

## Slade live reviews –1976 to 1979

**1976 : WINTERLAND, SAN FRANCISCO (supporting Ten Years After and above Frankie Miller on the billing : from a longer article)**

" . . . I like Noddy Holder too, and while the stage crew take ages to sweep up Frankie's discarded vocal cords, and the kids groove on a videotape of a truly terrible local band, I wonder how Slade will go down at Winterland.

Having faded right out over here, the band must want badly to establish themselves in the States. I think it's brave of them to try. As it turns out they do OK. For a moment, the house are stunned by the sheer loudness and brashness of their entrance and then cameras are whipped out to focus on Noddy's hat and Dave Hill, the silver rabbit.

Noddy falls in to a Bay Area translation of his football jive and the kids are hooked. (Though not so the American press and music business pro's who sit round the back where the drinks are and wince their way through the antics of Slade on a small screen. It doesn't seem to be the custom for anyone over here who hasn't paid to brave the terrors of Outfront).

Meanwhile, Dave Hill enhances the vaudeville character of Slade's act by climbing stairs at the side of the stage to cuddle up against the amp, like a performer crossing to talk to the MC during the "Good Old Days", and Jim Lea solos the William Tell overture.

But Noddy's the only one you need to look at. A Dickensian comic hero, he crashes through 'Gudbuy T'Jane', 'How does it feel', 'Get down and get with it', etc, and the unbelievable braying and hollering is curiously at variance with the huge, tender, dreaming face on the video. In his way, Noddy's another original.

**Kate Phillips, NME**

SLADE AT THE STARWOOD - An Elephant in the Living Room

With the magnanimity worthy of a presidential campaigner, Slade has decided to get in touch with the people by playing small clubs on its last, gasp, U.S. tour. Whatever the state of Slademanía in the rest of the nation, the Starwood, (which the group favored on Wednesday and Thursday) is probably the only venue in Los Angeles that would have the eternally sputtering band anyway.

Right off the bat, the presence of the high powered quartet in a place the size of the Starwood, makes for an impressive spectacle, like an elephant in your living room. Another advantage is that the rowdy atmosphere Slade spends all its concert time trying to generate is there automatically, so we were spared Noddy Holder's inspiring exhortations to 'abandon our chairs for rock 'n' roll.

The floor was packed as it would be for Buddy Miles or Canned Heat, and there was plenty of space cases receptive to the groups crude energy level. With that setup, Slade's decline can be laid at no one's feet but its own. The once bearable, even promising pop outfit paddles along doggedly, oblivious to the cement around its platform shoes.

Slade's promise lay in three or four songs; inspired, vibrant pop rock powered by great song progressions and an engaging dumbness. On opening night, the group played one of them during the set, one as an encore and ignored its best, "Cum On Feel The Noize". The bulk of the show consisted of entirely trite rockers, most of them based on standard blues patterns, jacked up to maximum distortion level and capped with Holder's chainsaw massacre of a voice.

Slade's futility and persistence were momentarily amusing, but the group quickly achieved its inimitable blend of obnoxious manner and insipid music (and vice versa), destroying any lingering tolerance.

RICHARD CROMELIN / LOS ANGELES TIMES / FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1976

**Slade Combines Mid-Sized Halls With Nightclubs**

**LOS ANGELES - Slade, a top English rock act for the past five years which has never yet been a U.S. smash on either Polydor or Warner Bros., is booking a unique concert schedule on it's current American tour.**

**In as many as possible of the markets it's playing, Slade will headline both a mid-sized hall and a nightclub. In San Diego, Slade is to appear at both the Civic Center and the 750-seat Bacchanal Club, with a San Francisco Winterland date in between.**

**In the Los Angeles area this month, Slade opens a two-night stand at 1000 capacity Starwood Club then after a Seattle date, returns to the Anaheim Convention Center in nearby Orange County and the next night plays the Shrine Auditorium in downtown Los Angeles.**

**Slade got into this concept of juggling club and concert dates after its last tour because of an unusual success story in the St. Louis market. Slade had played concerts in the area, generally co-billed on various packages, and established a local identity.**

**However, Slade became a byword in St. Louis only after a three-night SRO stand at a club called Concerts South. Unfortunately, the nitery closed shortly after Slade's appearance, because of a wave of neighborhood complaints about the crowds drawn by the group.**

**But Warner Bros. now rates Slade as having a market penetration in St. Louis of 500% relative to the 2% of total U.S. sales WB gets in that urban area.**

Billboard has in the past carried stories about what appears to be an increasing separation between contemporary concert and nitery audiences. In a growing number of instances, adult oriented record artists such as Kenny Rankin may draw better in a nightclub where patrons can drink or dine in comparative comfort, as opposed to a less expensive concert which would appeal more to the younger mass audience.

Slade's nightclub appearances in music media centers like L.A. may well draw a better industry, press and radio attendance than would have been the case for shows at outlying concert halls such as the Anaheim Convention Center.

No other tour deliberately combining nightclub and concert dates in the same market has ever been attempted, to this reporter's knowledge.

Generally, acts capable of profitably headlining concerts even in smaller halls will include nightclub dates on tours only as routing fillers in a market where they are not yet concert draws because of the lesser grosses they make out of niteries.

Slade bassist - vocalist Jimmy Lea explains: "There are certain things you can't do, in terms of both music and theatrics, in a one night stand in the larger venues. By doing both types of concerts this time out, we hope to get ourselves across to as many people as we can most effectively."

After the West Coast dates mentioned previously, Slade is due to head to the Midwest by May. Sites and specific play dates are being firmed up.

It is currently a hot issue within the live talent business (and a topic to be explored in depth by an industry wide panel at the Billboard Talent Forum in L.A. June 1- 4) as to what the combination of secondary concert dates and nightclub headlinings is most effective in breaking an upcoming act.

Slade, due to its lucky St. Louis experiences, may have found a new way to combine the best of both approaches.

#### **NAT FREEDLAND / BILLBOARD, APRIL 17, 1976**

SLADE / STARS / PYRAMID

*Starwood, Los Angeles 1976*

Slade offered an hour-long set of primitive high-energy, over-amplified rock'n'roll on April 14 that was enthusiastically received by an audience of fanatically loyal fans.

The drummer and three metalists that comprise Slade featured in their 10-song set theatrical vocals reminiscent of Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love" or Leon Russell's "Jumpin' Jack Flash". There was almost a revivalist quality to some of the lines, as in "I want to see everyone clap your hands / Stomp your feet / and sing glory hallelujah".

The high-powered songs were wisely constructed with breaks in the middle to allow the pressure to be released before rebuilding to more metallic segments. The teasing arrangements were the saving grace to what was otherwise boring music.

Highlight of the WB act's set was "one number to let everyone cool off a bit ", which began and ended as a piano ballad with the house lights down and a chandelier to give a stary effect. At other times there were wild lightning effects.

Slade's music, while overpowering at times, was festive and not heavy-handed as is much of this genre. One jam even led into a chorus of "Hi-ho Silver". When two guitarists stood atop pillars at the end of the stage, it was like a scene out of "Tommy".

Stars, a five-man group that opened the show with a 50 minute 12-song set, had many of the same strengths and weaknesses that marked Slade's set. Thee group offered more of an unrelenting barrage of same-sounding rock, and so it became tedious more quickly. Some of the stage antics, such as throwing a guitar and assorted pratfalls, seemed obligatory. The group has to its credit a song on the new fast-breaking Kiss album and has also written for Alice Cooper and BTO.

Pyramid followed Slade on stage at 1 in the morning to catch hangers-on, insomniacs and reviewers on unlimited tabs. The five-man band offered a 40-minute set, five-song set of power rock that featured occasional pop touches of keyboards and harmonica. The show, which was attended by only about one third of Slade's crowd, was marred by tripped-out talk like, "those crackling sounds are messages from our spacebrothers".

PAUL GREIN BILLBOARD May 1, 1976

#### **1977 Copenhagen (an excerpt from a longer article)**

"And here are Slade - onstage for the first time since '75 and guess what? They don't look any different. Not a bit. Noddy has on a blue shiny suit and a funny hat. Dave is wearing shiny trousers and a wide grin.

The first three numbers are from the new album. The sound is terrible - a churning, muddy ear splitting noise. It's a relief when they break into 'Take me bak 'ome' This is more like it . . . a good old piece of nostalgia.

The it's 'lightning never strikes twice' - one of the stronger tracks on the album, partly because it highlights Noddy's voice, which is really one of the band's most distinctive assets.

It gets a good reception and they do 'How does it feel' from the 'Flame' album. And it surprisingly works really well. For the first time you can hear every member of the group, including Jim on keyboards, and the melody line is strong and clear.

Then it's 'Everyday' another great slowie. It turns into a swaying sing-along, with the crowd waving their arms above their heads.

"This is the new single", says Noddy. "It'll be in your shops soon - so go out and buy it." It's a new song, 'Burning in the heat of love' with the same riff as the Kinks 'You really got me' and it sounds like a reasonable number. But really, it's not a patch on their old stuff - like 'Far far away' which follows it. It's the best song so far, without a doubt, with a melody that still has an instant appeal. If they released it now, would it still be a hit? I reckon it would.

For me, 'Everyday' and 'Far far away' are the highlights of the evening. From now on, it's downhill all the way. The next is 'Mama weer all craze now', a reasonable rocker, but the sound's going again and it soon degenerates into the same, thick mess they started with.

The Danish kids don't seem to mind - they wave their flags and their Slade scarves and beg for two encores. But I still can't help thinking what the British kids will make of it. Two years is a long time in the pop world. What worked then doesn't necessarily work now. Since 1975, music has moved on, changed, developed. Slade haven't. It's as simple as that."

**Sheila Prophet, Record Mirror.**

1977 : The same Copenhagen show (also from a much longer article)

"As a fan of long standing (and suffered all manner of ridicule for admitting as much) I prayed that Slade would turn on a good show during the evening. But even talking into account their stated aim to get back to street level music, it was a dreadful concert.

The band sweated profusely and maintained a furious pace, but there was an element of desperation about it, not helped of course by the appalling sound which obliterated even much of Noddy's terrifying vocals. The new album was there in force, naturally but only 'Lightning never strikes twice' had any real impact. The kids dutifully pulled them back for three encores, but it didn't obscure the sad reality of the concert. Maybe it was just one of those nights. But I fear for them in England."

Colin Irwin, Melody Maker, April 30, 1977.

## 1977 BRISTOL

Never mind the quality, feel the noise, eh? True to form Slade are killingly loud. The house isn't full, either, but those that are here are fanatical and also surprisingly young. It seems that Slade maintain an uncanny rapport with the 12 - 15 age bracket which doesn't seem to wilt despite the fact that their original early seventies fans must have grown up and moved on.

Personally, I've never paid much attention to 'em. They're a fair to good heavy rock band with a talent for hit singles and catchy tunes that depend on pretty standard rock cliches and what really elevates them is the quality of Noddy Holder's voice and the simple, good feeling that they bring to the music. They know their audience and their audience knows them - total empathy, no pretensions about the art of their music, a dirty good time is what they're after and is exactly what they achieve. These kids simply want to punch the air in time to the music and just feel good, feel part of something. This is really a football crowd with a band instead of a team, but there's no violence because they're all on the same side.

Now the fact that I don't care for playing 'Simon says' call and response games all night ("Are ya alright?" - "yeah, we're alright") to average mainstream rock music doesn't really matter. What matters is the feeling the audience gets of release and togetherness which Slade are masters at providing for them.

## RAB - SOUNDS

1st May 1977 : Bristol Colston Hall

"And so, after a 2 year absence from this country's concert halls, Slade are back from probably the least successful spell during their career that has not only seen them failing to crack the States but also losing a lot of ground back in Britain. They will, one assumes, be attempting during the next couple of weeks to recapture some of the old spirit that makes them one of the most popular live acts.

However, on the evidence of the opening night of their tour at Bristol's Colston Hall, whichever way you care to look at it they've got a real struggle on their hands. In a nutshell, I haven't attended such a lamentably unimpressive gig for a very long time, not helped admittedly by a very turgid sound cutting through at literally head-shattering volume.

Their time spent away in the States, far from having had any desirable effect on their music has transformed them into a two-bit heavy metal outfit, a cross between Status Quo and Black Sabbath, only ten decibels louder.

Their present plight is obviously something the band are not unaware of, for despite the fact that they appeared as brash and arrogant as ever, there remained a vague impression of frenzied desperation, so that they seemed little more than parodies of their former selves; and the histrionics, such as Dave Hill's guitar solo atop one of the side stacks is quite laughable in its lack of conviction.

Not surprisingly, their set was largely a balanced mix of old hits and songs from the new album, most appropriately titled "Whatever happened to Slade" (the idea for which came, incidentally, from a remark made in 'The Raver' round Christmas). The new platter is unfortunately something of a bomb in any case, and under the circumstances of this gig, with the exception of the highly effective climax of 'Lightnin' never strikes twice', the remainder was little more than a pumping mass of heavy metal riff."

Simon Kinnersley, Melody Maker.

*(A man now fated to be forever known for talking bollocks, although I do agree that 'Whatever happened to Slade' was a 90% concert dud and of little use to the radio stations).*

**7th May 1977 - Manchester Free Trade Hall**

*I was asleep when Liar came on. As the shrill thrusting boogie raked my eardrums and the vocalist sincerely grunted "I've been up and I've been down / I've been lost and I've been found," I was paralysed by the type of fear usually associated with dark alleys and filed teeth. Not, I shivered, trying to rip my eyes open, The goddam Steve Gibbons Band again.*

*"We are Liar," said the ever so butch frontman at the conclusion of their five-minute bullying and my eyes popped open in relief. Some relief . . . Believe this - Liar are a pale imitation of The Steve Gibbons Band, and actually play a song called 'Born to rock'n'roll'.*

*A couple of coughs and a jump to the interval to scan the crowd: obviously predominantly male, a definite case of Whatever Happened To The Bootboys?, all eager to welcome the lads back to the fold. Slade had no-one to impress.*

*But I reckon impartial onlookers would have been impressed, if not won over, by Slade's efficiently choreographed heavy metal - as slick as Bruce Forsyth and often equally irrepressible. The kind of streamlined powerhouse muzak Kiss strain for to accompany their visuals, not an ounce of flab.*

*On reflection, the band who gave us the definitive version of 'Born to be wild' would probably be bound to return from a couple of years in the States so severely disciplined. Their set opened with three flawless, expertly constructed punches to the throat - all the right ingredients, the pauses, riffs, repetition, relentless dynamics, false endings . . . the crowd loved it and were away and up.*

*It took a lot of the throng about this long to recover from the sight of a hairless Dave Hill who, with his Dumbo ears and Bugs Bunny teeth, looks less like the 'Grasshopper' he'd been nicknamed by Noddy Holder than a cousin of Paulus The Woodgnome.*

*Only when Slade tried for finesse and pretended that they were a third rate Beatles, playing trash like 'How does it feel' and 'Far far away', instead of consolidating their position as a second rate Sweet, did things sag. Sophistication was never Slade's forte.*

*Ah, the gross overstatement of 'Burning in the heat of love', the deranged indulgent guitar from Hill, during 'The soul the roll and the motion', the flashy bass licks from Jim Lea and the formal pandemonium of Don Powell's drumming. Everything rehearsed to a T. Loved it.*

*Even 'Gudbuy T'Jane' and 'Mama weer all crazee now' were transformed into gloriously anonymous, agreeably primitive heavy metal bursts, with Holder's mighty voice fitting (to understate) nicely into the controlled wall of noise.*

*Everyone had a solo spot three times over, the sound was perfect, the lightshow spot-on, the crowd felt wanted and responded with glee. It was the kind of rock-as-showbiz outing that I'd pay money to see for years to come. You can't beat professionalism and precision when it's executed with such fervour.*

**Paul Morley, NME**

**8th May 1977 : Newcastle City Hall**

"Onstage, two thirty foot trucks worth of amps were stacked in a chrome and black wall exactly and appropriately as for Ted Nugent. I'd come panting in, halfway through their first number, 'Hear me calling' and already the crowd were on their feet and yelling.

But poor old Slade have blown it have they? Oh no. they hadn't got but a few bars into 'Get on up' (from Nobody's fools) before all the preconceptions had been laid waste by a band producing music from the premiere league of excitement. Noddy's Napoleon outfit and Dave Hill's newly Kojaked bonce suggested the same old harmless pop gimmickry approach. the music suggested havoc. It was sensational; a riff as piledriving as anything Quo have produced with the distinctive fuzzed, rough texture of the Slade guitars and a hint of the American funkiness working through. Compulsion.

I could hardly believe it. 'Be' from the new album, was next and it must be the most difficult thing they've ever attempted. The guitars said their piece, then Noddy and Jimmy in miraculous unison tore through a tongue twisting lyric at impossible speed. A guy in front of me couldn't punch the air fast enough with one hand so he was throwing combinations. You just had to get it out like that or bellow something non-specific but appreciative: "Yah, Slade, you motherf\*\*\*ers!" Dynamics, dynamite.

Those first three numbers were magnificent and the rest of the set, including some of the old hits, couldn't quite stay up there I felt. The crowd didn't agree with me and neither did Noddy. they were on their feet and singing 'The Blaydon Races' while Noddy in total friendly rapport squawked away like a cross between Mr Punch and Schnozzle Durante.

In fact Gudbuy T'Jane stood the test of revisiting best, with its combination of speed, heavy rock compulsive hook line, full of ideas that they have developed in their new material with 'Lightnin' never strikes twice' and 'The soul, the roll and the motion'. Their rhythms are still colossal and they have all come a distance as players. 'Lightnin' especially on the revelation with Dave Hill's guitar harmonising with the vocal then Noddy counterpointing him on his own guitar. And this amid all that barmy excitement.

I expect Slade will be the Status Quo of 1987. PHIL SUTCLIFFE / SOUNDS"

**11th May 1977 : Ipswich Gaumont**

**"Whatever happened to Slade is the title of the group's latest album and Ipswich last Saturday night was given a pretty fair idea. The gut-thundering rock from the Wolverhampton lads had them dancing in the aisles and two over-zealous fans were carried offstage in a night that the audience will not forget in a long time.**

But just as they will look back at it with nostalgia, so did the fans only really respond to Slade's old favourites. 'Cum on feel the noize', shouted Noddy Holder and the crowd roared back. 'Mama weer all crazee now' he screamed and they went wild.

But the music that the band has brought with them from their two year spell in the States left little impression. Dave "Grasshopper" Hill with his newly shaved head leapt about the stage with kung-fu agility. It was a pity that his playing wasn't quite so nimble. Twice he was allowed to prance about the stage, jumping on and off a platform performing over-long and incomprehensible solos. They added nothing new to the tracks from the new album that the young fans were already having difficulties with.

But the stumbling block of the new music was soon forgotten when the fans were whipped up once again to stomp out the good old favourites and to demand the group back onto the stage for 5 encores.

**RICHARD CARTER, Melody Maker.**

1978 - HAMMERSMITH ODEON - 'GUDBUY TO PAIN'

Back in the days when I was a wee weeny bopper, Slade were my idols. Never mind The Osmonds; Slade, Bowie, Bolan they were my heritage at a time when I thought New York Dolls were Tiny Tears' colonial cousins. If six years ago I had been offered a couple of tickets to a Slade gig, I would have thought myself the bee's knees.

When the situation arose a few days ago, I was less ecstatic. Skeletons were dragged from the cupboard and my credibility blown sky-high. Tastes change, people change, but Slade don't.

Well, Dave Hill has swapped the silver glitter for leather trews and Noddy sports similar lower garments, a frilly shirt and impressive paunch; but underneath they're still the proverbial working class heroes. The audience was 95 percent male teenagers who clapped, cheered, sang and swayed to all the old favourites. 'Gudbuy T' Jane', 'Take me bak 'ome', 'Far far away', 'Mama weer all crazee now' . . . the list continues, as Noddy introduces almost every song with "Now an oldie, remember . . ."

Those numbers not culled from the singles catalogue each had a trick or treat to ensure a firm imprint on the memory. Dry ice and rainbow lighting for 'Burning in a sea of love', or drum, bass and (lengthy) violin solos from Don Powell and Jimmy Lea. They haven't forgotten the tricks of the trade.

They first start a rousing chorus of 'You'll never walk alone' before launching into their new single 'Give us a goal'; amidst the cascading toilet rolls, the atmosphere is closer to a football match than a major concert.

Holder's voice is stronger than ever, with a quality of coarse grit, but the strength of an ox. Musically, other than Lea, the band are little more than competent. Their main strength is their rhythms, which form a basis for their simple but effective melodies. Even on the only ballad of the evening, 'Everyday' the swaying of the crowd was as spontaneous as the foot stomping to 'Get down and get with it', the encore.

The surprise, for me, of the evening was that the showman proved to be the quiet Lea, who continually leapt from the speakers and invaded Hill's less active region of the stage. He even set out to deafen himself by first placing his head in the bass bin and then the drum, yet still escaped with his head soldered to his shoulders.

I'm not sure I was glad to be taken aback, but although Slade are no longer rising stars, they can still pack a punch with their greatest hits . . . live.

**KELLY PIKE - RECORD MIRROR**

**1978 HAMMERSMITH ODEON**

**They say the tempo of life is speeding up. And so it is as, Slade demonstrated at the Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday night. The good old days are now only half a decade in the past - the nostalgia gap gets smaller all the time.**

Though by no means a packed house, the Odeon audience was at one with Noddy and the lads - and this was both good and bad. It was good because Slade needed a welcome. It was bad because some of the audience were too fanatical to give the support band The Brakes, an even break. The brakes are sort of 'middle of the wave' and they put down a tight, good humoured set, the best of which was their last number, 'Bits and pieces'. The energy they displayed on stage just goes to show how things have changed since Slade were riding high - Slade, the great high energy band of their time, came across almost lethargic by comparison.

Between announcements concerning their happiness (and relief) to be back at 'Ammersmif, and after quite a lot of 'Take me bak 'ome', 'Gudbuy T' Jane', 'Get down and get with it' and 'Weer all crazee now', Slade reeled off their new anthem, 'Give us a goal', which will be of considerable interest to rabid footy fans and of no interest to anyone else. Perhaps there is some fundamental comment on our times in the spectacle of an audience scrabbling for rolls of toilet paper during a rock concert.

It seems we English take a perverse delight in wasting our best rock singers - Roger Chapman springs to mind, and now Noddy Holder. Shaved heads and violin solos do not great music make, and it is a shame that a singer of Holder's talent, originality and force is bogged down in such a mire of sound and fury. I guess that's showbiz.

One last word to the staff of the Odeon, who battled to keep order with a minimum of hassle and a maximum of tolerant discretion. Well done, you courageous few.

**DAVID BLAKE, MELODY MAKER**

1979 - WATFORD BAILEYS

If ever a group personifies the volatile nature of the pop game, then it's Slade. For two years from 1972 they could do no wrong . . . had even the heaviest critics foaming at the mouth about how wonderful they were. They had credibility with a big C. Long before Mr Pursey was fostering his working class myths, Slade were into spelling in a bad way - 'Take me bak 'ome', 'Mama weer all crazee now', 'Gudbuy T'Jane' and 'Cum on feel the noize'.

Only it was fun then and however crass you thought Slade were there's no denying they could write decent chunes. Then they blew it. their movie 'Flame' failed to ignite the public's imagination, repeated attempts "to break" Slade in America failed, and - fashionable though it was to be working class in '76 - by this time, Slade were strictly outre.

Still managed by ex-Animal Chas Chandler, they're now to be found working the colleges and cabaret circuit and are regulars at Watford Baileys.

Although acutely aware of their unenviable position, they still attack with all their old gusto. The Bailey's audience wasn't exactly bristling with life, but for all the band seemed to care they could have been bill-topping at Earl's Court. The glitter has gone, platform boots are left in the wardrobe (though Noddy still wears his trusty tifter), but the only concession to 1979 appears to be Dave Hill's leather strides and a severe shearing of his locks. Visually and musically they were tight and exciting, Hill and Jim Lea swapping stage positions with energetic dexterity.

In the final analysis there is little real difference between Slade and Status Quo and Thin Lizzy. And it could be that a hit single would shoot them back to the top. But it could also be that they're designed to remain in the shade for the rest of their natural . . . time will tell.

STEVE CLARKE, NME

#### **1979 : MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON**

**Slade were left stranded when the tide of the new wave ran through the music business. The fact that Slade made their reputation as one of the best nights out in the country has been obscured by the glitter of yesteryear. This conditioning has detracted from the fact that they are impeccable musicians. Sure, Dave Hill still waggles his bum while teetering dangerously on high heels, but his guitar playing is always fresh, assured and entertaining - even without the lunatic visuals. Jimmy Lea provides a standard of bass guitar virtuosity that merges perfectly with the relentless pounding of Don Powell's drums. Noddy Holder still displays that legendary fog horn voice that's hard, gritty and raspy, a classic rock'n'roll blunt instrument.**

The oldies like 'Take me bak 'ome' , 'Look wot you dun', 'Gudbuy T Jane' and 'Mama weer all crazee now' all sounded even fresher than my memory led me to expect. The tracks they played from their new album 'Return to base' sounded equally interesting. Slade are as good a slice of text book loud, raucous, rowdy, rock'n'roll spirit as you are ever likely to see. It's time for a re-evaluation of Slade and it might as well start with you. I advise you to come and feel the noise soon.

Reviewed by MIKE GARDNER (for Sounds)

The Slade Archive