

The Headboys are The Shape Of Things To Come

'Record Mirror' ...

First and foremost the Headboys play commercial pop music, which might explain why they are currently receiving airplay on 98 FM American radio stations. But unlike Stateside outfits, the Knack and the Cars, their sophisticated approach seems sincere and uncontrived.

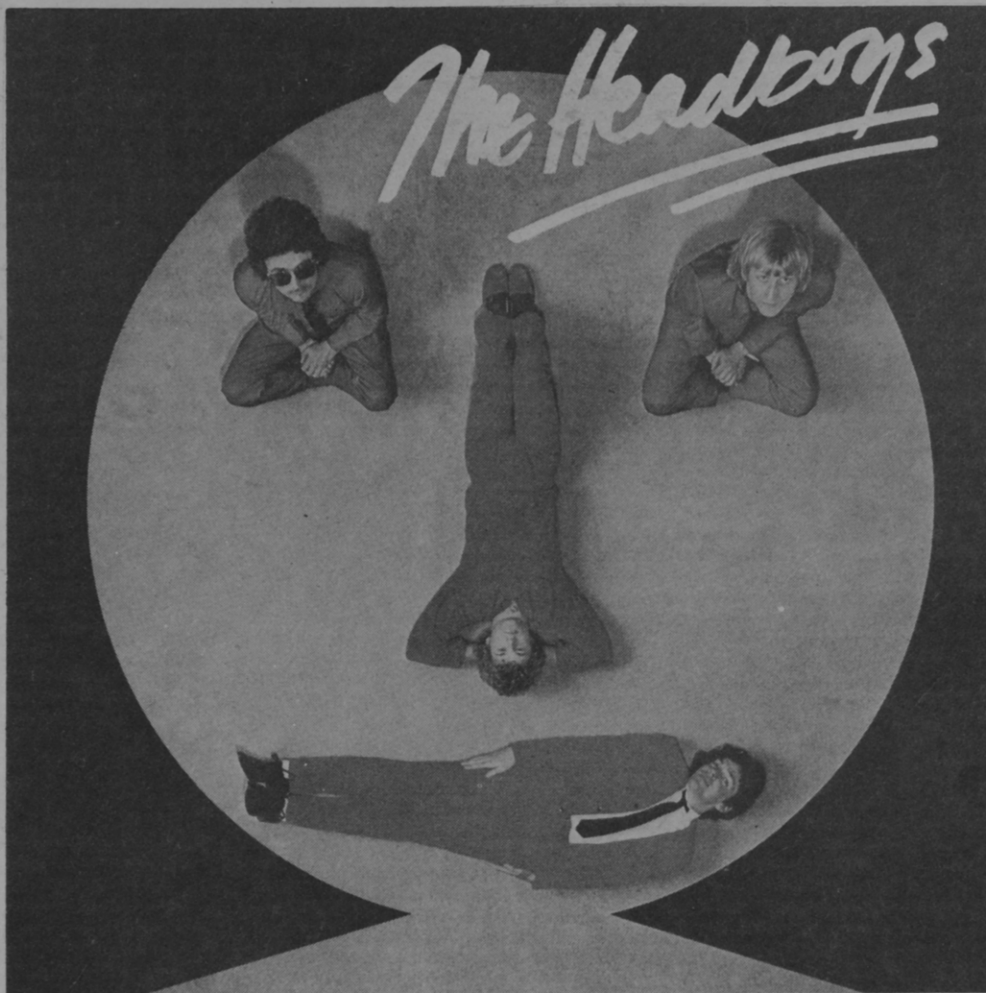
Intelligence they have aplenty and keyboard player Calum Malcolm shows no end of inventiveness. His twinkling, tremulous runs on "Changing With The Times" and "The Breakout" are particularly effective. Some of the song-writing is exclusively in the hands of guitarist Lou Lewis and George Boyter (bass), but the overall impression is that the album is very much a group affair.

"Take It All Down" is the cheery tale of a secretary who manages to give her boss a rise as well as vice-versa (geddit?) while "Kickin' The Cans" and "Breakout" are simple vignettes of scenes from everyday life.

I could go on for ages singing the praises of this album, but what's the point? Briefly, it's great, elevating, enjoyable record of imaginative playing and clever songs.

++++ MIKE NICHOLLS

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'US POP ROCK' ...

The Headboys music is highly original, which is to say witty and melodically innovative. They have been picked up by many critics to become one of the great bands of the 80's, which is saying a lot.

One thing appears as certain as Monday follows Sunday, and that is that the Headboys will be on the scene long after most of the other so called new wave acts are old hat!

(US Pop Rock, September 1980)

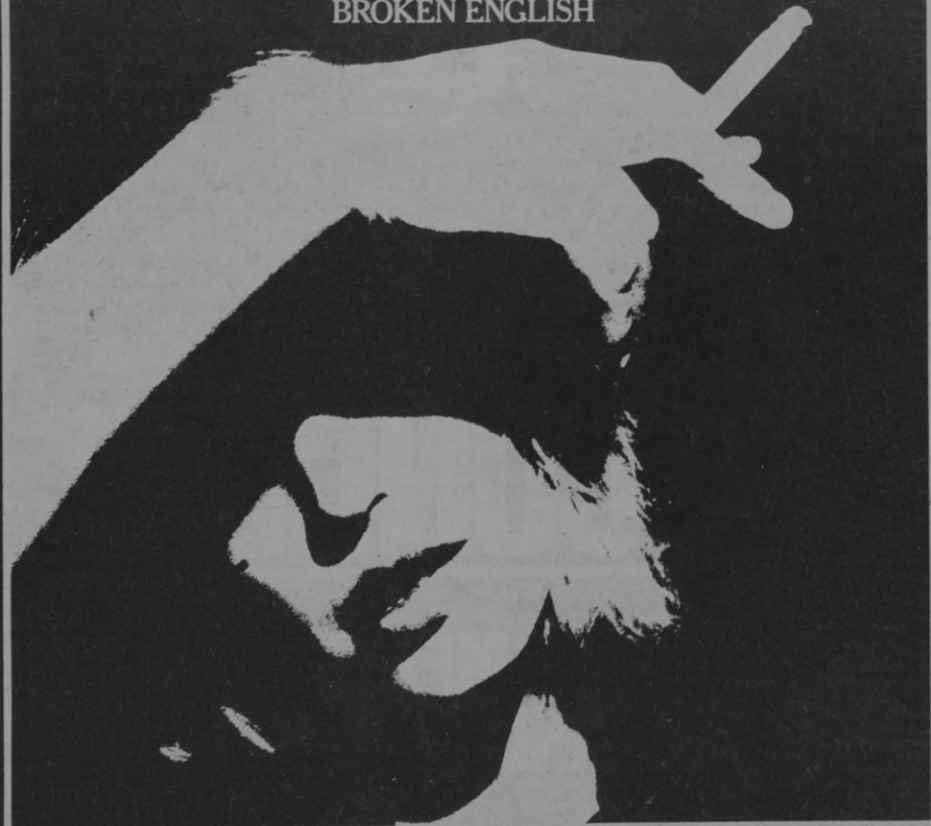
the single

KICKIN THE KANS

HER CONTROVERSIAL ALBUM
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Marianne Faithfull

BROKEN ENGLISH



Contains Bonus Single:
DREAMIN' MY DREAMS



The Legend Continues ...

one day in 1968, as Walden was sitting in his office, he got a phone call from Rick Hall, founder of the legendary Fame Studios, in Muscle Shoals, Alabama. Wilson Pickett had just cut a new single for him, Hall said, a disc so fine that Phil just had to hear it right there, over the phone. Hall was right: "Hey Jude" was going to be a beast. But what interested Walden more was the sound of the lead guitarist playing with Pickett. "Who's playing the damn guitar?" he asked excitedly. "Oh, him?" replied Hall. "Pretty good, isn't he? Studio musician. Name's Duane Allman." "Keep him there," Walden ordered. "I'm getting on a plane."

MOST EVERYBODY IN THE music business knew Duane Allman; with all the acts he was backing up, it was hard not to. The trouble was figuring him. To look at him, peering out from those long, stringy brown locks of his, a fella'd think, "Here is the geek of geeks." But then he'd talk, cool, confident like, with just a hint of that North Florida drawl, and right away you knew that when it came to music, this cat was solid. Then he'd play, and you'd start scratching your head all over again, because there wasn't any way to describe that sound. A little bit of blues, a little bit of bluegrass, a little bit of country, a little bit of boogie—what was it? Nothing they'd ever heard of before up North, that was for sure. It was down-home. It was South. And the reason no one could figure it was

that it lived in Duane Allman's head.

Well, that's what Phil Walden was going to change. Get ready, he told Duane. Go home, get yourself a band. You got a baby brother, Gregg, with a nice bluesy voice? That's fine too. But don't just stand there, man. Move. With Phil Walden behind you, boy, the South's gonna rise again.

And hellfire if it didn't work. Oh, it was slow, but Phil was ready for that. When you came from that place and spoke in that voice, you were used to trying three times as hard to get the Yankees to listen to you. Phil'd been through it all before, all the scratchin' and scrappin' and "Yessuh, Mr. Man," and if that's what it took, if he had to have his boys go barefoot in Carnegie Hall and leave the \$300 suits at home, if that was what they expected from his kind, chasin' women and drinkin' likker and raisin' hell, well, he'd do it, even if he had to "out-limousine those folks to death," 'cause when Phil Walden was on the move, weren't nothin' gonna stop him. And with Duane, man, he was movin'.

So off they started, gradual, sure, but gaining ground. The little bitty clubs at first, then bigger and bigger, and before you could let out a "Yaaaahoooo," they were in New York, the enemy camp itself, playing for Ahmet Ertegun, resident wizard at Atlantic Records. They were good, Ahmet admitted, *too good*. "The kids will never understand them," he told Walden. Forget it. Go to the Coast. There they'd make real money. But Phil ignored him. When he was on to something good, Phil Walden was one persistent son of a bitch.

And all at once, *bam*, it happened: one

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