



Kraftwerk — Ralf Hutter, Florian Schneider, Karl Bartos and Wolfgang Flür.

Kraftwerk
Man Machine
Capitol

KRAFTWERK — MAN MACHINE — I WISH TO SAY THIS TO YOU — IF YOU BUY THE ABOVE NAMED RECORD YOU MIGHT LIKE IT A LOT — I HAVE THE RECORD AND I LIKE IT — I LIKE MOST OF ALL THE SONGS CALLED: THE MODEL: AND: NEON LIGHTS: THESE SONGS ARE ON SIDE TWO OF THE RECORD — THIS IS MODERN MUSIC OF A TYPE —

IS IT YOURRRR... * IS IT YOUR THING — I DON'T KNOW — DO YOU... DO YOU WANNA... DO YOU WANNA DANCE — LEANARD JACKSON WHITFIELD RECORDS MIXED THE RECORD — THE AFRO — GERMANIC CONNECTION — SOME SAY DISCO IS THE REAL AVANT GARDE — IT MAKES YYY... * YOU THINK — IT MAKES ME HUM IN THE DARK — PLUG IN AND DDB DBDBBB BBB BEE... EE... EE... EE...
Terence Hogan.

Steve Hackett
Please Don't Touch
Charisma

What we have here, basically, is a surrogate Genesis album.

This is Hackett's second solo album, and his first since he split from the band. *Voyage of the Acolyte*, his first, was a great guitarists' album, but lacked direction in other areas, chiefly songwriting.

Don't Touch is much stronger material-wise, and shows Hackett extending his musical abilities as displayed on the extensive inner sleeve credits.

For all that, the Genesis hangover is omni-

present. None of these songs would have been out of place on a group album, and the whole project hints at the frustration Hackett must have felt at having his songs dumped in favour of Collins-Rutherford-Banks compositions.

English eccentricity and heavy keyboard riffs abound. Richie Havens is called in to sing on two tracks, "How Can I?" and "Icarus Ascending", both lovely songs, Havens' warm, expressive voice enhancing them even further.

Elsewhere, Hackett shares vocal chores with Steve Walsh and Randy Crawford, and proves to have a passable set of pipes.

There is nothing at all wrong with this record. Au contraire, Arnold, it is a fine effort, showing

Hackett to have plenty of ideas and a great deal to offer.

But let us hope that he can shake off the yoke of his old band and have something more individual to offer next time round.

Duncan Campbell

Carole Bayer Sager
... Too
Elektra

Ms Sager has spent many years writing lyrics for popular tunesmiths. It was she, for example, who informed us that "Nobody Does It Better" than James Bond. This is her second album as interpreter of her own words and other people's melodies.

Sager's vocal delivery has been kindly described as conveying an air of vulnerability, (an interpretation calculatedly implied by the sympathetic sleeve photos). A harsher assessment would call it weak and cracked. Judy Garland she ain't. Nonetheless, although unable to sustain the notes, if the tempo and backing is supportive, her voice can become rather engaging with familiarity.

Which means, of course, that she's only as



good as the tune and arrangement. She has worked here with such divergent composers as Melissa Manchester, Alice Cooper and Marvin Hamlisch. Consequently the material encompasses a variety of styles. The first track has the lush 50's Ballad sound once identified with Julie London, while track two, after a shaky start, struts with confident funk. What's more both of them work.

Not all however, Side One is fairly good, if predominantly in the 3am-listening mould. Side Two starts well enough but gradually drifts into vapidly.

As pop singers go, others certainly do it better but, given the right setting, Carole Bayer Sager can give a fair account of herself.

Peter Thomson

Wha-koo
Berkshire
ABC

Ken Caillat co-produced Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours* and this album, *Berkshire*, with similar adroitness. But Wha-koo isn't Fleetwood Mac, nor even Steely Dan. Lead vocalist David Palmer did sing with Steely Dan though and, with guitarist Danny Douma, he writes most of Wha-koo's songs. Palmer writes smooth pop ballads like "Mother of Pearl" that would have sounded at home on *Can't Buy A Thrill* or *Countdown to Ecstasy*. Under his direction this band would be best known for quality 45 rpm pop.

On their second album, however, Wha-koo still alternates between pop and rock with no clear sense of direction and though "(You're such a) Fabulous Dancer" may yet be a medium-sized hit it is the album's only strong single. Eclecticism is easily confused with versatility and competence seen as excellence but *Berkshire* tries too hard for perfection to be anything more than ordinary.

Jeremy Templar

Maddy Prior
Woman in the Wings
Chrysalis

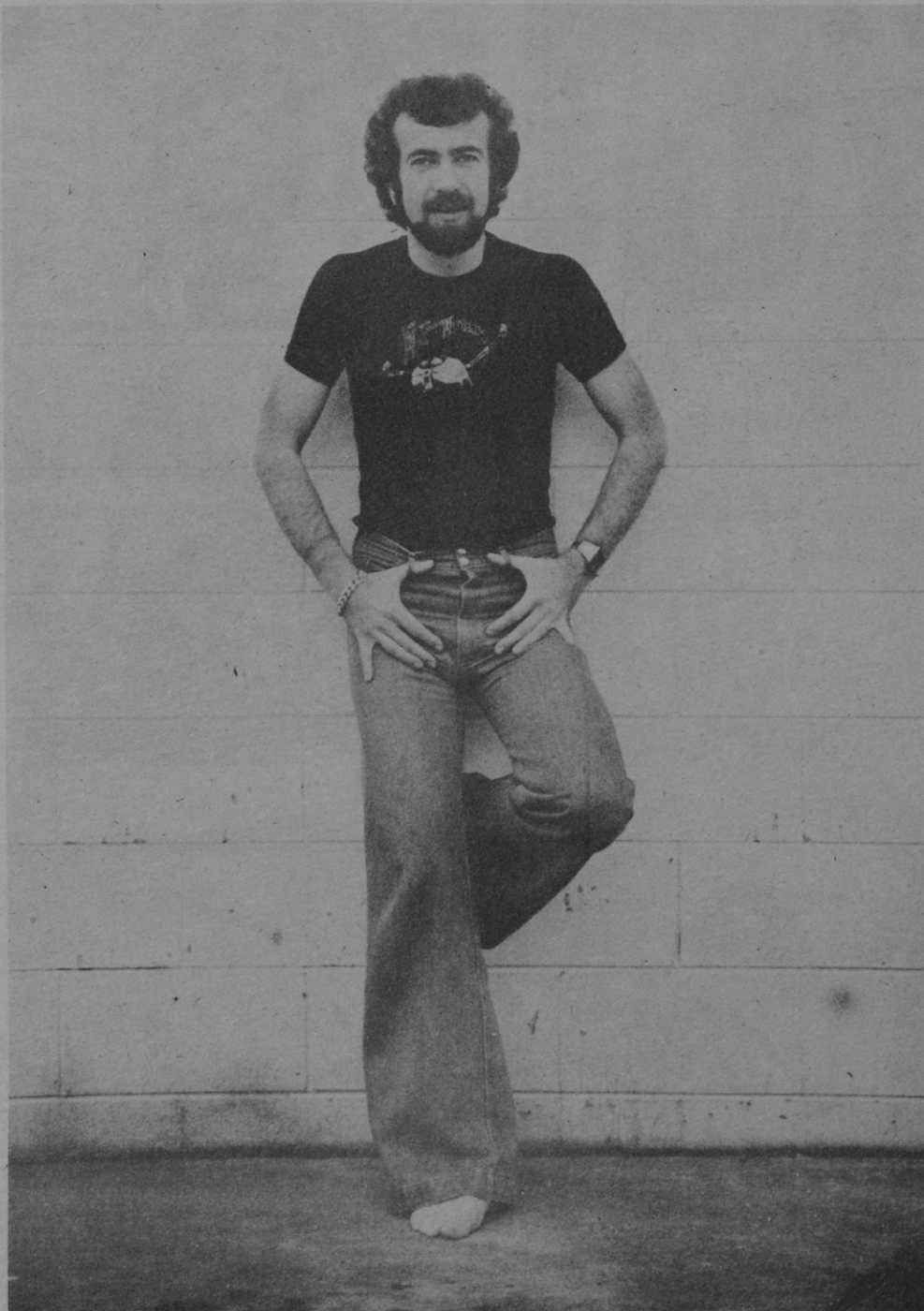
I am sure I was not the only person to be curious as to what the little lady from Steeleye Span would do on her solo album. And having Ian Anderson for producer could only but sharpen that curiosity.

Surprisingly, Maddy Prior doesn't use any traditional numbers on the record, they are all self-penned numbers written during Steeleye Span's numerous years on the road. Because of the intrinsic differences from song to song, as well as in their treatment, it is hard to summarise the album, but here are some of the songs that made a fairly sharp first impression.

On the lighter side, Maddy does an Andrews sisters pastiche in "I Told You So" recalling some of Maria Muldaur's recent work. "Woman in the Wings" is an analysis of the problems of performers and their night-by-night lives. This is the longest track and features a typically elaborate David Palmer arrangement. In fact some of Palmer's arrangements make songs such as "Deep Water" sound like art-songs, which gives the album an incredible range of styles, but might also hinder its popular appeal.

A lovely album, although Festival have reduced the packaging and omitted all the players' credits.

William Dart



WARREN THOMAS
12PM—3PM

...are you listening to me?

