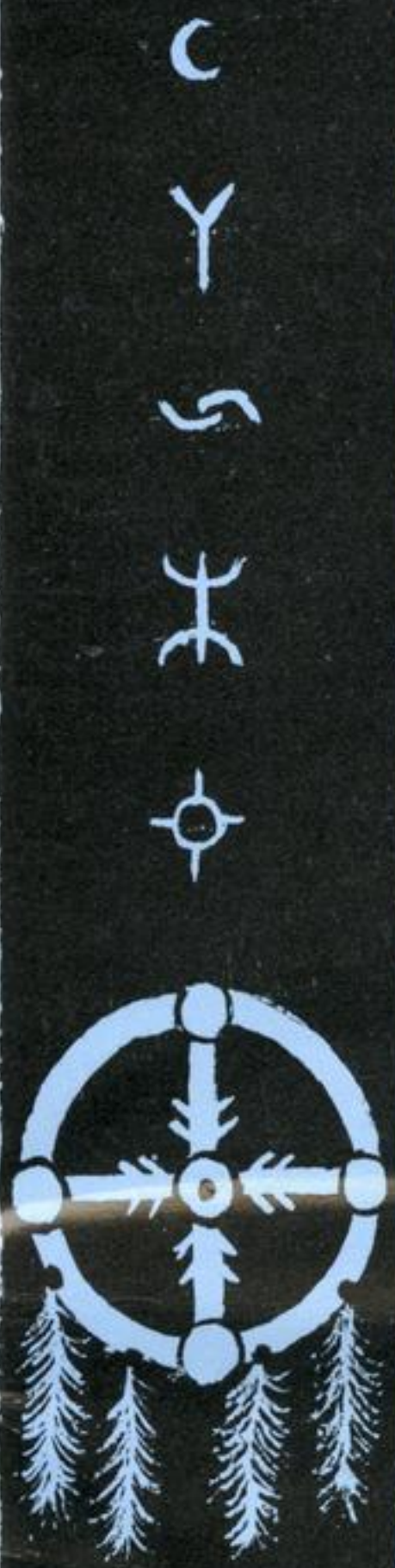


UNBROKEN



VOL. 6

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No. 4

CHAIN

Chain Reaction

The last issue was great, especially the interview with Dan Healy - up to the standards of the Golden Road! Sacramento shows were great (well, except Monday with all the equipment problems). Great Box of Rain in the precipitation trilogy on Wednesday night. It was a beautiful light rain throughout the show. Phil did the Bass intro on "The Other One." Wow, is that great! Dark Star in the first set at Shoreline. Jerry wore shorts all three Sacramento shows and looked real healthy. Adios Mi Amigos, Last Record Store, Santa Rosa, CA

A guy I trade tapes with runs a Dead BBS (Computer Bulletin Board) in Pennsylvania. I put a plug for UC on the BBS and on Usenet rec.music.gdead news group. That is an internet news group if you know what that is. It's similar to the Well. Rec.music.gdead can be reached through the BBS that my friend runs. If you know anyone who is interested have them drop me a line. Brad Speierman, 7524 Summer Blossom La., Columbia, MD 21046.

Congratulations on your new glossy-cover format. You are a real magazine now! Thanks to Barry from San Francisco, who sent McNichols Arena tape to KDHT Radio in Thornton, CO for their "Dead of the Night" show. They not only mentioned Unbroken Chain, but also "some guy in jail." I wonder who that could be! Channel 2 in Denver has a new theme song they use to promote reruns of the original Star Trek series. It goes like this: "Trekin', here on Channel 2...Trekin', it's the thing to do...etc." Scottie, I can name that tune in three stardates. That's all the news from Behind the Bars at FCI Englewood. Remember, don't worry, be grateful. Stanley Marshall. I'd like to add a quick note to my last letter. I just caught this week's broadcast of "The Dead of the Night" on KDHT Radio. The DJ said that they have been inundated with tapes being sent in from all over the country. Why is this DBB smiling? Thank you everybody for letting it shine!

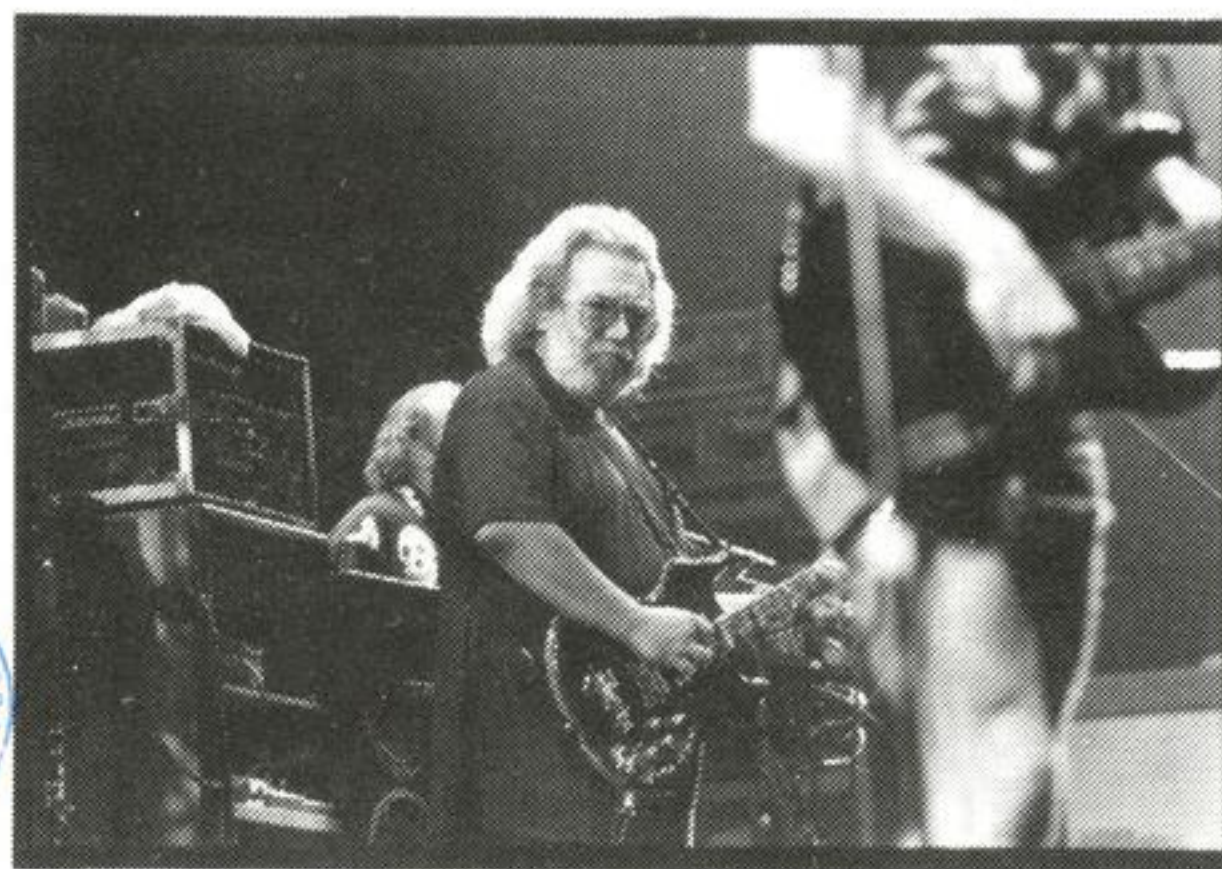
I'm confused. In response to my letter in U.C. 6/3 you said "Chain Reaction" is just that, a personal response to what you've read in U.C." My whole point was that these other people were not responding to what they've read in U.C., and if these people feel so strongly about these issues, I think you would be serving them better by educating them as to where to express their feelings where it would do some good and not be falling on deaf ears. I read the paper and other publications that cover those issues and the reason I look forward to U.C. so much is because I don't tour and I like to find out what's going on with the band and not hear redundant babblings that I already read elsewhere. I subscribe to Motocross Action and Water Ski Mag and they both have open forums also, but they stick to the issues that are the reasons people subscribe. Again, I'm not asking you to stop, I just felt misunderstood. Sincerely, Pete Everett, Sanford, FL

After reading Vol. 6 No. 3, which Ken from Terrapin Tapes lent me, I felt I had to subscribe. This issue was filled with not only an excellent interview with Dan Healy, but the most up-to-date info on our favorite band. This magazine handles rumors very professionally. Just like the next "head", I like to know what's going on and what might go on, good or bad. The newspaper articles from around the country are priceless, and offer up a different slant to activities in the Grateful Dead community. Keep up the good work. Please add my name to the list of loyal subscribers from here on in. Sincerely, Bill Standwill, Farmingdale, NY

The Trading Post just sent me my first copy of UC. I read Relix and Dupree's but what I have always enjoyed the most is hearing from other Deadheads. I write to people I've met at shows, or traded tapes with, all over the country. It's so great to hear their stories and ideas. UC is the best. Thank you for giving everyone so much of your time and energy so they can exchange thoughts. You must be a very high person! Peace, Randy Litton, Lilburn, GA P.S.

I really enjoy your magazine/newsletter. The only suggestion I would have to improve your great coverage of the scene, would be to include more Jerry and Bob solo set lists. Gratefully yours, Mike Rutledge, Lansing, IL
Ed's note: We'll try but we need your help, readers. Send us set lists for these shows! (And thanks everyone who has sent them!)

continued on page four



Madison Square Garden 9/9/91 By Richard Crichton

Dead again

Why Jerry Garcia and company are reason to be grateful

by Mark Jurkowitz

(Next week, beginning September 20, the Grateful Dead play six sold-out shows at Boston Garden. A lot of folks, former Deadheads included, are mystified by the band's enduring cross-generational appeal. We asked Phoenix senior staff news writer Mark Jurkowitz to enlighten us by discussing his 20-plus year fixation on the band.)

For me, the Grateful Dead were an acquired taste. When you're an 18-year-old trying to pal around with a bunch of guys from New York in a BU high-rise dorm — and the social cachet is dope and the Dead — well, you do both, and in the sequence I just described. Hanging around hardcore Deadheads, I didn't even have the luxury of easing my way into their repertoire via the more easy-listening *American Beauty* or *Workingman's Dead*. I was initiated via *Europe '72*, the live triple album that was shock therapy for the nouveau Deadhead. I listened because all my friends did. Then I started going to concerts.

Somewhere along the way, I fell in love. And though it would fit the classic Deadhead stereotype, I didn't experience some kind of epiphany. Not even the time a group of us stumbled onto the 13th floor of the Sheraton Boston and discovered a weary Jerry Garcia, at the end of a long Christmas-season tour, standing in the hallway. (The only words of wisdom our guru imparted came after we asked him what his New Year's plans were. "Checkin' into a hospital, man," he warbled in his flutery tones.) There wasn't one special song that stole my heart. Or even one concert performance. It just happened.

There are few fence-sitters when it comes to the Dead. You either get it or you dismiss them as the bubble-gummers of the beatnik generation whose added adherents would be just as happy doing Amway or est or Scientology. So it makes no sense to try and proselytize. And it's not worth trying to explain the more esoteric elements of their appeal.

Boston Phoenix

Unless you're already a fan, explanations such as "They seem to have this kind of wisdom" or "We show up and give the Dead our good energy, and they fill us up in return" won't cut the mustard.

So here's my closing argument to the jury. What finally won me over, I believe, is the simple joy of believing that the Grateful Dead are the least perishable rock-and-roll band I have ever run across. Sure, these graying middle-agers have forsaken the six-hour concerts, but each show is still ripe with promise of catching lightning in a bottle — of ad-lib brilliance, boundless energy, and endless choices. (Trying to guess the play list ahead of time is still a favorite, if futile, Deadhead parlor game.) No other group can roll out the staggering variety of ballad, blues, and boogie that these guys can.

And the rap that all their songs sound alike is one of the most ill-informed Dead-bashing misconceptions. Listen to "Me and My Uncle," then try "The Other One" and maybe flip over to "Eyes of the World." Finally, consider that this group are the Ernie Banks ("Let's play two today") of rock and roll: playing mega-houses like the Boston Garden and Madison Square Garden for nights on end, undaunted by diabetic comas, the deaths of the doomed keyboard players, or the plain old passage of time. Is it a coincidence that they are box-office phenomenons, or that their fans can be counted in generations? *Joie de vivre* is pretty damn infectious.

So I think I yielded to the Dead 20 years ago because I somehow knew I would still love them today. I'm no longer an irresponsible kid, either. Now I have an important newspaper job and I'm deep into my thirtysomethings. And last Friday evening, when I paid my regular TGIF visit to a friend of mine — who is older and has an even weightier job — we engaged in our usual weekend cocktail. Then we put *Europe '72* on his crummy cassette player and lustily belted out "I Know You Rider" at the top of our discordant lungs.

And we loved it.
And I'm grateful for that. □

I'VE TRIPPED, AND I CAN'T GET DOWN

CUBES (213) 973-DEAD

Editor's Page

Volume 6, No. 4 October 1991

By Laura Paul Smith

Photo by Laura P. Smith



Sarah at Gwynn's Island 9/91

Howdy folks, and welcome to Volume 6, No. 4 of *Unbroken Chain*. Fall tour is now history and I hope that everyone who was able to be there had a blast. As for me, and most of our local staff, we were unable to attend any shows due to the distance and cash flow factors involved with the northeastern tour. So, here we sit, eagerly awaiting the JGB shows in November. (See Tour Dates on page 13.)

The East Coast Fall tour started again this year at the Richfield Coliseum, in Richfield, Ohio. The shows, judging from the set lists, look like nothing out of the ordinary. However, at Madison Square Garden the boys seemed to pick up some momentum. On the first night (9/8/91), Bobby, Phil and Bruce stayed out on stage and jammed with Billy and Mickey prior to *Drums*, and that same night the boys encored with the rare and sweet *Attics of My Life*. Then the next night, fans were treated to another rarity, *The Last Time*, which was played again on 9/17/91. Deadheads were happy to note the many changes which had taken place at the Garden since the last shows there. The place has undergone a major face lift with a new paint job, new seats and a great new food court offering a diverse menu for hungry heads. The Boston Garden shows, from what I've heard, were the ones to see. On the third night, 9/22/91, the boys broke out *Nobody's Fault But Mine*, which hasn't been played since the Starlite Amp. show on 9/3/85. On the 25th, the boys broke out a new tune (for them, that is), Paul McCartney's *That Will Be Something*. To wrap up the fall tour, on the last night of the Boston Garden show, the Boys ended the show with a double encore of *Brokedown Palace* and the seldom heard *We Bid You Goodnight*. Sweet!

You can imagine my surprise as I sat listening to the radio on October 5, putting the final touches on this issue of U.C., when the announcer came on the air and said, "All you folks who picked up tickets to the Jerry Garcia Band show in Hampton, consider yourselves lucky, because Jerry Garcia has just announced that the Grateful Dead is going to be taking a 6-month break from touring." I immediately called the announcer on the phone to get the details. She read the following straight off the wire reports: "Days of Dread Ahead for Deadheads: Grateful Dead Guitarist Jerry Garcia says band members aren't having the fun onstage they used to. Garcia tells *Rolling Stone* magazine that after 26 years the boys are getting a little burned out. It'll be the first extended hiatus for them and their faithful Deadhead followers since the mid-70's, and it won't be all play. Garcia said the band will be working on some new material, and he hints it will be a departure from some of the old stuff--if not grateful, somewhat thankful."

My second call was to Dennis McNally, publicist for the Grateful Dead, who quickly set me straight. According to McNally, who was definitely not pleased with the fact this report had come across the wire, it was completely wrong and was taken out of context. As far as he knows, the band is currently being booked throughout the year.

There's a lot to speculate about here. I don't want to be one to spread rumors so I am going to leave it at that. What I try to do in these editorials is to tell you folks what we have heard and what we know to be true, and on this topic, I can only go on what the Grateful Dead office says. Since McNally has officially denied what was sent out over the wire, there it stands. Hopefully we will have more information in this regard in our next issue.

Deadheads everywhere were shocked and saddened by the sudden death of psychedelic artist Rick Griffin, who died in August from injuries suffered in a motorcycle accident. Griffin, whose legendary artwork has graced many Grateful Dead albums and most recently David Gans' new book, will be sorely missed by all who knew him and his work. (See page 4 for obituary.) This issue is dedicated to his memory.

Dead sightings have been numerous in the last couple of months. The news media seems most impressed by the fact that the Grateful Dead continues to sell out places like MSG for nine nights in a row while other acts have to cancel for lack of ticket sales. That seemed to be the focus of a recent CNN segment in August, and more recently, a 10-minute segment on a T.V. program called *The Edge*. The show, which airs on public television, opens with slightly older gentleman (older than your average Deadhead, anyway), Buck Henry, riding in a car trying to tune his radio, which keeps tuning itself to Grateful Dead songs. Just when he reaches a point of total frustration, his car breaks down, and while trying to call for help, he reaches the 1-900-USA-DEAD "Rides" conference. At a point when all hope is lost, a car full of folks stops to help. The only problem is that this "car" is really a VW microbus, covered with Dead stickers and full of Deadheads headed for the Shoreline shows. Well, you can imagine the rest--Buck does the parking lot scene, talks to a bunch of Heads, briefly interviews Jerry, then begins to really enjoy himself at the show. It was a hilarious segment which painted a somewhat positive picture of our scene. Lately the boys seem to be getting the respect they deserve from the media. Let's see if we can keep it that way!

Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman appeared on the David Letterman show on 9/27/91. Bobby, dressed in worn out jeans, and Rob, dressed all in black, played with the World's Most Dangerous Band during the entire show and then played *He Travels Fastest Who Travels Alone* by themselves at the end of the show. Oh, I almost forgot another sighting, or "audio sighting" rather: October 4's "All Things Considered" on NPR had an interview with Mickey Hart. I only caught the tail end of it, where Mickey was talking about his favorite "tar" and his new RykoDisc CD, "Planet Drum." To accompany the CD, Mickey's new book of the same title should be available soon.

That brings me to the ever-growing list of Dead-related releases. The Garcia Band double CD was released in early September; Robert Hunter has a new book of poetry available called *Knight Cadre*, which is available from Viking Press; RykoDisc has released a new live Robert Hunter album called *Box of Rain*; and Citadel Underground has released David Gans' new book, *Conversations with the Dead: The Grateful Dead Interview Book* (for review see page 11). Bob Weir and his sister Wendy wrote a children's book about the rainforests called *Panther Dreams*. The book is illustrated by Wendy and is accompanied by a cassette with Bobby telling the story. Evidently, Bobby uses an innovative 3D sound process for the recording and we should be hearing more about that process in the coming months. Bobby held a book signing at the Coop, a Harvard Square bookstore in Cambridge, Massachusetts on September 21.

After searching all over the city of Richmond for a copy of the new "Grateful Dead Comix", I finally found a copy where I least expected, at the State Fair! It was worth the price of admission just for that. With a gorgeous cover (a skeleton playing a guitar) by Dean Armstrong, the cartoonists illustrate the songs *Dire Wolf*, *Terrapin Station*, *One More Saturday Night*, and *Casey Jones* with their own interpretations of the words. The comic book was released by Kitchen Sink Comix of Princeton, WI and it states on the inside cover "...with its high fiber content and soybean ink, this is probably a very tasty product if stir fried with a little tarragon and basil...Maybe some hot sauce too." This book is a must for collectors and from what I've heard, more issues will be forthcoming.

continued on page 17

Chain Reaction

I just settled into my new apartment in Cincinnati and the strangest thing appeared in my newspaper - more information about the rapidly expanding Grateful Dead advertising phenomena. I can't say that I'm overly pleased with the GAP and rumored Levi ads - amused is a better description - but I'm glad to see Bob promoting environmental produces in the mass media. This seems to be a little more consistent with past Dead support for rain forest preservation. One question - if the Garcia-Hornsby-Marsalis Levi ads do actually air, will Jerry become an instant sex symbol? It's great to see that the Dead are beginning to have as much fun as we are again after the difficulties and sadness of last year. The summer and fall were great! Let's continue to keep things positive. Eric Rademacher, Cincinnati, OH

I would like to comment first off on the positive nature of the most recent UC, Vol. 6, No. 3. Most issues leave me down right depressed with so much news of drug busts, rowdy crowds, etc. This last issue, though, was more upbeat and actually left me feeling good after reading it. Nice glossy cover (doesn't add much for me but it that's what you want...), Great interview and usual assortment of pleasant miscellany. I also find the Deadheads Behind Bars to be an immensely emotional inspiration. Our drug laws must change! No one is innocent. I feel for these and other folks. God Bless you for remembering them. All the Best, Benny N., San Jacinto, CA

The nine nights the Grateful Dead played at MSG were terrific and I commend them on their constant and driven performances. I only had one real problem with this last string of shows...The corruptness of the front row security, with a little help from several ignorant Deadheads. If you were ever up front in either Sections 2 or 3, I'm sure you noticed several people that just happened to be in front row center every night. Well, I guess that's not so bad in itself, so let me explain... First of all, Ms. "L" (with ever present black sequined belly bag in tow) puts her scarf across the center front row board and chats with her favorite security guard, Mr. "Black". Mr. "T.V.", her constant companion, comes up beside her until two more security guards ("securing" the front row) come by and pocket cocaine, marijuana and big bucks to let these jerks stand there for the remainder of the show. What happens to the folks who thought they had front row center?? They got to stand behind these corrupt Deadheads. The saddest part of all is that these people did not have floor seats at all. They were not so pleasant to look at either. I was lucky enough to get great floor seats through mail order a couple of nights. I could not stand at the board, though, because I didn't PAY. I was told I had to give the guard money in order to stand there, and of course, I refused. I already paid \$30 per night, legitimately. I don't know what you think, but in my opinion this has got to stop. Those people are giving Deadheads a bad vibe and they're spreading corruptness like a rotting Karma. Think about it. And maybe the Garden should hire some new guards. An annoyed Deadhead from New York City.

Had a great time at the Garcia & Grisman Squaw Valley show. It was a little mellow - they never turned it up very loud. There was a lot of wind blowing directly at the stage which didn't help much. Couldn't stay for the Nevilles, but Bela Fleck and Booker T. & the MGs were great acts too. Garcia & Grisman played some of their new stuff along with some older things. I tried to keep track of the set list but there were so many tunes I didn't know the name of. Some of the songs included Grateful Dawg, Babe It Ain't No Lie, and Friend of the Devil. Take Care! Eric Katchmar, Baltimore, MD

Greetings fellow UC readers! I decided to write to the Editor because I want to tell you all about my experiences at the Charlotte shows over the summer. I got busted, and I want you all to know about it so you don't have to learn the hard way, like I did. I was spotted and photographed smoking marijuana in what I considered to be an out of the way place. This provided "probable cause" (and then some) for undercover police to search and arrest me, which they did. Their search turned up approximately 3 grams of Psilocybe mexicana mushrooms. I can hear you saying, "Yeah, an eighth of 'shrooms - big deal!" I, too, had no idea how big a deal it was. During booking, which took place INSIDE the coliseum, I was fingerprinted, photographed, shackled to another hapless head, and put on the bus for the trip downtown. I saw a magistrate and my bond was set at \$2,350.00. I spent the night with 17

Continued on page 11

Rick Griffin Dies



Psychedelic artist Rick Griffin, whose artwork has adorned posters, album covers and comics from the early sixties to the present, passed away on Saturday, August 17, 1991 from head injuries sustained in a motorcycle accident two days earlier. He was 47 years old. Griffin, who was not wearing a helmet, attempted to pass a van as it made a left turn in Petaluma, California. The two collided, and Griffin was thrown from his Harley-Davidson. The driver of the van was not injured.

Best known among Deadheads for his many Grateful Dead album covers - *Aoxoamoxoa* (1969), *Wake of the Flood* (1973), *What a Long Strange Trip It's Been* (1977) and *Without a Net* (1990), Griffin was a prolific artist who designed hundreds of posters during the sixties Psychedelic era. Perhaps his best known poster was designed for the Human Be-in, the famous flower-power gathering of 100,000 people at Golden Gate park in January 1967. Another of Griffin's well known pieces was "The Flying Eyeball," commissioned by Bill Graham for the Jimi Hendrix-John Mayall concert in 1968.

Edward Walker, a good friend of Griffin's and owner of a gallery in San Francisco that sells Griffin's art, was quoted in *The Hollywood Reporter*, "You may not know his name, but you know his art."

"He shaped the rock era, but before that, he shaped the surfer era," said another friend, Greg Fearon, who surfed with Griffin in the sixties. "Anybody who is over 40 and surfed is mourning this guy."

Griffin began his art career as a teenager growing up in Palos Verdes, a popular surfing spot in Southern California. After graduating from high school in the early sixties, he became a staff artist for *Surfer Magazine*, where he created his Murph the Surf cartoon. Griffin traveled to San Francisco in 1966 with the Jook Savages, a group of artists and musicians who staged small concerts and art displays. It was there that he hooked up with Chet Helms, whose Family Dog Productions organized dance concerts at the Avalon Ballroom. "He brought in a handful of Surf magazines - I was impressed," said Helms in *Rolling Stone* magazine. "He was an accomplished artist. I loved his work instantly and started using him." He also drew cartoons for the underground Zap Comix, and provided artwork for the San Francisco Oracle, the underground newspaper of the Haight-Ashbury community published from 1966 to 1968. In 1967, he designed the original logo for *Rolling Stone*.

In 1972, Griffin published a psychedelic comic book called *Man From Utopia*, which Jerry Garcia believes climaxed Griffin's psychedelic phase. "When I opened it up, I thought, 'Yeah, I've been to this place - these hallucinations belong to me, too,'" said Garcia in *Rolling Stone*. "I spent a lot of time trying to recall some sense of the psychedelic maelstrom - trying to draw it, trying to describe it verbally, trying to play it musically - and I thought Rick got a big bite of it. He brought more of it back from that uncharted area of the mind than almost anybody I knew." During the recent Dead shows at Shoreline, Jerry was said to be extremely upset and close to tears upon hearing the news of the death of his friend of over 20 years.

When the Psychedelic Solution poster gallery opened in NYC in 1986, Rick was interviewed by Deadhead and U.C. Staffer Lee J. Randell. Griffin stated at that time that he had done over 500,000 pieces of art in his "long and illustrious career," as he jokingly referred to his chosen profession. When asked where he came up with some of his ideas, he stated, "Well, I just wait for the idea to pop into my head, sort of similar to a fortune in an eight ball. Something just comes out of the deep, right to the top of my head. I'm just there to read it when it floats to the surface." Currently, some of his first-print rock concert posters sell for \$500-\$600.

Other works by Griffin include the poster for Aerosmith's 1990 tour; the cover of Robert Hunter's *Tales of the Great Rum Runners* album; the backdrop for the 1985 Grateful Dead 20th Anniversary Tour; the first Quicksilver Messenger Service album; the cover for the Cult's 12-inch single *Wildflower*; the cover for the Jefferson Airplane's anthology, *2400 Fulton Street*; and most recently, the cover of David Gans' new book, *Conversations with the Dead*.

Griffin is survived by his wife, Ida; his three daughters, Flaven, 25, Adelia, 23, and Katy, 10; and one son, Miles, 11.

How I Spent My Summer Vacation By Barry Barnes

This summer's ten day vacation was the best of my life. It started on August 8th when Chris and I flew to LA to spend a long weekend with my newly married daughter. On Monday we rented a car and made the six hour jaunt to Sacramento for the first of six Dead shows. After finding our motel and changing into our concert costumes, we made it to Cal Expo by about 5pm. The parking lot scene was a big one with lots of small-scale vending, no visible police and lots of dogs. We quickly got in line in order to get in as soon as possible since it was a general admission show. It was our first trip to Cal Expo, and we were surprised and pleased to see the California State Fair in the process of setting up. Waiting in line, we were on the other side of the fence from the carnival midway. The carnies looked even more gnarly than the concert crowd!

We were really surprised at how small the amphitheatre seemed to be. DeadBase says it holds 12,200, but it seemed much smaller to us. In any case, it was the smallest venue we'd seen since Kaiser, and the smallest outdoor show we'd seen since Starlight Theatre in '85. The weather was mostly cloudy with a very pleasant temperature that was unusual for August in Sacramento. This was the first show for the boys since they'd played Denver at the end of June, and not surprisingly, it was the roughest of the six we saw. The sound was a problem most of the first set, but then....perfect! The soundboard was three stories high! Healy was on the first level, then Candace and the third was for the visuals that were projected when it got dark. The band came out about 7:15, and we were surprised to see Jerry in shorts! He looked great: tanned, smiling and full of energy. (His energy was obvious through all six shows as he danced around, smiled a lot at Hornsby and seemed to have a great time.) The show opened with Iko and that immediately got everyone into the spirit, in case they hadn't been already! We got no surprises during the first set, but we did like the Althea and Bird Song. The highlight of the 2nd set, to me, was Phil. He controlled the jam after Terrapin and the intro to the Wheel and seemed to be saying to Jerry "don't rush; let's stretch this out." The Weight for encore is always welcome, but there seemed to be some confusion or mike problems on this version. Leaving the show, the lights were being tested on the carnival rides, and they were beautiful.

Tuesday's show set the mood for me for the remaining performances: maybe not the best shows I've ever seen, but really, really good! They seemed to find a groove or certain energy and then followed it all

through the show. For this show, Jerry again wore shorts, but this time they had a white Steal Your Face embroidered on the right leg. It was the first time I ever remember him wearing anything relating to the Dead! The sound was perfect from the first note, perhaps the best I've ever heard. And the music was great too. Bobby opened with Picasso Moon and Jerry followed with Sugaree. We also heard a great Candyman, High Time and Let It Grow in the first set. After dark, a light show was projected on large fabric teardrops on either side of the stage and behind the band. There was a wide variety of images from skeletons, photo collages and free form blobs. The second set gave us fine versions of Foolish Heart, Eyes and a really hot Watchtower. Drums > Space was a real mind-blower....Healy was in fine form with the surround sound speakers.

The third day at Cal Expo was very cloudy and cool. It began to sprinkle off and on as we waited in line. Just as the show started, so did a continuing, gentle rain. The band was again in shorts, Jerry again with the SYF. It was another show with a really consistent energy level from beginning to end. Highlights of the first set were the opening Touch of Grey, the always welcome Black Throated Wind and Cassidy. The rain stopped during the break, and it was then that I proposed to Chris that we get married the next day in Lake Tahoe....she said yes! So of course the second set started with Cold Rain ("I married me a wife..."). Even though the rain had stopped, we were treated to a full rain set. Next came Box of Rain and then Looks Like Rain. Bruce piddled on his accordion with Raindrops Keep Fallin' between songs. And then things really got good!. After Crazy Fingers we were treated to a great Estimated into a wonderful Supplication Jam! (They'd teased us momentarily at Sandstone with Supplication but this was even better.) As if this weren't enough to hear before Drums, they gave us Uncle John too! After another good Drums > Space came a hot Other One. A very enjoyable show (and a very special one for me and Chris).

After a one day trip to Lake Tahoe to get married on our day off between shows, we had a beautiful drive to the Bay area seeing northern parts of it we'd never seen before. The weather continued to be ideal for outdoor shows. It was cool and breezy at Shoreline. The parking lot and vending scene were both pretty laid back, more so than in May. The first show on Friday night had some real surprises starting when Jerry came on stage wearing very purple sweat

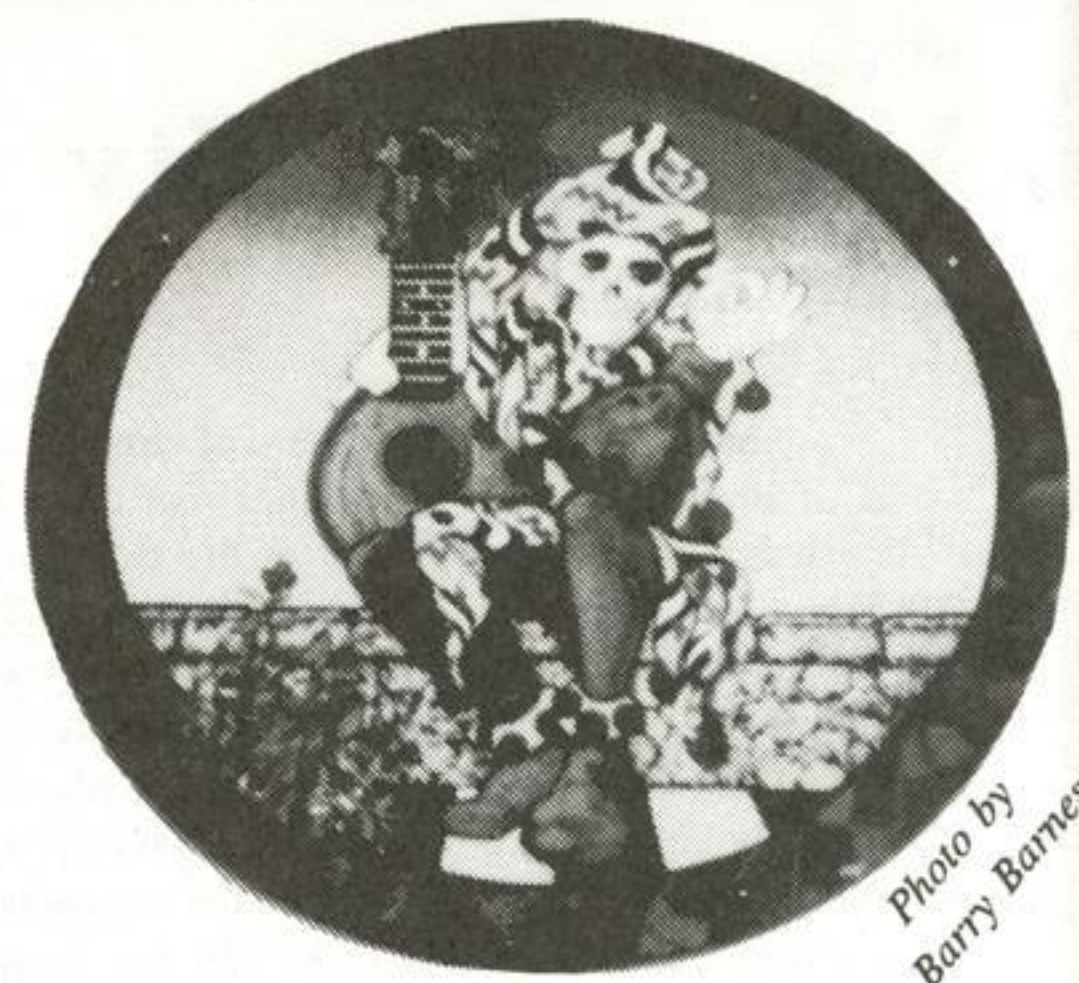


Photo by
Barry Barnes

pants with his regulation black T-shirt. It was later than usual when the music started, but the wait was well rewarded. Jack Straw opened followed by Bertha, both really good versions echoing the energy from Cal Expo. But who could have expected the ending of the set: Dark Star > Promised Land! Although it was only the first verse of Dark Star, it was a great thrill for everyone. More surprises followed when the second set began with Scarlet > Victim > Fire. There were more Dark Star hints in Space which then yielded Playin Reprise > Standing on the Moon > Good Lovin. And so it was another great show for us.

There were some interesting attractions in the vending area of the amphitheatre all three nights. First was a very large contraption made of numerous piano sounding boards for anyone to beat on and create their own music. There was also a stage with drums and a large spring suspended drum made of a variety of strange hardware. Performing on this small stage were dancers wearing only body paint, rams horns and tu-tus interpreting the rhythm of the drums.

Saturday's show was another good one opening with Help > Slipknot > Franklin. The 2nd set featured a fairly long Phil & Bob jam after He's Gone.....Phil just didn't want to stop! We got more Dark Star out of Space, and it led to a wonderful Morning Dew.

For Sunday's show, Jerry had on blue sweat pants and Bruce wore a tie-dye. BIODTL was a treat in the 1st set, especially since it crashed to a halt after 18 beats only to come right back as if nothing had happened. I think everyone was surprised during the 2nd set when we heard Deal, 1/2 Step and Stranger there instead of in the 1st set. For me the best part of Sunday's show was seeing how the boys could continue to find tunes they hadn't played during the last 5 shows! And to my amazement, when this show was over they'd played 6 shows with more than 100 songs and only 1 repeat (Promised Land)!

To finish our vacation, we spent Monday driving the coast highway to LA seeing whales, seals and the beautiful ocean coastline along the way. It was a great trip for me and Chris. We visited family, got married, and we saw 6 of the most consistent shows I ever remember.

Welcome to the Future:

Virtual Reality

By Scott Allen

Most Deadheads first heard of virtual reality, a computer generated world of imagery simulating realities that users interact with (and are so lifelike it is considered the wave of the technological future), when Jerry Garcia mentioned it in an interview with *Rolling Stone* in November, 1989. "I think an electronic hinge like computer cybernetics is going to take us to interesting places and may work the way psychedelics do without the idea of substance," he said. "You can see where it's heading - you're able to be in a completely interactive environment. It takes you places as convincingly as any other sensory input. These are the remnants of the Sixties. Nobody stopped thinking about those psychedelic experiences. Once you've been to some of those places, you think, 'How can I get back there again but make it a little easier on myself?'"

Garcia later told another magazine: "They outlawed LSD. It'll be interesting to see what they do with this." Virtual reality, also known as "cyberspace," is the synthesis of technology and concepts such as modem-linked computer communication networks and bulletin boards; the psychedelic experience, and the human quest for higher intelligence, creative entertainment and a more perfect life. It's an interactive three-dimensional world in which a participant wears a DataSuit, a pair of goggles known as EyePhones (which are a part of a headset strapped to the wearer's head) and a DataGlove. "After experiencing virtual reality, I can imagine how people in the Middle Ages felt when they first saw a book or what it was like for our grandparents to hear a radio for the first time," one first-time user stated. "My eyes and brains quickly accepted [the virtual world] as real. I saw a room with two walls and a floor floating in a blue sky. The room contained a rubber duck bobbing in a hot tub, a ball, a table, and a top hat. Through the EyePhones I could see an image of my gloved hand, and when I spread my fingers, the glove spread its fingers. When I jerked my finger one way, I shot ahead. When I squeezed it another way, I came to a dead stop. I went down below the floor, came up through it via the hot tub, burst through the surface, shot up into the sky, and looked down at the room I'd just come from."

"Virtual reality, like the printing press of 500 years ago, will lead to new levels of literacy," says Timothy Leary.

The DataSuit is a red, white and blue "space suit" with a tube trailing from its torso to a computer. The DataSuit's primary use is to simulate realistic motion for the participant in a world of computer-generated imagery. The suit replicates fluid movements via fiberoptic cables running the length of the suit. These fiberoptic sensors translate light signals into electrical ones and feed them into a computer. This process, according to *Omni's* Steve Ditlea, "allows each incremental body movement to be measured and recorded." The EyePhones are fitted with two small screens projecting different angles of a world of computer-generated imagery, or virtual reality. When the viewer shifts their head to the left, the virtual world shifts right. By turning your head completely around you can simulate a 360° perspective in perfect coordination with your head movements. There's also the DataGlove, which allows your hand to interact in the virtual world, to grasp objects and to use particular hand gestures to trigger command functions that allow the participant to move through the world of virtual reality. The DataGlove's creator is a 30-year-old Deadhead named Jaron Lanier. His VPL Research company, based in Redwood City, California, designed and markets the glove. The DataGlove is the collective brainchild of VPL's Ann Lasko and Chuck Blanchard, who also designed the DataSuit. VPL first began to market a commercial version of a virtual reality system in 1989, "Reality Built for Two," which retailed at the time for a cool \$450,000. Today, Lanier and VPL are banking on a scaled down and more affordable version that is mainly an entertainment system which will be marketed in the \$10,000 price range. "I imagine this not to be a new form of television, or even computer, but a new telephone," says Jaron. "My idea of virtual reality is that, in the long run, it's going to shut down television, to do right what we did wrong with television. I think someday there will be a virtual reality network that uses the telephone system's fiberoptic cables to link one user to another. And I hope that people will use it like they use the telephone - to communicate long-distance, not to escape into their own canned, preset metatlevision realities."

Systems are already available and more imminent. They will allow people to experience the world from the perspective of a person of the opposite sex, a different race, or even an animal. VPL DataSuits and

EyePhones allow two people to see each other and simulate touch and the feel of skin (because the suit is programmed to change temperatures) in a way in which they can shake hands and the brain will think the body is feeling the pressure of a hand. "The whole thing with it is that you're breeding reality with other people," says Lanier. "There's no question that your reality is created by you. You made it. Or somebody else whom you know did. The secret is that the brain wants to fill in illusions. Computer-generated environments don't have to be perfect for people to believe in them."

The history of virtual reality begins in 1968, when its earliest incarnation took form at the University of Utah, where Ivan Sutherland, a computer scientist, devised a 3-D display system that responded to a user's head movements. In 1974, Myron Krueger, then a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, coined the term "artificial reality." Today, Krueger is a computer scientist at the University of Connecticut, where he offers visitors a chance to experience his version of artificial reality, called Videoplace, an interactive program utilizing both a projection TV system and a video camera to generate images on a backdrop that your silhouetted image interacts with. The Department of Defense created a million-dollar 3-D display simulator headpiece for the purpose of pilot-training in 1978. Six years later, NASA displayed the first examples of the goggles and glove and funded VPL's development of the DataGlove. In September 1988, the Autodesk corporation proposed to "produce within 16 months a doorway into cyberspace" and by Christmas of that year they were well underway with the Cyberia Project. Until 1989, the only access the public had to these various artificial worlds was for those privy to government, university or private research labs. Then on June 7, 1989, VPL and Autodesk held joint public demonstrations in San Francisco and Anaheim. Since then, the corporate world, including NASA and Pacific Bell, began to take the concept seriously.

"They outlawed LSD. It'll be interesting to see what they do with this."

Jerry Garcia

Today, its possibilities are endless and exhilarating. NASA's most immediate application will be to inject the consciousness of a person into a robot ("telerobots") where a person cannot be (for example, stationed in outerspace for the purpose of satellite repairs or attending to a difficult project right here on earth) by seeing through the robot's electronic eyes and operating its electronic hands (a concept known as "telepresence"). NASA will also use it for flight and orbit instruction (airlines are already using it to train pilots) but its most valuable long-term application for NASA will be to generate virtual worlds. It's estimated by NASA that by 2008, unmanned probes to Mars will have collected enough visual and physical data for scientist to replicate the red planet in a virtual world that will be used to prepare astronauts for manned landings, says NASA, by 2015. The armed services call virtual reality "simulators" and use it for the purpose of replicating flight training and the instruction of reaction skills involving airborne combat situations. Surgeons can be trained to perform difficult operations through a computer-generated body image in the virtual world. Architects can design a building in its entirety, in three dimensions, and designers as well as prospective buyers can stroll through the virtual structure via the EyePhones and DataGlove, offering layout suggestions or making buys. The auto industry will use it to "test-crash" cars. Companies will use it to create a "common workplace" for employees separated by thousands of miles - one day you may no longer need to commute to work. *The Wall Street Journal* said it was an "electronic LSD" and *The New York Times* described virtual reality as "somewhere between the human potential movement and the video game." Indeed, Lanier has already leased the DataGlove to Mattel for Nintendo's "Power Glove" game machine ("A big American corporation selling a million in 1990," marvels Lanier). The magnificent Disney Star Tours and Universal's "Back to the Future" are virtual reality amusement rides and in Chicago the Battletech Center offers participants a chance to fight in wars created in a virtual world. Lanier dreams of a more seminal use: setting up an audience participation room at Grateful Dead shows that will allow Deadheads to musically interact in this room with the Dead on stage as they play. Add your own solo to "Ramble On Rose."

Critics of the technology voice concerns that it feeds perfectly into the growing American complacency. "A person could totally experience

things without much effort and not much time (which is the concept behind the film Total Recall)," says Donal Meinshausen, who is, nonetheless, an advocate of the system. Virtual reality's supporters offer opposing opinions, however. Howard Rheingold, the editor of the Whole Earth Review, just had a book on the topic published. He believes the technology is still in its infancy but that in ten years "it will change the world." Television producer Alexander Singer compares it to "an out-of-body electronic experience." Musician Peter Gabriel has already looked extensively into the possibility of incorporating virtual reality into his live shows.

When Garcia stated that virtual reality grew out of the Sixties' psychedelic experiences, he was uncannily accurate. One of the technology's visionaries was none other than Timothy Leary, who made his first inroads into this field in 1986. At that time, he stated on The Larry King Show: "Personal computers have been around since the mid-1970's and millions of people have bought personal computers and I think many of them have been disappointed because we haven't had software which is intelligent, mind challenging, sophisticated and which can compare with fiber-based story systems."

(He's not alone in his sentiments. Autodesk's John Walker says, "Virtual reality represents the most profound change since the development of the personal computer.")

In 1986, Leary released Timothy Leary's Mind Mirror, which works by having users respond to a series of personal attributes (sad, ingenious, flaky, organized, cute, etc.), which are flashed on the monitor. The user rates themselves for each attribute on a scale from 0 to 8. The data is then charted onto four Mind Maps, which evaluate energy levels, emotional attitudes, intellectual tendencies and social status. Mind Mirror can be used as a clinical tool. A second Leary software program is Head Coach, which Leary says "will speak to you like Sigmund Freud or Buddha or whatever personality you create for it. Freud will ask you questions, interpret your answers, and pull out a Freudian witticism from time to time." Leary's early systems pointed the way to user-friendly computers and the eventual creation of virtual reality. He currently lectures on the topic and spoke at Manhattanville College in Purchase, New York, on April 9, and as part of the Discovery Center's presentations in Manhattan on June 20. During the former Harvard professor's East Coast talks, Steve Ditlea delivers informative and well-received overviews about the technology and keeps audiences abreast of it's up-to-the-minute advances. Leary continues to use the well-versed Ditlea at his lectures. Tim's June 20 speech centered on the evolution of man's thought processes and the inventions throughout time that have advanced the human intellect and led to virtual reality and the current state of what he terms "the Information Age." Leary had been stating as far back as five years ago that these software programs will "forever change the way people and computers interact."

Jaron concurs. "Ultimately, everything is done by people and technology is only a little game that we play."

How does all of this relate to the world of the Grateful Dead? Lanier says, "I think there's a relationship between the Dead and virtual reality in the sense that virtual reality is sort of a talisman for Western civilization, a way for people to get ecstatic and be with each other. You could even have an audience participation station where people could go in for a few minutes and get virtual with the Dead. I think it would be fun."

In an interview conducted by Grateful Dead lyricist John Barlow for the computer and cybernetics specialty magazine Mondo 2000, Jaron told Barlow that another parallel between the Dead and virtual reality is that they both provide a "really special experience that affirms their relationships and their lives...a fun thing. [They both] create a new objective level of reality."

Barlow himself is considered one of the leading experts and proponents of virtual reality. Here is the co-founder of the Electronic Frontier Foundation (EFF), an organization which distributes the Effector newsletter. Their first issue came out in March. Its stated purposes are to "support educational activities that increase understanding of computing and telecommunications, to raise public awareness about civil-liberties issues underlying free and open telecommunications in computer-based communications media, and to support litigation in the public interest to preserve, protect and extend Constitutional rights to the realm of computing and telecommunications technology." The EFF is not only concerned about the government's censorship of virtual reality, but about the corporate takeover of the virtual reality marketplace through the use of copyrights and patents. Lanier is worried, too. "The evil is going to be people trying to control the freedom of others in it. It'll be corporations trying to control content."

The Dead's lyricist has written two articles on virtual reality for Mondo 2000 and one for Effector and has opened as a guest lecturer on the subject before some of Leary's dissertations. "As usual, Leary has been on it for a while," says John, "waiting impatiently for it to depart."

Where will it lead? There seems to be no limit. Jaron Lanier says, "Creativity is the only thing you could possibly run out of." Already, the Japanese are into it heavily financially. The Advanced Telecommunications Research Institute, a consortium of 150 firms, most of them Japanese, has committed more than \$50 million for research during the 1990's. "Autodesk is currently working on a technology which would eliminate any definable edge between the machine and the human, between mind and mind," says Barlow.

"Virtual reality induces a perception of huge potency underlying featureless ambiguity," says John. "There is a natural tendency to fill this gap between power and definition with ideology. And the presence of such unclaimed vastness seems to elicit territorial impulses from psychic regions too old to recognize the true infinity of this new frontier."

"We have a culture which, for the last two hundred years or so, has tried to take the mythological and the metaphorical and render them literal. We are now at the point where there is a strong urge to take the literal and make it metaphorical. I feel virtual reality could become a tool for that purpose."

"The actual operation of human memory works on a model more like the one Saint Thomas Aquinas used. Aquinas, who carried around in his head almost all the established knowledge of his simpler world, is said to have imagined a mind-castle with many different rooms in which varying kinds of ideas dwelled. The floor plan increased with his knowledge."

Leary says, "There's only one natural source of intelligence, the one inside an individual's skull. Virtual reality is an appliance that lets us enhance individual human intelligence."

The ideology Barlow speaks of could be the key to creating a perfect (through "virtual") world that could one day serve as the model for a real one. "One thing that occurred to me about it is that you can't have any possessions in there," John says.

It's an idea dreamed "one afternoon not long ago." Author and ideologist Carlos Castaneda's Don Juan character stated that the first step toward understanding and gaining control of the dream state is by being able to consciously control your "dream hands."

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MSG 9/9/91

By Richard Crichton

David Gans Interview, part II: David talks about his band, his new book, and the Well

Interviewed by Kriss Wilson

The following is the second part of an interview with David Gans which took place on the Well, a nationwide computer network in which anyone with a computer and a modem can contact others for discussions about virtually anything. The first part of this interview was printed in Volume 6, Number 2.

UC: Even by today's standards the tapes from the vault sound fantastic. Who had the foresight to record and archive all this classic music and what type of equipment was utilized?

DG: I think it started with Bear. He wanted to hear his mixes to see how he's doing from show to show, and the musicians liked to hear the jams to see what they could learn. I know about that because I listen to most of my performances the next day to see what we did right and wrong.

UC: It must be exciting to perform live. Would you please fill us in on your band?

DG: This version of the band, Crazy Fingers, has been playing together for seven or eight years. We've been playing regular gigs in clubs for the last two or three years. Bob Nakamine, the other guitarist, and I have been playing together since 1973, first on acoustic guitars in our living rooms and later in backyard parties, etc. I've been a semi-pro musician since 1970. After I got into the Dead (1972) I got interested in being in a band (I played solo before that), and I've been in groups of various sizes, shapes and styles off and on since 1974. The band I'm in now has four permanent members (me on guitar and vocals; Bob on guitar; Mike Shaw on drums; Tom Yacoe on bass and occasional vocals), and we have a second drummer who sits in from time to time and several other people who have been jamming with us recently and may become regulars.

Our style is obviously Dead-inspired - continuous sets of songs linked by jams and dance grooves - but our repertoire is very different from the Dead's and much less Dead-oriented than most "clone" bands. We do a few GD songs the way they do them, Playing in the Band and Scarlet Begonias, for example, and we do songs they don't do anymore, e.g. Mason's Children and New Speedway Boogie (dammit!). But we try to avoid GD cliches and put things together in ways that are uniquely our own. Our performances usually include songs like Sultans of Swing, Rocket Man, Things We Said Today, Cinnamon Girl, Let It Rock, Taxman, and an increasing number of original compositions. Recent additions to the list include One Time One Night (Los Lobos), Wheels (Gram Parsons), This Wheel's On Fire (The Band), and Bluebird (Buffalo Springfield). And we occasionally do Psycho Killer, often in a medley with our thrash version of Dark Star.

UC: Does your upcoming book "Conversations with the Dead" include interviews with persons who affected and/or influenced the GD and its scene such as Mr. Owsley?

DG: "Conversations with the Dead" includes interviews with Bob Weir ('77, '81, '83); Jerry Garcia ('81); Phil Lesh ('81, '82, '84); John Barlow ('82, '86); Robert Hunter ('77, '88); Dan Healy ('82); Steve Parish ('83, with Jerry and Phil); Owsley (aka Bear) ('91), and I know I'm leaving someone out.

Photo by Mary Eisenhart



Crazy Fingers - left to right: David Gans, Tom Yacoe, Bob Nakamine, Mike Shaw

UC: Tell us a little bit about the Well and how you came to be involved.

DG: My involvement with the Well started when Mary Eisenhart, Bennet Falk and I got the idea to create an electronic meeting place for Deadheads. I had worked with computers in the late '70s and early '80s but while I was away personal computers and modems became available to individuals and the online revolution was beginning to take place.

We decided to try our idea out in the Well, since it was already in existence and we didn't have any money to buy a computer of our own. It turned out to be a natural combination, this community and this medium. As my friend Alan Mande (mandala) put it, when you're at the show you don't necessarily want to talk about it, but it's still on your mind when you're back in "real life." John Barlow explained to me that the Deadhead community is a community without a geographical location, but a strong community "as much as any mining town." So despite the limitations of this medium, which aren't many but are considerable - you have to have access to a computer and a modem and a phone line and you have to be willing to read and type - we have a place where people all over the planet can meet virtually whenever they want to and share information and feelings with others who share this interest.

The Well Deadhead experiment is a total success, in my opinion. It is not what we imagined when we started out planning our computer network, but it is what it is and that's fine with most of the people who participate.

UC: What did you imagine would happen here and how does the reality differ from the original scheme of things?

DG: What we originally had in mind was more scholarly and less noisy than what has evolved. Mary, in particular, had a vision of a resource - a library where people could read interviews and criticism and news reports - for scholarly pursuits and individual study.

People just showed up and started talking! We built a huge menu full of stuff, including transcripts of interviews we ourselves had done and material from other sources, but we took it down when the Well changed computers and no one - not a single soul - asked where the stuff went or urged us to rebuild it.

Continued on page 19

The Dead Does Gotham City

By August West

New York is a city teetering precariously on the edge of chaos.

Homeless humans and huge rats have taken over the city's parks, police officers regularly serve as target practice for the restless and disenfranchised, drugs are sold openly on the streets and you can buy and drink a beer anytime practically anywhere. There is a lawless tinge to the Big Apple these days that seems to frighten even the most jaded natives.

But New York still remains an ideal place for a Grateful Dead concert. Good deli food is available 24 hours, taxis are plentiful and there's lots to do -- from the best museums to street carnivals to chic nightclubs.

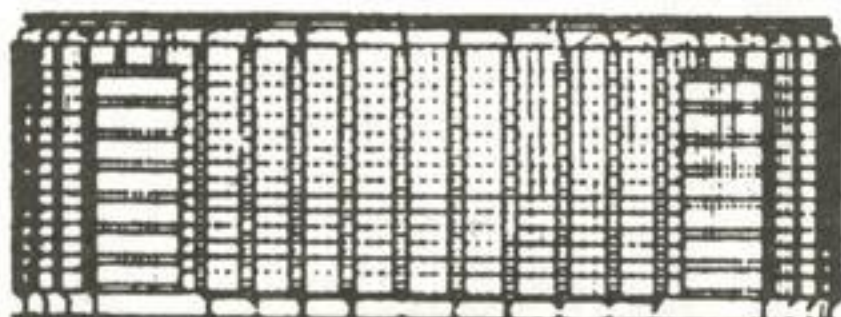
And Madison Square Garden is the perfect arena for the band at this juncture in its 26-year odyssey. It's hard to imagine that any rock band in America could play before a more adoring crowd than the ones that turn out to sing along to nearly every song when the Dead plays the Garden. The band and its audience of 20,000 turn the Garden into a large smoke-filled nightclub.

Depending on where you sit, the Garden can be as much of an "anything goes" place as the city outside. One night, we sat across the aisle from a section we started referring to as "Uncle Louie's section." Before the show even began, our tall, young mustached usher turned his back to that set of seats, which was filled with an unusual assortment of spectators, few of whom appeared to be Deadheads. While the crowd in "Uncle Louie's section" people openly smoked, downed jello shooters and quaffed cans of Budweiser, the usher was busily keeping the aisle clear and enforcing the arena's rules on the rest of us. But after all, that's how New York works. It's a city based largely on who you know or knowing people who have the right connections to get you seats to any sold-out show.

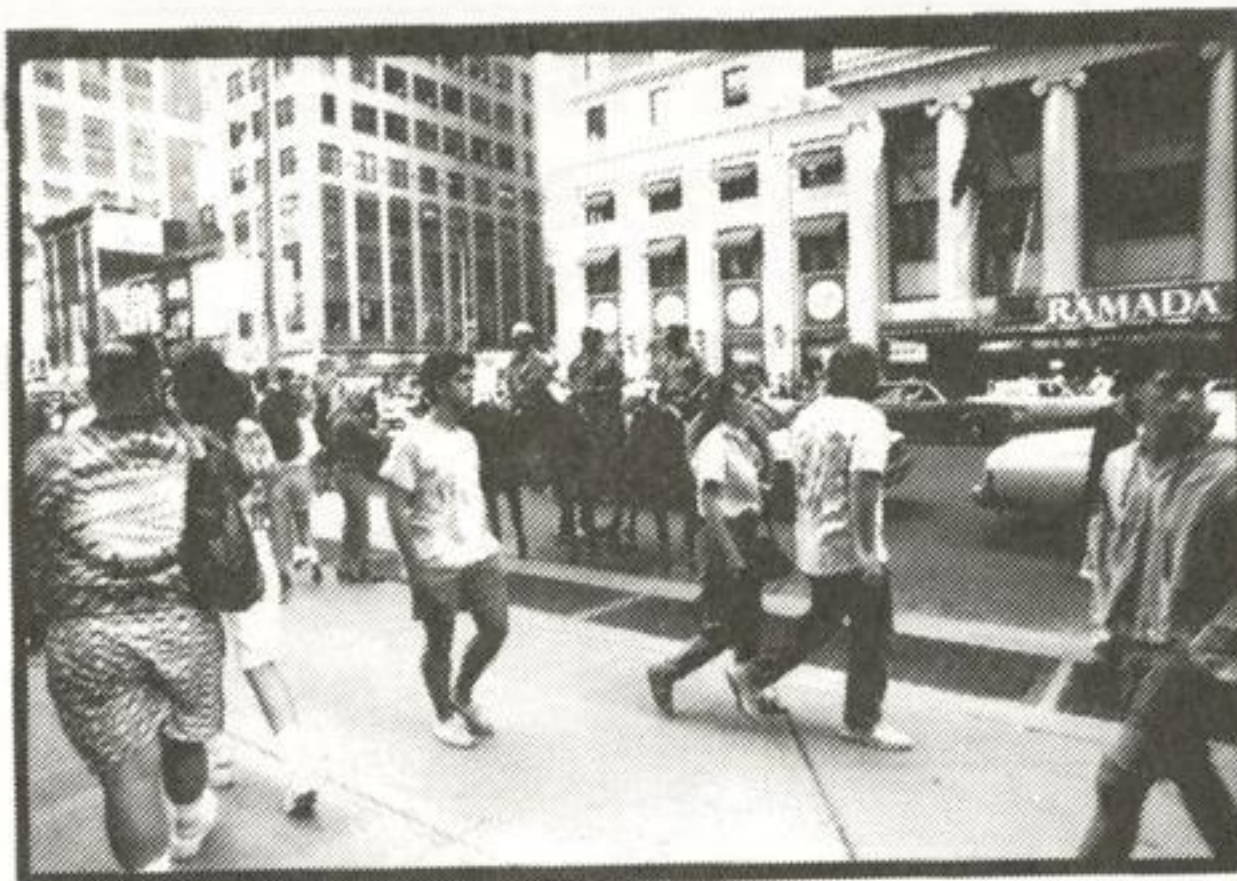
September's nine-show run at the Garden proved once again that the boys haven't lost any of the momentum they built up this time last year. Highlights included the Sept. 10 appearance of Branford Marsalis, who brought his tenor saxophone on stage for the entire show. Branford and the boys started with a "Shakedown," moved into "C.C. Rider > Train to Cry" and closed the first set with "Deal." They continued the pace in the second set with a "Help > Slipknot > Franklin's" opener, gave "Dark Star" another workout and closed the show with "Lovelight" and "Baby Blue." The shows on Sept. 14, 16 and 18 also were highpoints in the run -- something about even-numbered days. The 14th was one of those "China > Rider" nights with five songs before drums/space, with "China Doll" after the percussion section. On the 16th, "Dire Wolf" appeared in the first set before a "Music > Don't Ease" pairing; but the second set served up "Comes A Time," "Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad," "Attics of My Life" and a blazing "Johnny B. Goode" encore. To end the New York run on the 18th, the boys kicked off with "In the Midnight Hour" and closed the first set with a rousing "Jack Straw," which was a great place to put that song; the second set was just an all around good time.

After the shows, the crowds poured out into New York's mean and filthy streets. A block away from the Garden, 32nd Street looked like a scene out of the Gotham City of "Batman" movie glory. Trash littered the hard-edged streets that reeked of rotting garbage and were lined by crusty Rastafarians peddling ganja. Ever-present homeless people huddled in the darkened doorways trying to bum coins from the Deadheads ambling home along the street, jockeying with reckless cabbies for street space. New Jersey show-goers packed the midnight commuter trains for their trip home under the Hudson and turned the trains into party expresses. Venders openly sold their wares and quieted questioning conductors with a free T-shirt.

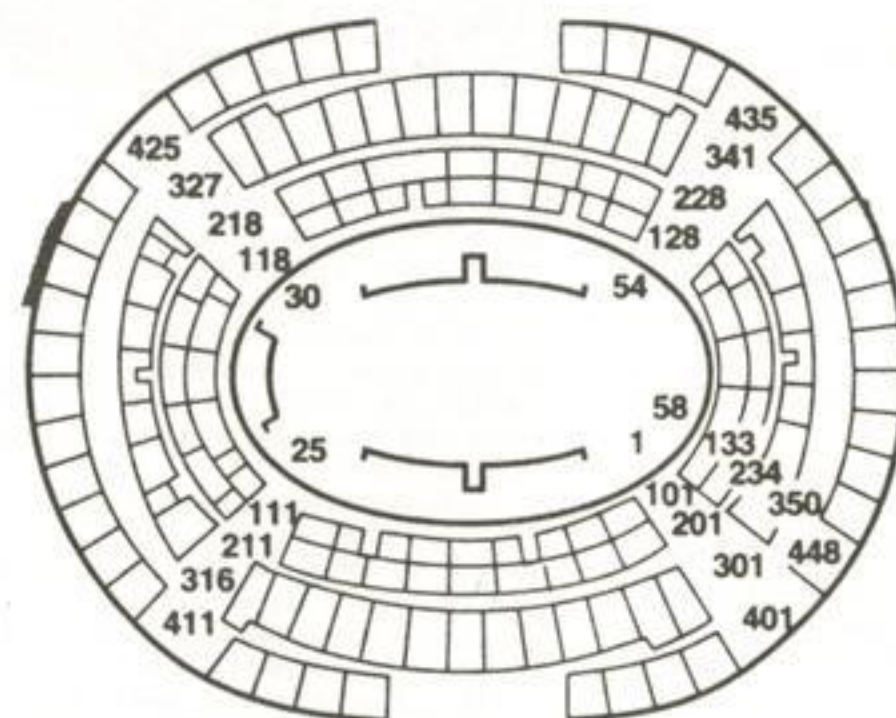
The Wetlands Preserve on Hudson Street proved to be a great refuge after the shows on designated Deadhead nights. On the 17th, the Wetlands was packed with Deadheads, who delighted in the black lights in the smoky basement, clean soundboards on the nightclub's primo sound system and music from Solar Circus, a New Jersey-based group that has the Dead's style down pat -- even their original songs sound like something Hunter and Garcia would concoct.



Madison Square Garden Center



9/9/91 Outside the Show (MSG) By Richard Crichton



MSG Main Floor Plan



from New York Daily News 10/6/91

Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia on Drugs: "Just Say Maybe"

Based on an interview with Jerry that will appear in the Oct. 31 issue of Rolling Stone, the Dead's lead guitarist is quoted as saying: "For me, in my life, all kinds of drugs have been useful to me. They have also definitely been a hinderance to me. So, as far as I'm concerned, the results are not in. Psychedelics showed me a whole other universe -- hundreds and millions of universes. So, it was an incredibly positive experience. But on the other hand, I can't take psychedelics and perform as a professional."

In the interview, Jerry says the entire band takes drugs "here and there." He also discusses the death of keyboardist Brent Mydland, who overdosed on drugs after the 1990 summer tour. Says Garcia: "Brent was not a real happy person and he wasn't like a total drug person. He was the kind of guy who went out occasionally and binged. And that's probably what killed him. Sometimes it was alcohol and sometimes it was other stuff. You think, 'What could I have done to save this guy?' But as you go through life, people die away from you and you have no other choice but to rise to the highest level and look at it from that point of view."

Chabad beats its drums while Deadheads rock

By GARTH WOLKOFF
Of the Bulletin Staff

A Chassidic rabbi sounds a loud *tekiah gadola* and passes his shofar to a group of wide-eyed, tie-dyed followers of the Grateful Dead group.

As the ram's horn sputters, Chassidim — wearing T-shirts lettered with "Grateful Yid" in English and "the dead will rise" in Hebrew — distribute apples to the Bay Area musical institution's mostly non-Jewish devotees.

A handful of stringy-haired, dazed young Jewish men, some with only a vague notion of what the leather boxes and straps are, bind *tefillin* to their foreheads and palms with a little expert help from the Chabad rabbi.

Perhaps only at a concert of the group known in shorthand as "The Dead" could the Lubavitch brand of Judaism and a hippie brand of spirituality commingle as smoothly.

So fluidly do the two subcultures seem to blend, in fact, that most of the concertgoers streaming into Mountain View's Shoreline Amphitheater Sunday don't miss a beat as they pass the Lubavitchers doling out Rosh Hashanah greetings and 8,000 apples and honey, the traditional new year's symbol of sweetness.

While Chabad critics label such an event as another public relations gimmick by an organization they claim is cult-like, the group's stated intent is to spread the word of God and Orthodoxy — and the word of its rebbe-leader,



T-shirts say 'the dead will rise' in Hebrew, below tiny Chassidic caricature.

Brooklyn-based Menachem Schneerson.

Deadheads, like Chabad, are known for single-mindedness — for pilgrimages across the country, for following the band for months on end, for trying to scrape by peddling tie-dyed T-shirts, drugs, and cheap and colorful clothing made in Central America.

The Grateful Dead, around since the late 1960s, is known for never-ending formless songs as much as for its graying and iconoclastic leader, Jerry Garcia. The group tours constantly, and its concerts are legendary as Dionysian events, with thousands of drugged young people dancing wildly with their eyes closed, often without rhythm.

"A lot of people are more open-minded at Grateful Dead shows," contends Mike Shukin, a Denver University Deadhead who studied at a yeshiva in Israel.

In June, a friend had promised him that if he put on tefillin every morning, she'd get him a coveted concert ticket — a particularly valuable commodity Sunday as thousands are turned away. Shukin doesn't practice Judaism much on campus, he admits, but since he's been to 60 Grateful Dead concerts and wouldn't miss a chance to go to this one, he prayed every morning and again Sunday.

"I'll do anything for a ticket," he says. "But I guess this will help in the long run anyway."

Earlier, S.F. Chabad Rabbi Yosef Langer had bound Shukin's forehead through an opening in his backward baseball cap. "Look at what God has done. It's no coincidence he could wear his hat like this — he needs to wear tefillin," says Langer with a chuckle.

The rabbi is there with 12 members of the Chabad movement and as many friends, at a table near beer vendors, Dead paraphernalia stands and odd information booths with names such as Abalone Alliance.

"What better place to talk about raising the dead?" interjects Hinda Langer, the rabbi's wife, referring to Lubavitcher's much-heralded contention that the Messiah may come next month and raise the dead.

"It's great to be available to the masses. The Ba'al Shem Tov [the founder of Chassidism] says the well-springs have to spread to the far corners of the Earth — and this is one of the farthest corners," adds her husband.

"When I look at the Grateful Dead, it reminds me of the messianic era, when there will be the revival of the dead," he continues. "The Grateful Dead is a name that brings to mind the messianic era and the prophecy that there'll be a resurrection of the dead."

Langer had secured the prime spot at the

From the Northern
California Jewish
Bulletin

Shoreline with the backing of concert promoter Bill Graham, who sits on the local Chabad board. He got the apples from distributor Ted Coleman.

While the rabbi argues that Chabad's reputation for proselytizing is undeserved, Rabbi Avraham Kraymer — who came with a contingent of Chassidim and some Southern California friends — gets some more Deadheads to lay tefillin with an arm-twisting zeal. He notes that non-Jews have received apples and honey but no entreaties to pray.

"I've never put this stuff on in my life," says Harlan Levey, a Jewish Deadhead from San Luis Obispo who wears overalls and a glazed look. "I feel [laying tefillin] is the right thing to do because I've been on a spiritual experience for the last month." He doesn't elaborate.

For most of those who pass by the Chabad table in the souvenir area that rings the amphitheater seats, however, the Lubavitchers just provide a chance to take a few apples and maybe ask a few questions.

"I've never seen anything like this at a

'The Grateful Dead is a name that brings to mind the messianic era'

Dead show," exclaims Michelle Booth, an Israeli concertgoer born on a kibbutz near the Galilee.

"This touches me so much," says San Mateo resident Mirid Hansen, a non-Jew who sways with eyes closed and wears an ear-to-ear smile while answering a reporter's questions. "So many people have little faith. [The Lubavitchers] are saying that God loves you."

A surprising number of passersby key specifically into the comments being made by members of the Chabad contingent, with several of them bidding Langer and his minyan a *L'Shanah Tovah*, a happy holiday. A couple of Deadheads admit they had forgotten Rosh Hashanah was coming up.

Leora Lawton, a Jewish sociology professor at the University of Southern California who follows the band, speculates that the mix of Judaism and Grateful Dead followers is a natural one.

"I don't think the Grateful Dead is incongruous with Judaism," she says, holding a tray of apples from which concert stragglers continue to pluck snacks. "Jewish kids seek spirituality out. The Dead bring spirituality into the world, which is not to say [guitar player Jerry] Garcia is a tzadik [wise man] but...Jewish souls crave spirituality."



Photos by Mike Richman
Nechama Langer and Fred Zweig III distribute apples, honey and literature.

BUSINESS NOTES

ENTERTAINMENT Revenge of The '60s

Which rock 'n' rollers ranked as the most successful road group in the U.S. during the first half of this year, grossing more than \$22 million in concert receipts? Guns N' Roses? No. New Kids on the Block? Not even close. According to *Pollstar*, an industry magazine, it was that indefatigably truckin' '60s band the Grateful Dead. "They have consistently been one of the top five touring acts for the last five years," says editor Gary Bongiovanni. During the first half of 1991 the Dead, whose oldest members will soon be eligible for senior-citizen discounts, claimed six out of 10 of the top-grossing gigs in the U.S.

Helping the band amass those electrifying stats is a remarkably loyal core of "Deadhead" fans. But the competition was hurt by something less remarkable: the recession. Concert business is off 25% compared with last year's first half. Some managers are reluctant to send their artists on tour in such an inhospitable climate. ■

Time Magazine

9/15/91 Beacon-Journal Grateful Dead's opener is a calm, serene affair

BY ANDREA LOUIE
Beacon Journal staff writer

RICHFIELD: Call it making up for bad karma.

As if being repentant for the chaos at last year's Grateful Dead concert, the crowd of more than 18,000 at the band's opener Wednesday night at the Richfield Coliseum was peaceful — much to the relief of many a law officer.

It was as if serenity had spread over the crowd: Traffic moved slowly but steadily and people mingled peacefully through the parking lot before the 7:30 p.m. show. Some concert-goers sold beaded necklaces; others cooked up stir-fried veggies over charcoal.

We are talking chilled out.

One worker suggested that Deadheads — Grateful Dead fans — probably didn't cause too much trouble because they're so in tune with the universe.

The scene was different last year, when the sheer number of

Deadhead groupies descending on northern Summit County caught law enforcement agencies by surprise. Fans were cited for everything from drinking in the parking lot after the concerts to drug trafficking and public indecency.

To cut down on crowds this year, Coliseum officials didn't allow anyone in the parking lot without a ticket; vendors weren't permitted to hawk their Dead-related wares on the pavement.

Better planning helped all around, said Phyllis Salem, Coliseum publicity director.

There was a bit of a rush to get onto Coliseum grounds when the gates opened at 4 p.m. But that problem was quickly ironed out, police said. After that, it was pretty smooth sailing.

But officials say they're not quite out of the woods yet — with a concert tonight and Friday, it remains to be seen if the mellow mood holds.

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Three Generations Dead (MSG 9/91) Photo by Richard Crichton



Vanity Plate Poster

We still have room on our poster for for your Grateful Dead vanity plate. Space is getting tight but if you send yours in, we'll squeeze it on! Send a snapshot of your plate to U.C. today!

Chain Reaction, conclusion

search every one involved. So keep that in mind. If I am responsible for the injection of \$10,000.00 into Charlotte's economy, you can bet that the Dead's return there will be the same set-up all over again. Don't be careless, because it will perpetuate this sort of thing, and it will really screw up your life. Deadheads come in all shapes and sizes, but I am here to tell you that you don't have to be a person who lives on tour or on a commune, or a dealer of any kind to get into serious trouble. Without understanding parents and considerable financial support, I would probably be in jail right now. So use your head when you see the Dead.

August South, Knoxville, TN

Album Review:

I Blow Minds For a Living - Jello Biafra

By Dave Brandt

Every American should give this album a listen. Jello Biafra's third spoken word album is the most frightening portrait of America I have ever heard. In comparison with No More Cocoons, Jello's first spoken word album, this one is far more researched, and the profanity is toned down enough to be acceptable to most listeners.

It begins with "Pledge of Allegiance," which is a little too sarcastic to be taken seriously. But fear not, for Jello continues with pieces such as "Die For Oil, Sucker," "I Was a Teenage Pacifist," and "If Voting Changed Anything..." The last piece on the first disk, "Running for Mayor" is a little too long and self-serving, but that's about the only one that doesn't merit repeated listenings.

Jello really shines on the second disk. Beginning with a brilliant piece called "Grow More Pot," in which he makes several references to The Emperor Wears No Clothes, he systematically begins his declaration of war on the United States government. After explaining the sado-masochistic tendencies of America in "Lost Orgasm," he segues into his "Talk on Censorship," in which he names names and reveals the Truth about the PMRC, the Aryan Movement, and the "War on Drugs," among other things.

The last piece is a great motivator. If we do not act quickly, the United States will continue its steps toward becoming a police state. If this sounds like a bunch of paranoid ravings, read the "Deadheads Behind Bars" column sometime.

At only \$15.99 for two full-length cd's, this album is one of the best values in America. If you can't find this album at your local alternative record store, demand it. Or, you can order a copy directly from alternative Tentacles Records at: P.O. Box 11458, San Francisco, CA 94101. Send fifty cents for a complete catalog.

Conversations With the Dead: The Grateful Dead Interview Book By David Gans

Millions of fans buy every one of the Grateful Dead's Albums, thousands follow their every move. Now, *Conversations With the Dead: The Grateful Dead Interview Book*, by David Gans, host of the nationally syndicated radio program "The Grateful Dead Hour," celebrates the band in print, through the words of its members.

Conversations with the Dead is the first comprehensive book made up of the Grateful Dead's own words as told in interviews with journalist David Gans. Included are interviews with band members Jerry Garcia, Bob Weir, Phil Lesh and Mickey Hart, lyricists Robert Hunter and John Barlow, roadie Steve Parish, and a special bonus interview with sound-engineering genius and psychedelic industrialist Bear (Augustus Owsley Stanley III), who has broken his years of media silence for his first ever extended interview.

This book will be a must read for Dead Heads, no matter how long they have been following the band. *Conversations with the Dead* features in-depth interviews with the band, revealing its history and that of the San Francisco scene from which it evolved. Most importantly, the band members speak to Gans about music: from inspirations behind their songs to the personal dynamics of playing improvised music "without a net," as the band titled their recent live album.

Grateful Dead "Got Chips Cashed In" the Channel

Even Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead are buying mail-order PC equipment. And why not? Everyone else seems to be in the market these days.

Between recent gigs, Garcia was strumming through the pages of his favorite computer monthly when an ad from Insight Distribution caught his fancy.

In a flash, the bearded band leader was on the phone to the company, and a couple of days later he was the proud owner of four 105Mb Quantum external disk drives.

"The conversation was short," recalled John Gruber, the salesman who fielded the call. "I wish it could have been longer."

Maybe next time. ▼



Band leader (and closet hacker) Jerry Garcia.

Cooking with Kim

Well, we weren't exactly swamped with entries for the "Cooking With Kim" article in our last issue. So this time, we've cut right to the chase and decided to print a drink recipe that is sure to put a smile on your face. The following recipe is for frozen margaritas, no blender needed, and was submitted by Dani Ashbridge. It's simple to mix, then you just store it in your freezer where it turns into a slurpee-like consistency and is ready whenever you have the urge for a frosty one.

FROZEN MARGARITAS

½ Gallon Tequila
2 Cups Triple Sec
4 large cans frozen limeade
2 cans Bacardi frozen margarita mix
2 quarts of water



Make this recipe a day ahead of whenever you plan to have your margaritas. Mix all ingredients together and put into a plastic container. Place the container in the freezer and give it plenty of time to freeze up (a day or so).

NOTHIN' LEFT TO DO BUT SMILE, SMILE, SMILE!

Send your recipes to Unbroken Chain, attn: Cooking with Kim, P.O. Box 8726, Richmond, VA 23226.

Set Lists



Madison Square Garden 9/9/91 By Richard Crichton

8/12/91 CAL EXPO SACRAMENTO, CA

Iko Iko
Minglewood Blues
Althea
Me & My Uncle
Big River
Bird Song
Promised Land

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Playin' in the Band
Terrapin Station
China Doll
D/S
The Wheel
I Need a Miracle
Stella Blue
Lovelight

The Weight

8/13/91 CAL EXPO SACRAMENTO, CA

Picasso Moon
Sugaree
Walkin' Blues
Candyman
Stuck Inside Mobile
High Time
Let it Grow

Foolish Heart
Saint of Circumstance
Eyes of the World
D/S
Watchtower
Black Peter
Sugar Magnolia
Black Muddy River

8/14/91 CAL EXPO SACRAMENTO, CA

Touch of Grey
Little Red Rooster
Loser
Black Throated Wind
Row Jimmy
Cassidy
Don't Ease Me In

Cold Rain & Snow
Box of Rain
Looks Like Rain
Crazy Fingers
Estimated Prophet
Supplication Jam
Uncle John's Band
D/S
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Around & Around

Knockin'

8/16/91 SHORELINE AMPHITHEATRE MOUNTAIN VIEW, CA

Jack Straw
Bertha
All Over Now
Ramble On Rose
Desolation
Dark Star
Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias
Victim/Crime
Fire on the Mountain
Truckin'
D/S
Playin' Jam/Reprise
Standin' on the Moon
Good Lovin'

U.S. Blues

8/17/91 SHORELINE AMPHITHEATRE MOUNTAIN VIEW, CA

Help on the Way
Slipknot
Franklin's Tower
Wang Dang Doodle
Brown Eyed Women
Queen Jane Approximately
Tennessee Jed
Music Never Stopped

Women Are Smarter
Ship of Fools
Smokestack Lightnin'
He's Gone
D/S
Dark Star Tease
Morning Dew
One More Saturday Night

Baby Blue

8/18/91 SHORELINE AMPHITHEATRE MOUNTAIN VIEW, CA

Hell in a Bucket
Jack a Roe
C.C. Rider
It Takes a Lot to Laugh
BIODTL (18 beats)
West L.A. Fadeaway
Masterpiece
Stagger Lee
Johnny B. Goode

Deal
Samson & Delilah
Mississippi 1/2 Step
Feel Like a Stranger
D/S
China Doll
GDTRFB
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Brokedown Palace

9/4/91 RICHFIELD COLISEUM RICHFIELD, OHIO

Good Times Roll
Jack Straw
Jack-a-Roe
Walkin' Blues
Friend of the Devil
Black Throated Wind

Tennessee Jed
Masterpiece
Cold Rain & Snow
Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias
Fire on the Mountain
Estimated Prophet
He's Gone
D/S
China Doll
The Wheel
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

The Weight

9/5/91 RICHFIELD COLISEUM RICHFIELD, OHIO

Mississippi 1/2 Step
Little Red Rooster
Stagger Lee
Queen Jane Approx.
Ramble On Rose
Cassidy
Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Women Are Smarter
Ship of Fools
Truckin'
Smokestack Lightning
D/S
I Need a Miracle
Black Peter
Sugar Magnolia
SSDD

U.S. Blues

9/6/91 RICHFIELD COLISEUM RICHFIELD, OH

Feel Like a Stranger
Bertha
Wang Dang Doodle
Peggy-O
Tom Thumb Blues
It's All Over Now
Bird Song

Victim/Crime
Crazy Fingers
Playin' in the Band
D/S
Dark Star Jam
Watchtower
Stella Blue
Around & Around

Knockin'

9/8/91 MADISON SQUARE GARDEN NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Touch of Grey
Greatest Story Ever Told
Loser
Minglewood Blues
Candyman
Big River
Maggie's Farm
Row Jimmy
Let it Grow

Samson & Delilah
Eyes of the World
Saint of Circumstance
Dark Star Jam
Drums Jam (w/ Bob, Phil & Bruce)
D/S
Other One
Wharf Rat
Good Lovin'

Attics of My Life (Jerry waves goodnight)

9/9/91 MADISON SQUARE GARDEN NEW YORK, NY

Picasso Moon
Sugaree
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
They Love Each Other
Memphis Blues
Loose Lucy
Music Never Stopped

Iko Iko
Looks Like Rain
New Speedway Boogie
Playin' Jam
Playin' Reprise
Uncle John's Band
D/S
The Last Time
Morning Dew

Quinn the Eskimo

9/10/91 MADISON SQUARE GARDEN NEW YORK, NY w/Branford Marsalis

Shakedown Street
C.C. Rider
It Takes a Lot to Laugh
Black Throated Wind
High Time
Cassidy
Deal

Help on the Way
Slipknot!
Franklin's Tower
Estimated Prophet
Dark Star
Drums/Dark Star
Space
Miracle
Standin' on the Moon
Lovelight

Baby Blue

9/12/91 MADISON SQUARE GARDEN NEW YORK, NY

Hell in a Bucket
Bertha
Walkin' Blues
Ramble on Rose
BIODTL
Big Railroad Blues
Tom Thumb Blues
Let It Grow

Sugar Magnolia
Foolish Heart
Playin' in the Band
Terrapin Station
Playin' Jam
D/S
The Wheel
Black Peter
Around & Around
SSDD

Box of Rain

9/13/91 MADISON SQUARE GARDEN NEW YORK, NY

Touch of Grey
Wang Dang Doodle
Peggy-O
Big River
Cumberland
Althea
Masterpiece
Birdsong

Victim/Crime
Scarlet Begonias
Fire on the Mountain
D/S
Other One
Stella Blue
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Knockin'

9/14/91 MADISON SQUARE GARDEN NEW YORK, NY

Good Times Roll
Jack Straw
Friend of the Devil
Little Red Rooster
Jack-a-Roe
Desolation Row
Tennessee Jed
Promised Land

China Cat
I Know You Rider
Ship of Fools
Truckin'
Spoonful
He's Gone
D/S
Watchtower
China Doll
One More Saturday Night

The Weight

9/16/91 MADISON SQUARE GARDEN NEW YORK, NY

Feel Like a Stranger
Bertha
Minglewood
Must've Been the Roses
Dire Wolf
Queen Jane
West L.A. Fadeaway
Music Never Stopped
Don't Ease Me In

Mississippi 1/2 Step
Saint of Circumstance
Comes a Time
Uncle John's Band
D/S
GDTRFB
Attics of My Life
Good Lovin'

Johnny B. Goode

9/17/91 MADISON SQUARE GARDEN NEW YORK, NY

Iko Iko
Greatest Story Ever Told
Althea
Little Red Rooster
Loser
All Over Now
Brown Eyed Women
Picasso Moon

Box of Rain
Cold Rain & Snow
Samson & Delilah
Eyes of the World
D/S
Last Time
Black Peter
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

U.S. Blues

9/18/91 MADISON SQUARE GARDEN NEW YORK, NY

Midnight Hour
Ramble on Rose
Wang Dang Doodle
Candyman
Memphis Blues
Row Jimmy
Jack Straw

Victim/Crime
Crazy Fingers
Playin' in the Band
Terrapin
D/S
The Wheel
Miracle
Wharf Rat
Sugar Magnolia

Brokedown Palace

9/20/91 BOSTON GARDEN BOSTON, MA

Touch of Grey
Little Red Rooster
Jack a Roe
Black Throated Wind
Stagger Lee
Masterpiece
Birdsong

Help on the Way
Slipknot!
Fire on the Mountain
Estimated Prophet
Truckin'
D/S
Watchtower
Morning Dew

Lovelight

9/21/91 BOSTON GARDEN BOSTON, MA

Hell in a Bucket
They Love Each Other
Minglewood Blues
Peggy-O
Cassidy
Deal

Uncle John's Band
St. of Circumstance
Eyes of the World
D/S
The Other One
Wharf Rat
One More Saturday Night

Baby Blue

9/22/91 BOSTON GARDEN BOSTON, MA

Shakedown Street
C.C. Rider
Takes a Lot to Laugh
Me & My Uncle
Maggie's Farm
Brown-Eyed Women
Let It Grow

Samson & Delilah
Iko Iko
Looks Like Rain
He's Gone
Nobody's Fault But Mine*
Spoonful
D/S
The Last Time
Stella Blue
Sugar Mag
SSDD

Knockin'

*last time played, 9/3/85
Starlite Amp, Kansas City, MO

9/24/91 BOSTON GARDEN BOSTON, MA

Good Times Roll
Feel Like a Stranger
Althea
All Over Now
High Time
BIODTL
Big Railroad Blues
Desolation Row
New Speedway Boogie

China Cat Sunflower
I Know You Rider
Women Are Smarter
Ship of Fools
Dark Star
D/S
Foolish Heart
I Need a Miracle
Standing on the Moon
Around & Around

The Weight

9/25/91 BOSTON GARDEN BOSTON, MA

Help on the Way
Slipknot!
Franklin's Tower
Walkin' Blues
Must've Been the Roses
Dire Wolf
Queen Jane
Tennessee Jed
Music Never Stopped

Victim or the Crime
Crazy Fingers
Playin' in the Band
Terrapin Station
D/S
That Will Be Something
Playin' reprise
China Doll
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

Quinn the Eskimo

9/26/91 BOSTON GARDEN BOSTON, MA

Jack Straw
Cold Rain & Snow
Wang Dang Doodle
Candy Man
Mexicali Blues
Cumberland Blues
Picasso Moon
Box of Rain

Dark Star
Saint of Circumstance
Eyes of the World
D/S
The Other One
Dark Star
Attics of My Life
Good Lovin'

Brokedown Palace
We Bid You Goodnight

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November 15	Madison Square Garden, New York, NY
November 16	Knickerbocker, Albany, NY
November 17	Hartford Civic Center, Hartford, CT
November 19	Providence Civic Ctr., Providence, RI
November 20	War Memorial, Rochester, NY
November 22	Rosemont Horizon, Chicago, IL
November 23	Bradley Center, Milwaukee, WI
November 24	Target(?) Center, Minneapolis, MN

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SOMETIMES YOU GET SHOWN THE LIGHT

Bob Weir & Rob Wasserman Review with Hot Tuna
The Waterloo Village Tent, Stanhope, New Jersey
by David Seigel

If you asked me before this show which band I would prefer to see, Hot Tuna or Bob Weir & Rob Wasserman, the answer undoubtedly would have been Hot Tuna. Let's face it, Weir is great, but his solo stints away from the mothership have usually turned into, well, in a word, "Bobby"; as anyone who has been around the Dead scene long enough can attest to.

On the other hand, acoustic music just doesn't get any better than the Jorma and Jack show. Those two, and Jorma in particular, are the real thing - blues personified. But, a few funny things have happened along this trip of ours, one of which is to expect the unexpected. And, July's show at the Waterloo Village Tent (7/29/91) in beautiful Stanhope, New Jersey, was certainly no exception to this rule.

Before I go any further, I feel it prudent to state that even though I'm an ardent Jorma/Tuna head, I've been off the bus (as far as attending shows) for the last two and a half years, and I wasn't 100% sure of what to expect from them, although I did find out a few days before this show that second guitarist Michael Falzarano would be performing with the dynamic duo.

So, when they promptly kicked off their set at 8:00 p.m. with a pairing of standards "Hesitation" and "Walkin' Blues", I figured it was the same old Tuna, only with an extra set of strings. This opinion didn't last long, however.

On an abbreviated version of "Let Us Get Together", Falzarano, (whom some people may remember as the second guitarist/vocalist on 1983's electric comeback 'Steal Your Money' tour) pulled out a mandolin for the first of many times that night. Although it certainly didn't detract any from the tune, what it added is a matter of debate as it was greatly under-amplified. Thus, the yin and yang of this Hot Tuna set was already being diagrammed.

While it was undeniably great to hear rock-solid versions of "Trial by Fire", "Watch the North Wind Rise", and "Folsom Prison Blues", it was even better to hear Jorma playing dobro and pedal steel. Unfortunately, Falzarano's singing and some really off-beat song choices such as "Blue Moon Over Kentucky", did little in the way to help form a cohesive set. For the life of me, I can't figure out what Jack and Jorma see in Falzarano. His guitar playing is spotty, at best, and his Elvis Costello-like vocals wore thin on my ears extremely quickly.

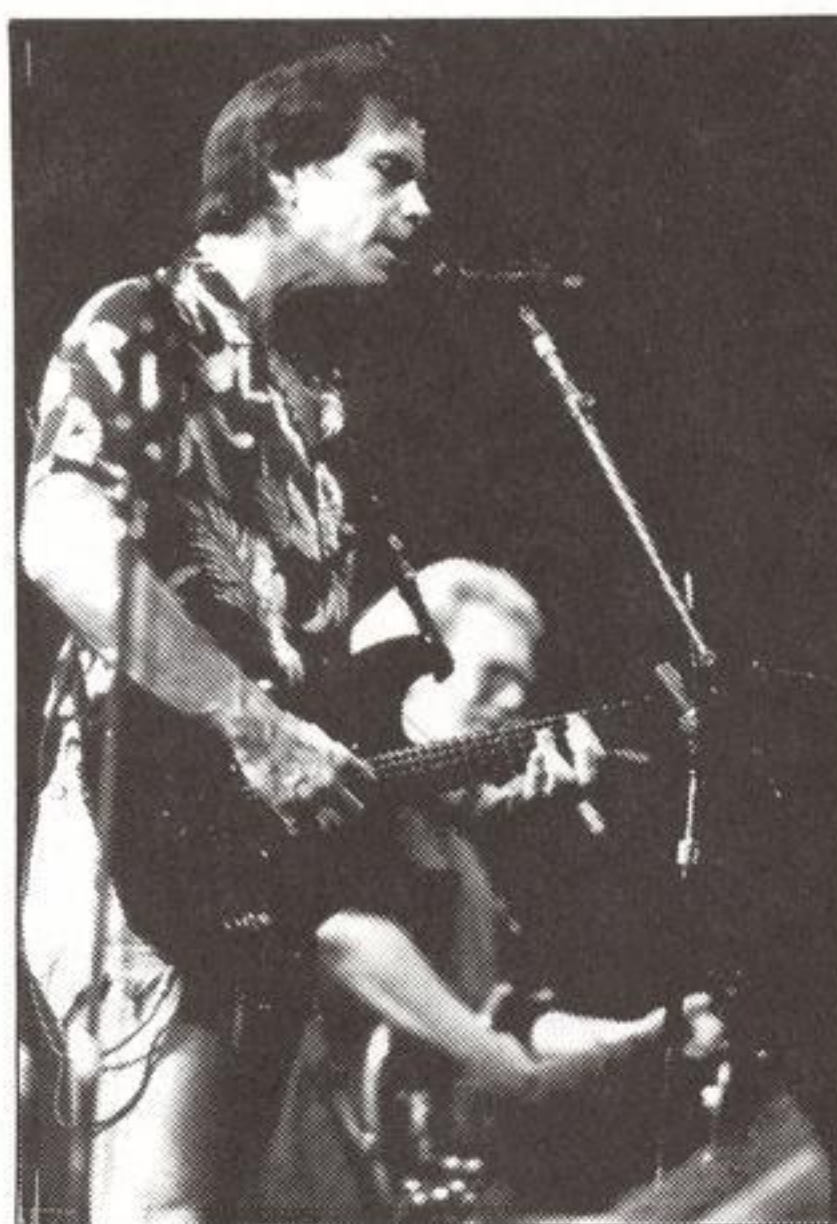
To the band's credit, they did finish their set with a bang. Rave-up versions of "Trouble in Mind" and "San Francisco Bay Blues" were a great preface to the new (to these ears, anyway) "Praise the Lord (and Pass the Snakes)," a wonderful bit of nonsense that gave Jorma plenty of room to explore the metal steel while Jack hit some progressive tones on his new Lane Poor bass. If nothing else, "Praise" had a sound that harkened back to the good old electric Tuna days, and gave hope that those good old days might be resurrected in the near future.

About a half hour later, the Rockin' W's or Scaring the Children (or whatever they're calling themselves this tour), took the stage and broke into..... get ready for this now..... "Walkin' Blues"; I know, what a lame choice! Even if I was a fan of the way Weir performs this tune (with or without the Dead) - which I'm not - I still would think it a lame choice. I mean, c'mon Bob, get with it, we heard this tune barely an hour and a half ago.

Since I wasn't really expecting much from these guys, I took it in stride much more than is apparent than through these words. Good thing, too. Remember that cardinal rule of expecting the unexpected I mentioned earlier? Bingo!

I don't think there could have been anything to prepare me for their next choice: "Take Me To the River". Yeah, that's right, the Al Green song that the Talking Heads turned into a big hit. The crowd went nuts and I found myself smiling from ear to ear. Okay guys, I thought, you got me interested, now what can you show me? A couple of minutes later I found out.

"Fever", a song performed by the Dead only once (9/11/87), got things started. This arrangement, very dark in its reading, with only scant guitar accompaniment, let Wasserman flex his muscles for the first time. A nice segue into "Youngblood" got things jumping again, even if Wasserman didn't seem totally enamored with his backup vocal duty.



MSG 9/9/91 By Richard Crichton



For Bob
& Rob
set lists,
turn to
Page 17!

By the time "Desolation Row" was meandering its way into "Looks Like Rain", things had hit a fevered pitch. While the real musical interplay didn't really start to peak until "Rain", the crowd was going bananas due to Weir's frequent references to Jack and Jorma and a flickering "applause" sign during "Desolation".

"Rain" really went to some truly amazing places. Stretched to Dead-length, the vocals, guitar and bass playing provided a lush, full arrangement filled with numerous peaks and valleys.

Rudyard Kipling's "The Winners" appeared next and lived up to its name. For me, this is the apex of non-Dead Weir. I've gone nuts over this one since I first heard it back in '86. I'm not quite sure what it is, but I find the rhythm to this song completely irresistible. Shortly thereafter the stage belonged to Wasserman. During his lengthy solo he didn't just play, but gave a virtual exhibition in the art of bass guitar. Alternately popping, plucking, bowing, and deftly fingering his instrument, we were treated to a multitude of sounds and rhythms by this virtuoso.

Slowly, a hauntingly familiar riff started to eke its way out of the morass. When it became apparent that Wasserman was doing "Spoonful" I expected Weir to make his way out to the stage. Wrong. The bassman went back into some more deep spaces. The next time he surfaced with anything vaguely familiar, it was another song that's been in Weir's repertoire: "Satisfaction". Again, no Weir. But again, the unexpected. The whole audience was singing along, in synchronization no less, to the Stones' chestnut. I know it may not sound like such a big deal to those of you reading this, but it was truly one of those 'you had to be there' moments. Definitely one to be cherished.

When Bob returned, it was with one of those big hollow-body Gibson electrics instead of the acoustic he used in the first portion of the show. From a technical standpoint, it proved to be a good maneuver, as the acoustic axe just couldn't be heard sharply above the din when the jams hit critical mass.

Unfortunately, "Victim or the Crime" was the song of choice to go with the guitar change. Not to worry, though. "Josephine", the hardest rocking tune from the first Bobby & the Midnights album, made the most of one of its infrequent appearances. Totally jammed upon like I've never heard before with Bob really creating some interesting combinations of chords and notes.

After long applause, Rob and Bob reappeared sans guitar for a long, slow, and somewhat comedic stab at "Misty".

All the laughs and boos were quashed when Tuna joined the Messrs. W. for a raucous version of "Gloria" to end the festivities.

All in all, not a bad evening of music. However, I just can't buy the idea of Hot Tuna passing itself off as a jack-of-all-trades type of band. Conversely, based solely on this performance, Weir & Wasserman, by whatever name they want to call themselves, are definitely a band, and one to be reckoned with at that.

"Goes to show, you don't ever know..."

Review/Pop

The Grateful Dead's Continuing Metamorphosis

By PETER WATROUS

Monday night's show by the Grateful Dead, the second of nine at Madison Square Garden, sputtered a bit in the beginning, caught on during the last song of the first set, then took off after intermission. The band, usually at its best during long, improvised sections and segues between songs, stuck to fairly short pieces instead. With unusually precise and swinging drumming, it turned the pieces into taut, well-edited pop tunes.

The second set began with "Iko Iko," the New Orleans Mardi Gras song that, with its specific rhythms, was an inspired choice, locking Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann, the Dead's two drummers, into a groove. The band cruised through an energetic version of "Uncle John's Band" and the Rolling Stones' "Last Time," stopped momentarily for a chilly version of "Dark Star" that segued into "One More Saturday Night," and capped the set with a beautifully static "Walk Me Out Into the Morning Dew." The set also included the band's traditional two-drum duet, which metamorphosed into a slow arrhythmic group improvisation.

The Grateful Dead recently added two keyboardists, Bruce Hornsby and Vince Welnick, and the band is clearly still trying to figure out what to do with them. With four chordal instruments onstage, the sound at times became cluttered and busy. Neither Mr. Hornsby nor Mr. Welnick has much

feel for blues, or sparseness, which didn't help. But when they took momentary vacations and the Dead became an electric string band, full of grace and delicacy, it regained its power. What really propelled it was the drumming: During "Uncle John's Band," for instance, Mr. Hart and Mr. Kreutzmann, snapping and cracking away, presented an aural obstacle course for the guitarist Jerry Garcia to solo through.

Mr. Garcia, as usual, had his moments of brilliance. Like Miles Davis, who can summon up a lifetime of associations and memories with one note, Mr. Garcia can bring together a world of social, political and personal connections with a phrase. Over the last several years, in his improvising, with its cool tone that can suddenly change into something bitter and distorted, he has become a much more complicated player.

Although his playing seemed precise at Monday's show, it was also immensely rich harmonically. Mr. Garcia has a jazz musician's attitude toward harmony, and he regularly turned simple chords into a framework for improvisations that began with dark and eerie colors, only to blossom into pastoral harmony.

His virtuosity is one of the reasons the audience was there, and every time Mr. Garcia turned up the intensity, the audience responded with shouts and cheers. He was putting on a public display of imagination, and the audience appreciated it.



Jerry Garcia during the Grateful Dead concert on Monday night.



"some rise . . . some fall"



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"Fragments" columnist, Relix magazine

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Scott Pegg receives a warm welcome in Rome

Phil Lesh and Classical Music in Great Britain

By Scott Pegg

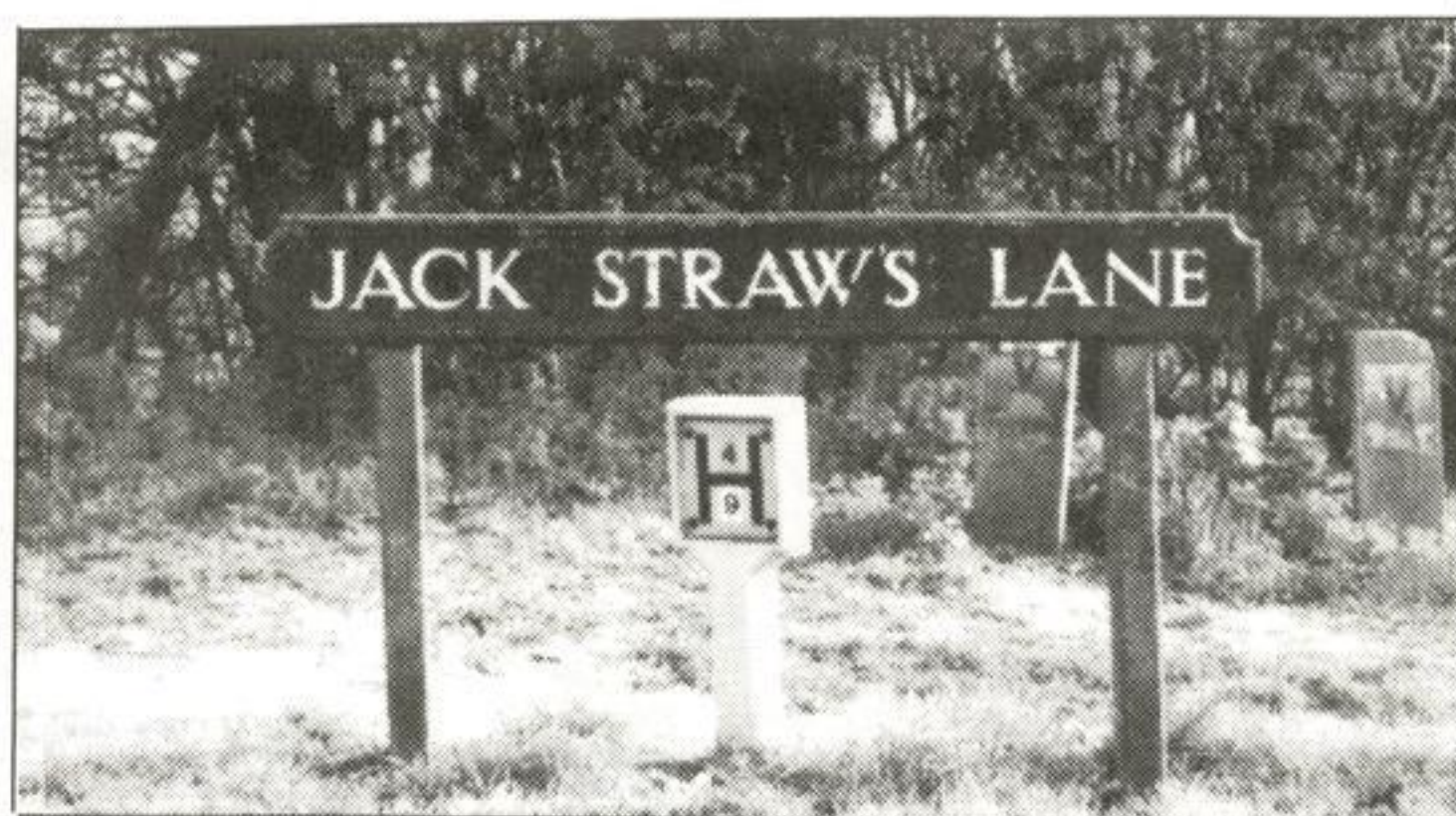
This article is a summary of an article by Norman Lebrecht entitled "The Grateful and the Dead" that originally appeared in the Saturday Magazine section of *The Independent* newspaper on June 22, 1991. Without question this is one of the finest pieces I have ever read on the Grateful Dead and the only reason I am summarizing it is that the original, at three pages long, is too big to reproduce in its entirety. Basically, what Mr. Lebrecht argues is that the personal initiative of Phil Lesh combined with the backing of Grateful Dead money through the Rex Foundation has fundamentally transformed the "pecking order" in British classical music. That's right, you are not having a flashback, Phil Lesh is individually responsible for transforming the reputations of various British classical music composers. The Rex foundation was set up as a charity by the Dead in 1984 and in the past seven years the band has distributed more than \$1 million through Rex. Phil Lesh, who in his own words is "interested in the survival of the symphony in the late 20th century" argued that the foundation should do something for music. Others agreed and about one-tenth of the Rex money has gone to support works of British classical music nominated by Lesh. Margaret Thatcher, hide your face in shame, for in some years the Grateful Dead has spent as much money on living British composers as the Arts Council of Great Britain. One of the main composers to benefit from Grateful Dead money is Havergal Brian. According to David Brown, secretary of the Havergal Brian society, "The whole Brian revival is due to Phil Lesh. His initiative raised the awareness of Brian to the point where others have come along to record his music commercially." Another composer to benefit was Bernard Stevens who died in 1983 without having any of his music on record. Phil Lesh asked Bertha Stevens, the composer's widow to hear some of his works. She sent him some private tapes and Stevens' *The Second Symphony* has recently been released on Meridian Records, thanks to \$10,000 from the Rex Foundation. In the words of Mrs. Stevens, "It's incredibly big-minded of them. In addition to supporting the symphonists, Lesh has also sent support to modern avant-garde composers including Michael Fennissy, Chris Dench and Richard Barratt. In the words of Fennissy, "It meant I could ease off doing menial, money-grubbing work and take half a year to finish my opera 'The Undivine Comedy.'" When the Dead played last year's "Werewolves of London" Halloween show in London, a number of these classical musicians came out to see who they really were. Reactions ranged from "I found it louder than I could possibly comprehend" and "I had never seen so many people at a concert" to "I became an ardent fan of the Grateful Dead and have the beginnings of a nice little collection of their records." In the future look out, because Phil is composing a concert piece for the Californian composer Kent Nagano, who works with the London Symphony Orchestra. To conclude, in Lebrecht's own words, "His sponsorship has already altered the pecking order in English music--it has kept living composers off the breadline, and most significant of all, it has opened a dialogue between creative musicians on opposite sides of the commercial schism."

The Neville Brothers 8/10/91

Buxton Academy, London

By Scott Pegg

After having just missed the Nevilles in both Zurich and Munich, I was finally able to catch them in London. The first thing to be said is that for all you Richmonders who remember suffering through the awful acoustics of the Richmond Center at the 1988 Neville's show, it was certainly a pleasure to hear them through an excellent sound system. The show opened with a medley of the New Orleans standards "Hey Pocky Way" and "Walk on Guilted Splinters." The band later paid tribute to Professor Longhair and returned to New Orleans to close with "Mardi Gras in New Orleans." Much to my dismay, and for some unknown reason, the band didn't do "Iko Iko." The most notable thing to me at this show was how much leadership Cyrille Neville was demonstrating. Cyrille introduced all the songs and the other brothers, and was prominently featured both through his energetic dancing and his lead vocals on his numbers "My Blood" and "Sister Rosa." About four or five songs into the set Cyrille introduced Art Neville, who sang a beautiful version of Jimmy Cliff's "Sitting Here In Limbo" and then did a couple of funky Meters numbers. Next came Aaron, who did two numbers from his new solo album and then "Tell It Like It Is." Aaron's finest moment, however, came much later in the show during a powerful and emotional version of Bob Dylan's "With God on Our Side." Charles followed Aaron with an extended sax solo. Perhaps the hottest moment of the entire show came during "Yellow Moon" when Charles and Brian Stoltz did an unbelievable six or seven minute combined guitar and sax duet. Of special mention are also the medley of "Love The One You're With" into "You Can't Always Get What You Want" and the traditional Neville's last encore gospel medley which this year was "Amazing Grace," "Rivers of Babylon," "One Love/People Get Ready" and the black Baptist version of "Amen." If you haven't seen them in awhile or ever, don't worry. The Neville Brothers are still putting out two hour shows filled with a potent gumbo mixture of rock, reggae, funk, covers, soul, jazz, gospel, ballads and Mardi Gras, along with a serious message of peace and love to the world.



A Street in Oxford, England

Photo by Scott Pegg

Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers 7/17/91

Town & Country Club, London

By Scott Pegg

In the last few years Ziggy Marley has been one of the few rising stars in reggae music. His live show is excellent and definitely worth catching. The show features a really nice blend of selections from all of Ziggy's albums as well as a few covers of Bob Marley's material. The Melody Makers are a huge band of nine or ten people, including two female singers. If I had to make a complaint about this show it would be that the band was kept on a fairly short leash and not given much chance to improvise or jam. The band sounded great, but they needed more room to show off - the instrumental solos were too short and too few and far between. Ziggy has a charismatic stage presence and seems to be handling the famous father problem very well. I was impressed at how he worked Bob's material into his set ("Them Belly Full" and "Get Up, Stand Up" during the regular set and "Could You Be Love" as an encore) without letting it overshadow his own originals. The material selected from his new album "Jahmekya" was particularly strong - especially "Jah is True & Perfect" and "Kozmik." The whole show clocked in at around 2½ hours and it is definitely a funky reggae party not to be missed.

Editorial

continued from page 3

In other news, the August Squaw Valley JGB shows were not the success that everyone had hoped. The shows were held on an 8500 foot summit at the ski resort, and to reach the site, fans had to either ride a chairlift or a gondola. Jerry, who rode to the top in a helicopter, was said to be white as a sheet and shaking due to the frightening high winds. (A year ago, Stevie Ray Vaughan was killed in a helicopter crash under similar windy conditions). Then, to top that off, Jerry was almost injured when his mike blew over on him during the show. From the audience's perspective, the shows were not that great because with the wind blowing directly at the stage, the music was not really discernable. People who taped the show were disappointed--for one, the wind was blowing loudly into their mikes, and with the sound from the stage also being distorted it made for pretty crummy conditions all around. The Eel River JGB show sounded like a lot of fun, but the town of Garberville regarded the whole thing a disaster. It is rumored that they want to ban any and all shows (not just JGB shows) there in the future. The coolest thing about the Eel River, is that when you get your ticket ripped, they give you a wristband which enables you to wander all about, for instance, you can go back to your car and sip a cold one, then go back to the stage, etc.

I'll end this editorial with some odd trivia. Haven't you always wondered what type of pizza the boys like? Well, insiders tell us that Jerry prefers extra large pies light on the cheese and heavy on the sauce. I also hear that Jerry's very gracious when it comes to tipping the pizza delivery persons. Bob Weir enjoys his pizza with a greek flair, replacing the mozzarella with feta cheese!

That's all for now--see you next time!

Kama

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DEAD HEAD
REVIEW
JERRY GARCIA BAND
HONORARY

October Birthday Boys:

John Perry Barlow 10/3/47

Bob Weir 10/16/47

Brent Mydland 10/21/52

7/17/91
Bob Weir & Rob Wasserman
Station Square Amphitheatre
Pittsburg, PA

Walkin' Blues
Festival
City Girls
Fever
Jammin'
K.C. Moan
Take Me to the River
Artificial Flowers
Desolation Row
Looks Like Rain
Winners
Heaven Help the Fool
Bass Solo -> Satisfaction Jam
Victim or the Crime
Josephine

The Weight
Midnight Hour (w/ Hot Tuna)

7/29/91
Bob Weir & Rob Wasserman
Waterloo Village Tent
Stanhope, NJ

Walkin' Blues
Take Me To The River
Twilight Time
K.C. Moan
Fever
Youngblood
Artificial Flowers
Desolation Row
Looks Like Rain
The Winners
Heaven Help the Fool
Bass Solo (w/ Spoonful & Satisfaction)
Victim or the Crime
Josephine

Misty
Gloria (w/ Hot Tuna)

8/1/91
Bob Weir & Rob Wasserman
Merriweather Post Pavilion
Columbia, MD

2001 Theme Intro
Bombs Away
Take Me To The River
Twilight Time
K.C. Moan
Fever
Youngblood
Artificial Flowers
Misty
Desolation Row
Looks Like Rain
He Travels Fastest Who Travels Alone
Victim or the Crime
Bass Solo
Josephine

Throwin' Stones
Satisfaction (w/ Hot Tuna)

8/31/91
Bob Weir & Rob Wasserman
Raymond Theatre
Pasadena, CA

Bombs Away
Walkin' Blues
Take Me To The River
Twilight Time
Fever
Instrumental (Stray Cat Strut!)
Artificial Flowers
Masterpiece
Youngblood
Slow Train Song
Maggie's Farm
Looks Like Rain
He Travels Fastest Who Travels Alone
Heaven Help the Fool
Great Jam
Bass Solo (variety of tunes including
Purple Haze, tune from Fiddler on the Roof)
Satisfaction
Victim or the Crime
Rock & Roll with You

Misty

8/10/91
JGB at The Eel River
Garberville, CA

The Way You Do the Things You Do
Stoned Me
Never Can Tell
Waiting for a Miracle
Struggling Man
Brothers & Sisters
Deal

You are My Shining Star
Think
Lay Down Sally
In the Twilight
That's What Love Can Make You Do
Lazy Bones
Somebody to Love



Outside the Show

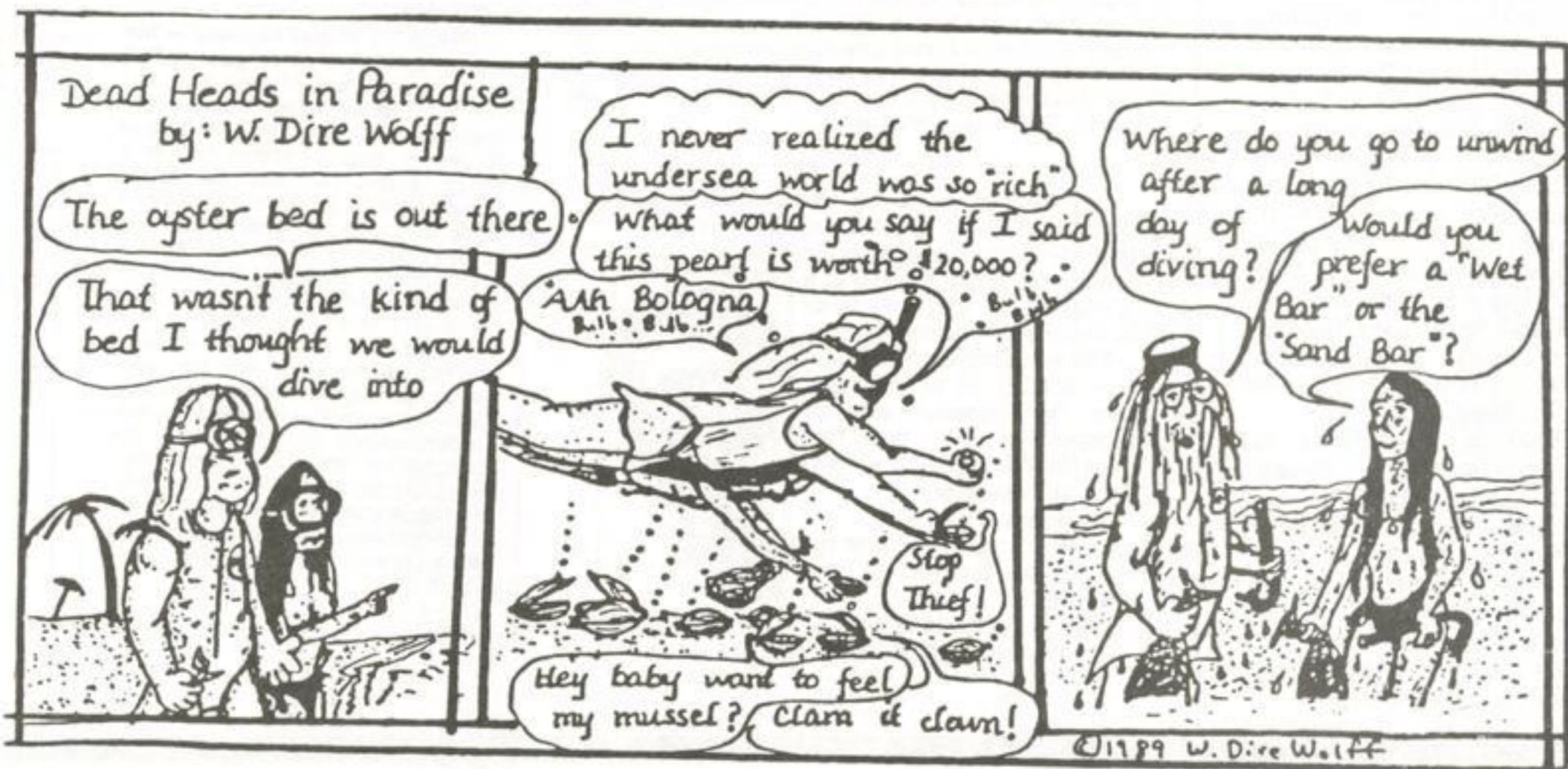
A resource guide for deadheads

Published by Paul Hoffman and Cindy Cosgrove of Berkeley, CA, this invaluable guide contains addresses, phone numbers and information regarding what goes on "Outside the Show." It consists of 40 pages packed with listings on craftspeople, vendors, retail stores and mail order, groups and organizations, deadhead places, Grateful Dead Merchandising and Grateful Dead Ticket Sales.

To get your copy, send a check or money order for \$6.00 (\$5.00 plus \$1.00 shipping) made payable to Unbroken Chain, Inc., P.O. Box 8726, Richmond, VA 23226

DEAD HEADS IN PARADISE

By W. Dire Wolff



...to be continued...

They're grateful for the Dead

► R.I.P. The Deadheads left a final note yesterday as they skipped town for the next stop on the Grateful Dead tour. They climbed on top of the Boston Garden and changed one of the largest billboards in New England from "Nothing beats a Bud" to "Nothing Beats The Dead." Unless, of course, it's Freddie and the Dreamers.

Here's some air pollution

"WLIB makes me sick. They don't even try to present a total viewpoint. I'm not a very tolerant person — but other views are heard on my show." *Bob Grant*

"I was walking through semi-human filth. Filth on two legs. The scummiest of scummiest. These so-called Deadheads are vermin. Absolute vermin. It isn't just their outlandish garb. It's just filth. You know all those filthy scumbags are white. I'm proud to tell you I wouldn't know one rock group from another. I despise it. I loath it. I hate it. If I could I'd shoot every rock performer there is."

Grant after walking to work on the day of a Grateful Dead concert

Concert-goers leave bad impression

To the editor:

I'm sure Squaw Valley is overjoyed with its profits from the concerts this past weekend. With any research at all, they should have known what kind of rude, smelly people would be attracted. These animals raped and looted our town.

In grocery stores they helped themselves to rolls, fruit, milk, etc., walking up and down the aisles consuming whatever they wanted, then just walked out. Squaw made money, the town lost money and a lot of pride.

Jean Pierce
Truckee

16 Arrests Made At Rock Concert

A police officer was injured and 16 people were arrested in a drug crackdown during a rock concert at Merriweather Post Pavilion.

The arrests took place in the pavilion's parking lots late Thursday. The crackdown marked at least the fourth time this year Howard County police have sent undercover officers to the Columbia concert grounds to monitor drug activity.

The injured officer was struck on the head with a beer bottle as she tried to arrest a person suspected of distributing LSD, according to Howard County police spokesman Gary Gardner. The injury required five stitches. The officer's name was not disclosed.

Police arrested James G. Christensen, 32, of Bensen, N.C., in the attack. He was charged with distribution of marijuana and assaulting a police officer. Fifteen other people, who ranged in age from 18 to 40, were charged with narcotics violations involving LSD, hashish and marijuana.



Angel Franco/The New York Times

The Grateful Dead, which earns more in live shows than any other band, last night began nine sold-out shows at Madison Square Garden.

The Grateful Dead Are Alive and Thriving

By PETER WATROUS

In a recessionary pop music environment in which tours keel over and die and radio and MTV stars hit the road only to cancel their tours, the Grateful Dead, 26 years old and counting, are doing better than ever. So far this year, their gross for live shows has been higher than any other band's. For the first six months of the year, the Dead earned \$20 million. Playing stadium-size venues — something no other tour has dared do this summer — the band has sold out virtually every show it has played, and the prediction is that for the rest of the year, it will sell out everything that's left.

Yesterday the Grateful Dead arrived in New York to play nine sold-out shows at Madison Square Garden. "If I knew what made us popular, I'd bottle it," one of the group's leaders, the guitarist Jerry Garcia, said in a telephone interview. "Whatever it is, it invented us, we didn't invent it. The audience thinks we're providing more than music, but we don't let on what we're providing, intentionally. We're elliptical. Someone once wrote that we're a real cheap vacation to Bermuda, which is kind of right. But insofar as we're providing a safe con-

Only a 26-year-old band sells out the really big shows this summer.

text to be together with a lot of people who aren't afraid of each other, which is real valuable in New York, I'd guess, we're important."

Part of the Grateful Dead experience is its audience. However the baby-boom generation has ended up making a living, it still likes to go to concerts, perhaps dreaming of California freedom and San Francisco bohemia. People sliding in from a hard day on Wall Street sit next to people two generations younger in tie-dye whose glazed eyes don't come from staring at a computer all day and who have been following the tour, showing up at every concert. Standard parts of the scene are the Grateful Dead A.A. chapter, out in force, and the officially sanctioned bootleggers, who sit beneath a forest of microphones taping each precious drop of music. And unreconstructed older hippies, role models and mentors to the teen-agers in the audience, also show up in tie-dye but with streaks of gray in their hair.

"With all the kinds of people that come, old-timers and kids, it's a little hard to tell what makes them all have a valuable experience," Mr. Garcia said. "I used to wonder about it and worry. Suppose we're misleading all these people? But it's not really like that, I realized, because we're not selling a point of view. We stay away from advocating much at all, so people are left on their own to imagine who we are."

Though the core of the band — Mr. Garcia and Bob Weir on guitars, Phil Lesh on bass, and Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann on percussion — has been together since 1968, the loss of its pianist, Brent Mydland, to a drug overdose last year and the subsequent inclusion of Vince Weinick and Bruce Hornsby on keyboards have meant that the band has been changing its sound. Though it still does its standard two-set shows, with a long drum interlude, and though it still performs many of its classic songs — playing without a set list, the band can do six nights without repeating itself — it is developing a thicker and harder sound. Not that this has changed the audience's experience too much; the shows still feature people dancing in the aisles, performing a particularly arrhythmic dance that's specific to Grateful Dead shows.

"The band is basically a new band with the two new guys," Mr. Garcia said. "Those guys have to catch up with 25 years of stuff, and we have to learn to hear what their unique capabilities are. In the short run, it's a setback, but in the long run it's an advantage. The band is more solid now; it's lost some of its lightness but there's a little more rhythmic precision, which we could always use."

Going Out Separately

Mr. Garcia has been busy recently, putting out two albums, including one, "The Jerry Garcia Band," (Arista) culled from a tour he did with his own band, featuring songs like "The Way You Do the Things You Do," "Dear Prudence" and "Tangled Up in Blue." Typically, the songs are completely remade, as much a comment on the tunes' potential as about the original version of the songs. The other album, "Jerry Garcia/David Grisman" (Acoustic Disc), is a series of acoustic pieces by Mr. Garcia and his old mandolinist friend, David Grisman.

"I can afford to be more selective now, and I have the luxury to pick and choose that I haven't always had," Mr. Garcia said. "I worked as a studio musician in the late 1960's and early 70's, without that much concern for who I was recording with. Everything I've done recently is something that I wanted to do."

Mr. Garcia mentioned possible projects with Paul Kantner, the former Jefferson Airplane and Starship guitarist, and with Mr. Hornsby. And he has just appeared in some ads for Levi's jeans: "Me, Hornsby and Branford Marsalis," Mr. Garcia said. "Spike Lee directed, and I figure if Spike can sell out, so can I."

Of all the major rock guitarists to arrive in the 1960's, Mr. Garcia is arguably the most musically literate. He's just as at home talking about Indian improvisation as he is about John Coltrane or about Brazilian mandolin players. Taking bluegrass and jazz as a conceptual framework, his solos, shifting easily from har-

monic color to harmonic color, always sidestep clichés. And his improvisations swing and crest the same way a jazz musician's might, with an intensity that isn't predicated on volume. He's one of the few rockers, in fact, who can sustain a lengthy improvisation.

"I'm still learning," he said. "As long as I'm still learning I can keep playing, and it's going to be fun. There's a certain problem-solving aspect to improvisation that I like, it's thinking on your feet. There's an intellectual and emotional side to it, and the emotional side I can't quite articulate. It's one of those things you feel or you don't. The intellectual is easier to grasp, it's the real game, with infinite ways a solo can go. Freezing the choices in time and choosing, that's the satisfaction. / I get older, I'm starting to perceive a greater sense of composition, a sense of contour and development that is missing in my early stuff. The earlier stuff, truthfully, is embarrassing."

It is the improvisational aspect of the Grateful Dead's music that keeps it fresh, even as the band's members reach an age that at one time would have been thought impossible for a functioning rock group. (Mr. Garcia is 49 years old; Mr. Lesh is the oldest at 51.)

"If Benny Goodman and Pablo Casals could do it, so can we," said Mr. Garcia. "I keep playing and touring because I enjoy it. But it can be labor intensive. Rehearsing the Grateful Dead is major work. It's one of the reasons we don't come up with new material every tour. The band is evolutionary, and where everybody learns a new tune right away, deciding what to play goes on for years. Everybody in the band is so amazingly idiosyncratic, nobody plays a formula. From a writer's point of view, there's two years' worth of discomfort performing a new tune. About the second year it starts turning into something."

"But, you know, everything is always subject to change."

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

GRATEFUL DEAD—A Grateful Dead concert is an institution old enough and strangely American enough to warrant an exhibit at the Smithsonian. It's a movable Chautauqua, a portable Mardi Gras, a temporary city where any evening of the week can be the weirdest Saturday night of your life. It's an even bet whether the music will lift off toward ecstasy or meander and noodle through the swamps of repetition, but, either way, the bumper sticker is correct: there is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Sept. 16-18 at 7:30.)

Eating for environment

Grateful Dead singer and guitarist Bob Weir is plugging two new cereals he says will make "eating breakfast an environmentally responsible act." Rainforest Crisp and Rainforest Granola are made with nuts that are grown in the Amazon rain forests, and some of the profits are donated to environmental groups. The Grateful Dead, the rock band born in San Francisco in the 1960s, has long been a supporter of rain-forest preservation projects. "Once we destroy the forests and the oceans, life won't be possible here, at least not as we know it," Weir said Wednesday.

Bill Graham is getting what a Calvin Klein spokesman called "a substantial out-of-court settlement" after the rock organizer threatened a lawsuit for being pictured in a Rolling Stones magazine jeans ad without his permission.

The ad shows a smiling Graham making an obscene gesture. The impresario said the picture was taken at a 1967 Jimi Hendrix concert and "was done in a spirit of fun."

A spokesman for Klein said the designer did not know the subject of the picture was Graham.

"Had it been a tasty thing, I probably wouldn't have minded," Graham said. "But it's sleazy."



Graham

CINCINNATI POST 9/26/91

Rock Times Digest 9/22/91

David Gans Interview (conclusion)

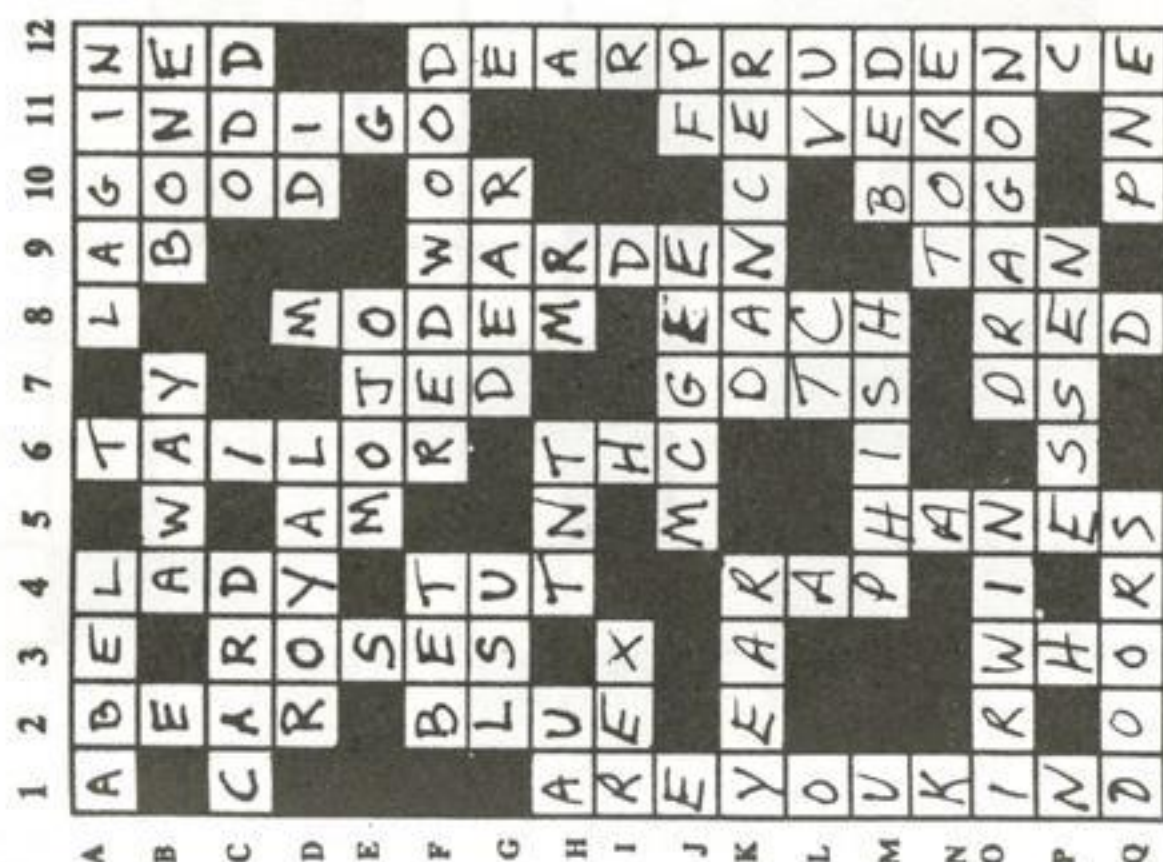
Continued from page 8

(DG-talking about the Well)

What has evolved instead as a "virtual village green," which is what I called it when we printed up leaflets and handed them out at BCT in 1986. Things go so big and busy that we started spinning off specialized conferences - tickets, to make ordering info easier to find; tours, to make set lists and show reports easier to find; deadlit, for more "serious" discussions without the chatter that sometimes derails discussions in the main conference - until now the Grateful Dead section of the Well consists of seven or eight conferences frequented by literally hundreds of users from coast to coast.

Note: Anyone interested in getting on-line with "The Well" can call 415-332-4335 for more information.

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Conversations With The Dead: The Grateful Dead Interview Book

By David Gans

Cover artwork by Rick Griffin

Conversations With The Dead is the first comprehensive book made up of the Grateful Dead's own words. It is a collection of interviews—some vintage, some recent—plus 16 pages of photographs, (on stage and behind-the-scenes), and original book cover artwork by acclaimed album artist Rick Griffin.

Author **David Gans** has been a Dead Head since 1972. The band's preeminent musical historian, Gans is the author of **Playing in the Band: An Oral and Visual Portrait of the Grateful Dead**, and he can be heard each week on the syndicated radio show, "The Grateful Dead Hour."



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The Grateful Dead Hour

A weekly visit to the musical world of the Grateful Dead, featuring recent tapes and classic performances from the Dead's tape vault, plus information on Dead-related projects and other matters of interest to the Deadhead community.

Produced by David Gans, author of *Playing in the Band*
and *Conversations with the Dead*.



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KWHL-FM	106.5	Anchorage AK	Sat 6pm	KOPN-FM	89.5	Columbia MO	Fri 5pm
KBRW-FM		Barrow AK	Fri 10pm	KMNR-FM	89.7	Rolla MO	Sat midnight
KYUK-AM	580	Bethel AK		KDHX-FM	88.1	St. Louis MO	Sat 11pm
KRBD-FM		Ketchikan AK		WXRC-FM	95.7	Hickory NC	Thu 11pm
KHSU-FM	90.5	Arcata CA	Tue 10pm	KZRR-FM	94.1	Albuquerque NM	Wed 10pm
KPFA-FM	94.1	Berkeley CA	Wed 8 pm	KTHX-FM	101.7	Reno NV	Sun 9pm
KLSX-FM	97.1	Los Angeles CA	Sun 11pm	WGR-FM	96.9	Buffalo NY	Sun 11pm
KGNU-FM	88.5	Boulder CO	Sat 9pm	WNEW-FM	102.7	New York City	Mon midnight
KCSU-FM	90.5	Ft. Collins CO	Thu/Sat 9pm	WPDH-FM	101.5	Poughkeepsie	Sun 11pm
KSUT-FM	91.3	Ignacio CO	Sat 11pm	WSFW-FM	99.3	Seneca Falls NY	Sun 9pm
WHCN-FM	105.9	Hartford CT	Sat 11pm	WRPI-FM	91.5	Troy NY	Wed 7:30 pm
WWDC-FM	101.1	Washington DC	Sun 10pm	KSBA-FM	88.5	Coos Bay OR	Sat 8pm
WZTA-FM	94.9	Miami FL	Sun 11pm	KSKF-FM	90.9	Klamath Falls OR	Sat 8pm
KIPO-FM	89.3	Honolulu HI	Sun 8pm	KSMF-FM	89.1	Medford OR	Sat 8pm
KDMG-FM	101.3	Des Moines IA	Sun 11pm	WMMR-FM	93.3	Philadelphia PA	Sun 11pm
KRUI-FM	89.7	Iowa City IA	Sat noon	WXAC-FM	91.3	Reading PA	Thurs 9pm
WXRT-FM	93.1	Chicago IL	Mon 11 pm	WRLT-FM	100.1	Nashville TN	Mon 11pm
WBCN-FM	104.1	Boston MA	Mon midnight	KGSR-FM	107.1	Austin TX	Sat midnight
WMMQ-FM	92.7	Lansing MI	Mon 11pm	KZPS-FM	92.5	Dallas TX	Sun 10pm
KUMD-FM	103.3	Duluth MN	Sat 4pm	WCVE-FM	88.9	Richmond VA	Sat 11:30pm
KTCZ-FM	97.1	Mpls MN	Mon 11pm	WIZN-FM	106.7	Vergennes VT	Sun 10pm
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Crossword

By Geoff Weed

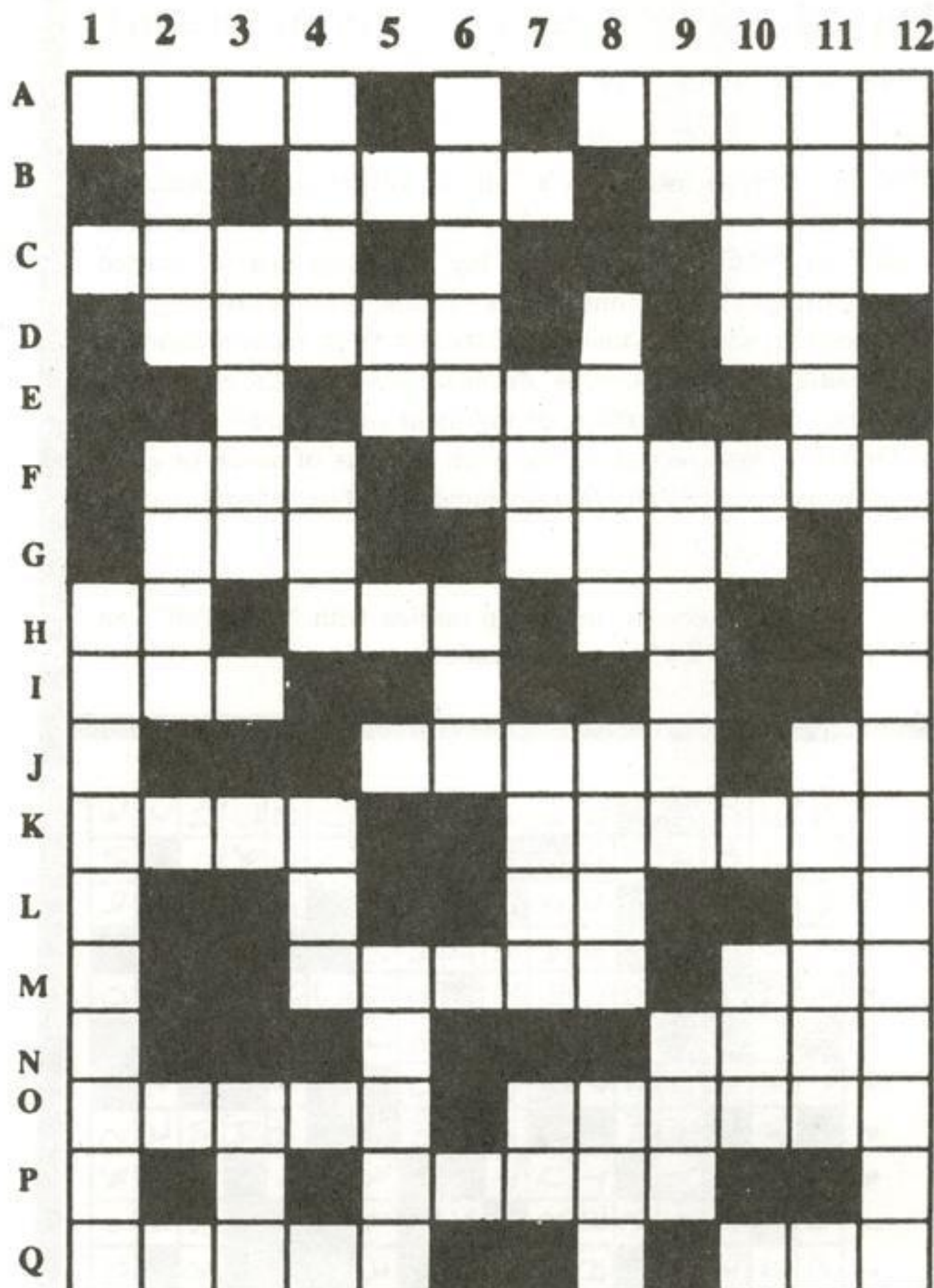
ACROSS:

- A1 Caught rolling loaded dice
A8 Ned of "Seastones"
B4 "Blow _____"
B9 ..When the dark sun chills me to the _____..
C1 Watch each of these you play
C10 Garcia's "An _____ Little Place"
D2 ...sittin' plush with a _____ flush...
D10 "Lady _____", last performed 12-30-81
E5 Bob sometimes has his working
F2 Cause of Loser's loss
F6 Tree type mentioned in "Can't Come Down."
G2 Bob's 30th b-day showsite (abbrev.)
G7 Describes Mr. Fantasy
H1 9-3-72 showsite (abbrev.)
H4 Explosive in "Start Your Engines"
H8 ..cause _____ Charlie told me so..
I1 Dead charity: _____ Foundation
J5 Bobby's last name
J11 Country of some 1990 shows (abbrev.)
K1 Some got 6 months for this
K7 A bear may be this
L7 Former GD keyboardist (abbrev.)
L11 Played with GD 2-7-69
M4 Vermont-based boogie band
M10 Peter was layin' in this and dyin'
N9 JGB's "_____ Up"
O1 Make of JG's guitar
O7 Danced during drums 2-6-89
P5 City hosting 3-28-81 show
Q1 Shared bill with GD on 1-15-67
Q10 _____ Coliseum, 6-22-73 show site

Answers on page 19

DOWN:

- A2 His choice became an album
A4 She has a fan
A6 Shop Jack-a-roe went down to
A9 Shared bill with GD on 6/10/73
A10 Kind of lovin' you need
A11 ..crimson, white and _____..
A12 Phil's 1974 musical partner
C3 What it must have been
D5 Part of Dew title in shorthand
D8 The Well necessity
E7 Charlie Fogg kicked his dog
F2 "Stella _____"
F4 Dug 9-16-78 show
F9 Led the prisoner to his doom
F12 JGB Beatle's cover
H1 UJB question
H6 Mind-expander ingredient
J7 The ticket people (abbrev.)
J8 "E" in TLEO
J11 Peggy-O cold symptom
K4 Pigpen and Chuck D. specialty
M5 Beefy-T maker
M10 Lawn of Alpine '89.
N9 Outside show side-effect
O3 Shared bill with GD, 10-9-76
O7 Came back 10-9-89 (abbrev.)
O8 Little Rooster's color



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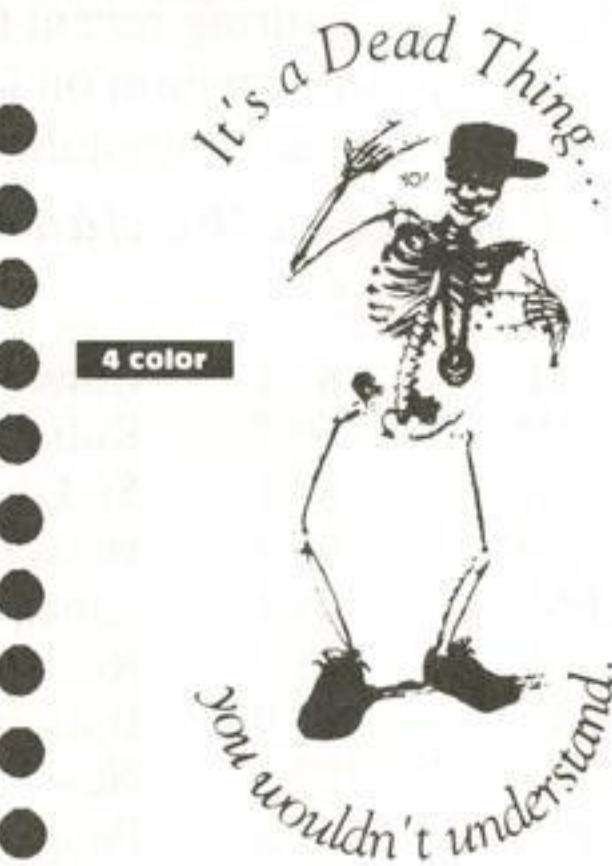
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Not-so-excellent adventure • After three concertgoers died in two years at the Meadowlands arena, the New Jersey Sports and Exposition Authority has spent \$100,000 to make a cautionary video tale about poor rock-concert etiquette. The 10-minute video, showing in high schools and theaters, chronicles a very bad date between teens Ted and Julie at a Grateful Dead concert. Ted scalps tickets, tries to smuggle in marijuana and alcohol, stands on his seat and gets ejected.

BY GREG FERGUSON

U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT, MAY 6, 1

TOP TEN REASONS TO BE A 'DEAD-HEAD'

10. Because it seems to be the thing to do these days.
9. To raise money to help save the rainforests.
8. To help make a burned-out hippie who never left the 60s feel accepted by young people.
7. To be able to dance alone in public and not look funny.
6. So one can wear a shirt with dancing teddy bears on it and believe one is making a statement.
5. So one can drive a car with dancing bear stickers on it and also feel they are making a statement.
4. To help support Jerry Garcia's drug habit.
3. To help make LSD the most popular drug among teens.
2. To help keep places like The Uptown-Downtown and 'Timewarp' from going out of business.
1. To think one is finding out truth (with the help of hallucinogenics, of course.)

—Eva S., Greenville

The Quigmans □ Buddy Hickerson



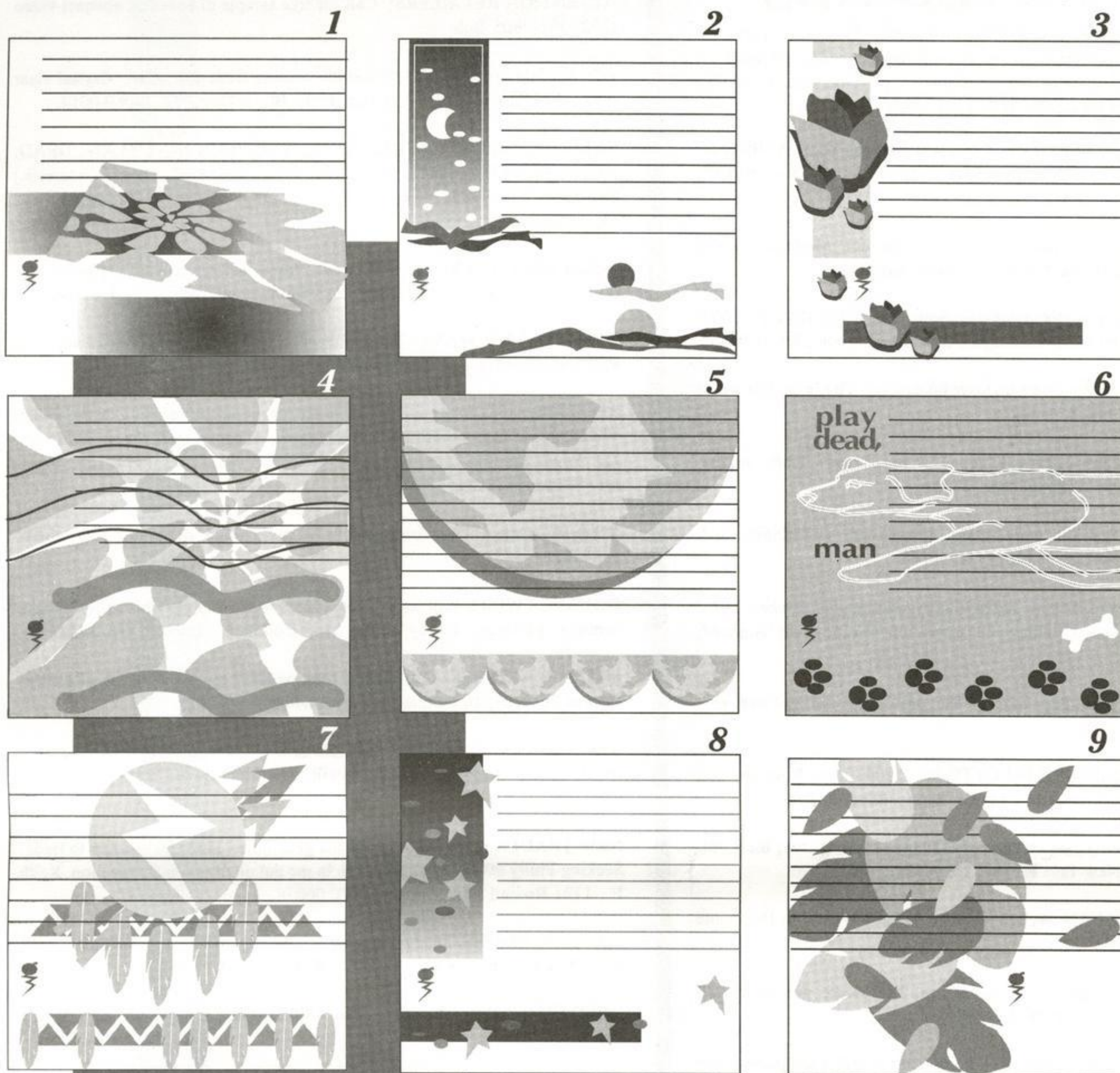
"Hey, Bam... Have you ever REALLY looked at your hands?"



THIS WAS ADAM KATZ

IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION ABOUT HIS MURDER AT THE GRATEFUL DEAD CONCERT ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1989, AT THE BRENDAN BYRNE ARENA OR IF YOU HAVE BEEN THE VICTIM OR HAVE WITNESSED VIOLENCE BY THE GUARDS AT BRENDAN BYRNE ARENA — PLEASE CALL THE SPECIAL HOTLINE NUMBER 1-800-553-8055.

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ESOTERIC! Searching for obscure and rare jams/shows: 1/23/88 "Blues for Salvador" benefit, 7/16/88 Golden Gate Park Zero w/ Garcia. Dave, 538 Mt. View Road, Berwyn, PA 19312.

OHCHUTUP! Looking for kind veggie Zero, Meters, Merl or any Cip Projects. Raven, 3012 Darby Street, Baltimore, MD 21211.

DARKSTAR - send me your HQ Darkstar show 67-91. HQ ONLY. 600+ hrs of Dead to trade. RLG, 209 Orange Street, Monroeville, PA 15146.

HUNTER: Hope you got to Belize on your bike okay! That's the last we've heard! We love you! Jay & Anne.

NEED ANY DEAD don't already have. List for yours. Trade or buy. Rich, P.O. Box 1293, Oak Grove, VA 22443.

HELP ON THE WAY? Tapes were stolen. B-kind, will send blanks. B.J. Kahle, 3078 Antelope Sp., Northbrook, IL 60062.

BEGINNER seeks helpful mellow folks who'll make me tapes when I send them postage and blanks, R.U. Kind? C. Ostrowski, 405 Maynard, Amherst, NY 14226.

HELP ME I'M DYING! Bad water! Bad air! Bad Soil! Love your Mother!, Mother Earth.

NEED HQ GREENSBORO/CHARLOTTE '91. 200+ hrs. Your list gets mine. Jason, 405 39th Avenue N., Myrtle Beach, SC 29577.

DH's FOR JESUS trading sounds from the board and love from the Lord. 4041 Valencia Drive, New Port Richey, FL 34652.

KEEP THE SCENE CLEAN Welcome Home Hills Bongo Man Peace and Music Chris.

VINCE you're doing Grate - you too Bruce, but please get rid of the accordion! Love and peace, K.W. in Mi.

NEVER FORGET - "To live is the rarest thing in the world, most people only exist, that's all." -Love, Kimbo & Stina

NOVICE DEADHEAD would like to team up to Western Shows. Split gas, etc. 6210 3rd Avenue, Sacramento, CA 95817.

NEED 5/5/78 I, II & JGB 11/13/81A Have 1000 hrs. to trade J. Merrit, 112 Rockingham Road, Londonderry, NH 03053.

HAVE 1200 HOURS DEAD 600 other. Need quality recent shows Jeff c/o Rose 1226 West Washington Blvd. Bellwood, IL 60104-1941.

GRATEFULLY seeking 1st generation copies from Roanoke 7/8/87 & Columbia 10-31-85. B. Quate 1214 Elmhurst Dr. Richmond, VA 23229.

ANDY, I'm glad we've finally let our lovelights shine. Happy 17th! Love always, Jane Forbes.

STILL LOOKING for 1/14/79 and 12/4/73. Help us out. Tom & Ann, P.O. Box 2112, Old Faithful, Yellowstone, WY 82190.

YELL: Coyote Coyote, and bury some tobacco and something magical will happen. This means, "I give all to the sky."

HEY NOW! Rookie Deadhead has 30 Dead sets, looking to let it grow. Also interested in bootleg CDs and vinyl. JGB, Tuna, Jorma and old Dead-type magazines too! Bryant Straw from Wichita, 1009-J Oakchase Drive, Tucker, GA 30084.

ATTENTION RETAILERS: Call for free sample of excellent abstract video (302) 368-9805 Bob.

1ST & 2ND GENERATION soundboards to trade for same. Crystal clear only. 134 Thomas Hall, Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24060-0014.

ECLECTIC AUDIO/ZAPPA, TUNA, YES, GARCIA, DYLAN, DEAD, TULL, FLOYD, CRIMSON, ETCETERA...TRADE? (Specify interests.) Beginners welcomed. Your list (or one dollar) for mine: James/14928 32 P.L.S./Seattle, WA 98168.

NEED BEST VERSIONS of "Eyes" "Shakedown" "Stella." Have 700+ hours HQ to trade. zev Kessler, 3742 Shannon, Cleveland, OH 44118.

HELP ON THE WAY? Need GD '91, Wier/Wasserman '91, send lists! Jonathan Oglesby, Portsmouth Abbey School, Portsmouth, RI 02871.

RECENTLY FELL IN LOVE with the sweet soulful sounds of the Dead. Would like to meet others swept along by the magic to trade tapes, see shows, etc. Small tape list, would like any audio and video. Paula, 4910-D Pepys Ln. Wilmington, NC 28403.

JODI H., such a long, long time to be gone and a short time to be there, Love Rob.

DOUBLE TWIST! Will trade tapes and stories to anyone who writes. I have summer '91 tapes. Randy Litton, 5143 Collins Ct. Lilburn, GA 30247.

SERIOUS AND RELIABLE trader seeking Hi-Q tapes. Your list gets mine. Gerard Sullivan, 16 Schiller St., Hicksville, NY 11801.

400+hrs. HQ, fast, reliable trader seeks same. Looking for 1970/1971 and any Jerry/Bob benefits. Bill Standwill, 459 Main Street, Farmingdale, NY 11735.

NEW TRADER needs help! Your list gets mine. Have 50+ hours to trade. Seeking Philly 90 and Giants 91. Help me put quality in my collection. Keith F., 1121 Russell Ave., Suffield, CT 06078.

HAVE 300 HOURS, need more. Especially HQ, low-gen recent tapes. Jeff, P.O. Box 477, Holy Cross College, Worcester, MA 01610.

NEED HQ 06/09/91 have 300+ hrs. Will Lorentz, 118 Arundel Dr., Myrtle Beach, SC 29577.

SHAWN, CARY, EROL, PAUL - see you in Boston, pray for a miracle -let the good times roll! Your pal, M.P.

INCARCERATED DEADHEAD seeks Denver - Boulder area penpals willing to visit. Stanley Marshall 07832-026, 9595 W. Quincy Avenue, Littleton, CO 80123.

HAVE 250+ tapes. Seeking Summer '91. All letters answered. Greg Armstrong, 1203 Montgomery Avenue, Staunton, VA 24401.

HAVE 750 hours, most of 90 and 91 Tour: Send 1 quality complete show, will do same. Todd Guite, P.O. Box 272, Swansea, MA 02777. 508-677-4957

WANTED: Any 1991 GD shows, live Radiators, 1989 Hampton Warlocks shows or Garcia Band. Have loads to trade. Carol MacDowell, 1400 Gulf Blvd. #106, Clearwater, FL 34630.

GREETINGS from Oregon to all in WB, Lynn, and Framingham. EOSC is cool. Write, send new fall tapes. Love, Ace.

HAVE 900 HRS. G.D. to trade. Seeking HQ 1st show 9/24/76 also 5/25/77 and any live Max Creek. Sam Lowery, 3209 Loganwood Drive, Col. Hgts, VA 23834.

HEY NOW - Have 150+ quality hours, your list gets mine, will help beginners - Tom Elliott, 1459 A Pohina Street, Hon., HI 96818.

SEEKING 9/13/91, 9/26/91 SB. Also Dead Sox shirt. Have 700 hrs. Audio, Video. C. Kennedy, 33 Eton Drive, Slingerlands, NY 12159

THERE ARE RAYS of light in those 1973 tapes, and I wanna bask in the sunshine! Help me out! Cameron, P.O. Box 620-A, Kennebunkport, ME 04046.

Fare you well Ant and lower Main Street heads. From your brown-eyed woman in Myrtle Beach.

CALIFORNIA TRADER looking for 1991 West shows. Your list gets mine. Paul Spellman, 2222 Corinth Avenue, Los Angeles, California, 90064.

TAPERS: I need Bonner Springs, KS 7/4/90, 6/24/91, 6/25/91. Can you help? JJ (402) 339-5294. Please leave message.

LOOKING for high quality Deer Creek, Buckeye, RFK '91 & any JGB. Have 350+ hrs. to trade. Scott Linn, 30 Carriage Ln., Clinton, TN 37716.

LET'S GET SERIOUS! 800 Hrs. lo-gen killer boards and masters - seeks same. No flakes please. Jocomo, Box 22461, Salt Lake City, UT 84122.

RELIABLE trader seeks the same, needs early 1970's, 7/25/91 Bob & Rob, 4/15/83. All answered Dave 22 Webb St. Pawtucket, RI 02860.

CMC - thanks for standing with me October 5, 1991.

PEC - Here's to many Grateful years. - ASC.

HELP! Beginner needs your assistance. Send lists. Postage/tapes provided. PEACE. Eric T. 249 Ave. Rosa #B, San Clemente, CA 92672.

HAVE/WANT Brombert, Miles, Bluegrass, Rick Stapleton, 1001 Pennton Avenue, Lenoir, NC 28645.

SEEKING OMNI 4/4/91, the Best early 70's "Phil Zones" & JGB. 80 quality hrs. trade, will send blks. and postage. Bucky Crystal, Box 7711, University, MS 38677.

HAVE/WANT: SPIRIT, Moby Grape, Cipollina, Silos. P. Zisook, 1351 Eastwood, Highland Park, IL 60035.

NEED A MIRACLE! Beginner from Kansas seeks the sound of the Dead. I'll send postage and blanks. Don Barnett, 4935 Briar, Roeland Park, KS 66205.

HEY NOW! Anyone hip to Deadhead Cable TV or computer dialup gigs? Jules, 300 Bean Avenue, Boulder Creek, CA 95006.

GOTTA HAVE 7/6/90, 6/22/91 and 10/5/91. Will buy, send blanks or trade. Kevin Saas, 71 Kimothy, Westerville, OH 43081.

ORGANIZE your tribe to participate in the non-violent American Revolution Summer 2000 - Indian Dead, P.O. Box 5639, Greensboro, NC 27435.

DO YOU KNOW Chip Booth of Columbia, SC? If so tell him to call Lewis at 803-769-5098.

TAPE COLLECTION STOLEN at Giants Stadium. Please help me replenish my life's blood. I have a few good tapes to trade with and will answer any correspondence. Lewis Dickinson, 53 Cedarhurst Ave. Charleston, SC 29407.

SAVANNAH LEE WHITTEN welcome to the world, we've been waiting for you to start the party! Love Bill & Jill.

MUST HAVE '91 Charlotte! I have all 90-91 West Coast top quality DAT to trade. R U Kind? Perv 28671 Rancho Grande, Laguna Niguel, CA 92656.

WANT HQ 4/17/82 hv 275+hrs hot GD. J.Rausch, 250 Touchstone Pl. #94 W. Sacto., CA 95691.

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August West R. Marc Fast
Scott Pegg
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W. Dire Wolff, Staff Artist
Clare Little, Staff Artist
Geoff Weed, Staff Crossword Dude

Contributing Writers:

Scott Allen
Barry Barnes
Bill Melton
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Thomas L. Ashbridge, IV
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