December 1981
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Inside:
The Rolling Stones
gather no moss
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Crown Products
Random thoughts on balderdash
by DAVID ARTHUR
Editor
In case you are wondering, there were no letters this month, so I'm taking this space hostage until we get some. (There, that ought to motivate you!) So I'll ramble this month through various subjects and pontificate and misspell a whole bunch and maybe you pliable remnants won't feel so daunted by the high title of editor I wear. Or something like that. Onward!

The needless sacrificing of poly-vinyl cows dept.

In case you didn't guess, this is a comment on the KISS Homegrown Album, which is reviewed elsewhere in these pages. Since it isn't, I won't comment on its quality, save in passing — yuck — but restrain myself to comments on the idea of the project.

The idea of an album that represents local bands is a good one. Local talent needs to be showcased and an LP like this one, with the attendant radio exposure, should only help the local music scene.

So why have I only heard of four of these groups? It seems as if most of these bands formed for the LP. If this is a "fair" representation of the local music scene, I could well believe it is dead—but of course, it isn't. The really good and really original local bands are just too unsafe for KISS to play, just as bands like Split Enz, the Ramones and Motorhead are too unsafe for them to play. The Homegrown LP does not represent the S.A. music scene fairly — what it does represent is the KISS musical state of mind — and it's a sad commentary. KISS is far from being a progressive state — the term reactionary fits far better. (Do you hear me, Tim Spencer?) While their format is acceptable for those who only occasionally listen to radio — once every ten or thirty years — it is treasury to serious music fans. Over-reliance on obvious classics and modern popular trash is no way to run a radio station. It may be justifiable from an economic standpoint — but why not program Barry Manilow, too? Certainly not because of aesthetic reasons — but because your audience would leave. Somehow, I don't think it would kill you if your ratings to play Split Enz (who even have hit singles) once in awhile rather than (yawn) Journey.

Oh, yes, I forget. Split Enz doesn't sell well. Well then, why not feature ABBA as much as the Beatles?

Personally, I'm tired of the "KISS of death." I urge all who agree to turn off their radios, put on their records and/or tapes and yell "hell, no, I ain't gonna listen." Some may feel that this is a little strong. The reason may be that I get over the revulsion and indignation attendant to a listening of the Homegrown LP. But this needed to be said.

Memories: they mean aloot to me

Moving on to a more somber note, this month will mark the anniversary of the death of John Lennon. While this is not the time to engage in stupid sentimentation, the fact remains that the man is dead. While no tears can erase that fact or our loss, the loss should be remembered.

And what has changed since Lennon's death? We still we have wars, we still have famine, we have some new kinds of video games, some new models of cars and we still have handguns. Some things never change it seems — yet, that truism was something Lennon was fighting all his life. It is tragic his death happened — a society that starts to kill its artists is sick — but it is even more tragic that the circumstances that caused his death have not been changed.

I am a member of the generation succeeding the "Beatlemania" generation. I had little time to learn about the man — like time to hear his music. Now all I have is memories and I still, one year later, feel very angry. This feeling is only increased by the fact that handguns are still legal.

It would be tiresome to try to say much about Lennon and his music at this point — so much has already been said. Just remember, though, that they ARE gone and all that is left to us are some writings, videos and pieces of vinyl. More than most people leave behind, I suppose, but it seems inadequate. But I guess that's true of anything left behind after anybody dies — it's never enough, especially when the loss is so sudden — and so cruel.

Concert Incidents

If you examine our In Concert section, you will notice that there is an accounting of the Del Leppard/Blackfoot concert. While I have no idea why the members of Blackfoot acted as they did, I would like to say that I feel they belong more in a nursery school than on a stage. The cheapness and egoism of their conduct do not bespeak well of either the band or their music. There, I feel better already — don't you?

Random samples, polls & etc.

We won't have an issue next month — we always take off in January, so our next issue will be in February. At that time we will run the results of the critics poll. What about the reader's poll you say? Well, due to low response, we are discontinuing it. If I were you, I'd get mad and send in my vote for best Lp, group, new group, male and female star anyway.

If we get enough response there might be a poll anyway — even if there isn't, we might print one or two responses at random. Besides, our mailbox is lonely. So write — not just poll responses, but real letters. Those who get their letters printed will receive absolutely nothing but a bit of notoriety What a deal! The address is Box 5629, San Antonio, TX 78201. Your letters do make a difference, so write the address again: Box 5629, San Antonio, TX 78201.

New writers — please?

Look. you clowns are always saying that you hate my heavy metal reviews, right? And that I'm full of it, right? So write for us. Meet those stars you've missed. Collect autographs. Bylines. Both. So write, right now — or call that's 732-8347, ask for Ron. If you have the guts, write for us. Be somebody. And for those still in doubt, write a letter. That's Box 5629, San Antonio TX 78201. It would mean so much. (HA!)

Again, Box 5629, S.A., TX 78201.

In Coming Issues: Bad Finger

Vic Vergat

The Letter Column

Critic's Poll

Merry Christmas! From Us to You.

WHERE TO FIND US

San Antonio:

Los Thunderbirds Fabuloso

by RON YOUNG
Publisher

The Fabulous Thunderbirds are a R&B honky-tonk band from Austin who, despite their three fine albums for Chrysalis, are just beginning to make it big. They’ve toured Europe opening for Rockpile and most recently kicked off the Rolling Stones shows in both Houston and Dallas.

The 6-year-old T-Birds play jump blues that’s just right for the pelvis. It’s closer to the roots than the flashy, white-boy blues played by fellow Texans ZZ Top and Johnny Winter. It’s the kind of stuff that’s guaranteed to get you out on the dance floor whether you have a partner or not. And, no, they don’t play just for winos.

The band consists of Jimmie Vaughn on guitar. Jimmie cultivates the greasy look to perfection. You could probably give your Chevy a lube job with the amount of grease he slicks his hair back with. But looks aren’t everything; because he’s sure got the chops. He played guitar behind Freddy King and learned his Texas style from him. Vaughn is also greatly influenced by Louisiana legends Guitar Slim and Guitar Junior.

Kim Wilson doesn’t just play harmonica, he makes it walk and talk. He also sings in a full sleazy voice that sounds like a tree branch snapping in the distance. He met Vaughn while playing in a Minneapolis-based band. He then relocated to Austin. He’s played with such rockers as Nick Lowe and Dave Edmunds and blues greats like Jimmy Reed, Howlin’ Wolf, and Muddy Waters, who calls Kim “the greatest harmonica player there is today; the reincarnation of Little Water.”

No band would be complete without a good rhythm section and Fran Christiana and Keith Ferguson nail the job. Christiana previously played with Asleep At The Wheel and Big Walter Horton. Ferguson performed with Johnny Winter and Freddy Fender. Together they’ve got the perfect one-two combination that will put away faster than you can say “Sugar Ray.”

The Thunderbirds rolled into S.A. last month to play their last show of a grinding three-month tour at the Rock Saloon. While the place was not sold out it was well-attended.

The J. Geils Band was playing tight, and the T-Birds opened with a Juke Boy Bonner instrumental that showed Wilson’s harp mastery. He didn’t just play the harp, he played it. The T-Birds finally came onstage to do their thing. They opened with a Juke Boy Bonner instrumental that showed Wilson’s harp mastery. He didn’t just play the harp, he played it. The T-Birds finally came onstage to do their thing.

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“Like the J. Geils Band, I’m gonna marry the first actress I see!” — Keith Ferguson

RNR: What are your plans for a new album?
VF: Well, Chrysalis has extended or option and we really don’t have much planned. There’s a guy named Frankie Miller (who wrote “Ain’t Got No Money” for Bob-Seger) who’s writing some things for us.

RNR: Do you foresee some changes ahead?
VF: The J. Geils Band began as an R&B outfit, but especially lately they’ve begun encompassing more than just R&B.

RNR: Like the J. Geils Band I’m gonna marry the first actress I see! (chortles)

VF: We don’t plan stuff like that.

KF: We may have flying saucers on our next album or flying astrays. I don’t know.

VF: We’ll stay a four-piece even though we might add a piano or slide when we record. We just try to be what we chime I slapped bands with many S.A. musicians like sax-wiz Frank “dubpine” Rodarte and members of the Houston Blues Band before getting down to business with the Birds.

RNR: What was your first lady's name?
VF: Muddy Waters’ favorite band!

Jimmie Vaughn: He just likes us. We used to open for him in Austin when we were the house band at Antone’s. Then we used to back up all the big blues stars who came through Austin.

Everywhere Muddy went he told people he liked us and that didn’t do any harm. RNR: I heard you used to play guitar with the late, great Freddy King.

VF: I used to follow him around in Dallas.

KF: At the Dallas shows, though, it was colder than a well-digger’s ass.

RNR: You wrote “One’s Too Many” — RNR: You wrote “One’s Too Many” —

VF: San Antonio’s about the only place we gig now due to the exposure you got opening for the Stones?

KF: We had to blow Jagger. (laughter)

VF: Their agent just called ours because they had heard about us. We really liked doing those shows and playing for that many people.

KF: At the Dallas shows, though, it was colder than a well-digger’s ass.

RNR: Are you having more success getting gigs now due to the exposure you get opening for the Stones?

VF: San Antonio’s about the only place we can’t play. We came here a few years ago and played some Willie and Waylon place. (Reed’s Red Derby, now Maggie’s) where people were eating steaks, and they saw at us like, what’s this all about? San Antonio’s a hard place to play because it’s so big and there’s really no club scene.

The Thunderbirds hooped back onstage to run through one more blistering set before that long, slow ride back to Austin. They received a fine ovation from the fans who attended their show reminding quite a few of a young Butterfield Blues Band. You can bet they won’t be playing at a steak house the next time they hit S.A. — RNR
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It became transparent," he continued, "that this band was not Discipline but King Crimson. It was making noises like one. The audience has come to expect certain things from a King Crimson album — an unconventional approach, an updating of the musical vocabulary... a glimpse of the future. If you like, hypothetically, what we're doing now will influence others."

At this point, Fripp got up and walked off, leaving the audience with a sense of the group's sheer musical ability. The band's new approach on "Discipline" has been widely praised, and the album has sold well, establishing King Crimson as one of the most innovative and influential bands of the 1970s. Their next album, "Larks' Tongues in Aspic," was released in 1974, further solidifying their status as pioneers of the progressive rock genre.
**Toots and The Maytals: reggae and soul**

by 

ANTHONY ROGER

Freelance Writer

Toots and The Maytals are one of the most popular bands in Jamaica. Fred "Toots" Hibberts, who sang in Baptist choirs as a child, formed the Maytals in the early '60s. The band has been a considerable influence on Jamaican music and, therefore, on reggae. When in San Antonio last month to play a show at the Rock Saloon on November 12, I had a chance to interview Toots.

RNR: Well I guess I will start with a basic question, Toots, where did you start singing, and when and why?

Toots: I started to sing when I was very young — in the church. Every Sunday my family was going to church, and I was singing. Small boy with a big voice.

RNR: What types of songs?

Toots: Well you know — Gospel an’ religious songs — In Kingston we sang de songs of our Lord.

RNR: When did you begin to listen to Reggae?

Toots: Well, you 'ave first rocksteady and ska — you know? an' we listen to the radio an' in the street — we listen to American radio stations when dey come in, an' we listen to the blues an' old funk — so I was 'avin' dis stuff too, but I no tek record for years.

RNR: What American singers had an influence — who did you like?

Toots: I like Wilson Pickett ver’ much. Also listened a lot to Otis Redding — him ver’ good. Many people on the radio-righteous waves.

RNR: Soul music — was it popular in Jamaica back then?

Toots: I must say the Lion king keep his hair must keep his head clean and combed. Also Psalms — it say the Lion king keep his hair together an’ strong. We don’t take ‘dis to mean locks — it is just commercial.

RNR: So dreadlocks in your opinion are more or less commercial?

Toots: This is what I am saying.

RNR: Is Selassie (The late emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia) the almighty?

Toots: You are talking about Haylee Selassie, or Haile Selassie?

RNR: Haile Selassie.

Toots: Well you see Haylee Selassie created Haile Selassie. Haylee Selassie make his name Haile Selassie — the Lion King of Judah — King of Kings and Lord of Lords — open Amigo. When I recite prayer — I pray to de living being in me — Haile Selassie — in my heart. An’ Haylee Selassie mek Haile Selassie from one love in his heart.

RNR: The idea of ONE LOVE, ONE PEOPLE is then from Haile Selassie?

Toots: Yeah.

RNR: What do you think about repatriation to Ethiopia?

Toots: Every vine must return to his fig tree.

RNR: Do you want to live in Africa?

Toots: No, I want to make a hit record! (hearty laughter — long pause) I want to live where I feel the most highest love — so I can smoke my herb an’ deal with the world in my way — ya know?

RNR: Is there still oppression in Jamaica against the Coptic church?

Toots: In the Bible it say that a man mus’ protect his faith — that a man mus’ make all men know his love. An’ I see war an’ trouble, but I know I have love in my heart an’ so I will go on. An’ you must love yourself, for de same God that created me — he created you — an’ you love yourself — and love my self because he created me, the blackman, before he created you.

RNR: What about herb?

Toots: What kind of herb? Everything is herb. You have herb that you eat, like fruit, and you have herb that you smoke?

RNR: Smoking herb.

Toots: The lord give to man herb to smoke. It is in the Bible. The herb is the calyx, the sustenance of life. When you smoke your herb — you are praying to God from your heart. You feel good. You want to sing, you want to sing (singing) — all of the beautiful things, all of the beautiful things! (laughing)

RNR: When you perform, how do you see it?

Toots: It is a duty. Come mek we a song (motioning to other band members). Come mek fe we I a song now! Universal love and guidance.

RNR: Do you feel Reggae is becoming more popular?

Toots: Reggae music is music. Music made to pray to God. To meditate. If people are tired of living in their own thorn bush — they will hear Reggae. If they want to spread the water of truth among the brethren — they will hear Reggae.

RNR: Do you have any projects in the making? Perhaps a record with another well-known musician such as yourself?

Toots: No not yet. Is coming next summer the Sunsplash (Reggae festival in Kingston from May to July) an when it come then maybe I be with the brethren to make joyous sounds together. I don’t think before.

RNR: What about your rhythm section? Is there any particular reason why you chose these musicians over others?

Toots: Yes, I am partial to my own people dat I grew up wit’. I know dem because I was close to my mother, and we play together.

RNR: I noticed that the only original "Maytal" was Hux Brown. What happened to the others?

Toots: Well every man mus’ go an seek his own love. Some o’ dem go to play with others, and some o’ dem want to stay back home. I don’t know.

RNR: How often do you like to tour?

Toots: Man, I can tour all de time. All de time I tell you? I just love to sing and to talk like we are doing now. I could talk to tomorrow.

RNR: When people talk about you, Toots, they always seem to bring up the bit about your ability to sing soul and even off beat blues. What would you rather be known as a singer — a soul singer or a Reggae singer?

Toots: What I sing is coming from my heart. Is not either this or that. Is music for the people. I am Jamaican, a brother of the Coptic church, an’ I like to sing. If you want to call it soul — I deal wit you — If you want to call it Reggae — I deal wit you. I like it.

RNR: Is Jamaica safe now for members of your church and also for other Rastas?

Toots: I tell you. De' is politics an’ I don’ deal in politics. Don’t, want to waste my time wit’ de man who condemn my herb. Because de man who condemn de herb is de wicked man. Sometimes you can say de wicked man is in control of de people and you mus’ use all de love an’ passion in your heart to keep de wicked man from skimmin’ you out. One Love, One people.

RNR: Musically you want to make a bit record. You said that. I’m glad to tell me what you wanted to do next, spiritually, what would it be?

Toots: I want to let the people of America an’ de world know that I love them. I want to make records because that is what the people want from me of this earth. If I can be wit’ music, then so be the fruit of my life. Music is what turn the world around.

Toots promised that he would return early next year for a two-night stand — after an extensive round of questioning from Toots, himself, I spoke with other members of de band who were eager to be of assistance. For the listener — strongly recommend the Funky Kingston album and also Pass The Pase.

The Jamaican Waxe can be heard on KRTU-FM 91.7 on Saturdays between 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. and starting the week of December 5, 1981 the Jamaiccan Waxe will begin at 5 p.m. and run til 7 p.m.

— RNR

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The Rolling Stones: Thru the past darkly

by TIM LAWLESS
Contributing Writer

A rather odd combination, really: a rubber lipped perpetually adolescent lead singer who could barely carry a conventional tune; two guitarists, one streetwise, the other eccentric, whose personal excesses would become legendary (and for one, fatal); a jazz drummer who would become one of the greatest in rock, while breeding sheep dogs on the side. Their music was always second hand, their musicianship was seldom above average and their willingness to compromise musical styles was matched only by their ambition to get rich. Of course, we are talking about rock's most famous band, The Rolling Stones. They have had many great moments, some mediocre ones, and some terribly embarrassing ones.

When they first started out, they were a white English band interpreting black American artists' work. It is obvious they were interested in the blues, but since they reasoned they would probably never totally understand the sentiments behind them, they figured that trying to capture the spirit of the blues (like Eric Clapton) would be a pretty hopeless proposition. So they contented themselves with glossing over the details and using the past as a springboard for the present. Like the Beatles, Led Zeppelin and the Sex Pistols, they took an idea from the past, modified it, and called it their own; they lean primarily on old soul and R&B classics to carry the weight.

Nineteen sixty nine was a crucial year for the band. Brian Jones had died and Mick Taylor replaced his position (Jones had quit some months before) at rhythm guitar. Then their 1969 tour, which was quite successful, was climaxd by the fiasco at Altamont. Let It Bleed, released late that year, might well be the Stones' best album. Many critics (including myself, if I count as a critic) think "Gimme Shelter" is the best rock song of all time, a keyepiece for the attitudes of the late Sixties, and "You Can't Always Get What You Want" along with "You Got the Silver" are some of their best material. Unfortunately, the remainder of the album doesn't maintain this level; "Country Honk" is an insult to their brilliant "Honky Tonk Women" single, and "Live With Me" is perhaps a decadent remark about the status Mick's lifestyle was attainng.

Sticky Fingers is an interesting change of pace album, full of sex and drugs, just when songs about sex and drugs were becoming unfashionable. It is one of the most quiet (in material), the most depressing and the most ragged feel, which gave them that ragged feel. "Satisfaction" was the single that broke them into the big time. Like "Like a Rolling Stone" by Bob Dylan, it summed up an entire generation's sentiments and crammed them onto several minutes' worth of vinyl. With Richard's singing guitar lines (not to mention the guitar solos) on "Satisfaction" and on "Let It Bleed," Watts' frantic drumming, it fairly expressed the social frustration and confusion that many kids were going through at that time.

Aftermath was the album that saw the Stones blossom into a great band. Performing all original material, they entered very subtly into their brief psychedelic stage. From this point on (or until 1972) their albums would be regarded as classic. Their music remained hard, lean and fast blues-based rock (a la Chuck Berry, but they developed a style and technique that would be undeniably theirs. Between the Buttons breaks the trend somewhat, being an almost subverted album influenced by that seminal sixties artist, Bob Dylan. Flowsery is a mixed bag. Containing three repeated songs from the two previous albums and some fine original material ("Ride on Baby," "Sittin' on a Fence") it also sports one of the most dreadful covers of the Temptation's "My Girl" you're ever likely to hear.

After the Beatles released Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, their art/bombast contribution to the First Psychedic Era, nothing was ever the same again. This was true regarding the Stones' next album, Their Satanic Majesties Request, which saw them in self-absorbed druggy environs, and earned them critical tongue lashings like they've never received before. In retrospect, they seemed to be mocking the Beatles' pretensions to art, but they abruptly shifted gears at this point and from 1968 to 1972 became the best rock and roll band kicking around.

Beggars Banquet is possibly the Rolling Stones' most solid album; their sound is firm, intense and uncompromising. "Sympathy for the Devil" which established a legendary persona for Jagger as Satan's jester, was minimalistic in its instrumentation but rich with implications ("I shouted out, 'Who killed the Kennedys?' When, after all, it was you and me."). "Street Fighting Man," "Salt of the Earth" and "No Expectations" catch the Stones' beginning to peak, and are some of the finest songs they've made.

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Ron Wood: Formal — oh my God, I lost my tax!

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The Rolling Stones: Into the present...

ROLLING STONES
DEJA VU
November 1
by TIM LAWLESS
Contributing Writer

Certainly THE EVENT of 1981, as far as rock and roll is concerned, is the reemergence of The Greatest Rock Band in the World. 1980 was a bad year for the Rolling Stones: Emotional Rescue was a second-rate effort and an embalming seemed to be a fitting justice for such rickety old men. While inconsistency has always been a Stones' trademark, it has worked distinctly better than I expected.

Mick Jagger appeared wearing football pants (sans hip and tailbone pads) and a Dallas Cowboy jersey with 33 on the front (Tony Dorsett's number, natch). The concert itself could be broken up into three distinct stages, and the first stage was certainly the weakest of the three. Of the nine songs that made up this stage, only "Under My Thumb", the lead song, and "Imagination" were really anything above average. After the first song, the sound mix seemed to fall apart, and most of their songs suffered accordingly. Their songs have never relied on pristine sound or self-conscious technocracy for effect — the roader should check out Rush or the Eagles if that's your bag — but the quality got so bad that even songs were garbled mess. Side note: the biggest surprise of the afternoon came when they covered Eddie Cochran's "Twenty Flight Rock"; it wasn't successful, but it was a noble effort nonetheless.

The second stage was comprised of ten songs, half of them being recent material (off the last three albums), and half early material (pre-1973); accordingly, the songs were much better. The first five songs were very good — "Time Is On My Side", "Beast of Burden", and "Let It Bleed" were quite competent (Ronnie Wood's slide guitar on the latter was positively wicked), and "You Can't Always Get What You Want" was outstanding, as the audience sang along for the chorus. "Tumbling Dice", though, was a travesty; what was their best single of the last ten years sounded like mushy gook. They're classic singles to carry the weight during the crucial climax of the show. "Honky Tonk Women" followed and it had that gritty, raunchy feel; it got the performance that one of the best singles ever released deserved. The Stones showed the line "bar blues-cum-Chuck Berry rock style that made famous as they produced a blazing version of "Brown Sugar", "Jumpin' Jack Flash", the penultimate song, featured an extended jam, while Jagger climbed into a cherry picker to optimize his exposure to the audience. Apparently, the set was over, but they came back to turn in a powerful, searing encore: "Satisfaction", in what was surely the best song of the day. The crowd screamed "I can't get no!" while Jagger roamed the stage like a caged lion; the band was never sharper. A fireworks display, while backed by Jimi Hendrix's "Star Spangled Banner", capped off the show.

It was an entertaining show, to say the least, and that's all the Stones sought to do. Mick Jagger's moves on stage were always exaggerated, and this probably was necessary to make the show worthwhile for those in the cheap seats some 150 yards away from the stage. But often those moves were forced and too carefully contrived — often he seemed to momentarily freeze as he had to think about what he was going to do next.

And after a while, the stage gimmicks wore thin. I mean, how exciting can it get to watch Wood, Richards and Wyman were nearly immobile, and I was shocked to see that Bill could actually run when Mick deseged him up to the front of the stage. As for as the material was concerned, it was extremely well chosen. Twelve of the twenty-five songs were from Some Girl or...
A KISS Homegrown mistake

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**Robbin Cresswell**

Vinyl Habit... Vinyl Habit... Vinyl Habit...

99.5 KISS Homegrown Album

I've known about this project for some time and I'd hoped it would strive for one or all of these objectives: (1) to have the most popular local bands; (2) to have a fair cross-section of local and national music; (3) to give an idea of what to expect on the average weekend at the live music clubs in S.A. As it turns out, none of these themes were considered when it came time to edit the final ten songs. ALL are good for all are well-known bands: The Max, The Mo-Dels. The Drugstore Cowboys and The American Peddlers, plus other bands that seem to have formed simply for the sake of this record. It's ironic and sad that the music here reflects KISS radio's interpretation of rock 'n roll. Like the station that these groups were weaned on, the songs are mundane, predictable, and just plain dated.

Rock 'n roll is for people who can grab that special something out of the air and turn it into their own sound, whether it be for a song or a career. Rock 'n roll isn't difficult, it just takes some imagination and feeling and the guts to do something different. There are local bands that have this "magic" that should be heard. Why weren't the Krayolas, Manquean, Rudy Hart, Claude Morgan & The Blast, as well as other more inventive bands represented? Listening to those "original" songs makes a good argument in favor of cover bands, because these songs certainly contain no originality or creativity. **Clyde Kimsey**
Leon Russell returns to S.A.

By RON YOUNG
Publisher

Leon Russell has long been one of the most easily identifiable figures in contemporary rock music. He has repeatedly demonstrated his ability to write songs, arrange and produce albums, and perform live. From the days when he played in Jerry Lee Lewis' band in 1959 to his current work as a singer-songwriter and producer, Russell stands out as a true original. His music is a blend of blues, rock 'n' roll, and country, and his live shows are always a memorable experience.

Leon Russell has recently announced plans to return to San Antonio for a solo show. Fans of his music will not want to miss this opportunity to see one of rock's most commanding figures perform live.

The Bomb Went Pop

By CLYDE KIMSEY
Contributing Writer

The Bomb Went Pop is a new band from Austin, Texas. They are making a name for themselves with their energetic live shows and catchy, upbeat music. The band is made up of local musicians who have banded together to create a sound that is both fresh and familiar.

The Bomb Went Pop will be playing at the Rock Saloon in Houston on Friday night. Don't miss your chance to see this exciting new band perform live!
Growing up all over again

and his teachers knew he was on this writing assignment. The author didn't know what to expect or how to actually feel the pulse of the high school. But by luck, he fell into the association of the "in crowd" along with a general mixture of students.

Since the book is intended as an insider's view of high school students, Crowe isn't part of the action. The book is told in the third person point of view with Crowe as narrator. From reading some of the private situation it would seem he was invisible. There are about a dozen key students that he writes about, along with encounters and descriptions of some members of the faculty. The most striking teacher is the slightly neurotic Mr. Hand, who intimidates his class in a stern-faced Steve McGarrett (from Hawaii Five-0) fashion. The book is divided into short chapters, each concerning a particular episode in the life of these students. These "kids," like all teenagers, have a society all their own, though their society's distinctions and characteristics are rapidly changing as they are forced to mature faster as the established society itself accelerates. Most of the students discussed have jobs, which Crowe thinks rob them of their carefree teen years, although he realizes that these days kicks just keep getting harder to find without cash and some wheels. Several subjects are entered into; we witness: the first sex by two kids, the problems and conflicts of several of the students jobs, dating, class discussions, as well as many of teen's life inside and outside the school. Though it's written about a slightly upper class California high school, it does a good job of representing high school as a whole; at least it makes you feel that way.

Parts of the book may be hard to be objective, but even if some parts were made up or exaggerated, it reads true to life. Supposedly, the characters helped Crowe in retelling their private moments the following summer after he broke his secret to them. The students themselves along with the author's good note-taking and savedropping help make this book poignant, entertaining and true.

Anyone that has been through (or is currently attending) high school can identify and relate to one if not several of these teens. I was surprised at some of the things that haven't changed in the 5½ years since I graduated, as well as a lot of things that have changed. Readers may find themselves thinking back with mixed feelings of regret and satisfaction of their own high school days. You might just get a better understanding of yourself and today's teens. — Clyde Kimsey

Making the grade

Guide tried to cover every rock album by every major group. Christgau limits himself to the 70s, which he feels is the decade that produced two-thirds of the best Lps in rock history. He does not try to cover every album by every artist but hits upon the highlights. He is interested in good music, rather than bad — some Lps tend to be ignored. He does cover the total outputs of major artists but minor groups he passes over. He also takes on Lps that were overlooked.

One never get the feeling that Christgau is mouthing off here. He is a witty, talented writer who obviously is in love with music. Unlike the Rolling Stone Guide, there is never a feeling that the man didn't listen to what he reviewed. And since he makes no pretensions toward producing the definitive record guide, he is less serious than the RSG. In the end, I find myself liking both his approach and his book better. Sure, he's less objective — but he admits it. His tastes are also less exacting and less sentimental. While he has a bias toward New York bands, I can fault him for that. I'd probably love Television also, I'd seen them live. On the whole, a worthy bargain. It even has an added bonus — in the back of the book, the author lists 50's and 60's singles. Lps he considers "must own," as well as a list of every Lp he graded A- or higher in the book. He also goes into an interesting explanation of how his grading system evolved and what the grading system means. Unobjective, incomplete, witty, incisive and insightful — A+, Mr. Christgau, A+... David Arthur

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<tr>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Comment</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4/5</td>
<td>Excellent, a &quot;must&quot; album.</td>
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<tr>
<td>4/5</td>
<td>Very good. A solid effort.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4/5</td>
<td>Good, worth a chance.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3/5</td>
<td>Mediocre, inconsistent or just lacking in some way.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2/5</td>
<td>Poor, waste of time.</td>
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The only thing it's good for.

**Ron Young**

**A haunting**

The Police/Ghost In The Machine

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<th>Score</th>
<th>Comment</th>
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<tr>
<td>4/5</td>
<td>I fully expected the new Police LP to be as boring and safe as last year's Zenyatta Mondatta. What I got instead was a bright and adventurous LP, full of bold chances and equally bold gains.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4/5</td>
<td>The addition of horns, synthesizers and backing vocals to the group's sound has realized possibilities only hinted at on previous Police LPs. Sting's tragic vocals, full of angst and concern, are buoyed as usual by his bass playing and Andy Summers' melodic chordbursts. The additional instruments add depth to the music and &quot;jazz&quot; things up -- sometimes a little too much. Yet the chaos that always seems imminent never quite materializes -- just as the global disasters that Sting is singing about have yet to show. Let's hope in both cases, they don't.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4/5</td>
<td>&quot;David Arthur&quot;</td>
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Debbie Harry/Kookoo

This is a silly and embarrassing record from a once promising talent. I can't say that it's a disappointing record since this sort of music is just what I expected from Debbie Harry after listening to Autoamerican and reading about how great she thought Chic was and how eager she was to record with them. If I hear this record on the radio I will surely change stations which is ironic because I used to request Blondie songs in their pre-"Heart of Glass" days. Two months before "Heart of Glass" was released (five months after the album) I called up KTSA's Program Director Charlie Brown. He said he couldn't play this group because they were an obscure German punk band (not a Manhattan pop revitalizer band which they were). Nowadays both Debbie Harry and Blondie are another one. The joke is on us all!" Clyde Kimsey

The other musicians who backed the pair include the incomparable drummer Steve Hartwell (who plays in The Blast), George Gaytan on viola and Stacy Underwood on bass and percussion. Byron Smith worked miracles as the engineer to help make this the best production yet for Closet Records.

**Ron Young**

Chuck E. Weiss/The Other Side Of Town

This is Chuck E. Weiss debut LP. Chuck E. is the hero of Rickie Lee Jones hit single "Chuck E. Is In Love," also a cohort of Tom Waits, in case you didn't know. He's also a songwriter and singer as well. Waits, although he waxes less poetic than Waits, he's apt to be less maudlin about the characters that populate his songs.

The album (only $5.98 list) contains eight songs that range from a good time version of "Saturday Night Fish Fry" (why is everyone covering Lou's Jordan these days?), to Waits piano stroll and monologues like "Lucy's Starline Lounge," a richly tuneful like the title cut, and adolescent rockers like "Gina."

Besides The Doors-like "Sparky" and the Jordan tune, the best song is a lazy Waits-styled ballad called "Sidekick" that features an endearing duet with Rickie Lee Jones (although she's not credited, it's unmistakably her). Rickie Lee gives one of her finest vocal performances here as she warps her rangy voice around the easy melody like an icy around a trellis.

I look upon Weiss as some sort of modern day Neal Cassady to Waits' Jack Kerouac. Weiss seems to be more of an inspiration to Waits and Jones than a songwriter in his own right. However, he can sing fairly well (more range than Waits) and with his next album perhaps he'll come more into his own.

**Ron Young**

Jean Michael Jarre/Magnetic Fields

The reason why Oxygene was such a universally accepted electronic record was that it was subtle, soothing and romantic. It was relaxing and stirred one's imagination to its limits; qualities which are rare in today's record market outside of some avant garde groups that only a few can appreciate.

Jean Michael Jarre, along with Vangelis, seems to break the "robot" stereotype connected to electronic music. Their recordings aren't the stale, cold, and choppy music that aren't the stale, cold, and choppy music that characterizes Kraftwerk, among others.

Magnetic Fields is better than Equinoxe, though not quite as good as Oxygene.

"Clyde Kimsey"

The Babys/Anthology

If slick, pixy-pop rock that stands up as a third-rate Foreigner is your bag, then allow me to introduce you to the Babys. Nothing remarkable -- nothing period, now that you mention it. All their sappy singles are here, along with more silt that graced their last five albums, plus a previously unreleased live version of Bant's Strong's Money. Respecting rock fans will graciously pass. "Tim Lewton"
You know its getting on in years when New Wave groups start compiling enough material to release Greatest Hits packages, and Blondie, who has more albums than any other well-known New Wave band, is unsurprisingly the first in this field. Amid all the whimpering that Blondie has sold-out, gone commercial, etc., etc., etc., let’s not forget that they are exactly 16 years old. They have been diametrically opposed to what they’ve done in the past two years. “Heart of Glass” or “Call Me” are catchy pop singles; detractors will cry they are “MOR disco,” but let’s face it: it’s not like disco is anti-rock or communist or the clap or anything. And this album is wise enough to be beamed up by four songs off their first two albums. A good collection for the uninitiated, although Blondie or Parallel Lines are certainly the albums any legitimate Blondie fan must own. **Tim Lawless**

**Dary Hall and John Oates/ Private Eyes (RCA)**

Hall and Oates are probably the best pop songwriting team of the latter Seventies/early Eighties (replacing Elton John and Bonnie Tauspin of the middle Seventies). Carefully crafted, gimmicky pop-soul? Sure. But they can write such catchy pleasant melodies that you wouldn’t be concerned about their light-weight songs. They have been diametrically opposed to what they’ve done in the past two years. “Mano a Mano” is good. Vocals, slick production: a perfect change of pace from straight rock and roll. **Tim Lawless**

**Frank Zappa/You Are What You Is (Barking Pumpkin)**

Frank Zappa hasn’t done anything innovative in quite a few years and his latest album is no exception. But that doesn’t keep You Are What You Is from being his best LP in a long time. Zappa has always been known for his music. But so far his music has been somewhat hit and miss. This time he seems to be hitting his stride. The title track and “Special Stars” make it worth having. Perhaps it’s just a teaser sampler of an upcoming album. Too much of it is echoy Ono-inspired vocals, and synthesizer-driven pop. It’s not bad stuff, but after a year since her last release one wonders why she and her partner Lee Chappell could only come up with six songs. Too much of it is instrumental filler, too, and that’s what makes this set even more disappointing. Still, the title cut and “Special Stars” make it worth having. Nevertheless, it’s a good album. 

**Cliff Richard/Wired for Sound (EMI America)**

He earned his name in England in the fifties as a singer of English pop. Now he’s copying Elton John, Muschi, pedestrian and overblown, but aside from that, it’s really pathetic. Anyone who sings something like “Cos I Love Rock and Roll” and makes it sound like the Bee Gees on valum has no business in the field of rock. So devoid of emotion, he makes Barry Meatloaf sound like James Brown on a hot night. **Tim Lawless**

Billie Holiday’s vocal chords and wearing a red beret. She had style and her songs struck a chord somewhere in the back of your mind and stayed there. They were forged in a nocturnal neon world populated with poets, losers, lovers, and saints. But then Rickie Lee did a slow fade, not to be heard from for two years. Pirates is the result from those years and it’s a pocketful of mostly moody stream-of-consciousness songs akin to Van Morrison’s Astral Weeks. Unfortunately though, it’s not Astral Weeks, nor is it much like her first album either. Not that I wanted a remake. What makes Pirates different from that first album is that the characters on it were better developed. Here they’re barely rough sketches, just names the listener doesn’t know well enough to care much about. These particular story-songs are rather unfocussed ideas that all too often fall victim to verbiage as they run out of melody line — like a long walk off a short pier.

**Ricky Lee Jones/Pirates (Warner Bros.)**

Two years ago a pretty blonde beantalk bopped her way onto the top of the pop charts and into the hearts of record buyers everywhere with the hottest debut album in recent memory. It wasn’t just the exciting hit songs like “Chuck E’s in Love” and “Danny’s All-Star Joint” that made Ricky Lee different; it was the cool streetwise hipster persona she portrayed in her songs. Sort of a female Tom Waits, copping
shirts, when he strutted on stage looking like Marlon Brando in drag, I was surprised to put it mildly. Somehow, it was all to do with his outfit. When he strutted on stage looking like Marlon Brando in drag, I was surprised to see not Blackfoot, but Def Leppard take to the stage to open the final show of their 1981 American tour. Though local newspaper and radio reports of the gig had billed Def Leppard as the top act and major attraction, it was not to be. As Def Leppard soon discovered, things would not go as planned that fateful evening.

Despite poor mixing and a generally bad performance, I was with certain consternation, able to discern the opening number to be "On The Night", from their latest Mercury release "High 'N Dry". Lead vocalist Joe Elliott was experiencing considerable difficulty raising his vocal offerings, above the cacophony of an audience who had been prepared by twin axemen Steve Clark and Pete Willis, and an equally mediocre rendition of "It Could Be You" and "It Don't Matter". It may not have been a rock king anymore, but he was still a great guitarist. After an all too short 50 minutes he left, only to return five minutes later with a mention of a bomb threat during "Night Clubbing". I didn't think anything of it until ten minutes later I found myself standing outside watching the police go in to sweep the building. Is this Iggy's way of saying 'goodnight'? I knew I'd never forget this evening."

I'm Eighteen" had not only a perfect run-through but he did bring out his snake for added thrills. "No More Mr Nice Guy" was a million Dollar Babies" still sounded good after all these years. The Coop did his best version of the incendiary rock tunes "Under My Wheels" and "Generation Landslide", Alice encored with a personal favorite, "School's Out" for the final nudge over the edge.

The concert was electric with anticipation in the Convention Center Arena as the band put on a well-coordinated assault of electric fans, and near-perfect crowd control. The air was electric with anticipation in the Convention Center Arena as the band put on a well-coordinated assault of electric fans, and near-perfect crowd control.

The overhead lights were swaying in time with the music and suddenly the overhead stage lighting broke down and seconds later, to the horror of the audience and performers alike, a white sheet was draped as a backdrop by one of the Roadies. It was bodily emblazoned in black lettering, something similar to the Def Leppard logo, with the words "Dick Licker". The band regained their composure, continuing to play, yet this interruption of their stage presence clearly added further problem to their already faltering performance. Little did they know it was only to be the beginning of a harrassment.

The overhead lights were swaying once again, more violently, and this time a Roadie was on the structure climbing to a position near the stage front. He began dropping massive quantities of dinging balls down on the audience, attempting to disrupt the show and continued playing, though obviously angry. They reopened for one encore of "Wasted", which as it seemed, was not to be. As Def Leppard soon discovered, many things would not go as planned that fateful evening.

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Details</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 3</td>
<td><strong>Bitch</strong></td>
<td>(All-Girl Group from Chicago)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec. 6</td>
<td><strong>Harlequin</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 8</td>
<td><strong>Tommy Tutone</strong></td>
<td>(Epic Recording Artists)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 9</td>
<td><strong>Leon Russell</strong></td>
<td>with an all new rock'n'roll band.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 13</td>
<td><strong>Joe 'King' Carrasco</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 17</td>
<td><strong>Gary Myrick &amp; The Figures</strong></td>
<td>(CBS Recording Stars)</td>
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