



Stones '81: A tour to remember

OF BOOZE, 'BIRDS', & BANDS

A Candid Interview
With Rod Stewart

By David Gans

With the release of *Tonight I'm Yours* and its first single, "Young Turks," Rod Stewart has successfully emerged from a period of diminishing critical returns and restored an admittedly tarnished public image.

I caught up with Stewart in Hollywood, Florida, where his "Le Grand Tour of America and Canada," which winds around North America until mid-March, had landed for a couple of days. The show he gave there was impressive, proving that he has regained his musical focus and lost none of his power as an entertainer. The set itself included highlights from 10 years of solo albums and a couple of gems from his formative years, everything from "Sweet Little Rock and Roller" to "Maggie May" to "Young Turks."

The day after the concert, in a free-wheeling conversation over drinks in the Doral Hotel bar, the amiable Briton discussed his current music, his recent slaggings by the punk press and his newfound happiness with wife Alana and children Kimberly, 2, and Sean, 1.

You and the band sounded pretty strong last night, especially on the new songs. Do you still enjoy touring

as much as you used to?

Oh, yeah. British journalists think I've gone on tour just to show Mick Jagger that I'm better than he is; it's a stupid comparison. You can't compete with the Rolling Stones, whether or not people are going to see them now like they would a suit of armor at the Tower of London. They're a fucking great rock 'n' roll band.

Out of all the concerts on the tour, there might be six where I'll be tired and feel to myself that I'm just puttin' it on and going through the motions, but I'm pretty inspired. To put it in a nutshell, I care. I've been at it too long not to care. It's more important to me than it ever has been, for some reason. Maybe the new wavers gave me a kick up the ass.

We had an experience the other night that was amazing. At one point I had about 15 brassieres around my waist. I've never seen so many brassieres thrown up on stage—they just kept coming, and I stuck 'em in my trousers. I had them all around. That was a really good concert!

We've been playing more than

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Stones Tour Is A Rousing Success

By Mark Mehler

NEW YORK—Over two million fans paid over \$30 million to see the Rolling Stones perform on their 1981 American tour, making it the highest-grossing itinerary in rock history and one that cemented the Stones' reputation as the World's Greatest Rock 'N' Roll Band.

The action began August 26 with the release of *Tattoo You* (although pirate copies had been circulating around U.S. radio stations). On that date, Mick Jagger met the press at John F. Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia to announce the Stones' three-month fall tour, noting: "I'm getting older but much gooder."

That analysis was borne out by the album's critical and commercial success (debuting at #5 on the Rec-

ord World chart, rising to #1 within two weeks, and remaining in the top ten for four months), and the tour, which opened with two dates at J.F.K. before a combined audience of 180,000.

More Stones tour coverage can be found on page 7, pages 10 through 13 and on page 22.

Though the band was rusty, missing cues and botching lyrics, the raw power and joy of performing were evident.

By the third or fourth date, the

mistakes had largely been ironed out and the 26-song repertoire had undergone some fine-tuning (a couple of vintage R&B covers were added, notably the Miracles' "Going To A Go-Go").

The Stones hit their stride by show number sixteen, at the 3,900 seat Fox Theater in Atlanta (the only small theater date on the tour). Wrote critic Robert Palmer: "Keith Richards once remarked that everything the band does, onstage and on records, begins with the five of them playing together in a small

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Winwood Finishes Soundtrack

LONDON—Steve Winwood has completed writing and recording a soundtrack for the French film *Il's Appellent Ca Un Accident* (roughly translated, *They Call It An Accident*). Written, directed by, and starring Natalie Delong, *Accident* is one of the initial projects of the new

Island Visual Art division. It is scheduled for February release in Paris, with a New York debut to follow. The soundtrack contains all-new Winwood compositions. Marianne Faithfull is also featured on one song, "Guilty."

—Alan Hecht

Concept Videos:
Rock's New Rage

By Alan Hecht

NEW YORK—Oddly enough, the atmosphere and attitude prevalent today in the video music field recalls the early days of rock 'n' roll. Back then no one was certain what worked best—or more precisely, what wouldn't work—so creativity was unbridled; the field was wide open to off-the-wall ideas. Because a similar situation exists in video, the most daring rock of the future will likely stem from artists being freed from the narrative strictures of a disc and allowed to match their music with the picture or images in their mind's eye. As Ron Goldstein, who as president of Island Records in the U.S. also oversees Island Visual Arts, observes: "The natural evolution of music is the visual presentation, where artists are respectable from both the audio and video standpoint."

Currently, record companies as disparate as CBS, Chrysalis and Island are committing upwards of \$100,000 a month for original home

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Tina Turner: Back on the boards

Tina Swings Into Action

LOS ANGELES—Tina Turner, still sultry after all these years, recalls a concert appearance in Monte Carlo in which she was warned by the promoter not to expect much in the way of audience response. "He told me the engagement I was playing was for the rich, and that the women in the jewels couldn't applaud very spontaneously because the jewelry hurt their hands, and I shouldn't worry about it."

She lets out her best you-know-what's-coming-next laugh. "I had no problem. Those ladies were clapping and throwing flowers onto the stage. A really good performance can pull people out of their shells."

This reminiscence came on the eve of her departure for a tour of three Persian Gulf countries (Abudhabi, Bahrain, Doby) and three Iron Curtain countries (Bul-

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With the exit of two long-time members, Foreigner has been recast as a quartet and streamlined for power. "We're a band to be reckoned with now," says lead vocalist Lou Gramm. See story, page 2.

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Foreigner: (from left) Lou Gramm, Mick Jones, Rick Wills, Dennis Elliott

Foreigner As Four: A Streamlined Band To Be Reckoned With

By Mark Mehler

HEMPSTEAD, N.Y.—"One thing that has to be upheld is the intensity and drive. When that's taken away, it becomes obvious very quickly, and that's what happened to Foreigner."

This forthright admission comes from Mick Jones, the founder of one of rock's most successful bands—a multi-platinum aggregation since the release of its first LP in 1977.

By 1979's *Head Games* album, Foreigner was racked by "artistic differences" and incipient personality problems. Though it sold three million copies, the members of the band considered the album a musical failure. Jones knew something had to be done before everything came apart.

The solution turned out to be the exit of original members Ian McDonald and Al Greenwood and the

recasting of Foreigner as a quartet—guitarist Jones, lead singer Lou Gramm, bassist Rick Wills (a roustabout who's played with Peter Frampton, Roxy Music and Small Faces, among others), and former session drummer Dennis Elliott. "It was a painful, emotional thing," Jones recalls between forkfuls of oysters at a Long Island restaurant prior to Foreigner's sold-out concert at Nassau Coliseum. He seems uncomfortable talking about that turbulent period, but nonetheless proffers a blunt answer when pressed to explain the reasons behind the personal upheaval. "We had to carry it through if we were ever going to achieve what this band is meant to achieve. Ian and Al were not contributing what they should. It takes a certain kind of discipline we needed to get back to."

Predictably, Foreigner's current

album, 4, is high on the pop charts (four weeks at number one in *Record World*). What's really surprising, however, is the critical response to the record. Long regarded by the rock press as merely well-packaged, run-of-the-mill crunch-rock, Foreigner's music is now gaining wide praise as a daring departure from traditional British blues/rock.

Lou Gramm, for one, feels the recognition is overdue. Speaking *sotto voce* to save his vocal chords for the stage, Gramm says 4 "proves we're a band to be reckoned with."

"I don't like getting lumped in with the kind of groups we usually get lumped in with," complains the once-hirsute singer. "I don't have to name them, you know which (bands) I mean. We've paid a price, and it's left us shattered in some

ways. As a quartet we've finally got room to stretch out now, and we're trying to make the most of it. There's more spontaneity now, more of a feeling of a band."

Though Jones and Gramm can summon up almost-messianic zeal in their defense of Foreigner's Grand Design, they are also able to observe the rock maelstrom with wry detachment and humor. Jones, in particular, is known as one of rock's gentlemen—modest, courtly, amusing, and full of great stories from the golden days of the '60s, when he began his career with the Johnny Halliday Band in England and France. Later he played with the Leslie West band ("West's last respectable group") and the final incarnation of Spooky Tooth, before assembling Foreigner.

Along the way, he's been taken prisoner in Cameroon and shot at by terrorists in Canada, toured France with the Jimi Hendrix Experience, jammed with Otis Redding, opened for the Beatles in Paris (in 1964, shortly before the Fab Four's first trip to the U.S.), and played on a South American bill with Frank Sinatra, Jr. He likes "intrigue," and says he doesn't want to wind up "just another boring old rock star" on the album-tour treadmill that beats down so many artists. This "infernal schedule," as Jones terms it, was responsible for the lapses in quality on *Head Games*. "We were so busy, we ended up sacrificing personal satisfaction, and we regretted it afterwards. Never again."

If this year's model of Foreigner is, indeed, one "to be reckoned with," Jones says the future looks brighter yet. For example, in line with his less studied, more grass-roots approach to rock, Jones is considering booking Foreigner into some small New York clubs early next year—the sort of venues the band outgrew in its first few months of existence.

Gramm sees the club circuit as a challenge: can a group that's tailored for arena masses scale down and deliver the punch in an intimate setting? "There's no reason why not," Gramm insists. "Whether it's 200 or 20,000 people, when we function with abandon, we can blow the roof off any place."

"What I want is for Foreigner to continue to reflect the sense of ad-

"We've paid a price, and it's left us shattered in some ways."

Bobby And The Midnites: Hard Rock For Dead's Weir

By Dick Foran

NEW YORK—No one can accuse the Grateful Dead's Bob Weir of malingering. In addition to his Dead duties and his work fronting Kingfish, Weir has, for the past two years, kept various configurations of musicians employed under the sobriquet Bobby and the Midnites. The latter now has an eponomously-titled album (produced by Gary Lyons) out on Arista and a tour scheduled to begin in January.

"I intend to stick with it no matter how the first record does," asserts Weir, noting that the band's lineup has stabilized with Billy Cobham on drums, Alphonso Johnson on bass, Matthew Kelly on harmonica, Bobby Cochran on guitar and the Dead's Brent Mydland on keyboards.

Weir says that after a number of solo projects over the past nine years, "I found I prefer to work with a band. It may take a while for a group to jell, but when it does, you can anticipate multitudinous good times ahead. If I simply did Dead projects, I'd get stagnant."

Indeed, Deadheads will find a somewhat different Bob Weir on

the Midnites' LP: a little funkier, a little jazzier, a little rockier.

Part of that is the composition of the band. Johnson and Cobham are primarily jazz players who number among their credits Mahavishnu, Weather Report and Chuck Mangione. The hard rock stems largely from producer Lyons, who has worked with the Stones, Outlaws, UFO and Aerosmith, as well as the Dead. "I wanted a producer who would keep a forward flavor," says Weir. "Gary psyches you up to play that forward-feeling stuff."

Weir insists, however, that Bobby & the Midnites will sit well with Deadheads the world over. "The Grateful Dead play a lot of extended jazz jams in 7-4; you look at the Dead's stuff over the past few years, it encompasses just about every kind of music."

As far as the Dead's plans, there is a tour set for early spring and another studio LP early next year. Weir hopes to contribute "a few rock tunes, maybe a ballad, depending on how much room there is for the downtempo stuff."



Bobby and the Midnites: (top row, from left) Billy Cobham, Bobby Cochran, Matthew Kelly; (bottom row, from left) Brent Mydland, Bob Weir, Alphonso Johnson

THE HIT MAN

The Hit Man comes to the pages of The Record after serving a top twenty stretch in the Big House where he was kept in solitary confinement and forced to listen daily to tape loops of the longest drum solos of the seventies. The Hit Man has paid his debt to society. Now he wants to even the score.

THE ROLLING STONES VISIT THE COUNTING HOUSE: Can you believe the greed of the Rolling Stones? It's enough of an insult that they sold seats behind the stage for all the shows on the tour and regardless of what you hear about a revolving stage, it only revolves during a few numbers. But did you know that the Stones insisted that some of the opening acts on the tour *buy their own tickets to the gigs*? We're talking about tickets for wives, girlfriends, and relatives—not outrageous requests for cocaine dealers. In one and instance, an opening act was subject to a royal screwing. Mick Jagger had agreed to book a group to open a very big date on the tour, and in fact the group



Keith got his way

had already been advertised over the radio, when it was discovered that Keith Richards had gone ahead on his own and booked a different act. The group Mick contracted had to cancel two of their own dates in order to play for the Stones, but who cares? Keith got his way. So the group was offered, as a consolation, a smaller date on the tour, for which they had to cancel yet another engagement. At this point, they were out three gigs—and thousands of dollars—but did the Stones offer to reimburse the group for their screw-up? Nope. Furthermore, the group had to pay for their own tickets to the makeup date.

Whatever the issue, one would think that the Rolling Stones could have worked this out with minimum hassle and, considering the numbers on their side, maximum generosity. Ixnay, friends. Not even a case of Jovan could cover up this stinkeroo.

KAL RUDMAN'S GOT THE BEAT: Who is this little fat man we keep seeing on the *Today Show*, the *Tomorrow Show*, and *Merv Griffin*? And why does he keep promoting people such as Christopher Cross, the blond yo-yo from *Dukes of Hazzard* and Victoria Principal as "major pop recording artists"? Recently, Merv has been turning over full shows to Kal Rudman and his "protégés," many of whom he already promotes in an inside music industry "tip sheet" that is read and revered by thousands of local deejays who wouldn't know how to open an album cover if Kal didn't tell them which side was up. Kal, whose publication is supported by record company ads, is already indirectly dictating what we hear on the radio through his deejay slave sheet. Must we also be subject to his web of commerce? Making Rudman the pop music expert is like asking a Saudi Arabian oil sheik to be your OPEC correspondent. This is greasy stuff.

ANCHORS AWEIGH: The Hit Man couldn't confirm a report that the music industry trades are inaugurating a new symbol to denote the rapid downward flight of Meat Loaf's *Dead Ringer* album, but word is that an anchor will henceforth be attached to Meat's chart number. The pressure seems to be getting to Meat, too: When inebriated party-goers banged on his door at the U.N. Plaza Hotel recently, the rotund Loaf charged out in the nude (not a pretty sight) to do battle with them and wound up with a black eye. Settle down, Meat.

SAND ON THE BRAIN: This month's Ignorance In Action Award goes to Mike Love, who introduced his version of "Imagine" to a New York audience by saying, "I can't remember all the words to this next song, but it's the thought that counts." Love does good work; the Hit Man wishes he'd do it in private.



Meatloaf: Not a pretty sight

Garland Jeffreys On The Move

NEW YORK—Garland Jeffreys continues to confound the savants. At a time when touring has soured for most bands, he's drawing crowds in areas where he's never had a track record of serious album sales. Now he's planning to test the international arena with a world tour in 1982. "Come this time next year," he asserts, "you know where I'll be—on the road. And I'm enjoying it because I'm getting what I want—I put out a record and I tour around it."

In the more immediate future, Garland will be seen on MTV in January in an hour-long program

that combines live footage shot at The Country Club in Los Angeles with interview and backstage segments. He's also in the process of fulfilling his "35-millimeter dreams" by writing music for a new film titled *The Breaks*, which tentatively co-stars Jeffreys and Harvey Keitel.

January will also find the now-dreadlocks-less artist "woodshedding" in New York in preparation for his next studio album. Sessions are scheduled to begin in May at the Power Station in New York, with Bob Clearmountain behind the board.

Klaatu Returns, World Yawns

NEW YORK—Klaatu, the Canadian group once suspected of being the Beatles in disguise (and now rendered ultra-insignificant by the arrival of Dutch bozos Stars On) has released a new album and threatened to tour soon.

The band's fifth LP, *Magenta-*

lane, was released last month in Canada (a U.S. release is uncertain) along with a single titled "The Love of a Woman." A spokesman for Capitol in Canada indicated that the trio, studio musicians all, is currently auditioning musicians in order to beef up its live attack. Zzzzz.



Molly Hatchet: From left, Steve Holland, Bruce Crump, Banner Thomas, Jimmy Farrar, Dave Hlubek and Duane Roland.

Molly Hatchet: Music and Mayhem

By Mark Mehler

New York—A legend is growing up around Molly Hatchet and it has nothing to do with two platinum albums (*Flirtin' With Disaster* and *Beatin' The Odds*) or with supremacy of the Southern rock field. It does, however, center on the band as violent, gun-toting, backwoods bullies who beat on each other as regularly as they do on strangers.

Touring in support of their fourth Epic LP, *Life On The Road In America*, the Hatchet members are now taking a different tack in their encounters with the general populace. Dave Hlubek, the semi-tough frontman, explains backstage at New York's Dr. Pepper Festival: "A new band has to sell itself to the public, make itself interesting. If I got to go up to some radio station and be a wildman and do all kinds of sexual innuendos and get violent crazy, I'm gonna do it. Now I don't think it's so important 'cause we've been around awhile."

All this is not to say that Molly Hatchet has gone pacifistic. "We still hassle around a lot in the studio," confesses guitarist Duane Roland, who lent credence to the legend by traveling with a large cache of automatic weaponry, including a Colt pistol and an Israeli assault weapon ("He's fixin' to go to war," chuckles Hlubek).

"You know," Roland continues, "a little wrasslin' in the studio

breaks the monotony. A studio's a sterile environment for makin' rock 'n' roll. You got to come up with the energy from within yourself and all day all you're looking at is a tape machine and the same damn pane of glass. We're just havin' some fun." During the recording of their first LP, the fun proved a little too much for slender producer Tom Werman, who sustained a few bruised ribs in an impromptu wrasslin' match.

Nevertheless, Werman has survived four Hatchet LPs to date. No doubt he breathes easier when the band talks about emphasizing music over mayhem. "I think we're growing out of the pure Southern rock thing," says Duane Roland. "We've traveled so many times to New York and Detroit that we've picked up a lot of heavy metal influence. We still got our Southern roots, but now we're lookin' to become the first Dixie band with the firepower of AC/DC."

Formed in 1971 in Jacksonville, Florida, Molly Hatchet takes its name from a 17th century hatchet-wielding Salem damsel who had a penchant for chopping off her lovers' heads. With the exception of lead singer Danny Joe Brown, who departed last year to pursue a solo career, the original band is intact. Girthful Jimmy Farrar from La Grange, Georgia—the only non-

Floridian in the bunch—replaced Brown as front man, and precipitated the musical changes that have occurred in Hatchet since 1978.

Brown's exit remains a sensitive topic within the group. "Danny'll always be a good friend of everybody in the band," says Hlubek, "but friends is friends, and business is business. If my own mama had to be fired, I'd fire her."

Within Molly Hatchet, it is the subject of togetherness that most inspires the torrent of gritty Southern metaphor. "How long your teeth and tongue been together without bitin' each other?" asks Steve Holland. "Let me tell you how it is. You spend a few years with five other guys, eatin', sleepin', livin' all day in 41 square feet of bus, hangin' out in the rear breathin' exhaust fumes and you get to know 'bout human relations."

Though this closeness and near-asphyxiation may have fostered a certain xenophobia among the members of Molly Hatchet, the group is clearly more relaxed and confident of its commercial place in rock. For example, nobody backstage is armed. "What you're seeing now is the calm part," cautions Banner Thomas. "Yeah," hoots Farrar, "but once we get ready to go on stage, this band becomes a predatory animal. We go out and get 'em."

Chilliwack's Sudden Fame Is A Long Time Coming

By Oren Clark

Bill Henderson is by no means a newcomer to the business of rock 'n' roll. Since 1969, when he formed the original Chilliwack, he has gazed momentarily from the lofty peaks of platinum success (albeit Canadian-minted) and thrashed about in the rubble of struggling bands. Throughout the long years, superstardom has remained, like the proverbial brass ring on a carousel, just out of reach.

Chilliwack's is a common story of management hassles, record company straitjackets and lack of identity (They're from Canada? I hear it's cold there). But these excuses weaken under the weight of the too-familiar, and usually inaccurate music industry axiom, "good music always finds its audience."

So why, after nine albums of decent tunes, hasn't Chilliwack found success? Having served time with six different labels, Henderson offers a few opinions born of hard-earned experience.

"There's a lot of people out there and they don't know you from anybody," he claims. "You've got to attract their attention enough to make them want to listen to your record. That's the record company's job."

Henderson lowers his voice. We

are sitting in the conference room of Millennium Records, and a mere quarter-inch of glass separates us from the sensitive ears of company execs.

"Every time a Canadian act signs with an American label and you don't do great on your first album, they cool quick on you. You're not down there hyping them. You're not keeping the fire alive. Then you have to move somewhere else."

If the key to fame and fortune is, as

Henderson suggests, in the hands of the label, then Chilliwack's latest effort, *Wanna Be A Star*, is getting all the help it needs, what with Millennium's massive five-phase promotional scheme helping spread the word.

But what fans find may seem paradoxical, in light of Millennium's contribution. With the exception of the catchy single "My Girl" and two other love songs, the entire LP is a bitter complaint, discrediting, in explicit terms, the people and process involved in rock 'n' roll.

"A lot of the material is inspired by things that happened to us," Henderson admits. "The songs bitch and carp, but it's not really that. You half enjoy it. Maybe it's bullshit, but we don't care. We're having a good time."



Chilliwack (from left): Ab Bryant, Bill Henderson, Brian MacLeod

Rod Stewart

Continued from page 1

two hours, which is a long time to sing and run about at the same time. When I was with the Faces, an hour and ten minutes would be a long set. I have no trouble singing, though, because I pay a lot of attention to my voice now. I don't think that I can drink like I used to be able to, though. One night now and I'm fucked. The voice suffers, and once that's gone I ain't got much else left. I need all my energy for the two hours we play.

Do you drink before you sing?

Are you kidding? I will admit to you that, to a point, I'm an alcoholic. I don't mean to say that I drink during the day, but there's not a day goes by that I don't have a drink. And that alone is enough to make me an alcoholic. It's not a question of being drunk—I just like the taste of it.

What about other drugs?

That's about it for me, mate. Alcohol is my close friend. I've never smoked marijuana—I always considered it the Woodstock drug, the drug of the hippies.

One of the things that strikes me about your set is how well repre-

sented the various periods of your career are.

I've made a purposeful effort at that. I've got eleven years behind me, so I might as well do as many of the songs as I can, including the obscure ones.

The band is brand new, too. (Guitarist) Gary Grainger had left the band, but he was going to rejoin us for this tour. Then he decided to stay home with his wife and kids, and he told us two weeks before the first date. I thought, "That's it, Rod—cancel the whole tour." Then we got Wally Stocker, who used to be with the Babys.

Why did Carmine Appice leave the band?

As I told a writer the other night, "Never trust a drummer who's got his name on the bass drum." I think that sums it up. Carmine was all over the place—he hit everything in sight, including (laughs) my head some nights.

Tony (Brock, another Babys alumnus) played on one track of the album, and he seemed to fit right in. It was only a matter of time before he replaced Carmine. Tony was on almost every track, so he *should* be in the band—so Carmine got the elbow. It was mostly the band's idea, but I must admit I agree with them.

I notice that the band members

are in on many of the songwriting credits.

When I was with the Jeff Beck Group, we used to get shit on all the time, so I know how important it is to look after your band. Beck made us share rooms—which wasn't a hardship—but we had to get our own taxi to the concert while he'd get in a limousine. It was wicked—

Was it tough for you when the critics were taking your personal life to task instead of getting into your records?

The music was always getting overlooked. It's something I'm very aware of now; I really want to sell the music, and that's it. The record is bound to get a few knockings; I'm sure to get a bad review in *Rolling*

"I probably deserve all the criticism I got. I was listening to Britt Ekland, having stupid album covers done. I let the image run away with itself."

we'd never get paid week in and week out. We had to go out and steal food once in New York.

I've heard that Barry Manilow never even talks to his groups, and I've been told that on one tour the road crew weren't allowed to talk to Elton John. I'm very generous with my band—they stay in the same hotels I stay in, and we travel in the same cars and airplanes.

Stone. But it's the best I've done in a long time. I've lost the songs about drinking piña coladas under a parasol.

You may not have been taken too seriously as a musician for a while, and the punks were yelling about the artists who were established—

You mean successful! That's what got up their fucking noses. But most of the bands that were do-

ing the shouting have disappeared, and I'm still here.

I have the same accountant in England as the Clash. They have the same problems everybody else has: they want to know whether the mortgage is paid, and where their money's going.

The Ramones are the worst fucking hypocrites I've ever seen. I saw them on television the other night, putting down Foreigner and Journey, saying they're just old men playing old music. The Ramones are getting older, and they still haven't cut it. They're so jealous of those bands—you can see it in their eyes.

I think those bands like Styx and Journey are alright. They're not rock 'n' roll, but good, commercial music. There's nothing wrong with that.

I probably deserve all the criticism I got, though. I was listening to Britt Ekland all the time, having stupid album covers done. But we're allowed to make mistakes, and I think I've come through the other end of the tunnel. I just let the image run away with itself, posing all the time.

How has fatherhood changed your attitude?

It certainly has changed things. It's impossible to have two kids and say it hasn't. I'm living two lives now—this one, which I really love, and when I go home I'm with the kids. I don't think I'll ever try and combine the two—it's bad enough getting myself out of bed, let alone two kids, wife and nannies and fucking diapers and all that other bollocks. I like kids; I just don't like that side of it.

What do you listen to these days?

I listen to Robert Palmer; I like him ever such a lot. I like the Clash, but I wish they'd stop moaning and make some nice commercial records. I think a lot of the songs they write, the audience don't know what they're singing about.

I think the Police are exceptional. They're one of the only so-called "new wave" bands... mind you, all three of them have been around for years. Andy Summers must be 38 or 39—I remember seeing him in the Zoot Money Band when I wasn't even in the business—and now he's dying his hair blond, a "new waver." It makes me laugh.

"Young Turks" is one of your best rock songs ever, and also one of your most personal, as I read it. The punks don't give you credit for remembering your struggling days when there weren't easy solutions for your problems. Yet "Young Turks" is about two kids who run away and have a child out of wedlock.

It is. It's something I went through really, word-for-word, when I was 18. I got a bird in the family way.

How'd you get out of it?

How do you think?

The hard way, eh?

It wasn't quite as romantic as it should have been in my day.

"Young Turks" is the way I felt in that situation. We did try and explain, especially to her parents, at the time it happened. There wasn't any understanding, and I'm sure that's still the case; teenage pregnancy is a big issue.

It's not the only time it happened to me, either. There was another pregnancy where there was a child born. She must be about 18 now, because I was 18 when she was conceived. I get letters, especially when we play London, saying, "I'm bringing your daughter, and she doesn't know that you're her father." It's a frightening thought, having a teenage daughter. Deary me... 36 great years.

Any regrets?

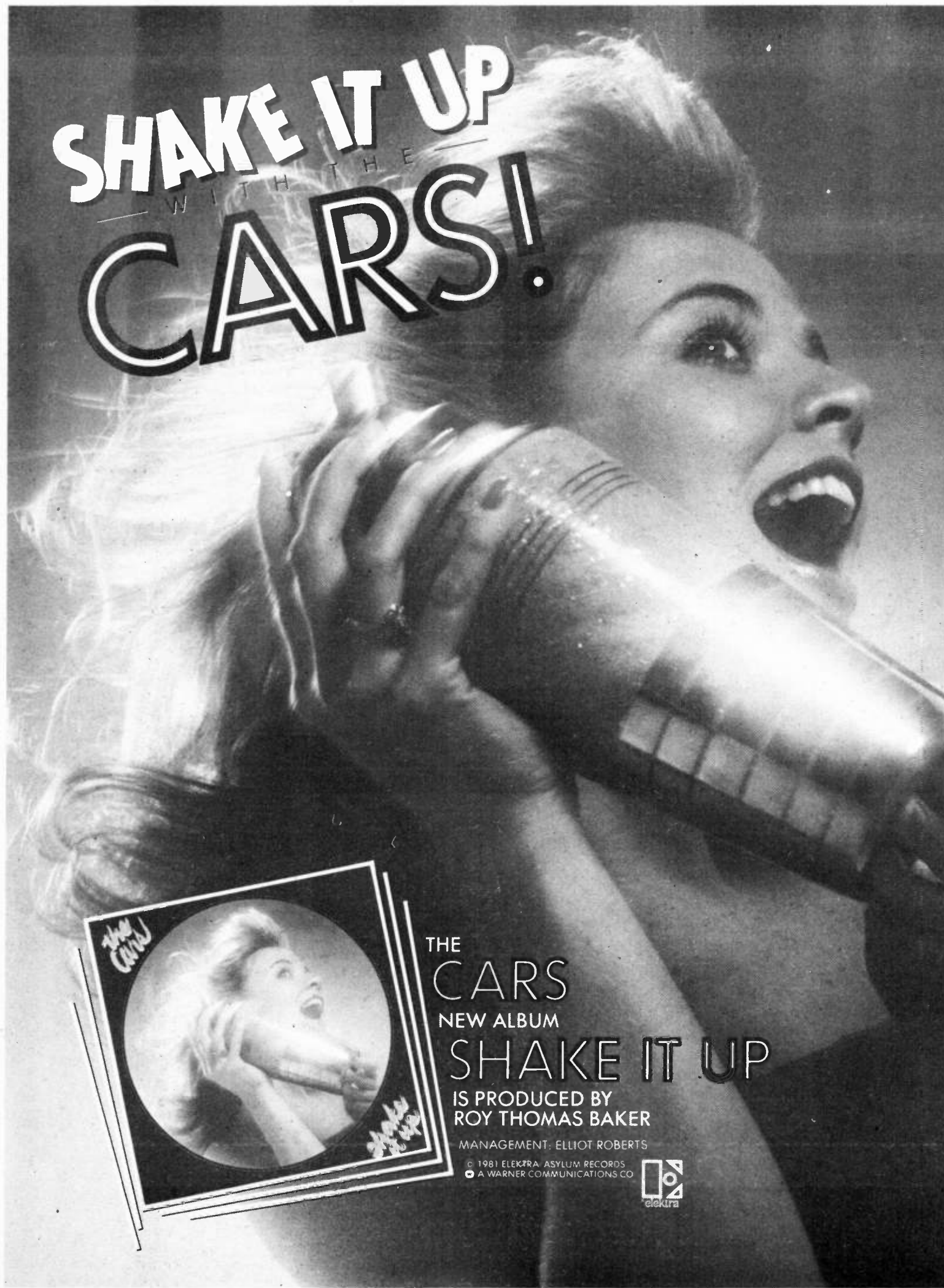
The fucking album cover of *A Night On The Town*, probably, is the only regret. I think the worst crime I committed was taking myself too seriously when I was going out with Ekland.

And at the same time you were putting less effort into your music.

Yeah.

So you took the wrong things too seriously.

Don't know where she is nowadays. I'm alright, Jack. Drink up!



MAN VS. MACHINE:

Putting The Beast In Perspective

By David McGee

NEW YORK—It may be stretching things a bit to say so, but whenever you hear a synthesizer on a rock album these days, you're probably hearing a bit of Larry Fast's influence—if not Larry Fast himself. With little fanfare, Fast, working under his own name and as Synergy, has become the most in-demand practitioner of the synthesizer in the rock genre.

Fast began his career by designing synthesizer circuitry on Yes's 1973 LP, *Yessongs* and '74's *Tales From Topographic Oceans* while still a student at Lafayette College. In 1975 he signed with Passport Records and recorded a "one-man multitrack project," *Electric Realizations For Rock Orchestra*, and dubbed himself Synergy (meaning a number of components working together at greater efficiency than they would separately). In rock circles, though, he had already made a name for himself as someone who could bring a warm, human quality to the machine, and was soon flooded with requests to apply his expertise to rock albums. Since '75 he's played and/or programmed synthesizers on albums by Garland Jeffreys, Foreigner, Ian Lloyd, Kate Bush, Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band, Carly Simon and Boz Scaggs. In 1976 he started working with Peter Gabriel as "electronics producer" and is now considered a regular member of Gabriel's band.

A New Jersey native, Fast admits to being a "science whiz" as a child. He began toying around with the insides of radios when he was five years old and "got into hi-fi" as a teenager. What makes him different is that he comes to rock after having been interested in it as a youth. He's not a computer freak for whom rock is merely a digression from more solemn pursuits. In fact, the Beatles and the Beach Boys were Fast's primary inspirations. "When I heard some of their early things," he recalls, "it started dawning on me that this was really something that could happen."

From the beginning, Fast was determined to "take a stab at putting the whole beast in perspective. Far too often in electronic music, the machine or the machinery itself becomes sort of an end unto itself. To me, the approach really is musical. Machines are nothing more than tools to get me to that goal. In the general sense the goals have to be musical and any instrument is just a way of realizing those goals."

According to Fast, the secret of his approach is as simple as doing one's homework and understanding the synthesizer as an instrument. "It requires a lot of homework," he stresses. "Not only do you have to have the musical side, but the electronics side is very important so you can know where to find the nuances that give that human quality rather than a mechanical quality—how to slip them in there, to nudge it in a direction to make it a warm rather than a metallic sound in the world when you do want a machine quality. It's as much of an art as orchestration is for a traditional composer."

Recently, Fast has found artists more aware of the synthesizer's limits. "Most people's education in what the synthesizer is or is capable of has been what they've heard on other records. There's a sort of copy cat-with-growth syndrome that probably has held things back a little bit more than what might have gone over in the last 15 years. But there's been a steady evolution—two steps forward, one step back—in the understanding of what sounds can be used and what the possibilities are. Six years ago people asked for the same kind of honky duck call sounds; now it's a much broader variety of things."

The music is dreamy, melodic, ethereal. Underneath there's a singer whispering ever-so-gently and mixed down as if her role is secondary to the instruments.

The song is "Kiew Mission," cut one, side one of Tangerine Dream's fifteenth album, *Exit*. The voice is that of a German actress, and it's only the second time in TD's history that the West German trio has used a vocalist. There's a good reason for it this time; like Larry Fast, TD's synthesizer wizard Edgar Froese is also attempting to "tame the beast," but his ultimate goal is to deliver a message of peace to Russia.

"The whole record is more or less an announcement for not doing the wrong thing now," the German-born Froese says. "We're very much involved in the whole peace movement. But it's not like the peace movement here in the late '60s, just running around with flowers. It's much more serious right

now. We are faced with a very dangerous situation in Europe. You have to be there, live with the people. They believe the third World War will happen soon.

"It does not need much to get out of control. It starts moving and then it steps into its own structure, into its own sort of reality and you can't stop it anymore. The music we do is a help in explaining things. But behind it stands the idea of explaining the situation we are faced with at the moment in Europe."

If the message is so important, Froese is asked, why isn't the singer's vocal more prominent in the mix? "We have a very strong political opinion but we are not a political band," he answers. "So we don't want to put the message in the foreground, then leave the music behind. The music is the first thing. The words have to become part of the sound in the room, of the space which is there, of the structure. It's the sort of music that doesn't hit



Froese (left) and Fast: humans behind the machine

PHOTO: SHARON FELDNER (Froese)

you like music from the Stones, for instance, or music from Springsteen. It's a subconscious form of sound and rhythm structures."

Noting that Tangerine Dream's music—all of it composed by Froese, and fellow band members Chris Franke and Johannes Schmoelling—has "traditional structures, melody lines, harmony lines," Froese doesn't conceal his disdain for musicians who hide behind synthesizer technology and refuse to show their feelings. "You never can learn anything from a

machine. You never can learn anything from things man built or found. Anything you really learn was in your childhood. You learn from nature. What I don't like is sitting in an isolated tower and just doing my thing and forgetting all the people outside, just say okay, leave them behind, they're just too stupid to understand. That's totally wrong. I can't move too far out of town, you know, that I can't reach anybody who still lives in town—there has to be some sort of connection."

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BEHIND THE BOARD

Bob Ezrin: A Word About Style

By David McGee

TORONTO—There is hanging in Bob Ezrin's office a platinum record award denoting one million in sales for Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, which Ezrin produced. More telling, though, is the miniature wooden model of a cage—the sort of things that keep wild animals away from the public—with messages attached to it. One advises, "Do Not Feed The Producer." Another warns, "Eats secretaries, assistants, artists, engineers and all other living things during recording sessions."

Whatever his reputation, Bob Ezrin does get things done, and done well. A partial list of his credits is impressive: all of the Alice Cooper group's major hits; Lou Reed's *Berlin*; Peter Gabriel's first solo album; *The Wall*, of course. He also produced one Kiss album, 1976's *Destroyer*, which stands as the only time on record the masked quartet has explored the subconscious side

of their stage images. It contains another departure from form as well in "Beth," the ballad sung by Peter Criss.

Ezrin and Kiss have now teamed up again on an ambitious project

and Ezrin are sending is one of courage in the face of overwhelming odds, of belief in oneself, of the need for a code to live by.

"The story suggests that if we stay true to certain basic ideals, and

"When I touch tape it just automatically becomes an Ezrin record because of my body chemistry."

called *The Elder*. Based on an idea by Kiss bass player and science fiction/horror/fantasy buff Gene Simmons, the album concerns the travails of an orphan boy who is picked by The Elder, an ancient council of wise men, to help them battle the forces of evil in the world. That he is successful is a minor point; the larger message that Kiss

if we see our duty and we do it, then there will be a payoff in the end," Ezrin asserts. "It is good to be resolute, good to be self-sufficient and good to stand up for what you believe in and know you can triumph over the forces of darkness that you see all around you."

This positive word comes at a time when the members of Kiss are,



The mild-mannered Mr. Ezrin

according to Ezrin, "a little self-conscious about the evil image that they have in certain quarters. The fact is, they're not evil. The fact is, in terms of heroes, if you wanted to find any particular group in rock 'n' roll to base a mythology on, this is the best one. If you look at them in a particular fashion you could say they represent the American ideal. They started with nothing, they built themselves up to something very powerful, they're all into phys-

ical fitness, there's very little in the way of body- and spirit-damaging behavior in the group. They're intelligent; there have been books read by members of Kiss. This may not sound like it's possible, but it's actually true. There's more than one language spoken in the group. Fantastic!"

Despite the story line and the high-flown ideas it involves, *The Elder* is an atypical Bob Ezrin production because of its emphasis on establishing a mood by downplaying the sort of elaborate techniques and effects that usually appear on an Ezrin-produced LP. "It's really a moody record," he explains, "and it has to be dealt with in that sense. We didn't want to destroy it by throwing too much in there. It would be one's tendency to overdo a record like this, to do a *Moody Blues In Search Of The Lost Chord*, you know, and just have too much dialogue and too many effects. We let the effect come through the mood of the piece. The best example of understatement is 'Escape From The Island,' which could have been a complete mishmash of sound effects; but we just throw a couple of sirens on top and then the song feels like an escape song."

A question arises about the Ezrin style. His work is among the most distinctive in rock history, with its emphasis on plot development in the lyrics and the use of effects and flourishes (such as choirs and symphonic orchestras) to comment on or help develop the action. Ezrin, however, claims to be puzzled by all this talk of a Style or Sound peculiar to his productions.

"I don't perceive of a particular style," he argues. Clearly annoyed, he leans forward, all the better to prepare for his charge. One visualizes secretaries, engineers, artists—and reporters—running for cover. "There are certain philosophies behind what I do in terms of how I construct a record and where I think things belong. Part of my style might be that I don't believe in stereo drums. You know why? Because if you sit back listening to a record you will automatically think of a live performance in front of your face somewhere. And when you hear a guitar player who's far left, and a guitar player who's far right, and a bass player who's in the center and a singer who's in the middle and you have a drummer in the center too but he's got one tom-tom 20 feet out to the side and the other 20 feet out in the other direction, the only way for that guy to play the kit is to run real fast from one side of the stage to the other, right? I think that's psycho-acoustically disturbing."

The smell of blood is too strong. Ezrin must attack.

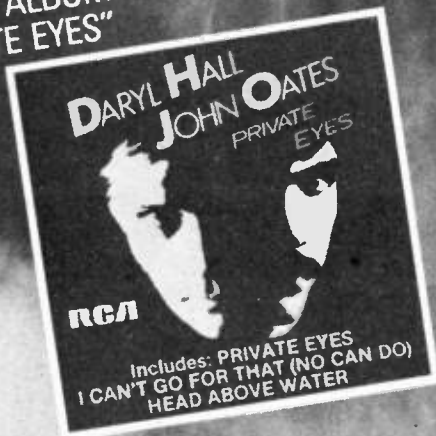
"But as far as drum sound goes, it changes with every record. I use different mikes, different kits, different guys. If they come out the same it's probably because of the chemicals in my fingertips that must in some way affect the tape when I touch it and turn it into Ezrin drums the way perfume changes on individual people's bodies. When I touch tape it just automatically becomes an Ezrin record because of my body chemistry."

"Is that okay? Is that what you're asking me?"

As the sign says, don't feed the producer.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Stones Tour Is A Wireless Wonder

By David Gans

Aside from the unprecedented public attention, box-office grosses and critical acclaim that it has received, the Rolling Stones 1981 tour has also been a triumph for wireless microphone technology. Though they've been around since the mid-1960s and everybody from Abba to Neil Young uses them, "there hasn't been anybody of the Stones' stature running so many channels in front of so many people on a stage so large with effects that depended so much on wireless," says John Nady, whose company supplied the equipment the Stones use. Mick Jagger would have a tough time jamming the microphone into his waistband or soaring above the crowd in a cherry-picker if he were attached to a cable.

Oakland, California-based Nady Systems has had cordless systems on the market since 1977. "They've been used in movie and theater productions for years," says Nady, "and now they're catching on in rock 'n' roll, lectures and churches. Guys like Jimmy Swaggart don't want to have to be kicking a cord around while people are watching them—they want to look cool."

Nady's Los Angeles representative made contact with the Stones' road crew during the latter part of their 1978 tour, and John flew to Anaheim to demonstrate his wares. "They were using (another brand) for their guitars, and they had one wireless microphone that Mick used for about half a number," Nady recalls. "Mick didn't believe wireless microphones would work, so they didn't even try mine." But the Stones used Nady's guitar systems for the last few shows of that tour, and guitarists Keith Richards and Ron Wood used them on their 1979 New Barbarians tour.

For the 1981 tour, the Stones decided to capitalize on advances in wireless technology. "They had the

concept of a huge stage, using all wireless microphones and guitars," says Nady. A total of ten channels—four Nady VHF SM58 microphones (using microphone elements by Shure) and four Nady VHF 800 high-impedance guitar transmitters, with a backup unit of each type—were used, and toward the end of the tour an extra guitar transmitter and receiver were ordered, and Nady put together a system using an Audio Technica ATM 831 clip-on mike for saxophonist Ernie Watts.

Each guitar has an eleven-ounce, battery-operated transmitter with an 18-inch antenna attached to the strap (the microphone's antenna is integrated with the battery compartment). The signal is sent on unused portions of VHF (television) frequencies, and each of the systems the Stones used has two separate receivers, with antennas nine inches apart for optimum efficiency.

"Even though this is the largest rock stage ever used, the Stones didn't have to use any special antenna systems," says Nady. "The 'true diversity' receiver chooses the stronger of the two signals to send on the amplifier. It only switches from one to the other if the difference between them is greater than three dB. If they're both about the same, it won't switch."

In the best operating conditions, Nady's most sophisticated system will operate from up to 1500 feet away if line-of-sight contact is maintained. "If you get interference from local television signals, it'll still work—but you have to stay within 200 feet," says Nady. "Mick uses either of two microphones. The technicians will try one, going to the far reaches of the stage, and if they get interference it'll make noise before they get too far away from the receiver—then they'll use the other microphone. The two are



Mick Jagger's wireless microphone in use

PHOTO: ERET ROBERTS

on adjacent TV frequencies, so one or the other will nearly always work. If both of Jagger's mikes fail to make it to the edge of the stage, they'll use Keith's mike for him and place one of Mick's mikes on Keith's stand, which is very close to the antenna."

Nady admits to having been "just a little nervous" the first time he saw Keith Richards head out on one 250-foot runway and Mick Jagger the other. "It's natural to be

nervous," he says. "They're so dependent on the wireless. Except that the guitar players could plug in pretty easily, if the wireless hadn't performed they'd be in real trouble." He got antsy once when he heard bassist Bill Wyman's amp start making a "farting" noise. "They weren't looking at me, so I was pretty sure it wasn't my system. But it wasn't until I saw them replacing a speaker that I completely relaxed."

PRODUCT REPORTS

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FILMS & BOOKS

'Cat' Got Bowie's Song

By Joan Tarshis

NEW YORK—Director Paul Schrader and composer-producer Giorgio Moroder, who used Blondie's "Call Me" to invigorate the opening scenes of their previous project, *American Gigolo*, have enlisted David Bowie to write lyrics and sing the title song for Schrader's remake of the 1942 horror classic, *Cat People*.

Moroder, Oscar winner for his *Midnight Express* score and a catalyst in the development of the Euro-disco sound as producer for Donna Summer (among many others), says Bowie "was the only person whose personal image fit the image of the film. We couldn't use a female disco singer because the image of the movie has to go with the image of the singer. Bowie was perfect."

Although he hasn't heard Bowie's lyrics yet, Schrader says the artist described the song to him as "very Doors-like, Jim Morrison

and all that," which jibes well with Moroder's plan to use "strange noises and a kind of low note which keeps the tension throughout the film."

Schrader, though, cautions against jumping to conclusions about the finished product: "(Bowie's) one of those writers who likes to rework things on the spot, so we can't be quite sure until we get into the studio."

In the manner of "Call Me," Schrader expects Bowie's contribution to "convey the feeling of the film—the lyrics are not directly related to the story."

Moroder elaborates: "It's a science fiction, horror thriller kind of film and it's difficult to put lyrics to the music without them being predictable or silly. For David to write words that are comedic or horrific would be easier, but he will work out the contents with Paul."

Set for Spring, '82 release, *Cat*



David Bowie

People stars Nastasia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell and John Heard. Schrader says any resemblance to the '42 film will be pretty much in the eye of the beholder. "This is a

95 percent new production, with one scene thrown in from the original to bug the film buffs. It's really a fantasy about myth and eros, not transformation and gore."



Bowie Book Offers New Insights

David Bowie:
An Illustrated Record

by Roy Carr and
Charles Shaar Murray
Avon, \$9.95

By Jeffrey Peisch

The majority of *DAVID BOWIE: An Illustrated Record* is composed of a guide to Bowie's career: recording dates and information on band personnel, anecdotes about the genesis of song titles and lyrics, pictures, and critical reviews of every song ever released by the artist. But by far the most interesting part of the book is a 10,000-word introduction that is, without question, the best essay ever written about Bowie.

Authors Roy Carr and Charles Shaar Murray are straightforward in their essay: their goal is to explain what it is about David Bowie that sets him apart from other rock artists.

According to the authors, Bowie is the first person in rock to concentrate solely on presentation and style rather than the traditional "content" of rock. Bowie, say Carr and Murray, was the first rocker to "make art out of his career," rather than art out of his life. Bowie's "outrageous lifestyle" and his constantly-changing personas are the substance of his art, more so than the guitars and drums on his records.

Bowie, argue the authors, isn't involved "in rock 'n' roll because he loves it above all else: he's in rock 'n' roll because he's good at it and through it can communicate his ideas." The essay finishes with Carr and Murray suggesting that Bowie has had the most "interesting rock 'n' roll career of the last ten years and has provided more stimulus and entertainment than any comparable artist."

Them's pretty strong words. But if you're a Bowie fan, the essay is a revelation.



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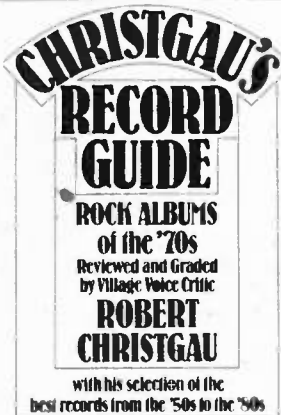
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FILMS & BOOKS

A Critic's Choices

Christgau's Record Guide:
Rock Albums of the '70sby Robert Christgau
Ticknor & Fields, \$9.95

By Bruce Dancis

"Rock criticism should piss people off," says Robert Christgau, and his pungent one paragraph album reviews have been doing that with uncommon regularity since *Christgau's Consumer Guide* first appeared in New York's *Village Voice* in 1969. Given Christgau's penchant for nasty (and often-hilarious) one-liners, such as his description of the Bee Gees on *Saturday Night Fever* as "the former Beatle clones singing like mechanical mice with an unnatural sense of rhythm," it is a bit surprising that he suffers from grade inflation. There are over 500 A grades out of a total of 3000 records, and many more Bs than Cs, Ds and Es.

Love him or loathe him, Christgau is a gifted writer with a rare ability to capture an LP's strengths, weaknesses and feel in a few well-chosen sentences or phrases. His characterization of Brian Eno's *Another Green World* (an A+) as "the aural equivalent of a park on the moon—oneness with nature under conditions of artificial gravity" wonderfully conveys that album's mood and tone, while Billy Joel, on *Piano Man* (a C), gets short, but well-targeted, shrift as "the Irving Berlin of narcissistic alienation."

As with all such subjective guides, the value of Christgau's book will depend on the proximity of the reader's taste to the author's. Although Christgau's interests are broad, he generally favors music that is rhythmic, fast and risk-taking, while saving his choicest barbs for the pompous, the smug, and the sentimental. In other words, followers of Emerson, Lake & Palmer or the Eagles should prepare to be enraged.

Who's Who In Rock

by Michael Bane
Facts On File, \$14.95

What the world doesn't need now is another poorly-conceived, dreadfully executed rock encyclopedia. Where do the faults begin? The entries aren't cross-referenced; many are incomplete (for instance, only the original members of the Animals are listed); some are inaccurate (the Babys were on Chrysalis, not Warner Bros.). Most disturbing is the short shrift given some important artists. If you're going to list the Ink Spots, why not identify the group members by name, and go a step further and at least mention the enormous influence lead singer Bill Kenny had on Elvis Presley's vocal style?

And is it worth noting that it takes a considerable leap of the imagination to understand the inclusion of the Ames Brothers in a rock book?

Give us a break, please.

Genesis: I Know What
I Likeby Armando Gallo
D.I.Y. Books, \$15.95

An update of the 1977 edition of the complete Genesis history by Armando Gallo, an Italian journalist now living in the United States whose insider's status with the band would seem to make him a less-than-objective writer. Yet he delivers a thorough, straightforward account of Genesis' development and of the group members' solo activities (whole chapters have been allotted for in-depth interviews with each musician). The appendix contains band and individual discographies, an equipment reference guide, astrological charts, and a Genesis family tree by Pete Frame. Profusely illustrated with Gallo's own photographs, the dramatic color shots of the band in concert will warm the cockles of any fan's heart. Available by mail order from: D.I.Y. Books, P.O. Box 2055, Hollywood, California, 90028.

'Videodrome' To Feature Debbie Harry

By Oren Clark

TORONTO—After a starring in the low-budget *Union City* and making a cameo appearance in *Roadie*, Blondie's Debbie Harry is finally getting her chance at a meaty film role with a bankable director.

Harry and James Woods (*The Onion Field*, *Eyewitness*, TV's *The Holocaust*) are co-starring in *Videodrome*, now filming here under the direction of David Cronenberg, whose last effort was the grisly science fiction tale, *Scanners*.

Tentatively set for a summer, 1982 release, *Videodrome*, in which Harry plays a pop psychologist named Nicki Brand, will "explore the influence of television that comes into the house and how mass communication can alter the nervous system," according to the film's publicist. The plot details the story of how "modern day buccaneers" uncover the clandestine operations of an underground organization that uses TV as the ultimate weapon.

Before beginning work on *Videodrome*, Harry and Blondie's Chris



Pop psychologist Debbie Harry

Stein finished recording the soundtrack for *Drats*, a full-length, animated film concerning a species of

half-dog, half rat. The soundtrack LP also features Lou Reed, Iggy Pop and Cheap Trick.

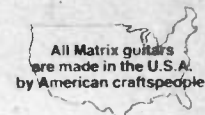
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of the
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STONES TOUR WRAP-UP

Staging The Stones

By Laurie Lennard

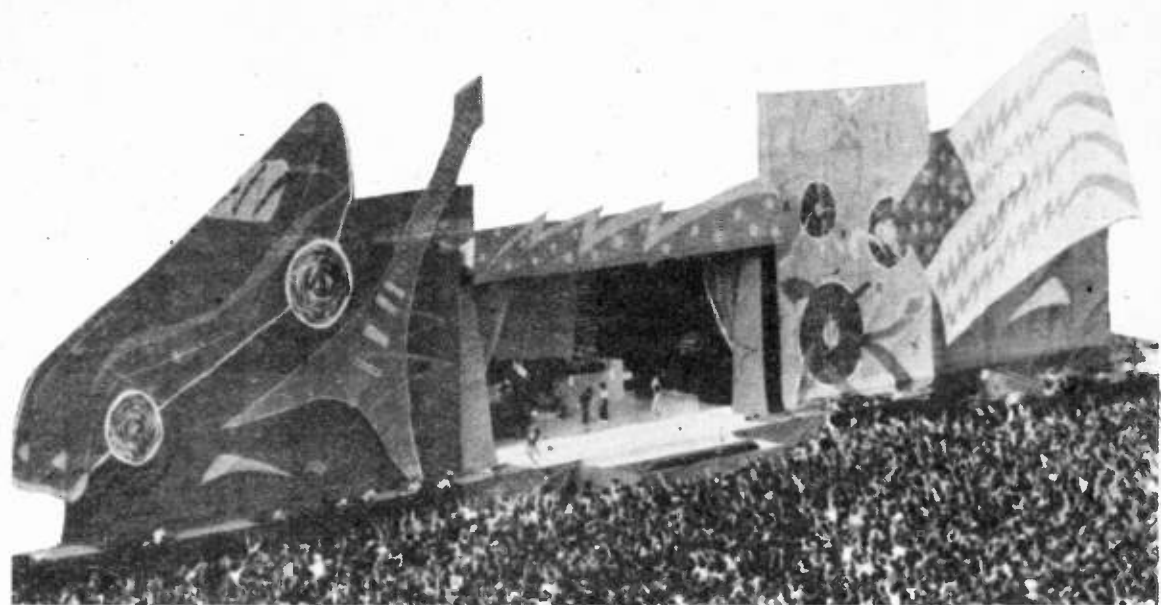
Depending on which city you saw the Stones play in, you saw one of three versions of the stage set design. The most spectacular was the outdoor set. The largest stage ever built for an outdoor live concert, it measured 224 feet across, with an additional 150 feet of silk strips fanning out from each side—or about as long as two football fields end to end. Huge pop art murals painted from original art by the Japanese artist Yamazaki—some of whose work hangs in Mick Jagger's apartment—and 80 foot wings completed the outdoor scene. The car and guitar on the left side of the set were approximately 80 feet long.

The indoor stage platform featured stark white ovals and a cantilever turntable with a 36-foot amp rack shaped like a trailer. The rack housed the amplifiers, guitars and several technicians. The highlight of this stage was its ability to rotate 270 degrees in either direction so

that all portions of the audience had a chance to see the group from the front.

The concept of the stage design was the result of extensive meetings between designers, technicians and the Stones. Several months ago, while putting the finishing touches on *Tattoo You*, the Stones met frequently with FM Productions, a design firm based in San Francisco. "Mick and Keith were particularly involved in the whole process," says Tom Mendenhall, vice president of FM. "At first we showed them a lot of different models just to get the conversation flowing. They were always very vocal about what they did or didn't like."

The artwork design was approved on September 6. Approximately 35 people at FM Productions worked 24-hour shifts in order to complete the outdoor stage in time for the opening shows in Philadelphia and Buffalo. "Everyone kept reaching for the ulti-



The Stones' outdoor stage

mate, trying to make it just a little better, a little tighter," Mendenhall emphasizes. "We kept making it a little better until we were almost out of time. But working with the Stones was not typical rock 'n' roll. There was just something more there. I think it was their attitude, their emphasis on giving the audience their best."

Jagger had several specific requirements for the stage design,

most important of which was ensuring that everyone who paid for a ticket got their money's worth. According to Mendenhall, "Mick was very concerned about the total audience. Most groups usually build a stage set that faces one end of the arena so that half the audience ends up staring into the back of heads. The rotating stage was a result of their concern that the audience see the total show."

Stones Tour '81: A Final Report

Continued from page 1

room. Atlanta was as close to that small room as any of us is likely to get."

Just as the Stones' concert repertoire reflected the full length and breadth of the band's career (from 1965's "Satisfaction" to five tunes from *Tattoo You*), the roster of opening acts on the tour was symbolic of three generations of rock 'n' roll. Journey (who had a number one album when they opened for the Stones in Philly) and Van Halen represented the new generation of supergroups, the Go-Go's the new guard, and Tina Turner, Screamin' Jay Hawkins and Etta James the roots of rock and soul.

Further augmenting the tour was the Stones' elaborate stage design, featuring the largest outdoor set ever erected for a concert, measuring 224 feet across (see separate story). The tour also placed the band on the leading-edge of the musical technology revolution, employing totally wireless microphones and instruments (see Musical Instruments, page 7). Finally, a massive merchandising campaign supported the Stones at each stop. A source close to the band reported the group was expected to gross \$20 million from t-shirt sales alone (\$860,000 was reportedly collected at one date in Orlando).

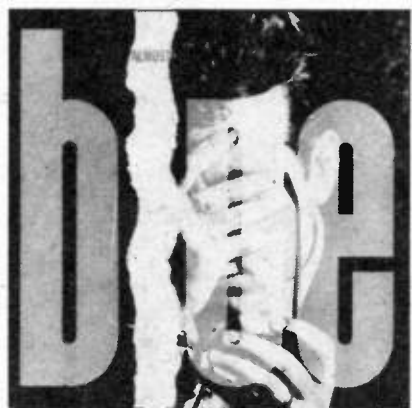
Though no Stones tour would be quite complete without fan hysteria and other outrageous acts, the 1981 itinerary was relatively free of such goings-on. A lot of the hysteria, in fact, occurred at the New York City post offices as postal workers waded through several million entries to the Stones' ticket lottery program (for five shows in New York and New Jersey).

Still there were a few regrettable incidents, including minor riots in Worcester, Mass. (for a pre-tour engagement at a neighborhood club) and Hartford, Conn., resulting in some injuries and arrests. In Houston, a 22-year-old man was stabbed to death in an argument over a bag of potato chips; in Seattle, a 16-year-old girl standing on the ramp at the Kingdome fell fifty feet to her death, and another woman was arrested for threatening to kill Mick Jagger.

Perhaps the strangest event occurred outside Madison Square Garden in New York, where an off-duty police officer allegedly held up a man at gunpoint for a ticket to the show. One veteran cop remarked that the officer's arrest marked a change in the annals of police corruption—from money and women to rock concert tickets.

Through it all, the Stones seemed to maintain their good humor, and none of this attendant chaos was reflected onstage. In interviews, the question of whether this was the last tour and last album inevitably cropped up. Keith Richards, for one, suggested the band would go on forever. Thus, if history holds true, the Stones will be back on the road in three years. 1984 and the Rolling Stones. Seems right somehow.

ALMOST BLUE. THE ALBUM THEY ALMOST DIDN'T LET HIM RECORD!



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STONES TOUR WRAP-UP

Playlist

The following is a list of every song the Stones played in concert during their tour of the States. In parentheses is the title of the Stones album on which each song first appears. In the case of non-Jagger-Richards material, or material not recorded by the Stones, the original recording artist or group is noted.

1. Under My Thumb (Aftermath, 1966)
2. When The Whip Comes Down (Some Girls, 1978)
3. Let's Spend The Night Together (Between The Buttons, 1967)
4. Shattered (Some Girls)
5. Neighbors (Tattoo You, 1981)
6. Black Limousine (Tattoo You)
7. Just My Imagination (Some Girls; recorded by the Temptations, 1971)
8. Twenty-Flight Rock (not recorded by Stones; was Eddie Cochran's first single, Liberty Records, 1956; performed by Cochran in the film, *The Girl Can't Help It*)
9. Going To A Go-Go (not recorded by Stones; recorded by the Miracles, 1966)
10. Let Me Go (Emotional Rescue, 1980)
11. Time Is On My Side (12 X 5, 1964)
12. Beast of Burden (Some Girls)
13. Waiting On A Friend (Tattoo You)
14. Let It Bleed (Let It Bleed, 1969)
15. You Can't Always Get What You Want (Let It Bleed)
16. Little T&A (Tattoo You)
17. Tumbling Dice (Exile On Main Street, 1972)
18. She's So Cold (Emotional Rescue)
19. Hang Fire (Tattoo You)
20. Miss You (Some Girls)
21. Honky Tonk Women (Through The Past Darkly, 1969)
22. Brown Sugar (Sticky Fingers, 1972)
23. Start Me Up (Tattoo You)
24. Jumpin' Jack Flash (Through The Past Darkly)
25. Satisfaction (encore—Out Of Our Heads, 1965)
26. Mona (Rolling Stones Now!, 1965; written and originally recorded by Bo Diddley)
27. Tops (Tattoo You)
28. Everybody Needs Somebody To Love (Rolling Stones Now!, originally recorded by Solomon Burke, 1964)
29. All Down The Line (Exile On Main Street)
30. Street Fighting Man (Beggars Banquet, 1968)

Opening Acts Primed Audiences For Stones

NEW YORK—Opening a concert for the Rolling Stones is one of the few "plum" opportunities available to a rock band. In fact, it's such an honor that even Journey, a veteran group with a number one album at the time, leaped at the chance to precede the Stones onstage for the current tour's shows in Philadelphia and Buffalo.

Established groups as well as new groups experience much the same feeling, though, when a crowd is waiting to see the Rolling Stones. Tina Turner, who's played before some tough crowds in her career, said the most important thing for an artist to remember is that "you're decent enough to perform for them" if the Stones have requested your presence.

On this tour, Turner said the unique stage the Stones used presented problems for her and her backup singers. "It was quite awkward for us because the stage was tilted; it went straight down. We were all wearing high heel shoes, so we had to make all kinds of mental adjustments to perform for these kids that didn't want to see us in the first place. But they really got into it and it turned out great."

Asked if the Stones themselves

ever gave her any pre-show encouragement, she answered, "No, no they don't. They just come in and say, 'Hi, how ya doin'?' But before one of the shows Keith said he wasn't going on unless I came in to say hello. So I went in and we sat and sung some old blues with the guitar; did a lot of old songs of mine.

"These guys," she added, "are just great. They're like old classics that never die."

Although Garland Jeffreys had been set to open the Brendan Byrne Arena shows, a scheduling foul-up within the Stones organization resulted in his dates being shifted to Hartford. Nevertheless, when all was said and done, Jeffreys found it an exhilarating experience.

"When it came down to the show in Hartford, the Stones and their crew treated us wonderfully. Mick, Charlie, and Bill came backstage to greet us... I was very moved."

Not everyone shared Turner's and Jeffreys' excitement over opening for the Stones, however. Allen Collins of the Rossington-Collins Band was not impressed when Jagger asked the R-C Band to open for them in Orlando, Florida. "No way," Collins is said to have responded to the invitation. "This is our state! When you come here you open for us!"

Below is a complete list of all the acts that opened concerts for the Stones on this tour, plus the name of the city in which they performed.

George Thorogood and the Destroyers (Philadelphia, Buffalo, Boulder, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, New Orleans)

Journey (Philadelphia, Buffalo)

Go-Go's (Rockford)

Heart (Boulder)

J. Geils Band (San Diego, Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco)

Prince (Los Angeles)

Greg Kihn Band (Seattle)

Henry Paul Band (Orlando)

Van Halen (Orlando)

The Stray Cats (Atlanta, Cedar Falls, St. Paul)

The Fabulous Thunderbirds (Houston, Dallas)

ZZ Top (Houston, Dallas)

Neville Brothers (Louisville, Chicago)

Tina Turner (New Jersey)

Garland Jeffreys (Hartford)

Screamin' Jay Hawkins (New York)

Etta James (Cleveland)

George Duke and Stanley Clarke (St. Louis)

Molly Hatchet (Syracuse)

Iggy Pop (Pontiac)

Santana (Pontiac)

Opening acts for the last three dates in Largo, Maryland were not set at presstime.

LA BELLA'S MUSICIAN of NOTE

IAN SCOTT ANDERSON

Born: August 10th 1947
Dunfermline, Scotland

Homes: Buckinghamshire, England and the Western Isles, Scotland.

Profession: Musician, Farmer.

Earliest Musical Experience:
Acquiring, aged nine, a plastic ukelele.

Major Influences: Rolling Stones, Beatles, Beethoven, American folk-blues artists and vague folk-memories of traditional British music.

Latest Musical Accomplishment: Learning after 23 years to play the bloody ukelele, and persuading our guitarist Martin Barre to give La Bella strings a try.

Keynotes: Getting support gig on Led Zepelin U.S. Tour in 1969; No. 1 Album with Thick As A Brick in 1972; 17 albums recorded and over 20 million units sold. Finding a happy mixture of old and new Tull material in concert and still managing to enjoy it after 12 years.

Today's Music: A simplistic return in the majority of cases to the commercial cliches of earlier pop and rock with thankfully still a few artists of originality struggling through the maze of economic based restrictions placed on progressive music.

Strings: Having used for a number of years different makes of silk and steel strings for my Martin single "O" series of guitars, vintage and modern, I have finally turned to La Bella which gives both the warm and mellow quality that I like on my guitar and the edge and clarity to last through a two hour show which, considering the degree to which I sweat, spill beer, and generally abuse my strings, is saying a great deal. I also now use La Bella mandolin strings in the studio. Now, if only La Bella made flutes....



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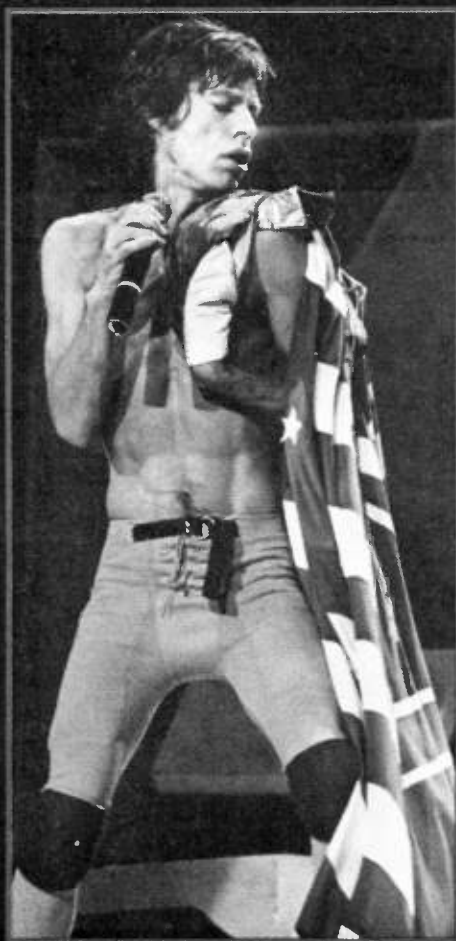


PHOTO: JOHN BELLESSINO/RETNA LTD.
PHOTO: MARK WEISS

PHOTO: MARK WEISS



PHOTO: MICHAEL PUTI AND RETNA LTD.
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PHOTO: ANDY FREEBERG

TH THE STONES

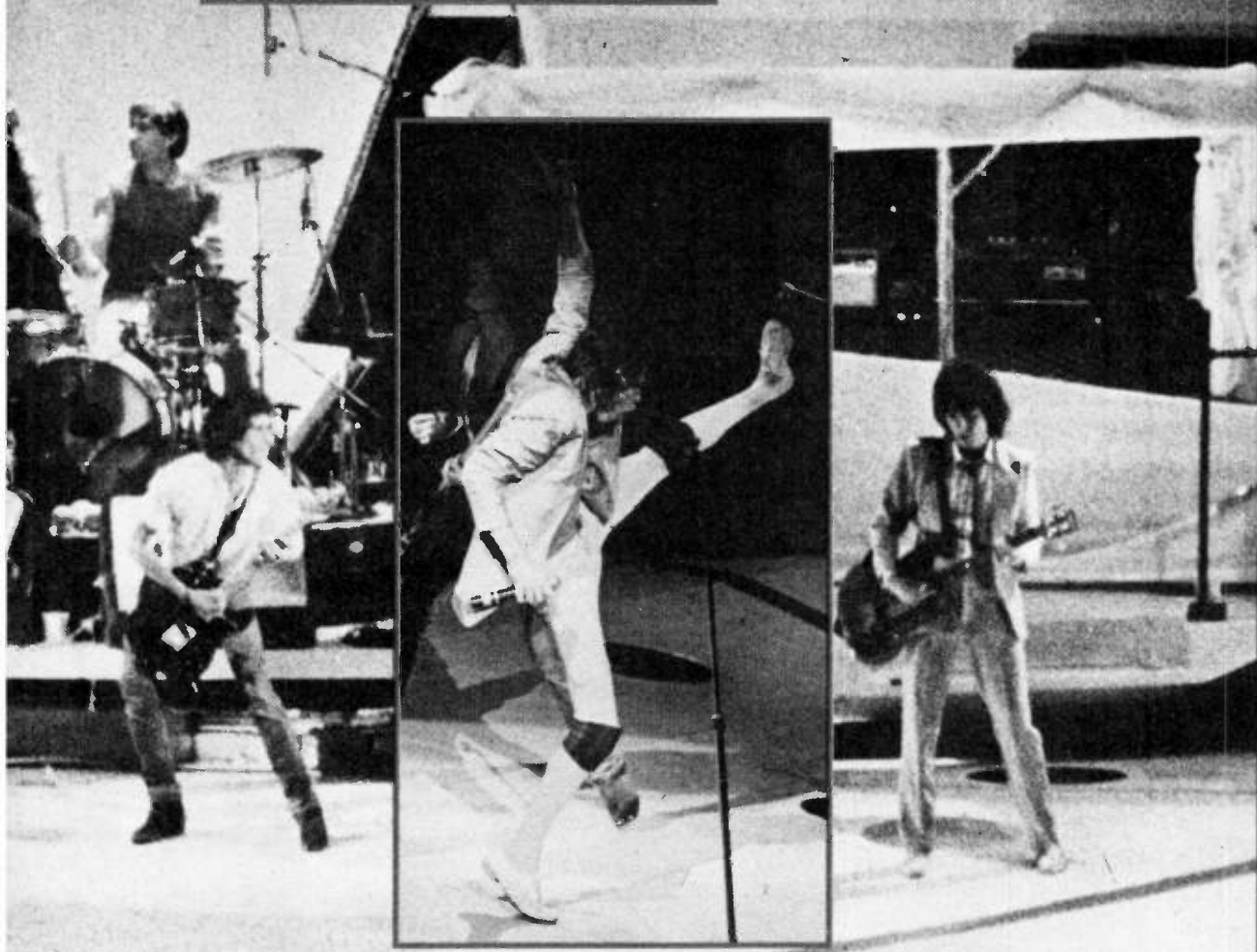
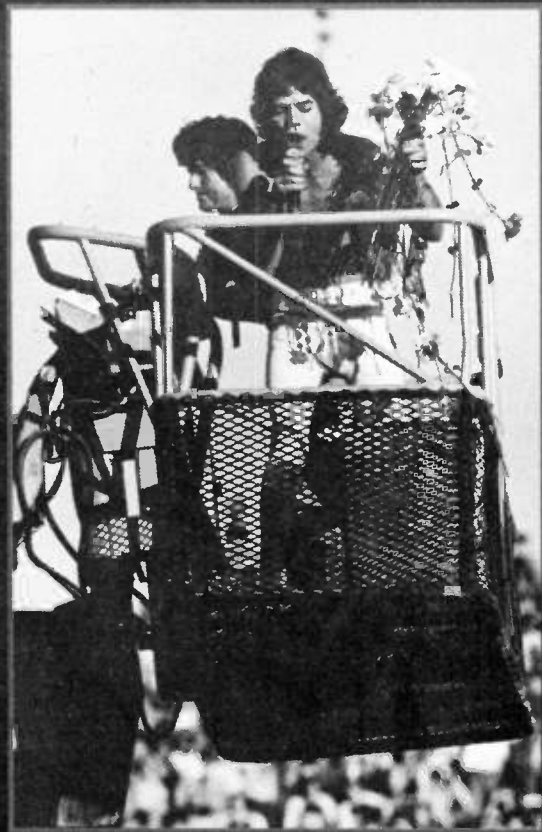
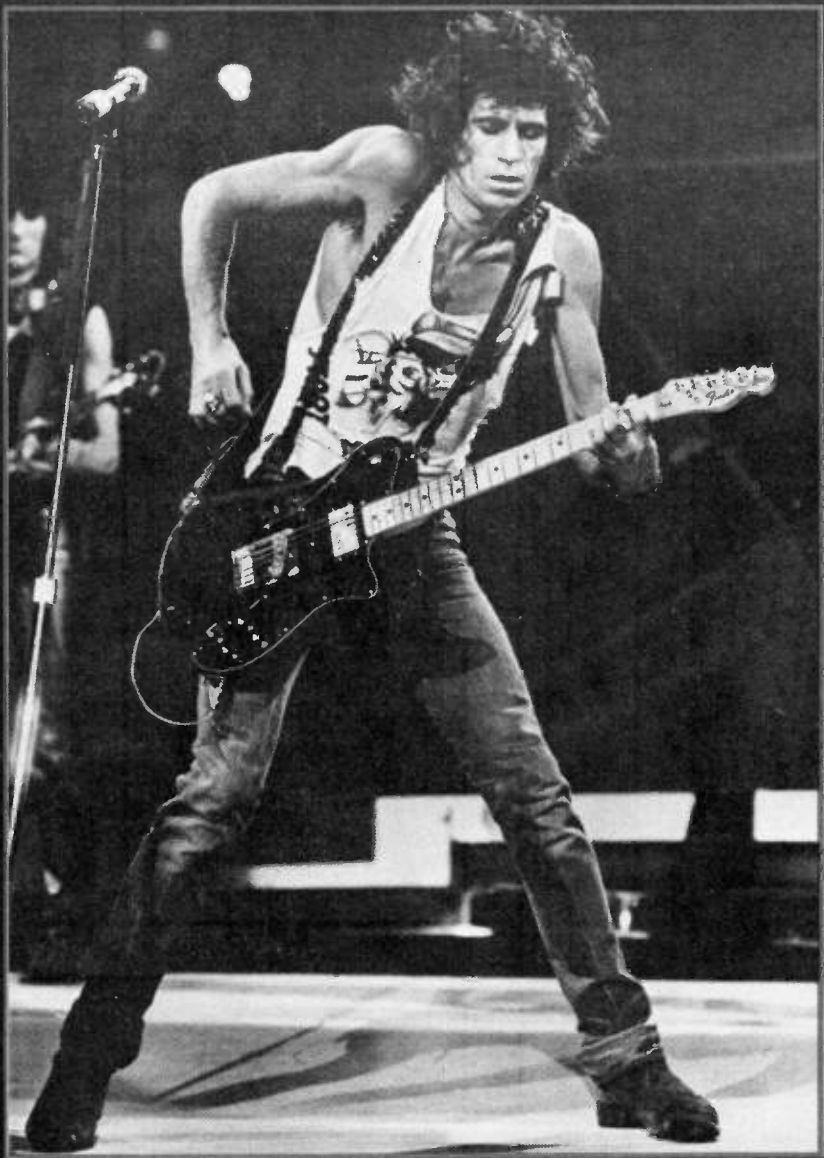


PHOTO: MARK WEISS
PHOTO: NICHOLAS PHOTOGRAPHY
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PHOTO: NICHOLAS PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTO: ANN CLIFFORD/DWI

PHOTO: TRAVER/WIPPERT/GAMA
PHOTO: ANDY FREEBERG
PHOTO: "THE NEWS"
PHOTO: ANN CLIFFORD/DWI

VIDEO

Two Ways
To Rock In
A New Year

NEW YORK—For those who prefer home and hearth on New Year's Eve, there'll be two opportunities to ring in '82 in rocking good fashion.

On the network side, Dick Clark's *Rockin' Eve '82* returns for a tenth year with another all-star guest list of contemporary rock and

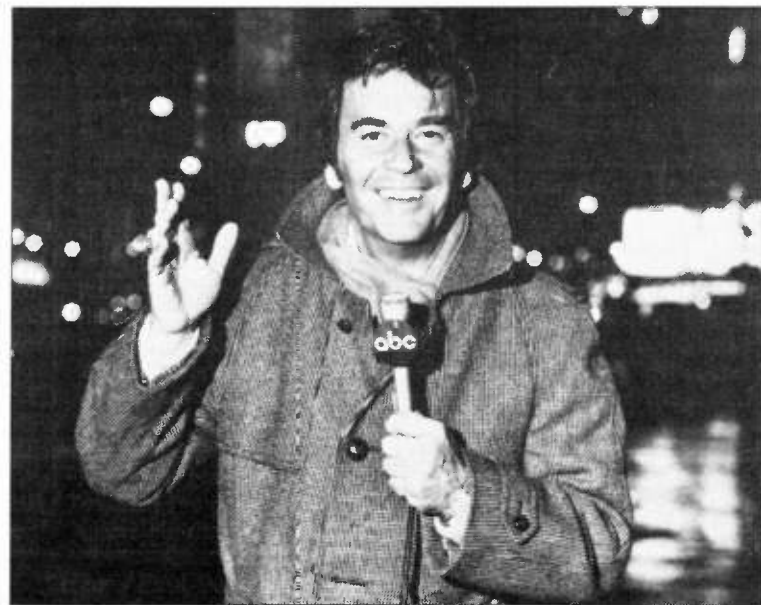
pop acts. With host Clark monitoring the activity in New York City's Times Square (a moment of silence for Ben Grauer, please), and co-hosts Charlene Tilton (of *Dallas*) and Tom Wopat (of *Dukes Of Hazard*) overseeing a party in Los Angeles, *Rockin' Eve '82* will sing out the old year with a midnight jam to "Auld Lang Syne." Following that, guests Rick Springfield, Alabama, Rick James, the Four Tops and Barry Manilow will take turns "singing in" the new year.

On the cable side, *Night Flight's* special edition of *Take Off* will recount the musical, film and cultural highlights of 1981. For rock fans, the two-part, 56-minute show will offer a wide array of roundup stories, including tributes to Bob Marley and John Lennon; an examination of the continuing phenomenon known as Beatlemania; a

report on rock's ageless wonders, the Rolling Stones; an update on the state of rock video; Ted Nugent, David Johansen and David Lee Roth expounding on "macho rock"; a report on the rebirth of psychedelia in the music of such bands as the Psychedelic Furs and Teardrop Explodes; and a look at the status of women in rock.

Night Flight also has scheduled two movies for late-night/early morning viewing: Jean-Luc Goddard's *Sympathy For The Devil*, starring the Rolling Stones; and *The T.A.M.I. Show*, the 1965 concert which brought together some of the top names of the day in rock and soul, including the Stones, James Brown, Jan and Dean, Gerry and the Pacemakers, Leslie Gore, The Supremes, Marvin Gaye, Chuck Berry and Smokey Robinson.

—Alan Hecht



Dick Clark rings in '82

VIDEO
CALENDAR

Date Show/Time/Station (C)—Cable

12/25 **DEVO: THE MEN WHO MAKE THE MUSIC**
Outrageous concert and concept video hi-jinks from the neo-corporate Devo music machine.
11:59 PM/ MTV (C)

12/25 **THE ROSE (1979)**
Bette Midler in her academy-award nominated performance as a tragic Janis Joplin figure caught in the grip of rock fame. Also starring Alan Bates.
2:45 AM/ HBO (C)

12/26 **JOURNEY IN CONCERT**
Taped at the Summit Arena in Houston.
11:59 PM/ MTV (C)

12/26 **NO NUKES (1981)**
Chronicle of five anti-nuclear concerts at Madison Square Garden and Battery Park in New York featuring performances by Bruce Springsteen, Jackson Browne, Carly Simon and Crosby, Stills and Nash.
8:30 PM/ Movie Channel (C)

(also shown on 12/29, 12/31, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9, 1/12, 1/15, 1/18, 1/21; check local listings for times)

12/26 **BREAKING GLASS (1981)**
Hazel O'Connor stars in this punk version of *A Star Is Born*. Not all it's cracked up to be.
4:25 AM/ HBO (C) (also shown on 12/30 at 1:40 AM)

12/27 **TUNNELVISION**
Uneven satire on American television which depends on slapstick and T&A for most of its laughs. Chevy Chase and Proctor & Bergman are among the featured funnymen.
9:30 AM/ Movie Channel (C) (also shown on 12/30 at 5:00 AM)

12/27 **XANADU (1980)**
Laughable musical fantasy starring Olivia Newton-John and Gene Kelly.
8:30 PM/ HBO (C) (also shown on 12/28 at 7:00 PM and 1:00 AM)

12/28 **SPECIAL DELIVERY**
Eddie Money on stage at the Agora in Cleveland.
6:00 PM/ Nickelodeon (C)

12/29 **SPECIAL DELIVERY**
The Cars in concert.
8:00 PM/ Nickelodeon (C)

12/31 **MTV'S NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY**
Frivolous New Year's celebration cablecast live from New York's Diplomat Hotel. Countdown to midnight will be celebrated for

each time zone with special guests George Thorogood, The Dry Heaves and others.
Starting 11:00 PM/ MTV (C)

12/31 **NIGHT FLIGHT**
Special edition featuring: a look back at the major music phenomena of 1981. Features the Rolling Stones, a John Lennon tribute and *Macho Rock: Sympathy For The Devil*, the Goddard/Stones collaboration; *The T.A.M.I. Show*, with 1965 performances by James Brown, the Supremes, the Rolling Stones, Marvin Gaye and others.
11:30 PM/ USA Network (C)

12/31 **DICK CLARK'S ROCKIN' EVE**
Dick Clark in Times Square with the countdown to the New Year. Performances by Alabama, Rick Springfield, Rick James, Barry Manilow and the Four Tops.
11:30 PM/ ABC

12/31 **FAME (1980)**
High school students at New York's School of Performing Arts struggle to succeed against formidable competition. Soundtrack includes the hits "Fame," and "On My Own," sung by Irene Cara.
6:00 PM and 12:00 Mid./ Movie Channel (C) (Special Note: From this showing on, all films on the Movie Channel will be available in stereo)

12/31 **WOODSTOCK (1970)**
Hail and farewell to the '60s.

Documentary account of the biggest and best rock festival ever. Featuring top-flight performances by the Who, Jimi Hendrix, Sly and the Family Stone, Santana and others.
1:45 AM/ Cinemax (C)

1/1 **NIGHT FLIGHT**
Repeat of 12/31 show.
11:30 PM/ USA Network (C)

1/2 **DIONNE WARWICKE IN CONCERT**
6:30 PM/ HBO (C) (also shown on 1/8, 1/11, 1/22; check local listings for times)

1/2 **BOB WELCH AND FRIENDS**
Ex-Fleetwood Mac member Bob Welch reunited with Mick Fleetwood, Christie McVie and Stevie Nicks for a concert taped at the Roxy in L.A. Soon to be released on videocassette by RCA Selectavisision.
11:59 PM/ MTV (C)

1/2 **NIGHT FLIGHT**
Features: *Astonishing Odyssey*, *Dire Straits*, *Jazz Time*, *The Who*, *Video Artists* and *Peter Tosh*.
2:00 AM/ USA Network (C)

1/3 **CARNY (1979)**
Dark side of circus life starring Gary Bussey, Jodie Foster and Robbie Robertson, (who also wrote the soundtrack).
3:00 AM/ Movie Channel (C) (also shown on 1/4, 1/16, 1/19; check local listings for times)

1/3 **COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER (1980)**
Sissy Spacek in a tour de force portrayal of country superstar Loretta Lynn.
5:30 PM/ HBO (C) (also shown on 1/5, 1/12, 1/20, 1/25; check local listings for times)

1/4 **CHER IN CONCERT**
Taped at the Sporting Club in Monte Carlo, this extravaganza has tons of dancers, a 22-piece orchestra and some classic film footage of early Sonny and Cher.
8:00 PM/ HBO (C) (also shown on 1/8, 1/12, 1/16, 1/21, 1/24; check local listings for times)

1/7 **VIDEO JUKEBOX**
A collection of rock videotapes.
7:00 PM/ HBO (C) (also shown 1/9, 1/11, 1/13, 1/19, 1/22, 1/24; check local listings for times)

1/8 **NIGHT FLIGHT**
Features: *Blues From Harlem*, *Cliff Richard*.
2:00 AM/ USA Network (C)

1/9 **DEVO IN CONCERT**
Taped at the Santa Monica Civic Center.
11:59 PM/ MTV (C)

1/9 **NIGHT FLIGHT**
Features: Randy Newman, Downbeat Revue, Boston Rocks 2:00 AM/ USA Network (C)

1/16 **BLUE OYSTER CULT IN CONCERT**
Taped at the Sportatorium in Miami.
11:59 PM/ MTV (C)

1/16 **NIGHT FLIGHT**
Features: *The Police*, *Viscious Cycles*, *Robert Gordon*, *David Johansen*.
2:00 AM/ USA Network (C)

1/21 **PERFORMANCE (1968)**
Starring James Fox and, in his first film role, Mick Jagger.
8:00 PM/ Cinemax (C) (also 1/24, 1:30 AM)

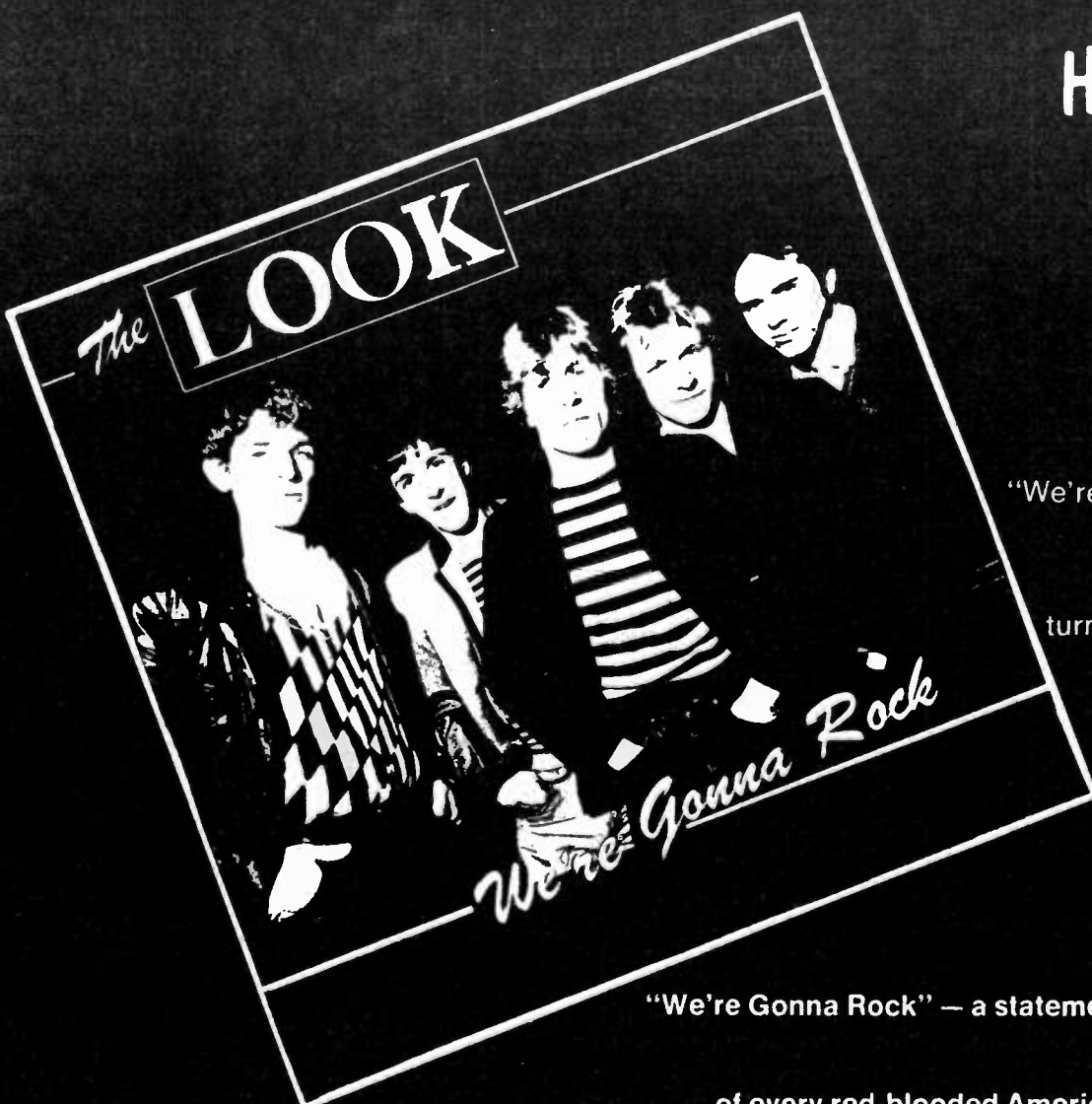
1/23 **GARLAND JEFFREYS IN CONCERT**
Taped at the Country Club in Los Angeles.
11:59 PM/ MTV (C)

1/23 **NIGHT FLIGHT**
Three-hour special featuring Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway; also *Life Span* and various video artists.
2:00 AM/ USA Network (C)

1/24 **THE JAZZ SINGER (1980)**
Pop remake of the first sound movie. Stars Laurence Olivier and Neil Diamond, who wrote the ponderous score.
9:00 PM/ HBO (C)

1/25 **AMERICAN MUSIC AWARDS**
People's choice version of the Grammys with 15 awards given in the pop, country and soul categories. Broadcast live from the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles.
9:00 PM/ ABC

(Note: Programming subject to change; check local listings)
(All Times Eastern Standard Time)

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VIDEO

Concept Videos: Rock's New Rage

Continued from page 1

video music programming. The goal is twofold: labels see a larger portion of young people's discretionary income being diverted from record purchases to videocassettes, and want, of course, to recapture part of that profit. Second, labels wince when groups signed to them as recording acts do as Queen did recently and go to established video houses to get their projects produced and/or distributed.

Because of the size and scope of its financial commitment to home video, CBS Video Enterprises (CVE) looms largest in the field. CVE's productions involve major artists only and reflect a conservative, documentary approach that leans on concert videos as a format.

"We won't ever put something together where there's a lip synch to track," explains Jock McLean, vice president of music programming for CVE. "Conceptual segments that we produce are not going to be the leader of a band on the roof of a building and the band walking down on the street below. That's too abstract." CVE's first rock production, *REO Speedwagon In Concert*, is already selling well and is a state-of-the-art concert video available in Dolby stereo. In January, CVE will release a Charlie Daniels video which will attempt to integrate narrative interpretations of two of Daniels' story-songs into a live concert shot last fall.

Even before its video division was formed, Chrysalis released one of the first video LPs, Blondie's *Eat To The Beat*, and now, less than a year later, it has moved into full swing under the directions of a vivacious vice president of programming, Linda Carhart.

Unlike CVE, Chrysalis Visual Programming is producing music-videos which are more thematic in design. "We're not running out and shooting live concerts every two minutes," emphasizes Carhart. "We're really trying to come up with creative stories and ideas to present artists so that their personalities come across as well as their musical talents." The company's first official production, Jethro Tull's *Slipstream*, debuted last month on subscription television stations across the country and will be available as a home video early in 1982. Directed by rock video veteran David Mallet, *Slipstream* features Ian Anderson portraying Aqualung, Quasimodo and Dracula; and climaxes with Anderson's performance of "Too Old To Rock 'N' Roll" inside a giant pinball machine.

Also available from Chrysalis in '82 will be *Best Of Blondie*, a compilation of promotional videos combined with original concept footage directed by Keith MacMillan. In development for spring, '82 release is a conceptual Pat Benatar video under the direction of Storm Thorgeson, who is best known for creating the early Pink Floyd album covers. These theme projects represent an enormous financial outlay for a small company, but as Carhart states, "Sometimes when you want to be creative you have to take all the risks."

Island Visual Arts is also taking some risks on music-videos. Known for its esoteric tastes in artists and music, Island is continuing this tradition in video under the guiding creativity of its founder, Chris Blackwell. "The company stems from Chris Blackwell's personal taste and he never goes after anything obvious," says Ron Goldstein. Island's first full-length concept video, starring Marianne Faithfull, is now in development, with no release date projected yet. A documentary account of Bob Marley's life, which will include footage of an American Indian tribe worshipping Marley's music, is also

in production, with a spring, '82 release planned. Additionally, Island is using video to develop new artists, with concert videos of the enigmatic Grace Jones and Black Uhuru recently completed for future cable showings and home video releases.

Other labels are tiptoeing into original musicvideo production. A&M Films will offer A&M recording artists opportunities to express themselves in video; MCA Videodisc has just released its first product, the racy Olivia Newton-John video LP, *Physical*. MCA has also produced a Ray Charles concert videodisc for January release. And then there's Thorn-EMI, with a focus on distributing independent productions, such as the *Queen's Greatest Flix*, rather than creating original programming themselves.

In an effort to keep everything under one roof, these companies are scrambling to develop an original format that will lead to a music-video with the profit potential of a blockbuster movie. Owing to the number of releases due from top-rank rock acts over the next few months, 1982 looms as a pivotal year for labels seeking to determine the commercial viability of this new music form and, hence, the depth of their involvement in it.

REVIEW

Queen's Greatest Flix

In 1975, Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody" demonstrated the power of the emerging performance video format in which artists lip synch or mime to pre-recorded music. Now, for the first time, it's commercially available on *Queen's Greatest Flix*, a 60-minute video LP that chronicles Queen's visual evolution.

Their most successful videos besides "Rhapsody" are those which refine or experiment with their performance approach. "You're My Best Friend," "Somebody To Love" and "We Are The Champions/We Will Rock You" effectively integrate different environments (stage, studio, outdoors in winter); "Bicycle Race" blends in concept video of color images and synthesized superimpositions. "Save Me" intercuts narrative in which Queen tells the story in animated fantasy sequences.

However, the chronologically-sequenced segments of this video ultimately reflect the band's lack of

innovation—and good taste—in recent years. "Crazy Little Thing Called Love" is a Vegas-style dance number which degenerates into a ghastly Elvis Presley imitation,

while the shots of leather-clad crotches in "Another One Bites The Dust" is Village People mentality at its worst.

Queen's Greatest Flix succeeds at the video LP form better than its predecessors, such as Blondie's *Eat To The Beat*, because of its unified approach and hit-filled soundtrack. But, both musically and visually, *Flix* peaks early and drags to an unsatisfying conclusion.

—Alan Hecht



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RECORDS IN PROGRESS



The Outlaws

Outlaws Survey Old West

Hard core boogie's cool," says guitarist Freddie Salem of the Outlaws, who are currently at work on their next album in Atlanta with producer Gary Lyons. "But boogie's not really our thing. We're more of a formula Southern rock band, into harmonies and planned-out guitar parts, instead of the three-chord stuff. Lynyrd Skynyrd

was the best of the boogie bands. We wouldn't feel right trying to copy them." Nevertheless, the as-yet-untitled Outlaws LP has a theme close to the very heart of boogie—the wild, wild West. "It's an idea that's always intrigued everybody in the group," explains Salem. "Our last LP (*Ghost Riders*) was all about rumrunners and roughhousing. A lot of Southern bands want to go back to the old days, but we just wanna sing about them."

Among Salem's contributions to the new album are "Goodbye," a song about "an outlaw who comes into town raping and robbing, before riding out saying 'goodbye';" and "Don't Stop," a tune about a rock musician "after a night with a fine-looking babe, or guy, depending on how you look at it."

Other entries include Hughie Thomasson's "Alligator Alley," about an 80-mile stretch of Florida road between Naples and Miami, abutting the Everglades; and "Back to Eternity," yet another paean to the old Western values.

Regarding producer Lyons, who mixed *Ghost Riders*, Salem says he's "not the kind who comes in and tries to rearrange every song note for note." Three years ago, the Outlaws worked with another English

producer, Mutt Lange, who, according to Freddie, had a big hand in the music. "The album (*Playin' To Win*) wasn't bad; it had a clean, polished sound, but it wasn't an Outlaws record." The upcoming LP, due in late February, will be

more "raw," Salem promises.

After laying down basic tracks at Axis studios in Atlanta, the band will travel to New York for overdubs and mixing. Following release of the album, the Outlaws plan a major spring/summer tour.

Buck Dharma Recording Solo LP

Donald "Buck Dharma" Roesser of Blue Oyster Cult is recording a solo album which—surprise, surprise—will be "mainly a guitar record. In fact, it's going to have more guitar playing on it than Cult records usually do."

The self-produced project actually commenced earlier this year, prior to BOC's latest American tour. With that tour completed, Roesser has returned to New York to pick up where he left off in June. An April '82 release is expected.

Asked how his solo LP will differ from a Cult album, Roesser replied, "If I were king the Cult wouldn't be a democracy. This will be done just the way I want it done. In some respects it will be somewhat like the Cult material I sing. But it's too early to say how it will end up."

Roesser added that aside from some "New York session guys," he hasn't decided who he'll ask to accompany him in the studio, nor has he chosen all of his material.

What's the purpose of a solo album? "I wanted to do something that was totally under my control. I want an entrée into record production, something I've been thinking about for the years ahead." He laughed. "You know, with today's faltering economy I had to take a second job. Fortunately, the record company was willing to back me. The Cult has now been around for ten years, and we're trying to do something else besides just recording and touring as a band."

In case anyone's wondering, Roesser will not tour solo. "It's too much trouble," he says.

Tina Swings Into Action

Continued from page 1

garia, Poland, Czechoslovakia) where audiences have a reputation for sitting on their hands. By the time this report reaches print, she will have capped six months of non-stop work by making a special guest appearance on Rod Stewart's December 19 live-by-satellite, world-wide concert broadcast and returning home for a well-deserved Christmas holiday break.

It's been a good half-year for the fiery songstress, starting with a series of favorably-received shows last spring in New York, followed by an equally-impressive stint opening for the Rolling Stones at the Brendan Byrne Arena in East Rutherford, New Jersey. Out of all this came feelers from record companies; one in particular, Richard Perry's Planet Records, seems to have the inside track, considering that Perry's gone so far as to produce a session with Turner "on spec," in the singer's words. The song both Perry and Turner were most interested in? Lennon-McCartney's "Help!," currently one of the show-stoppers in Turner's repertoire.

"Richard saw my performance in New York and he heard me do the song," recounts Turner. "He thought we could make it a record. After we finish the project, whatever the feelings are then, we'll make a decision on how to proceed."

When it's suggested that Perry's grandiose productions would seem incompatible with her kinetic style—opposite forces attract, like forces repel says the old law of science—Turner is quick to rush to Perry's defense. "Hey, I think he's a good producer. I think he's really in tune with black artists in so far as knowing their emotions and getting a good sound for their voice. This song doesn't need a lot of work; it just needs to be recorded properly. And I feel Richard is definitely capable of doing that."

That "simple song" is special to Turner in other ways, too. "It really fits my life right now," she says. "The last six years (following her divorce from Ike Turner) I've been really trying to clean up my life and clean up my act, so to speak. The song reflects... it's a reflection of my life. That's why I could relate to it and why I wanted to start singing it."

"It's also good rock 'n' roll. I've always been R&B, but where my true feel is, energy-wise, is in rock 'n' roll. I want to get back into what I really do best."



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RECORD REVIEWS



Law And Order
Lindsey Buckingham
Asylum

By Mark Mehler

The restive impish spirit of Lindsey Buckingham, which came to the fore in the squeaks, barks, scratches and squeals of Fleetwood Mac's *Tusk*, could not be completely contained within a band format, even a band as adventurous and egalitarian as Fleetwood Mac.

Law And Order is the opportunity for Buckingham to make his mischief with almost no supervision in a Burbank backroom, and the result is most gratifying for those who have enjoyed his efforts with F.M. Here we have 11 abbreviated songs, snippets actually, that aspire to be no more than they are: a series of bitingly focused images.

"Bwana," the opening track, is a lower case "Tusk," a bouncing baby elephant with backing vocals that could be coming out of a tree, and a hypnotic rhythm track. "Mary Lee Jones" is the flip-side of "Eleanor Rigby," the terse tale of a woman broken in spirit by too much passion, but the delivery is camped up with a healthy disrespect for fast-lane living. "It Was I" is a parody of "It's My Party" that reaffirms the joys of the original form. "September Song" does the same with the rock 'n' roll torch song. If they revive *Have Gun Will Travel*, Buckingham's "Johnny Stew" would be a good candidate for the theme song.

Co-produced by Richard Dashut (who has worked with Fleetwood Mac), with assists from Mick Fleetwood (on "Trouble") and Christine McVie (harmony on the wistful ballad "Shadow Of The West"), *Law And Order* is the product of a restless musical intelligence hunting around for new sounds and having a lot of fun within the relatively tight strictures of pop.



Reactor
Neil Young
Reprise

By Wayne King

The one constant in the chameleon-like career of Neil Young has been his blistering guitar work with Crazy Horse. He never lets much time pass before he makes a return to his roots, to one of rock's purest electric styles. Unfortunately, on *Reactor*, his newest with Crazy Horse, he has gone back too far, almost reverting to childhood in the process. While there has always been a childlike quality to his best work, rarely has it been so infantile.

Neil's latest toy is transportation, so he sings of surfboards and rapid transit, cars and planes. "Motor City," for instance, becomes a stripped-down vehicle for his new-found banality; its highlight is a cataloging of the features on an army jeep ("... got lockin' hubs/and

four wheel drive"). To give him credit, though, the most frustratingly stupid song on *Reactor* has nothing to do with getting from one place to another. "T-Bone" takes nine minutes telling us over and over again: "got mashed potatoes/ain't got no t-bone." Who knows—given the concept of this record, maybe the time spent delivering that one message is a comment on postal service.

The music is ill-considered as well. The playing gets pretty hot, but there's none of the pacing that made *Zuma*'s guitar epics stand out. Only "Get Back On It," by adding piano to the mix, varies from the straight four man sound which, given the dumb lyrics, becomes hard to take for a full album. What saves the record is the last tune, "Shots," the kind of number Young always comes up with when he needs it. Car horns and exploding amplifiers become the shots, "ringing all along the border" of the nightmare world that Young transports us to with his best material. It's probably appropriate that the song's best line points up why so much of *Reactor* is a failure: "lust comes creeping in/through the night/to feed on hearts." If Young had focused less on the objects that move people, and more on the emo-

tions that drive them, he might have made a great record.



Abacab
Genesis
Atlantic

By Jeffrey Peisch

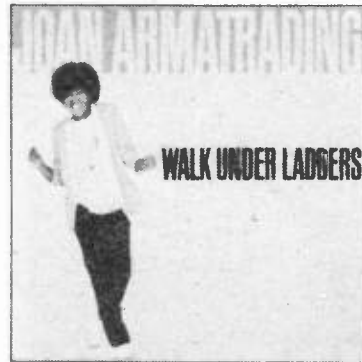
Genesis' thirteenth and best-selling album to date is a meaningless, predictable affair that begs the question, what is it about this so-called progressive rock that's so progressive?

During the LP's best moments, Genesis is witty, bouncy and dreamy. "Like It Or Not" and "Sarah Jane," two beautiful, romantic songs, are enlivened by Tony Banks' lush organ lines; the latter

has grandiose, swelling passages tailor-made for the heavy-handed treatment they get.

Most of the time, though, Genesis sounds dead. "Like It Or Not" notwithstanding, side two is a disaster: mindless lyrics, abrupt rhythm changes that destroy a song's flow, cutesy vocals that sacrifice depth of feeling in favor of artifice.

If this be progress, I say "forward into the past."



Walk Under Ladders
Joan Armatrading
A&M

By Joan Tarshis

Although she's a subtle and sensitive vocalist, Joan Armatrad-

ing's strength is in her songwriting. As *Walk Under Ladders* demonstrates, this artist continues to make effective statements, to offer new and challenging perspectives on familiar relationships.

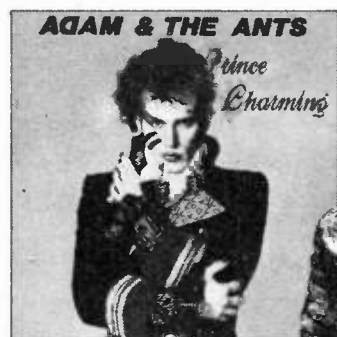
Producer Steve Lillywhite (noted for his work with the likes of Peter Gabriel and U2, among others) impressively pursues the aggressive musical direction which Armatrading established on the 1980 four-cut gem, *How Cruel*, and extended on her previous LP, the Richard Gottehrer-produced *Me Myself I*. "I'm Lucky," with its bold, upbeat, synthesizer-propelled introduction, offers an artist who feels so lucky in love she can "walk under ladders"—quite an optimistic admission from one who usually sees romance from its darker side. "Romancers," a crisp reggae-rocker, finds her questioning where and how know-it-alls get their wisdom. On a more substantial level, "The Weakness in Me," a powerful ballad, wrestles with the problem of being in love with two people at once.

As on her previous LPs, Armatrading's scenes of life and romance are etched with a diamond-cutter's precision and viewed through the perceptive eye of a first-rate writer.



nce Upon a Time...

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RECORD REVIEWS



Almost Blue
Elvis Costello
Columbia

By Wayne King

The idea of Elvis Costello doing a country record should come as no surprise; the B-side of his first Stiff single was the catchy "Radio Sweetheart," complete with steel guitar. On the surface, this is very similar to what Joe Jackson attempted with his recent LP of swing era remakes, *Jumping Jive*, and commercially it's a gutsy move. I'm sure that the last thing Columbia was interested in was a Costello re-

cord with no originals, since the man's forte is songwriting. So this is an admirable creation, right?

Yes and no. On the one hand, an artist of Elvis' stature should be allowed some time off from pursuing his usual vision, and an album displaying a deeply felt influence is surely more interesting than the usual stopgap live album. On the other hand, it is him and his band playing and it's hard not to compare this to the excellent *Trust*. Ultimately, *Almost Blue*, made in Nashville with noted producer Billy Sherrill, should be judged as a country record. That's the problem. If Elvis and the Attractions had really grabbed hold of the tunes, there would be none of this animal/vegetable/mineral speculation. Only rarely do they make a song theirs.

The songs picked—including numbers by Charlie Rich, George Jones, Merle Haggard, and Hank Williams—fall into three overlapping categories: songs about booze, songs with a touch of novelty to them, and slow weepers. It's the quieter ones, such as "Too Far Gone" and "I'm Your Toy (Hot Burrito #1)," that stand out; surprising, since Elvis is not blessed with the greatest voice, but he does make them work. The jokey songs

are where things fall down. Elvis, known to be a bit of a wise guy on his own, doesn't sound too convincing on a track like "Tonight The Bottle Let Me Down," and, hell, I don't think he's much of a drinker either. Right there is the dilemma that *Almost Blue* never resolves: imagine this punning, paranoid Britisher as a good ol' Southern boy. That would require a leap of faith that the music won't let you make.

Freeze Frame
J. Geils Band
EMI/America

By Wayne King

The J. Geils Band's recent efforts to push past the clichés of bar band boogie reach fruition in *Freeze Frame*. Although producer/songwriter Seth Justman's preoccupation with rearranging the diverse sonic elements can sound like a splice job ("Flamethrower"), when all the cylinders are hitting, the group's care, intelligence and experience pull off many a magic moment.

"River Blindness" builds majestically to a shattering guitar phase-out, and "Centerfold" has a great

false ending that kicks back in with swooping, crashing cymbals and an irresistible group singalong. And, of course, the album-closing "Piss



On The Wall" keeps the group's wise-ass quotient high.

What it all boils down to is chops, and this group has got 'em. Peter Wolf hits a beautiful falsetto note on "Do You Remember When," unleashing the string section that's restrained throughout the rest of the number, and raising what might have been just an exercise in nostalgia to the album's pinnacle. Whether it's transforming an old style ballad that way or exploring new territory (check out Magic Dick's Eastern-influenced harp blowing on "Insane, Insane Again"), it's this ability to achieve

the right performance when needed that makes the incessant experimentation valid. And that's the quality that keeps the J. Geils Band growing.



The Tim Hardin Memorial Album
Tim Hardin
Polydor

By Howard Levitt

In death as in life, Tim Hardin's timing was unfortunate. A year ago this month Hardin died of a drug overdose. Sadder still, his passing was little noted by a rock press still in mourning over the murder, two weeks before Hardin's OD, of John Lennon.

One of the truly outstanding singer-songwriters to emerge in the late '60s, Hardin's work was overlooked in the post-Woodstock rock boom. Yet, the *Tim Hardin Memorial Album*, a collection of his best-known songs (all his albums save this one are out of print), indicates that Hardin's gentle, lilting melodies and sensitive lyrics belong to no era: they are timeless. Known for such gems as "If I Were A Carpenter," "The Lady Came From Baltimore" and "Reason To Believe" (one of Rod Stewart's earliest, and best, performances on record), Hardin's proficiency as a writer always overshadowed his skill as a performer. Here, though, one can appreciate how his distinctive vocal inflections and delicate phrasing set the standard by which all the cover versions should be judged.



Get Lucky
Loverboy
Columbia

By Oren Clark

After the platinum success of its debut album, Loverboy can rightfully lay claim to the lightweight crown of AOR rock. Its first title defense, *Get Lucky*, is a collection of songs geared, like the material of *Loverboy*, for the kilohertz scale of the radio dial.

On the plus side, producers Bruce Fairbairn and Paul Dean loosen their white-knuckle grip on the pop safety-bar and let the musicians (including guitarist and songwriter Dean) rock out a little bit, adding thrust to Loverboy's schizoid blend of wimp-rock and pedestrian heavy metal. But while the music is sometimes engaging, there's no denying that vocalist Mike Reno's high-register wailing is no match for the firepower behind him.

Apparently, someone in Loverboy has decided to squeeze the first LP's hit formula for all it's worth. While the playing is impressive on "Lucky Ones" and "Emotional," one cannot ignore the flustering Reno administers to the listener's ears on "Gangs In The Street" and "Take Me To The Top," two clones of the group's hit single, "Turn Me Loose." Conclusion: somewhere in these grooves is a real rock band trying to get out. But Reno won't let 'em.

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RECORD REVIEWS



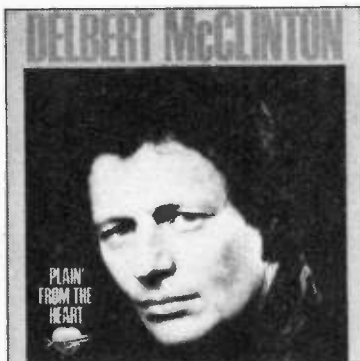
Circle Of Love
Steve Miller Band
Capitol

By Mark Mehler

Whatever Steve Miller's been listening to on the farm in Oregon, it hasn't been any contemporary pop/rock format. Judging from this, his first studio LP in four years, he's been listening 24 hours a day to the Make Believe Ballroom. *Circle Of Love* could be least commercial record by a major rock artist in the past decade.

However, one must admire Miller's conviction in going against type. Only the opening cut, "Heart Like A Wheel," could be called a Steve Miller song, with its neat tremelo guitar hook and bouncy lyrics. But the band is down from six pieces to four, and the sound is much lighter and spacier than ever. Still, "Heart Like A Wheel" is Grand Funk Railroad compared with what follows on side one: the Ricky Nelson-ish "Get On Home," the narcoleptic funk of "Baby Wanna Dance," and the title cut, and elegiac beach ballad. None of it's top forty, but it's pleasant, occasionally infectious music, and that's no small blessing.

Sadly, these warm memories are obliterated by "Macho City," the 18½ minute psychedelic rap that comprises all of side two. The rap is unbearably inane ("El Salvador, Afghanistan/ask those people about the macho plan"), the execution sloppy, the solos repetitious and slow-moving. Grafting the '60s to the '80s may not entail major surgery, but it requires at least a little imagination and conception of an audience's tolerance.



Plain' From The Heart
Delbert McClinton
Capitol

By Barry Alfonso

A traditionalist affair, *Plain' From The Heart* is steeped in the funky-but-slick antecedents of the Muscle Shoals sound which served Delbert McClinton so well last time around. A good share of the M.S. regulars are on hand: producer/keyboardist Barry Beckett, guitarist Jimmy Johnson, bassist David Hood and others. The material chosen is also not surprising: standard R&B fare such as "In The Midnight Hour," "Rooster Blues" and "A Fool In Love." Although this record is not a departure for McClinton, there's vigor in the grooves nonetheless. Maximizing his assets, he swaggers through his rockers, charms through his ballads and presents himself well throughout.

McClinton has a rough-and-ready sort of charisma, but there's a maturity to his style that tempers even his more aggressive moments. It's the gentler songs, actually, which shine the brightest. McClinton's readings of "I've Got Dreams To Remember" and "Lipstick

Traces (On A Cigarette)" are softly sexy and convincing. His own tune, "Sandy Beaches," is a bit too cliched in its sentiments, but still serves to maintain the mood of the album.



Live/Indian Summer
Al Stewart
Arista

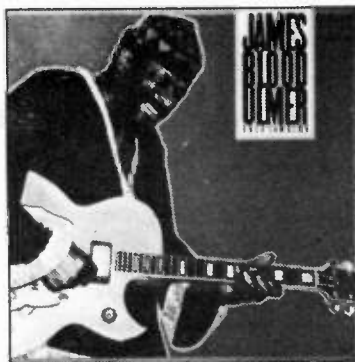
By Susanne Whitley

Three-quarters of Al Stewart's ninth album (a two-record set) is essentially a greatest hits compilation—a well-paced sampling of this thoughtful composer's absorbing metaphorical narratives, recorded during an engagement at the Roxy Theatre in Los Angeles last

April, with the solid instrumental support of his hand, Shot In The Dark.

During concerts, Stewart often leads his audience into a song with some clever non-sequitur of a story, as he does here with a two-minute rap ("Clarence Frogman Henry") leading into his million-seller, "Year Of The Cat." Chat elsewhere is at a minimum; the live lineup—with selections such as "Nostradamus," "Roads to Moscow," "Time Passages" and "If It Doesn't Come Naturally, Leave It"—are buffered with only short bursts of applause. That's a small complaint, really, but his patter is part of the fun.

Side one was recorded in the studio and should be played only after cheers have died down from the live segment. The five new songs, though, contain few surprises; "Here In Angola" (a cynical jab at mercenary ideology), "Pandora" ("Year Of The Cat" 's femme fatale revisited) and "Princess Olivia," the best of the lot, indicate that Stewart's penchant for weighty lyrical metaphor has lightened up considerably—an interesting development that bodes well for Stewart's future. But when juxtaposed against the live sides, the studio fare is merely a disappointing addendum to an otherwise-solid outing.



Free Lancing
James Blood Ulmer
Columbia

By Mark Mehler

After recording for a small jazz label, guitarist James Blood Ulmer has made the move to the big leagues and produced an interesting record which, while difficult to categorize, effectively showcases this gifted musician's unconventional style.

Ulmer's music is more than funky, more than fusion, more than "post avant garde harmolodic." It's urgent, restless and piercing, reminiscent of Jimi Hendrix in full flight. To listen to Ulmer is to be constantly on the verge of an important discovery.

This LP cooks with what George Clinton calls "hydraulic" energy, but what Ulmer himself refers to as "that ultimate hookup—four on the floor." "Where Did All The Girls Come From" and "Pleasure Control" are archetypal groove tunes, irresistibly funky and sassy, easily accessible to hard-core Funkadelic and Rick James fans. They're mass appeal songs, but with a crucial difference: Ulmer's wildly inventive guitar overlays that leap breathlessly from progressive to cool to bebop to blues and back.

One of *Free Lancing's* small pleasures is Ulmer's singing. Not a gifted vocalist by any means—sometimes he's almost deadpan—Ulmer's vocals (on three cuts only) stick with you because of the personality, the warmth inherent in his unusual voice. Again, the comparison with Hendrix is appropriate: neither offers much in the way of range or pyrotechnics, but the voice used in virtual counterpoint to the guitar is surprisingly eloquent.

With the solid rhythm support of bassist Amin Ali and drummer C. Calvin Weston, Ulmer has fashioned an album of dense, free-form music that will reward the listener who's willing to go an extra length in order to appreciate its complexity.

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FACES & PLACES



PHOTO: DAVID MCGOUGH/DMI

ARE THEY NOT MEN?

Answer: They are Jerry Casale of Devo and David Bowie, who met backstage following Devo's Radio City Music Hall concert in New York. Bowie is in town recording a new album with producer Jack Douglas and writing the title song for director Paul Schrader's remake of the movie *Cat People*.

ENTER SMILING

Anita Pallenberg, Keith Richards' common law wife, is shown arriving at the east side hotel where the Rolling Stones stayed while in New York. Anita's date is unidentified. Pallenberg is generally regarded as a force in the Stones' non-music of the late '70s.



PHOTO: DAVID MCGOUGH/DMI

HOW 'BOUT THEM KNOBS!

Frank Zappa is shown here with a guitar carved in the image and shape of Marilyn Monroe. Jeff Johnson, the man who did the carving, is seen at left. Johnson was the winner of Zappa's "Fine Girl" radio contest in which listeners throughout the country were asked to send into their local radio stations a photo or drawing of their idea of a "fine girl." The winner received an all-expenses paid trip for two to New York, tickets to Zappa's concert, plus a dream dinner date with Zappa himself.



DID YOU SAY TED NUGENT'S MOTHER?

Yes! The lady affectionately known as "Ma" Nugent was snapped recently at a party held in Chicago following a concert by Daryl Hall and John Oates. Anthropologists regard the unretiring Ma as the best proof yet that her rock wildman son Ted was born of woman and not, as some have charged, dug out of the wall with a screwdriver.



PHOTO: VINNIE ZUFFANTE/TOPIX

DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?

Who is this conservatively-dressed businessman who's been running around Manhattan trying to buy Northern Songs and claiming he is indeed one Paul McCartney? Anyone who knows this man's true identity should contact McCartney's New York office. Paul, as we all know, is a rock star. This guy's not a rock star. No way.



PHOTO: CHUCK PULIN

A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

Who said chivalry is dead? Stevie Wonder helped his wife Yolanda celebrate her birthday by throwing a party in her honor at New York's Greene Street restaurant. With Wonder providing piano accompaniment, Phyllis Hyman helped enliven the festivities by singing a few songs. Shown here are, from left: Yolanda Wonder, Stevie Wonder, Phyllis Hyman.



PHOTO: CHUCK PULIN

LIGHTNIN' STRIKES AGAIN

At Richard Nader's Rock 'n' Roll Revival at Madison Square Garden, Lesley Gore and Lou Christie team up for a scorching duet. While Christie is on the comeback trail and drawing impressive crowds to his club shows, Gore is maintaining a low profile as a performer in order to concentrate on her songwriting. Some of her work was featured in the movie *Fame*, for which her brother Michael co-wrote the title song.



PHOTO: DAVID MCGOUGH/DMI

AND MICK JAGGER'S PARENTS?!

Right again! Mr. and Mrs. Michael Jagger are seen here arriving at their son's upper west side apartment in New York City. The Jagger's first trip to the States was prompted by the appearance of their son's rock band, the Rolling Stones, at Madison Square Garden. It marked the first time since 1975 that they'd seen Mick perform.



PHOTO: CHUCK PULIN

ADMIRING THE BLUES

Delbert McClinton enjoys a fiery set by blues man extra ordinaire Albert Collins during a recent visit to New York City. McClinton was in town ahead of the release of his new album, *Plain' From The Heart*. Collins' performance took place at one of Manhattan's top blues clubs, Tramps.



PHOTO: DAVID MCGOUGH/DMI

SEE NO EVIL

Showing a little too much leg in this photo is Carly Simon, who was caught while at a party celebrating the release of a new album by her producer, Mike Mainieri. The festivities took place at the Vanessa Restaurant in New York. Mainieri has produced Simon's last two albums, *Come Upstairs* and *Torch*.



PHOTO: CHARLYN ZLOTNIK

THE KILLER RETURNS

A hale and hearty Jerry Lee Lewis pumps away on the piano during one of his first public appearances following his release from a Memphis hospital where he was laid up with variety of ailments. Said Jerry Lee to his New York audience: "The Killer is back, ready to rock." Nothing more need be said.



PHOTO: EBET ROBERTS

MAKING HIS POINT

Lynval Golding is tete-a-tete with Debbie Harry and Chris Stein after one of the Specials' final U.S. appearances. One of the leading proponents of ska/rock, the Specials' song "Ghost Town" was also an eloquent statement on the youth riots in England. Three of the Specials, including Golding, have remained together as Fun Boy Three.

VIEWPOINT: Hail The Conquering Heroes

By David McGee

"Paranoia strikes deep/into your life it will creep." These words, sung by Stephen Stills in 1967, haunted me as the Rolling Stones crept nearer to New York City. Violence and aberrant behavior had dogged their U.S. tour even before it began. Remember the raucous crowd outside a Worcester, Mass. club where the Stones played a "surprise" pre-tour gig? 11 arrests were reported there. So it went: At almost every stop, it seemed, horror stories of fans supplying the rebellion the Stones once embodied.

If these things could happen in supposedly-civilized areas, what could one expect when the Stones pulled into the Big Apple, where most of the wild animals are not in cages?

Ultimately I had to face the reality of my (imagined) paranoia: I was wasting valuable time trying to concoct a reasonable explanation for my absence from the concert. If the truth be known, the prospect of seeing the so-called World's Greatest Rock Band interested me not a whit. Reports from the road described them as sloppy: forgetting lyrics, missing solos, sometimes playing in the wrong key. As a long-time fan, I rejected the conventional wisdom that the Stones have always played it fast and loose. I saw them perform a 20-minute headlining set in 1964 which to my young ears lacked the potency of their first album, but it was by no means sloppy. In Dallas in 1969, they missed nary a note, lick or lyric. In Fort Worth in 1972 they were more musically compelling, more powerful than a rock band should be allowed to be. Jagger's stage strut had been honed to perfection, his moves synchronized to the nuances of the all-

mighty Watts - Wyman - Richards rhythm section. Mick Taylor's lead lines were elegant, crystalline, electrifying.

In '75 they were still dynamic, but sub-par material had begun to creep into the repertoire (and during the abysmal "Fingerprint File" we first took note of how silly Jagger looks playing electric guitar). In '78, with Jagger turned vinyl queen, they were sloppy and then some—they were embarrassing, interested more in posing than in playing. It was without question the worst set I've ever seen by a major group. While instinct told me *Tattoo You* was their most honest and exila-

rating record since *Exile On Main Street*, I still had doubts that they could—or wanted to—cut it live. I fully expected a perfunctory run-through of tunes new and old, something striking visually—a bit of trickery that dates back to '75, when the decline began—and a pliant, uncritical audience drawn more by the spectacle the Stones provide than by the substance of the music. I went, finally, because the critic in me lost out to the fan. Down deep, I still believed in the Stones.

First surprise: the audience was well-behaved. The only ugly incident of note came when a fan was

robbed of his tickets at gunpoint by an off-duty policeman. It remained for the Stones to deliver.

22,000 rose as one to greet them. The outpouring of emotion was an a priori acceptance of what was ahead (back off, now). The buoyant feeling—hail the conquering heroes!—only intensified with the first rousing chords of "Under My Thumb."

Through a 25-song set they earned the ovation. Jagger never worked harder. He may have had a stronger voice back in '72, but what he's lost in range he's made up for in the subtlety of his phrasing, in the little vocal smirks and asides

that give weight and depth to even his most ordinary lyrics, in the same manner Hemingway's direct dialogue cuts and slashes according to the speaker's tone.

Though Richards appeared thoroughly wasted, a shell of his grand '72 self, his guitar work had the old zip; the chords thundered gloriously and the lead lines he traded with Ron Wood were models of compressed kineticism. Wood is a fine guitarist too—and he shows it on occasion—but he tries so hard to be A Rolling Stone. All that calculated staggering and stumbling added nothing to the show and was, in fact, distracting. Mick Taylor's quiet, commanding presence, like Brian Jones' before him, is sorely missed. Wyman and Watts were redoubtable as usual, particularly the latter, whether he was providing a dramatic flourish to "Jumping Jack Flash" or powering straight ahead in utter command of his instrument.

At the end, the message was clear. It has to do with caring; with me and others like me forgiving the disappointment of '78 and remaining true to the cause; with the Stones caring enough about their craft and, I believe, about their fans to prove '78 an artistic miscalculation, nothing more.

When the Stones care, they have no equal. Springsteen may deliver more in the way of Deep Meaning; Rod, when he's serious about it, rips Jagger to shreds as a vocalist. On a good night, the Who blow them all away. But in marshalling two decades of rock energy, this Stones concert became an incomparable cultural and musical event. For awhile there, rock was everything it's supposed to be, because the awesome strength of the music engendered a sense of sharing with strangers a signal experience forever inscrutable to outsiders.

Did I say "so-called" World's Greatest Rock Band? I fear I've underestimated them.



The Stones in concert: An incomparable cultural and musical event.

PHOTO: ANDY FREEDBERG

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LULU.

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TOP ONE HUNDRED ALBUMS*



- 1 FOREIGNER
4 (Atlantic)
- 2 ROLLING STONES
Tattoo You (Rolling Stones)
- 3 JOURNEY
Escape (Columbia)
- 4 POLICE
Ghost In The Machine (A&M)
- 5 BOB SEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND
Nine Tonight (Capitol)
- 6 EARTH, WIND & FIRE
Raise! (ARC/Columbia)
- 7 STEVIE NICKS
Bella Donna (Modern)
- 8 RUSH
Exit . . . Stage Left (Mercury)
- 9 OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN
Physical (MCA)
- 10 KOOL & THE GANG
Something Special (De-Lite)
- 11 DAN FOGELBERG
The Innocent Age (Full Moon/Epic)
- 12 GENESIS
Abacab (Atlantic)
- 13 BARRY MANILOW
If I Should Love Again (Arista)
- 14 QUEEN
Greatest Hits (Elektra)
- 15 PAT BENATAR
Precious Time (Chrysalis)
- 16 DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
Private Eyes (RCA)
- 17 LUTHER VANDROSS
Never Too Much (Epic)
- 18 DIANA ROSS
Why Do Fools Fall In Love (RCA)
- 19 BILLY SQUIER
Don't Say No (Capitol)
- 20 CARS
Shake It Up (Elektra)
- 21 ALABAMA
Feels So Right (RCA)
- 22 BILLY JOEL
Songs In The Attic (Columbia)
- 23 AL JARREAU
Breakin' Away (Warner Bros.)
- 24 REO SPEEDWAGON
Hi Infidelity (Epic)

- 25 RICK JAMES
Street Songs (Gordy)
- 26 ROD STEWART
Tonight I'm Yours (Warner Bros.)
- 27 PRINCE
Controversy (Warner Bros.)
- 28 ROGER
The Many Facets of Roger (Warner Bros.)
- 29 GO-GO'S
Beauty & The Beat (I.R.S.)
- 30 DIANA ROSS
All The Great Hits (Motown)
- 31 TEDDY PENDERGRASS
It's Time For Love (Phila. Intl.)
- 32 J. GEILS BAND
Freeze-Frame (EMI-America)
- 33 KENNY ROGERS' GREATEST HITS
(Liberty)
- 34 THE BEST OF BLONDIE
(Chrysalis)
- 35 OZZY OSBOURNE
Diary Of A Madman (Jet)
- 36 ISLEY BROTHERS
Inside You (T-Neck)
- 37 STEVE MILLER BAND
Circle Of Love (Capitol)
- 38 TRIUMPH
Allied Forces (RCA)
- 39 NEIL DIAMOND
On The Way To The Sky (Columbia)
- 40 RICK SPRINGFIELD
Working Class Dog (RCA)

- 41 WILLIE NELSON'S GREATEST HITS (AND SOME THAT WILL BE) (Columbia)
- 42 AIR SUPPLY
The One That You Love (Arista)
- 43 LOVERBOY
Get Lucky (Columbia)
- 44 OAK RIDGE BOYS
Fancy Free (MCA)
- 45 SLAVE
Showtime (Cotillion)
- 46 COMMODORES
In The Pocket (Motown)
- 47 BEE GEES
Living Eyes (RSO)
- 48 ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRactions
Almost Blue (Columbia)
- 49 MOODY BLUES
Long Distance Voyager (Threshold)
- 50 NEIL YOUNG & CRAZY HORSE
Re-Ac-Tor (Reprise)
- 51 BLACK SABBATH
Mob Rules (Warner Bros.)
- 52 GEORGE BENSON
The George Benson Collection (Warner)
- 53 JACKSONS
Live (Epic)
- 54 KINKS
Give The People What They Want (Arista)
- 55 LITTLE RIVER BAND
Time Exposure (Capitol)
- 56 TIME
(Warner Bros.)

- 57 DEVO
New Traditionalists (Warner Bros.)
- 58 QUINCY JONES
The Dude (A&M)
- 59 KING CRIMSON
Discipline (Warner Bros.)
- 60 HEAVY METAL (ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK) (Full Moon/Asylum)
- 61 LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM
Law And Order (Asylum)
- 62 CHRISTOPHER CROSS
(Warner Bros.)
- 63 JUICE NEWTON
Juice (Capitol)
- 64 LOUIS CLARK CONDUCTS THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Hooked On Classics (RCA)
- 65 PAT BENATAR
Crimes Of Passion (Chrysalis)
- 66 RED RIDER
As Far As Siam (Capitol)
- 67 EARL KLUGH
Crazy For You (Liberty)
- 68 KENNY ROGERS
Share Your Love (Liberty)
- 69 QUARTERFLASH
(Geffen)
- 70 BAR-KAYS
Nightcruising (Mercury)
- 71 ZZ TOP
El Loco (Warner Bros.)
- 72 DONALD BYRD AND 125TH STREET, NYC
Love Byrd (Elektra)

- 73 RONNIE LAWS
Solid Ground (Liberty)
- 74 RUFUS WITH CHAKA KHAN
Camouflage (MCA)
- 75 URBAN CHIPMUNKS
Chipmunks (RCA)
- 76 PLACIDO DOMINGO WITH JOHN DENVER
Perhaps Love (CBS Masterworks)
- 77 ANGELA BOFILL
Something About You (Arista)
- 78 EDDIE RABBITT
Step By Step (Elektra)
- 79 ELO
Time (Jet)
- 80 STYX
Paradise Theater (A&M)
- 81 JOAN ARMATRADING
Walk Under Ladders (A&M)
- 82 PATTI AUSTIN
Every Home Should Have One (Qwest/WB)
- 83 BARBARA MANDRELL
Live! (MCA)
- 84 VANGELIS
Chariots Of Fire (Original Soundtrack) (Polydor)
- 85 RONNIE MILSAP
There's No Getting Over Me (RCA)
- 86 MAZE FEATURING FRANKIE BEVERLY
Live In New Orleans (Capitol)
- 87 CHILLIWACK
Wanna Be A Star (Millenium)
- 88 FOUR TOPS
Tonight! (Casablanca)
- 89 AEROBIC DANCING FEATURING DAMMER DORIAN (Parade)
- 90 RICKIE LEE JONES
Pirates (Warner Bros.)
- 91 GREG LAKE
(Chrysalis)
- 92 AEROBIC DANCING
(Gateway)
- 93 CARLY SIMON
Torch (Warner Bros.)
- 94 DEF LEPPARD
High 'N' Dry (Mercury)
- 95 OCTOBER
U2 (Island)
- 96 SKYY
Skylyne (Salsoul)
- 97 ENDLESS LOVE (ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK)
(Mercury)
- 98 LTD
Love Magic (A&M)
- 99 STARS ON
Stars On Long Play II (Radio)
- 100 DOOBIE BROTHERS
Best Of The Doobies Volume II (Warner Bros.)

ON THIS DATE*

ALBUMS

- 1 RUBBER SOUL
Beatles (Capitol)
- 2 DECEMBER'S CHILDREN
Rolling Stones (London)
- 3 WHIPPED CREAM AND OTHER DELIGHTS
Tijuana Brass (A&M)
- 4 SEPTEMBER OF MY YEARS
Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
- 5 THE BEST OF HERMAN'S HERMITS
(MGM)
- 6 HOUSTON
Dean Martin (Reprise)
- 7 MY NAME IS BARBRA, TWO
Barbra Streisand (Columbia)
- 8 THE GOLDEN HITS OF ROGER MILLER
(Smash)
- 9 GOING PLACES
Tijuana Brass (A&M)
- 10 MY WORLD
Eddy Arnold (RCA Victor)

TOP 10 LPS AND SINGLES JANUARY 1966



*Chart courtesy of Record World Magazine

SINGLES

- 1 SOUNDS OF SILENCE
Simon and Garfunkel (Columbia)
- 2 SHE'S JUST MY STYLE
Gary Lewis (Liberty)
- 3 FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD
Vogues (Co & Ce)
- 4 WE CAN WORK IT OUT
Beatles (Capitol)
- 5 FLOWERS ON THE WALL
Stallar Bros. (Columbia)
- 6 AS TEARS GO BY
Rolling Stones (London)
- 7 A MUST TO AVOID
Herman's Hermits (MGM)
- 8 THE MEN IN MY LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE
Mike Douglas (Epic)
- 9 YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BE SO NICE
Lovin' Spoonful (Kama Sutra)
- 10 NO MATTER WHAT SHAPE
T-Bones (Liberty)

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TOPS



TOP OF THE CHART

It's hardly news that Foreigner's current album, *4*, has been number one for seven weeks on and off (Journey and the Rolling Stones have also had extended runs at the top in the past three months). What is surprising, however, is the critical response to the record. Long regarded by the rock press as merely well-packaged, run-of-the-mill crunch rock, Foreigner's music on *4* is gaining wide praise as a daring departure from traditional British blues-rock.

Internal difficulties following the release of the band's third LP, *Head Games*, led to the exit of long-time members Ian McDonald and Al Greenwood, leaving the band a foursome: founders Mick Jones and Lou Gramm, plus Dennis Elliott and Rick Wills. Of the changes and the subsequent upturn in Foreigner's fortunes, vocalist Gramm says: "As a quartet we've finally got room to stretch out, and we're trying to make the most of it. There's more spontaneity now, more feeling of a band."

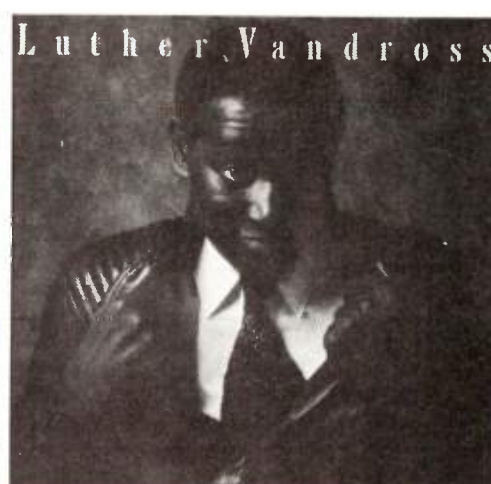


TOP NEW ENTRY

This month's highest-chart new release is *Shake It Up*, the Cars' fourth album and the first to be recorded at the band's 36-track Boston studio, Syncro Sound. Produced—as were the previous Cars albums—by Roy Thomas Baker, *Shake It Up* recalls the inventiveness and dry humor of the band's self-titled debut.

Ric Ocasek, who wrote eight of the LP's nine songs (one was co-written with keyboardist Greg Hawkes), uses the opportunity for some interesting vocal experimentation, most notably on the Dylan parody, "Since You're Gone." Guitarist Elliot Easton reprises his Long Island youth on "Think It Over" (surf fills and all) and "This Could Be Love," while Hawkes' light, clever keyboard fills keep matters from becoming too ponderous.

Shake It Up proves the Cars are not afraid to tamper with a successful formula. "I have no idea what makes people happy," says Ocasek. "I'm just happy we like it."



TOP DEBUT ALBUM

Although he's been around in one form or another since the early '70s, singer extraordinaire Luther Vandross is only now stepping out on his own. And impressively too: his first solo LP, *Never Too Much*, is the highest-chart album by a new artist.

Luther's first big break in music came when three of his songs were accepted for the Broadway musical, *The Wiz*. In 1974 he played keyboards on David Bowie's *Young Americans* album, and, with his group (appropriately dubbed Luther), joined Bowie on the road. Luther (the group) released two excellent but unheralded albums on Cotillion before Vandross himself moved on to session work. Suddenly besieged by labels desiring his services as a solo artist, he finally signed with Epic after being guaranteed the opportunity to produce himself. Epic's faith, and Luther's self-confidence, has helped launch what could be an important career.

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HEAD GAMES: FOREIGNER'S STORMY YEAR

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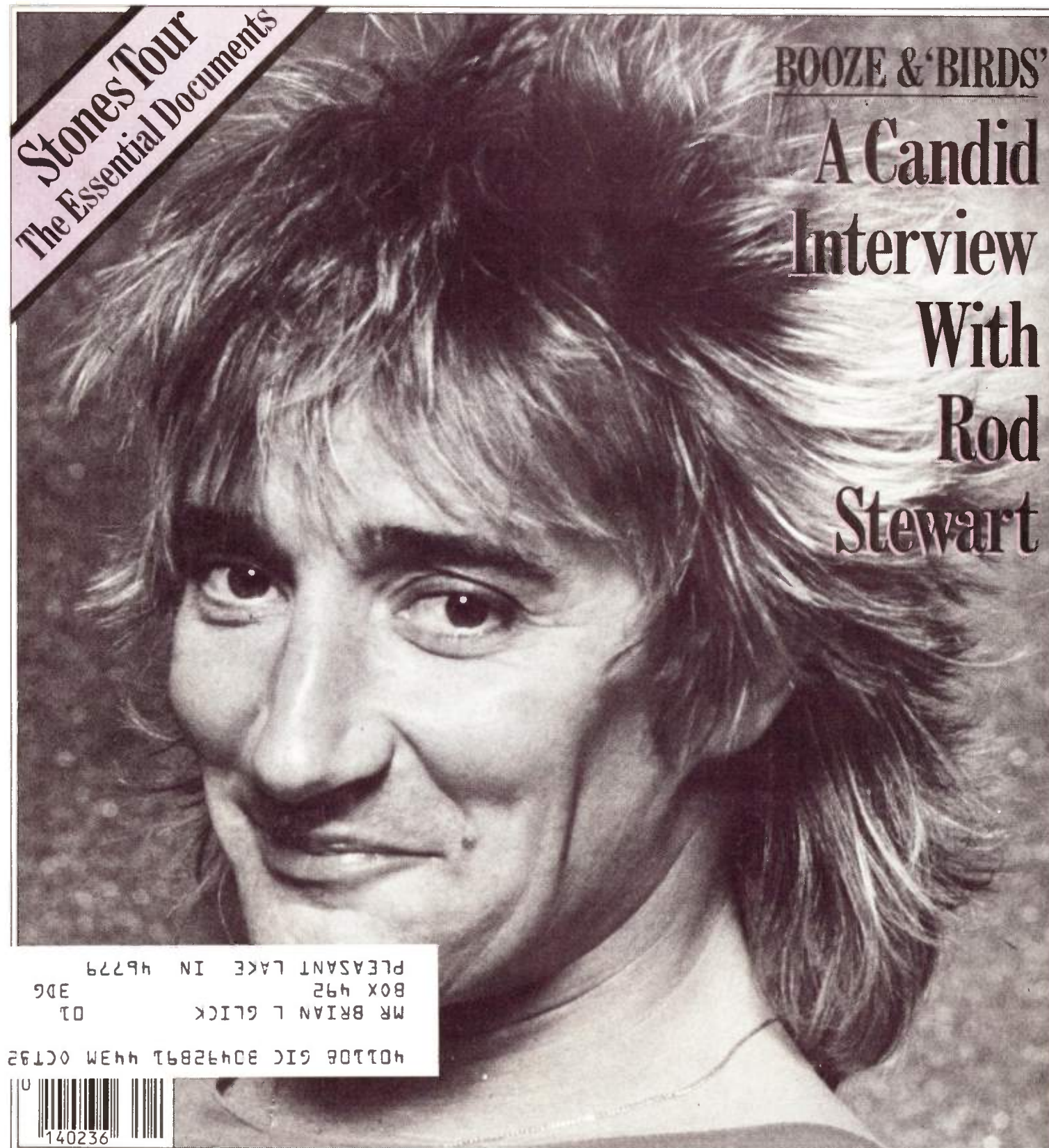
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Stones Tour
The Essential Documents

BOOZE & 'BIRDS'

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