n I have the

SINGIES

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? Huuuhhh?"
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 LAAAAR-FED!/The Press went MAAAAAD!"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,

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 barricade 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

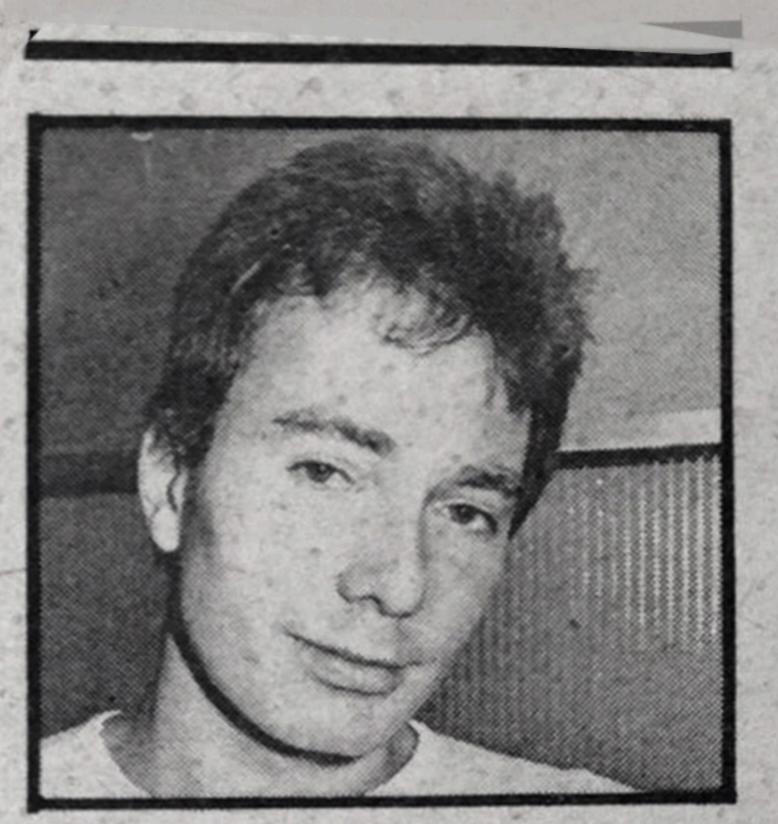
Rockers!" Even paranoids got enemies.

SECOND SINGLE OF THE

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.



self-immolation. Unfortu-

dope-smoking weekend

vicarious psyches as you

the cheek of the tarnished

woman. "Met a man out in

nately, the line is disused so it's

true confessions time. All you

gardeners can start licking your

glimpse the blood and tears on

Hollywood/Now I ain't naming

names/Well, he really worked

me over good/Just like Jesse

his gender. "The bounder

sounds like he needs a damn

good thrashing. Makes The

college kids. You can untie

Stranglers look like clean-cut

yourself from the railway line

now, Linda. Five Hail Marys

and stop smiling at me like

ROSE-ROYCE: Do Your

Dance (Whitfield Records).

Whoo-woo-heey!"Repeat

numerous times over liberal

cool to commercial viability

instructions to get down and

morning light, and so forth.

Add modicum of pseudo--

they sound worthy of a

and the lumpenprole can

joyous/heroic strings so that

"Hawaii Five-O theme-tune

consume the product without

watching television. Or else

the garage. Preferably with

. . oh, no, that would be

cruel. You must realise.

remembering that they are not

stay home and wash your car in

dosage of hand-clapping. Then

add a funky-Norman bass line,

with K.C. Sunshine hornblown

have fun all night, party to the

that, Linda.

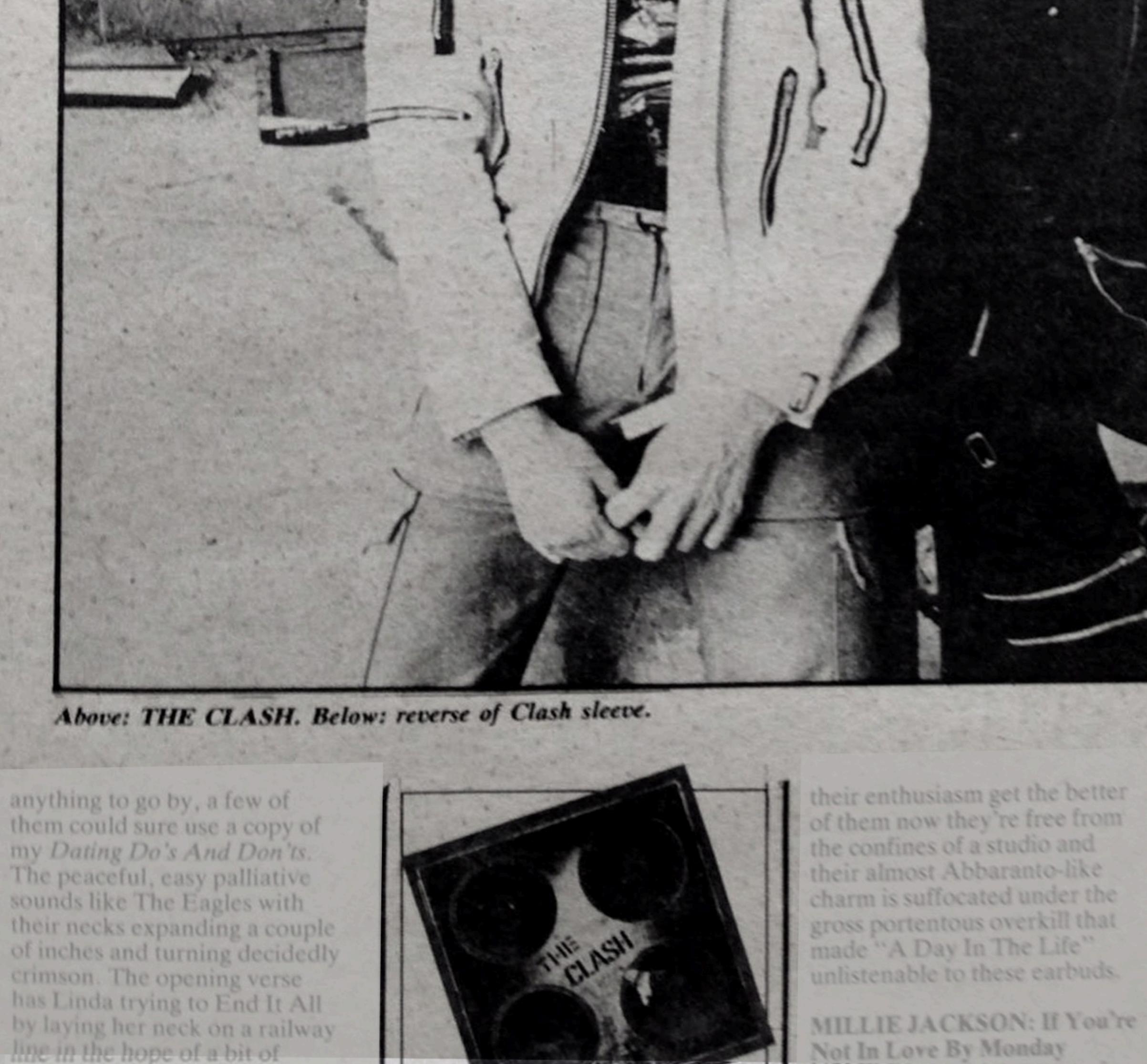
James/Yes, he really worked

me over good/He was a credit to

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 (must
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

(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

Fairclough? Does anybody care?

VINCENT PRICE: The Monster Mash (EMI). Dave

about Stan Ogden and Len

Vanian's Dad sings like
Richard Harris with a sense of
humour on the charming cryptkicking 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 . . . aaaaaahhhhhh. . . there is no light here . . . ooooohhhhh . . . my eyes, Lord, the spirit

(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

of Peter Frampton shall inherit

the earth. I'll bring the shovel.

Continues page 29



BEE NEL-SUN with oriental offering.