

# VAGUE

# 15

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NOBODY'S RIGHT, EVERYTHING SHOULD BE VAGUE.

A NEVER ENDING PARTY ON THE QUAYSIDE  
FOR THOSE THAT COULDN'T AFFORD A  
TICKET ON THE TITANIC.

40p



# VAGRANTS

## on the edge of time

"I'd lose my nerve if I could see everyone in the audience. I like to have it all Vague."  
(John Lennon)

### LIVE YOUR LIFE THE VAGUE WAY

Well...I could'nt kill the Vague beast after all - It's become bigger than both of us. Once again it's revolting head loomed above the cesspit of mass media and took over my body and soul in the first 3 or 4 months of this godawful year. The process of Vagrancy went into overdrive - nothing could stop it bar global destruction. Throughout that period of time I had one thought and one thought only - I've gotta Vague to do and I've gotta do it NOW!

Housing doesn't matter. Money doesn't matter. Politics doesn't matter. Music doesn't matter. The show must go on. So let's roll back the rug, nail up the door and Party! Party! Party!

Now I'm going to do something mysterious and bizarre, because that's the kind of guy I am. We just don't care here at Vague. We just don't care at all! We go for all that exciting, mysterious and bizarre stuff! This is going to be an experiment to see if I can get thru' without any facile attempts at preaching and-a-teaching - some other people should try it - All anyone can do, honestly, is describe - in anyway they see fit - what happens to them/ what experiences they have and what they make of them. No matter what else you do. That is all you can do honestly. You can't tell anyone anything - there's no point - except maybe, don't let anyone else tell you anything. If someone learns an answer from you/me, then it is ALWAYS a false answer.

Vague philosophy out of the way - I've given the game away now and I'll have to follow my typewriter out of the window - just like to say that every other fanzine is shit - even Puppy is like Smash Hits compared to 'OZ' or 'IT' - as for the 'others' they're no more dangerous or relevant than 'Oh Boy' - that's not being nasty, I like a lot of

fanzines, I'm just stating facts - especially the other Vagues. This one will be no different unless some extra-terrestrial force intervenes before the plates go into the presses.

Basically, all it is - is some things that DO matter to me. They might to you as well or they might not - either way I don't give a shit I've done it. That's what counts. But any one of you could do it - or something of equally 'earth shattering' importance - infact some of YOU did manage to Rise above the suffocating conservatism, tortuous mediocrity/drugged complacency/mind-numbing apathy and all those un-cool things to help and inspire me on this my latest quest for salvation. Without you this wouldn't have been possible.

YOU ARE :

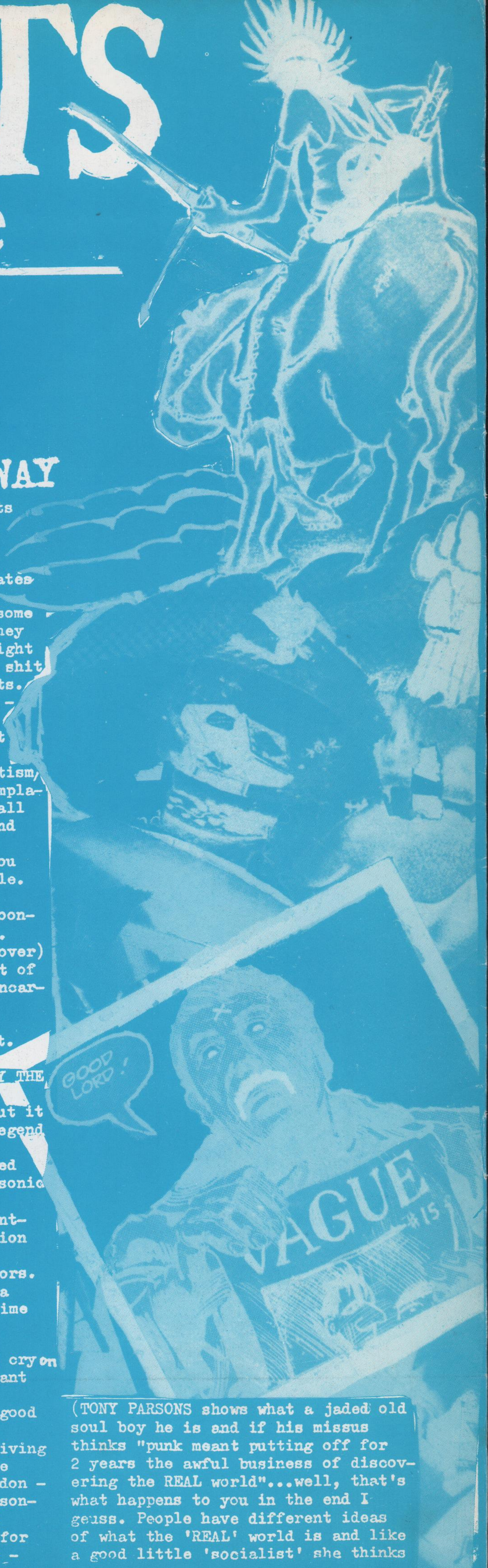
- PERRY HARRIS - trusty cartoonist, friend and graphix wizard.
- JOAN G. - ace-lensperson(cover)
- JAYNE HOUGHTON - the spirit of Penny Smith and Jane Suck re-incarnate.
- THE REVEREND PETE SCOTT - weird - mental cults department.
- IAN LINDSAY - (likewise)
- WILL D. BEAST (WHO'S REALLY THE ONE AND ONLY JOHN APOSTLE!)
- CHRIS VIZ - Mr. Reliable but it was worth the wait - geordie legend in his own luntime.
- BEE - leader of the reformed Dune Buggy Attack battalion - sonic version.
- DAVE LAVOLTA - our representative from the Cornish liberation Front.
- ANNA + MARIA - women warriors.
- CHRIS J. - my best mate - a frustrated musician all this time - the shame!

• MICK MERCER - a shoulder to cry on as steady as a rock and a constant source of inspiration.

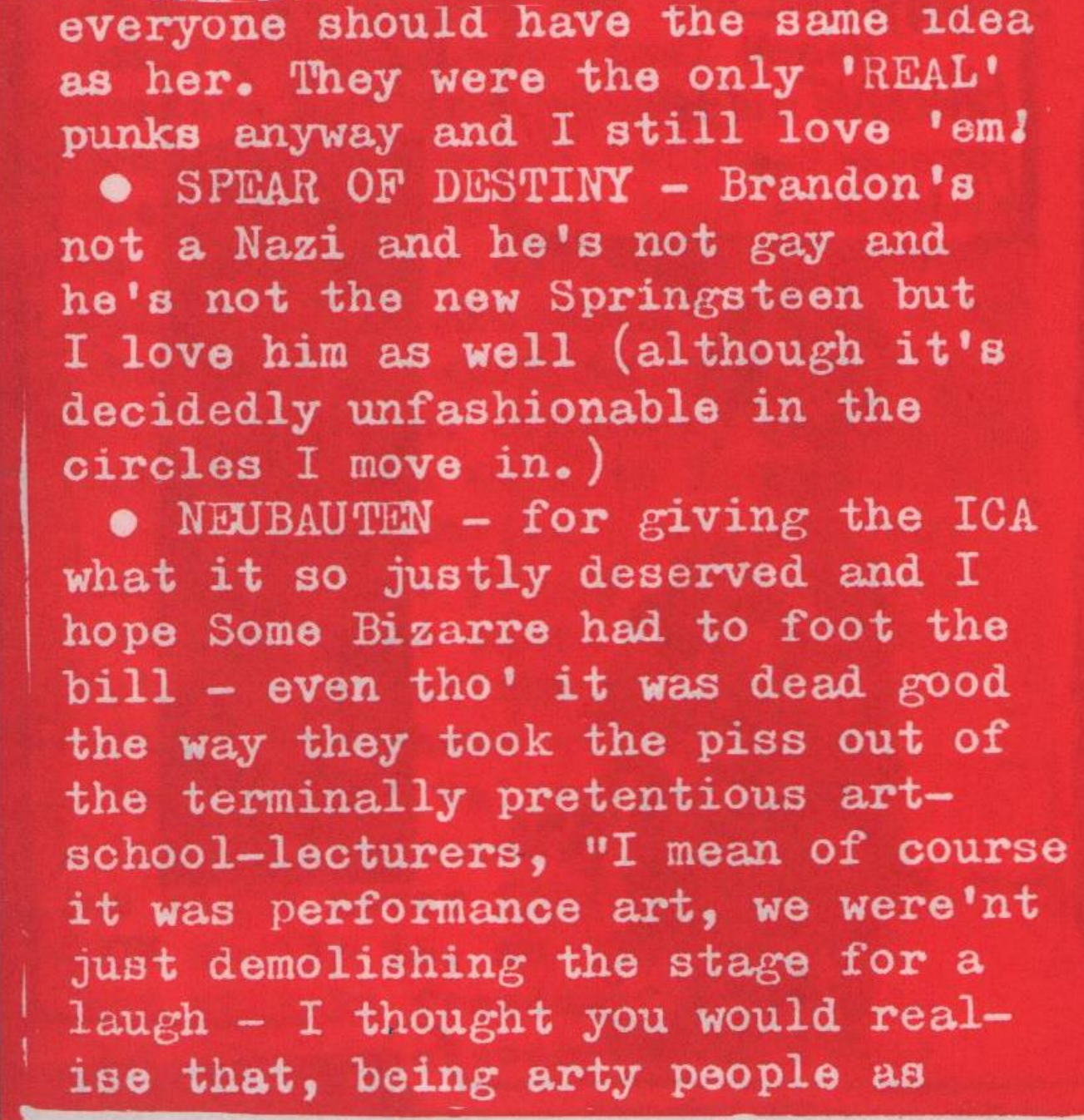
• MARINA MEROSI - one of the good guys.

• THE COCTEAU TWINS - for reviving my faith in music more than once (especially at the Univ. of London - about the closest you could reasonably hope to get to a religious experience last christmas) and for the soundtrack for most of this -

(TONY PARSONS shows what a jaded old soul boy he is and if his missus thinks "punk meant putting off for 2 years the awful business of discovering the REAL world"...well, that's what happens to you in the end I geuss. People have different ideas of what the 'REAL' world is and like a good little 'socialist' she thinks



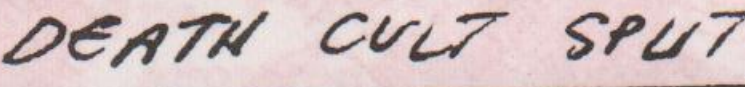
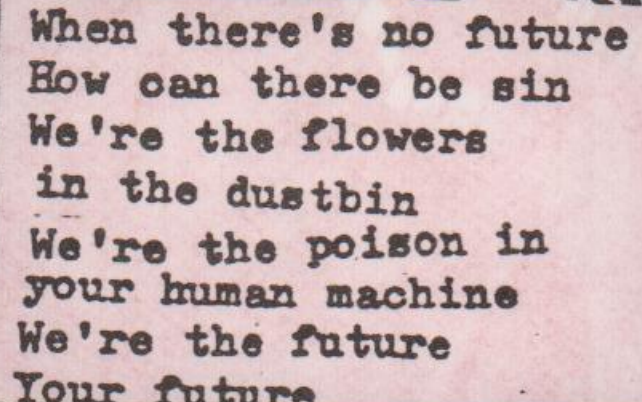
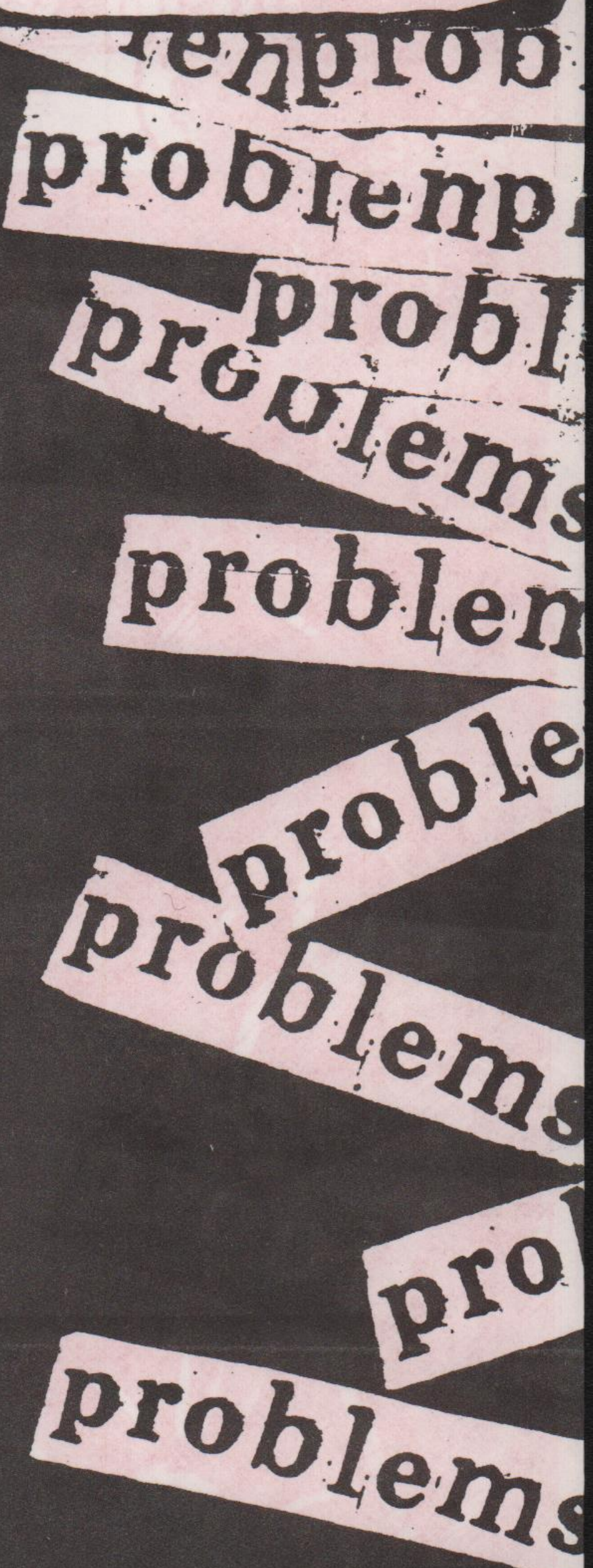




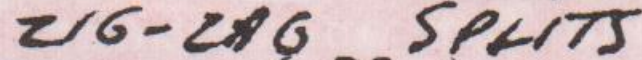
● THE CULT - and for all of you who said the last Vague was good but there was too much on Southie Deathie - Tough Shit - here's some more.....Nah! Only joking. What a card, eh? You're quite right, I've written far too much on Death Cult/The Cult/Youth Cults/Teenage/Rock'n'Roll - I want to get it all out of my system here

- LOUISE RAYGUN - for the best new fanzine on the market (from ROUGH TRADE of course) - it must be something in the air down there and LITTLE IAIN becoming a 'journalist'! Yeuurgh! He's one of them!
- BILLY DUFFY - even tho' he's settled down - guru of the Blank Generation - who occassionally comes out with things like "maybe it's like the Polish govt. giving



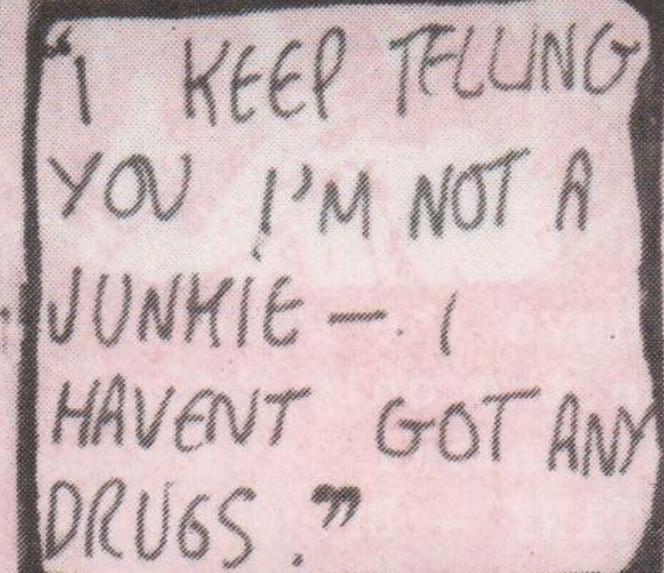


I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE A CLEAN  
LIVING BOY - WE'RE DOWN YOU  
FOR BEING A FRUSTRATED  
MUSICIAN!



LIFE!

JANE SMITH'S HUSBAND SPLIT.



HELLO HELLO,  
WHATS THIS  
FUNNY LOOM-  
ING ROLL UP  
THEN?



YET ANOTHER ESOTERIC JOKE.



# Music all day helps you.... Work and Play

money to hands - if we didn't have music - we wouldn't sit around talking about it all the time - we'd be out doing something."

**MUSIC ALL DAY HELPS YOU WORK REST AND PLAY**

● JULIAN COPE'S MOUTH (when it's talking not singing) Some quotes (not very anarchist but I think they're fun): "I really believe that I should slag Blackmange because they have absolutely no redeeming features...once upon a time it was enough to know that U2 were crap, now you've got to know why they're crap!"

And:

"Today being in a band is about as rebellious as joining the army." \*Sounds even run ads for various mercenary Death squads - 'The Army wants Heavy Metal (death) freaks - if you're healthy, clean and bored - join the army and we'll teach you how to kill people and take away that cumbersome grey stuff in your head.' - I know that's got nothing to do with what Julian meant but it seemed like a good thing to put in at the time - anyway as the great scouse sage noted it's not enough to go to gigs and form bands - people are keeping that particular myth going for their own ends - when it's as obvious as the conk on my boatrice that all that nonsense is leading us right up our own arseholes. Don't listen to the lies and excuses of the pampered prima-donnas. Don't buy their product and don't pay to be repressed at their business conventions. At least have the decency not to be grateful! (Just friendly advice, you understand. I'm not trying to tell you anything - Pay £5 to see some old rock'n'rollers at the Lyceum - see if I care!)

These popstar characters, especially all these pseudo-religious creeps like U2, Alarm, Simple Minds, Bunnymen, you know all those creeps - they only serve to perpetuate all the hang-ups and subserviance of the years. ANYONE CAN BE A STAR. ANYONE IS A STAR. EVERYONE IS A STAR. The Pistols should have proved that but so many people used Punk to project themselves out of the gutter/off the scrapheap and into the limelight for 15 minutes - mostly a pointless waste of a good 15 minutes - that aspect of pop culture is now obsolete. Redundant. I don't see what it's got to do with ANYTHING. So is there any point in still writing about bands? Who's writing about 'bands'? I think you'll find I seldom write about 'bands' - I just write about myself and I'll argue to the cows come home with anybody who thinks there's anything wrong with that...but here's some 'hands' all the same;

● THE MOB - and the best gig I didn't pay to go to (nobody paid to go to) last year..... Meanwhile Gardens in the summer - you think I'm going to make a sarcastic joke now don't you? Well I'm not at all. Infact I'm going to make a sort of apology. This is the first time as far as I know that I've actually admitted to being wrong about a band, albeit a case of closing the stable door after the horse has bolted. You find after a while that first impressions are usually correct (altho' that might sound like an awful thing to say) but not this time. My instinct had let me down. I take it all back. Infact seldom have I been more drastically wrong about a band (will you take off the thumb screws now, Mark!) and this has got nothing to do with me wanting their chanteur to move my stuff again. Nothing to do with that whatsoever.

I still don't go back on anything I might have said about CRASS and their followers. I still think they did a lot of harm by interfering in something that they knew nothing about - but that's a different story. Crass have come and gone now. They've done their 10 pence worth and indeed they're still doing it. It's pointless arguing about it anymore but I still enjoy winding people up, little devil that I am. Infact I think they're the greatest band that has ever existed.

The Mob owe more to the Fall and ATV anyway. Did you hear that ATV have reformed (or have they split up again now?) I'm getting a bit of a taste for the Fall as well - the book's mental as anything. Anyway I felt like a right old cider-soaked hypocrit at Meanwhile Gardens, there I stood on the bank of this sundrenched skateboard park, round the corner from the old ZigZag, swigging merrydown, rationalising and analysing, whilst all around was glorious chaos. Everyone was cavorting about in the dustbowl not giving a shit. That's why people like me used to slag the Mob, we're too busy writing about things to actually participate and actually do something.

The Mob gave the vulnerable PA a good pounding of Punk Protest anthems - no that doesn't sound very good - songs/humour/sincerity/that sort of stuff - not a terribly well constructed sentence that - but the spirit moved me and the tribe increased by one cynical old vague runt. I wrote down at the time that Mark Mob isn't just LIKE one of us, he IS one of us. So much so infact that he doesn't want to preach or teach to people from a stage anymore, which he did

do anyway but I know what he means, so that's THAT. All the best with the tee-pee, Mark, but what a waste, that boy could have done big things - now stop that - he did do big things and still does. It's a pity certain other individuals don't follow his example. But not...

● THE WOLFGANG PRESS - who've provided me with some wonderful moments as well... (some more pub anecdotes for ya! Fuck off Richard)... some hapless punker asking singer Mick Allen for his autograph. Mick stares at him manically and splutters, "fu.. fu.. Fuck OFF!" That's something you don't see much of nowadays. A bit of the old spirit.

Mick again, slagging off the music press, "It's all part of that Rock'n'Roll thing, Y' know back at the hotel, getting pissed and stoned, all that crap."

Mark Cox - keyboard player, "Is'n't that what we're doing?" Mick; "er.. Yeah.. Hey, we better have a meeting about this!"

● THE FRANK CHICKENS - wonderful....

● SPK - " "

● LOOK MUMMY CLOWNS - " "

● DOORS - I've finally given myself over to Jim - Jim take me!

● DYLAN - Haha!

● HENDRIX

● LYDIA LUNCH

● BRIGANDAGE and TV PERSONALITIES - if they'd only get their arses in gear and I don't mean Seditionaries Kecks, Michelle - one day she will be the last Punk Rock star - she must be the last one from the 100 Club (I hope.) and her beau Richard Kick is NOT a frustrated musician - just wait till you hear me banging garbage cans with Xmal....

Hmmm, can't think of any more 'bands' so here's the Vague Oscar nominations - totally out of date of course -

Some films and filmstars;

● TOM CONTI in 'MERRY CHRISTMAS MR. LAWRENCE' when he said to the vicious but kind guard at the end, "You're the victim of people who think they are right. The same as Jack Celliers (played by old whatshisname) was the victim of other people who were convinced that they were right. When infact we all know that nobody is right."

● PAUL NEWMAN in 'COOL HAND LUKE' - throughout the film but especially after he's eaten all the eggs. Where he adopts a crucifixion pose.

● That SHERLOCK HOLMES meets JACK THE RIPPER film, I don't know the name of it but it's one of my fave films of all time. It's got a phenomenal cast; Chris Plummer as Sherlock is godlike, Jimmy Mason as Watson, Johnny Gielgud as the PM, Dave Hemmings as the corrupt marxist cop, Don Suther-





WELL, HERE WE ARE BACK IN VAGUELAND, IN CASE YOU HAVENT FOLLOWED WHAT'S GOING ON SO FAR - THE VAGRANTS ARE TRYING TO FIND SOMEWHERE TO LIVE. - THAT'S ABOUT ALL THAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR - OR IS IT? (yes)



CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

NEVER SAY WHY

land, Frank Finlay, you name 'em! I'm sure it must be a bit controversial because it implies that the whole affair could have quite easily led to the English revolution that never was - then we might have had something to be proud of apart from the Tolpuddle martyrs and the '66 World Cup team - but we'll get onto that later!

The Film implicates them all - right up to the very highest echelons, the PM and even old Vick herself. There is a theory that Edward VII (her son) who was a bit of a lad, got a prostitute pregnant and then gave the go-ahead to cover it up in this rather macabre manner. That's what the film is implying basically. In reality they do know who Jack the Ripper was but they're not telling until 100 years afterwards - what are they trying to hide this time? I'm really fascinated by all that stuff but

I doubt if you are so here's some pornography...

Only kidding - it's...

- 'CARRIE' next - not as good as the book of course as his Barryness would say and not one of our Steve's better works but I reckon I would have ended up like that, if I was 'nt rescued from school/home by the powers of positive thinking, it would have been pyrokenesis for me!
- 'CHINA SYNDROME' - which must have been based on the KAREN SILKWOOD affair. You know SILENCE IS PLUTONIUM and all that - in the news at the moment because of 'SILKWOOD'-have'nt seen that yet but from the sound of it I think 'China Syndrome' is better - as I was saying it's closely related, especially where the bloke with the film of the nuke-fuck-up has his car rammed over a cliff on his way to the inquiry. JACK LEMMON is sensational as the

nuke technician who sees the light and gets ventilated by SWANT before he can tell the world - and JANE FONDA in her better days when she was my heart throb, when she used to care or at least make a trendy show of caring, before she became mega-capitalist, giving old grannies hernias doing her bloody stupid aerobics. What a lousey sell out.

'China Syndrome' was far more poignant and far reaching than 'THE DAY AFTER' which was little more than glossed over propaganda really, reducing the total destruction of life on this planet to a Dallas style soap opera - the way only the americans can - and I dont know about communications after the Big Bang, communications are fucked already, yours Disgusted, Highbury and Islington.

I dont say 'Why am I here?' in wonder and awe of the ulti-



'ATTACK ON SZAG' IS A NICE FANZINE IS'NT IT?



BUT OCCASIONALLY YOU HAVE TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL....

IF I KNEW IT WOULD END UP LIKE THIS I WOULD NEVER HAVE STARTED



VAGRANTS GO IN SEARCH OF ENLIGHTENMENT IN HIGHGATE



## GET YOUR BEARDS ON!

mate question. I say it because I want to be somewhere else...

- 'AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD' - with Alan Bates as Guy Burgess.
- 'DIVA'
- 'ZELIG'
- 'THE MIRACLE WORKER'
- 'MY DINNER WITH ANDRE'
- 'THE AVENGERS' with TARA KING

A leetle bit about 1948 and all that jazz. I thought the films about Boy George's latter years were alright especially the re-enactment of 'Animal Farm' but they should have shown all the other films as well. STEPHEN SEDLEY'S 'BEYOND 1984' was excellent - another shining light for common sense - the way he got a chief constable admitting that an alarming number of constables are out and out racists - and the thing is no one can accuse him of being a trotskyite/anarchist/what have you/ he's such a sensible well mannered little chap. Your mum would love him!

There's loads more video stuff but not loads more room - it doesn't have to be sedative or brain-washing -

Some books;

- 'THE FAMILY' by ED SAUNDERS (Panther -ironically) Incredible book.

- 'HOMAGE TO CATALONIA' by GEORGE ORWELL where he describes how at first when the anarchists started the Spanish civil war, it was the most perfectly equal society he had ever seen or was likely to see. Essential.

• 'DESPATCHES' by MICHAEL HERR (Picador) and 'TIM PAGE'S NAM' (T + H) - now here's a different kettle of fish. These books are 'nt about WAR - if you want to know about WAR read and listen to CRASS - that's WAR. This is something else. Fuck knows what it is but it is 'nt WAR. Another american Death Cult. Another product of our society. Viet Nam is glamourised and romanticised but that's the way it was for these guys - as Mat Snow said in NME, "Glamorous Yes, truthful No, and without understanding the truth. Can we hope it cant happen again?"

But what's the truth?

- 'THE LONGEST WALK' (Leonard Peltier House) probably is. Essential.

This issue is also heavily influenced by;

- 'THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST' by TOM WOLFE.
- 'THE END OF MUSIC'
- 'A CRITIQUE OF STATE SOCIALISM' by Michael Bakunin and Richard Warren.

- An issue of 'OZ' with John Peel in it!

- 'POST-SCARCITY ANARCHISM' - essential - this books has all the answers. So does...
- 'KILL YOUR PET PUPPY 6' and...
- 'PANACHE 24'

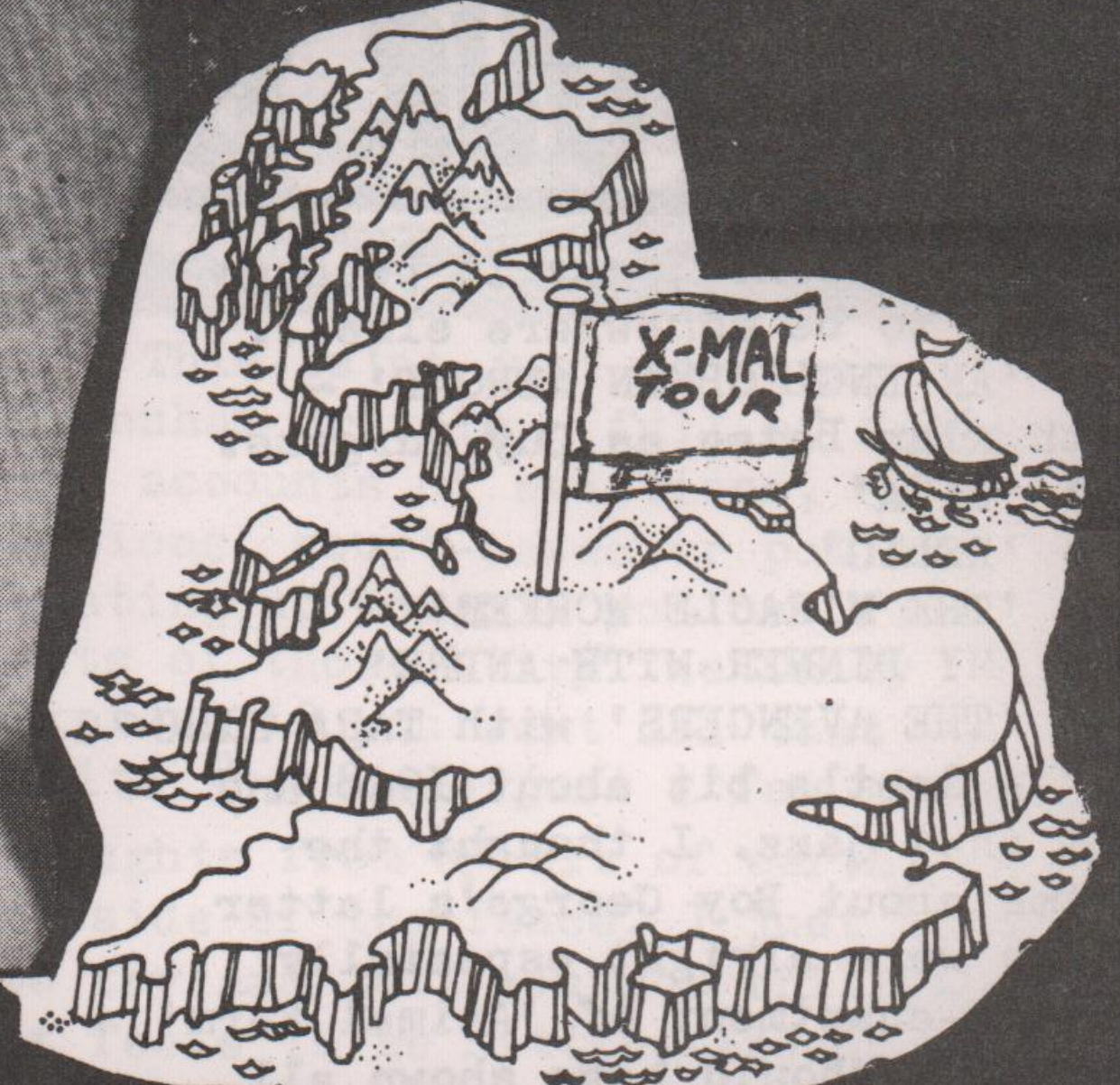
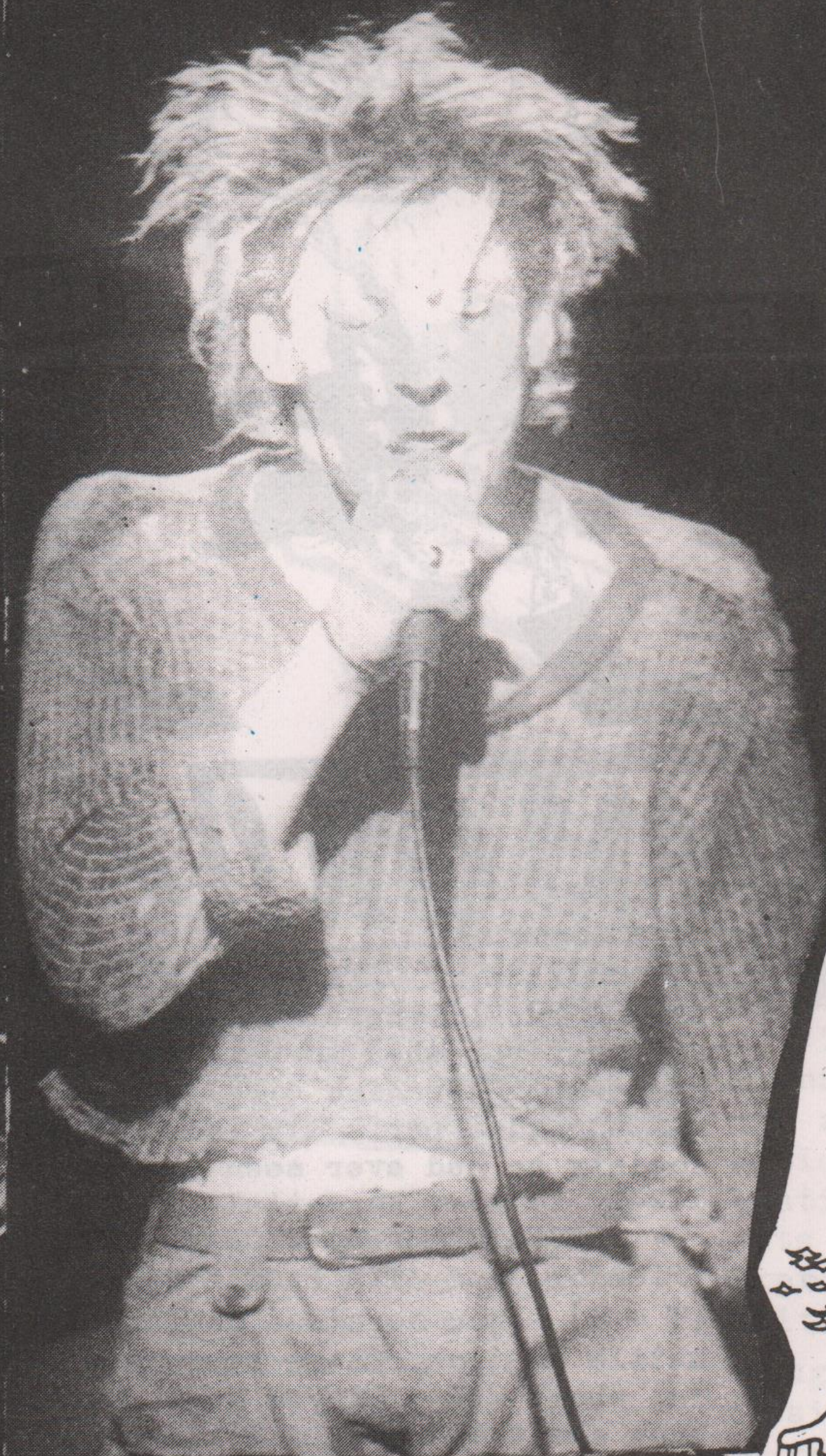
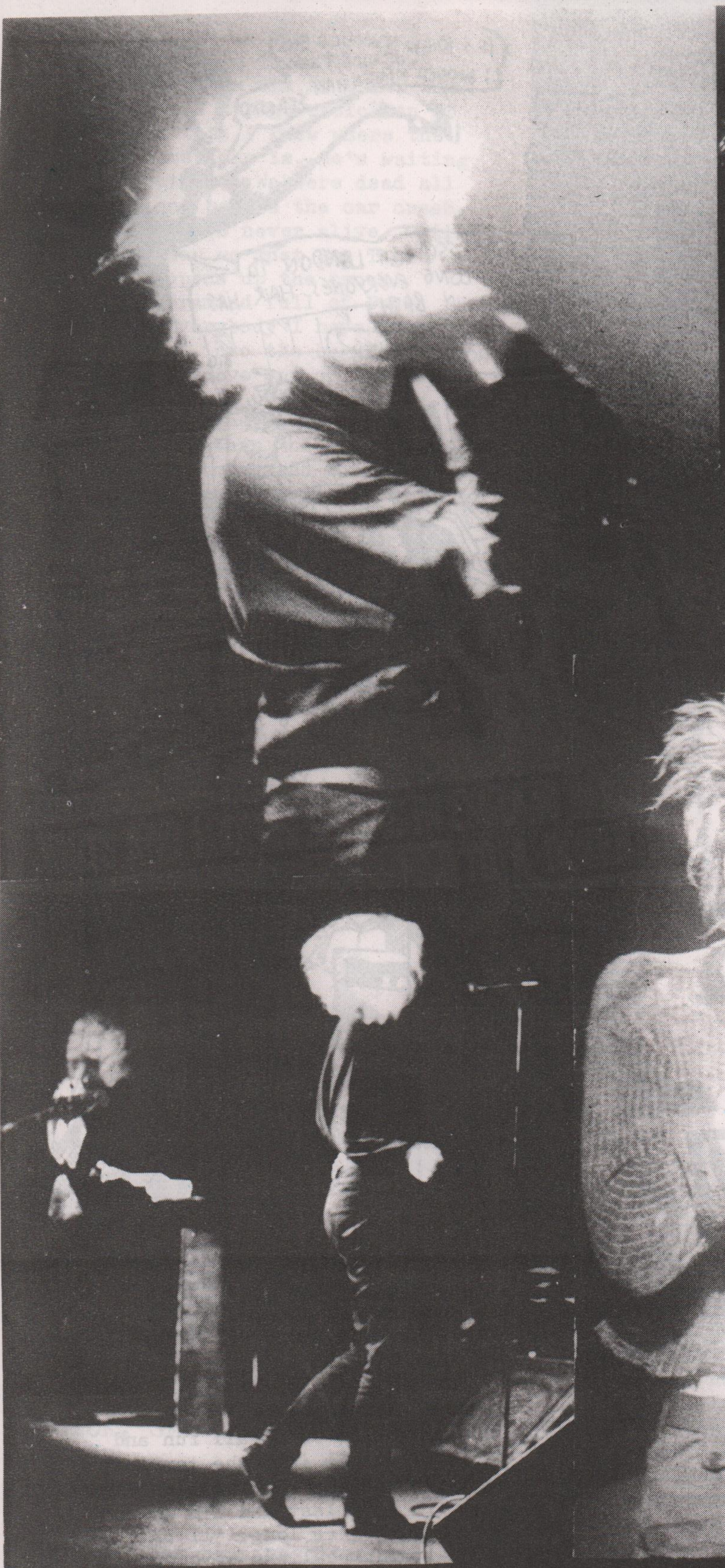
Where's 7 and 25 is what I want to know? Better be an answer SOON! Of course 1984 is 'nt all fun and games. I've got into the terribly negative habit of living each day as if it's my last and I'm quite convinced before long I'll be doing it for real and of course I cant get thru another Vague without slugging some of the creeps that make it this way - although this is just my little eccentricity and I know full well that we're all creeps -nobodies innocent but some are more guilty than others...

Some people that should be hacked up into little pieces;

- YOKO ONO - giving some of her fur coats to war victims charity. Big fucking deal! Dont these people make you want to puke. Why does 'nt Paul McFuckingCartney follow her example and give the starving millions Scotland or something. Did you see that cunt on the Tube? Michael and Mick are such wonderful people. Is 'nt it a wonderful fucking world, Paul? What's black, worth it's weight in gold and burns?







# NEU VAGRANTS



LOOK I'VE GOT ALL THESE GOTHs MOVING IN WITH ME - CAN I COME ON TOUR WITH YOU TO GET AWAY FROM THEM



TO GET AWAY FROM THE PROBLEMS OF HOUSING TOM & CHRIS GET INTO THE MERCHANDISE INDUSTRY ON THE X-MAL TOUR 8



RIOTS AND LOOTING SPREAD IN ENGLAND TO A DOZEN CITIES

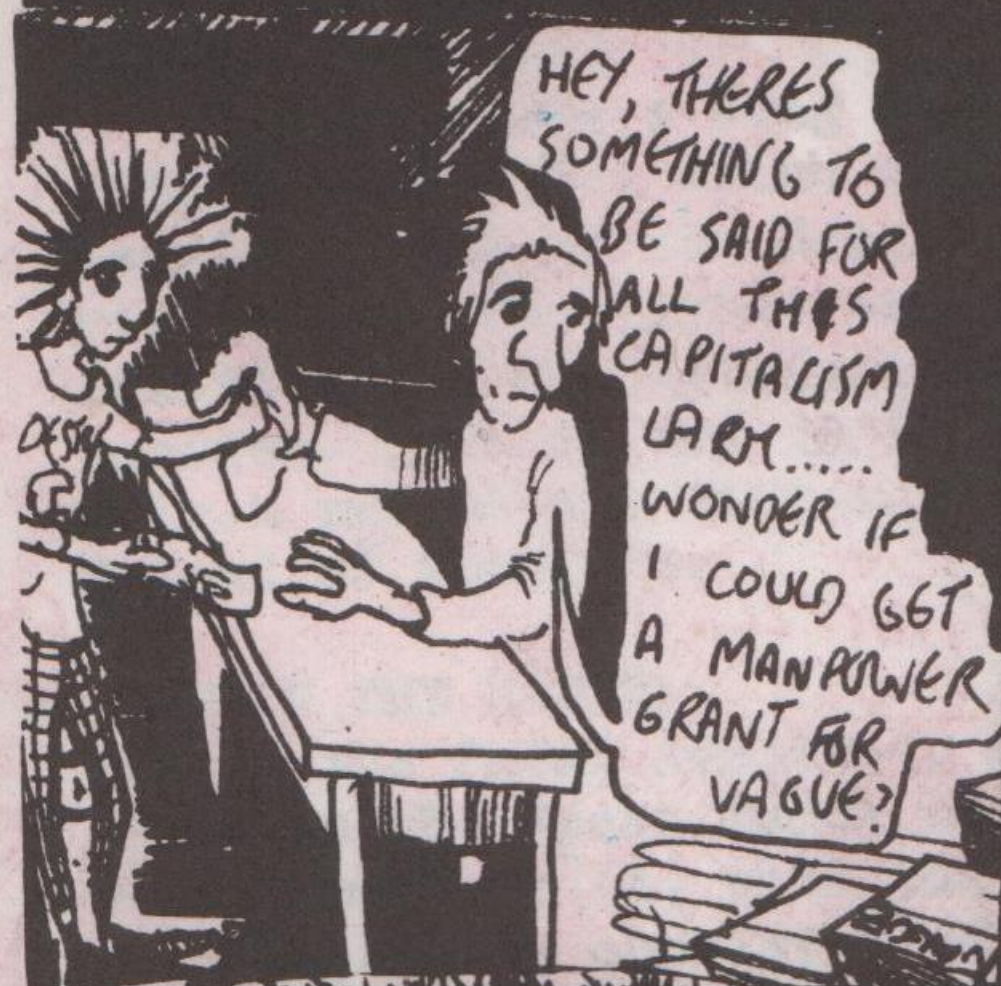
DANGER OF ANARCHY SEEN





SWINE HUND! - VAGUE  
- WHERE DID YOU  
GET THAT PHOTO

# X-Mal del TschLAND



HEY, THERES  
SOMETHING TO  
BE SAID FOR  
ALL THOS  
CAPITALISM  
LARS.....  
WONDER IF  
I COULD GET  
A MANPOWER  
GRANT FOR  
VAGUE?

MEANWHILE  
X-MAL  
WERE HAV-  
ING TROUBLES  
IN THE  
STREETS



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?  
TO SEE HER BAND X-MAL

Violence Is Called Worst Yet  
- 250 Seized in London as  
Firemen Battle Blazes

YOU'RE KIDDING THEY'RE MY  
FAVE BAND! CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH





# Vague goes International



ALL PART OF GROWING UP



AMSTERDAM CENTRAL



BERLIN

AS I WAS SAYING TO 166Y THE OTHER DAY BERLIN IS SO PASSÉ, CHR

LOST IN PARIS





AFTER MANY DRUNKEN  
ADVENTURES IN EUROPE  
THE VAGRANTS RETURN TO  
ENGLAND LAND OF THE FREE  
...AND HEAD FOR DUNDEE...

THWATS!

SCOTLAND  
OR  
BUST

WELCOME TO  
SCOTLAND

--AND NOW THE  
**DEATH**  
I FORESAW  
WILL BE  
**MINE!**

WE'LL TRYING TO REACH  
DUNDEE AT LEAST

MEANTIME AT DUNDEE!!

**DEATH CULT**  
BRING THE HOUSE DOWN

C'MON  
PUNK  
WHERE  
ARE THE  
DRUGS?

DEATH  
CULT  
BRING  
THE  
HOUSE  
DOWN

MEANWHILE BACK  
IN THE STATES.

WEST

EAST

HEY, DO  
YOU WANT  
TO SELL US  
YOUR JACKET  
MATE?

**LUDDITE POSSE**

-EZEQUEL DOES HIS STUFF

I TOLD YOU-TRASHING  
INSTRUMENTS WAS  
HOPELESSLY OUTRE. I KNEW  
THE ONLY WAY TO SUBSTANTIALLY  
URBAN DECAY + BEAT TEST DEPT. TO A  
C.B.S. ADVANCE WAS TO ANNEX THE  
SUDETANLAND

YOU'VE GOT A  
REALLY GOOD SOUND  
THERE - I THINK YOU  
SHOULD SIGN THIS  
CONTRACT



# WIERD SCENES INSIDE THE GOLDMINE

Michael Jackson - and what was Marvin Gaye's greatest hit? Marvin Gaye Junior - they're not anti-black remarks, I just hate Tamla Motown!

And that video to the poxy 'pipes of peace'. What a statement! What a social conscience! What a fucking creep! How does that bastard live with himself! Pass the chillum, Linda. How about some controversial publicity, eh? Why didn't she try it in Istanbul, then she would have really got some kicks. If anyone deserved bullets in their heads those two did/do. As usual they got the wrong turkey, yours Disgusted, Semley.

• Save a bullet for that creep STEVE WRIGHT - had to give that bastard a mention. I can now only stand, on average, 2 minutes of his nauseating platitudes - fucking closet fascist. How come he got so many votes in the NME Poll? What's going on out there?

• THE OVERGROUND PRESS in its entirety - nothing whatsoever can be achieved - because it exists - it means you must compromise to conservatism - it has snuffed out everything. Good to see FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD getting banned tho'. Gosh! Were'nt they outrageous! (the biggest con since Marc Almond) NME totally crashed it's own arsehole - MORLEY clones ever MEND YOUR WAYS before up with something or is that what you NME should stick to bumper christmas issue not bother with in between

• PUNK

pits.

ideas

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• There's no point at all in mentioning MICK JAGGER either but there's a funny story attached; The OAP Home let Mick out for the night and what does he do but fall in with that rascal JULIAN TEMPLE - Malcolm's understudy and video-whizz-kid, and then there was all that trouble on The Tube; "OK, you can have an interview with Mick - but on the condition that you make a controversy out of the video in return." Oh dear, Julian, don't you know situationism is so passe - go and play with your young conservative chum PETER YORK - everyone hates Peter York anyway so I won't dwell on him but move straight onto the hallowed arse of JOHN 'I think it's swell playing in Japan' LYDON - Temple began his career by kissing it but it's a good job he's got new toys to play with now because it's owner has at last succeeded in crawling up it and farting off into oblivion. I quote from a particularly vitriolic (fave word) TONY PARSONS singles review, nothing to do with PIL of course, this guy's a pro: "but if that fat bloated travesty Johnny Lydon can turn himself into the poor man's Dorothy Squires, there is no reason at all why Malcolm cannot become the new Stevens."

personally don't see what the fuss was about. Johnny Lydon at Johnny had always make the piss out of thing - what he's best at a little bugger.

I thought doing

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• There are loads of myths about Punk but NONE of them live up to what it was/is like. I was going to list some more contemporary myths that need dispelling but I think it's better that they remain as myths.

• Do you want me to mention KING KURT? No? That's good cos I've got better things to do like watching paint dry.

• Would you like to swing on a star? Carry moonbeams home in a jar? Or would you rather be a fish? I was going to have some words from the creeps. Andi Sex-Gang and Jaz Coleman making pratts of themselves but they make a far better job of it than I ever could so I'll leave them to it. Instead...

• ADAM ANT in prophetic mood in 1980 on the eve of the Ants Invasion that was to set loose the gothic hordes; "I think groups like The Psychedelic Furs and Bauhaus are fifth rate Banshees-cum-Velvet Underground impersonators. It's very sad for music." And this huge inflatable Walrus like object that he was going round with at the time - added; "Bowie did it all so much better anyway." But to quote Henry Adams; "A friend in power is a friend lost."

• I don't need to say what a pratt STEVE STRANGE is, but he did say something that was worth mentioning; "The Punks just complained about unemployment. I'm doing something about it by giving people jobs at the Camden Palace."

## PERNQUE RERQUE

• More career opportunities from Uncle Joe and Uncle Paul - doing their bit to get the country working again. Not only have they adopted the YOP scheme into the Band but they even despatched sidekick Kosmo off to Bristol to find that Knob who got sacked from Rolls Royce a band, "if we didn't do something for him, nobody else would." All is not lost. The Clash still care about the kids on the street. Old social workers never die they just get incredibly senile.

• All this talk of old pernque rerquers brings us nicely onto another sad, bloated travesty hidden under drastic cosmetics; Miss Sioux Banshees. Did you see our mention in their Xmas NME interview? All the stars talk about us, you know?

I didn't think I could hate so much someone that I used to love so much - but I 'spose that makes sense in a way. Also they aren't anymore The BANSHEES we all used to know and love. Some would have it that they haven't been since Kenny and John thru' in the towel, but they had their moments with Budgie and McGeough.

The Banshees are now so far removed from reality, like all those 70's pomp-rock groups that they gleefully slagged when they



WHY DIDN'T HE LISTEN ?





were young Banshees are their own self-world that they else apart from the body ought to tell they're only a poxy after all, not a part one at that. How come no ever mentions the debt Sioux owes to Patti Smith?

What's more they're a poxy pop group that had their day 6 years ago and have been doing retreads ever since. Oh and of course Severin doesn't ever go down the Batcave at all. Why doesn't he fuck off to America with the rest of 'em. Move into the Chelsea and hang out with Warhol and all those pricks like he really wants to. Why don't you go out wearing pink flares, Sioux? It would be the first unpredictable thing you've done since 1981.

Pop musicians have become the new aristocracy. People like the Banshees, the Clash even, tho' I'd like to hope they at least feel guilty like Townshend did, almost completely across the board, successful and unsuccessful alike. These people feel that they have some divine right to importance. Whereas in reality, their importance is only sustained to profit themselves and whichever multinational they get to do their dirty work.

They believe they have some important message for the people the same as priests, princes and philosophers (and gurus) did in the past. In reality all they achieve is keeping people in their

place, purring nicely to their 'entertainment' as the show goes on as planned. Success isn't the problem. Success is relative.

Everyone is capable of success. It's whether you want it or not. Whether you want to apply yourself to something and what you want to apply yourself to. Hence the most sussed people usually don't do anything at all. As Simon Napier-Bell bitched about Marc Bolan, "it wasn't that he was particularly talented. It was just that he wanted to be a STAR so much more than anyone else."

The problem is when you step over that thinly disguised line between doing something about the problem and being part of it. The Banshees are now well and truly part of it and they couldn't give a shit. What does that make the rest of 'em? At least they held out for longer than most...

**IF YOU'RE NOT DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THE PROBLEM YOU'RE PART OF IT.**

Can't leave this without giving the other half of the Banshees/Cur axis a good run for it's money and

ward Smith is as any. Apart from producing psychedelia in it's most shitty cosmic form, thanks, Pal! the Cure came out with the most irritating, sickly record of 1983, this side of the Smiths, blatantly and fittingly plagiarised from Roxy Music's 'Bogus Man' via their own minor hit '10.15'. I quite liked them then but now I wish Robert's daddy had bought him a sports car instead of a recording studio.

Talking about hippies pouring sick into your ear (stick it in your fucking ear), just what is all the fuss about the wishy-washy flower power drivel of Morrissey (ex. Ed Banger and the Nosebleeds) the Richard Clayderman of post-punk...and Robert Elms calls us long haired punks. It is worrying tho'. There's no smoke without fire I did watch all of 'Renaldo and Clara' and enjoyed it and what's this I'm listening to at the moment. If I'm not very much mistaken it's 'The White Album' - they're sending me messages - so at the next veggie vegan debate at the Centre there will be compulsory Black Sheep shearing and anyone caught neglecting their locks will be forced to watch that video of Lynyrd Skynyrd at Knebworth '76 until they remember why they cut



# Spirit Walker

Let it be beautiful when I sing the last song

I will give you even my body spirit Walker

Let all the children kiss the sun  
before we sing the last song

I will give you even my body spirit walker.

Spirit Walker Spirit Walker etc....





their hair and took their flares in the first place.

But enough of this maudling talk. Now it's time for POLITICS, YAHOO! I've been told I don't write about things that matter. I don't think that politics matters but here goes anyway;

the way Pete Tatchell was stitched up at the Bermondsey bi-election became the order of the day as the Tories got in SAATCHI AND SAATCHI to organise their election propaganda (SS had already brought us Mars bars and since then they've gone onto cash in on all the nervous breakdowns caused by another 4 years of Tory administration by taking over the Smaritans ads.) This all culminated in that bungling fascist buffoon KENNY EVERETT going on about 'bombing the Russians' at their set piece Nuremberg style rally. The Thatcher Youth movement even sang 'Tomorrow belongs to us', an old fave of Adolf and the boys, which was poignantly portrayed in 'Cabaret' on the telly a few days previous.

All that of course just went to emphasise that Democracy is a lie and the electoral system is a farce. Footie and Labour were stitched up a treat. Our leadership chose her time well, before patriotic fervour dwindled down after the Falklands fiasco and got herself better PR than O'Dowd. The rigged election put us in with the American war machine hook, line and sinker. Our position as a satellite state tourist attraction and missile base became clearer - when the yanks gleefully wopped Grenada despite Thatcher's objections. Over to Julie Burchill; it was truly pathetic to behold how pleased the Americans were to actually win what they considered to be a war at last (albeit against 30 Cuban navvies) Lets forget that they bombed mental hospitals and that half the troops killed were shot by their own side - this is

the first war America has ever won without Britain and Russia covering for it as they did in World Wars I and II and after Viet Nam, with more bombs dropped by the Americans on North-Viet Nam than were dropped by all countries during World War II and still no victory...

If you care to look at your maps, children, you will find that we are infinitely nearer to Russia than Grenada is to America, and our circumstances are almost exactly the same - a country with a hostile political system and a huge stockpile of weapons, masquerading as a tourist paradise - surely our nearest super-power has a right to lay down the law?

JB at her very best, after years of trying, she finally sums up America as one big Manson family but with no culture/no beauty. All they've given the world is herpies, snuff movies and the Bomb. It's not a country. It's an experiment that has gone terribly terribly WRONG!

Any dignity/independence/pride that this sorry thing WE live in might have had was finally flushed down the toilet, with Ron's Little Xmas present that arrived at Greenham in November. Is it a carpet? Is it a tree? Is it a replica statue of liberty? Is it a DEATH MACHINE? Let Greenham was where the change in the wind is coming from. The courage/determination/dignity of the Greenham women WILL light up the whole world.

Earlier in the year NIEL KINNOCK walked unscathed from a motorway pile-up - somebody up there likes him - as Cecil Parkinson's kecks came down - Niel's popularity went up. The print workers went out. At last someone had found the guts to stand up to Thatcher. Then Cheltenham and then the miners went like a row of dominoes, giving this capitalist mess we've got ourselves into a not so friendly shove on the way OUT.

83 was the year that the so called radicals were proved right. 84 should be the year to do something about it - unless they start another fucking ruck with Libya - we've got to prove that it's not radical to want Peace, equality and FREEDOM - but COMMON SENSE. That's for commies/class warriors/anarchos/all fucking human beings and PUNKS....thru' good times and bad I always believed in the PUNK IDEAL; INDIVIDUALITY/MORALITY/HAVING NO LEADERS/NOBODY TELLING YOU WHAT TO DO/QUESTIONING EVERYTHING/GETTING EVERYONE INVOLVED/DESTROYING THE PASSER-BY/STEALING BACK YOUR RIGHT TO BE YOURSELF AND I STILL BLOODY DO! SO THERE!

## "LOOK MUMMY, CLOWNS"

TOM VAGUE IS MY HERO,  
I THINK HIS MAG IS GREAT,  
HE LENDS ME LOTS OF MONEY,  
BECAUSE HE IS MY MATE,  
OLE' TOMMY AINT A MOANER,  
HE ALWAYS KEEPS HIS HEAD,  
BUT I OFTEN HEAR STRANGE NOISES,  
WHEN THAT SHEEP GETS IN HIS BED.

TOM VAGUE IS MY HERO,  
HE ALWAYS TALKS TO ME,  
HE FIGHTS THE REVOLUTION,  
BETWEEN HIS CUPS OF TEA,  
AND TYPING THRU' THE NIGHT,  
DOES'NT GET HIM DOWN,  
THAT'S WHY HE IS MY HERO  
AND THAT'S WHY I'M HIS FAN.

TOM VAGUE IS MY HERO,  
WHEN HE DOES THE WASHING-UP,  
IT DOES'NT HAPPEN OFTEN THO',  
COS HE DONT GIVE A FUCK,  
BUT THAT DONT REALLY MATTER,  
OLE' TOMMY IS REALLY GRATE  
AND I'M A BIT SKINT JUST NOW,  
LEND US A FIVER, EH MATE.

Chorus;  
TOM, TOM, TOMMY VAGUE,  
HE IS SO BIG AND BRAVE,  
TOM, TOM, TOMMY VAGUE,  
HE IS ALL OUR RAVE.

## "LOOK MUMMY, CLOWNS"

he's talking to are carrying blowtorches/ needless t say, i split fast go back t the nice quiet country. am standing there writing WHAAAT? on my favorite wall when who should pass by in a jet plane but my recording engineer "i'm here t pick up you and your latest works of art. do you need any help

CLOWN'S ADVENTURE



Dear VAGUE,

I was inspired to write to you after reading V.14. Firstly a minor detail really, name dropping. It's extremely annoying and rather pathetic and VAGUE has a literal sprinkling in every issue.

Second point, this is probably the worst, your fanzine article was very misguided. "KICK is easily the best new zine...I'm sick of VAGUE being tagged as one of the best. VAGUE is THE best." Right, for a start, there's the obvious dreadful comment there but more importantly, I'm sorry if I shatter your illusions here but VAGUE IS NOT A FANZINE, Yeah, that's right. You are NOT a fanzine. (I'm stunned.ED.) Let me explain. Most fanzines are done on a £50-£100 budget (Really!ED) but judging by VIZ costs £400 and that's just B+W (Hey dont bring Viz into this.ED) and VAGUE has such lovely glossy pages and nice colours on every page, I'd estimate that it costs about £900 so c'mon let the cat out of the bag and tell us all.

I hope the 'exciting and colourful' bit was meant to be taken metaphorically. Why? Because it costs too much. Baby! (Aaahhh, street talk) We have't all got limitless budgets y'know, middle class Punks, eh? (Hang on a bit, pass me another cocktail. Sabrina, that's better) It's not just little old me that disregards you as a fanzine, no sir. If you pick up any product from the perox nation you'll find no mention of VAGUE, every other zine (typical I hate that fucking that word) but not VAGUE and they must have seen a copy cos you have such wonderful distribution have't you (I do?) Rough Trade, Probe, Red Rhino, etc. (On yeah I see the big time? Who is this schmuck?)

"Most fanzines are dire..." what a pretentious thing to say. Do you have any idea how many fanzines there are in the UK? And the large 2 paragraph piece on what a fanzine should be, who the FUCK are you to say this, surely it's totally up to the person that makes it as to what it's like. And another annoying thing is that you along with JAMMING (Hey that's a bit below the belt. Outside.) cos you've made it you look down from your pedestal on high and criticize other zines (Sorry about that I must remember not to have an opinion of my own in future) Well fuck off if you're going to do that we want nothing to do with you. (Ohh No. I'm heartbroken)

"Crass got an image. After the Ants blew it (Hah!) they became the No.1 underground punk band" You absolute pratt! "A distorted carbon copy of what happened after the Sex Pistols." Is this article supposed to be a piss-take, I hope so, only it's not very funny. Where do I start? The anarcho-punk movement is stronger today than EVER before, it's not the same as '76, I didn't want to be the one to tell you, '76 was rebellion against the boredom, the rockstars, the music biz and nothing else, a breadth of fresh air (He knows his stuff does

nt he?) '84 is about life, rebellion against war, against death, against if you like government. (Well, fancy that. Thanks ever so much for telling me.) It's not just a fad like the bloody Ants, it is real, not just a bloody cult. 'Show some imagination' Oh sorry somebody else feels like me, well I'll just forget it shall I. I'll start a new music trend, really original, it's not about being original, it's a scream from the younger generation (A poet as well!) about today's fucked up, twisted and cruel world, go on have a good laugh all you Vagrants, it's not hip to care about anything, write nice articles on hip bands and get hipper still, stay at Ian Death Cult's house (Hang on a bit how come you tried to support them at Whittley Bay if you hate 'hip' bands so much?) You've totally missed the point I'm afraid. OK there are some dorks with Crass and Exploited on their backs but they're the minority, if somebody starts a zine/band then they obviously feel strongly about it.

It's not the music anyway, it's the message, I agree with you about Crass' music being stuck in a rut, but kids who liked punk were obviously a bit rebellious and when Crass came along, they (me too) liked the music, but listened to the words and started to think about it and form their own ideas/bands/zines and they're still doing that obviously you can slag them off for certain things because they're so extreme but they have a valid point and they're spreading the word. Incidentally what political stance does VAGUE take? I could never work it out. (Well that says it all really doesn't it. I'm a Neo-Nazi with shares in Rio-Tinto Zinc.)

I was going to send you a copy of my zine but no doubt you would have slagged it. (No doubt but it would have been nice if you had the guts to send it anyway.) By the way was that Falklands letter genuine?

Well that's about it.

Anarchy, Peace and freedom,  
HEC 'STEPPING OUT'.

Tom wanking Vague,

I've heard so much about VAGUE. Opinions were mixed but I wanted to see for myself. I've just read your fanzine advice/criticism/cynicism and now my carpet needs some type of revolutionary carpet cleaner especially formulated for vomit stains. So you're some sort of Messiah, the self-appointed God of the fanzine world, eh? (Yep! That's me, something along those lines anyway. Hope he's not going to get on his knees and get all humble now like all my bleeding disciples. Oh good he's not...) Well I say 'Fuck you God!' (More fighting talk, good stuff)

You know nothing m'boy. You ought to start thinking now. For a start your self-contradictions are so obvious I can't believe you don't feel embarrassed with yourself. "We have no interest in Politics or fashion" What do you mean 'we',

who the fuck are you trying to tell...Ha! (Oooh, that's stopped my little game has't it) but hang on he goes on to say "mustn't be scared to draw any influence. Infact it should draw on any material."

So any influence and any material does't include politics or fashion then? (Nope! Look I don't think we're on the same wavelength here, why don't you come back when you've finished junior school) So how come you use the word, the generalisation ANY, after trying to tell me there are subjects I shouldn't touch? Do you now realise how silly you sound, now that I've outlined it for you? To have no interest in politics, personal at least (Now I didn't say that did I? If we're going to take everything literally word for word, like a good little socialist worker) means you have no interest in life...

You mention the word Anarchy, another political contradiction, as well as the word chaotic. You say the 'zine should be chaotic and yet a few lines later you feel like telling someone to improve their layout. (And why the fuck should't I? I don't tell anyone to do anything but I'm quite prepared to fight for my right and anyone else's right to suggest anything that they want) Another one, you endorse the statement 'Sink the whole corrupt capitalist mess they call the free world' after just saying a zine is 'not interested in any political sloganeering. (I'm sorry aren't I allowed to say that unless I'm a fully paid up member of the SWP? I mean you don't have to be one of the Redskins to hate capitalism.) I could go on but I'm not going to waste any more time on a useless insignificant Nowter, who will obviously fade away, as I outlined in my rant on the Tube. (Gosh! How impressive.)

I've just read the rest of your zine and I could write pages to you. I'll have to see you sometime to explain things to you like that work ethic article Ha ha. (Which again says it all really) VAGUE production is very good but the attitude behind it makes it futile, worthless and useless.

Swiftnick, NEW YOUTH Fanzine. (Not the real one of course, where are you little cockney pervert?) (To get this letter into true perspective you have to get NEW YOUTH fanzine. It really is worth getting, the worst fanzine I've ever seen, the ultimate shabby affair, with Sav the Lad, Atilla the Prick, Redskins, football and such memorable quotes as "The thoughts of one mean nothing at all but the thoughts of one in print or song can become the beliefs of us all." Heard that somewhere before....)



SO YOU WANT TO KNOW  
JUST HOW LONG YOU'VE GOT?

EXACTLY!  
- YOUR HONOUR

IN A CRIMINAL  
SOCIETY, THE ONLY  
CRIME IS BEING  
CAUGHT.



IN THE

CLERKENWELL

COUNTY COURT

17

The Mayor,

the London...

PERSONS UNKNOWN

154 New North Road

N1

SELF INDULGENT STREET CRED.



THE TUBES NEVER GONNA  
COME... SHALL WE  
WALK



WHAT WAS  
THAT SHUDDER  
THEN?

WE'VE BEEN  
WALKING FOR  
AGES - WHAT'S  
THAT?

I CAN'T SEE VERY  
WELL - BUT IT LOOKS  
LIKE A PARTY



**WIP MUP'S** PUT ALL YOUR MONEY IN A  
POKEY BAG AND GIVE IT TO ME  
AT THE NEW

**Virgin** hip  
super  
market

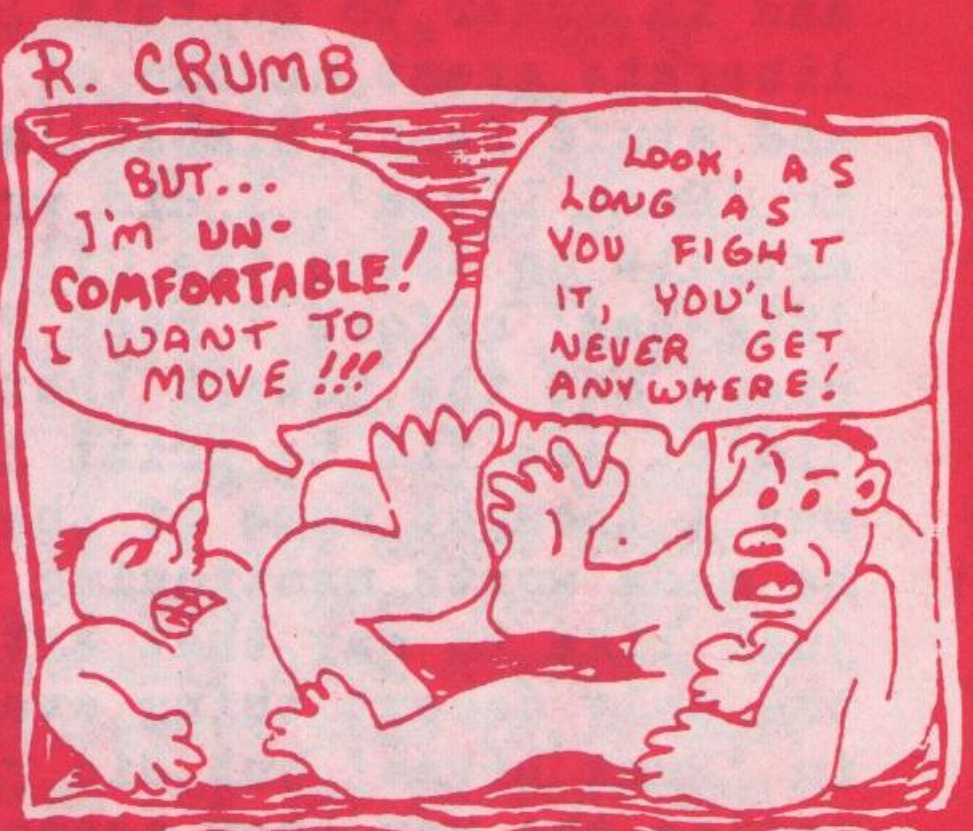
HELLO SUCKERS! US WONDERFUL PEOPLE  
AT VIRGIN HAVE ARRIVED IN GLASGOW! WE CALL OURSELF  
VIRGIN BECAUSE WE LIKE TO ATTRACT CUSTOMERS THAT ARE  
YOUNG AND GUILTY (IF THEY HAD ANY FUCKING SENSE  
THEY'D RIP US OFF!) WHO WAS IT SANG 'DO YOU THINK  
IT'S FUNNY, TURNING REBELLION INTO MONEY' FUNNY  
WE'RE LAUGHING ALL THE WAY TO  
THE BANK!! AND DON'T FORGET  
OUR NEW VIRGIN CREDIT SCHEME...  
BE HIP AND IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS  
IN EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS!!  
BRING YOUR GIROS, SMALL CHANGE  
YOUR GRANNY'S PENSION BOOK...  
WE'LL TAKE IT ALL!! BRING  
YOUR REBELLION AND WE'LL  
SELL IT BACK TO YOU!!... MUST  
GO NOW... THE RUSSIANS HAVE  
GOT SOME KIND OF REBELLION IN  
POLAND, AND THEY WANT ME TO  
COME OVER AND PACKAGE IT  
AND MAKE IT HARMLESS...  
SEE Y! Richard Branson



SPECIAL OPENING OFFERS  
NEW LPS BY THE CASH  
AND HELEN O'CONNOR

Virgin  
WHO WANTS A DISTRIBUTION  
DEAL ANYWAY?

THE DEFINITION - NICKED FROM KYP





"All the power is in the hands of people rich enough to buy it while we walk the streets too chicken to even try it And everybodys doing just what they're told to and nobody wants to go to jail Are you taking over or are you taking orders, are you going backwards or are you going forwards."

- if anyone does'nt know where that's from we've got bigger problems than I thought.

communications, y'know all that sort of stuff, not to mention the starving millions. There is no enemy in capitalism except us, people, we're the only ones who suffer and the only ones who can do anything about it.

day the arrest quota must have been up in the hundreds. This gives a very false impression. The majority of the arrests were for such revolutionary acts as running across roads or sitting down on pavements.

# Stop the CITY!

'IN THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD WAR IS BEING PLANNED + FINANCED. IN LONDON, THE BUSINESSES THAT PROFIT FROM THIS ARE CONCENTRATED 'IN THE CITY'. THE ARMS RACE STARTS HERE' reads the 'STOP THE CITY' handout. On September 29th of last year a few thousand people gathered in the City to make a peaceful protest against the people who profit from war. It was a sort of follow up and different approach to the blockades of US nuclear arms bases.

Better fill you in properly here on the background I 'spose and in order to do this I had to liberate great chunks of figures and stuff Penny Rimbaud's article in 'Punk Lives', I did write an article on 'Stop the City' for 'Zig-Zag' before I read Penny's piece but the powers that be did'nt see fit to print it. Any way I thought some of the points he made worth mentioning and I'd just like to say that article is the only decent thing ever to go in 'Punk Lives' but did you notice the way they censored the swear words? Pathetic!

Right, now I've got that out of the way, some facts; in 1983 Thatcher's government spent some £12,000 million on the British armed forces. That's something like £30 million a day, that's an awful lot of home brew, Disorder. Our Leaderne also gave the go-ahead to exports of arms, a trifling amount compared with Defence, somewhere in the region of £2000 million, £5 million a day. A large percentage of this went to our supposed arch enemy Argentina. That's before and after the Falklands fiasco. This all keeps the hypocritical circle of the arms biz going round. We export more arms abroad so we need to spend more on defence. At the expence of social services such as hospitals, schools, doing something about the inner cities, housing problems, roads,

September 29th 1983 was the day that the fat corrupt purveyors of this disgusting trade counted up their money and drooled over their profits. It was also the day that we decided to do something about it.

'STOP THE CITY' was no ordinary demonstration. Recently demos and marches have become ordered common place affairs, as much a part of the English way of life as cleaning the car on a sunday afternoon and lovable spikey tops ponsing 10p's off tourists. What made 'STOP THE CITY' different was nobody was telling you what to do. You could do as much as you thought you were capable of. Being there in the City was enough. That it took place there in the belly of the beast (well that's not bad, only one cliché so far) made it an important statement. An uprising of people who did'nt like the way things were and thought it was time they stood up for themselves and said NO! We've had enough!

And the authorities were'nt standing for that. The police were not just prepared for violence, getting the jackboot in was there natural policy. Behelmetted faces visibly lit up at the chants of 'Police Brutality!' The press deliberately played it down under that dodgy censorship bill they've got to stop riots spreading like in 1981. Not many people know that there was quite a juicy little riot in Bristol last year. Ever wished you were better informed?

City stopping proceedings began at 6AM whne the early risers made the most impact, burning flags, smoke bombing tube stations and bringing traffic to a standstill outside the Bank of England. By 10 O'Clock there were about 3,000 people outside the Corn Exchange. By this time their had already been numerous arrests. By the end of the

STOP THE CITY was always a peaceful demonstration and even if any individuals wanted to be a little more active they soon realised that they did'nt stand a chance against the vicious tactics employed by the highly trained mercenaries of her majesties' constabulary. All you could do really was take the piss out of them by leading them on wild goose chases round the city's back streets.

You might have already guessed that I was not one of the early risers. I'm afraid the revolution will have to wait until I've had a good lie-in. When Chris and me had got to the Bank of England everyone had moved on and we thought we would be spending the whole day wandering about the City just missing the action each time. But after a brisk stroll we find the children of the London Uprising merrily mocking the Lady Mayor's inauguration at the Guildhall and trying to disrupt the first hearings of those arrested in the morning. As Penny Rimbaud said "Rich men administering Rich men's law to maintain Rich men's order." Cant argue with that!

Unfortunately the only people we found with any real enthusiasm were the muesli base crew who tried to get everyone involved with their street theatre and suchlike. Sullen faced punks looked on, wanting to do something but reluctant to join in with the hippies pathetic fun and games. However the protestors were predominantly London's best, punk squatters and mutant hippies with a sprinkling of CND groups from around the country. That's about as far as any political involvement went. CND was not officially involved because they thought it would be too violent.



OOOH TO BE AAH REPRESSED WHITE BOY

The pavement getting harder and harder  
The new world eating into me, expropriating  
me.  
Soon I wont even need a name.

we are on the outside  
but we're not looking in

Soon I wont even need a name.

you really give a fuck? Putting  
everyone back on the corporate  
assembly line/WHITE/BLACK/GREY/  
we are suggesting that this is not  
enough/take what you can get/  
situationism/opportunism/scrounge/  
SEX/conditioning/where have all  
flowers gone? NO JAYBIRDS fly  
here/I used to have a sense of  
humour/I USED TO HAVE A SENSE OF  
HUMOUR/portions/this is the end/  
you can only bang your head against  
a brick wall so many times/how like  
a GOD/it was always my aim in life  
to achieve whatever it was I was  
going to achieve/ as far back as I  
can remember/DIARY/politics not  
pity/slogans such as wish you were  
here/kick out the jams/kill the  
piggies/MEAT MEANS MURDER/FREE  
LOVE/FREE/torpor/hand outs/know  
your rights/senility/turns rational  
thinking people.../greed/gimme gimme  
gimme/profit/stop it/melodrama/  
BLACK FLAGS/WOMEN/MATRIARCHY/daeth  
cult/ignorance is strength/ still  
fighting the symptoms and not the  
disease, Doc? The last man in Europe/  
philosophers have only interpreted  
the world in various ways the point  
is to change it/Do something! EXPRESS  
YOURSELF! What do you do in the music  
business JohnK? Why just about every-  
body I can /EVERYBODY I CAN/ NO BOMB  
THAT EVER BURST COULD SHATTER THE  
CRSTAL SPIRIT/THE CRYSTAL FUCKING  
SPIRIT/they tell us we cant I KNOW  
WE CAN/MY YOUNG MEN SHALL NEVER WORK  
MEN WHO WORK CANNOT DREAM AND WISDOM  
COMES TO T HOSE WHO DREAM/ All we  
ever wanted was everything/be real-  
istic DEMAND THE IMPOSSIBLE/cross  
your fingers/freedom is slavery/  
London uprising/UNITE/James Dea n/  
hitting people about the head/what  
the papers say/when the music's  
over/want your cake and eat it/  
FUCKING TYPEWRITER/sd.. BASTARD!!  
scatter cushions/Camden market/the  
marketplace/Winston cigarette ads/  
the sidewalk's are full of love's  
ugly children/the last man in europe  
you'll eat shit and say it tastes  
good if there's any money in it for  
you/direct action/WAR IS PEACE/cut  
it off/FUCK T HE MOTHERS KILL THE  
OTHERS/HOW LIKE A GOD/HOW LIKE A  
GOD/HOW LIKE A GOD/HOW LIKE A GOD?

THE REVOLUTION OF EVERYDAY ALIENATION

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO FOOD MONEY  
PROVIDING OF COURSE YOU DONT MIND  
A LITTLE HUMILIATION/INVESTIGATION  
...AND IF YOU CROSS YOUR FINGERS!!!

working class Tories/Labour/work  
state capitalism-stepping on our  
hearts - important that you keep  
your cool at all times-hang loose  
stay cool stay free -FREE- unwaged/

unemployed class-CLASS-we can only  
reflect and comment on what is  
around us in our music/writing/  
fashion/CULTURE/You cant change  
it EVER/ most ventures to try to  
change it directly come to nothing  
in the treacherous channels that  
exist for such things/problems/  
problems/I used to have a sense of  
humour/perish the thought/hitching/  
there must be no more compromise  
with this system/MANSON/doublethink/  
stepping on our hearts'/PROPERTY IS  
MORE IMPORTANT THAN PEOPLE/ride the  
one eyed snake to the lake/WE DONT  
JUST WANT MORE BREAD WE WANT THE  
WHOLE BLOODY BAKERY/from the safest  
places come the bravest words/social  
handouts/gestapo/Dickensian/turns  
rational thinking people into  
paranoid maniacs - FIND OUT WHAT WE  
REALLY ARE- It's not important that  
you keep your cool-it's a basic  
human right to have somewhere to  
live - NOT A PRIVILEGE - US AND  
THEM???working class pride turns  
up it's nose at hand outs/charity/  
CONDITIONING/the sidewalks are full  
of love's ugly children/certain  
obstacles in our way but it must  
all come together and SOON/PATRIARCHY  
MATRIARCHY/IT IS NOT A PRIVILEGE/IT  
DOES NOT MATTER IF YOU CAN SPELL...  
one foul swoop/someone told me being  
in the know was enough/besotted/  
institutions/rock'n'roll/feeling  
left behind in the computer age?

FUCK THE MOTHERS  
KILL THE OTHERS  
FUCK THE MOTHERS  
KILL THE OTHERS  
FUCK THE MOTHERS  
KILL THE OTHERS

Transparent/resilient/no smoke without  
fire/accept nothing, question everything,  
destroy conformity/the city's ripped back  
sides/murder styles/lining the budgie  
cage/the sidewalks are full of love's  
ugly children/UGLY/UGLY/UGLY/UGLY/UGLY/  
clutching at straws/shat on more times  
than Nelson's column/Archway Towers/as  
good as dead/my mind aint so open that  
anything can rawl in/No more Mr Nice Guy  
Stigma/degradation/awkwardness/hassle

SUICIDE OCEAN/a society built  
on guilt and shame/OH CHRIST/  
torpor/apathy/one of the few  
disadvantages of not working is  
having to sign on every two weeks/  
a society built on guilt and shame  
- LONDON -people-cockneys\*TIMEOUT  
anarchy/BRIXTON- moving/clubbing/  
quitting/squatting/tubing/bussing/  
signing/eating/drinking/fucking/  
LIVING/LEARNING/LEARNING/LEARNING/  
Can you put me on the housing list?  
Do evrything you can to fuck up  
capitalism/THE SUN/DHSSSSSSS

We don't work

WE JUST

Hello,  
I read an article about drugs in  
VAGUE 14. I want to react a bit to  
it. It started bloody well. I agree  
with the things you wrote about dope  
but what you wrote about speed is  
something that turned away the good  
feeling I had about your article.

I agree that speed makes you get  
up off your bum. But I know too  
many people for whom it doesn't  
increase the IQ. Infact it fucks you  
up because you dont know what to do  
with that energy, so you usually end  
up being aggressive towards other  
people and get in fights over little  
things.

I also know punks that told me  
that I wasn't a punk because I didn't  
even try to use it. Half of the Punk  
scene was on speed and I didn't find

it much fun. I dont need that kind  
of Punk. I think when you say that  
it makes you realise you too can  
make it, you dont need to be more  
intelligent - this is cheating your-  
self. Everytime you'll need it to  
get that proof again. I think you  
may need to use it because of lack  
of support, real support from others.  
Be more positive, accept each other  
more. That's what you've got to give  
and learn to have self confidence.  
Fuck being dependant on all this  
shit. You say yourself that the  
Fatmen just gets fatter. What about  
speed dealing? As bad as dope dealing.

Another thing I want to warn about  
is that people I know who used speed  
for a while were regularly getting  
flashbacks for at least a year after  
stopping using it. These flash  
backs are really unpleasant.

Also a few of them have stomach  
ulcers from lack of enough vita-  
mins because you hardly eat  
enough.

Hope you'll insert my letter  
and right you are with your last  
words in the article.

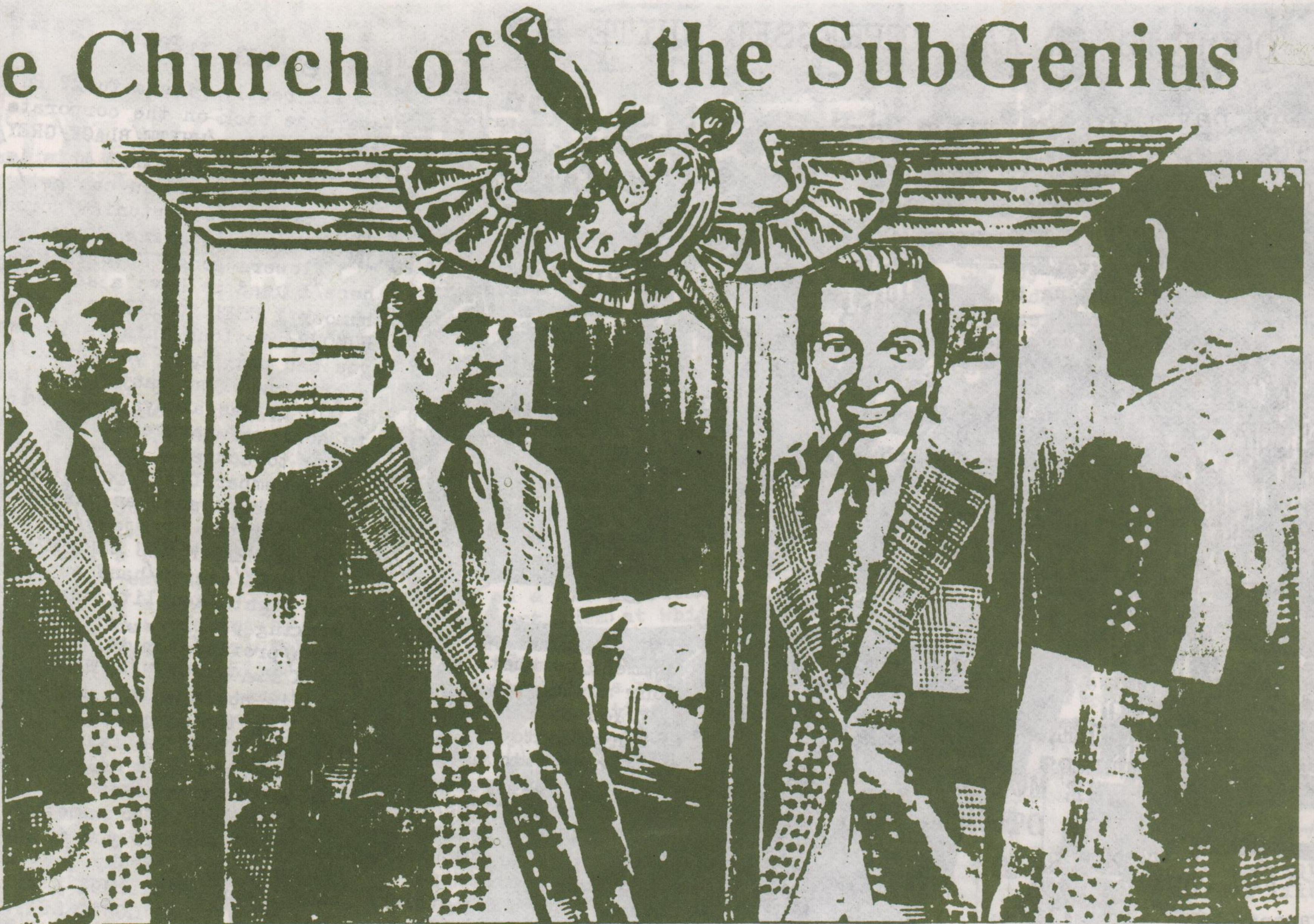
....Raymond,  
Arnhem,  
Holland.

VAGUE: Letter duly inserted and  
You're absolutely right of  
course. I must have been really  
out of it when I wrote that crap.  
I'm not a strung out speed freak  
though, I'm just a bastard-mod  
offspring old punk with teeth to  
grind. Sorry I mean an axe to  
grind. Write out a thousand  
times 'I must stop playing at  
being a two-bit Julie Burchill.'



# The Church of the SubGenius

"Man cannot bear too much reality."



RONALD  
WILSON  
REAGAN  
666



BY THE REV. PETE SCOTT.

In a country like America, where freedom of religion is guaranteed by the constitution, anything is likely to develop. Enter the SubGenius Foundation, billing itself as the wildest cult on earth. What do they believe in?

A mysterious character known as Bob Dodds, who, they claim, "is basically a pretty regular guy, just very rich and possessed by forces greater than man." Bob's 'two-fisted' pals are said to include Jesus, Krishna, Buddha and Elvis (!) His opposite number in the forces of evil is known as the dreaded anti-Bob 333.

The SubGenius cultists have had a field day inventing explanations for such things as the Kennedy and Lennon shootings. (Lennon they claim was 'nt assassinated at all; he actually died of a drug overdose a split-second before being shot. "So in the end Chapman's bullets were wasted.")

They obtain most of their pleasure from the reactions of their victims - mostly baffled normals - and the resulting publicity. Their activities are pretty varied; they publish their own surreal humour fansine, THE STARK FIST, and appear regularly on radio and cable TV across the States. They also organise parties, demonstrations, road-rants, studio-seances and weird 'anti-music' gigs at which the Foundation's resident bands and solo musicians cut loose.

The first of these church-sanctified anti-music was hatched circa 1980 by Snavely Eklund, Sterno Keckhaver, Janor Hypercleats and Drelloid. (Note: all names used in this article are guaranteed 100% genuine.) This was the now-infamous Drs. 4 Bob, "the first band to use chainsaws and drawers full of broken car parts in their musical interpretations." These defrocked surgeons appeared at red-hot, spirit-filled revivals across the States, playing horribly calloused songs like DUMPER TRUCK FULLA DEAD POLICEMEN, BUCKET OF DRUGS, DEAD MEN LIVE IN SEWERS and TOLD THE JUDGE TO SUCK MY DICK. They soon inspired a legion of imitators

and gave rise to a whole new style of Hellspeew, abrasive to the point of brain-erasure.

There are now over twenty of these 'doktorbands' in existence, including such names as 2000 Doktors, Glassmadness, The Band that dare not speak its name and Drs. for

extreme prejudice ("actual mercenaries who play dynamite tunes between assignments.") "For a true doktorband to succeed," a press release reveals, "few if any of the members should be adept with the musical instruments they use in their trance-sessions. One expert musician on his chosen instrument wont hurt. More than that, however, and the musicians will begin to make the fatal mistake of TRYING."

The Reverend Ivan Stang, the Foundation's leading scribe, recently sent me a letter in which he explained the doktorband syndrome in greater detail. "The thing about the doktorbands is that they have interchangeable personnel," he wrote "For instance, a couple of members of Drs. 4 Bob might end up visiting The Band that dare not speak its Name, and do more taping than either group would do seperately. There's also the various revivals and stage shows, where various lone doktors will all end up on the same stage, ranting and chanting and whatever, so you almost never get the same 'sound' twice."

Most doktorbands will make use of whatever instruments come to hand: not just guitars and drums, but children's toy instruments, tables, golf clubs, food blenders full of empty beer cans - anything. Their songs tend to follow a set pattern: 'I need some weed and a blowjob' by 1000 Doktors consists mainly of the phrase "I need some weed and a blowjob" chanted over a hideous primal riff. On the other hand 'I just wanna die' by Drs. for Amubis, consists mainly of the





phrase "I just wanna die" chanted over a hideous primal riff. Meanwhile 'How many more times do we have to play this same song' by the Band that dare not speak its name consists mainly of...well, you get the idea. Most of this material falls into a hit-or-miss, see-saw pattern.

You either get a good song or a bad song now and then, depending on the ebb and flow of the band's creative juices. But that's the great thing about conceptual music, isn't it? No one really gives a shit one way or the other.

According to Ivan Stang, "none of the doktorbands are trying to do the rock'n'roll thing. They don't try to get gigs and least of all are they trying to do listenable music. They just turn on the instruments and tape decks and try their damndest to do only what Bob leads them to, randomly. Spontaneous ranting is a big part of it. We only hope that what we rant is either funny or horribly true or both."

This spontaneous, don't give a shit approach often provokes extreme reactions. When they appeared at a club in Boston, Stang and his cohorts were pelted with beer bottles by a huge crowd of 'dopey college-boy hooligans'. Their response was characteristic: "We challenged anyone in the audience to get up onstage and fight us," Stang later wrote, "and not one of them had the sense of showmanship to do it. It was twelve SubGeniuses versus 500 humans and the Club management, and we won! We left the stage, yes, but we got paid, Praise Bob."

In addition to the various doktorbands there are also many SubGenius-affiliated groups who perform pre-written songs using traditional instruments and values. These include the Gun Klowns, the Butt Plugs, the Shitty Beatles and best of all the Fabulous Pink Boys, whose repertoire/song-list is based around such fast-paced punk neo-classics as 'Bob can fuck', 'Face the music' and 'Put your hands on the radio'.

The scope of the SubGenius phenomenon is wide and varied, ranging from the sheer bloody NOISE of the anti-music bands, to the gentle acoustic ditties of Glassmadness (apparently a solo performer, not a group) D.K.Jones creates juddering electronic music, while the Chicago-based People's Temple specialize in funky-type soul muzak - the kind of thing that trendy white FACE readers listen to in order to feel temporarily less caucasian. There's something for everyone here, especially those who subscribe to the noise-is-for-heroes/music-is-for-zeroes ethic. "Doktormusic is not some fad-dish movement meant to replace punk," says a SubGenius press release, "nor is it merely a small-time cult phenomena fated to replace ALL

music. No, it is actually the DYNAMO which transforms all human reality while sounding like a thousand sci-fi writers overdosing on acid to a background of 5000 tibetan monks chanting in a parking lot full of car radios between channels turned all the way up." Pretty persuasive stuff.

There are no half measures here; no pseudo-art conceptual congames a la Residents or Devo (infact Devo stole most of their best ideas from Bob) nor are the SubGeniuses simply playing at being WEIRD like Genesis P-Orridge and his Temple Ov Psychic Youth cronies. Instead the Foundation offers a complete, off the peg belief system, pre-shrunk and ready to wear. A handy manageable cosmology. MORE than just a religion. A real skull-popper - makes you twitch in your sleep. Instant installation by professionals. THRILL to God's FEARFULNESS. Hundreds of hilarious alien manipulators and hideous conspiracy revelations. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES!

There are now around thirty SubGenius cassettes available, most of which contain tracks by a variety of anti-music bands, interspersed with rants, chants and hilarious spoken routines like 'Clive is a skullfarmer' by Ivan Stang, or 'Cut your dick off to prove you're a man' by Janor Hypercleats. You can get in touch with the foundation by writing directly to; PO Box 140306, Dallas, Texas 75214, USA. Send 'em an International money order for \$12 and ask for a sample of one of their 'Bobsongs' or 'media barrage' cassette albums. I guarantee you won't be disappointed.

For a further \$20 you can even buy your way into the Foundation. In return you'll receive some of the funniest quasi-mystical bullshit ever conceived by the mind of man, including a membership card which gives you the right to do ANYTHING YOU CHOOSE! It's also highly official looking. No other religious order can make such an extravagant claim.

Can you really afford to miss out on all this? Join the SubGenius Foundation and you too can perform marriages, exorcisms, seances, sacrifices, smittings, miraculous healings, cattle mutilations and deprogrammings. No fake - this is utterly REAL! The world ends tomorrow AND YOU MAY DIE!!

"You'd pay to know what you really think."

"Pull the wool over your own eyes."

Send \$1.00

\$1



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.

**The Church of the SubGenius™**

P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

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**CONTACT ALIENS.**

— both benevolent and evil.  
They reveal themselves to the worthy.

Details \$1.  
The SubGenius Foundation  
Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

**The SubGenius  
Citizenship Pledge**



I refuse to recognize my membership in the human community.

I declare my allegiance to the SubGenius Race (ethnically all-encompassing but biologically post-human) and to my own household kingdom, while severing all ties with enemies of the SubGenii (including myself if need be) except where fiscally required.

As a member of this mutant empire, my first concern is Slack for myself, my family and friends. Therefore:

I will promote divisions and wars among non-SubGenii:

I will work to cast out the False Prophets.  
I will work to erase the Conforming Instinct.

I will work for Time Control in my own life:

— to become an OverMan!  
— for my own sake, to preserve this planet from destruction except for the proper reasons!  
— to unmask the Conspiracy and install a strict anarchy or formal chaos!

— to placate the Stark Fist of Removal!

— to extend SubGenius endurance by indulging in excesses of every kind!

— to prevent humanity from ever acting with a common will!

— to grip the reins of evolution!

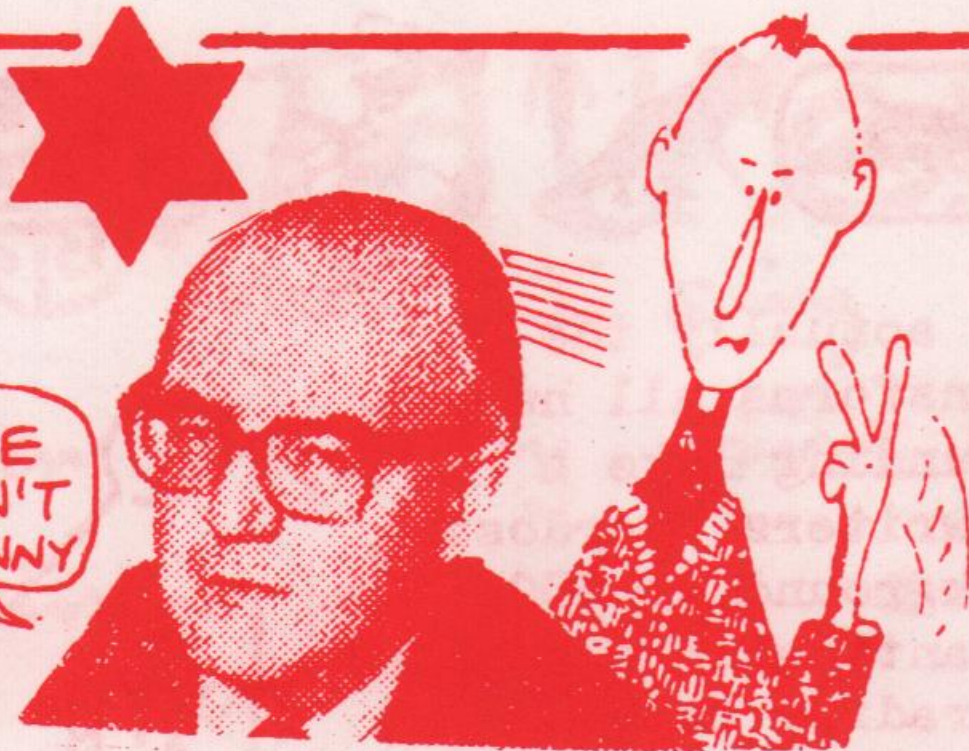
— to welcome and exploit the Angelic Host from Planet XI  
and to meet the needs of SubGeniuses everywhere whenever it profits myself.

I pledge that I will not actually "work" at any of the above; I pledge moreover that I will never voluntarily allow any shortness of Slack into my home, temple, Fane, cathedral, chapel, Shrine, priory, abbey, friary, convent, monastery, or place of business.



# Viz COMICS

I SUPPOSE IT'S MEAN'T TO BE FUNNY



Containing such vizual gems as ROGER MELLIE (THE MAN ON THE TELLIE), PAUL WHICKER - THE TALL VICAR, PATHETIC SHARKS, BIG VERN, AND 45p (including postage and packing) payable to C DONALD from Viz House, 16 Lily Cres., Newcastle upon Tyne 2.

AMERICAN EXPRESS



Mr. Pointless Swearing

in VULGAR DRIVE

FEATURING OBSCENE WORDS LIKE TWAT!!

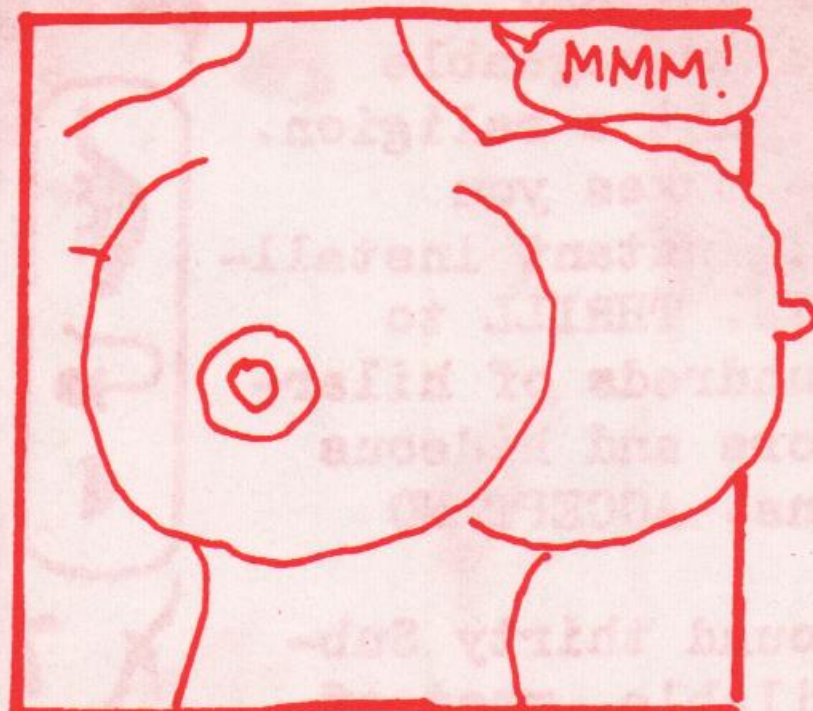


FUCK!

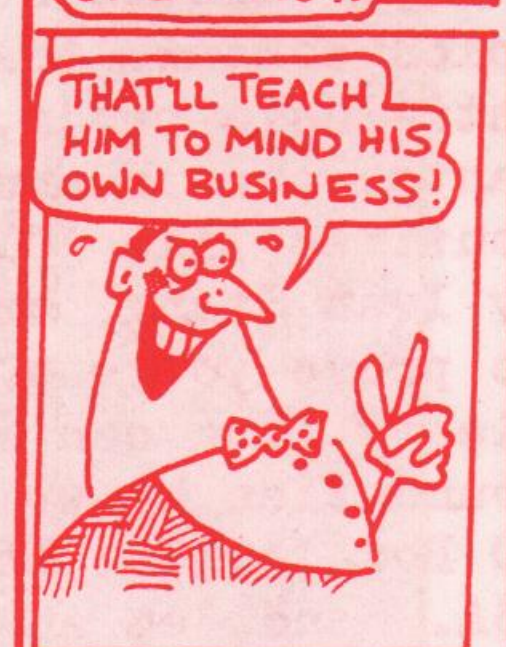
THERE MUST BE SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR

LISTEN YOU! I'VE WARNED YOU BEFORE ABOUT THAT SWEARING. ANY MORE AND I'LL CALL THE COPS!

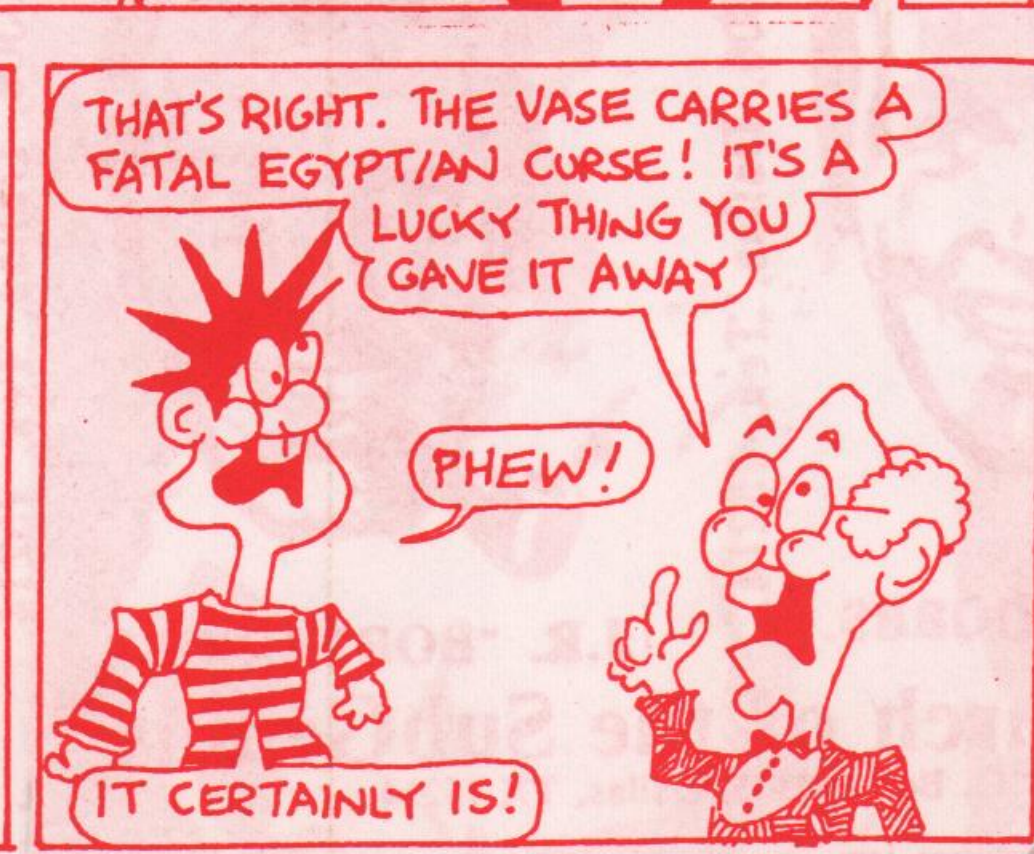
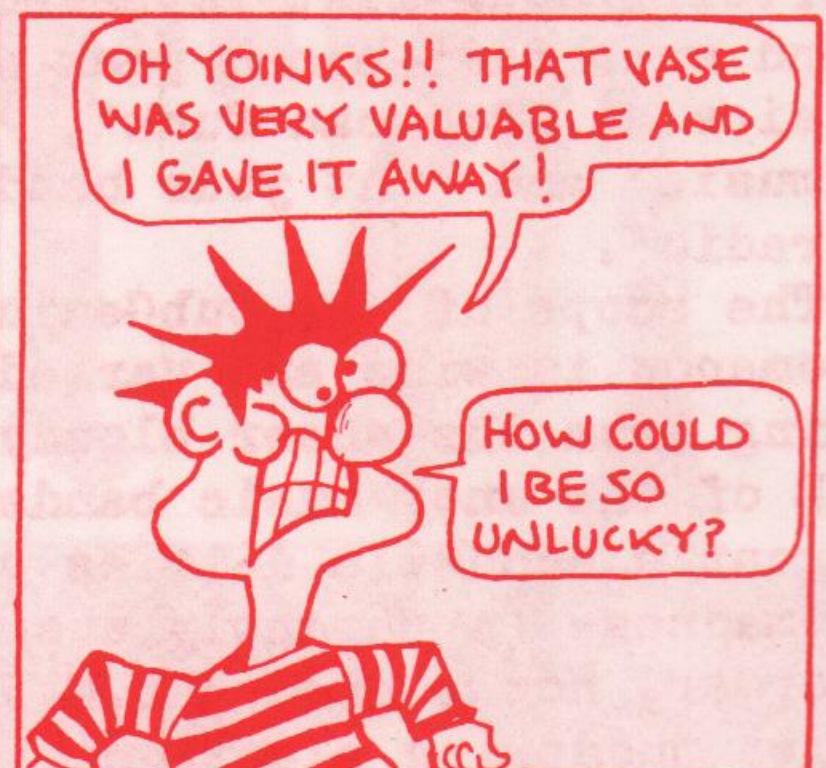
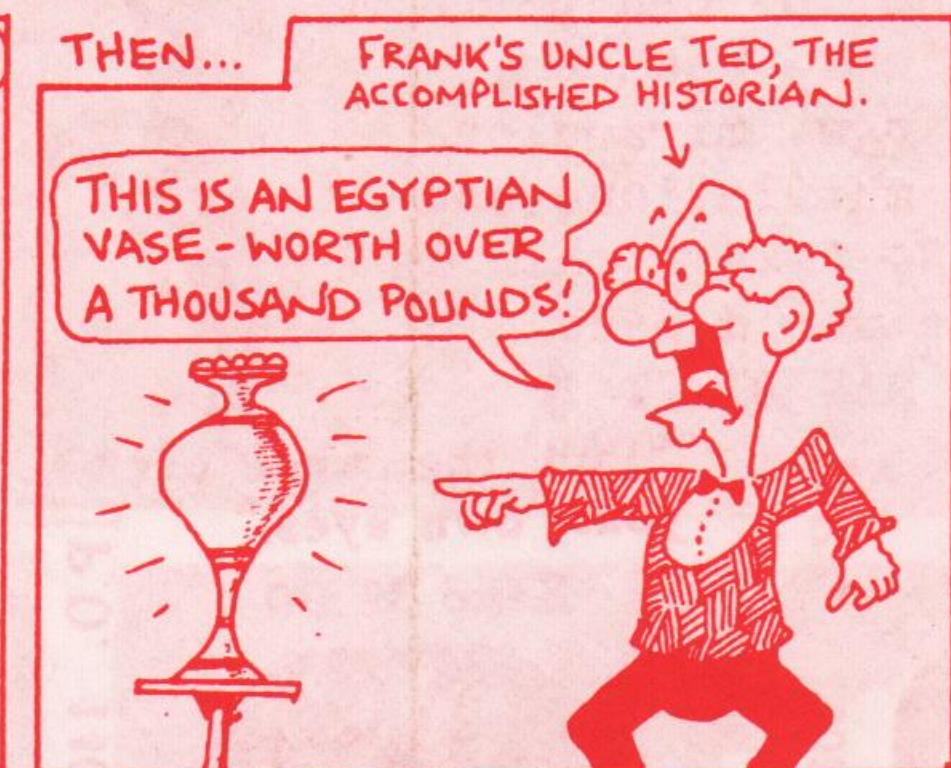
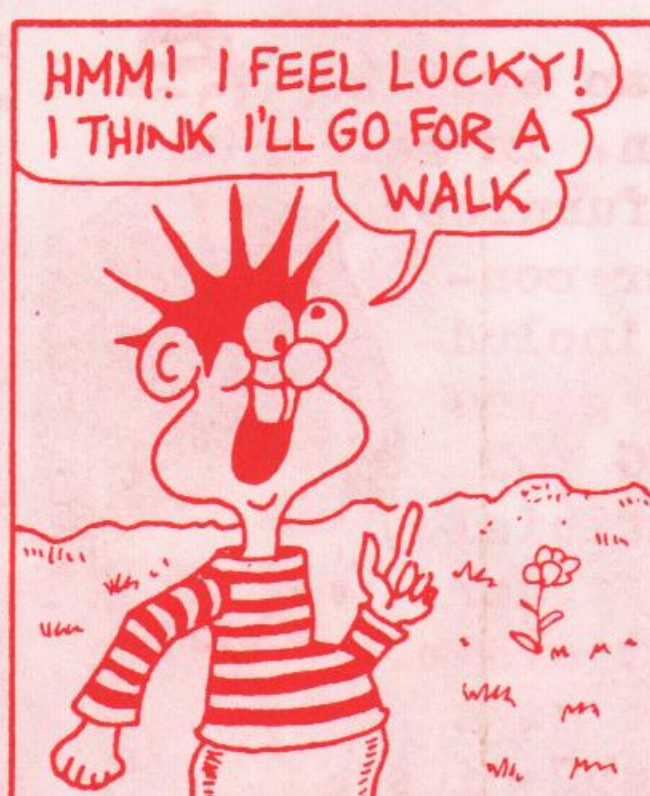
## MARY WHO LOSES THINGS BY CHUCK BENSON



No S2416



## Lucky FRANK



THE END



# THE PHANTOM OF THE BASTARD OPERA

NAFF LAYOUT C/O VAGUE

IN THE OPERA MANAGERS' OFFICE...



YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS... YOU MISERABLE BASTARD!



THE NEXT DAY...

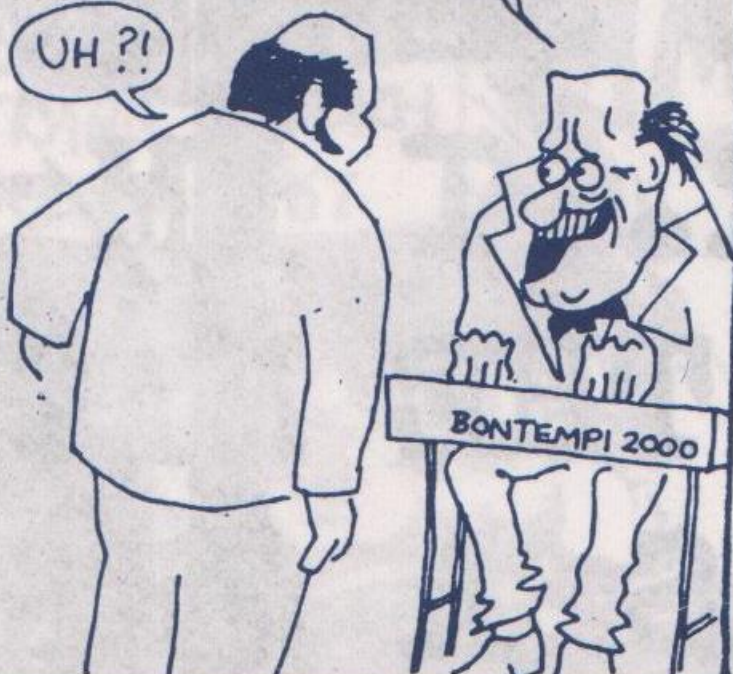


SOMEONE MUST HAVE LEFT A RADIO ON



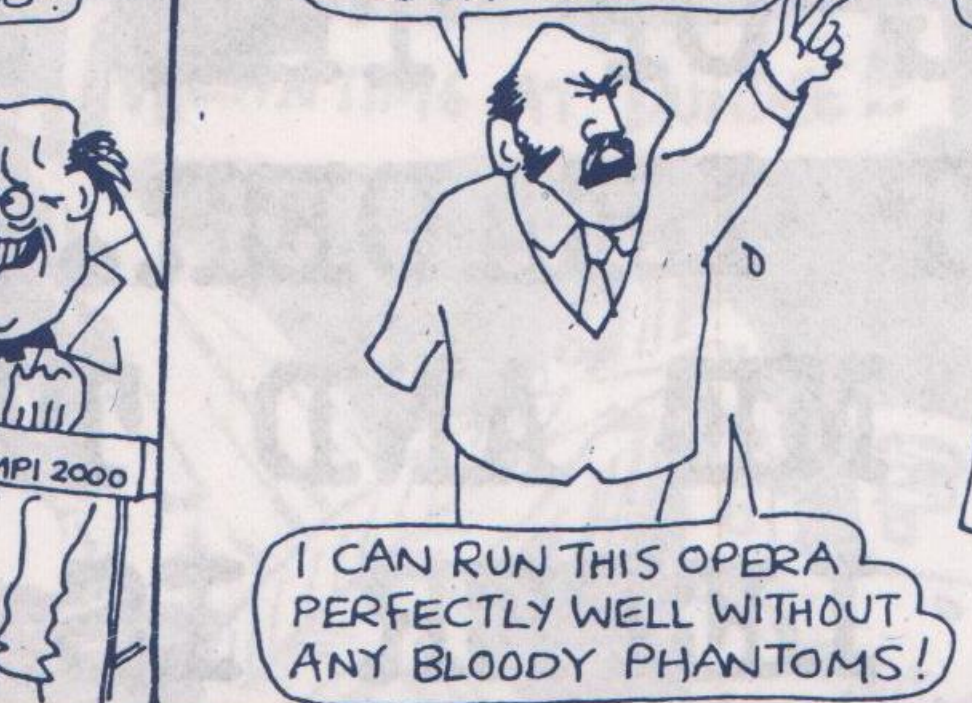
DO I GET THE JOB?

UH?!



PISS OFF WILL YOU!

I CAN RUN THIS OPERA PERFECTLY WELL WITHOUT ANY BLOODY PHANTOMS!



BASTARD!



LATER, IN THE PHANTOM'S TOP SECRET CAVE...



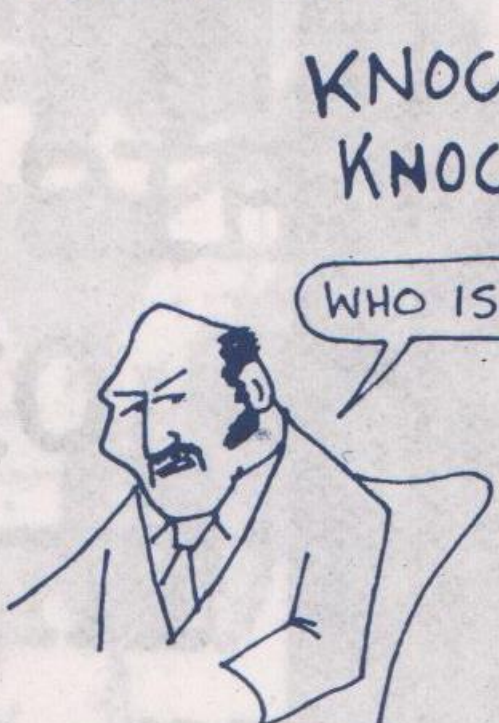
TEN MINUTES OF DRILLING SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



THE NEXT DAY...

KNOCK!! KNOCK!!

WHO IS IT?



WELL, WHEN DO I START?

CHRIST ON A BIKE!!



LATER, OUTSIDE THE OPERA HOUSE...

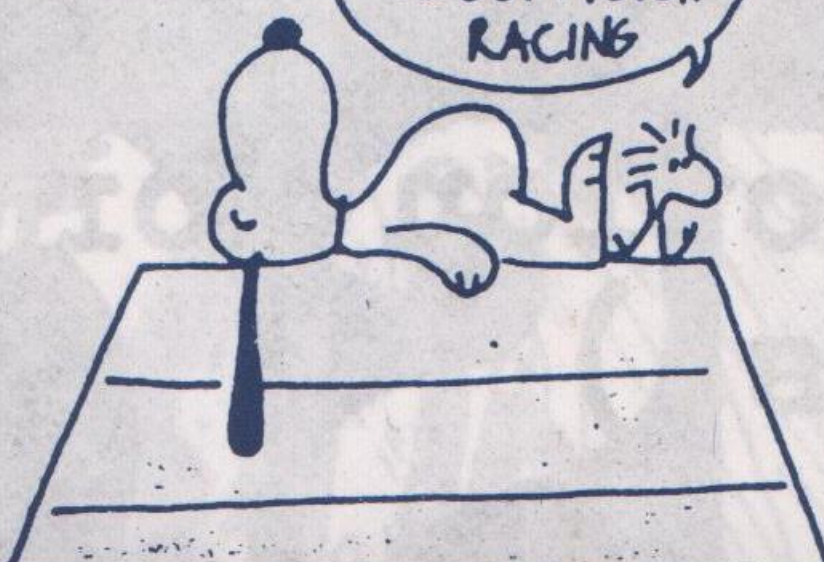
OFFICIAL PICKET THE MANAGER IS A WANKER



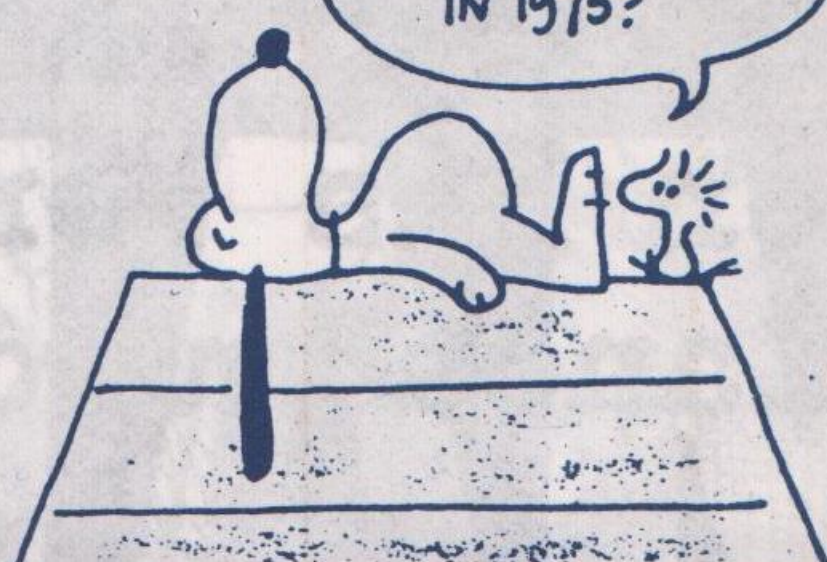
## PEANUTS (UNKNOWN ARTIST) AGAIN.



SNOOPY, YOU KNOW A LOT ABOUT MOTOR RACING



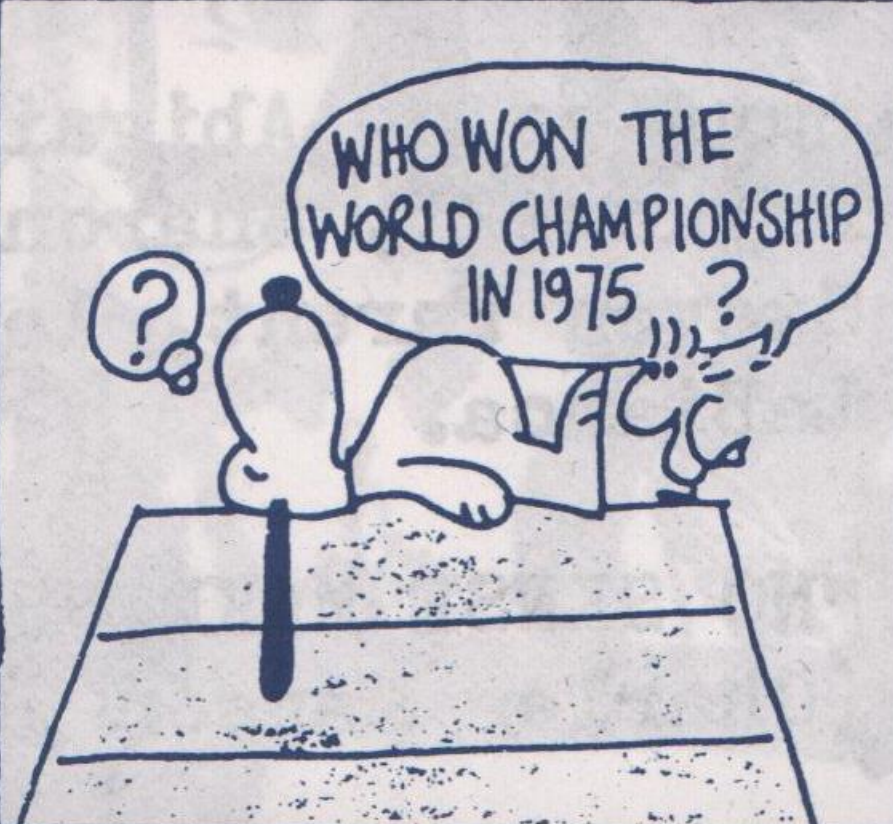
WHO WON THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1975?



LAUDA!



WHO WON THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1975?



BLOODY LAUDA I SAID!!



WHO WON THE FUCKING CHAMPIONSHIP?



FUCKING LAUDA!



UP YER ARSE!



DEAF CUNT!





# *Fear Swept the Holsides*

"MR AND MRS AMERICA - YOU ARE WRONG, I AM NOT KING OF THE JEWS, NOR AM I A HIPPIE CULT LEADER. I AM WHAT YOU HAVE MADE OF ME AND THE MAD DOG DEVIL KILLER FIEND LEPER IS A REFLECTION OF YOUR SOCIETY.....

WHATEVER THE OUTCOME OF THIS MADNESS THAT YOU CALL A FAIR TRIAL OR CHRISTIAN JUSTICE, YOU CAN KNOW THIS: IN MY MINDS EYE MY THOUGHTS LIGHT FIRES IN YOUR CITIES..."

(Statement issued by Charles Manson after his conviction for the Tate/LaBianca murders.)

On October 15th 1969 the Los Angeles police dept. arrested a group of hippie vagrants on charges of motor theft. Little did the LAPD know that what would unfold over the next few weeks would dominate the press for over a year and would result in the longest trial ever reorded in the entire history of the United States and would ultimately scar the american way of life until the day it ceases to exist...

One of the arrests made at the time was that of Charles Manson - he would later bee charged with the

murders of Abigail Folger, Voytek Frykowski, Sharon Tate, Jay Sebring, Steven Parent, leno and Rosemary LaBianca.

"NO SENSE MAKES SENSE"  
(Charles Manson 1969)

#### MOTIVES:

If listed, the possible motives would lengthen this article by at least another two issues (which may well happen, this is only the beginning. Ed.)

So here are just the main ones:



# IN MY MINDS EYE MY THOUGHTS LIGHT FIRES IN YOUR CITIES....

1) Manson was SUPPOSED to have thought there was going to be a revolution and that the Beatles were sending him messages via 'The White Album', saying he was the catalyst for the revolution. The Black community was going to rise and wipe out all the other races except for the Manson Family - who would be hiding in the desert. Once they had killed everyone else the Black people would not know how to run the new world. So they would come and ask Charlie to lead them! This motive, was dreamed up by Vincent Bugliosi (the prosecutor at the trial) and taken seriously by the judge and jury - who convicted Manson on the strength of it - despite it being at least as bizarre (if not more) than the events leading up to it!

## HEALTER SKELTER

2) Bobby Beausoliel and Susan Atkins (both members of the Family), had been charged with murdering Garry Hinman - In order to prove their innocence, the Manson Family performed copy-cat murders - so that the police would release Bobby and Susan, thinking that they were innocent and the real killers were still at large. Hence the writing on the walls and tying up of the victims.

There are lots of other suggested motives, incriminating Roman Polanski (husband of Sharon Tate) who was supposed to be going through a bad patch with his wife.

**MUSIC:**  
An album of early Manson songs is, although very rare, available. Apparently there are about 500 copies in existence on the ESP label and also a spanish bootleg of it.

The recordings are poor quality but the songs, especially the lyrics, are very good. His lyrics are protests and opinions poetically woven together. Some songs like 'Garbage Dump' have a touch of humour in them.

Manson wrote a song called 'CEASE TO EXIST', which the late Dennis Wilson of the Beach Boys ripped off. The lyrics are almost identical to the original Manson version. It's on the 20/20 album. Wilson was at one time a close friend of Manson's.

**LIFE ON THE RANCH:**  
Before the fatal incident, Charlie lived on the Spahn Ranch in a remote part of LA, with the Family. The Family consisted of young girls that had left home or been thrown out. There weren't as many men as girls, the one's that were there were mainly drawn by the easy life style.

Together they used to customise DUNE BUGGIES and stage games where everyone would drop acid and

## LOS ANGELES AND VICINITY

and act out their fantasies. Some people suggest a theory that the murders in '69 were one of the Family games that went too far....

GETTING THE FEAR was a phrase that Manson used. It is a form of self induced paranoia (Manson admired the coyote - an animal that is in a constant state of total paranoia): they would break into people's houses at night (the Family not the coyotes) when the occupants were asleep in bed, and not steal anything but just re-arrange the furniture.

The idea is there is nothing to fear but fear itself. 'THE FEAR HITS YOU IT'S LIKE WALKING ON WAVES OF FEAR.'

"THESE ARE YOUR CHILDREN AND THEY COME AT YOU WITH KNIVES."  
(Charles Manson 1969)

BOBBY BEAUSOLIEL was the first of the Family to be arrested in '69. He was charged with the murder of Garry Hinman. Before he joined the Family he was the boyfriend of Kenneth Anger (the magician and author of 'Hollywood Babylon' and film director.) Beausoliel co-starred in one of his films with Marianne Faithfull.

SUSAN ATKINS (Aka. SADIE) was jailed along with Beausoliel. She was later charged with killing Tate. She had told a cell mate about the Tate murders and that led to the cell mate telling the police and eventually the arrest of Charlie...

"MY REALITY IS MY REALITY AND I STAND WITHIN MYSELF IN MY OWN REALITY"  
(Charles Manson 1969)

The Manson trial began in the summer of '69 and went on to be the longest US trial ever - already said that - shit - The members of the FAMILY that weren't charged staged demos outside the court every day of the trial. They would give passers-by literature professing Charlie's innocence. Manson requested to defend himself but the judge refused his request and after many arguments Charles Holoopeter was appointed as his lawyer.

At one stage in the trial a mistrial was nearly announced because President Nixon said that he was guilty (before the verdict) and the Times used it as a banner headline. Manson somehow got hold of the paper and held it up in front of the jury. In any other trial an immediate mistrial would have been called for but the judge decided that it would not influence the jury's decision - FAIR TRIAL???

One Linda Kasabian underwent a mental examination before she gave evidence against Charlie and although she admitted to taking over 1,000 tabs of acid over a 2 year span, she was said to be stable and allowed to give evidence...she was'n't even sure if she had dropped any acid the night of the murders! FAIR TRIAL!

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?  
3845-CAL A11685-CAL  
5-2-56 6-29-66

CHARLES MANSON was found guilty and sentenced to death. But fortunately Capital Punishment in that state was abolished before they got him. He is now in Vacaville playing his guitar. Apparently he is still in communication with Squeaky, another member of the Family. He was interviewed for american TV by Ron Snyder where he announced that he was in the process of writing his autobiography. CHARLES MANSON, a product and victim of our society...

SUSAN ATKINS was found guilty, also sentenced to death and also escaped it. She is now a devout born again christian. She's written two books on the subject. She's still in an open prison where she somehow met a millionaire and eventually married him.

BOBBY BEAUSOLIEL is also still in prison. He is now apparently a member of the Aryan brotherhood.

LYNETTE FROMME (Aka. SQUEAKY) was found guilty of attempted assassination of President Ford. She is still in prison and still in contact with Charlie.

VINCENT T. BUGLIOSI - the district attorney at the Manson trial - went on to write a book and film about Manson - full of as much fabrication as was the trial.

"YOU CAN KILL THE EGO  
YOU CAN KILL THE PRIDE  
YOU CAN KILL THE WANT, THE DESIRE  
OF HUMAN BEING.  
YOU CAN LOCK HIM IN A CELL AND  
YOU CAN KNOCK OUT HIS TEETH AND  
SMASH HIS BRAIN, BUT YOU CANNOT  
KILL THE SOUL!"

"YOU CAN SEND ME TO THE PENITENTIARY,  
IT'S NOT A BIG THING.  
I'VE BEEN THERE ALL MY LIFE ANYWAY.  
WHAT ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN?  
THESE ARE JUST A FEW.  
THERE ARE MANY, MANY MORE  
COMING RIGHT AT YOU."  
(Charles Manson 1969)

Any threatening letters please send name and address and we'll deal with you personally - just think if it was'n't for people like you things like this would never happen.

Threats, furniture re-arrangements or Manson T-shirts (£3.50 + 50p p+p) write to BEE, c/o 151 Legrams Lane, Bradford 7, W.Yorks.



...the grotesque warders keeps banging his baton against my cell door - as he tells me, "you should've killed those people, you didn't have any reason. They were nice, happy people who didn't do you any harm. But now you're in here for good. You'll never get out." I don't mind the warder lecturing me and spitting at me - I could easily make him stop - I don't mind being looked up in this cell. I feel secure and free from the oppression of the outside world - But I wish he would stop banging on the door....the warder starts to speak again, only this time it's a young girl's voice, saying, "you told me to wake you up, you said you were going somewhere."

Urgh, right, "just wait 'till I get this tennis ball out of my mouth...thanks." Fragments of hastily made plans come jarring into my mind. I was going to a gig...the aborted Clowns gig at the Bingo Hall...that's already happened (or rather not happened) It was a good night. I remember vagrants and puppies rejoicing and revelling late into the night, recalling wondrous tales, planning new pranks and swilling vast amounts of Disorder's homebrew. Then there's one of those frightening blanks, presumably I walked back but I'm not entirely sure about that...the next day I was going to hitch to Warminster to see the old Paragon renegades who are holed up there - before I go to Exeter to interview Getting the Fear. I haven't done any of that yet so that must be where I'm going...

Throw some things into the trusty Vague bag - don't know why I'm being so nice about it - it's a bastard - the straps always digging into my shoulder/I can never find anything in it and this time I've got to take my bastard cassette as well - that's going to have a lot of fun, finding different ways of digging into my side and making me generally uncomfortable and irritable - we all stumble on a bus to Hammersmith - London throws everything it's got at me before I escape; a tragic old dosser who freaks in front of me, hordes of high pitched grange hill bratts and of course legions of Saturday shoppers but I won't dwell on that - blank it all out like everyone else does in the city/concentrate on getting out: The Hammersmith flyover - my favourite place in London - and before long I've put some mileage between myself and the Beast. My first lift was off a thoroughly decent chap and that put me off guard for the next, a mechanic who if language be the dress of thought is still in flares and indeed he was. I could 'nt be bothered to explain that I did 'a bit of writing' so I just said I was on the dole but it didn't bother me because I didn't want to work anyway. The wrong thing to say. "Oh, bet you'd get a job soon enough if they stopped

the dole...but it's not your fault it's all them bloody niggers over here - taking our jobs!" Er, next turn-off/which happens to be Basingstoke/a veritable hell on earth for hitch-hikers or anyone for that matter - just don't go there under any circumstances - fucking red-neck shithole - nice little spikeys with mum and dad - mustn't pick that horrible person up - he might corrupt our off-springs. Damn Right! And I'll fuck the mum and kill the dad given half a chance! The only decent person I saw in Basingstoke was the copper who moved me on from the m-way r-about. My biggest mistake of the day was accepting my next lift- but I would have accepted a lift off the entire 'Game for a laugh' team to get out of that place. Immediately get bad vibrations off this silent mach sorta bloke and my hitching intuition proved correct as I find myself dumped on the m-way with a, "Get out and hitch a lift off a police car." No time to think about it/another brush with the law would be pushing it/climb over a fence and walk across the fields - not too bad - my bag gets a bit heavy and the creep in the car - I hate cars - left a sour memory in my mind but it's great not to see any buildings or cars, just fields and trees, actually find myself watching crows flying about, guess this is how you start to become a hippy (START to become a hippy?) The country used to bore me stupid when I lived in it but now - I got so into it that I somehow came back onto the wrong road - fuck knows how I did it but from past experience I should have known - it's pretty mental where the M3 ends.

I'm doing very well so far aren't I? But as I usually find with hitching and life - interconnected - 'when I get to the bottom, I go back to the top of the slide.' There's a definite rule that you have a few long waits and bad lifts and then you get some good quick ones. A nice M-class lefty mum with a brain (something sadly lacking in most lift's craniums) and the rarest of lifts, someone I would talk to anyway, even if I didn't have to, a very old hippy who entertains me with memories of free festivals and Soul before Motown - and I'm in Salisbury, the nearest I've been to home in a long time, watch the sun set over a village cricket pitch by a little church. This is England, my roots, not too bothered about getting a lift. A young boy goes past on a bike singing 'My Generation' and a girl says hello and I think to myself what a wonderful world!

An army captain, another nice human despite his occupation takes me the rest of the way to Warminster. To the very portals of the Paragon renegades local. After awhile they strowl in on a cloud of sensimilia looking to all the world like a bastardised Small Faces and every thing is chaos once again - for the next two nights everything is lost in arguments with a dub-soundtrack, about who is going to put me up/whose garage we're going to have a party in/whether the Who were

sincere or not/whose going to come to Exeter with me - nobody did in the end - so I cram my gear in my bastard bag and stagger thru' the drowsy streets of Warminster - a silly place - the mentalist town in the west - onward to the A303 - that shaft of tarmac that goes right into the gob of the elephant (that's not Freudian, that's surreal geography) The first human I engage in conversation this day is an old ted trucker - just mention that I do something to do with music and he's telling me about when he worked with Gene Vincent and the Beatles (when they wore leathers) - not a bad bloke but it's easy to see why Macca owns half of Scotland and he's driving milk tankers - There's an altogether better atmosphere than there was on the first stretch - out of the tanker and straight into a sports car with a neanderthal squaddie and a 'ANDY + MANDY' sunstrip - which means I have to go all the way to Exeter with 'MANDY' stuck across my head - conversation is decidedly tricky, "Get about much?" "Yeah, just back from the Falklands." "...Oh, nice out there is it?" Just after that it came over the radio that the Greenham women were being evicted. Neither of us made any comment. No FT?

Exeter is enjoying a freak warm spell, you could walk about in a T-shirt and of course there's seatshirts, jumpers, macs, etc, etc, adorning the much sought after vague torso. Decide to get lost for a laugh and wander aimlessly around Exeter in the hope that I might come across a decent caff - note: there are NO greasy joe cafes in Exeter, none at all - or even the University!

After my bag has done it's worse I do eventually come across the seat of learning for the privileged few and even bump into Jeffries, one of the more together ex. paragon people, whose doing sociology or something - partake in an experiment for one of her friends thesis on reactions to touch - don't worry it's not going to get rude this is a FAMILY show - loiter about reading 'Despatches' and imagining myself hacking up students until the boys arrive - freak them out and in turn they freak me with a startling performance.

Afterwards I force the buggers into the dressing room and I get my interview out of the way - albeit totally out to lunch - haven't dropped any names yet have I? Before the interview Bee introduced me to an old friend who had come down to see them, Sue Stevens, the girlfriend of David Martin who was in Stephen Waldorf's car when the police decided to test out the safety belt law; do people fall out of the seat when you shoot them? No they don't - you've got to kick them about a bit still.

We all get thrown out of the University and I get dragged into a dune buggy burn up round the car park. The hotel looks a bit wild so I make my way to Jeffries place/where I still get into an ongoing all night situation/so much for sleeping/find that her friend, the touch thesis one is a grate Mick Mercer fan and they've



got every issue of ZigZag so I geuss I owe it to them.

The next morning I'm happily wandering along the side of a dual carriageway - I like Exeter - when a familiar looking buggy pulls over narrowly missing me and I'm bundled into the back and taken off to Birmingham - for what foul purpose anyone would do such a thing I'm not sure but I think it's got something to do with getting of the Fear.

You hear people say that a band nearly scared them to death but seldom do they mean it literally. Unfortunately I do. I fall into a false state of relaxation and start to point out sights of cosmic significance to Barry and Bee. Buzz despite his notorious track record is taking full advantage of the latest hapless hired buggy to fall into his hands. It's one of those cars, I for get the make, that's so smooth you dont realise how fast you're going.

I think we were doing somewhere in the region of a 120 when I notice some commotion in the front. I make the mistake of peering round the headrest and see this stalled car slap bang in front of us. With a few swift calculations I come to the horrifying conclusion that we're going to stop (in the very near future) roughly halfway through the stationary vehicle in front. Stopping is'nt the problem though. That seems to be inevitable. It's what sort of condition the car's going to be in when we do, not to mention our bodies.

So as some of our maker's prettier creations prepare to meet him (the band are'nt bad looking either), Buzz says something like, "Oh No, this is the END!" and applies the brakes the best he can. My stomach drops, my heart is in my mouth and my past begins to go through my mind, tortuously slow; playing on a hill/ watching England winning the World Cup and then breaking both my arms/ getting bullied at school and my dad washing my mouth out with soap and chasing me up the garden with a hatchet/hearing a noisey record at a party/ripping up my school uniform/ leaving school/dancing/sex in the back of a car/getting beaten up a lot/a funny man dressed in leather with white make-up/following him for some reason/drugs/demonstrations/ typewriters/squats/police/Oh stop please stop.....I dont remember passing out but I must have because the next thing I know we're in Birmingham, but it doesn't seem like Birmingham, I'm enjoying myself, dancing about and talking to lots of people who I know but I'm not sure from where. They're everywhere. They're always everywhere these people...and then I must leave. This is all happening very quickly.

I'm in the middle of a vast complex of roads with two eastern princesses - an unusual man comes along with a scouse accent but for some reason I think he's american. He's got short hair and he tells me he's been away for a longtime. He seems particularly interested in the girls. I'm at first protective but I grow to like him - I wonder

where Bee and the others have gone. I'm now in the back of a truck with the american. Then he's gone and the eastern princesses have gone. I'm all on my own at Nutford services - if this is Heaven I want OUT - but this is some weird Heaven. Next I'm in a car with a man who's telling me he did the cover for Pink Floyd's 'Wish you were here' and what's more I'm admitting to buying it when it came out. I must be dead. I would never admit to that if I was alive.

Piccadilly, Manchester, what a strange place to go to on this journey or whatever it is. Why here for Christ's sake? Ah at last a friend, someone I trust, Dave from Manchester, he's going to see 'Videodrome' with Peter Hook of New Order - namedropping, eh? Surely they dont name drop in heaven - and he's letting me sleep in his bed while he's gone/I didn't think I was going to be able to sleep if I were dead - so perhaps I am still alive but I doubt it - that banging again - wish it would stop - wish I could just sleep - but what in heaven or Earth is this? Who or what are these creatures surrounding me? I'm interviewing them! Oh, this is bizarre. They say they're called the Dancing Tarantullas and they've been in 'The Sun' for throwing traffic cones at their audience. One of them's saying he wants to do gigs for thalidomides and people dying in hospitals because he thinks they've had a really bad deal. WHAT IS THIS? One of them is a sort of mutated hells angel, another a mean looking skinhead and their leader is asian. I ask him if he knows what happened to the two eastern princesses. Did they go off with the american? But he doesn't seem to hear me and continues telling me about the band, which is'nt even a band. He says they're influenced by Nat King Cole, Cannon and Ball, Ballet, TV commercials, Gracie Fields, Led Zeppelin....Oh this is too silly, heaven or hell I'm going!

Another road. Another truck but no humans. Then another place that I recognise from my dim and distant past. A place of much disorder. There was that funny man dressed in leather with white make up and there is many of us that used to follow him and we're all being beaten up with iron bars/ baseball bats...but that's the past. This is NOW and everything is tranquil, almost quiet but there's that same electric atmosphere and there's even some of the old faces. One of them is offering me a lift to Lancaster. Why on earth would I want to go there? But I'm accepting the lift. Must be habit I geuss. When I was alive I would never turn down a lift...

But now I'm back in the car that we had the accident in. Buzz is driving even faster than he was before the accident. Aky and Barry are'nt there but there's a girl who I thought for a moment was one of the eastern princesses but she's not - and Bee. I describe the american to him and he seems

to know him but he cant help me with the mysterious Dancing Tarantullas.

We get to Bradford and Aky's place. Over some vicious curries we all exchange stories. Everyone has strange tales to tell. Everyone is ridiculously happy and excited. Something BIG is happening I'm sure but I dont know what it is.

Things speed up again and I'm telling two humans called Graham and Simon about what has happened to me. I'm talking and talking and then we pass an accident, not dissimilar to the one we must have had. Then I'm lifting great objects and for some reason I'm thinking I'm not a journalist. Everyone seems to hate journalists except Graham and Simon, who seem to know what's going on here. I make a mental note to try to find the answer to all this from them but I cant bring myself to ask them.

Bee and the others are with me again and we're walking around a church. Bee looks very uncomfortable...and then the church turns into a prison...but we're not inside it...we're on the outside looking in. I see someone who might have looked like the american and then I'm selling T-shirts - not as strange as it might sound - it was an occupation I often partook in during my life, more as something to do than for any fianancial purpose. I'm also being shouted at by Mel, the old friend who had offered me a lift - everything had happened so quickly since then that I had forgotten all about it. He wont let me forget tho', he keeps shouting, saying it's not like the old days - indeed it's not I'm dead - the thought seems to amuse me but Mel is still shouting, rather like the warder...? What warder? I think I see the eastern princesses and then both Mel and me notice the electricity again. It's exciting, wildly and madly so - Hey where did that come from? Electricity comes from outer space! an american voice says in the back of what I assume to be my mind - but it's not my american friend, it's just some old jerk called Lou.

This dream or nightmare or whatever it is starting to get really good. Everything is moving very fast. Death is'nt such a bad thing. Death is bigger! Now I'm in a place that I know only too well - it's a sleazy hole in the ground called Retford. Everybody I have ever known is there. The funny man who used to wear leather and paint his face white is there in lots of different forms and before him the boy with green teeth and spikey hair, he's there too and going back even before him a wild man with knee pads and slashed chest who was called Jim to his friends - but I remember I chickened out of interviewing him...and there's the original who was also called Jim, but he looks very very young and beautiful - he never



looked that beautiful when he was alive and surely he's not in Heaven. Then I realise that I'm filming him and he's Bee and then there's a huge explosion of light and then I know where the strange american is. He's waiting for us outside. We were dead all along. Long before the car crash. Infact we were never alive. Until NOW. And now we must go. The american opens up the truck which is crammed full of Dune Buggies. Everybody I have ever known piles into the buggies and we all drive out of the hole. We drive like a pack of angels faster than I have ever gone before...and then the buggy I'm in hits something and lurches about a bit and I suddenly realise that I've had my eyes shut. I open them and it's not dark anymore. Infact it's glorious daylight and I'm not in a dune buggy at all. I'm in the hired car with Barry, Bee, Aky and Buzz. Everybody is in near hysterics. Buzz is shouting, "That fucking idiot! I nearly did'nt get round him then. Look he's going now, lets pull him over, he could have got us killed!"



## MAGICK, SEX AND GREENHAM COMMON

by Maria and Anna in spirit

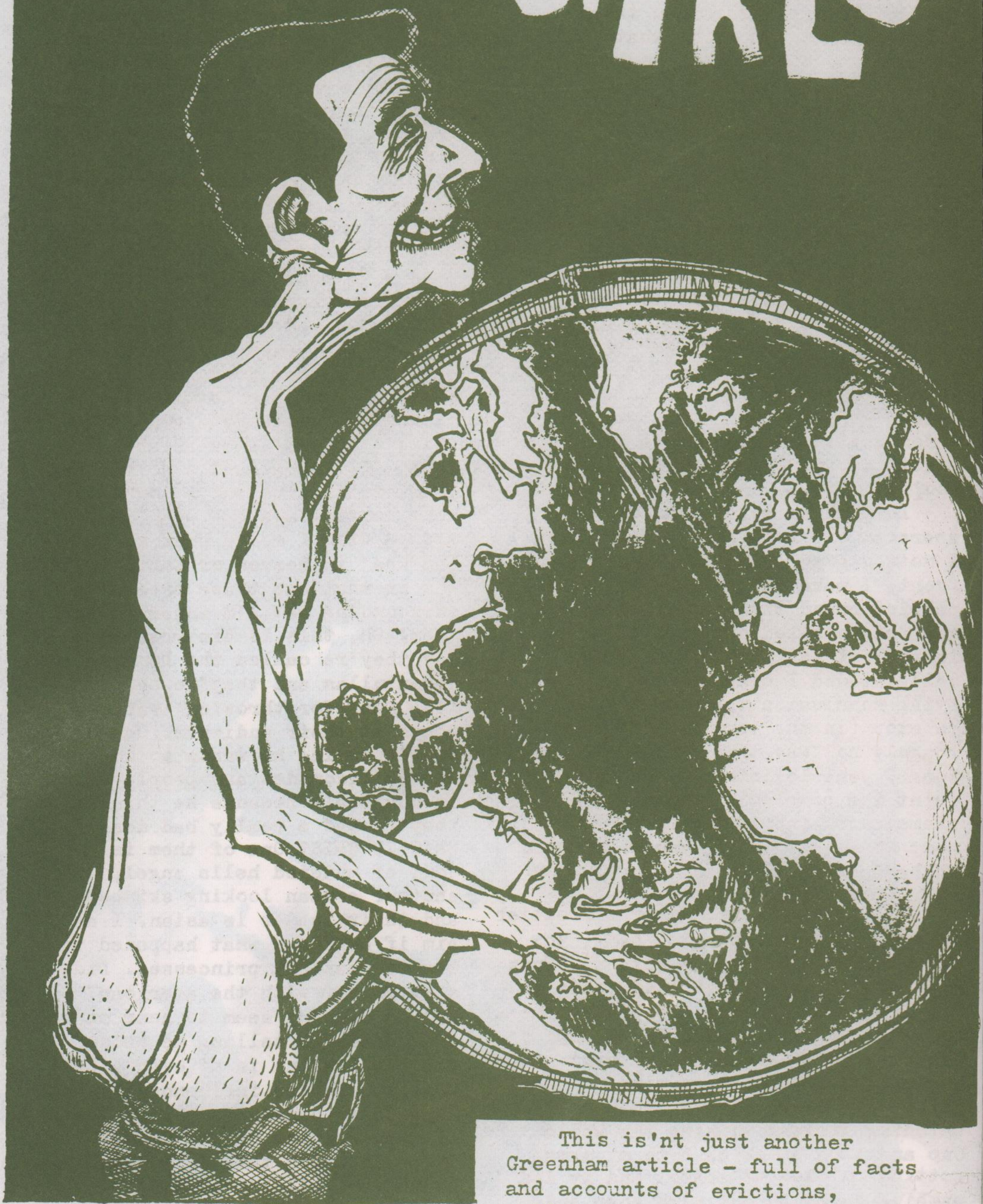
Mr Vague has been hassling Anna and myself for this article for months and months - at first we were really enthusiastic about doing it and then the doubts crept in - Shit, how can we actually pin down in ordered words and sentences, something that we feel passionate about - intangible feelings - aaaargh!

BUT at last I just sit and write this; Imagine as you read that you are meeting someone for the first time - neither person is sure of the other and does'nt know quite how much to give away - I'm only hinting at things, read between the lines a little, add your own words - and also write to Maria or Anna at the address below - if you want to know more.

OR of course just go to Greenham yourself - and please leave your preconceptions at home - open your mind and go and learn new forms of beauty, new dreams, new words, new songs and new jokes. All you BOYS out there too - why not visit Greenham instead of going to see that boring old rock'n'roll band AGAIN! Contrary to popular belief men are quite welcome to visit main gate - although remember that even though you might just feel that you're sitting around a fire in the middle of nowhere, to the women you're sitting in their front room.

At this point you're probably expecting me to justify the 'women only' stance - well, I'm not - The reasons have been gone over time and time again and if you dont know now you'll never know (Repetition, mundanity, boredom - the ultimate forms of violence!)

# GIRLS

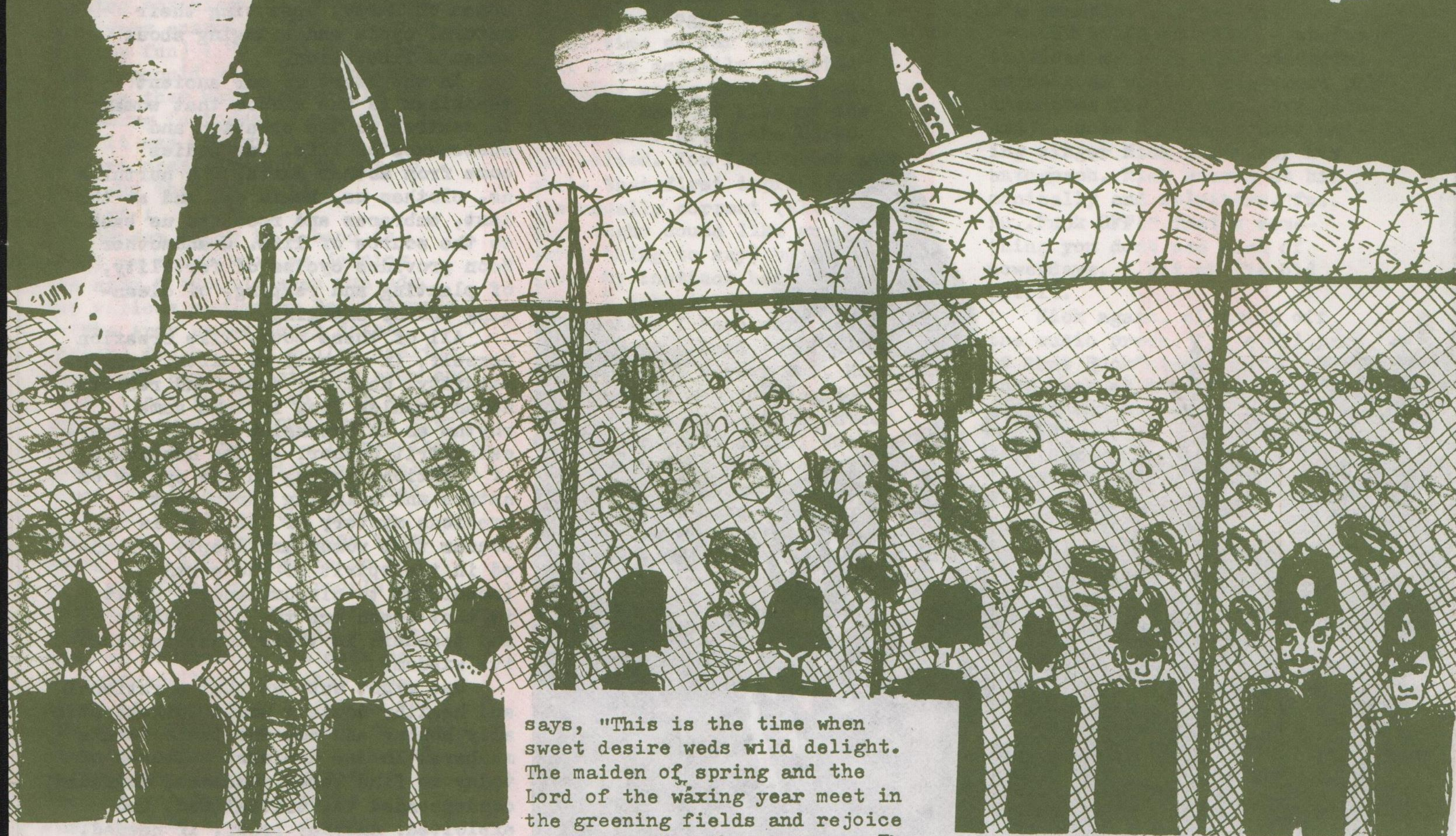


This is'nt just another Greenham article - full of facts and accounts of evictions, actions, court-cases or police beating up women - you can find lots of those - try the Daily Express if you want all that shit. These are just a few misty thoughts from my bit of earth, on my side of the fence. I just want to try and tell you how brilliant it feels to be sitting around a fire laughing or singing or just being quiet - and to hear one of the police behind the barbed wire fence in with all that poison and shit, start singing "I feel so lonely, I wanna go home!" and "I who have nothing..." This really happens - it feels good! They're slowly breaking, their minds are softening - the witchcraft is working!

Here is an excerpt from a church report in the 16th Century; "Woman is more carnal than man. There was a defect in the formation of the first woman - since she was formed with a bent rib - she is imperfect and thus always decieves - Witchcraft comes from carnal lust!"



# JUST WANNA HAVE FUN



- Draw your own conclusions! It's fanatical but I think it sums up totally the underlying problems still with us today - one of the major ones being - the nuclear mega-rape of the Earth. Witches were burnt in their thousands (maybe millions) in the 16th Century. Women burnt for being too beautiful, too ugly, too powerful, too wise, much too dangerous!! It was'nt only women either - men who were different to the norm - madmen, poets, gay-men - also got burnt for knowing too much. It didn't end then tho' we are all still being burnt and tortured in far more subtle and imperceptible ways - a lot of the time by ourselves! Maybe you don't see the connections between Greenham and these things but they most certainly are there. The web of links and connections is infinite and spans unknown dark and light places, everywhere, involving everyone - in some way.

As I write women are travelling to Avebury in Wiltshire, site of an ancient stone circle dedicated to the moon, to celebrate 'BELTANE', or 'Walpurgis night', a very important and ancient pagan festival - There will be much jumping over bonfires and feasting whilst others silently weave their spells. An old piece of writing on Beltane

says, "This is the time when sweet desire weds wild delight. The maiden of spring and the Lord of the waxing year meet in the greening fields and rejoice together under the warm sun. The shaft of Life is twined in a spiral web and all of nature is renewed. We meet in a time of flowering, to dance the dance of Life."!! YAY! - Here's to that I say - look out for fairies bonking merrily in the fields!

But, seriously (again) I think the reason Magick and witchcraft are so appealing to people now, especially women, is because they give really strong and powerful images to identify with and learn from. We have these rich, rich roots of our past, waiting to be rediscovered.

In many ways women should be less fucked up than men because we have these roots to grow from - except we're still kept away by...who knows what? For Fuck's sake, this is not cosmic, hippy consciousness raising coffee morning shit - ignore cynics who say otherwise - they're people eaten away by their own fears - they'll never really change or create change - scared at being laughed at or not getting approval. I'm trying to show you beyond all that. To all women reading this - WE ARE ALL POTENTIAL SHAMANESSES - all change comes through us this time. These are desperate times - everyone keeping their own little fires burning - waving their little flags - it's getting closer and closer

to the time when all these must merge into one glorious chaotic force - The labels on our beliefs all slightly differ but we can still be the thousands of ants that ruin the giants picnic!!!

Maybe this article has disappointed some people, as I have'nt mentioned the nuclear issue once, but as I've said before, these are just random thoughts that being at Greenham have made me realise - and you can't separate the whole nuclear thing from religion, sexuality and all those other shadey subjects patriarchy has perverted....a last random thought to ponder!! -

As I was leaving Greenham last time I visited, a woman said she just heard over the radio that a minor earth tremor had been recorded in Newbury (a nearby town) - to plagiarise a quote from a certain Cornish pixie, "The earth has been abused - she will retaliate - that's revolution!"

This article is short and very confused! Please take it as just part of the picture - for further elaboration, as I've said before write to;

MARIA OR ANNA,  
109 CORBYN ST,  
LONDON N4.

XXXXXXXXXX



# The Long

An Indian philosopher predicted that man would bring back a piece of the moon to Earth, this would effect all women on Earth, upsetting their natural cycle and bringing about women's liberation.

In the heart of our ancient teachings is the wisdom that woman is central to the creation and sustenance of life. Our bodies come from Mother Earth, who nurtures us, clothes us, heals us, and at the last, embraces and receives us back to the source of life. Grandmother Moon provides cycles of fertility, of planting and reaping, of cleansing and of changing.

All of these move, like creation herself, in a wheel of birth, growth, maturity, decline, death and rebirth. Human females flow in this same rhythm as an extension of the universal Spirit Mother. As the daughters of Creation, moving in the cycles of nature and bringing forth that precious mystery of life, it is no wonder that women are deeply grounded in the spirit of the earth (according to circumstance). So it is that women are the best guides and teachers in their inner instinctive wisdom.

One might suppose that a rational and healthy society would enthusiastically honour and empower their female members. In the dominant cultures of today we find women demeaned, degraded, condescended to, trivialised, and exploited. Another proof, if needed, that "civilisation" is neither rational or healthy.

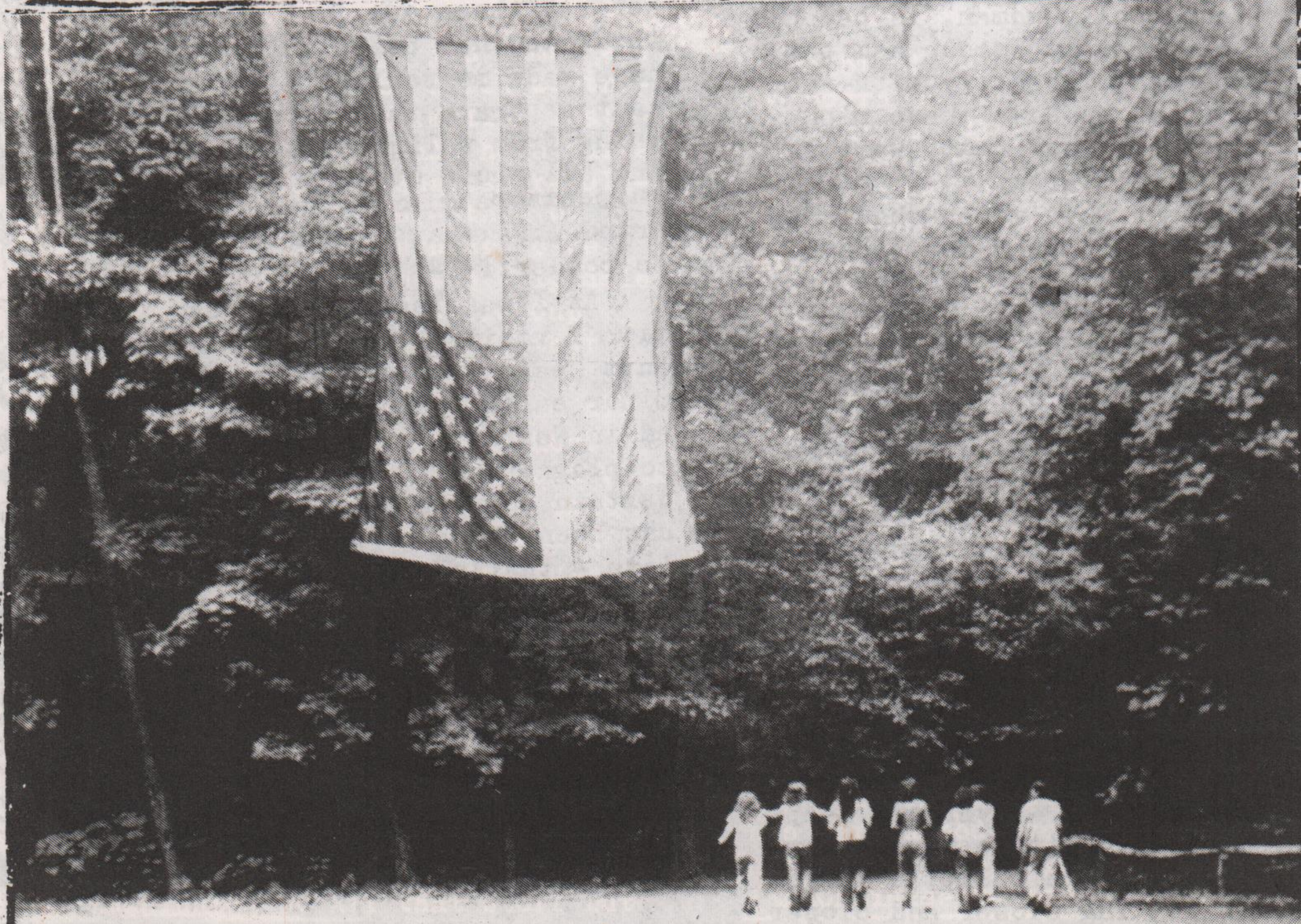
Tribal societies, on the whole, were far wiser in this respect than societies are today. The Celtic people of Britain, for example, had women leaders, councillors, etc, and played a larger role in decision-making than they do in the 20th Century.

Whether the people were wanderers or settled hunters or farmers, they lived close to the cycles of nature. As they honoured the earth so they honoured the daughters of the earth. Now another cycle is in motion with the emergence of women's groups throughout the world, but first a look at Native women warriors.

A warrior is one who defends his family, home and land against any real threat to his safety. They are not to be likened to the modern armies of nations, whose leaders fabricate threats as an excuse for aggressive actions. A warrior can be a man or a woman, an elder or a youth. Strategies may differ - one warrior may feel desperate enough to take up arms, another might arm himself/herself with truth and an eagle feather - one might become a doctor or a nurse and fight disease and another might become a teacher combating ignorance or a brother in prison trying to pry open the iron doors. A warrior might be the medicine man fighting against the death pattern that plagues Indian



Symbol of resistance





# est Walk

people and striving to revive the life instincts. A warrior wears many different garments and has many faces and many of those are Native women.

Native women have historically fought their struggle side by side with their men. The Creek and Seminole women warriors were forced to euthanasia by the U.S. atrocities which attempted to wipe out every native person in their greed to secure Native homelands. The women mercifully put their children to rest in the arms of Mother Earth, to prevent their capture by the U.S. Cavalry who would rape and torture them. And then they joined the ranks of the men.

Loyen, another highly respected Apache woman warrior fought long and courageously with the resistance forces led by Geronimo. The elder grandmothers from Nisqually, sadly relate to their children how conditions were for them as young maidens. When they heard the approaching hoofbeats coming to their longhouses from Olympia, all the women from 3 to 90 ran to the river where they stuffed sand between their legs. For the favourite sport of the drunken white settlers was the rape and sadistic torture of Native women and children. Often the Native men would be shackled together and forced to watch.

The powerforces arrayed against the Native nations finally succeeded and death was the only relief. Today the indigenous people of the Americas are rising together as one nation to throw off tyranny. The strong life instinct which inspired the grandmothers of old to resist the death blows of the US Army can be seen once again. Native women warriors such as Janet Mellond, Ellen Moves Camp, Suzette Bridges Mills, Ramona Binky, Gladys Bissonette, Mary Crow Dog, Ramona Bennett, to name but a few. They are the true leaders in the re-birth resistance movement of Native nations.

Equal to these are the unsung heroines - the Clan Mothers of the Iroquois Nations and the Hopi and Lakota/Dakota spiritual Women leaders who have opened up their homes to depressed Native sisters. They have travelled long distances to visit their Native sisters to uplift and share their wisdom with them, gently guiding them with kind words and treatment and inspiring the will to live again.

The grandmothers who protect and guide the young, who instruct and mould the characters of our future generations. The grandmothers who have steadfastly clung to the values and way of life of the ancestors, so that we might never forget what FREEDOM really is, so that we will not mistake freedom for THRALLDOM (that's slavery if you cant



Woman Warrior

be bothered to get a dictionary out like I had to. Ed.) as so many have been indoctrinated to believe today.

Lastly the Mothers who serve to keep the family unit together (ie. the EXTENDED family unit) in defiance of all that would destroy the unity of the Native nations, the unity rooted in the family. The Native mothers who today are demanding that the education of their children be meaningful to Native values and lifestyles. And the many beautiful spiritual sisters who walk in dignified silence. The struggle to WIN THE PEACE. They walk the path of life in beauty and all their actions are motivated by their love for their people, their land and all life. There is no room in their hearts for hatred. They seek to secure a future life for those who come towards us from the future.

In the spiritual rebirth movement there is no rivalry

between the sisters, or sexes, as exists in so many political movements. A true Native warrior respects the women leaders and women warriors and he is respected and loved by them. Women warriors keep the movement strong. With thanks to Janet Mellond of North West Indian circle and Manitonquat storyteller and keeper of the lore of the Wampanoag Nation. (think some of the spelling might have gone a bit askew there. Ed.)

If you want to help the American Indian Movement or simply find out more about it, firstly get the last 2 Vagues and then write to:

DAVID (LAVOLTA LAKOTA),  
97 HULME WALK,  
HULME,  
MANCHESTER,  
M15 6DL.

(Actually by the time this will have come out he will probably have moved so you better write c/o VAGUE.)



As the snow flies  
on a cold grey Chicago morn  
Another little hungry  
child is born  
In the Ghetto....  
And his mother cries  
Because if there's one thing  
that she don't need  
it's another hungry mouth  
to feed

Will D. Beast leaps from the psychiatrist's couch with his terrible affliction uncured, probably incurable (that can't be right?) - his disease involves the brain forcing the body to travel round the country after bastardised Osterberg/Sinatra impersonators even if he's got to PAY to get in - that's serious or serious...

...on the tube to Brixton/enthusiastic but with reservations/would tonight be a performance of passion and exuberance or the NICK CAVE cabaret with hip-wasted session musicians kicking around the corpse of the Birthday Party?

First impression: nausea. The Fridge is well named, cold, frigid, a place where icicles form on the merest hint of atmosphere. The management's idea of tastefulness is leaving one of the aforementioned white things behind the ridiculously expensive bar and bed sheets draped off the ceiling - like any sensible gig goer we smuggle a few cans in.

'Welcome to our rehearsal', the Cavemen wandered onto the stage in suits, 'Don't dress in those rags for ME, I know that you're not poor and don't love me so fiercely I know that you're not sure.' - drawled Nick in a voice half growled but not half hearted. They staggered through their set giving the Fridge a bit of life, which was no mean achievement.

For one song Mick Harvey left his drums to play the piano - in his own special way - with Blixa breaking his strings rather than playing them, as he lent against the backwall - just like any homicidal axe-wielding maniac on any slum street corner.

The Cavemen are like a disease and I caught it badly (Oh dear...Will. Ed.) Two days later/Camden and an electric performance playing Elvis' 'Heartbreak?...Jailhouse?...In the Ghetto' as an encore and with the audience predictably going mad to 'Mutiny'. I preferred Brixton; with Cave turning to Blixa and saying, 'I'll start this one with a scream OK?'

I borrowed some money and set off for Nottingham - God I hate Rock City. Why do the best bands play the vilest hell holes? (Something to do with frogskins, Will. Bob) Far away from the real life that they're supposed to be singing about.

The Moodists are predictably predictable and that's all I'm

going to say about them. The Cavemen seem to be better/captivating/compelling/urgent. Someone shouts, 'It's shit'/another shouts 'Brilliant'/Cave turns to the disenter and dismisses him with a cursory, 'I prefer HIS hairstyle.'

Blagged a lift to Manchester and the Hacienda/videos at all angles but it's still the first decent venue/a moving lig but I'm told that it's a bank holiday tomorrow - the thought of spending two days stuck and skint in Manchester is not too pleasant - so I borrow £5 and have to leave before the encore to get the nightcoach - full of pissed scotsmen and puking kids/unbearably hot and a lunatic driver who insisted on taking a pointless detour via Milton Keynes.

In an arena full of false prophets the Cavemen stand out. A band that dare to be real/totally manic and incredibly powerful. They grab you by the throat and force you to listen/as Cave pours out his heart/from hell to eternity.



19KOT1

17-VOLT1





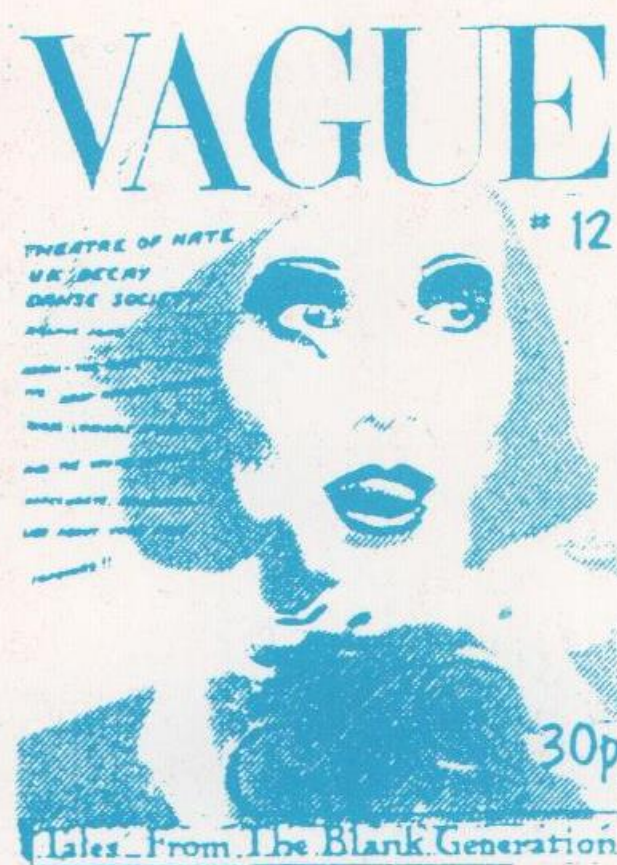
# DANCING TARANTULLAS



## OPERATION MINDFUCK



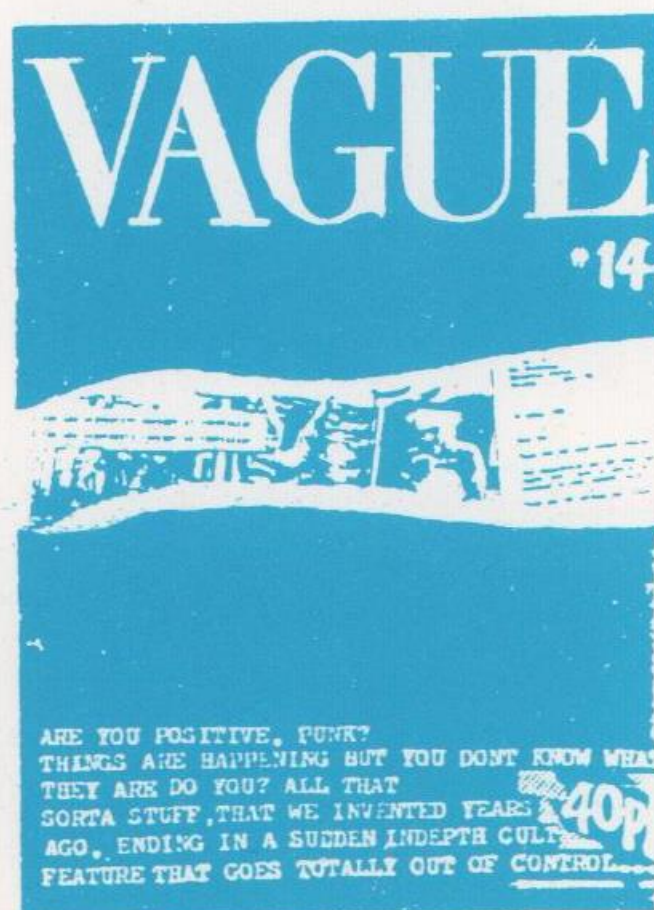
II  
BACK FROM THE GRAVE:  
Not gothic I should  
add but Crass/Nukes/  
Rioting/Hitching/  
Cassette Piracy/Iggy  
/Cramps/Velvets/  
Pernque Rerque/Royal  
wedding



I2  
TALES FROM THE BLANK  
GENERATION:  
TOH/Joke/UKDK/Danse  
Society/Ants '77-'80  
/Our brave lads/Viz  
(some Viz in all of  
them actually.)



I3  
IN TOON WITH NOTHING:  
Southern Death Cult/  
Sex Gang Children/  
Look Back in Anger/  
Danse Society/AIM/  
Herpies/Plat.Logic/  
Bill Burroughs (not  
many left - not sur-  
prisingly eh?)



I4  
ARE YOU POSITIVE,  
PUNK?  
Death Cult overkill  
/Work/Sex/Drugs/Fan-  
zines/Dids/Iggy/bit  
on Birthday Party -  
not much tho'



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c/c 'BUTCOMBE', CASTLE ST, MERE, WILTS, BA12 6JF. (also postal address, obvious I  
'spose but I dont live there y'see.) 30p EACH PLUS P+P EXCEPT VI4 40p blah, blah...



