

THE SHAPE

TIMIN

by fab, one-off, Johnny Restivo was blasted out to New York punters in the intermission before the Clash came out and shredded the second night audience at New York's Palladium theatre with their magnificent rock and roll. (21/9/77)

opinions vary as to which have and haven't been great shows, but everytime I've been down in the audience rather than shuttled in to the liggers enclosure at the side of the stage, I've seen only excellence from the Clash. It's been said before to the point of embarrassment, but as the band currently shouldering the burden of redefining white rock and roll for the rest of the world, they are doing it right on so many levels as to make most of their predecessors and nearly all of their contemporaries look like slob and jerks.

But on with the tour - From Chicago to Detroit to Boston to New York on a bus called Arpeggio, fuelled by great foods like I.C.I. used to make.



The New York audiences know what was expected and after the Under-tones and Sam and Dave had got them boiling they went outrageous for the Clash - applauding and shouting for about ten minutes solid after the first night's set. In New York I became a pawn in the ongoing saga of the New Backdrop which involved my spending most of a day shunting around in pouring rain on a fruitless

mission to find a space large enough to lay out and paint a forty by twenty foot backcloth to replace the flags you're probably familiar with. Feeling like the most insignificant speck of shit in the world's biggest dustbin I trudged aimlessly from one fictitious address to another, only able to get a taxi out of it all, eventually, by hurling myself on to one as it stopped at traffic lights. New York is hell, on foot, in the rain. For all I know the backcloth has been chopped into small pieces and sold as genuine, holy relics and the paint I lugged around has been hurled into New York harbour but I fear I'll be seeing a lot more of it soon.



THE BIG CRAB-APPLE



Philadelphia was a great show from out in the audience and I celebrated by getting so vily drunk that I spent the next day mostly comatose, occasionally trying to find the hole in my head to shovel the pills in and periodically barfing up quantities of old bilge water, paint stripper and ships barnacles. Terrific! NEXT WEEK - I ENTER A MONASTERY AND SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF

THE SOILED PILLOWS TOUR



Meanwhile, the casualties mount as we roll into Canada after a stopover in Philadelphia where the audience stood and pounded their hands together for so long that Joe had to come out after the encore and explain that they were too tired from travelling to play any more

