

UNBROKEN ★ CHAIN



1945 ⚡ 1973

VOL. 3 ★ NO. 1

HAMNERJBB

JANUARY - FEBRUARY 1988

SECOND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

CHAIN REACTION

Wow! What a wonderful surprise in my mailbox today! Two Unbroken Chains even - of course one will be sent to my friend Toshiro in Tokyo. He'll love it I'm sure. You asked what I am doing over here in Japan. Well, I was hired by the Japanese Ministry of Education as an English language consultant/teacher. I visit a different junior high everyday. Two hour commutes one way to a remote fishing community on a tiny island are pretty common. Other times I travel two hours one way to some farming village way up in the Shikoku mountains. I love seeing parts of Japan that tourists would never dream of going to. I love to travel, and working with children is very rewarding as well. I am often asked by the kids what kind of music I like to listen to. Desperately trying to break the stereotype that all Americans like Michael Jackson and Madonna, I explain to them about the Grateful Dead. I am currently working on translations of Dead songs into Japanese which I'd like to work into my lectures. We shall see what kind of feedback I get. Thanks again! Peace, Mary Horton, Higashi Ishi-Cho, Matsuyama, JAPAN.

Hooray for the crackdown on the hordes of hawkers who have pilfered off of the notoriety of a great and selfless band. How many hawkers out there contribute a percentage of their earnings to the Rex Foundation, Seva or any of a number of charities? You could probably count them dancing on the head of a pin. Maintaining enough rules to tour with the Dead is one thing; using a marketing technique that reeks of a self-centered capitalism is proof that what goes around, comes around. Now if we can just get the T-shirt wavers to back up a few feet and not insult a genuine musical experience moments after its over. Joey Olshner, Morehead City, NC

Y'all are overreacting to this "Dead" icon copyright controversy. Fact: Skeletons, roses, lightning bolts, per se, are public domain - Halloween, Rose Parade, etc., right? What you cannot do is utilize combinations that the "Dead" organization originated, i.e. skull with roses (even though they ripped this off from Ruby Ant(?) woodcut), skull and lightning, etc. However, if you have a skeleton with a....banana, etc., get it copyrighted, then nobody (including Bill Graham) can use it. Also prosecute all violators. Ask R. Crumb about his battle for "Keep on Truckin'" logo if you think I'm overreacting. Regards, Jocomo Sloan, Roanoke, Virginia.

Lee Agnew really did it (Nov-Dec issue). That was the last straw! I am sick of people putting down "Hell in a Bucket" and "Don't Need Love". "Hell" is the show opener! What's wrong with a little anger in the music anyway? Does every song have to be happy or sad? I love the "battle" between Bob and Jerry when they hit it, Bob makes his guitar growl while Jerry retaliates - A true rocker, with barbaric intensity. "Don't Need Love" is the opposite - a "Peggy-O type song. The melody is beautiful. Make a tape of these two with Brokedown, Ripple. World to Give (Red Rocks '78), Looks Like Rain (Bob & Donna), and Lay Me Down, then cuddle up with your girlfriend by the fire in the winter, throw in Black Muddy River, too. Oh yea, Lady With a Fan, also, oh yeah, Baby Blue, Must've Been.....wait, wait, let's not get carried away here. See ya! Jon Erbst, Sherman Oaks, CA

(Editor's note: Lee Agnew wrote in to apologize about his Brent comments in the last issue. Really y'all, you must take Lee's comments with a grain of salt. They are usually meant to be funny, but sometimes he offends our readers. For that, we apologize! LPS)

It's a shame that the good press from Telluride couldn't have come from Providence. Gate crashing is really unbelievably bogus. One of the great attractions of the GD and Dead shows is the harmonious spirit that should undercut everything. Too bad that many East Coast shows could take a few hints from the atmosphere of West Coast shows. Hopefully, the selfishness of gate crashing and the general disregard for others will be left at Van Halen concerts where it belongs. Take Care, John Longmire, Littleton, CO.

Some information to be passed on about Winterland Production's recent crackdown on copyright infringements. I recently was approached by Winterland with a cease and desist order on two occasions about my t-shirts which Winterland claims are copyright infringements. So, I spent \$250 for two hours of a top patent trademark attorney's advice. He told me that Winterland is willfully breaking the law and stand to lose \$10,000 per illegal confiscation. I also fully believe that Deadhead's work should be original and my screens are in the spirit of the Dead. So keep up the good work, sell your stuff at the shows, be concerned about parking lot cleanliness, and kindly inform anyone about to confiscate for Winterland that they have no legal right and stand to lose \$10,000. I'll be right there with you. "J.R." of San Jose, CA (Name withheld upon request)

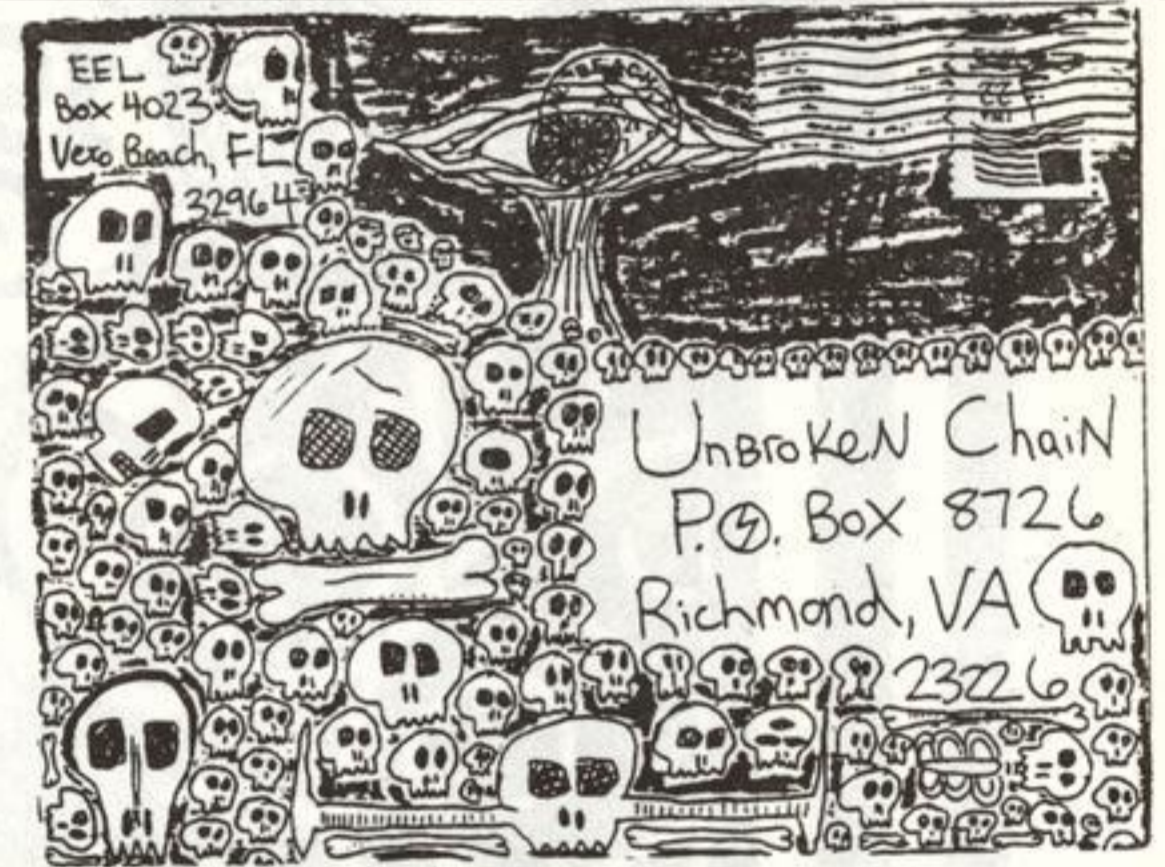


U.S. National Third-Class Bulk Rate, January 2, 1988

GENERAL

Unreality

A dose might do you some good.



12-26-87

Richmond Times-Dispatch

Range of poster art is Presley to punk

By Scripps Howard News Service

"The Art of Rock," Paul Grushkin's fascinating and wonderful assemblage of poster art from Presley to punk, weighs in at more than eight pounds; virtually all of its 516 glossy, heavy stock, 11-by-14 pages are filled with colorful art, accurately and beautifully transferred.

Grushkin worked on his "Art of Rock" (Abbeville Press, \$85) project for years. Long before he published his classic "Grateful Dead: The Official Book of the Dead Heads" in 1983, he was hounding poster collectors and accumulators for a look at what they had.

Along the way he encountered the poster artists, the concert promoters, the musicians, the retailers, the printers and all the others who were involved in the evolution of simple, printed billboard announcements into

the classic posters of San Francisco's psychedelic-rock era.

In his introduction, Grushkin catches the reader up to the breakthrough of psychedelia, both in music and art, in the Bay area about 1965. As is the case for each section the volume is divided into, Grushkin's running commentary is interlaced with comments - drawn from interviews - by those who were on the scene.

Throughout the book there are lengthy introductory segments that give way to pages upon pages of the photographed posters and other pictures.

Much the longest section of "Art of Rock," naturally, is the San Francisco Psychedelic Years portion, running 175 pages. Included are all 187 of the Bill Graham posters; plus dozens of pages of other Bay area-based stuff.

SET LISTS

LONG BEACH ARENA
Long Beach, CA
11/13/87
Bucket
Sugaree
Minglewood
Friend of the Devil--
Far From Me
Birdsong
Music Never Stopped

Bertha--
Women R. Smarter
Ship of Fools
Estimated--
D/S--
Wheel--
Gimme Some Lovin'
Wharf Rat--
Sugar Mag

Knockin' on Heaven's Door

LONG BEACH ARENA
Long Beach, CA
11/14/87
Shakedown
Rooster
Althea
Masterpiece
Hey Pocky Way
Deal

Maggie's Farm
Cumberland Blues
Playin' in the Band--
Terrapin Station--
D/S--
Miracle--
Stella--
Stones--
Lovelight

Quinn the Eskimo

LONG BEACH ARENA
Long Beach, CA
11/15/87
Aiko Aiko
Walking Blues
Candyman
Me & My Uncle--
Mexicali Blues--
West L.A.--
Cassidy--
Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet--
Fire--
LL Rain
He's Gone--
D/S--
Other One--
Mornin' Dew--
Round & Round--
Watchtower

Black Muddy River

Thanks to Rudy Contratti and Jon Erbst for setlists

NEW YEAR'S SHOWS 1987 - OAKLAND COLISEUM OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

12-27-87 Touch Jackstraw Peggy-O Walkin' Blues Ramble On Rose Me & My Uncle Big River Must've Been Roses Desolation Row Dough Knees ----- Playin' Uncle John's Estimated Eyes D/S Dear Mr. Fantasy Stella Blue Throwing Stones Lovelight ----- Quinn	12-28-87 Stranger Franklin's Mingleweir Row Jimmy Far From Me Masterpiece Sugaree Hell in a Bucket ----- China Rider Cumberland Women R. Smarter D/S Wheel Truckin' Smokestack Black Peter Sugar Mag ----- Black Muddy River	12-30-87 Hey Pocky Way Big Boss Man Greatest Story Friend of the Devil Mama Tried Mexicali Althea Cassidy West L.A. Let It Grow ----- Scarlet Samson Ship of Fools He's Gone D/S Miracle Gimme Some Lovin Morning Dew Watchtower ----- Baby Blue	12-31-87 HAPPY NEW YEAR! Bertha Promised Land Cold Rain & Snow Little Red Rooster Push/Shove Masterpiece Birdsong Music Never Stopped ----- Hell In a Bucket Uncle John's Terrapin D/S Other One Wharf Rat Throwing Stones NFA ----- encore: w/ Nevilles Smarter (Women R.) IKO Day-O Knockin' on Heaven's Door
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1988 TOUR DATES

February 13, 14, 16, 17 Kaiser Center
Oakland, CA (16th is Mardi Gras celebration
with Dr. John; 17th w/ special guests T.B.A.)
March 24 Omni, Atlanta, Georgia
March 26,27,28 Hampton Coliseum, Hampton, VA
March 30,31 &
April Fool's Day Meadowlands, East Rutherford, NJ
April 3,4 & 5 Hartford Civic, Hartford, Conn.
April 7,8 & 9 Centrum, Worcester, Mass.
April 11 Joe Lewis Arena, Detroit, Mich.
April 13 & 14 Rosemont Horizon, Rosemont, IL

Call the Hotline for details:

East Coast (201) 777-8653
West Coast (415) 457-6388

Greetings! Welcome to 1988 and the 16th issue of Unbroken Chain. This issue marks our second anniversary, and I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has helped along the way. Special thanks should be given to Hal Hamner and Al Leiser, who have supported us continually by designing covers and doing other assorted artwork. I also want to thank Rudy Contratti and Slick for providing us with set list information, and thanks to Kenny & Geri for helping distribute the Chain out west, and to our local distributors, Bohannon's, Unicus, New Horizon Cafe & Christian's market. Let's also have a big hand for Wes, who keeps the subscription rolls straight, as well as the fun stuff like accounting! Lots more thanks are in order here, but there are just too many folks to list. I wish I could personally thank everyone who sent us Christmas cards, they were greatly appreciated. The photo cards were especially neat. We enjoyed being able to see the faces of some of you folks!

Wes doesn't have his usual article to write this time. The response to his question in the last issue was minimal; we got all of two responses! I guess the topic just wasn't controversial enough to get the old ink flowing. So this time, Wes decided to put together a small questionnaire which is included on a separate sheet from the newsletter. If you can just take a minute to fill it out and send it in we would be most appreciative.

This month, we do have a special article which was written by two readers who are presently incarcerated. This article is not meant to be a lecture - it is written from the heart, and when you read it I beg you to take it to heart.

You may notice when reading this issue that there is a severe lack of photos. So, c'mon all you photographers out there, send us some snapshots!

One last note, now that the spring tour dates have been announced, let's see if we can be on our best behavior this year. We don't want to see or hear about any gate-crashing or other violent episodes, okay? We might also do well to try to clean up the parking lots as we leave. While inside the show, respect your brother's space, don't scream out the words to the songs or dance on top of others. If you think about the people around you there will be nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile!

NEW YEAR'S FROM A RED BEAN BAG PERSPECTIVE

howdy uc. i wanted to share this past new years radio show with you. it was one of those times when you could feel the wheel turn.

I was sitting, rather submerging, in a red bean bag chair when I realized there was a direct corolation between the pipe being passed and the "bean bag void."

Across from me sat Sam. Stoic in her lotus position with a turquoise blanket draped about her shoulders. She smiled at some cosmic reality, (which was escapeing me at the moment as I struggled to surface for air), but showed no other signs of earth bound life.

Next to Sam sat One Eyed Jack. He has two peepers like most folks but will tell you with a some-what manic grin that "they ain't shit compared to the other one."

He was sitting before Allison (Ally-son) rapping in one monstorous run on sentence about "the relevance of Brents synthesize sound effects in relation to the Dead's ability to transverse both time and space in a "Steven Speilbergesque ship" which enables the band to color their music on the living canvass of deadheads which are expanding at an astronomical speed which might have something to do with the heariding in of the New Age this summer but in most probability is really only as much as the individual wants to put into it and can not be measured with the traditional yard stick of time which is really no more than a concept evolved over the years by those very people who wish to remove the cosmic truth and replace it with the cold stainless steel mirror of reality that may be technically perfect to some degree but when a monkey wrench is thrown into the gears...watch out...because it all becomes ripped from the axis and falls unto itself like a house of cards or a black hole which is what I think Dark Star is really about but then again I'm putting significance on it which makes it what it was to begin with and for that reason alone I think Brents affect on the Dead will herald in the drums/space of the 1990's but then again it only means something if it dosent mean anything at all."

Ally would nod knowingly and flick the ash of her unfil-tered Camel in the general direction of an ash tray but missed every time.

I thought of moving the ashtray onto the pile of ash so she would'nt keep missing but Sam passed the pipe in my direction again and I just sank deeper into the gaping red maw of the giant bean bag chair.

The clock on the wall began to nudge 12:45 an that was sufficient motivation to set me free. I figured my best bet when submerged in a dangerous bean bag is to roll rather than stand up, and sure as your born it worked.

I cut short Bobby in the middle of a Lil Red Rooster screech and put in the first blank of the night, set the deck on automatic flip and tuned the receiver to the local station broadcast-ing the show.

Then I passed out the party stuff. A pirates patch for Jack, a Bozo wig for Ally, an Uncle Sam hat for Sam and a fake nose-glasses-mustache for me.

I got a beer and sank back into the bean bag. Well not much changed after that. Sam continued to look cosmically aware while I fought a life and death battle with the bean bag (which eventually won and swallowed everything except my feet), Jack kept rapping and Ally kept nodding...even when Jack said nothing at all.

Later after Kesey did his thing and the second set moved into that amazing drums/space/cryptical I snatched a glimpse out of the bean bag at my freinds.

Sams eyes were closed and she was swaying gently to the sounds deep within the folds of her turquoise blanket. Jack was wrapped around Ally and Ally was wrapped around Jack. They too had closed their eyes.

And then, like a wave upon the sand, I understood everything Jack had said.

Everything IS everywhere. Sure our bodies were in a cold studio apartment in Jersey City, but our hearts and minds were miles away. WE WERE THERE!!!! Dancing to the strains of Mickey and Billys voo-doo beat while Jerry doodled to Phils bass bombs and Bobby screeched. And perhaps most stunning of all were Brents "special effects". It was he who took us all to Oakland, for New Years 1988.

NEXT YEAR??? IT'S DIZZYING THE POSSIBILITIES!!!!!!

peace,

Glenn

glenn

Deadhead entrepreneur manages to beat lawsuit

By CHARLIE BRENNAN
Rocky Mountain News Boulder Bureau

BOULDER — Some Frisbees landed Jess Raphael a summons to court, but the University of Colorado law student had enough legal savvy to beat the band.

The Grateful Dead band, that is — Raphael's favorite musical group.

A self-professed Deadhead, Raphael was selling Frisbees emblazoned with the legendary band's likeness before their July 26 performance in Anaheim, Calif. But about 30 of the Frisbees were seized by vending enforcers who said they infringed on the band's copyright.

Raphael was issued a summons to appear in a Los Angeles municipal courtroom to answer the charge.

But Raphael isn't just another mel-low hippie.



Jess Raphael

With little more than one semester left in law school, Raphael, 26, knew enough law to question the method in which his contested merchandise was snatched.

"They didn't follow the terms of the (court) order allowing them to seize it," Raphael said.

He decided to fight back.

"I knew the law," he said. "I couldn't live with myself if I couldn't enforce my own property rights after all this time in law school."

Raphael — who also works part time in the Boulder district attorney's office — didn't show up in court. Instead, he sent his own legal brief, outlining a countersuit against the band he's paid to see about 30 times across the western United States.

The countersuit, which challenged the manner in which the seizure was conducted, sought \$350 for his lost merchandise, plus unspecified damages.

Attorneys for the San Francisco band offered to settle with Raphael out of court. The California native accepted.

"I think they were concerned that it might pose more problems for them, when they try to get another order to seize merchandise," Raphael speculated.

One wrinkle in the settlement developed when the Grateful Dead could find only 11 of his Frisbees, not the 30 or so he remembers having taken from him. But the band agreed to pay Raphael \$4.50 for each missing Frisbee — a \$3.50 discount from the regular selling price.

On Thursday, Raphael received his 11 remaining Dead discs, plus a check for \$150.

"Technically, the Grateful Dead bought my Frisbees," he said.

Although he considers himself victorious, Raphael is conciliatory toward band members.

"I see the logic of their position," he said. "They are putting on the show. They have the (commercial) rights to their own names and faces."

"Just the fact that they're the Grateful Dead, and haven't been enforcing (their rights) all these years, doesn't stop them from doing it in the future. It would be nice to enforce it more properly though."

Some of Raphael's Frisbees are on sale at the Pipefitter in Boulder. He's hoping sales of the merchandise will help him stay solvent until he graduates next summer.

AIDS benefit goes live

By Greg Cahill
IJ correspondent

IT WASN'T easy. Here was folk singer Joan Baez, wired for sound and shadowed through every waking moment last week while a "60 Minutes" reporter and production crew traced her steps for an upcoming segment on the CBS news magazine.

Baez loosened up for the cameras to give an open portrait of one of America's foremost activists. "I did some stuff I hadn't done before," she notes. "I danced for them — did 'em a tango!"

But CBS side-stepped the big story. Because the crew was heading back to New York before "The Christmas Concert," her sold-out show this Thursday at the Warfield Theatre — a benefit for the AIDS Emergency fund — "60 Minutes" decide to ignore her busy preparations for the event, an occasion that's consumed most of her time recently.

"It was a little awkward," Baez says, "because I'm very active with it at the moment and they just didn't want to hear about Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir having these rehearsals if they weren't going to show the concert."

New York's media moguls may have turned a blind eye toward the event, but the Bay Area has warmly embraced Baez's "spirit raiser" for the AIDS community.

The concert will feature Garcia and Weir of the Grateful Dead, Mimi Fariña, Linda Tillery, Emmett Powell and the Gospel Elite, the S.F. Gay Men's Chorus, the Lesbian and Gay Chorus and host Scott Beach.

The concert will be produced by Bill Graham and broadcast live beginning at 9 p.m. on KQED-TV (Channel 9) and simulcast on KQED-FM (88.5).

Proceeds from the concert will be donated to the AIDS Emergency Fund, a San Francisco-based organization that provides financial resources to needy AIDS patients throughout the Bay Area, including Marin and Sonoma counties. According to Hank Cook, president of the board of directors of the AIDS Emergency Fund, the all-volunteer group has raised \$375,000 this year through private and corporate contributions.

Joan Baez & Friends The Christmas Concert

Marin Independent Journal, Saturday, December 12, 1987



Joan Baez (above) and Bob Weir
MARIN IJ FILE

December 17, 1987
The Warfield Theater
San Francisco

Emmett Powell and the Gospel Elites

BOB QUOTE, BEFORE DARK HOLLOW

"WE'RE GOING TO DO A LOWKEY VERSION OF DARK STAR"

JERRY QUOTE BEFORE KNOWIN ON HEAVENS DOOR.

"THIS IS ONE YOU CAN CERTAINLY SING ALONG TOO"

* EACH PERSON SINGING A VERSE

TO END THE EVENING.
A VERY SPECIAL EVENT

MASTERPIECE
DEEP ELEM BLUZ.
VICTIM OF THE CRIME
BAD SONG

* DARK HOLLOW
* TURTLEDOVE DONE
DROOPED HIS WINGS
* KNOWIN ON
HEAVENS DOOR

JOINED ONSTAGE BY
EVERYONE, INCLUDING
JERRY & BOB. FOR
A SING ALONG OF
"LET IT BE"

Philadelphia Inquirer
November 8, 1987

DEADHEADS

continued from Page 18

exists in a world that I was brought up to think of as cold and harsh," Doyon says. "I never could have imagined it was so possible to see something so free and so open. I had almost a religious zeal about it. To me, the band means freedom — the freedom to do for myself. I fry burgers here, but I don't fry them for Burger King. I fry them for Chris."

It's amazing. It's... far out. There are more than 500,000 hard-core fans out there in America, the group figures — people who still find a home in the band's friendly hop-a-dop rhythms, old-man-in-the-mountain voices and sweet Jerry Garcia guitar. Just a few seasons ago, this band seemed impossibly square, their admirers as time-bound as the Amish. Now — without changing their message or their sound a whit — they are recognized as speaking directly to the times. And while pundits may speculate on whether the band's reborn popularity signals a shift away from national conservatism, this year the Grateful Dead had their first Top 10 hit album. They also toured tirelessly, showing renewed sparks after Garcia's recovery from a diabetic coma in 1986. They came to Philadelphia (their favorite East Coast city, it is reliably said) three separate times.

Their music is the rare piece of popular culture that is actually filled with the intimation of doom — they know and we know that we can all be blown up in a minute. And their answer is pure affirmation: Dance. Exult. Be free.

"Going to hell in a bucket," Bob Weir sings on their newest record, which is really the same old song, "but at least I'm enjoying the ride."

The fans call themselves "Jerry's Kids," as though the musicians in their familiar posts onstage weren't the usual rock stars to be adored, but beloved relatives to be cherished — favorite uncles, say, who've got a lot to teach about life's ups and downs. "If I knew the way," they've promised in song, "I would take you home."

The Dead's lessons carry a special cachet, learned as they were through the chancy crucible of psychedelics. The Dead sing of rolled dice and unanswered fate, of cards drawn and cards held. They sing of putting aside hatred, of taking on responsibilities.

Songwriter "Robert Hunter once said the only message in the lyrics is, 'Think for yourself,'" says publicist Dennis McNally. "That's what the band encourages: Think whatever you want. Just don't expect us to tell you."

A Grateful Dead concert is an invitation to ecstasy. Dozens of the faithful never even enter the arena itself, but dance like dervishes in the Spectrum tunnels. Inside, every fan is on his feet from the moment the houselights go down. The dancing starts with the tune-up and doesn't end for nearly three hours of music. Energy flows in a pulse from band to crowd and back to the band.

Kids in bandanas are waving at the stage and at each other, vowing never to be far from the music or the feeling of joy and connection that has warmed the place to a high heat.

"All these people are my brothers," says one of them, Sean Pecora, 17, of Toms River, N.J., with a flourish that takes in the entire throbbing Spectrum. "It's the people, man, that makes this great. I guess we're all the Grateful Dead."

THE KIDS DON'T TAKE TO KER-ouac's road anymore. The Haight-Ashbury has been redone in expensive real estate. There are few communes in the woods to head to. To the young and seeking in Reagan's America, there seems to be just one kindred signpost left. Good old Grateful Dead.

Twenty-one years after the Summer of Love, the Dead keep coming back to town, perennial standing-room-only attractions who persist in bringing the spirit of the Be-Ins with them, still green and flowering. The graying rockers are no fossil act. Their audience of today is teeming with teenagers among the 40-year-olds. Your typical Deadhead was just a toddler when the band was born, playing endless jams on then-legal LSD at Ken Kesey's 1965 Acid Tests, bending notes and minds at the very dawn of the hippie era.

Here's Chris Doyon, all of 23, who has made it his lifework to sell burgers, stir-fry vegetables and hits of laughing gas to hundreds of bearded, face-painted, barefooted, patchouli-scented, rainbow-colored, tie-dyed time-warp victims living in tents in the Spectrum parking lot.

"I saw my first Dead show when I was 14," he says, his sandy hair in a pony tail, as he asks a stranger to pass a joint. "I came home when I was 18."

That return to Brunswick, Maine, lasted a year. Then it was back on the road — "on tour," as true Deadheads put it. He says he's followed the band to nearly 100 concerts, paying his way around the country with his stir-fry earnings. The music is great, sure. But the real attraction is the crowd — loose and friendly and marijuana-hazy, sharing rides from New York City to Philadelphia to Mountain View, Calif., talking of peace, love and understanding with a straight face.

"I was blown away that something like this continued on Page 20

GEORGE AZAR is a freelance photographer whose last contribution to the magazine was a story about East Beirut. HOWARD GOODMAN is an Inquirer staff writer.





Staff photo Alexa Weich

The New Potato Caboose is set to rock the rollers tonight at New Horizon

The Caboose chugs into town

By Mel Oberg
Times-Dispatch staff writer

The Grateful Dead is banned from playing in the City of Monuments, but if you're looking to relive the long, lazy days and community spirit of the Summer of Love, there's always the New Potato Caboose.

Spudheads, Potatoheads, Cabooseheads or Deadheads. It doesn't matter what they call themselves, loyal fans pack clubs up and down the East Coast to hear the New Potato Caboose put their classic touch to a classic sound. They will return tonight to New Horizon.

Based in Washington, the band first came to the attention of rock 'n' rollers three years ago as a Grateful Dead cover band. Guitarist Don Laux is grateful to the Deadheads who've gotten them where they are, but reluctant to write his band off as just another cover band.

"When we put the band together in college, the common ground we had musically was a selection of Grateful

Dead tunes. It's how we copped a groove, but now it's become a whole lot more than a bunch of cover tunes. Our original music has become an important part of our show."

It's not surprising the Caboose's musical proportions have outgrown cover-band status. Consider this: Three members were classically trained at the Catholic University of America and another cut his musical teeth singing in a baroque choir.

And how many bar bands do you know that have seven (count 'em — seven) members — two drummers, three guitarists, a keyboard player and a bass player.

"The size of the band creates a lot of texture," Laux said. "It's a big sound but you have to be careful that you don't step on somebody's toes or get in the way of their licks. It's a musical challenge because you really have to listen."

"Of course, you still have the same size pie, and it has to go around to that many more people, but we all feel like it's worth it."

After three years in the business, the New Potato Caboose has joined the ranks of that brotherhood of East Coast bar bands that club owners can count on to fill their smoky honky tonks. Members of the Caboose, however, are banking on the popularity of the '60s sound to help them secure that elusive recording contract.

"We're a band looking for a recording deal. We feel like our time has come. Not only is it the next logical step as a band, but the way the music business is going."

"The musical environment is conducive to what we're doing — coming out with a new twist to a classic sound. Bands like the Georgia Satellites and the Bodeans are enjoying success by doing just that."

In the meantime, the Caboose will continue to take its 200-song repertoire on the road in its 15-passenger van. From city to city, state to state band members plan to "pull our belts a little tighter because we love what we do: getting that music out there for people to hear."

As far as Long Beach police could tell, most of the Deadheads were out of town Monday following the last of three weekend rock concerts by their beloved—but aging—Grateful Dead at the Long Beach Arena.

The final score: 79 arrests, mostly for drugs. "LSD, mushrooms, marijuana, alcohol and a combination of those," reported Sgt. Richard Wood, who nevertheless concluded, "I don't believe there was a major problem."

Another sergeant, Marc Pickens, noted that some of the 14,500 who attended the concerts were "running around nude." He saw it as "a return to the '60s" when the Grateful Dead rocketed to popularity with the hallucinogenic set.

While the concerts were in progress, Lt. Rod Michelson had observed, "We've probably got every weirdo here from 200 miles around. They're talking to trees and plants."

It was, in Wood's words, "quite an event."

TUES L.A. TIMES



Richmond Times-Dispatch
Wednesday, December 2, 1987

Not All Deadheads Are Acid-Gobbling

Owing to the conservative nature of this paper, I did not find it too hard to believe the small Associated Press article Nov. 17 on the 79 arrests at a Long Beach, Calif., Grateful Dead concert ["79 Deadheads arrested; concerts called peaceful"]. Being a three-day event, that comes to 26.3 arrests a day. Is that as bad as the one death of an underage teen-ager at the Aerosmith and Dokken concert [Nov. 17, "Alcohol overdose cited in teen's death"]?

I'm tired of this town's poor restricted, uptight attitude toward a band whose main purpose in life is not to spread drugs and ugly rumors but to make the world a better place through music. I'm tired of all Deadheads being stereotyped as "drugged-out, acid-gobbling hippies." I don't do drugs, nor do I drink. I'm working my way to a B.S. in psychology as a drug rehabilitation counselor. The Grateful Dead has not negatively affected my life nor the lives of many of my friends.

Please leave us alone. If you don't like the Dead or the Deadheads, don't come around. If you don't want your children to go, keep them home. If I need help in making choices for myself, I'll ask — don't make them for me. That is part of what freedom is all about.

JOHN MORGAN.

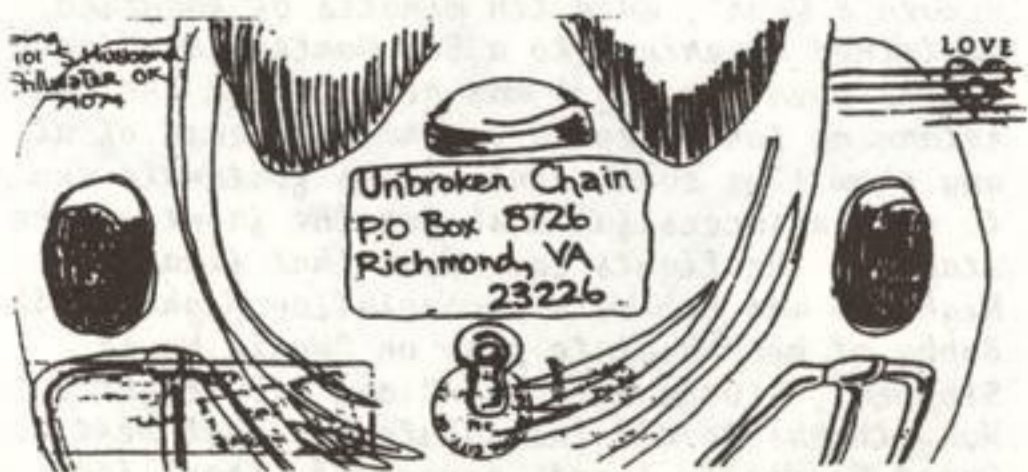
Richmond.

Around Town

Joe Strummer, sitting in on guitar with the Pogues last week at the Old Fillmore, delighted the capacity crowd with folksy reworkings of "I Fought the Law" and "London's Calling," two big hits from his old band, the Clash... Overheard at the recent Pink Floyd concert at Oakland Coliseum during the spacey first half: "We're at the wrong concert... Isn't this the Grateful Dead?" Unbeknownst to the speaker, sitting three seats away was Bob Weir of the Dead... Anybody asking Jerry Lee Lewis if he needed anything backstage during his show last weekend at the Old Fillmore got the same reply — "Yeah, I need a new wife" — while he paid extravagant attention to an attractive female friend of his wife's, with his wife looking on.

OUT OF THE BLUE REVIEW

If there is anyone out there who remembers the Cosmic Cowboy Underground on WDCE 90.1 FM or there are any Deadheads who are looking to hear some good music on an adventurous commercial radio show please check out the "Out of the Blue Radio Revue" on Sunday nights. The show which is hosted by local singer Page Wilson and features WDCE alumni Lazy Lightnin' and the Mexican Blackbird can be heard in Richmond on WTVR FM 98 and in Exmore (on the Eastern Shore) on WKRE FM 108 on Sundays from 8-11 p.m. The musical format is very eclectic and can best be described as "Purebred American Mongrel Music." We play country, rock, blues, folk, bluegrass and a whole lot more—including the Grateful Dead. Don't be fooled by the fact we're on a country station - we feature artists such as Neil Young, Bob Marley, Delbert McClinton and Taj Mahal that you won't hear on any other country station. If you're wondering about the Dead, here's two of our past sets: Once for a river set we played "Tennessee River" by Hank, Jr. into "Black Muddy River" by the Dead into "Gonna Sit on the Banks of the River" by Rev. Gary Davis. Another time we played "I Know You Rider" by the Seldom Scene into "Not Fade Away" by Buddy Holly into "Monkey and the Engineer" by the Dead. Please check us out on Sunday nights - I think you'll enjoy it. The Mexican Blackbird, Richmond, VA



OTHER DEAD PUBLICATIONS:

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No year-end would be complete without a run of shows, and even though it wasn't New Year's, the Long Beach shows were satisfying to the soul. The shows were in Long Beach Arena, a mid-size basketball arena on the fringe of the Los Angeles madness. The Queen Mary lies just across the bay and a large representation of the ship hung above the stage with a steal your face proudly displayed on the hull. I, however, being from Ohio, was a "lost sailor" in S. California, but the crowd was friendly and the band welcomed all. Jerry started out slowly (and quietly) but finished strong. Maybe his acoustic stint caused him some reluctance to cut loose the first show or two. His tunes were slow but very soulful. "Sugaree" "Friend of the Devil" "Ship of Fools" that first night were quiet, melodic, and his guitar seemed to not have proper volume. "Bertha" got the place rolling, and Phil really shined on "Gimme Some Lovin'" and "Bird Song." The second night was more charged. A large Saturday night crowd was in place and no tickets were available outside the arena. The first set was short but sweet, "Shakedown", "Masterpiece" and the new tune from Brent were very impressive. "Maggie's Farm" kicked into "Cumberland" to open set 2 and the place was reeling. Space became prevalent as the band moved through "Playin" and "Terrapin". Jerry chose a slow, precise "Quinn" to encore. The third show we saw despite being tempted by the REM show in Hollywood that the friends we stayed with attended. I'm glad we were there! "Iko" was a party with the crowd joining in (the music played the crowd). "West L.A." was appropriate and very intense, the rhythm section cooked this night. "Cassidy" held some deep clouds of space, and the second set opening medley had a very Latin feel with Jerry screaming "Fire!" much to the crowd's delight. Bob really got off on "Watchtower" with the frantic screaming surge to end the show on a very rowdy note. But Jerry brought us all back down to the ground with "Muddy River" which left everyone wanting more. Although these shows were not extraordinary, they were a lot of fun. The scene was not rowdy or violent and everyone was generally well-behaved. Security wasn't too tight and people were selling their merchandise without any hassle. Unfortunately, I will not be in Oakland for New Years, but you can bet I'll be looking hard at Chinese New Year or Mardi Gras before the Dead hit the East Coast again.

Tom Scott, Portsmouth, Ohio



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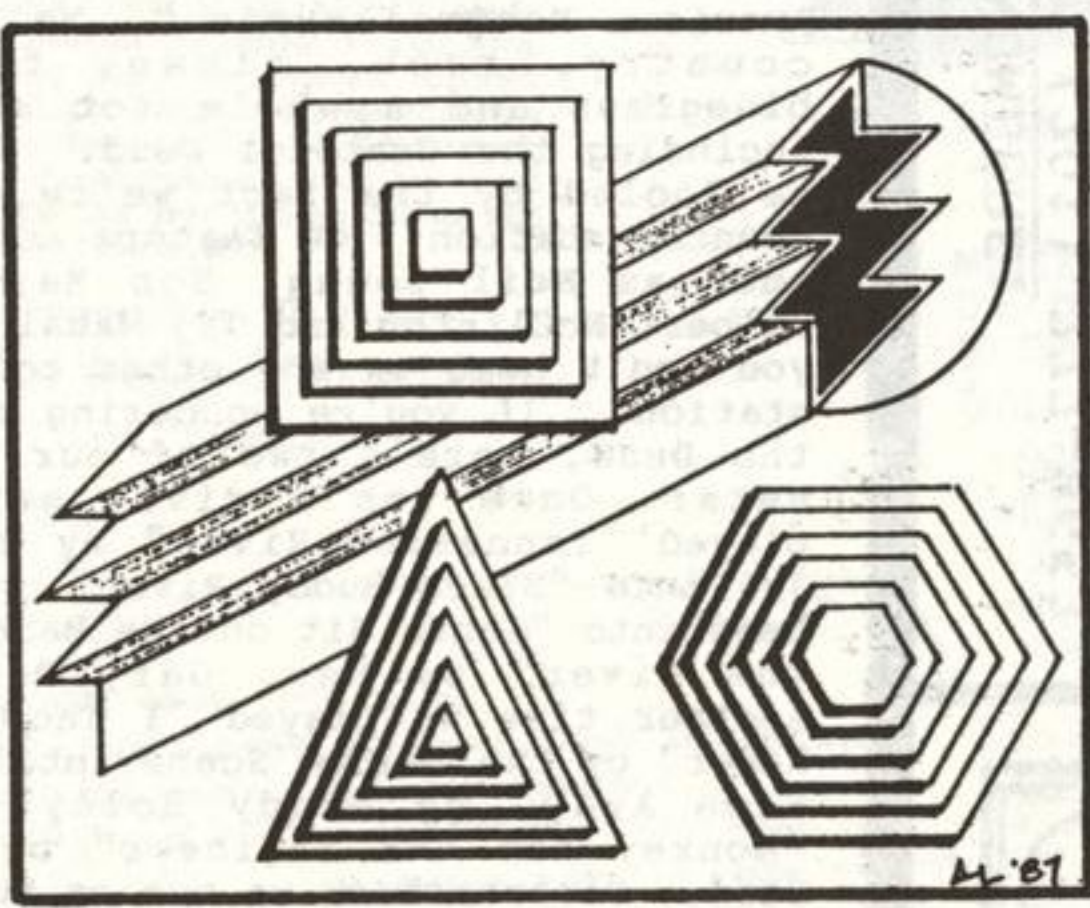
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• "The Grateful Dead — Folklore Motif and Rock and Roll Band": A hero spends his earnings to bury a corpse, and the ghost of the dead person helps the hero in future adventures. That is the age-old folklore motif known as the "Grateful Dead."
 University of Maine mathematics professor Robert Franzosa reviews the history of the motif, and relates it to the popular '60s band with the same name. "The Deadheads, the devout fans of the band, represent the hero of the tale, while the band itself, of course, portrays the grateful ghost and through the magic of music aids the hero," Franzosa writes.

JERRY GARCIA BAND
WARFIELD THEATRE
 11-29-87
 acoustic:
 Bright Morning
 Tennessee Hustler
 Ballad of John Henry
 On The Wheel of Time
 A Long Way to the Top
 Dreadful Wind & Rain
 Can't Find Love At the Crossroad Bar
 Ripple
 Ragged But Right

 electric:
 How Sweet It Is
 Stoned Me
 Simple Twist of Fate
 Mission in the Rain
 Dear Prudence
 Brothers & Sisters
 Lucky Ole Sun
 Midnite Moonlite

 Evangeline



REX REVIEW By Dan Murphy

Just got back from the Rex Benefit shows at the Kaiser in Oakland - it was the West Coast Deadhead scene at its best! The park across the street from the Kaiser was like the most incredibly colorful and exiting street festival you can possibly imagine - tie-dyed shirts, pants, hats, tapestries, and baby clothes for sale, bluegrass bands, talking drum players, dancing belled jesters, jugglers, and the smells of tenderloin shish-kebabs, veggie stir fry, and the sweetest, greenest Indica bud, the pride of the Northern Calif. harvest season! Sure beat the ruthless police state ruled over by the Nazis on horseback outside the Cap. Centre in September! The shows more than lived up to all of the spirited celebrations going on outside, opening up night one with a nice version of "Big Boss Man", showing they'd rehearsed it some more since night three at Red Rocks, followed immediately by a fantastic "Feel Like a Stranger". The "Let it Grow" that closed set one was yet another long and inspired version. But the highlight of the show was the second set closer "Morning Dew" -- "Watchtower"! Truly, it was the best of the old and the best of the new! Night two's magic moment came after the lights had gone up following an encore of "Knockin' on Heaven's Door", when ten minutes of frenzied, sustained cheering (to a Bob Marley soundtrack coming over the P.A.) was rewarded by the band returning for a second encore - unheard of at any show I've ever seen! I was fortunate enough to make a successful dash for the front of the stage as the lights came down that final time. Night #3 was Bob Weir Appreciation Night, with Bobby at his absolute peak on "Music Never Stopped", "Looks Like Rain" and "Lovelight". Many thanks to all the fabulously cool West Coast Deadheads I met, especially Frank from Oregon, Blaine and Linda from San Rafael and the girl from Hawaii with that killer Puna. See ya in Hampton for Spring '88! Take Care!
 Dan Murphy, Tampa, Florida
 (setlists to Rex Benefit shows are in Vol. 2, No. 8)

U·N·C·B·H·R·A·O·I·K·N·E·N



LISA'S POEM

by Timid (W.S.C.)

Frost creeps slowly over the tangled landscape.
Shadows from the moon creep long across the ground.
Against the sky clouds, like curtains, drape.
No noise disturbs this peace I've found.

Leafless trees faintly touch each other;
Keeping warm in the midst of winter's glory.
The shrubs stand alone, unlike the trees their brothers,
As this waxing night reveals its gentle story.

The wind whispers "Peace - be still" to me
As I beneath life's eternity sit.
The night perhaps subdues the beauty,
But the night cannot contain it.



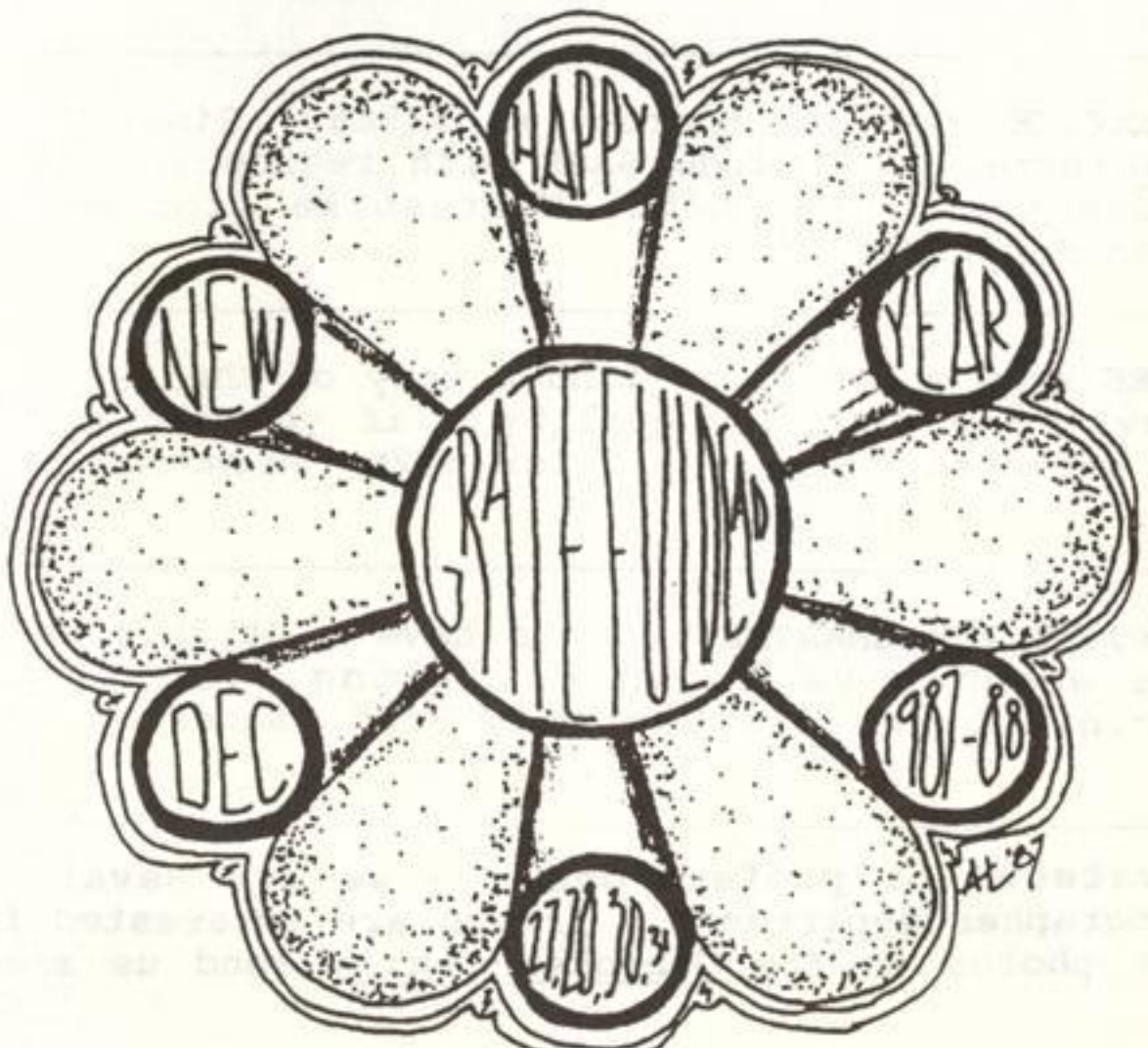
Here's THE MASTER'S SET LIST FOR
THE ACQUAINTANCE SET; LIGHT-FORUM, 2ND FLOOR 10/19/87.
COMPLIMENTS OF JON & CRYSTAL.

- 1 Deep Elem
- 2 I'm Troubled
- 3 Spike Driver
- 4 Short Life O' Trouble
- 5 Two Soldiers
- 6 Gone Home
- 7 Diamond Joe
- 8 All Around This World
- 9 Driftin' Too Far
- 10 Ripple
- 11 Ragged But Right



20 YEARS LATER: Grateful Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia (left) and Fleetwood Mac keyboardist Christine McVie (right) join with WNEW-FM disc jockey Scott Muni at New York's Hard Rock Cafe Tuesday for a live broadcast celebrating the station's 20th anniversary.

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The undercover cop is the guy (or gal) who wears a tye dye but tucks it into his jeans. He shouldn't be able to tell you what the band played in Hampton before the Rochester shows, but he can. He shouldn't have a beer in his hand or partake of your smoke, but he does. This dude even dances a bit. You wouldn't think he knew the words to "Sugar Mag" or "Throwing Stones" but I guess it is possible. I know, that's the guy that got me. Sharon and I had done almost all of the East Coast Spring Tour together that year, the key words here is almost. Nor are we together anymore, I was to learn to let her pass by. I loved that girl, I guess I still do, though she wasn't able to wait two or three years. She was young, wild and free, I taught her to be free after our fashion. Now, this isn't an "anti-drug" statement, nor am I one to tell you all what not to do...I myself have bought and sold and given away doses since I was a tyke. I have grown my own smoke, done the mushroom scene, I have lived the life. I love the Dead and I love my people, perhaps I will soon come home to it all, I don't know. I'm on a rough road right now.

I was nineteen then, I am almost twenty four now and it's been along strange trip boys and girls, a painful one, I'm writing to tell you. One full of frustration, violence and bad dreams. Prison is a bad trip void of caring brothers and sisters to talk you down, jail is worse than broke 'cause I ain't making much money right now. I won't go on with this train of thought, I can only hope that you're smart enough to get the message. It only takes half a brain, even one as burnt as mine, but I learned things the hard way. Rick asked me to write this letter, we in turn are asking Laura to print it because we want you to evaluate the very real possibility of taking on a total bust, to ask yourselves if it's worth the risk. For me, I don't feel that a four hit sale was worth it, a gram sale in singles wouldn't be worth it either. One of our songs tells us "watch each card you play and please play it it slow". I hope by God and by the love I have for you all, that prison isn't in the cards for you.
Shannon

Grooving at a show, blissful feelings surround you. You're having a great time and fine buzz soon sets in. Beautiful people everywhere, trusting souls each and every one. You meet some cool people and talk awhile. This leads to a communal sharing of one another's stash. You accommodate your new acquaintances by getting them some doses. Bummer, you've just been busted, the party is over!

The chances of this scenario happening are very slim, but unfortunately it will happen to a few. If you deal with drugs the potential does exist for getting busted. Remember, "nothing is for certain, it can always go wrong." There are hundreds of ways to get busted, and most of them "you can blame it on that simple twist of fate."

If you are busted, the Constitution will not protect you. Yes, the Fourth Amendment protects you from unreasonable search and seizure without probable cause. But being a Deadhead is probable cause. The Fifth Amendment requires that no one can be deprived of "life, liberty or property without due process of law." If anyone believes that due process of law exists, I would like to sell them some ocean front property in Kansas. The Sixth Amendment guarantees a speedy trial by a jury of peers, the right to confront witnesses, and the right to a lawyer for serious charges. My jury of peers were over the age of fifty. The witnesses who were confronted were coached by the Judge and D.A. on how to lie. My court-appointed lawyer was a bad joke.

I always thought that if I were busted, I would get probation or maybe get put in a rehab center, for I had never been in trouble before. But here I sit in a maximum security prison, amongst murderers, pimps, and rapists. That is a big change from being with the beautiful, loving people at shows. I want to convey a message that if you're going to deal with drugs you had better be able to deal with the prison scene. You had better be very adaptive to this unsympathetic environment and be prepared to fight. I hope that people who are living on the edge take a good look at themselves and understand clearly what they are doing. I hope that people understand the repercussions that drug dealing can bring to them. I hope if someone sees a loved one taking risks, they have the strength to help that person, before they lose them. I've had too many Deadheads living here with me; I don't need any more.

Thank you for reading my letter and thinking about the subject. If anyone would like to know more about the justice system, or prison, they may write me: Rick Asselin #86-C-677, Wende Correctional Facility, Box 1187, Alden, NY 14004.

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 Stanley Theatre show? Any set, any quality - if you can help,
 respond to Wes c/o Unbroken Chain, P.O. Box 8726, Richmond, VA
 23226. Thanks!

THAT'S RIGHT, THE WOMEN ARE SMARTER! Gotta have a sticker that
 proclaims what the women have known all along...any info
 appreciated. Virginia Luck, 209 Huntsman Road, Sandston, VA
 23150

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 lacking in the photographer department. If you are interested in
 seeing some of your photos in the Unbroken Chain, send us some
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