



Record Collecting for Girls: Unleashing Your Inner Music Nerd, One Album at a Time

Courtney E. Smith

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“Record Collecting for Girls is an invitation for all of you stereophiles (who happen to be female), to make your own top-five lists, and then, armed and ready with the book’s fun facts, to argue their merits to the ever-present boys’ club of music snobs in your life.” —Sarahbeth Purcell, author of *Love Is the Drug* and *This Is Not a Love Song*

You never leave home without your iPod. You’re always on the lookout for new bands, and you have strong opinions when it comes to music debates, like Beatles vs. Stones. For years, you’ve listened to guys talk about all things music, but the female perspective has been missing. Until now.

Drawing on her personal life as a music enthusiast, as well as her experience working at MTV and in radio, Courtney E. Smith explores what music can tell women about themselves—and the men in their lives. She takes on a range of topics, from the romantic soundtracks of *Romeo and Juliet* to the evolution of girl bands. She shares stories from her own life that shed light on the phenomenon of guilty pleasures and the incredible power of an Our Song. Along the way, she evaluates the essential role that music plays as we navigate life’s glorious victories and its soul-crushing defeats. Finally, here is a voice that speaks to women—because girls get their hearts broken and make mix tapes about it, too.

“Courtney Smith has smarts and sass in spades. Her insights are as hilarious as they are thoughtful, and when you finish reading this book, you’ll feel like you just got home from a perfect night out with your best friend. And you’ll want to listen to Prince. At full volume.” —Megan Jasper, Executive Vice President, Sub Pop Records

Record Collecting for Girls: Unleashing Your Inner Music Nerd, One Album at a Time Details

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One Album at a Time Courtney E. Smith

From Reader Review Record Collecting for Girls: Unleashing Your Inner Music Nerd, One Album at a Time for online ebook

Emily says

I got instantly excited when I saw that my library had this book and was the first on the list to read it. I completely agree that women's voices are missing from music writing and her attempt to try to fill that void is admirable. It starts out pretty promising but falls so short of what I had hoped it would be. Smith starts out by listing her credentials. She works for MTV. Kind of lame. But, she has helped launched several really good indie bands like The Shins, M.I.A., etc. This leads into the next couple of chapters about creating top 5 lists and some girl band history. But after that is where my interest starts to dwindle. The majority of the book is centered on dating and relationships...and rather immature sounding relationships at that. Too much of her writing and music picks are discussed through the lens of men. Sure, I have been drawn toward certain types of music during bad relationships but life is so much more than that and a true music nerd has playlists for all of those moments. There's music I explored to feel closer to my parents and then to break away from them, music that reminds me of my friends, music that makes me think, makes me dance, etc. The chapters that focus more on advice for seeking out and molding your collection are the best and I wish she would have focused more on this aspect. In the end it isn't useful for seasoned music geeks who have moved beyond boys breaking their hearts. However, I am still going to give this 3 stars. Why? Because I think that if I were in middle school or high school she might have taught me a thing or two. I do not recommend this to adult women, but I would recommend this to a budding girl music nerd.

Jeff says

There's a great book waiting to be written on this topic, but this isn't it. Instead of the truly insightful examination of gender roles in pop fandom you're probably hoping for, this reads like a patronizing primer for people who have never listened to music -- it assumes you know nothing about anything, which strikes me as a pretty poor supposition for a book reacting against the marginalization of it's target audience, and continually passes off unqualified opinion as fact. The longer I read it, the less I could stand the author -- she comes across as pedantic and pretty shallow to boot. Immensely disappointing.

Rachel says

A better title for this book would be "Record Collecting for Girls who define themselves by the Men." If the author isn't trying to hang with the boys and play their music snob games then she is relying on her step-father's influences. For a self-proclaimed 'taste maker' she doesn't seem like a music fan. Dismissing R.E.M.'s early albums as the same record struck me as weird. This is a personal bias, but I hate the assignation of a "guilty pleasure" song. If a song does it for you, own it. Music snobbery is an immature game that most people grow out of after college radio days.

I found this book to be incredibly pretentious and lacking depth. Ellen Willis's "Out of the Vinyl Deeps" is a much better read.

Julia says

I really wanted to enjoy this book, even choosing to ignore the low average Goodreads rating to make room for the possibility that I may not agree with it. This was not the case for this book.

I will start off by saying that I admire Courtney E. Smith's objective to write about the female perspective of music lovers, particularly those inclined to alternative rock. There need to be more books of this kind to balance this gender gap. "High Fidelity", probably the most famous book with rock woven in its pages, is not universally relatable. The main character of Nick Hornby's 1996 novel is not much more than a "man-child" who initially refuses to engage in a healthy relationship. I applaud Ms. Smith for understanding that more women need to write about their musical experiences. I do, however, hate how she chose to title this book because already, it sounds so cheesy, like a "how to" guide for inviting some much-needed culture into your otherwise-philistine life.

She raises some excellent points about the need for more girl bands, Madonna's influence on pop culture, the Rolling Stones's ridiculous cash-grab concerts, and the decline of physical record-collecting. The way she writes to explain her views is another matter. How is it a compliment to call yourself a "music Nazi"?? She makes it so that you clearly know nothing about music. Alright, so she's been a programmer with MTV and she has worked over the years to promote bands like Death Cab for Cutie, Vampire Weekend, and The Shins. Big deal. It's not the real MTV, even though those bands are actually great. This book was written in 2010/2011, which makes it practically outdated since music platforms have drastically changed since then (for example, she mentions using MySpace.) She seems a little self-centered in talking about all her numerous ex-boyfriends and while I understand this is to relate her life with the music being discussed, it gets a little boring to keep reading on and on about some boy in an unnamed band and another one who she had a fling with. Get on with the story, please. She also includes some super cringey chapters. Who honestly needs a chapter on "make-out music"? If you so insist on creating such a chapter, don't pick movie soundtracks. I suppose I should have shut the book after she listed the "Twilight: New Moon" soundtrack in said chapter.

What I'd like is for female authors to write about their own musical experiences and write these books for this end of the decade. The wide availability of online streaming and the parallel between the decline of rock and the rise of rap would make excellent points to talk about. You could even talk about how Ariana Grande is currently at eighties-Madonna-level fame (although nowhere near Madonna's actual coolness or, dare I say it, relatability.) Just don't embarrass us girls with chapters about groupies vs. wives or cheesy "Our Songs" and don't you DARE make a dismissive judgement about someone if they love The Smiths. All Morrissey jokes aside, they were a great and influential band. It's plain pathetic to quite literally judge people based on their music taste.

Please. For God's sake, women everywhere: just write!

Leslie says

This was a joke-gift from my guitar-collecting, cymbal-smashing, Pitchfork-reading, vinyl-shopping, tinnitus-suffering boyfriend, who probably thought that I, faux-insulted and too busy swooning around the kitchen to "Brigadoon," would laugh, toss it up on the bookshelf and never look at it again. But I did! I read it!

I hoped a book like this would go for the nuts, honestly. Over the course of my life, I've spent a lot of time explaining (or defending) myself both as a fan of music and sports (there are a lot of assumptions/suspensions

about why I, as a woman, like Blue Note and baseball). So I'm interested in how the "acceptable" roles for women (as music listeners, makers, and writers) are coded and then reinforced; how women are commodified, branded, shortchanged, and judged, but also how they innovate, and how they're recognized for that. I wasn't expecting an academic polemic here, of course, but I was thinking it might be part sociological study, part illumination of the byzantine recording industry, and part awesome recommendations for my record collection.

It started off okay, breezy and likeable and a little acerbic, but then veered into sections that felt more like lightweight bubblegum essays you'd read in a teen magazine (Britney vs. Madonna? Really?). Maybe this book would have been a good primer for me when I was 13 or 14 and began seeking music out on my own, instead of relying on KIIS-FM or my parents' LPs. And while I'm not a music snob, I am (at 32) a seasoned listener, and one with eclectic tastes. Even though it was a tongue-in-cheek present, I was still hoping I might stumble on some gems – maybe this book would give me a little nudge, a way to think about my music collection or the sounds I surround myself with (what I was listening to, why I responded to what I did). But nothing that complex emerged. The genres were surprisingly narrow (mainstream pop/rock, perhaps owing to the author's MTV resume), and the advice suspiciously skewed to music's role in grappling with or decoding romance.

I think that's what really pissed me off in the end. Too much energy was dedicated to the intersection of music and "boys," or "crushes." Maybe I'd respond to this if I were a moody adolescent, or if music were the only way I could connect with a guy (hey, we like the same bands! let's make out!). Or if my designs as a music lover were to get indie rock guys to take me home to their dirty apartments and write songs about me in my cute glasses and ugly sweaters. But that hasn't been my experience, and I was disappointed that "The Guide" would assume I'm more interested in music's role in my love life than in the music itself. Simply put, I love music because I grew up with it, because it was always playing in our house, and because I played it myself. I was raised on a strange stew of Spooky Tooth, Judy Garland, Creedence Clearwater, Miles Davis, Huey Lewis, the LA Phil and "West Side Story." There is music I listen to in order to dance, to brood, to get out aggression, music for exaltation and contemplation, music to rile me up or calm me down, music to allow me to imagine what it's like to be someone else, somewhere else. So... "choosing a song for your wedding"? Songs to make out to? Songs to break up to? That's how I should think about when I listen music? And an entire section about the dos and don'ts of dating a musician? *That's a girl's guide to record collecting??*

Music *is* vital, emotional, but it does a disservice to women and young girls to take the breadth of their emotions – which music, unlike anything else, has the power to tap – and try to bind them to a singular (male-oriented) experience. Unfortunately, for all its rah-rah girl power poppiness, which I really wanted to get behind, this book ultimately reinforced the one stereotype I hoped to god it would dispel: if you like music, boys will like you.

Jenn(ifer) says

Since Miss Smith is so keen on lists, here's one for ya!

Top ten reasons why this book sucks:

10. The writing is insipid.

9. There is an entire chapter devoted to "groupies" vs. "wives" with a subsection entitled "bros before hos" (I'm not making this up)

8. There is a chapter exploring the ever important "our song" phenomenon, complete with an "our song" playlist containing such gems as U2's "All I Want is You", Phil Collins' "Against All Odds" and Eric Clapton's "Tears in Heaven." I might vomit right now.
 7. I am not 16 years old
 6. This book made me stupider.
 5. If this is the "female perspective" on music, I'll go back to reading Klosterman and Bangs (see 10, 7, and 6)
 4. As if you didn't see it coming, there is a chapter chock full of break-up songs, and different sub genres of break-up songs (angry, sad, begging, kiss off). How old is this girl and why does everything she write have to refer back to dating in some way? She sounds like a boy crazed teenager.
 3. Every time she talks about how she wouldn't date a guy who listened to (fill in the blank), I wanted to punch her right in the face.
 2. Make-out music? Really? For fuck sake.
 1. She likes the Pussycat Dolls. Sorry honey, if you want to be taken seriously as a writer, if you want to be seen as a "music aficionado," you need to keep that bit of information to yourself.
-

Erin Tuzuner says

A few things... Steven Morrissey is spelled "Stephen" and the Radiohead song she cites most, "15 Step" is written "15 Steps". These errors in editing pale in comparison to the actual content of this book, which I think might be marketed to 12 year olds.

Your credibility as a girl record collector is pretty much null and void when your sole reason for collecting music is to get boys. From crush to pretty frequent breakup, this seems to be the range of your "expertise".

Kristen says

I really enjoyed Courtney Smith's book about how music has shaped her life and what it says about you. At times the book reads like High Fidelity from a female perspective. I laughed a lot as she details what a potential boyfriend's musical tastes says about him (I now know better to date anyone who loves The Smiths too much) and how musical soundtracks determine our lives. A lot of her musical preferences were similar to mine, and anyone who can write in-depth about the Romeo + Juliet soundtrack is cool in my book. I noticed that I was looking for a lot of the bands she references. Her playlists are also a great touch as they allow you to just look at that part to find what music to find, at times I did this before reading the chapter to know what she was talking about beforehand. Her tone is also very conversational so it reads like talking to a good friend. I'm interested in reading more books by her, this is a great guide for music lovers and girls who want to impress boys with their music knowledge!

Catie says

This book, more than anything, made me realize that I will first and foremost always be a book nerd, and my music nerddom will forever live in the backseat. I can spend hours thinking about the four books that I am typically in the middle of at any given time. I have a bookshelf that's probably at about 200% of its recommended capacity. I have a *cat* named after a *literary character*. That bag of books in the corner? I have no idea when I got those or what they are. Unfortunately, my musical nerdery is just not up to par. I am not

sure who would really appreciate this book: while there are a few more approachable chapters (“Top Five Lists” and “Guilty Pleasures” for example), the rest is full of overly detailed musical history that I found incredibly boring.

This book never feels cohesive; I’m not sure if this is true but I strongly suspect that this may be one of those “books” that’s cobbled together from blog posts and articles. It’s titular claim (“Unleashing Your Inner Music Nerd, One Album at a Time”) suggests that it is a guidebook, and it *is*, for about three chapters. The rest is full of dry recitations of musical history, lots of personal stories about how she found certain bands and why she loves them, and “interludes” about using Last.fm, Rhapsody, music blogs, Second Life, and All Music Guide which are sure to horribly date this book and render it useless in 5-10 years. I mean, sure, I love Goodreads. But hopefully I’ll never write a whole chapter in a book about how to use it. And then there are the chapters that are just shoved in with no purpose that I can see – like an in depth discussion about why The Beatles are better than The Rolling Stones (again, with tons of historical detail that I care nothing about), and a whole chapter about the indignities that have befallen women who date rock stars. How is that relevant to music collecting?

There’s no doubt that Courtney E. Smith is a bona fide music nerd, and she’s more than qualified to give the rare woman’s point of view in the music industry – so why wouldn’t she? This book has more than enough personal stories to qualify as a memoir, and I think that it would be a far more interesting read if it would just accept that it really really wants to *be* a memoir. I was very intrigued by the chapter called “Where Have All the Girl Bands Gone?” I actually really wanted to know. What happened? Why *have* they all gone underground? But she never really attempts to answer that question. Instead it’s a chronicling of girl bands from the 50’s – present. AGAIN with the history!

She also, besides the few more approachable chapters, almost never makes any attempt to make all of this music “riffing” and discussion relevant to anyone but the nerdiest of music nerds. I think that it’s okay that this book won’t have mass commercial appeal, but it feels highbrow enough to be off-putting. Also, a woman who is in her thirties should *NEVER* use the phrase “a boy I had a crush on recently,” unless she is a pedophile.

Perfect Musical Pairing

Arcade Fire – Wake Up

Yeah, Courtney Smith, I was a little bummed that you dismissed every Arcade Fire album as “over-hyped,” “obnoxious,” and “self-important” except their latest. I know that among indie music nerds, there’s a widely acknowledged negative linear correlation between the enjoyment one gets from listening to a particular band, and the popularity of said band. So, I’m sure that the grammy that they just received has made their yupster status rise even higher in your eyes. Good thing I can claim primary book nerd status so I have a free pass to love them anyway. This song is one of the more well-known tracks from “Funeral” and all I have to say is, stick this in your pipe and smoke it!

Cassandra Phoenix says

H. and I read when we eat dinner. We spend all our time together, so the whole catching-up-at-dinner bondy thing is not that pressing. Tonight I started "Record Collecting For Girls" by Courtney E. Smith and she asked, "Why would you want to read a book about that?"

"Well," I said, "back in the day --"

"You used to collect records?"

"No. Don't interrupt and let me splain. Back when your Mom was 16 or 17, one of the ways you would show a guy you liked him, or your friend that you cared about them, you made them a mixed tape. And you would collect cassette tapes and obsessively organize them. My friend from college, Eva? She cared about music even more than I do."

"Then a book called 'High Fidelity' came out and described pretty much how I viewed my music collection and rearranging it and making mixed tapes. But it was really a book for guys. So now this book is out, and it's by a woman, and describes it from that point of view."

I refrained from chanting, "One of Us! One of Us!" because I thought it would freak H. out, but that's how this book makes me feel. And it made me really wistful and nostalgic for who I was during those times (as freaked out and unmedicated and unmediated as I was) because I could find a band I liked and just really immerse myself in them and their work.

I mean, I still love The Church, and Crowded House, and Nine Inch Nails, and I am probably the only person in the whole wide world that still likes Dada, but it's one of those fond and banked affections, instead of the red-hot conflagration it was when I was in my early twenties. Where I would make a mixed tape for one of my friends because they absolutely had to hear this band, this artist, this song. Or debate with my college friends what would be essential to put on a cassette to have sex to.

Of course, I had the time and the emotional energy to devote to those kinds of pursuits back then. These days I watch my daughter discover the bands she likes, and I brace myself for the onslaught of enthusiasm. She is, after all, my daughter. I can't wait to see what she does.

Alyx says

Sigh.

Julie says

Years ago I loved music, bought LPs and music mags, stayed up late and listened to UK radio, and showing my age watched late night Radio with Pictures on NZ tv. Then collected cassettes and loved my walkman, then CDs came along, with my CD walkman which was a pain in the butt, I hated having to lug all those CDs around. So entered the ipod, which meant all the songs in the CD stacks are at your fingertips. Somehow though I lost my love for music reviews, as they all seemed to be written by perpetual 19 year old boys (even though they were probably in their thirties), who all wanted to tell you about the latest obscure group of rockers.

So parts of Courtney E. Smiths books resonated with me, as I think the female listening audience has been basically ignored by most music companies. I've never been one for the female rocker bands, and was a bit bored about hearing about the Bangles and the Go Gos. I guess that is the problem with all books written

about music, as it is such a personal thing, and everybody's top ten is so different, and we all have associations with differing songs.

Still, I think I'll give it a 3/5. It was a quick read, I managed it in two hours in a rainy afternoon, waiting to go to the rugby.

MyLoveAffairWithTheWrittenWord says

I liked the premise of this book--a sort of How To on record collecting, specifically aimed at girls--but the approach was somewhat problematic and off-putting. The overall attitude of the author is what I find most off-putting. While she admits to being a "music snob", her levels of snobbery borderline condescending. I also found that she contradicted herself quite a few times, such as how she proclaims that no true music fan would EVER purchase an artist's "Best Of" album, even if the artist is a favorite, but just a few pages later talks about an Elvis Costello greatest hits album and recommends that "you buy [it] immediately." I found it unforgivable that she puts down artists such as Lady Gaga (whom she claims tries to hard to be the "Next Madonna") but sings the praises of her favorite "guilty pleasure", the Pussycat Dolls. How can you slam someone as iconic and multi-talented as Lady Gaga whilst singing the praises of factory-produced pop garbage like the Pussycat Dolls? If there were a few things that I think she nailed, it's definitely her analysis of the Romeo + Juliet soundtrack for the Baz Luhrmann film of the same name. That album was a huge part of my adolescence, and her in-depth analysis of several of the tracks is insightful, and a clear demonstration of her vast musical knowledge. Her and I are also in agreement that the Twilight: New Moon movie was a tremendous train wreck but damn, is that soundtrack solid! I gave her points for that, too. However, once I got to the section of the book where she uses the word "dadaist" to describe online music blogs, I was completely turned off, and my attention was lost. Another major fail is that for a book about collection records, there are VERY few mentions of the Fab Four, The Beatles. How can you overlook such a major contribution to the world of music?! It's an unforgivable oversight. Another thing I noticed is that for every song about relationships, whether it's how you feel after a bad breakup, an amicable breakup, cheating, etc., it's always addressed as boy/girl relationships. I feel like this ignores an entire demographic of girls in the LGBTQ community. Not every relationship a girl has is with a guy and no matter their sexual orientation, all girls experience emotions; representation of them in the book is completely ignored. Overall it was pretty okay, but I wouldn't consider it a must-read for serious, avid music fans.

fleegan says

The title makes it sound like this book is a music guide for girls. It is not. It reads more like a memoir about her history with music as well as some general music history thrown in.

There were two parts of the book that I thought were very clever. One is that she has a playlist at the end of each chapter with all the the groups and songs she mentions in the chapter. That was a neat idea. The last chapter had this really great Choose Your Own Adventure style of how to find music that is similar to music you like. It was smart and witty.

There are two or three solid chapters in this book, but the rest of it I can't figure out. I'm also not sure who this book is for. If it is for girls, as the title implies, then I'd think it's geared for teens and maybe women in

their early twenties.

I'm fairly certain that the author and I are the same age. Yet throughout the book she keeps talking about having crushes on boys. There comes a time when you stop referring to men or guys as boys. By using the word boys instead of men (or guys or dudes sense we're going informal here) one implies that the men are immature for their age. That's fine. But if you keep calling men who are roughly the same age as you boys, that shows a level of disrespect (or creepiness). This author uses the word boys so much that it's distracting. I can't tell if she's calling all of her boyfriends boys because she thinks they were/are immature or if she's calling them that out of some kind of disrespect for males. I don't think it's the latter because she seems to very much like guys. So it might be that she just has a habit of either dating immature guys or overusing the word boys instead of men or guys. A good friend or proofreader/editor could help her with this.

Another thing that was distracting was she admits she's a music nerd and a music snob, and the book touts that she's bringing a "female perspective" to music, but her music snobbery and the music snobbery of the "boys" she's trying to impress/date/whatever, is the same music snobbery. She's acting just like the guys. She's judging and hating the music she doesn't like. I don't see how this is a female perspective.

In the chapter Guilty Pleasures, Ms. Smith hates on the Black Eyed Peas and judges others for liking them, then turns around and says she likes The Pussycat Dolls, but that's okay because they are her guilty pleasure. She also says that if someone is proud of all the music they own (meaning they don't have a group/singer they feel ashamed of liking) that that person is either ignorant about music or they are a "pompous ass." As a 33 year old woman who does not particularly care for country music, I have to say that I'm not particularly proud of the amount of Glen Campbell songs on my iPod, but I also don't feel the need to defend them to anyone. Why this would make me ignorant or an ass, I have no idea.

I think some of the individual chapters would have made really good magazine articles or something, but the book as a whole just doesn't really accomplish anything. If this book is for twenty-somethings and teen girls, I wish the author would have been more about building up confidence in liking what you like, and not so much about stalking guys with similar music interests and trying to impress them with musical knowledge. I wish there really had been a female perspective instead of the if-you-can't-beat-'em-join-'em vibe the book had.

Jamie says

Boy did I hate this book. I think it is trying to be a "Love is a Mixtape" for girls, but it doesn't succeed. She imparts universonality into the story, and since I don't care about here, it just gets more annoying as you go. Here are some examples:

1. Her Top 5 artists are Elvis Costello (fine), REM(fine) Sleater-Kinney (hi, 90s Indie rocker) Stevie Nicks, (fine) and Fiona Apple (enough said.)
2. Chapter 2 : Where have all the girl bands gone - focuses largely on The GoGos and the Bangles and then jumps to the Dixie Chicks. For someone of the 90s to totally ignore "riot grrl" and other bands like L-7 and Babes in Toyland is unconscionable.
3. She states "Never date a boy who likes the Smiths." While I can see where this seed starts, she goes off the rails when she says "Every Smiths fan I ever met was also obsessed with serial killers. " WTF?

4. By the time I got to "The Next Madonna" chapter I was so annoyed with her. I take the greatest issue with her stating why straight guys like Madonna. Who are these straight guys? I don't know any, and they are an exception rather than the rule.

5. She seems totally obsessed with very mainstream online sources, like last.fm, and The All Music Guide. I would think someone could send me off the beaten path.

Last straw : The Beatles vs. Stones chapter. She chooses the Beatles. I'd choose the Stones. But that's fine. It's her reasoning that's problematic.

6. Beatles are better than the Stones because they never reunited after breaking up and the Stones keep hacking it out. OK, maybe they never reunited because ONE of them died 31 years ago, and the other died 10 years ago. Her exact quote "Too many bands of the 1960-90s are cashing in with reunion tours from nostalgic fans who will pay to see performers well past their prime. It's embarrassing and I'm glad the Beatles did not partake. They will remain the 1969 versions of themselves in our minds forever ." Might I remind her that McCartney and Starr, the 2 living Beatles played BEATLES SONGS at a SUPER BOWL HALF TIME SHOW in 2005. And McCartney himself certainly still plays shows, charges top dollar for them, and he's singing Beatles songs. So.....

And the flip of that "In the decades since [Altamont] the Stones have devolved into greedy old men of questionable talent. Every world tour as the audience wonders who might break a hip on stage..., their legacy as the most dangerous band in rock and roll unravels just a little more. Once you looked to the Stones and found the definitive rock band, look today and you'll find old men who are in it for a paycheck"

I've seen the Stones 3 times, once in 1989 (AWESOME) once in about 1999, and once in 2001. Even though they weren't as good in 2001 as they were in 1989, they were still great and the audience LOVED it. The AUDIENCE wants to hear these songs - it brings back their youth too!

I might also tell her that Stevie Nicks is only 5 years younger than Mick Jagger and Elvis Costello only 11 years. I wonder when they will be considered "old people only in it for a paycheck."

Courtney Smith, I hope you DONT die before you get old, so you can look back on these words with regret.
