



Photos by Anthony Phelps. To buy prints, phone 30-139.

Nobody really knew what to expect of the Clash. The British music press had recently tagged them as boring, a description you'd never expect. Scathing reviews talked of meandering, pointless dub sessions. And of course, *Sandinista!*, a vastly-underrated album, was attacked without mercy.

Were we going to see a once great band in its death throes? Like hell we were. Even the time-warp punks present could

refreshing after the overdose of high-technology bands we've had lately. The Clash transcend mere entertainment.

Watching Joe Strummer, you wonder how he's lived so long. He's from the Keith Richards' over-the-top school. Just when you think he's going to pass out, he bounces back. He stares down the audience, a face of fury, slashing out rudimentary chords on his battered guitar, talking to people,

the leads, throw his guitar away, blow his vocals, and Jones will be there to hold things together. The glamour and the control.

Paul Simonon is the meanest, toughest-looking guy alive. A long streak dressed in black, hair slicked and bass slung low. A gunslinger. A master of the art of cool.

Behind his traps, little Topper Headon is a working man. Always present, never losing his place. A backroom boy, and therefore vital. When he stands up, he gets his cheer. Nobody forgets him.

A show that touches all bases. How can you fail to be won over? In the first few minutes, you get 'London Calling', 'One More Time', 'Safe European Home' and 'Train In Vain'. Then Simonon swaps instruments with Strummer to take the lead on 'The Guns Of Brixton', a showstopper. Back-projected slides enhance the band's political stance for 'The Magnificent Seven', 'Ivan Meets GI Joe' and the new single, 'Radio Clash'.

## JONES IN VAIN PART 1 INTERVIEWED BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL

hardly have complained. The Clash were monstrous, raw and robust. Mature they may be, by their own standards, but you could never call them sophisticated. The sound is only just the right side of a shambles. So who cares if a string busts? You've still got five more to work with. If your voice goes, what the hell. As long as you can still say something. This simplicity is

demanding more light so he can see them. At times he gets dangerously close to a crowd, but then that's probably essential for a man so full of nervous tension.

Mick Jones is a poseur, loving his stage role, as though he's always waiting to be photographed. But without him, things would collapse. Strummer can wander off, get tangled up in



# "TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT..."