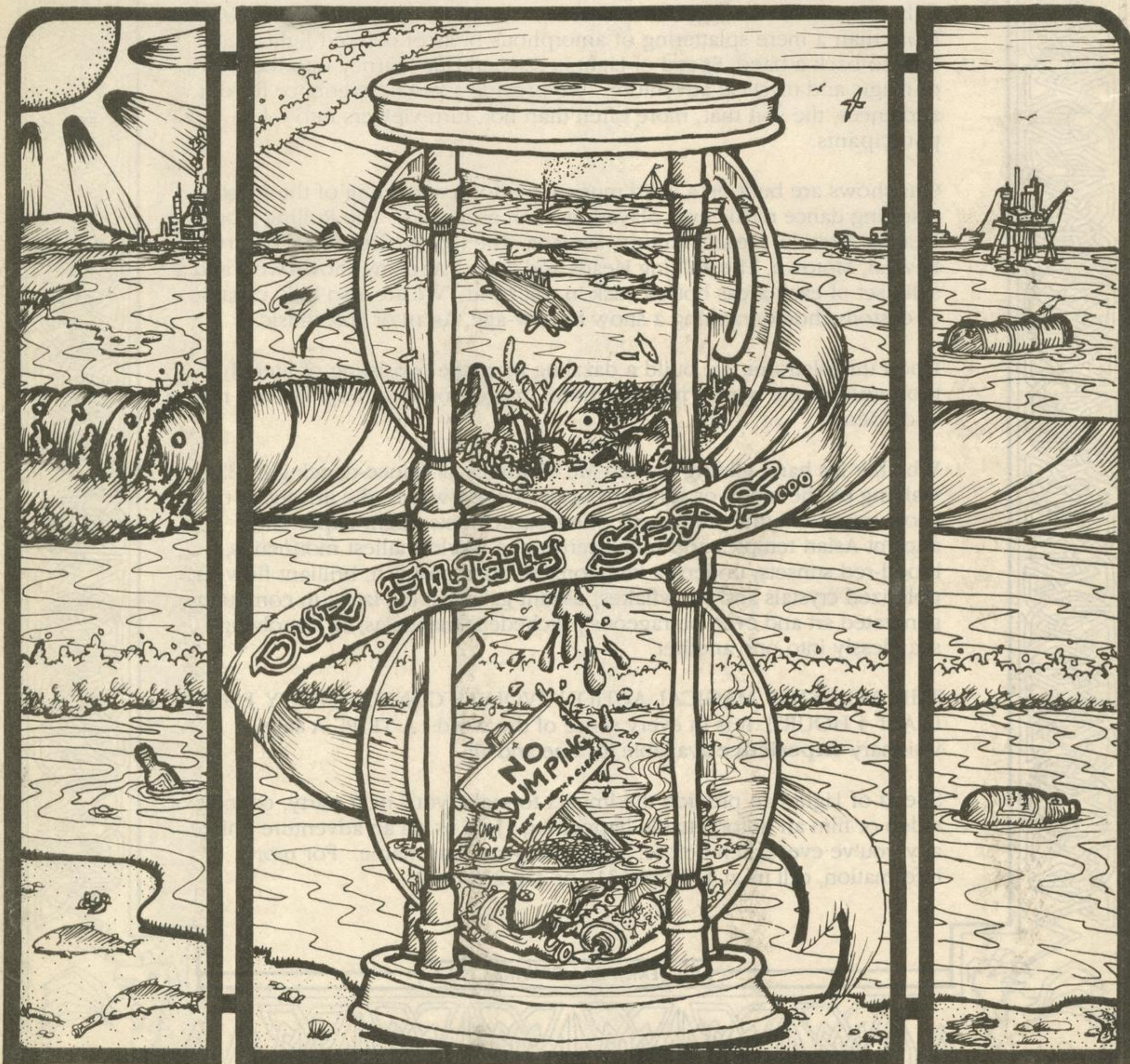


WHEELS OF AMONIA

NEWS

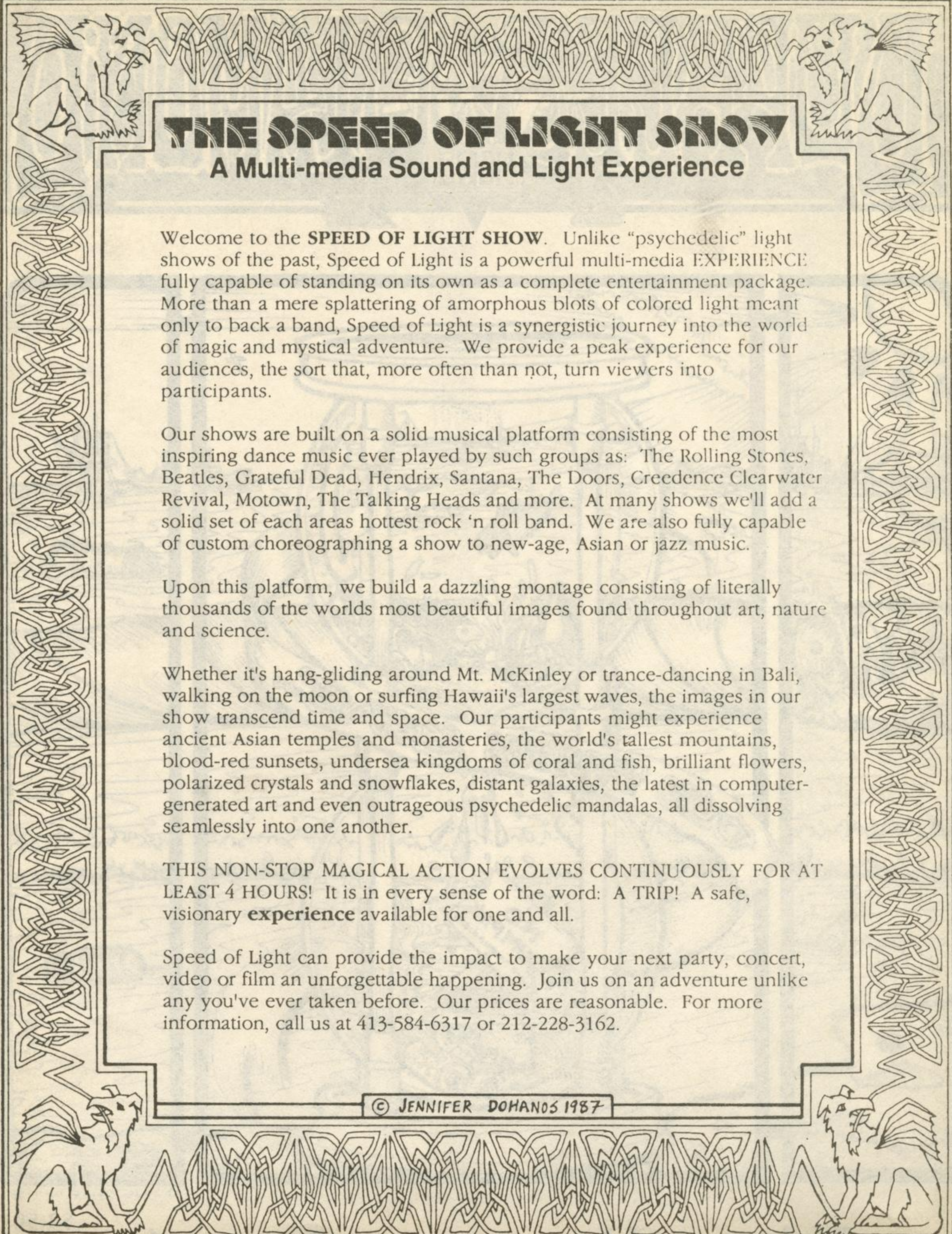


© KISAR RELEASE 12-4-88

Volume II

Issue 4

\$2.50



THE SPEED OF LIGHT SHOW

A Multi-media Sound and Light Experience

Welcome to the **SPEED OF LIGHT SHOW**. Unlike "psychedelic" light shows of the past, Speed of Light is a powerful multi-media EXPERIENCE fully capable of standing on its own as a complete entertainment package. More than a mere splattering of amorphous blots of colored light meant only to back a band, Speed of Light is a synergistic journey into the world of magic and mystical adventure. We provide a peak experience for our audiences, the sort that, more often than not, turn viewers into participants.

Our shows are built on a solid musical platform consisting of the most inspiring dance music ever played by such groups as: The Rolling Stones, Beatles, Grateful Dead, Hendrix, Santana, The Doors, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Motown, The Talking Heads and more. At many shows we'll add a solid set of each areas hottest rock 'n roll band. We are also fully capable of custom choreographing a show to new-age, Asian or jazz music.

Upon this platform, we build a dazzling montage consisting of literally thousands of the worlds most beautiful images found throughout art, nature and science.

Whether it's hang-gliding around Mt. McKinley or trance-dancing in Bali, walking on the moon or surfing Hawaii's largest waves, the images in our show transcend time and space. Our participants might experience ancient Asian temples and monasteries, the world's tallest mountains, blood-red sunsets, undersea kingdoms of coral and fish, brilliant flowers, polarized crystals and snowflakes, distant galaxies, the latest in computer-generated art and even outrageous psychedelic mandalas, all dissolving seamlessly into one another.

THIS NON-STOP MAGICAL ACTION EVOLVES CONTINUOUSLY FOR AT LEAST 4 HOURS! It is in every sense of the word: A TRIP! A safe, visionary **experience** available for one and all.

Speed of Light can provide the impact to make your next party, concert, video or film an unforgettable happening. Join us on an adventure unlike any you've ever taken before. Our prices are reasonable. For more information, call us at 413-584-6317 or 212-228-3162.

© JENNIFER DOHANOS 1987

Staff

John Dwork, Associate Publisher
Sally Ansorge Mulvey, Associate Publisher
Lee J. Randell, Associate Publisher
Brian Cullen, Art Director
Mark Frisk, Editor
Dianna Petty, Copy Typist
Heidi Kelso, Administrative Assistant
Andre Carothers, Staff Writer
Mark Koltko, Staff Writer
David Meltzer, Staff Writer

Special Thanks

Dallas Alice
Doug Allaire
Barry Barnes
Helen DeMieri
Michael Mulvey
Time Magazine
Alan Shecter
Jeffrey Zbar

Contributors

Al G. Badillion
Jennifer Dohanos
Kifer — Cover
Carl McColman
Robert Minkin
Robert Schwartz

Statement of Purpose:

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

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

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

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

WHAT'S INSIDE

Letters To The Editor	2
Deadication, by John Dwork	4
We Talk All The Time..., by Sally Ansorge Mulvey	5
Our Filthy Seas, reprinted from Time Magazine	6
Southern Review, by Carl McColman	14
Truckin' To A Higher Consciousness, by David Meltzer	16
Help On The Way, by Andre Carothers	18
Mickey's Manhattan Hat Trick, by Al G. Badillion	20
Home Aid: Hands and Hearts for Homes, by Robert Schwartz	23
Adventures In Monogamy..., by Mark Koltko	24
Odds & Ends...Deadlines, DDN Notes, Tour Dates, Set Lists, etc.	25

Next Issue

Our year end analysis,
as well as the
wrapping of 1988!

©1989

Dupree's Diamond News

OUR FILTHY SEAS

Threatened by rising pollution, the oceans are sending out an SOS

A TIME Magazine Cover Story. © 1988 Time Magazine.
Reprinted by permission of Los Angeles Times
Syndicate.

The very survival of the human species depends upon the maintenance of an ocean clean and alive, spreading all around the world. The ocean is our planet's life belt.

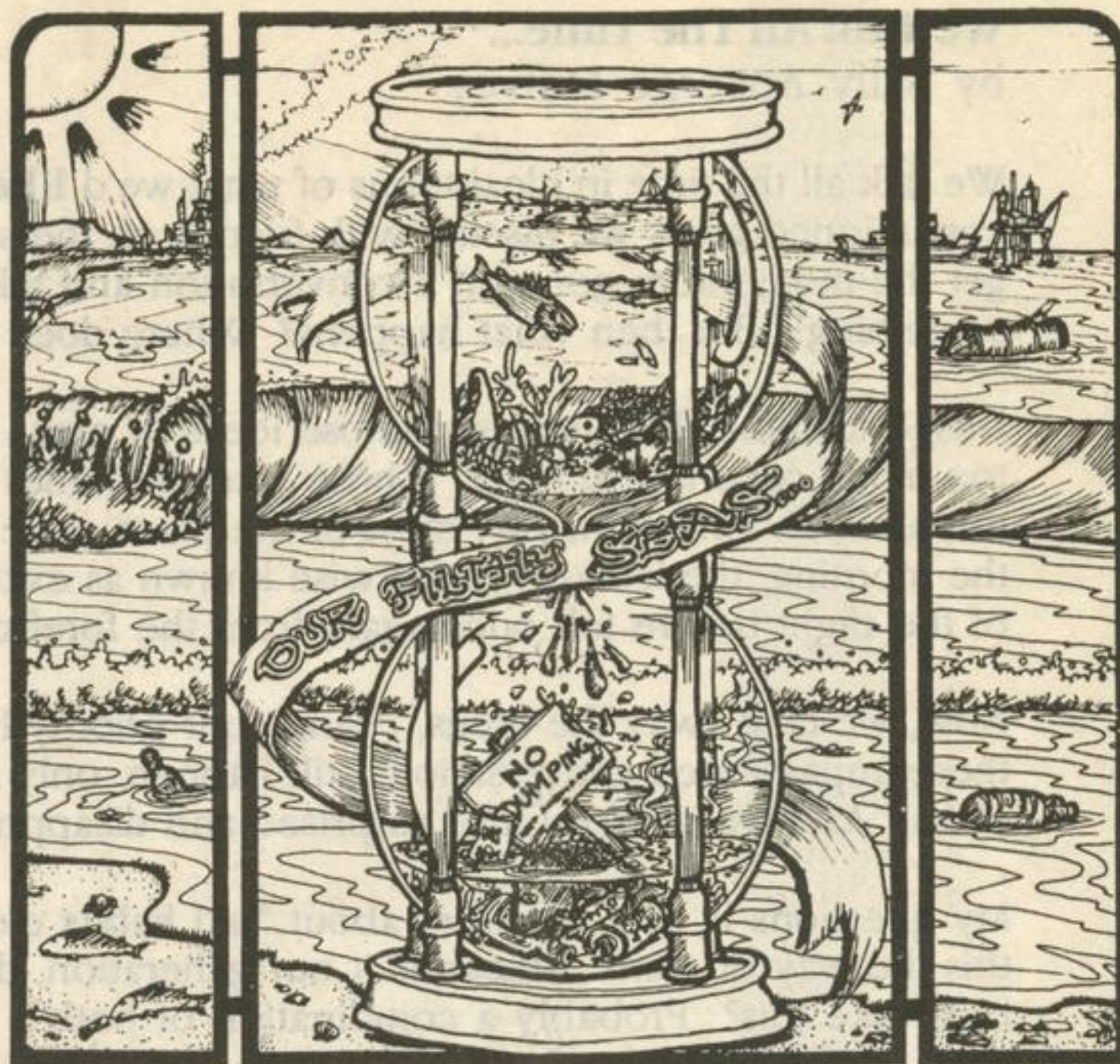
— Marine Explorer Jacques-Yves Cousteau (1980)

After sweltering through a succession of torrid, hazy and humid days, thousands of New Yorkers sought relief early last month by heading for the area's public beaches. What many found, to their horror and dismay, was an assault on the eyes, the nose and the stomach. From northern New Jersey to Long Island, incoming tides washed up a nauseating array of waste, including plastic tampon applicators and balls of sewage 2 in. thick. Even more alarming was the drug paraphernalia and medical debris that began to litter the beaches: crack vials, needles and syringes, prescription bottles, stained bandages and containers of surgical sutures. There were also dozens of vials of blood, three of which tested positive for hepatitis-B virus and at least six positive for antibodies to the AIDS virus.

To bathers driven from the surf by the floating filth, it was as if something precious — *their* beach, *their* ocean — had been wantonly destroyed, like a mindless graffito defacing a Da Vinci painting. Susan Guglielmo, a New York City housewife who had taken her two toddlers to Robert Moses State Park, was practically in shock: "I was in the water when this stuff was floating around. I'm worried for my children. It's really a disgrace." Said Gabriel Liegey, a veteran lifeguard at the park: "It was scary. In the 19 years I've been a lifeguard, I've never seen stuff like this."

Since the crisis began, more than 50 miles of New York City and Long Island beaches have been declared temporarily off limits to the swimming public because of tidal pollution. Some of the beaches were reopened, but had to be closed again as more sickening debris washed in. And the threat is far from over: last week medical waste was washing up on the beaches of Rhode Island and Massachusetts. "The planet is sending us a message," says Dr. Stephen Joseph, New York City's health commissioner. "We cannot continue to pollute the oceans with impunity."

As federal and state officials tried to locate the source of the beach-defiling materials, an even more mysterious — and perhaps more insidious — process was under way miles off the Northeast coast. Since March 1986, about 10 million tons of wet sludge processed by New York and New Jersey municipal sewage-treatment plants has been moved in huge barges



out beyond the continental shelf. There, in an area 106 nautical miles from the entrance to New York harbor, the sewage has been released underwater in great, dark clouds.

The dumping, approved by the Environmental Protection Agency, has stirred noisy protests from commercial and sport fishermen from South Carolina to Maine. Dave Krusa, a Mountauk, N.Y., fisherman, regularly hauls up hake and tilefish with ugly red lesions on their bellies and fins that are rotting away. Krusa is among those who believe that contaminants from Dump Site 106 may be borne back toward shore by unpredictable ocean currents. "In the past year, we've seen a big increase of fish in this kind of shape," he says. Who will eat them? New Yorkers, says a Montauk dockmaster. "They're going to get their garbage right back in the fish they're eating."

This summer's pollution of Northeastern beaches and coastal waters is only the latest signal that the planet's life belt, as Cousteau calls the ocean, is rapidly unbuckling. True, there are some farsighted projects here and there to repair the damage, and there was ample evidence in Atlanta last week that the Democrats hope to raise the nation's consciousness about environmental problems. The heightened interest comes not a moment too soon, since marine biologists and environmentalists are convinced that oceanic pollution is reaching epidemic proportions.

The blight is global, from the murky red tides that periodically afflict Japan's Inland Sea to the untreated sewage that befouls the fabled Mediterranean. Pollution threatens the rich, teeming life of the ocean and renders the waters off once famed beaches about as safe to bathe in as an unflushed toilet. By far the greatest, or at least the most visible, damage has been done near

land, which means that the savaging of the seas vitally affects human and marine life. Polluted waters and littered beaches can take jobs from fisherfolk as well as food from consumers, recreation from vacationers and business from resorts. In dollars, pollution costs billions; the cost in the quality of life is incalculable. In broadest terms, the problem for the U.S. stems from the rampant development along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and the Gulf of Mexico. Between 1940 and 1980, the number of Americans who live within 50 miles of a seashore increased from 42 million to 89 million — and the total is still mounting. Coastal waters are getting perilously close to reaching their capacity to absorb civilization's wastes.

Today scientists have begun to shift the focus of research away from localized sources of pollution, like oil spills, which they now believe are manageable, short-term problems. Instead, they are concentrating on the less understood dynamics of chronic land-based pollution: the discharge of sewage and industrial waste and — possibly an even greater menace — the runoff from agricultural and urban areas.

Conveyed to the oceans through rivers, drainage ditches and the water table, such pollutants include fertilizers and herbicides washed from farms and lawns, motor oil from highways and parking lots, animal droppings from city streets and other untreated garbage that backs up in sewer systems and spills into the seas. Says Biologist Albert Manville of Defenders of Wildlife, a Washington-based environmental group: "We're running out of time. We cannot continue to use the oceans as a giant garbage dump."

The oceans are broadcasting an increasingly urgent SOS. Since June 1987 at least 750 dolphins have died mysteriously along the Atlantic Coast. In many that washed ashore, the snouts, flippers and tails were pocked with blisters and craters; in others, huge patches of skin had sloughed off. In the Gulf of Maine, harbor seals currently have the highest pesticide level of any U.S. mammals, on land or in water. From Portland to Morehead City, N.C., fishermen have been hauling up lobsters and crabs with gaping holes in their shells and fish with rotted fins and ulcerous lesions. Last year's oyster haul in Chesapeake Bay was the worst ever; the crop was decimated by dermo, a fungal disease, and the baffling syndrome MSX (multinucleate sphere X).

Suffocating and sometimes poisonous blooms of algae — the so-called red and brown tides — regularly blot the nation's coastal bays and gulfs, leaving behind a trail of dying fish and contaminated mollusks and crustaceans. Patches of water that have been almost totally depleted of oxygen, known as dead zones, are proliferating. As many as 1 million fluke and flounder were killed earlier this summer when they became trapped in anoxic water in New Jersey's Raritan Bay. Another huge dead zone, 300 miles long and ten miles wide, is adrift in the Gulf of Mexico.

Shellfish beds in Texas have been closed eleven times in the past 18 months because of pollution. Crab fisheries in Lavaca Bay, south of Galveston, were forced to shut down when dredging work stirred up mercury that had settled in the sediment. In neighboring Louisiana 35% of the state's oyster beds are closed because of sewage contamination. Says Oliver Houck, a professor of environmental law at Tulane: "These waters are nothing more than cocktails of highly toxic substances."

The Pacific coastal waters are generally cleaner than most, but they also contain pockets of dead — and deadly — water. Seattle's Elliott Bay is contaminated with a mix of copper, lead, arsenic, zinc, cadmium and polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs), chemicals once widely used by the electrical-equipment industry. "The bottom of this bay is a chart of industrial history," says Thomas Hubbard, a water-quality planner for Seattle. "If you took a core sample, you could date the Depression, World War II. You could see when PCBs were first used and when they were banned and when lead was eliminated from gasoline." Commencement Bay, Tacoma's main harbor, is the nation's largest underwater area designated by the Environmental Protection Agency as a Superfund site, meaning that pollution in the bay is so hazardous that the Federal Government will supervise its cleanup.

Washington State fisheries report finding tumors in the livers of English sole, which dwell on sediment. Posted signs warn, **BOTTOM FISH, CRAB AND SHELLFISH MAY BE UNSAFE TO EAT DUE TO POLLUTION.** Lest anyone fail to get the message, the caution is printed in seven languages: English, Spanish, Vietnamese, Cambodian, Laotian, Chinese and Korean.

San Francisco Bay is also contaminated with copper, nickel, cadmium, mercury and other heavy metals from industrial discharges. Last year toxic discharges increased 23%. In Los Angeles urban runoff and sewage deposits have had a devastating impact on coastal

continued on next page



©Brian Cullen

THE SOUTHERN TOUR '88 IN REVIEW

by Carl McColman

Somebody was selling shirts that called this "the Sunshine Tour," and indeed it was! My home, in the mountains of Tennessee, is far enough north that by early October it's already getting pretty chilly. So it was a real treat to head to Florida for days on the beach and nights at the shows!

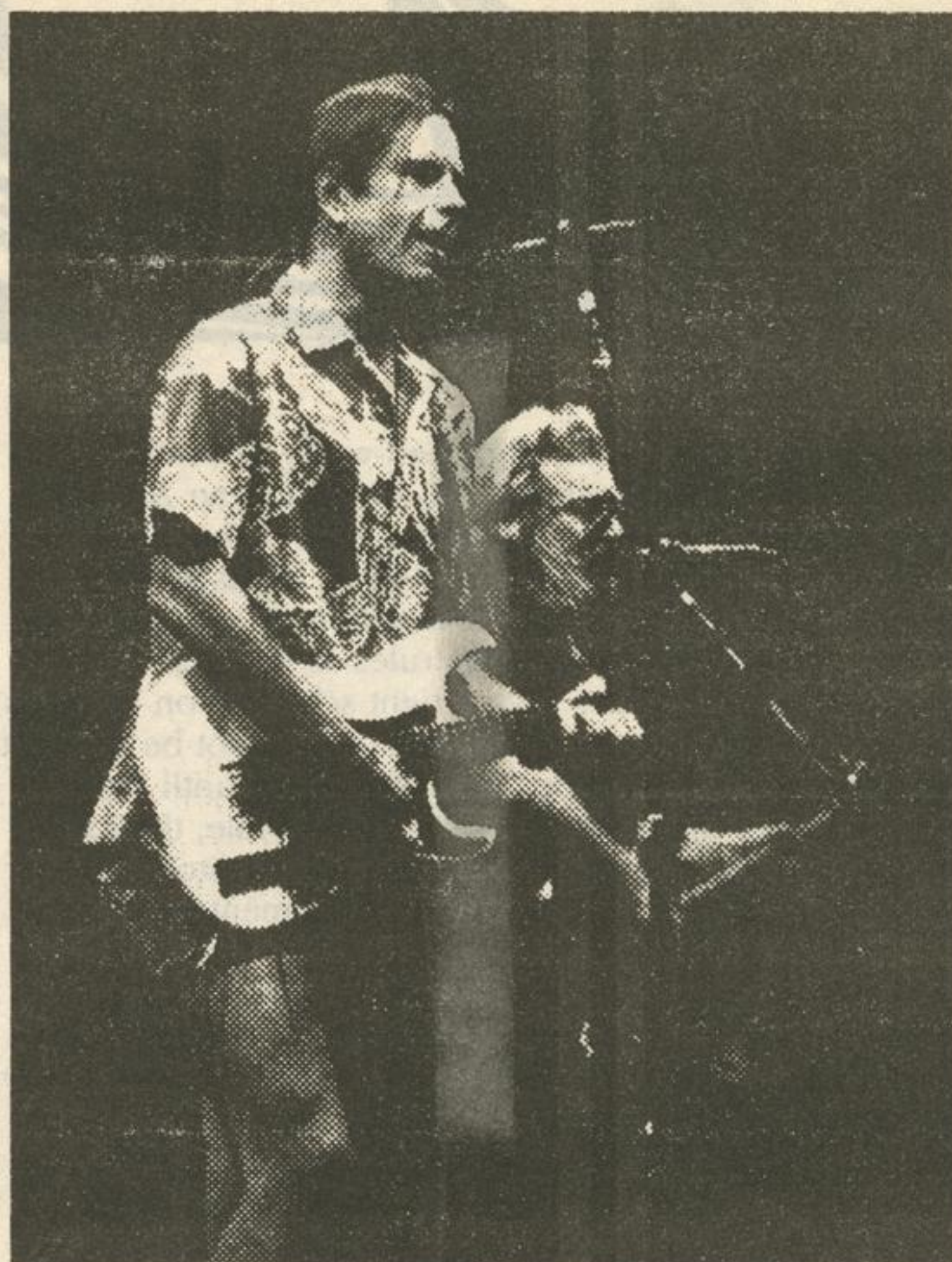
MIAMI — 10/14/88. Can the first show of a tour be worth a twelve-hour drive? The Atlanta show that kicked off last spring's tour was such a letdown that I drove to Miami with almost no expectations. What we were treated to was by no means a great show — indeed, it was probably the shortest show I've ever seen — but it had its moments. The first set began with standard readings, but heated up a little for "It's All Over Now." Bobby's vocals were assured, and Phil in particular began to cook a little. The band stayed tight for the rest of the set.

This was one show where the second set wasn't much better than the first. Everything was pretty standard, and while "He's Gone" had a bit more life in it than is usual these days, after the drums and space, it all just petered out. The "Dear Mr. Fantasy>Hey June Reprise" sequence left me wanting more. And "Black Muddy River" didn't really satisfy. Thank God there were five nights to go!

ST. PETERSBURG — 10/15/88 What a strange experience St. Petersburg was! On the one hand you had the town literally cleaning up empty lots to make them ready for us — a sure sign of southern hospitality, right? Wrong! The Bayfront Center seats less than 8,000, which means there were *lots* of miracle hunters in town — and the security at the arena was massively uptight. Still, the arena itself was gloriously small, so here's to hoping the band gets invited back.

The first show started smoking right away, with a raunchy "Music Never Stopped" sliding smoothly into a killer "Sugaree." Brent kept the heat on with an exciting workout of "Blow Away." But what really deserves mention here is the "Let It Grow" that closed this set. I had truly gotten despondent over this song — seemed it was getting lamer and lamer every time. But in St. Pete, a lot of the old fire seemed to come back. The second set was consistently pleasing until "Truckin'" took a quantum leap into "Smokestack Lightning." Then everyone went crazy! To say the rest of the show was anti-climactic would not really be fair — only something like a "St. Stephen" would have turned the heat any higher than it already was!

ST. PETERSBURG — 10/16/88, Bobby's birthday. It may have been Bobby's birthday, but the night belonged to Jerry. The first set featured a nicely paced "Friend of the Devil" and a lovely "To Lay Me Down" (how nice it is to have that song back!) straight into



© Brian Cullen

"Don't Ease Me In." This seven-song set left "Cassidy" very conspicuous in its absence — a genuine loss. Bobby even forfeited his blues number, allowing Brent to treat us to "Good Times Blues" instead. The second set found Phil willing to sing, opening with "Box of Rain" and, later on, a hot "Gimme Some Lovin'." But still it was Jerry's night. The best "Terrapin" I've heard in ages, along with lovely readings of "The Wheel" and "Morning Dew." Ah, yes!

NEW ORLEANS - 10/18/88. This may not go down in history as a great show, but it certainly was a lot of fun. The first set was an enjoyable contrast between energetic, upbeat songs from Bobby and lovely laid back songs from Jerry. My vote for "best of set" goes to "Peggy-O," with Jerry's voice sounding clear and sweet. All the energy finally exploded in the first half of the second set: "Scarlet>Fire," "Estimated Prophet," and an "Eyes of the World" in which Phil positively COOKED!! For the drums, we were treated to a rich, full sound, courtesy of a guest appearance by the Nevilles. The space flirted briefly with "The Other One" before floating into Brent's lovely lullaby, "I Will Take You Home," — but as soon as Brent was done, the bus did indeed come by. This workout of "The Other One" was very short but very powerful — which makes me wonder if this venerable old gem might not always work better if it's kept away from the space. The rest of the set was pleasing. For the encores ("Iko" and "Heaven's Door") came the real surprise — not only were the

Dead accompanied by the Nevilles (that was to be expected), but also, of all people, the Bangles!! They were in town to open for George Michael at the Superdome, but obviously they had enough sense to realize where the real action was. The girls just did backup vocals, so hopefully not too many purists were offended.

HOUSTON — 10/20/88. Definitely the low point of the tour. "Minglewood" was lots of fun to hear in Texas — almost every line got a rise out of the crowd — and "Candyman" was tight, but the rest of the first set was perfunctory. The second set, while treating us to a new song from Jerry, "Built To Last" and the best space of the tour (thanks to Brent), otherwise suffered from too much Florida deja vu — five songs had been played in Miami, the other two in St. Pete. I wouldn't mind that if the songs were exciting, but again, the band is playing songs like "Lovelight" and the "Hey Jude Reprise" so straight that they'll put you to sleep, guaranteed. And for the encore, "Black Muddy River," folks started leaving after the first note. Could this be the new "Day Job"?

DALLAS — 10/21/88, Brent's birthday. This will be my last show until the spring, and fortunately, it was a major rebound from Houston. Bobby was a little off — during both "Franklin's Tower" and "Sugar Magnolia" he began singing during Jerry's solo — but otherwise, all went well. "Believe It or Not" was a thousand times better than it had been at Alpine, and was safely nestled in the first set where it belongs. "Jack Straw" was lovely and a bit understated — a pleasing ending to the first set. The second set opened with the crowd wishing "Happy Birthday, Brentski" before turning up the heat with a strong "Wang Dang Doodle." The "Victim or the Crime>Foolish Heart" which followed were better and a

bit more spacey than they had been in St. Pete — but somebody get a crowbar, we gotta wrench these two songs apart! Please, don't let this become another "Bucket>Sugaree!"

After the drums and space, Brent treated us to his lullaby again, and things were kept steady. The "Sugar Magnolia," while not destined to make anyone's ten best list, was energetic and just plain fun. "Brokedown Palace," need I say, is the loveliest of all their encores, and is always the perfect end-of-tour encore. Listen to the river sing sweet songs that rock my soul. Amen.

General observations: It's gratifying to note that only a couple of the *In the Dark* songs was repeated this tour; it looks like the band has finally worked that boondoggle out of their system. Likewise, we didn't get hit over the head with their new songs — hearing "I Will Take You Home" twice did not bother me nearly as much as did sitting through a second "Miracle>Fantasy>Jude." Also, one of my chief gripes with songs like "Touch of Grey" and "When Push Comes to Shove" is the fact that they never ever evolve into jams. Thus, it's gratifying to see the band cut loose of the newest stuff like "Blow Away" and "Foolish Heart." On the other hand, can somebody please get Bobby to realize that his last name is Weir and not Dylan? And, if he continues to insist on doing one or two Dylan tunes every night, then please, please, please, let him expand his repertoire! If I hear one more "Masterpiece," I think I'll scratch my eyes out.

It was a good tour, with more hits than misses, although there were several misses. I like the new songs — here's to hoping they DON'T get played to death when the album comes out! ♦



MIAMI ARENA, FL	BAY FRONT CENTER, ST. PETE, FL	LAKE FRONT ARENA NEW ORLEANS	SUMMIT ARENA HOUSTON, TEXAS	REUNION ARENA DALLAS TEXAS
OCTOBER 14, 1988	OCTOBER 15, 1988	OCTOBER 18, 1988	OCTOBER 20, 1988	OCTOBER 21, 1988
Touch of Grey	Music Never Stopped	Hell In A Bucket>	Cold Rain & Snow	Let The Good Times Roll>
New Minglewood Blues	Sugaree	They Love Each Other	New Minglewood Blues	Feel Like A Stranger>
Row Jimmy	Blow Away	Peggy-O	Candyman	Franklin's Tower>
It's All Over Now	Walkin' Blues	Beat It On Down The Line>	Me & My Uncle>	Walkin' Blues
Brown Eyed Women	When Push Comes...	Greatest Story	Mexicali Blues	Believe It or Not
Masterpiece	Queen Jane Approx.	Loser	West LA Fade Away	Memphis Blues
Bird Song	Tennessee Jed	Masterpiece	Queen Jane Approx.	Dupree's Diamond Blues
Promised Land	Let It Grow	Bird Song	Stagger Lee	Jack Straw
China Cat Sunflower>	One More Sat. Night>	Scarlet Begonias>	Music Never Stopped	Happy B'day Brent>
I Know You Rider	Crazy Fingers	Fire On The Mountain		Wang Dang Doodle
Saint of Circumstance>	Playin' In The Band>	Estimated Prophet>	China Cat Sunflower>	Victim or the Crime>
He's Gone>	Uncle John's Band>	Eyes of the World>	I Know You Rider>	Foolish Heart>
Drums>Space>	Drums>Space>	Drums**>Space**>	Playin' In The Band>	Drums>Space>
GDTRFB>	Truckin'>	I Will Take You Home**>	Build To Last****>	I Will Take You Home>
I Need A Miracle>	Smokestack Lt'nin'>	The Other One**>	Playin' In The Band>	GDTRFB>
Dear Mr. Fantasy>	Stella Blue>	Wharf Rat**>	Drums>Space>	Watchtower>
Hey Jude Reprise	Lovelight	Throwing Stones**>	I Need A Miracle>	Stella Blue>
*Black Muddy River	*U.S. Blues	Not Fade Away**>	Dear Mr. Fantasy>	Sugar Magnolia
17 Songs	17 Songs	*Iko Iko****>	Hey Jude Reprise>	*Brokedown Palace
		*Knockin' On Heaven's...***>	Lovelight	18 Songs
		19 Songs	*Black Muddy River	
		**w/The Nevilles	18 Songs	
		also w/The Bangles	*New Jerry Song	*Encore

Truckin' To Higher Consciousness

by David Meltzer

In this issue, I'd like to take the opportunity to talk, from the perspective of yoga, about the phenomenon of getting high. It's likely that most everyone reading this is onto the unguarded secret that the Grateful Dead can get you high. With or without the ingestion of external substances, many of us have experienced profound degrees of joy, insight, and community while at concerts. I find it valuable to use yogic philosophy to help me understand the high I get from the Grateful Dead because it helps me to keep my trips positive, to balance the peak experiences I have at shows with my day-to-day responsibilities, and to integrate the Dead experience so that my life becomes more personally rewarding and I become more aware of how I can contribute to the healing of our planet. John Dwork and I were calling this process of integration, "descending upon the valley of everyday life from the mountain top of the visionary experience."

When I say that I'd like to talk about getting high, I do not mean that I'll try to define experiences which are beyond verbal description. What I'll attempt to do is introduce you to some ideas from the ancient science of yoga. Playing this idea-game can help you understand some of the basic principles of how energy flows in the universe. The same principles which influence the flowing of cool mountain streams and the stars and the moon, are the same principles which influence the energy at a Grateful Dead concert and the events in your life. Understanding these principles results in your becoming more capable of generating and regulating the flow of energy in your life, providing you with the opportunity to create a lifestyle which is joyful, vibrant, and personally satisfying. Understanding universal principles can help you feel high all the time.

When I say "feel high," I don't mean getting trashed or becoming unconscious. I'm not talking about boogeying-till-you-puke. "Getting high," to paraphrase Jerry, "means becoming a conscious cog in the wheel of the universe." When we get high, we take our natural place in what yoga calls The Grand Cosmic Dance. We enter into an energy flow — which the Chinese call the Tao, and which we Deadheads have not defined but seem capable of recognizing — which brings magic and love into our lives.

To live in tune with this flow is to be in touch with the essence of life energy, and to obtain the grace for the realization of our highest visions and the manifestation of our most cherished dreams. The fun and excitement that are around every corner at a Dead show are also available outside the concert hall. It just takes a bit of practice to notice. You really can have a miracle every day. The music never stops!

One word here: don't be uptight if all of your life's dreams are not being realized right now. It's not



necessarily that you are divorced from the flow. Part of the difficulty is most likely the result of the remarkably unsupportive culture we live in. If you were not becoming aware of how to drink from that fountain "that was not made by the hands of men," it is most unlikely that you would have been attracted to reading so much of this essay. Keep on truckin', you're on the Golden Road...for sure!

Back to getting high. Getting high — again, with or without chemical assistance — is a result of the expansion of consciousness. As I pointed out in the last issue, consciousness is a term which designates the sum total of all the levels of our being: our physical body, emotions, thoughts, and intuitions. Expanding consciousness involves opening up to the depth and width of our experience on these various levels. As consciousness expands and we get high, we naturally feel happy because we are in greater touch with more of the power and beauty of who we are.

Yoga offers several pointers for getting high and sustaining expanded consciousness. The first is: be here now. In other words, focus on your experience of the present moment. Memories of the past and hopes for the future are all part of a healthy mental landscape, but getting caught up in past or future tripping will cause one to miss out on the beautiful flow of energy that is only available in the present. "Life is what happens while you're busy making other plans," said John Lennon. All of the job and the fun, all of the life force that you might like to experience are available at every moment. The universe holds nothing back!

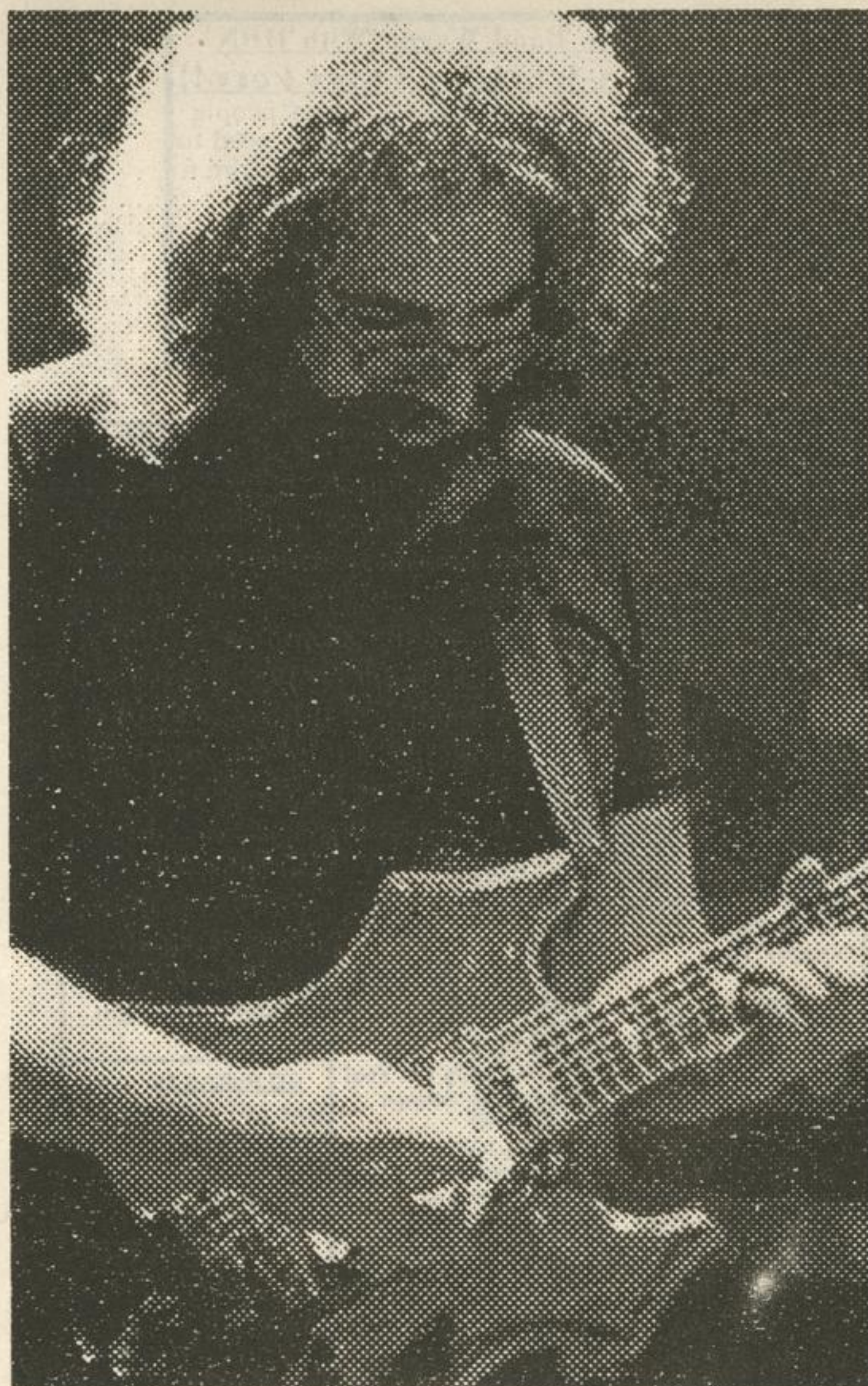
If you're not feeling high, I'd suggest not getting too attached to trying to change external circumstances; rather, check out your present experience and try to get a sense of how you might be blocking the flow in your body, emotions, thoughts, or intuitions. The highs are all within...let them out! (On a side note, I'd like to

Deadlines

by Brian Cullen

1. At what show does Bob say: "We've just located a bug in our new system that sounds like about a forty foot cockroach, and we're going to iron him out, right now. We've located the source of the problem as a dead battery somewhere. That's the truth, the God's truth"?
2. At what show does Jerry say: "Bobby's got a broken string so we're gonna spend some time and fix it; that's what we're gonna do"?
3. At what show does Bob say: "There's a new song that most of you haven't heard. So that's...that's the key for you pirate radio...or ah...pirate recorders out there to get your tape machines spinnin' cause here it comes"? And what was this song?
4. At what show does Phil say: "For those of you who speak English and have flash bulbs on your cameras that are down here close in front of us, please don't flash us with your flashes. And we're gonna have a French translation of that pretty quick. Meanwhile, Let's do this..." as the band begins "Deal"?
5. At what show does Bob say: "Oh boys, are you guys...you can't get too much of a good thing. By definition, that doesn't necessarily mean that we're gonna play another polka." Jerry then cuts in: "A mindless climax..." And Bob continues: "Oh boy, are you gonna love this." As Jerry laughs and the band cranks out "One More Saturday Night"?
6. At what show does Phil say: "Hi Ya, Hi Ya, Hi Ya Kids, Hi Ya, Hi Ya, Hi Ya Kids, Hi Ya, Hi Ya, Hi Ya Kids...Can you hear me?"
7. At what show does Bob say: "We're gonna start today with yesterday's encore"?
8. At what show does Bob say: "There's something on fire back there and I don't want to know about it" as he begins "The Music Never Stopped"?
9. At what show, while Healy fooled with the echo effects, did Bob try to say: "During the break we're gonna run a raffle and the lucky winner of the raffle gets to hold the rhythm section hostage"?
10. At what show did this exchange take place:

Bob: "Alright, now we're gonna play everyone's favorite fun game: Move Back. Now, when I tell you 'Take a step back,' everybody take a step back. Alright? Right! OK. Take a step back, and take



© Ann Onymous

another step back, and take another step back, and another....take a step back... Doesn't everybody feel better? What do you mean 'No'?"

Jerry: "Like, see all these people in the front are getting horribly smashed here, so that means all you people in the back have to move back some."

Bob: "Or feel guilty...then all your friends up front won't be bug-eyed"?

- | | |
|-----|---|
| 1. | Stanford University, 2/9/73 |
| 2. | San Diego, 9/7/71 |
| 3. | Felt Forum, NYC, 12/5/71 — Mr. Charlie |
| 4. | Olympia Theatre, Paris, 5/4/72 |
| 5. | Harding Theatre, San Francisco, 11/7/71 |
| 6. | Philadelphia Spectrum, 4/7/85 |
| 7. | California Expo, 5/4/86 |
| 8. | Great American Music Hall, 8/13/75 |
| 9. | Riverfront Stadium, 6/24/85 |
| 10. | Cornell University, 5/8/77 |

Answers