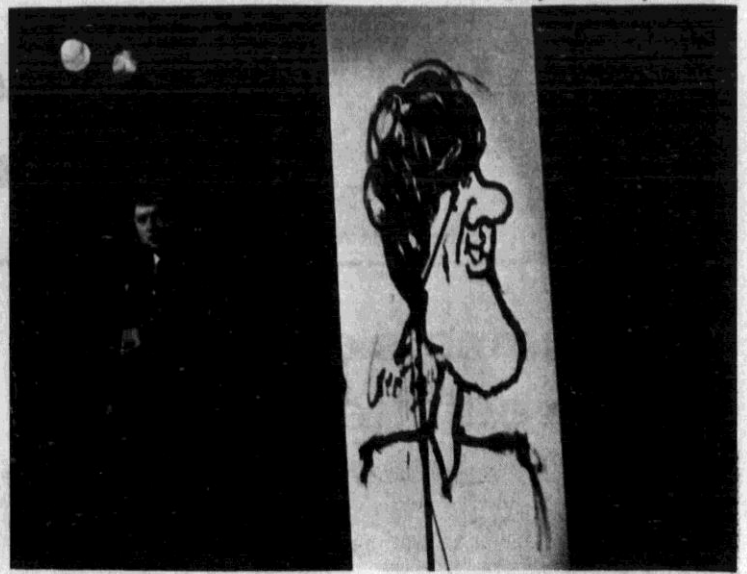
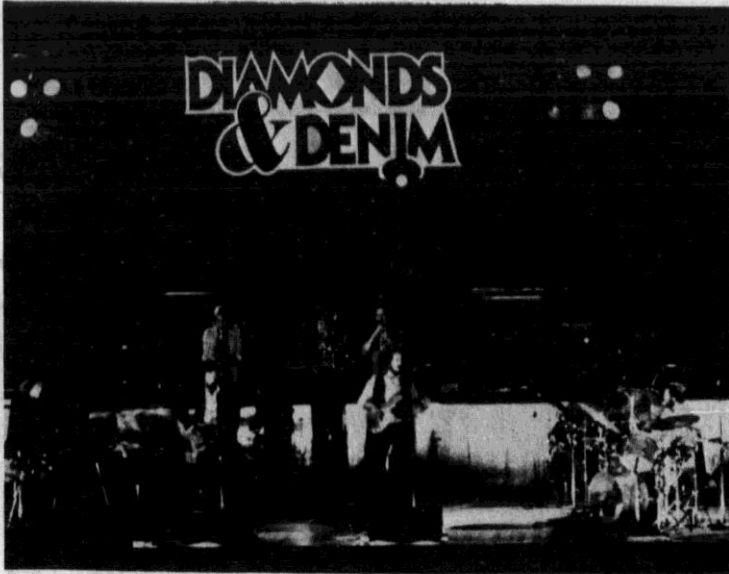




THE BAND

IN

1979-82



Governor's gala

A pre-inaugural gala entitled "Diamonds and Denim" was a showcase for Arkansas talents in many realms of the arts Monday night at Little Rock. Among those performing was the RCO All Stars, at left, composed of Levon Helm, a former member of country rock innovators "The Band" and the Cate Brothers, a recording group hailing from Springdale. At right is Gov. Clinton

standing beside a caricature drawn on stage by George Fisher, cartoonist for The Arkansas Gazette at Little Rock. Clinton himself, took part in the act, playing "Summertime" on the saxophone, accompanied by composer Randy Goodrum of Hot Springs. In all, 20 acts appeared, their offerings varying from opera to dance, theater and comedy.

Bulletin -- Nelson

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L.A. WEEKLY February 22, 1979

Comers
Sam Phipps

LIKE MANY MUSICIANS IN L.A. or any other big city, Sam Phipps has several irons in the fire. Usually he can be seen as a member of the Mystic Knights of the Oingo Boingo, contributing to their tight ensemble horn sound, switching between tenor and baritone sax. Once in a while—most notably February 12th at the Century City Playhouse—he puts together a more adventuresome group of players to do his own compositions and collective improvisations. That particular concert, which was sponsored by Rhino Records, featured Noah Young on bass, Bill Vogel on drums and John Hernandez on drums. They also performed a live midnight show on KPFF, the local Pacifica station, on the 9th.

But Phipps doesn't want to be typecast as a total spaceman, because right now his heart lies with still another group, the Dream Between band, which performs Phipps tunes and features Garth Hudson, formerly of the Band, on keyboards. Recently, Dream Between "recorded a number of songs and are trying to get a major label interested," Sam told me. "If that doesn't happen, I'm going to issue it myself. It's the first time I've recorded that I'm really happy with it." A strong-willed young man, to be sure.



PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE: Sat., March 10, 1979

11:30 p.m. ① ④ ⑦ Saturday Night Live. This week's host is actor Gary Busey, recently nominated for an Academy Award for his title role in "The Buddy Holly Story." Musical interludes are provided by the venerable and much honored composer Eubie Blake. (90 min.)

AUG. 29
RICK DANKO
FORMERLY OF "THE BAND"
&
ROBBY ROMERO
& THE BOYS FROM BELEN

AUG. 31 &
SEPT. 1
ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL
WITH FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS

SEPT. 7 & 8
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GLENN YARBROUGH

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Friday, Sept. 14, 1979 News Journal
1 a.m.

Channels 3, 4 and 13 — **The Midnight Special** — Pop star Bob Welch, formerly of Fleetwood Mac, hosts tonight's show. In addition to performing "Hot Love, Cold World," "Outskirts" and three other tunes, Welch welcomes red-hot rocker Van Halen, reliable vets Rick Danko and Paul Butterfield, Electric Light Orchestra ("Don't Bring Me Down"), Elvin Bishop, John Mayall, the Whizz Kids, John McVie and Spencer Davis.



Danko, Butterfield and band on the bus and having fun

By JACK GARNER
D&C Popular Arts Editor

Rick Danko leaned back on one of the crushed velour, cushioned seats in his heavily carpeted touring bus. He was relaxing after the first of two shows Monday night at the Red Creek in Henrietta.

Danko was dressed in a black leather jacket, and wore sunglasses, even though he sat in a dimly lit corner. His black hair was mussed from his habit of running his fingers through it while on stage.

The former bassist and singer with The Band, and a participant in some of rock's great moments, nervously fingered a cigarette and a wine glass, and talked about his latest venture — a six-week cross-country tour with five other musician friends.

Among those friends is the new group's other leader, blues harmonica master Paul Butterfield, a longtime Danko associate who also was selected to join The Band on stage for their farewell concert in 1976. A concert chronicled in Martin Scorsese's film, *The Last Waltz*.

THE BUS was parked alongside the side entrance to the Red Creek. Outside, Danny the driver talked with fans, trying to keep things friendly, while limiting access to the musicians.

In the bus, Danko talked slowly and cautiously at first, but later grew more animated and friendly, eventually tossing off his sunglasses.

"I got on the telephone, and called up some friends who've never played together before," he said. "I don't have a record out at the moment, so I get on a lot of sailing cruises and stuff. I have a sailboat myself. This is put together like a sailing trip, you know what I mean? Here we are on this bus and we're having fun and doing what we want because we want to do it."

"We'll be doing it for about six weeks, at a pace we decided upon, which isn't too strenuous. But it gets attention, at least of ourselves."

DANKO WAS always the most animated of the five members of The Band, the mostly Canadian group that backed Bob Dylan on early folk-rock concerts and albums. They eventually stepped from the shadows with a sound that combined folk, rock, blues and other elements into a distinctive musical style that somehow captured a spirit of America and a feeling for an earlier age.

Though The Band typified a sense of community, it nevertheless focused on the vision of lead guitarist and composer Robbie Robertson. Still, each of the other members made major contributions to the group's sound. Danko, for example, was one of the group's three closely aligned but subtly different vocalists, as well as its rhythmic, rock bottom bass.

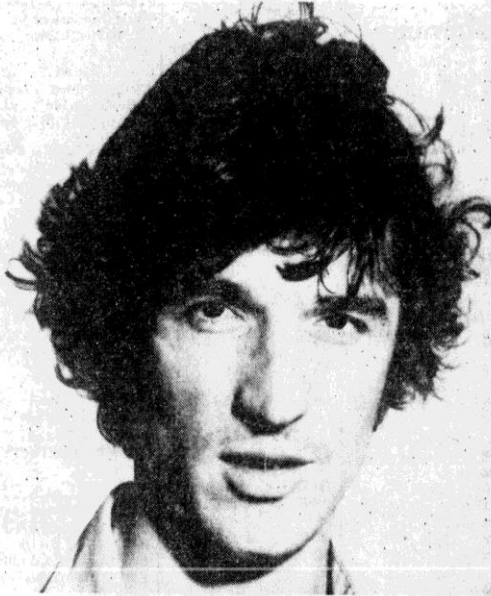
Since the group split up after a Thanksgiving concert in 1976, each of the members has been pursuing individual projects. Drummer Levon Helm and Danko have been the most active with solo recordings. Danko's second solo album, in fact, is due out in a few months.

Danko said he "certainly hopes" The Band is in his future. "We all keep in touch." He didn't discuss any specific reunion plans, however. The breakup was amicable from the start and reunion albums or concerts have always been considered a possibility.

DANKO LIVES in Malibu now — and

one of his neighbors is his former employer and one-time composing partner, Bob Dylan. Danko said he isn't really surprised by Dylan's recent conversion to Christianity, reflected in his new album of religious songs. "I think Bob's more into the spiritualism of it all, and not the structure." He

Turn to Page 12C



Rick Danko is on the road with a new touring band.

Blues, Beach Boys and The Band combined

Who would have believed it — a former Beach Boy singing lead on a Brian Wilson tune while a Chicago blues giant plays harmonica, a member of The Band sings harmony and a former Peter Frampton pianist pumps out the rhythm?

But it's just one of several eclectic experiences with the new touring band co-led by former Band bassist Rick Danko and harmonica master Paul Butterfield.

In the space of a 70-minute set late Monday at the Red Creek, the Danko-Butterfield band worked through energetic versions of material as diverse as the blues romp, *Born in Chicago*; The Band classic, *Stage Fright*; and a Third World hard rock-reggae tune by South African Blondie Chaplin. There also was the aforementioned Brian Wilson tune, *Sail On, Sailor*, on which Chaplin repeated his original lead vocal from his days as a Beach Boy.

THOUGH OLDIES made up the bulk of the material, the band members

never slipped into self-parody or played to the nostalgic interests of some listeners.

Danko and Butterfield were clearly in control of the operation, though they gave considerable space to Blondie Chaplin, who shared the lead guitar job with Rich Belke. Chaplin sang lead on two songs and played biting, emotional lead solos and solid, chuga-chuga rhythm guitar. Belke was a perfect foil for Chaplin — the two achieved a lot of the interplay you normally hear only from twin lead guitarists who've played together for years.

Leaders Danko and Butterfield, of course, are acknowledged masters of their instruments. Danko's bass playing was invigorating and highly musical, though he never relinquished his rhythm-keeping responsibility. He attacked his instrument so strongly on one rocker that he broke a string — a far more rare occurrence than a broken guitar string.

Turn to Page 2C

DANKO, BUTTERFIELD

From Page 1C

added that Dylan's new music is "really good, and that's what matters anyway."

But Danko appeared more interested in talking about the new band he and Butterfield put together.

"It's the most simplistic rock 'n' roll band I've ever played in," he said, with a conviction that that's a good direction in which to go. "It's a unique sound for a guy like me."

"This is just the third show we've played," he added.

Though you can't have a Paul Butterfield in a band without doing some blues, Danko said, "blues is just part of it. Sometimes we feel like barber-shop quartets, other times we feel like a rock 'n' roll band."

WHEN THEY WERE assembling the band, Danko and Butterfield called Blondie Chaplin, a South African who was a Beach Boy for a few years during Brian Wilson's recluse phase. Chaplin had played on Danko's first solo album.

Chaplin plays lead guitar in the new band, along with Rich Belke, a guitarist from Texas originally with the Dwight Twilley Band. At the drums, Danko and Butterfield went back to their experience on the road last year with actor-singer Gary Busey (*The Buddy Holly Story*), and hired Tom McCory from Busey's band.

The pianist is Tom Stevenson, formerly with Joe Walsh, Gary Wright and Peter Frampton.

The band rehearsed together for four days in

Woodstock, where Butterfield lives and Danko has firm roots. Then they played their first gig last weekend before 22,000 on Long Island. Then a Buffalo night club, followed by the Red Creek here and on and on. The tour eventually will include three days at the Lone Star Cafe in New York, and several other dates from Asbury Park, N.J., to Boulder, Colo. Most of the dates are small clubs.

Danko said the opening show was recorded on 24-track tape, and several other shows will be taped and videotaped. "Some guy also wants to film it. But we're just out here to get a little feedback."

Are they getting any? "I get feedback when I go out and buy a pack of cigarettes. Yeah, I get feedback every day."

Danko and Butterfield both were vague about the band's future, but not for any negative reasons. They simply want to see how things develop.

Butterfield, who came out from the back part of the bus to join Danko in the conversation, said the reason the band can mold such diverse musical backgrounds into a cohesive unit is "because they're talented musicians."

Though he's got a heavy blues background, Butterfield said it shouldn't seem strange to see him in a band playing a wide variety of music.

"I'm not a blues purist. I've been classically trained on the flute." He added that he was influenced by various jazz horn players as he was by Muddy Waters.

Someone asked Butterfield if he thinks the new band should be recorded. Fresh from the night's first show, and obviously proud of the band's efforts, Butterfield replied slowly and quietly, with a question that could only be taken as rhetorical. "Do you think we should?"

BLUES

From Page 1C

Danko may even have been using his bass to make a point about his career when they performed *Stage Fright*. After the line, "He wants to start all over again," he filled the space with an improvised rumble.

BUTTERFIELD IS one of the more melodic harp players, which he demonstrated not only on the set's three or four blues tunes, but also on the non-blues. When Danko sang *Unfaithful Servant* with only piano accompaniment, Butterfield stepped in for a lovely interpretation of the last verse. He did have a little trouble getting his hand-held harp mike up to the volume of the twin guitars, however, a problem he later said they were working on.

Danko has always been an interesting vocalist of the fragile, emotional school, but Butterfield has grown into a much better singer than he once was. His vocal tone has become more rounded and less grating, and his phrasing shows his strong instrumental background.

The band stuck to fairly basic material, a good move for a new outfit. It's hard to say if they'll ever make any new contributions. As a repository of great American rock, blues and folk music traditions, however, they were first class. More importantly, they were having a lot of fun playing, and the sell-out audiences had a lot of fun listening. That's a classic combination.

— Jack Garner



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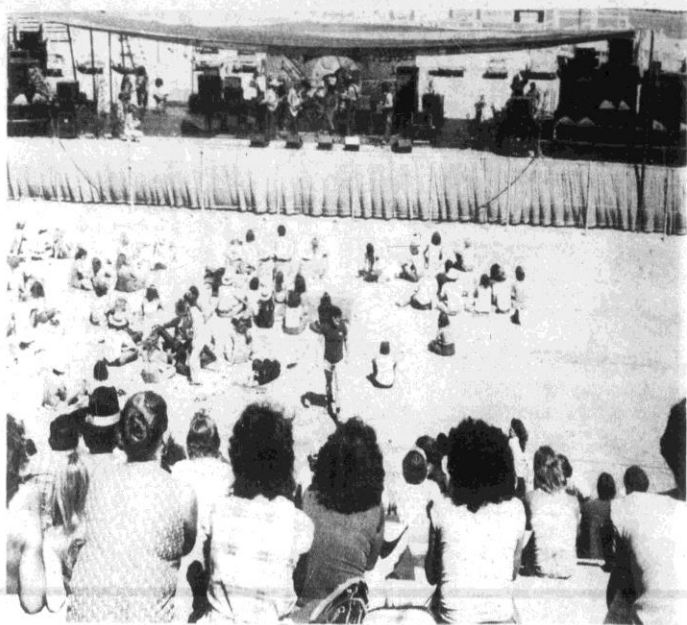
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A SPARSE CROWD of about 2,500 enjoys the Stone Roads Band, which opened the show at last Sunday's concert. Leader photo

Many fans disappointed at Pegasis I concert

by Dean Owen
With a sparse crowd, at least one-half hour between musical sets and a 50-minute performance by the headlining rock band, a concert of rock and country - swing music at Oakdale's Rodeo Grounds Sunday was a gloomy disappointment to many of the 2,500 fans on an otherwise sun-drenched afternoon.

Rick Danko and Friends topped the bill of five groups at the six - hour show termed Pegasis I by producers Will and Balvino Irizarry. Actor Dennis Hopper who starred in Easy Rider, and is featured in Apocalypse Now, the newly - released film about America's role in Vietnam, introduced the Danko band and rock singer Robbie Romero. Country - rock groups Asleep at the Wheel, Hot L Sacto and the Stone Roads Band completed the musical lineup.

The Stone Roads Band, of Modesto, opened the show and provided a one-hour set of rock music with a country flavor. They were fairly well received by the audience, many of whom drifted in during their performance.

"Cowboy Rock"
It seemed that as the

weather warmed up, so would the show. Hot L Sacto took to the stage next with a unique sound of "cowboy rock". The five-piece band, with guitarist - singer Rick Wade, 30, who lived in Oakdale as a young child, drew cheers from a lively crowd. Several people danced barefoot in the soft dirt in front of the 35 foot stage.

Their songs ranged from familiar country standards, such as "Okie from Muskogee" by Merle Haggard and Emmy Lou Harris. "Leaving Louisiana in the Broad Daylight," to originals, one of which, "Sea of Trucks," was written by Wade and guitarist and banjo - mandolin player Bobby Pearce while driving from Modesto to Manteca on Highway 99.

Asleep at the Wheel, a country - rock band based in the Bay Area, continued to warm up the crowd. Electric fiddle and mandolin player Danny Levin provided excellent solos, his bow whirling over the strings. The eight - piece group, led by Ray Brown who sang and played lead guitar, brought hollering applause from the audience. They played for about one hour.

Robbie Romero, a young singer - songwriter - guitarist from Hollywood, began his one hour performance accompanying himself on acoustic guitar. Mid - way through the second song, he was joined by a forceful back-up band comprised of Gordon Vessels on lead guitar, Mox Montoya on drums and Jim Hall, bass.

Danko's Enthusiasm
Danko and his seven - piece band took the stage at 4:50 and blared a 50-minute set. The former member of The Band looked tired, but the enthusiasm of the audience provided the energy he needed to prance lively around the stage. Supported by lead guitarist Michael De Temple whose parents drove from Groveland to attend the show, Danko and Friends' set included "Java Blues," which featured a wailing, piercing solo by De Temple. Danko left the stage center briefly to spotlight his "kid brother" Terry on the Jerry Lee Lewis classic, "Great Ball of Fire."

After a few songs alone on acoustic guitar, Danko was joined by the other members of the group for the finale. He abruptly left the stage after producers told him their 5:00 time limit permit had expired more than 30 minutes earlier.

A group of about 25 disgruntled fans jeered at the promoters, who blamed the Stanislaus County Sheriff's Department for threatening to turn off the stage's electric power.

"It was a hell of a way to end the show," commented Head of Security John P.

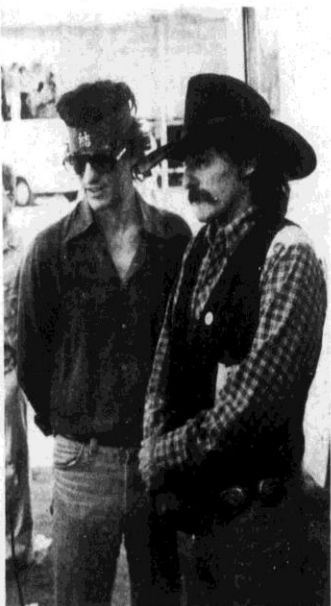
Calahan. "The sheriff's department called and said, 'Shut it down or we'll pull the plug.'"

Security for the event, which included 48 private security guards at \$6.00 each per hour, a fire truck and three firemen from the city of Oakdale, cost more than \$5,000, Calahan reported.

Noel Irizarry, younger brother of concert producers Will and Balvino Irizarry, reported the whole event had a price tag of \$50,000.

After the show, Balvino Irizarry, in commenting on the strict city and county requirements to presenting a rock concert at the rodeo grounds, said, "We pulled it off and we feel like we did an impossible thing."

"We admire the deputies for doing their job," he said.



RICK DANKO, Left and Actor Dennis Hopper discuss the rock concert last Sunday outside Danko's recreational vehicle. Leader photo

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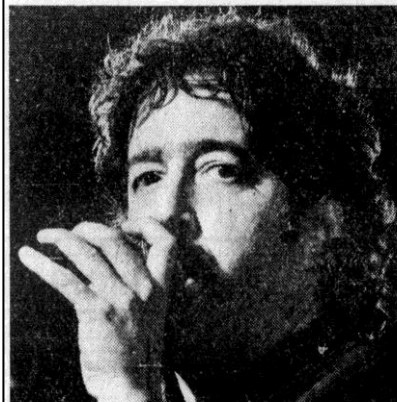
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The Vancouver Sun

*** WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1979



Paul Butterfield: His harmonica playing is magnificent

Rick and Paul boogie up a good time

FOR A GOOD TIME, call Rick Danko and Paul Butterfield. It may not be magic but it sure is fun. The Danko-Butterfield band opened a three-night stand at the Commodore last night with a charging blend of blues, boogie and beat that set the crowd to dancing and clapping.

While none of their music surpasses the high points of their earlier incarnations, the Danko-Butterfield ensemble is surely the best bar band around.

Rick Danko was bassist and vocalist for The Band, Canada's stunning contribution to the world of popular music in the '60s. Beginning as The Hawks and moving to prominence as Dylan's backup group, The Band eventually emerged as the most unique rock ensemble that ever wove a musical tale. Central to The Band's unique sound was Danko's songwriting and his eerie, creaking vocals.

Butterfield was a central figure in the U.S. white blues scene, pre dating the late '60s electric blues wave.

The combination of Danko's distinctive vocals, and his underrated efforts on bass, plus Butter's fluid harp style, make an entertaining, if not unique, evening's party.

The cross these guys have to carry is that they are both so respected, so indelibly linked with earlier efforts that are mystical rather than musical, that anything they do now seems anti-climatic. What they do do now, and do very well, is boogie 'til the floor shakes, then boogie some more.

It's a pleasure to hear Danko's voice again, curling around songs such as Unfaithful Servant, or belting out Java Blues. And Butter's harp playing is magnificent, soaring high over the rhythm section, honking low under the beat.

Opening act was the R&B Allstars, a local horn band that just loves to whip out those rhythm and blues classics.

The two bands make for the best party in Vancouver, a party which continues tonight and tomorrow at the Commodore.

—Jamie Lamb

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Arts & Films

REVIEW / MUSIC

Taking a chance... and winning

RICK DANKO PAUL BUTTERFIELD BAND — in concert with Mike Donovan at Jonathan Swift's last night.
By Steve Morse
Globe Staff

The sweetest of all victories, or so we're told in the great books, is when you take a risk and it works. When Rick Danko and Paul Butterfield — two old warhorses from the Woodstock recording scene — joined forces recently, they had no way of knowing their partnership would become such a hallowed event.

What began as a quiet whisper — after all, neither man's solo career has been earth shaking of late — has since escalated into a full-scale roar. The Danko-Butterfield band has been selling out dates right and left — including two mob scenes last night at Swift's — and their performance entirely justified the sudden attention.

Where some "name" partnerships come off like a sorry mix of oil and water, Danko and Butterfield merged last night like long-lost brothers off on a rapturous escape. Danko, whose solo gig in Boston last year was a tenuous nightmare, played with a renewed animation akin to his days with The Band. Butterfield, who brought a suitcase full of harmonicas to the stage, blasted cross-rhythms with undiminished authority and had a smile on his face a mile wide most of the night.

Sharing the spotlight evenly, Danko and Butterfield each served up a cross-section of their careers. Danko revived old Band staples like "Stage Fright" and "Unfaithful Servant" (with a plaintive harp solo from Butterfield that took your breath away), as well as the charming "Java Blues" from his solo album last year, and Elvis' "Mystery Train," which the Band recorded for its "Last Waltz" movie.

Not to be outdone amid the friendly camaraderie, Butterfield affixed his torrid shuffle, "Born in Chicago" (his signature tune, which was accelerated home like backshot), plus the new wailing number, "I Love You Too Much" (from an upcoming solo LP on the Bearsville label) and the mean traveling blues of "Deep Feeling."

Both men were enhanced considerably by first-rate backup which included guitarist Blondie Chaplin (who intoned the emotive ballad, "Sail on Sailor," that he recorded with the Beach Boys), and Los Angeles stalwarts like pianist Tom Stephenson (ex-Joe Walsh band), drummer Ron McCrorey (ex-Gary Busey) and lead guitarist Rick Belke, whose slide work was especially notable. Witness last night's languorous reading of J.J. Cale's "Crazy Mama."

Opening this predominantly burn-the-barn-down parade of honky-tonk blues was South Boston comedian Mike Donovan, who scored well with some funny hits on bouncers, the Bee Gees and a stoned Yogi the Bear, not necessarily in that order.



Paul Butterfield (left) and Rick Danko perform at Jonathan Swift's. (Globe photos by John Blanding)

REVIEW / MOVIE

'Kiss Me Deadly' a classic of film noir

KISS ME DEADLY and **YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE** — A double bill of film noir at the Coolidge Corner in Brookline today and tomorrow. No rating.
By Bruce McCabe
Globe Staff

Wrapped only in a trenchcoat, gasping for breath, a pretty blonde is running along a deserted highway at night, hoping a passerby will rescue her from the nameless terror that pursues her.

This opening sequence from director Robert Aldrich's "Kiss Me Deadly" could be emblematic of the

eye is about as private as an actor can be. He's a study in compressed repression. But Meeker is a model of transparency in contrast to the setting in which he operates, a setting of flacks, grays and whites photographed from odd, disconcerting angles. Nothing jibes in this setting. Characters talk at rather than to each other. Every shadow becomes a potential menace. Every remark becomes pregnant with hidden meanings.

It's at this level of tension that the film yields its richest meaning. The plot isn't clever enough to sustain interest by itself. Who really cares about the search for

what one character sardonically refers to as the "beast"

Friday, December 7, 1979 — Santa Cruz Sentinel
DANKO, BUTTERFIELD

New Blues From Two Old Shoes

By GREG BEEBE
Sentinel Staff Writer

Rick Danko and Paul Butterfield brought their hybrid rock 'n' roll new wave blues band into the Catalyst Thursday night.

Drawing material from the past, present and future, Danko, Butterfield and their hot young band played two short-but-tight sets before a moderately crowded house.

Night Life Review

Danko, ex-cavorter for the legendary Band, and Butterfield, whose 80s blues efforts helped shape the future of rock, offered a musical selection of tunes which spanned the gamut of contemporary music styles.

Butterfield — one of the few true old-timers left in rock 'n' roll — looked like a kid again blowing his sassy harp. While Butterfield was pumping out amplified harp blasts, the uncontrollable Danko was playing contorted, strangled bass.



Rick Danko (left) and Paul Butterfield.

The band, which also featured former Beach Boys member Blondie Chaplin, opened the show with a new tune, "Love You Too Much," an extended exercise in bopppin' til your droppin'.

Danko, a former member of one of the biggest bands in the world, offered several Band tunes on the night, including a boisterous rendition of "The Weight." "Crazy Momma," a tune popularized by J.J. Cale, picked things up midway through the first set with a musical barrage which eventually turned into a full-bore blues jam led by the poised and ready Butterfield.

Butterfield, by the way, recently bought a house in the Santa Cruz area, and we might be hearing more from him locally in the near future.

The band closed the first half with the Band standard "Unfaithful Servant," with Danko first taking the stage alone for some of his spastic, choking vocals — followed by Butterfield, who via the harp made the Catalyst seem like a Chicago blues bar.

After an extended break, the group returned with a couple down home blues numbers — done with pounding pervasivity. Danko soon broke into another band favorite,



The Danko-Butterfield Band shook the Catalyst Thursday night with hard drivin' blues rock.

"Brainwashed," which set the pace for the second set. Chaplin brought back his days as a Beach Boy with the frolicking "Sail On Sailor," squeezing out nautical guitar images with a yellow baseball cap perched crookedly on his head.

The Danko-Butterfield band's enigmatic debut here was enthralling in its power and precision, and pleasing in

its ability to touch on equal portions of the familiar and the unbound.

While seemingly much of the crowd was uncertain about what they were getting into before the show, by night's end, every wild dream had been fulfilled. Diane Sousa and some friends opened the show with an array of Sousa's always-bouncy light rock material.

Sentinel Photos By Dan Coyro

Kings Table

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26 THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER Friday, October 5, 1979

Danko, Butterfield Lay A Rotten Egg

By CLIFF RADEL
Special Music Critic

The Band etched its name on rock's roll of honor with septa-toned hymns to America's past and present. This was a group effort. The Bandmen, Robbie Robertson, Richard Manuel, Levon Helm, Garth Hudson and Rick Danko, suppressed their identities for a common cause.

There was no star in The Band. Each Bandman was only as good as The Band.

WHEN THE BAND disbanded in 1976, fame stayed with it. Its mem-

bers went their separate ways in search of a separate fame. So far, none has found it.

Robertson, Manuel and Hudson have slipped from sight. Helm and Danko lead bands. Neither approaches the depth, cohesion and entrancing grace of The Band.

Wednesday night, Danko brought the sextet he leads with Paul Butterfield to Bogart's in 70 minutes Danko nearly erased what took years to accomplish with The Band.

In Bogart's four years of concerts, Danko and company gave the worst show ever presented at the Vine Street club. Just when it looked like the wretchedness of the ed like the wretchedness of the Runaways' 1976 Bogart's appearance

would never be surpassed, along came Danko.

What made Danko's performance worse than the Runaways' is that the Runaways were talented. They did not try to sound bad. They just were. Terrible musicianship came naturally to them.

For Danko, to play and sing as poorly as he did Wednesday evening took some doing. His talents had to be abused before he could sink so low.

BEFORE DANKO and Butterfield butchered a single note, the evening was in trouble. The two-show turnout was far from a one-show sellout.

Fear of facing a half-full house may have been responsible for

Danko's making the 11 p.m. show the 11:46 p.m. show. A phobia for empty seats, however, did not excuse the bassist and his band from playing like a bunch of sloppy, under-sleek sailors. If they weren't under the influence of some herb or root, Danko and Butterfield should be commended for their acting abilities. They behaved as if they had just ingested a chain of drug stores.

Besides taking turns stumbling into each other, forgetting their cues and walking all over the lyrics, they missed notes with glee. Whenever Butterfield managed to find the proper harmonica to go with each song, trite blues phrases poured from his instrument. Danko played as if he were five thumbs and each thumb was encased in a splint.

Danko's reflective singing, a staple of every Band album, has deteriorated into a senseless blat. On vinyl, "The Unfaithful Servant" and "Stage Fright" were masterpieces for Danko and The Band. At Bogart's, they were budgeted bits of noise. If Danko's voice wasn't bad enough, he ruined things further with bizarre grimaces, normally reserved for tobacco spitting contests, and, on the latter number, a self-inflicted wringing of his Adam's apple.

"Stage Fright" ends with "And when he gets to the end, he wants to start all over again." Danko's performance rewrote that conclusion: "And when he got to the end, he should have quit when he was ahead."

Pop: Danko in New Band

Rick Danko was in the Band for many years; Paul Butterfield was a fixture on the Chicago and national blues-rock scene for years before that. Now the two have joined in a band that also includes Blondie Chaplin, who had one solo album of his own, and the result ended a three-night run Thursday night at the Lone Star Cafe.

A few reservations aside, the late show Tuesday was simply terrific. Blues-rock is a perilous idiom, in that whites can seem imitative in it and unable to infuse its limited forms with enough passion and individuality to transcend them. The Danko-Butterfield assembly does that superbly. The music jumps and rocks with a fevered energy from the outset, the looseness attesting to confidence rather than sloppiness. Any performing art works best when the performers seem to be having a good time, and there was more happiness on a stage Tuesday than this writer has encountered in some time.

Mr. Danko remains a hoarse and stungated singer. But he's an emotionally moving one, too, in limited doses, and the current lineup allows him to avoid overstraining himself and the audience. Mr. Butterfield, who can overdo his flashy pyrotechnics on the harmonica, was at his virtuosic, musi-

cianly best, and the other players are so hot that he doesn't overpower them.

The reservations have to do with a certain unevenness in the material; apparently the band members are collaborating on new songs, so perhaps that can be smoothed out. Right now, although Mr. Chaplin sings well enough, his own two songs seemed out of place in the set. And Mr. Butterfield will win few prizes as a singer. But still, the set was a charmer. The band is reportedly considering a live album, and may stay together on a more permanent basis. It's a possibility to be encouraged.

JOHN ROCKWELL

The Arizona Daily Star

TUCSON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1979

Sizzling show over too soon

By PAM FARRISH
The Arizona Daily Star

It was one big, electric high. And then — kaboom — it was over.

In the first of two almost-sold-out shows last night at the Night Train Nite Club, Rick Danko, Paul Butterfield and Friends demonstrated the sizzling form that's had tongues wagging and sparked hopes of an album.

The band was so good the set seemed shorter than it

Review

was (approximately an hour), leaving a few fans grumbling.

It easily could have gone on all night.

That was the feeling you got from the crowd — and from Danko, Butterfield, guitarists Blondie Chaplin and Rick Belke, keyboardist Tommy Stephenson and drummer Ron McCrorey.

The set featured a mixture of tunes from The Band, bassist Danko's alma mater, and Butterfield's various blues groups, with ex-Beach Boy Chaplin stepping up to the mike for two songs. After every tune, a few more people were on their feet, many of them dancing.

There were many high points: Butterfield's rendition of "Crazy Mama," egged on by a wild-eyed Danko; Danko's driving "Java Blues"; the encore, "Mystery Train," so intense you could see the engine roaring down the tracks; and a funkier reworking of "Stage Fright."

The sleepy-eyed Butterfield was having problems with his harmonica and vocal mikes; often Stephenson had to take his harp solos.

Danko brought a few understanding chuckles from the crowd when he sang out, "I lost my monitor," in the midst of "Unfaithful Servant." The reaction was indicative of the warmth between audience and performers.

MOTION PICTURES



Robertson with Scorsese (left); Rick Danko, Ronnie Hawkins in 'Last Waltz'

Oscar hits a sour note on 'Last Waltz'

By Dave Marsh

AT ONE POINT in *The Last Waltz*, director Martin Scorsese's feature-length documentary about the Band's farewell performance, Robbie Robertson remembered the time when Ronnie Hawkins asked him to join his band. "You won't make much money," the avuncular Arkansas singer told the sixteen-year-old Canadian guitarist. "But you'll get more pussy than Frank Sinatra." But, when the Hollywood movie establishment passed over *The Last Waltz* during this year's Academy Award nominations, Robertson and Scorsese really got the screwing of their lives.

During a year in which pop and rock music movies proliferated—*The Buddy Holly Story*, *American Hot Wax*, *Grease*, *The Wiz*, *I Want to Hold Your Hand*—*The Last Waltz* was by far the most artistically successful. The concert, which was filmed primarily on Thanksgiving Day 1976, featured many of the top names in the American

rock hierarchy (from Bob Dylan to Joni Mitchell, Neil Young to Muddy Waters), and *The Last Waltz* both embalmed and embodied one of the most important cultural events of the last two decades.

Scorsese used a battery of cameras to achieve enormous intimacy and onstage detail without ever intruding on the performances themselves, an unparalleled accomplishment among rock documentaries. The sound, which Scorsese and Robertson spent more than four months mixing, was nearly perfect, and the editing was confident and informed. *The Last Waltz* was the one film of 1978 that people talked about in terms of technical breakthrough; it went far beyond the boundaries *Woodstock* had set for live-action footage.

The Last Waltz was far from faultless. It catered to the self-importance of the rock establishment, and the music didn't always live up to the grandeur of the cinematography. But what Scorsese did was capture the pomposity of rock stars frankly; more than any other rock film I know of, *The Last Waltz* was made from the inside.

So I was stunned when the 1978 Academy Award candidates were announced in February: *The Last Waltz* had been shut out. That was especially strange because, in most ways, this year's Oscar nominations were a definite advancement for pop music. *The Buddy Holly Story* got three nominations; *The Wiz* four; and *Grease* one. But the most widely heralded technical triumph of the year, *The Last Waltz*, was ignored. It was not considered for the Best Sound award, the nominating committee told Robertson (who was the film's producer), because that Oscar is not given for high fidelity—it's given for sound effects. With the exception of Emmylou Harris' "Evangeline," none of the music was considered in any of the musical categories because it was not created or adapted expressly for the film. Somehow, the movie was also ignored for Best Cinematography—Scorsese suggests that this is because the *Last Waltz*' cinematographer, Michael Chapman, was until recently based in New York rather than Hollywood. Pure politics, in other words.

But the most outrageous insult *The Last Waltz* suffered was its failure to be nominated for Best Documentary Feature. It's not a matter of whether or not *Last Waltz* would have won if nominated—but the suggestion that there were five better or more significant achievements in nonfiction film last year stretches the imagination. The unavoidable conclusion is that the antirock attitude of the show business estab-

lishment has surfaced in yet another guise.

The Best Documentary Feature nominations are made by a forty-nine-member committee. Robertson says that the youngest member of the committee is fifty-five and the oldest is in his eighties. Whether or not that's accurate, it's obvious these men are a bit over the hill as far as American culture is concerned. One need only look at the other nominations in the Best Documentary Feature category to determine that. Among them are *Scared Straight*, a made-for-TV movie (a loophole in Oscar regulations makes theatrical release unnecessary in this category), and *The Lovers' Wind*, which was made by the Ministry of Culture and Arts of Iran, back when that nation was still run by the esteemed torturer, Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlavi. (With such a pedigree, and that title, one shudders to inquire what *The Lovers' Wind* might be about.)

"The nominating committee kept telling me, 'Don't worry. It's eligible,'" Robertson says. "That's like saying it is on film or not. We knew it was eligible. The fact is, they weren't even going to consider it. Of course, they deny that they're biased against rock. They say, 'Oh we're not so young anymore, but we still like to shake a leg once in a while.' It's a buncha shit."

Robertson also says that screenwriter Norman Corwin, chairman of the Documentary Feature nominating committee, called him personally to assure him that the film had a chance. "He said that the last shot was one of the most marvelous things he'd ever seen in any film," Robertson recalls. But through other sources, Robertson discovered that the first screening of *The Last Waltz* was shut off before it was even halfway over. "They said, 'This isn't a serious documentary,'" Robert-

son says. "But they ran it again the next night, after a couple of youngsters in their fifties and sixties objected to stopping it." Apparently, a screaming session resulted—although that's not necessarily uncommon at such screenings.

The committee members must have known that if *The Last Waltz* were nominated, it was likely to win the Oscar, as *Woodstock* had done in 1970. (Although *Last Waltz* had been seen by more people than just about any documentary last year, it was less than a shoo-in because only Academy members who have seen all five nominees are eligible to vote in this category.) "The *Last Waltz* was not an underdog," Robertson points out. "It wasn't like some poor little guy from the Northwest Territory taking pictures of fish. It wasn't about blind polo players or retarded pygmies. To those guys, watching Joni Mitchell sing a very poetic soft ballad must be the equivalent of people we know listening to the Clash."

Hollywood and rock have never had what one would call a love affair. In 1977, *Saturday Night Fever*, the largest selling soundtrack LP in history, was ignored for Best Original Score. But this year, rock and soul (or disco) music seemed to have made a breakthrough. *The Buddy Holly Story* and *The Wiz* were nominated for best score adaptation; Giorgio Moroder's *Midnight Express* soundtrack for Best Original Score; and "Hopelessly Devoted to You" (from *Grease*) and "Last Dance" (from *Thank God It's Friday*) for Best Original Song.

But these games are illusory. All of the above movies, with the exception of *The Buddy Holly Story*, are conceptually closer to the Tin Pan Alley pop tradition than to rock or R&B-derived music. And the Oscar rules remain tricky. Robertson's haunting instrumental, "Theme from the Last Waltz," which ends the film, was not eligible because of the nature of the film; that is, the song was not used in a "dramatic" context. (In fact, the most noteworthy contender for any of the music awards is Ennio Morricone, the Italian composer who scored Terrence Malick's *Days of Heaven*. And *Days of Heaven* is not even prime Morricone—his best work was done for Sergio Leone's Italian westerns, and duly ignored by the Academy.)

"To tell you the truth, I don't give a fuck about Golden Globes and American Music Awards," says Robertson. "And I would

have asked someone else to pick up the Oscar for me even if we had won one. After all, I don't even own a tuxedo." Robertson adds that this isn't sour grapes. "I'm not that annoyed that I didn't win an Academy Award for my first film. But I do find it appalling on Marty's behalf."

Scorsese isn't making a big deal about the situation either. "I did think that *The Last Waltz* was the one picture I'd ever make that could win an Academy Award," Scorsese admits. He leaves it at that, but he might have added that the Hollywood establishment is even less likely to honor such full-blooded fare as his *Taxi Driver* or *Mean Streets*. In a way, the strangest part of this whole story is that Scorsese's best shot at an Oscar has come for a picture that's not even his best.

But then, it's only realistic that the Academy process shuns rock & roll. It's hardly appropriate to expect the Oscars to recognize the importance of rock when their top priority has always been box-office success. As Robertson says, "The system is questioned a little bit more each year. Then the old fogies really get mad. But a lot of those old farts need to be put out to pasture. The whole Academy should vote, rather than a select committee." Or, as the Who (whose *The Kids Are Alright* probably has a similar travesty to look forward to) once put it: "Meet the new boss. Same as the old boss."




Elizabeth Barracough
Paul Butterfield
Brian Briggs
Kenny Doss
Foghat
John Holbrook
Nick Jameson
Norma Jean

Richard Manuel
Willie Mitchell
Fred Neil
Roger Powell
Todd Rundgren
Utopia
Randy Van Warmer
Jesse Winchester

THANK YOUR RADIO
Bearsville Records, Inc., P.O. Box 135, Bearsville, New York 12409
3300 Warner Blvd., Burbank, CA 91510

Cash Box/December 29, 1979



ELIZABETH BARRACLOUGH
BRIAN BRIGGS
PAUL BUTTERFIELD
KENNY DOSS
FOGHAT
JOHN HOLBROOK
NICK JAMESON
NORMA JEAN

RICHARD MANUEL
WILLIE MITCHELL
FRED NEIL
ROGER POWELL
TODD RUNDGREN
UTOPIA
RANDY VAN WARMER
JESSE WINCHESTER

Thank You Radio

Bearsville Records, Inc.
P.O. Box 135, Bearsville, New York 12409
3300 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Calif. 91510

RECORD WORLD DECEMBER 29, 1979

DIFFERENT
DRUMS

A LOOK AT THE EQUIPMENT OF THE PROS

LEVON HELM

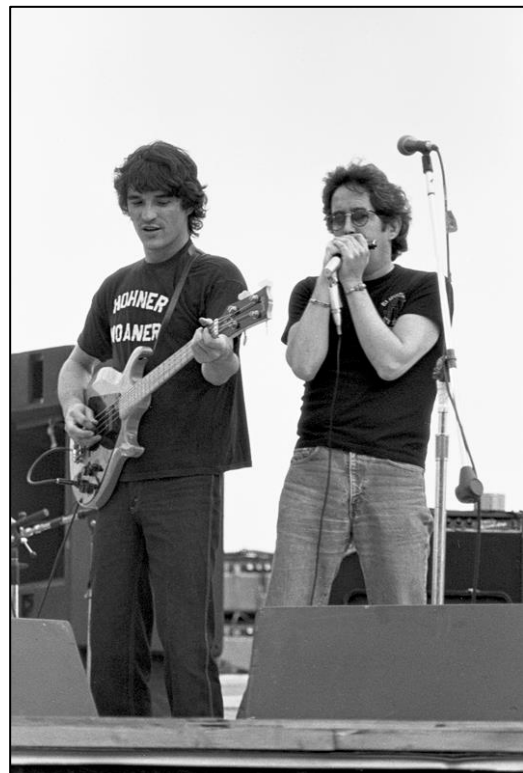


FOR LEVON HELM, DRUMMER for the Band and currently a solo artist, the way to play drums was mapped out back in the Fifties by the percussionists on the old Sun recordings. "A lot of the snare-drum sound on those Memphis sessions came from taking a cigar box and taping it to the snare drum and miking that rather than the whole set," Helm explains. "That gave it that wooden knock to the backbeat."

Helm emulates this Sun sound with his own very crisp and simple style. "I never tried to go with double-bass drums and stuff like that," he says. "A few cymbals and a few tubs and an extra floor tom-tom are enough for me." Helm's set is an old Ludwig he found in a pawnshop in L.A., with a wooden snare drum that many drummers lust after (including Max Weinberg of the E Street Band, who asked us to put in a bid for him).

When Levon first started playing, he also had a unique snare drum. "It had calfskin on it," he recalls. "It was a bit old and rugged, so after each set I'd take the snare back to put it in the oven to tighten the head up." Back then, Levon was learning to play by listening to the drumming on old Sonny Boy Williamson albums. Much later he enrolled for a semester at Berkeley college of music to try to update his style and learn some rudiments of drumming. "I need time to take a few more steps," Helm admits. "There's a whole lotta stuff I can't do yet.... I need to develop better ears."

Rolling Stone, February 22, 1979



Woodstock Reunion, Parr Meadows, Brookhaven, New York, September 8, 1979.

Photo by **Bob Sanderson**.

WARNER HOME VIDEO

NELVANA

Romie-O and Julie-8 (Runaway Robots)

With Songs and Music by **JOHN SEBASTIAN**

Directed by **CLIVE A. SMITH**
Produced by **PATRICK LOUBERT** and **MICHAEL HIRSH**
A NELVANA PRODUCTION

WARNER HOME VIDEO

NELVANAMATION
FOUR COSMIC FANTASIES IN ONE

Directed by **CLIVE A. SMITH**
Produced by **PATRICK LOUBERT** and **MICHAEL HIRSH**
A NELVANA PRODUCTION

Four magical fantasies from today's top animation studio.

What if you received a Christmas visit by three wise men—from outer space? How about a rock and roll devil who offers you fame and fortune—at the price of your soul? Or a pair of runaway robots in an interstellar love story... or a kingdom of loony extraterrestrials who are eating their own planet?

The themes are universal. The appeal is to young and old alike. The technique is superb. The studio is Nelvana, an award-winning Canadian outfit quickly rising to international fame as the greatest thing since Disney. And this Warner Home Video program presents four of Nelvana's marvelous animated fantasies on a single videocassette.

A Cosmic Christmas, Nelvana's first big hit is a lively and original fable about the meaning of the holiday season. It has all the superb characteristics of every Nelvana production: strong story line, fine musical score, painstaking illustration, and characterizations that leap off the screen with life.

The Devil and Daniel Mouse is a rock and roll parable about fame and its price, a marvelous modern retelling of the classic American legend "The Devil and Daniel Webster." It's also a showcase for the inspired talents of Nelvana, the award-winning Canadian animation studio that has set its sights on equaling—or even surpassing—the classics of the Disney era.

Nelvana's next creation, Romie-O and Julie-8 (Runaway Robots) brings Shakespeare into the space age. Two robots from rival manufacturing companies meet, fall in love, and try to run away—only to wind up in the hands of the horrible Junk Monster, another lovable Nelvana villain.

Finally comes Please Don't Eat the Planet, subtitled An Intergalactic Thanksgiving, an ecology-wise take that pits a family of hard-working, simple-minded space pioneers against a swarm of zany aliens on the planet Laffacet. Sid Caesar stars as the voice of King Goochi, whose subjects are—literally—eating themselves out of house and home.

This is real animation, light years ahead of the mass-produced article shown on Saturday morning TV. Each Nelvana film is a fully realized, meticulously crafted masterpiece requiring months of work and tens of thousands of individual drawings.

The result is more than impressive. It's magic. And nothing like it has been done in years.

With Songs and Music by JOHN SEBASTIAN and SYLVIA TYSON. Featuring the voice of SID CAESAR as King Goochi.

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CHANNEL 4

Romie-O and Julie-8. A robot love story you'll be nuts and bolts about.

Two lovable robots from rival manufacturers fall in love in the fun, space-age musical fantasy for the whole family. Will they escape the junk monster and find true happiness? Tune in for Romie-O and Julie-8 in an animated adventure that's out of this world.

4 KNBC
Tonight at 7:30

Tuesday night April 3, 1979

ROMIE-O AND JULIE-8. A modern musical-fantasy interpretation of one of the world's greatest love stories. Romie-O and Julie-8 are two robots who fall in love, despite the fact that they were built by two competing manufacturers who spare no effort in keeping the two robots apart. This animated program features the original songs and voice of music star John Sebastian as well as Richard Manuel, formerly of The Band, who performs a comic song celebrating the glory of scrap junk.

ROMIE-O AND JULIE-8

Two robots fall in love with each other and are kept apart by the two companies that manufactured them in this innovative rendition of the classic love story. A Nelvana Limited Production in association with CBC. Color. Half-hour. Premiered (U.S.): April 1979. Syndicated.

Voices
Romie-O: Greg Swanson; Julie-8: Donann Cavin; Mr. Thunderbottom: Max Ferguson; Ms. Passbinder: Marie Aloma; Gizmo: Nick Nichols; Junk Monster: Bill Osler; Vocalists: John Sebastian, Rory Block, Richard Manuel

Sunday SEPTEMBER 14, 1980

close up TAKE ME UP TO THE BALLGAME 7 PM (E)

THE EARTH STRIKES BACK
Special: Baseball and science fiction meet in an animated fantasy.
Beaver's ball club is no roaring success; he's burdened with a team that includes a disgruntled eagle, a lackadaisical cat and a turtle whose reflexes are... well, turtle-like. They're just the target for a slick ("true me") promoter named Irwin (voice of Phil Silvers), who whisks them away in his souped-up spaceship for a game against the undefeated Alien All-Stars—champions of the universe.
From the opening pitch, the "friendly little interstellar encounter" is anything but close. The Aliens jump out to an early 99-0 lead through a combination of power hitting, unscrupulous plays and shady gimmicks. Finally, when the earthlings are about ready to hang up their cleats, Beaver calls a much-needed timeout to plan their comeback.
Script by Ken Sobel; songs performed by Rick Danko (formerly of The Band).
Other Voices: Beaver: Bobby Dermer. Eagle: Derek McGrath. Commissioner: Don Ferguson. Announcer: Paul Soles. Edna: Anna Bourque. Jake: Maurice LaMarche. Mole: Melleny Brown.

A-32 TV GUIDE

Two robots, kept apart by the companies that manufactured them, hopelessly fall in love in the Romeo and Juliet-inspired Romie-O and Julie-8. © Nelvana Limited

TAKE ME UP TO THE BALLGAME

A sandlot baseball team consisting of animals is pitted against the Outer-Space All-Stars, a team that has never lost a game, in an intergalactic playoff to determine the best team in the universe. The half-hour fantasy special aired in Canada and in the United States. A Nelvana Limited Production in association with CBC. Color. Half-hour. Premiered (U.S.): September 1980. Syndicated.

Voices
Irwin: Phil Silvers; Beaver: Bobby Dermer; Eagle: Derek McGrath; Commissioner: Don Ferguson; Announcer: Paul Soles; Edna: Anna Bourque; Jake: Maurice LaMarche; Mole: Melleny Brown; Vocalist: Rick Danko

WARNER HOME VIDEO CHILDREN

Nelvanamation II

THE JACK RABBIT STORY (EASTER FEVER)
TAKE ME UP TO THE BALLGAME
ZULCH

"TAKE ME UP TO THE BALL GAME"
Starring **PHIL SILVERS** (voice) by **RIK DANKO**
Directed by **CLIVE A. SMITH**

"THE JACK RABBIT STORY (EASTER FEVER)"
Starring **GARRETT MORRIS** (voice) by **JOHN SEBASTIAN**
Directed by **GIAN CELESTRI**, **CRIG DUFFELL**, and **KEN STIPPENSON**
Music by **LARRY MELLEN**

Executive Producers: **ROBERT FORSTER**, **TED KENNAGHAN**, **NIGEL MARTIN**
Producers: **PATRICK LOUBERT**, **MICHAEL HIRSH**

Two fabulous fantasies for kids of all ages!

Can a ragtag baseball team from Planet Earth stand up to the Alien All-Stars, intergalactic champs for 800 years—who don't even play the game by earthbound rules?

Will Jack Rabbit, the Easter Bunny, on hand for a white-bang Celebrity Roast to mark his retirement from show biz, really hang up his basket and head out for greener pastures?

The answers are in the multi-talented hands of Nelvana Productions, today's top animation house. And with Nelvana, you're in very good hands indeed.

Critics have called them the greatest thing in children's animation since the Disney era. Their award-winning programs have lit up holiday seasons with special magic. And now, Warner Home Video brings home a double feature of their latest and most spectacular hits.

The Jack Rabbit Story stars such recognizable show-stoppers as Steed Martin, a wild and crazy gun, and Don Katties, a venom-tongued serpent—as well as the real-life voices of Saturday Night Live's Garrett Morris and Second City's Catherine O'Hara, plus a fine score by John Sebastian.

Take Me Up To The Ball Game takes off with the intimitable voice of Phil Silvers as an interplanetary promoter who hustles a sandlot team into intergalactic competition, all to the tune of music by Rick Danko of The Band.

What does it take to turn out animated masterpieces of this quality? A staff of 100, 40 full-time animators, 35,000 sheets of acetate, six months of hard work, and 1600 cups of coffee per week.

The results are more than worth the effort. Nelvana is a name for the kind of daringly conceived and fully realized fantasies once sadly thought to be a thing of the past. And should you find yourself glued to the screen alongside your children, don't be surprised.

Why should kids have all the fun?

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THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ANIMATED CARTOONS
SECOND EDITION
JEFF LENBURG

Cash Box/April 26, 1980

Seven LPs To Be Released By MCA

LOS ANGELES — MCA Records has announced it will release seven pop, country and R&B albums in May, including "American Son," the MCA debut by Levon Helm, former member of The Band.

Also set for May release are the New York-based band Orlean's self-titled album; a debut from another New Yorker, Sandy Farina, on her LP "All Alone In The Night;" "The Hard Way" by rockers Point Blank; southern R&B spiced "I'm So Hot" by Denise LaSalle; the Birmingham quintet Hotel's newest, "Half Moon Silver," and Ed Bruce's country-flavored, self-titled LP.

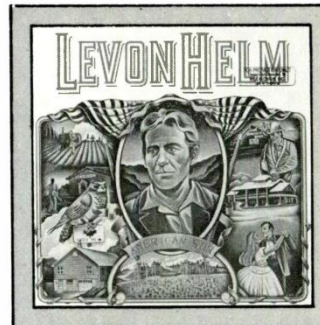
RECORD WORLD MAY 10, 1980

Country Album Picks

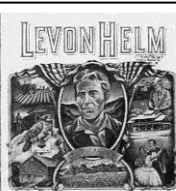


AMERICAN SON
LEVON HELM—MCA 5120
 Hot off an impressive acting debut in "Coal Miner's Daughter," Helm continues at least partly in the style he established with The Band. Produced by Fred Carter, Jr., the feel is straightforward and down-home with liberal doses of country, rock and blues. Standouts: "Hurricane," "China Girl" and "America's Farm."

RECORD WORLD MAY 31, 1980



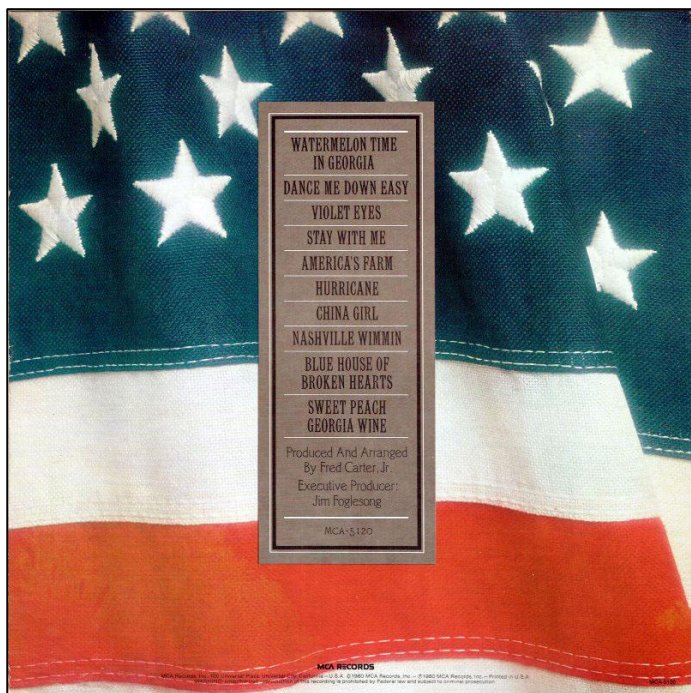
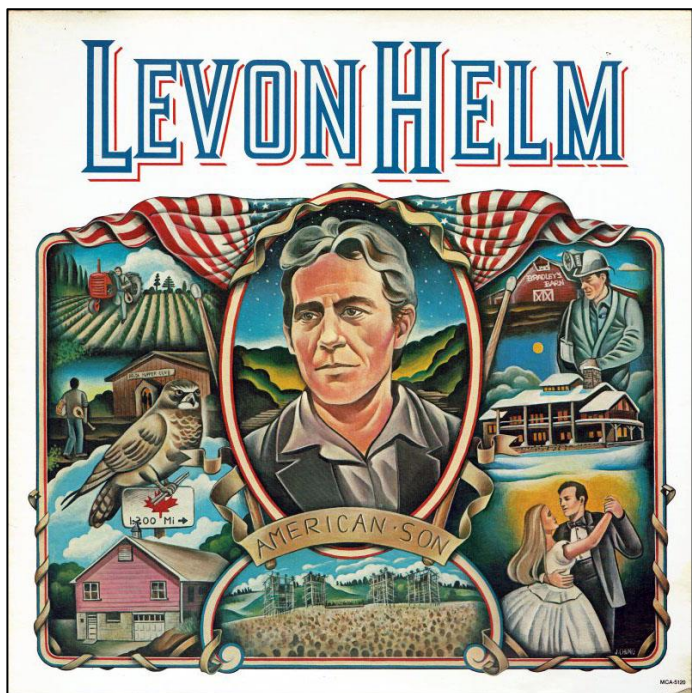
AMERICAN SON
LEVON HELM—MCA-5120 (8.98)
 The Band was a group that truly contributed something to American culture. They became, in effect, an American institution, and Levon Helm's voice (he was also the Band's drummer) possessed a distinctive dignity and honest tone. Hot off his acting triumph in "Coal Miner's Daughter," Helm turns in an album full of rich and poignant resonances.



AMERICAN SON — Levon Helm — MCA MCA-5120 — Producer: Fred Carter Jr. — List: 7.98

Helm, who made such an astonishing acting debut in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, delivers a fine, down and dirty country rock LP with "American Son." The former Band member injects songs such as "Dance Me Down Easy" and "America's Farm" with that old "Cripple Creek" jews harp sound, and much of the music on the LP has a rich as the Mississippi valley soil appeal to it. Country studio greats such as Fred Carter Jr. and Hargus "Pig" Robbins enhance the well known drummer's loose and bluesy style.

Cash Box/May 10, 1980



LP distributed to radio stations at US military facilities around the world. Levon on one side only, the other side has "10th Anniversary" by The Statler Brothers.

1. WATERMELON TIME IN GEORGIA

(Harlan Howard) EMI Music Publishing Ltd. 3.52

Thank you, Detroit . . . you treated me good
But I've been here longer than I should
I enjoyed the money but I miss my honey so
One thing's on my mind: it's watermelon time in Georgia

It makes a country boy get down in the mouth
When his body's up north but his heart's down south
I said I'd be back and I'd better make tracks today
Lordy, I gotta go because it's watermelon time in Georgia

Daddy's still sittin' in the sun, kids are fishin', havin' fun
And my old coon dog's a-wantin' to run
And I can't reach my little Georgia peach too soon
One thing's on my mind: it's watermelon time in Georgia

Well, so long, Detroit, so long, friends
If you're ever down in Macon you better please stop in
And meet the little girl that's always been my whole world
I'm leavin' today because it's watermelon time in Georgia

Fred Carter, Jr. - guitar
Levon Helm - drums, harmonica
Jerry Shook - guitar
Buddy Emmons - steel
Kenneth Buttrey - drums
Hargus "Pig" Robbins - piano
Bobby Ogden - organ
Billy Sanford - guitar
Henry Strzelecki - bass
Background vocals - Mitch Humphries, Henry Strzelecki,
Fred Carter, Jr., Levon Helm

2. DANCE ME DOWN EASY

(Larry Henley/Billy Burnette)
Songs Of Polygram International/Warner House Of Music/Sony
ATV Songs Tree 2.57

Chorus:
Dance me down easy, ride me down slow

Dance me down easy, one for the road
You know how to please me
When you turn your lamp down low
Turn me round, dance me down easy

I remember long ago early in the night
I had a feeling my timing was right
And when I held you close
I felt you in my heart
I knew you had me right from the start

Chorus

I had a vision of later on, just us two
I saw you loving me and me loving you
We were spinning round and round
Across the dance floor
Let's do it one more time
And dance me out the door

Chorus

Fred Carter, Jr. - guitar
Jerry Carrigan - drums
Jerry Shook - guitar
Mitch Humphries - organ
Levon Helm - drums
Buddy Emmons - steel
Henry Strzelecki - bass
Steve Gibson - guitar
Hargus "Pig" Robbins - piano
Billy Sanford - guitar
Background vocals - Henry Strzelecki, Mitch Humphries,
Levon Helm, Fred Carter, Jr.

3. VIOLET EYES

(Tom Kimmel) EMI Music Publishing Ltd. 3.12

Here I am all alone, waiting for your heart to change
And I'm hoping that love will light the way
That leads to where you hide behind
Your eyes of fire and ice

Chorus:

Violet eyes, can't you hear me talkin' to you
Do my words only get in the way
Violet eyes, it's just a feelin'
Please don't leave till it passes away

All along I've been tryin' like a bird against the wind
Still I'm flyin' and I'm hopin' once again
To see behind the curtain
Where I'm sure your secret lies

Chorus

For as long as love lives inside me
There's nothing I couldn't give, I wouldn't give, I couldn't try

Chorus

Fred Carter, Jr. - guitar
Levon Helm - drums
Steve Schaffer - bass
Jerry Shook - guitar
Buddy Emmons - steel
Steve Gibson - electric guitar
Kenneth Buttrey - drums
Hargus "Pig" Robbins - piano
Clifford Robertson - organ
Background vocals - Henry Strzelecki, Levon Helm,
Mitch Humphries, Fred Carter, Jr.

4. STAY WITH ME

(Fred Carter, Jr.) Sweetie Music Pub. Co. 3.05

Stay with me until the morning light
Play with me and it will be alright
If you care, if you want to share
Won't you say it's okay...stay with me

I'm lost and lonely in your lonesome town
I don't even know my way around
If you care, if you want to share
Won't you say it's okay...stay with me

Bridge:

I ain't got no problem
We cannot work out
You and I together
Can find out what it's all about

Stay with me until the morning light
Play with me and it will be alright
If you care, if you want to share
Won't you say it's okay...stay with me

Repeat

Fred Carter, Jr. - guitar
Jerry Carrigan - drums
Buddy Emmons - steel
Jerry Shook - guitar
Bobby Ogden - organ
Steve Gibson - guitar
Henry Strzelecki - bass
Beebie Adair - piano
Background vocals - Henry Strzelecki, Mitch Humphries,
Levon Helm, Fred Carter, Jr.

5. AMERICA'S FARM

(Ronnie Rogers)
Southern Arts Music/Sweetie Music Publishers 3.11

I see the red, white and blue
So mixed up and so confused
Nobody knows which way to go
I see us running down a dead-end road
We're playing round losing ground
Things are looking bad in my town
I see me, I see you
Sleeping and there's so much to do

Bridge:

We gotta set our alarm
Wake up and work America's farm
We've got the ground, we've got the seed
But she won't grow without you and me

We've got the rain, the know how
It's just a matter of grabbing a plow
We've got the hands, we've got the arms
I say it's time to work America's farm

I say it's time we face the fact
Somewhere our train has jumped the track
We've got to stop standing still
We need a good engineer at the wheel
We're laying back in the shade
Dreaming our day away
I see me, I see you
Sleeping on the red, white and blue

Repeat Bridge

Fred Carter, Jr. - guitar
Buddy Emmons - steel
Jerry Shook - mandolin
Levon Helm - drums
Bobby Ogden - electric piano
Hargus "Pig" Robbins - piano
Steve Gibson - guitar
Billy Sanford - guitar
Henry Strzelecki - bass
Jerry Carrigan - drums
Background vocals - Henry Strzelecki, Todd Cerney, Levon Helm,
Mitch Humphries, Buzz Cason, Fred Carter, Jr.

6. HURRICANE

(Keith Stegall/Stewart Harris/Tom Schuyler)
Magna Music/EMI Songs Ltd. 4.06

Thirty miles out in the Gulf Stream
I could hear them south winds moan
The bridges are looking lower
Strimp boats are hurrying home

The old man down in the quarter
Slowly turned his head
He took another sip from his whiskey bottle
Then he looked at me and said

I was born in the rain by the Ponchartrain
Underneath the Louisiana moon
Don't mind the strain of a hurricane
They come around every June
High black water's like the devil's daughter
She's hard and she's cold and she's mean
Nobody's taught her that it takes a lot of water
To wash away New Orleans

Man come down from Chicago
To set the levee right
It's got to be up three feet higher
Won't make it through the end of the night

The old man down in the quarter
Said don't you listen to that boy
The water'll be down by morning, son
And he'll be on his way to Illinois

I was born in the rain by the Ponchartrain
Underneath the Louisiana moon
Don't mind the strain of a hurricane
They come around every June
High black water's like the devil's daughter
She's hard and she's cold and she's mean
But we've finally taught her that it takes a lot of water
To wash away New Orleans

Repeat

Fred Carter, Jr. - guitar, mandolin
Levon Helm - drums
Buster Phillips - drums
Jerry Shook - guitar
Mitch Humphries - organ
Buddy Emmons - steel
Billy Sanford - guitar
Henry Strzelecki - bass
Hargus "Pig" Robbins - piano
Background vocals - Henry Strzelecki, Mitch Humphries,
Fred Carter, Jr., Levon Helm

7. CHINA GIRL

(Joe New/Jeff Silbar)
Warner Chappell Music Ltd/BMG Music Ltd. 3.20

China Girl, I met you on the sea sand
You touched me with your cool hand
Your perfume's in the wind

China Girl, your daddy tells you white lies
To keep you from my blue eyes
To know me is no sin

Chorus:

I won't break you, China Girl
If you take me into your world
It's been my good fortune to find you, China Girl...China Girl

Stolen flowers are sweetest in the morning
The eastern sun is dawning
Your silk against my skin

China Girl, take me to some jasmine place
Soothe me with a subtle grace
To know me is no sin

Chorus

Fred Carter, Jr. - guitar
Jerry Carrigan - drums
Jerry Shook - mandolin
Mitch Humphries - organ
Levon Helm - drums
Buddy Emmons - steel
Henry Strzelecki - bass
Steve Gibson - guitar
Hargus "Pig" Robbins - piano
Billy Sanford - guitar
Background vocals - Henry Strzelecki, Mitch Humphries,
Levon Helm, Fred Carter, Jr.

8. NASHVILLE WIMMIN

(Harlan Howard) Sony Music Publishing 4.13

If it wasn't for the powder and the fine tooth comb
If it wasn't for the powder and the fine tooth comb
Then Nashville women
Sure wouldn't have no home

You long legged woman, you don't have to talk
You long legged woman, you sure don't have to talk
I know you're from Nashville
By the way you walk

Goin' down to Printer's Alley to see what I can find
Goin' down to Printer's Alley to see what I can find
Let some pretty women love
Let her rob me blind

If the blues was whiskey, I'd stay drunk all the time
If the blues was whiskey, I'd stay drunk all the time
It takes a whole long time
To get you off my mind

Repeat verses 1 & 2

Fred Carter, Jr. - guitar
Levon Helm - drums
Steve Schaffer - bass
Jerry Shook - guitar
Buddy Emmons - steel
Steve Gibson - guitar
Kenneth Buttrey - drums
Hargus "Pig" Robbins - piano
Clifford Robertson - organ

9. BLUE HOUSE OF BROKEN HEARTS

(Bill Martin/Todd Cerney)
BMG Music Pub Ltd/EMI Songs Ltd. 3.31

In the blue house of broken hearts
There's a place for you by the door

Where the street lights shine like the stars
Up from the city, down on the bars

We all know what it's like to be lonely
We all know what it's like to play the fool
We all know what it's like to go crazy
The world through this window's so distant and cruel

In the blue house of broken hearts
No we don't stroll out on the floor
Though the juke box plays that old waltz
Nobody feels like dancing no more

You think you're different
But you'll find you're wrong
Brother, all of us here feel the same
Tell us all where she's gone
Let that blue light come on
And shine on this fool for the day

In the blue house of broken hearts

Fred Carter, Jr. - guitar
Buddy Emmons - steel
Levon Helm - drums
Jerry Shook - guitar
Bobby Ogden - organ
Hargus "Pig" Robbins - piano
Steve Gibson - guitar
Billy Sanford - guitar
Henry Strzelecki - bass
Jerry Carrigan - drums
Background vocals - Todd Cerney, Buzz Cason, Mitch Humphries,
Fred Carter, Jr., Levon Helm

10. SWEET PEACH GEORGIA WINE

(Ronnie Reynolds) Hot Licks Music 3.53

I was on my way from Dalton, headed for Atlanta
Thinkin' about the girl I left behind
When a voice so soft and tender

Came to me from this window
Would you like a taste of sweet peach Georgia wine

Well, she showed me to the back door
Told me what it was for
Said you come back and see me anytime
And just as she was goin'
That ole sheriff bust the door in
Said boy, you've been into my sweet peach Georgia wine

Bridge:

How was I supposed to know she was the sheriff's daughter
She was only sweet sixteen but she looked a lot older
Well, I guess I've learnt my lesson, son
Now I'm doin' ten to twenty-one
Just for a taste of that sweet peach Georgia wine

Repeat bridge

If I ever get out of this jail house, I ain't gonna slow down
Until I reach that Georgia border line
Well, maybe just on quick stop in Macon
I'd hate to leave these parts not takin'
Just one more taste of that sweet peach Georgia wine

Repeat bridge

Fred Carter, Jr. - guitar
Henry Strzelecki - bass
Jerry Shook - guitar
Bobby Ogden - organ
Mitch Humphries - piano
Levon Helm - drums
Hargus "Pig" Robbins - piano
Buddy Emmons - steel
Jerry Carrigan - drums
Steve Gibson - guitar

Produced and arranged by Fred Carter, Jr.
Executive producer - Jim Foglesong
Recorded at Bradley's Barn, Mt. Juliet, Tennessee
Engineer - Joe Mills
Assistant engineer - Bobby Bradley

Remixed at Sound Shop, Nashville, Tennessee
Engineer - Ernie Winfrey

Special thanks to Paul Berry
Art Direction - George Osaki
Design - Andy Engel
Illustration - Joe Chung

Country Single Picks

LEVON HELM—MCA 41242

AMERICA'S FARM (prod.: Fred Carter, Jr.) (writer: R. Rogers) (Newkeys/Sweedie, BMI) (3:09)

America's troubles are considered in a rousing song here which Helm does in a kind of down-home rock style reminiscent of his days with the Band. Melody and production are strong, and the lyrics are right for the times.

Billboard's Top Single Picks

Number of singles reviewed
this week 101 Last week 103

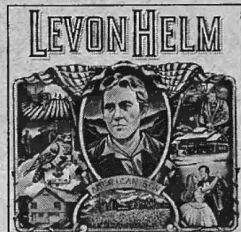


LEVON HELM—America's Farm (3:09); producer: Fred Carter Jr.; writer: Ronnie Rogers; publisher: Newkeys/Sweedie, BMI. MCA 41242. Former Band member Helm will become a familiar face to both country and rock programmers with this high energy, good-timey kicker. The arrangement, somewhat reminiscent of Little Feat doing country, borrows from both formats, with everything from slicing guitar to cowbells.



Promo 45 with the same track on both sides.

Goldmine price guide to 45 rpm records lists a retail copy with *Blue Moon of Kentucky* on the b-side that's either extremely rare or nonexistent.



American Son
Levon Helm
MCA

By Steve Pond

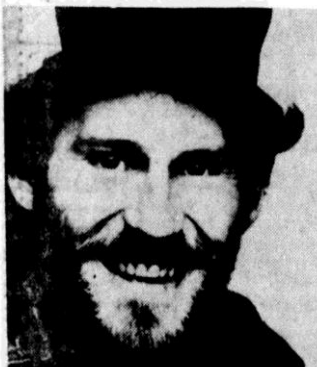
ON HIS FIRST TWO solo albums, ex-Band member Levon Helm—the man whose vocals once lent gravity to a basically frivolous number like "Ophelia"—seemed content to churn out inconsequential pop, R&B and traditional folk music. The scattered highlights belonged mostly to the supporting players. It was hard to listen to Helm's classic voice lope halfheartedly through these lackluster records without feeling cheated.

But Helm's wonderful reading of "Blue Moon of Kentucky" on the *Coal Miner's Daughter* soundtrack showed that he could still care about a song. *American Son* is an extension of those sessions, a chance for the artist to sing country music and, more important, an attempt to say something specific about a subject close to Helm's heart—something that his previous LPs never did. An uneven overview of the South, the new album is terrific when it evokes simple moods (the rural determination of "Watermelon Time in Georgia," the desolation of "Blue House of Broken Hearts") and terrible when it tries to make a full-blown statement about the nation's crisis of faith ("America's Farm").

Sure, the ten tunes on *American Son* say less about the South than did the three verses of "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down." Yet what's encouraging here is that Levon Helm is singing again, not just marking time. With a voice like his, that makes all the difference in the world.

Previews

Rock



LEVON HELM

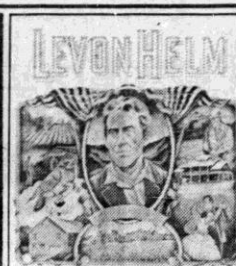
LEVON HELM: "American Son" (MCA) — Helm's great voice and drumming haven't quite been able to compensate for the interplay he shared with the keyboard work of Garth Hudson and Richard Manuel, and with Manuel's and Danko's vocals in The Band. But this is the best of his solo LPs to date, with a couple of fine Harlan Howard songs, "Watermelon Time in Georgia" and "Nashville Wimmin" leading the way. Like Bob Dylan's mid-'60s excursions to Nashville, "American Son" features ace country sessionmen playing white blues, and they deliver with dedication and devotion. On the best material, particularly "Hurricane," a conscious evocation of The Band, Helm recaptures that sense of firsthand nostalgia and rusticity that makes him one of rock's premiere voices.

— Dave Marsh/Rolling Stone

RECORDS



LAZY RACER
Easy-listening pop



LEVON HELM
A comfortable sound



PREACHER JACK
A 1950s style

'American Son' produces The Band's magic sound

By JOHN GRIFFIN
of The Gazette

Between his critically acclaimed performance as Loretta Lynn's true-blue daddy in the film *Coal Miner's Daughter* and the release of a new album called *American Son* which has the stars and bars plastered all over the cover, Levon Helm seems to be easing himself in the saddle reserved for archetypal good 'ol boys like the late Big John Wayne.

Still, as an ex-member of The Band, who so eloquently distilled the sweetness and tragedy of the U.S. human condition, Levon could be just the man to put our confused neighbors back on the track.

The new LP has most of The Band magic: beautiful ballads like *Violet Eyes* and *Blue House of Broken Hearts* which bring out the best in Helm's singularly archaic nasal vocals. Good down home rompers like *Watermelon Time in Georgia*, are a social commentary on the state of the States called *America's Farm* in which Levon sees "the red, white and blue/s mixed up and so confused."

His remedy calls for 'grabbing the plow/we've got the hands, we've got the arms/I say it's time to work America's farm.' Pretty hard to argue with sentiments like that.

The album was cut at Bradley's Barn Studio in Tennessee with such

country greats as Buddy Emmons and Fred Carter Jr. and they surround Helm with a sound that's as comfortable as an old dawg snoring on the front porch.

Anyone who laments the passing of The Band should find the spirited playing and Levon's inimitable singing on *American Son* a suitable balm for their sorrow.

Wild boogie woogie

A different kettle of fish altogether, but in a similar All-American vein is a debut album called *Rock 'n' Roll Preacher* (Attic) by Boston-based revivalist bonzo Preacher Jack.

He is a direct, authentic musical descendant of Jerry Lee Lewis at his most frenzied, with side nods to Elvis, Hank Williams Sr. and Little Richard. His singing and wild boogie woogie piano are lifted from some 1950s time warp, the production is from the technologically back-dated folks who brought you George Thoroughgood, and Jack's sidemen include the legendary Sleepy LaBeef on guitar, and Sai Spicola on foghorn sax.

Rockabilly and country rave-ups might not be everybody's cup of java, but there can be no denying the perverse talent and determination of a guy who believes that rock'n'roll redemption lies in the musical tradition of our forefathers.

When an LP called *Formula 2* (A&M) by Lazy Racer came across the desk it was immediately consigned to the "indefinite hold" bin.

After all, the band was considered a product of famed producer Glyn Johns' fertile imagination for the exclusive purpose of making bucks, and therefore lacking the requisite soul and integrity for serious consideration.

Didn't work though, and this five-man, one woman Anglo-American Fleetwood Mac rebash kept slipping onto the turntable. The reasons are simple.

As good as any

There just aren't many good easy-listening pop bands who combine decent melodies with good playing and slightly off-the-wall lyrics like these guys do. Songs like the infectious *Why* and uptempo soft rockers like *Jumping the Gun* are as good as any that's come down the pipe this summer and the keyboard work of Timothy Gorman is a treat.

What's more, the McGarrigue sisters' sideman Pat Donaldson holds down the bass end in stalwart fashion, the production from Johns is as smooth as East Indian rum, and the 1938 Phantom Corsair automobile on the cover is suitable for framing.

Records

By RICH AREGOOD 'Levon Helm, an Arkansan, was the only American in Canada's export.'

"COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER" was a startling movie in a lot of ways. It was a good, solid, entertaining film, for one thing, and that's something that showbiz biographies seldom are. Anyone who's ever seen atrocities like "The Eddy Duchin Story" knows what a remarkable feat it is.

But the real revelation was Levon Helm, who gave an incredibly affecting and realistic portrayal of a very tired coal miner trying to do the best for his family, even after one of them married a man he didn't much approve of and set off to become Loretta Lynn.

Incredibly, it was Helm's first acting job.

Before that, Helm had had no lack of accomplishment, having been a very important part of what, to me, was the greatest rock band ever — The Band. Those capital letters in the name were not arrogance. It was "the band," the only one that combined rock with country music and still rocked. A critic once called it the kind of rock band that could have warmed up a crowd for Abraham Lincoln. He was right.

THE BAND was so excellent musically that it was easy to take that excellence for granted and notice only after its members decided to break it up, going out in style with "The Last Waltz," a movie of its farewell concert.

Helm, an Arkansan, was the American in Canada's finest export. His drumming and stone country voice were a critical part of its success.

And he's got a new record that shows why with clarity.

That's true across the board. Records by the others do the same. Being surrounded by people of lesser talent who are less simpatico musically is revealing. You finally recognize how many fine talents were gathered in one place.

"American Son" (MCA) does exactly that. The sound is more country than The Band's was. In fact, Helm has gathered together some Nashville musicians whose names are familiar to anybody who's ever read the back of a record jacket — people like Hargus "Pig" Robbins, Buddy Emmons and Kenny Buttrey.

The resulting record may be the best country album I've heard since the last time Willie Nelson got serious. Helm is a master of the themes

that are standard to country music — women, patriotism and all that.

HERE, HELM is a pure singer doing other people's songs. His choices are good ones. "Dance Me Down Easy" has always been a wonderful song. Harlan Howard's "Watermelon Time in Georgia" is "Detroit City" seen from another angle. In fact, except for "China Girl," which sounds like Randy Newman's "Yellow Man" without the humor, the songs are all good solidly Southern looks at life.

If you're one of those folks who pantingly wants a Beatles reunion, save your pants. A Band reunion would make a lot more sense and probably sound a lot better. Besides, it wouldn't cost \$500 million to put on.

Until then, buy records like this one. It's the next best thing, and it ain't bad at all.



Levon Helm, in his first acting job, turned in an outstanding performance as Loretta Lynn's daddy in "Coal Miner's Daughter"

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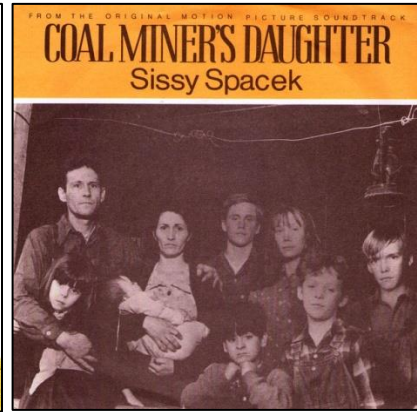
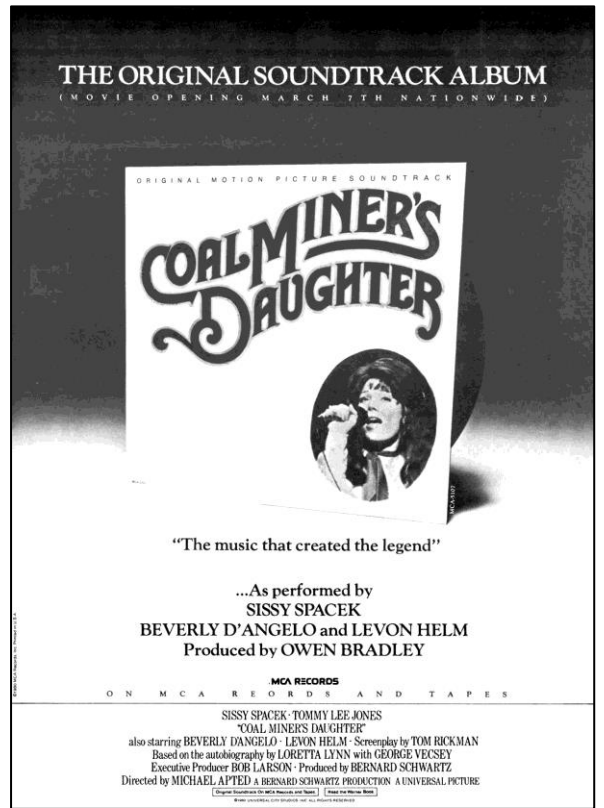
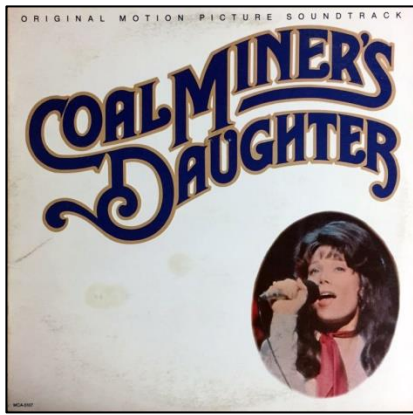
JOURNAL HERALD Sat., Mar. 17, 1979
Levon Helm, drummer for the Band, will play Loretta Lynn's father in Coal Miner's Daughter, the film version of the country singer's autobiography.



Country Single Picks

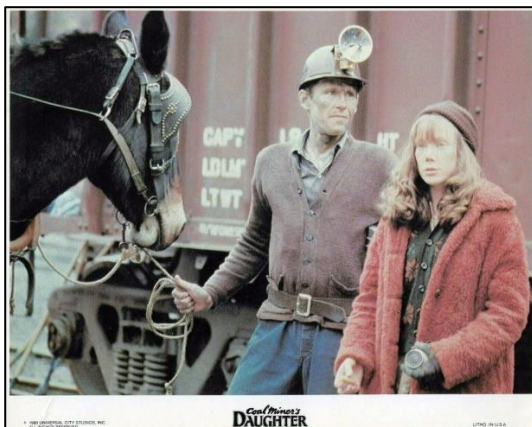
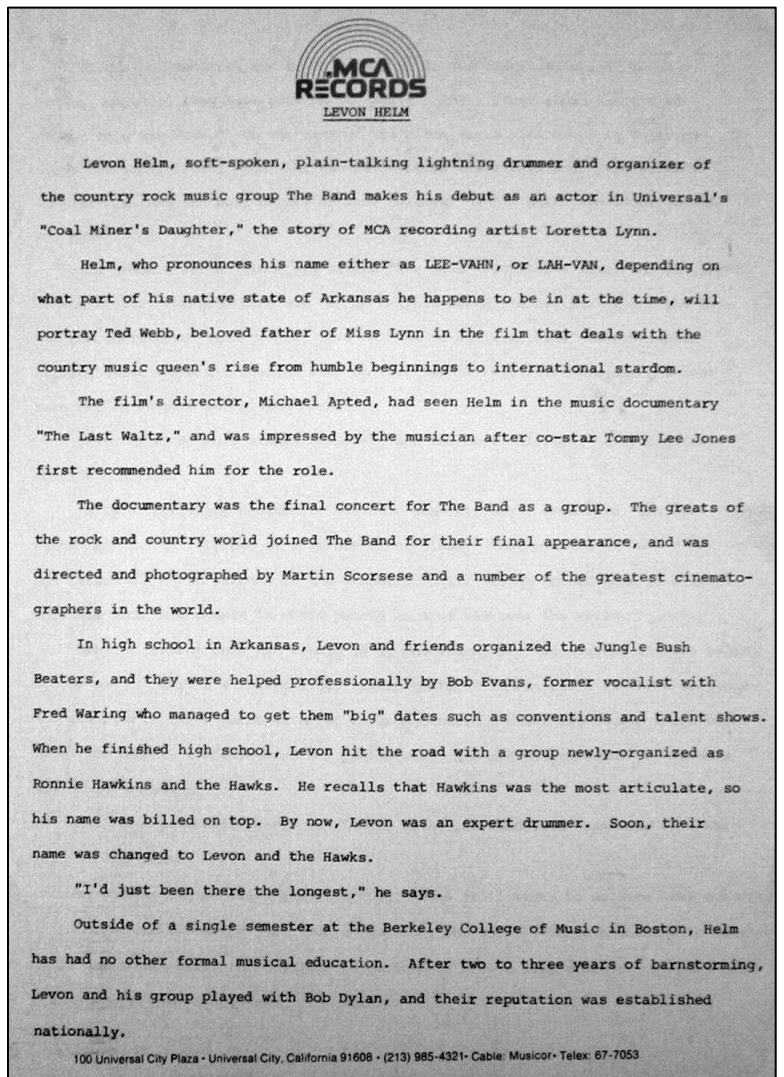
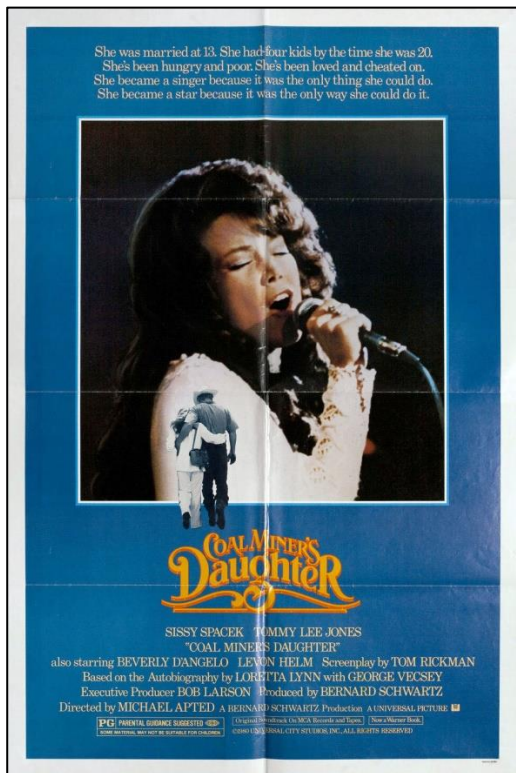
LEVON HELM—MCA 41202
BLUE MOON OF KENTUCKY (prod.: Owen Bradley) (writer: B. Monroe) (Peer International, BMI) (2:48)
Taken from the upcoming "Coal Miner's Daughter" soundtrack, this single combines a member of the Band with veteran producer Owen Bradley on a Bill Monroe bluegrass standard. The result is a sound both straightforward and unique.

RECORD WORLD MARCH 1, 1980



European LP

UK 45





Webb family in front of Kentucky cabin: Levon Helm, left; Phyllis Boyens, holding baby, and Sissy Spacek, right rear, star.

Levon Helm takes to acting without losing a beat

By JACK GARNER
D&C Popular Arts Editor

One of the best scenes in Michael Apte's *Coal Miner's Daughter*, the richly textured film biography of country singer Loretta Lynn, shows a typical Saturday night in a cabin in Butcher's Hollow, Kentucky. The Webb family — including seven children — is enjoying Bill Monroe's music from the *Grand Ole Opry* on the radio.

Mother Clara Webb lifts her skirts and dances a country jig while father Ted tries to cheer up "of sourpuss," his daughter Loretta.

It's an important scene, for it shows the musical heritage that is so important to a country artist and the solid, loving family relationship in which it was nurtured. Loretta Webb Lynn is played by Sissy Spacek, who is wonderful in the central role. But she's given first-rate support from an unusual and unheralded cast — including rock 'n' roll drummer Levon Helm as Daddy Webb in his dramatic debut.

Helm's only previous film experience was in his natural role as the long-time drummer and vocalist of The Band, one of the seminal rock bands of the '60s. A documentary film, *The Last Waltz*, focused on the group's farewell performance three years ago.

Helm, 39, was born and raised on a cotton farm in Arkansas, across the Mississippi from West Memphis, and still has a home there, in addition to a home and recording studio in Woodstock, N.Y. He talked by phone about his music and acting careers a few days ago from Arkansas.

Helm said the role was offered to him "out of the blue," apparently at the suggestion of Tommy Lee Jones, who plays Loretta's husband, Mooney. Jones and Helm were old friends in Woodstock. "When the movie came up, Tommy Lee supposedly dropped my name in a hat when they asked for someone from the country to portray Ted Webb," Helm said. "When you come down to it, I'm from as far back in the country as you can get."

"I've allowed myself to daydream about that sort of stuff. I like calling myself an entertainer. I'm really a farmer, but I like entertaining. I was scared as hell going into

Please turn to page 8C

DRUMMER HELM

From page 1C

it, but once I did it, I got to wishing my part was longer."

He said now he's eager to try it again, so long as the story "can be something that's real, that's true, and the production team can be as good as this one was."

THE ROLE OF TED WEBB is pivotal to the first section of the film. Loretta Webb was her father's girl, and they had a special relationship. Webb worked the graveyard shift at the coal mines and was as poor as could be, but he always made sure his children had shoes on their feet and a strong sense of what's right and wrong. Webb died just before his eldest daughter achieved stardom.

"Ted Webb was the kind of guy we can all tip our hats to, so it was a privilege to play him," Helm said.

"I've seen lots of people like Ted Webb, like my own father, people who grew up hard working. It might look to an outsider like it's one miserable day after another, but all those people raised families and had a life that a lot of us are still striving for. They had another pace and another set of priorities."

Though he's not much older than Spacek or Jones, who play his daughter and son-in-law, Helm is believable as a hard-laboring, middle-aged man. Director Apte asked Helm to shave his beard — accenting his taut, rough features and aging him by a decade.

Helm said his natural country drawl "was a plus, though they asked me to speak slower."

"I tried to relate my acting to music, which is my first love. It's like singing harmony. I knew that Sissy was supposed to 'sing' lead, on most occasions, and I was supposed to 'sing' harmony, which I love to do."

HELM'S FATHER, Jasper, was a country guitarist and his mother, Emma Nell, sang in church choirs, so Levon was always around music. But he didn't listen to the *Grand Ole Opry*, at least not often.

"I listened more to radio stations out of Memphis, and Jackson, Miss.," he said. His preference was for the blues of Sonny Bill Williamson, B.B. King and Junior Parker, and Sun Records rockabilly.

"I've always figured (black country singer) Charlie Pride and I got our radio stations mixed up when we were kids," he said, with a laugh.

When he was in high school Helm formed a rock band with the improbable name The Jungle Bush Beaters. After graduation he hit the road as drummer with Ronnie Hawkins, a white blues-rock singer whose legend is a bit longer than his discography.

The back-up group was known as the Hawks. During a tour in Canada, all but Levon left the band and were replaced by four Canadian musicians, Robbie Robertson, Garth Hudson, Rick Danko and Richard Manuel. That lineup stayed intact through the group's entire decade as The Band, the name they adopted after splitting with Hawkins and supporting Bob Dylan on his first rock-oriented tours.

The group's first album, *Music from Big Pink*, named after the house in which they recorded it near Woodstock, has become one of those legendary albums in rock, along with its more clearly defined sequel, *The Band*. They went through several other studio albums, the famous *Basement Tapes* set with Dylan, and two good live albums, including the career-examining *Last Waltz* soundtrack.

The Band's songs were unique in their ability to capture the essence of America's rich musical heritage and ethnic traditions. Though they rocked with the best. The Band gave forth an aura of a bygone era. Yet their albums from the late '60s are much

DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE, Rochester, N.Y., Sun., Mar. 9, 1980

more alive and vibrant today than nearly anything else recorded in that period.

Robertson was the chief writer and leader, but the soul of the group was the American, Levon Helm. One critic wrote that his drumming was the only drumming that could make a listener cry. He also sang lead on most of the group's best recordings, including *The Weight*, *Up on Cripple Creek*, *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down* and *When I Paint My Masterpiece*.

WHEN THE BAND broke up, the members said they probably wouldn't ever tour again, but would probably record together in the future. Helm said that's still the case. "In the meantime, everyone's started those projects they always wanted to do. My philosophy is, 'Don't push.' If you push it won't happen natural, and the music won't be good."

"I'm happy with my career. I'm happy to be here, hell, I'm happy to be alive!"

He added that he's glad all his former Band companions "are healthy. Robbie's doing movies (currently filming *Carny* with Jodie Foster and Gary Busey), Garth is doing albums with Van Morrison, Richard's writing songs, and Rick's playing. Everything's OK with me."

Helm's experience in *Coal Miner's Daughter* introduced him to one of Nashville's leading record producers, Owen Bradley, who supervised the film's music. Though Helm doesn't sing on the film, he's got a spot singing *Blue Moon of Kentucky* on the soundtrack album. He's also just finished recording 20 tunes at Bradley's recording facilities, for an upcoming solo album, his third since the breakup of The Band.

Though he uses the best Nashville musicians on the new songs, Helm said the album isn't a country record. "I think it's going to be down the middle. I tried some country things, but they don't fit like the things that get into the rockabilly thing."

"I've got to have them drums a-poppin'."

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Motion Pictures



Levon Helm and Phyllis Boyens as Loretta Lynn's parents, Ted and Clara Webb; Levon as himself

By Jean Valley

It really offends me when singers try to be actors. They're making light of my profession, negating all the work and training I've put in. Let [them] go study acting if they want to be actors.

—JAMES CAAN

POR JAMES CAAN. Things really are a mess. Writers want to be directors. Directors want to be actors. Actors want to be singers, and there sure are a lot of singers who want to be actors: Willie Nelson, Jackson Browne, Mac Davis, David Allen Coe, Ringo Starr and Kris Kristofferson just to name a few. And James Caan just may have a point. Good acting, like good anything, requires training, discipline, experience. But James Caan just may have to eat his words when he sees Levon Helm play Loretta Lynn's father, Ted Webb, in *Coal Miner's Daughter*. Musician Helm, formerly the Band's drummer, makes his acting debut and gives a performance that would make James Caan very, very proud.

"As a musician," says the slow-talking Helm in an accent as thick as a hot summer day in Arkansas, "I try to play more than one kind of instrument. I try to sing lead as well as harmony." He shrugs his shoulders and smiles. "I don't know enough about movies yet, but I do know that acting and singing are in the same ball game. The way I look at it, Sissy Spacek was playing Loretta and Tommy Lee Jones was playing Mooney — they're singing lead. The rest of us were singing harmony, so we had to blend in and make it nice."

Helm may talk slowly, but he moves like a tornado—in the last five days he's gone from his home in Arkansas to Nashville, St. Louis, New York and now L.A. "We went into Bradley's

Barn in Nashville to record 'Blue Moon of Kentucky' for the soundtrack LP," explains Helm. He's bent over his bed at the Hollywood Holiday Inn, checking out a crazy quilt of potential covers for his next album, *American Son*. He looks up and shakes his head. "I hated following Bill Monroe and the Blue Grass Boys, but once we did 'Blue Moon' we figured, why not put a little hay in the barn, and two weeks later we had laid down twenty tracks. Want a listen?" Helm pops in a cassette and soon sweet country sounds fill the room.

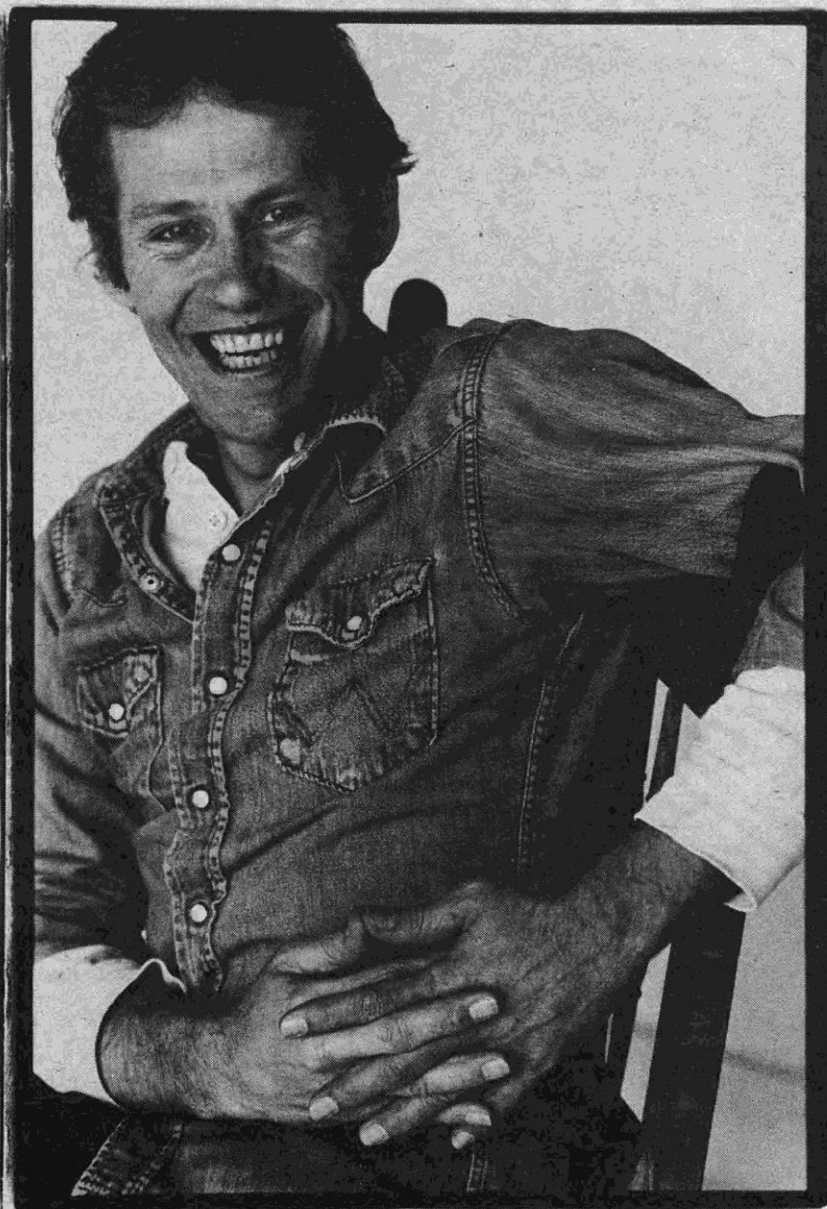
When a hotel guest complains about the volume, we head for a Mexican joint, where Helm orders the first of several rounds of extra-large Margaritas. As skinny as vermicelli, Helm is clean shaven and his brown hair is boyishly short. He hardly looks his thirty-nine years, although closer scrutiny reveals the bits of gray hair and the deep lines around his brown eyes, left by years and years on the road.

Yet those years and the fame and money they brought have left few other traces. In fact, Helm appears to be the real thing, an honest-to-goodness, down-home country boy. He lights a Merit, pulls on it a few times to make sure it's going and then offers it to me. He opens doors and remembers everyone's name and keeps inviting folks to stop in and see him when they're in Arkansas. It's the kind of invitation you take seriously. Levon Helm is the kind of guy you hoped the Marlboro Man would be.

Helm attacks his Margarita, licks his lips and explains, "I met Tommy Lee Jones years ago through a mutual friend, Brad Dourif, a fine actor who is my neighbor up in Woodstock, New York. When the *Coal Miner's Daughter* deal came up, Tommy Lee apparently threw my name into the hat because there wasn't anyone in Hollywood quite

'COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER':

Levon Helm Makes Acting Look Easy



country enough or something. Michael Apte [the director] saw *The Last Waltz* [a film about the Band's farewell concert] and called me to Nashville to read for the part."

Over another round, Helm continues. "I felt like such a fool," he says, embarrassed at the memory. "I'm reading the

Ted Webb part and Apte is reading the Loretta part, and he's calling me daddy and I'm calling him Loretta. Lord!" A month later Helm was back in Nashville, where he hooked up with his old buddy Tommy Lee. Together, they drove to the first location, in Wise, Virginia, and along the way Jones gave Helm a

crash course in acting. "Tommy Lee and I split a bottle of Wild Turkey," says Helm, "and he told me what to expect, how to pull it off." Helm breaks into a huge smile. "Tommy Lee's a good ol' boy from Texas, but he went up there to school [Harvard] and read Shakespeare and did a lot of wild stuff that a country boy

Motion Pictures

wouldn't ordinarily do. He told me things like don't look at the camera, don't move too quick, don't talk too fast, do everything at a certain rhythm." Helm settles back in the booth. "See, it gets back to what I was saying. I don't understand it yet, but there is a pitch and rhythm that is absolutely parallel in music and acting, and if I have the opportunity to be in a few more of these kinds of projects, I might be able to understand it."

In addition to taking Jones' crash course, he read Loretta's biography and talked with her a bit. Helm also pulled a few shifts in the coal mines.

"This world is not new to me," Helm explains. "These people are like my parents. I grew up on a cotton farm in Arkansas. When you bend over, whether you're picking cotton or coal, you feel a certain way. I know what it's like to work for the company store." Helm lights up another Merit. "You know, it looks a lot rougher than it actually is. There is so much love and stuff inside a family that it makes up for a lot of other things that are missing. I know that my family—and I'm sure the Webb family, too—never thought we were shortchanged." He smiles. "You know, we've all been sharecroppers at one time or another. You play the hand you're dealt."

Born to Jasper Diamond and Emma Nell in Marvell, Arkansas, Helm soon took to traveling to local 4-H clubs, playing the guitar and hamboning. At fifteen he started hanging out in the bars. "Conway Twitty came through with his band, the House Rockers," recalls Helm. "Oh boy, were they good!" As soon as he got his high-school diploma, Helm hit the road, eventually coming together with the Band. "I was sorry to see it end," says Helm of the group's breakup in 1978. "I like to think we'll get back together, but I've learned over the years it's best not to push. So I try to stay ready and hope for the best." He laughs. "But I left *The Last Waltz* thinking my job was still the same. I didn't come out of it with any big ideas that I was going to be a movie star. I was just glad my union card was still intact."

Even though he had a lot going for him, Helm admits he had the jitters as the first day of filming *Coal Miner's Daughter* approached. "I wanted to sing some stuff in there, but they said no. No guitar picking. You got to stand up there and talk. And make folks believe it. So I just played it straight. I did what I was told and listened to people who knew better than I did."

Helm's musical training did come in handy in another area—

phrasing. "Again, it has to do with rhythm. Sometimes it just sounded a little off-key, so I would try to switch it around to a better key for my voice." He smiles. "It would never vary much from the way Tom Rickman wrote it, just an *an* or a *but*."

Helm orders up another round of Margaritas and talks more about the connection between singers and actors. "They share the same kind of pressure of being on the spot. If you're doing a concert, you have to remember all the words to the song. But fortunately for me, we'd do a scene and we'd stop and Michael Apted would come up to me and say, 'It sounds real good, if only you'd play it a little lower or mean it a little harder.' Little tips like that. It was a lot of fun trying to pull it off."

By this time we have consumed enough extra-large Margaritas and Mexican food to satisfy half the population of Cabo San Lucas. We head back to the hotel—to get ready for dinner. Helm switches on the TV to watch the Shavers-Mercado fight (no sound) and orders two toothbrushes from room service. "I just love Mexican food," explains Helm, "but we'll..." The toothbrushes arrive, we dutifully use them and Helm curls up on the bed and talks some more. He still shudders when he remembers his death scene. "Nobody wants to get into a coffin, but I didn't want to get marked as superstitious. So I asked Michael Apted to get in and show me exactly how he wanted me to lay," Helm laughs. "I figured he could kind of warm it up for me. If he had the nerve, I had the nerve."

As the mourners sang "Amazing Grace," Helm suddenly came to life. "I figured that it was my funeral, and I wanted that song sung the way I wanted: the traditional, old-fashioned way. I just got up, with my gone-for-good makeup on, and we worked it out, sang it a few times, then I got back in the coffin."

It's time for sushi and sake, lots and lots of sake, and then Helm says goodnight.

The next morning, Helm, his head still a little funny from the sake, must attend a meeting and a photo session before his plane leaves for Arkansas. He arrives at the photo session carrying a small green canvas bag and a cassette player. "I had to do up some underwear and a pair of socks last night," he says, "but I'd rather travel light. There's a machine in Dallas that eats suitcases." As he gets ready to pose, he pops on a cassette of his new album and the music does its magic. Helm's eyes light up, his fingers begin to slap his thigh, his feet begin to stomp.

The photographer snaps away. As excited as Helm is about his

album and his upcoming tour, he's just as excited about the scripts coming his way. He thinks he can have both, "as long as I don't try to sing an opera or play Shakespeare. I think I can play a concert better than I can act, but I'd like to try. Shoot, maybe I'm only supposed to be in one movie, but I never expected that. I never said I could sing like a James Taylor or that I had the range of a Van Morrison or the wind of a Mavis Staple, and boy, my buddy from *Taxi Driver*, Robert De Niro, wow, he's strong. But you got to try these things. I consider myself an entertainer, and I'm certainly not as good as I intend to be."

"You know, you have times that are real interesting and times that aren't so interesting. But those are the times that give you a chance to practice, listen, take stock, live a life, get your feet back on the ground."

Helm stuffs his gear into his bag and heads for the airport and home. He's tired but happy. He turns to wave. He breaks into a huge smile. "Oh, you know, any opportunity to hear that applause, I'll jump on it like a dog on a bone."

Now, if James Caan could only learn to sing "Up on Cripple Creek."

Coming Attractions

Sherry Lansing, the new head of Twentieth Century-Fox, is wasting no time getting her shop in order. Now that all her vice-presidents are in line, she has announced the acquisition of three major motion pictures. This spring the cameras will roll on the dramatic movie *Chariots of Fire*, which will be filmed in England, Scotland, the Isle of Man and France. This summer shooting will begin on a comedy, *Tutti-Frutti*, produced by Frank Yablans, who produced Fox' hit *Silver Streak* (Yablans has two additional projects in development at Fox, *Monsignore* and *Congo*). And this fall, **Chevy Chase** will star in another comedy, *Modern Problems*.

Dolly Parton isn't exactly spending these balmy spring days working on her tan. She has yet to finish filming *Nine to Five*, her film debut with **Jane Fonda** and **Lily Tomlin**. (It's the story about three secretaries who plot to get back at their boss), and she already has her next film project set; she will costar with **Burt Reynolds** in Universal's *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. She has also released a new album, *Dolly Dolly Dolly*, and has been tapped, for the first time, to be a presenter at the Academy Awards.

NBC Studios 3000 W. Alameda Ave., Burbank, California	Studio 4 Wednesday April 9 1980 Show time 7:00 pm Guests must arrive before 6:15 pm
"The Midnight Special"	
The Cast of "Coal Miner's Daughter"	
Sissy Spacek, Levon Helm, Beverly D'Angelo, And Phyllis Bayenes	
Persons under 16 will not be admitted Ticket distribution is in excess of studio capacity	

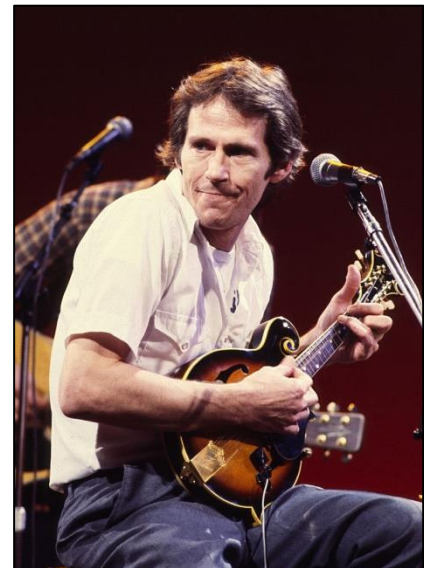
FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1980 The News, Passaic County, N.J.

TV FOCUS

Sissy Spacek and Levon Helm, two of the stars in the recent box office hit, "Coal Miners's Daughter," the biography of country-music queen Loretta Lynn, will host this week's edition of "The Midnight Special" (WNBC-4 at 1 a.m.). Their guests will be Queen ("Crazy Little Thing Called Love"); Phyllis Boyens ("Working Girl Blues"); Rupert Holmes ("Him"); and Dancers ("Desire"). Sissy Spacek performs "There He Goes," "Grandma Belle," "Coal Miner's Daughter" and "Girl Cowboy." Levon Helm sings "Honky Tonkin," "America's Farm," "Coconut Song," "China Girl" and "Up on Cripple Creek." The cast will perform "Watermelon Time in Georgia" and "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down." Your announcer is Wolfman Jack.

Green Bay Press-Gazette Friday, April 18, 1980

	12:00 Midnight	6—Sun
	3-5-12—Midnight Special	
WS	Sissy Spacek and the cast of "Coal Miner's Daughter" are hosts to Levon Helm, Beverly D'Angelo, Phyllis Boyens, Rupert Holmes, Queen, The Spinners and Anne Murray.	3-5—E
H. Whyte		2-6-7—

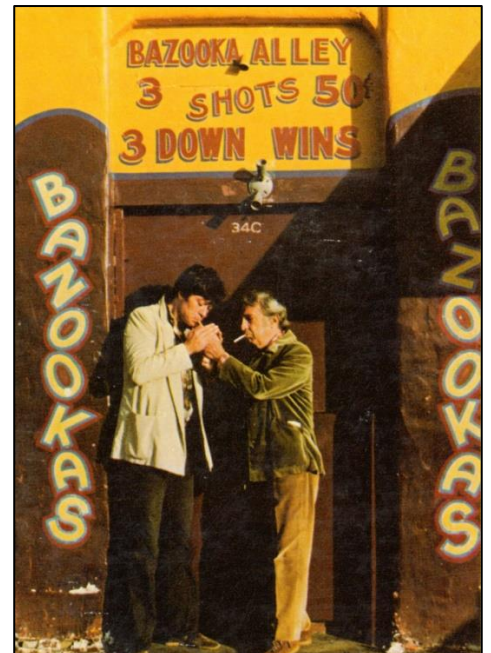




CARNY — Warner Bros. HS 3455 — Producers: Robbie Robertson and Alex North — List: 7.98 — Bar Coded

This LP is the soundtrack to the film, which captures perfectly the mood of a carnival during the Depression. While many people were expecting some Robbie Robertson classics, what they will find are some fine ragtime jazz and blues instrumentals, a drunken version of a Fats Domino theme and some atmospheric film score music befitting a circus or carnival. Alex North composed the music on the introspective "Themes & Variations" side and Robertson crafted three songs on the atmospheric "Midway Music" side.

Cash Box/August 23, 1980



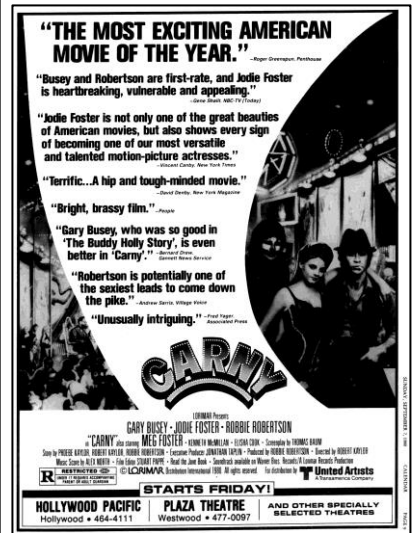
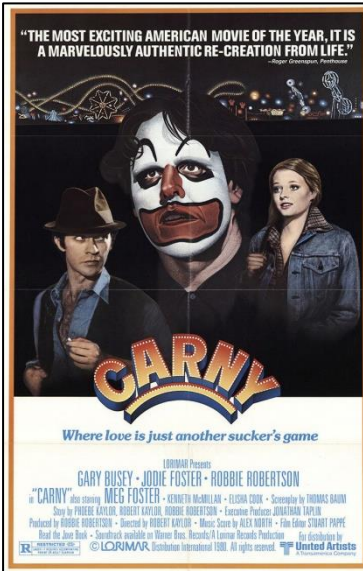
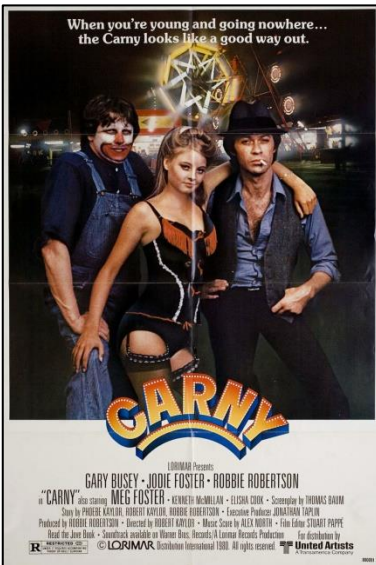
2015 CD release.

Robbie Robertson & Alex North

Robbie Robertson To Produce, Star In "Carney" Film

Now that **The Band** has disbanded, former member **Robbie Robertson** has embarked upon a film career. Robertson will co-produce as well as star in the upcoming dramatic feature, "Carney" for **Lorimar Films**. Centered around contemporary carnival life, Robertson's "Carney" co-stars will include **Jodie Foster** and **Gary Busey**. Robertson's previous film experience includes producing, "The Last Waltz," in which he appeared.

Jonathan "Mean Streets" Taplin will serve as the film's executive producer. Script is by **Thomas Baum** and **Robert Kaylor** will direct. The film will commence shooting in Savannah, GA in late April.



A Vote of Confidence for 'Carney'

BY CHARLES SCHREGER
Times Staff Writer

Following the release of "The Last Waltz," Martin Scorsese's lovely and lyrical 1978 documentary on the final concert by The Band, one of the group's members, Robbie Robertson, announced that he would be turning his energies primarily from music to film.

Robertson's desire was to both produce and act in features. His first movie, with the dual roles of star and producer, will be "Carney." It begins filming next month in Savannah, Ga., for Lorimar and United Artists.

Joining Robertson will be Jodie Foster and Gary Busey, himself a sometimes musician last seen in "The Buddy Holly Story." The performance earned Busey an Academy Award nomination for best actor in this year's Oscar race.

"Carney" is the pet project of Robert Kaylor, director of the much-praised but little-seen 1971 documentary "Derby," a cinema verite look at competitive roller skating. Thomas Baum wrote the screenplay, but the picture's idea, essentially, was Kaylor's. Kaylor lived and traveled with carnivals for two years while researching the project.

Jonathan Taplin, the film's executive producer (he had the same title on "The Last Waltz" and produced Scorsese's "Mean Streets"), described "Carney" as a love story and a loving look at carnivals and the dying breed that works in them.

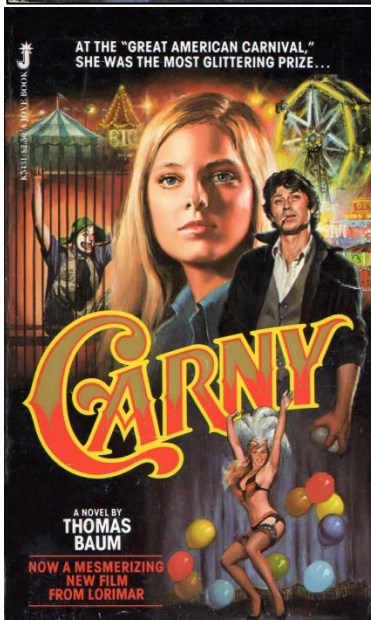
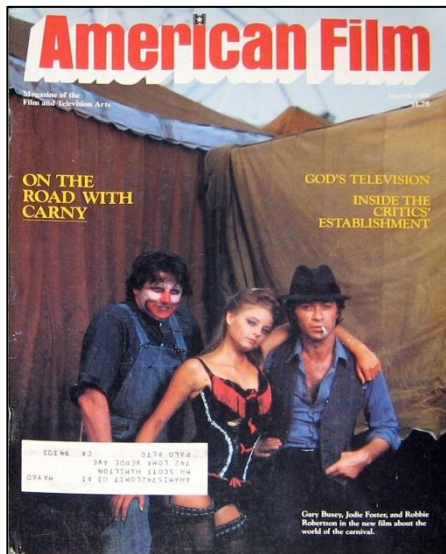
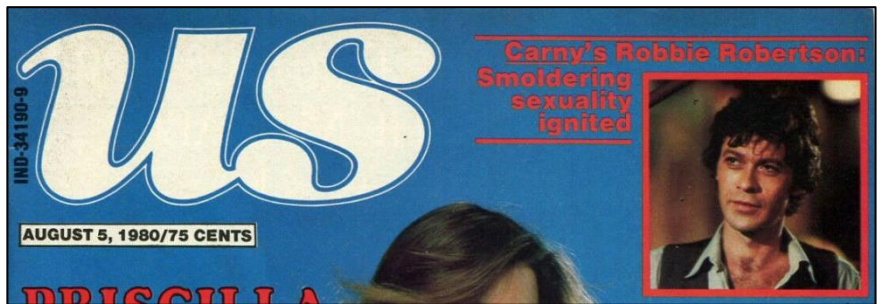
Robertson and Busey play two of that breed. Robertson is a manipulator, a character named Patch who patches things up when there's trouble. Busey is a "bozo," a carnival character who taunts patrons into buying chances at hitting targets with baseballs; their reward is watching him plop into a tub of water. Foster, now age 16, plays the woman who comes between the two.

In what looks on the surface to be a bold and confident decision by Lorimar, which is backing the unusual project, Kaylor will direct.

"Sometimes you've just got to transcend the usual list of 10 directors everyone thinks of when they're planning a movie," explained Lorimar president Peter Bart.

"Not that those 10 aren't fine for many films," he added. "Kaylor hasn't made a feature, but he's shown that he's a superior documentary director and he's lived with this picture for so long, there's really no one better qualified."

Production begins April 26 in Savannah, where, Bart said, there is a resident carnival which will be used in the picture.



Spotlight By MARILYN BECK

Frank Sinatra has given Peter Bogdanovich permission to use any of the songs from his "Trilogy" album in his film, "They All Laughed," in which **Audrey Hepburn** co-stars with **Ben Gazzara**. And so far the director thinks he'll be using two ... "Carney" leads **Gary Busey** and **Robbie Robertson** will be teaming on a country-rock L.P.

The novelization.

MOTION PICTURES

ON THE NIGHT OF July 2nd, 1979, Robbie Robertson and Gary Busey stopped off at a bar and grill in lower Manhattan for a drink. They wanted to make a toast: to *Carny*, which they'd finished filming only the day before.

Several revelers at the next table were harassing them and started to jump Busey on his way out of the men's room. They froze at the sound of Robertson's glass breaking against the edge of the table. He pointed the jagged weapon at Busey's opponents, and he and Busey backed out of the place.

They were laughing, but the laughter was a little shaky.

"Hey, we're still in character," Busey told Robertson.

"How do you get out?" Robertson asked.

In *Carny*, Busey plays the Bozo, a carnival sideshow attraction whose weapon is his mouth: he sits on a stool over a tank of water and antagonizes the "marks" (i.e., you or me) into buying baseballs to throw at a target that, if hit, will dump him into the tank. Robertson (besides producing the film) plays Patch, the Mr. Fix-it of the carnival. What Patch can't take care of with a handful of money he settles by pulling out his straight razor.

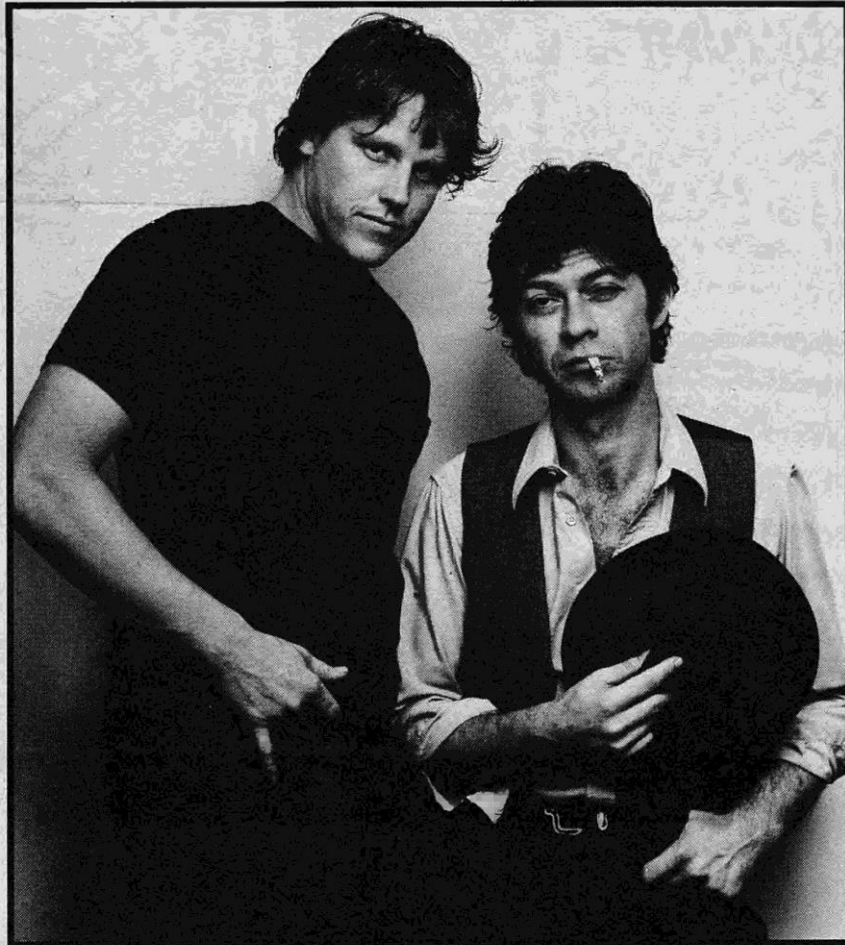
So, I asked, had they become Bozo and Patch?

"Hey!" Robertson said, "I don't think like that! I'm a sophisticated person — of some sort."

"Ya gotta watch out what happens to you in the movies," Busey said, " 'cause it can jump into your real life."

EXACTLY A MONTH earlier, on a steamy night at the Empire Coastal Fairgrounds in Savannah, Georgia (where *Carny* was filmed), Busey was shooting a scene in 100-degree-plus heat inside a canvas tent. He was dancing with the carnival's half-man, half-woman, twirling him-her around till his partner's legs were flying straight out. It ended with him falling heavily into a row of wooden folding chairs. He then lurched out of the tent and made straight for his trailer.

"I'm gonna go throw up," Busey said as he ran by. Moments later, as he was toweling off sweat, he held up his hand for me to inspect: it was trembling. "God," he said, "the adrenalin's still there. This film will either be terrific or a real dog. Robbie



After 'The Last Waltz'

ROBBIE ROBERTSON

takes a chance on 'Carny'
By Chet Flippo

has amazed me, 'cause this is my fifteenth film now and this is really his first, and he's great. You can't teach acting and you can't think it. You just do it."

Faces loomed out of the carnival's splotchy lighting as we left the trailer: Johann, the eight-foot-tall giant; George, the 600-pound-plus fat man; the Alli-

gator Man and his wife, the Monkey Woman. Jimie Rapp, the sword-swallower and fire-eater, showed off his chain-link belt: "It's handy in a brick fight if you ain't got a brick."

"They're all real," said Robertson later as we drank champagne at the white porticoed antebellum mansion that he

and Busey were renting while working on *Carny*. "Real carnies, real freaks, real gaffers. You can't fool those carnies. They live it."

My attention was drawn to an adjoining bedroom, which had been converted into a circus tent: nothing but a bed and billows of striped canvas. Robert-

son, noticing my interest, explained: "You wake up in the morning in a tent! You get right into the carnival setting."

Robertson put on a videocassette of John Ford's *The Searchers* and we settled back. I asked the obvious question: Why was he—a "hot property"—producing and starring in a movie that Hollywood had already deemed noncommercial?

"*Carny* is a long shot," Robertson said softly, "but I had to do it because I believe in it. I don't care what people think. I worked in a carnny as a kid. I worked in a swinger joint: there's a ball on a chain and you swing it to knock down a bowling pin. Except you miss. I learned a lot of tricks, tricks I still use. I'd also see the 'patch man' come around collecting money from everybody. He was scary, spooky; he'd lie or con or do whatever he had to do. So smooth. I'd ask other people about him and they'd say, 'Don't ask, don't fuck around.' He was a higher force."

Carny was one of many scripts Robertson found waiting for him after 1978's *The Last Waltz* (which he also produced). Unexpectedly, he emerged a movie star as a result of that film, and his next moves were carefully monitored by show-business powers. One of the submissions came from documentary filmmaker Robert Kaylor, who'd enlisted novelist Thomas Baum to write a script; Robertson read it and decided to make the movie with them. "This was such a fresh thing and so original," Robertson said. "I had to go with my heart, so I went with Kaylor [*Carny*'s director]. He had spent years with carnny people. Gary Busey — I couldn't think of anyone else who could be the Bozo. And I tried."

But why, I wondered, was Robertson so drawn to the notion of a movie about carnies?

"It's real Americana. It's part of our tradition and pretty soon it won't be around no more. The carnny is like a little city, you know. The rides are like the skyscrapers, and there are all those little stores on the midway. It has its Forty-second Street and its big, expensive rides and things for the little kids and things for the big kids and it moves. It's sparkling and glittering. Lights fly through the skies and people are laughing and all of a sudden—whoosh!—it's gone."

He got up to fetch a fresh pack of cigarettes. The former leader of the Band has lost none of his onstage cool and svelte, heavy-lidded presence. Indeed, even at

risk of lung cancer, his fans might encourage him to keep smoking just for his great cigarette moves.

He answered a bit testily when I asked him about the move from music into film. "It's not a matter of me shifting from rock & roll into movies. It's a natural course, a gradual thing. It's all storytelling, if it's music or movies or books. I never wanted to 'be in movies.' I love being able to take an idea and make it into a story. I think this movie will show stuff that's never been seen. Aside from the carny stuff, there's a kind of male-to-male relationship that's never been shown: two guys who totally depend on each other and who aren't whole without the other, and even a woman doesn't change that."

Basically, that is the plot of *Carny*. Bozo and Patch are the stars of a traveling carny family, and they're best buddies. Jodie Foster plays a runaway teenager

Two carnies: Gary Busey (left), Robbie Robertson

"The carny is a little city. The rides are like skyscrapers and there are all those little stores on the midway."

who joins the carny and threatens to split up their friendship. The subplot, a hustle by local hoodlums, grows more and more implausible, and as a result, the notion of carny as family suffers. Although fascinating, it ends up being an unrealized picture window opening onto the backstage carny.

THE AUDIENCES WERE violently divided," I tell Robertson. It's now late May 1980, and word has flashed throughout the movie industry, after the first screenings, that *Carny* will not be a monster hit. In fact, it's become an immediate leper: even my taxi driver in Hollywood slagged it.

"I feel an anxiety attack coming on," laughs Robertson. We're sitting in his elegant white-and-gold office in the Star Suites building on the MGM lot in L.A. Lighting a Marlboro, he waits to hear more.

"People said you missed what you were after," I offer.

"What was that?" Robertson laughs again.

"A movie about the carny."

He answers seriously: "Could

be. The carny was the backdrop, the world to work against with the story of these two buddies. I feel more of an achievement in that part of it. I was after the relationship. You share something there that you don't share with anybody else. It's a unique thing to men. It's like two guys in the army or two guys in a rock & roll band."

I also mention that at the last screening I'd been to, there had been a lot of criticism of the music: it sounded like a movie soundtrack, when people expected a new Robbie Robertson album.

Robertson nods knowingly. "Weelllll. I got a new album for 'em. It's just that it was not noticeable in the movie. The album is half Alex North and half me. Working with North has been one of the great musical experiences of my life. I like the soundtrack, but it's a very strange record."

"Well," I say, "They're expecting 'Life Is a Carnival' and what you did ten years ago."

Robertson chuckles without much merriment. "Yeah. You got it. I tell you, if I had done that... I mean, how can you comply with that? You just do what you do, and that's all I could think of at the time. Where do you go to learn this stuff? I don't know. Where can you learn how to transcribe interior emotions into music? Other people's emotions? The combination of North's stuff and the sleazy stuff I did—kootch music, the burlesque tradition—that's a real counterpoint. Whether or not this is what people were expecting—well, that's not my job."

"But what do you think about your movie?" I ask. "It was held up for quite a while with reshooting and editing and one thing or another."

"Let me tell you something," Robertson says flatly. "Under the circumstances—putting a bunch of real carnies, hustlers, ride-boys, freaks, actors, film crew and business people all together—it's a wonder everybody didn't murder one another, let alone actually get something on film. The biggest thing in all of this was rolling the dice, taking the chance. My God—if I'd had a clear head, I'd've taken a day job. So if it isn't exactly what people expected it to be—well, it is what it is."

"I feel good about it. About the relationship and its rawness. Whether it's right for somebody else; jeez, I don't know. I know that I haven't seen this movie before. I haven't been backstage in that world before. This can't flop for me. Take *The Last Waltz*. Was that a flop? I don't know what a flop is."

"Like I told you a year ago: if I can't take a chance, well then, fuck, I'd rather stay home."

Robbie's waltz is still playing

By MARK LIFF

POUNDING DISCO rhythms blared into the hotel room from Central Park, 24 stories below, as Robbie Robertson blamed cigarette smoking and his late night with Dr. John here for his persistent raspy cough.

He was running 45 minutes behind schedule in a day of interview to promote the movie "Carny," a behind-the-scenes look at a carnival, in which he stars, directs and produces.

"I've done everything from editing to dubbing to directing," said Robertson, who plays Patch Beaudry, the middleman between the touring carnival and those who prey on it and also the go-between for various carny people.

The movie opens today and Robertson, 36, married and the father of three, intends to be home with his family in California as the first audiences watch him on the screen. "Yeah, we open on Friday the thirteenth," he laughed. "We sure are takin' chances."

Robertson's singing and touring days with The Band are long over, immortalized in "The Last Waltz," his first screen performance that was produced by Martin Scorsese.

Robertson "actually didn't want to act in 'Carny' at first. He was more interested in working behind the camera and had begun soliciting work from different writers for various projects.

"After 'The Last Waltz,' there was just this eruption, this thing," he recalled. "All of a sudden, scripts are piling up at the door. I said, 'These people must be crazy.' It might be ridiculous. I might not be able to do that at all. How can they? But they all love a virgin, you know."

Robertson, who worked one summer with a carnival as a teenager in Toronto, helped craft the rough script into a finished project. To supplement his personal experiences, Robertson studied videotapes of carnival performers that were made by the movie's other writers, Phoebe and Robert Kaylor, and by Thomas Baum, who wrote the original screenplay.

The original movie script "was a little too surfy for me," he said between coughs triggered by the cigarettes that are never out of reach. "I wanted to get back behind the tents, to get as far as we could to allow the audience to get inside that world and see it from their side of things, rather than observe it. We've all been to Coney Island and seen it." The movie company set up its own carnival in Savannah, Ga., and Robertson spent weeks with its workers, learning their private, inside world.

Getting into the part of Patch Beaudry was a bit difficult, if not frightening, Robertson admitted, especially since he'd had no formal acting experience. "I've seen myself in a film before and I've heard my voice to death, so I didn't have that situation," he said of everyone's first-time horror of seeing and hearing themselves. "I didn't go to an acting school or something. I didn't get it. How could anyone at a school for acting teach me how to be a carnival patchman?"



Gary Busey, Jodie Foster and Robbie Robertson in "Carny"

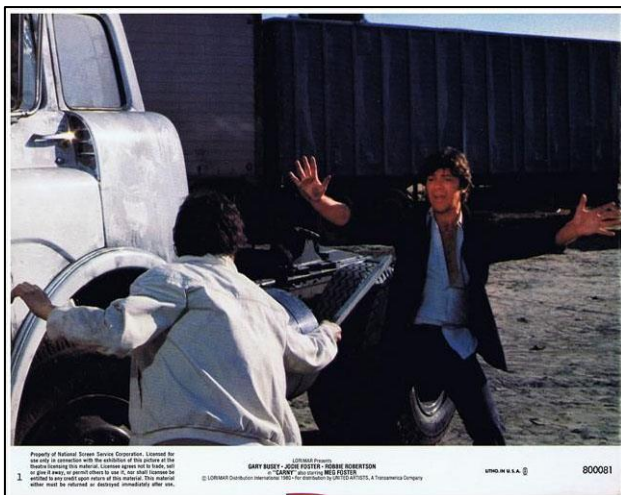
With help from Gary Busey (who plays Frankie in the movie), Robertson began to develop the character. "Gary gave me a lot of encouragement and confidence," he says. "He and Jodie (Foster) had never studied. So he said, 'If we're going to do Shaw, then we should go to school. But if we're going to do so something from real life, Americana, they don't have no schools for that.'"

That advice, Robertson added, "helped me in not being just scared to death." Robertson wouldn't even look at the daily rushes "because I was afraid that it would get contrived," he said. "I knew what we were doing, without a matter of experience or anything—just instinct—that the stuff we were doing was not a lie. I didn't know any better."

In assessing the film, Robertson said, "I'm comfortable with it. I can live with it. I can look at it in 20 years and not be embarrassed."

But he won't join friends for a screening, although he's seen Levon Helm, another former member of The Band, as Loretta Lynn's father in "Coal Miner's Daughter."

Nor will he see the premiere. "No, it's berserk at this point—I cannot look at the film," he maintained. "I've seen it 100,000 times, you know, from the editing to the dubbing to the mixing. It is a joke to watch it for me at this point. It's also embarrassing for me to watch the film with other people."



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GARY BUSEY, JODIE FOSTER, ROBBIE ROBERTSON
"CARNY" BY MARK LIFF
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ROBERT KAYLOR'S EIGHT
YEARS OF WHEELING AND
DEALING DIDN'T PAY OFF
UNTIL HE MET PATCHMAN
ROBBIE ROBERTSON

HOW
'CARNY'
BEAT THE
ODDS

By Michael Blown

Robbie Robertson saunters down the midway in the movie "Carny," past the tattered tents of the sideshow where a half-man, half-woman and a sword swallower vie for attention, through the games of chance to the Bozo act where Gary Busey, perched in a cage above a pool of water, taunts the young man to pitch a ball and knock him in the water.

Robertson, the brim of his black hat sitting just above his dark eyes and the smoke from his cigarette drifting slowly around his mouth, is watching. He's observing the side show with the cynical look of a man on the inside who sees the irony of his own life.

In "Carny," Robertson plays the patchman, the carnival character who negotiates with the locals and tries to keep peace on the midway. It's a role that Robertson also played as the producer of the film.

It has taken the filmmakers eight years to bring this story to the screen, and they've had more bad luck than the guy who spent his last dime on the Wheel of Fortune.

They were novices. Executive producer Jonathan Taplin was making his first feature. Director Robert Kaylor was making his first dramatic feature and Robertson, better known as the leader of The Band which toured from 1960 until 1976 and served with Bob Dylan for nearly three of those years, was making his acting debut. Gary Busey and Jodie Foster — despite excellent reputations — are not big box office names. Busey was nominated for an Oscar as best actor for "The Buddy Holly Story" and Foster starred in films including "Taxi Driver" and "Foxes." Their movies might have received good reviews, but they weren't moneymakers. But the cast and crew recognized something in the story of carnival life that spoke to them.

Robertson worked as a carny when he was 14; Taylor had his documentary footage on carnival life; Busey loved carnivals as a kid and Foster wanted a more mature role than the "kid" roles she was being offered.

"There are some parallels between carny life and life on the road (as a rock performer)," says Robertson, in a telephone interview from his office on the M-G-M lot. "The idea of touring — hopping from one city to the next and

doing similar things in similar cities — is similar, and the girl (Jodie Foster plays a teenager who runs away to join Busey and Robertson in the carnival) reminds me of the kind of groupies we encountered on tour. But carny life is different."

According to Robertson, the carnies are a closed society with their own rules and regulations. "They're a mobile tribe, like gypsies, who have their own laws and mores, and that's what we were trying to achieve in the film."

But the film itself has had a rocky road. From the time that director Robert Kaylor conceived of it in 1972, "Carny" has led a roller coaster existence. For seven years Kaylor paraded the script from studio to studio attempting to sell the executives a film about carnival life that was neither glamorous nor uplifting. It was a hard sell.

"At first I just wanted to do a documentary," says Kaylor whose 1971 documentary, "Derby," made the New York Times Top 10 list. "I received a Guggenheim fellowship and traveled to Gib-Town (Gibson town, Fla., the winter residence for many carnies) to shoot some videotape of the carnies. We did interviews and got the feel of the life."

The financial backing for a feature-length documentary collapsed so Kaylor and his wife, Phoebe, began to rethink the project. They asked neophyte screenwriter Thomas Baum to fashion a script around a bozo — an inclusive term describing any person who performs as a carnival attraction. The first draft of the script was completed, and Kaylor began the long process of persuading the studios that audiences would be as interested in carnies as he was.

"We must have shown it to everyone at every major studio at least a half dozen times," says Kaylor. "I can't even remember how many so-called independent producers we sent it to."

While executives were reading the script, Kaylor supported himself by making commercials. In 1976, Harvey Keitel and Robert Mitchum were ready to star, but the government revised the tax laws and the tax-shelter investors backed out. The script was dead, again.

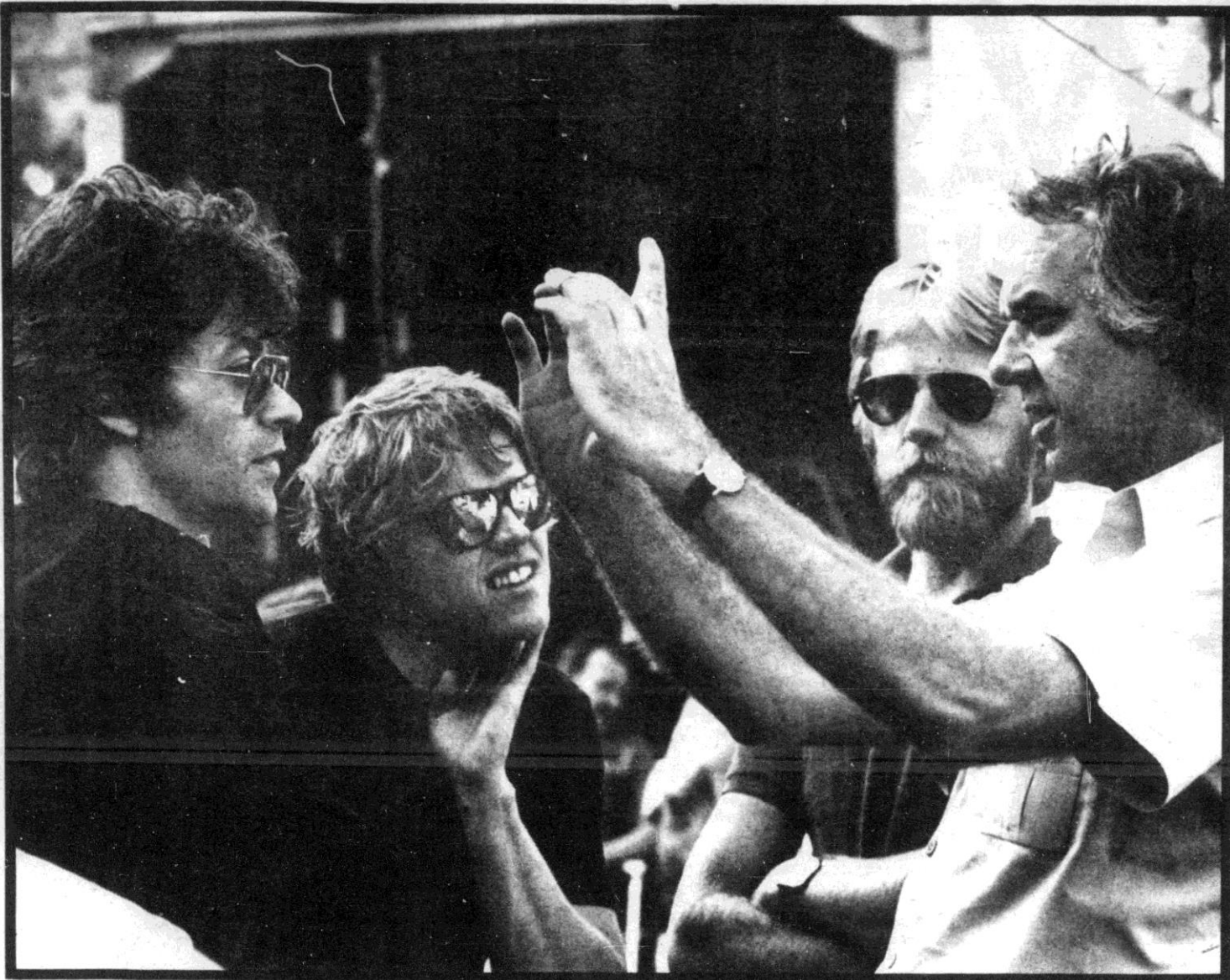
"My agent (Henry Ufland) finally convinced me that if I was serious about the film, I should move to Hollywood. For a year, I thought he was wrong," says Kaylor.

But, in the fall of 1978, Robbie



**ROBBIE ROBERTSON AS PATCH BEAUDRY,
THE PATCHMAN IN 'CARNY'**

Michael Blown is a Globe correspondent.



DIRECTOR ROBERT KAYLOR GIVES INSTRUCTIONS TO 'CARNY' COSTARS **ROBBIE ROBERTSON**, LEFT, AND **GARY BUSEY** AS EXECUTIVE PRODUCER **JONATHAN TAPLIN** LISTENS

Robertson was searching for new writers. He was tired of reading the same writers writing the same old rock 'n' roll movie, and he was given the script for "Carny." That was the break that Kaylor and "Carny" needed.

"The script had the ambience I was looking for," says Robertson. "It had the feel of reality — that it knew what it was talking about."

Curiously, Robertson didn't plan on acting in the film. "I was just planning on producing it," he says. "I didn't see myself as the character but I thought the story was fascinating."

After several weeks of daily story conferences, Robertson decided to take the role of the patchman. The script was rewritten with Robertson's quietly intense persona in mind, and they began the recycling process, again.

"I figured that if they thought it would help the project for me to play the patchman, I would," says Robertson. "It was fine with me."

"At first the studios yessed me to death," said Robertson, referring to his producing role. "They loved it. They wanted to do it, but there was a provision that Bob (Kaylor) would direct it. That made it a little tougher because he'd never made a dramatic feature before. Finally, we got the money from Lorimar, Bob was set as the director, and we were in business."

Foster, who wanted to do the film

back when Keitel and Mitchum were involved, signed and after some initial reservations, Busey signed on.

"Originally, Gary thought that I was just another rock 'n' roller trying to sell a bill of goods to another rock 'n' roller," says Robertson. "But, after he read the script, he got excited. He loved the idea of carnies as much as we did."

Jonathan Taplin, the road manager for The Band, took the reins as the executive producer and, finally, "Carny" was ready to roll.

They moved into a small town south of Savannah, Ga., and began production with \$6 million from Lorimar Productions. They hired real carnies — a 600 pound fat man; the half-man, half-woman; contortionists and strippers — and reconstructed a carnival on the Empire Coastal Fairgrounds.

The 13-week production schedule involved shooting from sunset to dusk, six nights a week. It was tough for everyone involved.

"Looking back on it, it doesn't seem that tough but I guess it was," says Robertson. But they still weren't through.

They finished production, post-production and then it was back to Lorimar. The film had come full cycle and it was ready to be shown.

Certain executives at United Artists, who refused to be identified, believed that there was nothing they could do to promote the film. "It was

dead. We gave it a shot and it bombed," said one. "We're always the fall guys. Every time a film that some critic likes doesn't do well at the box office, they blame us. Remember, the movies are a business and the American public is the best critic. I'm glad that it's doing well in some places but we gave it our best shot."

However, that's not the whole story. The film opened in drive-ins throughout the South in the early summer. It lasted a week and lost money. "It cost more to open the picture than we took in at the box office," said the anonymous executive.

"I argued with them," says Robertson. "They thought that people who go to carnivals would go to see the film. But people who go to carnivals for that kind of entertainment aren't the people who like the movie. We should have started slower. It's a word-of-mouth picture. We didn't have any big stars and those initial engagements were discouraging."

Kaylor agrees. "It's not a big action film. It's not an exploitation film. It's a realistic film. It's not a big budget disaster film that people will run to see the first few weeks before word-of-mouth destroys it. It's exactly the opposite. It's quiet."

Both Kaylor and Robertson agree that the film should have started slower and been carefully nurtured.

"We should have opened it in one or two theaters in the big cities," says Robertson. "I told them that. But I

was just considered a novice and they'd tell me that they could handle it."

But there was another reason that United Artists didn't give it its full support. "Carny" was the final Lorimar film that United Artists is distributing and, according to one Boston movie executive, "they kissed it off. Apparently, UA realized that it wasn't going to be a big profit picture and, when it didn't perform early, they decided to forget it."

"Carny" is currently undergoing a minor resurrection. It's doing well at two theaters in Los Angeles and resurfaced at a Chicago art house. In Boston, during its first week, it was the second highest grossing film ("Caligula" was first) in the city.

"We're hoping that it'll get a new life — that it'll rise again," says Kaylor, wistfully. "Movies are a perfect business for a carnies to be in — you can smell the action."

Robertson smells it, too. He is currently talking to Martin Scorsese about producing his next film and he's been offered several acting assignments.

"I still write songs," he says. "Little stories that are a little therapy. But I'm casing the whole scene — acting and producing and music. But I like to just throw all the pieces up in the air and see how they land."

Spoken like a true patchman. □

Robbie Robertson shifts from rock 'n' roll to movies

by Danae Brook

It is not every man who can use a rock and roll backdrop, stand in the spotlight, and scoop up a movie career. But Robbie Robertson, 37, ex-lead guitarist with the Band, is a gambling man and he's done it. "I like to learn something new all the time," he says, in his absurdly discreet and distinguished suite of offices at MGM, care of Lorimar Productions. "I like to live on the edge, be challenged, change. Until the *Last Waltz* I never even dreamed about being in a movie. All I was thinkin' about was writing."

That was two years ago. In the time since, he produced, acted in and narrated *The Last Waltz*, immortalizing his rock and roll fraternity and compounding his own myth as a rock hero in the process. Robbie has become one of the screen's most enigmatic and reluctant matinee idols — an image he runs from, but uses. He has also kept his reputation intact as a producer, his latest venture, *Carny*, opening to solid reviews.

"I'm lucky," he says simply. "At this point I'm fortunate enough that I don't have to go looking for work. I don't need a part in a movie. I don't have to play baby darling around Hollywood. I wouldn't be any good at that. I wouldn't be any good at pretending."

The enticements of Hollywood are many, but not necessarily comfortable for a boy brought up on the sharp edge of rock. Carole Lombard's golden, silk-walled dressing room, where I came to interview him on the set of *Carny*, provides a glamorous foil to his slouching, drawling, dangerously dark rock and roll presence. The old glamour intrigues him, and he mourns its passing, taking his own privacy in the shadow of the old stars, mocking the "new" Hollywood, which exists, he says, without style or real imagination, where "plastic cups for vintage champagne is typical."

His own circle of friends is scattered. Scorsese is in Venice. De Niro is in New York, Jack Nicholson in London. Bertolucci in Rome. Dylan crouches on a hillside at Dume Point and Henry Miller ("He appreciated women with a lust-belief, more than any man I've ever met") is dead.

"Hollywood is such a small community," Robertson says. "Maybe 10,000 people. Everybody knows what everybody else is doing. I've never seen any business where more people dislike each other but smile and pretend to like. Because there's somewhere an advantage to be had. A need to be met. Like politics, I guess."

"For me this city is a convenience," he adds, in a tone mixing disgust, despair and humor. "The facilities for what I'm doing are here. The dream factories. If you're going to make a record you can't go someplace where they don't have recording equipment. And to get your ideas out of the air, onto paper, with people and money involved, this is where you have to be for film. This is the headquarters."

So instead of living in Montana, which he'd like because he's a wild woodsman at heart, Robertson settles for a mansion in Brentwood where he lives with his wife of 13 years, Dominique, three children and a security guard with an arsenal of weapons in the back of his van; another house in the pristine air of Malibu's Colony and a base at Scorsese's home on Mulholland Drive.

Despite his dislike for the industry,



Robbie is obviously not walking away from the opportunity to make films.

"I learned just about everything I know from rock and roll," he says, "but there was nothing more to learn. It was just going to pick up the money, and money wasn't enough. I was standing on one spot spinning around in a circle, and intellectually it became offensive to me. I'd already been through it a million times. It's not like eating, it isn't nourishment, it isn't ecstasy, it's just performing."

So at 34, Robbie went into the movie biz; not exactly new territory, but fresh. After the unexpected commercial success of *The Last Waltz* (perhaps the best documentation ever of rock history), he was approached with cartons full of scripts and innumerable acting offers. But it was not until his own search for new screenwriting talent turned up Thomas Baum, who in turn produced the germ of an idea based on carnival, that Robertson's attention was caught.

"*Carny* was a great story," he says. "Of course, I was a sucker for it. I love the ambiance of carnival, and I'd already written 'Life is a Carnival.'"

Making a movie about carnival's bizarre, slightly sinister, always vivid underworld appealed to him because he had worked in a carnival as a 15-year-old adolescent in his native Quebec. "I'd already begun to play rock and roll," he says, "but these people fascinated me. They were kind of scary, and mysterious. I wanted to know their secrets."

To make *Carny*, then, he chose to go live with carny people, rather than take acting lessons. "I just hung out with a bunch of them for a while. They have all kinds of devices and tricks for getting money, and sometimes they'll tell you what they're doing and sometimes they won't."

Robertson ended up talking with some, giving money to others, protecting his wallet and valuables from the rest. "Some of them are just vicious... but they don't think of themselves as thieves. They earn their money. The instinct for survival is strong. But there's always somebody to

pay off. The police. The local underground. The Fair officials. The owner of the carnival doesn't do it because he likes to keep his hands clean. So the guy who deals with the heat is called the Patch Man."

In the movie, that's Robertson. Patch Beaudry. And his sidekick buddy is Busey the Bozo, a clown who sets himself as a target for drunken revelry, taunting the local citizens: "Hey, Pinocchio, you know why you'll never be president? Because they couldn't get your nose on a stamp!" The audience then vents their anger by hurling balls at Bozo, to knock him off his caged perch and dunk him in the waiting pool of water.

"It used to be called 'Hit the trigger and dump the nigger,'" says Robertson, "when it was only black people that did it."

Jodie Foster is the glimmering, potent adolescent beauty who gets in the way of the buddies' relationship by becoming more than just a quick lay for Busey. "She disrupts their working routine," says Robbie. "It's just like one friend telling another he can't play football and go drinking on Saturdays because he's got a date..." He enacts an exaggerated scenario of disgusted surprise, sounding like a cross between Steve Martin and Henry Winkler, slipping easily into characterization, heedless of his lack of actor's training.

But the point of the girl's disruption is crucial to the story. Crucial, too, to understanding this rock musician who stepped firmly and gracefully into an unknown world of synthetic images. He catches my unformed question as it hangs in the air and answers it almost impatiently.

"Yes, of course, that's like being in a band, being on the road. When all of a sudden one of the guys wants to get married, it's never 'Oh, isn't it so wonderful, he's going to get married'; it's 'Oh God, now his wife's got to come along on tours and we gotta wait 'cos she's gotta pick up her things' and it *disrupts the rhythm*. You get a routine down, you know, and it works; then all of a sudden there's this other person. And the routine just ain't so

tight anymore."

So the resentments and cross currents of tension build. In the movie it is finally resolved because Foster "turns out to be okay." She rides the desperately uncomfortable moments with inimitable style, and the tension between her and Robertson dissolves in sexual release. It's by no means the climax to the story, but then that tale is for the filmmakers to tell.

"Fairy stories are true," says Robbie, smiling. "It's myths which aren't."

The soundtrack, released as an album by WEA, weaves perfectly with the story's thread. The best song on it, "Fat Man," is co-written, sung and played by Robertson and is as good as any of those he has already written, like "Jemima Surrender" or "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" — rich honky tonk blues that you just keep wanting to dance to. But he places the credit for the music almost entirely on the shoulders of veteran composer Alex North, with whom he worked on the score. "It was one of the most amazing musical experiences of my life," he says. "He is the last of the great soundtrack composers."

Now 70, a vigorous old man, North is responsible for the soundtracks for *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Viva Zapata*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* and *Spartacus*, among myriad others. "Hundreds of monumental compositions," says Robertson, genuinely awed. "I wouldn't even have the audacity..." For once the sentence trails, the fellow musician at a loss for words. "Alex is brilliant at writing to the emotions that are going on inside of people."

It is another clue to Robertson's enigma. Despite the lure of movies, writing music is still his passion. Every day in Georgia on the steam-heat set of *Carny*, he and Gary Busey would play together. Now that he is gulping breaths between the East Coast promotion for the film and West Coast premieres, he thinks longingly of making another album, "either by myself or with the Band. I write all the time. Whenever an idea oc-

Continued on page 10

Continued from page 8

curs to me. Whenever I feel like it. I really enjoy a blank piece of paper and then a full piece of paper. Stories, poems, visions...

While we're on the subject of stories, poems and visions, I ask him about his old friend Bob Dylan, whose born-again persona he refuses to approve or condemn.

"Obviously he came to a point in his life where he found a number of things absolutely impossible to sort out, to weigh and balance in his head and find a solution. I imagine this idea, the doctrine of Christianity as an explanation for God, came along when he was in this state and he found it to be his answer. I've never been in that place myself, where I've had no grip on reality, when nothing has made sense in my life. If I had, maybe something would come along and knock me right off my feet and I'd think, 'This is The Path.' Maybe it will happen one day, who knows?"

"I don't believe in God, and I don't not believe in God. I don't think it's all written, all pre-ordained. I think you have as much choice as Fate allows you. I think there's some kind of method to the madness, but we only know about the part we deal with. The rest is unknown, and what's the point of trying to analyze something we don't know?"

Acting before the camera was an unknown to him, and he dealt with it un-daunted. "I don't know if it's actually difficult," he says. "Or even if you can learn it. It's an odd animal."

At one point, on the advice of Robert de Niro, he thought he might take lessons from Stella Adler, who taught Brando and who ranks among the greats of the acting profession. "She doesn't teach acting," he says. "She teaches life. And she calls it script analysis."

Although he still feels her to be unique as a teacher, Robbie decided, on a couple of turns of event, that it wouldn't be he who would be learning from her. "If anyone was going to save my ass it had to be me," he says.

Crossover hits from rock to movies are rare, 'tis true. Bowie made it with The Man Who Fell to Earth and lost it with Just a Gigolo. Roger Daltrey swung right in there with Tommy, but McVicar is getting mixed reviews. Presley never really made a good movie, unless you count the black leather gyrations of Jailhouse Rock. The Grateful Dead made a film but hardly anyone has seen it. Neil Young seems to be struggling still. Dylan's efforts, even the formidable Renaldo and Clara, never quite make it via the screen to that hallowed space he occupies on stage with a rock and roll band behind him and harmonica at his lips. In The Rose, Bette Midler wobbled precariously close to the kind of theatricality that comes across on stage but overwhelms on screen. The Beatles always played the Beatles, and when the Stones weren't playing the Stones, Mick Jagger's only great performance was in Performance.

You know, you just know, that Jim Morrison and maybe even Janis could have done anything, anything on screen had it not been for the onslaught of mortality. Jaime Robbie Robertson played himself in The Last Waltz and that worked.

"The only thing I have going for me is that on camera I look more interesting, and better looking, than I really am!" he says lazily, laughing, honest.

Frankly, it's a relief to know that it's impossible for rock and roll renegades, however successful, to take all the glitter seriously.

TOP MUSIC

The Band plays on: Robertson in 'Carny' . . .

By BILLY ALTMAN

ROBBIE ROBERTSON, WHO spent 15 years as the guitarist and guiding light behind the Band, makes his acting debut in "Carny." But unlike other rock stars attempting to leap from concert stage to film screen, Robertson would have preferred to have stayed on the other side of the camera. He started out as simply the producer of "Carny," a film about the inner workings of a traveling carnival show; by the time the movie was completed, not only had he produced it and helped out with the soundtrack, but he had also portrayed "Patch," the sleazy peacemaker in charge of paying off local officials to keep the heat off the illegal games of chance and strip tease shows that are part and parcel of a carnival.

After producing "The Last Waltz," director Martin Scorsese's documentary about the Band's farewell concert in San Francisco in 1976, Robertson was exploring possible projects when he came across novelist Thomas Baum's script for "Carny." "I read it and thought that it could make a fine film; it was something I hadn't seen before," Robertson says, as we talk in his hotel room overlooking Central Park. "So I met with Tom and Robert Kaylor, who had traveled with carnivals, and we decided to try to make it. We began to rewrite the script and both they and Gary Busey (Robertson's co-star in the film) kept trying to talk me into playing the part of Patch. At first, I was saying, 'Let's just work on the story and get the thing off the ground,' but after awhile I started getting used to the idea, so I wound up doing it. But I really think that the three of them kind of hoodwinked me into it."

Robertson's interest in making a movie about carnival life stemmed in part from his own experience as a teenager in his hometown of Toronto, where he usually caught all of the carnival shows passing through, shows that came complete with such astounding features as contortionists, dwarfed bearded ladies and fat men. "I worked for one show one summer," he says. "It was a swinger joint, a bowling pin and a ball on a chain and if you knocked over the pin you'd win a prize. The guy who was running it was amazing. He would do it and the pin would go down every time and then you'd try and it

A different road: guitarist Robbie Robertson plays the sleazy advance man, Jodie Foster the teen who joins the sideshow in the new film, "Carny." Below: drummer Levon Helm in "Coal Miner's Daughter."

would never go down and he'd say, 'No, you're wheeling it out there, just push it nice and easy, and of course he'd knock it over and then you couldn't and then he'd say, 'No, no, you're twisting the ball, now watch me...' I really liked watching him work, so I asked him for a job. I wanted to know how the tricks worked, what the people were like. It was really interesting and exciting for me, but it scared me, too. That all-encompassing push to hustle, to survive."

Carnival patchmen are a pretty scary breed, always ready to break up fights and stave off the county sheriffs, and to prepare for the role, Robertson spent time with patchmen. "It was fascinating. They're all kind of minimum wage people, the kind who talk without talking. When I watched them in action at carnivals, nobody ever questioned anything that they did; they just silently went about collecting the money and keeping their eyes on everything at once."

Working with Gary Busey, himself a former musician, also helped Robertson ease into the role. "Our characters in the film are two who spend their life on the road, guys who you could never imagine settling down with a family in suburbia. Gary and I both know what it's like being always on the move and un-rooted, so we were able to recreate the feeling pretty easily."

Having to act and produce at the same time did cause a bit of confusion for Robertson. "I don't have the experience as an actor to be able to turn it on and off at will, so when I got to the point where I really felt like that character inside, I had to just stay there all the time. It was uncomfortable, a nauseating feeling in my gut, because there were things that I had to take care of as producer while I was also trying to play the

role. I would have rather done one job at a time. But it probably helped in the producing end, feeling like Patch—violent, tough, cold, sinister."

There are many who thought, after seeing "The Last Waltz," that Robertson should go into acting. Despite all the superstuds who appeared in the film, he stole the show.

"Maybe I was finally getting used to being on stage," he laughs. "I never wanted to be out front, to be Mick Jagger. It was really just a fluke. Robertson says that he's still more interested in producing pictures than acting in them. "I get embarrassed watching myself on screen."

"It was great having all these older actors around. When it was done, they told me I was real good, and I guess they thought they weren't up with the times because they hadn't heard of me. When I told them I'd never acted before, they were surprised. It felt good."



. . . and Helm as 'American Son'

By MARTHA HUME

FOLLOW THE BAND—Robbie Robertson, ex-leader of The Band, took a break from promoting the release of his first major feature film, "Carny," last week to catch a late show by Dr. John (Mac Rebbe) at the Lone Star Cafe. There, too, was Robbie's co-star in the film, Gary Busey ("The Buddy Holly Story"). Busey, we understand, is now a big deal movie guy in Hollywood, with his very own office in the "star suites" at MGM Studios, no less. I say "we understand" because Robbie was too exhausted to talk at the Lone Star and besides, he was—as befits a musician—very much into Dr. John's show.

Busey, meanwhile, was all over the place—taking care of Robbie, promoting "Carny" and talking about his next movie, which will be "kind of a Western." Titled "Barbarosa" (Red Beard), the planned film will co-star good ole Willie Nelson.

Meanwhile, ex-Band drummer Levon Helm, who's been backing in rave reviews for his performance as Sissy Spacek's father, in "Coal Miner's Daughter," has just released "American Son," on MCA. Recorded at the famous Bradley's Barn in

a couple of cuts on which Levon sounds a little like the old "Singing Brakeman," Jimmie Rodgers. The cover's also interesting, since it's sort of a collage of Levon's life; Band fans should check it out and see if they can figure out what all the drawings mean. Everybody else should buy the record. Yeah, Levon!

TOP OF POP

Nashville, the album features a bit of country, a lot of R&B/Southern blues, and some of the best session players in Nashville: Buddy Emmons, Pig Robbins, Kenneth Buttrey, and Fred Carter, Jr.

There are three really good ballads—"Violet Eyes," "China Girl," and "Blue House of Broken Hearts"—which I've been playing at the rate of about three times a day. Levon's voice isn't exactly what I'd call a real singer's voice, but it's got so much soul, the listener can't resist. In fact, there are

TRAIN JUST KEEPS A' ROLLIN'—Another famous act from the past—the Johnny Burnette Trio—is resurfacing, but this time via a second generation. Last week, Billy Burnette, the son of the late Dorsey, was in New York meeting with Columbia Record execs. Billy has had two previous albums—one on Elektra and one on Polydor—and while I thought both were pretty good, Billy feels his Columbia deal, if all works well, will be his first real chance.

Another Burnette Trio son—Rocky, son of Johnny—is doing very well for himself with "Son of Rock and Roll."

Burnettes, you're doin' your Daddies proud.

Always to films

Carny star Robertson abandons the Band for movie role

By Mikki Dorsey

Shy by his own and everyone else's admission, Robbie Robertson has fired foray into acting very nonchalantly—almost as a joke. Half of everybody's been saying he was going to try the endless round of publicity that he's deemed to—let's just say—Carny's star, but his producer and co-writer as well.

Like a cool breeze "Let me tell you something," he says, removing a pair of tinted glasses to reveal sleepy brown eyes. "It's extremely embarrassing—and very difficult—for me to take all this happening to me seriously."

"All this talk about myself doesn't come easily. There are some people who thrive on talking about themselves: 'OK, how let's talk about me!' And he signs those last words in a blousy voice to illustrate. Robbie comes along like a cool breeze in a town filled with a lotta hot air. Torn between petulance and a good humor, he fields all questions with a marked disinterest. He says the reason he was "not totally scared to death" about his first acting experience was the advice he received from veteran co-stars Jodie Foster (with whom he has a hot little love scene) and Gary Busey, now his good buddy.

The Busey-Burnette offscreen friendship began as "homework" for their film roles. They rented a house near the location in Savannah, Ga., where they got into character: Busey as Frankie—a soon whose biting insults arouse spectators' wrath to get them to empty their pockets in an act of charity—and Robertson as Patch, the cool, calculating brains behind the act.

"I didn't have the experience to show up on the set one day and say, 'OK, Gary, let's pretend to be friends.' Robbie recognizes of his pre-performance work with Busey, "I was afraid if I didn't have a really good feeling that I would show through. Like: 'I don't know this man so why should I care?' Instead, our relationship had naturally to the on-screen relationship—I just didn't have to think about it."

The transformation of Robertson into Patch is so total that one wonders if he is not one and the same. "No way!" Robbie responds of an animal. "I wouldn't know how to be a tough guy or violent or mean. It was an uncomfortable feeling being that cold and ruthless."

Entertainment

The "road education" Robertson received as a rock star gave him a bit of a handle on the situation. Born and raised in Toronto, Robertson, who is part Cherokee Indian, began playing guitar and writing songs when he was 15. A succession of local gigs led to his discovery (at age 16) by rockabilly king Ronnie Hawkins, who invited him to join his group.

Three years of touring the southern U.S. and Canada saw the group separating from their mentor and, billed as the Hawks, eventually meeting up with a pre-banned again Bob Dylan. Robertson, together with co-member Levon Helm (Loretta Lynn's daddy in Coeline's Daughter), backed up Dylan on his '66 world tour.

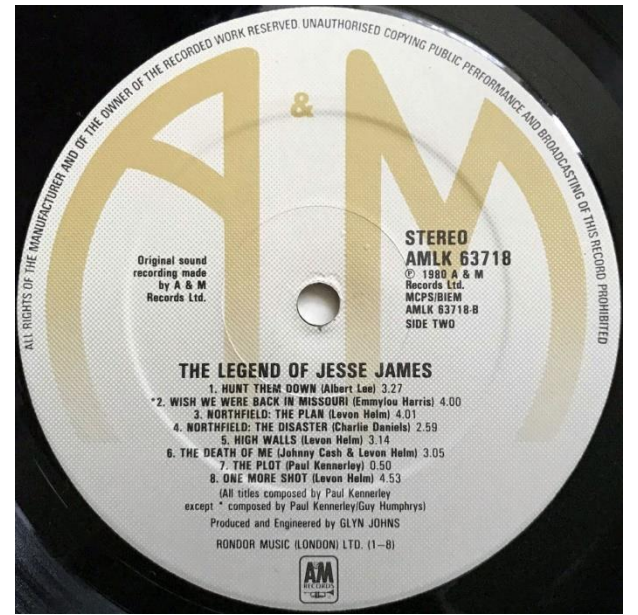
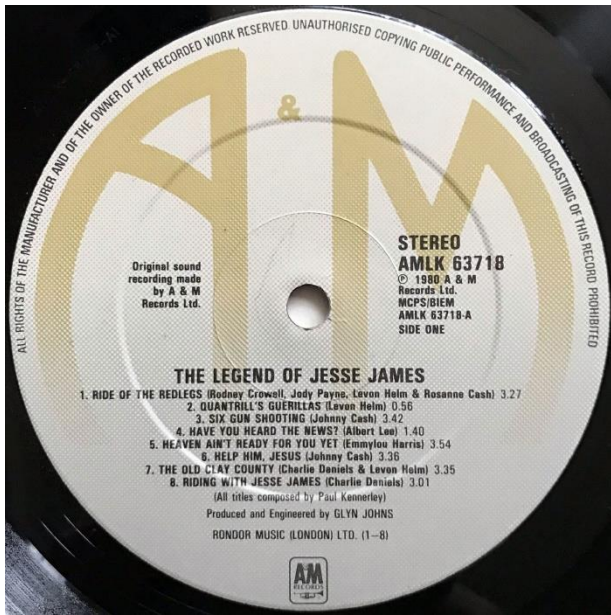
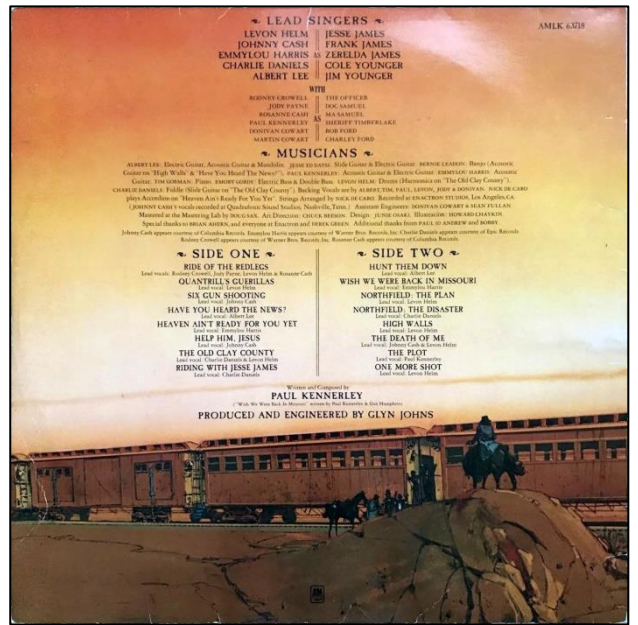
By '68, the group split with Dylan as the Band, became the classic act of American rock music, with 11 best-selling LPs. Robertson, who wrote most of the songs, became a stand-out on guitar and the Band's unofficial leader. Probably the biggest thing that ever happened to the group was their final concert celebration in '76, which spawned The Last Waltz, Robertson's first job as a producer.

Fascinated by carnival life ever since a summer spent as a teen pre-working in a carnies—"It's real Americana, a part of our tradition that won't be around much longer," he says—Robertson found natural similarities between life in a carnival and life on the road with rock band. "You are different, a stranger in a strange land," he says of one-night stands in remote towns. "Especially in the '60s—because of long hair, rock 'n' roll performers were treated like carnival freaks. Marked and the father of three, Robertson, at 34, considers himself a survivor perhaps because if you don't spend too much time together, you

Winnipeg Free Press, Thursday, July 24, 1980 23



Robbie Robertson has discovered there is an encore to the Last Waltz—a movie career.



12" US promo single.

Goldmine price guide to 45 rpm records and The Johnny Cash Record Catalog lists a 45 of *The Death Of Me/One More Shot* that's either extremely rare or nonexistent.



7" UK promo single.

SATURDAY,
November 8, 1980

Levon Picks Pickin'

Former Band member Levon Helm made a splash in his screen debut earlier this year as Loretta Lynn's father in "Coal Miner's Daughter" and has just completed a second film, but says music remains his first love.

"I enjoy making movies but it makes you a little soft leading that movie life—people coming up and combing your hair and all," said Helm this week, fresh from completing work on "Misdeal," a drug-smuggling epic shot largely in Spain.

In the film Helm portrays one

of the smugglers, whom he describes as "Just an average good ole boy trying to make a quick buck. The role was real comfortable."

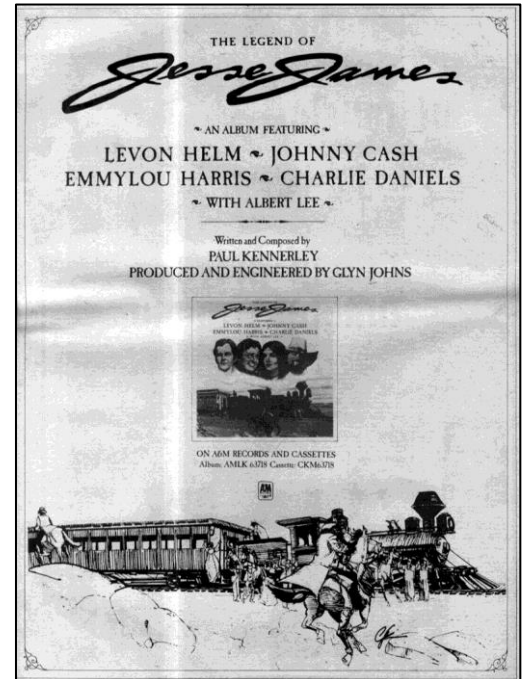
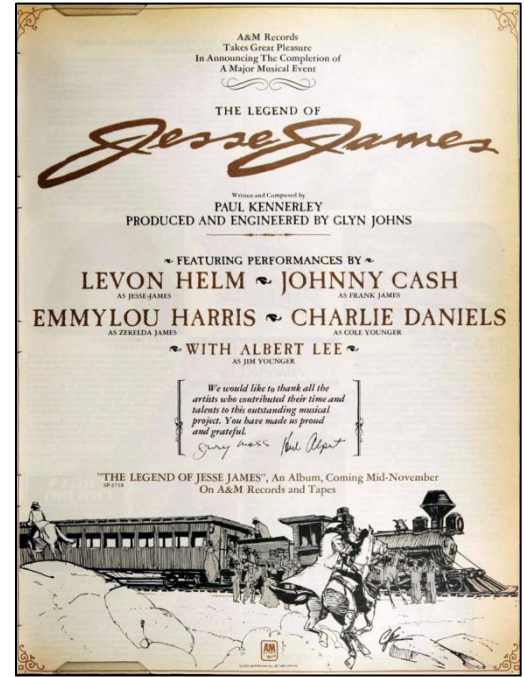
The popular drummer seems to be specializing in outlaws these days. He's also just finished work on an A&M album project, a musical version of the life of Jesse James in which he plays the lead character.

The project, which Helm describes as "a movie for the ears," also features Emmylou Harris as Jesse's wife Zerelda James, Johnny Cash as brother Frank James, Charlie Daniels as Cole Younger and Albert Lee as Jim Younger. Supporting players and singers include such luminaries as Rodney Crowell, Rosanne Cash, former Eagle Bernie Leadon and Jody Payne. The album, due out this week, was written by Paul Kennerly and produced by Glyn Johns, whose credits include no less than the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and Elton John.

Helm modestly describes the project as "not bad, not bad. There's one tune by Emmylou in there that makes the chills go every which way" and said he welcomed the chance to jump back into his music. Currently, he said, he's spending his time in Woodstock and his native Arkansas, getting his callouses back and playing a number of dates around the Northeast with the Cate Brothers.



Emmylou Harris and Levon Helm clown during the recording of their new album, which traces the life of outlaw Jesse James. Helm, who played Loretta Lynn's father in the film "Coal Miner's Daughter," sings the part of James on the album. Miss Harris sings the part of his wife Zerelda.



Glyn Johns, Emmylou Harris, Levon Helm.

Off the record

Jon Marlowe

Legend of Jesse James rides again—musically

He calls them "biographical albums."

And yeah, you're right... that sounds about as exciting as a 1910 Fruitgum Co. reunion. But "The Legend of Jesse James" (A&M Records) is a remarkable album detailing the life and times and crimes of the infamous James Gang via outstanding musical and vocal performances by Levon Helm, Johnny Cash, Emmylou Harris and Charlie Daniels.



Marlowe

The man responsible for giving us this rhythmic history lesson is one Paul Kennerley, an Englishman who two years ago offered us "White Mansions," his first (and highly acclaimed) biographical record concerning the American Civil War.

"I really don't think that it matters that I'm an Englishman writing about things so American," says Kennerley with a laugh. "For all people really care about things like that, I could be a Chinaman. What's important to people is that you get the facts right."

"And you can't go into a project about Jesse James without feeling confident you know what really happened to him in history. The names, the places, the dates, they all have to be right. I mean, the first time people hear it, and if you've got a few things wrong and they know it, well, it sorta ruins the whole thing."

But really, how much trouble can there be researching the James Gang?

"A lot. You see, there's been an unbelievable amount of things written about them, but when you start to read them, you realize most of it is incorrect. Much of the stuff that was written was nothing but cheap dime-store novelette material, really romantic pictures being painted of the James Gang and their deeds. I simply found out not too many people were into facts when it came to Jesse James."

Following months of research to get his facts straight, Kennerley then sat down with guitar and pen in hand and wrote the album's 16 songs. These were then made into rough demo tapes with the album's producer Glyn Johns.

Once we were through making the demos, Glyn and I said, 'OK, what if the world were perfect and we could have anybody we wanted... who would we get to sing these songs?'

Well, we wanted Levon Helms to be Jesse James. We wanted Johnny Cash to be his brother Frank. We wanted Emmylou Harris as their



Englishman Kennerley goes American country

mother Zerelda. We wanted Charlie Daniels as Cole Younger."

They didn't know what their chances were, but Johns flew to the States and contacted all the "perfect people." No problems. After hearing the demo tapes, everybody who was asked agreed to be part of the project. Even their respective record companies gave them the green light to record for A&M. "Our only problem with the different record companies was that they insisted that no one single can be released off the album."

The concept of a musical James Gang, where Jesse is finally painted as a crazed morphine addict and cold-blooded killer rather than some kind of Robin Hood, may be realistic and intriguing. But what really makes this album work is that Kennerley could be the most underrated songwriter of this generation. There are so many unforgettable songs here that Kennerley could have easily gone to the top of the singles charts at least six times rather than release one album.

The two heartbreakers that Emmylou sings — "Heaven Ain't Ready For You Yet" and "Wish We Were Back in Missouri" — are a pair of her finest musical performances ever (and that says a lot, considering her legendary career).

Johnny Cash's sugging career also gets a real shot here, especially with "The Death Of Me," a kooky, infectious number that shows he's lost none of his monotone magic.

And Levon Helm continues his tradition of stealing the show. "One More Shot" and "High Walls" easily stand with any of his past vocal performances in The Band.

Kennerley's magnificent songs and the above star-vocals are all accented by a truly monster band: Albert Lee and Jesse Ed Davis on guitars; Bernie Leadon on banjo; Emory Gordy on bass; Emmylou on guitar; Levon on drums; Charlie Daniels on fiddle and Kennerley himself on guitar. Johns' master production work seals the whole package tense and tight with a clean, open, but still-snappy sound.

With such a country record to his credit, it's almost impossible to believe that less than five years ago Kennerley had never heard country music.

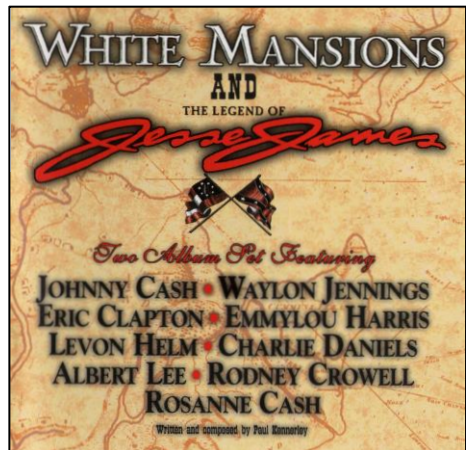
"The first country song I ever heard was by Waylon Jennings. For some reason, I had just never been exposed to or gone looking for country music before that. But after that I went out and bought Waylon's albums, the few that were available in England, and I really got into American country music from that. There's just something about the feel of it. It just sounds so much more real and alive to me than any other kind of music."

And as for that term "biographical album?" "Well, I like it, but I don't want people to think of me as a school teacher. I mean, that's really not the purpose of this album. But at the same time, I've always thought an album should be just a little something more than a piece of plastic with 12 songs on it."

"The music and the songs will always come first with me; that has to be real good. Then the idea of entertaining people with those songs, now that's what it's all about. And then, the fact that people can maybe learn something in the process... well, that's real nice, too."



UK CD release, 1997.



US CD release, 1999.

The Atlanta Journal WEEKEND The Atlanta Constitution

November 22, 1980

Levon's at the helm of his musical career

By Scott Cain
Journal Entertainment Editor

TO QUOTE one of the Band's best-known songs: "Where Do We Go From Here?"

That seemed to be a good question two years ago when the Band, one of the most esteemed rock groups, brought its concert career to an end with a memorable San Francisco blowout, immortalized in the movie, "The Last Waltz."

The members of the Band insisted that the group would continue to make recordings, but none has been forthcoming and the chances certainly grow more remote with every passing day.

Robbie Robertson made a movie, "Carny," which was a flop, although he got good notices. Rick Danko has been rockin' and rollin' here and there. Garth Hudson and Richard Manuel are writing songs and producing other people's records.

Levon Helm, the drummer, has had the most exotic post-Band career. He appeared as Loretta Lynn's father in the movie, "Coal Miner's Daughter," and got rave reviews. The movie also did landslide business and Helm has a good chance of being nominated for an Academy Award next year.

He's done some concertizing, mostly with the Cate Brothers, who are boyhood friends from Arkansas. In fact, Helm has been performing with the Cates along the East Coast in recent weeks. His official position is guest star, rather than a member of the group.

Most oddly, he has the title role in "Jesse James," a musical tale which has just gone into release in album form. Johnny Cash sings the role of Frank James, Emmylou Harris is Zerelda James, Charlie Daniels is Cole Younger and other stars have bit parts, including former Eagle Bernie Leadon on banjo.

In stuffy circles, "Jesse James" would be called a song cycle or something high-falutin'. It was written by Paul Kennerley, an Englishman fascinated with the American Civil War. Kennerley's reputation was made with "White Mansions," a music story set in Georgia during the War of Northern Aggression.

Helm, who pronounces his first name LEE-vahn, has lost none of his Arkansas modesty despite 15 years of big-time fame. He gallantly insists that his participation in "Jesse James" was virtually a fluke.

The producer Glyn Johns and composer Kennerley broached the subject to him, he remembers. "When they talked to me about it, I went for it right away. I hate to miss anything good. I'm one of them people that are game. I love to play with people and help 'em."

Helm's favorable opinion of the score was reinforced when other major stars agreed to participate in the recording. "Apparently all the other people involved were as enthusiastic as I was." The main problem was getting everybody together at one time. Most of the recording was done in Los Angeles,



The Band drummer Levon Helm played Loretta Lynn's father in 'Coal Miner's Daughter'

although some sessions took place in Nashville and Toronto. "It turned out to be a lot of fun. It was more of a community-type recording," Helm draws.

Helm is full of praise for Kennerley. "Ain't he somethin'? Hell of a nice guy, too."

Helm doesn't have any other recording plans at the moment. He says his concerts with the Cate Brothers are a welcome discipline. "I'm trying to get back in shape. I've been hangin' out with these movie folks. That kind of livin' makes me real soft. You get somebody comb'n' your hair, feedin' you, givin' you clothes and everything."

He takes a charming "aw shucks" attitude toward his selection for the role of Ted Webb in "Coal Miner's Daughter." At first, he was under the impression that he had been recommended by Conway Twitty. Later, he learned that Tommy Lee Jones, the actor who portrayed Miss Lynn's husband, suggested him to director Michael Apted.

"I hate to miss anything, so I volunteered my services. They took me and, from then on, I had a good time with it." He hasn't let ecstatic reviews go to his head. "I got away with it so far," he laughs.

Helm's home is in Woodstock, N.Y., but he visits his innumerable relatives in Arkansas five and six times per year. He's happiest on the road, however.

Helm says he's available if other acting roles come along, but he believes he will always want to play and sing. "When they quit applauding is when I'll quit. If they'll get up and dance and clap their hands, I'm hooked."

JESSE JAMES

~ LEAD SINGERS ~

LEVON HELM as Jesse James
JOHNNY CASH as Frank James
EMMYLOU HARRIS as Zerelda James
CHARLIE DANIELS as Cole Younger
ALBERT LEE as Jim Younger

~ WITH ~

RODNEY CROWELL as The Officer
JODY PAYNE as Doc Samuel
ROSANNE CASH as Ma Samuel
PAUL KENNERLEY as Sheriff Timberlake
DONIVAN COWART as Bob Ford
MARTIN COWART as Charley Ford

~ MUSICIANS ~

ALBERT LEE: Electric guitar, acoustic guitar & Mandolin. JESSE ED DAVIS: Slide Guitar & Electric Guitar.
BERNIE LEADON: Banjo (Acoustic; Guitar on 'High Walls' & 'Have You Heard The News?').
PAUL KENNERLEY: Acoustic Guitar & Electric Guitar. EMMYLOU HARRIS: Acoustic Guitar.
TIM GORMAN: Piano. EMORY GORDY JR.: Electric Bass & Double Bass. LEVON HELM: Drums (Harmonica on 'The Old Clay County'). CHARLIE DANIELS: Fiddle (Slide Guitar on 'The Old Clay County').
Backing Vocals are by ALBERT, TIM, PAUL, LEVON, JODY & DONIVAN. NICK DE CARO plays Accordion on 'Heaven Ain't Ready For You Yet'. Strings Arranged by NICK DE CARO. Recorded at ENACTRON STUDIOS, Los Angeles, CA. (JOHNNY CASH'S vocals recorded at Quadrafonic Sound Studios, Nashville, Tenn. Assistant Engineers: DONIVAN COWART & SEAN FULLAN. Mastered at the Mastering Lab by DOUG SAX. Art Direction: CHUCK BEESON. Design: JUNIE OSAKI. Illustration: HOWARD CHAYKIN. Special Thanks to BRIAN AHREN, and everyone at Enactron and DEREK GREEN.
Additional thanks from PAUL to ANDREW and BOBBY.

Written and Composed by
PAUL KENNERLEY
(Wish We Were Back in Missouri) written by Paul Kennerley & Gay Humphrey)

PRODUCED AND ENGINEERED BY GLYN JOHNS

WHITE MANSIONS

A Tale from the American Civil War, 1861-1865

Two Civil War concept albums, stories of the South told through original songs

Stories and music written by Paul Kennerley and produced by Glyn Johns. Notes by Robert K. Oermann

WHITE MANSIONS: A Tale from the American Civil War, 1861 - 1865

Waylon Jennings as The Drifter, Jessi Colter as Polly, Eric Clapton, Bernie Leadon, John Dillion, Steve Cash and others...

1: Story To Tell [The Preface] 2: Dixie, Hold On 3: Join Around The Flag 4: White Trash 5: The Last Dance 6: The Kentucky Recharge 6: Southern Boys 7: The Union Mare 6: The Confederate Grey 8: No One Would Believe A Summer Could Be So Cold 9: The Southland's Bleeding 10: Bring Up The Trench Poulders 11: They Laid Waste To Our Land 12: Praise The Lord 13: The King Has Called Me Home 14: Bid Ma 15: Dixie, Now You're Done

LEGEND OF JESSE JAMES: 1847 - 1882

Levon Helm as Jesse James, Johnny Cash as Frank James, Emmylou Harris as Zerelda James, Charlie Daniels as Cole Younger, Albert Lee as Jim Younger, Rodney Crowell, Rosanne Cash, Emory Gordy Jr., Paul Kennerley and others...

1: Bid O! The Redlegs 2: Quantill's Guerrillas 3: Six Gun Shooting 4: Have You Heard The News? 5: Heaven Ain't Ready For You Yet 6: Help Him, Jesus? 7: The Old Clay County Re-riding With Jesse James 9: Hunt Them Down 10: Wish We Were Back In Missouri 11: Northfield: The Plan 12: Northfield: The Disaster 13: High Walls 14: The Death Of Me 15: The Plot 16: One More Shot 17- BONUS TRACK: "A Train Robbery"



tony duquette & company

in celebration of angels

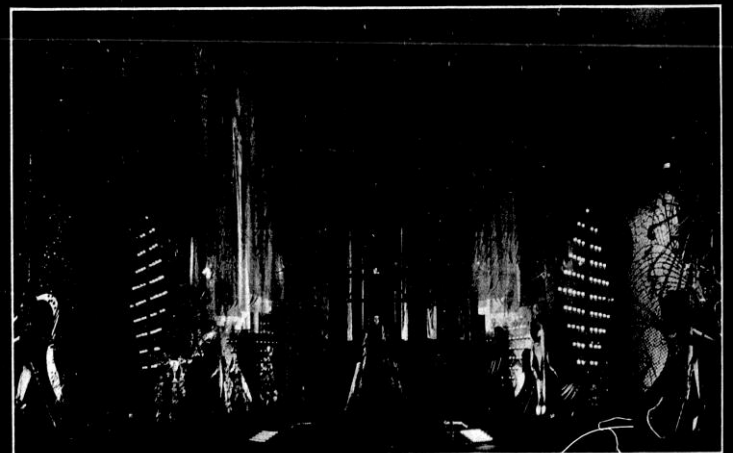
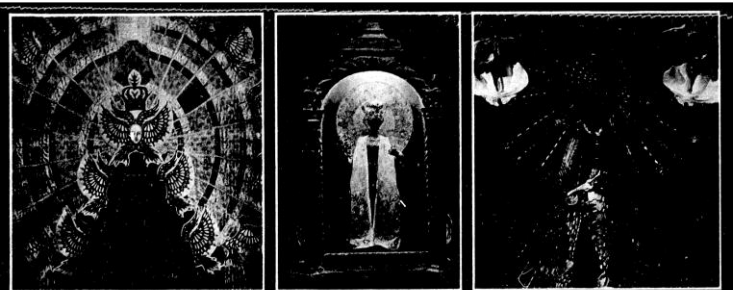
by chris barnett

photographs by james chen

They came from the barrio and from Bel Air... 150 volunteers who were neither artists nor sculptors nor painters nor designers. But under the watchful eye of Tony Duquette, who is all of the above, they helped complete his mind-boggling gift to Los Angeles... a 10,000-square-foot creation that he calls a "Celebrational Environment."

Daily for nearly two years, 10 to 20 people arrived at Duquette's home/salon/workshop in West Hollywood, which was once Norma Talmadge's motion picture studio. Often the site of gala parties and grand balls, the space resembles a 17th-century baronial hall.

Against this splendid backdrop, skilled but untrained hands worked side by side with master welders, expert electricians and carpenters. Working eight hours a day, they



transformed Duquette's sketches and fantasies into beautifully bizarre archangels and richly detailed madonnas, infants and abstract heavenly hosts.

The results of their labors—the efforts of what Duquette terms "300 loving hands"—are on display at the Armory of the California Museum of Science and Industry in Exposition Park. It will remain there through September 1991, in conjunction with the celebration of Los Angeles' 200th birthday. Inspired by the pueblo that became the City of Our Lady Queen of the Angels, Duquette's imagination was fired by Ray Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles*. "The description of the people he found on Mars—skeletal, jeweled people turned me on," says the artist. "Bradbury's view of outer space planted the seed for what

I call the Cathedral of Space."

The "cathedral" is designed for people of all religions, faiths, nationalities. Duquette's goal is to involve the viewers, "young and old, poor and rich, black and white, Latino and Anglo." The angels, he says, are skeletal to the eye, to be fleshed out in the mind of the viewer where they can become whatever he or she envisions an angel to be.

Inviting Los Angelenos to join in the celebration, his advice is to enter the environment totally relaxed. "The space is vast. The things it holds are colossal and dreamlike. But they will not make you small. You will feel them as well as see them. Your consciousness will be expanded. There's poetry composed by Ray Bradbury and narrated by Charlton Heston. Continued on page 23

angel's flight

There are 10,000 square feet of fantasy lighting up the interior of this armory-turned-gallery at the California Museum of Science and Industry. Conceived and godfathered by designer Tony Duquette, the space has been transformed as part of his year-long gift to the city of Los Angeles. Called a "celebrational environment," the area is peopled with figures from Duquette's imagination, executed with ideas from a coterie of volunteer artists and designers. This team and another 300 volunteers worked two years, composing the sculptural forms from fabric, stone, shell, feather, bone and bits of glitter.

Dominating the interior is a winged pavilion featuring Our Lady Queen of the Angels with her posse—a 26-foot halo and exchange honor guard. Words, music and lighting heighten the visual experience.

EGH 770

OUR LADY QUEEN OF THE ANGELS

BUSCADOR MUSIC

OUR LADY QUEEN OF THE ANGELS
A Celebrational Environment
by
Tony Duquette

Poem by Ray Bradbury
Narration by Charlton Heston
Music by Garth Hudson

1980 cassette

GARTH HUDSON

Music For
Our Lady Queen of the Angels

2005 CD

MUSICIANS	RECORDING ENGINEERS	RECORDING STUDIOS
Maud Marie Hudson John Hernandez Dale Turner Michael Crawford Pete Grant Doug Atwell	Tom Seufert Karen Siegel Ed Anderson Tim Kramer Larry Nicols Marc Eisner Jim Allen Morgan Cavett Wayne Neuvendorf Jerry Hall Jerry Brown Walt Weiskopf Al Schmitt, Jr. Howard Gale Paul Bassett Douglas Perry	Village Recorder Concorde Recording Center Redwing Sound Blue Dolphin Studio Wildier Brothers Recording Shangi-La Studio Quad Tech Studios Smoketree Ranch MCA Whitney Studio
Vera Canyon Vocal Chorus	Jerry Hall Jerry Brown Walt Weiskopf Al Schmitt, Jr. Howard Gale Paul Bassett Douglas Perry Kirk Butler Paul Lani Larry Hinds Ray Blair Daniel Lazerus Joel Fein Steve Hirsch	FINAL MIX Redwing Sound Village Recorder
Saxa Poetic Invocation Recitation Vatican Bells	DOLBY TRANSPER Audio Engineering Associates	RESTORED AND REMASTERED FROM THE ORIGINAL 1980 RECORDING TAPES BY PETER J. MOORE AT THE E-ROOM, TORONTO, CANADA AUGUST 2005 www.peterjmoore.com
INSTRUMENTATION Keyboards	CASSETTE DUPLICATION ASR Recording Services Inc.	Restored and remastered from the original 1980 recording tapes by Peter J. Moore at The E-Room, Toronto, Canada August 2005 www.peterjmoore.com
Yamaha CS80 Polyphonic Synthesizer Prophet 5 Polyphonic Synthesizer Roland Vocoder Korg Vocoder Fairlight CMI Computer Musical Instrument Bösendorfer Grand Piano	Cover Designed by Maud Hudson. Angel image derived from "The Radiance" tapestry, by Tony Duquette. Layout by Marty Bailey.	
Accordion Bina Portable Parlour Organ Buescher Soprano Saxophone		

Musicians

Garth Hudson, ex-organist with The Band, recently completed the music for a special environmental exhibit designed by Tony Duquette, which took the form of a bicentennial gift to the City of Los Angeles. The piece, entitled *Our Lady Queen of the Angels*, comprised a poem written by science-fiction author Ray Bradbury and narrated by Charlton Heston, with musical accompaniment by Hudson.

R-e/p 28 ■ August 1981

in celebration of angels

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

The mood is heightened by music composed by Garth Hudson of The Band. Hudson used a Moog synthesizer to develop an appropriate sound.

Duquette and company have certainly created a dramatic setting. In the center stands the patroness of the city, Our Lady Queen of the Angels, 14 feet tall, in a suggestion of brotherhood, her face shimmers, electronically changing to represent four racial groups. She wears a crown of beaded flowers—the lily of virginity, the violet of humility. Her dress, trimmed with silver lace and adorned with bouquets of pearls and jewels, is woven to represent the four seasons. High overhead flows her gossamer winged halo.

"Trees" of flickering votive candles and 28-foot-tall archangels surround the central figure. Archangel Michael appears as a crimson rogue ready to don armor, unsheathes his shining sword and triumph over his arch foe, Satan. Angel tapestries hang amid porcelain madonnas, antique altars and other weavings that embellish the space. More than eight miles of fabric, cut into 826,440 pieces, went into the 24 tapestries in this exhibit.

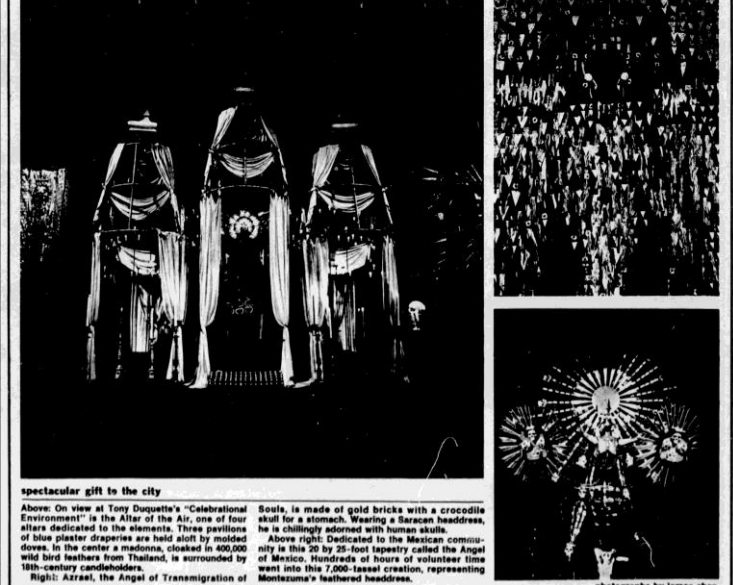
Duquette sometimes feels that pieces of his persons went into this gift to the city. But he had plenty of moral support. His artist wife, Elizabeth, nicknamed Beegle ("she has the industry of the bee and the soaring poetry of the eagle," he says), did everything but sew. West Hollywood interior designer Hutton Wilkinson donated two years of time between assignments. Ann Mudd of Pasadena worked tirelessly. From a plea on television came Peggy Moffitt and Shirley Sheidnam, skilled seamstresses who took charge of the tapestries. A close friend, Patricia Hastings Graham, niece-by-marriage of Elizabeth Arden, flew from Paris to assist.

But the financial support that Duquette had hoped would come from corporate Los Angeles or the Bicentennial Commission never materialized. Not a dime. Not a square foot of display space. It wasn't that he was looking for a foe—Duquette's talents were part of his gift to the city—but the materials, metals, paints, fabrics had to be purchased.

The \$356,000 that was finally raised came mainly from private sources. Duquette and his wife contributed \$139,000. They also loaned treasures from their own collection.

The money was quickly drained. Duquette, known to friends as "holy father of the found object," scavenged much of the material. For instance, Archangel Michael is made largely of hundreds of spent shotgun shells. Plumes and feathers and pieces of steel were corralled and collected from charitable and unsuspecting sources. Actually, the recycler spirit in Duquette enjoys working in the medium of junk. "There isn't anything that can't be turned to good use," he says.

What happens when the celebration is over? Duquette, an artist who strikes one as an abscinded friar, gets suddenly grim. "I guess I can always have a flea market sale," he says half-jesting. Then, more optimistically, "Perhaps a corporate sponsor will appear with a permanent home. I'd be happy knowing it will endure."



photographs by james chen

Los Angeles Times Home magazine, December 14, 1980

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CHAMBERS BROTHERS**

★ **PREVIEW**

Danko's lineup at Union Bar is first string



Rick Danko: coming to town with a new group

This Week's Auditions

Bloomington Civic Theater is looking for adults 18 and over for its production of "Camelot," directed by Tom Arien. Interested persons should prepare one ballad and one up-tempo song and dress for movement. Accompaniment will be provided. The auditions will be at 7 p.m. today and Thursday in Creekside Community Center, 98th

hass and tenor singers to perform with the Minnesota Orchestra and in the Bach Society's 21st annual Bach Festival. Persons interested may contact Dr. David Laberge, 211 Elliott Hall, University of Minnesota, or call 373-3416.

Paid positions are available in the Playwrights' Lab full-time company. Auditions are scheduled for

By JON BREAM
Minneapolis Staff Writer

Rick Danko called the other day to talk about his new group with Paul Butterfield that will be playing Tuesday at the Union Bar.

In the middle of the conversation, Danko, who is best known as the bassist-singer of the disbanded Band, realized the gig was sooner than he thought. He excused himself, saying he'd better call some musicians to see who would be appearing with Danko, Butterfield & Friends. He promised to call back the next day.

Unfortunately, he stayed up all night rehearsing and missed our interview. In his first call, however, he offered a glimpse of what we might expect.

"I've been working with three different groups lately," he said from Malibu, Calif., where he has settled after stays in Woodstock, N.Y., and his native Canada.

"Whoever we come with, it will be a fun house band. It's the kind that brings the people together."

It turns out the Friends will include pianist Tom Stevenson, who played with Joe Walsh's Barnstorm; guitarist Rick Beike, who worked with Leon Russell; drummer Ron McCorty, who performed with Gary Busey; and, of course, Butterfield, the blues harmonica master who led the seminal '60s white blues band that bore his name and later a group called Better Days.

Usually, guitarist Blondie Chaplin, who used to be with the Beach Boys, plays with the group. However, he is writing some songs with New York rocker David Johansen and will not make the trip.

When Chaplin plays with the group last fall on the East Coast, the reviews were just short of ec-

Anticipation

static. The New York Times called the show "terrific." The Boston Globe dubbed the performance the "sweetest of all victories."

The reports indicate the group plays some of Butterfield's old favorites, including "Mystery Train" and "Born in Chicago," as well as Danko's staples from his days with the much ballyhooed Band, including "Stage Fright" and "Unfaithful Servant."

Also expect some new material from Danko and Butterfield's forthcoming solo albums.

On the club scene, Johnny Rodriguez, the country singer who got a break from a Texas Ranger after he was busted for barbecuing a stolen goat, will make his first club appearance in the Twin Cities



Anthony Braxton

Tuesday at the Union Bar.

The handsome, young singer got his first musical break playing guitar in Tom T. Hall's band. Rodriguez then launched his own career in 1972 with the hit, "Pass Me By."

For the last few years, he has been steadily cranking out country hits; his latest is "What Will I Tell Virginia?"

I haven't been able to find out much about NRBQ, the rock group that will perform tonight and Saturday at the Union Bar. About all I know is this quartet has a reputation as one of the most popular and versatile club bands on the East Coast and has recorded with Carl Perkins.

On the concert scene, Taj Mahal, the popular ethnomusicologist, returns to the Guthrie Theater Sunday with John Hammond, the best white blues singer around. Mahal, who earned a degree in animal husbandry from the University of Massachusetts, left out of black culture after college. So, he began tracing his musical roots. Over the years, he has played city, country and folk blues, jazz, soul, salsa, funk, reggae and other styles of Caribbean music.

Avant-garde saxophonist Anthony Braxton teams up with synthesizer Wild Richard Teitelbaum for a concert Wednesday at the Walker Art Center.

Advertisement

Where to dine

The following list of dining establishments will no way cover the entire eating and entertainment field. It will be a guide to ethnic, gourmet and family dining available in the Twin Cities area.

AAA American Express Visa CB, Carte Blanche DC, Diners Club MC, Master Charge SH, Shopper's Charge PC, Personal Checks with proper identification for amount of purchase or Travelers Checks.

WEST

JENNINGS RED COACH INN—4630 Excelsior Boulevard, St. Louis Park 927-5401. Superior food, generous portions, professional service and reasonable prices. Great selection from Chicken Kiev to thick, juicy steaks to our perfectly prepared crab legs, and hearty sandwiches and salads. Visit the Coachman's Room featuring Susan and Keith Wed. Sat. 9-12:30. Daily lunch specials. Benquet & party rooms available.

SWISS CHALET RESTAURANT—Hay, 100 E. Excelsior Blvd. (Miracle Mile) 820-1234. A family-owned restaurant that features excellent

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PRESENTS

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Sunday, April 20, 1980 Philadelphia Inquirer

Reviews



Rick Danko Band member returns

It wasn't *The Band*, but it was rock 'n' roll

The memory lingers still for those who cherished a pure American rock group called *The Band* and lamented the "Last Waltz," which terminated *The Band* about three years ago. And so an appearance by Rick Danko, Richard Manuel and Their Band of Friends at the Bijou Cafe Monday through Wednesday received far more than casual attention.

Danko and Manuel were among the five musicians who comprised *The Band*, one of the most respected of all rock groups even though it never quite gained the mass popularity enjoyed by some more commercial delegations. Only Danko and another Band member, Levon Helm, have made serious attempts at pursuing solo careers since *The Band* breakup, and just how serious Danko's bid is remains in doubt. After recording one excellent album and setting out on a tour with a new band, Danko has generally been confining his efforts to jam bands involving various personnel.

This latest tour marks Manuel's return to performing, and the

music provided by Danko, Manuel and their associates is first rate if not all that original.

Included are a couple of old Band numbers, such as "Stage Fright" and "The Shape I'm In," but the emphasis is on classic rock 'n' roll. The only real departure was a rather campy rendition of "Unfaithful Servant" by Danko, supported by the group's pianist. There was also a nice bluesy-boogie version of "Crazy Momma."

Otherwise, the group concentrated on a selection of hard-hitting rockers, including a rousing treatment of "Mystery Train" (one of Elvis Presley's early "Sun Sound" songs) for the encore.

Those who came for a rekindling of *The Band* were given only token acknowledgement. And anyone who attended the show in search of fresh inspiration from Danko and Manuel received even less. It was just a couple of grand old rock veterans and some musician pals airing it out for fun and profit, which seemed to be enough for the audience.

— Jack Lloyd

22 Nashua Telegraph, Wednesday, April 30, 1980

Back on the road again

Danko-Manuel: Still rockin' on

By JOHN NOGOWSKI
Telegraph Staff Writer

TAUNTON—Nothing like a trip back through conquered lands to get the juices flowing once again.

Rick Danko and Richard Manuel, once founding members of *The Band*—one of rock's most critically acclaimed groups, are currently on a two-week whirlwind tour of the Northeast. On this trek, Danko and Manuel are playing the sort of clubs and joints they once did some 15 years ago when they first came to this country from Canada, known as *The Hawks*.

"Playing small clubs gives us the chance to get close to that emotion you miss in a big hall," Danko said. "It really makes a difference."

Such a small club was Taunton's Club Lunasea, as close to a genuine 1950's roadhouse as you're likely to find in these days of glossy discos with, quoting the Who's Pete Townshend "their flashing trash amps."

The Lunasea Club, complete with knotted pine walls and wood floors and funky "played-in" sort of look, was the perfect place for Danko and Manuel to renew and rejuvenate their rock and roll roots. From the opening chords of *The Band's* classic

'I can't ever remember things being that bad,' Manuel sang in the voice of a worried farmer and we all nodded our heads.

"Stage Fright," it was clear their audience hadn't forgotten a note, even after *The Band's* four-year hiatus from performing.

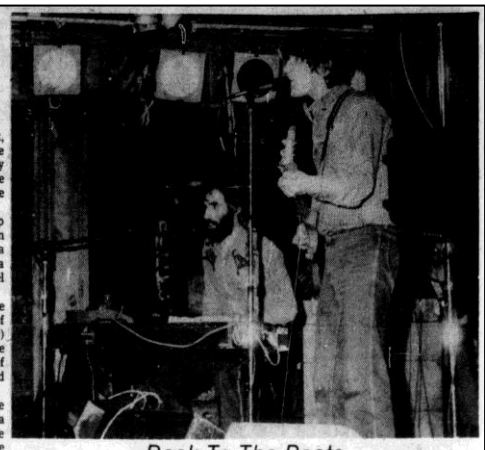
By the second song, the stately "King Harvest Has Surely Come," the audience was standing and cheering, even though only two-fifths of the group were on hand to bring the song home.

The extraordinary thing was, the sound was not all that different. Surely, Garth Hudson's organ was missed as was the clump of Levon Helm's drum and the stinging guitar of Robbie Robertson. This version was anything but stately, as it always was when *The Band* played it onstage and on record. But here, Danko's bass and Manuel's keyboard mixed with the churning guitar of Blondie Chaplin (ex-Beach Boy), the steady drum beat of Rob McCorty, and the pulsing piano of Tom Stevenson gave the song a different kind of fire, pushing it past its established majesty into a scary tale of a farmers' economic

woes that is as deadly accurate today as when it was written over a decade ago. "I can't ever remember things being that bad," Manuel sang in the voice of a worried farmer and we all nodded our heads.

Manuel tried to calm things with a touching version of "Share Your Love," a Johnny Ace song from the Band's Moon-dog Matinee album, but the Lunasea crowd would settle for nothing but rock and roll and Danko and company rocked back with the jungle rhythms of "Queen of the Night," sung well by the talented Chaplin.

All of the group except Danko and Stevenson then left the stage as the Band's bassist sang the gentle "Unfaithful Servant" over Stevenson's delicate accompaniment. Danko's plaintive vocal was moving but with a raucous crowd around him, Danko couldn't sustain the quiet mood. Slow songs on a Saturday night are a risky proposition.



Back To The Roots

Richard Manuel, left and Rick Danko, right were two of the founding members of *The Band*, who are currently renewing their rock and roll roots, touring some of the smaller clubs in the Northeast. The Danko-Manuel band, shown here performing at Taunton's Club Lunasea, will be coming to Headliner's North on Sunday, May 11. (Telegraph photo/Nogowski)

LIVE SOUNDS

Two Veterans of The Band Bring New Group to Town

By COLIN McENROE

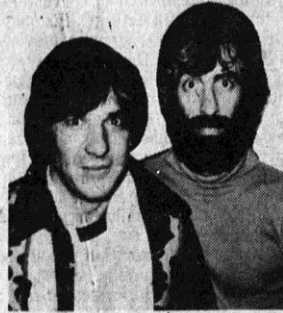
It's easy to forget that Canada, the country that gave us Leonard Cohen, Joni Mitchell, Neil Young, Gordon Lightfoot, Anne Murray and Bruce Cockburn also gave us The Band.

The Band always sounded so American, it was difficult to imagine them coming from anywhere else, but, in truth, ever member except drummer-turned-movie-star Levon Helm (from Arkansas) came from Canada.

Anyone wishing to re-investigate the disbanded Band's musical and geographical roots might well begin at Stage West in West Hartford tonight when bassist Rick Danko and pianist Rich Manuel unveil their new ensemble to the Hartford audience.

Danko has been one of The Band's most active ex-members since the group split up in 1977. He passed through Connecticut recently with Paul Butterfield. He returns with Manuel and lead guitarist Rick Bielke, pianist Tom Stevenson, drummer Ron McCrory and South African guitarist Blondie Chaplin, who, with fellow countryman Ricky Fataar, put in a brief stint with the Beach Boys in the early 1970s.

Observers at previous Danko-Manuel gigs report that the group plays more



Rick Danko, Richard Manuel

standards by The Band (like "Stage Fright" and "King Harvest" as well as new material—some of it from Danko's Arista solo album. Danko and Manuel split the singing chores.

Meanwhile, Helm has drummed out two solo albums and received good reviews for his action in "Coal Miner's Daughter." Former Band guitarist Robbie Robertson has done some producing, and Garth Hudson was last heard playing accordion on the latest Karla Bonhoff album. So much for alumni notes.

REVIEW / MUSIC

Rick Danko 'came to party'

RICK DANKO — In concert at the Paradise Theater, Tuesday.

By Jim Sullivan
Globe Correspondent

"Is everybody getting enough to drink?" asked ex-Band bassist Rick Danko from the Paradise stage, concerned that, as the party's host, he might have neglected a few details.

No worry. Despite a small crowd, the spirits — alcoholic and otherwise — were flowing in abundance. Danko treated the Paradise as his living room and spent the evening playing songs to a few friends and walking the tightrope between seriousness and absurdity. He fell off on the absurd side more than a few times.

On stage and off, Danko is the Bill Murray of the rock world. His lopsided smile, his loopy comments (an exaggerated, mock-theatrical "We love you, Boston!") and his apparent disorientation quickly knock him off the rock star pedestal. But his looseness sometimes works against the music. In the moving ballad "It Makes No Difference," Danko couldn't help but interject a deadpan, "It's a long song" midway through. It distanced him (and us) from the emotional impact and muted its effect.

Inevitably, Danko's four-man group doesn't transmit the ensemble intensity or magic of the Band. Still, Danko's good-timey blues-rock works a low-key charm. The group functions smoothly, but

leaves enough ragged edges — notably evidenced in Blondie Chaplin's stinging leads — to give the music bite. "Java Blues," J.J. Cale's "Crazy Mama" and Elvis' classic "Mystery Train" boasted intricate and exciting syncopation among Danko, Chaplin and keyboardist Howard Larava.

Danko is a man of complex, sometimes contradictory, impulses. Backstage after the show, he flits from one topic to another like a slightly crazed honeybee. As he downs beers, he pontificates about alcoholism: "An unsuccessful alcoholic doesn't have any fun; a successful alcoholic looks forward to not having any fun." Later, Danko unflinchingly lets a flame from his cigarette lighter lick his outstretched palm.

Former Band members Levon Helm and Robbie Robertson are acting in movies. How about Danko, who hasn't made an album in several years? Any interest in film? He says he's been in two. "I'm a star in one and a big distraction in the other," he says, refusing to name them because of "karma."

Danko is asked about the Band's "The Last Waltz," their majestic swan-song concert which was made into a film by Martin Scorsese. Danko calls it "a desperation move."

The Band itself? "We will make another record very soon," he says, "and I mean very soon." Touring? "I don't think we'll ever tour again," although he wryly notes, "Every eight years the Band gets together to play with Bob Dylan." (True, they joined forces for tours in 1965 and 1973.)

"I am Bob Dylan's friend," pronounces Danko with mock composure. Then, in a childlike voice, he sings, "I know Bob, I know Bob," before stating he respects Dylan's new-found vocal conviction.

"I have come to party, and this is but the first stage of what a good time can be," Danko declared to no one in particular. Later, he collected the leftover beer in a plastic trash bag and hauled it off with him to a new frontier.



RICK DANKO
"Dylan's friend"

MUSIC

The Band may get together for a reunion album

Rick Danko's Still Waltzing

By Todd Everett

Malibu

IT WAS A ROUSING, final concert, "The Last Waltz," held at Winterland Thanksgiving, 1976. That night the members of The Band deliberately disbanded and scattered to pursue various solo careers.

It was in his woodsy Malibu home recently that Rick Danko hinted that he and his former colleagues may get together to record a reunion album. "We only said that we wouldn't go on the road again," he said, allowing that the details had not been set. "It's hard to get those guys on a schedule for anything," he said.

Danko, who is vague about his age ("I was born in 1941 or '42. It must have been '42"), has been having fun and partying for a living since the age of 16 or so, when he joined the Hawks, a group formed to back expatriate Arkansas rocker Ronnie Hawkins in Toronto. That group lasted five years before separating from Hawkins ("I was fired, and the rest followed me") and going out on their own, as Levon (Helm) and the Hawks, and finally as The Band.

The unit had played together for 16 years. In the meantime, they had built a

Rick Danko and a band of friends will perform Friday and Saturday at the Boarding House in San Francisco.

solid reputation as collaborators with Bob Dylan through what may prove to be the most productive period of his career.

It was The Band who backed Dylan during his first "electric" tour, when the folk musician first had the temerity to add drums to his backup and to ask the guitarists to plug in. The effect was, well, electrifying.

"Audience response was mixed," Danko recalled. "A lot of them could get into what we were doing. But there were an awful lot of boos, as well."

Indeed, on the bootleg album of Dylan's Royal Albert Hall concert in London during that period, the tension in the air was broken by boos, jeers, and someone crying out, "Judas!"

"It was like that all over the world," Danko said. "Except for Paris. There, they booed the acoustic set. It got pretty hostile, but we all knew that we making excellent music. When it threatened to get real rough, I kept thinking, 'I'm a sideman. I'm just a sideman.' Then we'd get into the limousines and be driven to our private plane. We had a lot of fun.

"Bob could always raise the hairs on people's back anytime he wanted to. Still can. And let me say something else: some of those people yelled at us, and some cheered. But nobody walked out."

Back in Woodstock, New York,

where Dylan and The Band were living, members of the group began writing their own songs and working on their own album. Guitarist Robbie Robertson was and remains the most prolific member of The Band, but Danko's compositions include the oft-recorded "This Wheel's on Fire," (a collaboration with Dylan) and "Small Town Talk" (written with Bobby Charles). Following The Band's demise, Danko recorded a solo album released by Arista Records to excellent reviews and rather less public interest. "The company wanted me to record another," he said, "but I didn't want to release two collector's items in a row. It gets expensive."

In the last couple of years, Danko has been working with a number of musician friends, in club and concert dates that



RICK DANKO

take them on the road about twice a year. They play, he said, a mixture of Band-associated songs (though he wrote relatively little for the group, he sang lead on some of their most memorable songs, including "Stage Fright" and "The Weight."), Danko originals, "and a whole lot of old rock and roll."

Somewhere in the middle, Danko switches from bass to guitar, for an acoustic set that is, he said, the most spontaneous portion of the show. "I never know what I'm going to sing there. I must know a million songs."

Musicians appearing with Danko this time around are likely to include guitarist and singer Blondie Chaplin, drummer Ron McCrory and keyboardist Howard Larabee.

THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD BURIED HER FOREVER!



Cash Box/April 12, 1980

The Rick Danko/Paul Butterfield Band has broken up. Butterfield is in the studio with Willie Mitchell ... Levon Helm's next album, "American Sun," will be country ...

Performance

The Band plays on

Danko and Manuel are back on the road again

By Michael Reeb

I'll be down to get you in a taxi, honey. Better be ready 'bout half past eight. Now, honey, don't be late. I want to be there when The Band starts playing.
—from "The Darktown Strutters Ball"

It seems The Band just can't quit. Although the group played its last concert Thanksgiving night four years ago, its members—both collectively and individually—have since maintained a brisk pace and ventured onto new avenues.

"The Last Waltz," a documentary film of that last concert directed by Martin Scorsese, appeared and gained some notoriety in cinematic circles. Guitarist Robbie Robertson and drummer Levon Helm have embarked on their own movie careers. Mr. Helm and bass player Rick Danko have produced solo albums.

Now, Mr. Danko and piano player Richard Manuel have hit the road and, for sure, they can't hang up their rock and roll shoes. The act is currently appearing in one-nighters along the East Coast, but the closest it comes to Baltimore is Washington. The group plays The Bayou in Georgetown for two shows Wednesday night.

The Band abandoned touring after

18 years of clubs, casinos, pool halls, civic centers and stadiums. Obviously longing for live audiences again, Mr. Danko and Mr. Manuel have put together a five-piece band of their own and are going back to their roots, playing the same club circuit that they did as The Hawks.

Bob Dylan discovered them in one of those clubs along the Jersey shore in the mid-1960s, and, of course, the rest is history. Danko and his band of friends, as the act is now billed, returned there last week at the Fountain Casino in Matawan.

The scene is different. A disco palace replaces the old gyp joint, so tough, Mr. Danko recalls, that the stripper has only one arm and bullet holes decorate the walls.

The music remains the same. The group draws from Band standards and interlaces them with songs from Mr. Danko's solo album, rhythm and blues, reggae and rock and roll classics. The show opens with "Stage Fright," the number about the man so afraid to go onstage but who, when the song is over, is ready to start all over again.

Mr. Manuel is singing better than he has since the late 1960s when The Band enjoyed its heyday. Employing everything he has learned from listening to Sam Cooke and Ray Charles, he renders a soulful version of "Share Your Love."

Mr. Danko obviously calls the shots for the group, playing a throbbing bass line and bouncing around the stage. In

a switch, he drops his bass, and microphone in hand, delivers "Unfaithful Servant" to the accompaniment of lead keyboardist Tommy Stevenson. He tries to get cute with some of the lines but comes off as corny. In the end, the sentimentality of the tale wins out—he's sorry but who is still sent away.

Blondie Chaplin, the ex-Beach Boy, plays lead guitar, offering a stinging solo on Mr. Danko's "Brainwash" and enjoying his moment in the spotlight with his own "Sail On Sailor."

Mr. Danko promises, "We're going to play everything we know," but in all, the group plays only 14 numbers, including four former Band tunes. The musicians mix it up enough that the show doesn't end up being simply a stand-in for The Band's old set. Even when Mr. Danko interrupts "Unfaithful Servant" by saying "You know this one," the song and the music hold up. The act can make it on its own and so can the music.

That's an understatement. The music really cooks. The only criticism is that the show is too short. They save the rock and roll for the end, and everyone is on their feet—yes, even in a club. And when the musicians return for an encore and punch out Junior Parker's "Mystery Train"—the song Elvis Presley made famous—it's as if they never left.

In the end, the lure of the road wins out. It's ever so hard to hang up those rock and roll shoes.



The Band in earlier days: Left to right, Robbie Robertson, Richard Manuel, Rick Danko, Garth Hudson and Levon Helm.

Misdeal aka Best Revenge

The Leader-Post Regina, Saskatchewan Monday, June 30, 1980

Bruised actor keeps drumming

TORONTO (CP) — Levon Helm was beaten, tortured and killed in the morning. By lunchtime he was sufficiently revived to enjoy a couple of bacon and tomato sandwiches and trade pleasantries with another actor.

Helm is filming Misdeal, his third movie, in Toronto. He recently played the father in Coal Miner's Daughter.

The visible parts of Helm's body were skinned and a little bruised, but his favorite scrape was the one on his



Levon Helm shows his bruises

knuckle: "That's from my drums." The knick on his knuckle is also the most revealing because Helm has been a drummer since he was a teenager and is so new to films that he still derives genuine glee from everything starting with the makeup to the tense waiting to look at the day's rushes.

Arkansas-born, Toronto-trained, he was one of rock's most distinctive drummers, playing for The Band. The end of that relationship came after The Band filmed The Last

Waltz in which Helm played himself and almost stole the show by not looking at the camera.

"I guess being on stage for so long, and doing that movie, I learned a little about acting, like learning to keep my concentration and ignore the cameras and the people around."

Helm's days are devoted to film, but every night he perches behind his drums to do what comes naturally — bashing skins behind a hot rhythm and blues band.

It's tiring, it means too little sleep for his own good, but it's the only way he can get the kick he's addicted to.

"It's not just the album I'm pushing," he said, referring to his new solo release. "I don't think I could ever stop learning and playing. . . . As soon as this movie is over, I'll get back to it. Music first y'know."

It's been that way for about 20 years, even before Helm and a few other Arkansas lads came to Toronto with Ronnie Hawkins.

"Conway Twitty told us the Canadian market was a good one, and we started to work with an agent in Hamilton. We played the circuit. One by one the old guys quit and Ronnie replaced them with local boys."

Among the local boys were Robbie Robertson, Garth Hudson, Rick Danko and Richard Manuel, the makings, after a 1964 split with Hawkins, of The Band.

THE ADVOCATE, Monday, November 9, 1981 5B

Canadian films in money trouble

TORONTO (CP) — Financial trouble is hitting Canadian movies.

Incubus, a \$5.1-million thriller, has been put into receivership by the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. The Royal Bank of Canada has taken the same action on Misdeal, a \$6.9-million drug-smuggling adventure starring John Heard and Levon Helm.

Meanwhile, neophyte movie producer Henry Less has declared personal bankruptcy, sending his \$800,000 feature Deadline into the hands of Film House, which was owed \$85,000.

Creditors have also taken control of Mr. Patman, starring James Coburn and Kate Nelligan, which was previewed last year but still lacks movie-house distribution in North America. The \$6.9-million feature is not yet in receivership, although only one-third of its public shares have been sold.

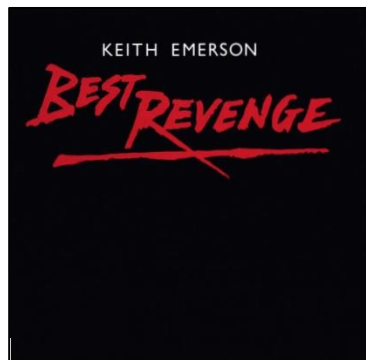
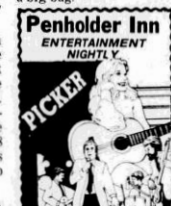
Bank of Commerce spokesman Joe Downey said creditors are now "inviting proposals" to market Mr. Patman. And, he says, the bank is "trying to arrange an equitable arrangement"

with the producer of Threshold, a \$5.7-million medical drama starring Donald Sutherland.

But spokesmen for the Commerce and Royal both emphasize that the receiverships have nothing to do with the films' box office potential.

A Royal spokesman who asked not to be named said: "This is not a death knell for the Canadian film industry. We put Misdeal into receivership because we've been in the picture for 18 months, and when loans aren't repaid we need to

crystallize our security." The spokesman said the public shares market went sour last year "and interim lenders, including the banks and producers, were left holding a big bag."



The Atlanta Constitution June 28, 1986
"Best Revenge," a 1983 thriller not seen in theaters, is being released on tape July 11, retailing for \$59.95. John Heard and Levon Helm portray aging American hippies hoping to score a \$4 million hashish deal. In Morocco, their arrangements with a distributor (John Rhys-Davies of "Raiders of the Lost Ark") fall apart and the two Americans are put in prison. They escape and seek revenge on the people who betrayed them.





Levon Helm
Former drummer with The Band

Levon Helm still practising craft

By Chris Cobb
Citizen staff writer

Levon Helm, still practising? Well, he says he is.

Helm, drummer with The Band for 15 years and part of the more memorable moments rock music had during the late '60s and '70s, is still plugging away "trying to perfect my craft."

At Barrymore's until Wednesday with The Cate Brothers, Helm is the opposite of what you'd expect your average millionaire rock musician to be.

"I'm grateful of what success we (The Band) had," he said in a backstage interview Monday night, "but if I hadn't been part of that, I'd still be doin' what I'm doin' today."

And what's he doing?

"I just keep trying," he adds with typical modesty. "I'm tryin' to get better. I play with these guys (Cate Brothers) any time I get a chance. And believe me, I still make mistakes and still hear myself makin' 'em. We just try to get 'em right the next night, that's all."

The Arkansas native (the only American

member of The Band) played way back with Ronnie Hawkins — in fact the band that was to become Bob Dylan's musical mainstay for years was once Hawkins' backup group.

Helm, now 40, has been in a couple of movies since The Band split up. His latest film, just completed in Toronto, is called *Misdeal* and is a drama about drug trafficking.

"I may do some more movies, but right now, I'd kinda like to get to do some more music. That's what I am, a musician, and that's what I'm working on."

Helm still has contact with the members of The Band.

"I talked to 'em more than I see 'em," he explained. "They're all doin' about the same thing I'm doin'. All still into music and all still playin'."

And if they are all producing music like Helm and his old friends The Cate Brothers are producing, the fragmentation of The Band must have kicked up some fine musical ensembles.

These guys know how to play rock and roll. Helm reproduces a few of The Band's

hits including *The Weight* and *Up on Cripple Creek* and that's guaranteed crowd pleasing material.

It shouldn't be forgotten that The Cates are a fine rock and roll outfit in their own right and Helm, rather than "making" them, simply complements them. Quite a complement mind you, but all these musicians have been around a long time and play rock music at its best.

Helm, a polite, pleasant man, who keeps homes in Arkansas and Woodstock, N.Y., has played with the Cate Brothers a little more than a dozen times this year. Since The Band split, it has been his most constant musical vehicle.

Having shared some of the golden moments of Dylan's career and played the major stadiums of the world for the biggest bucks rock music has to offer, it's hard to imagine Helm adjusting to the grass roots, club grind again.

But when he says he is still practising, you get the impression he means it — even though his musical history and current musical contribution sound just fine as they are.

Cash Box/December 6, 1980

Buddy Lee Signs Helm; Upcoming Tour Is Planned

NASHVILLE — Buddy Lee Attractions recently signed recording artists Levon Helm and Terri Gibbs for booking. Both artists are readying a concert tour.

Helm, former drummer for The Band, has assembled a new group and is hitting the concert trail once again. Since his exit from The Band, the singer has been involved in a number of projects, most recently "The Legend Of Jesse James" concept album, done with Emmylou Harris, Johnny Cash and Charlie Daniels, among others. Helm has also completed two movie projects, last year's *Coal Miner's Daughter*, in which he portrayed Loretta Lynn's father, and the recently completed *Misdeal*, in which he plays a drug smuggler.

Helm's last solo recording project was "American Son," an album recorded in Nashville and released on MCA Records in the summer of 1980.



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The Philadelphia Inquirer

Tuesday, October 21, 1980

Levon Helm: Music, not movies, his medicine

By Jack Lloyd
Inquirer Entertainment Writer

Levon Helm, who experienced his first taste of fame in the rock world as a member of The Band, is not too impressed with his acting potential despite the generally enthusiastic notices that he received for his role in *Coal Miner's Daughter*.

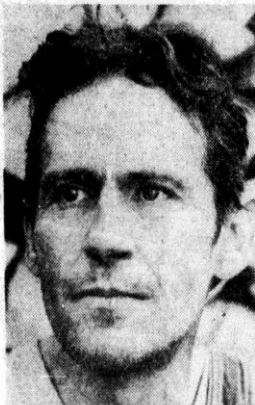
Sure, he'll continue making movies as long as the offers come, but Helm views this new chapter in his professional life with more whimsy than self-satisfaction.

"Oh, hell, I'll do anything to sell records," he drawled. But he understands how fleeting fame can be, noting, "I still have my (musicians) union card with Local 71 in Memphis."

In *Coal Miner's Daughter*, Helm portrayed Loretta Lynn's father. "My good buddy Tommy Lee Jones (who played Lynn's husband, Mooney) suggested me for the part," Helm said, "and, well, we rolled sevens. . . No, I never had any acting experience. But Tommy worked with me a lot. He coached me."

Helm has been tabbed for a role in another film, *Misdeal*, which will be filmed in Canada, but he talks about it with a note of restraint: "Oh, I just play another country boy."

"Right now, it's good to be working hard again, to be playing music. I'm starting to get some callouses back on my toes and hands again. You get awful soft hanging around those movie people. They're just so nice to you. They bring you your clothes, comb your hair, feed you."



Levon Helm

Since The Band staged its *Last Waltz* farewell concert three years ago, Helm — The Band's drummer and alternate lead singer — has been without a regular group. He has not been idle, however. His latest tour will bring him into the Bijou Cafe tomorrow and Thursday, performing with the Cate Brothers.

"They're pretty famous down here," Helm said during the telephone interview from his home in Springdale, Ark. "It's up in the Ozarks," Helm noted. "Around here they call it Chickendale. It's really nice. We've been staying busy bottling some good wine. And those chickens and eggs just keep coming at you. . . I originally come from the

southeastern part of the state, the delta. That's cotton country. I grew up listening to Memphis radio. Heard a lot of that good blues music."

The Band, of course, gained its first measure of fame as Bob Dylan's backup group back in the mid-1970s on the tour that marked Dylan's departure from acoustic folk to electric rock. Later the group retreated to Woodstock, N.Y., where the famous Band-Dylan "basement tapes" were recorded and where The Band produced its introductory "Music from Big Pink." The resulting albums eventually were to be recognized as classics.

While The Band never gained the huge commercial success chalked up by several other groups, it is widely regarded as among rock's most influential and innovative bands, most notably in introducing the country elements that became so vital to the music.

While the decision to break up The Band was mutual among the group's members, Helm confesses that "I wasn't exactly jumping up and down with joy when it ended. But the whole idea was to give everyone the chance to try some new things, and I guess it's worked out."

Helm pointed out that he had periodic contact with his old associates — Robbie Robertson, Rick Danko, Garth Hudson and Richard Manuel — but there had been no talk of a Band reunion.

"Anything's possible," he said. "What happened to me with the movie is proof of that. But right now

it doesn't seem too likely."

Helm describes the music that he is performing with the Cate Brothers as "good ol' rock 'n' roll. . . We just tear things up."

There is, naturally, no way that Levon Helm can take to a stage without acknowledging his past with The Band. "Oh, sure," he said, "we throw in two, three, four (Band songs) a night — things like 'Cripple Creek.' The people seem to enjoy them. It's kind of what they expect."

The last of Helm's post-Band albums, "American Son," was released a few months ago by MCA Records, reflecting more of The Band's spirit and influence than any of the "solo" LPs released by other former Band members to date.

And Helm recently completed work on another album that he is highly enthusiastic about.

"It's a real interesting album," Helm noted. "It's called 'The Jesse James Story,' and it was written and produced by this Englishman, Paul Kennerly. It has a script and everyone gets to sing three or four songs. I'm on it and a lot of others — people like Charlie Daniels and Emmylou Harris and Johnny Cash."

"I have Jesse's part. Charlie plays Cole Younger, and Emmylou plays Jesse's wife, Zerelda, and Johnny Cash plays Frank James, and Albert Lee has Jim Younger's part. It's real interesting. Emmylou sings one song, 'Wish We Were Back in Missouri,' that's just incredible. I'll tell you, you hear it and the hairs just stand up on your arms."

Kennerly produced a similar album, "White Mansions" — dealing with a Civil War theme — which was

released a few years ago and became one of those undiscovered gems. "The Jesse James Story" will be released by A&M Records next month.

Helm was the only non-Canadian member of The Band, and Robbie Robertson, The Band's leader and chief writer, often credited Helm's influence with establishing The Band's style and passion for such authentically Southern songs as "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down."

And during the pre-Band days, when Helm and the others were part of veteran rockabilly Ronnie Hawkins' band, the group toured extensively throughout Arkansas and other Southern states, "paying the dues" obligatory to big-time success.

Helm credits country singer Conway Twitty with steering them to the Northeast — especially the Jersey shore — and Canadian markets. "We discovered there were a lot of places to play up there," Helm said. "They had a lot of mixed-drink bars rather than the bottle clubs. We still have a lot of them (the bottle clubs) down here. Places where you bring your own bottle and the bar sells the ice and whatever else you want."

"There was a certain kinship — musically at least — between Canada and the Jersey shore. We played the Jersey shore a lot during the summer. Places like Atlantic City and Somers Point. That's what really got us on the right track."

It's obvious that no matter what happens to Levon Helm's acting prospects, he will never stray far from music.

"Oh, hell no," he concluded. "I have to play music. This stuff's medicine. I have to have it."



Still making housecalls on the road

WORKMAN JOHN

One of the greatest benefits in working at CKCU (93.1 on your FM dial) for me has been the chance to meet, greet and in this case, eat with some music business personalities who had previously only existed as pictures in magazines or as sounds that emanated from my stereo system speakers. It's been fun to have met the great, the near great and the would-be great, they who hope they are on that difficult road to stardom. I always expected that I would be meeting all sorts of wild, flaming egomaniacs, but surprisingly, most of the music folk that I've met so far I have found to be regular-type humans; pleasant, polite and so on. All of this is not a prelude to some heavy name dropping, let me assure you. What I am working up to is to tell you about a man I met recently who takes the cake in the nice guy sweepstakes. That man is Levon Helm, who played drums, guitar and mandolin for the late, great, lamented quintet, The Band.

Robbie Robertson, another ex-Band member, said that The Band dissolved because they didn't want to ever get to the point where they would overstay their welcome and be asked to go home at some point. Many of their fans would have preferred them to go on for a lot longer than they did, but since the demise of The Band, its members have not stopped working. Robbie Robertson is still writing songs

and recently produced an interesting movie, *Carny*, in which he also acts. Levon Helm has also taken up acting as a second career, as well as continuing his musical life; he now has four solo albums under his belt and is currently touring with The Cate Brothers, a tough country-rock outfit. I haven't heard Levon's fourth album yet, but the rest of them reflect a wealth of American musical styles; a musical heritage that Levon and, earlier, The Band, were able to distill so beautifully. In listening to Levon's recordings, and hearing that familiar high wail of his aimed at the round August moon, you are instantly made to feel at home and in familiar surroundings. His music doesn't exhibit the eclecticism of The Band's, but it is an energetic distillation; sinewy and rock steady. Much like the man himself, as I was to find out. The only other time I had seen Levon Helm was in 1965 at Montreal's *Place des Arts*, playing in The Hawks, backing up a thin and mysterious-looking man by the name of Bob Dylan. As I walked into Barrymore's backstage room, my mind zoomed back through the years over Levon Helm's long and productive career; his three-year apprenticeship (1959-1962) with Canada's one man rock and roll conservatory, Ronnie Hawkins; a couple of years touring with Bob Dylan; and of course the many years making memorable music with The Band. The music of The Band was woven from many different strands — the stories,

myths and legends of the American historical landscape — and I felt that I was about to meet a legendary character who would look like he had emerged from an old sepia-toned photo. Instead I was surprised to meet a man who looked about fifteen years younger than I expected; clean-shaven, trim and youthful, Levon greeted my companion and myself and immediately pressed a glass of sake into our hands. The room was filled with people; The Cate Brothers, his band, their wives, girlfriends and Barrymore's staff who were engaged in serving up an extensive and appetizing dinner which we were invited to share. As we enjoyed the food and exotic sake, we talked with Levon, who made us feel right at home. He was the perfect host, made sure we were included in the conversation and kept us supplied with whatever we desired. A more relaxed and genial host I've yet to come across, and as for his band, The Cates, a more laconic and shy group of men I've yet to meet. After some relaxed conversation, we went outside, picked a spot and let the music of Levon and The Cate brothers wash over us. The full house at Barrymore's obviously dug what they heard from this small but tough band who rocked and romped southern-style through two sets of foot-stomping material. With both Levon and his nephew playing drums, there was a lot of punch to the sound — as you can imagine. Also, this arrangement enabled Levon to get up and sing and blow some harp. Their repertoire was mainly their own music with a few of The Band's songs thrown in to keep the nostalgia buffs happy. They received a good response throughout and were brought back for an encore and sang an acapella treatment of the reggae classic 'By the Rivers of Babylon'.

Backstage later, after he had a chance to get another glass of his beloved sake, Levon sat down to be interviewed and I started by asking him about his choice of uncharacteristic encore music. His answer was that it seemed to provoke a nice release of tension. He also promised that next time he would sing something everyone knew, the national anthem perhaps. My first few questions were aimed at getting some information and hopefully some stories about his early days with Rompin' Ronnie Hawkins who has worked hard to create a legend as a hard-living, hard-partying, rock'n roll outlaw. He once was quoted as saying that, "I've been to parties that Nero himself would have been ashamed to attend." I was eager to hear Levon dig up some juicy stories about his days with Ronnie Hawkins, but he adroitly escaped my probing with, "I'd rather not tell on anybody, especially myself. Ronnie is a lot better at telling those stories than I am and whatever he'll tell you, I'll back him up. It was a great experience and Ronnie is certainly a wild and crazy guy. He's like all the rest of us; this is what we do. We're entertainers. Music is medicine and we're still making house calls!"

Ronnie Hawkins has, among many other things, been credited with bringing rock-a-billy music to Canada, and since I wasn't going to get any gossip I decided to ask Levon about the story that he and Ronnie came up to Canada in a Cadillac in 1958, bearing the seeds of rock-a-billy music. His answer somewhat diminished the myth, "Well, that's partly true. It was a 1958 Chevrolet. We followed our friend Conway Twitty who turned us on to Canada and told us what a good place for music it was. At that time in music in our area, our particular brand of music, drums were new into it. Up until that point, anything that was quick or had a fast tempo usually didn't have drums, so all of a sudden when Carl Perkins, Billy Lee Riley, Conway Twitty and all these people started adding drums to it, they started calling it rock-a-billy. These people put the rock'n roll into the

hillbilly lyrics. It was called rock-a-billy for a while, then later it was called country rock. We're still calling it music." If I wasn't going to get Levon to spill the beans on his old partner Ronnie Hawkins, I thought that I might get him to air his feelings on Bob Dylan, who had gone through a few changes — notably his recent conversion to Christianity. His comments were the epitome of diplomacy: "Everybody's religion is their business. You know I hear it all as music. A lot of people seem to read whatever they feel into Bob's music. That's their privilege. To me it's all still music. Whatever his private convictions are, they're fine with me. His music gets better, for sure."

I didn't query Levon at length about his career with The Band, as their accomplishments to me were obvious. Their evocative, sometimes haunting music, with its patina of understated elegance and its power to recreate the legends of early American pioneer days, added to the 70's music scene a refreshing antidote; one that was often flashy and overblown with hype. Their music had a spiritual quality, and it is **this** special quality, above all others, that had such a profound effect on so many people. I asked Levon how he felt about his career with The Band and what he felt about its demise.

"Naturally, I hated to see it go that way. I would have preferred to pump it up and keep it going. There were a lot of laughs along the way. The high points for me have been all the people we've been able to work with. You know, to play with Muddy Waters, who is one of my heroes, well that was a big day when we recorded with him on the *Muddy Waters at Woodstock* album. I'd still like to play with Bill Monroe and Ray Charles. The game is not over by any means. I've been able to play with a few of my heroes."

As for his own musical contributions on his solo work, he had this to say: "The first album, the *RCO All Stars* album, I thought would serve as vehicle for all of us that were involved in it. The second album I don't take credit for. I don't like the album. I tried to stop its release until we could get it to a certain place, but it's all spilled milk now. The last album, *The American Son*, I'll take credit for that. I plan on making a lot of albums before I hang it up."

Recently, Levon Helm has delved into a new arena, the world of film. In the film *Coal Miner's Daughter*, Levon played the part of Sissy Spacek's father. He recently completed a film in Toronto and Spain called *Misdeal*, in which he plays a drug dealer. Levon told me he enjoyed working on these films and that he found the behind-the-scenes people wonderful to work with. He said that it was a little disconcerting though to be standing around the set and have someone walk up to you and straighten your hat for you or adjust your collar.

Another recent musical project that he was excited about was a concept written by Paul McKinnerly who took the Jesse and Frank James story and set it to music. In this effort, different characters sing the songs which make up the story. Emmylou Harris sings the part of Jessie's wife; Levon sings Jessie's part; Charlie Daniels sings Coleman Younger's part, Albert Lee does Jim Younger and Johnny Cash is Frank James. The backing musicians are of an equally fine calibre. According to Levon, when a tape of the album was played at Barrymore's, it received an impressive response and, as Levon phrased it, "Emmylou's singing put a chill on 'em, I tell you." Levon promised to bring CKCU a copy when it was released. This generous and warm response was typical of the man. As we left he cautioned us to be sure to pass along our comments on that evening's performance to the Cate Brothers who were sitting outside his room. We did. ■

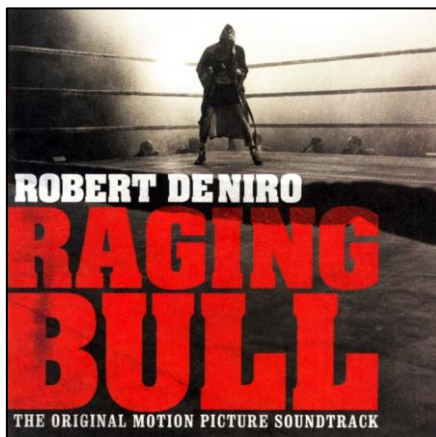
Robertson tells *Billboard* he is also revisiting the music for "Raging Bull" for a two-CD soundtrack that will be released by Capitol Feb. 15.

Robertson wrote the source music and scored three pieces for the 1980 movie, as well as selected the other music with director Scorsese.

"I'm just finishing mixing and compiling the original music. It's 38 tracks," Robertson says. Additionally, he and Scorsese wrote the liner notes.

It marks the first time a soundtrack to the film has been released. A special-edition DVD of "Raging Bull" comes out Dec. 14.

BILLBOARD OCTOBER 2, 2004



Released in 2005

It's no secret that Martin Scorsese has a unique gift for the way he uses music in his movies. When I first saw *Mean Streets* it was evident to me that he has a special relationship with music (which is why he was my first and only choice to direct *The Last Waltz*). He once told me that the picture and the music are the same thing — there is no difference. I had long been fascinated with the power of music on film and of film on music. Not necessarily in the traditional sense, but in the way the music works in *Raging Bull*. There is no traditional score. All the music is instinctively chosen and precisely laid in to take you inside the world of the characters and their story.

When Marty asked me to do the source music (which is music that takes place live, within the story; in this case it was being played by a trio at the Copacabana and other night spots) for *Raging Bull*, I enlisted the talents of Garth Hudson on piano and Richard Manuel on drums, both from The Band. Larry Klein — a much-respected bassist and producer — played acoustic bass. It may have looked like convenient casting on my part, but I knew as well as anybody what an amazing stylistic musician Garth is, and with Richard on drums there was no way the tracks would get too slick or polished, keeping a certain raw quality that Marty wanted. I didn't play guitar on these tracks because I had recently broken my hand in an unfortunate confrontation. We recorded four tunes, and three of them Marty placed into the picture, seamlessly, with one of them reprising in the end credits.

During the period when Marty and I were finishing up *The Last Waltz*, I was staying at his house in Los Angeles. Marty would often screen wonderfully strange, obscure B-movies, but with some Luciano Visconti gems scattered here and there. I, in turn, would play records of obscure bluesmen and Sacred Harp singers. One night I put on a live recording of a song by Ray Charles called "Tell The Truth." Toward the end, Ray lets out an earth-shattering

scream of jealous rage, and sings, "What about that man I saw you with last night? I wanna know!" During the scream I pointed out how time just stops for a moment then kicks back in. "That's great, that's fantastic," Marty said, as he paced back and forth in his living room, between the two huge Altec speakers that I had given him. A couple of years later, this song and the scream would end up accompanying a scene in *Raging Bull*.

There are numerous grand versions of the Pietro Mascagni pieces that are used in *Raging Bull* — some by major conductors and renowned symphony orchestras. But Marty was partial to this version by an orchestra from Bologna, Italy. It cries out in an emotionally uninhibited, straight-from-the-street kind-of-way. The only problem was the master tape the Italian record company sent. In one spot it sounded like somebody bumped up against the tape machine; the music all of a sudden drags down, and then drifts back up. It was a real spell-breaker. I took the master tape and, with a variable-speed oscillator, leveled out the rough spot in the piece. Then I enhanced the sonic quality of the Mascagni tracks, so they would sound a little better in movie theaters.

There is one scene in the picture where La Motta is walking down through the boxing crowd and up into the ring, with the roar of the crowd, the ring announcer, the Mascagni theme, all going at the same time. Marty felt the sounds were competing with each other. I made the suggestion that we take the music track and put it through an echo chamber, but only use the return of the chamber, and take out the original signal of the music. That gave it separation from the sound effects, and it was like the Mascagni theme was resonating right out of Jake's persona.

Most of the music in this movie comes from Marty's growing-up years in New York City's Little Italy. I'm sure that's one of the reasons the picture flows with such undeniable authenticity. The musicality in this picture seeps through the walls, out the windows and down the streets. It gets under your skin and draws you way inside Jake La Motta's bent reality.

In the fall of 1980, I was in the process of putting together the soundtrack record for *Raging Bull*. Then word came down that they couldn't get the music clearances sorted out in time. The soundtrack was put on hold. I knew Marty was disappointed, because this is a collection of music that was very personal to him. The sound of this movie was a journey in itself. Well, almost 25 years later, I still have the original artwork and song list. It has finally come to pass. Maybe it's like a fine Italian wine... it only gets better with time.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
LOS ANGELES / AUGUST 2004



Disc 1:

- | | | | |
|---|---|--|--|
| <p>1 CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA: INTERMEZZO
ORCHESTRA OF BOLOGNA MUNICOP THETRA;
ARTURO BASILE, CONDUCTOR
(Mascagni)
BMG Ricordi S.p.A. Italy Under license from BMG Special Products</p> <p>2 JERSEY BOUNCE
BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
(Pieter — Bradshaw — Johnson)
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RUSS COLUMBO & NAT SHILKRET'S ORCHESTRA
(Robin — Columbo)
Originally Recorded Prior to 1972. All Rights Reserved by BMG Music.
Courtesy of The RCA Music Group, a Unit of BMG Music. Under License from BMG Special Products</p> <p>4 JUST ONE MORE CHANCE
BING CROSBY WITH VICTOR YOUNG'S ORCHESTRA
(Coslow — Johnston)
Originally Recorded Prior to 1972. All Rights Reserved by BMG Entertainment. Courtesy of The RCA Music Group, a Unit of BMG Music</p> <p>5 COW-COW BOOGIE
ELLA FITZGERALD FEATURING THE INK SPOTS
(Raye — Carter — dePaul)
Originally Released 1944 by The Verve Music Group Courtesy of The Verve Music Group under license from Universal Music Enterprises</p> | <p>6 VIVERE
CARLO BUTI
(Bixio)
Originally Released 1938 by EMI Music Italy S.p.A.</p> <p>7 WHISPERING GRASS (DON'T TELL THE TREES)
THE INK SPOTS
(Fisher — Fisher)
Originally Released 1940 by Geffen Records Courtesy of Geffen Records under license from Universal Music Enterprises</p> <p>8 TWO O'CLOCK JUMP
HARRY JAMES & HIS ORCHESTRA
(James — Basie — Goodman)
Originally Released 1939 Sony BMG Music Entertainment Under License From The Sony Music Custom Marketing Group, A Division Of Sony Music. A Group Of Sony Music Entertainment Inc.</p> <p>9 DRUM BOOGIE
GENE KRUPA & HIS ORCHESTRA
(Krupa — Eldridge)
Originally Released 1941 Sony BMG Music Entertainment Under License From The Sony Music Custom Marketing Group, A Division Of Sony Music. A Group Of Sony Music Entertainment Inc.</p> <p>10 ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL
HARRY JAMES & HIS ORCHESTRA; VOCAL BY FRANK SINATRA
(Lawrence — Altmann)
Originally Released 1939 Sony BMG Music Entertainment Under License From The Sony Music Custom Marketing Group, A Division Of Sony Music. A Group Of Sony Music Entertainment Inc.</p> | <p>11 FLASH
HARRY JAMES & HIS ORCHESTRA
(James)
Originally Released 1954 Sony BMG Music Entertainment Under License From The Sony Music Custom Marketing Group, A Division Of Sony Music. A Group Of Sony Music Entertainment Inc.</p> <p>12 MY REVERIE
LARRY CLINTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
(Clinton — Debussy)
Originally Recorded Prior to 1972. All Rights Reserved by BMG Entertainment. Courtesy of The RCA Music Group, a Unit of BMG Music</p> <p>13 STORNELLI FIORENTINI
CARLO BUTI
(Tortora — Lama)
Originally Released 1935 by EMI Music Italy S.p.A.</p> <p>14 WEBSTER HALL
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
(Hudson — Robertson)
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BOB CROSBY AND THE BOBCATS
(Bauduc — Crosby — Haggart — Rodin)
Originally Released 1938 by The Verve Music Group Courtesy of The Verve Music Group under license from Universal Music Enterprises</p> | <p>16 FRENESI
ARTIE SHAW AND HIS ORCHESTRA
(Dominguez)
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THE INK SPOTS
(Cowan — Worth)
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ORAZIO STRANO
(Bella — Strano)
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Disc 2:

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| <p>1 SILVANO: BARCAROLLE
ORCHESTRA OF BOLOGNA MUNICOP THETRA;
ARTURO BASILE, CONDUCTOR
(Mascagni)
BMG Ricordi S.p.A. Italy Under license from BMG Special Products</p> <p>2 STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKET
ELLA FITZGERALD WITH LOUIS JORDAN
(Hendricks)
Originally Released 1954 by The Verve Music Group Courtesy of The Verve Music Group under license from Universal Music Enterprises</p> <p>3 NAO TENHO LAGRIMAS
PATRICIO TEIXEIRA
(Oliveira — Bulhoes)
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TED WEEMS & HIS ORCHESTRA
(Kerner — Hoffman)
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ROBBIE ROBERTSON
(Fain — Kahal — Norman)
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THE MILLS BROTHERS
(Seiler — Marcus — Wood)
Originally Released 1944 by Geffen Records Courtesy of Geffen Records under license from Universal Music Enterprises</p> <p>7 MONA LISA
NAT KING COLE
(Livingston — Evans)
© 2003 Capitol Records, Inc. Nat King Cole ® is a registered trademark of King Cole Partners, L.P.</p> <p>8 THAT'S MY DESIRE
FRANKIE LAINE WITH MANNIE KLEIN'S ALL-STARS
(Kresa — Loveday)
Courtesy of The Island Def Jam Music Group under license from Universal Music Enterprises</p> <p>9 GUGLIELMO RATCLIFF: INTERMEZZO
ORCHESTRA OF BOLOGNA MUNICOP THETRA;
ARTURO BASILE, CONDUCTOR
(Mascagni)
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MARILYN MONROE
(Robin — Styne)
© 1978 DRG Records, Inc. Courtesy of DRG Records, Inc.</p> | <p>11 THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT
ROBERT DE NIRO
(Schwartz — Dietz)
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TONY BENNETT
(Wayne — Morris)
Originally Released 1951 Sony BMG Music Entertainment Under License From The Sony Music Custom Marketing Group, A Division Of Sony BMG Music Entertainment</p> <p>13 SCAPRICCIATIELLO (INFATUATION)
RENATO CAROSONE
(Bano — Ventro)
Originally Released 1955 by EMI Music Italy S.p.A.</p> <p>14 COME FLY WITH ME
FRANK SINATRA
(Cahn — Van Heusen)</p> <p>15 JUST A GIUGLO / I AIN'T GOT NOBODY
LOUIS PRIMA & KEELY SMITH
(Williams — Caesar)
© 1975, 1988 Capitol Records, Inc.</p> | <p>16 LONELY NIGHTS
THE HEARTS
(Sanders)
Produced by Sol Rabinowitz for Baton Records.
Published by Dare Music, Inc.</p> <p>17 PRISONER OF LOVE
PERRY COMO WITH THE ANDRE KASTELANETZ ORCHESTRA
(Robin — Columbo — Gaskill)
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ORCHESTRA OF BOLOGNA MUNICOP THETRA;
ARTURO BASILE, CONDUCTOR
(Mascagni)
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ROBBIE ROBERTSON
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Helm highlights La Poupée weekend

By DONNELLY

The name Levon Helm may not yet ring a bell in these parts. But his appearance at La Poupée this Sunday night should change that.

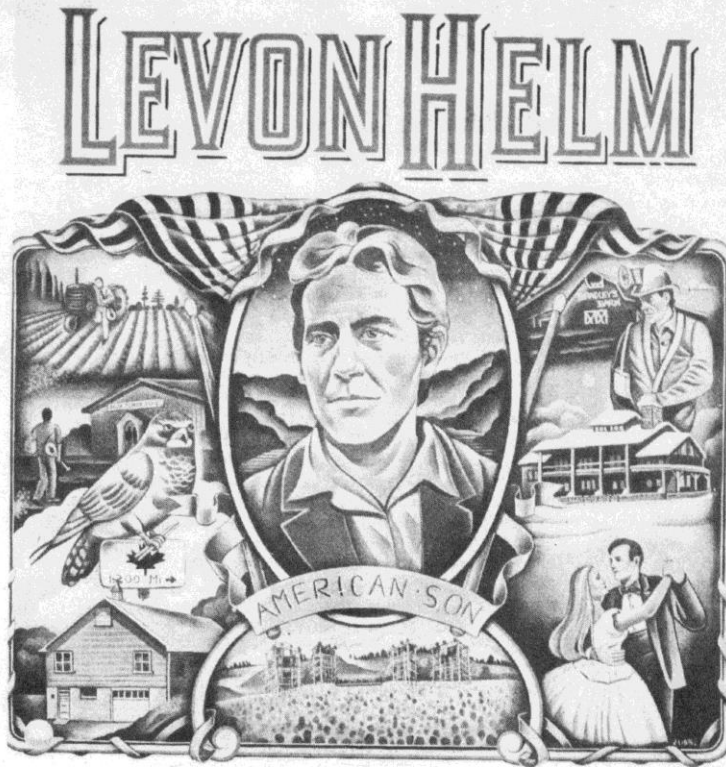
Helm, the son of a cotton farmer, was raised in the heart of Mississippi Delta blues country. Under Ronnie Hawkins, a fellow Arkansan, he was drummer for the original Hawks. When the other "good old southern boys" were gradually replaced by Canadians and Ronnie no longer understood the music they were playing, Levon stayed on to help form the Band.

It was Bob Dylan who was the catalyst in the group's formation. Inviting Helm and the other Hawks to back him was the beginning of a beautiful career and a fertile friendship.

But Helm was the Band's soul. Exasperated with life on the road, Levon hightailed it back to the cotton farm just before the European tour, missing out on much of *The Basement Tapes* with Dylan. But the others soon discovered, according to fellow musician and Rolling Stone contributing editor Robert Palmer, "that they needed that razorback spirit and never-say-die Confederate omeriness to be a real band." After Helm's return to Woodstock, New York (where he still lives when not on tour), they formally became "The Band."

It's been a long time since the Band called it a day. The 1976 farewell concert party at Winterland prolonged good-byes by immortalizing the event in Martin Scorsese's *The Last Waltz*, a ground-breaking rock and roll movie released a couple of years later. But its members had long gone their separate ways.

Helm had been the Band's drummer, musical director and guiding force. Providing the group with that hard-driving, raw edge, he never got into composing but infused the Canadian alumni with that all-important natural southern feel. Inspired by Helm, Robbie Robertson wrote "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down", a requiem for the South, to show him how deeply he felt the tradition. Helm's outstanding contribution was also his voice which has been labelled classic. An up-tempo, easy-flowing country wine, it's unmistakably unique. Who,



The album cover from American Boy

having heard it, will ever forget his "Ophelia"?

After two undistinguished solo albums, Helm did a fine job with "Blue Moon of Kentucky" on the soundtrack of *Coal Miner's Daughter*, the film in which he made his acting debut as Loretta Lynn's father, and has recently completed a musical history, "The Legend of Jesse James" with Johnny Cash, Emmylou Harris and other guests. In his last solo album, *American Son*, Helm has returned to the foundation upon which the Band was built and demonstrates his strength as a singer of southern country blues and rock.

Although he's not a songwriter, his selections on the album provide rare insight into the southern temperament, something which boys from the south never lose no matter where they stray. In "Watermelon Time in Georgia", the album's opening tune, he sings "Thank you, Detroit, you treated me good - But I've been here longer than I should - I enjoyed big money but I miss my honey so.... It makes a country boy get down in the mouth - When his body's up north but his heart's down south". Most of the music smells like freshly baked cornbread and tastes like "Sweet Peach Georgia Wine." It's a musical tour through Dixie.

There's something for everyone on this record - dance music, ballads, folk, blues, calypso (believe it or not), sentimentality, humour and even a political message. You can dance to all of it, even the haunting ballads, "Violet Eyes", "China Girl" and "Blue House of Broken Hearts", but "Dance Me Down Easy," "America's Farm" and "Hurricane" will definitely keep your feet

from gathering dust. The mood shifts from the humorous blues of "Nashville Wimmin" to country-flavoured soul like "Blue House" or a beautiful southern love song like "Violet Eyes" and back again to cracker humour with "Georgia Wine". Naturally, for a rambling kind of guy, most of the songs are about girls. There is even one with an eastern tinge, "China Girl." But "Stay With Me" by Fred J. Carter is the big surprise with its island influence. Carter, who plays guitar and does background vocals on all the tracks, was one of the good old southern boys in the Hawks before Robbie Robertson took his place.

Helm has been criticized for the record's political message in the closest thing to a title song, "America's Farm". Its populism with all its rural simplicity has a compulsive, rhythmic energy and optimism that you can't say no to. The 'back to work' philosophy is difficult to object to unless you're a member of the bankrupt American intellectual establishment. This stubborn southern rural optimism is evident not only here but throughout the record. It is echoed in the following lines from "Hurricane", a great song that has been given considerable airplay on Montreal FM stations.

"High black water's like the devil's daughter
She's hard and she's cold and she's mean
Nobody's taught her that it takes a lot of water

To wash away New Orleans
Man come down from Chicago
To set that levee right

It's got to be up three feet higher
Won't make it through the end of the night
The old man down in the quarter
Said don't you listen to that boy
The water'll be down by morning, son
And he'll be on his way to Illinois"

In addition to his unique vocal style and sure, economic drumming that keeps the songs moving effortlessly, Helm plays some funky harmonica on "Watermelon Time" and, although not credited, he's probably blowing those low notes on "Nashville Wimmin" too. When he sings with conviction "If blues was whiskey, I'd stay drunk all the time", you know it's a fact.

Recorded at Bradley's Barn in Tennessee, *American Son* is neither flashy nor complicated. It has a full-bodied, melodic sound that swings with southern boogie. Above all, the music is familiar, very much in the tradition of the Band. Listening to it for the first time is like meeting an old friend. And we, for two, can't wait to reacquire ourselves.



LEVON HELM, second from left, with the Band

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WHAT'S ON

Music

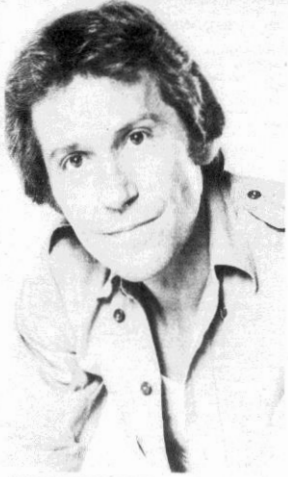
The big event this week is unquestionably a Sunday-night appearance by LEVON HELM at La Poupee in Deauville. Judging by "American Son" (reviewed in an introduction to the singer in these pages), Helm has returned to the fine tradition of southern country rock he brought to The Band.

After 16 years together, the Band members have gone their separate ways. Helm, the Band's drummer and superb vocalist, has since recorded three solo albums, started a movie career (he played Loretta Lynn's father in *Coal Miner's Daughter*) and completed a musical project, "The Legend of Jesse James," for A&M Records where he portrays the outlaw Jesse (Johnny Cash plays his brother Frank James and Emmylou Harris, Charlie Daniels and Albert Lee some of the other major figures in the James gang).

This Sunday, about 21:30, Helm and the Cate Brothers Band will give you a taste of their brand of southern comfort and, for a few hours, make you forget the frosty north wind. Tickets are \$6.50.

The CHANTAL JULIET concert at Centennial Theatre next Friday has been cancelled. The violinist is suffering from tendonitis and cannot continue her tour.

It's a pity as the 20-year-old violinist is making a name for herself internationally. Since her first concert appearance (performing the Bach Concerto in A minor with the Sherbrooke Symphony) at the prodigious age of nine, Ms. Juliet has won many competitions and prizes, played with the major Canadian symphony orchestras (among them the MSO, NACO and the Toronto Symphony), been heard on Canada's radio and television networks and made a solo recording for CBC International Records.



LEVON HELM highlights La Poupee on Sunday

Theatre

Theatre is still a Montreal happening.

On Wednesday, January 14, Samuel Beckett's *OH LES BEAUX JOURS* opens at the Cite de la Musique in the



BACKSTAGE HUDDLE—WHN-AM New York program director Ed Salamon, center, and music director Pam Green, congratulate Levon Helm after Helm performed at New York's Lone Star Cafe.

TOWNSHIPS WEEK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1981—3

Helm drives away the cold

It was a cold and blustery Sunday night. Only the die-hards made it but their enthusiasm was well-rewarded for, inside La Poupee, Levon Helm kept us warm.

The bone-chilling weather had taken its toll. Every table in the Poop was occupied but there was plenty of stretching room and chairs to prop up one's feet. Because a larger turnout was expected, tables and chairs had taken over the spacious dance floor. But that didn't stop anyone from boogying to the beat when the concert finally got underway. As soon as keyboard player Earl Cate gave the invite, the long aisle down one side of the club was bopping with dancers.

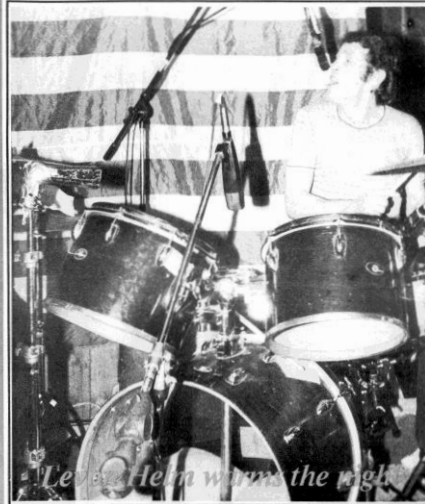
But we had to wait until 11 p.m. before the Cate Brothers stepped on stage. Due to drifting snow on the autoroute, the sound equipment did not arrive in Deauville until after 8 p.m. For an hour and a half the only entertainment was watching the roadies set up - and then periodic feedback had us squirming during a good portion of the first set.

The Cate Brothers are not just a back-up band. Levon
See Page 7

Townships week

Friday, January 16

Record



TOWNSHIPS WEEK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1981—7

Helm expected in spring

Continued from Page 3

and the boys have been playing and recording together since they were kids back in Arkansas. All members of the group are fine musicians. Ernie Cate on keyboards, Ronnie Eoff on bass, Earl Cate on guitar and Terry Cagle on drums represent a level of professionalism rarely seen in these parts. Ernie's honky-tonk piano and subdued organ back a Ray Charles-inspired voice. Ronnie plays much more than rhythm on bass and Terry's drumming is powerful and precise. But Earl's guitar work is downright extraordinary. In most tunes, his magic fingers led us on jazzy detours without ever losing earshot of the melody. At one point in "The Weight" he even turned his axe into a banjo. The Cate Brothers' music - everything from mountain to disco - was a treat but when, after about four tunes, Helm tripped out to take the controls, the wait and worry were worth their weight in pleasure.

He plunged into "Don't do it (don't ya break my heart)" and "China Girl" with that distinctive voice and backbeat you can't lose. Terry took up the beat as Levon shifted to harmonica for "Watermelon Time in Georgia" and a rousing version of "Summertime Blues". He went back to drums for "The Weight" where everyone, even the crowd, sang chorus to Helm's lead.

It was like an anthem to the good old days. With it, a weight literally seemed to lift. For the oldesters, it was nostalgia, for the musicians a familiar song with which to kibitz and for those hearing it for the first time, as captivating as it's always been. The mood was sustained in "Scrub Mama Scrub" and a brand new standard, "Sweet Peach Georgia Wine". After a cow bell song from down home, the first set was wrapped up by a driving and

doubly climactic "Hand Jive". It may have been 50 below with the wind chill factor outside but the temperature had risen sharply in the club.

Although Levon later said his voice was not as smooth as he'd have liked that night, its raw edge, like a strong south wind, was a mighty match for the cold. Natural and easy-going with the crowd, he became intense and involved in performance. His sneering attack on the drums was a sight to behold.

Unlike most touring musicians who make a point of plugging their latest album, Helm only did three songs from *American Son*. In a marriage between band and audience, the second set spanned songs old and new, tunes borrowed and blue, with an accent on Helm's motto: "If the people feel good, I'm gonna try and make them feel better. If they don't, I'm still gonna try and make them feel good."

As a small tyke, Helm had started playing music on guitar, but it was still a surprise to see him strap on that electric mandolin for a foot-stomping "Rag Mama Rag". It usually takes more than one hearing to cotton onto a new tune. But the Cate's composition, "Time is Free", was an electrifying first and showed the Cate-Helm combo at its best. Energy, timing, dynamic interaction, everything clicked and eye contact between the musicians reflected the fact. Again, material borrowed from his days with the Band ("Up On Cripple Creek" and "Ophelia") sent shivers of recognition through the audience. Apparently a rarity for Helm, the concert culminated with about four encores including one a cappella gospel tune sung in perfect harmony by all five wrapped around a single mike.



HELM... an anthem to the good old days

There were the usual loud-mouth interventions. To one-track-minded requests for "ROCK 'N' ROLL", Helm countered in his gentlemanly southern drawl "That's what we call it. Thank you". The rapport between musicians and audience was kept warm and friendly.

Helm and the Cate Brothers Band have been doing month-long tours since August, tightening their arrangements and polishing their performances with each swing in the tour. In four months, he predicted, "we hope to hear some results" and we here in the Townships will be amongst the first to benefit. Heartened by La Poupee's responsive patrons, whose enthusiasm had not been dampened by the cold and long delay, Levon and the boys have promised to come back some time in April for three nights. Then, hopefully, the thermometer will have risen and all of you hibernators will get a chance to enjoy his southern comfort too.

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S.F. EXAMINER ☆ Fri., Mar. 13, 1981
 . . . Rick Danko, David Sanborn, Blondie Chaplin and friends play the Boarding House on April 2-3 (they're at the Catalyst, Santa Cruz, on April 1).

E2 S.F. EXAMINER
 ☆ Tues., Mar. 31, 1981
 CANCELED: Rick Danko, David Sanborn and Friends at Catalyst Santa Cruz, Wednesday

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RECORD WORLD APRIL 11, 1981
 . . . Would you believe Garth Hudson, former keyboardist, accordionist and lots of other ists for The Band, as a member of Don McLean's band? It's true. They even taped Merv Griffin's TV show not long ago, a program that probably never would have included The Band among its guests . . .

S.F. EXAMINER ☆ Sat., Apr. 11, 1981
 . . . Garth Hudson, formerly with The Band, is in the band backing Don McLean on tour.

THE EL PASO TIMES
 FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1981


Don McLean makes comeback with 'Crying'

By MARY CAMPBELL
 Associated Press writer

"I guess my comeback is really underway," singer-songwriter Don McLean says. It certainly looks like it is. For one thing, except for America, he hasn't been away. And in America, "Crying" was No. 6 on the best-selling singles charts the last two weeks in March. The LP it's from, "Chain Lightning," was No. 45 and climbing March 28. Stereo Review magazine named "Chain Lightning" the best album of the month in its April issue.

McLean and a band that included Garth Hudson, once of the Band, started a two-month North American tour March 20. In the summer, he'll cut his next record, "Believers," and play some outdoor places.

The Newspaper • Thursday, April 30, 1981



Don McLean
 Creative Concerts of Salt Lake City will be bringing the talents of Don McLean and Friends to Symphony Hall Sunday, May 3 at 8 p.m. McLean is the talented singer-songwriter best known for "American Pie," "Vincent," and "Crying." He'll be backed by a five-piece band including former Band keyboardist Garth Hudson, and Bob Henri, who was a drummer with Argent. Tickets are \$8 and \$9, and are on sale at the Kimball Art Center.

10-G Sunday, April 12, 1981 Philadelphia Inquirer

And they love him so

Some things never change, and for Don McLean, the audience reaction to his rambling anthem "American Pie" is about the same in 1981 as it was when the song was released 10 years ago. The affable troubadour appeared at the valley forge Music Fair last weekend, bringing with him a rich and varied song-book, a new, somewhat upbeat country-rock direction, and, of course, the decade's leading audience-participation ditty.

The new lilt, particularly on McLean's newer material, was in large part provided by a highly empathetic four-piece backup band that the singer brought, one that included, among other instrumentalists, keyboardist Garth Hudson. Hudson, of course, was a member of The Band — a group that found fame backing Bob Dylan in the 1960s, superstardom in the late '60s and early '70s with its own refreshing gospel-rock sound, and that finally disbanded four years ago with the release of the film and album, "The Last Waltz."

Hudson, however, took a low-key role until McLean coaxed him to the stage front for those breathy saxophone wails on "Those Crazy Eyes"

and "If I Only Had A Match." Mostly, the bearded, graying Hudson sat at his generally inaudible keyboards, content to be the leading "friend" in a show billed as "Don McLean and Friends."

As for McLean, when he wasn't spinning yarns, experimenting with a jazz recitative narration (to a silly lyric called "It's A Beautiful Life"), or pulling out his banjo for the "Muleskinner Blues" bluegrass-pickin' segment (which he does well enough to impress even a Bill Monroe fan), the hits just kept coming, and mostly sounded still believable.

Believability, in fact, is McLean's strongest asset; he eschews completely the usual separation between performer and audience, and involves his followers in the proceedings. Thus, familiar refrains such as "Wonderful Baby," "And I Love You So," "Vincent (Starry Starry Night)" and other tunes have an intimacy that is rare in today's pop-music performances; if anyone else were to render them, however, it is likely that the effect would be mushy, if not downright maudlin.

— Edgar Koshatka

Cash Box/May 23, 1981

THE COUNTRY CLUB, L.A. — Singer/songwriter Don McLean has always possessed a warm, lingering voice that makes even the most banal material sound pleasant. His voice has a clean, clear folksy lilt that, when put to his better than average repertoire, pleases even those who are only familiar with his hits like "Vincent" and "Castles In The Air."

His recent show at the Country Club proved, once again, that he is a rare, graceful artist who has had more to show in his career than "American Pie." And while he trotted out such forgotten chestnuts as "I Love My Concentration," "Wonderful Baby" and that gorgeous aural mural of an ode to Vincent Van Gogh, "Vincent," the heavily Everly Brothers-influenced artist led a subdued but quietly astounding four-piece band through a diverse set that transcended the past 25 years of rock 'n' roll.

Backed by a band that featured ex-Band keyboardist Garth Hudson and included upright bass player Fred Snel, guitarist Bob Metzger and drummer Bob Henri, McLean handled lively rockers like "Prime Time" and Elvis Presley's old "Baby You're So Square" with a surprising flair.

But he was still at his best on those airy and beautifully mannered ballads that analyze the male/female relationship with complete accuracy. His moody F. Scott Fitzgerald-influenced "Cottage For Sale" and a letter-perfect interpretation of his recent Roy Orbison penned hit, "Cryin," stood as some of the moving parts of his one-and-a-half hour set. Another chilling moment came when keyboardist Hudson took center stage with McLean for a brilliant accordion solo on the semi-autobiographical song, "I Used To Be A Star."

And of course, he did resurface "American Pie" toward the end of the show, and it earned him the first standing ovation of the night. It still stands as rock 'n' roll's equivalent to the great American novel — a joyous epic of a song overflowing with metaphor, satire and understanding.

McLean, who has recently had his career revived with "Cryin" and the new Millennium album, "Chain Lightning," remains an artist who has merged folk and pop successfully.

— marc cefner

Capitol/MSS Signs Levon Helm



Capitol/Muscle Shoals Sound Records have signed Levon Helm to an exclusive worldwide recording contract, it was announced by Rupert Perry, vice president A&R, CRI, and Michael Barnett, president, Muscle Shoals Sound Records. Helm, who was associated with Capitol during his years with The Band, is now in preproduction for a new LP that will be recorded with the Muscle Shoals Sound players. The LP is slated for late summer release. Pictured welcoming him to the label after his show at the Country Club in Los Angeles are, from left: Jimmy Johnson, Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section guitarist; Perry; Dennis White, vice president, marketing, Capitol; Barnett; Helm; and Don Zimmermann, president, Capitol/EMIA/Liberty Records Group.

THE HARTFORD COURANT: Friday, May 15, 1981

12:30 a.m. SCTV Network/90 (4) (Premiere) Some of SCTV's most memorable satirical comedy performances from the past will be integrated with new material for the premiere presentation of this new late-night comedy series. John Candy, Joe Flaherty, Eugene Levy, Andrea Martin, Rick Moranis, Catherine O'Hara and Dave Thomas are the repertory cast members, whose characterizations of personalities seen during a typical broadcast day at their fictional television station form the basis of the show's humor. Singer Levon Helm will join in the madcap goings-on at the station as the musical guest on the premiere show.



ARTS & FILMS

Levon Helm returns

By Jim Sullivan
Globe Correspondent

The last time I saw Levon Helm we were in Arlington. He and Sissy Spacek were on the movie screen at the Regent theater and as Ted Webb, Loretta Lynn's father in "Coal Miner's Daughter." Helm projected authentic warmth and compassion. It didn't seem a role: in his first acting experience the former drummer and singer for The Band was a Kentucky coal miner, stooped and tired, but strong and full of faith.

Wednesday night Levon Helm was standing naked beside a bouquet of balloons on the backstage stairwell at Jonathan Swift's. Set finished, Helm was dressing, drinking a beer and greeting out-of-sight well-wishers who were packing the narrow hallway.

A waitress approached, inquisitively eyed the by now dressed Helm and asked, "Were you in 'Coal Miner's Daughter?'"

"Yes, I was," replied Helm, flattered.

"I cried when you died," she said.

"I didn't enjoy it much myself," Helm said.

He did enjoy making the film. He made a lot of friends and says he has dozens of outstanding offers to come back to Kentucky for fried chicken. Moreover, of course, Helm is sincerely grateful for the boost it gave his career. "It did a lot for me," the 41-year-old drummer says. "It's the first thing since The

Band days that anybody'd kept up with."

Helm has joined up with old friends the Cate Brothers, and Swift's he led them through a of, as he puts it, "countrified 'n' roll." Helm and the Cate Brothers hit a good times groove and tales of American life, rooted in the soil of Southern rhythm and blue gospel and rock.

Helm considers himself an entertainer. He doesn't want to far away from music, but is available if the right acting opportunity presents itself. "I'm mainly one of the boys in the rhythm section," says, smiling, "but that doesn't mean I don't have other ideas about entertainment. A musician can transpose what you've learned in recording into film. With Sissy I was trying to sing harmony, not lead."

Helm received strong praise for his acting debut, but he does consider his performance as an actor as difficult as Spacek's debut as a singer. "I got into what you call the research. I grew up on a cotton farm and I can see my family in (the coal miners') faces — that strong backbone. She sang and made the whole damn sound track," he says, still a bit in awe.

Easy going and effusive, the Kansas-born Helm looks back on his Band days fondly. "It was honest effort. We had a good time. I'm happy a couple of the times."

Continued on next page

Levon returns

Continued from preceding page

turned out really good — the rest of it is all right," he says, making a mezza-mezza gesture with his hand. "We were pretty good, but you never get it all."

The Band went out in a blaze of glory during the famous Last Waltz concerts in 1978 (documented in Martin Scorsese's film). Helm doesn't rule out another reformation of the group, but his efforts are definitely concentrated on other projects.

Helm has been recording with the Cate Brothers at Muscle Shoals studio in Alabama. He is now signed to Muscle Shoals Sound, a label distributed by The Band's old label, Capitol. Helm says a record may be out by November, but is more likely in six months. "It'll come out when it's finished," he says, implying that it will be released when they're completely satisfied with the music. And, he adds, he'll be happy if he can reach a small fraction of the people The Band reached.

"I wanna make sure my own personal policy follows that I'm not gonna do anything that's ripping people or music off," Helm says. "Try and play with some kind of sincerity and clearness of purpose. The purpose, of course, is to entertain people, same as The Band."

There will be no heavy messages. "It's a good time record," Helm says. "I got no other choice. I don't hardly go along with different trends or styles. I don't wanna take nobody on any trips — just suggest a couple of different tempos or moods. I wanna be taken via record to a lot of parties."

Same style, different songs

THE CALGARY HERALD

TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1981

Times change but Helm hasn't

By Roman Cooney
(Herald staff writer)

It's a long way from San Francisco's Winterland Ballroom, scene of The Band's final live concert and the 1978 film *The Last Waltz* that captured it, to the Calgary Public Library Theatre.

Still, for amiable Band drummer Levon Helm, it may amount to no more than a small skip in time.

But for his short stint as leader of The RCO All-Stars, a couple of solo albums and a successful role in *A Coal Miner's Daughter*, you wouldn't think Helm had changed his style or attitude much at all.

And in comparison with the 16 years he spent on the road with The Band, 1976 really isn't so far back at all. Besides, there's something lasting about Helm and his tradition-rich music.

Something about his relaxed, almost reticent manner says that part of his heart — and part of his audience's heart, too — will always have an inkling of the self-congratulatory feeling the now-classic *Music From Big Pink* brought on when it was released in 1968. We did it. Or the final hurrah of *The Last Waltz*. (Or did we?) It all added up to something intangible but still somehow worthwhile. And it was fun.

So why worry about time passing? Helm is still having fun. Time can do what it will to the music and the memories, but there will always be an opportunity to sing Ophelia or Sweet Georgia Peach Wine. That's Levon Helm's style, yesterday and today.

Strong R & B influences woven through Helm's music guarantee lots of spirited guitar licks and

A review

LEVON HELM with THE CATE BROS. BAND at the Calgary Public Library Theatre Monday for two shows.

snappy rhythms. It's energetic, yet loose and relaxed with a down-home kind of friendliness.

Helm is not the type to put up a fuss or expect a fanfare. He's a drummer, something of a harp player, and he fancies himself a mandolin player in the bargain.

Helm's biggest draw is his voice, though, thick as syrup with an Arkansas accent. He bends his voice this way and that around that southern twang until it's no one's sound but Levon Helm's. It's the kind of voice that can roll out words like "neighborly" or phrases like "right nice of you" and still sound honest and sincere.

Put a Band classic like *Cripple Creek* alongside an oldie like (hope I got this right) *If You See My Milk Cow Send Her Home*, and you have Helm's two basic moods: laid-back and relaxed versus energetic boogie. Back and forth he swings all evening.

To give credit where it's due, the Cate Bros. Band proved to be a perfect complement and counterpoint to Helm. Their sound is punchier and a little closer to rock, often dipping into a funkier style of R & B that livened up the show considerably. Although technically tight, experienced and responsive, the end result is still loose and natural.

The sound was a little harsh, the acoustics not as subtle as they might have been in the small the-



Herald photo by Garth Pritchard

Levon Helm, former drummer for The Band

atre, but you couldn't ask for better seats unless you invited them to play in your livingroom. About 160 people attended the first show, 350 the second. The theatre seats about 400.

Although Helm was very much a part of The Band's sound — last night's concert confirmed that if it was ever open to question — he needn't rely on the past to instill respect and enjoyment for his music. If anyone came expecting a ghost of The Band, they had no right or reason to.

Still, The Band's reputation, for better or worse, will always be a step ahead of Helm.

So, to repeated hollering for The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down, Helm could only smile and reply. "You really know how to hurt a guy." Later he added, "I appreciate your remembering it, but I don't really don't remember it." Here's hoping the audience remembered last night's concert and will keep it in mind the next time Helm rolls around.

The Minneapolis Star
Friday, July 3, 1981

Saturday Specials

The National Symphony Orchestra's Fourth of July Concert. Live from the mall at the base of the U.S. Capitol in Washington, D.C. Mstislav Rostropovich conducts this concert, which concludes with "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and a fireworks display. (Ch. 2, 10 p.m.)

Live from Lone Star. Johnny Paycheck, Bo Diddley and Levon Helm perform country-rock taped at New York City's Lone Star Cafe. (Ch. 9, 11:40 p.m.)



Levon Helm: back on wax



Levon in Woodstock

I'm taping up and coming back into the ball game," reports **Levon Helm** from his Woodstock hideaway. The former Band vocalist and drummer hopes to return to vinyl by the end of the year, though he says he's "not completely satisfied" with the tracks done thus far at Muscle Shoals. "It's our intention to work it into such shape that you and I can sit down at a party and enjoy it." Among the tunes slated for the LP is a song called "Big Roll Daddy." "You know, the last of the big spenders. But that's about it; it's still a kind of search-and-seizure operation."

As for the puzzlement over Helm's not capitalizing on the kudos he received for his *Coal Miner's Daughter* acting debut, he draws, "Well, we got a few bow-kays on that one. But I don't know. I'm trying to play music, and it's a long and lengthy progress from

one plateau to another. I'm looking for that next level, so I can hear a tad better and sing a whole lot more on key."

Speaking of movies, whatever became of Levon's guitar-hero cohort, **Robbie Robertson**? "He's not doing anything musical right now," said a spokeswoman. "He's more into the film industry." But does he have any current projects? "No. If you want to call around December, we might have a better idea of what's going on."

L.A. WEEKLY September 18-24, 1981

Richard Manuel plays the Valley West Concert Club, 19657 Ventura Blvd., Tarzana; Sat., Sept. 18, 9 p.m. Call 342-7166.



JOHNNY AVERAGE BAND
ELIZABETH BARRACLOUGH
PAUL BUTTERFIELD
BRIAN BRIGGS
FOGHAT
NICK JAMESON
RICHARD MANUEL

WILLIE MITCHELL
DONALD O'CONNOR
FREIDA PARTON
TODD RUNDGREN & UTOPIA
RANDY VANWARMER
PAM WINDO AND THE SHADES
JESSIE WINCHESTER

Cash Box/July 4, 1981

12—Poughkeepsie Journal Wednesday, November 18, 1981

Rick Danko will appear at The Chance

Singer/bassist Rick Danko will be appearing at The Chance, 6 Crannel St., Sunday at 9:30 p.m.

Special guests will be Amy and the Shoppers.

Danko was one of the members of the legendary The Band.

The Canadian-born musician played guitar, mandolin and violin when he was a boy and performed with local Ontario bands before he was in his teens.

At 17, he joined The Hawks, the back-up band for country-rock singer Ronnie Hawkins.

It was there that Danko met Robbie Robertson, Richard Manuel, Garth Hudson, and Levon Helm. They recorded with Hawkins; as

Levon and The Hawks; and as the Canadian Squires.

During a trip to New York, they were invited by Bob Dylan to join him on his 1965 tour.

Reservation information is available through The Chance.

RECORD WORLD SEPTEMBER 19, 1981

■ TORONTO—Salt artist **Sylvia Tyson** will star in her own CBLT-TV variety program this fall. She was recently reunited with husband Ian for the taping of a documentary on Canadian music being produced by Insight Productions for the CBC. Insight also recently taped a segment with **David Clayton-Thomas** and is looking for historical film or video footage on Canadian pop performers of the past 25 years. If anyone out there can help, phone (416) 362-1001. Individual performers, especially from the 1950s, are requested to get in touch. The film company has already taped interviews with **Robbie Robertson**, **Susan Jacks** (of the **Poppy Family**), **John Kay** (**Steppenwolf**), **Bobby Curtola** and others. . . .

RESORTS INTERNATIONAL
LIVE JACKPOT



Memphis, Tennessee, May 31, 1981

Helm's steeped-in-south allure makes a natural

By Nelly Young

Four months ago, Levon Helm and the Cate Brothers Band converged on the newly re-settled Poupee and served up a late-night concert of southern comfort. Braced against sub-40 chills, sixties music buffs came from near and far in the Townships to indulge in a healthy dose of rocking blue nostalgia. Many found themselves setting foot in a music club for the first time in years.

Helm, on the other hand, has never given up on the live music scene. When an enviable 16-year career with The Band, one of the finest rock groups to grace the last two decades, came to an amicable end in the mid-70s, Helm was disappointed. He was not one of the members who had precipitated the break-up and, talking with us the last time he was here, Levon indicated that he would not be averse to a renewal of the partnership.

But, not one to sit around, Helm has kept busy. In the past few years, he has come out with three solo albums, a collaborative effort involving Johnny Cash and Emmy Lou Harris and an impressive performance in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, a movie role he landed upon the recommendation of a friend, Tommy Lee Jones who played Loretta Lynn's husband.

Helm's unmistakable steeped-in-the-south allure made him a natural for the role of Loretta's coal-mining daddy, a strictly dramatic part. Although his own roots are in cotton-picking Delta blues country, the backbreaking work and closely knit family life of Helm's childhood differed little from Loretta's. He's so self-effacing in *Coal Miner's Daughter* you may have to think twice to remember more than a shadowy figure. But that silent bent image of the man who raised the queen of country music makes a solid imprint on the mind. Helm's acting debut earned him an Oscar nomination for best performance by a supporting actor.

That might have swelled some heads. But, after years at the top with The Band, a little Hollywood dazzle was not about to change him. He's open to other film roles and diversifying his professional experience. But music has been his first love since his teen days when Conway Twitty and the House Rockers played in his hometown. That's not about to change either.

Musically, you might say Levon Helm has come full circle. With the Cate Brothers, he's returning to the small-town joints and big city dives that were one-night stands for the pre-Band Hawks. Ronnie Hawkins left in 1964, about the time Bob Dylan approached the musicians and put them in the spotlight as his back-up group. The Band rode the crest of success until *The Last Waltz* brought their professional relationship to a poetic end.

At 40, Helm is still generating the kind of music that keeps young chicks and roosters hopping. The Poop show he and the Cate Brothers Band put on that frosty January night was clear indication of that. More than back-up, the Cate Brothers (Ernie on keyboards, Earl on guitar), Ronnie Eoff on bass and drummer Terry Cagle are a dynamite band on their own. With Helm at his set of drums or fronting the band with harmonica or electric mandolin, they're a tough act to beat.

The Cates go back a long way with Levon. Back in Arkansas, they played and recorded together as kids. Since last August, they've been steamrolling back and forth across the border and across the country, getting their act together. Helm's slow southern drawl may give the impression that he takes things nice and easy. But he's a stickler when it comes to emitting the right sound. His voice, weathered with whiskey and smoke, still retains that clear, lamenting quality. It's as distinctive and good to hear as it's ever been.



PHOTO/DON YOUNG

At 40, Helm still generates hopping music.

Helm doesn't consider the small club circuit a comedown so much as the best way to sharpen up the new musical combination. What better way to work out all the kinks (though few were evident the

night they played Deauville). Of course it means spending a lot of time away from home and family. As Levon says in his thick twang, "We just have Thanksgiving and Christmas a few days later than everyone else." On the road, he relaxes by keeping up with TV sports. Last January he stayed at a Sherbrooke hotel (while the band members had rooms at the Poop's adjoining Auberge des Pins), just so he could see the Super Bowl in all its splendour on a colour set. A true-blooded American son, just like his last album declares.

Will the red-white-and-blue be draped behind the band a week from tonight or will another motif give hints of a new album? One thing's for sure. Levon Helm is out to make good music and give people a good time. The repertoire is packed with familiar blues and rock songs, old Band standards and catchy new material that keeps you clapping for more. Helm predicted it would take another four months to whip the band into tip-top shape. The time is up. Levon and the boys are back, just like they promised. If the show starts at a more reasonable hour there ain't nothing to stop us having a whale of a time.



PHOTO/DON YOUNG

With the Cate brothers, Helm returns to small-town joints.

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No Reprise for The Band

Robbie is in the movies, Levon is on the road



The Band, left to right: Helm, Hudson, Robertson, Danko, Manuel.

Q What has become of the Band since *The Last Waltz*?
J.A. MACINTYRE, VANCOUVER

A The film *The Last Waltz* really was the last waltz for the Band — they never played together again. The Canadian group, originally called the Hawks, began in 1961 as a backup band for Ronnie Hawkins and later played with Bob Dylan. Their albums *Music From Big Pink* and *The Band* made them stars in their own right. But after staging *The Last Waltz* at San Francisco's Winterland Ballroom on November 24, 1977, they broke up.

"There has been very little communication among them, and a reunion is doubtful," says Levon Helm's manager. Helm, who was the drummer and the only American in the group, tours constantly now, mainly between New York and Toronto. He's with a group called the Cate Brothers Band. He has also become involved in films and played Loretta Lynn's father in *Coalminer's Daughter*.

Robbie Robertson, the guitarist, has switched to movies for now; he appeared in Robert Kaylor's film *Carny*. Garth Hudson, the Band's organist, lives in California, where he is continuing his music studies and

occasionally plays backup — his most recent tour was with Don McLean of *American Pie* fame.

As for the rest, well, musicians are difficult to track down. Richard Manuel, the pianist, is living in California but is not currently involved in the entertainment business. Rick Danko, the bassist, is semiretired, playing backup in recording sessions from time to time. He is believed to be back in Woodstock, New York, where the Band put together their first hit albums.

MAY 8, 1982

The Weekend Sun

AUDIOPHILE DISCS

STRIKE UP THE BAND

AUDIO/AUGUST 1982



Music from Big Pink: The Band
Mobile Fidelity MFS11-039, stereo,
\$15.98.

Sound: B Performance: A

Nobody really knew what to make of this album when it was originally released nearly 15 years ago. I mean, it was a little overbearing to call yourself "The Band," and the cover painting was a bit primitive, plus nowhere on the album was there information as to who played what. Unless you were a stone Bob Dylan maniac this was completely foreign stuff. Of course, the critical acclaim tipped the public to who The Band was, and several albums later they were more than an institution.

Today, the album is looked upon as a classic, and for good reason. The mystique of The Band is almost as strong as that of their mentor, Bob Dylan—Robbie Robertson is retired from music but occasionally makes movies, Levon Helm keeps a high profile as an actor but musically has laid rather low, Rick Danko makes albums irregularly but nobody hears them, Garth Hudson plays with some West Coast group called The Call, and the whereabouts of the brilliant but underrated Richard Manuel is anybody's guess. With their current activities decidedly of small impact, their past becomes rock leg-

end, and listening to their first album in this newly revamped version adds kindness to the fire. The sparse textures, innovative keyboards, cutting guitar, and quirky vocal approach laid the foundation for the sound that later would be beefed up, better recorded, sweetened with horns, and generally processed so that it more keenly resembled mainstream rock. But the meat of *Music From Big Pink* is the songs, and of the 11 at least half are now considered standards. Several were cowritten with Bob Dylan, since The Band was his backing band before this album (and became his band once again for a reunion tour years later), and the elusive Bob also provided the cover illustration.

As far as being a sonic masterpiece, the record isn't exactly what you'd put on to impress friends as to how super your stereo is. It's an honest recording, a bit crude in places, but Mobile Fidelity does its usual high-quality job of making it resemble a piece of art rather than a piece of product lit for three-inch speakers. It overwhelms in a way that only understatement can, and the basic difference between this and the original is that this time around The Band is playing in your living room rather than your garage or bathroom. As it should be.

Jon & Sally Tiven



Green Light
Bonnie Raitt
Warner Bros.
★★★

By Don Shewey

THE GOOD NEWS first: Bonnie Raitt plays more guitar on *Green Light* than on any album in years, the band boasts a "live" feel that makes the rock & roll cuts really kick, and the record contains one of Raitt's very best performances. Eric Kaz' "River of Tears" begins with a majestic, rolling hook uncannily reminiscent of the Rolling Stones' "Tumbling Dice," while the lovelorn lyrics stir Raitt's singing to a passionate yearning. She's joined on the choruses by Richard Manuel's urgent harmonies, and her own spicy slide-guitar playing adds snap. "River of Tears" peaks with a couple of piercing notes as wrenching as any Raitt has ever sung.

Alas, as with each of Bonnie Raitt's previous albums, the brilliant moments on *Green Light* have to compete with uninspired song choices and routine performances. The Equals' "Baby Come Back" and NRBQ's "Me and the Boys" are decent enough numbers, but they could be sung by anyone, and the self-consciously punky title track could pass for Sue Saad and the Next. These cuts stall the record's momentum, diffusing the high points and ultimately preventing it from being the event it should be.

Raitt gets her act together and takes it on the road

By RICHARD HARRINGTON
Washington Post

Raitt had only to look at the surviving members of another cult favorite, Little Feat. Its founder, Lowell George, had been a great friend and soul mate; an obese George had died of a heroin overdose in Washington in 1979. Since 1982, Raitt has been dedicating Eric Kaz's "River of Tears" to George in her concerts.

"I've done it every night since we recorded it," she notes quietly, "but now I have six or seven other people who have died since that I include — Richard Manuel top-most, because he sang it with me on my record ... Roy Buchanan ... Jesse Ed Davis ... Paul Butterfield ... John Cipollina. I mention their names as a way of appreciating why I'm standing there in front of those people who'd love to be seeing all of them up there with me ..."

THE PRESS DEMOCRAT, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1980

Bonnie Raitt: Vocals, guitar, slide guitar
Johnny Lee Schell: Guitars, vocals
Ricky Fataar: Drums, percussion, vocals
Ian "Mac" McLagan: Keyboards
Ray Ohara: Bass

2. RIVER OF TEARS (4:52)
(Eric Kaz)

Glasco Music Co., ASCAP
Harmony vocal: Richard Manuel
Organ: Johnny

Recorded at Shangri-la Studios, Malibu, CA
Summer/Fall, 1981

PRODUCED BY ROB FRABONI

Prominent composers Virgil Thomson, Philip Glass and Robbie Robertson of The Band and lyricists Betty Comden and Adolf Green will participate in the upcoming Santa Fe Film Festival, "Music and the Movies," according to festival director Bill Pence.

Kenneth Anger, Ricky Leacock, D.A. Pennybaker, Andrew Davis, Les Blank, Murray Lerner and Ron Mann are among the leading filmmakers and directors who also will attend, Pence said in a recent interview. They will join film stars Gene Kelly, Lillian Gish and composer Miklos Rozsa, who earlier announced they would attend the third annual film festival, April 23 to 30.

'King of Swing' dazzles droves of die-hard fans

By EMILY DRABANSKI
The New Mexican Staff

Benny Goodman, the "King of Swing," was introduced amid cheers, whistles and resounding applause at Saturday night's celebrity salute at the Santa Fe Film Festival.

Goodman, the popular clarinetist, received a five-minute standing ovation as a prelude to the screening of clips from several movies in which he appeared between 1936 and 1972.



BENNY GOODMAN
...thank you

Related stories, Page A-3

Late Saturday, Robbie Robertson, one of the creative forces behind the disbanded rock group, The Band, appeared before a large crowd attending a screening of "The Last Waltz" at the Lentic Theatre.

Robertson, upon receiving a festival medallion, quipped, "I always knew I'd make it to the Olympics sooner or later."

A member of the audience then asked, "When are you going to get yourself a band together," to which he jokingly replied, "Aw, shut up."

Goodman also was presented a festival medallion by jazz enthusiast David Chertok, who said, "I want to thank you for the years of joy and beauty you've given to us."

Goodman responded, "Thank you very much. It's a great pleasure to be here. It's particularly nice because I haven't seen those films in 25 years."

Referring to the final film clip, he asked the audience, "Did you know that was Doc Severinsen sitting in the band?" The crowd responded with a roar.

The Lentic was about two-thirds full, not as crowded as Friday's opening night tribute to Gene Kelly. However, the crowd was quite vocal, responding with cheers and applause as they saw Goodman show his style during the film clips.



Robbie: no score for Scorsese

Still heavy-lidded and alluring, former Band guitarist Robbie Robertson resurfaced last month to talk about the rerelease of *The Last Waltz* and explain why he's been incognito for the past year or so. "I've been very choosy," said the could-be matinee idol. "I haven't had to do something, and I haven't been in a situation where I was forced. I'm an agent's nightmare." If all goes well,

Robertson plans a return to the public arena with the release of Martin Scorsese's next opus, *The King of Comedy*, which stars Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis. "I think I'm gonna do the music," he said. "It's not like a score at all; it's all songs. We'll use various artists to sing them."

Robertson professed delight at being disconnected from the rock & roll machinery. "I don't have to write songs now. It's not like, 'God, it's almost album time, I gotta write.' But I've always done it, so I'll sit down at the piano or with a

Robertson in California

guitar and figure out things — almost like therapy." Though he maintains cordial relationships with the rest of the Band's personnel, Robertson admitted that he hasn't seen Bob Dylan in "quite a while." Would he ever consider coming out of rock retirement to produce somebody? "Not really — unless it was so extraordinary that I couldn't resist." Not much of that going around, eh? "I'd rather you said that," he laughed.

Robertson remembers bands of the 1960s

Suffering through unglamorous battles

Take a load off Fanny; take a load for free; take a load off Fanny; and you put the load right on me. — from "The Weight" by Robbie Robertson.

By TOM LARSON
For The New Mexican
With Saturday night's showing of The Band's and Martin Scorsese's film "The Last Waltz," those lines of the group's prophetic song of the late 60's were a reminder of this powerful film about the joys and sorrows and the personal "weight" of life in American rock music.

"The Last Waltz" is a sensitive and joyous account of The Band's final concert in 1976, featuring more than a dozen pop music stars of the period. The film depicts the spontaneity and freedom of the pop music world, and, via interviews with the group, the unglamorous and despairing battle that groups like The Band, together on the road for 16 years, had to endure.

The Lentic Theatre event was a nostalgic tour into that crazy world, made all the more poignant by the appearance of The Band's songwriter and guitarist, Robbie Robertson.

In an interview after the film, the still spirited, but obviously tired Robertson spoke about the impact the film has had and its special meanings for him. Crowded into a corner,

swamped by admiration and awe by Santa Fe Film Festival guests, Robertson said he was nervous seeing the film again after three years.

"I seem to remember things differently than what was presented. My reactions to it change too. I don't see it as a just a sad statement, and I don't think anyone should be surprised to be touched by it. It isn't one-dimensional; it shouldn't be one or the other," he said, referring to the film's juxtaposition of the five members of The Band, extremely worn-out, at times cynical, at times almost hopeless, yet obviously still in love with performing their music.

"It was a difficult thing to do, mostly in remembering all those songs of the guests we had at the concert." Robertson noted the film sounded very nice to him in the Lentic, and he said that it is nothing new to hear the audience in the theatre applaud and become physically involved in the music, as if it were a live concert. "That's something that never changes; the only part that's predictable."

Robertson became known in the late 60's as a songwriter of intense originality and highly imagistic lyrics. "I started writing when I was 15. In fact, Ronnie Hawkins, who was in the film, did some of the songs I'd written then." But, he said there came a point when he ventured out of the rock & roll lyrical style, beyond songs as statements of love or sexual prowess. "I tried to write stories in the songs, to have characters in them and make relationships between them. It came

from writing stories, it came from movies. I've been a movie bug ever since I was a kid, and that song imagery has something to do with movies. Or it was like Uncle Remus. Remember those! There's somebody who could tell a story."

Robertson's songs with The Band comprise one of the largest and most consistently excellent bodies of work in all rock music. The influences and incorporation of musical styles from Anglican church music to ragtime reached superlative expression in pieces like "The Weight," "Up on

ing they didn't quit playing, but just said goodbye to the road), he has been involved in a few musical projects, among them the film "Carny," which he acted in, produced and wrote the film's source music. The dramatic score was provided by Hollywood composer Alex North, a style of writing Robertson says "I wouldn't know the first thing about." He has produced a record for Neil Diamond and wrote some music for Scorsese's "Raging Bull." Currently, he's writing songs for a new Scorsese film, "King of Comedy."

As to playing anymore, Robertson is

"I tried to write stories in the songs, to have characters in them and make relationships between them. It came from writing stories, it came from movies. I've been a movie bug ever since I was a kid, and that song imagery has something to do with movies. Or it was like Uncle Remus. Remember those! There's somebody who could tell a story."

Robbie Robertson
Songwriter

Cripple Creek," or the autobiographical, "Rags and Bones," which Robertson says reflects his life and captures how he heard things in the imagery of what he'd see around him. "That song is exactly what it's all about."

Since The Band's final concert in 1976 (Robertson is adamant about say-

still interested, but not in touring, definitely not in performing), after the idea of making records with no know, making a permanent record. Sander what I'm working on. But, if I go back to what we did. In the end, nothing's changed since "The Last Waltz."



SIPA PRESS— SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO REF: 20327

Although his name was not widely known, Robbie Robertson was a legend in the music world as the driving force behind the Band. He became familiar to a wider public thanks to Martin Scorsese's great film, "The Last Waltz," about the Band's farewell concert, and then went on to star in films like "Carny."

PHOTO: CLARK/SIPA PRESS

JUNO '82

Loverboy cleans up

Host Burton Cummings isn't Johnny Carson, but he came across far less obnoxious than you might expect, especially considering some of the typically wretched, ultra-hip lines he was charged to deliver.

And although staging was garish, this is what we have become accustomed to in awards presentations. If there was the odd embarrassment, such as Francis Fox invoking the McKenzie Brothers in an overly long speech, a dream sequence in between a Liona Boyd piece where circus personnel cavorted onstage to a polka beat or even a surprisingly shaky Robbie Robertson stumbling through the final three award presentations, the Juno show shares these lapses with its more famous counterparts.

The fact is, the Juno show, any other

□ **THE VILLAGE RECORDER** (Los Angeles) has expanded into television audio post-production and motion-picture scoring. In the film area, The Village has installed Studer and other synchronizers, which lock together video and audio recorders for scoring sessions. **Charles Bernstein** scored a 20th Century Fox film, *The Entity*, at The Village, with a synthesizer and a 30-piece string section playing while the musicians viewed the action on video tape synchronized with the 24-track recorder. **Robbie Robertson**, late of The Band, is scheduled to record the score of Martin Scorsese's *The King of Comedy* in the studio. In video, The Village has linked with **Canyon Recorders**, a video post-production house owned by **Ed Lever**. The Village has leased its Studio C to Canyon on a long-term basis for the syndicated television series, *Jack Smith's You Asked For It*. "The unique aspect of this project," says Village studio manager **Joel Fein**, "is that we have installed five high-quality 'phone lines which link us to Editel, a post video facility located 12 miles from us in Hollywood. Editel is putting together the SMPTE completed half-hour programs." 1616 Butler Avenue, West Los Angeles, CA 90025. (213) 478-8227.

October 1982 □ R-e/p 69

Off Hours The Capital Times June 3, 1982/Page 3

'Planet Waves' good even second time

There are those who worship loneliness. But I'm not one of them. In this age of fibre glass, I'm searching for a gem...
— "Dirge," Bob Dylan



By GARY PETERSON
Capital Times Staff Writer

Take a memo. "Don't miss 'Planet Waves' this time around. It is, after all, a second chance."

It was first released in 1974 on Asylum Records. Dylan had label hopped from Columbia, signing to David Geffen's then-very-hot Asylum label on a record by record basis. "Planet Waves," featuring The Band as back-up, came out in the middle of the Dylan-Band tour of that same year to critical non-acclaim.

Hearing it now, and many times since, one can only wonder why?

It is a brilliant and lasting piece of work, one of Dylan's best LPs. But it was one that quickly became a cut-out with Dylan's almost immediate return to Columbia Records that same year and the subsequent release of the highly acclaimed "Blood On The Tracks."

So, now that Columbia has had Dylan for awhile again, now that his last several LPs haven't done so well, now that "Planet Waves" is out-of-print, Columbia has put it in print again.

Say hallelujah, for this LP reminds us what a potent combination Dylan and The Band were and what a strong songwriter and performer Dylan can be.

And that combination of The Band — Robbie Robertson, guitar,

Rick Danko, bass. Levon Helm, drums, Richard Manuel, piano and Garth Hudson, organ — and Dylan is perhaps the all-time classic coupling of rock 'n' roll.

Robertson's mathematically perfect guitar is stunning on this LP. Hudson's ethereal organ — must have come from all those years of playing for funeral services in his father's funeral home — steals the show whenever it enters in. And, the rest of these guys aren't sleepers either. The Band, a Canadian group, has/had one of the deepest grasps of the North American folk/soul ever, one equal to Dylan's. And that's one reason why this particular combination is so staggering.

On tour in 1974, and on the subsequent Asylum LP, "Before The Flood" (now out-of-print), they worked together amazingly well. Dylan literally attacked most of his older songs, reconstructing them with a powerful vengeance, while the band kept up.

But, "Planet Waves" was new then, coming after "New Morning" and "Nashville Skyline," fairly lightweight efforts, and took us by surprise — and even went right by some of us.

No more. The opener, "On A Night Like This," is one of Dylan's happy love songs, along the likes of "New Morning" or "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight." They're so smooth and ef-

fortless, delivered with such easy abandonment, that they can go by unappreciated.

"Going, Gone, Gone," a slower, dirge-like number (in balance perhaps with the "Dirge" on Side Two) features a glimpse of Robertson's mathematical guitar playing.

"Tough Mama" introduces Dylan's machine gun, staccato singing and harmonica playing. He literally spits out the words while Hudson's organ lopes along behind him in counterpoint.

"Hazel" is a love song of sorts, and "Something There Is About You" is a love song period:

*Something there is about you,
That strikes a match in me,
Is it the way your body moves,
Or is it the way
your hair blows free,
Or is it because you remind me,
Of something that used to be,
Something that's crossed over,
From another century...*

On "Something," Dylan gets (rarely) autobiographical talking about the "hills of old Duluth," as he also does on the 1974 (Asylum) issue of the LP, in liner notes deleted from the Columbia reissue.

Dylan is from Hibbing, Minn. His late father was an appliance salesman, his mother, a dime store clerk. He was just a typical Midwestern kid.

Side One's "Forever Young" is delivered simply, slowly, deliberately. But Side Two's version of "Forever Young" rocks out. This proves the old Dylan adage that a recording is merely one performance of a piece frozen on tape for eternity.

"Dirge" is a "Dirge," a deep and



thoughtful one. "You Angel You" is a great sleeper of a song covered by Manfred Mann.

"Never Say Goodbye" could also slide right by, but don't let it. For one thing, if the notation "Cast-Iron Songs & Torch Ballads" on Dylan's cover painting seems mysterious, a clue or two is found herein:

*... because my dreams are made of iron and steel,
with a big bouquet of roses hanging down,
from the window
to the ground...*

"Wedding Song" is just guitar and Mr. D. with "the buttons on his coat occasionally striking the strings."

What a song this is. If you're expecting schmaltz forget it. This is hardcore, down to the guts stuff:

*It's never been my duty
to remake the world at large,
It's never been my intention
to sound the battle charge...*

The whole LP is the best blend of band and front man ever.

THE WINDSOR STAR, FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1982

Robertson top prospect

Brian Robertson, president of the Canadian Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, confirms that Robbie Robertson (no relation) of The Band is a hot prospect to be named to CARAS's Hall of Fame at next year's Junos. Neil Young, honored this year, was told a year in advance. Robbie Robertson presented an award this year, but Brian Robertson insists that no decision has yet been made.

The Gazette

* MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1982

The Sergio Leone film *Once Upon a Time in America*, starring Robert de Niro, has added Robbie Robertson to the cast. Filming starts in June with much location shooting to take place here in Montreal...

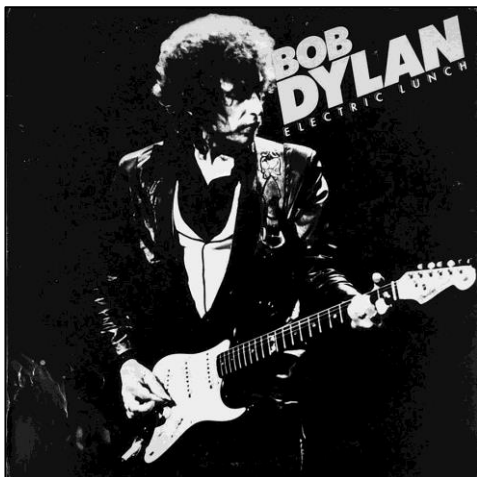


... Two Bob Dylan records that have long been out of print — "Planet Waves" and "Before the Flood" — will be reissued sometime this summer by Columbia. The records were originally released by Asylum.

—RECORD WORLD APRIL 10, 1982

The Post, Sunday, June 20, 1982

Columbia has rereleased two BOB DYLAN albums that were previously out of print. *Planet Waves* and *Before the Flood* (a two-record live set recorded with THE BAND) were originally released on Asylum Records in the mid-70s. They are the only records he has recorded for a label other than Columbia...



DEMONSTRATION NOT FOR SALE

SEE ONE (FROM PLANET WAVES)
YOU ANGEL YOU 2:51
ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS 2:57
FOREVER YOUNG 3:00
(slow version)

SEE TWO (FROM BEFORE THE FLOOD)
ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER 2:58
HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED 4:05
STAGE RIGHT 4:22

The album prepared especially for "Supersites Radio Network"

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ORANGE COUNTY POP BEAT

SHUTOUTS: A HANDFUL OF STARS

By RANDY LEWIS

When the audience arrived at Irvine Meadows Amphitheatre for the Charlie Daniels Band concert last month, most probably didn't know what to expect from the opening act, the Shutouts.

But then, who could know what to expect from a group based around Garth Hudson, former member of the Band, one of America's most respected rock groups, renowned steel guitarist Sneaky Pete Kleinow and revered guitarist Thumbs Carlille?

By the time the group finished its performance, however, Charlie Daniels' fans weren't the only ones who had warmed up to the octet's blend of rock, country, blues, folk and western swing musical styles.

Daniels himself asked to meet the band, Carlille said Wednesday, sitting in a booth at the Palomino Club in North Hollywood. The colorful, exceptionally humble Carlille said that even though he had met Daniels briefly three years before, he didn't think Daniels would remember him backstage at Irvine Meadows.

"Charlie said, 'Remember you?' Hell, I've followed your career for years. You're a giant," Carlille, 51, related. "I'm still dumbfounded when two or three people come up to me and know me. I just say thanks and then go home, make myself a cheese and bologna sandwich and go to bed."

In addition to its "celebrity" members, the Shutouts, which will be at the Golden Bear in Huntington Beach Wednesday, consists of Greg Humphrey, group leader and bass player; Bob Regan, singer and guitarist; Rosalie North, singer and guitarist; Dave Fraser, keyboardist; and Mark Cohen, drummer. Regan, North and Fraser also write most of the original material the band performs.

"One purpose of having the band is to help Thumbs get the recognition he deserves," North said. "He's one of the few geniuses left," Humphrey added. "Nobody can play like Thumbs."

Carlille's nickname comes from the unusual way he plays guitar: He lays it flat in his lap and makes chords by pressing the strings the way a pianist plays the piano. His unorthodox style allows him to produce chords that would be impossible for other guitarists.

The size of the group and the diverse backgrounds of its members cause some interesting problems for the Shutouts.

"It's a challenge getting the right material," said Kleinow, who spends most of his time in his Burbank special effects studio, working on everything from science-fiction films to television commercials.

"It's not like Steely Dan, where you have one guy who does most of the singing and writing," Kleinow said. "Everybody does something. But it's a great band to listen to if you want to hear hot licks and good musicianship."

Like Kleinow, Garth Hudson is involved in a number of projects besides the Shutouts, ranging from performing in a new wave band to helping former Band member Robbie Robertson score the music for Martin Scorsese's

GEORGE ROSE / Los Angeles Times



Thumbs up is trademark of Thumbs Carlille, lead guitarist of the Shutouts band, which will appear at the Golden Bear, Huntington Beach, on Wednesday.

forthcoming film, "The King of Comedy."

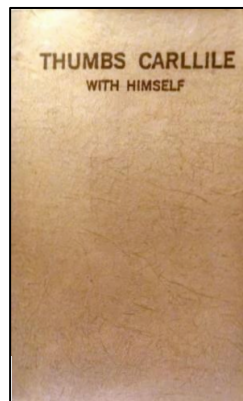
At this point, most of the Shutouts' members view the band as a temporary venture, but there is a possibility the group may make a record.

"Each person (in the group) has an individual talent," Carlille said. "I'd like for this band to do more things if it can stay together. But I have an idea the band is so damn strong, a lot of people are afraid to have us open for them."

Because the band members have been used to supporting other musicians in the past, the spotlight is shared equally when they are together as the Shutouts.

"There are no 'side men' in this band," North said. "Everybody is a star."

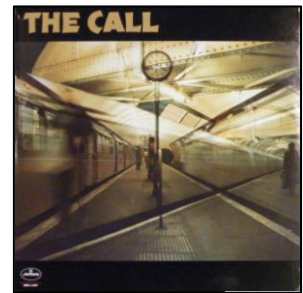
LIVE ACTION: Tickets go on sale Tuesday for Jefferson Starship's Oct. 9 concert at Irvine Meadows Amphitheatre. . . Ex-Eagles member Randy Meisner will be at the Golden Bear Sept. 17-18. Junior Walker & the Allstars will perform at the Huntington Beach club Sept. 23, and Allan Holdsworth's I.O.U. returns Sept. 25.



RECORDED AT THE VILLAGE RECORDER, WEST L.A., CALIF.
12:00 NOON TO 2:47 P.M.
MONDAY, AUGUST 16, 1982

PRODUCERS:
GREG HUMPHRY
STUART GOLDMAN
GARTH HUDSON

ENGINEER:
ALAN GOULDING



INTELLIGENCER JOURNAL,
Lancaster, Pa., Thursday, March 25, 1982

Listening to "The Call" (Mercury/PolyGram), one imagines that this is what the Doors would sound like if they were just beginning a career now.

The main reason for that is the voice of Michael Been, who has a chesty, operatic bellow reminiscent of Jim Morrison that works well with the big production music he writes.

Been's oratorical singing treads a thin line between the dramatic and the pretentious, but he manages to pull it off. This is probably what Meat Loaf wished he sounded like.

As an indication that this is no fly-by-night outfit, it should be noted that the LP features guest musician Garth Hudson playing piano, synthesizer and saxophone throughout. Hudson, keyboardman for The Band, provides some excellent background touches here.

Been's songwriting draws from several sources, including ska, sea chantys and rock 'n' roll. The ska song, "Who's That Man," is a toe-tapper and "Bandits" is full-tilt rock.

But the band's rhythm section, Been's voice and Hudson's synth work come together best on "There's a Heart Here," an infectious rock anthem that is all too short.

"The Call" is a good, but not great, debut. The second side drags somewhat. But the band has a sound and a direction that promises much for the future.

GOLDEN BEAR NO AGE LIMIT
306 Coast Hwy Huntington Beach DINING COCKTAILS

WED. SEPT. 15 **THE SHUTOUTS**
FEAT. GARTH HUDSON SNEAKY PETE KLEINOW & THUMBS CARLILLE

THURS. SEPT. 16 **DINOSAURS**
ROBERT HUNTER, SPENCER BRISER, JOHN CINILLINA, BARRY MELTON, PETER ALBIN

FRI.-SAT. SEPT. 17-18 **RANDY MEISNER**

WED. SEPT. 22 **NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE**

THURS. SEPT. 23 **JR. WALKER & THE ALLSTARS**

FRI. SEPT. 24 **JOSHUA + TALES**

SAT. SEPT. 25 **ALLAN HOLDSWORTH I.O.U.**

WED. SEPT. 29 **LES DUDEK**

THURS. SEPT. 30 **KITTYHAWK**

FRI. OCT. 1 **ELVIN BISHOP**

SAT. OCT. 2 **LEON REDBONE**

THURS. OCT. 7 **JOHN McEVEN & MARK O'CONNOR**

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L.A. WEEKLY February 26-March 4, 1982

CALAMITY'S, 3901 Pacific Coast Highway, Torrance. Call 378-8358. This place, a former Latitude 20, still retains the open airy Hawaiian atmosphere, with a nice separate level for dining. Menu includes steak, ribs, catfish (!) and something called "Lubbock Chicken" as well as the usual burgers and side orders, and prices are moderate. We noted that the clientele, ages 25-55, are still into the dance fad. You're also likely to hear Ronstadt and The Eagles on DJ nights. A plus is that you can see the stage from almost everywhere. Management plans to bring in name acts soon, and if you want to be an Urban Cowpinner, you can do it in style here. The current house band, Tues. Sat. nights, is **The Shutouts**. Their floating personnel included keyboardist Garth Hudson and drummer Dallas Taylor the last we heard, and leader Greg Humphrey was indicating a shift in sound from country to R&B/rock. If Garth's there, you'll probably hear some old Band favorites.



Garth Hudson & Thumbs Carlille at Calamity's.



BENEFIT CONCERT with **THE CALL** formerly Motion Pictures

with **SPECIAL GUEST GARTH HUDSON** also appearing **THE SCHEMATIX**

\$5.50 PROCEEDS to the S.C. County Citizens Disaster Relief

S.C. VETS HALL - SAT Feb 20, 9pm-1am
All Ages Welcome

1. You Can't Win Them All 3.10
(Andy Bown/Tony Chapman) EMI Music Publishing Ltd.
2. Lucrecia 3.33
(Richard Supa) Colgems - EMI Music Inc.
3. Even A Fool Would Let Go 3.27
(Tom Snow/Kerry Chater) Warner Chappell Music Ltd.
4. I've Got A Bet With Myself 3.56
(David Elliott) BMG Music Publishing Ltd.
5. Money (Money Cues) 2.44
(Melvyn Lenard Gordon) Gordon Music Co Inc
6. Get Out Your Big Roll Daddy 3.39
(Troy Seals/Roger Chapman) Rondor Music (Ldn) Ltd/Chappell Music Ltd/Two Sons Music
7. Willie And The Hand Jive 3.00
(Johnny Otis) MCA Music Ltd.
8. The Got Song 3.18
(Tommy Talton) BMG Music Publishing Ltd.
9. Give A Little Bit 3.14
(Tommy Talton) BMG Music Publishing Ltd.
10. God Bless 'Em All 3.40
(Mickey Buckins) BMG Music Publishing Ltd.

Drums & Percussion: Mickey Buckins, Owen Hale, Roger Hawkins, Levon Helm.
Bass: David Hood.
Guitars: Duncan Cameron, Pete Carr, Earl Cate, Jimmy Johnson, Wayne Perkins.
Mandolin: Levon Helm.
Keyboards: Barry Beckett, Ernie Cate, Steve Nathan.
Clarinet: Jimmy "Doc" Simpson.
Baritone Sax: Ronnie Eades.
Tenor Sax: Robert Harwell, Harvey Thompson.
Trombone: Charles Rose.
Trumpet: Ben Cauley, Harrison Calloway.
Vocalists: Ava Aldridge, Bonnie Bramlett, Robert Byrne, Terry Cagle, Ron Eoff, Levon Helm, Lenny LeBlanc, Mac McAnally, Will McFarlane, Wayne Perkins, Russell Smith, Richie Supa.

Harrison Calloway, Ben Cauley, Ronnie Eades, Charles Rose & Harvey Thompson courtesy of Monument Records Corporation. Bonnie Bramlett, Lenny LeBlanc & Russell Smith courtesy of MSS Records. Roger Hawkins' drums courtesy of Pearl Drums.

Special Thanks: Phyllis Barashick, Michael Barnett, Elaine Brewer, Carol Buckins, Sylvia Burns, Diane Butler, Harper Dance, Bruce Garfield, Bob Kinne, Bob Krusen, Rupert Perry, William Riz, Lynn Shults, Dennis White, Bunny Wright, Don Zimmerman.

Also Special Thanks to: Richie Rowles, Dennis W. Dodd, Mr & Mrs Ray Johnson, Paul & Mary Berry, Mike Bagley, Cindy Holmes, Linda Helm Mhoon, Scarlett Cameron, George Paul Eldridge, D.T. Faircloth, Linda Hawkins, John Mhoon, Michael Chinich, Diane Beckett, Tommy "Porkchop" Markham, Ritchie Albright, Betsy Johnson, Agnes Wilson, Southland, Bonnie Garner, Diane Felter, Jan Hood, Ralph & Modena Cagle, Mel & Marsha Eisen, Wheeler & Theresa Helm, Pat Johnson, Billy & Joyce Barber, Fred & Anna Carter, David Howell, Randy Herlocker, Ron Cypert, Joe Forno, Jr.

And my wife Sandy, daughter Amy, Diamond & Nell, Lawrence & Naomi, Pauline Kudlets, and those beloved ones who have been in it for the long march.

Original art direction: Roy Kohara
 Photography: Chris Callis
 Design: Phil Shima

Produced by Jimmy Johnson & Barry Beckett - A Muscle Shoals Sound Production

Recorded and mixed at Muscle Shoals Sound Studios, Inc., Sheffield, Alabama, Summer and Fall 1981.

Engineers: (Tracking and Overdubs) Gregg Hamm, Steve Melton, Mary Beth McLemore, Pete Greene;
 (Mixing) Steve Melton, Gregg Hamm, Pete Greene, Jimmy Johnson.

Production Assistants: George Lair & Dick Cooper.

Direction & Personal Management: Harold "The Colonel" Kudlets.



Cash Box/February 27, 1982

Vocalist/percussionist **Levon Helm** has just signed an exclusive recording agreement with Capitol/Muscle Shoals Sound Records and is set to release his self-titled debut LP for that label on March 8. Helm, who lives in Woodstock, N.Y., was previously associated with Capitol as a vocalist/drummer/mandolin player with **The Band**, releasing nine studio albums and two compilation discs on the label during a decade-long run. On his new record, Helm is joined by **Bonnie Bramlett** and **Russell Smith** on vocals, with crack producers **Barry Beckett** and **Jimmy Johnson** twirling the knobs. Scheduled cuts on the rock/blues album include covers of "Money" and "Willie And The Hand Jive."

MARCH 27, 1982, **BILLBOARD**
LEVON HELM, Capitol/Muscle Shoals Sound ST12201. Produced by Jimmy Johnson, Barry Beckett. For his third solo outing, the former Band drummer moves from Nashville to Muscle Shoals, yet that decision yields mixed results—while undoubtedly Helm's most commercial work as leader, its slickness obscures some of his downhome charm as well. Still, solid songs and Helm's affable delivery edge out over the gloss. **Best cuts:** "I've Got A Bet With Myself," "Get Out Your Big Roll Daddy," "The Got Song."



Single released in the Netherlands.

FEBRUARY 27, 1982, **BILLBOARD**



NEW DEAL—Levon Helm, left, talks with Bruce Garfield, Capitol Records vice president of East Coast a&r, after Helm's recent show at the Lone Star in New York. Capitol/MSS Records is releasing Helm's first album for the label March 8.

DE STEM VAN ZATERDAG 24 JULI 1982

Levon Helm

LEVON HELM drumde ooit in de nu al legendarische formatie **The Band** en voor zijn vierde, naar zichzelf genoemde elpee, toog hij ook naar de Muscle Shoals-studios.

'Levon Helm' is een plaat waarop Helm louter anderenmans werk ten gehore brengt in een muzikaal decor dat zich beweegt tussen rhythm and blues en country. 'Money', 'Willie and the hand jive' en 'Summertime blues' zijn de bekendste nummers in dit geheel, dat oerdegelijk in elkaar steekt en dat als enige nadeel heeft dat het niet persoonlijk klinkt.

'Levon Helm' is echter wel een opgewekte plaat, smaakvol gemaakt en met een hoeveelheid swing, die aan de sterk ondergewaardeerde Band-elpee 'Moon-dog matinee' herinnert.

RR/R/Friday, June 26, 1982

Capitol Greet Smith & Helm



Capitol/MSS artists Russell Smith and Levon Helm recently played the Roxy in L.A. together along with the Muscle Shoals All Stars. Pictured (l-r, rear) are Capitol's Ray Tuskan, label VP's Bob Young and Dan Davis, and MSS President Michael Barnett; (l-r, front) Capitol VP Walter Lee, Helm, Capitol Records Group President Don Zimmerman, and Smith.

JOIN NOW! THE LEVON HELM ORGANIZATION

Members will receive Quarterly newsletters for ONE YEAR, listing concert dates, information on TV and movie appearances and future recording information. The package will also include a picture of Levon and his biography. Membership is \$6.00 per year, U.S. Funds. This offer is limited to U.S. and Canada. Outside U.S. and Canada, please write to address below for Membership fee.

MAIL MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION AND DUES TO:

LEVON HELM ORGANIZATION
P.O. Box 944
Sheffield, AL 35660

YES, I want to join the LEVON HELM ORGANIZATION. Here is my check or money order for the \$6.00 membership dues.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

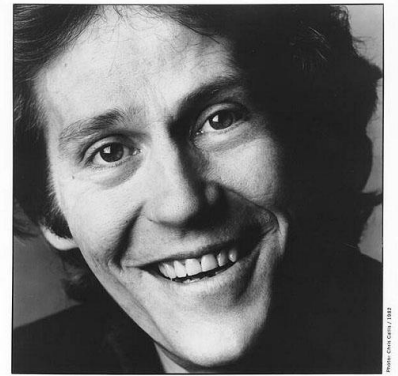
Street & Number

City

State

Zip Code

ST 12201



LEVON HELM



Philadelphia Daily News
Friday, April 9, 1982
RECORDS

By RICH AREGOOD

Back in those days before "The Great White North" — even before we here got used to watching hockey players attempt to talk on television — there was a perfectly wonderful rock 'n roll band from Canada.

It was called The Band and even Bob Dylan liked it. And sitting in the back was the lone American, a drummer named Levon Helm from Arkansas. He provided much of the bite and the passion of songs like "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," an event that was probably overlooked in Manitoba.

At any rate, The Band dis-Banded in 1976 and we've seen precious little of its members since. Except Levon Helm, whose third solo album, "Levon Helm" (Capitol/Muscle Shoals Sound) has just been released.

Helm has in the interim done a lot of things. He played Loretta Lynn's father in "Coal Miner's Daughter" and will appear in the movie of Tom Wolfe's "The Right Stuff." His two previous albums have had their moments, but somehow lacked the irresistible drive The Band had.

The new one's something else again.

It's clear listening to Helm here just how The Band was once called the kind of band that might have warmed up a crowd for Abraham Lincoln if anyone could have found an electrical outlet for the amplifiers. He ranges confidently through the blues with a solid country accent, thus combining the two (and only) major strains in American popular music.

The songs here, on balance, aren't the great originals The Band seemed to turn up for every album. Matter of fact, the best ones are old songs like "Money" or "Willie and the Hand Jive," on which Johnny Otis managed to take the standard Bo Diddley riff to new heights.

Helm's voice has a kind of quiet authority. Combined with the insistent, driving beat (There are four drummers listed in the credits, including Helm himself), the net effect is an irresistible combination that gets people dancing in their chairs. (Some of us, it must be pointed out, are very good at conserving energy.)

This is the album that we fans of The Band have been waiting for. Helm has surrounded himself with fine people here. His backup singers include Mac McAnally, Bonnie Bramlett, and Russell Smith, late of The Amazing Rhythm Aces. The effort pays off.

Port Arthur News Sunday, April 25, 1982

Levon Helm, formerly of the Band, will continue the movie career he started so brilliantly in *Coal Miner's Daughter*. He's signed to play a test pilot in the filmization of Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff*, the story of the first astronauts. Helm's currently on tour in support of his new album on Capitol Records, which features backup from the Muscle Shoals Horns and Russell Smith, formerly of the Amazing Rhythm Aces.

STEREO REVIEW NOVEMBER 1982

LEVON HELM. Levon Helm (vocals, drums, mandolin); vocal and instrumental accompaniment. *You Can't Win 'Em All*; *Lucrecia*; *Even a Fool Would Let Go*; *Money*; *The Got Song*; *Give a Little Bit*; and four others. CAPITOL ST-12201 \$8.98, © 4XT-12201 \$8.98, © 8XT-12201 \$8.98.

Performance: **Good**
Recording: **Very good**

My impression is that Levon Helm works a little too hard at having a good time here, although, as albums go, it's worth a listen. Helm's solo albums strike me as a search for an environment that suits him as well as the Band did, and it's hard to match something that nearly ideal. He doesn't have the kind of voice that can be gentle with a song, so now he has to deal mostly with songs that like to be manhandled. In the Band someone else, someone with a more delicate touch, could take on such things as *Tears of Rage* while Helm became famous for singing *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down* like nobody else could.

On this release Helm uses a more or less standard rock-band sound most of the time, and the rock-oriented songs are better than average, though only *Lucrecia* stands out. It's not a bad sound at all, but I found that the extra air in *The Got Song*, a leisurely novelty number propelled by acoustic guitars and a clarinet, came as a blessed relief in the middle of side two. I kind of like most of this album, but it does bother me, the way it keeps reminding me that hard work is a poor substitute for inspiration. N.C.

EDMONTON JOURNAL Thursday, April 1, 1982



Levon Helm
Levon Helm Capitol

After witnessing last year's wonderful Levon Helm concert at the Riv' Rock Room, where one felt privileged to hear the man in a small club setting, I was ready to see the veteran back in lights.

"Well, it sho' ain't gonna happen with this turkey, recorded without the Cate Brothers band, who contributed most of the original material in last summer's Helm shows.

Admitting the vet's pipes are still in perfect shape, do we really need remakes (that add nothing new) of *Money* or *Willie and the Hand Jive*? The rest of the chosen material is also weak, and one wonders what Levon was thinking about by including some of these clunkers. Another forgettable album from an unforgettable performer, sad to say.

Reviewed by Alan Kellogg



Once a member of the legendary group The Band, now a solo artist with a stunning new album.



featuring "You Can't Win 'em All," "Get Out Your Big Roll Daddy," "Money" and "Willie and the Hand Jive."

Produced by Jimmy Johnson & Barry Beckett. A Muscle Shoals Sound Production.

ROLLING STONE, MAY 27, 1982



Levon Helm
Capitol
★★★

LEVON HELM'S VOICE is so distinctive — etched in memory as the Band's instrument for such songs as "The Weight" and "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" — that his first two solo records, both heavily R&B-flavored, seemed irrelevant. The man who helped found the Band seemed to be settling for boogie exercises. Then, around the time he portrayed Loretta Lynn's coal-miner father in the movies, the more countrified and thoughtful *American Son* came along. For his fourth solo effort, Helm has linked up with the earthy rockers of Muscle Shoals, and he seems to be finding his way back to the kind of lyrics — tales of hookers, high rollers and good losers — that achieve a natural, homespun worldliness when his twanging baritone grabs hold of them.

Such numbers as Richard Supa's "Lucrecia" and Troy Seals and Roger Chapman's "Get Out Your Big Roll Daddy" sound, at first, like ersatz Band songs. But that's mainly because they're shot through with wit, optimism and fluent hillbilly rock. This is a classy collection, and a big stride forward for Levon Helm. — FRED SCHRUEERS

THE CALGARY HERALD TV TIMES —
SEPTEMBER 17, 1982

10:40 **(27)** New Music Guests: The Police, Iron Maiden, Levon Helm, Chris Spedding, The Vapors, Angel City.

Levon Helm juggles music, movie careers

When Levon Helm begins his two-night stint at Faces tonight with The Cate Brothers, Toronto film producer Michael Leibovitz will be following him around taking notes on his day-to-day habits.

Helm, speaking from his rural refuge in Woodstock, N.Y., Wednesday, insisted that his lifestyle was not all that unusual. Still, the manager of the ex-drummer of The Band issued strict orders not to disturb Helm before 4:30 p.m. so the musician could get his sleep. He added that Helm would not be getting up so early once his Canadian tour began. Then it would be 7 p.m. before he'd rise and shine.

The film producer will be armed with a script which, in the words of Helm, is about "the sly side of everyday life from a musician's point of view and how it all adds up." If there are enough similarities between Helm and the character in the story, he will be playing the role. Judging from the notorious tales of outlaw rock life associated with The Band, the Arkansas drummer might not be unfamiliar with the scenario.

Nor is Helm any stranger to the movie business. Following the demise of The Band he has juggled both an acting and music career. It began with *The Last Waltz*, The Band's farewell film which succeeded in making a rock documentary more than mere amusement to its fans. Helm then went on to defy the reputation of musicians as hack actors with an outstanding performance as the father of country singer Loretta Lynn in *Coal Miner's Daughter*.

The duality of Helm's creative activities has not produced a schizophrenic career. He constantly draws parallels between movie and musicmaking and channels his experience from each into the other. His decision to sit back and let the producer run the show during the recording of his forthcoming album was prompted by his



NIGHTS OUT Evelyn Erskine

involvement in the smooth running operation on the set of *Coal Miner's Daughter*, where one person issued the orders.

"This is the way it's done in the movies," said Helm. "I treat the (record) producer like the (film) director. With recordings there are usually too many cooks in the kitchen. And too many good ideas. Somebody's got to shut up and let one person do the job."

With both the Muscle Shoals horn and rhythm section plus The Cate Brothers band playing on the recording, a bit of artistic dictatorship likely made the process less painful than the democracy of compromise.

Helm is never fearful of trying out new tactics and new players. This is his fourth solo outing, with each moving around the various vantage points within the R & B and southern rock that form his musical foundations. But the creative restlessness hints at a certain amount of groping for the right sound.

The 40-year-old musician openly admits that he hasn't yet come up with an album that he's totally satisfied with, but Helm is a mild-mannered musician who is often overly modest about his talents — an attribute that is highly unusual in the music business.

"To be honest with you, I haven't cut a record on my

own that is packed with hits and perfect ideas," he said in a calm down-home drawl. "Yeah, I've got my sights on it. I don't worry about it too much though. I figure I'm lucky to have a good job. I just take it all as it comes and go with it."

Helm has the onus of being partly expected to live up to the legendary standards of The Band. There is an involuntary tendency to make comparisons despite Helm's efforts to be taken on his own merits. "It bothers me to the extent that I can't better it (The Band) or come close to it yet. It's one man's muscle so to speak. Before, I was with friends and partners and we were all throwing ideas into the hat.

"My only regret is that I haven't been able to touch as many people as I want, but I'm still working at it."

Helm has just finished another movie, *Misdeal*, which was shot in Spain. "I play the average country bumpkin," he says, accepting the fate of the ways of the film industry that largely offers him roles requiring a southern accent.

The drummer is keen to continue his acting career, but vows to never give up music which he considers his first love. "I would never want to not be playing music," said Helm with a touch of sobriety. "There's nothing better than getting up to play and seeing people dance and tap their feet. That's the whole tickle right there. It's medicine to some degree."

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THE CLARION-LEDGER ■ WEDNESDAY ■ November 10, 1982 ■ SE

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Coal Miner's Daughter
7 PM **NEW EPISODE!**

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Guest star Martina McBride
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9 PM **NEW EPISODE!**

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TUCKER'S WITCH

WJTV NEWS

GREAT MOMENTS ON CBS © WJTV 12

B12—Cumberland Sunday Times, Sun., Dec. 19, 1982

"Seven Brides" Show For Entire Family

This is a series, in short, which has achieved the hallmark of "The Waltons" without everyone in the family saying their cheery goodnights as a trademark.

In another episode, a legend comes to the area — he is a country songwriter-singer (played with great believability by Levon Helm, once of The Band) who is an awful lush. One of the Seven Brothers, who idolizes the guy, helps straighten him out. The writing and the acting were particularly strong in this one, and there is a reality here, a hard texture, that was compelling.

"Seven Brides" is a seri-



Vincennes Sun Commercial Sunday, Nov. 7, 1982

Wednesday highlights

8-9 P.M. CBS - SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS: Daniel befriends Stormy Weathers (guest star Levon Helm), an alcoholic former country-music star whom he idolizes, but Stormy's presence creates a bitter conflict within the family.

Why play places like Magog? 'It's my job,' says Band's former drummer

Superstar Levon Helm loves rocking in the boonies

By JOHN GRIFFIN

Gazette Pop Music Critic

The Arkansas drawl floats through the bitter-cold January air like some soothing southern breeze re-routed to the North Pole.

Levon Helm's mysterious winter migration has begun.

At a time of year when hordes of Quebecers are deserting the drifts for a piece of Florida sunshine, Helm — southern gentleman, singer and drummer for the late lamented Band, nascent film star and archetypal rock 'n' roller — is beating a path through the snow to hotels, clubs and concert halls around the province.

Audition with Hawk

"I can't exactly explain why I love to play here", Helm was saying recently as he and his excellent band, the Cate Brothers, prepared for two shows at McGill University's Pollack Hall tonight.

"But I really do feel there's an affinity between Canada and the deep south."

If anyone is in a position to understand the links between the frozen north and the magnolia-sweet south, it's Levon Helm.

The year was 1959, and the whip-thin, soft-spoken Arkansan had just arrived in Toronto for an audition with the legendary rocker Rompin' Ronnie Hawkins, who was in the process of putting himself together a back-up band.

Helm passed the audition, and spent the next six years anchoring a band that Hawkins had aptly christened the Hawks as they played countless one-night stands in every honky-tonk, roadhouse and redneck bar on the continent.

That training, gruelling though it was, provided the Hawks with a musical education in blues and rockabilly that soon eclipsed that of their erstwhile boss.

The Hawks' reputation came to the attention of Bob

Dylan, and they left Hawkins to spend the mid-1960s backing the enigmatic singer-songwriter during what many consider to have been his most brilliant creative period.

The Dylan association led to a recording contract, the Hawks became The Band, and a 1968 group album, *Music From Big Pink* (named after The Band's home in Woodstock, New York), came to define an entire decade for many North Americans.

The accolades that followed were those reserved for rock 'n' roll royalty.

The Band — Helm and Canadians Robbie Robertson, Rick Danko, Richard Manuel and Garth Hudson — were feted as the group to have finally put "the American Experience" to music in an ageless, soulful synthesis of folk, country, and rock that evoked lyrical images of an earlier, more honest and less complex time.

Giant concerts followed (Woodstock, Watkins Glen and the Isle of Wight festivals combined drew an estimated 1.5 million to hear the group) and, by the time The Band sounded the last waltz in 1976, its members were among the most celebrated musicians in the western world.

Since then, Helm has consolidated his position with strong solo recordings, and his film debut as singer Loretta Lynn's father in 1980's *Coal Miner's Daughter* drew rave reviews.

It's that massive reputation that continues to baffle Quebec audiences as Helm wends his way through throbbing urban centres like Morin Heights and Magog.

Why, they ask themselves, would a star like Levon Helm, a man who's had the world in the watch pocket of his faded blue jeans, want to play for us?

The answer, in keeping with Helm's modest, salt-of-the-earth personality, is simple.

"Music is the only thing I know how to do," Helm understates. "It's my job. I'm a musician and I enjoy my work. I love performing and as long as the people are amiable, that's the way it's going to stay."

Brave words, and certainly not the first time they've been uttered by a star trying to reach back for his roots.

But in Helm's mouth they have the ring of authenticity, and crowds in small towns around the province know them to be true.

For Helm, in a possible throwback to the back-to-the-land philosophy The Band helped nurture in the late 1960s, thrives on the sweaty, intimate, elbow-to-elbow club shows that most rockers of his calibre have abandoned for the dubious glories of arena rock.

Incendiary set

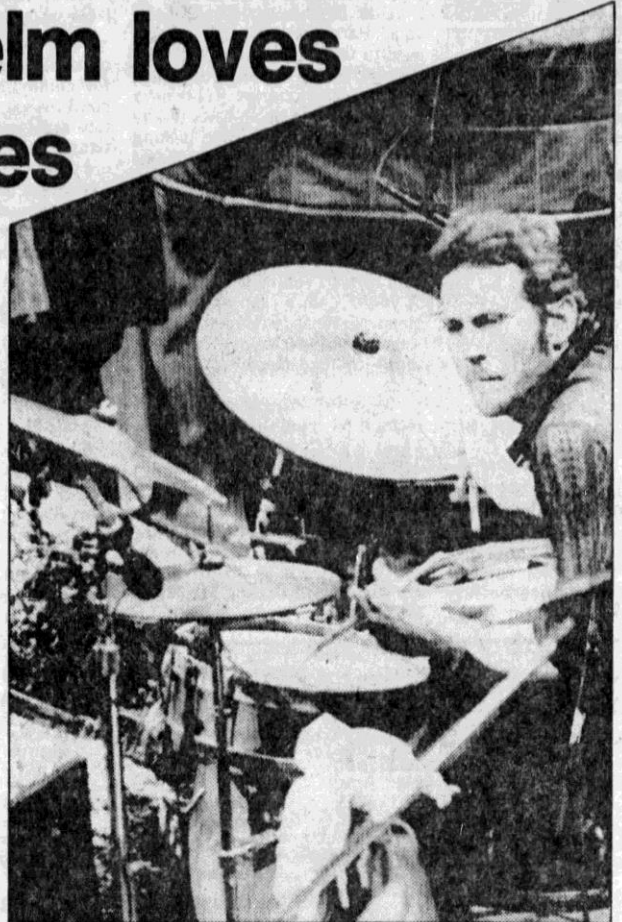
That attitude fostered a performance in Magog a year ago in sub-Arctic conditions that Eastern Townships' homesteaders, workers and students still recall as the most exciting in recent memory.

It manifested itself at the Maples Inn in Pointe Claire late last January, when the incendiary set played by Helm and fellow southerners the Cate Brothers nearly set the venerable wood-frame structure on fire.

It's contagious, the spontaneous outpouring of good music, good times and good dancing that seems to accompany an evening with Helm.

"I can have more fun playing in a good band, seeing everyone enjoy themselves than working on any old film," Helm insists. "And I get more satisfaction from getting a few tunes a night just where I want them than from looking over scripts."

Indeed, Helm takes great delight in describing his film career as "waiting for the right part to come along," although he's adopted some act-



Helm during Band days. He's at Pollack Hall tonight.

ing techniques for an album he's currently recording in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, with producer Jimmy Johnson.

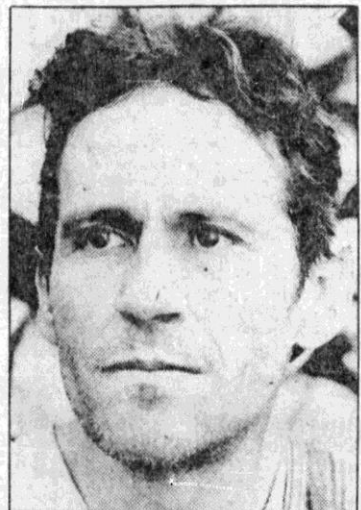
"In the past I've always wanted to be close to the heart of the production, to get my two cents in," Helm explains.

"Now I'm placing myself at the disposal of my producer, giving it my best shot as an artist."

For the moment though, Helm is concentrating on a winter of touring with The Cate Brothers as he brings his good-time southern rock and soul to people in towns from New Brunswick to New York.

"It's a pretty simple state of affairs," Helm admits. "But it seems to suit me real well."

Levon Helm and The Cate Brothers will perform at Pollack Hall, 555 Sherbrooke St. W., tonight at 7 and 9.30 p.m.



Helm in 'Coal Miner's Daughter'.

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THE BAND: Hudson (left), Helm, Manuel, Robertson and Danko had their 'Last Waltz' together in 1976.

Danko and Helm band together again

By Russ DeVault
Staff Writer

Told that Atlanta is calling, musician Rick Danko puts down a lamb chop, picks up a telephone in his Woodstock, N.Y., home and becomes salesman Rick Danko: "We're doing an acoustic show," he says. "You just get the people out to the club and we'll entertain them. You promote; we'll perform. Say ... this is the promoter, isn't it?"

No, but that doesn't matter. From any point of view, what people want to know is whether two-fifths of The Band is better than no Band at all, and what it is that Danko and Levon Helm will be doing when they play at Rumors Saturday night.

"We just slip out a little bit from time to time and play some," Danko says. "Levon has a place up here too and we spend some time working together. We've got a little, intimate one-to-one show. We play some songs from the past and some we played together in The Band and some new songs."

The unescapable fact, however, is that it is the past that makes Danko and Helm interesting. It was six Thanksgivings ago that they and the three other members of The Band went for their "Last Waltz," a retirement concert memorable because of the

guests who performed and the film made of it.

After that 1976 show at Bill Graham's Winterland that featured appearances by Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison and Joni Mitchell, The Bandmen went separate ways. They produced some interesting music and film appearances, but nothing to compare with what they did while together.

Bassist-vocalist Danko acknowledges this and perhaps that helps explain why he thinks he, Levon Helm, Robbie Robertson, Richard Manuel and Garth Hudson someday will perform as The Band. "One thing about The Band," Danko says, "is that all the band members are still alive. Nobody's died yet and, well, I hope we'll play together again."

"What would it take? I don't know," he says. "Man, I really don't know. It could be \$5 million or it could be 50 cents. It just seemed we needed to put it away for a while and when we get back together, I hope it will be for the right reasons."

First among them — when and if The Band reunites — will be the music. The Band never dominated the charts or the airwaves during its 18 years and, in fact, was most noticed when it was backing Bob Dylan, but the music it played was remarkable.

Formed as the Hawks for the sole purpose of backing Canadian singer

■ **Rick Danko and Levon Helm:** With opening act Tim Bays, appearing at Rumors, Clairmont Road at North Decatur, shows at 8:30 p.m. and midnight, Saturday, Dec. 18. \$5. For more information, call 636-8600.

Ronnie Hawkins, The Band soon realized it was a viable entity without him and went solo in 1963. The result was songs such as "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," "The Weight" and "Ophelia" and albums such as "Music From Big Pink," "The Band," "Stage Fright," "Rock of Ages" and "Moondog Matinee."

The albums sometimes sounded too slick, too professional. In concert, however, The Band was the embodiment of a "tight" band, no matter whether it was subordinating its talent to Dylan's or headlining. The vocals and the instruments meshed sublimely, but even perfection can become tiring.

"You can run things into the ground or you can grow old gracefully," Danko says. "I'd rather be around for a while instead of running something into the ground."

So he settled at Malibu, Calif., and spent the intervening years doing a solo album, getting to know his three children and getting bored. "I lived on the beach for eight years and I got tired of it," he says. "Everything is so

transient there, so when the boys said they'd like to go to school here, I checked them into school here and started playing some one-man shows.

"It's real nice, you know, to play sometimes. Then Levon came up here from Arkansas and we hadn't played together for five years ... it's nice to do things alone, but it's nice to do things with people."

It's particularly nice, he doesn't have to add, when the togetherness is on the order of that demonstrated by The Band. "The Band is like family," Danko says. "Every once in a while we get together and have a picnic, a party or a blowout. Rick, Robbie and Garth are in California but Levon's here and we can sit down and play a million songs."

"We did two shows together last month and it was a lot of fun. It's like playing in your living room during a party. Music's in our blood."

So is The Band, and that colors Danko's voice with wistfulness when he compares the breakup to a family dinner. "You get somebody eating fish, somebody rice and somebody meat when you get a family together," he says. "But family is still family. It's just kinda like people gotta grow, you know, and they have different tastes at times."

"We were together for 18 years and it (retiring The Band) just seemed to be the right thing to do at the time."

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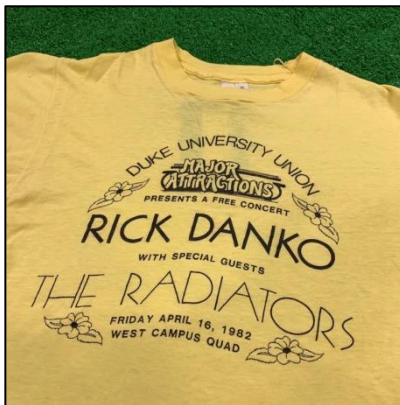
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The Citizen, Ottawa, Thursday, May 20, 1982

Entertainment

Nights out

Evelyn Erskine

Sloppy show rings off-key

Rick Danko, Barrymore's, 323 Bank St.

If Rick Danko wants to deny the albatross of his past membership in that legendary outfit, The Band, last night's show would confirm it. While The Band was noted for its tight discipline and precision, Danko turned in a loose, casual performance that verged on chaos.

Danko did not attempt to feel out the mood of his audience before opting for an ambling approach. He took the stage determined to be laid-back whether ticket-buyers wanted it that way or not. "Hey, this is kind of like my living room," were his first words as he eyed the club's three tiers of balconies which led one to wonder what kind of house Danko lives in. "Let's have a party."

The musician, clad in baggy blues jeans and a faded shirt with the sleeves rolled up, was clearly in no state of mind for formalities.

He told himself jokes, then laughed at them alone. When he started to play, it didn't go over much better.

The music sounded unrehearsed although Danko had to have known many of the familiar songs inside out. Still, the guitar work was clumsy and that once inimitable voice heard on many of The Band's classics rang miserably off-key. No matter how heartfelt the song he grappled with, it had the tavern lilt of *99 Bottles of Beer In The Wall*.

Danko didn't get much help from his side-kick, harp player Sredni Voller. He looked funkier than he played. The trappings didn't camouflage that fact. A Robbie Robertson fedora and a whole lot of writhing and reeling did not hide the truth: he contributed nothing but an endless run of squeekie toots.

Under different circumstances — perhaps the intimate surroundings of a small smokey cafe — there is a slim chance it could have worked as a chummy, hang-loose get-together.

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Despite the setting, Danko did not project the right attitude for a professional musician. He left the impression of not really giving a hoot, apparently content to use his name as a drawing card while offering sloppy renditions of self-penned songs and old favorites.

Although Danko does tour with a full-fledged electric band, he also works as an acoustic duo with Vollmer, as was the case last night.

Toward the end of the set they were joined by Danko's pilot and soundman, Tony Belmont, on keyboards. Belmont added some spirit to the proceedings, but the show was beyond saving at that point.

If Danko is to carve a solo career for himself that is worthy of attention, he will not do it with insultingly glib performances such as this. If last night was indicative of his recent efforts in general he will be viewed only as an alumnus of The Band.

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JANUARY 1982

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SUN. 24TH JOHN STEWART FROM THE KINGSTON TRIO w/ RICK DANKO FROM THE BAND	MON. 25TH ROCK CREEK BAND	TUE. 26TH DANNY and the FAT BOYS REUNION featuring DANNY GATON	WED. 27TH The Fabulous Thunderbirds	THU. 28TH north star BAND	FRI. 29TH JR. WALKER and the ALLSTARS
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