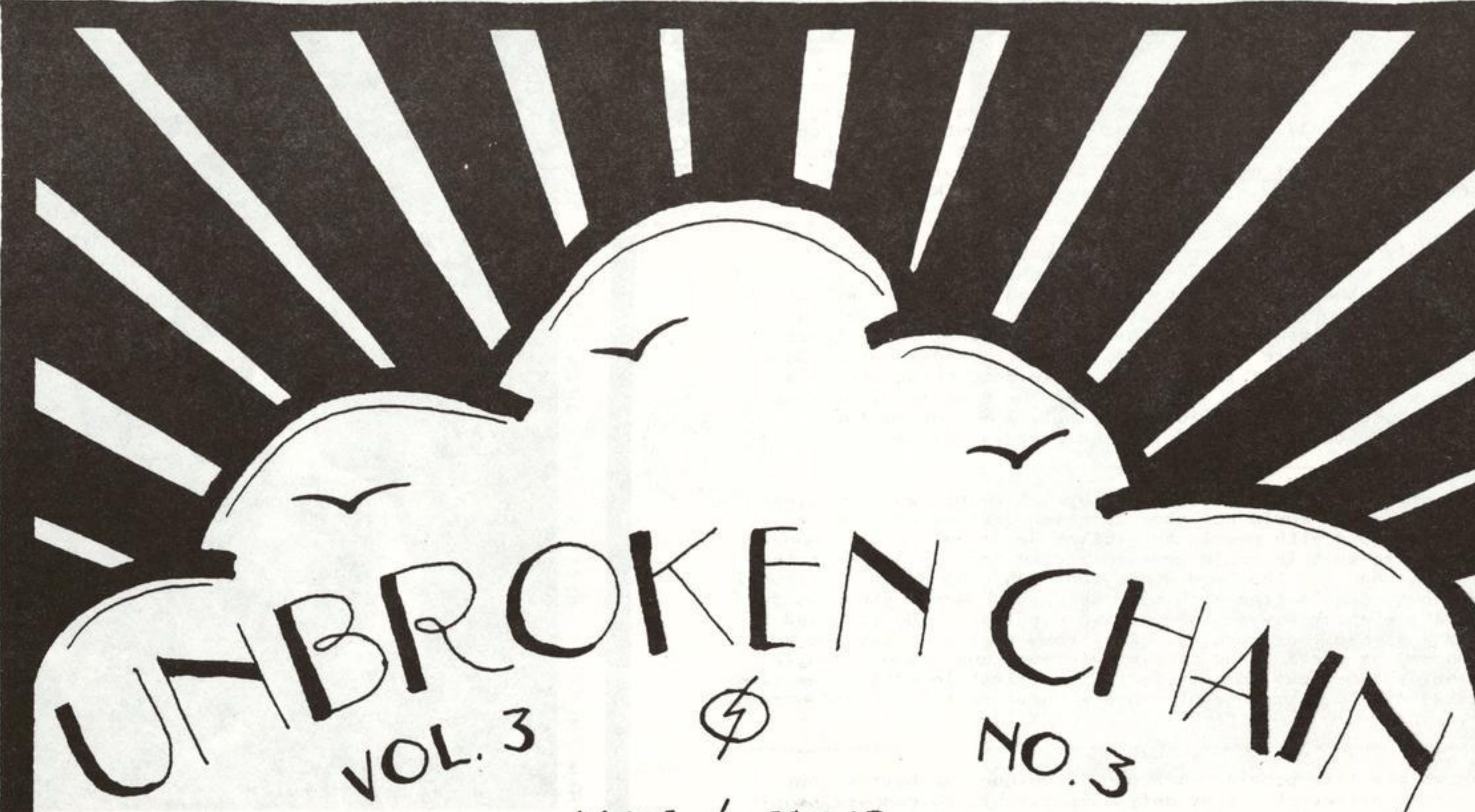




UNBROKEN CHAIN

VOL. 3 \$ NO. 3

MAY / JUNE

1988

DEAR READERS: HOWDY! IT HAS BEEN A WHILE SINCE I HAVE WRITTEN MY OWN COLUMN...SO PLEASE BEAR WITH ME WHILE I DUST OFF MY TYPEWRITER. A FEW THINGS HAVE CHANGED FOR ME IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS. NEW JOB, NEW HOUSE...ENOUGH TO THROW ME OFF TRACK A BIT. SINCE I HAVE CHANGED JOBS, I NO LONGER HAVE ACCESS TO THE COMPUTER SYSTEM WHICH WE WERE USING TO KEEP OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST UP TO DATE, AS WELL AS WES' TAPE LIST. THE WORD PROCESSING WHICH ENABLED US TO RUN AND RE-RUN EDITED VERSIONS IS OUT OF THE PICTURE AT THE MOMENT, SO EVERYTHING YOU SEE HERE HAS BEEN MANUALLY TYPED. IF YOU SEE LOTS OF MISTAKES, PLEASE JUST LET IT SLIDE! HOPEFULLY, WE WILL BE ABLE TO AFFORD A COMPUTER SOON, THAT IS, IF WE GET THE SUPPORT WE NEED TO CONTINUE THIS THING. PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGY FOR TAKING SO LONG WITH THIS ISSUE.

MOST OF THE PEOPLE I HAVE HEARD FROM ENJOYED THE SPRING TOUR TREMENDOUSLY. HOWEVER, I DID RECEIVE A FEW LETTERS FROM PEOPLE WHO THOUGHT THAT THE DEAD WERE LAGGING AFTER HAMPTON. I WASN'T AT ANY OTHER SHOWS SO I AM REALLY IN NO POSITION TO COMMENT. I GUESS IT WAS JERRY DROP KICKING HIS MIC IN HARTFORD WHICH UPSET A FEW FOLKS. HEY, THE GUY'S THROAT WAS SORE, GIVE HIM A BREAK! I DIDN'T HEAR MANY BAD REPORTS FROM FANS, BUT THE FEEDBACK I READ IN THE RICHMOND NEWS-PAPERS WAS REAL BAD. OF COURSE, WHEN THE RICHMOND PAPER EDITORS SEE SOMETHING NEGATIVE ABOUT THE GRATEFUL DEAD ON THE AP WIRE, YOU CAN BE ASSURED THAT THEY ARE NO SLACKERS ON PICKING IT UP IMMEDIATELY. IT DOES THEIR CONSERVATIVE HEARTS GOOD TO PRINT SOMETHING BAD ABOUT THE BAND WHICH HAS BEEN BANNED FROM OUR FINE CITY. (OFFICIALLY, I HAVE LEARNED THAT NO BAND IS ACTUALLY "BANNED" FROM PLAYING HERE, BUT GETTING THEM TO PLAY HERE NOW AFTER WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST COUPLE OF TIMES THEY PLAYED HERE COULD BE A LITTLE DIFFICULT. RICHMOND ISN'T WORTHY OF THE DEAD PLAYING HERE ANYWAY!)

BACK TO WHAT I WAS SAYING. I ONLY READ 2 ARTICLES LOCALLY, ONE OF WHICH IS RE-PRINTED INSIDE. IT'S ABOUT THE MESS WE MADE

AT HAMPTON. THE OTHER WAS KIND OF THE SAME, ONLY IT WAS LARGER AND IT WAS ABOUT HARTFORD. (YOU MIGHT HAVE READ IT IN YOUR LOCAL PAPER). THEY SAID THAT NOW HARTFORD WAS CONSIDERING A BAN ON THE DEAD AS WELL. PRETTY SOON THERE WON'T BE ANYWHERE THE BAND WILL BE ALLOWED TO PLAY IF THIS MESS-MAKING CONTINUES.

ON THE LOCAL SCENE, WE WERE VERY LUCKY TO BE TREATED TO AN APPEARANCE OF "KINGFISH" ON APRIL 16 AT NEW HORIZON CAFE. THEY PUT ON A GREAT SHOW AND THE BAND MEMBERS WERE MOST FRIENDLY AFTER THE SHOW, SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS AND RAPPING WITH US. THE BAD NEWS IS THAT MATTHEW KELLY TOLD ME THAT THIS WAS KINGFISH'S LAST TOUR. I AM REAL SORRY ABOUT THAT BUT I WISH THE BAND MEMBERS THE BEST OF LUCK WITH THEIR NEW VENTURES.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, APRIL 17, KINGFISH PLAYED AGAIN AT VAN RIPER'S LAKE, ALONG WITH A FEW OTHER BANDS. THE BEER TRUCKS WERE WELL STOCKED FOR A SUNNY SUNDAY AFTERNOON WHERE EVERYONE WAS HAVING A GOOD TIME. DIDN'T SEE A FROWN THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE CROWD; ALAS THERE WAS NO NEED FOR ONE. (SEE INSIDE FOR VAN RIPER'S REVIEW, AND LOOK OUT FOR THEIR FALL PARTY AS WELL).

FOR THE SUMMER, RICHMONDERS HAVE QUITE A FEW THINGS TO LOOK FORWARD TO. AFTER NEARLY 10 YEARS OF BOOKING MOSTLY LOCAL ACTS, THIS YEAR'S JUNE JUBILEE WILL FEATURE A PERFORMANCE BY THE NEVILLE BROTHERS ON JUNE 8TH AT THE RICHMOND CENTER, WITH CHARLOTTESVILLE'S OWN INDECISION OPENING THE SHOW. COMING UP ON JUNE 11 WE HAVE A LIVING EARTH SHOW, AND FOLLOWING THEM IN JULY WILL BE AN APPEARANCE BY NEW POTATO CABOOSE. NEW POTATO WILL ALSO BE PLAYING A GIG AT NAGS HEAD, NC FOR ALL OF THOSE LUCKY VACATIONERS! HERE'S HOPING ALL OF YOU WHO WILL BE ON TOUR THIS SUMMER WILL HAVE A BLAST. LOOK FOR WES HANDING OUT THIS ISSUE AT ALPINE. SINCE HE MISSED HAMPTON THIS YEAR DUE TO THE TICKET SITUATION, BE SURE TO GIVE HIM A WARM WELCOME BACK ON THE SCENE! MOST IMPORTANTLY, HAVE A GREAT SUMMER AND LEAVE ONLY FOOTPRINTS!!!

Laura

AL '88

CHAIN REACTION

One note for the set lists for Hampton -- during the opening space in Set II of 3/27/88, the band played about 30-40 seconds of an old Miles Davis tune called "So What". It appears on his mid-50's album Kind of Blue and is a be-bop classic that has been covered a million times. Doug Riblet, New York, NY

Unfortunately I was unable to see any Hampton shows. For the first time in quite a few years I missed the mail order, and found out first hand the full scope of the "I need a miracle" situation. Why do so many people set themselves up for such a big letdown? Luckily I could drive home to Washington, but what about those who couldn't? A couple of years ago I went to Red Rocks without tickets and got in. But I think the whole Dead thing isn't as spontaneous as it once was, and I'm glad the band and your newsletter addresses this situation. Oh well, I'm looking forward to Ventura. What else can I do? Mark Fighera, Washington, DC

As a 32 year old Dead Head I just wish that people who don't have a ticket for shows would not show up at concert sites. Not only has Jerry pleaded with people but fellow Heads that do this nonsense should realize that it could jeopardize the group playing at that site again. And for the Dead Heads that don't do drugs or alcohol at the shows, that's fine with me. But please don't shove it down our throats - about how we should live our lives. My wife and I do not use alcohol nor cocaine. For those that do I say use moderation and be careful and stay within your own space. People should enjoy the shows to suit their own lifestyle without hurting themselves or the person next to them. Until next time, Jim Green, Brooklyn, NY

Dead shows are like people, each one is unique; no better, no worse - just different. They defy comparison. To compare people or shows to one another is to judge, limit, and distant their true, pure essence. Each stands as what it is, complex and beautiful as a chrysanthemum. To view them holistically is when they are most beautiful.

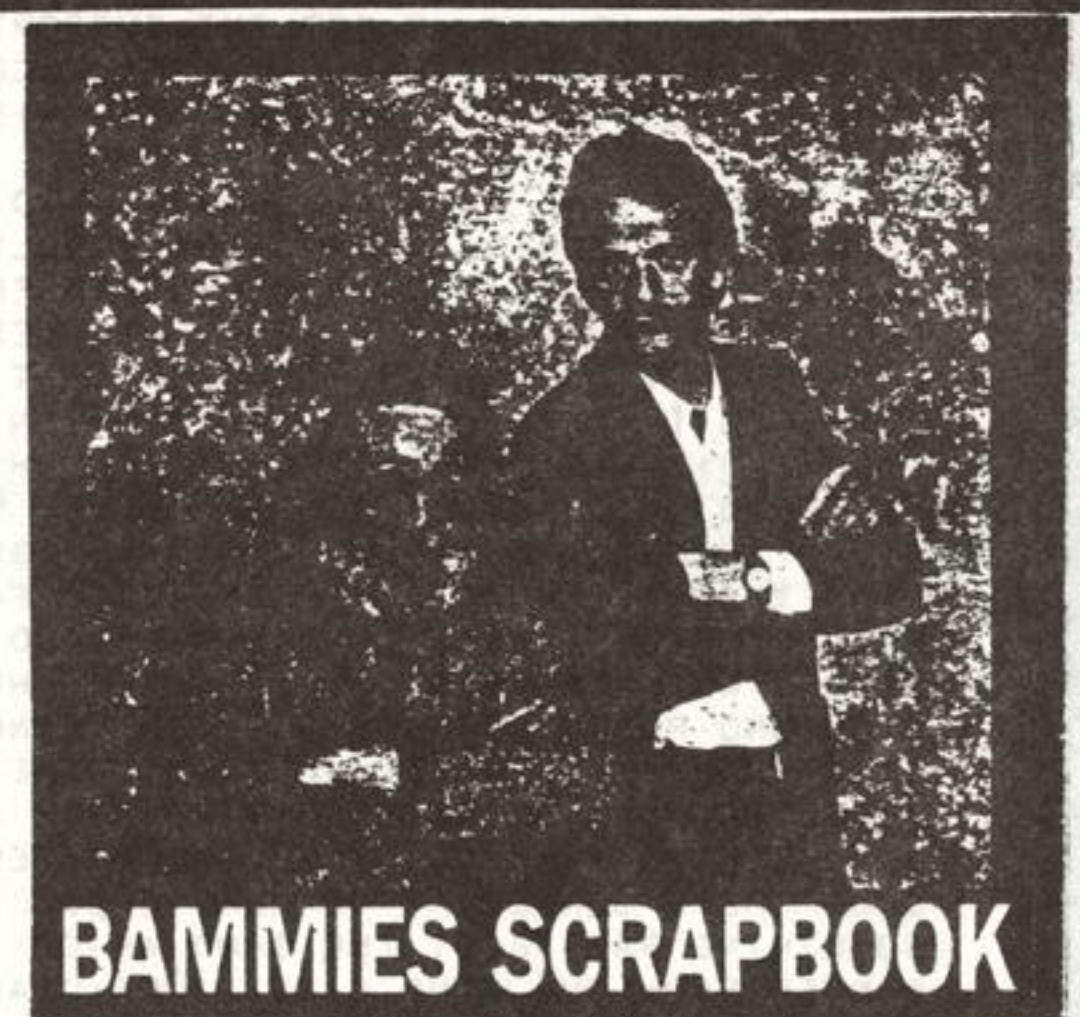
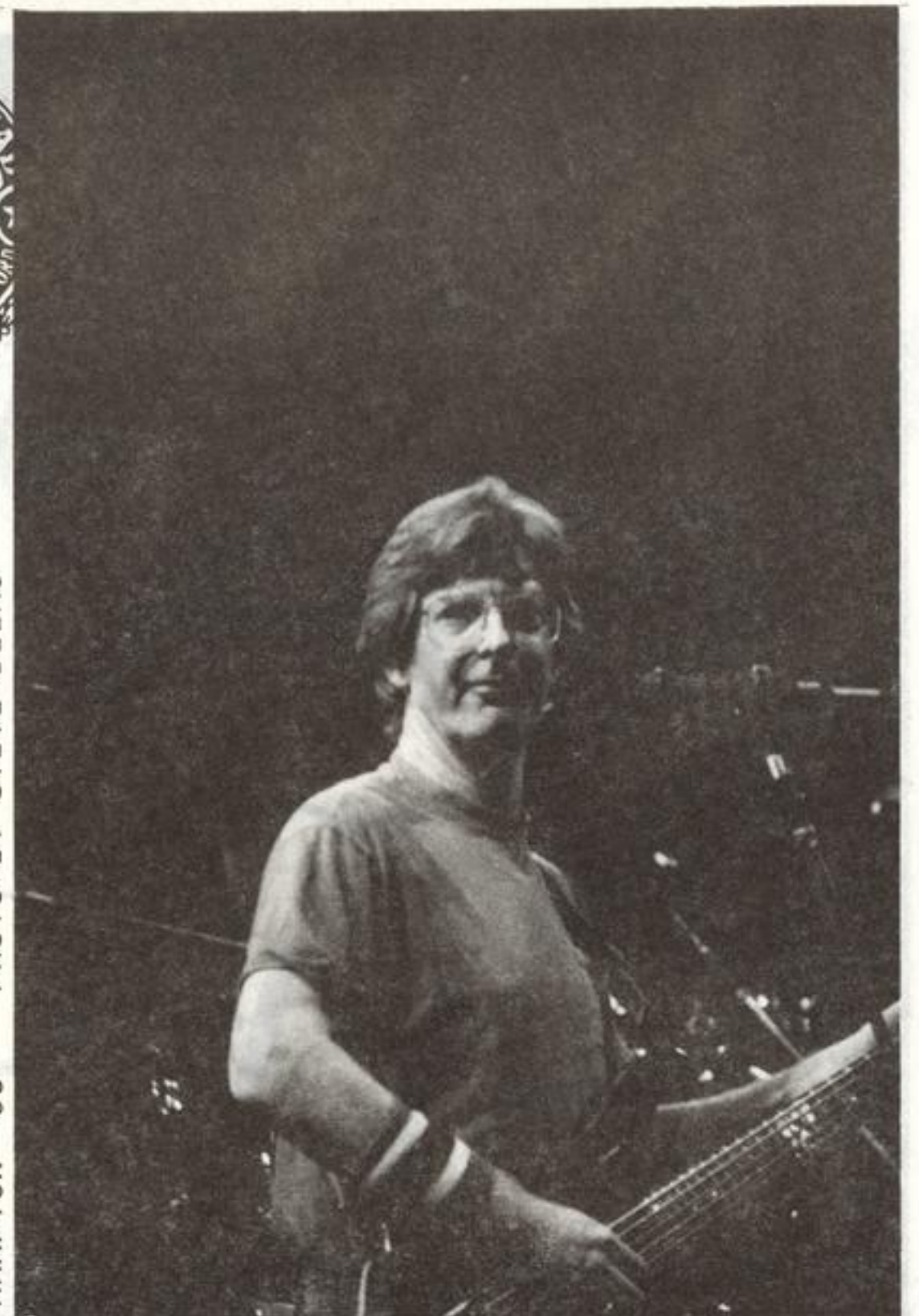
It would be nice to get some news here in Leavenworth. I'm serving four years for conspiracy. I've got two and a half more to go. Peter Hasselbalch, 12367-047 Dorm A-2, Box 1000 L.V.C., Leavenworth, KS 66048.

Anybody for peace? So is Rose Collective, 1716 Felton Street, San Francisco, CA 94134. Very hip activists dedicated to a nicer world. Maybe they'd submit an article on Katya Komisurak, a brave activist. Tedd McDonald, Williamsport, PA

This weekend I spent the most incredibly fun-filled, outrageous, memorable time in Hampton, Virginia - outside the coliseum. Unfortunately, like hundreds of other fans, I came to town in hopes of maybe finding tickets there. But, after relentlessly searching, I found no tickets, and for the third year in a row, I was shut out of the Hampton shows. Despite how this may sound, I still managed to have the experience of a lifetime. I had a blast meeting and partying with people camping out in the lots, browsing through stand after stand of tie-dyes, jewelry, GD paraphernalia, and listening to terrific music! Unfortunately, throughout most of the early afternoon on Saturday the weather was being a little uncooperative. It rained off and on, making a muddy mess of the lot adjacent to the Coliseum. Nevertheless, the rain didn't manage to dishearten anyone. By late afternoon the sun began to peek through the clouds. When this happened, the crowd roared as if paying homage to the sun god. Then around 5:00, nature smiled on us again. Across the sky, there suddenly spanned the biggest, most beautiful and colorful rainbow I have ever seen. It was amazing, and the crowd cheered again! As the hour drew nearer for the show to start, my friends and I became a bit depressed as we realized that our chances of finding tickets were lessening by the minute. But the crowd of non-ticket holders decided to have their own show. Fireworks went off everywhere and music was all around. Once again, nature decided to lend a helping hand. Around 8:00, an unbelievable lightning storm started -- no thunder or rain, just lightning. There were flashes across the sky that seemed to move to the beat of the music I kept hearing. Then giant streaks of lightning would race from cloud to cloud. It was almost as if nature was saying, "OK, so you didn't get into the show in there, so we'll put one on for you out here. To top off the night, a local rock station in Tidewater decided to simulcast the show! What a miracle! There was excitement everywhere as people tuned in their radios. It was as if all the love and music and joy inside the Coliseum was reaching out and touching those of us who were left out in the rain. What a day it turned out to be. I had the time of my life. I may not have seen the show, but I really experienced what Hampton is all about. Besides - there's always next year and I plan to be there! Nancy Aguiar, Falls Church, VA



HAMPTON '88 PHOTO BY STEVE DEEMS



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Words for the Dead

"Storyteller makes no choice
soon you will not hear his voice
his job is to shed light
not to master"
— "Terrapin Station"

By Mark Whittington
IJ assistant features editor

ROSES LINE the walkway to the stucco house. A hand-painted sign warns the red walk is "Slippery When Wet." A figure, dressed all in black with a small pigtail pulled tight back, cautiously opens the screen.

Robert Hunter, 46, is the unseen member of the Grateful Dead.

But he's certainly not unsung. He wrote the words to the Dead's anthems: "Truckin'," "Sugar Magnolia," "Uncle John's Band," "Ripple," "Stella Blue," "Terrapin Station" and the recent Top 10 hit "Touch of Grey."

Although he jealously guards his privacy, Hunter is sitting still for rare interviews to promote a new solo album, "Liberty," released today on Relix Records. He also has a new translation of poet Rainer Maria Rilke's "Duino Elegies" in bookstores.

"You're getting an unguarded person here." He pleads for understanding.

He settles uneasily into his orthopedic pretzel of a chair. He lights the first of a stream of Export A cigarettes, and gulps coffee.

"Until now, I've made the great disappearing record," Hunter says. Listeners got lost in past solo efforts, such as "Amagalin Street" and "The Flight of the Maria Elena." "I must take my audience into consideration. I decided to go in this time and make something accessible."

"People don't put on a record to be challenged. They want it to pour out at them. If not, why not read a book. Why not read Emmanuel Kant?"

"So, I've wised up for the time being... I made a special effort to stay in tune. Most of the time I sound like a frog croaking. This time I sound like a frog croaking in tune."

Hunter still isn't Pavarotti, but he war-

Translating the life and poetry of Rilke

By Steve LaVoie
Independent Journal reporter

Robert Hunter, Grateful Dead lyricist, might seem an unlikely source for yet another translation of Rainer Maria Rilke's monumental work, the "Duino Elegies." But it was Rilke and his circle that set the stage for the culture that has embraced rock music.

Rilke, born in Prague in 1875 of a German-speaking couple, lived his youth in the midst of a Bohemian society ruled by the unwelcome and Imperial Austrians. Because he spoke German and his father was a policeman, he faced the alienation of an intruder although his mother had told him that in 1866, when the Austrian army occupied Prague, she had closed the curtains in disdain.

Europe was exploding. Its aristocracy was toppling from revolt, decadence and the revolutionary ideas sweeping the continent. Rilke the decadent aesthetics of the time, reading symbolist poets Holderlin and Baudelaire, but became equally fascinated by the writings of Nietzsche, who had announced the modern dilemma, the death of God.

See Rilke, page D3

bles between Johnny Cash, Bob Dylan and Lou Reed on "Liberty. And the songs are carefully crafted, and the styles diverse."

Jerry Garcia, Hunter's songwriting partner with the Dead, brightens the album with his guitar. And Hunter gives much of the credit to Rick Meyers, producer and keyboard player.

"Liberty" is not moronic pop. The lyrics are vintage Hunter, an extension of the

images that pop up in the Grateful Dead songs:

"Wrap your dreams around you
like a cloak against the cold
never share them carelessly
or force them to unfold"

— "Cry Down the Years"

Hunter played trumpet in a Connecticut quartet, and "saved my sanity in the Army playing their excellent collection of Martin guitars in the service club," he chuckled.

When he got out, he hooked up with fellow folkie Garcia. That was the first step on the well-documented path — Mother McCree's Jug Band, the Warlocks — to the Grateful Dead. Along the way, Hunter says, he "dropped out to become a serious writer."

"But once the Dead started, they really didn't have material," he says. Garcia asked him to provide the lyrics. "I took it seriously. I was turning in these monumental epics in verse. Garcia told him to lighten up: 'For God's sake man, we're a dance band.'"

Hunter isn't bothered by being the Dead's behind-the-scenes lyricist.

"I've got a body of work out there," he says. "With all the bootlegs, I've probably got more recordings out there than anybody in the world. That's my one claim to fame. If I had a nickel..."

His voice trails as he ponders what he would do with a spare \$5 billion. "I would buy several major networks and toss off the commercials," he says, ranting against payola scams, all the good music that doesn't get played and the control of the airwaves by major record labels.

"They are undermining the consciousness," he says. "You walk down the street at night, all you see is the bluelight of television. It's like a deserted country out there after dark. You could almost say it's their purpose to keep consciousness at dull normal."

Normalcy is important to Hunter. It winds through his songs as his characters stand on the edge of society battling to maintain their freedom and individuality.

"Leave me alone to find my own way home," he sings on the title track of "Liberty."

See Hunter, page D3

Hunter

From page D1
About the time of "Workingman's Dead," Hunter put himself into exile. No pictures. No interviews. He faded into the background.

Hunter even tries to sneak by in disguise — eyepatch, black cape, hat brim pulled down — on the video for "Bone Alley."

"I think I have the best of both worlds," he says. "I can lead a normal life, walk down the street, go to the movies."

"The thought that I could walk down the street and be recognized, it could make me very paranoid."

Still, last year's success was welcome. Hunter finally got one of his songs in the Top 10, and the Dead ended up on the cover of Rolling Stone magazine.

"It took everybody by surprise. 'Touch of Grey' seemed to touch a nerve," he says. "I can't blame people for mistakenly thinking it's

about Garcia's illness. (Last year, Garcia hovered near death in a diabetic coma at Marin General Hospital.)

"That's all right. But actually, I wrote it seven years ago."

He and his wife, Maureen, were living in a 15th century stone house in Bristol, England. It is personal song, written on a gray, disillusioned day.

"Kid can't read at 17," he sings. "The punk scene was going full bore. I could see myself in that."

Hunter has one frustration with the Dead: "I'd like them to get into the studio more often. Then they could record more of my material. (The band took five years between records.) I can write 100 to 200 songs a year. I get a bit stymied."

During one of those slack times, Hunter started on a translation of Rainer Maria Rilke's "Duino Elegies."

He spent two years sitting, com-

paring translations. "Something was missing," he says, pacing the room. "Right brain. I hesitate to use such terms. Rilke was only true to the music that was flowing into him."

"He tells you how to see. And how to value. This was a work of torture for him, and the vision is true," Hunter says. "It's not Khalil Gibran or Richard Bach. It's not a 'groovy' book. But the resonance is noble and elegant."

"It is a great lyric work, but it doesn't come across in English. It has a great flow in German."

Hunter, who spoke only conversational German, taught himself German to understand the epic work. He broke down every word. He changed a few metaphors. He tortured over differences with other translators.

"It took six months of writing until 3 or 4 in the morning," he says. "It raises the hair on my arms. Sometimes I could feel Rilke hanging over my shoulder."

He doesn't plan to give readings. But he went into the studio last month with former Dead pianist Tom Constanten to make a recording of the "Elegies" for public radio.

Until now, the radio has been quietly filling the corners of the room with early morning classical music, Handel and Eggs.

Hunter goes to one of the many overflowing shelves, pulls out a cassette of two of his songs and pops it into the stereo. Bob Dylan is in good voice: "I'm in love with the ugliest girl in the world" and "Silvio, I gotta go... find out something only dead men know."

Toe-tapping music fills the room. Hunter leans back and closes his eyes. A gentle smile creases his mouth. He has survived his round with the reporter.

As the interview ends, Hunter picks up the bagpipes and breathes life into the bladder.

"It took me seven years to coax songs out of this thing," he smiles.

VOTE in '88 GARCIA-LESH



IN PRAISE OF THE WAY

THE WAY OF LIFE
IS PLAIN TO SEE:
IT'S STILL, YET IT FOLLOWS ETERNALLY.
IT'S SO SIMPLE
IT SEEMS ELUSIVE;
SO VERY GRAND, YET UNOBTRUSIVE.
BE TRUE TO YOUR HARD
AND YOU BEAUTY WILL FLOURISH.
GIVE TOOD TO YOUR PEACE
AND YOU, IN TURN, WILL BE NOURISHED.

BY TIMID W.S.C.
MICHAEL ROWLINGS

Slobs

The Grateful Dead recently inflicted its "music" on Hampton, and it will take some time before the city digs out of the mess.

According to news reports: "After the band played three consecutive weekend shows at the Hampton Coliseum, the city said it needed 225 man-hours to pick up garbage near the arena and in Gosnold Park, where many Dead Heads, as the band's fans are called, camped out."

Concert-going slobs also trashed nearby hotels. Five housekeepers at one inn quit because the mess was so bad. The manager of another predicted it will take two weeks to get his hotel back to normal. A third inn reported 150 missing towels and 30 missing cases of glassware.

Here's a solution: At hotels, for instance, require guests attending such concerts to post stiff damage, theft, and litter bonds. Or perhaps better yet, promoters of the Dead's concerts should be forced to reimburse cities and merchants for the costs incurred in cleaning up after the Dead's ungrateful fans. Hotels, for example, should be able to bill the promoters for stolen property and extraordinary cleaning costs. Come to think of it, why not make the Dead themselves buy new glasses and spend several days sweeping floors and shampooing carpets?

18 THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER, Saturday, April 2, 1988

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Foreword by Robert Hunter

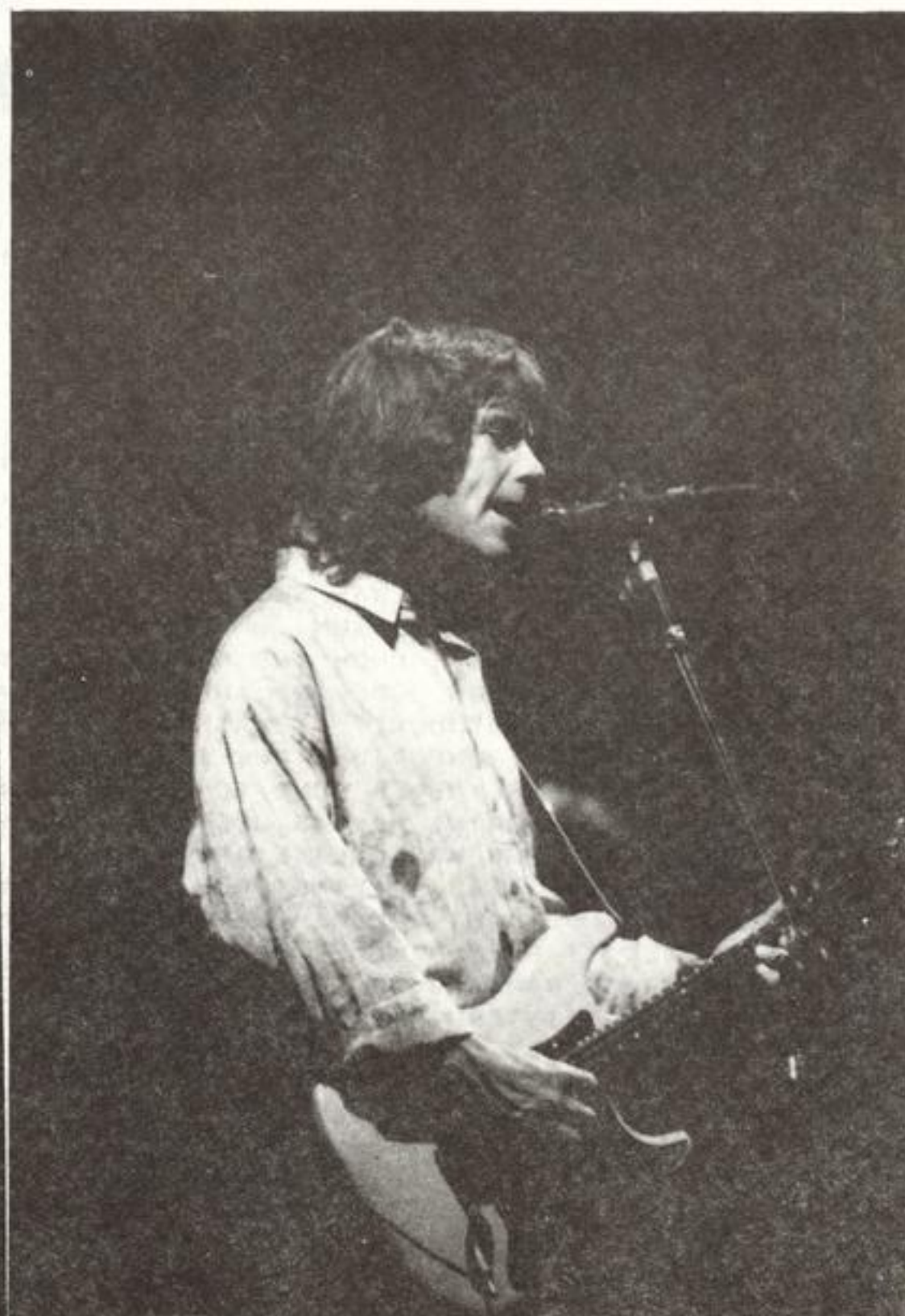
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KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK IN'

HAMPTON '88

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REVIEW
By ALISON HASTINGS

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20.00 DRESS CIRCLE 20.00

2.05 MARIN CENTER-SAN RAFAEL
RIGHT MARIN VETS MEMORIAL AUD.
VI 10x BEN.-CREATING OUR FUTURE
30 36 JERRY GARCIA & BAND
3271134 JORMA KAUKONEN-BOB WEIR
414A28 TUE APR 25 1998 9:30PM

THE BENEFIT SHOW WAS INCREDIBLE! I ALMOST DIDN'T GO, BECAUSE I HAD SEEN JERRY'S BLUEGRASS SHOW SO MANY TIMES RECENTLY. BUT THAT DEADITCH GOT THE BEST OF ME AND I MADE THE PLUNGE. I'M SO GLAD I DID, I CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO SAY HOW SPECIAL THIS EVENING WAS. THE MARIN VETS IS A 2000 SEATER AUDITORIUM WITH EXCELLENT ACOUSTICS, AND EXCELLENT PRESENTATION, AND ALL SEATS ARE GOOD. IT OPENED WITH BRENT ALONE ON THIS HUGE GRAND PIANO. AND HE JUST TOOK OFF - WAS COMPLETELY ENGROSSED INTO PLAYING THE PIANO FOR ALL IT WAS WORTH. HE WAS ALL OVER THOSE KEYS, JUST WAILING AWAY IN THE MOST INTENSE BLUESY GROWL. IT WAS SUCH A TREAT TO HEAR HIM ALL BY HIMSELF, JUST ECHOING THROUGH THE AUDITORIUM. A NICE SET HIGHLIGHTED BY "LOVE IS NOT PRETTY", A BEAUTIFUL TUNE I DON'T KNOW THE NAME OF, AND "JUDE-FANTASY". BOBBY WALKED IN 1/2 WAY THROUGH JUDE AND THEY TRADED VERSES BACK AND FORTH THROUGH FANTASY AND BACK INTO JUDE. IT WAS SO HOT! BOBBY WAS PLAYING A REALLY NICE ACOUSTIC GUITAR, BUT UNFORTUNATELY THE HOOKUP WAS BAD, AND THERE WAS PERIODIC STATIC THAT THEY WERE NEVER ABLE TO FIX. BRENT THEN WALKED OFF STAGE AND BOB DID HIS SET. AGAIN, HE WAS JUST PLAYING AT HIS PEAK. THE ENERGY EXPRESSED BY BOTH BRENT AND BOB WAS UNLIKE ANYTHING I'D SEEN BEFORE. IT WAS JUST INCREDIBLY MOVING. I WAS SMILING FROM EAR TO EAR. "VICTIM OR THE CRIME-STONES" WAS EXPLOSIVE! BOB CUT LOOSE! I HAD REALLY TIRED OF THE DEAD DOING STONES, BUT BOB PLAYED IT FROM A WHOLE DIFFERENT ANGLE, HE JUST ROCKED. HE WAS ALL OVER HIS GUITAR, DANCING UP A STORM. IT LEFT ME IN A PUDDLE AT THE END, THANK GOD IT WAS INTERMISSION TIME! THE SHOW STARTED AGAIN WITH ACOUSTIC TUNA, AND I'M SORRY TO SAY AGAIN THAT I JUST DON'T KNOW MY TUNA TUNES. BUT I SOON WILL, I JUST BOUGHT ALMOST THEIR ENTIRE LIBRARY - I WAS SO IMPRESSED WITH THEIR SET. JORMA AND JACK ARE SO COMPLIMENTARY TO ONE ANOTHER, SO NATURAL WITH ONE ANOTHER. AND JORMA ALWAYS CUTS IN WITH THESE SILLY REMARKS. I JUST LOVE THEM - AND THIS PERFORMANCE WAS EXCELLENT. NEXT CAME JERRY AND HIS ACOUSTIC BAND. I DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS ME, BUT FOR THE HEADLINER OF THE BENEFIT, JERRY PALED IN COMPARISON TO BRENT AND BOB AND HOT TUNA. HE PLAYED FOR ONLY 40 MINUTES, AND SEEMED TO BE REALLY TIRED, ALTHOUGH RIPPLE WAS BEAUTIFULLY SING AND PLAYED. BUT JERRY REGAINED A LOT OF ENERGY FOR THE ENCORE. WHAT A TREAT! "BLACKBIRD" WAS SO BEAUTIFUL - IT WAS JERRY, BOB AND BRENT HARMONIZING ACAPELLA IN THE STYLE OF CS&N. IT WAS MIND BLOWING - THEY REALLY HAD IT TOGETHER. THEN THEY RIPPED INTO "LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL" - FUN, FUN, FUN! FINALLY WE GOT TO GO HOME. I WAS SO EXHAUSTED, BUT SO HAPPY. IF THERE IS EVER A TAPE FLOATING AROUND, GRAB IT FAST!!! THEY WERE IN TOP NOTCH FORM.

BRENT ON BABY GRAND PIANO
LOVE IS NOT PRETTY
FAR FROM ME
DEVIL/GOOD GOLLY/DEVIL
GENTLEMEN START YOUR ENGINES
HEY JUDE-
FANTASY-
HEY JUDE W/ BOBBY ON ACOUSTIC

BOBBY ON ACOUSTIC GUITAR
WALKIN' BLUES
MASTERPIECE
THIS TIME FOREVER
RUDYARD KIPLING'S "THE JUNGLE BOOK"
VICTIMS OF THE CRIME-
THROWING STONES

HOT TUNA
1 1/2 HRS. OF INCREDIBLE TUNES, ALL FAMILIAR BUT DON'T KNOW TITLES.
DEATH HAS NO MERCY
HESITATION BLUES
WALKIN' BLUES
KILLIN' TIME

JERRY & THE BOYS
BEEN ALL AROUND THIS WORLD
TROUBLE IN MIND
OH BABE IT AIN'T NO LIE
BALLAD OF CASEY JONES
RIPPLE

ENCORE- BRENT, BOB, JERRY & BLACKBIRD
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PACKED AND READY



Robert Furlow, 21, of New York, carries just about everything he owns on his back in a 40-pound pack. He was headed out of Key West for Atlanta to catch a Grateful

Dead concert. Furlow says he follows the rock group all over the country.



INDECISION

Last Sunday, Van Riper's Music Festival took place 25 miles southwest of Charlottesville, VA. The biannual event attracted a crowd of 4,200 for a full afternoon of music.

The Del Fuegos headlined the show. After a brief hiatus, the band has regrouped and is touring with new energy. Dave Zanes, lead vocalist and guitarist for this nationally recognized act commented that the crowd was very responsive. When asked about this venue he said, "This is one of the best places we have ever played."

Richmond-based Awareness Art Ensemble had the crowd dancing to the Reggae beat. Along with original material, the group played Bob Marley's "Stir It Up" and "Get Up, Stand Up."

Veteran rockers, Kingfish, brought a San Francisco flavor to their colorful audience. Traditional Appalachian songs like "I Know You Rider" and "Going Down The Road" mixed well with originals like "Jump For Joy."

Two other local area bands appeared, Paris Match and Indecision. The newly formed Paris Match opened the show at 12:30 p.m. The band's cover of "Looks Like Rain" may have been tempting fate since there wasn't a single cloud in the sky.

Indecision's Sean McCrystal was elated with the crowd's response to their style of music. When asked about the band's musical influences, McCrystal remarked, "The band is open and receptive to all forms of music." This feeling was reflected not only in Indecision's music, but in the nature of the audience.

It was this concert-goers opinion that Van Riper's Lake is the ideal location for an outdoor event. Van Riper's is nestled in the scenic Blue Ridge Mountains near the Wintergreen Ski Resort. The setting enhanced the relaxed atmosphere for all. Even though several people were arrested for alcohol intoxication, a Nelson County Sheriff at the scene stated, "There aren't any major problems and this is the best crowd ever." For those who missed this event, the Van Riper's tradition will continue this fall.

Written by John Barlmo and Karen Bear
Photography by Monty Allen

* P.S. KEEP ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A POSSIBLE SUMMER VAN RIPER'S FESTIVAL FEATURING SEVERAL ZYDECO BANDS! *

Jerry Garcia Band - Warfield
3/4/88

How Sweet It Is
I'll Take a Melody
It's Too Late
Forever Young
Run for the Roses
Stop That Train
Deal

Harder They Come
Knockin' on Heaven's Door
Stoned Me
Don't Let Go
Mississippi Moon
Brothers & Sisters
Tangled Up In Blue

Hampton 3/27

Aiko
Rooster
Stagger
Thin Man
Cumberland
Me & My Uncle
To Lay Me Down
Let It Grow

Space (So What)
Sugar Magnolia
Scarlet
Fire
Estimated
Eyes
Drums
Space
GDTRFB
Miracle
Fantasy
Sunshine Daydream

*U. S. Blues

Jerry Garcia Band - Warfield
3/5/88

Cats Down Under the Stars
Mission in the Rain
Get Out of My Life Woman
I Shall Be Released
Run for the Roses
Deal

How Sweet It Is
Like a Road
Think
Brothers & Sisters
Don't Let Go
Lucky Ole Sun
Midnight Moonlight

Evangeline

**JERRY GARCIA
ELECTRIC BAND**

Hampton 3/28

Stranger
Tower
Box Of Rain
Push Comes To Shove
Walkin' Blues
Must Have Been The Roses
Masterpiece
Bird Song
Music Never Stopped

Touch Of Grey
Women Are Smarter
Ship Of Fools
Truckin'
Drums
Space
The Other One
Stella Blue
Throwing Stones
NFA

*Quinn

Henry J. Kaiser Ctr.
Oakland, CA
3/16/88

Alabama Getaway
Greatest Story
Stagger Lee
Walkin' Blues
Candyman
Queen Jane
Big Boss Man
Cassidy
Don't Ease

Scarlet Begonias
Fire on the Mtn.
Playin in the Band
Jam
D/S
Wheel
Gimme Some Lovin
Watchtower
Morning Dew
Touch of Grey

East Rutherford 3/30

Bertha
Greatest Story
Hey Pocky Way
West LA Fadeaway
Queen Jane
Big RR Blues
Cassidy
Don't Ease

Shakedown
Looks Like Rain
Uncle John's Band
Playin'
Uncle John's Band
Drums
Space
Wheel
GSLovin'
Morning Dew!!!
Lovelight

*Black Muddy River

East Rutherford 3/31

Bucket
Sugaree
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali
Brown Eyed Women
Masterpiece
Ramble On Rose
Let It Grow

Scarlet
Fire
Samson
Terrapin
Drums
Space
GDTRFB
Miracle
Fantasy
Hey Jude (reprise)
Watchtower

*Knockin'

Henry J. Kaiser Ctr.
Oakland, CA
3/17/88

Hell in a Bucket
Sugaree
Minglewood
Ramble on Rose
Memphis Blues
Jimmy Row
Let it Grow

China Cat
I Know You Rider
Estimated Prophet
Eyes of the World
Drums w/ Hamza El Din
Space
GDTRFB
I Need a Miracle
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude Reprise
Black Muddy River

East Rutherford 4/1

1/2 Step
Jack Straw
To Lay Me Down
Thin Man
Push Comes To Shove
Minglewood
Cumberland
Deal

China Cat
Rider
Estimated
Eyes
Drums
Space
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Throwing Stones
NFA

*Brokedown Palace

Henry J. Kaiser
Oakland, CA
3/18/88

Iko Iko
Little Red Rooster
Brown Eyed Women
Masterpiece
Birdsong
Music Never Stopped

Push Comes to Shove
Women Are Smarter
Ship of Fools
Uncle John's Band
D/S
The Other One
Stella Blue
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away
Brokedown Palace

The Omni
Atlanta, GA
3/24/88

Touch of Grey
Walkin' Blues
Candyman
Queen Jane App.
Loser
All Over Now
Far From Me
Cassidy
Don't Ease Me In
Mississippi 1/2 Step
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station
D/S
Truckin'
I Need a Miracle
Wharf Rat
Lovelight

Black Muddy River

Hampton 3/26

Bucket
Sugaree
Stir It Up
Minglewood
Peggy-O
Mexicali
Big River
Row Jimmy
Memphis Blues
Might As Well

China Cat
Rider
Playin'
Uncle John's Band
Drums
Space
Gimme Some Lovin'
Wheel
Watchtower
Black Peter
I Mo Sat Night

*Knockin'

Hartford Civic

Hartford, CN
4/3/88
Promised Land
Greatest Story
Althea
Little Red Rooster
Cold Rain & Snow
Stuck Inside Mobile...
Box of Rain
Don't Ease Me In

Playin' in the Band
Crazy Fingers
Franklin's Tower
Women R. Smarter
D/S
Gimme Some Lovin'
Black Peter**
Lovelight

Baby Blue
**Jerry's voice was in
bad shape this night.
He drop kicked the mike
during Black Peter, apparently
a little disgusted with his
voice.

Hartford Civic

Hartford, CN
4/4/88
Alabama Getaway
**Johnny Be Goode
Never Trust a Woman
They Love Each Other
Queen Jane
Push/Shove
Cassidy
Don't Ease Me In
Touch of Grey
Looks Like Rain
Truckin'
He's Gone
D/S
The Other One
Stella Blue
Good Lovin'
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude Reprise

U.S. Blues
**they almost played
Promised Land again,
but pulled out Johnny
instead

SET LISTS

SET LISTS BROUGHT TO YOU
BY SLICK, RUDY CONTRATTI,
ALISON HOPPE & DON GOODWIN



Hartford Civic
Hartford, CN
4/5/88

Hell in a Bucket
Sugaree
Walkin' Blues
Dire Wolf
All Over Now
Birdsong
Masterpiece
Might as Well

Iko Iko
Louie Louie
Samson & Delilah
Ship of Fools
Smokestack Lightnin'
D/S
Miracle
Wharf Rat
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Not Fade Away
Knockin' on Heaven's Door

The Centrum
Worcester, MA
4/7/88

Touch of Grey
Feel Like a Stranger
Franklin's Tower
Minglewood
Row Jimmy
Stuck Inside Mobile
Big Railroad Blues
Around & Around

Sugar Magnolia
Scarlet Begonias
Estimated Prophet
Eyes of the World
D/S
The Wheel
Gimme Some Lovin'
Watchtower
Black PETER
SSDD

Box of Rain

The Centrum
Worcester, MA
4/8/88

Jack Straw
West L.A. Fadeaway
Little Red Rooster
Stagger Lee
Queen Jane
Loser
Let it Grow

Playin' in the Band
Crazy Fingers
Uncle John's Band
D/S
The Other One
Black Peter
Lovelight

Black Muddy River



The Centrum
Worcester, MA
4/9/88

Big Boss Man
Walkin' Blues
Far From Me
Candyman
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Tennessee Jed
Masterpiece
Deal

Hell in a Bucket
Iko Iko
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station
D/S
GDTRFB
Miracle
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

One More Saturday
Night

Joe Lewis Arena
Detroit, MI
4/11/88

Hell in a Bucket
Sugaree
Minglewood
Must've Been the Roses
Stuck Inside Mobile
To Lay Me Down
Music Never Stopped

Touch of Grey
Women R Smarter
Ship of Fools
Truckin'
Other One(Jam only)
D/S
The Wheel
Gimme Some Lovin'
Watchtower
Stella Blue
Lovelight

Happy Birthday Mickey
(Bobby sings)
Brokedown Palace

Rosemont, IL 4/13

1/2 Step
Stranger
Tower
Little Red Rooster
Push Comes To Shove
Queen Jane
Don't Ease

Sugar Mag
Bertha
Playin
Jam
Uncle John's Band
Drums
Space
Playin Reprise
GDTRFB
Morning Dew
Sunshine Daydream

*Touch Of Grey

Rosemont, IL 4/14

Jack Straw
West LA Fadeaway
Mama Tried
Big River
Althea
Masterpiece
Bird Song
Promised Land

Box Of Rain
Aiko
Estimated
Eyes
Drums
Space
Wheel
Gimme Some Lovin'
Black Peter
Throwing Stones
NFA

*Black Muddy River

Rosemont, 4/15

Scarlet
Fire
Walkin' Blues
Candy Man
Louie Louie
Cumberland
Memphis Blues
Deal

Bucket
Crazy Fingers
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin
Drums
Space
Other One
Miracle
Fantasy
Hey Jude
Lovelight

*Knockin'



Irvine, CA
4/22/88

Mississippi 1/2 Step
Feel Like a Stranger
Franklin's Tower
Minglewood
Candyman
Queen Jane
Push Comes to Shove
Let it Grow

China Cat
I Know You Rider
Louie, Louie
Estimated Prophet
He's Gone
D/S
The Wheel
Gimme Some Lovin'
Watchtower
Sugar Magnolia

Black Muddy River

Irvine, CA
4/23/88

Hell in a Bucket
Cold Rain & Snow
Finculi tease
Hey Pocky Way
West L.A. Fadeaway
Me & My Uncle
Big River

To Lay Me Down
Cassidy
Dough Knees
Playin' in the Band
Crazy Fingers
Uncle John's Band
D/S
GDTRFB

I Need a Miracle
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude
Stella Blue
Lovelight

Knockin' on Heaven's Door

Irvine, CA
4/24/88

Touch of Grey
Little Red Rooster
Row Jimmy
Far From Me
Masterpiece
Birdsong
Promised Land

Box of Rain
Iko Iko
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin
D/S (mostly Other One)
Other One
Wharf Rat
Throwing Stones
Not Fade Away

Quinn the Eskimo

The Frost Ampitheatre
Stanford, CA
4/30/88

Let the Good Times Roll
Feel Like a Stranger
Row Jimmy
Walkin' Blues
Hey Pocky Way
Ramble On Rose
Let It Grow

Shakedown Street
Women Are Smarter
Ship of Fools
Playin' in the Band
Jam
D/S
GDTRFB
Watchtower
Black Peter
Sugar Magnolia

China Cat
I Know You Rider
One More Saturday Nite

The Frost Ampitheatre
Stanford, CA
5/1/88

Box of Rain
Hell in a Bucket
Touch of Grey
Little Red Rooster
Far From Me
Cumberland Blues
Stuck Inside Mobile
Push/Shove
Cassidy

Louie Louie
Truckin'
Crazy Fingers
Samson & Delilah
Eyes of the World
D/S
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Throwing Stones
Lovelight

Knockin' on Heaven's Door



THE KIDS THEY DANCE THEY SHAKE THEIR BONES

JGB FILLMORE AUDITORIUM
MAY 5, 1988
HOW SWEET IT IS
FOREVER YOUNG
DEAR PRUDENCE
LOUISIANA BLUES/Oh MARIE(?)
RUN FOR THE ROSES
EVANGELINE
BROTHERS & SISTERS

STOP THE TRAIN
HARDER THEY COME
JUST IN CASE
MISSION IN THE RAIN
OOH WEE
STONED ME
LUCKY OLD SUN
MIDNIGHT MOONLIGHT

NO ENCORE :)

WHO ARE THE GRATEFUL DEAD
AND WHY DO THEY KEEP FOLLOWING ME
PRODUCT OF TONY'S

GIMME SOME BOX, PHIL! PHOTO BY STEVE DEEMS



Unbroken Chain
P.O. Box 8726
Richmond, VA 23226

Dear Laura:

I was happy to find the March-April issue waiting for me when I got back from Spring tour. As always, it was excellent. The following ended up being kind of long, but I'd really appreciate it if you could print all or part of it sometime if you have space. Thankx.

I'm writing in response to Dead Head Fred's letter about bureaucratic screwups at Raceway Park in New Jersey. I'm deeply troubled by the things our government does--police brutality, locking our brothers and sisters up for drugs, stealing our money to build bombs and kill people in foreign places. When I'm not touring, I work for the Ron Paul for President Campaign, and I'd like to make some other Heads aware of the Libertarian alternative to two party machine politics.

Even though Libertarian candidates got five million votes in 1986, many people don't know anything about us, or have been told lies (I've talked to people who thought we were connected with Lyndon Larouche, or that we were bigots). Nothing could be farther from the truth. The first woman ever to receive a vote in the electoral college was a Libertarian candidate. This year, our candidate for vice-president, Andre Marrou, will be the first native American to get an electoral vote. The Libertarian Party was founded by students in 1971. The centerpiece of our platform is that no individual has the right to initiate force (this includes actual violence, the threat of force, and stealing) against anyone else. Everyone has a right to do whatever (s)he likes as long as (s)he doesn't initiate force. Our candidates support the right of every American to freely choose what to eat, drink, and smoke; to have any kind of sexual preferences; to buy and sell any sort of goods freely, without need of restrictive permits.

I took this from one of our pamphlets: "Libertarians believe that being free and independent is the only way to live. We want a system which encourages all people to choose what they want from life; that lets them live, love, work and play and dream their own way, at their own pace, however they wish and with whom they wish, win or lose. The Libertarian way is, a caring, people-centered approach to politics. We believe each individual is unique. We want a system which respects the individual and encourages all of us to discover the best within ourselves and actualize our full potential; a system which encourages the development of harmonious relationships among all people."

If you'd like to know more about the Libertarian alternative, please write to: LP National HQ, 1528 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E., Washington DC, 20003. This Fall, vote for freedom--vote for Ron Paul. The Party also needs more petitioners. If you need a really laid back job (no boss, pick your own hours) call (713) 333-1988.

Sincerely,
Stefan Fuegi



THE ONE ON: Hippies wore woven bracelets to signal their peace-and-love politics. Now the message is simply color and pattern, and you'll see these colorful bands not only at Grateful Dead concerts but on savvy urbanites as well. Crafty types make them by hand, but you can also pick one up on the street for a dollar or two (made by local or Latin American artisans).
ARTESIA BRACELETS



Dead come alive in 1987 Bammies

The venerable Grateful Dead won six Bay Area Music Awards Saturday night in San Francisco

Applause D1



It was June of '83, and Bryan and I had made our way from Richmond to Columbia, Maryland for two nights with the Dead. The first show had just ended as the lights came up a little too quick for me and my state of mind. It had lightening and thundered through most of the show, accompanied by several downpours. We were on the front row of the lawn where we couldn't see much of the stage, but the acoustics and the Dead Heads circling the Pavilion in their own fashion more than made up for it. I took a deep breath which made me see spots, but it helped me find my way out to the main road from the Pavilion with the rest of the cattle. Bryan and I then caught up with the rest of our cast of merry trippers as we headed towards the Columbia Inn where the trip really got strange.

We had reserved a room on the top floor of this rather expensive Hotel, but there were ten of us, so it was a good way. Bryan, Culture, John and the others had gotten to the room first, but I had the only key so they waited outside the door enjoying the brightly colored streamers that hung from the top floor and draped 10 floors below. George and I made our way through the lobby to the elevator, tracking mud and dirt all over the lavish floor coverings of the Inn. The ride in the elevator with the businessmen in their suits made us laugh uncontrollably. I don't think we could have made it another floor. We were having a great time, and when we saw the faces of the rest of our friends as their eyes followed us from the elevator to the door knob, we knew they were, too. I opened the door to the room, but no-one seemed ready to come in. They just grinned and stared at the room at the end of the hall two doors down. Bryan turned to me and said, "Man, Bob Weir just walked by us and asked us where the ice machine was, man!"

No-one laughed, they just grinned. "Yeah, right," I replied as I headed into the room. Everyone claimed Bryan's statement as truth, except for George and I who had not witnessed the miracle.

"Just wait here, man. You'll see. Just wait here," they all babbled. So wait we did. Ten of us, hanging over that balcony, smoking a joint, and waiting.

The door to the Hotel steps flung open, and Bob Weir bopped right by us, said hello, and went into the room two door down brandishing a bucket of ice. Son of a bitch. The acid was good, but it wasn't that damn good. I couldn't believe it. We all got very excited and laughed hysterically but quickly tried to calm each other down. At that point, we plotted to hang out over that balcony and watch that door and just be cool and not get kicked out of the Hotel.

There was a Roadie who came in and out of the room more than the others in that magical Hotel room who was very friendly to us every time that he walked by. He seemed to check us out each time, and finally, it happened. He peered out the door at us and motioned for us to come to the door. George, John, Culture, Bryan and I followed his signal and came to the door that we so much wanted to see inside. The roadie led us through the huge suite, and into a smaller, adjoining bedroom with a table and chairs. As we went through the suite, my eyes darted around the room and saw several band members and some of the people that travel with the band. I suppose. We sat down at the table, and the roadie swept his arm across the table as if to clean it off and asked "Got any snorties?" We didn't, and replied "Sorry, man." He said "Don't be sorry. Grab a beer and join the party!" His eyes were huge, and they had a wild look about them, but "Snorties" as he became known, was now our friend.

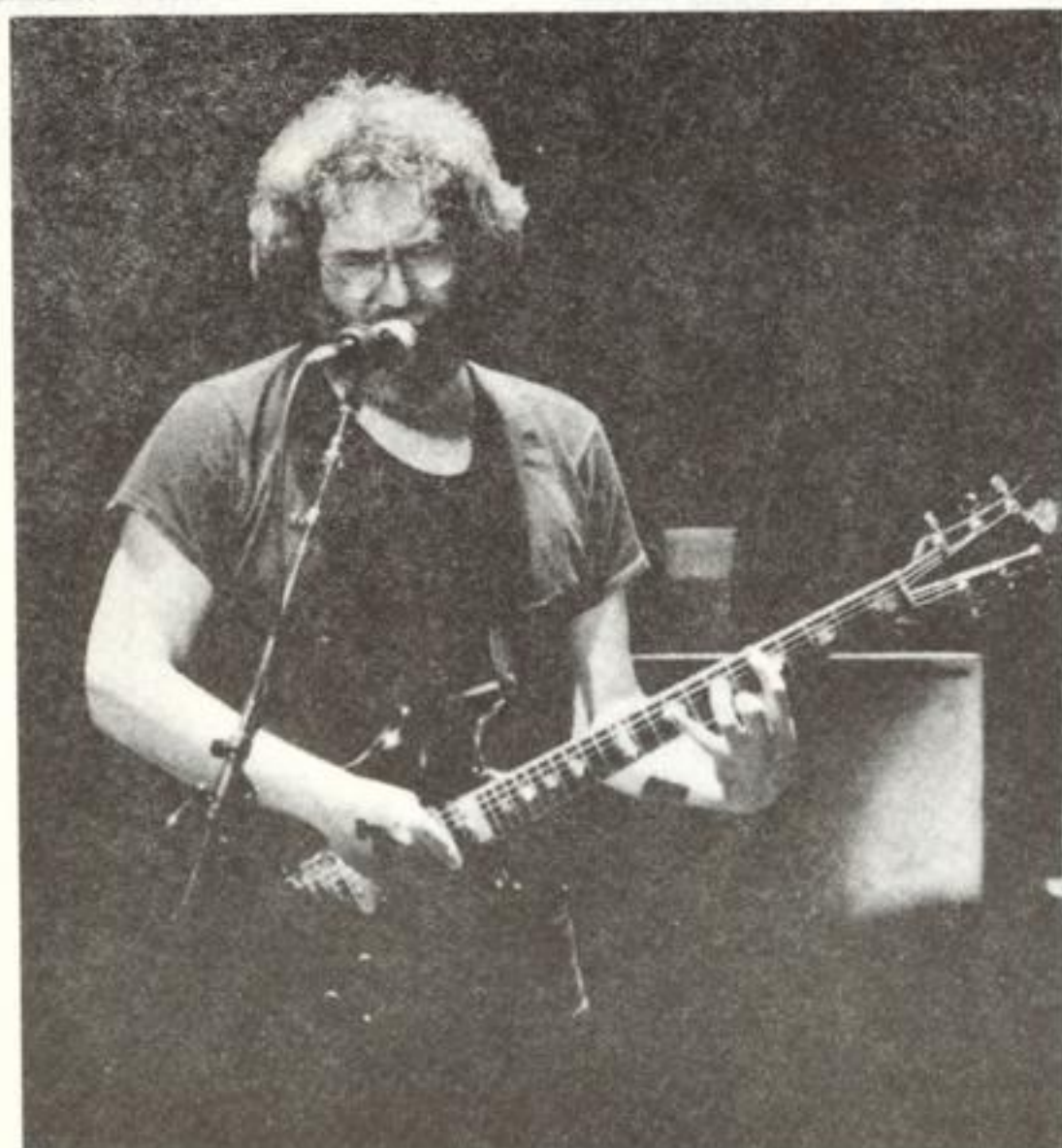
Now, John and George got very paranoid. Why, I don't know. "David, man, we gotta get the fuck outta here, man. I can't handle this."

"You're crazy!" I replied. "Do you know where we are?" Much to my dismay, they left. Remaining in the room with Snorties was Bryan, Culture and myself, and join the party we did.

We entered the suite to find lots of red wine in an open bar and a bathtub full of Beck's on ice. That was the best beer that I have ever tasted in my life. There was a small cassette recorder that Bob was fooling around with. He finally decided on an "Edith Piaf" cassette that could barely be heard throughout the room. Bryan, Culture and I took a seat on the floor where we actually met the band. We introduced ourselves to Bob, Phil, Brent, and Bill. Mickey joined the party later. Jerry never showed. We sat and listened to Bob tell stories about a recent trip to Egypt that didn't make much sense, but it was a pleasure to hear him tell it. Phil cracked some jokes and made fun of Bob's storytelling ability. I met some of the others in the room and really felt like part of the band when the Sun rose up the next morning. We partied all night, and then partied some more.

When we made our way to the Pavilion for the second show, we knew that the top floor of the Columbia Inn would be waiting for us when the lights went up and the show was over. Shake the hand that shook the hand of Bob and Phil, Brent and Bill. If you ever had a notion that you'd meet the Grateful Dead, hang around the ice machine. What a weekend.

—by David Dunivan
Sandston, VA



GREENSBORO 4/30/81

PHOTO BY JOHN ROTTET

TIMOTHY LEARY'S ALIVE!!!

THE GOOD DOCTOR WAS RECENTLY SEEN INSIDE LOOKING OUT. ON SATURDAY, APRIL 16, DR. TIMOTHY LEARY PARKED HIS "ROARING TOUR" AT THE METRON IN HARRISBURG, PA. WITH THE TASK OF GEARING UP THE CROWD AWAITING THE FREE-WHEELIN' SOUNDS OF LIVING EARTH. DR. LEARY, THE FATHER OF THE INFAMOUS LUCY "SKYWALKER" DIAMONDS, DISCUSSED THE STATE OF THE FREE WORLD BEFORE A COUPLA HUNDRED FREAKIN' STUDENTS OBVIOUSLY WELL VERSED IN SUCH SUBJECTS.

THE PRECONCERT LECTURER RAMBLED ANIMATEDLY THROUGH SUCH TOPICS AS POLITICS, DRUGS, AND QUANTUM PHYSICS IN TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICA. THE GOOD DOCTORS' ENTERTAINING CONVERSATION CONCERNING ISSUES IN EVERYDAY LIFE WAS GENERALLY GREETED WITH LAUGHTER AND SHOUTS OF ENCOURAGEMENT. HOWEVER, WHEN THE DISCUSSION SKIPPED TO QUANTUM PHYSICS, MUCH OF THE AUDIENCE ENTERED INTO THEIR OWN DISCUSSIONS.

THE LECTURE GIVEN BY THE GOOD NATURED DOCTOR, WHILE MORE SUITABLE PERHAPS FOR A UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM THAN A BAR, WAS BOTH ENJOYABLE AND CONTROVERSIAL. SUCH INTERESTING IDEAS, ANALOGIES, AND PARABLES AS MICHAEL GORBACHEV FOR U.S. PRESIDENT AND RONALD REAGAN FOR SOVIET PREMIER, KEEPING DRUGS FROM THE IMMATURE IS AS COMMON SENSE AS DISCOURAGING INCEST, AND CUMULATIVE DEATHS FROM MARIJUANA TOTALING 25, APP. 15 FROM THE MUNCHIES AND 10 FROM ESFUCKSYATION, WERE SERVED BY THE DOC AS FODDER FOR THE HEADS.

FOLLOWING THE LECTURE, DR. LEARY WAS AVAILABLE IN THE REAR OF THE BAR TO AUTOGRAPH FOREHEADS, T-SHIRTS, AND HIS BOOKS WHICH ARE OFFERED FOR SALE IN LIMITED SUPPLY. WHEN A GOOD FRIEND ASKED THE DOCTOR WHILE HAVING HIS SHIRT SIGNED WHETHER HE KNEW JERRY GARCIA AND IF JERRY WAS A NICE GUY, DR. LEARY EXCLAIMED "WHAT KINDA QUESTION IS THAT? OF COURSE HE IS!"

REVIEW BY BENJAMIN SCOTT HUNTER
PENNSVILLE, NJ

NEW YORK'S BEST ENTERTAINMENT SECTION

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1988

THE GRATEFUL DEAD SAME AS THEY EVER WAS

By MATTHEW AUERBACH

SPRING 1978—I PULLED MY car into the LeFevre Hall parking lot up in New Paltz, N.Y., and walked down into the basement. I was supposed to meet my friend Gary in his suite so he could show me around, since this was my first time visiting him on campus. When I got to the suite, however, he was nowhere to be found. Instead, I found three guys in overalls, tie-dyed shirts and bandanas dancing around to a Grateful Dead album blasting from one of the rooms. "Oh," one of the strangers said. "You must be Matthew. Gary said to hang out; he'll be back later. Here, man. Have a listen." As he handed me the biggest pair of headphones I had ever seen, I knew I had stepped into another world.

worldliness" of three guys dancing in a dorm room has become, in the words of Francois Truffaut in "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," "Levent sociological." Friends, the Deadhead Nation is back in town.

Wednesday night, in the first of three sold-out shows, the Grateful Dead overcame a tinny sound mix and a tentative 45-minute first set to deliver a satisfying, if not magical (by legendary standards), evening of their music. This was a night of high and low points, with the highs winning by decision. There was the slightly ragged version of "Queen Jane Approximately," with rhythm guitarist Bob Weir doing Bob Dylan doing Bob Weir; then there was Weir's inspired vocal on "Looks Like Rain." The Dead played a lackluster version of "Gimme Some Lovin'" but were absolutely amazing on "Morning Dew," which featured the best singing by Jerry Garcia that I've ever heard.

Garcia actually stole the show. Obviously recovered from last year's health problems, his singing and play-

ing were very strong all night. His lead work on "Cassidy" was the highlight of the first set (the night lasted three hours, with a 40-minute intermission), and playing just with Weir in the part of the show called "Space," he played a long, psychedelic—I guess—guitar solo using fuzz, delay and control of feedback.

YOU COULD SAY JERRY WAS hot, hot, hot, and you'd be right, right, right. The way the band segued from "Uncle John's Band" to

"Playing in the Band" back to "Uncle John's Band" was nice too. Your know those old clichés: "When in Rome..." and "If you can't beat 'em...?" Well, that's what going to a Grateful Dead show is like. To people who love them, they're a way of life. To me, they're a bunch of musicians who never take their own mythology seriously, and who love to play together. Tickets will soon be available for the spring 2008 shows: (Matthew Auerbach contributes regularly to the Daily News.)

JGB ORPHEUM THEATRE
MAY 7, 1988
CATS DOWN UNDER THE STARS
STOP THAT TRAIN
SIMPLE TWIST OF FATE
RUN FOR THE ROSES
LIKE A ROAD
BROTHERS & SISTERS
DEAL
HARDER THEY COME
I SHALL BE RELEASED
JUST IN CASE
EVANGELINE
KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR
LUCKY OLD SUN
TANGLED UP IN BLUE
...
NO ENCORE AGAIN ...

GRATEFUL DEAD SUMMER TOUR DATES:

June 17	Bloomington, Minnesota
June 19, 20,	
22, 23	Alpine Valley, Wisconsin
June 25	Buckeye, Ohio
June 26	Pittsburg, PA
June 28	Saratoga Springs, NY
June 30	Rochester, NY
July 2 & 3	Oxford, Maine
July 15-17	Greek Theatre, Berkeley, CA

HOT LINE NUMBERS:

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



Hey Laura and Wes,

Time for the monthly check-in, and belated thanks for UC III/2. Big news around here is that we now have a dark-haired blue-eyed beauty living with us named Bronwyn Sue, born around the same time lots of Deadheads were finally crashing out from the after-party following the second Hartford show. She's won over all our hearts, including (so far) Big Brother Brendan, now age 3. We're trying to raise her as a good little Dead Head; an encouraging sign is she already likes to sleep in the morning and stay up late at night. Brendan is cuter and more articulate than ever; since we've now joined the video generation he likes to watch "Bobby and Jerry" tapes on TV while playing along on his little toy banjo. He's also a big Raffi fan and has most of the songs and about half the raps from the Raffi video committed to memory. He's seen *So Far* a couple of times, but doesn't like the "scary pictures;" he wants to see the band play. So do I.

Thanks for printing Bill Frey's encouraging words. Actually, it's easy for me to put out what seems like lots of energy -- since I can't travel much and the Dead don't come round here no more I don't have to worry about details like getting tickets and going to shows. My taper friends keep me in touch with the music, and I get to spend more time in Fantasy-land, scheming about what I'd like to see happen in the Dead Universe. Right now I'd settle for a Kansas City date stuck on the front end of the summer tour.

One thing I'm concerned about is that our boys seem to have run out of "Dead" puns to use as titles for works. Since they're recording a new album this spring this issue will soon be critical. I mean, we've already had *Dead Reckoning*, *Dead Set*, *Dead Ahead*, and *Dead Ringers* -- what's left? A Rhythm Devils album called *Dead Beats*? I think a band in Chicago's already copped that name. An album of preachy political songs called *In Dead Earnest*? I don't think so. How about a tour on a cruise ship (or a Mississippi riverboat!) called "Dead-In-The-Water?" Or a global satellite telecast called "Dead-To-The-World?" I think we oughta put our Dead Heads together and send our ideas to San Rafael, to the attention of Dead Center.



Oh yeah, I'm also working on a revised traditional lullaby for the Kids. It starts out "Hush little Deadhead, don't feel blue/Jerry's gonna play you a Morning Dew." Can anybody help me out? Thanks & Iko.

Ed Chene

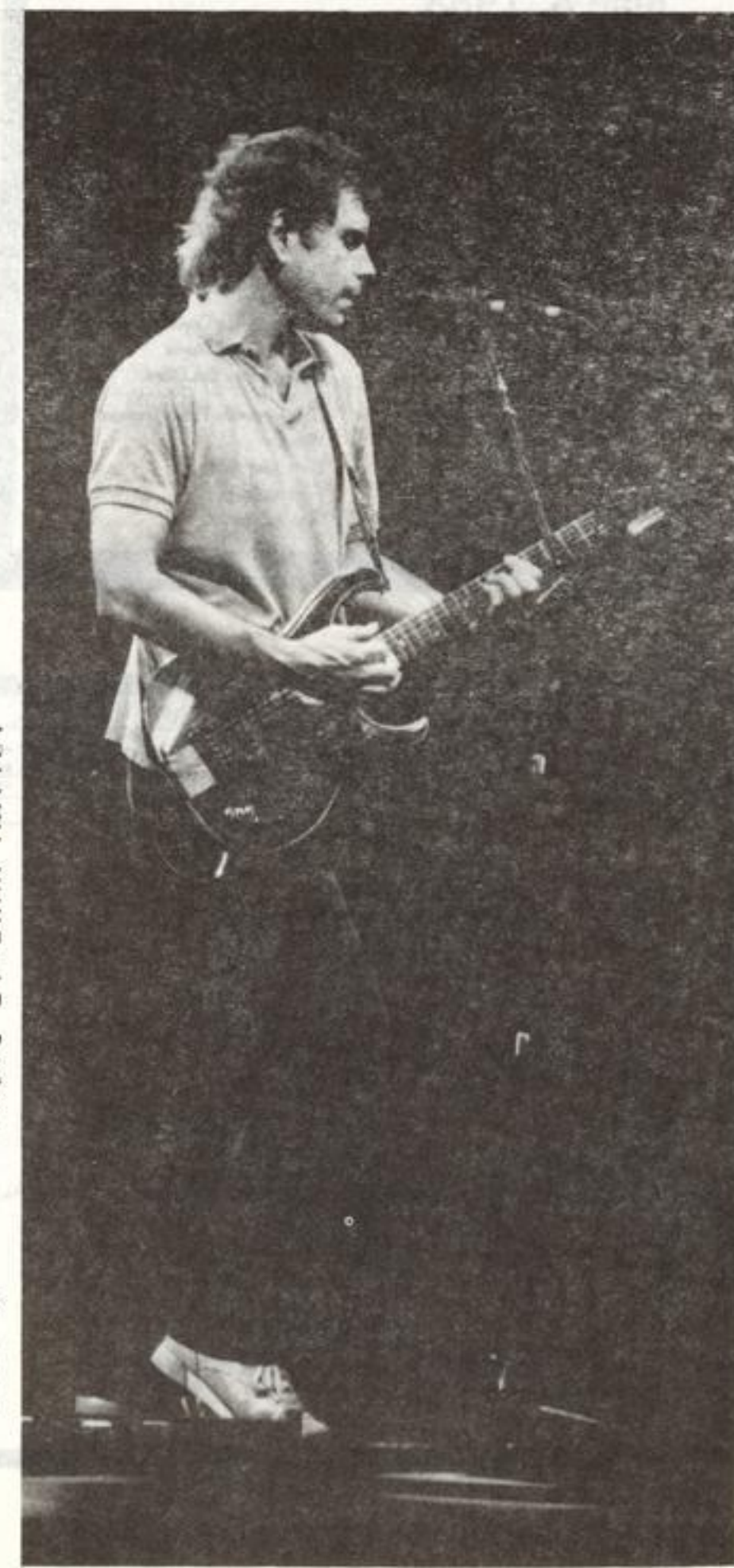
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HAMPTON 3/22/87



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GRATEFUL DEAD

June 9 The Roxy, Washington, DC
June 10 Mystic Den, Harrisonburg, VA
June 11 New Horizon Cafe, Richmond, VA
June 12 Kings Head Inn, New York, NY

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4 COLOR LITHOGRAPHIC STICKER of March 24-26, 1967 Avalon Concert poster. Send \$1.00 and two 25¢ stamps per sticker to: CAN-I-BUS Productions, 3072 Chisca, Memphis, TN 38111.

HELP! We are two female deadheads moving to the Richmond area. We know there are deadheads hiding in the woodworks. Would like some contacts and information on places to go and meet decent people. Christine Imperato, 37 Tudor Lane, Manchester, CT 06040.

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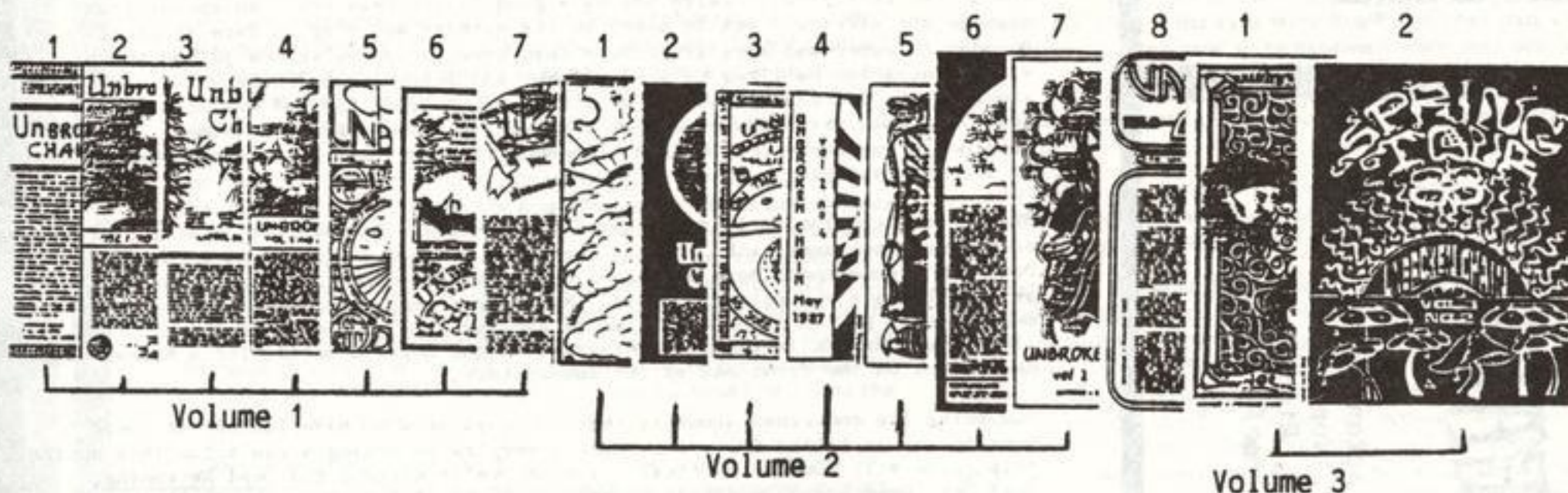
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NOTICE TO ALL NON-SUBSCRIBERS:

It is unfortunate that it has come to this, but as I see it there is no alternative in our situation. From here on out, we will no longer be available through a SASE, that is unless some form of donation is enclosed. The only places that you can obtain the newsletter free is at certain shows and in Richmond, VA. After handing out over 6,000 of what we thought was one of our best issues so far, FOR FREE NO LESS, on the Spring Tour, we had hoped that our subscription numbers would soar. However, we have received only 30 new subscriptions since then. I guess people figure, "why buy a cow when you can get the milk for free?" If this attitude keeps up, we will be out of business very soon. It's up to you. If you want Unbroken Chain to continue, please subscribe or donate to the cause. If not, we're gone.

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The New Potato Carboose

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JUNE 3 BLUE MARLIN, GARDEN CITY, SC
JUNE 4 OLD POST OFFICE, HILTON HEAD, SC
JUNE 5 GREENSTREETS, COLUMBIA, SC
JUNE 6 MYSKINS, CHARLESTON, SC
JUNE 9 THE BAYOU, WASHINGTON, DC
JUNE 10 YORKTOWN HIGH SCHOOL, ARLINGTON, VA
JUNE 15 LANGLEY HIGH SCHOOL, MCLEAN, VA
JUNE 16 P.T. FLAGG'S, BALTIMORE, MD
JUNE 17 EMPIRE, PHILLY, PA
JUNE 18 JOE POP'S SHORE BAR, LONG BEACH ISLAND, NJ
JUNE 29-30 GRAFFITI'S, OCEAN CITY, MD
JULY 1 MAXWELL'S, TOWSON, MD
JULY 2 CHESTNUT CABARET, PHILLY, PA
JULY 3 THE COPA, SPRINGFIELD, VA
JULY 6 UNDER THE STREET, DURHAM, NC
JULY 7 THE ATTIC, GREENVILLE, NC
JULY 8 THE CAROLINIAN, NAGS HEAD, NC
JULY 9 NEW HORIZON CAFE, RICHMOND, VA
JULY 10 KINGS HEAD INN, NORFOLK, VA