

The Status Quo Story *-in colour*

Record Mirror

The Jubilation starts here!

ELTON

Keyboard King plays for a Queen

**Jam
Clash
Pistols
Damned
Stranglers**
All in colour

10cc
Feelgoods



CS new

BEWARE LES FRANÇAIS

C'EST LA GUERRE!

The Clash return to the scene of the May '68 riots and whip up a storm. Barry Cain reports . . .

JET. Charles de Gaulle airport. Mercedes. Hotel. Mercedes.

Outside the Palais de Glace the pickpockets discuss fashion trends and the distinct lack of black orifices to excite their educated fingers. The dustman are on strike, soon to be joined by public transport workers and the powermen.

Crushed lice and orange peel pavements cracking up under the rubbish strain. The occasional gendarme holsters past this ageing Parisian cinema. Police and thieves on the street.

The punters are more pink than punk. Leather bombers and jeans and, wait for it, berets! in aerial formation on the balcony inside.

On stage Subway Sect. A blazing inertia only hands showing any sign of life. Singer Vic Godard reading the lyrics from scraps of paper mocking style. Is it a carefully constructed discord or is it a dis-con-cord? Time alone will tell.

When they leave the stage after a 30 minute set there are one or two Frenchman in a state of Mon Dieu!

The cinema is narrow seats 800 there's around 500 it's got surprisingly good sound the stage backdrop is the picture of the Notting Hill riots last year on reverse of The Clash album the stage is roomy and rheumy the audience is how you say vociferous the dominant colour is grey tinged with black the cost is 25 francs that's about £3.20 and The Clash walk on.

Key word 'I' section. It's a long time since I felt any sense of excitement in the wings, of the skip a beat pre-show trauma python that wraps itself around the 13-year-old Roller fan five minutes before they appear in the shape of a tartan scarf.

Nothing flash. Just a casual stroll on and into 'Londres Est En Flames' whereby Paul Simonon breaks a string on his bass. The light show is limited — but extremely effective.

Strummer's 3000cc voice is encased in soft green / red / white bodyshells. He slams on the brakes at the penultimate second of the song and introduces the band. "We are Les Clash."

HIPPIES

While Paul fixes the string Strummer carries on. "So you are les punks de Paris. You look like a bunch of hippies to me."

His shoulders flap Cagney style as he talks and his voice has a well John Wayne intonation. We're in for a Strummer summer alright.

'1977' is next up. Mick Jones sandwiches every slice of meat 'right on' axemen have dished up through the years from a Marriott criss-cross walk to a Townshend leap but covers it in his own unique dressing. He's the complete antithesis to Strummers' on the spot throbbing, burning up every inch of the stage slippin and a slidin' on his own sweat.

At times he and Paul look like a pair of grossly distorted Chinese bookends.

Toots' 'Chute Depressurisee' is the strange choice third one, which is won by Paul's thunderous bass line.

And then there's 'Je M'on



Pictures: Ian Dickson, Peter M Cooke and Chris Walters.

Fous Tellement de l'USA' with — HEY! I've just remembered. They've got a new drummer haven't they? OI what'sname Nicky Nicky Headon.

That's a tribute. It's taken four songs to realise there's a different drummer in their midst. He's blending well. Like he's been with them for years. But he looks so ill.

"Haine Et Guerre" next with Mick at the mike. The Frenchman in the next seat nudged me in the ribs. "Zay are good musicians — but zay are not playing music." Shut up and stop breathing garlic all over me.

After 'Tricheur' we are treated to 'Flics Et Voleurs'. Only the second time the Junior Murvin song from the album has been performed live.

It's a slightly different version than the record — it has to be. And it works like a dream. "This is a song for the intelligentsia, les intellectuals," says Joe.

Holes are dug in the music

of The Clash. Big, nail-scratched holes. And when they're deep enough the words are poured into them by of cement mixer Strummer. In the years that follow they will dry into bone hard relics of a frustrated generation.

'48 Heures' and then "One for the girls, if there are any here" — 'Dis Moi Non'. A new song 'Radio Capital' which is included on a special EP by the band follows. It's all about that famous London radio station — who have already banned it.

SCREAMING

'Controle De Loin' and 'Opportunité De Carrière' are fired in quick succession and then a big cheer for the anthem 'Emeute Des Blancs' with Strummer screaming "May '68" before tearing into the hit single.

Favourite for the next single 'Janie Jones'. Probably the most instantly commercial song from the album and given the all important poll

position, is the finale.

Two encores — 'Groupe De Garage' and a re-blast of 'Emeute Des Blancs' inhabit the first, '1977' and 'Londres Est En Flames' the second.

The band treated this gig — and indeed all others in this short European tour — as a warm-up to the all important nationwide stint which kicked off in Guildford last Sunday.

If this was a warm-up I want an eifel of their hot nights 'cos they'll be unbelievable. The overwhelming success the gods have in store for The Clash will be totally justified. In the recording studio and live there are very few bands around that are anywhere near them.

But this was only the beginning. Down in the dark streets where the prostitutes scream, Mick Jones and Strummer met up with a certain Captain Sensible and Rat Scabies who have been known to play musical instruments.

And what's this? The four actually played together on the stage of a dingy disco before a handful of people. 'Gloria', 'Louie, Louie' and 'White Riot' was the excellent choice of material and the whole thing went with a swing. This band could go places. Let's hear it for The Clashed.

