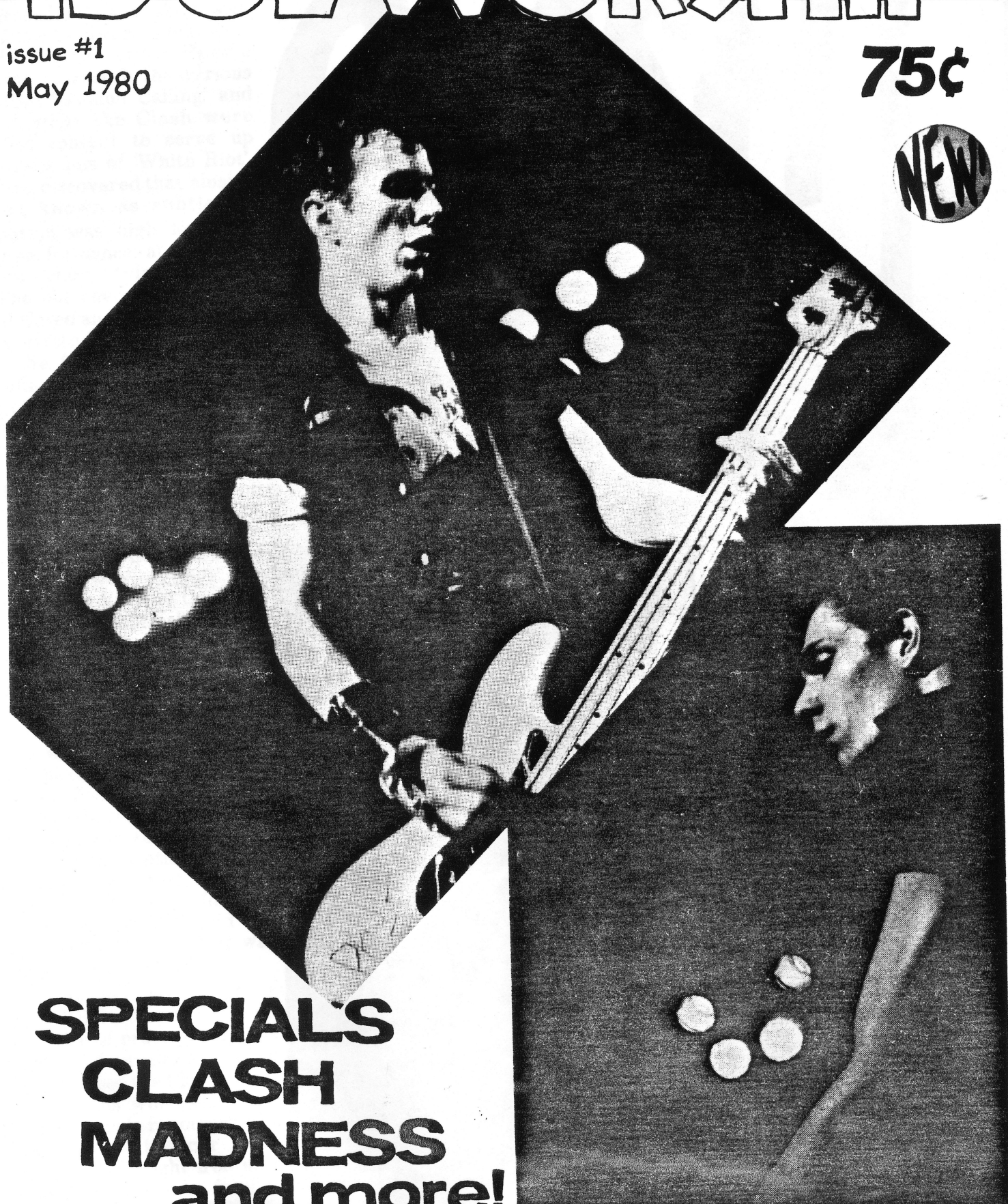


IDOL WORSHIP

issue #1
May 1980

75¢

NEW



SPECIALS
CLASH
MADNESS
and more!

In 1980 the Clash face new frontiers. Four horsemen riding out to widespread public acclaim of an album that wasn't really meant to be commercial. 'Have they sold out?' cried the hard-core punks as a hush fell over the city. People needed time to absorb the various influences on 'London Calling' and figure out what the Clash were doing. Not content to serve up countless rehashes of 'White Riot', the boys had discovered that elusive ingredient known as subtlety.

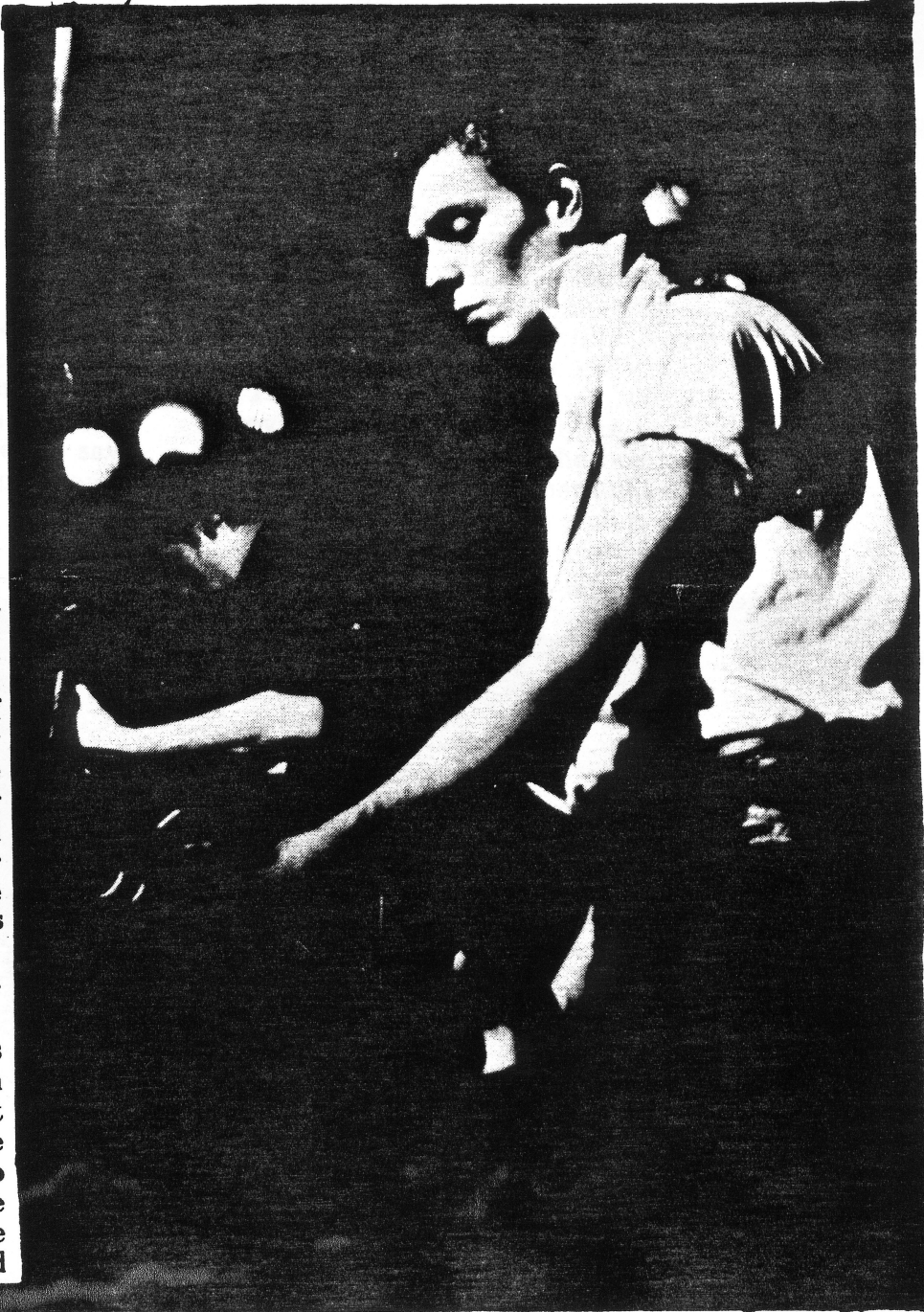
Anticipation was high for their upcoming performances at the Warfield, and they didn't let us down. The old energy wasn't the least bit diffused and their conviction and attitude remain intact (despite the fact that they now receive radio airplay on KCBS-FM.) But I'm getting ahead of myself...

The story begins Friday night when your dauntless Idol Worship reporters set off for the group's hotel in search of a story. We brought along a painting of Joe Strummer and one Vicki Berndt deserves credit here for putting up with being crushed by it on the way over. We encounter Kosmo Vinyl in the hotel bar and he agrees to fetch Joe for us. Joe autographs the painting and photos are taken all around. He seems quite impressed by it and takes it into the bar to examine it in a more drunken light. A variety of beverages were consumed by all present: Japanese beer, cokes, and orange juice. Joe kept nodding off at the bar until he was woken up by an awful polyester tuxedo lounge act man (Vicki's description) playing Barry Manilow's greatest hits and telling punk rock jokes for our benefit ("Hey folks! Why did the punk rocker cross the road? It was safety pinned to the chicken!!")

We all get invited to their rehearsal in SIR Studios on Folsom. Usually the site of practice sessions by the likes of Journey, it was an unusual place to see the Clash. That is, for those of us who got to see them. The two female reporters who had gone to park the car were locked outside a wrought iron gate by the tour manager who implied

CLASH

by Lee Sherman

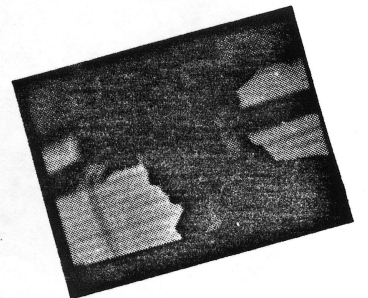
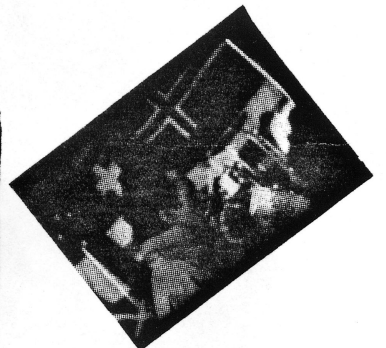
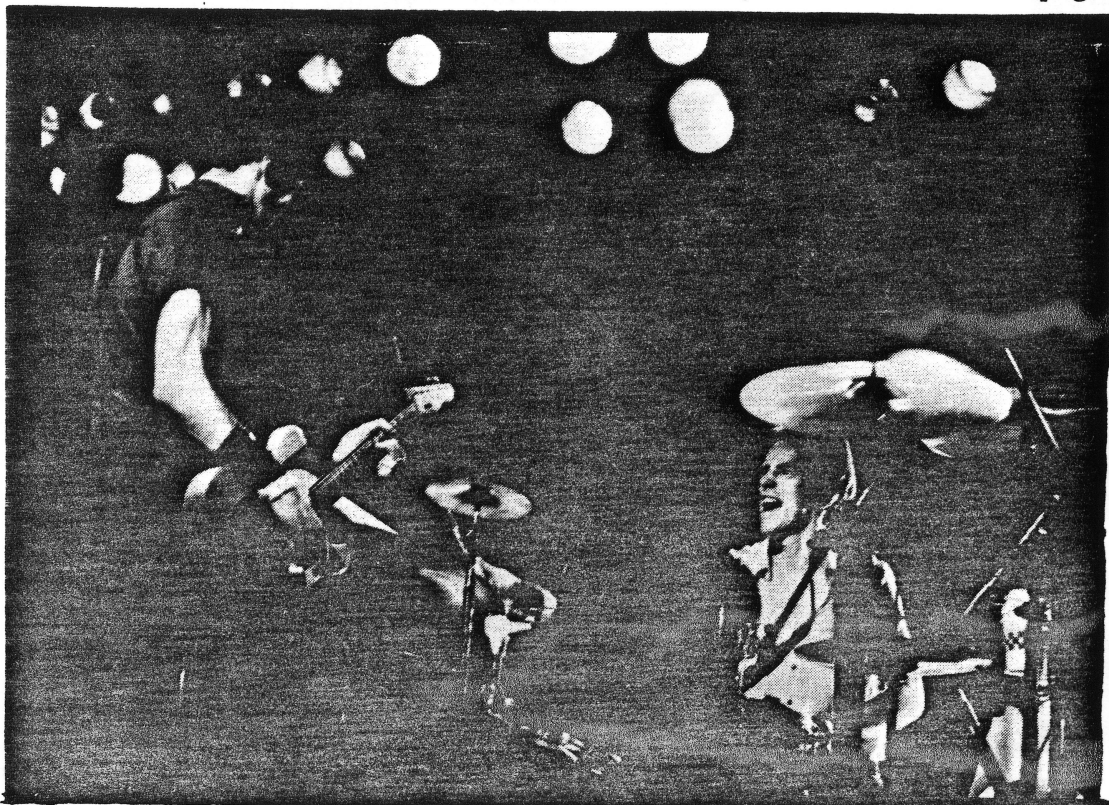


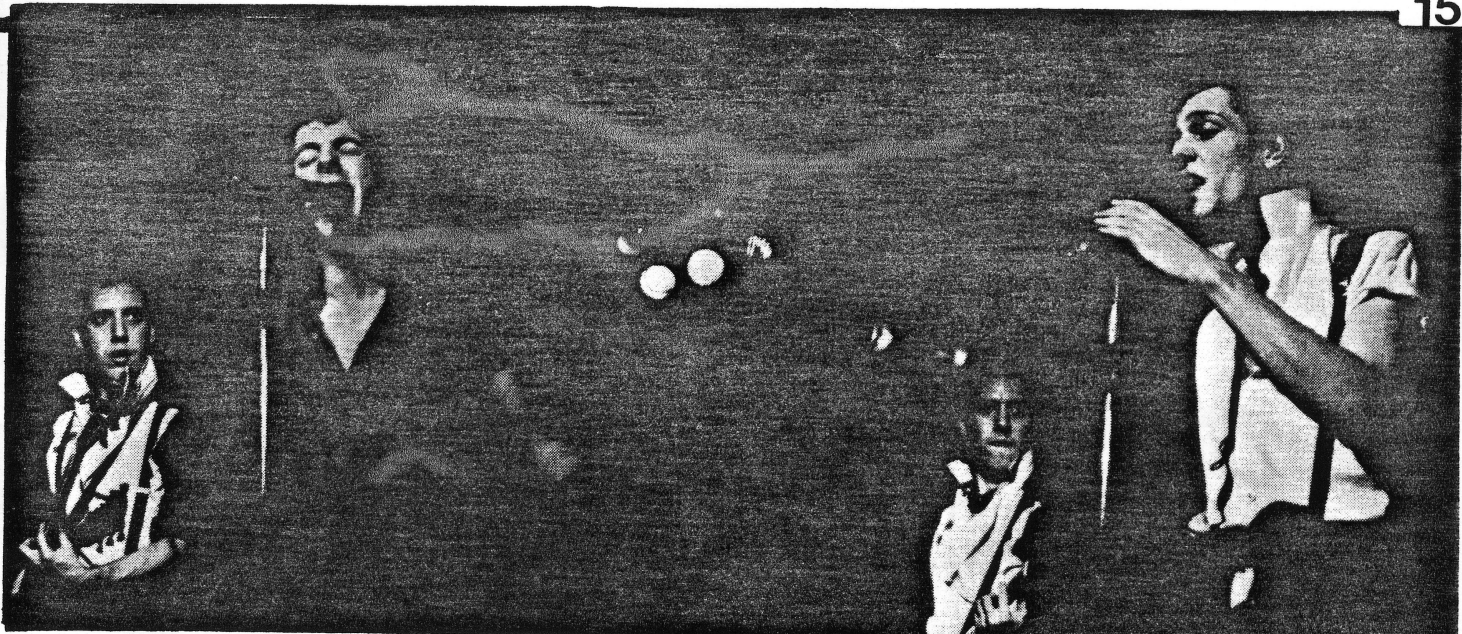
that they were groupies and be—longed back at the hotel. He said they would be “too distracting”, which was also the reason given for not allowing Punk Globe editor Ginger Coyote to watch Sunday’s gig from the side of the stage. Later the girls are let part of the way in and given some beer by road manager Johnny Green. Unaware of the events taking place outside, the Clash were hard at work. They did many new songs and from the sound of them that night the next album should be amazing. The new single is a song called ‘Bankrobber’, a reggae workout that will be produced by Mikey Dread. There were also instrumental versions of ‘The Prisoner’ and ‘Listen’, songs rarely heard in live performance. They did snippets of ‘Brand New Cadillac’ and ‘Rudie Can’t Fail’. How anyone could sleep through a Clash rehearsal is beyond me but it wasn’t beyond faithful Clash roadie Baker Glare who nodded out on the couch. Another roadie along for this tour has a very unusual story. A fan from the early days at the 100 Club, he almost joined the Marines. When the Clash heard about this they took him on as a roadie in order to save him from that fate. His pay comes directly out of Kosmo’s and Mick’s

wages. (*I predict a run on Army fatigues and skinhead cuts shortly before the Clash’s next tour. . . Psychic Ed.*) The rehearsal was a cautious tuning-up process that allowed the group to gather their energies for the upcoming gigs. Bassist Paul Simonon and drummer Topper Headon, aided by Johnny Green, let off steam by placing all of DJ Barry Myers’ records from his monstrous collection in the wrong sleeves and taping them shut, or inside the sleeves, with handfuls of albums taped together so they couldn’t be removed from the case. Barry was quite good-natured about the fact that he had to sort out hundreds of records. “If they want to be childish, that’s up to them,” he said later.

Next night and I corner Barry on the way into the soundcheck. Once inside, he discovers he’s got more than competition from videos to worry about and sets about putting his records in order. The highlight of the soundcheck is the group’s brilliant version of ‘Johnny Too Bad’. The Offs should take a listen.

The gig is explosive. The previous night’s rehearsal has paid off and they’ve reached the boiling point. They open with a hard-edged ‘Clash City Rockers’ and we all pogo





MICK THINKS: "HE ALWAYS SINGS....."

down the front. Realizing that the balcony is no place to experience the full force of the Clash, I manage to get all the way to the front of the stage. The set was almost perfect (Sue still wanted to hear 'White Riot'.) They played great and the set was very well paced. In concert even the newer songs took on an energetic feel that made the recorded versions sound limp by comparison. It was quite a sight to see everyone pogoing to 'Jimmy Jazz', but it worked surprisingly well. An intense version of 'Garageland' was a treat with a guitarless Joe Strummer screaming out the words like he'd written them yesterday. For all their new-found popularity, the Clash remain true to their origins and still sound like they mean it. 'Clampdown' sounded especially good live — an heroic call to arms. "Revolutionaries" in the audience unfurled a banner supporting their cause and also paraded around outside distributing newspapers and leaflets. Strummer was not impressed. After a couple of multi-song encores, both group and audience were exhausted for anything more. The Clash had given their all and I'm sure the "regular" people there had never seen anything like it.

Backstage after the gig, a tired group talks to their fans. Topper's off doing an interview for Videowest and Mick Jones seems quite pleased

HUH-WHEN'S IT GUNNA BE MY TURN?

with the gig. At Joe's request, Johnny Green puts your ticketless IW reporters on the guest list for Sunday's gig. The IW staff and friends also did a little backstage shopping and so live off the Clash's milk and sandwiches for the next week or so. They really do care.

Sunday's gig is spectacular, pos-



"AND NOW FOR MY NEXT NUMBER...."

sibly the best S.F. performance yet. The Clash are really up for the show and are very active onstage (in contrast to Friday's rehearsal where Mick was the only one moving.) They do 'Protex Blue' and 'Rudie Can't Fail', songs we didn't get to hear on Saturday. Great!! Someone put a *huge* bone on Paul's side of the stage that has to be more "distracting" than Ginger, Vicki, and Sue combined, but it remained there for the entire set. There's a huge crowd backstage afterwards. The doors were opened so fans were let into the dressing room a few at a time. Mick is in extremely high spirits. A young kid who obviously thinks Mick's just about the coolest ever walks up to get his autograph and Mick gladly obliges. ("You're my guitar hero, Jonesy.") Paul and Joe are very relaxed (and quite preoccupied.) Topper is knackered.

The party at Target Video is really fun—not at all stuffy and boring like most of these affairs.




SPANISH LESSON #1
REPEAT: LOS DIENTES DE CRUMBLE.

Lots of Motown is played and everyone's dancing. Johnny Green and Joe Strummer prove what great dancers they are while Mick doesn't; "I don't dance," he said. The Clash leave at 5 a.m. and we all stagger out the door. They'll be back in two or three months. When you read this, Paul should be finishing up his movie in Vancouver. Joe was heading for Austin, Texas, after the tour to record with Joe Ely. The weekend reconfirmed our faith in the Clash. The only place they sold out was at the box office.



OOH-A PRETTY PICTURE OF PAUL.



JOHNNY GREEN HAS QUIT his job as Clash road manager. IW learned that after this last tour, Johnny flew to London to marry his long-time sweetheart, then the two of them moved to Lubbock, Texas, where Johnny'll work for Joe Ely! Apparently, he's always been fond of country western music and Texas as well, so this seems like the ideal move for him. Yee—haw, Johnny!