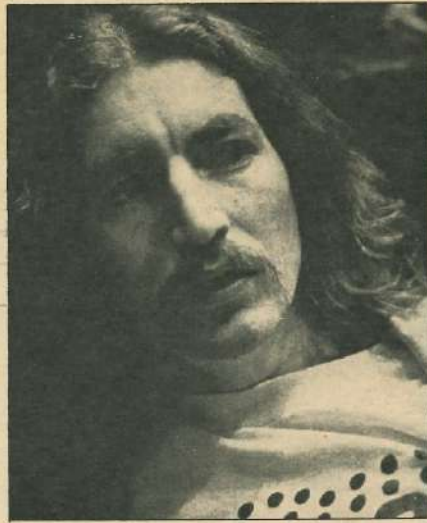


# SUNDAY



**Showco lights up their lives**

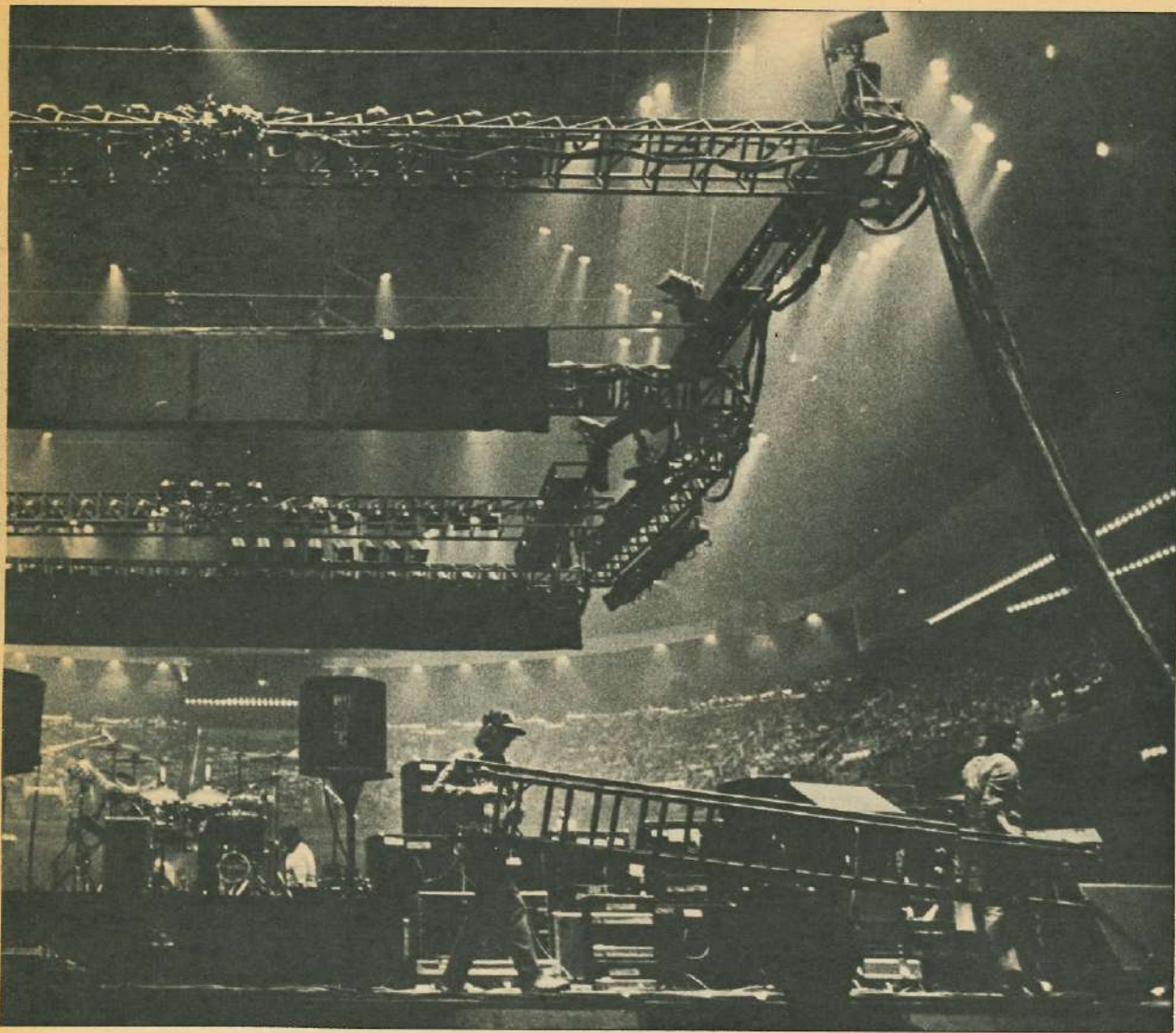
For an artist like Jackson Browne, the stage monitors are given as much attention as the sound out front. Rance Caldwell, right, must please him.



Christy Axford, Showco's first woman engineer



The early morning load-in at the Summit in Houston



Once considered a simple necessity, concert lighting has entered a dizzying realm of theatrical effects for the competitive rock performer. Here, the lighting trusses for the Browne show, weighing a total of 8,000 pounds, have just been hoisted into place in Houston.

## Showco's bands on the run

By Sean Mitchell  
Photography by Philip Gould

**T**he sound check is always at 5 in the afternoon. For the nomads of the Showco crew, it is a daily deadline that can't be missed, come what may. All roads lead to this. By now, the lighting trusses are hung. The tons of speakers and amps have been stacked in place since 2 o'clock. The stage is no longer the hopeless tangle of wires and cables it looked just before noon. The truckloads of equipment cases are out of sight, rolled into the wings and behind the great scrim painted like the album cover. From backstage, all the clutter of this rock and roll traveling show is still very much in view, but out front — from the vantage point of the mixing board 30 rows back — it looks only like any stage where a glamorous bit of show business is about to take place.

The truck drivers are back at the motel sleeping or watching TV. A lighting technician crawls along a catwalk, hand-focusing each of the 150 spots which will rain down on Jackson Browne and his band tonight. In a storage area to stage left, roadies and stage hands, exhausted, sit down at metal folding tables to a dinner of barbecue and potato salad. A few play a weary game of Ping-Pong on a portable table.

Each day it's the same routine for the road crews of the Dallas-based company which has engineered the sound and light production for many of the world's leading rock bands since 1970. The Showco semis drive by night, pulling into the next city in the wee, wee hours and backing up to the loading docks at the auditorium. Veteran company driver Frank Jerebek remembers the cities of North America by the loading docks of their auditoriums and stadiums. To Frank, Detroit means Cobo Hall; L.A., Santa Monica Civic or the Hollywood Bowl; Oakland, the coliseum where Led Zeppelin closed out its tour last summer. Often in the middle of the night, when they are having dinner at some truckstop cafe, Frank and his fellow





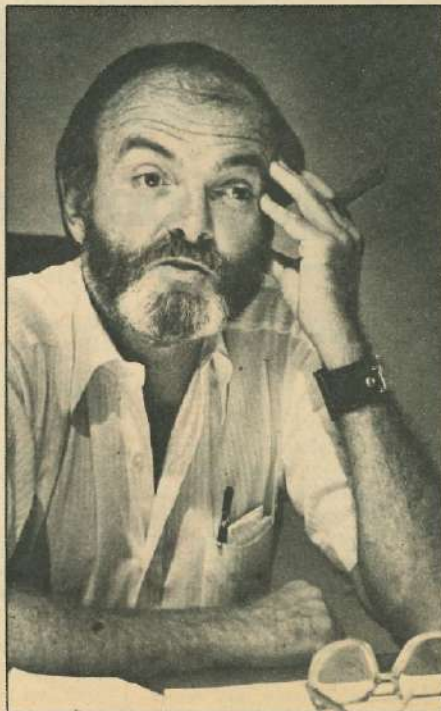
Rusty Brutsche, Jack Maxson and Jack Calmes: they built sound systems for the stars in a Highland Park garage

## Showco Continued

drivers talk not only of naked women in parking lots and hotel corridors but of memorable load-ins of the past — McCartney & Wings into Madison Square Garden, The Who into RFK Stadium.

Frank says he can't believe the way the architects design some of these buildings. At some older ones, you can hardly get a big semi in and out. But 20 years ago how many architects envisioned that one day there would be concerts requiring three, four and five trailers full of portable sound and light equipment? And in the case of heavy metal bands like ZZ Top and Led Zeppelin, that equipment would be measured literally in tens of tons?

When the show is over each night about 11, the crew strikes the set — an electronic maze of speaker cabinets, stage monitors, amplifiers, mixing boards, lighting rig, guitars, piano, organ and assorted electrical paraphernalia. By 2 or 3 a.m. the trailers are loaded again for the night haul to the next town. The band, traveling by bus or plane, is on its own — partying or resting — until the sound check the next day, but the light and sound technicians are



Jim Clark: a banker joins the music business

already driving against the clock. The routine goes on for a month or two, and in all of it there is very little time for sleep. Like presidential political campaigns, big time rock and roll tours can easily take on the character of physical endurance tests.

Bassist Lee Sklar, who frequently travels with his band's roadies, has been at the hall since 3, adjusting his amps and paging through motor racing magazines. The rest of Browne's band — drummer Russ Kunkel, organist Craig Doerge, guitarists Danny Kortchmar and David Lindley — arrive later, strolling onto the stage at Austin's Municipal Auditorium as though it were home. And, in a way, it is. The carpet, freshly vacuumed, is laid down in the same place over the concrete. The baby grand piano is set up at the same angle it was in El Paso and Fort Worth. The microphones are all arranged in precisely the same configuration. The familiarity of the stage is the one thing everybody can count on during this midwinter tour of the South. Reflexively, they plug in their guitars and begin what amounts to an hour-and-a-half rehearsal.

Jackson Browne, the 29-year old singer, songwriter and pop star at the center of this bus and truck extravaganza, is out at the sound board with Doc, listening. Each day, Browne, considered a neurotic perfectionist, spends part of the rehearsal on stage setting the levels for his piano and guitar and voice, the rest sitting

— Staff Photo by Phil Huber

with Doc, the sound engineer assigned to the tour. As the musicians run through sections of tunes, Browne watches Doc twisting the dials on the board which will make tonight's show in this long and narrow hall sound, he hopes, just like last night's show in a smaller arena in San Antonio and, most important, just like his last record. Consistency is all. That is why Browne and his hypertense manager are paying a pretty price to have along Showco, which last year reported sales of \$5 million and was approached for purchase by CBS.

For the five thousand or so people who are going to pay to hear it tonight, the celebrated sound of Jackson Browne will be, to a great extent, controlled here at this "superboard" with Doc at the knobs, endlessly fine-tuning the highs, lows and in-betweens. When the lights come up and you hear that sound, as Browne has written in a recent song, the sound you hear will be in Showco's hands.

As far as the subtler qualities of the system, Showco partner and chief live mixer Jack Maxson says without hesitation, "We can do a live show that's better than the record." He cites last summer's James Taylor shows at McFarlin as a prime example.

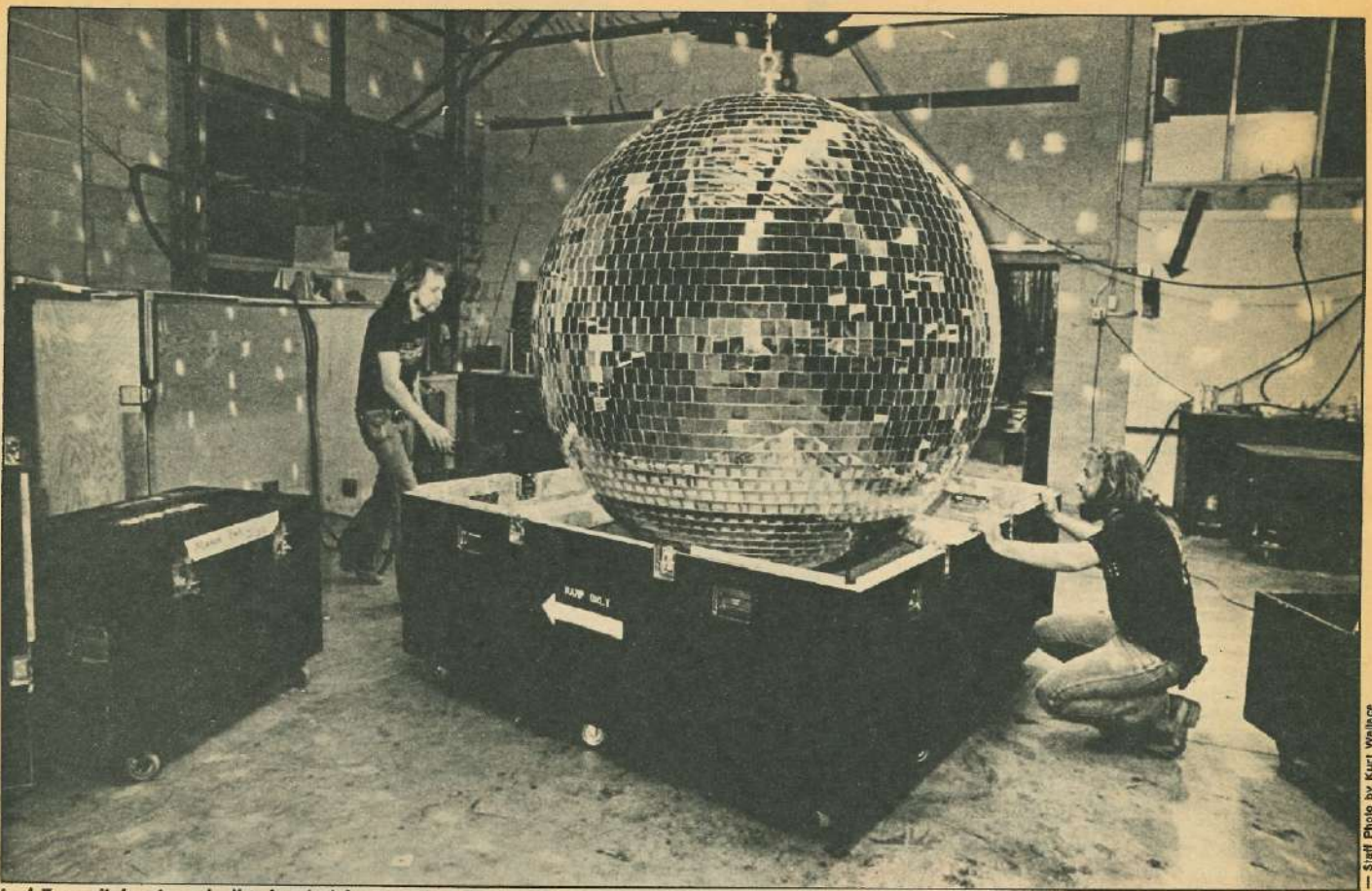
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Providing lights and, especially, sound for touring rock groups is big business, but a relatively young one. It is an industry which has grown by the same leaps and bounds as the music it has amplified. When the Beatles first toured the concert stages of America in 1964, there was no such thing as special concert sound equipment. Symphony orchestras seldom relied on anything more than the acoustics of a hall. Blues and jazz artists and the early rockers used only their own instrument amplifiers if they used anything. The Beatles and the first wave of '60s rock bands which followed their epoch-making success got their live sound from a few Vox columns onstage combined with the built-in house PA. "It was horrible," says Showco president Jack Calmes of those early rock concerts. But at the time no one thought any the less of the Beatles or the Dave Clark Five.

There has been a revolution in the concert production business since then. Today, as a matter of course, imposing banks of speaker cabinets crowd the stage even for country and folk performers like Willie Nelson and John Prine. High-powered rock acts like The Who or Pink Floyd wouldn't think of going onstage without the benefit of a state-of-the-art sound system which will employ at least 30,000 watts and reach a sound level of more than 100 decibels.

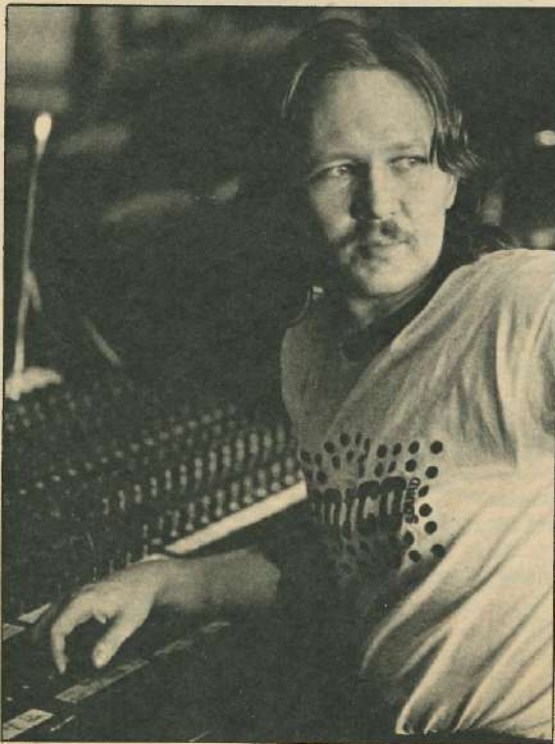
Lighting, too, once considered a simple necessity to be provided by the hall, has entered a dizzying realm of theatrical effects which the competitive rock performer feels he has to carry with him. Where a spotlight or two in the balcony might have sufficed for the early Beatles or Bob Dylan, now huge overhead trusses are suspended to shower the stage in a wash of many colors while special generators shoot laser beams off the walls and into the audience. Led Zeppelin's lighting rig for its last tour, for example, carried 350 different lamps. The trusses filled two semi-trailers.

"The big groups are so conscious now of their stage shows," says Showco's Rusty Brutsche, who designs them, "that each



Led Zeppelin's mirror ball is loaded for travel at the warehouse

— Staff Photo by Kurt Wallace



Doc at the board: the highs, lows and in-betweens

## Showco Continued

wants to know what the last one did so they can do it bigger and better."

Since it is impractical for the artists themselves to own and maintain such unwieldy but fashionable concert accouterments, they usually rent them, giving rise to the concert production companies like Showco. In less than a decade the traveling light and sound business has grown into an estimated \$75-million-a-year industry, with between 200 and 250 companies sharing the world market. Showco is among the largest and most successful of these companies, producing an average of 120 concerts a month in the United States and abroad. Showco has produced tours for Linda Ronstadt, Lynyrd Skynyrd, The Who, the Average White Band, Eric Clapton, and countless others. The reason so many of these artists (most notably Paul McCartney & Wings in May, 1976) have launched national tours from Dallas/Fort Worth in recent years is that they have had to come here for a week of rehearsals with the Showco equipment anyway so it's convenient to do the first show here as well.

Showco hires out to the band. According to Calmes, the "average" pop artist out on the road is paying \$2,000 to \$3,000 a night for lights and sound. "But," he adds, "the biggest acts can spend \$15,000 to \$20,000 a night." While this may sound like a lot, consider that the box office gross at a rock concert might be as much as \$100,000 in a big hall like Tarrant County Convention Center and \$15-20,000 in a smaller auditorium like SMU's McFarlin.

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"There were no real standards or models (for heavy-duty touring systems) when we came along," says Calmes, a 34-year-old business graduate of SMU, who, with partners Jack Maxson, 37, and Rusty Brutsche, 33, has been a pioneer in the development of the modern, rented, traveling sound system. The first large concert sound system in America is generally credited to Bill Hanley, a Boston sound technician who put one together for the Woodstock Festival in 1969 and then trucked it around to other large outdoor festivals that same year. One of the shows Hanley worked that summer of '69 was the Texas Pop Festival at Lewisville, which Calmes and then-partner Angus Wynne III had financed.

Wynne and Calmes together had started Showco as a small general entertainment company in 1966, booking local bands into Market Hall on holidays and then opening a night club

on Greenville Avenue called Soul City. Wynne, whose father, Angus Wynne Jr., had built Six Flags Over Texas, put up most of the money for Showco and gave the company its name. Among other accomplishments, Showco brought Bob Dylan to Texas for his first concerts west of the Mississippi in 1966 and employed "sound reinforcement," i.e. extra speakers onstage, for the first time, at Moody Coliseum. "Dylan had never seen anything like it," Calmes says. But the three-day Pop Festival was the young company's most ambitious project yet and it lost somewhere around \$100,000. Wynne, who says the loss depleted most of his savings, decided to get out ("I wanted something straighter," he recalls) and began studying for a real estate license.

Calmes was a professional musician and had played in the house band, The Soul Society, with Brutsche at Soul City, a club which in the late '60s brought Little Richard, Stevie Wonder and Chuck Berry to Greenville Avenue in the building which is now Fannie Ann's. Calmes had been a guitarist since high school (Highland Park) where he and Brutsche had formed

a rock band called the Jades, a contemporary of Steve Miller's Marksmen. Miller, Brutsche, Calmes and Wynne all knew each other then and, later, when Showco opened Soul City, Miller sometimes dropped in to jam.

After the financial debacle at Lewisville, Calmes regrouped. Soul City had been abandoned by this time, and the only real asset Showco had was Calmes' band's PA system, designed by Brutsche, an SMU engineering graduate. "To make some money we started renting it out to other groups," Calmes remembers. "Then we decided to add on to it."

Enter Jack Maxson, a local recording engineer who had met Calmes through Angus Wynne. Maxson also had grown up in Highland Park and had taken a degree in radio and TV from the University of Oklahoma. He had recorded commercials for one company before building his own 4-track studio in Fort Worth, but by 1969 he was, he says, "losing my ass in the jingle business." He joined forces with Brutsche and Calmes. All of them recognized the need for a company which could put a reliable rock and roll sound system on the road.

In Maxson's garage on Beverly Drive they built a system of JBL speakers "modeled after the one the Beach Boys had," which they successfully peddled to Concerts West in 1970 for a series of Chicago dates in Texas (in the days when promoters still had to provide the sound). "Getting the Chicago dates was our first break," Calmes notes. In that same year the company landed its first national tour with Three Dog Night. They continued to work out of the garage until they got their first shop in 1971.

They learned as they went, building things which hadn't been built before, gradually developing an integrated system which could take the punishment of constant travel. "What made Showco," Calmes says emphatically, "was our packaging concepts — our ability to put together a system that could go up in a matter of hours and work night after night." By 1972 Showco had snared such accounts as the road show enagement of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, Led Zeppelin and James Taylor. For their first Zeppelin tour they also did the lights as well, designing a 48-channel computerized lighting board in the process. For the Zeppelin 1973 tour, Showco introduced the first touring laser show. "Pink Floyd had actually been the first to use a laser but it was a small one," says Calmes, who discovered lasers through some artists he knew in Los Angeles. "When I came back to Dallas and recommended using them, my partners thought I was crazy."

Other Showco innovations which followed included the use of pneumatic towers for lights, a portable mixing board, and the development of "rigging," the process by which the large speakers (representing sometimes as much as 35,000 pounds), are suspended from the ceiling, allowing better sight lines to the stage.

Although today Calmes says, "I think not having money when we started made us strong," still money was a problem. In the early '70s, while the company began to build an impressive list of clients, it nevertheless had trouble getting the sort of financing it needed to keep pace with expansion. Local bankers didn't seem sympathetic. Explains one loan officer in Dallas who has worked with Showco, "You get three long-haired guys coming into a bank asking for big money and what do you expect the reaction is going to be?"

"It's hard to explain to bankers what we do," says Calmes.

One banker who listened was Jim Clark, former president of the Brookhollow National Bank and one-time member of the Texas Legislature. Clark, 41, who joined Showco as a financial vice president two years ago, gave the company its first substantial loan (\$50,000) while still at Brookhollow in 1974 and later helped secure a loan of \$500,000 from the Small Business Administration. "The finances just grew like Topsy over the years, patched together like a bad sound system," Clark explains. "If our systems were built like our finances, we'd be out of business. My basic job has been to get some order into that. It's interesting that the only (underwriters) we can get to seriously listen to us are representatives of national corporations. Two major national insurance companies have been in recently to see us."

For those first tours Calmes, Maxson and Brutsche all went out on the road and did everything themselves. "Things have gotten a lot easier now for crews," Brutsche says. "In the old days we drove the truck, lifted the stuff, everything . . . now stagehands do the heavy lifting."

Today, Showco has eight different systems traveling at one time, being carted around in 18 to 20 trucks. Calmes keeps track of them on a large gridded blackboard down the hall from his warehouse office. Here he plots interchanges and rescue missions, figuring if a system being used by Thin Lizzy, for example, can get to Kansas City on a day off in time to substitute for another band's system which is having problems. "We used to be short of equipment," says Clark, "but we're not anymore. The equipment inventory is so balanced now that you can pull a module out of any sound system and go to any other sound system. As recently as a year ago you couldn't do that. You had amplifiers that would put so many watts into so many ohms and if you cross-wired the things, watch out!"

During the peak summer months Showco employs about 130 people, including an in-house travel agent. In the winter, the payroll shrinks back to about 90, with almost half of





Alan Owen sprawls in front of his mixing board after the sound check in Austin

## Showco Continued

those working in the main office and the rest on the road. The headquarters for all this is a large, nondescript warehouse building on Governor's Row in the Trinity River industrial district where, inside, show business chic keeps company with laboratory electronics. In the foyer and front offices the trappings of the music business decorate the walls; candid photos of rock stars, framed record albums, posters, custom mirrors remind you that you are in the presence of celebrity. Hanging plants and cork insulation abound. Down the hall it's a somewhat different story. In a series of drab cubicles, young long-haired technicians in pearl-buttoned shirts sit at workbenches and pore over transistors, blueprints and circuits. In the large assembly area, the noise of drilling, sawing and soldering mixes with the sound of loud recorded rock music. Spray paint and sawdust cloud the air. It is here that Paul McCartney's laser generator, Jackson Browne's speaker cabinets and Led Zeppelin's giant mirror ball have been assembled.

Calmes' office is a model of hip decorum. Against one wall is a long modern couch, against another an antique cabinet with a record player on top. Floor ornaments include a

sitar and an electric guitar which he still plays at the office Christmas party. Behind his desk is a mystical David Ryker oil painting he describes as "Heading Off Into the Sunset." While Maxson and Brutsche continue to run the technical side of the business, Calmes remains its main salesman. Prospective clients meet with him first, perusing handsome booklets outlining a range of equipment, from a simple set of M-4 speaker cabinets with monitors and a mixing board to the circus maximus designed last year for Zeppelin which required six semis and a crew of 30.

Calmes indicates the prestige of working with Zeppelin and McCartney has had its drawbacks. "Ninety per cent of our business is with intermediate acts, but a lot of people are afraid of us because they only hear about the stars and think we're too big.

"We will go out and actively pursue (fledgling) acts we believe in musically, just like a record company, so we can grow with them."

(Another drawback of working with superstars is the risk involved; the investment for the Zeppelin show was so large that when Zeppelin was forced to cancel the last seven dates of the tour because of the death of singer Robert Plant's son, Showco dropped \$250,000 in anticipated revenue. This meant an overall loss on the Zeppelin contract after months of costly preparation.)

One question which must seem ungracious in this music laden Governor's Row warehouse is: How much of this super sound equipment is

really necessary? Haven't rock concerts already gotten too loud? "Some concerts are too loud, I'll agree with that," Calmes says, "but a hard rock band is supposed to be. It's what the audience expects from the music... None of our people have been adversely affected by high sound levels."

"We all follow the progress of studies on ear damage pretty closely," adds Maxson, "and we haven't come across one yet that proved much."

Calmes has a favorite study on the subject: one which indicates that hearing damage is caused not primarily by high levels of sound but by high levels of sound perceived as unpleasant to the ear. In other words, the sound of a jet engine or a jackhammer might be damaging, while — if you liked it of course — 150 decibels of Deep Purple at close range would be no cause for concern.

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Bill "Doc" Gans was an industrial chemist before he joined Showco several years ago, as was Rance Caldwell, the man running the stage monitors for the Browne tour. Alan Owen, in charge of lights, hired on right after college. The system for the Browne tour is medium-sized, requiring three trucks and a Showco crew of 10, counting the drivers. There are two lighting technicians, two sound men, one rigger and three roadies. "Actually we're all roadies," Owen remarks sharply when someone questions him about the division of labor.

Browne and band have their own roadies to

handle their personal equipment, tune the instruments and run errands. The Showco crew, nearly all of them in their mid-20s, expresses some resentment toward the band's crew because as one Showco member puts it, "They make more money and do less." The big time rock band roadie might make \$400 a week plus food and lodging while the average Showco crew member makes about half that.

Kevin Dipiazza, who spends each concert perched in the lighting truss, was a self-described drifter who happened to meet some members of a Bad Company crew in Phoenix last year who urged him to apply to Showco. He hitchhiked to Tucson from Chicago to meet a Showco crew chief and promptly went on the road with James Taylor and then the Kinks.

Johnny Roberts explains he took this job "because I guess I just can't stand still." After touring the world with the English band Genesis, he quit and tried selling mobile homes for three months but returned "for the travel."

Lighting technician Christy Axford, 26, is the first woman to go on the road for Showco. Her parents weren't thrilled with the idea. "My father wanted to know if I was sleeping with these guys and when I told him 'no' he felt better."

"Good luck to those people back there," Doc remarks during the sound check, casting a glance backward through the long and echo-chambered hall where extra rows of chairs have been moved this afternoon to accommodate additional ticket sales. "They shouldn't do that."

Doc mixed the monitors for hundreds of James Taylor concerts before being transferred to the Jackson Browne tour. Essentially he got a promotion, moving from mixing the monitors for one artist up to mixing the system out front for another, although, as he points out, "with a group like Jackson, the monitors count almost as much."

Monitors are another invention unheard of until the late '60s. Those smallish speakers on-stage facing up at the band, monitors allow the musicians to hear what they're playing. The monitors are actually an entirely independent sound system. It's some measure of how far the concert sound business has progressed to note that the current Showco monitor system is now larger and more powerful (7,000 watts) than the company's original concert system.

The monitor board is the one just offstage where the monitor mixer has to sit and, in the words of Jack Maxson, "guess what those guys out there want to hear." The sound out front could be a disaster and the the musicians wouldn't know it; the concert they hear is the one mixed by the monitor man.

Roughly, the main system works as follows: the instrument amplifiers are clustered together (a single player might use eight) with microphones in front of them to send the amplified sound then into the PA. Some instruments (the keyboards and the bass) are wired directly to the PA. "But if you played the guitars straight through," Maxson says, "the sound would be too clean. You want the distortion from the amps."

All the miked sound and all the direct sound is cabled out to the superboard where it is split into four channels (or ranges): low, lo-mid, mid and high. The first Showco systems only split the sound into two ranges; the four-way mix was introduced in '74 with the superboard de-

veloped by Brutsche and an engineer named Jim Bornhorst. Each of the four channels has a master control. After the sound impulses have passed through the mix, they travel back from the board to the stage where they emerge from the cabinets and horns as what the audience hears.

One of the strategic problems Showco repeatedly encounters is that an artist will become attached to a particular sound mixer or lighting designer and not want to work with any other, which is often impossible because of conflicting schedules. When Linda Ronstadt's manager schedules her next tour, for example, he may demand that she get so-and-so for lights and so-and-so for sound, and, of course, so-and-so may already be assigned to artist X who will not take kindly to a change either.

"When I first got a chance to do James (Taylor)," Doc says, "I was doing Golden Earring, and I wasn't that interested in a change. I thought James's music would be too mellow." Instead, he says, he found Taylor to be "dynamic" and "charismatic."

When Doc worked the Taylor tours, Taylor had the same band (The Section) backing him that Browne has on this tour. The big difference between working for Jackson and James, Doc says, relaxing for a moment at the superboard, is that Jackson won't let the band improvise ("Peter Golden [Browne's manager] wants it just like the record.") James, on the other hand, encourages it, and Doc seems to admire this.

Before being assigned to Browne, Owen worked the lights for Genesis, where, he says, "the lights were more important... It's a more theatrical music — a lot of melotrons, that sort of thing."

During the sound check, Browne is all business. While the other musicians wander from the stage, talking, reading, fooling around, he seems totally bent on concentration. "Last Night I Thought 'Before the Deluge' was a little weak," he announces, adding that an intro note was missing. He talks to Doc over the PA, and Doc talks back through the PA. "Not too many groups worry this much about such detail," Maxson has explained the night before in San Antonio. A cassette tape of every concert is recorded at the mixing board so that Browne can listen the next morning for mistakes.

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The concerts are performed, for the most part, with almost uncanny precision and regularity. There are not intended to be any surprises. The song list is nearly identical each night. Still, Doc follows the sets from a pack of notecards, each with a song and its instrumental particulars scribbled out. ("Here Come Those Tears Again" . . . Danny, guitar solo . . . Lindley, fiddle). Owen does the same for his lighting cues. At each hall Owen has to depend additionally on local operators to man the spotlights in the balcony. He gives them their cues on an intercom.

In Austin this night Owen has to wing it twice: first, when there is a song substitution without warning and second, when somebody steals a solo during the second encore and throws the big spots into confusion. Neither time was the audience probably remotely aware of anything out of the ordinary; but for the band and the crew these were untidy moments.

In Austin the load-out is unusually swift,

owing to what the Showco crew explain is a good batch of local stagehands. "It can make all the difference," says Frank, the driver, who lends a hand loading his own trailer. Before the trucks pull out there is a final raid made on the ice chests of beer in the hospitality suite backstage, where three stranded groupies court the remaining crew. "I'll do anything to go to Houston with you," one squeaks to Frank, who is noticeably indifferent to her plea. "Sorry, darlin', it's against company policy," he tells her.

The Showco crew gets to Houston before dawn the next morning, checks into a motel, and heads right for the Summit, Houston's sparkling new sports/entertainment complex. While Christy shouts orders at the local stagehands, the rig is slowly hoisted into place. Its total weight is about 8,000 pounds, supported from six points.

Houston is the showpiece of the Texas tour and the preparations go smoothly. The Summit is the sort of modern hall which promoters and truckers alike are quite fond of. Here, as at Tarrant County, the trucks can drive actually inside the arena, backing up nearly to the stage for the load-in. And it has 18,000 seats, most of which look to be full before the lights go down and opening act Karla Bonoff kicks off the show. If it is not an acoustic dream, neither is the Summit more of a challenge for Doc than Austin. He shrugs off its size.

Just before he is to go on, Jackson walks over to the promoter, smiles toward the packed arena, gathers the the band members to him like a college quarterback and says, "Okay, let's get 'em, boys!"

Because no one thought Browne would pull this many people, there is a sense of triumph throughout the evening. The band outdoes itself. They have decided not to rig the sound here as they did in Fort Worth but the stacks of horns and cabinets on the stage fill the hall with guitar thunder easily enough. The voice, always the fragile voice, is preserved and magnified as in the studio. In the days gone by, bands didn't expect this sort of fidelity on the road, and especially not in a hockey rink.

The Summit is hopping, from the first notes of "Take It Easy" through "The Pretender" and "The Load-Out," Browne's new ode (from his latest LP *Running On Empty*) to the roadies who make modern rock tours possible. He plays it as the second encore each night, and occasionally ad libs a line about the drivers or the tuners or his production manager. The song sounds sweet, but its inspiring lyrics, one gathers from talking to Rance and Doc and Christy and Allen, are mostly fiction.

The real nerve-grinding logistics of moving this show from town to town are such that, on reflection, the song becomes almost a parody. "Imagine what it's like doing 10 one-nighters in a row," Rance has said earlier, while discoursing on his chronic lack of sleep. "It's not healthy."

Asked earlier if he spent much time attending concerts produced by other sound companies, Calmes answered that, no, he didn't, simply because "at the average rock concert the sound isn't very good. I can't enjoy it." For his part, Jack Maxson said that, no, he didn't either. "I'd rather be at Jack's house or with my family. It's not my idea of a good time really."