

Crazy Horse, Crazy Moon (RCA)

Crazy Horse without Neil Young is like a hamburger without meat. Their gritty thunder has provided Young with some of his finest movements, but behind him is where they should stay. This is the third album recorded under the name Crazy Horse, but the first with the current line-up (Molina, Talbot and Sampedro). Young's presence overshadows the work, since he plays guitar on five tracks and provides most of the interest. Some of the song intros are pure Young, and you feel cheated when you don't hear his voice.

The songs are an assortment of loose rockers and weepy pedal steel ballads (Ben Keith on steel), none of which stick in the memory 10 seconds after playing. Leave the singing and composing to the boss, boys. DC

Eric Carmen, Tonight You're Mine (Arista)

As a Raspberry, Eric was the best Who/Small Faces/Beach Boys/Bee Gees/etc clone around. At this stage of his solo career, he's sounding like Mink De Ville, Chuck Berry and Barry Mannilow, and if you think that doesn't make sense, then you at least understand the man's problem. You could say "Sleep With Me" is honest, but you could also say Loudon Wainwright did it so much better on *Motel Blues*. But for all the desperate pleas for women and fame, the opener "It Hurts Too Much" is a real pleasure to listen to. RC

Sky, Sky 2 (Ariola)

Sky are John Williams, Herbie Flowers, Kevin Peek, Tristan Fry and Francis Monkman, all well respected within the British music industry in their own right and with countless sessions to their credit. There's no doubting their abilities, but they are musical technicians, with little soul or spark.

This album, which runs to four sides, reads and sounds like an academic exercise. The background to each piece is carefully explained, historical references and all, in the liner notes. For a musicologist it may be quite fascinating, but if you're looking for something to make you laugh, cry or catch your breath, forget it.

Music is joy, music is despair, music is passion. On *Sky 2*, all you can hear is the sound of pages of sheet music being turned. DC

The Yachts, Without Radar (Radar)

This second album from Liverpool's Yachts is indicative of the middle order mediocrity that seems to characterize many of the new British pop outfits.

Keyboards' player Henry Priestman is the man out front and he writes organized accessible ditties which, although stymied in many cases by Martin Rushent's muffled production, provide the band with a solid pop platform.

No risks taken and no rules broken. GK

Jon and Vangelis, Short Stories (Polydor)

Jon Anderson has quit Yes, to be replaced by a Buggie (very appropriate, some will say). Vangelis Papathanassiou (pause to untie tongues) was once set to replace Rick Wakeman in the same band, but was pipped at the post by Patrick Moraz.

With Yes, you could at least ignore Ander-



Malcolm McCallum

son's ravings about cosmic consciousness and focus on the group's musical virtuosity. On *Short Stories*, there's nothing vaguely resembling a tune.

Anderson spouts his usual mixture of science fiction, mythology and eastern religion, while Vangelis pays off another instalment on his battery of keyboards. Demonstration music for stereo shops. DC

Various Artists, Bread and Roses (Fantasy)

Bread and Roses is an organization headed by Mimi Farina (Joan Baez's sister and the wife of the late exceptionally talented Richard Farina) which is devoted to the introduction of free music into institutions like hospitals and prisons where people have limited contact with the outside world.

The double album is a recording of the first Bread and Roses festival held in 1977 and it is a diverse trip into folk nostalgia. Buffy Saint Marie, Jackson Browne, Tom Paxton, Jesse Colin Young and Richie Havens all dip into their back ages for songs long associated with them.

The legendary Pete Seeger, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Dave Van Ronk and Joan Baez all deliver the bread but when it comes to roses Britain's Boys of the Lough win hands down with humour and an Irish reel.

Bread and Roses is a deserving venture and the album is a pleasant, if introverted selection of American folk. GK

Judas Priest, British Steel (CBS)

If Motorhead are one of the contending Princes in Heavy Metal Brit-style then Judas Priest are surely the Monarchs.

With unerring bravado and flailing tastelessness they hammer home nine perfectly crafted power-propelled riffs-masquerading-as-songs on their expertly produced (Tom Allom) *British Steel* album.

Judas Priest make no pretence at subtlety but they ain't about to apologize. Buy your cod-pieces here. GK

Alice Cooper, Flush the Fashion (Warner Bros)

Vince Furnier is still trapped in his own private nightmare/view of the world. He hasn't

been able (or willing?) to shake off his past associations with the theatrical and the macabre and so he remains the Vincent Price of schlock rock.

Flush the Fashion is a topical attack on the current American social problems and be they nuclear ("Nuclear Infected"), chemical ("Aspirin Damage") or teenage frustration ("Grim Facts"), Cooper has a dramatic shot at them all.

With the advent of a new decade he wants a new start by getting rid of the bad habits of the seventies. GK

Motorhead, Bomber (Bronze)

Motorhead's stint with the Stiff label gained for them a credibility that eluded most of their other hapless heavy metal counterparts.

Bomber, their latest orthodox mission, blocks all exits and further confirms their growing status and commercial standing as one of Britain's top group of reactionaries. Of its type *Bomber* will be hard to beat. GK

Chris Rea, Tennis (Magnet)

Chris Rea must be one of the few British soloists to have emerged over the last few years apparently untouched by post-1977 trends.

In fact his style is closer to the considered impeccability of the LA set than to anything you'd associate with the contemporary barrage. This album, therefore, doesn't make waves but like most elpees these days it has one or two highpoints which, although unable to justify the record as an album, do save it from the frisbee bin.

The title track is well-shaped and builds nicely and "Dancing Girls", kitsch lyrics and all, should be a single if it isn't already. The rest tick over with the accent on law and order and as such the music contains few surprises. GK

Anyone for Tennis?

10CC, Look Hear (Phonogram)

10CC long ago (around their third or fourth album) degenerated from inspiration to machination. Maybe they know that but even if they do it hasn't stopped them from turning out the annual studio artefact.

Look hear with its weak pun, astonishing production, sprinkling of clever songs ("One Two Five" and "Love is Anonymous") and expert musicianship reeks of complacency.

10CC have long been an institution and like all institutions they're far removed from what's goin' on. GK

Terence Boylan, Suzy (Asylum)

A who's who of West Coast session names ensures Suzy is at least well-played. Apart from this measure of competence the record has little else to recommend it. As writer, singer and producer, Boylan, a brother of former Linda Ronstadt producer, John Boylan places his indifferent songs in glossy West Coast settings. This sort of immaculate bland-out has given LA studio craft a bad name. KW

Girl, Sheer Greed, (Jet)

Girl is a new heavy metal band with slight glam inclinations. You might have caught them on *Radio With Pictures* firing on all cylinders with "Hollywood Tease", the opening shot

from *Sheer Greed* and a fair indication as to what they're all about.

The album pouts comfortably with all the rest of the rock heavy set that reckon they have style and bravado in reserve. Potentially a bristling three guitar assault the album instead falls into a predictable streamlined heavy-fisted affair and only "Passing Clouds", some sorta warped reggae, makes a pretence at expansion. GK

The Shadows, Rock on with... (EMI)

Before the Beatles there wasn't a group to touch the Shadows in Britain. Among countless guitarists to come under the influence of Hank Marvin are Elvis Costello and Pete Townshend. The 16 tracks on this compilation cover a period from 1960 to '63 and along with the inevitable Shads' biggies ("Apache", "FBI") there are some more obscure tracks, including a restrained (but of course) "Bo Diddley" and a cover of Santo and Johnny's "Sleep Walk", spiritual forbear of Peter Green's "Albatross". KW

Neil Larsen, High Gear (Horizon)

Keyboard man Larsen is now making albums under his own name after playing backup to such as Gregg Allman and Rickie Lee Jones (Rickie Lee contributes backing vocals here). Larsen's music is tight, richly-textured instrumentals, light and breezy. It won't set the world afire, but it ain't wallpaper either. KW

Hawkwind, Hawkwind (United Artists)

Hawkwind always had the odds stacked against them. For a start Pink Floyd had the whole electronic aimlessness field tied up and so when Dave Brock and his four sidemen appeared comparisons to Waters and co placed them at a disadvantage.

Which was a pity because the 'Rock File' release of their first album shows that the band had a naive grit and a working-man's electronics vulnerability and obviousness that isn't without charm.

Nostalgia

Fleetwood Mac and Christine Perfect, Albatross (CBS)

This compilation features some of the best music to come out of the late-60s British blues boom. Side One is devoted to eight tracks from Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac, including the ubiquitous "Albatross". Personally, I could have done with more of Green and less of Jeremy Spencer's melodramatic Elmore James' impersonations. More satisfactory over the distance is Side Two — eight of the 12 tracks on Christine Perfect's 1969 eponymous solo album, a brilliant showcase for Perfect's fine bluesy singing and affecting songwriting. KW

Roger Voudouris, A Guy Like Me, (Warner Bros)

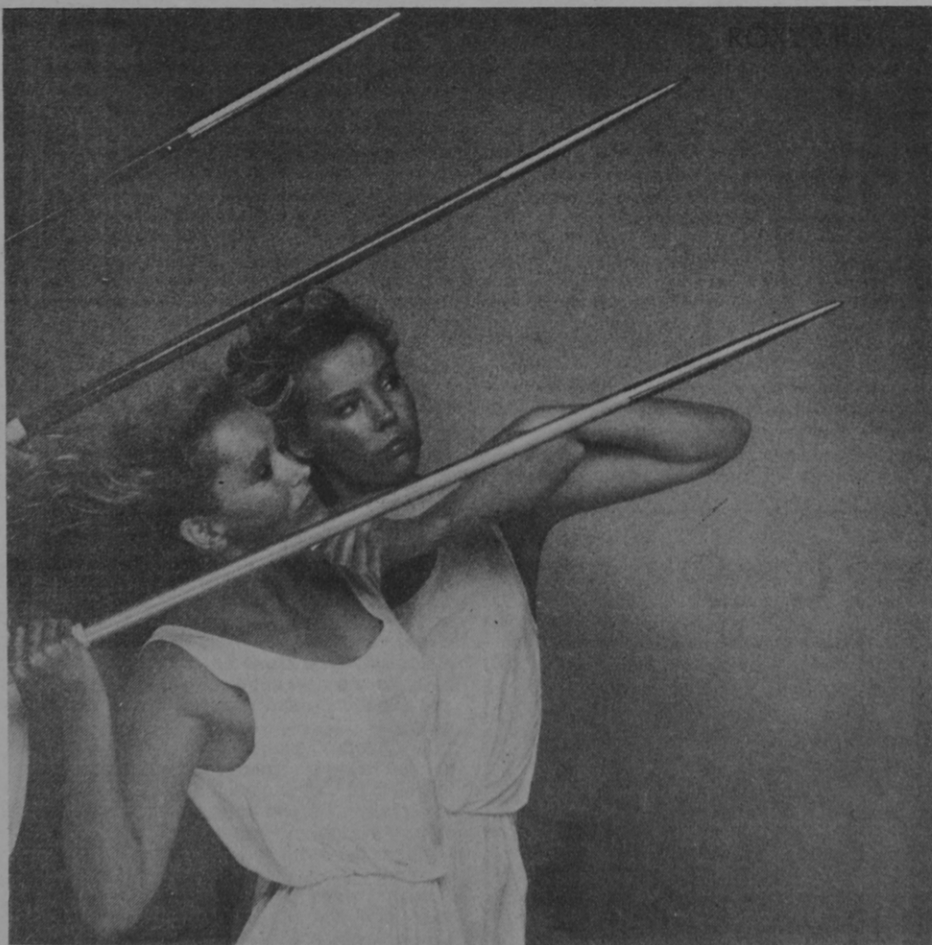
Voudouris, the "Get Used To It" man has seen fit to extend his favours into the realms of the album art.

The result is a homogenised series of songs with only the Costello-like snappiness of "Guys Like Me" being able to rise above the overall bland stupor.

Wallpaper sold here.

GK

Their most successful album yet:



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