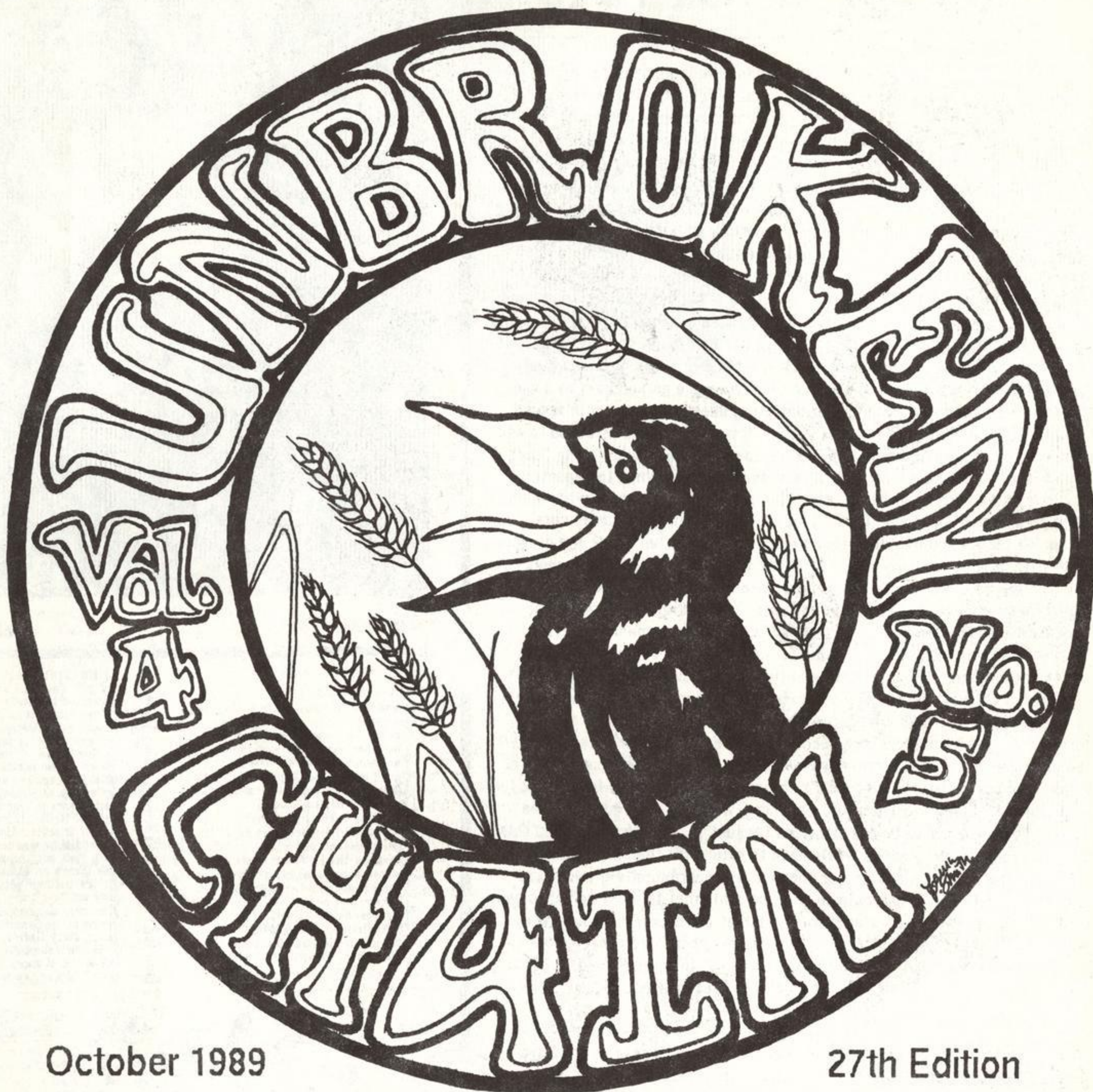




October 1989

27th Edition

Howdy folks, and welcome to Volume 4, Number 5 of the Unbroken Chain. This is our next to last issue of 1989, and in our final issue of Volume 4 we would like to recap some events of the year. If you have anything in particular you would like to see or add into that issue, please drop us a line and we will see if we can get that in for you.

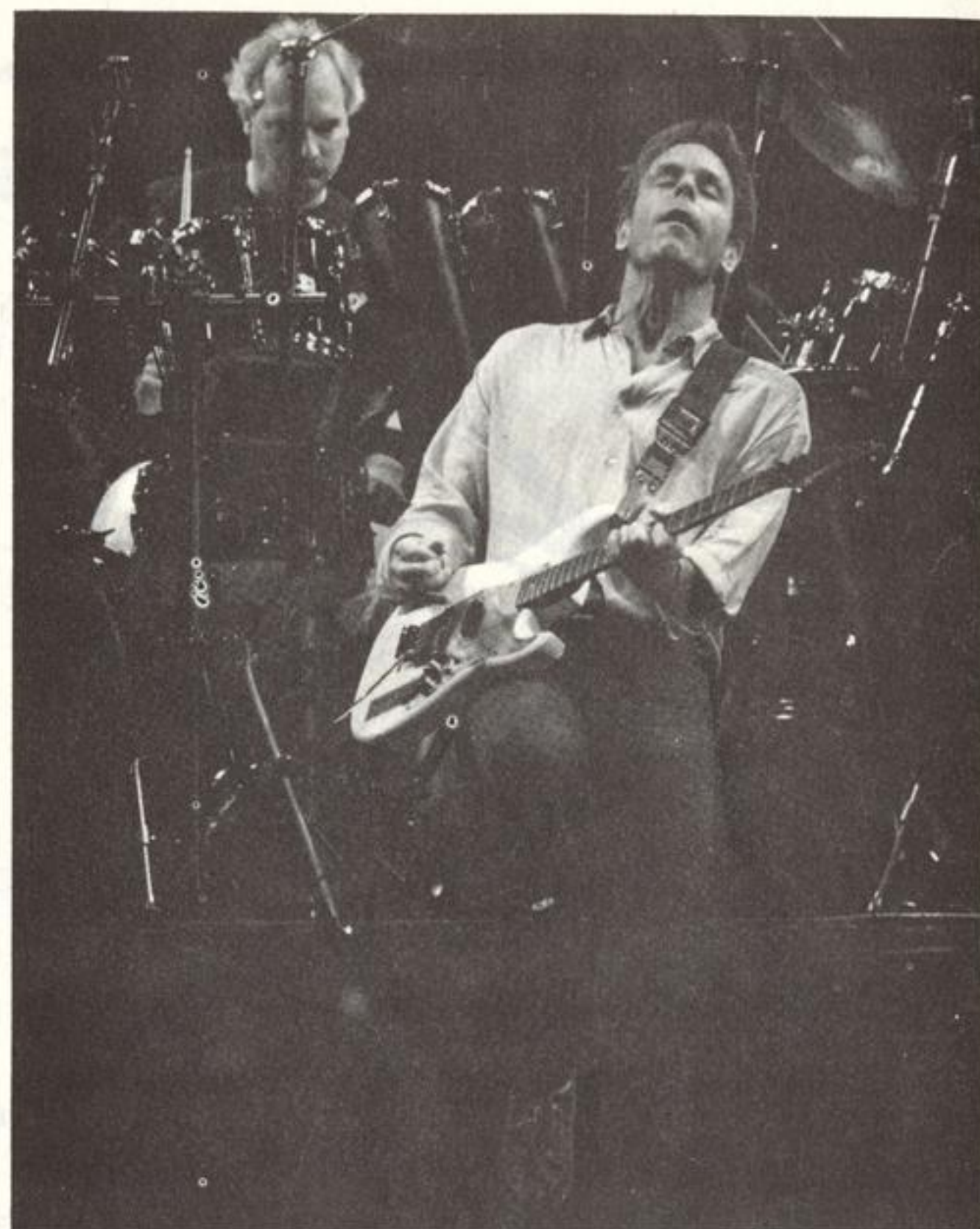
Surprise! On Sunday, October 1, at 11:30, Norfolk, Virginia radio station FM-99 made the surprise announcement that "the Warlocks" would be playing two concerts on at the Hampton Coliseum on Sunday and Monday, October 8 and 9. As the news spread rapidly

through the central Virginia area, many Deadheads made a mad Sunday afternoon dash to the Hampton Coliseum, one of only three places in the Norfolk area where tickets were available. Upon arrival at the Coliseum, Deadheads found no lines to wait in, and quickly received their tickets which said "John Scher and Cellar Door Concerts Presents - Formerly - The Warlocks". Rumor has it that the only way the band could get a permit to play at the Hampton Coliseum was to go under the name "The Warlocks". The folks at the Hampton Box Office said that the reason these shows happened the way they did was because "The Dead want to play a show for Virginians." The

shows went off very smoothly, with no violent incidents of gate crashing and so far no reports of hotel and/or parking lot trashing, it was all pretty mellow, the way it was supposed to be! As I am sure you have already heard, the Dead broke with "Dark Star" during the second set of the second show (10/9/89) and then they encored with "Attics of My Life"! After checking "Dead Base", we found that "Dark Star" has not been played since 7/13/84 at the Greeks Theatre in Berkeley, CA and "Attics" has not been played since 9/27/72 at the Stanley Theatre in New Jersey. Another surprise was "Death Don't Have No Mercy" which the boys broke out in September at Shoreline. Continued on page 3

CHAIN REACTION

The purpose of this letter is to try to warn our fellow Deadheads about the Charlotte Coliseum. As you know, the Dead are scheduled to play there on October 22 and 23, 1989. My husband and I are veteran concertgoers having attended over 50 Dead shows each and countless other concerts and have never, ever been arrested or detained in any manner. We are both in our late 20's, are married, have children and full-time jobs. We are very conscious of staying out of trouble, are horrified at the conduct of some Deadheads in the past few years and don't want to see things get worse. We generally try to go to the shows, enjoy the parking lot scene (as much as possible these days), maintain a low profile, be polite to authorities and the general public around a concert site, etc. Basically, we try to be mature, considerate of others and our surroundings and have a great time. On July 21, 1989, we attended a concert at the Charlotte Coliseum. Upon pulling into the parking lot, we decided to quickly smoke a bowl in our car and then go in and enjoy the show. Within 5 minutes of our arrival, there were 4 undercover agents behind our car. (We were parked next to a van and didn't see them coming). To make a long story short, we were both issued citations for simple possession of marijuana, first offense, and released to see the show with the promises made that we would only have to show up in Court and pay our fine. "No hassles" were the cops' exact words. When the agents ordered us from our car, searched it, etc., they already had 2 people with them for open containers of beer and liquor. On our way to their undercover cars where they wrote our tickets, they made another girl open her trunk and dragged her along with us, also writing her a ticket for an open container. This was happening all over the parking lot. An open container in the Charlotte Coliseum parking lot is an invitation to the cops to search your vehicle and your person. When we went into the concert, we again met up with the same undercover agents in the halls of the coliseum, again during the concert itself, and yet again in the bathrooms. They were constantly on the lookout and arresting people as fast as they could. They were extremely undercover, wearing concert t-shirts, earrings, the whole nine yards. Obviously, this type of law enforcement will be disastrous at a Dead show. And the cops' promise of "no hassles" could not have been further from the truth. (No big surprise). First of all, one of the cops called my husband's employer, he was dragged from work for a drug test and damn near lost his job. Secondly, when we showed up for the court date which was listed on our citations (August 1), we were informed this was only a scheduling day and we would have to return for the official court date of September 12. It is bad enough that we live approximately two hours away from Charlotte, but this would be truly horrible (not to mention expensive) if you lived on the West Coast or another section of the country. At any rate, I just wanted to let your readers know to be extremely cool when they go to Charlotte. I am sure the authorities there will be out in force and will not hesitate to arrest whoever they can for whatever reason they can find. Jane & John Doe, Camden, SC



Louisville '89

John Fuller

VOICE SEPTEMBER 12, 1989

Jerry Garcia Band / Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman: Sort of a night of the deconstructed Dead, as the front line takes a musical breather betwixt summer stadia and autumn auditoria. The big guy's intrepid band applies the slow-burn treatment to a tasty collection of roots-rock covers and Garcia/Hunter originals, with the fearless leader's sublime guitar metaphysics a given. Acoustic bassist Wasserman's stately accompaniment could elevate penguins into the stratosphere; here he backs an even stranger bird. September 7 at 7:30, Brendan Byrne Arena, Meadowlands, East Rutherford, New Jersey, 201-935-3900. (Gehr)

Richmond Times-Dispatch, Friday, August 25, 1989

NEW YORK (AP) — A graying and glib Paul McCartney formally announced an international concert tour yesterday that he hoped would attract both Beatlemaniacs and a new generation of fans. "There was a time when you thought music equals youth. I don't think that applies anymore," said McCartney, 47, joining other middle-aged rockers on tour this year — the Who, the Rolling Stones and former Beatles drummer Ringo Starr. Asked if he was touring to avoid being "left out," he replied, "I suppose there's an element of that ... but it's not my prime reason for going out." Instead, he credited the endless touring of the Grateful Dead and its leader, Jerry Garcia, with inspiring his first tour since 1976. "If Jerry can still do it that good, there's hope for us all," McCartney said.

In Vol. 4, No. 4, what do the asterisks (*) mean next to the songs in the AIDS Benefit set lists? Special Guests? Bob with his shirt off? Jerry on pedal steel? Inquiring minds want to know! Lee Agnew, Norman, OK
-----whoops!-----my mistake. The asterisks mean with Clarence Clemons on sax. Whatsamatter, Lee, can't you read my mind? LPS



I'm writing in desperation and with the hope that maybe in an upcoming issue of "UC" you could possibly see to it that the "Deadheads" like me all over the U.S. could learn how to become active in NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) a group that wants to help decriminalize and/or legalize safe marijuana consumption. Please tell people that any donation is tax deductible. Donations of \$25, \$50, \$100 or \$500 ensure that NORML remains a viable, vital organization. Mail to NORML, Suite 640, 2001 "S" Street NW, Washington, DC 20009 or for more information, call (202) 483-5500 and ask for a free membership information packet. John Payne, Flushing, MI



Anyone interested in New Orleans and Louisiana music might want to consider a subscription to Wavelength Magazine, the only magazine devoted exclusively to New Orleans music. A one year 12 issue subscription is \$15. Their address is:
Wavelength Magazine
P.O. Box 15667
New Orleans, La. 70175

JOHN SCHER & CELLAR DOOR PRESENT
FORMERLY
The Warlocks
HAMPTON COLISEUM
MONDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1989-7:30 P.M.
NO REFUNDS / NO EXCHANGES
NO CANS, BOTTLES, ALCOHOL OR VIDEO EQUIPMENT OF ANY KIND.
NO CAMPING OR VENDING

TKT. NO. 8602
GEN. ADM.
\$18.50
MONDAY 7:30 P.M.
OCTOBER 9, 1989

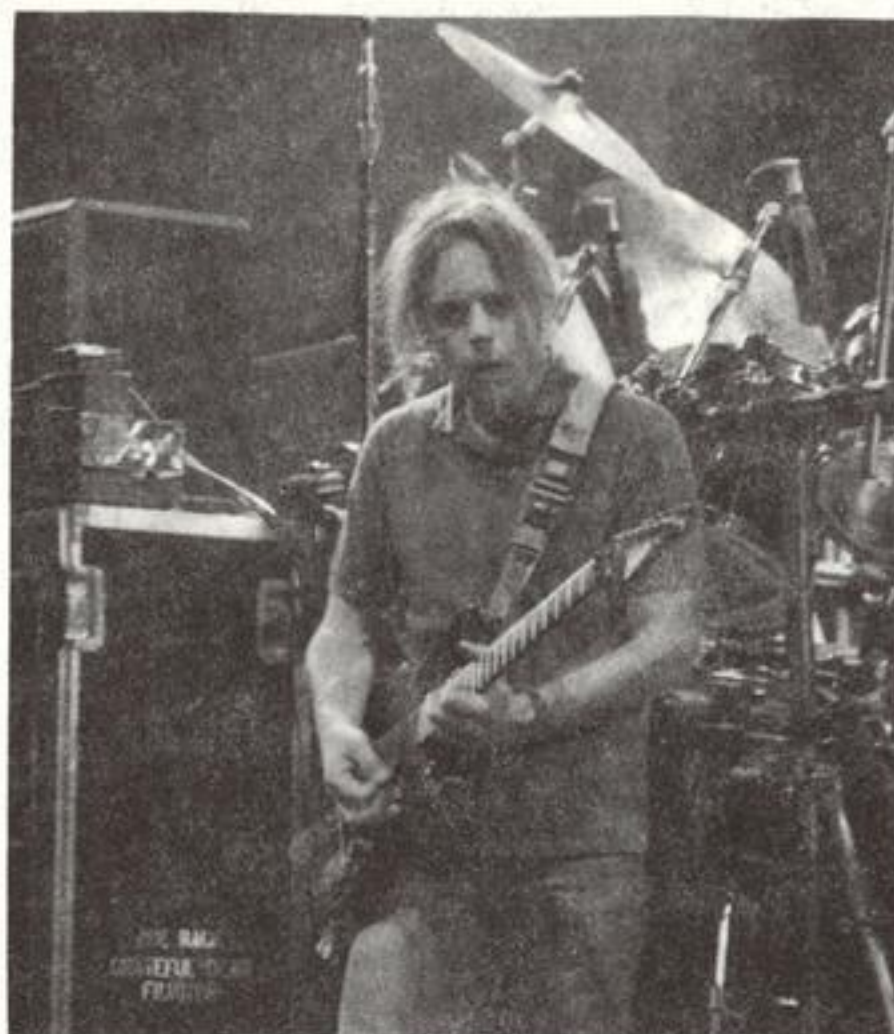


Editor's Page

By Laura Paul Smith

Volume IV, Number V

27th Edition, October 1989



Hampton 10/89

Steve Deems

As I am sure you have already heard, no camping or vending is allowed on fall tour. The Grateful Dead has finally taken a stand on trying to clean up the scene by eliminating part of it. (See their open letter on p. 9). It appears that, in order for the band to be able to continue to play music for the fans, the fans will have to become a little less noticeable to the towns where the Dead play. There has been a lot of dissention among vendors who don't think it is right for their livelihoods to be taken away, but, when you get right down to it, which is more important...being able to see and hear the band play music or to be able to buy a t-shirt after the show? Personally, I can live without the t-shirt. At the Hampton shows on Oct. 8 & 9, there was definitely vending going on. However, it appears to have reverted back to people selling tie-dyes and stickers out of their back packs as opposed to big tent set ups. There was also the usual sounds of nitrous tanks; as well as people selling beer and food. It all appeared to be scaled down in comparison to what we've seen over the past few years though. I only heard of one arrest for vending being made and it was some guys who were selling beers out of a cooler. The police in Hampton were pretty high profile; they were stationed on hotel balconies with surveillance cameras and binoculars to let people know they were being watched. All in all, though, they were nice, helpful and polite to Deadheads, who seemed to appreciate their mellowness and were respectful to them in return.

As far as our next issue goes, I am going to have to ask all of you subscribers out there to please bear with me on getting Vol. 4, No. 6 to you. I am due to have a baby

in early November, and at this moment I am just praying that I get this issue out in the mail before I go into labor! At this point, I can make no promises as to when Vol. 4 No. 6 will be out; I can only say I hope it makes it out by the end of 1989 but make no guarantees! Thank you for your patience.

I do want to mention an entirely different subject that has been heavily weighing on mind recently. Most of you are aware of this problem, which involves selling drugs at Dead shows. Weekly, I receive letters from people in prison - and we have between 15-20 subscribers who are in prisons all across the country for selling drugs. These people are truly sorry for what they did, but the underlying feeling among them seems to be that they didn't realize what the consequences would be if caught. So here they are, sentenced to spend anywhere from 1 to the next 15 years of their life behind bars, after living a somewhat carefree lifestyle following the Grateful Dead for months or years. You would have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to realize that recently the government is having a major crackdown on drug dealers. If you go out and sell drugs in the open at a Dead show and you get caught, you're more than likely going to do some time. It's that simple. For some reason though, the drug dealers are still openly peddling their wares at shows, as evidenced by the whispered chants of "doses, shrooms, X" still regularly heard at shows. Most of these people don't realize until it's too late the consequences of their actions. So let this not be a lecture, but rather some friendly advice: Stop selling drugs at shows. The feds are not stupid. They are probably watching you, and eventually, you will get busted.

The Labor Day Weekend (September 1 and 2) Jerry Garcia Band shows at Merriweather were quite a blast. Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman opened up both shows with an acoustic set, which unfortunately were not quite loud enough to capture the attention of the full audience. It seemed that many folks were still straggling in, getting to their seats, socializing, and waiting for JGB to come out. Bob & Rob played many familiar tunes, including "Fever", "Throwing Stones", "Easy to Slip", and "Looks Like Rain", "Blackbird", "City Girls", "Victim or the Crime", among others. JGB opened their first set on Friday night with a rousing "How Sweet It Is" and how sweet it was! Other highlights from the first night included "Stop That Train", "Brothers & Sisters", and "Harder They Come". The second night's highlights (9/2/89) included "They Love Each Other", "Midnight Moonlight" and "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down". Both shows were great, the scene was peaceful and mellow. It was a "well worth the wait" return to Merriweather for Deadheads...I know I for one have really missed seeing shows up there.

On one last note, I want to talk briefly about subscriptions, and how badly we need them. If you enjoy reading this publication, then please support us by subscribing. We cannot continue with our current status. We like to give these issues out free in hopes that you folks will see it and say, "gee, I wish this was mailed to my door", but it seems that too many folks don't want to pay for it if they know they can get it for free. We provide you with setlists, tour dates, and all sorts of reviews, photos, etc. We need your support, so please help in any way you can. We are not trying to make any money off of this thing, we are just trying to spread the good word and make folks happy. This never has and never will be a capitalist venture, and you can rest assured that you are not financing anybody's tours by contributing. Nobody's on a payroll here. Any money that comes into the publication goes back into it. Our costs include printing, postage, envelopes, office and art supplies, long distance phone bills, not to mention a computer which I paid for out of my own pocket. Who knows, one day maybe we can afford a color cover, or perhaps we can become a full-fledged magazine. It all depends on what you want out of it. As an added bonus to new subscriptions or renewals, we are throwing in a free 20-word classified ad, so please subscribe today! *Laura*

How to Impress Your Deadhead Friends at Lunch

THE ALICE KAHN COLUMN

Even in a bizarre town like Berkeley, an added 8,000 tie-dyed freaks don't blend in.



BY WILLIAM CONE/THE CHRONICLE

I was sitting in Chez Panisse Cafe eating my grilled Hawaiian opah with olive tapenade and sauteed leeks when I suddenly realized the joint was jumping with Deadheads.

If I were to lay a plaque at the exact place where the '80s began, it would be at Chez Panisse, the Berkeley restaurant where California cuisine was born. Then why was the place filled with these ghosts of the '60s? And how did I know the other ladies and gentlemen slurping down plates of baby lettuce salad and goat cheese calzone were Deadheads, devotees of the Grateful Dead rock band?

For one thing, the Dead were in Berkeley for the Greek Theater shows, the highest, holiest event in Deadville. Even in a town like Berkeley, renowned for its bizarre citizens, an added 8,000 tie-dyed freaks still don't blend in.

I also know that Deadheads come in two varieties: those under 30 who want to be born again weird and those over 30 who want to be Dead again on the weekend.

The latter were in Chez Panisse. They had left their tie-dyes in the van, but usually there was some little telltale sign of Deadness—say, one nose ring too many. In one case, I spotted a "Jerrycise" shirt beneath a Ralph Lauren sport coat—a T-shirt depicting roly-poly Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia doing his exercises.

Finally I just asked. People will usually tell you more than you'd care to know about them.

"Are you Deadheads?" I asked the threesome seated next to me. They were two men and a woman with almost a baby,

all wearing striped shirts and tight white pants. The woman told me it was a week before her baby was due. You could see her "outie" belly button pointing through her pants.

Not only were they Deadheads but they were film makers, and during lunch one of the two men got up and started filming the others eating their salad of fresh pears with figs.

"It's for the Smithsonian," the woman explained. "He's doing something on slow food vs. fast food."

"Are you Deadheads?" I asked the couple seated on my other side as they finished their fresh warm mozzarella with basil leaves.

"Yes," the woman said. "We got our tickets ahead of time and left Los Angeles early on Thursday to drive up to the show that night."

Instead, they got caught in traffic just outside L.A., at the interchange known as the Grapevine. An overturned big rig left them stuck in their car for 5½ hours. They missed the show. But they were philosophical, if not downright mellow, about the whole thing.

"Hey, what can you do?" she said and cocked her head so her earrings chimed.

"What do you do in Los Angeles?" I asked the woman, who had five pierced earrings on one ear.

"I'm a physician," she said and chomped down her prosciutto with melon.

Ah, I thought, one of those weird-again older Deadheads.

"And what do you do?" I asked her

companion.

"I'm a developer," he said, blowing on his acorn squash soup with creme fraiche.

I laughed. I've met Deadhead lawyers and Deadhead professors, but this was my first Deadhead developer. "What do you build?" I asked him.

"I build mixed-use commercial/residential urban spaces..." he began. But she interrupted him.

"He builds minimalis," she said.

"They are not," he retorted, and they began to demellow before my very eyes. I thought she was going to bean him with her baguette.

I decided to change the subject. "I'm a writer. I met Jerry once," I bragged, thinking that would impress them. "Interviewed him for a magazine. The whole thing was set up by Jerry's assistant, and then I hit his car."

"Assistant?" the woman said. "You mean...?"

"Yes, he's the one," I answered. "I rear-ended him."

"Oh," she said as the mocha custards arrived. "I slept with him."

You can take an upscale Deadhead to a fancy lunch, but you can't out-hip her.

'Deadheads' take wrong turn on road to concert

DEER CREEK, Ind. (UPI) — Die-hard fans of the rock 'n' roll group Grateful Dead follow the band to gigs all over the country, but some of them apparently got confused on the way to a concert last month.

The fans, known as "Deadheads," wanted to see their band play at Deer Creek Music Center near Indianapolis in July, but about 300 of them ended up in this Carroll County town of about 200 residents, according to a report published in the Logansport Phoros-Tribune.

"This was big excitement in this town," said Betty Smith, 49, who owns the Stop-N-Shop in Deer Creek with her husband, Ossie.

"We're right in the center of town," she said. "I guess they figured if anyone would know where the concert was, we would."

A few early arrivals wandered through Deer Creek on Friday and Saturday, but most descended on the town Saturday, Mrs. Smith said.

"We've got quite a few senior citizens, 15 families at least, and they were really getting a kick out of this," she said.

She said they redirected the Deadheads about 40 miles southeast, where they could find the outdoor amphitheater.

KUDZU By Doug Marlette



Steve Deems

Hampton 10/89

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Dear Chain,

What does laughing gas have in common with the ozone layer? Laughing gas (Nitrous Oxide) is part of the process that is attacking the ozone layer. In other words, Nitrous Oxide (N2O+O2) acts as a catalyst in the destruction of ozone (O3), a vital component of the earth's atmosphere. Ozone is a big deal because it makes life possible by filtering out harmful cancer causing wavelengths of Ultraviolet Radiation.

Since the 1970s, there's a 1-2% reduction in the earth's ozone shield. The EPA predicts, "A decrease of 1% in the concentration of stratospheric ozone will produce an increase of 2% in the UV at the surface of the Earth, and of 8% in skin cancers in fair-skinned people."

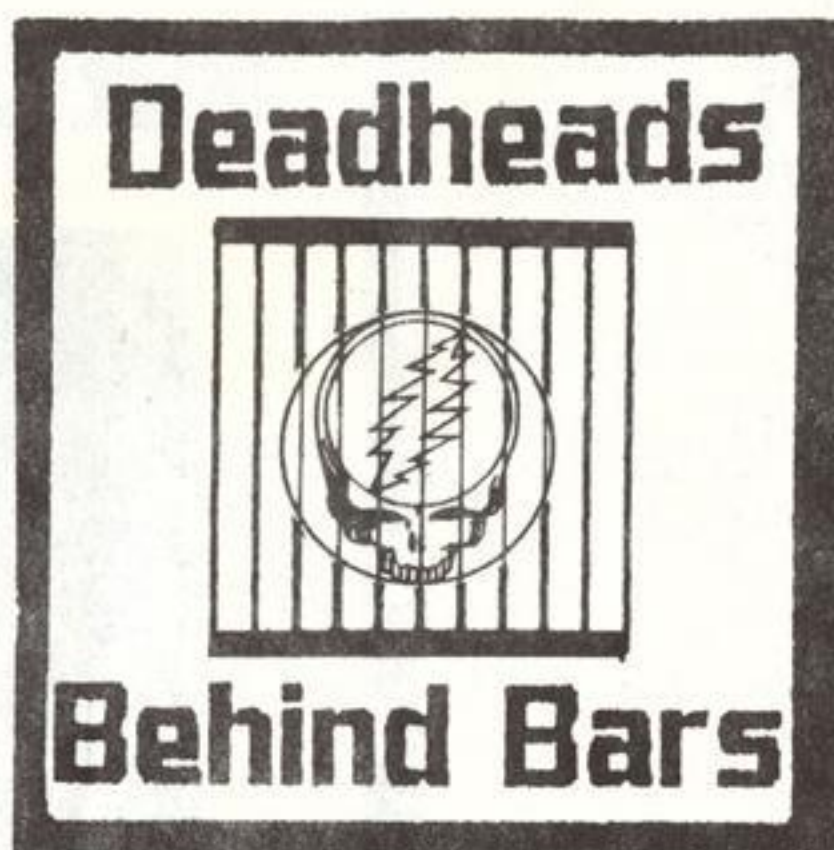
It's no laughing matter! Think about it next time you want to fill that balloon. One balloon might not end all life. It's the cumulative effect of all the Nitrous Oxides and Chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs). Are you part of that program?

John Barimo

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Dublin, PA 18917



Confessions of a Convict

By Pam Fisher

I have lots of time to think here. I remember back to when I first went on tour. The incredible feeling of freedom and family. I found people who I could be myself with and be accepted; shown love and good times.

A few years later I found myself snug into the family of people who never missed show. Touring with the Grateful Dead was our life, and it was beautiful...but as the days rolled by, I began to notice a darker side. Dealing became more important than anything. Kids come on tour and blindly join a fantasy world where "doses, doses" is the in thing to be yelling; before the reality of jail and undercover cops (very much a part of our scene) ever hits their heads. Very rarely does anyone ever think of the time that goes with the quantity they are holding. People joned off the high of dealing as if it were a hit of crack. Suddenly there were strangers who didn't dance following us at shows, taking our pictures. A shadow hung over us that prevented us from being with the people we cared about.

Well, I got lucky and was only sentenced to twenty-one months. By some small miracle, another not so lucky friend who got ten years ended up in the same prison. Right next door is another jail and just the other day we noticed another Deadhead friend of ours there. We stood in our recreation yard waving to him...so nice to see family...wait a minute, something is definitely wrong with this picture. Maybe it's the dual razor wire fences.

We are not allowed to write to other inmates; we are cut off from any of our family. We all wear the same thing and are told what to do and when to do it. We are subject to the guard's moods and games, at the cost of our good time.

The family spirit still shines bright - but nothing can change the fact that we are separated by this fence. The hugs that felt so good are now just a distant longing. The freedom we took for granted is now a memory.

I think back to my last shows. They were great - as always. But something had changed. I got tired of dancing with two monkeys on my back - monkeys who stood with their arms folded - watching. I got tired of wondering who was taking my picture and why. I missed my friends who wouldn't hang out with me because I was "hot". It seemed that we were sacrificing the very freedom and closeness we had struggled so hard to gain - for something that would ultimately destroy us.

I wonder about the future. Even existing outside the system you still have to function within it. The label "convicted felon" (and even worse in the nineties, "drug dealer") has slammed many doors in my face. It has taken away the simple freedom to smoke a joint for many years to come. It is something that will haunt me for the rest of my life.

I wonder about the future of the scene. Drugs, gate crashing, and inconsideration for the neighborhoods we play has caused the government to take notice of us in a very negative way. The band is taking the flack for our behavior. Where are we headed? Right now there are hundreds - maybe thousands of us scattered in jails all across the country. Think about what you are doing. Don't count on not getting caught because today's reality leans toward getting busted. Think about how you'll feel if you have to do time.

The one thing we have learned is "all we need is each other!" Let's stop giving them the leverage to take our freedom away. Drop out of the drug war. Let's get back to the pure high of music, love, dancing, the earth, and the freedom to enjoy them. We need to take what we've learned and use it in a positive way to get back to living by the ideals we supposedly believe in. We need to come together now, and work on saving the scene we live and love.

Does the Crime Match the Time? By John Rucklick

Anyone supporting their tour habit by selling LSD or any other drug should be aware of federal agents. They are everywhere nowadays. In fact, I met a brother Deadhead here in prison who claims that not only was he aware of these undercover agents (narcs), but he would see them and even talk to them at shows, at hotels, etc...

One thing that tourheads might not be aware of are the harsh new sentencing guidelines. I sure wasn't. It used to be that a judge would look at each individual case and take everything into consideration when he "judged" somebody - previous record, violence, any guns involved, etc... Now, the federal government has taken the power to "judge" away from the judges. What they do now is take your amount of drugs, convert it into the equivalent of heroin or PCP, and give you a number which determines your sentence.

It is a fact that approximately 80% of the federal judges in our country to not agree with these guidelines. However, after being reviewed by the Supreme Court, they were ruled constitutional. They might as well sentence you by computer.

The big problem we run into with the LSD is that they include the weight of the paper along with the drug. In my case, 5000 hits weighted 10 grams. It is common knowledge to any LSD dealer that one gram of LSD makes 10,000 hits of blotter acid. This should mean that 10,000 hits, or one gram, would make you a level 26, assuming that was your only charge and you didn't have any previous felonies. That would give you 63 to 78 months (5 years, 3 months to 6 years, 6 months). You may agree with me that this alone is outrageous, but it gets better.

Since in my case 5,000 hits or 50 sheets weighed 10 grams, let's say it is safe to assume that 10,000 hits or 100 sheets would weigh 20 grams. 20 grams of LSD would make you a level 36 making your sentence 188 to 235 months (15 years, 8 months to 19 years, 7 months).

Now, get this: You've heard of parole, right? It no longer exists. It used to be that if you had 9 years you could get paroled in 3 years, or 1/3rd of your sentence. Now we have what they call "good time". The maximum good time given out is 54 days a year. What kind of incentive is this for a person to stay out of trouble or work, even if it is only for 11 cents an hour while in jail.

Here is an example of the expertise used by these jokers who made the sentencing guidelines. If you look at them, you can see that they convert 1 gram of LSD (which turns out to be 500 hits) into 100 grams of heroin or PCP, and they convert 1 gram of dry mushrooms into 0.001 grams of heroin or PCP, that would mean that 100,000 grams of dry mushrooms is equal to 500 hits of acid. Gee, I should have been selling mushrooms. Or heroin, PCP or cocaine for that matter. Just the fact that they put mushrooms and LSD in the same category as heroin and PCP is absurd to me. I guess all this explains why our prisons are close to 150% over populated and growing. Maybe someday soon the government will look at some real issues like poverty, poor education, environmental rape, corruption or war.

Imprisoned Pen Pals

These folks in jail really need letters from Deadheads on the outside, to keep them in touch with what's going on and to keep their spirits up. We will start a list of Deadheads in jail to write to, hopefully adding more each time. If the spirit moves you, drop one of them a line. It will surely make their day. (This is sort of like Operation Dear Abby.) If you are presently incarcerated and would like your name to be on the list, please let us know.



Fast Ed Kelly
131 Dick Street
Fayetteville, NC 28301

Pam Fisher
P.O. Box 19202
Spokane, WA 99219

Phil Pietrowicz #73484
Arizona Prison Complex - Douglas
Mohave Unit P.O. Box 5002
Douglas, AZ 85608-5002

CAL EXPO, SACRAMENTO, CA AUGUST 4, 1989

Bertha
Greatest Story
Althea
Mama Tried->
Mexicali Blues
Never Trust a Woman
Built to Last
Queen Jane Approx.
Jack-A-Roe
Cassidy
Deal

Truckin'->
Wang Dang Doodle
Crazy Fingers->
Cumberland Blues->
Eyes of the World->
D/S->
The Wheel
I Need a Miracle
Stella Blue
Sugar Mag->
SSDD

Baby Blue

CAL EXPO, SACRAMENTO, CA AUGUST 5, 1989

One More Saturday Night
Cold Rain & Snow
You Can Run
Stagger Lee
Memphis Blues
Row Jimmy
Let It Grow

Hey Pocky Way
Playin' in the Band->
I Know You Rider->
Terrapin Station->
D/S->
Standing on the Moon->
Throwing Stones->
Not Fade Away->

U.S. Blues

CAL EXPO, SACRAMENTO, CA AUGUST 6, 1989

Let the Good Times Roll
Feel Like a Stranger
Franklin's Tower
Ramble On Rose
Masterpiece
Bird Song

Scarlet Begonias->
Fire on the Mountain
Sasson & Delilah
Ship of Fools
Women Are Smarter->
D/S->
I Will Take You Home->
The Other One->
Wharf Rat->
Lovelight

Johnny B. Goode
We Bid You Good Night

JERRY GARCIA BAND SEPTEMBER 1, 1989 MERRIMETHER POST PAVILION

Bob & Rob set:
Blackbird
Walkin' Blues
City Girls
Fever
Easy to Slip
Wasserman Bass Solo
Heaven Help the Fool

JGB:
How Sweet It Is
Stop That Train
Get Out of My Life Woman
Run For the Roses
Like a Road
Brothers & Sisters
Deal

Harder They Come
Mission in the Rain
Just in Case We Both Were Wrong
Mississippi Moon
Waiting for a Miracle
Lucky Ole Sun
Tangled Up in Blue

JERRY GARCIA BAND SEPTEMBER 2, 1989 MERRIMETHER POST PAVILION

Bob & Rob set:
Festival
Twilight Time
Desolation Row
Shade of Gray
Kipling Song
Looks Like Rain
Easy to Slip
Bass Solo
Throwing Stones

JGB:
I'll Take a Melody
They Love Each Other
Forever Young
That's What Love Will Make You Do
Knockin' on Heaven's Door
Stoned Me
Midnight Moonlight

Cats Down Under the Stars
Waiting for a Miracle
Simple Twist of Fate
Evangeline
The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down
Don't Let Go

THE WARLOCKS 10/8/89 HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

Foolish Heart
Walkin' Blues
Candyman
Me & My Uncle
Big River
Stagger Lee
Queen Jane Approximately
Bird Song
Promised Land

Help On the Way->
Slipknot->
Franklin's Tower
Victim or the Crime->
Eyes of the World->
D/S->
I Need a Miracle
The Wheel
Gimme Some Lovin
Morning Dew

We Bid You Goodnight

THE WARLOCKS 10/9/89 HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

Feel Like a Stranger
Built to Last
Red Rooster
Ramble On Rose
We Can Run, But We Cannot Hide
Jack-A-Roe
Stuck Inside Mobile
Row Jimmy
Music Never Stopped

Playin' in the Band
Uncle John's Band
DARK STAR/
D/S
Death Don't Have No Mercy
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude Reprise
Throwing Stones
Good Love

ATTICS OF MY LIFE!

MEADOWLANDS ARENA EAST RUTHERFORD, NJ OCTOBER 11, 1989

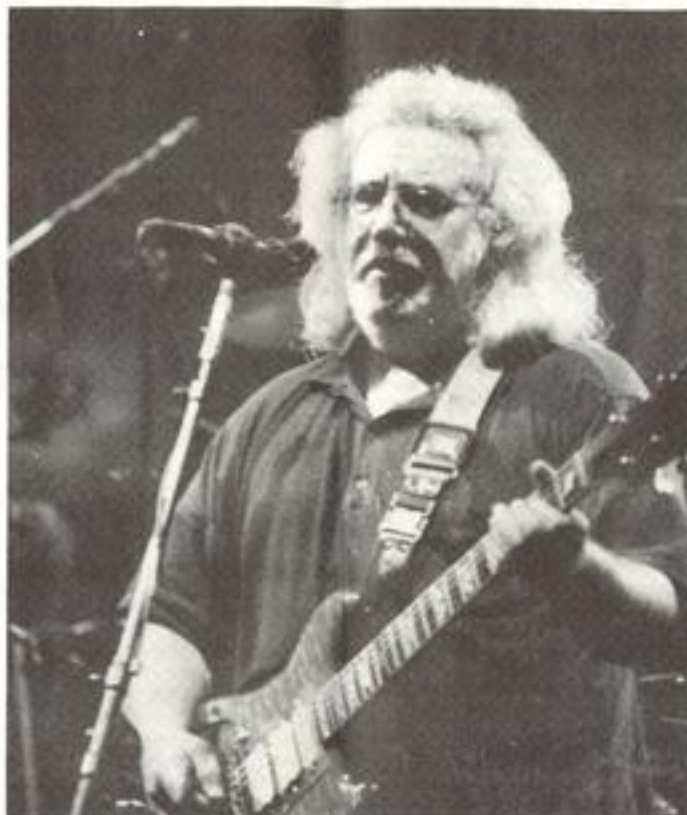
Good Times Roll
Bertha
Greatest Story
Loser
Masterpiece
Althea
Cassidy
Just a Little Light
Don't Ease Me In

China Cat
I Know You Rider
Estimated Prophet
Terrapin Station
D/S
The Wheel
Watchtower
Black Peter

Turn on Your Lovelight

Set Lists and Tour Dates

Hampton 10/89



Steve Deems

THE GREEK THEATRE BERKELEY, CA AUGUST 17, 1989

Hell in a Bucket
Sugaree
Walkin' Blues
Jack-a-Roe
Queen Jane Approx.
Candy Man
Music Never Stopped
Don't Ease Me In

Touch of Grey
Women Are Smarter
Ship of Fools
Estimated Prophet->
Eyes of the World->
D/S->
The Wheel->
Gimme Some Lovin'->
GOTRFB->
Good Lovin'

Mighty Quinn

THE GREEK THEATRE BERKELEY, CA AUGUST 18, 1989

Cold Rain & Snow
New Minglewood Blues
Row Jimmy
Masterpiece
Built to Last
Victim or the Crime
Bird Song
Promised Land

Iko Iko
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station->
D/S->
Crazy Fingers->
I Need a Miracle->
Stella Blue->
Throwin' Stones->
Lovelight

Black Muddy River
We Bid You Good Night

THE GREEK THEATRE BERKELEY, CA AUGUST 19, 1989

Let the Good Times Roll
Jack Straw
You Can Run
Tennessee Jed
It's All Over Now
Loser
Memphis Blues
Box of Rain

China Cat Sunflower->
I Know You Rider->
Playin' in the Band->
Uncle John's Band->
D/S->
The Other One->
Wharf Rat->
Not Fade Away

Foolish Heart

JERRY GARCIA BAND w/ Clarence Clemons SEPTEMBER 9, 1989 BRENDAN BYRNE, NJ

Bob & Rob set:
Festival
Walking Blues
Twilight Time
Desolation Row
("Song from 1920's"?)
Rudyard Kipling song
Victim or the Crime
Easy to Slip
Bass solo
Throwing Stones
Looks Like Rain

I'll Take a Melody
Get Outta My Life Woman
Like a Road
Run For the Roses
Simple Twist of Fate
Let It Rock
Cats Down Under the Stars

How Sweet It Is
Stop That Train
Think
Evangeline
Waiting for a Miracle
w/ Weir: Masterpiece
Harder They Come

The JGB shows were fantastic. It's so nice when tickets are easy to get. At Nassau and Byrne, people were giving their extras away. The arenas were full, but not packed. Merriweather was a big crowd though. The most rocked JGB shows I've ever seen. The Byrne was a bit laid back. I guess because Clarence Clemons was there. Nassau was super-hot. The Nassau cops were were their usual selves - those mounties are not to be fooled with. Bill Frey, E. Northport, NY

GRATEFUL DEAD TOUR DATES:

October 8, 9 Hampton Coliseum, Hampton, VA
October 11, 12, 14 Meadowlands Arena, East Rutherford, NJ
October 15, 16 Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
October 18, 19, 20 Charlotte Coliseum, Charlotte, NC
October 22, 23 Miami Arena, Miami, FL
October 25, 26

October 31 Jerry Garcia Band, Concord Pavilion, CA
December 8, 9, 10 Great Western Forum, Los Angeles, CA

For further information call the Grateful Dead Hotline:

(415) 457-6388 WEST COAST
(201) 777-8653 EAST COAST



UNCONFIRMED GRATEFUL DEAD TOUR DATES:

December 27, 28, 30, 31 New Year's shows
Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, CA

1990:

February 9, 10, 11 L.A. Forum, CA
February 24, 25 Mardi Gras, Oakland Coliseum, CA*
Spring 1990 East Coast Tour followed by possible May dates in Moscow and a short European tour

*One of these shows may be available on pay-per-view cable

WARNING: Beware of counterfeit tickets. According to the Hotline, 500 counterfeit tickets were caught at Shoreline. It was reported that people paid up to \$25 per ticket, an estimated profit of \$12,500! Plus, another 400 were caught at the Greeks - somebody out there is making a bundle. Be careful and only buy tickets from GDTS or other authorized ticket agencies. DO NOT buy tickets off the street, they most likely will be counterfeit and you won't get in.



Hampton 10/89

HAMPTON COLISEUM

OCT 8	9 THE WARLOCKS
10-15	WALT DISNEY'S WORLD ON ICE
16	JOB FAIR
18	SEAFEST

This past August Bob Dylan made a rare Richmond appearance at Kings Dominion of all places. While Kings Dominion is far from an ideal concert location Dylan and his opening act Steve Earle both treated the sold-out audience to an enjoyable evening of music. Steve Earle and the Dukes (including Richmond native Mike McAdam on guitar) opened the show with a very hard rocking set that made me wonder how these guys ever got labelled as country artists in the first place. Earle is in some ways like an angry, younger Dylan and he wasted no time in bringing his politics into the show. Before he even played the opening number "Snake Oil" (which compares Ronald Reagan to a snake oil salesman) Earle was telling the audience how he and George Bush were exactly alike. Both of them travelled around the country, talked to people and tried to make them believe their bullshit. Earle's band, the Dukes is a solid backup unit that could play with anybody. Steve Earle was very well-received in general, although I was quite surprised that his set focused only on his first and third albums, to the almost complete neglect of his fine second album "Exit 0." Bob Dylan came out and started rocking in a very hard and electric manner. Playing with just another guitar (Saturday Night Live's G.E. Smith), bass and drum the electric portion of Dylan's set sounded like the Outlaws in their 70's rock and roll heyday. The band sounded almost like it had an 80's bass and drum sound and 70's guitars. "Highway 61 Revisited," for example sounded very much like "Statesboro Blues" and the guitars on the show closing "Like A Rolling Stone" would have done Eddie Van Halen or Stevie Ray Vaughan proud. Right in the middle of his show, though Dylan pulled out the harmonica and the acoustic and treated the crowd to six or seven slow numbers that really sounded beautiful. Dylan's harmonica sounded great and my particular favorite number in the acoustic set was the classic "Don't Think Twice, It's Alright." At the amusement park there was a fireworks show and one of the highlights in Dylan's performance was seeing the fireworks going off as Dylan was singing "I see my light coming shining..." in "I Shall Be Released." Dylan did not say one word at all to the audience but he still seemed like he was enjoying himself. Bob Dylan might not have been all things to all people, but he did put on an excellent show that should have had something to offer for everyone.

STEVE EARLE AND THE DUKES
Kings Dominion, 8/12/89

George Bush Rap →
Snake Oil
Back to the Wall
Even When I'm Blue
Someday
Good Ole Boy (Gettin' Tough)
Guitar Town
Nothing But a Child
Fearless Heart
I Ain't Ever Satisfied
Copperhead Road

BOB DYLAN
Kings Dominion, 8/12/89

Most Likely You'll Go Your Way
A Place Where Lovers Go ???
Ballad of Hollis Brown
???
Stuck Inside of Mobile With the Memphis Blues Again
Highway 61 Revisited
???
Gates of Eden
Don't Think Twice, It's Alright
???
All Along the Watchtower
I Remember You
I Shall Be Released
Like A Rolling Stone

Mr. Tambourine Man →
Knockin' on Heaven's Door →
Maggie's Farm

29 Arrests at Rock Concert

Nassau County police arrested 29 people — 10 of them for allegedly selling nitrous oxide in balloons — during a concert featuring the Jerry Garcia Band at Nassau Coliseum Wednesday night.

Police said the 19 people not arrested in connection with the nitrous oxide were charged with various drug-related crimes — most for possession of LSD or marijuana.

Also, for the first time in Nassau County, police said they made an arrest for possession of the West Coast drug "ecstasy." The drug is made of mescaline and methamphetamine and stimulates the nervous system and causes hallucinations. It comes in powder form and is mixed in beverages, police said.

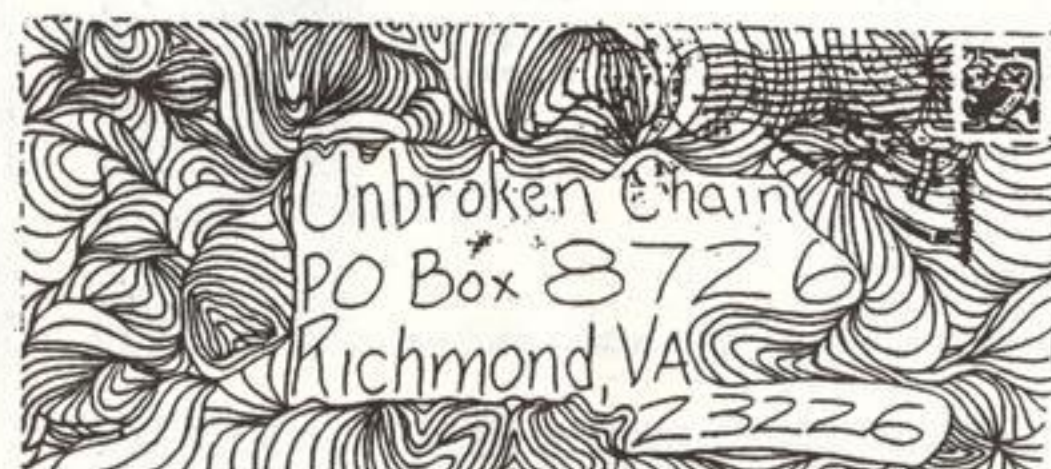
As for the nitrous oxide arrests, Deputy Insp. Paul Tully, commanding officer of the bureau of special operations, said police noticed that the balloons were being sold in the parking lot and that people were inhaling the gas to get high. Nitrous oxide is the gas — sometimes called "sweet air" — used by many dentists.

Tully said it was the first time police had encountered nitrous oxide being sold in balloons. He also said that police recovered 1.5 ounces of ecstasy, 910 tabs of LSD, some marijuana and a pack of cocaine.

While making the arrests, two officers sustained minor injuries. One officer was bitten and the other suffered a wrist injury, officials said.

Garcia is a member of the rock band "Grateful Dead." Those arrested were to be arraigned today.

— Bill Van Haintze



Boston Herald Sept. 11, 1989

Garcia solo tour strikes Dead on with all fans

By GREG REIBMAN

Jerry Garcia Band with Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman Saturday and last night at Great Woods.



JERRY GARCIA
Diverse song selection

JERRY Garcia brought his solo band to Great Woods this weekend. As with any concert involving the Grateful Dead guitarist, the music onstage shared the limelight with the Dead Heads in the audience.

There were many musical moments during Saturday's show that could be appreciated by those who weren't Dead devotees. But the communal spirit of the mostly young, tie-dyed crowd (who came early and stayed late) would have shocked anyone who wasn't familiar with the group's fanatical followers.

Garcia's band — featuring Bruce Springsteen's sax-player Clarence Clemons, plus keyboardist Melvin Seals, bassist John Kahn and drummer David Kemper — were fun. So was Garcia's broad song selection.

The Dead's Bob Weir and cohort Rob Wasserman opened the show with an acoustic set

that lacked the humor and spontaneity that Garcia and band were about to display.

Garcia began with a round of Motown and soul hits, including Marvin Gaye's "How Sweet It Is" (with Garcia and Clemons trading vocals) and Smokey Robinson's "I Second That Emotion." He hit his stride with some passionate singing and playing during Bob Dylan's "Forever Young."

Other selections included a

calypso treatment of Jimmy Cliff's "The Harder They Come," the Bands' "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" and Bruce Cockburn's "Waiting for a Miracle." The uptempo "Deal" and the plodding "Mission in the Rain" were the only originals.

Garcia's famed laid-back guitar style was nicely complemented by Clemons' wailing sax. Seal's keyboards and singers Jackie LaBranch and Gloria Jones added zest.

While all this was going on, the Dead Heads were living it up; dancing and spinning in circles. They crowded the aisles, the lawn, the parking lots and neighboring properties.

Despite efforts by Great Woods (at Garcia's request), hundreds showed up without tickets, causing massive traffic jams. During the concert a large contingent peacefully sat in the parking lot.

The short 11-date tour continues tonight at the Worcester Centrum. Garcia then goes back on the road with the Dead, who will release a new album, "Built to Last" Oct. 15.

You've Been Kept In The Dark Too Long.
On Halloween The Dead Will Rise Again.

New Potato Caboose SPUD ON THE TRACKS

October:

26 Bayou, Washington, DC
27 Maxwell's, Baltimore, MD
29 Franklin & Marshall, Lancaster, PA
31 (Halloween) Stone Balloon, Newark, DE

November:

1 7 Willow Street, Portchester, NY
2 Saratoga Springs, NY
3 Pearl Street, Northampton, MA
4 Wetlands, NYC, NY
6 The Haunt, Ithaca, NY
8 Johnny D's, Boston, MA
9 Shenanigans, Norwalk, CN
10 The Amblar Cabaret, Philadelphia, PA
11 Washington College, Chestertown, MD
15 The Exit Inn, Nashville, TN
16 Hooligan's Louisville, KY
17 Ripley's, Cincinnati, OH
18 Denison University, Granville, OH
19 (tentative) Stash's, Columbus, OH
28 Sackett's, Radford, VA
29 Richmond or Charlottesville, VA
30 Bayou, Washington, DC

December:

2 Cat's Cradle, Chapel Hill, NC

WEST COAST TOUR:

Tentative dates at printing:

December:

6 Vancouver, British Columbia
7 Backstage, Seattle, WA
8 Pine Street Theatre, Portland, OR
9 WDW Hall, Eugene, OR
11 Catati Cabaret, Catati, CA
12 Slim's or New George's, San Francisco, CA
13 Santa Cruz, CA
14 Tentative
15 Paladium, North Hollywood, CA
16 San Diego, CA

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Arlington, VA 22205

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John Redling: Keyboards, Vocals
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Friday, October 13, 1989

Olatunji arouses passion

Music review

By Esther Benenson
Special correspondent

Master drummer Babatunde Olatunji couldn't have said it better last night when he described his band's performance of "The Drums of Passion" as "quite different from the story of Tarzan and Jane."

In the first of the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts' World Music and Performance series, the Nigerian and his seven-member troupe aroused a passion for Africa that Johnny Weissmuller never could.

A stocky man dressed in a flowing white robe with enormous, wizard-like sleeves, the 62-year-old paradigm of West African culture projected an aura of respect and authority that commanded attention.

Together with his five-man orchestra, they beat an impassioned labyrinth of polyrhythm via exotic, oddly shaped instruments.

With the oblong jembe gripped between their knees, the minuscule talking drum tucked under an arm, and a mammoth djum-djum strategically placed atop some chairs, the men best exerted their enthusiasm in "Language of the Drums."

Olatunji's two female dancers interpreted the often frenzied, always hypnotic polyrhythms with bold, expressive movements hundreds of years old.

Dressed in colorful costumes, backs bent, hips far to the rear, Olu Jomo-Johnson and Dreamer Fredricks thrust their torsos in and out and worked every muscle in a complex flow that was sometimes smooth and sometimes brash; sometimes theatric, and always exciting.

In contrast to the movable drums of his colleagues, Olatunji took turns beating the ashika and ngoma as well as the jembe. As the drumbeats swelled, the master's deeply resonant voice rose above the rest, leading a call and response chorus that mixed wailing, incantation and harmony with notes held longer and louder than one's ears could believe.

Olatunji prefaced his selections with their histories. The program consisted of songs of welcome, harvest time and the language of drums.

The concert ended with a procession to the rear exit that topped the one opening the show. An exuberant audience followed the performers through the doors, dancing and whooping to the consuming rhythms.

9

WORST
CASE
SCENARIO

GRATEFUL DEAD AT FIDDLER'S GREEN

WITH NO SHOWS SCHEDULED AT RED ROCKS OR FOLSOM, THIS YEAR WE CAN ONLY HOPE.

DEAD HEADS INVADE DENVER TECH!



Virginia's too good to waste. RECYCLE!

Virginia Department of Waste Management

JERRY GARCIA & BOB WEIR OCTOBER 13, 1989 DAVID LETTERMAN SHOW

Hey Now! Did you catch Jerry and Bob on the David Letterman show on their night off from the Meadowlands? It was great! They sat in with Paul Shafer's band throughout the show, and during the commercial breaks a couple of the songs they played were "Quinn the Eskimo" and "Good Love." While guest Woody Harrelson was trying to tell Dave a story, Paul Shafer, Jerry and Bob were goofing around causing a trouble on the sides. Dave said to them, "Sorry, I'm not the Meadowlands" in an half-joking, half-admonishing tone. Everyone was all smiles. Then, during the last ten minutes of the show, after Julia Child cooked some wok duck, Jerry and Bob finally got to show their stuff and played a rousing version of "Second That Emotion." After that, a brief interview took place where Jerry told Dave that he didn't try any of Julia Child's wok duck because ducks were too "fuzzy and cute" and Bob confirmed that the band is putting plans together to go to Moscow in May, and Jerry added that Europe was a good possibility as well. Dave held up a copy of the new album a couple of times, (about the 20th Grateful Dead album) but it was hard to get a good look at the cover. They confirmed that the album, entitled "Built To Last," is due out on Halloween.

A Letter From the Band

Fall 1989

Hey Now.

It's nice to be able to start this message without a rant — this summer's tour was the best in a while in terms of logistics, and we'd like to thank all of you who listened and helped make it work. There's even a group of Dead Heads that are working on the problem of bio-degradeable 'plastic' trash bags, and we expect you'll be seeing them in the near future. Nice job! Unfortunately, the job never ends. We did OK at stadiums and out in the countryside, but the set-up this fall will be different, and for various reasons there will be NO CAMPING OR VENDING on the autumn tour. We don't know whether or not this will be a permanent policy — but we do know that we can't play at, for instance, the Meadowlands this fall if we try to have camping and/or vending. We know it's disappointing, but that's the way it has to be.

On more pleasant paths, we wanted to let you know that the album, co-produced by Jerry and John Cutler and tentatively entitled "Built to Last", is coming along quite nicely. We're still looking forward to putting it out around October 1st (knock wood).



Hampton 10/89

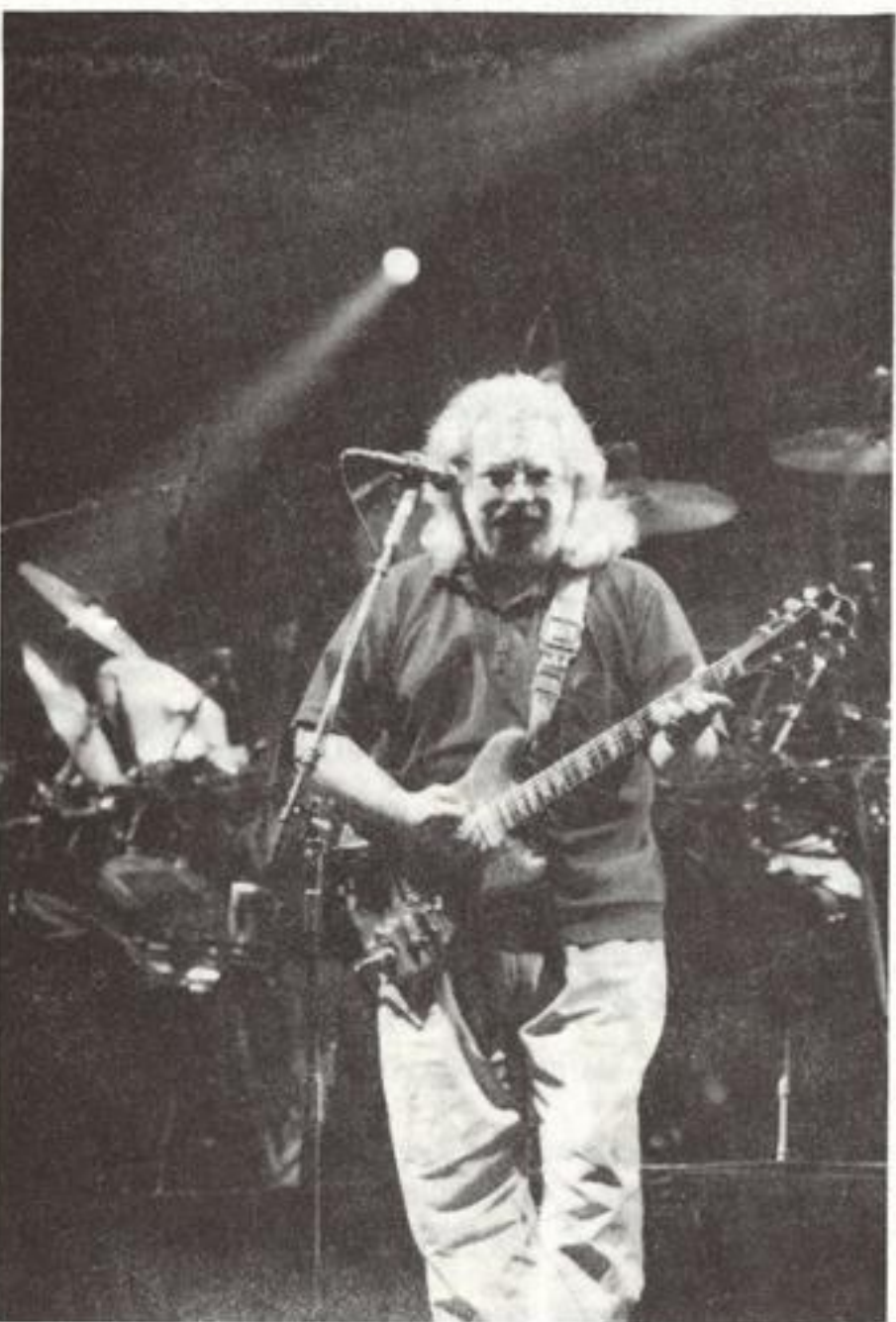
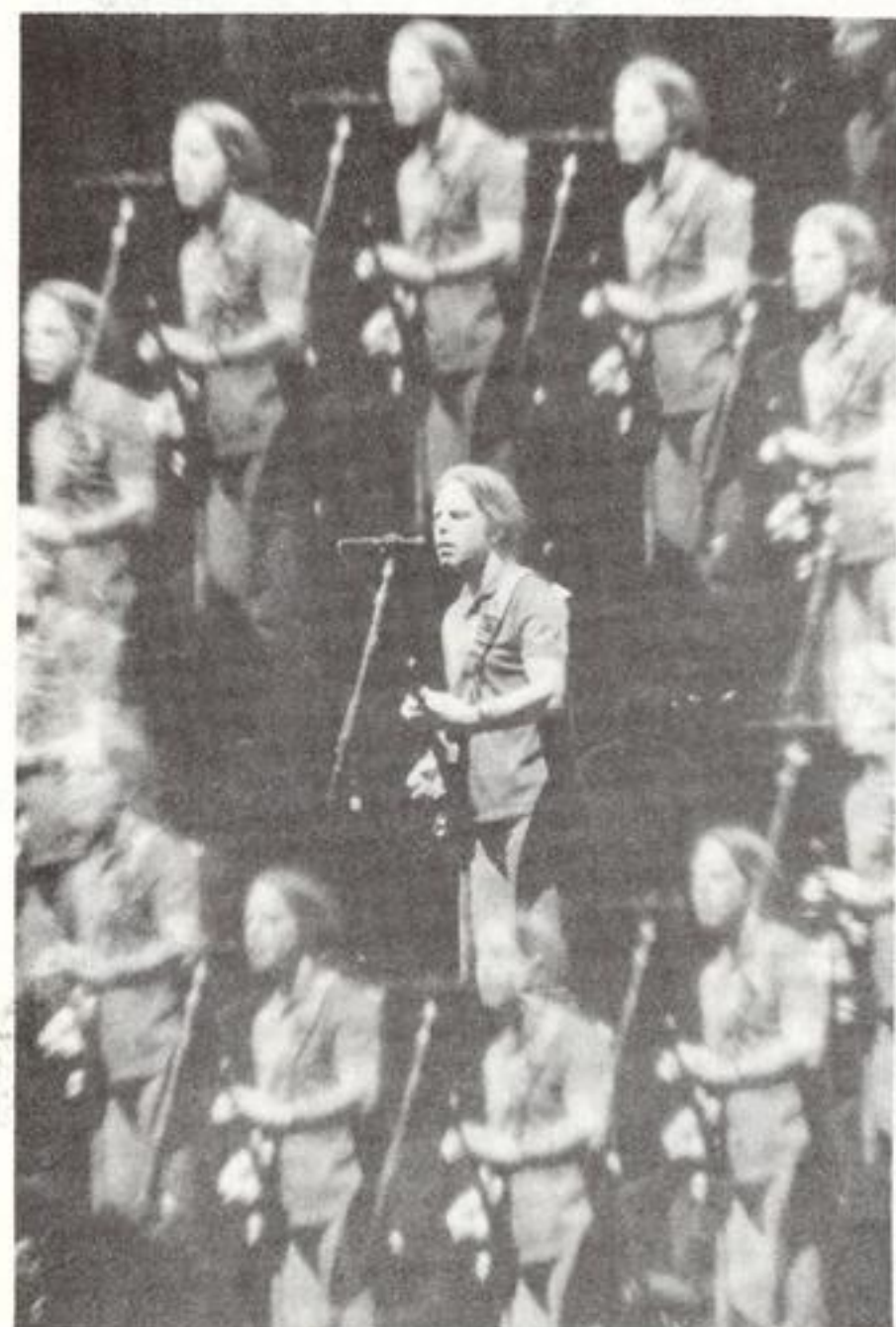
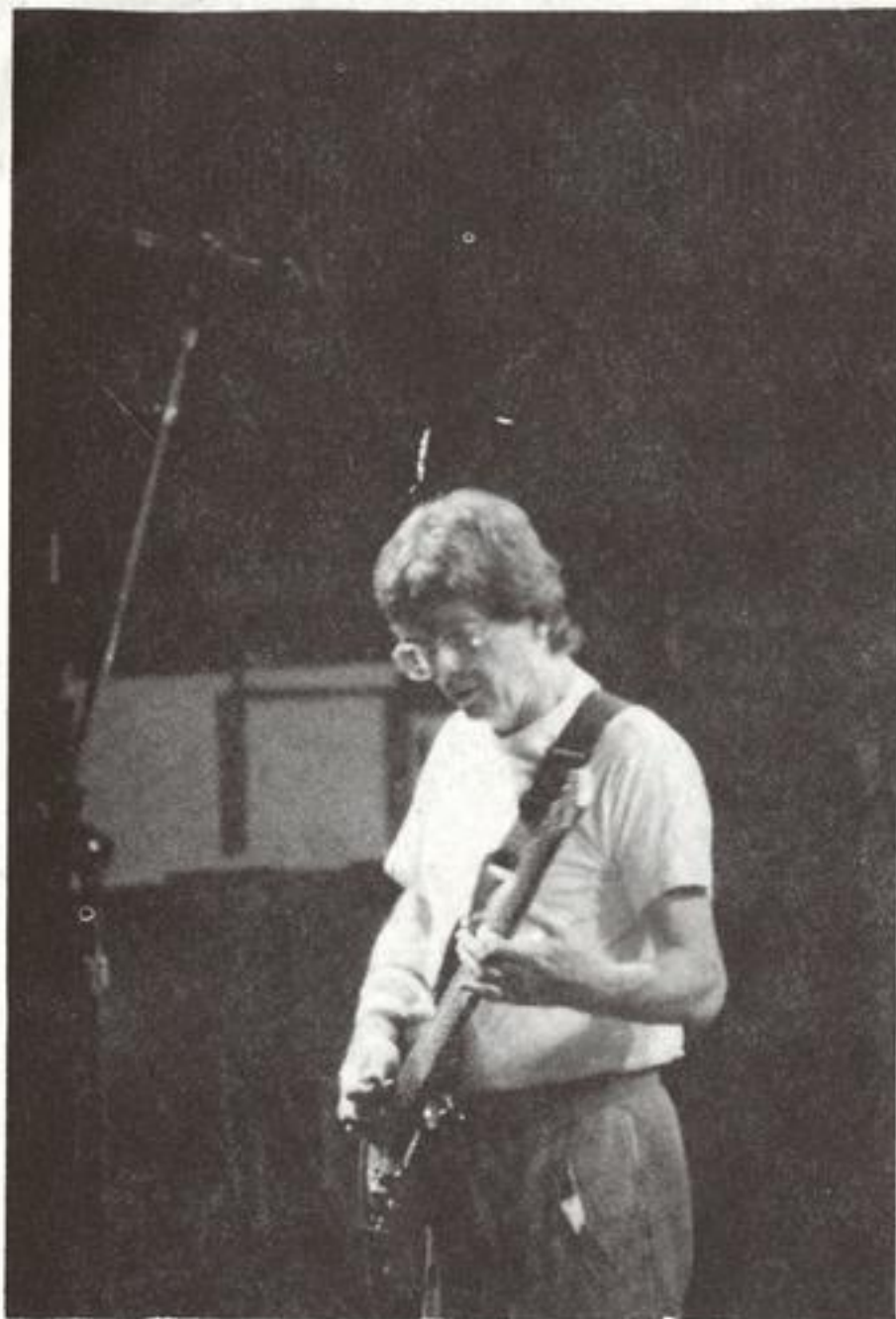
Steve Deems

You can assume it'll include the following, plus or minus inspirations, "Built to Last", "Standing on the Moon", and "Foolish Heart" from Hunter-Garcia; "Picasso Moon" from Weir-Barlow-Bralove; "Victim or the Crime" from Gerrit Graham and Weir; and "Blow Away", "I Will Take You Home", "Just A Little Light", and "You Can Run", from Mydland-Barlow.

Our two most interesting encounters during the tour but off the stage took place one day in Washington. Weir, Hart, and Garcia joined Randy Hayes of the Rainforest Action Network in front of the Congressional Human Rights Foundation on Capitol Hill. We moved some air, if not necessarily minds. We had more fun when we went into the bowels of the Smithsonian and got to play with the musical instruments collection, including military drums from the War of 1812, 19th century banjos and guitars, and a harpsichord from 1608 which still, amazingly, sounded good. That's serious built-to-last.

Jerry, Bobby, Billy, Mickey, Brent & Phil

P.S. We are urging all of you to take into consideration the fact that as of September 1989 the Federal Government is beginning a drug enforcement program concentrating on the casual user. Your possessions may be subject to confiscation if you are found with any illegal substances. Remember, our scene is in the public eye, so act accordingly.



Band Spotlight:

JELLO



In this issue we are spotlighting a band called Jello. You might have already heard of the band called the Jello Boys, who we ran a spotlight on back in the March/April 1988 edition of *Unbroken Chain*. Jello is a Maryland based band that was formed in late 1988 by Greg Gabor, one of the founding members of the Jello Boys. This new band contains members of some of the mid-Atlantic region's favorite bands, such as DC's *Crazy Fingers*, *The Next Step*, *Cosmic Debris*, *Out To Lunch*, *No Scotch Today*, *the Immigrants* and *Beautology*, among others. Jello combines the dance beats of Reggae, the funk of Little Feat and the essence of the Grateful Dead, creating a pulsating and danceable groove. This is a dance band that ranges from classic rock, through reggae, to rhythm and blues; an innovative band that enjoys developing new and exciting performances that invite audience participation.

The band has recently released a 6-song tape called *Secret Sensation* featuring a taste of Jello's original sound. The tape provides enjoyable listening that kinda makes you want to get up and dance, and definitely leaves one wanting to hear more. Songs included on the tape are *Secret Sensation*, *Dyo*, *Chemistry*, *Babe Ruth*, *Yahweh Sunshine* and *Ground Zero*.

The band members include the following:

Greg Gabor – Guitar, vocals, synth piano
 Brian Schebish – Acoustic guitar, bass, vocals, songwriting
 Bob Poleski – Rythm, slide, acoustic, vocals, songwriting
 Greg Phillips – Drums
 Tom E – Vocals, harmonica, percussion
 Rolf Ordall – Keyboards
 Jay Turner – Bass

For more information on the band, contact Greg Gabor at:

Black Kat Productions

51 Murray Avenue
 Annapolis, Maryland 21401
 (301) 263-0866

All of the photos on this page were taken at Hampton 10/89 by Steve Deems.

ROLLING STONE, OCTOBER 19TH, 1989

RANDOM NOTES

We did this record more like most people make studio records," says BOB WEIR of the GRATEFUL DEAD's new album, *Built to Last*, due this month. "For all intents and purposes, the last record was a live recording with judicious

overdubbing. But we took a little more time with this one. A live recording is like a photograph, and a studio recording you can liken to a painting. The last record was like a touched-up photograph. This one's an actual painting of each song."

The Dead will be testing the road-worthiness of the album's nine songs when they head out on tour this month. "Usually, our songs grow up

onstage before we record them," says Weir. "But a lot of this material has never been onstage, so it had to go through its maturation process in the studio, which is new for us."

Weir describes the title track and "Foolish Heart" (both written by JERRY GARCIA and ROBERT HUNTER) as "Hunter and Garcia waxing philosophical as they're wont to do."

Thank You!

Many thanks to the following folks who have lent a helping hand in producing, distributing, folding, collating or otherwise supporting the Chain: Sarah Paul, Jennifer Norvell, Jack Graham, Clare Little, Kriss & Karen Wilson, Henry Stribling, Todd, Slick, Tim & Dani Ashbridge, Howard Park, Bill & Kiki Parsons, Rudy Contratti, Scott Pegg, Hal & Cindy Hamner, Steve Deems, Matt Powell, John Fuller, all of our subscribers, Bohannon's Records & Tapes, Melissa's Inn, New Potato Caboose, Spectrum Press, and last but definitely not least, Hello, Incorporated. JB