

# INSIDE THE PLATINUM PROCESS

By RICK KOGAN

The small suburb of Countryside is tucked quietly among the dozens of other small suburbs that surround Chicago. It is, like most of its suburban brothers and sisters—places with similarly bucolic names such as River Forest, Park Ridge, Glendale Heights, and Bolingbrook—a rather inconspicuous place.

Its biggest brush with fame came two years ago when the town's mayor was indicted in an extortion scam. Otherwise, nothing out of the ordinary goes on in Countryside. Usually, when people, especially young people, get the urge to hear live music, they get in their cars, hop over to the Stevenson Expressway and make the 20 minute drive into Chicago.

But for six weeks in August and September one of the most successful rock 'n' roll bands in the world was playing in Countryside.

Styx, five home-grown young men flush from one of the most successful years any rock 'n' roll band has ever enjoyed, had chosen to meet every day in Countryside for the purpose of rehearsing its latest album.

Styx playing in Countryside!

At first glance such a pairing appears as unlikely as George Brett playing for the Cubs or Mick Jagger moving to Sun City. But to those whose opinion matters most—the five members of Styx; Dennis DeYoung, James Young (J.Y.), Chuck and John Panozzo, and Tommy Shaw—there is nothing out of the ordinary.

In spite of their success and the tremendous amounts of freedom it affords ("Where does Styx rehearse? Anywhere it wants to") the members of Styx have clung tenaciously to their Chicago area roots.

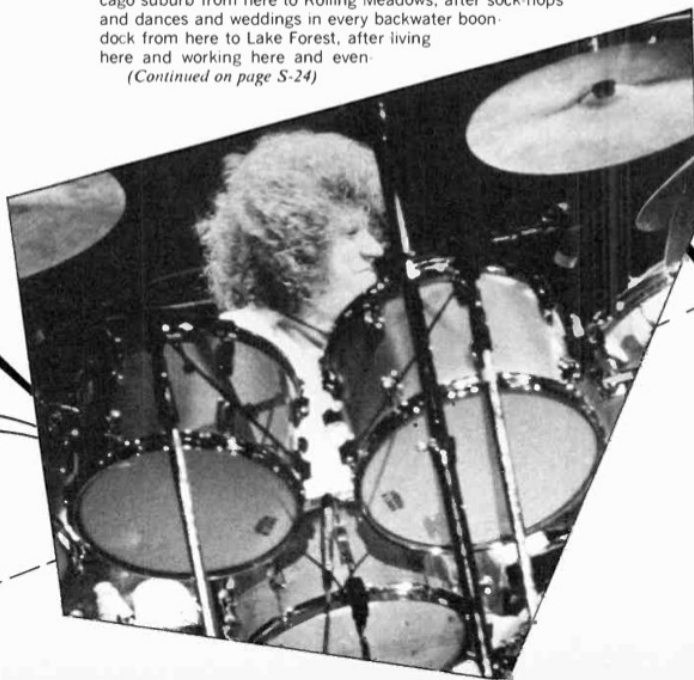
They have turned deaf ears to the sirens from both coasts, opting instead for the relatively sedate Midwestern lives which, while startlingly at odds with the lifestyles of most rock stars, suit Styx quite nicely.

So, to find them rehearsing in Countryside is not strange at all. After more than a decade of small-time gigs in every Chicago suburb from here to Rolling Meadows, after sock hops and dances and weddings in every backwater boondock from here to Lake Forest, after living here and working here and even—

(Continued on page S-24)



# STYX



At French retail outlet Nuggets are, from left, Antonie Chouchoni, Nuggets manager, Joel Gilbert, CBS; Tommy Shaw; Bernie Bonvoisin, lead singer of French band Trust and James Young.



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OCTOBER 11, 1980 BILLBOARD



A radio stop in West Germany. From left, Heidi Bieger, A&M Germany; Tommy Shaw; Manfred Korfer, CBS Cologne; Dave Raven, BYBS radio.



J.Y. Young and Heidi Bieger at left.

# STOPS ALONG THE EUROTOUR

# Styx

John Panozzo, Chuck Panozzo, and Debbie Panozzo, John's wife, from left below.



Above from left: Heidi Bieger, Suzanne DeYoung, Dennis DeYoung, Tommy Shaw, Klaus Bornisch, German tour manager.



By ROBIN KATZ

It's a long way from Philadelphia to Paris, but ticket sales on Styx 1980 European tour were unexpectedly heavy. In a summer that saw other bands, with greater European reputations, cancelling shows for lack of sales, promoters were begging Styx to extend its tour and add shows. The performances drew massive audience response and universally positive media reaction. Europe had finally discovered Styx.

The European leg of the ambitious "Grand Decathlon" event of Styx' career came after six months of meticulous planning. This was the group's second Eurotour, and the experience of the first trek had prepared musicians and crew alike for the expected erratic European reception. Throughout the five week tour, the group was booked in the best local venues, the aim being to create the kind of powerful but intimate atmosphere that is most effective in this part of the world.

The 56-man crew and seven truckloads of equipment used for the U.S. touring were scaled down for Europe to a 26-strong crew mostly recruited from the U.K. Tour manager Pat Quinn led the U.S. crew, supported by monitor mixer Mike Cooper, sound engineer Rob Kingsland, lighting director Jeff Ravitz and veteran Styx roadies George Leemon, Tom Reedy, Bob "Yaz" Jastrezemski and Ed Stuckey. Keith Crabtree, an Englishman, was stage manager.

Derek Sutton, English-born Styx personal manager, explains at the post-gig clean-up in Frankfurt: "There are several reasons why we came to Europe this year. For a start, there's an ego reason. You can't claim to be the biggest and best band in the world if you haven't played anywhere but America.

"And there's a straightforward financial reason. The second biggest selling market for non-domestic product in the world, after the U.S. is Europe. The only way an artist's career can be maintained over a long span is to sell records worldwide. Europe is the only market worth visiting until the other areas justify the enormous cost of taking a tour through.

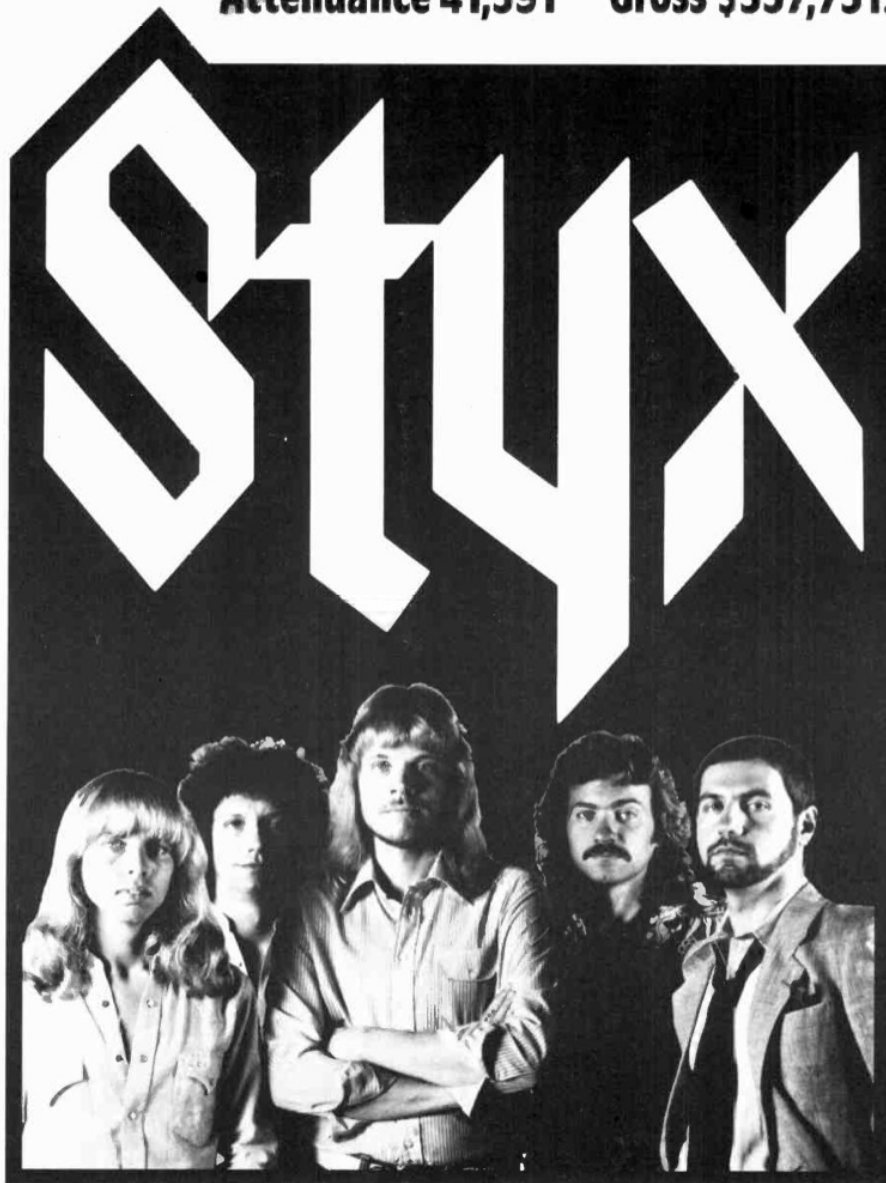
"Then there is a chauvinistic reason. I wanted to come to this part of the world because I'm a European. We came in two years ago, and tried to do the tour the way things are normally done here, but the culture-shock on the individuals in the band caused me too many sleepless nights. So this time we tried to minimize the European/American difference with the full financial and emotional support of A&M.

"Things have still been difficult, both for the band and the crew, but they've certainly been much smoother. I'm really proud of the way they have all focused on the most important issue—putting on the best possible show for the audience."

(Continued on page S-22)

**WHO SAYS THE FIRST WEEKEND OF THE YEAR  
IS THE WORST?  
STYX DOESN'T**

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Life, even in the much publicized world of rock 'n' roll, is but series of moments. For Styx, it is moments like these:

## Dennis DeYoung

Mid-afternoon in a Chicago restaurant with Dennis DeYoung.

"Is that really Studs Terkel?" DeYoung asks about an older man walking to a table. "I admire his work a lot and the fact that he's stayed here."

Terkel, the author of such best sellers as "Division Street America," "Working" and the recently published "American Dreams," sits down at a table. In one very important way, he is an older version of DeYoung himself; a man who did not turn his back on Chicago when success finally came calling.

"I love the theatre and I love to read," says DeYoung, between sips of tomato juice and bites of a hamburger, rare. "Of course I love music."

His love has seen him through lean Chicago years—"We were playing Chicago because we couldn't get hired anywhere else"—and he spends his luncheon talking mostly about the hard times, what he calls not too fondly "the Animal House parties we used to play," and sneaking glances at Terkel.

The man lunching with DeYoung waves Terkel over to the table.

"Studs, this is Dennis DeYoung," says the man. "He's in Styx."

A puzzled look comes across jazz and blues fan Terkel's face.

"Ehhh, Styx," says Terkel, in his rasp of a voice.

"It's a band," says DeYoung, without further explanation.

"Hey, that's great. Great," says the eternally ebullient Studs.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," says DeYoung, shaking Studs' hand.

"Yeeeeeeaaah, a band. Great. Great," says Terkel.

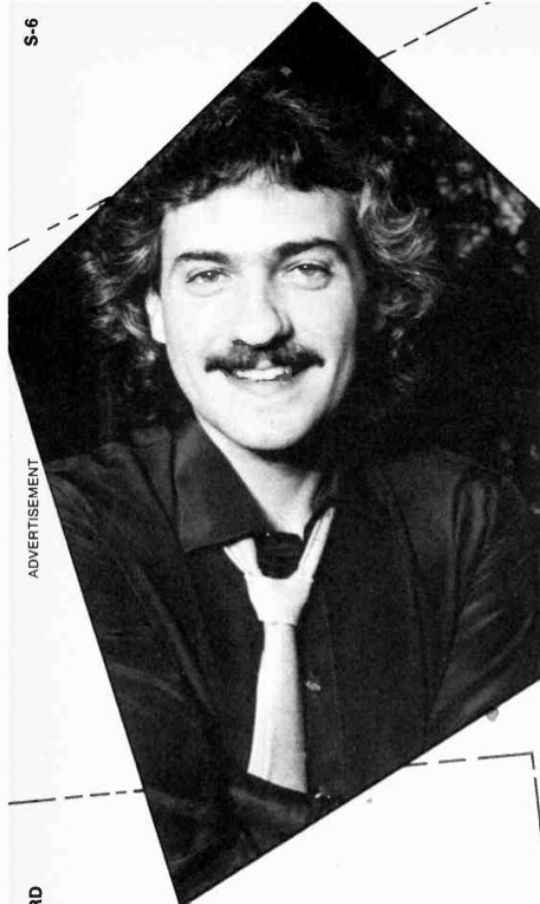
Terkel walks away and DeYoung sits down.

"He seems like a nice guy," DeYoung says, his pride undamaged by the fact that Terkel did not know of Styx.

Later, after the meal, before driving his Honda Civic back home to south suburban Frankfort, he says, "It's hard for me to be a big shot in my hometown. Most of the people who come to our Chicago concerts are relatives." He pauses to laugh. "but I'm very protective of my privacy so I don't mind. Hey, I can still go into McDonald's."



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## Tommy Shaw

Early morning at a San Diego health club with Tommy Shaw.

"My blood feels like molasses if I don't work out," Shaw is saying as he lifts 120 pounds of steel over his head. "San Francisco almost did me in. I'm just trying to get the poisons out of my system."

It is 7:30 a.m., Pacific Standard Time, and Shaw is standing in the exercise room at the Executive Health Club. He has been up since 5:30, and has already played one hour of racquetball.

"The road is really a strain sometimes," he says, catching his breath between bench presses. "I know that everything like hotels and cars and that stuff is taken care of, but don't let anybody tell you that this life won't get to you after a while. It really does."

It has been getting to Shaw for five years now, ever since he replaced original band member John Curulewski in 1975. The product of the same town that spawned the famous humorist Ring Lardner—Niles, Mich.—Shaw is the major heart-throb of Styx; his boyish good looks and flowing blond hair of constant stimulation to young female fans.

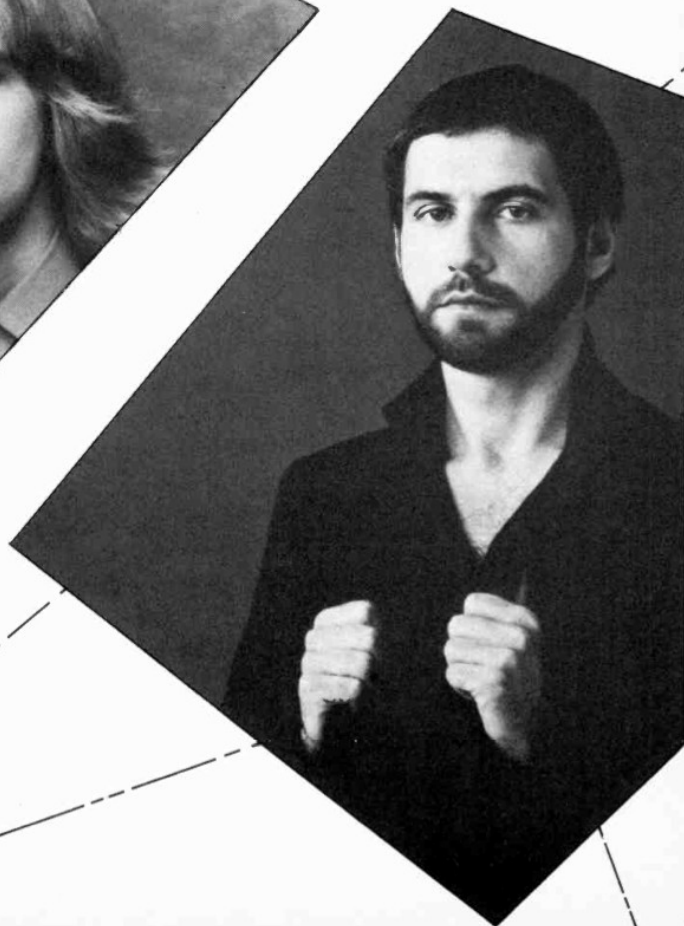
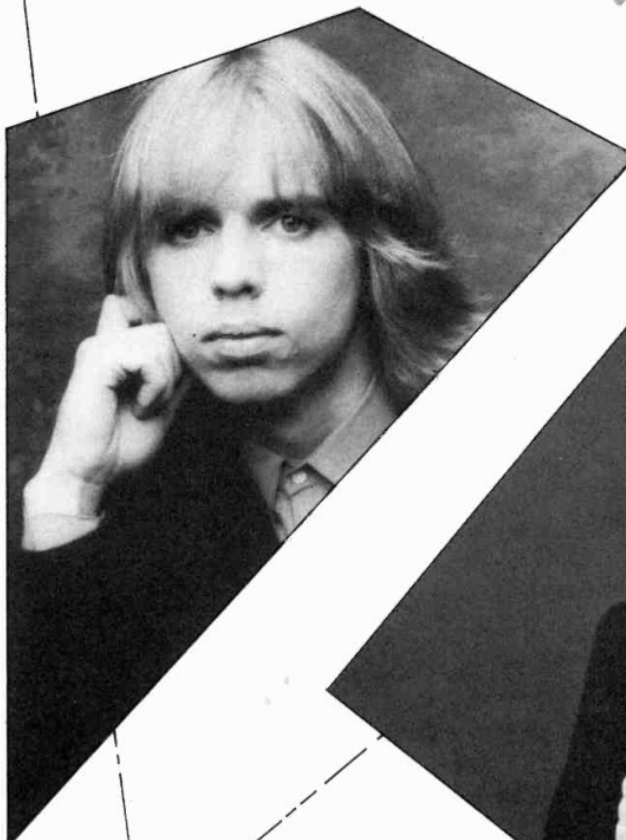
But here he stands, in front of a long mirror, doing squats with 200 pounds perched precariously on his shoulders. He does one dozen, scowling once or twice as his legs straighten, and then pauses.

He stands looking in the mirror, the sweat dripping off his body in tiny streams, his hair held back by a brightly colored sweat band.

"Who won that racquetball game?" he asks, still looking in the mirror.

"I did," comes an answer from another person.

"We'll get 'em next time," he says to himself in the mirror. "What city are we in next? We'll have to find a court." He flashes a wide, silly smile at himself. "Now, I need a shower."



## John Panozzo

His time is 58.7 seconds, faster than his brother's or that of the band's road manager, Pat Quinn, but still John Panozzo isn't satisfied.

"Can we do it again?" he asks gleefully, like a child who has just discovered roller coasters. "C'mon, let's do it again."

He wants to race again around the local Malibu Grand Prix track, part of a chain of miniature Grand Prix racetracks that are enjoying incredible success in the Southwest.

An hour earlier the track was closed. But John's phone call—"Ah, well, that's too bad. Ah, we're only in town for the day and . . . ah, em, er . . . We're in the rock group Styx and I was wondering . . ." That was all he had to say, convincing the owner of the track to clear rain from the surface and open up.

By the time John, Chuck and Pat arrive, the track is dry and a small group of teenagers is loitering around the starting gate.

"Congratulations on the People's Choice award," shouts one of them.

"Thanks I want Tatoo from 'Fantasy Island' to accept for me," says John. Everybody laughs.

John drives aggressively for about a dozen laps, cutting his time with each circuit. After his 58.7, he tries once more and hits a higher figure.

"This is great," he says. "I think I've got it and the time is worse."

Later he will have dinner at a Mexican restaurant with his wife Debbie, a former schoolteacher, but now he wants a lower time. Five more tries, no luck. He stops racing and pauses to sign autographs.

"Ah, the old days," he says as he continues to sign slips of paper, a former seminary student, his face surrounded by a wild ring of curls. "Sure it was rough. I knew I should have joined the Army. Instead what do I get?" He pauses to look at the racetrack. "Fifteen thousand people screaming over me? The love of millions?"

## Chuck Panozzo

Driving down a rain-slick street with Chuck Panozzo.

He has just left a sumptuous hotel with the motto "Every guest a king" and is being driven in a sleek gray limousine toward yet another arena on the Grand Decathlon tour when he says, "If the music doesn't sell us, we can't be sold. I've learned that the kids who go to shows don't care about what the critics say. They don't read the critics."

His voice is measured and soft. He does not speak to strangers often but when he does he does so in a friendly manner, a smile usually on his lips and harmless, even kind, look in his eyes.

On the road, in this car, he seems somehow removed from the whirlwind that is a rock 'n' roll tour, as if he were perhaps sitting in his lakefront high-rise staring out at the vast expanse of Lake Michigan. Even his looks, the close cropped hair, especially, imply more what he once was, an art teacher, than what he is today.

"It is really raining hard," he says, staring for a long time at the rain that splatters against the limousine's windows. One imagines that now being pressed for answers by a stranger, Chuck is thinking back to former days, to the Chicago area of Roseland, to the band called the Trade Winds that he formed with DeYoung and his own twin brother, John, when they were barely in high school . . . to other days, other cars, other storms.

"We are not dragging kids into the halls," he says, after a few minutes, in answer to a question already forgotten by the others in the car. "That is very important to realize. We are being seen and heard by people who want to see and hear us. That's gratifying. For the longest time we tried to think of ways to get our name in Rolling Stone. Now we realize it is solely the music that matters. That is very important. That is most important."

The limousine pulls up to the back gate of the arena and is stopped by a policeman. Chuck laughs and says, "They don't know me anywhere."

## James Young

At Sambo's with J.Y.

James Young is in the middle of three lousy, lousy days. Yesterday his wife had to be taken to a hospital in San Francisco. Tomorrow he will visit terminally ill patients at a hospital in Tucson. And tonight, tonight he is sitting in Sambo's with two people he barely knows, talking about all sorts of things, trying hard not to think about his wife.

He has spent most of the night at a place called Pacer's, "Home of the Centerfolds," not paying any attention to the girls dancing semi-clad in front of him, just drinking beer and talking.

"I hardly ever get recognized," he says. "People don't know the members of the band by their faces. They know us by our music."

But later: "Aren't you someone famous?" asks one of the waitresses at Pacer's, and J.Y. reluctantly answers, "Have you ever heard of Styx?"

Soon there are many waitresses hovering around, giggling, cooing and asking for autographs. "I'd do anything for a ride in that limousine out front," says one of the "centerfolds," in a voice so full of promise that most men would find it impossible to refuse her plea. J.Y. declines.

Now, sitting in an otherwise empty Sambo's, he says, "Sure I've gotten spoiled by the road. Hey, I was driving a cab in 1972. How can't I be spoiled by all this? Everything is taken care of. There aren't any hassles. There are nice hotels and limousines. Yku tell me, how can I help but get spoiled?"

He pays the check and walks outside. It is early morning.

The limousine sits in the parking lot. The driver, a young man named Dan, is asleep at the wheel, his head resting on the window.

J.Y., who to this point has been full of sleepless energy, takes a long look at Dan and bangs gently on the window.

"C'mon Dan, rise and shine," he says, softly. "It's been a long day."

"Oh, yeah," says Dan, waking up and starting the car. "Where to?"

"Home," says J.Y. A strange look crosses his face. "Hey, Dan, what city are we in?"

## Gil Friesen

PRESIDENT, A & M

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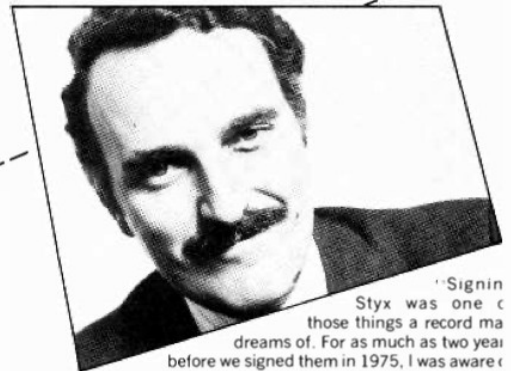
"We at A&M have taken great pride in participating in the Styx success story. Breaking an act is still the most exciting aspect of this business, and from the very beginning our marketing and promotion approach has always been linked to Styx' immense dedication to their goal of becoming the best and the biggest."

"In the best tradition of American rock 'n' roll, Styx has always been a hard-working touring band, with an impressive knowledge and understanding of their audience. With every performance, they've added a growing number of fans, and, market by market, have become a premier touring band. Considering the difficulties, and sometimes the resistance, that Styx has experienced, only a group with the commitment and vision engendered by being together for 10 years could have survived and finally triumphed with their music intact. Having conquered America, Styx—under the unflinching leadership of their manager, Derek Sutton—have aimed their sights at the international marketplace. Knowing their strength and tenacity, I've no doubt that even greater success lies ahead for them."

# STYX

## Jerry Moss

VICE CHAIRMAN, A & M



"Signing Styx was one of those things a record man dreams of. For as much as two years before we signed them in 1975, I was aware of the band and liked them. When I found out they were available, I jumped at the chance to sign them. Actually, Kip Chen, who ran our a&r department then, deserves many thanks. Due to my being wrapped up in another project, it was largely through Kip's efforts that Styx was signed. He completed his mission."

"Styx had been a productive band. 'Lady' had been a hit. However, along with Derek Sutton we were able to get that band's talents in front of a larger audience. They went on to become the number one American band in the U.S., selling out concert when other tours were being cancelled and selling millions of albums when there was a recession hitting the record industry very hard. Now they have expanded into Europe, Japan and all over and they had a massive following in Canada as long as two years before everything happened in the U.S. for them."

"What has brought on this large world following is, in addition to basic talent, versatility. The group has a fine ability to write and perform ballads, yet Styx is a rock'n'roll band. Its audience is diversified. They accept the genuine quality of this band."

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# MANAGING THE BALANCE BETWEEN

By CARY DARLING

To borrow a phrase from a non-Styx song, "taking it to the streets" has been the strategic plan generated by personal manager Derek Sutton for Styx' success. Constant touring and a personal touch with radio people has turned a one-hit group which had achieved some regional popularity into a superstar act which sells out large arenas coast to coast, and is now breaking worldwide.

"The buck stops here," says Sutton, speaking of his responsibilities with Styx. "I'm responsible for everything, other than the music."

He became the group's personal manager in December 1975, soon after the band's signing to A&M. On its previous RCA/Wooden Nickel affiliation, Styx had racked up one hit single ("Lady" in early 1975) and four albums that earned the band a solid following, especially in the Midwest.

"They were a self-supporting group," continues Sutton, "especially in terms of touring the Midwest where they were headliners. They sold over 80% of their records in the center of the country, too. But, they were totally unknown as a performing/recording entity on the East and West Coasts."

The transplanted Englishman's background before joining forces with Styx consisted of heading the U.S. Chrysalis operations for five years until that company's co-founder decided to run matters himself.

Associate Jim Cahill, on the other hand, comes from a different background. "I used to be in radio as a program director," starts Cahill. "I was programming a college station in Wisconsin and was one of the first program directors to play Styx' music. That was back in the days when James Young and Dennis DeYoung used to work their own records. There wasn't a promotion man at Wooden Nickel. I would also emcee their concerts when they would come to town."

Cahill then went to work briefly for Alice Cooper before joining the Styx organization in June, 1977. His area of expertise and responsibility is promotion. He works closely with the A&M promotion staff, and with show promoters and helps conceptualize all advertising, especially radio and television commercials.

While some acts can afford the luxury of not touring, Sutton

felt that the only way to break Styx was on the road. With critics being especially resistant to the band's style, touring became a necessity to reach audiences.

"Styx is not a media band," notes Sutton. "They've gotten where they are by their own hard work and talent. They have a more hectic touring and recording schedule than any other band of their stature." Styx will perform 120 dates in the U.S. and Canada in 1981, another 30 in Europe that year and have inked in possible dates in the Far East, Australia and South America.

"At first, I got the band to agree to support anyone and everyone, anywhere and everywhere," Sutton continues. "They opened shows for everyone from Kiss to the Marshall Tucker Band all across the U.S. until they had their own following. And, in the meantime, radio caught on."

Radio is the territory of the A&M promotion staff and Cahill. "The biggest program directors in the country are probably the easiest to deal with," claims Cahill. "Promotion-wise, you have to gear yourself to the size of the station. You don't go to a large station in a major market with 25 albums and a dozen T-shirts. You give away a truck. Last year, we gave an entire high school free tickets to one of Styx' three Chicago shows through radio station WLS. That's the way you approach a major radio station."

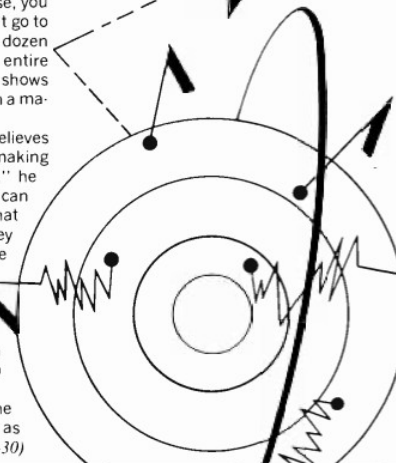
Even though Styx is now an established act, Cahill believes the challenge is even greater. "Here's the challenge: making the band accessible to the people that helped them," he maintains. "That's when I'm really in the hotseat. How can you go into a market and not visit with the people that helped you? The band is certainly big enough where they don't have to spend time with anyone. But that's where the plug can get pulled on the platinum. The day you forget about the people that helped you, is the day they forget about you. The band members know they have to be accessible to their friends. Instead of just hanging out after a show, we'll arrange a special trip to Nashville or Detroit to visit some radio people."

The image of accessibility is further enhanced by the band's refusal to move away from Chicago. "As long as

(Continued on page S-30)

ART AND MAMMON

STYX



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Salutes

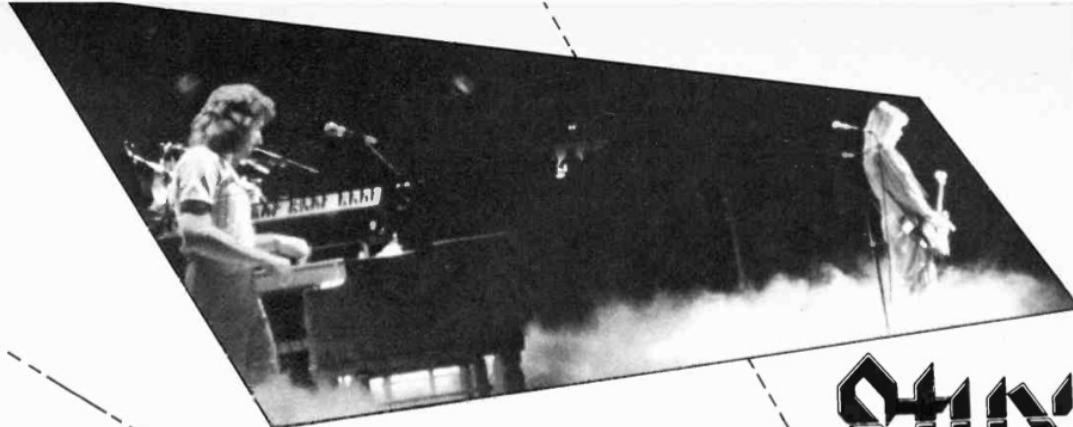


THE BEST OF CHICAGO'S ROCK

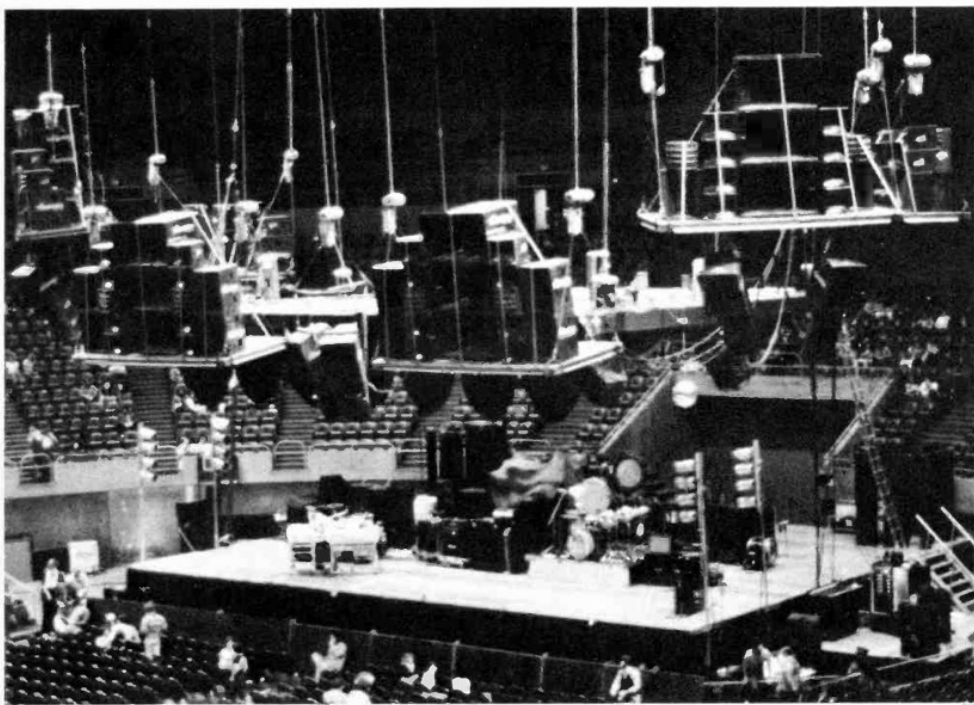
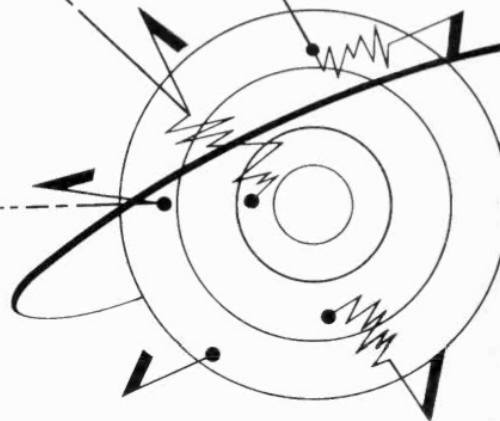
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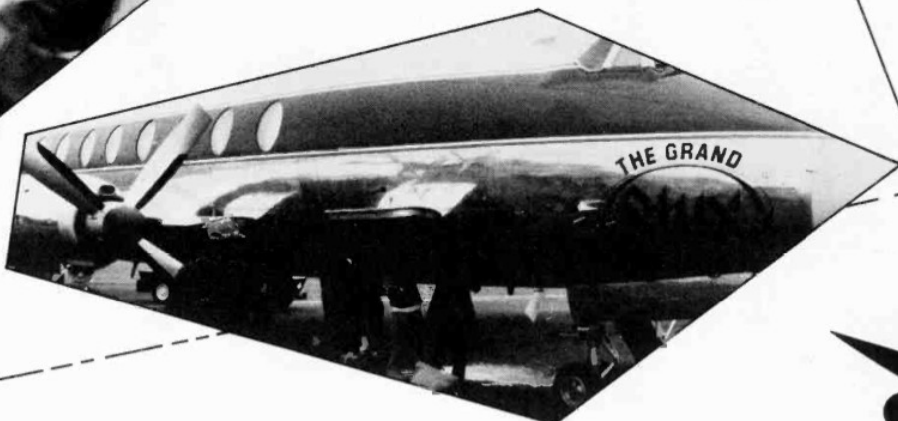


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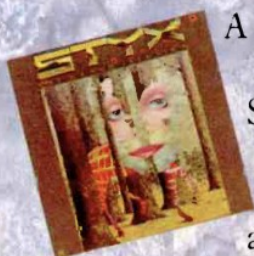
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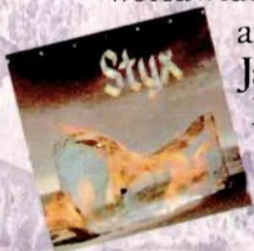
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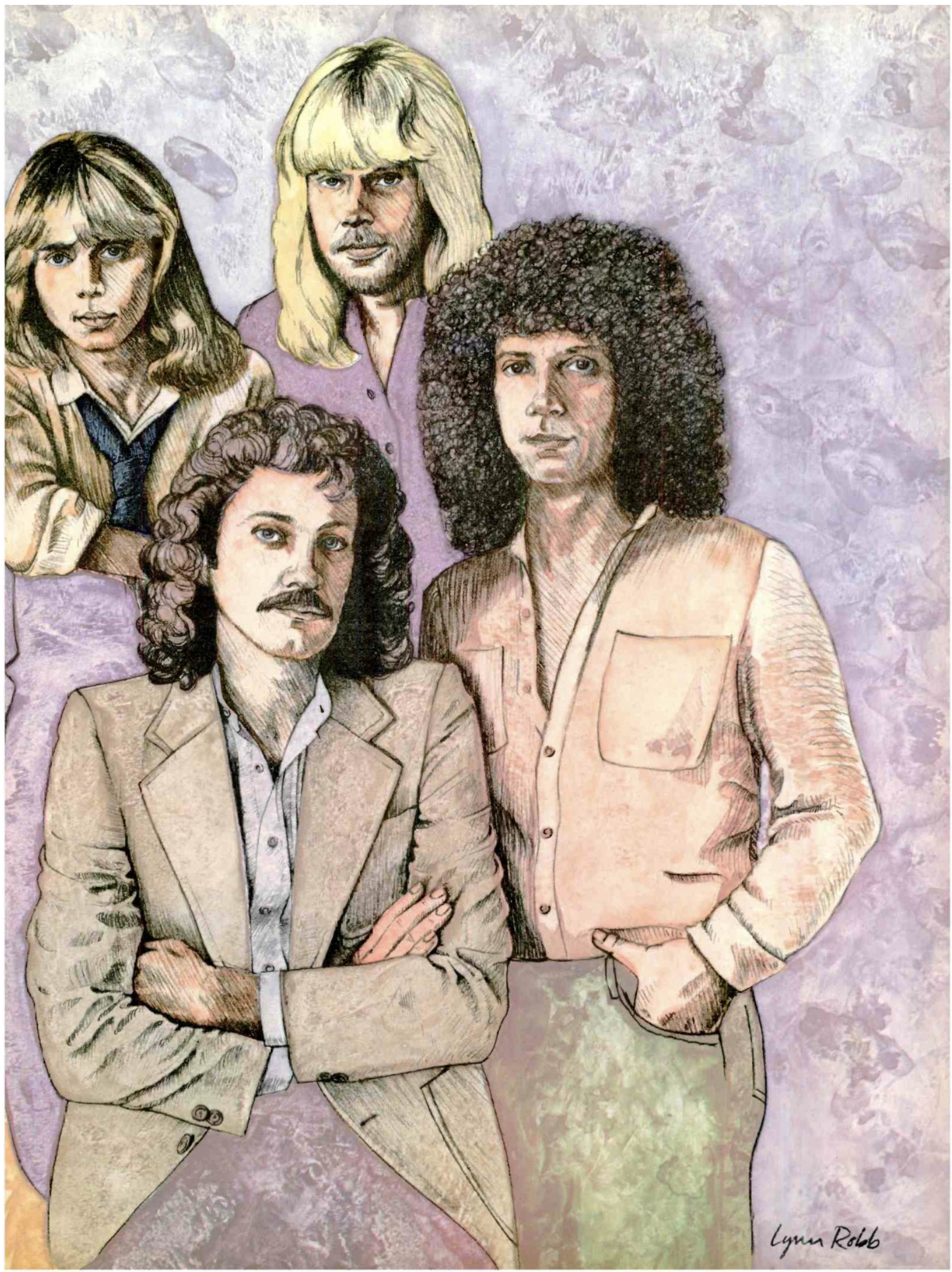


We at A&M salute STYX on the worldwide power of their music and look forward to January 1981 and the release of their next album 'PARADISE THEATRE.'



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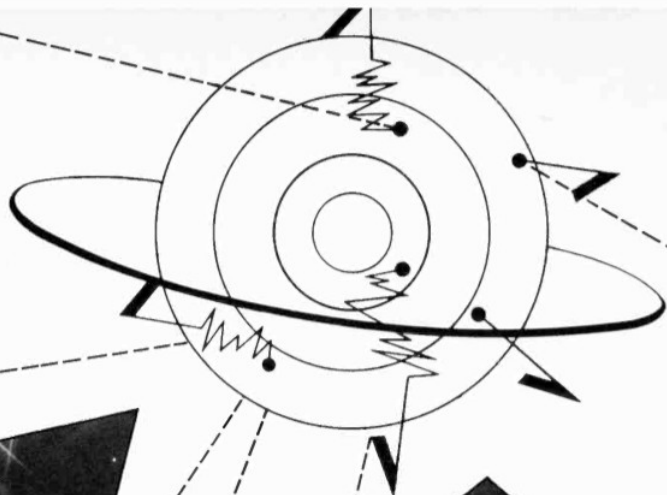
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# Eurotour Stops

• Continued from page S-4

One of the main difficulties, according to Sutton, is the uncertainty about audience reaction. The unpredictable chemistry of an audience culled from sometimes contradictory sources has to count as one of Europe's mixed blessings.

Sutton notes that American radio unifies fans by familiarizing them with a broad spectrum of a successful group's material. In Europe radio is an inconsistent patchwork with divisions along language, national and regional lines. The sparse needle time allotted to rock music minimizes the "penetration by repetition" of songs other than chart items and there is little attempt at historical perspective. Thus the audience is to a large extent unaware of the depth and breadth of a band's music, unless they have already bought all of the albums.

Hardcore rock fans in Europe supplement radio with alternative information sources, such as music publications, import record stores, and specialty clubs. The comparatively rare visit of a U.S. group like Styx brings together a sometimes bizarre mixture of fans.

A typical example showed up in London. Ticket sales for two nights at the 3,500 seat Hammersmith Odeon went so fast

that another show was added. Styx has a healthy underground following among the heavy metal "mini-army." These fans went along solely to "head-bang" to a tightly strung rockers like "Miss America" and "Great White Hope."

But they found themselves seated among the curious post-25-year-old mainstream music addicts who clearly identify Styx as the low-keyed crooners of a romantic ballad like "Babe," the band's biggest U.K. hit (a silver single in the territory).

Combine that audience mix with a balcony full of audibly homesick Californians who went collectively breathless from the first chord of "Come Sail Away," and the unique chemistry simmers. Styx's problem was not of failing to reach the audience, but of the audience moodily refusing to make room for one another, until the group's craft and showmanship finally united them all at the end of the show.

Yet in the modern 8,000 seater Walter Koberhalle auditorium near Frankfurt, Germany, different contrasting ingredients in the audience made for a magical concert. Easily picked out were American servicemen from a nearby Army base, scattered around the hall. During "Lady" the first U.S. hit, little played in Europe, the service contingent kept vigil, holding lit cigarette lighters aloft.

The group's 14-song set, covering all corners and aspects of its recording career, clocked in at just over 110 minutes, and it was received with a delicious series of reactions from the youthful crowd. The female section of the audience poured forth a flood of screams at Dennis DeYoung's tender opening

to "Babe." The lengthy "Crystal Ball" inspired dozens of flamboyantly dressed boys dancing and preening directly in front of the stage and the blockbuster "Renegade" brought bleacher-loads of fans wildly to their feet.

At this gig, however, the big breather was "Boat On The River," a No. 1 hit in most of Europe. The haunting, accordion-based ballad is a direct plea for sanctuary and inner peace. Ironically, Tommy Shaw wrote it as a direct result of Styx' first difficult European tour. There were times during this song that the audience linked arms and created a wall of passionate harmony that threatened to drown out the group completely.

The Styx front line of lead guitarists—Tommy Shaw, James "J.Y." Young, and keyboard player Dennis DeYoung alternated taking central position in what seemed an effortless paced show, with the Panozzo twins, Chuck and John holding down bass and drums respectively.

All lead singers made announcements from the stage, enunciating clearly and keeping "chat" to a minimum for the mainly German audience. In any case, no formal verbal invitations from the group were needed to get the fans joining in. For the Frankfurt based Styx fans, this was the end of a long wait for a live show from the band. The crowd did not pack itself directly in front of the stage to get a glimpse of a favored group member. The emphasis for this audience's taste was on the overall sound and there was no argument but that the band sounded as good in this hall as on a record. The audience kicked in its own supply of energy, singing along with readily recalled Styx songs and refreshing itself in typical German fashion with the local brew.

The presence of Americans in the German and English audiences provided welcome emotional support for the band. Yet, in Holland, France, Switzerland and Denmark, with little English understood, the shows also went exceptionally well. Before taking the stage in Paris, the group was warned by the A&M reps to expect no real reaction until the fifth or sixth number, as Parisian audiences are notoriously blasé. But to the delight of the whole party, the fans were up on their feet from the opening rocker, "Borrowed Time."

(Continued on page S-26)

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*Jim McNeil*

# Inside Process

Continued from page S-3

tually finding success here, where else would you expect to find Styx?

But in a Union Hall? The rehearsal hall is a large black building, just a few feet from a gas station. It sits across a huge parking lot from a smaller building, similar in shape, color and architectural style—suburban bland. This smaller building is where most union business takes place.

The larger structure occasionally hosts concerts by country entertainers such as Tom T. Hall, and it is used mostly for meetings and other union events, but for those six weeks in August and September, by Styx for the agonizing process of creating a new album.

"This next album is very, very important. We're playing in the big leagues now," DeYoung says, shortly after the end of the Grand Decathlon tour in March. "But the only pressure I feel is external, trying to put aside the current trends as reflected on radio and do what comes naturally—write music."

However, the environment in the Union Building during Styx' daily five-hour rehearsals is that of a creative pressure cooker. It is as if all five members of the band are trying individually and desperately to contribute to the birth of a masterpiece.

They are endlessly attempting new arrangements, testing new musical thoughts, adding, subtracting, arguing, screaming, shouting and yes, giggling and smiling; tentatively moving forward and then falling back, abandoning ideas reluctantly only after tireless attempts to make them work.

The mind floods with analogies while watching Styx rehearse. Perhaps the most appropriate, given the setting, is that of a group of union organizers trying to hammer out the points for an upcoming contract.

No idea is too extravagant to test, no excess too insignificant to indulge. The five members of Styx are not interested merely in crafting songs which will fill up so many quarter inches of vinyl. The point is to create a product of such unalloyed potency that it will not only confront the public, but overwhelm it.

The struggle continues, every afternoon. Some days nothing is accomplished, nothing at all and the five band members abandon their instruments in frustration, head home. Some days things go very well indeed and the evening is full of anxious anticipation.

And so it is in many different moods that the five members of Styx converge on Countryside each early afternoon, driving from near (James Young, five minutes away in Oak Brook) and far (Tommy Shaw, two hours away in Niles, Michigan).

Whatever the band members varying moods when they ar-

rive at the building, they are greeted by what appears to be the aftermath of a party of indistinguishable purpose.

At one end of the room is a stage, tucked into the wall, on which Styx' musical equipment stands. From the stage, the members of the band can look out on a relatively square area, with yellow walls, a speckled marbled floor and, at the opposite end, doors for "Men" and "Women."

A few tables spread around the hall in random and lonely fashion. Thirty-six orange and brown paper balls hang from the low ceiling. A sign hung with tape against one wall says "Do Not Move The Chairs."

In so many ways this hall resembles nothing if not the morning after a Sweet Sixteen party in the large basement of a suburban home, bigger but not unlike, the basements that marked the trail of Styx' formative years as they played, practiced and perfected their sound throughout the Midwest.

And so throughout the afternoons and often into the nights, the struggle continues, an alternately fascinating and boring, always mysterious process to the observer.

DeYoung is sitting at his keyboards, back to the empty hall, dressed like the rest of the band, casually.

To his front and on either side, facing the hall are the band's three guitarists—Chuck Panozzo and Tommy Shaw are standing, J.Y. is seated in a chair. Drummer John Panozzo peers out from behind his huge kit.

DeYoung attacks the keyboard and is soon joined by the three guitars. The drums finally enter after a few bars. A song

is in the process of being made and then, as suddenly as it started, it stops. DeYoung stops playing and one by one the others follow suit. There is, this time no argument; they all know that something is faulty.

It begins again, this time pushing farther than last time. But it halts once more. "C'mon, let's get it," says Tommy, perhaps talking to himself. There is irritation in his voice.

Once more they start the song. Again they stop. Start stop. Start stop. Start stop. After nearly 20 minutes of this halting progress, J.Y. stands up and for the longest interlude of the afternoon, perhaps four minutes, there are no musical sounds in the hall.

Then, without anyone speaking a word, the band members resume their positions and the song starts once more. Keyboards, the drums, and then the guitars. It moves surely through the places it has already been and then onward into fresh territory.

A smile starts to creep across J.Y.'s face and Tommy starts to tap his foot. John's drumming gets louder, vying with the keyboards for control of the song. DeYoung has started to move his head from side to side.

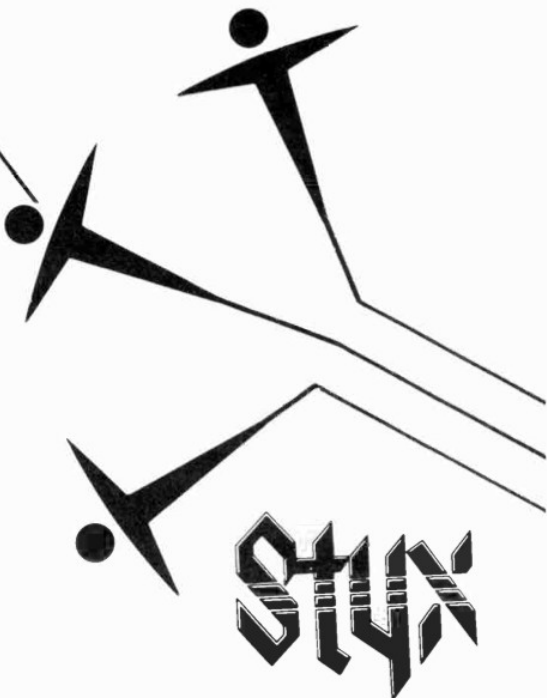
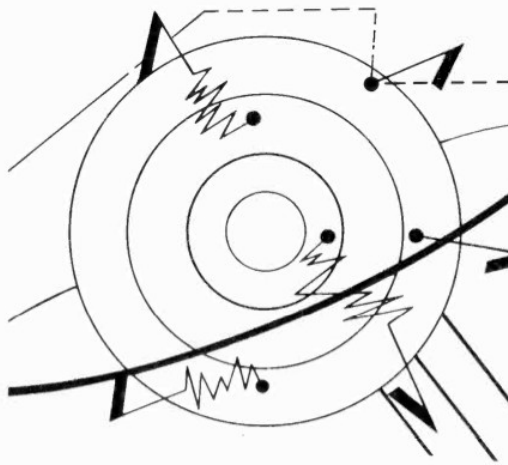
Then there is the whistle, the sound of the police whistle that has been clenched between John's teeth almost unseen since this song began. Its noise punctuates the song at specific intervals and with each shrill blare, J.Y.'s face brightens, Tommy's foot tapping gets faster, DeYoung's fingers fly.

With three sharp whistle blasts it ends and the music drifts away, a note at a time. There are no words spoken. There are no words needed. It is obvious even to the uninformed observer that this song has worked.

There will be changes of course, some minor, some not. But at this moment the song is complete and it satisfies the band members. It is not so much something they just learned as it is something they have just felt.

There are few visitors to the rehearsal sessions. Those who do wander in have been invited; either close personal friends, business associates or relatives. None of them come before 5:30 when they know the day's session will be winding down. And none of them think to say a word or do anything but sit quietly against one of the walls until the music has stopped.

The reasons for choosing this particular rehearsal site have



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as much to do with strong Chicago-area roots as the privacy it provides. When work is finally completed, when each song is, but for minor revisions in its desired state, Styx will leave for the recording studio.

They stay for 10 long weeks at a place called Pumpkin Studios. Run by a longtime friend of DeYoung's, Gary Loizzo, a former member of a local band called the American Breed, Pumpkin Studios in Oak Lawn is housed in an even less impressive structure than the Union Hall.

"The band used to make demo tapes at Pumpkin," says Styx' personal manager Derek Sutton. "They discovered that the quality they were getting there was better than the finished product from the other studios. Besides, it's close to the guys' homes. The relaxed feeling of the studio combined with the state of the art equipment makes for comfortable surroundings, and comfortable surroundings make for better recordings."

So the small, bunkerlike building on 95th Street is transformed during Styx' recording sessions by a large metal fence which surrounds most of the building and all of the parking lot. It is built to keep out intruders or overly curious fans, but a strong argument could be made that the fence wasn't necessary at all.

The biggest rock band in the United States recording in Oak Lawn? Now, who's going to believe that?

# Eurotour Stops

• Continued from page S-22

According to Pat Quinn, Styx tour manager, the major difference between the facilities which the band plays in the U.S., and those in Europe, are inherent in the fact that there are no large scale professional indoor sports in Europe. In the U.S., there are facilities which are geared to putting on these sporting extravaganzas. Such facilities are easily adapted to everything from the indoor circus through the Ice Follies, to rock 'n' roll. Such is not the case in Europe. Most of European sports appear to be outdoor sports. Thus the indoor facilities are far less used, far less accustomed to working on the scale to which their U.S. counterparts find normal.

"Of course this does mean that we don't have the union problems in Europe that we suffer through in America. Unions here have not yet realized that they can force us to pay what we normally term a 'rock 'n' roll tax.' Because the sports people are regulars in the building on whom the unions depend for their weekly checks, they make the good deals, we get the short end.

"But all in all, we only had two real disasters on the whole tour. First was in Switzerland. Because we were playing in an arena in a very small town and because of the vast amount of

# STYX

power required for our lighting and sound rigs, the city had to run this special electrical line to the arena to supply the power. When the town turned on the streetlights at dusk, the power in the entire building went down by 25 volts, causing us real problems. And then when the band hit the stage, at the first massive guitar chord all the fuses blew, leaving Dennis singing with only drums and bass as back up. Probably because that was the way the group began, the three of them managed to entertain the crowd for the two or three minutes necessary for our crew to locate the fuse box and insert new fuses.

"The only other near disaster was when we had a collapsing stage in Munich. If it had not been for our manager's experience with coal mines in England, we might have had to cancel the show. However he did manage to shore up the stage using the techniques he learned in the old country.

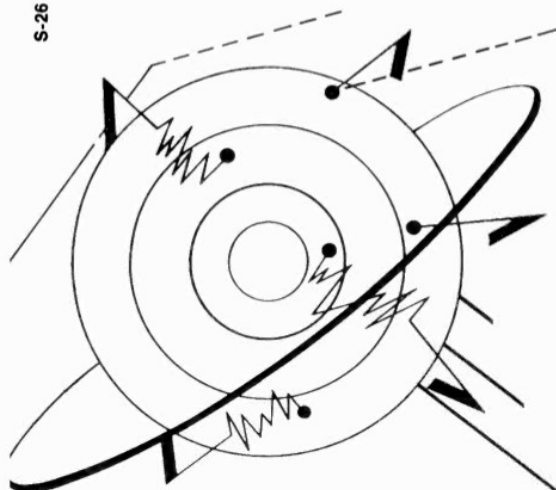
"I have had to work a lot harder for the European tour than I would have for the U.S. tour, but then so does everyone from the band on down."

Each of the road crew has his own stories to tell. Most of them indicate the cultural gap between the U.S. and Europe, especially with reference to the trucks. In America, trucks are relatively free to exceed speed limits wherever they choose to take that risk. In Europe all trucks carry time clocks, which make a permanent record of the speed that the truck is doing at all times, and the times at which the driver takes his mandatory breaks.

"On the tour," states Quinn, "one of our drivers was fined at the Swiss border for speeding four days earlier. This kind of monitoring is totally unheard of in the U.S. The European crew on the other hand were quite amused at the Americans' expectations and demands about the food provided for them at each engagement. Vegetarian and special diet menus were required—necessitating a mobile field kitchen to feed the entire crew.

After the last show, Keith Crabtree, English stage manager, puts on his most diplomatic smile, surveys what happened in the "Styx-in-Europe" trek and says: "This is certainly the tightest ship I've worked on. The Styx crew has everything

(Continued on page S-28)



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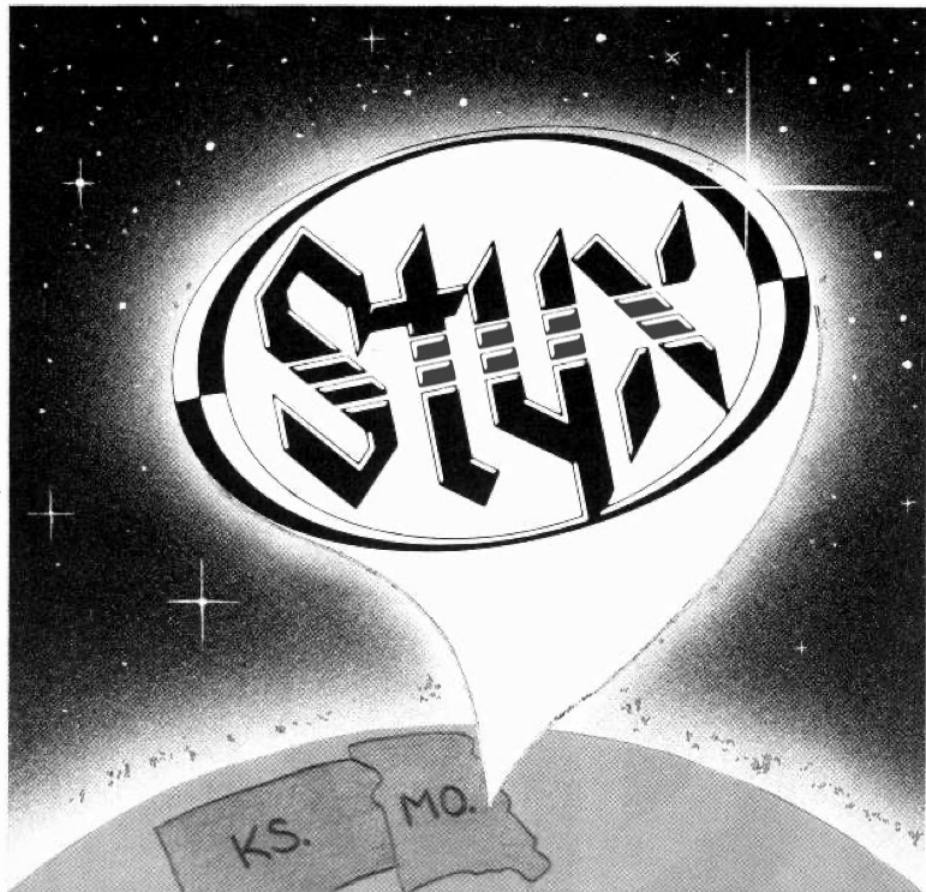
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## Eurotour Stops

• Continued from page S-26

scheduled down to the minute. Europe just isn't geared for that. A border crossing can take anything from 45 minutes to three hours. You just can't plan for it. Things like diet cola are hard to supply, because they aren't used much. And then there's ice!

"The lighting has taken twice as long to set up because you can't use 40-foot lighting trusses as you would in a stadium. Most European halls are old theaters, full of stairs and corridors. So lighting companies here use five-foot sections. The English crew is used to this and to the extra work involved in the set-up and breakdown of the show. The U.S. crew isn't. But in the end, the two crews got along just fine. And the dedication of the American crew in doing the best for their band was an example for the rest of us."

In the after-tour postmortem, Sutton says: "For us, England is still a singles market, because of the prevailing economics. Germany is our most thriving album market, the most involved with Styx music. The other countries lie somewhere in between. Believe me, we're ready to come back. The success this time shows that with work we can equal the biggest bands in Europe. The group enjoyed the challenge, and we're already working out changes for the next tour, both musical and technical."

He ponders the group's return to the U.S. "It takes coming to Europe for Americans to realize just how lucky and spoiled they are. In Europe the entire U.S. team has experienced and overcome problems they haven't had to face for years. I guess we had been insulated by our success in the U.S. Now we've all seen a lot of brand new situations. I hope it will all breed a new confidence and awareness in all of us. And of course, expect new songs from the band that will reflect the growth."

Styx is poised on the edge of triumph in Europe which only proves that the distance from Paris to Peoria is immaterial where music with such universal appeal is concerned. Styx music is now an international language.



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## Art and Mammon

• Continued from page S-10

they stay away from the BS centers of New York and Los Angeles, where half of what is said is not meant, they can remain down to earth," notes Sutton. This fondness for that toddlin' town lends more fuel to the argument that Styx is a people's band.

In addition, a fan service is run out of the offices of the management company, Stardust Enterprises Inc. Operated by Diane Supeter, this non-profit organization provides two-way communication. Management gets an insight into what fans do or don't like and the band has a way to correspond with admirers.

With as much album success as Styx has had, it is somewhat surprising that the chosen single is the subject of much thought and consultation. "After the creation of the album itself," starts Sutton, "choosing the single is the most agonizing thing. It's usually a conflict between Art and Mammon, between the artistic integrity of the music and the needs of the marketplace. Usually, I am the bad guy representing the marketplace."

"I'm very into singles," admits Cahill. "A single is a showcase for the album. We've never released a record strictly to have a hit single. Quite the contrary, last year we had a cut called 'First Time' that I knew and everybody in the band knew was a hit record. In fact, it was top five on many playlists even though it was never released as a single. We never released it because we had already released a ballad from the album ('Babe') and were much more interested in long-term album awareness than in another hit single."

The recession is hitting many headlining acts, forcing them into smaller halls. Styx though is still at the arena level. "Nothing is recession proof," says Sutton. "Promoters are painfully aware of the declining concert attendance. The audience is just being more selective. The big point in Styx' favor is the strength of its live shows. The band has never disappointed an audience so the kids will save for a Styx show and pass on something else."

All this without the help of the press, which is constantly hurling brickbats at the band. Cahill offers: "The kids are the real critics. As long as they're filling the big arenas and buying the records, we're in good shape."

### CREDITS

Editor: Earl Paige. Assistant Editor: Susan Peterson. Art: Gribbitt!



## Best Wishes for Continued Success

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Dennis DeYoung, Chuck Panozzo, John Panozzo,

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