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(Cover Photo by Robbin Cresswell)

**THIRD ANNUAL OPINION POLL**

* This is our third and last annual opinion poll. Read it and weep.

* Elvis the C is back for another blazing U.S. tour. People will talk about this one all year.

**IN CONCERT**

* Her Schenker used to play guitar with UFO and The Scorpions before too much booze and artistic differences took him out of those bands. Now he’s back better than ever with his own band and a new solo lp.

**MICHAEL SCHENKER**

* Clyde and Ron team up for an article about the pros and cons of rock’n’roll discos.

* Van Morrison is the beautiful enigma in rock ’n’ roll’s wasteland and his writing is the subject for our feature article.

* David Frost gives his views on John Lennon and how his life affected and still affects ours. Indeed, we have lost a member of the family. (Ruben Sorriano’s fine artwork accompanies the text.)

**ROCK DISCOS**

* Gene Vincent born in Norfolk, Virginia in 1938. Originally signed by Capitol Records as an answer to Elvis Presley and his career was launched in 1957 with “Be Bop A Lula”.

* Ray Manzarek, of The Doors, born in Chicago in 1936. The Doors formed in 1965 when Ray met Jim Morrison in the film department of UCLA.

**VAN MORRISON**

* Yoko Ono Lennon born in Tokyo, Japan in 1934. Her family sent her to study composition in the USA. During the early sixties she was involved with the “Fluxus” group of experimental artists, film-makers and composers. She married John Lennon in 1969. They had a son, Sean, in 1975.

**JOHN LENNON**

* Johnny Winter born in Beaumont, TX in 1944. One of the best white bluesmen alive.

**HEART OF THE CITY**

* George Harrison born in Liverpool, in 1943. Lead guitarist for The Beatles brought in by Paul McCartney.

**VINYL HABITS**

* Brian Jones born in Cheltenham, England, in 1942. The Rolling Stones were his original concept and lost a vital element when he died.
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READER'S 
OPINION POLL 
RESULTS

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Jumbo J Hayoka

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Robbin Crosswall — Chief Photographer
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BEST SONGWRITER — Peter Gabriel, Bruce Springsteen
P.S. Good luck to Joe Anthony!
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Wendy Carson — Contributing Writer
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BEST FEMALE ARTIST — Lisa Louvich
BEST MALE ARTIST — Robert Palmer; Roger Powell
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BEST SONGWRITER — Todd Rundgren/Roger Powell; Andy Partridge/Colin Moulding

The first year of a new decade has come and gone and wish you chance to vote in our annual local opinion poll. Those of you who voted may get what you wanted. Those who didn't will get what you deserve. This is our third try at running an opinion poll and while we never expected to get back all 10,000 entry blanks which we print, we didn't get nearly enough to justify running the poll again next year. So, this is our last local opinion poll. May I have the envelope, please?
IN CONCERT

Elvis offers some truth.

by Ron Young

Elvis Costello & The Attractions/ Squeeze/ Opy House Austin / Jan. 22

It was an event, to be sure, because after his last U.S. tour more than a year ago Elvis vowed never to return. But back he was — and without a vengeance, too. Austin was his only date in Texas. Elvis holds Austin in high esteem as it was his first ever U.S. appearance (at the now-defunct Armadillo).

Anyone who was disappointed in Costello’s last Austin appearance either because of its brevity or its curtteness should have been totally satisfied with his new show. Elvis actually talked with the audience between numbers. Insiders said he was wearing a top hat backstage and was posing for pictures. No more sulking in the corner before his performances. No more calling out his “bullet boys” to “change somebody’s facial designs” for snapping a photo. He was completely at ease this time around.

He opened his show with “Just A Memory” from the Taking Liberties compilation, then ran briskly through “Accidents Will Happen”. A big surprise came when he sang a fine rendition of Little Richard’s “Slippin’ And A Slidin’”.

Elvis and his great band of musicians blew through each number with little hesitation performing songs from each of El’s five current albums, as well as newer material from his in-the-stores-soon album Trust. Highlights of his show came with his versions of “Alison” (Ronstadt could never do it justice), a rousing “King Horse”, a pulsing, house-shaking “On The Beat”, intense readings of “Mystery Dance” and “Hand In Hand”, a hot new song called “Clubland”, a surrealistic “Watching The Detectives” in which he broke into Stevie Wonder’s “Master Blaster”, and a scintillating version of “Radio Radio”.

Elvis and Co., which included Squeeze’ Glenn Tilbrook, The Rumour’s Martin Bientom and Lubbock’s own Joe Ely, returned to perform not one but two encores! They had fun with Hank Williams’ “Honky Tonkin’” and “Move It On Over” as well as a new Costello tune “From A Whisper To A Scream”, sung with Tilbrook. Elvis finished with a crowd-pleasing “You Belong To Me”, and, indeed, the audience did.

Squeeze was the opening act and though I’d missed their last Austin appearance I remembered them from the time they opened for Patti Smith (at Randy’s Rodeo). Since then I’d gotten all their records and watched them grow to be one of the best bands to make it from the initial New Wave which broke on our shoreline in ’77. They performed near-perfect versions of their material culled from their three albums and new one on-the-way, including “Goodbye Girl”, “If I Didn’t Love You”, “Pulling Muscles From A Shell” and “I think I’m Going”. If this hadn’t been Elvis’ show Squeeze could’ve played all night long as far as I was concerned. — RNR

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SCHENKER’S FLYING V SPEAKS FOR HIM

by David Arthur

Heavy metal guitar players usually come in two forms. One form is the type who like to use a system of special effects whose control panel looks like something out of Star Trek. The other is the "crank it up, I’m deaf anyway so what does it matter" type who tries by sheer amplification to make up for mediocrity. Michael Schenker is not in either area. He uses few pedals, unlike Frank Marion’s toy train set, and manages to achieve most effects just using his hands and his Flying V guitar.

Schenker was in the Scorpions when that band first formed. He left in 1974 when UFO asked him to take over Mick Bolton’s guitar spot. His lead guitar was a major focal point of the group’s sound, and the band seemed to be on the verge of making it huge here in America. Then Michael unexpectedly quit. Michael says that the main reason he left were the bad feelings between himself and Phil Mogg, UFO’s lead singer. In an exclusive telephone interview from Burbank, Calif., Schenker said in broken English that “The tours were bad for me. The feelings between Phil and me made it so. I started to drink and for me, that is not good. It was not fun.”

After leaving UFO in 1978, Schenker rejoined the Scorpions. He said that “although it was nice, being with old friends, I did not like to play other people’s songs. After three tours I got unhappy and left.” Schenker did stay on long enough to help the group cut their Lovedrive LP. Schenker then went on to make his first solo LP, and form his own group. The band, which includes ex-UFO keyboardist/guitarist Paul Raymond, and Rainbow drummer Cozy Powell, has been touring the U.S. with Molly Hatchet. Schenker was not altogether pleased with this situation, feeling that “their music is too different from ours. Sometimes the crowds couldn’t get into what we were doing. It was not the best possible tour. But this new group is my favorite to play with live.”

Schenker likes live gigs only when he is confident of the backing he will receive from the band. “When I was in UFO I would get thrown off because Pete Way (bassist) would show off too much. There was no steady beat. The new band is much better.”

Schenker formed his new band in a piecemeal fashion. He first head lead singer Gary Bardens on a demo tape at Chrysalis in London, and having liked it, began to write songs with him. Cozy Powell was approached after his last gig with Rainbow and accepted the offer almost immediately.

Schenker has been playing guitar since the age of nine. At first he listened to other guitarists, but he soon realized that he needed to develop his own style and stopped buying records. The result is a style that is fairly unique and easy to identify.

Schenker’s new group is “very big in England. People keep showing me the record charts and we are doing very well. The record is selling well here, too.”

After all this time on the heavy metal circuit you think one might get tired, but Michael Schenker keeps on plugging away. And if his future can be judged by his past, the best may very well be yet to come.—RNR
ROCK DISCOS
PROS & CONS

Why do patrons frequent
rock discos? Is it still rock'n'roll to you?

by Clyde Kimsey

The final question that needs to be asked is — Why do patrons frequent rock discos? Is what you hear on the radio or played on one's own stereo, instead of going to a club which features live rock'n'roll?

Female patrons said they came because their friends did. Every male patron we asked said he came because of all the girls that frequent these rock'n'roll discos. Still some gave the opinion that DJ's like Abbey Road's Dash Riprock were better than a live band because they played a wider variety of music than one or two bands could offer. Most customers felt that San Antonio's live music scene was dead. They said they preferred seeing bands who did original music than ones that covered other material. Others who refused to frequent rock discos, felt that it was an insult to have to pay a steep (average $2.00) cover charge to get into a club to watch someone play records. "They would rather pay to see a live band, any live band." Indeed, some clubs that feature live bands don't have a cover charge. How does the situation effect the live music scene itself? Dash Riprock of Abbey Road feels that his type of club can only be good for the live scene. "Our type of club stimulates growth in S.A. because if people stop turning out to hear live music that will only force those types of places to hire better and more appealing bands," Riprock said. "We can create more of a flow too because we don't have breaks in the music like a live act will. We'll be around as long as people want to dance." He continued.

Skip Wells, of Skipwillys, which features a wide variety of live bands for a low cover charge said that the rock discos were taking business from his club and other live music clubs as well. He feels, though, that the rock disco is just a passing fad.

Stardust band member, Jimmy Fuller felt that rock discos were not as big a problem as were the country/western discos created by the urban cowboy phenomenon that currently exists. It's Fuller's experience that people prefer to hear live bands play current radio hits rather than original music, however.

So, we'll leave the answers up to you. If you want better live music in S.A., then demand it from the owners of the live music clubs you frequent. If you want more original music (which most local bands do want to play) then voice your opinions to club owners. But if you're among the ones who cry that there isn't any good original local talent then you just aren't looking hard enough or you expect too much for too little. Rock discos are fine as an alternative to a perhaps ailing live music scene here — but only as an alternative until the rock'n'roll doctor gives us a shot of rhythm and blues. — ARR

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ROCKPILE'S BOULDER STYLE

It hardly seems possible that rock 'n' roll's beloved Rockpile—comprising Billy Brimner, Dave Edmunds, Nick Lowe and Terry Williams—has never released an album as a group until today. Notwithstanding their individual and collective work on Edmunds' solo albums through the '70s, or on Lowe's more recent pair of solo albums for Columbia in '78-79, or on Rockpile's four ravely received U.S. tours in '77-78-79—Rockpile has only existed as some kind of mythical rock id all this time.

Until now, that is. *Seconds Of Pleasure* is Rockpile's "debut" album on Columbia Records, and to call it long-awaited would be a felony understatement. It is everything a Rockpile album should be and then some: a half-dozen original compositions by the band which ring with an air of deja vu, like vintage rock 'n' roll that you've heard all your life—but are really hearing for the first time on this long-player. And just like any Rockpile performance, there are those archive chestnuts that fit the band to a tee: Joe Tex's "If Sugar Was As Sweet As You"; the forgotten Chess vocalist Rip Anderson's ode to overeating, "Knife, Cutting, Knife and Fork"; Chuck Berry's recently recorded Ok What A Thrill; as well as the opening Teacher Teacher and the closing You Ain't Nothin' But Fine.

Topping the list is the (British) single, another "debut" by Rockpile, namely Wrong Way (an unreleased Squeeze composition) b'v a Rockpile ballad, Now and Alway. Seconds Of Pleasure is made even sweeter by the inclusion of a collectible 7-inch EP packaged inside. Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe singing four Everyly Brothers tunes: Take a Message to Mary, Crying in the Rain, Poor Jenny, and When Will I Be Loved (the latter three records recorded with acoustic guitars at a Capitol Radio free interview broadcast in London).

The variety of songs which Rockpile records and performs onstage has inadvertently earned them staunch followings in hard-rock, country, rhythm and blues, rockabilly and even rarefied new wave circles. The fact that all four members share careers in rock dating to the '60's (or earlier) accounts for their tasty choices of "outside" tunes—from Fats Domino and Chuck Berry, to the Elvises and beyond.

So although it seems that Rockpile's history is bound up in their evolution over the last three years, it's actually a result of four lifetimes of hard work.

Start with Dave Edmunds, born in Cardiff, Wales on recipient of his first guitar at age 14, whereupon he graduated from skiffle to rock 'n' roll and joined the semi-pro trio The Raiders, already more interested in Chuck Berry or Jerry Lee Lewis echoics than in the hits. His very next group, Love Sculpture (a trio), formed late '66, recorded two albums on EMI in England and scored a major hit single with a rock version of Khachaturian's "Sabre Dance." Dave's blazing lead guitar turned him into an overnight sensation and in 1970, Love Sculpture's final tour together lasted them in New York, at a fondly-remembered Long Island venue known as The Rockpile.

On his own that year, Dave mastered the technical side of recording at Rockfield Studios in South Wales, also playing most instruments on the tracks he recorded. His first solo single, the old Smiley Lewis/Fats Domino "I Hear You Knocking," booted to #1 in a fortnight, dominoed the British and American charts for five months, and sold 3,000,000 copies worldwide in '71. An LP followed in '72, portentously titled Rockpile, including the hit 45 and staples like Chuck Berry's "Promised Land" and James Burton's "Down Down Down."

A mere member was drummer Terry Williams, who'd gone along as a sub on the previous Love Sculpture U.S. tour. Williams, a native of Swansea, had started in a band called the Comancheers, then honed his craft playing jazz in the '60's throughout Wales. Before joining Edmunds, Williams was in The Jets, Southside Johnny (and also Love Sculpture), which included Deke Leonard and Martin Ace; they would go on to form Man, which lasted almost ten years and recorded over a dozen albums.

Rockpile—the album and the band—fathered Edmunds' "Peggy Sue" movement, the concerted reaction to mega-rock and, at the same time, a low-keyed re-discovery of roots-rock 'n' roll, Rockpile-style you might say. Along with bands like Man, Chilli Willi, Eggs Over Easy, Ace, Bees Make Honey, and Ducks Deluxe, the Pub Rock scene was enlivened by one special band, Brinsley Schwarz.

Enter Nick Lowe. He and a schoolmate, Brinsley Schwarz (guitar) and Bob Andrews (keyboards) formed Kippington Lodge in 1963, precursors to 'the Brinsleys', who were popularly known from 1970-75, the band's life time together. With the exception of only a handful of songs, Lowe composed virtually every Brinsleys track on their six original studio albums. They lived communally, toured constantly, made a smudge of money, and focused much media attention on the Pub Rockers in general.

During their tenure, the Brinsleys crossed paths with Man on more than one occasion (like the Gravy Truckers Parry Party benefit LP in 1979). Masses attended with their Welsh-mate Edmunds more than once (like the Christmas at the Patti celebration, in Swansea). Inevitably, Edmunds would produce the Brinsleys' final album, New Favourites ('74), their finest hour together, heralded by Lowe's opening "What's So Funny Bout Peace, Love and Understanding" (recorded with Elvis Costello four years later). Upon the LP's release, Edmunds toured with the Brinsleys opening for him and backing him for his own set (and amicable tour it was).

Edmunds' outside productions (for the Flamin' Groovies, Del Shannon, and Duchs Deluxe) were followed by his second solo album, a Flying Millet. Everywhere on the album, the Edmunds-Lowe-Rockpile-Brinsleys connection thrilled—Dave even sang his first Lowe composition. "She's My Baby," with Nick on bass. The album went into stores in March, the Bevis Edmunds-Rockpile gig together, and Lowe's album, the Edmunds-Lowe and Lowe began producing singles together at Rockfield (one under the name of the DiscoBrothers).

With the launch of Stiff Records in the summer, 1976—Lowe's double-A-sided single "So It Goes"/his "Heart of the City" was the hot item. The band was forewarned that on the album, the Edmunds-Lowe-Rockpile-Brinsleys connection thrived—Dave even sang his first Lowe composition. "She's My Baby," with Nick on bass. The album went into stores in March, the Bevis Edmunds-Rockpile gig together, and Lowe's album, the Edmunds-Lowe and Lowe began producing singles together at Rockfield (one under the name of the DiscoBrothers).

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For the summer, 1977, Rockpile re-grouped for touring: Edmunds, Lowe, Terry Williams, and on 2nd guitar, Billy Brimner. A native of Aberdeen, Scotland, Bremner left school at age 14 to go 'semi-pro' with Barry Wayne & the Strangers; then moved to London and spent two "gigantic" years with the Walker Brothers at their peak. He's played on "millions of sessions," reckons Billy, everyone from Brenda Lee and Duane Eddy, to Lulu & the Lovevers and the notorious Pink Fairies. Perhaps his most famous role was in the original U.K. television series, The Rutles, playing Fats; and on the Rutland Weekend album (including "Hard Day's Rut").

A 77 tour supported Edmunds (then new album), Get It (Swan Song Records), an extension of the oldest-and-newest form of Stable. Get It included two new songs by Lowe, the utterly classic "I Knew the Bride" and "What Did I Do Last Night?" and two Edmunds-Lowe collaborations, the equally classic "Here Comes the Weekend" and "Little Baby.

A year later (spring '78) Rockpile toured again. This time, much focus was on Lowe's debut album, Pure Pop for Now People. Then came his widely recorded singles; but the bulk of it was recorded in session with Edmunds, Williams, and Bremner. On tour in No. America with Elvis Costello & the Attractions, Rockpile went down a storm, headlining many dates themselves and earning a full-page feature story in TIME magazine (June 26) confirming the band as a star.

The stable lineup Edmunds-Lowe-Wilce-Lowe's recorded Edmunds' next album, Tracks On Wax 4 (September, 1978), a hardly concoction of Rockpile tunes such as Lowe's "Heart of the City." Bremner's "Trouble Boys," Edmunds' "It's My Own Business," a 2-month tour with Van Morrison followed—Rockpile again headlining along the way, with requisite live radio broadcasts and manic crowds everywhere.

The scene repeated itself in the summer '79, when Rockpile hit the road again, with Blondie this time. Lowe had produced the Pretenders first single, Stop Your Sobbing; and Mickey Jupp's second album, Japanese (Stiff). So Lowe's album, Labour of Lust (June release), recorded entirely with Rockpile, was an instant smash: "Switchboard Susan" (written with Lowe and Bremner), "Crackin' Up" and "The Drivin' Day" were all played in the Rockpile set on tour, Edmunds' new album, Repeat When Necessary (also recorded with Rockpile) offered up covers on Elvis Costello's "Girls Talk" (a single pick), Graham Parker's "Craving from the Wreckage" (whom Lowe had produced); and Bremner's "Swimming With the Scars" and "Creatures From The Black Lagoon." Moreover, Bremner had taken to singing an impromptu Elvis Presley tribute song each night onstage that summer.

Rockpile's set list since then—then the closing night's Kampuchea Peoples benefit concert at Hammersmith Odeon on December 29th (with Paul McCartney & Wings, and Elvis Costello & the Attractions); and at Toronto's Heatwave "festival" on August 26th (with Elvis, the Pretenders et al)—have currenized their work on their first full-headlining tour to celebrate their coming-out party. To paraphrase the chorus of Count Rockin' Sidney and the Dukes, it ain't nothin' but "fine, fine, fine."
VAN MORRISON INTO THE MYSTIC

by George Ivan

Better use of this short article would have been made by committing its whole to an analytical discussion of a single Van Morrison album (Astral Weeks is probably most deserving in attention). Such an analysis would have allowed us to more carefully examine the way in which Morrison couples lyrical ambiguity with music rooted primarily in Black American blues to produce a work that is far more exotic than the efforts of the artists, notably including the music of Leadbelly, which he claims are his greatest influences.

But such a discussion also would have resembled criticism of the literary variety, which I assume most RNR readers would choose to ignore; moreover, Astral Weeks was released a decade ago — a sobering fact because I realize that an essay which concerns itself with a ten-year-old album will attract little attention from a rock music audience. On the other hand, I didn’t want this discussion to imitate the record reviews and artist biographies we so often find in Rolling Stone, Circus, Sounds and magazines of the like (including this publication). So as a compromise between a narrowly-focused critical study and a simple regurgitation of facts and gossip, I offer the following presentation which will address itself to the lyrical qualities of Van Morrison’s material in general, with the assumption that his music is a dependent companion of his poetry, and that by discussing the latter, we gain some insight of the former.

Most apparent in Morrison’s works is the ambiguity of his lyrics: in Astral Weeks, for example, the author seems to be speaking from a cloud of self-conscious obfuscation, which, along with the implications of meaning detected behind that cloud, perhaps alienates him from many of his listeners. But Morrison certainly realizes that ambiguity is now an accepted, even prizes, means of artistic expression (Leadbelly’s lyrics, by contrast, are as clear as the notes from his guitar; pressed by an interviewer to reveal the nature of “Ma­ dame George” (a long-running track on Astral Weeks), he describes the song as “a Swiss cheese sandwich.” Yet he also suggests, during the same interview, that Astral Weeks makes artistic and intellectual sense as a “rock opera”, that the songs on the album share a common thematic conscience. Why does Morrison create the curious and vague remark about “Ma­ dame George” and then offer the apparently more sincere suggestion about the Astral Weeks set as a whole? Perhaps the writing of the songs on the album originated in an artistic impulse, their composition having occurred without reference to collective arrangement and the grouping having occurred without reference to collective arrangement and the grouping having assumed a natural order; on the other hand, Morrison may indeed have written the material with a clear pattern of consistency in mind, and now simply refuses to separate one song from the group by assigning a specific attitude or subject to it.

Morrison admits, however, that he’s often surprised by his own writing: “There are times when I’m mystified. The stuff that comes out . . . feels right, but I can’t see for sure what it means.” Apparently, there’s no solution to the mystery of Morrison’s obscure lyrics, but perhaps this is as it should be: to derive consistency from his songs is to impose it upon them. It may be that his ambiguity is the result of his artistic search for the forms which might embody his view of life as a mystery from which it is impossible to abstract an absolute significance. This turns us to the possibility that Morrison can not or will not make up his mind, that he is impelled by his uncertainties to create forms which will encompass them.

The shifting of Morrison’s ideas from one album to the next reinforces this possibility. Astral Weeks, with jazz as its main musical influence, speaks from a mysterious fog of unconviction, its author not yet prepared to meet the harsh realities of the world in which he has a role: “I’m just a stranger in this world.” This attitude is apparent on the subse­quent His Band and the Street Choir (although a musical structure more resembling rock has replaced the jazz roots of the earlier album:)

Call me up in Dreamland,
Radio to me, man:
Get the message to me,
Any way you can.
The author remains within the protective cloud of obscurity, asking only that someone “radio” a message to him. Then, by sharp contrast, Hard Nose the Highway witnesses an assertion on the author’s part in addressing a very real ill of contemporary society:

Did you ever hear about the Great Deception.

Where the plastic revolutionaries
Take the money and run?
And have you ever been down to Love City
Where they rip you off with a smile
Instead of a gun.

But again Morrison has his fog machine working to the hilt for Voodon Fleece, an album perhaps more shrouded in mystical imagery than even Astral Weeks. Backed by music that hints at traces of Gaelic folk jazz, rock, and blues, the author takes a journey through the ages to the mists of the medieval past. With the landmark (at least thematically) Into the Music, Morrison introduces his relationship with religion and God, and the songs in this set suggest the combined themes of eradication of past courtships with mysticism and resolution of inner quarrels. With Common One, however, the ghosts of Voodon Fleece and Astral Weeks reappear, and the author once again dips into “streams of consciousness,”

with James Joyce as an apparent partner in thought.

The problem of Morrison’s ambiguity, then, is alternately vexing and fascinating. A few rock magazine writers have tried to solve the obscurity by imposing a consistent world view on the complex, shifting values of his works, and by claiming that the Morrison lyrics which corroborate the consistent view are “sincere” (Astral Weeks). Unfortunately, the conflict of consistencies only leads to further obscurity. Van Morrison undoubtedly recognizes the contrasting nature of his ideas and artistic values and has created structures that will at once express them and oppose each to its counterpart. In this relation, all lyrics are potentially “sincere” and “ironic.”

The structural denominator found throughout Morrison’s works is a diagram that consists of the opposed forces and conditions which dramatize the relativity of truth. The diagram’s linear element expresses the search for an absolute — the futile quest, noble yet fated. Its circular element embodies the wholeness of being, the full circle of metaphysical conjecture. This arrangement, as in Astral Weeks, is often enhanced by linear and circular imagery, but does not result in a static configuration so much as in a fluid opposition, with a consequent breakdown and reformation into further anti-thesis. Morrison is careful to avoid absolute structures, and has also avoided the trap of unqualified relativity, itself an absolute. If the result is perplexing, so, Morrison might respond, is the world. —RNR
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$ 28 - Graham Parker, Michael Schenker, The Richmen
$ 29 - Bruce Springsteen, Jumbo, Whitesnake

A studio videotape of The Kraysolas singing "Aw, Tonight" and "Roadrunner", (both originals), will be shown on the nationally televised Showbiz network. This is especially significant since they are the first unsigned band to perform on Showbiz's entertain­ment schedule.

We would like to apologize for the inadvertent omission of Henry "Bootsie" Norman's name in the lineup of The Romeo's in our article on them in the December issue of IORNR. However, guitarist "Bootsie" was included in the body of the article.
My neighbor is listening to The Who's "Won't Get Fooled Again" and, because he's got an 80-watt amp, I'm listening to it also. I don't know if my neighbor connects that song with John Lennon, but I do. We suspended our knowledge of reality to believe in the magic of the Beatles, and John Lennon's death was so hard to take because the reality of it is such a painful imposition.

Let's face it; we had a lot invested in the Beatles. I'm not talking about all the money we spent on Beatles' records, films, wigs, whatever. I'm talking about the emotional investment. The Beatles symbolized rock 'n' roll, took it to new heights and helped to sustain it long after they disbanded. And John Lennon seemed to symbolize the Beatles more so than George, Paul or Ringo. John was always the most faithful of the four to the spirit of rock 'n' roll. It'll be sad when the other three die and perhaps tragic, depending on the circumstances, but John Lennon's death hurts most of all.

It hurts because it was so fucking senseless. It hurts because there now will never be a Beatles Reunion, although I think we knew that a long time ago. It hurts because John Lennon's personal struggles were so deep and so real, and it seemed as if he had only recently come to terms with his world and with his self.

And it hurts because next time, when the "next Elvis" or the "next Beatles" come along, we'll be a bit wary about embracing them as readily and as completely as we embraced Elvis or the Beatles because we now know from painful experience that it won't last forever. And the promise of rock 'n' roll is that it can last forever. Deep down inside, whether we realize it or not, Lennon's death has caused us to make a note that, no matter who comes along in the future, we "won't get fooled again."

"God, what a depressing thought! For the first time in a long time, I've written something that I hope isn't true."

"Yes, I know, you can't go home again. The Beatles were unlike Elvis, and the next massive, cosmic, magical rock 'n' roll superstar won't be like Elvis or the Beatles, so maybe it can happen again at some time in the future. Certainly it's not too late for you younger folks who didn't experience the 50s or the 60s firsthand. And even if the death of John Lennon has taken the edge off things for the rest of us, we've still got our memories. There's no law against listening to your Beatles records and your Lennon records until the day you die."

Because even though the Beatles haven't lasted forever, rock 'n' roll will last forever. The king is dead; long live the king. There won't be another John Lennon because there can't be and, more important, there doesn't need to be. We've already had our one John Lennon, and he was rockin' and rollin' until the very end.

Let that be his epitaph and our example.
A Hot S.A. Musician

This letter isn't very old, but the thoughts it imparts are. It's The Eternal Musician's Complaint: We Can't Make A Living Playing Our Own Music in S.A.

When I got this letter I made a list of a semi-well known, semi-popular clubs that booked a majority of local bands, then added to that list any place I came up with about 10 names. By the time the list was finished two of the places had gone out of business and mechanical bulls, garish feathered hats and country/western/disco disc jockeys were falling on Alamo Town like a shitrain.

We're in the common grip of anarchy. The death of disco was well heralded and well celebrated by performers who didn't know about this jazz and when you're part of that scene, are you? And a lot of people think music is a whole new way of thinking now or something.

Joe Carrasco

When you're ready to make your debut search out a sympathetic bar (don't rule any place out — Joe "King" Carrasco developed a massive following here at the Casbah, a predominantly C&W neighborhood bar; the Friendly Spot is a tiny ice house that books everything from folk to punk to play cheap, and pick joint with your trusty fans. Bar owners savvy money. If you bring it in you'll be booked for another night.

5. Publicize yourself. Media people do not materialize with their hands out to everyone who might be remotely interested.

Both daily papers, Action Magazine and JORNAR make an effort to cover as much local entertainment as possible — if we know it exists. If you're real persistent or set your sound man on fire you can even get local radio and TV coverage.

People like Frank Rodarte and Rudy Harst know about this jazz and could draw a crowd with their hands poised over typewriters and cameras. Likewise, most of your fans will not be telepaths — they're gonna know when and where you're going when you tell them. Get a mailing list and a phone list together and get the word out to everyone who might be remotely interested.

6. Make something happen. If you make whatever effort is necessary to find out everything pertinent to say to back up all the preceding paragraphs. I'm going to end this review by saying if you don't make whatever effort is necessary to see Rudy Harst and Side Effect in person there's a big hole in your musical education and in your head. — BM

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Dear Club Owners,

There is a lot of great talent in S.A. but nobody gets a chance to hear it because all you guys say that original music doesn't go over here that's a bunch of B.S. If ya'// want copy music buy a joke box, but if you want live bands how about letting the very best bands from S.A. that play good original music play your clubs. Bands that play their own music shouldn't have to learn all copy just be a rich man and not a "hot" all Kansas, Judas Priest, Rush, etc. didn't make it by playing copy music.

Heart of the City

by Jim E. Beal, Jr.

This is the point in the review where I'm supposed to run down some song titles and struggle to find something pertinent to say to back up all the preceding paragraphs. I'm not going to do that. I'm going to end this review by saying if you don't make whatever effort is necessary to see Rudy Harst and Side Effect in person there's a big hole in your musical education and in your head. — BM

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of the most powerful, intense, and original shows I've ever witnessed. While I'm rarely at a loss for adjectives I sat with my jaw hanging to the floor as Harst and Athanas mesmerized a packed house. The phrase that kept running through my mind, despite all attempts to banish it, was one I've heard from Heavy Metal freaks -- This Kicks Ass.

Well, kick ass it did as Rudy Harst ran himself and his audience through a musical gauntlet of tempo and emotions. We went from boredom to despair to laughter to love to another planet -- to anger to peace -- to reality.

If Harst does nothing else he writes, sings, plays, acts and dances reality. Whether he's playing his own songs or carefully selected cover versions of someone else's, he's telling us what we know to be true but no matter how much we don't want to know it.

It's Only Rock'n'Roll, Feb. 1981

Rudy at play
Jack Bruce and Friends: Clem Clempson, Billy Cobham, David Sancious/I've Always Wanted To Do This (Epic) — It's always great when the ever-imaginative Jack Bruce gets together another band of super musicians. But they look good on paper and never seem to work out in the studio. This time though it looks and sounds better than his past efforts mainly because all four stars work as a unit rather than as four separate ego-trippers trying to prove each other. There's enough organ material here to appeal to rock, blues, jazz and even disco fans with some of the best and most interesting songs being the rocky "Hit And Run!": the romantic and beautiful Cobham-penned "Wind And The Sea": sung by Bruce, who is to song what Richard Burton is to drama; the bluesy and funny "Out To Lunch": and "318", which sounds like something from the Bruce-Peter Brown Songs For A Tall Lp. Most will remember (bassist) Bruce playing the organ one night with Steve Winwood, Bruce and Laing: Clempson's main claim to fame is a stint as guitarist with Deep Purple; Cobham, of course, drummed with the Mahavishnu Orchestra among others; and Sancious' keyboard talents first shone on Bruce Springsteen's first albums.**RY

Delbert McClinton/The Jealous Kind (Capitol) — Delbert always has pridurable material for his too infrequent albums. He's also written a few classic country/blue/rock songs himself and still remains the best singer in that idiom. He's recorded this LP at Muscle Shoals and it's got a good loose feel to it but the got from his earlier works (that was also absent from his last) — and that's an integral part of his appeal. While some of his covers here are good like, Van Morrison's "Bright Side of the Street", he seems to bring out the best in each performer.

There's little life to this record and through the guitars and keyboards are sup­pressed. In the final song, Debbie Harry says, "Follow Me," but after listening to this cold and indifferent record I would just as soon step on a Stepford Wife.**Clayman

Specials/More Specials (Chrysalis) — Hopeless and futile are the best words to de­scribe the mood of this album. More Specials sound so different from their debut Lp you wouldn't recognize them if you heard it. It's alleged that this Lp reflects the general mood of Britain this past year and it's certainly obvi­ous that the Specials found different inspira­tion for it.

Not really being ska music anymore, you won't be surprised to know that the songs here are less energetic, considerably longer and much more refined, with female vocalists and horns thrown in. There's even an instrumental on side 2. Of course, there's still humor in this bleak view of life, but it's seri­ous and dry unlike the craziness of the first Lp. And while, yes, it's still good music, supe­rior even, I think it's the last thing we'd ex­pect from a 2-tone group.**Clem Falk

John Lennon-Yoko Ono/Double Fantasy (Geffen) — it's great to hear his voice again.**RY

Blondie/Automatic (Chrysalis) — This Lp should be a big disappointment to old Blondie fans as well as new ones. Myself, being one of the former group, put the record on only to find this one very disas­trously and unique band sounding like any other MOR band.

As a whole, the album is lightweight and tame. It lacks the aggressiveness and strong melodies that Blondie was known for in their three disco songs as well as their superb rock'n'rol songs.

This Lp has three disco cuts, "Reprise" and "Do The Dark" are both run-of-the-mill emotionless disco dived with the former hav­ing a just a bit like "Rapper's Delight." "Live It Up", the third disco track lacks the punch and tunefulness of their previous disco hits ("Heart of Glass", "Atomic" and "Call Me") but it's still the best song on here. The only other worth mentioning are "Angels on the Balcony", "Go Through It" and "The Tide Is High", a cross between Reggae and Mariachi.

There's little life to this record and through the guitars and keyboards are sup­pressed. In the final song, Debbie Harry says, "Follow Me," but after listening to this cold and indifferent record I would just as soon step on a Stepford Wife.**Clayman

Peter Green/Little Dreamer (Saif) — If you bought last year's return Lp In The Skies and once again enjoyed that ethereal blues style of Green that had been missing from the contemporary scene since he went into seclu­sion several years ago you'll like this one al­most as much. To be sure, there aren't that many white bluesmen who can play 'em like Green and he's exceptional on "Love Two Times" and "Cryin' Won't Bring You Back".

And he breathes new life into the old Booker T chestnut "Born Under A Bad Sign". As usual he's picked a fine back-up band to help flesh out the excellent material he's chosen for a perfect Winter album.**RY

Roy Buchanan/My Babe (Waterhouse) — It's always good to hear Roy Buchanan on any album. He's perhaps the finest blues­based American rock guitarist playing today and if you don't know that already just listen to "Blues For Gary." Together with another instrumental "My Sonat", which is an ele­gantly refined statement of beauty, they make this album worth the price. Roy's always had a fine band to back him. I wish he'd stick to instruments though because his lead vocalist lacks any true feeling on whatever he sings. Nice piece of work.**RY

Steve Forber/Little Stevie Orbit (Nemperor) — Steve Forber's third Lp marks his return to the electrified middle-period Dylan style of his first album which was sorely missed from his last effort. However, that gleam of hope he gave us as a freebie with Jack the Rabbit Slim (the 45 "The Oil Song") was a clear indication of his genius and that he should be given another chance. His musical talent and enthusiastic songwriting style make this Lp a clear winner. Best cuts include: "Get Well Soon", "Lucky" (an instrumental) and "I'm An Automobile". A well-crafted album from one of America's true talents.**Joseph Zaher
Any Trouble/Where Are All the Nice Girls? (Steffi) — Any Trouble is going to be a popular band with those who like Nick Lowe or the Elvis Costello of My Aim Is True. They’ve got just the right folk-rock-pop bign’bouncy formula that won’t allow them much access to the radio playlists in America. Hopefully, though, some DJs will be smart enough to play such excellent cuts from Nice Girls like “Playing Bogart,” “No Idea,” “Sec- ond Choice” or the killer “Turning Up The Heat.” With more bands as good as Any Trouble platinum acts like the Doobies will either make themselves valid again or fall away from the charts. **Ry

Billy Joe Royal (Mercury) — Just the other day when I was listening to “Everything Turns Blue,” I wondered just what Billy Joe Royal was up to. I thought a comeback would be too good to be true. Well, it is true but unfortunately the album isn’t good at all. In fact it’s a most disappointing album for fans of Royal’s most sincere voice. Sure, times have changed like polished MOR and hard rock from a cosmos, and mental expansion. Now Lloyd and really explore these ideas best Lp yet. It deals with the games inherent of Scotland within their music. (Ok, have a sound that’s strong, yet melodically pretty good for a bunch of old hippies. — Reviewer Gregg Turner on Silvertone

Motorhead/Ace of Spades (Mercury) — Ha-ha. The last laugh is on you, S.A. I’ve been ranting about this band for years now, and they’re going to make their conquest of America. And what an Lp to do it with. Their first American release is their best since the legendary Overkill album. Joe Anthony must be rolling over in his pizza parlor now. Just wait ’til they play here . . . Their heavy metal makes Judas Priest look like Christopher Cross. **David Arthur

XTC/Black Sea (Virgin) — This is XTC’s fourth album. Their demented pop approach is still very much in evidence — songs such as “Living Through Another Whoa” and “Generals and Majors” are as compelling as they are satirical. There are no songs here that are bad — most are among the group’s best. It’s probably my favorite Lp by them yet just because of Andy Partridge’s demented voice. **David Arthur

Rock’s World Revolution: the Roots/Gary U.S. Bonds and Others (Legend) — The early ’60s is considered a dull period for rock’n’roll (though productions have fantastic sense of fun. There are few oddities one could do without, but Lewis ‘Working For My Baby’ is an ignored gem you’ve gotta hear.

This supposed latter Guider got the Beatles in 1961 says it all: “Please send us advance copies of your records because they are the greatest in the world. We study and learn a great deal from all the U.S. record labels.” The record stores in Liverpool don’t stock them because they are too wild and revolutionary for English tastes.

(Incidentally, is 6.98 plus 1.00 postage from Legend/Rockmasters — A 374 Grantby Mnl. Ncl. York, VA 23819)**J.J. Syra —

Strongers/4 (IRS) — Despite the title, this is only the group’s fourth American re-lease, having two others in Europe not found here except as imports. Side one is composed of songs from their latest European Lp. The Raven. Presumably, these are the five best cuts off that album, and I’m glad they spared us the worst. Side two is another material also unreleased here.

On their latest U.S. tour, songs from this Lp made up the bulk of their repertoire, and it came off well live. The record itself, unfortunately, isn’t that exciting, although it does have its moments. There’s nothing really different here to suggest that the Strongers have done anything exceptional since ’71. Since their first release their career has seemed anti-climactic. **Clint Falk

Dire Straits/Making Movies (Warners) — I expected little more than a repeat of their last two albums. I was prepared to write them off, especially after losing rhythm guitarist Dave Knopfler. Boy, was I wrong! This is perhaps Dire Straits’ most varied album to date and some of the best songwriting I’ve heard in the past year. Mark Knopfler still has the best Dylan inflections in the business in his singing, drummer Pick Withers displays some of the smartest drumming in anyone’s band, bassist Lesley fills out the bottom well, and Tony Brit­tan’s (on a loan from E-Street) snatching key­boards add just the right filigree to the new songs that are always punctuated by Mark’s sweet stingin’ guitar. The new Lp is one of my favorites of 1980. **Ry

Carolene Carter/Musical Shapes (Warner Bros.) — Carolene Carter has everything going for her: a burnt-honey voice and a playful sassiness that’ll never take a back seat to Linda Ronstadt’s. musical backing by various members of Rockpile, The Rumour, and a dabbled Composer, production by hibby Nick Lowe, and a talent for writing great melodies and heartfelt words as well as (usually) choosing fine material by others (Parker, Costello, to record. Her newest and third album is her most commercial effort and the most fun. **J.B.

The Angry Samoans, a 2-year-old LA punk-rock band which features former rock critic “Metal” Mike Saunders on Silvertone

• The Rejects (Closest Records) — EGG/ Barred Wire Baby. You haven’t Done Your Source Und. The album was

Mike Escamilla — “Wind” (Closet Records) — God? Why? Don’t Believe! Underwood’s Gig/Loretta/Staccato. Closet Records is Alamo Town’s answer to England’s Stiff Records Like Soft, they aren’t perfect — but they aren’t boring.

The Rejects are part of S.A.’s Strange Dian — another interesting musical group that decided to give up this town and move to Austin. They’re back — Ed! Too bad. This single almost falls into some kind of punk-clique trap but manages to save itself with some imaginative tricks.

What? I’m not going away tricks for free. Buy your own Rejects records and hope they play live here sometime soon.

Mike Escamilla might have some promise when I heard he and some friends set out uninvited and announced in North Star Mall over the Christmas holidays and proceed­ed to give a concert as the Central Catholic High School Avant Garde Stage Band before security guards invited them to leave.

The security guards should have escorted Escamilla away from the microphones before he recorded those six pieces of eclectic folk­singing.

Jumbo (Operator Records) — Don’t Hold Back b/w Thunder Tangles. Jumbo is a technically competent heavy metal band whose talent doesn’t seem to translate to vinyl. There’s nothing new or exciting here and it’s rather frustrating because their first single hasn’t been as good.

The Revival Brothers (Revival Productions) — When The Night Comes b/w Tooth ‘n’ Nail. The Revival Brothers are a Brian Blagie outfit from New Brunswick, raising outa German Jazz with a sick, ask-package of high energy. At first listen both live and on this record: The Brothers sound a little as ZZ Top copy. However, if you listen closer you realize you’re hearing something more than imitation.

This music is just too good and raw and honest to be counterfeited. **Jim Beal
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