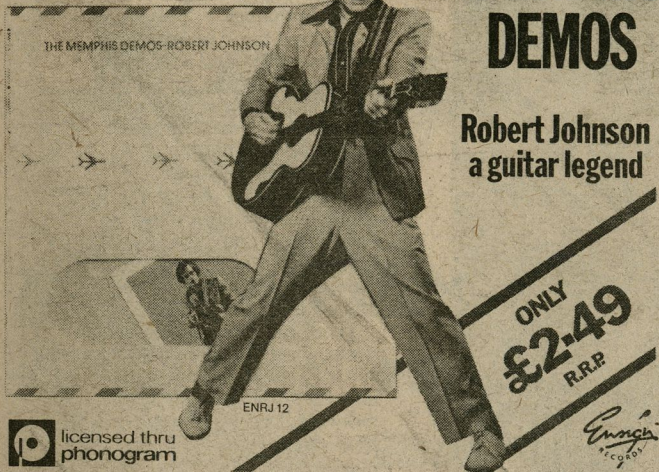


Available at last—the legendary MEMPHIS DEMOS

Robert Johnson
a guitar legend



PINK MILITARY ALBUM

DO ANIMALS
BELIEVE IN GOD?
ERICS' 004



SINGLE RELEASE;
DID YOU SEE HER?
B/W EVERYDAY.

The Clash Holly And The Italians

Hammersmith Palais

AT TIMES The Clash appear so immersed in their own myth it's difficult for them and us to see each other straight. Ever conscious of their future position in the history books, they've fashioned their collective rock'n'roll persona to fit it even more perfectly since their American tour, where their less threatening traditional approach has now won them lots of new friends as well as influencing *Rolling Stone*.

Really, it's all too easy to sneer now at the returning heroes, immensely confident with their American conquests behind them. But, for better or worse, just another rock'n'roll group well versed in the mores and manners of the genre seems to be all that people wanted, after all.

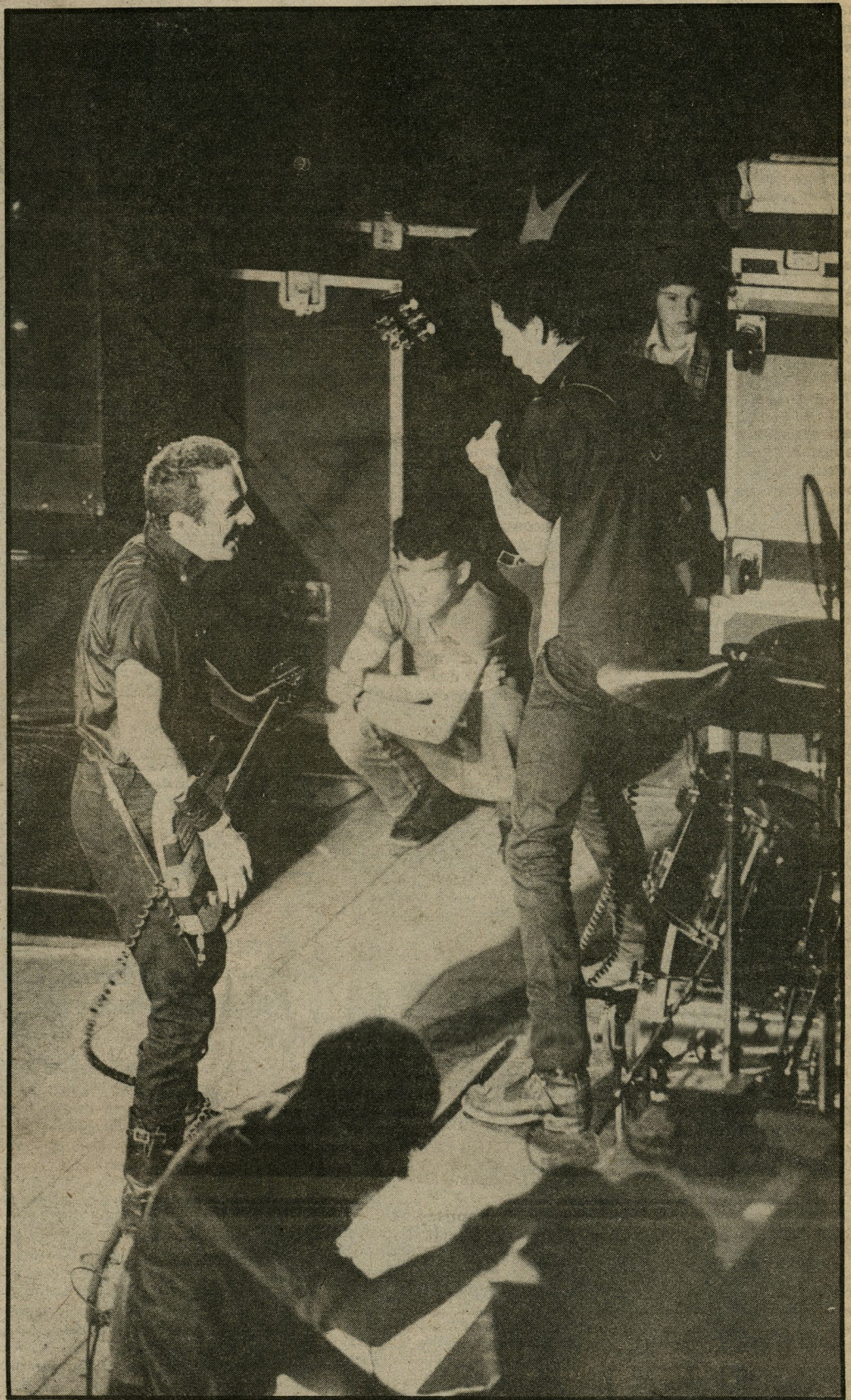
And as the distance in time from The Clash's forgotten days of cheap, if well-meant political sloganeering grows, they do seem to get better. America has obviously helped. The Clash of today are extremely polished and prepared, most every gesture and action pre-planned. And whenever the Clash play London, they do so as conquering heroes anyway, regardless of being away or not.

So to Hammersmith Palais, this step already immortalised in their best single 'White Man In...' The Clash are what you'd expect and more, not so much the last gang in town, as the only one left, all opposition obliterated in their own eyes. But as their playing has obviously strengthened with the passing of time, they've become less prone to error, and consequently more predictable.

While their music has been enriched by the assimilation of their roots, it does make them more conservative musically. Their lack of adventurousness is reflected in their programming, which followed the pattern established on their last tour.

'Clash City Rockers', 'Brand New Cadillac' and 'Safe European Home' are rapidly performed by a band at their most winning. Simonon's great curved bass lines combined with Headon's drumming to create a perfect springboard for Jones and Strummer's cross-cut chording. Strummer's voice, as garbled as ever, battered this listener at least into temporary submission.

As usual Micky Gallagher came on for 'Jimmy Jazz', but wasn't really effective until the dubby effects of 'Revolution Rock'. This time more songs from 'London Calling' were included, which become The Clash far better than their earlier stuff, but the brace of new songs they showcased was largely too inaudible to be properly assessed.



The Clash. Pic Bryn Jones.

Mythman In The Hammersmith Palais

'White Man In Hammersmith Palais' was prefaced with "Let's not get too sentimental about this," from Mick Jones, but they seemed conscious of another myth being completed, by

their presence.

While maintaining a high level of professionalism they were OK, but they're too far gone to be forgiven for the forced endearing amateurism that surfaced for an

impromptu 'Hit The Road Jack' that fell into a lazy version of 'Police And Thieves'.

Strummer later accidentally dropped his mikestand into Topper's drumkit and the gig

hear me

had suddenly degenerated into a shambles. I got bored, well wishers got confused.

Holly and The Italians share The Clash's trad rock leanings, but have yet to attain their sharpness. Whereas the billtoppers are always colourful, the Italians make hard work of their dull, grey music based around well-churned over riffs. Since adding an extra guitarist

they've forsaken heppy poppiness for more determined power chording, and have consequently lost the reedy charm they once had. Holly upfront is their one contact with the new age, but her yawning accent apart, they have nothing new to offer.

But then, neither have The Clash.

Chris Bohn

Fleetwood Mac

Wembley

SAT IN the Grand Tier South of Wembley Arena it's hard not to feel both a hardening and softening of the old cultural corpus. One's responses grow weak and flabby through being subject to three hours of popular middle-brow entertainment; one's neck grows stiff through constant craning to one side, as if

