

# CAT ATE...

NO.10



20P

**local news  
and views.**



PHOTO BY COLIN WIMPY

# INTRO: SOZ ABOUT THE EXTRA 5p BUT WE'VE HAD TO PAY FOR THE PRINTING THIS TIME.

Hello everyone - soz but there's no flexi-disc in this issue, but as they say it's "Due to reasons beyond our control" or something. Well we've had quite a bit of publicity over the past few weeks, what with local m.p.'s and mayors (small m's) complaining about the contents that the poor, innocent schoolchildren are reading. Stuff like 'obscene' and 'obnoxious', 'disgusting' and 'lower than the gutter' among others. The mayor of Fendle even goes so far as to call its readers 'failures in life'. Well here we go failures in life.....

As it's nearly a year since the Collective was formed and the fanzine was started, I thought it was about time for a change of format - the real reason being that it can't be printed at M.P.A.A. anymore 'cos of all the bad (or good) publicity it's been getting. So come on all you music lovers..get your articles sent in so that the next one can be out soon.

Yours, F.Ukov. (Russian correspondent).

THE CAT ATE THE DOG'S DINNER WISHES TO MAKE IT CLEAR THAT EACH ARTICLE REPRESENTS THE VIEW OF ITS AUTHOR/ESS ONLY. THE COPYRIGHT IS HELD BY THE AUTHOR/ESS. MOST OF THIS FANZINE CONSISTS OF MATERIAL THAT HAS BEEN SENT IN. PLEASE SEND IN YOUR ARTICLES TO: FANZINE, c/o GARY BROWN, 89 HOLCOMBE DRIVE, BURNLEY. - If your articles are sent to Mid-Fennine, I can't guarantee receiving them o.k.



Here's a photo I took of the Collective hut before it was re-painted by Burnley Youth Theatre for you to cut out and keep - honest! Because of the block bookings we've had from bands wanting to practice (I think only 3 or 4 bands have actually practiced there) it's due to close down as we can't afford to pay B.Y.T. the sum they want - £25 if we only use it weekdays or £60 if we use it anytime. Happy home practicing everyone!

## TWO ITEMS FOR NOW PEOPLE

Anti-nuclear demonstrators in Britain pulled one of their best stunts the other week. Selecting a railway line that was to carry nuclear waste, they erected a 24ft gantry of scaffolding poles across the line, which they ascended and waited for the train. When it arrived, the police were on board and the demonstrators were arrested.

The U.K.A.E.A. were taking it the docks for transfer to a ship on which it was to be taken out into the middle of the Atlantic to be dumped. Said a nuclear spokesman: "The waste is no more dangerous than a trainload of cement." It would appear from where I sit that the nuclear waste has already caused irreparable damage to the spokesman's brain. As far as I am aware, very little cement is taken out into the Atlantic to be dumped although I can think of at least one government which deserves the same treatment.

Talking of brains (and the lack of them) a leading Brain-surgeon has recommended that beer, wine and spirits should be additionally taxed to take it out of the pockets of young people altogether. I had no idea that head-chisselers were so in contact with current social problems. It is understandable though. The medical profession are nearly as acquainted with the dangers of alcohol as are their companions in Fleet Street.

## FOOTBALL

If you read the article last issue (9) on the proposed football tournament then let Pete Rawlinson know if you're interested as soon as possible at the Railway Workers or contact him on Burnley 27570.

JOKE... (or is it?)...  
Why are Irish jokes so simple? So that the English can understand them! Ha Ha.

## BUSHELL BOP

Garry Bushell is an art-school trendy basing his credibility on working class morals creating trend after trend in order to keep one step ahead of the fashions he perpetrates. Next in line: Notsensibles, "Beano Bop". Will they fall for Bushell's hypocritical pose? Will the youthful naivety they possess lead them to fall into the rank-and-file of another failed trend?

Here through public demand is the words to that infamous song "Get t'knob out!"

Get knob, get knob out  
and put it in knobs  
but you can't cum  
because you've got your undies on!

Well there you go folks, whenever you're lonely or whatever you can just start to sing this song which, by the way, is being recorded by local group JIM CUSTARD PIE.

STOP PRESS.....  
At the last extraordinary general meeting of the North East Lancs. Musicians' Collective, it was decided unanimously not to send a representative to this summer's Olympic Games in Moscow. Said a spokesman "this is not a political decision - we just can't afford it!"  
The government refused to comment on a suggestion that an alternative permanent site for the games should be situated at Deeply-Vale, a disused swampy near the picturesque hamlet of Gracie Fields in Lancashire.



Ha! Ha! April Fool!

## SERPENT STRANGLES ANARCHY



ANOK4UOK? NO+  
 passion? fashion!/?passion? fashion!/?love  
 is a restriction you tactfully ignore/yo  
 u justify your blasphemy by quoting endl  
 ess wars/but who starts the fighting/can  
 t you understand/does god pull the trig  
 ger/or just another man?/hiroshima, naga  
 saki/have you forgotten/it wasn't my god  
 who had his finger on the button/that's  
 the nuclear threat/but you couldn't care  
 less/you'd rather be an advert/for anarc  
 hy and peace/anarchy for britain?/there  
 could be no such thing/can you picture t  
 he restrictions/that freedom would bring  
 ?/survival of the strongest/that's what  
 anarchy means/you're just shouting out a  
 joke/hypothetical dreams/passion? fashio  
 n!/?passion? fashion!/?all little punks wi  
 th your stencilled crass/have you tried  
 all the options?/ARGUE/ASK/

words/enty

## SPEAKING OF WHICH

I have come to realise how fortunate we  
 are to have the young musicians in the  
 N.E.Lancs. area. They possess a vitality  
 which is in many areas, totally lacking.  
 They do not seem afraid to try new ideas  
 nor are they bound by outmoded traditio  
 ns or for that matter by rigid adherence  
 to hero worship.

Alas, with a few exceptions, their fans  
 (the punters) are not so enlightened. It  
 would seem that the concept of the  
 ostrich is not so much alive as in susp  
 ended animation. They demand that their  
 heroes not only play the same three  
 power chords but also the same watered  
 down political rhetoric (Look it up. Ed)  
 I'm bored so you must be bored too. It  
 has always been the same; no matter how  
 advanced the band may be, they must  
 still regurgitate the same cliches in  
 order to hold the attention of their  
 followers.

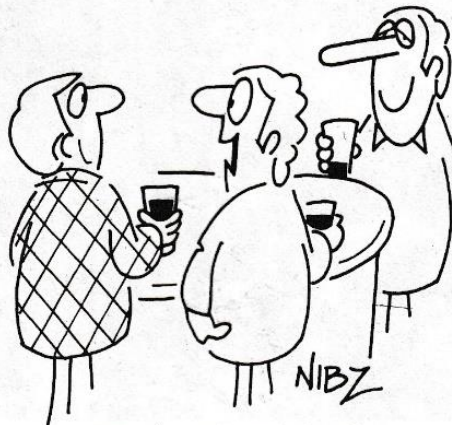
The same thing happens with recorded  
 music. Ask Spider! He keeps abreast of  
 new music and spends time and money  
 getting hold of good singles so that he  
 can keep 'Z' Entz alive and vital. Well  
 done Spider (Watch your head Spider. Ed)  
 But what does he get for his trouble?  
 I'll tell you, the same old requests for  
 the Clash, Ants, Pistols, Banshees,  
 Upstarts etc. etc. Now I'm not criticis  
 ing these bands because they opened the  
 door of new music and swept away the  
 cobwebs of the old-wave. What I am  
 criticising is the fact that few people  
 want to hear anyone else.

## TWO-TONE

The two-tone scene is already clapped  
 out and that only started a few months  
 back, once again a commercial enterprise  
 designed to accommodate not only those

who like fast powerful music to pogo to,  
 but also for those who think they like  
 reggae and have only heard ska. Junior  
 Murvin in the charts again, this time  
 the top ten, yet amazingly the single  
 has been out three years. A new release  
 and a golden oldie rolled into one. Tho  
 se of you who have started shaving may  
 recall it was played regularly at the  
 early Union Hotel scene.  
 Pop music is always, and can only ever  
 be, pop music. Good pop music is not  
 only commercial, but manages to integra  
 te the music and culture of the times.  
 Hopefully introducing the more interest  
 ed or discerning punters to more ethnic  
 forms. Until the punters in this area  
 wake up to the realities of life I  
 suppose that the Clash, Pistols, Rejects  
 and Banshees etc. etc. will still be top  
 of the pops down at the Railway Workers.  
 In terms of cliches this type of attitud  
 e rivals even the mods, who, like  
 Jethro Tull, are living in the past. I  
 can see the future clearly now; in 20  
 years time, the sons and daughters of  
 the Railway crowd will still be wearing  
 bondage keks and safety pins, still  
 wearing ripped tee shirts and still lia  
 tening to - you guessed it - The Clash,  
 Pistols, Banshees, Rejects etc. etc.  
 whilst coach loads of new new-wavers  
 come from far and wide for a laugh at  
 this bunch of boring old farts. Maybe  
 you're just marking time; maybe it's  
 just Armageddon time.

Joe Beats.



He's very popular with the girls ...

## BITZ + NOWTZ

Now if you're super-hip to what's really  
 going down and you are just hanging  
 around waiting for the next bandwagon  
 with a ... st, lean a little closer,  
 kill the mu... and open up your  
 shell-like. The August 4th, the  
 wagon is the Fagins, ... mega-complex  
 in Manchester and the ... Walker  
 & the All Stars. (How do I ... mind  
 do that?) Don't wait for 1981 when you  
 can make it now. (WOW!) Remember it's  
 your big chance to wear a suit and look  
 regular.

One thing's for sure - I won't be  
 going. Ed.

Amusing to hear Mick Jagger interviewed  
 by Dave Lee Travis on the B.B.C. World  
 Service complaining that he is given a  
 different label every year by the Rock  
 Press and that he takes no notice. This  
 is obvious, 'cos if he did, he would  
 realize that the Rock Press change the  
 label (sometimes the libel) every week!  
 At least Mr.Jagger isn't forced to read  
 about himself in all the papers these  
 days. Final score Mick 3. DLT 2.

## RUBBISH!

Angry councillors  
 have started a  
 dust-up over a  
 £30,000 survey to  
 find out what goes  
 into a dustbin.  
 Town hall chiefs  
 want the money to  
 pay research expe  
 rts to keep an eye  
 on the stuff that  
 people throw away.  
 West Midlands  
 county councillors  
 have just one word  
 for the idea:  
 Rubbish!  
 Labour leader coun  
 cillor Gordon  
 Morgan stormed:  
 "It is a shameful  
 waste of public  
 money."  
 Waste committee  
 member David  
 Sparks said yeste  
 rday: "Surely they  
 know what goes in  
 dustbins by now."  
 Waste-disposal  
 official Roger  
 Ball claimed: "The  
 survey will enable  
 us to plan our  
 waste-disposal  
 programme for the  
 next 15 years.

They'll be spendi  
 ng money on new  
 town hall car  
 parks soon!

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD NUMBER 2.  
 Across: 1-Wardance. 4-Kite. 6-Death (Disco).  
 8-Eater. 9-Eno. 10-Acrylic. 13-Lee. 14-Sod.  
 15-Oxo. 16-Me. 17-Train. 19-ELC. 20-Image.  
 22-Bo. 23-No. 24-Build. 27-You. 28-Answers.  
 29-(Death) Disco.  
 Down: 1-Warhead. 2-Red Noise. 3-Adam and  
 the (Ants). 4-Khani. 5-Europe. 7-Her sham  
 Boys. 11-Loony. 12-(I am a) Clone. 16-MAM.  
 18-Voodoc. 20-I am a (Clone). 21-(Adam and  
 the) Ants. 24-Bud. 25-Its. 26-Te.

## Big Ones!

NO2



## FUN IN ZE PARK

Unbiased reports from Barnoldswick indicate a good time was had by all the other Sunday when Scum, Chimps and the Sensies played Al fresco (or was it A la carte?) including a few members of the older generation. One acid casualty told me he hadn't realised how good the bands had become. Maybe it become a regular summer scene in the park just like it used to be with brass bands on bank holidays. Boppa spent most of the day doing a rain dance as he hoped the gig would have to be moved indoors. The reason: the outdoor gig required all the P.A. that L.D. could muster and this left Boppa rather short of speakers for his reggae system. When I pointed out to him that it hadn't rained, appreciably he said he was happy with the light shower that occurred and that he would have all the bugs out of the system by next time.

# CRASS

## 19.4.80



There hasn't yet been a review of when Crass played at the Railway Workers (or for that matter Discharge). The reason probably being that 99% of the locals were there anyway. So need I say that the house was full and Crass played an excellent set. There was no trouble at all except at one point when the floor rearily caved in. Anyway I think I've said enough - the only reason I wrote this is so that I could include a photograph from the gig 'cos the printers allow one free photograph per A3 sheet, and as there are no reviews of local bands lying around I thought I'd use a Crass one up etc. etc. blah. blah.

So if you send your reviews in I'll try to print a photo as well. If you go to a gig out of town (Adam & Ants etc) try to get hold of a photo, o.k.

NELCOL /



NOTSENSIBLES



FROM MY POETRY BOOK by A. PILLOCK.

There was a young lady from Blacko  
Who when she was young was a cracker  
But sadly I'm told that as she got old  
Her grip became slacker and slacker

I hear that in Nelson an Asian  
Attempted to shag a crustacean  
Disgusted the clam shut its shell with a  
slam

Which affected the poor chaps castration  
A virile and bold hot dog vendor  
Told my wife his hot dog was no bender  
Has he got a hot dog that he's trying to  
flag...  
Or how much is that dog innuendo?

## DISGUSTING DOG'S DINNER

By the time this goes to print, you may well be sick and tired of hearing the complaints concerning the local fanzine (whose name escapes me for the moment), however, I feel it is time for a word or two of defense not just for the sake of the fanzine and the Musicians' Collective which fathered it, but in particular for the Mid-Pennine Arts Association. The Collective was formed to promote the interests of young musicians who, although talented in their own fields, were unversed in the less glamorous aspects of its promotion and presentation. One of the first criticisms directed at the Collective was that it only catered for Punks and that this was not what was expected of a serious musical venture. The critics had fallen into the most obvious trap which they had created themselves to solidify the status-quo in that they were outraged by the obviously superficial cultural decoration; I refer of course to safety pins and bondage trousers.

Apart from being young in years and therefore a little excitable, the 'punks' were looking for the same sort of entertainment that had been so enjoyed by their parents generation, i.e. - a good night out; the fanzine was created so that the various events taking place in the N.E.Lancs area (which would otherwise go unpublished because they were low budget or were not considered newsworthy by the local press) could be communicated to the potential punters. It also acted as a focal point for ideas, poems, cartoons, jobs and even the occasional articles from hacks such as myself. When I see front page smears in the local papers using such words as 'obscene' my first reaction (and no doubt yours) was to laugh but my second reaction was to get angry. As a contributor to the fanzine I am obviously prone to taking the criticism personally but that is only mildly irritating. What is really annoying is to see what can only be described as an innocuous little mag being used as a crowbar by the local authorities in order to break down the door of and gain admittance to the offices of the M.P.A.A., an organization which has frequently been tolerated rather than encouraged.

The fanzine is not produced by M.P.A.A. and receives no funds from it. Paper, ink and printing facilities are purchased from a variety of sources and all contributions to the magazine are received without payment. As a result, any redevelopment of M.P.A.A. will not affect the future of the fanzine of the Musicians' Collective.

The mayor of Pendle was obviously incensed that such a publication should reach the eyes of school children. I am sure I reassure him not at all when I tell him that the said children actually produce the magazine and far from being failures in life are indeed exhilarated by their successes and the national publicity which it is receiving. If the m.p. for Nelson & Colne and the local council concentrated more on local problems such as the textile industry which we are led to believe they understand so well, and the M.P.A.A. are allowed to cultivate the arts in this little backwater, we can look forward optimistically to the future. Infantile and reactionary responses of this type are only wasting time in the 1980's. Maybe the Musicians' Collective and the council should exchange duties for an experimental period which would result in musical chimes on refuse carts, mult:

coloured street lights, waiting lists for gigs and a Daily Telegraph style fanzine entitled "The Vat Ate The School's Dinner!"

## T.V. FARCE

Dear C.A.T.D.D.

Just a few words about Thursday 17th July, the day when Pendle Punks blew it in style. Namely the farcical ceremony that was the filming of Grandad T.V.'s collaboration. When the film is shown, people will really see that intelligent life does not exist in the Pendle Valley. OK, N.E.L.C.O.L. does promote all types of music but when 90% of the persons present were punks, why have a live band on who are about as new-wave as platform shoes? I don't know whether the Stuffed Butchers invited themselves, if they did they are a set of prats. If they didn't, whoever did is a bigger prat.

I don't know who the hell enjoyed their arty-farty, college-type, hippy-rantings but you all stood there posing as if you did.

All I can say is that this was the most ill organized, irrelevant, boring, poshish and ultimately degrading event in the history of N.E.L.C.O.L.

ANON (aged 13).

F.S. Gads' bum was the only good bit. P.F.S. Stuffed Bloaters can go and get screwed.

You had better print this or else.

- Just a couple of things (in nobody's defense). Stuffed Badgers were the only complete band to arrive. All the bands were invited but they didn't turn up. It was up to every member of N.E.L.C.O.L. to organize and arrange what was to be filmed but only a handful came forward. I agree that Gads' bum was about the best thing filmed but I doubt they'll show it. Anyway what would his mummy think? By the way - anyone want to buy Bob Greaves hat? Ed.

bands and have played with Bradford punk bands Violation and Total Confusion. Chronic's set are all their own songs apart from "Wasted Life" and "Suspect Device". Their music is 'sheer punk'. They formed in 1978 as a 4 peice but since then the guitarist left.

### LIVING DEAD:

A 3 peice punk group from Bradford.  
Andy Farrow/Vocals.  
Paul Ashton/Guitar and Vocals.  
Andy/Drums.

Living Dead formed in late '79. Their music is Grass/999 influenced but is an original sound. The overall sound is good even without a bass.

They have just made a 10 track demo cassette which may be released in the future by: X-entric Noise Tapes Ltd. c/o A. Thompson. 17 East End Road. Hull. E.Yorks. All their songs are their own; all written by vocalist Andy Farrow, apart from "Breakout" & "Virginity is a social disease" which are written by Paul Ashton. Both of these

# FINAL WARNING

I don't want to preach or to stop you all from having a good time but those of you who get your kicks by smashing toilets and gouging peices out of the walls and generally causing damage to the Railway Workers ought to read this and then think!

On August 1st (if you remember, the R/W was closed for a considerable period) they kindly re-opened and let us all enjoy ourselves & 'Z' Entz promote live music. Of course I can't actually confess to seeing any damage but I'm sure Wally or another committee member of the Railway wouldn't put up a notice in the bogs saying: "Any more damage and we will close for another 6 weeks or even longer" if no damage was caused.

The only thing that vandals prove is that they're cunts - especially when it's their own venue they're smashing up. Why not take these fits in the places you don't like instead of spoiling it for everyone at the Railway?

PUNK ROCK! 77.

### CHRONIC:

Chronic are a 3 peice Bradford punk band.

Andy Ashton/Vocals & Guitar.  
Mark Ashton/Bass & Vocals.  
Gretsch/Drums.

Their last gig at (? Ed) town hall on 18th July was a big success with the hall filling up with about 150 punks. The crowd pogoed and gobbled on Chronic & they got a much deserved encore.

Chronic hope to set up a record label in the future and release a single. The song will be "Fuck all" c/w "No time and apathy". Chronic are one of Bradfords top punk

I KNOW PHILIP WANTS TO CUT OFF THE SCROUNGERS - BUT I DIDN'T THINK HE MEANT ME



songs are sung by him on the tape. A fanzine of Chronic and Living Dead will be available later (at least by September). It can be got for 15p + a Stamped, self addressed envelope from Andy at 12 Hayfield Close. Baildon. West Yorkshire.

Andy Farrow.

THERE WON'T BE ANOTHER FANZINE UNLESS YOU ALL WRITE SOMETHING FOR IT. ANYTHING INTERESTING

WILL DO. GIG REVIEWS, SONGS POEMS, STORIES, CARTOONS, PHOTO'S, LETTERS ETC.

ADDRESS IS AT THE FRONT (P1)



# Deeply Vale

-people's festival 1980-

WHICH WASN'T AT DEEPLY VALE AT ALL...

A REVIEW OF THE MUSIC...

Deeply Vale People's Festival this year went through several changes of site before it finally settled on a hill-top near Hoddlesden, Blackburn. Before the festival could be held there was a big legal battle between its organisers (John Clarke & Simon Lanzon) and the powers-that-be; (If you were an anarchist you might say "the system") These legal battles have still to be resolved, but suffice to say Deeply Vale Festival went ahead and its organisers WON.

Any criticism or review of the Deeply Vale Festival cannot be simply concerned with the bands who played: it's much more than that. It became clear that this year's Deeply Vale was somewhat a turning point in its history/evolution: it has ceased to be a "hippy" festival (a term favoured by the local papers - long hair = hippies) and this was obvious in that the amount of punks who were at the festival was about twenty times that of last year.

This influx of punks, however, isn't as you might think necessarily a good thing. For with the crowds came the usual thickie bonded/skinhead/swastika'd Sham/Pistols crew. (And I thought hippies were out of date). Any trouble caused at Deeply Vale was DIRECTLY due to their presence.

Proof was seen in the reaction of said blockheads to one of the Festival's first bands, Tiger Tails. The rumour passed from one thick ear to the next that THIS BAND WERE MODS. Now, anyone with an ounce of grey matter underneath the skull would be able to see that even if a) they used to be Mods or if b) they didn't, they certainly DIDN'T look like one now...

We hate the Mods, we hate the Mods... Cans, soil, lots of gob, and even tiny punks threatening immediate murder - if there's one thing I hate it's someone who's thickness is forced on others. Aaargh! yeeaaarchhh!!

WHY DO YOU HAVE TO LABEL PEOPLE? IS YOUR DAD A MOD 'COS HE WEARS A TIE?

(quotes courtesy Marty, a frog)



And then Tiger Tails played "Stepping Stone" - singer cynically/sarcastically/introduces it as "an old Sex Pistols number" - AH! SO THEY'RE NOT MODS! POGO!!! (Give me hippies anytime to these six-foot slabs of concrete). Anyway, Tiger Tails were great; sixties-influenced, fast, powerful, superb tunes, DANCE tunes - buy the single (which isn't very well produced but worth tons more than a quid) see 'em, and don't forget to abuse the lead singer...

Followed by Stuffed Badgers, thinly-disguised hippies in chic-scruffy New Wave gear, man, student arty-farty music with saxophones and well-Brock'n Broll (good one) for cross-over people. If you look past the facade of hipness there's a set of smart/unclashed tunes trying to burst free, they're very good underneath the badness (if you know what I mean). Thing is, I feel differently about them each time I see 'em, ranges from great to rotten. Make up your own mind, and study the guitarist's face - he's a true star, if you ask me. Singer's good, bass-playing excellent, drumming poor, so why don't I like them? Don't know. They were tons better than-

Stiffs, Blackburn heroes, Peel's babes, you know, the ones who were a great little band until they signed to E.M.I. You know the story: seduced by a big company, loophole/contract, no hope of ever getting anywhere, but THINK they're stars. In actual fact they were absolutely rubbish, all tricky phrasing and Jones-esque power chords over ageing H.M. riffs and wordy-lyrics. How about this for a between-song rap: "This one's the next single if E.M.I. pull their finger out" or even - "Come recycling antique sixties music in long hair & denim? Prats.

A right relief in the form of an impromptu performance by the Salvation Army who were there to sell orange juice and religion, and ended up causing a big stir by playing "God Save The Queen" to a field full of Anarchists. GREAT! Luckily, no mud was thrown... but wouldn't it have been absurd...? Onward Christian Soldiers, they can play in my front street anytime. Smart.

Not Sensibles are superstars now, but that didn't stop the largest glut of violence at this year's Deeply Vale Festival happening whilst they were on stage. Skinheads in fluffy jumpers and strong drink DO NOT MIX. In my opinion, the Sensibles should have stopped playing BUT you can't reason with a moving cabbage anyway so... Apart from a superb "Maggie T." and brilliant "Because I'm Mine", Not Sensibles were not much more than boring going-through-the-motions, the innocence isn't NATURAL anymore, Haggis's voice broke last Christmas, Rodger hates playing to what he calls hippies (naive ignorance) - overall, they're just not SILLY anymore.

No "Lying On The Sofa" or "Coronation St. Hustle" or "Bushell" or or or or... what's done it is this "punk Pathétique" thing. I hate it. Beano Pop? I could have died posing. (Socks up please).

The Ruts were excellent: with only two mentions of Owen's death it was so easy to forget and enjoy - with roadie (don't know his name) giving superb vocals on three songs. Blistering, bop-inducing versions of "Babylon's Burning", "H-Eyes", "Society"... with the highlights of the set being the Ruts' own particular brand of white reggae - "In A Rut" being surpassed only by the best song, "5.4.5." - could anyone follow the RUTS? Here & Now, maybe?

No. A quick nod of recognition to the two bands who played on their own stage round the back - one I've forgotten, and the Mirror Boys. The former were o.k., the latter excellent: witty dance music.

Full moon tonight. Visit it - £2.50 or how about "Miles and miles of space in your own tent" - £2.50! Acid, opium, speed, amyl nitrate, dope, black, GLUE? Half the people there spent half their time taking drugs and half their time talking about what they couldn't remember. Sounds great.

Constipated Poodles: not to be taken seriously (and they know it), great on the day, played to hippies lying smashed out on the floor. An experience. Smart! A blind man playing guitar with his teeth came on next - do you look for faults or have (sorry about this) sympathy? Playing was impeccable, brilliant... but I hated it.

Best new band of the Festival: Cardiac Arrest. Quirky, fast rock music, speeded-up Madazine, fixations with childhood, have a cassette available. Excellent. On the same night, The Distractions, an "ultimate dance band". Seen them three times, they're getting WORSE but they were still great. Melodies, great singing, great drumming... a new guitarist - YEUCCH! But for the prat with the guitar who pranced around for an hour trying to be the focal point, this would have been a great gig. No encore. So, to the best band in the world, unsurpassable, brilliant, so far ahead of anyone else that I feel really HAPPY that I'm in there liking them... hip eh?

The Fall were worth attending this festival for. But did you? NO! GET ME A BEAN BURGER ... boffo

**JAMBO** by Dave Ward.  
Jambo lives in a street called "No Ball Games". It must be - there's no other street signs left on the estate. The council never bother about putting the names back up. All the postmen and taxis and ambulances get lost everytime they come here.

The council can't afford to build playgrounds. And they can't afford to replace street names. But they can always manage to come round and put up brand new signs saying "No Ball Games". Then the kids just rip them down again. It's the only game left to play. Jambo inks tattoos on his arm with a biro. Pirates and love-hearts and mermaids. A death's head skull and "MUM" - all writhing and dancing

together. Underneath he does his name. "JAMBO ACE OK". Jambo would like to be an artist - just so he could sign his name. But he can't be bothered with paintings. Paintings take too long. So he just signs his name in all the places where they ought to be. On empty walls, on the back of bus shelters, on the side of houses, on the stairs in tower blocks... "JAMBO ACE OK".

Jambo pulls on his jacket. It's a new jacket. It feels like a fighting jacket. Jambo looks at himself in the mirror. He feels like he could fight anyone with a jacket like this.

Only he hopes he won't have to. He doesn't want to ruin his new jacket. This street is Jambo's comic strip. The bit between each lamppost is a different frame. Jambo skidding down the pavement - "BAM" - "SPLAT" - "KAPOW!"

Posing as he goes. Jambo is a superman saving the world. Jambo is a football ace, a spy, a film star. Jambo can be whoever he wants to be in his own cartoon.

But how can he escape from the final frame, round the corner and down the next street, unless he's got a punchline to leave on?

(SEE NEXT ISSUES THRILLING EPISODE).

SITUATIONS/SITUATIONS/SITUATIONS/SITUATI  
PILGEM have drummer and bassist available to join/form group or alternately want keyboards and vocals.  
Into Jazz-rock. Burnley 38675.

Dear Gary Brown,

I don't know if you have a problem page, but I just had to write to someone. You see I've got what the medical profession call 'crabs' and I don't know how to get rid of them. It's very disturbing knowing that you can get a really good looking bird yet you can't have sexual intercourse with her. And you see because I can't have sex with her I have to resort to playing "sex games" with her like whipping and biting each other and cutting each other up with broken bottles, and by golly it hurts!

So if anyone has any tips on how I can get rid of these nasty creatures please could they write and let me know. I'm desperate, please.

Jim.S.O.

## NAUGHTY PUNKS

The future of the Musicians' Collective is once again in jeopardy following the events the other month when several of the more impressionable punters at the Railway Workers' Inst. decided to practice a little self-immolation (Yes I know you've heard all about it but as a new 'season' at the R/W is about to begin - or by the time you read this has already begun - it's only fair on the innocent ones that people behave. Ed). The reasons for this are unclear but suggestions ranged from 'initiation ceremonies' to 'outright mania'. This is a small improvement when set against the damage caused to the toilets and the mindless graffiti which have so characterised events at the R/W but is non-the-less pretty ridiculous behaviour from people who so frequently sound off about the violence and stupidity of 'mods' and other minority groups.

If behaviour of this type continues, the Collective and 'Z' Entz will have to decide whether or not a change of venue to the casualty department of the

General Hospital would be in its interests. The main problem is that when an ambulance is summoned to take away the self-wounded, a police officer is automatically called in to investigate the possibility of foul play. Police interruptions at gigs never improve the atmosphere and normally, we can do without them, nor do I think that the average punter wishes to roll in pools of blood in order to improve his or her perception of the band. Perhaps these people could be invited to join one of the many Black Magic Cabals resident in this country. I understand that they are always looking for young and talented sacrificial victims fearless of pain and boredom, who are not afraid to bleed for what they believe.

The Yorkshire Rapper.

Dear True Punk Rockers,

You laugh at me because I don't wear tartan bondage pants and bum flaps. You laugh at me because I don't go all over the country to see Punk Rock bands. You laugh at me because I'm just not one of you. You laugh at me because you think I'm a poseur. But let me remind you I was there in '77 and I'm just a sophisticat-



SPIDER, QUENT, RODGE AND  
THE NEW WHI!

ed Punk Rocker. I've grown out of that crap, that money grabbing side and I'll never get back to it. I am what I am so just leave me alone and let me enjoy the music etc. as I want to.

This was not written by Shacky as you may think but there are other people who think you are total idiots.

ANON.

● Why the star star star starin' hell do you all sign your letters ANON? Ed.

ANYTHING TO SAY? - SAY IT  
IN THESE PAGES. ANYTHING TO  
SELL? - SELL IT IN THESE  
PAGES - ALL CONTRIBUTIONS  
(ARTICLES) WELCOME - GARY

General Hospital would be in its interests. The main problem is that when an ambulance is summoned to take away the self-wounded, a police officer is automatically called in to investigate the possibility of foul play. Police interruptions at gigs never improve the atmosphere and normally, we can do without them, nor do I think that the average punter wishes to roll in pools of blood in order to improve his or her perception of the band. Perhaps these people could be invited to join one of the many Black Magic Cabals resident in this country. I understand that they are always looking for young and talented sacrificial victims fearless of pain and boredom, who are not afraid to bleed for what they believe.

The Yorkshire Rapper.

## ADVERTISEMENT



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Dear Proper Punx,  
I feel like Rip-Van-Winkle, who fell asleep and woke up years later and couldn't tell the difference.  
Yours asleep  
Rip-Van-Winkle.  
P.S. Here goes another week or two of being ignored!



SPIDER, QUENT, RODGE AND MINNIE SAY BYE BYE TO THE NEW WHITE HORSE.

ed Punk Rocker. I've grown out of that crap, that money grabbing side and I'll never get back to it. I am what I am so just leave me alone and let me enjoy the music etc. as I want to.

This was not written by Shacky as you may think but there are other people who think you are total idiots.

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**ANYTHING TO SAY? - SAY IT IN THESE PAGES. ANYTHING TO SELL? - SELL IT IN THESE PAGES - ALL CONTRIBUTIONS (ARTICLES) WELCOME - GARY**

FORGIVE US by DAVE WARD.

Forgive us if we never know  
What it was you were fighting for

We are your sons  
But have only seen grey photographs of  
your war  
And do not know what it is to live with  
the living photographs of dead friends  
Embedded like shrapnel in our heads

Forgive us if we ever say  
We would not fight like you did  
It is easy to see the newsreels march  
like corpses across our T.V. screens  
And say the war was wrong

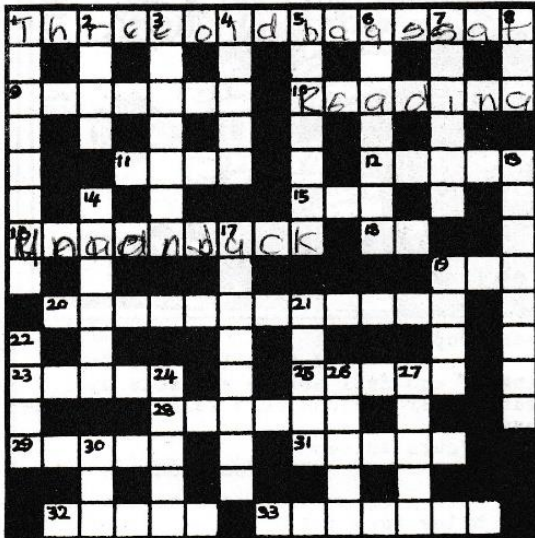
How can we know now what we might have  
done  
Forgive your sons if we never know

By 21986 or 29513 (Daytime).



# CROSSWORD NUMBER 3

BY ME



**CLUES ACROSS:**

- 1 & 10) What Red Stripe saw at the OAP hostel? (5,3,4,3,7)
- 9) Mensi is one!
- 10) See 1 across
- 11) The Flintstones' pet monster?
- 12) Hind parts of feet?
- 15) Initial religion? (1,1,1)
- 16) Flag stolen by the mods! (5,4)
- 18) With regard to...
- 19) Mrs. Sharples!
- 20 & 1 down) Bible for the Cramps (5,3,4,6,2)
- 23) R.C.A. artistes who recorded 'Sixteens'
- 25 & 32) Is it a badly fitting cat or a Pork Dukes song? (5,5)
- 28) Pursey's Irish lament?
- 29) Man-made fibre
- 31 & 13 down) Don't B.Idol. On your marks... (5,6,2)
- 32) See 25 across
- 33) New Way brick layers? (3,4)

**CLUES DOWN:**

- 1) See 20 across
- 2) High train spotters?
- 3) Exaltation
- 4) This mag is printed on this type of machine
- 5) Local 'Mafia' (?)
- 6) Pet dog for Smasher!
- 7) 'Z' Entz Arachnid animal?
- 8) Touch and run game
- 13) See 31 across
- 14) Nina - or a female Lanzon?
- 17) For Sex People? (3,5)
- 19) Censor (that's one thing I don't do)
- 21) Band with an outside view?
- 22) Is this the M.F.A.A. or is this the R.W.W. or is this the I.L.R. - No it's the Russians! (1,1,1,1)
- 24) Melodic band suck menthol sweets!
- 26) I can't Handl this dumpy film actress!
- 27) A many headed monstrous snake
- 30) Kleenex, Eater and Delta 5 have this song title in common!

**YESTERDAYS LOVING** by DAVE WARD.

She is a room you will walk into  
A wallpaper pattern of repeated  
photographs taken of her face  
"Where do we go to now?"  
"Where is there left to go?"  
Come a long way to come to this room

Come through dreams and dance halls  
Come through unused laughter and empty  
corridor trains

"Where do we go to now?"

"Where is there left to go?"

She pushes back the arm on the record  
player and the record plays over again  
Like overhearing her own voice talking  
Even though nobody's there  
No lovers visit this room now

Only the eyes of dead musicians who  
still live with her

Hanging like posters from the walls  
Come a long way to come to this room  
Come through darkness and ugly parties  
Come through mirrors and twisted wine

She will give you a cup filled with  
silence

And invite you to remember her name  
And if you press your mouth to her body  
You will taste yesterdays loving  
Still lingering like an old song played  
stale on the radio

Come a long way to come to this room  
Come through a calendar of carnival  
street life

Come through an anthem of giddy guitars

"Where is there left to go?"

"Where do we go to now?"

Outside the window all the lights turned  
off

The streets are blocked and everyone's  
locked inside

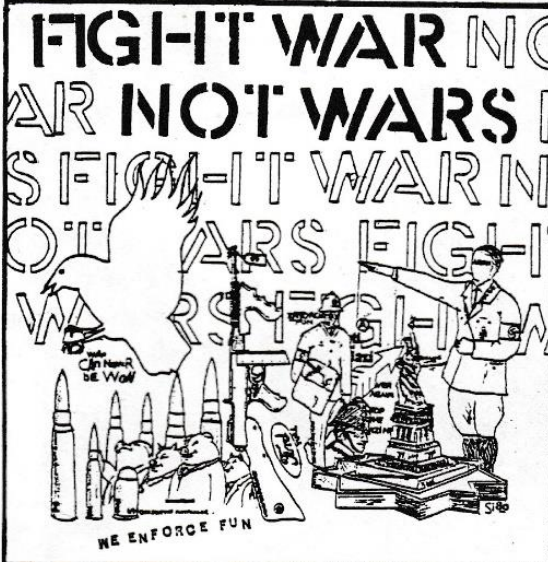
She is the room we have woken into

"Where do we go to now?"

# MEAN WHILE..

...back at Hedden Bridge, excitement was at torpor pitch for the performance by the Mothmen and London Underground at the Trades Club. Both bands played well and with the help of an excellent P.A. system, constituted a thought provoking evenings entertainment. Despite the Mothmens greater musical skill, London Underground provided the greater interest because of their youthful vitality. A few people commented on the superior quality of the disco provided by Brian Devo, but this is to be expected. What was most disappointing was the obvious inability to dance, demonstrated by both the hippies and the punks who, despite many attempts (and with a few exceptions) failed miserably. Wake up classes of '67 and '77. A special citation is deserved by the drones who stood like 'tight knit groups of politically motivated men' thickly over the dance floor, rendering any real dancing virtually impossible. Stay tuned for more news from the hippy capital.

Brian Devo.



# BABY — WHO?

It seems that you either didn't know or couldn't be bothered letting me know who last issues baby was. Whichever it was you've missed out on 2 free pints - well maybe you're all so stinking rich that you don't need charity. I'm not even going to tell you who it was!

AND NOW THE START OF SOMETHING NEW.....

NOTSENSIBLES  
(I'M IN LOVE  
WITH)  
MARGARET  
THATCHER

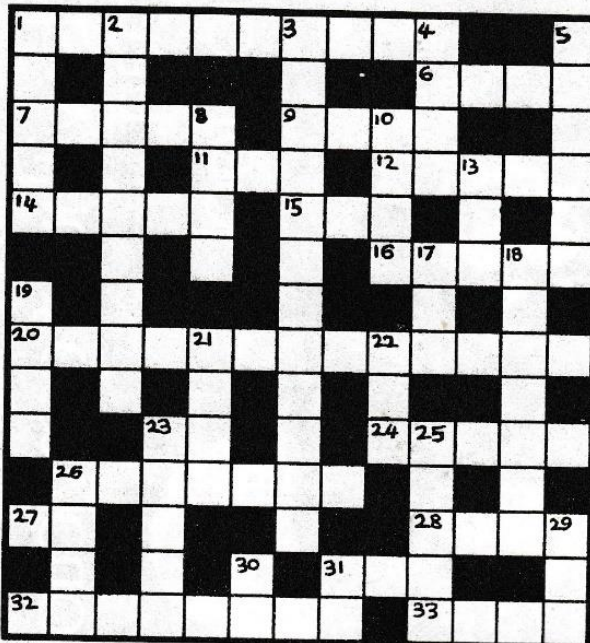


# BLACKMAIL CORNER

I'm sure you recognise this mug-shot - you don't get any prizes for guessing 'cos I'm going to tell you who it is. This photo was taken last year (or was it last week?) Besides I'm sure you'd recognise that coat anywhere. Of course it's Bones of Stuffed Badgers fame. Anymore where that came from?



## ANOTHER CROSSWORD (NUMERO 4)



### CLUES ACROSS:-

- 1 & 9) Females getting nowhere fast! (5,2,3,4)
- 6) Signing-on group! (1,1,2)
- 7) Accident on the East Lancs label
- 9) See 1 across
- 11) I'll decline to tell you the initials of this old rock band but they did have an album called Wasa Wasa. (1,1,1)
- 12) Kicks in style band
- 14) A servile toad (figuratively)
- 15) Slade's Dave had a loutish guitar!
- 16) T.V's 'A man called.....' without the 'E' at the end!
- 20 & 33) U.S.S.Enterprises' lost man! (6,7,4)
- 23) One of them yeuchy toothy brothers inits (1,1)
- 24) See 2 down
- 26) Sneazy female band
- 27) Cool in the kaftans Robertson (1,1)
- 28) Does this Lurker pull the gallons?
- 31) Specials what? (1,1,1)
- 32) Dead men in Cambodia!
- 33) See 20 across

### CLUES DOWN:-

- 1) See 5 down
- 2 & 24 across) Discharge e.p. (9,2,3)
- 3) Two pints of lager and a packet of crisps please Gary! (5,7)
- 4) Their first single was on the 'People Unite' label
- 5 & 1) Persons Unknown? (6,5)
- 8) Just one of 4 down bands first single B side! (1,3)
- 10) We're the U.K.....
- 13) Here come the warm jets man
- 17) Large amount
- 18) House of the rising sun group
- 19) American armed police service (1,1,1,1)
- 21) S.L.F. at the.....
- 22) Slang name for 'hooker'
- 23) Bev (ex Move man) rated at one time as one of the worlds best drummers
- 25) Other name for hippy
- 26) Babooshka Bush!
- 29) Type of tree
- 31) A Roman copper coin

**DONT FORGET TO SEND YOUR ARTICLES  
N. THIS IS YOUR MAG SO USE IT!**

## the wagging finger!

I see that the six weeks or so of enforced silence has not significantly improved the quality of the music press, in fact it seems to have deteriorated still further, if that is possible. Most nauseating of all was a piece on the death (by suicide) of the singer from Joy Division. I have never seen death by any means a glorious topic and suicide a particularly tragic one. In fairness though, if I had produced music like Joy Division I might have been driven to a similar course of action.

Whilst we're on the subject of music (a rare phenomena in this area) what are the Clash up to? This record that John Peel keeps playing must easily be the cruddiest thing they have produced so far. I'm not knocking the music - it's not that bad - it's that turgid lyric. As far as I'm aware, the Yorkshire Ripper hasn't done any bank jobs to date but does this excuse his other activities? I think not.

## N.E.L.C.O.L. NEWS.

As part of its campaign of propaganda, the B.B.C. World Service has been doing a subtle hatchet job on the Soviet invasion force in Afghanistan. A couple of weeks ago (By the time this goes to print it's likely to be a couple of years ago! Ed) learned military tactics were smirking audibly about the estimated hundred thousand invaders ability (or inability) to subjugate the noble freedom fighters. Certainly if only half the reports reaching the West are true, Ivan has bitten off a little more than he can chew!

Unfortunately some of this propaganda has backfired. Amongst other smug conclusions was one which estimated that Russia would need to install another fifty thousand troops to hold, let alone subjugate the indomitable natives. Now it seems the Russians have taken this expert advice under cover of night; large Soviet transport military planes fly into Kabul loaded with combat troops and sophisticated weaponry. The Russians are not the people to give up without a fight but for that matter, neither are the Afghans who for the moment must be wondering on which side of the fence the British are sat.

Bill Jacobs (on location).

The most coherent remark concerning the Mothmen gig at the Railway Workers was delivered to the bands sound man whilst taking a leak: "Too much music and not proper singing!" quipped the punk pundit.

**BASSIST WANTED** with 14 fingers on left hand. (A good bassist with 4 fingers will do). Wrihty 866278 or Rushy 861444.

**FOURTEEN** arrests were made when punk rockers tried to charge a police cordon surrounding the Queen and Prince Phillip yesterday. She and her party were at lunch when teenagers throwing rocks, dye bags, eggs, and a smoke bomb clashed with police in Switzerland.

But she was entering an exhibition when eight men and six women were seized from a group of 80 punks who stormed the station.

The protesters waved anti-British placards like those carried through the city centre saying "Queen, Go Home" and "Join Our March, Flame the Queen."

It was not known if her Majesty was aware of the scuffles during the rallies traditionally organised on May 1 by trade unions.

She was said to have asked that night security personnel to stand by her side for a State visit.

# PUNKS

Bondage tees with strap 'D' rings  
S.M.L. £3.50

Wristbands in black (state wrist  
measurement) £1.00

Punk armbands all multicoloured &  
elasticated Titles— Sid Vicious — Sex  
Pistols — UK Subs — The Damned —  
Pill — Swastika £1.50 each.

Bondage straps — two for £1

Bumflaps — red or blue £1.25

Studded belts in black or brown £1.90

Sex Pistols tee shirts — £2.95

Punky socks — straps & 'D' rings £1.75

5 Punk badges (all different) £1.20

Sex Pistols buckles £1.90 complete

with belt £2.90

Pack of five assorted punk sew-ons

only £1.75

**SPECIAL OFFER** Slim red leather look tie  
just £1 two for £1.75

Send cash, cheque or P/O + an sse to:

**BENTS LEATHER (SH6)**

45 Church Lane, Whitwick, Coalville Leics.

**THE INSULT  
THAT  
MADE A MAN  
OUT OF 'MAC'**



THIS CARTOON IS ABOUT OUR FRONT COVER STAR PAT DEPLY-VALE!!

STYLING: SHARON  
Like It Today Lump It Tomorrow! NELCOL 2  
**TIGER TAILS**



words without conviction  
norman  
fashion fool



Use NEW  
**SNOTTEX**  
RECORD CLEANER  
The use of NEW SNOTTEX  
will lengthen the life  
of the record and also  
reduce its value.  
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**CONVENTIONAL TAPES**

'AVE TWO NEW ONES:  
**'MOTHER OF A PUNK'** 660 COMPILATION  
**'CIGARS ON WEDNESDAY'** 660 COMPILATION

Featurin' Good Missionary TRANSMITTERS.  
Body Electric, Tiger Tails  
The door & The Window.  
CONSTIPATED POODLEZ  
THE ORDINARY  
PRICE £1.37 FROM 1 ATKINSON COURT, 2 KING CLOSE

Featurin' THE FOLLOWIN' SNOTTY.  
SNAIL BANDS  
NOT SENSIBLES.  
SCUM, tiger tails.  
Red Stripe, Chimp  
EATS YELLOW FRUIT!  
LONDON E10

Chalky 1980

PEOPLE WATCH THIS!!  
WHY?  
BECAUSE IT'S CHIMP  
EATS BANANA

SO WHAT. THEY'D  
LAUGH IF MAN  
SLIPS ON BANANA!



**E.B.D. by NOTSENSIBLES.**

Who the hell is B.E.D? It's the puzzle of the century. Some kind of living legend. Large tool and bad intentions. Read about him on the White Horse door. Just a silly rumour I was feeling pretty sure. Such a size never seen before. He's in trouble it's just two inch off the floor.

All the girls flock round in bunches. For one of his prize packed lunches. He will make history. He's got an inch or two on me.

They don't call him Boffo Big Dick for nothing. No they don't call him Boffo Big Dick for nothing. They don't call him Boffo Big Dick for nothing. No they don't call him Boffo Big Dick for nothing.

Lend a hand to the leader of the band. Lend a hand to the man who'll make you happy - who'll make you happy. Lend a hand to the singer in the band. Lend a hand to the man who'll make you happy - who'll make you happy....

**LOCAL NEWS**

Rumour has it that Steve Garrard (remember him?) is starting up a publication supposedly called 'THE SLAG'. It's described as a 'Dirty', 'Disgusting', 'Libelous' publication. Its aim - you guessed it - to slag off everything.

News from the RED STRIPE camp is that after making their millions from the single that they're going to record on August 30th (I don't know what the 'A' side is but the 'B' is "3 old bags sat reading" & "I hate wogs") Sunil Limaye will be departing to Pakistan to get wed. He describes his future bride as: "A fucking ugly cow", although his mummy says that: "She's a nice girl!"

After many many gigs and many many rehearsals, SCUM have finally sacked their guitarist Shirky. Apparently he went off playing the

**BITS**

Did you know that the well known record label of Factory started off producing posters instead of records? Yes folks, Factory 1,2,3 and 4 were nothing more than posters and - wait for it - it gets better - Factory 9 was an egg timer!

Boppa has a Neal Ferrograph Professional cassette deck to sell. Stereo with full Dolby etc. He tells me that it's completely up to spec and can be yours for a measly £180 or nearest offer.

AND - C30 at Colne 862759 will copy your demo tapes for you. Cheap prices. No quantity too small. C30 can also equalize your tapes for you (if you have a rehearsal tape or demo tape that you think is great except for that lead vocal that you can't quite hear or that lead or bass that is too loud or too quiet - C30 can equalize the levels for you). So ring C30 at the above number and talk about it.

The latest rumblings from parliament about what kind of programming decisions the BBC should be allowed to make could well affect the interest of pop music fans in the not too distant future. What is this policy of the beeb, dismissing half a dozen good orchestras whilst continuing to employ a gaggle of useless D.J's on Radio 1, playing a worthless load of trash 24hrs a day, blubber the honourable member - ad infinitum? In the Beeb's defence, another member implied that this was what the public wanted. As if anyone knows what the public want. Certainly if it's real drive! you want, tune to a commercial station, they know about these things. Assuming you are totally immune to incessant disco which, though it died by its own hands a couple of years back but still twitches and groans from time to time and the stentorian wacky commercials, whose mind-blending awfulness gnaws at the nervous system like a rabid rat... Advertisements for the unsellable or the merely undesirable succeed only when compared with the products they represent.

Farmers are finding the marketing of new potatoes uneconomical. Apparently only the first batch of new potatoes make any profit. If the climate is adverse in the growing season they stand to lose a lot of money. And now the British market is being flooded by spuds from warmer climates which mature long before British spuds. Result - misery!

Dear school leavers and other lazy c.n.s,

Why don't you get down to the Careers office and get a job instead of moaning about having no money? I'm quite sure that you don't want to end up like me, Andrew, or the occupant of 20 Woodbine Road (who is part tramp/part punk rock promoter)

Yours  
Herbert the tea-totaler.

mans' game of cricket when they were supposed to be practising. When I rang him up he told me that he was upset; his mum had asked the doctor (Sunils' dad) to give him some Valium for his depression and would I ask the others if he could re-join them.

When I asked them they said no but then they said that they'd think about it.

**FINALLY THOUGH** - I heard that SCOTT just couldn't do without his loved one for a moment longer so he went and joined her on the sunny beaches of Bournemouth. Sounds like true love to me!

SEE YA!

**NOTICE TO ALL SHOPS**

WHERE ELSE CAN YOU ADVERTISE TO 500 POTENTIAL CUSTOMERS IN THIS SPACE FOR ONLY £2.50?

INTERESTED? THEN RING GARY ON BURNLEY 21986 or 29513 (DAYTIME).

FULL PAGE (19cm x 27cm) £10 • HALF PAGE (19x13 1/2 cm or 9 1/2 x 27cm) £5 • QUARTER PAGE (19 1/2 x 13 1/2 cm) £2.50.

ARTWORK EXTRA.

FULL PAGE £5 • HALF PAGE £2.50 • QUARTER PAGE £1.25. CONTACT NOW !!

**NEXT ISSUE :-**

Lots of letters and articles from our wonderful readers - honest! PLUS - Simon Lanzon reviewed at Deeply-Vale + lots more .....

# VERA VOMIT

DRAWN BY CHALKY  
UNIVERSITY OF CHALKY

1980  
1980.



T.C.A.T.D.D © 1980.



and that's where it ended up!

MORE IN FUTURE EDITIONS OF T.C.A.T.D.D.