

Slade live reviews 1970 - 1975

1972 - Bridlington Spa Ballroom - A Slade Eruption

The brash bawling of Noddy Holder has led Slade to more triumphs than a team of David Bedfords. And Saturday's volcanic eruption at Bridlington Spa Ballroom was no exception. It was a stormer, proving beyond doubt that Slade have reached the all important step where they no longer have to be as good as their next single.

Their stamping, crashing riotous stage act is one for the kids who want to stamp and crash as well. No-one sits and listens. Like an unruly football mob behind the goalmouth their fans chant and wave scarves. It's not beyond the realms of impossibility that these fans would cause more than just a spot of bovver if fans of a rival group were to turn up. But fortunately there are no rivals here, Slade have this scene all to themselves.

With so many one-nighters behind them, their act is now perfect from start to finish. It's perfectly simple stuff - a mixture of 12-bar, their recent hit singles and material from the "Slade Alive" album - and they put it across with what appears to be a maximum of effort.

Guitarist Dave Hill and bass player Jim Lea leap onto conveniently placed tables and boxes throughout the set while Holder gets on his knees for Janis Joplin's "Move Over Baby". His amazing voice is always the root for whipping up the excitement.

"Hands up all the girls with white knickers on", he yells to the crowd. A few hands are raised and the shrieks come forth. "Hands up all the girls with no knickers on". And uproar breaks out. "We've heard there's a lot of very rude girls in Bridlington. Is that right?" 3000 voices male and female acquiesce in unison and the crowd force themselves tighter against the stage, reaching out to touch the boots of their heroes.

Few other groups could get away with such basic stuff, but it suits Slade to a tee. Like many before them, they've realised that success comes with keeping things simple. And using that formula they've found a style of their own based largely on the similarity in the sound between the bass and the drum pedals and the boot heels crashed onto a ballroom floor. Drummer Don Powell's contribution to the overall sound cannot be underestimated.

As the act wore on, the fans became indifferent to what was being played. So long as Slade were up there they were having a good time and nothing else seemed to matter - there were even a few screams during Slade's rendering of John Sebastian's, "Darling Be Home Soon". Especially as Holder, somewhat inevitably suggested that blokes have a "good feel with the birds" during this comparatively slow number.

Basic they may be, but they're very good at it. Many other groups with similar formula have tried and failed but Slade's patience and ability have brought them through the rank and file to the front. On this showing they'll stay there a long time.

CHRIS CHARLESWORTH *Melody Maker* - Sept. 2, 1972

1972 J. GEILS BAND, FRAMPTON'S CAMEL, SLADE - Academy of Music, NY

Slade and Frampton's Camel, British rock quartets making their Gotham debuts at Howard Stein's Academy of Music series Saturday, both appear to have bright futures, but the audience saved most of its enthusiasm for the J. Geils Band. The two shows grossed \$27,500 out of a potential \$35,262, probably hurt by overbooking by the headliner in the Gotham area during the past year.

Slade, together for about five years, seems headed down the pop road to success and probably will become a big group. The music is hard and solid. Lead guitarist Dave Hill was resplendent in shimmering light suit with sequin effects in his hair. Drawback for some was rhythm guitarist Noddy Holder, a good lead singer, who never let up in his screaming demands for audience participation. He roused relatively few but enough for an encore.

Frampton's Camel in their first date were instrumentally strong in rock and blues-rock with Peter Frampton, ex of Humble Pie, an excellent lead guitarist and vocalist and Mick Gallagher a standout on organ and electric piano. The combo were put together after Frampton's first solo album on A&M. Drummer Mike Kellie and bass guitarist Ricky Wills are on the album and in the group. Despite loose spots, Frampton's Camel could, make an underground mark.

Peter Wolf, energetic lead singer of Atlantic's J.Geils Band, promised that Hank Ballard, a star of the early days of rock'n'roll, would join the Boston sextet in the second show.

Kirb. - *VARIETY*, September 20, 1972

THE J.GEILS BAND / FRAMPTON'S CAMEL / SLADE - Academy of Music, New York - 1972

Geils and friends have already proven that they can energize a crowd, but this date offered two new tickets to ride with the world premiere of Frampton's Camel and the American debut of Slade, rudely raunchy English ravers.

Sparing the anxious the cruelty of suspense, be advised that Peter Frampton has lost none of the subtlety and fire that characterized his lamentably overlooked contributions to Humble Pie. Frampton has honed that edge further and he's now more than matched by the powers of Mick Gallagher's keyboards, Rick Wills' sturdy but agile bass lines and Mike Kellie's precise, explosive drumming.

Their set was lean on theatrics, relying on the spectacle of Kellie's whirring sticks and that facial ecstasy that crosses Frampton's smile as his lead lines soar powerfully over the band. Rough spots were to be expected, but even Frampton's staunchest admirers may be unprepared for the startling stability of so young a band. Their set drew primarily from Frampton's A&M album, "Winds of Change", with "It's a Plain Shame", "All I Want to Be", and "Jumpin' Jack Flash", all exemplary exercises in overdrive transport, and easily compelling as their superb, recorded versions. More important, the restraint that distinguished Frampton's earliest work with the Pie and the Herd is shared by the entire band, and as they expand their repertoire to accommodate gentler, acoustic numbers, the final impact should

be tasty indeed.

Slade? The reports were true. First-rate raunch delivered with expedient power and requisite simplicity, packed irresistibly in a durable highly visible outer coat of pure flesh. Noddy Holder and Dave Hill walk off with top honors in Raw Vocals and Subliminal lead Rhythm Guitar, respectively, although Hill also pulls weight as resident extraterrestrial sex symbol via his metallic suit and crown of stars.

They will most certainly decimate future audiences, just as they spurred the kids at the Academy. They record for Polydor.

1973 - New York Academy of Music - GRIN / BLACK OAK ARKANSAS / SLADE

Rock Music - Britain's Slade at Top of a 14th St. Bill

Slade, headlining the Friday show at the Academy of Music on 14th Street, is obviously a group on the way up. Grin, the group that opened the evening, had to suffer heckling from the Slade enthusiasts impatiently waiting for the British group to appear. And the members of Grin, competent enough, were unable to bear it, even when they turned up their energy in an attempt to Novocain the audience into submission.

Following Grin was Black Oak Arkansas, which took no chances from the start. This group's sound was turned up to nosebleed levels, vocals were rasped hoarsely across the relentless amplification, and the announcements between the group's Southern, heavy-on-the-bass rock numbers had the urgency of end-of-the-world revivalism. For Black Oak, the audience was converted at the finish, although one yearned for a little subtlety amid all the pounding.

Slade specializes in short explosive lyrics, simple and direct, that bring strong audience response through riff and repetition. In reality, this is good-old-fashioned rock n' roll presented with flash and confidence as the quartet choreographed itself on stage rather than jumping and writhing around. This is yet another example of a rock group moving back to simplicity in music.

Novelty note: Away from the hot and the heavy, Slade presented "Lady Be Good" on electric violin, Black Oak a washboard solo, and Grin's lead singer did a perfect somersault from a small trampoline on the side of the stage. Alas, poor Grin: not even that moved the Slade freaks.

Ian Dove *The New York Times* - Sunday April 22, 1973

SLADE / BLACK OAK ARKANSAS / GRIN - ACADEMY OF MUSIC, N.Y. ,1973

Slade blasted their way to success at the Academy of Music (20). Decibel count was up and so was the audience by the end. Only one performance was skedged originally in the British quartet's first Gotham headline appearance, but another was added via a late show as the first went clean at a \$5.50 top. It proved a good move as the second program also made it as the two Howard Stein programs grossed \$32,400 of a potential \$34,500.

Timing was off, however, as Grin, opening Spindizzy disk combo, opened the late show near 1 a.m. Saturday, more than 80 minutes after the listed start. Lengthy setup changes shoved Slade's opening back to 3:40 a.m. with the bill concluding at about 4:45.

Grin proved to be an acceptable rock opener, especially leader, Tom [NILS] Lofgren on lead guitar and piano, vocals and small trampoline. Then came a powerful set by Black Oak Arkansas led by Jim (Dandy) Mangrum, glittery in attire and raunchy in vocal sound and material, most of which has been etched on Atco. Sextet constantly moved, musically and physically in their most effective local outing, gutsy and raw.

The volume of the opening acts was but a prelude to the blistering sound of Slade. The screaming audience badgering by lead vocalist Noddy Holder was not as offensive as previously, but still got in the way as the quartet's dynamic energy would have been sufficient. The other members were garbed in glitter with lead guitarist Dave Hill also glittered on face and hair. Bass guitarist Jimmy Lea and drummer Don Powell complete the Polydor disk act.

Kirb. , VARIETY, April 25, 1973

Los Angeles Times - Tuesday May 8, 1973 : Slade in the Shade as Rock Envoys

Remember the troubles T.Rex had in trying to transfer some of its enormous English popularity to these shores? Well, Slade, which has been a regular visitor to the top of the British sales charts, thanks to a series of consistently infectious rock singles, is having those troubles now. There was both optimism and concern in the air last month when Slade (Noddy Holder on guitar and vocals, Don Powell on drums, Dave Hill on lead guitar and Jimmy Lea on bass) left England for the "vital" U.S. tour. "I wished them luck and waved them goodbye", wrote Melody Maker's Chris Charlesworth, one of Slade's strongest advocates. "What else was there to do?", Charlesworth continued. "For Slade this was the big one. The ultimate goal in their two year rise to glory is to crack America like many a British band before them. England and Europe have fallen under the might of Wolverhampton's ambassadors of rock. The next month will tell whether the United States will do the same".

A Disappearing Commodity

If indeed Slade is going to become the new savior of good-time rock n' roll (a joyous, but rapidly disappearing commodity), there were few believers on hand last week at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium to celebrate the group's local arrival. For a band that draws enthusiastic, capacity audiences in England, it must have been quite a shock to see the 3000-seat auditorium only half filled Thursday. But the size of the audience was only one disappointment in what must have been a particularly discouraging day for Slade.

While one could point to the strong competition around (Jeff Beck's new group at the Hollywood Palladium and Loggins & Messina were at the Ahmanson Theatre the same night), the real problem was that Slade has not picked up much support here. Its singles (including such worthy efforts as "Mama Weer All Crazee Now" and "Gudbuy T' Jane") have not sold well and the informal, word-of-mouth grapevine - so potent a force in building audiences in rock - apparently hasn't been spreading the gospel on Slade.

Thus, Slade needs to do a lot of work to build momentum in this country. Despite its success in Europe, the rock quartet needs to gain exposure the same way any promising new band must. The safest way is to play second-billed to an established act or play several days at a club (i.e., the Whisky). By being the second act, Slade would be assured of a large audience and it would also be in the easier psychological position of not having to carry the burden of the concert. A rock group can pick up fans by merely being "good" when it is a supporting act, but it must be "very, very good" to succeed as a headliner, particularly when it is headlining for the first time.

Slade did tour the United States as a supporting act briefly last year, but its management apparently thought the group was strong enough to now headline. It was a mistake, at least here. Slade was "good" at Santa Monica, but not "very, very good". A crucial difference in degree.

Borrowed Sound System

Part of the problem was a borrowed sound system that failed half-way through the group's set, thus allowing much of the momentum that had been building to disappear by the time (some eight minutes later) the system had been corrected. But an even bigger problem was Slade's continuing, hard sell urging for the audience to "get with it", to get up on the chairs and boogie. Holder, who seemed to preface each number with a 20-30 second call to "get it on", is right when he says Slade's live success "depends 50% on the audience and the feedback we get from that audience", but he's wrong when he suggests in America he's got to "show 'em what we want 'em to do". Slade has to let the audience find its own way into the music. It's a bit self-defeating to keep lecturing, even light heartedly, about what it should be doing.

Because of these various problems, there was less impact to Slade's music live (including such concert naturals as "Get Down and Get With It" and "Let the Good Times Roll") than, I would have expected from its records. But, "Mama Weer All Crazee Now", offered as an encore number, did carry all the solid rock power that the record suggests, a closing clue that Slade can - under the right conditions - provide as fine an evening of good-time rock n' roll as any band around. But the conditions weren't right at Santa Monica.

Robert Hilburn

Slade - Sundowner, Mile End, London - September 1973

Slade handle their music with the delicacy of a demolition gang, or, more correctly, a demolition gang on a works outing because they communicate a robustness to their audience that on this East End opening threatened the very structure of the renamed Mile End Odeon itself.

As ironic choice of a group then, for the opening of a bold new venture by the Rank Organization, whose name is not automatically linked with pop music, although it should be recalled that The Beatles played their opening gigs in Rank dance halls. This, then, is Rank's tilt at the Rainbow, a theatre which also tried to provide a permanent home for pop, failed, then recently opened. Rank will open three Sundowners in the near future.

As for Slade, they are everything parents must hate in modern society. They are loud, vulgar (in the best sense of the word), raucous, and, in Noddy Holder, they have a lead singer who has the touch of the old music hall comedian about him. They also murder the English language in the spellings of their songs. They come from Wolverhampton, and represent very much the football terrace mentality of life, turning their audiences into stamping, handclapping fans, with hits like, "Take Me Bak 'ome"; "Mama weer all crazee now"; and "Get down and get with it". They are currently successful, reflecting a truly working class audience, whereas other successes like Marc Bolan and David Bowie relate more to the middle classes. So successful are they that to open in the Mile End Road they flew in for one night from Los Angeles, whence they return today.

Michael Wale (*London Times* - Sept. 8, 1973)

The village VOICE, October 4, 1973 Dan Nooger

Saw Slade and the Blue Oyster Cult a couple of weeks ago at the Capital Theatre, Passaic's answer to the Academy of Music. The Cult blew Slade right off the stage. After they'd ripped through "The Red and the Black", "Seven Screaming Diz Busters", "Buck's Boogie" incidentally, the long rumored live version is now available on a Columbia sampler titled "the Guitars that Destroyed the World", and "It's Not Easy", the audience nearly tore the place down until the BOC encored them with that great 60s punk anthem, "Born to be Wild".

After that, Slade didn't have a chance, and they blew whatever momentum they might have built up with absurd audience-participation interludes in every song. It may work in England, where they're so idolized they usually can't hear themselves for all the screaming, but when the audience isn't as fanatically inclined, it sounds as silly and lame as it looks."

Monday, October 8, 1973 - "Slade, Hard-Driving British Rock Quartet, Arrives

Slade certainly works hard enough. The British rock quartet appeared Saturday night at the Academy of Music, on 14th Street, as part of another tour in which it will try to approximate its home-country success. In Britain, Slade is the unquestioned number one among the younger bands. In this country, audiences and the record-buying-public are respectful enough, but there's no hysteria, nothing really special in their response.

At Saturday's early show, Slade bounded on to the stage and tore through a 70 minute set full of it's characteristically straight-ahead, basic rock 'n' roll music. Bu it never really coalesced into anymore than a pretty good concert. Noddy Holder, the lead singer, seems addicted to hectoring attempts to get his audiences clapping and singing along; the effect is more daunting than enlivening. If anybody could figure out the formula for guaranteed success in both Britain and America, the riches of the rock world would be his.

Blue Oyster Cult (or, more accurately, oyster) opened the show with a slightly self-conscious evocation of diabolical rebellion that still managed to produce some effectively, driving, brooding music-making. John Rockwell"

Chicago Tribune - October 17, 1973 : "Sheer Volume: That's Slade in a nutshell

SLADE'S lead singer last night called out to the crowd that filled about half of the Auditorium Theater, "Is e-e-e--everybawdy cra-a-a-azy!!!"

Of course, the hyper tense assemblage answered, "Yeah!" This was very truthful of them, especially when you consider the high cost of rock entertainment these days. And with so much good rock entertainment around these days I (feverishly rubbing my ears to see if they were still working) could not help but wonder why anyone would bother to see Slade.

Let's face it. A few artless people may call this jolly band of former skinheads "art", but it's really just a bad joke that proved to be slightly profitable. Dear friends, you don't encourage a bad joke. When you do, it spreads.

Before going any further in this innocent attempt to get even with Slade for what they did to my hearing (as of this writing their music, which even they call "noise", is still swashing around in my inner ear), I wish to point out that no slight is intended for the Climax Blues Band, the highly competent rockers who warmed up the show.

CLIMAX BLUES Band's arrangements of standards like "Seventh Son", and their own originals fully deserved the encore they graciously delivered. Their lead guitarist rendered a spellbinding solo on bottle-neck guitar that made the whole trip worth it for this reporter.

Then, Slade came on, the crowd of boogie freaks leaped to its feet with no intention of sitting again and Slade looked good in superfly British "yob" (street bandit) fashions. They looked good, that is, until they started playing their instruments.

Noddy Holder, lead guitarist and the flashiest of the quartet's members, glittered in a silver, skintight Buck Rogers spaceman outfit, complete with six-inch-high platform shoes, a "Super Yob" emblem on his chest and a silver, custom-made, ray-gun-shaped guitar to match. The rest of the band, in more traditional yet colorful fashion, resembled the guests at a mad tea party.

BESIDES THEIR own "C'mon Feel the Noise", "The Whole World's Gone Crazy" and "We're all Crazy Now", the band presented rearrangements of "Move Over", "Darling Be Home Soon" and "A Little Bit Your Love". You could not help but feel the noise.

Slade's show sparks explosive response (especially from the 14-year-olds) only because of its powerful drummer who uses inch-thick sticks and its clever lead vocalist whose delivery sounds like a cross between an evangelist and a carnival barker.

This was the band's second Chicago appearance and the house was far from packed. Slade reportedly made a heavy impression on it's homeland's citizenry, but hopefully Americans are made of stronger stuff.

Clarence Page"

AT THE PALLADIUM - Slade Invades U.S. With a Sonic Blitz , 1974

Slade is having another go at America with its sonic blitz, and while Sundays Palladium concert was considerably more palatable than its previous shows here, the English quartet continue to undermine its potential greatness with an approach that constantly crosses the line to exhorting the audience into abusing it.

The notorious unstaidd Palladium is a perfect situation for Slade, yet lead singer Noddy Holder didn't perceptibly alter his of obnoxious commands to the crowd, at one point even urging the people to get out of their chairs and shake various parts of their anatomies (there are no chairs at the Palladium). His revival-meeting interludes, blasted out in a grating Screamin' Lord Sutch-style voice, inevitably cut the momentum and lends an undistinguished boogie-band mentality to a group that is otherwise leagues beyond that level.

When the band finally did get into its songs, all was well. Slade has produced some of the most engagingly mindless singles of the past year, songs built around prodigious guitar riffs and clear rolling chord progressions. The tone is manic, the overall effect distorted and devastating, and the message eloquently pure rock 'n' roll - "Cum on Feel The Noize", "Get Down and Get With It", "Mama Weer All Crazee Now", (sic, sic, sic).

The one to watch is guitarist Dave Hill, who looks like a busy fly with the face of a ceaselessly grinning cartoon chipmunk. There's a bit of mountain goat in him too, as he spends much of the show scaling amplifier banks, all of which embodies the attitude of silliness and high-energy abandon that finally makes Slade endearing, despite all the guff from Holder.

Getting the show underway was Al Kooper's pride and joy, Lynyrd Skynyrd, whose dynamic set of earthy rock 'n' roll was cut maddeningly short. Sandwiched between Skynyrd and Slade were two hopelessly ordinary bands, Brownsville Station and the James Gang.

RICHARD CROMELIN / L.A. TIMES / JANUARY 31, 1974

Slade - Felt Forum / New York City - May 31, 1974

It was a fight for the decibel and Slade won. Opening act Aerosmith's mighty sound paled in comparison to the power and energy of Slade's four members. Their pounding, churning rock with overabundant bass response shook the very foundation of the audience.

Slade enjoys an ardent following in England, and judging by the reception they received at the Felt Forum, their US popularity has not diminished. As soon as they slithered across the stage, the orchestral section of the audience charged. They climbed on each other's shoulders and danced to what seemed an avalanche of unendurable sound.

Slade is something of an established act, dating back to the mid Sixties. They can, on occasion, sing a moderately tempoed noiseless song, but that clearly is not what they enjoy most. Slade's members are consummate masters of shouting and screaming an audience to the verge of St. Vitus dance. The more they screamed and cavorted in their circus/vaudeville costumes, the louder the audience roared. Lead singer Noddy Holder, looking like a cross between Rigoletto and a bloated caricature of Mick Jagger, roused the crowd expertly. Like a preacher delivering a scathing sermon, he made sure that everyone participated in the Slade experience. Slade has added a combination of tasteful glitter, showmanship and musical clowning to its act to be visually exciting. But the audience seemed to appreciate more the fact that Slade is a hard working band. They have maintained their popularity over the years and I guess there's something to be said for that. How long they can last is another question entirely.

The sound equation seems to be right, but everything else is wrong. For the most part, and despite some pleasant harmonies between Holder and Dave Hill, Slade's music has not taken off in any new direction. Most of their songs are constructed on slim and unsubstantial threads of melody, and cemented together with lyrics bound by timeworn cliches. After hearing phrases repeated ten times in succession, building themselves into predictable crescendos each time, there is really no place to go.

I preferred Slade four years ago and 200 watts quieter, when playing loud was just a catchy gimmick. Unfortunately they are still riding that gimmick and they will, undoubtedly, keep it up until their audiences are left deaf and babbling.

Robert V. Weinstein / Rolling Stone

1974 Slade / Aerosmith - FELT FORUM, N.Y.

Most of the youthful crowd at [the] Felt Forum, N.Y., Friday (31), were up from the outset, many holding their ears to cut out part of the overpowering volume. Slade, who sold out the 4,500-seat arena for promoter Howard Stein, were rockin' and exhorting their fans to make noise. But since Slade had passed the threshold of pain at the beginning, the throng could never outdo them.

Actually, the audience included many on their feet as the concert began with Aerosmith, Columbia disk act from Boston, who had one of their best local turns, especially lead vocalist Steven Tyler and lead guitarist Joe Perry. Aisles were quickly clogged never to be cleared.

But when the British headliners came out, even those in front orchestra seats had difficulty seeing, though standing on their chairs and others stood on arm rests. And Slade, especially ever-screaming Noddy Holder, the lead vocalist, loved every minute.

Holder tried to get all on their feet, all clapping along, all shouting. Most responded, knowing how to take orders. Lead guitarist Dave Hill and bass guitarist Jim Lea stood on amplifiers at times, enabling them to be seen better. Drummer Don Powell completed the Warner Bros. disk quartet, who were in too loud form.

Slade fans are willing to put up with a lot, judging by the happy faces leaving the hall, several still with their hands over their ears. No one sleeps at a Slade concert.

Kirb. - Variety - June 5, 1974 Concert Gross; Slade; Felt Forum, N.Y., May 31, \$6.50 top, \$29,000 SRO

Slade / Brownsville Station - WOLLMAN RINK, N.Y. April 21st 1975

The volume was up, young fans were standing on their seats taking orders from a screaming Noddy Holder, both par for the course as Slade returned to New York, Monday (21), after an absence of almost 13 months. But there was a big difference at Wollman Rink, Central Park. The Schaefer Music Festival concert appeared to less than half fill the rink.

In the past, New York was just about the only US city, where the high-decibel British rock quartet could sell. At Wollman, the group plugged numbers from their new Warner Bros. album, "Flame", which is the track of a British film by Slade. Poor US concert b.o. could affect when, if ever, the film is released in the US.

In addition to clogged aisles, a jammed area in front of the stage and many objects thrown towards the stage, missing and hitting patrons, a disquieting note was sounded by Holder, Slade's lead singer, who virtually ordered security away from the front of the stage where they were trying to quell a disturbance. There were several fights.

For all Holder's nonsense, Slade offered strong rock n' roll as did the opening Brownsville Station, but the US combo, upped to a quartet, almost purposely eschewed any clean line. They also had a new LP to plug, the group's on Big Tree. They also blasted, but few units can compare to Slade in volume. Cub Koda of the opening act scored with his audience putdowns in response to obscene gestures, not unusual for that act here. But Koda's guitarmanship was not up to Slade's Dave Hill.

Kirb. VARIETY July 30, 1975

Concert Gross - Slade / Brownsville Station: Wollman Rink, N.Y., July 21, \$2.50 top, \$7,400 (\$16,000 potential)

Slade Rock Group, At Schaefer Fete, Proves Puzzling

Slade, the hard-rocking British quartet, was supposed to be the new sensation just a few years ago. But British chartbusters have had trouble with the vast American market in the nineteen-seventies, and the group hasn't performed in this country for two years. Monday night it was back, at the Schaefer Music Festival in Central Park and the impression was once again puzzling.

A Slade set doesn't build effectively to a climax. Most of the songs are up-tempo rockers, and after a while (especially with a squealing, distortion-ridden sound system like Monday's) they all began to sound alike.

In addition, there is Noddy Holder and his apparent need to be loved. Mr. Holder is the leader of Slade and he has always been [addicted] to hectoring the audience to clap and sing along. On Monday he restrained himself in comparison with his past efforts here, but he still broke the sets momentum and got on this observer's nerves something fierce. Apart from pacing, there is Slade's music itself. Mr. Holder is a really distinctive rock singer, with his high, hoarse, tenor, and the instrumentals are most proficiently handled. They've made some good records.

But in concert, Mr. Holder is both too smart and not smart enough: he and his band are simultaneously too tricky to sound spontaneous and too [simplistic] to sound clever. Some groups can work within the limiting format of hard rock and make you forget the limits they sell themselves on, a combination of conviction and variation within the predictable patterns. With Slade, the tension between body and brains is not so much dialectically creative as contradictory, and the music ends up constricted and boring.

Brownsville Station, now a quartet, opened the concert with a tough driving set.

JOHN ROCKWELL *New York Times* - July 23, 1975

November 22nd 1975 - ZZ TOP / SLADE - Felt Forum, N.Y.

A slick trio of real life rhinestone cowboys, unabashedly Texan from their illuminated Texas longhorn stage trappings to their riverboat gambler suits, ZZ Top captivated a full house of boogie lovers Nov. 22.

The trio is rapidly gaining recognition hereabouts for its tightly knit distinctive sound, which set the crowd to beseech and receive two encores. The fact that it drew so well its second time here is indicative of the success the group is experiencing presently nationwide.

Drawing heavily from its first album "Tres Hombres", and its latest release, "Fandango", the group draws raves from the crowd for such offerings as, "The Girl Who Stole My Blue Jeans" and its near classic, "Beer Drinkers and Hell Raisers".

Group's sound system leaves a bit to be desired, as lyrics become almost unintelligible above the instruments but this is mere technical problem easily solved.

British rockers Slade opened the show and displayed their formidable skills. The players are all gifted musicians and perform well in ensemble. Costuming is elaborate with the emphasis on the order of Cockney "Pearly Kings".

The audience responded well to its selections but they were clearly ZZ Top partisans. It does seem rather a shame that Slade, does not command the recognition afforded other groups with considerably less to offer.

JIM STEPHEN - BILLBOARD - DECEMBER 13, 1975

ZZ Top / Slade - Felt Forum, N.Y. 1975

The top local appearance to date of ZZ Top, Texas rock, blues and boogie combo, packed [the] Felt Forum Saturday (22), with the Bill Graham-Phil Basil concert in association with Barry Fey, a hot ticket. Although the clincher may have been the addition of Slade, to the bill, the crowd was clearly ZZ Top's.

Slade, British rockers fronted by screeching Noddy Holder, gave one of their best ear shattering performances including numbers from their new Warner Bros. album. Holder only badgered the crowd to stand and otherwise in the closing "Get Down and Get With It", rather than throughout the set as heretofore. But the good response was hardly as warm as the reception the headliners got.

ZZ Top, who are mining platinum albums for London these days, also scored when Billy Gibbons, strong lead guitarist and vocalist, asked some character in the audience to stop throwing firecrackers since Gibbons had seen someone struck by one. He tried less successfully to get some in the front orchestra [to] take their seats so those behind them could see.

Also impressing musically, in their tight high-powered set, which ran for an hour, as did Slade's, were bass guitarist-vocalist Dusty Hill and drummer Frank Beard. But many booed when the lights were turned up, apparently expecting more music as promised earlier by Gibbons, who had indicated a long evening was in store. However, the trio, who have been registering impressive b.o. elsewhere, especially in the south and southwest, appear ready to do likewise in Gotham.

Kirb. VARIETY November 26, 1975

Concert Gross - ZZ Top / Slade: Capitol Theatre, Passiac, N.J., Nov. 15, \$6.50 top, \$21,201; Felt Forum, N.Y., Nov. 22, \$7.50 top, \$33,000 SRO