

FLOYD, EAGLES, BEBOP dates

SO sounds

LINDA
RONSTADT

'Where
have
all the
good
men
gone?'

See page 24

SANTANA, ZAPPA,
HILLAGE, AC/DC

JAWS

WHY DO policemen have bigger balls? dept: The Vice Squad has followed AC/DC around to every date of their current tour, more often than not ending up backstage with the lads to crunch Smarties and drink chocolate milk. The Squad were, naturally enough, concerned about Angus' trousers-dropping antics, though they reckoned without him attempting to disguise his — uh — member by tying his school tie around at the Hammersmith Odeon. With ambassadors like this who needs Joan Sutherland? PS: If you're still wondering about their balls, it's 'cos they sell more tickets. (Groan).

More AC/DC poop: backstage after their recent Hammersmith concert — all of **The Damned** and all of **Eddie And The Hot Rods**. EH&HRs were wearing virtually matching black leather jackets — is this the band's new BCR-type costume now that teen stardom has hit them? And when vocalist Barry Masters was introduced to the Aussie rockers, fisticuffs (see **SOUNDS** Hot Rods interview a short while back) surprisingly did not ensue — everything was remarkably amicable with handshakes, polite conversation, etc.

And why were AC/DC ten minutes late coming onstage? Vocalist **Bon Scott's** fault actually. When questioned as to his tardy arrival, Scott admitted, "Well, I got on the wrong tube train, didn't I?" Obviously superstar material...

After the AC/DC concert the **Stiff Records** assemblage removed themselves to a Fulham Road eatery to feast on hamburgers and spaghetti. People present included **Nick Lowe**, **Larry Wallis** and **Sandy of the Pink Fairies**, Stiff supremo **Jake Rivera**, new label signing **Dee Costello** and even Stiff super-secretary **Susie**.

Surprisingly enough, the evening's most dramatic moment occurred when a waiter dropped an entire plate of relish across the lap of one **Giovanni Dadomo**. The two exited through a side door and the Manuel-style menial proceeded to clean GD's trousers. Seconds later they re-emerged, however — the waiter, strangely, covered in

POLICE IDENTIKIT PICTURE



HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

(see first item)

The Rollers change line-ups again, with Ian Mitchell leaving because his face (or something) didn't fit to be replaced by another chap called Pat McGlynn (sigh). McGlynn will be the sixteenth new member in the group's nine-year history, scream idols every one of them. It was also revealed that manager Tam Paton is grooming a 16 year old Danish singer, Gert Von Magnus, for stardom. So precisely is Gert's career being planned that he is living with Paton in the manager's Edinburgh home. How nice...

The Heartbreakers, featuring ex-New York Dolls **Johnny Thunder** and **Jery Nolan**, to tour Britain soon? We hope so... **John Alcock**, he of **Thin Lizzy** fame, producing the new **Earl Slick** album...

Just too late for our own highly controversial **Liggers Supplement**

together considering it was simply for one (or maybe two) presentations.

High marks for the food also, but no-one disgraced themselves. You don't catch actors and actresses doing that on parade.

Lone Star, headlining band on the **Mott** tour, find that their debut LP is selling well on import in the US and even getting a fair amount of airplay in New York. A States tour may well be set for early next year — could it mean that the Stars will break **Over There** first? 'Twould be a shame if they did...

London punk and Manchester punk team up this month when the **Damned** and **Slaughter And The Dogs** perform two special concerts together — at Finchley Mount Hill Secondary School November 19 and Manchester Electric Circus 28. Added attraction — a complete set of the **Stiff Records** catalogue,

ALBUMS

Same old song and dance

(but so what?)

AC/DC: 'Dirty Deeds Done Cheap' (Atlantic) ****
BASIC? DID I hear you say basic? Well then, just listen to this —

- I'm a rocker*
- I'm a roller*
- I'm a right out of controller*
- I'm a wheeler*
- I'm a dealer*
- I'm a wicked woman stealer*
- I'm a bruiser*
- I'm a cruiser*
- I'm a rockin' rollin' man.*

Yep, once again the thudding essence of Aussierockers AC/DC has been captured, with Vanda and Young expertise, for all to hear. In keeping with their image, 'Dirty Deeds Done Cheap' is AC/DC at their most lewd, simplistic, crass, gross, vulgar, unsophisticated and tasteless. Also thoroughly enjoyable.

Even without manic Angus Young visuals, AC/DC come across supremely well on record, thudding along in less than complex fashion, a breath of fresh air after all the mass-produced so-called masterpieces that seem to dominate our turntables today.

'Dirty Deeds Done Cheap' is much the same album as the 'High Voltage' platter of earlier on in the year, so alike are they that tracks could be interchanged quite easily. The LP opens up

with the title track, 'Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap' — mean, aggressive, marvellous thud rhythm, enhanced by the purely essential production and the occasional ah-h-shing breathy back up vocal.

'Love At First Peel' thuds in hard on 'Dirty Deeds' heels, a typically sexist tune ("The first touch was too much!" wails Bon Scott) containing an Angus Young guitar solo of fair dexterity. 'Big Balls' is almost 'She's Got The Jack' revisited, a slow narrative thudder, entertaining but largely dispensible, while the afore-quoted 'Rocker' goes to another extreme, being a breathless 100 mph rock 'n' roller.

'Problem Child' closes the side,

a tale of teenage frustration —
*'What I want I take
And what I don't I break
And I don't want you
With a flick of my knife
I can change your life
There's nothing you can do.'*
Great.

The second side has 'There's Going To Be Some Rockin'', built around a wonderful T. Rex-type thud riff; 'Ain't No Fun (Waiting Round To Be A Millionaire)', slow and grinding; 'Squealer', a traditional AC/DC thudding workout; and 'Ride On', very much the surprise of the side.

This is actually mellow sounding and ballad-like, together with its loping rhythm and softly sung lyrics. 'Ride On' shows that, as

well as being rough and raucous, AC/DC are able to be soft and subtle. In fact, in its way, the track is the outstanding number on the album.

Essentially, this album is the same old AC/DC song and dance, but I for one will never tire of it. Will you? — Geoff Barton.

REAL THING: 'Real Thing' (Pye NSPL 18507)***

AS soon as I'd made it, I knew immediately that it was a foolish remark to offer. When one of the management concerned with an outfit asks you how you rate their latest product, you reply either that the album in question is fabulous to the power umpteen or that you have yet to hear it. Normally, inter-personally considerate, that is. But me, I was daft enough to tell one of the Real Thing's guardians that the quartet's LP was, in my esti-



AC/DC: simplistic (thud), crass (thud) and enjoyable (thud)

Can black men

ON THE ROAD

AC/DC Hammersmith Odeon

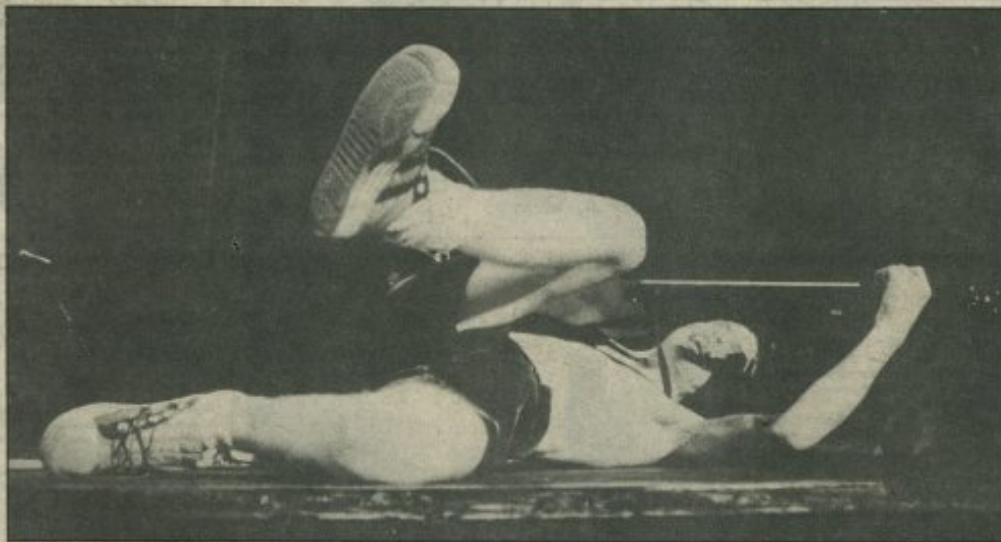
AMBITIOUS THEY may have been in choosing London's premier rock venue for their first headlining British tour, but then one thing AC/DC have never lacked is nerve.

In fact there were plenty of open spaces up in the balcony of the Hammersmith Odeon but down in the stalls it was respectably full although the crowd didn't remain seated for more than half a minute after AC/DC's opening number; they transformed themselves into an amorphous swaying throng at the front of the stage and remained that way until the end.

But if they're not quite ready to fill the Hammersmith Odeon, they've certainly grown out of the Marquee and come a long way in the short space of time since Angus' then unknown pearls graced the front cover of the esteemed organ you are now clutching in your grubby mitts.

They arrived at the Odeon, two thirds of the way through their 'Dirty Deeds Done Cheap' tour with the minimum of presentation. Not for them the dry ice, laser beams, mirror balls and strobe lights used by the big brothers of rock and roll.

Two rows of stage lights, two spots and a black backdrop was all we got. What with that and the stacks of Marshalls across the stage it was a return to the basic essentials of rock and roll.



Great balls of fire

Unabashed rock and roll with the needle never dropping below 'frantic' on the intensity scale.

At first I thought they might have trouble getting across from the wide, bare stage to the audience — a considerable change from the hot, cramped conditions of the Marquee. But I reckoned without the band's seemingly

bottomless reserves of energy and enthusiasm.

Little Angus — who looked so small on the massive stage that he almost vanished from view every time he passed by the monitors — treated the stage like a school playground, racing from side to side, up and down the side speakers and along the three

prementaries from the stage to the audience. He only stopped moving at the end when he was lying flat out on the floor. Even then his feet were still pumping furiously.

Matching him for output was singer Bon Scott whose vocal chords seemed quite unaffected by their arduous schedule as he

roared through 'Live Wire' and 'She's Got Balls' from their first album before giving us a taste of what's to come with 'I'm A Problem Child' and 'I've Got Big Balls' (another of their delightfully testicular ditties with words written large for the audience to sing along — 'Oh I've Got Big Balls/I've got big balls/And

they're such big balls/Dirty big balls/And he's got Big balls/And she's got big balls/But we've got the biggest balls of all') from their forthcoming album.

There's evidence in the new songs that they've sharpened up their approach, but don't get too upset — it's still raw, bruising rock and roll all the way and exactly the sort of thing that used to come out of Marshall speakers when I was a lad (although with considerably less clarity in the 20 days).

They wound up their act (it was a short one — less than an hour — but you can't take or deliver that kind of pressure for long) with 'Baby Please Don't Go', the old R&B classic, but such was the state of my mind by that time that I was convinced that Bon introduced the number as 'Baby Please Don't Blow' (!)

The song seemed on the verge of ending several times but Angus, who by this time had removed his blazer and satchel and was running amok and riding piggy back on Bon, dragged it back each time and whipped himself up into yet another frenzy. He didn't flash his bum which was just as well as the Vice Squad have been taking an unnatural interest in the group since an 'incident' earlier in the tour.

At the end of this tour they return to their native Australia for Christmas and an American tour in the New Year. We'll see you in the Spring lads; I do think we'll forget you in the meantime. — Hugh Fielder.