

# HAULIN' OATES

The more *Jheri-curled* half of a blockbuster band moves to Aspen, loses his **superstar status**, aims to stay relevant, and actually shreds. **BY ROB STORY**

In the spring of '81, 127<sup>th</sup> Street was still downright rural, empty and dark, a fine place to make out, drink beer, or make out with a beer. Jane Carolan and I were there one warm night, the top down on my dad's '71 Impala convertible, lip wrestling in perhaps the best-ever car for starlit canoodling. The FM radio played the Daryl Hall & John Oates song "Kiss On My List." It spoke to us, as it did to millions of other kissers in 1981. To Jane and me, "Kiss On My List" was *our* song. That is until she dumped me the

next year, during spring break.

Still, I never lost my affection for Hall & Oates. I taped their LPs on cassettes. I drew their album covers on the spines of the tapes, and you'd be amazed how awesome my depiction of *H2O* turned out. It might be cool these days to dis a band that was proud of its drum machines. But know this, '80s haters: Hall & Oates are the best-selling duo in music history. Thirty-four of their singles charted on the Billboard Hot 100. Daryl Hall (the tall willowy blond) and John Oates (the shorter,

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