Boy. U2 on Island Records.
U2 at the Paradise, March 6.
Unit 4 x 2. U80. 4 x 2. 2 x 2. U2. All
these MIT-esque numbers represent man-
done things like British income tax forms,
lumber, and American spy planes. What do
they have to do with music, and how can
you tell what kind of music they represent?
It’s almost impossible to sort all this out,
even if you have a Captain Midnight secret
decoder ring.

So what about U2?

This bunch of Irish boys (all under 20)
have reinvented the psychedelic sound and
sharpened it to a razor edge. Their sound is
driven by the insistant guitar attack of The
Edge (right) and a solid Phil Specto-esque
wall of sound provided by bassist Adam
Clayton and drummer Larry. About this
dense background floats the frenzied voice
of Bono Vox, who sings real melodies in a
choirboy style. Add to this assemblage the
acetone production skills of Steve Lillywhite
and you get one of the finest debut albums
ever made. Boy.

By now, everyone has heard “I Will Follow”
and “Out of Control.” Not satisfied with the
standard Don Law hour one set limit, the
crowd managed to bring in more than six
songs, by which time they had run
dead. So four encores, by which time they
had run out of tunes; so they played “11 O’Clock
Tic Tok” again (and better).

Live or on album, U2 are one of The
Best Things to arrive on American shores.
So they play, you listen. You too will fol-
dow.

David Shaw

U2 1981

FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1981

PAGE 6 THE TECH