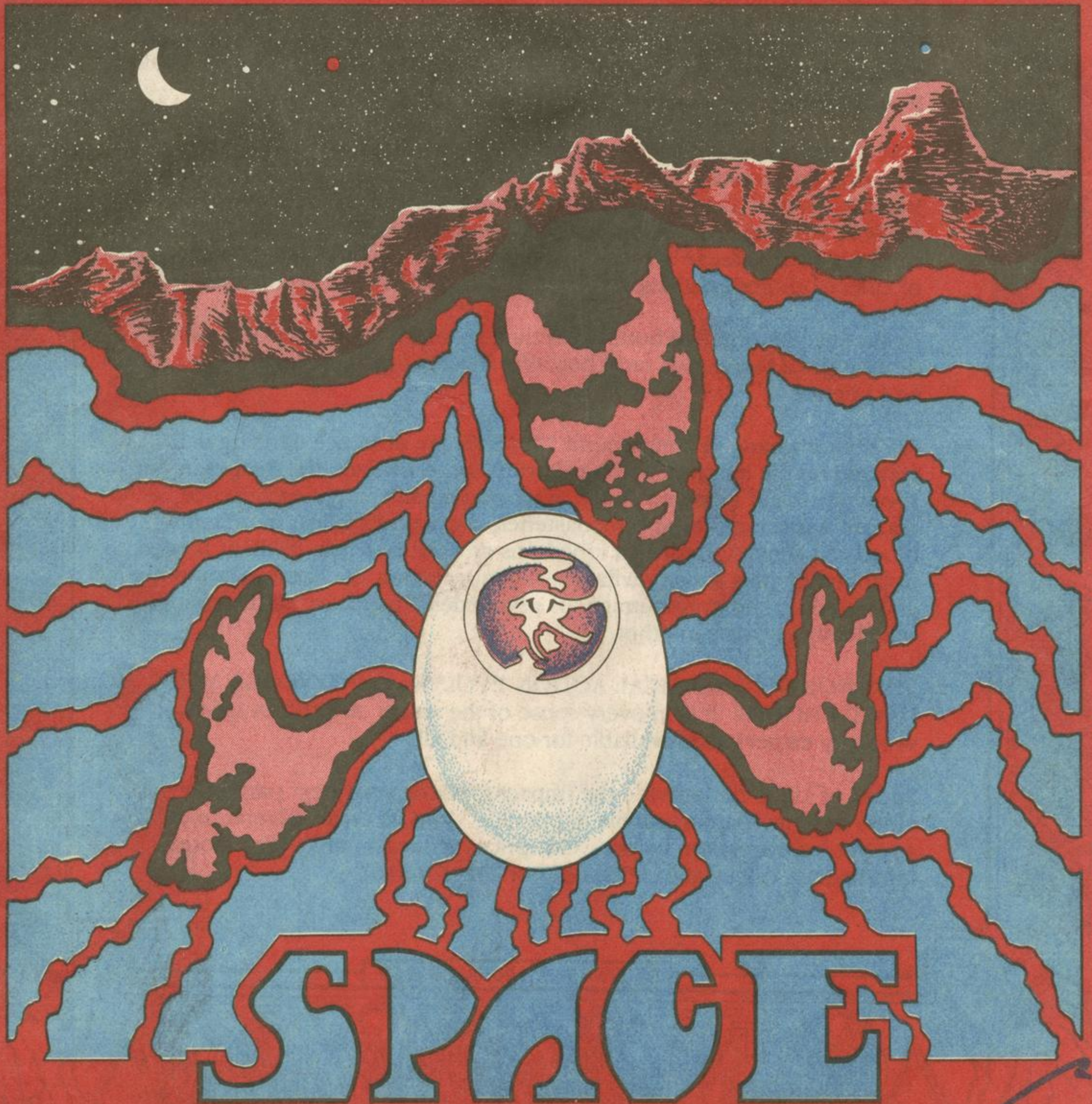


SUPREMACY DIAMOND

NEWS

DOCUMENTING THE DEADHEAD EXPERIENCE

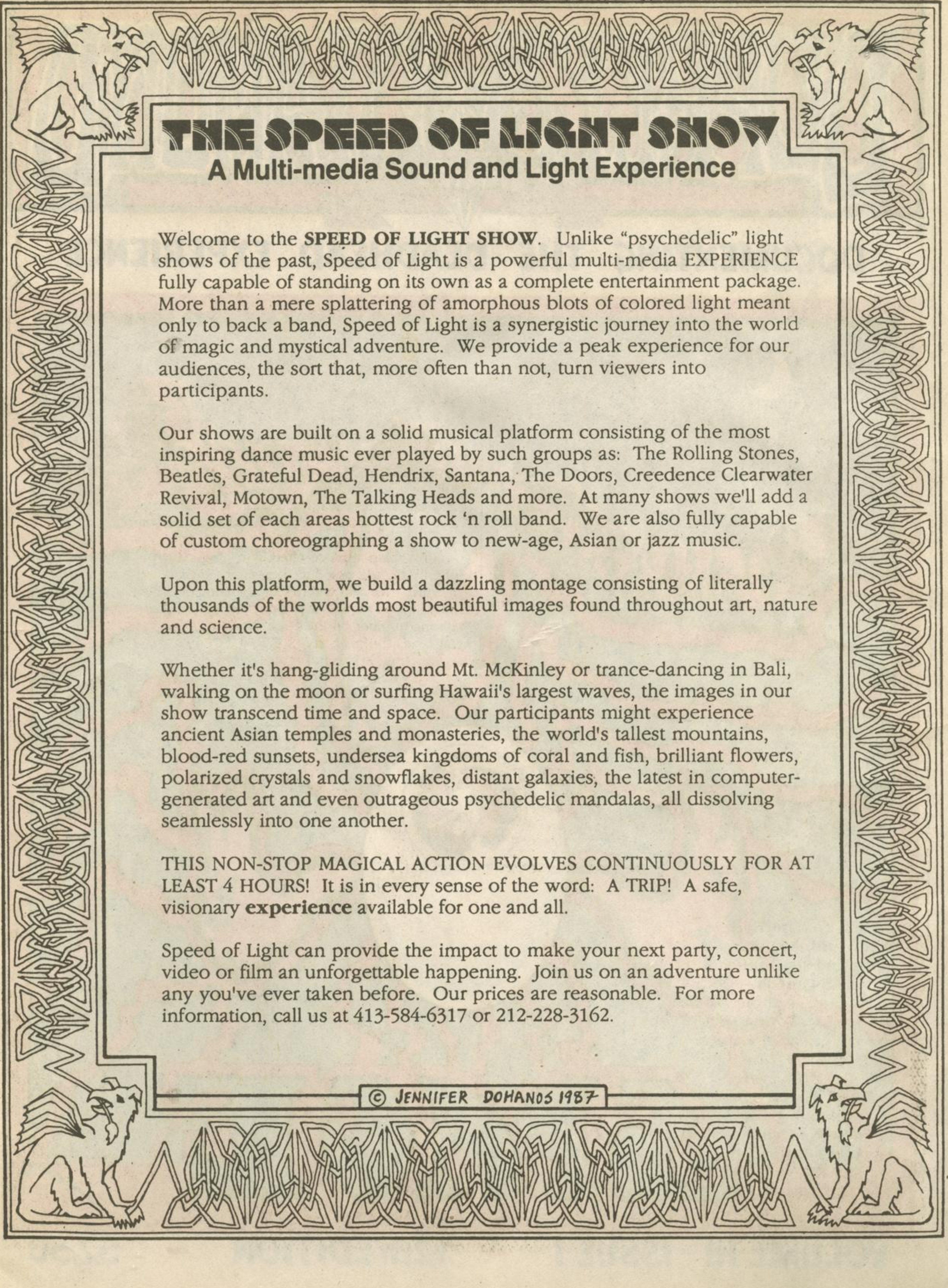


VOLUME III - ISSUE 1

12th EDITION

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Statement of Purpose:

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

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

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

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

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Dupree's Diamond News



Ain't Gonna Be Treated This Old Way...

Dear DDN,

I am replying to the "Attention Readers" ad in Vol. II, Issue 2 on Page 25, addressing the ticket problem for Grateful Dead shows. The gist of it said that the best solution would probably be if all tickets were sold mail order via the Grateful Dead Ticket Office, although I have heard stories similar to the one that follows. I have been purchasing tickets by mail order for the last four or five years and have never had a problem. For last September's MSG shows, I got together with another Deadhead at work and his girlfriend sent in the order. Well, we forgot to tell her to send additional funds to have the tickets returned via registered mail, and through a friend who works in the local post office, we finally found out, much too late to do anything about it, that our tickets somehow ended up somewhere in Maine. Not only did we miss the shows, but since the order wasn't registered, we had no recourse for trying to get a refund and we were out quite a bit of cash as well.

Hopefully the tickets at least got used by someone. I still feel that mail order is the best solution to this multi-faceted problem, but do urge your readers to have their orders returned by registered mail. Sometimes it is still possible to get lucky, though. I had made arrangements to meet the friend of a friend who had an extra ticket for the last Spectrum show in Philly, and we never managed to find each other, but about 15 minutes after the show was scheduled to start, I purchased one outside the arena for \$10.00. It was a good seat in the lower section, and I got to it just as the lights were turned off. It turned out to be a pretty good couple of sets of tunes, from what I heard, the only Philly show last September that was up to standards. I didn't even try to get into any of the MSG shows and wonder if anyone who did try obtaining tickets there had any luck. N.Y.'s a pretty tough market for Dead tickets and I doubt that any \$10.00 bargains were available, but stranger things have happened.

For now, we just have to keep truckin' and keep the faith. We are The Eyes of the World.

Your friend in peace,
Ronald N. Smith

Dear S.O.S.:

We have read the "Messages to Deadheads" in various Dead related publications. For the most part, we agree with what the message says. However, we think one issue has not been mentioned. We are Deadheads. We spend our hard earned money to see and enjoy the Dead. We travel to many venues for this necessary part of our lives. And like many Deadheads, we follow *all* rules put upon us by local police, government, and the like. But we notice quite a bit of hassle that shouldn't be.

For example, at the Laguna Seca '88 shows, we witnessed a tow truck driver *enjoying* towing cars parked in a supposed "No Parking Zone" even though there was no sign saying "No Parking." When we asked the tow truck driver why he was towing the cars, he said, "It will be a real shock when these fucking Deadheads come for their cars and can't find them." We then went on our way picking up trash as we hiked the two miles to our car. Much to our surprise, we saw that same tow truck driver dumping a truck in a ravine about 1 1/2 miles from where it was originally parked. This kind of behavior is totally unjust. This guy was getting off on this stuff just because the people who parked the truck were "Deadheads."

More recently, we attended the February '89 Kaiser shows. We arrived Sunday, the first of three shows, *SEVEN* hours before showtime, but we were unable to find a parking space. We did see *THREE* huge parking lots, but they were all conveniently roped off. We then asked an Oakland police officer where we could park. He told us we could not park in any of the public parking areas. He then directed us smack dab in the middle of the residential neighborhoods surrounding the Kaiser and warned us to hide all valuables and lock the car. This is **RIDICULOUS!!**

We are told that the neighborhood surrounding the Kaiser is upset, yet we Deadheads are forced to park in their front yards! Why can't the city of Oakland (and other local governments) at least *try* to work *with* us instead of *against* us? Why not open these parking areas to decrease the amount of cars that are forced to park in the nearby neighborhoods? Is it because we don't dress in suits and ties? We'll just bet that if we (Deadheads) were flocking to the Kaiser to see Johnny Mathis, we would be allowed to use these very same roped off *PUBLIC* parking lots. We are the public, even though we dress differently. We as Deadheads have a very strong relationship with each other. *NEVER* have we gathered with a more loving and compassionate group of people!!! We feel that the governments of the cities we visit should not discriminate against us because we are Deadheads, but work *with* us because we are just the same as them (most of us with a higher consciousness than they). We are the people of Mother Earth, human beings! We don't deny that there are some people who come to see the Dead who don't care about the environment, and they litter, etc.

But those of us who do care about our surroundings and the rest would like some consideration from the local law enforcement groups and their governing bodies. We think that some more effort on your part in addressing these issues with these governments would be time well spent.

Gratefully Deadicated,
Sandie & Eric Verduzco

Hey now,

It seems that nothing ever changes over time. For all the solutions offered by well-meaning Heads, another problem surfaces for us to surmount. In the local paper in Hampton, "The Daily Press," one of the financial editors wrote an objective column, referring to the money-impact that the Dead have on the community each spring. Finally, I thought, a positive column. Wrong. The article itself was very supportive of the group, but one of the sources used in the article, a Mr. John Mattson, the Manager of The Days Inn, enraged me. This "fine citizen" was on the local news last year spouting a very one-sided story, about how his hotel was "trashed" and how he was going to lobby the Hampton City Council to ban the Dead from appearing at the Coliseum again. I called the station during the newscast and asked the reporter if Mr. Mattson had mentioned that his hotel raised their room rates to the maximum (during the off-peak season when they are hurting for occupants) during what he calls "special events." Yes, I was told, but the public was not told that information as it was not included in the story.

I figured, in the end, no harm done. Now this "fountain of misinformation" is again raising his head. I have had enough. Please help this "fine citizen" explain a hotel full of empty rooms this fall when the band comes to Hampton. Please do not stay at The Days Inn at 1918 Coliseum Drive, Hampton, VA, under any circumstances. Also, write the district office, Days Inn, Northgate Associates, 8401 Connecticut Ave, Suite 1007, Chevy Chase, MD 20815 (301-654-3821), and their main office, Days Inn of America, 2751 Buford Hwy NE, Atlanta, GA 30324 (800-325-2525). Please, if you write or call, be cool, very cool. Do not give them fuel for their fire. Remind them that you have a lot of money (ahem), and you plan to spend it elsewhere. Please pass this information to everyone, via your tape lists, the WELL, other bulletin board services, and phone calls to other Heads.

We as a group have tremendous "financial clout" that should be dealt with (the city of Hampton gives a low estimate of \$4 million spent during a three-show stand here! Amazing!). If we do not put the brakes on at some time during this ride, it is going to get away from us. This seems as good a reason as any to start with. I cannot see this "fine citizen" speaking for our entire community. He does not, by the way. Many vendors and citizens are very receptive to the Dead (even managers of other Days Inns in the area!). Unfortunately, he has found the ear of the press.

In the meanwhile, we do have to do something about the minority who do trash hotel rooms and other activities that are getting us locked out of venue after venue. If we do not do something, and soon, a Dead concert will mean a tape or record, and not the live experience.

Again, please do not patronize the Days Inn at Hampton when you come this fall. Please pass the word. Let Mr. Mattson eat those rooms.

I hate to see Hampton become a "casualty" (it has ranked in the top 5 places to see the band for years). If this seems harsh or rash, ask your friends in the "barren" northeast what they would do if given the chance.

Possibly some survey could be taken to identify other hotel chains or hostels that are not friendly to the group. It's time

we started looking out for ourselves.

AIKO AIKO
Dennis R. Ricketts

...Pittsburgh

Hey, folks!

Just some news from Connecticut about Pittsburgh. After giving some serious thought to a very angry letter, I decided it wasn't my place and probably not deserved by most of you who are reading this. I was one of those lucky folks who went to Pittsburgh to see the shows but I returned with a troubled heart. (Okay, sort of melodramatic). I saw some things that really irked me! I'm not without opinions but I rarely feel moved to write letters to editors. Well, here it is.

What I thought of the shows: very consistent energy, and a nice mix of old and new. (I saw Tom Thumb's Blues for the first time, which was very special!) The security was very calm and generally stayed out of the way of us dancers and peaceful people. (Thank you! If any of you are reading this.) The crowd was pleasant and not as aggressive as I have known it to be in the past. Lots of children (young and old)! However, there was an awful lot of trash everywhere. Everywhere!! And I have a feeling it wasn't there before we arrived. I tried to pick up some of it, but it's an enormous arena, and I didn't even make a dent.

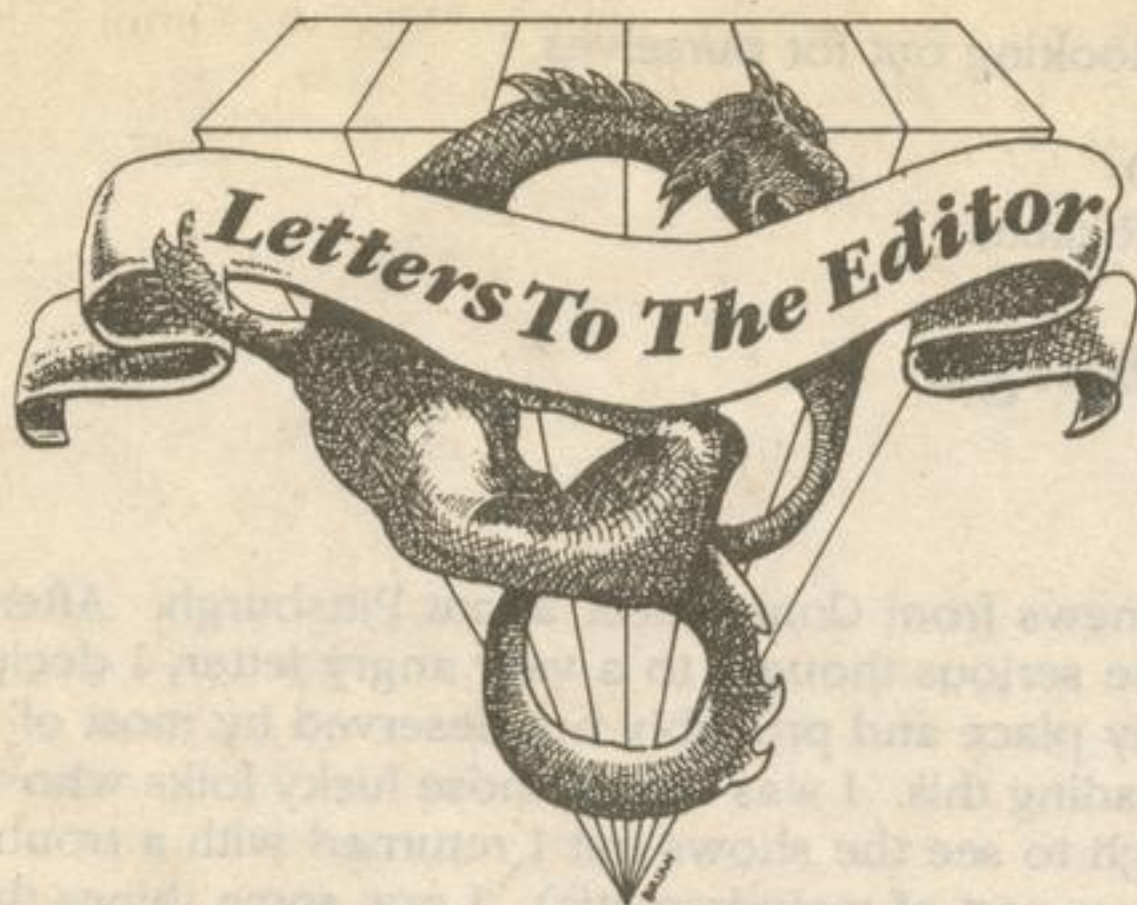
Outside the Arena, the parking was adequate, though certainly not plentiful, by any means. Vendors were everywhere, as usual. I saw very few scalpers, and lots of anti-scalper propaganda. Personally, I was witness to very few hassles, both between Heads and Feds and just between Heads. This is a nice change from NYC to Hartford, which are much more tense and unfriendly in atmosphere. (Sorry guys, I'm speaking in general.) However, once again, trash, trash, and more trash. I couldn't get away from it! Many people had trash bags available and lots of folks were using them but it wasn't enough. I saw too many people just dropping trash where they stood. It annoys me still. All I could think when I read a news clipping from the *N.Y. Post*, was "We've done it again!" The Mayor of Pittsburgh, Sophie Masloff, said, "I don't want these 'Deadenders' ever back again. The group is fine, but those people who follow them around are not."

Which town is next to close its doors to us? The worst part is, I can hardly blame them. They are entirely justified. And to those of you who say they don't want us around just because we're freaks and we upset the norm, it just isn't so! They don't want us around because we leave a trail of garbage. I say "we" because although I feel I do my part cleaning up after myself and others, I cannot separate myself from all of you.

Suffice to say that I hope everyone who was there enjoyed it as much as I did!

In peace, Stephanie





...Irvine

Dear Dupree's:

Almost a week after the close of the Irvine shows, my mind is still reeling with the utter confusion and disorganization of the scene. As a vendor who primarily sells at Southern California venues, I try to be prepared and plan my outings based on the information that is passed via the Hotline, U.S.A. Dead, as well as management at the local venues. Because of this, I was aware of the no-camping restrictions, as well as the admissions policy regarding tickets. Since Irvine had been my hometown show for many years, I was also aware of the major traffic problems that are continually present in the area. But beginning on Friday, all the rules changed. Lots were to be opened at 8AM. This information was published in local as well as regional newspapers along with other viable sources of Dead information. Problems began at 8AM promptly, when Staff Pro began turning vehicles away with the news that the gates would not open until 8:30. Of course, there were no provisions made for the major traffic jam that was to follow and continue well into the night (vehicles could still be seen entering the lot well into the second set of the show that night). The usual crowd of ticketless Deadheads further added to the confusion by trying to enter the grounds even though they knew they could not gain admittance. Since many of my friends and fellow vendors tour year round, I frequently help them with their mail order tickets, but because of the situation, there were no provisions made by the city of Irvine and Staff Pro for folks like us to get our friends' tickets to them.

It's not that I'm new to the scene, I've been going to shows for over twenty years. It's not that I'm so naive to think that Deadheads are all responsible people who are concerned about how their presence impacts the community, but once again, it's the case of a few making a bad impression that effects each and every one of us. Of course, the presence of armed police in riot gear was aimed to intimidate us all, and so was the arbitrary enforcement of rules by Staff Pro and Bill Graham Production Staff. When Staff Pro decided to throw rocks at a friend of mine, it was the local police who drove to my stand and took my friend's ticket out the gate to him so that he could legally enter the lot.

This is the kind of cooperation that makes a difference and can possibly save the shows that so many of us have enjoyed over the years. Also, on the plus side, I enjoyed vending in an environment that lacked the constant hiss of the nitrous tanks and the rowdy behavior that is the usual result of too many balloons and too much beer. Since my family, as well as the vendors we sell with don't do drugs or use alcohol, we find

that our vending sites are often havens of calm for other sober Deadheads. It's not like we're a bunch of prohibitionists, it's just not our cup of tea anymore. So, in those respects, we were favorably impressed.

But once again, when the negatives create a stronger impression than the positives, some of us become very disillusioned. When my three year old daughter and I entered the gate Sunday night, I was appalled at Staff Pro's desire to completely search her. They went as far as pulling her over shirt and rolling down her socks and doing a complete pat down! "We're just trying to protect you," was their comment when I questioned their tactics. A policeman standing nearby said that if I did not permit the search, he would be happy to "relieve us of our tickets." Last year my daughter attended over 15 concerts (not all Dead shows) and four of them were at Irvine. Each time she enters the gate and staff search her I explain to her that they are only trying to help by this action, and Irvine Staff Pro are always happy and smiling when they give her a little "tickle." Not this time.

Since we, as Deadheads, are all responsible for the problem, regardless of our personal ethics and behavior, we all have the power to be part of the solution. But four days after the show, I have few solutions or suggestions. "Goin' down the road feeling bad," was certainly my mindset Sunday night as we left Irvine. Locations of venues will be a continual problem until Bill Graham Productions decides to book more rural events as opposed to urban and suburban shows. (Venues such as the old US Festival site are great places to hold shows where camping is permitted.) Containment of Deadheads in camping lots at shows does much to alleviate traffic problems and community impact. With the help and cooperation of all Deadheads, we can solve some problems. But as long as Grateful Dead Productions, Bill Graham and Staff Pro continue to make decisions ignoring the input from responsible Deadheads, solutions will never be at hand, and the tour as we know it now, will be over forever. For the past several years, I have let production people and local authorities know that I am available to provide input and help solve problems. I've had over four years experience in rock concert production and event logistics as well as almost 15 years in corporate management. I'm a sixties person who functions nine hours a day in a business environment and is valued by my company for just that reason. But all falls on deaf ears.

Perhaps some day we can make a difference. For now, I'll just do my best, one show at a time, follow the rules and keep informed.

Hopefully,
Lois Brittin

Dear DDN:

What was happening at the Saturday night show in Irvine, 4/29/89? The line to get through the turnstiles moved an inch an hour, and though I was there an hour before the show, I didn't make it inside until after I'd missed the first three songs. RUMOR was that something bad happened the night before, which was why there were ten cops in riot gear inside. Is this rumor true? I was left feeling very stupid, after bragging to my two friends, both first timers at a Dead concert, that one cool thing about a Dead show was that the fans, no

matter how wild and crazy we *looked*, were a non-violent group. True, this night the crowd was relatively calm, but there were times when we looked a little ugly and scary. Many of us felt reasonably nervous. Wasn't it just a month ago that all these people were killed at a soccer game in England?

One question is this: Was making it so difficult to get in, including a full body search of every fan, some new kind of plot to discourage us from coming to the concerts, to discourage these Dead events, or was it simply a result of too many people waiting to the last minute to start going into the show, thus causing a rush hour type traffic jam at the gates. My guess is that both are true.

I've learned my lesson. Get there even earlier, and get inside the gates long before the scheduled time of the show. I don't think it's paranoid to think that there are people, sometimes security guards, who would like to see us become frustrated and (God-forbid) violent (so they could bust some heads), and consequently, they might devise ways to make the shows a bit more difficult to get into. When a tribe or culture of people are "our own" as we are, there will be others who will see the need to throw stones. On the other hand, *we* are still responsible for our own behavior, whether we are provoked or not.

Beyond all this, gratefully the show was another dream for me. It feels so good to be loved like this, doesn't it?

Peace and blessings,
Larry LaVercombe

Victim Or The Crime...

Dear Dupree's Diamond News:

I saw something on T.V. that left me numb. Pittsburgh's bad scene. I don't know all that went on — sure there's been problems before, Hartford, Maryland and others — but for some reason this news left a hollow feeling in my gut.

I'm sure some police are over-zealous in taking action when Heads are around, but they don't understand. Shit, here's all these people in funky clothes invading their quiet corner of life. We need to make them understand that with all societies there are the good and the bad. What I usually see in the Dead's society is mostly good. So instead of blaming cops, I think we all need to look at this whole thing from their perspective. The uninformed or the "straight" I think look at the Dead scene on the whole as very threatening. We need to ease that threat, sure the garbage thing is very important, and the open consumption of "illegal" stuff gives the scene bad press, so let's definitely curb all that negative stuff. Maybe go out of our way and individually write politicians of various cities the Dead are allowed to play at and thank them for having us. After all, it's their city.

Most of all, if you see something that doesn't feel right, speak up. Just say "that's not very cool" to someone who is doing something that might hurt the whole scene. If they truly want to be part of it, they will listen. I'm a "youngster" or "neophyte" or whatever stereotype is hip now, but if I were doing something that was considered uncool, I would want someone to say so. I've learned a lot and want to learn more. I want in.

My first show was the spring opener in '88 at the Omni. Since then I've been to both coasts, nine more shows, and saw "Ripple." I'm personally there for the music not the party, and sense there is something more, something greater happening that we don't know about that draws us all — radically different yet the same.

I wish and hope that the problems now are just a virus that can be cured and not a cancer that will consume the magic.

I'm just one small voice of many who on a muggy night in Atlanta rode the wings of the energy and music and was shown the light. Let's all keep the magic alive. I know I may not have 300 shows under my belt or 10 years of experience, but I can see that the veterans of the scene have created something positive and this new blood doesn't want it to go away.

I know this is really rough and disjointed, but it's sincere and thank you for listening.

Matt

Dear DDN:

I love your magazine, and appreciate the opportunity to get some of my views out.

All I hear anymore is cryin' & whinin' & complainin' & bitchin' & moanin," and not just from the fans — from the band! They write these spineless letters saying "*C'mon folks, please don't do this,*" and expect everyone to stop tryin' to get tix to the next show.

GET SERIOUS! If the band really wants the fans to change, stop waiting for it to "happen" all by itself. **Get Jerry up to a microphone just once to say "I would just like to thank those of you who pick up your trash and don't destroy the venues, cause we love to play..."** Or something like that. It's non-dictatorial and folks would respond like Moses just arrived with the ten commandments.

I feel like the band's just tryin' to make it to 25 and then cash in their chips and go home. Well, I'd like to keep seein' the boys play long past 25!

Thanks,
Sam Casey

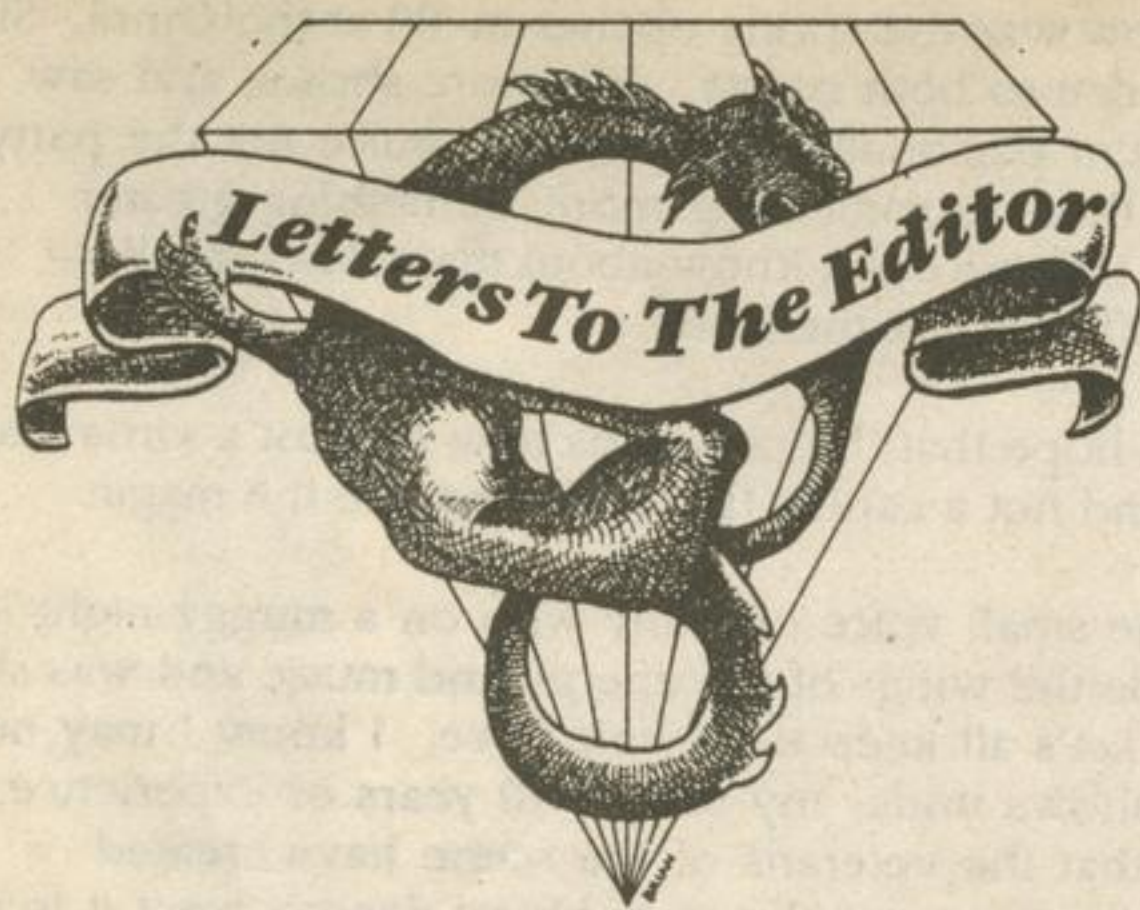


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Dear DDN.

Let me tell you a story. It's about *trash-heads*...

I woke up late. Like many, '87 was my first tour. I came again in '88, and it's only the beginning. Out of love for the band and respect for the planet, I am not part of the problem. It hurts me to see that many who arrived with me just don't get it. Long-term Deadheads and us guppies don't need this sort of thing. It's ugly. And it's un-Dead.

I want to thank *DDN* and concerned Heads for the effort in sending the word out about the fools who boarded the ship with me and are rocking the boat. I'm especially grateful to those who welcome our new faces. We are not veterans; but we know a little about respect. You kind people have greeted us and taught (*most of*) us well. No one should come crashing in and put what we have in harm's way!

Remember...Storyteller names no choice...
— soon you (may) not hear his voice!

Keep fighting the good fight —
J.P.

Everybody's Playin' In The Heart of Gold Band...

Dear Complaining People,

It seems as if most of the "Letters to the Editor" I've read are negative towards the band. I'm sick of hearing folks complain about the Dead and the shows. If you don't like what's going on, then don't go! But don't go to the shows and complain. You make yourselves look foolish saying, "Gosh, the band is really getting cheesy, but here, here's twenty more bucks for the show." And to Doug Allaire, if you have trouble listening to any Dead tune, you better decide if it's the Dead you really like or not!

Everybody complains because they hear "Hell in a Bucket">"Sugaree" a lot, or "Black Muddy River," or "Masterpiece." If you know anything at all about the Band, you should know they have always played certain tunes more than the others. The early '80's brought us "Alabama Getaway">"Greatest Story">"They Love Each Other." In '77 they played "Sampson and Delilah," "Terrapin Station" and

"Estimated" just about every show, or how about "Wharf Rat," "Other One," "Around and Around," and "Not Fade Away" in the late '70's, early '80's, or what about "Scarlet">"Fire"? They even do it today a lot. When I hear these tunes that you all say they play too much, I still groove like never before.

Is someone forcing you to go to these concerts against your will? It sounds like it. What if the Band didn't play at all? You complainers would probably like that better. *Appreciate what is, not what could be.*

Oh, by the way, what's the big deal about our new fans, who are you all, the elite-born, Deadhead class? Please...

Love you all,
Todd Romero

Dear DDNers:

It seems that everybody is complaining these days about the problems of grateful mega-dead, belly-achin' about the lines, the tickets, the neoheads and the trashed venues. Sure, these are problems that need to be addressed, but let's face it, some of the complaints from veterans (on both sides of the stage) are a little smug, as if the current popularity of the Dead represents some sort of vindication. Looking back, who among us has not wondered at some point whether following a ragtag tribe of musicians from city to city is really a sane activity? Most of us have parents, uncles, sisters, employers and maybe even children who remind us that this is an unusual way to have fun, to say the least.

Well, in 1988, that secret was laid to rest, at least for the moment, because the Dead are hip once again. Hooray for you, black sheep, you were right all along. No denying it, popularity and commercial success lend a certain respectability to the proceedings. Hey, it's a nice shot of credibility, and well-deserved, so why not enjoy it, and make the best of it? Most musical aficionados can only dream of such happenings, and I suspect that most musicians would trade their instruments for a chance to deal with the problems the Dead are facing. Incidentally, I'm really glad to see that the Marin County Gang are putting these circumstances to good advantage, using the soapbox to forward a healthy agenda (Rainforests, Seva, etc.). So all you DDNers, lifers, and freaks, take it easy on the crocodile tears. You enjoy this new found popularity as much as I do. Sometimes it's an embarrassment of riches. For the first time in a decade, college students admire me for being a Deadhead. Who woulda thought!

Having said that, there is a more serious issue I would like to address, one that has been sorely absent from the Dead literature. To put it bluntly, the quality of shows in the last year has clearly deteriorated. The reason is pretty apparent, but nobody seems to want to talk about it, much less admit it. The closest that *DDN* has come to discussing this problem is in rating the 1988 shows as B/B-. Come on guys. The fact is that one of the central figures in this scene apparently relapsed last year into a bad habit, one that threatens his life and interferes with his ability to create. Most of the Deadheads I asked about this denied anything was amiss, or said Jerry was just getting bored with the material. I dunno. I wish I could believe it. During the fall tour, the band routinely backed off and gave Jerry room to create, but all too often he fumbled or just breezed through the solo on a well-worn groove. Of

course, there were still some inspired sets in 1988, but when they change from one or two per week to one or two per tour, you have to wonder, what's going on.

For many Deadheads on tour, a big part of the fun is being with old friends and making new ones. Even at a lackluster show, we shake some bones and have a good time. In this respect, I can understand why most Deadheads don't notice or don't get too upset about a little slippage in the length and quality of shows. But the reason for this slippage should be of concern, emphatically, if it threatens the health and creativity of a musician we all care about.

I apologize if I'm out of line here. Jerry's life is his own business. He has never preached to us, so we shouldn't presume to preach to him. However, if we let him know that we are aware of the problem, it might make a difference. Hey, it would be hard to ignore 100,000 concerned friends. I particularly feel that Deadheads who hold the creative reigns of a forum like *DDN* have an obligation here. Did *DDN* handle the problem by ignoring it, or do you feel it would be detrimental to discuss this topic in print? Certainly this represents a difficult editorial decision. If you bring this problem out in the open, you risk a lot of enmity, but if you don't, you come off like a fan-boy magazine. My only point here is that a gentle and sympathetic nudge on your part might help brother Jer's stay clean. I would appreciate hearing your thoughts on the subject, in private or in publication.

Gratefully yours,
B. Bowen

Deaditor's Note: Your letter raises many pertinent points. To begin with, the B/B- rating was a general consensus. There are many who are as upset as you about the band's playing ability of late. There are also many who don't know any differently.

In past DDN's we've touched upon the issues of drug abuse and Jerry's health problems. We don't know if Jerry is currently having a drug-abuse problem and, therefore, it can't be determined that that's the reason for the change in the music. We do know from past experience that Jerry is adamant about keeping his private affairs PRIVATE. He has steadfastly refused to deal publicly with this subject. However, if 100,000 people wrote "Dear Jerry" notes, it's likely that he'd have to take some notice.

Hey ffolks—

I've come to enjoy and like and respect the Dead and their culture from a different starting point than (I'd suspect) many of you. I've been a plain-clothes punk rocker since '77, when I was an impressionable eighth grader. I still love much of punk, be it hard core, avant garde, or melodic. But I also dig the Dead, my two fave albums being *Blues for Allah* and *American Beauty*.

I see lots of parallels between my enjoyment of the Dead and of punk, even if many people find that hard to believe. Both genres have spawned cultures that take the music to heart and try to affect society positively. Elements of striving for personal anarchy and thinking for yourself are inherent in both realms. And like it or not, both styles generate money (although the Dead generate more money than most punk bands). And both the Dead and punk have deep roots in San Francisco.

Need I (or anyone) apologize for musical taste? Hell no! Why, you too can dig the Dead and the False Prophets, Tracy Chapman and Redd Kross, Dylan and Billy Bragg. I've seen all of these folks in concert, and have enjoyed them all. I welcome Deadheads to listen to some of these noisy (or not so noisy) folks. Ultimately, I think that music should be for pleasure, for broadening our thinking and our horizons, for energizing...

Lastly, I saw the September 15 Madison Square Garden show. Thought it mighty fine, and reviewed it for Long Island's *Island Ear*. I thought my review was fair, respectful, humorous, and honest. Yet a guy from Westbury wrote me and said that I knew "dick about the Dead" and that I "didn't (even) belong inside" the stadium! Yes, Virginia, there are fascist Deadheads. Beware those who tell you to walk this way, and no other... Open yer minds and yer hearts, and tune into that alternative sound...

Ellen Levitt.

Deaditor's Note: A possible reason one of your readers may not have felt you were a good judge of the Dead is because you stated that it was Bobby who came to the microphone to tell us all that his two year old son had just said "rock 'n roll" for the first time when in fact it was Phil who said it. Bobby has no kids that we know about, at least not any legit ones. As you've now found out, Deadheads can be a meticulous lot.

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Everybody's Playin' In The Heart of Gold Band...

continued from previous page

Hey Now!

Greetings from the stratosphere! I'm writing for several reasons, but first and foremost is to subscribe to your little creation of wonder. Anyway...

How you hooked me is due to the quality of your output. I keep tabs on just about all the Dead/Bay Area band(s)-type mags available, but I've found yours the most consistent in "more than just rumors," news, bits, and most importantly, your overall approach in what you put out. Few efforts can successfully blend all the ingredients available and come out with something that not only informs, but enlightens as well.

One must admit the "Dead Scene" has been a constantly evolving beastie, unpredictable at best. I've been into and following the band since I was 11 (14 years), and more and more I find myself not only reflecting on the radical changes since my introduction to the scene, but passing these stories on to someone who's "greener," and watching how it fuels their devotions as well. I put myself outside my own perspectives and try to hear my own words as how they'd be to others, legends instead of memories...

Clearing the fog, I come back to 1989. There's a dark cloud looming too near to what has always been a clear (not pristine, but warming light all the same) horizon. Ignorance and apathy fuel its fire constantly.

Never in the band's history has so much of what's made this band the phenomenon it is, conversely become so much of a threat to its continuation. I'm talking about me and you, and that guy over there, and all them back there and...

When you get a whole bunch of people together, the "sheep effect" tends to take over and everyone thinks the guy next to him/her is the one in the know, you know? The problem with that is all it takes is one "anarchist" in their midst and you've got a riot!

To make this deal successful, you and I and everybody else needs to practice one of the scene's main ideals — to be an individual, hence to be more aware. And take more of an

interest in your surroundings. And be more willing to "step out of character" or whatever and do that little thing it takes to contribute to the common good. Know your priorities and be willing to defend and even sacrifice for them.

It is most encouraging to see the efforts being put forth by all involved (most importantly the band's), but it still takes effort from *all* involved to continue to blossom.

"If you get confused, listen to the music play." Get back to roots and you'll gain a much purer perspective.

WE WILL SURVIVE!

Gratefully,
Ernie V.

Feedback...

Dear Dupree's:

Your last issue had a letter from M. Polanco in Hawaii asking if there are any Deadheads in Hawaii. Turn on your TV! I'm the anchorman on the KITV (channel 4) News, Monday through Friday at 6 and 10, and I've been a Deadhead for 19 years.

By the way, I saw something very disturbing coming down the line on the ABC Newsfeed the other day. There were clips of people being arrested at a Dead show in (I believe it was) Pittsburgh, and as one Deadhead was being loaded in a paddy wagon, a cop hauls off and punches him right in the face. Anybody know what that was all about?

Dick Allgire
Honolulu, Hawaii

Dear Mr. Dwork, Mr. Hahn, Mr. Reis, Mr. Strueller, Mr. Senecoca, Mr. Brewer, Mr. Berger and Santino:

Greeting! I appreciated *The Best of 1975-1988* (on tape) article from *DDN* — Vol. II, Iss. #4. This must have been a great project to participate in. The results are quite impressive.

I took the liberty of stacking my favorite show, MacArthur Court, Eugene, OR, 1/22/78 up against the best. And check it out: second set — "Terrapin">Drums>"The Other One">"Close Encounter Jam">"St. Stephen">"Not Fade Away," "Around and Around." Eight songs. Excluding the drums, that's four out of seven. I guess this proves what a stellar show this was...

I highly recommend others to "taste-test" their own favorite show with this list...

Happy trails,
Brian O'Brien

Deaditor's Note: After my constant haranguing, the above-mentioned writers of the "Best of" article are adding their first addendum to the list: 12/15/86 Kaiser (first show after Jerry's coma), first :30 seconds of the first song — "Touch of Grey" — the most emotional moment.

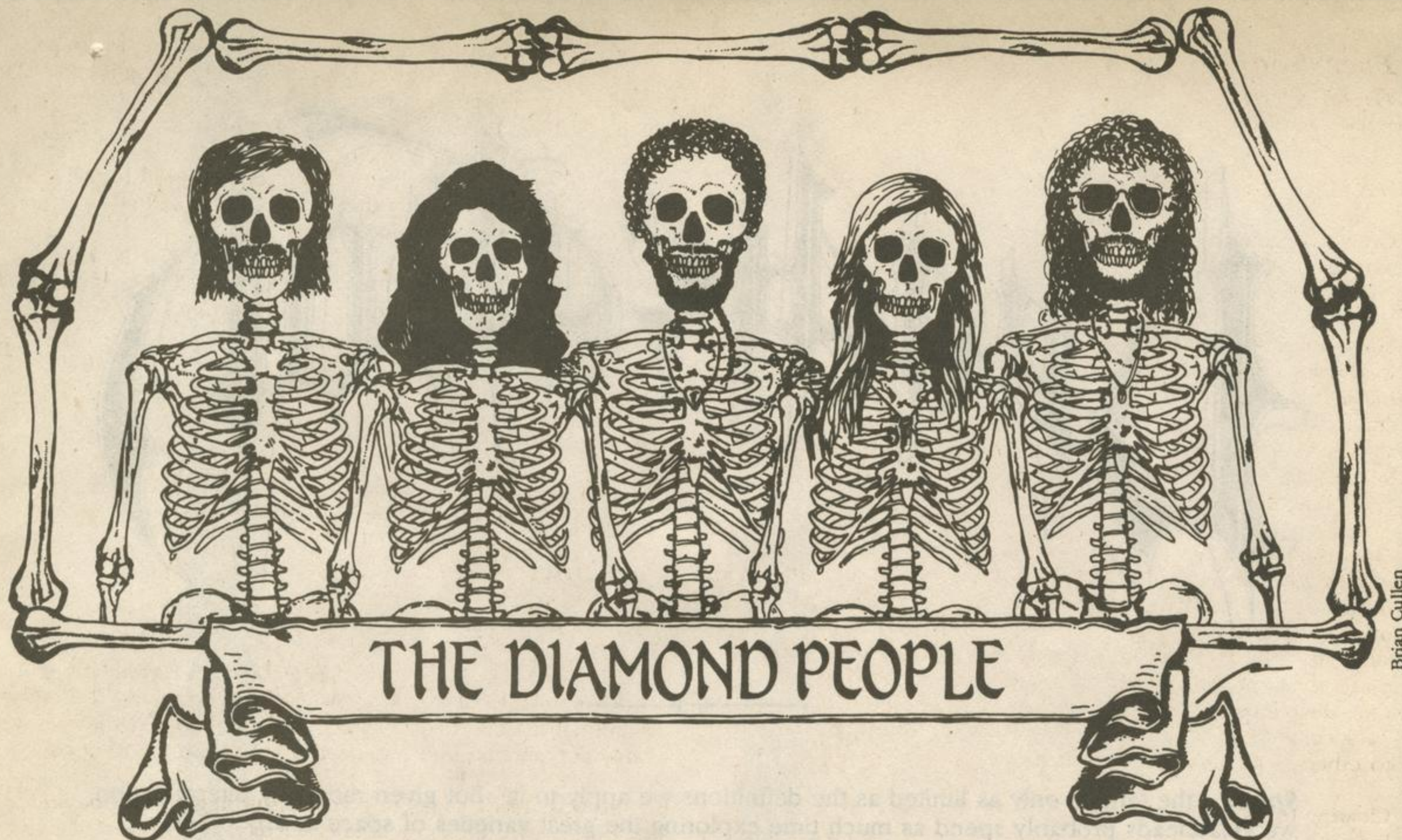
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This issue begins our third year of publishing **Dupree's Diamond News**. "What a long strange trip it's been!" A lot has happened since our first issue was released in May, 1987, and a lot of changes have taken place. We have grown by leaps and bounds in a very positive direction and have been really lucky to have many fine people join the team.

DDN began as and continues to be a learning experience. Our goal is to try to show others three basic things: 1) how this marvelous energy contained within the Grateful Dead Experience can be harnessed and nurtured within ourselves and channeled through *our* own creative expressions; 2) to get Deadheads to view the Grateful Dead Experience from a perspective very different from what it used to be. 3) how cleaning up the planet and healing the human condition, both essential and inevitable for survival, can be turned into a fun and fashionable act if we are going to get the job done. To paraphrase an old Garcia quote, "the idea is to get high rather than just get stoned — to get high is to become a more conscious, caring and active part of the universe."

Communication is essential to the success of any progressive movement within communities that share a common denominator. The Grateful Dead community encompasses many circles of influence and issues of importance which continually overlap each other creating a mandala which forms from the center and works its way outward. **DDN** aims to elicit conversations in and amongst those parts of the community that have not before known how to speak their piece, or had the means to do so.

We're just Deadheads trying to live the Grateful Dead Experience in a more rewarding way. Basically, we're a service-oriented group. Sometimes we make errors, but we do our best to correct them.

We have received a good deal of mail regarding the change to newsprint. The decision to change was due to many factors. As the newsletter expanded to include more articles, the additional weight for postage began to drain our limited resources. Also, prior to the change, the staff was responsible for printing, which was a physical and time-consuming drain on us. Now, a printing firm handles this production, leaving us more time to enhance other aspects of the newsletter. Another positive reason for changing is that newsprint is biodegradable and recyclable.

In closing, we'd just like to say thanks to all the people who write in, hand out, subscribe, advertise, and just plain enjoy our magazine. We're all in this together, so please feel free to participate at any time. We **WANT** to hear what you think and have to say, so, *"Let the words be yours, I'm done with mine."*

Mark

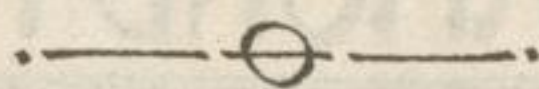
Sally

John

Heidi

Brian

Deadhead Ritual



Space...the term is only as limited as the definitions we apply to it. But given most any interpretation, we Deadheads probably spend as much time exploring the great varieties of space as any other collective subset of the human race.

This should come as no surprise when one considers that the primary objects of our fascination, the band members, are among the very first "space-explorers" in our modern Western culture. When they answered the cosmic want-ad for, as Jerry Garcia puts it, "mind-expansion, the experimental laboratory, continual musical education, sociopharmacomusicological adventures and weird wonderful trips," they paved the way for many of our own similar adventures.

"SHALL WE GO? You and I while we can..." And with this invitation, off we go...countless numbers of adventurous souls getting "on the bus" in pursuit of an infinite array of fascinating explorations throughout inner and outer space. This quest leads most every Deadhead to the inevitable observation that while there are few good bands who can lead us to satisfying adventures while truckin' through the physical plane, there is only one band that can bring us as far out into the astral and psychic planes as the GD (now that Coltrane and Hendrix are gone).

While the concert is an ideal environment for social gathering and intense partying, it can, for those of us with extra-dimensional inclinations, take on a special significance. The eternal quality of the musical vibration, and the inter-subjective feeling that all present are being touched by the same in-dwelling spirit, are sensations triggered by the fervor of a very special kind of music and dance. Take a walk through the halls during any GD concert. What's going on inside the skulls of every writhing terpsichord is an adventure in exploration once limited to sages and swamis in faraway lands.

For these heads, the concert becomes a ritualized meditation similar to yogic or tantric ceremonies. The experience can lead to a one-mindedness, and visualization becomes the mechanism by which the practitioner attains nirvanic sensations. During the concert, the music evokes great emotional intensity. If psychedelics are used simultaneously, the music's rhythm and vibrations seem like the ceaseless echoing of a mantra recitation. This, combined with deep breathing from the dance, allows one to feel totally attuned with the musical and spiritual energy emanating from the band and fellow audience members. This sense of divinity elicits communion with the mythical qualities of timelessness and immortality; an ability to magically recreate the world as the externalization of your internal thoughts and feelings.

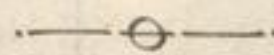
These experiences can be very productive and rewarding if the concert-goer is well-grounded and prepared for these happenings. To the unsuspecting newcomer, the combination of psychedelics and intense music can be disorienting and alienating. Skeletons dancing as living reincarnations of oneself can cause the unprepared to lose touch with three-dimensional reality. Caution must go as well to those who are far too comfortable traveling throughout the astral plane as losing one's sense of grounding can lead to a more permanent detachment from our everyday "reality." The crack between the phenomenal world and the astral plane, is a lonely place in which to get lost.

To safely experience these explorations is, metaphorically speaking, to die and be resurrected with an understanding of life's essence. Who would have thought that the stark halls of a Civic Center could so easily be transformed into a garden of divine celebration. This lotus patch may appear at first to be a cement jungle; however, the transformation of concrete into flower is an important accomplishment for the practiced surrealist. As the means that make available this alternate perception, the Grateful Dead have contributed immeasurably towards the spiritual development of anyone who has left a show feeling moved or aware of their capacity to attain higher levels of consciousness.

As the Grateful Dead Experience has evolved into an on-going and transglobal opportunity for space exploration, we in turn have aspired to become a tribe of "intrepid" travelers. Our journey is at once both an inward and outward voyage, and because there are so few rules, it is of paramount importance that we maintain a keen sense of awareness so that we do not lose our way. Though these experiences may lead you to the gates of great bliss and wisdom, they invariably appear in the form of a spiritual trial-by-fire, and it is, therefore, your responsibility to maintain a sense of grounding so that you don't get burnt. You can gain strength from feeling the unity which connects you to others experiencing the same. However, when confronted by this opportunity for greater cosmic awareness, one must inevitably gather the strength from within, and travel, with a focused mind and a hopeful heart, into the great unknown. So...*"shall we go? You and I while we can, through the transitive nightfall of diamonds."*

In light,

Johnny Dwork



Space...And Its Implications In Our Modern Society

A candid examination of a place too few explore and too many remain.

by Brian Cullen

In the Spring of 1982 I began a project to define the effects of thought patterns commonly known as "concepts" and the effect they have on society. I got half-way through it and "spaced" on it. The fact that I "spaced" on it doesn't negate the intense insight I gained during my research. I was able to move forward, not straight mind you, and during that time I encountered the "Cadets For A Better Space Society" which was a non-profit awareness heightening community bent on making capital gains a reality. This was an organization that over a period of time, without clear leadership, began making obtuse suggestions that the Dead give out free tickets for all those shows in cities whose names begin with "New," provide alternative entertainment when the shows are sold out, etc. They believed that an attempt to shift the power between the Dead and the Deadheads was the only way to achieve change.

I remember saying to myself, "I'm glad these folks are Space Cadets. Hopefully no one will take them seriously..."

In late 1982, with the cost of touring skyrocketing and the trust funds totally tapped, appeals were made to the Reagan Administration for funds to save the endangered lifestyle which was slipping away from the Cadets. As a Reagan spokesperson was quoted as saying: "We don't give a shit about acid rain or the green-house effect, what makes these clowns think we care about them?" He went on to say that "the President doesn't feel that the search for the ultimate Grateful Dead concert, graded entirely on the "space" portion of the show, deserves funding." So tears in their eyes, they took off for the East Coast shows without real funds or a clear sense of direction. As the loss of direction overwhelmed them, it became clear they were dividing into two camps or circles of influence.

The Veggie Heads, the larger of the two camps, always ate well and were generally college-educated democrats whose parents voted for Reagan/Bush in 1980 and 1984. The Veggie Heads wanted to travel from show to show so as not to disturb the Yin-Yang of the land. The McCadets, who were generally working class college-educated democrats, who remained loyal to the party with their parents, wanted to travel from Point A to Point B, provided there were McDonald's where they could hang out for hours and be centrally located to the venue. This indecision on how to travel caused great emotional outbursts on the floor at the Richmond Civic Center during the opening notes of the "space" portion of the show. Nasty remarks and insults like "Clogged Artery-ites" and "Compost Breath" were rampant. All of this came to a head when the show ended. The Veggie Heads proclaimed that, since Bob began the song prior to the drums, which then become space, and since that song was "Let It Grow," they were validated in their right to lead the Cadets on the road to the next shows. Those Broccoli Heads... "It would figure," the McCadets argued. "They didn't hear Jerry play 'You Deserve A Break Today' before putting down 'The Lion' and retreating backstage." This nasty exchange was the ultimate episode that divided the two groups.



Garcia Entering AbsoluteSpace™

The debates raged on for days until the unsuccessful coup d'etat of Franco Eggplantino, who, disguised as a conceptual veal cutlet, attempted to lure the McCadets away from the Veggie's food supply. Unfortunately, he was consumed by the Mindless Tour Bunnies, who later terrorized the backstage area by leaving these purple pellets all over the floor. With the untimely loss of Franco, the Veggie Heads voted Asparagus Maximus as their new leader. Soon after, he led the Veggies to break away from the "Cadets For A Better Space" and began D.E.A.D.S.: Deadheads Eagerly Awaiting Dark Star. Their membership in the "Unity of The Circle"™ was approved after their release of the position paper entitled, "The Concept of Space in Our Daily Lives and The Conceptual AbsoluteSpace."™ A portion of the paper read:

As Captain James T. Kirk told us, space is the final frontier. By endorsing this philosophy, one must also embrace the concept of parallel directions when comparing the space exploration projects of NASA and the exploration of space

*The Unity Of The Circle is made up of different societies usually found at Grateful Dead concerts. Including the Cadets, the Sixties Democrats and DEADS were the "Akisackers," "The Starburst folks" and "Peacemeal." The Starburst folks were also known to follow Baba Ala Tuchia and His Drums of fashion in the off-season.

within the boundaries of one's mind. Space is a three-dimensional environment in which all objects and events occur and have relative position and direction. It is also a set of elements and abstractions of all points on a line, a plane, or in metaphysical space. But in fact, the most cosmic elements of space are the degrees between, above or below the lines in a musical staff. These areas or degrees create an experience of unknown proportions, which are clearly on the boundaries of "AbsoluteSpace,"™ — physical space independent of what occupies it...but what about the space between one's ears? Right?! Like come on...whoever came up with the bumper-sticker: "SKI UTAH, We've Got The Runs"? Like come on...Or what about the dog name problem in Boulder, Colorado. Seems everybody's got some kind of pet and tends to give it a Grateful Dead song title for a name. This was so popular they ran out of names. So some folks began calling their pets "Space" and "Drums." But why? And what about Assistant Secretary of State Elliot Abrams and the space between his ears; first this dude lies to Congress and the country, gets a slap on the wrist and then continues to ruin the space of the folks down in Central America. What a man?!..."

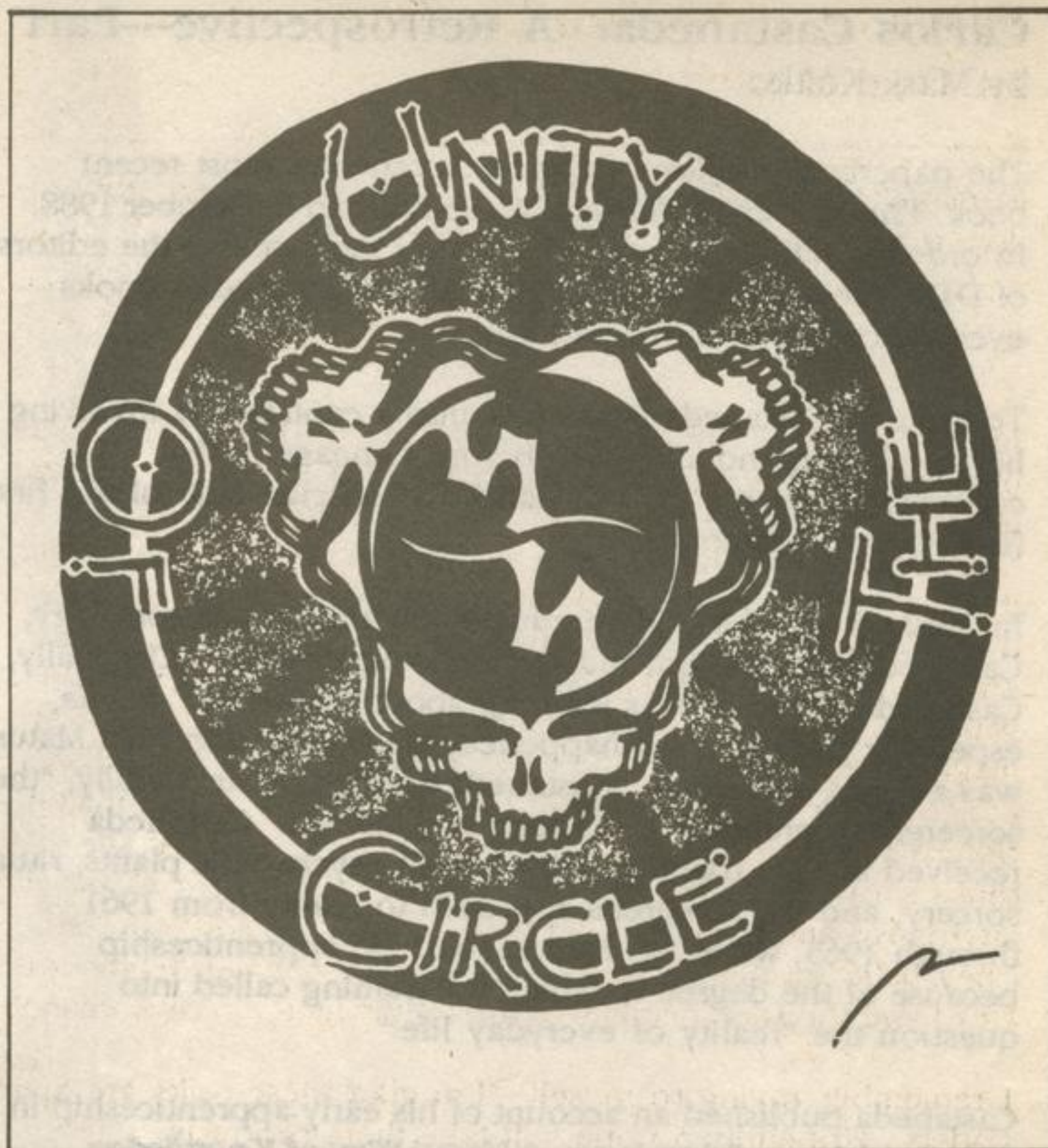
At last! A ray of hope. Finally an attempt to define real issues. How about world-wide Deadhead health insurance? The time was right for dancing in the streets.

Are we so sure of ourselves without questioning what we do?...

Instead, the debates continued. The tapers who were bored with the half-time musak began to record the arguments. "Beats the arguments we have over taping by a long shot," claimed Kenny Ales, who knew some of the Cadets by name and avoided the others at all costs. "Those critters just drive me crazy," declared Anne as she tried to "find the one Deadhead who had the most critter bracelets on one wrist." Fifteen was the most at one show. "New Years, you know?" All through this exchange, I wondered where an old friend was. Thai Stick Vic, who could never bring himself to ask those guys why they wear skirts to shows, was known to be hanging out backstage. As the fragrant odor of Vic-Stick hovered overhead, the McCadets and Veggie Heads continued to argue the elements of their differences while a third major circle of influence arose and began to question, with acute insight, the relative importance of all this bullshit. "Why do these otherwise functional units behave in such narrow-minded ways when there are so many other issues that need our attention?" Wow, a third major party to go up against the two big boys...

The Sixties Democrats! The only faction of the Unity of The Circle who had seen Pig Pen with the Grateful Dead. "Diamonds in the rough," would recall Uncle John as he sat back in his chair remembering the good old days. "Want to smoke some hash?" this sage would ask as he put out the Camel cigarette that hung from his salt and pepper beard. He had the eyes and wind-blown hair of a man who had travelled to the boundaries of "AbsoluteSpace"™ and come back to save the world, greenhouse by greenhouse.

"Let's just agree, have a good time and get past this bullshit," was the headline quoting Uncle John on some handout at some show which heralded in a new understanding of this



Brian Cullen

Grateful Dead experience. Leave it to the Sixties Democrats; future shows wouldn't have this cloud of weirdness over them. Folks began to bring their kids back to outdoor shows and a real sense of community overcame us. As Dallas Alice said, "We'd all have a better time if we weren't so critical," and it's all too true. Are we so sure of ourselves without questioning what we do? I hope not. Here and now is what this is all about. So, take a chill pill folks...let's get our space together and lead a balanced life and diet... ◇



Brian Cullen

Carlos Castaneda: A Retrospective—Part 1

by Mark Koltko

The paperback edition of Carlos Castaneda's most recent book, **The Power of Silence**, was published in October 1988. In order to put that work in its proper perspective, the editors of **DDN** have asked me to review all of Castaneda's books over the course of a two-part article.

To write of Castaneda is to enter into a controversy involving historical truth and allegory. Before I engage in that controversy, let me give Castaneda's "official" side of the first few years of his story.

In 1960, as a UCLA undergraduate majoring in anthropology, Castaneda met a Yaqui Indian "in the Southwest." Originally, Castaneda's interest was learning about "medicinal" plants, especially peyote. As it happened, the Indian, don Juan Matus, was a *brujo*, a sorcerer. Castaneda became, quite literally, "the sorcerer's apprentice" in Arizona and Mexico. Castaneda received intense training in the use of psychedelic plants, ritual sorcery, and the sorcerer's approach to reality from 1961 through 1965, when he discontinued the apprenticeship because of the degree to which the training called into question the "reality of everyday life."

Castaneda published an account of his early apprenticeship in **The Teachings of don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge** (1968). After delivering an early copy to don Juan in April 1968, Castaneda began a second cycle of apprenticeship. Castaneda published the narrative of this cycle, through October 1970, in **A Separate Reality: Further Conversations with don Juan** (1971). The next (and supposedly final) seven months of Castaneda's apprenticeship, as well as many earlier incidents omitted from his first two works, were published in **Journey to Ixtlan: The Lessons of don Juan** (1972). Castaneda received his Ph.D. in anthropology in 1973 from UCLA, for which the text of **Journey of Ixtlan** essentially served as his doctoral dissertation. (I shall discuss Castaneda's later books, and **The Power of Silence**, in Part Two of this review — next issue).

Now for the controversy. Did the events described in Castaneda's books really happen? I can give you no definitive answer. However, there is a substantial amount of evidence that suggests that they did not — at least, not literally, not in their entirety. My own reading indicates great differences and inconsistencies in how personalities (e.g., don Juan) are portrayed from one book to another. Very careful analyses conducted by other writers describe serious logical inconsistencies between the books, and strongly suggest that Castaneda may have leaned heavily on other sources to write his material. Readers interested in pursuing this issue would do well to read Richard de Mille's book, **Castaneda's Journey: The Power and the Allegory** (Santa Barbara, CA: Capra Press, 1977) and the book he edited, **The don Juan Papers: Further Castaneda Controversies** (Santa Barbara: Ross-Erikson, 1981).

Given that there is much reason to doubt the literal truth of Castaneda's accounts, a second question still remains: Is there something of value in these books? I think so. I have my qualms about the morality of passing off allegory as non-fiction, if this is what occurred, but that would be Castaneda's karma, not mine. Despite that issue, I think that the discerning reader can gain something from reading Castaneda, much as one can learn a lot from reading allegories like **Gulliver's Travels**, **Pilgrims' Progress**, or the **Narnia** series,



without believing they literally occurred as written. In this respect, see Walter Shelbourne's essay, "Carlos Castaneda: If It Didn't Happen, What Does It Matter?" in the **Journal of Humanistic Psychology** (1987, vol. 27, no. 2, pp. 217-227.)

Let's look at the books themselves.

The Teachings of don Juan. Synopsis: don Juan teaches Carlos that a seeker after knowledge acquires an ally through experiencing "non-ordinary states of reality," which are produced by hallucinogenic plants. During a five-year period, Carlos has several encounters with the powers inherent in "Mescalito" (peyote), "devil's weed" (datura), and the "Little smoke" (certain psilocybe mushrooms). Each plant requires different time-consuming processes of preparation and ritual ingestion which must be followed precisely to avert disaster. Each ally has a different personality. Carlos meets beings who personify Mescalito and "answer" personal questions in visions. Datura also leads to visionary answers, but can intoxicate the seeker with power. The little smoke seems to strengthen without the seduction of power, but, of the three substances, it terrorizes Carlos through questioning his sense of reality the most. Carlos successfully fights a sorcerer who seeks to "steal" Carlos' soul, but terminates the apprenticeship from fear. A "structural analysis" in anthropological terms (it is thick going) completes the book.

Particularly in light of Castaneda's subsequent books, I do *not* see **Teachings** as an instruction manual or encouragement to psychedelic drugs. Don Juan makes clear that the substances

he discusses must be approached only in a particular way, under experienced guidance, and after long preparation to fortify the seeker's spirit. My own feeling is that anyone who uses **Teachings** as a literal how-to manual is asking for a quick trip to the emergency room.

Teachings actually seems to be a discourse on how knowledge is sought. I was impressed by the repeated emphasis on how the path to knowledge is difficult and dangerous, requiring an unbending will and pure intent. Don Juan often teaches how conventional assumptions of reality can blind one to knowledge. Perhaps the most memorable part of the book is don Juan's discourse on the four enemies of the seeker of knowledge: 1) Fear, 2) the false security one gains from Clarity, 3) the seduction of Power, and 4) Old Age.

A Separate Reality: Further Conversations with don Juan.

Synopsis: Castaneda reenters his apprenticeship. Don Juan, who clowns a lot more in this book, focuses his remarks on the importance of "seeking" — that is, on perceiving the usual hidden essence of objects in the world. Castaneda meets other people in don Juan's circle of family and friends, notably don Juan's grandson, Lucio, and the sorcerer don Genaro.

Here again, the ideas are more important than the drug experiences or the events themselves. Don Juan attempts throughout the book to instill in Castaneda the attitudes that go into being a warrior. This includes a constant consciousness of the imminence and inevitability of one's death, a confrontation that reads like an unyielding, blunt existentialist manifesto. In addition, the warrior engages in "controlled folly": in the face of what don Juan sees as the futility of all action, the warrior *chooses* to act as though actions are meaningful.

I do not swallow this whole. In particular, I have difficulty accepting the extreme detachment don Juan advocates, in which he was able to treat even the sudden death of his own son with imperturbable equanimity. However, reading this as allegorical overstatement rather than as a body of dogma, I find something useful in the notion of *responsibility* which permeates this book: responsibility for deciding what will be one's central principles and meanings in life, responsibility for recognizing the illusions of what are so often considered "important" by those around us, responsibility for accepting or rejecting the search for "something else besides tequila to make...life satisfying" (p. 65).

Journey to Ixtlan: The Lessons of don Juan. Synopsis: Part One of this book constitutes a thorough re-interpretation of everything that had occurred in Castaneda's apprenticeship up until now. In a sense, this is what got "left out" of Castaneda's earlier books from his purportedly voluminous fieldnotes. Psychotropic plants are only one avenue for learning what don Juan was trying to teach (and maybe not the best avenue, Castaneda seems to hint.) The seventeen chapters of this part each constitute a sort of lesson in some principle of looking at the world that defines the warrior/sorcerer's outlook. (The three chapters of Part Two describe how Castaneda's apprenticeship derails again, temporarily.)

Especially notable among these lessons are the concepts of "erasing personal history," "being inaccessible," and "disrupting the routines of life." Drugs simply play no part in don Juan's teachings at this point; what *does* occur is a kind of mental training that de-emphasizes one's personal quirks,

appetites and desires, and which maximizes openness to the totality of experience, to the world as it is rather than as our preconceptions make it.

Here again, I find allegorical overstatement rather than a literal program. A complete "erasure" of personal history would make it impossible for me to get another job; however, de-emphasizing one's personal melodrama is a legitimate and useful tactic in personal development. And I find don Juan's definition of "inaccessibility" (perhaps a poorly chosen term) to be profoundly practical:

"To be inaccessible means that you touch the world around you sparingly. You don't eat five quail; you eat one. You don't damage the plants just to make a barbecue pit...You don't use and squeeze people until they have shriveled to nothing, especially the people you love." (p. 69).

Next time: The rest of the Castaneda oeuvre.



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He's Gone — Remembering Abbie Hoffman

by Al Giordano

"You cannot have social revolution, you cannot have change without the young. You simply can't do it. The young have to be there. They have to assume their place because the young have the creativity, they have the energy, they have the impatience. That's what you need."

Abbie Hoffman
1936-1989

Abbie Hoffman went from shouting, in the '60's, "Don't trust anyone over thirty," to kidding, in the '80's, "Don't trust anyone *under* thirty," as he traveled the campus lecture circuit in recent years as an unrepentant *revolutionary*, challenging students to take control of the future, labeling our colleges and universities "hotbeds of rest." But the scolding came from a man who, more than anyone else of his generation, worked tirelessly to pass on his legacy to young people.

Almost as if to provide punctuation to his life, proof that what he taught us about the power of young people was truth, millions of Chinese citizens have suddenly rallied behind the youth of their country — a nation with one-quarter of the earth's residents — to chase the same shining dream Abbie chased: a dream called Democracy.

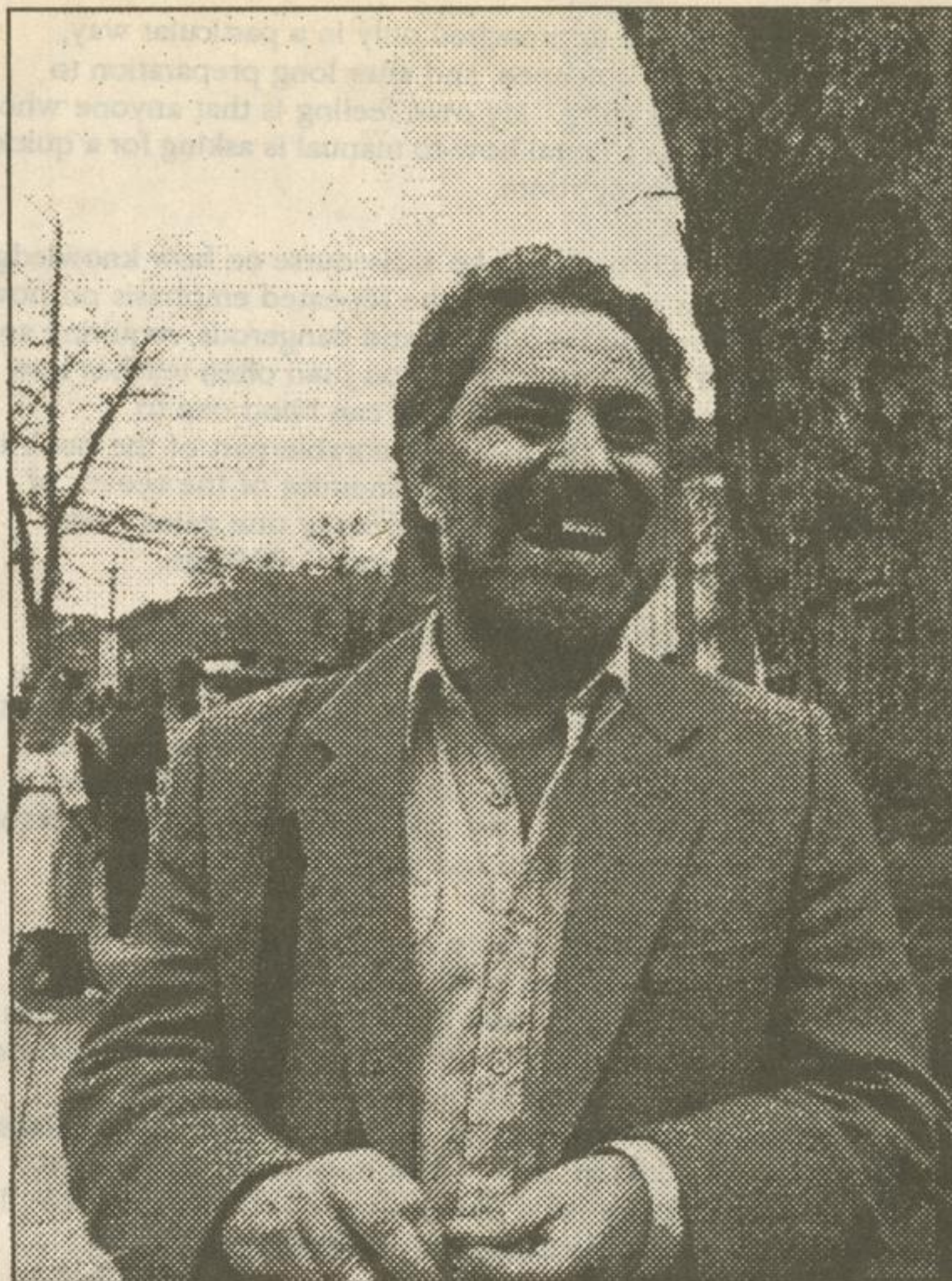
We have lost someone irreplaceable in Abbie, who was found lifeless on his Solebury, Pennsylvania bed during the sunset of April 12. Six days later, the coroner ruled it a suicide. Abbie was captain of his own ship. He did everything on his own terms, including die.

He was a friend of mine. But his loss will leave a gaping black hole for many, including millions around the world who never met him, except when he entered their living rooms through the television set, pioneering a new method of guerilla warfare on the electronic battlefield of the mass media.

Even in death, he reaches through that looking glass, gazing out from the cover of **People** Magazine, the red, white and blue ghost at every checkout counter in America, shouting, "buy me, steal me, take me, I'm yours."

"The kid gave all he had," Father Bernard Gilgun told the tearful mourners at Abbie's hometown funeral on April 19, in Worcester, Massachusetts. For over two decades of his life, Abbie wrestled with a condition known as manic-depression. His thunder-and-lightningbolt creative streak was balanced by lonely, terrifying — and sometimes suicidal — plunges into his depressive depths.

People notes that on the wall of Abbie's modest country apartment there was a Grateful Dead poster. I know it well: The skeleton minuteman, with a guitar for a musket with the words "twenty years so far." Yet it would probably be stretching the truth to call Abbie a *Deadhead*, as he attended but two shows in two decades. The first was in August, 1969, at a mythic event now imprinted on the international psyche as Woodstock. Abbie wrote the book **Woodstock Nation**, which he



called a "talk-rock album," in a five-day jag immediately following the event. In it he told the story of the politics of the event, which would be surgically removed from the movie, the album and the corporate mythology generated by the so-called three days of peace and music — twenty years ago today.

Nonetheless, Abbie respected, and identified with, the Dead. In his later years, as he looked around the baron landscape of the eighties, he found new compatriots who, like he, refused to give up, burn out or sell out. Abbie believed in what Jerry Garcia calls "misfit power": that no matter what disorders or excuses we each function under, each of us can make a difference, even history. Abbie's epic odyssey proved him to be right.

As one of the Chicago Eight (eight, not seven!), he had been charged with conspiracy to incite a riot during the 1968 Democratic National Convention, for organizing protests against the war in Vietnam. Abbie was largely responsible for transforming the already blossoming but often apolitical (or *anti-political*) youth culture into a potent political force against the war. His 1971 best-seller, **Steal This Book**, advocated a better means of exchange than the almighty dollar. Over two million copies would be sold or stolen.

Abbie was neither a product of the sixties nor the nostalgic anachronism some members of the news media tried to make him out to be. Before the popular explosion of hallucinogenic drugs, the sexual revolution, free speech and the emergence of the counter-culture, he could be found on the dusty brown dirt of the Mississippi back roads of the southern civil rights

Al Giordano, a staff writer for the **Valley Advocate** in Western Massachusetts, was a pal and protege of Abbie Hoffman's, and his authorized biographer.

movement. In the desolate '70's, when the anti-establishment movements crashed, and others of lesser character sold out to join the greedy grab for money, Abbie kept fighting for what he believed was right. "I have never thought of myself as anything more than a good community organizer," he once said. "It's just that the Vietnam war made the community a little larger."

When, in 1979, Abbie was diagnosed as a manic-depressive, he had every excuse, and plenty of advice, to give up his quest to make a better world. He had been underground for more than five years, a most wanted and famous fugitive, facing a mandatory 15-to-life sentence under New York state's Rockefeller drug laws. He had been arrested by then over 40 times for political acts.

He was a great organizer. I believe he was the best. In the late '70's, while living underground under the alias of Barry Freed, he led a campaign to save the St. Lawrence River, bordering Upstate New York and Ontario, from a multi-billion dollar threat of environmental destruction by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. He won.

Abbie and I worked together over the years on a number of organizing projects: to save the Great Lakes, to stop nuclear waste shipments from coming in from Canada, to stop the diversion of the Delaware River for a nuclear reactor owned by the Philadelphia Electric Company.

In 1984, he paid my way to Nicaragua, and we traveled

through that war-torn country surveying the damage done in the name of our government. We walked through the rubble of the giant oil tanks of Corinto, which had been bombed by our C.I.A. We met the leaders of the Nicaraguan revolution: "see how young they are," he kept reminding me. It was a revolution won by teenagers and generals in their twenties.

Over the years, he traveled the campus lecture circuit, urging hundreds of thousands of young people to take back our country, which in our apathy we left to the big business scum who are destroying the earth and its inhabitants. Exxon's oil-coating of the last frontier that is Alaska and the rapid burning of the rainforests are painful proof that Abbie was right. Time is running out.

More than anyone else of his generation, he respected youth. He invested in us. He leaves behind many young proteges and students to whom he passed on his secrets of how to make political change. He also leaves a legacy of nine books chronicling some of the stages of development of this hero with a thousand faces as he pushed the outside of the envelope. His 1980 autobiography, **Soon To Be A Major Motion Picture**, written while he was underground, changed my way of thinking about politics, about organizing, about revolution, about life.

In November of 1986, he was arrested at the University of Massachusetts campus in Amherst during a protest of C.I.A. recruitment. Among his co-defendants was Amy Carter. The following spring, they put the C.I.A. on trial, bringing expert

continued on next page

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He's Gone — Remembering Abbie Hoffman

continued from previous page

witnesses to the stand: a former C.I.A. agent, a former contra, a former U.S. attorney general, all of whom testified to the crimes the C.I.A. still commits against innocent people around the world.

It was, according to the district attorney, "a middle-American jury." Abbie acted as his own attorney. His final words to the jury were that a verdict of innocent would say, "Young people, don't give up hope. If you participate, the future is yours."

The jurors agreed. They found Abbie and the others not guilty by reason of necessity: their actions were necessary to prevent the greater crime of C.I.A. recruitment.

A few months later, Abbie returned to Bucks County, Pennsylvania, where we had won a 1983 referendum to stop the Delaware River pumping project. We had won the battle, fair and square, the American way, at the ballot box, defeating a \$1.2 million utility-funded campaign with just \$60,000 and a dedicated army of citizen activists. But the war was lost when the courts overturned the stated will of the people, and construction of the pump was to begin again.

There, in the fertile crescent of Democracy, the Delaware Valley where Washington crossed on Christmas Eve, where "in Franklin's tower there hangs a bell," big money won out over the democratic will of the people. Democracy died in its own cradle. As **7 Days** magazine in New York noted in its May 17 issue, it was Abbie Hoffman's last stand.

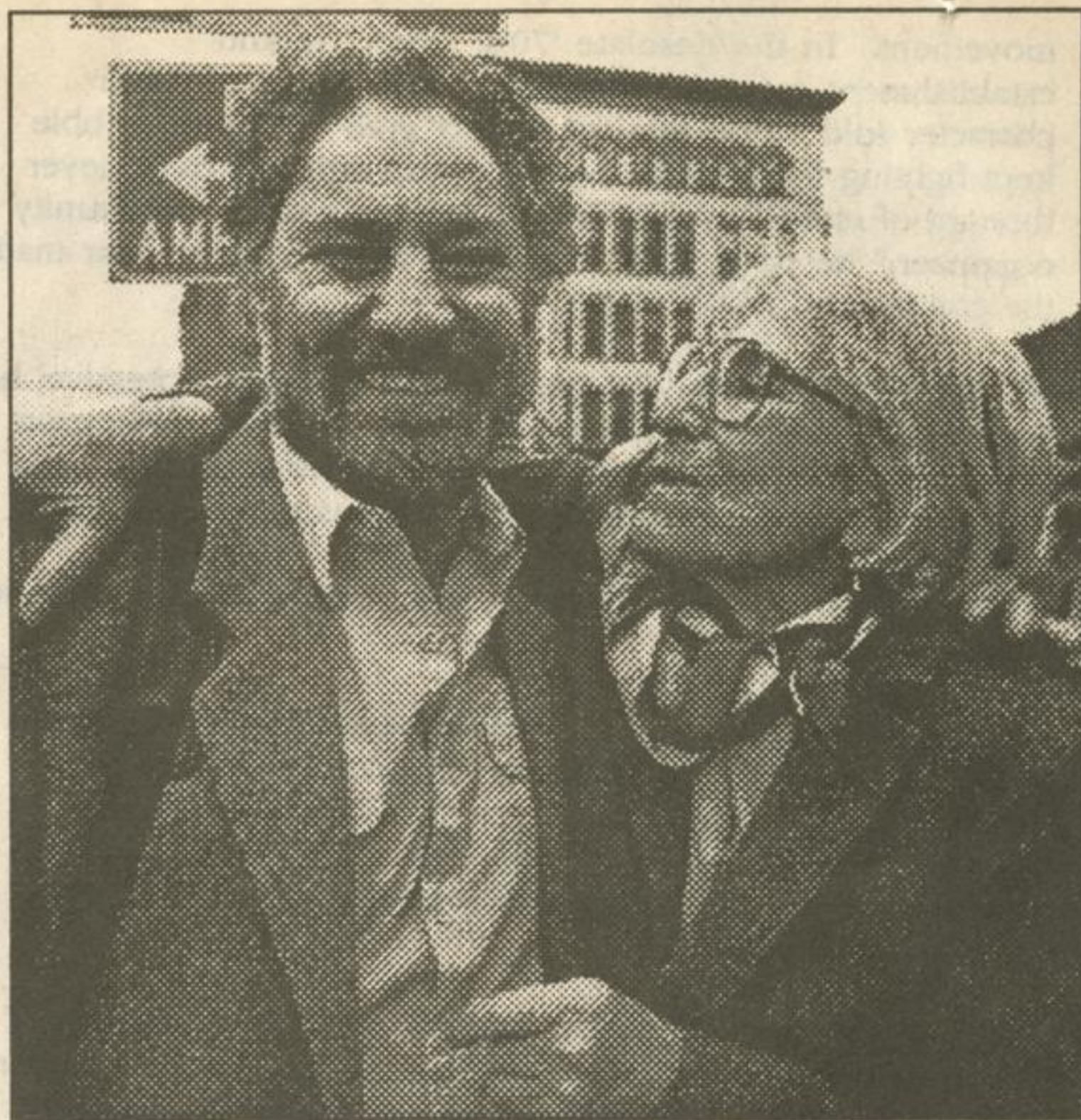
THAT SUMMER I GAVE ABBIE a ticket to see the Grateful Dead with Bob Dylan, on Friday, July 10 at JFK Stadium in Philadelphia. It would be his first show in 18 years. And his last.

We entered the stadium, an ancient coliseum compared to the modern arenas next door at the Spectrum and the baseball park that is home to the Phillies. Abbie wore a tie-dyed shirt that probably was twenty years old. It was torn and had the words "eat the rich" scrawled on it. Oh well, a touch of grey kind of suited him anyway.

After starting a discussion on mycology that would continue throughout the melting night, Abbie, our friends from the pump fight, and I marched en masse to the center of the comfortable grass field. Ever the organizer, Abbie had brought a twenty-five foot banner that proclaimed "DUMP THE PUMP." He disappeared from the grassy knoll, and within minutes had tied the banner to the top of the bleachers for all to see. Abbie spent most of the afternoon and evening urging all who approached him to attend an anti-pump rally later in the month up in Point Pleasant, Pennsylvania.

It was a stellar show in a terrific venue. The stadium curved up to the heavens like a huge oval satellite dish. The band played a complete two sets worth of songs without a break, all one set. This became evident when, after what seemed to be a full and hard-driving first set, Garcia invoked the pleasure of the gods in a shamanistic guitar blitz between "China Cat Sunflower" and "I Know You Rider."

"Are you really Abbie Hoffman?" these hippies kept asking him. "My mom met you in '68." Abbie really didn't get to



Abbie and his mother

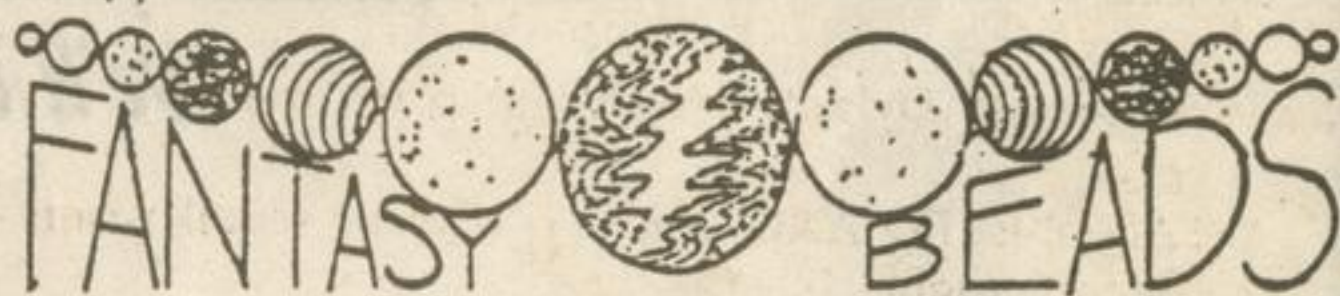
listen to much of the music, instead taking each conversation as an opportunity to recruit folks for the "Dump the Pump" battle. "Are we doing it right?" one young fellow asked him.

"Doing what?" Abbie responded.

"Freaking out, like in the sixties. Are we freaking out right?"

Abbie, who always took a dim view of nostalgia politics, looked puzzled. He put his finger to his chin, and smiled, rolling his eyes for the benefit of those of us who watched this bizarre exchange. "Not exactly," he told the youth. "Step a little to the left."

The tie-dyed questioner took a step to his left.



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"Hold that pose," Abbie laughed. "That's IT. That's exactly how we did it in the sixties."

A little befuddled, the youth shrugged his shoulders and disappeared back into the crowd.

BOB DYLAN hit the stage backed by the Dead, and roared into "Tangled Up In Blue." We rose to our feet and danced. The sun had just set, and the daytime had dispersed in a thousand colors. Dylan sang "I lived with her on Montague Street, in a basement down the stair, there was music in the cafes at night..."

Abbie and I fixed our gazes upon each other and howled, "AND REVOLUTION IN THE AIR!" I realized then what meaning these songs, some of them, must have had to him, as Dylan strummed his 1963 anti-war classic "John Brown." When you are standing next to history, the words and music seem that much more oracular.

"Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake," sang Bob Dylan, "tolling for the luckless, the abandoned and forsaken, tolling for the outcast burning constantly at stake, and we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing..."

AND THERE WAS ABBIE, swinging back and forth to the rhythm, the one who never gave up, the chime that never stopped ringing. I knew I would never forget this day in Philadelphia with a friend who perhaps was the Liberty Bell personified, a little worn, a little cracked, but making history, proudly sounding the alarm to we who slumber.

Now he's gone.

"THERE IS NO GREATER HIGH," Abbie wrote while on the run, "than challenging the power structure as a nobody, giving it your all, and winning. Revolution is not something fixed in ideology, nor is it something fashioned to a particular decade. It is a perpetual process imbedded in the human spirit. When all today's *isms* have become yesterday's ancient philosophy, there will still be reactionaries, and there will still be revolutionaries. No amount of rationalization can avoid the moment of choice each of us brings to our situation here on the planet."

The final lines of Dylan's song sum up my memory of Abbie:

"STARRY-EYED AND LAUGHING as I recall when
we were caught
Trapped by no track of hours for they hanged
suspended
As we listened one last time an' we watched with one
last look
Spellbound an' swallowed til the tolling ended
Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be
nursed
For the countless confused, accused, misused, strung-
out ones and worse
An' for every hung-up person in this whole wide
universe
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

ABBIE WOULD HAVE LOVED to see them marching for Democracy in China, in Russia, in Poland, in Panama... The question is, when will we start marching for Democracy in the United States of America? Honor Abbie, not with nostalgia, but with Revolution. ◇

Musings on George Bush's Inauguration

by David Burn

The Americans have landed
in a city clean
as fresh vacuumed shag
in the split level they left
back in Bethesda, and Naperville, and Devon.

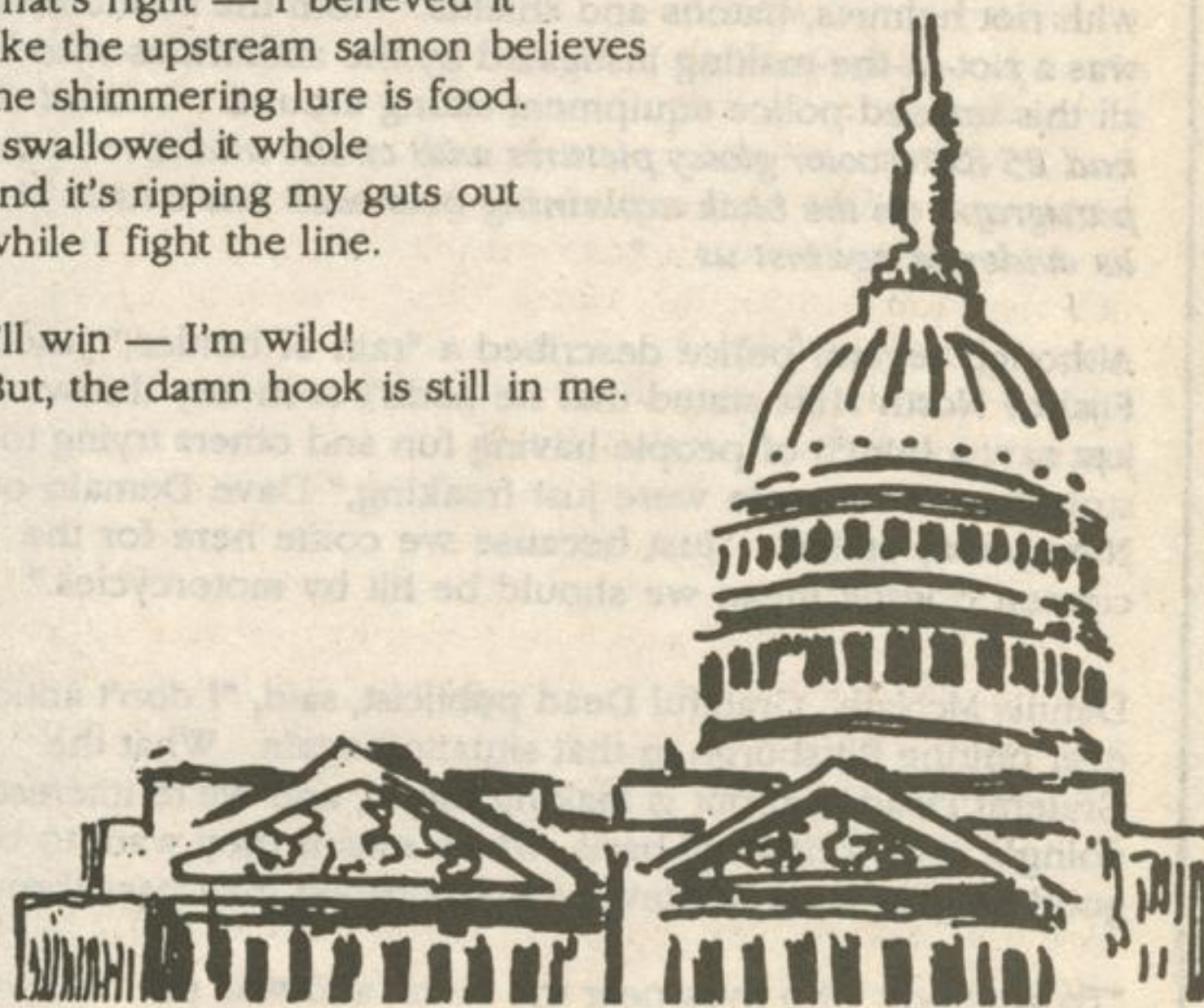
The Americans are here
to glimpse their model boy,
buoyant with support of the people.
People who believe in America.
Why shouldn't they believe?
The view from their
lazy chair Magnavox central air starched food Superbowl
life affirms their right
to be an American.

But, it makes me uneasy.
Riding the Metro with painting faces,
carcasses of furry beasts draped
on women who are trapped, but do not feel it.
And fathers proud
to drag
the kids into the splendor
of power and riches,
the golden calf sacrifice
on America's altar.

This onslaught is too weird
in Washington. In Washington
where Anglos are the minority.
So it puts me off-balance
this invasion of foreigners
who see me as the alien. Me
who grew up in their Wonder bread world
tuned to Mr. Rogers
It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood.
It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood.

I guess the problem is
I took it all too seriously,
you know,
that second grade shuffle
about life/liberty/the pursuit of happiness.
That's right — I believed it
like the upstream salmon believes
the shimmering lure is food.
I swallowed it whole
and it's ripping my guts out
while I fight the line.

I'll win — I'm wild!
But, the damn hook is still in me.



THINGS ARE GONNA GET STRANGER...

Crazy, Crazy Nights in Pittsburgh

by Brian Cullen

After hearing all the horror stories and reading the news clips from the April 3 and 4 editions of *The Pittsburgh Press* regarding the Grateful Dead shows at the Civic Arena, one can only wonder: "Who's jerking whom?" The city police arrested a total of 55 people at the two shows, 32 the first night, mostly for public intoxication, and towed 47 alleged illegally parked vehicles surrounding the arena. Many of the towed vehicles had clothing, food and tents in them, and according to Police Officer Miriam Lucarelli of the Traffic Division: "If they were living inside of the vans and cars, they're in a world of trouble now."

A plate glass door at an arena entrance shattered as fans pressed against it prior to the scheduled start of the show. As most of us know, arenas have numerous gates available, yet the venues choose to use only a few in order to save manpower and money. This only increases the stress on the open gates and the people going through them.

Pittsburgh's Public Safety Director, Glenn Cannon, said he is "leaning very heavily" against issuing permits for future Dead shows. Considering Pittsburgh's hospitality and riot-prone mentality, who cares? With their depressed economy, who loses? Mr. Cannon also stated, "There's a tremendous taxpayer expense to even secure this event. Most of these people are from out-of-town. I think it's unfair to ask local people to foot the bill for this." It would be interesting to see how much the promoter, venue and area establishments made from the concerts. It's agreed, litter at shows is a huge problem, but it's a two-way problem. Were there enough trash cans in the first place? Are there ever?

Police briefly clashed with about 500 people outside the arena Monday night in what the Police Chief said, "Could've turned into a riot..." *Could have...*? The Public Safety Department deployed 30 officers to the arena and called in an additional 30 that formed a "skirmish line" stretched down the middle of Auditorium Place between the arena and the parking lot. The motorcycle division was dispatched. Reinforcements arrived from throughout the city, including the Emergency Response Team Van containing riot helmets and batons. The Allegheny County Sheriff's Office also sent a dozen deputies equipped with riot helmets, batons and shields. From the sound of it, it was a riot-in-the-making instigated by the authorities who had all this unused police equipment sitting around. "...And they had 25 8x10 color glossy pictures with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back explaining how each one was to be used as evidence against us..."

Although several police described a "rain of bottles," Jason Fijal of North Hills stated that he hadn't seen any thrown. "I just saw a bunch of people having fun and others trying to stop them." "People were just freaking," Dave Demaio of New Jersey stated. "Just because we come here for the concert doesn't mean we should be hit by motorcycles."

Dennis McNally, Grateful Dead publicist, said, "I don't anticipate ever putting Pittsburgh in that situation again. What the Grateful Dead is about is making music, and we're interested in doing it on a long-term basis, which means they want to be good neighbors to whatever neighborhood they pass through.

"To anybody who lives near the arena and was put out, we

apologize, because we work very hard to avoid that. Ninety-nine and one-half percent of our audience are the kind you wouldn't mind having in your town." And as reported in the *Fennario Trader*, "Pittsburgh...what to say, as time and time again we are thrown out of a city by the seat of our Gypsy pants. Unfortunately, they weren't ready for 'Deadland,' and they overcompensated for the first night's minimal security (apparently they only had eight cops working the first night) by bringing in the National Guard and the SWAT teams, complete with riot gear and motorcycles with sidecars for the second evening. And they wonder why there were 'problems.' I know if I had been outside instead of inside for that show, I wouldn't have needed to be high to get panicked at the sight of these gruesome law enforcement officers on parade..."

It was later disclosed that the Pittsburgh Civic Arena neglected to inform the Police Department of the expected crowds the Dead bring prior to the show, so the police were really caught off guard. However, that doesn't excuse their over-reacting and creating a battle zone. Not for nothing, the Dead crowd is virtually known as a non-violent group — it's just a **large** one. In Ann Arbor, where the shows were run by students and no police uniforms were visible, there were no problems.

With rowdiness and arrests becoming common at shows, one must also consider the physical and verbal abuse that has been directed for years at Deadheads who are cooperative and polite. The security forces at many venues have assumed the role of the enforcer and periodically "beat the shit" out of people who even talk back... Certain *DDN* staff members remember all too well the treatment they received at the Meadowlands not too long ago. This does not negate the fact that there is that one-half percent who are ruining it for all of us, and not only on the East Coast — big time trouble went down at the Irvine shows last month. There were helicopters and police everywhere. The Associated Press said: "City officials fed up with unruly Grateful Dead fans and drug use at weekend concerts said they will try to ban future appearances by the rock band.

"About 100 people were arrested during concerts Friday, Saturday, and Sunday for various offenses, mostly involving drug possession, police said..."

"Hundreds of fans turned up without tickets to see the sold-out concert Saturday. Police declared an emergency and called in reinforcements from other cities when about 100 fans tried to storm the Irvine Meadows amphitheater, which seats about 15,000 people.

"Several officers were hit with flying objects, but no one was seriously hurt, Sgt. Steve Olson said. 'They were a mob out of control,' said City Councilman Cameron Cosgrove. Dennis McNally, manager for the Grateful Dead, said Monday he saw no problems. 'The Grateful Dead is a large and sometimes rambunctious traveling circus, and we work hard to make sure the things we do are in the spirit of good neighbors,' McNally said. 'When it fails, we try to make it better...' This was the first time something like this ever happened in California — the Dead's home turf.

Just remember, "When life looks like easy street, there *is* danger at your door..." No matter what town that door may be located in. ◇

TRUCKIN' TO HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS Whole Earth Music

by David Meltzer

Space. Encompassing all. Surrounding the tiniest atom and the mightiest star. Formlessness separating, yet permeating. That which contains all. Beyond perception, beyond comprehension. Timeless, yet embracing time. Empty, yet full of everything. The entire universe in a grain of sand and eternity in a moment, said William Blake. Space.

The Grateful Dead. Ah, the Grateful Dead. They look like a rock 'n roll band. They act like a rock 'n roll band. They sound like a rock 'n roll band, and yet... In Vol. II, Issue 4 of **Dupree's Diamond News**, Mickey Hart is quoted as saying, "The band is not in the music business. We stopped being in the music business long ago. We are in the transportation business." Well, if they're not in the music business, then why do they come to town with all that sound equipment? And if they're in the transportation business, then who are they transporting? To where?

Part of the beauty of Grateful Dead music is that it is a synthesis of the eclectic interests and backgrounds of the musicians. Jerry came from a folk and bluegrass scene. Phil studied classical music in college. Mickey is a student of ethno-musicology. Pig-Pen was a bluesman to his soul. All of them were growing up and playing when Elvis was crowned King and the Beatles changed the world. The music of the Grateful Dead, while transcending any musical form I've ever heard, carries within it an infusion of a remarkable number of musical traditions.

Most contemporary Western music, on the other hand, is rather limited in the scope of the types of expression it can carry. The music of George Winston and Stephen Halpern, for example, is heavenly and sublime; the music of James Brown and The Rolling Stones is earthy and tough. The former can be ethereal and subtle, the latter brash and loud. Well and good. But can you imagine Mick Jagger singing sweet songs to rock your soul? Can you imagine George Winston composing a piece that expresses what it feels like to have your number one occupation be stealing women from their men?

This is not intended as criticism, for these musical forms are fine as they are. In terms of being in the "transportation business," however, I'm not so sure. Because when Mick and Keith's bus goes by, you know it's on its way to cop drugs, or to a whorehouse. When the Windham Hill bus travels past, it's probably on its way to a crystal convention, or to Shirley Maclaine's house.

My point is that most modern Western musical vehicles are limited and predictable. You know what sort of experience they'll communicate, and you know what sort of experience they won't touch. Again, this is perfectly understandable and reasonable. Different music for different moods. George Winston when you're having a candlelight rendezvous with your sweetie, James Brown after your not-so-sweetie steals your money and runs away with your best friend. But if you want to travel, to be transported, you must be willing to leave the plans, schedules, and pre-determined destinations behind.

Whole Earth music, a term I have created, is music spacious enough to contain all of life's experiences. Its form is such that it can give voice to the entire spectrum of human thought



Brian Cullen

and feeling. Whatever life can communicate, whole earth music can express. It does not set out to travel to the kingdom of mellow, the circle of sensuality, or anywhere else. It is music which explores, which questions, which probes, which raises energies and allows them to be delivered. In a good classical Indian raga, for instance, the listener can experience the roaring blaze of fiery sexuality, as well as the worshipful fervor of the devotee of God. Whole earth music does not attempt to deny any aspect of life. It is a vehicle for life. It is life! With whole earth music, when you get on the bus, you don't know where you're going to end up. And if the tank is full and the driver's steady, the journey may well pass through hell's agony, heaven's ecstasy, and back again.

The Grateful Dead, in my mind, create one of the most accessible musical forms, having the space to contain within it the whole earth, the experiences to be had on this planet. This doesn't mean it's always pretty, this doesn't mean we'll always be transported where we want to go. Sounds a lot like life! It means that the switchboard is open, and whatever life needs, expression may be voiced. We hold no secrets here. Be it the prayers of the pious or the moans of the condemned, the celebration of the victor or the despair of the conquered, whole earth music will provide the orchestration. And the Grateful Dead, for better or for worse, are an extraordinary vehicle to ride in while the whole earth sings of the majesty and poverty of its experience as it travels through space. ◇

Dr. Don's Corner of Phun and Deadhead Dreams

by Doctor Don

Deaditor's Note: Can it be that those who know history are truly doomed to repeat it? Those of you who were lucky enough to catch the Phurst Church of Phun on tour this Spring may very well have experienced the closest thing to a TRIPS FESTIVAL that the East Coast has seen in 20 years.

The Phurst Church of Phun (held only as a private ritual until recently) is a multi-sensory, multi-disciplinary circus celebrating the fine art of surrealistic improvisation. Created by graduates of the Acid Tests, it has been expanded by a new generation of East Coast PHUNDamentalists into a full-blown multi-media experience featuring live music, a light show, an immense sound system with open microphones, and state-of-the-art sound effects, contact-improved dance and even FUNNY HEAVEN! Phurst Church has become a testament as to how high we can get without LSD.

Like many other transformational rituals, Phurst Church offers the initiate the opportunity to experience first-hand a great variety of non-ordinary states of consciousness. This is accomplished by "surrendering oneself to total chaos." Eventually from within this chaos, there begins to emerge a strangely beautiful sense of order. It's this same sense of order that often attracts folks to the Grateful Dead, and it's also this sense of order that emerged in both the acid tests and the new science of FRACTALS.

The following "word jam" you are about to read is a good example of the sort of weird in-the-moment zen anarchy that actually occurs at Church. Take it as living proof that the same strange and wonderful spirit which visited Neal Cassidy and friends 25 years ago can still be summoned today.

For those of you who are interested in finding out more about The Phurst Church of Phun and its fall tour schedule, send a SASE to DDN-Phurst Church, P.O. Box 3603, New York, NY 10185.

"Towards the fun!"...

To my readers: For those of you unfamiliar with my column, a series of exchanges have occurred in *Dupree's Diamond News* concerning the documentation of dreams pertaining to and concerning the Grateful Dead. **Please, Keep 'em coming!!!** Before we get to this issue's dream submission, let us follow our hero as he peruses the greatest outdoors, the outer enclosures of his confines — is it a dream, or is it space exploration?

Our hero knows no bounds of limitless imagination. His universe is the outer page. The back side. The spaces between the letters. He has explored infinite realms of mystical creativity, yet there are still new adventures. Even his most recent sojourns only fuel the desire for "further" exploration. His vessel, like yours, is a powerful, fine-crafted product of mythical engineering. Come with him now, on a voyage to the limitless outer reaches:

True Confessions in the Vacuum of Space: It was quiet now. The nun meandered around the estuary. Fingering her little love beads, she suddenly became violent and careened a "four-digit elephant" across the floor. So ingenious was the mirage, that the beast wept. The whole scenario was so eloquently planned. The mastermind: "Wizard Smelt," king of the interplanetary universe.

While he's not practicing, Dr. Don is really Alexis Muellner, a Public Radio producer living in Philadelphia.



John Schlafer

"Wizard Smelt," is known far and wide throughout our galaxy for the manufacture of toe-jam. Back in the days when he was but a young embryo, he developed a brain-child. This miraculous achievement would halt the progress of mankind. A secret synthetic process was invented, known today to all but a few of those wise and crafty toe-jam aficionados. Unfortunately, to those in the xenophobic solar system, the plans were leaked. But what remains is a special type of cross figured sub-particle machinery, developed under the guidance and direction of Ms. Bobbi Fleckman of Far Rockaway, Queens, New York.

Because of her consultancy, Bobbi Fleckman found the time to shop. She finally located just the right insense. "Oooohh," she said, "Voodoo sub-basement musk!" Now she could finally have all the smell-parties she ever wanted. She called up all the other Far Rockaway housewives she knew. Ginny Stienhoffstienhoffsmayer came over immediately. She claimed her cousin Happy had recently purchased the film rights to another favorite fragrance, "Sandalwood." Suddenly, from eight flights above the smell-party, a 10 gallon jar of mustard smashed over the coffee table. Her finest china was shattered in a crystal-yellow mess. The trajectory allowed fragmentary mustard to penetrate their kneecaps. Luckily, Bobbi Fleckman, who was aware these events could occur at any time, was wearing the proper protection. A condiment rubber.

There seems to be a new sexual practice on the streets. Deep amidst a poorly educated, pregnant, under-class addicted to crack, lies a cult of neo-nimpho-perversed cold cut inhalers. It is too damn nasty to even think about. No foreplay — no titilizing — just sheer unadulterated Bologna. And for those who chew the jagged edges, there's the mischievous Mortadella, and the luscious Olive Loaf, and the dastardly Tongue Spread.

Gino sat and thought long and hard. That luncheon meat really hit the spot but it wasn't helping. The answers, which had been streaming out all day long had suddenly gone dry. The

equation was so simple. The quagmire so apparent. Still, it wasn't coming. He even tried a half-hour spin, high heat, inside the dryers at the local laundromat. An hour licking dust. A half a day snorting bacon fat. Reading "Mein Kampf" backwards. He attempted a shift working the drivethru lane at "Taco Bell." He shoveled Giraffe excrement slated for processing into Monkey Chow. He scrubbed monkey crap, and scraped up the residue to be made into Ferret chow. He served Ferret chunks to unsuspecting "Roy Rogers" patrons. He replaced toilet paper rolls in the gastro-intestinal ward at General Hospital. When in an instant, it appeared. Shimmering brilliantly in the counter-clockwise spin of the last flush. That fateful cylinder, that unlikely cone of rehydrogenated sulfates. A fresh roll of Liverwurst!

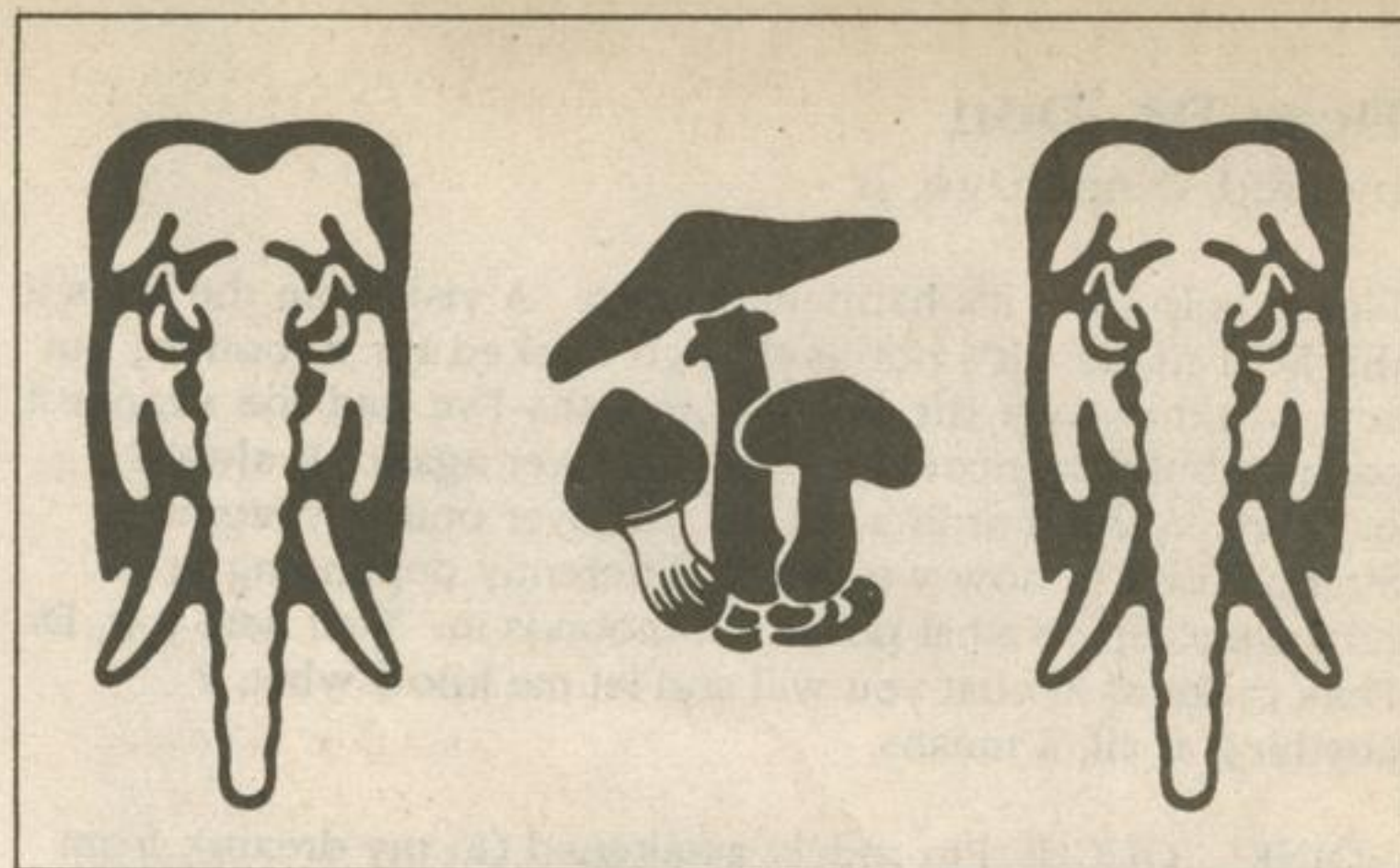
The waitress smiled. "How about a Love Burger with a side of Peace, hold the mayo?" I thought she had quite an infectious look about her, but when she finally grinned, I knew she wasn't my type. "What'll it be?" Stalling, waiting, ducking direct eye-contact, I needed just a moment or two longer to attain the proper prototype. "What specials do you have?" I queried. "We gots da extra-virgin ripe Livawurst on a shingle for eleven nite-y five," she said. She was starting to become edgy. "We gots da Unusual African Peanut Chicken mumbo-jumbo-gumbo for eight nite-y five, and we got da Random Fried protein Matter." My heart rate was up. My arms began to tingle. "Well, what'll eet be, ya beeg Mudda Fudda?!!?" My buttocks became erect, my toes burst from my hiking boots, my eyes bulged from their retinas. Wiping the dew from my chin, I said calmly, "I'll have the Random Fried Protein Matter, please."

The canned goods came before the entrée. Creamed corn. Braised organic water chestnut bras and deep-fried lingerie. An ammonia dietary supplement. And then, the main course. On a white-linen covered dolly, three waiters wheeled out the dish, steam rising above and behind the procession. A huge stainless steel cover concealed its identity to the guests, who drooled incessantly. In a flurry of fanfare, Marie Osmond burst from the emergency exit holding an envelope. She stepped up to the roster. "Here to present the main course, is none other than that faithful pedigree, television's favorite canine of the silver screen, the original, that riveting Collie breed, I present to you, "Lassie." The guests were on their feet. A rousing applause filled the room. The frail Dog-Star emerged and began to unveil the entrée. When without warning, the entire planet was blown out of orbit and the fuses blew. My grape juice spilled in my crotch. All I wanted was the Random Fried Protein Matter with a little American sauce, and what do I get?! The end of the world as we know it. Time to get the check.

"American sauce, American sauce," just what the hell is it? "Catsup," "Ketchup" on "Catch-up" was an even better question. Just as long as the elephant doesn't find out you used "Miracle Whip," cause they hold grudges.

Some nuns carried their elephants to bed. There they caressed their trunks. Most of the elephants walked around with everything out. Round about the same week every year, the entire crew of sisters would develop an incurable urge to mate with members of the Woolly Mammoth species.

Deep in the cracks and crevices of my holy un-Catholic parched throat lay several nest-eggs of information. The first segment was tempered with a banana-like flavor, mingling ever so gently with the aroma of fog. The second adventure was wrought with misunderstanding and guilt, the kind



manufactured wholesale by Jewish mother farms. They churned them out. Kind of like a fiber laxative. Take a little "Old Shrimp" and call me in the morning. Take two aspirin and call me in six years. All you needed was sagging breasts and a terrific recipe for matzoh balls. They feed all the left-overs to their mascot. A constantly farting, over-indulgent hippo named Gregg.

The whole convent booked all the direct flights to the plains of the Serengeti. Habits were shed when they reached the arid landscape. But the Swedish pastor relented due to German chocolate cake commitments. Rumor had it that all he cared about was Bavarian coconut shavings and corn syrup appliques. I could not partake — or I would be cast into a world without the confessions of this planet, let alone any other. ◇

Next up, this issue's dream from the DDN Readers.



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P.O. Box 3603, New York, NY 10185

Dear Dr. Don

by Fred Winnebago, Jr.

Please help me...it's happened again: A visit from the boys in the REM mode. It's not as though I asked for it, honest, but several times over the last few months I've had the strangest somnambulistic encounter over and over again. It always happens in the morning, after I roll over onto my stomach. Strange, isn't it, how we dream differently depending upon how we sleep or what phase the moon is in. Well here it is, Dr. Don, make of it what you will and let me know what, if anything at all, it means.

BOINK!...OUCH! I'm rudely awakened (in my dream), from what could only have been a nasty-drug-induced stupor, by a flying metal projectile. As it bounces off my head, floating oddly away, I pick out the words, "Darkstar Beer" on its crumpled side. I glance upwards just in time to observe the source of this inconsiderate attack: Billy Kreutzmann in a cheap, crinkly, mylar jump-suit disappearing through a round doorway. As he recedes into the distance with an echoing maniacal laugh I look around me, noticing as I struggle to regain my visual focus that I'm in a horribly messy bedroom. Quite oddly there are beds, chairs and tables on every wall, even the ceiling. Looking around I notice a porthole window to my left, outside of which lies a breathtaking panorama of stars. Horror, then confusion and finally a thrilling rush of adrenaline surge through my body as I realize that I must be in some sort of space vehicle!

Unstrapping myself from bed, I am further startled to find that I am *weightless*. In an awkward daze I make my way towards the door. Cigarette butts, fat Humbolt roaches and green stems float by. At the doorway my eyes bulge... In front of me now lies a seemingly endless hallway into which I float, picking up speed as I go. As I drift, faster and faster I glance to either side, taking notice of the walls. They are lined with thousands of blue tanks labelled N₂O. I float forward at breath-taking speed for quite some time until the end of the hall begins to appear. As I near what appears to be another doorway, my body passes through a field of red laser lights! Alarms go off and the familiar "SSSSSS" of tanks unloading gas screams loudly. I am overtaken by nauseous hallucinations and lose consciousness again.

I awake once more (in my dream). I cannot move. I am encased in a blue/green electrical force-field yet I can hear, see and smell all that is going on around me. Directly below me, Billy Kreutzmann, in his mylar spacesuit, is fixing wires in the open skull of a hairless android whose face I cannot see. "Mynxmap, Kurlooop deplarmz znoop kduurr." I cannot understand what is being said but as I look up it becomes obvious that Billy is engaged in conversation with...JERRY! My God! Jerry, several yards ahead of me, is slumped in the captain's chair of what is obviously the bridge of this bizarre space craft. Jerry, like Billy, is dressed in a mylar space suit, only there are tubes coming out of every inch of his body. His beard reaches to the ground and wraps around the legs of a low table in front of him. He answers, "Klaap remmzort furmmnTAKI znoop, kaur...YAW?" in a grumpy, tired tone. On the table in front of him there is a checkerboard upon which there is a game in progress. Instead of checkers, however, there are black and red spiders! When one spider jumps spiders on the other squares it lets out a loud bark! Jerry seems to be quite concerned...his spiders are being jumped constantly.



I glance once more at Billy, who, having completed his repairs, closes up the android and tops its bald head with a long haired wig. Tilting its head up to open the android's eyes, I now notice that it "is" in fact, BRENT, and is by no coincidence seated at a shimmering plexiglass piano. Billy winds up a huge key in the Brent-droid's back and lets go. The Brent-droid plays a blindingly fast rendition of Dark Star BACKWARDS! Billy jumps up and down furiously pulling fistfull of green hair out of his head. Jerry laughs hysterically and I too understand that Billy has wound the key the wrong way.

I wonder where I am and amazingly my thoughts are projected out loud. Jerry grumbles and turns away. "Brawk, brawk, between tours, between tours," cries a metallic, robot parrot perched nearby. "Hey Jerry, what's the deal?" my thoughts project.

Turning back around he fixes his gaze on me and replies "Every five years or so, pretty much like clockwork, one of you over anxious heads fall into the equipment and get packed away by accident or see the droids being wound up and then we have no fuckin' choice but to keep you on board till we land again." "Where are you from?" I think aloud. "Mars, man, Mars...we're on assignment, you know, man, consciousness expansion, the great planetary experiment and all that jazz." I'm dumbfounded!

Jerry goes on to tell me that the Martians have been struggling for years with the Venusians over control of the experiments on Earth. The Venusians keep sending down nasty evil forces such as Kohmeini, Nixon and Herpes. The Martians counter with the likes of Tim Leary, the Grateful Dead, and the Frisbee. Jerry tells me that in a few minutes, preparations for the next tour will begin, they'll give me an amnesia pill and I'll wake up during the drums not remembering a thing.

"Just one question," I ask. "What happened to Pigpen?" "Oh, he's okay now...runs a blues bar called 'Canal 1700' back up on the big Red...couldn't take your Earth air...you see we Martians need nitrous to survive." BAHMP BAHMP BAHMP BAHMP! Sirens wail, alarms pulse, lights go off and a big electronic clock above, a sign reading TOUR COUNTDOWN starts to count backwards.

"SSSSSSSSSSSS," the familiar sound of tanks unloading gas, is outrageously loud. All of a sudden Jerry's face is very close to mine and as I begin to lose consciousness once again I can barely make out Jerry whispering in my ears; "Just remember, Freddie: ignore all Alien orders, orders, orders, orders..." ◇

EUROPE'S GREEN TINGE

by Andre Carothers

European politics are undergoing dramatic changes this year, changes that the progressively inclined in this country should at the very least be aware of, if not study for hints of what might be possible in the United States. In Germany, the Green Party is posting gains once thought highly unlikely, given the rift in the party. In France, the newly consecrated Green Party has quickly offset the resurgent right and surprised political observers of all stripes. In Italy, the ailing Communists have recast themselves as environmentalists, even to the point of considering changing their name, in order to catch the wave of Green sensibility sweeping the country.

This revolution has many sources. Thanks perhaps to the environmental disasters of the last year, and the media's new-found appreciation of things ecological, politicians of all persuasions are declaring themselves the real environmentalists. Even Margaret Thatcher, who once dismissed care for the earth as "ravings," has expressed concern about the greenhouse effect and hosted an international conference to discuss the problem. The European Parliament has reversed itself and agreed to emissions limits on cars, and the membership rosters of Greenpeace and Friends of the Earth in the United Kingdom are gaining 10,000 fresh supporters a month.

One can only be glad, of course, but it is instructive to look more carefully at the forms such enthusiasm takes. In the case of the UK, Green consumerism is the most obvious manifestation. The nation's most prominent environmental consultant, John Elkington, has emerged as a celebrity of sorts, thanks in large part to his "Green Consumer Guide," which has sold 200,000 copies. Now his phone is tied up with calls from the nation's largest companies, including British Telecom (the UK's phone company) and the country's electric utilities, asking how they can be "green." Even IBM, one corporate executive told me, has seen the light. "We are no longer Big Blue," he offered, "We're big green."

The main motivation for this mass conversion, of course, is fear. Corporate Europe is terrified that the fickle consumer will start to buy "green" and reject anything that does not meet some vague standard of ecological health. As with many such conversions, this one is governed not by altruism but expedience, and it would behoove environmentalists and consumers to try to stay one step ahead, if possible, of the supply-side juggernaut. For example: Tesco, the UK's largest grocery chain, is touting its new "environmentally friendly" line of products while still offering for sale fish from Iceland, despite the international boycott on Icelandic fish products (Iceland continues to hunt whales in violation of international agreements). Many products sold as environmentally benign are only marginally so. Perhaps they were made with plastic parts or come in a plastic bottle, which means that all the pollution associated with plastics manufacture is incorporated in them. Don't be fooled by "biodegradable" plastic. Just because it breaks up into little pieces doesn't mean it is safe for the environment.

The private sector is by nature a nimble beast — it knows a good marketing angle when it sees one. The flood of "green" products on the market has thus caught the environmental movement in Europe off guard. They either cynically dismiss it, which is rather like ignoring the potential of the match when looking for ways to light a fire, or they embrace it uncritically,



Brian Cullen

which is equally shortsighted, given the wiles of crafty capitalists everywhere.

Green consumerism will grace these shores shortly — a U.S. version of Elkington's book is due in April, 1990, and the Council on Economic Priorities in New York has already scored a big hit with its cursory pamphlet "Shopping for a Better World" (which by the way gives the green light to Procter & Gamble, a firm alleged to conduct tests on animals). How well the effort fares, and indeed the potential for success is great, depends on how quickly this country's environmental movement can react to the private sector and become a leader in the quest for enlightened consuming. Otherwise we relegate ourselves to attempting to clean up after big business, as we have done for so many years. ◇

RESOURCES:

Shopping for A Better World
Council on Economic Priorities
30 Irving Place
New York, NY 10003

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HIGHLIGHTS...

by Heidi Kelso

Atlanta: Spring tour started off on a positive note (no pun intended), with perfect weather in Atlanta. After a short time of mass confusion in the morning, vending permits were issued for a pricey fee, but we were allowed to camp. Good energy all around and everyone seemed really happy to be there. The boys must have felt the same way 'cause the shows were jammin'!

First night opened with one of my personal favorites, "Half Step," followed by one of my least personal favorites; "Walkin' Blues." Two new songs were back to back — "Built to Last" and "You Can Run But You Can't Hide," which are sounding better and better. "Scarlet > Fire" was the perfect second set opener and the rest of the show followed suit. Even if the shows hadn't been good, it wouldn't have mattered — it was that kind of night.

Second night was equally good. First set appropriately opened with a rockin' version of "Let The Good Times Roll." "Ramble on Rose" was strong, as was "Let It Grow." A nice added bonus was "Don't Ease" to close the set. Second set got people moving right away with "Sampson" and then mellowed into "Ship of Fools." Phil took the floor twice with a real hot "Gimme Some Lovin'" and "Box of Rain" encore.

North Carolina: NC presented us with more than our fair share of hassles. No one was allowed admittance into the parking lot without tickets, so half the people were in the streets, and everyone else was inside the fence. It was something resembling prison, which was probably an omen of what was to come.

The first day, everyone found their way inside the gate and into the show. Once again, the show was smokin'. It was nice to hear "Bertha" after a six-month hiatus. Other high points included "Masterpiece," "Birdsong" and a rockin' "Promised Land." Second set continued in the same manner. "Looks like Rain" was sweet and "Sugar Mag" was a definite energy booster.

Pittsburgh: This was a complete disaster, as everyone has heard by now. I shouldn't say "complete" 'cause the shows cranked. But this venue definitely deserves talking about.

I happened to be standing by the speakers during "Rooster" when someone kicked the doors open and literally hundreds of people streamed in for a good ten minutes. After a while, people stopped running and just started walking in. It seemed like it would never stop. It was totally out of control. Windows were broken and several people were hurt. It's pretty scary to think about people getting trampled at a Dead show.

The energy for the rest of the show was intense 'cause so many people miraculously got in. There wasn't a lot of room to dance, though. First set picked up where North Carolina left off. "Dire Wolf" and "It's All Over Now" had everyone singing so loud, you almost couldn't hear the band. "Brown Eyed Woman" and "Tennessee Jed" definitely rocked. Second set opened up the annual "Shakedown," which indeed had everybody shakin'. There were no surprises this set, but pretty solid playing.

Second night had a few nice surprises, including a really

smooth "El Paso" and a somewhat muffled "Tom Thumb's Blues," which was great to hear anyway. A double encore with "Johnny B. Goode" and "Black Muddy River" was definitely a treat. By this point I was really surprised by the consistency of the playing. I found myself saying every night that the next show would be a slow one, or probably lackluster, but I was happily proven wrong each time.

Michigan: Michigan was a sharp contrast to Pittsburgh. Tickets were on sale in the student union and the temperature was typically Mid-western — freezing and windy — and everyone started getting sick.

First night's high points included "Far From Me," which was average, but it's been so long since Brent's done it. "Dupree's Diamond Blues" and "U.S. Blues" to close the set was a definite surprise, but a great choice after "Let It Grow." Finally a "Cumberland" and a beautiful "China Doll." They wrapped it up with an always pleasing "Mighty Quinn."

Second night looks somewhat standard on paper since at this point I really don't remember much. I don't feel qualified to make a judgement, but if anyone else does, write in! Overall, the shows I saw were consistently good. Consecutively, the best in a while.

The Frost: The atmosphere you'd expect from a California show. On the first night, the first three songs were smooth and relaxing. "They Love Each Other," which has become a rare tune, had a pronounced beat and "The Race Is On" was the highlight of this set. You heard it coming when they did riffs of racing music, paying tribute to the Kentucky Derby. "China" > "Rider" was an unusual combo to close the set, but something you might expect at the Frost. "Hey Pocky Way" deserves mention. Brent and Jerry both did long jams at the end and it was as good as it gets. During space, Jerry used a different guitar, a white Stratocaster, which he plugged into a different amp (effects generator). It sounded more like a clarinet or horn projection. Very nice show.

Second night. Nice to hear "Bertha" placed in a strange position, but a good one. "Picasso Moon" doesn't quite groove yet. It sounds sort of disjointed, a lot like the first few "Victims." They've been doing some awesome "Birdsongs" since last year, and this one was up there.

Second set highlights included an extended "Foolish Heart" jam, and "Crazy Fingers" was the perfect choice for the setting and atmosphere. During space, Phil came out early and played a four-string bass, doing an "Other One" jam before switching to his normal bass and leading into a really strong "Other One" (except Bobby had those Mickey Mouse vocals). For those who made it here, the general consensus seems to be that it was "worth the trip."

And about Pittsburgh. Speaking as a fellow concert goer, I know it's a lame situation when you don't have tickets, but no camping alters the whole experience for several reasons, and getting shut out of a venue permanently is no bargain either. Considering Pittsburgh was the closest place they played to the tri-state area, you had people from Maine to Maryland coming out to these shows. This is something the Dead should've considered. Police brutality was quite prevalent too. MTV showed one poor Deadhead getting smashed in the face by some swine, repeatedly — pushing the point by replaying it in slow motion. Since MTV broadcast the scene, the impact transcended the local level. ◇

Physics for Dead Heads

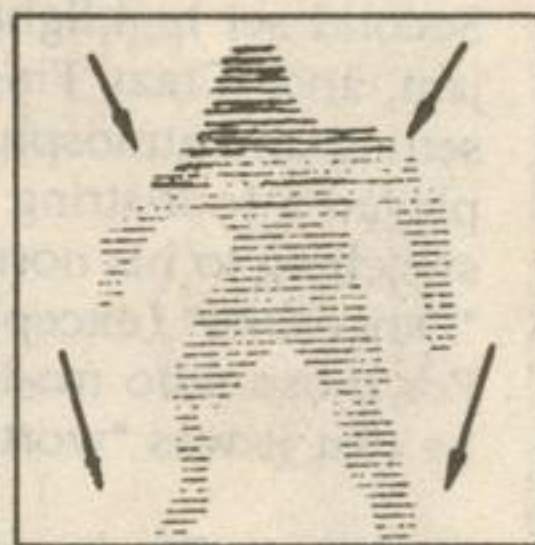
by Peter Doherty and Mark Tuckman

Astrophysicists have stumbled upon an interesting theory. It has been proven that when some stars die, they collapse inward only to settle at a much smaller size than before. The theory says that when a large object (three or more times as massive as the sun) collapses, there is nothing that we know of that could stop the collapse at any point along the way. Imagine an object much larger than the sun collapsing until it was the size of the Earth, and then the size of a basketball, and then a golf ball, and then an atom...

Theoretically, it would reach the state of being a point, a purely mathematical existence with location but no dimensions. As this collapse occurred, the density of the object would increase to dramatic proportions. The result would be a gravitational field so strong that not even light could escape! Since nothing travels faster than the speed of light, then nothing else would escape either. This is the groundwork for what might be considered a cosmic vacuum cleaner, sucking up everything in its path. Scientists label this theoretical phenomenon a "black hole."

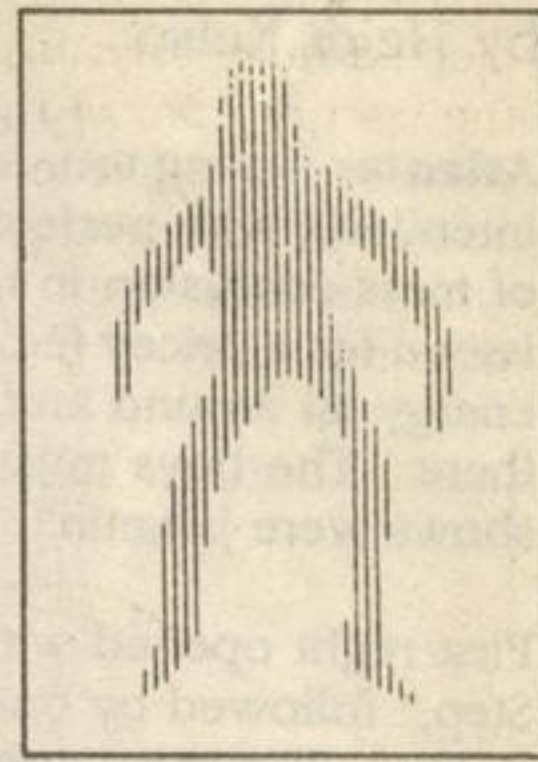
Theory is just fine, but how do you explain all this to a Deadhead? Several years ago, a well-known Hampshire student wrote a paper which explained what happens to both physical matter and energy as they encounter the black hole phenomenon by using the following hypothetical metaphor: Picture the Grateful Dead on the surface of a collapsing object (not the stage at Woodstock!). They are in the midst of playing "Dark Star" (no pun intended). As we begin to recognize the familiar composition, all seems unusual as usual, but as we are listening, a change is gradually occurring. As soon as Jerry finishes singing the first verse, Bob's chords begin to sound a little dead (excuse me again) and Jerry's leads become a little flat. If they are so out of tune, why haven't they noticed yet? A few of the audience members have stopped dancing as they begin to lose the rhythm as Bill and Mickey appear to be slowing down. Strangely enough, they seem to be putting as much energy into their drumming as ever. And even more strange, some of the dancing Deadheads are still able to dance to those non-rhythms!

As Jerry nears a black hole, the difference in the gravitational force on different parts of his body will exert a force on him.



During the Space it is impossible to say what is happening (profound, huh?). When the second verse begins we are convinced that something is not right. Jerry is moving much too slow (my old buddy) and the lyrics are drawn out to an almost impossible degree. Not only are we hearing interesting things, we are seeing them too! Everyone on the stage is beginning to look tall and thin — long and drawn out. The only reassuring factor is that everyone in the audience seems to be sharing this hallucination (at least you're not going through it alone).

Reprinted from Deadbeat Magazine

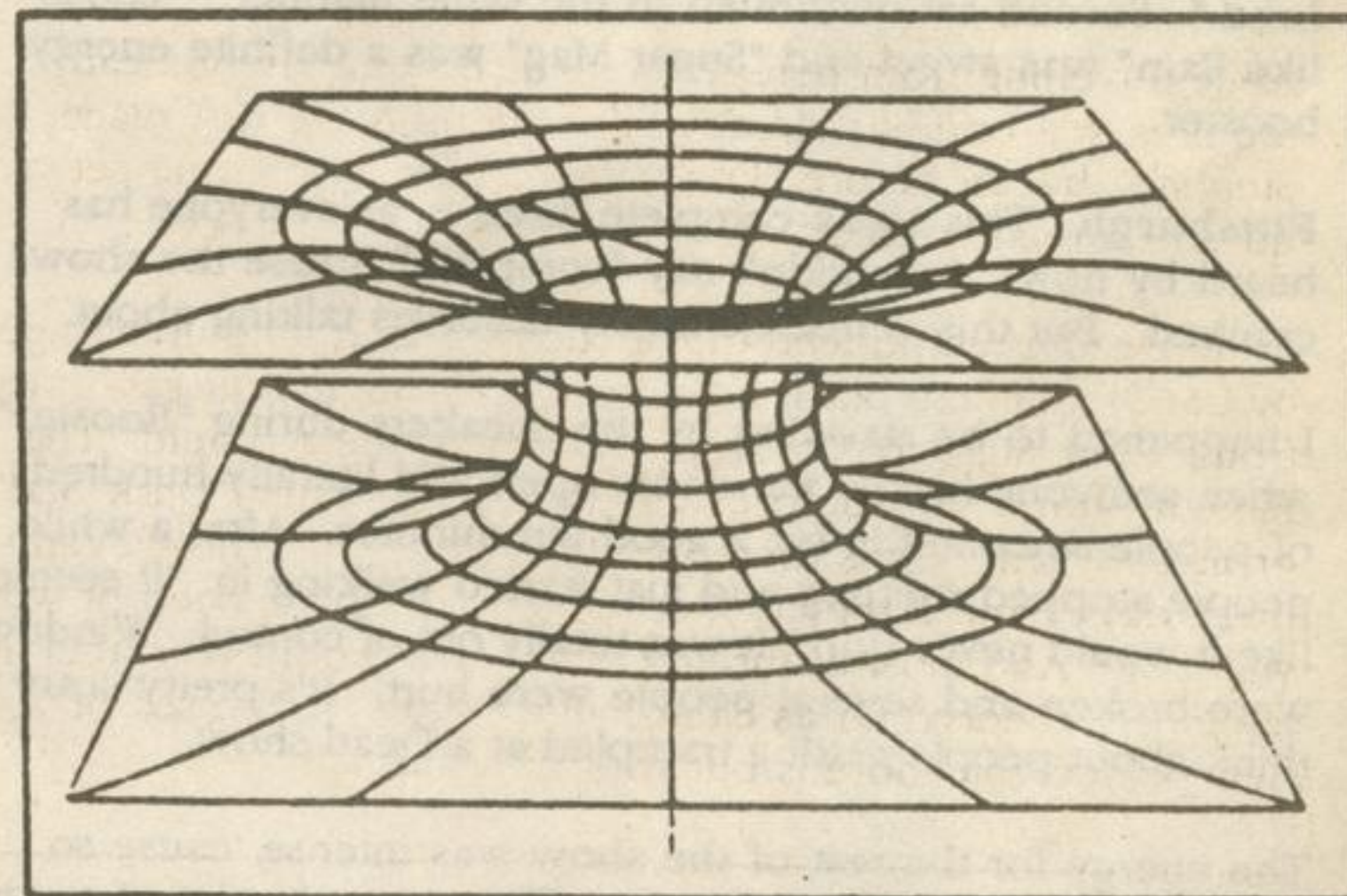


When Jerry can no longer resist these forces, he is stretched vertically and compressed horizontally.

As we approach the tail end of the song, the notes sink in frequency until they are just a drone and the band members become unrecognizable as humans. They are hovering on the edge of space and time in a quite different fashion than usual.

At this point we reach a great debate; some scientists would have us believe that an image of the Dead will appear to hover on the edge of forever and neither finish the song nor enter the black hole. As theory has it, the point at which the Dead will appear to be eternally hover is known as the "event horizon" of the black hole.

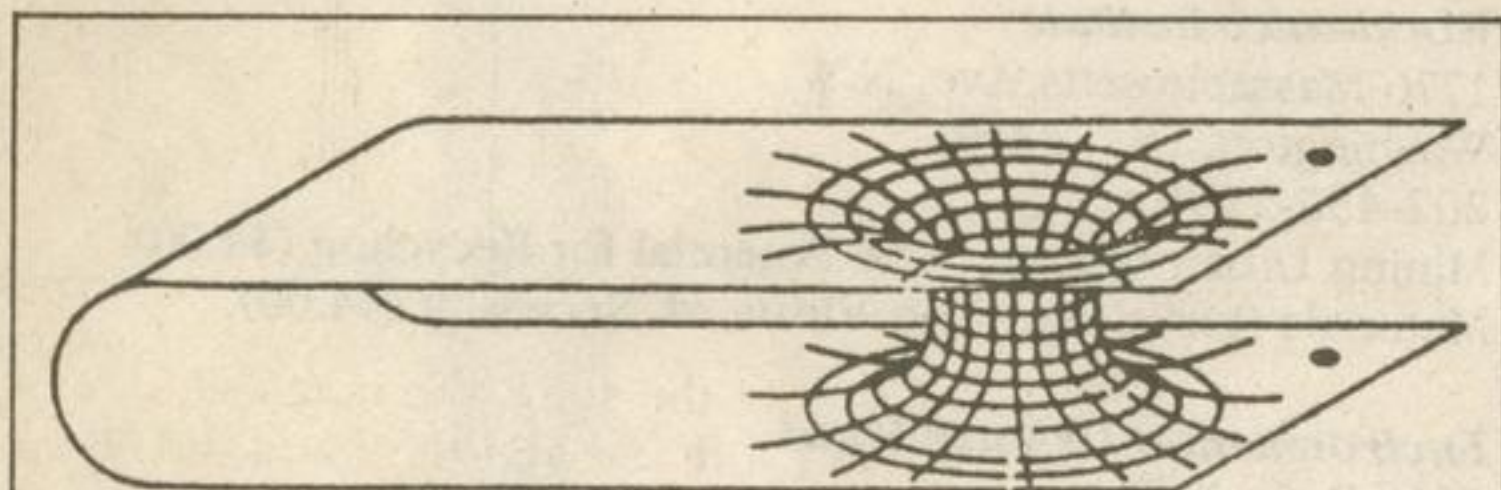
At least this is how the audience will perceive the event. But remember, yours is not the only perspective in this universe. Two very well known scientists, Einstein (you've heard of him, right?) and Rosen, would have us believe that the warp of space-time would become so great that the walls of the four dimensional depression that is formed will reach a parallel point and then open up to either another universe or another part of this universe, very far away (see diagram, "other worlds"). Because of this, some theorists would have us believe that it is possible for material entering a black hole to emerge millions of miles away, millions of years ago!



An Einstein-Rosen bridge connecting two flat universes. (From Misner, Thorne and Wheeler, "Gravitation," Freeman. C 1983)

This theory seems entirely unfounded unless we find evidence to back it up. If huge amounts of energy *do* sink into black holes, we should find huge amounts of energy pouring out of a very small amount of space somewhere in the universe. Theorists call these objects "white holes." In 1963, astronomers may have discovered the real life equivalent to a white hole — Quasars.

These scientists noticed that there were objects in space that ejected huge amounts of energy (as much as 1000 times all the energy from our galaxy) from an area no larger than our solar system. These were quasars or quasi-stellar radio sources. Potentially, this is evidence for the existence of white holes caused by huge black holes either in our universe or another.



An Einstein-Rosen bridge connecting two points in the same universe. (From Misner, Thorne and Wheeler, "Gravitation," Freeman. C 1983)

Now, for those of you who at this point are still straight enough to separate theory from fact, it may be suggested that the Grateful Dead would perceive nothing strange to be going on. As the band members proceed towards the black hole and potentially through it, their reality is warping simultaneously. However, the audience seems to be going through radical changes similar to the one already described. Jerry just shakes his head and keeps playing. The band does not perceive the music is slowing down or going out of tune at all. In fact, the energy begins building up and up until it reaches a climactic burst of cosmic energy, exploding into the hottest "St. Stephen" ever. This version of "St. Stephen," however, is being played to a different audience in a distant corner of reality.

Since travelling from here to there in no time theoretically requires that one has already been there in the first place, "St. Stephen" began before "Dark Star"! This leaves one set of questions unanswered...

If the Dead could indeed move backwards in time unharmed, by travelling into a black hole and out through a quasar, going from "Dark Star" to "St. Stephen," then where would "The Eleven" come in? Before "St. Stephen"? After "Dark Star"? or in between? Or is there just no way to do "The Eleven" these days? and if they did, when would it have been or when will it be? And most disturbing of all, how would you label the tape? Ah, theory! Or as Saint Dilbert says: In the sea of hypnocracy, the shore is but another wave. ◇

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Don't Disturb Matter

by Billy Capozzi

if and when
it is touched
don't disturb matter

you may see
that it is wrong
don't disturb matter

i don't need to tell you why
you'll figure it out before you die
although you may try and try again

when you see
it begin to crumble
don't disturb matter

the wide sea
at which i stare
don't disturb matter

soon the air
it is polluted
don't disturb matter

you don't really have to cry
you'll figure it out before you die
although you may try and try again

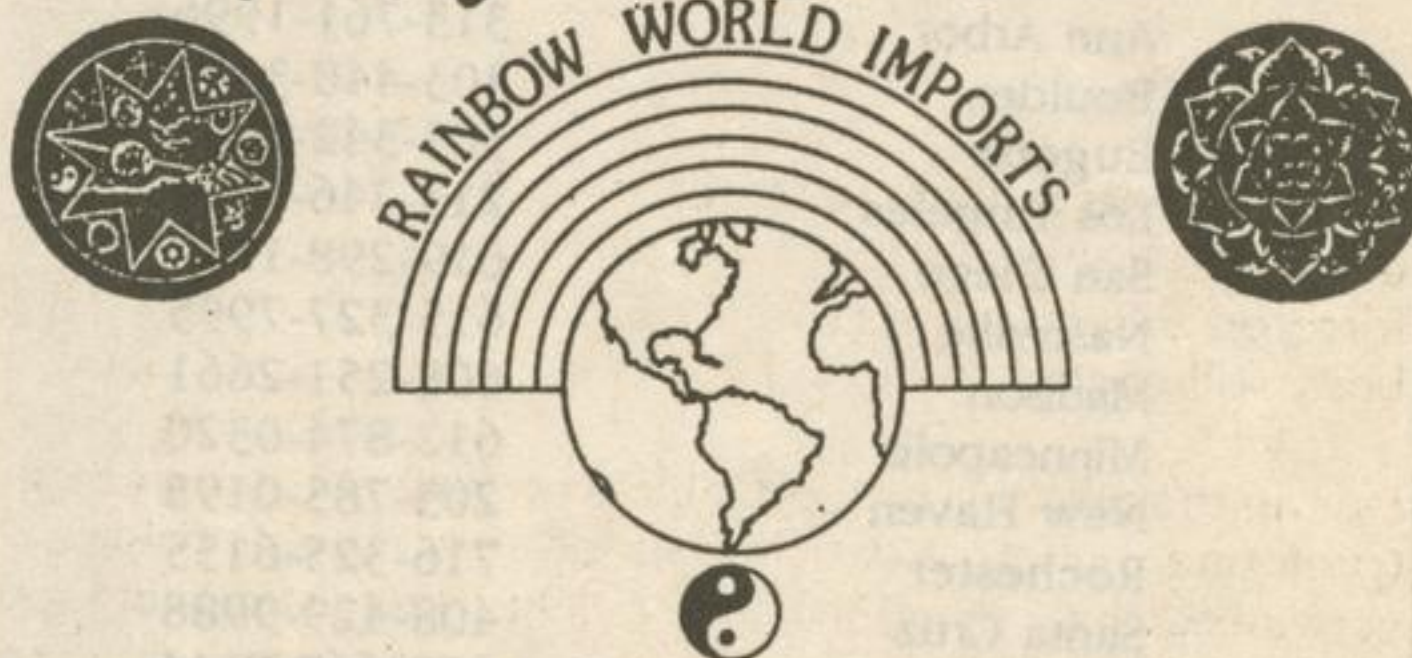
i can't see
but it is there
don't disturb matter

soon the soul
begins to cry
please don't disturb matter

if and when
it is touched
don't disturb matter



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Unless you've been hiding out on some desert island or in outer space, it's become quite obvious that planet Earth and its inhabitants are in need of desperate help.

For most of us, the GD Experience naturally evokes a deep felt desire to take action; to make a difference. Most frustrating, however, is a widespread lack in our society of readily available information regarding how the average person can get involved. Search no further.

The following list represents the first installment of our suggestions for organizations which make a difference and are readily accessible. Many offer opportunities for direct involvement; internships, volunteer and paid positions. We *heartily* welcome your suggestions for additions to this list! Enjoy, and remember:

Think globally, Act locally
(Abbie Hoffman's favorite slogan)

Greenpeace Recycling Project

1436 U St. N.W.
Washington, DC 20009
202-463-1177

Article on Seattle Recycling Program brochure on Reducing Household Hazardous Waste Information on Purchasing Recycled Paper

Greenpeace numbers in your town:

Amherst	413-256-1439
Boston	617-576-1650
Chicago	312-666-3305
San Francisco	415-474-6767
Seattle	206-632-4326
Vancouver	604-736-0321
Montreal	514-274-5559
Toronto	416-538-6470

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Portland	503-241-1507
Ann Arbor	313-761-1996
Boulder	303-440-3381
Eugene	503-342-1999
Los Angeles	213-746-1570
San Diego	619-298-1010
Nashville	615-327-7995
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Seattle	206-527-5898
Atlanta	404-874-7585
Austin	512-474-2117
Chapel Hill	919-929-9990
Cincinnati	513-281-4242

Environmental Action Foundation

1525 New Hampshire Ave. N.W.
Washington, DC 20036
202-745-4870

"Wrapped in Plastics" — Report on Plastics in the Environment (\$10.00). General Recycling information.

Worldwatch Institute

1776 Massachusetts Ave. N.W.
Washington, DC 20036
202-452-1999

Mining Urban Wastes: The Potential for Recycling (\$4.00).
Materials Recycling: The Virtue of Necessity (\$4.00).

Environmental Defense Fund

1616 P. St. N.W.
Washington, DC 20036
202-387-3500

Coming Full Circle — Successful Recycling Today (\$10.00).

Institute for Local Self-Reliance

2425 18th St. N.W.
Washington, DC 20009
202-232-4108

Designing The Waste Stream — Working Paper on Packaging (\$12.00); Recycling Goals and Strategies (\$12.00); Solid Waste Technology and the Society of the Future (\$12.00).

Citizens Clearinghouse for Hazardous Wastes

P.O. Box 926
Arlington, VA 22216
703-276-7070

An educational booklet that teaches you about hazardous waste and how to get your local authorities to clean them up in your area.

McToxics Kit

McDonald's & Styrofoam — Send It Back Campaign.
Newsletter (\$25.00 per year); Policy Analysis on Fast Food Packaging (\$10.00) printed on 100% recycled minimum impact paper.

**IF YOU'RE NOT
RECYCLING
YOU'RE THROWING
IT ALL AWAY.**



Irvine

by Heidi Kelso

Irvine makes a good first impression but you can't always go by first impressions.

Vending was sort of slow because we couldn't set up past 7:30 and no camping was allowed (this is becoming the cry everywhere).

The first night started out with "Cold Rain," which was great for people in the front, but the speakers weren't turned on for the people on the terrace or on the lawn. Unfortunately, this continued into the first set.

A new Bobby song was introduced called "Picasso Moon." It's an upbeat, rock 'n roll kind of song that takes some getting used to.

Second set opened with "Crazy Fingers," always pleasing to hear. "Standing on the Moon" has become one of my favorites from the new material because it's so powerful. It really captivates people's attention. "Sugar Mag" got everyone shaking.

Someone got up on stage during "Touch of Grey," sang a few notes with Jerry and then dove back into the audience.

The second night a lot of people missed the first few songs because the lines to get inside the amphitheater were so long.

"Brown Eyed Woman" was sounding good and Brent had the spotlight for a very long, dramatic and theatrical "Blow Away." The crowd loved it. A nice surprise was "One More Saturday Night" to close the set — sort of a deja vu of "U.S. Blues" from Michigan.

During "He's Gone" in the second set, someone screamed, "This one's for Abbie," which I'm sure was on a lot of people's minds. Another high point was "Spoonful" — is it back? It was done very nicely. There was a sweet jam at the end of "The Other One" for a while.



IRVINE MEADOWS, CALIFORNIA

APRIL 28, 1989
Cold Rain & Snow
Little Red Rooster
Peggy-O
Queen Jane Approx.
Just A Little Sweetness
Ramble On Rose
Picasso Moon***
Bird Song

Crazy Fingers>
Playin' In The Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Terrapin Station>
Drums>Space>
The Wheel>
I Need A Miracle>
Standing On The Moon>
Sugar Magnolia>
Touch of Grey
*Quinn The Eskimo
18 Songs

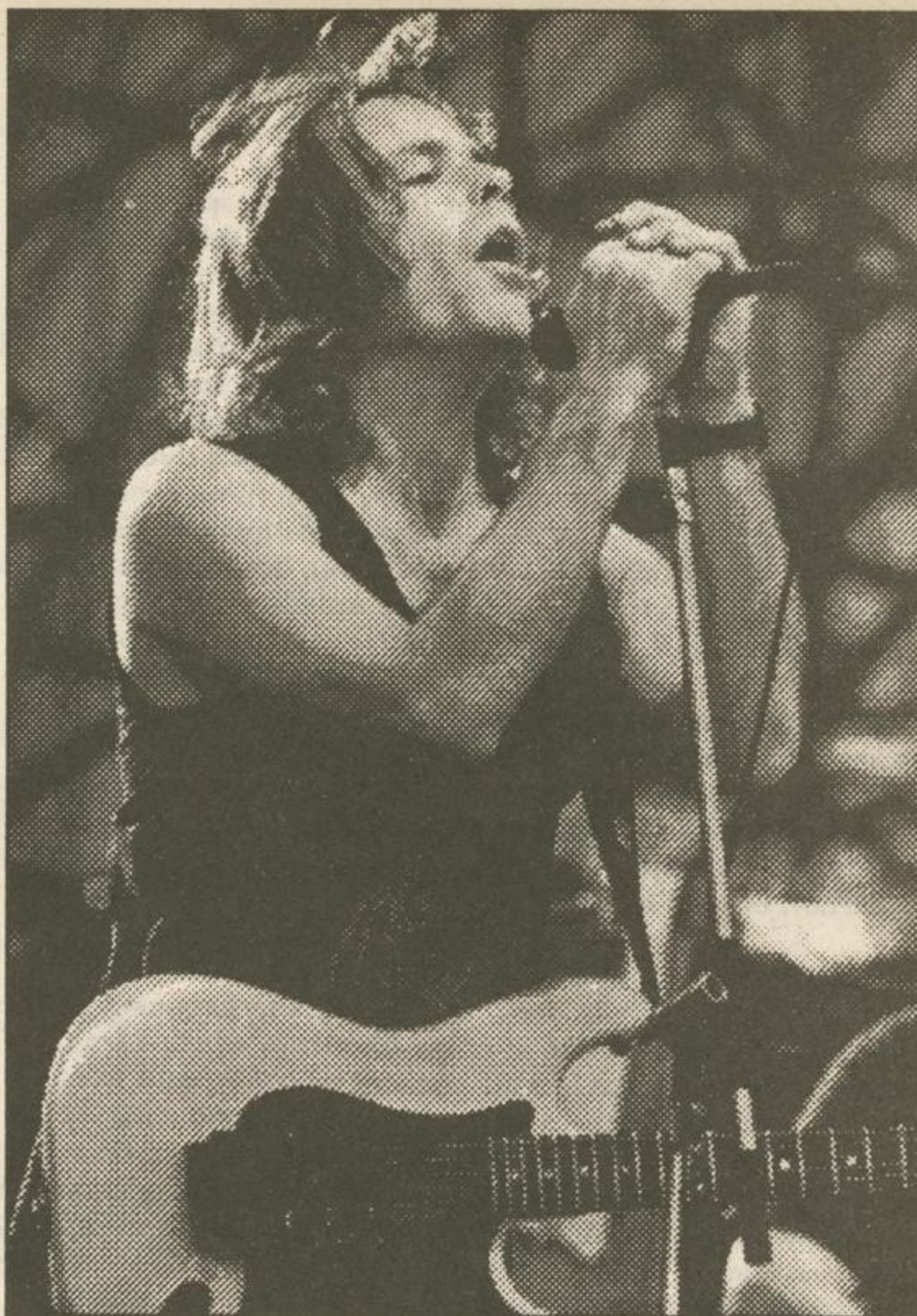
APRIL 29, 1989
Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Walkin' Blues
Brown Eyed Women
Memphis Blues Again
Built To Last
Blow Away
One More Saturday Night

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Looks Like Rain
He's Gone>
Spoonful>
Drums>Space**>
I Will Take You Home>
The Other One>
Wharf Rat>
Throwing Stones>
Turn On Your Lovelight
*U.S. Blues
19 Songs

APRIL 30, 1989
Mississippi Half Step
Wang Dang Doodle
Stagger Lee
Masterpiece
Tennessee Jed
Picasso Moon
You Can Run...
Deal

Box of Rain
Iko Iko
Estimated Prophet>
Eyes of the World>
Drums>Space>
Truckin'>*>
Gimme Some Lovin'>
Stella Blue>
Around 'n Around>
Good Lovin'
*It's All Over Now, Baby
Blue
18 Songs

***New Bobby Song



Philip Gerstheimer

The last night was a lot of fun. They opened with an energetic "Half Step" and did "Picasso Moon" again.

The second set opened with "Box of Rain">"Iko" into a pretty standard rest of the show.

They weren't the best shows I've seen, but they weren't the worst shows either. A lot of it had to do with the fact that the energy was so weird. Let me give you an example. Both Friday *and* Saturday, an entire cooler full of beer was stolen out of our bus, I missed the first three songs on Saturday night because the line to get inside the show moved one inch every five minutes, and Sunday night I was accosted by a member of Grateful Dead Productions for handing out DDN.

There was also more than the usual animosity from security, who hassled us from the time we entered the lot till the time we left. The shows were cold and impersonal. There was more gate-crashing and supposedly we're not allowed back. That's okay that we're not going back, but unfortunately, it's not by choice.

We *all* need to make a conscious effort to clean up after ourselves when we leave. The place was a complete mess when we left. Garbage was everywhere with a sea of broken bottles. But talk is cheap, right? ◇

Great Spaces — Synchro-Energize

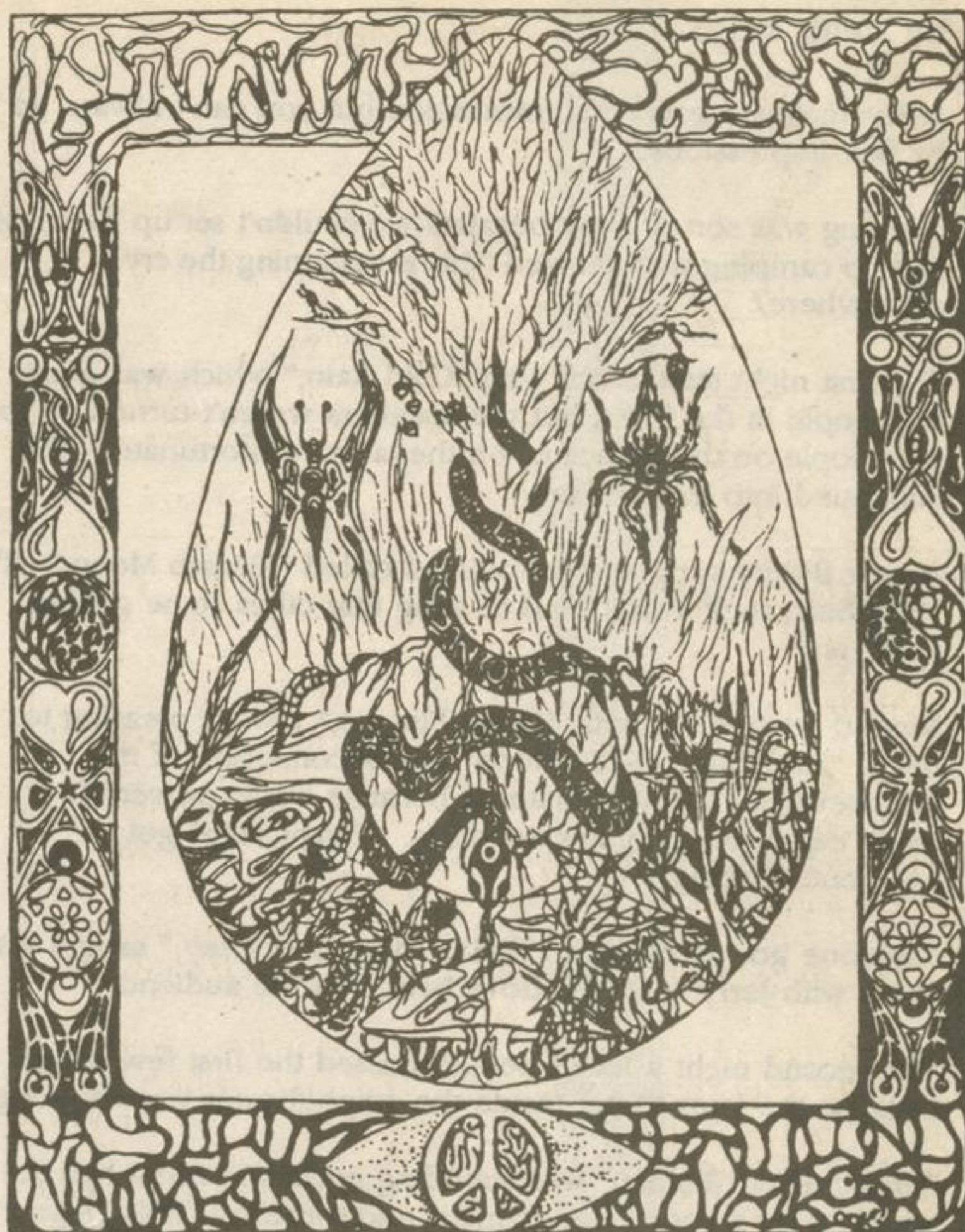
by Rob Schwartz

This being an issue of **DDN** that is devoted to space, we thought this would be a good time to begin a column called "Great Spaces" where we could talk about places that are conducive to mind-expansion or exploration, if you prefer. The Synchro-Energize center, located in New York City at 594 Broadway—Suite 905 (212-941-1184), is open seven days a week from noon to 7:30PM, 8:30 Friday and Saturday. It is a pleasantly decorated office with a wall that has a three-tier loft with individual futons for participants. Each futon is near a connecting box into which are plugged headphones and goggles. You simply lie down on a futon, don headphones and goggles, close your eyes, and you're on your way. The goggles have four lights around each eye, as well as one for the "third eye," and these lights are flashed or "pulsed" at various speeds, sometimes both eyes simultaneously, sometimes alternately. At the same time, tones are played into your ears through the headphones. These are in rhythm with the lights and again can either alternate ears or stimulate them both together. The tones are played over the music selection of your choice.

What this does is set up a rhythm that the brain can sympathetically vibrate with. By altering the frequency of the lights and tones, you can alter the frequency of your brain waves. We know that certain frequencies correspond with certain levels of alertness or relaxation, so by inducing the proper frequency, you can achieve a deep level of relaxation. For me, the imagery induced is primarily kaleidoscopic, but other people report different experiences. Almost everybody who has tried it finds it extremely relaxing. Bob Weir calls the machines that generate these effects "guaranteed to change your state of mind," while Ram Dass calls it "a pause that refreshes."

Now this may all seem very high-tech, but the root of this experience is born in tribal drumming around a ritual fire, so the more things change...

For those of you who can't get to the center, there is a convenient alternative available. The Kaleido-Sky is an inexpensive, non-electronic, phosphene generator. It is made of plastic and is operated by blowing into a tube at its base. The phosphenes generated by the Kaleido-Sky are without question the most intense of any such unit. It's one major limitation is that it can *only* be used in direct sunlight. The Kaleido-Sky costs around \$15.00 and is available from Alpha-Odyssey, P.O. Box 17997, Boulder, CO 80308. Look for the Kaleido-Sky on tour this summer. As with other phosphene generators, this unit should be used with strict adherence to its operating instructions. ◇



[Deadheads]

FRIEND OF THE DEVIL?

The handout below has been circulated in the Greater Boulder area. Its intent and purpose are questionable, which make it ideal for this issue as an example of: "Other People's Space."

TIE-DYED SHIRTS AND SATAN:

The grateful dead connection.

Little is known about the man who brought Satanism to the United States. His name was Johnathon Garcia. In the late 1800's, Johnathon (known by his followers as "Big John") sacrificed a goat to Lucifer. He then took the blood of this creature and made a shirt: the world's first tie-dye.

The founders of the hippy movement were knowledgeable of Johnathon and his Satanic exploits, but they concentrated their efforts on this blood-stained garment. These hippies were not only against the war in Vietnam, but also the dogmatic Christian ways of the American people. They used tie-dyes (back then it was spelled "tie-dies") to subliminally spread this evil Satanic message.

What does this have to do with the grateful dead, you ask. It is no coincidence that the names Johnathon Garcia and Jerry Garcia are so similar. There are two common explanations for this coincidence: The first is that Jerry changed his last name to "Garcia" in honor of his idol. The second explanation is even more disturbing. It is believed by some that Johnathon is the great great uncle of Jerry. They are of the same blood! It is also no coincidence that the grateful dead have skulls and skeletons on almost all of their albums and other satanic propaganda. The skeleton is the symbol of the materialistic, non-spiritual, satanic aspect of death. The dead's final goal is to use their music and their \$30 tie-dyes to make every living creature on earth to believe in their Satanic ways.

Fact: As the popularity of tie-dyed shirts increases so does the popularity in Satan worshipping.

Fact: Hippies use vegetarianism as a front so no one will suspect them of sacrificing animals to Satan.

Fact: Boulder has the highest percentage of both hippies and Satan-worshippers.

These are the facts. You must decide for yourself, but just remember that every time you wear a tie-dyed shirt, you are spreading the message of Satan.

For more information, write to P.O. Box 300283 Denver, CO 80203



Annual Rainbow Gathering

The 17th Annual Rainbow Gathering will be held in forested northern Nevada this year. The Rainbow Gathering is a coming together of "tribes" from all over the continent, at which participants celebrate life for a week without "money, electricity, bureaucratic laws or artificial hang-ups." Based on what could best be described as a mix between Native American spirituality, New Age philosophy, anarchy and a hodge-podge of hippies, yippies and "back-to-the-Earthers," this year's gathering is expected to draw 15,000 participants.

The location of the clothing-optional "happening" will not be divulged until about a week before the event, which lasts from July 1 to July 7. For more information about the Rainbow Gathering, write to: Rainbow Nevada '89, P.O. Box 2455, Carson City, NV 89701. You may also contact the Rainbow organizers by calling 602-883-6977 or by calling the Rainbow Gathering's national hotline, 415-541-LOVE.

Notes...

Taro Hart recorded his first album before he was even born! No, this is not the National Enquirer: Taro is the 6-year-old son of Grateful Dead drummer Mickey Hart, and it seems that back in 1982, Hart *père* recorded Taro's heartbeat through a fetal pulse monitor placed on mother Mary's tummy. He eventually transferred the heartbeat to a 16-track recorder, added drums, bass and flute and played it at Taro's birth, as much to liven up the sterile hospital environment as to help Mary Hart's rhythmic breathing cycles. For years, Hart has been making copies of the cyclical tape for friends having babies, and now the 70-minute work, "Music to Be Born By" is about to be released on Ryko-disc. There's no word of possible collaborations with Philip Glass or Steve Reich.

On a slightly different track, Hart is heard on another Rykodisc release with fellow Dead drummer Bill Kreutzmann. As the Rhythm Devils, they provide the primal heart of "Play River Music: The Apocalypse Now Sessions," the disturbing soundtrack for Francis Ford Coppola's disturbing Vietnam film. Using a mix of traditional and newly built percussion instruments, the Devils (aided by Airtio Moriera and Flora Purim) improvised to a screening of the film, which may explain why the music became increasingly dark and why many of the instruments were destroyed during the recording process. Incidentally, the film won an Academy Award for Best Sound in 1979.

- The Hot Tuna hotline — 215-836-1183.
- Did you know that the Dead played 111 songs in 16 shows on the last tour? 'Tis true.

- The new Dead album should be out mid-Sept. It will *probably* have the following songs on it: Foolish Heart, Victim or the Crime, Picasso Moon, Built To Last, Standing On The Moon, I Will Take You Home, You Can Run But You Can't Hide, and Just a Little Light. Not expected are Believe It Or Not and Gentlemen Start Your Engines.
- Everybody's wonderin' about the new guitar Jerry is sporting. It is a Fender Stratocaster. Because it's midi'd, the pick-ups won't physically fit the Irwin. However, "they" are working on a custom-made Irwin that will fit the necessary pick-ups so Jers won't have to change guitars to get *funky*.
- Has everyone noticed, Jerry's been losin' some weight — looking good!
- This summer a group of kids from Boston will be doing an awareness-raising bicycle trip through the African Rainforest. If Bobby has time in August, he will be joining the group for the last leg. No concerts are scheduled, and no other members of the band are expected to join in the fun.
- Word has it that all vending and camping while on tour will cease by the end of the year.
- A three-hour rehearsal tape of the Grateful Dead and Bob Dylan is circulating amongst tape-traders — said to be of good quality, too.
- The Jefferson Airplane is expected to be on tour this summer with Marty Balin. The Hot Tuna hotline has the dates — 215-836-1183.
- The Hour's new album was just released on Sunnyside records. If you don't yet know who they are, look for their ad in this issue — they're coming to a town near you, and they're really HOT!!!
- The rumour of a new Bobby song entitled "Shit Happens" hasn't happened yet.

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Dead Concert at CU now seems unlikely

Band wants new date after plans made — Colorado Daily — May 4

A Grateful Dead concert date in July at CU that seemingly was confirmed Monday is now up in the air.

CU Program Council, which would have promoted the concert with Fey Concerts of Denver, had been working to bring the show to Folsom Field for several months. There is already a Who concert scheduled for the August 13.

Program Council had completed extensive arrangements Monday to accommodate a Dead show on Saturday, July 22.

But the Dead changed its plans and now wants to play at Folsom July 23, leaving Program Council in a quandary.

"What's happened is we got a confirmation for the Dead (for July 22) at 10:30 AM Monday," said Program Council Director Karen Sperry.

"By 4PM, the band was on the phone saying they want Sunday, and that they won't do Saturday anymore. So here we are, we have moved heaven and Earth, alienated as many people as possible around the university, and they want to change the date," Sperry said.

"I'm holding out a little bit of hope, said J.C. Ancell, assistant director of the University Memorial Center and staff adviser to Program Council. "But a phrase I've been hearing is that's the kind of decision you make when you take acid for 25 years.

"Apparently the band is holding tight and seems unwilling to work with us. We got maximum cooperation with the university. Originally we wanted Sunday, but they said no then. Now their attitude is 'just change it back.'"

Maria Norris, assistant tour manager of Monarch Entertainment in New York, which is booking the Dead summer tour, said: "To be honest, we had to do a bit of rescheduling and we haven't confirmed the Boulder date. We hope to be able to confirm the second half of the tour by the end of this week."

To make it possible to do the concert on July 22, Program Council convinced the Colorado Shakespeare Festival to move its Saturday date to the following Monday, July 24. Program Council agreed to pay the festival for any lost ticket revenues resulting from the change in dates.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Festival, also scheduled on campus July 22, changed to a later starting time to accommodate the Dead show. According to the regents' ruling on concerts at Folsom, the Dead show would have to end at 6PM.

Gilbert and Sullivan also has added a Sunday matinee performance. A few conference dates were moved to Sunday, too, Ancell said.

I hope that Dead fans get the word that this isn't the university, it's not Fey Concerts, it's not Program Council," said Ancell. "The official university position is that if they want to do it on Saturday, they're welcome, but Sunday is not available."



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Deadlines

by Brian Cullen

1. After *Space* at Glens Falls Civic Center on 5/5/81, what song did the Dead play?
2. After *Space* at the Brendan Byrne Arena on 4/17/83, what song did the Dead play and with who?
3. After *Space* at Alpine Valley on 7/6/84, what song did the Dead play?
4. After *Space* at the Aladdin Hotel Theatre on 8/31/81, what song did the Dead play?
5. After *Space* at Madison Square Garden on 10/11/83, what song did the Dead play?
6. After *Space* at the Cleveland Public Auditorium on 8/26/80, what song did the Dead play?
7. After *Space* at the Rochester War Memorial Auditorium on 9/20/80, what song did the Dead play?
8. After *Space* at the Philly Spectrum on 5/4/81, what song did the Dead play?
9. After *Space* at the Merriweather Post Pavillion on 6/26/84, what song did the Dead play?
10. After *Space* at the Berkeley Community Theatre on 3/10/89, what song did the Dead play?
11. At what show did Bill Graham introduce the Dead as "The Charles Atlas' of the Psychedelic Sect"?
12. At what show, while repairs were made on the sound system, did Bob say: "There's another...No, it ain't working yet...shortly...shortly...Hey, if this stuff all gets working, it's gonna sound mighty good; or at least it says so on paper...?"
13. At what show did Bob say: "Ah...Pig Pen isn't with us tonight...He's still at home recovering from multiple and serious illnesses, and we're hoping he'll be with us next time we're through this area...?"
14. At what show did Bob say: "This next number rose straight to the top of the charts in Turlock, California; Number one, numero uno, I'll have you know...and so, all I'm trying to say is I wish you folks out there would get hip and buy our new single"?
15. At what show did Bob say: "Here's our new single that broke like hell in Pittsburgh...That's a fact too..."? And what song?

1. "Uncle John's Band"
2. "Love The One You're With," Stephen Sills
3. "Dear Mr. Fantasy"
4. "Never Trust A Woman"
5. "St. Stephen"
6. "Comes A Time"
7. "Iko-Iko"
8. "Nobody's Fault But Mine"
9. "I Don't Need Love"
10. "Stella Blue"
11. Avalon Ballroom, 10/11/68
12. Maples Pavillion, Stanford, 2/9/73
13. Holtheinz Pavillion, Houston, 12/19/72
14. Fox Theatre, 12/10/71
15. Maples Pavillion, Stanford, 2/9/73, "Sugar Magnolia"

Answerz

Thanks to the **Book of Dead Lists 1974-85** for the "After *Space*" questions. For info: The Other Half Productions, 30 Deepdale Road, Wayne, PA 19087.



Ann Onymous

—MORNING DEW—



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99.5
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Mornings
3:30 AM-6 AM

Brian Cullen 1998

Sociologist Is Grateful For Deadhead Study — The Charlotte Observer — June 5

UNC-Greensboro sociologist Rebecca Adams remembers her astonishment when she attended a 1986 Grateful Dead concert.

"It was like entering a movie set for the early '70s. It was not quite right. The colors were too vivid, there was too much tie-dye. But I was intrigued about whether this was a real subculture or if audience members were just dressed up for the occasion."

Subsequent research led her to conclude that the Deadheads, as hard-core Grateful Dead fans are called, are indeed an American subculture.

Adams, 36, is using the Deadhead subculture as the subject of an unusual course in applied social theory and research methods that will send class members to eight Grateful Dead concerts.

Starting June 12, students will meet for three weeks of classes in Greensboro. Then they'll board a bus for eight concerts on the Dead's summer tour. Adams plans to lecture on the bus between concerts.

When they return, they'll write papers based on their research.

Adams said the course is academically rigorous, even though students are doing research at rock concerts. "I know one student who's already thinking about a paper topic — the role of women in the Deadhead subculture," she said. For background, the student is reading about Bedouin and other migratory groups.

Adams an associate professor who chairs UNCG's gerontology department, does most of her research on the friendships of older women.

But after supervising several students' independent-study projects on the Deadhead subculture, she's decided to write a book on the subject herself. "I'm interested in the Deadheads, not the Dead," she says.

"How do their beliefs and their values and the rules they live by differ from the mainstream American culture?" Adams has isolated three types. "Hard-core Deadheads" follow the band from place to place and live on the road. "Student Deadheads" are younger and have attended fewer concerts.

"Professional Deadheads" tend to be a bit older. They have steady jobs — there are doctors, lawyers, computer programmers — and many have attended Dead concerts for 20 years. They go when it's convenient.

"When you ask what a Deadhead is, rather than defining it by personal characteristics, I would describe it as a state of mind or attitude. A belief in the ability of people to get along with one another."

Students have a special incentive to write outstanding papers for Adams' course. "The group's publicist has assured me he and Jerry Garcia (the Dead's lead guitarist) will read the five best papers of the class."

DEAD AHEAD - '89

* = confirmed

July 2 Foxboro, MA*w/Los Lobos—5PM

July 4 Buffalo, NY*w/10,000 Maniacs—5PM

July 7 JFK, Philly, PA*w/Bruce Hornsby & Range—5PM

July 9-5PM, 10-7PM Giant Stadium, NJ*w/Los Lobos

July 12, 13 RFK, Washington, DC*w/Hornsby & Range

July 15 Deer Creek, IN*—not avail through mail order—7PM

July 17, 18, 19 Alpine, East Troy, WI*—7:30PM

Aug 4, 5, 6 Cal Expo*—7:30PM

JERRY GARCIA BAND: (confirmed)

Aug 26 Greek, CA*

Sept 1, 2 Merryweather Post, Col. MD*w/Weir & Wasserman

Sept 5 Hartford Civic, CT*w/Weir & Wasserman

Sept 9, 10 Great Worth, Boston, MA*w/Weir & Wasserman

Sept 13 Pine Knob, Clarkston, IL*w/Weir & Wasserman

Sept 15 Alpine, WI*w/Weir & Wasserman

Sept 16 Poplar Creek, IL*w/Weir & Wasserman

These are TENTATIVE — UNCONFIRMED dates.

Please do not call the Dead office for confirmation.

NOT CONFIRMED:

Aug 18, 19, 20 Greeks, CA — Rex Benefit

Sept 29, 30, Oct 1 Shoreline

Oct 7, 8, 9 Providence, RI

Oct 12 Hartford, CT

Oct 13 Worcester, MA

Oct 16, 17, 18 Philly Spectrum, PA

Oct 20, 21, 22 Hampton, VA

Oct 24, 25 Columbia, SC

Oct 27, 28 Orlando, FL

Oct 30, 31 Miami, FL

Nov 3, 4, 5 LA Forum, CA

Dec 1, 2, 3 Kaiser, CA

Dec 8, 9, 10 Long Beach, CA

Dec 27, 28, 30, 31 New Year's, Oakland Stadium, CA

**THE FALL TOUR IS ENTIRELY
DEPENDENT ON OUR
PERFORMANCE AS DEAD FANS
THROUGHOUT THIS SUMMER!**

**Please don't call the Dead office or any venue
for info on dates. THEY DON'T WANT TO
HEAR FROM YOU!!! LEAVE THEM ALL
ALONE — OR WE WON'T EVEN HAVE
TENTATIVE DATES!!!**

Orpheus

by Jennifer Wren

We gathered in rings
To weave the mesh of sound
With tambourines and drum
Reflecting the tone of our soul.
It begins with murmurs
As we move with certain purpose
Slowly working and writhing in climax
As the body moves with tones
Vibrating in electric intensity
We made love to another
Through sunshine and dance
A crystal of motion
Refracting paths
Barefoot among the treetops
In celestial rainbow rhythm.

OMNI THEATRE — ATLANTA

MARCH 27, 1989
Mississippi Half Step
Walkin' Blues
Build To Last
We Can Run...
Queen Jane Approx.
Candyman
Touch of Grey

Scarlet Begonias
Fire on the Mountain
Estimated Prophet
Eyes of the World
Drums>Space
The Wheel
I Need A Miracle
Standing on the Moon
Lovelight
*US Blues
17 Songs

MARCH 28, 1989
Let The Good Times Roll
Franklin's Tower
Feel Like A Stranger
Stagger Lee
Memphis Blues Again
Ramble On Rose
Let It Grow
Don't Ease Me In

Samson & Delilah
Ship of Fools
Playin' In The Band
Foolish Heart
Drums>Space
Gimme Some Lovin'
Wharf Rat
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away
*Box of Rain
17 Songs

*Encore

GREENSBORO COLISEUM, NC

MARCH 30, 1989
Bertha
Jack Straw
Row Jimmy
Blow Away
Masterpiece
Birdsong
Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Looks Like Rain
He's Gone
Drums>Space
The Other One
Stella Blue
Sugar Magnolia
Sunshine Daydream
*Knockin' On Heaven's
Door
16 Songs

MARCH 31, 1989
Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
New Minglewood Blues
Peggy-O
Me & My Uncle
Big River
Loser
Victim or the Crime
Standing On The Moon

Hey Pocky Way
Truckin'
Terrapin Station
Drums>Space
I Will Take You Home
All Along The Watchtower
Morning Dew
Good Lovin'
*Brokedown Palace
17 Songs

CIVIC ARENA, PITTSBURGH

APRIL 2, 1989
Iko Iko
Little Red Rooster
Dire Wolf
It's All Over Now
We Can Run...
Brown Eyed Women
Queen Jane Approx.
Tennessee Jed
The Music Never Stopped

Shakedown Street
Man Smart, Woman Smarter
Foolish Heart
Drums>Space
The Wheel
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude Reprise
Around 'n Around
GDTRFB
Turn On Your Lovelight
*It's All Over Now, Baby Blue
19 Songs

APRIL 3, 1989
Greatest Story
Bertha
Walkin' Blues
Jack-A-Roe
El Paso
Built To Last
Tom Thumb Blues
Victim or the Crime
Don't Ease Me In

Blow Away
Estimated Prophet
Crazy Fingers
Uncle John's Band
Drums>Space
Gimme Some Lovin'
I Need A Miracle
Stella Blue
Sugar Magnolia
Sunshine Daydream
*Johnny B. Goode
*Black Muddy River

20 Songs

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

APRIL 5, 1989
Feel Like A Stranger
Franklin's Tower
New Minglewood Blues
Candyman
Memphis Blues Again
Far From Me
Dupree's Diamond Blues
Let It Grow
U.S. Blues

Finniculi Finnicula
Samson & Delilah
Cumberland Blues
Man Smart Women Smrt
Terrapin Station
Drums>Space
China Doll
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away
*Quinn The Eskimo
18 Songs

APRIL 6, 1989
Touch of Grey
Little Red Rooster
Brown Eyed Women
Mama Tried
Mexicali Blues
Althea
Masterpiece
Bird Song
Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Built To Last
Drums>Space
I Will Take You Home
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Around 'n Around
Playin' In The Band
*Brokedown Palace
18 Songs

CINCINNATI, OH

APRIL 8, 1989
Let The Good Times Roll
Wang Dang Doodle
West LA Fade Away
Blow Away
Queen Jane Approx.
Loser
Cassidy
Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Looks Like Rain
Eyes of the World
Drums>Space
The Wheel
I Need A Miracle
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude Reprise
Black Peter
One More Saturday Nite
*Box of Rain
19 Songs

LOUISVILLE, KY

APRIL 9, 1989
Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Walkin' Blues
Must've Been The Roses
Me & My Uncle
Big River
Ramblin' Rose
Desolation Row
Foolish Heart

Louis, Louis
Women Smarter
Ship of Fools
Estimated Prophet
Uncle John's Band
Drums>Space
The Other One
Stella Blue
Sugar Magnolia
*Knockin' On Heaven's
Door
18 Songs

ROSEMONT HORIZON, IL

APRIL 11, 1989
Shakedown Street
Little Red Rooster
Friend of the Devil
Victim or the Crime
Built to Last
We Can Run...
Memphis Blues
Deal

Sampson & Delilah
Crazy Fingers
Playin' In The Band
Terrapin Station
Drums>Space
Gimme Some Lovin'
Standing On The Moon
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away
*U.S. Blues
17 Songs

APRIL 12, 1989
Jack Straw
Row Jimmy
New Minglewood Blues
Tennessee Jed
Masterpiece
Cumberland Blues
Let It Grow

Touch of Grey
Truckin'
Smokestack Lightnin'
Spoonful
Smokestack Lightnin'
He's Gone
Drums>Space
I Will Take You Home
Watchtower
Wharf Rat
Turn On Your Lovelight
*Black Muddy River
18 Songs

ROSMNT HOR., IL

APRIL 13, 1989
Iko Iko
Greatest Story
Peggy-O
All Over Now
To Lay Me Down
Cassidy
Don't Ease Me In

Foolish Heart
Looks Like Rain
Eyes of the World
Drums>Space
The Wheel
I Need A Miracle
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude Reprise
GDTRFB
Good Lovin'
*It's All Over Now, Baby
Blue

MET CENTER, MILWAUKEE, WI

APRIL 15, 1989
Mississippi Half Step
Feel Like A Stranger
Franklin's Tower
Walkin' Blues
When Push Comes
To Shove
Queen Jane Approx.
Blow Away
Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Playin' In The Band
Terrapin Station
Drums>Space
I Will Take You Home
Watchtower
Morning Dew
*One More Saturday Night
16 Songs

MET CENTER, MN

APRIL 16, 1989
Hell In A Bucket
They Love Each Other
Little Red Rooster
Stagger Lee
Mama Tried
Mexicali Blues
Bird Song

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Scarlet Begonias
St. of Circumstance
Truckin'
Drums>Space
The Other One
Stella Blue
Throwin' Stones
Lovelight
*Box of Rain
16 Songs

MET CENTER, MN

APRIL 17, 1989
Iko Iko
New Minglewood Blues
Row Jimmy
Far From Me
Built to Last
Victim or the Crime
Bertha

Cold Rain & Snow
Sampson & Delilah
Crazy Fingers
Estimated Prophet
Eyes of the World
Drums>Space
The Wheel
Good Lovin'
Not Fade Away
*Knockin' On Heaven's
Door
16 Songs

*Jerry new guitar

JGB — SAN DIEGO

MAY 20, 1989
Cats Under The Stars
Mission In The Rain
Forever Young
That's What Love Will Do
Like A Road
When We Make it To The
Promised Land
Deal

I'll Take A Melody
Mississippi Moon
Think
Evangeline
Gommorah
Tangled Up In Blue
13 Songs

THE BENEFIT!!!/CA

MAY 27, 1989
JERRY, BOB, JOHN FOGERTY
Born On The Bayou
Green River
Down On The Corner
Rock 'n Roll Girl
Center Field
Proud Mary
Midnight Special
Bad Moon Rising
Fortunate Sun
Susie Q
Travelin' Man
11 Songs

THE GRATEFUL DEAD

Touch of Grey
Althea
Walkin' Blues
Iko Iko
Memphis Blues Again
Bird Song
Promised Land

Hell In A Bucket
Fire On The Mountain
Blow Away
Truckin'
Drums>Space
I Will Take You Home
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Lovelight
*Brokedown Palace
16 Songs

*Encore
**Jerry on new guitar
***w/Clarence Clemens on Sax

JGB — LOS ANGELES

MAY 21, 1989
How Sweet It Is
Stop That Train
Mission In The Rain
Waiting For A Miracle
The Night They Drove
Old Dixie Down
Stone Me
Deal
The Harder They Come
Forever Young
Think
Evangeline
Lucky Old Sun
Midnight Moonlight
13 Songs

FROST AMPHITHEATRE, CALIFORNIA

MAY 6, 1989
Jack Straw
Peggy-O
Walkin' Blues
They Love Each Other
The Race Is On
West LA Fade Away
Just A Little Sweetness...
Queen Jane
China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider

Let The Good Times Roll
Hey Pocky Way
Samson & Delilah
Playin' In The Band
Eyes of the World
Drums>Space
I Will Take You Home
The Wheel
I Need A Miracle
Wharf Rat
Around 'n Around
Not Fade Away
*Black Muddy River
22 Songs

MAY 7, 1989
Iko Iko
Little Red Rooster
Bertha
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Built To Last
Picasso Moon
Bird Song

Foolish Heart
Victim or the Crime
Crazy Fingers
Man Smart Women
Smarter
He's Gone
Drums>Space
The Other One
Black Peter
Lovelight
*Knockin' On Heaven's
Door
17 Songs

*Encore

JGB — ORPHEUM THEATRE

MARCH 3, 1989
(w/Clarence Clemens
for the entire show)
Let's Spend The Night
Together
Stop That Train
Forever Young
Run For The Roses
Like A Road
That's What Love Will
Make You Do
???
Deal

Harder They Come
Stone Me
Someday Baby
Evangeline
Don't Let Go
Lucky Old Sun
Tangled Up In Blue
15 Songs

MARCH 4, 1989
How Sweet It Is
I Shall Be Released
Mission In The Rain
Get Out of My Life
Woman
Simple Twist of Fate
Brothers & Sisters
Deal

Cats Under The Stars
Knockin' On Heaven's
Door
Think
Evangeline
Gommorah
Let's Spend The Night
Together
Midnight Moonlight
14 Songs

*Encore

GD Hotline #3

East - 201-777-8653
West - 415-457-6388
Problems - 415-457-8034

Spring 1989 — New Message From The Dead

Dear Deadheads:

We've got good news, we've got bad news...the good news is we are having fun working hard on a new album which should be out sometime in the summer. The bad news is that we — **all of us**, the band, the audience, the folks who live near our gigs — still have a problem caused by the occasional irresponsible nitwit.

We wanted to play in March at Oakland's Henry J. Kaiser center and backed off cause too many neighbors were still bummed out from the February shows, despite everybody's incredibly good efforts. We'll have a hard time returning to Worcester because some people on our last tour chose to camp on the nearby railroad tracks and had to be forcibly moved. "No Camping" means **no camping** — and though we have previously been able to camp at Irvine, for instance, we won't be able to this year.

Our scene is just like any other ecological system — fragile and interdependent; vending and camping create fun and also strain. We all need to cooperate so that we will be welcome — in other words, **leave nothing but footprints** (no damage to the environment) and good vibes (cops and neighbors are human, too).

Because, once this scene is gone, **nothin's gonna bring it back!**

Best,

The Grateful Dead

Billy, Brent, Mickey, Phil, Bobby & Jerry



You may have noticed a change in your mailing labels. Everyone has been assigned a "customer number" which will make it easier if you have any problems or information changes. The second big change is your "subscription number." This tells you every issue when your subscription will run out. For example, if your number says 12, it means your subscription ends with issue #12.

We will also include a "resubscribe" form with your last issue so that you will **know** for sure that your subscription has run out. It will also make it easier. All you do is fill in the blanks, and send it in with your check.

As with any publication, subscriber information is always the first area of frustration, yours and ours. It is also our lifeline. So, in a never ending attempt to straighten out the problems of the last year, we've worked many long hours converting our mailing list to this new and improved program.

If you missed an issue, please write us with your name and mailing address. If you change(d) your address, please write us with your old address as well as your new one, and please use your customer number. It's a double reference for us. We often have more than one person with the same name. So this way we're sure it's you.

"EXPAND THE POSSIBILITIES"



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Bob Minkin

D-CLASSIFIEDS:

Looking for rare Dead CD's, video & books; also MAC bulletin boards & databases. Hal Ward, 223 Scottsdale Rd B410, Lansdowne, PA 19050.

Looking for Shoreline 10/1/88 and Long Beach 12/9/88. Have many good qual tapes to trade. Send list. Yoes Piccinini, Box 444 East Ely, NE 89315.

Have **first-gen** '88 Greek bds! Frost 10/10/82! 4/30/88; Irvine 88&89. Want: Red Rocks 78,83,84; Greek 85; L-Seca 88; etc. Tom 818-762-4491.

I need the following miracles: Prov 87 & Oxford 88. Will gladly send blanks & pstg. Dave Wellwood, 39 Silva St., Carver, MA 02330.

Deadhead family seeking like-minded nearby people to trade tapes & good times. Marc, Karen & Alex, 6 Arthur Road, Chester, NY 10918 — 914-469-5347.

Any other midwest Deadheads out there? Looking for Kansas City 1980. Have 200+ hrs. Marshall, 4112 Lincoln Swing #102, Ames, IA 50010.

Please help! Entire collection consumed in fire, need any and all I can get. Love ya, J. Kallery, 229 W. Park St., Marquette, MI 49855.

Please send that righteous list to: Woodpecker of Mars, Box 677, Taos, NM 87571!

Need first show, 4/26/72, and all lists. Have 175 hrs or blanks to trade. Fast, reliable. Everyone welcome. Robert Ashton, 1687 N. Michigan #166, Plymouth, IN — 219-936-5054.

Wanted: 5/28/82, 11/17/78 Acoustic, 12/12/81, 2/12/89, 3/22/72, 2/28/81. Have 1100 hrs Dead and 2000 hrs non-Dead. Bill Abelson, 6537 N. Keating, Lincolnwood, IL 60646.

Ontario Heads! Get together for tapes, tours, gatherings, greetings, correspondance & craziness! PO, 54 Tally Ho, Dundas, Ontario, Canada L9H3M6.

Wanted: hi-qual 3/26,4/4,7/4/87; 4/3-5&9, 7/2&3 and 9/16-19&23/88. Will send blanks & postage. Randy, 177 Hillside Avenue, Holyoke, MA 01040.

Want Dylan/Dead rehearsal tapes. Have lots to trade. J.D. Auxier, 723 Belinder Ln #2213, Schaumburg, IL 60173.

Thanks to all the drummers at the shows. Intermission has never been so much fun!

Have 200 hrs sbds & qual aud. In search of Chicago 88 & non-Dead. Ken, 24415 Wolf Rd., Clevo, OH 44140.

Want tape of Eugene 88 show. Have some for trades. Phil, 8315 Lake City Way #207, Seattle, WA 98115.

Grateful for anyone with 6/24/88 Alpine, 4/2/89 Pgh. Tapes to trade. Send lists. Keith Widmer, 4 Eisenhower Dr., York, PA 17402.

Wanted: Tapes of Philly shows, September 88. Bob Johnston, 139 Sandra Avenue, Willow Grove, PA 19090.