

*It's All Too Clear ...*



*We're On Our Own....*

*...To Make A Difference*

# *Dupree's Diamond News*

*Volume II*

*Issue 2*







## THE SPEED OF LIGHT SHOW

### A Multi-media Sound and Light Experience

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

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

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

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

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

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

© JENNIFER DOHANOS 1987





**Staff**

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

**Contributors**

Dick Allgire  
 Al G. Badillion  
 Ben Brewer  
 Jennifer Dohanos  
 Mark Frisk  
 Bob Minkin  
 Nick Morgan  
 Robin Zachary

**Special Thanks**

Dallas Alice  
 Helen DiMeiri  
 Paul Durham  
 Simon Friedman  
 Jim Kirk  
 Alan Muir  
 Michael Mulvey  
 Ann Onymous  
 Jennifer Walter

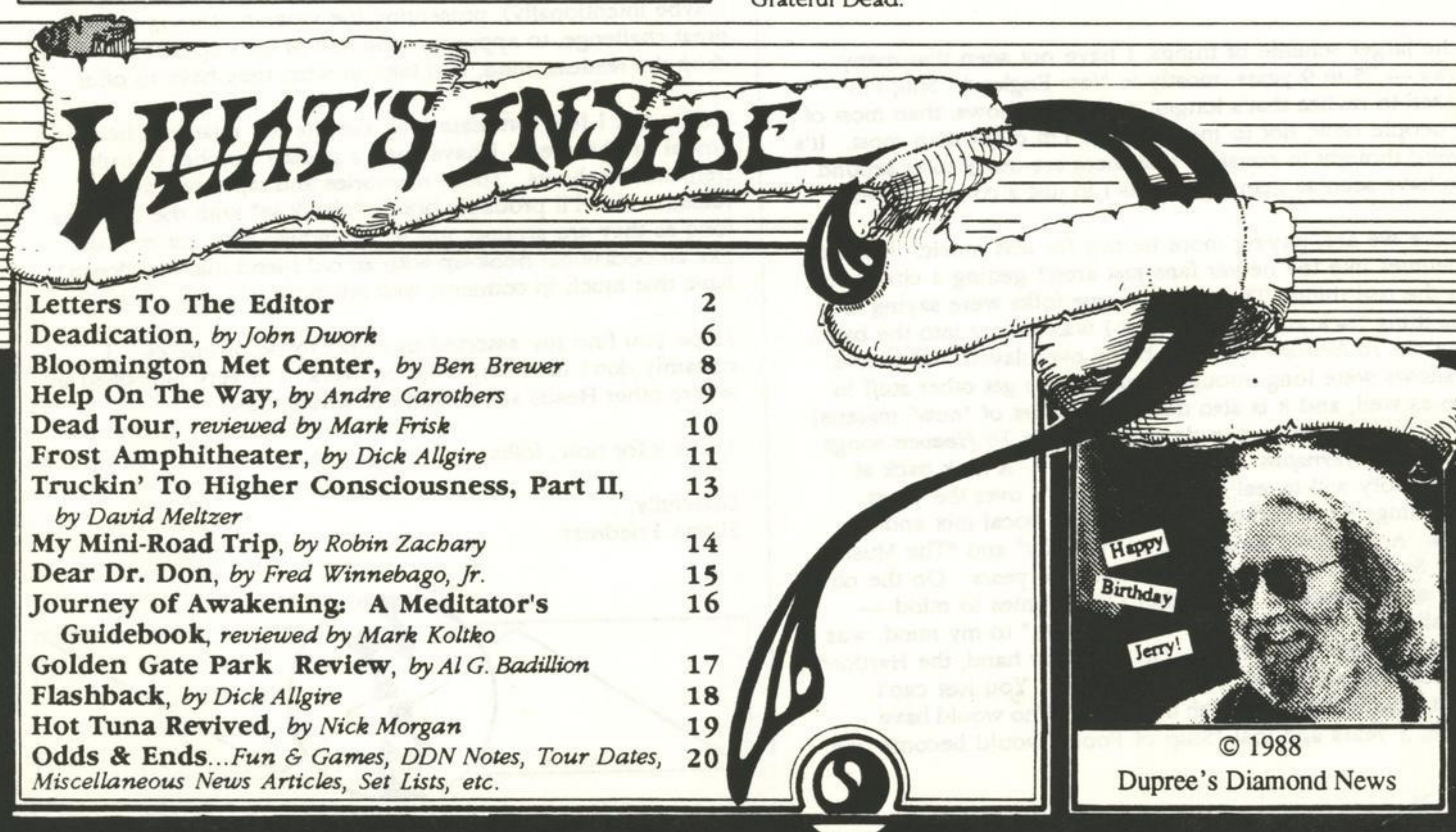
**Statement of Purpose:**

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.

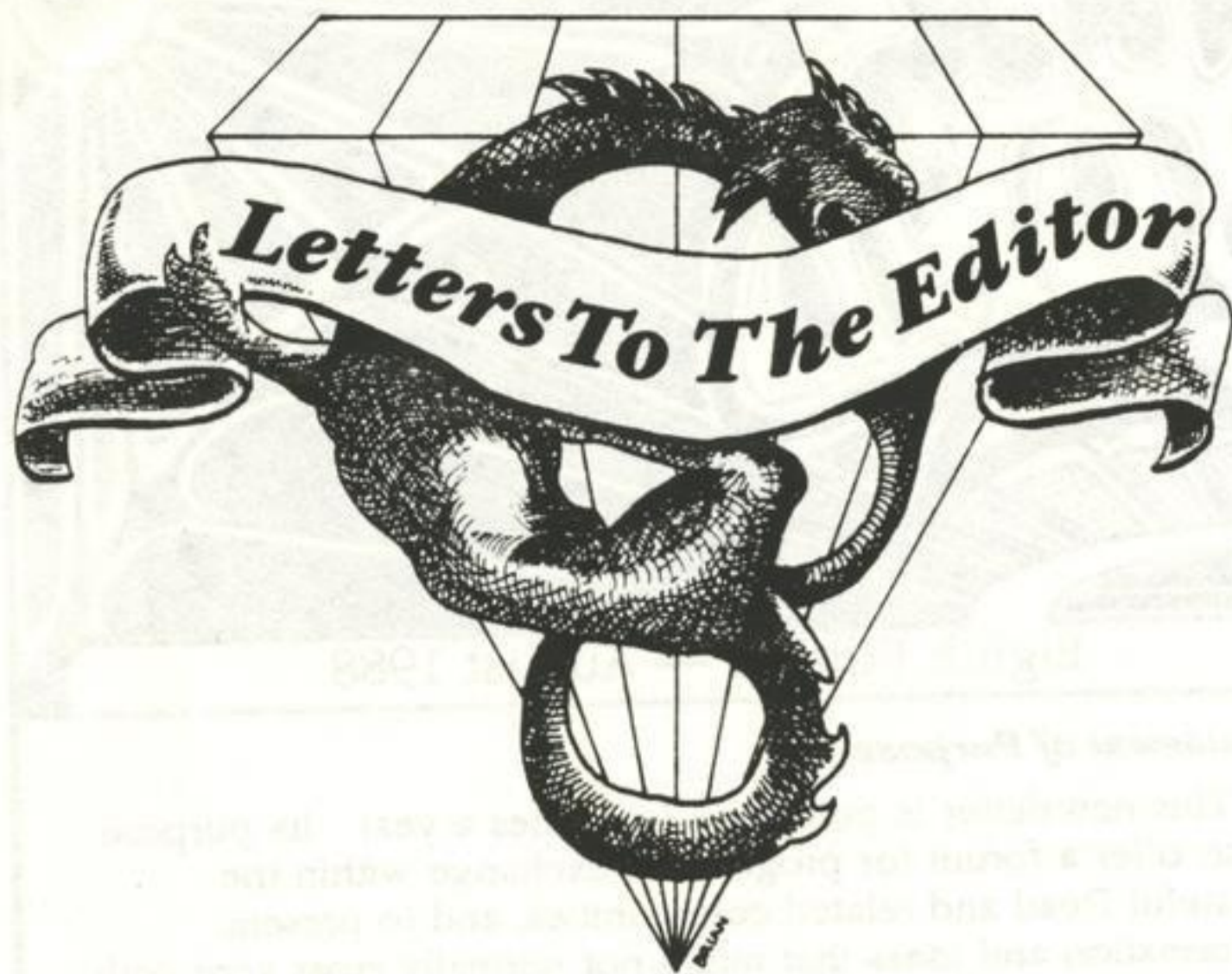
The opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of DDN, and our opinions are not necessarily those of the Grateful Dead.



<b>Letters To The Editor</b>	2
<b>Deadication</b> , by John Dwork	6
<b>Bloomington Met Center</b> , by Ben Brewer	8
<b>Help On The Way</b> , by Andre Carothers	9
<b>Dead Tour</b> , reviewed by Mark Frisk	10
<b>Frost Amphitheater</b> , by Dick Allgire	11
<b>Truckin' To Higher Consciousness, Part II</b> , by David Meltzer	13
<b>My Mini-Road Trip</b> , by Robin Zachary	14
<b>Dear Dr. Don</b> , by Fred Winnebago, Jr.	15
<b>Journey of Awakening: A Meditator's Guidebook</b> , reviewed by Mark Koltko	16
<b>Golden Gate Park Review</b> , by Al G. Badillion	17
<b>Flashback</b> , by Dick Allgire	18
<b>Hot Tuna Revived</b> , by Nick Morgan	19
<b>Odds &amp; Ends...Fun &amp; Games, DDN Notes, Tour Dates, Miscellaneous News Articles, Set Lists, etc.</b>	20







This is the first time we're presenting this column, and we're eager to continue it. Please write to us at: DDN-Editorial, P.O. Box 3603, NY, NY 10185.

## Letter to Deadheads — Deadication

Dear Friends,

Thank you for the timely issuance of Vol. II, #1. It certainly is nice to get the lists from the rest of the spring tour so soon afterwards. Your "Deaditorial," and your questionnaire brought up a lot of thoughts within me about the whole scene. I, too, have decided to reduce my Dead dose from every New England show to 1 or 2 a tour. After the spotty Sunday night Hartford show, I actually surrendered my opportunity for Monday night, selling the tix to friends who'd never seen them before. This was a big step. I had seen every Hartford show since '81, and here I was, tired, burnt, and disappointed, willfully breaking my perfect record, taking the risk that I could miss something **amazing**. Luckily, that turned out not to be so.

In the larger scheme of things, I have not seen that many shows — 75 in 9 years, mostly in New England. Still, I'm amazed to realize that's longer, and more shows, than most of the people now, not to mention that I'm older than most. It's a weird thought to consider that there are many folks around who have seen as many shows as I in just a couple of years.

So here we are, paying more money for less music. It seems sometimes like the newer fans just aren't getting a chance to hear the real thing. Then again, some folks were saying the same thing back around '80 when I was getting into the band, when *Go To Heaven* stuff was being overplayed. Of course, the shows were long enough back then to get other stuff in there as well, and it is also true that this set of "new" material has not been as played to death as the *Go To Heaven* songs in '80 or the *Terrapin Station* tunes in '77. A look back at Dead history will reveal a lot of trade-off's over the years. Some things have improved, such as the vocal mix and the drums. And a few tunes, such as "Cassidy" and "The Music Never Stopped," have expanded over the years. On the other hand, some tunes — "The Other One" comes to mind — have shrunk. The Worcester "Let It Grow," to my mind, was a travesty — very little power. On the other hand, the Hartford "Smokestack Lightning" was devastating. You just can't predict what will happen with this band. Who would have thought 3 years ago that "Ship of Fools" would become one

of the most consistently powerful tunes? So I still have hopes. But meanwhile, I am slowing down.

One of my friends who went to the Saturday Worcester show has seen perhaps a dozen shows in 10 years, and it was his first show in two years. He loved every minute of it. He couldn't give a shit that they played "Throwin' >NFA" at the third show for the fourth time on the tour. Coming without expectations and comparisons, he was able to let the band catapult him to a place of joy. His experience is no more or no less valid than those who see 8 shows on a tour and 150 in a lifetime. The band may be unwittingly (or, who knows, maybe intentionally), presenting the veterans among us with a great challenge; to appreciate the half of the cup that is full, drop the restless mind, and take in what they have to offer.

As for me, I feel fortunate that, despite my relatively late arrival on the scene, I have seen a goodly number of truly tremendous shows. Those memories and tapes will always remain. And I'll probably briefly "check-in" with the band, as long as they are around, just to see where they are at. Just like an occasional hook-up with an old friend that one doesn't have that much in common with anymore.

Hope you find my assorted thoughts to be of interest. I certainly don't have any solid answers. I'm very interested in where other Heads are at with the whole thing.

That's it for now, folks.

Gratefully,  
Simon Friedman





Dear John,

This letter is in response to your May '88 "diatribe" against the new dawn of the Dead. Don't mean to be too harsh, John, but you sound a little burnt-out. I know you acknowledged that this may be the reason for your disillusionment but maybe all you need is a breath of fresh air and a new way to see things. It's all part of the growth process. First, let me state that what I feel Mr. Hunter means when he says "straight" is exactly that. I've always liked to feel that everyone who might have an idea of what the Grateful Dead are all about, indeed, has a straight head. Certainly, I don't consider what most of us call the "straight" part of our society, "straight" at all. Although not many Deadheads would pass for angels, at least we smile a lot. So whenever I walk out of a show these days, I see that look on a lot of faces from the "rookies" to the "vets" as you would say. In other words, everybody's happy. So as far as getting heads straight, I'm all for it. Let's get everybody's head straight.

Of course, the only problem is absolutely no tickets. I've heard "it's getting too big" and "the scene is out of hand" way, way too much lately. I think it can't be big enough. But everybody doesn't have to go to a show. And after all, didn't we all cause it anyway? Man, I've been telling people for the last 3 1/2 years how good this shit is. And many of my friends are now regularly attending shows because of the repeated ravings from me and my other pals — before *In The Dark* hit the stands. And I'm sure you've done it, too. So what happens? EVERYBODY wants to see the Dead. But I think it's all for the good. Perhaps the mania will abate shortly, but I can hear the beat and it's stronger than ever. It has to be in order to carry us on to the next generation, when the boys finally can't be wheeled onto stage anymore, or there are more nurses on stage than band members.

Now back to present reality. NO TICKETS! Yeah, it sucks, but I don't think it's as bad as people want to believe. And I think some people may have to get over the mentality of going to every single show. Perhaps the Dead should take a cue from the sports scene — that when a big game is sold out, then a local TV or radio station picks it up. Then people could stay at home, have a party and make a killer tape. And no overcrowding.

Well John, I hope you don't stay down on things too long. Maybe enough is enough, and you've seen it all, but have you seen the other side? I get kinda bummed trying to find tickets to the shows and perhaps even a bit indignant at Jerry & Co. when things don't go right. I sometimes say things under my breath, but find my ticket anyway. Perhaps the Dead don't embody all that their followers do, or think that they do, but after all, we do have "one hell of a good time." And at this point in my life, there "ain't no place I'd rather be" than enjoyin' the ride.

All my best,  
Paul Durham

### Deaditor's Reply:

*It seems that you perceive me as being burnt out. You missed my point. As in the old adage, "Don't go away mad, just go away," I have found that (for the time being at least) in order to remain impassioned about my Grateful Dead experience I have had to change the way in which I go about*

*experiencing the Grateful Dead. I have done this with tremendous success and have begun to share my experiences with you, my family-at-large, in the hope that these experiences may serve as a guide to help make your path a little more enjoyable, if ever you pass the same way as I. Is this not the other side?*

*Maybe if more people would "just go away" (i.e., take a break) others like you might not have such a hard time scoring tickets.*

Dear John D. & DDN:

This letter is in response to the Dedications Editorial concerning Robert Hunter's letter and the issue of supply and demand. The age of Mega Dead indeed.

I began seeing the Dead in 1976 — the year of the comeback — and since then I've travelled thousands of miles touring the U.S.A. on the "Club Dead" plan. After 100 shows I stopped counting but my guess is I've "been there" 150 times.

A few years ago I started getting really serious about studying music and living an alternate lifestyle — not just at shows. Consequently, I have neither time nor funds to travel to see the Dead. I live in a Canyon west of Boulder Colorado where it seems the Dead won't be visiting this year. This brings me to withdrawal.

There are other places where Deadheads can put their creative, sharing visions to work. Musically, I've found Reggae shows to be the closet thing to a Dead Show — similar messages and community spirit and lots of tie-dyed folks doin' that go-fer shuffle. On nice days, I get together with friends and have drumming parties — every Deadhead has a sense of rhythm. This year I studied the music of the 20th Century and found the same sounds the Dead churn out in the works of Stravinsky, Berio, Stockhausen, Crumt and quite a few others. This is a subject worth writing about in DDN.

A nice part of going to shows is the atmosphere of sharing. Well, I've found that people other than Heads are a sharing group. Volunteer Work. Here in the mountains, there are no fire services other than volunteer.

I joined last year to fight forest fires and have since been involved in about 20 mountain rescues. Old mines, plane crashes, car wrecks, fires. The people who volunteer for the most part have never seen a show, but inside them, I'm sure they have the same appreciation for life we all share.

Anyway — the point of all this is — I've learned a lot along the way and I'm still learning — but I'm learning more that I can share and staying involved with things that count and not just feeding the system. There are a lot of young kids looking to get shown the light — we who have been the "keepers" of the flame should pass it on. "Believe it if you need it, if you don't just pass it on..."

Love you all at DDN—  
Alan Muir  
Boulder, CO

*continued on next page*





Dear *DDN*:

On your editorial about the letter that Hunter wrote that came with the tickets, I don't think he meant "straight" in the literal sense. I've heard many people refer to getting high as "getting straight" and definitely if "straight" means right, the good feeling of community after a good show leaves me feeling more right than typical TV brainwashed society today.

I definitely agree, there's an overload of ticketless fans due to the publicity of late. I also think this is due to the general trend in society. I can remember when most concerts were like the DEAD — an event where folks would show up early, and party with their brothers — but this has vanished in "Reagan's Amerika." One way the Dead could help is to have Hot Tuna, Hunter, or some other neat act play a smaller venue in town the same night as they play. This would take the ticketless masses away from the arena and to somewhere they could have their own party.

One way we heads can help is by not trying to hit every show. Sharing the good vibe is what it's all about, so by not hitting all the shows we're allowing other folks to enjoy. I like to use the Dead as a celebration of the seasons. Spring for me is Hampton — time to celebrate the awakening of all the plants. Summer is time to hit an outside arena (if possible) for daylight Dead and enjoy that summer feeling. Of course, fall is time for a little joy before the long winter. By seeing them in just one location per tour (or a couple if they do one-night stands) you don't see any repeats and you don't get burnt out on 'em. Plus, you're letting others enjoy and share the experience. When you're at a show, talk to your fellow heads and check out the local sights, too. Why sit around and buzz out in your motel? Catch a buzz and check out the sights. Spread the good vibes to the local folks. Don't just walk around barefoot and give the peace sign, especially when it's cold.

One way the arenas could help is to be prepared for everyone. Have plenty of garbage cans around and open the gates early so folks can get inside. Have plenty of gates open, especially near show time. Opening gates late, and having only a few entrances, allows a large crowd to form in front of each entrance — prime gate crashing opportunities. Outside folks can litter, get excessively drunk, and upset the local area. Inside folks can talk, play sack and smoke some, causing much less hassle.

Well — there's my thoughts.

Jim Kirk

Dear John:

I want to thank you for the letter you wrote in Volume II, Issue 1 of *DDN*. I was beginning to feel that I was the only one who was reaching the "unimaginable point of diminishing returns."

I have been a "Deadhead" for almost 10 years. I toured the East Coast from fall 1980 to the summer of '87. I have based many personal decisions on my fascination with the GD, such as where I went to college (I moved from Buffalo to Connecticut and now to New York City), the work I did (waiting tables for the flexibility), and the lifestyle I kept.

Since the summer '87 tour, I have found it close to impossible to continue on as I had in the past. Tickets are sold out through the mail order and through ticket windows; obtaining tickets through a ticket agency or scalper could cost as much as \$100; and the shows have stopped living up to the trouble it's become to attend.

In the last 2 years, the cost of touring has increased more than it's worth. What happened to the care free times of showing up at shows without tickets and paying someone outside, at worst the ticket price?!?!? Them were the good 'ole days.

As for the band (I never thought I would see them making a music video), the shows have become a major subject of controversy. Some devotees will never say that anything has changed, but I think things have. This is not to say that the band doesn't blow the roof off an arena from time to time, but not as often. The shows have become repetitious, practiced, almost perfected. Everyone has heard the argument "if you didn't attend every show, you wouldn't hear a re-run." Well, at one time you could attend every show and hear the same song choices, but the shows would be nothing alike. The band doesn't take the chances, they don't adventure into new "lands" as before. They now all end on the same note!

This is how I personally see the situation. I don't think we can change it all that much. We can't turn the clocks back and it's not just going to go away. There was a lot of hope that the Grateful Dead's new popularity was just a fad, but once the new generation began attending shows they were hooked, as we were at one time.

I relate to what you called TWS (tour withdrawal symptoms). I think it's time someone talked about it. My friends and I talk about it to a point, the diminishing quality of the shows/fans and the bullshit of trying to obtain tickets, but no one has gone so far as to discuss their personal feelings, the feeling of being forgotten by the band, the changing of old habits, the bad feelings towards the new generation who are using and abusing a great phenomenon. Whatever happened to being an outcast for being a Grateful Dead fan, being told you have no musical taste and that "that band has been dead for years" or "is just a 60's throw back." I enjoyed sticking up for myself, being different, standing out from the rest. I'm embarrassed to be associated with a band who has every little punk on the street wearing their "attire," and it being the "in" thing to be.

I wonder if the band cares about us at all. Most say "no, they are in it for the money." I hope that's not true. I wonder if the band knows how some are being weeded out? I also wonder who and where the money is coming from to buy out all the available tickets from the ticket agencies. Try and tell me that Ticketron isn't getting money from somewhere, even



the mail-order tickets seem to be going rather fast. The tickets go on sale during a tour. Who has the money for a future tour during the current one? Not me, that's for sure.

What happened to the fun, the casual easy-going tour?? All the unselfishness has been sucked out. It is now a personal challenge for each individual. **I feel bad for the band because somewhere down the line, they are going to throw a party (a show), and they won't recognize any of the guests!**

I have to say that some good has come out of not being so closely associated with the GD. It took awhile, but I have finally re-found the joy and inspiration of music, this time in music I haven't listened to in years. I have also begun to gain an interest in new bands and discover the new works of some old greats (Robbie Robertson for example). My tour-mates and I have now discussed going on a real vacation to Jamaica for SunSplash, or anywhere with a beach, instead of touring. I think that will be better than anything the Grateful Dead will do on an upcoming tour.

It's a very difficult thing to "fall from grace" from the scene, but I have found there is life after the Grateful Dead. And you never know, maybe times will change and the truly dedicated can return.

With Hope and Peace,  
Jennifer Walter

P.S. Congratulations to the newlywed's there at *DDN*. Heard about you on *WNEW*.



Acoustic

Electric

### Grateful Dead & Original Stuff

at

### The Right Track INN

40 West Merrick Road—Freeport, Long Island

FOR INFO AND Easy Directions Call: (516) 378-6825

**Shows every Saturday Night at 10:30**

Also: Friday, September 9th; October 7th; November 4th  
and November 25

Volunteers 24 Hour Hotline:

(516) 424-8634

© BRIAN CULLEN

# RELIX MAGAZINE

## MUSIC FOR THE MIND

For fifteen years, Relix Magazine has brought Deadheads together. Our coverage of the Grateful Dead has been unparalleled, and our support of the entire music scene out of the Bay Area has helped spread the musical consciousness of a generation.

Our latest issue features an interview with Jerry Garcia, the most extensive Grateful Dead discography ever compiled, The Grateful Dead on CD, the story of the Grateful Dead Computer Bulletin Boards, Robert Hunter on the upcoming Dead album, what the Dead think of the state of the Deadhead scene, and lots more. Also, you will find a history of Eric Clapton and the results to our reader survey, which is the most comprehensive Deadhead survey ever done. You'll find reviews and news and photos and artwork and we guarantee the most fun you can have reading.

Your subscription is the price of admission to the greatest show on earth. Buy yourself a backstage pass -subscribe today.

A year's subscription gets you six issues and a free 20 word tape trading classified ad.



PLEASE PHOTOCOPY - DON'T CUT...

RELIX MAGAZINE, Subscription Dept.,  
Box 94T, Brooklyn, NY 11229

Send me 6 issues.  
I have enclosed

U.S.A. \_\_\_\_\_ \$18.00 enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ 2 year subscription \$36.00  
Foreign \_\_\_\_\_ \$22.00 enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ 2 years \$44.00  
Start my subscription with \_\_\_\_\_ This issue \_\_\_\_\_ Next issue

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_



# Deedication

## Dancin' In The Streets

Whether you've heard of it through us or direct communications from the Grateful Dead, we Deadheads are currently faced with the great challenge of preserving the very integrity of that experience which has brought us all together in the first place. If our wonderful shared experience is to survive (and become truly healthy, once again) then we must face this issue, deal with it head-on, each and everyone of us, together, right now. I believe that if we can collectively become just a touch more mindful and conscious of our actions (and their net effect), we will be surprised at how easy this task will be accomplished. If we do not rise to this calling, I have no doubt as to the speed with which our scene will become overwhelmingly unpleasant and sour.

As many of you know I stuck my neck out in our last Deedication by presenting a deliberately hard-line view of the Grateful Dead experience. Some of you have argued that my "reading-between-the-lines," though intentional, brought this matter way out of proportion. But it did have an undeniable "ring of truth" to it as your heartfelt responses attested to. As promised, we are printing some of the more poignant letters which you have sent our way in order to create an open forum starting with this issue. We heartily encourage all of you to continue writing to us. We have every intention of continuing this process until it has run its full course.

Thirteen years ago, when I began my powerful indoctrination into the Grateful Dead experience, I was "presented" with a particularly astute set of observations on the part of our very own entertainment grand-ringmaster Bill Graham. I wasn't ready at the time to fully understand the implications of his message, but I knew that it was important and perhaps timeless. As a result, his words have stuck in the back of my mind, all of these years. I recently came across Bill's words of wisdom once again and was amazed at how right-on-the-mark they still were, 17 years after they were first spoken.

We're now back to how the mass of young people relate to reality. They now go to concerts differently. During "that" period they went to dances...you know, lovely...they walked in and joined a circle of people and started dancing. They walked up to them and felt like they were sisters and brothers. Today they go to rumble or make out or pick up, and "maybe" to listen to music.

But it all relates to the times also. They realized that the world around them isn't very pretty. They also don't do anything about it. There's an acceptance of negativism where, for a period of time, there was an escape from reality. Which was a fantasy... "Oh, aren't the streets beautiful?" No, they have shit in them! "Well, I'll just dance on the shit then!!" No, try to clean it. "Oh no, no. That's work. That's reality." You have to relate to music in the same terms... You get high one night and the world is beautiful, and you wake up the next day and you say, "My God, the world isn't beautiful. I've got to get away from this reality." And you get high again. Four years later, you're still high and you get up every morning and you say, "How come the tree of life isn't ripe? How come things aren't happening?" It's because you think the same as your brother, and he is saying, "How come our neighbor isn't doing things? Why isn't the tree ripe?" Everybody's waiting for somebody else to do something, and nobody's doing anything.

Now *obviously* this statement doesn't hold true for everyone, or in all of the circumstances within our experience, but it does provide some very powerful food for thought.



Most of you are probably familiar with the quintessential Rolling Stone interview of Jerry Garcia in which he says, "I think that every human being should be a conscious tool in the Universe...I'm talking about being fully conscious. I'm also not talking about the Grateful Dead as being an end to itself...I think of the Grateful Dead as being a crossroads or a pointer sign, and what we're pointing to is that there's a whole lot of experience over here. We're kinda like a signpost, and were also pointing to danger. We're pointing to bummers. We're pointing to whatever there is when we're on — when it's really happening."

For me, nothing puts this whole issue in a clearer light than that quote. When they're singing "Throwing Stones" they're pointing to what's (primarily) going on *out there*. When they're singing "Box of Rain," they're singing about what's going on *inside of us*. And when they write us letters like the ones published in both last issue and this one, they're pointing to *what's going on all around us*. The question arises, what to do?

Like many of you, we here at *DDN* have, in the past few years, been presented with an elegantly simple yet profoundly transformational philosophy that holds the key to successfully manifesting those changes which are necessary in both our immediate scenario and in the larger world-scale realm of things. Put into the context of Bill Graham's observations: there are ways of taking a shovel with us when we dance, and cleaning up the shit in "the streets" while we boogie. Or to put it in more straightforward terms: we are learning how to turn the process of helping, healing, and cleaning up the planet (and the human condition) into a fun and fashionable act.

To expect that anyone other than ourselves will take responsibility for the cleanup and maintenance of our own scene is foolish dreaming. And, if we are to take to heart the message inherent within Bill Graham's words, then we must come to accept some degree of responsibility for this matter.

So, we are left with the choice of either burying our heads in the sand or taking action. And, if we're going to take action, then we'd better learn how to turn shoveling shit into an elegant dance — and quickly — because there's plenty of shit to shovel. In case you may have wondered, this is why you find a lot of articles on activism, consciousness expansion and the spirit of service in *Dupree's Diamond News*.

Now, we don't mean to imply that you should all drop what you're doing and join the Peace Corps, but the phrase "Think Globally — Act Locally" does offer a realistic option for immediate and effective action. You might very well be surprised at the genuine power of a simple letter written to your congress person or locally elected official; or the collective power of a consciously placed vote; or the good that is done in dropping off a dollar at the SEVA or Greenpeace booths during a concert.

Many of you/us have been completely surprised by how easily a band, for example, can get into a hall, charge a few bucks at the door and raise some serious bread for a good cause. Everyone wins! The audience has a great time, the band gets good press, and everyone is partly responsible for creating an event that raises consciousness and the money that it takes to affect change. Whatever the act, it all starts with the simple commitment to do what is within the comfortable reach of each and every one of us.

But the question remains: what can be done about the troubles on tour? The band has recently begun to tell us that it's up to us to preserve the integrity of our experience. While many of us feel that this is a burden that must be shared 50/50 with the band that still leaves at least 50 percent as our responsibility — **and that's a big 50 percent!** Now I *know* that very few if any of you who read this are the real troublemakers who spoil it for the rest, but the chances are pretty good that we all know at least one person who "jumped the wall" at Foxboro or Giants Stadium in '87. And I'm sure we all know people (though we may not want to admit it) who piss in bathroom sinks when the lines are long, or in the street after a show, or light a bottle rocket or two in the parking lot, or don't clean up their trash when they split, or crash a gate just 'cause everyone else is doin' it. This may all seem like harmless behavior, but it's just **this type** of behavior that breeds contempt and anger in those towns hosting our gatherings.

It is because of these types of actions, and many more, that the Dead are no longer welcome at Foxboro, Hartford, Springfield, Ventura, The Kaiser, and the San Francisco Civic Center — to name a few. This list will only stop growing and reverse if we can collectively begin to practice the type of conscious behavior respectful of the fundamental rights of other people and communities.

*continued on next page*



## DEAD TOUR

by Alan Neal Izumi  
Forward by Robert Hunter  
169 pp. New York:  
Relix Books. \$10.00

---

by Mark Frisk

---

The Grateful Dead are not unknown to the world of literature, having been the subjects of several non-fiction books as well as the inspiration for a number of periodicals, including, of course, the one you are holding in your hands. Now, with the publication of Alan Neal Izumi's *Dead Tour*, the world of fiction is no exception. The Dead have managed to find their way, usually through brief mentions or asides, into a few novels in the past, but *Dead Tour* represents the first time that they constitute a major thematic component of an entire (published) novel, at least as far as this reviewer is aware. Indeed, as its title so aptly and succinctly implies, this novel's action revolves exclusively around a 12 gig East coast spring tour.

*Dead Tour* is the first person account of a nameless student at a nameless university in Providence, who, at the outset of the novel, is a decided neophyte where matters Dead are concerned. He only knows the boys as "an old hippie band" and is more interested in studying for an engineering lab than going to a show, but a friend with psychedelic tastes convinces him with a free ticket (since it's his first show) to see what all the fuss is about. He manages to accidentally quaff four glasses of spiked punch at a pre-concert party, thereby launching his descent (or should I say "ascent"?) into pure and total tour madness. And what a rolling, tumbling ride it is, both for narrator and reader. By the time the novel is over, our nameless narrator has experienced a world entirely alien to him and has grown tremendously as a result. Along the way he survives numerous dangerous situations, solves a couple of murders, manipulates drug dealers, and falls in love. This is a *bildungsroman* of a most unusual sort.

The protagonist, seriously dosed, never actually makes it to his first show. Wildly paranoid, he runs away from the immediate concert site and proceeds to engage a Volkswagen Beetle in conversation, only to be savagely beaten by an unknown assailant. This act, and the desire for revenge it engenders in the narrator, propels the novel irrevocably, swiftly forward, into a sometimes shadowy world inhabited by violent drug dealers, ex-'60's radicals — one of whom still carries out bombings designed to destroy only property, not injure people — and your standard issue (though cunningly rendered), out and out Deadheads.

While this novel isn't about Grateful Dead band members, nor even about the music they play (except for some wonderfully trenchant observations on that



music from our neophyte narrator), it *is* about the world of tour life, and Izumi accurately captures the ambiance and the frantic, electric characteristics of that world, including its sinister sides. The novel is also about being young and directionless in college today, but offers a view of another era — the '60's, when most college students hardly suffered from a lack of direction — as well. This is a novel of dichotomies, and in case that isn't clear by now, consider just one other of the themes governing the action: the strongly felt need for revenge and its opposite quality, forgiveness. This is an ambitious book, with many layers, and in large measure, it succeeds — a lot of punch is packed into these 169 pages.

All this takes the form of a semi-hard-boiled detective novel, and Izumi artfully uses some elements common to that genre, making them seem fresh and new (partly a result, one suspects, of the setting). His narrator is smart and strong willed, and he will, thanks to his own chutzpa and inventiveness, but also to sheer luck, manage to do the right thing. Yet he is filled with self-doubt and constantly questions his course of action. Many of the chapters open with descriptions of his worst-case, horrid dreams, which, in typical nightmarish fashion, twist and turn reality into something horribly surreal and gruesome. He's never quite sure what he's doing is right; he merely follows his instincts, and those instincts get him into a lot of trouble with the various nasty types he's up against, as well as his love interest, Sue, who believes revenge is a futile goal and who urges him to give up whatever it is he's after. (Towards the end, her motives are revealed to be deeper — she's protecting someone. Things aren't always as they seem.) Of course, in the end, his instinctive actions prove to be just right. And by the end, we've come full circle — our hero (we can call him that, since he's comported himself like one) offers an extra ticket to the last show of the tour to another newcomer.

The writing is superb, often very funny, occasionally even dazzling, and the pace and suspense are maintained until the climactic finale, which is a little confusing and hurried, mostly because of all the elements that need to be tied up. Those who don't go in for this type of novel, and who read it simply because its frame of reference is a Dead tour, will be disappointed, but those who like a fast-paced, literary, multi-layered mystery will enjoy it immensely. ◇

---

Mark Frisk, an editor of *DDN*, is a literary agent in New York.



## Frost Amphitheater

April 30 — May 1

by Dick Allgire

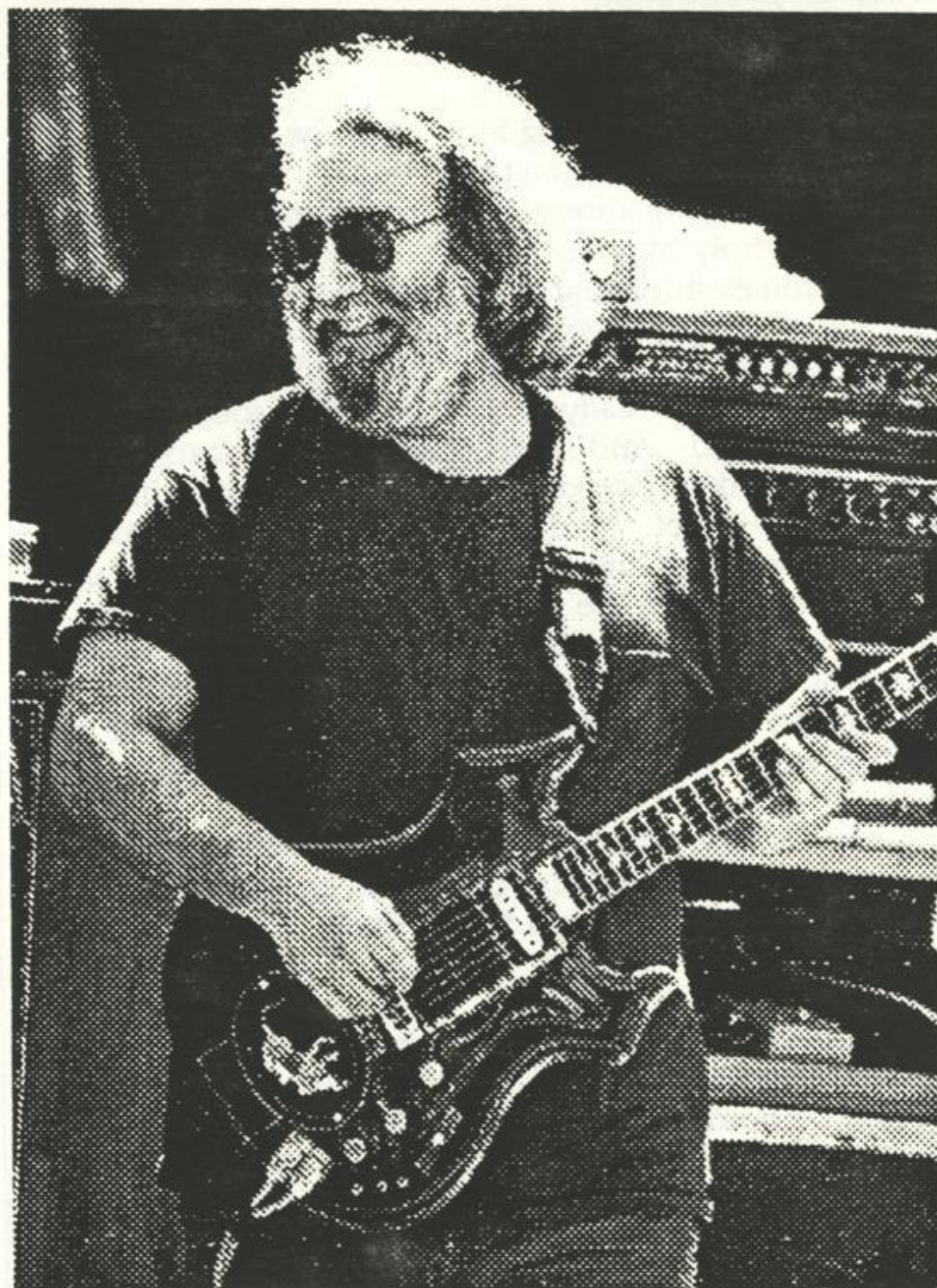
We've all heard the expression "There is Nothing Like A Grateful Dead Concert," but have you ever reached a point where there is nothing BUT a Grateful Dead concert? I'll get to that in a moment, but first let me say that Frost Amphitheater at Stanford is one of the best places in existence to see the Dead. The trees all around and the grassy slope are beautiful, and those small concrete dividers on the tiers are perfect for keeping everybody in their own space. I can't recall a concert with so few people trying to elbow their way up front.

What a treat to hear the band open with "Let The Good Times Roll." It certainly set the tone for both days. The dozen or so of us who came from all over the U.S. (from Utah and even Hawaii) to meet for the shows got a "first song" pool going while we waited in line. Everybody put in a buck and picked what they thought would be the opening tune first day. "Jack Straw," "Iko Iko," "Hell In A Bucket," "Hey Pocky Way," "Touch Of Grey," etc. Well, we all lost, but weren't we happy.

That first day was some good solid stuff, worth flying all the way across the Pacific Ocean for. "The China Cat/I Know You Rider" encore caught us completely by surprise. Way to go Jerry! Thanks!

Then there was the Sunday show. It was the first time I'd ever heard "Box of Rain" in concert, and when they started with that I almost lost it. "Maybe the sun is shining..." Yes it certainly was. It seemed like the first three songs were last night's encore. This one was special from the start. It didn't even matter that Weir forgot the words to "Stuck Inside of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Again." I had an all time Bob Dylan fan, named Doug Godfrey, beside me, and he simply sang the words into my ear when Bobby faltered.

Now, about that time when it seems THERE IS NOTHING BUT A GRATEFUL DEAD CONCERT. Do you ever ingest a touch too much of this or that at a Dead concert and have the whole thing get a little out of hand? You know, when it seems like Jerry Garcia is playing your thoughts? When you start going through highly critical self analysis that seems to be touched off by a long jam? Do the lyrics ever start illuminating your own life? I have to confess this happened to me during, of all songs, "Louie Louie." Maybe I did a little too much of a booster during the break, but when they launched into "Louie, Louie," it was — so long, see you later for yours truly. At one point I considered heading for the trees for a little breather, but I looked back and there was nothing but thousands of bobbing heads swimming around in my one dimensional depth perception. No where to run! And that hideous beat would not stop — DUH-DUH-DUH dut dut DUH-DUH-DUH dut dut "We gotta go!"



© Bob Minkin

It's a good thing they had opened that day with "Box of Rain"! I finally managed to lock onto "...it's all a dream we dreamed, one afternoon, long ago..." and "...a box of rain will ease the pain, and love will see you through..."

Before I knew it they were halfway through "Truckin'" and I had at least partial control of my mind back. That's the thing about the Dead; they'll send you way out there, but they'll always reel you back in.

Then there was "The Other One." Didn't it seem like they randomly scattered all the molecules in the universe and then at one point suddenly lined them all up again in the proper order? There was that one instant where EVERYTHING came together. It was like BAM! and it all fell into place. I looked over at my friend Gordon with my jaw hanging open, wonder written up one side of my face and down the other, and he looked back at me with the same expression — Can you believe that? Then, we looked up on stage and Weir and Garcia were exchanging identical looks! They were as amazed as we were! That was the point where what happens can't be recorded, remembered, or explained. That's what it's all about.

There were only a couple of sore points:

*continued on next page*



## Frost Amphitheater

continued from previous page

They've outlawed smoking in most of the audience, and that's great. Now why don't they outlaw balloons, too. Balloons just really annoy me. I'm there looking up at the stage simply hypnotized by the music, and some balloon comes bouncing in front of me and pulls me right out of it. Sure they're festive and everything, but they're distracting as hell. This time there were even beach balls, which really bother you when they clunk you on the head. And some bonehead even brought a huge, life-sized Gumby doll, with very heavy weights in the soles of its feet. My friend Cliff got Gumbied-but-good at one point...the huge thing came sailing through and bonked him on the head and about knocked him down. You don't need this kind of shit when the Dead are taking you out of your body and into outer space. Cliff tackled the damn thing and let all the air out of it. He then stood on it for the rest of the show. Hurray!

And hey, Healy, what's your problem with mixing Weir these days? Bobby's guitar playing is an integral part of the music, and I can't even hear it lately. Turn him up, why don't you?

And then there's "Black Peter." I heard it in 1970 with Pig Pen playing harmonica behind Jerry, which will **NEVER** be outdone. I've heard it 30 times since then, and I've heard everything out of it that's possible. If I **NEVER** hear it again that would be fine. Anybody else feel the same way?

But back to the good stuff. Weren't they just full of surprises at Frost! Like Bobby letting Brent sing "Women Are Smarter?" Like all the times Jerry handed the lead off to Brent with a smile? And didn't it seem like Garcia could step back and play whatever he wanted in different time signatures and even in different scales and it would all somehow fit?

Finally, the "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" encore. This was a first for me. I was actually moved to tears. There I was surrounded by friends who have been going to Dead concerts with me for 18 years. There was a healthy and loving Jerry Garcia singing "feels like the sun is setting over me..." while the sun set over the trees at Frost. And I just stood there and cried.

Wasn't that a good one? ◇

THE FROST AMPHITHEATRE, STANFORD, CA	
APRIL 30, 1988	MAY 1, 1988
Let The Good Times Roll	Box of Rain
Feel Like A Stranger	Hell In A Bucket
Row Jimmy	Touch of Grey
Walkin' Blues	Little Red Rooster
Hey Pockey Way	Far From Me
Ramble On Rose	Cumberland Blues
Let It Grow	Stuck Inside of Mobile...
	When Push Comes
	To Shove
Shakedown Street	Cassidy
Man Smart Woman Smarter	
Ship of Fools	Louie, Louie
Playin' In The Band	Truckin'
Drums>Space>	Crazy Fingers
GDTRFB>	Samson & Delilah
All Along The Watchtower	Eyes of the World>
Black Peter	Drums>Space>
Sugar Magnolia	The Other One>
*China Cat Sunflower>	Wharf Rat>
*I Know You Rider	Throwing Stones>
One More Saturday Night	Turn On Your Lovelight
18 Songs	*Knockin' On Heaven's
	Door
	19 Songs

## JULY 10, 1988 GREEK THEATRE, JERRY & FRIENDS

### 1st Set -- Brent

Far From Me  
Love Don't Look Pretty  
You Know How I Feel  
I Will Take You Home  
Gentlemen, Start Your  
Engines  
Devil w/Blue Dress>  
Good Golly Miss Molly  
Hey Jude (w/Bob Wier)

### 2nd Set -- Bobby

Walkin' Blues  
When I Paint My  
Masterpiece  
This Time's Forever  
Shade of Grey  
Cassidy  
Twilight Time  
Victim or the Crime  
Throwing Stones  
Blackbird

### 3rd Set -- Jerry Pt 1

How Sweet It Is  
Mission In The Rain  
Like A Road  
Get Out Of My Life  
Woman  
Run For The Roses  
Forever Young  
Deal

### 4th Set -- Jerry Pt 2

Harder They Come  
Stop That Train  
Brothers & Sisters  
Don't Think Twice  
Evangeline  
Lucky Old Sun  
Don't Let Go

## ATTENTION VENDORS Wanna Stand Out?

Let's face it folks, the marketplace is getting crowded and the few people who can tap this well are going to make a fortune!

We are the most widely read publication around (10,000+ per venue). Advertise with us and we will help you put together a high-powered ad that will draw people to you on the road, or via the mail.

For more info, contact us at the following address:

**DDN-AD, P.O. Box 3603,  
NYC 10185**

## CHUBB'S PUB

188 WESTWOOD AVENUE  
LONG BRANCH, NJ 07740

### Grateful Dead Night Every Tuesday Night

(201) 870-1878  
(201) 229-5806

Tacos 3/\$1



Exit 105 off the Garden State Parkway and walking distance from the Long Branch Train Station -- New Jersey Coast Line (NJ Transit, accessible from Penn Station).



## Truckin' To Higher Consciousness — Part II

by David Meltzer

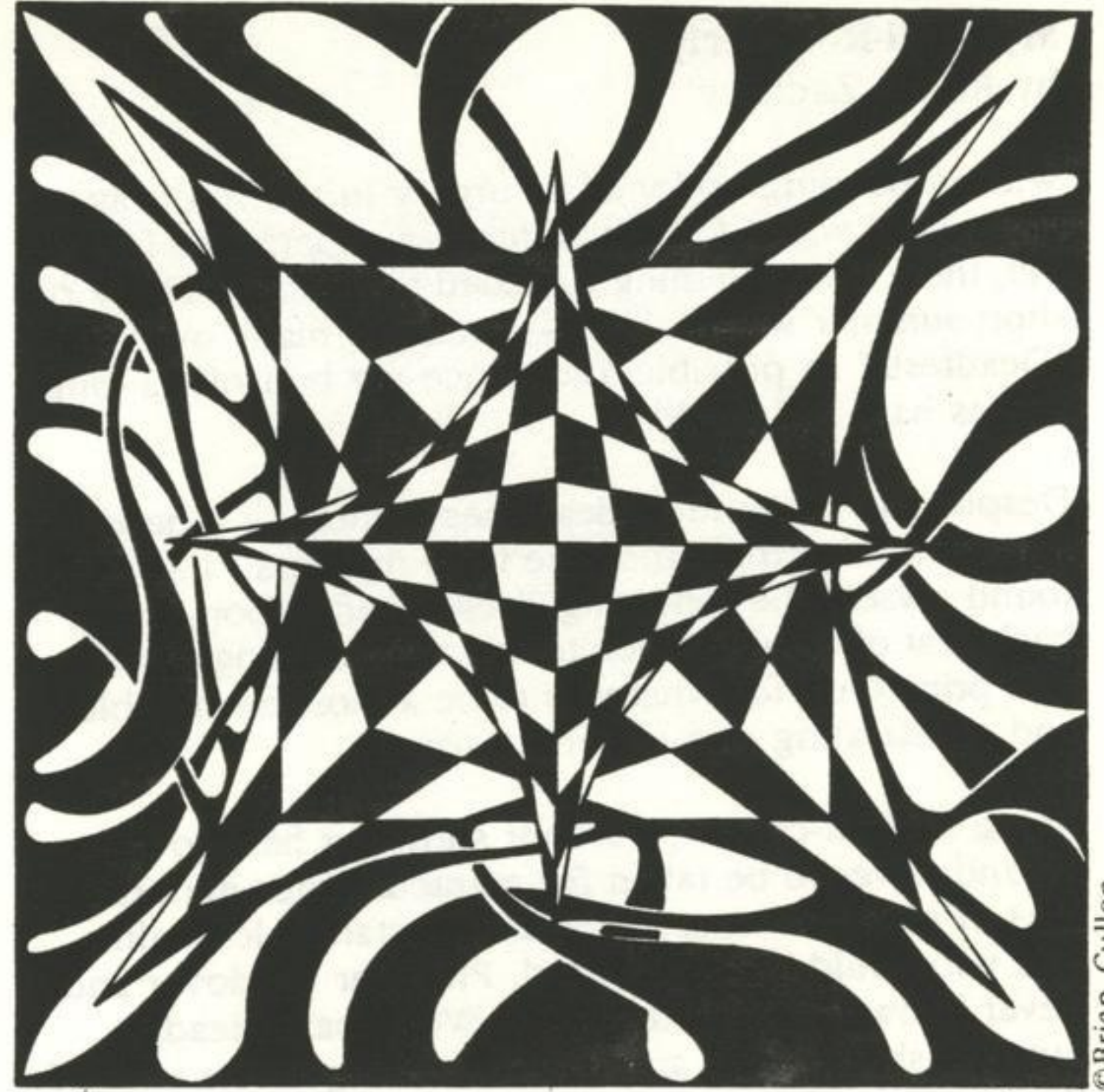
In this issue of *Dupree's Diamond News*, I'd like to begin by laying out my basic premises. First, what takes place at a Grateful Dead concert is the result of raising energy and participation in a higher reality. Second, the ancient science of yoga provides an insightful explanation of the mechanics of raising energy and also offers practical points about influencing the energy towards the manifestation of good vibrations and peaceful fun. Understanding how energy flows and manifests at a show and in the streets, helps people become aware of their own psychic responsibilities and the tremendous power we each possess to contribute towards furthering and enlightening the collective vision.

Let's start by talking a bit about the nature of reality. Reality, as those of us who have experienced altered states recognize, is much more subjective than we have been taught. Reality, basically, is not much more than an interpretation of experiences and events based on culturally agreed upon definitions. Our experience of the universe is a unique subjective perspective that only seems objective and definable because we have bought into a particular culturally defined reality. Release it and join the ride.

Different cultures have different agreements about reality. A healthy agreement strengthens individuals and supports them in living a satisfying and joyous life. An unhealthy agreement pressures individuals into an existence other than their preference as a result of physical, psychological, and economic oppression. Native American Indian cultures had a healthy reality agreement, demonstrated by their living harmoniously with their natural environment. Modern American culture has an unhealthy reality agreement, demonstrated in our inability to live in a sane relationship with the air we breathe and the water we drink. It is empowering for those of us desiring a healthier and more meaningful reality to recognize that our culture is failing to do what many other cultures have accomplished. That is to provide a social structure that encourages and celebrates individuals who have the guts and integrity to explore their own unique visions. A healthy culture gives its young adults a wider spectrum of life choices than school or work.

According to yoga, there are seven primary levels of reality. Individuals on higher levels have a dramatically different experience of reality than those on the lower levels. That's why the carving of Mount Rushmore meant one thing to gung-ho cowboys and another to the Indians who were seeing their beloved Black Hills desecrated. And that's why a wonderful "Good Lovin'" means one thing to you and another to the usher who doesn't like folks to boogie in the aisles!

The level of reality we live in is the result of the degree



© Brian Cullen

to which our consciousness has expanded. As I pointed out in the last issue, consciousness is a term that designates the sum total of our awareness — our sense perceptions, thoughts, emotions, and intuitions. Our consciousness expands as we become more aware of these various aspects of ourselves. The more our consciousness expands, the higher the level of reality we live in and the healthier, happier, and holier we tend to be.

The transformational character of a Grateful Dead concert comes from the experience of exploring the different levels of reality as they are described in the songs that fill the air and leaving the show with a greater awareness of ourselves. After awhile, you start to become one of those far-out, beautiful people who so blew your mind when you went to your first show. But one hard-learned lesson here: the expansion of consciousness has nothing to do with being spaced-out, strung-out, or burnt-out. Consciousness expands, with or without external agents, as the result of an attentive, mature, loving mind-set. If Henry David Thoreau were still alive, I'm pretty sure he'd be a Deadhead, and his famous quote might then read, "Keep your mind in the clouds for that is where the mind of the vision-seeker rightfully belongs, but keep your feet firmly on the ground or you might space out, lose your ticket, and never get into the show at all." ◇

---

Next issue: Yoga's seven levels of reality and the Grateful Dead song list.

---



## My Mini-Road Trip

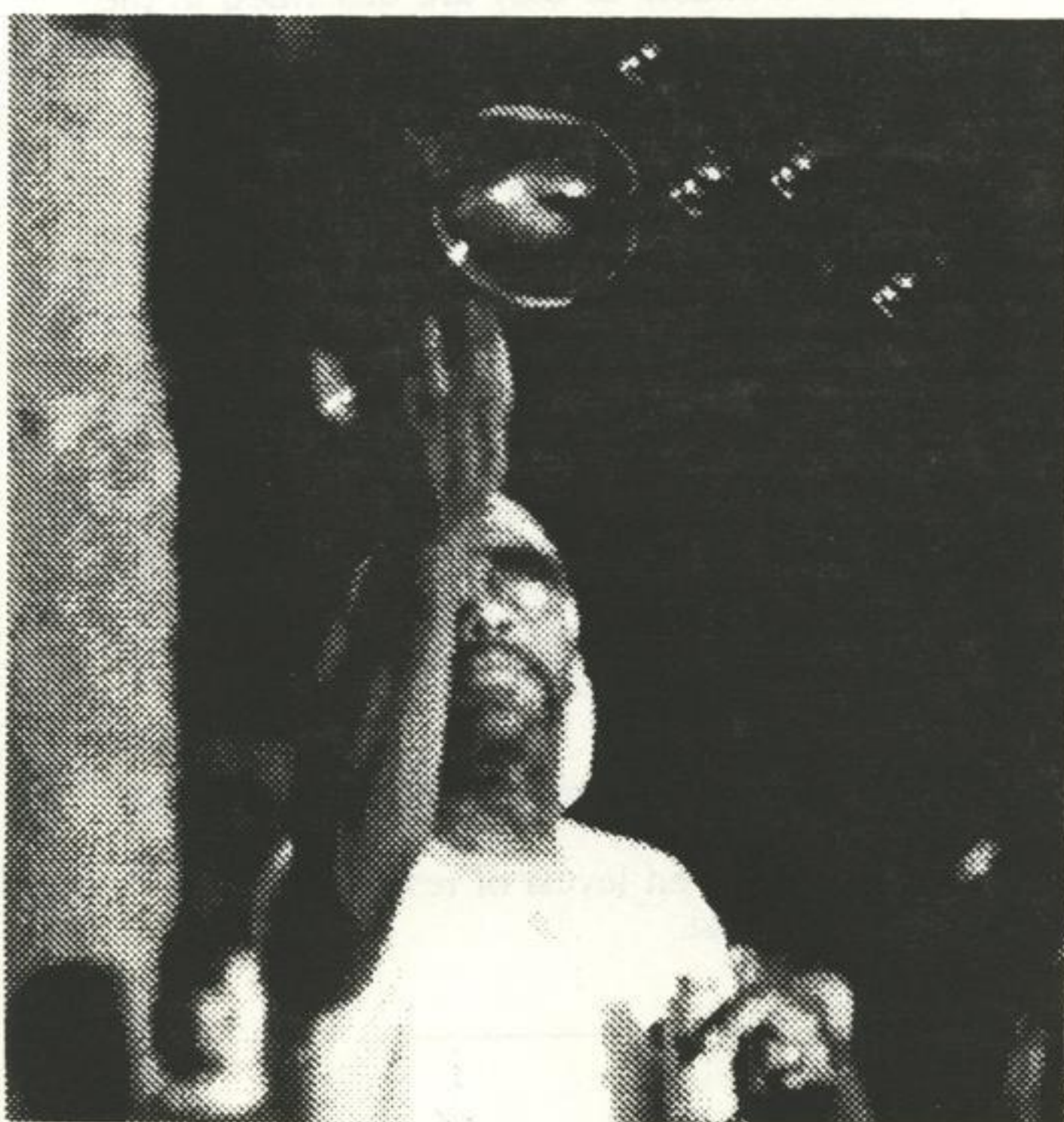
by Robin Zachary

With impending abdominal surgery in the forefront of my mind, I was riddled with fears, wonders, and frenzy. Yet, there was one thing I needed to do to make my cut-short summer worthwhile — attend as many outdoor “Deadfests” as possible and dance my butt off as long and as hard as I could.

Despite the pressure of deadlines coming to a head, I managed to wrangle the time from my boss. I suddenly found myself, the following Tuesday afternoon, in the back seat of a Subaru pointed towards Saratoga, and I was primed up for what was to be a most memorable and exhilarating min-tour road trip.

Being an East-coaster, outdoor shows are hard to come by and never to be taken for granted. After multiple tens of indoor shows, all the arenas start to look alike, and you could be in Hartford, Philly or Landover and never know the difference. For West coast ‘Heads, outdoor shows are a given. I’ve heard glorious tales of the beauty and magic experienced at places like Red Rocks, The Greeks and The Frost, and I’ve always sought out the incredible “oneness” between the band, the crowd and the open sky.

Saratoga performing Arts Center is a beautiful park. The grounds reach far beyond the boundaries of any indoor show. There are so many places to romp around and explore — the whole night became an adventure to me. Even as the rain clouds rolled in overhead (I’m getting used to the fact that the odds are high that it will rain at almost any show I am at, no matter where on the map I may be), I went along feeling like “let’s just have fun with it.” And I did, dancing under a blanket with friends to “Row Jimmy” and “Masterpiece.”



©Brian Cullen

I found that the freedom to constantly change location brought uniqueness to each song during the night. Spinning around under the clouds, on the rain drenched lawn, I heard Brent and Jerry’s new tunes for the first time. I felt like this was the only place to be right now — wet, muddy, cold air and everything — it was all part of this movie we were all in. I was just grateful for the space to do my wildest gyrating Dead dance without worrying about endangering anyone’s life.

Drums and space never before sounded so eerie as the notes bounced off buildings and trees, sneaking up behind us no matter where in the park we were.

The Maine shows had their own set of attributes. Instead of grass and trees, there was lots of dirt and concrete, but once again, I was comforted by the sky above and the Big Dipper towering overhead — Maine just smelled so fresh!

No one seemed to care that the band repeated ten songs they performed at SPAC over the next three nights. It didn’t bother me as it might have just a few months back, like it did when Jerry sang “Black Peter” two shows in a row in Worcester. Jerry just sounded so much healthier, and the band as a whole played tighter and longer. Maybe they prefer the great outdoors too?!

Anyway, it was worth the 40 degree temperature drop, the miles-long trek to find the car, the traffic jam in New Hampshire, the rain in Saratoga...Just to do something special that a New York City Deadhead never gets to do. I appreciated these shows more than I can express. Maybe in the future the Dead will spend more time in the East in the summer.

And now that I’ve gotten all this out of my system for a while, I’m ready for the next big hoe down, nine nights back home again, inside Madison Square Garden. ◇

<b>Grateful Dead</b>			
"If you get confused just listen to the music play"			
DATE:	DOLBY <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO	BOARD AUD. RADIO	SEQ
RECORDED:	SET LIST →	SET LIST →	SET LIST →
SET LIST →	SET LIST →	SET LIST →	SET LIST →

Brian Cullen

### SPAC, SARATOGA, NY

JUNE 28, 1988  
 Hell In A Bucket>  
 Bertha  
 Walkin' Blues  
 Candy Man  
 Row Jimmy  
 Victim Or The Crime  
 Foolish Heart

Scarlet Begonias>  
 Fire On The Mountain>  
 Estimated Prophet>  
 Crazy Fingers>  
 Drums>Space>  
 I Will Take You Home>  
 GDTRFB>  
 I Need A Miracle>  
 Stella Blue>  
 Not Fade Away  
 \*Knockin' On Heaven's Door  
 17 Songs



**Dear Dr. Don:**

by Fred Winnebago, Jr.

What could possibly be wierder than a visit from Jerry and the Gang during a blissful somnambulistic stupor? Having a recurring Deadhead dream of course. Only the truth is stranger than fiction, so here you have it, my very own sleep time deja-vu.

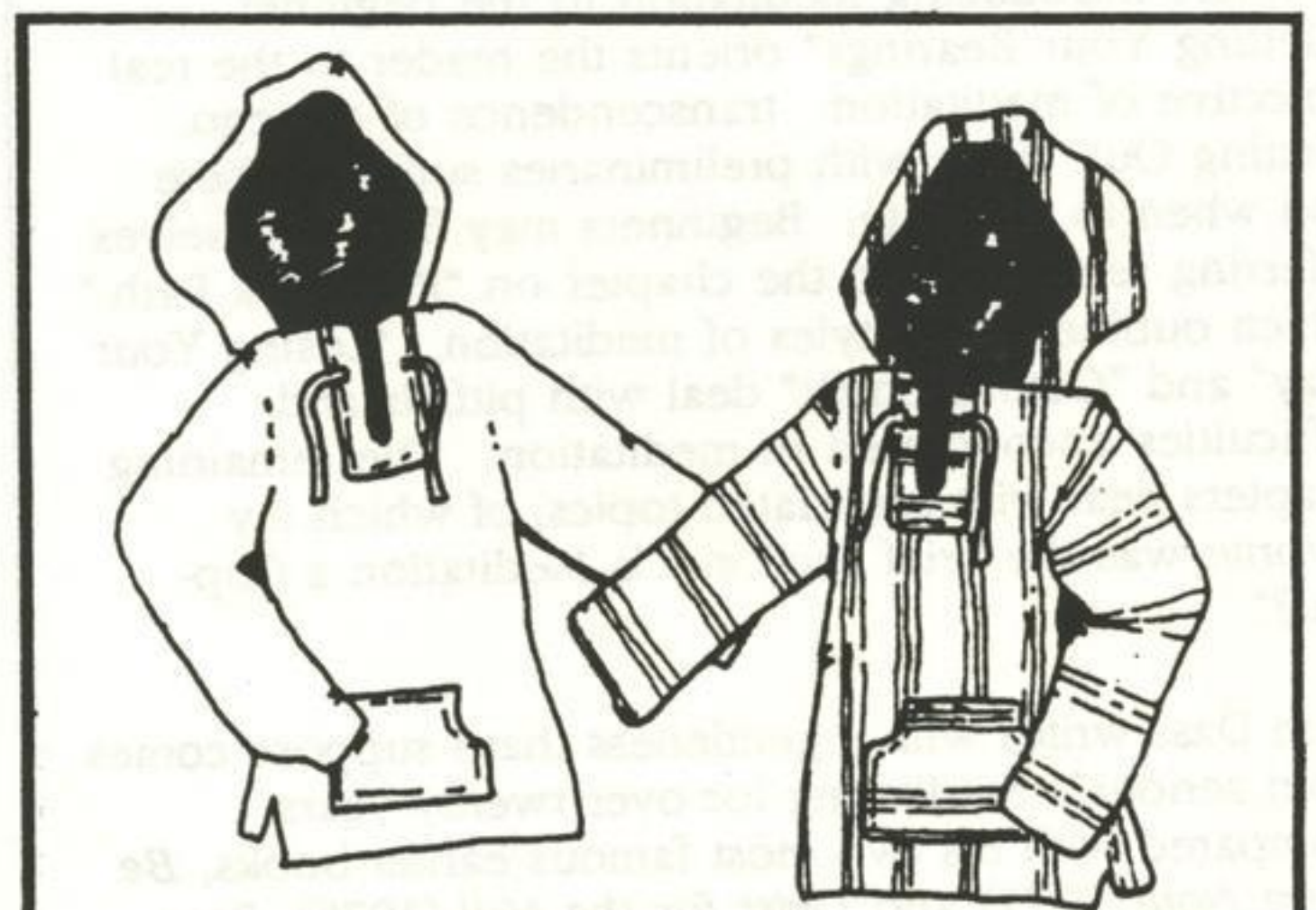
Boom — out of nowhere, I'm running frantically towards my old high school in the suburbs of New York City. But wait a minute. Something's very different. In place of my chemistry classroom wing, there's a church from which purple smoke is pouring out through the vents. I tear around the corner and breathlessly struggle to open the huge front door. The place is packed, and everyone is dancing wildly. I make my way through the crowd, and as I get to the front pew, I can finally see that it's (of course) the Grateful Dead up on stage playing a smoking version of Cream Puff War. But hold on. Everything here is very strange. First of all, the place smells like melted butter, and I immediately notice that under every beautiful stained glass window is a huge automatic pop-corn popper popping rainbow colored popcorn to the beat of the music. My eyes swing back to the stage, and I'm surprised to see that the band members are all playing acoustic instruments. Jerry and Bobby on acoustic guitars (both with clothing and hairstyles suggesting it was 1966); Billy on washboard; Keith is playing the gigantic church organ; and hey, wait just a minute, Donna Godchaux is playing standup bass, and she's wearing glasses and has short blonde hair.

By this time, they've started playing a soulful rendition of "Sing Me Back Home" (although the congregation is still dancing wildly, completely out of time as though its still "Cream Puff War"!?). Now, this is where it gets really strange — but, as Dr. Don said, "I shit you not, this is the way it went down" — up there, at center stage, singing the lead vocal, is Phil Lesh, only he's wearing Donna's dress, and he's got long blond hair down to his knees. He's holding a hanky in his hand and he's really crying hard as he sings, but no one seems to pay any attention as they continue dancing madly. I sit down in total disbelief and looking over my right shoulder, I see Pig Pen (in mirrored John Lennon glasses) doing chemistry experiments on a Bunsen burner. Before the dream fades into oblivion, I notice that all of the chemistry classroom lab tables are set up between the pews, and up behind the band at the pulpit is my high school chemistry teacher lecturing hopelessly away.

See you in the Rem mode. ◇



© Jennifer Dohanos



**MEXICAN BAJA SHIRTS**

\$11.00 Each - Postpaid

Sizes M,L,XL 100% Cotton

Colors: White, White with stripes, or blue with stripes

Springhouse Naturals

Box 27743-D

Philadelphia PA 19150

Write for our FREE 8-page catalog of natural fiber products !!!



**JOURNEY OF AWAKENING:  
A MEDITATOR'S GUIDEBOOK**

by Ram Dass

218 pp. text, plus 167 pp. directory  
Toronto: Bantam. Paperback, \$4.95

by Mark Koltko

People frequently recommend this book as an introduction to meditation. It may seem peculiar to review a book which is ten years old here, but *Journey of Awakening* is now in its tenth printing and appears to be gaining in popularity.

Ram Dass was born Richard Alpert in 1931. He was a successful psychology professor at Harvard University when he met Timothy Leary and became involved in Leary's psychedelic investigations. Disenchanted with the transience of his drug experiences, transcendently powerful as they were in revealing aspects of his mind and identity, Alpert went to India and learned much of meditation and the contemplative lifestyle which he (as Ram Dass) has shared with people in the West during the last two decades. Ram Dass was for three years the Chairman of the Seva Foundation, a service organization involved in a variety of health care projects in the third world.

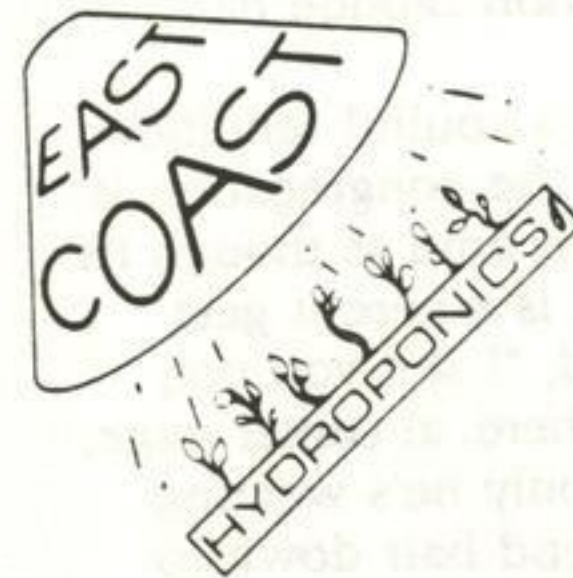
Part One of *Journey of Awakening* contains eight chapters introducing meditation to the beginner. "Getting Your Bearings" orients the reader to the real objective of meditation: transcendence of the ego. "Setting Out" deals with preliminaries such as where and when to meditate. Beginners may find themselves referring repeatedly to the chapter on "Picking a Path," which outlines nine styles of meditation. "Losing Your Way" and "Getting Stuck" deal with pitfalls and difficulties encountered in meditation. The remaining chapters deal with associated topics, of which my favorite was the brief section, "Is Meditation a Cop-out?"

Ram Dass writes with a gentleness that I suppose comes from seriously meditating for over twenty years. Compared with his two most famous earlier books, *Be Here Now* (1971) and *Grist for the Mill* (1976), Ram Dass is less autobiographical and more mellow. However, in no way does he compromise the essential character of meditation. He does not pretend that it is easy, that it will make you a Superior Ascended Master, or that it will bring you wealth, fame, friends, or straight teeth. He explains in plain terms what meditation has to offer: the opportunity to live more in balance, more aware of one's mind and the world around one, and ultimately the opportunity to recognize the unity of oneself and that world. "Why meditate? To live in the moment. To dwell in the harmony of things. To awaken," (p.5).

Ram Dass writes about mysticism without mystification, which is a real triumph in this field. He also avoids the opposite problem of reducing meditation to relaxation and "feeling good;" the reader recognizes that meditation is hard work. He is an adherent of Hinduism and uses a small amount of Hindu terminology, but he does not proselytize. I, not being a Hindu, had little problem reading him, although I found it necessary to pick and choose amongst the meditational paths he described to find which I was spiritually comfortable with. Such an approach, I think, Ram Dass would endorse.

Part One is liberally sprinkled (without being overwhelmed) by brief quotes from the world's literature on meditation (an example, from p.138: "Calmness of mind does not mean you should stop your activity. Real calmness should be found in activity itself." — S. Suzuki, *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind*).

Part Two is a directory of organizations which teach meditation or offer retreat centers in the U.S. and Canada. Caveat emptor, but I have been pleasantly surprised to find that many of these places are still there, or have expanded in the ten years since the directory was compiled. Note, however, that Ram Dass endorses none of these — it is simply a listing, and my "Buyer beware" should be taken seriously. ♦



**GROW YOUR OWN**

It's Easy!

**GROW AT HOME**

INDOOR GROW LIGHTS  
EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO GROW INDOORS  
CLOSETS & SPARE ROOMS OUR SPECIALTY  
Organic Fertilizers

**IT MAKES SENSE**

GROW PESTICIDE AND CHEMICAL FREE FOOD AND STUFF  
GROW YOUR OWN ORCHIDS  
GROW TOMATOES INDOORS  
FREE ADVICE ON SET UP

CALL FOR CATALOGUES  
**(718) 727-9300**

INDOOR / OUTDOOR  
**GROWING SUPPLIES**  
EAST COAST HYDROPONICS  
432 Castleton Avenue  
Staten Island, New York 10301





## Golden Gate Park — A Brief Review

by Al G. Badillion

On Saturday, July 16, there was a free show in Golden Gate Park. It was the closing event of the Walk for Freedom — a joint Soviet/American peace march that played across the country. It started with concerts in Russia two years ago. Santana played, and there was a lot of involvement by American Indians, feminists and everyone else you can imagine would be involved in a thing like this.

The opening acts on Saturday were a Japanese Reggae band, an American Indian band, and some Russian rock 'n roll, including this guy named Alexander Gretskey (I think), a voice coach for the Bolshoi Opera. He played "We Shall Overcome," and it sounded like Stalin's funeral dirge — Russian rock 'n roll has a long way to go. Alexander Gretskey (or whatever his name was) also played at the Greek. He came on, did one song, was completely blown away by the sound system and amplification (he'd never heard anything like it), and was reduced to tears. He sang a song about some Russian dissident who's rotting away in Siberia or something.

Finally, at about 1:30, the real deal began. It started with Paul Kantner playing a 12-string acoustic and Grace Slick playing her lungs. They did one of Paul's political songs which I heard him do before with Hot Tuna. Then they did "Wooden Ships," it blew me away. To see Grace Slick in Golden Gate Park at the bandshell, was a little bit exciting.

After that, Zero came out. Zero is one of these San Francisco bands that John Cippolina is involved in. The basic instruments are standard with John Cippolina on guitar and Martin Fiaro. I believe Fiaro is on at least one Dead album, and I think it's *Wake of the Flood*. They played for maybe half an hour including an amazing "Little Wing." Then they were joined by some friends: Mickey Hart, Merle Saunders and Jerry Garcia. They played three songs: I think it's called, "What'll We Do When We Get Home," (a song I heard for the first time at the Lunt Fontanne), "Knockin' On Heaven's Door," and closed with "Good Night, Irene." Of course, they got a rousing reception. They were quite good.

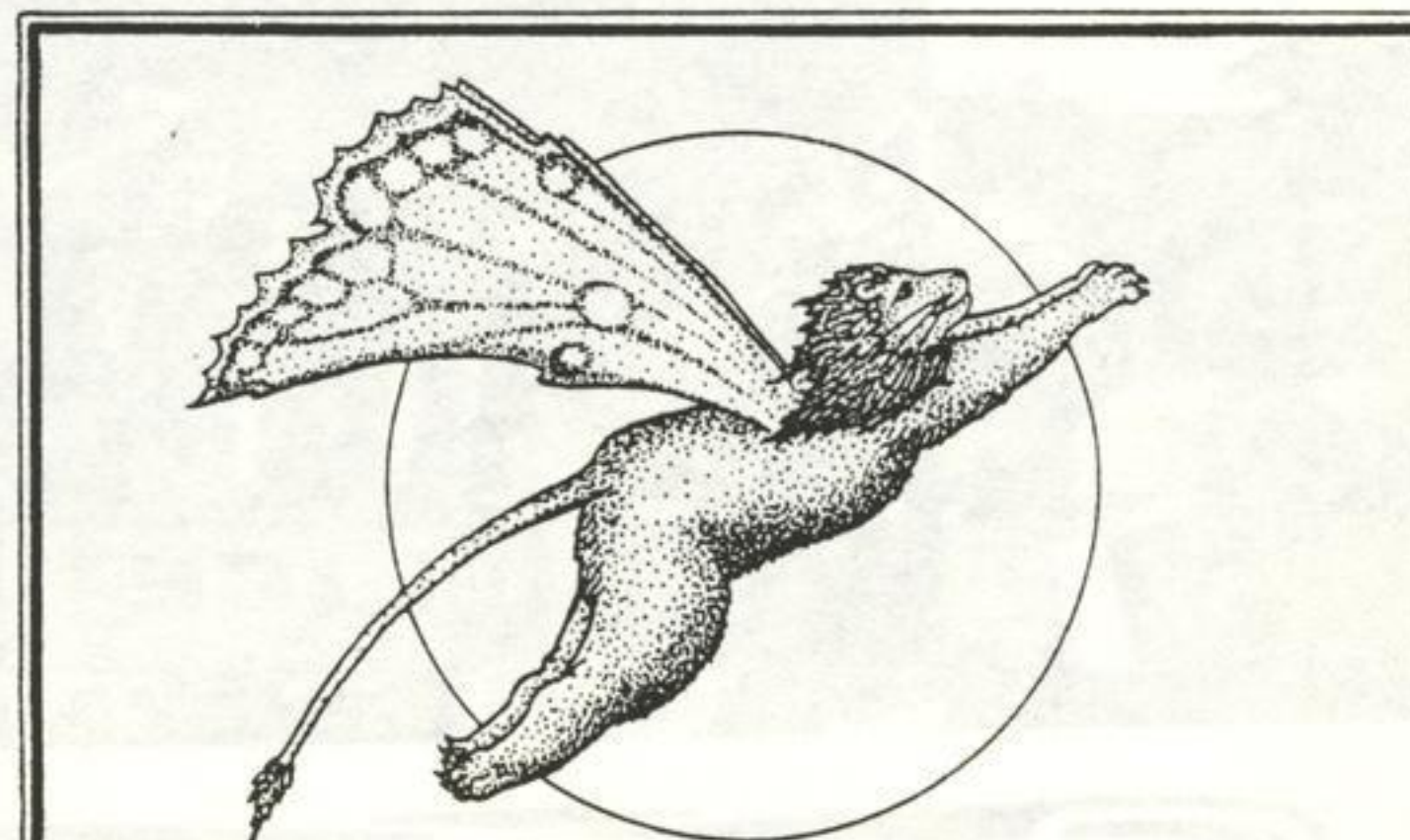
I know Zero played some more, but I don't know much about what happened after that. I think that Olatungi eventually played or joined Zero. Actually, Zero was joined by some other people, but I was leaving and a little bit lost.

There were, I would say, maybe 5,000 people (at the outside) in the park for the show. The bandshell is a beautiful little bandshell, but right close to it, within maybe 50 or 60 feet, is a ring of trees. So if you weren't in front of those trees, you really couldn't see. That's about where the sound board was, and behind that was the Calliope's, colors and clowns — you know, tee shirt



vendors, Greenpeace booth, this booth, that booth. There were nitrous tanks everywhere, people selling balloons for anywhere from \$1 to \$5 depending on the size of the balloon, and people picknicking on the grass behind the trees. Things are so laid back in San Francisco, no one really cares if they can see, as long as they can hear.

It was a beautiful, sunny day, and the price was right! A good time was had by all. I mean the Dead played "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" again that night at the Greek show. So we not only got to see "Knockin'" twice in one day, but Alexander Gretskey's song as well. ◇



### FLYING LION STUDIO

ILLUSTRATION · DESIGN (203) 259-1411  
67 STURGES HWY. ~ WESTPORT, CT. 06880



# Flashback!

by Dick Allgire

In 1970, I was a senior in high school and went to a Dead show with my friends at the Terrace Ballroom in Salt Lake City, Utah. This was a very small, intimate hall, with a very low (3 foot) stage, and we were right up close, less than 20 feet from Jerry Garcia. The band started with an acoustic set.

A few minutes into the first set, I realized that I had been dosed with something pretty potent, and I began having a difficult time of it — melting into the floor, hallucinating strange things off the tie-dyed amp covers, and generally losing it. I duked it out with myself for a few minutes and finally was overwhelmed by the urge to **FLEE!** I had to get out of the crowd and get a breath of fresh air, away from the music that was so intense, just **AWAY.** Since it was an acoustic set, we were all sitting, and as I raised up to climb out of the audience, I looked up and noticed Jerry Garcia looking right at me. Right in the eyes.

I knew immediately that he had seen that I was having a tough time of it. He walked forward a step or two and continued to look me right in the eyes, a friendly, loving, **KNOWING** gaze. I **FELT** him speaking to me through his eyes.

"It's alright," he told me telepathically. "I know what you're going through. I've been there, too. But it's alright, you're supposed to be that way. And with the

music you'll be just fine. Here listen to this..." And I sat down and had the most remarkable and memorable time of my life.

I've wondered about that moment in the 18 years since. Has anyone else experienced anything similar? Has Garcia ever discussed doing this? Does he do it consciously?

I swear, the man saw I was in trouble, singled me out and beamed a message to me that saved my sanity at the moment, and it affected my entire life.

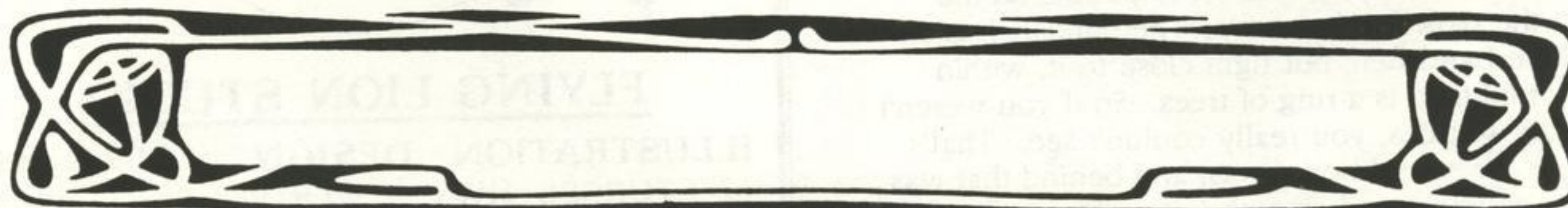
Since then, my friends and I have had a lot of "Jerry's playing my mind" (or "with" my mind) episodes — you know, points where his guitar launches off into space, or worms its way into your brain, or makes you break out in a great big grin. But those times are shared by all and are different from what happened to me in 1970 at the Terrace.

I really think he saw me freaking out, got my attention, and beamed me a one-on-one message. He reeled me in, sat me back down, and put me back together.

When I sat back down and relaxed, he smiled and nodded and turned back to the band and continued with the concert. ◇



© Ann Onymous





## Hot Tuna Revived

by Nick Morgan

Ooooooh — and what a night it was! The waning full moon bathing us in warmth as we made the familiar trip across San Francisco Bay, into the jeweled city. A car full of expectants (a little literary liberty) chattering away with excitement. In our hot little sweaty paws, four tickets to what was shaping up to be the big spring event — Hot Tuna at the re-opened Fillmore West. This most prestigious hall, back under the control of dear Mr. Graham, again known simply as The Fillmore. As usual, no sweat parking in Safeway; the usual panic of getting lost or being late subsiding. We nonchalantly ran down Fillmore Street past the ticket hungry crowds, into the familiar temple of musical delights.

As we entered, we felt the powerful energy of the crowd. Immediately, we knew something was up — the air was crackling with excitement — pulsing with the heartbeat of the well-aged San Francisco hippie scene. After our dash to the uncrowded bar, we ambled onto the equally uncrowded dance floor where we milled and joked with many a familiar face. Moments later, the lights dimmed, and the usual cheers began. Suddenly, a strange deep, alien, crackling voice descended on the unsuspecting crowd. Never one to miss an opportunity, our absentee host, Bill, was introducing tonight's line-up from afar through some miracle of electronics — once it sounded like he really was a 20th generation tape from the bathroom at Nassau Coliseum. Thanks, Bill — what would a night at The Fillmore be without you?

Without much ado, Jorma took a seat far right, Jack sat middle, and Paul Kantner sat left — what? An all acoustic Tuna Show, and they're all sitting? Will Jack really stay awake for the whole show? But there was no time for questions. For as the traditional Tuna opener, "I Know You Rider," came wafting over the PA, we knew we were in for a crisp night — Jorma sounded crisp and lovely and Jack, with a hollow-body acoustic bass, was stunningly rich, and Paul added fullness. The sound was complete, lush and cooking — within moments. My friends and I were exchanging winks and shakin' our feet — the sound was as great as any acoustic Tuna I've heard.

As the band progressed through "Hesitation Blues" and "Walkin' Blues," it seemed like we were going to get a really decent, but traditional show. But Paul's first number woke us up to the possibilities — the other side of this life, in this rich acoustic venue, complete with great jammin', was a blast from an era I never knew — something that really was the other side of my life. Charged by the daringness of that Airplane classic, I took a stroll though the sea of admirers. Another four traditional Tuna songs, and Paul went into one of his newer songs, "Nicaragua" though his voice was raspy from the endless butts he smokes, and his guitar playing wasn't the most stunning, the song was great — topical and meaningful — something that came from his heart. But as his song ended, the real magic began. Grace,

after all these years, joined the stage. Seated between Jack and Jorma, a sizzling version of "Wooden Ships" rocked the crowd — and did the crowd respond! There was so much juice in that room that we should've plugged into the grid and shut down a few Diablo Canyon's. It was simply out of control — Grace, Jack, Jorma and Paul just cooking away — filling the Fillmore with their stunning version of "Wooden Ships" — the magic of the moment just crackled — the old Fillmore didn't seem so old anymore.

Next, a hauntingly beautiful "Third Week in Chelsea," unlike any I've heard, mellowed the audience. There was such real emotion in Jorma and Grace's voices as they took us with them through the annals of their past — "what is going to happen now is anybody's guess...if I can't find myself with love, I guess I need a rest..." Oh yes, even Papa John joined them for "Third Week" — yes — we were really there now, with the exception of Marty Balin and Spencer Dryden, neither of whom were too severely missed — this was the J.A. — all acoustical at the Fillmore — and they were cooking! After those two numbers, Grace split and left the boys to rock on out, under the tutelage of that fine old rocker, Papa J. (sure looked like he needed a rocker, or like he would tumble over any moment). Yup, Papa J. was rockin' on out — all the way through the end of the first set — keep on truckin. Wow — what a first hour.

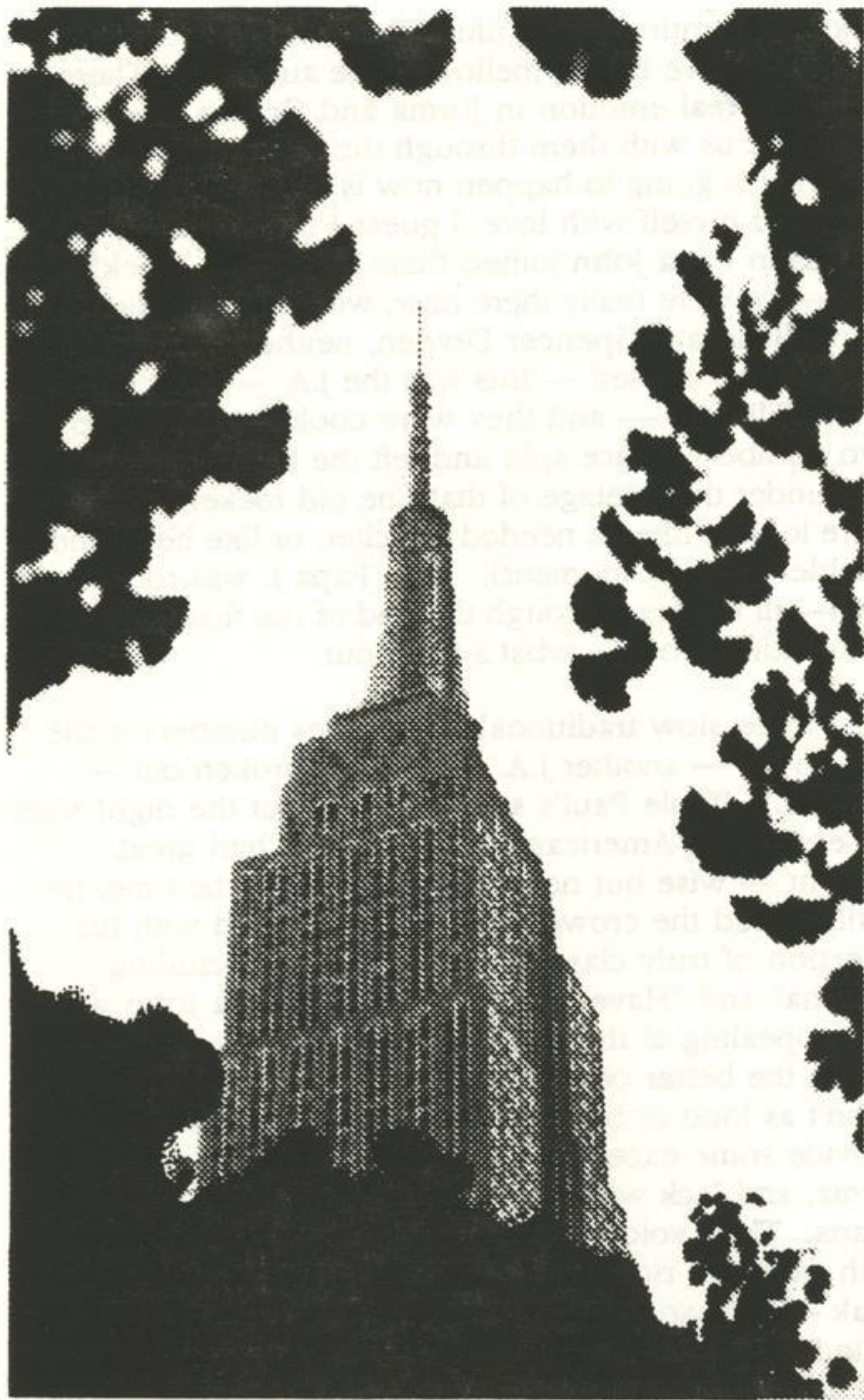
After three slow traditional Tuna blues numbers is the second set — another J.A. classic was broken out — "Martha." While Paul's songs throughout the night were either Central American ballads, which had great content — wise but not so entertaining at the time, he really juiced the crowd more than expected with his selection of truly classic J.A. favorites — including "Martha" and "Have You Seen Stars." Papa John was less appealing at the time — it seemed that time had gotten the better of his skills — but in retrospect he wasn't as loud or boring as we all thought, and he did provide some excellent fill. But in the end it was Grace, Jorma, and Jack who brought the real magic to our hearts. Their voices were rich, Jack's bass was booming with exquisite richness, and Jorma was clearly at his peak — weaving intricate melodies gracefully among the elated crowd. Three hours later (after the Tuna heads got all the "Mann's Fate," "Watersong," "Good Shepherd," Will Scarlet, Papa John, "Third Week," Volunteer's," etc. out of their systems), we hugged and shook our heads — wow — HOT FUCKIN' TUNA AT THE FILLMORE — WHAT A TREAT — "Have You Seen The Starts Tonight? Would you like to go up on a deck with me, and take a good look at them....with me???" ♦



© Ann Onymous



# DEADHEADS



©Brian Cullen

# NEW YORK DEAD

"Real original, huh"?



© Ann Onymous

During the nine-show stay that Deadheads will have in September, we (DDN) are planning to distribute on the first couple of nights a guide for things to do and places to go within the NYC area. Also included will be places to avoid. This Guide will:

- Indicate places to go during the day
  - Places to go after the show
  - Places to eat
  - Parks
  - Museums
  - Galleries
- 
- And how to get there safely by public transportation.

Let's face it, the Garden shows are always hot, but the area around it is **NOT**. Try to keep away until a couple of hours before showtime. There isn't a parking lot, and you may leave yourself open to some shady characters. Don't buy any drugs or bridges...

Also, try to understand that the Cops, having fulfilled their civic duty to protect us, have voluntarily missed these shows and have donated the proceeds of their tickets to the *Cadets For A Better Space Society*, a subdivision of **DEADS** — *Deadheads Eagerly Awaiting Dark Star*. This Society deals with disorders associated with TWS (Tour Withdrawal Syndrome). So be nice to Cops. Give them space and understand how it feels to be shut out of a hot show...

Welcome to the People's Republic of New York...The Capital of the World...Birthplace of Mickey Hart...

Brian Cullen



The following letter is from the members of The Grateful Dead. It is something special they want to say to all of us. DDN has volunteered to help bring this message out to the people. Please take the time to read it, think about it, and see what you can do to help. It's really important, for all of us!



### Message to Deadheads:

"When life looks like easy street, there's danger at your door." Too true. The Grateful Dead has an ugly, dangerous problem at its door. A situation bad enough to put our future as a touring band in doubt. Part of our audience — a small part, but that's all it takes — is making us unwelcome at show site after show site with insensitive behavior, flagrant consumption of illegal substances (including alcohol), littering and general disturbances of the environment.

We didn't invent Deadheads, you created yourselves. What you came up with has been, generally, the best audience around; supportive, civil and hip to the realities of America in the late 20th Century — in other words, a crowd that treats police, local security, neighboring folks and businesses like people. But the expansion of the Deadhead world on the heels of our recent successes means that there are people out there who don't understand the traditions, and that are ruining it for everybody, including us.

More security and more rules aren't the answer. You guys know what riteous behavior is about. Because you created your scene, it's up to you to preserve it. That means talking with each other and us about how to improve things. There will be a Grateful Dead information booth in the vending area at some of the shows on this tour. Stop by and talk with our folks there, or write us at: GD-SOS, Box 1260, San Rafael, CA 94915, or DDN-SOS, P.O. Box 3603, New York, NY 10185. Together, we can make it better! ...Remember, only you can prevent this trip from becoming a drag.

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

6/88



Okay folks — let's help the band and help ourselves. We all know what's going on out there. But does anyone believe the Dead will really be unable to play at any venues? That the GD will be banned from touring? Well, it is very true and closer than you think. If you really love the band and all they bring into our world, then show it to them, and stop the destruction of their way of life.

We all know when we're doing something wrong; when we take part in breaking down gates fences, and doors at venues; when we don't pick up the bottles, cans, whippets, and other trash we've created and throw it in a garbage can; when we don't show that we love and respect the earth as a planet and the people who live in the areas surrounding the venues.

Having grown up in America, most of us take for granted the freedom we have. Elsewhere on this planet, the Grateful Dead might never have been. We are very lucky that we as Deadheads are able to travel all over the United States without many hassles from the local authorities for the "way we live" or the things we believe. But just as we have rights, so do the people, neighborhoods, and cities we inhabit when on tour. It's a two-way street. You wouldn't want people coming to your house, having a wild trashed out party and then leaving without helping you clean up.

This Deadhead trip used to have a deep sense of community. Everyone looking out for everyone else — you know, "love, peace and happiness for all." Well, we haven't changed that much. We've just gotten bigger. And because the world seems more concerned with "me" than "us," doesn't mean we have to be that way, too.

So let's start showing the stuff we're made of!  
Thanx, Sally

**Computerized biorythms by month.  
Get 12 months for just \$10.  
Write: DDN-Biorythm  
Box 3603, NYC 10185  
send money order and date of birth.**





**THE GRATEFUL DEAD SOLAR ECLIPSE CONCERT  
— IDEA**

With the trip to Egypt in 1978 to play the Great Pyramids, the Grateful Dead demonstrated their willingness to go to great lengths to perform at alchemically charged locations, places with high levels of natural and spiritual power.

On July 11, 1990, a seven minute total solar eclipse will occur over the Hawaiian islands of Maui and Hawaii. I think it would be a good idea to **start channeling some energy toward getting the Dead to come over and play during the eclipse.** A total eclipse of the sun is one of the most powerful events in nature. Many cultures still worship it, believing it to be a moment of great magic. Friends who saw one a few years ago in the northwest United States say it was a real mind blower.

Can you imagine the Grateful Dead flowing into Dark Star, outdoors in Paradise, while the sun goes black? Sort of boggles the mind, doesn't it?

The Big Island of Hawaii lies smack dab in the azimuth of the total eclipse, and that island has the added attraction of Kilauea volcano, which has been actively erupting for some time now. It just entered the 49th phase of its current eruption and according to the scientists at the Volcano Observatory, shows every sign of going strong for quite a while.

The Dead have not played Hawaii in recent years, because they prefer using their own sound system, and shipping it over to Hawaii is simply too expensive. Hawaii promoter Ken Rosene says he would love to have them here. Maybe it'll all come together for the eclipse.

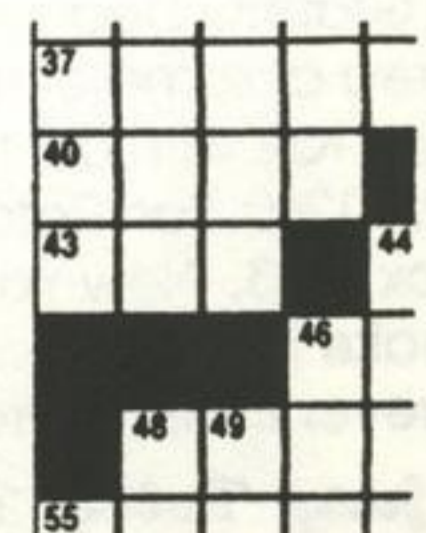
Like I say, I'm just planting seeds, but **let's all start thinking about THE GRATEFUL DEAD SOLAR ECLIPSE CONCERT. July 11, 1990.**

See you there.  
Dick Allgire  
Honolulu, Hawaii

Once In A While, You Get Shown The Light, In The Strangest of Places, If You Look At It Right.

- G.W.  
 46 Rainbow  
 47 Family member  
 48 Stacy Keach TV role  
 55 Chili spice

- 1 Mimi's mate  
 2 Cézanne's "Boy in Vest"  
 3 O'Hara home  
 4 Rosebud, for one  
 5 With agility  
 6 "Camelot" composer  
 7 Actor in "The



New York Times 7-26-88

*continued from previous page*

- There was great news from Maine. To begin with, there were only 2 (two) people arrested out of 25-30,000+ people. The entire area surrounding the venue was left in "pretty good shape" considering the number of people. And the town in Maine was so pleased with the "quality and caring" of the crowd that word is the Dead are welcome back anytime. Where as The Monsters of Rock 'n Roll, heavy metal bands touring the East over the last month, "shall never set foot in our town, if we have anything to do with it!" -- said one of the members of the Town Council. Even the Police were delighted with the "level of cooperation" they received. **KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!!!**
- The new album is due out in March/April '89. It's supposed to be a studio album. They've already played five tunes from it.
- The information booths the Grateful Dead set up at some of the East Coast shows with members of the Dead organization went very well and created some two-way communication resulting in some good suggestions on "how to make things better." Also, please keep those letters coming.
- Garcia is working on the remaining tracks of a Garcia Band Live album, with cuts from some of his latest shows and of course Lunt Fontaine on Broadway. Garcia Band might be playing a show at Eel River again this August.
- As we know, the Dead are planning 9 nights at Madison Square Garden in NYC in Sept. Well, word is that the last show is going to be a benefit for the Rainforrest and Greenpeace. There will be special guests such as Niel Young and Eric Clapton. We also hear that tickets will be higher for the benefit. We'll keep you posted as more news breaks.
- On September 10, 1988, Bill Graham will be presenting The Relix 15th Anniversary Party at The Fillmore (1805 Geary at Fillmore). It's going to be a really hot party!! We suggest if you can't be at The Garden in NYC, that you be there! The guest list so far is The Dinosaurs, The Commander Cody Band, New Riders of the Purple Sage and SPECIAL GUESTS. For information on tickets, call 415-922-FILL or the Relix Hotline 718-692-1986.



**Grateful Dead donates \$2,000 to Lake Geneva**  
*from The Milwaukee Journal — July 24, 1988*

**Lake Geneva, Wis** — AP — The Lake Geneva Rotary Club's Farm Drought Relief Fund got its first contribution from an unlikely source — the Grateful Dead.

On June 29, Lake Geneva Mayor Spyro Condos sent a bill for \$1,200 to Alpine Valley Music Theatre for his city's extra police costs. The mayor said 60,000 people were attracted to the area by the concerts, and he had to assign extra officers to patrol the area.

In response to his request that Alpine help pay for the extra costs, the band sent to the city two checks totalling \$2,000, Condos said Monday.

The contributions included \$500 for the Police Department reserve fund and \$1,500 for the Rotary Club's fund to help area farmers get livestock feed, he said.

Condos presented the \$1,500 check to Rotary officials Monday night, during the club's benefit concert by Woody Herman's Young Thundering Herd. Dave Tasse of the Rotary Club said Tuesday that exact figures were not available, but that the benefit attracted several hundred people and raised several thousand dollars for the fund...

The fund will finance free transportation for feed and grain that farmers will purchase from brokers in the West...

---

**A Dead Giveaway**

*a clip from a local Mass. newspaper*

Last April, the city of Hartford let fans of the Grateful Dead camp out in a local park, and lived to regret it. After the Dead held a concert, residents of the Bushnell Park area accused the campers of leaving the place a shambles. But word got back to the Dead, who recently sent the city a donation of \$2,500 to help spruce up the park. They also sent a letter, which read:

"We're sorry for any difficulty...We enjoy playing in Hartford and recognize that a great deal of work and planning must go into accomodating our fans."

---

We are interested in information regarding all radio and television broadcasts that would be of interest to our readers. Also, please send us your local newsclipping on any Dead-related topics.

---

**A Special Note of Thanks!**

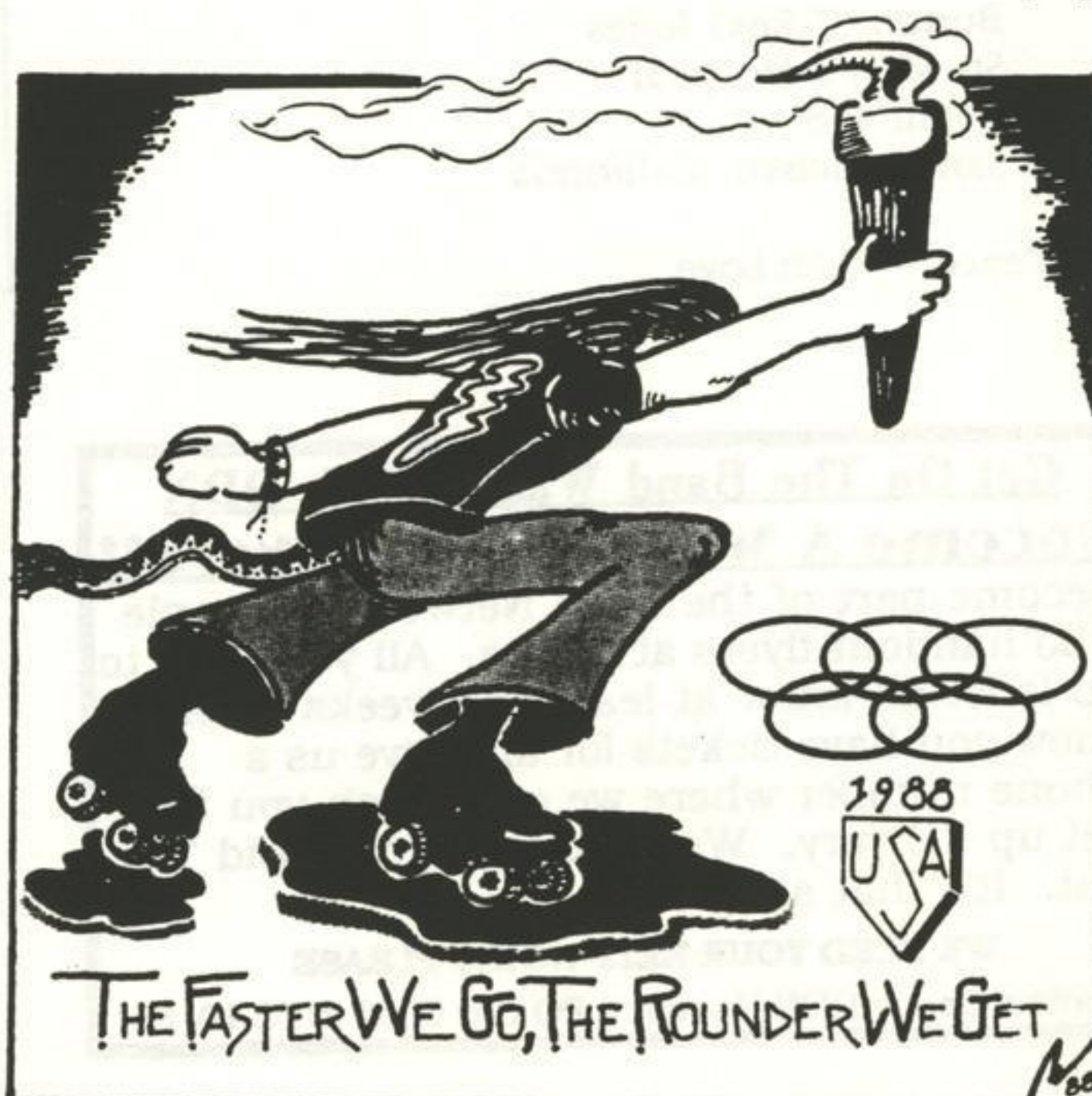
Hey now — Dead Family and Friends:

After the Irvine shows, one of our Dead family — T-Rex — was seriously injured in a car accident. Not being from Southern California, he was really in a bad situation. But Deadheads will be Deadheads. When our Dead-sister, Shirley, and her husband, John, found out about T-Rex, she started to make miracles. Shirley contacted a wonderful Dead-brother who donates his time and energies on a weekly basis to bring us "Thursday Lunch, a 2-hour weekly Dead program. His name is Bob Young. It was through his efforts and caring that other Southern California Deadheads were notified about T-Rex. And did they respond! The "T-Rex Fund" to cover expenses has grown, and T-Rex even had visitors. Most important was that T-Rex knew he wasn't alone. He had family and friends and that has helped his condition to improve.

Meanwhile, Shirley kept making miracles. Although T-Rex is still paralyzed from the waist down, I am delighted to report that through Shirley's efforts, T-Rex has been flown back to the San Francisco area to St. Mary's Hospital. Shirley arranged the transportation, ambulances, air ambulance, etc. She convinced almost everyone to donate their services, too. So, as of July 1, 1988, T-Rex was back up North. And when the chips were down because of red tape, even Fountain Valley Hospital got involved. They cleared the way through the red tape and offered financial assistance to help get T-Rex back home.

To all my brothers and sisters who lent a hand or sent their energies, you have my deepest thanks and my love for caring and helping T-Rex. To Debra and the

*continued on next page*







### A Special Note of Thanks!

*continued from previous page*

wonderful staff at Fountain Valley Hospital, Bob Young, the ambulance drivers, attendants, and our pilot — I cannot find the words to express my gratitude for all you did. You all hung in there with us until the way was clear — “troopers” one and all. Thank you so very much. I’ll never forget you.

As Bobby always reminds us, “We are on our own.” Well, we’ve been shown in this crisis how we must respond when someone needs some help. It doesn’t matter whether it’s friend or stranger, we are all family. We just haven’t taken the time to get acquainted yet. We must help one another when needed. And it’s a funny thing, because when we do, others see our efforts and respond. All of which spreads more love and caring, and so it grows. Just ask T-Rex!

And a reminder to the rest of you, T-Rex is still in St. Mary’s Hospital, and he can use some good energy and/or cards, letters, etc. I’m anxiously waiting to see T-Rex shaking his bones at a concert reel soon. I don’t have the full address, but you can contact T-Rex as follows:

Burton (T-Rex) Jones  
St. Mary’s Hospital  
Room 458  
San Francisco, California

Go in Peace — with Love,

BJ

### DEAD AHEAD - '88

These are TENTATIVE - UNCONFIRMED dates. Please do not call the Dead office for confirmation.  
\* = confirmed

- August 26 Tacoma Dome, Washington w/Santana\*
  - August 28 Autzen Stadium, Eugene, OR w/Jimmy Cliff & Robert Cray Band\*
  - September 2,3,5,6 Capital Center, Landover, MD\*
  - September 8,9,11,12 Philly Spectrum\*
  - September 14,15,16,18,19,20,22,23,24 Madison Square Garden, NYC\*
  - September 30, October 1,2 Shoreline Amphitheatre, CA\*
  - NOT CONFIRMED**
  - September 24 Madison Square Garden, NYC
  - October 7-31 Miami, Tampa, Gainesville, Jacksonville-Florida  
Birmingham, Alabama, Louisiana and 2 shows in Texas at  
Houston and Manor Downs, Austin
  - October 16 River Front Arena, New Orleans
  - October 31 Austin, TX - Halloween show
  - November 11,12,13 Long Beach, CA
  - December 29,30,31 Oakland, CA
  - February 1989 Kaiser
  - 1989 Colorado??
- Please don't contact the Dead office or any specific venue regarding anything to do with the band. It hurts us all in the long run -- like the band doesn't get to play!

### Paraquat Is Sprayed on Marijuana in Texas *a clip from a local Texas newspaper*

WHEELER, Tex., July 19 (AP) — Officials sprayed the herbicide paraquat today to destroy marijuana on 16 acres of private land, an escalation in the Federal drug war that environmentalists claim poses danger to humans and animals.

A Drug Enforcement Administration agent supervised spraying of a remote area about 100 miles Northeast of Amarillo.

“This is the first time that the D.E.A. has been involved in a spray” on private land, said Phil Jordan, a Dallas-based supervisor for the agency...

The authorities sprayed paraquat on about 50,000 marijuana plants growing wild on six private tracts, Mr. Miller said. The spraying was done from four-wheel-drive vehicles, not aircraft, **to protect the environment**, Mr. Jordan said.

Hank Graddy, national chairman of the Sierra Club’s agricultural committee, said spraying paraquat is risky even when done manually.

The Sierra Club, a private environmental group, maintains that spraying paraquat is dangerous to humans and animals in the vicinity.

### **Get On The Band Wagon With DDN Become A Working Class Hero!!**

Become part of the DDN Network of people who handout flyers at shows. All you need to do is let us know at least two weeks before a show you have tickets for and give us a phone number where we can reach you to set up delivery. We send ‘em, you hand ‘em out. It’s that simple.

**WE NEED YOUR HELP NOW!!! PLEASE**

Contact us at: DDN Handout, PO Box 3603, NYC 10185



## Deadlines...

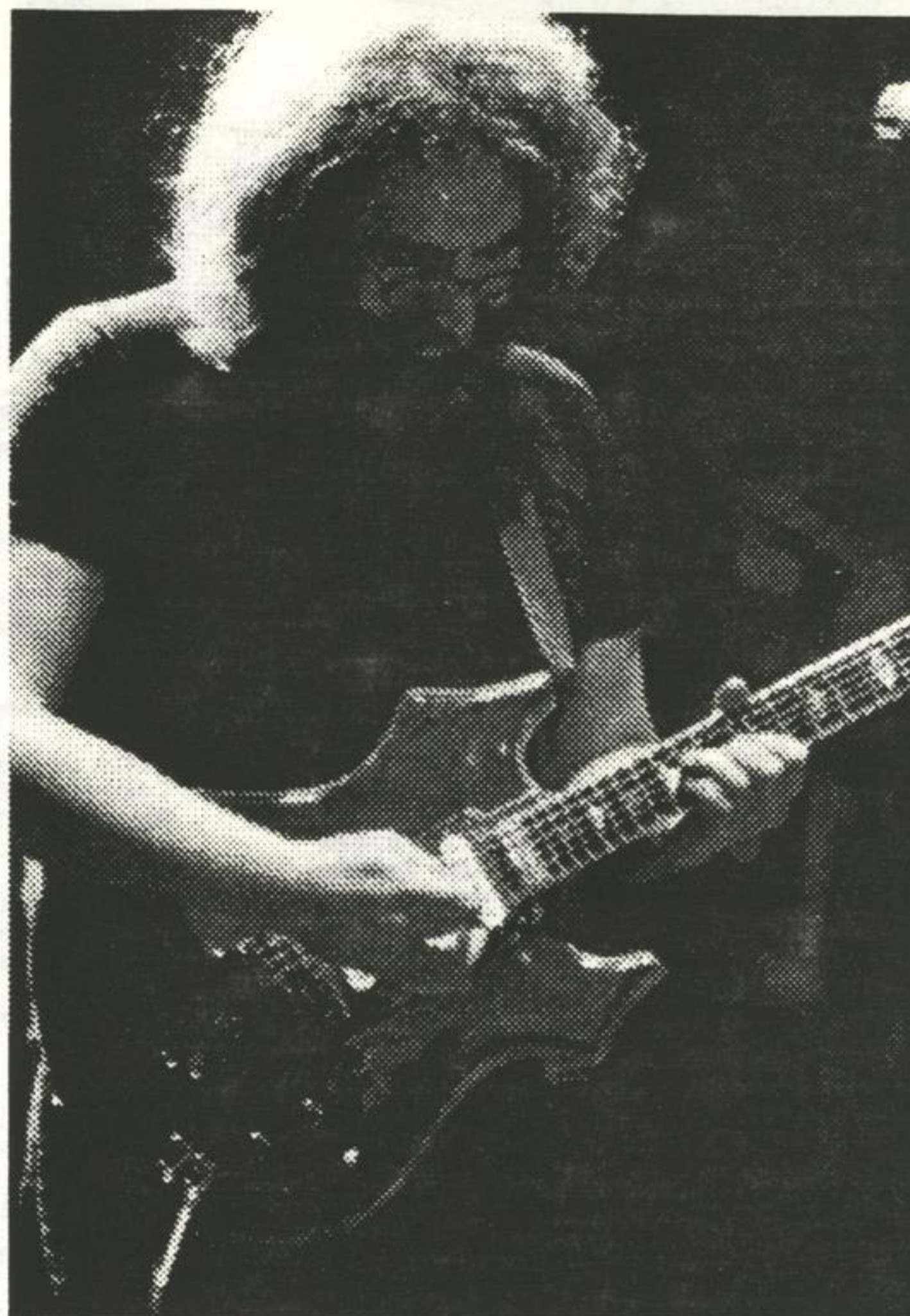
by Brian Cullen

The Dead have never been known to be real vocal with "bits of wisdom" from the stage, but when this exchange does happen it's worth noting. Following are lines from shows that have made their way onto tapes; some versions are edited, others aren't. Some of these lines can be found on more than one show; if they appear on other tapes besides the ones listed, cool... Drop me a line at DDN-Deadlines, if you have any others not listed here and we'll list them in the next issue...

1. At what show does Bob "send this set out to all you lovers of the key of E?"
2. At what show during "Sunshine Daydream" does Bob compare the traditional beliefs of Pygmies who believe that the conscious state is itself the dream state?
3. At what show does a guest band claim: "We're grateful for the Grateful Dead," and who was that band?
4. At what show does Jerry say: "We have a little bit of technical preparation; Mickey has to get his gongs all together; we're gonna play 'Dark Star'. There will be a minute or two of respectful silence as Mickey fiddles aimlessly around the stage"?
5. At what show do Bob and Phil tell a Deadhead: "Listen to the dude, man...Get down from there...We're waiting for you to get down, man..."?
6. Before what song, during the Europe '72 Tour, did Phil occasionally say: "I think it's time to issue the call"?
7. During the same time period, just before what song did Bob tell us: "This song rose straight to the top of the charts in Turlock, California"?
8. At what show did Jerry say: "Relax man, everything is going to be alright. Nobody's making us quit, although we'd like to warm up a little. You don't mind, do you?"
9. At what show did Jerry say: "We're going to do a slow number now, it's a fox-trot and it's also ladies choice"? And what song(s)?
10. At what festival, during the Dead's set, did Neal Cassidy tell the crowd that there was not only a left and right coast but a third coast as well?

1. Fox Theatre — St. Louis 12-10-71
2. Merrifether Post Pavillion — Columbia, Maryland 6-20-83
3. Fillmore East 9-20-71, The Beach Boys
4. Capital Theatre — Fort Chester 6-24-70
5. Saratoga Performing Arts Center — 6-18-83
6. Truckin'
7. Truckin'
8. Luxembourg, West Germany 5-28-72
9. Avalon Ballroom 10-11-68, "Dark Star">St. Stephen>The Eleven>Death Don't Have No Mercy"
10. Woodstock 8-16-69

ANSWERZ



© Ann Onymous

### Grateful Dead Hotline Numbers

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

### **\*\*ATTENTION READERS\*\***

DDN is hereby requesting input from concerned readers regarding the areas of conversation to be discussed at length in future mailer issues. Stand up and be heard!

We want to know what your feelings are about:

- A) The Concert Vending Scene -- what's good, bad, what we can do, what the Dead can do, etc.
- B) The Ticket Problem -- suggestions, thoughts, etc.
- C) Vandalism -- what we can do
- D) Any other topic you choose.

**Write us: DDN, Box 3603, NYC 10185**



# Grateful Dead

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



RECORDED: \_\_\_\_\_

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

DOLBY YES  NO

BOARD AUD. RADIO

SEQ \_\_\_\_\_

SET LIST →

SET LIST →

SET LIST →

SET LIST →



© JENNIFER DOHANOS '86

**MET CENTER, MN**  
 JUNE 17, 1988

Hell In A Bucket  
 Sugaree  
 New Minglewood Blues  
 Row Jimmy  
 Far From Me  
 When I Paint My Masterpiece  
 Althea  
 Victim Or The Crime

China Cat Sunflower>  
 I Know You Rider  
 Estimated Prophet>  
 Eyes of the World>  
 Drums>Space>  
 The Wheel>  
 Gimme Some Lovin'>  
 All Along The Watchtower>  
 Black Peter>  
 Turn On Your Lovelight  
 \*Black Muddy River  
 18 Songs

**ALPINE VALLEY, EAST TROY, WISCONSIN**  
 JUNE 19, 1988

Mississippi Half Step  
 Feel Like A Stranger  
 Never Trust A Woman  
 Ramble On Rose  
 Little Red Rooster  
 Bird Song  
 Promised Land

Foolish Heart\*\*(Jerry)>  
 Playin' In The Band>  
 Uncle John's Band>  
 Jam>Drums>Space>  
 GDTRFB>  
 I Need A Miracle>  
 Dear Mr. Fantasy>  
 Throwing Stones>  
 Not Fade Away  
 \*Knockin' On Heaven's  
 Door  
 16 Songs

\*Encore  
 \*\*New Song

JUNE 20, 1988

Jack Straw  
 Box of Rain  
 West LA Fade Away  
 Stuck Inside of Mobile  
 With The Memphis  
 Blues Again  
 Loser  
 Cassidy  
 Don't Ease Me In

Victim Or The Crime  
 Cumberland Blues  
 Blow Away\*\*(Brent)  
 Ship of Fools>  
 Truckin'>  
 Terrapin Station>  
 Drums>Space>  
 The Other One>  
 Wharf Rat>  
 Around 'n Around  
 Good Lovin'  
 \*U.S. Blues  
 17 Songs

JUNE 22, 1988

Let The Good Times Roll  
 Hell In A Bucket  
 Candyman  
 Walkin' Blues  
 When Push Comes  
 To Shove  
 Queen Jane Approx.  
 Tennessee Jed  
 Let It Grow

Foolish Heart  
 Looks Like Rain>  
 Scarlet Begonias>  
 I Will Take You Home\*\*  
 (Brent)>  
 Drums>Space>  
 The Wheel>  
 Stella Blue>  
 Turn On Your Lovelight  
 \*Quinn The Eskimo  
 16 Songs

JUNE 23, 1988

Iko Iko  
 New Minglewood Blues  
 Must've Been The Roses  
 Me & My Uncle>  
 Mexicali Blues  
 Stagger Lee  
 When I Paint My Masterpiece  
 Bird Song>  
 Promised Land

Hey Pocky Way  
 Believe It Or Not\*\*(Jerry)  
 Man Smart Woman Smarter  
 He's Gone>  
 Drums>Space>  
 I Need A Miracle>  
 Gimme Some Lovin'>  
 All Along The Watchtower  
 Morning Dew  
 \*Black Bird (with Bobby  
 on acoustic)  
 \*Brokedown Palace  
 19 Songs

**BUCKEYE LAKE, OH**  
 JUNE 25, 1988

Feel Like A Stranger>  
 Franklin's Tower  
 Box of Rain  
 Sugaree>  
 Stuck Inside of Mobile with  
 The Memphis Blues Again\*\*\*  
 West LA Fade Away  
 Cassidy  
 Deal

Victim Or The Crime  
 Blow Away  
 Foolish Heart>  
 Terrapin Station>  
 Drums>Space>  
 The Other One>  
 Wharf Rat>  
 Throwing Stones>  
 Not Fade Away  
 \*Knockin' On Heaven's Door  
 17 Songs  
 \*\*\*Bruce Hornsby on Accordion

**PITTSBURGH, PA**  
 JUNE 26, 1988

Mississippi Half Step  
 Little Red Rooster  
 When Push Comes To Shove  
 Momma Tried>  
 Big River>  
 Cumberland Blues>  
 Gentlemen, Start Your  
 Engines\*\*(Brent)  
 Big Railroad Blues  
 Music Never Stopped

Touch of Grey  
 Playin' In The Band>  
 Uncle John's Band>  
 Drums>Space>  
 Dear Mr. Fantasy>  
 Hey Jude Reprise>  
 Black Peter>  
 Turn On Your Lovelight  
 \*Black Muddy River  
 17 Songs

**IRVINE MEADOWS, LAGUNA HILLS, CA**

APRIL 22, 1988

Mississippi Half Step>  
 Feel Like A Stranger>  
 Franklin's Tower  
 New Minglewood Blues  
 Candyman  
 Queen Jane Approximately  
 When Push Comes To Shove>  
 Let It Grow

China Cat Sunflower>  
 I Know You Rider  
 Louie, Louie  
 Estimated Prophet>  
 He's Gone>  
 Drums>Space>  
 The Wheel>  
 Gimme Some Lovin'>  
 All Along The Watchtower>  
 Sugar Magnolia  
 \*Black Muddy River  
 18 Songs

APRIL 23, 1988

Hell In A Bucket  
 cold Rain & Snow  
 Hey Pocky Way  
 West LA Fade Away  
 Me & My Uncle>  
 Big River  
 To Lay Me Down  
 Cassidy>  
 Don't Ease Me In

Playin' In The Band>  
 Crazy Fingers>  
 Uncle John's Band>  
 Drums>Space>  
 GDTRFB>  
 I Need A Miracle>  
 Dear Mr. Fantasy>  
 Hey Jude Reprise>  
 Stella Blue>  
 Turn On Your Lovelight  
 \*Knockin' On Heaven's Door  
 19 Songs

APRIL 24, 1988

Touch of Grey  
 Little Red Rooster  
 Row Jimmy  
 Far From Me  
 When I Paint My  
 Masterpiece  
 Bird Song  
 Promised Land

Box of Rain  
 Sampson & Delilah  
 Iko Iko  
 Looks Like Rain>  
 Terrapin Station>  
 Drums>Space>  
 The Other One>  
 Wharf Rat>  
 Throwing Stones>  
 Not Fade Away  
 \*Quinn The Eskimo  
 17 Songs

**OXFORD PLAINS SPEEDWAY, MAINE**  
 JULY 2, 1988

Iko Iko  
 Jack Straw  
 West LA Fade Away  
 (conversation w/audience)  
 Stuck Inside Of Mobile with  
 Those Memphis Blues Again  
 Row Jimmy  
 Blow Away  
 Victim Or The Crime  
 Foolish Heart

Crazy Fingers>  
 Playin' In The Band>  
 Uncle John's Band>  
 Terrapin Station>  
 Drums>Space>  
 The Wheel>  
 Gimme Some Lovin'>  
 All Along The Watchtower>  
 Morning Dew>  
 Sugar Magnolia  
 \*Quinn The Eskimo  
 18 Songs

JULY 3, 1988

Hell In A Bucket>  
 Sugaree  
 Walkin' Blues>  
 Tennessee Jed  
 Queen Jane Approximately  
 Bird Song

Touch of Grey  
 Hey Pocky Way  
 Looks Like Rain>  
 Estimated Prophet>  
 Eyes of the World>  
 I Will Take You Home>  
 Drums>Space>  
 GDTRFB>  
 I Need A Miracle>  
 Dear Mr. Fantasy>  
 Hey Jude Reprise>  
 \*Not Fade Away...  
 17 Songs

**JERRY & THE BLACK MOUNTAIN BOYS**  
 COTATI CABERET, CA, JULY 7, 1988

**Early Show**

Blue Yodel  
 If Trouble Don't Kill Me  
 Two Soldiers  
 Spike Driver  
 I've Been All Around This World  
 They Have All Gone Home  
 Diamond Joe  
 Rosalie McFall  
 Deep Elum Blues

**Late Show**

Swing Low, Sweet Chariott  
 Short Life of Trouble  
 Oh Babe, It Ain't No Lie.  
 Turtle Dove  
 Ballad of Casey Jones  
 Get My Baby Ought of Jail  
 Wind & Rain  
 Ripple  
 Good Night Irene  
 Deep Elum Blues

**JERRY GARCIA BAND & HOT TUNA**  
 FROST AMPHITHEATRE, CA, JULY 9, 1988

**Jerry Garcia Band**

Deep Elum Blues  
 If Trouble Don't Kill Me  
 I've Been All Around This World  
 Spike Driver  
 Little Sadie  
 Blue Yodel  
 Turtle Dove  
 Diamond Joe  
 Wind & Rain  
 Swing Low, Sweet Chariott  
 Ripple  
 \*Oh Baby, It Ain't No Lie  
 \*Good Night Irene

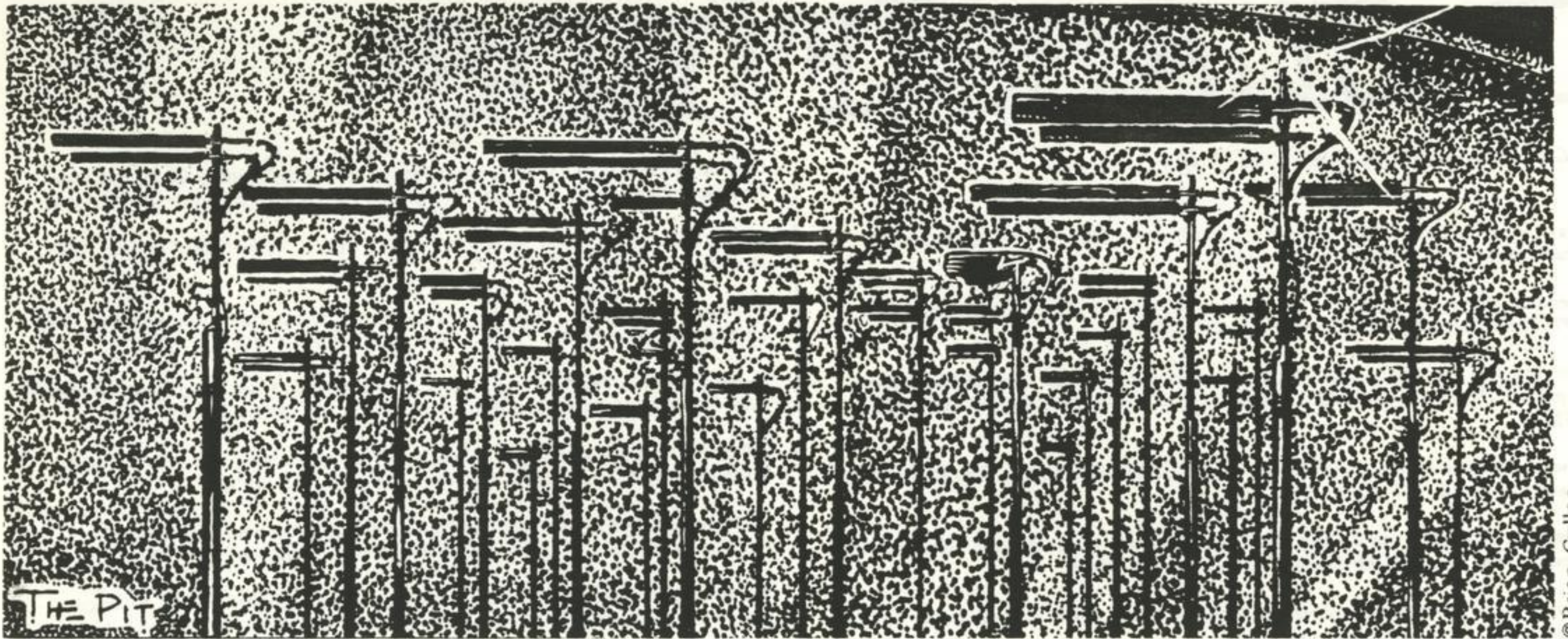
**Hot Tuna Band**

Hesitation Blues  
 Walkin' Blues  
 99 Year Blues  
 Ice Age  
 Broken Highway  
 Embrionic Journey  
 San Francisco Bay Blues

I'll Be Alright,  
 Someday  
 Instrumental  
 Winin' Boy Blues  
 Killing Time In  
 The Crystal City  
 \*Water Song

\*Encore  
 (during soundcheck,  
 Hot Tuna played  
 Sunshine of Your Love)





© Brian Cullen

# D-CLASSIFIEDS:

Interested in trading and hearing of early 1970's tapes. Please call Pervy at 714-831-6896.

Guatemalan clothing through the mail. Free color flyer! Send a SASE or your address and we'll get our flyer of colorful shorts, shirts, bracelets, baubles, doodads, etc. to ya quick! Box 30244, Oakland, CA 94604.

Wanted: Qual tapes of this Spring's Hartford and Worcester shows. Will send blanks, etc. Mr. Mike Flanagan, 59 Morris St., Southbridge, MA 01550.

Deadicated Tapers - your list gets mine. Mostly excellent qual sdbdrs. Long Island, CT, NJ Deadheads - don't let the deal go down. 350 Mariners Way, Copiague, NY 11726.

Baltimore seeking any live Dead, Little Feat, Allman Bros., or JGB tapes. Have access to over 1000 hrs., especially need 1st show May 79-Balt Civic Center - 301-666-0344 - Tolly.

Have over 1000 hrs Dead, 70 hrs other, 250 hrs Jazz - compatible traders welcome - need more Cantors and all it's a beautiful day - Matt, Box 590, Monsey, NY 10952.

Looking for Portland, OR tape June 80, Mt. St. Helen's show; will trade. Please write Frie, 345 St. Paul, Denver, CO 80206.

Have 1000 hrs, including over 50 Cantor boards. Want extremely high sound qual any year. Dave, 7490 Brompton Blvd. #424, Houston, TX 77025.

Venice head desires tape w/Calaveras Watchtower w/Los. Will trade anything. 213-452-4029 - collect - Jeff or Amelia.

My list gets yours - have East Coast shows, need West shows and more East - Rob Thomer, 604 coleraine Rd., Balt., MD 21229.

Need 88 and pre-75 shows. Have many 87 and few 88. Send list to L.A., 54 Church Rd., Morganville, NJ 07761.

Nothin' left to do but smile and collect tapes. Will send 2 digital qual blanks or trade lists. Smile - Bill, 1753 Asturias St., St. Augustine, FL 32084.

Seeking Universal Amphitheatre-73 Pauley - Any shows. ave some good shows to trade. Please contact B. Brady, 11725 Darlington #8, LA, CA 90049.

Wanted: the following 74 shows; 5/14,5/17,6/20,7/19,7/25, 7/27,9/10,9/14. Rest of 74 available for trade. JD, Box 291476, Tampa, FL 33687.

Have 1200 hrs Dead audio - 250 hrs Dead video - your list gets mine. Peter Oneto, RR4 Box 10 West Rd, South Salem, NY 10590.

Please help me replenish my tape collection. Anything from '75 and on will do. Send list or whatever!! Thanks kindly, Scott Egner, 129 Halstead Ave #2W, Harrison, NY 10520.

Want old high qual GD. Have same to trade. Send list to William Strange, Dept of Econs, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, ME 04011.

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! Hi qual please!. JR, 2410 Valley St. Berkeley, CA 94702.

Devoted, beginning tape trader covets Landover 9/11/87, Detroit 4/11/88. Will send hi qual blanks. James Jacobs, 3108 Trappers Cove Trail #2B Lansing, MI 48910.

Can you answer? I hope you can! Swiss Head is looking for contacts & tape trading. Chris Pappenheim, Steinwiesstr. 15, 8032 Zurich, Switzerland.

It's Here! Dead Base II - has 300 pages of Dead and Garcia lists, statistics, graphs, complete discography and more. Send \$17.50 to Box 499, Hanover, NJ 03755.

Have 20 years live Dead. Would love some Betty C tapes. Willing to trade. Steve Leff, 11425 Rochester Avenue #16, Los Angeles, CA 90025, 213-312-3915.

Want: 6/30/87 Kingswood - video. Have 500+ Dead audio hrs and others and 22 Dead & related video hrs for offer. S. Murray, RR#1 Shrine Hill, Wilno, ONT, Canada KOJ 2N0.

Looking for '68-'73. Have 400+ hrs to trade, live & early Deadhead hours. Bruce Scotton, 70 Marina Vista, Larkspur, CA 94939.

Please: I need(!) good Byrne '88, MSG 9/20/87 tapes. Don't have much to trade, will send blanks. Jenn L., 5 Geoffrey Rd., Cast Haddam, CT 06423.

You are what you tape--Zappa fans come out of the closet and trade!! I have recent & old, audience and sbd Zappa (incl. Providence-March 88) and am looking to trade. Pls. contact me, list or no. Also want Jorma/Weir Lonestar 3/30/88, will trade Jorma, Tuna or Dead. R. Turner, 28 Brentwood St #16, Allston, MA 02134.

Need tapes from Heartford & Meadowlands, any info? Nat, 15400 Highland Heights, Dr. Mtna, MN 55345. Our love will not fade away!

\*Babe it ain't no lie. Need more tapes! Have 600 hrs, many older, want recent. Tim Coburn, P.O. Box 611, Hastings-on-Hudson, NY 10706.

Looking for hi qual spring tour '88 aud, FM, sdds. Have over 300 hrs. Send lists to Gary Sullivan, RR2 Box 18B, Pawling, NY 12564.

continued on next page