

SINGLES

Clash 'n' Scratch in complete control

DEAD HEAT FOR THE SINGLE OF THE WEEK. SO, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER . . .

THE CLASH: Complete Control (CBS). "I don't trust YEW! Why do YEW trust ME? Huuuuhhh?" Scratch City Rocker benefiting immeasurably from Lee Perry's J.A. connection, The Upsetter sharing production credits with the Boy Wonder Producer Mickey Foote, sound-scourge of their studio/workshop "Rehearsals, Rehearsals". The allegiance was forged when Lee Perry spent some time in the studio with The Clash a few weeks back — mutual respect blossoming when he heard the band's worthy version of the Perry/Junior Murvin classic "Police And Thieves".

It's a Protest Song, of course, concerning the friction between punks and business men after they've legally agreed to use each other. High Finance Capitalism opens its jaws to feed and if you think it wants to kiss you on the mouth you run the risk of getting chewed and swallowed.

Clipped chord-change dynamics open the song, redolent of "Pretty Vacant" and the best of their album's material, and Joe snarls the story of The Single That Should Never Have Been.

"They said that, 'It's 'Remote Control', We didn't want it on the lay-hey-bel!' Nemesis for making The Sound Of The Westway blush with humiliation. People LAAAAA-FED! The Press went MAAAAAAD!" On the road hassled at every Holiday Inn where they found shelter, a weak album track was pushed out by CBS for product to follow-up the "White Riot" single. "Ooooo-oooh, someone's REALLY SMART! Complete Control, you just had to LAAARF!"

There's stunning plectrum fluidity by Mick Jones, and Joe flexing his sense of humour/sharing a tender moment with the guitarist as he shouts out, "You're MY guitar-hero!" But the solo's too Lofgren-length for comfort — put it down to the Poodle-Cut. A barrage of sound assaults the record company offices. The rivvum section of Topper and Paul are offbeat and in their element.

"They said we'd be artistically free/That was just a bit of paper/They meant, 'WE'LL MAKE YOU LOTS OF MON-EEE! /WORRY ABOUT IT LATER!'" There's a quasi-Jon Landau sense of The Epic to the climax of the tirade, the harmonies still terraces-derived, but far off and spiritual, like those The New York Dolls ripped off The Herd's "From The Underworld" hit single for their own "Trash".

"TOTAL! C-O-N CONTROL! TOTAL C-O-N CONTROL! TOTAL C-O-N CONTROL! This is The Punk

Rockers!" Even paranoids got enemies.

SECOND SINGLE OF THE WEEK

KRAFTWERK: Showroom Dummies (Edited Version) (Capitol). "EINS! ZWEI! DREI! VIER!" The introduction sets the neo-Cabaret ambience of heartless Teutonic precision-honed Disco-Muzak soundtrack. A triumph of technological skill that dissolves the mind and stimulates the souls of your feet better than a shot of Novocaine pain-killer.

"We're standing here/Exposing ourselves/We are show-room dummies/We are show-room dummies." They don't share your pleasures, don't share your pains, they go down the Mecca, and lobotomize their brains. The machine will always outlast the man. Relentless, cold as a numb Nun, as dehumanised as turning a screwdriver 30 degrees every 30 seconds for an eight-hour graveyard shift on a car plant assembly line. But it's a pay-cheque, Jack.

"We look around and we change our pose/We are show-room dummies/We start to move and we break the glass/We are show-room dummies/We are show-room dummies/We go to a club and we start to dance/We are show-room dummies/We are show-room dummies." They've got a wonderful sense of humanity and humour. But they've got problems.



Above: THE CLASH. Below: reverse of Clash sleeve.

anything to go by, a few of them could sure use a copy of my *Dating Do's And Don'ts*. The peaceful, easy palliative sounds like The Eagles with their necks expanding a couple of inches and turning decidedly crimson. The opening verse has Linda trying to End It All by laying her neck on a railway line in the hope of a bit of self-immolation. Unfortunately, the line is disused so it's true confessions time. All you dope-smoking weekend gardeners can start licking your vicarious psyches as you glimpse the blood and tears on the cheek of the tarnished woman. "Met a man out in Hollywood/Now I ain't naming names/Well, he really worked me over good/Just like Jesse James/Yes, he really worked me over good/He was a credit to his gender." The boulder sounds like he needs a damn good thrashing. Makes The Stranglers look like clean-cut college kids. You can untie yourself from the railway line now, Linda. Five Hail Marys and stop smiling at me like that, Linda.

ROSE-ROYCE: Do Your Dance (Whitfield Records). "Who-woo-heey!" Repeat numerous times over liberal dosage of hand-clapping. Then add a funky-Norman bass line, cool to commercial viability with K.C. Sunshine hornblown instructions to get down and have fun all night, party to the morning light, and so forth. Add modicum of pseudo-joyous/heroic strings so that they sound worthy of a "Hawaii Five-O" theme-tune and the lumpenprole can consume the product without remembering that they are not watching television. Or else stay home and wash your car in the garage. Preferably with . . . oh, no, that would be cruel. You must realise,

their enthusiasm get the better of them now they're free from the confines of a studio and their almost Abbaranto-like charm is suffocated under the gross portentous overkill that made "A Day In The Life" unlistenable to these earbuds.

MILLIE JACKSON: If You're Not In Love By Monday (Spring). The title's a sort of young divorcee's variation on the "Life Begins At Four O'Clock" of school-daze, innit? Sod ya, then. Mellow marriage on the rocks, this is like Billy Paul's "Me and Mrs Jones" with the hapless hubby corner of the vicious triangle as the subject matter — and Millie singing like Gladys of Pips fame. Will Millie's success match the track record of Gladys? Will Mister Jones accept his wife's offer of a few more shots at it before the rift is final? Are the rumours true

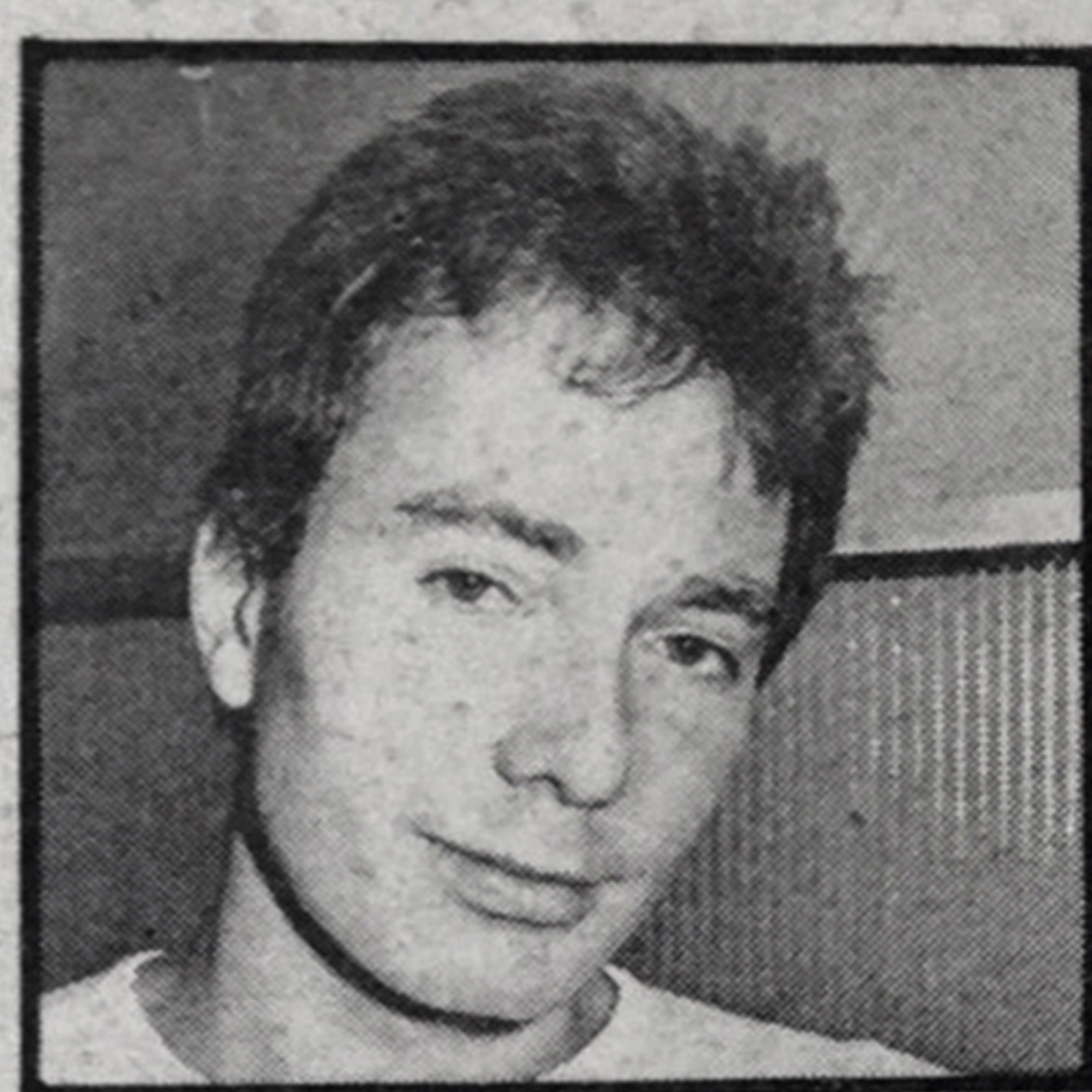
about Stan Ogden and Len Fairclough? Does anybody care?

VINCENT PRICE: The Monster Mash (EMI). Dave Vanian's Dad sings like Richard Harris with a sense of humour on the charming crypt-kicking oldie that Jimmy Osterberg grave-robbed and mutated for "Funtime" on "The Idiot". Hopefully both this sick beauty and "Nellie The Elephant" will see chart action and yet another generation of ankle-biters will grow up to be animal-loving necrophiliacs.

FLEETWOOD MAC: You Make Loving Fun (Warner Brothers). Great dance record for all pop-kids who like to be asleep when they work out, baybee, work out, and it looks as if the Platinum-Gold-Platinum status of Fleetwood Mac's "White Album" and now "Rumours" — from whence this single is culled — will be reflected in album transplants selling like sliced bread in 45 format. There's tasteful interplay of acoustic and electric guitars, everything in the garden is blooming most rosy, and the entity is so devastatingly innocuous that I can feel my inner-being blanding into oblivion. . . . The Bottomless Pit . . . there is no light here . . . oooooohhhhh . . . my eyes, Lord, the spirit of Peter Frampton shall inherit the earth. I'll bring the shovel.

BE BOP DELUXE: Japan (Harvest). Chronic mock oriental pastiche of "We Are Siamese If You Please And Likewise If You Don't Please" with Willy De Nelson slanting his eyes and voice and musical sensibility (or not) with such

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REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY TONY PARSONS

BUNNY WAILER: Get Up, Stand Up (Island). For your RIGHTS. Excel in thy life, celebrate Jah, Jeff's brought some cider. The Marley/Tosh classic receives fine tribute from Bob's old comrade, although inevitably it suffers in comparison to the spiritual orgasm the song evokes (most have been having one of me Hot Flushes) at the end of the live at the Lyceum Wailers album. But you can still hold your head up to it.

LINDA RONSTADT: Poor, Poor Pitiful Me (Asylum). I hear that Laurel Canyon is full of famous stars and, if the sordid experiences confessed on the latest waxing from the silver-larynxed songbird are



Carbon Monoxide gets in your eyes.

GOLDEN EARRING: Radar Love (Polydor). Next patient, nurse. "Weee gotta theeeng called Ray-darr Luhfff!" The radio screams her forgotten song, an unsavoury commercially tested re-release although this time in Danish bacon hiss, sizzle, spit LIVE version. The Dutch boys let



BEE NEL-SUN with oriental offering.