



Bruce Springsteen

Hot Licks

By Deb Gray

Bruce Springsteen/Born to Run/Columbia/\$6.98

After hearing this album, I did something unusual (for me)—I made a bet. It wasn't as if I were risking my shirt (or even worse, this album), just a dinner at Mac Donald's.

Anyway, here are my predictions concerning this album. If I'm right, I win a Big Mac. (1) This album will be included in the Best Album of the Year list of at least two music publications, (2) Springsteen will appear on the cover of the Rolling Stone before the end of the year and (3) he will be hailed as the spokesman for the '70s, joining the Stones, Bob Dylan and Elton John in representing the epitome of rock tradition.

"Who is this guy, anyway?" you might ask. Fair question. Springsteen, a composer/guitarist/vocalist, is from New Jersey and has a devoted following, especially in New York. His second album—*The Wild, the Innocent and the E Street Shuffle*—was a Rolling Stone's Best of the Year selection last year. *Born to Run*, Springsteen's third album, is even better. Through his music, Springsteen creates his own world, his own characters, his own symbols. The gulf between his world and the UNL environment (Big Red, Monday night fraternity suppers) is as great as the distance between earth and Alpha Centauri. His is the world of the street punk. He is the guy who gains his wisdom by fighting for survival. And he knows more about life than any Phi Beta Kappa Harvard graduate ever will.

Dave Marsh of Rolling Stone compared Springsteen's music to an "American Quadrophonia."

"But Springsteen doesn't write rock opera," he said. "He lives it."

Man, there's an opera out on the Turnpike
There's a ballet being fought out
in the alley
Until the local cops
Cherry tops
Rips this noly night...

"Jungleland" (Bruce Springsteen) Springsteen is a living example of one of the universal themes in literature—the same force that creates, that gives us life, can also destroy. Out in the streets—"it's where all the fun is," he says. It's what life is all about. The streets—where "kids flash their guitars just like switch-blades" and "the hungry and the hunted/Explode into rock 'n' roll bands"—also gave Springsteen his art. But he wants to get out, before he gets sucked into this hellbroth so far he can't escape.

Baby this town rips the bones for your back
It's a death trap, it's a suicide rap
We gotta get out while we're young
Cause tramps like us, baby we were born to run.

"Born to Run" will probably be mentioned in some university rock history class 20 years from now. Not only is it exciting music, it captures the '70s feeling of frustration, of longing to escape to a freer life, in the same way that "Born to Be Wild" and "Gimme Shelter" captured the '60s spirit of revolution.

This emphasis on Springsteen's lyrics should not make anyone think that the music isn't good. The band is phenomenal—a synthesis of everything good that's happened in music for the last 10 years. Clarence Clemons is easy to single out for praise because he solos a lot, but the whole outfit is great: tight, controlled and exciting.

Is there any hope for the senseless killings and the apathy that Springsteen talks about? Only the poets, who portray the horror and inhumanity of the ghetto so that society realizes that the dark and venal exists not only in Harlem, but in everyone's lives. But the poets are no salvation. The most obvious exception to this indictment is Springsteen himself.

Correction

Due to a misprint in the *Give 'em Hell Harry* review yesterday in the entertainment section, a paragraph was deleted which made the story incomplete.

The review should have read: This is the main problem with the film—it doesn't show the real Truman. It does, however, provide an overview of Truman's presidential accomplishments in a more amusing and interesting way than the history books ever will.

For that reason, and because of Whitmore's great performance, *Give 'em Hell Harry* is a film not to be missed.

The Fleetwood Mac story also con-

tained two errors. The vocalist and guitarist in the group identified as Danny Kirwan should have been identified as Lindsay Buckingham. Kirwan left the group about three years ago.

Jeremy Spencer was incorrectly identified as an organist. He is a blues guitarist. Spencer left Fleetwood Mac in 1971 and now is an active member of Children of God. He was not present at the concert.

The members of the group at the concert were Christine McVie, John McVie, Mick Fleetwood, Lindsay Buckingham and Stephanie Nicks.

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