

P E T T Y  
F O U R

Tom Petty  
and the Heartbreakers  
Hard Promises  
Backstreet

By now we've all heard the single and are a bit disappointed it's not an instant classic like 'Refugee'. But no matter what, Petty gave us next we'd inevitably measure it against the near-perfection of *Damn The Torpedoes*. So relax. *Hard Promises* may not be a masterpiece, but it's still a damn good album.

Petty has again employed the clean punch of producer Jimmy Iovine. The difference is that whereas *Torpedoes*' unity was centred on powerful, driving chords, the new album sometimes employs a slightly subdued sound, particularly on the slower numbers. 'Letting You Go' and 'Insider' are both haunting. (The latter includes an effective duet with Stevie Nicks.)

From the Byrds intro on 'The Waiting' to the Dylanesque vocal slurs on 'Something Big', Petty is again wearing his influences on his sleeve. ('Criminal Kind' revisits Dylan's *Highway 61* via the Stones.) That this should be so is perhaps indicative of the album's descent from greatness. After all, *Torpedoes* transcended its sources into a classical purity that was all Petty's own.

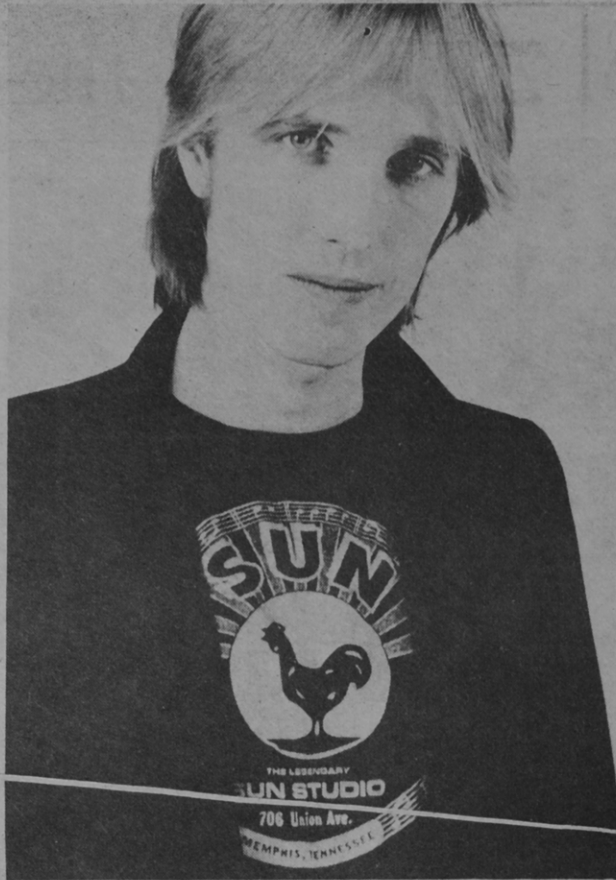
Ah, forget the comparisons. Despite parts of *Hard Promises* being derivative, Petty is still proving that orthodox, mainstream rock'n'roll can be valid, vital and very satisfying in the 1980's.

Peter Thomson

The Who  
Face Dances  
Polydor

*Face Dances* comes across very much as the album of the cover of the same name.

With its overpowering collection of portraits of the band members on the cover, and



then again on an insert poster, the packaging of this LP reveals a preoccupation with style which carries over into the music and production of the Who's first post-Moon release. The band have replaced Moon with Kenney Jones and brought in Eagles' producer Bill Szymczyk. The result is a reduction in the number of the Who's idiosyncracies in favour of emphasising the most obvious of them.

Just as on *Who Are You*, a bellowing Roger Daltrey holds centre stage — posturing his way through a rather hollow collection of songs by Townshend and Entwistle. After the success of last year's solo *Empty Glass* album, the standard of Townshend's material is a disappointment. As the Who come to depend more and more on his skills, and their own slide into self-parody, Townshend seems less willing to sacrifice

everything for the band. There is nothing here to match 'Rough Boys'.

Perhaps this record will be what it takes to persuade Pete Townshend to take the obvious step and leave the Who behind. Francis Stark

The Teardrop Explodes  
Kilimanjaro  
Mercury

The word on this album, from both the critics and the record's effusive fame-lusting auteur Julian Cope, is that it really should have turned out a little better. However, from this side of the seven seas we can only wonder at such talk. Without the advantage of actually seeing the Teardrop Explodes (tenth best new thing in the 1980 NME Readers' Poll) *Kilimanjaro* sounds a pretty strong debut.

The songs gallop along powerfully, occasionally flav-

oured with a startling use of horns more akin to the piercing sounds the Byrds used to coax from Hugh Maskela than to the sweaty punching of yer actual soul rebels. Cope is an over-riding presence on top, and while his narrow vocal range imposes melodic limitations on the material, he has still come up with at least a small handful of genuinely pursuable songs — 'Treasure', a critical favourite in 1980 and an English chart entry in May 1981, 'When I Dream' (another single), the opener 'Ha Ha I'm Drowning', and 'Poppies In The Field', which includes a couple of great lines, and for lovers of Beatles B-sides everywhere, some nice backwards guitar.

*Kilimanjaro* marks time in places, the band merely ticking over where embellishment is sorely required, but the sparks are assuredly there to be turned into future flames.

Something will have to be done, however, about this Scott Walker obsession ... Roy Colbert

Q-Tips  
Chrysalis

In the wake of Dexy's Midnight Runners come the latest entrants in the British soul revival stakes, Q-Tips. Dexys may claim to revive the spirit of 'sixties' black music but Q-Tips seem much more interested in resuscitating the form. They cover several well-remembered hits from that most well-remembered of decades (Dobie Gray's 'The In Crowd', Smokey Robinson and the Miracles' 'The Tracks of My Tears', the Drifters' 'Some Kind of Wonderful'), their arrangements cunningly borrow from Stax and Motown and singer, Paul Young, sounds like Frankie Miller soon after he'd first heard Otis Redding.

All good enough but the result, when filtered through a weak production job, is much more like pop than soul, there's little depth or drama here. And that's a shame because the songs here are good enough and the playing and singing tough enough to suggest that with more risks taken and a different producer it all could have been a different story. Alastair Dougal



U N K N O W N  
P L E A S U R E S

Joy Division  
Unknown Pleasures  
Factory  
'Love Will Tear Us Apart'  
(7 and 12 Single)  
Factory

This particular story really begins back in May '78 when Manchester's independent Factory Records first opened their doors. Since then they've ushered such diverse talents as the Distractions, Orchestral Manoeuvres and A Certain Ratio into the big time. But few bands, at any time or on any label, have been as lauded or downright worshipped as Joy Division: four Mancunians, Ian Curtis (lyrics and vocals), Bernard Albrecht (guitar), Peter Hook (bass) and Steve Morris (drums) who have stirred up passions and reverence ap-

proaching religious proportions. So why all the fuss?

Pleasure and Pain

The answer to that question was initially answered in the form of *Unknown Pleasures*, their first album released halfway through 1979. Prior to that, they had two tracks on a Factory double 7" EP (released December, 1978), song on a Virgin album, *Last Night At the Circus*, and a four track EP, *Ideal For Living* which appeared on Enigma in '78.

The NME Book of Modern Music had this to say about the band's infancy: "A young quartet formed as Warsaw in mid '77, a spiteful punk group with obvious pretensions." A year later *Unknown Pleasures* changed a few minds.

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# THERE GOES THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

