

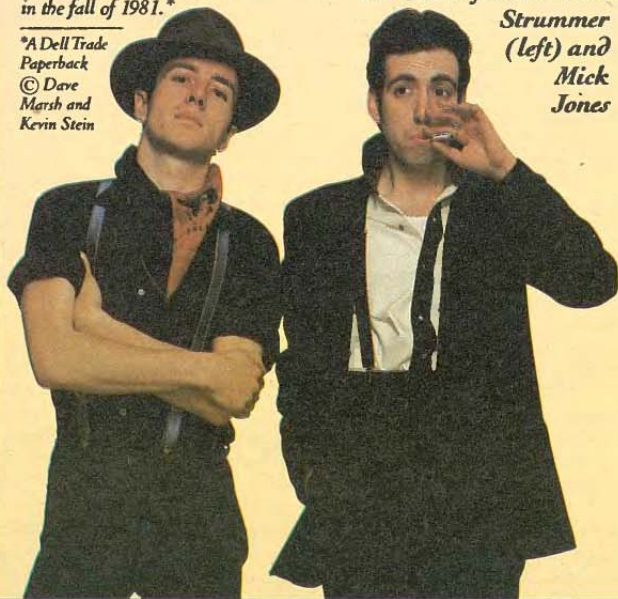
ROLLING STONE'S 1980 ROCK & ROLL AWARDS

The Fifth Annual ROLLING STONE Readers' Poll drew almost 3000 ballots, with Bruce Springsteen emerging the big winner. In fact, Springsteen carried almost every category in which he competed: Artist of the Year, Best Album, Best Single, Male Vocalist and Songwriter. Of note was Springsteen's margins of victory; the guy just walked away with the cake. As Artist of the Year, for example, he outdistanced Pink Floyd by more than four to one. Bruce's group, the E Street Band, beat out the Rolling Stones for best band, and the Boss' coproducer, Jon Landau, took the producer slot. Even Bruce's sidekick, saxophonist Clarence Clemons, put in a respectable showing, being edged out by Jeff Beck as best instrumentalist.

The overwhelming favorite for Best New Artist were the Pretenders, with leader Chrissie Hynde making a strong second-place showing as the top female vocalist—first place went to Pat Benatar. Stevie Wonder jumped from his fourth-place spot last year to 1980's best soul artist. Meanwhile, George Benson placed third in this category and also emerged as the top jazz artist. Willie Nelson took country-artist honors. In fact, along with WMMS-FM of Cleveland, the best radio station, Willie was the only one of last year's winners to retain his crown.

"Rock Memorabilia" is a new addition to the awards. With the exception of the worst hit, the contributions were culled from "The Book of Rock Lists," by Dave Marsh and Kevin Stein, which will be published in the fall of 1981.*

*A Dell Trade Paperback
© Dave Marsh and Kevin Stein



READERS' POLL

Runners-up are listed in descending order.

ARTIST OF THE YEAR

Bruce Springsteen

Pink Floyd
The Clash
The Rolling Stones
Queen

BAND OF THE YEAR

E Street Band

The Rolling Stones
The Clash
Pink Floyd
The Who

BEST ALBUM

Bruce Springsteen:
The River

Pink Floyd: *The Wall*
The Clash: *London Calling*
Pete Townshend: *Empty Glass*
AC/DC: *Back in Black*
The Rolling Stones:
Emotional Rescue

The Clash: frontmen Joe Strummer (left) and Mick Jones

BEST NEW ARTIST

The Pretenders



Christopher Cross
Pat Benatar
Rossington Collins Band
The Vapors

BEST SINGLE

Bruce Springsteen:
"Hungry Heart"

Queen: "Another One Bites the Dust"
Blondie: "Call Me"
Doobie Brothers: "Real Love"
The Vapors: "Turning Japanese"

FEMALE VOCALIST

Pat Benatar

Chrissie Hynde
Linda Ronstadt
Deborah Harry
Ann Wilson

MALE VOCALIST

Bruce Springsteen

Jackson Browne
Billy Joel
Bob Seger
Mick Jagger



Springsteen at home in New Jersey; Bruce had a good year, with a chart-topping LP and record-breaking tour

SONGWRITER

Bruce Springsteen

Pete Townshend
Jackson Browne
Elvis Costello
Billy Joel

PRODUCER

Jon Landau

Nick Lowe
Brian Eno
Phil Ramone
Ted Templeman

SOUL ARTIST

Stevie Wonder

Michael Jackson
George Benson
The Commodores
Diana Ross

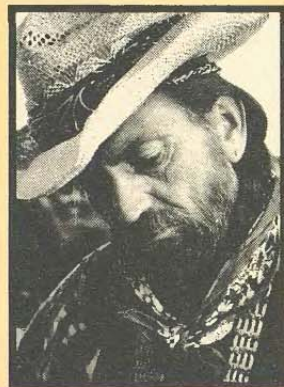
JAZZ ARTIST

George Benson

Chuck Mangione
Pat Metheny
Joni Mitchell
Jean-Luc Ponty

COUNTRY ARTIST

Willie Nelson



Kenny Rogers
Charlie Daniels
Emmylou Harris
Eddie Rabbit

INSTRUMENTALIST

Jeff Beck

Clarence Clemons
Jean-Luc Ponty
Chuck Mangione
Herb Alpert

RADIO STATION/CITY

WMMS-FM
Cleveland

WNEW-FM
New York City
WPLJ-FM
New York City
WMMR-FM
Philadelphia
WBCN-FM
Boston

CRITICS' POLL

ARTIST OF THE YEAR

Bruce Springsteen

BAND OF THE YEAR

The Clash

BEST ALBUM

The Clash:
London Calling

Bruce Springsteen: *The River*
Talking Heads: *Remain in Light*
Captain Beefheart and the
Magic Band: *Doc at the Radar
Station*
Mink DeVille: *Le Chat Bleu*

BEST NEW ARTIST

The Pretenders

BEST SINGLE

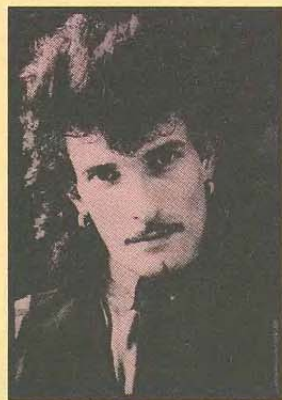
Joy Division: "Love Will
Tear Us Apart"

Rolling Stones: "Emotional
Rescue"
The Pretenders: "Stop Your
Sobbing"
Blondie: "Call Me"
Kurtis Blow: "The Breaks"

FEMALE VOCALIST

Chrissie Hynde

*Willy DeVille was in good
form on 'Le Chat Bleu.'*



MALE VOCALIST

Willy DeVille
John Lydon

Sax man Arthur Blythe



ROCK MEMORABILIA



Springsteen onstage with the E Street Band

PRESENTS FOR BRUCE

Items thrown onstage at Bruce
Springsteen's Madison Square
Garden concert,
December 18th, 1980

One bed sheet painted with the
words MERRY CHRISTMAS, BRUCE
SPRINGSTEEN

One stuffed dog

Five Santa Claus hats, three of
them stenciled BRUCE

One box of one dozen Twinkies

One box of one dozen Hostess
cupcakes

Three Christmas stockings stenciled
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND
THE E STREET BAND

Three Christmas cards, one with
four rubber gnome musicians
taped to it

One gift-wrapped package

One rubber duck

SONGWRITERS

Walter Becker and
Donald Fagen

Joe Strummer and
Mick Jones

PRODUCER

Chris Thomas

SOUL ARTIST

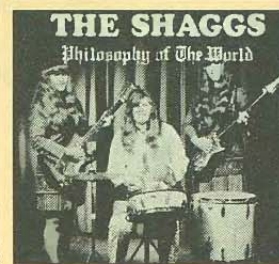
Smokey Robinson

JAZZ ARTIST

Arthur Blythe

COUNTRY ARTIST

Bobby Bare



COMEBACK OF THE YEAR

The Shaggs

GREAT DEFINITIONS OF ROCK & ROLL

¶ "We like this kind of music. Jazz is strictly for the stay-at-homes."—Buddy Holly

¶ "It's not music, it's a disease."—Mitch Miller

¶ "We like to look sixteen and bored shidess."—David Johansen, New York Dolls

¶ "Rock & roll is a means of pulling the white man down to the level of the Negro. It is part of a plot to undermine the morals of the youth of our nation."—secretary of the North Alabama White Citizens Council

¶ "The Mersey sound is the voice of 80,000 crumbling houses and 30,000 people on the dole."—"The Daily Worker"

¶ "Rock & roll is phony and false and sung, written and played for the most part by cretinous goons."—Frank Sinatra

¶ "It's all soul."—Junior Wells

¶ "Rock is so much fun...that's what it's all about—filling up the chest cavities and the empty kneecaps and elbows."—Jimi Hendrix

¶ "I think rock & roll is all frivolity—it *should* be about pink satin suits and white socks."—Mick Jagger

WORST HIT SONG ABOUT ROCK & ROLL

Billy Joel: "It's Still Rock & Roll to Me"

FIRST ROCK & ROLL HITS

¶ Roy Brown and His Mighty, Mighty Men, "Rocking at Midnight" (1949)

¶ Johnny Otis and Mel Walker, "Rockin' Blues" (1950)

¶ Jackie Brenston, "Rocket 88" (1951)

¶ Lloyd Price, "Lawdy Miss Clawdy" (1952)

¶ Bill Haley and the Comets, "Crazy Man Crazy" (1953)

Bill Haley: the main man?



Red-hot rock e's roll, a joyful noise and politics that live

Sandinista!
The Clash
Epic
★★★★★

By John Picarella

Nothing could have helped get me through the unreal mass depression — the mourning ten years too late for the death of the Sixties and the Beatles that grew out of the grief over John Lennon's murder — than the release of the Clash's *Sandinista!* a few days later. Its three records—thirty-six tracks to get lost in—ask and answer some of the right questions about violence and nonviolence, history and the future, crime and the law, revolution and fascism, worldwide angst and hope.

If the Clash, by insisting on their own heroism, continue their willingness to gamble it all away and still keep winning, they may yet inspire a viable rock-culture politics. Last year's standard-setting—and standard-bearing—*London Calling* was a bold show of strength that doubled the stakes in bravado (taking Tiger Mountain by brute force). A year later, on the heels of *Black Market Clash* (their specially priced ten-inch B-side collection), *Sandinista!* is an everywhere-you-turn guerrilla raid of vision and virtuosity. Produced with greater care but taking more risks, the new LP is a sprawling, scattered smoke screen of styles, with an expanded range that's at once encyclopedic and supplemen-



Ratings

- ★★★★★ = Excellent
- ★★★★ = Very good
- ★★★ = Good
- ★★ = Fair
- ★ = Poor

Ratings are supervised by ROLLING STONE editors. They are meant to be considered in a general sense: i.e., records with the same amount of stars may not necessarily be equal in merit.

tal (taking Tiger Mountain by surplus).

In the initial critical confusion over their postpunk leap of faith, the Clash embraced both reggae-dub and mainstream moves for a combination of rhythmic immediacy (which they already had) and studio sophistication (which they didn't). *London Calling* achieved the champion status its grand gestures aimed at by Clash-ifying the extremes of white-black, popular-obscure rock history and bringing them to a common higher ground. Without *London Calling's* machismo, *Sandinista!* tries harder and goes further. While *London Calling* was a flexing of muscle that claimed Clash style could pull off anything, *Sandinista!* says to hell with Clash style, there's a world out there. By featuring odd instrumentation (violins, steel drums, bagpipes), different production values in different studios, and guest musicians, *Sandinista!* gives the unsettling impression that this isn't necessarily the band you expected to hear when you bought the album.

There's rarely been an LP this big or far-reaching. As three-record sets of new material go, the only pop-music competition I can think of is George Harrison's *All Things Must Pass* and Frank Sinatra's *Trilogy*. And, like each of these, *Sandinista!* is about two-thirds real. On first listen, it's obvious that its thirty-six titles don't mean you're getting thirty-six separate songs. Eliminating the instrumentals, dub versions, two-minute novelties and run-on chants brings the total to twenty-eight, still ten tunes and about thirty minutes longer than *London Calling*. Given what Epic is charging — \$14.98, and the Clash wanted the price even lower, bless 'em — it's more than a bargain (which is not to deny that the album is too long). But most of the spillover, from the Public Image Ltd.-do-"Revolution 9" of "Mensforth Hill" to the Gary Numan-goes-calypto of "Silicone on Sapphire," is innovative and successful. And while the Clash are still saying that they can do anything — and that anything they do is worth hearing — it's less as if they're trying to top themselves than that they're overexcited about passing on everything they've learned.

Sandinista! is the first LP since some of the psychedelic productions of the Sixties that keeps growing by virtue of density and bulk alone, slowly revealing its

constantly changing layers of substance over several listenings. Sequencing and structure definitely work to its advantage. The set builds its collection of styles through sides one and two, finally arriving at a real Clash rocker about the time most discs are drawing to a close. *Sandinista!* peaks with sides three and four (the most solid) and winds down with side five. Side six acts as a kind of unnecessary coda. Throughout, there are great segues — not just great songs but combinations that contrast and amplify each other (side two is a perfect example). Catch the shifts from the calypso-like "Let's Go Crazy" to the cocktail jazz of "If Music Could Talk" to "The Sound of the Sinners" gospel romp that ends side three. Or the heart of the album, the complementary political statements of "The Equaliser," "The Call Up" and "Washington Bullets." Just when you've begun to settle in, there are some surprise vocals at the finish of side four and the start of side five.

London Calling was the Clash's *Exile on Main Street*, and *Sandinista!* is their *White Album*. Both *Sandinista!* and *The White Album* share a deliberate, diverse, postmasterpiece fragmentation, plus the fusion of whimsy and urgency that going-for-broke aesthetics create. And, like *The White Album*, *Sandinista!*'s forward- and backward-gazing experiments could signal the end of group solidarity. The street-chant vocal unison of Clash choruses that generally provides the political metaphors (as well as most of the hooks) is essential to the band's strength. Can this rather raw live act perform these studio compositions onstage? The definitive take on the Clash's future comes in the mixed message of "Kingston Advice": "In these days the beat is militant/Must be a Clash there's no alternative." But later in the same song: "In these days I don't know what to sing/The more I know the less my tune can swing." And in the next number: "... I will disappear/To join the street parade." I don't think it would be too much to suggest that this paradox of perseverance and retreat was the essence and achievement of John Lennon's post-Beatles sensibility: to merge with the crowd, to stake out an anonymity there, to make the values of that private commitment into the substance of a public statement and to reemerge a working-class hero.

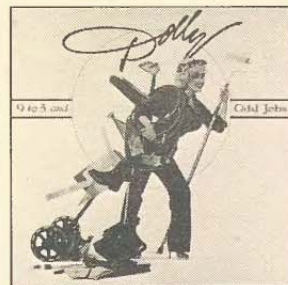
If the ambition of *London Calling* was to recast the whole of (largely American) rock & roll history, then *Sandinista!* wants a place in the cultural traditions of the world. Its lyrics—and its melodies and rhythms—make reference not only to the U.S. and the U.K. but to the U.S.S.R. and places in Europe, Asia, Africa, Central and South America and the Caribbean. And the inclusion of lead vocals by women, children, friends and taped voices, as well as by every member of the band (the songs are now credited to the Clash, not Strummer-Jones), all reinforce that global reach. From the arms-race-as-disco-dance-contest of "Ivan Meets G.I. Joe," to the ghostly battlefield ball, "Rebel Waltz," to the festive and rebellious "Let's Go Crazy," we're offered music and dance as antidote — not only as release but as positive community spirit.

This counterculture rallying goes beyond the already established reggae connections to include other cultural identifications. There are a variety of exploited-class anthems with styles to match, and many of the LP's seeming throwaways — the raps, the jazz, the blues and rockabilly and gospel ditties—serve to broaden *Sandinista!*'s cross-cultural base. The album's title comes from the calypso-like "Washington Bullets," a tune about American support of fascist Third World regimes and how the Somoza's Nicaraguan government finally fell to the Sandinistas without it. The future of such revolutionary movements with Reagan as president, given his secretary-of-state appointment and stated intentions to reform the diplomatic corps, looks grim. The Clash's attempted marriage of grass-roots American and Third World musics becomes almost visionary politics in this light. And that's why the Clash are vital. They exemplify an awareness that offers hope to their fans. Like the Beatles (largely by accident), the Clash (largely by intent) have the potential to organize a rock & roll audience into an optimistic political body, or at least to provide the right information.

But before we get carried away, it must be said that rock culture might be a pretty naive place to galvanize consciousness—and that being the greatest rock & roll band of our time is something like being the greatest serious composer or the greatest baseball player, with the same limited political impact

on the real world. Though I don't anticipate Clashmania any more than I expect youth culture to riot over Pierre Boulez' latest score or Reggie Jackson's batting average, I do think that having little kids sing "Career Opportunites" on side six is more than a cute joke. If this is the Clash offering one of their old hits as a future childhood favorite, it's also putting an anthem about economic deprivation into the mouths it was meant to help feed.

We can still use that stubborn Sixties morality, and we would do well to remember the missed opportunity of punk—the revolution that wasn't — without the simple postures of either of those under-achieved countercultures. But we also need these postmovement, postideological, private and public "count me out—and in" complications of identification and distance, of participation in and respite from the varieties of violence in the world and the inequalities that cause them. If I were younger, I'd write something on a bathroom wall. It'd be a lot shorter and more to the point. Maybe LENNON LIVES, CLASH RULE and ROCK AGAINST REAGAN. And I wouldn't worry about the improbabilities. □



9 to 5 and Odd Jobs

Dolly Parton

RCA

★★★ 1/2

By Stephen Holden

After a string of abysmal pop records on which her kittenish treatment of fatuous material turned her into a bad joke, Dolly Parton makes an impressive comeback with *9 to 5 and Odd Jobs*. Parton's power as a folk heroine derives from her native smartness and a radiant wholesomeness that reveals her Daisy Mae sexiness to be a good-humored ploy for attention. Deny the wit, however, and the joke curdles into a dumb-blond cliché.

LOOK INTO THE FUTURE AT THESE DEALERS NOW!

- ATLANTA
- FRANKLIN MUSIC
- BOSTON
- NEW ENGLAND MUSIC CITY
- MUSIC WORLD
- STRAWBERRY 5 RECORDS & TAPES
- BALTIMORE D C
- HARMONY HUT
- STEREO DISCOUNTERS
- VIDEO CONCEPTS
- CHICAGO
- FLIPSIOE RECORDS
- LAURY S RECORDS & TAPES
- VIDEO CONCEPTS
- CLEVELAND
- CAMELOT MUSIC & GRAPEVINE RECORDS & TAPES
- RECORD RENDEZVOUS
- VIDEO CONCEPTS
- DALLAS
- CUSTOM HI-FI
- VIDEO CONCEPTS
- VIDELAND
- OENVER
- INDEPENDENT RECORD & TAPES
- WHEREHOUSE RECORDS & TAPES
- VIDEO CONCEPTS
- DETROIT
- HARMONY HOUSE
- THOMAS VIDEO
- VIDEO CONCEPTS
- RECORD BREAKER
- HOUSTON
- CACTUS RECORDS
- CUSTOM HI-FI
- MR. MUSIC
- VIDEO CONCEPTS
- VIDEO SHOWCASE
- LOS ANGELES
- BIG BEN S RECORDS & TAPES
- NICKELODEON RECORDS
- TOWER RECORDS
- WHEREHOUSE RECORDS & TAPES
- VIDEO CONCEPTS
- MIAMI
- RECORD LANO
- SPEC S MUSIC
- VIBRATIONS RECORDS
- VIDEO CONCEPTS
- MINNEAPOLIS
- AUDIO KING
- GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC
- NEW YORK CITY
- CRAZY EDDIE RECORD & TAPE ASYLUMS
- J&R MUSIC WORLD
- RECORD WORLD
- SAM GOODY
- VIDEO CONCEPTS
- VIDED SHACK
- PHILADELPHIA
- HARMONY HUT
- SOUND DDYSSEE
- STEREO DISCOUNTERS
- MOVIES UNLIMITED
- VIDEO CONCEPTS
- SAN FRANCISCO
- MOVIE WORLD
- RECORD FACTORY
- TOWER RECORDS
- WHEREHOUSE RECORDS & TAPES
- VIDEO CONCEPTS
- SEATTLE
- TAPE TOWN
- TOWER RECORDS
- VIDEO SPACE
- WHEREHOUSE RECORDS & TAPES
- VIDEO CONCEPTS