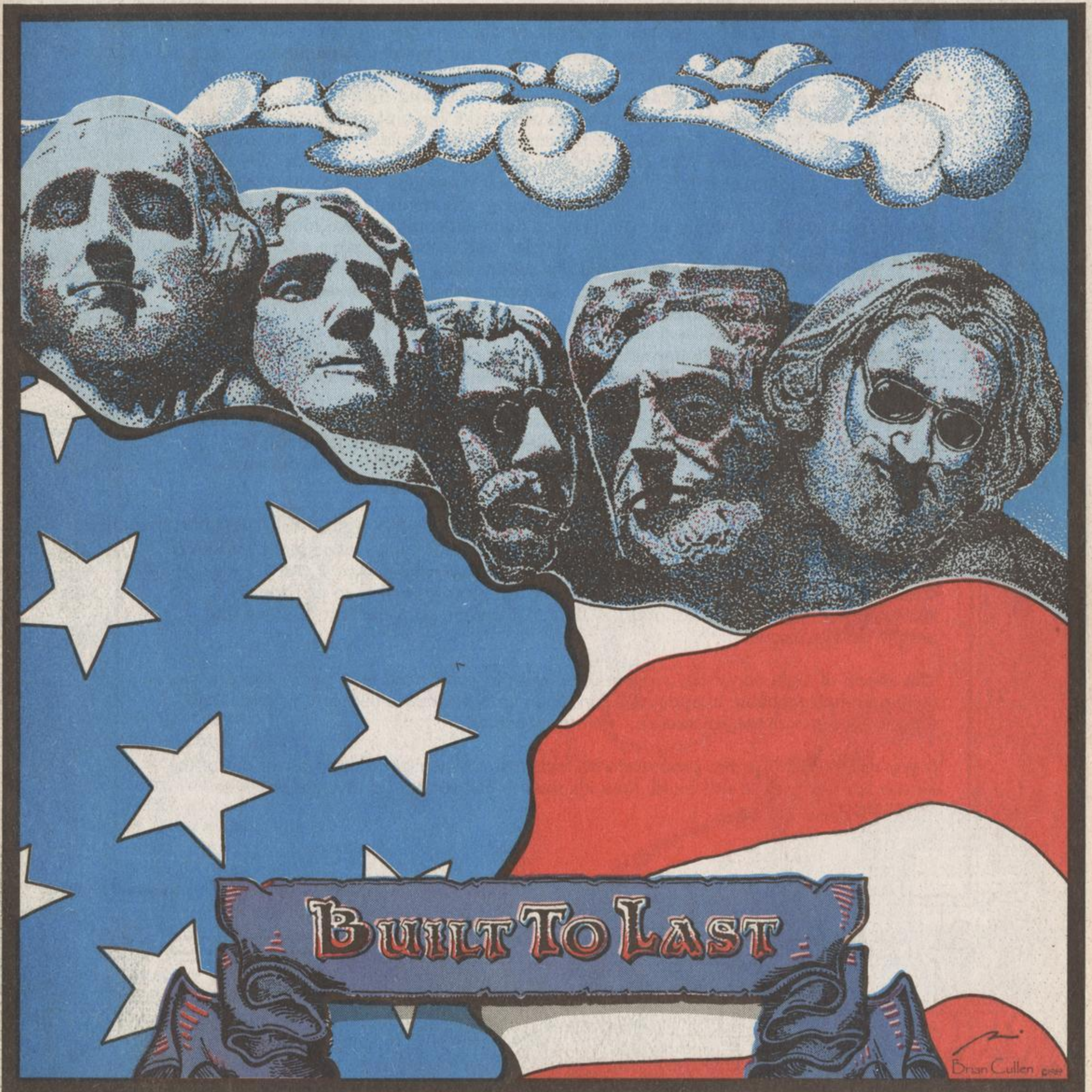


DIAPHRAGMS TO DIAMONDS

NEWS

DOCUMENTING THE DEADHEAD EXPERIENCE



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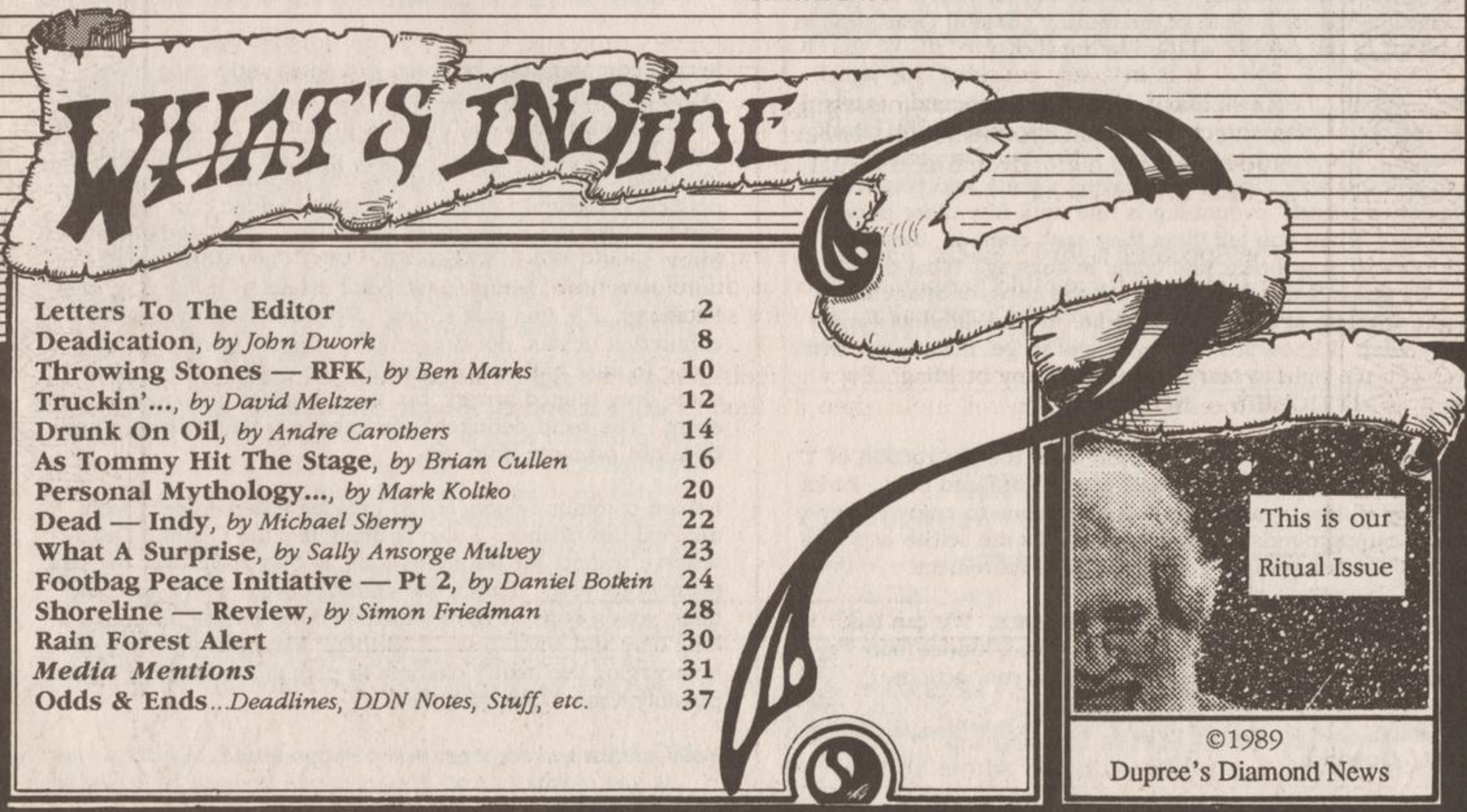
Statement of Purpose:

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.

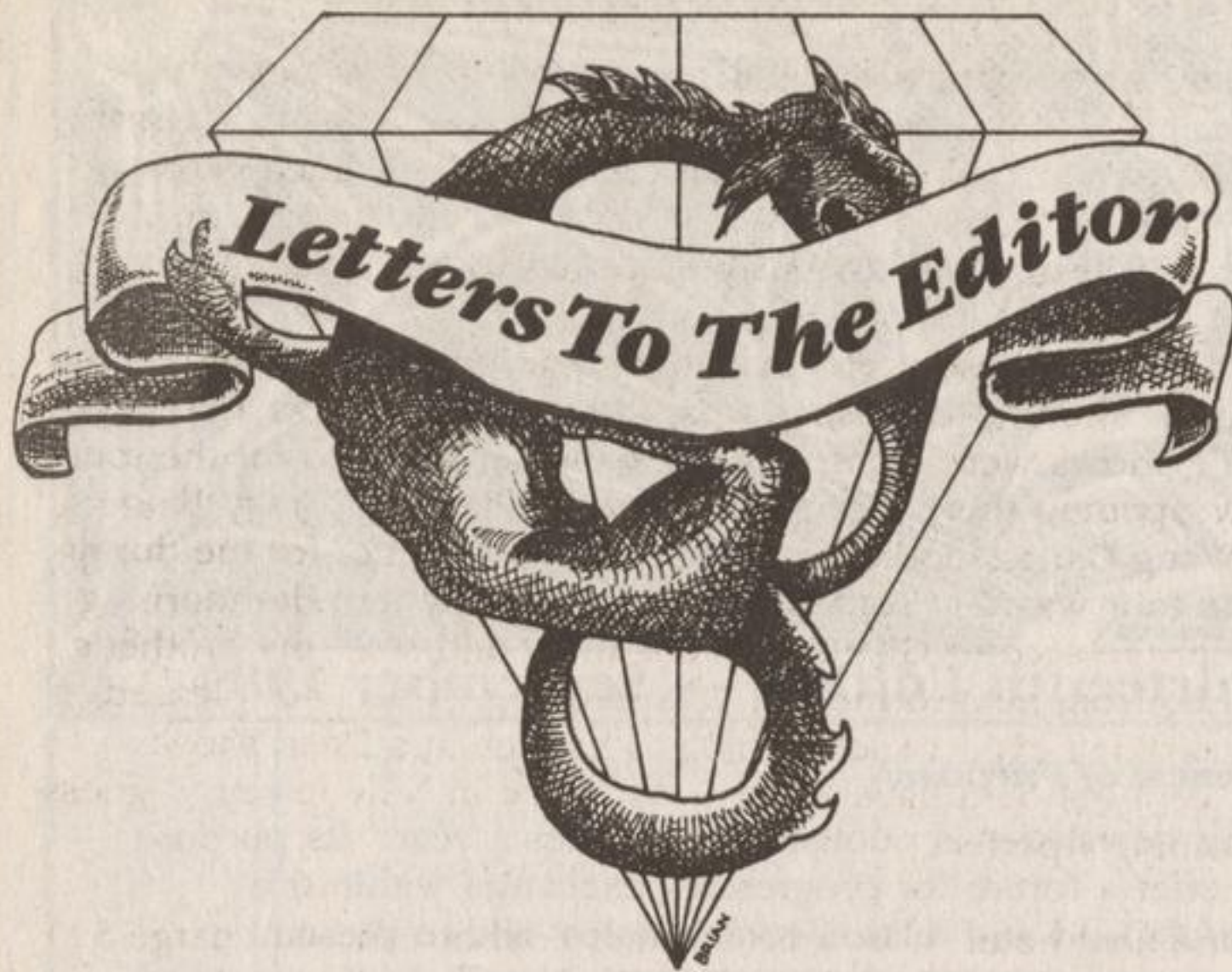
The opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of *DDN*, and our opinions are not necessarily those of the Grateful Dead.



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This is our
 Ritual Issue

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 Dupree's Diamond News



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

Dear DDN,

I just returned from the Pittsburgh, PA show. As everyone knows by now, the scene turned ugly and a lot of innocent people got hurt. The police were, without question, out of line. There were circumstances that led up to the violence that were the sole responsibility of a small, yet destructive group of people. This "wise" group decided that the way to see the show was to tear a set of doors off the Civic Arena. Gate crashing combined with illegal camping, disrespectful parking (including blocking driveways) and leaving a mountain of trash have led to the banning of the Dead in yet another city.

I've been into the Dead for over ten years. The last few years I've been watching the scene I love being destroyed. I write in hopes of reaching out and helping my fellow Deadheads realize the fate of the touring Grateful Dead rests in the hands of the people who go to the shows.

Gate crashing. Let's talk about this for just a second. Lately, I hear more and more the classic line in response to the classic question. "Do you have tickets?" "No, but I'm getting in." Look at it this way. Say you're having a party and you invite twenty-five friends; everything is fine until fifty other people show up. When you tell them they can't come in, they tear the doors off your house and come in anyway. What do you do? My guess is that you either call the cops, or attack the people who are attacking your home. It's no different for a civic center. I know it's a bummer not to get tickets, but what gives you the right to tear the doors off any building? Put simply — **NO TICKETS — NO SHOW.**

The last topic I'd like to touch base on is the destruction of the environment in the cities and places the Dead play. Parks and other public areas are built for everyone to enjoy. They are not campgrounds or trash dumps. It's the selfish acts of a few that are going to force the band into retirement.

It's not too late, we can all make a difference. We can talk forever, but the bottom line is actions speak louder than words. Think about the consequences of your actions.

Gratefully,
Fred M. Goodrich

Dear DDN:

Thanks for the opportunity to represent your fine publication by doing the review of the two shows formerly scheduled for Sandstone Amphitheatre in Kansas City, Kansas. The show has been "nixed" due to the Deadhead reputation of drug sales and non-licensed food/beverage vending, as determined by the Wyandotte County Parks and Recreation Department through their inquiries with community leaders in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Irvine and Palo Alto (see article from Kansas City Star under "Odds & Ends"). I am personally outraged at the loss of venue as are thousands of fans here in the Kansas City area. The Dead will survive, but I don't know if I will if I have to continue travelling to far-off destinations to see a show! Alternative sights are certainly available; therefore, I plead my case for serious reconsideration by the band to seek and find a new venue while overlooking the uncertain fears as expressed by a minute percentage in a distant section of Kansas City, Kansas. Three previous shows at the beautiful Starlight Theatre in Kansas City, Missouri, went just fine, as do most events in this area. Please don't let the fears of a few ruin the opportunity to entertain so many. And yes, Deadheads, let us continue to clean up our act and begin to set an example rather than create bad public relations for the band.

Ted Carleton

Following is the letter I sent to Honorable Jan Meyers, U. S. Representative:

Recent complications between promoter and venue have caused cancellation of the July 21-22 shows of the Grateful Dead at Sandstone Amphitheatre in Bonner Springs, KS. The Dead have not been in the Kansas City metropolitan area in four years. Now they've backed out because of alleged political pressure to beef up security at added cost for the band. There has never been a problem at the Starlight shows (three since 1982) in Kansas City, MO. Only isolated cases of unruliness have disrupted peaceful events in Irvine, CA, and Pittsburgh, PA, this past spring. Most involved the sale of counterfeit tickets, not drug-crazed hippies from yesteryear trying to raise hell by antagonizing the police. There were some drug related arrests, but these are not uncommon at any event. The band definitely advocates peaceful behavior and does not promote drug use.

I share community concern to provide entertainment with minimal disturbance. I also strongly feel the Grateful Dead deserve respect for lasting as long as they have over the past twenty-one years. I am a law-abiding citizen with a wife and three young sons. I have anticipated the band's return for a long time and want to see it happen. Paranoia with little cause is damaging the band's chances to play in Kansas City, KS and possibly Kansas City, MO, too!!!

Your interest and response will be appreciated...

Dear Dupree's:

Well, the summer tour (or at least the east and midwest portions) is now over and it is time for all of us to reflect back upon what has transpired. The shows were, by and large, excellent. The band did not skimp on length for the 11 shows I saw, and the versions of the songs they chose to play were outstanding. Jerry's "Standing on the Moon" is a gorgeous and moving song which I hope to see again soon. "And We Bid You Goodnight" at Alpine was indeed a splendid treat, as was "Smokestack" at Deer Creek (which was a beautiful place to see a show, and I hope the band is allowed back soon), and two "China Dolls." Even though they did play a number of repeats each night, it was a small price to pay for the quality of each individual show and each individual set. Thanks, guys.

But there were some problems with the tour which threaten the survival of the scene as we know it. At all of the stadium shows antsy people couldn't accept the fact that they didn't have general admission field seats. They chose to ignore their reserved tickets and jump the walls onto the floor. At the very first show, in Foxboro, I was sitting with my back to the metal gate that separated the first row of seats from the floor. I got out of there fast when people started to jump over the wall. I was mighty afraid that I would get trampled by some overzealous Heads who just had to be one of 20,000 people on the floor. Now, I don't know if anyone was badly hurt when this was going on, but I did see security throttling people at Giants Stadium, and jumping on and forcing people down onto the gravel warning track at RFK. The behavior of both these overzealous security goons and the Heads was atrocious. There is certainly no need to hurt someone in order to stop them from getting on the field. In addition, Heads must realize that all of these security hassles don't help the band, don't help other Heads who are already on the floor, and certainly do nothing to help the tapers who have better things to worry about, like Nerf footballs or errant beach balls thrown into their section, and who especially need to concentrate on their decks, not on the way-too-crowded conditions on the field.

The security and police contingents at the shows seemed anxious to wage a war. Maybe they felt that they were the vanguard of William (the schmuck who was Secretary of Education under Reagan and is now Bush's "Drug Czar") Bennett's war on drugs (Hah, what a joke!). I was shocked when a team of undercover cops rushed up to a car containing two rather large gentlemen. They proceeded to pull their guns on these guys and arrest them. Now, I don't know what the arrest was about, but these guys didn't look like major cocaine dealers to me. They were probably simply partaking of a kind bud or two. Illegal, yes, deadly, no. They certainly weren't about to engage in a gun battle with State of New Jersey narcotics detectives. Who informs the police of the grave dangers at a Dead show? Well, the cops I talked to said that they were at the show in response to the stabbing death of a fan by another fan at the Who concert the week before. Now, that sounds to me suspiciously like closing the stable door after the horse has left. Does this logic make sense to anyone out there? Personally, I think the cops should crack down on Nitrous at the shows. I was told that two people died in Philly as a result of Nitrous. That is two deaths too many in my mind. I know that if someone said that pot killed two people in Philly it would cause me to rethink my own use.

Finally, garbage. There was way too much of it when we left each place. It seemed like everyone had a garbage bag at

their car, or were walking along picking up loose cans, but there was still way too much garbage in the end. Is it possible to attract this many people and not have that much garbage? It did appear that there was a concerted effort to "Keep the Scene Clean," but obviously more has to be done.

Aside from these problems which could make it harder for the band to return to these places, the tour for me was a success. The shows were great, and the band set the tone for the tour by opening the Foxboro show with "Playin'">"Crazy Fingers," "Wang Dang Doodle." The only major bummer for me during the tour was that some bozo came into my tent the morning after the second Giants Stadium show and stole my brother's radio from next to me as I was sleeping. I was not pleased and didn't expect such a thing to happen at a Dead show, except I should have known, we were in New Jersey. I guess nothing's perfect.

One final note: It is ludicrous that Foxboro should charge \$20 for overnight parking in a lot that might as well have been a quarry. Boy, did they make a lot of money off us. With almost no overhead. The cops should have pulled their guns on the thieves in Foxboro, not on some toking heads in Jersey. Justice is served, I guess.

Also, sorry to say, I heard from fairly reliable sources that there will be no camping or vending on the short fall tour. I guess we dug our grave.

Still bound to cover just a little more ground...

Jeremy Ritzer

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Dear DDN:

I am writing in response to your message in the spring tour handout concerning the village/vending scene that has escalated in size so rapidly in the past six or seven years, due to the surge in Dead popularity. It is unfortunate that a large portion of concert goers at each show are coming out of curiosity to view the spectacle created by this fun-loving scene of music lovers rather than to hear the Dead. It is this contingent that comes from within the hundred mile radius of the arena that lacks respect for the environment as well as cops, neighbors, and Dead fans.

Those of us who follow parts or all of the tour know the danger this scene is in. Our lives revolve around where the Dead is playing, what they're playing, and how they're playing it. Your life certainly reflects this in the excellent work you do that keeps us all very well informed and in touch with what is going on in this close knit and fragile way of life. We must do everything we can to educate those people who are consistently trashing our parking lots, even if it means walking around handing out trash bags or picking up trash ourselves. Whatever happened to that wonderful group of people the Dead organized called the Cosmic Recyclers that was at Alpine Valley last year? I know the Dead did not create Deadheads, but one of the main reasons they're still out there playing is because we need them to. Their music is more addictive than any drug and has touched and shaped the lives of thousands of people, and I feel that I have been blessed to be a part of that scene.

In closing, I would like to say that it is the Dead that are out there making fifty million dollars a year and not the vendors. That is great for the Dead, they deserve it, but some of that money could go back into helping rejuvenate the scene through such marvelous efforts as the Cosmic Recyclers made last year. The Dead do not want to be shut out of coliseums and neither do we, so we must all work together to save our precious way of life.

Keep up the good work,
Ian Freeman

Deaditor's note: We don't agree that it is the faction of concert-goers who are just there to "witness" who do the damage to "our" scene. We believe it is a part of the Deadhead community that travels around to see the band that don't care about the repercussions of their behavior. The first-timers are usually too busy gaping to trash the venues. But many Deadheads go to shows with an attitude of lawlessness, get totally wasted and are unable to even move much less pick up trash. The attitude prevails from many of the long-time Deadheads that they "own" the scene in which they live. And it just isn't so. It is the responsibility of this community to take care of this scene and show respect for those whose paths they are crossing.

By the way, the Dead did not create the Cosmic Recyclers, Deadheads did!



Dear DDN:

I've just returned from some summer shows and have a few thoughts. First things first. (The music *is* still first, isn't it?) I really enjoyed Indianapolis; I felt the boys were excited to play a smaller venue after the East Coast stadium gigs. From "Bertha" to "Brokedown," I thought they had come to play, and the crowd loved it.

The rather strict measures at Indianapolis made for a clean, mellow scene, I thought. I have been hearing that there are too many people on tour these days and the problems are stemming from that. But starting the day before the show, only out-of-state vehicles were allowed in the lot. This group, coupled with the spacious grass lot at Deer Creek, made for one of the most relaxed scenes I've been a part of.

At Alpine Valley, the scene was much dirtier and larger. This was undoubtedly largely due to the fact that this was a three-day stand, but there were none of the experimental measures implemented (at least in practice) as there were at Indy.

We've heard a lot about alcohol being a trouble maker on tour. I'd like to add nitrous oxide to that list. At the venues where gas vending is overlooked or tolerated, we have all witnessed folks injuring themselves or damaging others' setups by falling down. If you take a walk around the lot late at night, I think you'll find most of the noise and potential trouble occurring near nitrous tanks. Now, I understand that this whole scene is about doing your own thing, and I'm not one to tell you what you can and cannot do. And I certainly am not beyond reproach myself. But, I urge that if you are going to use nitrous oxide, *be careful*. You feel real stupid getting up in a crowd of people after fainting and smacking your head. Sit down. And if you're going to sell gas, please ask people to sit down or at least lean against something. Nitrous incidents always appear to me to be the most senseless and preventable.

Enough preaching. But given our size, we have to find a happy medium between anarchy and self-government. If not, we face being controlled by outside forces, and I know we all hate that. So be responsible, don't be afraid to ask a Deadhead to shape up, and bring garbage bags.

Love,
Jack Darin

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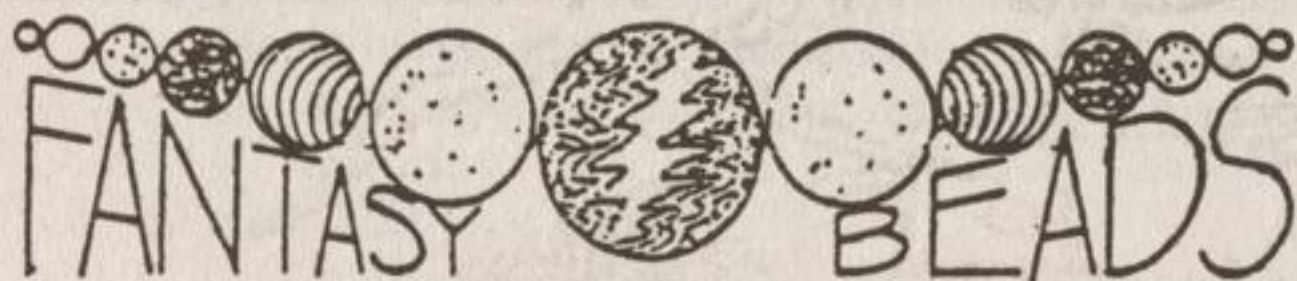
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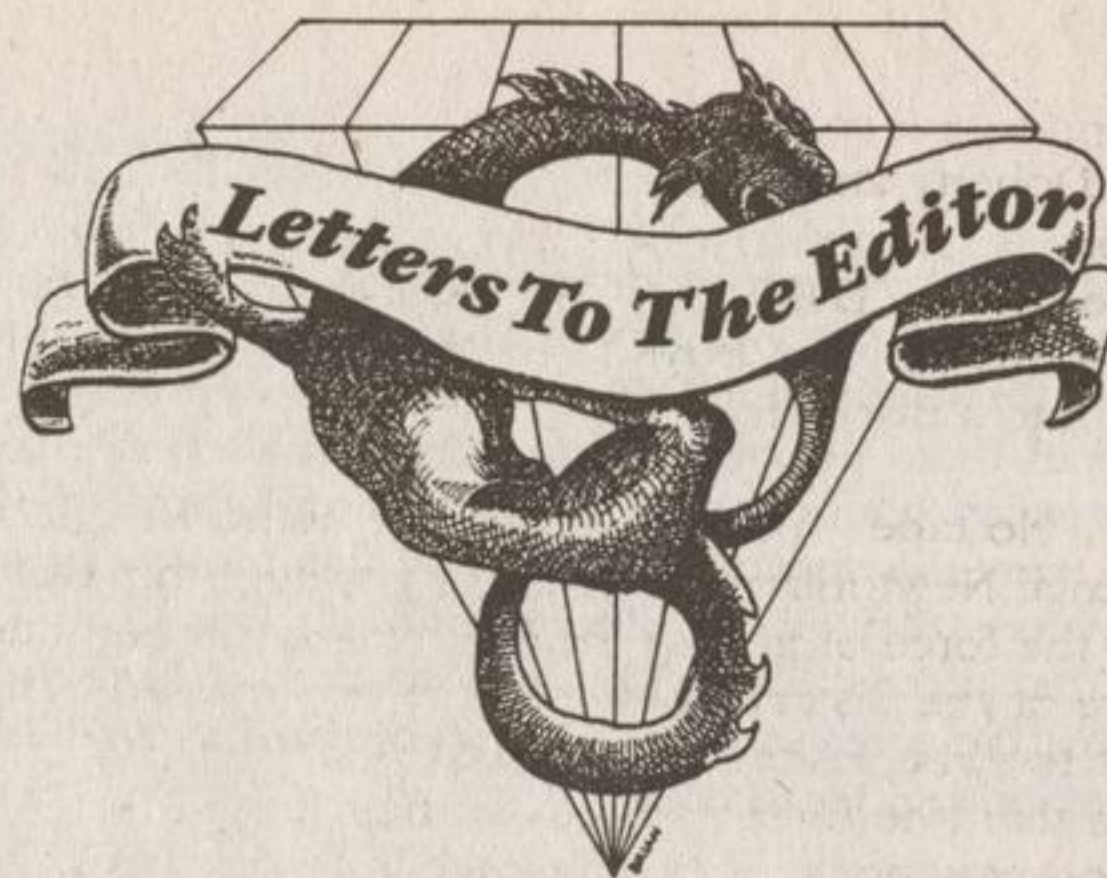
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Feedback...

Dear DDN,

Todd Romero, in a letter printed in DDN #12 (reacting to my letter in #10), says that if I have trouble listening to any Dead tune I'd better decide if it's the Dead I really like or not. Come on, Todd, isn't that pretty silly?

One of the things the Dead stand for is the value of individuality in a world of corporate conformity. If we who support them can't accept and enjoy each other's differences what the hell are we doing? Are those whose faith isn't considered strong enough going to be thrown from the bus?

It may have been Saint Dilbert who said, "When they start questioning your faith you know you're onto something."

However, I have to agree that reading the letters (and show reports) in DDN can get depressing. Last issue there were babies being body-searched by Orange County robocops, a rampaging tow-truck driver, window-smashing gate crashers, head-bashing policemen and heaps and heaps of trash, not to mention rumors of continued "health" problems in the band.

But then, after a breather, some more reading gave me a tribute to Abbie Hoffman, a level-headed review of Carlos Castaneda's work, a report on progressive politics in Europe and other reminders of the wider world in which we find ourselves.

All this in DDN, the good and the bad, the hope and the despair, shows the strength of the Deadheads. It shows that we can look at the Dead and ourselves rationally, seeing that we're all just a bunch of humans doing pretty well sometimes and screwing up other times. We can hope that by consciously observing the Dead phenomenon and how it fits into the rest of reality we can avoid the blind fanaticism that has sidetracked too many other systems of dealing with life. We don't want to end up as the wagon of clay following these particular redeemers.

Take care of yourselves. Do what you can.
Doug Allaire



To the Editors:

My correspondence is to clarify a problem presented by Messieurs P. Doherty and M. Tuckman in the Twelfth Edition issue of Dupree's Diamond News. The problem was how to chronicle the songs, "Dark Star," "St. Stephen," and "The Eleven," performed by the Boys while they were inexorably being drawn into a Black Hole.

No problem. No tape. You see, the gentle authors neglected the fundamental Newtonian proportionality relationship that dictates that the force of gravity varies inversely proportionally to the square of the distance between the two masses. The effect is that the gravitational force exerted on the Boys' heads is less than the force exerted on their feet. The disturbing consequence of this difference in forces would be to "stretch [the Boys] out like spaghetti or tear [them] apart before the star had contracted to the critical radius at which the event horizon formed!" I borrow this lucid, somewhat grotesque, prediction from Mr. Stephen Hawking's almost-layman-readable *A Brief History of Time*. Whether conditions, as yet unfounded, actually would allow time travelling is no longer pertinent. My crucial concern is that anyone possessing information concerning the actual or potential formation of a singularity near a gig would inform the Boys, the audience, and the local authorities that human bodies are quite inelastic, at least relative to the immense force of a Black Hole's gravitational pull.

Long live Grateful Dead and their devotees!
Brett L. Bordelon

Dear Dupree's Diamond News Staff,

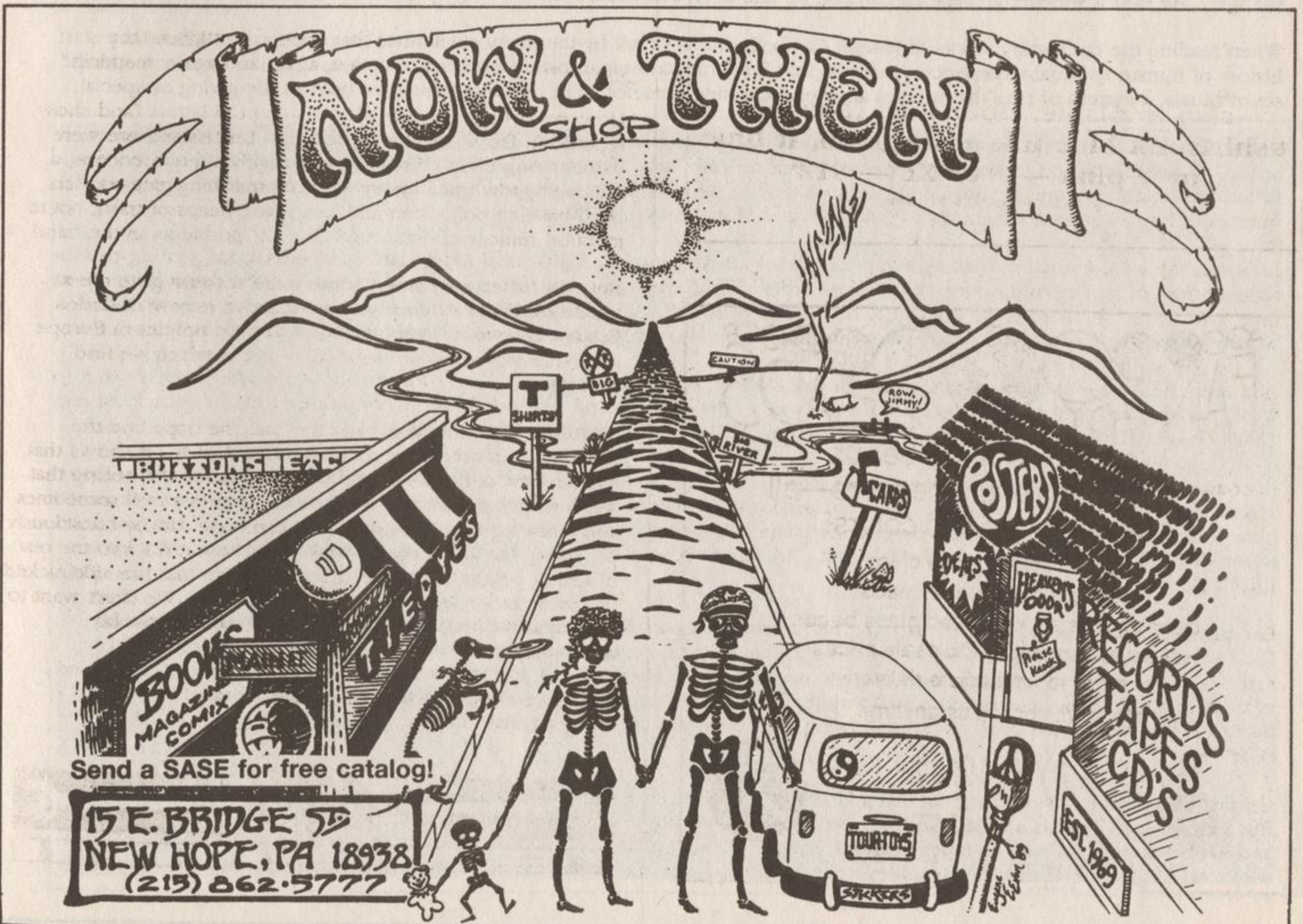
I am a new subscriber to your great magazine. My first issue was Volume II Issue 5. I was really happy to get it because I love reading about the band. The best part of the issue was "The Best of 1975->1988 on Tape." I have one small correction, however. You list the best "Hey Pocky Way" as Brendan Byrne 5/27/88. The correct date is 3/30/88. I'm not sure about a few more, but I don't care. Just thought you'd like to know.

Thanks,
Peter Eschallier

Dear DDN,

PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) is an organization trying to ban product testing on animals. Millions of animals die every year to test cosmetics and household products. The use of animal testing is not required by the government. There are other alternatives; companies would pursue them if consumers hit them where it hurts — their wallets. Consumers have to stop buying their products *and* tell them why. PETA can provide you with a list of companies that do and don't use animal testing and other things you can do to help. It doesn't cost very much to educate yourself on the subject and write a few letters. Start by writing to: PETA P.O. Box 42516, Washington, D.C. 20015.

Cassie



Deadhead Ritual

Joseph Cambell, with whom I hope you are all quite familiar, was the world's leading authority on human myth and ritual. Before his death, two years ago, Cambell went to the first and only rock and roll concert he would attend in his 83 years. His choice of band was, most fortunately, the Grateful Dead. Cambell was quite impressed by what he saw. He said it was the one human experience in modern history that most resembled the great Greek rituals known as the Dionysian Festivals. It was at these festivals that the Greeks would abandon themselves into an exuberant worship of life through many continuous days of joyous dancing and feasting. He was amazed at the almost "religious" sense of spirit that he felt in the air as he witnessed thousands of colorfully dressed Deadheads dancing together as if they all knew each other and no one was a stranger. He said it was the greatest celebration he had ever witnessed with his own eyes.

When reading the fascinating works of Joseph Cambell, one is struck by the many similarities that appear throughout the history of human spiritual experience. It seems that fundamental human nature leads us to create, again and again, a specific set of rituals, a system of rites that infuses an ever increasing sense of spirit into that which we hold as life-giving or special.

Ritual is defined in the dictionary as: 1) the established form for a ceremony, 2) a ritual observance, 3) a ceremonial act or action, 4) any formal and customarily repeated act or series of acts. Hmm...sounds to me like a Grateful Dead concert would fit into just about any one of those definitions. Come to think of it, the Grateful Dead Experience is comprised of a great number of human actions which would qualify in and of themselves as rituals.

Let's see, there's the ritual of mailing away for tickets: Buying *just* the right sized index cards and envelopes, getting *just* the right amount of money in the form of a money order, filling everything out *just* exactly perfect, mailing the damn thing in on time, and of course, there is the obligatory ritual of praying to Cigar Sam (the angel who decides whether your envelope is worthy of passing through the pearly gates into mail order Heaven) so that you and all your friends will get enough tickets.

And then there's a multitude of concert rituals that, in fact, start even before you leave for the show: deciding which t-shirt to wear, packing the right tapes to listen to on the way to the concert, and let's not forget altering one's state of consciousness! That's one ritual that Deadheads didn't invent (although we're surely working on perfecting it).

In-concert taping. Oh dear, I won't even get into the holy rituals of the Perfectly-Pious-Microphone-Placement or the Faster-Than-the-Speed-of-Sound-Tape-Flip. But I mustn't forget to mention hall dancing, a Deadhead favorite. This was a ritual that blew Joseph Cambell's mind. Can you imagine his delight upon seeing a ritual that, until that moment, was for him, confined to the dry and lifeless pages of a scholarly text. Ancient Greece come alive! Human bliss, incarnate before his very eyes, REJOICE!

Cambell was always asked what he thought the fundamental purpose behind human existence was. He would often reply, "To follow your bliss." What he meant by this was that each and every one of us should attempt **to live our dreams**. To make our lives full with rejoicing, wonderment, magic, and joyous ritual. "If you follow your bliss, you put yourself on a kind of track that has been there all the while, waiting for you, and the life that you ought to be living is the one that you are living. Wherever you are — if you are following your bliss, you are enjoying that refreshment, that life within you, all the time."

On first observance, it would appear that a Grateful Dead concert is our collective attempt to do just that: to follow our bliss. But a closer look reveals a ritual filled with struggle and hardship. How is it that the very source of our greatest excitement and happiness is filled with so much tension? Uptight security guards, unfriendly store owners looking at our choice of attire with total disgust, unclean and/or inadequate restroom facilities, cars being towed from legal parking spots, too few entrances

into our arenas of worship, the list goes on. Even worse is the enemy from within! Gate-crashers, fireworks tossed from behind and above us (during "China Doll," no less!), thousands of our own brothers and sisters at every show looking for a "miracle ticket" which simply doesn't exist. Certainly the scenario I have just described presents us with a great paradox. How can something which brings us so much joy and fulfillment be filled with so much contradiction?

What can be observed by stepping back and attempting to look objectively at this situation is that we have before us a metaphorical trial-by-fire, a miniature model of what is pretty much the same predicament that the greater human experiment-at-large has to deal with. We have before us an opportunity to travel in one of two directions. Either we will continue to behave in the same way, a path that will eventually lead to the demise of what we hold so dear in our hearts, or we will somehow learn a new way of being, a more mindful way. If the Grateful Dead Experience is to survive we must learn to interact with our environment in a more graceful manner. We must learn to perform our joyous rituals more mindfully. This is, of course, is no easy task. It means taking responsibility not only for ourselves but for those of us who are less mindful. If some of the newer, younger Deadheads on the scene are, in part, the ones who are putting the scene in jeopardy, then we must "teach our children well." If the band is not doing its most mindful part in making the scene flow smoothly then it is the responsibility of those of us who see their shortcomings to suggest improvements to them — a collaborative effort — that's what it will take.

With the elimination of vending and camping on tour our ability to follow our bliss and to live our dreams will become that much more of a quest. Many would argue that a seemingly inalienable right has been taken from them. Others, including the band, would say that this is the only way of preserving a scene which has grown beyond control. As this quest for happiness becomes increasingly harder to fulfill it will begin to appear as what Joseph Cambell called "the hero's adventure." "This adventure begins with someone from whom something has been taken, or who feels there's something lacking in the normal experiences available or permitted to the members of society. This person then takes off on a series of adventures beyond the ordinary, either to recover what has been lost or to discover some life-giving adventure."

Many fear that with the enactment of this new policy achieving one's bliss will become nearly impossible. I disagree. It will certainly take more mindful action, but it can be done. I think that if Joseph Cambell were alive today he'd agree, too, and in defense of this notion, I leave you with one last quote: "Furthermore, we have not even to risk the adventure alone, for the heroes of all time have gone before us. We have only to follow the thread of the hero path, and where he had thought to find abomination, we shall find a god. And where he had thought to slay another, we shall slay ourselves. Where we had thought to travel outward, we will come to the center of our own existence. And where we had thought to be alone, we will be with all the world."

In Light,
Johnny Dwork



Brian Cullen

And The Politicians' Throwing Stones

by Ben Marks

**RFK Stadium — Washington, DC
July 12, 1989**

RFK Stadium is located in the Southeast corridor of Washington; it isn't one of DC's finer areas with the drug wars happening in surrounding neighborhoods. There was a minor scare in late June about whether these shows would take place. Councilwoman Nadine Winter tried to get a bill passed that would ban the Grateful Dead from coming to Washington. She cited reasons such as drugs and the trashing of neighborhoods using recent shows at the Kaiser, Pittsburgh, and Frost as her basis for these claims. The DC City Council chose not to allow her bill to be voted upon and by the end of June, the issue was dead; these shows would go on.

The Grateful Dead had not appeared at RFK Stadium since July 6-7, 1986. Those were scorching shows with temperatures on the floor reaching 110°. Many will remember them as the last two shows before Jerry got sick. There was great anticipation in the air for these latest hometown shows. Outside the show on the 12th, the scene was large, but not out of control as JFK in Philadelphia had been. Camping and vending were confined mostly to Lot 8. Every Head was working to *keep the scene clean*; it is this simple message that will help our tour survive.

So it was appropriate enough when Jerry opened with "Touch of Grey." His vocals were warm and heartfelt. Bobby's slide song was "Minglewood Blues." Brent's keyboard playing colored the music and added texture to some nice Jerry jams here. A brief tuning break and Jerry brought out one of my favorite classics, "Mississippi Half Step." "...I'm on my way..." was sung strong and held out to the end as the band began to cook and the set really took off. Phil jumped in and treated the masses to a surprise version of the Dylan classic, "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues." Jerry turned to Brent as if to say "your turn now." Brent gave 110% as he pulled out "Far From Me." The whole band reared back and got a nice bluesy, ragtime jam going that was punctuated by more of Brent's snappy piano playing. Finally, it was Bob's turn again. Happily, he kept the set rolling on in its classic tone and chose "Cassidy." "Let the words be yours, I'm done with mine" gave way to a cooking jam as Jerry spun beautiful leads while Phil and the drummers blended some thumping bass licks. The seventh song was "Friend of the Devil" which was played at a somewhat faster pace than when I had last seen it. The quicker pace injects a lot of life into this old classic, but Jerry's playing remains constant — nothing short of beautiful on this song. Bobby closed with an upbeat, rockin' "Promised Land," leaving everyone happy with a strong, well-played first set.

Bruce Hornsby, the opening act for both shows, joined the band on stage for the second set. It is always neat to see a musical guest on stage with the boys. Bruce had performed with the Dead at Buckeye Lake Music Center in Ohio (6/25/88) and was also on stage at the Rainforest Benefit in Madison Square Garden (9/24/88). The "Sugaree" opener was a surprise and it featured a lot of all-around jamming by everyone on stage. The soaring middle jams featuring hot

Jerry lead licks were obscured by Hornsby's accordion, yet the song still came across well. A jamming "Women Are Smarter" really took off as the crowd and the music became one. Jerry cooked everyone down with a slow, mellow "Ship of Fools." The show's energy was lifted by a rising "Estimated Prophet" featuring Jerry's signature T-Wah licks. A smooth transition jam flowed into "Eyes of the World." This was the only "Estimated>Eyes" of the tour through Alpine Valley.

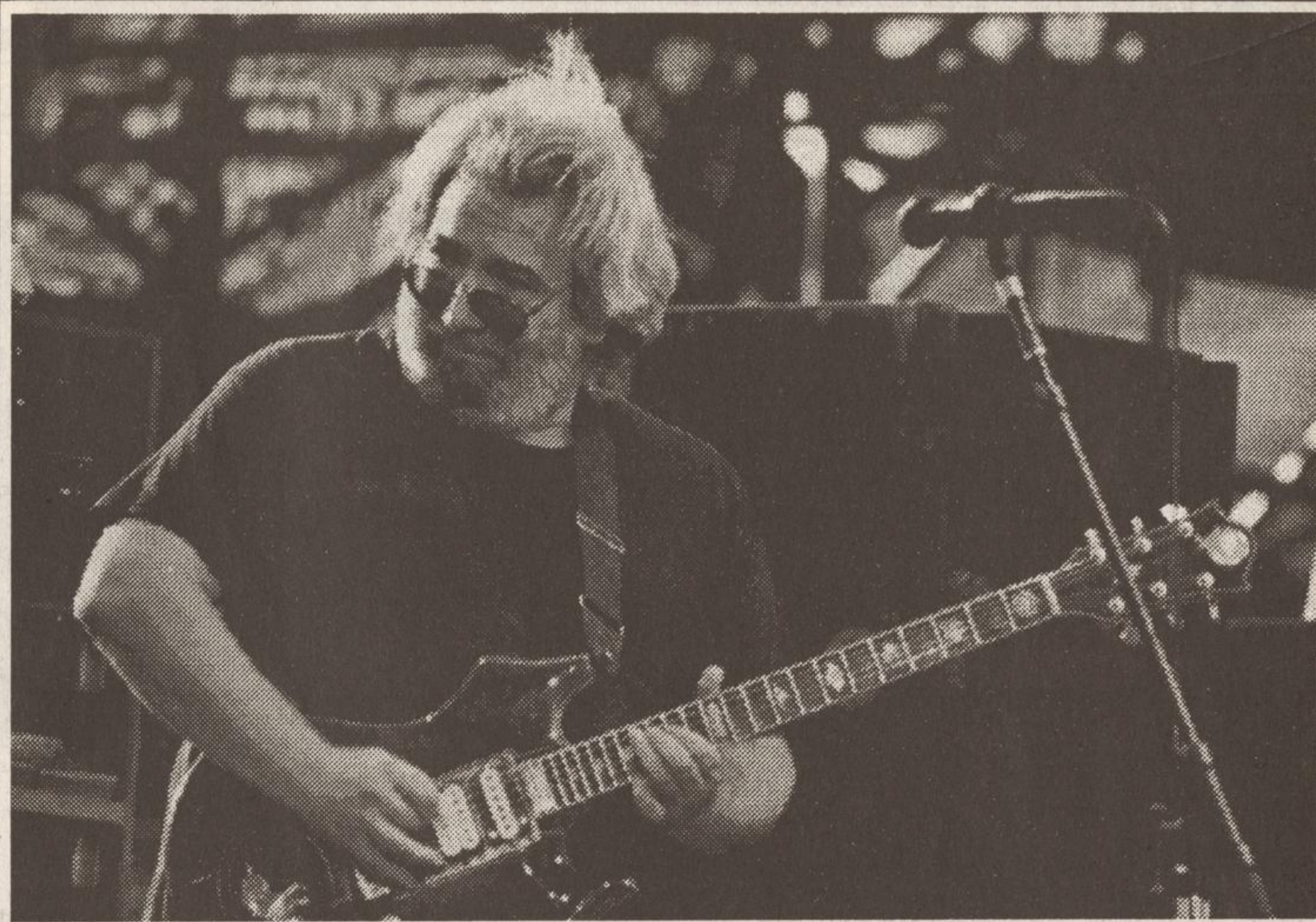
Mickey and Billy took over with the Drums while the Diamondvision screens on either side of the stage displayed some interesting video effects. For large shows, this is an excellent way for everyone to be able to see the band. It also serves as a way to keep some of the cosmic travellers focussed on the music and the show. Space evolved out of Drums and after a medium length introduction, Bobby was singing about needing a "Miracle." This rolled into a hot, tightly wound "Dear Mr. Fantasy." The jam before Jerry and Brent's duet had all of Jerry's blistering playing with Brent coloring the music beneath Jerry's hot dominant licks. "Please don't be sad if it was the straight life you had, we wouldn't have known you all these years" sung in unison was great as Jerry played the music up the neck of his guitar and sent the final jam flying throughout all of RFK. The crowd was all wound up, tight as a clock spring and Jerry wound "Fantasy" down into a slow, beautiful, moving "Black Peter."

The blues jam at the end of "Black Peter" faded as Phil's subtle bass cut through the night with the opening notes of "Turn on Your Lovelight." A light background rhythm played as Bobby spoke through the first two verses and then the band kicked the song into fifth gear, giving all that they had for the rockin' closer. As the lights swung out, Bob was screaming "I feel alright...turn on your light" and brought all in attendance to their feet. Jerry's encore, "Black Muddy River," was a mellow ending to a first night show that was just alright at RFK.

July 13, 1989

During the day, it mostly rained. The rain plus traffic threatened my chance of getting into the show on time. I was able to finally park my car and entered RFK Stadium just as the Dead were hitting the stage — perfect timing. With only a few moments to relax, my thoughts were on the fact that exactly five years ago today, "Dark Star" was performed by the boys at the Greek Theater, located on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley.

With that in mind, I heard some distinctly familiar notes in combination, but it was just a tease as Bob opened with "Hell in a Bucket." Jerry followed with a clean version of "Cold Rain and Snow" to get the show moving. "Rooster" reared its ugly head as Bob played slide until it hurt (my ears). Bruce Hornsby came out with his accordion and joined the band for a long, rockin' "Tennessee Jed" and an even longer (too long) "Memphis Blues." A sweet and emotional "To Lay Me Down" followed with Brent once again giving 110% to add to the beauty of the song. Bobby ended the seven song first set with "Let It Grow."



Phillip Gerstheimer

Nightfall came and laid a blanket of darkness over RFK. The second set opener was a surprising "He's Gone." The end of the song featured a wailing Jerry, "Oh oh oh Nothing's gonna bring him back" while Bob and Brent sang "Gone, gone, well he's gone for good." This went around for several verses and the song faded out gradually. As "He's Gone" ended, "Looks Like Rain" began to play. Bobby performed this version in an excellent way with straight ahead vocals and very little shrieking. The band as a whole began to click and function as a unit on this song. Jerry played gentle leads that cut through the night, while the rhythm section pounded out a steady beat and Brent added some nice keyboard textures to keep the song flowing. The crowd energy was pumping as the rain began to fall during "Terrapin." It was played out to the end and then the drummers took over. Billy and Mickey seemed to be bringing the rain down with their poly-rhythmic drumming as it started to pour during Drums and Space. From my spot on the floor with the renegade tapers, we were urging the rain to pour down. The heavens complied and we were delayed as Brent played his lullaby, "Little Girl Lost" out of Space. If you caught a glimpse of the Diamondvision screen, you saw that Brent has photographs of his two daughters on his keyboard. A nice long introduction with Phil leading the way framed "The Other One." This version, during which the rain was at its height, had a long, full throttle, pedal to the floor, middle jam. It was longer and better than any "Other One" of recent memory. A spiritual "Wharf Rat" came out of "The Other One," as Jerry told us about "August West." If you listen very closely to the extensive jam in the middle of

"Wharf Rat," you could also hear some possible "Dark Star" riffs. This is right in line with Jerry's idea that there is a little bit of "Dark Star" in everything that the band does. "Throwing Stones" was next as Bobby and the band reminded us that we are the future, it is here now, and that we are responsible for our own actions (as well as those of our neighbors). A ragged yet fun "Good Lovin'" closed the set. Jerry encored with a rockin' version of "U.S. Blues" in politically charged DC. We left the show to clean up the parking lots and get on the road to Deer Creek.

RFK Stadium — Washington, DC

JULY 12, 1989

Touch of Grey
New Minglewood Blues
Mississippi 1/2 Step
Tom Thumb's Blues
Far From Me
Cassidy
Friend of the Devil
Promised Land

Sugaree
Women are Smarter
Ship of Fools
Estimated Prophet>
Eyes of the World>
Drums>Space**>
I Need A Miracle>
Dear Mr. Fantasy>
Black Peter>
Turn On Your Lovelight
*Black Muddy River
18 Songs

JULY 13, 1989

Hell In A Bucket
Cold Rain and Snow
Little Red Rooster
Tennessee Jed
...Mobile
To Lay Me Down
Let It Grow

He's Gone
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station>
Drums>Space >
I Will Take You Home>
The Other One>
Wharf Rat>
Throwing Stones>
Good Lovin'
*U.S. Blues
16 Songs

Truckin' To A Higher Consciousness

by David Meltzer

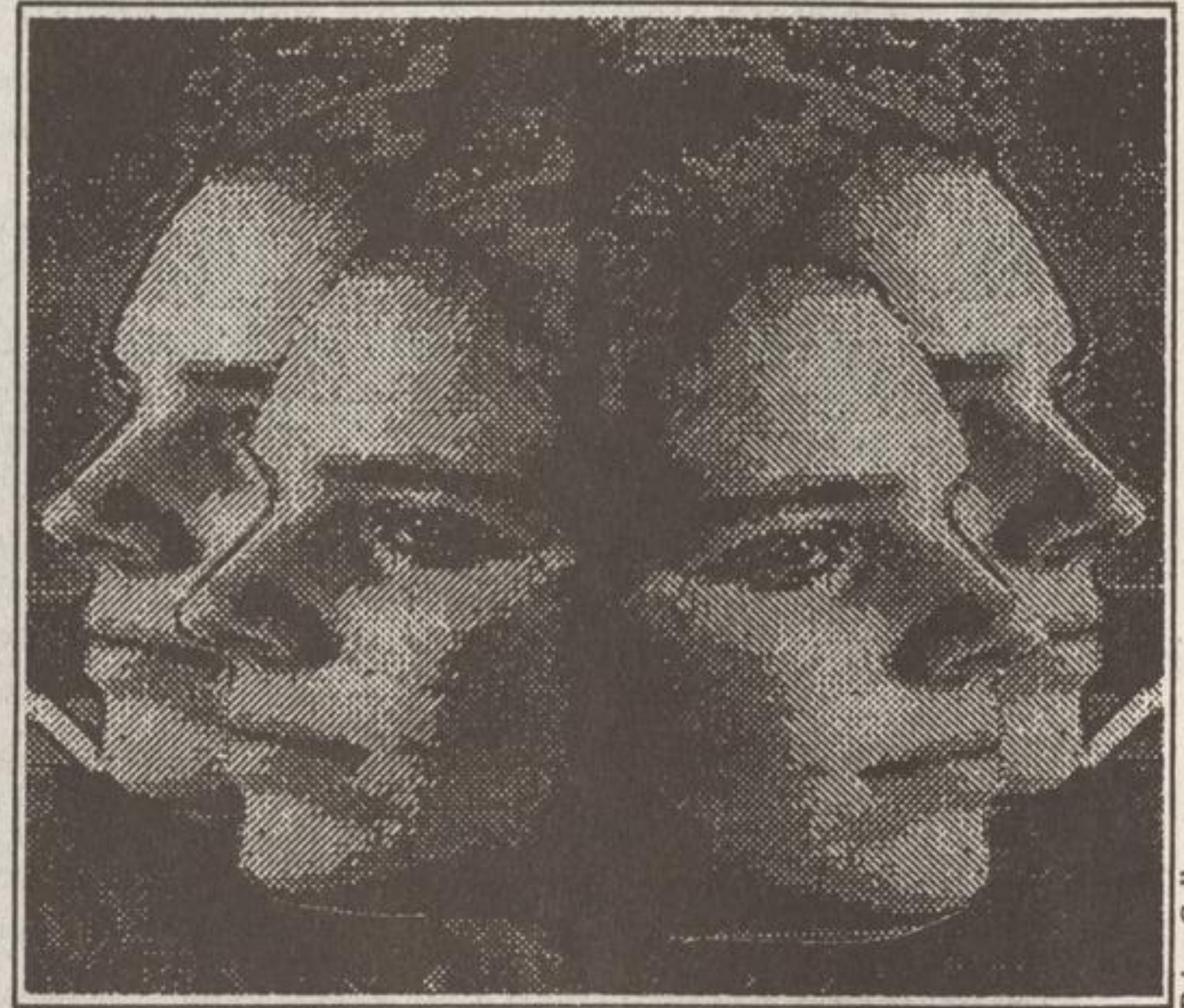
In many traditions worldwide, ritual is used as the basis for practice, or rehearsal, before a significant or initiatory experience. In contemporary Western culture, permeated by fossilized vestiges of once meaningful rituals such as Bar Mitzvahs, Confirmations, weddings, and funerals, it is hard for many of us to comprehend the vast power to be found in ritual which is vibrant and energized. Healthy ritual can provide a structured mode of preparation for a major life experience. In certain Buddhist sects, the after-death experience is prepared for through various meditation practices and rituals, providing the individual with a strong mind and spirit for this most significant of life passages. Likewise, some Native American and Eastern Indian cultures utilize songs or phrases as a lifetime practice. On one's deathbed, then, one carries into the death experience a strong staff to steady the waters of painful sensations and confusing, tumultuous states of mind. Death, however, is hardly the only opportunity for a transformative, or initiatory experience.

I was walking down a traffic-free shopping area the other day accompanied by my youngest daughter. Hopa, 9 years old, was circling to and fro, in front and behind me as she chased after pigeons who land in search of soft-pretzel bits in cracks of the brick-lined footpath. Sitting on an old bird-decorated bench was a man, kind of hard to tell his age — cheap-wine eyes, cigarette fingernails, tired and dirty — just like the song says. He must have caught the sound of Hopa and the pigeons running, flying, little girl laughter, cackling birds, because he looked up.

I watched him raise his head from dazed contemplation of whatever rubbish was laying near his laceless sneakers to see what in creation was making such a boogiewoogie of flapping wings and playful feet. What could it be that was capable of disturbing non-negotiable hunger a spit away from the Woolworth's snack counter and a hot dog and coffee for only 49¢ between 2 and 4 o'clock? What could exist on this day so hot that could resurrect a soul dead from a thousand nights in the Christian Shelter where they debate whether or not to give a man a cot because, by God, he was drunk? What the fuck was travelling down the street at the speed of 3rd grade kickball and pretty-ponies in the bathtub? What was this arising? What was all this LIFE?

He saw Hopa. You should've seen his smile! It was obvious I was with her, so he looked at me too. Our eyes joined and together, very much together, we rose beyond, beyond, far beyond anything that separated us from each other, from Hopa, from the pigeons, from the street, from the music, from you. I was he and he was me, and like John Lennon said, we are all together.

Then, from some cavern in my head, crept out this slimy, corrupt redneck judge who wisped his way into the fore of my consciousness and turned my inner sanctum into a backwoods Court. He banged his gavel and my mind issued forth the judgement: "derelict." At that very moment, I swear to you, my friend hung his head and I looked away, the healing space we shared shattered into a million billion prisms reflecting my



Brian Cullen

violence and his shame, or my shame and his violence, I'm not sure which. I hurried Hopa along, easing my impatience with her and disgust with myself with, I kid you not, a cone of Cherry Garcia.

So I sit here now, trying to make sense of a lesson yet to be learned, an initiation still to be completed. Folks, in 50 words or less, here's the best I can figure out: Don't screw around! We've got this pearl of great price, this consciousness of ours, an instrument capable of the greatest miracles — you should've seen his smile — and we flush it down to why we don't put all of our energy into doing the kind, courageous, loving actions that we feel bubbling in our hearts.

I'm not saying that life need be a constant solemn hassle to do what's "right" instead of what's fun. All I'm saying is that what my friend and I shared, what all of us have shared at some time, is worth a little effort. And this effort is, basically, not much more than paying good attention and cultivating compassionate, non-judgmental, peaceful thoughts, words, and deeds. Ritual need not involve incense and flowers. It can take place anytime we treat an encounter with another living being as a sacred space. Look to the guy who pumps your gas, the lady in the bank, look to your friends, neighbors, parents even, to be your partners in the ritual. Buying gas, writing a check, waving hello, making a phone call, these all have the potential to take on the characteristics of a vibrant, joyful ritual if we put our energy and attention into these interactions.

And if we turn our daily lives into a series of attentive, conscious rituals, when the opportunity for initiation, for transformation, comes our way, we'll know how to deal with it. Whether it's a wedding, a funeral, or a close encounter with an unknown beloved, daily ritual is our preparation for higher, more loving consciousness.

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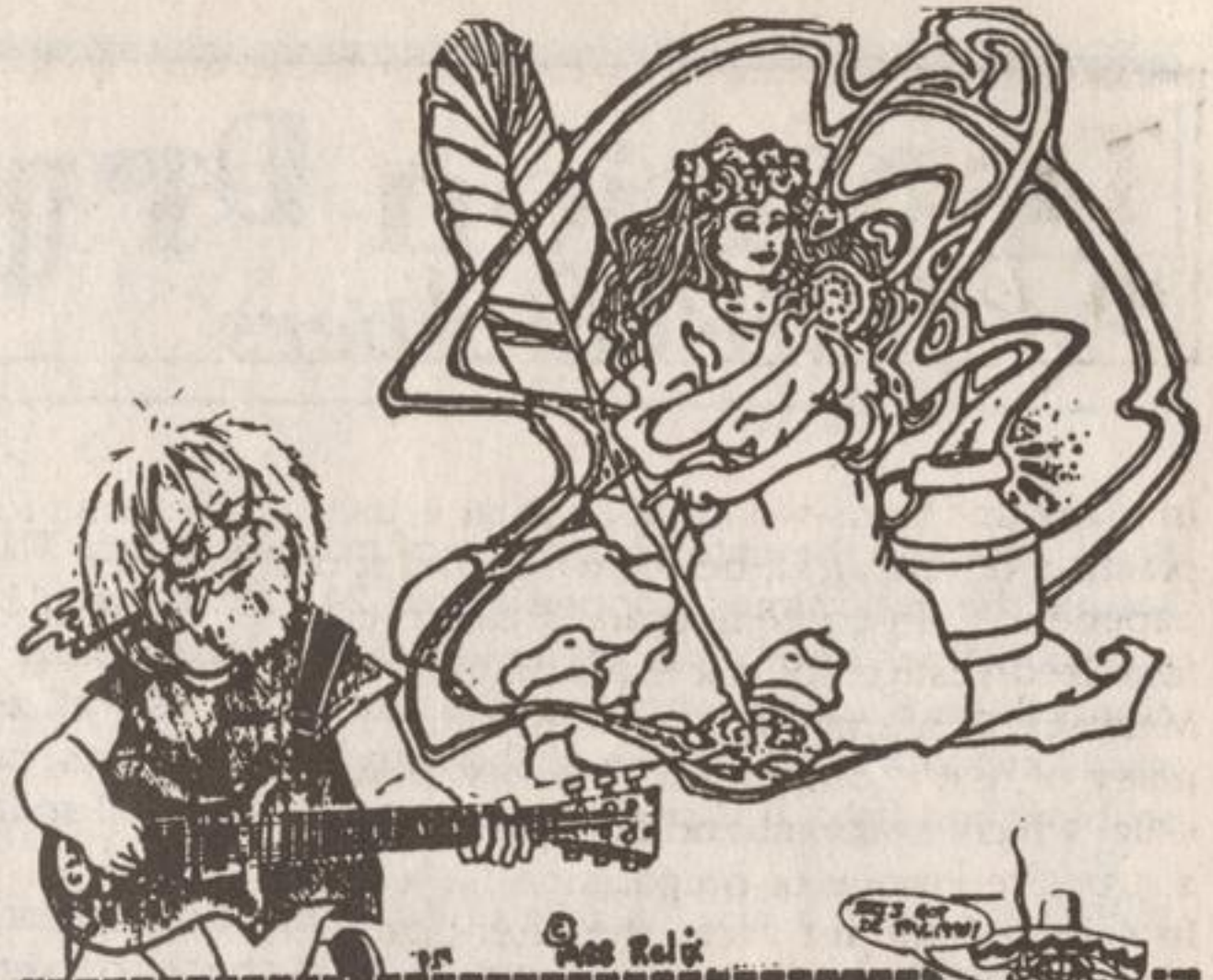
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A Nation Drunk on Oil

by Andre Carothers

For Alaska and the natural rhythms of majestic Prince William Sound, the good times stopped March 24. More than 11 million gallons of oil from the holed *Exxon Valdez* have clogged the Sound's countless bays and inlets, as well as the stomachs, fur and feathers of thousands of sea lions, otters, seabirds and fish. It is perhaps the world's worst oil spill.

But what a party it was. Alaska's oil-revenue hope chest, which has topped \$10 billion, doled out an \$800 check to every Alaskan citizen last year. More than 80 percent of the state's income comes from the pipeline. The state is so flush with oil money that Alaska residents pay no state income or sales taxes.

This orgy is small potatoes compared to the galloping profits of the oil industry. More than \$15 billion worth of oil was pumped out of the North Slope last year. The port of Valdez is one of the world's most profitable operations of any kind, taking in some \$12 billion in the last 12 years. So obscene was the annual take of big oil at the beginning of this decade that Congress passed a windfall profits tax in an effort to skim some off for the national treasuries. Exxon made more than \$5 billion on some \$88 billion gross revenues last year.

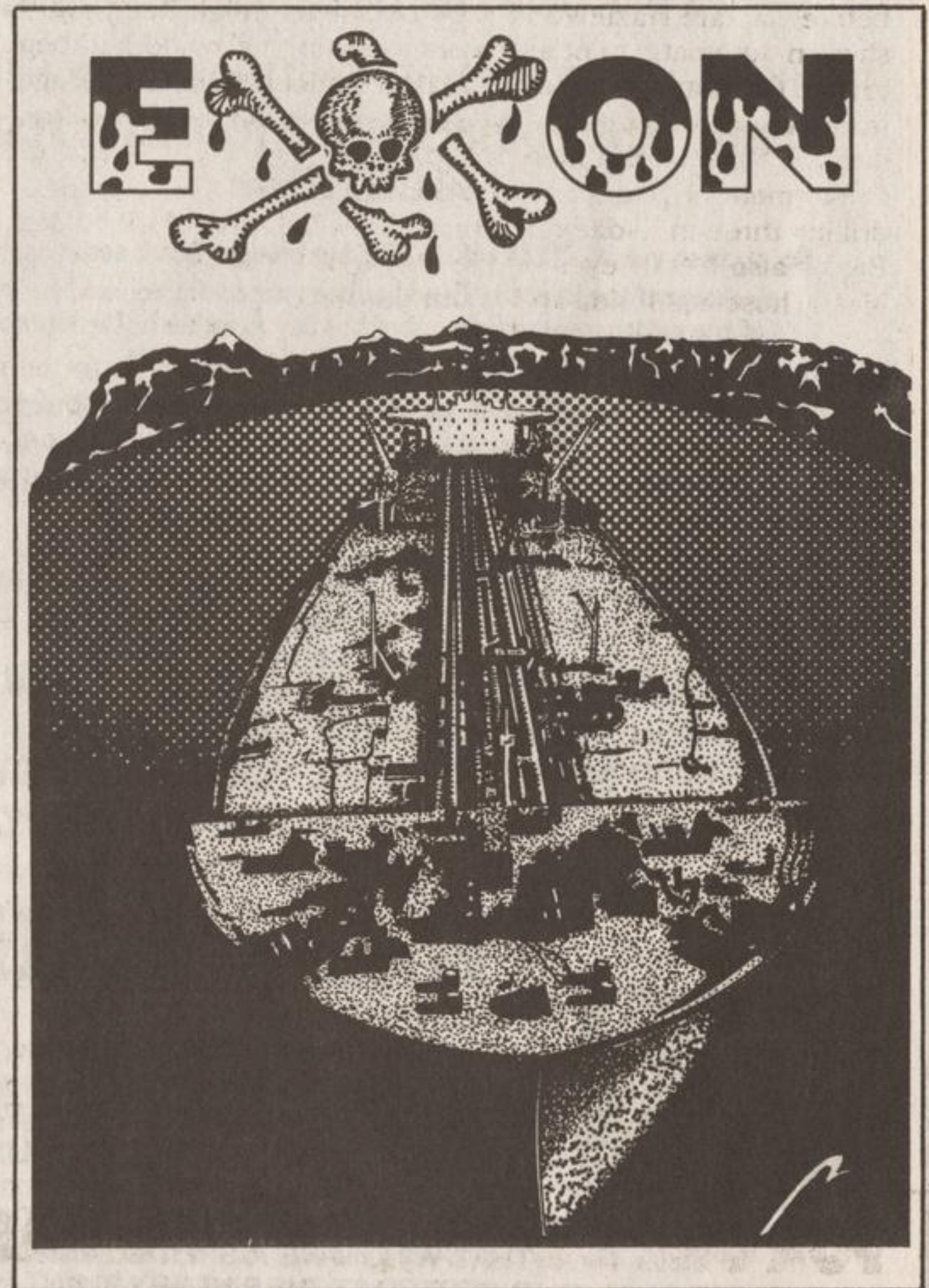
But nothing compares to the profligate oil binge that has dominated the United States in the 1980s. The mass motorization of America (the number of vehicles on the nation's roads is 70 percent higher than it was 20 years ago) now consumes some 65 percent of the nation's oil, or roughly 10 million barrels a day. Adjusted for inflation, gasoline prices are lower today than they were in 1973, at the onset of the "energy crisis," and less than half their peak eight years ago.

At the behest of General Motors and Ford, the government in 1986 rolled back automobile efficiency standards. As a result, Detroit too is cashing in, pushing "full-size" luxury gas-guzzlers on consumers. On top of that, the Reagan administration cut funds for energy conservation by nearly three-quarters, reduced federal funding for research and development of renewable energy nearly 85 percent, and ended tax incentives for builders who wanted to use solar power technologies.

Thanks in part to this extravagance, the United States and Canada lead every other industrialized nation in the amount of energy required to do business. Their auto fleets burn more oil on average than those of most other industrialized nations. If the U.S. government had not gutted the fuel efficiency standards set in the '70s, we would be burning 300,000 fewer

"They have us hooked. We're oil money junkies. Got to keep mainlining those oil taxes, so drill anywhere you want boys. Just don't let the good times stop."

— Dave Hammock, general manager,
Valdez public radio station.



barrels of oil a day. Hundreds of billions of dollars are wasted each year because industry and government have collaborated to eliminate any incentive to save energy.

All this would be merely stupid if it were not for the fact that extracting oil from the earth poisons the soil, air and water around the rigs and refineries. And when burned, it pollutes the earth's atmosphere. The oil aboard the *Exxon Valdez*, had it not spilled prematurely into Prince William Sound, would have concluded its useful life fouling the air of the lower 48, and eventually the entire planet, in the form of carbon dioxide, nitrogen oxides and a host of other gases that contribute to acid rain and global warming. The United Nations and the National Academy of Sciences both have warned that global warming means human catastrophe in the form of raised sea levels, agricultural upheaval and habitat loss.

The fossil fuel era must end, in part for fiscal reasons, but primarily for ecological ones. The United States, with six percent of the world population, uses a quarter of its energy, so the buck stops here. The best way to begin is a crash

program to develop alternatives and promote efficiency, particularly in transport. The paltry progress we have made — for example, wringing 19 miles per gallon out of our car fleet — is a tiny fraction of what is possible. Engines that go five times as far on a gallon of gas are available, as are alternative fuels and mass transit systems.

But unless the public outcry is massive and sustained, we can expect business as usual. It gives pause to consider that before Captain Hazlewood set a course for Bligh Reef, put the ship on automatic pilot and went to sleep, the world had begun to lose the battle to save the Alaska National Wildlife Refuge from the oil companies. The spill itself halted the flow of oil through Valdez for a mere five days. Within a few weeks, the Department of Interior issued permits to Shell Oil to begin drilling three-mile-deep exploratory wells in the Chukchi Sea. Big oil also has its eyes on the coasts of California, Massachusetts, Florida and South Carolina.

For those who choose to boycott, all the more power to them. May it bring Exxon's arrogant CEO, Lawrence G. Rawl, some discomfort (his retort, when asked to compare Prince William Sound to Bhopal, was that Exxon had "nobody dead"). But a tiny dent in Exxon's massive profits means nothing if it doesn't also help wean the nation from its addiction to fossil fuels. While we are cutting up our Exxon credit cards, the air above 60 U.S. cities remains well below air quality standards set nearly two decades ago. "We don't want to just boycott Exxon," says Barry Commoner, director of the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems at Queens College, New York. "We want to put them all out of business."

Alaska's head is bloody and bowed. "Many of us now want our state's soul back," writes one Kodiak resident. "Wherever you are, don't do what we have done." Good advice, but hard to follow. For without sustained protest, we can expect decision-makers to fall back in the thrall of the oil companies, a place where trading one of the most beautiful pieces of this country's natural heritage for a few months of oil we don't need seems "reasonable and prudent."

From Greenpeace Magazine, July/August 1989

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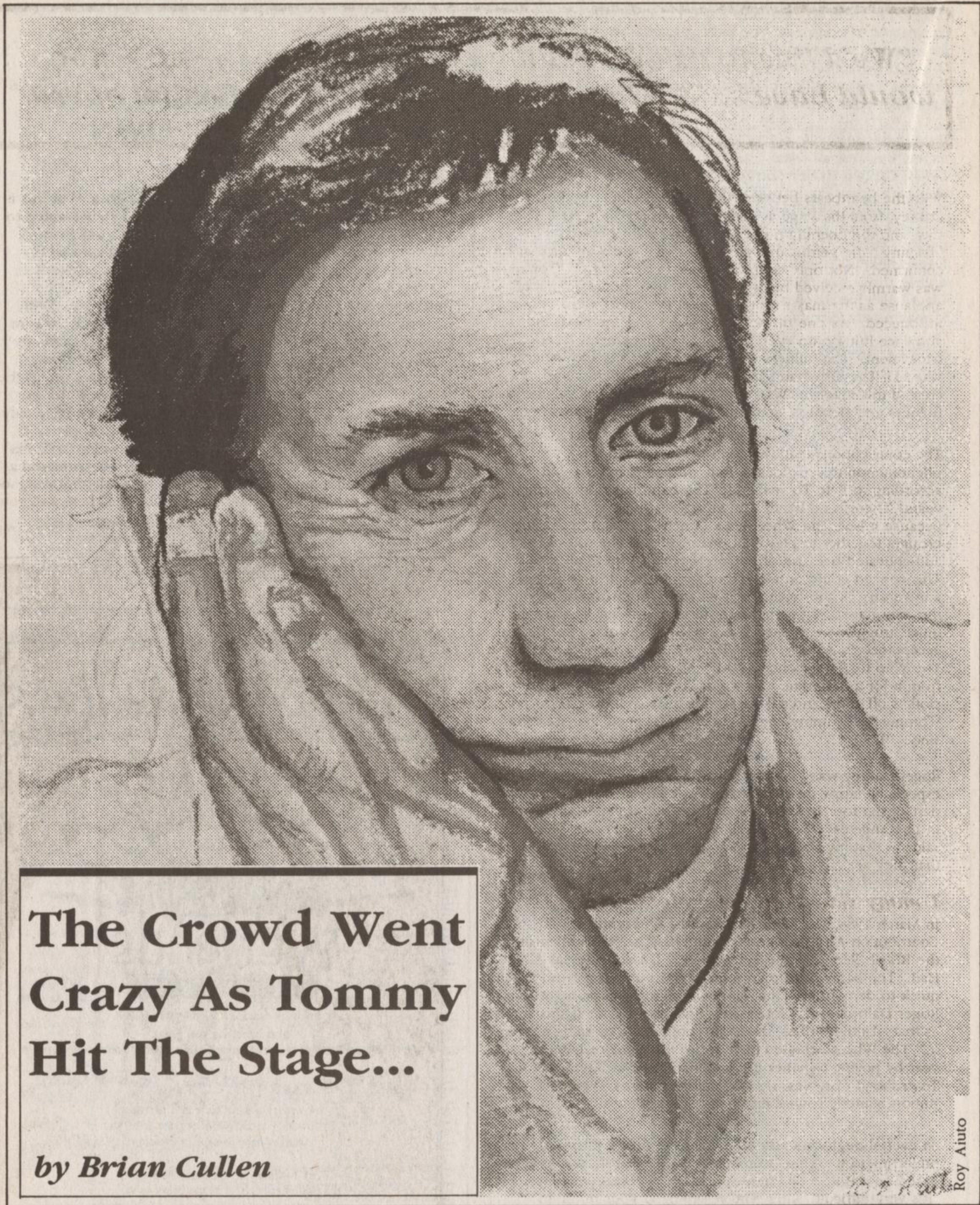
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**The Crowd Went
Crazy As Tommy
Hit The Stage...**

by Brian Cullen

Roy Aiuto

"We'd like to ask for a little quiet because as Keith Moon would have said, 'Have a little respect, it's a fuckin' opera.'"

With the heartbeats between this announcement by Roger Daltrey, from the stage at Radio City Music Hall in New York City, and the opening notes of the classic rock opera, "Tommy," the genius that is Pete Townshend was once again confirmed. Not only confirmed, but cast in stone. "Tommy" was warmly received by the audience with sporadic roars of applause as the major movements of the opera were introduced. As one movement segued into the next, the audience hung onto every note with a heightened level of excitement. The fullness of the music was rich and melodic; it was as if The Who had teamed up with Phil Spector and created this massive "Wall of Sound." Yet, with all this melodic fullness and richness, something's missing...the fire is gone.

The contributions that The Who have made to the phenomenon that is Rock & Roll are immeasurable, but according to Pete Townshend, "The band has done nothing in years. There is no band. It's wrong, really, to call it The Who, because it isn't The Who. It's a bunch of session musicians brought together to play Who material. It's kind of authenticated because of our presence, but that's all, really." This concert could be viewed not so much a tribute to the anniversary of the release of "Tommy," but a reaffirmation of the importance of this modern masterpiece that reflects the inner struggles we all face in our goal for self-actualization and acceptance in society. "It's 'Tommy' which people remember The Who for," Townshend said. "And we'd been running away from it for a long time. So we decided if we're just to strip our clothes off and stand naked, we might as well do it with 'Tommy.'" "Tommy" hasn't been performed in its entirety since 1970.

Roger Daltrey was looking forward to The Who's tour. He was especially happy that his family was coming out for the later part of the tour to catch the second performance of "Tommy" in Los Angeles. "The one thing I'm happy about," Roger said, "is that my children will actually get to see the band, now that they are old enough to remember it."

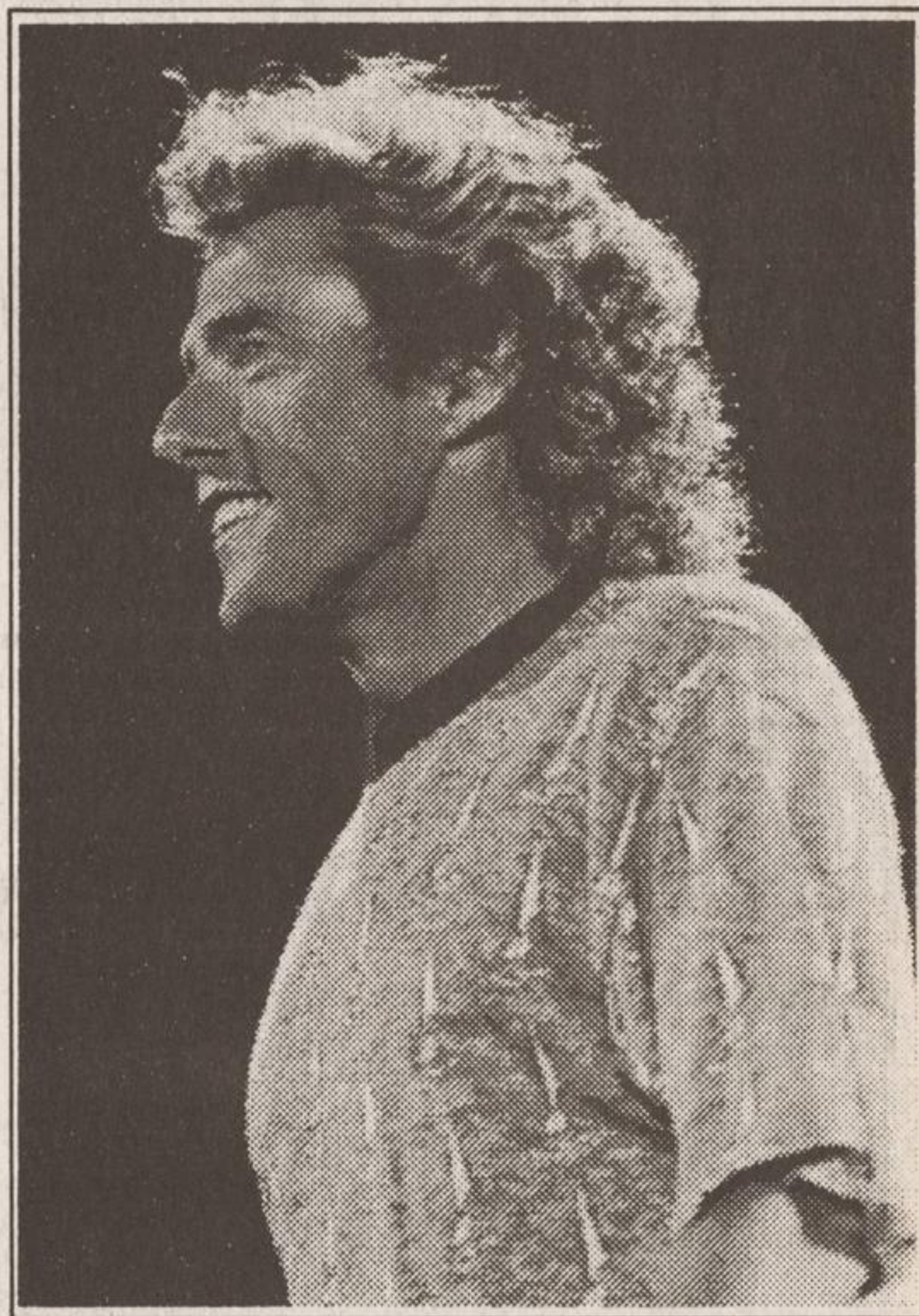
Tommy Can You Hear Me?

In March 1988, The Who accepted the Outstanding Contribution Award in honor of the band's 25th anniversary at the British Record Industry Awards at London's Royal Albert Hall. The band performed three songs but Townshend was quick to deny rumors that it was more than a one-night stand. Roger Daltrey said, "Pete doesn't want to do it. It's as simple as that. Until he does, there's no point even thinking about it." The Who celebrated their anniversary in Great Britain last year by posing together in London's Wardour Street, but as Townshend observes, no one ran the photos. Then the rumors started; Townshend had reconsidered...

So even though Townshend decided against a tour last year, preferring to work on "Iron Man," a theatrical show and album based on a British children's book, he eventually reconsidered. "It's very difficult, when you've changed your mind, to

explain why you've changed it," Townshend said, "but this is an anniversary year for the band and I desperately wanted to do something." This self-examination is typical of Pete Townshend. One of Rock & Roll's most expressive and articulate speakers, he is always ready to look at his work frankly and philosophically. And he comes up with justifications for just about everything he does. One of the reasons he changed his mind on touring was when he was in New York last January for the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame, he was moved by some of the induction speeches and was stunned by his first exposure to the seminal gospel group the Soul Stirrers. He began to think about how Rock & Roll is America's music. "It's a rich, valuable inheritance of the only thing America has indisputably done right in its couple of hundred years." So Townshend returned home and told his wife, Karen Astley Townshend, "Listen, I've procrastinated a lot about two things: one is whether or not to do this tour, and the other is whether or not we should adopt children; and you

continued on next page



Matt Zuckerman

The Crowd Went Crazy As Tommy Hit The Stage...

continued from previous page

know, I think I'm gonna do both. Let's get some kids, and let's do this tour." A couple of weeks later, the tour was booked and Karen was pregnant.

Good Morning Campers!...

The three surviving members of The Who — Pete Townshend, Roger Daltrey and John Entwistle — formally announced their reunion for their 25th anniversary tour at a press conference on April 24 at New York City's Radio City Music Hall. The 25 city tour, the first since their 1982 "farewell" tour, began June 24 in Toronto and is scheduled to conclude on August 30 at the Oakland coliseum. This tour is the second longest tour they've ever done, and it's only 10 weeks long. The longest tour was 11 weeks in the States in the early seventies. Townshend says that short tours are the secret to remaining married; "It's important that someone in Rock & Roll stay married just to show that it is possible."

The second performance of "Tommy" will be presented in Los Angeles with an all-star line-up featuring Robert Plant, Elton John and Billy Idol, and will be telecast on pay-per-view cable television.

The Who broke ticket sale records at several sites, including Giants Stadium in New Jersey where 48,220 tickets for the June 29 show were sold in under two hours. At Alpine Valley, dozens of campers slept on cots for six nights in freezing cold weather to get the best seats. "There are two generations buying tickets," said Don Law, promoter of the Sullivan Stadium dates. "This is the first time I've seen pot-smoking teenagers standing in line next to three-piece-suiters with bald heads."

When Townshend first planned the tour he knew it was going to be especially hard. "We're much older, we haven't toured for a long time, and I've got a hearing problem which will prevent me from playing lead guitar, so we're gonna need to go out with a big band in order to get that same kind of harmonic richness." Besides Townshend, Daltrey and Entwistle, there's drummer Simon Phillips, lead guitarist Steve "Boltz" Bolton, John "Rabbit" Bundrick on keyboards, a percussionist, a five-piece horn section and three backup singers; on this tour, The Who are fifteen strong. "We've changed a lot, thank God," Roger Daltrey commented, on the relationship between the three original members. "There's a chemistry there that obviously exists, and when it works it produces an electric situation, and when you add music to that, it makes it magical..."

I'm Your Uncle Ernie...

Keith Moon, the man who attacked the drums for The Who, died in 1979 from an overdose of pills he was taking to combat his alcoholism. "It's not that there's any such thing as real ghosts, but the fact of the matter is, there is a ghost," claims Townshend. "There's a ghost in the gap, the ghost of the gap. There's the ghost of the void which is left when the person is gone. *When we three gather in his name, he shall be there. And he is there.*" Reflecting on Keith Moon's influence

on the band, Townshend feels that "the British 'character' is an unfortunate one... We don't say what we think, but Keith used to, which singled him out, really. But Roger, John and I are fairly taciturn characters, really. So as we get older, and it is quite obvious that we really do love one another, it doesn't actually hurt quite so much to say so." Daltrey feels pretty much the same. "I respect the other two's space and I love them as brothers, simple as that. Whether we spend the rest of our lives together isn't important to me... Can't take what we've already had away..." It was Keith Moon who provided the spark that moved the band to drive out power-chords that rocked the Rock & Roll Nation. But now he's gone. "The three of us, when we work together," says Townshend, "have part of the magic that the early band had. I think, in a sense, Keith's death had a kind of compounding reduction in that magic,...and Roger, John and I add up to about fifty percent of the old Who."



Do You Think It's Alright?...

Pete Townshend's stunning admission that excessive exposure to loud music has caused him irreparable hearing damage has brought one of Rock & Roll's dirty secrets out of the closet. "The real reason that I haven't performed live for a long time," claimed Townshend, "is that I have very severe hearing damage. It's manifested itself as Tinnitus, ringing in the ears at the frequencies that I play the guitar. It's very, very difficult for me to work at music. There are a lot of kids out there with Marshall stacks and earphones plugged in who drink a bottle of whiskey and play guitar all night, and that's what I used to do, and I've shot my hearing." That's not the image of Pete Townshend that the public is used to, the guy who rips out power-chords unlike any other, who leaps into the air kicking his legs in midchord, who windmills his arm as he slashes at his guitar strings and who sometimes ends the show by smashing his guitar to pieces. What Townshend wants you to know is — that's over. Tinnitus can be brought on by stress even if it's a minor aggravation. "Take the windmill, they won't get it," says Townshend. "There are two ways to windmill — the way I windmill and there's the way that every other asshole windmills. When I windmill, I break off the ends of my fingers. Flesh flies off. Blood runs under the fingernails. When I windmill, I fuckin' windmill, right? And I can't do that to myself anymore." For years, there'd been a tumbler of whiskey on top of Townshend's pre-amp so that he could dip his bloodied fingers in it for relief.



Matt Zuckerman

*"A tough guy, a helpless dancer
A romantic, is it me for a moment?
A bloody lunatic, I'll even carry your bags.
A beggar, a hypocrite, love reign over me.
Schizophrenic? I'm Bleeding Quadrophenic..."*

Welcome to Tommy's Holiday Camp...

1989 is also the anniversary for another Rock & Roll milestone. Woodstock celebrates its 20th anniversary this year and it was an important gig for The Who. They were being paid \$12,500 for their set and they needed every cent in a bad way. "The amazing thing about that," Pete Townshend recalled, "was that at Woodstock, when we said to one of the promoters, 'Listen, we want the rest of our money before we go on,' we were actually branded as the most unbelievable Philistines. The guy said to us, 'You want the *money* before you go on, and you're in this fantastic, revolutionary dream? And you're talking to me about *money*?' So Townshend had his manager take the guy around back and get the money. Then The Who *entered the dream*... "We were virtually on the edge of breaking up... We were in so much debt" recalls John Entwistle. The Woodstock and Tanglewood gigs were so important because the tax man was breathing down our necks."

Townshend has perverse memories of Woodstock. "I should just shut up about it really because I'm sure I'll spoil it for a lot of people. It was a great time for a lot of people but my little pathway was rather unfortunate; I kept seeing terrible things."

She Gives Eyesight to The Blind...

The Who will be giving about \$6 million to charity. Most of the money will come from the two "Tommy" performances, which the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame is presenting largely for the benefit of the Nordoff Robbins Foundation, a charity for autistic children. Another \$1 million from two shows in Texas, to be sponsored by Miller Lite, will go to the Texas Special Olympics. Townshend has no qualms about using The Who to funnel corporate money into charities. "This way," Townshend says, "we're taking money from these corporations and making sure it goes somewhere where it can help."

Listening To You, I Hear The Music...

In 1982, The Who made "It's Hard," their last album, which none of them liked. After their last tour they went their separate ways: Townshend became a successful solo performer, Daltrey released indifferently-received solo work, and Entwistle tried to interest people in his new music and grew frustrated when he couldn't escape the 'shadow of the Who.' Frustrated, he claims, "The only way I can play in front of a large audience is with the Who. They won't let me do the fuck-all else."

Is the fire really gone? Truly, the future of The Who is uncertain. According to Townshend, his band is a "dead duck in Britain." John Entwistle feels that "we don't have any future after this tour; we're not a permanent band." But that hasn't stopped The Who from presenting outstanding shows as if they were a new, fresh band. "You don't ever reach a point where you feel you've made it," says Roger Daltrey. "You play your best and you carry on playing your best..."

Love, Reign O'er me...

How Do You Think He Does It?...

What makes him so good? On this tour, The Who are playing just about everything — portions of "Tommy" and "Quadrophenia," plenty of "Who's Next" and a few numbers from Townshend's future solo LP, "The Iron Man." *Rolling Stone's "Random Notes"* quoted Townshend saying that "[The Iron Man] doesn't sound very much like 'Tommy.'" They went on to say "that it sounds more like Stephen Sondheim meets the Grateful Dead..." Asked if he isn't just a bit nervous about presenting his new songs to a stadium crowd gathered to hear Who hits, he said "No. We'll be looking at The Who's career. Perhaps the ones that I might be nervous about are the ones they're unfamiliar with. If we decide to play 'A Quick One While He's Away', they'll think, 'What the fuck is this? Sounds like R.E.M.'"

Townshend says the last Who album he was proud of was 1973's "Quadrophenia," his examination of the social and economic aspects of growing up in an environment void of support from parents and peers. It was an acute observation of the support mechanisms in society and how they fail.

*"I went back to my mother
I said 'I'm crazy ma, help me'.
She said 'I know how you feel son,
'Cos it runs in the family..."*

Personal Mythology: The Psychology of Your Evolving Self: Using Ritual, Dreams, & Imagination to Discover Your Inner Story

by David Feinstein and Stanley Krippner,
247 pp. plus suggested readings, notes, index.
Distributed by St. Martin's Press, New York.
Hardcover \$17.95

by Mark Koltko

There was a time in my life when I was very suspicious of ritual. It seemed to me that ritual was the kind of thing that people would use in an attempt to brainwash me into some sort of weird cult. Ritual, along with meditation, mysticism, and depth psychology, evoked a vague uneasiness and distaste in me.

I have come to recognize that there are times and seasons in a person's life for development in the direction of transcendence. At the time I felt vaguely uncomfortable about ritual, meditation, and so forth; I simply was not ready. Over the course of the last few years, that has changed (as anyone who reads these reviews regularly will recognize). There comes a time, after one has successfully struggled to build up an ego, a time when one is called by the Next Step Up: the call to transcend that ego. Properly used, ritual is a powerful tool in taking the Next Step Up.

(This is not to say that all ritual is growth-promoting, of course. Ritual is a tool, like any other, and can be used to channel growth or to subvert it. However, it is childish to say that because ritual can be harmful if misused, all ritual is inherently suspect. That same kind of logic would keep us from using automobiles, bread knives, and radiation therapy. But this topic deserves a column all of its own.)

The positive power of ritual is a concept which seems to be gaining a little ground among members of the psychological establishment. It will be some time before ritual is widely accepted there, but the signs of grassroots interest are present. In 1987, Stanley Krippner, the co-author of *Personal Mythology*, made a presentation on shamanism and its relevance to contemporary psychotherapy at the convention of the American Psychological Association, in New York City. Now, although Dr. Krippner looks as respectable as any other university mentor (he is a professor of psychology at Saybrook Institute in San Francisco), he has a reputation for working in what some people consider "fringe" areas of psychology (for example, the dream telepathy lab at Maimonides Hospital in Brooklyn, some years ago). The convention organizers, I suspect, felt that a presentation on shamanism would only attract a marginal crowd, and assigned Dr. Krippner to a small meeting room in the Marriott Marquis Hotel designed to comfortably accommodate perhaps 20 people. As it happened, Dr. Krippner found himself surrounded by a packed, SRO crowd of psychologists, extending out into the hallway, which was jammed with people to a distance of 15 feet past the doors. I know this because I was stuck 16 feet out and could not even get close enough to hear every seventh word. This

sent a message: that, in some cases, yesterday's "fringe" is today's "cutting edge"; this is certainly so in the case of myth and ritual, which are so closely related.

It appears, then, that both individuals and groups can reach a point in their development where they can profit from an intelligent discussion of the theory and method of self-transcendence. Both the general public and professional therapists who are interested in this area will find *Personal Mythology* to be a fascinating book. In *Personal Mythology*, David Feinstein (a clinical psychologist) and Krippner do an excellent job of describing how ritual can assist personal growth. While much of this material is relevant to therapy, the authors make clear that *Personal Mythology* is not a do-it-yourself therapy book. Rather, it is a book on personal growth that will be useful for people in many different kinds of life situations.

The authors' point of departure is that we live out our lives under the guidance of personal "myths." By "myths," the authors do not mean beliefs which are *necessarily* lies or illusions; rather, our myths are the unstated and often unconscious assumptions, prejudices, and beliefs which color the way we perceive and understand the world and ourselves. (The advantage of the term "myth" is that it includes the idea that we carry around within us certain themes, conflicts, and aspirations in common with people of many different cultures and eras.)

The problem is that, all too often, the myths we carry around are more a hindrance than an ally. For example: "Big boys don't cry"; "I must make people love me to be happy"; "Once people have serious personal problems they are never whole again"; "If the person who loves me leaves me, that shows that I am worthless and unlovable" — all basic principles, assumptions, that may guide our lives — and all deadly wrong, no matter how thoroughly we have learned them. People who believe these things (and aren't they familiar?) need a new set of guiding myths.

So far, Feinstein and Krippner have broken no new ground. Dealing with assumptions like these is a key to various approaches in what are called the "cognitive therapies," like those promulgated by Aaron Beck, Albert Ellis and others. What makes Feinstein and Krippner's book a breakthrough is the way the authors set out for dealing with self-destructive personal myths. The authors describe how to use rituals to learn which of one's myths are no longer adequate to guide life, and to transform these inadequate personal myths into powerful, vitalizing, growth-promoting myths that can help guide people into fulfilling, accomplished lives. Feinstein and Krippner set out in great detail a carefully devised progression of dozens of rituals (involving structured visualizations, encounters with inner guides, guided fantasy, dance, and ceremonial artwork) which have the aim of helping the person get in touch with internal sources of guidance, insight, and motivation.

The rituals involved are lengthy, going to two or more printed pages of detailed instruction each. The example below is an excerpt, less than one-half of a ritual meant to help transform obstacles into opportunities. (To understand what is going on, it is important to realize that the Shaman mentioned exists in the mind of the person performing the ritual; the early rituals in the book involve how to encounter the Shaman and invoke him or her at will. I have omitted all places where the authors deepen the experience by indicating a pause.)

Standing where you have some room to move, take a few deep breaths, plant your feet on the ground, and prepare to invite your Shaman to visit you in the Outer World. Recall what your Shaman looks like. Now, watch as, standing before you, your Shaman starts to materialize. You will be able to sense your Shaman's presence, and in your mind's eye you may even be able to see shades of your Shaman standing before you.

As you look at your Shaman, sense how you feel about offering up the quality you wish to transform. An imaginary bundle appears before you, and you begin to hold it with both your hands. You know the quality you wish to change is inside the bundle. Examine the bundle. What color is it? Is it heavy? Are there sounds coming from within it? Present the bundle to your Shaman. Explain the quality. Maintain your self-respect by describing the quality with dignity and compassion for yourself. Establish what it is about the quality that is not working for you. Now consider the ways in which you hope to transform the quality. . . . Find in the quality you wish to transform the kernels of a quality you would like to acquire. Once you have described the change you are requesting, listen for your Shaman's response.

Your Shaman faces you and places his or her hands on the bundle. The bundle is between you, and both of you are holding it. Now your Shaman starts to move. You realize that you are to move in synch as you both hold the bundle. . . . Soon it is a free form of dance with the bundle held between you. Your Shaman begins to chant: "Let the change begin!" (p. 128)

The book is not merely a grab bag of miscellaneous "mind games." The authors have obviously taken advantage of their experience in teaching these methods to thousands of people in seminars over the course of several years: the instructions are clear, and the sequence of rituals (and there are dozens of them) is carefully thought out. Being seasoned clinicians, the authors realize that this kind of inner work can evoke disturbing emotions in some people; they warn people of this throughout the book, and thoughtfully provide an appendix of suggestions on what to do when this occurs. They are concerned, like all good psychotherapists, with the question of how to translate insights into action, and much of the latter part of the book deals with how to accomplish tangible changes in one's life through these rituals. One of my few arguments with the book is in its second subtitle. The book **does** teach how to "discover your inner story," to be sure, but it goes well beyond that, to outlining how to *alter and use* some aspects of that inner story and effect substantial life change.

But, I must re-emphasize, this is not a book of do-it-yourself psychotherapy. It is a guide to making changes in one's life

using one of the most powerful tools available: carefully structured ritual. I am pleased to note that the authors have attempted to conform to the principles for self-help books published in the ethical guidelines of the American Psychological Association.

In addition to ritual proper, the authors site many points in the journey where readers can work with their dreams to gain further leverage in the task of inner transformation. Although it is a secondary and optional focus, the reader learns about "incubating" dreams (planting a self-suggestion to use a dream to deal with a particular issue) and some basics of interpretation of and elaboration upon dream symbolism.

Another plus to this book is that it does not pose a problem for people of various religious backgrounds, or none. There is nothing sectarian here, no bowing to Eastern or Western gods, as it were, to make the reader uneasy.

For the psychological professional or academic, the endnotes provide extensive documentation of the links between the author's ideas and the scholarly literature.

In sum, *Personal Mythology* is a fine exposition regarding the use of ritual to transform negative behaviors and attitudes into life-enhancing ones. At press time, arrangements for a paperback edition were still under negotiation, but I suspect that many readers of this review would find the hardcover price of this book worthwhile even on a modest budget. I look forward to a forthcoming book by Peg Elliott, Feinstein and Krippner, *Rituals for Living and Dying*, to be published in New York by Irvington Press.

(Note: The second part of Mark Koltko's retrospective on Carlos Castaneda will appear in our next issue. The editor's of *DDN* invite comment on the first part of that retrospective, which appeared in our previous issue, as well as on all of Mark Koltko's reviews.)

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The Grateful Dead at Indy & The First Alpine Show

by Michael Sherry

Indy proved to be one of the nicer outdoor facilities, as the Deer Creek Music Theatre is brand new. Noblesville, a suburb of Indy, is where the facility is located. No camping was allowed, as it was a one night stand, and everyone I talked with seemed to be more than willing to cooperate with the policy. The atmosphere was fun and festive, although kind of hazy, moist and overcast; everyone was looking forward to the Dead's first midwest stop on the summer tour. I sat and danced all the way on the top of the lawn. The place, clearly designed for acoustical perfection, was incredible for the Grateful Dead. I thought I was right in front of the speaker piles; the sound put you in the action no matter where you sat (or stood). "Bertha" opened the show on an incredibly high note, but little did I know what would come later. In the second set, they did "Truckin">"Smokestack," bringing the house down, and I cannot recall a better segway from one song into the other. If you like "American Beauty," the band played 40% of it on this evening—"Candyman," "Truckin'," "Sugar Magnolia" and "Brokedown Palace." WHEW!!! A fun and exciting show indeed.

The first night at Alpine, I sat in the pavilion, about 16th or 17th row center. The sound, as always at Alpine, was too loud in the pavilion, but much better on the lawn. Jerry hit the stage with a BIG smile on his face, Phil in tie-dye...it was to be a most special evening. The first set fired off with a truly smooth "Let The Good Times Roll," and moved into a funky "Stranger." Other first set highlights for me were a cool "Cumberland Blues" followed by a rhythmic "It's All Over Now." An excellent, tight performance of the 10th song, 1st set. The second set opened with a powerful "China/Rider" followed with a really rockin' "Playin' In The Band." Of course then the band, like a river, flowed into the most sensitive and upbeat performance of "Uncle John's Band" that I have EVER heard post-1980. It was genuinely the most intense experience; going through these four songs with so much more to come further down the line. After finding myself completely absorbed in the "Phil Zone" during "GDTRFB," we got NFA and then...the Dead did not leave the stage when everyone was chanting and the stage lights completely off. They normally go off, come back and do an encore. Something was going on. Jerry says something to Bob who passes it to Phil and then Jerry goes to Brent and talks to him a little while—all with the stage lights down; the crowd, beginning to feel something special start to break up the NFA chant and applaud wildly. We were then "BID GOODNIGHT," in four part harmony, with Billy peering through his drums looking on. The warmth and happy screams passed through the crowd as they did for Ripple in Landover '88. The band then encored with a killer mesmorockin' "Johnny B. Goode." Simply put, the best of the 41 shows I've seen.

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JULY 15, 1989

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What A Surprise...

by Sally Ansorge Mulvey

I was recently in California with my husband, who is on tour with his band The Hour, when something quite wonderful and coincidental occurred. The band was supposed to play a gig in Venice Beach that got cancelled at the last minute and replaced by a club in Long Beach called Bogart's. When we arrived at the club we discovered much to our pleasure that in their "other" room Al Stewart's Band was scheduled to play. I have been going to see Al Stewart as long as I've been seeing the Dead. My brother, his friends and I used to go to a show where Al was the opening act, get the entire first and second rows and leave when his set ended. I also see him at the Bottom Line in New York City whenever he's in town.

If you're not familiar with Al Stewart, let me introduce you to his music. He fronts an English band that relocated to California a number of years ago. His roots come out of the English folk tradition, and they play up-beat, folksy, ballads. The band is made up of five people: Peter White, guitar, keyboards, accordion, back-up vocals, writes the music for most of Al's songs; Dave Camp, saxophone, keyboards, only American in the band; Robin Lamble, bass, guitar, back-up vocals; Steve Chapman, drums; and, of course, Al Stewart, rhythm guitar, vocals, writes the lyrics to all his music. A pretty talented bunch!

Al Stewart has recorded 12 albums. You may recall one of his really big hit singles, "Year of the Cat," but there are many great songs, such as "Nostradamus" and "Roads to Moscow."

Going to see Al Stewart is always a treat and a really good show. Al has a rather dry British sense of humor. He is also an historian. These two things, in combination with his detached, ironic view of life, always bring out a couple of good stories. You can tell the band likes to play and show off their many talents as they each move from instrument to instrument. But the highlight of the show is the quiet intensity of Peter White. This is the guy you want to sit next to in hopes that some of his genius will rub off. In conversation with a friend, I compared him rather abstractly to the Charles Schultz character Pig Pen. However, where Pig Pen always leaves a trail of dirt, Peter exudes an atmosphere of creative energy and talent. (That's a pretty left-handed compliment!)

For me, this was a night of treats all around. First I saw The Hour play. I then went next door for a totally unexpected show by Al Stewart where they played a couple of my favorites such as "On The Border," and dug up a couple of songs I haven't heard in years, "Valentino's Way" and "Merlin's Time." As the show was ending, The Hour was asked to play another set, so we crossed the hall again.

Now that's what I call a great evening! Thanks!

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THE FOOTBAG PEACE INITIATIVE

Part II

Deaditor's Note: We did not have enough room to print this letter in the last issue, but feel it is very worthwhile and enjoyable reading, so we present it to you now.

March 25, 1989

Dear Friends and Supporters of the FPI:

It is with great joy and sadness that I write this latest newsletter about the Footbag Peace Initiative. Although the filming ended in January with the departure of Robbie, four of us (Liza, Mary, Tis and I) lingered on in Central America, myself until early March. As you perhaps gathered from our first letter, our experiences as "futbolistas por al pas" were provocative, transforming and wild. We have been permanently changed by this encounter. Now we face the significant challenge of returning to gringo-land (individually and collectively) and incorporating this timeless, transcendental episode into our lives and our work. This is one way of saying that the *culture shock* has been bad! (Standing mesmerized in a super [duper] market in front of twelve varieties of toilet paper I can only think of my Indian friends in San Pedro, Guatemala — Teresa, Ventura and their four lovely children living in that ancient, lake-side village...)

Anyway, footbag turned out to be the *perfect* medium for us to go public in Central America. As non-partisan, non-commercial emissaries of "fut," we were universally *welcomed* with great affection and openness. People everywhere were quite simply refreshed and appreciative to meet gringo visitors who were neither mercenaries, military, nor typical tourists! And all we really did was play in the streets, teach, perform, and share "el futbolito" expecting nothing in return. Consequently, thousands of regular Central Americans this winter had an experience of playful, sweaty communion with some "Norte-Americanos." A small thing for sure, compared to the magnitude of the problems facing the region today. However, we knew from the start that ours was a *propaganda* mission — to advertise the *idea* of gringo/Latino friendship by offering a symbolic cultural bridge.

In January we did a footbag demo on the TV evening news in Nicaragua. After, I was interviewed by the sports reporter, who asked me questions about our project and "our" game. I looked into the camera and told the Nicaraguans that we were indeed promoting futbolito all through the country, but that frankly, we didn't care too much if our sport caught on. What really mattered, I said, was creating a new kind of relationship between gringos and Nicaraguans! For weeks, people all over the country (who are as hungry for messages of solidarity as for material support) approached me on the street to thank us for our presence.

Not all of our experiences were so positive and inspiring. In fact, much of what we saw and felt in Nicaragua was tainted with sadness owing to the economic crisis and the lingering effects of the war. Here I share some entries from my journal...

12/27/88 ...In Estelí, we found rooms and hit the streets to do our thing. Arriving at the park before the others, I struck up a casual conversation with a young cigarette vendor named Ivan. Soon he came on with a familiar rap about the USA having tons of great things. He asked me to read all the labels on the imported (smuggled) U.S. cigarettes. He told me of his Aunt in Los Angeles and his hopes to emigrate (to avoid mandatory service in the Sandinista Army). Finally, getting kind of fed up, I tried to give Ivan another picture of North America by explaining some of the less fortunate aspects of the gringo culture. But Ivan would have none of this and insisted that we in the States have everything while Nicaragua has shit. As illustration, he withdrew a huge wad of córdoba (Nicaraguan) bills and began to count tens, twenties, fifties and hundreds. When he finished snapping through the wad he looked up and reminded me: "It's not even worth one dollar!"

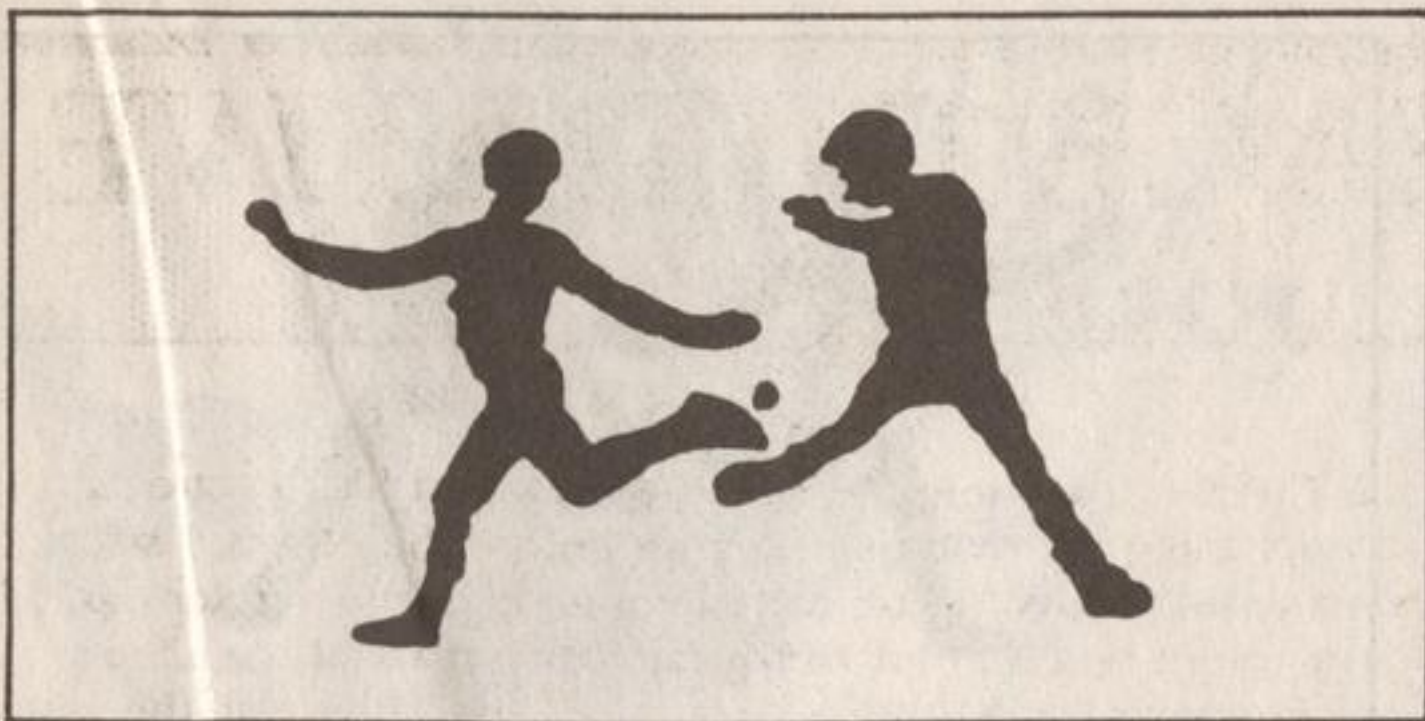
Searching for a response I said: "You are right. We in the States *do* have many fine products and material advantages, but you Nicaraguans have *heart*." My friend smiled weakly but I could tell that his mind was not changed.

The following day, I gained the chance to redeem myself with sad Ivan by teaching him to sew a footbag amidst a crowd of others who were sewing and waiting to sew. A huge smile broke out on his face when he realized just how easy it was. Even knowing that I was giving Ivan yet one more gringo product to covet, I couldn't help but feel good seeing him momentarily shed his gloomy look and enjoy himself there in the park...

1/2/89 ...I went to talk politics late at night with a new friend, ex-Frente (Sandinista) fighter from the insurrection, Paco. He took me instead to the wake of a farmer friend murdered earlier in the day by an unknown visitor. Nobody seemed to know who killed this man, or rather, nobody said what they knew. Instead, all the mourners at this ghostly midnight affair sipped sweet black coffee and mumbled vague platitudes to no one in particular. Paco told me that this was a regular occurrence in Matiguás with killings every week. Some blamed the *contras*, but others thought the violence was being committed by irresponsible Sandinista soldiers meting out "jungle justice." In any case, the whole town was sick of it. The next day, no one met my gaze when I said "buenos días"...

1/4/89 ...I met and talked with many young men who are or were in the army... A cherub-faced Sandinista soldier giggled nervously as he explained to me that he only had 35 days left of his two year obligatory service. "The last few weeks are the most dangerous," he explained to me, "because that's when a 'compa' starts to really get overconfident that he ain't gonna die..." I didn't know what else to say besides "good luck," so I gave the kid a futbolito to carry to the mountains. He smiled shyly over his shoulder as he left...

1/12/89 ...A young soldier on leave after a hernia operation showed me around his birthplace, the lovely Pacific port town of San Juan del Sur. He related to me experiences of growing



up, as a child seeing his first corpse on the street, victim of the hated Guardia. Later, as a soldier in the mountains, he was still not accustomed to such proximity with death and he developed an ulcer from the tension and the combat diet...

...Another ex-compa (also with an ulcer) described how he was lucky to have landed the job of driver in the army rather than foot soldier. This was a relatively safer role, but the cargo he carried was dead and wounded comrades. He only said one word when I asked him gently to describe it. "Horrible"...(it's spelled the same in both languages)...

3/15/89 ...The Contra war has taken a horrifying toll on Nicaragua. The U.S.-funded army has been mostly repulsed, but the moral and economic damage that the war has left makes you wonder if the bastards weren't successful after all... Having spent much more than half of its scant resources on defense since the early 80's, the nation's economy is shot. Inflation like I'd never dreamed of runs rampant with major price rises occurring practically every Monday. You cannot live on an average salary. Many people feel desperate and are resorting to whatever they can do to survive. The feelings of anger, fear and disgust permeate the poorest quarters, feeding and growing on themselves. Even many working class people who have given their sweat and blood and who understood the historical necessity for sacrifice are losing patience with the Sandinistas. Record numbers of Nicaraguans have left or seek to leave for other shores.

There is some hope generated by the central American leaders' recent agreement to disband the Contras. Also, there are faint indications of a desire to normalize relations coming from Washington. Regardless of what Bush does in Central America, Nicaragua will survive and maintain its sovereignty. One would only wish fewer calamities on people who have suffered for so long...

2/12/89 ...I, for one, have been smitten very hard this time by Nicaragua. The mixture of tragedy and beauty, heroism and desperation grabs me and, not surprisingly, I've grown to love and hate this place deeply...the weariness and frustration straining the faces of poor people the day the price of everything doubled unexpectedly...the brutal chaos of people fighting for room on an already crowded bus as it rolled dangerously out of the station...the unsung heroism of a proud old woman giving up her seat on a three hour bus ride to a young mother with her baby...the stunning grace of a buoyant campesino lad who came upon us trekking in the hills, riding the pure ass of his loaded nag (before we exchanged ten words he coaxed Leppzer up onto his spare horse and whipped them off prancing around the mountain)...the absolute lovely green of riffled hills giving way to cloud forest heights, rich,

misty coffee plantations and towering rock outcroppings... On our final "official" day of FPI, we climbed together to a marvelous vista where a rapid-forming tropical storm sprayed us with cleansing "brisa," cool, permeating wetness which soon blew over to more shining blue...

Now it is over. The FPI has completed its first modest goal and returned Stateside. After three weeks accompanying my sister Laura in Nicaragua (she is a physical therapist who was working and donating equipment) and two weeks depressurizing in Guatemala, I, too, have returned to face the vestiges of winter.



• • • • •

As I sit here in Wendell, at my electric typewriter, it is not without deep questions that I look back on our experience of footbagging for peace. Juxtaposed against the affection, fun and excitement we shared in Central America is the current news of the election farce in El Salvador, growing repression in Guatemala and further hardship in Nicaragua. Each of us must choose the energy we give and take from the world in work and practice, and I have no doubt that for us, FPI was the best contribution we could make. However, certain questions linger...

continued on next page

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THE FOOTBAG PEACE INITIATIVE Part II

continued from previous page

We went forward with this project hoping to feed spirits — the spirit of friendship, the spirit of joy and the spirit of cultural sharing. But how do you measure the worth of fun and friendship in a sea of massive poverty and exploitation? Isn't it slightly obscene to go flaunting North America's toys if we can't also offer North America's staples?

Fully aware of these thorny issues, we plugged forward anyway with our unusual project. We understood that our work lay more in the symbolic and metaphysical than in the material realm. We realized that our vision required a substantial leap of faith and could not be done half-way. And now, as we review the touching film images collected in Central America, we intuitively sense the broad and hopeful potential of the seeds planted. Still, it's hard sometimes not to feel like an ugly American.

Relations between gringos and Latinos are badly skewed by a history of racism, greed and condescension. Even the subtlest and briefest of interactions cannot escape being so colored. A street vendor eeking out a futureless survival pleads shamelessly with a tourist to buy some useless article...a young Nicaraguan woman tries to make herself attractive to a passing gringo man hoping he'll "rescue" her to a better life in the States...a gringa "activist" in designer clothes hoists a Managua street urchin in the air, exclaiming: "Look at what I found! Isn't she just *adorable!*?"

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I have a strong memory buried in my mind of some small child who, overhearing adults in the kitchen talking of war and violence in the world, responded out of nowhere: "Well, why don't we just go over there and ask them to be our friends?" At the time, this innocent comment might have raised smiles and affectionate laughter. But, even the most naive of kids soon gets the idea just how monumentally big the world is, and how small and powerless we are. Besides, there are governments, armies and national boundaries which are supposed to take care of all that foreign relations stuff. You simply can't go over "there" and make friends with "them."

Or could you...?

The FPI was hardly the first to realize that through popular culture, sports, music, poetry and performing arts, we have an awesome avenue to take foreign relations into our own hands. In fact, if the truth be known, there is *nothing* stopping us from going and making friends with our so-called enemies. The FPI organized and executed an entirely unsanctioned, unaffiliated friendship parade through three of the hottest countries in the hemisphere. Nobody stopped us. On the contrary, we were universally welcomed and embraced by all kinds of people. The Central Americans loved us for coming!

Forget for a moment that casting ourselves in the role of Gypsy-crusaders was a highly presumptuous and typically gringo thing to do. A little leather ball graced us with the chance to make soulful, joyous connections with thousands. Realizing that a barely sane world may call for a slightly crazy response from us peons (who didn't ask to get born into political and environmental messes), we gathered our balls and flew!! And no matter that it was only six "offbeat" gringo athletes sharing this new kind of relationship over a few fleeting months in Central America... The significant fact is that it *occurred*. Inside of our collective imagination (and Robbie's camera!) was planted a compelling and potent image of what is possible...

For me, our success has gone bittersweet as I return badly injured in both knees. After "jamming" hard one January night in Costa Rica with my best partner, Tis, I noticed a sort of numbness under my right kneecap. The following day I told Tis that I couldn't play anymore and tried stretching out my legs. But after watching my buddy play solo for a while, I decided to try a few kicks to see how it felt. A little led to a lot, and once warm, the sensation in my knee vanished. Kicking with more confidence and control than ever, I went catastrophically on dancing and leaping and spilling all afternoon and much of the evening. Tis grew tired and quit, but I was



performing for a crowd and showing the world that I was Danny Fuckin' dog, the unstoppable wizard of sack... Ten minutes after quitting that night, I could barely walk.

I struggled for six more weeks to get around and survive in Central America dealing not only with my injury, but also with a deep depression over my dreadful mistake. Finally, I took refuge in a remote Indian village in Guatemala where I tried to slow down, recoup and lick my wounds.

Now, two months later, I'm home again trying to put the pieces back together. A surgeon confirmed that I have chondromalacia (a problem I gave myself first as a bike-touring fanatic at 23) an inoperable erosion of cartilage under the patella (basically the same as arthritis). With drugs, therapy and time, I'll be able to manage the injury and hopefully rehabilitate my knees again. The way I feel now, however, it's hard to imagine kicking a footbag.

Like a fool, I let myself get addicted to the medium and temporarily forgot the message, the real point of all our work. I got seduced acting like a clown, the jock, the footbag rogue. The karma of being an excellent footbagger and a street performer gobbled me up and swallowed me whole.

It hurts to think of giving up sports and physical activities. Worse is the feeling of personal failure at having pissed away so cheaply such a valuable resource. The FPI was just getting going and we had numerous plans brewing (a Soviet brigade, South America, etc.). Surely, other athletes could (and should) continue this work...but will they?

The most difficult thing remains inside me. Because I sustained such a dumb, avoidable injury, it has been excruciatingly hard for me to accept it, learn from it, forgive myself and move on. Though I'm committed to doing it, it's gonna be a while before I recapture my ki.

On a brighter note, Robbie has just finished a three minute musical video of our trip to be used as a promo piece for the FPI. It's a splendid little cut which shows the spirit of our project better than words ever could. Having been turned down on all of our grant proposals (Peace Development Fund, Haymarket, Ben and Jerry's, New England War Tax Resistance, etc.) we are still searching for sponsorship for the substantial editing and finishing costs. However, having now completed our visionary journey and with nearly 50 hours of superb footage safely home, we are confident that the documentary will be completed.

I want to take this space to thank the many people who've supported us in our work this winter. My brother Steven,

especially, has been an invaluable support and contact resource. Also a sincere thanks to all of you who sent letters and contributions (totalling nearly \$900). You were in our thoughts as we interacted with Central Americans this winter. We represented you well South of the Border.

In peace,

Dan Botkin
FPI Coordinator

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Little Women

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Little Women Tour Dates

Oct. 6	The Moon	Telluride, Co
7	Western St. College	Gunnison, Co
10	Linden's	Ft. Collins, Co
11	Tulagie's	Boulder, Co
13	The Vault	Logan, Ut
14	Z-Place	Park City, Ut
16	Sundance	Bozeman, Mt
17	Top Hat	Missoula, Mt
19	The Central	Seattle, Wa
20	T.B.A.	Portland, Or.
21	W.O.W Hall	Eugene, Or
23	Old Creamery	Arcata, Co
25	O.T.'s	Santa Cruz, Ca
28	Winston's	San Diego, Ca
31	D.K.'s	San Louis Obispo, Ca
Nov. 4	Mateel Comm. Ctr.	Garberville, Ca

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Phillip Gerstheimer

Shoreline Amphitheatre – June 18,20,21

by Simon Friedman

The first thing that came to mind, even before the show started, was "I'll never see another East Coast show again." Now here's the way the Dead are meant to be enjoyed; outdoors in a modern, clean venue; clear sight lines from anywhere on the lawn; a mellow, considerate, crowd. Some of these West Coast Deadheads seem even blasé. After all, when the band plays in your hometown area 6-8 times a year, what's the big deal. The familiar crowd enthusiasm was there, but without the edginess one sometimes perceives on the East Coast.

And the concerts themselves? I experienced utter amazement at how relaxed, consistent, and creative the band sounded. Garcia especially seemed so present, so glad to be there, doing what he loves. Even the most timeworn tunes and combinations sounded fresh. Not that everything was 100% perfect. There was the usual share of minor lyric scrambling. Some of the song selections were, in my opinion, less than optimal. I was disappointed that the band performed so little of their new material. By and large, however, this was a very strong series of shows, satisfying in many ways.

The first set of night one was pretty unusual, in that there were no ballads and that 6 of the 8 songs are commonly used as show openers. Things started out fairly laid back with "Foolish Heart," and seemed to gradually build up heat, until boiling over with a tremendous New Orleans double-whammy of "Hey Pocky Way>Iko Iko." Brent, who seemed pretty out of it throughout the evening, barely got any of the lyrics out. Yet the medley was so strong instrumentally that it hardly mattered. "Alabama Getaway" in the 3rd slot provided one of the most unusual song positionings I had ever witnessed, and "Cold Rain and Snow" was simply dynamite.

The second set opened with a rather different-sounding "Samson and Delilah." It had a longish intro, Weir slightly changed the melody and emphasis of the lyrics, and Brent contributed a solo. "Cumberland Blues" immediately followed, and it, too, came out not quite as we're used to, slower and more behind the beat. More like Western swing than bluegrass-jazz-rock. "He's Gone" flowed into a generous jam that got especially weird when Jerry left the stage midway.

It's always hard to describe the drums/space in retrospect. Suffice it to say that the drummers and guitarists created unique soundscapes each night, nicely supplemented by computer-generated images on the video screens at the front of the lawn. Garcia played his by now well-known MIDI-connected guitar, creating all kinds of sampled sounds, including wind chimes and trumpet.

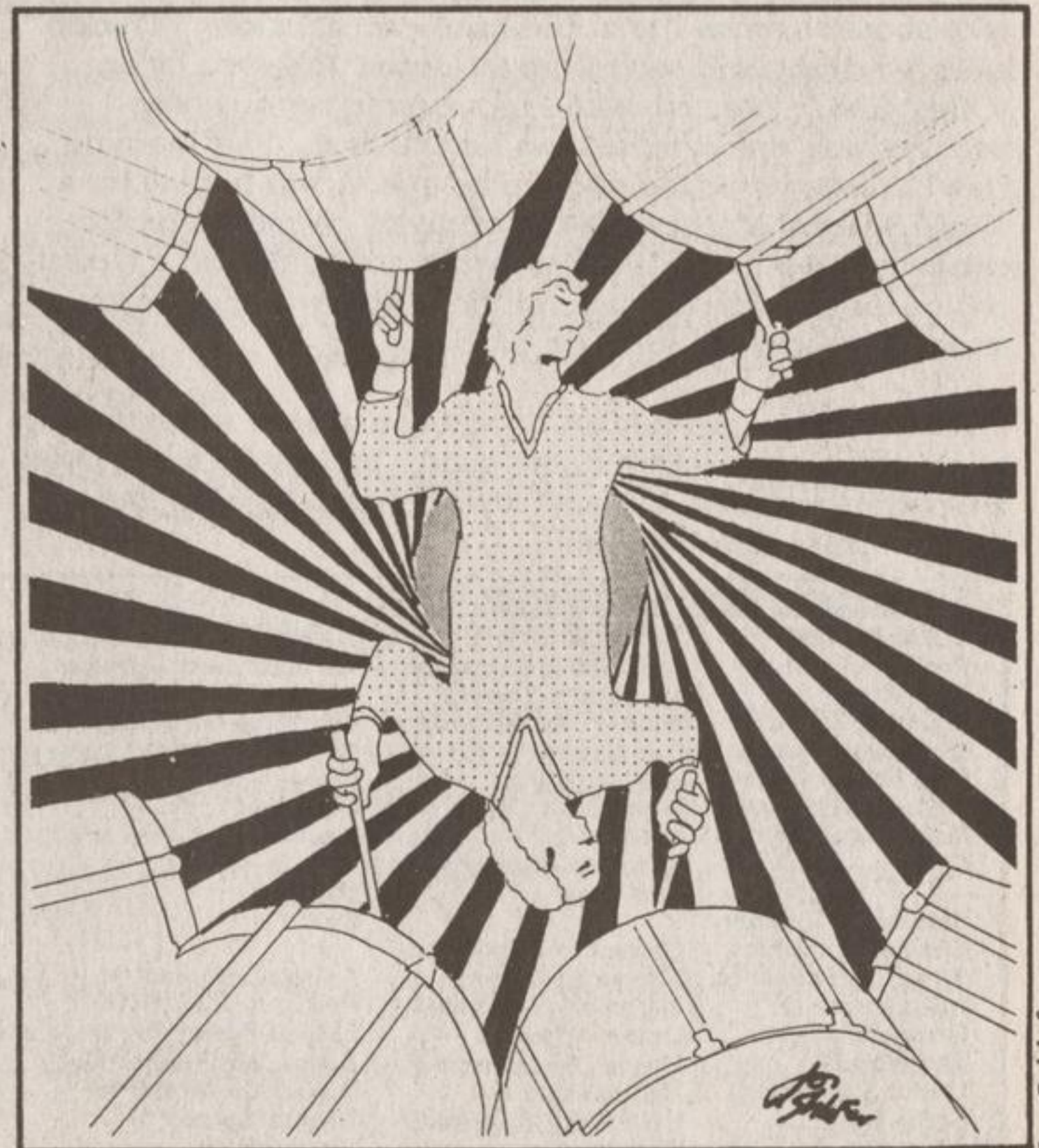
The post-drums selection, especially with the no-longer-so-common "U.S. Blues" encore, seemed like it belonged in the early 80's, and provided a satisfying conclusion. Even "Around 'n Around" had that little something extra.

The second show had the smallest crowd of the three nights, and there was tons of room on the lawn to hang out and dance. The band opened strong with the common

"Stranger>Franklin's" combo. After the fourth verse of "Franklin's," Garcia switched to some soaring slide guitar that led right into an unusually inspired "Walkin' Blues," omitting the last verse of "Franklin's." Brent's "You Can Run But You Can't Hide" appeared mid-set, and was the only one of this year's new songs to appear during the three concerts. The set ended on a very strong note with a typically well-jammed "Birdsong."

The opening "China>Rider" had a rather short and pretty standard sounding segue jam. This was more than made up for by an extended jam before the last chorus of "I Know You Rider," with Jerry wailing his guts out. "Playin' in the Band" was given a similar "lopsided" treatment, with just a few minutes of jamming before transforming into a lovely rendition of "Crazy Fingers." A reentry into a more substantial "Playin'" jam followed. There were serious hints at the "Playin'" reprise, but the lead players left the stage just when I thought they were going to do it.

Jerry kept his second guitar for Brent's love-it-or-hate-it "I Will Take You Home," contributing beautiful trombone and trumpet counter-melodies to the vocals. "Watchtower" provided yet another asymmetrical arrangement, with a brief first jam and a long, fiery second jam. "Black Peter" was not at all the downer it can sometimes be, and I was delighted to hear Jerry and company explore the closing jam at length, rather than have the usual abrupt transition into a Weir rocker.



Jon Schlafer

Shoreline Amphitheatre – June 18,20,21

I'm pretty tired of the "Throwin'>Away" second set closer, yet it took on new life this evening. "Not Fade Away" was one of the best I've seen in many years, with interesting jamming and a superbly executed vocal fade-out.

Wednesday night's concert was the summer solstice show, kind of a mini-New Year's for the opposite end of the year, available as a pay-per-view over many cable TV systems. The song selection was perhaps the most standard of the three nights, but the band, with special guest Clarence Clemons for most of the second set, played with such enthusiasm and energy that it hardly mattered what the songs were. Nothing too much to say about the first set, except that it was uniformly first-rate. "Scarlet Begonias" is always great to start set 2, but "Hell in a Bucket" is, in my opinion, about the worst thing that could happen to the jam. I was hoping that the missing "Fire on the Mountain" would follow, but instead Jerry gave us a gutsy "Ship of Fools."

Clemons adds a whole new dimension to the Dead's sound, and "Estimated-Eyes" was greatly enhanced by his presence. There was so much going on in the post-"Estimated" jam that it was hard for me to take it all in. And in an era where "Eyes of the World" has been a pleasant but not very substantial outing, this version was special. For once the band jammed on the introduction, rather than Garcia going to the mike immediately after the opening chords. The between-verses jams were much longer than usual, Clemons given solo space after Garcia's well-constructed improvisations. The saxophonist sounded tentative at first, but then jammed on the tune with confidence.

The post-drums set was positively overwhelming, delivered with about as much fire as the band can summon. "Truckin'" emerged strong and solid from the space, followed by an "Other One," complete with Phil's famous intro, whose intensity was almost more than I could bear. For "Morning Dew" to follow was too good to be true. I was hoping for a "Sugar Magnolia" closer, yet "Lovelight" seemed a perfect choice to wrap it up. "Brokedown Palace," although a typical choice for the very last tune of the series, was made extra special by Clemons' sensitive playing.

I headed home grateful that I had been able to make the trip to see three great shows in the band's backyard. If the Dead are playing this well, I figured it's worth dealing with East Coast imperfections after all.

SHORELINE AMPHETHEATRE — CA

JUNE 18, 1989	JUNE 19, 1989	JUNE 21, 1989
Foolish Heart	Feel Like A Stranger>	:45 Instrumental Blues
Jack Straw	Franklin's Tower>	Touch of Grey
Alabama Getaway	Walkin' Blues	New Minglewood Blues
Queen Jane Approx.	Candyman	Ramble On Rose
Cold Rain & Snow	You Can Run...	Box of Rain
Little Red Rooster	When Push Comes To	Dire Wolf
Hey Pocky Way	Shove	Masterpiece
Iko Iko	Memphits Blues Again	Row Jimmy
	Bird Song	Cassidy
		Deal
Samson & Delilah	China Cat Sunflower>	Scarlet Begonias***
Cumberland Blues	I Know You Rider>	Hell In A Bucket***>
St. of Circumstance	Playin' In The Band>	Ship of Fools***>
He's Gone>	Crazy Fingers>	Estimated Prophet***>
Drums>Space>	Playin' Instrumental>	Eyes of the World***>
The Wheel>	Drums>Space>	Drums>Space***>
I Need A Miracle>	I Will Take You Home>	Truckin'***>
Stella Blue	Watchtower>	The Other One***>
Around 'n Around>	Black Peter>	Morning Dew***>
Good Lovin'	Throwin' Stones>	Turn On Your Lovelight***
*U.S. Blues	Not Fade Away	*Brokedown Palace
18 Songs	*Knockin' On Heaven's	

RAIN FOREST RESCUE!

SCOTT PAPER TO DESTROY MILLION ACRES OF RAIN FOREST

Scott Paper Company is planning to replace 800,000 acres of Indonesian rain forest with plantations of commercial eucalyptus, which will be used to make toilet paper and facial tissue.

The 36,000 indigenous people in the area will not survive the imposition of the plantation economy, especially if Scott Paper hires a workforce of government-sponsored settlers.

Indonesia's investment board has approved the project, and although Scott says they will study the site for another two years before fully committing to it, they have already established a nursery for the eucalyptus seedlings that will be planted when the existing forest is cleared.

Scott recently paid \$450,000 in fines to settle charges involving over 150 health and safety violations at it's plant in Winslow, Maine.

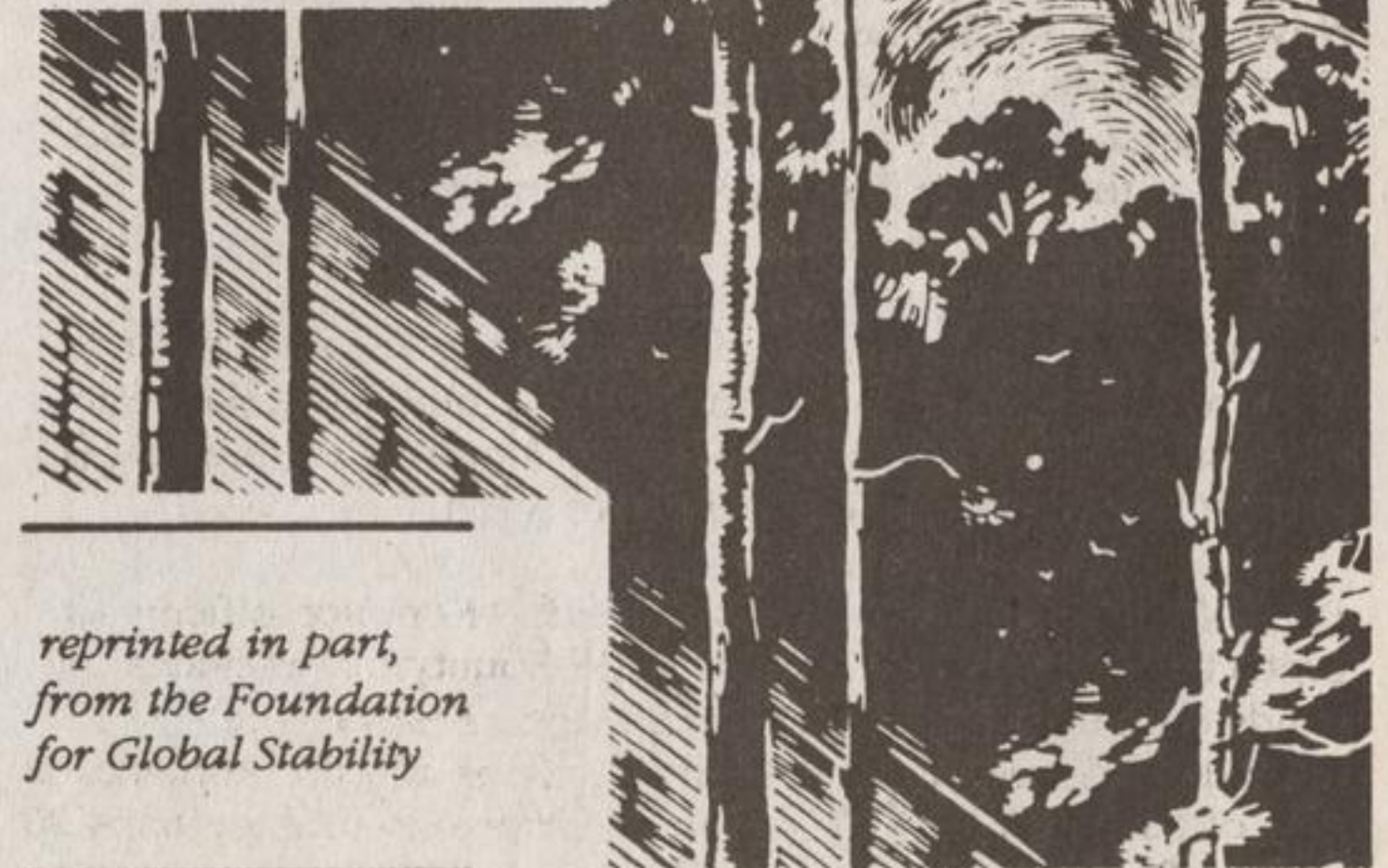
The company's practice of using herbicides, in particular an Agent Orange relative, dioxin, to eliminate native species has led to a boycott of its products in Nova Scotia.

According to the Times of New Guinea, Scott is considering a plantation site there also. Because of political restrictions, little can be done from within these countries. **BUT THERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN DO!** Your letters and postcards to Scott Paper Company are urgently needed!

Write to the following address and tell Scott's chief executive officer that unless Scott abandons it's plans to develop it's proposed paper plantations in Indonesia you and all of your friends will boycott all Scott Paper Company Products for the rest of your lives!

Remember, the future of this planet lies in your hands. This simple act of concern should take about 5 minutes of your time and cost you the price of one stamp. **DO IT!** Write to:

Phillip Lippincott
Chief Executive Officer
Scott paper Company
1 Scott Plaza
Philadelphia, PA 19113



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- Media Mentions -

Grateful Dead News From Across The Globe

Fear of Dead Heads may have nixed concert, by Robert Trussell, Brian McTavish, The Kansas City Star, Tuesday, June 6, 1989

The Grateful Dead don't go where they're not wanted.

That may be why the historic band has cancelled concerts that were scheduled for July 21 and 22 at Sandstone Amphitheatre.

The root of the pulled dates could be the cautionary letter written by Richard Bartholomew, chief ranger for Wyandotte County Parks, who is in charge of security at Sandstone. The letter was sent to Sandstone officials, who sent a copy to the Dead's management.

Bartholomew wrote his letter after becoming troubled by a few reports and information he gathered about fans and campers at recent Dead shows in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Irvine and Palo Alto.

"I did some checking into those areas and there were some bad experiences in all those areas," Bartholomew said. "The problems were not with the Grateful Dead concerts themselves, but the Deadheads — the crowd that follows them from city to city."

Dead publicist Dennis McNally in San Francisco said he'd only heard rumors about the letter.

"I can say we don't go where we're not wanted," McNally said. "I do know if it were true, the band would just say, 'Well, we won't go into that situation.' It's a traveling circus, and if the circus isn't welcome in town, we can't come back."

Now that the Sandstone dates and a gig in Boulder, Colorado have been nixed — the latter for purely logistical reasons, according to McNally — the Dead's tour is scheduled to end July 19 at the Alpine Valley Music Theatre in East Troy, Wisconsin.

"I don't think it's from any problems they've been having," local promoter Chris Fritz said. "They'll be back... Maybe it's just not the right timing. I just think it was, 'Hey, we've got to take it easy and we'll cut the tour short.'"

Bartholomew's letter called for at least 140 police officers to protect the area owned by Wyandotte County that includes Sandstone, the Kansas City Renaissance Festival, the Wyandotte County Park at Bonner Springs and the Agricultural Hall of Fame. A typical concert at Sandstone uses perhaps 20 police officers for security, Bartholomew said.

The letter also recommends that other undercover narcotics units be assigned.

"Basically, this group sets up as a village," Bartholomew said of the crowds drawn by the band. "Everything is sold, including drugs. The school officials in those respective towns were very upset, because they said the schools were loaded with drugs from these Deadheads from before, during and after the concert."

The Stanford University police department sent Bartholomew a police video of the Palo Alto concert.

"There were massive, massive crowds; massive vending going on, completely without the sanction of the health department or anything else," Bartholomew said, "There were pictures showing drugs, basically marijuana and this drug — they call them mushrooms, if you know what I'm talking about."

"I just felt that we had to make a 100 percent effort to not allow drugs to be sold at or before this concert."

McNally admits that the Dead attract a few bad eggs, particularly younger fans who come as much for the bizarre bazaar as for the music.

To educate the younger crowd, the Dead make available public service announcements and distribute leaflets at their concerts asking for responsible behavior and cooperation with authorities. The band also asks fans without tickets not to go to its concerts.

McNally said that some reports of Deadheads creating problems were exaggerated.

"The fact of the matter was that nothing happened at Irvine except a horrible traffic jam," he said.

McNally questioned the wisdom of the police arrests made for "simple possession of pot or open liquor containers" among the "most benign and pleasant audience on the planet." He blamed the hardline approach on "incorrect and inflated notions" about the band's followers in a "very conservative time."

"Clearly, if you want to fatten up your arrest statistics, we're an easy target," he said. "It *ain't* fair."

continued on next page

- Media Mentions -

Grateful Dead News From Across The Globe

Winter Moves to Pull Plug on Grateful Dead

Concert Here, by Michael York, The Washington Post, Tuesday, June 13, 1989

Washington's Robert F. Kennedy Stadium is among the stops on the Grateful Dead's summer tour, and while thousands of fanatic "deadheads" are ready to dance, D.C. council member Nadine P. Winter is trying to stop the music before it starts.

Winter, who represents the neighborhoods surrounding the stadium, says she will introduce an emergency bill at tonight's council meeting that would remove Mayor Marion Barry from the D.C. Armory Board, a move she hopes will lead to cancellation of the concert. The board, of which the mayor is chairman, manages the stadium and books concerts there.

"The mayor said there would not be any more rock concerts there," Winter said. "I think the mayor ought to drop his head in shame."

Barry could not be reached for comment yesterday.

The group is scheduled to appear at RFK July 12 and 13.

Winter said she became alarmed when she learned of the rock group's scheduled booking here because of the "cult types" who turned out to hear the band in 1986.

"The last time they were here I saw 100 people in a church yard having sex openly on the lawn. They were kissing and rolling over on top of each other. They had no covers because it was hot," Winter said. It was one of those scenes you wouldn't want your children to see. "They were defecating in the area, and you could cut the odor of pot smell with a knife. To have three days of a campout in a very stable residential neighborhood where lots of citizens have struggled to pay for those homes was just disgraceful."

Council member Betty Ann Kane disagreed, however, saying, "I was at those shows and I had a wonderful time."

Winter said she has received numerous calls criticizing her attempt to stop the concerts, but she said none of the calls came from D.C. residents.

Winter said she did not object to other musical acts, particularly those that would bring "a different culture." She said Patti LaBelle, who is scheduled to perform on Saturday, "would be fine." Winter's bill would not have the direct effect of stopping the concert, but she said she thought that would be the practical result. The bill would remove Barry and board member Stuart J. Long. The remaining board member, Maj. Gen. Calvin Franklin, the commander of the D.C. National Guard, is a permanent member and not subject to appointment by the mayor.

Dennis McNally, a spokesman for the rock group in California, said yesterday that although Grateful Dead fans, known as

"deadheads," might look strange, they are really very nice people.

"It may look like something akin to a traveling circus. It's a large group, but it's benign," he said.

As for Winter's complaint of wild behavior, McNally said he has been attending the group's concerts for almost 25 years. "I've never seen any open or closed sex," he said.

The group was the focus of complaints earlier this year when more than 100 people were arrested in Irvine, California, and Pittsburgh when the group appeared in those cities.

In Pittsburgh, 63 people were arrested and more than 500 people threw bottles, cans and stones at officers. In California, about 80 people were arrested and charged with drug possession.

D.C. Approves Alley Closing for Gateway Project

by Michael York, The Washington Post, Wednesday, June 14, 1989

...In other action, council member Nadine P. Winter, angered by a decision to allow two concerts by the Grateful Dead rock group at Robert F. Kennedy Stadium, dropped her plan to remove Mayor Marion Barry from the D.C. Armory Board, which approved the concerts.

Instead, she said she would seek emergency legislation to double the board's liability insurance coverage to compensate neighboring landowners for damage caused by the concertgoers. The council was expected to vote on Winter's proposal as the meeting stretched into the early morning hours.

Winter favored an emergency bill to remove Mayor Marion Barry from the D.C. Armory Board because, she says, he has not lived up to his promise to ban rock concerts. She had hoped the board, without Barry, would ban the concerts. However Winter failed to propose the emergency bill within the council's one-day deadline. Winter said last night that she missed the deadline because "I was trying to work out some of the arrangements and I didn't think there would be a problem."

The Dead, Asking Fans to Act Grateful, by David Levine, The Washington Post, Friday, June 16, 1989

On the verge of their summer tour, which includes two shows next month at Washington's RFK Stadium, and with public officials challenging their right to perform, the Grateful Dead have begun mailing letters to fans across the nation, warning them to shape up or the band may have to ship out.

Now in their 24th year of existence, the Grateful Dead appear to be more popular than ever, which has led to increasing problems with local authorities. Thousands of people have recently begun showing up to the group's sold-out concerts without tickets, and clashes with police and public disorder have become common.

The Dead, realizing the problem, are, in an unprecedented letter, asking their fans to "control this scene so that people — police, merchants, neighbors — can be comfortable with this traveling circus — and that means the obvious, like not trashing up where you go, not using people's lawns for

bathrooms, not violating local laws (whether you agree with them or not) — or the circus won't be able to travel no mo'."

The letter, addressed "Dear Deadheads," and signed "Bobby, Phil, Brent, Mickey, Billy, Jerry" warns fans, "We're running out of places to play, and we're running out of ways to say the obvious." Fans were advised that on-site camping would be limited and they should make plans to stay at hotels or campsites.

The back of the letter lists, among other things, possible local hotels, campsites, restaurants, a hospital and a 24-hour gas station in the city where the group is to perform. Asking fans to clean up after themselves, it ends with the motto "Nothin' but footprints."

The group, which sent the statement to those who purchased tickets through a mail-order service, wants to find a way to get this message to fans without tickets who go to shows to "enjoy the scene." The band is hoping the message travels quickly by word of mouth.

Eileen Law, who has worked for the Grateful Dead for 17 years, blamed the problem partly on the vending situation at the shows, which the letter said now would be limited. Beginning in the early 1980's, the group began attracting a large number of food, clothes and paraphernalia sellers that has increased in recent years into a full-fledged flea market that follows the group from city to city. This, according to Law, attracts "a great number of people who don't even have tickets, who just show up to enjoy the scene and aren't there to go in and see the concert. And when you have so many people just loitering around, there are bound to be problems."

Already the band has found itself at odds with police and government officials from numerous cities, including its own hometown of San Francisco. After a series of Chinese New Year's concerts at the relatively small San Francisco Civic Auditorium a few years ago, the Grateful Dead were banned from playing the hall after fans were found trashing the grounds and defecating on the lawn in front of nearby City Hall.

In an attempt to control the number of people showing up without tickets, the group writes in the letter, "This is a music scene first, and camping and vending have turned it into a largely social scene that is potentially a real and ominous threat to the future live performance of the music itself."

Restrictions End Static Over Grateful Dead, by Michael York, Washington Post, Sunday, June 18, 1989

D.C. Council member Nadine P. Winter has abandoned her attempt to cancel two concerts by the Grateful Dead rock group in July after Mayor Marion Barry promised increased security around Robert F. Kennedy Stadium and restrictions on camping sites for the group's fans.

Winter, whose ward includes RFK Stadium, touched off a storm of protest last week when she tried to introduce emergency legislation that would have required concert promoters to obtain extra liability insurance coverage. Winter also said she would seek the cancellation of the July 12 and 13 concerts.

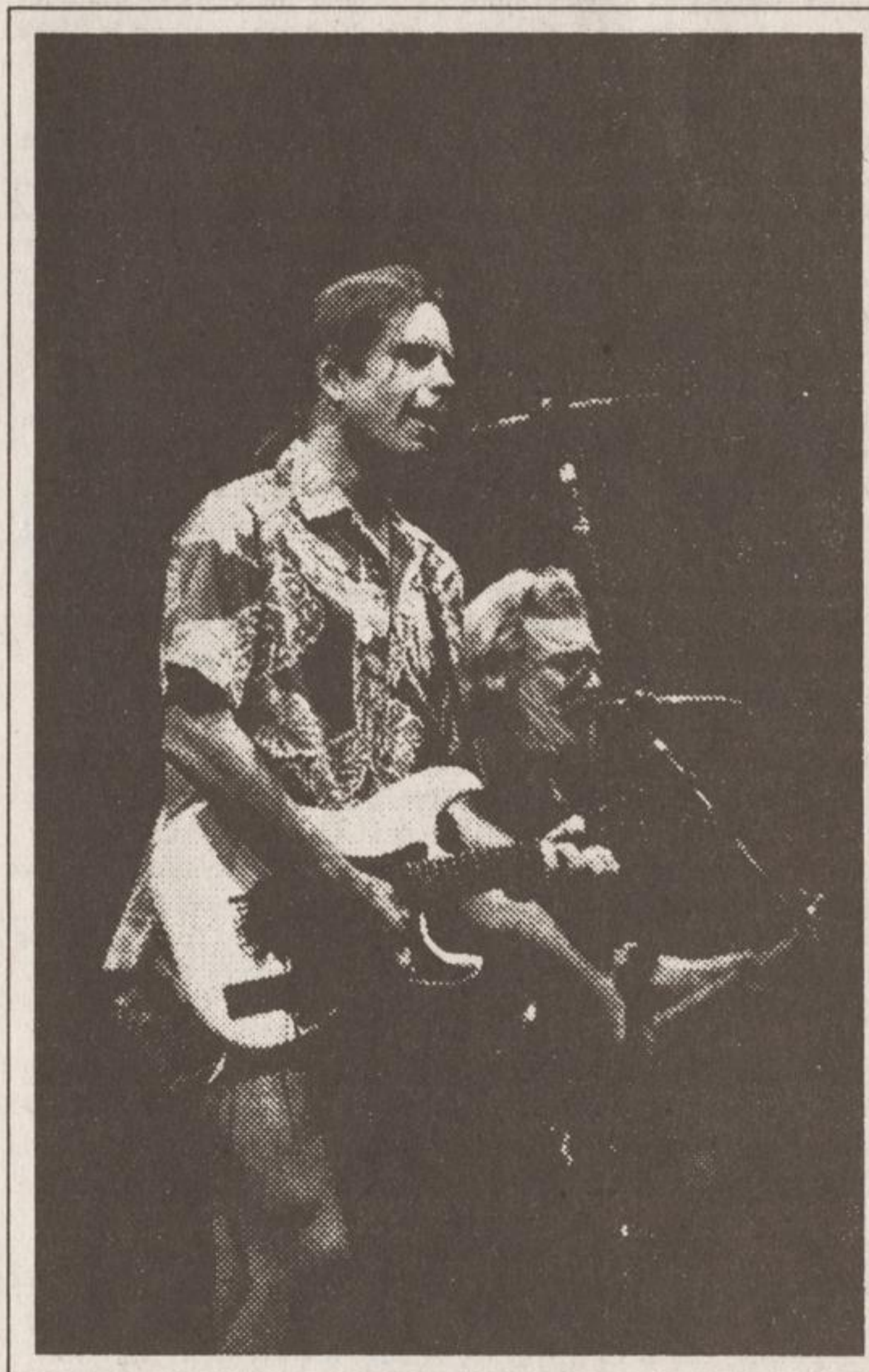
She was halted in her bid because she failed to provide the council the required 24-hour notice of the legislation.

In a letter sent to council members on Friday, Barry and Winter said, "It may not be necessary to cancel the band's performance...to fully protect the public health, safety and welfare." Winter, who could not be reached for comment yesterday, said in the letter that she had been "thoroughly briefed" by the police department and had been given "every reassurance that the present situation is completely under control." Originally, Winter said she would seek to remove Barry from the three-member D.C. Armory Board, which controls the stadium, because she said Barry had promised in 1986 that the Grateful Dead would not return to RFK.

Winter's proposal drew more than 100 protesters to the council's meeting last week, but almost all of the fans were gone when Winter tried to raise the issue at the end of the seven-hour meeting at 1:30 a.m.

The letter from Winter and Barry said that this year's crowd size should not exceed 70,000, more than 30,000 less than in 1986, and that campers would be restricted to an area behind the D.C. Jail and the D.C. General Hospital near the Anacostia River. Stadium authorities have arranged for additional toilets, showers and water fountains at the campsite, the letter said.

continued on next page



Brian Cullen

- Media Mentions -

Grateful Dead News From Across The Globe

"The Peaceable Kingdom: Neighborhood Stays Calm as Deadheads Party at RFK"

by David Levine

The Washington Post Thursday, July 13, 1989

The cars began arriving early Tuesday morning, only hours after the second of two Grateful Dead stadium shows had ended in New Jersey. It was a scene that Nadine Winter seemed to have feared when the D.C. council member said earlier this year, "These Deadheads, they just gather and hang out. Everyone is smoking and drinking and no one leaves. It's like a big party."

Indeed, by late yesterday, as the first of the group's two shows at RFK Stadium was about to begin, the Grateful Dead party was in full swing. If Winter had expected to find Deadhead orgies on stadium grounds, those expectations were never realized — as she found on a stroll around RFK amid all the vendors of clothing and food who follow the tour.

"This is so different from what happened the last time they were here," said Winter (D-Ward 6), who only a month ago had attempted to have these concerts cancelled because of what she described as public disorder, drug use and obscenity. "This is really wonderful. It's like a big picnic. I don't object to people having a good time. How are you going to argue with that?"

In an effort to organize the expected crowd of about 30,000, many of whom would be staying for three nights, the stadium had reserved an entire parking area for camping and vending and also had set up showers and portable toilets.

"Before, all of this was different," said Winter. "All of these people were hanging out in the community. But the Deadheads should be given all the credit. They realized what the problems were and they made a concerted effort to correct it."

About midway through the band's second set, although the scene outside remained relatively calm, the arrests began to build. By 11 p.m. police had arrested 15 people for selling or possession of narcotics, most of them outside the stadium; two for disorderly conduct; and seven vendors for operating without permits. Sixty-four people were treated for alcohol or drug overdoses or heat prostration, and six were taken to D.C. General Hospital.

"Overall it's been very orderly and quiet," said D.C. Police Lt. Jose Acosta. "We expected these numbers as far as the arrests and overdoses, but there have been no complaints from the community and so far, so good."

Earlier in the day, Grateful Dead rhythm guitarist Bob Weir appeared at an impromptu press conference on the stadium grounds, drawing a huge crowd. "When we come to town, we are guests," he said. "And we should act as guests and not trash the place."

As Weir spoke, a procession of out-of-town license plates, ranging from New York to California, passed by, along with a few locals who had followed the Dead on tour, taking the circuitous route to RFK Stadium. Gary Simson, a University of Maryland computer manager, arrived early in the afternoon after following the band from Philadelphia to New York and back here.

"I don't know if I really like stadium shows," said Simson, wearing a bright tie-dyed T-shirt. "They are so intense. They're hot, they're crowded and they're smelly. But I had to see five of them in a week just to make sure."

Dana Walters, who floated around the parking lot with a sign asking for "one miracle ticket," traveled from Boulder, Colorado, but said she had some trepidations concerning last night's concert.

"This place has bad karma," said Walters. "You remember what happened the last night they were here!"

The band's last concert at RFK Stadium in 1986 was almost its last ever. Shortly after the second of two shows played in suffocating 100-degree heat, lead guitarist Jerry Garcia collapsed in a diabetic coma and nearly died. The band didn't play again for six months, its longest period of inactivity since 1975.

Now, three years later, the Grateful Dead came back to Washington. Right alongside them were its faithful followers. The band once again has a growing popularity that has threatened its existence. After Winter had attempted to have the group's concerts here banned, advertisements for the shows read: "Remember you are in a residential neighborhood. Please respect the rights and property of your neighbors." Fans also had been mailed a letter admonishing them to behave themselves.

"The Grateful Dead is a feeling of community that has never been lost over 24 years," said Washingtonian Geoff Lawrence, 42, wearing a Batman hat and tie-dyed shirt that read, "I'm a relic of the '60s."

"Everyone is always trying to dissect why Deadheads like the group so much," said David Thursz, of Potomac. "There's nothing profound about it. It's very simple. They are just a whole lot of fun."

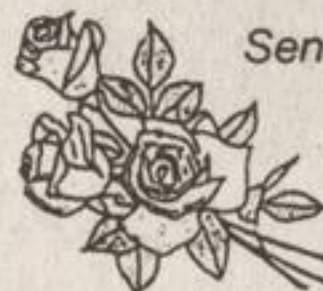
But Garcia, the central force of the band, may have had the best explanation when he said a few years ago, "Our audience is like people who like licorice. Not everybody likes licorice. But the people who like Licorice really like licorice."

Last night at RFK Stadium, everyone loved licorice.

ATTENTION DEADHEADS!!!

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"Taking Dead Aim at RFK"

The Washington Post, Thursday, July 13, 1989

by Mike Post

As video cameras rolled, the Grateful Dead and a legion of fans, some 35,000 strong, showed their true colors at RFK Stadium last night.

The stage was draped with fluorescent prints depicting a surreal, multiple-moon-lit night, while the crowd, naturally, formed a tie-dyed constellation of its own, on and off the field.

Overall, the concert was more notable for its communal atmosphere than for its music, which like more than a few Dead anthems had its peaks and valleys.

The band didn't waste any time, however, setting the crowd into delirious motion, opening with a thoroughly contagious version of "Touch of Grey." Given the band's longevity and its undying support, it only seemed fitting that Jerry Garcia and his jubilant followers delivered the refrain, "We will get by, we will survive" as more fact than promise. All told it was the sort of performance that most bands would hock their equipment to have as an encore, but the Dead have never longed for show-stoppers.

The results weren't always as impressive when Garcia and Bob Weir began reworking timeworn blues patterns, briefly recalling the Dead's recent collaborations with Bob Dylan, or when keyboardist Brent Mydland turned soul shouter.

Even the lulls, though, were frequently redeemed by the band's relentlessly rolling rhythms and Phil Lesh's undulating

bass guitar lines. And as always, Garcia could be counted on whenever a tasteful guitar solo was called for. With Mydland, he added some graceful touches to an almost conversational version of "Friend of the Devil" before Weir punched up Chuck Berry's "Promised Land" and brought the first half to an exuberant close.

The rest of the show featured colorful lighting schemes and the two projection screens flanking the stage, along with the inevitable, rambling guitar excursions and a cosmic drum interlude. The sound seemed sharper than ever too. Garcia's voice and guitar gently illuminated versions of "Sugaree" and "Ship of Fools," while Bruce Hornsby, who opened the show, joined the Dead for a boisterous Bo Diddley-cum-calypso take of "Woman are Smarter." Garcia's towering guitar solo on "Dear Mr. Fantasy" also ranked among the evening's highlights.

Earlier, Hornsby and the Range performed before a comparatively small and stoic crowd. Although Hornsby's sweeping rock orchestrations might seem ideal for a stadium venue, more often than not his songs fell thuddingly flat.

Hamilton Dead Set Against Dead Heads

Louisville Courier - Journal - July 26, 1989

Hamilton County officials are dead set against a repeat performance by rock group the Grateful Dead.

"We were held almost helpless because we were out-manned," said County Commissioner Steven Dillinger, who attended the concert.



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NEW MESSAGE FROM THE GRATEFUL DEAD - Sept. '89

Dear Folks:

When we sat down to organize the fall tour, the venues we have worked with for years gave us a simple message - if we want to tour, we've got to cut camping and vending loose from our scene, despite everyone's very fine efforts this summer. We've all seen how the camping and vending have attracted people there for a party, not for the music. We like parties, too, but first we're musicians - if the outside scene interferes with the music inside, it's gotta go.

AND IT'S GONE: THERE WILL BE NO VENDING AND NO CAMPING ON THE FALL TOUR.

There will be security people representing the Grateful Dead who will tell you not to sell anything outside, (or inside, for that matter); listen to them. The parking lots will be cleared every night.

The music and the dance is important; being able to buy a t-shirt or camp-out are not. If you are a Deadhead and believe in us and this scene, you will understand what the priorities are. Thanks for understanding.

Best, Bobby, Billy, Brent, Mickey, Jerry & Phil

THIS IS THE DEAL. NO VENDING, NO CAMPING, NO KIDDING!

GDP is hiring people to walk around the parking lot to be a buffer between Stadium Security, The Police and the Deadheads to try to keep the calm. This is serious business. Please, if you really do love the Dead, help us all out.

DON'T SELL YOUR WARES IN THE PARKING LOT. If you are caught, and the odds are heavily against you, your stuff will be confiscated, you could get busted and thrown out.

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT SETTING UP THAT TENT. At the end of the night, the parking lots will be cleared.

DON'T STOP ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND SLEEP IN YOUR VEHICLE OVER NIGHT. It's against the law, and the New Jersey cops will be happy to give you a bed for the night.

THE DEAD NEED VENUES TO PLAY IN. HELP KEEP THE SHOW ON THE ROAD! LET'S GET INVITED BACK. PLEASE! WE NEED YOUR HELP!!!

Sally

Grateful Dead

"If you get confused just listen to the music play"

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JULY 2, 1989-80,000	JULY 4, 1989-50,000	JULY 7, 1989-85,000
Playin' In The Band	Bertha	Hell In A Bucket
Crazy Fingers	Greatest Story	Little Red Rooster
Wang Dang Doodle	Cold Rain & Snow	Ramble On Rose
You Can Run...	Walkin' Blues	...Memphis Blues Again
Tennessee Jed	Row Jimmy	Loser
Queen Jane Approx.	Masterpiece	Let It Grow
To Lay Me Down	Stagger Lee	Blow Away
Cassidy	Looks Like Rain	
Don't Ease Me In	Deal	
		Box of Rain
Friend of the Devil	Touch of Grey	Scarlet Begonias>
Truckin'	Man Smrt, Women Smrt	Fire On The Mountain
He's Gone>	Ship of Fools>	Estimated Prophet>
Eyes of the World>	Playin' Reprise>	Standing On The Moon>
Drums>Space**>	Terrapin Station>	Drums>Space**>
The Wheel>	Drums>Space**>	The Other One>
Dear Mr. Fantasy>	I Will Take You Home**>	Wharf Rat>
Hey Jude Reprise>	Watchtower	Lovelight
Sugar Magnolia	Morning Dew	*Knockin' On Heaven's
*Quinn The Eskimo	Not Fade Away	Door
18 Songs	*US Blues	16 Songs
		19 Songs
		*Encore
		**Jerry on other Guitar

GIANT STADIUM, NEW JERSEY

JULY 9, 1989-85,000	JULY 10, 1989-85,000
Shakedown Street	Feel Like A Stranger>
Jack Straw	Franklin's Tower
West LA Fade Away	Walkin' Blues
Victim Or The Crime	Jack-A-Roe
Brown Eyed Women	...Masterpiece
Queen Jane Approx.	Tennessee Jed
Bird Song	Music Never Stopped
	Don't Ease Me In
China Cat Sunflower>	Foolish Heart
I Know You Rider	Just A Little Light
Samson & Delilah	Playin' In The Band>
Built To Last	Uncle John's Band>
Truckin'>	Drums***>Space**>
Drums>Space**>	Iko Iko***>
Gimme Some Lovin'>	Watchtower***>
GDTRFB>	Morning Dew***>
Throwing Stones>	Sugar Magnolia***
Not Fade Away	*Knockin' On Heaven's
*Brokedown Palace	Door
17 Songs	17 Songs

ALPINE, EAST TROY, WI

JULY 17, 1989	JULY 18, 1989	JULY 19, 1989
Let The Good Times Roll	Touch of Grey	Hell In A Bucket
Feel Like A Stranger	Jack Straw	Sugaree
Built To Last	Jack-A-Roe	Mamma Tried>
Me & My Uncle>	New Minglewood Blues	Mexicali Blues
Cumberland Blues	Friend of the Devil	Althea
It's All Over Now	...Memphis Blues Again	Victim Or The Crime
Row Jimmy	Bird Song	West LA Fade Away
Masterpiece	Promised Land	Desolation Row
Push		Deal
Music Never Stopped	Sugar Magnolia>	Box of Rain
	Scarlet Begonias>	Foolish Heart
China Cat Sunflower>	Women Are Smarter>	Looks Like Rain
I Know You Rider>	Eyes of the World>	Terrapin Station>
Playin' In The Band>	Drums>Space**>	Drums>Space**>
Uncle John's Band>	China Doll**>	The Other One>
Standing On The Moon>	Dear Mr. Fantasy**>	The Wheel>
Drums>Space**>	Hey Jude Reprise>	Morning Dew
The Wheel>	Throwing Stones	*Turn On Your Lovelight
Gimme Some Lovin'>	Sunshine Daydream	17 Songs
GDTRFB>	*Quinn The Eskimo	
Not Fade Away	18 Songs	
*We Bid You Good Night>		*Encore
*Johnny B. Goode		**Jerry on New Guitar
21 Songs		***with Bruce Hornsby