes. Everyone agreed that this was like New Year's eve in July. Even Healy and Candice hung out and talked to the crowd. We had all taken part in something magical.

It wasn't until I hit the street and called Big George that the biggest cosmic joke of the day hit me. This marvelous day, complete with full moon, lunar eclipse, shooting star, and "Dark Star" with a light show was **Friday the 13th**! And to think that 24 hours before I had been silly enough to tell someone that I was the only one I knew who wasn't affected by the full moon's energy. Come to think of it, I'll put that foot in my mouth any time!

Shall we go? You and I, while we can. Through the transitive nightfall of diamonds. Yes indeedy! Any old time!

Hey now, need quality sbds, especially 70's and acoustics, many to trade. Peace, David Carrell, P.O. Box 1386, Monroe, GA 30655, 404-267-0948.

Need any hi qual tapes. Please send info to David Piazza, 301 E. 12th street #16, Greenville, NC 27858.

Make a difference in the world around you!!!

Too much of everything isn't even close to enough. 1200 hrs, many pre '72. John Pergolizzi, P.O. Box 132 Montgomery, NY 12549.

Hey folks. We have 1000 hrs and are happy to trade. Send lists to Dave & Dave, Box 733, Haverstrew, NY 10927.

Canadian Deadhead, fast and reliable, 200+ hrs, your list gets mine. Jeff, 4668 Pinedole Drive, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada L2E 6M8.

Anyone with a tape of 3/17/88 Kaiser please contact me. Will trade anything. Willie — 415-843-0136.

Wanted: JGB 6/11/75, 6/11/78, 6/11/82, Dead: 6/11/67, 6/11/66, 4/18/69, or any early 70's late 60's vaults. Have 1000 hrs Dead & non-Dead. Tim Lowery, 835 Middlebury Street, Eikhart, IN 46516.

Looking for someone to trade video for video or tape for video, VHS format. Sutton AG, 538 Brunken Avenue #7, Salinas, CA 93901.

Groovy tunes wanted: CSN 8/6/88 Jones Beach — Dead 4/16/83 Brendan Byrne. Julie 516-487-9684. Lookin' for a pen pal, too.

Looking for excellent quality sbds. Please help me out. Lesley's, P.O. Box 2196, W. Lafayette, IN 47906, 317-743-2377.

Deadheads: There are some dreams lain before our feet, let's tread softly — Jack Straw from Ottawa.

Reliable trader wants clean, old tapes. Has same. Will Strange, Dept of Econs, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, ME 04011.

California Magic! I would love to re-experience Laguna Seca '88. Will send blanks — I have sbds 9/20/88 & LA 89. CB, 255 Grapevine Road, Wenham, MA 01984.

Need copy of last New Year's Even show (12/31/88). Will trade. Joe Lilly, 700 Ridge Crest Ct., Bloomington, N 47401.

"Philly" 5/13/78 & 11/27/78 — DESPERATELY SEEKING! — Have trades. Contact John Daily, 2831 Forrest Avenue, Bensalem, PA 19020, 215-245-5118.

Answer me this: If it only costs a penny for your thoughts, but you have to put your two cents in. Where's the extra penny going? — Butch.

Looking for Kleinhan's Music Hall, Buffalo, NY 1972: the boys jamming w/ the Buffalo Philharmonic Orch. Will send blanks or trade, Mike Murphy, 7010 Gardner La, Highland, MD 20777.

"Going to plan a weeping willow, on the bank's green edge it will grow, grow, grow." Look for dedication plaque in each city on East Coast summer tour.

Looking for hi-qual 89 GD. Have '89 Frost and more. Also Marley, V. Morrison, JGB, let's trade! Kevin, P.O. Box 1693, San Francisco, CA 94101-1693.

Wanted to trade sdbd & 1st gen. Write A. Spitale, P.O. Box 869, Worcester, MA 01602.

20 year Deadhead wants 1960's tapes only. Two NAK decks, very prompt, consciencious. Your list for mine. Rick Synchef, 16 Midway Avenue, Mill Valley, CA 94941.

New to Atlanta — looking to trade tapes, stories, etc. Don Mahlbacher, 2834 Wilkinson Mill Ct., Marietta, GA. 977-4429.

Want to trade tapes for Long Beach, CA, December 88 and Forum, Feb. 89. Denis Blackstun, 303 Orange Blossom, Irvine, CA 92720, 714-651-0302.

Wanted: Any video, 5/27/89, 8/22/87 set two, 3/18/88, 10/2/88 set two, Spring tour 89. Milo, 2541 Redwood Drive, Aptos, CA 95003.

Addict of good taste, long time Head just starting to collect tapes. Help get me started, please. Hennings, 33 W. 11th st., Bayonne, NJ 07002.



Need 6/17/75 Winterland, W VU 1983, 2/28/73 Salt Lake II, 4/6/89 Alladin II, 10/10/82 Frost, have 900+ hrs. Denis, 10909 Highpoint Dr., Pgh, PA 15235.

2500 hrs by 300 artists. Trade only, want sbds and Fms primarily. Send lists to Todd Denton, 855 Gainsway Road, Yardley, PA 19067.

Beginner tape trader hoping to find traders who are willing to help me out. Let's trade lists: Chad page; Skidmore college, P.O. Box 1141, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866-1632.

Desperately seeking 66 Matrix, 74 Cap Centre, Nye 88, 85, 83, 82, 81, 1/22/78, 3/17/77, 301-426-7671.

I have spent my life seeking all that's still unsung...900 hrs. and not enough. John J. Pav9is, 1635 Quarter Mile Rd., Bethlehem, PA 18015.

In search of 9/2/89 Garcia at Meriweather Post; summer Allman Bros tour. Extensive list to swap. PG Wist, 1629 Cottage Ln., Towson, MD 21204, 301-494-1938. Thanks.

Need Atlanta & Chicago 89. Have Greeks 88 and many other hi-qual shows from 85-88. Mike Anderson, 5081 Sisson Drive, Huntington Beach, CA 92649, 714-846-0059.

Looking for any hot '77 or '76 Dead. Also, who has Seastones??? Have 250+ hrs GD. Call 212-722-6853. Also need Tuna.

Orlando, Florida Deadheads. I need fresh tapes, have 30 hrs. Please contact Steve 649-9796.

37 year old still looking for his 1st show 3/19/73. Lots to trade — both Dead and non-Dead. Dan Greenberg, RD#3 Box 355, Pine Bush, NY 12566.

