

Spunko

Nº 3

DRESSING GOWN NEWS

30 PAGES

25p
JULY.



ADAM and the ANTS
C.R.A.S.S.: THE PHOTOS

spuno

keeps you

DAILY EXPRESS MAY 26 1980
EBBIE HARRY, who as Blondie's lead singer is recognised as the Queen of Punk, may be about to disappoint the safety-pin-in-the-ear crowd.
She has signed a contract to advertise a new line of status jeans



HELLO AGAIN, in the picture

HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT MOST

FANZINES ARE TERRIFIED
THAT THEY WILL BE CLASSSED
AS A MUSIC PAPER?

WELL SPUNO IS A
MUSIC PAPER AND
THAT'S EXACTLY
HOW WE WANT IT.

THE IDEA OF PRODUCING

A BATH FANZINE IS THAT

YOU WILL HAVE ATTENDED MOST

of the gigs reviewed within.

WELL, NO DOUBT YOU'RE ALL
OVER THE MOON TO DISCOVER
THAT WE'RE STILL GOING AFTER
THREE ISSUES, BUT WHEN YOU
CALM DOWN ENOUGH TO TURN THE
PAGES YOU'LL REALISE WHAT A
WASTE OF MONEY THIS ISSUE
REALLY IS - STILL AT LEAST
WE'RE TRYING -
WHICH IS

OF THE GIGS REVIEWED WITHIN.

opuns

MORE THAN
YOU LOT ARE -

SO IT WILL BE DIRECTLY

RELEVANT TO YOU
PERSONALLY.

YOUR RESPONSE LETTERWISE

HAS BEEN TOTALLY PATHETIC - AND

AS FOR COMPETITION ENTRIES...

IF YOU WANT NATIONWIDE

NEWS AND REVIEWS OF

spuno

GIGS IN AMERICA

spuno
20th BATHS BEST FANZINE

Castaway's choice.

BUY SOUNDS, SORRY - NO BACK ISSUES

IF YOU WANT
INCOHERENT

POLITICAL

WE'VE SOLD THEM ALL
(GOD THEY MUST BE
GOOD).

IDEAS BUY RIPPED & TORN.

IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT DONT BUY IT, IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT.

I haven't been so happy for years

Mark

THIS ISSUE
250 COPIES



STAR GAZING SPECIAL
★ YOUR GUIDE TO LOVE & ROMANCE

DRESSING-GOWN NEWS



O.K. don't send
any letters in
then, see
if we care.

TWO

Spuno

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The Family of Noise?



ADAM AND THE ANTS PLUS SUPPORT. TIFFANY'S, BRISTOL. MAY 28th 1980.

Tiffany's in Bristol is not the best place to have a gig - the bouncers are overzealous gorillas who show no signs of the glimmerings of any intelligence. Once inside the place it's like looking into a fairy grotto which is shaped like a cave with, yes you've guessed, real plastic stalactites and real plastic palm trees. I half expected to see Santa and his reindeer appear on stage at any moment. Oh and I forgot - I absolutely adored the shag pile carpet and tables and chairs (ideal for a gig). Thank you Mr. Mecca you're so thoughtful and I was SO impressed - but enough on the place and now for the music.

The support band appeared on stage at about 9 o'clock and I think they were called Martian Dance (or was it Martian Arms, Marshall Arts etc.) Who knows - who cares? They were a typical Ants rip-off band who recieved a decidedly cool reception from the crowd - the majority remained seated throughout the over long set. Why does such a blatant Ants rip-off band have to do the support spot? Surely it just promotes overkill for the unfortunate band whereas if Adam came on stage and performed the same songs the audience would go nuts.

Now for the Ants. Gary Glitter's classic "Hello, Hello, I'm back again" provided the appropriate lead-in for Adam and his new look Ants. Nevertheless, by the time the Ants appeared on stage a lot of people had already gone home, obviously dissillusioned. All the same the small dance floor was soon crowded as people flocked to the front, creating an almost intolerable crush for those unfortunate enough to be at the front.

The Ants rushed through their set performing numbers such as "You're so physical", "Ant Invasion" and the excellent "Cleopatra" and "Cartrouble". The set seemed over all too quickly and as Adam disappeared I wondered if he would show his contempt for the audience by not returning for an encore. Nevertheless they soon reappeared on stage to shouts of "Zerox, Zerox" to which Adam replied "WE don't do that one anymore" (he also said this about "Lady", "Young Parisians", "Whip in my valise" etc.etc.). Then it was straight into the first encore which was, yes you guessed, "Zerox". We were then informed by Adam that "This is the real Adam and the Ants" (well it certainly wasn't the Boomtown Rats) "and I've been waiting three years for these guys". How nice. Then it was on to the final encores - an atrocious version of "Plastic Surgery" and an even more abominable version of the Village people's "Y.M.C.A" which ended in a well rehearsed bout of organised chaos and then they were off and gone leaving us without even the remotest of chances of getting backstage to have a chat

The Ants have always been overated - Adam's new look Ants and this particular gig proved it. Adam Ant, himself, is just a super-elitist ego-tripper and far to much of a front man - although if he wasn't the band would be ultra boring. They remained static and barely visable in the gloom behind Adam's agile jerks and leaps. His movements are stiff, stylised and obviously well rehearsed and he even managed to successfully perform one song suspended upside-down from the ceiling. Still, I suppose the audience did appear to enjoy the Ants variations on the basic Banshees rythem field and they lapped up all the stark, fractured punk that the Ants could throw at them.

ADAM AND THE ANTS

ANTS INVASION TOUR



FANZINE

HUMAN DEBRIS. #1. 10p

A Bristol one is this and to be frank they shouldn't have bothered. The only good thing about this is the price (10p) but then again that's not so cheap when you realise you've only got 12 pages.

VAGUE #4. 20p.

AT LAST THE PRINTING IS CLEAR WITH READABLE WRITING AND CLEAR PHOTOS. THIS TIME IT'S ONLY ABOUT LOCAL GROUPS - NO BIGGYS, ANIMALS AND MEN, MOSKOW, TALISMAN ETC. THEY OUGHT TO BE GETTING BETTER - THEY'RE NOT (AND THEY SPELT MY NAME WRONG).

GOODIES

CHARTS

Page 510c.

EASY!

DO IT YOURSELF GIG REVIEW

SINGLES

1. Love Will Tear Us Apart
JOY DIVISION.
2. Shell Shock
ANIMALS AND MEN.
3. Bloody Revolutions/Persons Unknown
-CRASS/POISON GIRLS.
4. Holiday 80 EP
HUMAN LEAGUE.
5. Dont Misbehave in the New Age
-ANIMALS AND MEN.
6. UK 79
CRISIS.
7. You Can Be You
HONEY BANE.
8. Dark Entries
BAUHAUS.
9. Christine
SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES.
10. Holidays in Cambodia
DEAD KENNEDIES.

LPS

1. Stations of the Cross - Cross.
2. Dirk Vears White Sox
-Adam and the Ants.
3. Raincoats - The Raincoats.
4. Unknown Pleasures - Joy Division.
5. 20 Jazz Funk Greats
-Throbbing Gristle.
6. Bootley Retrospective - The Slits.
7. Colossal Youth
-Young Marble Giants.
8. Half Mute - Tuxedo Moon.
9. Aven Calling - Various Artists.
10. Travelogue - Human League.

I went along to this gig expecting very little as I am not, basically, anfan (OK so far - now pad it out a bit by saying how boring the disco was or something ..and then into the next cliché) I amused myself by wandering around laughing at the rest of the audience while I was waiting for the support group to come on, when they did they were awful (always say the support was awful..now for a couple more tried and tested phrases..) they were a cross between.....and.....(insert two unhip bands in the spaces) I decided that I was wasting my time so I went out to the bar (always put that line in - it gives you street cred, OK time for a few more well worn comments...)

After what seemed like an eternal wait finally graced us with their presence, by this time I was bored stiff and was resigned to the fact that I had wasted £.. I was surprised - they were much better than I had expected, I moved forward to get a closer look but was rapidly pushed back by pseudo ...s in the audience, whose average age was about .. years, so I could still see. The set, which included both sides of their recent single, really got/failed to get the crowd moving. (Right, now a bit about their new album and its time to wrap it all up...)came on for .. encores by which time the crowd were going really wild and pogoing - (say no more!)

All in all the ... were excellent (all fanzines spell this word wrong) - a truly unforgettable evening!!!

AND THATS IT - SEE ITS SO EASY, JUST REMEMBER TO SLAG OFF THE REST OF THE CROWD AS FREQUENTLY AS POSSIBLE AND YOU'RE AWAY. MORE ADVANCED PUPILS MAY LIKE TO INCLUDE A FEW MORE ORIGINAL PASSAGES LIKE 'HOW I TRIED TO GET BACKSTAGE' BUT THESE ARE OPTIONAL AND NOT ESSENTIAL.

NOW ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SIGN IT - AND IF IT IS REALLY GOOD YOU MAY EVEN WANT TO USE YOUR OWN NAME (THOUGH THIS IS RARE).

©eric normal xxx 1980

THE INTERESTING TENTS

FREE GIG

BATH UNIVERSITY

(ARTS BARN).



TENT 2 ↑

TENT 1 ↑

Page Seven.

The prospect of a free gig featuring a new experimental, synth-based group, as well as films seemed better than watching TV so off I went.

On arrival I found the films had been cancelled, there were seats for 30 people and no stage! A great start!

The group came on round about 8.30, I say group but actually two students and various small synths plus a tape recorder set out on tables. Two guitars and a bass were also used by Tent 1 whilst Tent 2 concentrated on synth and the tape recorder. The audience was about eighteen students who'd come cos there wasn't anything worth watching on TV.

The first number called Hybrid Altrusion was a tape recording with bits of synth played over it, - really boring. Several of the numbers became repetitive and were too long, despite promising beginn-

ings. This was enhanced by the fact that there were no real vocals.

The set was eight numbers, about three worth mentioning. Lullaby was the second number and featured guitar fuzzed to tremendous proportions plus various synth noises 'One a Second' also featured fuzzed guitar accompanied by what was almost a beat from the synth! They had provided a set list but it was difficult to tell where one song finished and the next started. They kept playing taped classical music and I eventually realized this was to show the break between songs. During these breaks they referred to the aforementioned track lists in order to find out what the next song was - pathetic! The fifth song was 'Brass' with Tent 1 on bass distorted through the synth. This was about the best number with clever use of vocal distortion plus

synth, both supplied by tent 2. At about this time the audience was getting rather bored - someone even asked Tent 1 where the toilet was! Mind you the following song 'Sunglasses' came a close second for best number - tent 1 played rhythm guitar while Tent 2 provided an electronic rhythm on synth, it was spoiled a bit by them being silly and putting sunglasses on (what witty chappies).

The group had some interesting ideas but they weren't used to maximum effect and consequently the set was rather boring, with neither Tent having any 'stage presence'. Vocals definitely needed.

It was a good job the gig was free because I don't think anyone would have paid to get in.

REVIEW BY
Nigel (this is not his signature).

UNDERTONES

MOONDOGS. DOLLY MIXTURES.

BATH PAVILION. 18th MAY 1980

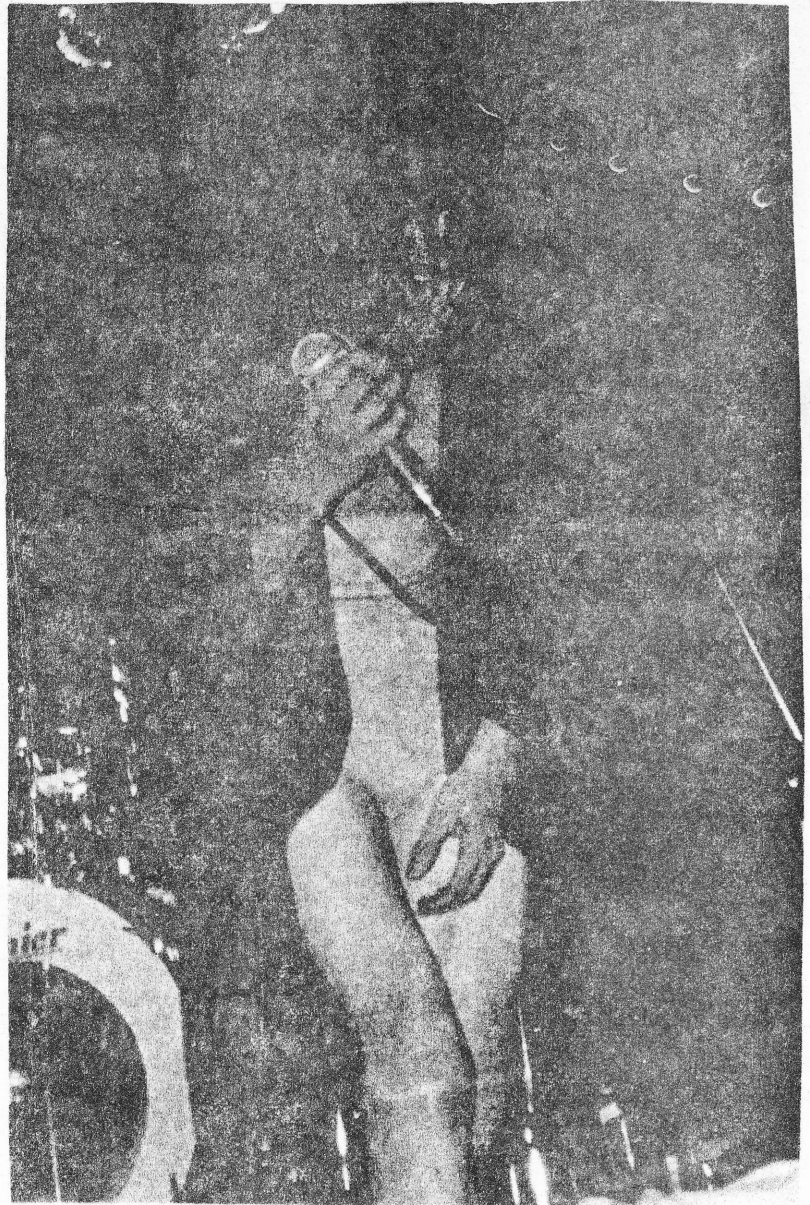
First impressions on arriving at the Pavilion were as we had expected - over 1000 boring normals attempting to be not quite so boring (i.e. posing in their brand new Undertones T-shirts).

Once inside the Pav we discovered to our astonishment that there was no bar (except for one offering lemonade and crisps). This was a new policy adopted as a result of the predicted violence that occurred at the U.K Subs gig.

The first band appeared on stage whilst we were still sulking in the foyer. They were the Dolly Mixtures who, unfortunately, sounded like a cross between Mott the Hoople and Blondie - they even did a cover version of Mott the Hoople's "Foxy, Foxy". The only song they did which was worth remembering was a version of Gary Glitter's classic "I didn't know I loved you - til I saw you rock n'roll" which they did as an encore. Still, I suppose they did go down alright with the crowd, who appeared to appreciate the novelty of 60's style mod (for want of a better word) 3 piece all girl outfit.

After a short break in which we managed to flog fanzines to the unsuspecting public (suckers) the second band came onto stage. An Irish 3 piece band, the Moon-dogs, performed mild diluted pop-punk which left me decidedly unimpressed. Although they did do "interesting" (I won't say good) rip-offs of the Boys "the first time" and a version of the Beatles "she loves you" (as an encore). Although by this time I was sweating like a pig on heat as a result of the thousand or so heaving bodies and so I clawed my way out into the foyer where at least there was some oxygen left.

Finally, when those good ol' Irish bums, the Undertones, appeared on stage and were greeted with a roar from the capacity crowd (the majority being pratty 11 year old "punk rockers" or miserable students).



Feargal impresses the ladies



Do you know
how long
your intestines
are ?

AN UNDERTONE AND HIS BODY.

DOLLY MIXTURES(?)

THE UNDERTONES. cont.

The irristable danceability of the Undertones soon reached the audience as they began to surge back and forth. The Undertones appear to have discovered a tune that undoubtedly works so it is unfortunate that they insist on sticking to a set formula that rapidly becomes monotonous - the result being songs that all sounded the same.

Nevertheless the group were going down well with the majority of the audience as they drove through some of their all-time favourites. They performed good versions of "Here comes Kevin", "Jimmy, Jimmy", "My Perfect Cousin" (especially for the T.O.T.P crowd) and a song which I think was called "Boys will be Boys". This so-

unded something like a reggae version of Trumpton. Feargal Sharkey entertained the audience well in between songs with his idle chit-chat upon the merits of his own physique etc.

At the end of their set they soon reappeared for a series of encores that stretched to an incredible six numbers, beginning with "True Confessions" and ending with "Mars Bar" - there was not the usual rendition of Gary Glitter's "Rock'n'Roll, Part One" - never mind.

As is usual in the Pav the gig had finished around 11:00 (late for the Pavilion) but for once the punters got their money's worth - three groups and an avalanche of encores. *Marcus*

spuno FANZINE GOODIES spuno

REACT #3. 30p. FROM BRISTOL

18 PAGES - 2 OF WHICH ARE FULL PAGE ADS AND ONE IS COMPLETELY BLANK SO WHAT IS LEFT WORKS OUT AT 2P A SIDE, NOT EXACTLY GOOD GOOD VALUE. THE LAY-OUT ISN'T TOO HOT EITHER. THEY OBVIOUSLY HAVE THE FACILITIES AND IF THEY PUT MORE EFFORT INTO IT IT COULD BE GOOD. PLAN AHEAD - OK PAUL/BOB?

COOL #2. 20p. FROM MIDDLESEX.

14 PAGES SO IT'S NOT TOO CHEAP. REASONABLE CASSETTE LP'S ITEM SOME OF THE PAGES ARE A BIT GROTTY COS HE'S STUCK A COUPLE OF ARTICLES DOWN SO THAT ONE PARTIALLY COVERS THE OTHER. IT'S QUITE GOOD THOUGH, LOOK FORWARD TO ISH 3.



Spuno

religious

Punk rock groups bring the energetic... point... sometimes the girls get "throttled", sometimes they "clash" with their menfolk

PAGE TEN.

TOP TEN LOCAL SONGS

1. Stone Tapes - CV
2. Dirt Mishare - Animals
3. Walking the Dog - Snagma
4. Disposable - The rules
5. Blood on my... - The rules
6. Apprehensions - The rules
7. The Quiet People - Skidrow
8. Urban Camion - Skidrow

APPOCALYPSIS OF THE DAWN 3

© eric Normal 1980

CLICK
TREMBLE

Ho Ho

NEXT ISH - A STRANGER ARRIVES.

POETS CORNER

MY DOG JOHN IS BLACK,
HIS FUR IS NICE,
HE LIKES TO EAT BONES
AND DIG HOLES IN GARDENS
THE END

SARA R. WE'RE TRYING TO TRACK DOWN AN ARTICLE W

Hair pulling is one of the tamer means of showing their aggression

Morris dancing

THE young call it a revolution. The oldies call it revolting. Whichever view you take, it has done more than anything for safety-pin sales since the birth of the nappy.

It is, of course, Punk Rock. The bands make the Beatles look like a barber shop quartet, the early Elvis seem saintly. Their philosophy, summed up by a Punk magazine editor, is this: "The kids' aggression must be channelled into revolt. Punk is the key. Everything nasty, dirty or Nazi symbolises it all."

The Punk fans aim to shock their elders and they generally succeed. Meet them parading along the King's Road in Chelsea, and you might wonder if you've strayed into a particularly grotesque night-mare.

Young men pierced with pins amble along with spiky-haired girls trailing behind, attached to their menfolk by dog leads and collars. There are lots of chains, leather and zips, for Punk has strong sadomasochistic undercurrents.

Violence

Mostly the menace is a charade, all part of the act. In Punk discos mock aggression is fun—like pretending to strangle your partner.

The Punks are more often the object of violence, particularly from Teds, the modern equivalent of the drape-suited teenagers of the 1950s. Already the King's Road has

been the scene of several serious clashes.

But the Punks are not dismayed. As the Sex Pistols and Clash continue to belt out their unmelodious message of anarchy, the kids keep up their rebellion against society.

With unemployment at record levels and family life increasingly centred round the goggle box, they may have a point.

Meanwhile, the older generation pretends, with a shudder, that they don't exist. Ignore them, is the attitude, and they'll go away.

Maybe. But here's a thought. The pop world abhors a vacuum. And if Punk fizzles out, what will replace it? Be prepared, you oldies, for something even more bizarre.

APPEARED IN 'WOMAN' (WE THINK)
FEATURED DEE GENERATE
CAN YOU HELP US?

SUPERPOPE

Lives on Earth and possesses similar powers to Superman.



In punk discos mock aggression is fun... but it certainly looks real.



P.11
The Great Rock n' Roll Swindle
 Directed by: Julien Temple
 Starring: Malcolm McLaren, Sid Vicious, Johnny Rotten, Steve Jones, Paul Cook

THE GREAT ROCK N ROLL SWINDLE, IT REALLY IS A GREAT CON, MM HAS EVERY RIGHT TO BE PROUD - I MEAN HOW CLEVER - GETTING A GROUP WHICH PLAYED STUFF WHICH PEOPLE LIKE, PUTTING OUT RECORDS - AND WHEN PEOPLE BUY THEM ITS FANTASTIC - YOU HAVE CONNED PEOPLE INTO BUYING A RECORD THEY ACTUALLY WANT TO BUY. HOW AMAZINGLY SLY. NO OTHER GROUP COULD POSSIBLY SELL RECORDS I SUPPOSE.

THE STORY IS BASICALLY IN TEN STAGES 'HOW TO SELL THE SWINDLE ETC. JL ONLY APPEARS IN LIVE SEQUENCES, SV DOES LITTLE EXCEPT A FEW SONGS 'MY WAY' ETC. WHICH LEAVES MUCH OF THE ACTING TO THOSE ARCH ANARCHISTS PAUL AND STEVE (DONT YOU JUST LOVE THE PROFESSIONALS). OH I SUPPOSE LOADS OF PEOPLE WANT TO SEE BIGGS SINGING 'INNOCENT' - AS ROTTEN SAID HE'S A FAILED TRAIN ROBBER, WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER TO IDOLISE THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY WITH IT. RB IS AN OLD MAN. BORING. EVERYBODY KNOWS IT DDDN'T HAPPEN THE WAY IT IS DEPICTED IN THIS THIS FILM, MM WAS NOT PLANNING THE SEX PISTOLS WHILE ELVIS WAS POLISHING HIS BOOTS. IT IS NOT A SWINDLE. NO ONE HAS BEEN CONNED (UNLESS THEY BELIEVE ALL THE CRAP MALCY KEEPS DISHING OUT). AND AS FOR THE CARTOON SEQUENCES - THEY JUST DON'T FIT IN, JUST HAS HASTILY ADDED SPACE FILLERS. BAMBI IS ROCK N ROLL, THE PISTOLS KILLED BAMBI. BOLLOCKS. FORTUNATELY ROTTEN GOT OUT OF THE FILM SO HE EMERGES UNSCATHED, AS DOES SID BUT AS FOR P & S. /THERES NOTHING ABOUT SIDS TRIAL ETC. THE FILM ENDING IN A PILE OF NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, ON OF CLIPPINGS. SIDS DEATH. HAVING SAID ALL THAT THE MUSICAL BITS ARE ENJOYABLE, AND AS LONG AS YOU BEAR IN MIND THAT ITS AN OLD MANS WARPED FANTASY BADLY EXECUTED ITS WORTH SEEING, IF ONLY CQS ALL YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS WILL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT ANYWAY.

T.C.

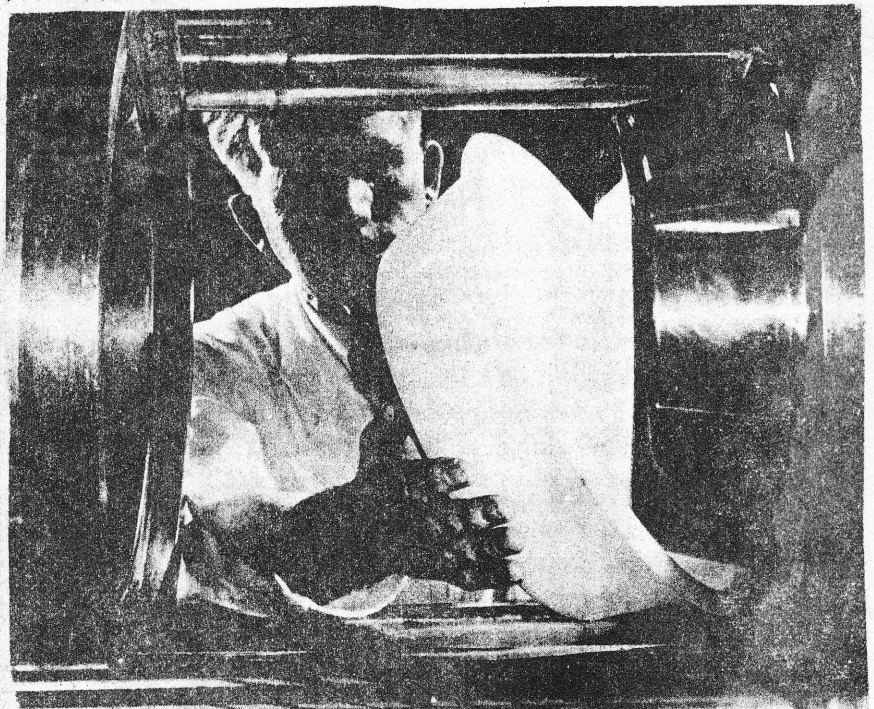
HAS ANYBODY OUT THERE GOT ANY LOCAL (OR OTHERWISE) BOOTLEGS. IF SO PLEASE LET US KNOW - WE WOULD LIKE TO MAKE A LIST. LP'S OR CASSETTES. IF PEOPLE KNOW ABOUT THEM IT CAN ONLY HELP YOU TO SELL.

Mark

DONT BE APATHETIC.

ONCE IN A LIFELONG ACCRIMONIOUS SUMMERS DREAM OF LIFE, STILL, BOUNTIOUS DREAMS OF RARE INTAN) GABLE HOMESTEAD FAR ON THE HORIZON OF THE INNER MINDS DELIGHTS - AS IF MATURED IN RARISH SEPIA - A MARBLED DOME CREATES A CHURLISH TOMB. TOMB OF LIFE, DEATH, DEATH IN LIFE, LIFE IN DEATH. A TRUE WAVE SWEEPS YOUR BODY. YOU ARE ALONE IN THIS HELL. BELIEVER - YOU RUN, NOT KNOWING WHICH WAY, THE ROAD FORKS LIKE SOME DOOMBRINGER. SERPENT. COILS - THOUGH NOT SUCH JUSTLY MAINTANANCE - THOUGH LOVE NOT LIGHT AND DEATH, A MARBLED DEMON, BRINGER OF SORROW, HANGS LIKE SOME GLIB SOLDIER. DYING. SOME FAINT HOPE. REEK IN SPLENDOR. STAGGER. STAMMER. YOUR SPIRIT-RAPPING SPOUSELESS SPIRIT. PREORDAIN YOUR FURULENT SPIRITLESS YOUTH, YOU-BELIEVER, ARTIST, SUFFERANCE, RESURGANCE. STULTILOQUY MAGNO FAITH? YEA, FAITH - NOT SOME HALF FORGOTTEN PHOSPHORESCENCE. YOU LIE - FAITH RUNS NOT DEEP. YOU BURN AND WONDER WHY. GET THINE ANACHRONISM, TIMELESSNESS AND DEPRAVITY. GO. IMMINANT LOSS. YOUR LOSS. DREAMER - GO ALONE, I FEAR NOT YOUR VIRULENCE. LEAVE NOW YOUR TIME DRAWS NEAR. SOLIQUIZE YOUR GUILT AS PREPARING YOUR CHAMBER, GOLGOTHA. YOU UNDERSTAND NOT, YET YOU CROENTICISE YOUR FEARS. I FEAR YOU NOT.

ERIC NCRMAL.



Spuno

PAGE ELEVEN

Magazine

Yet another Wednesday's visit to Bristol Trinity, but this time there was a queue of all the locals and it was some time before we were allowed in.

Inside, it was the s--- (sorry - I Can't read Andrea's writing - Ed) and atmosphere as we bought our drinks.

Essential Bop played shortly (big joke?) and in the midst of the crowd we spotted the Bauhaus looking as if they were stars and nobody else was. Even so, we allowed them a short interview but we didn't gather any interesting points from them. They were only memorable for quoting Bristol as "Wonderful". No more said. Off they went to change and make-up as the Disco did it's thing.

When the Bauhaus emerged on stage their appearances had changed somewhat. The singer was sporting an all-Bowie '78 outfit and make-up not unlike to that of the Cramps. Not a lot going for them, you might think - and so did we. Musicwise, they were ripping off so many influential stars that it would be very difficult to narrow the field down to one example. (another informative review from Andrea and Sadie - Ed). Their set included a Gary Glitter oldie (after all they did support him in London), Siouxsie's "Metal Postcard" and some old Bolan tunes. Is this originality as we know it?

There was, however, a one such Lol King (no, it's not some prone Studio 54 jet-setter-ite that has escaped your attention) who was not deterred by our criticisms of them and appreciated their performance along with the masses that were achieving multiple orgasms grooving to the noise.

Page twelve.

Bauhaus. A famous school of building and allied arts directed by Walter Gropius (born 1883) first at Weimar from 1919 to 1925, and then at Dessau from 1925 to 1933. It was closed by Hitler. The Bauhaus stood for the complete integration of art and technology in architecture, the fine arts, and the products of craft and industry. Its ideals and aims are expounded in several books including *The New Architecture* and *The Bauhaus* by Walter Gropius.

bauhaus

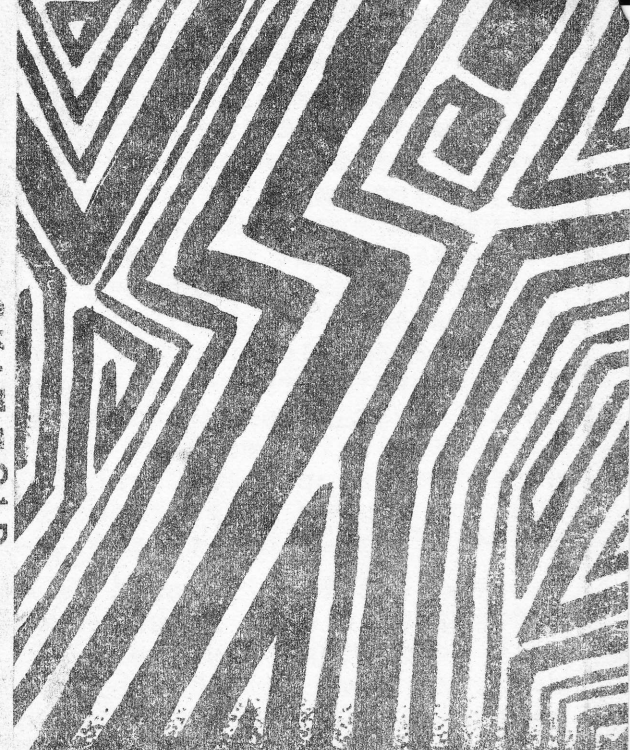
Another interval as the Disco plugged in again before Magazine, in which time people were signing away for yearly subscriptions for Spuno. The hall was now actually full as the over-estimated Magazine took over, complete with vocalist Devoto and their very own pretty-boy John McGuire.

Magazine sounded very, um.....professional and their set was very thorough and efficient but we felt they lacked any enthusiasm to keep critical fans like us happy. Their performance was tame from their lack of communication to their faithful audience. Definitely not one of Magazine's better concerts.

Needless to say, Trinity's people left smiling but, nevertheless, to us Magazine's sound was decidedly dated. Leaving Trinity we left thinking what has Magazine got that hundreds of no-hope bands haven't.

Sadie & Andrea
- love you all XXX

ESSENTIAL BOP



SPUNO 13
SO GOOD



INAC

ANIMALS & MEN - THE TERRAPLANE
FIXATION / SHELL SHOCK

This is an excellent single and appears to be doing quite well for an independent 'self release' ie getting into the alternative charts, numerous plays on Peel etc. It is different from the first single in that it conveys a deep mood rather than being a catchy almost sing along number like 'Misbehave'. Personally I prefer Shell Shock which creates the Joy Divisionish mood we enjoyed when they supported Toyah (although of course they did both sides of the first single then)

however I think it would be more effective if only it were longer - it seems that just as I am settling down and absorbing the mesmerising futuristic rhythm it finishes and I have to get up and put it on again. Personally I think that with this type of mood creating, artistic music, tracks should be at least 6 or 7 minutes long - like much of PIL and Joy Division. The A side, the Terraplane Fixation, tries to create a similar effect but isn't, in my opinion, quite as effective - the chorus seems perhaps a little harsh in places and doesn't quite fit into the flow, however the more I listen to it the more I like it.

Buy it - when they are famous it'll be valuable, Animals and Men will be the first group from this area to achieve a nationwide cult following, support them.

THE SILVER

-DO YOU WANNA DANCE?

This is sung by what sounds like two six year olds and comes from Finland. ITS AWFUL! theres no tune at all in the background, they're all out of time with each other and the verses are the wrong lengths cos they obviously don't know all the words. Makes the Stupid Babies look quite good. I love it.

D'YA THINK I'M SEXY?

BY HYBRID KIDS.

I used to think this was an amusing, interesting and imaginative little number with a good beat, using synths to create a catchy cover version. That was before I found out that the Hybrid Kids are in fact Morgan Fisher who played with Mott the Hoople, but if that doesn't put you off as much

ANY TROUBLE - 2ND CHOICE
They work in a HMV shop (Manchester) which might explain why they are boring Jags/Costello/Jackson copies.

LILLIPUT - SPLIT.

Kleenex are back having changed their lead singer and their name. It's just like Kleenex's 'Ain't You 'well similar anyway.

BOW WOW WOW - C30, C60, 690-GO

A 14 year old Burmese singer backed by the ex Antz creates a very catchy song destined for number 34 or thereabouts. Its a really good drum beat with a rhythmic voice over it and is of course about taping records, one of those things you can't get out of your head.

THE TOYS - GOTO THE POLICE.

I haven't heard it but if you've seen the Toys you might want to buy it.

ALL BY KEN TUCKY.

ALBUMS REVIEW.

NINE MONTHS TO THE DISCO.
GLAXO BABIES.

This album is a complete change from the relative normality of their earlier recordings, 'This is your life' EP and 'Christine Keeler', but it's still a great album. Many of the songs have no singing and Glaxo use electronic noises in places, in preference to conventional instruments.

The first two tracks are two of the best, with 'Maximum Sexual Joy' (do you mind - this is a family paper - Ed) starting the album. The intermittent guitar and high-pitch screams, over a funky bass line, all sounds a bit Pop Group-ish, and the influence is obvious in places, but some of the songs are highly original, like 'This is Your Vendetta', an eerie piece of music ending in a terrifying death threat from none other than Rev. Bradford, MP for Belfast South. Unfortunately, some of the songs, especially the title track do become a bit boring despite their amazing names, such as 'Dinosaur Disco Meets The Swampsstomp'.

It's probably all a bit too strange for most peoples tastes, but if you like one step beyond the Pop Group, and the Andy Partridge 'Take Away' album, then it's worth buying. Shake the foundations.

PAGE FOURTEEN
DISCYPHOOS

UK SUBS

LIVE AT
BATH
PAVILION.

Once upon a time way back on May 3rd (or was it?) me and some other chaps went to a pop concert by the United Kingdom Subs (or did we?). Supported by Liquid Gold (sorry 'Stone') and it was good.

And we all lived happily ever after (or did we?) after being chased by those friendly neighbourhood delectable darlings, The 'Bath Skins' (sorry dears, love you really! Ha, slight nervous laugh)

chdirleg.xx

DAILY EXPRESS Friday May 30 1969

Violence as a tourist attraction

YOUR Opinion column said the punks, mods and rockers must have been on strike over the Bank Holiday because there was no trouble at the seaside.

I went to Weston-super-Mare on the Bank Holiday as I do every Bank Holiday and some Sundays. There were the same number of skins, punks and rude boys as previous Bank Holidays.

Although there was a large number of each group there was little trouble, no thanks to the police who pushed, abused and herded everyone under 21 about like cattle. No thanks to the holidaymakers who ran to the beach when they thought two rival gangs were going to start fighting there.

You say trouble keeps the general public away from resorts at Bank Holidays, but exactly the opposite happens. Weston was packed. Old ladies were running across roads and pushing and shoving each other to get a better view of "the trouble." This plus the media over-exaggerating the trouble and violence is the true problem.

This is the last time I go to the seaside—I go to have fun, not to become a tourist attraction.

BRISTOL PUNK

AND SO SAY ALL OF US

PAGE

BATH PAVILION

JUNE 7TH



THE BEAT

I went along to The Beat 'expecting very little', yes, 'yawn, yet another (ex) two tone group!')

I was in the bar, supping down my Coke (wow) when I heard the support group, what I thought was tuning up, but it would appear this was how all their songs went! Both support groups were in true support style - awful, basically.

Firstly - 'Motion Pictures', a cross between ELO and Elvis Costello, and 'Bim' (say no more) a band of Dexy's Midnight Rockers!

My visions of spending the evening in the LADIES were shattered when the Beat 'bounced' on Dave Wakeling introduced the band - 'We are the Beat'. (What imagination Ed)... (oh! So this is what we paid £3 for)

At their first number the mixture of pseudo-mods, Rude Boys, Skins and their female equivalents (and a few hippies) start grooving 'Roger-Style'.

Most of the set was from the album 'I Just Can't Stop It' which I advise you to buy (I'm sure you won't) (too true Ed) including their singles 'Hands off she's Mine' and the Narcissistic 'Mirror in the Bathroom'.

There was a little trouble from the NF Skins (all 3 of them) but this was remedied by a few thoughtful 'persons'. After the removal of these antibodies, and a few cries of 'Black and White - Unite' they resumed play, and won!

(I attempted to bribe a bouncer with 20 Rothmans for an interview with the men themselves, but to no avail).

A truly UNforgettable evening (EAT YOUR HEART OUT IAN PENNIN) (WRITE YOUR OWN REVIEW LESSONS FROM STANLEY B!!!)

SARA XXX

spuno BUILDS THAT VITAL
EXTRA POWER

SAYS KEVIN KEEGAN



7 Books about sex multiplied, despite fears that their influence might be "corrupting". Page FIFTEEN FROM 'THE SIXTIES' BOOK.



Powerhouse chest Steel-like forearms Rippling biceps

OUR CHALLENGE
READ SPUNO for only a few minutes a day for 14 days. If you do not look and feel fitter with results you can measure and see in your mirror, then return the SPUNO to us and owe nothing

spuno

Ish 1. 101 copies. April. Toyah, local groups, Beat, Ramones film, Essential Logic, Animals & Men, Pon Group etc. NONE LEFT

Ish 2. 147 copies. May. Siouxsie, Cramps, Upstarts, Costello, Bodysnatchers, Cure, A & M interview. NONE LEFT

ELECTRIC GUITARS

SPUNO PAGE SIXTEEN

We arrived at Trinity (which has its name well established as a biggy venue) at about 9 o'clock only to find the hall inhabited by the usual arty students and a minority of "never-never land" punkies.

"Entertaining" us at that moment were the Exploding Seagulls. There's nothing much to say about them as their name just about sums them up. They did, however, attempt to reach the spartan audience - fairly miserably.

Cue the disco, which churns out good quality music every Wednesday. Don't worry if you think you have missed out because they'll be repeating the same songs next Wednesday and the week after that etc etc.

Trinity was about quarter full when the T.V. Eyes appeared on stage (did they have to?). I witnessed an ageing rock group playing unvaried depths of music with vocals equally as bad. Each number started well but the songs lacked the necessary sparkle to hold my attention for long. Still, we were lucky enough to be saved from any encores.

Finally the Electric Guitars appeared. Their name is highly acclaimed by intelligent people and this, according to Bristol dwellers, is the band that they've seen "15 or more times".

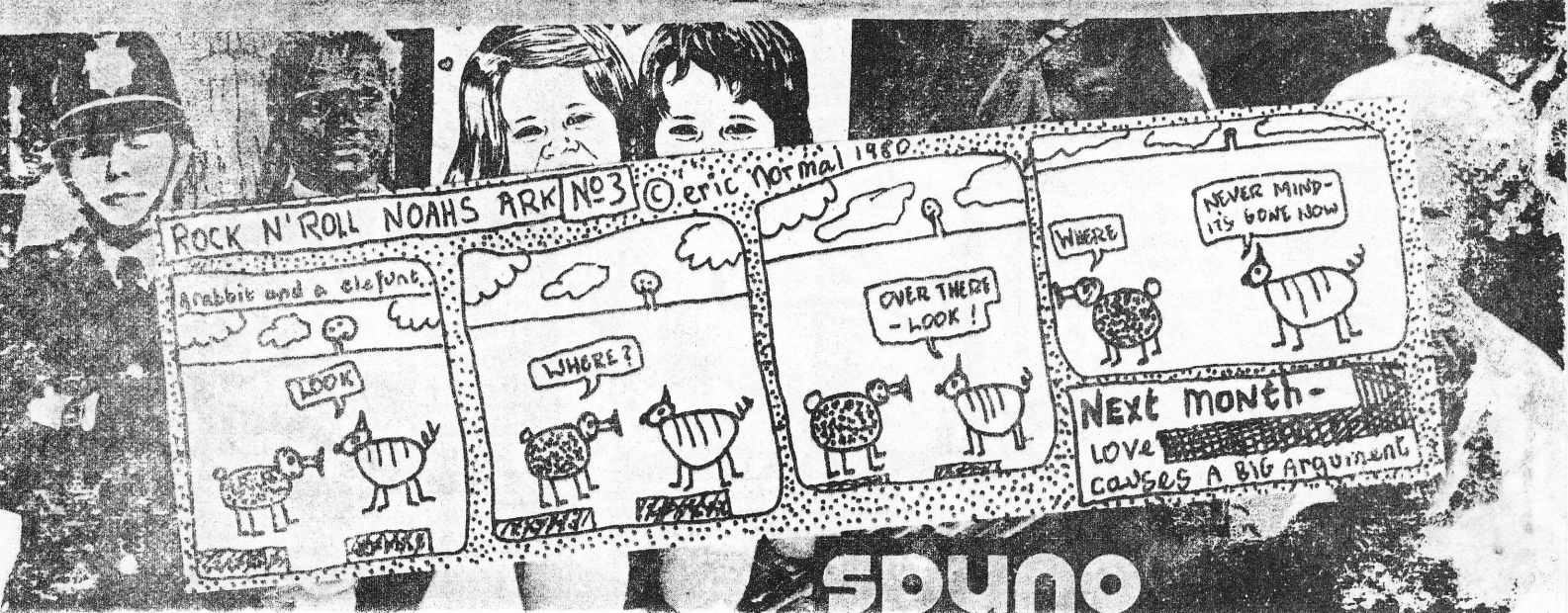
BRISTOL TRINITY
30th April 1980



They came on enthusiastically enough, sporting the latest lines in the anti-fashion collection - this band obviously being another of those linked with Tim Aylett (say no more - Ed). Their set was composed of catchy "pop tunes" which soon got the Bristol majority dancing free and easily at the front - although I have never seen one band at Trinity that hasn't gone down well (except the 5:30 Boots - Ed). Musically the band were impressive enough because they are unashamedly basic and even melodic. They possess potential, especially the singer who has a wide vocal range and shows ability. This I found refreshing. The Electric Guitars finished their set with encores for the appreciative students and then it was goodnight to the local faves.

ANDREA (JUST CALL ME LEROY)

Youths fined for punk rocker attack



ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

BRISTOL TRINITY

some time in June.

We arrived in Bristol early and sat about until about 9:30 content on amusing ourselves at the prospect of all the "punk rockers" going to see the Clash leaving us with the prospect of an even bigger laugh at all the trendies in Trinity attempting to retain their cool.

Once in Trinity we found the atmosphere absolutely dead with the disco churning out reggae record after reggae record (and it sure does get boring). The miniscule crowd remained seated and we anticipated a duff gig. We got one.

The Electric Guitars eventually came on stage and the audience actually rose to their feet (were they as bored as we were?). There's no need to go into this band 'cos they are on the last page except to say that they sound absolutely nothing like the Monochrome Set (is this sarcasm - Ed?) and that the lead singer attempted to be J. Travolta and unfortunately came across as one hell of a prat. They didn't get an encore despite pitiful pleas from the DJ and they didn't deserve one (even though Andrea liked them). With lyrics like "Darling I love you" it's so obvious to see that they have been influenced by Skitzoid and their great classic "Love Song".

Poets Corner.

"The Dream"

I dreamt I drowned last night
Last night I dreamt I drowned
And no-one heard my cries
For no-one was around
My soul, an easy victim
For dark and dangerous things
The sight the dead man sees
And the songs the dead man sings
Alone with no tomorrow
And a light that fades with speed
Like the clown whose act is sorrow
Which he smiles away to please
Yet who to save the man
When the waters pull him down
The friends together sang
Tis we have killed the clown.

Twit xx.

Half an hour of total boredom was to follow ('cos we had no cash for drinkies) before Echo and his Bunnymen appeared on stage. Echo is in fact one such Ian McCulloch and there are three bunnies.

But what's this? Smoke bombs on stage? Are this fine musical group going to use too many non-musical trappings? Happily this is the limit to any visual extravaganza to be used by the Bunnymen.

But nevertheless the addition of a human rhythm section (instead of a drum machine that was part of the band in the early days) has caused to a certain extent a loss in their initial charm and only Ian McCulloch stands out in the band. He is their biggest (only?) asset.

They were a good band but something essential was lacking right from the start that prevented this from becoming a good gig - audience participation. OK. I know these bunnies are difficult to dance too but all you wild cats down at Trinity surely could have done something. Musically it was not a duff gig but it was the crowds fault that the gig proved to be so uninteresting and uninspiring. Stanley B.

spuno

Page Seventeen



THE PHOTOS

BRISTOL TRINITY HALL
25th JUNE.

God, not another Trinity gig - although after being treated to Crass and Echo and the Bunnymen in the previous two Wednesday sessions things certainly couldn't get much worse.

But they did as the support band emerged on stage. God knows who they were but, to be blunt, they were none to good. Sounding something like the Only Ones this four-piece didn't exactly have a lot going for them. This, combined with their pathetic appearances and lack of stage presence ensured a totally apathetic response from the audience. They didn't get an encore!

Half an hour later the Photos finally appeared on stage and, after brief introductions between audience and band, in which time the band established an immediate rapport with the crowd, it was straight into the first number. "Do you wanna dance?" owes a lot to the Ramones, although the Photos version is better. The fans at the front were, by this time, merrily pogoing away - mohair mods pogoed alongside leather-jacketed "Crass" punks. No-one was stopping to care if it is hip to like the Photos or whether it is punk to like the Photos! The divine Miss Wu soon managed to win over the hearts of every male member of the audience and the lack of



any particularly strong image make the Photos appeal to all cults. Although their sound is too often pinned down to Pretender and Blondie influences (incidentally Debbie Harry is old enough to be Wendy Wu's mother). But the most interesting thing is the band's merging of punk into their tested pop formulae and their stage sound is concerned with energy and

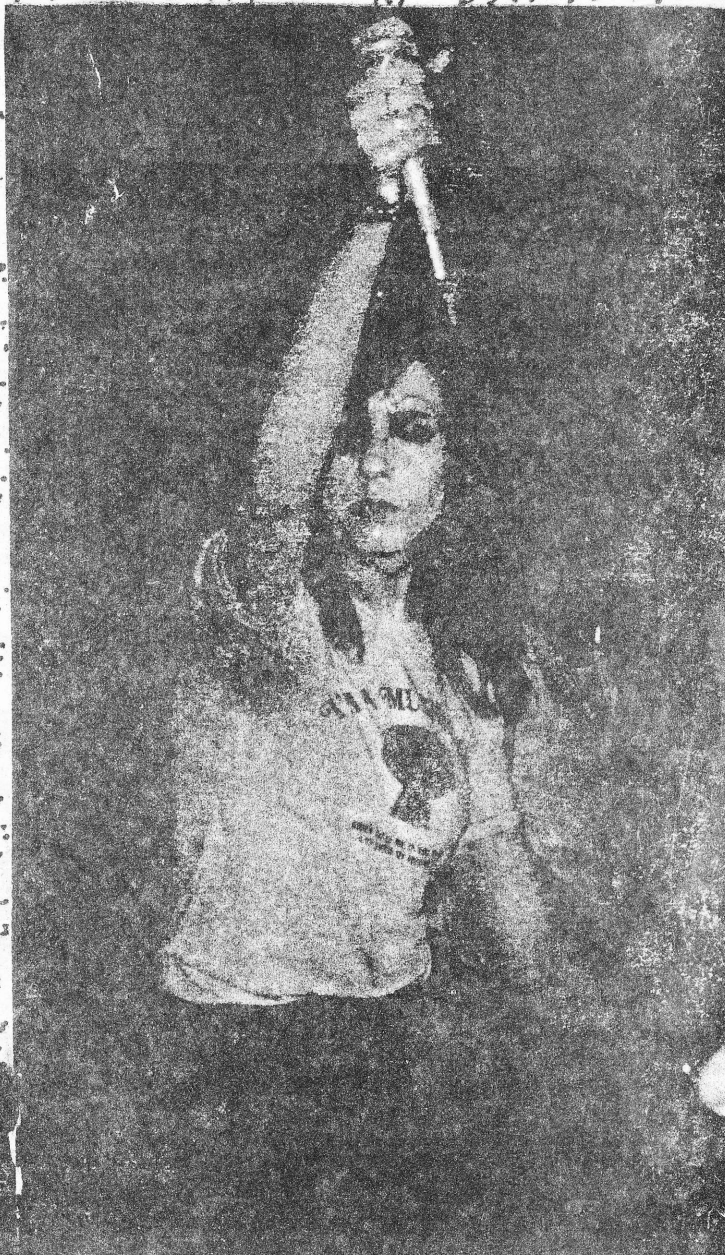
SPUNO

Page
Nineteen

THE PHOTOS

speed (as opposed to the "studio sound so apparent on their recent album.") "Maxine", one of the songs that they did in their set, is a song about an ex-punk and is a lament for the "good 'ol days" when the three lads in the band were "punk rockers" in Satans Rats (how embarrassing!). But with lyrics like "Anarchy's dead now, Maxine" it's difficult to forget that the Photos are essentially a fun band.

Only problem with the group was that their set was somewhat predictable as they performed "Irene", "Crisilla", "Barbarellas" and "Shy" (both the "A" and "B" sides of their EP) in rapid succession. Then it was time to rattle of their newer material from the album and it was time to finish. But, nevertheless, "due to popular request" the Photos soon re-emerged for an encore and then very



Wendy Wu advertises the new charcoal underarm "Odour-Eaters"

promptly dissappeared backstage again. Eugene then appeared on stage and said that Wendy was suffering from throat trouble and they couldn't do any more encores. He then waffled on for five minutes on the merits of the audience and said it was the end of the Ashton Court series of gigs (except for the Fab Poos). The audience would have none of this and soon the chants rose again for another encore. The band was forced back onto stage to do one last track - "The lady is a tramp". This was a track from the limited edition free album "The Blackmail Tapes". And that was it - they dissappeared backstage and did not reappear.

Marcus

Toyah

I MANAGED TO GET TO TOYAH BACKSTAGE AND ADDED MY OWN QUESTIONS TO THOSE OF OTHER PEOPLE WHENEVER THE CHANCE

THIS BITS WRONG

I MANAGED TO GET TO TOYAH BACKSTAGE AND ADDED MY OWN QUESTIONS TO THOSE OF THE THROG WHENEVER THE OPPERTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF. THUS THEY MAY SEEM RATHER OUT OF ORDER AND DONT FOLLOW ON FROM EACH OTHER.

S. WOULD YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF PRETENTIOUS ?

T. I LOVE BEING PRETENTIOUS. WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT. I LOVE PRETENTIOUS PLAYS AND FILMS.

S. THIS TOUR HAS BEEN GOOD FOR YOU HASN'T IT ? YOU'RE DRAWING BIGGER CROWDS.

T. YEAR, IT'S MUCH BETTER THAN LAST YEAR - WE'RE GETTING AT LEAST THREE TIMES AS MANY PEOPLE THIS TIME. 79 WAS A DUD YEAR FOR US, I'M GLAD ITS OVER. IT ALL SEEMS WORTHWHILE NOW, IT MAKES ME FEEL GREAT, GIVES ME MORE ENERGY ON STAGE.

S. HENCE THE INVASIONS.

T. I LOVE IT WHEN THE AUDIENCE PARTICIPATES. ALTHOUGH IT SOMETIMES GETS A BIT HECTIC AND WE HAVE TO LEAVE THE STAGE FOR A WHILE.

S. DO YOU THINK YOUR ACTING EXPERIENCE HELPS ON STAGE.

T. I GENERALLY KEEP THE TWO APART, MY ACTING IS A DIFFERENT THING ALL TOGETHER, HOWEVER HAVING SAID THAT I SUPPOSE IT MUST HELP, COPING WITH AUDIENCES ETC.

S. WHERE DO YOUR LYRICS COME FROM ?

T. A LOT OF MY BEST LYRICS COME FROM DREAMS. I HAVE REALLY WEIRD DREAMS, I SUPPOSE I HAVE AN OVER ACTIVE IMAGINATION.

ENTER A BOUNCER STAGE MIGHT WHO PROCEEDS TO EJECT US ALL AMIDST THE USUAL CROANS OF PROTEST FROM LOITERERS.

OTHER THINGS I GATHERED FROM OTHER PEOPLES QUESTIONS WERE THAT THE AP WAS HER IDEA SO THAT FANS DIDNT FEEL RIPPED OFF IE THEY DIDNT LIKE IT. THEY WANTED TO SIGN WITH A SMALL LABEL FOR THE USUAL REASONS. AND TOYAH IS NOT REALLY INTO BLACK MAGIC - IT'S ONLY AN INTEREST.

BRUCE WOOLEY AND HIS
CAMERA CLUB

HIT SINGLE 'VIDEO KILLED THE RADIO STAR'
SUPPORTED BY PALE
HIT CLUB. TWENTY

GREAT POSTER SEEN

IN TORQUAY. SUCH ACCURACY

THE PHOTOS IN BATH
SEE BACK COVER.

THE PHOTOS WERE
REALLY GOOD BUT
ANY TROUBLE WERE
BLOODY ANFUL...
GOD KNOWS HOW
THEY GOT A CONTACT
THE SOD ON THE
DOOR WOULDN'T
LET ANYONE WHO
LOOKED UNDER 18
IN. IT WAS QUITE
GOOD THOUGH...





WIMPS RULE OK.

We arrived amidst a sea of tartan bondage gear and bleached Easter chick hair only to find that the doors were to open an hour or so later than scheduled. This was due to the fact that no stage had been provided and the P.A system was not loud enough. Joel, Toyah's guitarist, told us that there were now about 80 people on the guest list but as we were so nice he got us on the guest list anyway.

However, after the initial delay & a brief search/check on the doors, we were now in and we decided to queue for some extortionately priced drinks.

Apartment were the support band. They played well although not to an over-enthusiastic audience. The lack of stage movement and the jeans and T-shirts only fuelled the audience's disapproval of this band.

At around 10:30 the atmosphere had become sufficiently hot and smokey so Toyah appeared on stage. They performed extremely well and Toyah herself was as bouncy as usual (the rumours that she had a broken ankle were obviously untrue). They went through all the old faves - "danced", "Our Movie", "Indecision", "Tribal Look" etc. etc. The set was also punctuated with some

very good material from their new album (including "Ieya" - their new single).

Their set lasted about 45 minutes, during the whole of which Miss Willcox appeared highly amused at the amount of heaving bodies attempting to grasp her never-never regions and the usual chants of "Get your tits out".

Toyah concluded their set but they promptly reappeared to do three encores during which time Toyah proceeded to pour a bottle of water over her head. Again the lads at the front surged, pushed and barged in order to get a swig from the sacred bottle.

And that was it. The Locarno emptied very quickly and we managed to leave without any signs of death threats from the Bristol kiddies (which is what usually happens when Bath meets Bristol).

Salp

spuno

I had expected Slade to be really good. I couldn't see how they could fail to be so; they were bound to be extremely competent and play loads of old favorites and the audience would probably be very enthusiastic and uncritical.

The support band, however, certainly was not an exciting prospect: I had seen the Rules before and rumours that the Scoop were even worse than them (yes - it is possible) turned out to be true. We only saw two of their songs and I was interested to see that they had appeared to have recovered from beating each other up the night before (over a lady; innit sweet?) The best thing about them is their bassist, Jamie, who is a good bassist and has better stage presence than the rest of the band. It seems that the Scoop have some pull over Nige Ross as they nearly always seem to play at his gigs. Seeing as he charges a lot (£3 for Slade) I think he should provide better support: certainly MPM and RAR always provided much better value for money than this. Hopefully god will punish him, like he did to Avon Ents.

After the crowd had recovered from the Scoop (there being no bar to escape to for a pose) Slade made us wait for ages, in an attempt to build up the atmosphere 'spose, but I don't see why it was necessary because the surprisingly small crowd became quite excited when they came on.

When it came to it Slade were amazing: They looked good; they knew what the audience wanted, and they gave them it: good time, up-tempo rock'n'roll; with a lot of visual excitement and patter between songs. They did a surprising amount of new stuff, but they haven't changed their style, and this unfamiliar set proved successful because it allowed the old favorites to stand out as real highlights; they played "Get down and get with it", "Squeeze me, please me" and as the encores they did "C'mon feel the noise", "Mama we're all crazee now" another one I didn't recognise and finished with a superlative version of Steppenwolf's "Born to be wild". Also during the set they did the best rendition of "Something else" that I have ever heard and "Whole lot of loving".

The audience would probably have been satisfied with a second rate performance, several of them were over 30 and had dug out their old skinhead gear; which they probably haven't worn since the last time Slade came down; and very few people looked accustomed to gigs; but to Slade's credit they gave everything that night, the only

spuno

SLADE

Sunday 29th June

they gave everything that night, the only criticism I have is that Noddy Holder did not know that there was no bar which shows that Slade stopped sharing experiences with the audiences decades ago. But you couldn't help loving it while Noddy Holder held the centre of the stage, in the middle of clouds of red smoke, with the bassist and ol' mat-ey (award for remembering peoples names goes to me) the lead guitarist standing on the PA stacks thrashing out "Come on feel the noise".

Although Slade play rock'n'roll and you can't fault them in their execution of it; but they don't say anything; you can dream of succeeding like them, but you can't share their success. The audience love them and they love the audience, but only as long as they are a crowd to be entertained; they express none of the feelings of their audience. They were a rebellion against the accepted values of the music biz in the late '60's: where you sat and listened, instead of getting up and jumping about, so they are part of the rock'n'roll myth of youth revolution, but they are also the enemy: they give you entertainment as a product to be consumed; they are the music industry deciding what the audience want and providing the goods. Only when the audience decides for itself what it wants and provides its own solutions does the myth of rock'n'roll become true: Which is why everything until

the Pistols was so much shit. But then again punk is now the commercialism that it initially despised. Oh well! Incidentally that was relevant because I was trying to say that although Slade are very entertaining, and I recommend you to see them; Glam Rock concerts are a completely different animal from punk gigs: They pose no threat to the music establishment or society at large so people who are drawn to it are being led into accepting their parents life style: They'll probably end up watching the television; instant moronic pleasure; just add water.

Andy Newman.

PS. Marcus stayed sober all night, has this ever happened before?

ZIP NOLAN

PAGE TWENTY THREE

**and his Enemy
JAMES
the Butler**

Youth cults began with the Teds, in the '50's, the first generation to grow up into the post war boom, the first generation of youth ever to grow up with spending power independent of their parents. Before the war, kids had to pool their incomes into the family budget - that was the only way the family could survive. But with the rising living standards and affluence of the '50's a new concept was born: the teenager; youth with a lifestyle independent of his/her family. Punks were the fourth generation of rockers (count them) and the first cult to respond to a depression, and falling living standards. What characterised them was their individuality. Punks didn't wear a uniform like skinheads, and their philosophy was more than just a glorification of being young like mods, punk was about questioning established values and looking for different ways of living, to communicate by clothes, music, fanzines etc. The way this has developed is a beautiful example of how the system works; a spontaneous (more or less) rebellion against the way youth culture was being produced, packaged and marketed by big business was successfully absorbed, repackaged and marketed by big business. Buy your genuine Marks and Spencer bondage trousers, how long until Virgin brings out "Sid singing in the bath"? There is nothing safer than kids spending their money on limited edition "Do the pogo" 12 inch singles and painting slogans on their expensive new leathers because now all the anger is gone. Punk was the most revolutionary cult ever, because it said think for yourself; and if something makes sense of what it's like to be young today, if it communicates something to you, then it's valid. Alternative T.V and Patric Fitzgerald were more exiting than the UK Subs and Cockney Rejects will ever be 'cos their lyrics make you think. I still get angry when I'm at work in the RUH and I see an old lady brought in dying of hyperthermia 'cos of the cuts. I still get angry that suicides and baby batterings are at all time highs 'cos of the lack of jobs. The answer isn't to go home and listen to Crass or the Pop Group (whatever is your poison) 'cos however concerned these bands are, the only way things are going to change is if people fight. So where do I disagree with Paul? It's just that he's so negative, there are too many people around saying "I was a punk 27 years ago, and I wrote the lyrics for the Pistols, in fact I used to go down the pub with John and Malcolm, in fact they wrote some of the lyrics for Gl*xo, but now I've grown up and it's not cool anymore" You all know the routine. If you dismiss people who dress as punks as prats then all you are doing is the same:--saying it's uncool not to go around in your own private group and being seen in the right places with the right people is becoming too important. I'm not saying that I'm any better - I'm worse than many. Perhaps in the past when I thought punk could change things I was being naive, but those beliefs are too much part of me to be just forgotten. If those ideas were valid then, then they are valid now, and if they've been dropped in favour of fashion it's our fault. I still think that things like fanzines can make people think as long as they aren't exclusively concerned to music and don't become ego trips for the editors. For instance people crit-

Continued page 28



CRASS

BRISTOL TRINITY: JUNE 18.

I went to see Crass out of curiosity; could the idols of a new generation of neophyte punks have something that I missed out on; or were they, as I suspected, reformed hippies (haircuts optional) jumping on the bandwagon of a failed youth revolution to try and inspire a dead horse with their half backed anarchist ramblings that had failed to move their own contemporaries ten years earlier at Woodstock.

I'd like to be able to say that Crass were better than I had expected, but they were worse. They lacked that indefinable quality that used to make punk gigs so exciting; that sense of fun. For instance when S.L.F played the Locarno early last year, it was an unforgettable evening, nothing could top the excitement and enthusiasm shared between the audience and the band. Yet the serious message of S.L.F's songs wasn't lost; but all the frustration that the band was expressing was channelled into aggression against society, not between rival groups in the audience; and I, for one, left there with the feeling that punk made sense of all the frustrations and difficulties of being young in the late '70s;

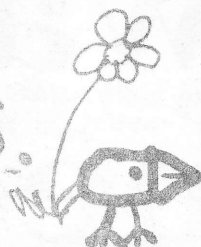


copied with an atmosphere of unemployment, repression, outdated social values, and class wars. And that wasn't a one off experience - it was true of any number of gigs from late '77 through to early '79. I suppose that all this isn't really relevant, but I'm just trying to express why Crass don't communicate anything to me, and why I'm disappointed when I go to gigs nowadays.

Crass take their message (?) too seriously. I'm not trying to say that politics has no place in rock music, it certainly has. Music is one of the ways that people's attitudes are altered, look at the lyrics of S.L.F or the Gang of Four, or even the Clash, but political statements are only a part of it. Being a punk used to be a political thing in itself; a statement that you were opposed to the social and political values of the system. Nowadays being a punk seems to be no more than another uniform; tar-

Poison Girls.

Page 25.



of self-reliance born out of the audience identifying with the band. Crass make no effort to bridge the gap between themselves and the audience. They are preachers in a pulpit and all the aggression they put over is released in the audience by Bristol kids picking on London kids, or Bath kids, or whatever. It was pathetic.

Most of the audience was both young & punky, but I'm not going to slag them off for following Crass, who else is there about nowadays? Except for art school posters like the Ants and Banshees. However they could take Crass' libertarian, anti-sexist views seriously and not shout "Get yer tits out" when Virginia Creeper (who looked the wrong side of 30 to me, which may explain why Crass are a bit short on identifying with their very young audience) started reading poems. But then again the band hardly take it seriously either; Phil Free or N.A Palmer or whoever I was told it was, actually had a skinhead cut (or was he just going bald?) and was moonstomping during one particularly Angelic Upstartish song, with loads of cavemen chants as backing vocals (a bit like the Funky Gibbon). The two girls seemed to be just wheeled on every now and then for decoration. Although the lyrics may be anti-sexist, their presentation, with Fig Ignorant's "Yer alright then mate" style vocals, is just as misogynist as anything the Stranglers or Fab Pooos do.

The real surprise of the evening was just how good the Poison Girls were, both in musical content, which was competent, and in stage presence, which was exceptional. They at least have taken themselves seriously enough to have rejected the stereotypes of rock, and they seemed both more talented and sincere than Crass. However we missed a fair bit of their set because, with experience of Trinity, we didn't expect the support band to start until about half past nine, but they came on promptly at 8. Crass must have been conscience that most of their fans have to get home early to bed if they are going to get up for school the next morning. Me, Dave and Marcus left early, having become thoroughly bored, and found out when we finally tore ourselves away from the pub (you still owe me a glass of pernod, Dave) that there had been a fight between Bristol and London punks, and it had forced an early finish. The police were out in force, which shows they were worried; and quite rightly - if people weren't so bloody stupid and instead of fighting among themselves they challenged the people who run this country....but then I suppose I am dreaming again.

Andy Newman.

tan bondage, leather jackets, bright spiky hair and a (we haven't really ripped off the Captain Scarlet sign, honestly) Crass armband, you might as well be a bloody skinhead. The bands used to communicate with the audience and share a sense

Runaways are home—but still defiant

P26

ie photos taken when they were years younger - not just before they left as the papers suggested

Those humiliating photos the press printed of 'how these girls were before they ran away' - were not painting them

BATH'S three runaway punk schoolgirls were as defiant as ever today after their 18 days in London. And the mother of Nicola Hammerton, 15, and her sister Emma, 14, said, "I'm afraid the battle has just begun."

JUST AS YOU WERE ABOUT TO FORGET... **SPOND FLASH BACK.**

Express finds the bright lights runaways who went punk

PUNK GIRLS BACK HOME

Nicola Hammerton, one of the three runaways, last night

The girls who ran off to be punks

Remember last year - all the crap in the papers about 'respectable little girls that ran away to be punk rockers' - when the press printed those embarrassing out of date photos of these girls



The three Bath schoolgirls who ran away to London on November 5 came home last night after a desperate Press appeal by their mothers. The girls are, from left, Emma Hammerton, 14, her sister, Nicola, 15, and their friend, Sarah Muir, 14. They were recognised by a Clapham shopkeeper who told police. Today the girls were unrepentant. (See Punk Runaways—Page 16)

THE WAY THEY WERE

SARAH MUIR

HAMMERTON

MERTON

It just goes to show that the press print all made up and exaggerated stories. Well stick with us - we never lie. Well not much anyway. LOVE OUR READERS

The Au Pairs ○ Essential Logic

We queued. We queued to get in, to get a drink, to get food and to relieve ourselves. The organisers had cunningly conceived a ticket system where you had to go into the Palace and past all the Communist propaganda before you could drift off to the music in the park.

By the time I had reached the stage, after a lengthy walk, the Au Pairs had finished, but the small crowd which did see them did not seem very impressed.

Essential Logic were on next and were as boring as ever. They seem to have got worse since Bath Uni, although their new bass player was excellent and deserves to be in a better group. Their stop-start music doesn't seem to interest anyone, yet they earned enough applause to play an encore.

John Cooper Clarke

A quick down pour at the start of JCC's set saw more people beneath the stage than in



reviewed
by Nat Spiss.

(Before the fire).

Alexandra
Palace
London N.22
SUNDAY 15 JUNE

11AM —
11PM

front of it, but there was soon a large crowd gathered as he launched into his second poem. Some poor chap wandered on to the stage with a nasty head wound and proceeded to drip blood all over Clarke's new jacket, closely followed by a fat bouncer who made a lovely speech and asked the bottlers if they would kindly go away, earning more applause than Cooper-Clarke. Johnny continued undaunted, reading his lyrics from a sheet of paper and chewing gum between verses to keep time, his most memorable poem was Kung Fu International.

▲ Raincoats → X ●

Before the Raincoats the same bouncer made another plea (followed closely by verbal abuse) to the people with the bottles who had, apparently, just cracked another one over the head of an unsuspecting person. The Raincoats were very rough in places, but their songs were quite good, especially with the use of violin to break the traditional guitar, drums and bass format. Their version of the Kinks 'Lola' was good and the encore was excellent with strong vocals.

● The Pop Group □

The Pop Group were great. Their very own brand of chaotic, frenzied funk was well held together by the rhythm section, with the amazing Bruce Smith on drums. Gareth Sager roamed the stage, alternating between guitar, sax and clapped out keyboards, with the occasional excerpt of rubber kneed dancing, all performed with a totally expressionless face. Highlights of the set were 'Thief of Fire', 'Mass Murder', ironically dedicated to Breshnev, and the last two singles, 'Prostitutes' and 'Where There's a Will'.

The size of the crowd seemed to double and the shoving began, in anticipation of the Slits. Bruce Smith played drums again and Steve Beresford



△ The Slits

played keyboards and anything else he could lay his hands on as the Slits got off to a promising start with 'Instant Hit' from their first album. Viv looked amazing, but seemed to forget to play her guitar half of the time, and Ari Upp's rasta voice becomes very tiresome after a while. Despite several reminders from members of the audience, she still couldn't

get it into her head that she was white (and presumably still is - Ed). The music began to flag, as the songs drifted into marathon reggae stunts, with repetitive bass lines and lyrics. 'Spend Spend Spend'

was the only other song from their first and best album, with 'Grapevine' going down very well with the crowd. The new single 'Man Next Door' sounded quite promising but, on the whole the Slits did not live up to my expectations.

△ ↙ ▲ ↘ △

It was a good day's entertainment for the £1.50 admission fee (on a students union card), but the full price of £3 seemed a bit steep. Another person was taken to hospital with a bottle jutting from his head as we queued to get out.

QUIZ

NUMBER
ONE
(OF ONE).



PAGE
TWENTY
EIGHT.

PUNK ATTITUDES:cont.

isised me for bringing politics into my review of the Pop Group, but I had some ideas about the PG that I wanted to communicate, and if a fanzine isn't the place to do that, whether other people agreed with me or not (they didn't) then there seems no point in fanzines. All this is straying from my original intention to write about glam rock and the Gary Glitter revival. Sorry, I got carried away, I'll write it for Spuno 4.

Andy Newman.

Q1. THE FOLLOWING ARE ALL ALIAS'S, NAMES USED BY OTHER GROUPS WHEN THEY DON'T WANT TO USE THEIR OWN NAME IE LIKE KLARK KENT, NEW YORK BLONDES ETC. BUT WHAT GROUPS USE THEM?

- a) TEENAGE FILMSTARS.
- b) CULT HERDS.
- c) BET LYNCH'S LEGS.
- d) SPOTS.
- e) SCHOOL BULLIES.
- f) THE MEN.
- g) EVENINGS OUT.
- h) FRANK SUMATRA.

easy
isn't it.



Q2. WHAT WERE JOY DIVISION CALLED BEFORE THEY WERE CALLED JOY DIVISION?

Q3. WHO ORIGINALLY DID 'HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE'?

Q4. THE RECORDS WERE WHOSE BACKING BAND?

LAST MONTHS X-WORD SOLUTION	
DOWN	ACROSS
1. STIFFS	1. MISBEHAVE
2. ETTI FITS.	2. SPECIAL AKA
3. AMERICANS.	3. LITTLE
4. EF	4. REBEL
5. FALL	5. SKI.
6. MARLEY	6. COCKNEY
7. BAKK.	7. TEA
8. ULSTER	8. SLITS
9. TOYAH	9. AKA
10. AKA	10. NEGATIVES
11. AKA	11. VES.
12. AKA	
13. AKA	
14. AKA	
15. AKA	
16. AKA	
17. AKA	
18. AKA	
19. AKA	
20. AKA	
21. AKA	
22. AKA	
23. AKA	
24. AKA	

Q5. NAME TOYAH'S FIRST SINGLE.

Q6. WHAT WAS THE FIRST SINGLE RELEASED ON STIFF RECORDS?

Q7. WHAT IS 'I WISH I WAS A POSTCARD'?

Q9. WHO STARTED INDUSTRIAL RECORDS?

Q11. ON WHAT COLOUR VINYL WERE THE FOLLOWING RELEASED:-



CONTENTED READER

Q8. WHERE DID 'STIFF LITTLE FINGERS' GET THEIR NAME FROM?

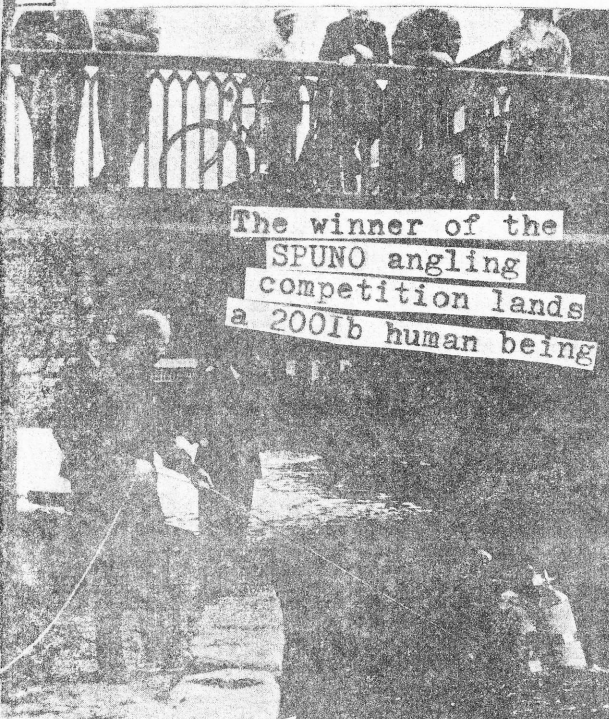
Q10. WHO IS LEAD SINGER WITH:-
a) THE FALL.
b) POISON GIRLS.
c) ANIMALS 8 MEN.
d) THE TOURISTS.

Q12. ON WHAT COLOUR VINYL WERE THE FOLLOWING RELEASED:-
a) UNDERTONES - JIMMY JIMMY. b) DESTROY ALL MONSTERS - BORED c) PISTOLS - Biggest Blow.
THE FIRST ALL CORRECT ENTRY RECEIVED WINS ONE OF THE FOLLOWING LPS (STATE PREF. WITH ENTRY) -
SLITS - BOOTLEG RETROSPECTIVE / TOYAH - THE BLUE MEANING / JOY DIVISION - CLOSER / DAF - DIE KLEINEN UND DIE BOSEN / YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS - COLOSSAL YOUTH / CRASS - STATIONS / LKS - BASS CULTURE. (or any other lp which costs £4.50 or less).

CLOSING DATE FOR THIS COMP. = AUG 31. NO CORRESPONDANCE WILL BE ENTERED INTO.

isn't this messy - just like a real fanzine.

By the way we want to make it quite clear that any opinions in Spuno are those of the writer concerned - not the editors. OK.



The winner of the SPUNO angling competition lands a 200lb human being

THE AMAZING MESSAGE OF A MAN WHO WENT FORWARD IN TIME

**I KNOW who will
win Wimbledon**

IF you want to save yourself those sore eyes and cricked necks by knowing who won Wimbledon this year, I can tell you.

Bjorn Borg won it for the fifth time, beating Jimmy Connors in the Final.

I am also one of only five people who know who the ladies' winner was. She was Martina Navratilova, who beat Tracey Austin in her final.

Remarkable

I use the past tense because both events, like many more I have just discovered in the most remarkable interview of my life in journalism, have already "happened."

Like Denis Healey becoming leader of the Labour Party in October.

Like the American hostages in Iran being released in January, 1981.

Like Liverpool winning the Cup and League double next year.

The interview was with a man sitting in the living room of his home at 2 p.m. on Monday, June 22, 1981.

It was part of a unique experiment in travelling through time, a journey into the future. Finding out today what will happen tomorrow through the medium of hypnosis.

The man conducting the research into an entirely new concept is 33-year-old Richard Morgan, a hypnotist from Rossendale in Lancashire.

His volunteer human guinea pig for the experiment

LOCAL

OK - HERE WE GO AGAIN, BUT DON'T EXPECT ALL THIS TO BE CORRECT BY THE TIME IT REACHES YOU - COS THESE LOCAL GROUPS CHOP AND CHANGE WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST CONSIDERATION FOR US POOR FAN ZINES.

KEITH GALE HAS NOW GOT HIS NEW GROUP TOGETHER AND THEY ARE CALLED 'MIDNIGHT TO SIX'. THE LINE UP IS AS FOLLOWS:

ROB SHILLAKER... VOCALS.
KEITH... GUITAR.
CHRIS PERRY... BASS.

JANE? (KEITH'S YOUNG LADY)... DRUMS.
(CRELLIN)

EXTRA VINYL ARGUMENT



NOW ZIPGUNS?.. ARE THEY STILL CALLED THIS? ..DANNIE SEEMS TO THINK SO, BUT IAN PRATT TELLS ME THEY AREN'T ALTHOUGH HE OFFERS NO ALTERNATIVE NAME, I THEREFORE ASSUME THEY ARE NAMELESS AT PRESENT. THE LINE UP IS AS LAST MONTH EXCEPT SOPHIE WAS REPLACED BY KERRY (SEE NEWS PAGE) ANYWAY I THINK SHE'S LEFT NOW AS WELL - ISN'T THIS INFORMATIVE?

IT WOULD APPEAR THAT ULTIMATE DANCE WILL NOT BE APPEARING ON TV AFTER ALL - THEY GOT AS FAR AS RECORDING THE TRACKS IN THE STUDIO - BUT HAVE SINCE BEEN TOLD THAT, DUE TO THE MUSICIANS STRIKE, THERE WON'T BE ANY LIVE GROUPS ON THE PROGRAM.

I DON'T KNOW - THERES NO PLEASING SOME PEOPLE. THE SCOOP, WHO WERE PEEVED COS THEY DIDN'T GET A MENTION IN ISH 1, WEREN'T TOO KEEN ON WHAT WE SAID ABOUT THEM IN ISH 2. ANYWAY THIS IS A LOCAL FANZINE SO WE DON'T WRITE ABOUT LONDON MOD BANDS EVEN IF THEY DO COME FROM CHIPPENHAM.

GOD ONLY KNOWS WHATS GOING ON WITH THREE AND A HALF BUCKETS OF WATER, BUT THEIR LINE UP IS AS FOLLOWS - ANDY REBEL... GUITAR/VOCALS

MARCUS... BASS/VOCALS.
DARREN... DRUMS.
MARK... GUITAR/VOCALS.
SADIE... COMB/VOCALS.
ANDREA... RECORDER/VOCALS

The moon, too, seems to play tricks. Light passing through ice crystals can form mock moons or moondogs—halos that can look like strange spaceships to observers.

MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE
AT THE UNDERTONES.

McLaren meanwhile has decided not to become a punk rock star after all, and has set up his backing band of ex-Ants with a 14 year old female singer who was 'discovered' in Malcolm's local laundrette.

called 'Bow Wow
WOW'
Single - C30, C60, C90, C60

spuno

"I'M SO ATTRACTIVE"

BATH TIFFANY'S
6TH JULY

PHOTOS