

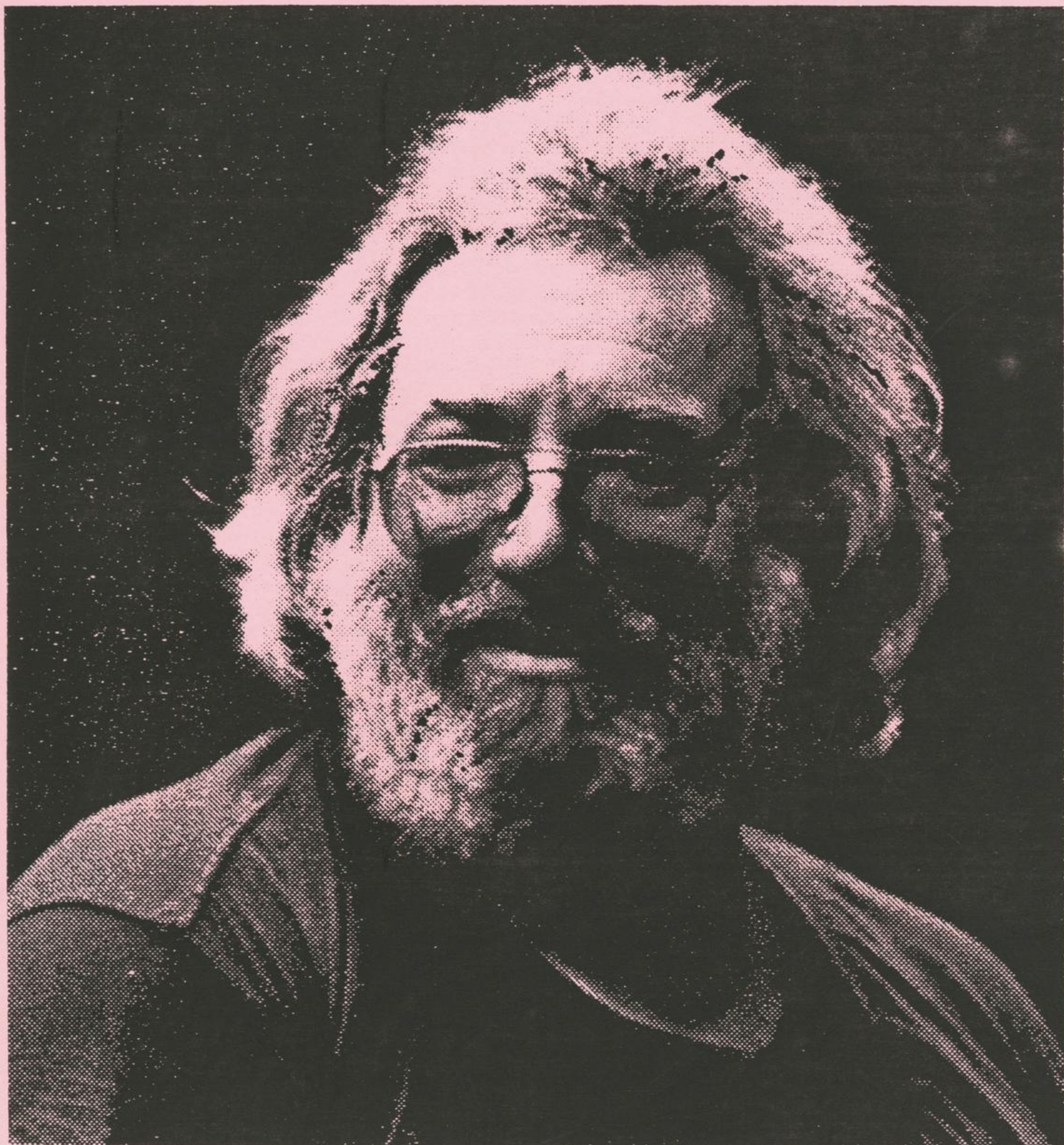
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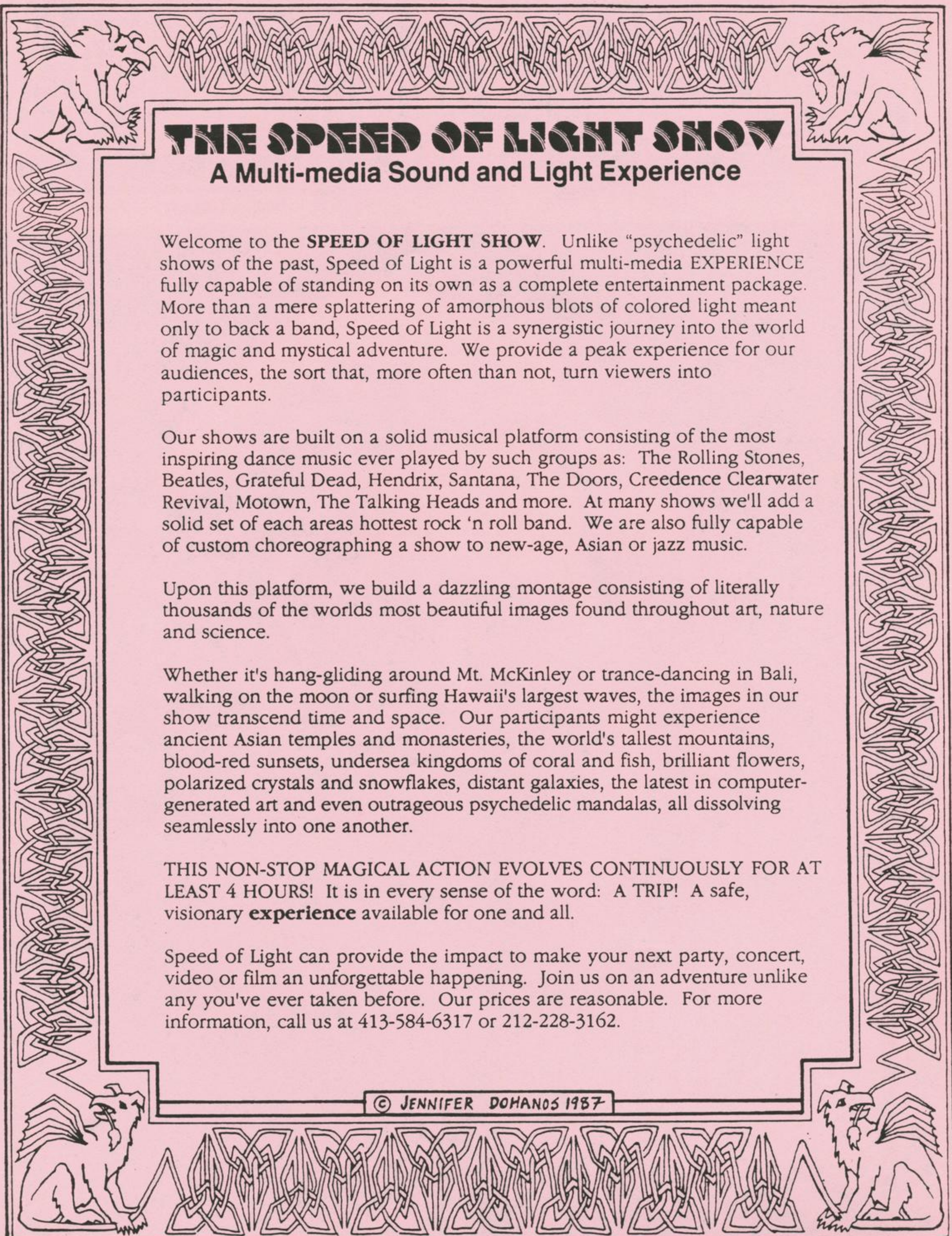
NEWS

Volume II

Issue 3

Ninth Edition — November 1988





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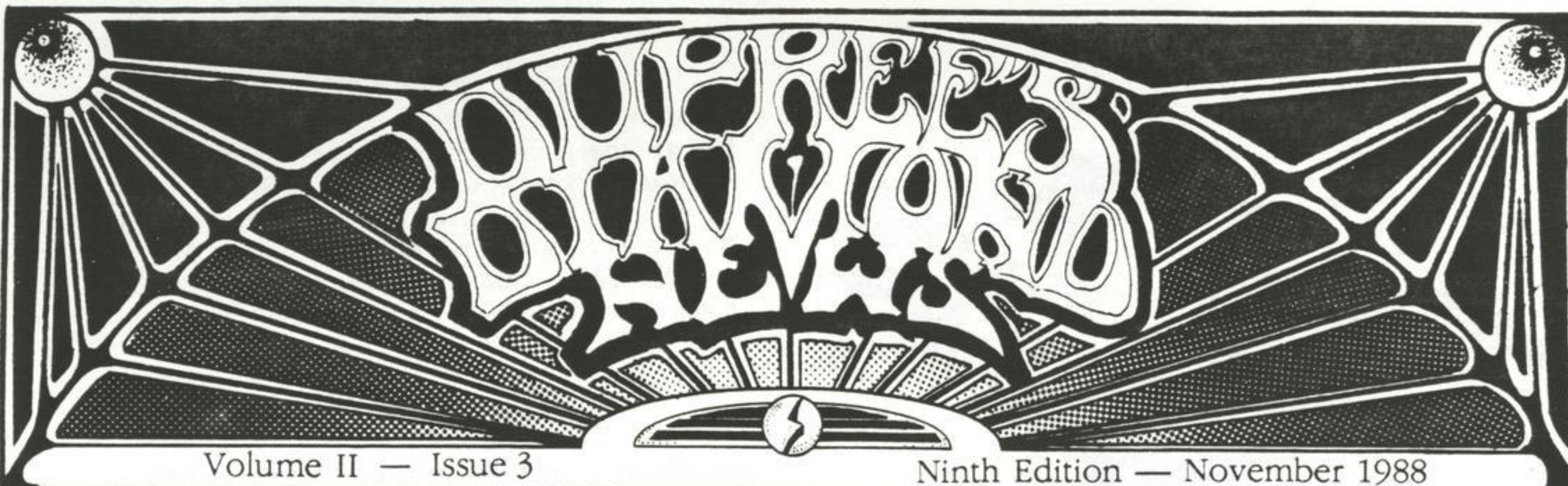
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Volume II — Issue 3

Ninth Edition — November 1988

Staff

John Dwork, Associate Publisher
 Sally Ansorge Mulvey, Associate Publisher
 Lee J. Randell, Associate Publisher
 Brian Cullen, Art Director
 Mark Frisk, Editor
 Andre Corothers, Staff Writer
 Mark Koltko, Staff Writer
 David Meltzer, Staff Writer
 Debra Chadwick, Copy Typist
 Diana Petty, Copy Typist

Contributors

Dick Allgire
 SAM and Dave
 Jennifer Dohanos
 Chris Ghatak
 D. Jessup
 Kifer
 Ann Onymous
 Robert Schneider
 Michael Mulvey

Special Thanks

Dallas Alice
 Andrew Blackman
 David Burn
 Doug Corkhill
 Evan Greenberg
 Jose Lopez
 Jeff Merrill
 Heidi Kelso
 Sarah van Leer

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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Dear Diamond People:

Coincidentally? Fortuitously? I received my tickets for Madison Square Garden today, along with my second issue from you. Like the first issue I received, it contained a lot of food for thought, and I finally got it together to put on paper some of the ideas I've been working on since I received my copy of the Dead's letter at the SPAC show.

I saw my first Dead show at Boston Garden on May 7, 1977. I had a seat in the second row in front of Jerry, although the person who captured my imagination that day was Phil. He was playing with a 'scope then, and I still have trouble believing some of the pictures I saw him draw with his music. It was the first time I ever remember music causing a physical impact on me. His sound took me out of my chair and threw me into the sky, opening emotional connections I had never made before. The sound that he generates with the bass still draws me to screaming, and no one else has ever done that. And it sure feels good, even today, with all the changes the band has been through over these ten plus years, and I still can't get enough of the music even in its current incarnation.

My thoughts in response to the band's letter and Hunter's letter and your editorial:

(1) **The Mail Order.** I think the mail order process for tickets is terrific and that it has really helped for the most part. I feel that I have an equal chance with the next guy to get tickets for the shows I want to attend and I usually only order tickets for the shows I want to attend and I usually only order exactly what I need, although my experience with SPAC tickets has given me a few concerns that I have no good answer for:

I missed the mail order for SPAC and since I live only 30 miles away, I knew I was going, ticket or not. But I

stood in line at Ticketron. The rest of my group were in line at other Ticketron outlets and in the end we had one extra ticket, which I sold up at SPAC. The ticket cost me \$16 and that's what I wanted for it. The boy who bought it from me insisted on giving me \$20. I still wonder if he couldn't have better used that \$4 to buy food. He seemed to be a long way from home. At the same time, it seemed to be equally important to him that he pay me what he thought the ticket was worth.

I wonder if we aren't encouraging large numbers of people to show up at shows without tickets because they know that lots of us have extras?

(2) **Trash.** I am going to keep talking about this issue at every show by every band, at every picnic, at every baseball game, at every kind of event everywhere. *If a person can carry a full can, bottle, bag or box into a place, he/she can carry an empty one out!* Any large gathering that I go to, I bring a trash bag. I fill it up. Unless there is a large facility for trash collection at the venue, *I bring it home.* I wonder sometimes if anyone realizes how much more the venues would like us if we took all of our debris *away* with us *from* the concert site when it was over?

(3) **Toilets.** Venues need to learn what constitutes enough toilets (and not just for Grateful Dead shows, either). It seems to me the formula is about one toilet per 100 people expected! I know this is an impractical fraction, but venue managements need to recognize that bodily functions continue and they need to accept (and assume at least part of the responsibility for) the consequences to the venue and the environment if they can't provide adequate toilet facilities for the crowd.

Insufficient toilets is one reason that I don't drink beer at Grateful Dead shows.

(4) **Security.** The best venue I have ever been to, for any kind of concert, is Shoreline Amphitheater in Mountainview, CA. What a wonderful place in all respects. I realize the design has a lot to do with it, but what about some of the other unique things?

(a) There were staff directing traffic into parking spaces and they were enforcing their directions on everyone who parked. Having to pay for parking also helped, I think;

(b) Food, soft drinks, beer and wine (and wonder of wonders: hard liquor) were available for sale inside the gate and most could be taken to your seat;

(c) Persons charged with maintaining order were clearly identified with special Grateful Dead shirts and were courteous and helpful, e.g., "Can I help you find your seat?" Or take this exchange between a security person and a fan during the break: Between the last row of seats and the lawn is a wide walkway, which was

divided down the center by a rope. All people were kept on one side of the rope and the other side was empty except for a few security people, who sent people who crossed back over to the people side of the rope. I overheard the following — Fan to security person: "Hey, man, how come we can't walk on the other side?" Security person (Smiling): "Fire laws, man. We gotta keep this aisle clear for emergencies." And each went on his way.

Around here, if the question had been answered at all, the answer would have been either "None of your business" or, most likely, "Fuck off and keep moving!" Having security people who treat the fans like adult human beings is important for the morale of the whole group. I was interested to read that the Dead are no longer welcome in Hartford. I am neither surprised nor particularly disappointed. I had attended several shows in Hartford, the last being in 1986, and it is unlikely that I will ever go there again.

(5) **Gate Crashing.** This has got to be a huge nightmare for everyone, particularly venue management. How do they know that they do not, or will not, have a full scale riot on their hands? For that matter, how do the fans know? At SPAC I was sitting/standing on the center lawn in front of Phil about 50 feet back of the speaker cage, and I saw a security person get run over by fans with lawn tickets who charged the balcony. Most of the crowd on the lawn cheered the people who jumped the fence and broke the lines.

Of the thousands who saw it happen, the few of us who "booed" were drowned out by hundreds who cheered. How can we hope to change behavior when the apparent majority supports the gate crashers and the fence jumpers? The same thing happened at Meadowlands last summer (July '87) when hundreds of people jumped over a ten-foot wall to get to the field. The strangest thing about that was that they could have bought a field ticket (just as I did) if that was where they wanted to be.

I don't know how to make folks understand that crowd control isn't necessarily an authority thing, but is a reasoned exercise of protection to persons and property. The lawyer in me can't help but believe that if any one of those gate crashing kids were injured or killed in the process that they would surely sue the venue and maybe the band itself for their injuries. Who would cheer then? Who would cheer if someone were injured falling from a balcony because they were pushed by the press of the crowd behind them? I could see that guy that Phil told to get down from the rafters at SPAC in 1983(?). What you didn't print is what else Phil said (paraphrased): "I don't care about you, man, but you might kill the person you fall on." Could have been me. (Are you sure this wasn't '84 or '85 at SPAC? I was on the lawn in '83.)

Who would cheer if people were crushed in a stampede or in the press of an enthusiastic and uncontrolled crowd? Many of us older Deadheads are bringing our children and grandchildren to shows. Their safety rests in the hands of a responsible crowd. I would not cheer the day when I go to a Dead show and there are no children there because it's not safe for them. Maybe it takes age to know that reasonable rules, fairly enforced, do not impinge on having a "hell of a good time" but actually enhance it.

(6) And on the issue of **rules**, a personal note about SPAC in response to the letter from the band. I had written them the morning I was waiting to buy tickets that I would be there whether or not I had a ticket. The day of the show Jerry was on the local radio, telling people without tickets not to come.

As I said before, I live 30 miles from Saratoga, and I spend time there, in the city, at SPAC, at the spa, and the wonderful estate park grounds that surround SPAC. It is important to me to be able to dance with the band. It is not so important any more that I be able to see them. And from long experience with the park, SPAC, and the Dead, I knew that there was a place outside the fence where I would be able to hear as well as I could inside the fence, and have unlimited space in which to dance, without interfering with any private property rights. Not only that, my presence in the park would not interfere with the rights of those who had purchased tickets, as I would not be jumping the fence.

I follow a Way of Living which respects the natural environment and the property rights of others. Be it city or wilderness, I do not mark where I have been if I can help it. I step lightly upon the Earth, I carry out my trash, and I don't park in people's driveways. There is no way to teach my Way except by example. There was a part of me that hoped I would not get a ticket because in that setting outside the fence I would have been able to dance with much larger and more defined movement than was possible in the crush of the crowd on the lawn. There were no circumstances under which I would have jumped the fence.

In connection with this, I don't think that the radio broadcast of the SPAC show kept anyone away, but it was sure nice that they did it, and I would recommend continued broadcasting of sold out shows, especially since I got a very nice tape off my Betamax!

Very truly yours,
Sarah van Leer

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Hey now everyone at DDN,

First, my compliments on your newsletter. It is good to see a nicely published forum for the exchange of ideas and insight. Since the tide is rising I have got some things to talk about.

I would like to comment on the topic of the changing scene, raised in the last couple of issues. I figured perhaps you have not heard from those of us who have recently joined the ride. My brother introduced me to the Dead a couple of years ago while I was in college, trippin' with the Moody Blues and reading about Taoism. In February of this year I went to the Valentine's shows at the Kaiser.

That first afternoon my friends and I walked around looking pretty damn perplexed, but the whole experience sunk in quickly. Never before had I encountered such a relaxed, friendly and happy atmosphere. The people were great, the band was phenomenal, intermission was a trip and the volleyball inside the show was a nice plus. Since then I have dropped in on eight more shows, including the Greeks, Irvine, Eugene and JGB at the Frost. Things have never been the same since "Iko Iko>Looks Like Rain>Terrapin" at Irvine.

Along with a growing love for the band and the shows I have gained an appreciation for matters which delight or concern Deadheads. After a few shows I now recognize the differences between venues and audiences. I never saw the Dead in the earlier years, so I cannot compare the experiences, but I am conscious of several things. First, there are simply too many people. Second, too many of us do not accept our share of the responsibility in keeping the show environment clean and healthy. And because of this, the experience I have come to love in eight short months is in obvious danger of disappearing! I know that traditions govern behavior to a large extent, but unfortunately there are many who are not aware of these expectations.

I was delighted with the flyers at the Greek ("Around some corner...Lend a hand") asking for everyone's help in cleaning up the sites, the drug promiscuity and the vending madness. The text would fit well into DDN. This type of constructive thinking truly makes me respect the Deadhead ideals. More simply, it assures me that the ideals are still alive. It is sad that changes must be made, but if we keep in mind what we are all here for, they seem a little easier to swallow. I think John Dwork has the right idea about attending fewer shows and mellowing attitudes. The experience is probably different now for the "vets" but it is still strong and very positive. I know the songs and I know the feelings. There are, believe it or not, many people joining in now who do get the message, and we will help it survive.

In the last issue (II,#1), Alan Muir offered some good advice about taking the Dead experience to the world beyond the shows. Some of the vets must take the initiative and carry their visions to the rest of the world while the newcomers get crazy for a while. Perhaps when the idea of the Dead as a trend wears off the crowds will dwindle, but most likely the youngsters will settle right in. I am now carrying my experience, however brief, into medical school, after which I will be able to affect a great many people. There are dozens of ways to do the same thing. "It is easy to be a holy man while on the top of a mountain," it is said. But by getting into the general population you can make a bigger difference. Further efforts to clean up the shows will work better when the audiences are smaller. With cleaner shows and many good role models, the flame will definitely get passed on and the love will never fade away. If more people come in contact with the Dead culture the world will be a better place.

As for those concert-goers who still won't do their part, the only answer is the spoken word. Those who have been around before or others who are aware of these issues must speak up when they see environmental injustice going on. Fear not, for there are thousands of voices behind yours.

There are still great shows, to anyone out there who has their doubts. Take the Greek show on 7/15/88 and Eugene for example (more Northwest shows would be great — there are an awful lot of fans up here!). any system, when stressed, is bound to slow down a bit. So take some time off, get some rest, collect tapes, spend time with new friends or a new activity and check in once in a while. There will always be beautiful people to enjoy. Now if they can only get Donna to do a few guest spots...

Smile, smile, smile,

Jeff Merrill

Dear Mr. Dwork:

I have waited several months (since Vol. II Issue 1) to write you concerning your editorial in the last issue of DDN. Not because I didn't know what to say, but because I wanted to see for myself if my feelings and opinions would change after some time passed. They have not.

Twenty years ago Bob Dylan's "The Times They Are A-Changing" was a battle cry of sorts, an anthem for many young people who sought to change the way things happened around them. In retrospect we can see that they were successful, for they helped get the 18 year old the right to vote, helped to end the war in Vietnam, and forever changed the way Americans look at politicians.

Many of us today fondly look back on those times through rose colored glasses, thinking that "the 60's" were great, when everyone wore whatever they wanted, took whatever they wanted (from doses to *Steal This Book*), and that life was happy and merry. But reading your Wavy Gravy interview shows everything was not so wonderful — "In the sixties, for one thing, we used to get tear-gassed and beat up a lot," says Wavy. Sobering reality.

Out of this the Grateful Dead were born, and for more than twenty years they have continued as a musical aggregation. Today they sing with conviction, "We will survive." I first heard those words in 1983, and immediately felt they were singing, not about themselves, but about the scene, the totality of what was going on around them, from the fans individually to painted buses and tickets through their own mail order system. Didn't we all feel that way?

That the scene has grown larger and gotten out of hand is not surprising. History tends to repeat itself, just twenty-five years ago there was a pretty good scene going on in Haight-Ashbury, and it got out of hand. For years, those of us following the Dead have known what a good time we all had, today we are forced to share that with others.

Ten years ago the straight press described the Dead as either leftover hippies or a cult favorite. Last year they had an album at number one on Billboard's compact disc chart, and a top ten single. Of course new people are going to come on down to the shows; either they like the new songs or they've heard us talking about what a terrific scene there is at Grateful Dead shows for the last ten or fifteen years.

And so the problem. Old, or at least dedicated, fans have to endure sharing their band with the new fans. New fans who don't know to give the dancers room. New fans who talk through "Stella Blue." New fans who holler out for "Touch of Grey."

Hey, but wait! We were all new fans once. We had to

be. Didn't some of us yell out "Truckin'" or "Dew" or "We Want Phil." What's the difference? Are "picky deadheads" (one of my favorite bumper stickers) becoming snobbish deadheads?

We have to remember that the public is fickle. A year after *In The Dark* is released few people not genuinely interested in the band will be coming out to see them play. If another album is not forthcoming things will gradually revert back towards what we know and remember. And we will have survived.

And if a new album is released, well, the Dead are not our personal minstrels, and we should learn to share the experience the same way we share smiles as we pass in the hallway during intermission. Remember "strangers stopping strangers, just to shake their hand"?

Which brings me to your issue of Grateful Dead burnout. Using your theory that subliminal messages will cause every Deadhead to stop touring when they hit their 100th show, well, it took me ten years to attend 25 shows, so I've got another 30 years to go!

The point being, maybe some fans just need to slow down. Are you *really* burned out, John? Go nine months without seeing the band some year and see how burned out you are, because after about six months the tapes just don't do it any more, and the desire begins to burn. But the boys are out on the West coast and the mail order ended two weeks ago, and I'll be damned if I'm flying to California without a ticket. So you wait for the East Coast tour to begin, and you call the hotline daily for ticket information, and by the time the first show rolls around, tell me if you're still burned out.

Has anyone besides me noticed they don't sell tour books any more? Maybe that is a subliminal message. For years a good friend of mine and I have talked about going on tour. Never done it. Instead we meet for three days at Hampton, or in the San Francisco airport on our way to the Greek, and we have a great time, wishing the morning after the last show ends we were loading the car and driving to Worcester, too. But it's back to our jobs, wondering what is the point when following the Dead brings us such joy.

Over the years we've been fortunate. We heard the band play "Werewolves of London" on Halloween. We've heard "Satisfaction" and "Gloria" and "Blackbird." We've heard killer renditions of "Terrapin" and "Scarlet/Fire" and "Dear Mr. Fantasy." Okay, so I missed "La Bamba" last fall, and haven't heard "Hey Jude" or "Quinn the Eskimo." But what I have seen and done has been in only 28 shows in 11 years.

Perhaps what you need to do, John, and maybe some others who dislike the new found popularity of the band also, is to pick one city, Providence or Alpine or Philly, and just go to the shows there. For years the only place

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I went was Hampton. But just go to shows in that city, don't go to fourteen shows up and down the East coast. You'll enjoy those three shows more, and you won't get so burned out.

Of course, there is no answer to your dilemma, only whatever you decide to do will be right for you. But if thousands of Deadheads on the East Coast only went to three shows, or maybe five or six, think how much easier it would be for all of us to get tickets. And that is becoming a problem, separate from everything else both you and I have addressed.

Changing gears again, I do want to add that I enjoy DDN. The newsletter is full of information, and your last issue in particular was chock full of good reading. "1976, The Year In Review" was both informative and educational. I also liked the "Best Of" section, and hope you continue that. I would like the Cornell '77 "Scarlet/Fire" for when you do best of '76 to present.

Keep up the fine job you all have done, keep the faith in the Dead you've had over the years, don't lose sight now. Just because "things are gettin stranger and stranger" is no reason to give up on the band. Peace, love, and most of all, stay in touch.

Doug Corkhill

Deaditor's Note: *I would like to reiterate a point you might have missed prior to writing your letter. I am not burned out on the Dead. In order to avoid reaching that point, I have changed the fundamental way in which I experience the Grateful Dead. I've only seen two shows this year, and this has proven to be immensely more satisfying than my old "catch every show" habit. Once you truly embody the Grateful Dead Experience **within** you, it is not necessary to go to the shows. Tapes are all you need (especially when there is such a continuous outpouring of new found nuggets from the past). Don't worry about my scene, remember what Garcia says, "If all you've got is us, then you've got nothin'"*

Dear Protagonists:

It's hard to describe how really stoked I am to convey the following message to all you "cats under the stars." This is the first time I have written to you or any real Deadhead organization. The truth is, I am only an unofficial Deadhead myself, maybe even "underground," if you can believe that there's more levels (more subterranean) *below* yours. However, I have several core friends and checked out Shakedown Street at the recent Landover/Capital Center shows (Sept. 2-6, 1988). From these instances and connections, I have been able to make a few objective observations, the main one being that the Deadheads are/have been/continue to be a formidable group with a formidable, but loose, infrastructure of networkings and communications that essentially lacks any semblance of a prime directive or motive other than tracing the group's tours.

Now I don't want it to be read that I'm totally against this type of lifestyle. I have and always will be part of the Woodstock nation/Strawberry Fields Cosmic Vision. Unfortunately, at this point in time of our nation's history, the Dream is still far from realization, and I think the Deadheads should take a more active role in pushing the achievement of a secure psychedelic future. Bob Dylan, whom you may know better now, has a song from his oft-underplayed *Slow Train Coming* called "When You Gonna Wake Up"? It could be addressed to the Deadheads as "When you gonna rise up (outta your graves?)" and define some clear, beneficial directives and motives for the community, organize a philosophical position that may be created and ratified by all members, and use the communications networks already in place to expand the enduring ideals of love, peace, charity, discourage the irresponsible abuse of specific physically addicting narcotic substances (i.e., crack, cocaine, angel dust, etc. — differentiate!) and spread the word that Ecology must bounce back after eight years of Liberation, or else! Why not "Beat it on down the Line" that the Green, nuclear disarmament and education movement will not forever decline? It's time. Reckoning is near for the estimated prophets, cause this is also election year. So register, get out and vote, and make your voice(s) heard. Keep on keeping on.

From the heart,

Jose Lopez
Bethesda, MD

P.S. You may be interested in the following account of an apparent breach of First Amendment rights guaranteed in our Constitution that involved this tax-paying American citizen, right here in the good ole' U.S. of A. This past Labor Day, I was walking through the parking lot of the Capital Center at Landover, Maryland to attend the third concert being given by the rockers

known fondly as the Grateful Dead. As I was making my way towards the entrance I noticed a group of concert goers intently gazing at some kind of commotion not too far away. I stopped to satisfy my curiosity and was able to see a group of policeman (brown uniforms, MD state police?) around someone's VW microbus. It appeared that they were giving it a search. The next instant, I saw another policeman vehemently pushing a young person away from the van and hitting him with a stick. At this point, I wasn't sure what the exact circumstances were and probably should have asked some of the other bystanders for some details.. Instead, I reflexively raised my camera, which I had brought along for some souvenirs of the scene, and aimed it towards the bussle. Before you could say hoi polloi, this other officer came bounding up to me and ordered me to put up the camera.

He shouted in my face (literally), "Didn't I tell you just a minute ago not to take pictures?"

This officer, whose name badge read Galbreath, must have mistaken me for someone else, because I had not been there two minutes before and had just laid my eyes on him for the first time. I denied the charge, but before I could get another word of explanation out of my mouth, he continued to scream in my face that some of his officers had suffered some injuries recently (where he did not say), implied that my "peace-and-love, tie-dyed" cohort had a connection with his problems and were phonies, and then threatened to confiscate my camera with its film. I was ready to take him up on his offer, because none of my exposures would have shown an armed police officer hitting a young man; however, I decided against anything that might resemble a verbal retaliation because at that moment in his irrational state of mind, I wasn't sure whether he was going to use the stick he had in his hand. I hadn't reviewed the obscure laws that may be on the books concerning arguments with angry police officers, and I didn't want to be arrested.

I understand that the significance of this story may be questionable in lieu of all the details, but I convey the story to your organization with the hope of finding some objectivity. Nevertheless, I believe that I am still relatively tuned into enough reality and not so "spaced/freaked or zoned out" as some would say, to know that I live in America and not South Africa, or Chile or the USSR, where the curbs on free expression are well documented.

As of this date, I have not heard of any formal ban on the free flow of information through any type of media — radio, television, written or oral, etc. — which is why the above incident disturbs me all the more. Moreover, I, possibly like many other folks, also sense a vague, but imminent feeling of *deja vu* affecting the country, as we watch the current presidential campaign between an incumbent Republican veep and a progressive statesmen from Massachusetts, wax nostalgic for the

60's, mourn the lost leaders, and celebrate the highs that were achieved. But checking the history books from that era, it should be noted that the demonstrations and riots came *after* the torch was passed. I wonder if this time we are ahead of schedule?

Keep on keeping on.

Dear DDN:

After reading Volume II, Number 1 and the Letters to the Editor in Volume II, Number 2, I have decided to write this letter in order to offer a perspective that I have not as yet seen printed in your very fine publication.

All of the Letters to the Editor, as well as the original editorial, were written by followers of the band who came upon the scene between 1975 and 1980 or later. All of these people offered perspectives on what the editor termed Tour Withdrawal Symptoms or Syndrome (TWS). TWS is also used as a jumping off point for discussing the problem of the demand for tickets exceeding supply. Unlike the other fans who wrote in response to your editorial, I have been seeing the band since 1970 and have been a fan since 1968. Even in 1970, when I first saw the band (February 14, 1970), I was told the band's best years were behind them (Simon Friedman should not feel alone).

I have gone through many phases and points-of-view during the twenty years that I have been enjoying the Grateful Dead. One thing is painfully obvious to me and can be summed up in a quote for which I cannot take credit. "The more things change, the more things remain the same."

I would hate to think what my life would have been like had I not discovered twenty years ago the music that this band turns out. But, like Simon Friedman, for the past ten years my "checking-in" has been limited to a couple of shows a year. Prior to this, there were many years that my tour dates numbered double digits. During these times, there were periods where I reminisced about the styles of earlier years gone by that I perceived were better than the current fare. In my mind, the early shows with Pig Pen are unrivaled by anything the band can produce today. I do recognize, however, that the band is far more accomplished today than they were in those early years. The quality of the music and sound is vastly superior and the band can consistently perform an "A" quality show night in and night out. This was not always the case. Some of the magic may seem to have vanished due to the fans' increased expectations. While the band can do great things night in and night out, it takes an extra measure of something special to make that extra special show. Years ago, there was a clearer definition between the killer show and the run of the mill.

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I first experienced TWS in the late 1970's. It probably would have happened sooner, but for the 1975 hiatus. I began to feel that the band was too predictable, conservative, lackluster, you name it. I soon realized, however, that it wasn't them — it was me. In my twenty years, I've seen the band 78 times. It's almost inconceivable to me that there are fans who have seen them twice as much in 3 or 4 years. It's no wonder there is burn out.

There were other things that also kept me away from the touring scene. As Alan Muir seemed to say, other things come into your life and make demands on your time and energies. Even if I wanted to, it would be near impossible to take in the quantity of yesteryear.

I still am a very avid tape collector, and I enjoy most of their newer shows in this manner. I still attend a couple of shows a year to check up on what's going on. There seems to be a rotation about every quarter-generation. This allows the band to broaden its base of fans by being available to new fans just becoming hip to their scene.

I am sure many of the people who wrote in will take a less hard line as time goes by and will remain interested and faithful to what the band is doing. I believe Jennifer Walter to be wrong when she says the band is one day "going to throw a party and they won't recognize any of the guests." I think what I am getting at is, the hardcore devotees change about every five years, and the ranks of the previous five year core begin to thin out, but they do not vanish. Some rotate their way back in on a semi-occasional basis and will remain interested in what the band is doing for the simple reason that there is still no band as inspiring, enjoyable and, yes, still creative, as the Grateful Dead. The supply problem, however, comes from the current hardcore being in a state of "tour frenzy" unexperienced in times past, as well as the audience base getting broader (due to the five year rotation theory) and people like myself wanting to occasionally "check-in."

I thought Paul Durham's idea of broadcasting all sold out shows is semi-brilliant. I really believe this could

reduce the number of ticketless fans showing up at venues and trying to cop tickets for a ridiculous price. I also thought Jim Kirk's ideas about alternate acts at smaller venues had merit, as well as opening up the venues earlier. I hope the band is tuning in to these ideas.

In a very roundabout way, I guess what I am saying is, keep the faith — don't lose it. Don't be disillusioned if you are becoming jaded to the touring scene, which is merely a natural evolution, as I am sure many, if not all, heads have had this experience. I trust that as long as the band wants to keep playing there is going to be an audience of both new and old fans continuing to go see them do their thing. I expect that if the band continues to play, my five year old will one day want to see them. After all, any five year old who knows the worlds to "Hell In A Bucket" and "Touch of Grey" and asks his daddy to play their tapes when he's in the car has already been primed to take his place among the faithful in about another ten years.

One last word for Jennifer Walter — times will change and the truly dedicated do return. If you get confused, just listen to the music play.

Regards,

Andrew B. Blackman

P.S. I would also like your readers to know that I know I am not unique. Most of my friends from fifteen to twenty years ago (mostly in their mid to late thirties) enjoy the band on much the same basis that I do. Hopefully this gives encouragement to some of your readers complaining of TWS.

Dear *DDN* readers,

This is in response to all the concern about where our scene is and where it may be going.

It is no secret that we all have a problem. I do not think it is a new problem, just one that has grown with proportion to the numbers that are now part of the Dead scene. Let's face it, in any concert situation there will be rowdies, especially on the East Coast where raucous behavior is practically a cliché.

I think in the past, when the numbers were smaller, people still crashed the gate, pissed in public, and basically acted in a manner unbecoming to human beings who believe in social order. What we have in this scene is a lot of rhetoric about freaking freely, and other anarchic sentiments, but the question is where does one draw the line. I think people have a tendency to get caught up in the notion that the Dead universe is really free and easy, just like the sixties. Well, when was the last time the band gave a free concert?

One of the most disturbing facts of life I have encountered in association with this trip is that many heads are condescending, aloof, and selfish about their scene. Even if they mean well it does not always come across as such. One small and seemingly innocent example occurred at the '87 Landover shows. It was raining before the show and I was wandering around the parking lot when a decidedly experienced head approached me, then reproached me for wearing Birkenstocks in the rain. He may have been trying to offer some friendly advise on how to take care of my footwear, but the tone was clearly one of "get your shit together you neophyte." I did not appreciate the advice, and I was not a neophyte, even if I may have looked like one. The moral of the story is that it is a hard thing to tell someone that they are acting out of accord with principals that a clique of Deadheads has agreed upon.

There are many other examples of the inner circle of heads (we all know who we are: the VW buses and long hair tend to give it away) denying access to neophytes. The most common problem is the people who have access to the best tapes, but refuse to pass them on. The simple idea that there might be an elite faction of heads is disturbing to me. If we adopt the principals of the straight world, like greed and snobbery, then I think there is little hope of fixing this scene for the better.

So if you have not gotten the gist of this letter yet, let me put it more clearly: to change this scene we need to begin with ourselves. Stop putting all the blame on the newcomers. If we set a good example the newcomers might have an easier time catching on. No one is born a Deadhead. We all became this way. Just like everything else in life we learned how from people with experience. Let's get together and be mellow and be kind to the folks who may be attending their first few shows.

Teach your children,
David Burn



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 Dupree's Diamond News:

I was pleased to be able to hand out DDN flyers in Landover, but let me tell you this. I'm sure I'm not alone when I tell you that the police and security at Capital Centre were the worst, most unfair and abrasive that I've ever encountered at Dead shows. The first night was the worst. As you probably noticed, mounted Prince Georges County Police (notorious for their cruelty and racism, according to friends from that area) were randomly harassing and even arresting people for no reason at all. After the show, mounted police were stationed outside the exits, a dangerous practice indeed, and I personally witnessed some unprovoked brutality.

My own experience with the PG police came on the night of the final Landover show. I was handing out the free "Dupree's Diamond News" newsletters near the parking lot entrance when a speeding police cruiser screeched to a halt in front of me. The tall, bald PG County police officer said, "Get in my car now, son!" When I asked him why, he wouldn't give me a reason, so I walked away. He backed up, crossed over 2 lanes and pulled up on the side of the road. After getting out of his car, he held out his night stick, threatening to hit me if I didn't comply. He claimed I was "under arrest" and made me spread up, face against his car while he searched me. Meanwhile, several people were watching this happen, astonished and flabbergasted. I got in his car and he claimed I was "illegally soliciting" — he kept one DDN and ripped it up before reading it closely, throwing the other copies on the ground.

He claimed he'd "put me in the lock-up" and then issue me a ticket, but after I politely answered his questions and was insulted by other police officers in the parking lot, he let me go.

Surely, there must be something that could be done to educate or enlighten the police force at shows like these. I've been to many East Coast shows and never encountered such hostility and vileness from police. Although there will be some people behaving in an uncool or thoroughly disruptive manner (there will **always** be some at any venue), most are attending shows to just have fun and be considerate of others, as you know. Once the police at places such as Landover learn to show respect for Deadheads attending shows, they will receive that respect themselves.

Take care. Hope you'll listen to this input.

Evan Greenberg
Avon, CT

Dedication

What is it that attracts us to the Grateful Dead Experience so strongly? For most of us it is the opportunity to gather with others like ourselves, people who share the same belief systems and values, and to celebrate, if but for a short moment in time, the magic of life that is created when open minds and hearts mingle.

For many it is the opportunity to explore new and previously uncharted realms in psychic space, and the experience does of course expand our awareness of the physical world as well. For some it offers a rare and potent example of human creativity at its best, and there are those who embrace it as an opportunity to explore, and share with others, the possibility of creating our own personal artistic and expressive energy.

For many it's simply the best chance available to boogie and dance. But let us not forget that for a good many others, it's an easy opportunity for escape from the mundane and/or harsh realities of daily life.

Most of us have at one time or another allowed the Grateful Dead Experience to serve as a sort of trial by fire, a modern rite-of-passage through which we cross over into adulthood and gain a greater understanding of our very purpose for being. This is a growth process in which the heart and soul of each individual are taken through many profound changes. The "success" of this process is often determined by our ability to question who and what we as individuals are and what we want to accomplish in our lifetimes. Some of us arrive at the answers to these questions with great ease and clarity. Many of us struggle for several years before gaining proper insight. Others start to pass through this gauntlet and are scared by what they see. Some get burned, like the two who died of nitrous oxide overdoses in Philly this last tour. Who would ever have thought that their quest for joy, understanding, and acceptance would end, ticket in hand, with blue lips and a bloody split skull on the pavement of a sports arena parking lot. Does it really have to be this way?

One way or another this trial-by-fire is a *profoundly* transformational experience. Until recently our "rainbow nation" of brothers and sisters has had to undergo this passage completely on their own, without the experience of others to go by and without the proper "tools" and "guides." The social and spiritual revolution that started in the 60's has abruptly transformed most of us unknowingly into inexperienced "spiritual warriors" whose mission it is to eke out a peaceful, productive and meaningful existence in this crazy world — not an easy task by any means.

There have, of course, been many victims of ignorance and naiveté. In our search for a more meaningful existence, we have often gone one **to** far over the line, or run afoul of the law, or tuned in, turned on and then dropped **to** far out. The best that can be hoped is that we can learn from our mistakes. No one ever said that life is easy, and living the Grateful Dead Experience is no exception.

What is exceptional about the Grateful Dead Experience, however, is its fantastic potential for providing a lifestyle unusually ripe with opportunities for peaceful, loving, inquisitive and exciting adventures, as well as an opportunity for powerful self-discovery, the type rarely found in our suppressive western culture today.

So how, you may ask, can we embody this great and meaningful existence? How can we ease and make more productive this great right-of-passage? The answer lies not so much in *where* we look, but *how* we look for the answers to these questions.

Twenty years ago, Marshall McLuhan said, "The medium is the message." What that translates into today is that *how* we travel our path in life may be more important than where we are headed and when (if ever) we get there. *How we get to a Grateful Dead Experience may be more important than what the band plays when we arrive.*

What then do we accomplish, if in the process of getting high we do permanent damage to our bodies? If in the process of travelling to that experience we add to the pollution and destruction of this land? If in the act of ignoring and failing to address those people and structures which govern this land we are in effect empowering them to continue taking away our human and civil rights? As you can see, it's not what we do but how we do it that determines how meaningful our lives can and should be.

The problem is that in this society we are discouraged from realizing how to change our fundamental ways of thinking and acting. Those who are in power remain so because we haven't yet been able to teach ourselves how to become free thinking individuals who can lead prosperous lives *not* at the expense of others and/or the planet. This is changing out of necessity, albeit slowly.

Imagine, if you will, that one day we all wake up with the notion that those things most fun and dear to us could serve as the best forms of education, that we could, for example, transform something like the Grateful Dead Experience into a fantastic opportunity for self-empowerment. Tye-dyers might suddenly expand their artistic potential by studying and incorporating African and Southeast Asian forms of tye-dying and batik into their craft. Jugglers might form an in-concert union and gather at each concert to practice and teach each other new tricks, and to present fantastic routines choreographed or improvised to the band's music. Dancers might study Indonesian, African or Native American techniques and dance through the hallways in traditional ethnic garb, intermingling and intertwining the great traditions of human expression through movement. Tapers might hold symposiums on state-of-the-art recording techniques; they might band together to purchase equipment at great savings and even organize a battery recycling program. Activist groups might teach Deadheads how to avoid violent confrontations with police and how to peacefully and non-provocatively stand up for their rights. And maybe someday, we could teach each other how to avoid drug abuse and make the most out of getting high. We could, at least, teach others to SIT DOWN when doing nitrous. That might be a decent starting point! While these means of expression might not seem significant in themselves, they are **all** indeed starting points.

This magazine was started as a way to make the Grateful Dead Experience a vehicle for learning and self-improvement for us. As you all know, we have tried to transform it into a learning vehicle for you as well. This is our yearly consciousness-expansion issue, and we figured that you might be interested in some direct extensions of the Grateful Dead Experience that are starting points for personal self-empowerment. Whether it's something as simple as learning how to turn cleaning up after ourselves into a fun and fashionable act, or that voting is a conscious decision that **can** make a difference, or that we can turn almost any part of the experience into a self-empowering act by becoming open to new ways of seeing.

What if all the dancers in the hallways made the collective and conscious decision to turn every step they take into a prayer for peace. If, with every footstep, they visualized another hungry mouth being fed or another bomb being dismantled. WOW, wouldn't that be heavy. Making our lives more meaningful and learning how to become more spiritually prosperous needn't be a painful chore. Maybe in the 1990's our family of brothers and sisters will at last learn to TUNE IN, TURN ON, AND TAKE CHARGE!

In peace and light,
Johnny Dwork

Another Perspective on Transpersonal Psychology

Between Two Worlds: The Riddle of Wholeness

by Frederic Wiedemann

174 pp. + refs., index

Wheaton, IL: Theosophical Publishing, 1986,

Paperback, \$6.95

a review by Mark Koltko

A few months ago, I called the Transpersonal Institute to ask if they could recommend any materials for me to use in writing a journal article looking at transpersonal psychology from a critical viewpoint. (As I mentioned in an earlier column, transpersonal psychology is concerned with experiences of transcendence, mysticism, and higher human potential.) Miles Vich, the editor of the *Journal of Transpersonal Psychology*, sent me a copy of an article by Rollo May, a copy of Dr. Vich's own response to May, and the suggestion that I look at Wiedemann's book. I was a little put off by the title at first, but after reading it I can recommend this as an excellent alternative perspective on transpersonal psychology. The author, a clinical psychologist in Santa Monica, is very sensitive to spiritual issues, and has worthwhile things to say both to a general audience and to professional psychotherapists.

Wiedemann has much respect for transpersonal psychology. He feels that this discipline has done much to reintroduce authentic spiritual issues into the study of the human mind, after these concerns were banished from psychology by the behaviorists and early psychoanalysts. However, transpersonal psychology, at least as it is understood by many in the field, has some serious flaws. There is a certain naivete implicit in some of the literature, the attitude that simply putting together enough exotic "good things" like meditation and peak experiences will result in genuine higher development. The writing in this area can be painfully abstract, and overly dependent on "ancient wisdom."

To some extent, these are growing pains for what is still a relatively new field. More serious are what Wiedemann calls the "deeper flaws." There is a lack of clarity in terms of what is really "transpersonal" and what is "just plain weird." The overriding emphasis which some theorists place on "openness to experience" sometimes

continued on next page



Brian Cullen

1-900-DEAD

Hey Now,

Hard up? Out of touch? Need a fix? Starting around 12/21/88 there will be a cheap way to chase those Dead facts and fantasies. By touchtone telephone you can get the latest set list, updated daily, of Jerry and the band. You can also get the latest tour rumours as well as access a live nationwide conference line. Between the ten of us, your crack information crew, we are always on the bus and know our Cryptical Envelopments from our Other Ones. Our system comprises of leased telephone lines, some personal computers, and our own software. There are no telephone charges or long distance tolls to you as this is a 900 number in San Francisco. You can call from anywhere in the country. You pay 95 cents for the first minute and 45 cents/minute thereafter for the information itself and we pick up all the telephone costs. For those in the boonies, or the coasts, this setup will be cheaper than a local 976 call itself. The fee shows up on your monthly telephone bill and you will only be charged for what you listen to.

You just phone 1-900-USA-DEAD. You are then given a choice of programs. (we hope for more in the future.) Press P-A-R-T-Y for the live conference line. Five people will be connected together per circuit. Like the Dead, its live and subject to creativity. (tickets, friends, shelter, tapes, buds, troll news, vending info, etc.)

Press S-E-T-S for the latest set lists whether its Jerry or the Dead. You will hear the most recent first.

Press T-O-U-R for the latest long term tour rumours starting with the present up to a year ahead. These aren't official, just sketchy rumours, but they will help with one's auto repair planning.

At all times you can hang up and only be charged for what you have heard. You are never charged for any remaining information. If you want just that evening's set list, just listen to the first minute. We update the information daily.

We are not associated with the telephone company or the band, just bicoastal heads dealing with the scene. By 3/89 this service will be nationwide. Until then it is available in these regions: New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Boston, Detroit, Dallas, Washington D.C., Houston, St. Louis, Kansas City, Atlanta, and Tampa.

Fare thee well,

Phone Phreaks Coop



The Gyuto Monks

continued from previous page

original monastery which housed 900 monks, initiation into this practice was allowed only after a twenty year course of study and contemplation of esoteric studies. Since the monk's exile from Tibet, it has become impossible to maintain the requirement and a new system of accepting young novices has been instituted. All the monks, as refugees, have had to slow down their studies in order to spend time earning a living for the monastery. They make rugs, paintings, and other handicrafts.

Until quite recently these ceremonies were shrouded in secrecy. Their western performances have been authorized by the Dalai Lama to help raise more funds for the monastery, and to call attention to the plight of Tibetan refugees.

For those of you who might be interested in learning more about the fundamental tenets of Tibetan Buddhism, pick up a copy of Chogyam Trungpa's, "Cutting Through Spiritualism" and/or "The Myth of Freedom." They are fun and fascinating reading.

A spectacular digital recording of the Gyuto Monks has been produced by Mickey Hart and is available on the Windham Hill label.

For more information, call Tibet House at 212-353-8823.

Robert Thurman is a Professor of Eastern Religion and Philosophy at Columbia University and is one of the world's leading authorities on Tibetan Buddhism.

Help On The Way

by Andre Carothers

One of the fates of unpleasant truths is that their acceptance is hopelessly delayed. But the role of the global economy in environmental destruction finally has proved too obvious and too overtly tragic to be ignored any longer. What makes this particular reality so difficult to stomach for the powers-that-be is that the economy of the western world is more than its mode of commerce. The developed world's economy is its politics, its gestalt and its world-view. Thus the ox that is gored, in this case, is the taproot of western culture — the hoary myth, mixed up with dubious notions of individual rights, of Horatio Alger, anyone can be president, level playing field, rags-to-riches entrepreneurial "spirit" that has been doled out to us since kindergarten.

This rather benevolent critique (others would suggest that the perpetuation of this myth is a conspiracy of robber-barons) should be tempered to include the fact that no economic paradigm on the planet has incorporated the notion of environmental costs into economic accounting. But the western economies, because of their enormous wealth and size, remain the most rapacious, and the most immediately accountable to us, so we will stick to them.

The question is timely as we watch the presidential candidates delineate their differences (infinitesimal, to this observer) on the economy. The incumbent likes to point to the growth of the gross national product as an indication of our economic strength. GNP, which is the total dollar worth of transactions of all kinds, is actually a hopelessly inadequate method of measuring anything. Left out is the underground economy, the unaccounted and usually illegal transactions that are worth nearly \$400 billion; the "counter economy," which is the work usually done by women for reasons of love, altruism, and commitment that is worth untold billions (according to the International Labor Organization, women do 47 percent of the world's work and receive 10 percent of its wages and one percent of its property); and the environmental costs accrued from this commercial activity.

It is only in this economic paradigm that one could have a "profitable" company that enriches a tiny percentage of the population while injuring workers, displacing communities, poisoning water and denuding hillsides. In fact, the \$70 billion spent by the U.S. government and industry to regulate, prevent and clean up pollution is included as part of the GNP, rather than a cost. Little wonder, then, that economist Hazel Henderson says that running an economy using the GNP as an indicator is like flying a Boeing 747 by relying on one oil gauge.

(Andre Carothers is Editor of Greenpeace Magazine)



The purpose of all this is twofold: first, to persuade you that there is more to economic health than a strong dollar and new housing starts; and secondly, to point out that decisions are made based on an economic paradigm that is tragically flawed. For example, it is reckoned that Indonesia's rainforests are worth \$3.6 billion. Based on this measure, Indonesia is selectively and systematically destroying the rainforest. Left out of the accounting is soil loss, the effects of siltation and erosion on downstream communities, the loss of species diversity, the destruction of the indigenous economies (unaccountable in dollars) that thrive on the forest ecosystem, the effect on the climate, and the replacement of long-lived hardwoods with the less "valuable" softwoods that will replace them. Economics, as we know it, does not understand, account for, or acknowledge these developments.

In 1987, the U. N. Commission on Environment and Development, chaired by Norwegian Prime Minister Gro Haarlem Brundtland, issued a report called "Our Common Future." The report pointed out the inadequacies of the present economic paradigm and called on the developed nations to restructure their economic thinking to include environmental considerations. "The time has come to break out of past patterns," concluded the Commission. "Economics and ecology must be completely integrated in decision-making and law-making processes, not just to protect the environment, but also to protect and promote development." This integration will be "best secured by decentralizing the management of resources upon which local communities depend, and giving these communities an effective say over the use of these resources."

The implications of the report, which go well beyond the quotes included here, are radical. Meeting the needs of the environment, according to Brundtland, will require the complete reorientation of the practice of free global trade, the reining in of the long arm of the multinationals, and the restructuring of the nature of the global marketplace. The interesting thing is that the superpowers and the western democracies all dutifully signed this document, with varying degrees of reservation (the United States replied with an ideological paean to free market economics which was considered an embarrassment by most observers). But for any of the industrial democracies to sign this document, given that it essentially calls for an end to

economics as we have known it, suggests that they are either cynical beyond belief or that they misunderstand the report's thrust. Says David Runnals, former head of the Institute for Environment and Development, "They have no idea what they signed."

What is needed in place of the present construct is a new, humanistic economics, one that takes account of the environmental costs of each "development," one which factors in the effects of growth on the physical and psychological well-being of the people. This new approach is neither left, nor right, in the context of traditional political orientations; I prefer to think, drawing on a slogan of the West German Green Party, that it is "in front."

The one lever we in the developed world have to further this change is our spending power. To use this power requires that we reconsider the nature of getting and spending. If you forget everything else you read today, remember only this: money is a weapon; every time you spend a dollar, you are either doing good, or you are doing bad. If you invest in a company that destroys the environment, by buying stock or laundry detergent, you are helping destroy the planet. If you divest from this company, and instead buy the phosphate-free alternative, manufactured by well-paid local labor using a pollution-free production process, you are doing good. A dollar well-spent has a ripple effect — it signals the polluter that pollution prevention pays, and it signals the enlightened entrepreneur that doing good is not unprofitable.

For more information on the "New Economics," ethical investing, and environmentally sound consumer habits, following is a list of a few organizations and publications:

The Other Economic Summit (TOES) and
The New Economics Foundation
25 Thames House, South Bank Business Center,
140 Battersea Park Road, London SW11 4NB, England
(newsletter, research papers, books)

TOES North America
c/o Susan Hunt, Economics Department, University of
Maine, Orono, ME 04469

The Human Economy Center
Box 14, Economics Department, Mankato State
University, Mankato, MN 56001

CATALYST
64 Main Street, 2nd Floor, Montpelier, VT 05602 (Write
for a free sample of this magazine about economic
alternatives.)

Economics As If People Mattered
by Susan Meeker-Lowry
New Society Publishers, P.O. Box 582 Santa Cruz, CA
95061

Just Then The Wind...

by Dick Allgire

Red Rocks, Colorado. A warm, clear summer night in 1976. Bob Weir strums the opening chords to "Looks Like Rain," and steps up to the microphone.

I WOKE TODAY...

It's a good version, full of feeling, and it starts really taking off toward the end as Weir repeats the lines...

AND IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN, AND IT FEELS LIKE RAIN, OH LORD...

Like it so often happens when the Dead get going, the very air starts feeling charged. And as the music builds Bobby points skyward and sings/shouts...

MY WHOLE SKY IS TURNIN' GREY...

And that's when we glance up and notice (no shit my whole sky's turnin' grey!) there are big ugly menacing black thunderheads rolling in out of the mountains and over the outdoor amphitheater.

CAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN, AND IT FEELS LIKE RAIN...HERE COMES THE RAIN!

And suddenly there's a flash of lightning, which Mickey Hart notices, and he plays the thunder on his drums. This is not one of those smiling, awestruck, ain't this neat moments, when you see the Dead grin at each other. It's just a touch more sinister. They are huddled like sorcerers, concentrating, working at it. They keep churning, squeezing, pumping.

HERE COME THE RAIN! HERE COME THE RAIN!

Jerry Garcia is playing rapid, liquid, splattering, raindrop-sized notes, wringing them out of the neck of his guitar, and then we're all aware that it's not just his notes, it really is raining. They've done it! Here comes the rain, a brief shower that arrives at the exact climax of the song, and then disappears a few moments later.

So what's going on here? Do the Grateful Dead sometimes control the damn weather? I've seen things like this happen over and over at numerous outdoor Dead shows during my 18 year career as a Deadhead.

May, 1973, Santa Barbara, California. It's a dismal, cold, drizzly morning. The New Riders of the Purple Sage come out and announce brightly, "How you doin' everybody? We're gonna play out some sun!" Nice try boys, but the NRPS come and go under wall to wall grey. When the Dead come out and Jerry hits a hot bass riff after the opening line to "Bertha"

I HAD A HARD RUN



Well who really cares if it's cold and cloudy? It's not until "I Know You Rider," when they sing

THE SUN WILL SHINE IN MY BACK DOOR SOME DAY

That I sense something, a roar from the crowd, collective goosebumps, warmth, the sun has broken through, and in fact there's nothing but blue sky from horizon to shimmering clear horizon. How did they do that?

Were you there last May 1st at Frost Amphitheater when Phil Lesh perfectly described the afternoon as he opened the show with "Box of Rain"?

NO RAIN IS FALLING FROM A HEAVY SKY

Did you see Jerry Garcia conjure up swirls of wind while

he was playing particularly breath-taking leads? Did you see the sun perched at the tops of the trees when he was singing the "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" encore:

THE SUN IS SETTING OVER ME

At Park West, Utah in 1983, the band did a stunning segue from "The Other One" into "The Wheel," flowing from the frantic to the sublime just as the late afternoon sun slipped out from behind a cloud throwing off golden beams and bathing the band and audience in warm glow. The timing could not have been more perfect, the mood of the lighting slipping into that mellow radiance right along with music.

At The Green Theatre one evening in 1981 they were performing a very powerful "Morning Dew," and I noticed what looked like smoke pouring over the top of the back drop. I thought, what is this? How could the Dead sink to using an artificial smoke machine? Then I realized it was no phony smoke machine, it was the fog rolling in, hitting the heat rising off the crowd and condensing into a heavy natural mist. Morning Dew indeed!

So what is this all about? How do they do that? During this summer's drought, farmers in Ohio paid thousands of dollars to have Indian rain dancers perform, believing it might just bring them a little rain. Hell, they should have put on a Dead concert and requested "Looks Like Rain." But seriously, can the Dead affect climatic conditions? Are they tuned in just enough to play along with them? Or is it just coincidence, something we notice a little more in a state of heightened awareness?

One time at Red Rocks Garcia sang

JUST THEN THE WIND CAME SQUALLIN' THROUGH THE DOOR

And a gust of wind actually rustled his hair, swept across the stage, and then blew the silver cover off of Keith Godchaux's piano. I'm thinking Holy Shit! Garcia just sang about the wind and on a cue a gust of wind blew across the damn stage right in front of my eyes! And then Jerry steps up and sings:

BUT WHO CAN THE WEATHER COMMAND?

Dick Allgire lives in Hawaii — where the weather is usually perfect — and wrote this piece because he is trying to get the Dead to come there, outdoors, during the 1990 total solar eclipse. He says he can't think of anything more cosmic than hearing the Dead play "Dark Star" while the sun is slowly going black.

:= NAMASTE :=



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Truckin' To Higher Consciousness

by David Meltzer

I was going to save the following dedication for the very end. I figured it would make a powerful closing statement. I've chosen, instead, to more immediately share with you my truth. My trust is that you'll value sincerity over artistic device.

This essay is dedicated to a young Dead brother I knew who, I just found out, has died from a drug overdose. Johnathan, I'll call him, was about 17 when I hung out with him. Travelling around, mostly to local shows, he was one of those bright lights you see in many young bodies at Grateful Dead concerts. Friendly eyes, sparkling vibrations, intensely joyous and, perhaps, a bit over-amped on the power of the whole scene. He was tuned in to the high energy that I'll bet everyone reading this has experienced, but my guess is that he didn't recognize that even the mighty eagle comes down from his heights to take nourishment from the earth. Let me explain.

My experience with "the golden yummys," as Garcia called the essence of the energy of the Dead experience, is that it results from the band and audience joining together in creativity, shared vision, and joy. These three dynamics, I'd like to point out, are identified in yogic philosophy as earmarks of higher consciousness. Consciousness, as has been explained in previous essays, is a term designating the sum of a person's experience: one's thoughts, actions, emotions, and intuitions. The greater the harmonizing of these aspects between members of a group, the greater the creativity, shared vision, and joy. When we join together to experience the Grateful Dead we are doing more than just hearing good music.

I am not proposing that drunkenly singing along to "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" is the same as having your knuckles on the gate of enlightenment. Still, I believe, the Grateful Dead can be a doorway through which many of us pass to experience an elevated and more harmonious state of being. Things are not always as they seem, and just because a group of aging hippies (well, they used to be hippies) looks like a rock 'n roll band doesn't mean that's all that's taking place. Mickey Hart put it well: "Do you know what a psychopomp is? It's an escort of souls into the other world. The Grateful Dead play music, but that's not all we do. We're doing something else besides entertaining. We have the ability to transform."

One of the challenges of this truth is that we have no cultural directives to help us absorb this transformative experience into our daily lives. After a peaking Dead show, who wants to go back to an unsatisfying job or a mid-term exam?

The ability to value and accommodate the peak experiences of its more visionary populace is a sign of a



healthy society. Some Native American cultures, for instance, make conscious use of peyote as a means of encouraging the community to share in the experience of higher consciousness. Imagine what it must be like to dance all night, assisted by peyote, in the company of your neighbors, parents, even grandparents! Your ability to soar would be valued and your elders who are more familiar with these experiences than you, would help you integrate when you came down. Your courage in pursuing visions would be applauded and the healing energy you bring to the planet would be recognized and respected. Well, we have few wise elders in our society. We really are on our own.

The Native peoples were aware that the heightening of consciousness is an organic process. Slowly, steadily, the roots of the tree burrow down into the earth, while the branches reach up towards the sun. This balance of a deep connection with the earth and a striving towards the sky produces the energy which brings forth leaves, fruit, and seeds for continued life. Human beings, likewise, grow as a result of both seeking the heavens, as well as standing firmly on the ground. Soaring up to gain visions, coming back to share these visions with your brothers and sisters — this is the meaning of the Native blessing, "May you walk in balance."

Phil Lesh said, "If I could have one wish in the world, it would be that Pigpen could still be with us. I think it's safe to say that we all miss Pigpen." I miss Johnathan, and I'll wager that there are a lot of us who know at least one casualty of the Dead scene. I know they're gone and nothing's gonna bring them back, but if I could turn the clock around and speak to Johnathan, or to Pig, this is what I'd say:

Brother, please go slow. Take your time. Don't rush, we need your energy on the planet. The Grateful Dead, as Mickey Hart so clearly recognized, is a powerful experience. It's like a hot fire — get too close and you'll burn, stay too far away and you won't feel any of the warmth. Find a safe, comfortable place where you can feel the fire glow while in the company of your community. Soar with the eagle when you can, but remember to walk in balance. Balance your ability to fly into the heavens with your skill at walking on the earth. Spend time on the ground. There's a lot of healing that needs to be done and you can help. We need you here. ◇

Band Review — The Hour

by D. Jessup

The Hour is a rising Greenwich Village band with a sound so exciting and intense that a live performance is an electrifying, mesmerizing and emotional experience. The Hour utilizes a varied array of rhythmic styles fulfilled through unique bass lines, acoustic strummings, and the use of all kinds of percussion instruments. A Latin rhythm influence is apparent. The lyrics in this band's songs are explorative politically, socially, and spiritually. This band says yes to life, and the message is hope. Vocals are very strong, incorporating beautiful melodies and harmonies reminiscent of the Beatles and CSNY. All in all, this group has created a very special and soothing sound that you must check out.

The band consists of Matthew Turk, an original lead vocalist, electric and acoustic guitar player; Marshall Madow, who sings colorful harmony vocals, plays tonal acoustic guitar and pulsating auxiliary percussion; Michael Mulvey, the bass player with a passion that vibrates through your soul; and Jonathan Vitarelli, the hard hitting drummer. Live numbers to check out are "And The Reign," a political song cued on the key phrase *Waiting on a wind that cries for no-one*; "Mr. Kane," a fully acoustic number drenched in enjoyable harmonies; and the ass-kicker "Seasons Have Come and Gone," a song about moving on, and letting go of the pain. "Seasons" ends in a heavy-duty electric jam, with the Marshall amp cranking, the drums rolling, and the band jamming.

Come see this band; they are sensational. ◇

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Brian Cullen

PRESS RELEASE:

ROCK GROUP GRATEFUL DEAD JOINS FIGHT TO SAVE WORLD'S REMAINING TROPICAL RAINFORESTS

UNITED NATIONS/NEW YORK (September 13) — The rock group Grateful Dead today announced they are joining the fight to save the world's remaining tropical rainforests. The band — which recently sold out eight scheduled concerts at Madison Square Garden in three hours — will play a special benefit concert on September 24th at the Garden for activist groups Cultural Survival, Rainforest Action Network, and Greenpeace.

"They're wiping out the rainforest at the rate of 50 million acres a year — that's the equivalent of England, Wales, and Scotland every year — or one square mile every six minutes. In sixty years they'll all be gone. As a person, a musician, and a citizen of earth, I object," said Jerry Garcia, lead guitarist for the Grateful Dead. Bob Weir, rhythm guitarist with the band, added: "Consider that rainforests are essential to our survival. We're already paying the price of rainforest loss with the record-breaking hot temperatures we had this summer from the Greenhouse Effect. But scientists say the worst is still ahead — changing weather patterns, disrupted food production and mass famine — unless we start doing something now."

"Look, half of the world's organisms live in the rainforest," said Mickey Hart, percussionist for the band. "The world can't afford to lose this variety. Diversity is precious. Evolution couldn't happen without it. The loss of rainforests also means the loss of indigenous cultures — music, rhythm, dance and human knowledge, specifically, a profound understanding of man's biochemical relationship with nature," he continued.

The band — which has a long history of social commitment dating back to its inception twenty-three years ago — has selected three organizations known for their direct action approaches to saving rainforests — Cultural Survival, Rainforest Action Network and Greenpeace — as the principal beneficiaries of the September 24 benefit concert at Madison Square Garden, which is expected to raise close to a million dollars.

Randy Hayes, director of Rainforest Action Network, explained why it's important for people in developed countries to care about rainforests: "I think it's critical to bring the message home because here's where the problem starts — with consumer demands for products made from raw materials taken from rainforests, with food imports like beef raised on grazing land cleared from rainforests, and with our own tax dollars in the form of U.S. foreign aid loans used to finance rainforest-killing development in Third World countries. The destruction of rainforests begins right here in the U.S.,

AN APPEAL TO REASON FROM THE GRATEFUL DEAD

Take a block of tropical rainforest two miles long and two miles wide.

In it you'll find 750 kinds of trees and 1,500 varieties of flowers.

Four hundred different sorts of birds. A hundred kinds of reptiles, 60 types of amphibians, and 150 kinds of butterflies (imagine!).

You would also discover 125 species of mammals.

Including humans.

An estimated 200 million people depend directly on our planet's tropical rainforests for food and shelter.

The rest of us rely on the rainforests for everything from leukemia and heart medication to oxygen and our temperate climate.

In fact, scientists have concluded that tropical rainforests are absolutely essential to life as we know it.

The accelerating "greenhouse effect" should alert us all to the price we pay for rainforest destruction. By devastating the habitat of so many irreplaceable species, we threaten the survival of our own species.

Today, only half of the original tropical rainforests are left.

Half a million unique plants and animals could become extinct in Central and South America alone by

the year 2000.

That's twelve years from now. Split seconds on the evolutionary clock. Which is rapidly running out.

What action can be taken?

Performing music is one of the things we know how to do, so we're doing it. On the 24th, we're playing a special benefit for people here

and in the developing countries who are urgently trying to conserve and protect the tropical rainforests.

Won't you do what you can, too?

Everyone's a consumer.

And can reject products that ravage the rainforests.

If you have leverage in policymaking circles, you can discourage rainforest-destroying development boondoggles sponsored by U.S. and Japanese agencies.

If you're most interested in people, land reform movements and struggles for cultural survival need your understanding and support.

To learn more, please write to RAINFOREST, 466 Green Street, Suite 300, San Francisco, CA 94133.

Sometime in the next 25 minutes would be reasonable.

Before another four square miles of rainforest are taken away from every one of us. Forever.



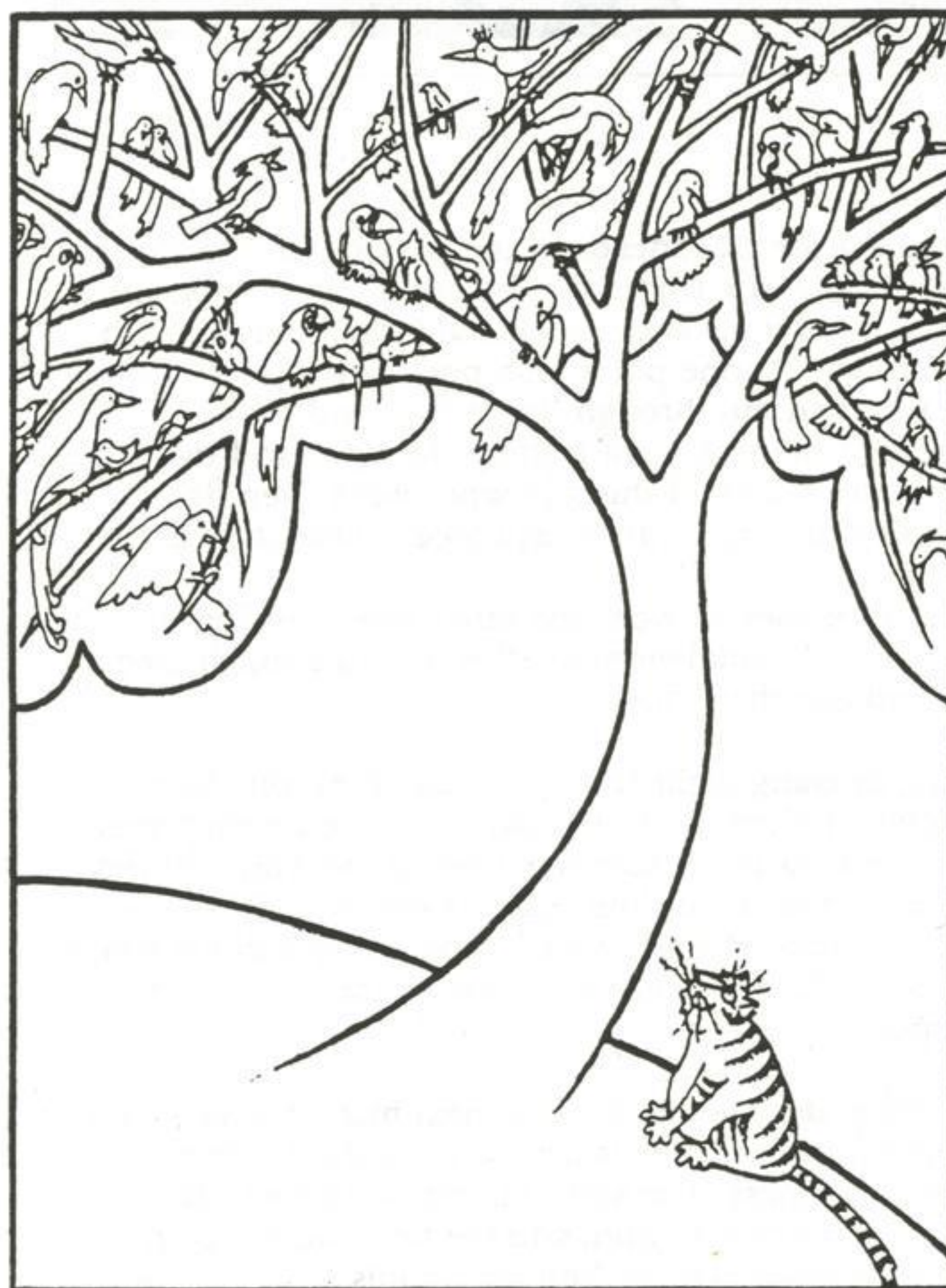
in Japan and in Western Europe. The fight to save rainforests must begin here, too."

The band members emphasize that the September benefit is just the start of their involvement and that their commitment to rainforests is long term. Peter Bahouth, Chairman of Greenpeace USA, stated: "All of us participating in this benefit want to be careful not to gloss over the complexity of this issue. We're all fully aware that lots of political, social and economic factors affect the fate of rainforests. There's no one magic bullet that's the solution. It's going to take a lot of people — here and as citizens to change government and corporate policies — especially international banking and foreign aid policies — that are the root cause of rainforest destruction," he continued.

Rainforest Action Network's Randy Hayes added that all three groups are highly sensitive to working with activists in rainforest countries: "I think that it's important to stress that we're not just telling people who live in rainforests what to do, imposing our environmental values on them. All three groups — Rainforest Action Network, Greenpeace and Cultural Survival — are listening to the indigenous people who live in rainforests and who are fighting to save them. They're doing their part in their countries — risking



Sally Ansorge Mulvey



©Jennifer Dohanos

their lives — to stop the killing of rainforests. We're saying it's time for us to do our part like not eating fast-food hamburgers or roast beef sandwiches made with rainforest beef, or not buying teak furniture, or telling our congressmen to stop the World Bank from using our tax dollars to finance big power dams in the Amazon, which indigenous tribes are fighting to stop."

Dr. Jason Clay, Director of Cultural Survival, added: "I think the last point is critical. This isn't about environmental elites in developed countries telling people in rainforest countries what they should do. We're not environmental colonialists. We're supporting their efforts — oftentimes heroic — of indigenous people in developing countries fighting to save their environments, their cultures, their way of life. They're asking for our help because they know the problem starts here with us. We're responding to them. They're putting their lives on the line. Right now, Amazon Indians in Brazil are giving up their lives — more than one killed every day — fighting to save their rainforests. The least we can do is give up our fast-food burgers or roast beef sandwiches, or write a few letters to our representatives in Washington, D.C."

Greenpeace USA's Bahouth also stressed the continuity between the problem as it exists in developing countries and efforts to address the problem in developed countries: "We're working to stop the flow of agro-toxics — pesticides and herbicides considered too deadly for use in the U.S. but cynically sold to developing countries for use in export cash crop production on land that's usually cleared from rainforests. In the case of these deadly, outlawed agro-toxics, there's no question the problem starts here and has to be stopped here. U.S. companies produced the agro-toxics. And U.S. tax dollars as foreign aid often are used by developing countries to pay for their pesticide imports. It's a vicious circle. Agro-toxics — produced here but banned here — find their way back to our dinner tables as poisonous, cancer-causing residue on imported food. Greenpeace is working to break that circle."

The three rainforest organizations will use the funds they receive from the benefit concert to support projects designed to help indigenous tribes and rainforest activists in developing countries and to increase public awareness and concern about rainforests in the U.S.

Joining the Grateful Dead in their effort on behalf of rainforests are Bruce Hornsby and the Range, Suzanne Vega — both of whom will perform at the September 24 concert — and contemporary artist Robert Rauschenberg, who has produced a special limited edition print in honor of the benefit. ◇



Sally Ansorge Mulvey

MSG — NYC — A Brief Review

by Sally Ansorge Mulvey

Madison Square Garden on the heels of four nights in Maryland and four nights in Philly. The band was still strong, and the electric "Ripple" as a second encore in Landover reverberated in our minds. Would they do it again? What else would they break out? And, **WHEN?**

Well, opening night at MSG we were all pleasantly surprised to see a giant gorilla in a big tie-dyed tee shirt hovering over us and peering down on us — bringing good will to all those who passed. Strangers stopping strangers just to...ask what the hell this bizarre grouping of people infiltrating their commuter space was all about. Hard to say really.....

The first major changes at the Garden from the previous East Coast shows of this tour were the mellowness of the crowd, the security, and the cops, both inside and out.

I must say, Landover, Maryland was the worst nightmare I have witnessed since the days at Nassau Coliseum in the early '70's when they picked people up out of their seats at random during the show to bust. In Maryland, there were cops on horseback indiscriminately

harassing the Deadheads in the parking lot and on line. I personally saw (more than once) a cop on horseback grab a kid by his shirt and literally drag him through the crowd. At one point, one poor guy slipped out of his shirt and ran through the crowd, and those charming morons went trotting through (and over) the crowds in search of this guy who didn't even do anything to begin with except look a little stoned.

(For more tales of woe, see other letters enclosed in this issue. Our condolences to all who had a rough time. We had our share, too.)

Okay, opening night at the Garden. Everyone was excited. Tickets were abundant. People couldn't even give them away. A nice start, seeing everyone get their "miracle" ticket, and the scalpers get BURNED. Unfortunately, the Dead were a bit weary and the sound was virtually non-existent. It was, in the kindest terms, a sleeper.

However, despite this fact, the next night tickets were at a normal level — unavailable — and the scalpers were back in business. Oh well. But the Dead were back, sound was normal again, and the boys were rockin'. The light show was the best yet on this tour.

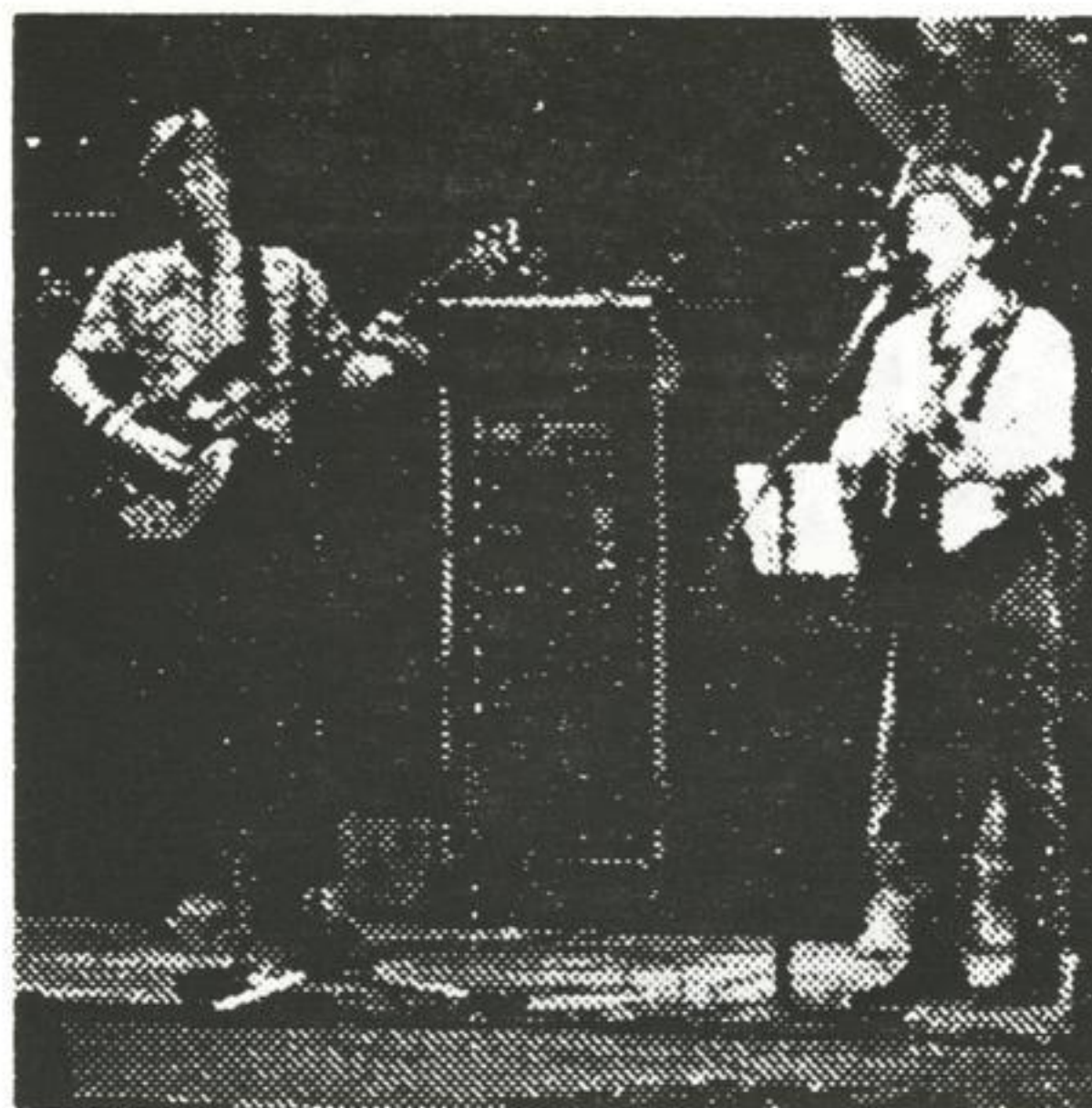


Sally Ansorge Mulvey

Because of the opening night's low ebb, many feared the worst — Jerry's voice would go and the boys would be too tired to really give New York a good set of shows. We were proven wrong, in a big way. My personal feelings are that the Dead did a full series of B/B+ shows. Two of my favorites were the "Not Fade Away" to open and close the second set on the 18th, and "China Doll" on the 19th.

The shows were consistently good, and Jerry's voice was strong until the night of the benefit. Ah, the benefit. Who would've ever thought we'd see Darryl Hall and John Oates on the same stage as Jerry, Bob and Phil???? Some folks are still pissed off that it ever happened to begin with. I thought John Oates was really into it and Darryl Hall was just like Joe-musician. I didn't find them particularly offensive in any way. As a matter of fact, I really enjoyed the Marvin Gaye song "What's Goin' On" that they all did together.

The show started off with Hornsby doing a one hour first set. Intermission brought the Dead on video from the Press Conference at the UN and additional comments from the three band members who weren't there. Second set (the Dead's first) had Mick Taylor join on a couple of songs — "West LA Fade Away" and "Little Red Rooster" a third of the way through. Second intermission gave us Kermit the Frog talking about his beloved homeland, the forests, on behalf of all his friends. Third set, Suzanne Vega came out with the Dead for two songs. She was really good though a bit nervous, and Jerry was very into it. A few Dead tunes later, and out came Hall & Oates with their full instrumental section for "Everytime You Go Away" originally recorded by John Waits, though written by H&O. Their second song was Marvin Gaye's "What's Goin' On" with the Dead and Hornsby, which was very enjoyable. As Mickey and Billy started the drums, Baba Olatunji joined in. They accompanied an excellent video of a canoe travelling through the rainforest seeing

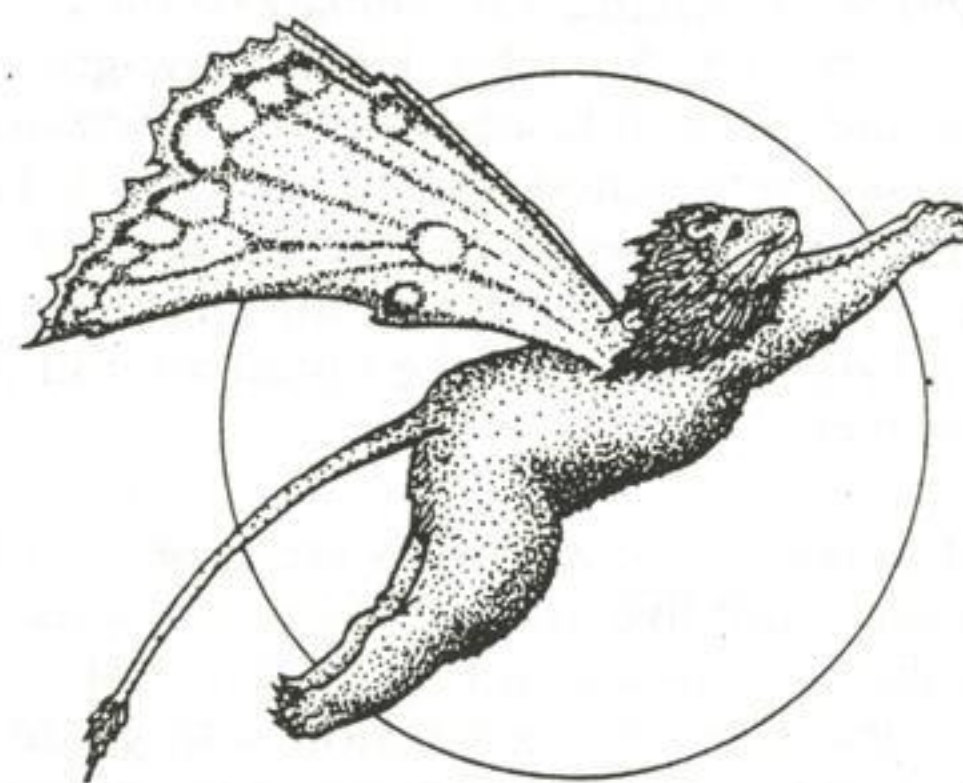


Sally Ansorge Mulvey

all the beauty of the land and the animals. Superimposed over these images were pictures of the destruction of the forests taking place around the world and shots of the band. The drums became the sounds of the rainforest, and you could feel it to your toes. It was truly superb! The show wrapped with a few more Dead tunes. Then everyone came on stage for the encores, except Phil, who was replaced by Jack Cassidy. They did "Good Lovin'" and "Knockin' On Heaven's Door."

I think the drums, Suzanne Vega's first song, and "What's Goin' On" were the highlights of the show. Jerry's voice was totally shot and at times he made my throat hurt. I think Bruce Hornsby could've played about 30 minutes less, but at least his being on stage for so long enabled all the fans to get in through those long lines.

In closing, I'd just like to say that I left the shows totally satiated, exhausted and satisfied, but then again, I saw "Ripple" in Landover. ◇



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TRIPS '88 — The Festival

Late in July, our small, close family of artists and musicians decided to throw a party for Deadheads to close the East Coast tour. We had tremendous resources in art and determination, but couldn't seem to get any heavies in the New York entertainment industry behind the idea. This may have been a good thing considering what the New York nightclub scene is like these days. Although Trips '88 was a tremendous undertaking, we got to do the show the way *we* believed it should be done.

The major missing element was the right venue. Sooooo.....we put on our Sunday clothes and went skippity-hop over to Dezerland to see Mr. Ned. We managed to convince him to give us the entire second floor of his nightclub, including the drive-in movie theater full of classic 50's and 60's automobiles, for half price.

At 8:00 PM on Saturday, October 1, 350 people from all walks assembled at Dezerland and embarked on a journey of the mind. The Speed of Light Show got people dancing and dazzled heads with visual wizardry. Once critical mass was reached among the crowd, a powerful and joyous vibe began to emerge, and the Festival was on. Speed of Light has an uncanny knack for producing a synergy between the visual art and the music being presented.

The visual and atmospheric art forms are based on the music. The music, both live and pre-recorded, was chosen for its ability to transcend many states of consciousness. Speed of Light's function is to guide people around to different angles of perception, thus making the many distinct levels of *audio* imagery more obvious to the audience.

Speed of Light's first set presented some interesting themes, such as blending the feel of "Sympathy for the Devil" with colorful Asian deities offering their tantric poses and the Peter Max-like cartoons shown during "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" and "I Am the Walrus."

Live music was provided first by Rick Ilowite with a solo set of fine vocal melodies over some of the best acoustic guitar playing around. This set, though tragically short, was undeniably prime stuff. Headlining the bill with a refreshing new sound was THE HOUR, a youthful Greenwich Village-based quartet. Their style of adventurous vocal interplay, blended with dual acoustic and electric guitar, electric bass, drums, and exceptional percussion work, was a welcome treat. Their songs are stories about life, growth, and change, as well as great vehicles for musical exploration. These guys are *fun* to listen to.

After the live music and a brief but strange intermission, Speed of Light came back with a rockin' two hour set, including a killer 15 minute "Viola Lee Blues." Layers of fractal* images floated on clouds of colored oil as the "Dark Star" crashed, pouring ITS light into ashes. "Light My Fire" featured the birth, death, and resurrection of Christ in the form of a psychedelic animated cartoon.

Somewhere around 2:00 AM, Speed of Light brought us gently down with some food for thought. Crosby, Stills, and Nash's "The Last Whale" played as images of whales swam through a panorama of sea life. Truly all life is dependent upon a healthy Mother Earth.

A timely message and excellent party.

Peace,

S.A.M. and Dave

**Fractal images are computer-generated mathematical equations.*

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