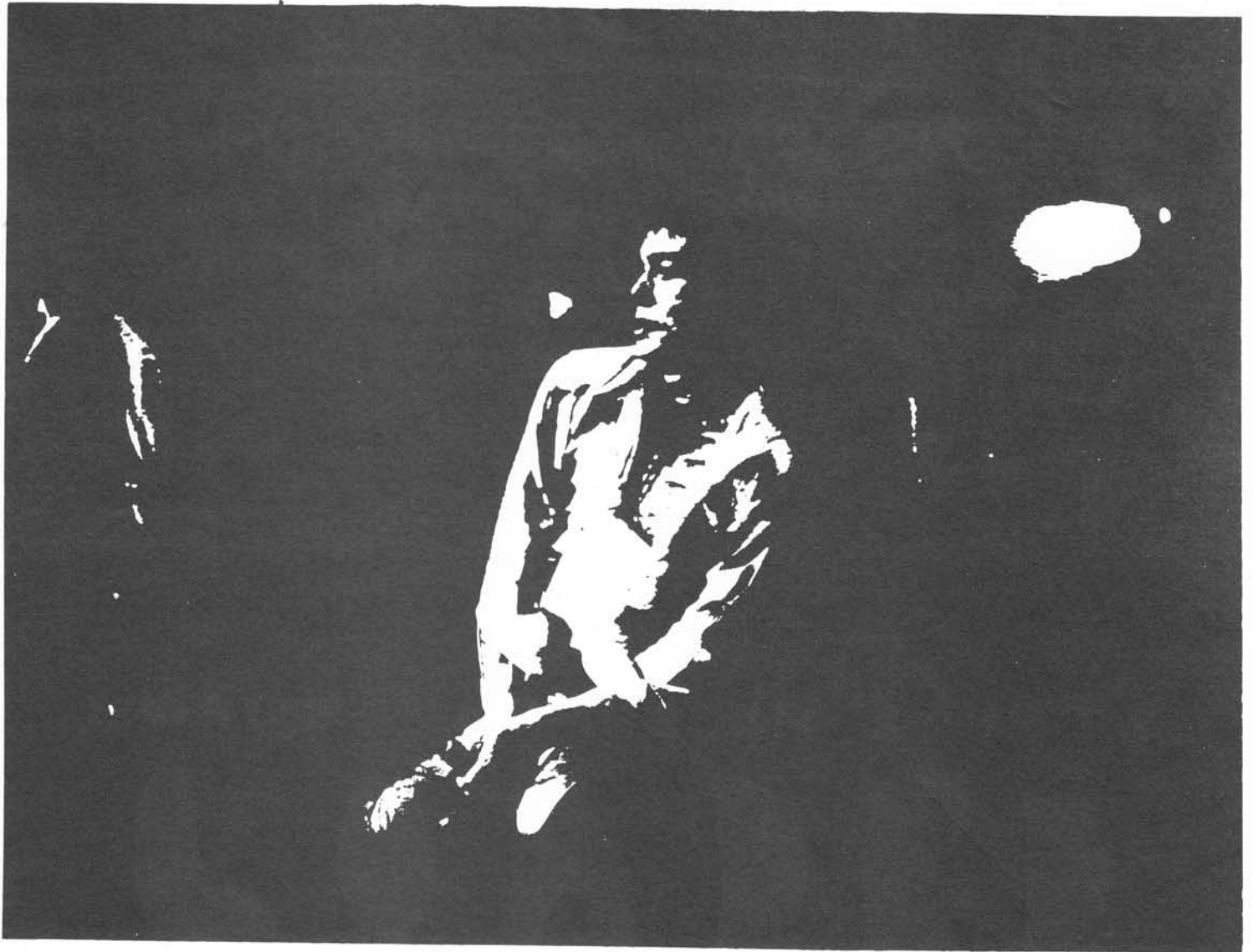


LOADED COMES IN SPURTS

LOADED

20 pence

SEVEN



INSIDE: 'HEROES FOR EVERYONE' -
IGGY, THUNDERS, ELVIS.

FOR ALL YOU BOYS WHO DANCE
WITHOUT MOVING

OH, ITS WONDERFUL TO
BE YOUNG, GOOD LOOKING,
AND SPOTFREE!

Are you a new reader or have you suffered before? Who ever you are, thanx for buying the seventh coming of the Low Dead.

There have been some good gigs since the last issue, notably the SUBWAY SECT show at Barton Hill and the IGGY POP extravaganza at the Colston Hole - 2 of the best gigs I've ever witnessed. Reports are to be found elsewhere, along with a Heartbreakers thing on their Bristol debut. This gig in fact met with a mixed reaction from the floating staff of Lou Did (Bristol's best selling spelling mistake) David Housham did'nt dig it as much as I did, but never mind. Incidentally DH will be absent for a couple of issues after this one as he's off to get some 'further education' at Oxford or somewhere. So I'm looking for guest writers to help with the singles reviews, (always out of date, but always a good read!) therefore if you're an out-of-work star, why not get in touch with regard to helping out.

I saw the PIRATES the other week and I enjoyed them very much, there was a nice atmosphere at Bower Ashton A*ts C*ll*ge, but those Art Students are so ~~rough~~ vicious - I was born with a growl on my lipstick (YAWN) I love 'em really. Anyway, that's about it - READ FORTH.

Oh Yeah, this issue is dedicated to Anita Evans, who is definately not a fart!



☆ ELVIS ☆

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All photos in this ish
by me!! (chuffed)

Thanx to:

Steve and Simon for developing, David Housham and Andy Paradise for contributions, Forever People for support, Clobber and Rival for being nice shops. Eno, Iggy, Talking Heads, Gen X, Subway Sect, Pop Group, John Otway, Buzzcocks, Richard Hell, and Blondie for music.

TRUE BOYS DANCE WITHOUT MOVING
what do you "STUDENTS"
Thank?

LETTERS PLEASE TO:

TIM LOADED,
FOREVER PEOPLE,
11, THE PROMENADE,
GLOUCESTER ROAD,
BRISTOL

SUBWAY SECT

THE FUTURE OF CLASSICAL MUSIC

The Sect played their second ever Bristol gig at Barton Hill Youth Centre, and they were astounding.

The evening opened with a pretty good set from the MEDIA, and continued with a pretty good set from the PRIMATES. Then both bands joined forces for a rendition of 'Anarchy in the UK', blame the Pistols OK- you know the scene, very hum-drum.

The atmosphere in the club was not particularly good, not improved by the presence of Bristol's own Punk Police Force who prowled the stage throughout the night armed with hammers, cricket wickets and spanners- you know the scene, very hum-drum.

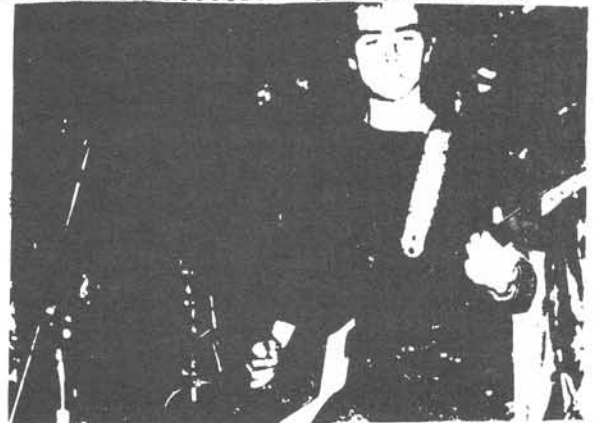
What did the pogoing hoards expect from the SUBWAY SECT, who are probably the most interesting group in the country today. I think they expected something like the Lurkers, but not so good of course. The Sect are now on stage, Paul Myers on bass, Robert Symmons on guitar, and Victor Godard on vocals. There is also an out-of-place looking drummer with long golden luscious glory, who I take it is only a temp. "Everyone's a prostitute, and nobody cares" states Vic, and then they start. A sound, controlled mayhem. A voice, lyrics that read like a page from a book- any page, any book. His voice is unique, flat, deflated, cutting the air. They've improved somewhat, as the key he's singing in is quite near to the one the group are playing in. He knows all the words, but he does'nt know what song comes next, because

he has'nt got 'a list'. "This is for everyone who likes rock n roll, 'cause its a load of fucking shit!" The Sect amaze, they don't play rock because they HATE it, really despise it- they play Subway Sect for me and a few others. 'Eastern European' is incredible, it later reoccurred as an encore. Vic stares into the audiences world, he points, gestures, rubs his eye out and stares you out with the last one.

The Punk Rockers are loving them now, perhaps not as much as they loved the Prémates, but I don't care. A co-organiser squeezes thru the side stage non-paying masses to announce over Robert's mike, the world shattering news that last orders are now being taken at the bar. Vic looks amused, "You don't drink do ya?". The microphones go into the crowd a million times, everyones voice is heard. "guitars are unimportant". Vic Godard is led on his back, he's dead like the city outside, or just sleeping. Another co-organiser has talked him into making an announcement advertising a 'Punk Rock Disco'- sarcasm rules OK. Vic thinks its shij anyway, I died.

The pogoers near the ceiling. VG crouches then jumps, he's in there with them- he's theirs. ..Twas not a flamboyant dive Iggy style, but a friendly jump- more stopping a fight than starting one. His vocals did'nt falter once, and he was lost from sight for five minutes. Three microphones had disappeared already into that mass- roadies looked worried. Vic remerged, a fight occurred on stage (hum-drum). A steward' hurled a cricket wicket high into the scaffolding, it twisted then hurtled downwards - it hit Vic in the face. He half fell, half jumped into the mass again, I don't know whether he was hurt. He did'nt seem to be, back on stage and they're gone.

Christ, that was incredible - Subway Sect are fantastic. If you missed them kick yourself- hard. They are originals. The Pistol's favourite band? Try and get away from Bernie though chaps, while there's still time. They ain't slick or polished. The sound of the Westway sounds sweet compared to the sound of the Subway. The best group performance I have ever seen, I'm sure at least nine others felt the same.... You know the scene?



UH-OH THE SINGLES COME

TO TOWN

WAYNE KRAMER:RAMBLIN ROSE/GET SOME:Nobody seems to know when or where this was recorded. The A side is an unextraordinary version of a song(not improved either by some painfully squeaked Kramer vocals)which sounds more powerful on "Kick out the Jams"."Get Some" penned by Kramer and the famous Mick Farout (How do you like the bondage and beatings then Julie?)is better but not much.Kramer gets out of prison next year,so let's hope Father Christmas brings him some stronger inspiration than this.

999:I'M ALIVE/QUITE DISAPPOINTING:"Labritain uses only recycled vinyl" is scratched on the run-off.999 use only recycled riffs says critic.This is unimaginative but still pretty superior noisy punk pop.999 are however far too much like Generation X,the Clash etc. to make you think they'll be able to survive the coming of that inevitable day when punk will be passe.No Clash,Ramones or Sex Pistols in 1978?

WRECKLESS ERIC:WHOLE WIDE WORLD/SEMAPHORE SIGNALS:"World" is a superb song and Eric's singing,ranging from dopey whimpering to grated vocal chords bellowing,really make it."Semaphore" is good too,another ...um individual tune with Ian Dury on simplistic drums and Eric on shades of Edgar Broughton guitar.Now if Eric looked like Graham Parker he could be a real star.

IAN DURY:SEX AND DRUGS AND ROCK N ROLL/RAZZLE IN MY POCKET:Ian Dury,the Noel Coward of Punk Rock and ten times better than his cult reputation is right back on form."Sex" is stylish seedy middleaged degenerate disco funk with a delicious piano sole."Razzle" on the other hand is a nudge nudge,Listen with Uncle Ian as he goes nickin' in a Romford porno shop,modern moral tale- be discreet when you're shoplifting eh kids? Some nice Nick Lowe guitar.You must but the album.

GENERATION X:YOUR GENERATION/DAY BY DAY: Like the Jam,this is a band built to last and like the Jam,Generation X have a prominently displayed 60's consciousness - obviously John Lennon(and the Beatles) in their case.That "Your Generation" is one of their lesser compositions says alot for Billy Idol and Tony James writing abilities.I prefer the breathless "Day by Day"-bright clean Phil Wainman production.You know your little sister would be safe with these boys.

JOHN CALE:ANIMAL JUSTICE:Even as a rabid Cale devotee I must admit that Side 1 is a little disappointing."chicken Shit" is a weak song in the Welshman's unparelled style of heavy metal thats the aural equivelant to the crashing pshyctic stumbling of a Dr. Who monster after an unsuccessful brain transplant."Memphis" basically fails where "Heartbreak Hotel"worked and Berry's songs don't lend themselves to unusual translation anyway."Hedda Gabbler" though is very fine indeed,a slow ballad,angry melancholic gloomily atmospheric in the same baroque vien as his "Paris 1919" material.The best choice for a single would have been another new song,the bouncy poppish "Jack the Ripper in the Moulin Rouge" which he featured on his last tour.Hope it turns up on the album.

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS:WHERE HAVE ALL THE BOOTBOYS GONE/YOU'RE A BORE:S-o-o-o much better than "Cranked up really High".In my experience it always rains in Manchester and this record is only just saved from terminal sogginess by some very forceful guitar.Do you remember crombies?Are Slaughter and the Dogs the new Slade?..Actually they all joined the Police Force.

THE STRANGLERS:NO MORE HEROES/IN THE SHADOWS: "In the Shadows" was a spontaneous in-the-studio experiment and it shows."Heroes" is one of the best tracks from the album.Bound to be in the charts by the time you read this.Sixty five% of what the Stranglers do is utter crap,but the remainder is great.

THE CLASH:COMPLETE CONTROL/CITY OF THE DEAD: I really want that the Clash should fulfill their potential(Strummer has some genuine talent beneath it all)but there's no escaping the fact that this is pathetic.Two pedestrian songs,one ridiculously incongruous saxophone and some stupid lyrics.If they are unhappy with CBS they should leave and/or get themselves thrown off the label.Instead of being an anarchic declaration of independence,it simply reeks of compromise.While they increasingly add to their huge pile of hypocritical double-standards,the Clash will never successfully combine music and politics.They've got more control over the Muppets than over CBS and Bernie,of course has got his hand up everybody's jumper. CONT...



THE
NOEL COWARD
OF
PUNK ROCK

UH-OH SINGLES CONTINUED

THE ALBERTOS: SNUFF ROCK: In which the Damned, the Pistols and Reggae get theirs. And there's twice as much inventive energy and drive in "Kill" and "Gobbing on Life" than there is in "Complete Control". You know there must be something wrong when the Albertos supremely incisive humour seems less like a parody than the stuff played by most of the new punk bands around at the moment.

THE DWIGHT TWILLEY BAND: TRYING TO FIND MY BABY/ROCK AND ROLL 47: As Tom Petty is to Roger McGuinn so Dwight Twilley is to John Lennon (wot again?). Twilley plagiarises though, with more élan than Petty and writes even catchier melodies. The balance between guitar and piano here, the harmonies, the touch of tambourine, the horn arrangement in "Rock and Roll 47", everything is tastefully moulded into shape, like only the most exquisite 60's pop used to sound.

HOLD THE FRONT PAGE.....SINGLE OF THE MONTH.....PHEW WHAT A SCORCHER.....ETC.....ETC.....

TALKING HEADS: UH-OH LOVE COMES TO TOWN/I WISH YOU WOULD'NT SAY THAT: Another amazing 45. The Heads are a hundred creative aeons in front of the rest of the new wave thingummy, Anglo and American. Although it's not a new artistic device, they handle the inventive-juxtaposition-of-disparate-sounds trick with considerably more commercial skill than has been managed before. Above the mid-pace bopping beat they mesh weezy organ and Caribbean-type steel drums sounds to great effect and with gathering emotional momentum the tune climaxes beautifully. "I wish you would'nt say that" features speedily understated vibraphone helping Chris Frantz's immaculately insistent drumming to propell the tempo along as David Byrne's mutated opera prima donna vocals build and bring the song to a frantic finish where it suddenly bursts like an over-inflated balloon.

ALL SINGLE REVIEWS BY DAVID HOUSHAM.

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IGGY POP



On the bus, going to work and I feel ill. Yeah I work, did'nt you know that you need A levels to be on the dole these days. God I feel sick, should'nt have got so pissed last night. I think the bus driver belongs to the temperance league and he's purposely hitting every bump just to spite me. What did I do last night besides get pissed, I achieved a life's ambition—I saw him. He came to town for the first time and I saw him. Iggy.

It was at the Colston Hall, a shit hole. The Adverts played first, They've improved immensley, it was an enjoyable set. The songs are good and their presentation is still stark and very 'Punk'. But what can we do about poor old TV, he still comes over as the world's biggest asshole. Adverts finish, I wander about. "Hi, I'm John from London and I ain't gonna miss one Iggy gig". "Hi, my name's Riva, I flew in from Seattle yesterday, I love Iggy". Everyone loves him.

I got back to my seat, the band are on stage. Mr. Scotty Thurston on vocals, guitar, piano and harmonica. The Brother Sales famous rhythm section, featuring Hunt on drums, and Tony on bass. Then theres the straight of the band, Stacey Heydon on guitar.

Before I knew what was happening Iggy was on stage, and he looked great. One black shoe one white, knee pads and ink-stained torso. He is shorter than I thought he'd be. Iggy. He's got like Swastika's painted on his face, and somehow his make-up found its way on to my forehead... You could never be scared of him, you want to protect him from the world, preserve him. Lust for Life, better than Death baby. Iguana: a lizard found in the tropical new world. He's a reptile. Moving parts.

It's all new stuff tonight and it was fun all the way. Suddenly 'Raw Power', it describes Iggy perfectly, a ball of fire, acrobatic, agile, a born hero.

It was somrthing I'll never forget, one of life's legends and I stood with him.

Took hours to get him back for an encore, but he came back and there was fame for everyone, then 'I wanna be your dog'. I remember it all. Good dreams fade from memory, I hope last night never does. I remember Iggy in his leather jacket and German helmet, Iggy carried on stage in a sack, Iggy licking the floor, spewing beer and assulting a minor on stage. Why can't I be like that? (cause I ain't Iggy)

That CH place was packed man, it was one of those nights you just did'nt wanna leave—break the atmosphere. Iggy had long gone, with his bodyguards back to his hotel, and there we all were, hanging out in the foyer—happy. "Don't you dare wipe that shit from my face!"... I wonder where he is now?, its raining in Bristol. Fares please.

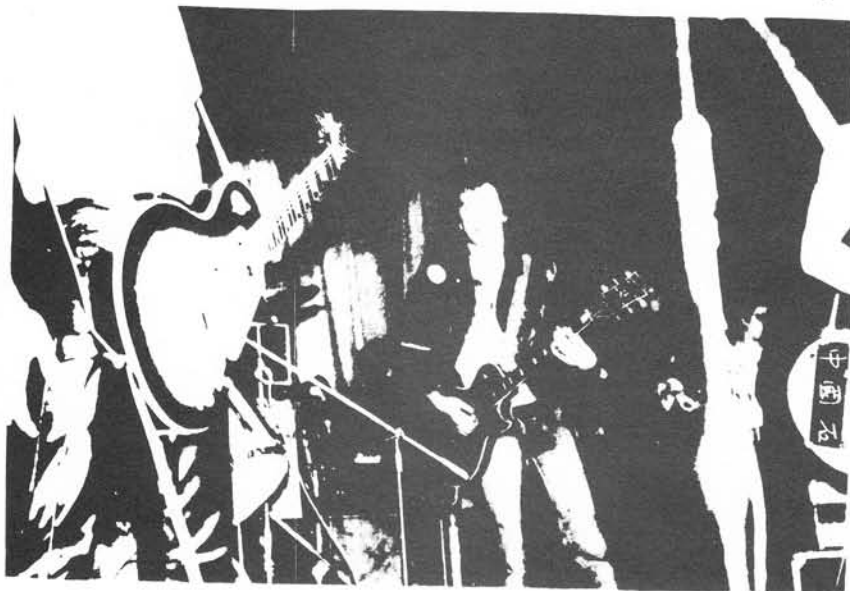


HERO

1991

ROCK 'n' ROLL '77 wid da HEARTBREAKERS

+ surprise guests



guys out-to no response, save for more beer mugs. "Why don't some a you cunts come up here and try that. In New York City people don't have to hide in the dark to show what they feel, but I guess this ain't New York City." The assault continues.

The band play "Chinese Rocks", "All By Myself", "Let Go", "I Love you", "Born to Lose", "Pirate Love", and they all sound great. The next unsurprising surprise is the appearance of, to quote JT., "My main man, Sex Pistol number two—Steve Jones. Some wankers are shouting for 'Anarchy'—pathetic. They do "Do you love me", then the Monkees "Steppin' Stone", which of course

Sorry Johnny. It would've been better had it not been in a college hall.

The audience at the Heartbreakers first ever Bristol gig were a bunch of shits. I Hate universities, I hate students, I hate stupid little Punk rockers, I hate hippies dressed as Punks, I hate little girls who shout for 'Jet Boy' because Johnny Thunders was in the New York Dolls, I hate little boys who shout for 'Anarchy' because Paul Cook is on drums, I hate people who spit at bands because they think its the thing to do, I hate football, I hate turds who through plastic mugs at bands, I hate the bastard who hit me on the back of the head with one. I hated the audience at the Heartbreakers gig and I'm embarrassed for Bristol, ashamed even.

Well thats got that off my chest. Things started with Lee Black Childers on stage, looking cool and announcing some surprises to come, but by then everybody knew what was in store. The Pop group played another impeccable(?) set, criminally billed beneath the Models, but being compared to dross like that fellas can only do you good. You have to come to the eventual conclusion that the Cortinas are the only good group Step Forward have signed. The Models do the same song eleven times, with differant words, and they strike up pretty heavy Punk poses as wall—They would be suited to the Roxy album.

OK, so now its Heartbreaker time. Johnny Thunders swaggers (who said minced?) on stage and confirms the by then, foregone conclusion that Needles Nolan had left the band— Paul Cook is to sit in on drums. Johnny does'nt rate the shower of beer mugs coming his way and he immediately calls the

Steve and Paul had no trouble on. They quit the stage, they come back, its an incredible show but to me it seems that the Models got a better reception. Meanwhile Johnny Thunders is back on stage. "Look we'll play for you all night if you call those cunts out" — referring to the mug throwers. We get a great version of 'Pills'. Walter Lure and Billy Rath are something else, I love this band. Johnny Thunders is rock and roll. The face, the hips, the body and soul—Rock rebellion personified, you were all to blind to see it.

A Teddy boy crowd would've loved the Heartbreakers set, and then Levi, a Ted was on stage and announcing that T-E-D means P-U-N-K, he sung 'Sweet little rock 'n' roller'—You got it— Johnny Thunders, Paul Cook, Billy Rath, Levi the Ted, Walter Lure and Steve Jones — live in Bristol, and the audience fucked it up.

Sorry again John, if you ever get the inclination to visit us again—make sure you come to one of our dives, 'cause we ain't all bad.



LOCAL NEWS HEADLINES ?

MEDIA

START

One Bristol group I really like is the Media. I know a few people who don't share my enthusiasm, but that's their loss. Whatever you think, Media have got a sound of their own. They are currently at a transitional period in their development. Russ Evans, their drummer is replaced by Thos, a 23 year old Welshman whose obvious skill and technic brings the Media the percussive rhythmic foundation every band needs if its to make worthwhile music. The rest of the band is Mike Stand - vocals, Nick Croucher - guitar, Rachel Morgan - bass, and Embrane - keyboards. They were all present at the following interview, although I can't determine who actually said what, but I think Nick, with support from Bob (Mike Stand), was the main spokesperson.

INTERVIEW

LOADED: What happened with Russel?

MEDIA: A mutual decision, Russ was, and still is playing in a folk group as well as being part of the Media. And at the time when we were all talking about packing in our jobs, he was talking about getting one, 9 to 5. Its all a matter of commitment, how far you're prepared to go. Anyway there's no hard feelings, we're all still mates.

L: What did Thos do before he joined?

M: Played in a few local bands, nothing special. He was easily the best drummer we auditioned. There was a couple of others, one who dyed his hair and ripped his clothes up just for the audition. Thos got the gig.

L: Is it true that Nick's mum is your new lyricist?

M: (Laughter) Oh Yeah, she's written one song for us, she's very socially aware. Its full of expletives, fuck this and fuck that - she's been saying 'fuck' since I was four years old. Bob has moved in with us now.

L: So what are your immediate plans?

M: Well at the moment we've got about eight songs that we are really concentrating on, and things are finally beginning to come together musically. When we've got sixteen songs we'll be ready to start gigging again.

L: What do you think of all these bands, some obviously much worse than yourselves, releasing singles on their own labels. Would you consider doing that?

M: We have considered it, it enables bands to

be heard. When you're hustling for gigs, its a lot easier if you can ring up a club owner and say, "We're a Punk band and we've gotta single out", Yeah we're still finding it very difficult to get gigs.

L: What music are you listening to at the moment, anything unusual?

M: Well we've all gone mad on the Heartbreakers, lets think of some embarrassing favourites.

Rachel : Alex Harvey Band

Bob : Steely Dan

Nick : Sam the Sham

Embrane : Black Sabbath.

END

SOCIAL SECURITY

SOCIAL SECURITY are another band with a new star. Out goes Pete Thelk and in comes Phil (Supa Leeds) Harris on lead vocals. Phil used to be the Cortinas roanie until Miles Copeland started organising his interests a bit tightly, but now Phil (Bristol's number one piss artist) is happy and contented being part of the \$ SS.

The new line-up recently came out on show at the Bamboo on a 'Rock against Racism' gig. It was a great night, and it appears to me that Social Security are building up an adequate following around the city. They get less and less like last years Cortinas, and are rapidly developing an image of their own.

Phil has written some songs already, his 'Students at Grunwick' was spot on - my sentiments exactly, and Social's version of the Count Five's 'Phsyctic Reaction' puts the recently recorded Radiators from Space's attempt to sleep.

Social Security are a good laugh and Phil is a pissed-up cunt! Support 'em

I have seen the DAKTARIS and I think they show promise. A Roxy influence is fine, but they're dangerously near to being classed ruralists. I also got a glimpse of Vermix who were crap, but its early days yet.

I have not seen the News or the Straights, or the group that features Steve Swan, Mandy, Sarah, Kevin Williams and and somebody else, but I hope to soon.

ETUD.

LIVE STIFFS

Stiff got the billing right for Bristol anyway, Ian Dury was the star turn. It was a good night, fair turnout and a nice atmosphere.

Live entertainment was introduced in the form of Nick Lowe, a great producer but a shit performer. Nick was joined by Larry Wallis, (the hairiest thing I've seen since I last went down the Granary) and Housewife/Superstar, Dave Edmunds on drums and later, guitar, several other faceless/nameless musicians completed the line up. Some of the songs were good pop but most of the stuff was either heavy metal or country style Brinsley music. I Hated it.

Wreckless Eric was next, and Ian Dury made his first appearance of the night as Eric's drummer. Ian's bird Denise was on bass, and the saxophonist looked like some crazed beat poet. "Semaphore Signals" opened the set, and along with the A side of the single, "Whole Wide World" easily provided the highlight of Eric's short set. Eric is short set. The rest didn't really stick in my mind, though I do remember the saxist Davey Paine blasting away at the Benny Hill theme tune.

Elvis Costello I'm still not sure about. Some of his songs I love ('Alyson' is the best balad I've ever heard) He's one of the main reasons for 1977 being the year of the classic 45 r.p.m. single. In fact its the pure magnificense of some of his pop songs that pales the rest of the set in comparison. The Attractions are pretty dire though, perhapsthe guys should become computer operators! Elvis spits and dribbles his way to the end of the set and predictably gets called back for an e ncore.



For some people the night was over when Elvis exited, but for some of us it all started with Ian Dury's entrance. This guy was a Punk rocker when the Sunday Papers were doing ShockHorror investigations into Alice Cooper and girls like that Ask Johnny Rotten who his real Dad is - Ian. It was a sight for sore eyes to see the Rock n Roll cripple sweating out his poetry on a stage again. A big thanx to Stiff for that anyway. 'Sex and Drugs and rock and roll' made us dance, its all my brain and body need, great band - very good indeed!

Ian Dury, the man with the black glove, the man who transformed razor blades into jewallry, rock and rolled, boogied and partyed his way through a great show.

Everyones been saying that Elvis Costello looks a real wimpoid, well compared to some of the guys on this the first ever Stiff package tour, Elvis is some kinda superman!

ERIC →
IAN →

**DNEY PAYNE
IS THE
BEATNIK**



U.S. PUNK
IS DEAD?

LAMFI



ANDY PARADISE