

BLACK DWARF 2

The Pop Group



QUADROPHENIA IN BRIGHTON. 8/GIG,
BOOK, FILM REVIEWS + RECORDS/
STORY, POETRY, LETTERS 23 P

Black Dwarf.2.
Editor; the Black Dwarf.
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Pop Group; Ace Reporter.
Story; Elspeth Lenseslense.
Records; Aural Invasion.
Poem; P. Oetloreate.
Quadrophenia; M. Odd.
Artworks; Ron and some of 'is mates from the pub.

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MEAL STRÖM IN BEAR GARDEN

Spontaneous Improvised Jazz

Derek Hanam, Jerry Valentine

Mark Springer, Mike Fewins.

Editorial by the Editor.

Well dear readers, dear readers, dear faithful readers, we've made it, issue two. As you can instantly see this particular issue centers around Bristols most promising protegés the Pop Group. The interview took place at that spawning ground of fame and fortune G.B.H. rehearsal studios in Bristol. In the last issue we not only interviewed our star band but also reviewed a number of their gigs; this was because our interests were more general. However with the Pop Group our interests were based more around their interests, it is not an inter view about them but an interview of ~~them~~ them.

Another discrepancy is the actual format of the article. As you will no-doubt notice, I have chosen not to use the names of the members of the band. This is in fact very important, because it was my intention to present the band as the tight unit that it very obviously is; the word of one member is as representative of the band as ~~their~~ their music. They are a family both on and off stage, and as such they have created an on-and-off stage self confidence and unity difficult to fault or match, in music or any other field.

Please forgive me dear readers for the delay in the publication of issue two, but I have been working. As ~~the~~ Editor and financier of this little number that does in fact count for rather a lot.

I ^{promised} promised myself when issue one hit the market that if we made any money at all over and above the initial investment, I would see to it that a second issue would appear; and being a man of strong principles not only has a second issue appeared but (as I also ~~promised~~ promised) it is bigger (well thicker anyway) I hope that you appreciate these facts.

I am proud/pleased/glad to say that apart from the spelling mistakes (don't blame me, blame Dr. B.) issue number one had a very good reception which was a further reason for the appearance of this issue. My main problem was distribution, though Forever people of

Editorial cont.

Park street and that incomparable emporium of Greek peasant cheeses Revolver Records assisted in sales as did Geoff Nicholls Records of Cotham Hill (excellent Jazz department)

A word of gratitude is due to that singular fellow of one time no-hair fame, Sham who assisted me through many a late night with cups of coffee, words of advice and countless cigarettes, thank you.

This issues short story was delivered to my doorstep by none other than Elspeth Tinted Lenses, that hitherto unknown doyen of the National Milk Marketing Research Board, so it came as no surprise to me when I found myself in possession of a truly beautifully executed little tale dealing with what on the surface would seem to be a thoroughly sordid subject.

Since we last met a lot of water has flown out of the window, bands have ~~split~~ split, women have been found (He is innocent) mysteriously murdered and I have bought a new shirt, not that any of this is either important or relevant but no matter, you will go on reading in the vain hope that I will write something interesting and end the editorial with something dynamic and contravertial, but I won't...

hang in there babies,
enjoy the ride,
its cheap and fun...
oh, yours for ever and ever,

Black Dwarf

STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS
SINCE THEIR INTERVIEW FOR BLACK DWARF THE POP GROUP HAVE DONE A SERIES OF CHARITY GIGS FOR AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL RAISING ABOUT £1,500 FOR THEM. EXCELLENT, WELL DONE.

THE POP GROUP.

A lateral approach to sandwiches. *

An interview with the Pop Group, by Ace Reporter.

G.B.H. studio, Bristol.

Black Dwarf. 'Tell me about the Pop Group'

Pop Group. (noises, frothing at the mouth... something in Bulgarian..., a reply in Spanish....) Are you sure that you want to do this?'

B.D. 'Yes, just answer the questions'

Pop Group. 'We're half dead'

B.D. 'What direction are you taking your music?'

Pop Group. "Backwards"..... what, do you mean musically?'

B.D. "Yes, I mean do you see yourself as a new wave band?'

Pop Group "A what?.... did I hear you swear? (snoring noise: from Stewart)... no not really.... we'd really love to, its just the safety pins ... just cant get into them..."

B.D. "What are you trying to do with your music?'

Pop Group "We're trying to make it acceptable to people.

Everyone... anyone.

B.D. "What made you want to do it in the first place?'

Pop Group "Nothing else to do... what do you suggest... be a shop girl... a nuclear physicist..."

B.D. "What do you think of your music at the moment?'

Pop Group "Pretty boring (laughter)... its all pretty mixed up at the moment, we're still trying to find our direction and its going to take a long time.... I'm trying to find my mind I lost it some place... yeah I lost mine too, in an egg. I feel like my whole mind is just full of broken glass at the moment rattling in my head... Mines full of paint... yeah Bruce has got a head full of paint... I'm full of broken glass, and Simon's is full of eggs... and jelly.

B.D. "Do you want to be famous?'

Pop Group "Not half... no only as famous as Eskimo'S

B.D. "Please could you be serious."

Pop Group "We are being serious, we're having a new approach to conversations... its the same approach as we have to our music.

B.D. "Answer the question".

Pop Group "We did we ~~am~~ want to be as famous as eskimos... eskimos are pretty famous... Eskimo Nell... (suddenley) THEY'RE COMING THROUGH THE FLOOR BOARDS... (chaos ensues)

B.D. "Have you signed a contract yet?'

POP GROUP "No we ate it, we've eaten our manager and we'll eat the roadie when you leave... that tape recorder looks tasty... hi fi and chips... (something in undecipherable phonetics)...

B.D. "Does it matter to you if you fail in other peoples eyes?"

POP GROUP "We cant fail...we dont want to become part of the accepted avante garde...we dont want to become totall accepted...as soon as we do we'll just change....."

BxDx "We'll eat vinegar sandwiches on stage"

B.D. "Why do you do tours?"

POP GROUP "For the sandwiches"

B.D. "Do you like sandwiches?"

POP GROUP. "No, not really they're just emblematic of accept ad society, they sum up the whole of society...we want to create a lateral approach to sandwiches."

B.D. "Are you looking forward to touring?"

POP GROUP "Yeah, always looking forward never looking backward...we're signing to Tate and Lyle, sugar people, they control the world, and Shell. Shell are doing the publishing, Tate and Lyle are doing the records."

B.D. "Do you write all the lyrics?"

POP GROUP "I'm not sure that its me writing them, its my hand, but I don't think its me actually writing them....
...Ira Levin...Nietzsche...automatic writing...SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION...LETS ALL BURN UP WE ARE ASBESTOS PEOPLE."

B.D. "What are your songs about?"

POP GROUP "SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION...BURN PEOPLE BURN"

B.D. "Apart from that..."

POP GROUP "Nothing much else, no, nothing...eskimos...wellington boots...I've got an alligator in my stomach."

B.D. "Do you want to answer any more questions?"

POP GROUP "My head doesn't but my feet do, my feet are doing the interview...carry on...NAKED IRISH PIRATES...(singing in spanish, noises excess)...shshsh, he'll make a bootleg...
...I MUST SAY I THINK THAT BRISTOL IS A PRETTY DEED DEAD PLACE AND I WISH SOMONE WOULD DO SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE."

B.D. "Are you being constructive?"

POP GROUP "Yes we are but you walk around and you see all these zombies in Bristol, there are real scenes going on in manchester and sheffield and places like that and they are all getting it together and there is real solidarity...they get together, they help each other, there's just bitchiness here...there are bands here in Bristol but they all hate us, some kind of perverse jealousy...if people were more constructive here and stopped living out there ridiculous rock'n'roll fantasies- they've got talent but they're going in the wrong direction-things could be really good...."

Handwritten signature or scribble at the bottom right of the page.

SHOKI STORY.

Beauty and the Beast.

He sat alone in his twilight room, the shutters of his disgrace around the windows of his mind. The hands that lay in his lap that had once spoiled and splayed the minds of defenceless flowers warmed in the mire of his own self destruction. His thoughts, penned in by the grossness of his act which in the months of silence between the grey walls had told him of his wrongs. The institution had taught him well. And now, his lesson read to the last sentence, where could he turn, who could listen. His wife of course had left him on charge. It was his fault that she had left him. It was her fault that she had had to leave him. Sepia reminders infiltrated his thoughts from the furnished dressing table. The wedding. She hadn't wanted to on the first night or the second, not for a week and even then she had laughed at him because she said that he was small. The eventual child never spoke to him, she used to talk to her all the time and then they would both laugh at him and he would sit and soak it all in.

After a while he took to paying, but even they laughed at him, or rather smiled at his sad little fumbings, and the laughing only made it worse. Buses came next, he left work early one afternoon (they too found him a constant source of light amusement), and the bus was full of school children. They were laughing, but not at him. Their smiles and giggles were for life, for a future, but he knew that they too would soon laugh at him, when they were older, when they

knew all about it. He started to make excuses in order to leave work earlier. He would sit and forget about Sepia and about sniggers, drifting in the colour and the happiness of true innocence. He met a man who sold pictures of that innocence, and he bought them and he placed them in his brief case, which he placed on his lap when he sat on the bus, and he would drift gentle smile finding a place amongst the sadness.

The pictures became torn and dog-eared and he wanted new ones. The man sold him some more, a lurid smirk on his fat face, the man he said they were better, vile smile.

He didn't lock until he got home and into the locked toilet. Opening the brown package he found that they were of... and he faltered over his thoughts. They were nice. They made him feel warm, loved. He cherished those pictures but

Short Story cont.

they too soon wore away.

He started getting off the bus one stop early to walk past the playground where innocence could be seen in the throes of true happiness. Up and down they would go, up and down on the swings. And he would feel warm amongst these angels. He smiled and sometimes an occasional angel would smile back at him, and his heart sang.

One day an angel said hello to him, he nearly cried for the sweet, pure song of reality.

No sepias, no sniggers, just a song of sweetness so good. He naturally held out his hand over the low wire fence when he saw an angel graze her little knee, and he rubbed it all better, humming a tune his mother had sung to him when he had been a child. He had dearly loved his mother but she had died too soon. She never laughed, she had been beautiful.

The angel tears soon dried, and the smiles returned. He took off his hat, he was sweating. The sun was hot as he rested his hand on her little knee. Then she ran away to continue being happy, and he walked in the opposite direct direction.

All this time his wife laughed his daughter sniggered, he stopped paying, and the pictures didn't mean anything, even they meant nothing to him.

He wanted something real which he could touch and feel and know that it was real.

He returned to the playground and watched amidst hazy summer sunlight, warm.

He offered them his sweets his favourites, lemon bon-bons the ones with sherbert on them.

He walked one home, but the walked too far, but he only smiled at his own flesh and blood angel.

And he smiled as he forced her into the woods. And it all came to a head, the years and the years of wanting, as he forced himself into those pearly gates, and tried to live his lost heaven.

But the angel wept and screamed and screamed and didn't want him either.

Even the angels don't want me, even my little angels

Short Story cont.

He hurried home.

Somebody said somebody saw somebody, and somebody said he knew somebody who knew who somebody was and an arm was placed on a shoulder and somebody made a statement about angels and Sepia photographs of hatred and smiling innocence that knew no evil or something like that any way, and nobody knew what he was on about and now, after the greyness of his sentence he is free.

He is awful and disgusting, he shouldn't be free should he. His wife left him, he deserved it didn't he? His daughter changed her name, would 'nt you? He's sick, isn't he. He can't get a job, doesn't deserve one does he? He's sick isn't he, there's no excuse is there, sick,

she said as read to the end of the column, and then neatly folding the paper she placed it on the bed side table, and looked over to her husband beside her.

No excuse she said as she laughed at him and quickly turned out the light before he had time to ask her if she had time.

And now he sits like another. I am sick, he says, I have no excuse, I am sick...sick.

by Elspeth Lenseleuses.

FOREVER PEOPLE, BRISTOLS ONLY COMIC SHOP, WE WOULDN'T NEED ANOTHER ONE ANY WAY. FOREVER PEOPLE FOR BOOKS COMICS, MAGAZINES, FANZINES, POSTERS, BADGES. COLLECTORS PARADISE WITH MANY EARLY AND OBSOLETE TITLES IN STOCK. FOREVER PEOPLE ON PARK STREET ABOUT HALF WAY DOWN. FOREVER PEOPLE. FOREVER PEOPLE. FOREVER PEOPLE.

Record Reviews

by Aural Invasion

X Ray Spex. Germ Free Adolescence. E.M.I.
A interesting little number this one. The hallucinating Ms. Styrene, having condemned plasticity in all its instant decadence she presents a cynical view of the only other alternative, good Clean Living. If we can't be kitsch kids and we can't be germ free cliches then what are we to do? An excellent single that certainly *made me pause for thought. Acidic vocals and tense together music. I liked it.*

David Jones and the King Bees. Lisa Jane. Decca.
Rythm and Blues number by a young David Bowie re-released by Decca to tie in with the recent rise in demand for bowie memorabilia. Very odd when considering what came after. Not really too hot but a must for true Bowie fiends.

Public Image. Public Image Ltd. Virgin.
Come back Mr. Rotten, all is forgiven. We're so sorry that it was we the media that made you what you were, if we'd known that you were going to feel this way we wouldn't have bothered. Still its a damn good single and the band deserves to go far. Rotten does in fact have a good singing voice and his band is also most impressive. (Jah Wobblers single is a real laugh and also very good, the lyrics if you can discern them are funny and the music is slick). It is good to see a young man stand up for himself and shake of the shroud imposed not by himself but by those who were his enemies and those who called themselves his friends, but were into making a fast note on somebody else's expense.

Cabaret Voltaire. Talk Over/Here she comes now. Rough Trade.
In the Robert Rental school of electro synthetic music this little known neo-Dadaist band do in fact excell. To an uneducated ear this might sound a little monotonous but with careful attention subtle sophistication can be discerned. Good darkened room speeding music to really make that headache sing.

RECORD REVIEWS

Gang of Four. Damaged Goods. Fast Records.
 Not altogether too impressive, but not through lack of ability. Good good vocals and tight guitar, it just seemed to lack something that might very well have been there but through bad production maybe, it doesn't really quite surface.

the Bside is brilliant.....

Europeans. Europeans. Heartbeat records.
 Yes, yes I do like this record, and so should you. This is a Bristol band as well, so you see its ~~is~~ not just the Pop Group making good noises (don't be daunted, do it yourself). On this well produced little cut the vocals are collected, with very neat keyboards and a nice comprehensive back up from the rest of the band

L.P.'S.

The Jam All Mod Cons. Polydor.
 We were told that it was going to be good and the two recent singles were useful guide lines. It certainly is good, the songs are sharp and honest with the lyrics reading like poetry. "No more cocaine, its only ground chalk/no more taxis, now we'll have to walk". Having shaken of the blood soaked cloak of 1977 aggression, the Jam have formulated an unabashed Who influence and moulded it into a very individual style. The Mod appeal is played up to the full and shades of the sixties pervad, but the lyrics easily dispell any real comparison. These are definitely modern songs, an advanced permutation of the punk ethic. My favourite side was the first one, the harshness of "Mr. Clean" and the honesty of "To be someone" contrasted with the unscripted "English Rose" go to make this excellent listening and excellent value.

Brian Eno. Music for Films. R.C.A.
 This was a very difficult album to review, simply because it is such moody sought of music. It can sound drab and unenspiring if you feel that way, but equally I found that the same hitherto unintelligible sound quit exquisite on further listening. Some of the tracks, like the Sparrowfall trilogy are immediatley good, I found

by Aural Invasion.

Record Reviews cont.

Key really did carry my imagination,visions swooped and fell with the fine flow of ultra professional and superbly executed synthetic Mancini.My main criticism would be of the brevity of some of the tracks which could well have been expounded and expanded on. Perhaps a little esoteric but like Cabaret Voltaire, with a little concentrated listening you will find that it does reach out and enthrall you.with its quiet subtlety.

David Bowie.

Stage.

R.C.A.

It must be very difficult to encapsulate a life times work onto two pieces of vinyl,that is probably why Bowie/Visconti didn't manage to do it.

It must be very difficult to encapsulate a life times work onto two pieces of vinyl,but even on this all star package deal Bowie succeeds where lesser mortals have failed.He is a professional and it is difficult to fault him in his perfect production and expert control over his own past,present and shades of things to come.I don't like compilation L.P.'S but I do like live ones and I cant understand why Bowie forsook the excitement of a continuous live performance for a neatly chronological easy to stomach history of David Bowie.Though most people put it down as a mistake, David Live" had the advantage over Stage in that it really felt like a live album and the audience was an intrinsic part of the performance as a whole,by chopping the performance up Stage has lost the real essence of a live performance.On a less general note,perhaps the most commendable aspect of this 'double album set' is the perfect togetherness of Bowie and his band.Unlike Bob Dylans band these musicians really seemed as though they understood and were party to the music which they were playing,making sense of it in their own way and not just echoing their masters dictum. Since I only review records that I personally like I am bound to recommend that you buy a copy of this record,as like all the other records reviewed here it is very good.

LETTERS PAGE.

Letters.

Well, what an abismal turn out yuo lazy lot you. We recieved one letter and that was derogatory and anonymous, but the scribe of this said missive ("Dear B.D., in the first issue of your mag you aked for advice etc, ---well you've sure got it! For a start don't include such iddiotic pathetic junk as; T.V., poems, films, story etc. but have reveiws of gigs (punk only), singls and good eelpees, (punk again) and make Black Dwarf into a clean wholesome Punk magazine, containing no proverbial junk as the Who etc, yours truly, a Portishead Punk, "sic) was not to know that our dear friend Sara Mulloch would send us all the requests for free albums. So by simply matching the hand writing of this anonymous letter to the name and adress of a certain album recipient I will ask the very illiterate (more so than myself) Simon Greenham of 3 Firliff Park, Woodhill Rd. Portishead to stand up and be recognised. But to take him seriously, we do admit that there were faults, but lots of people do read books, many people enjoy films, some even enjoy poetry and to some the Who are not 'proverbial junk'. It is the intention here at Black Dwarf to give people a broadened view of what life has to ffer, to help them liberate their minds and to assist them in their search for personal freedom. Our present policy on gigs is not to write about them because by the time you get to read this you will have read all that you want to about who ever you want to in other rival magazines. It is intention to cater for as wide a section of the community as a whole as we can without becoming easoteric to the point of non marketability.

Amongst the fifty or so letters that Sara recieved were a few others that deserve a reference; a nice communicative one came from 'Dad' of 15 Egerton street, Canto, Cardiff, "just finished the first issue of B.D., its scruffy, derivative, untogether, self opinionated and a good larf", Dad darling, are you talking to B.D. or yourself, we wondered, thankyou anyway for a nice

Letters cont.

letter and please drop us another line if you pick up another copy of the magazine.

To a certain Mike Wilkins...."I'M ever so nice reakly just because no-one likes me and they say that I smell, I can't help not being able to get to the toilet on time..."I would reccommend a very simple remedy,use a bath plug and really regulate that flow.

Dear Mr. N.E.Copperstone,thankyou for your letter,it was very sweet,but lets get one thing perfectly straight,Sara distributed the records,the Black Dwarf wrote published and produced the magazine.We Black Dwarf are a Bristol based enterprise,very specifically. Thankyou anyway for your good wishes, and to you all,please write more.Contributions,comments all will be gratefully recieved,

yours sincerely,
Black Dwarf.

tonys records

(NOW DOWNSTAIRS IN FOCUS)
16 PRINCESS VICTORIA STREET,

CLIFTON.

FOR THOSE RECORDS TH;

- (a)YOU COULDN'T AFFORD AT THE TIME
- (b)YOU COULDN'T REMEMBER THE TITLE
- (c)YOU DIDN'T LIKE TO BUY BUT CHANGED YOUER MIND.
- (d)YOU INADVERTENTLY THREW AWAY.

10% off ALL NEW RECORDS.

tonys

POP GROUP.

...we'd like to see Bristol start again...it could be good if people really bothered...if we could,we'd start a factory place like Warholand have everything there,films music,all sorts of things,we want a scene again in Bristol but we need a catalyst and thats what we hope to act as ...curtain making,printing,painting it would be great... ..people say that they're into doing something but they never do it they just talk...your making a magazine,thats good thats a start,people must control the means of production,they must start and build up,but they must start now before its too late,before they slide into a rut of apathy...we would be willing to put money into anybody with a good idea...people have got to dedicate them selves to this change like they did in the sixties,but thats history and we cant go on living on a legacy,we've got to get ~~ax~~ our own thing together...I mean look at our original 'potential'-nothing,but we've worked at it,and look what has happened.Anybody could have done what we have done...I've never learnt to play bass guitar but I worked and it was worth it...The Colortapes,the Bodies,they're doing it...our vehicle is music,but we are just as interested in everything else...we could have moved to London

CHAPTER AND VERSE

SHOP WHERE THE BLACK DWARF
SHOPS
THE SHOP WITH THE MANAGER
WHO CAN REALLY READ....

A BOOK SHOP IN PARK STREET WHERE THEY
HAVE LOTS OF BOOKS,AND WHERE THEY CAN
ORDER LOTS MORE BOOKS WHICH THEY

MIGHT NOT HAVE,BY MEANS OF A FAST EFFICIENT
SERVICE.

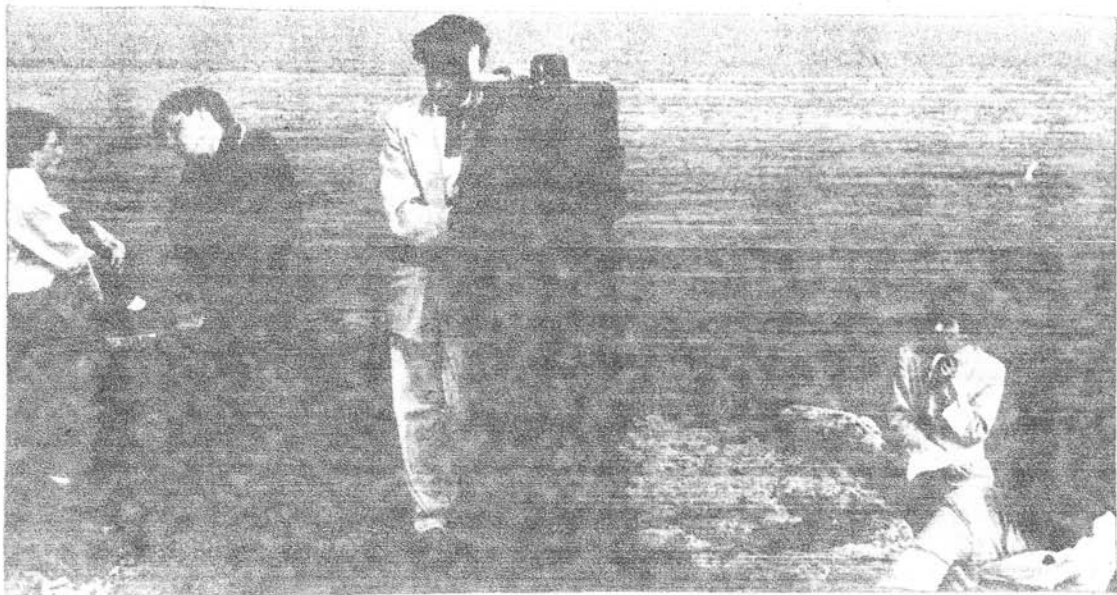
but we stayed here because we're interested in getting so something happening, we want to inspire people, we want to get them up and create a purpose...we've remained independent and we've got this far, we all worked hard, its like a collective industry, we all put in what we take out and we chose our own direction. We want to expand this industry and then help other people to start...when we did the Anson rooms Gig, we donated all the £800 to the Friends Of Earth, and if other people work then they can help aswell ...the trouble with Bristol people is that they are to insular, they all want to be so cool and they go around in their little cliques trying to 'outhip' each other, its pathetic, theres nothing constructive in that, they just want to be seen to be what in fact they are'nt....

B.D. "Is John Cale going to produce your album?"

POP GROUP "Yes, we were'nt quite sure at first but we want him to, now, we've worked him around to our way of thinking and it should be quite good...we'll just take him under our wing and tell him what to do.

B.D. "I've always wanted to be pop star..."

STEWART. "Doesn't everyone, but its not very nice, honest, its not at all nice.



Poem.

With his dignity in his pocket stands
the sucker to a Modern world
Integrity for a rainy day
at his side and neatly furled.

With his pride in his pants
its only for him to know
With every woman there's a way
for her fantasy hero.

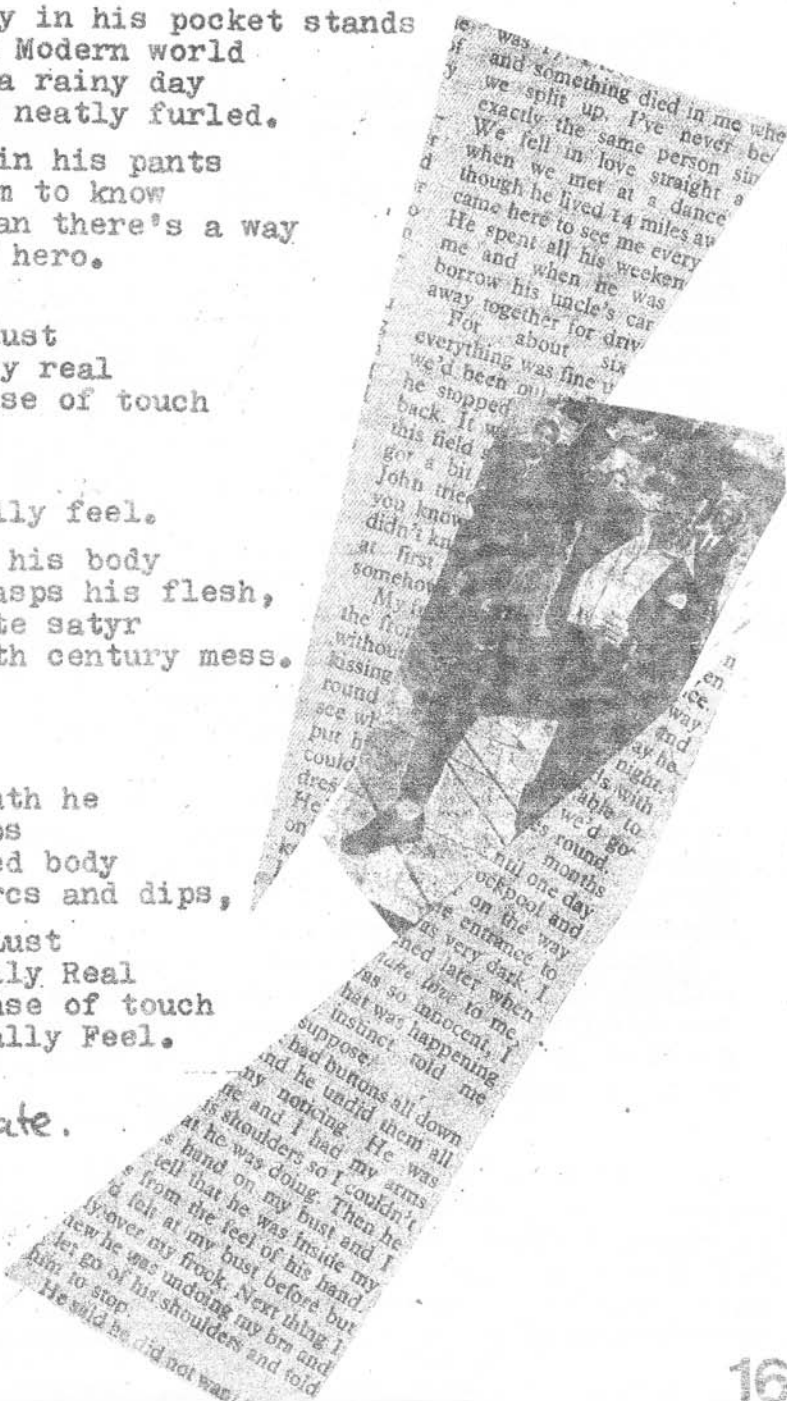
Breathing out Lust
Its never really real
Even with a sense of touch

He'll never really feel.
His mind grasps his body
and his body grasps his flesh,
He's an incarnate satyr
In this twentieth century mess.

Kissing her mouth he
touches her lips
Ashis mind moved body
Sweat bathed, arcs and dips,

Breathing out Lust
It's Never Really Real
Even with a sense of touch
He'll Never Really Feel.

by P. Oet Loreate.



QUADROPHENIA

Quadrophenia.

It's a warm windy August bank holiday as Jimmy, Chalky, Spider and a few hundred other Mods make their way along the sea front. They are dressed right, Italian suits (tight hush puppies, tab collars and enormous American army parkas. Look sharp, think Mod.

Suddenley two ~~ma~~ rockers cruise past on their black oily British bikes, leather and chains in abundance. Chalky recognises one of them as the bastard that had cornered him the night before... "Get the bastards" he shouts as he starts of towards them, the cry goes up and the massed mods surge over the road, over car bonnets, crashing past pedestrians and on towards the rockers. The rockers are heading towards their base cafe where their mates are and are just in the door way when the first wave of mods hits them. Bikes crash to the ground and the few staggeling rockers caught outside are instantly dealt with. As the mods crash on into the cafe rockers tumble to the ground as boots fists, knuckle dusters and anything that might come to hand smashes them to the ground, and the frenzied horde charge on into the cafe itself. All hell breaks lose, some poor sod gets his head slammed through the pinball machine while others are mercilessly pummed down.

The cafe proprietor watches in sickened amazement as cups and ketchup fly a round his head. Suddenley the place is empty of mods, their calling card a chair through the shop front window, a bunch of blood soaked rockers and a wrecked cafe.

Regrouping on the beach, the mods laugh and jeer the holiday makers as they discuss the events of the last ten minutes or so. A few scuffles breakout between dogooding general publics and the well primed mods but nothing really heavy.

Another group of mods who saw the carnage at the cafe

as they made their way towards the beach rush up and commend their mates on their handywork. Suddenly, from no where a band of rockers stream down from ~~nowhere~~ the sea front and onto the beach. The mods do not notice them until the last moment and the leather clad rockers have the advantage of suprise as they plough into them.

Quadrophonia cont.

Chains and studded fists tear at the mods, the fighting is nasty. A cornered mod gets his head chained in and another is slammed face first into a wall, his forehead reduced to blood and pulp. One of the rockers is cornered by Jimmy and Chalky and is well mistreated, bits of deckchair and knuckle dusters saving him a few bob on future dentists bills. Down on the shore a couple of mods have been penned in by a band of rockers who are edging them nearer and nearer to the sea. The rockers rush them and send them reeling back into the ~~sea~~ water. The shock of the English channel stuns them more than the boots and fists of the rockers. The rest of the mods sea their mates fighting it out in the water and rush down to the shore where they proceed to stone the rockers with rocks and stones from the pebbly beach.

There is a mad rush back up the beach as the police arrive to put a stop to the youngsters activities, some are on horse back and some are handling dogs, the kids run.

A few stragglers are picked off and are carted away but most of the mods make it up to the road where they disperse down the side streets and passages of Brighton sea front.

All this took a week to film, the chains were plastic, the blood was false and the fights were as painstakingly rehearsed as Swan Lake. Half the big scenes taken were useless because even as they rolled around in the sand, struggling for their lives, both Mods and Rockers were roaring with laughter.

Among the crowds of onlookers there were a few wry

smiles and shrugs from the towns inhabitants who well remember that mad bank ~~xxx~~ holiday of over a decade ago.

Frank Roddam (the ultra-verité director of the recent T.V. film 'Dummy', about the deaf and dumb prostitute, that gained so much praise and criticism not long ago) is directing and the lead role is played by the little known but very nice Phil Daniels.

The Who's involvement is minimal, Roger Daltrey arrived on the set from time to time and was evidently quite impressed by it all, the Who are apparently going into the movie business in a big way Quadrophonia being one of a series of film projects of theirs.

The film itself is about a young mod's slow disillusionment, as he sees all the things and all the people around which he has based his life slowly disintegrate and reveal themselves for what they really are, nothing. The head mod is just a bell boy in a Brighton hotel, his best mate runs off with his girl friend and all his other friends are slowly drifting off and away. It isn't just about mods, it's about youth culture in general, it's about you and me. Viscious is inside, Cook and Jones are drunk and Rotten is planning charity pantomimes. Moon is dead, Townsend has sensed the end anyway, Daltrey hopes and hopes and gets his hair done at Vidal Sassoon whilst Entwistle quietly lights his pipe and calls for his slippers.

It will be a good film, the actors were nice and the director was energetic and knew how to get whatever he wanted from them. With any luck the producers will rush-release it and they would do well to as a mod revival seems imminent, and cash wise it would be an astute move as well as a nice one. See it anyway when it does come out listen to it now and enjoy a foretaste, they're both as good as each other.

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The philosophy of Andy Warhol. by A. Warhol.

"Time---I always think about the people who build buildings and then they're not around anymore. Or a movie crowd scene and everybody's dead. It's frightening."

This is, to my mind the most telling book concerning this bleached cult figure of dubious ability. If you read this book you will understand why Cambells soup cans do constitute art and why Andy Warhol is an artist in thought as well as deed. It is 'nt just a passing interest book, it is a handbook of trenchant observations on his own, and human nature, in general. Subjects range from drag queens to Elizabeth Taylor, Feeling Left Out to Buying Friends and throughout the entire book, one can feel that a real human being is alive and well inside the enigmatic Mr. Warhol. A real human being who has a real ability to make one laugh without one knowing just why one is laughing. He builds, destroys and then rebuilds his own character with such total unselfishness that one cannot help but admire him.

W. Somerset-Maugham. Collected Short Stories. Penguin. Its difficult to write a review of a book of short stories but because I enjoyed them so much, I decided that I would. This Somerset-Maugham fellow apparently travelled allaround Malaya and Java and other outposts of the British Empire in the first quater of this century and then went home and wrote this book and many others, mainly about his travels, which was jolly nice of him as this particular edition os very good reading. Some of the storys are more like novels in their length while others are only a couple of pages long. He has a terrific ability to create an instant back ground for his characters, which means that ones attentions are not fuddled and one can follow with ease their trials and tribulations which are by the way depicted with an uncanny and some times harrowing attention to details of a most personal and telling nature. In short an excellent introduction to the works of one of our formost short story writers which, by the way is ideal train journey material.

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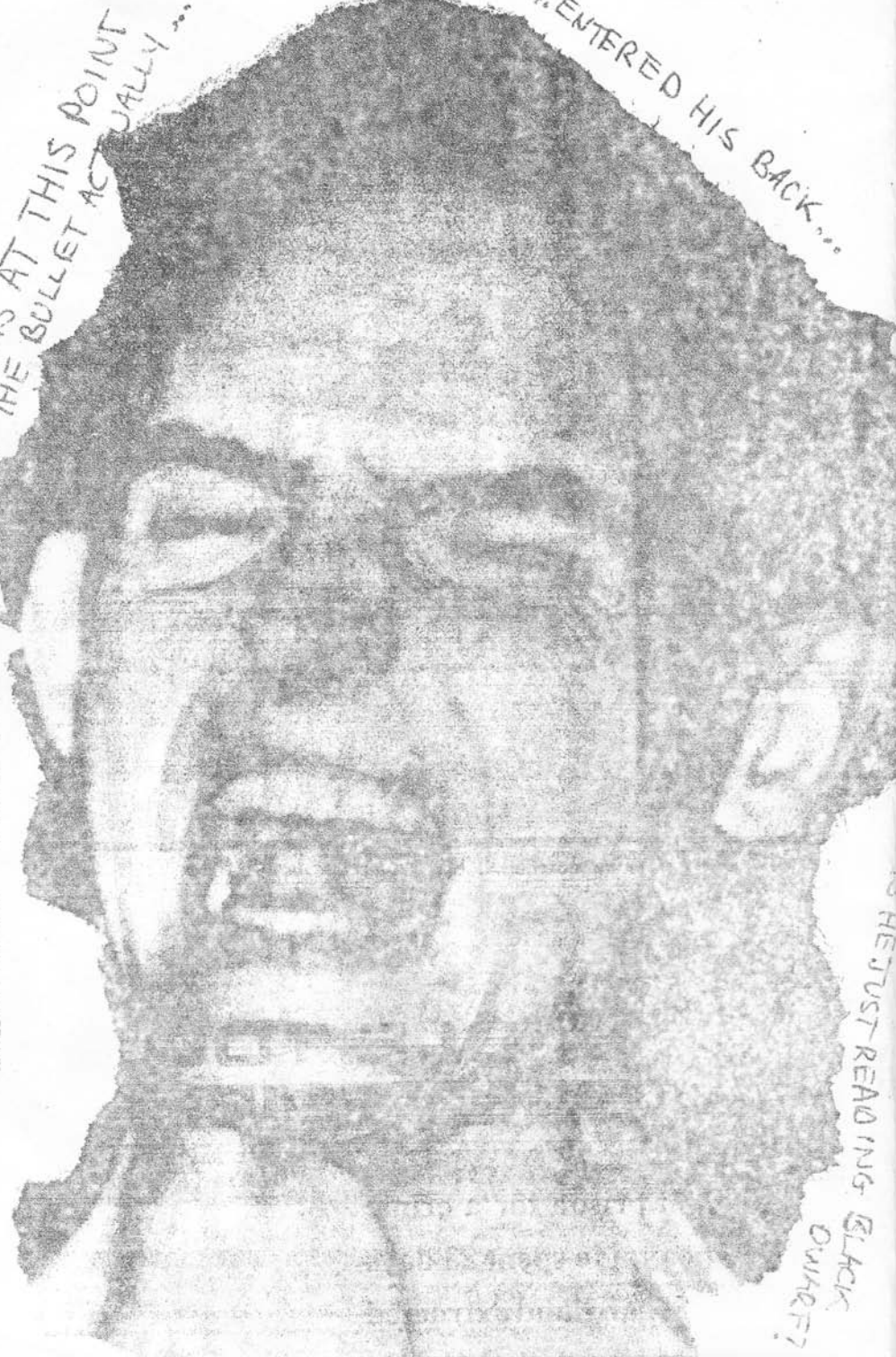
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