

O'Toole 88

CHAIN REACTION

We just returned from two shows at the Oxford Speedway, July 2nd and 3rd. The first night was totally nutz. Terrapin and Morning Dew were on fire. It was a no b.s. show and we were glad to hear Crazy Fingers and Jack Straw. The second night, well the biggest let down was no U.S. Blues for July 4. The boys left us hanging on Not Fade Away. However, gems such as GDTRFB and Looks Like Rain smoked. Brent, as usual, was going crazy on the keys, and Jerry's and Bob's guitar duel during space on that first night was incredible. We also got a taste of several new songs, which was nice. Is Bobby's hot pink permanent now? Keep up the good work, and see you at the next show. Chris Jacob & Jim Spratling, Casco, Maine. P.S. Are they really closing the Greek?

In my mind the boys in the band received one of their greatest compliments today. I was turning a friend of mine onto his first taste of live Dead via a tape of Ventura 7/21/84 which I just received from Wes. Anyways, in the middle of Drums/Space he suddenly exclaimed, "They just made Hendrix look like an ass!" He didn't seem to be speaking to anyone in particular, just making a statement. It really gave me a kick...I just smiled. Cheers, Phil Dyer, Vienna, Illinois.

I'd like to mention a couple of places I've seen the light recently: 1) An article called "What a Long, Strange Trip", by Ben Fong-Torres can be found in America, The Nissan Student Travel Guide. (Spring '88) I think it can be found in most college libraries. It's a good article on Deadheads and includes some pictures; 2) April '88 issue of Easy Rider features a bike called "Dead Sled" along with a model named Stella Blue. It also had a good little article. 3) Mellow Mail mail order catalog, which among other things, sells paraphernalia, lingerie and sex toys. In the back, they have an ad for Grateful Dead T-shirts! Rick Asselin, Alden, NY

I had started writing you right after Hampton but never did send the letter. In it I ranted about bottle rockets and fireworks that abound in the parking lots. I hate the things. The noise and mess is bothersome and scary. This might simply be my personal hangup, but after enjoying so much visual, aural and olfactory stimulation during the shows, coming out to run the gamut of bottle rockets puts a bit of a damper on my mood. Secondly the garbage left behind is something to contend with. Kiki Parsons, Fayetteville, NC (Editor's note: I agree wholeheartedly. The parking lot after the Oxford shows was like a war zone, and there amidst tents, people, cars and very dry forests, stupid people were shooting off these things that they had no control over. I am thankful to still have my eyesight!)

Just wanted to let you know about this gathering we are having in Kennedy Park, Madison, WI on August 20-21. The "Head Family Reunion" is a free, overnight camp out. Just bring a lot of your own beverages (due to the drought), tents, food, water, musical instruments, etc. Vlada Ljubic, St. Francis, WI

That editorial you reprinted from the Richmond paper really made my blood boil. Someone should point out to those jerks that the three Dead shows brought between two and three million dollars to the Hampton economy. The motel manager at the place I stayed in Norfolk wasn't complaining about his no vacancy sign, nor were many busy restaurant and 7-11 store owners. It is hardly unusual to have to hire some clean-up people after a mass public gathering, nor did Deadheads originate the idea of stealing towels from motels. I'm not saying that all is well in parking lot land. There are a lot of messy pigs who don't make the slightest effort to clean up after themselves--this is a problem everywhere, though it does seem especially acute at Dead shows. It is not going to go away because of self righteous exhortations for cleanliness. But the mess could be reduced if the Dead organization woke up and started to make real preparations to cope with the inevitable onslaught whenever the band comes high steppin into town. For example, at Hampton there was only one overflowing trashcan for every 1,000 or so concertgoers. Why not hand a trashbag to every incoming car? If the accountants in San Rafael are worried that this modest idea might eat into profits, I'd be willing to pay an extra 10 cents per ticket to pay for trashbags. Likewise, it would not break the bank to provide a few more porta-potties either. One more suggestion. The vast amount of broken glass at shows is disgusting. Like it or not, most heads are going to continue to bring beer to shows. It would save a lot of cut feet if people brought cans, not bottles. Dancing on broken glass is no fun. It's up to all of us, including the Dead organization, to make sure that the music never stops. Sincerely, Howard Park, Alexandria, VA.

(ed. note: Good points...but I think the Dead organization beat you to the punch on the trash bag handout idea...they were very visible on east coast summer tour handing out trashbags and information regarding the very real possibility of the Dead not being allowed to play anywhere anymore-that is if the Deadheads don't start to shape up.)

Honey Vizer
123 Rosewood Dr
Lansdale PA
19446



MESSAGE TO DEADHEADS:

June, 1988



"When life looks like easy street
There is danger at your door."

Too true. The Grateful Dead has an ugly, dangerous problem at its door, a situation bad enough to put our future as a touring band in doubt. Part of our audience - a small part, but that's all it takes - is making us unwelcome at show site after show site with insensilve behavior including flagrant consumption of illegal substances (including alcohol), littering, and general disturbances of the environment.

We didn't invent Dead Heads; you created yourself. And what you came up with has been, generally, the best audience around; supportive, civil, and hip to the realities of America in the late 20th century - in other words, a crowd that treats police, local security, neighboring people and businesses like people. But the expansion of the Dead Head world on the heels of our recent successes means that there are people out there who don't understand the tradition - and they're ruining it for everybody, including us.

More security or more rules aren't the answer - you guys know what righteous behavior is about. Because you created your scene, it is up to you to preserve it. That means talking with each other and us about how to improve things. There will be a Grateful Dead information booth in the vending area at some of the shows on this tour - stop by and talk with our folks there. Or write us at "c/o Grateful Dead", P.O. Box 1260, San Rafael, CA 94915.

Remember, only you can prevent this trip from becoming a drag.

GRATEFUL DEAD

Bill, Jerry, Mickey, Phil, Bobby and Brent



Save Our Planet

Nuclear destruction, toxic contamination, and the ruthless slaughter of animals threaten the ecological balance and the very existence of our planet earth. YOU can make a difference! Work with Greenpeace, the international environmental group, to educate and protest about environmental dangers and nuclear war. Offices in 27 U.S. cities. Full-time and part time positions. Earn \$175 to \$300 per week. Call Casey at (202) 667-7814.

MOVIE - Drama, 90 min. **
The Trip (1987) Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper in director Roger Corman's psychedelic tale of two LSD freaks. Sally: Susan Strasberg, John: Bruce Dern.
A-1647V GUIDE

SHADOWS, DARKNESS EVERYWHERE I TURN
MY HEART STARTS TO POUND, MY EYES START TO BURN
A BLACKNESS LIKE VELVET COVERS US ALL
I CAN'T SEE A THING, I TRIP & I FALL
I LIE IN THE SILENCE, THEN GET TO MY FEET
THERE'S SOMETHING DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF ME
I STRETCH OUT MY HAND & FEEL A KNOB OF PRASS
TWISTING IT SLOWLY
I PLUNGE THROUGH
AND LAND ON SOME GRASS
I FEEL IT'S EMERALD LIFE THEN LOOK DOWN TO MY TDES
AGAINST THE GREEN EXPANSE LIES A BLOOMING RED ROSE
I SEE THE LIGHT & HEAR A SOUND FILLING MY HEAD
AND I SMILE WHEN I REALIZE IT'S THE GRATEFUL DEAD

KERLI

Thanks to the COSMIC RECYCLERS! Mark Welch, Clinton, WI

6-17-88
Bloomington, MN
Hell in a Bucket
Sugaree
Minglewood Blues
Row Jimmy
Far From Me
Masterpiece
Althea
Victim or the Crime

China Cat
I Know You Rider
Estimated
Eyes
D/S
The Wheel
Gimme Lovin
Watchtower
Black Peter
Lovelight

Black Muddy River

6-26-88
Pittsburgh, PA

Mississippi 1/2 Step
Little Red Rooster
Push Comes to Shove
Mama Tried
Big River
Cumberland Blues
Gentlemen, Start
Your Engines
Big Railroad
Music Never Stopped

Touch of Grey
Playin' in the Band
Uncle John's Band
D/S
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude
Black Peter
Lovelight

Black Muddy River

7-2-88
Oxford, ME

Aiko Aiko
Jackstraw
West L.A. Fadeaway
Stuck Inside Mobile
Row Jimmy
Blow Away
Victim or the Crime
Foolish Heart

Crazy Fingers
Playin'
Uncle John's Band
Terrapin
D/S
The Wheel
Gimme Lovin
Watchtower
Morning Dew
Sugar Mag

Quinn the Eskimo

July 15, 1988

Greek Theatre
Berkeley, CA

Shakedown Street
Walkin' Blues
Friend of the Devil
Queen Jane
Dire Wolf
Never Trust a Woman
Cassidy
Bertha

Scarlet Begonias
Fire on the Mtn.
Women R. Smarter
Ship of Fools
Estimated
D/S
I Need a Miracle
Wheel
Gimme Some Lovin
Mornin' Dew

Lovelight

6-19-88
Alpine Valley
Miss 1/2 Step
Feel Like a Stranger
Good Times Blues
Ramble on Rose
Little Red Rooster
Birdsong
Promised Land

Foolish Heart
Playin' in the Band
Uncle John's Band
D/S
GUTRFB
I Need a Miracle
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

Knockin'

6-28-88
Saratoga, NY

Hell in a Bucket
Bertha
Walkin' Blues
Candyman
Masterpiece
Row Jimmy
Victim or the Crime
Foolish Heart

Scarlet
Fire
Estimated
Crazy Fingers
D/S
I Will Take You Home
GUTRFB
Miracle
Stella Blue
Not Fade

Knockin'

7-3-88
Oxford, ME

Hell in a Bucket
Sugaree
Walkin' Blues
Tennessee Jed
Queen Jane
Birdsong

Touch of Grey
Hey Pocky Way
Looks Like Rain
Estimated
Eyes of the World
I Will Take You Home
D/S
GUTRFB
I Need a Miracle
Dear Mr. Fantasy
Hey Jude

Not Fade Away

July 16, 1988

Greek Theatre
Berkeley, CA

Music Never Stopped
Sugaree
Little Red Rooster
Loser
Memphis Blues
Far From Me
Bird Song

China Cat
I Know You Rider
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin
D/S
I'll Take You Home
Other One
Stella Blue
Around & Around
Saturday Night

Knockin'

6-20-88
Alpine Valley
Jackstraw
Box of Rain
West L.A. Fadeaway
Stuck Inside Mobile
Deal
Cassidy
Don't Ease

Victim or the Crime
Cumberland Blues
Blow Away
Ship of Fools
Truckin'
Terrapin
D/S
Other One
Wharf Rat
Round & Round
Good Love

U.S. Blues

6-30-88
Rochester, NY

Box of Rain
Cold Rain & Snow
Minglewood Blues
Ramble on Rose
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali Blues
Far From Me
Queen Jane
Don't Ease

China Cat
I Know You Rider
Sampson & Delilah
Believe it or Not
Truckin'
He's Gone
D/S
Other One
Wharf Rat
Throwin' Stones
Lovelight

Brokedown Palace

* 7/10/88 Greek

III. JGB Electric
How Sweet It Is
Mission in the Rain
Like a Road
Get Outta My Life Woman
Run For the Roses
Forever Young
Deal

Harder They Come
Stop That Train
Bros. & Sisters
Don't Think Twice
Evangeline
Lucky Ole Sun
Don't Let Go

July 17, 1988

Greek Theatre
Berkeley, CA

Foolish Heart
Greatest Story
Althea
Me & My Uncle
Big River
Candyman
Let it Grow

Box of Rain
Victim or the Crime
Crazy Fingers
Playin' in the Band
Uncle John's Band
D/S
GUTRFB
Watchtower
Believe it or Not
Throwing Stones
NFA

Brokedown

6-22-88
Alpine Valley
Let the Good Times Roll
Hell in a Bucket
Candyman
Walkin' Blues
Push Comes to Shove
Queen Jane
Tennessee Jed
Let it Grow

Foolish Heart
Looks Like Rain
Scarlet
I Will Take You Home
D/S
The Wheel
Stella Blue
Lovelight

Quinn the Eskimo

6-23-88
Alpine Valley
Aiko Aiko
Minglewood
Must've Been Roses
Me & My Uncle
Mexicali
Stagger Lee
Masterpiece
Birdsong
Promised Land

Hey Pocky Way
Believe It Or Not
Women Are Smarter
He's Gone
D/S
I Need a Miracle
Gimme Some Lovin
Watchtower
Morning Dew!!

Blackbird ('Cooustic Bob)
Brokedown Palace

6-25-88
Buckeye Lake, OH
Feel Like a Stranger
Franklin's Tower
Box of Rain
Sugaree
Stuck Inside Mobile
West L.A. Fadeaway
Cassidy
Deal

Victim or the Crime
Blow Away
Foolish Heart
Terrapin
D/S
Other One
Wharf Rat
Throwin' Stones
Not Fade Away

Knockin'

EVENTS

July 9, 1988

Frost Amphitheatre

Jerry/acoustic-----Hot Tuna

Deep Elem Blues

I'm Troubled

All Around this World

Ballad of John Henry

Little Sadie

Blue Yodel

Turtle Dove

Diamond Joe

Dreadful Wind & Rain

Swing Low

Ripple

Babe It Aint No Lie

Good Nite Irene

Hesitation Blues

Walkin' Blues

99-yr. Blues

Ice Age

Broken Highway

Embryonic Journey

SF Bay Blues

I'll Be Alright Someday

Movin Day Blues

Kill Time Crystal City

Water Song

July 10, 1988

Brent Acoustic

Bobby w/ Brent

Bobby w/ Bobby

Jerry Garcia Band

The Greek Theatre

I. Brent

Far From Me

Love Don't Look Pretty

You Know How I Feel

I Will Take You Home

Gentlemen Start Your Engines

Devil w/ Blue Dress/Good Golly

Hey Jude w/ Bobby

II. Bobby

Walkin' Blues

Masterpiece

This Time's Forever

Shade of Grey

Cassidy

Twilight Time

Victim or the Crime

Throwing Stones

Blackbird

III. #

HOT LINE NUMBERS:

EAST COAST (201) 777-8653

WEST COAST (415) 457-6388

1988 TOUR DATES

Laguna Seca, Monterey, CA

July 29, 30, 31

Tacoma, WA

August 26

Eugene Oregon w/ Robert Cray

August 28

and Jimmy Cliff

Capital Center, Landover, MD

September 2, 3, 5, 6

Spectrum, Philly, PN

September 8, 9, 11, 12

Madison Square Garden, NYC

September 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20,

22, 23, 24 (SEVA)

Shoreline, Mtn. View, CA

September 30; October 1, 2

Miami, FL

October 14

St. Petersburg, FL

October 15, 16

New Orleans, LA

October 18

Houston, TX

October 20

Dallas, TX

October 21

Long Beach, CA

November 9, 10, 11

Oakland, CA (New Year's)

December 27, 28, 29 & 31

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This banner was batiked by Nancy Sluys at Spectrum Batiks. Check out her quality clothing! Not an unhappy customer in the bunch!

Thanks Nancy! from Unbroken Chain



Sunday, July 17, 1988

The Grateful Dead get back to nature with \$2,500 check

"What is the Grateful Dead?" asks a puzzled Sean Connery in the movie "Presidio."

Apparently, Sean, they're a group of people who respect flowers, trees and green, green grass. And when they learned that their fans nearly destroyed a park in Hartford last April, the Dead came alive.

The group just sent a check for \$2,500 to the Bushnell Park Foundation, which is trying to spruce up the area trashed by the fans. They also sent a note of apology.

"We appreciate the hospitality afforded our fans by the City of Hartford which enabled them to camp in Bushnell Park," the group said.

"We're sorry for any difficulty this may have caused. We enjoy playing in Hartford and recognize that a great deal of work and planning must go into accommodating our fans."

And by the way, Sean, the Dead is a rock group.

The following is a list of folks whose Unbroken Chains have been returned to us by Mr. Postman for various reasons. If you are or know any of the people listed, please tell them to write us. We don't want them to stay UnChained!

- Jeff Hale, Lemon Grove, California
- William Daniel, Charlotte, NC
- Chris Tutty, Rochester, NY
- Daniel Page, Richmond, VA
- Teal Dixon, New York, NY
- Jodie Lemson, Athens, OH
- Henry Stribling, Richmond, VA
- John Miller, New York, NY
- Andre Puccio, Boca Raton, FL

LOST MAIL

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SOLAR CIRCUS!

- 8/11 John & Peter's New Hope, PA
- 9/18 Raritan River Festival, New Brunswick, NJ

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE UNDEAD

Secrets of success

Mac Wilkins, who won the Olympic gold in 1976 and the silver in 1984 and who continues to compete in the discus, told Christine Brennan of The Washington Post that he always goes by three rules: "Dream and be creative like a hippie. Be crazy and take risks like the Hell's Angels. Have the discipline and perseverance of a Boy Scout. To me, those are all-American virtues."



License plate tells it all.



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W. Dire
Wolff



Photo by Eric Sobie Hampton '87

Grand Opening
UNICUS INC.
 1617 PACIFIC AVE.
 NEAR THE CORNER
 OF PACIFIC #17 &
 104-491-6677
 Virginia Beach, Virginia

One More Saturday Night
 (1986) R: Strong language.
 Episodic account of a week-
 end in small-town Min-
 nesota. Larry: Tom Davis.
 Paul: Al Franken. Peggy:
 Molra Harris. (1 hr., 35 min.)
 *)—Fri. 11:50 PM (R)



Bob Dylan, about female rock performers
 "I hate to see chicks perform. Hate it. Because they whore themselves. Especially the ones that don't wear anything."

New Woman Magazine August 1988

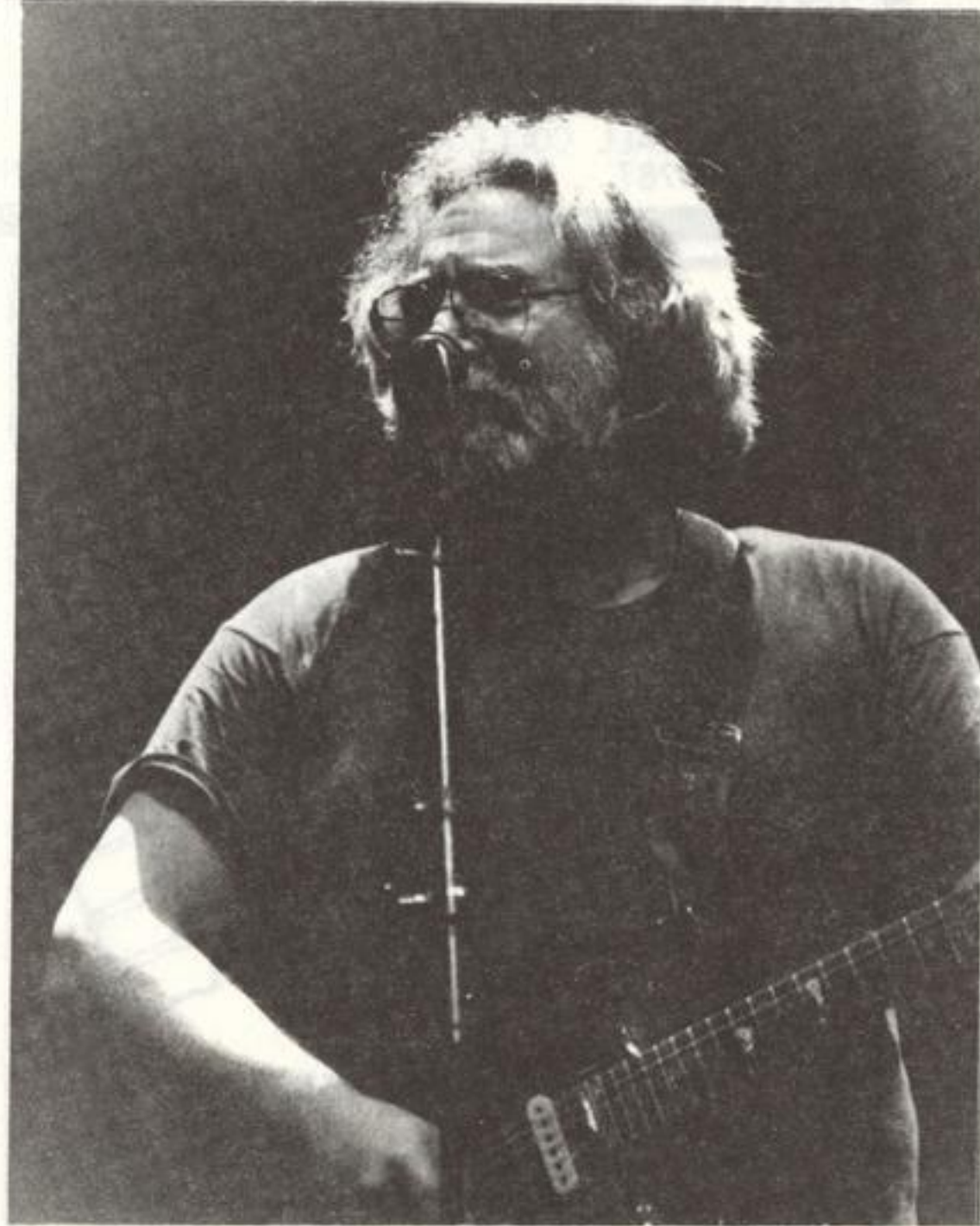


Photo by Eric Soble Hampton, VA 3/87

laura, wes, interested onlookers, greetings from the bottom of the top of the world.

i suppose that getting on the bus implies getting bounced around alot when the shock absorbers--bummer absorbers, if you will--wear out. well, lately i've been getting bounced around more than i care to, so i think rather than grumbling about the nonsmoothness of the ride perhaps we'd better pull the old sucker to the roadside and check out the suspension.

in the "old days" (what--24 years ago?) when the bus would die, cassady would hop out and fix it, or one of the other mechanistically-twisted pranksters. 'course, then, they had a physical bus... the metaphysical bus repairs, far as i can tell, went to kesey. he's on a long-term sabbatical in oregon. now, i ain't no kesey, and noone else is ever going to be a cassady, so please don't take this for any more than you think it's worth. "the sage advice of a certified nonmechanic..."

let's sum up the symptoms, for the sake of newcomers and old: gate-crashing, property destruction, uncautious drug consumption (alcohol is a drug, too), big-time capitalism, malaise among the true believers, confusion among the interested, growing anger among those who don't understand, a rising call to *do something*. which, all in all, sounds like the grateful dead has caught the late-20th-century flu. i like to call it the death spasms of western civilization, but that's my opinion; and when i say that what i mean is the end of western civilization's attempt to assimilate all other cultures into itself. you know. the white man's burden. you encounter some natives on the beach. what do you do about them? or you encounter a whole bunch of primed teenagers who are aimlessly drifting in the backwash of MTV. what do you do about them? this is a hard question. many have written in with their suggestions. this is mine: the question has no meaning to me. who are you? an illusion. who are they? another illusion. you can wish them away as long as you are willing to dispense with yourself. if not, then i'd suggest that everybody get real. how do you do that?

well, to get real we must get together. you know, one love, one heart, feelin' alright. you say, "well, i'm together, and they're together, but their together is ruining it for me." it takes a mob to crash gates. it takes a mob to create the kind of scene we're getting right now. so the real question is how do we prevent the mobs from forming, those bummers-on-the-hoof?

well, i've seen a lot of mobs, from KKK rallies to panty raids. i think i've got some ideas on how they come into existence. they are just another side of the group mind thing, and can be dealt with at that level. they start with an existing pattern of frustration among the majority of the members of the group. usually the frustration of denial. (i'm not a freudian and i'm not going to dig around into the sexual basis of that.) they identify with one another. the anger which they have kept within floods the group. suddenly, one or two brains overload on one idea--<attack word> the <perceived opponent>!!!--and madness ensues. once you let a mob get to this point, there aren't many peaceful solutions left. there are other ways to achieve "that sense of freedom" which characterizes the grateful dead experience at its best, and one of the reasons i am so attached to the grateful dead is that they can acheive their results without creating a mob. well, could, anyway...

obviously, then, the thing to do to prevent a mob from springing up is to feed it alternatives. the mob is trying to focus its energy into a spasm of destruction. distract that focus. move among the crowds you find--even the crowd that says "nuke the russians"--and feed them things to ponder. as bob weir himself says, "don't get in their faces." he's right. don't get in their faces. get in their heads. when you get in my face, you piss me off, even if you're right. when you get in my head, that's when magic happens...

love, mystic wilson

Deadheads

Deadheads are people with a child-like faith in the ultimate goodness of humanity.

Deadheads may grow old, but they never really grow up. They would rather play frisbee than the stockmarket. Happiness is a bottle of bubbles, a strip of stickers, a VW camper and tickets for the next Grateful Dead tour.

Deadheads deal with adversity by remembering that when they've done all there is to do, "there's nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile."

Deadheads want to live in a peaceful world; A world where all men and women of all races and nationalities are one brotherhood of unique individuals living in harmony with each other.

Deadheads don't mind being different. Although often misjudged because of their unique appearance, their choice of clothes, hairstyle and living standards is their statement to the rest of the world that they are unwilling to blindly accept the doctrines of a society which builds bigger bombs while ignoring their hungry neighbors.

Deadheads don't strive for wealth or possessions. They prefer Dead tickets to diamonds, tie-dyes to tuxedos, and friends to financial abundance.

Deadheads see the beauty of nature's simplicity. They would rather dance in a summer shower or walk barefoot through a rippling mountain stream than to dine in fine restaurants or attend social gatherings.

Deadheads will share with anyone in need. If they have anything to share--they will. Be it money, food, energy, encouragement or just a smile, Deadheads share their blessings.

Deadheads believe our forefathers meant what they said when they wrote our Country's Declaration of Independence declaring all citizens have the right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

Deadheads are special people.

© 1986 - Lois Glover

DEADHEADS THEN + NOW

... AND SO, LIKE, WE WERE SITTING AROUND LISTEN' TO VINTAGE '67 DEAD AND TRYIN' TA FIGURE OUT, LIKE... WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

SHAMAKE SHAK LEMASSEN...

"...THE DIXIE CUPS, THE SNAKES, THE LIGHT SHOWS AND MOON DANCERS. HAD WE LEARNED ANYTHING?"

"THE BUS SEEMS SO FAR AWAY, BUT..."

"... IT'S ENGINE STILL THROBED IN OUR HEARTS LIKE SOME STEEL TEETHED DINOSAUR, READY TO EAT MEAT AGAIN..."

"WHY HAD THE DEAD LASTED ALL THESE 20 YEARS, AND WHY DID THE MUSIC STIRR US ALL TO SUCH DEEP EMOTION?"

"WE REALIZED THERE WERE NO ANSWERS..."

"... BUT IT WAS BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US!"

TO BE CONTINUED...

Classifieds

1987 YEAR-AT-A-GLANCE - complete '87 setlists on the flip-side of 8-1/2" x 11" glossy B & W photo of Bob Dylan & the boys at the boys during the filming of the "Throwing Stones" video. Just send \$1.00 per request with two 22 cent stamps to Printknot Printers, 3600 Green Street, Harrisburg, PA 17110.

IN SEARCH OF THOSE headed west late this summer. Contact Tonia at 1241 Warwick Drive, Virginia Beach, VA 23456.

HEY JOHN from Southside Richmond! Dancin' at the Neville Brothers at the Richmond Centre was SENSATIONAL! I made a new friend but now I can't find you. Stay in touch. From a familiar face in the crowd. Peace, Bonny, 1588 Whippoorwill Road, Richmond, VA 23223.

PUREBRED AMERICAN MONGREL MUSIC in your ears every Sunday night, 8-11 p.m., on FM 98.1 WTVR. From Richmond to Charlottesville, Norfolk, Fredericksburg, Roanoke Rapids, and points beyond..... Out O' the Blue Radio Revue.

WANTED: Used copy of "Garcia: A Signpost to New Space". Will pay up to \$100.00. Jim Green, 2015 62 Street, Brooklyn, NY 11204.

SERIOUS TRADER HAS 200+ hours of high quality GD, mostly soundboards. Will have some 1st gen. tapes of summer tour. Will trade for excellent quality tapes only. Your list gets mine. Barry Berman, 132 Herndon Pl., Danville, VA 24541.

CUSTOM LEATHER CASES for Sony D-5 -> NAK 550-350. Send SASE or call me. Rudy Contratti, 17 Napa Avenue, Fairfax, California 94930, (415) 454-8902.

STILL LOOKING FOR "Space is for Deadheads, not warheads" sticker. (Josh Alvarez wants one too.) Is help on the way? Lee Agnew, 801 N. University, Norman, OK 73069.

DEDICATED TRADER: Have 250 hours of high quality soundboard and audience Dead. Send lists to Uncle John Turner, 40 S.E. Roosevelt, Bend, OR 97702.

WANTED: High quality soundboard or audience of these shows: 3/24/73, 7/27/74, 3/18/77, 9/23/72, 10/19/71, 7/12/70 and 6/11/69. Also desperately in need of 88 Hamptons in soundboard or FM. I have over 600 hours of Dead and related including excellent soundboards of these dates: 12/29/77, 2/23/71, 7/21/84, 8/6/82, 6/19/87, 4/30/88 (FM), 9/3/77, 5/8-9/77, 5/26/72, 2/14/70, 8/1/73, 8/21/72. Also interested in Zappa and others so lets hear from ya. J. Straw, 9306 Classic Road, Glen Allen, VA 23060.

Unbroken Chain

P. O. BOX 8726
RICHMOND, VA 23226



Dear Readers: Thank you VERY MUCH for all the support you have shown since our last issue. We appreciate all of the subscriptions and donations a great deal. I suppose the announcement in the last issue regarding non-subscribers scared a few people. I

apologize if it sounded harsh, as I look back I see that it was a bit...ah well, it worked anyway! Let me modify the new rule a small bit just to make the situation a little clearer. If you would like to receive U.C. free, send us a SASE, but include a little something besides your SASE, like a dollar, a letter, poem, review, artwork or anything. Or refer a friend to us by sending a SASE for him or her as well. Basically what I'm saying is hey, we put a lot of time and effort into this thing, so won't you too? There are many of you out there who have done just that, and even though we aren't able to personally thank everyone who has submitted to the Unbroken Chain, we want you to know that we do appreciate it. We'll be here as long as you guys support what we're doing...That's all we ask! Thanks again y'all, and keep those subscriptions coming in. *Jam*

UNBROKEN CHAIN SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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\$5/3 ISSUES

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BACK ISSUES: \$1.00 EACH - ALL

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