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THE JAM: NUMBER ONE WITH A TARGET

by PAULO HEWITT (p.19)



PAUL WELLEN/PIC TOM SHEEHAN



SCOOP: CLASH MOVIE SPARKS ROWS

by MICHAEL WATTS (p.9)

AFTER DARK 1



JOE STRUMMER & RAY GANGE in "Rude Boy"

Clash movie: rude boys will argue...

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It's been made by director Jack Hazan and his co-writer and editor, David Mingay, the team which in 1974 produced the highly acclaimed semi-documentary about David Hockney, "A Bigger Splash". That film was extraordinary for its style, length, method of filming, and the reactions of its subjects when they eventually were confronted with themselves on screen. "Rude Boy" has followed that pattern, to the point where the Clash and their new managers, Andrew King and Peter Jenner of Blackhill Enterprises and PR Kosmo Vinyl, are considering legal action against it.

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Fab Macca: the truth

IS Paul McCartney God, or is he redundant? These and other searching questions were not asked at a press conference following the third of four concerts at Liverpool's Royal Court Theatre at the weekend.

The media overkill began as soon as it was announced the tour was starting in Paul's hometown. As sleeping bags began to line the streets (no joke in the Liverpool climate), the local press went mad. The local fans went even madder, particularly when they caught rumours about a certain local radio station purloining large amounts of tickets.

A lot of people didn't get tickets, but a lot of extra people did, as it was announced that the first concert would be a pre-

view for Paul's old school, the Liverpool Institute. The day came, Paul had his photo taken with his old geography teacher (the present headmaster), and he spoke to the local press.

On Saturday night came the first official concert, and afterwards Paul spoke to the press. And on Tuesday there were plans to hold a televised boat trip on the Mersey. It must be awful being a star.

Back to the Royal Court, though, and Wings bounce into the bar after the most successful performance so far, seeming to have enjoyed it as much as any of the audience. Paul McCartney is number one for amenability, with the expertise of a veteran, and still knows how to get a joke

out of a press conference. He has the first question ready: "Tell me Steve, what's it like being with a superstar like Denny?"

Two journalists (one of whom was earlier observed singing along to "Mull Of Kintyre") monopolise the band with banal questions. The group make private jokes. Linda sings "Sex 'n' Drugs 'n' Rock 'n' Roll" to herself. The two new members, Laurence Juber and Steve Holly, tell how happy they are to be playing in their favourite group. Denny Laine is nearly as important as Paul McCartney.

"You remember the Beatles, Second on the bill to the Moody Blues?"

Paul talks about living in Britain: "You can go up to a policeman and ask him the way and he won't hit you." He's asked

if he's very prolific. "Only on Tuesdays." Asked for predictions for the Eighties, he reveals under duress that he's heard of the Clash and the Specials. No one asks the really interesting question: "Linda, what do you call your hairstyle?"

There's a bit of light relief as the man from the Royal Court, a shabby but intimate little theatre that's dying from lack of funds, shuffles up in his "Goodnight Tonight" suit and waxes eloquent about Paul's support. Somebody mentions "Life Of Brian". Somebody tries not to mention money.

Someone else tries a more subtle criticism: "Can you explain your reasons for releasing the Christmas single?"

"Because it's getting near Christmas."

McCartney has all the answers. Maybe he is God. Or perhaps he's just a wonderful human being. "Have the young ladies

got any questions?" "Yes — can I bring my husband on the boat trip?" — PENNY KILEY.



RHODIUM MACCA: always ready with a quick quip, but is he God?

HUNTED
HUNTED



THE PASSIONS

Oh no, it's you
The Passions are on the Future Pastimes tour with the Cure



THE dark man in the above picture is David Beames, featured player in "Radio On", Christopher Petit's movie, which opens its British run at the Screen On The Hill, London, tomorrow night (Friday). This paper has already reviewed the film, from its appearance at the Edinburgh Festival last summer, but it's worth repeating our earlier recommendation to see it at your earliest opportunity. If "Quadruphenia" was the last (and arguably best) of the old-style realist British youthcult movies, then "Radio On" may be the first of a new generation: its use of soundtrack music by Devo, Kraftwerk, Bowie, Fripp and various Stiffs is emblematic of this potential status. The breathtaking black-and-white photography (by Martin Shafer) and stunning editing accompany the calmly-paced and somewhat elusive story-line which — although it employs thriller-movie techniques — is less of a narrative than (a) a meditation on methods of communication, (b) an observation of technological entropy — just as two different metals will rust when placed together, so new technology is corrupted by that which it seeks to replace; and (c) perhaps some sort of a statement about British society now. And, yes, Sting has a whimsical cameo role.

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