

# Soviets rock Sullivan Arena

by Michael Chase  
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O.K. You little headbangers, you best keep an eye peeled toward the East. . .no, no, further that's it, Soviet Union.

## REVIEW

Why, you ask. Because believe it or not the Russians are coming, and they are carrying that international language — rock'n'roll.

I recently had the privilege of talking with Sergey Markin of the group Stas Namin during a rehearsal at the Alaska Center for the Performing Arts just prior to the "Superpower Rock'n'Roll" concert held Feb. 25 at the Sullivan Arena here in Anchorage.

Sergey assured me that the Soviet Union, too, has its share of garage bands to spawn rising young stars — despite the lack of equipment, the expense of instruments and the lack of garages.

Although rock'n'roll (other than state approved) has been discouraged and even banned in that country, there has been a sudden flourish of interest in this form of modern expression. (And you thought you were oppressed when Mom burned your AC-DC records).

Sergey stated that some of the material they released earlier would be re-released with different lyrics, thanks to *glasnost*.

If last month's performance by the Soviet groups Stas Namin and Rondo are any indication of things to come I think you better start hammering on your local Rock Shop to get a Soviet connection.

Stas Namin's performance was outstanding. It was carried by "Sasha" Losev's full-bodied vocals and punctuated by Sergey Markin's succinct lead riffs that would rival those by Steve Vai.

Stas Namin's smooth polished act proved that they are indeed the USSR's best and worthy of their 40 million sales mark.

Although they possess a major contrast in style and appearance, Rondo presented an equally polished and professional act if not somewhat cabaret-ish at times. The liberal sprinkling of humor and obvious folk influence in



Photo by Michael Chase

Stas Namin talks to a reporter as road manager Ludmila Bratash looks on.

the music was a refreshing break from the usual rock concert offering.

As the night and concert progressed with Eddie Money appearing last, the decible level grew until it attained its usual ear-splitting intensity, lifting discarded programs from the floor like so many dead leaves.

**And you thought  
you were op-  
pressed when  
Mom burned your  
AC-DC records.**

Perhaps Mr. Money's sound crew could learn a few tricks from our friends in the East whose mix was well balanced, and gosh, kids, you could actually hear the music instead of trying to decipher notes through a sea of feedback and echo.



Photo by Michael Chase

Sergey Markin