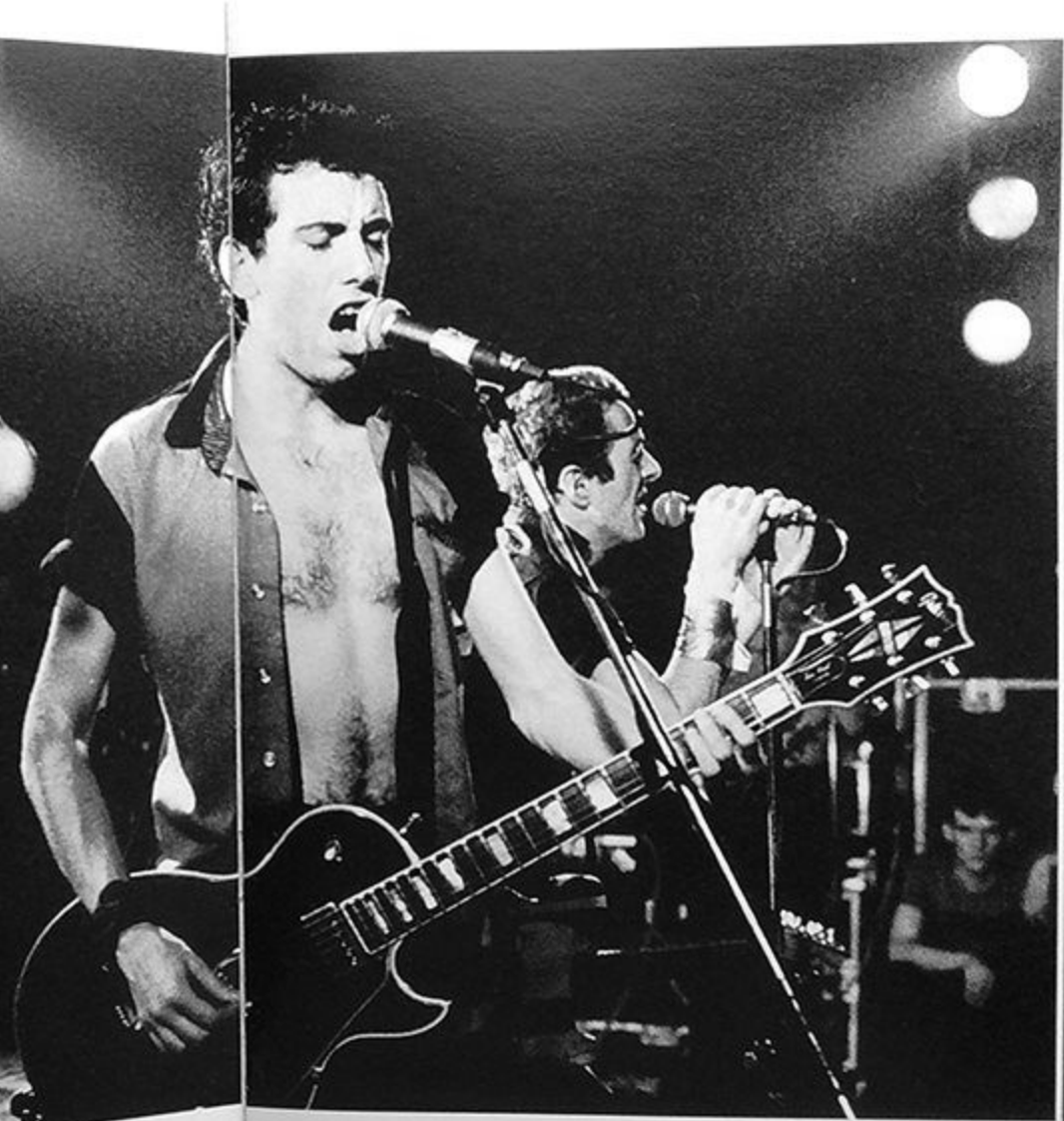


# DRAW ANOTHER BREATH

THE CLASH 1979/80 - PHOTOGRAPHY BY VIRGINIA TURBETT

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One night, a few years ago, I was standing in a queue at a gig when I overheard three young girls talking behind me. "I wish I'd seen The Clash" said one. "Oh yeah, me too, I'd give anything to have seen The Clash" replied her friend.

Thirty years after they split, a Clash gig remains a coveted place to have been. I feel really lucky that I got to see them, to have been in amongst the heat, the power, the energy and the gob that was being down the front at a Clash gig. There was so much gob, it was horrible. I had to wipe it off my lenses with my T-shirt then I'd get home and find it all over my back, my hair and my bag.

They looked so bloody good: the hand-painted logos on shirts, combats and jackets, the onstage and off-stage poses, the cheekbones! They gave us the music that filled their souls – reggae and dub. Before they came on stage there was a masterclass in Jamaican music – obscure tracks that were impossible to source. Then there was their music ....which was relevant in every town and city not just in this country but across the world. Everyone could sing along with Joe - angry, loud and brash about the system that was failing them and their people - and because that feels relevant today, we still do.

**Virginia Turbett**





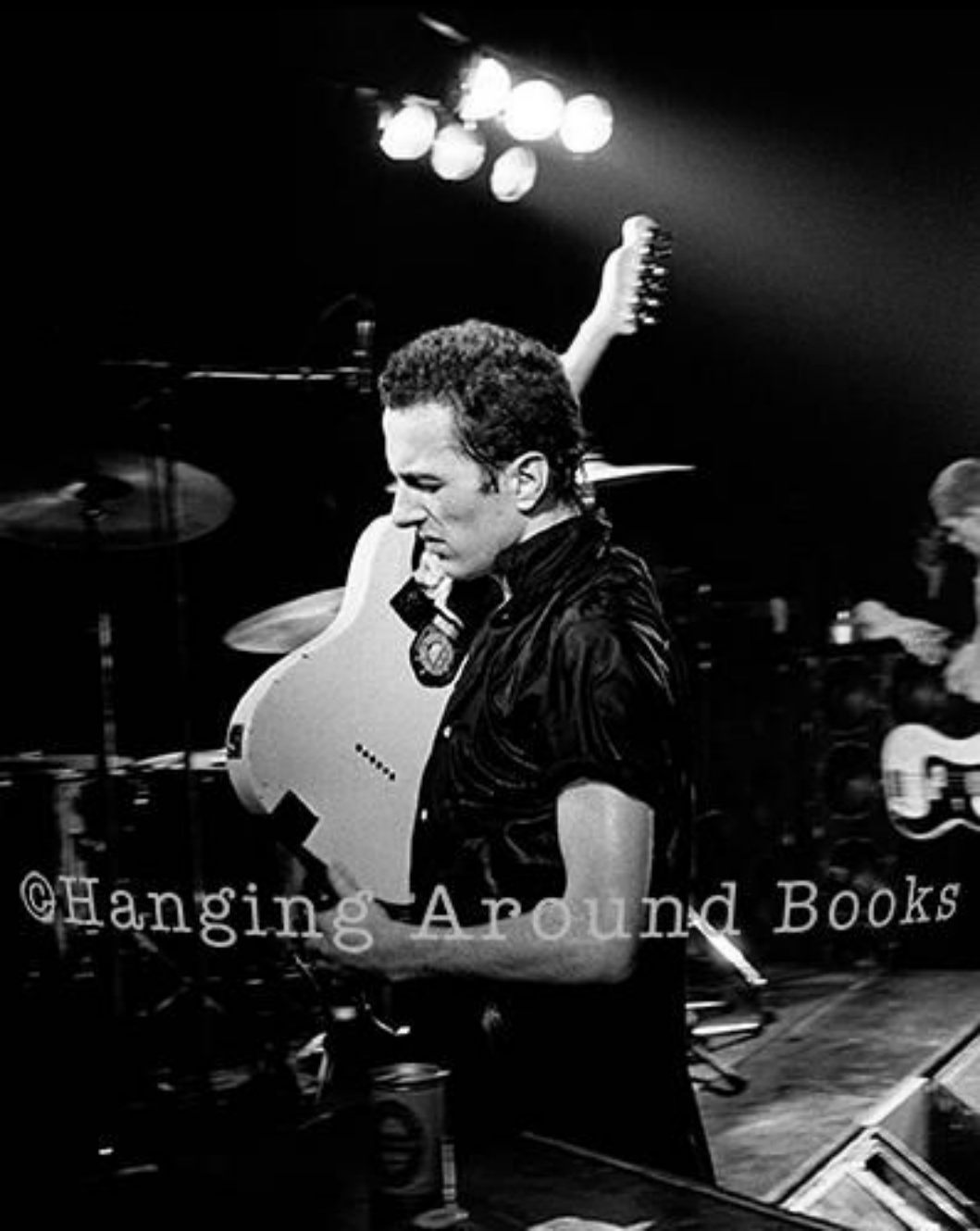
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