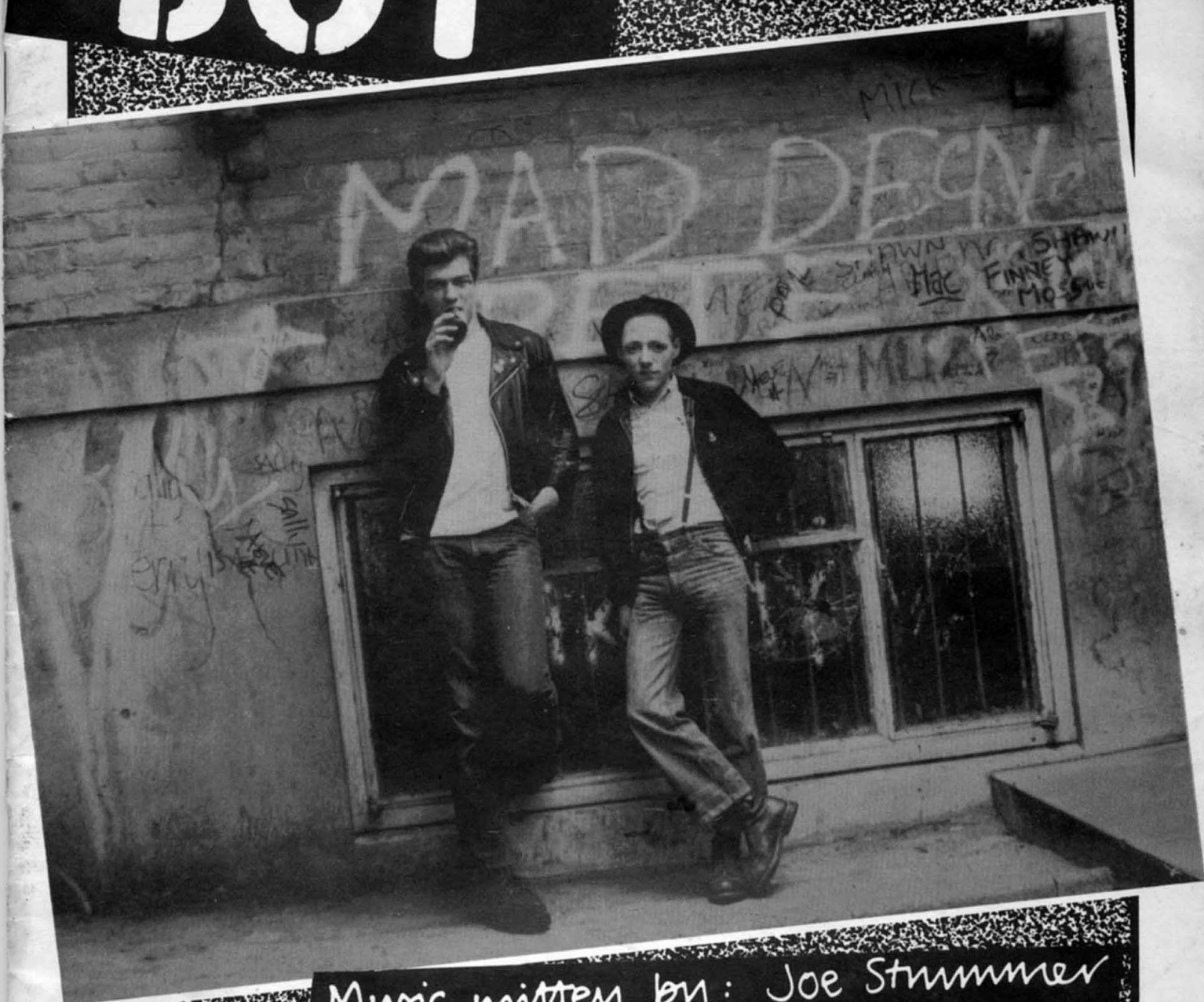


RUDE BOY

OFFICIAL
BOOKLET

Starring:

Ray Gange
The Clash



Music written by: Joe Strummer

Mick Jones

Produced + directed by: Jack Hazan

David Mingay

A Michael White Presentation

RUDE BOY

Rude: simple, unsophisticated, uncivilised, uneducated.

Four hundred years ago there were uses of the words rude boys, roaring boys, and punks to describe clans or fashions in the underworld. Rude boys were country boys or innocents who came up to town and fell into the ways of the criminal world and tavern life. The upper classes used the name to describe the threatening behaviour (to them) of outspoken and possibly violent louts or common people.

Rude boy passed out of use in England, but survived in Jamaican English. In his youth in the late sixties Bob Marley joined a style of reggae songs called Rude Boy or Rudi songs. He recently said: "My first songs were rude boy songs, I did six or seven of them before Rastafari showed me the error of the ideas of the rude boys" His song 'Rudi' from 1967 is featured in the film:

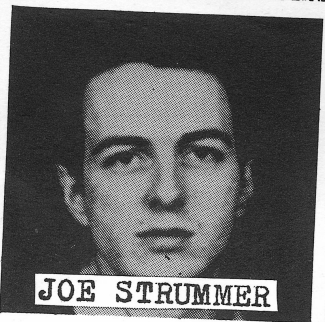
'They fight against the youth now,
Rudi get stronger...'

These songs are taken up by The Clash in 'Rudie Can't Fail' and 'Safe European Home':

'Rudi come now from Jamaica
Rudi get bail...
Rudi Rudi Rudi Rudi Ru
No one knows what the Rude Boy knows'

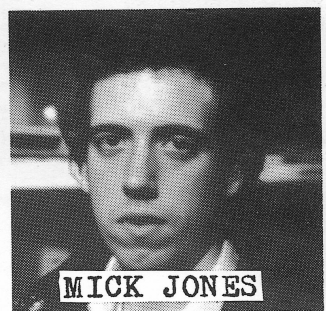
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RUDE BOY - The Cast



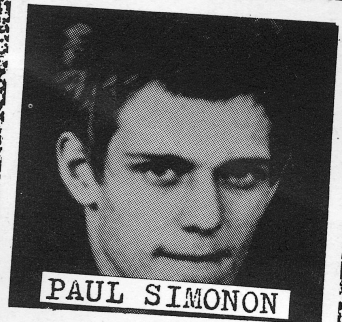
JOE STRUMMER

Singer/Rhythm
Guitar



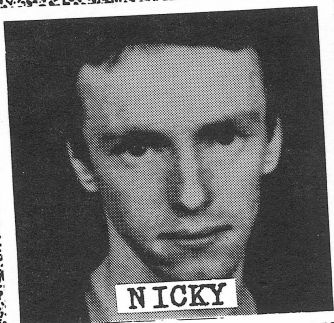
MICK JONES

Lead Guitarist
The Clash



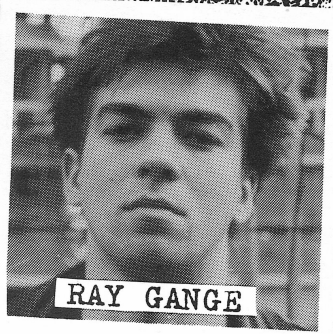
PAUL SIMONON

Bass Guitar
The Clash



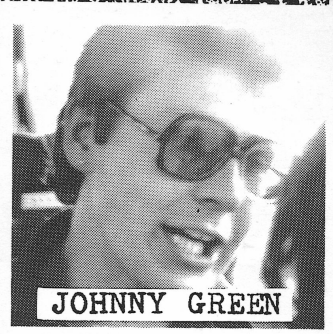
NICKY

'TOPPER' HEADON
Drummer
The Clash



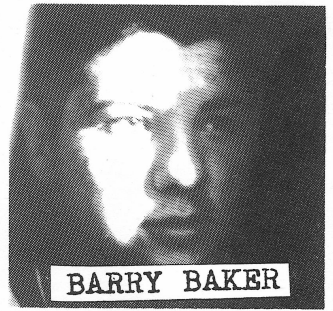
RAY GANGE

Unemployed



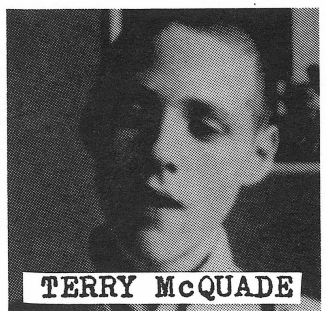
JOHNNY GREEN

Road Manager
The Clash



BARRY BAKER

Drum Roadie
The Clash



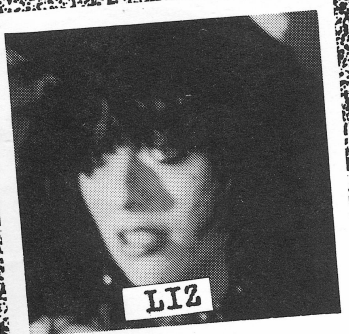
TERRY McQUADE

Ray's Mate



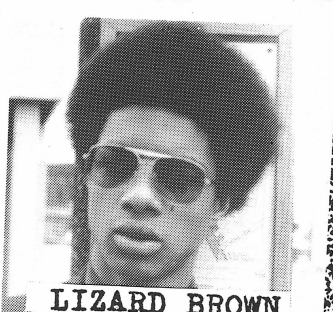
HICKY ETIENNE

Suspect



LIZ

Ray's Girlfriend



LIZARD BROWN

Suspect



CAROLINE COON

Clash
Representative

SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE: JIMMY PURSEY
with: Colin Richards, Colin Bucksey, Lee Parker, Inch Gordon,
Kenny Joseph, Sarah Hall

'1984'

"Until they become conscious they will never rebel, and until after they have rebelled they cannot become conscious."

To keep them in control was not difficult. A few agents of the Thought Police moved always among them, spreading false rumours and marking down and eliminating the few individuals who were judged capable of becoming dangerous; but no attempt was made to indoctrinate them with the ideology of the Party. It was not desirable that the proles should have strong political feelings. All that was required of them was a primitive patriotism which could be appealed to whenever it was necessary to make them accept longer working hours or shorter rations. And even when they became discontented, as they sometimes did, their discontent led nowhere, because being without general ideas, they could only focus it on petty specific grievances. The larger evils invariably escaped their notice. The great majority of proles did not even have telescreens in their homes. Even the civil police interfered with them very little. There was a vast amount of criminality in London, a whole world-within-a-world of thieves, bandits, prostitutes, drug-peddlers, and racketeers of every description; but since it all happened among the proles themselves, it was of no importance. In all questions of morals they were allowed to follow their ancestral code. The sexual puritanism of the Party was not imposed upon them. Promiscuity went unpunished, divorce was permitted. For that matter, even religious worship would have been permitted if the proles had shown any sign of needing or wanting it. They were beneath suspicion. As the Party slogan put it: 'Proles and animals are free.'



from: "1984" by George Orwell
1949



Ray: "I don't believe in Lowell"

Don't look to us,
Phoney Beatlemania has
gotten the dust!
London calling the Clash 1980

Punk

'Swinging London' was one way of putting the youth revolution of the sixties. There seemed to be a golden future for youth, but what about the next generation? Optimism declined in America when youth was sent to Vietnam and even in England protest turned to trouble in the last colony, Northern Ireland. As youthful freedom came to be involved with drug usage, so its most powerful advocate, rock music, fell into decadence. Even war came to London with Irish bombs in the West End. Tower blocks and prices went up. Inflation made materialism a necessity for the ambitious. London became rather deserted and menacing by night. Youth unemployment became the question. Modern architecture and modern ideas became undermined. The newspapers propagandised the horrors of New York.

A transplant was arranged. Basement New York white punk rock, totally despised and unrecognised outside Manhattan was smuggled into the receptive London club circuit. This white fast beat-poetry was to be commercialised in London - what the Beatles and Stones did for black R & B.

In the test tube of London clubs and cellars it met a generation with bitter and savage humour. They struggled with the artistic and commercial contradictions of this fusion. In the process they revitalised a sleazy London, and brought confidence and confusion to the working class youth. Middle class youth quickly proletarianised. The fusion met a surprising strength when it drew from something unavailable in New York - the reggae music of the West Indian minority, a lively underground scene with lines to Jamaica.

In America music polarized. Only commercialised mutations of true black jazz could mix with white rock. This produced on one hand homosexual disco from San Francisco, and on the other heavy metal from Middle America. Meanwhile black soul and funk melted into white ballads in the middle brow market.

In London true punk and true reggae fought together to be minority music unacceptable to the rest. Then the transplant met its own problems because of the extremism of the generation and the political situation in England.

A punk-disco fusion emerged later to be exported to America with the middle class Police, Elvis Costello and Joe Jackson. But the Sex Pistols overdosed. The original white punk/black reggae fusion The Clash survives and seems to resist surrender because of its working class consciousness.

RUDE BOY

- a synopsis

England 1978. The mood is of disillusion, economic decline, political failure. Fascists demonstrate in the street. The left-wing clash with the police and 'The Clash' take their struggle into the concert hall, spokesmen for a generation of despised, unemployed and aimless youth.

Ray Gange, unemployed and nineteen earns beer-money nights working in a Soho sex shop. He tries for a job with Joe Strummer, vocalist of 'The Clash' but is turned down. He counters Joe's revolutionary ideas with his own experience of the class system. "Left-wing is gonna fuck everybody up". But at an open air concert for 'Rock Against Rascism' he demonstrates his loyalty to 'The Clash'. After 'White Riot' he seizes the microphone and screams at the crowd to demand: "More Clash". Order is quickly restored by the left-wing stewards, and Ray is thrown off the stage. His point about political control seems to be proved. But his reward is a job as roadie on the next Clash tour overseen by chief roadie, Johnny Greenglasses.

On tour at the huge Glasgow Apollo, the young teenage audience is brutalised by over-zealous bouncers, spoiling for a fight. Ray is beaten up and Joe and Paul are arrested as they leave the concert hall.

The tour continues through Scotland. Ray questions and counsels Joe about his political aims. It is painfully obvious to both of them that 'The Clash' cannot aim the White Riot of punk underground in front of a large audience. At Glasgow the 'White Man only looking for Fun' met up with near-disaster, and as if to prove the point, Joe's terrorist act in Dunfermline goes over the heads of a friendly audience. In any case Joe is too afraid now for the safety of his fans. After the show Ray clears up the stage with the Clash drum roadie Baker, and tastes the compensations and complications of life on the road. The tour is drawing to its end.

Meanwhile in London black youths loiter around a South London bus stop. They are under observation on video monitors. The political climate has hardened in the run-up to an Election.

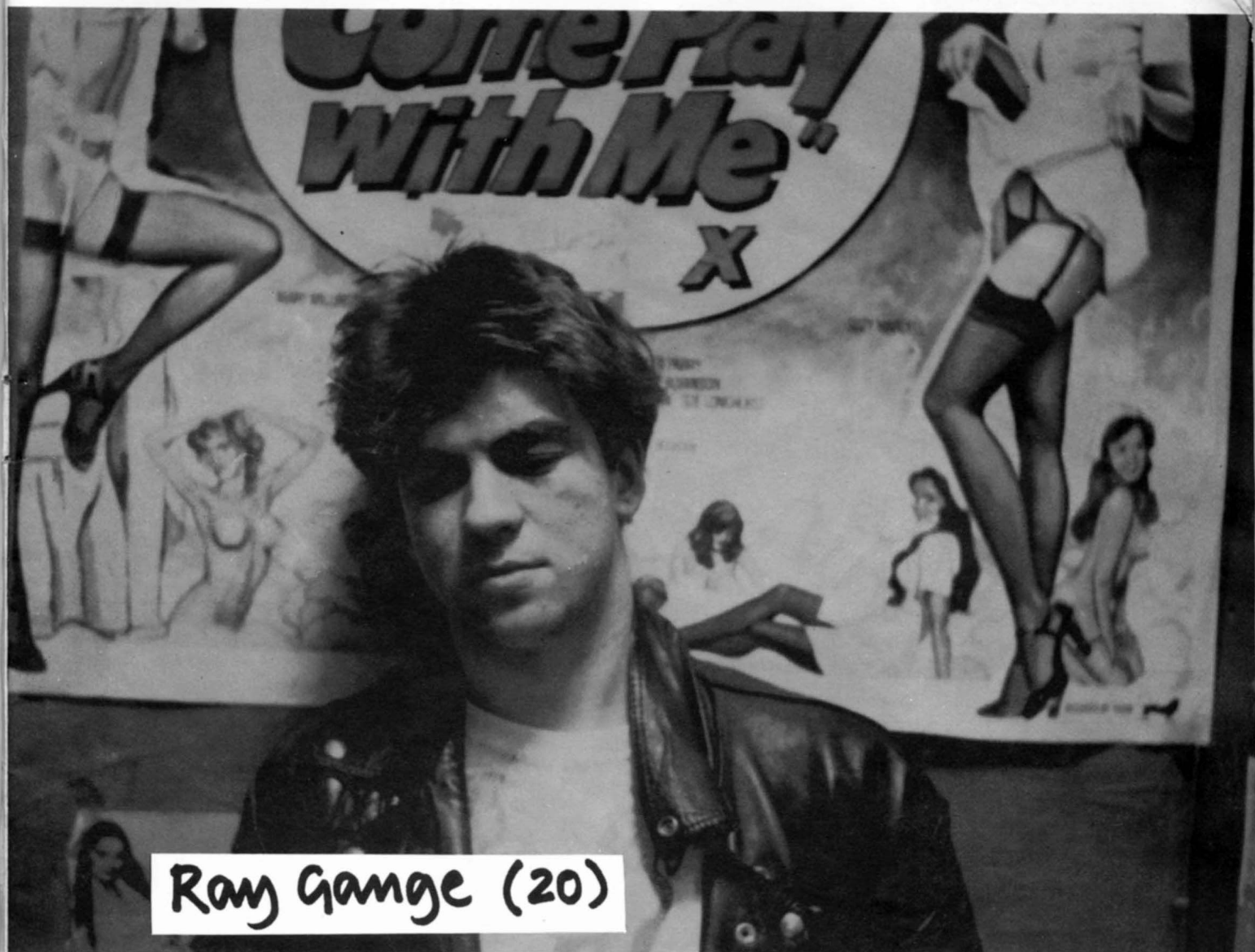
The Clash appear in court on a trivial and expensive charge of shooting racing pigeons and spend time in a recording studio. There, the roadies, Johnny and Baker laugh and reminisce about Ray: "D'you remember Ray?", and "I don't think he could take the loss of private life". Ray is back in the sex shop. He invades the studio to listen to Mick's song "Stay Free". The bus stop black youths are arrested.

As the group grow increasingly successful, Ray drifts embarrassingly around their orbit. Their stage songs have become slick and embittered.

Ray watches, and then goes after them on a new tour on a last desperate mission, jobless, to face the music.



Roy talks to Joe - John Snow



Ray Gange (20)

Born and bred in Brixton, Lambeth, from a South London family. His father is a taxi driver.

He went to Archbishop Tennyson's school, now comprehensive, where he says: "The headmaster interviewed you on the first day to decide from your accent whether to put you in the top or bottom class of your age group".

His first job on leaving school at sixteen was in an Insurance Office in the City. He lost this job when found in a drunken stupor in a corridor. He then worked variously in a record shop, a sex shop, briefly for 'The Clash', and failing that survived on unemployment pay.

It was in this period that he first chatted to David Mingay, in a punk club. "After seeing him around the music scene, I asked him to be in a film. He refused to do so for six months, and failed to turn up for filming dates. Finally he agreed to be filmed, "for the money" he says, but perhaps because his suspicions of such things had been allayed." As soon as his filming was completed he left for California on Freddy Laker, and now has a green card, a job as construction worker, and an American wife. He left because he saw no future for himself in England.

His contribution to the script can't be overlooked.

RUDE BOY

- the Musical Numbers

Opening Theme	REVOLUTION ROCK	Instrumental	The Clash
Ray Arrested	REVOLUTION ROCK	Repeat	The Clash
Live	POLICE & THIEVES	Barbarella's Birmingham	The Clash
Ray in Market	POLICE & THIEVES	Reggae Shop	Junior Murvin
Live	GARAGELAND	Rehearsal	The Clash
Ray in Club	WRECK-A-BUDDY	Disco	Soul Sisters
Live	LONDON'S BURNING	Victoria Park, London Open Air Carnival	The Clash
	WHITE RIOT	"	"
Touring Starts	REVOLUTION ROCK	Instrumental	The Clash
Live	WHITE MAN AT HAMMER- SMITH PALAIS	Glasgow Apollo	The Clash
	U.S.A.	"	"
	JANIE JONES	"	"
	WHITE RIOT	"	"
Live	THE PRISONER	Aberdeen Civic Hall	The Clash
Paul in Hotel	JOHNNY-TOO-BAD	Cassette Recorder	The Slickers
Live	TOMMY GUN	Dunfermline Cinema	The Clash
	WHITE RIOT	"	"
Ray controls Audience	RUDI	Disco	Bob Marley
Bus Stop	REVOLUTION ROCK	Instrumental	The Clash
Studio	ALL THE YOUNG PUNKS	Recording Studio	Joe Strummer
Studio	STAY FREE	Recording Studio	Mick Jones Vocal
Ray Sleeps	RUDI CAN'T FAIL	Rudi Theme (Distant)	The Clash
Live	COMPLETE CONTROL	Music Machine, London	The Clash
	SAFE EUROPEAN HOME	"	"
	WHAT'S MY NAME?	"	"
Live	NO REASON	Rehearsal	Joe Strummer Piano/Vocal
Live	I FOUGHT THE LAW	Lyceum, London	The Clash
Finale/Closing Titles	RUDI CAN'T FAIL	Theme	The Clash



Joe's teeth

Garageland

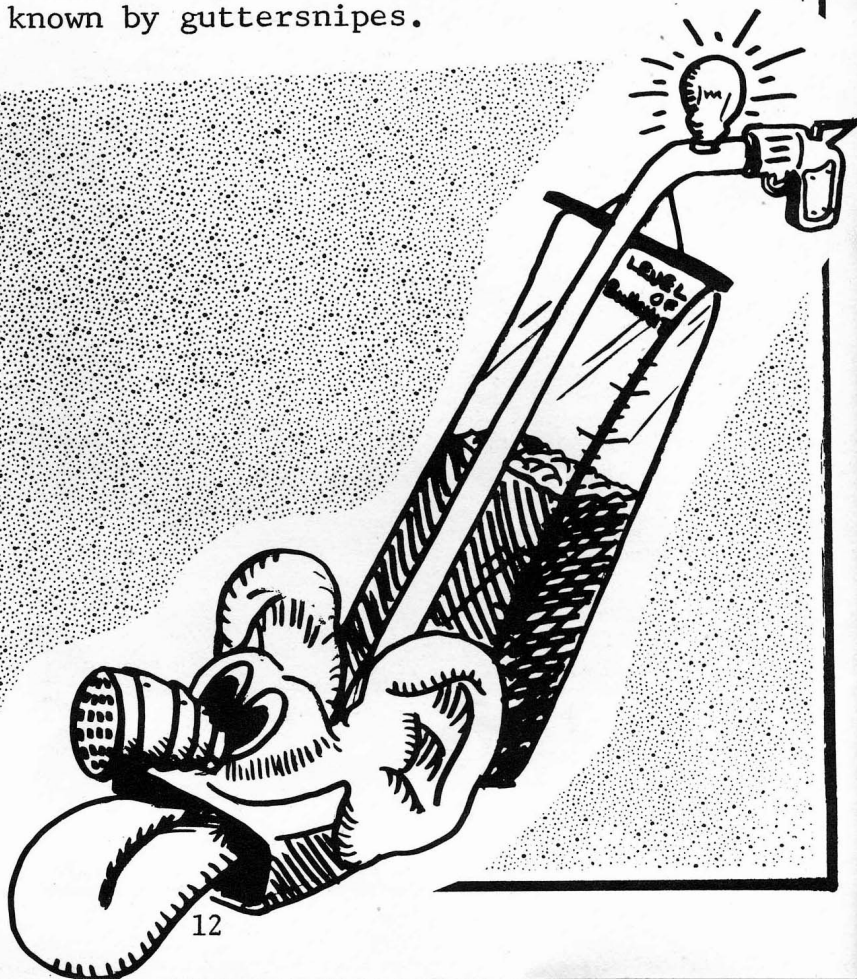
Back in the garage with my bullshit detector,
Carbon monoxide make sure it's effective,
People ringing up, making offers for my life,
But I just wanna stay in the garage all night.

We're a garage band.
We come from garageland.

Meanwhile things are hotting up in the West End alright,
There's contracts in the offices, and groups in the night.
Oh my bummin' slummin' friends, they've all got new boots,
And someone just asked me if the group would wear suits.

We're a garage band.
We come from garageland.

I don't wanna go to where the rich are going.
I don't wanna know about what the rich are doing.
They think they're so clever, they think they're so right,
But the truth is only known by guttersnipes.



London's Burning

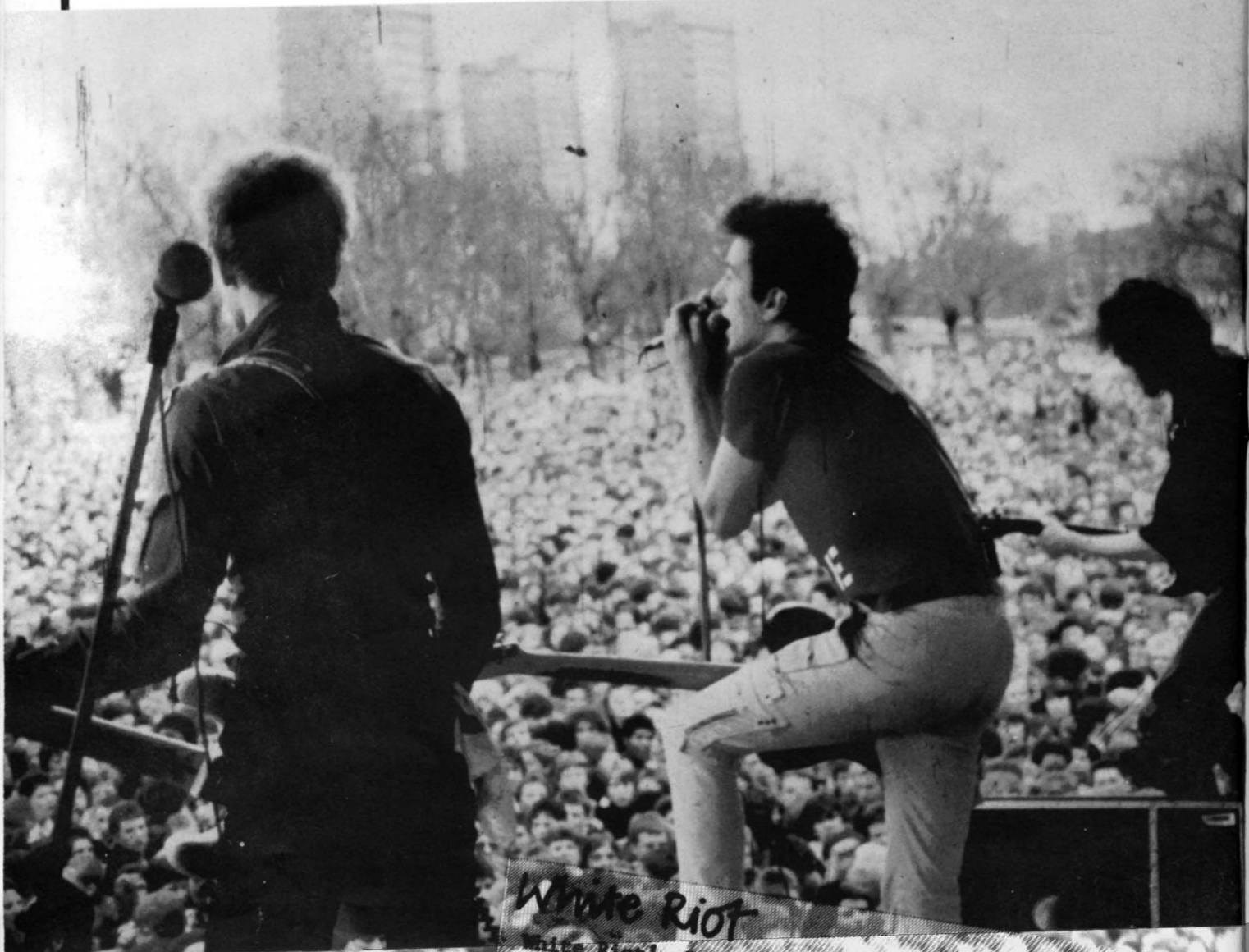
All across the town, all across the night,
Everybody's driving with full head lights.
Black and white you turn it on to face the new religion,
Everybody's sitting round watching television.

London's burning with boredom now!
London's burning dial 999.

Up and down the Westway, in and out the lights,
A great traffic system, it's so bright.
I can't think of a better way to spend the night,
Than speeding around in the yellow lights.

London's burning with boredom now!
London's burning dail 999.





White Riot

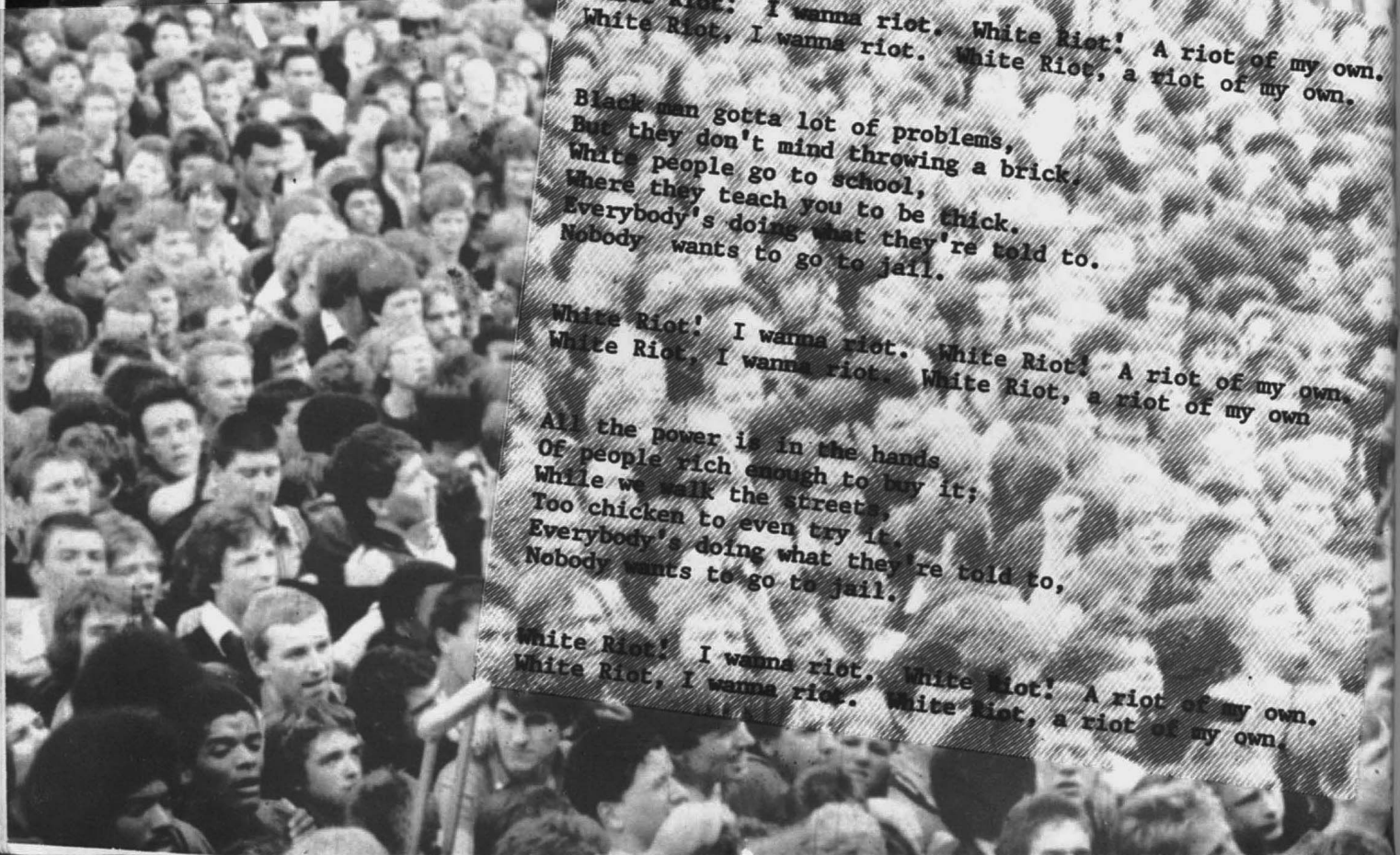
White Riot! I wanna riot. White Riot! A riot of my own.
White Riot, I wanna riot. White Riot, a riot of my own.


Black man gotta lot of problems,
But they don't mind throwing a brick,
White people go to school,
Where they teach you to be thick,
Everybody's doing what they're told to,
Nobody wants to go to jail.

White Riot! I wanna riot. White Riot! A riot of my own.
White Riot, I wanna riot. White Riot, a riot of my own

All the power is in the hands
Of people rich enough to buy it;
While we walk the streets,
Too chicken to even try it,
Everybody's doing what they're told to,
Nobody wants to go to jail.

White Riot! I wanna riot. White Riot! A riot of my own.
White Riot, I wanna riot. White Riot, a riot of my own.





**I'm so Bored with
the U.S.A**

Yankee detectives are always on the TV,
'Cos killers in America
Work seven days a week.

I'm so bored with the U.S.A.,
I'm so bored with the U.S.A.,
Yeah what can I do?

Yankee stars and stripes,
Let's print the Watergate Tapes,
I'll salute the New Wave,
I hope nobody escapes.

I'm so bored with the U.S.A.,
I'm so bored with the U.S.A.,
Yeah what can I do?



Tommy Gun

Tommy Gun, you ain't happy less you got one.
Tommy Gun, headin' for the grave carrying one.
Maybe he wants to die for the money,
Maybe he wants to kill for his country,
Whatever he wants, he's gonna get it.

Tommy Gun, you'll be dead when your war is won.
Tommy Gun, headin' for the grave carrying one.
I can watch you make it on the 9 o'clock news,
Standing there in Palestine lighting the fuse,
Whatever you want, you're gonna get it.

Tommy Gun, you'll be dead when your war is won.
Tommy Gun, but did you have to gun down everyone?
I can see it's kill or be killed,
A nation of destiny has gotta be fulfilled,
Whatever you want, you're gonna get it.

Tommy Gun, you can be a hero in an age of none.
Tommy Gun, I'm cutting out your picture from Page One.
I'm gonna get a jacket just like yours,
An' give my false support to your cause,
Whatever you want you're gonna get it.

Alright.

Boats and tanks and planes, it's your game.
Kings and queens and generals learn your name.
I've seen pictured innocents, day and night,
If death comes so cheap, then the same goes for life.

All the Young Punks

(New Boots and Contracts)

Everybody tries to bum a ride
On the rock 'n roller coaster,
So we went out we got our name
In small print on the poster.
Of course we got a manager
And though he ain't the Mafia,
A contract is a contract.
When they get 'em out on yer.

All the young punks laugh your life,
'Cos there ain't much to cry for.
All you young cunts live it now,
'Cos there ain't much to die for.

You got to drag yourself to work,
And drug yourself to sleep.
You're dead from the neck up
By the middle of the week.

All the young punks.
All the young punks.
All the young cunts.

Face front we got the future
Shining like a piece of gold,
But I swear as we get closer
It looks more like a lump of coal.
But it's better than some factory,
Now that's no place to waste your youth.
I worked for a week once,
But always got the boot.

All the young punks laugh your life,
'Cos there ain't much to cry for.
All you young cunts live it now,
'Cos there ain't much to die for.



Stay Free

We met when we were at school.
Never took no shit from no one, we weren't fools.
The teacher says we're dumb,
We're only having fun,
We piss on everyone
In the classroom.

When we got thrown out I left without much fuss.
At weekends we'd go dancing
Down Streatham, on the bus.
You always made me laugh,
Got me in bad fights,
Playing pool all night,
Smoking menthol.

I practised daily in my room.
You were down 'The Crown' planning your next move.
Go on a nicking spree,
Hit the wrong guy,
Each of you get three
Years in Brixton.

I did my very best to write,
"How was Butlins? Were the screws too tight?"
When you lot get out,
We're gonna hit the town,
We'll burn it fuckin down
To a cinder.

Well years have passed, and things have changed,
I move any way I wanna go.
An' I'll never forget the feeling I got
When I heard that you'd got home,
And I'll never forget the smile on my face
'Cos I knew where you would be,
An' if you're in 'The Crown' tonight
Have a drink on me.

But go easy,
Step lightly,
Stay free.

Complete Control

They said "Release Remote Control",
But we didn't want it on the label.
They said "Fly to Amsterdam",
The people laughed but the press went mad.

Ohh Ohhhh Ooh Someone's really smart!
Ohh Ohhhh Ooh Complete Control, that's a laugh!

On the last tour, my mates they couldn't get in,
I'd open up the back door but they'd get run out again.
At every hotel we was met by the law,
Come for the party to make sure.

Ooh Ohhhh Ooh Someone's really smart!
Ooh Ohhhh Ooh Complete Control, that's a laugh!

They said we'd be artistically free
When we signed that bit of paper.
They meant "Let's make a lotta monee
An worry about it later".

Ooh Ohhhh Ooh Someone's really smart!
Ooh Ohhhh Ooh Complete Control, that's a laugh!

I don't trust you,
So why trust me? Oohh
All over town spread fast
"They're dirty, they're filthy,
They ain't gonna last".

Control,
Jesus Control,
C.O.N. Control,
Control. Get it up. Back it up. Back it up. Shout it out.
C.O.N. Control
Well alright.

Shootin, Shootin.

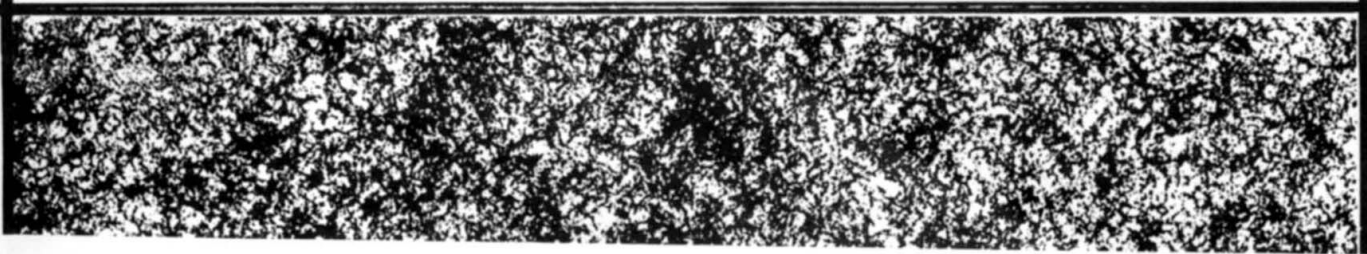
You bow down today.

This is Joe Public speaking,
Controlled in the body,
Controlled in the mind.

This is punk, sing up, rock it, get it up a rock it.

C.O.N. Control.





Safe European Home

I just got back an' I wish I never leave now,
Martian arrival at the airport, yeah.
How many local dollars for a local anaesthetic?
The johnny on the corner was very sympathetic.

I went to the place where every white face
is an invitation to robbery,
An' sitting here in my safe European home,
I don't wanna go back there again.

Wasn't I lucky, an' wouldn't it be luvverly?
Sent a postcard an' I mail it on a Sunday.
I was there for 2 weeks, how come I never tell now,
That 'nasty' bread drinks at the Sheraton Hotel yeah.

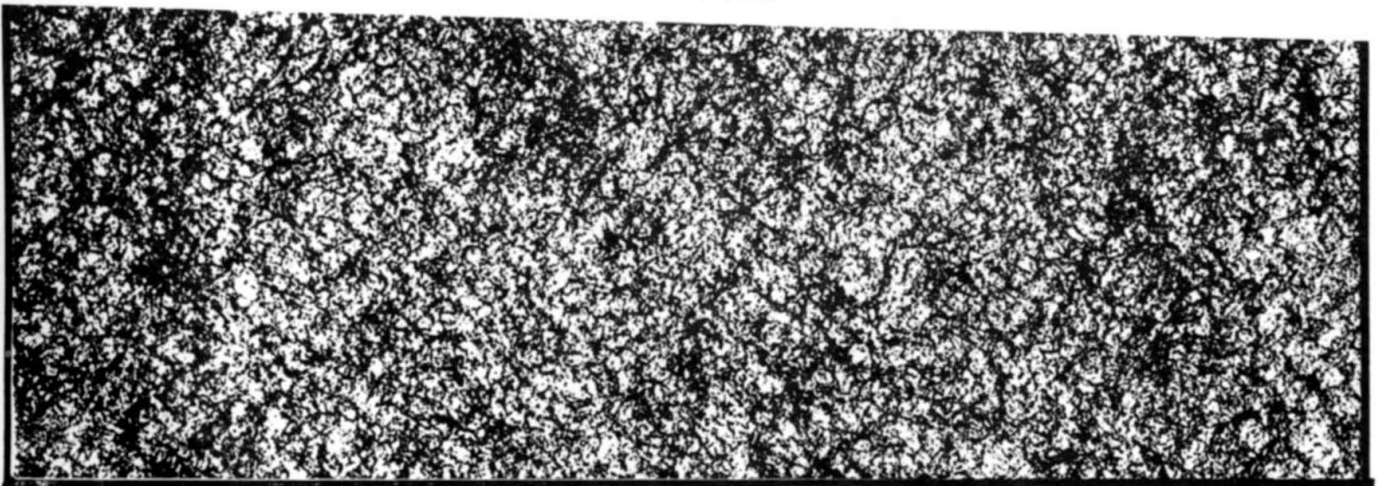
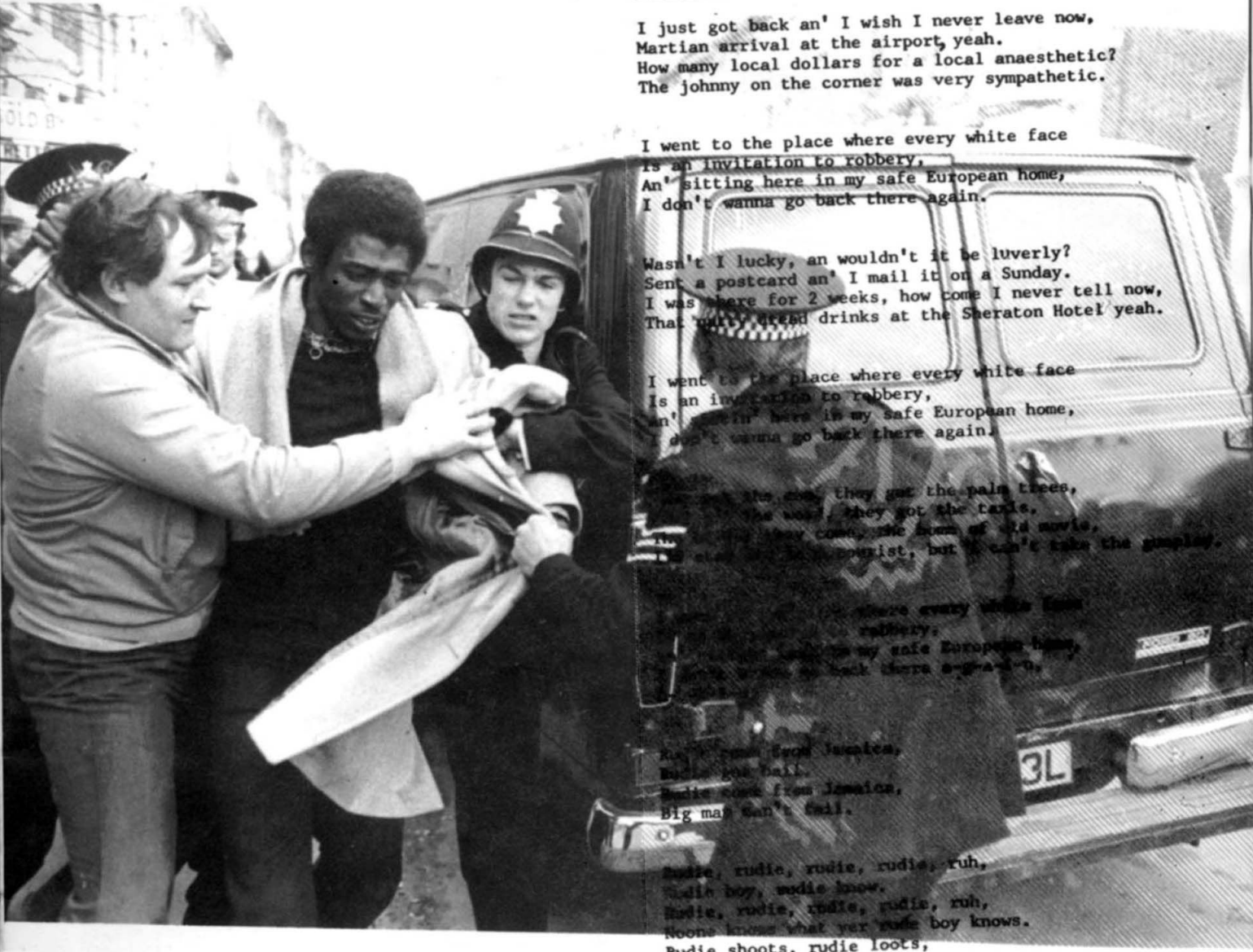
I went to the place where every white face
is an invitation to robbery,
An' sitting here in my safe European home,
I don't wanna go back there again.

They got the palm trees,
They got the taxis,
They got the sum of all movie,
But I can't take the gunplay.

I went to the place where every white face
is an invitation to robbery,
An' sitting here in my safe European home,
I don't wanna go back there a-g-a-i-n.

Rudie, rudie, rudie, rudie, ruh,
Rudie boy, rudie know.
Rudie, rudie, rudie, rudie, ruh,
Noone knows what yer rude boy knows.
Rudie shoots, rudie loots,
Noone knows what yer rude boy knows.

Rudie, rudie, rudie, rudie, ruh,
Rudie boy, rudie know.
Rudie, rudie, rudie, rudie, ruh,
Noone knows what yer rude boy knows.
Rudie shoots, rudie loots,
Noone knows what yer rude boy knows.





No Reason

Ain't got no reason to drag around,
I'm the right kind of colour
In the white part of town.
But all the people down in Brixton town
Say: "Hey white boy
Won't you lend me a pound?"

Ain't got no pound,
Nor any dollar nor a quid.
I'd pick my own pocket, if I did,
I got the same chances as any black man do,
They say: "White boy,
Your new job is through"

Well the black man got the rhythm,
And white man got the law,
And I know which one I'd be lookin' for.
Don't care about the country,
Going to rack and ruin.
The whole world will follow,
And they'll be singing this tune.



I fought the law

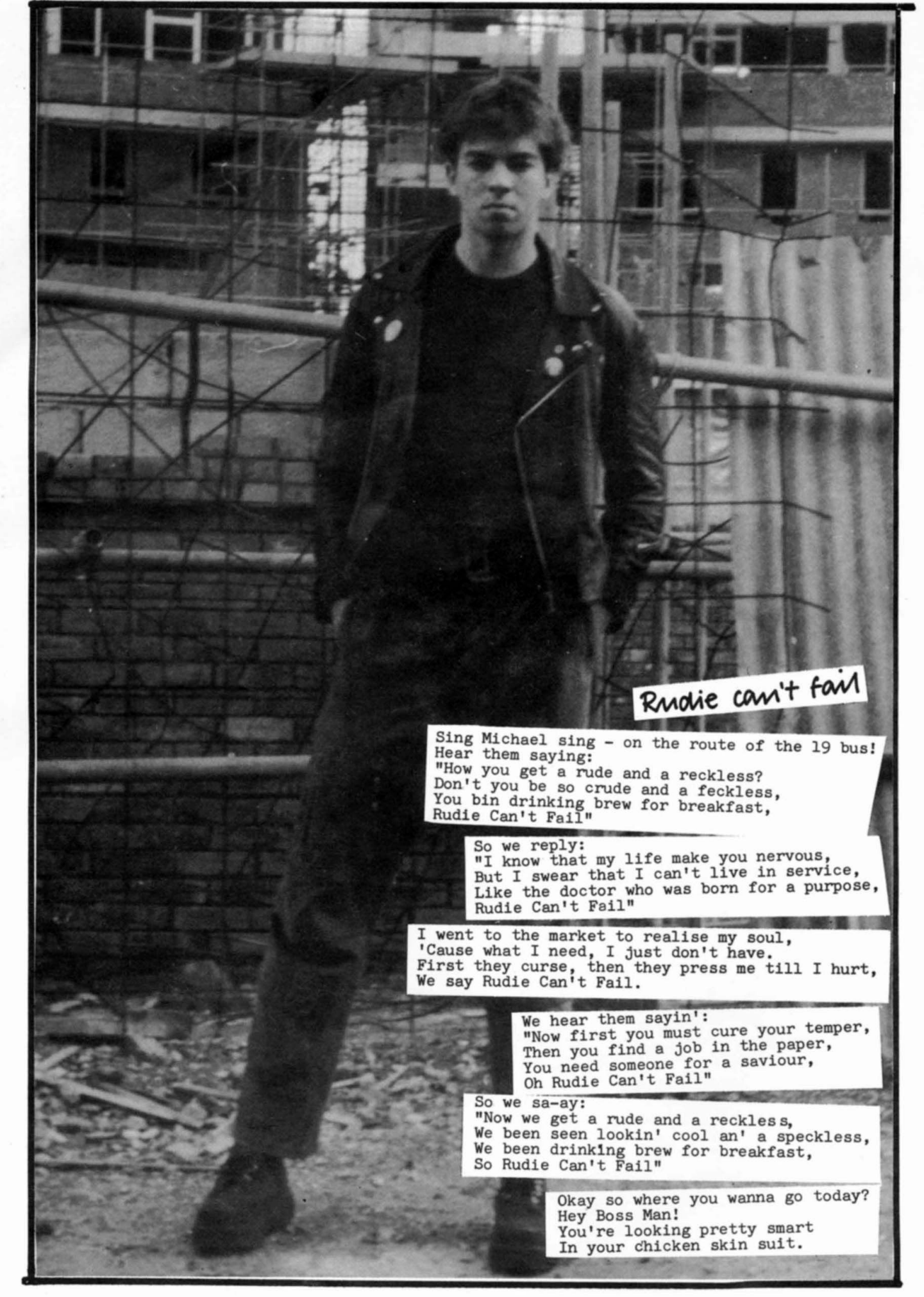
Breakin' rocks in the hot sun,
I fought the law, and the law won.
Yeah, I fought the law, and the law won.
I needed money 'cos I had none,
I fought the law and the law won,
I fought the law and the law won.

Killed my baby - felt so bad,
Guess my race is run,
The sweetest little woman that I ever had,
I fought the law and the law won,
I fought the law and the law won.

Robbin' people with a six gun,
I fought the law and the law won,
I fought the law and the law won.
I left my girl and all her fun,
I fought the law and the law won,
I fought the law and the law won.

Killed my baby - feel so bad,
Guess my race is run,
The sweetest little woman that I ever had,
I fought the law and the law won,
I fought the law and the law won.

I fought the law and the law won,
I fought the law and the law won.



Rudie can't fail

Sing Michael sing - on the route of the 19 bus!
Hear them saying:

"How you get a rude and a reckless?
Don't you be so crude and a feckless,
You bin drinking brew for breakfast,
Rudie Can't Fail"

So we reply:

"I know that my life make you nervous,
But I swear that I can't live in service,
Like the doctor who was born for a purpose,
Rudie Can't Fail"

I went to the market to realise my soul,
'Cause what I need, I just don't have.
First they curse, then they press me till I hurt,
We say Rudie Can't Fail.

We hear them sayin':

"Now first you must cure your temper,
Then you find a job in the paper,
You need someone for a saviour,
Oh Rudie Can't Fail"

So we sa-ay:

"Now we get a rude and a reckless,
We been seen lookin' cool an' a speckless,
We been drinking brew for breakfast,
So Rudie Can't Fail"

Okay so where you wanna go today?
Hey Boss Man!
You're looking pretty smart
In your chicken skin suit.



Formed in 1976 when Mick Jones and Paul Simonon under the manager Bernard Rhodes chose Joe Strummer as a singer. Bernard Rhodes had been a partner of Malcolm McLaren who invented 'The Sex Pistols' - and Bernard split from him to form 'The Clash' as a separate enterprise. The group played first at the ICA in '76, and then went on the Anarchy Tour of England as support group to the Pistols. Their break with the Anarchy movement was finalised when they pulled out of co-operation over the use of swastika arm-bands.

In 1977 they produced the first Punk L.P. 'The Clash', and singles like White Riot. They played the Rainbow in June 1977 where the audience pulled up the seats. In December 1977 they filled the Rainbow for three nights. Jones asked Bernard when he booked the hall, "will anyone come?"

In January 1978 a new drummer Topper Nicky Headon joined the group to replace several predecessors, and later that year they toured England in 'Clash on Parole' Tour (featured in the film).

In October 1978 their second L.P. 'Give 'Em Enough Rope' was completed. They split with Bernard Rhodes at the same time, and announced self-government with a representative Caroline Coon. They toured again in November in Britain, the 'Sort It Out Tour'.

In February 1979 they issued an E.P., including 'I Fought The Law', and made a ten-date U.S.A. Tour. Late in 1979 they made a longer tour of America, completed the new L.P. 'London's Calling' and began a new regular management with Blackhill Enterprises.

So far they have remained in debt to their record company, C.B.S. They consistently refused to play on 'Top of the Pops'. And they were denied airplay on BBC and Capital radios until recently.

In January 1979, 'Time' Magazine called 'Give 'Em Enough Rope' the Album of the Year. In November 1979, a Melody Maker poll of 17 critics voted the first 'Clash' album, the runner-up Album of the Decade.

"They just wanna sell records"

Joe Strummer on stage at the
'Rock Against Racism' Carnival,
Victoria Park, Hackney

THE CLASH - DISCOGRAPHY

Discs	(On C.B.S. Records)		Producer
1.	White Riot/1977	Single	Micky Foote
2.	London's Burning	Single	Micky Foote
3.	The Clash	L.P.	Micky Foote
4.	Capital Radio		The Clash
5.	Complete Control/City of the Dead	Single	Micky Foote
6.	Clash City Rockers/ Jail Guitar Doors	Single	Micky Foote
7.	White Man in Hammersmith Palais/ The Prisoner	Single	The Clash
8.	Give 'Em Enough Rope	L.P.	Sandy Pearlman
9.	Tommy Gun	Single	Sandy Pearlman
10.	English Civil War	Single	Sandy Pearlman
11.	I Fought The Law/Gates of the West/ Groovy Times/ Capital Radio	E.P.	Clash/Price
12.	London's Calling/ Armageddon Time	Single	Guy Stevens
13.	London's Calling	L.P.	Guy Stevens





Joe Strummer, 27

Joe was born in Ankara, and went to school in Yorkshire. He dropped out of art school in London to become a street busker in the London Underground (winter season) and in Amsterdam (summer season). Like many other singers he first tested his voice in the Underground Tube corridor echo chamber. He came up for air to join a band called the '101-ers', before quitting to group with younger men in 'The Clash'. "I knew how to sing/and they knew how to play/And one of 'em had a Les Paul/Heart Attack Machine". So he began his songwriting career with Mick Jones. He writes more words to a bar than any other singer, and in real life says less words to a sentence than most.

Mick Jones, 24

Mick was born in Brixton, and went to school there most days (see 'Stay Free'). Then he went to an art school in Notting Hill, in order to form a band. He recruited Paul there, and taught him bass. At this time he lived in an Acton squat, and was connected with the notorious Shepherds Bush anarchists. He really lives for his guitar, and his knowledge and belief in rock 'n roll. This belief has guided the band through their tortuous musical development, and through the horrors of the music business. But Mick still says "I'm not down".

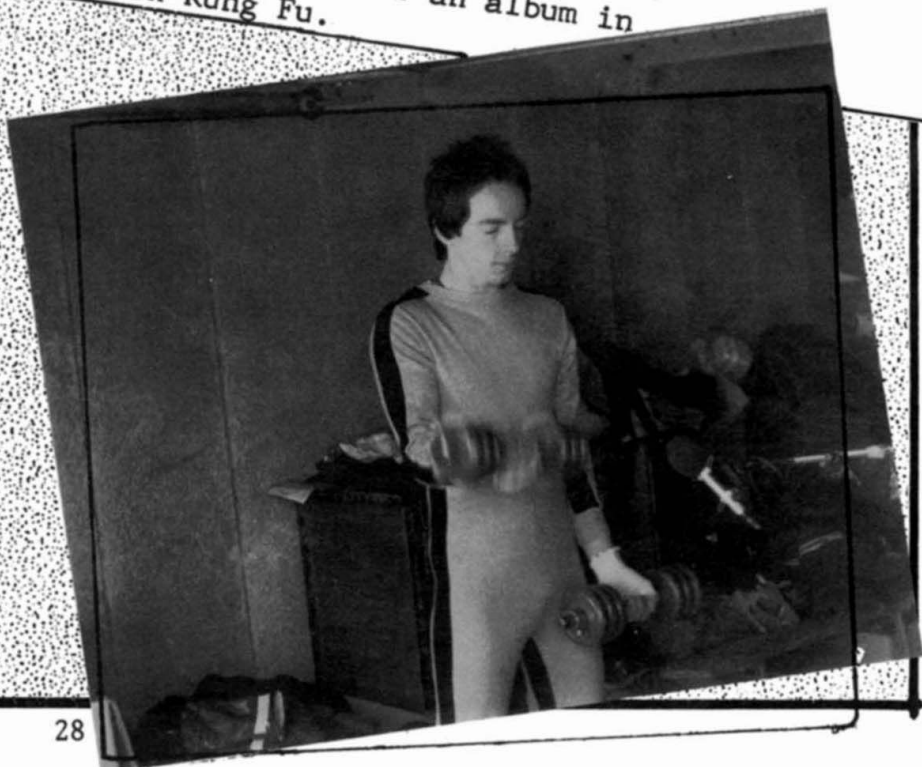


Paul Simonon, 24

Paul was born in Brixton, and went to Notting Hill via Italy. In fact he's partly Belgian. He learnt a few lessons as a kid in Portobello Market. Then he managed to get a scholarship to art school, where he painted. He's designed the band's record covers and clothes, and he's never without a cassette recorder playing the latest music. Paul sings for the first time on 'London Calling', his own song "The Guns of Brixton". His defence against difficult times is to "think about something else"; his defence against boredom is his animal jokes, like "the giraffe with the head of an ostrich and the legs of a centipede"

'Topper' Nicky Headon, 21

Topper was born and bred in Dover, and after a slightly riotous school career, he helped to dig the channel tunnel (now abandoned). Before that, he'd drummed his way backwards and forwards entertaining passengers on the Channel ferries. Then he auditioned for 'Clash' drumming, and was chosen from the famous 100 applicants for the career opportunity. He moved to London, and became the musical driver of the band. His drums never slow, even when the stage is besieged, and the amps are down. He can replace a broken stick without missing a beat (see the film of "I Fought The Law". He can record his drums for an album in an afternoon, and keeps fit with Kung Fu.



Jack Hazan

Born in Manchester, England in 1939. In 1957-60 he studied 'Motion Pictures' at the University of California at Los Angeles. 1960-63, worked as a freelance cameraman and wrote commissioned film scripts. He then returned to England to work as an assistant cameraman at the BBC. In 1966 he produced and directed 'Especially at My Time of Life', about London artists. He left the BBC in 1967 to work as a freelance cameraman. In 1969 he directed 'Grant North' featuring the work of painter Keith Grant. In 1970 he began to shoot a film about David Hockney. The film was completed in 1974 'A Bigger Splash', premiered at the Cannes Film Festival. 1977-80: Produced and directed 'Rude Boy' with the Clash.

David Mingay

Born in Sheffield, England in 1945. 1963-66 studied English Literature at Cambridge University and in 1966-67, Film and Drama at Bristol University. 1967-70 he joined the BBC as Assistant Film Editor. He first collaborated with Jack Hazan when he edited his film 'Grant North'. He continued the collaboration by suggesting a film about David Hockney. In 1972 he also edited Jane Arden's 'The Other Side of the Underneath' and in 1973 Lutz Becker's 'Double Headed Eagle'. In 1974 he completed 'A Bigger Splash'. 1975-77 directed and edited a thirteen part TV series, 'Cinema The Amazing Years', the birth of the cinema 1897-1916, and in 1977 edited Bill Douglas' "My Way Home" before starting work on 'Rude Boy'.

Michael White

Born in Scotland in 1936, producing manager. He was assistant to Peter Daubeny 1957-61 and with him he presented his first London theatre production 'The Connection' in 1961. Since then he has presented countless West End productions including 'Jungle of the Cities' (1962); 'Loot' (1966); 'The Beard' (1968); 'Soldiers' (1968); 'Sleuth' (1969); 'Oh Calcutta' (1969); 'Joseph and The Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat' (1971); 'The Rocky Horror Show' (1972); 'A Chorus Line' (1975); 'Annie' (1978). Films include 'Moviemakers', Monty Python and the Holy Grail', The Rocky Horror Picture Show' and 'Jabberwocky'.

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RUDE BOY

Starring
Ray Gange
The Clash

NEVER
AGAIN!
NAZI
STOP THE NAZI!



Mimic written by: Joe Strummer
Mick Jones

Produced + directed by: Jack Hazan
David Mingay

A Michael White Presentation



New Release