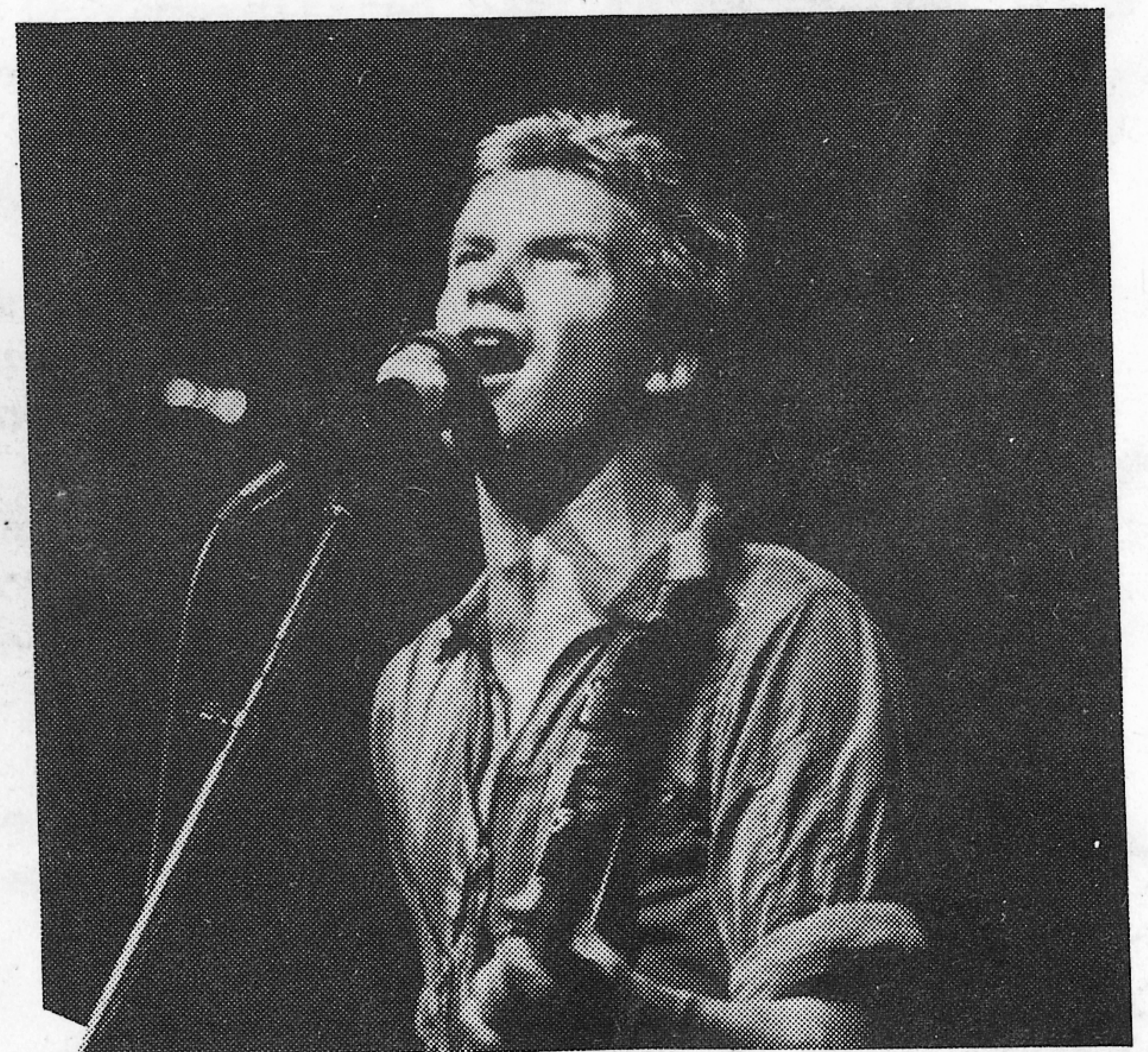
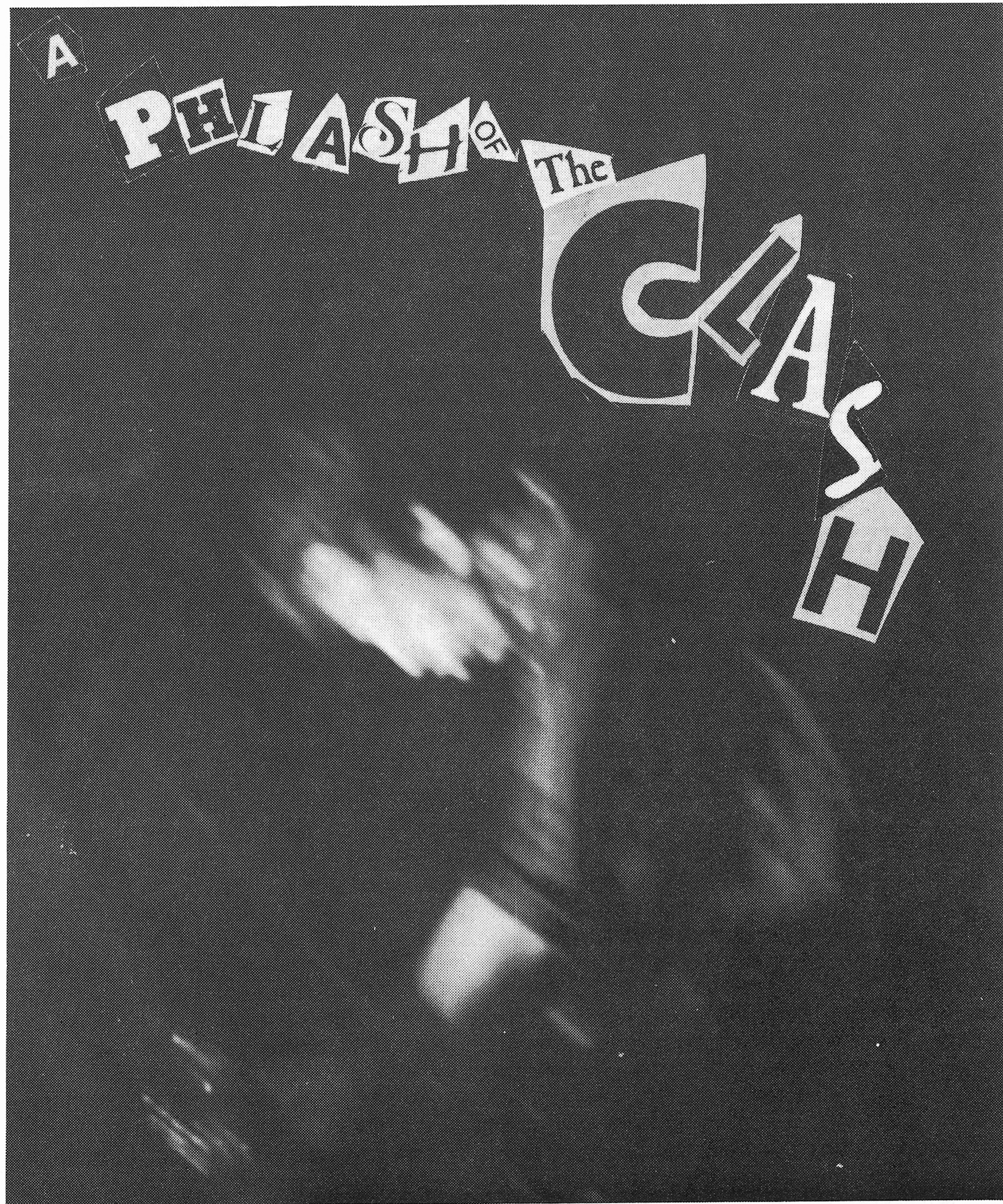


Winter
1979/
80

THE SPECTRUM

No. 2
\$1.00





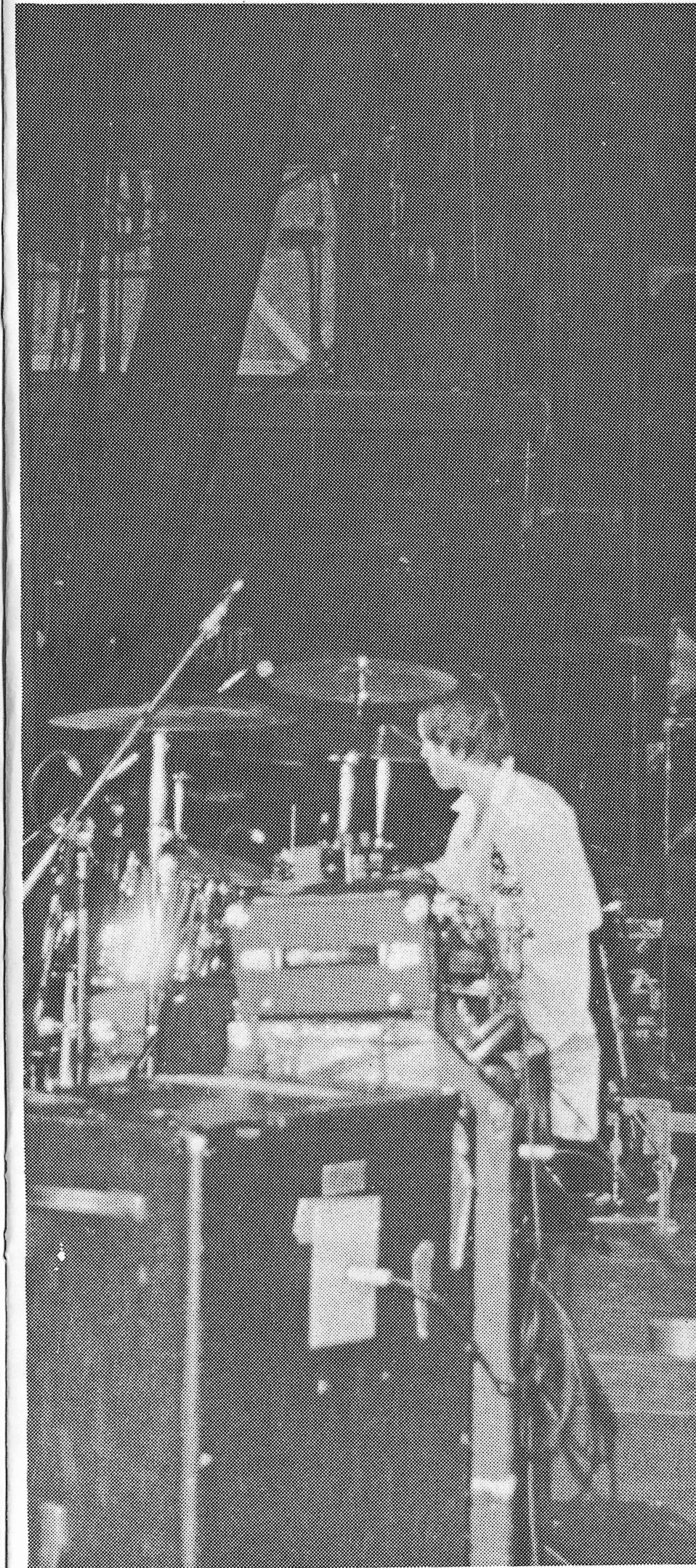
9/19/79

The Clash came to the Orpheum Theater which that night seemed more like the Paradise because the Goon Squad--better known as Don Law's Brainless Bouncers--were pushing their weight around. During the Undertones' encore, I left my seat for a closer shot of the band. Before I could even raise my camera, I was grabbed by two animals in red T-shirts, pushed down the aisle and out into the lobby. I tried to converse with them, but they didn't speak (maybe they didn't know how). I also attempted to speak to the men at the door, but they had been told not to let me in and added insult to injury by calling me a "rock'n'roll" nigger. I was labelled, stamped and shipped out the door. When the goons out front started harassing me, even the Undertones came out to see what was going on. I told them what had happened, and they offered me their backstage passes. But of course the Red Shirts weren't having any: "It doesn't matter what he's got--he's not getting in!"

I found the alley where the equipment trucks were parked. Two cops approached



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me, and before they could say anything, I told them I was doing a story and I was waiting right there until I got to speak to someone from the Clash (a lie, but it worked). By now, Sam and Dave were playing, so I just listened, hoping to hell someone or something would let me back into the hall in time to see the Clash. I thought I was dreaming this whole nightmare . . .

Then the Clash pulled up. Before I could explain what had happened, Joe Strummer grabbed me and flung me into the door and started yelling at me. "I don't want to hear your problems! I've got me own. If you're supposed to photograph, get in there and photograph. You've got to be more aggressive; if you're not, you'll never make it. DO YOU THINK WE GOT WHERE WE ARE BY SITTING ON OUR ASSES?! No! You've got to go after what you want!" I could barely speak, but I did manage to ask, "What if you've got 10 goons standing in your way?" "You just do what you're doing now," he said, "outsmart 'em. You know you're smarter than they are. They're just a bunch of idiots. Now follow me!"

We walked up two flights of stairs to their dressing room, me trying to think of what to say to them that wouldn't sound totally stupid. Upstairs, there was plenty of food, beer and tension. The manager was upset; an argument erupted about money and who got what. Naturally, Don Law's name came up. After the manager stormed out of the room saying something like "Keep all the money," I figured this wasn't the time or the place to photograph the band. So, I stayed backstage to prevent the goons on the floor from attacking me and was able to photograph the whole concert without any problems.

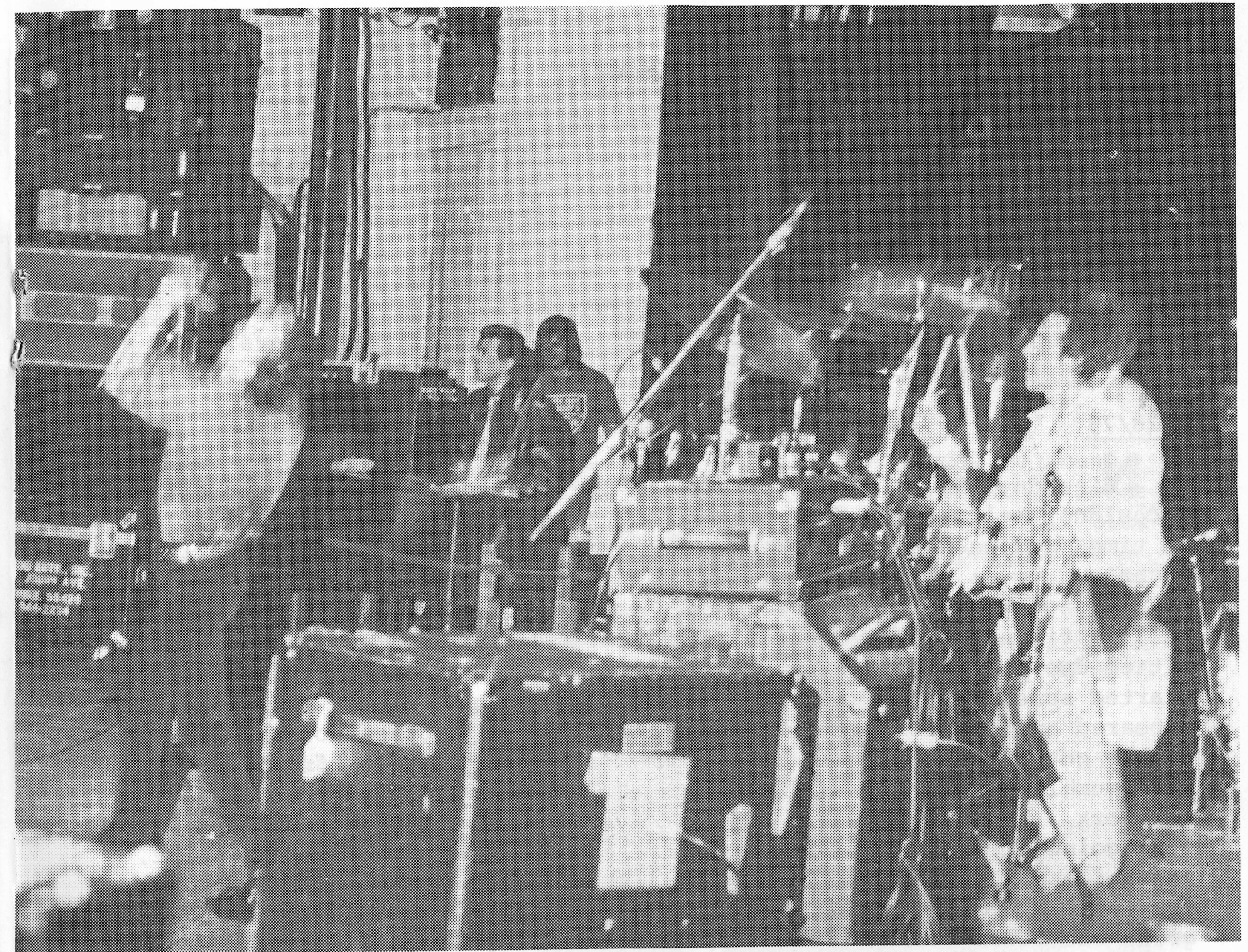
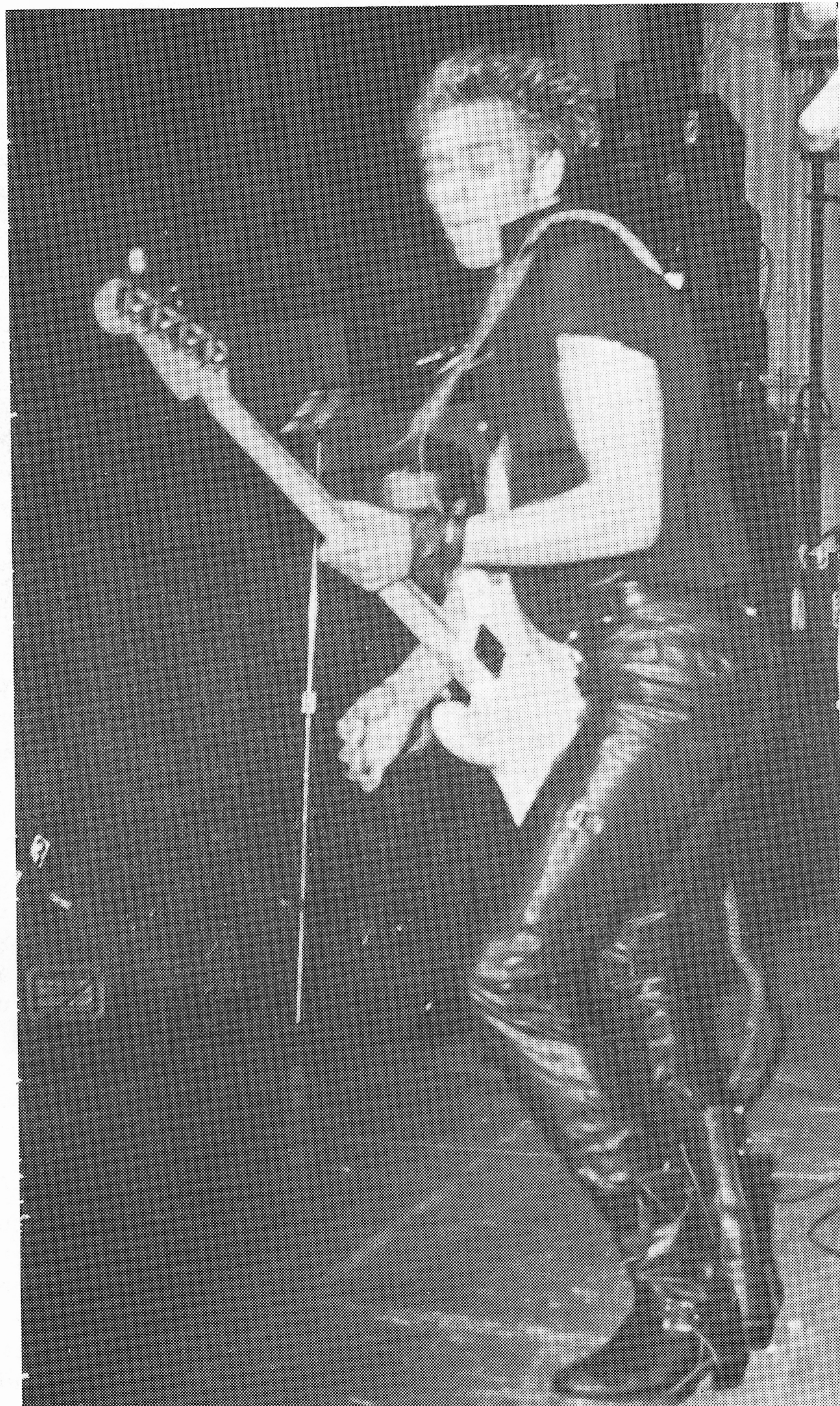
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The Clash were unlike any band I've ever met, heard or photographed. Their attitudes and energy really can't be verbalized by anyone except themselves, so I leave you with the words of the Clash--tonight their songs made more sense to me than ever before. But one song in particular sums up what I felt about Don Law's bouncers:

HATE AND WAR

The only things there are today/And if I close my eyes they will not go away/ You have to deal with it/It is the currency\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ Hate...hate...hate The hate of a nation a million miles from home/And war from the junkies (bouncers) who don't like my form/I'm gonna stay in the city even when the house fall down/ I don't dream of a holiday when hate and war come around/ HATE AND WAR/I have the will to survive/ I cheat if I can't win/If someone locked me out I kick my way back in/And if I get aggression

I GIVE IT TO THEM TWO TIMES BACK . . .



The story wasn't over yet, though. After the concert I went looking for my girlfriend and found her outside, frozen cold and bullshit. In the process of looking for me before the Clash came on, she had learned from the fuckin' bouncers that I'd been beaten up and the police had me outside. She asked if she could go out and see if I was OK and would they let her back in with her ticket stub. They replied sure, sure . . . but the minute she was out the door, they said she couldn't come back in. When she tried, they used some muscle and forced her out into the street. How low can you get, you lying bastards, you macho scumbags? Where the fuck do you guys get off? The people who buy tickets are paying your salaries, as well as making Don Law rich. People used to respect Don Law, but now he's become a Little Hitler--and his big bouncers are the SS who have the power but no common courtesy. They use and abuse the public. After they grab your dough, you're just a seat number--nothing more.

We weren't the only people thrown out; my girlfriend saw at least a dozen more bruised and bleeding victims flung into the street outside the front door of the Orpheum. And that's not all--after the box office closed, people who didn't have tickets were paying full price to the bouncers, who were pocketing the money . . . Isn't this called "skimming off the top," Don? Maybe your boys aren't as honest as you thought, or maybe this is how you keep them happy--at the expense of the bands. But shit. I'm sick of talking about Don Law. Back to the Clash.

9/28/79

Nine days later, we're on our way to Clark University to see the Clash. I couldn't believe we were going to see them twice in 10 days. We were right on time, and we had our tickets. What could possibly go wrong? Nothing, right?

Wrong! We got to the door, only to be met with, "Sorry, the concert hall is filled. They oversold the tickets, and no more people will be admitted due to fire laws. You can get your money back next week." Everyone started screaming and yelling, "White riot, I wanna riot." Then the police appeared and started moving bodies around. A few bottles got thrown; a few people got arrested. I was going crazy, and so was my girlfriend. Others were mumbling, "I can't believe this; I came all the way from Boston . . . New York . . . East Oshkosh . . ." Everyone was bitching, and worse, they were going home just 'cause the police had told them to. By this point, I was boiling. I started yelling at all the wimps: "Go home! Give up, you fucking wimps! Leave! Go on! The people who stay will tell you later how great the Clash really are!" The whole time, all I could think of was Joe Strummer saying, "If you want something, you've go to go after it. Be aggressive, or you'll never get anywhere." And I sure as shit wasn't going anywhere until I saw the Clash.

Only the people who really wanted to see the concert ended up staying, and most of them were from Boston. I kept telling the people around me, "Don't give up. Mark my words--when Joe finds out, we'll get in."

Two hours later, a bus pulled up, and out stepped Strummer. We screamed, "We got tickets, and they won't let us in! Joe, let us in. The crowd jeered, "We are your real fans--half those college students are sightseers." Joe put up his arms to quiet the mob, yelling, "IF YOU PEOPLE DON'T GET IN, WE DON'T PLAY."

Everyone immediately went nuts.

NO. 91
 GEN. ADM.
 09-28-79
 THE CLASH

NO. 91
 GEN. ADM.
 09-28-79
 THE CLASH

CLARK SAB PRESENTS THE CLASH STUDENT ACTIVITIES CENTER SEP 28 1979 FRI 8 00 PM

EP 28 1979

GEN. ONE TIME DATE

ROW SEAT 914

NO. 91
 GEN. ADM.
 09-28-79
 THE CLASH

Eventually we were all stricted that we had the concert hall laws. But we were in, hear fine, and that was The Clash even dedicated Clash City Rockers in

It was a great show. the Clash in their spliffs, drank beers there was no problem with shot portraits of Joe and came to a close, Joe said Jesus, you are an aggressive aren't you? Don't you ever

"No!" I responded. I get the shot I want." asked, "Well, do you

Just before he the tour bus, I

let in, with the re-to stay in the lobby of because of the fire and we could see and all that mattered. their songs to us--the the lobby.

Afterwards, we found dressing room; we smoked and talked. This time taking photos, so I Mick. As the night to me, "You again! bastard, give up?"

"Not til So he got it yet?"

entered said, "One more, Joe..." He stopped; I shot; and we said goodbye...

but the image remained.

