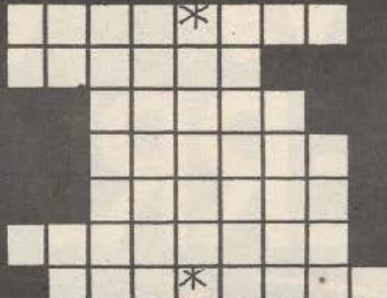


# PUZZLES

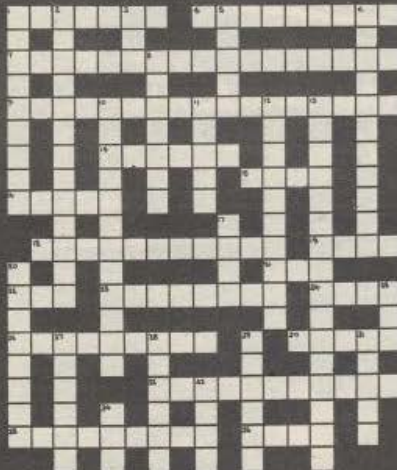
## POP-A-GRAM

Solve the seven cryptic clues and write the answers across the puzzle so that the starred down column reveals what an Atlantic disco band go round in. Remember the clues aren't in the correct order. You have to decide what the right order is.



Make new pairs for a place that's only one day away from the charts (5)  
The lad's in confusion about his fantasy piece (5)  
With some grime due you'd be surprised if you had no regrets (5,3)  
So relay 'E' and your heart will stop meeting in time (3,5)  
You'll need to call PS to fight a torch (4,4)  
In trad jazz you'd find transport that walked on by (1,5)  
There's no lice on this peaceful lady (6)

## X-WORD



CLUES

ACROSS

- 1 A certain label (7)
- 4 Cross with a slant in their tail (9)
- 7 Where to find Debbie (6,2,4,5)
- 9 Simon Le Bon needs something to eat (5,4,3,4)
- 14 Tearful Don McLean No 1 (6)
- 15 A measure of Shweley (9)
- 16 The egg from down under (5)
- 18 The peak of Julian Cope's success (3)
- 19 Bart Hummers gave us a loonnie one (6)
- 21 The Clash were so bored there (1,1,1)
- 22 Goes with Rip and panic (3)
- 23 They said it was So Good To Be Back Home Again (9)
- 24 UB40 hit (4)
- 26 Do you believe in it? (9)
- 30 Former Tamia brothers (5)
- 32 A good reason for Kool and the Gang to have a party (11)
- 35 A place where bands don't play no more (5,4)
- 36 Pretenders label (4)

DOWN

- 1 Scritti Politti don't believe anything (9)
- 2 XTC bassman (5,8)
- 3 Black Uhuru LP (3)
- 5 Jim had to say he loved you in a song (9)
- 6 His Night Fades Away (4,7)
- 9 Sung by Alf to Vince (4,3)
- 10 1981 Stray Cats hit (4,4,5)
- 11 Rogers or Everett (5)
- 12 Home for Souster perhaps (5,5)
- 13 1960 Abba No 1 (6,5,2,3)
- 17 Successful London musical (4)
- 20 A reason for The Beat to start swimming (8)
- 25 See 21 down
- 27 What Depeche Mode wanted to do (3,3)
- 28 David Essex's first and finest (4,2)
- 29 Palmer or Wyatt (8)
- 31 & 25 down OMD hit (5,3)
- 33 Playthings (4)
- 34 Of You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet fame (1,1,1)

LAST WEEK'S X-WORD ANSWERS

ACROSS

- 1 Easy Macdonald, 8 Voyage, 10 Swan, 11 Dury, 12 Olivia Newton-John, 15 Classic, 16 Let's Groove, 17 Landscape, 20 Reward, 21 Nation, 22 Sparks, 25 Lol, 26 Line, 27 Wedding, 28 Reed, 29 Human League, 32 Light, 33 Seconds, 34 Television

DOWN

- 1 Blue Ochiado, 2 Love Is All Is, All Right, 3 Crime, 4 News Of The World, 5 Ian, 6 Lou, 7 My Fire, 9 Ships In The Night, 11 Dr Hook, 13 Wild As The Wind, 14 Jagger, 18 Sandie, 19 Pair, 22 Sting, 23 Al Green, 24 Kate Bush, 25 La Folsie, 30 Mick, 31 Easy

LAST WEEK'S POP-A-GRAM SOLUTION

The Beat, Paperette, Belle Stars, Charlene, Temptations, Fantasy, Lost Souls  
DOWN: Beatles  
POP-A-GRAM WINNER: Susan Anderson, 25 Calgary Crescent, Folkestone, Kent CT9 6JD

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Remember, you have to complete both the Pop-A-Gram and X-word to qualify to win an album. Send your complete entry to Popagram, Record Mirror, 40 Long Ace, London, WC2E 9JT.

# ON STAGE

## THE BIRTHDAY PARTY Zig Zag Club, London

STRIP away the deceit, forget about the 'Stones' at Wembley, consign 'Combat Rock' to the dumpster, forget about rock'n'roll. In short 'rock', its bloated 25 year history and all those who sail in her — is declared totally irrelevant.

Take the Birthday Party. What a mess, such excess; better put them down they'll make your hands dirty.

I'm not saying the Birthday Party completely subvert rock traditions; for at their heart is a minimalist dynamic, familiar to punk rock when it had edge, and the scuzziest late Sixties New York rock. Yet the Birthday Party don't steal, they simply stretch and savage reference points and remembered moments, until their 'rock' is mutant, until their appetite is devoured.

Driven by mayhem and primitivism, Birthday Party music, takes the listener deeper and deeper into a world where the very surface of 'rock' music is cut and bruised. Guitars moan and screech, vocals screech, and catch a pained venom. If the guitar is the scalpel, then the drum is some kind of vicious hammer, unobtrusive, unloving, but effective.

Surrounding this cut and fury, is a bass that throbs and moves with a wicked sexuality, and a leather tressed bass player who bumps and grinds with comic gay-bar overkill.

If the Birthday Party strive to pull rock 'n' roll apart at the seams, and it needs to be done, then the result is not always very comfortable. Expect to be disturbed!

For this writer great music needs a sense of soul, light and optimism that the Birthday Party are simply unable to offer. Birthday Party's music is rooted in the dark scabrous underside of urban rock, an ugly neurotic world for sure — but one which great music can manage to expose and uplift. The rant and glory of the Birthday Party, wallows in this darkness, fails to illuminate, and ultimately scapots defeat.

The Birthday Party shook me up, turned me over — but they didn't win my heart. Rock'n'roll is set up for the kill, but when it dies I want a celebration not a funeral.

Birthday Party? That's an ironic name, eh? Are you beginning to understand what I mean?

Jim Reid

## BAUHAUS Lyceum, London

THOSE WHO decry Bauhaus ought to ask themselves what drew others in droves to see them at the Lyceum on Sunday. Let this be a hint . . .

The set opened with 'Bela Lugosi's Dead' which had Peter Murphy drawing his coat up into simulated bat-wings and fitting intimidatingly across the stage, his face spot-lit from below, entirely erased of those famous, gaunt features.

The sound lived up to the visuals, everybody doing their bit with sensitivity or venom as required. But the accolade goes to Daniel Ash for his bewitching quasi-classical guitar playing.

'Spirit' broke free of the fetters which vinyl had tried to put on it, raging and soaring. 'Stigmata Martyr' was performed as a perverted passion play, with Peter as Christ in a mimed crucifixion, then as a radiant red skeleton, ending with the agonised Letnate bleating.

The encore was Bowie's 'Ziggy' and, ironically, received the most rapturous reception of the evening, serving as an intuitive bond between Bauhaus and their audience, both locked in a common admiration. Genuine tear to the eye, lump



PAUL SIMONON: who said Quassimodo?

# Clash in a flash

## THE CLASH Fair Deal, Brixton

IT'S FIVE and a half years since I first saw The Clash and times have changed. Fundamentally The Clash are still pretty much the same. The fact that they remain a wildly contemporary rock band is a tribute to their subtle shifts in musical and visual styles. Here's how they've gone about it.

Image-wise it's a case of from urban guerrillas to suburban cruisers. Neat body-hugging sleeves sawn-off-at-the-shoulders numbers carried with an swagger and perpetual 150 degree angle twist of guitar. The summer's definitive way of broadcasting a public service announcement.

Politically, they're still not afraid to leave themselves open to accusations of snivels. And why not? Not only was Paul Simonon's 'Guns Of Brixton' crudely prophetic, but so were 'Career Opportunities', 'Complete Control', 'Stay Free' and even 'Garageland'

to name but a few. For this reason they all merited inclusion.

But politically, The Clash have also broadened their horizons. As every post-'Sals European Home' fan will realise, it is the world which is now their oyster, from San Salvador to Siam (where the 'Combat Rock' sleeve was photographed). Hence the frequent use of slides portraying all manner of international news, from silhouettes of commandos to mug-shots of autocrats. They are still humanitarians. After all.

But politicians The Clash are not. Their approach should more realistically be interpreted as that of would-be journalists, pointing out rather than pointing at. After all, this past 12 months in particular has seen them undergo their fair share of travel in their capacity as Trans-Atlantic troubadours.

Which brings us to The Clash as musicians, not their most inconsiderable role. The Clash, as it happens, didn't play a duff song all night, but

then they're not renowned for their turkeys. Neither did they go out of their way to promote the new product, but then they never were suckers for such obvious rock 'n' roll traps.

Still, 'Overpowered By Funk' wouldn't have gone amiss, especially since they don't indulge in a whole lot of dub these days (well they have to keep abreast of fashion, don't you know). No, the excesses of last year's tour have been rectified, and it was down to a wide selection of short sharp stabs (cuts) from each phase of their career.

Delivery is still exciting yet a lot more controlled, the almost calculated calmness inevitably introducing a lot more tension into the playing. That this did not spill over into the audience is some indication of the greater maturity they now encourage and adopt. In fact The Clash could almost have been described as laid back.

I guess in 1982 The Clash are still playing real cool lovers' rock.

Mike Nicolls

to the throat stuff.

'You either love it or hate it; indifference just isn't in it. You can view Bauhaus as a crass, archaic-glam spectacle or as something to both caress and hammer the senses, some of which you may not even be aware of possessing.

Julianne Regan

## PHYLIS HYMAN Duke Ellington Sacred Music Concert, St Paul's Cathedral

IT'S PERHAPS not every day that you go to a gig at St Paul's Cathedral introduced by Rod Steiger and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. It's not every week that Phyllis Hyman comes over to sing for us. And it's not every year that she sings 'The Lord's

Prayer'.

Explanations? Well, I don't know if we've got time. This was a concert of "sacred" music written by the late jazz great Duke Ellington, staged in tribute to him as part of the City of London Festival which is currently on in town. Ellington's musical passion came to be matched, in the 1960s, by his religious fervour, which spurred him to write a great deal of gospel work and perform it in special concerts. This memorial version found its religious niche in St Paul's, but the Cathedral's chances of taking off as a major rock venue are, I'd venture, limited. The acoustics? They were like this . . . this . . . iss . . . iss . . .

The crew gathered to remember Duke was, to say the least, motley; those revered actors I mentioned compering,

and appearances by such as Tony Bennett, Wayne Sleep, Jacques Loussier and tapdancer Will Gaines. The combination of reverberation and verbosity was often overpowering, and the vocal attempts of black operatic McHenry Boatright (this is not a joke) were . . . um . . . rib-ticking, I'm afraid.

Anyway Phyllis Hyman, limited as was her appearance, did bring some life and charm to the great building, with her version of 'Tell Me The Truth' hinting at a silky classiness of vocal which I hope we'll hear confirmed in a more regular setting before too long. This was not the place to mention it, but the lady's got the sex 'n' soul to make it. Do I get a thunderbolt from the skies for saying it?

Paul Sexton