ROADSHOWS

Hitting the trail to Credibility Gulch

THE CLASH, CHELSEA Top Rank, Sheffield

SHEFFIELD'S burning, and it ain't from boredom.

SHEFFTELD'S burning, and it ain't from boredom. The Clash are in town, see, armed with a bunch of new songs for the trek back to credibility guich.

Here and now, it should be set down that I ain't party to any Clash-backlash scheme, certainly not on this evidence. Joe Strummer, Mick Jones, Paul Simenon, Nicky Headon: The awesome foursome are (contrary to popular belief) NOT finished. In fact, if you asked politely, I'd tell you they were only just starting.

starting.
Yeah, so maybe the boys are a little richer than they were a year or two back, but so's Jim Pursey for that matter

that matter
Anyway, this gig made the 'are they finished'
theories redundant,' further, I'm none too familiar
with the new material, but initial impression is that
the next album should be a killer.
A ripple of excitement becomes a wave of nearfanaticism as The Clash beam on stage, and into
'Complete Control', which incites the local punky
pogoers to move it some. No sound problems here,
though Mick Jones', mike blanks out after a few
numbers.

mumbers.

We all know Strummer's a lousy singer, and he's not about to deny the fact, but — Jeez — what a front man. His whole persona is at full flight, as he struts back and forth restlessly like some wild Devo-offshool

man. His whole persona is at full flight, as he struts back and forth restlessly like some wild Devo-offshoot on uppers.

For the set's last quarter, he dispenses with guitar, grahs a mike, and muffs the vocal's totally. Somehow, if don't seem to matter; could you sing properly whilst pogoing and throwing yerself anbout like some suicidal masochist, huh?

It made for classic visuals, anyhow. '(White Man) in Hammersmith Palais' is probably the band's poorest single to date (bar 'Remote Contro') which ain't singles material anyway), but live — well, it's a regular hotcake 'The band pulled together, tightened everything up, dealt all the aces, etc: from then on, things heaved steadily uphill, until the rousing 'Bored with the USA'.' Janle Jones'.' 'White Riot' encore.

Nicky Headon has now slotted into the drum-seat perfectly, his aggressive, hell-for-leather style a neat compliment to that savage dual-axe onslaught. Collectively, the Clash possess a heavy stage-presence which only Jim Pursey (or the prime-pistols) could challenge. No, they haven't finished yet, not by a long way. As one of the earlier dates on the tour, this signifies The Clash finding their stride. Chelsea, on the other hand, have been going round in circles for some time and without some truly striking material they'll probably continue to do so Gene October is a very fine vocalist, y'know, but many of the numbers here were a trifle uninspired. However, they WERE caught in the spittle-avalanche as well, and who the hell can play with wet fingers' Chelsea sound real good on record, less so live. They do have the ability: now all they need is some ace material.

ROLLING STONES Capitol Theatre, Passaic NJ and JFK Stadium, Philadelphia PA

THERE were those who expected a revitalized Rolling Stones to perform an old act — full of menacing gentures and other exaggerations which pass in rock 'n' roll for energy. In their much anticipated performance at the 3,000-seat Capitol Theatre the Rolling Stones disappointed those people.

what Mick Jagger For what Mick Jagger and band gave their udience was a show that was as much rhythm and lues as it was rock—ommitted yet cool. Clad a yellow suit, jacket, lack nubber pants and a sunty white cap, Jagger was all petulance and outetry. After warming by with strong unstrained ceraions of 'Lei It Rock

All Down The Line' and 'Honky Tonk Women' (the last featuring Keith Richards in his first major appearance of the evening) Jagger's act began to catch fire as he spat out the accusations of 'Star Star'

of Star Star.

Next came the first new song of the night, a scorching version of 'When The Whip Comes Down' in which Jagger utilised his just donned guitar as a prop.pounding at it as much as playing it Loosening up by 'Miss You' he does the first of several intricate quick-step dance routines which at each repetition seem out of sync with what the band is playing

After 'Lies' comes 'Beast of Burden' as the barrage of 'Some Girls' tunes marks the beginning of the most excellent portion of the show. Next came the first new

portion of the show.
"Best Of Burden' is virtually croaked out by Mick, while he continues



THE CLASH: heaving steadily uphill while combining heavy stage presence with classic visuals.

THE CLASH: heaving steadily uphill while combining heavy stage presence with or sasume most of the spotlight forfeited by a reticent Keith Richards. It is only in a guitar duet with Ron Woods in the following song respectable that Richards by Mick's voice-overs. At following song respectable that Richards by Mick's voice-overs. At following song respectable that Richards by Mick's voice-overs. At following song respectable that Richards by Mick's voice-overs. At following song respectable that Richards by Mick's voice-overs. At following song respectable that Richards by Mick's voice-overs. At following song respectable that Richards by Mick's voice-overs. At following song respectable that Richards by Mick's voice-overs. At following song respectable that Richards by Mick's voice-overs. At following song respectable that Richards by Mick's voice-overs. At following song respectable that Richards by Mick's voice-overs. At following song respectable to singer is unches that one of the structure degree of the structure degree of the structure approached by Jagger aunches tho sign more. But to no avail. Daunded, Jagger alunches that one spirited Brown Sugar pulling his sportshirt above his chest. The frivolous tease leads into traditional rouser Jumpresonating perfectly over Ron Wood's pedal steel work and Charrie Watt's tight light drumming. Keith is again relegated to the background until a bluesy 'Love in Valn' rouses him into some striking lead guitar.

Barechested except for vest and beads Richards seems mostly somewhere else tonight. Through 'Sweet Little 16' and 'Tumbling Dice' he remains hidden except for an occasional steptino the lights for harmonising or a briefssolo.

Then Jagger announces 1'till like to have "a friend the deletion of an anded number. 'Saltsfaction', and the deletion of an encore. A pink and red

g heavy stage presence with classic visuals.

gauze-covered structure turned the stage into an enormous mouth with runway serving as outstretched tongue. Catwalks onto the outer edges of the structure gave Jagger a chance to flaunt himself before a desiring crowd. The sound was astoundingly clear for a hall of that'size and the Stones were again the same as several nights before — impeccably cool and hot.

MARILYN LAVERTY

LIFO

one of those riffs) on which Michael Schenker's gultar really lived. Actually Schenker is a very fine axe-man, no question of that, whilst Phil Mogg is a fairly individual singer. If a touch heavy on the Americano here and there: his main failing is his liking for one-dimensional phrasing on the 'rockier' numbers, though that ain't exactly gonna bring about UFO's downfall.

Cards - on - the - table time: I admit to finding the gig an impressive one, mainly because they transmitted an exciting 'immediacy' to the rear of

the hall where I was sitting / standing by turns. Believe me, City Hail is no Marquee or Donny Outlook, and this ability to project in the major venue is a great asset (probably the result of playing large US venues). hall where

Like most HM outfils, UFO exhibit almost nil progression from one waxing to the next, though they still produce songs with splendid hooks—and they kick out a fair old energy force, even for a heavy rock band. Given the new album promotional campaign / extensive tour, this could be the year UFO break big. The reaction here was certainly promising.

But seriously. UFO

was certainly promising.
But seriously, UFO
ain't moronic wimps
pandering to the whims of
2,000 peace-sign fiashing
clods in search of the
ultimate, latest thing in
brain damage.

What UFO stand for is something less pre-tentious and passe, and that's why I like 'em

CHRIS WESTWOOD

Shortchanging superstar?



BUT can bear Barry Cain's blowworch

DAVID BOWIE Earls Court

just roose change. Heroes teself ha classic and came across much better live than on vinyl. But where on where was "Sound And Vision'? The first half's standout was "Fame' with a scorching, finger pointing, light sublimated Bowle frozen on the final note Magic.

Fourthly, the two numbers that could and should have destroyed the place — 'Jean Genie' and the final

encore 'Rebel Rebel' — didn't because they were re-vamped 'Genle' sounded flat and was saved by a magnificent duel between the incredible guitarist Adrian Below and violinist Simon House. 'Rebel' was a let down because the driving rocker we all know and love was metamorphosised into an almost Latin American rhythm. While watching Bowie's carry-on-camping dance routines one could be forgiven for thinking that his body has been taken over by an 'Ole Ola' screeching Rod Stewart.

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Fifthly, Bowie should have made some concessions to his hysterical fans by giving them what they so much desired — 'Changes', 'Diamond Dogs', 'Life On Mars', Young Americans', 'Golden Years', 'Drive In Saturday', 'Rock 'n' Roll Suicide' even 'Space Oddity'. An artist of his stature can afford to indulge in his chameleon fantastes on record but surely live he ought to come across with the heavy goods. Most of these people may never get the chance to see him again.

On the credit side the presentation of the show was quite simply white light. Beautiful.

Bowle, so confident, so at ease, is probably the best mover you'll ever see on a rock 'n' roll stage.

The sound was superb (from my vantage point anyway). Maybe those at the back might just as well have been in Australia. And the assembled loved every white ice minute of it.

It was just the choice of material that was enough to make you puke.

minute of it.

It was just the choice of material that was enough to make you puke. A thin white puke that is.

BARRY CAIN