

THE CLASH IN AMERICA----WILL WE EVER GET THE FEELING???? by BRIAN GosLoW

Harvard Square Theatre. February 16, 1979. 7:30 P.M. The Rentals. Bo Diddley. THE CLASH!!!!!!TWO YEARS IN THE WAITING!!!32 BIG HITS!! BIGGER THAN LIFE!!! WAIT....That's the problem. We have read about them, we have heard them, and have drawn up this vision in our mind of four supermen playing rock and roll. They can save several radio stations in a single note. Stop racism in a single note. Actually The Clash is a group. A very good group. With alot to say, refusing to budge on an opinion they believe one inch. And those of us who have been Clash fans since the release of "White Riot" (their last single) and the subsequent LP feel really close to the band, as well as the entire English punk scene. But we weren't in London in 1977, we never were threatened by the Teddy Boys, we never had no future. We may have thought we did, wanting to get caught up in the excitement, but we were in fantasyland. When The Clash took the stage at Harvard Square, we expected them to transpose two years of fun, games, and anarchy in front of our eyes. And unfortunately, that's too much to ask of any group, even one that more often than not is tagged as "the world's greatest rock and rool band"

The word of the WBCN firings was spreading through the air before the start of the show, and without a doubt it took away some of the electricity of the night. The Rentals didn't go over too well, but I loved them. They reminded me of England's Soixie and the Banshees, they play what they are into-if you like it fine, if not, that's OK too. Their honest about what they do and I had a good time boppin' to them. the same couldn't have of Bo Diddley. How could you listen to a guy ask you if you remember 1957 when 1979 the year "new wave" spreads onto the airwaves is in jeopardy with the 'BCN massacre in the air "There's a Riot Goin' On" filled the ears and on came the Clash, bursting into "I'm So Bored With the U.S.A., a moment you knew you would remember more than an actual moment. And guess what?...Nothing changed. The radio still stunk. Disco was still everywhere. The Clash had on the same clothes as us, the expected Blue suits with S' missing. Being Americans we are used to seeing a band led by a flashy front as could be. It reminded me of the first time I heard them. I could imagine what London "77" was like with hundreds of bands like this, with all the energy. The word is imagine. I M A G I N E . Joe Strummer wasn't the short haired weirdo the pictures impose, he's more of a Johnny Rotten snarl-alike. Mick Hones plays guitar like it's the only thing he cares about and his vocals are sung like they stand for something. Paul Simonon at times looks like he's posing, playing the look-at-me game, but then explodes into a burst of energy, as if he builds up just to explode. Topper Headon pounds on the drum so hard the power goes out in the theater at least five times. The crowd? "Would we have made it in England"? "Is this what it was like"? There was more "check how the next guy was" than getting into the music. No total outpouring of dripping bodies like the Strangler's gigs last year. But this isn't a negative review. The Clash are more than fabulous-it's just their image is larger than life, the American rock star image is a hoax, it isn't reality, and the Clash exposed that part of our idea of rock culture.

It was far from the best time I ever had at a gig. The Clash are my favorite group, every listen to their record gives me ultimate enjoyment and energy. The group's performance wasn't a dissapointment. But they didn't conquer mine, your, or the world's problems by walking on stage. And that was the only thing they could have done for us to avoid dissapointment. They could have gone up and played the Hey-I'm-a-rock-star routine a headed toward becoming filthy rich. But they are what they want to be, not one bit less than that. That is how the Clash image was built, by standing up for what they want and refusing to budge an inch. Untill we all do the same nothing is going to change in the American music scene. That's what the Clash are about. One of the few bands that won't be pushed around by big record companies. Take their example. Then things may change.

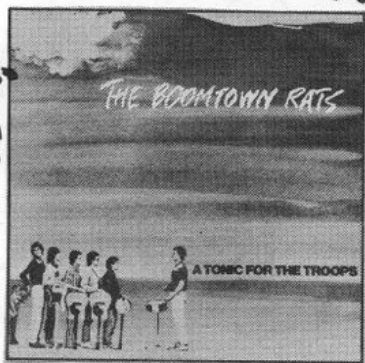
LB says thanks to Brian for the Clash story  
I couldn't afford to go so Brian gave us a review.

The indifference of major record companies to new wave rock has forced the bands and the fans to set up their own methods of publicizing and distributing the music.

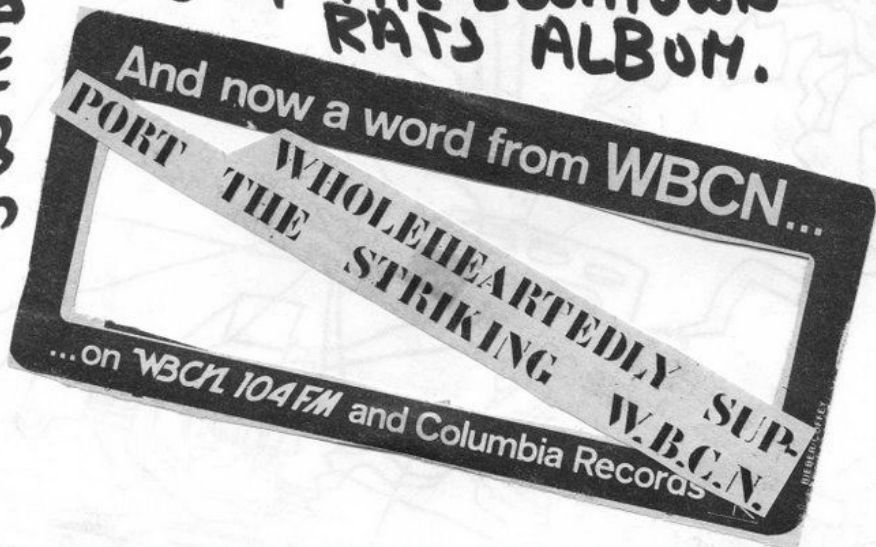
WHAT ALOAD OF  
BOLLOCKS!!!  
NEW SEX  
PISTOLS  
ALBUM OUT?



OLD HITS SONG BY SID  
NEW CLASH ALBUM SOON.



BUY THE BOOMTOWN  
RATS ALBUM.



BLONDE'S  
HAVE MORE FUN



OOPS!

THE OWNER OF A WHITE 67  
CHEVY REG. # 697-H21  
YOU LEFT YOUR LIGHTS ON.

In one sense, *Wormtown 78* can be seen as the epitaph to a year and a half of weekend nights at Circe's where the bands, the fans, the punk devotees, and the merely curious met for unpredictable crazed evenings of raunchy, raw, rock 'n' roll.

It's Almost time  
for something  
new.

DIAMONDZ

WATCH FOR "THE  
GREAT ROCK 2.1. ROLL"  
533 IN DLE

RIGHT 2 ALBUM SET.

STRANGE  
DISCO + SYMPHONY  
VERSIONS  
OF PISTOL  
SONGS