

AUGUST 1987

HEY NOW! I hope everyone is having a great summer! All of us down here in here in Richmond (and probably all along the East Coast for that matter) are sweltering like mad but the tour made it bearable at least!

I am happy to report no negative vibes picked up on the East Coast tour this summer, with one or two scalper exceptions. One guy driving a red 300 ZX in the Giants Stadium parking lot wanted to sell me a ticket to the show for \$100. Right guy, no problem. Well, I ended up getting one for cost...Thanks Jody! Although I only saw three shows myself, I heard glowing reports from all over regarding attitudes and atmospheres. Surprisingly enough, I haven't heard one report about gate-crashing! There does seem to be a rising concern about trashed parking lots, however. We could be a little neater, but it would help us alot if more trash cans were provided and emptied more frequently.

By now most of you have read the article about the Dead that was in Rolling Stone's July issue with a fold out cover photo of the entire band! The July issue of Spin magazine also had an interesting interview with Jerry G. himself. Both articles are worthy of our attention, as opposed to the some other junk we have been exposed to in the not too distant past. There are also some mentions of the Dead in the latest issue of Rolling Stone, one a good review of "In The Dark" (good except for when the guy basically calls "Tons of Steel" an adequate filler tune - see inside); and bigger than usual mention in the "On The Road" section. Also, on the morning of July 7, Jerry and Mickey made an appearance on the Today show. I must say, I haven't seen Jerry appear so happy and animated ("ding, ding, ding") for a long time! It's really wonderful to see the Dead getting so much good press for a change. Let's just hope that it doesn't make concert tickets even more difficult to come by.

Other Dead-related items in the news....Deadheads were undoubtedly shocked upon learning that Bernhard Goetz, the so-called "subway vigilante", made his first statement to the press

after being cleared of attempted murder charges. He came out of his apartment for the first time and asked one of the reporters to get him a copy of the new Grateful Dead album (before it was even released!) Also, Deadhead Amy Carter was in the news again, but not because of her Dead-stickered car. It seems that she has been asked to resign from Brown University for academic reasons. I don't know, maybe it was the roses! Amy, you're welcome on our bus!

Dead fans all around are happy to be hearing "Touch of Grey" and other just-released favorites on the radio. I know I freaked the first time I heard "Throwing Stones" on our local rock station. What a phenomenon!

It was very refreshing to hear Dylan play with the Dead up in Jersey. The interesting thing was trying to reconstruct a set list of songs that I have never heard before, and it was great to hear a band that sounds so familiar pick up and play songs that our new to our ears. Not being real acquainted with Dylan's tunes, I only recognized three or four songs out of about 13. Our Dylan set lists are probably inaccurate or incomplete, so all of you Bob Dylan experts, please write and let us know the scoop.

While up in Roanoke, I spoke to a guy who told me some disturbing news. He said that the Dead were going to begin cracking down on people who are selling shirts bearing Grateful Dead trademark logos. They include the "Steal Your Face" and "Skull and Roses" themes, and evidently some people have already been busted for selling shirts with those trademarks on them. Just a word of warning to those who make shirts...avoid those two trademarks. I don't know the full details, but we will probably be able to tell you more about it in the next issue.

I'd like to take this time to thank you all. I am sitting here looking at a box filled with letters, articles, artwork and setlists dating back only three weeks. Your support of this newsletter is incredible! As long as we have it, the Chain will remain Unbroken! Keep on Smilin' *Laura*

UNBROKEN CHAIN STAFF:

Laura Paul Smith, Editor/Layout/Graphics
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Thanks to this issue's featured artists:

Larry Hoskins - Jerry sketch
Brian McCartie - Dead/Dylan overlap
Tom Scott - Cover art

CHAIN REACTION

The atmosphere out there (Pittsburgh) was GRATE and the IKO-Day-O-Man Smart with the Nevilles blew me away. Philly was fun too, from the China Rider to Terrapin and old JGB classics Tangled Up and Simple Twist. As a simple twist of fate would have it, we were dance-driving up from Philly to an old Garcia - Saunders tape (Philly '74), grooving on a crazed version of Wicked Messenger. I can't explain our shock when we heard those first riffs of that tune the following night, or the ecstatic joy when Jer really cut loose. Moments like that are what it's all about. I didn't know that was a Dylan tune (is it?). And now the mail order folks surprise us by announcing the September dates. It's a good thing I didn't over extend the finances. They're a band beyond description. Love, Bill Frey, E. Northport, NY

Grateful Dead is of course, a religion; as all us fans know. Why shouldn't they have tax exempt status? Spiritual release delivered by musical progression to please God and man. Robert Hunter's lyrics and rythms have always provided inspiration, guidance, comfort and refuge (not to mention joy) for me and my friends. I know religion has been getting a bad name lately, but lets not throw the baby out with the bath water. Let's turn to page one in our hymnals and all sing "Morning Dew". Gratefully and Sincerely Dead, The Living Church, Spokane, Washington

This is an outcry, a plea if you will, to Jerry, Bob, Phil and the rest of the Band. Why did you scratch the Baltimore/Washington area from your summer tour? We find it only fitting that you guys play in the nation's capital. It's hard for us younger heads to get around and keep up with the Band as easily as everyone else. I leave you with one request, keep the Baltimore/Washington area in mind come the next tour. But for now, "we will get by"!!!! (How fitting, Touch of Grey and Truckin' came on the radio as I was writing this letter)!!!
Alix Shannon, Chevy Chase, MD 20815

I believe the Arizona concert scheduled in August is Compton Terrace in Tempe. I am not free to "follow the bus" as I might like, and I have grown to rely on the link of letters and friendship that your magazine generates. Thanks for the lifeline! Take Care, Karin Bassler, Greensboro, NC

I received my first issue of U.C. at Rochester or Foxboro, I'm not sure which, it was quite a week. When they opened second set at Rochester with China Cat -> Rider if just blew me away. I've only been to 6 Dead shows and this year I did Rochester and Foxboro. A short tour but a tour just the same. I'd like to say hi to some really great people I met from Wisconsin, Toronto, New York, Virginia and Pennsylvania. The scene in Rochester was great. The crowd was extremely mellow and very friendly. Did anyone see the Channel 8 news crew? They seemed amazed at the crowd. I think they were expecting 20,000 drunk bikers and what they got was thousands of dancing Deadheads! Well, thanks again and I'll keep in touch. Danny Falter, Ashby, MA

My family and I just returned home from summer's tour, and I must say, a successful one for us with a few drawbacks! One of the greatest deserves some mention. Garbage on the lot! Each of us try very hard to leave a lot as clean as we found it, but city folk insist upon tearing bags apart for cans, etc. Even in NY where we carefully separated recycling cans! Don't give up trying! Next; first aid. As a tour-nurse in the "ambulance" (our '65 VW camper) I keep emergency room certified supply of necessary items to ensure everyone on tour can get a minimum amount of first aid wherever they are, but omitted inside the shows. In Pittsburg, a young man cut his foot badly on glass and the available medic people hassled and refused treatment after my husband and I spent more than 20 minutes applying pressure and asking for assistance! From now on I'll carry supplies into every show! Also for information, we carry a complete VW repair shop with us and Chuck's available to do as much as he can to keep us all on the road! We enjoy the band, of course, but we also enjoy the tour and the wonderful family fellowship of being Deadheads. With the latest media hype about us all we should try harder to represent what we believe! Much success in the future to us all! Sally Gardner, Buck Creek, IN

A DAY IN THE LIFE of YOUR BASIC DEAD-HEAD



SCENES/Sherri Wilder

Dead Valley Isthmus, Madison, WI 7/31/87

"Playin', playin' in the band. Daybreak, daybreak on the land." A Day-Glo fireball of sun rose over an encampment of thousands of Grateful Dead fans who had spent the weekend declaring squatter's rights in the parking lot at Alpine Valley.

"Playin', playin'..." Someone cranked up the Dead song on their tape player; the makeshift village of Deadheads was slowly coming to life.

"Wake up, come on man, I been up all night, now you get up!" My neighbor in a truck from Missouri was trying to convince his buddy that it was party time again.

Another Dead tune—"Just a little red rooster, too lazy, too hazy to start the day"—came on from somewhere down the long line of cars. After Saturday's concert ended, there were more cars coming into the lot than were leaving, proof that people are drawn to Dead concerts for the party as much as the music.

The night before, the parking lot throbbed with an unending, wandering party. Clusters of tents stood out among acres of cars, trucks and venerable Volkswagen vans. License plates represented residents of over 40 states.

The night scene was surreal;

A heavy haze hung over the tents, the product of wood fires, cook stoves and pot smoke; the sky was frequently lit up with fireworks that illuminated a strange kind of Fourth World village residents called the Land of the Dead.

Dancing in the dark by a station wagon from Colorado was a Deadhead named Coz. His long hair was covered with a knit Rastafarian hat; his scraggly beard and scruffy clothes made him ageless. He could have been 25 or 50. Age is irrelevant in Deadville.

Coz, short for Cosmos, was giving away all of the goods he had brought to the concert to sell. Some of the villagers were incredulous at his generosity when he danced up to them singing "free doses, free doses."

"I got pneumonia and I gotta leave the tour, man," he said. "So I'm giving away all this pleasure out of love. Is that a crime?"

Like some high priest of the Dead circuit, he offered a communion of LSD to all who allowed him to place the small paper wafer on their tongues. His entire inventory was gone in minutes.

Early Sunday morning, hours to go before the last concert of the weekend. Bodies were sprawled everywhere, soaking up the sun, recovering from the long night. A young kid



→go to p.8





**FOXBORO, MASS
JULY 4, 1987**

Touch of Grey
Hell In A Bucket
West L.A. Fadeaway
Tons of Steel
Little Red Rooster
Box of Rain
Althea
Uncle John's Band
Playin' In The Band
D/S
Truckin'
The Other One
Wharf Rat
Throwing Stones

Times They Are A Changin'
Man of Peace
I'll Be Your Baby Tonight*
Memphis Blues
I Want You
Chimes of Freedom
Joey
Slow Train
Watchtower

Knockin' on Heaven's Door
*Jerry plays pedal steel guitar!

**ROCHESTER WAR MEMORIAL
JULY 2, 1987**

Hell In A Bucket
Bertha
Walkin' Blues
Dire Wolf
My Brother Esau
When Push Comes to Shove
Tons of Steel
Me & My Uncle
Brown Eyed Women
Cassidy
Deal

China Cat
I Know You Rider
Samson & Delilah
Looks Like Rain
He's Gone
D/S
GDTRFB
Watchtower
Stella Blue
Sugar Magnolia

Black Muddy River

ALPINE VALLEY, ALPINE, WISCONSIN

June 26, 1987

Feel Like a Stranger
Franklin's Tower
Walkin' Blues
Row Jimmy
Tons of Steel
Push/Shove
Cassidy
Deal

China Cat
Rider
Estimated Prophet
Eyes of the World
D/S
Gimme Some Lovin'
Watchtower
Black Peter
Around & Around
Sugar Magnolia

Touch of Grey

June 27, 1987

Iko Iko
Greatest Story
Stagger Lee
Minglewood
Friend of the Devil
Tom Thumb Blues
Tennessee Jed
Let It Grow

Uncle John's Band
Playin' in the Band
Terrapin Station
D/S
Truckin'
The Other Ones
Wharf Rat
Lovelight

Black Muddy River

June 28, 1987

Hell in a Bucket
Sugaree
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali
Althea
Little Red Rooster
Bird Song
Jack Straw

Miss. 1/2 Step
Women R. Smarter
Ship of Pools
Saint
Miracle
Morning Dew
Throwing Stones
NFA

Quinn the Eskimo

**KINGSWOOD MUSIC THEATRE
TORONTO, CANADA 6/30/87**

Touch of Grey
Greatest Story
Loser
Minglewood
Candyman
Far From Me
Mama Tried
Big River
Ramble On Rose
Masterpiece
Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias
Fire on the Mountain
Estimated Prophet
Eyes of the World
Jam/D/S
The Other One
China Doll
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Around & Around
Good Lovin

Box of Rain

**PITTSBURGH CIVIC CENTER
JULY 6, 1987**

Feel Like a Stranger
Franklin's Tower
Minglewood
Row Jimmy
Mama Tried
Big River
Far From Me
Stagger Lee
Desolation Row
Don't Ease Me In

Shakedown Street
Samson & Delilah
*Iko Iko
*Daylight's Comin
*Women Are Smarter
*D/S
*Knockin' on Heaven's Door
*Good Lovin'

*Johnny B. Goode
*(with Neville Bros.)

**ROANOKE CIVIC CENTER, VA
JULY 7, 1987**

Finiculi Finicula
Miss. 1/2 Step
Walkin' Blues
Candyman
My Brother Esau
Push/Shove
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Bird Song
Promised Land

West L.A. Fadeaway
Cumberland Blues!!
Looks Like Rain
Eyes of the World
D/S
The Wheel
Gimme Some Lovin'
Morning Dew
Turn On Your Lovelight

U.S. Blues



set lists

**ROANOKE CIVIC CENTER, VA
JULY 8, 1987**

Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
It's All Over Now
Dupree's Diamond Blues
Never Trust a Woman
Paint My Masterpiece
Big Railroad Blues
Let It Grow

Scarlet Begonias
Fire On The Mountain
Estimated Prophet
He's Gone
D/S
Crazy Fingers
Spanish Jam
Truckin'
Comes A Time
Sugar Magnolia

Black Muddy River

**JFK STADIUM
Philadelphia, PA
July 10, 1987**

Iko Iko
Jack Straw
Sugaree
Minglewood
Althea
Esau
Step Back!
Push/Shove
Cassidy
China Cat
I Know You Rider
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station
D/S
Miracle
Black Peter

w/Dylan

Tangled Up In Blue
I'll Be Your Baby
Man of Peace
?
?
Simple Twist
Ballad of a Thin Man
Memphis Blues
Chimes of Freedom
Queen Jane
Serve Somebody
Joey
Watchtower

Touch of Grey

**GIANTS STADIUM, EAST
RUTHERFORD, NJ 7/12/87**

Hell In A Bucket
West L.A. Fadeaway
Loser
Greatest Story
Tons of Steel
Ramble On Rose
Masterpiece
Push/Shove
Promised Land
Bertha

Morning Dew
Playin in the Band
D/S
The Other One
Stella Blue
Throwin' Stones
NFA

w/ Dylan (3rd Set)

Slow Train
Memphis Blues
Tomorrow is a Long Time*
Highway 61
Baby Blue
Ballad of a Thin Man
Queen Jane
Chimes of Freedom
Joey
Watchtower
Times They Are A'Changin'

Touch of Grey
Knockin' on Heaven's Door

*Jerry on pedal

Set Lists brought to you by:
Slick
Glenn Weyant
Jim Green
Dale Fortner
Rudy Contratti

Dupree's Diamond News

**EUGENE, OREGON
Autzen Stadium
July 19, 1987**

Iko Iko
Feel Like a Stranger
Franklin's Tower
Minglewood
Peggy-O
Masterpiece
West L.A. Fadeaway
Let It Grow

Gimme Some Lovin'
Playin'
He's Gone
Spoonful
D/S
Wheel
Truckin'
Wharf Rat
Lovelight

w/Dylan

Maggie's Farm
Hang Man
Watch the River Flow
Simple Twist of Fate
Ballad of Frankie Lee
Stuck Inside Mobile
Heart of Mine
Baby Blue
Everybody Must Get Stoned
Queen Jane
Ballad of a Thin Man
Highway 61
Tangled Up In Blue

Touch of Grey
Watchtower

* no Jerry on pedal steel

SORRY, NO DYLAN LISTS FOR ANAHEIM AND OAKLAND!

**OAKLAND, CA
w/Dylan
July 24, 1987**

Finiculi & more
Jack Straw
Miss. 1/2 Step
Brother Esau
Morning Dew
Me & My Uncle
Big River
Push/Shove
Far From Me
Cassidy
Deal

Hell in a Bucket
Scarlet Begonias
Playin' in the Band
D/S
Uncle John's Band
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Miracle
Bertha
Sugar Mag
SSDD

**ANAHEIM, CA
w/Dylan
July 26, 1987**

Iko Iko
Minglewood
Tons of Steel
West L.A.
Masterpiece
Mexicali Blues
Birdsong
Promised Land

Shakedown Street
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station
D/S
The Other One
Stella Blue
Throwing Stones
NFA



AUGUST/SEPTEMBER CONFIRMED TOUR DATES

August 11, 12, 13	Red Rocks, Morrison, Colorado
August 15, 16	Telluride, Colorado
August 18	Compton Terrace, Tempe, Arizona
August 20	Park West, Park City, Utah
August 22, 23	Mount Aire, Angel Camp, California
September 7, 8, 9	Civic Center, Providence, Rhode Island
September 11, 12, 13	Capital Center, Landover, Maryland
Sept. 15, 16, 18, 19, 20	Madison Square Garden, New York City
September 22, 23	Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA

ALPINE VALLEY, WI
6/27/87



Photo by Ray Ellingsen
For more information about Ray's photos for sale, please send a SASE to:
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1504 S. Washington
Park Ridge, IL 60068

Roanoke Times & World-News

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 1987

HOT LINE NUMBERS:
EAST COAST (201) 777-8653
WEST COAST (415) 457-6388



BRIAN O'NEILL



Deadhead views the mousseheads

Thursday, a little before 9 a.m., Roanoke Civic Center: The Deadheads are to be banished in an hour.

They would go as they came, peacefully. They were folding their tents and packing their campers and smoking the last joints of their Star City experience.

As they labored, Miss Virginia contestants and chaperones arrived for rehearsals. From shiny sedans they took the short walk to the Roanoke Civic Center auditorium.

Some couldn't help but notice that more than one Deadhead had seen as much value in the loading dock wall as they had in portable toilets. Sniff, sniff. Chanel No. 5 it wasn't.

One group fleeing Middle American values; one group celebrating them. I was there to see if Deadheads and mousseheads could come together.

I don't think it immodest to say that I possessed at least as much courage and foresight as the man who asked Willie Nelson to sing with Julio Iglesias.

If I could get a Deadhead into that auditorium, if I could get a peasant-by-choice in to see a wanna-be-queen, I might set in motion a love chain that could bring world peace, or at least get me a Friday column.

Valerie Smith of Charlottesville was fated to be the pioneer. Lying across an Indian blanket in the grass, wearing a long dress and mocassins, Smith could not have been more different from the carefully groomed and packaged young ladies in the auditorium. Except that Smith was pretty, too.

She agreed that a look at the pageant might be fun. We went in, with the gracious blessings of pageant organizers, and found a seat toward the back of the auditorium.

Smith admitted that when pageant contestants first drove up, "Everybody freaked out. All the heads were like cracking up."

But now the first contestant was beginning. Tracy Thayer, Miss Richmond, performed a gymnastic/jazz dance filled with flips.

Smith didn't flip.

"I guess it surprises me what you have to do to sell yourself. I don't know. It's strange."

But she added she didn't want to sound too close-minded. "It's just another way of life."

I was surprised to find at this point that Smith was only 17. She was mature beyond her years, having dropped out of high school to pursue her painting. With the help of a general equivalency diploma, she would enroll at Virginia Commonwealth University next winter.

Leola Huffman, Miss Alleghany Highlands, was up next. She performed a piano medley: part classical, part "Jeepers Creepers." Smith was impressed. She had taken piano lessons for years and knew how tough the piece was.

"I'd love to be able to play the piano like this."

She didn't think Huffman had a chance, though. She disdainfully surmised the judges would choose some performance that projected some bogus "personality."

"I don't see how out of 29 people they can just pick one person and say, 'You're it.'"

We saw three more Misses before leaving. Smith thought one act was cute, another was bad and a third was worse.

Outside the building and back in the light, Smith said she couldn't understand a life like that, with smiles on cue and in competition.

"That's so fake it's not even funny."

Is a life of devotion to a '60s band any more real?

"It's been a controversy for a long time: What is reality?" she said.

But at a Grateful Dead concert, people do what they feel. If they feel like hugging someone they don't know, they do it.

I already had asked what would happen if a Miss Virginia contestant went to a Grateful Dead concert.

"I think their makeup would run."

"Maybe they'd think it was interesting. I don't think they'd know how to dance to that kind of music. But in all fairness, maybe one of them is [a Deadhead] on weekends off."

It is almost 10 a.m. when we shake hands and part company. The Deadheads have to go. It's the Miss Virginia hopefuls who have the run of the place now.

To each his own. World peace will have to wait.

On Saturday morning a few weeks ago I couldn't believe my ears as I was flipping the channels on the TV. On "The Muppet Show" various creatures were singing an altered version of "Man Smart, Women Smarter" only with lines like "that's right, the frogs are smarter...that's right, the bears are smarter," etc., with themuppets hopping to the beat. Just another sign of the remarkable surge in recognition for the Dead. Happy Trails, Howard Park, Madison, WI

HEADLINES



IN THE DARK
The Grateful Dead
Arista

"TOUCH OF GREY," THE SONG OF REJUVENATION and reconciliation that opens *In the Dark*, is a fairly obvious state-of-the-Dead message, from its bright melody to its "I will get by/I will survive" chorus. But another one of its lines - "Oh, well, a touch of grey kind of suits you anyway" - also speaks volumes. Unlike the Dead's shaky output since their last memorable album, 1974's *From the Mars Hotel*, this album bespeaks an effortless long absent from their oeuvre. The tragedy of the Dead's recordings since then was that a band accustomed to doing everything its way was reduced to hiring name producers and covering "Dancing in the Street." Records like 1978's *Shakedown Street* and 1980's *Go to Heaven* tried to fit the band into a slick pop-singles framework - even though hooks were never the group's forte - and turned the Dead into something of a parody.

In the Dark, their first studio LP since *Heaven*, reverses that sorry trend. Its seven songs - averaging six minutes each, just like old times - hark back to the sprawling, easygoing charm of their hallowed *American Beauty* era. Despite nods to technology in the form of synthesizers, sound effects and a startling "programming" credit, this sounds more like a Dead record than anything they've done in years. Rather than trying to come across as "contemporary," the band revels in its strengths: the kinetic rhythm section of Bill Kreutzmann, Mickey Hart and Phil Lesh (which, until now, has been ill served on record), Jerry Garcia's sneaky, slinky guitar leads

and an overall tightness that makes the band sound not a day over ten years old.

"Touch of Grey," surely one of the sunniest songs the Dead have ever come up with, is merely one indication of the album's success; although it's a viable candidate for the group's first hit, it's much more relaxed than earlier Top Forty bids like "Alabama Getaway," "I Need a Miracle" or their remake of "Good Lovin'." Likewise, Garcia and Robert Hunter's playful love song "When Push Comes to Shove" lets the band settle into a groove similar to a "Wanderer"-like romp, while the clashing guitars of the Bob Weir-led "Hell in a Bucket" evidence a more aggressive Dead than we've come to expect. "I may be going to hell in a bucket, babe/ But at least I'm enjoying the ride." Another Hunter-Garcia collaboration, "West L.A. Fadeaway," is the album's requisite shuffle.

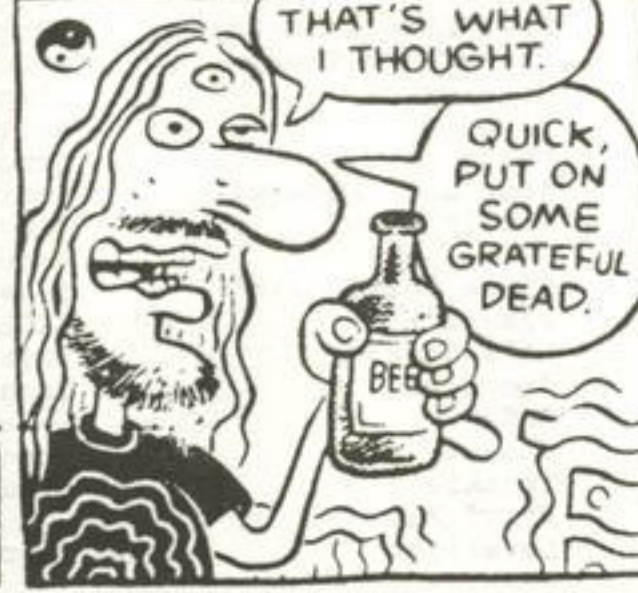
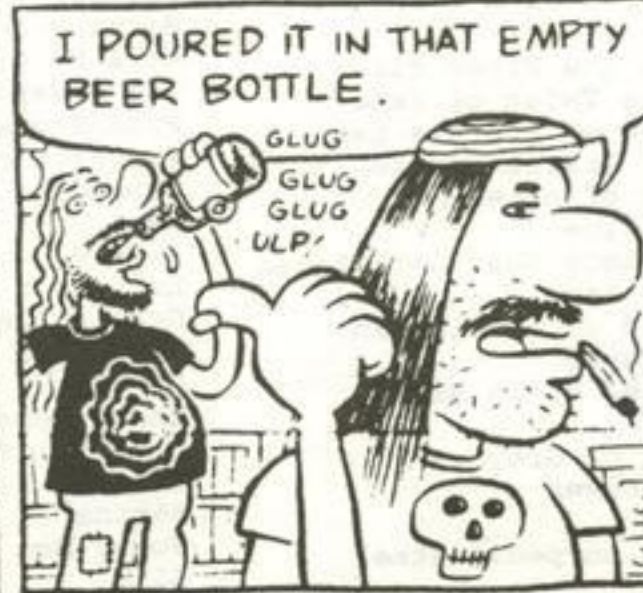
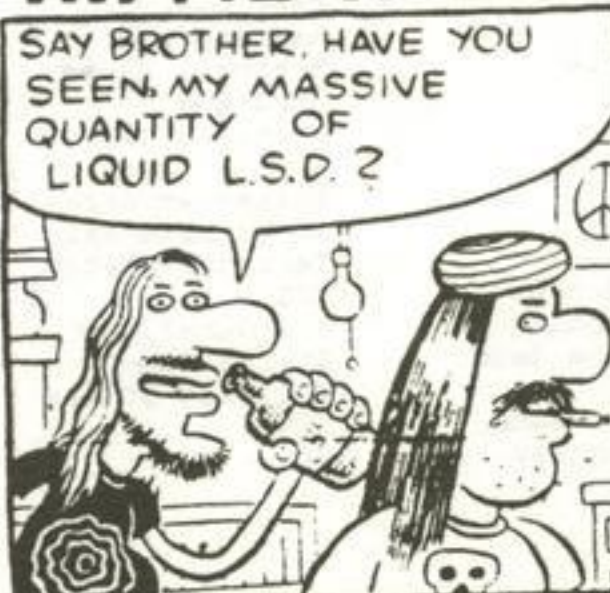
Alas, a Dead album wouldn't be complete without filler. Here, it's in the form of "Tons of Steel," an unremarkable train-as-woman song written and sung by raspy-voiced keyboardist Brent Mydland, and "Throwing Stones," a preachy seven-minute diatribe that finds Weir unwisely griping about "the rich man in his summer home." But it's the rehabilitated Garcia, the album's coproducer (with engineer John Cutler) and coauthor of four of its seven songs, who is clearly the linchpin of *In the Dark*. Nowhere is that more clear than on the finale, "Black Muddy River." A stately Garcia-Hunter ballad that recalls the Great Plains grandeur of the Band, it's as wistful as "Touch of Grey" is upbeat, but it shares the same future-looks-bright outlook. "I will walk alone by the black muddy river," croaks a world-weary Garcia, "and sing me a song of my own." Singing their own song hasn't always been the case with the aging Grateful Dead, but with *In the Dark*, they're finally doing just that.

- David Browne

FROM ROLLING STONE



HIPPIE HOUSE



Latest album a Dead hit

By Mark Holmberg
Times-Dispatch staff writer

Somehow it's fitting. Jerry Garcia, leader of the Grateful Dead, almost died recently while in a diabetic coma. Now he and the band are more alive than ever after 21 long, strange years. "In the Dark," the Dead's first studio album in seven years, is hotter than a Richmond afternoon. Just released, it's already ranked 12th on Billboard's album chart, in stark contrast to the Dead's usual terrapinlike album sales.

The album's first single, "Touch of Grey," is likely to be the Grateful Dead's first top 40 hit ever.

For expert analysis of the new album, the Times-Dispatch attended Monday's Grateful Dead night, a tradition at New Horizon on West Broad Street.

"People are starting to mellow out again," said 21-year-old Kent Shelton, clad in a tie-dyed T-shirt. "People are tired of punk rock... and tired of all the ultra-conservative stuff that's going on — business degrees, BMWs, short hair and sucking up to all the executives."

He said the hour has come for the Dead to come to life. "It's time to kick back and enjoy life," said Shelton, a student at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, as he slid a little deeper into his chair.

The new album's "been a long time coming out," said 24-year-old Tony Arrington, a veteran of 48 Dead concerts. Al Leiser, 22, joined in the conversation: "I don't think there was a lot of practicing — they just went in there [the studio] and did it."

Arrington and Leiser, and many

others interviewed, said "In the Dark" is not really new: They've been listening to the same songs at Dead concerts for years.

Harrison Deane, one of the musicians who played Monday, said the album will "sell real big. It's going to reach the new generation of Dead Heads, the high school people." But he expressed disappointment in the length of the recording: "There's only seven songs on the whole album." He said the cassette has one extra song, "Brother Esau."

Stephanie Parker, one of the few in New Horizon not wearing tie-dyed clothes, became a Grateful Dead fan by "listening to my mother's albums." The 18-year-old described "In the Dark" as "awesome."

Her companion, 18-year-old Lisa Glenn, agreed: "It's the best new record you could buy. If you play their music, people will really like it — until they find out it's the Grateful Dead."

"I think it's going to be a gold record. The Dead are finally going to score," said 32-year-old Marc Fast, a hard-core Dead Head who hitchhikes all over the world to satisfy his Grateful Dead addiction. Wearing a long

handlebar moustache and a T-shirt depicting two skeletons shaking hands, Fast didn't seem too happy about the new Dead scene, which he called a "fad."

"It used to be you could always walk up to a show and get in. Now it's a mob scene." He said the new album is going to be a "death blow as far as [concert] tickets go."

Unhappy about the arrests and media attention surrounding the 1985 Richmond shows ("I voted for Jerry Garcia for commonwealth's attorney in the election right after the show"), Fast said he is glad the Dead were banned from Richmond. "This city doesn't deserve the Grateful Dead. They're a '60s band, not a 1600s band trying to be sophisticated."

He was reserved in his praise for "In the Dark," but said it was "definitely better than their last album."

Not all Grateful Dead fans are thrilled with the new release. "It's kind of commercial for them," said 24-year-old Amy Griffin. "It's much more polished. All the songs have an ending." The band's trademark vagueness is absent on "In the Dark," she said. "All the words are easy to understand."



Staff photo by Dan Currier

DEAD AHEAD — Fans of the Grateful Dead gather in front of the New Horizon club to show their support for the band's new album.

Kathryn Johnson, 21, agreed: "I'm not wild about it. Some of the songs are really disappointing." Some of the new tunes, like "Throwing Stones," are "much better live," she added. Whether they like it or not, Dead

Heads agree that the new album is going to be a monster moneymaker for the Grateful Dead. "After all those years," said Fast, "it's about time they made some money."



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1987

WELCOME HOME VETS REVIEW

by Scott Pegg

This Fourth of July, in addition to Dylan and the Dead at Foxboro, there was another major musical event on the East Coast well worth seeing. That was the Welcome Home Vietnam Vets show at the Capital Center in Landover, Maryland. Like many other such events, this one started behind schedule and featured altogether too many TV actors and too many fundraising appeals. However, the show was musically fantastic and thoroughly enjoyable. Neil Diamond opened the performance up with "They're Coming to America," which was surprisingly his only number. Next came the Four Tops who immediately got things going with "Baby, I Need Your Loving," which was followed by a sizzling medley of hits. The first big musical surprise of the day came when Frankie Vallie joined the Four Tops for a killer Motown/reggae version of "Satisfaction." Kris Kristofferson hit home with his new freedom songs that seemed particularly well-suited for the vets in the audience. Linda Ronstadt came out next, and to everyone's disappointment only played two songs, one of which was a duet with James Ingram. The godfather of soul, James Brown was strangely subdued but still rocked the house with a hard driving version of "Living in America," and a bluesy "Georgia on My Mind." The next big musical surprise came when Stevie Wonder opened his set up with a slow, almost gospel version of "Blowin' in the Wind." Stevie carried such a nice message of love and brotherhood that I started wondering when he and the Dead would get together live. In terms of sheer intensity there was no one who could touch Stevie Wonder. Playing by himself with a synthesizer and a computer Stevie ended his rousing set with a sing along version of "Part Time Lover" that had everyone dancing. Things kept on sizzling when Crosby, Stills & Nash took the stage for a very rocking electric set that featured two unreleased new songs. CSN got the day's first encore after closing with a reworked "For What its Worth" that had everyone singing along. One of the pleasant surprises of the day came when actor Lou Gossett, Jr. came out and sang a soulful version of the 23rd Psalm. The unquestioned highlight of the whole show though, was John Fogerty's set. The best description that I heard was from a friend of mine who said that it was the kind of set everyone dreamed about but just knew wasn't going to happen, but it did! Fogerty played no new songs and treated the audience to an unbelievable set of classic CCR gems that started out with "Born on the Bayou," and just got better from there. Fogerty looked and sounded great and his band was very tight. His whole set list is included below. Anyone who would like to pledge money to help the Vietnam Vets may do so by calling 1-800-USA-1987. Personally, I'd like to start up a collection to get John Fogerty back on the road.

John Fogerty
Landover, MD, July 4, 1987

- Old Man Down the Road tease
- Born on the Bayou
- Down on the Corner
- Who'll Stop the Rain
- Up Around the Bend
- The Midnight Special
- Bad Moon Rising
- Encore: Fortunate Son
- Show closing: Proud Mary

Thanks to Scott Pegg for this review! One note I would like to add with regard to Fogerty's set. Chris Vranian, WRXL-102's official concert reporter, was on the air the Monday morning after the July 4th show. He was sitting right in the front row at the concert, and he said that he got a glimpse of the set list that Fogerty was supposed to be playing from. Evidently, Fogerty just went off the list and did his own thing, ignoring the list that HBO was given. If you watch the HBO special, look for Chris. He was wearing a Live Aid t-shirt, has dark hair and was standing right behind one of the HBO cameramen.

Dead Heads who would like to do something about the nuclear arms race and have some fun at the same time might like to spend some of their road time on tour looking for H-bombs.

That's right, the U.S. Department of Energy ships "our" nuclear weapons and components to and from the various assembly plants, military bases, and missile silos in unmarked semi-trailer trucks on interstate highways. States with the greatest amount of H-bomb traffic include Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, so the Rockies tour will go through some prime hunting ground.

The National Mobilization for Survival, along with local peace groups, has helped organize a "Truck Watch" campaign in order to publicize and protest the production and transportation of nuclear warheads — weapons which could destroy all life on the planet and ruin chances of future touring.

The purpose of "Truck Watch" is not to hassle or confront the drivers (although a wave of a peace sign would probably be appropriate), but to help people realize "what it really means to have this madness come through our lives," according to Oklahoma City peace activist Anne Murray.

The H-bomb trucks can be identified by a unique rectangular antenna on the roof of the cab. Trailers have off-center rear doors and white DOE tags. They travel in convoys, escorted by DOE agents driving Chevy Suburbans or Ford vans. Neither local nor state governments are notified of the shipments, and the DOE is attempting to keep them "secret" from the American people (although the Russians presumably know all about them from their spy satellites).

People who spot a bomb truck on the road are urged to call the Benedictine Peace House in Oklahoma City (405-524-5577) where a national file is being kept. For \$2, you can get an "H-Bomb Truck Spotter's Kit" containing photos of bomb trucks and escort vehicles, a map of H-bomb truck routes, report forms, and a car window sign saying "H-BOMB TRUCKS AHEAD." Write Truck Watch, 2912 North Robinson, Oklahoma City, OK 73103.

"Be aware," says Murray. "Let others know, write your representatives in Washington. Tell the president you want a world that is not held hostage by nuclear weapons. Don't let the trucks just pass through."

FOR SOMETHING TO DO ON THE WAY TO RED ROCKS:
Peace Camps to be held at the Pantex Nuclear Weapons Plant near Amarillo (August 6-9) and at the Rocky Flats Nuclear Weapons Plant near Denver (Aug 3-9). Both camps will feature workshops, music, Hiroshima/Nagasaki commemorations, and nonviolent civil disobedience/direct action (nonviolence training required). For Pantex info, call 806-335-1715; for Rocky Flats, call 303-443-2822.

NO NUKES!

Al Green

OKLAHOMA CITY, OK
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POP ALBUM REVIEW

THE DEAD—SWEET, SOLID AND ALIVE

By RIP RENSE

Now from Arista, the record label that brings you Whitney Houston, it's... the Grateful Dead. Huh? Indeed, it's the summer of 1987: the Grateful Dead are on the cover of Rolling Stone... are releasing a new album, "In the Dark"... and have a single ("Touch of Grey") that already is a favorite of rock radio.

"In the Dark" is the 20th album in the Dead's ambitious but checkered 20-year recording history. It's the first to contain new material since 1980, and it's sweet and solid. You're probably never going to get the essence of this band on record, as any Deadhead will attest. The group shines most during audience-energy-fueled, inspired moments of serendipitous, shared improvisation only attainable in concert. Recorded Dead songs function more as snapshots in the GD family album than portraits of the group's greatest achievements. Each LP captures a profile here, a smile there, occasionally a group shot—always a different angle.

"In the Dark" is one of the best GD snapshots: an honest, big, friendly bear's paw of a rock 'n' roll album. It is remarkable for the same reasons that the GD are remarkable—the spontaneity, sweetness, bursts of unexpected power, the articulate and sometimes poetic lyrics (notably those of longtime lyricist Robert Hunter), idiosyncratic musical rapport unique to long partnerships. And it is certainly remarkable that a group can record anything at all after 22 years



Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia: "In the Dark," the Dead's new LP, is an honest, friendly bear's paw of a rock 'n' roll album.

together—let alone a work as pretty, hefty, humorous and sentimental as "In the Dark."

Disappointed in its last two, would-be-commercial LPs in 1978 and 1980, the group refrained from recording its last contractually owed Arista LP until this year. Jerry Garcia and band have long lamented that the GD has never been able to capture "that live spark" on record. It was with that goal that the just-back-in-action Dead went into Marin Veterans Auditorium last February (minus audience) and played these songs as they might in concert (albeit shorter).

There was minimal overdub-

bing, most of it vocal. If a solo was a little laid-back, a vocal line momentarily soft, the overall sound briefly overstocked, there was no retake of individual parts. It was an experiment, and it works. "In the Dark" is honest, fresh, and yes, alive—not assembled, layer-by-layer. There are at least two gems, both by Garcia and Hunter: "Touch of Grey," an absurdist anthem to survival, and "Black Muddy River," a poetic and poignant reflection on aging and death.

"In the Dark" marks a forthright, confident, potent and happy return to (recording) life for the Grateful Dead. "I will get by / I will survive"—indeed. □

Straightaway

on a burning cross
he softly speaks
gentle words
swords with fingerprints
God's dust
on a burning highway
heat splattered
wisdom
sucked freely
from the ovary
a child devours pain
realizing his strain
has gone
too far
and a bar
seems naturally right
as might lays down
upon the city's fear

another year
straightaway

by William Capozzi
Seaford, NY



Photo by Patti Smith
This familiar scene was spotted
in San Francisco International
Airport. Remind you of anything?



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THE NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, JULY 14 1987

Rock: Grateful Dead And Dylan in Concert



The New York Times/Angel Franco

Bob Dylan playing with the Grateful Dead in concert at Giants Stadium.

THE Grateful Dead relied on songs, not their famous free-form jamming, for their concert Sunday with Bob Dylan at Giants Stadium in the New Jersey Meadowlands. Performing two sets on their own, and a third as Mr. Dylan's backup band, the Dead set a new attendance record — 71,598 tickets — at the stadium. And while the crowd sang along, danced, clapped and celebrated as the Dead's loyal audience always does, the concert was an odd pairing.

The Dead and Mr. Dylan established themselves in the mid-1960's, and they're thoroughly compatible as musical partners. Both are steeped in bedrock American music, especially country and blues. But the whimsical optimism of the Grateful Dead collided with Mr. Dylan's dour inscrutability.

The six-concert tour with Mr. Dylan marks the release of "In the Dark," the first Grateful Dead album in seven years; the band played most of the album's songs on stage, along with material dating back to their first albums.

In the spirit of psychedelic freedom, the Grateful Dead rarely just recite their songs; they string them together in long, ambling sets where songs float out of a free-form jam. Those jams, different at every concert, have made the Dead one of rock's top live acts. Despite the fact that their records have never cracked the Top Ten, the Grateful Dead have been selling out stadiums for most of the 1980's, and playing to an audience that hangs on every note; on Sunday, they cheered a tempo change in the middle of a guitar solo.

The Dead are known for defying ordinary concert formats; two-set, four-hour shows are standard practice. They also defy standard arena-rock dynamics, tapering off songs where more conventional bands

pound to a finish. On Sunday, however, they broke their own habits. The opening hour-long set included nine separate songs, among them Mr. Dylan's "When I Paint My Masterpiece"; it rolled genially from new songs back through "Ramblin' Rose" and a roistering "Bertha." After a break came a compressed jam session, hinting at the Dead's more exploratory side but holding back; only at a point somewhere between "Playing in the Band" and "The Other One" — where the band's two guitarists, Bob Weir and Jerry Garcia, traded gonglike, sustained sounds with Mickey Hart on percussion — did the music head for uncharted territory. The two video screens on either side of the stage complemented the jam with digitalized mandala patterns, echoing 1960's lightshows.

Even playing separate songs, though, the Dead were full of life. And they seemed to have a good time backing Mr. Dylan, who chose from some of his best songs — "Stuck Inside of Mobile With the Memphis Blues Again," "Highway 61," "All Along the Watchtower" — and a few of his worst, including the ode to a mobster, "Joey." The Dead gave "Chimes of Freedom" a cha-cha feeling, and brought out the countryish side of "Tomorrow Is a Long Time" with Mr. Garcia on pedal steel guitar. Mr. Dylan — dressed in hat, jacket, leather pants and gloves in the 80-degree weather — sang with a nasal exuberance, sometimes reducing his melodies to two notes, but clearly enjoying the lift the Dead gave to the beat.

But the encore showed how far Mr. Dylan and the Dead have diverged. The Dead played "Touch of Grey," a twinkling, celebratory song that declares "I will get by/I will survive." Mr. Dylan returned with his "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," a song about someone who's dying. Perhaps the Dead shouldn't have given Mr. Dylan the last word. JON PARELES

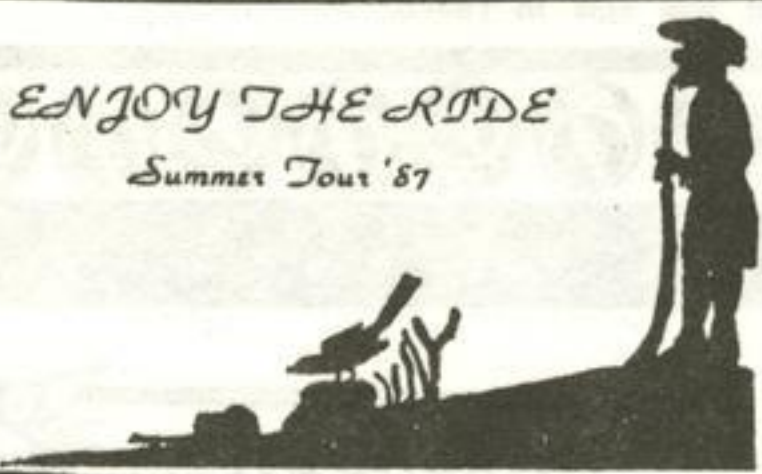
wow! a weekend at the beach. friday set up camp hassle for camping space or little white wristband. the show. they come on, jerry jams, all together, love, peace, birdsong beauty adn more friends, a hug, a brief conversation , meet people. love. walk back to camp, quiet , medatative.

saturday beauty, clouds but no matter we'll make the sun shine. meet special people. share our love share ourselves,become one. into the show. one swarming crowd monster line mass. pass security. a girl with beautiful brown eyes and i dance our love dance while the fat man melts. at break a man with a guitar plays me a song. think of me when you smile. pick me up, bring me light. nighttime charles returns, we share a cup of coffeee and our love. so much good energy. laughs , hugs, a bowl of grass to sweeten the air. ah sleep , beautiful dreams. sunday morning beach walk. sit play music, meditate. back into the mass but this time nothing could be better. first set weak, no room to dance up front, anyways too hot. space by the tapers to dance. andy's taping. scarlet begonias and fire on the mountain send me spiraling into spaces that never before existed. terrapin rains down beautifully. YOU KNOW OUR LOVE WILL NOT FADE AWAY. quinn the eskimo and goodnite. back to tent city. plans change and we move out tonite after a few minor catasteophes its back to hte road. so much love i hate to leave. i have ny memories of a beautiful time. see you next show. thank you for a real good time.

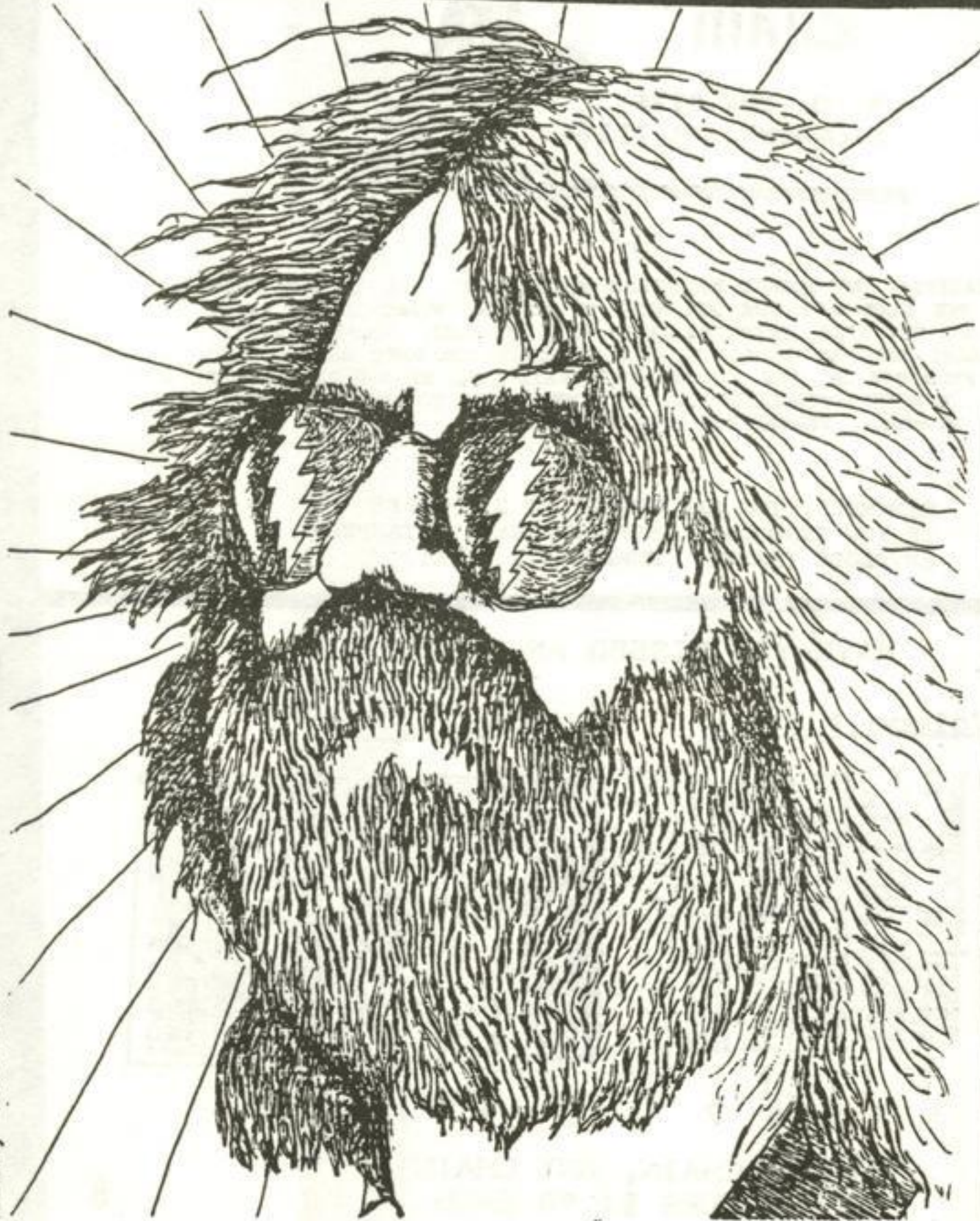
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 IT'S TRUE, I'M HERE.
 I AM SURROUNDED BY THOSE WHO UNDERSTAND.
 THE SONGS ARE SUNG TO MY HEART.
 I FEEL IT.
 I AM HAPPY.
 SOON, IT WILL BE OVER.
 THEN WE JUST WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT
 TIME WE ALL MEET AGAIN.

Alison Fries
 Waterville Valley, NH

CHAIN REACTION

continued...

How ya doing? Fantastic around here! We just got back from the Alpine Valley shows...OUTRAGEOUS!!! Friday night started the weekend out right. It rained a little but no big problem. Rain water or sweat, what's the difference? I couldn't believe it, they even got in some Jimi Hendrix (All Along the Watchtower). After Friday night's show I knew there was much more to come. And it did! They opened up Saturday night with Aiko-Aiko, and went up from there. Sunday afternoon was my favorite show. They played an unbelievable version of Birdsong, and excellent Drums/Space, and more (Mississippi 1/2 Step, Sugaree, Me & My Uncle, Uncle John's Band, etc.) Take care, Tony Powell, Lisle, IL

I've been "on vacation" for a few months, but am now radiant with afterglow of the Roanoke shows - didn't you think it was the perfect venue? "In the Heart of the Blue Ridge" - Roanoke seemed like one of the most gracious host cities on the East Coast. I'd much rather drive to Roanoke than across town to our hallowed Richmond Coliseum the way those local Nazis are. I only hope the Deadhead legions didn't upset the residents too much - I can see how people can feel bewildered and even offended by such a high profile, colorful phenomenon. But I think just maybe the "mountain folk" are more open-minded and tolerant of social mavericks and wanderers. I say let's keep the shows in Hampton and Roanoke and leave Richmond to wallow in its hypocritic self-righteousness. Aren't we all pretty thoroughly disgusted with the behavior of the city officials as regards us? Thanks!
 Jim Willcox, Chesterfield, VA

If you're ever in the DC area, check out the One Step Down and see if Marc Cohen is playing. Marc is a jazz pianist who plays something like Keith Jarett and enjoys doing spacy improvisations with his trio. If you're into jazz as well as the Dead, or if you're looking for a new musical experience, he is definitely worth the effort. Phone One Step Down, (202) 331-8863 for more info. Stay Grateful, Willie R. Thomas, II, Arlington, VA

The idea for the overlapping Dylan/Dead drawing came to me in Foxboro during the second set while I was trying to decipher Dylan's lyrics through Jerry's artful picking. You know, I've had a fair share of Grateful Dead experiences in my time (I've been a Deadhead all my life but only realized it 3 1/2 years ago), but I've never seen anything like that huge video screen at Sullivan Stadium in Foxboro. Everybody had a front row seat because Jerry and the Boys were larger than life! And when they started the photographic kaliedosescope halfway through the set, it brought about some minor flashbacks! I hope they have that set up in other places as well. Your friend, Brian McCartie, New Providence, NJ

I just got a flyer in the mail from someone who is trying to put together a book of "Grateful Dead Illustrated Lyrics". Drawings, photos, cartoons, designs NEEDED. Deadicated artists - be published! Your name in BIG PRINT. Interested folks should write to PEGGIO, P.O. Box 131, Myersville, MD 21773. Thanx! Liz Cook, Denver, CO

Just flew in from London yesterday to make the Alpine shows this weekend. Would you believe I met some Deadheads at Stonehenge on Sunday? It almost made my vacation talking to some Deadheads so far away from home. The funny thing about it was that they were from Barrington, IL (just a few minutes from my house). Keep up the good work! John Dahlstrom, Elk Grove, IL

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Just a note to say Hi to Janet from North Carolina and her daughter Stella Rose - hope to see the Toyota van parked in the Cap Center lot - keep in touch!

DEAD HEAD seeks correspondence. Please write: Richard Asselin, #86-C-677, Wende Road, P.O. Box 1187, Alden, NY 14004.

...AND NOW A WORD FROM WES

As you all know, the Grateful Dead's new album, "In the Dark" has been out for over a month and seems to be rapidly becoming a big hit. In Richmond, it has become the number one selling album. "Touch of Grey" and "Push Comes to Shove" are on the regular play lists of all three of our local rock stations, and awareness of the band is at its highest.

Now we want some input from you folks - what do you think of all this press? Do you like the album? We have heard several opinions, the loudest being "Is this gonna make the ticket situation even worse?" For the recent Roanoke shows, people waited 24 hours or more in line for tickets, and still hundreds of people showed up in Roanoke without tickets, creating the potential for a bad scene.

On the upside, there's the album - it is nice to finally hear "definitive" versions of those songs we all know - as well as being able to understand all the words! I don't however, think that the Dead are in danger of becoming a studio band - the album lacks audience - the Grateful Dead remain the greatest live band ever.

The main point to this note is that we would like to hear your views on this new phase of the band's history. This widespread popularity will undoubtedly affect us all in some form - what do you think? Let us know! Also, did anyone on the East Coast get Red Rocks tickets through the mail order? Just curious. I haven't heard of anyone.

In signing off, I'd like to thank everyone for your support, and we hope you like the new look of Unbroken Chain. As always, keep in touch!

Wes

Cont. from p 2 ALPINE REVIEW

passed by, handing out a little booklet of Dead drawings he and his friends have made.

"I've been into the Dead since I found a tape when I was in the fourth grade," said Jim, who is from Chicago. "I've gotten so much out of their music that I wanted to give something back, so we did these drawings."

At 15, Jim wasn't even born when the band started playing. But he can play almost any Dead song on his guitar if you ask him.

Before the concert began, Jim was able to convince about 20 very hip strangers to line up for a corny group photo. His exuberance was typical of Deadheads of any age.

Inside the gates an old man with long gray hair blew soap bubbles over the crowd. He cleared a path for a very pregnant woman wearing a halter top and buckskin skirt, who led her young daughter by the hand. The last generation opens the door for the next: Serious Deadheads believe they are part of a continuum of like-minded souls.

Hawk is from Arizona. His gauze pants were loose and roomy, for dancing. "I saw the Dead in Ventura, California, before coming here," he said. "We slept on the beach all three days. Imagine 200 people kicking back in front of a huge bonfire. There was this in-

credible aura. Do you get into that kind of shit, auras and all, man?"

"Love is love and not fade away." This chorus echoed over the valley for several minutes after the band had left the stage. The crowd kept it up until the Dead returned for one last song. Then the exodus began.

A smiling sea of humanity lapped up against a beach of vendors—Deadheads finance their travels by selling everything from tie-dyed T-shirts and long underwear to window decals. They call Dead bumper stickers the "Triple A of karma." With a Dead sticker on your car, you can drive anywhere and someone will honk and wave.

Three hours later, the parking lot was slowly clearing out. The Deadhead who was wearing a live boa constrictor around his neck was gone; so was the woman with the waist-length red dreadlocks.

Traffic was backed up, but the remarkable thing about a Dead traffic jam is that Deadheads let other cars out in front of them—true Dead idealism in practice.

Many were headed for the next concert in Toronto, then Rochester, N.Y. And after that, wherever the Grateful Dead play, the fans will follow.

What a long strange trip it's been.

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