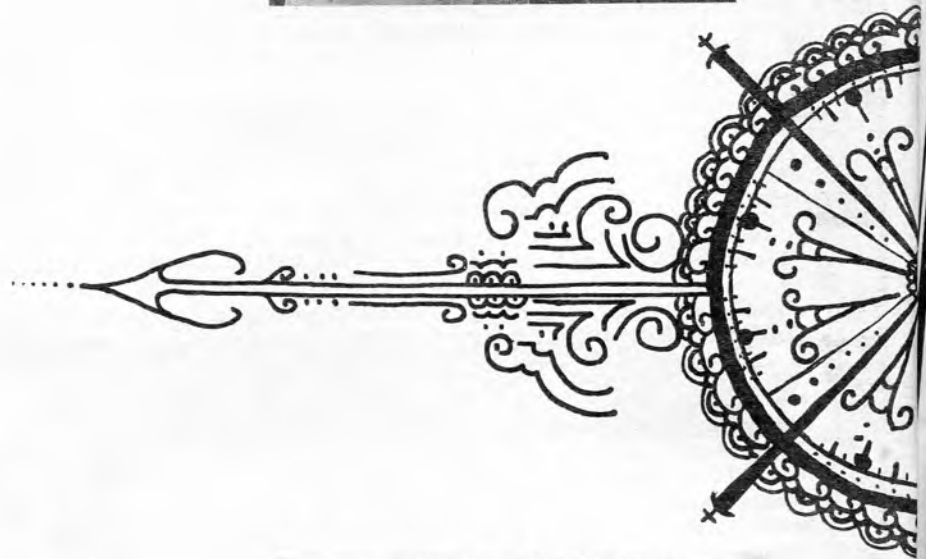
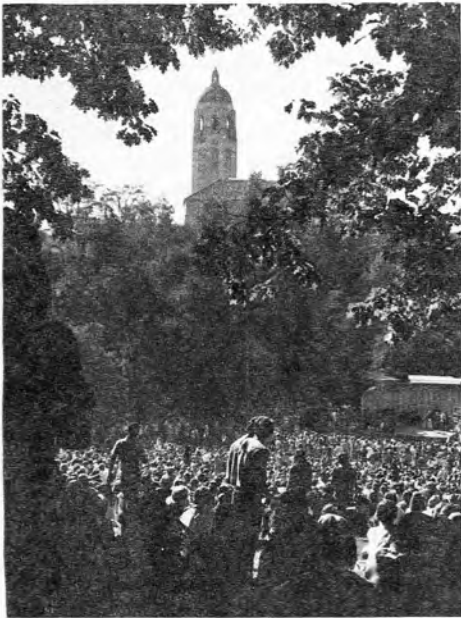
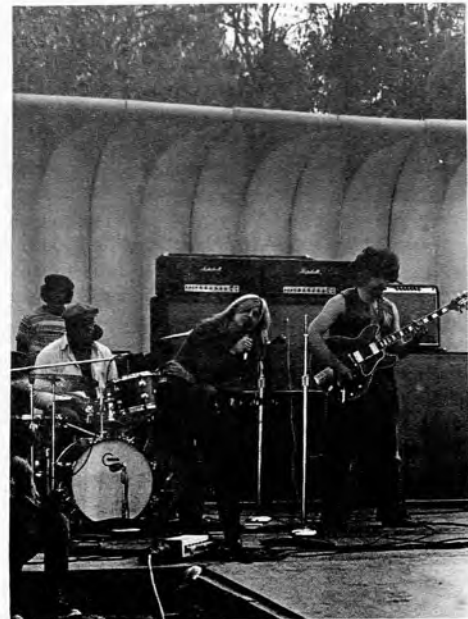


It's the music that gets us together into the groove of being ourselves moment to moment, it's the music that gets us together so that smiling faces can be turned toward our brothers and sisters whether we've met them or not. What was unique last Sunday, and at every other musical scene that I've been into, is the fact that 8000 people could make an all-day pilgrimage to share their Sunday together. Even more than that, people were getting it on in such a righteous manner that it felt like summer for a while again.

DM



This concert is a good example of how the two sides of the new world need each other. Stanford University has Frost Amphitheater and hundreds of freshman students it doesn't know, and can't imagine how to relate to. The Free U knows. Give 'em music on a sunny day. Stanford provides the form, the Free U the content. Like all opposites throughout the cosmic scheme, Stanford and the Free U need each other. Rhetorically they are enemies but in reality they are not. (Because finally there's no such thing as opposites in the cosmic scheme anyway). Stanford and the Free U are separate sides of the same coin God has flipped spinning into 1970 and beyond. Stanford is "heads" because it's intellectual. The Free U is "tails" because its people value fucking above all. But the Free U is also "heads" because of all the dopers, while Stanford is also "tails" because it's nearer the tailend of history, and its war research center is the asshole of our culture. GN

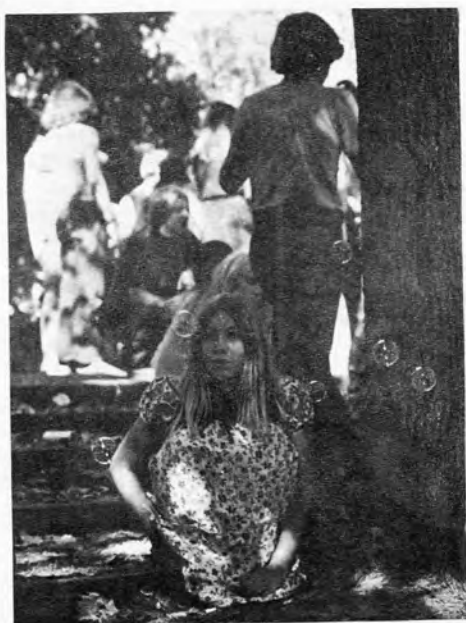
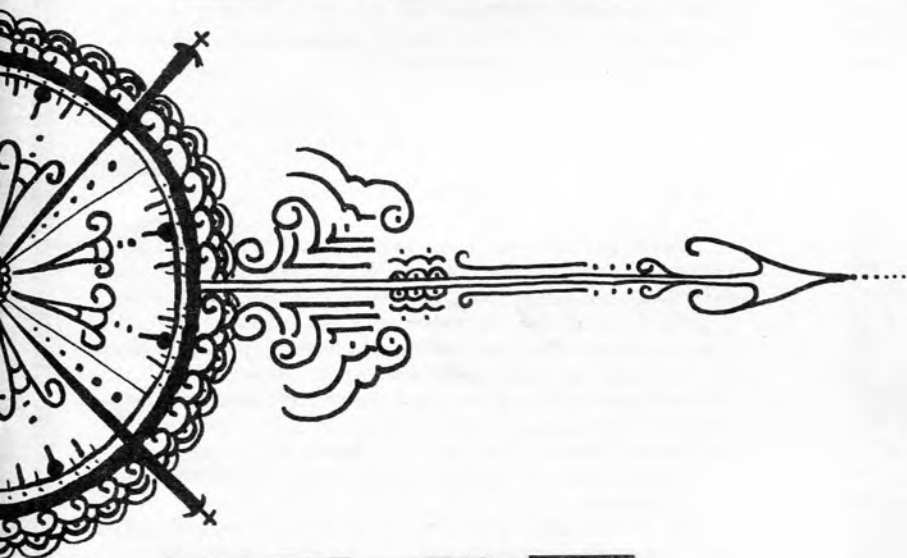




The whole thing could not have happened without the dudes who get up 'on stage and play our music. San Paku got people off their feet and movin with the rhythm of their flipped out drum trilogy composed of bongos, straight rock drums, and lighter-than-air congas. Cold Blood came on very heavy and even though Lydia had a sore throat, she still outshone the sun and really socked it to us. In between all this alot of beautiful people were just being beautiful and their joy was contagious.

After a set by Old Davis, It's a Beautiful Day came on and put a lot of people through changes. For a while everyone there was digging it and dancing and smiling. We weren't even in the good old USA anymore We were just people being beautiful people together.

DM



In a way the Free U is essentially a small town, a "hometown" in the old fashion sense, planted right in the middle of an enormous, anonymous, ever-moving urban sea. It's an oprimistic cultural symptom. The concert today, temporal as it is, is a fragile anchor for these kids to cling to, a fixed point in California's surreality. And the Free U has provided it. The Free U is the glue that's sticking some stuff together. That makes it seem more urgent than ever that the Free U survive, grow up, thrive.

GN