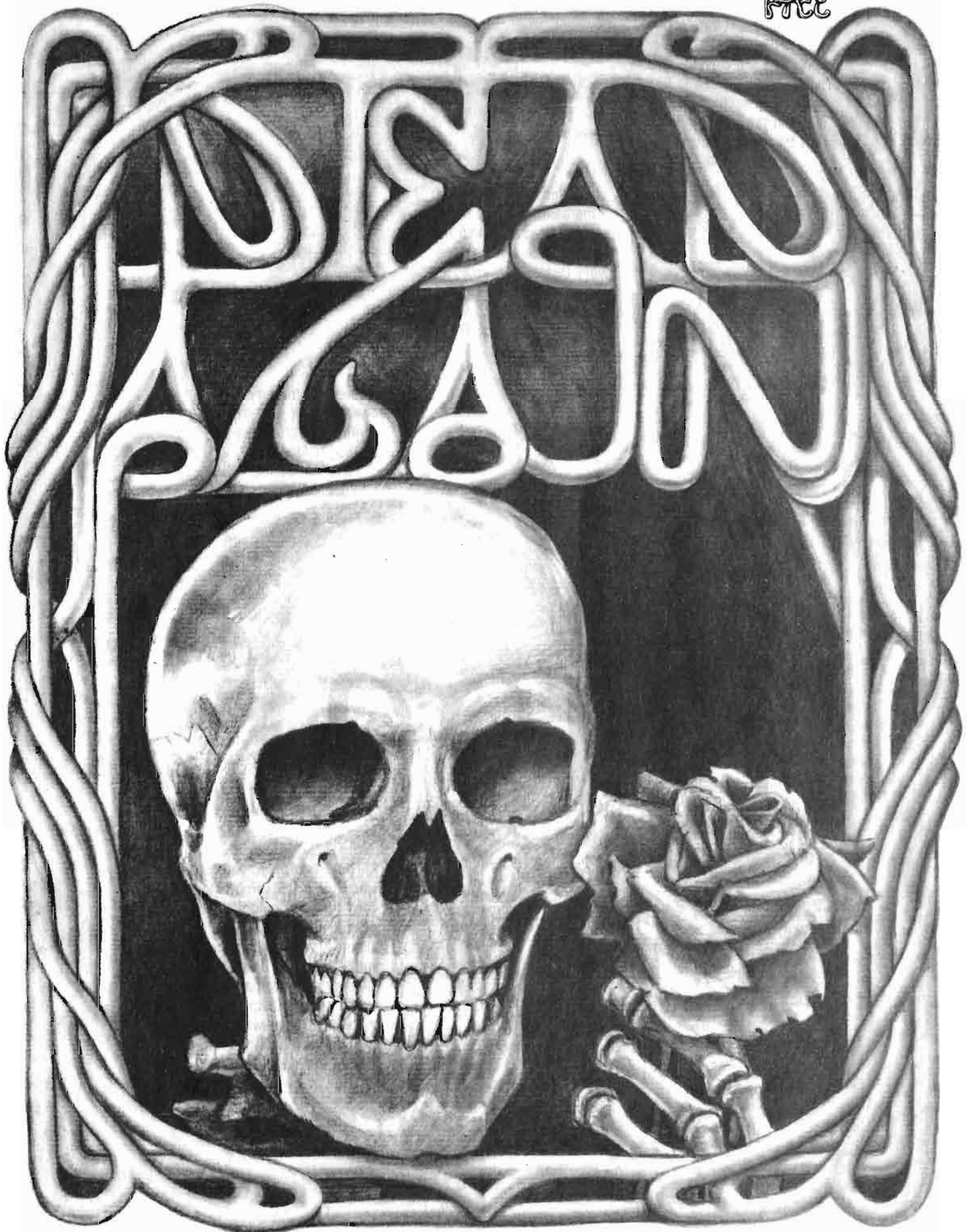


Free



“See that girl barefootin’
along, whistlin’ and a
singin’, she’s a-carryin’ on.”
That’s who I wanted to be.
Free. Free-spirited. Hair
flying in the wind, Indian
skirt billowing around me.
Uninhibited.

I wanted to be the girl in
the song, the one the
songwriter loved when he
wrote it. She was the one
every Deadhead wanted to
find and to have. Those
women in the songs were
great to be around. They

weren’t the kind
who would bum your trip out
with petty problems.
Sugar Magnolia
was the perfect
Deadhead girl.

sugar

There was only **one** problem. I
wasn’t like that. No matter how
hard I tried I couldn’t live up to it.
After I heard the Dead with my
sisters, I started hanging around
with a group of Deadheads who
initiated me into the life. Everyday I
would go find them in the park, or
in the apartment where five or six
of them lived together. They
tripped, smoked, and lived like a
family.

Annie laid her head down in the roses. She had ribbons, ribbons, ribbons in her long, brown hair. She had rings on her fingers and bells on

her shoes; and I knew without asking she was into the blues. She wore scarlet begonias tucked into her curls. I knew right a -

delightful, she's got everything I need; takes the wheel when I'm seeing double, pays my ticket when I speed. She ca

for air. She's got everything

way she was not like other girls.



magnolia



Sugar Magnolia, blossoms blooming, heads all empty, and I don't care. Saw my baby down by the river; knew she'd have to come up soon

SWEET ANNE MARIE

The girlfriend of the most "Dedicated" guy was my image of the perfect Deadhead. She had long, brown, wavy hair, just the right clothes, and just the right jewelry. She even had a white van with a teardrop window in the back and a rose, a beautiful rose, painted on the side. I spent most of my time comparing myself to her. I would go home and try to dress the right way or look in the mirror and try to braid (or not braid) my hair the right way. I was never quite satisfied. I was fifteen years old and they were all much, much older. How would I ever catch up to them?

They had all been listening to the Dead and following them around for years. They knew the names of all the songs, all the band members, and all the albums. I had only just begun and really felt like a klutz around them. I was very careful not to say something stupid. They were all very nice to me and I really liked them, but I felt so different from them. They were so cool and I felt so unable to be myself.

I was weird. When I tripped I could never be like Sugar Magnolia. She seemed like she really had her thoughts together; she laughed at all the right times and had control over her expressions, keeping her face in order. I felt like my thoughts were uncool and strange.



SUGAR MAGNOLIA



Back then I tripped two or three times a week and got stoned every day. My parents didn't know what was going on with me, whether I was coming or going. I didn't care what they thought. I was totally motivated by my desire to fit in. I wanted to fit the image I looked up to. I wanted to be like my friend, and like the women in the songs.

I would do almost anything to be with the Deadheads, to trip with them, and to make them like me. I did many things I regretted later and was ashamed of. These only made my problems and my image of myself worse. The more I compared myself to others, the more miserable I became. Society's pressure on me made me try to be someone I could never be. No one could. No one could be like Sugar Magnolia. Her head was all empty, but my head was full. I was full of thoughts about life and why the world was the way it was. I wanted to get off this planet, out of the darkness and into flight, into light and colors and happiness. I was looking for freedom from the chains that kept me from being me. I hated myself. I wanted to be like someone else. I thought that if I did drugs, followed the Dead, and was with whoever I wanted to be with (or whoever wanted me) then I could escape society. I would be free from having to conform to a nine-to-five job and the soap opera reality of a house, two kids, a dog, and a white picket fence.

SCARLET BEGGIANS



Halloween started early. I was tripping by nine in the morning. People in costumes were everywhere. I had never seen anything like it under the sun.

I hung out with a guy I had been with for a couple of weeks. I liked him a lot; he had long blonde hair and curls that reached down to his waist. He knew how to sew patches better than anyone else I knew. His jeans were a masterpiece of patchery. He seemed to be the truest hippie I had ever met. I thought we looked good together.

My boyfriend was one of the Deadheads in the group I hung out with. He and the girl I envied so much had rented a trailer together. I thought they were just good friends, but I guess I didn't understand about freedom very much. When night came, he left me to go off with her - the girl with the roses and the ribbons in her long brown hair.

My trip had started to wear off a little and I wasn't feeling too good. I had drunk too much and drinking always made me feel dark.

I became very insecure and thought about myself a lot. I tried to figure out why I wasn't his Sugar Magnolia. I guessed the reason he didn't want to be with me was because I wasn't spiritual enough, or that I wasn't dead enough. I sat on a railroad tie for a long, long time and thought about it while the effects of the alcohol started to take over my senses. I felt worthless, more worthless than a stone, even more worthless than a cigarette butt under a stone. I just didn't match up. I was never going to.

A taxi driver I knew took me to his trailer to sleep off the effects of my day. When the first light of morning came, I got up and left, feeling empty, alone, and robbed. My eyes were bloodshot. I could feel them. I found a joint, bought some cigarettes, and tried to forget my pain. The only thing left from the day before was a day-glo rainbow on my face that my friend with the long blonde hair and the well-sewn jeans had painted. It made it hard to forget.

I was under such a pressure to be a certain way. Being a hippie wasn't freedom for me. Maybe for some it was, but I just could not live up to it. I needed to find a place where there were other people like me - people who couldn't make it in society or in non-society.

What was it that I was looking for? I didn't exactly know. Now I do. Friends. I was looking for true friends who would live with me and bear with my problems and not turn away from me when I happened to make them suffer. And love. I wanted to be loved. That was why I did the things I did. I wanted to be accepted, not only accepted, but to be "in the family." Intimate. Trusted. I tried for years before I realized that the people I was striving to be like weren't "in" either. They felt the same way I did.

What we all needed were true friends. We needed true parents as well, since most of us didn't do too well with our own. We needed someone to take care of us when we were in trouble, someone to steer us straight when we went off. We needed direction for our lives. I didn't really want a relationship with every man who walked by, or to be like all the other girls. I just wanted a friend.



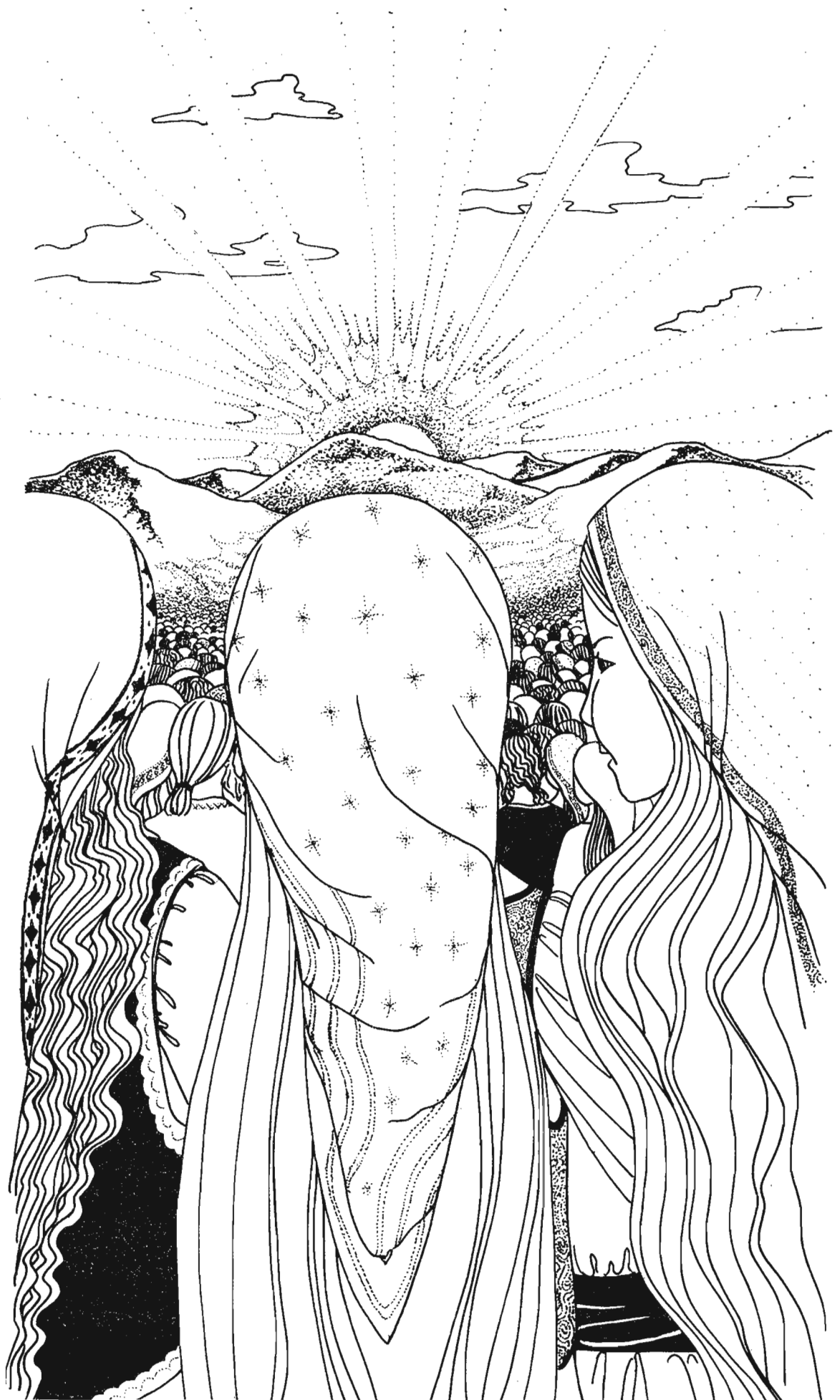
ALTHEA

You've probably heard many people say, "I found it. I've discovered the true way." Christians say it the loudest, but so do the Buddhists, those who are into astral projection, and even those who just believe in pot and LSD. I tried all those things, but now I have found what my heart yearned for. I have found love. I have found peace. I live with 300 or more other people, who, though from different backgrounds, have felt the same way I did as I grew up.

I was drawn here. I never thought that there was any reality other than the one I knew. But by what might be called a coincidence, I found the truth.

The only way you will be able to find out and know if what I'm saying is true is to find me and talk to me. I will tell you all the details that are missing in this story. I would like to sit and talk with you for hours. My name is Margalit. Come and see me and talk to me. I have my life to share with you ■

Margalit



LIFE
WITHOUT A SPIRIT
IS DRY-AS-DUST.
A SPIRIT
WITHOUT GOD
IS

DEAD

"Doses, Doses."
 "Really? How much?"
 "How much ya want to pay?"
 "I don't know...3 for 5?"
 "Alright."

These were the first words I spoke in Rochester, NY. That's how important life was to me. Now that I had responded to that first call of "Doses, doses," I could go on and respond to other calls around me. Boy! I was rolling now - this was going to be fun. I had a lot of acid in me and also I hadn't seen the Dead for a year. (Jerry had been in a coma and I didn't feel like going to California to see them.)

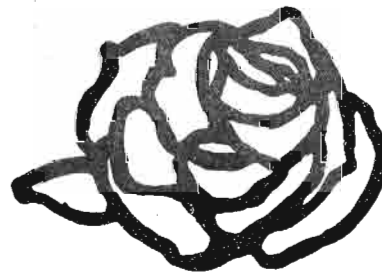
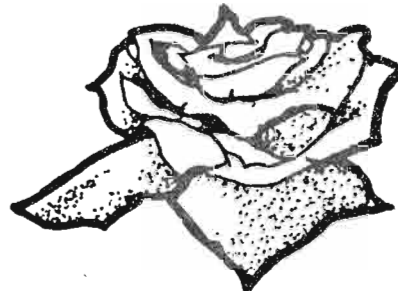
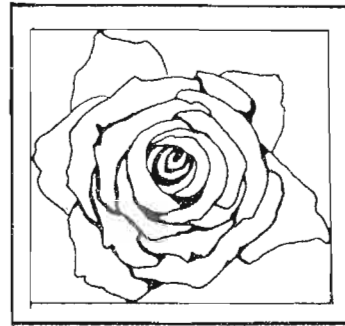
I got in with very little hassle that night. When I looked up at the stage I couldn't help but say, "Hey! Jerry's moving. Man, his coma actually did him good. He may be grey and pale, but that's alright. They even wrote a song about it." At about that time a man walked by me and handed me a

newspaper. It said "**Awake O Sleeper and Rise from the Dead**". That was strange. I thought I was as high as I could get.

I was your typical peacenik-turned-directionless acid-head. A couple of years ago I had a lot of hope for the world: "Get out of Central America," "No Nukes," and so on and so forth. I wanted peace and love. And somewhere in the back of my mind I wanted a "family," a family I could love and who would love me, a family with unity. I'd never had one before. My two brothers both left home before I was in high school and my one parent worked all day.

I didn't know it at the time, but that newspaper I was handed was a call for "Life, Life." It was an open invitation to become part of that family I always wanted.

The call for "Doses, Doses," is a cry to join a



senseless battle that you can't win. But that call for "Life, Life," is a battle cry for justice - justice against the enemy. The enemy is loneliness. The enemy is a little voice that bothers you when you're all alone. He comes with a distant thought that you are a hopeless little person in a large world. The list of what he says goes on and on.

Now I have a loving family that cares and helps when the enemy attacks. A family that cares for one another more than themselves. But we are still not perfect. That is why we need YAHSHUA. When we fall down, it is his Spirit that helps us back up and his Spirit is as close at hand as my brothers and sisters.

Yahshua was a beautiful man. He was not religious. He was not a patriot. He was not a hypocrite. He was a man with the authority to call people out of the system and into a kingdom of "LIFE, LIFE."

Andy

LETTERS



My name is Laura. I'm fifteen. I've been involved with a lot in my life. I was heavily involved in drugs, was emotionally hurt, flunked out of school, ran away, and more. I've listened to the Grateful Dead, Dylan, John Lennon, and all of the 60's music for a long time. It's a part of my life. I've straightened out alot but will always (I believe) listen to Dylan, the Dead, etc. I guess the world scares me, and I was touched to find a community like yours that is real. My parents think I am emotionally unstable - maybe I am because I worry about where my life is going, and people coming and going out of my life. I take people seriously and I get committed to friends, but I've always gotten hurt by everyone it seems. I seriously want to join you when I turn sixteen or seventeen. As soon as possible. I believe in what you say and you've put it beautifully. Could you write to me and just let me know I'm welcome. Also please send me a copy of your newspapers and any other papers on Dylan or the Dead etc., that you might have. Peace and love. Thank you for listening.

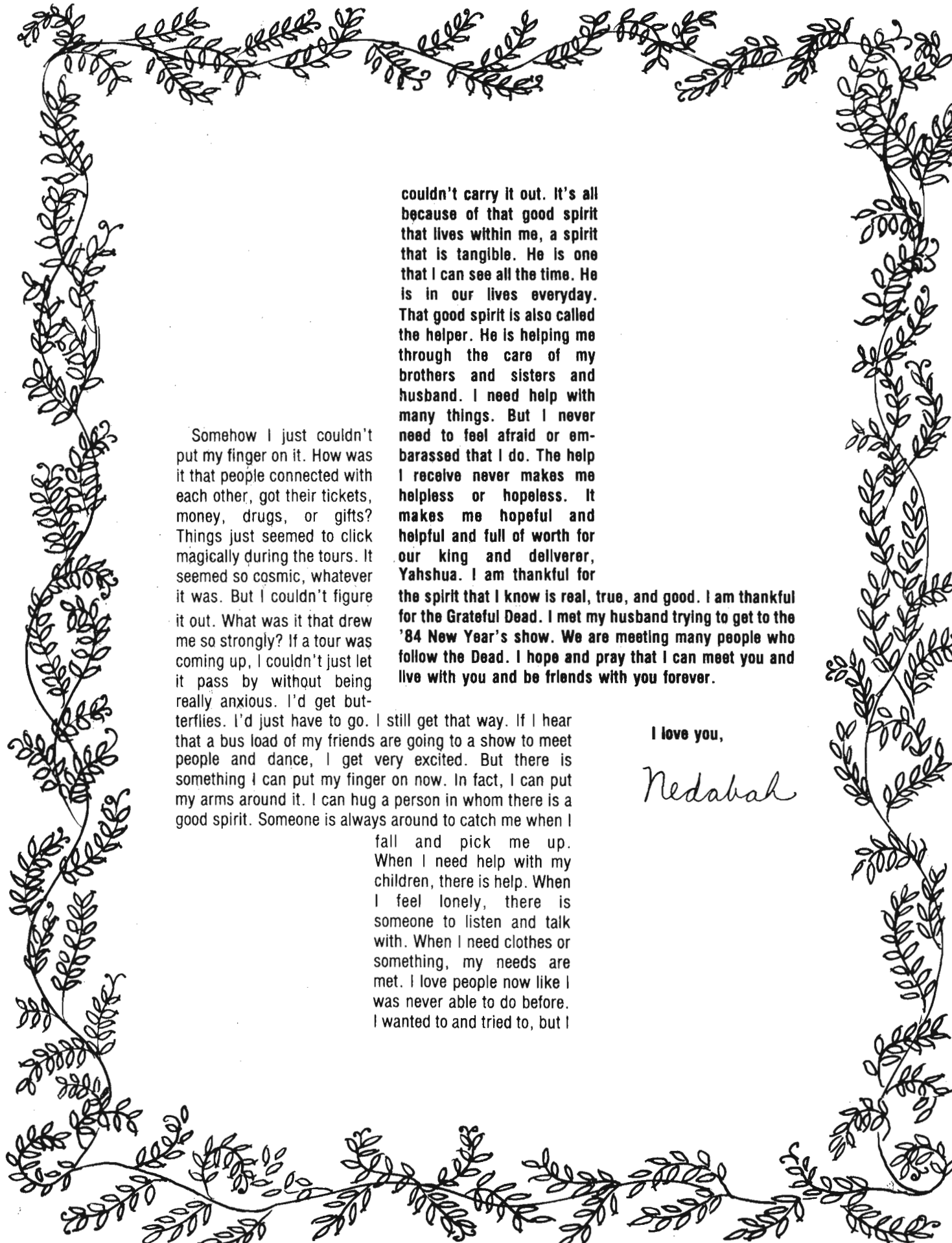
Always,
Laura

Hello,

I got hold of one of your pamphlets from a friend. I read it cover to cover that night. I think it had a big effect on me. A positive one. It made me happy to know that there were people in the world living the way I think God intended us to live. I always have a wish, that the Grateful Dead would pick one place to live and play. That way the parking lot would never have to go home. The Grateful Dead's music doesn't hold any answers for me, but the attitudes and desires of all the Deadheads is the perfect answer. We take care of ourselves, but if we have anything to share we do it happily. We feed each other, provide a place to sleep, tickets to a show, anything and everything. The most beautiful side of humanity can be seen in a Dead show parking lot; the people, the sharing, the love, the peace. That's what I'm looking for. Are your communities offering these things? I don't know who is reading this, but I would really like someone familiar to the community living to give me their opinion. Is it what I want and need? I will of course make my own decision, but it would help to have an experienced input. I want for this to be the answer to my questions in life. All I need is a direction and I'll take that path as far as I can.

Please write back to me. You'd really be helping someone out who needs it badly. Thanks for listening. I hope to hear from you. Thanks again.

Oriana



Somehow I just couldn't put my finger on it. How was it that people connected with each other, got their tickets, money, drugs, or gifts? Things just seemed to click magically during the tours. It seemed so cosmic, whatever it was. But I couldn't figure it out. What was it that drew me so strongly? If a tour was coming up, I couldn't just let it pass by without being really anxious. I'd get butterflies. I'd just have to go. I still get that way. If I hear that a bus load of my friends are going to a show to meet people and dance, I get very excited. But there is something I can put my finger on now. In fact, I can put my arms around it. I can hug a person in whom there is a good spirit. Someone is always around to catch me when I

couldn't carry it out. It's all because of that good spirit that lives within me, a spirit that is tangible. He is one that I can see all the time. He is in our lives everyday. That good spirit is also called the helper. He is helping me through the care of my brothers and sisters and husband. I need help with many things. But I never

need to feel afraid or embarrassed that I do. The help I receive never makes me helpless or hopeless. It makes me hopeful and helpful and full of worth for our king and deliverer, Yahshua. I am thankful for

the spirit that I know is real, true, and good. I am thankful for the Grateful Dead. I met my husband trying to get to the '84 New Year's show. We are meeting many people who follow the Dead. I hope and pray that I can meet you and live with you and be friends with you forever.

I fall and pick me up. When I need help with my children, there is help. When I feel lonely, there is someone to listen and talk with. When I need clothes or something, my needs are met. I love people now like I was never able to do before. I wanted to and tried to, but I

I love you,

Nedabah

DEAD

Imagine...somehow you find out what day you are to die. You mark it down on your calendar and you begin to make your plans accordingly. What would you do differently, now that you know? How would you live? What would you do with the few precious days you had left?

What kind of activities would you enjoy doing? What kind of food would you eat? Would you take time to sleep? Would you watch TV? Would you quit your job or quit your school? Would you rise early to catch the few remaining sunrises? Would you listen carefully to the laughter of children? Would you play all your favorite recordings one last time? Would you travel and see all the places you would never have a chance to see again? Or would you stay at home and enjoy the remaining days on your own little piece of the earth?

Would you charge a million dollars worth of stuff on your charge card and blow it all on yourself? What plans would you make for your last day? Your last hour? Your last five minutes? Who would you want to be with? With your parents? With your friends? Would you want to be alone?

Where would you spend it? Indoors? Outdoors? Standing up? In bed? Asleep? Would you be high or straight? Drunk or sober?

What an amazing difference it would make in our lives to know.

Why?

dead

The story is told like this:

In Baghdad one day, Omar, servant to the Caliph, came running in from the street. "Master, I beg you, let me have a horse and your permission to go to Samarra. I was in the marketplace this morning, going about my chores. All of a sudden, I looked over in the crowd and I saw Death standing there, glaring menacingly at me. Please, sir, let me use one of your horses to flee to Samarra and I will return at nightfall."

The Master consented and off rode the servant.

Shortly after that, the Master himself decided to go down to the marketplace to see if what his servant said was true. Sure enough, standing among the crowd, he spotted a hooded figure. Walking over to him and looking him in the eye, he recognized that it was Death.

"You gave my servant an awful fright this morning," the Master said. "Why couldn't you leave the poor fellow alone?"

"It was never my intention to frighten him," he replied. "I was merely shocked at seeing him. I had an appointment with him in Samarra at noon, and I was quite surprised to find him here in Baghdad."

As a wise man once said: Whatever you fear the most, will one day come upon you.

And also: Whoever seeks to keep his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life shall save it.

Death is like a thorn tree. I feel a horrible outrage at the thought of death. It is so unjust, like a knife stab to the heart or the twist of a screw deep within. One day I won't be on the earth watching the sun come up in all its peacefulness or see the moon rising in the early twilight. I won't be around when the apple trees come into bloom to fill the air with fragrance or when the lilacs come out drenching the evening, or when the daffodils cover the hillsides. The clouds will come and go without me and I won't be there to notice them. I won't be able to see the sparkle of sunlight on water or feel the raw salt-wind off the Sound, or sniff the soft balm of melting snow. The seasons and life will run on without me. They will never halt or wait for me. Is there anything more unfair than that?

It isn't fair that I will have to lie beneath the ground year after year and miss everything. Death is horrid and ugly: I don't want to be a disembodied spirit, chained in the deepest recesses of the earth, held in agony by the excruciating, crushing loneliness. Who doesn't dread the stillness, the imprisonment, the horror, the hopelessness, the helpless despair? And the conscious waiting that will go on - every second of every hour, day after day, year by year. The torment of mind will be acute, the pangs more fierce than losing someone you truly love. Over and over again, I will have to listen to the thoughts of my conscience and all around will be the clutches of hopeless darkness.

One day I faced the issue squarely and decided to wrestle with this fear. I heard rumor of a man who had defeated death and I found him at his cross. He is all I need. In him all things become new. With him there is no more dying. He is life. His name is Yahshua.

DEAD

MY ELUSIVE DREAM

Sir Thomas More had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote about Utopia. He was kidding when he described his "perfect" island where everything was ideal. The very name "utopia" means "no place," the non-existent land of man's dreams. But no one ever told us that utopia just wasn't real. Even if they had, we wouldn't have believed them because deep inside we all wanted that ideal life to be real.



Somewhere along the line we decided that utopia **must** be possible. So with all ardor and enthusiasm we made our plans and dreamed our dreams and founded our own free society. We could not find an island like More's sixteenth century dream, but we settled for something a little bit less - Haight-Ashbury.

What magic these two words had in our minds! A society of free young spirits founded on love, peace and liberty, equality and fraternity. From far and near we grabbed our bedrolls, backpacks, or sleeping bags and left home. We dropped out of school and hit the road. By air, foot, bikes, or hitching - our twentieth century exodus had begun. Our Moses was Timothy Leary. Our Promised Land was San Francisco across the **Golden Gates**. When we arrived, we were accepted. No one asked any questions. No one made any demands. No one was watching. No one had to prove anything. We were just ourselves and everyone was happy. We were really living. We could come and go as we pleased. We could wear what we pleased. There were no deadlines, no grades, no projects, no points to score.



We did not care about money, no one was trying to impress, material things didn't matter. Only people mattered. Easy alliances were formed. No demands. Old taboos were ignored, barriers knocked down and spirits were high. No one was killing anybody, and people were beautiful.

It happened in Monterey, June 1967. The first rock festival was born, giving birth to Woodstock, Isle of Wright, Altamont, Atlanta, and an endless procession ever since. All day and night the music rocked and rolled, on and on, and we listened with remarkable fortitude for days. At the festivals we could sense what seemed to be the endless love we had always hoped for. A revolution of love was beginning. We could feel it everywhere. The world would never be the same. We were determined to make this hope, this life, this togetherness last forever.

Joan Baez called it togetherness, and she was right, for men of all ages have been looking for that bond that would make them one. The desire for an end to estrangement and hostility runs deep in the human soul. The toughest nut will crack under the right

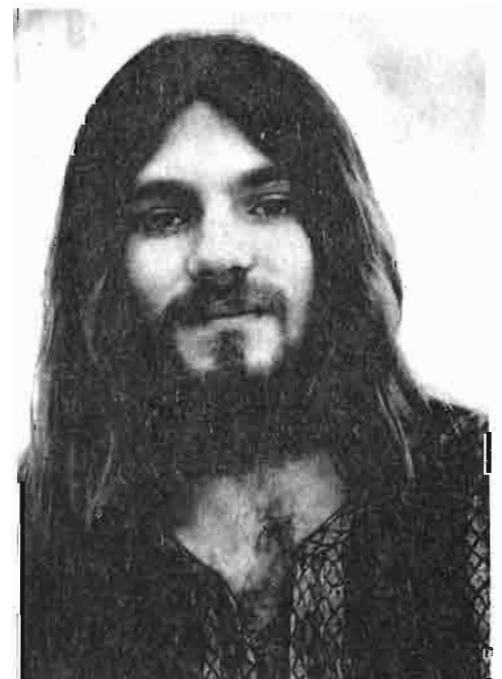




pressure and the hardest heart will yield to love, understanding, and a little kindness. The most estranged and antagonistic person will respond to interest and concern, once his suspicions have been allayed. And this

is all part of the **search** for the togetherness we wanted and thought we had found.

So this was the life of the flower children, the beautiful people. If we needed anything, we just asked someone. If they had it, they would share it. If they didn't, no one thought any less of them. We panhandled to meet pressing needs and sold our art to the curious. But, it was the curious who supported us that began to undermine our utopia. Tourists arrived by the thousands. They looked at us "hippies" like kids do at giant pandas in the zoo.





These sensation-seeking middle class American tourists with their pudgy stomachs swamped the serenity and devoured the distinctiveness of our youthful dream on Haight Street. As time went on, we flower children became more and more the center of attention and a phenomenon the media quickly exploited. Things started getting crazy as more and more people came to San Francisco and the good vibes produced by orange sunshine began to give way to paranoia and an increased fear of "The Man."

Old fashioned greed began to show its ugly head among us, and we began to insist on our rights and our own individualities. It didn't take long for many of us to see what was coming. Professional heroin and speed dealers moved into the Haight, the riot squad invaded our district beating anyone they could find, and our utopia state sank in a pool of blood when the killing started. The peace we had, we saw slipping away as an elusive dream. Like everywhere else and everyone else we, the "love people" and "peace people," were seeing in ourselves the same rotten seed we thought we left back home.

*But where could we go and **what** could we do now? Go back home? No! We had made a few mistakes, but the dream was still attainable. It became clear that the peace we wanted couldn't be found in the city. So we headed for the hills. Alternative people USA. We would do it. There **is** hope. We will make it. There is true love and true peace. A guru will show us the way. Which one should we follow? Who offers the best vibrations? Everybody seemed to have their own answer, their own separate trip.*



time went on and we attempted to get back to where our own trips led us, there was an increasing sadness brought about because most of our dreams and visions did prove to be unattainable. The highs went away and our experiments with community failed. Then, we began to ask the question,

“What is the use of anything at all?” How to live with others was what we were looking for. But how to find a way to do it was what we really needed. Our generation is going mad because we can’t find it after twenty years of looking for it. We hated authority because the authority we observed growing up was filled with hypocrisy, prejudice, and glory seeking. We had our fill of the kind of authority that says, “Don’t do as I do, but do as I **say**.” What was needed was good authority to make it happen. We needed leaders who could lead us by their example and who wouldn’t compromise.

We wanted to conquer the world with love and bring the healing balm of peace to this earth, but there was no foundation to bring our vision into a lasting demonstration. Some people turned to Jesus in their search for this foundation of love. But this Jesus didn’t have the power to bring about the life either.



turned on the TV and we heard Christian preachers talking about how we should live, something that we knew they knew nothing about. To live with others as God had intended was what they promised. Yet we knew we were not going to get it because those preaching about it didn't have it. Who wanted to be like the blind teachers of Christianity? "If the blind lead the blind, they will both end up in the ditch." How can their Jesus save us when he can't save them? And if they are saved who wants that salvation? We aren't blind. Are we so stupid as to have hope in the phony rap of a preacher who is not practicing what he preaches? For they are exactly the epitome of what we detested and despised. They are the very cause of our rebellion. Their failure to produce the "utopia" they spoke of is what drove us to Haight-Ashbury in the first place.

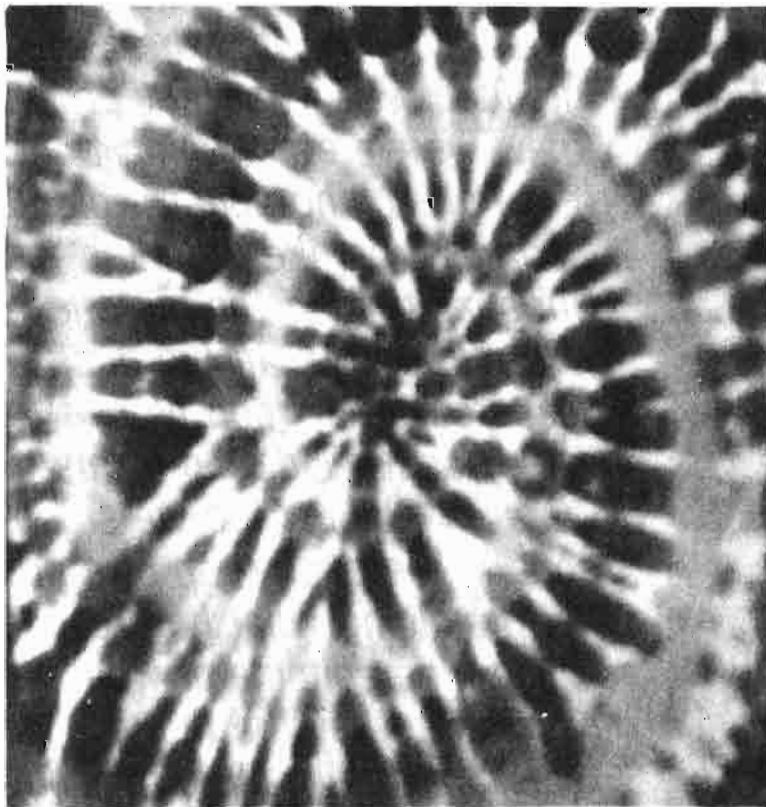
So we got tired of chasing after rainbows only to find a false light at the end of our journey. So where do we go from here? How can we ever find our elusive dream? .



We were taught that LSD offered new perspectives, new horizons never before dreamed of. We learned that we could expand our minds, deepen our consciousness, and thus lift ourselves out of the mundane existence we saw in society. We began to dream of a state of anarchy in which glorious liberty dwelt, where we could be transported into undreamt of realms. We thought drugs could make a note of music take on an infinite variation of tone and make flowers more

glorious in a thousand ways. Colors took on new meaning and the total man was deepened and enriched and made transcendental.

It was preached as being a means of religious experience and we swallowed it, hook, line, and sinker. After all, what realism did Christianity have as a valid religious experience? Drugs were our answer to a false hope called Christianity. We wanted to be set free to act in a way that would benefit mankind.



DRUGS

We were prepared, at least some of us, to take the calculated risk. Taking LSD was no longer viewed as irresponsible action, but rather a way to find ourselves, our purpose on this earth. It was worth the gamble simply because we saw the possibilities of enlargement and discovery. When Timothy Leary began to preach the drug gospel we were in a time and a place to listen and believe in his hope and his future. He was our high priest and prophet leading us into realms undreamt of. We were fed up to the gullet with a false hope, with broken promises of a religion that didn't work.

So we dropped out of "the Church" called Christianity, which was absolutely no different than the rest of the insane world who did not "go to Church" on Sundays. If you had looked into the drug scene when it first started you would have seen many of us who had a common experience of **Sunday school** (as if we needed another day of school), and one hour of boredom once a week in our upbringing.

By smoking pot and taking LSD, we were searching for something that the Christ of Christianity could not give to anyone. We were searching for adequacy, meaning and fulfillment, and we were shouting it out loud and clear with all our heart. Since no one told us the truth, we had to be set free by our own gospel, a gospel we were more inclined to accept. The freedom we experienced on LSD was far greater than anything the bamboozelers on TV or in church pulpits were offering. None of them showed us a life of a disciple, or how to obey the wonderful commands that would truly set us free.

So when Timothy Leary came along we were ready to leave everything to follow him since he was going somewhere we wanted to go. He offered a measure of hope and we were enthusiastic about his gospel. We were ready for it. The time had come. Christianity had run its deadly course and we were ready for life!

Christianity never quoted us the words of their so called Savior, "to leave everything and follow me" or "give up all, leave your posses-

sions behind, your family and friends. No one can be my disciple unless he gives up all of his own possessions." "Do not think I came to bring peace on earth; I did not come to bring peace, but a sword. He who does not take his cross and follow me is not worthy of me."

For a materialistic Christianity this was absurd and blasphemy. We were looking for a real family and love, the love described in the Bible, but never lived out or seen in practice. If someone had told us, for example, about a real family of love and told us that if we obeyed his commands we would not be destroyed like the communes we once were members of, we would have done it. If there had been such an example twenty years ago, we could have realized that we now must suffer hardship and endure in his word to really be his disciples and to really know the truth and be set free indeed. We could have saved ourselves a lot of heartache and pain and disillusionment.

We wanted a new life, we wanted to give our old bored life up - we were looking for what this man Christ offered us, but no one told us. Christianity was a circus of confusion to us with its many shows going on all at once. Christianity is a circus where everyone is doing their own thing - whatever is right in their own eyes. It merely draws attention to itself, and like in a circus, each performer merely draws attention to himself.

That is why we Christian kids rebelled, but we didn't really rebel either, for we had nothing substantial to rebel against. The possibility of a bad experience on-drugs was



worth the risk of the experience we longed for, but a drug experience wasn't what we wanted. We wanted what we were longing for deep down, and taking drugs was a way to get to that something. In other words we had a vacuum of experience trying to fulfill that gnawing void inside.

We went into the drug scene with open eyes, longing and hoping and yearning for something to fill up that which the vacuum of Christianity could not provide. We were willing to take that calculated gamble since the glorified truth spoken by the clergy was not in the least being lived out by them much less by the church who were their students.

We had a case against our parents who got high on caffeine and uppers and downers prescribed very righteously by their quack physicians. Pot was not proven addictive and they called us addicts while they were addicts on every conceivable "legalized drug" including alcohol and tobacco. We gloated in our righteousness as they did in theirs. We were disgusted with the whole hypocritical scene of "the establishment" with Christianity being the most disgusting.

We shouted "unfair," but they refused to give up what they demanded us to give up. Instead they condemned the innocent and made us lawbreakers because they would not legalize "pot." All the while they were dying (quite legally) with emphysema and cancer and liver problems.



The adult society of cigarettes and alcohol and drug store drugs became the champions of "honesty and integrity" while we were demoralized and exasperated until there was no more hope of "recovering" and fitting into their way of life. They engaged in a perverted rationalization to arrive at the conclusion that we were the rebels and they were the standard by which rebellion was measured.

They told us that we could only be saved if we became like them, finding adequacy and meaning for our lives and fulfillment when we abandoned our lives to an "all sufficient Christ." But, we all in one voice scoffed at them and asked, "Where is this all sufficient Christ of yours who makes a difference and makes those who believe in him all one?" We were searching for the Christ the Church was supposed to represent. We were looking for the unity promised by Messiah in John 17. Then we would have believed.

So where are we today after all this injustice we endured? We cannot justify ourselves by our mishandled past, for we are a new generation ourselves. But, we have found the way. No, not LSD or even legalized pot. What we have found is worth a chance, even a gamble, to risk all and come and see. Come here and we will personally talk with you and you can meet our friends, our brothers and sisters. For we have met the one who does make a difference. He is the one you can read about in the Bible, yes, but we call him by his Hebrew name - YAHSHUA ■

YAHSHUA

They followed him around from town to town, everywhere he would go. They loved him, or at least they thought they did. One thing for sure, they couldn't live without him.

They were the inner circle: a dozen or so men, a handful of women. But they weren't the strong, the self-reliant, the shrewd power seekers jockeying for position. No, they were poor. They had been kicked around. They needed a friend, someone they could trust, who would always tell them the truth.

And he did, too. He told everybody the truth. And when people didn't want to hear the truth, he would tell them a story and let them figure the truth out for themselves. Some people really got riled up at what he said, but he didn't let it get him down. Some people, those who were really into the system, hated him enough to kill him. But he still didn't let it get him down.

And that's why they - the inner circle - needed him. He had life. He was full to the brim with joy. He didn't just party for a while and burn out. His joy went on and on and on and on... It was obvious that he loved them. Yes, them! The misfits, the ragamuffins, people who everybody else was ashamed of, people who were ashamed of themselves. He gathered them around and talked to them, filled them full of vision, and made them feel like they were somebody. He wouldn't just talk about the good times. He made the good times happen. He even made the hard times good.

And they would sing. Even when they were so down they didn't know which way was up, they'd sing. He'd make them sing! He wouldn't let them get into themselves and go under. He was really a friend.

But one thing would get him down. Well, not down, really, but sometimes he would just cry. When he saw all the people scattered and divided, and hurting, and afraid - he'd cry.

He wanted so much to gather all the little ones together - and keep them together - **little** ones like you and me. Sometimes people would just flock to see him and he couldn't bring himself to send them home. He would get right down there with them. Thousands of them. He didn't want to **send** them home, he wanted to **bring** them home. He wanted home to be right there. He wanted love to be their home.

But he would cry because the system had got them so programmed and so leveled out that they **wouldn't** stay. They'd always go back to the same dead old life, working their job, taking care of their own space, but so cut off from one another and so helpless....

He wanted a fire to break out on the earth. A fire that would burn in the people's hearts and burn out their greed and selfishness and dullness - a pure white-hot love for one another. And he was one hundred percent devoted to it happening. So even when he cried, he didn't get hopeless. He wouldn't give up. He **knew** it would happen.

But then the system started to close in on him. They wanted to smash him. Even one of the inner circle betrayed him, told them right where to find him and when to take him. And the rest of his "close friends," when the heat was on, they took off running. Nobody stood with him. All of a sudden, they split, trying to save their own necks. Some friends!

But that's not how he saw it. He didn't even get bitter. He **knew** them. He knew all about them. He even knew they were going to desert him. It didn't matter. He forgave them. Can you believe it? He **forgave** them! He loved them to the end.

Oh the system crushed him, all right. All the evil in the human heart was focused on him that day. They killed him. But they couldn't kill his spirit.

And before they knew it, his body wasn't dead anymore, either. That spirit of love that he had overcame death. Love is stronger than death. He came back from the dead to tell his friends that he forgave them. They hadn't been true friends before, but he **made** them his friends. His forgiveness made them loyal to him forever.

We know this man. His love has won us, too. We are followers of this man, Yahshua, just like the inner circle was back in the beginning. We need his life. We want to see all his little ones brought home. We don't care what it costs. We don't have anything better to do. We want the tribes to be gathered. We want love to fill the earth. We **know** it's going to happen.

We want you to be part of it, too ■

My first Dead show. I remember it as though it were yesterday. I traveled up from Florida with some friends. We rode in a van and the excitement was great. I was excited about seeing my first show and they were excited about seeing another one and turning me on to my first. I could hardly imagine what it was going to be like. Judging from my friends' reactions I knew it had to be good.

HAPPY



After an eternity, we arrived in Hampton, Virginia. It was unbelievable; people were friendly and they seemed to like me. I finally found a place to fit in. Somebody called me over and said "Hi," and told me to put this blue piece of paper with a moon on it in my mouth. I would have the greatest time of my life, he said. I believed him. I had done this same stuff years before in school. We said goodby and I went on my way selling t-shirts, getting high, and meeting people. By showtime I had found a ticket for five dollars and a button with a "skull and roses" on it.

It was getting dark. The Civic Center seemed to be a big pulsating magnet. Deadheads were heading there from all sides. I found my ticket and jumped into the flow. All around me were colored t-shirts, beautiful people, flowers, bubbles, and hacky-sack games.

Scents of incense bombarded my nostrils and all kinds of "heavenly herbs" filled the air. Then the music started. What song? I'll never know. All I remember were Deadheads dancing. I jumped in and started dancing like I had been doing it all my life. I picked up on what everyone else was doing. I had so much fun. I was happy for a change.

After the show, I spent the night in a hotel room with some newly-made friends.



I had found a family. This was the beginning of a two year excursion - going to show after show; selling t-shirts, drugs, and anything else that people would buy so I could "get by." If I couldn't get tickets free or at a reasonable price I would try to scam in by using counterfeit tickets or sliding in through popped-open doors. I got to a point where I didn't want to buy a ticket if I didn't have to.

I followed the Dead to California and did the shows there. Everything was going great until the tour was over and I stayed for a time in Berkeley. That's when I started to have some bad trips. Every time I dosed, I fell into paranoia, worthlessness, and fear of others. I started to see the selfishness in myself and in others. It depressed me. It seemed like everyone that I was involved with or knew was looking out for themselves. The only thing holding me in Berkeley was a desire to try to make the Dead scene work. At least, with the Deadheads I could avoid getting a job and being a part of the system. I started to feel more and more trapped. Though I no longer fit in, I kept going to my friends and trying to make it work. My dream had fallen apart.

One day after the Eugene, Oregon show I started hitching to the Oakland Coliseum for the next shows. I got picked up by a blue Volkswagen van. The men in the van looked a lot like the people at the Dead shows, but there was something different about them. Their spirit was different. They were full of life and love. They invited me to come with them and visit their house. What I found were men, women, and children full of the same spirit as the two men in the van. I found myself wanting that life and love to be in me and to be a permanent part of my life.

Yahshua was responsible for the life that I saw. He is a loving and compassionate friend. That life is now being worked into me through much suffering and discipline. I have found hope. I'm no longer a misfit or an outcast in the world. I have found a true family and a purpose for my life and so can you. So, won't you come and visit. You might find what you've always been looking for. I did ■

Richard



WHO WE ARE

We used to be desperately lonely, even though most of us had a lot of friends. Some of us were successful in what we did, and some of us were failures beyond hope. We came from everywhere and we have done everything trying to make sense out of our lives. But no matter what we did, we were left feeling dirty inside. We were scarred deeply from the effects of mistrust and hurtful relationships. We strove for acceptance, money, and whatever else could give us comfort. Some of us had dreams of a better life, but most of us had given up the struggle, settling instead for compromise and consent to "the way things are." We were lost, scattered, without direction, doing our own thing.

Then we heard a voice that spoke to us right where we were, exposing the emptiness of our lives. This voice matched up fully to the longing of our hearts. Somehow a lifetime of being unable to trust was shattered by this voice of hope. It came from a people who had their dirty con-

science washed clean. They had a clean slate and an absolutely new life. This new life they eagerly offered to all who wanted it.

So now we have a life together. We no longer have to be separated by race, education, appearance, position, status, or where we came from. Instead our days are filled with seeking not only our own welfare, but also the welfare of others. This new life has given us the power to care.

We hate the war, strife, hatred, starvation, murder, injustice, greed, and selfishness that is leading the whole world to destruction. We want to see all of this come to an end. But we are convinced that the demonstration of our new life together is what will bring about the end of this age. We want many, many more people to hear the voice of hope we've heard, to come and see the life. This life we speak of in this pamphlet is what you were born for. Your whole life you have been trying to find it. We are thrilled to be able to invite you to come and see that it's real.

HOW TO REACH US

Our addresses and phone numbers are listed below. Feel free to call or come see us anytime, day or night. Our homes are open to you for a day or to stay.

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