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Even today, songs like "Art-I-Ficial", "I'm a Cliché", "Warrior in Woolworths" and "The Day the World Turned Day-Glo" remind us that punk wasn't all anger, aggression, and anti-royalty screeds. In Styrene's perfect couplets, Lydon's blatant "no future" pronouncements found pragmatic illustration. Indeed, there is such a matter of fact truthfulness to a line like "I'm a poseur and I don't care/I like to make people stare" that it's almost impossible to take the political prostylitizing of band like The Clash seriously. To put it bluntly, X-ray Spex was the voice of those everyday story of smalltown rebels, the kids who congregated outside the local shops and pubs whose only ideology came from how more (or little) they got from the dole. They should still be considered the people's band, even with an output was extremely limited (five singles and an album before breaking up).

And yet today, few outside the faithful recognize X-ray Spex as anything other than a curiosity. That's why the new CD/DVD release of *Live at the Roundhouse London 2008* is so important. Not only is it a fantastic overview of the band's entire career (including material from their 1995 reunion LP, *Conscious Consumer*, as well as stuff from Styrene's solo career as well), but it's a chance to see one of rock's mythic mainstays doing what she does best - fronting a fantastic punk outfit and tearing it up. From the opening sonic salvo - a rip snorting reading of the classic "Oh Bondage, Up Your!" to newer tracks like "Melancholy" and "Bloody War" X-ray Spex sound as vital, as volatile, as they did more than 35 years ago.

Now in her early 50s, Styrene is still the emblematic center of attention. Her voice has barely changed, a few faltering high notes the only indication of the passage of time. Her onstage presence and banter may be more subdued, but her words - and more importantly, the ideas behind them - are as challenging, or even more so than in the '70s. In fact, the more you listen to the songs Styrene penned, the manic materialism and phony social policies she ranted against before seem just as viable - and vile - today. In fact, the advertising tenuousness of *Germ Free Adolescents*' title track is as pertinent now as it ever was.



Surrounded by a collection of former bandmates and new supporting players (sadly, original guitarist Jak Airport died of cancer in 2004), the saxophone infused bravado of this otherwise infectious pop art is undeniable. The audience responds with expected reverence, really letting loose when songs like "I Can't Do Anything" and "Genetic Engineering" rev up. There is no denying the musicianship - after all, the songs are simplistic in their pure punk aesthetic. Yet Styrene found a way to turn the limited chord structure into the backing for one brilliant melody after another. Combined with her insights and all around protofeminist philosophy, each X-ray Spex tune is like a call to arms, even if the battle each time around is one of self-reflection, degradation, and/or improvement.

This is not the most cinematic concert ever offered, to be certain (the accompanying CD sounds excellent, however). The angles are more or less restricted to backstage shots, full on middle of the theater perspectives, and the occasional 'up skirt' point of view. In fact, this is more of a souvenir than a true representation of what X-ray Spex are capable of. Indeed, there is a real feeling of being part of some casual communal celebration, Styrene and several hundred of her closest friends getting together to spin hits and reminisce. They love the band and she loves them. Yet the moment she let's loose with a set ending savaging of "The Day the World Turned Day-Glo", you're reminded of the group's place in punk's history. Anthemic just doesn't begin to describe its





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