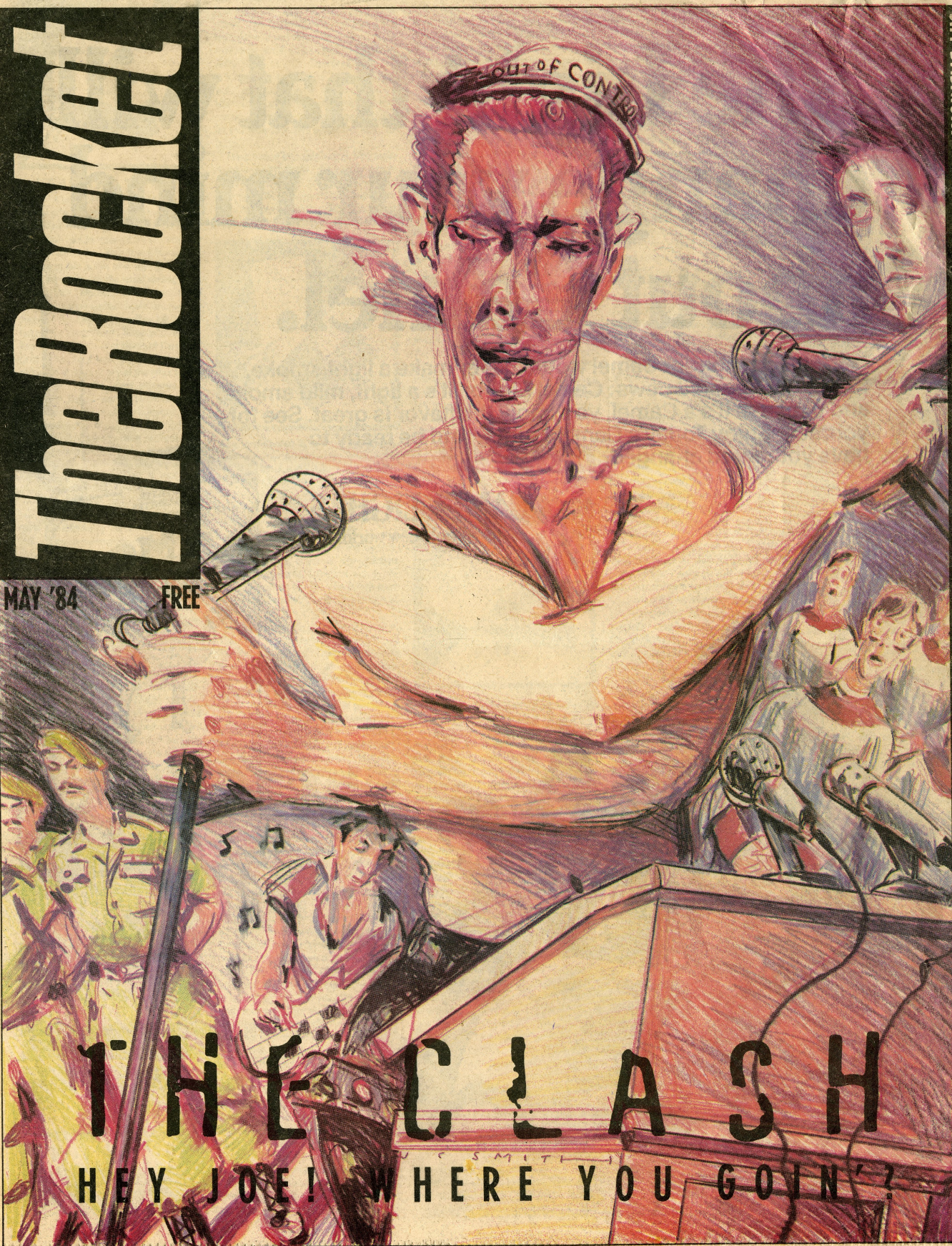


The Rocket

MAY '84

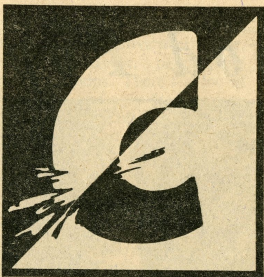
FREE



JIM BASNIGHT & THE MOBERLYS/GREEN RIVER MURDERS/ACCEPT/FILM FESTIVAL/R.E.M./MILD MAN FISCHER/MARINERS/YANKS/JOE JACKSON

THE CLASH

HEY JOE! WHERE YOU GOIN'?



"GOD, IS IT TRENDY OR

what?" A wave of disgust passes across Joe Strummer's face as he talks about the current British music scene with the hardened rancor one usually reserves for the most vile forms of criminality, such as axe murderers. In front of him is this morning's **L.A. Times** featuring a story on the latest androgynous London face, Marilyn, whose deadlocked coiffe and rouge-dusted cheeks are rivaling those of Boy George himself in the image-mongering department. Those who want to know the whys and wherefores of The Clash, circa 1984, need look no further than any picture of Marilyn or any of the other scenemakers gracing the latest imported style sheets. For the 30-year-old Strummer, looking out of his hotel window into a warm, hazy Los Angeles day, it's all a bit too much.

The Clash, England's most resilient punk band, haven't released any vinyl in two years, but things have been far from quiet in the combat rock zone. Over a year ago, drummer Topper (Nicky) Headon was told to leave the band, allegedly because of his bouts with heroin addiction. Them, last autumn co-founder/guitarist/vocalist Mick Jones was unceremoniously kicked out. Other news items: Strummer took up jogging and entered London Marathons; "Should I Stay Or Should I Go?" and "Rock the Casbah," the latter a handclap-and-bass heavy dance track, became two of their biggest hits. Oh, and by the way, The Clash played the US Festival to over 500,000 people and for a heady amount of dollars, which were said to be going to help young, struggling bands.

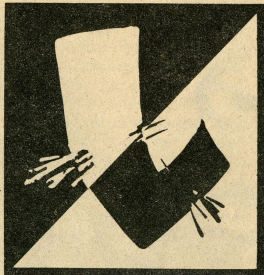
However, for the true believers, the shenanigans were a farce. The Clash, the quartet which some said was "the only band that mattered," were being crushed under the weight of their own ideology. When The Clash formed in 1976, their white-hot blast of political punk let listeners know that these guys were angry. Along with the Sex Pistols, The Clash formed the core of a movement which appeared — to American ears at least — to come from the bowels of hell itself and

AN INTERVIEW WITH JOE STRUMMER

BY CARY DARLING

served to overturn British music's status quo. Epic Records in the U.S. muttered a soft "No thank you" when offered the first Clash album, **The Clash**. Coming out during the disco boom, it was very hard to dance, in the traditional sense, to such staccato bursts of white noise as "I'm So Bored With The U.S.A.," "White Riot," or "Complete Control." Epic subsequently released it a year later. Look out world governments. Record companies beware. The Clash had arrived to let you know your days were over. Well, not quite.

Punk turned into new wave. New wave turned to new romantic. New romantic turned into dance music. And The Clash turned with them. While always critical successes, the subsequent albums — **Give 'Em Enough Rope**, the brilliant **London Calling**, **Sandi-**



nista, and **Combat Rock** — moved steadily away from the skin-scorching caterwaul of that first album. And, for Strummer at least, they were all big, big mistakes.

"I regret them," Strummer spits. "Making a mistake and admitting it, it's not so bloody difficult." For Strummer, The Clash had become everything they had once rallied against: bloated with drug problems, ego problems and even hit records, Strummer was so dissatisfied that, on the eve of a British tour, he took off unannounced for the streets of Paris.

"We'd become the people we'd set out to destroy," remembers Strummer. "I thought, 'Oh my God!' The road crew went up to Inverness to set up, and I went to Paris and walked around for three or four weeks." Upon his return, he decided to clean house. "We sent Topper on a cure but it didn't work," he says. "I tried everything. I tried to be his mate. I got to be an expert at measuring people's pupils. I thought I had to be a bastard. None of it worked. In Australia, he told me that he thought that if he had responsibilities like his own band, it would shock him into reality. We fired him."

At the same time, a rift was developing between Strummer and Jones which would later widen into a valley. "He began to look down upon guitar playing as a passe thing suitable only for morons, and he's a damn good player," says Strummer. "I don't want him to play a synthesizer. I want him to play the guitar. You can't turn around and say, 'I'm an artist. I might hit a note occasionally but I want to twiddle this knob on this guitar synthesizer and suddenly have bagpipes squealing through them and have F-11 jets coming down in reverb.' All of that's fine and I like a bit of goofing off, especially on a dub or something. But first you take care of the central core of what you're dealing with. I don't believe in pretending you're an artist. It screws so many people over."

"I think David Byrne has gone through that and it hasn't done the Talking Heads' music any good. I think Paul Weller's going through it at the moment. I don't think much of what Style Council is doing is worth tuppence. I've got a tape of 'Let's Get It On' by Marvin Gaye, I don't need to rehash it."

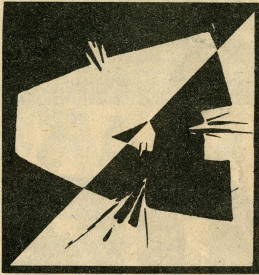
In fact, according to Strummer, The Clash's own flirtations with funk are over. "I don't know anything about funk. That was Mick's idea. He was very keen on that. He was hip-hop. He had a baseball cap backwards on his head. He thought it was all

wacko, wildstyle and all that stuff," Strummer says with a sneer.

But aren't those Joe's vocals on some of those rhythmic anthems, most notably the urban sass of "This Is Radio Clash"? "I was seduced into following him a bit. But then I began to realize we were so busy ripping off other cultures that we'd lost our own culture," states Strummer in increasingly animated tones. "That first Clash album, you can say that is a London culture. Punk is a lifestyle, a culture; a real actual culture. We forsook all that, for what? More cultural imperialism, that's what. I like a bit of cross-over, cross-insemination, but these white English groups have completely blocked real funk, soul and reggae off the airwaves."

If anything gets Strummer irate, it's London's current "new music." "It's like 1974, except instead of ELP, we have Duran Duran and Spandau Ballet. The music has changed but the atmosphere is identical," he maintains. "Everything is so tame and controlled. The whole scene is a nightclub scene where they're using that Studio 54 door policy; the chic, 'I'm sorry chap, you don't measure up.' The live club scene is dead. We had a lot of small gig scenes in London, which was one of the reasons why punk rock happened. There was always an outlet, so musicians could rehearse up. The fear of that first gig would really make them rehearse up. Now, video has taken over."

"The Boy George/Marilyn snooty club scene is not really a movement of the street. It's really manufactured, tame and safe. It's the industry's pet poodle. People in London like to dress up wild and weird. They're not scared to dress up wilder than people can



ever imagine. But Boy George has taken the sting out of them by coming on TV — dressed up and looking pretty weird — saying, 'I'm just a nice person really. I like a cup of tea,' and all the mothers say, 'Ain't he lovable, ain't he cuddly?' Before, people would dress up weird to express something in their personality they couldn't find an outlet for. Now when they see a wacko style person, they just say, 'Oh, it's alright, it's just one of those funny Boy George-type people.' He took upon the danger of the one thing that made their lives bearable. Now they've been neutered. He didn't come out and say anything sexually dangerous like, 'I'll do it to anything that moves, whaddya think about that?' He said, 'I prefer tea, not sex.'"

Strummer also has little sympathy for Britain's Oil bands, the third generation punk/skinhead groups who never abandoned the white noise cause. "That scene died because they were preaching to the converted in a very small circuit. That's ghetto-ology in a punk style. They were being so smug, self-congratulatory and purist and they didn't put any intelligence into what they were doing," he maintains. "They didn't take five minutes to write their lyrics, like 'No government! No government!' Is that going to make us have a blinding flash? What is going to do that for us?"

Now, The Clash are back to square one with straight-ahead, blistering punk being the musical model. It could be expected that a band of The Clash's stature would get new members from the ranks of already known groups. Not so. New guitarists Vince White and Nick Sheppard are veterans of the British punk scene but have no laundry list of

chart hits to their credit. "We put an ad in the music newspapers saying, 'Wild guitar player required,'" Strummer recalls. "We recorded three backing tracks, each in a different style. We weren't actually there — because they would have recognized us — so we had Cosmo [Vinyl, friend/press coordinator/all-around-assistant] and Bernie [Rhodes, manager] actually see them. The musicians would say, 'Well, how do you want it?' We told them just to play how they wanted. If they'd known it was for The Clash, they would've gone blam, blam, blam and would've been conning us. We auditioned about 350 guys."

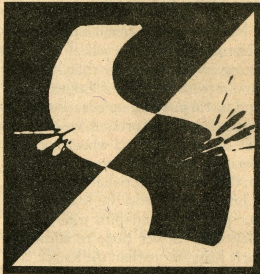
Strummer lets out a laugh. "But it was easy, because about 98% of the guitarists were heavy metal. The three songs were different but it didn't occur to them that their guitar playing should accompany the song, because they'd do the same thing on the second song as the first."

In addition to playing a style he prefers, the new members have an attitude which he likes. "They're both punks from '77 and people who went through that have an attitude. They don't moan, groan and sulk. They take care of their own problems. They have an independence which is great!

"What I am is anti-apathy. Half the people don't vote, don't think. The sheer laziness of it all; the 'Ah, you can't do anything about it anyway, so let's get wasted' ethic. Ronald Reagan loves every young person who says that. Every toot or sniff of drugs is for Ronald Reagan, nuclear war and death. That's all it reinforces. It's not hip. It's old-fashioned. It's for hippies. Drugs are for hippies. Anybody who takes drugs is a hippie. I don't care how groovy they are."

Strummer claims his current dislike of drugs stems from his experiences with Topper Headon. "I just feel that Keith Richard and everybody else sold heroin to the people on the street as the ultimate glamor trip. So many people I know in London have died from heroin or are completely unreachable. London is drenched in heroin. You might think I'm exaggerating but I'm not going far enough," he points out. "People think they're dabbling. They think it's glamorous, cool, and decadent. Rock and roll sold that to people."

One of The Clash's harshest critics is, ironically, a fellow conspirator in the punk movement, John Lydon. However, Strummer is somewhat muted in his criticisms of Lydon. "He did contribute a lot," Joe admits. "When a movement happens, the



pitch of the times becomes intense and it makes people say, write, think and do things they would never do otherwise. When Rotten knew he was leading a movement, it helped him put down stuff that still sounds great today. But that dropped off; The Damned went on **Top of the Pops** and they went out and did the White Riot tour. Malcolm McLaren (the Sex Pistols manager) kept the Pistols off the road in order to build up their mystique. They got jealous of the fact we were rocking around the country and having a good time. They came out and verbally attacked us. Also, he got afraid of it all. When he was assaulted at the Pegasus Car Park in Green Lane, he got scared."

Strummer is great at splashing the vitriol. Everything and everyone from Margaret Thatcher to the state of American radio are

THE BATTLE OF THE BAND

within his aim, and he salvages them with the gusto at which the British seem especially adept. However, Strummer isn't all sour, punk anger.

He also admits to some admiration for some of the California hardcore bands, such as the Dead Kennedys and Black Flag. In fact, he's taking a page from their notebook by reverting to an underproduced sound.

"That guy in Def Leppard took eighteen days to record one vocal. Eighteen days," he exclaims. "Do you know how many dollars that is? It's all gone mad! I'd record it in the bathroom and get a waiter from the nearest takeaway to produce. I'd rather listen to Elvis, a boy from a shack on Tupelo with three hillbilly old farts behind him and one microphone in a garage in East Memphis. That to me sounds ten times better than the mass-produced heavy metal album for which they flew in sukuyaki from the Coast and had Persian carpets laid on the walls. What a load of nonsense!"

However, in a final twist of irony, Strummer ends up defending Marilyn and others involved in the London style wars, in a backhanded way. One of his complaints about America is that nearly everyone is, well, styleless. "In England, we had the destruction of style through the hippie thing and we're almost fanatical in our hatred of it. We can't stand anything that ain't sharp. It's an effort that's worth making," he reasons. "We think that America had one of the strongest codes of style in the 1950s with the clothes, hair, music, cars, even the neon signs. Every aspect was so strong on presentation and style. All that was abandoned in favor of The Beatles, hippies, and the drug scene. It was such a wrong turn. That's why we're so crazy on style in England."

Despite his constant bursting of cultural bubbles, in a strange way Strummer professes a patriotism as wide as the Union Jack. Before he fled for Paris in a fit of desperation two years ago, the final straw had been that none of the public seemed interested in The Clash's planned British tour. Strummer says quietly, "That gets to me because I come from England. That's where I am from and where I always must go back to."

The Clash will be at the Paramount on May 30. A version of this article originally appeared in BAM magazine. ■

