1859

10

COMMANDMENTS



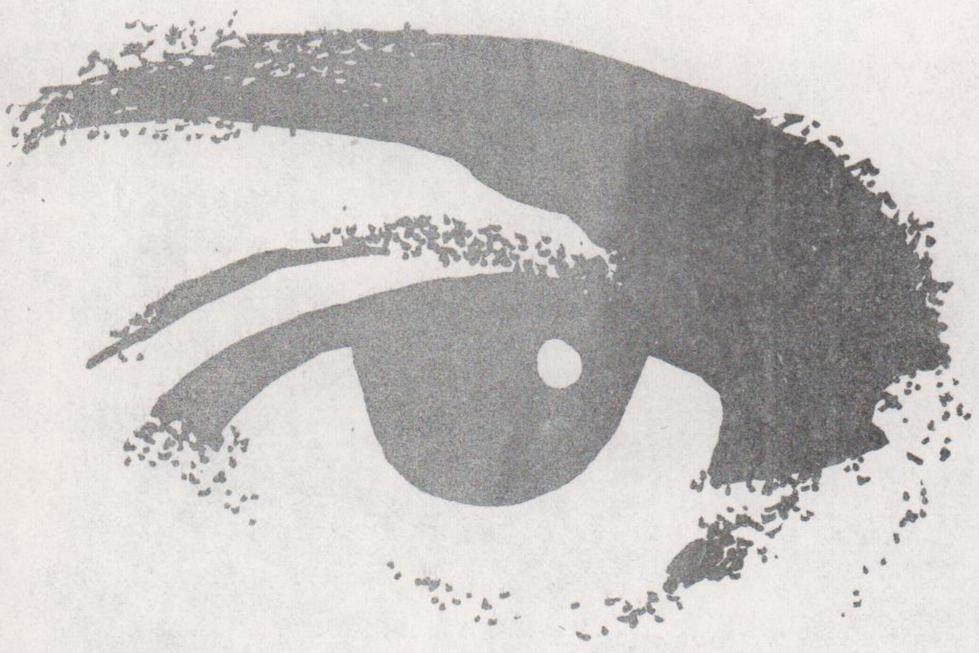
FINEST VIRGINIA

Commandments 3&4 FEB-APR 1980

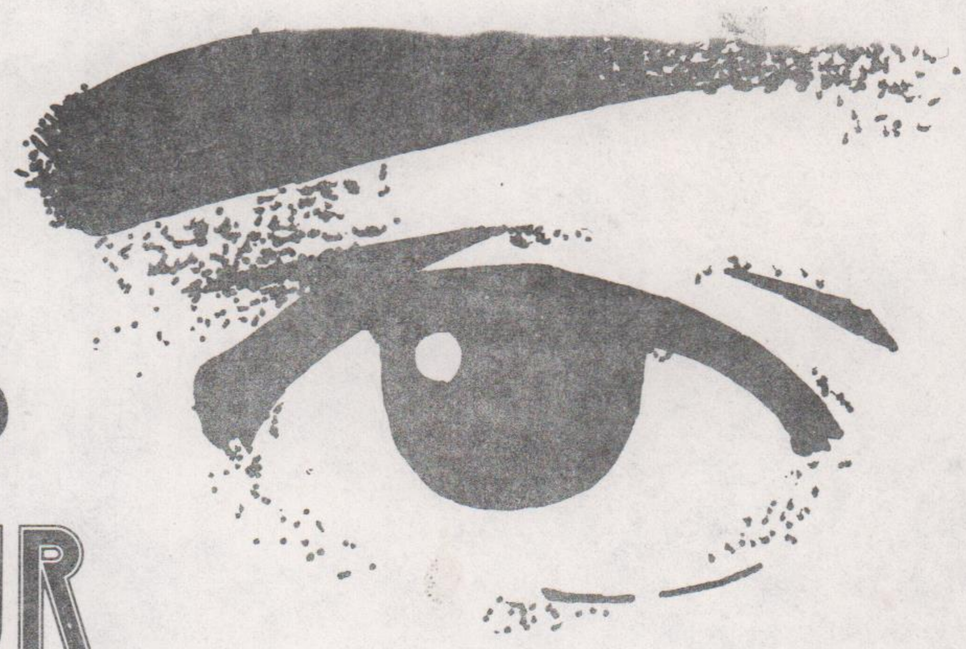
two issues in one!

60p

government health warning; this packet contains the following:-
FREE ORANGE JUICE FLEXI DISC! FREE H2O. ALTERED IMAGES POSTERS! PRETENDERS INTERVIEW! FREE TOYS & BALLOONS! MADNESS INTERVIEW! RESTRICTED CODE; POSITIVE NOISE; THE ALLEGED; ENDGAMES; H^2O; NEWSPEAK; THE STANDARDS; THE MEDICS; PAISLEY BANDS IN EASTERHOUSE; 1st GLASGOW MUSIC POLL; HEAVY METAL COMP; POLICE CORRUPTION; STORIES AND POEMS AND MORE!



OH FOUR ONE



Oh Four One/10 COMMANDMENTS/c/o 953 SAUCHIEHALL ST., basement, G3 7TQ

Welcome to all new readers, and those who already know and love us! For some reason(which I've forgotten at the moment) we decided to have a bumper issue - two in one ; Commandments 3&4 together. Not bad at a mere 30p each- and cheaper than last time; Plus lots of free extras-

A wonderful flexi-disc, from Glasgow's own 'Orange Juice' - and many thanks to Postcard Records for coming up with the goodies...

You should also find in your lucky bag at least one of the following - H_2O poster, Altered Images poster, Endgames poster, a fun toy, balloon, photograph for the wall, leaflets of general interest....

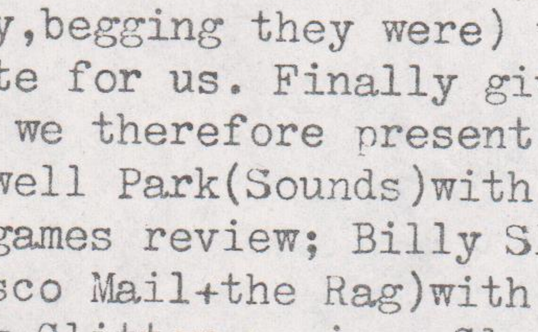
the list is seemingly endless!

And so to the rest of the contents :
Interviews with the Pretenders, Madness, Alleged Positive Noise, Restricted Code, Endgames, Standards + reviews of a whole host of others, including H_2O, Newspeak, Scars& Altered Images, the 'Ha Ha Funny Polis' bands.... and more. Not to forget all the regular features;
The charts, Glasgow Calling, Probe (taking a look at our wonderful police force), Quidrophonia- the further adventures of Chippy.

Besides all that, we offer you the chance to voice your opinions in our Glasgow music poll, and the chance to win a marvellous life-size cut-out guitar, as the prize in our exclusive Heavy Metal Competition!

There's also (what!more already? - I hear you exclaim in amazement) stories, poems cartoons, and data on 2000 A.D. - the definitive comic.

The very cream of Glasgow's rock journalists have been bombarding the Ten Commandments switchboard with pleas (nay,begging they were) to write for us. Finally giving in, we therefore present Maxwell Park(Sounds)with the Endgames review; Billy Sloan (Disco Mail+the Rag)with a Gary Glitter review; Glenn Gibson(N.M.E.)sitting in on the Positive Noise interview; and Charlie Cosh(Independent) interviewing Madness.
- Thanks,boys: don't call us, we'll call you.....



Phone 882 9463 daytimes to play bass with us.

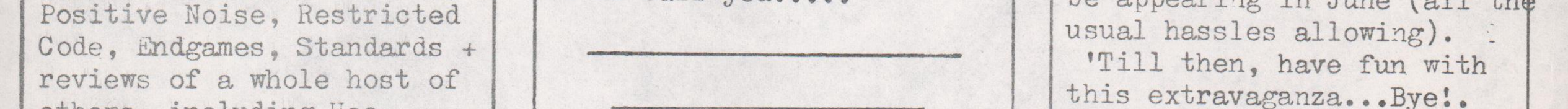
Writing to the magazine, over the past few weeks, has been several bands (some included in this issue)- thanks to the Stubble and Aztec Camera, whom we hope to cover next issue.
Thanks also to Charles Coyle who has been sending us some of his poems; keep sending 'em in- and that goes for all of you; let's see what you have to say for yourselves- all contributions (as always) gratefully received.
Regular writer to this page, Rod Irvine, was 'miffed' (his comment,not mine) at the Clash review which appeared in last issue; and took 3 pages explaining just what 'miffed' him about it. Well, you can't please all of the people all of the time...!

Keep your eyes peeled for Commandment 5 (heavens,are we there already) which will include articles too numerous to mention, and should be appearing in June (all the usual hassles allowing).

'Till then, have fun with this extravaganza...Bye!.

WANTED: DRUMMER- To form band with ex-singer with Dialz,now playing guitar. Into Skids,Furs,XTC,a small spreading of Jam. Phone Skip Milngavie(956)5274

ANYONE in East Kilbride area interested in starting an R.A.R.group, contact Lori Paterson,13Coleridge,Westwood



© ROBERT HODGENS KIRSTY McNEILL ROBERT SHARP ©

TEN COMMANDMENTS' TOP THIRTIES!!

TEN COMMANDMENTS OUR CHOICE

CURRENT FAVOURITES - FEB/APR 80

RESTRICTED CODE -
FEEL THE PAIN / FIRST NIGHT ON
ORANGE JUICE -
LOVE SICK / MOSCOW
ALTERED IMAGES -
BECKONING STRINGS / PROTOTYPE
FEELIES -
LOVELESS LOVE
H2O -
ROMANCE / HOLLYWOOD DREAM
JAH WOBBLE -
BETRAYAL
NEWSPEAK -
ALLEGATION / WOULDN'T YOU
PETE TOWNSHEND -
ROUGH BOYS
ENDGAMES -
BOTH OF US / WORKS
FREEZE -
CELEBRATION
007/POP-GUNS -
SHE HATES TRAVEL / CHA-CHA CHARLIE
P.I.L. -
POPTONES
ALLEGED -
CASTLES IN SPAIN / ACTION INDICATOR
REVILLOS -
SCUBA SCUBA
GO-BETWEENS -
(PEOPLE SAY I'M MAD TO LOVE YOU)?
KILLING JOKE -
WAR DANCE
POSITIVE NOISE -
ENERGY / REFUGEE
PHOTOS -
IRENE
T. REX.
HOT LOVE / SOLID GOLD / RIDE A WHITE SWAN
THE BEAT -
TWIST AND CRAWL 12"
VELVET UNDERGROUND -
ALL TOMORROW'S PARTIES / WHITE HEAT
THE UNDERTONES -
THERE GOES NORMAN
LOVIN' SPOONFUL -
SUMMER IN THE CITY / DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC
EQUALS -
BABY COME BACK / VIVA BABY JOE
STANDARDS
RESPONSIBILITIES (!)
DYLETICS -
AMPHETAMINES / TROUT
STUBBLE -
ANTI-POLITIX / TIME BOMB
SCARS -
YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE / HORRORSHOW
HOLLY + HALIANS -
MILES AWAY / TELL THAT GIRL
SUPREMES -
NATHAN JONES / FLOY JOY
AZTEC CAMERA -
ABBADOIR / STANDSTILL

GOLDEN OLDIES COMPILED

FROM VARIOUS RECORD SHOPS, OLDIES DISCOS, MOD NIGHTS AND COLLECTIONS

Arthur Alexander -
YOU BETTER MOVE ON
Sandie Shaw -
ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE
Marilyn Monroe -
I JUST WANNA BE LOVED BY YOU
Velvet Underground -
SUNDAY MORNING
Chiffons -
SWEET TALKIN
James Brown -
It's a man's man's man's world
Equals -
Black skinned BLUE EYED BOYS
Don Covay -
MERCY MERCY
Solomon Burke -
EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY
Wilson Pickett -
IF YOU NEED ME
Rolling Stones -
POISON IVY
T. Rex -
CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION
High Numbers -
I'M THE FACE
Kinks -
DEAD END STREET
Dixie Cups -
IKO IKO
Petula Clark -
DOWNTOWN
Moody Blues -
GO NOW
Stevie Wonder -
UPTIGHT (EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT)
Spencer Davis -
SOMEBODY HELP ME
Monkees -
PLEASANT VALLEY SUNDAY
Ben. E. King -
STAND BY ME
Beatles -
THINGS WE SAID TODAY
Pink Floyd -
ARNOLD LAYNE
Georgie Fame -
YEH YEH
Chi-lites -
HAVE YOU SEEN HER
Kingsmen -
LOUIE LOUIE
Chuck Berry -
MEMPHIS
Eddie Cochran -
SUMMERTIME BLUES
Barkays -
SOULFINGER
Piglets -
JOHNNY REGGAE.
SHIRELLES -
WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME TOMORROW

BLOGGS SINGLES CHART

WEEK ENDING APR 25 1980

Crass -
feeding of the 5,000
UB40 -
food for thought
HONEY BANE -
you can be you
TEARDROP EXPLODES -
treason
HUMAN LEAGUE -
holiday 80 EP
WAH HEAT -
better scream
COCKNEY REJECTS -
greatest cockney rip-off
DELTA 5 -
anticipation
CRAMPS -
fever
VIC GODDARD/SUBWAY SECT -
split up the money
POP GROUP/SLITS -
in the beginning / where there's a will
MONOCHROME SET -
strange boutique
ROBERT WYATT -
caimanera
DISCHARGE -
realities of war
SPIZZ ENERGI -
where's captain kirk
FREEZE -
celebration
KILLING JOKE -
wardance
ORANGE JUICE -
falling and laughing
LORI AND THE CHAMELEONS -
lonely spy
BEAT -
mirror in the bathroom
BUZZCOCKS -
I believe (imp)
JONA LEWIE -
in the kitchen at parties
MX 80 -
someday you'll be mine
ELVIS COSTELLO -
4 track EP (imp)
THE CURE -
the forest
BOYS -
you better move on
TUXEDO MOON -
what use?
FAMILY FODDER -
12"
JOHN CALE -
007 / ready forwar (imp)
CHORDS -
something's missing

by mickey

BLOGGS ALBUM CHART.

WEEK ENDING APR 25 1980

Stiff Little Fingers -
NOBODY'S HEROES
Crass -
STATIONS OF THE CRASS
Pop Group -
FOR HOW MUCH LONGER
Cramps -
SONGS THE LORD TAUGHT US.
Slits -
Y3
Various -
HICKS FROM THE STICKS
Lee Perry -
CLOAK AND DAGGER
Damned -
1st
U.K. Subs -
BRAND NEW AGE
Young Marble Giants -
COLOSSAL YOUTH
ATV -
ACTION TIME VISION
Cockney Rejects -
HITS VOL. I
Wreckless Eric -
BIG SMASH
Durutti Column -
RETURN OF
Alex Chilton -
FLIES ON SHERBERT
John Cooper Clarke -
SNAP CRACKLE BOP
Angelic Upstarts -
WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE
Damned -
MUSIC FOR PLEASURE
Undertones -
HYPNOTISED
Desperate Bycycles -
REMORSE CODE
Micky Dread -
AFRICAN ANTHEM
Contortions -
BUY THE
Robert Fripp -
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
Joy Division -
UNKNOWN PLEASURES
Cristina -
CRISTINA
Blackbeard -
/ WAH DUB
Andy Partridge -
TAKE AWAY
Iggy Pop -
SOLDIER
Agustus Pablo -
RIVER NILE
Chrome -
RED EXPOSURE

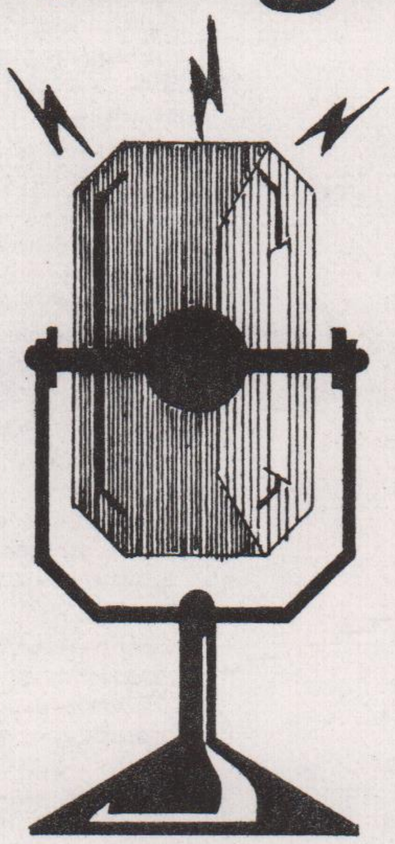
by mickey

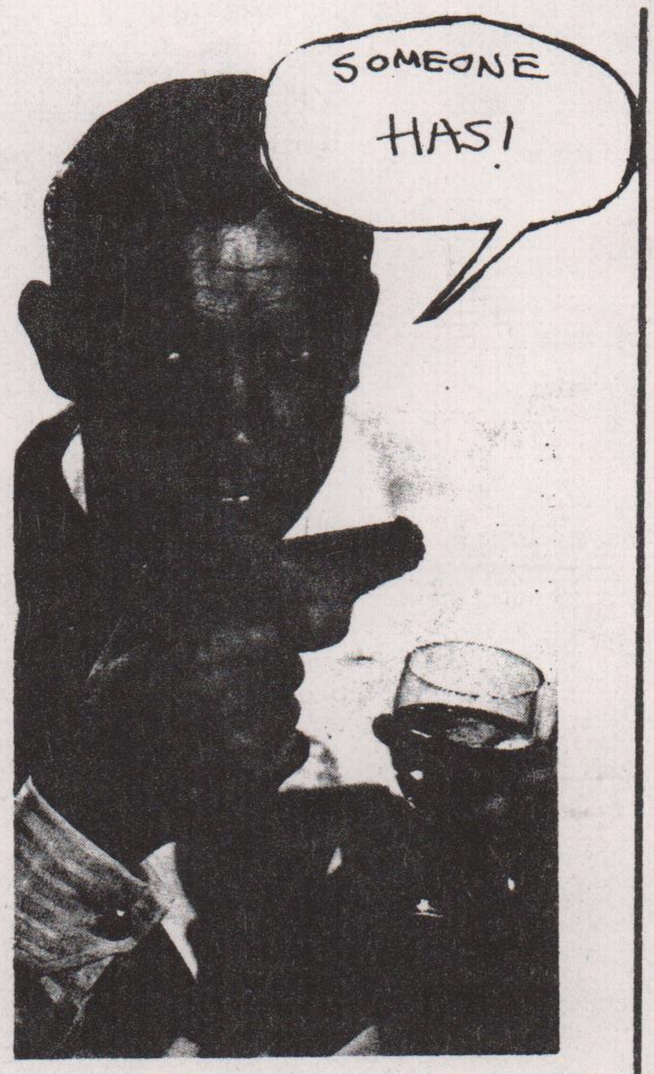
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 0

glasgow calling

The last few weeks have seen the sad decline of the count down bar from its premier spot as Glasgow's leading gig venue for new local bands.Many of the city's leading bands have gained invaluable experience through exposure at the Mars/ Countdown bar.
Now a cloud of violence and unco-operation(which led one prominent Glasgow band member to proclaim that 'the mafia have taken over)has led to much aggravation and disruption to many groups which has led to many bands predicting a 'band boycott' of the venue.
It's easy to say that this recent upheaval has occured as a result of the recent change in management there but the truth is that for a long time now the male bar staff have often come close to 'intimidation' in their dealings with both bands and customers.The iron bar under the counter may well be a defensive instrument but I fear it as been brandished once too often in 'self defence' for most peoples' liking.
Many customers ,one of our rival fanzine editors for instance,can tell stories of confrontations.
Many bands have stories to tell of gigs being inexplicably cancelled at the last moment;of agreed fees being underpaid;of being flung offstage midway thru songs etc..
Perhaps the most sinister aspect is the payment of money by one band in particular to the staff to cancel an existing booking and have them play instead.
It's a pity to have to walk into a bar now full of middle-aged beds as is now the case.Never the plushiest of places it was worth paying 52p a pint to see a good new group in the company of your friends.The threatened boycott,if it comes off,will deprive the punters of much enjoyment,particularly when one considers the dearth of alternative venues in the city(even the Amphora has stopped taking bands and the Tech was closed temporaroly due to violence).
Teh bands too will suffer,but how long can they expect to work from five till midnight for say £15 split 4or5 ways.







when in return the bar may make hundreds out of the folk the band attract.Add to that the heavy heavy treatment these bands are subjected too and its no surprise they are considering withdrawing their services.
No doubt the Countdown will continue to find groups to play there.These bands should be aware of the regime they are encouraging.

****

On a happier note its good to see the notice Glasgow groups are at last beginning to attract .Altered Images(who should hopefully have some sort of record deal by the time you read this)played a marvellously succesful support to the Banshees at Tiffanys.The Elite had the thrill of playing the Appollo with SLF recently Fun @4 have had a centre page spread in the Times.Orange Juice were in Sounds alternative chart.The Second City Statik EP featuring the Alleged,Positive Noise and Restricted Code is out at last.*********

We're having a poll this month for a laugh so here's a guide to bands playing in the Glasgow area.

Action Men
Activity Minimal
Alleged
Alter Ego
Altered Images
Aztec Cameras
Berlin Blondes
Brills
Cuban Heels
Defiant Pose
Dream Boys
Electrix
elite
Endgames
Fegs
First Priority
Facial Hair
Fun 4
H2o
Insects
Liberty Bodice
Manasses Beach
Maximum Security
Medics
New Attitudes
Newspeak
Noise Boys
007
Orange Juice
Pop-Guns
Positve Noise
Radio Ghosts
Recognitions
Resistors
Restricted Code
Rock-Its
Sha-Boom
Simple Minds
Sinister Turkeys
Stilletoes
Stubble
Suspects
Standards
Topplers
Teutonic Veneer
Urban Enemies
X-S Discharge
Zips
Snapshots
Prisoners
Kelvinators
snides
Silent Music
Roger and the Antelopes
Gerry and th Badgers

positive opposites
street patrol
the stanks
emotional void
mistaken identity
trenchways
Root 2 ,Metropak
modern man
EXPOSURE.
RAW DEAL
THE RIFFS
VIVA IS BLUE
ABANDON YOUR HEAD
MELODRAMA
and many more.
JAMES BOND

POLL

VOTE NOW

WELL HERE WE ARE - THIRD ISSUE. WE THINK ITS TIME TO GUAGE THE OPIONIONS OF OUR KNOWING READERSHIP SO HERE IT IS - THE TEN COMMANDMENTS POLL... FILL IT IN AND RETURN IT OR SEND IN YOUR VIEWS ON ANY PIECE OF PAPER IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TEAR YOUR FANZINE APART. WE'LL COMPILE THE RESULTS TO BE MADE PUBLIC IN A FUTURE ISSUE. DO IT NOW AND WE'LL ALL FIND OUT JUST EXACTLY WHAT THE SCORE IS.. post to 10.COM POLL c/o r.hodgens,9 salen st, G52 1ED now

embarass your friends!

1 BEST PUB

2 WORST PUB

3 BEST RECORD SHOP

4 WORST RECORD SHOP

5 BEST DANCE HALL

6 WORST DANCE HALL

7 BEST 'LIVE' VENUE

8 WORST LIVE VENUE

9 BEST BAND

10 WORST BAND

11 BAND MOST LIKELY TO...

12 QUIETEST BAND

13 BEST SONG

14 FAVOURITE VISITORS

15 FAVOURITE CLOTHES SHOP

16 CLOTHES SHOP TO AVOID AT ALL COSTS

17 FAVOURITE POLITICIAN

18 FAVOURITE POLICEMAN

19 BEST THING ABOUT GLASGOW

20 WORST THING ABOUT GLASGOW

21 FAVOURITE GLASGOW ROCK CRITIC

22 MOST OVERRATED GLASGOW ROCK CRITIC

23 FAVOURITE DRINK

24 FAVOURITE PLACE

25 BEST FANZINE

26 WORST FANZINE

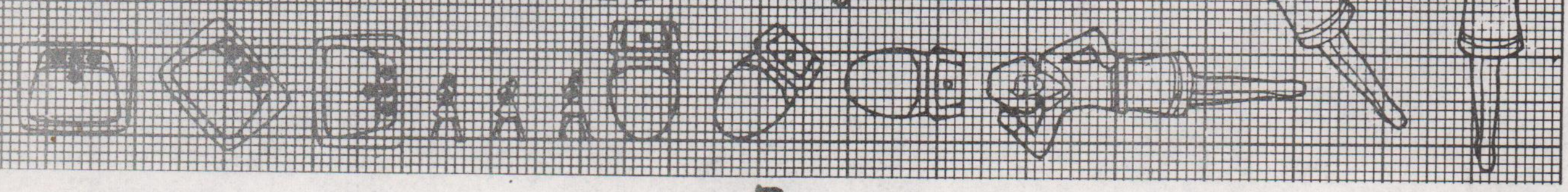
27 BIGGEST FIDDLER

28 BIGGEST ARTY FUCKER

29 FAVOURITE SINGER

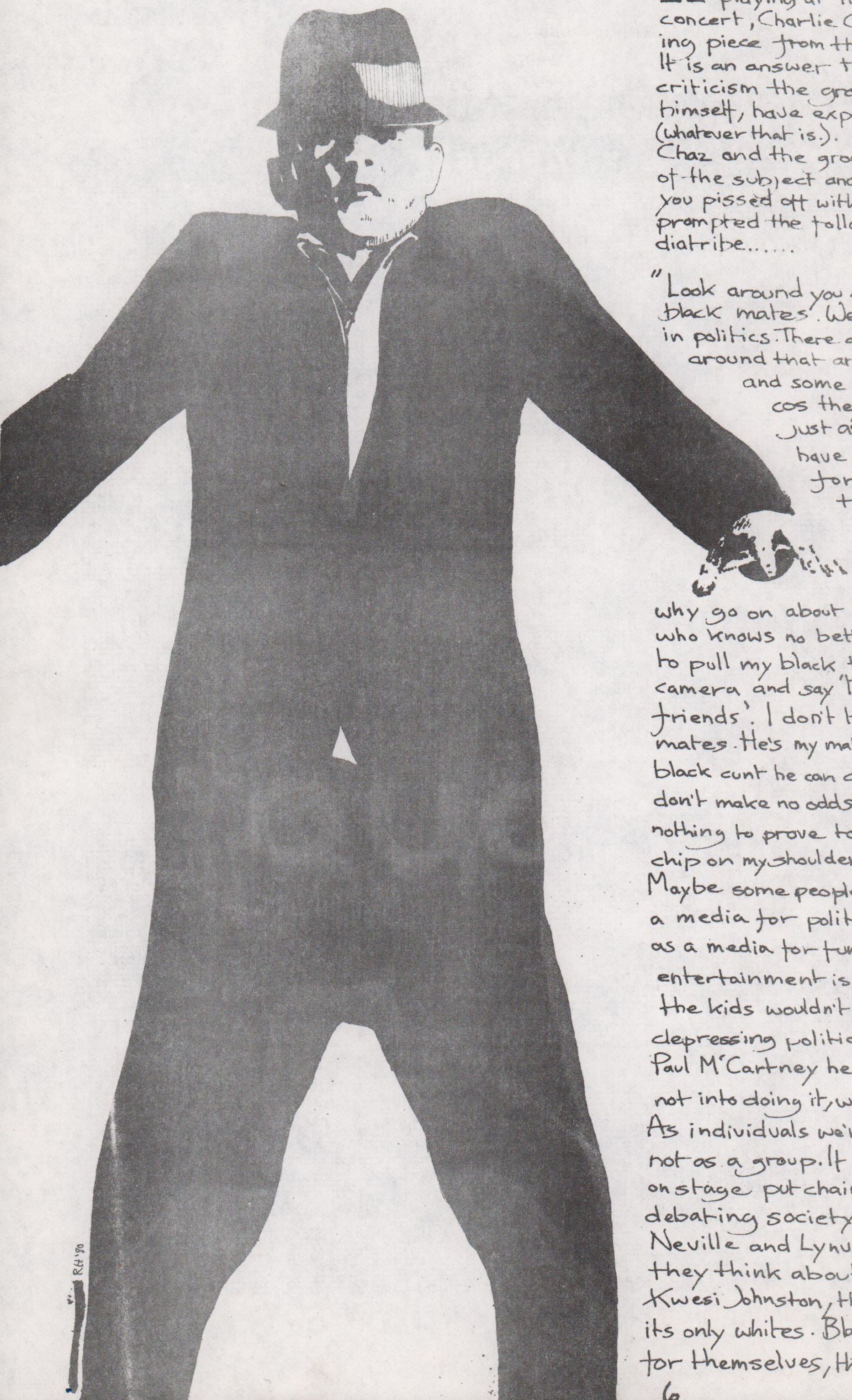
30 FAVOURITE ALBUM

31 ANY OTHER INFORMATION YOU THINK RELEVANT... ... .



YOU

QUOTE ME



Madness were in Glasgow recently, playing at the Apollo. After the concert, Charlie Cash taped the following piece from the lips of Chaz Smash. It is an answer too much of the criticism the group, and in particular himself, have experienced over 'politics' (whatever that is.).
Chaz and the group are heartily sick of the subject and the question "are you pissed off with the political thing", prompted the following heartfelt diatribe.....

"Look around you can see we've got black mates. We're just not interested in politics. There are a lot of people around that are interested in politics and some have never voted cos they know that everyone's just as bad right. The govt. have sold arms to Iran for years knowing that there's been a tyrannical regime going on, but nothings ever mentioned, so why go on about it to a 14 yr old kid who knows no better. I'm not going to pull my black friends in front of a camera and say 'look I've got black friends'. I don't have to prove my mates. He's my mate I can call him a black cunt he can call me honky trash. It don't make no odds cos were mates. I've nothing to prove to anyone, there's no chip on my shoulder.
Maybe some people can use music as a media for politics but we're using it as a media for fun which is what entertainment is about. I guarantee the kids wouldn't come it we sang depressing political songs. Look at Paul M'Cartney he couldn't do it, we're not into doing it, we're not interested. As individuals we're interested but not as a group. If you want politics on stage put chairs on it and have a debating society. Ask Rico and Neville and Lynval (Specials) what they think about R.A.R. ask Linton Kwesi Johnston, they're not interested its only whites. Blacks know how to fight for themselves, they're not into R.A.R..

ON THAT" THE SANE VOICE OF MADNESS

Cos they're proud people, they work better for themselves, they don't want a load of whitey's say free the blacks cos the blacks are free people and they don't need our help. What we said was we're not out carrying banners, we're not out to change peoples' minds. If you do off stage its as if your just doing what the press want you to do, know what I mean? If I talk to one kid and change his ideals I'm happy. Cos one kid is more than that N.M.E. reporter (the one who started the NF/ Madness connection) will change in her life. Ask the Selecter they had a go at her, they slagged her down cos of what she said about me, ask them they're my friends, she ain't, she's a two-faced bitch. She took what I said; I'd asked her, "have you got any time for the NF, BM", she goes "No", so I said "Well your never going to change them. You'll never understand nothing unless you know what the other persons about. And its true. I'm living with a Jew and I've got black mates, but I never told her that cos I don't grovel to the press. But cos we didn't say 'God bless the blacks, we love 'em' we got all her bullshit. I mean I've got black mates but I don't like all blacks; I've got white friends but don't like all whites. I got this letter from this guy, under 16, who bought a ticket for the Lyceum but got turned away. So we did an under 16 gig, but all the press have to say are 'Madness nicey, nicey, goody, goody', - we don't have to do it, we don't have to lose money. We could be right shitheads and go 'Benson & Hedges, Madness smoke Benson & Hedges' or 'Go Nutty! Wear Levi's' all that bullshit but we won't. You ask the kids you ask the manager of any hall we've played there's never been any trouble. Tonight we had a bill for damage of £20, it was the cheapest damage bill they've had at the Apollo cos the fact is we say to the kids it you want to mess up our gigs we don't want to know, and they feel bad you know, they feel embarrassed!

We don't like that we have to even think about anything but being entertaining. We did the LP in two weeks, Dave Robison, head off Stiff came into the recording studios when we were making ape noises for 'Tarzan's Nuts', so he says 'I'm paying money for you boys to do an album not mess around'. It's a laugh. We like spontanaity. Like we got big rehearsal rooms but we cancelled them to go to the old hall where we used to practise before. When we're together one of us gets the tune together and if it sounds good we'll get words eventually. It clicks you know. We don't go and say we need a new hit single. We do a lot of stuff. We don't think this is album material, is this single material. We just think 'do we enjoy it', 'do we get a laugh'.

We never slag groups off and journalists have got to make money to live and a lot of there articles wouldn't work if it wasn't sensationilist. Fair dues. People who get to know us will realise what we're like, its just bullocks what the press say about us. The only way we can get to hit back at them is to do a record. We did a track for mike read's radio show, it was called 'DON'T QUOTE ME ON THAT!'"

the thoughts of chairman chas smash

THE FEGS



MUCH TOO EASY TO CRITICISE THE PERFORMANCE OF THESE 4 BANDS, OF 'HA HA FUNNY POLIS' FAME, BRINGING PUNK, PAISLEY STYLE, TO EASTERHOUSE, ON THIS THE FIRST NIGHT OF MAD MARCH; THE SOUND WAS DIRE, THE BANDS WERE AWFUL, AND THE AUDIENCE - WERE A BUNCH OF KIDS WITH NOTHING BETTER TO DO OF A SATURDAY NIGHT, IN THE SPRAWLING, UGLY WASTELAND THAT IS EASTERHOUSE, THAN A TRIP DOWN TO THE COMMUNITY PROJECT. KIDS TO WHOM MUSIC IS CLEARLY DIVIDED INTO THE 2 CURRENT OBVIOUSLY COMMERCIAL AREAS. 'ARE YOU PUNKS OR MODS? - WHICH BAND ARE YOU IN?', TO ANYONE OVER THE AGE OF 14 — CHILDREN PULLING AT YOUR SLEEVES, ASKING WHERE YOU GOT YOUR TROUSERS EARRINGS, SHOES... THEY WEREN'T MUCH BOTHERED WHO WAS PROVIDING THE NOISE, OR FROM WHICH END OF THE VAST, COLD HALL IT WAS BLASTING OUT OF (STAGE ONE END, AND AN EAGER DJ. AT THE OTHER, WITH A PENCHANT FOR MADNESS, AND ESPECIALLY THE INTRO TO 'ONE STEP BEYOND'. HEY YOU, DON'T WATCH THAT, WATCH THIS .... - WHICH BAND'S ON FIRST? - DEFIANT POSE, BEFORE THEY FALL OVER' WAS THE WRY REMARK OF AN ORGANISER. AND THEY WERE AWFUL - 'WE'RE DEFIANT POSE, AND WERE THE BEST BAND IN THE LAND', A RENDERING OF 'FIGHT' WHICH DREW SERIOUS DOUBTS AS TO WHETHER THESE PEOPLE ACTUALLY PLAYED ON SINGLE, AND A HOPELESS 'TEENAGE KICKS'. HAVING WALKED OFFSTAGE IN GENERAL DISGUST, CRAFFI - BASS PLAYER AND VICTIM OF AT LEAST ONE TOO MANY, WAS KEEN TO PUT THE RECORD STRAIGHT - "WERE INTO "A BETTER SOUND. THE REST OF THE BANDS HERE THINK WERE WIMPS, BUT WERE NOT. I KNEW IT WOULD BE TERRIBLE TONIGHT - AND I'M DRUNK, RIGHT, SO WE JUST DECIDED TO MESS ABOUT & HAVE A LAUGH. MOST OF THE GLASGOW BANDS FALL INTO ONE OF TWO CATEGORIES - SYNTHESISED SOUND OR GUITAR THRASHING. BUT WE'RE INTO A BETTER SOUND - MORE INTO GOOD MUSIC. ON THE QUIET, THE FEGS GUITARIST JOE McGLYNN MIGHT BE JOINING US.' NEXT UP BEFORE THE LAMBS FOR THE SLAUGHTER WERE 'URBAN ENEMIES, WHOSE 'WHO DO YOU HATE?' IS, AT THE MOMENT, MY FAVOURITE TRACK ON THE SINGLE. THIS LOT PLAY FAIRLY COMPETENTLY, ALTHOUGH A COVER OF 'DID YOU KNOW WRONG' SEEMED SOMEWHAT UNNECESSARY. "DON'T BLAME THE BANDS FOR THE SOUND - THEY'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH IT - " WAS THE EXASPERATED CRY AT THE END FROM THE BAND WHICH CAME UP WITH THE BEST SOUND OF THE NIGHT; AS THE JOLLY MADNESS INTRO BURST OUT FROM THE DISCO P.A. AND ON WITH XS DISCHARGE, BROTHERS PADDI ON RYTHMN GUITAR & VOCALS, AND CHICK ON BASS & LEAD VOCALS (& T-SHIRT RIPPED TO EXCESS), AND GEORGE - GUESTING ON DRUMS - 'ORCHESTRAL VIBES' - LAUGHS! • WE'RE PATHETIC AREN'T WE?' - THEY SHOUT, IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET SOME FEEDBACK GOING (THERE WAS MORE COMING OUT OF THEIR OWN CABINETS) A GROUP OF BOLDER LAMBS CHANTING "YOU'RE A BUNCH OF WANKERS" BRINGS WICKED GRINS FROM THE BAND -

01 MAR 1980

XS DISCHARGE

HA! HA! FUNNY POLIS

RAGE

...are we concerns ... - the idea is repulsive to me. An initiative well. I suppose from that came the same of 1000 records have produced and there further 2000

defiant

POSE

HA! HA! FUNNY POLIS

"YEAH, COMEON, WHAT ARE WE AGAIN _ " THEY MOVE THROUGH A SET WHICH DERIVES MUCH FROM THE INFLUENCE OF THE PISTOLS + PIL. A SLIGHT PAUSE WHILE INTRODUCING 'SLOOP JOHN B' (YES, THE OLD BEACH BOYS NO. - STRANGE CHOICE FOR A BAND OF THIS ILK), WAS ENOUGH FOR THE D.J. TO BLAST OUT WITH THE OPENING CHORDS OF 'CLASH CITY ROCKERS', AND WHEN THE BAND STARTED PLAYING, THE RECORD WAS LEFT ON. SOMEHOW IT DIDN'T REALLY SEEM TO MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE - PERHAPS IT ENHANCED THE PERFORMANCE - - - ANOTHER NUMBER, ENDEARINGLY ENTITLED 'THE SHITTY SHUFFLE', AND THEN THAT WONDERFUL INTRO TO 'LIFTED' - "THIS IS A SONG ABOUT THE POLIS, WHEN THEY LIFTED ME AND BROKE MY NOSE " - A FEW BARS, AND THEN THE BAND DOWN THEIR INSTRUMENTS - "I'M GOING HOME " AND WALK OFF THE STAGE.

AND SO FINALLY TO THE FEGS, AND BY NOW THE FREEZING TEMPERATURE IN THE HALL, WAS BECOMING UNCOMFORTABLY + ACUTELY NOTICEABLE. TOLERANCE LEVEL TENDS TO DROP WITH THE MERCURY. BUT THE FEGS TRY HARD, SEEM SERIOUS AND ULTIMATELY, IMPRESS. THE GUITARIST SINGS RATHER WELL, THE BASS PLAYER, TALL, THIN, STRIKING ON STAGE, IS IN FACT, INCREDIBLY MILD-MANNERED. AGAIN, THERE IS A PISTOLS COVER - THIS TIME 'PRETTY VACANT'. THE FEGS AREN'T.

IF YOU LIKED 'HA HA FUNNY POLIS' AND WANT MORE OF THE SAME, LOOK OUT FOR AN E.P. FROM XS DISCHARGE, BEING RECORDED IN SIROCCO STUDIOS, KILMARNOCK.



URBAN ENEMIES

"WHICH TRACKS WILL APPEAR ON THIS E.P. THING THEN ?" - I VENTURE TO ASK.

• WE DON'T KNOW YET, BUT WE'VE STILL GOT ALMOST A WEEK TO THINK ABOUT IT - THAT'S PLENTY OF TIME.... "

: "A lot of the ... work and if we ... the town during ... in the record ... Asked ... the obscene words, ... added: "It's the way I feel ... to be cut ...

...ers ...
...ave "dec...
...e local police
...nem of harassment.
They have put their fe...
record by cutting a disc cal...
Ha! Funny Polis!"
...he songs include obscenitie...
brutality.

...GS

£1 in certain sh...
...d Johnstone and...
reads: "Declaratio...
...s made in the fac...
...arassment of Paisley's
about the local polis...
...

...iant Pose,
...d XS Dis-
an open-air
...rguslie Park

He refused to c...
on th... cord.

SHOPS

Four-letter words can
In an introduction -
"Lifted" by XS Discharge,
one of the singers dedicates
...song to the police alleg-
...nose was
...dent in-
...

WORDS - K. McNEILL
PICS - R. SHARP

No Particular

A SHORT STORY IN GLASGOW

It had been an awful night so far.Wandering along from pub to pub,ever alert for any bits of 'scratch' who happened along. What a way to spend a weekend. They were all in their mid teens;Badge,the hard core punk whose idea of anight out was to smash up as much property as possible;Speedy,who thought mod was classy and elevate him accordingly;and finally Morton,a punk in looks but a more sensitive,sober individual thanhis friends.His thoughts were more concerned with the threat of the national front,wealth distrubution and other things of which he had little or no experience.

A typical cross section one would suppose in these times.And typically they were in a rut,a rut that they had been in for as long as they could remember. So it was as they wandered down Hip street discussing this and that.Girls,friends,records, fights,rozzers etc.They talked for the sake of talking,there was no communication.Although they were travelling together, so to speak,each was oblivious to the other.Of course they were friends but only in so much that being in the company of others is expected.No-one likes being alone.Eventually,it would seem,their disinterest in each other would manifest and they would go their seperate ways. In the meantime this was the happy,happy weekend.Time for fun fun fun!They decided to nip into the Comedown Bar for a few drinks.Inside the dark smokey interior they soon found themselves seated with newly bought tumblers of lager in their paws, and an air of melancholy around them.A depressing situation indeed.A balding DJ played snappy good time drek by endless disco clones.The patrons seemed to talk enthusiasically with each other but their vacant faces betrayed that they had nothing better to do.They were merely doing what was expected,'enjoying' their saturday night out.It made Nico's seem exciting.

The atmosphere soon got on our young friends nerves. Badge drank copiously and talked venomously,spraying his companions with warm lager as he did so,about 'fucking poofs'and'fucking disco crap'.Speedy well used to such tirades took refuge by imagining himself in compromising situations with various satin and silk clad girls scattered so redundantly around the bar. Sheer self pity oberwhelmed Morton.The hopelessness of it all was beginning to confront him.This isn't what he wants to do.This was inertia.He wanted to experience exciting things be stimulated,be creative. The realisation that he ad virtually no control over his day to day-life was about to hit him between the eyes.

At the moment though he could only comprehend that there must be something better to do than this.

CRRaCHAsS!!A sudden crash startled Morton and he jumped from his seat to see Badge,his hand bleeding,looking down at his lap which was covered in broken glass and soaked in lager.Speedy,on his left,was laughing.Badge,unnoticed by hi s friends,had allowed his anger to build so much that he had unintentionally shattered the pint glass he was holding.Soon he was laughing too.Taking his hanky from his coat pocket,Morton proceeded to clumsily bandage his pals hand,and at the insistence of the bar staff usher him out of the pub,Speedy followed. If anyone else in the pub had noticed this incident you'd never have guessed.No-one had moved or even stopped talking It was if they were all on auto pilot.

Outside Badge rearranged his makeshift bandage and with a grunt declared himself fit,to a concerned Morton.He was perversly elated by the incident,as if relieved that something had happened.More importantly it would be something to talk about in the following days.

Unnoticed by the other two, Speedy had detached himself and was talking to someone he had recognised at a nearby bus stop.Consequently he returned with the news that Dickies Indian Summers were playing up at the tech.'Magic' said Badge typically even Morton seemed pleased so off they went.

As they approached the tech their newly gained high spirits were somewhat deflated by the sight of a couple of skinheads leaning provactively against the perimeter railings.Despite

tected only by tight fitting tee shirts,levis and boots.They looked the three youths up and down as they passed them and entered into the tech's grounds. Drunken Badge was oblivious to their prescence but Speedy and particularly Morton regarded them with foreboding.
At the union building doors the prescence of familiar faces in the small queue that had formed cheered the lads.Their shouted greetings though were replied with only cursary nods.Speedy put it down to the rain dampening spirits but Morton sensed something more.Gradually the queue whittled down and they were admitted inside.Removing their wet outer clothing they deposited them at the cloakroom and made their way to the bar. Badge pushed open the bar doors and the three entered to a deathly silence.There was none of the usual groupings of busy chatting people drinking and milling around.Instead the place was empty bar one grouping.About twenty skinheads were packed around the bar,some where perched on the surrounding tubular steel barriers.All of them turned to face the door.Morton grabbed Badge's arm suggesting that they go see who was in the lounge.Raucous laughter followed them out and not even the closed doors could prevent it following them down the corridor to the lounge.
Morton was quite certain that the skins were here for only one thing,trouble.He quickly determined to keep a low profile if at all possible.But he was equally set on enjoying himself.

enough friendly faces to make them feel a little more comfartable.Conversation was muted.People seemed unwilling to talk.They fetched their drinks and went over to the juke box. Speedy slipped a coin into it pressed a few buttons and stepped back as 'when your young' by the Jam burst from the speakers.As he turned back to his friends he caught the eye of a young girl,seated with her friends in acorner of the lounge.Casually he smiled at her and she,in turn,smiled back at him.She wasn't pretty,but she wasn't exactly ugly either.Dressed in green mini and black PVC coat she bore a passing resemblance to a young Cilla Black especially with the way she wore her hair; finely cut geometric with a white hair band.Young speed was more than impressed by this smiling modette,particularly as she was the first to so much as look at him tonight.Discreetly he pointed to the lounge door and nodded his head in its direction.Evidently the attraction was mutual;the girl friends then headed to the exit.Speedy put his glass on top of the juke box and told his chums that he was off to the bog.
After sometime he still hadn't returned.Morton was more annyed than worried by Speedy's disappearance.Particularly as he didn't relish the thought of being left alone to take care of a drunk and increasingly hostile Badge.He managed to sit badge down and told him to stay there while he went to locate the absent one. The corridor to the toilets was lined on both sides with skinheads.As Morton came towards them he was alarmed to see the treatment being meted out to people coming out the gents.Some students were running a gauntlet of spit and abuse,with a few kicks thrown in for good measure as they passed through their lines. Morton expected similar treatment as he reached the bog doors.Surprisingly nothing happened,they just smiled at him as he passed sheepishlyby. Finding himself an empty cubicle he had just sat down when a torrent of water,he hoped it was water,came pouring over the door and soaked him thoroughly. It was followed by various solid objects such as toilet brushes and paper rolls.Then there were a few kicks on the

cont. over page



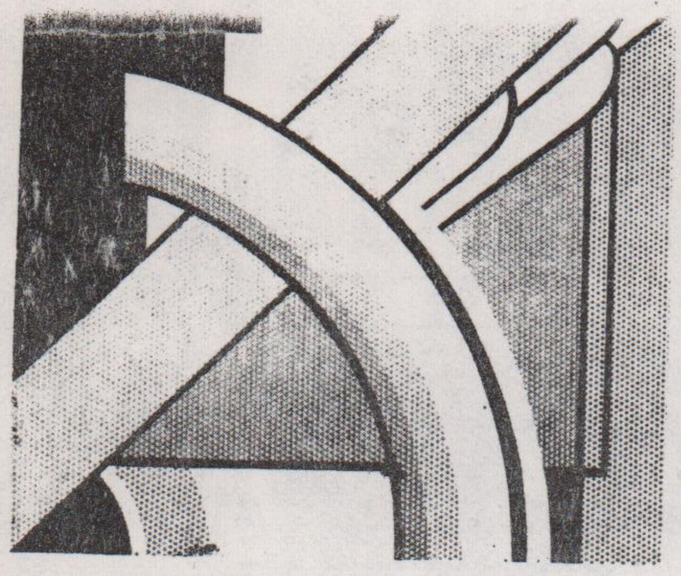
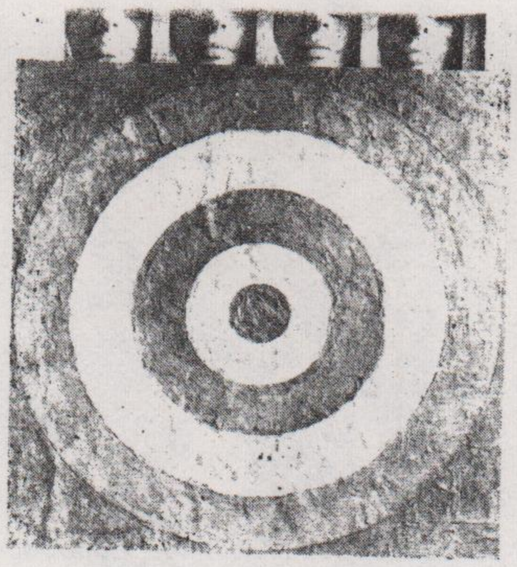
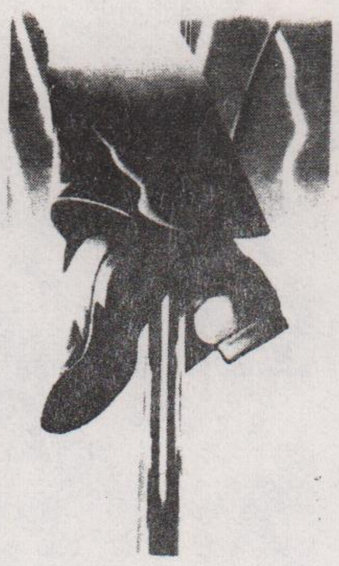
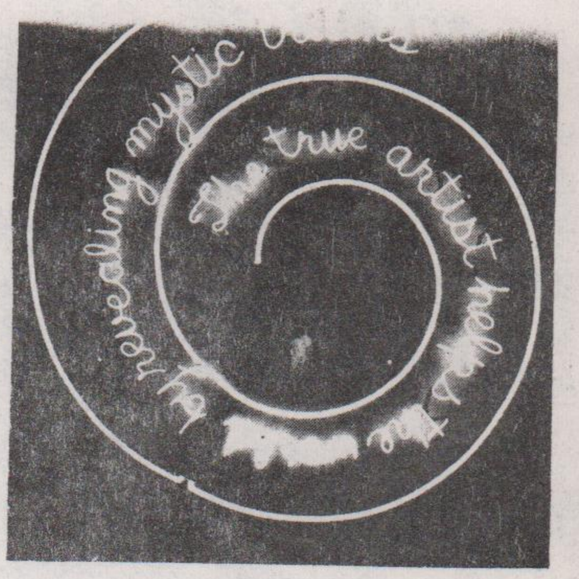
Place To Go

door which was followed in turn by the same mocking laughter he had first encountered in the bar earlier that evening.
He must have said the word 'bastards' a hundred times before the laughter faded away and he was once again alone.Sodden he pulled up his trousers and left the cubicle.His eyes fought back tears formed out of frusration and humiliation rather than fear. He wanted right out of this.
The scene in the corridor was the same on the way out as it was on the way in.Similarly the skins just smiled as his soaked figure passed them.On his way by Morton heard one of them say casually to the others"april showers are beastly things"in a mock snobbish voice.Another out burstnof laughter followed.Morton bit his lip and tried to reach the lounge with as much dignity as he could muster.It was a hopeless attempt,he looked and felt pathetic.
Reaching the lounge he was shocked to find another mob of skins seated next to a semi-consciuos Badge and a newly returned Speedy,who had his arm around a girl Morton,of course,had not seen before.Joining them he heard Badge mumble something like "your wet".Saying nothing Morton took off his damp coat and sat down.One of the skinheads turned to him and said tauntingly "oh you all wet son,aw poor boyie woyie,let me warm you up."Deliberately he took a match from his brace clip and struck it."Nothing like a good fire to warm the bones eh!" and then put the match to speedy's parka,which burst brightly into flames.It took quite a few secs before anyone fully realised wh atbwas happening.Suddenly all hell let loose.Morton smashed his pint glass on the table top and leapt at Speedy's assailant. Spe edy tried desperately to douse the flames,eventually succeeding with the help of his shrieking girlk friend.Overwhelmed Morton was now trapped under a rain of blows as fists and boots struck continuously upon his defenceless body.His painful cries roused the slumbering Badge who unhesitatingly jumped headfirst into the melee.No-one else in the lounge moved,some girls screamed a few guys laughed.

By the time the police arrived it was all over.
Badge lay dead in a pool of blood on the floor.A broken beer glass stuck in a gaping wound at his throat.Morton,bruised and bloody was crying uncontrollably.A shocked Speedy was seated in afar corner of the lounge enclosed in feminine arms.A few onlookers stood around talking, pointing,trying to look concerned,trying not to laugh.
Morton pressed his hankie against Badges wound in a hopeless attempt to stem the flow of blood.It was soon soaked in the red liquid.He removed it and hurled it at the few remaining skins.'Bastards',he shouted as they turned away from the scene.

Three weeks later and Badge was six foot under,virtually forgotten by one and all.To most people only the incident itself was of any consequence, he was just another victim;he probably deserved it anyway.
Even to Morton the inevitability of it all was apperent.
Yet the events of that night had finally proven to him that something had to change.
For Speedy it was an unfortunate blemish on a night when he had got his nuts.
Three months later Morton had took what he considered a positive step and joined the merchant navy.Speedy was preparing to marry his well pregnant 'cilla' lookalile.
And the skinheads they'd grown their hair and become hippies as instructed to by the NME., or Sounds or whatever.
Three years later.....?



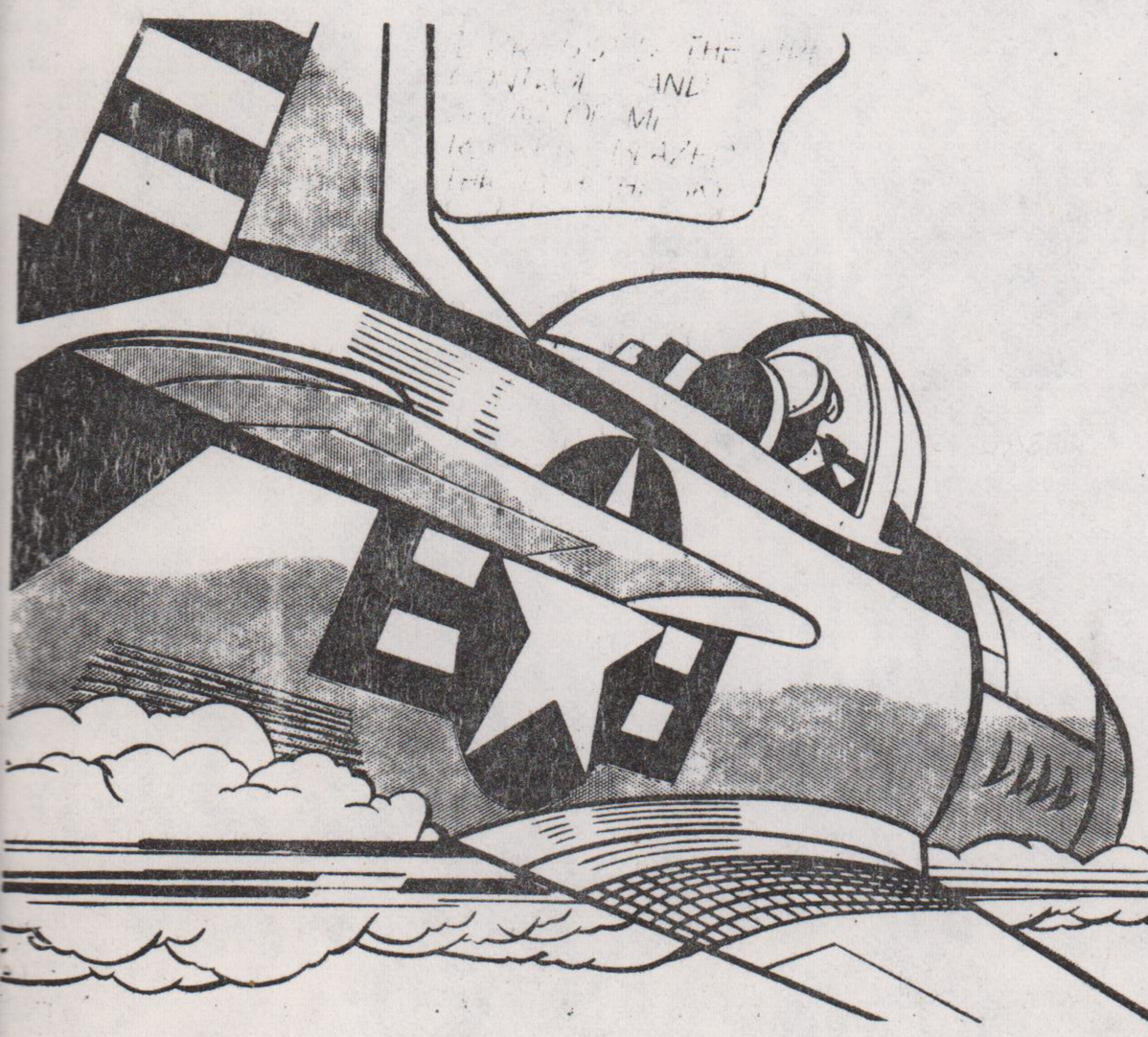





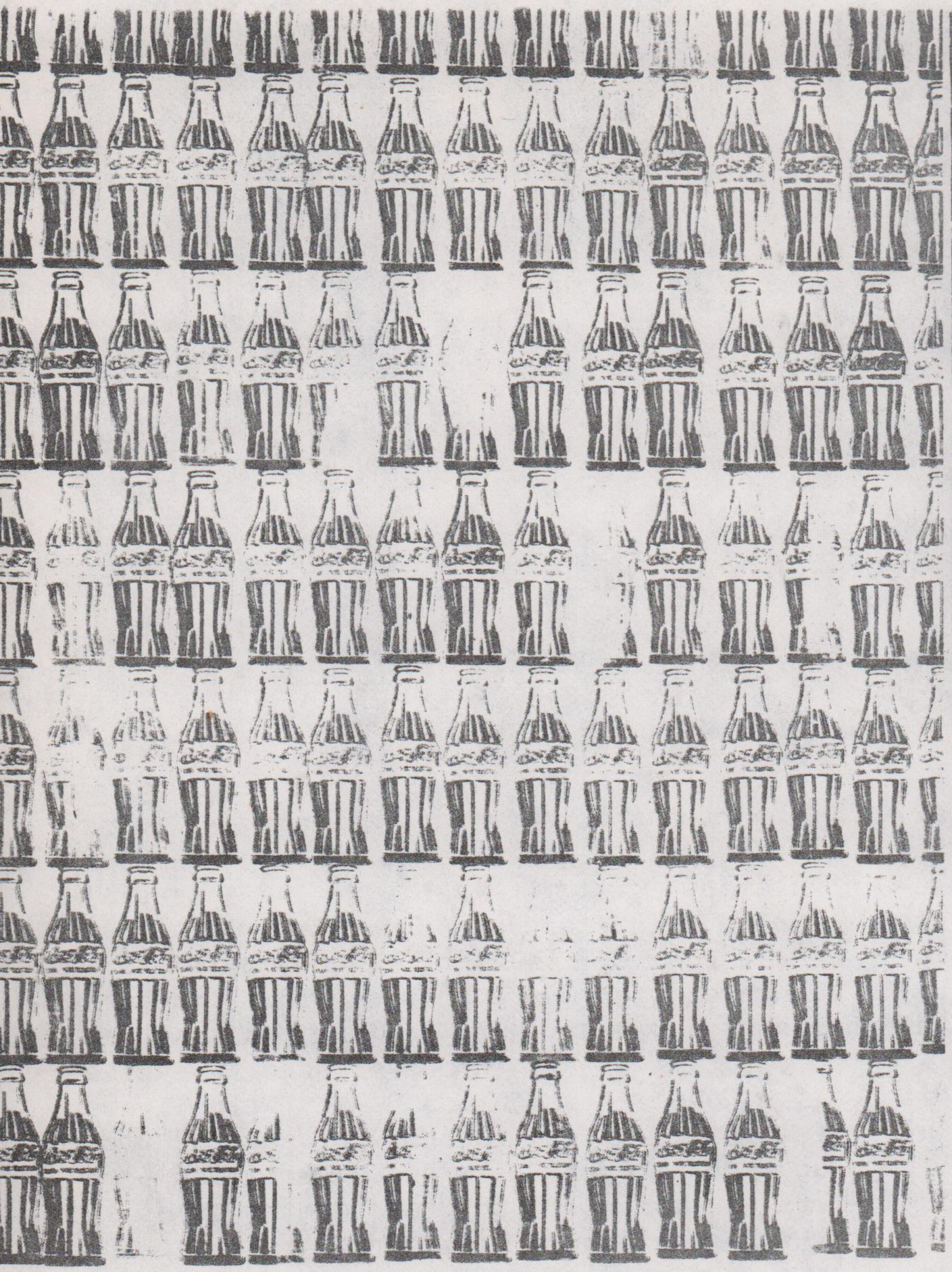
a)Lichtenstein;modern painting with arc 1966. b)Johns;target with four faces 1955 c)Rosenquist;studyy for expo 67 1967. d)Lichtenstein; whaam! 1964. e)Hauman;the true artist '67.

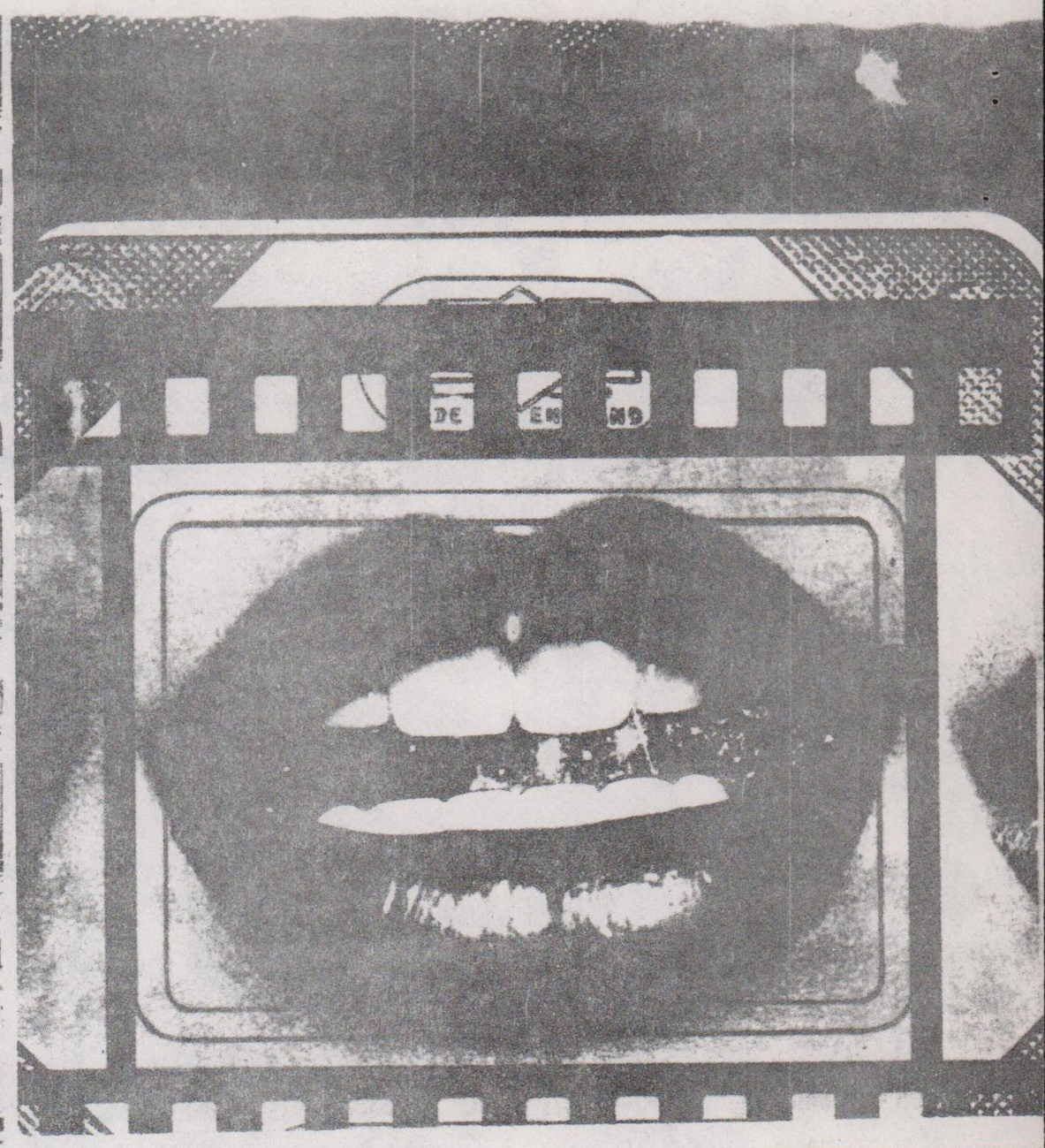
POP·ART

Imagine art as deep significant and intelligent;created by rare and talented practioners who inhabit worlds on a higher plane than ordinary folk,who deal in concepts so wierd and avant-garde as to be beyond the understanding of the general public.
Imagine music considered in the same light and think of people like the Residents, Public Image Limited,Fripp and Eno as being the counterparts of artists like Adolf Gottlieb and Alan Davie.
Then consider that if punk was a reaction to the likes of Mike oldfield and 'od/'wo tone a similar reaction to 'post - modernist' self indulgence what would be considered art's equivalent response to the excesses of abstract expressionism in the late fifties?
The answer is Pop-Art.

Pop-Art was an 'overnight sensation'.Suddenly art was no longer about theory and manipulatory skills.It was about the appreciation of transitory experiences.It was about the throwaway visual of TV commercials,film stars and pop music.It was sordid,exuberant flashy and heartless.The junk and trash ethic became an art form in itself.New'artists like Roy lichtenstein and Andy Warhol were fascinated by the boldness of cartoon strips and contemporary film and advertising posters and used both to transform,among other things,the nature of abstract painting.Others used ready-made imagary(as had Duchamp years earlier in the Da-Da-ist Hey day)to replace the traditional still life subjects of the past.Claes Oldenburg created a whole new way of looking at things by making every day objects su ch as cups and saucers

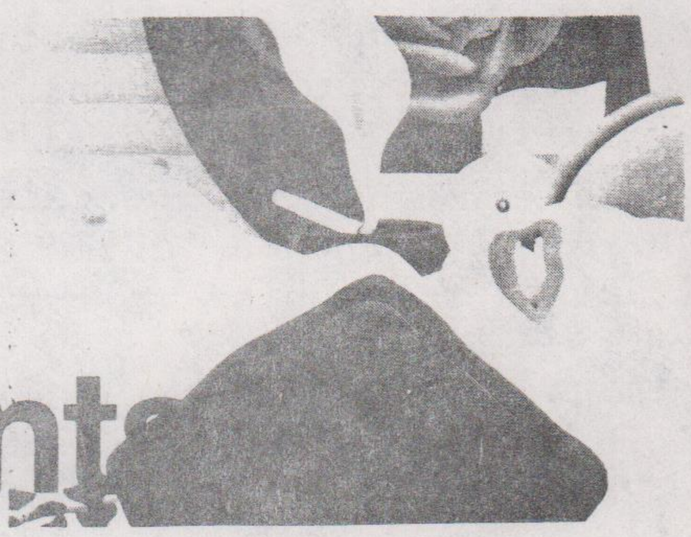










Coca-Cola

ten commandments

out of stuffed fur.
Pop was created in New York and London and consequently it is a reflection of twentieth century urban life.It is a result of day to day living amongst comics,magazines supermarkets,amusement arcades and money. The artists developed the abundant subject matter in exciting ways.Their presentation was often startingly literal,it looked more like the real thing than ever before in art history.The result was a kind of art ,which combined the absract and the figurative in an original manner,which was liberated from the dignity of high art

RH'80

****

LIST OF ILLUSTATIONS._____

I.ANDY WARHOL--GREEN COCA-COLA BOTTLES (I962)

2. JOE TILSON--CLIP-O-MATIC LIPS (I968)
3. ROBERT HODGENS--RED OXO CUBES (I980)
4. TOM WESSELMAN--GREAT AMERICAN NUDE (I968)
5. D.C. COMICS--THE RIDDLER (I973)
6. JAMES ROSENQUIST--UNTITLED (964)
7. ANDY WARHOL --ELECTRIC CHAIR (I967)
8. LARRY RIVERS --LAST CIVIL WAR VETERAN (I959)
9. ROY LICHTENSTEIN --SWEET DREAMS BABY (I964)
10. ED RUSCHA--MERCY (I973)
11. WARNER BROS. PUBLICITY-- JAMES DEAN (I955)

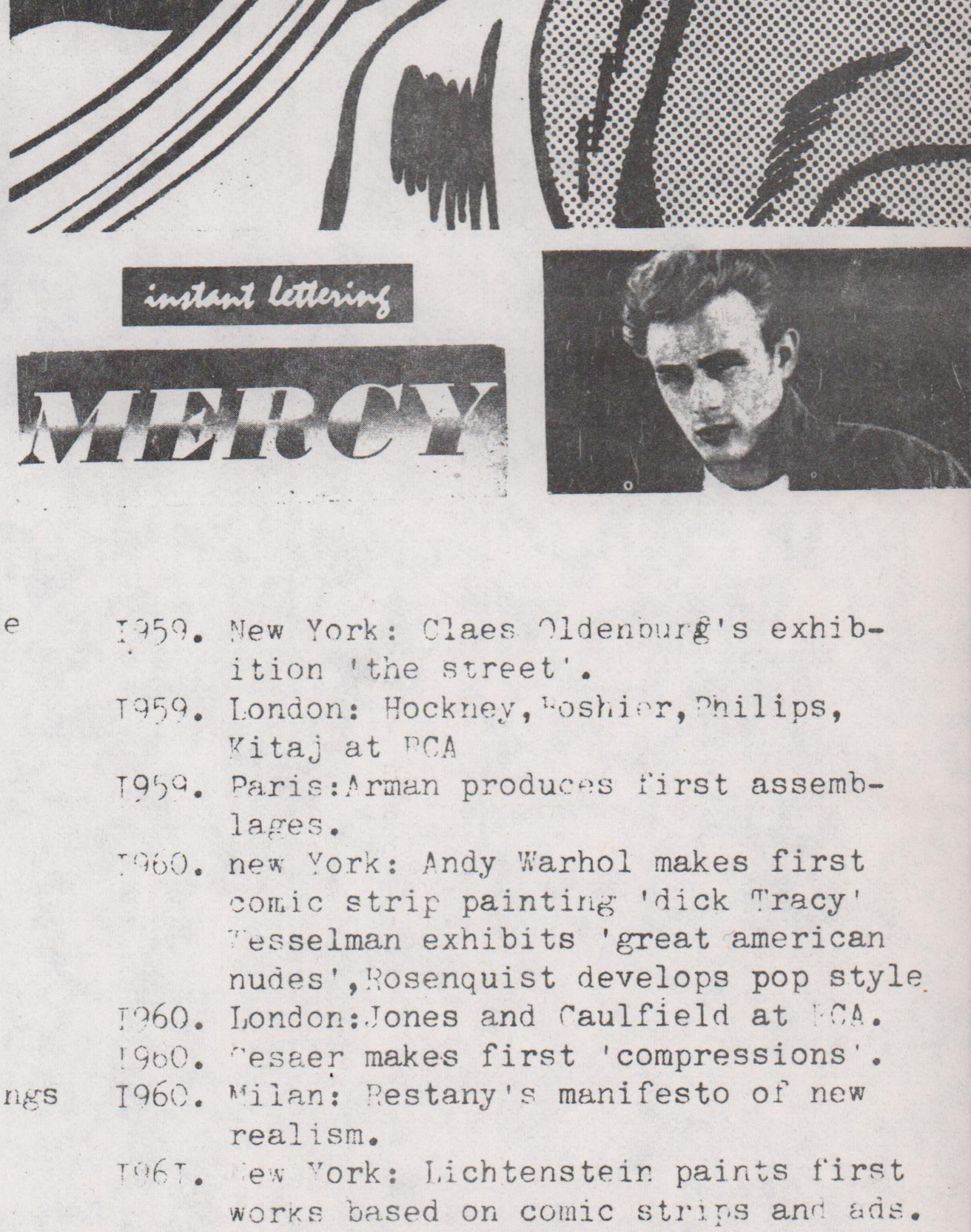
Joan Crawford says—



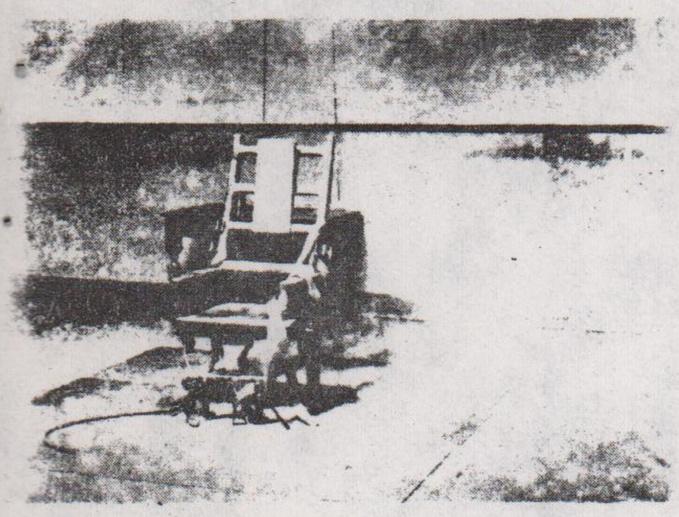
SWEET DREAMS, BABY!

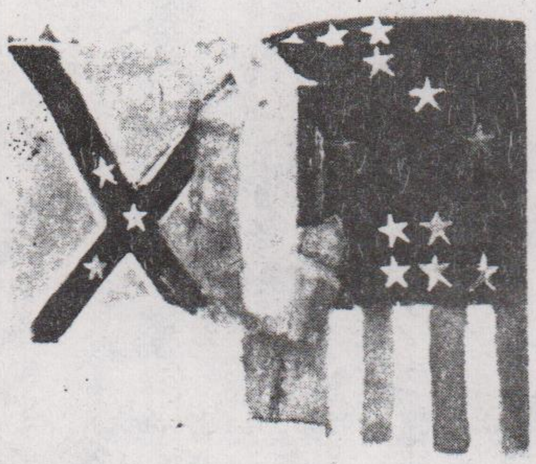


POW!



BROADWAY





instant lettering

MERCY

260 Andy Warhol *Electric Chair*

CHRONOLOGY.

1947. London: Eduardo Palozzi* starts to make collages from magazines and papers.
1949. London: Francis Bacon starts to use photographic sources.
1952. London: Independent's roup formed.
1953. London: Exhibition 'Parallel of Art and Life' by Paolozzi, Henderson and Alisom and Peter Smithson.
1954-55. London: IC reconvened to discuss popular culture.
1955. New York: Robert Rauschberg makes first combine painting, asper ohns produces first flag and target paintings
1955. London: Richard hamilton's paintings make use of popular imagery.
1956. London: Exhibition 'This Is Tomorrow' Emergence of key pop themes; Marilyn Monroe, cinema ads, packaging.
1957. Hamilton starts work on She.
1958. Paris: Klein makes first 'anthropometrie Christo makes first wrapped images.
1959. New York: Claes Oldenburg's exhibition 'the street'.
1959. London: Hockney, Boshier, Philips, Kitaj at RCA
1959. Paris: Arman produces first assemblages.
1960. new York: Andy Warhol makes first comic strip painting 'dick Tracy' Wesselman exhibits 'great american nudes', Rosenquist develops pop style
1960. London: Jones and Caulfield at RCA.
1960. Cesaer makes first 'compressions'.
1960. Milan: Restany's manifesto of new realism.
1961. New York: Lichtenstein paints first works based on comic strips and ads.
1962. USA: Andy Warhol paints Marilyn Monroe and Campbells soup cans Muscha's 26 gasoline stations out.
London; BBC film 'pop goes the easel' Pop artnow firmly established.

* Paolozzi, considered by many as the first pop artist, was born in Edinburgh

Charlie Parker



March 12th this year was the 25th anniversary of the death of Charlie Parker. Thus it seems appropriate to present a brief retrospective on a much respected and original musician

Charlie Parker, better known as 'Yardbird' or simply 'Bird', died in controversial circumstances at the age of 34. That he died at the home of Lord Rothschild's sister, and the subsequent squabble between her and Parker's wife over the saxophonist's body obscured the tragic loss of not only a man still young but one who had been proclaimed by as his peers as 'the greatest musical innovator and influence of our generation. Like the death of Sid Vicious, Parker's had drug overtones and was followed similarly with death cult manifestations. 'Bird Lives' graffiti was common in many U.S. and European cities. Parker took just about too much of everything and died because of it, prematurely. He left behind 'Bebop' and the sound of his magnificent saxophone playing.

He might not have been alone in the development of 'Bebop'; (Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Christian and Thelonius Monk amongst others). However he was its undisputed genius who became a legend of his time.

His father had left home when Charlie was very young and has his mother 'worked nights' and so left on his own he was free to wander round his home town's (Kansas City) Jazz clubs. It was in school bands that he first picked up a horn. At sixteen his style had developed so much that he was in great demand. He had also began a short-lived marriage and an equally disastrous association with heroin. Bird played in many big bands; Jay McShann, Earl Hines, Billy Eckstine. With whom he gained a reputation a cult reputation. By then even he knew his personal excesses were catching him up, he declared that he played best when under the effect of no stimulants and felt sorry for those who thought 'Parker's great tunes on such and such. If I take some I'll blow great too." Charlie put his decline down to 'Being introduced too soon to the night life. When your not mature enough to know, well you goof."

RH.

1921 — 1955

for dieter and hector

LE PETOMANE



"Pharaillop" or "troom dharpht" everyday sounds well everyday sounds to be precise Considered to three most base of human practises farting has been with us since before time immemorial its richness and variety of sound have been neglected and demeaned throughout the ages by all but one man who made farting into an art - Ladies and gentlemen - ten commandments take great pleasure in presenting the true story of LE PETOMANE

"Pharallop", "Troomooshorpht"

Henri Pépé was born in Le Harve on July 8, 1864 Even as a child he displayed remarkable consistency in his rectorial eruptions[2] His mother remembered, "Mon garçon, il a un troomtarthy formidable"[3] Papa had earlier passed away to the sound of weeping and wailing from the gathered relatives and the mournful sound of French horns emanating from said young Henri's bum

Eventually this grimly respect mother sent his patched Henri to L'academie de Helleneure near Lyon Henri soon became very popular with his schoolchums on account of his colonic skills and wind instrument "Le Pepeux" Unfortunately when hearing of the death of the President he started to expel 'Le Marseillaise' in a flippant manner[4] this pulled down his trousers, initially because of the resultant scandal Henri joined the Foreign Legion Here the food water and even women did not agree with his enormous power and after 10 months of this part's foul his military career was quiet until after an unusually exhausting day Henri desperate for sleep devised an ingenious method of feigning insanity, that the entire garrison went to bed three hours early allowing Tuareg pirate insurgents to enter the fort and varnish the commandants wife

"Understandably the commander averted his wrath towards Henri on the private sentencing him to toilet duties for the rest of his natural life However while there this put his extraordinary flatulence to good use, creating a sensitive resignation born out of a deep interest in all things human made at the end of his meagre existence it was here in the dirty dens of Algiers, slaving over the latrine buckets, that the art of 'Le Petomane' was born[5] He would often entertain visiting officers, who were too, making stanzas with short excerpts from the classics Ever the egotist always opportunistic to further himself, he found himself disadvantaged in his lucrative situation and vowed to tame the cabbed his deceased Mama to send money to buy his way to Paris There followed the most momentous and utterly fascinating five years of his life When time were over Henri could be found with a small burlesque group telling jokes between striptease for Henri's jokes were met with hilarious laughter from the audience which thoroughly disheartened him The turning point came when at an ex legionaires gig Henri was recognised during an exchange of insults by an old army colleague who shouted, "Mes ami, donnez le signal d'explosion harmonieux, tis pour célébrer Petomane"[6] Inspired Henri proceeded to silence his hecklers, by lowering his trousers and delivered a virtuoso display, utilising his every rectal muscle, delivering the strains of Verdi's Marina (favourite aria of Caruso) as he warmed to his Gaelic finale, note after ardent note spilled forth thrilling all when he reached that high C where heaven and earth seem married in one great climax a exhilaration a small fruit of his bowel, retrieved itself from his bottoms oh well ... it seemed had been born! The newspapers had a field day Journalists debated the possibility of stomach abuse or even special mechanisms being behind Le Petomane talents One even suggested Henri ate pig offal and cabbage sauerkraut washed down with molasses to aid eruptions Le Petomane strongly denied all these claims saying, "Non" However he further ventured "to suggest I imbibe massive quantities, of badger bladders, soused in cod liver oil, tripe and prune vindabos with gallons of onion beer is silly"[7]

At the height of his fame he married then met Mrs Buster Delacroix, the widow of a leading French boxer He sired three children named Merle and Sheree At the ages 4 and 6 the young boys starred on stage at the Le Risque club while their Pa played 'Swan Lake' and Ma stripped It was the end for the Petomane although described by the Times as "the ultimate in naughty French fun for all the family" the French public were outraged Hounded out of Paris Henri was varnished by Pépé his kill and fled to Norway where he died at 47 after some years as an amphibian trainer

Jacques Roi
(Yokohama)

Sources

1 'Le Figaro' May 1780
- it was considered that Henri by incarcerated in an institution for the criminally insanitary - Catly
3 'Last Parisian' Gratte' 1975 Levon
4 'Le Bas es Magique' 1939 p 84-85
5 'Petomane Art' Berge, 1975
6 'Moulin Rouge' Horkowski, p 237
7 'Analyse de Le Petomane trial' Coutts, p 4.



THE PRETENDERS —

Mid-February, a soggy Sunday afternoon, and not a great distance along Sauchiehall St., from the headquarters of this very publication, Tiffanys is playing host to the Pretenders...

Scarcely had a foot touched the foyer floor than a squealing bunch of adamant promoters, aggressive penguins and rude roadies were suddenly in evidence - " She doesn't give any interviews" "they won't see anyone" "no-one's allowed in while they're doing a sound-check". None of this helped to undermine the reputation of petulance that the nationals have gleefully slapped on the Pretenders, and Ms. Hynde in particular. Abandoning the idea of trying to contact the stars; the security was tighter than you'd expect on a royal walkabout, it was out once more into the early evening drizzle...

Later dry, and following the indulgence in some liquid refreshment, strains of 'Precious' are reaching us as we pass the plastic palms, louder, treading the faded red carpet upstairs to the dance-hall. Here, the audience, many surprisingly young, dance- brimming over the edges of the floor, watch- expectant, packing the balconies in an atmosphere warm and receptive. Onstage, the band are sometimes excellent, occasionally sloppy, but always completely confident. Dispensing with 'Brass in Pocket' fairly early on - the set comprises of most of the album, both sides of the new single and the first two 'Kid' and 'Stop Your Sobbing'. Strong controlled vocals particularly on 'Up the Neck' 'Private Life' - tracks which also stand out on the album; triumphant encores 'Mystery Achievment' 'Sabre Dance', and a final 'Stop your Sobbing'.

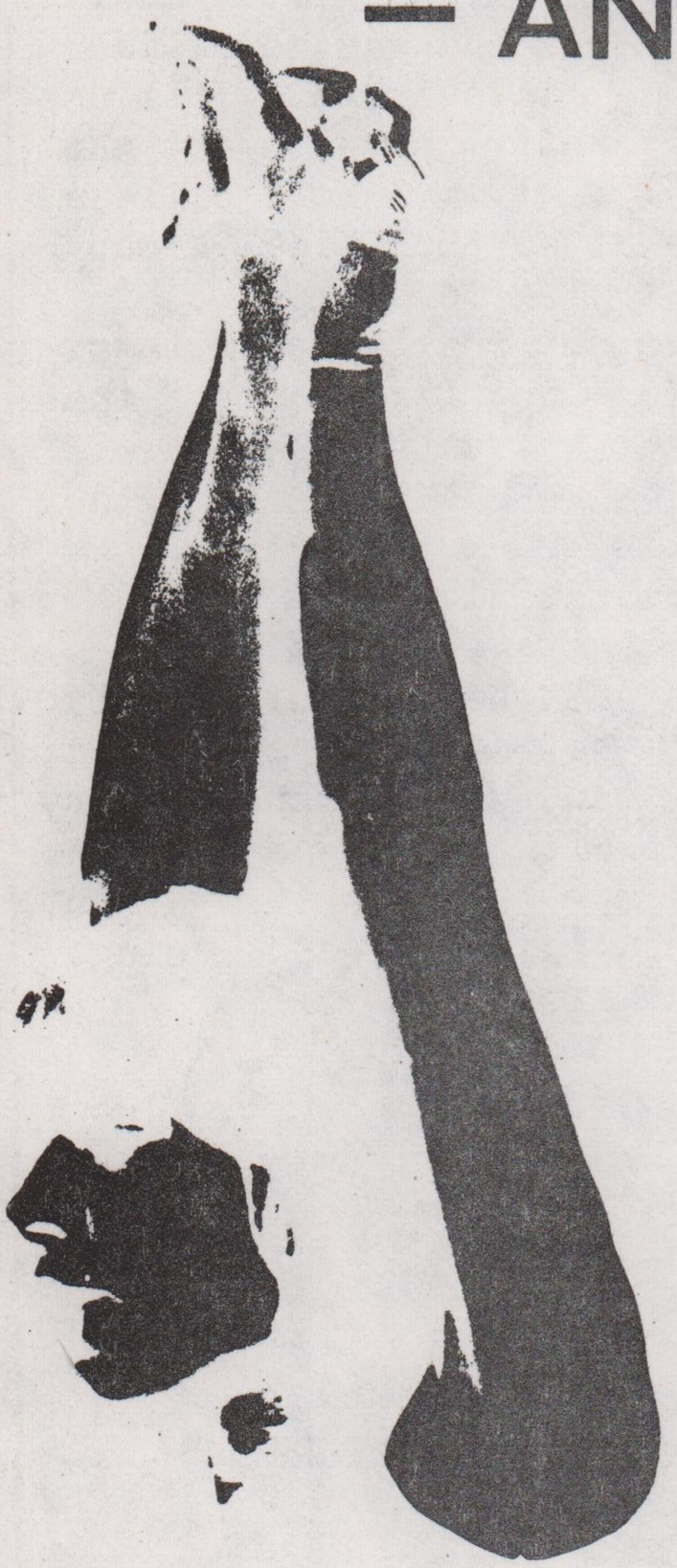
Passing a copy of the ten commandments to a certain roadie named Rodent ('Don't you recognise me, I'm famous- used to roadie with the Pistols?') who in turn passed it to the band backstage, it was with some surprise that we were told they'd be willing to do an interview.

Installed in the resident's bar of the Centre Hotel, priorities were dealt with immediately (Pete Farndon stood drinks all round) and initial conversation was about the performance earlier on: "The audience tonight was great- it must have been the best reception we've ever had; we were over-awed by it" Contrary to all expectations, Chrissie Hynde is the first to point out that the band is not consistently proffesional and polished- " We may be no.1 in the charts, but we're not no.1 on stage or anything: We've had 3 singles plus the album in the space of one year- it takes experience which is what we're needing to get it together on stage.

'We've been together about a year and a half: I met Pete two years ago- when I got into this operation, I met our manager who had a small record label at that time- Real Records. Dave was into the band and sacrificed the label to become our manager; I had met other people with faith in the band, but nothing really happened. We did a demo-tape and the single, and got in Martin. 'Sobbing' came out in Jan.'79 and we started gigging at that time." Having achieved remarkable success in this country, were they now considering doing an American tour? This is already on the cards- Chrissie explains their mixed feelings on the subject " We're going to the States in March- there's fuck all happening over there, it's got to be a push-over: we're doing really well selling records, and we're on the radio etc. But because we've only been together a year or so, we're kind of shitting ourselves- we're very inconsistent on stage- if the audience

isn't into it, then it's impossible for me to get into it." It becomes increasingly apparent that Chrissie Hynde is going to be doing most of the talking- the rest of the band seem to accept that she, as chief-Pretender, is also chief spokesman. How was she coming to terms with being famous? " I can't be anonymous now, or just hang out like I used to; that part of my life is over, I suppose, and that's a real drag for me- that's a real nightmare, like the big sacrifice: I used to really thrive on walking into places where I don't know anyone- it's just not the same now. It's not interesting at all to be famous. It's no ego-trip for me- it's a little bit of a pain in the ass; sometimes it's very funny, like going out in the street in Glasgow today, and four little girls, all aged ten or something, were following us, and showed us where the shops were and everything- I want to meet people like that."

— AN EVENING WITH...



So what was the reaction to the bad press that they've had on several occasions.

"You can't take it too seriously- some people are going to like you, some people just aren't going to like you. I could work in a factory and there'd be some people who like me, and some who don't. If someone writes a bad review, then they're probably right- maybe we were bad that night, so that's fair enough. And if someone writes a good thing, it doesn't necessarily follow that we were good- they just liked it."

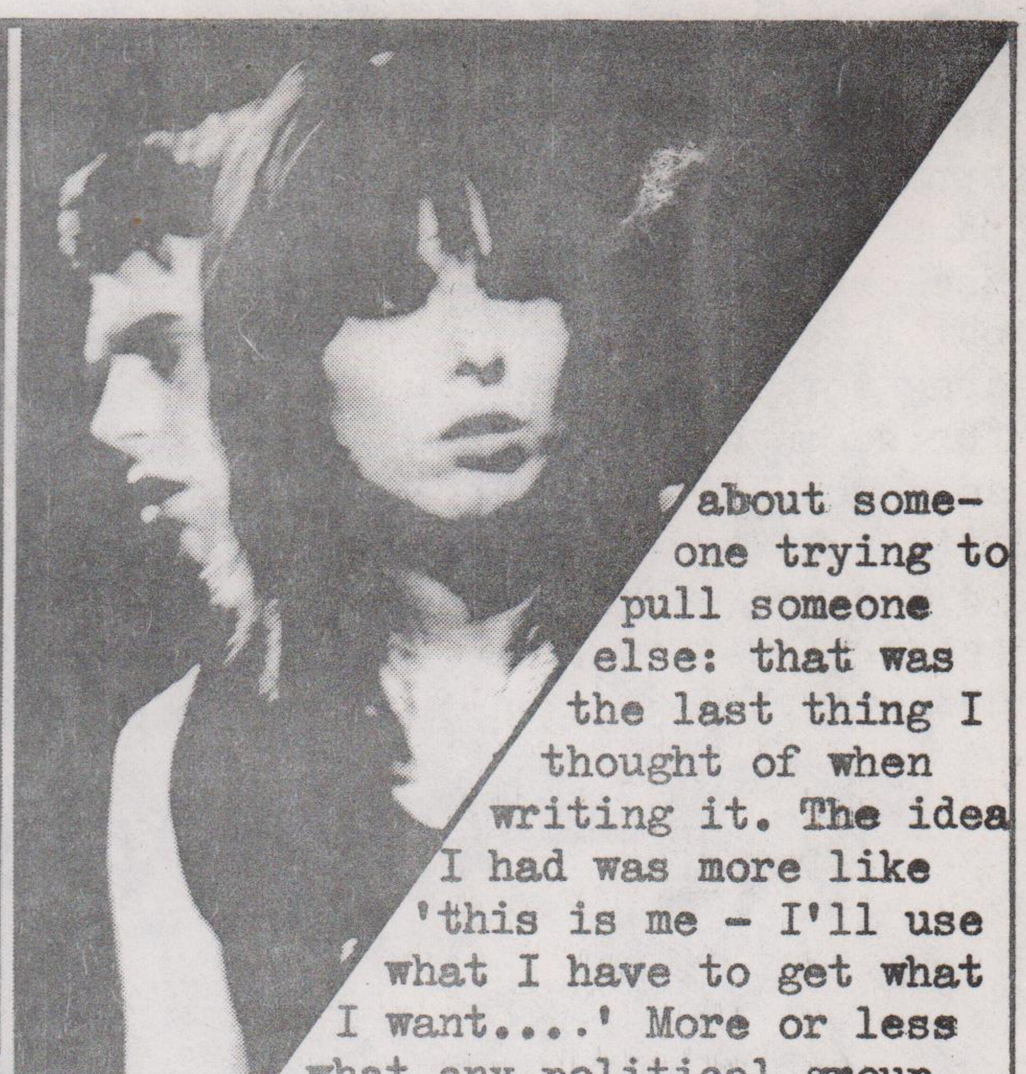
Will their next appearance in Glasgow be the Apollo, so that more tickets can be sold, etc. "I'd play in a place like Tiffanys every night of the week- I don't want to go out on stage and be like a fly up there. I enjoy writing songs, I enjoy playing in this band, I enjoy singing, I enjoy recording. The record co. can't force us into doing big venues: they can make you see sense, but if you're not into it, just pack up your suitcase and you're off- I'm not afraid to pack my suitcase and piss off- no money or whatever. The minute that I find out that this is less fun than it's worth, then I'm off. I've been really lucky- I'm sure you must know bands that have been together longer than we have, that are having a hard time. We were talking to this guy from the Brills tonight, who knows my brother, and he's been in the same band for about ten years, and still just mucking around. In Ohio, I was Hynde's little sister, and now the tables have turned; it's a matter of being in the right place at the right time. I came to England in '73 because I loved the music scene, and there was nothing happening in America. Other bands may stay in the same place(maybe they have commitments, girlfriends etc.) and will just keep trying- not me. It's not just luck - it's also going where the best opportunities are. In the past two years since I met Pete, I've moved five times. I like living in hotel rooms - my hotel is my home. One person's security is another's insecurity: things that make most people feel secure, like a car, boyfriend, possessions or whatever - that would make me feel insecure. I like to be totally unattached."

Empty glasses start to clutter the table, ashtrays fill alarmingly, and over the barely audible sound system in the lounge, comes 'Brass in Pocket'....

"I never was that keen on that song. I guess the reason that it was succesful, rather than the others, is that it's more easily accessible to most listeners. After two singles, the name is known. We've always steered clear of songs with easily defined messages - no political connotations. Unfortunately people think it's a song







about someone trying to pull someone else: that was the last thing I thought of when writing it. The idea I had was more like 'this is me - I'll use what I have to get what I want....' More or less what any political group is trying to do.

We're not really very classifiable - not like part of the new wave: we don't take any stance. We're not involved with the so-called punk following. Take for example Siouxie & the Banshees, who have such a tight following - it just becomes ultimately restricting. I'm not a club-type person; I'm not a family man, you know. I try to remain anonymous. The band has no image - we want to do anything we feel like doing. In the set there's some slow numbers - the idea is to do what we want to do, and not what's demanded.

When we brought out 'Stop Your Sobbing', a lot of my personal friends couldn't understand why I, who'd written so many songs, was doing a cover of someone else's song. My girlfriend had the first Kinks album when it came out, and I listened to it all the time, and really loved that song; I'd had it in my head for about ten years. One night I just started singing bits of it, and we worked out the tune- it sounded better than anything I'd ever written; it was a better song."

So why, then, the difficulty in getting to speak to the band, in the first place ?

" Well, we've made it a bit of a policy not to talk to people. But Rodent showed us your fanzine and it seemed like you were really trying to get something going in Glasgow. Had it been say the N.M.E., we would have told them to fuck off and call the press office, and do it through the proper channels!"

K. McNEILL.

PHOTOS-R.SHARP.

OH NO! OH NO! HE'S BACK AGAIN? WANNA TOUCH HIM?



"Hello Hello!, I'm Back again"

Your 21, going on 42 (an inspired guess). Your spreading paunch fills out over the waistband of the sequined trousers which never quite fitted anyway. Your no longer a regular chart fixture; more an object of amusement in some corners.
It can't be much fun being Gary Glitter these days.

The dressing room (at the Q.M.) is littered with giggling girls in evening gowns, held upright by their embarassed chaperones. The band devour hamburgers and chips, washed down with hurried mouthfuls of cheap alchohol. Gary Glitter, Paul Raven, Paul Gadd - call him what you will - sips politely from a brandy glass.
Hes been away we're told. Retired. Resting from "the business". Spending some of his hard earned, accumulated cash visiting various corners of the world. He's also been playing the part of Frank'n'Furter in the Australian touring production of the 'Rocky Horror Show'. Apart from the obvious physical ditterences brought on by seven years and downright good living, there's not much change. Onstage, the eyebrows - modelled on Tony Curtis - still stand on end in mock horror, disbeliet, passion, pain, surprise; delete where applicable. And he still struts around like a maiden aunt who's been told by a gum chewing, addescent shop assis-

lost the receipt.' Despite the looming presence of a road manager who looks young enough to be his son, he's anxious to talk

"A year after my retirement I decided I wanted to come back but wasn't sure if I'd be welcome. So I did some small tours its taken a year to consolidate what I'm doing now. Rather than do 'Blankety Blank' and all those television shows to keep my face known I decided if I was going to make it again it would be through the kids. I had a great beliet in myself and my public. I'd a large fan club, but I really neaed to go back on stage and find out if I was wanted. I am, cos we're drawing good crowds."
"On reflection it was a good thing to be away for a while. It gave people a break. I'd 5 years at the top and things have now changed."
"I've written a new single called 'I'm not just a pretty face' with Mike Leander. Also there's a television special in the balance. Really I'm getting back to rockin' and rollin'."
"I've been in showbiz for 20 years, I've never done anything else. I tried to find something new, but there isn't anything!"
"I've worked hard all that time and never had a day off. So I didn't really retire - I just cashed in all my weekends"

Standards

So you live in Milngavie, (which is hardly brimming with night-life and entertainment) and you're young, energetic and keen to form and play in a band...
Meet the STANDARDS - they do just that! Yes, even Milngavie can have a few rebels. Before they came on the scene, you could say that this particular suburb was rather devoid of local bands, but their example has inspired a wave of others to get out and play in their own bands.
The Standards are Jim Guthrie; vocals, George Smith;guitar David Bell; bass and Ian Williamson; drums.
Facing the all-too familiar problem of nowhere suitable to rehearse, the band manage to get together for a few hours once a week to practise in a local primary school. They recently returned the favour by playing there for an under-18's dance: and went down rather well, according to all reports. They also livened up the town a bit in January, by organising a gig at the local Black Bull hotel - packing them in and proving both that they had something to offer, and that plenty of people were quite prepared to forego the music of the juke-box for a bit of the real thing.
The music is raw, fast, confident, and loud. The band all agree that there's still plenty of room for improvement: they have lots of ideas, and have yet to decide what main one to take. Jim says he's 'too old for the punk thing' and is trying to improve and experiment a bit.'We're sure that we will eventually be good, but at the moment we just don't have enough time to rehearse together.'
Already they have recorded a demo tape (in Ca Va studios) of three tracks- 'Lookin Out' 'Arguments' & 'Responsabilities', but would like to record some newer material, and hope to do so next month; probably in Sirocco.

Standard Lens - R.Sharp



The music comes from no particular member of the band- they all have different musical tastes anyway. Most of the lyrics are written by Jim - he writes a lot, about things which annoy or anger him. The music is often written round the lyrics. Here's a sample of two of his compositions:

'Modern Posers'

"Modern posers try to look rich
They go out dancing try to get hitched
Make out they're cool,plenty of money
But during the week they don't have any."

'Countdown'

"Look at me dear,you know I've played in here
Haven't you seen me before?
Didn't you recognise me when I walked in the door?

See famous faces,against the wall
Casting poses,they've got it all
If you want to look cool,then this
is the place
Cos everyone in here thinks they're
the ace face."

One place that you won't see this band is the Doune Castle, since they were banned after their first (and last) gig there. The manager was rather reluctant to pay them the agreed fee,and the band were determined to be payed!

You can,however,see them at one- or all of the following dates:

Fri.16th May: Glasgow Tech.(lunchtime)

Wed.21st May: International Hotel, Grangemouth.

Thurs.22nd May: Countdown bar.

Tues.3rd June: Burns nowff.

Kirsty McNeill

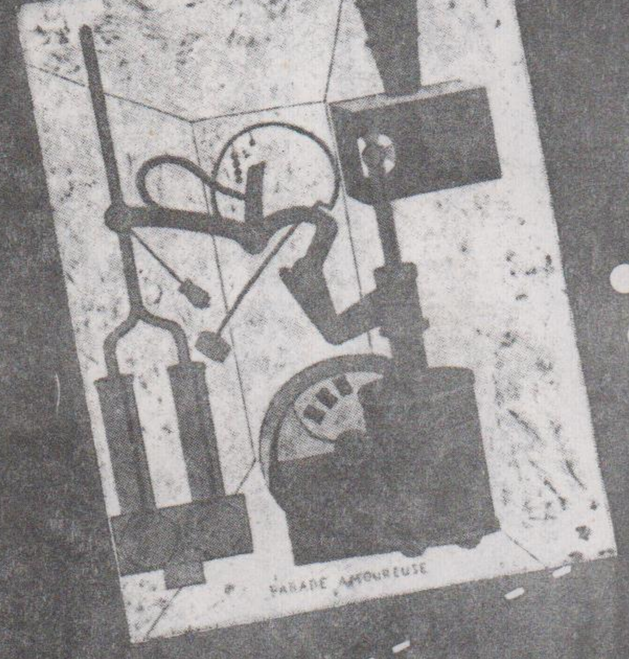












she's boxed in

patient in the corner
waiting for the finger
waiting for the touch
juices from the mains
don't satisfy its aims
its turned into you
its strength is your view
She's boxed in tonight
she's boxed in for life

the EM800ST has a
twist and twirl selection
its a labour saving miracle
its micro wave pertection
creating opportunity and
time to make decisions
but good intentions quickly
pass to chairs for television.

NEIL CLARK

works

DAVY RUDDEN

hear the sounds
hear the sounds
coming closer follow you around
but listen
the voices are so harsh
I can't think, I just can't think
of the word
work the day is slow, work your tired its hard
work.. work until its time to..
turn the volume down can't you take an order
can't you hear me for the din din din
working here for ever and ever and ever
shouldn't feel ashamed of what we are producing
and the routines stopped well for another day.

silent

Silent night except for the sound
of cars in a rush the subway underground
Silent night except for the beat
of skins running, fighting in the street

Sod it the angels sing
nothing changes nothing
nothing changes nothing
not a sodding thing

make a cup of coffee
light another fag
roll up your sleeve
give yourself a jag
give yourself a pill give yourself five
do you feel ill are you still alive.

marvellous Bobby Holman

castle in spain

So relaxed, cool in your shell
polish your nails, everythings well
so amused, a cat in cream
so refined, the gigolo's dream
so debonair, so ultra chic
the world's a cage in panelled teak
so elegant, all chiffon rags
sipping champagne, smoking french fags

Up in your castle, your castle in Spain
so aloof, so alone, emotions are pain
Up in your castle, your castle in Spain
you've banished love only wanting remains

so alone, can't buy a friend
you've got the cash, can't buy the end
so apart, you can't find the truth
can't find hope, what's the use
so depressed can't face the facts
all your life is one long act
so out of touch I pity you
I loved you once you never knew

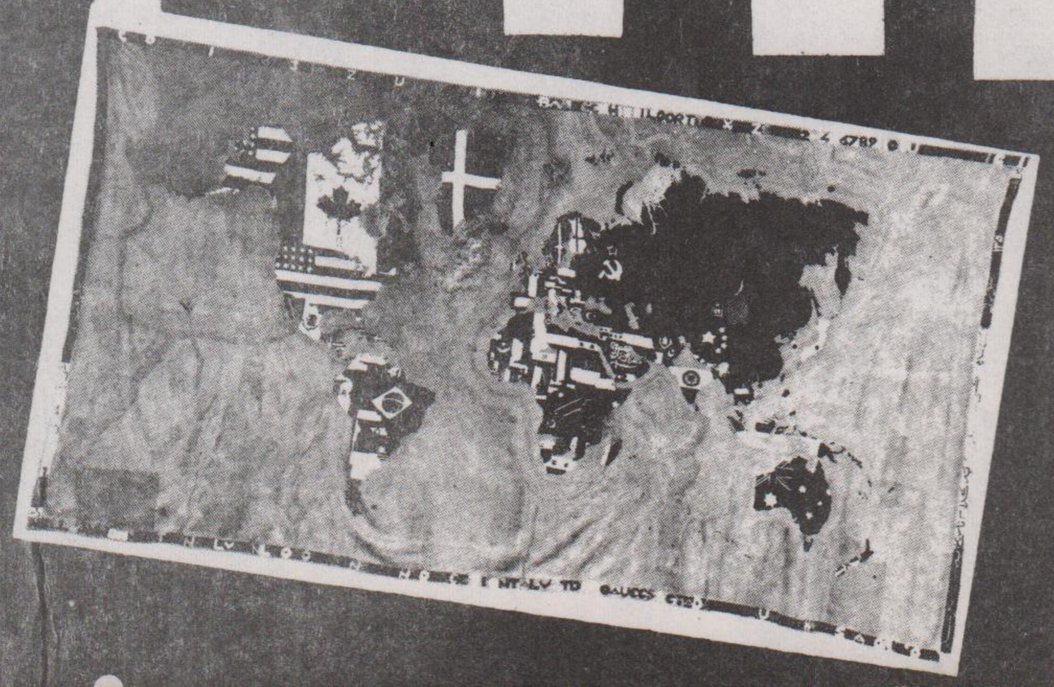
Up in your castle, your castle in Spain
dreams take over life is a strain
Up in your castle, your castle in Spain
killed all feelings gone all out for gain
Up in your castle, your castle in Spain
dreams take over, only memories remain
Up in your castle, your castle in Spain
Forgotten love in your castle in Spain

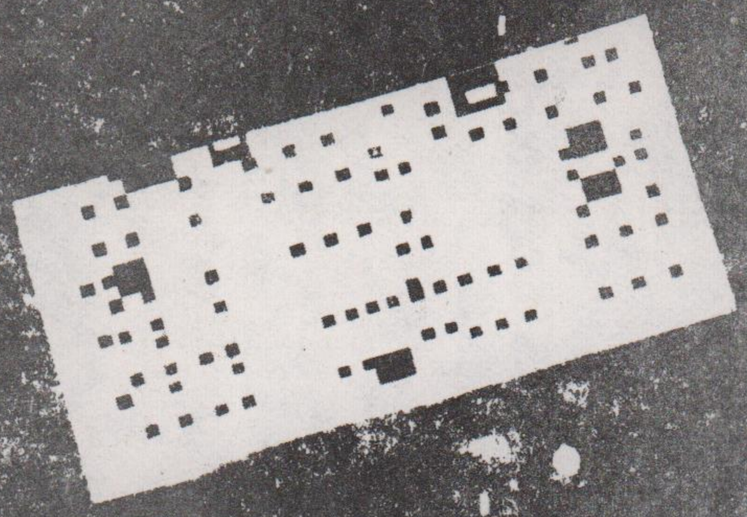
Alisdair M'Kenzie

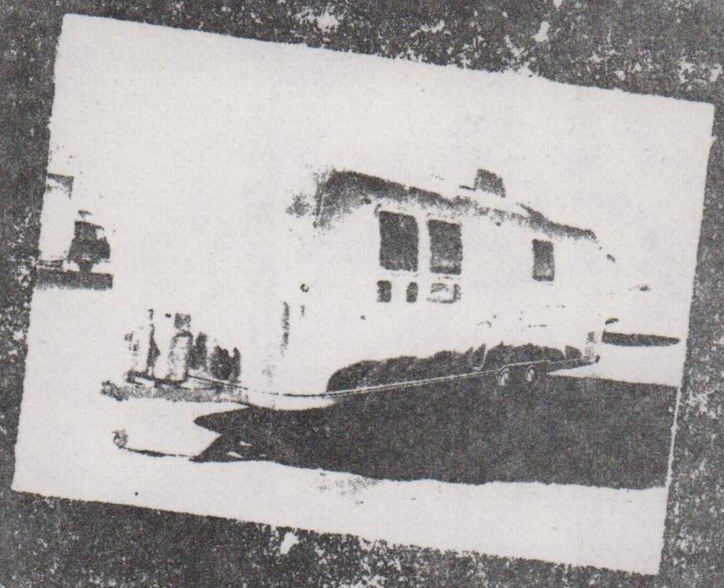
god

God is dead his works lie bare
lies exposed lies to share
God is dead his works lie bare
dreams survive belief is rare
life is right the truth is lost
left behind to pay the cost
life is right the truth is lost
find the bridge our saviour crossed
love is pure emotions pain
hate's the drug that waste's your brain
love is pure emotions pain
If the truth is
known just lies
remain.

Ally M'Kenzie









$ ° ■ ■

life in a day

seven a.m. time to get up
have a quick wash, a bite to eat
run like mad to catch a bus
three minutes late docked off your pay

twelve noon time for pie and a pint
just getting relaxed now
only it's time to go back

five p.m., time to go home
have a quick pint of three or four
the clock doesn't wait
get home pretty late

dinner's in the oven eat in some time
feel pretty tired now
hit the sack out like a light
seven a.m., time to get up

charles coyle

dead pop stars

dead pop stars rotting in a
studio
pretty bodies make little girls
scream
dead pop stars hear them on the
radio
pretty bodies hear the little girls
scream
hello! hello! I'm back again
you can touch me but only for
a moment
testing testing 1 2 3
I'm the poster on your wall
g mcnulty

war at 1

I fully expect
that
the following
slandered
on every major channel
by a major
wear
looking us straight in the eye
tell us solemnly that
millions are about to die
because Ayatollah Khomeini"
then trying to hide his grin
as he talks of the task ahead
to cleanse our world of sin
oh, and the commie reds
will calmly return to order
and say he's got to run
that's all we've got time for
or the war at one"

Solitude, feels so good
all alone this pen speaks for me
I dream and I wonder why
and still I get no reply
do you know how I
Feel

charles coyle

new messiah

The seventh child the seventh child
the seventh child, of the seventh son
the seventh child, of the seventh nite
the seventh child, of the seventh son

Everybody told me I was something special
I was the one they had all waited for
everybody said that I was something
I was good, no no, that I was a real

Everybody told me, I was something special
they never told me it was only a commercial
they always told me everything would be O.K.
that everyone told me I was something special
they never told me I was only a commercial
they never told me nothing and I don't know why
I thought I was something moving to the sky

seventh son etc

CANNAVEN • QUADRELLI

wine time

Sociable britain's out tonight
enjoying themselves having a fight
the system sucks in hard earned money
some evil mind thinks it funny
but underbridges inside walkways
everythings fine cos out on the street
it's wine time
this is what we worked all week for
it's friday night and live hit my peak
nothing can stop me and my mates
we haven't got enough we want more rates
we are obsessing something
we are seeking something
but we don't know what there is no sign
we don't really care cos it's wine time

I WILLIAMSON

THE COURTYARD

the king is in the courtyard
the queen she is retiring
the king sees many soldiers
the soldiers are advancing
the king is sweating coldly
the queen is making love
the soldiers are upon them
the queen lets out a scream
the king he is awakened
the soldiers are all gone

charles coyle

who cares?

but it's what we think we want
don't shout don't scream don't fuss
if we make a mess we'll clean it up
we could be wrong we usually are
but nobody needs to know
we'll hide away we'll stay away
and won't come back till the, forget
I promise

clare cogan

dishonoured in the eyes of the world not the ones
who have to re-write which way to turn and retain dignity
gone are the ones seeking immortality
heroic in conflict you answered the question
more noble to die than live on as a coward
flanks curved in stone the highest award
the band plays on sundays and lays wreaths of flowers
crystal cut wine glasses very good year the workers are
murmering
the times drawing near an unanswered all to unending
let them eat cake' as it happens again pain

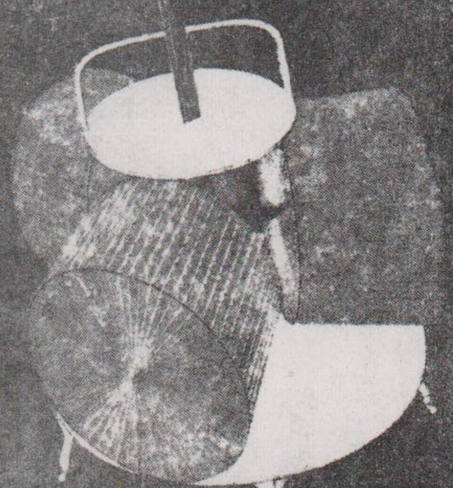
Ian Donaldson

so safe

POEM

or lyric

PRESENTED
by
RH







THE ALLEGED:

The alleged are a band in a dilemma. 'Veterans', I suppose of the Glasgow music scene they have been around since the new-wave boom first hit Glasgow. Always something of an enigma they played fast punk in the Buzzcocks/Damned mould that often overwhelmed the sensitive subtle lyrics their songs were endowed with. They were pioneers in their own sort of way, opening up many a pub managers eye to the advantages of promoting new wave. Now, despite a solid coterie of fans; being called one of Scotlands best bands by Garry Bushell last year and the recent release of two of their songs on the 'Second City Statik' Ep, they find themselves at an artistic crossroads. Quite simply they feel that the progress they've made does not justify their continuing to play the same music which has established their reputation. In the words of that song they feel that they're 'in a rut' and they've got to get out of it. It can't be an easy thing to admit that youve been left behind especially when they must be aware of detractors, claiming that they're only jumping the from one bandwagon for another. Accusations like that if they're made, would be totally unfair.

It would seem only fair than that to exploit their their potential to the full and if that means discarding what they've done before and going for something new then albeit. I talked to them when they rehearsed (drummer less) at Ross Middletons (Positive Noise) house on Easter Monday :-

T.C. How do you feel about your lack of progress?

Alleged: Well you either get the breaks or you don't. Let's put it this way if we'd progressed as much as we have in two years as we have in a month we'd have been delirious.

T.C. What about the mention you got in the Sounds from Gary Bushells Scotland report?

Alleged: When he wrote that we were two years out of date.

T.C. What about now?

Alleged: Were not playing what we did then, now we're about six months out of date.

T.C. Who's Faults that then, yours?

Alleged: Of course its our fault. We got carried away with everyone wanting us to play popsongs.

T.C. Maybe you were enjoying yourselves too much to think about that? Was it ever intended to be more than having fun?

Alleged: It used to be for a good laugh. But its not anymore, thats why were changing its as simple as that. We're sick of popsongs.

T.C. What are you going to change to.

Alleged: Ally's style. Some more interesting and different We've got an awful lot more to do.

T.C. How many songs from the old set do you intend to keep i

Alleged There's only a few we can.

T.C. You were trying to re-arrange some during rehersals what behind that.

Alleged There's some you just can't change, they'll be going. We'll be throwing a lot out cos were sick playing them.

T.C. Does the change of direction mean a change in line up too?

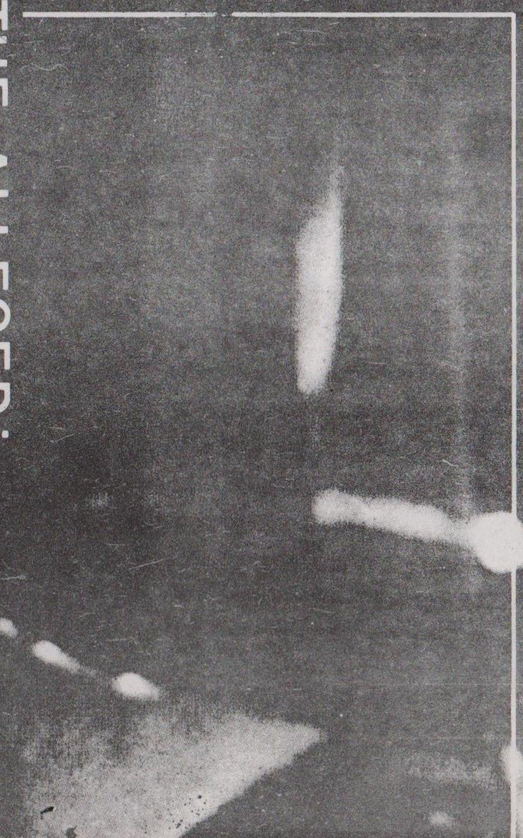
Alleged We hope not, but the drummer might be in bother.

T.C. Why is he not here?

Alleged He says he's ill. Inflammation of the armpit.
(it should be explained that th Alleged share their drummer with the Electrix, another loc band.)

T.C. It must be quite hard for him being in two bands.

Alleged: He does not care anywa His drumming was getting too simplified and Stewart was having to play more complicated bass runs to keep things going.



T.C. Will you be changing the name to fit your new direction.

Alleged: We'll have to. We kno a lot of people will know us as the Alleged but were really sta rting from scratch. We will be a new band.

T.C. How will you feel, say, if your playing and people start t say 'hey there's the Alleged' and things like that.

Alleged: As long as they don't shout for old songs it'll be o.k. Though they probably will

T.C. Don't you feel that the change could be ill timed with with the Second City E.P. just about to come out?

Alleged: That's our swansong as far as we're concerned.

T.C. What happens if it gets good reviews and labels come after you?

Alleged: Well if some company came along and said 'We want to put 'Despair' at the top of the charts we've no doubt we'd reconsider it. But if they liked it that much surely they'd be willing to give our new stuff a listen.

HOW MUCH LONGER

T.C. What kind of music are you into now.

Alleged: Charlie Parker and reggae, anything and everything real

They'res certain kinds of music we don't want to play, apart from that we're not really bothered.

T.C. Do the whole band hope to participate in the song writing

Alleged: Its got to happen eventually. At the moment were depending too much on Ally. Though we do all work together on the way Ally's songs work out.

T.C. How are you finding writing new songs for this new direction.

Alleged: Its no different. I've been writing the same kind of songs for ages. We need more, thats the problem.

T.C. How do the rest of the band feel about Ally's songs. Do you agree with the direction they might take you in?

Alleged: Yes, we'll play anything as long as we enjoy it.

T.C. You just want to be in a band regardless of its concept?

Alleged We want to play music with our friends, thats about it.

T.C. How do you feel about other bands in Glasgow who started after you and have now taken over you.

Alleged: Best of luck to them. Its our own fault for not getting off our asses and doing something about it. We're taking our music a lot more seriously now, we've got to, either that or we're just gonna fade away.

The Alleged should be remembered not only for the enjoyment the provided for many people but for the practicle help they gave too, to the young bands who came after them. Now as they try to progress beyond just being 'someone to see at the pub' into a unit with some thing original and interesting to say is the time they will need support most.

RH

Weekend WORLD

31 nov 1984 54p

3a.m. election triumph for democracy

Newspeak In!



Democracy in my dictionary is defined as being 'a form of government in which supreme power is vested in the people collectively, blah blah etc. etc.' The most important point bassist Alan McGhee wanted to stress in this piece was that Newspeak are a democracy. Well Newspeak may well be a 'form of government blah blah etc. etc.' but they re also a bloody good group; which I consider the most important point to stress about them. Collectively they take their politics very seriously as our discussion proved. We talked about the various courses of action and their consequences of the Thatcher mafia, Conscription, State Capitalism in Russia, Afghanistan etc. Poor old economist Milton Freedman of T.V. fame also got a severe tounge lashing from the boys. However interesting these topics may be for discussion I feel they are of no relevance to this article, though I'm sure the band may do. The reason I decided to play down the political angle is that I hope people would rather go see a band for their music rather than their politics. Music doesn't need politics and vice versa. Policits in music usually means chanted manifestos alla le Pop Group and Crass. Music in Politics usually means a cheap attempt by

head and the band accepts his imminent departure from the stage

by politicians to induce youth to vote for them by having groups endorse them, alla Jerry Brown & the Eagles, Carter & the Allmans. The now well known adage about everything you do being a political act was also banded around during the conversation. While disagreeing with that statement I can see their point, but I prefer angst rather than political doctrine in my music. 'Going Underground' by the Jam and 'my Generation' being perfect examples. Newspeak don't throw their political beliefs at you. They are much more subtle than that. What they give you is excellent pop songs delivered with flare and originality. A band with their own identity, visualy exciting as they dart from microphone to microphone. At a recent Doune Castle gig their love of their art was self evident and obviously infectuos as the audience soon became caught up in the excitement.

Formed a few months ago the band consists of the aforementioned Alan McGhee, Andrew Innes, Neil Clark, Jackie Reilly and Stephen Baillie. Alex Forsyth and Colin Dobbins who take no musical part are also considered full and valuable members of Newspeak. Recently they recorded three of their excellent songs at Sirroco studios. Although they themselves were disappointed with the results the quality of the songwriting shone thru. 'WEEKEND WORLD' & 'WOULD' T YOU' are both potential hit singles both full of hooks & harmony.

Live the band take great joy in involving their audience. Wandering freely amongst them standing on tables inducing the crowd to join in. Eventually some did indeed join them. At the Doune a shy manager(pub) fled up the stairs after being called upon to sing with them. Newspeak are one of my favourite grouos I hope they long continue producing their brand of provocative dance music. RH.

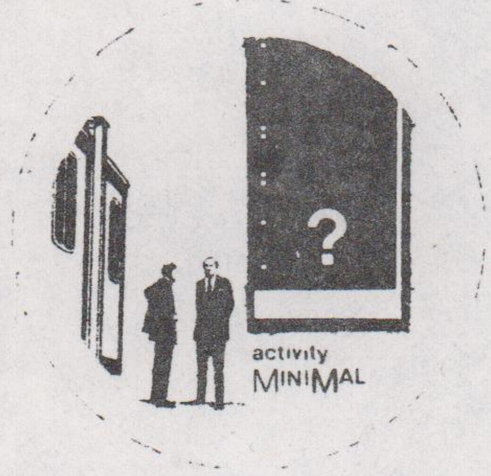
P.S. Unfortunately not long after this was written neil & stephen decided to leave the band to go and live in Edinburgh. Newspeak will continue and are looking for a drummer. They hope to fulfill all proposed gigs.









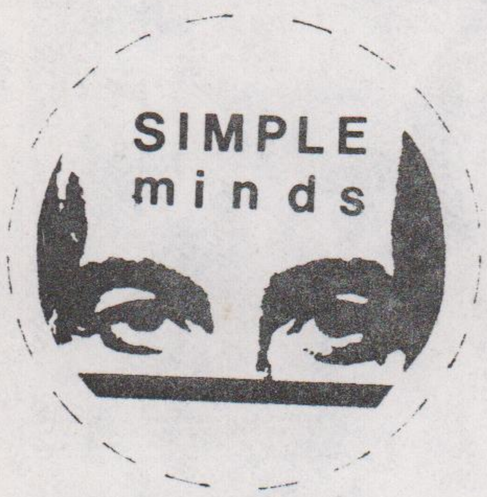




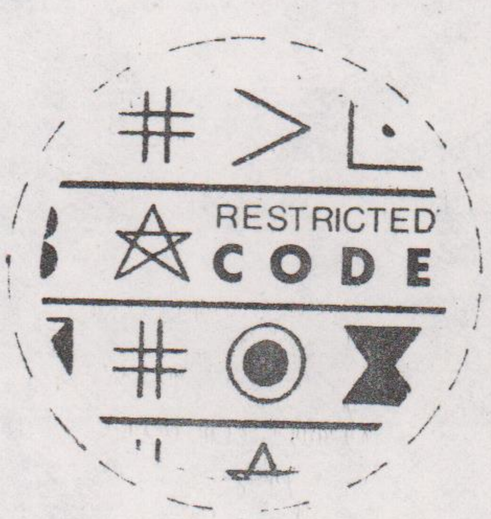












Rio

support your local bands wear a badge

It can't be easy for a group of teenagers to go from small pubs and crowds of about a hundred to 'big' venues like Tiffany's and an audience of over a thousand. Altered Images did it magnificently on March 23 when they 'supported' Siouxie and the Bansh-ees. A lot of the audience were probably very familar with Altered Images set which has consisted of a confirmed base of 8 or 9 songs for some time now. So there was a possibility of the old 'familiarty breeds contempt' syndrome popping up with 'smart ass comments from friends perhaps upsetting their rhythmn but not even that or a dodgy p.a. or a bust bass string could put the band off. Whatever anxieties the group might have had as they launched into their set, (introduced by Bobby, the boy wonder), were soon lost as their joy in playing under such esteemed circumstances came through in their spirited renditions of old favourites like 'Prototype' and 'Electric Man'.

The vocals sounded full and fluent and possibly a revelation to those used to hearing them lost in the mix of the Countdown. There are comparisons to be made between Altered Images and Siouxie and the Bansees beyond the girl singers. Most notably in the drumming, particulary where the drum breaks lead into rhythmn changes and in the bass playing. But there is no comparison to be made in their performances. Where as the Banshees are the polished professionals one would expect of a six single two album band, ie. well rehearsed, [illegible], Altered Images were joyously ramshackle. They had fun and most of the audience had fun too. To be third on any bill and get called back for an encore is an achievement, even in your home town. Standouts were 'Bechoning Strings' and 'Leave Me Alone' two well constructed songs played in a manner which belied comments made in the past about the group being 'occassionly one dimensional'. Having played their set the band were forced to play Bechoning Strings again as an encore, still no one complained. Altered Images aren't far off some sort of succes, at what level who knows. One thing is for certain someone should sign them up and get a record out quick.

The Scars came on after Altered Images, and are like them a Scottish band. The singer was heavily made-up much to the [illegible] of some of the 'punk' audience but their music bears no resemblance to any glam rock rubbish. On the contrary their sound was bleak, original and often shinning. Each member came over as a powerful performers, particulary Bobby King the vocalist, who did have a unfortunate resemblance to Lucille Ball, especially when he was screaming. He is the band is barely defined by calling him a singer. Most of the time his voice was like an other instrument, developing the songs in unique situations. Not to say he can't sing tho, the most memorable songs being, 'They Came and Took Her', 'Horrors Now' and a compelling musical [illegible] of the old school poem 'Your Attention Please' by Peter Porter the words are particularly relevant in these 'finger on the button days'. These were the closest the band came to being melodic in the [illegible] set which was riveting throughout. It'll be interesting to see how they go.

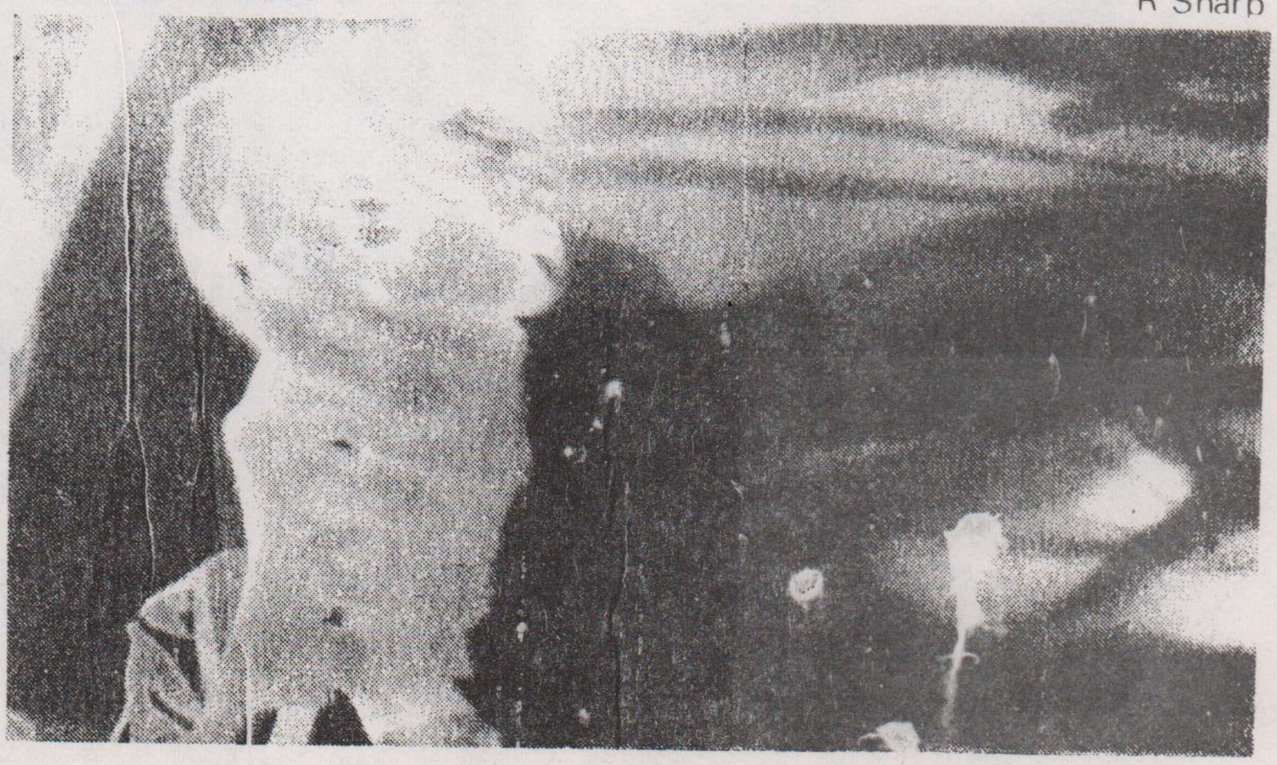


SCARS pic H.Papadopoulos





ALTERED IMAGES R Sharp



ENDGAMES

The enthusiastic review page;

The whole house is shaking. Bass rythms cause cascades like broken glass, a drum machine sets up sullen vibrations in the walls like Edgar Allen Poe's 'Tell-Tale Heart, and the haunting, ethereal string machine raises the hackles of your neck. Mount the stairs, braving the shadows of a long corridor, push open the door to find.. Endgames.

Four imaginary boys - David Rudden, bass and vocals, late of low-rent high-tech glam combo The Berlin Blondes and main brain behind Endgames; David Murdoch, amiable, inventive keyboard player, much tormented by fellow band members but good-natured enough to put up with it; Paul Mishart on sax and flute, a considerable asset on stage, also played guitar when the Games were a three piece, of which duty he has been relieved by Andrew 'quiet man' Logan, an ex-Venigma, probably the least demonstrative on stage, but with a flair for unexpected, jagged guitar work. The Endgames sound is tight, seamless, fluid; Magazine, Simple Minds, Roxy Music provide useful if limited reference points.

Black predominates- black clothes, black hair, black eye make-up and black humour. One could be forgiven for jumping to conclusions - brave neu muzak, post-industrial angst, I-left-my-heart-in-a-Berlin-bunker (and will the boy at the back of the class who said Gary Numan report to the headmaster's office immediately!) No, Endgames have a lot more to offer than a quick tour of the Laboratory and a meaningful relationship with a Polymoog, I remember how, walking home from their first gig at the now decidedly-uncool Countdown (see comments elsewhere) my brain was buzzing with one of their songs in particular- Joy of Life. With it's regal beat, it's mood of optimism summarised in the eponymous chorus, it seemed to epitomise all that was original and worthwhile about the 'games, 'Joy of Life' is still part of their set, but other, newer songs have outstripped it in my favour- 'Three Days In Russia', 'Sin', 'Both Of Us', Carouse' and especially 'Music' (premiered at the last Countdown gig) which grafts a sprightly funk backing with bizzare Latin-American arabesques from Mishart's flute-a perfect single, by the way, if the band are reading this. 'Suicide' has yet to be performed live, and it's well worth waiting for- slow, menacing, pitiless, the song successfully transcendes the hackneyed subject-matter.

By this time the careful reader will have gathered that I rather like Endgames. Well, I have certain reservations, but I would still affirm without any hesitation that they are one of the best bands in Scotland, perhaps in Britain. Which is why I am a little concerned about their planned emigration to Babylon-London to you- a potentially disastrous move on their part. In a way it's understandable; London has better venues (indeed the 'Games best gig was the support slot with the Simple Minds at the prestigous 'Y' Studio) and the various major labels who have expressed interest in the band are all London-based. I have little patience with the paying-your-dues theory that tends to be the excuse of clapped out musos who daren't admit to themselves that they've been outstripped by young talent-but I would strongly advise Endgames to try themselves out before an Edinburgh audience (the Nite-Club would be an ideal venue) before venturing south permanently. If I didn't admire Endgames' work so much (and that reminds me-'Works' is yet another of their truly classic songs) I wouldn't give a damn; but it would be a real loss to music if Endgames disappeared amongst the hoards who flock to Blitz and Studio 21 every week. Do you really want your band to be another Visage, Dave? Think about it. Sermon ends.

Well, there you have it. Endgames impressed me more than any other band I've seen in months. Their new material is as strong as ever and they're on the verge of signing with a major label. They've been lucky for a comparitively new band (their second gig was at the Tech with Simple Minds) and I hope that their luck holds. Scotland doesn't have so much talent that it can afford to lose them- besides which I find them likeable and intelligent and nobody likes to see their friends come a cropper. So, I wish Endgames the very best of luck, and add a plea for more Glasgow gigs from them. Endgames - see them- they'll blow you away.

excited fingers on the typewriter- Maxwell Park.

SMITTEN HIP AND THIGH presents

the heavy metal compilation

COMPETITION



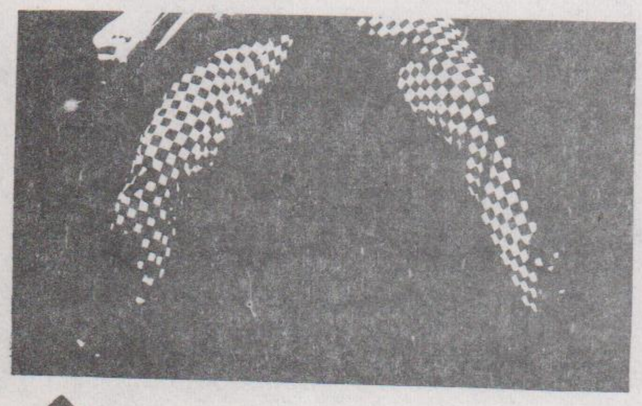
Easy as A-B-C



METALMAN

Are you in the know?

Calling all Muthas. Your time is ~~up~~ come. Simply answer the 5 questions below. The first correct entry not only walks off with the major prize, but he/she will appear next ish. OK? Closing date 10.6.80. The editor's decision is irrelevant.

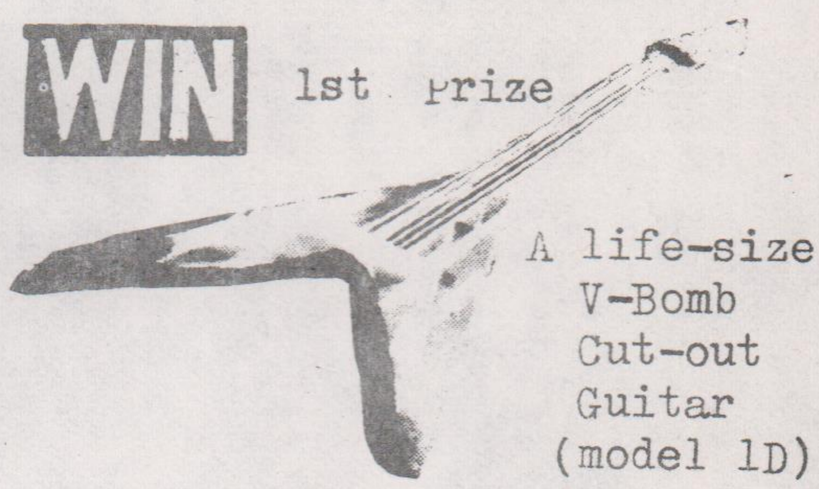


1. Spot the torso. To whom do these famed legs belong ?



2. At which recent event was this pic taken. Who is the subject ?

WIN 1st prize



A life-size V-Bomb Cut-out Guitar (model 1D)

Runners-up will each receive a pair of genuine pre-'77 flares.

3. The young lady pictured is :
   a. Ritchie Blackmore's girlfriend ?
   b. Ritchie Blackmore's wife ?
   c. Ruthie the Safecracker ?



5. Who is this man ? Is he expressing :
   a. Pain ?
   b. Age ?
   c. Greed ?



4. Which of these adverts appeals to you most ?

a. **New! Amazing Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES**

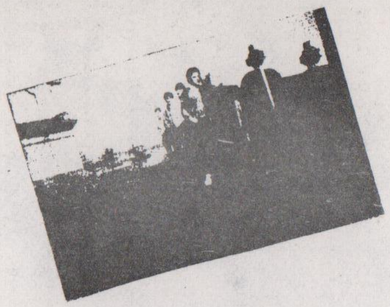
b. **FACE FACTS *about* PIMPLES !**

c. Neither of these



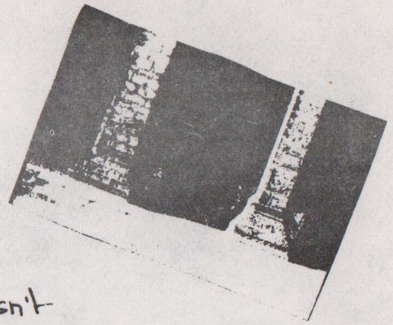
Send your entry to :
TEN COMMANDMENTS
953 SAUCHIEHALL ST.
(basement)
GLASGOW G3 7TQ







RESTRICTED CODE





By my reckoning there are over fifty bands in the Glasgow area that have played at least a couple of gigs. That's an amazing figure all things considered and most of them have something to offer. As there's a wide range of styles evident nearly all these groups have been compared directly to other, more established groups., i.e. Joy Division, P.I.L. etc. Even if anyone wanted to make comparisons between Restricted Code and any other group they wouldn't find it that easy a task. With very little fuss Restricted Code have crept up, through constant performances of their excellent songs, into the foretront of the local scene.

The first time I saw the Codes I wasn't particularly impressed, their lack of image plus the rather indifferent sound quality at the Q.M., combined to disguise the first class standard of their songs.
Over the next few weeks I saw the band on several more occassions and was gradually won over. I now find Restricted Code one of the most entertaining groups in Glasgow. Virtually all their numbers are memorable.
We talked to the group; Tom Cannavan, Frank Quadrelli, Kenny Blythe and Robert McCormick on a hot sunny afternoon at the city's old necropolis, were the following quotes came out.

RH.





photos R. Sharp

"When I was at college I was doing a course in psycology and one of the main theories was that children were brought up to do well in the world or not do to well depending on wether they were raised to the restricted code or the elaborate code. The restricted code being a lack of communication between parent and child, unanswered questions etc., where as under the elabarate code the child can tap a ready source of information from his parents. We consider ourselves to have been brought up by the restricted code. We had the name of the group before we even had the group!"

"At the time we started Robert wasn't even looking for a band, we got his name from someone and asked him to join. Before that we had a lot of people replying to our ads including Davy Rudden (Endgames) and Les from Positive Noise."

"Our first ever gig was in an open air gig at Easterhouse. The first pub one was at the Victorian Carriage in Greenock, around September '79. At our first Countdown concert we met Maxwell Park who told us he wanted to review us in Sounds', he later reviewed us at Downe Castle. Then Ally M'Kenzie (Alleged) came to see us a couple of times and asked us if we'd like to participate on the 2nd City record, which was Ally's and Ross's (P. Noise) idea."

"We'd like to have done our own single but couldn't afford it. As it turns out it cost so much to do we'd have probably been better of doing our own."

"It cost each band nearly £300 for 500 copies. If we sell the 500 we should break even and then if we get a reprint we might get ahead a little."

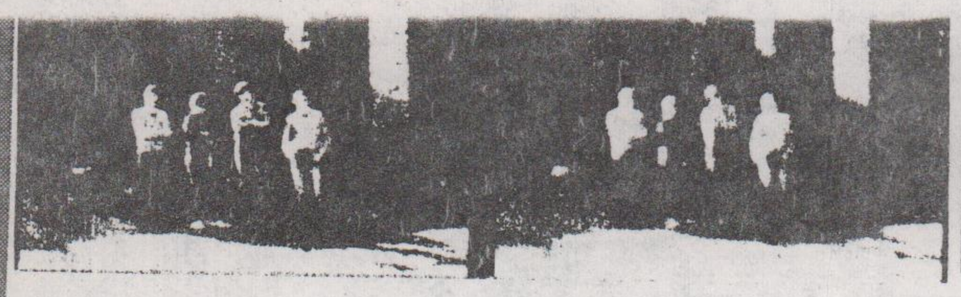
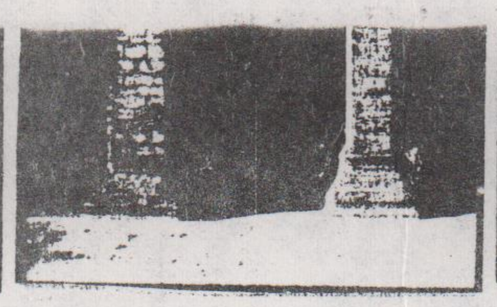
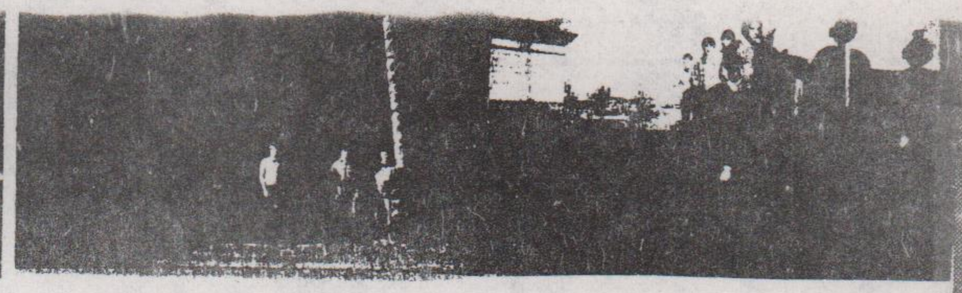
"We only had about 4 hours recording time, we did the two songs on the EP and a quick version of another one. If we were to do them again it would be better but we're pleased. It was self-produced. The other bands helped, Derek Forbes (Simple Minds) was there and gave some good advice."

"It was recorded three months ago. It's a real pity it couldn't have come out sooner. We've lost some momentum, and some unity between the 3 groups. We're still all friends but its not the same."

"Hopefully we can keep the label going. It's been registered as a company and hopefully we can get other bands on it. Obviously we're hoping to sign with someone ourselves and have them pay for it. We haven't sent any labels demos or things but we intend to get the record around."

"At the moment things are going great, we're getting plenty of dates. Except for the Countdown, where we got chucked off early one night. As far as we know the only reason we got chucked off early was so the bar takings would be lighter and they would'nt have to give us a percentage. Altered Images played there two Mondays in a row. On the first one they



were on a percentage and they too were thrown off at half ten, the second Monday they asked for a fixed rate and were allowed to play as long as they wanted."

Some sort of boycott seems to be taking shape. Endgames have pulled out. We've pulled out, other bands too. If people keep playing it and there's no hassle we'll go back. It's hard to get gigs outside Glasgow. We haven't got a manager so we have to do everything ourselves. In Edinburgh you find all the venues book thru agencies, who don't take you on their books unless you've played in Edinburgh. Catch 22!"

"We plan to promote the record with gigs at the Third Eye Centre, Cumbernauld theatre, Colleges, Edinburgh Astoria, Q.M., Strathclyde and other places like that hopefully."

"For the fun of it we might do a sort of thank you gig at the Doune Castle. We've got an affection for the Greek owner there who always tells us to turn the volume down or get out because we haven't got a big enough crowd."

"To most people the Doune Castle scene might seem a bit cliquey, bands playing to bands but its okay, just playing to your mates really."

"We don't think we have a concept of the style we want to play. The style changes naturally as new material is introduced. We have no plans to use synthesisers or drum machines. We've got a feeling that some groups who do bring in synthesisers are unhappy with their music and use them to help achieve a change. We're happy with what we've got."

"We're very pleased that most people can't find other groups to compare our music to but we're a bit sick with Maxwell Park consistently saying we're like Talking Heads, its about time Marie thought up some new comparisons. 'Comparisons are odious!'"

"To us the songs are important in the way they sound. The sound of the words are critical but the lyrics aren't especially significant. They do usually end up meaning something because the way we write lyrics is spontaneous. We have a chord structure and make up the words. For instance donkeys are very important in our songs, so is monkey. Our latest one goes-

"You've got your monkeys, you've got your donkeys
They're very funky, I'm no honky"

"By the way you won't print that will you. We're only kidding"



PART 3

AFTER THE TROUBLE AT BRINYLON 'MIDS AND RICKIES VISIT OTHER RESORTS. THE BACKLASH BEGINS AS THE PUBLIC DISCOVERS JUST WHAT....

quidrophonia!

IS ALL ABOUT!

IN THE PRESS

DAILY RUBBISH

3rd Monday Mar 1964

SCITTER GANGS 'CLEAN UP' CLAPTON

'MILD ONES' VISIT SEASIDE

'MAYOR IMPRESSED'

BY PAUL LIAR

'MILD ONES WERE TRYIN TO CLAPTON B
PLEASED LORD MA
'THEY'RE ALL NICE
SAID HIS WORSH
CHARLES HAUGHTY TH
'SO WELL MANNERE

ON THE RADIO

HERE IS THE MID-DAY NEWS. HUNDREDS OF SMARTLY DRESSED MIDS HELPED OLD LADIES ACROSS BUSY ROADS TODAY AT SKARBOROUGH. POLICE MADE MANY FRIENDS AS THE MIDS...

ON T.V.

TONIGHT WE INVESTIGATE THE MID PHENOMONON. WE ASK 'HOW OFTEN DO THEY BRUSH THEIR TEETH' 'HOW DO THEY FIND THOSE CLOTHES'

NOW READ ON AS A TIRED BUT ELATED CHIPPY RETURNS HOME TO FACE AN INQUISITION FROM PA

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN! IF YOU'VE BEEN OUT WITH THOSE MIDS I'LL DO YOU!

ABOUT MIDS AND THE PODS HIS MUMMY HAD DISCOVERED HIDDEN IN HIS ROOM.

RIGHT SONNY JIM! WHERE DID THOSE PODS COME FROM? YOU EITHER GIVE ME AND YOUR MUM HALF OR GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE.

CHIPPY STORMS OUT!

WHAT TO DO NOW? WHERE TO GO? ONE THING

ONE THING ALONE STUCK IN HIS MIND 'BRINYLON' AND THE FEELING OF PURPOSE (AND ESPECIALLY THE FEELING OF STIFF) HE HAD THERE.

WE ARE THE MIDS WE ARE THE MIDS WE ARE WE AR

SO IT WAS HE CAME TO BE ON THE 4:10 TO BRINYLON HEADING TO WHAT EVER LAY FOR HIM THERE (DEATH)

BR

COMING NEXT!!!?

...CHIPPY REUNITED WITH ACNE FACE.

....CHIPPY IN A DILEMMA.

...SEE CHIPPY DIE!

CROD 80 © ..... RH.

H2O, who describe themselves as a 'contemporary dance band', have been around since late 1978 in various forms. Its line up contained at different times, four members of the current Newspeak line up. The present line up; Kenny Dorman (19) on drums, Ross Alcox (19) on keyboards, Davie Wells (18)on guitars, Colin Ferguson (18) on bass and finally longest serving member Ian Donaldson (21) on vocals; made its debut at Jordanhill College of Further Education on the 26 January this year. Since then they've been consistent giggers on the Glasgow scene, playing the standard Countdown, Glasgow Tech and Doune Castle circuit.

I saw them initially at the Countdown, when the supported Bite the Pillow. They played a very impressive set which more than upstaged the main band of the evening. Utilising the dark close interior of the lounge by the use of sparse but spectacular lighting they went through their songs with fine pace and delivery. All of the the songs in their set are originals. Most of these are by guitarist Dave Wells and vocalist Ian. They are all melodic, well constucted compositions the best of which are instantly memorable as in the case of 'Hollywood Dream' and 'Legend in Your Own Time'. The band state their influences as ranging from Ultravox to XTC to classical music. Personally I can find none of the coldness of Ultravox or complexities of XTC. However I can appreciate good pop songs and this band can provide them.

The biggest impression they made on me though was when I saw them for the second time one dismal night at a half empty tech They were supporting the non-descript Sore Throat. Despite a subdued and blase audience the group played with attack throughout. Preferring to win the audience over with their enthusiasm rather than merely playing out time as some other bands might have done. I'm sure the group appreciate the efforts of lone dancer Charlie Gosh that night too. Throughout that concert the band were beset with problems, and overcame them well. When faced with empty dance floor immediattely in front of the stage Ian and Davie leapt of the stage and used the area themselves. Ian carrying his microphone out as far as he could towards the seated audience while his guitarist ran and danced around stretching his lead to its limits. Perhaps he over did it because halfway through the set his guitar gave out. From the resultant brak in the show came an excellent piece of improvisation from the organist, bassist and particularly the drummer which filled the gap while the necessary repairs were being made. This 'jam' session brought the first cheers of the night from the audience It certainly went along way towards winning them over. The band stormed back to finish the set with a rousing climax, from which 'Romance' stood out.

After the set the band were quite upset and angry over 'that shambles' as they called it It didn't seem appropriate to mention that that I quite enjoyed. Anyway they soon calmed down and as the pictures here show returned to their normal carefree, School-girl loving ways. RH



CONVERSATIONS WITH THE BOY WITH THE PERPETUAL NERVOUSNESS.

POSITIVE NOISE

The interviewer's dream- Positive Noise (and in particular Ross Middleton) require a minimum of prompting in discussing their music... Helping the proceedings along - one tough tape recorder, and a certain Glenn Gibson (the very same).....

Initial questions were about the band's recent signing to Bruce Findlay's Zoom label, in Edinburgh :

" We asked Bruce if he was interested in signing us, when we went through to collect a demo we'd given him. His remarks on the band were 'terrific, fabulous, wonderful, great!' We'd heard pretty good reports about Bruce - he's a business man first and foremost, but he does make it clear what his policies are to the bands, and what he expects from them. Just now with Bruce, we're on a 1-year trial period, and if we're doing even reasonably well, Virgin (who are handling press+distribution) will pick up the option of 5 years. They were initially talking in terms of long-term, 8-album deals, but we don't know if we can sustain that kind of thing - it's really early days for the band. We'll probably be accused of 'too much too soon' (and already have been by the Alleged and so on). But you can either plan everything out in advance, saying "We'll wait for nine months, and then...", but you don't know what's going to happen - and anyway, it's only one year's commitment. It certainly won't do us any harm."

Glenn- " I tend to agree with the Bob Last idea that bands should be recording early in their careers - so many of them become terrible almost immediately."

Ross- " Bob Last will take risks that Bruce will never take - Bruce plays it very safe, which is why the Simple Minds haven't taken off the way they should have done. Bruce is really

Being positive - Les Gaff, Ross, Fraser & Graham Middleton.
Additional noise - Kirsty McNeill.
Positives - Robert Sharp.

pissed off that they're not on Top Of The Pops yet- he said quite frankly that if they hadn't been tied to him with a contract then they'd have left. The Minds have really taken off on the continent- they're even thinking of basing themselves in Germany."

Steering the conversation back to their own band, I asked them how long they had been together.

" Since August last year- we were a three-piece until December, when Graham came in with the synths."
Ross- "The band really formed accidentally - I wanted to learn keyboards, and I had asked Les to give me a few drum lessons - and we just started playing. Frazer got a cheap bass: it was all pure chance. It's through our own hard work that things have started to happen."

They had spoken earlier of fairly drastic changes in the music that was being written at the moment, so I quizzed what had brought about these changes.

" Just the realisation that what we were doing was all very well, but that it had already been done before, and there's no point in that. The early tapes sound so much like Joy Division, it's unreal; they were a big influence- in me (Ross) they produced the realisation that you can have a normal band set-up : guitar bass and drums, and still get a sound that is new. But we've been through the influence stage, and don't just want to be a copy of them; the imitation is never as good as the original. We're trying to get our own sound. At first we were just using the synths in a conventional way, but now what we try to do is use them as as alternative percussion section, or alternative bass; something like that. I've (Ross) been experimenting with putting the bass through the effects pedal, instead of just the guitar, which is quite effective."

It is (you guessed it) Ross who writes the music and lyrics for the band. He is however keen to point out that it's not entirely his party,aeknowledging contributions from the others-

" It used to be that I had layouts of everything we were going to do, but you tie yourself down. Les knows things that he can get out the drums that I simply don't know, so it's healthier that way. We're very lucky that we can rehearse whenever we want. We can start off with a song on Monday and by Friday it's going in a completely different direction; but it is the direction that we want. And we have the time to make changes.

Obvious question no.583- what inspires the lyrics for the songs; what does he write about?

" Well we're not going to write a song attacking the music press..."You can't write a song attacking yourself, can you!" is the sharp aside from Les(more on this later)
"Our songs tend to be about people under stress,and how they react and come through it; that's why we're called Positve Noise- O.K. so we-'re surrounded by factories and tower-blocks, working in a 'post-industrial' society; so how do we go through it-how do we live? But instead of just moaning about it, we're trying to talk about it in human terms:instead of just going 'Oh this is terrible' like that awful Throbbing Gristle type of stuff."

Glenn asks him if he thinks the lyrics are complex and intelligent.

" I don't think they're complex at all. Originally I intended to include a seperate lyric sheet with the Second City Statik E.P. but they looked terrible and banal when divorced from the music. Our lyrics are often made up on the spot, during rehearsals. Look at some of Bowie's lyrics- he'd be very hard put to try and explain them. What we probably want to be is one of the most original bands out of Glasgow at the moment."

At this point, a bit of information on the Statik E.P., which everyone must have heard of by now, and features Positive Noise, Restricted Code and the Alleged. (There will be no Tufty Club badge to the first reader to guess who came up with the idea for a compilation e.p.)

Ross- " We can't do anything else on Statik, because of our own contract - but we'd like to keep it going, using other local bands. I'd like to use Radio Ghosts - I quite like what they do, although I don't think they'll ever be really big or successful. And the Alleged will bring out a 4-track E.P. on the label.
We're now bored with our songs on the E.P., but we're pleased with the sound. The reason for the inclusion of the 'Long March'was that with 5 tracks of more or less the same tempo, they tended to merge a bit, and the slower track is a bit different.
There is proffesional rivalry between the three groups involved, but no real backstabbing. "

And so, onto the uh, delicate uh, (get on with it-Ed.) question of the connection between Ross Middleton and Maxwell Park- and objective journalism, when the band being reviewed is you're own!
Over to you Ross-

"The first review that I did for Sounds was of Positive Noise, which was done as a bet really, and I was shattered when they printed it. Occasionally I've done big reviews- e.g. Siouxie& the Banshees, but I feel that a provincial writer should review provincial bands; that's what they're there for. You can read about the big bands from London.
I'm writing a piece on the Glasgow 'scene' at the moment, which is about just about every band that I've seen, that I've quite liked - it's not a summary, though; because it's not a neat, cohesive thing. "

Playing the dual role, of both participant and observer, has put Ross in the position of being a subject for possible bribes - 'you review my band and I'll get you dates, etc.' No names, but if you guessed the bands the Solos, and the Snapshots, then you'd certainly be on the right trail.... Our man Positive, you'll be breathing a sigh of relief, is a man of conscience, and not open to offers of this despicable nature-
"Once you start doing that kind of thing..." he says. And before all you up and coming musicians rush off to phone the Middleton abode, eager for a review in Sounds, bear in mind that Ross is heavily involved with his own band at the moment, and if he spent his time taking in the host of local bands that there is, he'd have no time left for Positive Noise!

We like gigging- to date the furthest afield we've been is Paisley. We've played just about everywhere in Glasgow. We got fed up playing the Doune Castle, which tends to be like playing to the converted; though we were lucky- they sort of took us to their hearts from the beginning. But we never had a following that could be 'betrayed' like the Alleged do.
We'd like to do a university tour of Scotland.

With the tape drawing to an end and certain members of the band showing considerable interest in the football match on the box, Glenn(who had started to make noises about a bus home - yes, even the N.M.E. has to sleep sometimes-) popped obvious question no. 971 -
" What do you see yourselves doing in a year's time? "

Since the football had won the attention of the other Middleton's + one, Ross delivered the reply-
" I'd hope to be based in Glasgow. And apart from our own recording work, I'd hope also to be involved with Statik, as an outlet for other bands to record. I think Postcard will probably be doing much the same thing. I hope we could be doing something concrete - even if just lending out a p.a. if we had one.

With the Scottish signing, then, did it mean that Positive Noise would not be blazing the trail down to the busy metropolis?

" I'd hate to think that we would ever be living out a Berlin Blondes existence in London, trying to disown their past, as if it was something that never happened, and ignoring people that they used to talk to. We've no real desire to go down to London - we'd go just for the exposure.
With Positive Noise, in a year, we'd like to be recording an album. There is an option for an album in the first year, but I can't honestly see it. The single would have to be a success for Virgin to put up the money for an album in the first year. Our first single might be 'Hypnosis' We'd like to put out E.P.'s rather than singles.
If we did an early album, we would probably look at it with considerable distaste- we're still developing. Maybe in a year's time, we'll have found the sound we want. There's no point in continued soul-searching - 'Should we go on.. etc., it's only a short term commitment. It doesn't seem like a job- it's better than most other things. I've always enjoyed writing - short stories, poems, etc and this is just another aspect of it..... "



Hiiiiiii! AND WELCOME TO ANOTHER ACTION PACKED RUNDOWN OF THE CHARTS.

DAVE (ADRIAN HAM) DRIP FATTIS THE INTELLECTUALS DISC JOCKEY

I LIKE RADIO 1

B.O.

BLONDIE ARE GOOD

...STARTING OFF WITH THE GREEATT-T SOUND OF.....

LIQUID GOLD!

LIQUID GOLD, FOR INTELLECT!

VEGGIE'S ROOL

GLEAM

YAY

TONIGHT

WE'RE GONNA BOOGIE TO THE DISCO...

TONITE!

NAUSEATING, INNIT IT? BUT LO, WHO IS THAT UPRIGHT YOUNG CITIZEN LURKING IN THE SHADOWS?

THIS MINDLESS TRASH MUST COME TO AN END

THEY'RE SUCH GOOD PLAYERS EH?

OH, INNIT GOOD, SADIE?

THIS IS A JOB FOR---

SUPER-PUNK!

GASP!!

EEEK! SAVE US SOMEBODY!

DANCE YOURSELF DIZZY...

GASP/ SHOCK!

DIE! DISCO ~BITCH!

AAH-HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

JUST LIKE THE TEXAS CHAIN-SAW MASSACRE AINT IT?

PLOP!!

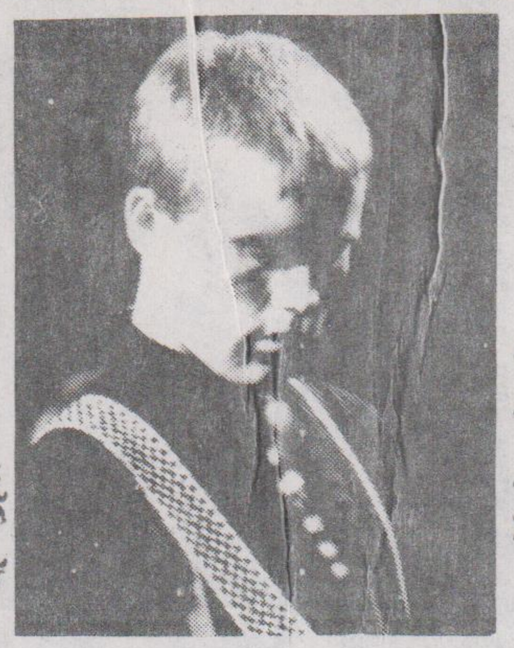
DEATH TO MINDLESS BOOGIE! NO LONGER SHALL WE RETARD THE MINDS OF THE MINIONS WITH DISCO CRAPOLA! DIE! DIE! DIE!!

SWIPE

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE



THE FLOWERS





PIC. K. M'NEILL

Welcome citizens, to depraved May - and if recent breathless sequences of crisis - (both national + international) have caused your minds to turn tentatively towards the idea of civil defence; then do take a break from building the fall-out shelter, and join me for a trip through the past darkly. (April is the cruellest month.) And since we last appeared on the shelves of your local disc shop, 2 new publications have appeared for your (supposed) edification: The Rag' - Glasgow style - coming to you courtesy of 'Regular Music', and 'The Face', - a totally disappointing offering from the team which also bring you 'Smash Hits' & N.M.E.: the same old Face(s). Isn't El Acido/Walt Does/Disco Kid/Billy Sloan rather. preoccupied with bitching about other peoples tendencies towards obesity: 'bout time our man of the cool pseudonyms took a long cool look in his bathroom mirror, what? Why is it that the most pathetic of dross emanating from our fair city is usually also the most succesful: I mean, one real cringe of a record has to be B.A. Robertson's 'Kool in the Kaftan' - I'd go out and buy

T. Rex, anyday, in preference to this awful drivel! While on the subject of drivel - ever had the misfortune of listening to a Snapshots' live set? They play a nauseating sub-Jags' type music and are quite likely to have a brief flirtation with the charts. A frightful bore. And still with the drivel, what an absolute chump Russell Barrie - Teutonic Veneer - is! According to the hand-out, when they played the Countdown; while the rest of the country was celebrating New Year in more traditional ways, this guy was composing 'Retro' and 'Vortex'... It was with some surprise that I heard him (on a recent 'Heart Sounds' interview) announce that he had recorded 40-50 songs already. How on earth can he tell one from the other? - Variations on a theme?! How empty Monday evenings seem without the adventures of the crew of the 'Liberator' - can we wait till the next series? Come back Ayon - we love you. Great to see the return of Ian Cuthbertson + Rikki Fulton in the 'firmly tongue in cheek' 'Charles Endell Esquire': guaranteed to bring a smile to the faces of owners of the most jaded palates!

from 'HIS THOUGHT MADE POCKETS'



HAO

PIC. K. M'NEILL



THE CRAMPS



THE SKELETONS



THE SELECTOR



THE SELECTOR



THE BEAT

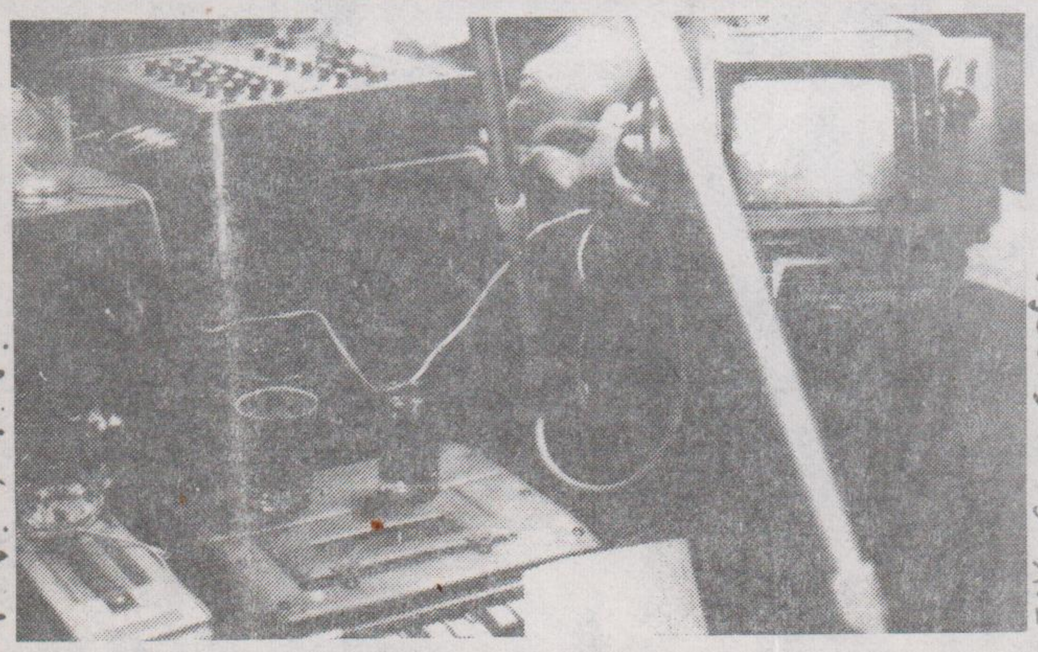




Strange moves going on in the charts these days: Blondie have bopped in and out of the big no.1 position twice, since the last issue of T.C., and the Jam caused more than a few surprised faces, by thundering into the top slot with a bullet - proving decisively that they are not in a rut! Neither is Pete Townshend, as his wonderful 'Rough Boys' proves - play very loud! In celebration of the latest H.M. revival, look elsewhere for a zany competition - lucky winner will be invited to have his/her photo taken with T.C. staff - to be published in a future issue! While the more sophisticated ska fans hunger for the new Specials single the kids came to dance to the Selecter and the Beat. And dance indeed they did: standing room only on the last train to skaville. (Make mine Clarkesville) (Incidentally fans may have been somewhat confused to read Jon Jackson, in the fabby Sunday Mail Lop Page, proudly claim that you 'saw the Bodysnatchers first in the Mail, 2 weeks following the Selecter tour? - Oh, erroneous Sunday entrail. The highpoint of the Beat's set was apparently, the renditition of 'Tears of A Clown', which was held back for the final encore - the crowd loved it. And the Beat were off, the lights were on, and 'Hands Off, She's Mine' came bouncing out of the P.A. sounding infinitely better than the live version. Young dedicated followers of fashion headed off into the night, in search of last buses and trains home. Over at Glasgow Tech., a fairly steady flow of bands, including Sore Throat, H_2O, Orchestral Manoeuvers, The Flowers, The Cramps & the Fall (to name but a few) The Sore Throat gig: one of those nights that the Tech. occasionally has, when no-one wants to know, and those who do turn up, choose to sit plastered to the walls. The Flowers came up with one of the blandest sets yet witnessed at the Tech, with the headlining band Orch. Manoeuvers attracting the in-crowd set - all followers of the 'new music'. It was certainly loud.... earsplitteningloud boomer....

Virgin megastore for Glasgow definite?







the TEN commandments





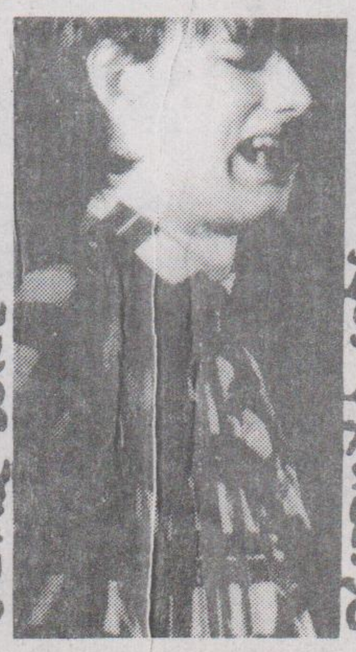


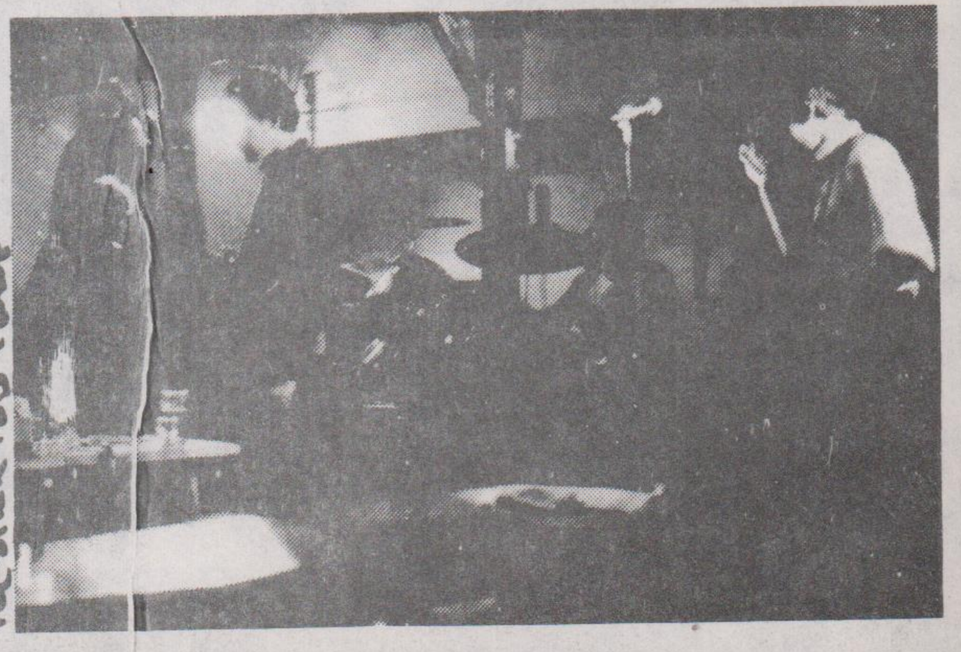


A big crowd flocked to the Tech to see what all the noise about the Cramps was. After showering the band with beer glasses and sativa, many members of the audience then joined them on stage (to the positive dismay of the bouncers who probably expected to make some easy money - but would have known better, had they read recent live reviews in their big rock week lies) It was, however, worth risking being crushed, surrounded by numerous, anonymous sweaty arm-pits, in order to catch a glimpse of the Cramps. The biggest question seemed to be whether the band would manage to leave the stage alive: for to reach the dressing room they had first to make their way through an eager & excited audience ... Still - all in a nights work.

Cool Cats who read James Bond's scathing remarks about the Listen Records organisation (and in particular the rude, nonchalant attitude of their staff) in last months Glasgow Calling, will be interested to learn that a recent memo went round all 'cheap & nasty' branches; instructing staff to be more polite to the customers. Jolly good show, Bond! Fairly setting itself up as an admirable little venue, is the Bungalow Bar in Paisley: pity that it's









GLENN GIBSON



ORANGE JUICE



SWELTERED



JOSEF K

so ill-suited for a live gig. Catching only the occasional glimpse of the top of the Psychedelic Furs' heads, I rather wished I'd stayed to see the Suspects entire set at the Countdown. Feeling forced to pull out of the support slot on the Selecter tour, due to the narrow-minded audiences, Holly and the Italians - understandably ska'd off - packed the Bungalow, warming the crowd to their music, and playing to a more tolerant audience. Through at Edinburghs new, self-publicised ultra-trendy Nite Club, the bouncers ball circulate.

sporting huge walkie-talkies, which is all very silly... entertaining a capital city crowd at said venue recently was Orange Juice (from whom we can expect an excellent new single (Blue Boy / Lovesick) in the none too distant future; joining them on stage, Scars vocalist Bobby King - on tambourine (a man of many talents..) - whose next single will appear on the Postcard label, and well worth hearing too. Pressing hard up against the stage, eyes transfixed on her, and hands constantly outstretched towards her, reaching + hoping to touch, Siouxie is a reassuringly constant idol - strong, powerful, and always without even the slightest hint of vulnerability - a good concert at Tiffanies recently when Siouxie (& Banshees) called into Glasgow. And finally, I leave you with the disturbing news that N.M.E. Glasgow correspondent Glenn Gibson and Lena Zavarony are in fact brother & sister.... whatever next.

Over and out.

all photos R. Sharp unless otherwise marked. Words K McNeill

???







SNEBOMB - GO HOME

2000 AD AND TORNADO

BORAG THUNGG

I, Tharg the Mighty, am writing to welcome uninitiated earthlets into another world, a world so full of thrill-power it would fuse the circuits of even the lowest droid. 2000 AD, the prog that dares to go where no prog has gone before.

Where?- Mega City One, future city, USA, where there is LAW and JUDGE DREDD, the supreme lawman: fighting drugs, aliens, punks, boingers and the plain bad, to name but a few in this bio-chip technology sin city. A city surrounded by Mutolands, where post-holocaust Muties live their wretched lives subject to the whims of slavers and cheap megalomaniacs.

Where?- Roboland. See Sam Slade, ROBO-HUNTER, and his pathetic mechanical side-kick, Hoagy, battle with da God Droid and his mek muscle to save the human race.

Where?- Into deep space with Star Troopers, THE V.C.'s in a never ending slaughter of Geeks, the perfect repulsive universal enemy. Vape'em.

Where?- To the wrong place and the wrong time with BLACKHAWK, Zog and Ursa -in a kind of psychotic 'Over the Rainbow'.

Where?- Mars, where ABC WARRIORS clean up a corrupt planet of evil multinationals and native gargantuan Godzillas.

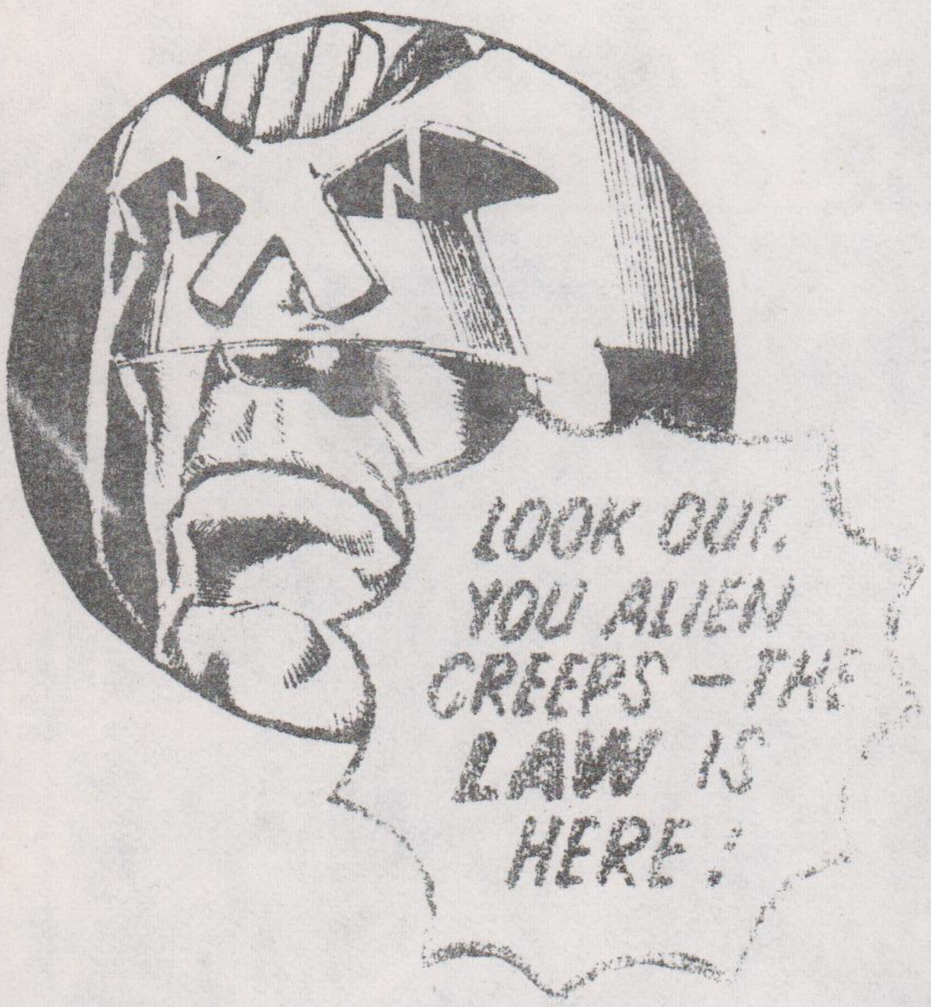
MACH ZERO, STRONTIUM DOG, THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT.... ...need I continue? I could, but by now the thrill-power contained therein should be affecting your nerve centre. All this and more for 12p (earth money), in orbit every Saturday.

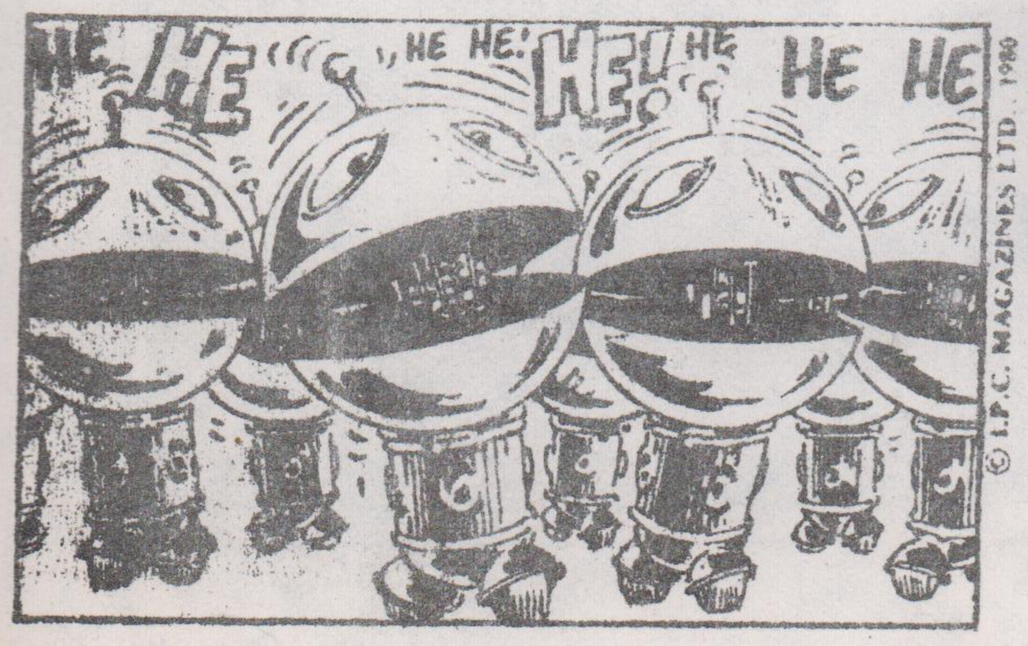
Now Earthlets, I ask you?

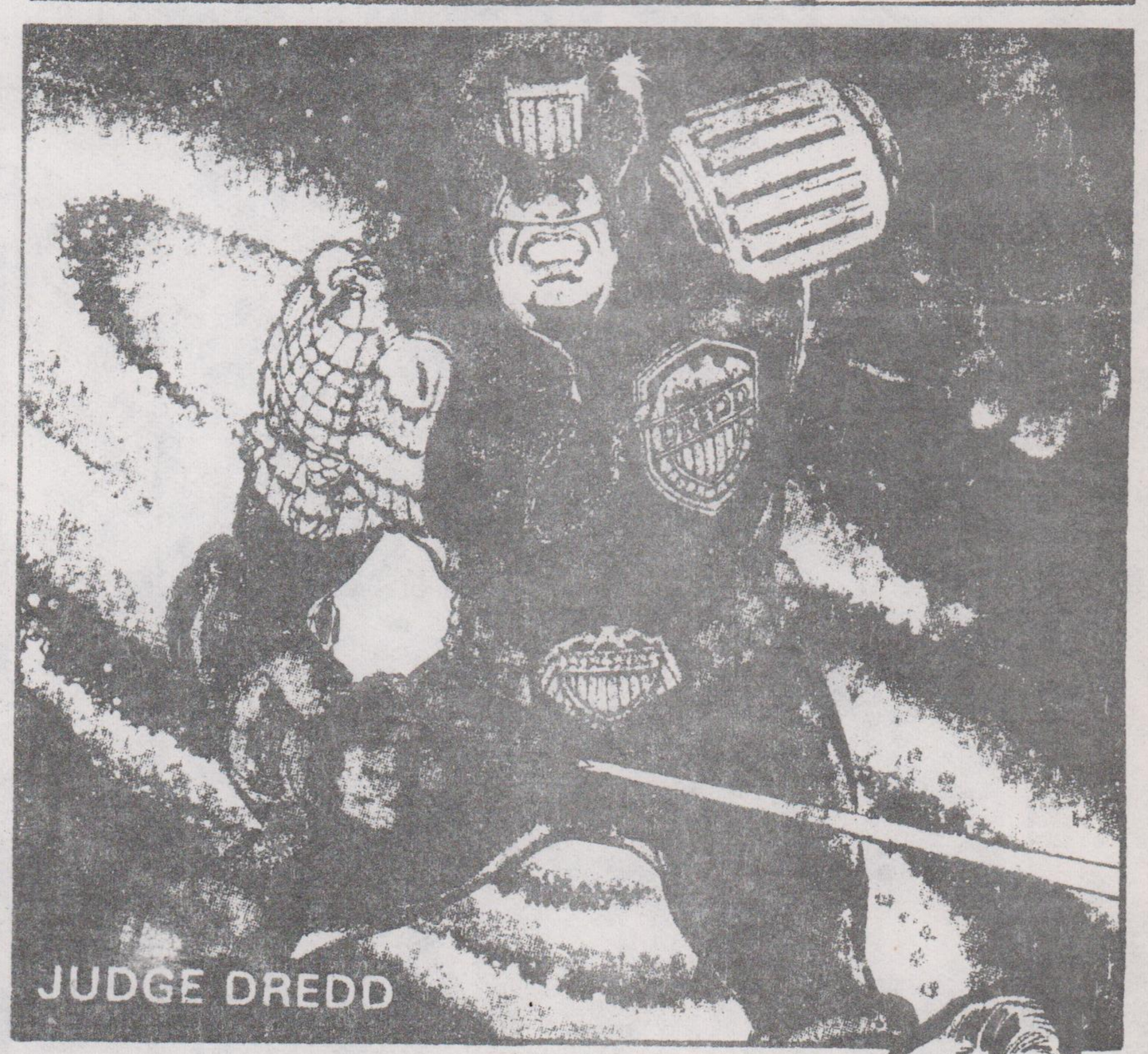
SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG



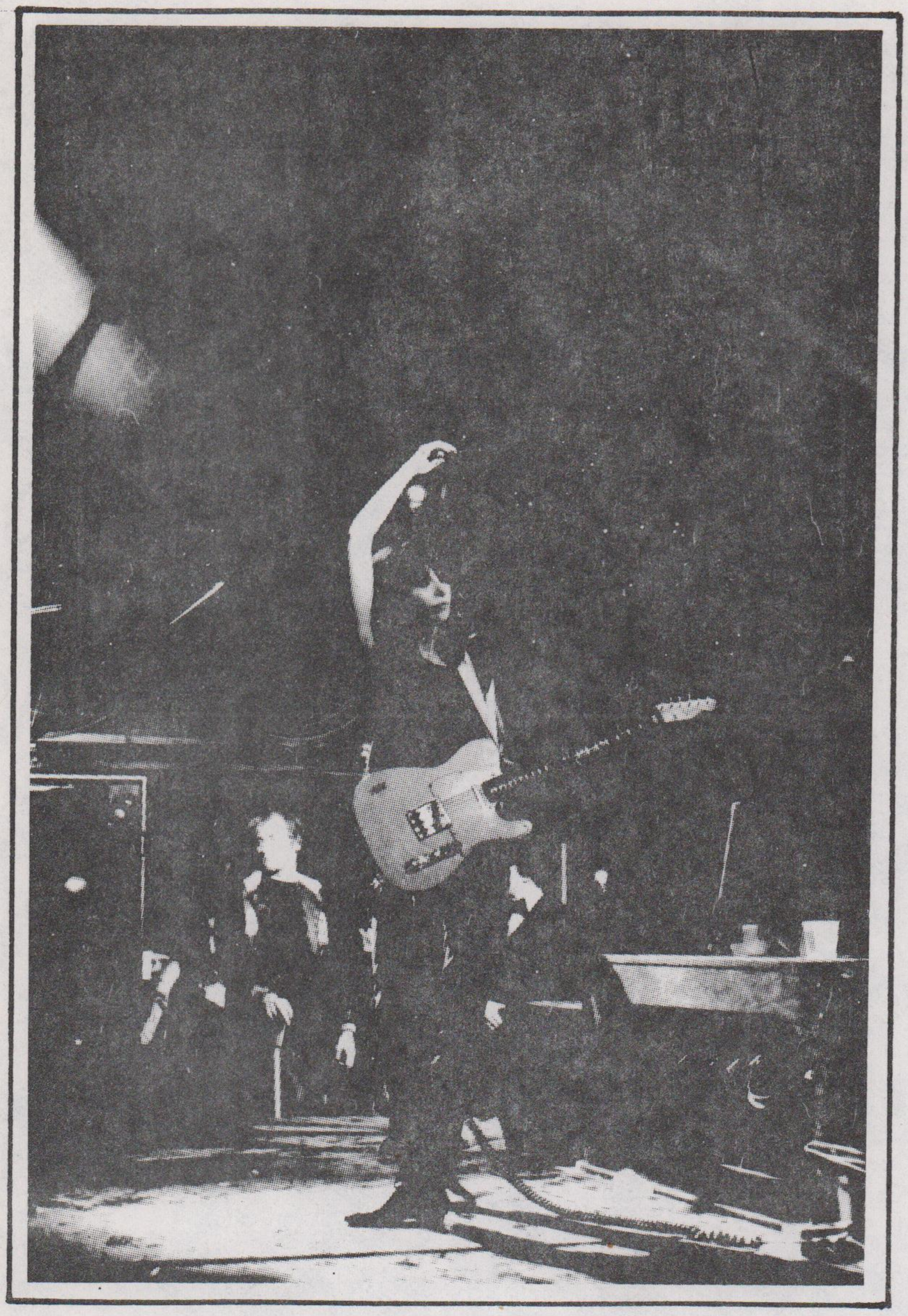

OKAY, BOYS— LET'S MAKE THIS ATTEMPT TIME. I GET TWO MINUTES' START, RIGHT—
TRICKY TO THE LAST, SAM! NICE TRY—BUT IT'S MINE AND NOW! YOU CAUSED THE BOB-DROID ENOUGH TROUBLE ALREADY!
FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE, YOU CAN PICK YOUR OWN SPOT. NAME IT, SAM— HEAD-HEART-BELLY?
SAM SLADE
DO I HEAR YOU?
HATE THE GEEKS... ALL OF THEM... HATE... HATE...
LET'S GO, RINGER.
MEDIC
HIS NERVE'S GONE! HE-HE'S A MENTAL WRECK!
BUT-
PURSUIT SHIPS CLOSING IN FOR A PHOTON STRIKE! LOSE THEM, RINGER!
RINGER? HELL, HE'S SITTING LIKE A STATUE! THE TORTURE'S BROKEN HIS NERVE!
THE VCs


LOOK OUT, YOU ALIEN CREEPS — THE LAW IS HERE!

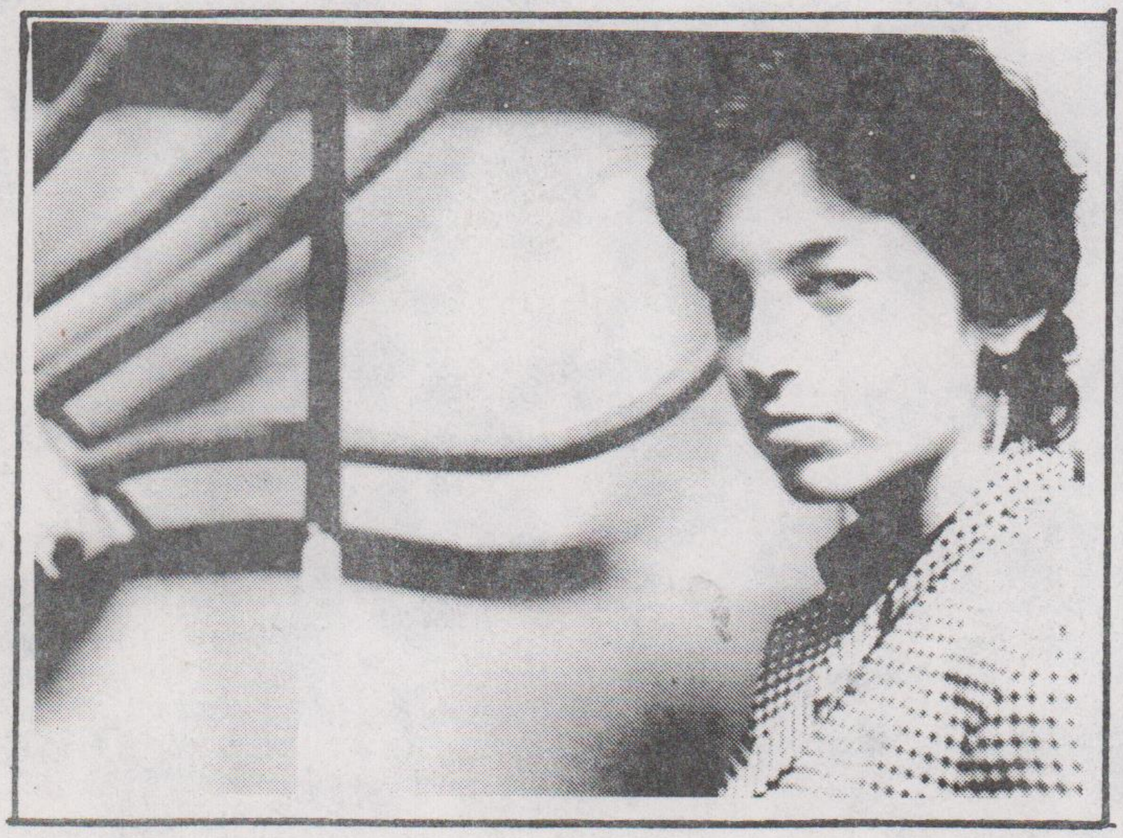

HE HE
HE HE
HE HE
HE HE
© I.P.C. MAGAZINES LTD. 1980


JUDGE DREDD


BELIEVE ME — IT'S ZARJAZ!





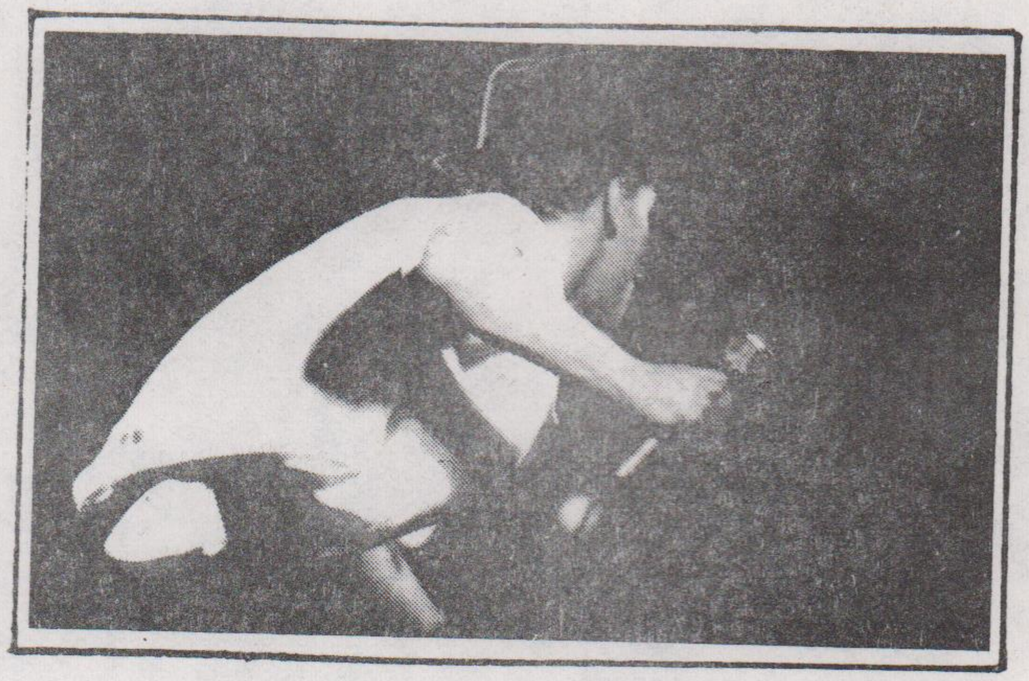














PHOTOGRAPHS - ROBERT SHARP



Pics Robert Sleeny.

OMITID