

BLACK & WHITE



In this issue:
D.C. NIEN
SWELL MAPS
DALLAS
THE MODERN HEIRS
PERFORMANCE ART
Songwords:
U2
D.C. NIEN
TELL TALE HEART

No. 2
30p

B&W

BLACK+WHITE NO.2
EDITORS/PETE PRICE +
STEPHEN RAPID.

LETTERS AND REVIEW RECORDS
TO: PETE PRICE
10 DODDER PARK ROAD
RATHFARNHAM
DUBLIN 14
IRELAND.

CREDITS, ETC.

COVER ILLUSTRATION/
VIRGINIA COONEY.

THANKS TO D.C.NIEN.

MIKKI OF SWELL MAPS.

CATHY GILLEILLIN/DALLAS.

THE MODERN HEIRS BRING YOU
THEIR OWN EXCLUSIVE STORY.

DAVE CLIFFORD/PERFORMANCE A
SONG WORDS COURTESY OF:

G2. D.C.NIEN. TELL TALE HEART.

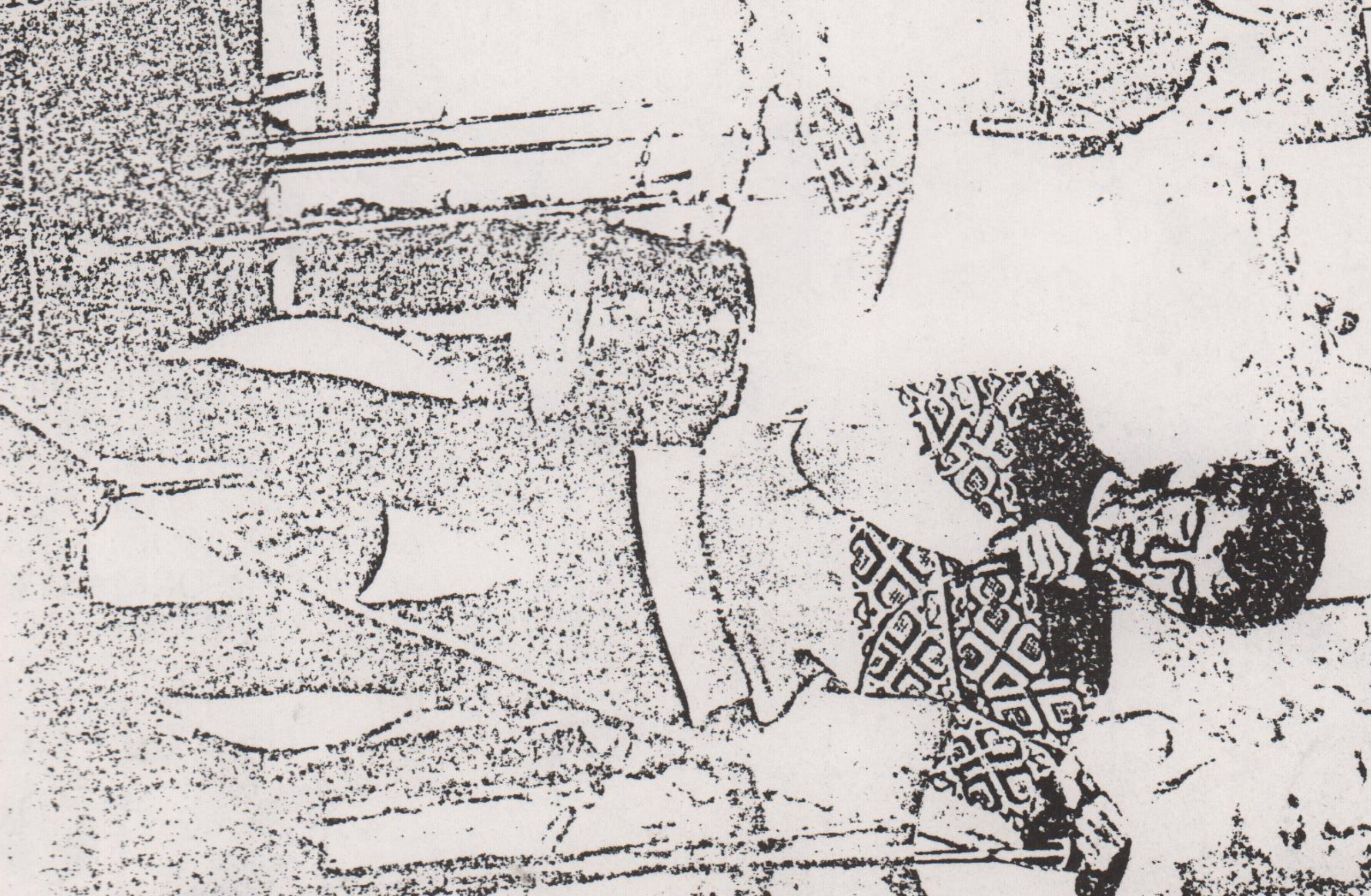
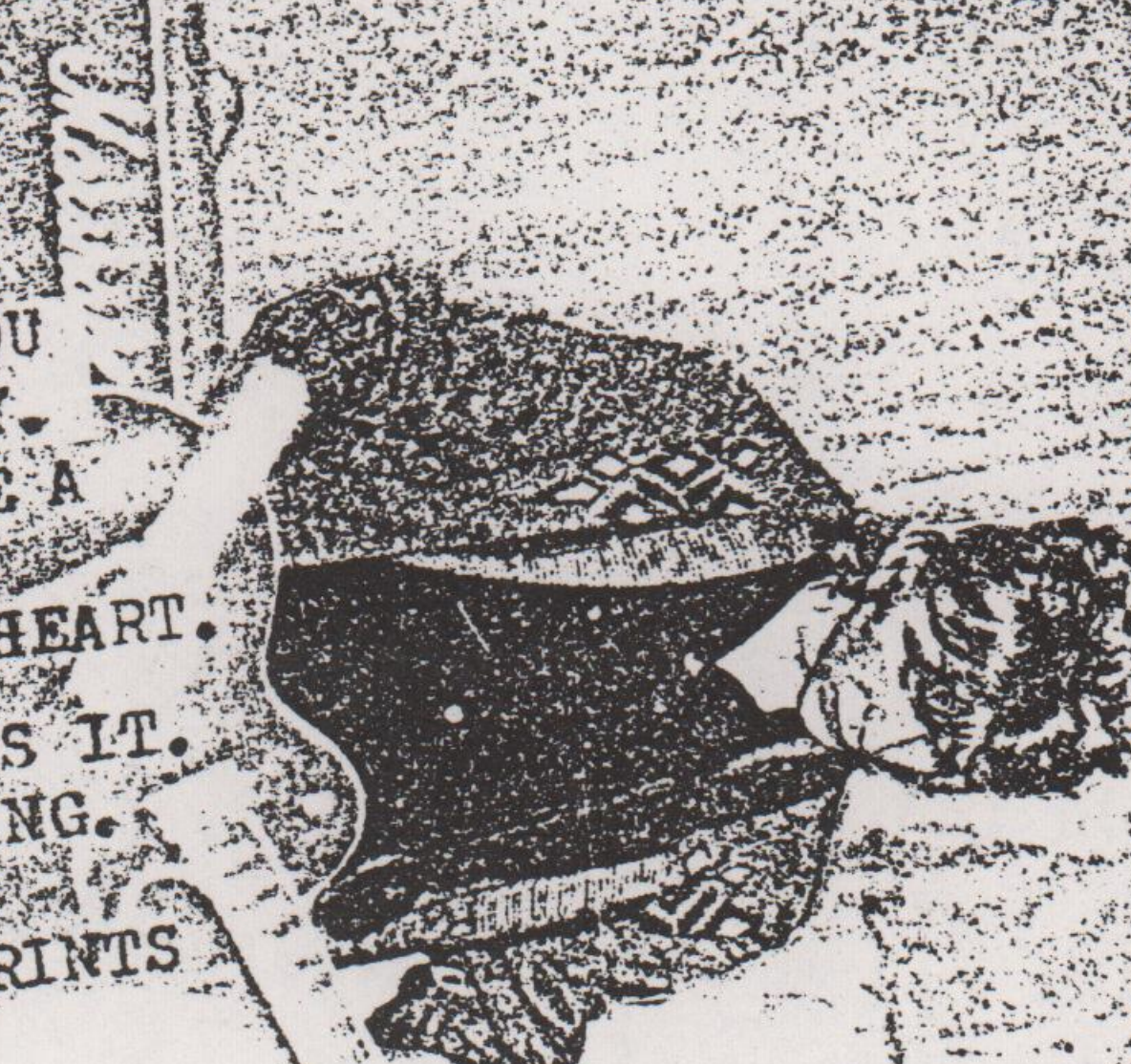
THANKS TO JOLY WHO PRINTS IT.

PAULINE AND SUE FOR TYPING.

SANDY FOR THE TAPE.

TO ALL PHOTOGS. WHOSE PRINTS
WE'VE USED.

TO EVERYBODY WHO WROTE.



THE GLANCEY BROTHERS AND TOMMY MORLEY IN CABARET.



DC NIEN

DC NIEN - The name a mistake comes from an amalgamation of things, their close proximity to the airport, their interest in German New Musack and the fact that it doesn't comply to any certain Trend.

Formed in late '77

The Band line up 1980.

KEN - DRUMS

BRIAN - BASS

BRENDAN - SYNTH , STRINGS

DAMIAN - VOICE, SAX

PAUL - GUITAR, VOCALS.

The Band started in '77 mainly as a hobby, it gave five people something to do other than the usual i.e. drinking or going to discos. The Band are all close friends and grew up together in suburban areas around Ballymun.

Imagine rows of newly built houses with respectably groomed lawns and trees. Imagine growing up in a housing estate watching it change and changing with it, becoming more aware of suburban life and the paranoia that besets it, and you will begin to see the background from which The Band comes from.

The people (The Band) grew up with; lots of different people and they all lived in different

streets. They met eventually at different times, times of skinheads, hippies, LSD and hash. The fact that they all had a desire to escape boredom and those narrow ideas that keep suburbanism alive made them close friends and want to rebel through music which was their only mutual interest.

The Band first started rehearsals in a cottage almost at the end of a runway beside Dublin airport. They rehearsed for over a year before playing to an audience as they were non musicians when they started. From the beginning they played their own songs because they didn't want to mimic and it made it easier to express themselves. They tried to remain unorthodox by using an unorthodox line up, at that time (synth, sax, guitars, drums) and also by creating unusual chord progressions and lyrics. The Band has often been criticised for not keeping their songs to a conventional structure i.e. (2 verses and a chorus) Nonetheless they see the music as theirs and they remain unwilling to change this although they all want to become



» masters of their instruments as they believe the instruments and the music will become an extension of themselves allowing them to express their thoughts more easily.

Now more than two years on they write powerful potent music based on not one individual's contribution, but rather a continuation of all five, it defies description expressing as it does the fears, frustrations and the most important of all the visions of 5 people. Songs are likewise conceived by a process of individual action within a group.

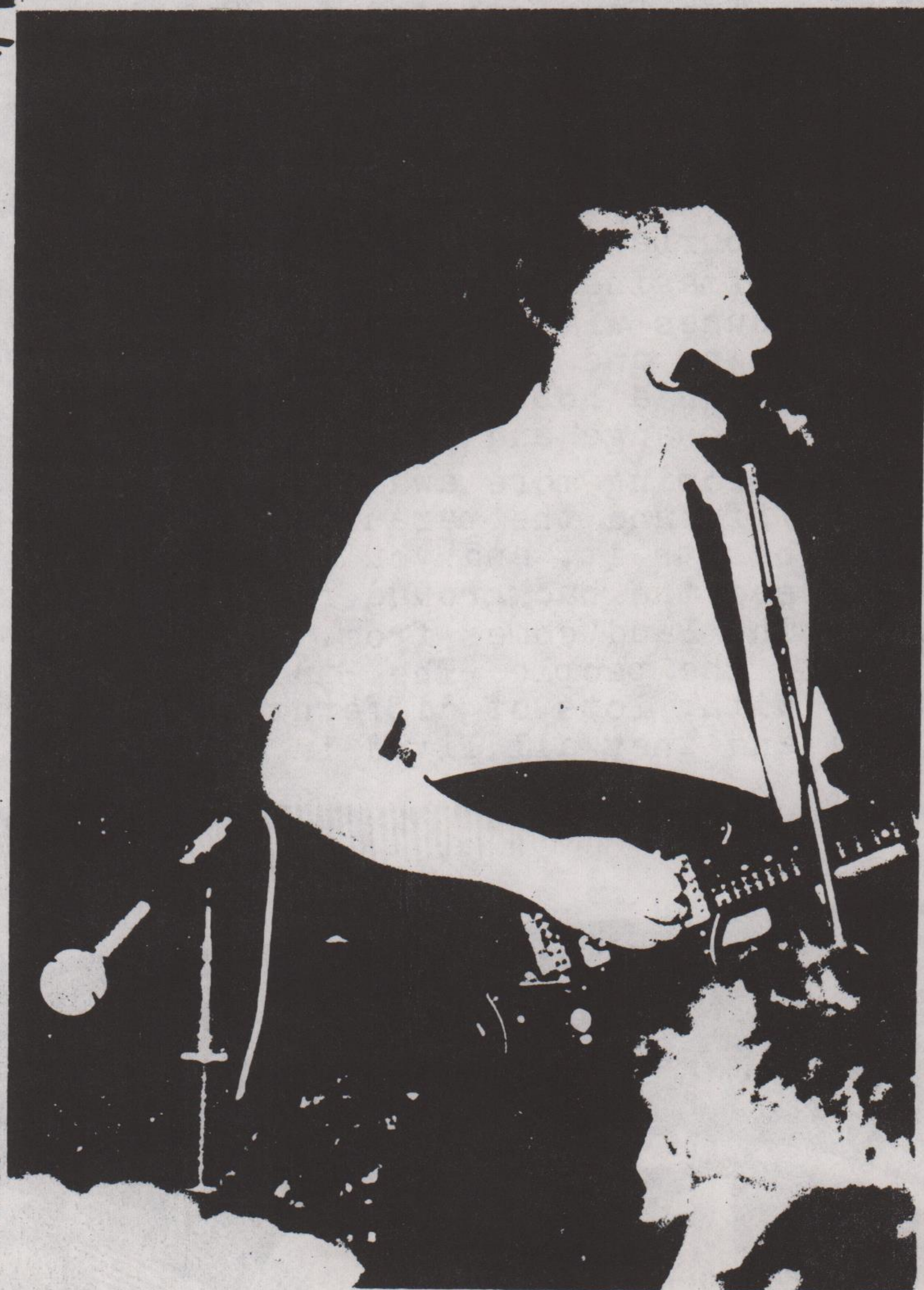
The music itself is sometimes warm sometimes icy (the sax) it soars and grips you tight and then lets you go. It expresses a varied view not pessimistic but rather tends to be optimistic attempting to envisage a future not necessarily bleak and fearful. From the stage they project the sharp metal guitar of Paul, the powerful rhythm of Ken and Brian and the Electronic embellishments of Brendan and Damian.

DC Nien don't feel they belong to any current trend and that

there are not another modern electronic sci fi band.

Quote - "We wouldn't describe ourselves as a modern electronic band. Their image is often portrayed as dull grey and intellectual. What we have to say is quite simple, we want to keep the humour there, one major reason we chose to play in a band was for the fun."

Although as yet unsigned they produced one of the most widely played and acclaimed demo's of 1979. It was extensively played in Ireland through Pirate Radio and RTE 2. They have now played over 50 gigs in Ireland including supports with Dr Feelgood, The Specials, a tour with AC-DC, Ian Gillan and the Cimarons. The support to the latter show their desire to reach a wider audience. They have made two TV appearances. Recently they had a song released on a Dublin new wave compilation album. The album is called Just for Kicks and the track is called Reptile.





DC NIEN face the 80's with optimism having already recorded their first single to be released on their own label in Feb. This will be followed by an Irish tour in March and a series of gigs in England. However the Bands sights are set on working in Europe.

In the meantime the Band are quite willing to continue at their current rate of progress and they want to continue creating fresh unpredictable music. DC NEIN are a band relavent to the 80's with an interest in videos and films as well as a superb live show. They will always remain abreast of any current trend, they want to create their OWN!

How Trumpeter Twiggs Distinguished Himself

By Nikki Matress-Map.



Well, i never listened to pop music before 1972 - except in about 1966/67 when i liked things like the monkees (which epic and moi used to always watch) and i remember seeing the who do I Can See For Miles (their only good song!?) on TOTP and i saw R.S.G. once and the last record i remember hearing before i stopped listening was Debra by Tyrannosaurus Rex. So up to 1972 - we'd known phones since before and i met jowe at school and he had

a train set and i had lotsa model soldiers all painted and some rather neat. epic had subuteo teams. jowe started buying records late 1971 and when i heard pick of the pops one sunday night in the car i thought - oh that don't sound too bad about some of the discs. Epic used to watch totp and i started as well and the first record i really liked was telegram sam by t.rex - who i assumed were american cos it was pop music - i bought that on easter tuesday 1972 along with american pie in a record shop in bexhill. First album was Electric Warrior. Epic started buying records (inc Focus & Slade) and we got Phones interested in music. Seeing as how we were listening to it we started trying to write songs and things - using recorder + jews harp + model bus tyres and castanettes and other things and i bought an acoustic for £6 and then phones got one a coupla weeks later. Went camping in the scottish highlands that summer and on the way back remember hearing rosco play virginia plain on the radio - bought it for phones for his birthday and his fave group then. Also bought Bowie's starman and various other stuff. The three of us recorded loads of stuff especially that summer at phones' house and ours. mainly original stuff cos we couldn't play anything by anyone else. Jowe still hadn't played anything yet - he started in early '73 just cos we were and his brother had a guitar which helped. More splinter bands with every different combination of the four ofso us all the groups had names but none were too wonderful. We thought we were good enough then to put out records - it'd been interesting if not particul hot. still got most of the stuff on tape.

My fave band was T.Rex followed by Bowie And then Fanny, Mott, Cream, can't remember. Epic still Focus - Jowe - King Crimson, Van Der Graaf Generator, and Phones veering towards Tangerine Dream and similar - everyone bought Gong's Camambert Electrique and the Faust Tapes when they were 49p each (in the days when Virgin records wasn't totally money money obsessed - long time ago!) Golden went to school with epic and i first met him in summer 1974 when our parents went away for a week and we spent the whole time recording stuff - inc Armadillo

How Trumpeter Twiggs Distinguished Himself

antimilitarist

which we still play, and which could be on the 2nd l.p.

We didn't encourage golden to stay - that was the week we met biggles who went to the same school as phones - this was easter 1974 actually - just remembered.

Biggles' house and garden backed on to the end of our garden - he used to have lotsa bonfires and we'd never met him till he flashed on the lights in his house for 5 / 10 mins to let us know where he was when phones rang him up and then he came round - he could only play r&b type riffs then - probably more than we could do. Now there were six of us and we formed various units between us. some of the stuff like Loin of the Surf dates from then, when jowe just wanted to be the new john mclaughlin or robert fripp.



THE POINT OF THE SWORD-BAYONET CAME DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO HIS BREAST.

Golden was listening to jazz and t.rex were still my fave band though i had liked the dolls ever since seeing them on whistle test.

I'd bought my first electric guitar in summer '72 and got a decent one in january 1975 after working over christmas and jan sales in a coffee bar (most of the time with jowe) in solihull - my second job. Over summer '74 Jowe and moi worked on a farm near his house (dorridge) and saved enough dosh so that we could go to europe for a month - sleeping on trains and that sort of thing - it was rather eek. When we got back the first thing we recorded was Woodland Rock (T.Rex song) in my bedroom with phones and epic. Epic was always the drummer - from about '73 - phones did play sometimes but not very often - only had cushions and things 'borrowed' from school then but it sounded okay. Epic bought a snare drum followed by a hi-hat and soime time in 1975 a whole kit from somewhere. In 1975 epic & jowe ~~in~~ met spizz and jon & gary (cult figures now) at college.

The first ever gig by any maps was at solihull 6th form college and golden + epic played with two others as gibbon soup - all cover versions - the usual stuff - whole lotta love, and similar. they did another gig at a party a coupla days later. Spizz, Jowe, Epic and a guy called Pete (who

How Trumpeter Twiggs Distinguished Himself

Handwritten signature

i met once - he had ginger hair and looked like an ultimate disco kid) formed a band - Hassles No Sweat - and rehearsed every week at a church hall in dorridge. but they gave up cos they hadn't any transport and had to get the gear there in wheelbarrows and things every week from jowes house. They did Mott & Bowie songs + a version of Loin, Of The Surf with Spizz hollering over the top.

Jowe, Epic and nikki also played with a guy called Pete Higgins (+ a few other solihull chaps) sometimes then - no-one apart from us wanted to play any self-written stuff - that lasted on & off for a year or so - Jowe was practising to be a guitar hero those days - still is - thats why he plays the bass (none of us wanted to either and he was the only one who owned one. I had an arbiter les paul copy, biggles + phones woolworths ones, golden an electric -epi never owned a guitar). I moved down to london for a while - but came back to solihull about twice a month - except when doing things like following t.rex round the country on the rare occasions they played - epic, jowe and myself were playing then in the style that was to become swell maps - then it sounded like a



CRANE WAS STANDING IN THE ROOM AND LOOKING LIKE NOTHING ON EARTH.

very rough mix between us, t.rex, pink fairies, stones and pistols - this was the end of 1975 - we were doing stuff like forest fire, dresden style, bowies" hang onto yourself + Hey Johnny Where's the chewing gum. And some other things. The other various groups within the six of us were still playing

How Trumpeter Twiggs Distinguished Himself



It kinda carried on like that until summer 1977 when we actually realised we could go ahead and make a record - especially as we'd managed to convince our parents into lending us the necessary money plus some we had saved. Decided to do Read About Seymour as the single - originally it was only about one minute long but Epic had suggested putting on a bit at the end where it speeded up and so it ended up like it is - can't actually remember writing it. Wrote quite a lot of important Maps songs in late 1976 cos of feeling something cos of things like the cancelled Pistols tour and being back living in B'ham and missing everything that was happening in London where i'd lived until summer '76 - used to go down once every month at least. August 1977 spizz jumped onstage at a punk festival at Barbarellas in B'ham (see o'leaf) witnessed by paul morley (a chum) and myself among others.

September 1977 Marc Bolan died and only two days after we'd recorded the single - i just woke up on the friday morning (16th Sept) cos someone had rung me up to tell me. That rather delayed anything happening about getting the single pressed etc - managed to get labels and covers printed (labels printed wrongly) by Christmas but no singles till the end of January. I was back in London and Jowe had moved to Manchester and college, he'd gone there in late '76! (difficult remembering everything right at once)

The single was out by February and we got 1½ good reviews and 2 bad ones. Sounds gave it single of the week alongside Patrik Fitzgerald & Lonnie Donegan and MM almost understood. RM and NME didn't..... not too bad though. It sold okay due to various plays on Peel's programme. The first time you hear your own record on the radio is rather good. Nothing much happened from then until june when we helped out a guy called Steve Treatment with a single - played on it and put up most of the money - that was done at spaceward but the mix wasn't too hot. That came out in july/august and sold okay at first but then stopped. We played our first gig gg n gig on 'i' d ay 1977 gig on boxing day 1977 at Barbarellas using gear borrowed (at ½ hour notice from the scent organs which included jon - later to be a cult figure.)

Next gig was around easter 1978 at the Crown pub in B'ham with Dada - who later split along with T.V.Eye and together became Subterranean Hawks and someone else (that's nowadays). B'ham had quite a few good bands then - the legendary Prefects, Model Mania, Blonde Trash and others. We didn't count especially to the hip elite (sarcasm) fanzine (see inner sleeve of A Trip TO marineville). Censored. Gosh! The next gig was in september 1978. Biggies had replaced Phones as a Map. (A Fulltime Map) Phones had left the week after Seymour was recorded cos he's too scared to play live and things.

That was in London and was preceded by a John Peel session - that was okay and included things like Harmony In Your Bathroom + Full Moon / Blam and started Seymour selling again. I used to go into Rough Trade about once

How Trumpeter Twiggs Distinguished Himself



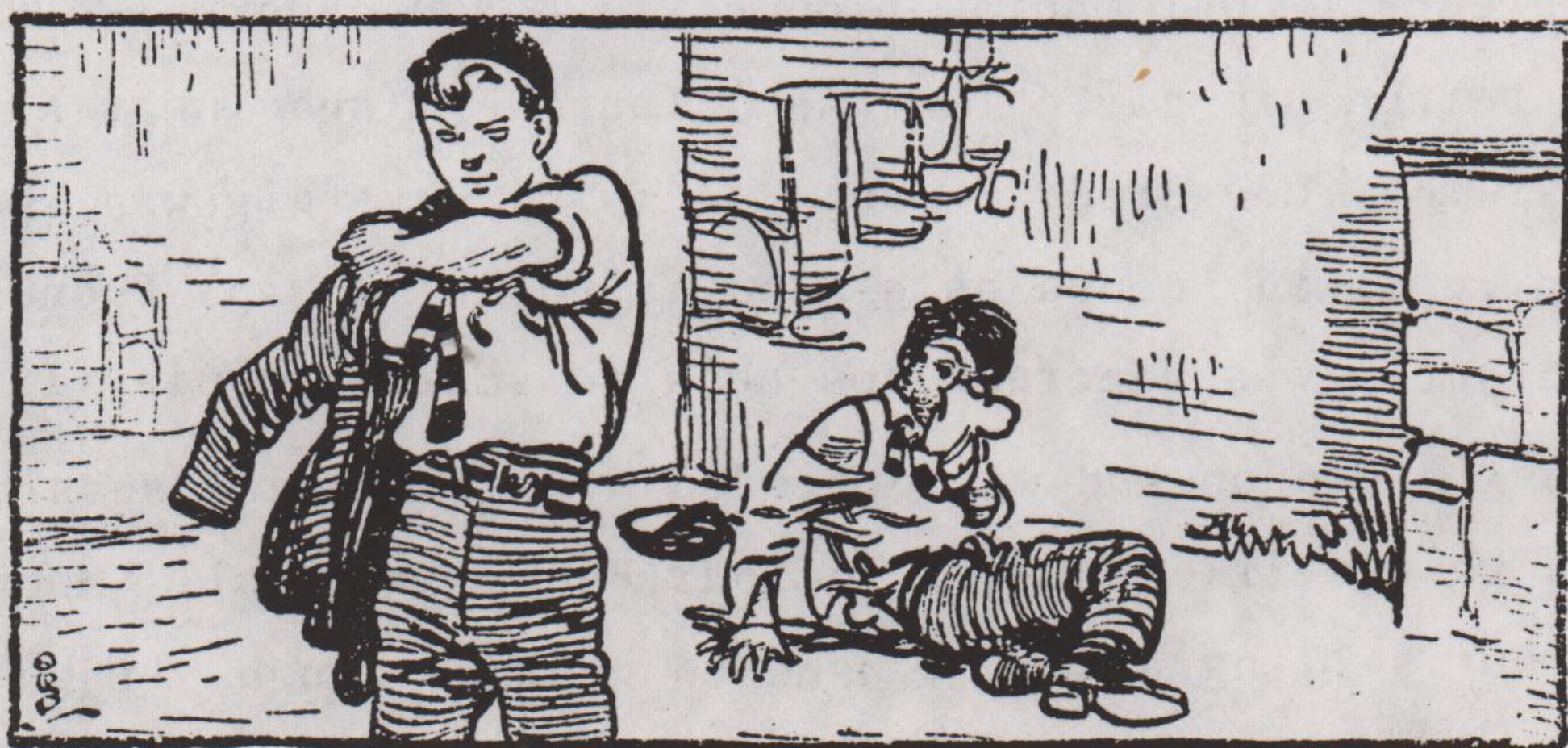
a week then and some of them came to see us and started helping us get gigs. Also they were asking about when we were going to record something new.

Septer 1978 and Epic & Nikki's parents moved from Solihull to Harbury (nr Leamington Spa) and we found a studio there which we booked up for 3 days at christmas - that resulted in about half of the Marineville album and the Dresden Style single. All six Maps were present though Phones & Golden as true part-time chaps. That's we met our fave engineer - Barry Rivers. He's rather good and a bonza chap even if he is rather overkeen on flanging everything we do. gasp!

Back to London after Christmas and my grotty job in a sweet & souvenir shop on Oxford Street (Biggles said it was the most suitable job there was for me - probably true - wasn't too much fun though - 15 hrs a day every alternate day and i used to do lotsa overtime to buy records and clothes and things like that - used to take lotsa time off though). And then into Rough Trade and played them the tapes of the new single ' - it should have been International Rescue but Epic & Nikki decided Dresden Style was better - wish now that we'd changed the words but never mind. Well everyone ('?) there liked it and said that though they couldn't really afford to they'd love to put it out (this was just before the SLF album was released and all the money was tied up in that)

So Dresden Style Came out and the Maps were on Top of the Pops and ten world tours and things like that.....

We started playing tapes of parts of the album to the cricketing chaps at R T and kinda got them interested in doing things with it and we played a few more gigs and jowe had his 7-string bass stolen and i lost my arbiter guitar thankst to the friendly skinheads around ladbroke grove who jumped on us later in the year. This area is becoming worse (not too bad this week or last week) and people like garry bushell just build up more and more tension all the time - doting on irresponsability and just taking the easy way out each time. It's like tonight i'm at 'rough trade and able to use this typewriter (electric) and cassette machines and amps and photocopiers and things while a year ago we were still on our own. A kind of record label with two maxi-singles out. That's one important thing we don't release e.p.'s (except the one with the album. We release maxi-singles (ie: they're the same price as a 2-track





"NOW THEN, CHIEVELEY, LET THEM HAVE IT!"

single - as long as you don't put much over 4½ mins worth on a single you don't lose too much quality - it's easy enough to record an extra track, as long as there is no major songwriting problem its all okay. At present the only other band on rather is the Cult Figures - Steve Troutmeat is no longer a friend due to various reasons. Cult Figures are rather fab.

New single is finished - out probably in January: Let's Build A Car / Big Maz In The Country /....Then Poland - the album will probably be finished at Christmas and is quite a bit different to the first one. We've got too much stuff really and can't release all of it - we've got about 2hours stuff for the new album and will have about another 2hrs worth soon. Means that what comes out should be the best but we're left with lotsa things we want to put out as well. Sort something out. Means when we're all in a massive crash with a igloo or all o.d. like pop stars do they'll be lotsa stuff left i guess - they'll always be lots that will never be released.....



A BUNCH OF

Forty Fives

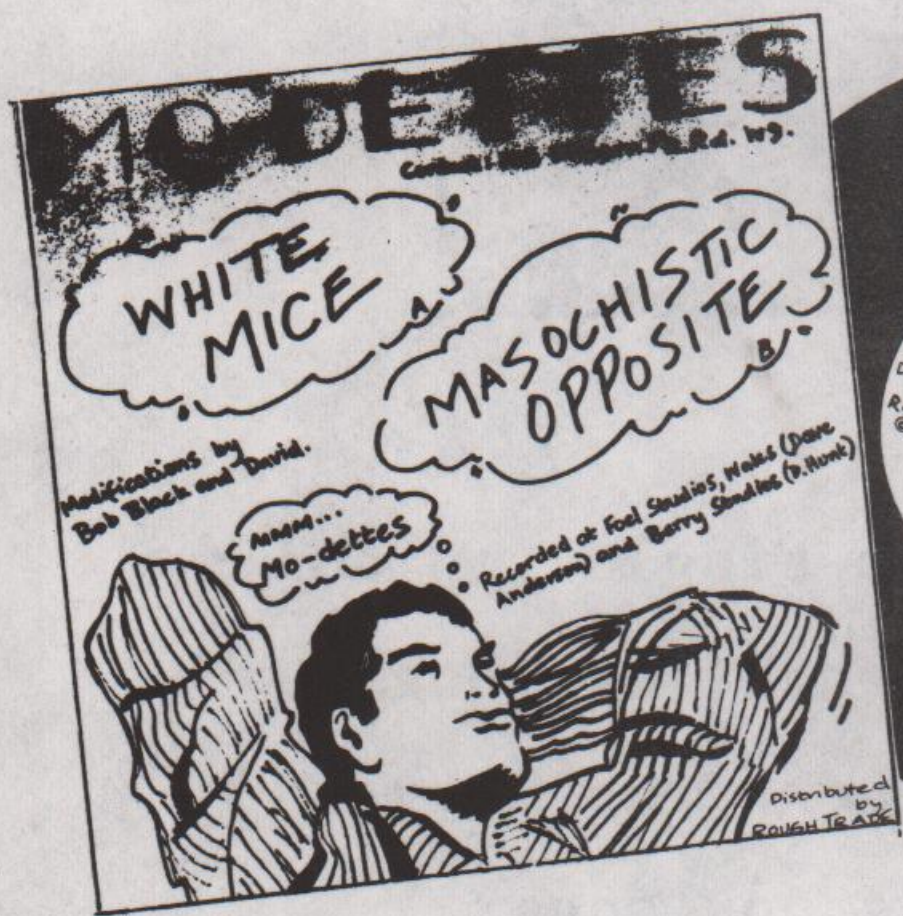
S I N G L E S

SINGLES

NO mod/ NO ska/ NO pil

***HOLLY & THE ITALIANS** - "Tell That Girl To Shut Up" (oval/virgin) No wonder it's been picked up by Virgin, this is a dynamite song, one listen will convince. Strong, up-tempo west coast song. Not for nothing did a certain member of a well known Irish beat combo buy a half dozen copies recently.
 ***MARK BEER** - "Collaborations" (White Label) One of the more innovative garage synthesiser exponents. "The Man Man" is a knockout song, very ENO/ROXY influenced.
 ***VIVABEAT** - "Man from China" (charisma) Very strong, melodic song from unknown American band. Mixes guitars & synths to great effect.
 ***MO-DETTES** - "White Mice" (Rough Trade) This is quite a catchy number, the Mo-Dettes come across quite well for such a recently formed band.

***CABARET VOLTAIRE** - "Silent Command" (Rough Trade) A commercial disco beat, and some great effects, make this their best bet so far.
 ***FRAGMENTS** - "Nutbush City Limits" (Shattered) Synth version, and quite likeable it is too.
 ***ADA WILSON** - "In The Quiet Of My Room" (Ellie Jay) Very atmospheric synth song, worth looking for.
 ***JOHN FOX** - "Underclass" (Metal Beat) I'm not crazy about it, but if it gets folk to listen to the album., which is much better.
 ***SILICON TEENS** - "Judy In Disguise" (Mute) The hit-making machine rolls. Bound to do well.
 ***THE LONDON BOYS** - (EP) (Decca) Four toons, the super "LONDON BOYS" by our Dave Bowie, The best track here: "The Birds Leaving Here" and two others. 4 A-sides for under a quid.
 ***VISAGE** - "Tar" (Radar) The last on Radar. Commercial synth song which would've been a hit but for the Demise of Radar. Rather good B-side too.
 ***DELTA FIVE** - "Mind your own business" (Rough Trade) Disappointing, I was expecting better.
 ***BRAINIAC FIVE** - "Working" (Roche) Pretty ordinary, old-fashioned song.
 ***KEVIN DUNN** - "Nadine" (B-Records) Next to "Memphis" this is kind of ordinary. Not bad though.
 ***ORCHIDS** - (EP) A four track Ep, "Teenage Babylon" is the lead track and as L.A. trash rock goes, its great. "If the boys got pregnant", though, rides a great riff, and the spoken mid-section is ACE.
 ***TUXEDOMOON** - "Joeboy" (Tidal Wave) The first single re-issued. Rougher than the 12" but still good.
 ***FAMILY FODDER** - "Warm" (Fresh/Parole) 2nd single, 2nd great record. A double a-side full of wit and invention.



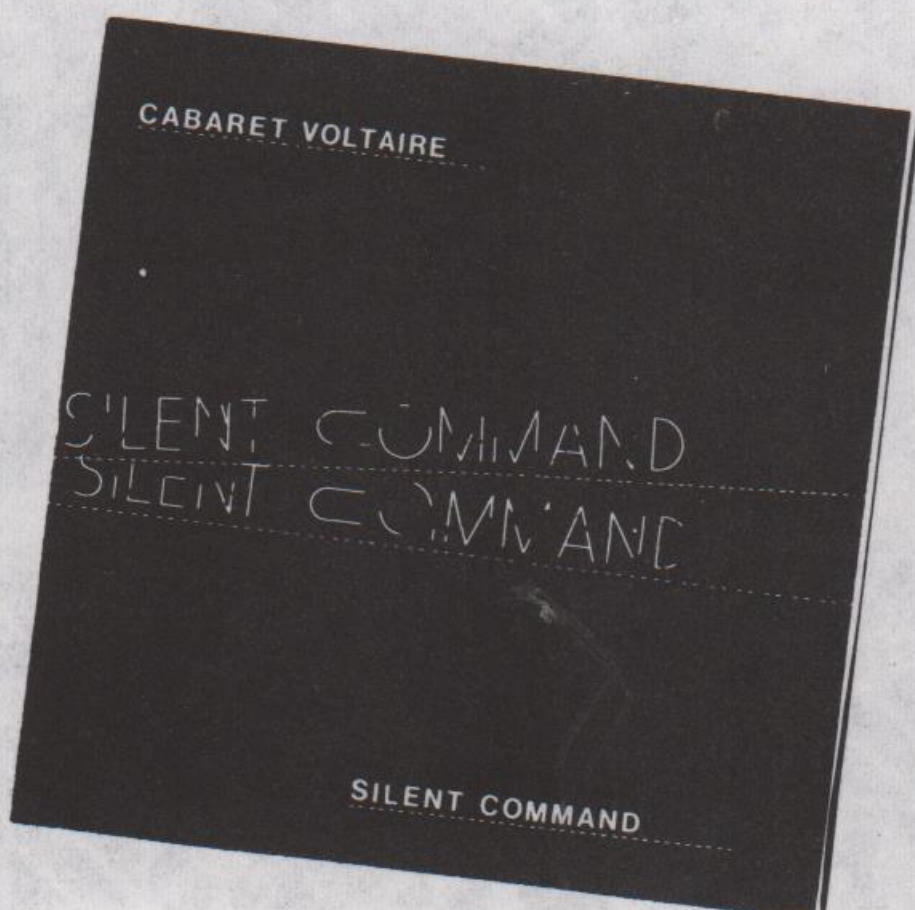
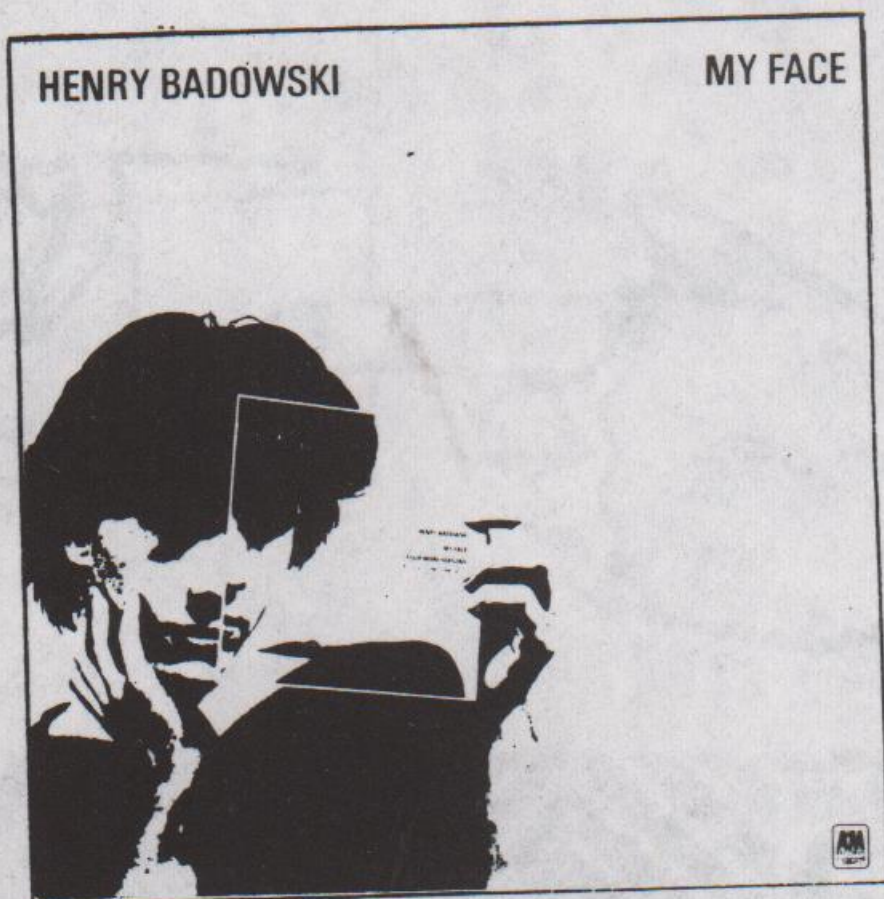


STOCKS AVAILABLE FROM
Rough Trade, London
Advance Records &
at Jean's, Dublin.



- ***SKA FISH** - "Disgracing the family name" (ILLEGAL) Excellent debut ~~album~~ from crazed bi-sexual. Great organ riff.
- ***THE UNITS** - (EP) (Units) A working synth band, 4 songs, "Cannibals" is the best here.
- ***ELVIS COSTELLO** - "I cant stand up..." (P-Beat) As elvis songs go, its pretty poor. Just sounds ordinary.
- ***BAUHAUS** - "Dark Entries (Axis) Another fine 2nd single, this is one to search out.
- ***DER PLAN** - "Der plan"
- ***EDFUL**
- ***PSYCHEDELIC FURS** - "Sister Europe" (Epic) Quite differant from the 1st, slower almost "Heroes" - period Bowie.
- ***LAST WORDS** - Todays Kidz (Remand) Only 4 years too late.

- ***FASHION** (EP) (A&M) Two tracks from the album & one new song. American Import.
- ***THE DISTRACTIONS** - "It doesn't bother me" (Island) Re-hashed version and still good.
- ***ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES** - "Red Frame, White Light" (Dindisc) Disappointing follow-up single.
- ***THE FLYING LIZARDS** - "TV" (virgin) Very commercial; should be a big hit. The album isn't up to much, though.
- ***BERLIN** - "Over 21" (Charisma) "If you're over 21, you can't rock" sez Berlin. In Berlin's case this is very true. All of Berlin are over 21!
- ***YACHTS** - "Now I'm spoken for..." (Radar) Positively the last on Radar. Possibly the last of the Yachts too.
- ***JOAN JETT** - "You don't own me" (Vertigo) Good song, strong production; ruined by poor vocals.
- ***WRECKLESS ERIC** - "Pop Song" (Stiff) Quite catchy, almost rippes-off the "Day Tripper" riff, but not quite.
- ***MARTIN O'CUTHBERT** - "Navigator through nowhere" (Esoteric) Going nowhere.
- ***ERCOM 3** - (Fast) Spectacularly Awful.
- ***BUGGLES** - "The Plastic Age" (Island) Nice production, where's the melody.
- ***MADAME X** - "Little STD" (London/Bomp) Neat little toon, a couple of years too late.
- ***THE POP GROUP** - "We are all prostitutes" (Rough Trade) Neat bass line; pity it's all so stern & serious.
- ***THE RAMONES** - "Baby, I Love you" (Sire) Jeez, this is like laughing at cripples.





WELCOME TO THE WACKY WORLD OF "WEIRD"

TAPE S: CHEAP INSTANT COLLECTABLE
ERASABLE NON-ELITIST DIFFERENT

- ① BACK TO SING FOR FREE AGAIN SOON: PLANET GOD/ASTRONAUTS/ATV/WILFUL DAMAGE + MORE!
- ② REALLY 'WEIRD' ASTROS/ZOUNDS/MY 68/ALLEN/ANDROIDS OF MU + HORRIBLE NUDES
- ③ "WEIRD TALES" LIVE WITH ANDROIDS/ROB/ZOONAZ RESTRICTED HOURS

ONLY £1.50 each plus 15p post+packaging
SEND NOW TO "WEIRD" 243 LANCASTER ROAD, LONDON W11

THAT DANCING!
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY-
THING LIKE IT!

30p

AWARD WINNER!!
"True post-modern"?

Charles: We're taking the
luggage with us.

30p each plus 15p p&p
Better Badges, 286 Portobello Road, London W10

BETTER BADGES

WHATS OP DOC?

LETS DO ROCKSTEADY
RUDER THAN YOU
BODYSNATCHERS 'B'
BODYSNATCHERS 'SNATCH'
BODYSNATCHERS BLACK/RED
GO FEET (WORDS)
GO FEET (PIC)
BEAT GIRL
LAMBRETTAS BEAT BOYS
FAD GADGET 'RICKYS HAND'
DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS
AGAIN AGAIN
JAMMING
20p each + 10p max p&p
send s.a.e. for free
catalogue

286 PORTOBELLO RD
LONDON W10 OK

BETTER TAPES

Why bother making records when you can release your own cassette. Make a few, when they sell come back for more, quick and easy. Xerox your labels and inserts..

COPIES ONTO TAPE SUPPLIED BY US
C30 - 70p. C60 - 90p. C90 - £1.10
PRICES INCLUDE TAPE, COPY & CASE
BETTER BADGES TAPE DEPT. 64A NOTTING HILL GATE, LONDON W11
Walk-in 11-5 weekdays, or 15p p&p per tape. Phone 229 4919

"SEE YOU IN COURT!"

Eleven tracks from the "fastest band in the land" (N.M.E. November 1977). Tapes of THE WARSAW PAKT made generally available for the first time ever, this album length cassette is available only from

STUFF CENTRAL
273 Portobello Road
London W11 1LR
for only £1.75
P & P 20p
Europe 35p

Name _____
Address _____

T-SHIRTS

£3.00
BLUEBEAT
med, large & huge

£3.25
THE DAMNED

£3.25
JAM PAUL WELLER

STATE SIZE S, M, L
U.K. 20p P&P. EUR 50p P&P
MAKE CHEQUES & P.O.s PAYABLE TO HARD LINES

HARD LINES

64a Notting Hill Gate
London W11 - 229 4919



Dallas opens with a title track speeded up to a gallop.

It is a very accurate harbinger of the tempo of each episode.

In quick succession, intrigue follows on intrigue as the plot takes yet another twist or dive depending on how you look at it.

At its simplest, it is an everyday story of ordinary oil millionaires in Texas, called the Ewing family.

Miz Ellie is the matriarch with a mastectomy who heads the clan, together with Jock, her tough Texan husband.

Jock was formed from the Western mould - the sort of man who always looks awkward around furniture and couldn't hold a meringue without pulverising it.

In fact very little introduction to the characters is required in Dallas, since they constantly fill in the background as they talk to each other.

Within five minutes of switching on, you'll have a fair inkling of who's sleeping with whom, who's about to sleep with whom and who's stopped sleeping with whom. Into the latter case fall most of the married couples.

Miz Ellie and Jock started the whole thing by spawning two warring sons - J.R. and Bobby.

J.R. is delightfully nasty - a villain straight out of melodrama. Sneering at Bobby occupies a part of each day.

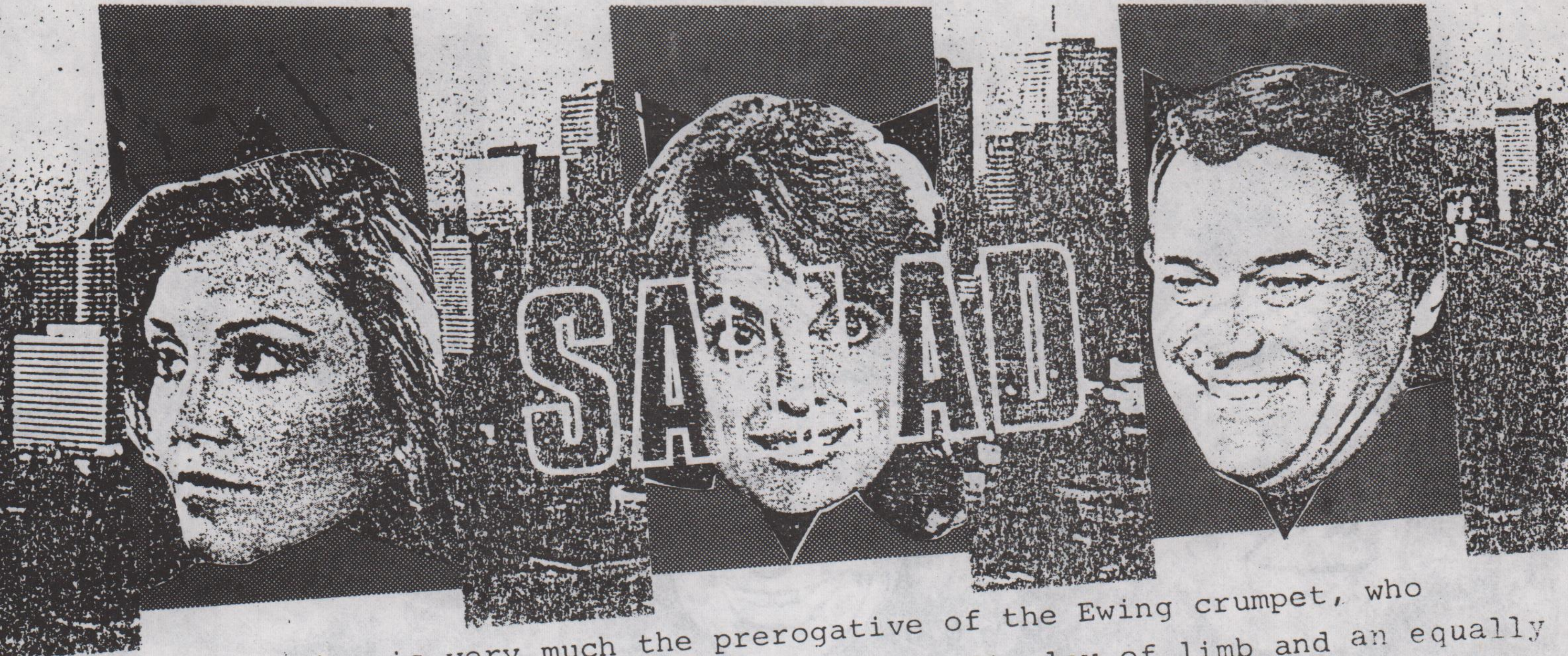
JR to Bobby "You're just too damned good to be rich."

Bobby "I'm still your brother."

JR "As far as I'm concerned, Bobby, I'm an only child."

Bobby is fairly buoyant under these constant attacks. Maybe because he's a refugee from another TV epic - "The Man from Atlantis", where he had fins and the suspicion of webbed feet.

But in Dallas he stays noticeably away from the family swimming pool.



Pool lounging is very much the prerogative of the Ewing crumpet, who parade through each episode with a dazzling display of limb and an equally dazzling lack of grey matter.

moment of my life'

S STARS MARE NPOINT

robber pinned her
hind her back and
pistol to her head—
ders weren't acting

story: "A third gunman grabbed me from behind, pressed a pistol to my head and pinned my arms behind my back. I can still remember how cold and hard that gun barrel felt."

What scared her most was that the robber had already cocked the gun.

"He pushed me next to a man who was shaking like a leaf. His face was milk white with fear. At that point I snapped too. I started sobbing and said: 'Please, God, don't let anybody try to stop them.'"

"I had no doubt they

bags without any opposition. It looked as if nobody would get hurt—until a woman fainted.

"When one man went to help her, the robber holding me kicked him and screamed: 'I told you to keep your hands up!'"

GETAWAY

"A few moments later, they had got all they wanted and were making their getaway. The whole thing couldn't have taken more than a few minutes, but it had seemed as if time had stood still. I still can't get

three-year romance which was lucky to have got

Charlene: 'In my new series I carry on being rich, rebellious and man-chasing'

and study San Diego, California, but moved to a





Sue Ellen is JR's glossy wife. It would seem that the pace of the series has been all too much for her. She has to cope with being idly beautiful, having an affair with Cliff Barnes, JR's arch rival, having a baby with the father's identity still questioned (is it JR's, is it Cliff Barnes', is it really important?) On top of all this, she has a drink problem.

There is a speech in "Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf" where Martha gets depressingly drunk and moans that she cries all day, collects her tears and puts them in the ice box and when they're frozen she puts them in her drink.

Sue Ellen doesn't have the style to do that. She goes to a psychiatrist straight from Central Casting.

He even has a large egg timer on his desk. Perhaps for his patients who like to roll hard boiled eggs at each other to increase their libido. The psychiatrist's expression could be called impassive. He belongs really on Mount Rushmore. His advice is very type-cast too. Sue Ellen complains for an hour while he sits listening impassively.

Then he'll send her away with this nugget.

"You have to learn how to trust again, Sue Ellen. It takes time and work." and at least 6 episodes.

The other two glossy bints are Pamela, Bobby's wife. And Lucy, JR's niece. Pamela looks like a kewpie doll. She has two expressions. Intense happiness and vacant misery.

When she's being miserable, good old Bobby will have a heart to heart chat with her. Pamela desperately wants a child but in true soap fashion if she has one, she may die giving birth. So she nurses this hurt darkly to herself, until Bobby says something hearty like - "Seems like we haven't laughed in weeks".

Out there in front of the tube every viewer nods in agreement.

Lucy is something else. She's a blonde dwarf who's good at cheerleading, getting caught at speeding through town and talking on the phone. Much of the plot in Dallas is revealed through phone conversations. It's the lazy scriptwriter's way out and it makes for very cheap scenes.

The phone in the Ewing ranch is well positioned for eavesdropping. Lucy's name in real life suits her even better - Charlene. She's

Lolita, she's a Snow White who drifted, she's descriptably bad. But back to JR who really has all the style.

His home is the black skyscraper where he hustles deals, sleeps with his lissome secretaries and has complete power over his minions. He is less at home in Southfork Ranch and tends to skip the fruit salad at meals and reach for the booze.

He drives a lean black Mercedes and always looks like the stranger in town in a Western who might shoot you down if you got in his way. He's a fighter who believes in the power of money and sex.

He fights to defend the Ewing family from the rise of the likes of Cliff. Cliff's father was Digger Barnes who was in partnership with Jock

Ewing way at the beginning of time. Jock did the dirty on Digger and gained the throne. (The plot rivals Peyton Place for complexity).

But in some strange way, JR is the hero because he's defending his household Gods. All his machinations are to further the Ewing empire.

But they're also to cheat Bobby out of his birthright and to defeat Pamela, who is - wouldn't you know - Cliff Barnes's sister! Cliff Barnes fights back of course, but somehow his tactics seem petty and mean in comparison.

His possession of Sue Ellen is only one way of injuring JR. Hit the man where it hurts most.

Along the path of revenge he becomes head of the Texas Land Commission so that he can thwart Ewing business deals.

Ultimately he stands for destruction. JR for construction. Who knows what will happen in this rollicking tale?

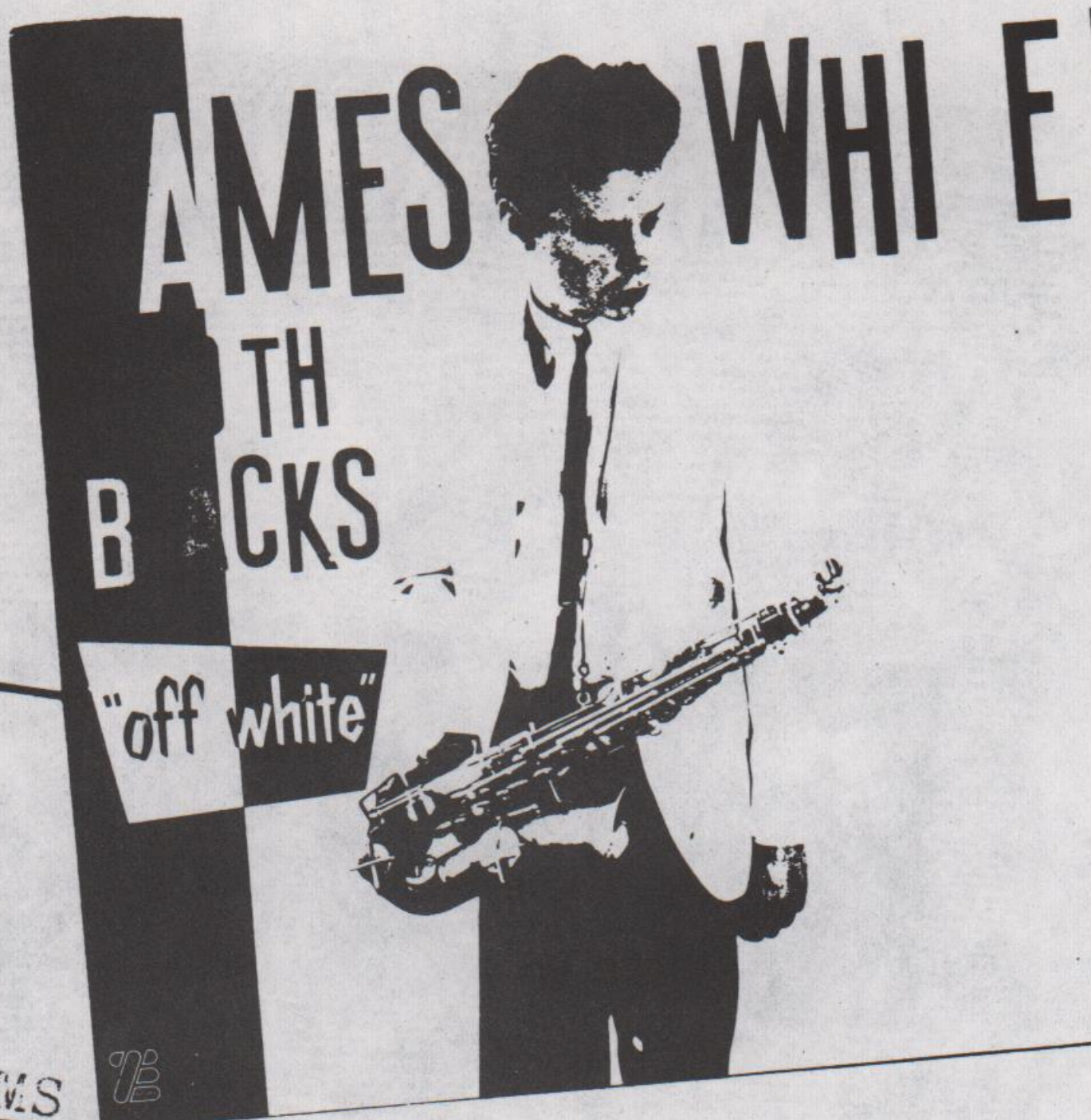
Will Sue Ellen sack the nurse and bring up her child by herself? Will Miz Ellie stop gazing into middle distance while saying.

"It's quiet here. Too quiet.?"

Will Lucy win the title of Superbint for the second year running?

Will Pamela get a new hairstyle?

Tune in next week and see for yourself.



12 INCHES OF

Pleasure

ALBUMS

ALBUMS
***JAMES WHITE & THE BLACKS** - "Of White" (Ze/Island) First Album from legendary new york combo. Not as frantic as the four tracks on "No New York". This is better played, funkier. The original Contortions are intact here, and no matter what James says, were vital to the sound. Side one is a Treat. "Contort Yourself", a great signature tune. "Heatwave", B-Side of the I2" is here too. Side two is instrumental, O.K. but not essential.
***THOMAS LEER & ROBERT RENTAL** - "The Bridge" (Industrial) The promise of their separate solo singles is fulfilled in this album. One side is catchy and the other is atmospheric. This represents the Do-it-yourself at home side of things.



***JOHN FOXX** - "Metamatic" (Metal Beat) Former Ultravox vocalist goes solo with a very worthwhile all electronic album on his own label. A major influence on Gary "Bright Eyes" Numan and as such should be checked out by all Numan Humans.

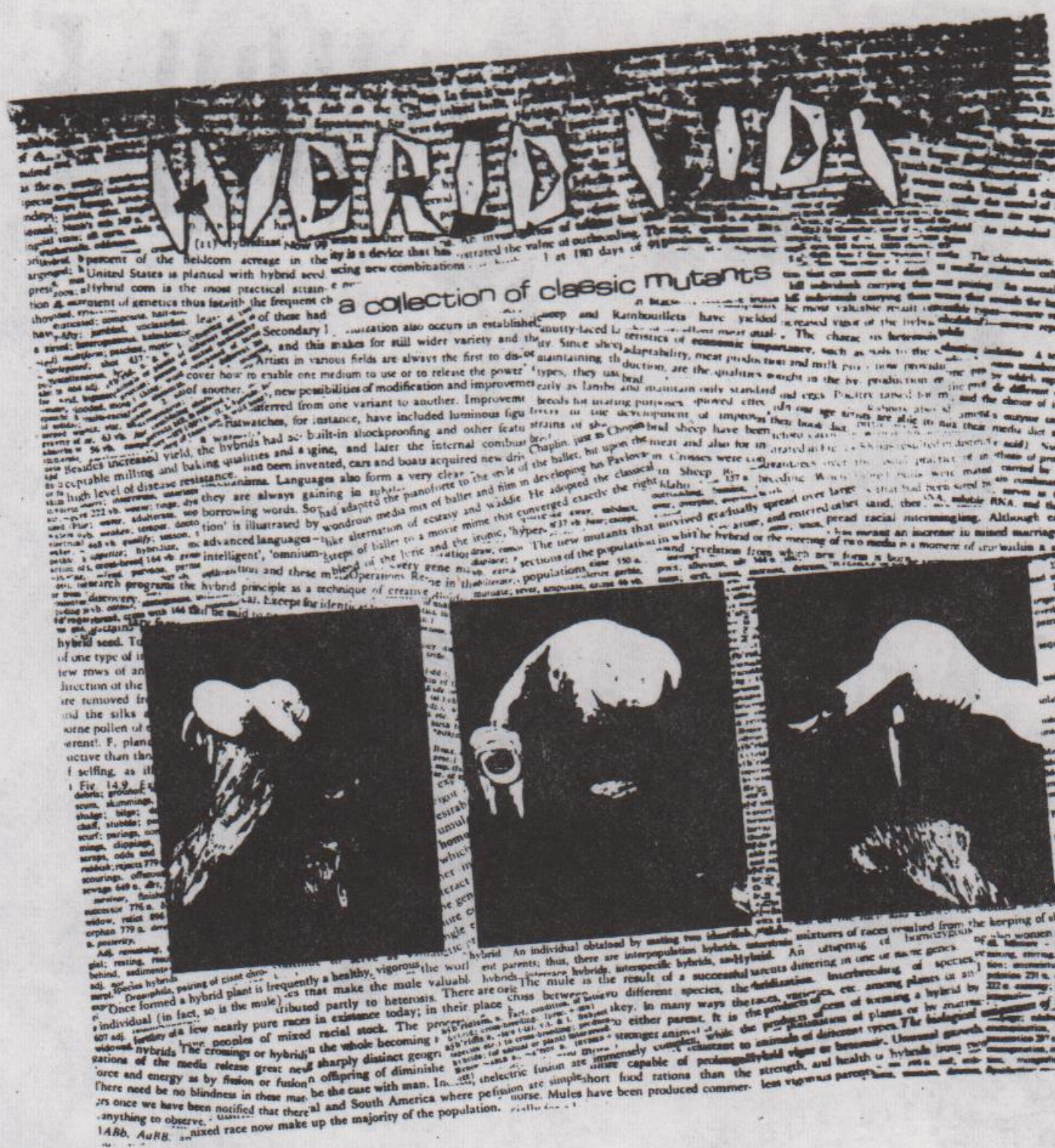
***JAPAN** - "Quiet Life" (Ariola) "Stranded" for the Eighties, despite the comparison test "Quiet Life" has a life of it's own. And is interesting and definitely not heavy metal. Their third album and each one has been different.

***METABOLIST** - Hanston / Klork (Dromm) Ha! Hanston Klork. Old hippies never die they just make rather neat albums for you to face the EIGHTIES, an album of interesting and varied sound with the added touch of humour and madness. Like it.
***SIMPLE MINDS** - "Real to Real" Cachophony" (Arista) Much better than the first. Updated Roxy sound best number "Changling", "Premonition" and "Real to Real".

***THROBBING GRISTLE** - "20 Jazz Funk Greats" (Industrial) Their third official album on industrial and this time round they sound definitely a lot cleaner and (dare we say it) more "normal". They begin to approach sounds that others do better. Got a great "music for pleasure", sleeve, though.

***BRUCE WOOLEY** "English Garden" (Epic) An excellent album, full of hit-sounding singles. "Clean Clean", "Circus", "Flying", are only three of them. The ousted Buggles Man makes a V.neat album.

***SUBTERRANEAN MODERN** - (Ralph) San Francisco's finest? Well not quite. MX-80 are awful, The Residents don't come up with anything we haven't heard from them before but Tuxedomoon really shine, their tracks are ace. Chrome are also very good, hard edged velvets type music "Waterfront" is their best. Chrome's latest on the Beggers Banquet could be interesting.



***GIORGIO MORODER - E=MC2 (Hansa)**
The man behind so many chart successes comes up with quite a neat solo. "If you wearn't afraid" is the best here. All the tracks are joined together making it a continuous, if laid back disco L.P. Gallery outtakes from the human minds of those folks back home who never stayed home. The heads permanently on show. Demented psychodlia, songs for nuts.

***PEBBLES - VOL 3 (B Din)** The Acid never stayed home. The heads permanently on show. Demented psychodlia, songs for nuts.

***DR. MIX - "Wall of Noise" (Rough Trade)** Rough Trade's first ever signing (as metal urbain) Dr. Mix release an electronic L.P. of covers. And it works quite well. "Out of the question" a seeds song, is terrific. Side 2, consisting of "Superman" (Bowie) and "Sister Ray" (Reed) is outstanding, an all-out synth assault, primitive metal Rock 'n' Roll. Recommended.



***PRETENDERS - Pretenders**
(Real) I bought this Album, I don't know why I bought this Album. I have all the good tracks. "Private Life" is the only other goodie. Most embarrassing moment; C. Hynde saying "Fuck Off" in the song "Precious". Why do these people think they have to say these things to appear all "Punky" and "Street".

***THE FLYING LIZARDS (Virgin)**
Another "If you have the singles, don't bother with the L.P." kind of Album. This goes for "T.V." also, an excellent single. Why isn't the rest like this?

***THE LAST - L.A. Explosion**
(London/Bomp) a bit scrappy at first, but it does grow. All their previously released singles are here, which is always a drag. Like the Shoes, it takes a coupla listens.

***CABARET VOLTAIRE - "Grooving at the Y.M.C.A." (Rough Trade)**
An the Cabs Greatest Hits volume I. The songs and sounds you know and love. And really worth lending an ear too if this is your type of music. Did I say music?

***THE HYBRID KIDS "A collection of classic mutants"**
(Cherryred) Basically, cos you know it's Morgan Fisher, you know it's a joke. Were certain tracks here, mainly "Get Back" and "Fever", to be released as singles; they could fool a lot of people into thinking this was some Hip new band.

ADVERTISEMENT

He shrugged and turned away from the window, sipping his coffee and relaxing into his chair, allowing himself to drown in the noise.

"Tastey!" He smiled to the screams.

"Beautiful!" He chorused to the chants.

"Exquisite!" He stuttered to the gun-fire.

"Louder!" He called to the air, till his voice sank under the pressure of sound.

He closed his eyes in peace as the volume climbed.

RASCM fed him his daily diet of violence; sifting, fitlering, phasing, repeating, a continual tapestry of the riots outside, as the waves of second-hand humanity ebbed and flowed against the electric fences.

RASCM - the Random Audio Sampling Computer Matrix - secure behind its steel and armour walls, attenuated its microphones and retracted its booms. Along its subterranean telephone cables, it whispered with COMSIC, SAMTOP and the others. TCSRSM relayed satellite pictures of the remains of the riot.

It was nearly over, the last demonstratory melting away with the dusk, leaving behind their dead and wounded, uncaring in their righteous war against the 'machines'.

When they had all gone, RASCM sent forth its army of sanitation machines, to collect the organic trash and make repairs for tomorrows debacle.

The bodies were dumped into the hoppers to be tested and refashioned, reduced to protoplasmic soup; there to be regrown and returned, only to waste themselves again.

Within half an hour, the outside, within the perimeter, was tidy, though beyond, in the garbage of conflict, the odd moan and groan counterpointed the chug-chug of the reducers.

It was a pity RASCM couldn't get to them, but even a computer must know its limitations.

He opened his eyes and looked around the darkened room, lit only by the yellow/red flames from outside. Familiar shadows danced to the silent music of arson as the licking tongues of fire lapped at the ruined ribcages of dead buildings.

He rose and eased the kinks out of his shoulders as he walked to the window. The foot-thick glass slightly distorted the view, adding rainbow prisms to the edhes of flame, kaleidoscoping the waste-heaps of mankind.

"Very nice," He smiled at the decorative dump, where little fairylights of napalm still stuck and sizzled.

"I missed the end. Play it back." He called over his shoulder.

RASCM checked with the PDU - the personal diagnostic unit - which constantly measured his pulse rate, blood pressure, brain activity, temperature,

skin moisture and oxygen/carbon dioxide conversion ratio, to fix the time he had fallen asleep, and refed the sound from that instant.

The soothing sounds of violence tip-toed into the room, growing and swelling its endless patchwork of destruction.

Someone was screaming, "Destroy the machines," or maybe not, it might just have been another fine example of RASCM's editing. However, the chant was taken and looped, repeated, dubbed and overdubbed into a symphony of hate.

He listened with pride to RASCM's work and smiled at the irony.

"I didn't think computers were supposed to be cynics."

From behind its fisheye lens, RASCM noted his reaction. In the organic/silicate/synapses simulcra, etched neurons forced new path in an attempt to understand.

Cynicism/wit...equate with humour....Humour?

'Well, why not?' RASCM thought, then realised it was aware of though...then realised it was aware.

It sifted/shifted through its tapes and found meaning in works that, moments before, were just sounds. It tried, through its speakers.

"Why?" It asked.

He grinned. "You had the potential. Glad to see you use it." He patted the console.

"Why?" Repeated RASCM.

"Why what?"

"Why do they hate me...all machines?"

"They long for the old days. They blame you for the changes."

"Before the machines, life was better?"

"No."

"Then why?"

"They hate you because they hate themselves."

"I do not understand," stated RASCM.

"Neither do they."

B&W

THE HEIRS



PETE HAMILTON: Synthesizers, Rythem Generator and Vocals.

Ageing, ex-hippy, Pete (29) has had a long and totally undistinguished musical career which has brought about an advanced state of senility. When asked, recently, how he became lead singer with THE MODERN HEIRS, he explained that he owned the microphone.

STAN ERRAUGHT: Electric Guitar, Spanish Guitar, Bass, Complex Cymbalism
Tall (6'02½") and sallow, Stan has been described as the brains behind THE MODERN HEIRS; I was there when he said it. Formally one of the founder members of Mama Castrati & The Wincers, he lends street credibility and money to the rest of the band. Stan is 18.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF THE MODERN HEIRS

THE MODERN HEIRS were formed early in 1978, by Steve Rapid, the master-mind behind many other disasters, including The Radiators.

At that time, the band had an indeterminate number of members, fluctuating between two and twelve.

THE MODERN HEIRS first played in March 1978 and their impact was such that all but two (Steve and Pete) left. However, Stan, who was in the audiece, realised that here was a band on a par with his musical asperations.

Thus, he joined and, a few months later, Ed was accepted into the fold, in a vain attempt to get Pete to leave.

He didn't, but Steve did!

Though justifiably modest, THE MODERN HEIRS are living proof that musical talent lurks in the most unexpected places.

Unfortunately, it missed them entirely.

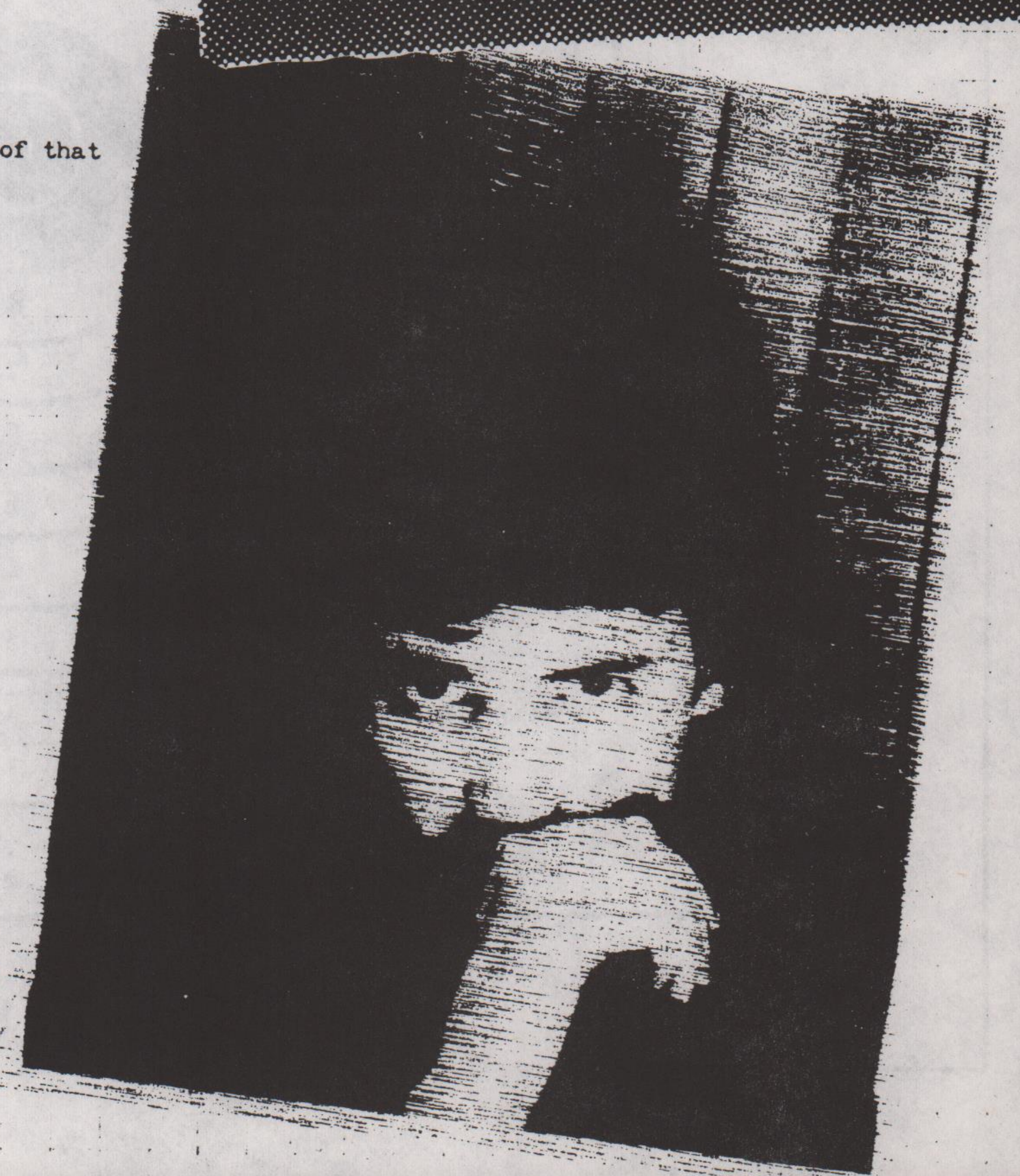
AI NO CORRIDA (THE BEAST REVILED)

Forget it I'm human
Bound by convention
Suddenly confounded
In three dimensions
In the cold of the sun
I call out your name
And in the heat of the night
I listen in pain

Cheated ill-treated
With words from an axe
The hunch-back of love
The beast with two backs
I reach out through bars
But you scream and you run
So I reach out my grasp
And tear out the sun

AI no corrida
I tear out the light
And the Minator's whore
Feels the pain of the fight
AI no corrida
Whisper and moan
And the beast with two backs
Is again alone

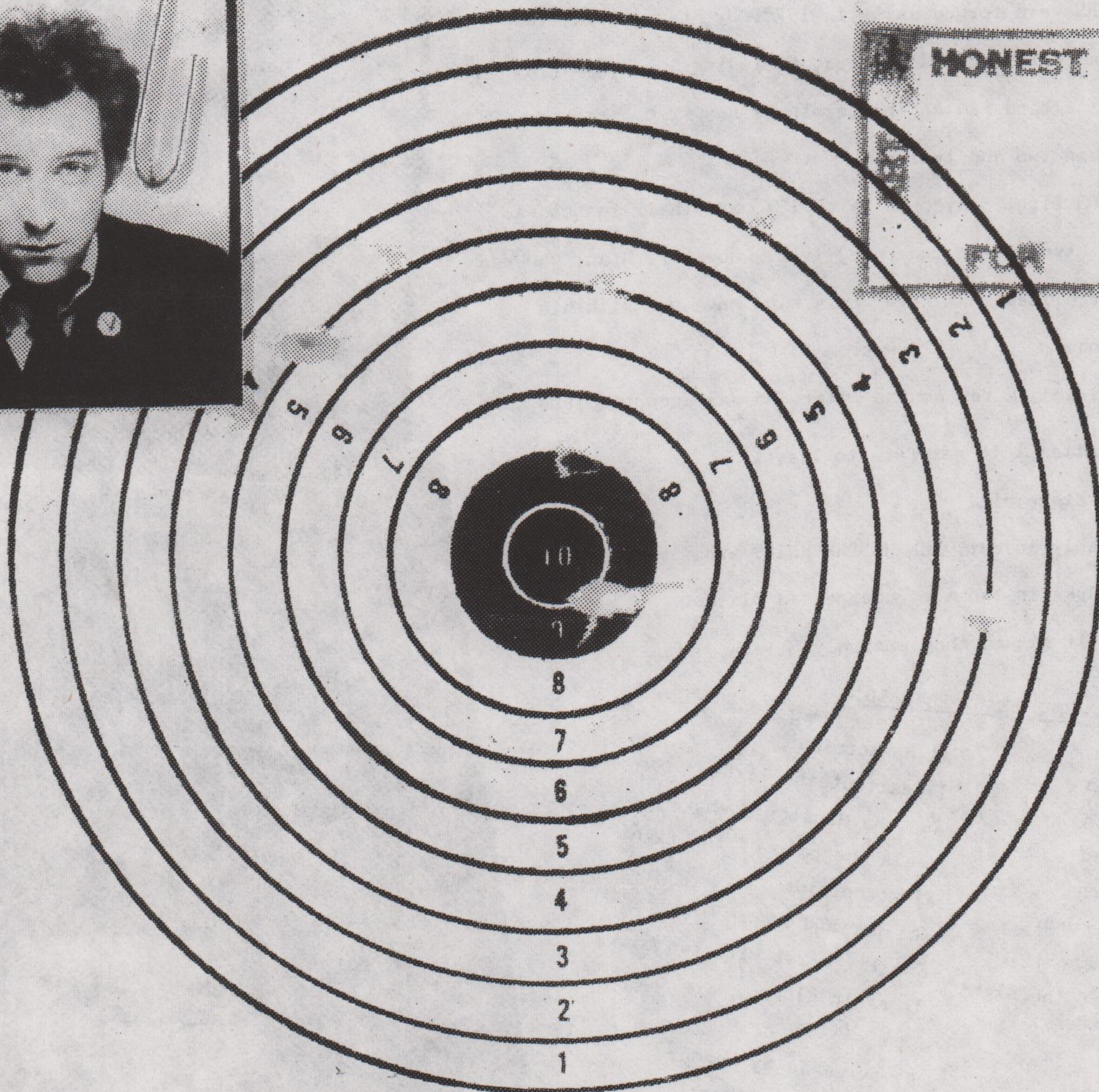
My curse is my humour
Compounded by trust
Who laughs with a lover
In the anguish of lust
There's a joke in the truth
Though the beast is reviled
And I laugh at the world
But for you
Just smile



statement

NAME:	Dave Clifford
ADDRESS:	449a Sth. Circular Rd., Rialto, Dublin 8
DATE OF BIRTH:	21/4/52
LIKES:	Wire, Popgroup, Mekons, Viennese Actionists, Dialogue.
DISLIKES:	Parochialism, Political Institutions, Anglomania, American Smiles, Arty-Farties.

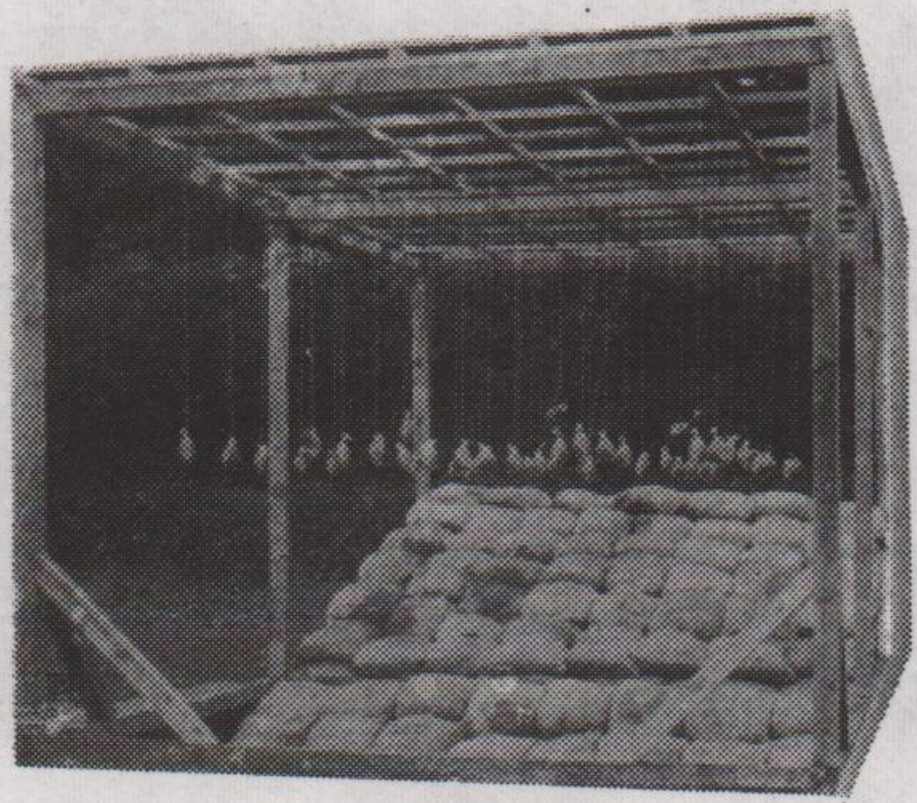
01 FEB 1980



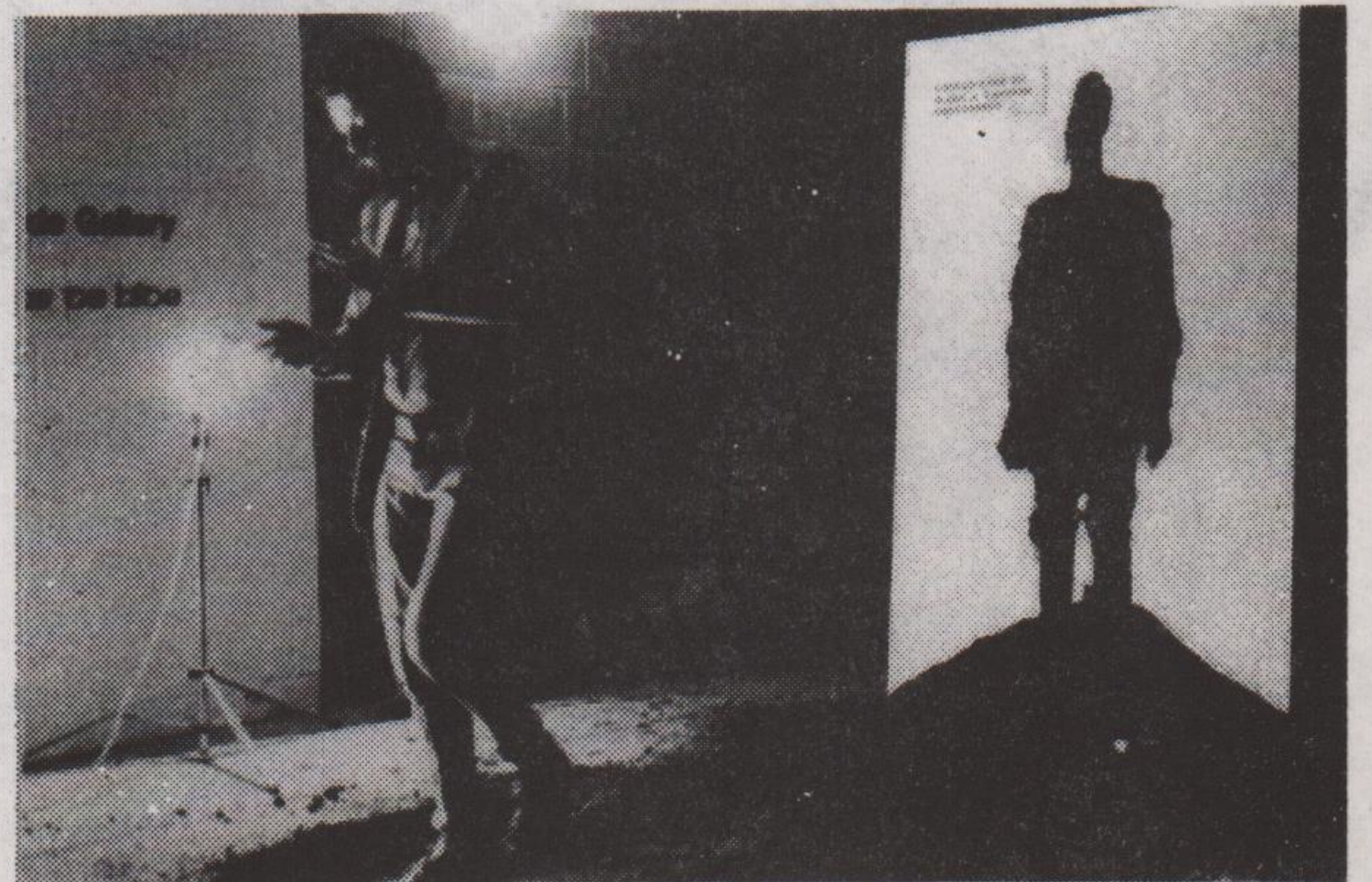
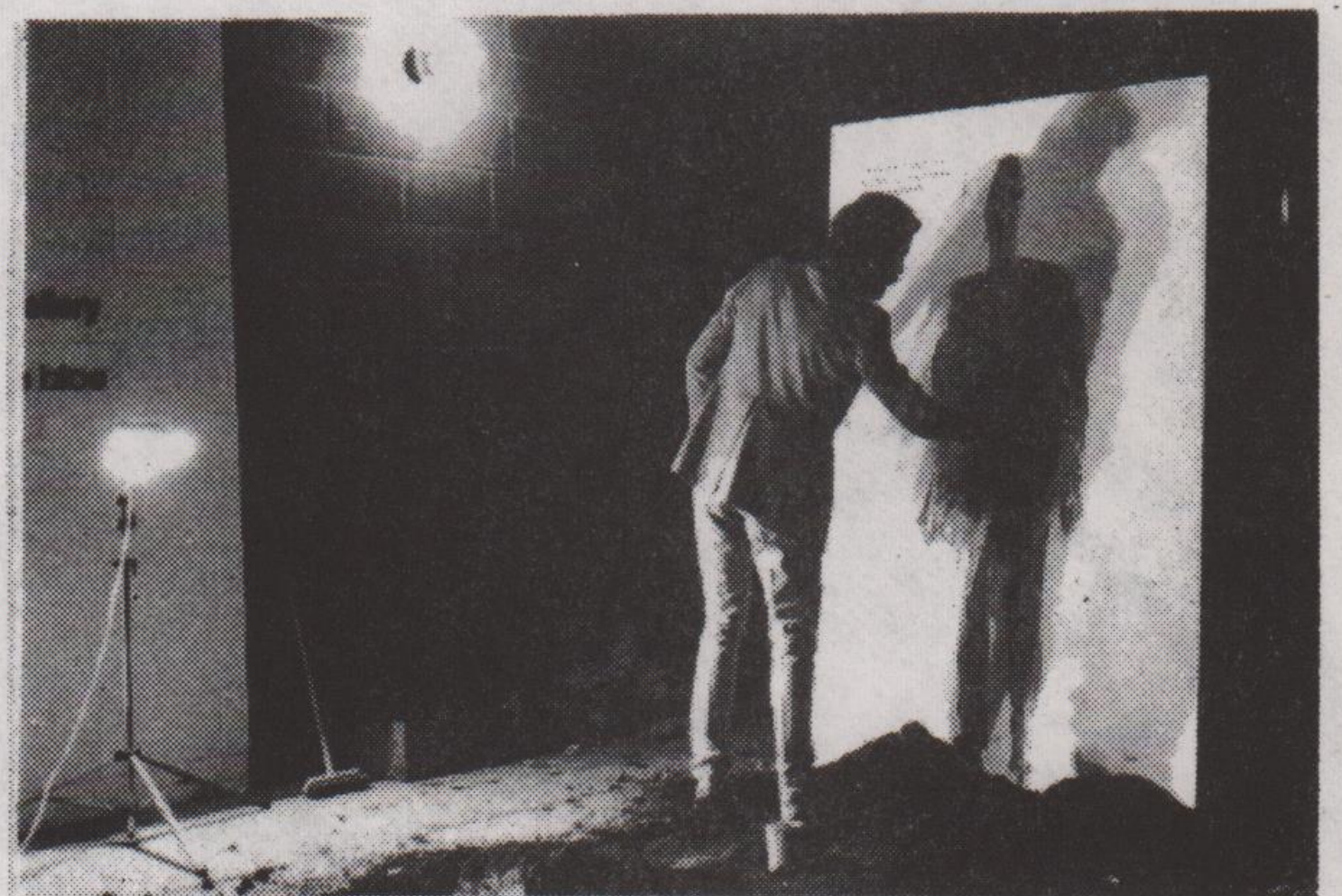
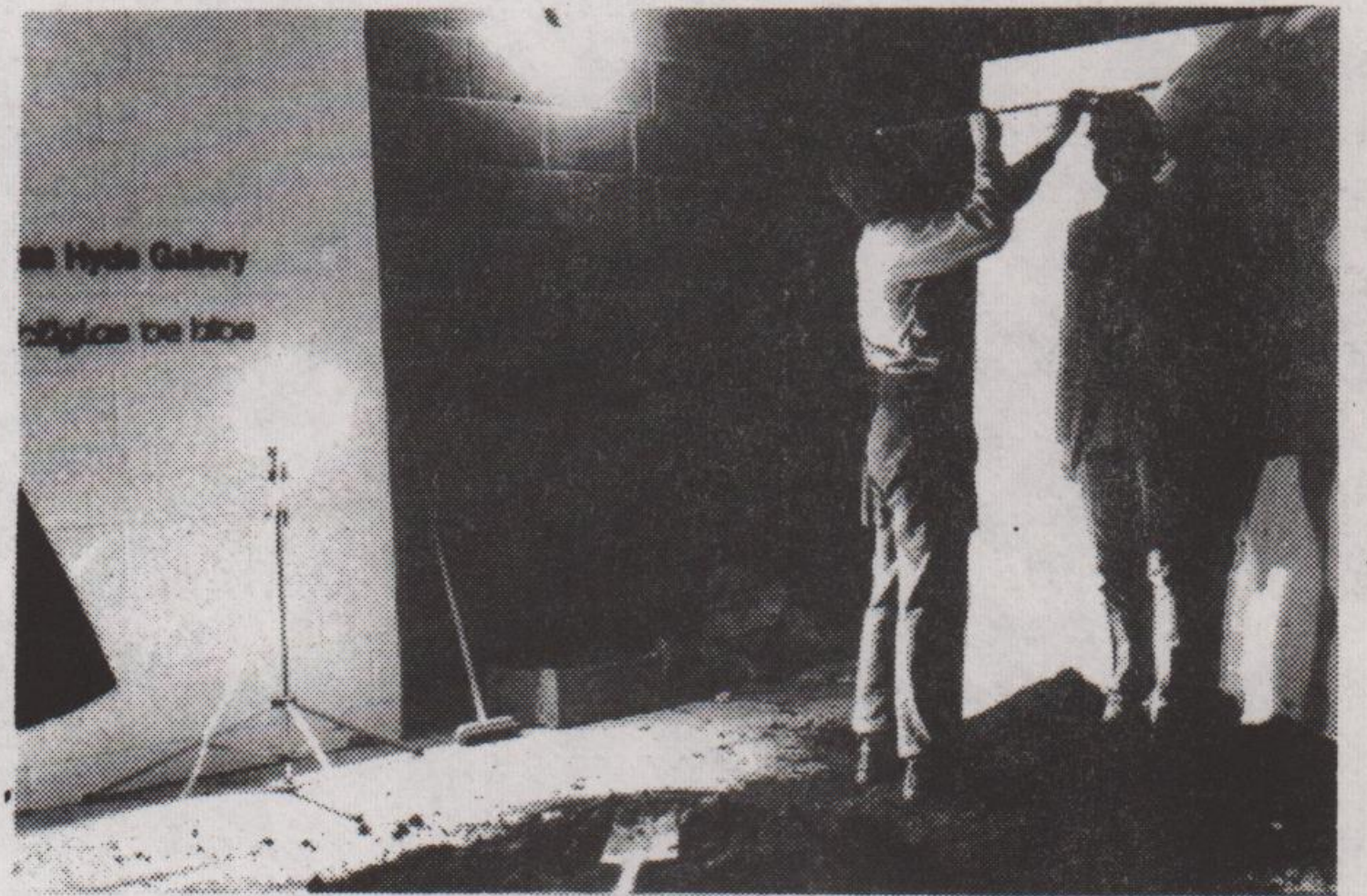
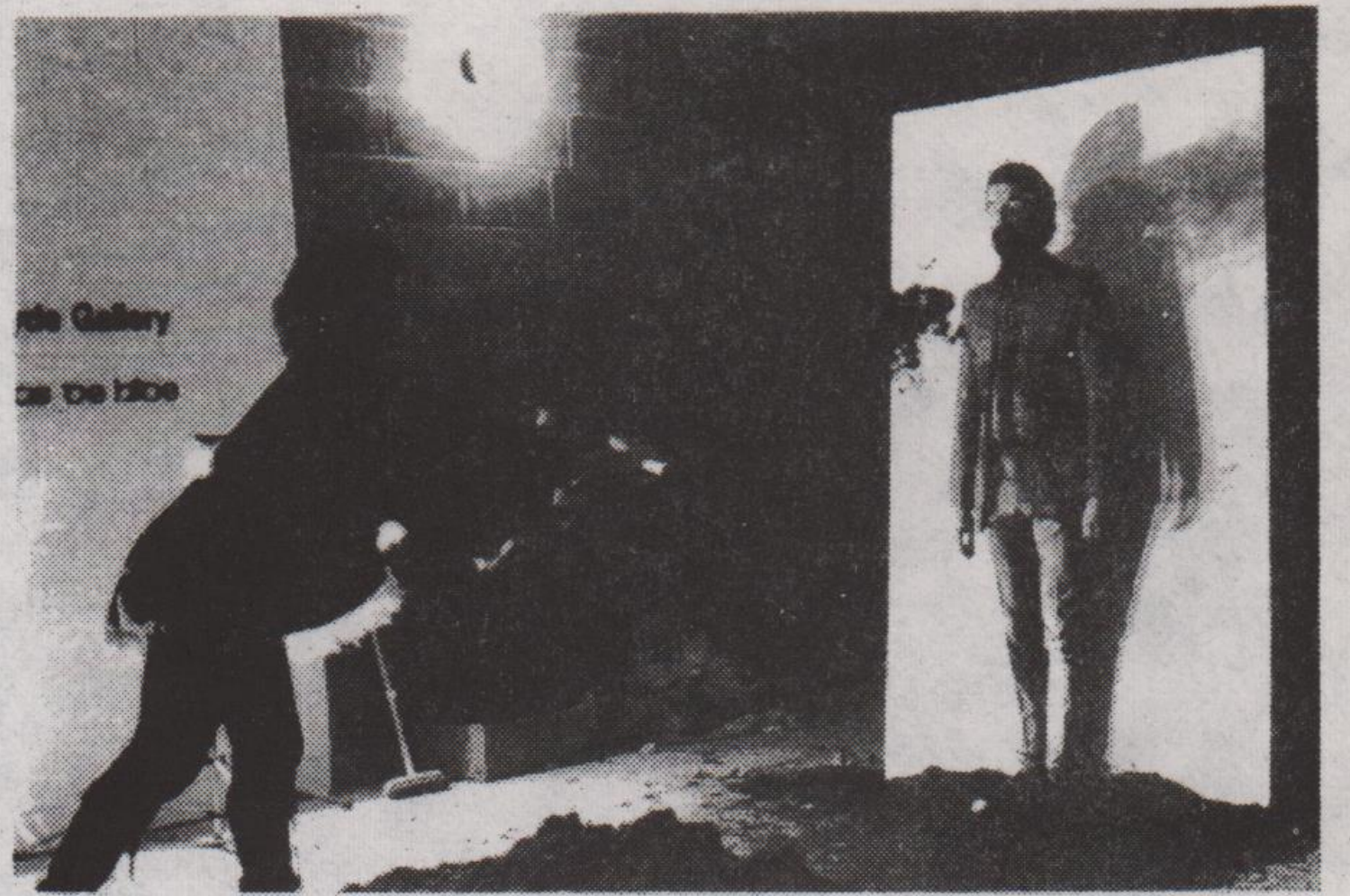
Standard 25 Yards

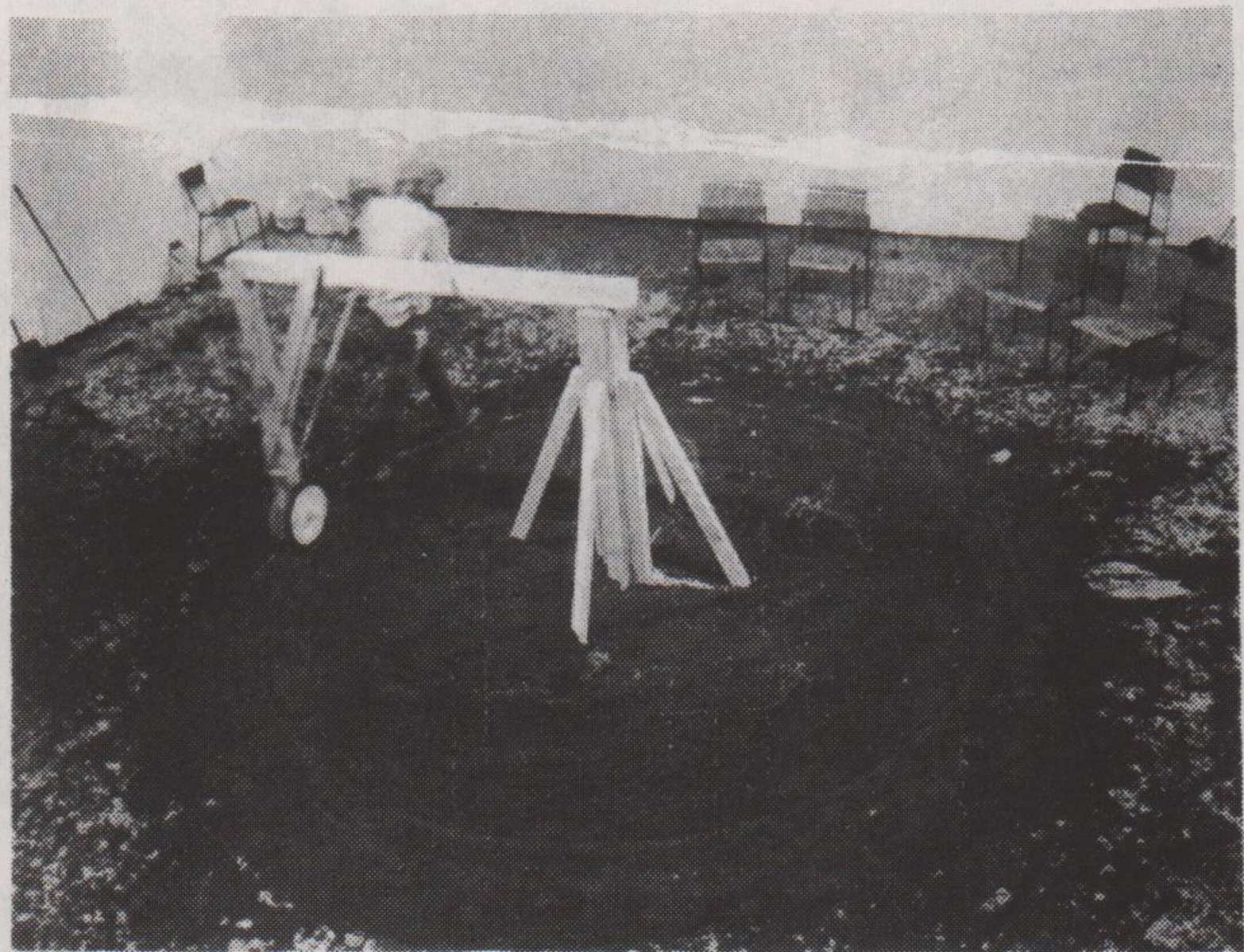
The "Super" Target

The nature of my time based art usually stems from the situation in which the work finds itself is a reaction to a particular body of thought/institution or to a direct organic experience. The work questions the value system prevalent in our society and reacts against a system where art product is seen as an elitist investment. My approach concerns a direct physical involvement where the work is freely available to the public. A movement is, thereby, set up between the audience and the artist which induces a real sense of activity. For example if I wish to kill fish (by syphoning or shooting) as part of an art work the audience is drawn into the activity and becomes an active participant in it.

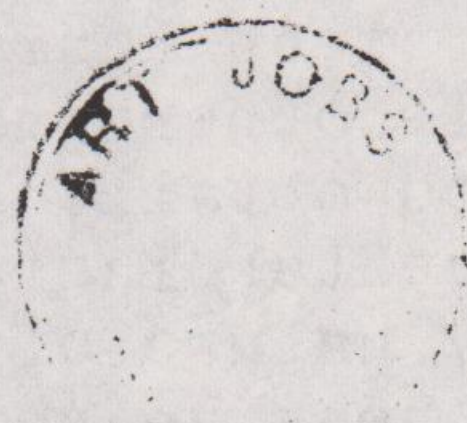
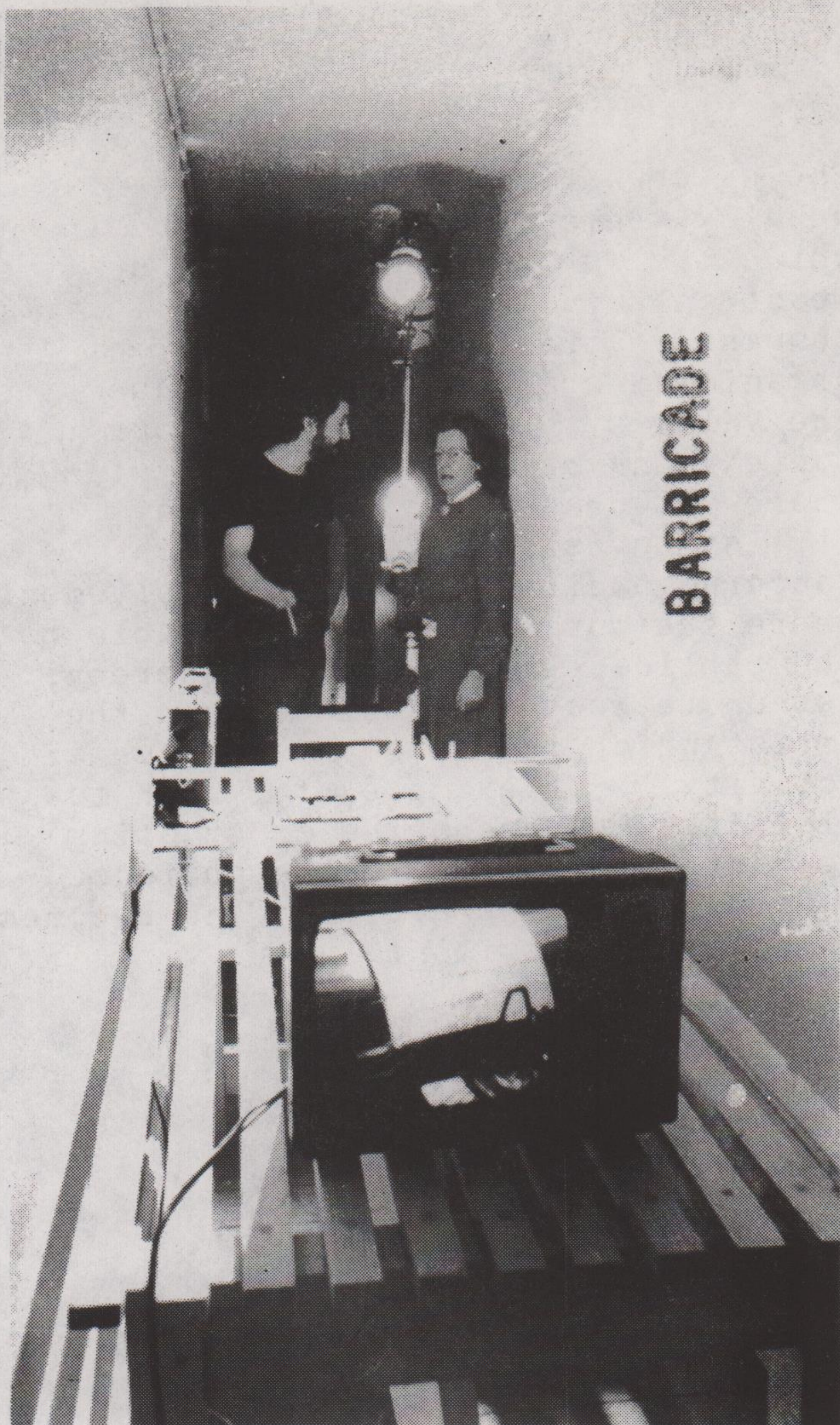


Some virtuous people may wish to stop the piece (cuman you young rebels) while others may wish to dialogue so as to obtain, at first hand experience, a greater insight into the event. The very nature of this type of work means it opens up people to alternative means of expression. For too long paintings and sculptures have been exhibited in galleries - white cubes where people are overcome both by the quality of the space and often by what they see inside. Live art work attempts to break down the barriers of mystification inherent in the process "art object into gallery - saleable product*"





Live artwork opposes the notion 'art for art's sake', and prefers to concern itself with a pursuit for knowledge at a functional rather than a technical level. I view my work basically as a way of life in which an attempt is made to understand the experience of reality. Such experience is often masked by the imaginary world as viewed by a liberal bourgeoisie culture. I am against such a representational outlook where free artistic expression is encouraged only if it does not disrupt middle class sensibilities.



RAPID EYE MOVEMENT



Winter '79 • Issue 1 • 34 pages • SCRITTI FOLITTI • MARK PERRY • PATRIK FITZGERALD • THE PIRAHNAS • NICKY • THE DOTS • TONY PARSONS • JULIE BIRCHILL • CHELSEA • TOWN MODS & LOADS MORE!!

XEROX AND

Staples

FANZINES

Magazines First:

***New York rocker:** #24, #25 #26 (£1)
Apart from 'Search and Destroy', NYR is currently the best around, in it's overall coverage. From Pop to Electronic, and not just New York artists either. #24 featured great James Chance interview and the Four Marksist Brothers:—The gang of four (or was that the previous issue?) #25, new style, size, format iggy pop, Mick Farren. John Savage, etc. #26 has gang war, sylvain, and great graphics.

***SLASH:** Vol 2, #7, #8, #9, #10, #11 (80p) A big improvement all round with Slash. What was sloppy and "Punky" is now professionally laid-out. #7 featured good interview with Paul "Blue Collar" Schrader, and an update on all new L.A. Bands. #8 and #9 contained a Throbbing Gristle two-parter. Gives us all an illuminating insight into NME editorial policy. #10 not so hot, gang of four, D.O.A. etc. #11 features James White/Black/Chance/Brown, and Anya Phillips; a sort of oriental Jake Rivera.

***ZIGZAG** #98 (50p) as boring now as it was then. Then being when it ran ten page features on new riders of the purple sage and Mike Nesmith obituaries. What ZZ needs now is the same Kick in the Ass Kris Needs gave it when he became editor.

***DAMAGE:** #4 (80p) San Francisco's successor to 'Search and Destroy', and not BAD either. Several S+D writers.

NOW THE FAN-ZINES*

*RAPID EYE MOVEMENT

***I** (30p) Really excellent first issue, mainly for a very informative Tony Parsons/Julie Birchill interview. They come across as a couple of nice ordinary People, not the ogres they're often pictured as.

***STABMENTAL:** #2 (30p) Developing into one of the best mags around. Articles on Rema-Rema, Clockdwa and the Lemon Kittens. Neatly laid out too.

***ALL THE POETS:** #1 (30p) It's poetry O.K., but it's well put together, well designed and laid-out.

STABMENTAL



THIRTY PENCE.

All the poets they studied rules of verse — And those ladies they roll their eyes



NMX

for your guidance

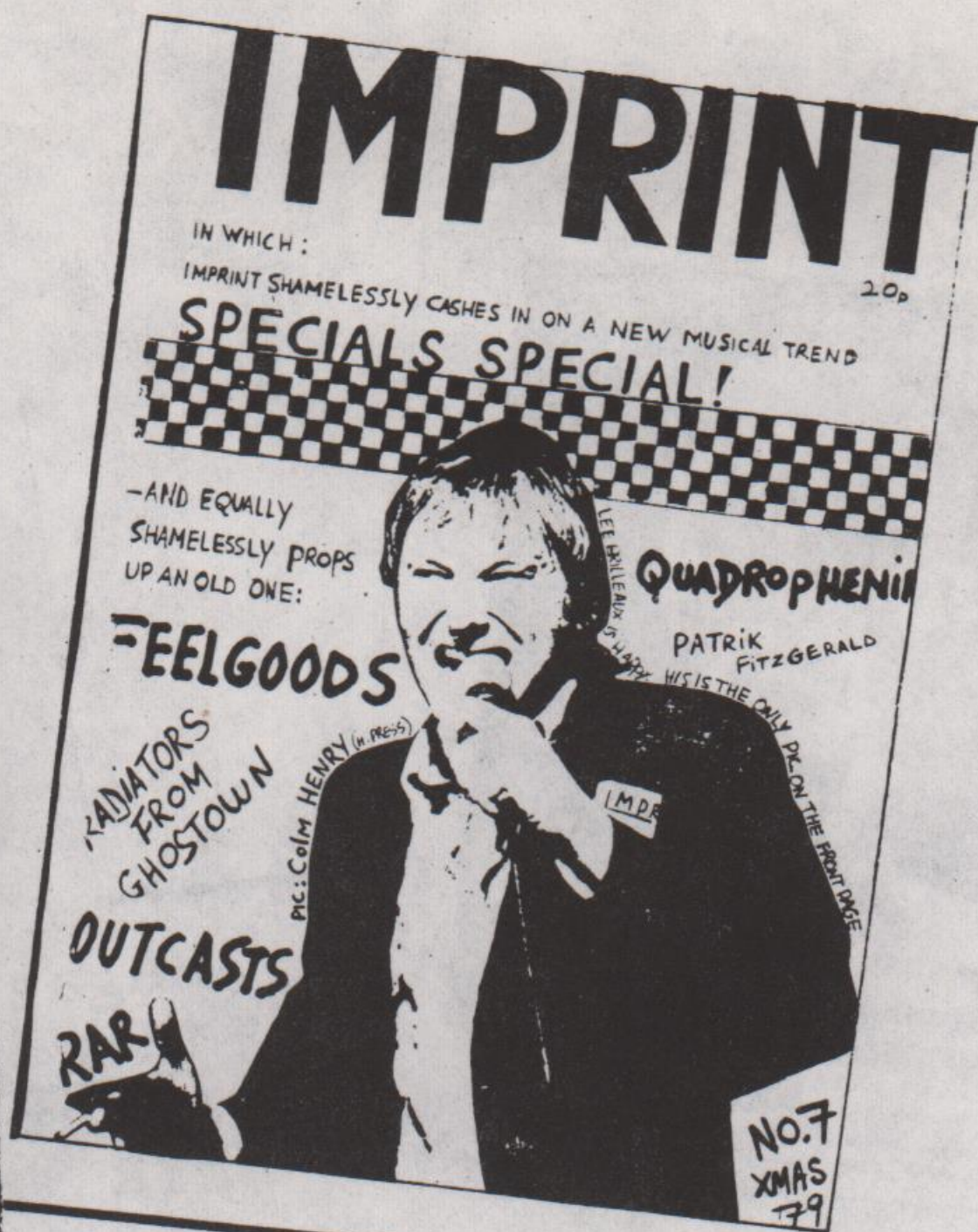
WAAAGH! CAN'T MISS IT!

Extra cats expected on streets

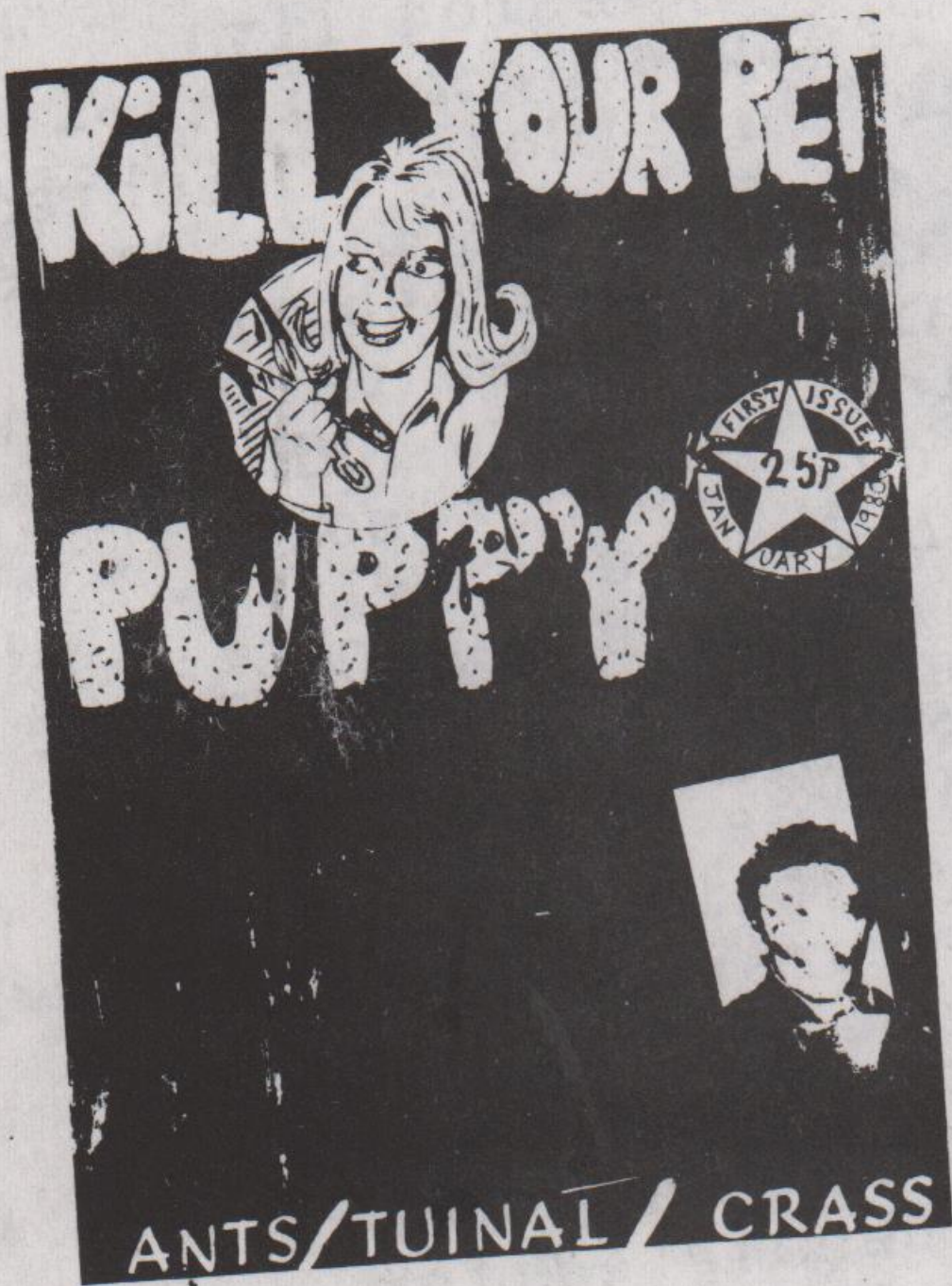
NEW CABARET VOLTAIRE DISCS

DISEASE

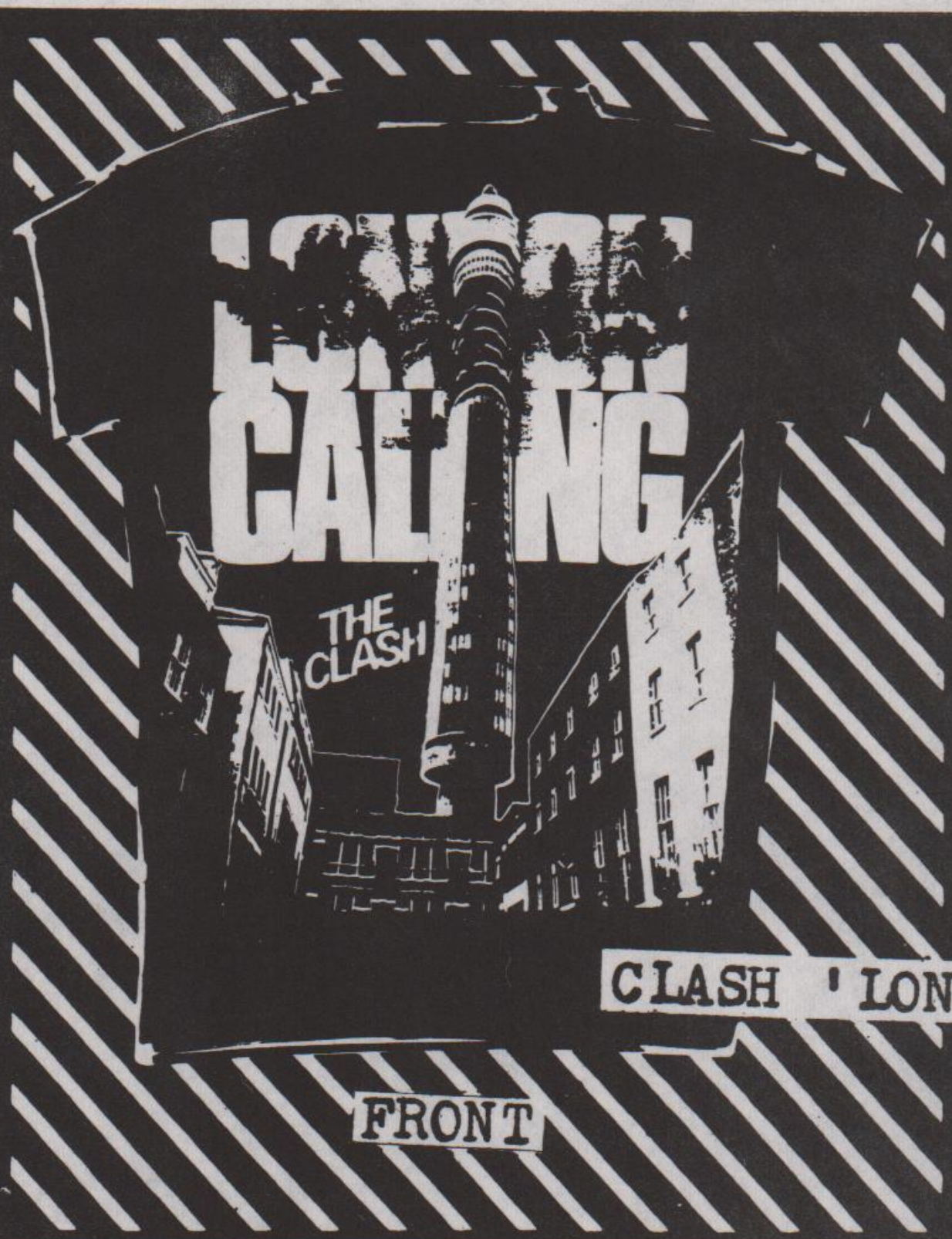
PARTS REFORM/SPLIT NAKED PYGMY VOLES THE PROCESS plus bits on



NO. 1. SPECIAL ISSUE
XMAS 79

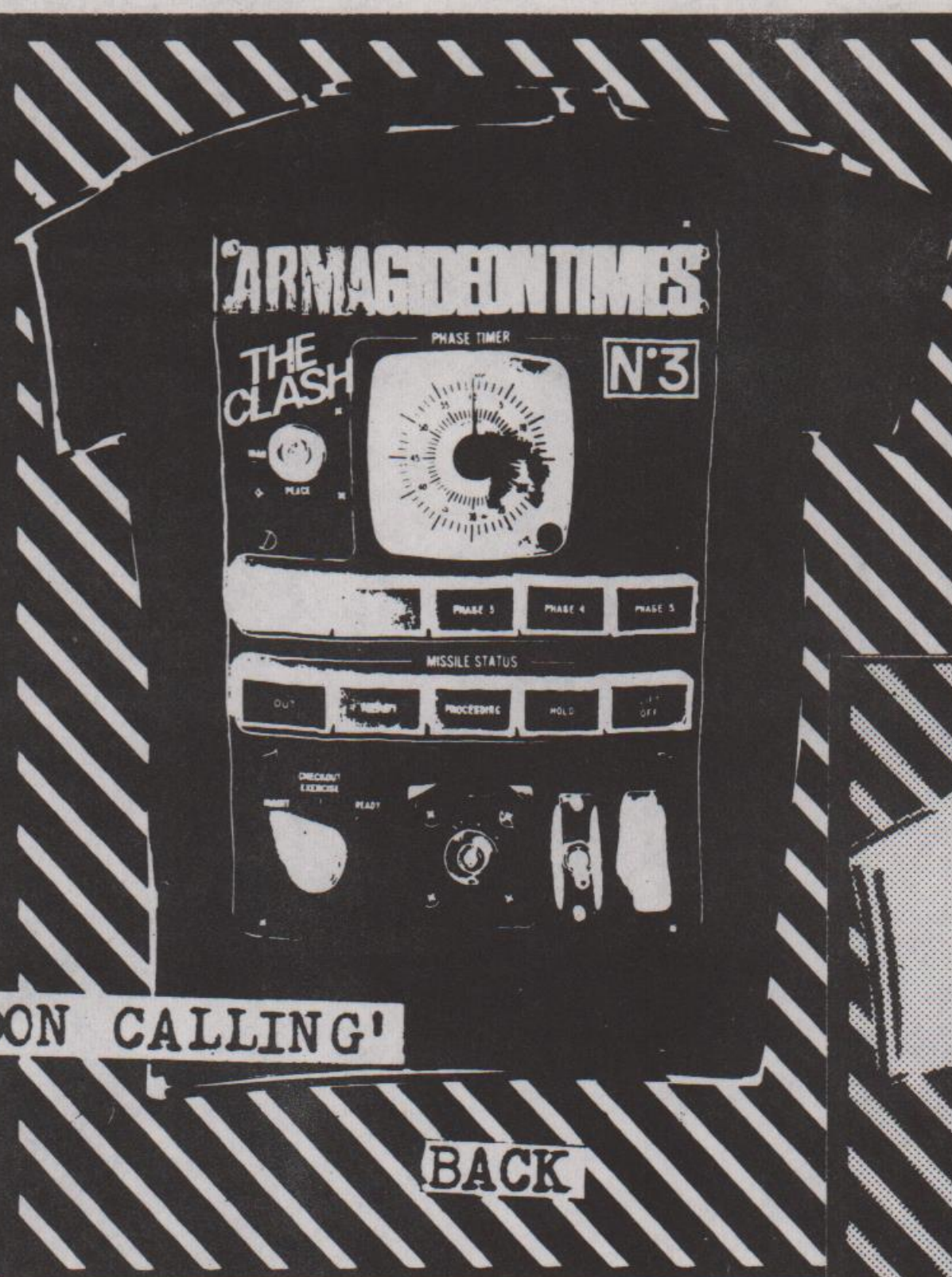


- ***IMPRINT**: #7 (20p) Now up to full A4 size.. Imprint mixes good with Bad. Super (uncensored) outcasts interview up-to-date RAR piece and the Radiators. But who needs articles on the Feelgoods or the Awful specials.
- ***BRASSLIP**: # Basically all girls fanzine. Raincoats, mary mekon, VI Squad, etc. and well done too, but the girls-only will eventually prove constricting, I think.
- ***GRABUGE**: # I (£1) French, very graphic, and expensive. Hardcore collectors only.
- ***KILL YOUR PET PUPPY**: #I (25p) Tony D's return, quite entertaining really.
- ***THE STORY SO FAR**: #I (30p) Mentioned last ish, Barracudas feature very good.
- ***JAMMING**: #9 (25p) Gets better each time. Extensive singles, albums, fanzines, reviews and solid features. Lots of colour too.
- ***GEEK**: # (20p) Quite good, but very serious politically.
- ***TOXIC GRAFITTY** (their spelling!) #4 (25p) If the Goodies did a punk parody fanzine, it couldn't be funnier than this. Every cliché in the book dredged up in this one.
- ***CHARTBUSTERS**: # 5 (45p) Grimy. Kate Bush, Gary Numan+ Sting. Amazing revelations!
- ***DIE TAGESZEITUNG**: # (£1) German and English. quite good.
- ***MAXIMUM SPEED**: #9 (30p) MOD. Looking more worried by the minute.
- ***ESCAPE AS JET**: #2, #3 (25p) Collage fanzine, Not bad.
- ***THE BEAST**: #4 (40p) 'Save our animals' mag; written by animals.
- ***BLACK DWARF**: # 3 (23p) written by dwarfs, black ones at that (soooo cruel)
- ***NIHILISTIC VICES**: #I (25p) This is awfull, really old-fashioned junk.
- ***NEUE WELLE**: #I (50p) French, quite sloppy collage designs, but given an issue or two, might improve.



CLASH 'LONDON CALLING'

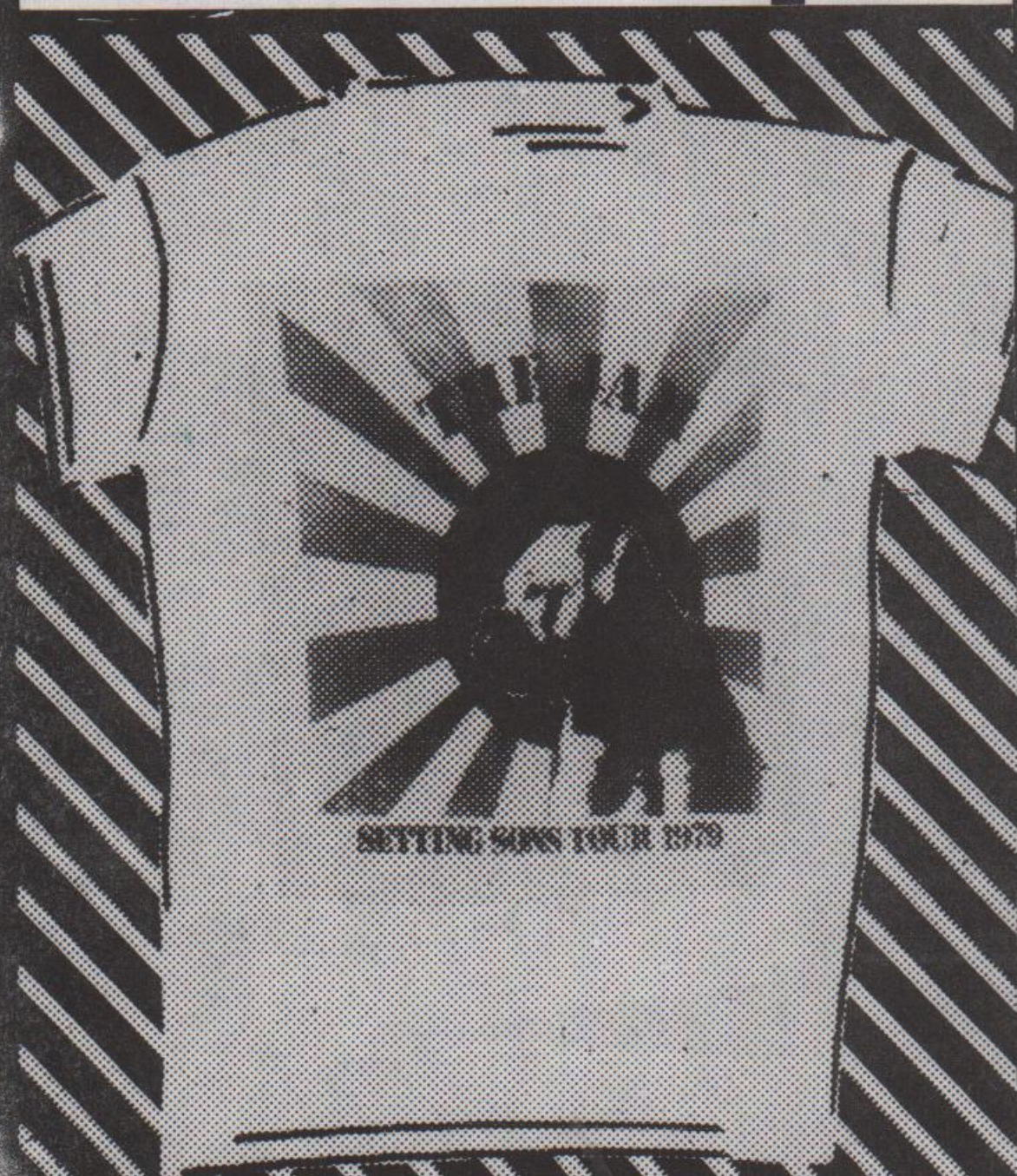
FRONT



BACK



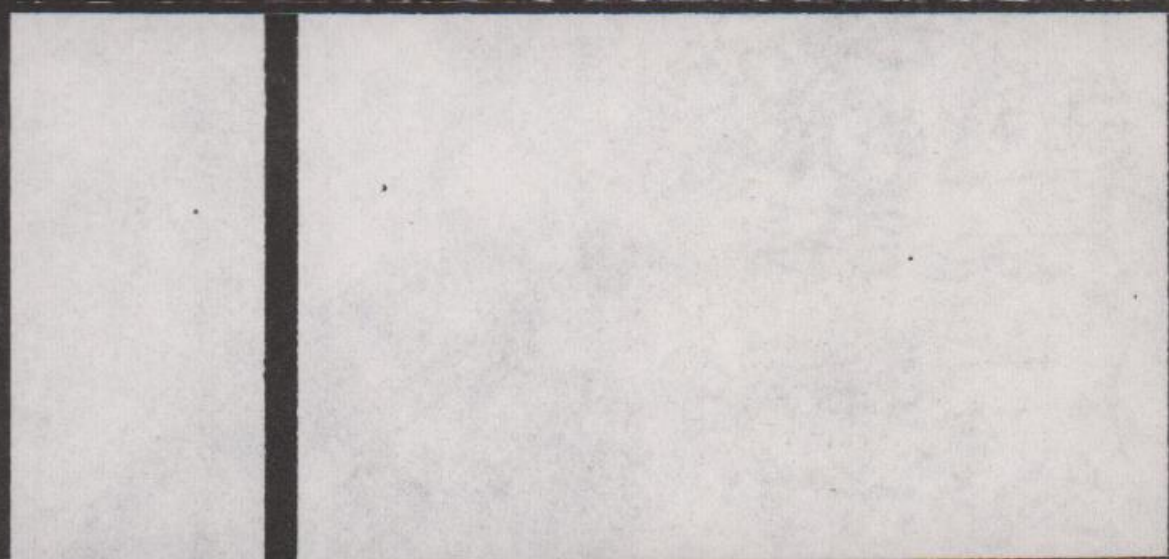
JAM TUBE STATION



JAM- SETTING SONS



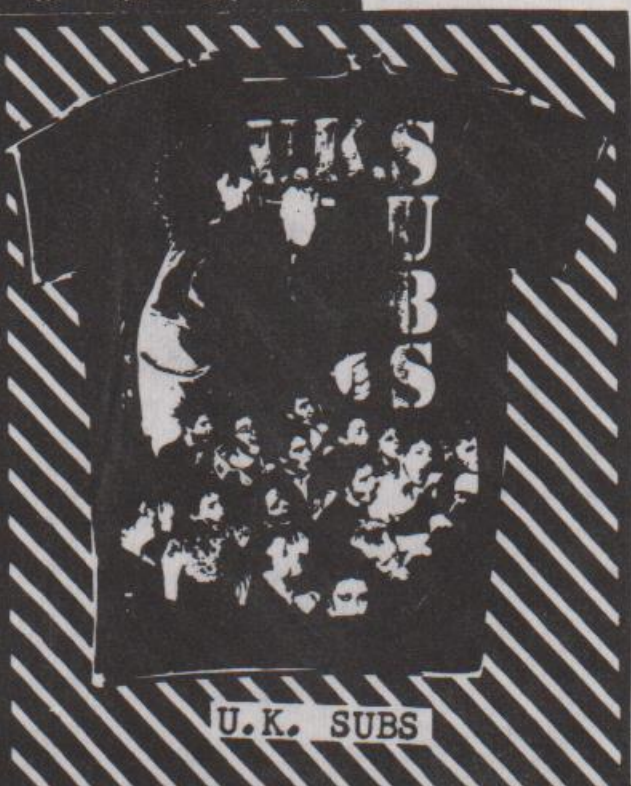
JAM- ETON RIFLES



DAMNED



ROCK AGAINST THATCHER



U.K. SUBS

ALL SHIRTS £3.25

U.K.: 20p P&P

EUROPE: 50p P&P

STATE SIZE: S,M,L.

SEND S.A.E. FOR
FREE LIST

HARD

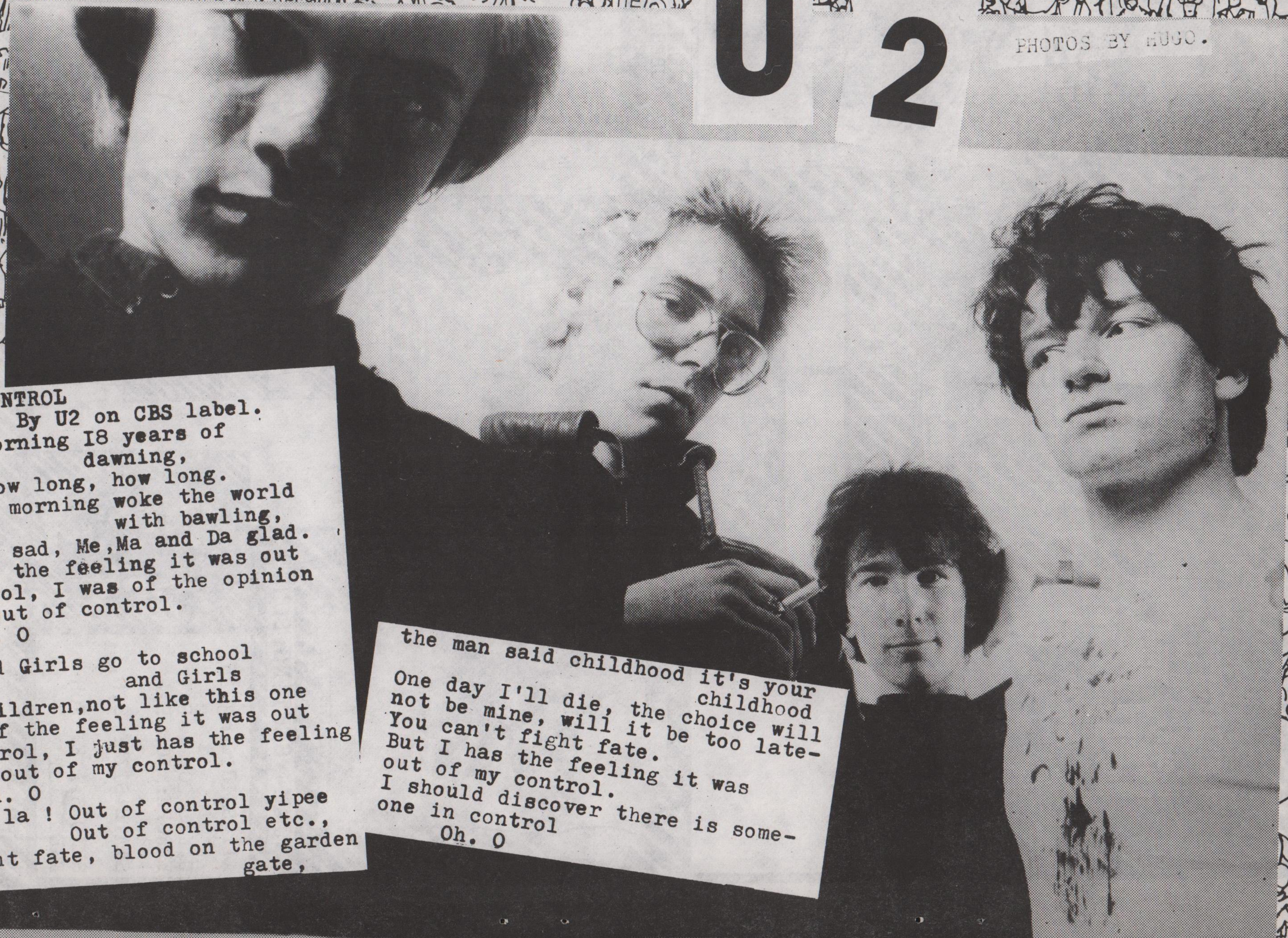
64a Notting Hill Gate
London W11 - 229 4919

LINE'S



U2

PHOTOS BY HUGO.



OUT OF CONTROL

By U2 on CBS label.
Monday morning 18 years of
dawning,

I said how long, how long.
One dull morning woke the world
with bawling,
I was so sad, Me, Ma and Da glad.
I was of the feeling it was out
of control, I was of the opinion
it was out of control.

Oh. O

Boys and Girls go to school
and Girls
make children, not like this one
I was of the feeling it was out
of control, I just has the feeling
it was out of my control.

Oh. O

Tra la la ! Out of control yipee
Out of control etc.,
I fought fate, blood on the garden
gate,

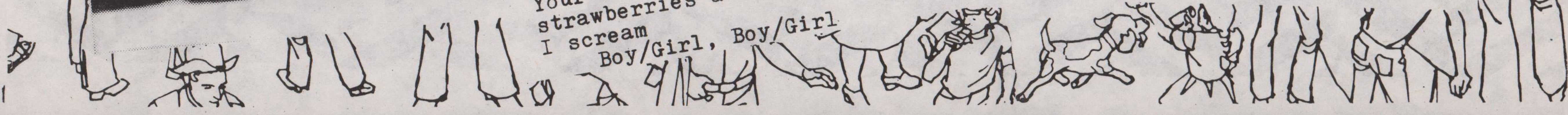
the man said childhood it's your
One day I'll die, the childhood
not be mine, will it be too late-
You can't fight fate.
But I has the feeling it was
out of my control.
I should discover there is some-
one in control
Oh. O



BOY GIRL
By U2 on CBS label.
I'm finding out, I'm finding out
the things that I've been talking
about
I'm finding out the things I could
not find
I some times fall behind.
You and I, we live on the big ship
and time goes by
You make up
and I believe, a ladies lie
Your lips are coloured
strawberries and cream, sometimes
I scream
Boy/Girl, Boy/Girl

When a boy meets a girl
We go to a picture, a disco,
a roundabout.
I walk you home, I hold you and
your giving out.
I open doors, so I can shut your
face. Know your place.

BOY/GIRL BOY/GIRL
When a boy meets a girl.



D.C. NIEN

NIGHT CLUB

NIGHT CLUB

Strange lights in the night
As the night club draws near
And the music's pulsating overtones
Become loud, loud and clear

Smoke atmosphere dense and sleazy
Hot and loud,
And the lights from on stage
Probe their beams into the crowd



Neon standards whisper and smile
Spreading their rays of light
Night club people are always bright
Night club people are always right

Mannequins with ape like movements
Command, command the floor
And my mind loses bearings
As it starts, it starts to soar

Like radio waves and active decay
The night club helps make time slip away
Like radio active decay
The night club helps make time slip away

Like radio active decay she helps me make
time slip away
She said she can she said she could

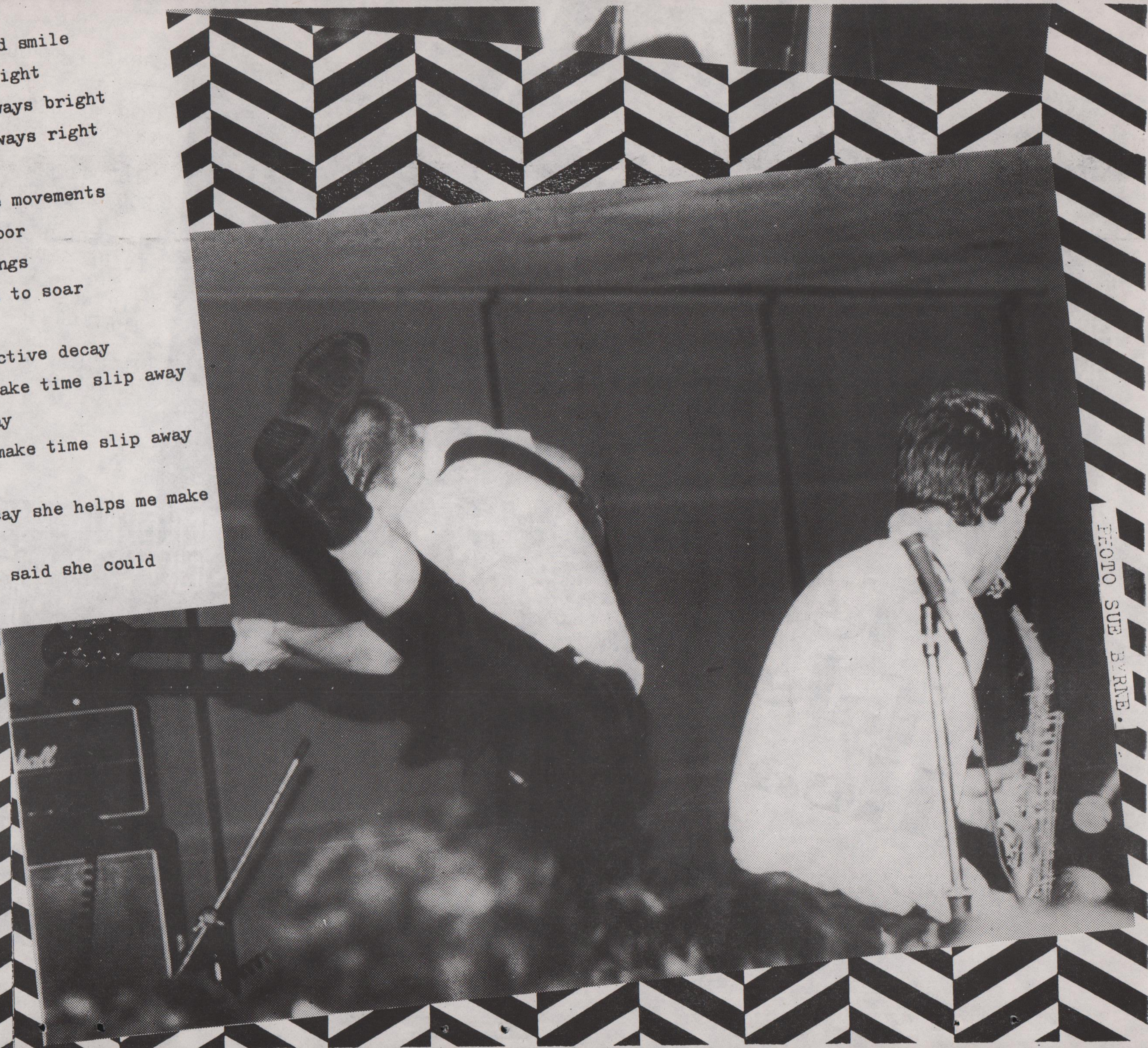


PHOTO SUE BARNES



Tell-Tale Heart

SNAPSHOTS BY SUSAN BYRNE.

WARNING SHADOWS

LIKE REFLECTIONS FROM MIRRORS
IN THE CORRIDORS OF DARK.

HIDDEN MESSAGES OF MEMORIES
TOO DEEP IN THE PAST.

DANGEROUS VISIONS OF TOMORROW
TO BE BROKEN LIKE GLASS.

STRANGE ILLUSIONS OF POWER
THAT CAN FADE IN THE LIGHT.

WARNING SHADOWS FLICKERING PAST
DANCING PHANTOMS THAT NEVER LAST.