

ENDPOINT & SUNSPRING

"WRITTEN IN ROCK"



SONGS OF RICK SPRINGFIELD

SLAMDEK NO. 33



Over the summer of 1993, eight bright young individuals from Louisville and one young whippersnapper from Indiana packed up some stuff and took to the road. For the next twenty-three days, Endpoint and Sunspring, partners in rock, would spend each night in a different town and find out inconsiderably more about what it's like to be human. When you're in the right frame of mind, almost anything can sound like a good idea.

Our first manifestation of rock took us to the familiar turf of Sweet Saint Louie. If you remember, there was quite a flood in St Louis at this time. Our entourage was auspicious enough to avoid a run-in with these waters.

We relished a sunny afternoon reacquainting ourselves with old friends and getting to know some new ones. Let's just say Forrest had a particularly good time.

The next five days were nothing short of a quick 120 hour preview of Eternal Damnation. A handful of cancelled shows, a flat tire, a dented door, and a crash course in the logistics of taking two vehicles on a 9,000 mile journey were just a taste of what they held. During this introduction to the tour it became painfully apparent that there really is no place like home.



By the time we reached Show #2/Day #4, the 91-degree stagnant air of Copperus Cove Texas was as humid and hot as Hell itself. It completed the scenario perfectly. We pulled into town in the early AM after a breezy 21 hour drive from St Louis. The single day we spent at the club Little Vegas was seconds shy of an eternity. All afternoon a young band preparing for their first show (opening for us) dedicatedly stumbled through their "version" of "Enter Sandman" a nerve racking 2,46,522 times. We all grew a fond hatred for this tune as the day dragged on.

The four highlights of our day were: 1. Our first oil change. 2. Dining at historic Luby's Cafeteria where one of the Cove's more sane citizens once drove his truck inside and opened fire on the patrons killing twelve of them. 3. When the show finally began and we knew we were hearing the

Written In Rock

an account of the 1993 Endpoint/Sunspring U.S. Tour
by Scott Ritcher



performance" or "entertainment" for the last time. I'll never smelled better. and 4. When we were leaving, a woman walked around the building and edited the bad words out of everything that had been written on the walls that evening. Apparently she does this after every show.

Leaving Texas we realized that it is its own country (or soon will be). They killed Kennedy and they'll kill you, too, if you don't watch yourself. As the sticker says, "Don't Mess With Texas". They mean it. On second thought, "Fuck Texas" was suddenly popularized as the first catchphrase of the tour.

Our next destination was a hop, skip and a jump from central Texas to the Grand Canyon. All day. All night. We drove. Suicide anyone? We wheeled into Big Crack National Park an hour before sunrise (that is, 26 hours later, or 20 hours in Male Bonding Time). Several members of our ministry almost plummeted to a splat death. The traditional "Do not stray from the designated path" signs were ignored and let's just say that our gregarious punk ethic almost bought the farm in a big way. Your tax dollars would have been spent scraping our emo guts off the big bottom.

We were slowly beginning to learn a few things: 1. The pretty girls per capita is grossly huge number in Louisville and our eyes were getting sore away from this luxury. 2. If you own the only grocery store within a 40 mile radius of Grand Canyon Village, you can charge whatever you want. and 3. The Painted Desert is something everybody should see, but if you drive through it at night it slightly spoils the effect.

Somewhere in New Mexico an ill-fated bird became lodged in the front grille of the van. "The Boyd", as he was affectionately dubbed, received many a jealous glance from the other tourists. We made a sign and offered free photos of The Boyd to passers by. After annoying literally hundreds of foreign and domestic tourists, we even had a few takers from ambitious photographers. Maybe they were doing a piece on them crazy American entrepreneur kids who are high on pot and that rap music the kids listen to. In any event, Chad made it abundantly clear that he passionately hated The Boyd, and the tour's exploitation of it. On that note we said "Hasta la vista" to Big Ass Hole In The

Ground National Park. Mid-afternoon found our weary eyes enroute to a basement show in Tucson.

While this was our shortest jet to date, it was truly an insane experience. Cokes were poured on heads and sunburn and bonding reached an all time high. The wonderful, dry, cooling air of the Southwest was beginning to relax the troops. In no uncertain terms, the scenery was (as your stupid mom would say) "Somethin' else." Why would anyone want to live in the city? (Well, besides the easy access to food, shelter, entertainment, education, seven inches, cartoons and Atari)

A gargantuan thunderstorm and the cover of nightfall checked into beautiful Tucson just as we did. We stayed with some nice folks in an Edward Scissorhands neighborhood. Here we prepared our first ramen feast of the tour. After a few hours, before we went to sleep, we were relocated to some other house and an RV. Alas, we slumbered.

The next day, after record shopping and eating generous portions, the basement punk rock party show commenced. It was in a 15'x15' concrete room with an inch of dust on the floor. The crowd was gracious, yet timid. The Tucson Police turned out to be just as courteous as they ignored our unusually loud launching of the hardcore rocket. Fun was had by all and there is still dust all over our equipment as three months later.

Without the wink of an eye we were on our way to the paradox of paradoxes, the Republic of California. First, in Simi Valley, we met up with Strife, Ashes from DC, and Herr Remsing. We all shared the next few shows.

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part two



Under the careful guidance of our buddy Andrew; pizza, videos and cliff diving all awaited us.

San Diego put us in contact with long lost Louisvillian Thom Hornung, and Mario Rublaclabababa, who is just long and lost. Fella, they was sure some kinda sight for them sore eyes. This outburst took place at the Chabalaba Cafe and was full of surprises. The building has a huge plate glass front, so most of the people who came just watched from outside. Also, because of amp problems, Endpoint's set was done as a four piece. Pat sat out and Duncan played bass through his guitar amp. You don't see that every day. Well, unless you're touring with them, you don't see Endpoint every day.

In Hollywood, we were lucky enough to add onto a show making it a six band bill. Everybody played abot 20 minutes each. One of the six bands was none other than FACE "Fucking doin it for the kids Negative Approach Toxic Reasons hardcore twenty five years old and still a fucking loser" VALUE. The Erbs came just at the right time and breathed life back into our souring steps. Call the Value Hotline.

In Huntington Beach we played a show that 400 kids each paid \$7 to get into, and Endpoint and Sunspring combined walked out the door with \$23. Is there a problem with that math? You figure it out. It was a fun, eye-opening show, though. We moshed at Denny's with Dennis who broke our little hearts and wouldn't take us to Rev HQ. After shitting in the toilets at Dischord and Touch & Go, it really hurt to be snubbed. There would be no "Fart Today" jokes.

After some quick gushing, we bid farewell to Ashes, Strife, the Value, and took a northward course to Rosewood. Here we had the crazy fortune to cross paths with Scott Sinker, whom Sunspring had rocked with in Virginia. He set

salty. Our day there was spent patching up our differences, stuffing our faces at Taco Time, walking around, jumping on the trampoline, and watching "Falling Down" three times. Inspiration was afoot and, unbeknownst to us, another hearty helpin' of bonding was just around the corner.

In addition to all this fun, both bands rocked with an unbridled vengeance that night. The crowd connected and everything clicked in the way you always hope for it to. Our day apart from each other seemed to have served its purpose well. The clear mountain air and the giving people of Logan were just what we needed to prepare us for...

It was just over 700 miles to Rapid City South Dakota. If someone had told us what was about to happen in advance, we would not have believed it. It was again Hell that awaited us under night's blanket of darkness.

The first nine or ten hours of this trek were as good as could be expected. Long, straight roads, majestic scenery, reasonable morale, and a '70s Elvis tape to boot. When the aforementioned darkness took us under its wing that unsuspecting evening, so did the Devil. The last two hours of the trip quickly became three. Then four. The roads just as quickly transformed into winding, rocky dirt paths. The van's engine became irrational and the car's windshield caught a rock. It was stop and go for at least two hours with the van overheating in this isolated Wyoming lunar terrain. Had the van stopped for good, we would have been hours from the nearest help. Except for the lights of our vehicles, all we could see was blackness. Standing out there in the vast openness with no light and no sounds was pretty eerie. At this juncture we realized three important things: 1. If you're unshaven, punk rock, you have bags under your eyes and you're in the middle of nowhere, your chances of getting water assistance are slim. 2. If you're unshaven, punk rock, you have bags under your eyes and you're in the middle of nowhere, your chances of getting water assistance are slim. 3. If you're unshaven, punk rock, you have bags under your eyes and you're in the middle of nowhere, your chances of getting water assistance are slim.

this show up for us under a huge red sculpture by the side of the highway. The only catch was, "If it gets busted, the cops can confiscate your equipment." Oh, that's no problem. Just think of all the space we'd have in the van without all that shit in there.



We camped out there by the sculpture all day, fought off bees, slept in the cars, talked with some super nice local folk, and spent the rest of the day setting off car alarms with a Nerf football. Things were starting to get sketchy with food. Myself and a few others were starting to pay the price for having too much rock and not enough sleep. When you can't afford a sandwich, the last thing you'd want to have to buy is medicine. Certain members of Sunspring didn't speak to each other much this day. Maybe that's why we seemed especially inclined to mingle with strangers. It was truly a unique experience.

The next day we had off. We had a swift 13 hour hop up to scenic Logan Utah. Our day off was spent two different ways, as the two vehicles split up for the first time since St Louis. Kyle, Forrest, Rob, Chad, Duncan and Andy back tracked 93 miles and enjoyed a day sight seeing and raising havoc in San Francisco. Then they spent the night on the road. Jason, Pat and I immediately took to traversing the desert and mountains of Nevada. We took in a lot of scenery... along with a lot of pizzas. The car reached Logan just after midnight and the van pulled in about 10 AM.

Logan is one of the weirdest, greatest places you can imagine. It's a community of 26,000 people who live at the end of a two lane road 7,000 feet up in the mountains. It's alot like Salt Lake City Jr. The air is clean, yet

means "window" in German. and 3. Amanda White? Noo.

We were lucky. We made it through in one piece with both vehicles in working order. You could say that the spirits were willing. (fart). The last 45 minutes of darkness also happened to be the last 45 minutes before we reached Mount Rushmore. By now we all felt like this was a pilgrimage. We were on a mission for God and nothing could stand in our way. The magnificent sunrise at Mount Rushmore that awaited us was a just reward for our noble, tireless efforts.

Who knows if YOU've ever been to Mount Rushmore, but let's just say it's a bona fide hunk of shit. Bullshit. The catch phrase for the rest of the tour, perhaps the rest of eternity, was "Mount Rushmore is small potatoes". We expected a blowtorch and we got a wet match. The fact that Alfred Hitchcock and Cary Grant once walked in the visitors' center was much more impressive than the small potatoes shaped like heads stuck up on a mountainside surrounded by a subpar Gatlinburg.

After this let down we had to muster the strength to kill 15 hours of partly cloudy skies in Rapid City. It wasn't so bad. We were saved by some cool cats with a live R.O.B. concert video. Touring really pays off. The Rapid City show was with Shelter and J08 and all that that entails. After which we were met with the news of the cancellation of our show in Omaha.

Pay attention, now, this is important. The show in Omaha was to have fallen between two days off. (its cancellation created three days off between Rapid City and Minneapolis (a ten hour drive). We were severely low on money, and the thought of feeding nine mouths for three days with no shows and no place to stay didn't sit too easy with the gang.

With a big deep breath of excitement, we issued an emphatic negatory to that course of action. We decided to embark upon a twenty hour homeward expedition to Louisville. Clean, safe, cheap, secure, humid, Louisville. No sooner had we thought of it than we arrived at the end of that 1,217 mile jaunt.

It was good to be home. So good that Sunspring decided it would be in the best interest of certain life insurance companies if the three of them spent no more time together in close quarters. The last four shows of the Endpoint/Sunspring U.S. tour were indeed Sunspringless. Endpoint delivered the goods twofold to finish the tour rendering more equipment unusable in those four days than in the previous twenty. Minneapolis, Madison, Chicago and Detroit were all glorified by this obstreperous harvesting of dissolution. Afterwards everyone was thanked graciously.

Soon everyone returned home with a large understanding of how small we all are, and a somewhat larger understanding of how big our country is. Very tired and very poor, as it ended, we all knew more of what each other was about. Friendships are time honored, and we'll surely never forget each and every one of those 8,349 miles we shared as Louisville's traveling minstrels of rock. Moreover, we'll never forget how it felt. These small potatoes are the precious times; they don't come back. (sniff sniff) ☹

WRITTEN IN ROCK

As a respected artist who has contributed valuable, emotional work to the world of popular music, Rick Springfield is surely under appreciated and widely misinterpreted. The most popular and damaging misconception of what Rick Springfield is about is the bubblegum pop image his first few Top 10 hits came with. His early '80's role as Noah Drake on TV's *General Hospital*, and his own virtually plotless (but otherwise great) feature "HARD TO HOLD", took their toll on how seriously the demanding public would come to view his musical career.

So why do Endpoint and Sunspring, two bands so distantly dislocated from his genre, feel the need to make this record more than ten years after "Affair of the Heart"? Simply because the validity of Rick's career is so understated that his best works remain unfamiliar to the vast majority of music lovers. The struggle he went through to attain worldwide recognition has never been matched with the widespread, sincere recognition of quality that his work deserves.

After leaving the Australian teen idol group Zoot and coming to United States in 1971, his first solo single "Speak To The Sky" charted at #14. You'd think at age 23 with a major label deal and a #14 single the world would be at your feet. Things weren't so easy. His managers and Capitol Records had different plans for him. While he continued to write and develop meaningful new material, Capitol, against his ideas, promoted it as bubblegum music.

COMIC BOOK HEROES, his second album, is where he drew the line. He engaged in a legal battle to dissolve his contracts with his management and Capitol Records. The court case cost him \$100,000 and lasted three years, during which he could not release a new record.

He began making clay statues and acting as alternate creative outlets until he could record again. His acting coach, Malcolm McDowell of *A Clockwork Orange*, helped put him on his feet. He continued writing songs and acting until his contract problems were resolved in 1975. Then, signed with the independent Chelsea Records, Rick Springfield's WAIT FOR NIGHT, his third LP, was at last in the works.

WAIT FOR NIGHT was well-received, supported by radio, and his first United States tour in 1976. As if things were actually on the right track, while on tour, word came that Chelsea Records had gone out of business. Rick again began looking for work until he could make music again.

Universal Pictures picked him up as a contract actor in 1977. This gave him a steady income and got his face into American homes. Acting also helped him shake his Australian accent. During his two years at Universal he appeared in the first episode of *Battlestar Galactica* as Lorne Greene's son, and episodes of *Wonder Woman*, *The Six Million Dollar Man*, and *Nancy Drew Mysteries* also had Rick Springfield guest starring. Perhaps his shortest yet most memorable guest slot was as a British rock star on *The Rockford Files*, he showed a grand piano into a swimming pool.

In 1980, five years after WAIT FOR NIGHT, he signed with RCA Records. He had been playing in an a bar band for cash since his Universal contract expired. His first album for RCA was WORKING CLASS DOG, and while work on it progressed he landed a regular part on *General Hospital*.

Though RCA was not convinced that a picture of Rick's dog would make the best album cover, he insisted, and they did it. Late in 1981, "Jessie's Girl" shot to number one, sold over a million copies and earned him a Grammy. At age 32, Rick Springfield was about to embark on the ride of his life. A starring role in a hit movie, and fifteen more Top 40 singles lay ahead.

Juggling two careers took its toll when tour dates fell short of his expectations. SUCCESS HASN'T SPOILED ME YET was recorded in night sessions after tapings of *General Hospital*, which had become America's #1 soap opera. The album was #2 in Billboard, and he decided to leave television and dedicated full time to rock. He toured the world extensively for this album and the next, LIVING IN OZ, before filming began for "HARD TO HOLD" in 1984.

By far, Rick Springfield's masterwork is 1985's TAO. While critics scoffed at it as "an overproduced, misguided attempt to gain respect", it's a far more emotional record than anyone in his place would have dared use to follow HARD TO HOLD. TAO's mesmerizing sound and mile-high instrumental layering can only distract you momentarily from the delicately personal lyrics it backs. His feelings through failed commitments, love, and the tragic death of his father are just a taste of what its ten songs hold.

...continued inside.

ENDPOINT "JESSIE'S GIRL"

(R. SPRINGFIELD) POP/ALTERNATIVE MUSIC (RMT)

SUNSPRING "LOVE SOMEBODY"

(R. SPRINGFIELD, B. DRASCHER) POP/ALTERNATIVE MUSIC (RMT)



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This record is \$3.50 postpaid in the United States. SDK-33. Write for a free catalog.

...continued from other side

In 1988, **ROCK OF LIFE**, his last album, fully completed his progression from pop icon to an artist who makes records purely for his own cathartic and musical value. A motorcycle accident and the birth of his second son kept him from ever touring for the album.

He fell back on acting again as a creative outlet and didn't return to the road until the summer of 1993 with a greatest hits tour. The twelfth Rick Springfield album, and his first of new material in six years, is expected in late spring 1994.

All in all, the purpose of this second Endpoint/Sunspring split 7" is to possibly broaden the horizons of those who come across it. That anyone who adds Slamdek #33 to their record collection might be enlightened to the unsuspecting catalog of a passionate, unfairly underpraised musician whose work embodies worlds more than most realize. Rick Springfield's music holds uncountable personal memories and inspirations, all of which our lives would have been less complete without.

SUNSPRING & ENDPOINT

ENGINEERED BY MIKE BAKER

Recorded at Dave Stewart Land

Duncan Barlow

Chad Castetter

Kyle Crabtree

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Pat McClimans

Rob Pennington

Scott Ritcher

Jason Thompson



Slamdek

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Do yourself a favor and try these CDs on for size:

RICK SPRINGFIELD

- **WORKING CLASS DOG** (1981) RCA #3697
- **SUCCESS HASN'T SPOILED ME YET** (1982) RCA #4767 cassette only
- **LIVING IN OZ** (1983) RCA #4660
- **HARD TO HOLD** (1984) out of print
- **TAO** (1985) RCA #5370
- **ROCK OF LIFE** (1988) RCA #6620
- **GREATEST HITS** (1989) RCA #9817

SUNSPRING

- **POPPY** (1993) Slamdek #31

ENDPOINT

- **IF THE SPIRITS ARE WILLING** (1989) Slamdek #9
- **IN A TIME OF HATE** (1990) Conversion #10
- **CATHARSIS** (1992) Doghouse #10
- **AFTERTASTE** (1994) Doghouse #24

The original Rick Springfield version of "Jessie's Girl" appears on the **WORKING CLASS DOG** album. "Love Somebody" is from the motion picture **"HARD TO HOLD"** as are the samples in Sunspring's version.

Both songs also appear on **RICK SPRINGFIELD'S GREATEST HITS**.

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ENDPOINT "JESSIE'S GIRL"

(R. SPRINGFIELD) PORTAL MUSIC/MUSCLEMAN MUSIC (BMG)

SUNSPRING "LOVE SOMEBODY"

(R. SPRINGFIELD, B. DIERSCHER) YOGUR MUSIC (BMG)

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"Jessie's Girl"

(R. Springfield)



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"Love Somebody"
(R. Springfield, B. Drescher)

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