

# Avery Fisher Hall

*Home of the New York Philharmonic  
Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts*

*Sunday Evening, November 18, 1984, at 8:00*

RON DELSENER  
presents

## JERRY GARCIA

*Solo/Acoustic*

JOHN KAHN  
*Bass*

*with  
Special Guest*

ROBERT HUNTER

In consideration of the performing artists and members of the audience, those who must leave before the end of the performance are asked to do so between numbers, not during the performance.  
The taking of photographs and the use of recording equipment are not allowed in this building.



# Meet the Artists

Jerry Garcia, as a member of the Grateful Dead and as a solo artist, holds a unique position in the world of rock singer-guitarist-composers. His command of various musical styles is such that any material he approaches comes out bearing the mark of his personality. It's been a while between non-Dead LP projects for Garcia, but *Run For The Roses*, his newest solo album, has all the qualities that have made him one of the most respected figures in contemporary music. Recorded with class-A instrumental support from keyboard players Melvin Seals and Jimmy Warren, drummer Ron Tutt, and bassist John Kahn, *Run For The Roses* contains a number of Garcia-Robert Hunter originals, plus songs by Bob Dylan ("Knockin' On Heaven's Door") and Lennon & McCartney ("I Saw Her Standing There"). Other tracks include "Valerie" and the title song (both of which Garcia has often performed in concert), "Without Love" (originally recorded by Clyde McPhatter), "Midnight Getaway," and "Leave the Little Girl Alone."

Garcia has been making music since age 15, when he got his first guitar. In the early '60s, he began to discover folk, country, and bluegrass music, performing with various groups (like the Hart Valley Drifters). His own jug band, Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions, also featured Ron (Pigpen) McKernan and Bob Weir. In 1965, with some changes in personnel, they plugged in, became The Warlocks, and then the Grateful Dead. The Dead, famed for their loosely-structured marathon sets, their inspired improvisation, and their eclectic panache, built a following over the years that rivals that of any other rock group in loyalty and numbers, and Garcia's contributions as writer-singer-player have included such Dead classics as "St. Stephen," "Dark Star," "China Cat Sunflower," "Casey Jones," "Uncle John's Band," "Bertha," "Sugarbee," and the list goes on and on.

By now, the Grateful Dead are indelibly established as one of rock's most durable, fanciful, and respected bands, even if they are somewhat baffling to David Letterman. The Dead, and especially Garcia, have always

been restless for musical expression outside of the group format. This has led, in Garcia's case, to the birth of The New Riders Of The Purple Sage, to spin-off groups (such as his collaborations with Merl Saunders and Howard Wales, and with bluegrass musicians in Old And In the Way), and to sessions with friends. He's an irrepressible experimenter, refusing to be locked into any one mode for very long. Garcia's sung the songs of Hank Williams, Smokey Robinson, Irving Berlin, and Mick Jagger and Keith Richards. Jazz, country, electronics, and rock oldies have all been given his distinctive touch. He branched out into movie-making with the acclaimed *Grateful Dead Movie*, greeted by reviewers and faithful followers alike as the best film of its kind.

In the five years since *Cats Under The Stars*—his first project on his own for Arista (and Garcia's favorite solo LP)—much has transpired in the career of the Grateful Dead: a few studio albums, a couple of live double-LP sets, frequent tours (including stops at Radio City Music Hall and the Great Pyramids of Egypt), and video projects for cable-TV and home consumption. But in the midst of his Dead activity, Garcia has found the time to go on his own excursions, playing solo dates, and shows with a band that included longtime collaborator John Kahn. As Garcia asserted on his last sabbatical, "The Dead is always my first priority, and we figure out what time we can devote to our solo projects by getting together and hammering it out."

Formerly with Paul Butterfield, John Kahn dropped into one of San Francisco's great old clubs, The Matrix, to jam with Garcia one night in 1970...and has continued as Garcia's powerful "second set of hands" ever since. The various Garcia Band configurations have included musicians like Nicky Hopkins, Ron Tutt, Merl Saunders, and Vassar Clements in bands like Old And In The Way, the Legion of Mary, and Reconstruction. Aside from regular national tours, John has collaborated with Garcia in writing, arranging, and producing many solo albums.



# Concert Etiquette

The performing arts season is getting into full swing. Audiences—wherever the local orchestra, opera company or drama group isn't out on strike—are set to enjoy the entertainment and inspiration of performing ensembles of every description.

One thing is certain: for many, the performances will be marred by thoughtlessness on the part of too many people who otherwise consider themselves good citizens. These people ignore the simple rules of courtesy, or unconsciously destroy the peaceful environment necessary for enjoyment of many of the wonderful performances being offered a generally eager and appreciative audience.

Here are some rules that should be reprinted in every program book in America. Simple common sense and courtesy will vastly improve the serenity and happiness of sharers in the magic of the arts.

## Thou Shalt Not

**Talk.** The first and greatest commandment. Stay home if you aren't in the mood to give full attention to what is being performed on stage.

**Hum, Sing or Tap Fingers or Feet.** The musicians don't need your help, and your neighbors need silence. Learn to tap toes quietly within shoes. It saves a lot of annoyance to others, and is excellent exercise to boot.

**Rustle Thy Program.** Restless readers and page skimmers aren't good listeners and greatly distract those around them.

**Crack Thy Gum in Thy Neighbors' Ears.** The noise is completely inexcusable and usually unconscious. The sight of otherwise elegant ladies and gentlemen chewing their cud is one of today's most revolting and anti-aesthetic experiences.

**Wear Loud-Ticking Watches or Jangle Thy Jewelry.** Owners are usually immune,

but the added percussion is disturbing to all.

**Open Cellophane-Wrapped Candies.** Next to talking, this is the most general serious offense to auditorium peace. If you have a bad throat, unwrap your throat-soothers between acts or musical selections. If caught off guard, open the sweet quickly. Trying to be quiet by opening wrappers slowly only prolongs the torture for everyone around you.

**Snap Open and Close Thy Purse.** This problem used to apply only to women. But today, men often are equal offenders. Leave any purse, opera glasses case or what have you unlatched during the performance.

**Sigh With Boredom.** If you are in agony—keep it to yourself. Your neighbor just may be in ecstasy—which also should be kept under quiet control.

**Read.** This is less an antisocial sin than personal deprivation. In ballet or drama it is usually too dark to read, but in concerts it is typical for auditors to read program notes, skim ads and whatever. Don't. To listen means just that. Notes should be digested before (or after) the music—not during. It may, however, be better for those around you to read instead of sleeping and snoring.

**Arrive Late or Leave Early.** It is unfair to artists and the public to demand seating when one is late or to fuss, apply make-up and depart early. Most performances have scheduled times; try to abide by them.

There are other points, of course, and each reader will have a pet peeve we have omitted. However, if just these were obeyed, going to performances would be the joy it was intended to be and we all would emerge more refreshed.

*Byron Belt is critic-at-large for the Newhouse News Service.*

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