

## Ozzy Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz Newcastle

"WHAT did you think of Dio?"  
"Y'narghhhl!"

"Yeah, right! Same as me!"  
And: "Here's some songs I used to do with Black Sabbath before they employed a midget. How can a four foot pouf sing about the devil?"

That, squire, is the question that will have to go unanswered for the nonce. There are more important things to discuss here, yessirree. How come Ozzy Osbourne and Blizzard Of Ozz (henceforth know as BOO) are so cabaret?

Can this really be the product of the demon who once aspired the "Ozzy's gonna scramble your brains" slogan to be lovingly inscribed on the backs of denim jackets throughout the free world? Is it really the Wild Man of Pop who's saying these things to me?

"Are ya having a good time? I'm *really* having a good time. I want to hear ya say 'Yeah!' Can't hear ya! C'mon at the back! Louder!" About the only pantomime routine Ozzie didn't pull was asking us if we believed in fairies.

The capper was the way he kept yelling that he loves us all. Over and over. If the fat boiler from the old Morecambe and Wise show had come bursting through Lee Kerslake's giant gong, nobody would have blinked an eyelid.

It started this way . . . Lights down, punters up, cossack dance music on. The curtains open and there's Ozzy, the bloke who uses his tour programme to explain that he left the slaughterhouse business because it was a dying trade. What's he wearing? How's he standing? Need you ask . . .

Legs and arms, fingers V-signed, the fringes of his red shirt make Osbourne look like Spider Man after he's been forced to escape this month's super villain by eating his way through a hamburger factory. The dry ice rolls, the synthesiser remember it's seen one Vincent Price film too many and the place is awash with a mass of swaying Winston Churchill fans. Audience participation? I swear that was Max Bygraves standing at the back taking notes.

A tad more varied than Sabbath were the only time I saw them and discovered to my delight that the sound improved immeasurably when one stood in the foyer with the solid oak doors shut, Blizzard run through pretty well precisely the same bunch of tricks as everybody else on this circuit.

The exception was 'Goodbye To Romance', a real chicken in a basket ballad which came close to being something the Bay City Rollers might have slipped on a B-side, except Les

# Old dog fails to learn new tricks



OZZY: where have we seen this before?

Pic by Paul Cox

McKeown would almost certainly have made a better job of a vocal line than poor old Ozz, gamely fighting a losing battle with the tune. No, the star of this and virtually everything else was flash young axeman Randy Rhoads. A wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am merchant, he looks like he was born in studded waistcoats and satin pants. The perfect addition to a night of good clean safe family headbanging really.

Do I have to tell you they played 'Paranoid'?

IAN RAVENDALE

# Heads you lose

U2  
Marquee

WHOARRH, HOLD yer horses a minute chums, 'cos I think

some of you are getting a bit carried away with regards to this one. Through, one presumes, no fault of their own U2 seem to have attracted acres of some of the wettest verbiage ever plastered over the pages of