

DISPATCHES FROM TAMONIA

NEWS

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THE SPEED OF LIGHT SHOW

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THE SPEED OF LIGHT SHOW - a magnificent psychedelic experience!
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The Speed of Light Show is a spectacular multi-media sound and light experience featuring thousands of slides, movies, and optical effects, synchronized to live, improvisational, and pre-recorded music. This is a syntheses of the timeless qualities of art and nature and the wizardry of the computer age. It is designed to provide a total sensory experience for the audience. These events more often than not turn viewers into participants.

The Speed of Light Show began as a college project in 1979. It's visionary founder, John Dwork, went about finding a way to share with others the inner-visions and feelings he experienced when listening to certain types of music. To that end, John has spent years collecting richly colored archetypal images ranging from mystical Asian art to computer-generated mandala patterns.

More recently, two new entries have been made to this multi-fascited show. First, John was approached by the original man in charge of the Fillmore East light shows, Joshua White. Joshua introduced him to his special method of spilling colored oils on a glass plate and projecting those images on screen. Joshua has labelled us his proteges. He has said that he thinks our show is the best one around because of our ability to combine nostalgia of yesterday with the high-tech of today.

The second addition is a series of computer-generated images based on complex mathematical equations. These are called fractal images. Not only are they beautiful, they are of great importance to all of science.

The Speed of Light Show is run by a highly-diversified, multi-talented, tightly knit but loosely wrapped family of friends. John Dwork is the creative head of this merry bunch. Michael Mulvey, Sally Ansorge, Molly Yeaton, Harry Hahn, David Trespel, George Berger and Ted Erhard complete the working organism that makes this production happen.

Today, The Speed of Light Show is regarded as more than just a show -- it's an experience. **YOU HAVE TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT.** We work with a number of really terrific bands. For information on booking the party of the year, call Sally at 212-228-3162. Let us help you create the adventure...



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Special Thanks

Grateful Dead Productions, Inc.
Robert Hunter
Ace

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Volume II

Issue 1

Seventh Edition — May, 1988

This cover illustrates the gift of life that sharing brings. It evolved from a wonderful weekend with some special people and documents what's inside this issue.

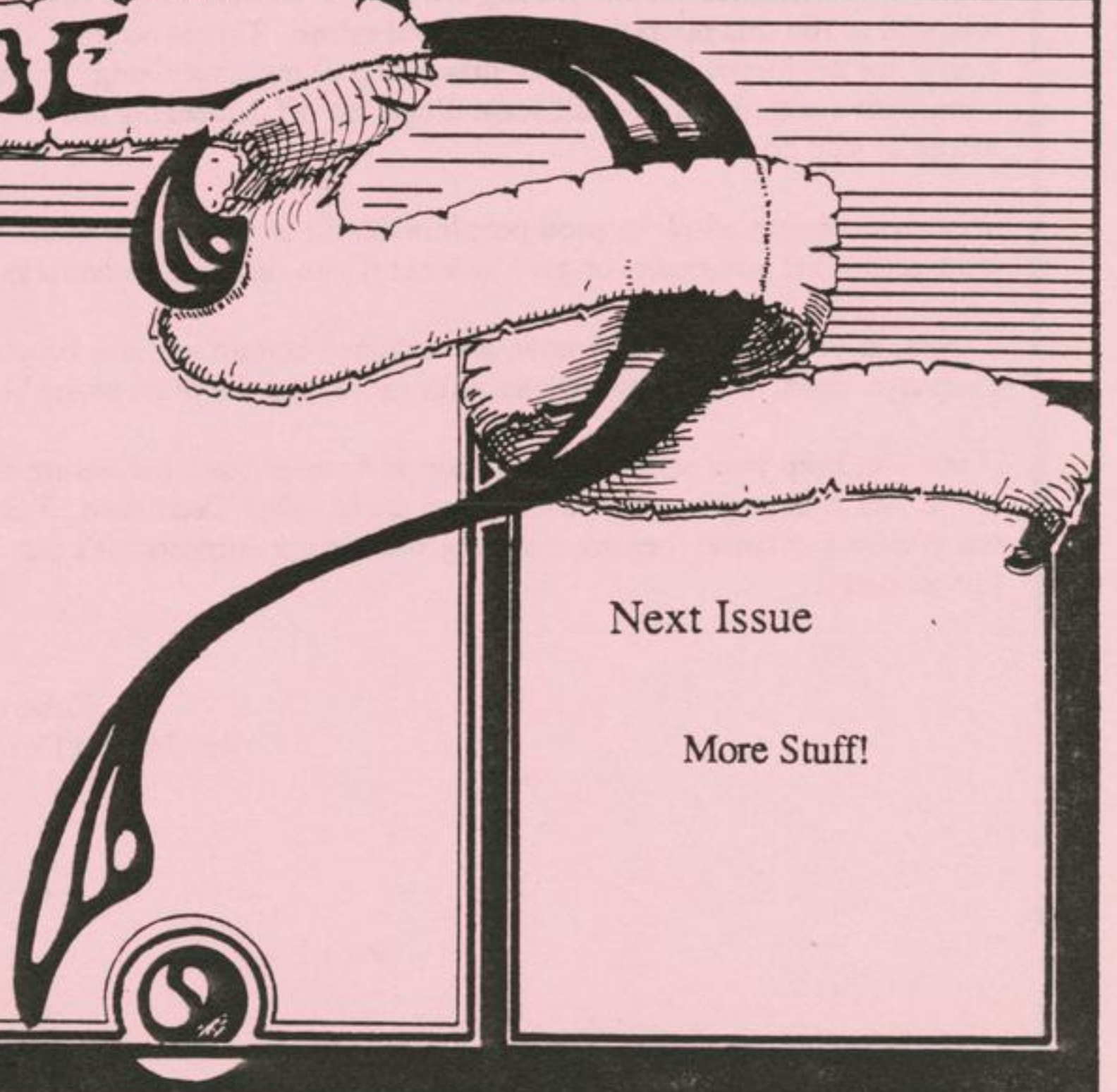
Brian Cullen

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More Stuff!



Dedication

The following letter was written by Robert Hunter for Grateful Dead Productions, Inc. It was enclosed with the East Coast mail-order tickets, and is reprinted with the permission of Grateful Dead Productions, Inc., and Robert Hunter.

Dear Deadheads,

Here we are, sitting on top of the world: big record, open doors and lots of steaming plans. This raises the question of who *we* are — the answer is: partly us, partly you. Our part is to provide the music and logistics of the Grateful Dead experience; your part is to have one hell of a good time without anyone getting hurt or sore, which is what this trip is mostly about.

Our current situation demands that we provide our part to growing numbers who are beginning to catch on to what you knew all along.

There is no blanket solution to the problems caused by increasing demand, and there is no turning back. We are now the biggest "draw" in the history of rock and roll. That's not a self-congratulatory statement, rather a bald fact showing the seriousness of our logistical problem. The good old days when we were your personal minstrels have been overshadowed by a new reality which **must** be addressed. We are not a political, religious nor a grass roots movement; not a counter culture, drug culture nor the latest big shakes snatch and run glamour act — we are a symbiotic fun machine designed to get 10,000 or more heads straight at a pop.

We don't want to be consigned to doing only stadium gigs but, in order to play smaller venues, our friends must heed our pleas to not attend certain shows without tickets. Otherwise, cities will simply not rent us their facilities and that will be that.

Many doors have been closed to us in the last several months due to the trash and boogie behavior of new fans who have no regard for the way the Dead do things.

Environments as large as those which we are called upon to provide must be controlled or we will be responsible for the ensuing Pandemonium.

Some of the changes we are making are for our benefit, others are for yours. Frankly, we don't intend to hand over a big portion of the bread we need to run this operation to organized crime. This is no joke, there are some big time heavies muscling in. Follow the cigar smoke! Hence we are forced into a tighter structuring of merchandising. What began as a spontaneous vagabond marketplace has evolved into a competitive and obnoxious full scale illegal rip off, squeezing out the Gypsy Deadheads and offering violence to rival merchandisers. We intend to step on it — hard!

Wherever venues allow it, good people will still be allowed to make road money dealing artifacts — all you gotta do is ask for permission. You keep what you make, or give us a cut if you deal our trademarks. Fair and Simple.

Tapers, as you may know by now, are assigned certain sections because they are so touchy. We let you tape for free and love it when you exchange tapes. But if anybody asks for more than the price of the blank tape, they are playing a different game.

If you can keep your sense of proportion and understand that we are doing what **must** be done to ensure our rights and yours, we gratefully invite you to experience this unexpected era of Mega Dead-dom. Take it with the grain of salt it deserves and enjoy watching the ripples as our personal tributary begins mingling with larger currents. It's just as weird for us as it is for you, but, after all, this wasn't meant to be a private party!

Robert Hunter
for Grateful Dead Productions, Inc.

Many of you (or not enough, as the case may be) were fortunate enough to receive spring tour tickets through the mail. In the envelope was the usual guide to bad restaurants and uptight hotels that G.D. Productions, Inc. includes (with good intentions) with each completed ticket order. But on the flip side of this tour guide to springtime truckin', at no extra charge, was a truly fascinating letter from Robert Hunter.

This letter is of relatively great importance to concerned Dead Heads because, unlike any of their interviews or other various communications over the past few years, it lays down the obviously much deliberated, new world view of the Grateful Dead: in no uncertain terms, who and what they think they are and where they see themselves going.

As is to be expected from the band's very own poet-laureate, the letter is sharp, concise, and very well written. It is obvious that Mr. Hunter has chosen his words very carefully, too carefully perhaps.

Everything starts out fine and dandy with his telling us what the band sees the experience being comprised of, a little bit of them and a little of us. All of a sudden, however, things turn strange as he informs us that the band is "a symbiotic fun machine geared to get 10,000 or more heads straight at a pop."

'Straight at a pop?' This sounds very strange to me. Many of my friends had the same reaction. The Grateful Dead have always gotten me anything but straight, and that's one of the reasons most people like them — it's a natural high. In fact, I remember that for years Garcia would say in countless interviews that getting people high was what the G.D. was all about. Now, if Mr. Hunter meant something else by "straight at a pop," I guess a lot of us are simply confused, but for someone who knows how to write, he's beginning to sound rather ominous.

As the letter continues, he begins to outline a clear picture of their current reality, one that holds great promise of both unparalleled successes and bewildering dilemmas.

The Dead's most obvious dilemma these days should be clear to everyone. With the "proper" development and marketing of In the Dark, they finally (and with great ease) aroused the attention of a large portion of the nation's youth and media. In what Rolling Stone Magazine called "The new dawn of the Grateful Dead," the band has become the unprepared (and apparently incredulous) possessor of an all-too-eager audience, larger than they know what to do with.

And here we are, now faced with a potentially logistical nightmare in which literally tens of thousands of new-found Dead Heads all descend upon tour venues with no tickets and a hungry head. Pretty soon "Jehovah's favorite choir" might not have a place to play. We here at DDN believe in the power of positive thinking, but given the ravenous appetite of most of Jerry's kids for just "one more chance to dance and shake their bones," this nightmare might not be so far-fetched.

No small-type, single-line plea from G.D. Productions, Inc. urging us to "stay away if we don't have tickets" is gonna keep the devoted from showing up! (Especially if that plea is only sent along with filled ticket orders!)

To a certain extent, the responsibility here lies in our hands. If the band has chosen to "go with the flow" and bring on the masses, then inevitably our collective behavior will determine the outcome of events. Whether or not we can effectively attune new heads towards an appropriate manner of behavior before too much damage is done remains to be seen. There is no guidebook for proper etiquette in the age of mega-dead-dom, and, as we all know, a good education takes time. Shit happens, and unless radical changes occur in the way people in our society interact with each other, it will continue to do so and fast.

Mr. Hunter goes on to outline certain changes the band is making. His commentary regarding G.D. merchandising rights, Dead Head craft sales, concert tape-recording etiquette, and tape trading — as opposed to selling — is all without argument. The band has always been, and hereby promises to remain, unusually generous and fair in these areas. It's all part of what sets this scene apart from others. The band knows and respects this.

All of this brings me to the inevitable task of introducing yet another new and curious aspect of this phenomenon, one that I believe has yet to be discussed in a public forum such as DDN. What happens to literally thousands of Dead Heads, such as myself, is that after touring for more than a decade, we decide that we have pretty much had enough. I can only guess that there is a rapidly increasing number of fans who, after umpteen hours of devotion to the scene, reach what once seemed like an unimaginable point of diminishing returns.

Now please don't get me wrong. I think the whole scene, except at its very worst, still offers a much needed social and experimental alternative to that which our mostly stale and stagnant society has to offer. But maybe, in all honesty, some of us don't really like the fact that the Dead are no longer our "personal ministrals." On a personal level they will continue to be a profound catalyst for our own creative development. But that has no bearing on the inescapable conclusion that more and more each day we are finding that we have gotten as much out of the touring experience as possible.

And then, I begin to see the delightful irony in this scenario. There *they* are, begging, pleading, and praying that we don't show up en-masse without tickets, and here *I* am, giving away tickets for shows that I have no desire to see! Wow, what a great concept! Turns out that I'm doing my red-blooded, all-American Dead Head best to keep the groove happenin'! Then it occurs to me that what the boys *really* need

Continued on next page

Dedication

Continued

need to do is begin pumping subliminal messages through the P.A. that turn all their concert goers into avid, but mellow, fans who will faithfully go on tour just until they've seen exactly 100 shows at which point this proposed neural-programming will cause them to abruptly stop touring, thereby making room for the next generation of peace-love zombies. Then, all we'll need are local support groups for those who will struggle with TWS (tour withdrawal symptoms).

But in all seriousness, this is one area worthy of more consideration. How does one fall with grace from the scene?

Even Hunter acknowledges that it's just as weird for them as it is for us. This has led a lot of people to suggest that the band consider taking a dose of their own medicine and "take a giant step back." At any rate, we here at DDN encourage those of you who have strong feelings on the subject to let us know where your heads are at. We'll pursue this in greater depth in future issues.

Re-reading Mr. Hunter's letter one last time, I'm struck by their perception of what our part in the experience should be. He tells us that we're supposed "to have one hell of a good time..." Well, frankly, I've found that there are enough hellish things in this world as it is, and the very last thing I want out of my G.D. experience is more of the same. Please excuse me if you think I'm reading between the lines, but some of us can only take that message as a subtle, but none the less foreboding, spiritual caveat-emptor.

Regardless, it is up to each and every one of us, the band included, to consciously work and play towards preserving that which we already share, or pretty soon the dreams we live may only be things of the past.

In Peace, John Dwork



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Help on the Way by Andre Carothers

PLUTONIUM POLITICS

Nuclear weapons are the target of demonstrations, negotiations and much global anxiety, and rightly so. But few people know that the existence of the warheads is just part of the problem. Making them a global, multibillion-dollar industry that has existed for over four decades is by far the most hazardous and environmentally damaging business ever conducted by man.

Plutonium and tritium are the problem. Both are highly poisonous (plutonium is gram for gram the most hazardous substance on earth), both are needed to make the modern warhead work correctly, and both require enormous, complex manufacturing and refining facilities. These plants are extremely dangerous, posing the threat of radioactive and toxic contamination that would render vast areas uninhabitable for thousands of years. In short, they must work perfectly, a requirement that is as yet beyond human ability.

Two places in the U.S. manufacture these materials — Hanford Nuclear Reservation in Washington State and the Savannah River Plant in South Carolina. In four decades, enormous tracts of land, carved out of thinly populated countryside, have become toxic and radioactive cesspools. Millions of gallons of highly radioactive liquids are stored at both sites in corroding metal tanks, a toxic brew contaminated with well over a billion curries of long-lived radionuclides (Chernobyl, by contrast, released roughly 50 million curries of radioactivity into the atmosphere). Many more millions of gallons of toxic and low-level radioactive waste, along with tons of radioactive solids, are simply dumped into holes in the ground and buried. For 35 years, we have been enormously lucky — there has yet to be a major meltdown at a military nuclear facility.

In 1980, to provide for the accelerating arms race demanded by the Reagan administration, the Department of Energy increased power of the aging reactors at each site. Millions of dollars earmarked for renewable energy and conservation research were diverted to provide for warheads, and the Department of Energy became, in the words of one weapons designer, "the Department of Bombs."

Since 1980, these facilities have been pushed beyond the limit of safety. While environmentalists and arms control advocates watched nervously from the sidelines, the Department of Energy cranked up the reactors, exposed workers to unnecessary doses of radiation and caused the release of dangerous amounts of tritium oxide, other radioactive materials and toxic wastes into the atmosphere.

The government's nuclear weapons production program is now at the turning point. A National Academy of Sciences report released last October called the reactors old and unsafe, and demanded more rigid oversight over the contractors. DuPont, which had been running the Savannah River Plant since 1950, announced it would not renew its contract because of the liability question and the damage to DuPont's reputation inherent in making plutonium and tritium. And Congress is breathing down the Department of Energy's neck, demanding that the bureaucrats clean up the operation and acquiesce to some sort of oversight body.

Is this the end of tritium and plutonium production? No way. Instead, the government is demanding \$10 billion to begin constructing new facilities and seeking new contractors (prime

(Andre Carothers is Editor of Greenpeace Magazine)

candidates are Westinghouse, Babcock and Wilcox, Bechtel, Martin Marietta and EG and G). And they are pushing for a billion-dollar Special Isotope Separator for plutonium to be built in Idaho.

What the public needs to know is that we don't need these facilities. Even if one believes in the nuclear deterrent, the fact is that the US stockpile of plutonium, which will not decay for at least 240,000 years, is over 100 metric tons. This is more than enough to maintain an enormous arsenal that far exceeds the needs of "the balance of terror."

Tritium, used to boost the explosive power of a warhead, is another story. It decays — its half-life is about 12 years. Some people feel that we must have a steady supply of tritium or we would be unilaterally disarming. But that depends on whether the arms race continues at its present rate. Tritium can be rationed carefully and recycled from retired warheads, and old warhead designs requiring less tritium can be phased into the arsenal. Negotiations toward reducing and eventually eliminating nuclear weapons is, of course, the best solution to the tritium problem.

If money is appropriated for a new production facility, the battle will be lost. While there is no excuse to build Idaho's SIS facility or any plant for plutonium — it is not needed, period — the Pentagon will use our supposed need for plutonium and especially tritium as an excuse to build a multi-purpose reactor. Once built, the plant will be the source of an endless supply of nuclear fuel for bombs we don't need. "I say we should oppose all new production facilities," says Greenpeace nuclear campaigner Damon Moglen. "If the dwindling supply of tritium means they have to start thinking seriously about nuclear arms control, then so be it."

You must pass on this information. Write your legislator demanding that no money be spent on new production facilities until the old ones are cleaned up, and also sell all your stock in weapons manufacturing companies. Also, write the CEO's of all the relevant companies telling them why you are selling their stock, and why you refuse to buy their products. You want them out of the nuclear weapons production business. For help on this and other information, write Greenpeace at: 1611 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Washington, DC 20009. ◇

Thanks, and Peace.

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Bob Minkin



1976—The Year in Review by David Reis

After the October, 1974 Winterland concerts, the Grateful Dead announced that they were taking a sabbatical from the rigors of concert touring, a self-imposed retirement. The Dead had been touring constantly for ten years and needed a break. Their family had grown beyond manageable terms, their record label was floundering, and they were tired.

Except for a few gigs in 1975 (four to be exact), the Dead remained true to their word. They did, however, release Blues for Allah during their respite.

During the first few months of 1976, rumors were coming out of San Francisco that the Dead were ending their retirement and were planning a concert tour. Rumors turned into reality, and the Dead announced a June-July tour, playing small concert halls. The tour would begin in Portland, Oregon, swing to the East Coast and conclude with six nights at the Orpheum Theater in San Francisco.

The East Coast dates included the following sites:

Boston Music Hall (4 nights)
 Beacon Theater, New York City (2 nights)
 Capital Theater, Passaic, New Jersey
 (3 nights)
 Tower Theater, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (4 nights)
 Auditorium Theater, Chicago, Illinois
 (4 nights)

The original tour list ended with two nights in Pittsburgh, but those shows were subsequently cancelled.

Tickets for the shows were sold via lottery conducted by the Dead Head Fan Club. Mail order forms were sent to members of the club — most Deadheads did not belong — asking which shows they wanted to attend. There were no guarantees that requests would be honored.

Those who received mail order forms made copies and distributed them among their friends so that everyone would at least have a chance to participate in the lottery. Consequently, whether they were on the mailing list or not, many had a shot at getting tickets.

When the tickets finally arrived, most people were not shut out, but on the other hand, ticket requests were not honored to the fullest. People received tickets for some of the shows they had requested, but not all shows. For the most part, Dead Heads complained a little but were complacent in the knowledge that they would see the Dead soon.

The tour started off with two nights at the Paramount Theater in Portland, Oregon. News of these shows did not travel fast, so when the Dead began the East Coast tour, no one knew what to expect. Would the Dead sound like they did in 1974? Would they resemble the more jazzy Blues for Allah, or would they sound entirely different?

The first shows in Boston answered all of these questions and more. The Dead had changed not only in sound, but in personnel as well. Mickey Hart, their second drummer from 1968-70 and occasional player in 1975, was once again a permanent member of the band.

Musically, the Dead resembled a synthesis of the 1973-74 concert sound with the 1975 studio sound. The sound was unmistakably the Dead, but more attention was paid to sounding "right." The Dead were tight and transitions from one song to the next were smoother than they had ever been. But as a result of this conceptual change, the Dead's music became more structured, and thus there was a certain lack of looseness in their jams. The sense of getting lost in a song was missing. They seemed to have an idea of what was coming next. (For the most part, this is true, even in today's concerts.) The free-form loose jams that had been one of their main signatures were fading from sight.

This is not to say that on some occasions the band didn't revert to loose jamming, for they did, but on the whole, the jams were more structured and patterned. To put it simply, the sound was not as psychedelic as it had once been. The band was tight, much improved vocally and generally lighter-sounding. The musical heaviness that was so much a part of their sound in the sixties, early seventies and, to a lesser extent in 1973-74, was noticeably absent.

Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of the Dead's return tour was their song repertoire. Since the Dead had not played regularly for over a year and a half, no one knew what songs they would be playing. This uncertainty bred an anticipation and excitement that had not been part of the Dead mystique for years. During 1973 and 1974 the Dead introduced new songs, but their basic repertoire remained the same, particularly first sets. Each show resembled the preceding one, and thus there were no big surprises night to night.

The alluring fact about the June 1976 shows was the element of surprise. Each show could bring entirely new songs, old songs not played in years, cover tunes never played before or simply songs that were generally regarded as part of the normal repertoire.

The first show in Boston opened with a crowd favorite, "Cold Rain and Snow." The set included two cuts from Blues for Allah ("The Music Never Stopped" and "Crazy Fingers") and three Weir standards ("Big River," "Promised Land," and "Looks Like Rain"). Garcia sang two tunes off Mars Hotel ("Scarlet Begonias" and "Ship of Fools"),

but the one big surprise of the set was Weir's rendition of "Cassidy." The song had been around since Weir recorded it on Ace, but the Dead had only played it once before, at the "sound check" concert at the Cow Palace on 3/23/74. Compared to the 1974 version, this was much tighter and more rehearsed.

In the second set, the Dead broke loose. They opened the set with "St. Stephen," a crowd favorite that had not been played since 1971. Most of the current generation of Dead Heads had never seen a live version. The crowd was ecstatic, to say the least. "St. Stephen" segued into "Eyes of the World" (a different arrangement from the 1973-74 versions) and then into "Let it Grow" (without "Weather Report Suite I"). The set continued with "Brown-Eyed Woman," followed by a Kingfish studio tune that the Dead had not played before, "Lazy Lightnin'/Supplication."

The remainder of the set contained even more surprises. Garcia sang a beautiful version of "High Time" (not played since 1970), and then Weir followed with "Samson & Delilah," a traditional tune the Dead had never played before.

The set concluded with a three song jam beginning with an up-beat, disco-arranged version of "Dancin' in the Streets." As with "St. Stephen" and "High Time," the Dead dusted off some cobwebs to bring this song back. "Dancin'" flowed into "Wharf Rat" and then into "Around 'n Around." The encore was "Franklin's Tower" (the only time the entire tour the Dead played this song without "Help on the Way" preceding it).

The first show in Boston was a delightful experience. The Dead's repertoire blended old with new and the Dead sounded tight and well rehearsed. As stated previously, the transitions were smooth and the vocal harmonies much improved (for some Donna might have been given too much to do). The only "criticism" was a lack of fullness in sound and a noticeable absence of unstructured jamming.

For the rest of the nights in Boston and on through the rest of the tour, including the six nights at the Orpheum in San Francisco, the preceding analysis holds true. The Dead generally did not play long spacey jams, but rather shorter, structured ones. They did, however, introduce new and old songs along the way. Continued on next page



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1976—The Year in Review

Continued

Some of the highlights of the tour were:

1. "The Wheel" to open the second set of 6/12/76 - Boston.
2. "Comes a Time" in the second set of 6/12/76 — Boston.
3. "Cosmic Charlie" (not played since 1970) during the second set of 6/14/76 — Beacon.
4. Second set jam of 6/18/76 — Capitol Theater — "St. Stephen/Not Fade Away/St. Stephen/Eyes of the World/The Wheel/Sugar Magnolia."
5. "Happiness is Drumming" (an instrumental version of "Fire on the Mountain") during the second set of 6/28/76 — Chicago.
6. "Mission in the Rain" — 6/29/76 — Chicago (radio broadcast).
7. "New, New Minglewood Blues" (first time since 1971) during the first set of 7/12/76 — Orpheum.
8. Second set of 7/17/76 — Orpheum — "Comes a Time/The Other One/Eyes of the World/The Other One/Goin' Down the Road;U.S. Blues;Not Fade Away."

Once the tour had ended, Dead Heads awaited news of more shows. The Dead announced that they would play two shows over the summer in large, outdoor arenas: August 2 at Colt Park in Hartford, Connecticut, and August 4 at Roosevelt Stadium in Jersey City, New Jersey.

There were no big surprises during these two shows with respect to repertoire. But, during the Colt Park show, there were flashes of unstructured jamming reminiscent of Dead shows prior to 1975. The Roosevelt Stadium show had interesting moments (a hot "Dancin'"), but on the whole, was not a tight show and had arguably two of the least-inspired versions of "Not Fade Away" and "The Other One" the Dead had ever played.

By early September, the Dead announced a second tour of the East Coast, this time playing a combination of small and large arenas.

The tour consisted of stops in the following cities:

Durham, North Carolina
Williamsburg, Virginia
Landover, Maryland
Rochester, New York
Syracuse, New York
Columbus, Ohio
Indianapolis, Indiana
Cincinnati, Ohio
Detroit, Michigan

Although the Dead did not introduce much different material for these shows — there was some — their sound had become fuller. Whether Phil had decided to take more control or the sound system had changed, the music had more body and ambiance to it. The jamming element was still lacking, but there was no question the sound was improved and fuller.

Some of the highlights of this tour were:

1. Durham, North Carolina, which included the first "Morning Dew," "El Paso" and "Ramblin' Rose" of 1976.
2. The first set of 9/24/76 — Williamsburg — which ended with "Playin' in the Band/Supplication/Playin in the Band" "Double Speed Slip Knot" and "Stella Blue" from the second set.
3. The second set of 9/25/76 — Landover — which included two jams: "Dancin' in the Streets/Cosmic Charlie" (not played since); "St. Stephen/Not Fade Away/St. Stephen/Sugar Magnolia."
4. The second set of 9/27/76 — Rochester — which included: "Help on the Way/Slipknot/Drums/The Other One/Wharf Rat/Franklin's Tower/Around 'n Around."
5. The end of the first set of 9/28/76 — Syracuse "Let it Grow/Goin' Down the Road."
6. The first "Good Lovin'" since 10/20/74 during the second set jam of 10/3/76 — Detroit.

The Dead concluded 1976 with two concerts at the Oakland Coliseum (October), two concerts at the L.A. Shrine (October), and the New Year's show at the Cow Palace in San Francisco.

All four October shows were similar in style and repertoire to the September tour. Two noteworthy points were that the Dead opened for the Who for the Coliseum dates and brought back "He's Gone" during the second set of the L.A. Shrine show on 10/15/76.

Arguably, the New Year's show at the Cow Palace was the best show of the year. Not only did it include a spacey "Playin' in the Band" to end the first set, but the second set was amazing from beginning to end. The set went like this: "Sugar Magnolia/Eyes of the World/Wharf Rat/Good Lovin'/Samson & Delilah; Scarlet Begonias; Around 'n Around/ Help on the way/Slipknot/Drums/Not Fade Away/Morning Dew; Uncle John's Band/We Bid You Goodnight." What more can be said? ◇



STAYING ALIVE Reviewed by Mark Koltko

Roger Walsh, *Staying Alive: The Psychology of Human Survival* (Boston: Shambhala, 1984). 123 pp.; pbk, \$5.95; ISBN 0-394-72690-1.

It might seem odd to review a book that is almost four years old. But a book with forewords by both the Dalai Lama and Linus Pauling, voted one of 1985's "Best Political Books of the Year" is not a run-of-the-mill book.

Roger Walsh is no run-of-the-mill psychiatrist, either. A professor at the University of California, Irvine, he is also one of the authorities in "transpersonal psychology" — the study of how people transcend their everyday sense of self through mysticism and meditation. His topic: How can the human race survive the titanic crises we face at this point in history? His suggestion: We can survive if we, as individuals and as countries, develop a higher form of consciousness.

The world is in a grim state. Walsh gives the bare-bones facts on world poverty and famine, energy shortages, environmental rape and the prospect of nuclear holocaust. What is new is his analysis of the causes of these crises. Since people make these problems, Walsh seeks to explain their causes in terms of human psychology. He outlines how we can use insights from both Western and Eastern psychology to pull ourselves out of the hole.

Walsh draws on Western cognitive psychology to show how beliefs about ourselves and other people can create a flourishing no-win arms race. He applies behaviorism to demonstrate how our focus on short-term, small-scale payoffs mold social policies that promote long-term, wide-scale disaster.

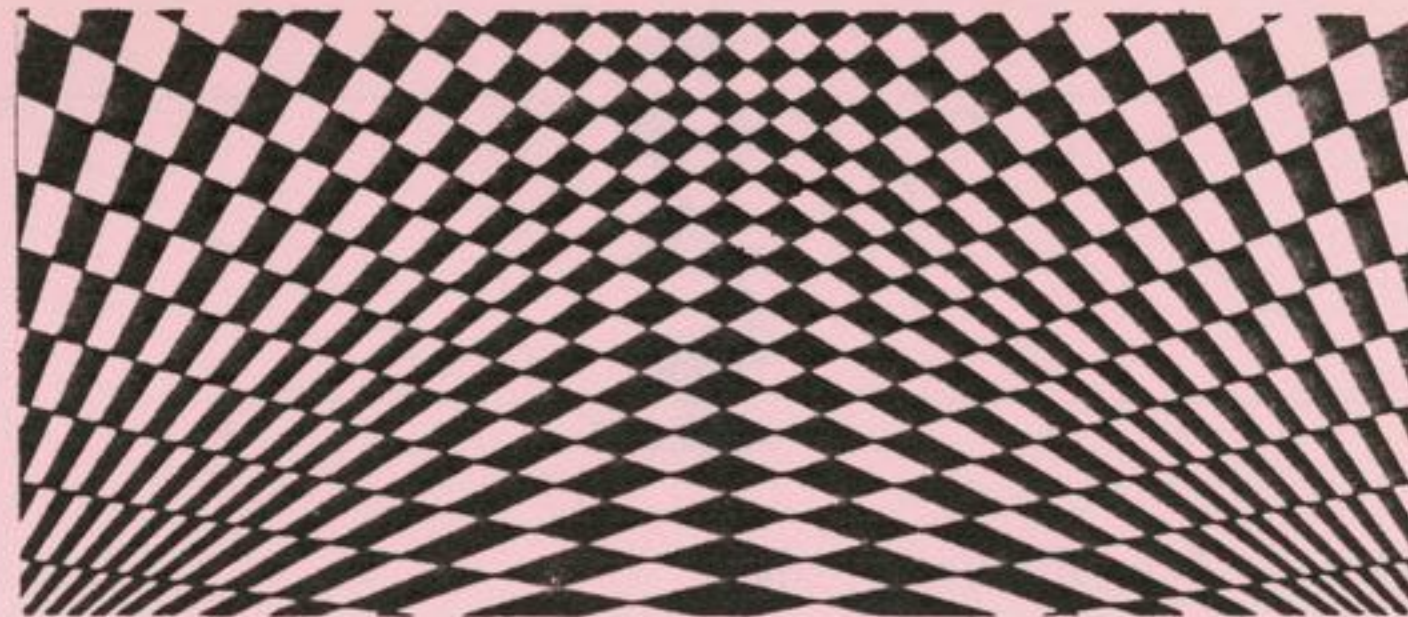
But the novel part of Walsh's contribution occurs when he pulls in the "Eastern Psychologies." Using Buddhism as a theory of behavior rather than as a sectarian religion, Walsh shows how our global problems can result from three root causes: addiction, broadly defined in terms of attachment to things or experiences; aversion, a compulsive need to avoid; and delusion, our tendency to color our perceptions of reality in terms of what we like (our addictions) and dislike (our aversions).

These root causes, in turn, result from our fixation on thinking in terms of dualisms — seeing in-groups and out-groups, Humanity vs.. Nature, a bunch of competing nations instead of one planet. Our fixation on dualism blinds us from seeing "the wholeness, unity, and commonality that underlie all apparent opposites" (p.35). We protect these artificial dualisms with all the defense mechanisms that Western psychoanalysis speaks about.

Walsh makes it clear that to solve our global problems we must work on both the symptoms (e.g., feed the starving, reduce nuclear stockpiles) and their causes (political, economic, and psychological). Walsh then concentrates on the latter, and illustrates how we can choose beliefs and apply psychological principles to help avert crisis.

The most important application of psychological principles, Walsh suggests, is a transpersonal one. We can outgrow the consciousness that is the basis of our problems. Through inner development, like that gained through meditative disciplines, we can attain levels of consciousness that undercut false dualisms, and that help us to live in a way that protects the Earth, sustains all life. Walsh's final chapter,

"What Can I Do?," focuses on the power of individual lifestyles to promote global change.



Our times cry out for an interdisciplinary approach like Walsh's. His brevity is a disadvantage; I sometimes felt that I was reading a quicky condensation/combination of *Silent Spring*, *The Fate of the Earth*, and *Be Here Now*. But if his book can just serve to introduce his main idea to a wide audience — the idea that we create our problems through lower consciousness, and that we can solve them through higher consciousness — then his brief book will serve a worthwhile purpose. I found *Staying Alive* to be clear and intelligible to a general audience. I hope that it finds a large readership. As I write this, my wife and I are expecting our fourth child; I hope that applications of Walsh's ideas in many individual lives will make it more likely that our kids will have a decent world to live in. ◇



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Wavy Gravy Interview with John Dwork

Q. Now, I guess a good place to start would be to get a good quote out of you. What are you always talking about, the same bird with different feathers?

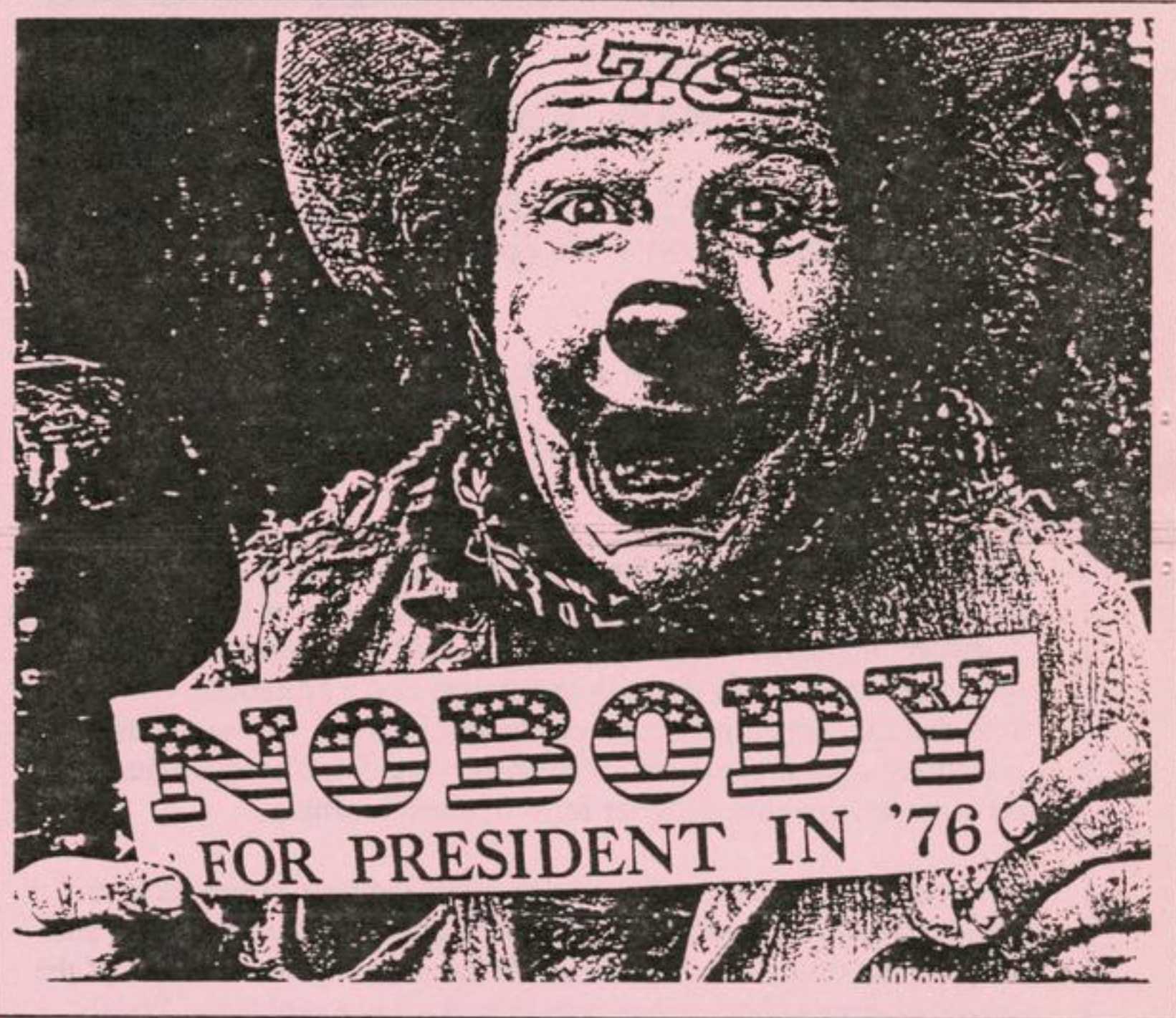
A. You know, a lot of people feel like they were cheated out of the sixties; I'd say, "Look, these are the good old days. The eighties are the sixties twenty years later — old feathers in a brand new bird." I know when we were in Toronto doing the third eyeball with the Grateful Dead and the Band, and people kept saying, "Oh, this is like the sixties," I'd say, "Look, why don't you guys get a funk'n' calendar?" Any time people do something to help their fellow beings or have anything to do with peace and love, they say, "Hey, oh...it's the sixties." Get outta here. It's right now.

In the sixties, for one thing, we used to get tear-gassed and beat up a lot. We were opposed to the war in Vietnam. If we only knew then what we know today about going to jail, like we picked up in the anti-nuclear movement, and how glorious a place we can make jail when you go in with 500 of your friends, I think we would have ground Vietnam to a halt by filling the jails of the free world. You know, all these nifty little lessons that we learned, and now we're becoming more and learning to make "doing good" fashionable, which is, I think, one of the things I've struggled with, with the Dead over the last two decades.

Q. Where did all this begin?

A. You know we're now coming out of Band-Aid, Live-Aid, this-aid and that-aid and aiding the aids, and more and more people are plugging into some kind of socio-political-helpin'-out-your-brother-and-sister-thing, which kind of came to me in those ancient days at a little show we used to travel around with called, "Can You Pass the Acid Test?" And I remember how it was for me, when I passed the acid test in Watts, California, and Watts was smoldering from the riots. Kesey was on the lamb. [Editor's note: At that time, he was a fugitive in Mexico.] It was Alice Lee and the Dead, Babs, the bus, Paul Foster. Most of the Pranksters were there except Ken at that point. And we rented this giant warehouse. This is the night that LSD became illegal. I spent the night on the microphone going, "The Kool-Aid on the right is the electric Kool-Aid. The Kool-Aid on the left is for the kids. Let's go through that one more time. The Kool-Aid on the right is the electric Kool-Aid. The stuff on the left is for the kids." And I went through that and through that, but people would come off dancing from two hours of the Grateful Dead, and they were just looking for whatever was wet — and "wet" was about 300 micrograms per swallow. The place went into melt-down. You know, they were really tripping their brains out.

This one sister began to freak out and a microphone was put in front of her and she started screaming, "Who cares?, Who cares?" It was being blasted into everyone's DNA. And, I remember crawling to a microphone and saying some sister is unglued, and if anybody would like to help me glue her back together again, I'm going to try and find her. It must have taken me about 20 minutes. I came to this little side room, and there she was going, "Who cares?" There was a circle



of beings around her, some pranksters, some people I knew, and maybe there were about twenty, twenty-five people. We joined hands, and she stopped screaming and turned into jewels and light. Then we all turned into jewels and light and left and then came back. And then I realized that that was when I passed the acid test.

It's when you get to the very bottom of the human soul — where the knit goes slammin' into the grit and you're sinkin', but you see somebody that's sinkin' worse than you, and you get off your thinkin' to pull them up. That's when everybody gets high.

Q. That's what most of your group projects are about now.

A. Well, helping people help themselves, I guess. True SEVA. SEVA is a real treat because for years and years I've tried to raise money for this, that and the other thing, but never knew from when it left people's hearts and wallets till it arrived at whatever. Bangladesh, I know, amounted to a lot of creative bookkeeping. People are just beginning to get some money from that thing. It happened twenty years ago. Some people became real suspicious as to what happened to funds for many, many good projects.

Q. That's not the case with SEVA?

A. Well, SEVA is a sanscrit word that means service. And it's made up of a bunch of the Doc's and health workers who help to spearhead the eradication of smallpox, which is the first disease in the history of the world to ever be eradicated. And my good friend, Larry Brilliant, who tripped with the Hog Farm when we took the buses across the world for medicineball caravan and stuff like that? Larry came back to Asia and ended up running the American team for smallpox eradication. And his boss is a woman named Nichole Grassea. Nichole orchestrated close to 4 billion housecalls and ended up getting the Legion of Honor for her work in smallpox. After smallpox was over, I'd say about seven or eight years ago, Larry got a call from Nichole saying, "We ought to get together and do something about blindness, because eighty percent of the blind people in the world are unnecessarily blind. And eighty percent of them can get their sight back for about..." I guess then, it was about five bucks an eyeball. It was awesome. For the price of a movie you could enable somebody to see.

So, I heard about this. Larry called up a whole bunch of his friends, many people in public health, plus little tricks like me and Ram Dass. Also on the board was Danny Rifkin, who is the manager of the Grateful Dead. Danny's just come back from visiting the projects in India and Nepal.

Anyhow, we got together with a small grant from Apple Computer to form SEVA. The idea is to do what we can to help alleviate human suffering, which is something to do. Our main project happens to be blindness because it was first introduced by Nichole Grassea. So a lot of the shows that I put out are blind-related and called things like "Sing Out for Sight," and "The Third Eyeball," like with The Band and The Dead in Toronto. We're also involved in working with Mayan Guatemalan refugees in the camps in Triopis and "in country." In Triopis...

Q. Triopis meaning Mexico?

A. Yeah, Mexico, Guatemala boarder where they've been run out of their country by death-squads and things like that. What we do in Triopis is supply them with yarns and market their weavings.

Q. So the women...their husbands were killed and the women have lost their primary means of support?

A. Yeah, O.K., that's another movie — the "in-country." In Guatemala-proper we work a lot with the widows of the disappeared ones, and what we ask them is, "What would you like?" And they said sheep and goats to help them back to their inter-dependence, and there are many Dead shows, and people go pan-handlin' around and say, "Well, tonight I'll pan-handle a sheep." And, you know, it's just amazing how many sheeps and goats we would end up with after a run of say four or five shows that the Deadheads just pan-handled the night of the show.

Q. From the SEVA booth?

A. No, they'd do it themselves, then bring the money to the SEVA booth.

Q. Can you talk about how you have come to find yourself? Ways of doing service, of helping? For your own life? Or maybe how people out there might deal with that process? Once they find out that helping people is fun. They're looking for things.

A. I think that, first of all, it would be interesting if you could plug into SEVA, to contact the office and see if there's a bunch of people that are into helping and compassion in your area. A lot of areas in this country have little service stations, and maybe meet once or twice a month. A lot of people are collecting bandages and optical supplies for us or working in a homeless shelter, or doing a meal for hungry people in some already existing place in their community. It's really neat to have that outlet in your life, that you're helping somebody that's sinkin' worse than you are. I mean, if everybody would do that, the whole planet would escape to the stars.

Q. Where did this all start for you?

A. Well, I think just as a spin off. I was with an improvisational theatre called the Committee. And at one point, we were certain that California was going to fall in the ocean. Everybody that goes to California eventually goes through that one — where they drive around, because of the earthquake, with all the stuff in the back of the car...and the grain, and fresh water, your earthquake get-away kits.

I saw a documentary in England on "San Francisco, the City that Waits to Die." You know people really believe that. But I adore the edge. The first time I took psychedelics, we were on Coney Island and I got fifty dollars worth of roller coaster tickets.

Q. What year?

A. Oh, god, it must have been '57. Ms. Mescaline, you know... '57.

Q. '57? How long were you on this roller coaster?

A. It was a long time. It got scary when it stopped. I mean fifty dollars was a lot of tickets in those days. So it changed my life from then on. That was one major change. And then, I think it was just before the acid test, I left the Committee. I gave away all my stuff, and went to live with the Hopi Indians. When I came back, I began to teach improvisation to neurologically handicapped children and got my gig at Cal State. Then the "Hog Farm" came together shortly after that. It's when Kesey, uh, it's when Babs stole the bus. Everybody was posing for a cover for Life Magazine — on that big psychedelic issue. While everybody was posing for the picture, Babs slipped away, stole the bus and went down to join Ken in Mexico with a couple people that he had tipped off. Leaving thirty pranksters staying with me and my wife — in this little cabin in...California.

The landlord came by and said, "You can't have forty people living in a two room cabin. You're evicted." And an hour later old Bud Palsser from up the road said, "old Saw had a stroke up there on the mountain, and they need somebody to slop them hogs." So that's how the Hog Farm came about. I would slop the hogs and then spin off the mountain to teach at Cal State. I had a grant there. I would teach at Columbia Pictures — the same class — for the movie stars and the neurologically handicapped. It was hard to separate the two of them — I'll tell you, I don't know who was more neurologically handicapped. They were interesting times. But these are the good old days. Don't forget it. I have nostalgia for the future, that's enough.◇

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D-CLASSIFIEDS:

Want to trade bootlegs. Especially interested in 4/6/87 Meadowlands, 9/20/87 MSG, 3/30, 31 & 4/1/88 Meadowlands and any old Dead. Jenn Ross, 10 Ridgecrest North, Scarsdale, NY 10583.

WantedL: Good quality 1988 tapes have 400 hrs to trade -- Write: D. Farrell, 2 Dows Lane, Woburn, MA 01801.

I have 75+ hrs of good quality tapes (mostly soundboards) to trade. Please help. Ben Fine, 1737 Q. St. NW, Wash, DC 20009.

I'm looking for cassettes of Spring '87 radio broadcasts. Daniel Brown, 2206 David Miller Rd., Johnson City, TN 37604.

Tye-dye bracelet makers, please send catalogs, price lists, info, photos of examples, etc. In Peace, Matt, 1333 Middleford Road, Baltimore, MD 21228.

Have 1000 hrs of Dead to trade. Also non-Dead -- Joe, 12251 Abingdon St., Norwalk, CA 90650.

P.A. Resident looking for East Coast tapers. Please send list. Willing to trade tapes. Steven Keytanjian, 243 Bernard Drive, King of Prussia, PA 19406.

Hey! I have: Capitol Theatre, NYC 1977 from WNEW Broadcast. I need: Any March '88 Dates in Meadowlands, NJ, or Hampton, VA. Karen -- 488 7th St., Brooklyn, NY 11215. Also have live Hoti Tuna.

Wanted: Kaiser 2/14,16,17/88; 11/6,7,8/87; Coliseum 12/27/87. Have: Calveras County w/Santana, Dylan in Oakland & much more! High quality please! JR, 2410 Valley St., Berkeley, CA 94702.

Looking to trade Van Morrison shows and rarities: your list gets mine. Write soon: Mike Fishman, 1603 E. Jefferson St., #203, Rockville, MD 20852.

WANTED: Kaiser 2/14,16,17/88; 11/6,7,8/87; Coliseum 12/27/87. Have Calaveras County w/Santana, Dylan in Oakland & much more! High quality please! JR, 2410 Valley St., Berkeley, CA 94702.

Have 1200 hrs Dead spanning all years. Send your list for mine. Ed, Room 106, Montana Tech Residence Hall, Butte, MT 59701.

300+ hrs of GD to trade - your list gets mine, Richard Tucker, 11 Evergreen Dr., Brookfield, CT 06804.

Barrister Deadhead seeks the latest shows, has 400+ hrs to trade. Your list gets mine. Robert, Apt D-303, 7761 SW 88 St., Miami, FL 33156.

GDTRFB. More Dead tapes would help me look at it right. Your list for mine. Joe, 4126 Lynchester Dr., Richmond, VA 23236.

We can share the tapes, hi-qual Dead & many others. Serious but mellow traders send list and/or a sample of your best, I'll do likewise. Arthur Mariano, 346 Rock Island Rd., Quincy, MA 02169.

"Daly City, California Head with modest collection of Board Tapes hoping to find someone nearby with some board tapes to trade with. 415-994-8044 - Bob.

When there was no ear to hear, you sang to me! +700 hrs of Dead. Send lists to John Paris, 1635 Quarter Mile Rd., Bethlehem, PA 18015.

Virginia Deadhead needs Hi-qual tapes of GD, etc. Have 250+ hrs of Dead, JGB, etc. Your list gets mine. Mike, P.O. Box 12, Batesville, VA 22924.

Wanted--Feb 13,14,16,17/88 at HJK still don't have anything good to trade so will send blanks. T. Ashman, 600 Hudis St., Rohnert Park, CA 94928.

Trades wanted: Mother's Day 5/11/86 Frost, Mardi Gras 2/17/88 Kaiser, New Year's 12/31/87 Oakland, 3/18/88 Kaiser. Let's trade lists. Many soundboards. J. Poole, P.O. Box 8, 4100 W. Colfax, Denver, CO 80204.

Looking for 10/17/70 - Music Hall - Cleveland, OH w/ NRPS, also Cleve. - Ken 818-888-6322, 23777 Mulholland Hwy. #79, Calabasas, CA 91302.

I'd love a Dec 28, 87! 213 Poplar Ave, Hayward, CA 94541.

Have 125 hrs, need more. Your list gets mine, Matt G., 294 Indian Trail, Mountainside, NJ 07092.

Will someone make me a dub of one of those old soundboard tapes? Have only a couple goodies to trade. Mahalo - Dick Allgire, 1534 Kapiolani, Honolulu, Hawaii 96814. PLEASE!!

Tape exchange and Dead related artifacts at Ye Old H&H Shoppe, 6704 Van Nuys Blvd., Van Nuys, CA 91405 or 7011 Reseda Blvd., Reseda, CA 91335.

Dedicated Head, looking for high qual. tapes, board tapes especially. Will trade & send tapes. Write to Tobey, P.O. Box 613, Loche, Sheldrake, NY 12759.

Does anyone have VW Dead Decals? Dianne, 158 Wheeler Street, Rehoboth, MA 02769.

2000 hrs GD & others including many low-gen Betty's, 250 hrs video. Send lists - No beginners please, Mark Rizzo, P.O. Box 7106, Fitchburg, MA 01420.

Looking for "original" copy of Apocalypse Now sessions/Rhythm Devils/George Rajlich Jr., 11226 Segrell Way, Culver, CA 90230.

Wanted: Board tapes '66-'74. Especially Berkeley Community Theater '72, Veneta, Oregon '72, Felt Forum '73. Have lots of nuggets. Tony, 99 Fenner Ave #2, Riverside, RI 02915.

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To trade -- a Grateful Dead tape of their September 13, 1987 concert in Landover, MD, for a tape of their concert March 26, 1988. Claire, 3637 Upton St. NW, Wash., DC 20008.

Wanted: High-Quality tapes of the recent Dead shows at Hampton. Have Dead, Tuna, Feat & more to trade -- thx. Tom, P.O. Box 1214, Norfolk, VA 23501-1214.

