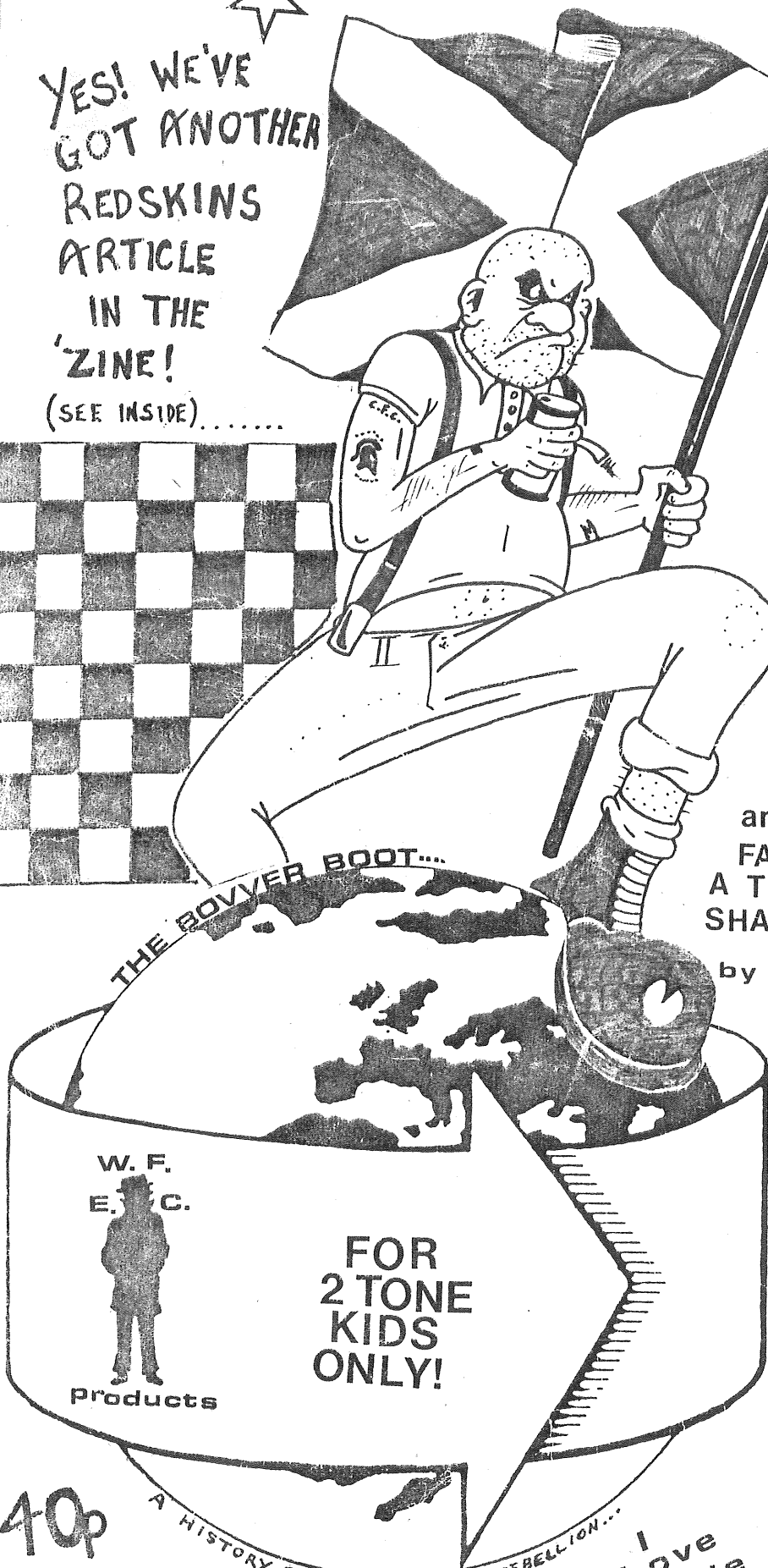


"THE ENEMY WITHIN FANZINE CORPORATION PRESENTS  
EVEN MORE FUN BEHIND THE BIKESHEDS!"

# THE BOVVER BOOT! NUMERO DEUX

(kickin' over the stereotypes!)

★  
YES! WE'VE  
GOT ANOTHER  
REDSKINS  
ARTICLE  
IN THE  
'ZINE!  
(SEE INSIDE).....



STARRING.....

The Silence  
The Restrictors!  
Spectre

★ THE  
CONDEMNED  
The Business

with  
LIVE TAKES from

THE UNTOUCHABLES!  
MADNESS!  
YEH YEH!

and let's not forget OUR SAVAGE  
FANFARE REVIEW OF SKINZINES,  
A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH  
SHAM 69

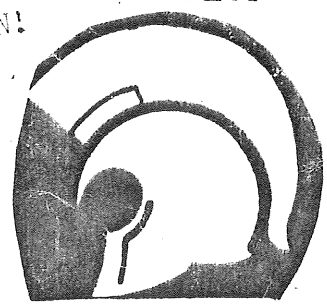
and a spiffing SKA! column  
by CLOCKWORK SUEDEHEAD,  
PAUL ARMSTRONG

REBELLION!

LUST!

STYLE!

SKA!



DANCE!

FUN!

HATE!

SEX!

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* THE BOVVER BOOT! An Enemy Within  
\* sponsored project, financed for  
\* Loony Leftie Productions and  
\* written by the ridiculously  
\* fat McGinn, with graphix from  
\* Bambi and contributions from  
\* P.P. Armstrong and Coatbridge  
\* Kaneo. Hello the beautiful  
\* Lesley and fanx to all the  
\* bands and customers!!!  
\*\*\*\*\*



40p  
ISSUE 2

I  
Love  
Lainie

PRINTED IN GLASGOW

# IN BRIEF

STARTING OFF WITH A bit of domestic news....The next SPY KIDS dance in our bonny city will take place on the 28th of February and accomodation is available to anybody who fancies travelling-up for a night of sterling ska, blue-beat and naughty northern soul.If you fancy it,get in touch-we promise you a nite to remember!

## Things Going On

A hint of things to come-a Glasgow band,named CAPONE AND THE BULLETS sent me a demo yesterday and they are a band that will most definitley be in issue 3. Without titles,I'm a bit in the dark,but the songs are excellent!Leaning heavily to the '79 era,the whole sound is very solid and totally danceable;the Specials most come to mind,mostly due to the singer's Hall-esque warblings and the pro-the people 'social comment'.I know very little of this mob,except they're multi-racial and brilliant-that's gonna change.Bands this good deserve mega-exposure.... Another zine to spring from our part of Thatcherland is the tasty ZOOT,a mag that specialises in '70-'79 ska,and Two-Tone in particular.The latest issue is no.3 and I'd advise you to get there quick as zines this good don't stay unsold for long!The adresses for every zine featured in here are on our accompanying adress sheet.

SCOOTERING magazine has asked Dudley of BACKS AGAINST THE WALL to do a feature on skinheads,so keep your eye out for the glossy mag which is getting a bit more interesting these days and the ladies posing with the scoots are getting a shade tastier as well.....Which brings us neatly to a few complaints we received from quite a few skin-ladies bemoaning the current state of their scene. "It's either sexist drivel" claims one,or "patronising rubbish" howls another. "We've got something to say about the scene as well...."curtains one livid lass. Quite why I got landed with this angry mail,I'm not sure,tho' it's probably my impeccable anti-sexist credentials(who are you kidding?!-Lainie),but under intense nagging from my skin-women,I've been told to pass this message on and to ensure that I repeat Lainie's declaration;"Skin-girls of Great Britain,sod these male-dominated bozos and form our own damned mags!"(cont. Greenham Common etc.)


Seems yer ace fat-chap(me you fools!)is the most-hated thing since Wham in this fair land of ours-along with me chums at SPY-KIDS zine and our other drinking partners.Some Preston skins want to help us lose weight (by cutting our throats!),Edinburgh's Oi boys think we're too big for our highly polished boots, Glasgow's nazi loonies have tried,rather unsuccessfully,I must add,to give our dentists some overtime and there are even more queuing-up to claim a shot at our little knee-caps!Add this to the local casual arseholes and it seems this summer is gonna be fun,fun,fun!We have only this to say (sung to the tune of LIQUIDATOR) "Glesga' Spy-Kids hate you-okay!!!"That's that cleared-up,methinks.

Paul at H.A.N. has assured me that issue 8 of his esteemed rag is on the type-setters plates at this mo.Groans Paul,"That Ian's a lazy bastard!Won't draw a front-cover for love nor money."Ah,not since those heady days of the Fleet-Street strikes,when harrassed editors had to get their copy out without their unruly workforces.....

Anyone interested in purchasing a 240 Lambretta,newly overhauled and well-chromed should give Branny a bell on Skelmorlie (0475) 520530.This is the bargain buy of the skinhead century!

Now,onto a touchy subject:punks and our associations with them.A very simple question;should we be in cahoots with them?I ask because there seems to be a split within our ranks over the manky buggers.Personally,I've always preffered mods,but that's only from my personal experience-most in Glasgow are tramps and winos,tho' Sid and D.J. are both okay blokes.The difference between us and say the Edinburgh skins,is that none of our crowd would tolerate punks drinking with us,whereas the Edinboro' guys mate about with them no probs.I'd be inclined to agree with the person who said that original skins would have taken punks as greasers.Or put it this way,you never saw a mohican at Southend 1969!

Calling all scooter-skins in the Brum/Staffordshire area,the SCOOT'N'BOOT S.C. want you!Most members of this small club (10-15 members so far)ride Lammies,but espas may be acceptable!YOU can only find out yourself.They attended nearly all last year's runs.So if you're into scoots and live there or thereabouts and wanna be part of ascoot-skin crew,drop a line to:Mick Grinham,65 Birkenshaew Rd, Great Barr,Birmingham,B44 8UL.....



**BOVER  
BOOT 3  
OUT  
LATE  
APRIL—  
GET  
ONE.**

A night of 60's

MOONSTOMPIN'

\* MAYHEM! \*

SPY KIDS DO.



THE VERY BEST

☆ 60's SOUNDS ☆

January 24th.

THE SECOND IN AN ONGOING SERIES of dances,organised by our motely crew in a bid to bring back some enjoyment to Glaswegian skin,mod and scooterist circles. And bloody successful it's turning out to be too!

But let's talk time-warp,'cos to bring back the glory of skin,you've gotta look back,not only to '79,but to those long-lost days of '69-'71.And that's what we aimed for!Did we get their?Well,p'raps not quite,but I didn't hear many voices moaning about it.

The day started in the usual fashion,me being late for meeting some English visitors who had come up for the do,and me having to humph a bloody big record case about.After I had caught up with Gail and Alf from Geordieland,we headed to the boozier,me trying to entertain our sassnach visitors and them trying to understand a bloody word I said!Why can't these buggers learn to speak Scottish when coming up here?

We lounged about the pub,introducing Gail and Alf to all and sundry,until we left to meet more Englanders (Christ,four in all-that's more than what their rather abysmal national squad bring to Hampden!) and soon returned to the pub with Al B and popular scooter-skin,big Rod McKend.Leaving them to sample some real alcohol,me and Ewan went to get the decks.....

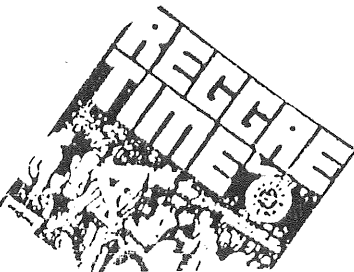
.....Returning to find the place rather quite.It'll soon perk up,we all thought.But by eight o'clock,only the Airdrie contingent had arrived,tho' they nipped out to satisfy big Iain's food and cheap vino pangs.This was getting desperate-me,Stevie and Ewan were having visions of spinning the hippest toonz in town to a pub audience of around twenty!Brill start to the New Year we all thought and prepared to drink ourselves sober in an effort to oblivate these depressive thoughts.But kindness smiled on us,and we soon started playing the sounds that inspired a nation to a pretty damn good turn-out,including a large contingent of skins who's main loves revolve around ska ,soul and those swinging (late!)sixties.

Music on call ranged from Prince Buster,the Skatellites,Don Drummond,the Ethiopians,loads of Trojan classics,thru' to the sweetest soul around;Jackie Wilson,Edwin Starr,Martha Reeves and many lesser-known Kent sounds all getting danced to,but,predictibly,it was Britain's own skinhead revivilasts,those teenage Two-Tone terrors,who nearly caused the floor to collapse and the floor to become a sea of sweat and spilled bevvy!The opening to One Step Beyond from old Chas Smash seemed to fill the floor and shake the frigging foundations (of da nation!),which to me is a bit annoying,because the older,sixties gear is more often than not where it's at for a merry moonstomp,but popularity demands that the Specials are more exciting than the Skatellites,so it goes.

And although a bizzare police raid happened around one o'clock(they came,they saw,they looked angry BUT they never nicked!!!!) and put a premature end to the raucous proceedings,the overall feeling was that it was better than the first (tho' some did moan about the lack of NF to beat up at this one!Huh, there's just no pleasing some folk!) and that the next one should BURN!To those glorious Spy-Kids,I tip my pork-pie,and cheers to the following;Iain and Iain for the records,Mitchell for turning-up albeit with the poxiest haircut since George Micheal Esq,George and Rhona of Zoot,Livvie and his mod contingent (I told ye you'd enjoy it!),Gail,Alf,Al and Rod for trekking up,the One Up for letting us use it(most punters the place has seen since '83!),the Globies and Beatty for not bringing his jazz-funk records and finally,to all who turned up. CHEERS!And keep the faith!

\* SPY-KID \*

☆ PROMOTIONS ☆



"Putting The Fun Back Into SKINHEAD!"

OFFICIAL  
CHART  
RUNDOWN

TOTALLY HIP AND COOL SKINWEAR!

- 1\* White Fred Perry Jumpers.
- 2\* Light brown brogues (all leather)
- 3\* Eight-up Doc Martins (oxblood).
- 4\* Light-blue, striped Ben Sherman.
- 5\* Cravats and tie-pins.
- 6\* Green-to-brown Tonic suits.
- 7\* White socks (essential!).
- 8\* Levis 501, fly-button jeans.
- 9\* Silver/grey Levi sta-press.
- 10\* Light green combat jackets, new.
- BUBBLING UNDER.....
- 11\* Tan moccasins.
- 12\* Red Harringtons(original).
- 13\* Tan crombie, with no hankie.

'A LAUGH A SAY'

THE POWER IS YOURS-The Redskins.  
DAMBUSTERS MARCH-J.J. All Stars.  
L.A.-The Frightening Fallsters.  
SPIN ON YOUR HEAD-Potato 5.  
SEX MACHINE-James Brown.  
BERNADETTE-The Four Tops.  
RESPECT(LIVE)-Diana Ross(T.C.B.)  
EVIL-The Mighty Four Skins.  
VICIOUS-Lou(Smack'ead)Reed.  
STEPS OF EMOTION-The Farm.  
HONEY(FAST VER)-Makin' Time.  
MCGINN AND BABS-Back To Basics.  
HEY GIRL-The Small Faces.  
SKINHEAD MOONSTOMP(LIVE)-The Redskins  
HURRY UP HARRY-Sham(SWIMMING POOL)69  
THE SELECTER-The Selecter.  
SKA AU GO GO?-Beat Direction.  
BROGUE SHUFFLE-Kropped Kranium.  
GOOD TASTE-The Cramps.  
RUDER THAN YOU-The Bodysnatchers.  
SHOUT TO THE TOP-Style Council.  
BELIEVE ME-The Best Madness Song.  
SOUL SALVATION-The Wunnerful Beat.  
YOU WILL PAY-Yeh Yeh.  
I WAS WALKING-The Voice.  
RACIST FRIEND(FUCK OFF)-Specials.

TOP TEN FAVOURITE SAYINGS

Fucking communists.  
How much for your daughter.  
Honest, I won't come in your mouth...  
Scab bastards.  
Whit's your phone number?  
Sheep-shaggers.  
Fuck the Ethiopians.  
Get out of this toilet, you damned homo.  
Fat is fun.  
I'll get a round in tomorrow.

# LETTERS!

Our first issue received millions of mail, and we print all five, er, I mean some of the correspondence below . . .

Dear McGinn,

Your mag. is brill, will you sleep with me and I will give you £100?

Luv, Sally, London

McGinn answers. . Of course I will, the Bover Boot is always willing to help our skingirls out - we'll all be round to-morrow.

Dear Bover Boot,

Realy brill. mag, and I think I'll send £100 to you because it is so good. Can you send somebody to sleep with me?

Luv, Terry. Coventry

The Bover Boot answers. . Well, a great man is our Tel (are you Arfur's mate?) and we'll send Back To Basics bass-player, Derek, round. Your £100 will be spent in Ethopia, the new pub round Dante's way . . .

Dear McGinn,

Great zine, well brill. Is it alright to send £100 for all your hard work?

Luv, Sarah. Belfast.

P.S. Can you sleep with me, if your beergut doesn't mind?

McGinn replies.. I don't know if I can accept your £100- oh, okay then, and yes, I think I can persuade my beergut to help you sleep at night...

Dear Fat Bastard,

You commie pooftahs. I hope the NF kill you, you leftie faggots. Ian Stewart is a good geezer, blah, blah etc., and we are not boneheads, we are skins who have been here since 1985, and are proud to be white. Up yours!

From Harry the Ripper (Last Resort Skin)  
P.S. Sleep with my bird again and I'll get mad.

McGinn answers...Sod off yougay-master-race-Young-Conservative-knob-end. Hope you choke on your Evostik. Say hello to your missus, and tell her I'll have a fry-up for me breakfast on Sunday...

Well, that's just a tiny selection from our huge mailbag, and a pretty, er, mixed bunch I'd say...

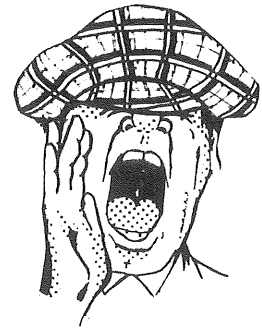
I was remembering Margate as I left home for the Goldhawk. Some jerk magistrate had called us 'long-haired, mentally unstable', which just showed how much he knew about it all. Long hair was a thing of the past and groups who still had it were relics, like the beats. You wouldn't have caught me in a fucking jazz club. Perhaps they couldn't afford a barber, lazy, unemployed bastards. I even preferred the grease to the beatnicks; at least they cared about their transport. The beats weren't our kind.

# Sham 69 REVISITED.....



He screamed "skins are back!" and a nation of betrayed punks, skins and straights took him to their hearts; betrayed by all around them. Jimmy Pursey and Sham 69 took their street-following with 'em. The Bover Boot looks back from the local angle ....

Another  
**Sun**  
exclusive



FUCKING LIES. All of it, everything; from the political parasites in control, to toothpaste manufacturers who claim their product "represents victory over decay". From the biggest to the smallest. Knowing lies.....

And they don't stop there. Music is the filthiest lie invented, wherein you fork out cash to listen to people impairing your health with their talent. The Sex Pistols were one of those lies, although they were the finest, while the Clash were (are) the sneer without the intelligence. They tried hard to make you believe "they'dun it awl for the kidzzzz!" Civil disturbance fantasies, CBS sponsored shock poses and coiffured spikey tops. The Clash dreamt they would play on the back of a lorry whilst Britain burnt, but that fucking hotel better have a big bath and a colour telly.....

Sham 69 were not a lie; they neither offered - nor indeed could have delivered - such a lavish revolution as Joe Strummer. Cheap urban warrior schmutz was not Jimmy Pursey's appeal, more his doomed-to-fail vision: "take a knife to my back, but not to my heart. If we all stood together it could just be a start". No bullshit, no concrete jungle fantasies, although perhaps too much faith in his own kind.

THE  
**Sun**  
There's  
just no  
stopping  
Wapping

Of these bands SHAM and MENACE had the most skinhead following, though SHAM in particular had a large number of punks and football herberts as well. Then, as now, most skinheads weren't political but it was the small Nazi-ement of the band's following who made more impact than the probably bigger number of anti-Nazi supporters.

To explain, SHAM were a street band above all else and whatever politics dominated the streets in any area would also dominate the SHAM following. In East London it might have been right-wing (though Skins Against The Nazis started in Hackney in 1978) but in places like Glasgow the Sham Army was solidly socialist.



Jimmy Pursey, Sham 69 and the Glasgow Sham Army. Three things that shaped my formative years better than parents, authority and short, sharp, shock educationalists ever could. A resurfacing callback.... a few thousand hoarse voices shaking the foundations of Glasgow's archaic Apollo; skins, punks, straights and 'street girls'. A gathering of my city's discontents - the kind who ain't allowed into 'their' University discos. All of us, divided by many things, but united in a fierce realisation of common ground.

And Pursey, up there, veins bulging, neck muscles rigid, thin-frame bevested and weary. Passion, in a strained way. Re-calling half-truthes,



# LIVE SPIES!

with the

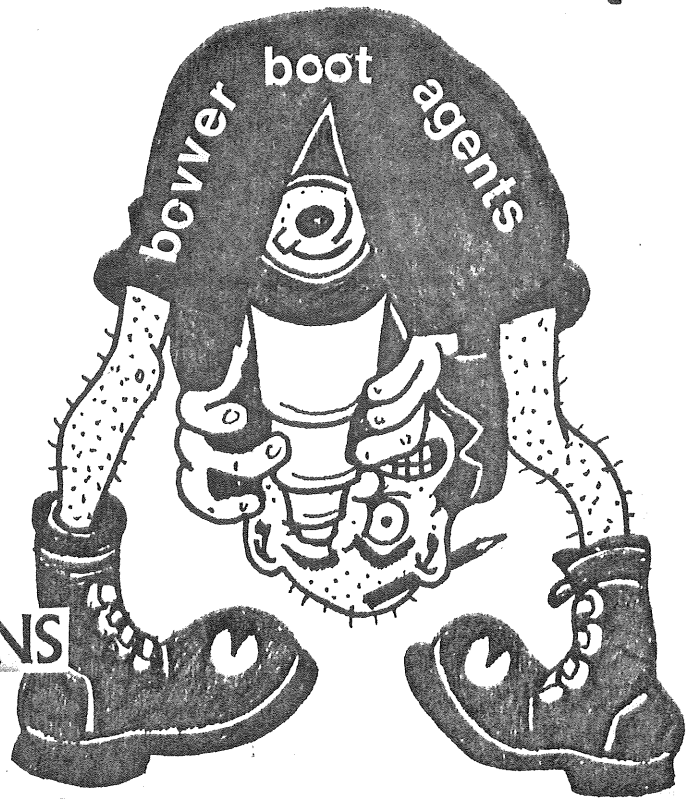


**THE REDSKINS**  
**THE REDSKINS**  
**THE REDSKINS**

**THE REDSKINS**

**QUEEN MARGARET UNION**

**FRIDAY**  
**7th MARCH, 1986**



WE PUSH THE glass door and saunter on through the reception. The assembled students stare and whisper about us. Us being the last remnants of Glasgow and Ayrshire skinhead culture.

Studied pose and a fixed sneer....

"They must be fascists" whispers one to her friend. We smile placidly and head for the bar. We bump into Seething Wells and get him to pose for piccies. He's cute and his feet are rather phallic. Pity his writing's shit these days. We exchange dodgy transvestite puns and send him hunting for non-existent toilets. He's an okay bloke...

We enter the student bar, pushing the horrible little doorman from our path. "But you've got to show your card" he wails. The reformed nazi and token thug from our party, who has a teensy weensy dislike of all things supposedly intellectual, tells him to go quietly about his business. Or words similar, I expect.

We gather at the bar, meeting skins from around Scotland and we shove some dimes in the juke box; Ruts, Clash and Redskins tunes pervade the air. The mood is light and we're getting pissed. It closes at six and we head to the nearest boozier and sink more of Scotland's famed brews.

We arrive back at eight-thirty, after bumping into the Coatbridge contingent and we chat and joke merrily, again getting more booze in. The skins are growing in number and getting more sozzled. A bespectacled student with lank hair starts singing "White Man In Hammersmith" and is immediately howled down. Then we engage him in a discussion on the merits of Sham and his beloved Clash, which he terminates with "too dubious, a bit too near the right" Around twenty heads swivel and stare, he goes to the toilet. But it's all easy, no tension; it's '86 after all and skins have shown we're as cool and collected as any youth cult, so we smile at his suburban tackiness and his "the Clash meant so much" NME-isms.

Then it's on to the heat and bite of the nite. Seething takes the stage and introduces a SWP spokeschap, who immediately faces a hail of glasses, this being due to most SWP types being wet as hell - no lectures please, we're British!

# THE FARM: fresh fruit (in a world of dead veg. popstars)



THE FARM: sweet lads and not a Fila track-suit in sight.....

GLASGOW AND LIVERPOOL have many similarities.....two renowned footie teams, Labour councils (tho' ours is admittedly limp and backsliding in comparison), strong Irish communities and a hefty dose of unemployment. Liverpoolians have, at least, one up on us Jock gits; those scouse bastards have The Farm!

Despite the myth of them being 'casuals', the Farm are a shit-hot beat combo with more bite than most (Potato 5 the exception!), and so in true Bovver Boot 'let's cover a hip band' style, we thought fuck the haircuts, let's go where the action is.....

Pedro (well, Peter actually - but it sounds good!) Hooten, big-gobbed cunt and charismatic crooner, seems to be the man at the forefront; an ex(?) soccer yob, bad-dresser and socialist who runs the world's best fitba' zine, the anti-cockney End, which takes the piss from everybody! Although the mag. deals with soccer, sex, local-boozers and local politics (and in that order!), the band are a more nation wide affair.

I actually discovered them in the local HMV, mingling amongst the usual obscure indie singles and took a quick liking to the clenched-fisted cover (I'm an emotive guy y'know!) and thought aha more angry young people in anti-Thatcher rants! Not knowing what to expect, I got home and slammed it on the turntable..... the stylus crackled, the tension grew, my pulse quickened (oh get on with it you fat prick! - Ed) and I was converted. It was spot-on... neat, tight and a dancer till the finish.

God knows how to describe it, but as I've got to get this zine out, I'll have a stab..... er, a sloshing of nagging two-tone, Dexy's style brass excursions, tingling, funky (babeeee!) guitar, vague hints at northern soul, some Wellerism, a belting rhythm section and.... aw, fuck it - just get it! Trying to describe a majestic slice of non-disco melody to you buggers is hard, so I'll give it the heavy bit now.

Well the title track 'Steps Of Emotion' is my personal fave, hearing it as I did after a lover did spurn me, but Davie (a non-skin workmate) reckons the grooviest is 'Better'. It kicks a bit of ass, he reckons. The dancer in me would willingly boogie to the calypso-ish 'Living For Tomorrow' until me brogues (dead fucking hip, eh?) split. And of course, the old flying picket itch is re-activated by the get-up-and-fight class warisms of 'Power Over Me', which boasts "they only seem so mighty 'cos we are on our knees" (and when we get up, Rupert and porkey, insignificant Bushell, you better run as fast as your little whopping pins'll take you).

And that sums it up really. In the space of five songs, mere pop songs you may squel, the Farm cover so much ground, evoke so much feeling. Do you remember when bands meant more than hair-gel and all year tans? Can you hark back to when music made you feel like loving or (and!) telling the gaffer to fuck-off? Are the Farm that kinda band?

I ain't saying it too loudly, but they just might be.....

# Skinhead Legends: No.1

## KEV (rub-a-dub) McAFFERTY.

There are a helluva lot of bad points in Glaswegian skinhead history, and there are some relatively good ones. Kev McAfferty is one of the most spectacular good 'uns.

In Scottish cropped folklore, he was a legend. The man who started it all really - the ace face of our part of the city. He started his "rub-a-dub" road-show (which consisted of his brother's battered disco-unit and his dad's old northern soul and ska records) in late '78, mixing it with bits of Sham and Clash, and provided a focus point for young skins who had just tuned into the cult after it's export from London, and attracted a fair crowd of locals. Then when Two-Tone erupted, hordes of southside mods, skins and rudies poured in to local pubs and community centres to hear him spin Wilson Pickett, Desmond Dekker, Purple Hearts and the Specials; a magic mixture of old and new!

I'd personally say he was the guy who kept the skinhead culture (and probably the mod one as well) rolling along until '81's terminal decline began. He spoke out against nazism and educated youngsters on what it was all about. Most nights he could pull I50+ at a pub do, but when he played a community centre, where there was no age limit, he had around 300+ sweaty dancers laughing and enjoying themselves.....

Then he joined the army, and it all collapsed. Hair-growing abounded. There was little activity and very few of us kept the faith, most straying into rockabilly or Exploited type punkism. In short, we were left without a heart, something to keep the momentum going. Only the real cultists like myself, Methy, Paul, Geo, Dante, Eck, Hoody, Dingo and a few more stayed loyal to the short-haired cause.

And in '86, when the scene seems to be gradually on the upturn, who should I bump into but the man himself, doing some Crissie shopping in Glasgow. Now living in Scotland's gay capital, Edinburgh, he's married and has two sprogs and is, by his own admission, "loving every minute of it."

So while he was visiting his parents in Glasgow, I decided to get an interview with the Ace-King of South Glasgow's cropped Kulture. It brought a few tears to the eyes, and I hope it gives an account of what it was like in the glory days of Glasgow skinhead.....

Well, here you are, twenty seven years old and married. Do you still remember those old days?

"Could never forget them..... It was great. I dunno, the feeling of being there at the start, of helping guide our kind of kids to, oh, I dunno a sort of... unity? I mean, we had some great times. We were all mates, all together. There were never any fights. I've still got photo-albums full of pictures of those days. Yeah, I'll always remember 'em. Sometimes I take the albums out and stare at 'em for hours, y'know.... sit in the corner and get all sentimental. And the wife thinks I'm a bit mad. She couldn't understand..... she was a fucking Duran fan (laughs). I'd say they really were great days. I don't know what the scene's like now."

Not too good, but then it's only the true ones that are left. That's probably in the best interests of us survivors.....

"Yeah, I know what you mean. Even back then when there was loads of us, you could see the ones that would change as soon as something new happened. I always thought you'd never stick it long. You surprised me, I thought you'd

be a punk or psycobilly now. Y'know, a little fashion kid." Cheers Kev! Thanks a fucking lot.....

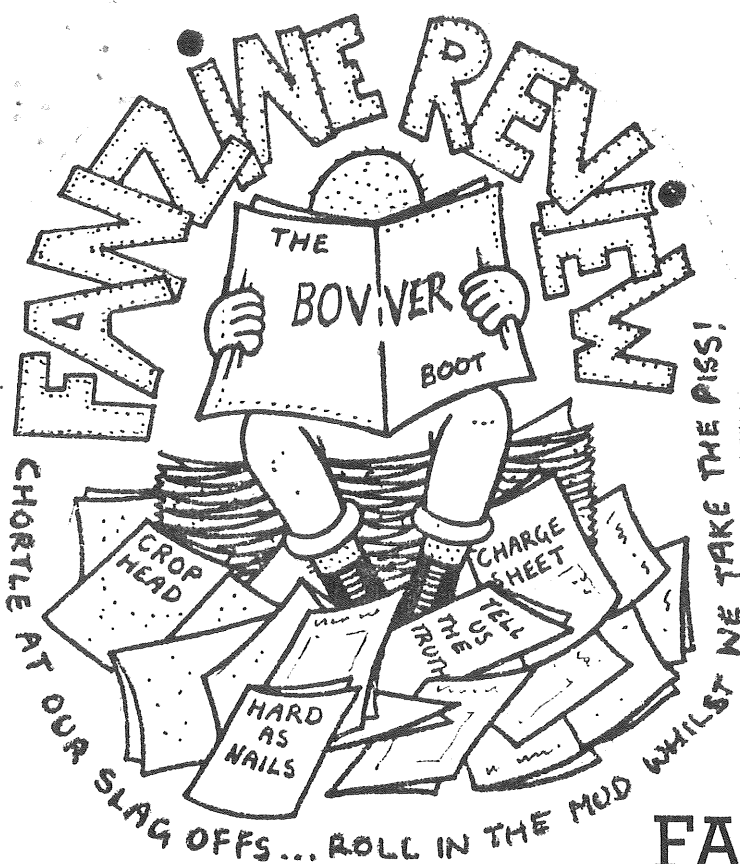
"Now, only joking. You and that guy Hoody, you were always poncing records and being pretty inquisitive about the black music I played, and although you thought you were a hard little nazi, I knew you were interested. Christ, you were about twelve back then. Jesus I'm feeling really ancient." I was thirteen actually, and I soon realised you can't be a nazi and a skin-head. That's called a culture clash..... Anyway, one of the things I always found unique was that your discos brought together loads of mods as well as skins and then rude-boys. Did that please you?

"Of course! I'd say that was my main achievement. At the time, as you know, there was real bad feeling between them, especially in the city centre. But I feel kinda proud that we managed to knock all that rubbish out, when the rest of the city was battling almost daily. In fact if I remember this rightly

the only trouble I ever had was from you, you cunt! You and your mates saying that mods shouldn't be allowed into "skinhead dances." Ha, ha, ha....." Yeah, er, well, I was only a youngster in them days, I've grown up. I reckon I've got more in common with the mods now.....

"Glad to hear it! I was never a mod, but I always respected them. Their ideas were really good. Smart dressing in hard times and all that shit. I see a lot of skins are getting back to the old gear, brogues and Harries and all that! Although there were a few of those big-booted guys outside Virgin this morning. Are they mates?"





THE FAT BOY awoke, his head spinning with mental exhaustion. He gazed around. Everywhere lay fanzines; good ones, bad ones and bloody pits! Now he remembered. He'd been given the Bovver Boot's worst possible job...the fanzine review. Mere mention of it brought a torrent of "sorry, gotta marry me bird" type excuses from all our writers; there was a phobia about reviewing other zines, due to the arse-licking they do when writing to other zine editors! Well, he was a man and not a Skrewdrivel fan, and, thus, had accepted the challenge!

"Don't slagg our mates, but put the boot into them nazi bastards" And democracy and freedom of speech can go and fuck itself then, Ed? Bollocks! As a closet Chargesheet reader, he'd tell the truth, the whole truth and nowt but fabrication. He'd fallen asleep trying to unravel the warped logic of English Rose. Opening a can of Tennants, he decided to try again....

Raking around the copious quantities of xeroxed prose, he plumped (sic) for a zine

## FANZINE MASS MANIA

entitled 'Beyond The...' He snorted in derision. Ha! the rancid remains of a no threat movement. After congratulating himself on that little phrase, he thought it was perhaps a touch unfair; it did have a Red London bit and Uncle Hoxton's piece sparkled somewhat, but who the fuck are Brutal Attack and does any young shaved-head really care? Gis a break pal! Despite ultra-Tory views and crud printing, worth the measly 30p. + s.a.e. Benny asks for (and judging by the quality of writing, it could be that bloke from Crossroads!). And this is probably the best time to print a little expose on Benny....is it true he voted Tory in '83 because they pledged to halt immigration? Ah, who remembers when skins were rebels? Certainly not our Benbo.....

Throwing that Young Conservative newsheet to the box our cat craps in, he picked up CROPHHEAD no.3, a zine very much on our side (whichever side we're on!). Containing a Glasgow Skins article, it brought a tear to the lad's eye. And the rest was tasty as well, tho' mebbe too much oi for this discontented prole. That said, issue 4 was mighty varied and a must, so buy 'em all. Only 40p. each and packed.

As earlier mentioned, the fat one admitted a liking for the rag they called Chargesheet. Okay, it romanticised violence, had a liking for Union Jacks and was fond of the PBO blowhards, but it still made fun reading. The Skrewdrivel article had me bustin' a gut! Is Ian 'Honest I'm only 21' Stewart really serious or just a brainless twat? Ho ho, lowlife...ten against one must be such fun. 'El dodgyo", but if it tickles your patriotic pussy, then ten-bob is not a lot to ask.

At this point the fat man pauses, scratches his plonker and bawls "who the fuck are Indecent Exposure?" as they had been in all three zines. "Ain't that them poxy geezers wot pretend to be cockneys and fantisise about a white England" came the reply from the toilet. Yeah, that's the tossers....

Under the pile marked 'Al Arsewipes', he surveyed the morass; English Rose, England's glory, a few Kraut ones and the pathetic Wonderful World. The people who put the oi into political poison, real Union Jack junk for teenage deadheads. Nearly as bad as the Sun, tho' the Sun can at least spell.....

Then came Croptop, Concrete Jungle and The Suedehead Times. All three muscling in on the skin/suede market and boasting a well varied format, from '69 coolness to menacing oi oi noise. Both Croptop and T.S.T. could eventually be the leaders of the 'sussed SKIN' field, whilst C.J. mops up the dwindling oi front, because all of them avoid politics, unlike the N.F. ones or ourselves. 30p., 50p. and 30p, respectively.

And finally, onto the corkers of the modzines, showing how stylish and organised today's modernist scene is. In The Crowd is an A4 glosszine treat. Features every aspect of the mod street scene and even carries an article by a certain Judge McGinn (who he? - Ed) calling for mod-skin unity. Are we getting there? I fucking hope so! Oozes class, but at a quid it'd need to: a real delight for sixties people trapped in the eighties.

GILFUSURGW SPY KIRIS

Songs? You want frigging songs? We play cracking tunezzzz, we cajole sexual noises from our instruments. Tunezz like (WE HATE) YOUNG CONSERVATIVES!, naughtily dedicated to that bunch of skin pensioners Skrewdrivel, and anuvver crowd fave is LABOUR CONCILLORS HAVE NO WILLIES (STOP THE SELL-OUT)! And there's also GIRO BOP (DO THE) and, if you dare stretch the realms of reality further, there's even SHOTGUN LOONIE KILLS LOCAL COPPER (HAHAHA)! Songs? We bloody well need 'em!

WHAT THE NATIONAL FRONT FANZINES SAY ABOUT US ...

**GIS  
A BEER!**

Beyond The Gluebag.... "Marxist scum, bomb 'em!"

England's Arsehole.... "Communist trash, maim them".

English Pose.... "what is a brain?"(then promptly dies of Evostick overdose).

See, loved by all the world. If you would like more info. or want us to marry yer sister (and brothers - don't forget or token poofter!), or just wanna send jelly-babies,tenners, fags, dead SDP members, herpes-inflicted donkeys, AIDS in a crisp poke or, ahem, more of this fucking drivel, then write to the Bover Boot, who'll try and flog you all their products, but will also pass on your letters, er, well ta ta me friends and comrades.

**SKIN'EAD REGGAE CHARTS!**



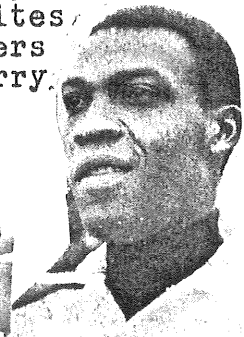
"COR! TAKES ME BACK THIS DOES. USED TO LISTEN TO THIS. GEAR DAHN THE OLE PALAIS. OI, YOU NAZI SLAG, GET THAT RIGHT ARM DOWN, AIN'T YOU GOT NO TASTE? WHAT? C'MERE YOU LITTLE TOE RAG..."

**MCGINN'S FAV. TOONS!**

- 1\*'The Law'-Andy Capp
- 2\*'Guns Of Naverone'-The Skatellites
- 3\*'People Funny Boy'-The Upsetters
- 4\*'Train To Skaville'-The Ethiopians
- 5\*'Bartender'-Laurel Aitken
- 6\*'Spin On Your Head'-Tato 5
- 7\*'Texas Hold-Up'-Prince Buster
- 8\*'El Paso'-Dennis Al Capone
- 9\*'Pied Piper'-Rita Marley
- 10\*'Dick Tracey'-The Skatellites

**LAINIE'S CHOICE!**

- 1\*'Do The Skanga'-Rupie Edwards
- 2\*'Soul Shakedown Party'-The Wailers
- 3\*'Please Don't Bend'-Dessie Dekker
- 4\*'Double-Barrel'-Dave And Ansel
- 5\*'Belle Of Snodland Town'-Judge Dread
- 6\*'Simmer Down'-The Wailin' Wailers
- 7\*'Upsetting Station'-The Upsetters
- 8\*'Confucious'-The Skatellites
- 9\*'Reggae Fever'-The Pioneers
- 10\*'Man From M.I. 5'-Lee Perry.



# III the III

# III Restrictors III

In Geordieland, something stirs, it rises from a long forgotten age, when dance sounds were all the rage...the ghost of Two-Tone re-appears with.....



Cop this! And take it right in: no, revival in '86..... What we will get is a plethora of dance and fun orientated bands, all indulging in footstomping rythms and nonsense lyric chants.

There'll be no new Two Tone, no axis of copyist b(1)ands, and no dredging up half buried corpses.

NO! A million times no! What today's sharp youngsters need are bands who'd like to "make the grade" but couldn't give a toss if they don't. Just playing to people makes it worthwhile. Appreciation is more valid than dirty money. And peppered with the above credentials and loads more besides, are a raucous bunch of jesters who are currently causing a hubub in t'north east, all loosely enrolled in a five-star grin machine, The Restrictors!

Unlike your silly pop cabaret bands, these lads now expect to pull around 300 a gig, and, believe me, the gospel is spreading! Chopped from a seven piece to a fiver, the loose edges have been transformed into a tight, professional tune unit, and a listen to their tape let's you know they are most definitely getting there. Sooner than later!

Roll Call: Boney - vox/sax; Croza - bass; Dins - keyboards; Jacko - guitar; and Laze - drums.

Although influenced by old Dammers and that crew, this motley bunch of ex-punks, mods and trilby touting skinheads, have adjusted the sound so as to get a neat independent ska sound; whereas the Potato 5 and the Silence are more 6ts-ish, the Restricted ones keep that jagged punk edge that made the Specials so, er, special! Laze, who reckons he's the "New Keith Moon" thinks their set shows the influences together. He also says they're "a live band" (all the best ones are) as this is the best way to listen to music. I hate people who just watch T.O.T.P. and say "oh they're alright" and do nowt else. What they should do, is say, - "Shit hot! Let's go see that lot!" Unfortunately he forgets that most people who watch

An' it's a dance craze, mate-I swear it! It knocks ya over, it wipes ya out....it knees yer groin. And when you think it's over, it's back again, stomping over the grave.....

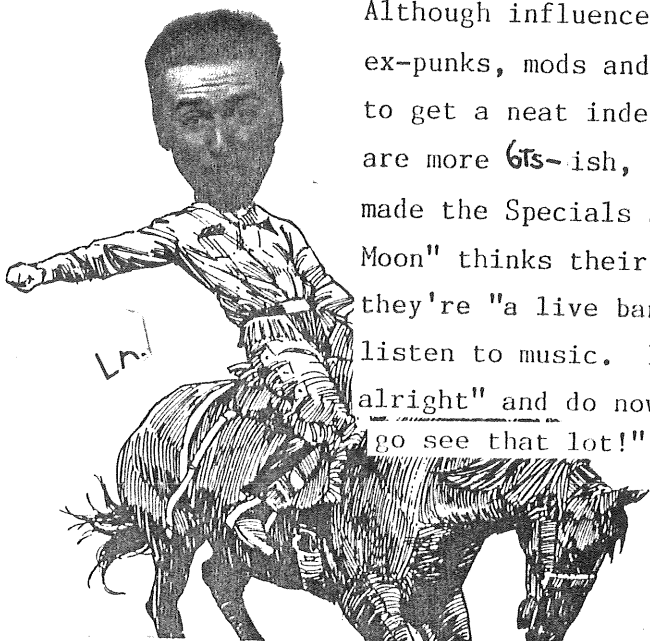
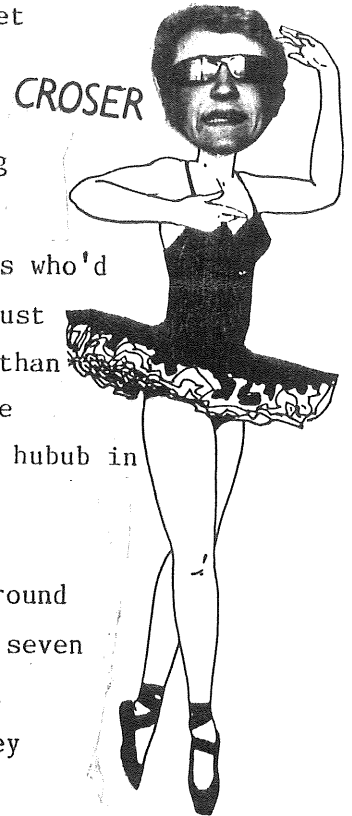


chart-bilge show, are retards, and the programme thrives because the majority of it's watchers are the people described above. Sorry, just a little insight! So what's it all about, Laze, mate? What is there to get uppity-jabbery about? "We're all about having a good laugh, hearing a



Four-track tape available now. £1.00&p+p. Get it. Adress on list.

YEH YEH/ONE UP BAR/I5TH NOV. 1985.

Some of the below scenario is made up, but the main ideas, facts and situation is our response to a section of the music press, sitting in London and thinking the world revolves around their pretty faces. The actual gig took place, and it's for all the lads and lassies who supported the venture, and to the band, who were the best boys I encountered in a long while.....

SEETHING WELLS, GARRY JOHNSTON AND MCGINN REVIEW YEH YEH AT THE ONE UP BAR, GLASGOW.

There we are propping up the bar. All around us the party goes on.....

smart mods, moonstomping skins and wild scooter-boys fill the floor. Drink-handed, we discuss the merits of Blackpool's Yeh Yeh.

"It's a ghetto, innit." says our Gal, ex-skin and 'writer' for Sounds. He also has a big nose.....

"Nah, it's a liberal, racist, out-dated, er, ghetto." adds old Seether, son of a company director, AIDS victim and 'journalist' on the N.M.E. He pulls the leash on his pet ferret (a sign of how working class he is) and sighs....

"Ya what, me old mince pie and trendie-leftie type chap?" replies me, in not-quite - bloody-right cockney spiv slang and middle-class, trendie-left Right On Rodger University posturing!

"Whart abaht yer werking'-class change, an' all that?" intones Seether, who's now drunk eight pints of Whitbread and Ratcatcher (even more proof of how werkin'-class this geezer is!)

"Yeah" moans Gazza, "when's Sade coming on?"

"Knock it on the head, guv!" I tells 'em. You see our Gal and Seefing, they just don't understand; their integrity and 'street-cred.' have been eroded by celebrity parties, free albums and endless supplies of booze. They can't understand the thrill we get in seeing new, gigging bands like Yeh Yeh - while they promise us this great musical revolution, these kids have got off their

arses and organised this event. And they have a pride, although they'd probably laugh it off, in their style and friendship. Meanwhile wankers like Johnston and Wells sit in their offices penning drivel and laughing at us and our bands. But we couldn't give a fuck my dear, as we'll be here next year when those two are still licking record companies arses.

So while our 'professional' pals (one a professional cockney, the other a professional northerner) live in the plastic world., I'll fill you in on Yeh Yeh.....

A four piece who proffer a tight, sharp and hard-edged sound, reminiscent of Purple Hearts, but with more tunes and dance-orientated hooks! A manic bass-man and a well solid back up of guitar, drums and cute (are you turning gay or what McGinn? - Ed.) Ringo on tambourine and backing vox, make them a mighty outfit to see. And see them you should, as they certainly had the Glasgow troops jiggling!

I between signing autographs, staring with amazement at the crowd's dancing and sipping pints, bassist Andy told me it "was well worth the visit" and this seemed the opinion of the whole band, which just proves that these things can be pulled off, and that all can enjoy it.

CONT. ON PAGE



Some of the wild scenes from the One Up bar.....

LET'S CUT through the bullshit shall we? Quite simply the album you should have been waiting for. Did you doubt otherwise? Did you think any other band could have hit so hard, so directly and - let's be honest - in all the right places? In today's 'whopping' Britain, a certain newspaper (and I use the term lightly) tells us that rape is 'horrific' then reveals that a women's fantasy is to be shagged by a 'complete stranger, even a whole football team'. We're told that everything's rosey, that unemployment is not anybody's fault, let alone Mrs T. In fact, we've never had it so good.....

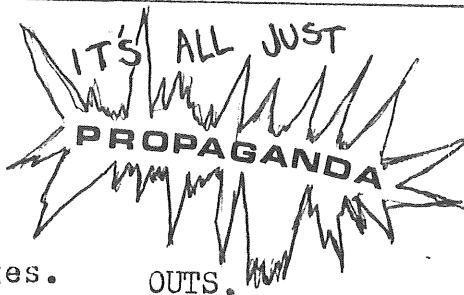
Well, these Redskins people, they just can't see it, and, frankly, neither can I. I ain't had a payrise in two years, yet the boss's daughter is off to Switzerland to finish off her schooling. And jobs are everywhere, it's just you lazy bastards who refuse to take 'em. I mean how can you resist those YTS things? Honest kids, thirty quid goes a long way..... and I'm a tulip-salesman from Albania. It's called democracy, and it's the way we British idiots sit back and ACCEPT!

Not to say the Redskins hold every answer, but it's a sight more encouraging than whining old Joseph Strummer and clapped-out Clash blowing hot-air. This album stands strong, proud and angrily portrays (sometimes inaccurately) the deep sense of disillusionment felt by many at the way this Yankee radar-station we call ole Blighty is going. It's honest, sincere and very open. It lies with you whether you buy it or ignore it, but it's made me more determined to make sure we get those Tory bastards out. And we fucking will..... As Trotsky once said to McGinn (who tried to flog him a zine): "Drinking Tennents and getting pissed is fine, but don't make a career out of it!"

A world is yours for the taking.....

INS

- Going out with protestants.
- Smashing your work's windows at weekends.
- Wanking-off to Lady Di.
- Voting communist.
- Buying Tampons in big department stores.
- Having blackheads on yer nose.
- Wearing suspenders under your trousers.
- Wearing 'Kinnock Is A Baldy Bastard' badges.
- Telling birds you own a scooter.
- Telling birds you are a scooter.
- Buying three rounds in a row.
- Learning to play the saxophone.
- Applying for jobs as bus-drivers.
- Drinking puke.
- Buying kebabs to throw at pensioners.
- Collecting tropical fish.
- Collecting tropical chips.
- Wearing braces back-to-front.
- Being fat and bald.
- Shopping in Oxfam.
- Pissing at the back of the bus.
- Selling your parent's records.
- Pissing from top-flat windows.
- Calling vicars bastards.
- Living with forty-two year olds.
- Sniffing curry powder.
- Beating up your best mate.
- Beating up your bird and her pals.
- Wearing underpants for a month.
- Watching Weekend World.
- Not going to football.
- Pretending to like Thatcher.
- Throwing stones at trains.
- Knocking car radios.
- Wearing ear-muffs.
- Quoting Trotsky.
- Pogoing to Wham.
- Holidaying in Libya
- The film Grease.
- Student-bashing.



**INSIDERS**

- Marrying pakistanis.
- Seal-clubbing.
- Reading Socialist Worker.
- Bashing gays.
- Boasting about sheep-shagging
- Kidding on your a Tamla skin.
- Causing fights on the train.
- Wearing your old man's brogues.
- Having illegitimate kids.
- Buying Oi records.
- Reading palms when your pissed.
- Having mates round for tea.
- Growing sideburns.
- Two-button Fred Perrys.
- Phoning people in London.
- Listening to John Peel.
- Buying 12" singles.
- Dancing in front of the mirror.
- Having wet-dreams about old teachers.
- Working for a living.
- Paying half-fare on the bus.
- Throwing up over your maw's favourite rug.
- Sending hate mail to ex-birds.
- Trying to give yourself a blow-job.
- Listening to other people's advice.
- Telling your work-mates you've got AIDS.
- Tattooing your kneecaps.
- Willy-watching in public toilets.
- Mugging prostitutes.
- Shaving your nose.



# "BATTLE SCARRED" CONDEMNED '84 (OI! RECORDS)

WORLD music storms back shock!!!! Dour faced communists beware! Brainless nazis say goodbye! I reckon all of us have had our fill of 'skinhead politrix' (surely a contradiction in terms if ever!) - right up to our bloody necks. Now, when most let the politics take a backseat and let the music shine thru..... know my sympathies an' I'll keep 'em for the bloody elections, okay! Reason why? Well, Condemned 84 kick shit and that's it really. If I was to be me usual outraged leftie, I'd slag this to death, but I can't, I just can't. It's too good.....

To put it simply, the first release to do Roddy Moreno's OI! label any justice. Even venture to claim it as the best Oi album for three years! Okay, Vicious Rumours may beat it, but it pisses all over owt the Oppressed or Section 5 or even the terminally spineless Index have churned out in the name of 'street music'. It's hot! It's fresh! And most of all, it's uncompromising - no bending to anybody. IT's the sound of young defiance we'll always need - sure ska and soul are ace, but at the end of a shit week, you need that aural aggression injection. That little something hard.....

File under shit inhead rock and roll; 'Survive', 'Teenage Slag', 'Riot Squad' and 'Under H b' - all driven crazily along by Mick's venomous guitar and heightened by K arsome bark. ALIVE!  
Ditch the old tunes and get your writing going and they'll stand so tall that every other Oi band'll look like fucking pygmies! Back 'em all the way... Oh, Tina, Roddy's picked a good 'un!



## THE TRIAL OF SKREWDRIVER

THE TRIAL OF SKREWDRIVER

"Okay, kids - fucking shut it" (hits desk with sledgehammer - it collapses!)

Judge McGinn: "Now, the question is 'are Skrewdriver a good band? Or are they rampant homosexuals with nice sideburns?' (Immediate uproar! Shouts of 'Red scum'/'You Nazi Bastards' and 'Where is the beer, Miss?!' Bottles pelted at the stage. Judge McGinn sits under his desk and opens a six-pack)

(Sixteen Red Action louts manage to keep order)

"Right Mr. Stuart, you are accused of humping rock in order to make it the property of the 'master-race' (More shouts of 'What's that?' / 'Was it the 2.15 at Newmarket?' / 'How much is an entry form?')

(Order is restored by the R.A. faction brandishing birches!)

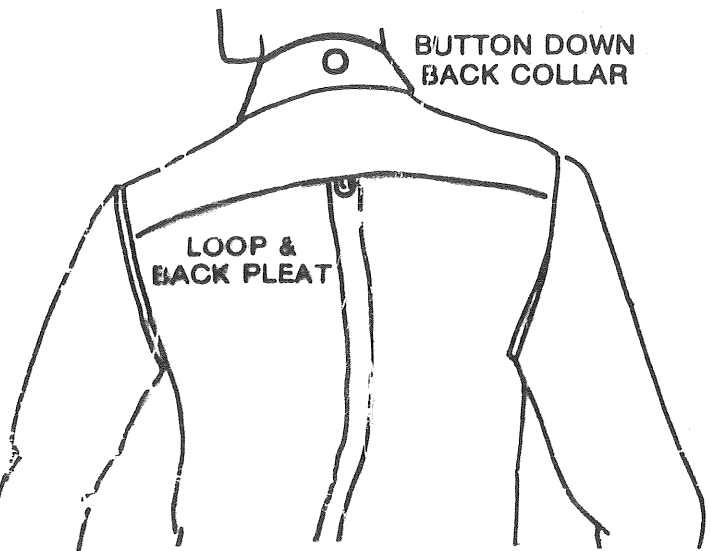
"You claim to be working-class. In one of your songs - I think it's called 'Hail The New Dawn' - you say you 'lead the fight for freedom'. Explain? What is your master-plan? To take over the country on a surge of nationalism, and with your motley band of glued-up baldies, expell anybody who ain't six-foot, blond and musclebound - i.e. yerself and most of the NF" (Huge cheers and some girl shouts: "If my babysham and vodka ain't back on this table in 30 seconds, legs will break")

Judge McGinn continues: Black Gentlewomen (note use of non- biased jury) - have you reached a verdict?"

"We have, your Honour - totally, no doubts about, goddam guilty". (Huge cheers ensue and plenty of burps and farts!)

Then I have no choice but to sentence you to go home and read why we fought World War 2 or mebbe make you take in a Dessie Dekker gig or two - so now piss-off".

(More cheers and mass chants of "Hitler Was A Homo" and the Gonads get up and play a half-song set and everybody then dies of alcohol poisoning!)



60's SKINHEAD  
STYLES.....

BACK IN STYLE!!

LEVI'S  
S-T-A-P-R-E-S-T®



# BRITISH BULLSHIT

(FORMELY 'BRITISH BULLDOG')

## race-hate thug teamed up with

### Madness Leftie

BY OUR POP REPORTER,  
BARRY GUSHELL.



OUR IAN WITH PINKO SCUM SUGGS.....

SKREWDRIVER ROCK-STAR, Ian Stewart - an active member of our party, the B.N.P., has a close friend who is a leftie-style Labour Party member! This shock revelation was discovered when Stewart was trying to write a letter whilst in prison, but found the word "it" a bit hard to spell. A friend asked who usually writes his letters, and Stewart replied, "me mate Suggsy does it for me". Further enquiries revealed that Suggsy - a singer for a struggling ex-ska band - was, in fact, a Labour voter. And it gets worse; Stewart has actually known him for two weeks!

We unveil these shocking facts, so disturbing, which show how Britain is near to being swamped by wogs!

\*Stewart once tapped a fag from Suggsy's best mate!

\*Suggs once gave Stewart ten-pence to buy Evostik!

\*Ian Stewart is a fat twat!

We at British Bulldog are very worried at these revelations.

What kind of country are we bringing up our white kiddies in, when decent, law-abiding Nazi rock-stars are being brainwashed by lunatic communists?

Once again, we must now demand the immediate repatriation of all immigrants, the hanging of catholics, the birching of the unemployed, the nuking of Russia, the shooting of trade-unionists (continued page 199)....

"BACK'S AGAINST THE WALL\*2

Fanzine Extra.....

AS CARDIFF BOASTS a 'sussed' scene unparralled elsewhere in Skinsville U.K., it's only fitting it should boast a pretty darn-tootin' skinzine as well.

Inside it bristles (geddit?) with a mix (or mis-match!) of Oi, northern soul and sixties ska, along with the more controversial "football hooligans" article and the "bovver boys" press-clippings-things which'll cause a bit of debate.

And there's no pseudo-cockney Bushellisms which blighted H.A.N.'s other wise spotless, purrrrrfect 'zine. Ah, King Dud, yer crown awaits ye (but we're still the best leftie 'zine!).....

"TELL US THE TRUTH\*1

*Soul, ska and Laitie B - my dream!!!*

CRIPES, GUV (and all that jazz!)! Never have the NF lot been beaten with so many verbal big sticks! Not for the light-hearted, I assure you, because it takes the stand so many of us don't, yet WE BLOODY SHOULD BE! Race-hate is wrong; it stinks, it's the death-knell of humanity. This is the only skin-zine I've ever seen say it in such simple, basic and brutal terms!

But is dey commies, guv? Not on yer cromptop, pal! Navy boys both, men of arms, defenders of the realm and all that shit! They could hardly be classed as yer average LIMP! WET! SOPPY! LIBERAL! lefties.

Buy this, and you're navigating unchartered waters.....

# NO MONKEY BUSINESS!

ONCE THEY WERE the best. Head, shoulders and beer glass above all the other of bands. They never had the bellicose menace of the early 4 skins, nor the snappy tunes of Infa-Riot, but with their melodic street-buzz, they seemed destined for Sham-style populism. In other words they could cut it. But that was 1982.....

.....Is there a place in the 'new punk' scene for the Business?

Ha! Forget this 'new breed' because every other of band stumbles in comparison to this mob! Listen, we're talking about oi as in NOT singing about union jacks as in NOT about how hard they are and certainly NOT about beating up mods or any other kid who ain't dressed in yar threads.

Okay?

What we are talking about are a band who forewarned you about Toxteth, Tottenham and Brixton - remember? Well let me refresh your memory..... "This generation won't keep quiet - it's work or riot!" They also gave oi one of it's finest tunes, which sneered at middle-class rebels like Chris Dean and Seething Swells; "Suburban Rebels". Then there was raucous "Harry May", backed by the hard-hitting "Employer's Blacklist". This was real oi, a laugh, a say and not the patriotic drival of the Elite etc.

Things then began to blot the Biz's sterling vinyl workouts: rumours abounded that Fitz voted Tory, Bushell penned a few malicious attacks on 'em in Sounds, and they then bottled out of a National Insurance Blacklist Benefit. I started to wonder..... dedicated rebels or plastic ponces?

Well, those days are behind us and in that time I've seen bands who insult my intelligence by telling me they are the "new Rejects/new Upstarts" and so on. Screw 'em, 'cos the Business are back! And they are gonna show you how it's done.

Okay?

"Oi got very stagnant, with much internal bickering" replied Mick to my opener of why they reformed, "so we split. Then Nick Tockzeck (punk promoter) asked us to play a few gigs and we were totally taken aback by the reaction, and decided we must reform." And with a new drummer, "who's incredibly solid" and called Mick Fairbairn, the line-up remains the same as the "Smash The Disco" troopage.

And there's no relying on past glories, as Fitz tells us. "In our opinion the new material has got a lot more bollocks and we're improving all the time." A listen to the new album proves it!

As for the golden cop-out kid ("working class boy made good" - c'mon Han, no working class 'boy' worth his salt would stoop as low as writing for the Sun!) Bushell, does anybody, except his own ego, really take notice of his writing nowadays? Once he was the mouth, now he's the trousers. Besides Fitz says he never voted Tory, that'll do me. Yet, that said, how does he counter claims made by Chris Dean (see issue one) that the Biz copped-out from playing this young Labourite's fave rave, "Blacklist" live?

"Has Chris Dean ever seen us play?" Well, yes, he reviewed you for the N.M.E. favourably as well!!! "if he has, he certainly kept it quiet."

"There are a few gigs where we have'nt played "Blacklist" - reason being is we like to try new material out and so one number has to be dropped, and this occasionally happens to be "Blacklist". We hardly get any hassle at our gigs." he continues in response to the other claim Deam made about the Front intimidating the Biz." Kids that follow us are the best. People have learned that they must be reasonably well-behaved (unless provoked) or the venues get shut, therefore fucking it up for other bands.

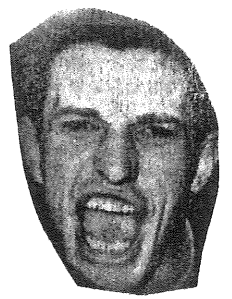
Which leaves only two things to say. First, welcome back boys and kick the sand in their faces, and secondly, the boys with the best tunes are home to roost, so Punishment Block and Oi records be warned, your cheapo, sub-jects wares are gonna be laughed at by hordes of Business buying skins. It can be done.

Okay!!!!

Incidentally, there are still a few clubs that won't touch us with a bargepole, e.g. the Marquee in London."

You must have memories of old oi days, when it was about youth pride and not teenage losers?

"I think some of the fondest are from Skunk - it was great, boneheads and punx everywhere. A little of the early days of the Roxy and the Vortex. Great!" So what's on the horizon? The new album and I2" are out, and gigs are being lined up for all over Britain and mebbe they'll try and sort out their distribution as their stuff is hellish to get in Glasgow.





# 'And It Only Seems Like Yesterday....'

FUMBLING TEENAGE sex, snazzy clothes and dwindling, long hot nights. Hey kids, It's mid summer '81 and I was outta school for six whole weeks. I was on heat and I was on speed, but that's another tale..... Brixton was burning on last nights T.V. football was boring, the chicks were looking lovelier and short-hair was hip again.

I'd longed for that summer, dreamt of it in the cold winter evenings, worrying it'd never live up to expectations; worried I'd not be able to loiter in the park, not be able to parade my street-cred in the town. Posing, elite, but not a fashion dog. No! Too cool for that, I had me look and I knew it was the best, my everyday religion, adhering to it strictly no-trend following here, that was a big zero. Shallow. Dull. LIFELESS! When it's two months were up, you were a pathetic worthless sight.

Nah, skinhead was the shooting range—where it was at. The new austerity, the butch look revived and spick 'n' spanned. After a dead Sham, and a fading two-tone it was back, less reliant on music, more a way of life than ever. And if you don't believe me, ask those who were there! The perfect summer cult, adaptable and razor fine. No fraying threads on this young no-hair.....

A blaring, scratched anthem resounds from our battered Sony, boogie queen Martha's "Heatwave" (and, oh sis' it was!) ..... so hip, so damned cult, so bloody summer! We saunter thru' the city-centre, half dancing, half gangster walk, young and wallowing in it, the sun dying but still light. Four blokes and two fem. Skin Gals, our kind of ladies; foxy and tough and tender. We joke, carry on, flaunting our confidence and full of eternal fun. The two bona-fide couples stop every now and then for a kiss and a cuddle. The other two of us content to practise our menacing stares at a couple of straights. And 'nutty James' produces a bottle of finest Russki vodka from his cardy, whilst Janice slips him the necessary bottle of Irn Bur (we may be hard, but fuck drinking Smirnoff STRAIGHT!).

"It's like a heatwave" hollers Martha and we rewind and play again, gotta savour it with a bit o' the liquid inside ya. We slowly get blotto, enjoying every gulp. We try to enter a few boozers and stumble across the same petty prejudice in one and all. NO ENTRY FOR SKINHEADS. Short-hairs a helluva conversation killer! Or so it goes down central Glasgow.....

But uncle Desmond D soon lifts the veneer of gloom and all six of us dance six different, crazy dances, daring the traffic to have a pop at us, altho' Jamie and his new bottle of voddie stay firmly on the pavement. We choke with laughter as we drunkenly skank, Dessie all the while breezing in with "Piickneee Gaaal" We smile for smilings sake.

Alas, however, here comes the party-poopers, P.C. Bastard and Inspector Nothing-Else-To-Do-But-Harras-Drunken-Skins. We'd love to nut 'em and run into the night shouting of our victory, but we're shitting it, cos one word outta line and they'd have us, trumped up charges and all. We calm it, decide to leave the bait and respond with polite yeps and nos.....

# HEY, HEY, WE'RE THE CONDEMNED!! (AND WE PLAY OI!)

NEVER LET IT be said that this fat and delightfully pleasant skinhead didn't do his utmost for the Glasgow skinhead scene. And to back that up, we, in our unquestionable wisdom, bring you this city's premier Oi band, The Condemned.

Glasgow may not have the thriving baldie activities it once boasted, but isolated handfuls of us persist on treading the worn path, with bands like the Condemned giving us inspiration to keep the faith.

That said, however, they are not without criticism; I for one (and there are others who agree) think that the sight of a Scot's skin band playing Skrewdrivers "English Rose" is an awful sight, which stains their otherwise sterling credentials. That, though, is more down to my traditional Scots nationalist (we hate the fuckin' sassenachs!) machismo than any political wariness (but, yes, I'm still a leftie-tee hee!). That minor quibble should be solved when they break nationwide and have less need to rely on covers.

Three reasons for Condemned coverage in this fucking immaculate 'zine also are a) Pat, the bassist, is a devoted Celtic fan, as am I, b) they're all uglier than me, and most importantly, c) their brand of tough Glaswegian Oi has impressed me on the three occasions I've managed to sample 'em live.

Reasons a) and b) would normally be enough to guarantee glowing praise, but we'll concentrate on c), because the music's where it's at, kids! Right on!

First, though, a line-up check: Wullie - drums, Malky - guitar, Ricky - grunts and groans and young Patrick - bass. They've been around since '81, but have never seemed to find the push to split from Glasgow obscurity (and infamy!) to nationwide acceptance, but, hopefully, with Roddy "send me a demo!" Moreno taking an interest that should change. Which is only right, as having been around for so long, they've managed to get a mature set in order and their playing is pretty tight. They're hoping for a track on Rodney's latest album, entitled "Skins" some more vinyl will

Politically, (and matters if you're a skinhead band!), they align themselves with Wullie so eloquently puts it; "we play to people into the same things as us and generally bring them all under the one banner, the socialist, or communist or any other. And if you doubt that their audience is well mixed, the last gig ended by NF skins, for instance was attended by our Trojan crew, and even some scooterboys raving red lie to ya? Now, would yer fave prefer 'em to do more rather than surefire the Rejects/Upstarts gigs this will happen.



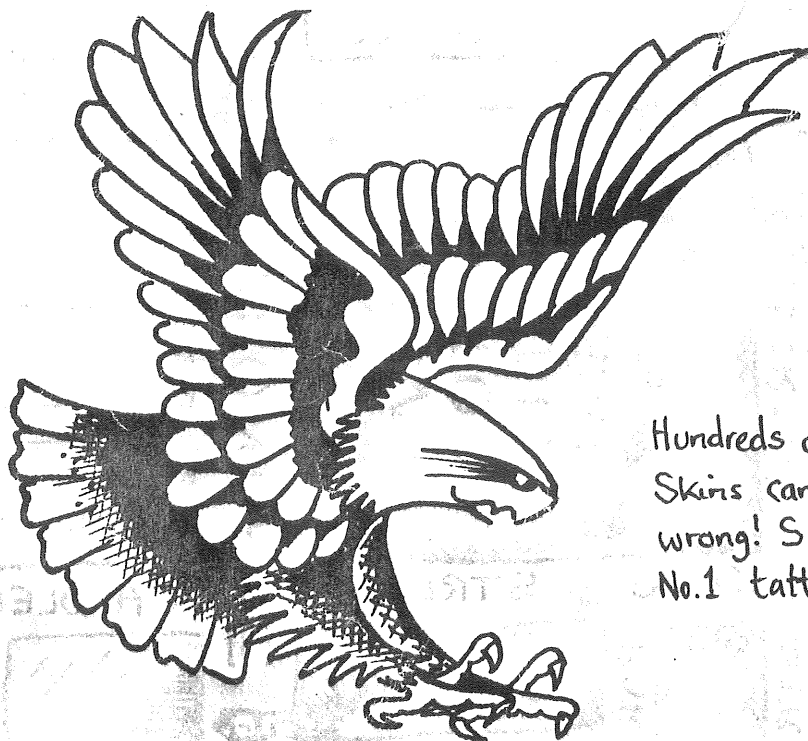
it always comes into parties. Or as puts it; "we play to things as us and generally bring them all under the one banner, the socialist, or communist or any other. And if you doubt that mixed, the last gig ended by NF skins, even some scooterboys raving red lie to ya? prefer 'em to do more rather than surefire the Rejects/Upstarts gigs this will happen.

Wullie describes the music as akin to "getting pissed and waking up the next morning and trying to remember what you done the night before" Bollocks! Don't sell yourselves short - the music is hard, fast and louting with teenage aggression, that good Oi music is about! Despite covering Skrewdriver, the political lyric is never attempted, preferring as they do to keep it all about fun.

What more can I say? Personally, I'll be back to see 'em again, but if they dedicate "Too Fat To Dance" to me, I'll never speak to the bastards again!

There you have it, Glasgow Oi staggers drunkenly back and prick-up yer ears and enjoy, but you will, 'cos have I sold you a duff 'un yet.....

CHUMBAWUMBA - "REVOLUTION" E.P. The first wanker to shout hippy can piss-off! For too long anarchist bands have been stigmatised due to Crass' cop-out philosophy, but sorry to piss in your cosy 'street-life' fantasy world, this record is brilliant. It's caring stance looms far beyond what we've come to expect from the anarcho-pacifist scene. At times, it does reek of squat mouthings, yet only because these people do live it like that. Verve and vision are too lacking in Brit punk and this balances the scale. I defy your heart not to feel positive and optimistic after hearing this. Haunting voices do not need to belong to gothics to be convincing. Buy this and know why and how REAL change can be achieved.....



Hundreds of Glasgow  
Skins can't be  
wrong! Scotland's  
No.1 tattooist.....

# TERRY'S NEW TATTOO STUDIO

**23 CHISHOLM ST.**  
(OFF THE TRONGATE AT GLASGOW CROSS)

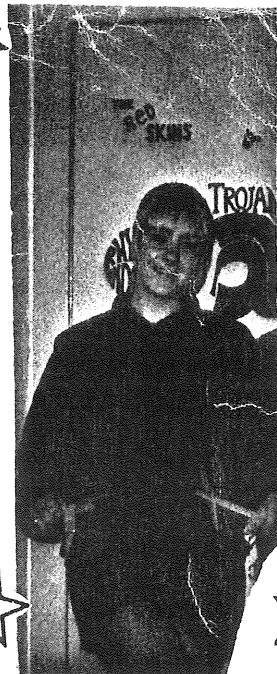
# GLASGOW

ARTISTIC TATTOOING - HIGHEST QUALITY.



ANYONE Got a video of the Two-Tone film DANCE CRAZE? I dunno if there ever was a vid. made, tho' I've never heard of one for sale... I'M willing to pay through the nose and I mean that sincerely oh wunnerful readership! So any buggger with one drop me a line.

SKIN  
GIRLS



ARE  
GO!

AT LAST, YOU SAY, a bit of sexism in our pristine rag! Not-a-blood y-tall! Do you want me to lose my Labour Party membership? Jeez, you lot are so nasty to liddle ol' me! But enough! Featured here is da cutest chic I've e ever set eyes on and that's got buggger all to do with her being Lainie-my bird!

Yesterdays Heroes  
Putt You Through  
Self Respect  
i'm Civilised  
Revenge  
No Way In  
Mortgage Mentality(Live)

I Wanna be a Star  
For the Love of Oi  
Heat of the Street  
Crazy  
Hungry Gun  
Framed

SIDE ONE  
4-SKINS(Hodges)  
VICIOUS RUMOURS  
SKIN DEEP  
MENACE  
RENEGADE  
CONDEMNED 84  
THE BUSINESS

SIDE TWO  
COCKNEY REJECTS  
SECTION 5  
MAGNIFICENT  
ACCIDENT  
THE STRIKE  
CARE

OIL - THE RESURRECTION

