WASHINGTON'S MOST COMPLETE ENTERTAINMENT CALENDAR SINCE 1973

UNICORN

TIMES

MUSIC FILM THEATER ART OCTOBER 1982 90¢

photo by Jay Rabinowitz

Grandmaster Flash

The Blasters

The Clash

photo by Ken Fleit

1982 STUDIO GUIDE

THIS MONTH

(volume 10, number 1)

Since his journeyman days with Fairport Convention, England's original electric folk band, **Richard Thompson** has consistently pursued a vision that is both technically awesome and hauntingly beautiful. **Charles McCardell** spoke with him only days after his stunning separation from his longtime collaborator and wife Linda.

HENRY THE HUMAN FLY TALKS

Who would have ever thought that a bunch of white boys from Downey, California would hook up with legendary New Orleans sex maniac Lee Allen to create the most vitally brilliant American Music since Creedence was everybody's favorite band? Certainly not **The Blasters**, according to **Joe Sasfy**.

BEYOND BIP-BOP-BOOM

So they didn't come to DC this tour, and you just couldn't bring yourself to brave 90,000 Who fanatics in Philly. With **UT** You Are There. **Ken Fleit** reports from the Combat Zone.

THE CLASH

Time's tough. No jobs. No money. No food. No way out. An angry chill-out from the ghetto captures the imagination of a nation as **Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five** tell it like it is. **Kevin Doran** listens to their "Message" and finds hope.

IT'S LIKE A JUNGLE SOMETIMES

Practically an institution on D.C.'s art scene in her own right, no one is better suited to access the problems facing the city's artists than former chair of the D.C. Commission On the Arts, **Teixeira Nash. By Jim Waddell.**

TEIXEIRA NASH

BECAUSE WE'RE HERE

UpStairs
704
10·16·82

PERFECT CIRCLE

949-6049

LET'S GET VISIBLE WAX BUILD-UP
THE WANKTONES HARDCORE MATINEES 8

SHORT NOTICE..... 7
RED HOT..... 11
ON RECORD..... 34
CALENDAR..... 41
ON SCREEN..... 30
ON STAGE..... 32
CURTAINS..... 33

PUBLISHER
Elliot Ryan

EDITOR
Kevin Doran

MANAGING EDITOR
Jim Waddell

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Eddie Bronx, Robert Egger, Stephanie Faul, Robert A. Hull, Joe Sasfy

ART DIRECTOR
Greg Shuey

ADVERTISING MANAGER
Patti Chase

ADVERTISING
Jan Raabe, Erica Freed

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Michael Leclair

WRITERS
Karin M. E. Alexis, Darick Allan, Eddie Bronx, Bethany Brown, Joanne Coyne, Mark Elis, Hap Erstein, Stephanie Faul, Ken Fleit, Khaaryn Goertzel, Jim Hettinger, Steven J. Hoffman, Robert A. Hull, Reuben M. Jackson, Nell Lancaster, Piera LaRocca, John Lawson, Charles McCardell, Brian McGuire, Buzz McClain, Mike Reinemer, Rosie Rexach, Ken Roseman, Tony Sanders, Joe Sasfy, Brawner Smoot, W. Royal Stokes, Greg Tate, Tom Terrell, Darci Vanderhoff, Xyra

PHOTOGRAPHERS
Steve Figliozzi, Ken Fleit, Becky Hammel, Beth Hoarsley, Nellie Leclair, Terence McArdle, Jay Rabinowitz, Greg Shuey

ILLUSTRATIONS
Jim Harrison, Gregy Shuey, Marbet Maize Wilson

PRODUCTION
Jack Bush, Julie Hansen, Jim Harrison, Alice Sexton, Bruce Youngblood

GENERAL INFO
***Unicorn Times** (ISSN 0912-0375) is published monthly by the Washington Unicorn Times Inc. Controlled circulation postage paid at Martinsburg, Va.*

***Postmaster:** Send address changes to 930 F St. N.W., Suite 515, Washington, DC, 20004.*

TYPESETTING
Ann Siprelle at Downtown Type

DEADLINES
All copy must be mailed or hand delivered. No phone calls will be accepted.
***Calendar:** by the 13th of the month previous to publication*
***Gallery:** by the 10th* ***The Word:** by the 20th*
***Advertising:** by the 15th* ***Camera Ready:** by the 20th*
Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photographs

930 F Street, N.W.
202 393-0930

OCTOBER

fri 1 RED DECADE
W/ COSMETIC
sat 2 ALAN VEGA BAND
W/ SOCIAL SUICIDE
sun 3 ANGELIC UPSTARTS from England
W/ IRON CROSS
EVERY TUE & WED VIDEO DANCE PARTY
thu 7 MOTOWN MIXER with DJ Dwight
fri 8 OLIVER LAKE'S JUMP UP
W/ ROULETTE from Baltimore
sat 9 BONNIE HAYES with the WILD COMBO
W/ HEADCHEESE from Philadelphia
EVERY TUE & WED VIDEO DANCE PARTY
thu 14 JAMES "BLOOD" ULMER
W/ COZ
fri 15 SLICKEE BOYS
W/ LIMBO RACE from Boston
sat 16 THE EMBARRASSMENT from Kansas
W/ TRU FAX & THE INSANIACS
sun 17 first hardcore matinee at 3pm!
DISCHARGE from England
W/ SCREAM & GOVERNMENT ISSUE
EVERY TUE & WED VIDEO DANCE PARTY
thu 21 ROOT BOY SLIM'S PUNK PROM
with special guest chaperone
EDITH MASSEY (dress up!)
fri 22 SWOLLEN MONKEYS
W/ DARKWORLD INDUSTRIES
sat 23 MISSION OF BURMA
W/ "V"
EVERY TUE & WED VIDEO DANCE PARTY
thu 28 TBA
fri 29 URBAN VERBS — "last show"
sat 30 it could be Lydia Lunch
for Devil's Night
sun 31 halloween with
HALF JAPANESE & THE VELVET MONKEYS

HAPPY HOUR IS A VIDEO BAR
OPENS AT 4PM TUE-FRI
SPECIAL PRICES ● VIDEOS ● LIGHT IMAGES

The Clash

Pier 84, NYC

It is the perfect milieu for a Clash concert. To the right, the *U.S.S. Intrepid*—aircraft carrier turned museum—stands like New York's last line of defense against these British invaders. In the distance to the right, the Empire State Building towers as a tribute to American excess. Together, these stoic symbols of Americana keep a watchful eye on the proceedings at Pier 84 on Manhattan's Hudson River. The once empty pier has been transformed into a combat zone: onstage speakers draped in camouflage netting point ominously at the audience like so many cannons. Red emergency flashers punctuate the stage, ready to spread the alarm. Yellow- and black-striped light supports ensure us that the following is not a test but a true emergency...the Clash Combat Rock Tour has invaded New York City.

Why the military campaign motif for this tour? Virtually every move the Clash make is interpreted popularly as a political statement. From battle fatigues to Joe Strummer's mohawk haircut, there is a search for the supposed meaning behind these gestures. In Philadelphia, Mick Jones was asked if the band was tired of the emphasis on the group's politics.

"I know I am. The romance, the fun, and of course the music should be stressed. I think people project their fantasies onto us onstage."

The Clash's admitted fascination with Hollywood Romanticism is woven into their stage introduction. At 8:54, the soundtrack from the Italian Western bloodbath *For a Few Dollars More* begins to blare from the P.A. This is the music that used to psyche Clint Eastwood into snuffing a few hundred Mexican bandits per reel, and one wonders what the Clash have in mind. A surreal showdown seems imminent, and one expects to see a new Clash dress code of ponchos, stubby cigars and six-guns.

Alas, no *Man With No Name* outfits. Saving it for the next tour, no doubt. Joe Strummer walks up to the microphone and beat his chest thrice, like a repentant Catholic, to silence the soundtrack.

"Welcome to the openning of the Casbah Club here at Pier 84 somewhere in America." And the Clash leap into "London Calling" with Strummer and Mick Jones hammering their guitars, while bassist Paul Simonon and drummer Terry Chimes punch out the throbbing rhythm. Behind the band, a backdrop slide show flashes images of nuclear disaster, underscoring the desolate panic of the lyrics.

By "Stay Free", Mick Jones' moving affirmation of friendship and independence, the Clash have hit their stride and some problems at the mixing console have been resolved. "Rock the Casbah" is greatly enhanced by the video backdrop: the demonic stare of Khomeini and the carnage of revolution are juxtaposed with slides of an Arab and Hasidic Jew dancing to that forbidden raga.

The band is on the offensive now. "Career Opportunities" and "Magnificent 7" sarcastically decry the sterile, meaningless employment that many of us invest one-third of our life in. The siren-screech guitar riff of "Police on My Back" gets the crowd on their feet and dancing. Mick Jones' desperation vocals cry out that the siren we hear is hot on his trail.

Joe Strummer introduces "The Leader" as the British National Anthem. The pseudo-rockabilly tale of scandal in the Ministry is delivered with a fine balance of poignancy and humor. "Janie Jones" offers the chance for Mick (Janie's brother?) to delve into his bag of tricks. Heavy sustain and pick-slides along the guitar neck from the *Pete Townshend Primer of Guitar Noise* help fill out the instrumentation.

Nuclear blowout is the next issue as Strummer informs us "This is RR-RRRRRadio Clash," rolling his *R* sufficiently to impress the most demanding Spanish instructor. The band's eerie, minimalistic treatment works well, with Jones peaking and tweaking his guitar peripherals to achieve the proper doomsday atmosphere. To the right, the Empire State Building spires like an overgrown radio tower, ready to beam the warning of all-out war.

There is a short delay before the next song to repair Strummer's microphone. After chronicling nuclear holocaust in "Radio Clash", Joe roars "Murrrderrred", lest the crowd has become too cheery during the delay. Actually, the scream cues the most frightening song of the evening, "Somebody Got Murdered". Mick Jones' fervent vocals depict the unexplained murder of a common everyman. Behind him, chalk white corpse outlines flash in a grotesque dance of death.

With the audience now at their mercy, the Clash call out the heavy artillery. "Clampdown" and "I Fought the Law" are delivered as a 1-2 punch that ought to be illegal. A greater crime, however, is that this ends the show and the band disappears. But the red emergency lights onstage remain lit and, like a church sanctuary, they offer hope.

Shortly, the Clash return. "Charlie Don't Surf" is followed by a true-to-the-original, bilingual "Should I Stay or Should I Go?" They opt to stay, and end the encore with "Complete Control". Joe Strummer spits the lyrics of exploitation in the music industry with all the fury of the 1977 original. The Clash then disappear, but the red lights stubbornly burn on.

A few minutes pass before Terry Chimes remounts the drum throne to lay down the rhythm for "Straight to Hell". As he is joined by Jones and

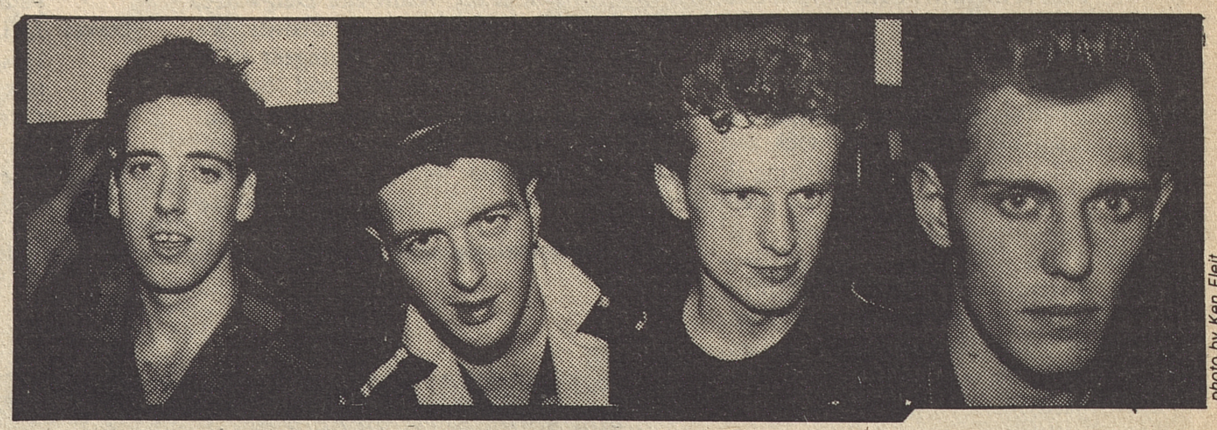

photo by Ken Fleit

Simonon, dark clouds begin to roll in over the open pier. By the time Strummer reemerges, a slight drizzle has begun. The rain only adds to the sense of gloom generated by this sympathetic ode to the homeless Amerasians. By the end of the hard-hitting "Brand New Cadillac", the drizzle has become a nuisance. Unfazed, the band continues. "White Man in Hammersmith Palais" is off to a great start with Mick Jones reaching the delicate harmonies impeccably. But midway through the instrumental break, the floodgates open—lightening strikes on New York and sheets of

photo by Ken Fleit

rain pummel the crowd and the uncovered stage. Thunder rumble and the au natural light show synchronize with the music. Joe Strummer's microphone dies from water saturation, Jones' guitar strap breaks and the guitar crashes to the stage floor, but the Clash are not done. You can crush us, you can bruise us, even electrocute us, but...

Soaking the natural theatrics for all they are worth (sorry), the Clash close with a frenzied "White Riot". Water dams up around the stage monitors, and the band can barely be seen through the relentless downpour. Jones' slippery guitar drops to the floor again, this time sliding four feet stage left. Determinedly, he retrieves it and, like an aquatic Duane Eddy, raises it vertically to splash the last few chords of the song. The wet riot concluded, Jones, Simenon, and Chimes head for shelter. Strummer pauses at the lone working microphone to astutely observe: "I do believe I felt a spot of rain...I think it's going to rain." With that weather report, Strummer leaves.

The crowd seems stunned, and few people are making quick dashes for the exit. Might the Clash return for one more try at self-electrocution? No, the drama is done. Unless the Clash emerged to commandeer the *U.S.S. Intrepid* for a floating encore, another appearance would be anti-climactic.

A neat, logical epilogue would conclude that the Clash, in full combat uniform and armed with the aura of Hollywood heroism, have conquered New York, But the myth is not the reality. What they have done is offered some hope, provided an outlet, and played some great, passionate music. And, with nature's help, they created a satisfying drama. Even the flags of the *Intrepid* wave an approving salute, and the lights of the Empire State Building glow with satisfaction.

In the presence of two giant tributes to American military and economic power, the Clash have succeeded—not as an invading threat to America—but as compassionate spokesmen for human dilemma.

—by Ken Fleit