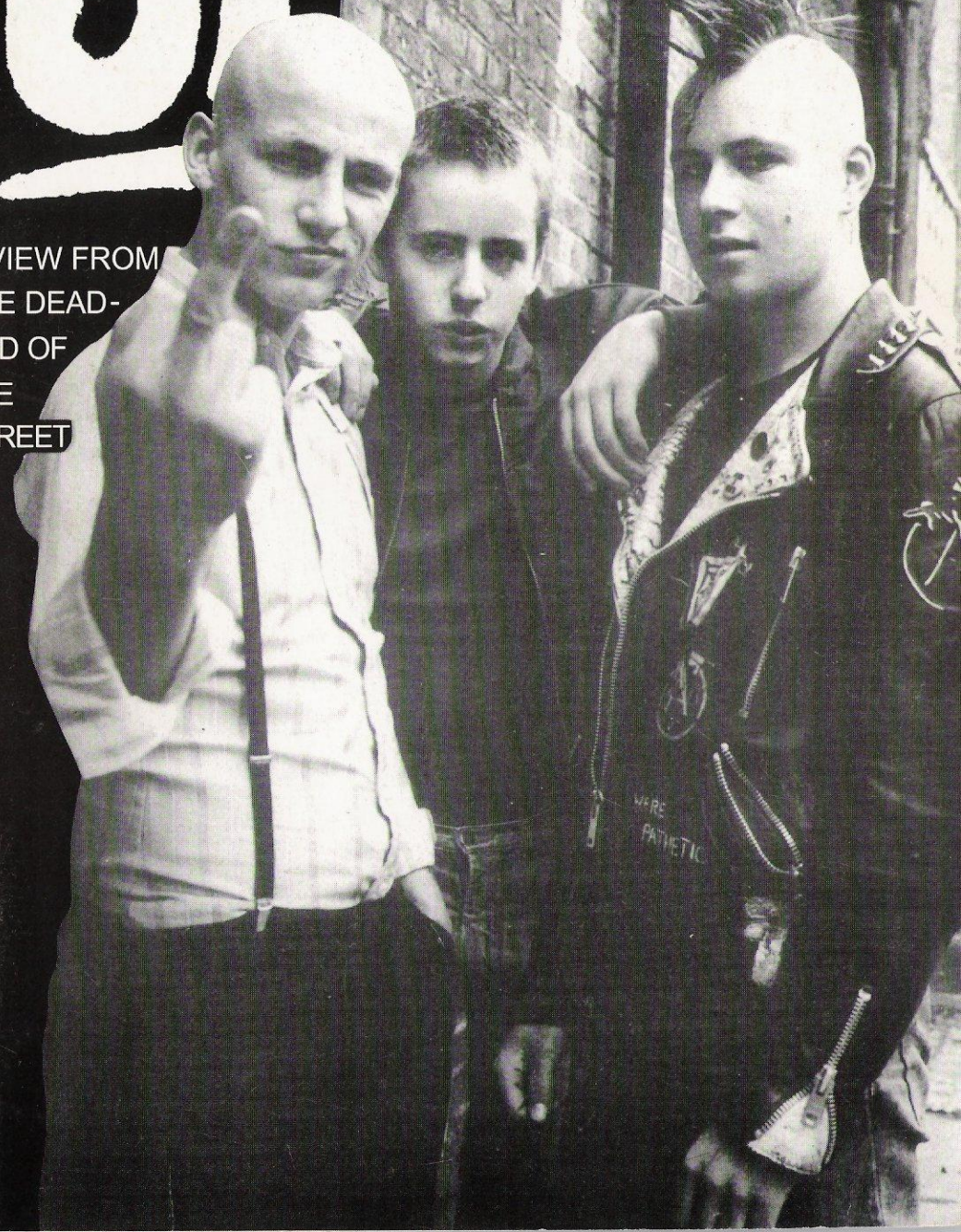


oi

A VIEW FROM
THE DEAD-
END OF
THE
STREET



THE STORY OF



A VIEW FROM THE DEAD-END OF THE STREET.

GARRY JOHNSON

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CONTENTS

- Pg 2 - Pic by Klad McNulty
Pg 4 - Yer reading it
- Oi the Introduction
Pg 8 - BLITZ pic
10 - No Land of Hope & Glory
Pg 12 - Pic by Klad
Pg 13 - Pic by Klad
5 - FROM SKA TO OI! Pic by Martin Dean
Pg 17 - MADNESS pic by Martin Dean
0 - THE BUSINESS pic by Dean
Pg 24 - THE NEW FACE OF ROCK & ROLL
Pg 26 - The Teenage Nightmare, Chelsea
Girls and Politicians Ain't....
8 - The Hamborough Tavern Review
Pg 30 - Skinhead Return
Pg 33 - ANGELIC UPSTARTS pic by Kev Cummins
Pg 34 - The Deadend Yobs and The Party
5 - INFA-RIOT pic by Martin Dean
37 - BAD MANNERS pic by Dean
40 - THE LAST RESORT pic by Dean
43 - COCK SPARRER pic by Dean
Pg 45 - Pic by Martin Dean
Pg 47 - White Flag, English Gent,
Pg 50 - Ad for SECRET RECORDS
COVER PIC BY MARTIN DEAN
- Pg 3 - Pic by Ross Halfin ROSE TATOO
Pg 5 - Pic by Klad McNulty
Pg 7 - Pic by Klad
Pg 9 - Oi the Intro part 2
Pg 11 - VICE SQUAD pic by Kevin Cummins
Pg 14 - DESMOND DEKKER
Pg 16 - JUDGE DREAD
Pg 18 - SHAM 69 pic by Ross Halfin
Pg 21 - Skinheads and the media
Pg 22 - Bank Holiday Monday pic by Dean
Pg 25 - SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
Pg 27 - THE SPECIALS pic
Pg 29 - Pic by Klad
Pg 31 - THE BUSINESS pic by Martin Dean
Pg 36 - MENSI pic by Dean
Pg 38 - Southall
Pg 41 - A Criminal Class and a U.K. SUB.
Pg 42 - Not the promised land
Pg 44 - POLITICIANS AIN'T.....
Pg 46 - The Godfather of Oi!

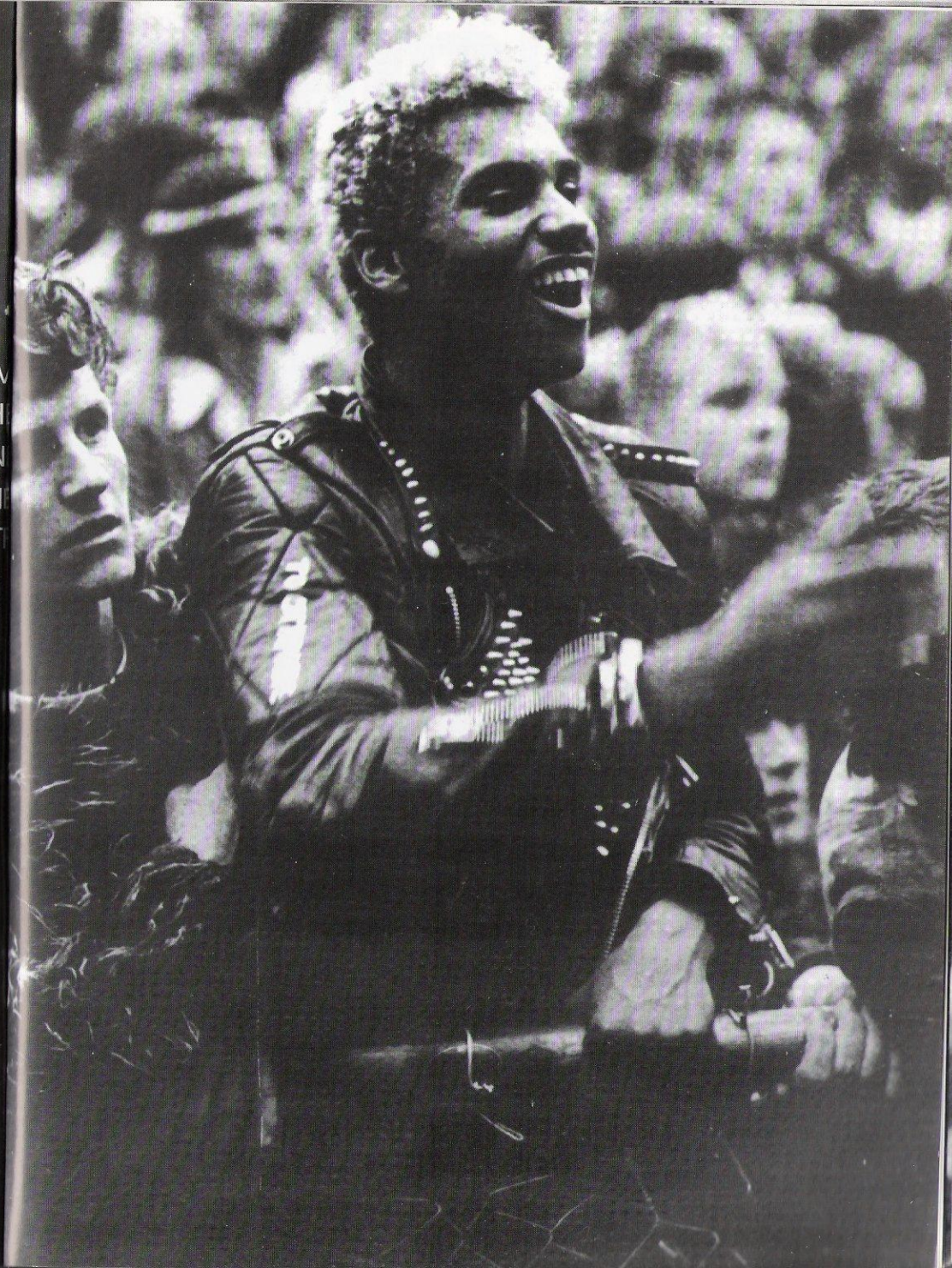


Babylon Books

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OI! THE

INTRODUCTION

This is the story of Oi - the movement; perhaps the most hated, abused and misunderstood youth movement of our time. After the disaster of Southall the musical and political establishment who had always ignored Oi are now trying to bury it. Every gig is banned and as we write, the 4-Skins single looks like having to come out on mail order. Whether this is the end or the beginning only time will tell.

When it comes to it Oi was/is just too real for them. It scares them because they can't take it over and make it Sunday supplement throw-away garbage. Punk was supposed to be street music but it was full of ponces, plastic, pseuds and pretenders, commercialised by the industry and exploited and betrayed by the 'pioneers'. In contrast Oi was always working class thru and thru.

Oi arose out of punk and out of skinhead. It was a movement of punks, skins, tearaways and rebels, kids who didn't conform. Flee Street try and paint it as "just skinheads" and of course in their eyes "all skins are nazis". In truth most skins hate all politicians with an equal cynical vengeance. Everyone on the skin scene knows that compared to Sham days nazi activity at Oi gigs was non-existent.

Certainly neither Babylon Books nor I want anything to do with fascism. Neither do the bands or the vast majority of the fans. In theory Labour would be our party, except Labour ain't working class anymore. In practice they let us down worst cos they promise us most.

We talk about Southall later on, but the funny thing is, after it we copped stick from all sides. The Communists called us Nazis. The black, jewish, pakistani and left-wing kids into Oi laughed at them. And yet the Nazis called us Communists when in practice a Communist regime would crush Oi's spirit of rebellion and populism just as much as a Nazi one would. The real problem of the movement was rival football fans - but it was a problem we were fighting and winning.

Nah, fuck all the politics and in fighting. Oi was/is about street kids, urban rebels, having a laugh and having a say. Like I say later, 'Street level points of view - songs written in the dole queue'. And the music is/was like the kids - first raucous and untamed. The most exciting music on offer, the most real. The first true street movement since 1969 skinhead. Long Live Oi!



BLITZ



INTRODUCTION

The Oi movement has been attacked by the left, right and centre of public opinion, rightly, wrongly and sometimes just for the sake of it, by those who are really genuinely interested and trying to help and understand it, by those who should and do know better, and by those who should and don't know better. Why? Well you tell me. I reckon it's cos people are scared of it, and most people are scared of something new and of what they don't understand, or in some cases don't want to understand. Also a lot of anger and hatred felt towards the Oi movement is based on lies and rumours that are out about by various people and organisations for their own ends, they don't care about spoiling it for the kids, or the music or the bands, so don't you care about them, ignore their propaganda and their politics and they'll go away, cos

Oi aint about politics of any party - it's anti-politics, it's the beat of the street, it's about having a laugh despite the fact that Maggie Thatcher and the tory government are trying their hardest to stop you from enjoying life. Of course the songs are angry and violent at times (*So Was Punk*) the music is hard fast and agressive (*So Was Punk*) Oi is anti-establishment, it's also for and against exactly the same things that punk was, Oi is new punk whether they like it or not, Oi is here to stay and to grow given the change, into what punk first time round was meant to be, working class music, played by working class bands, for working class kids, and believe me if it changes or loses its way I'll be the first to have nothing else to do with the Oi movement, so remember what the voice of '76 said. Follow No Leaders.



NO LAND OF...

The land of hope and glory, that's a pretty sick joke eh, cos this aint no green and pleasant land eh, not where we live, not in thatcher's britain 1981, not in the grey and concrete jungle or the new town wastelands with nearly 3 million on the dole, there's still them and us, 'land fit for hereos' our parents and grandparents were promised after the last war, well where is it eh? We still a divided nation, the have and the have nots.

The 'long hot summer' of 1981 eh, the tory government talk of introducing national service, and the inner city councils have been taken over by Tony Benn clones in plimssoles and anoraks, the middle class social workers from the green belt, who tell us how bad things are, and how we must stick together, and then they go home to Mummy and Daddy and spend the weekend in the country, tea with the vicar, foxhunting and croquet on the lawn, you know the sort who go on TV and claim to talk for you and me, the self-appointed voice of the working-class class, every time there's a demo or a race riot, they preach to me and you in their toned down posh plum voices phoney working class accent, these are the enemy, the people who run and ruin our lives, the middle class liberals with right wing tory backgrounds, and right wing tory bank accounts.

All the politicians local and the national, the middle class trendies, the S.D.P., most of them own a couple of houses and send their kids to public schools, and call themselves the working class, and me and you went and go to over-crowded schools, that are short of teachers and when we leave school we can't get a job, and then they have the nerve to say they understand and cry their crocodile tears on TV, but they don't care, they don't give a damn, they aint skint, they don't live in the tower blocks, the town planners built them. They live in sub-urbia, the green belt, live round here, they wouldn't dare, yeah this is a right bleeding land

of hope and glory aint it, and it's always been the same, the labour party wants your vote, the working class cast of millions, but it don't want that cast of millions to have a say or to speak for itself eh, when did you last see a politician on TV from any party who used to work on a building site, drive a bus, or lives in a council house, or has got kids of his or her own on the dole or in a deadend factory job, never I bet eh, and remember the labour party is the voice of the working class eh, what a laught, a right bleeding con, there aint no party that talk for us, they're all traitors.

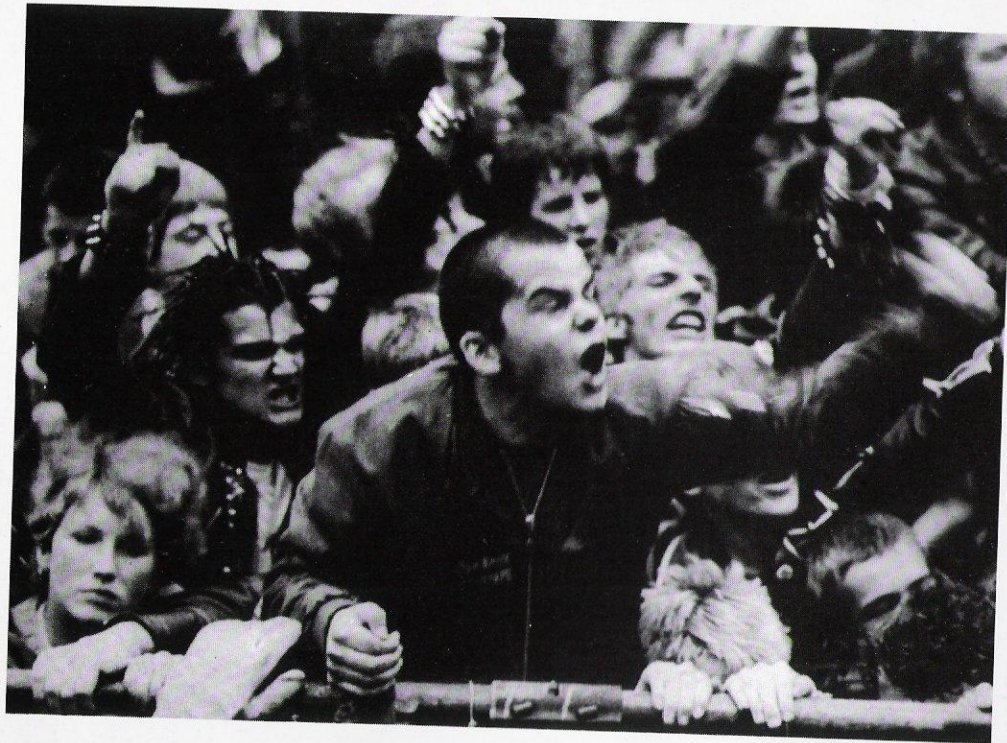
And oh yeah ya got the tory party they don't even think we exist, well not in peace time eh, they only wanna know us when they want us to fight and die in their wars, you know put a gun in his hand and promise him the earth and all that kind of stuff, well I don't reckon we'd fall for that next time eh, we aint as stupid as they think we are, remember thatcher and her mob wanna bring back "National Service" and if you get done for nicking a car or something she wants ya to get 3 months hard labour in Detention centre, yeah we got the tories card marked eh, nothing out of ten.

Yeah, we're just pawns, stuck in the middle of their power games, we're the ones who get all the blame, we live in the real world not the Sunday colour supplement world of the S.D.P. and the liberal party but the real life 'drama' of dole queues, street violence and they speak about it as if they're experts on everything, things like teenage crime and Race Riots, well the last few riots, Brixton, Liverpool, weren't race riots they was black and white working class side by side, against the police, the government, and the establishment, and that's what scares them, the powers that be, cos all over the country in the big cities black and white kids are realising they got more in common with each other, than they got against each other "White working class got more in common

...HOPE & GLORY

Beki - VICE SQUAD





With black working class, than they have with white rich middle class."

and this scares the rich and powerful.

And they talk about crime, the jobless, the ghetto, from the comfort of a TV studio, and then after a few gin 'n' tonics they're chauffeur driven home to the safety of the suburbs.

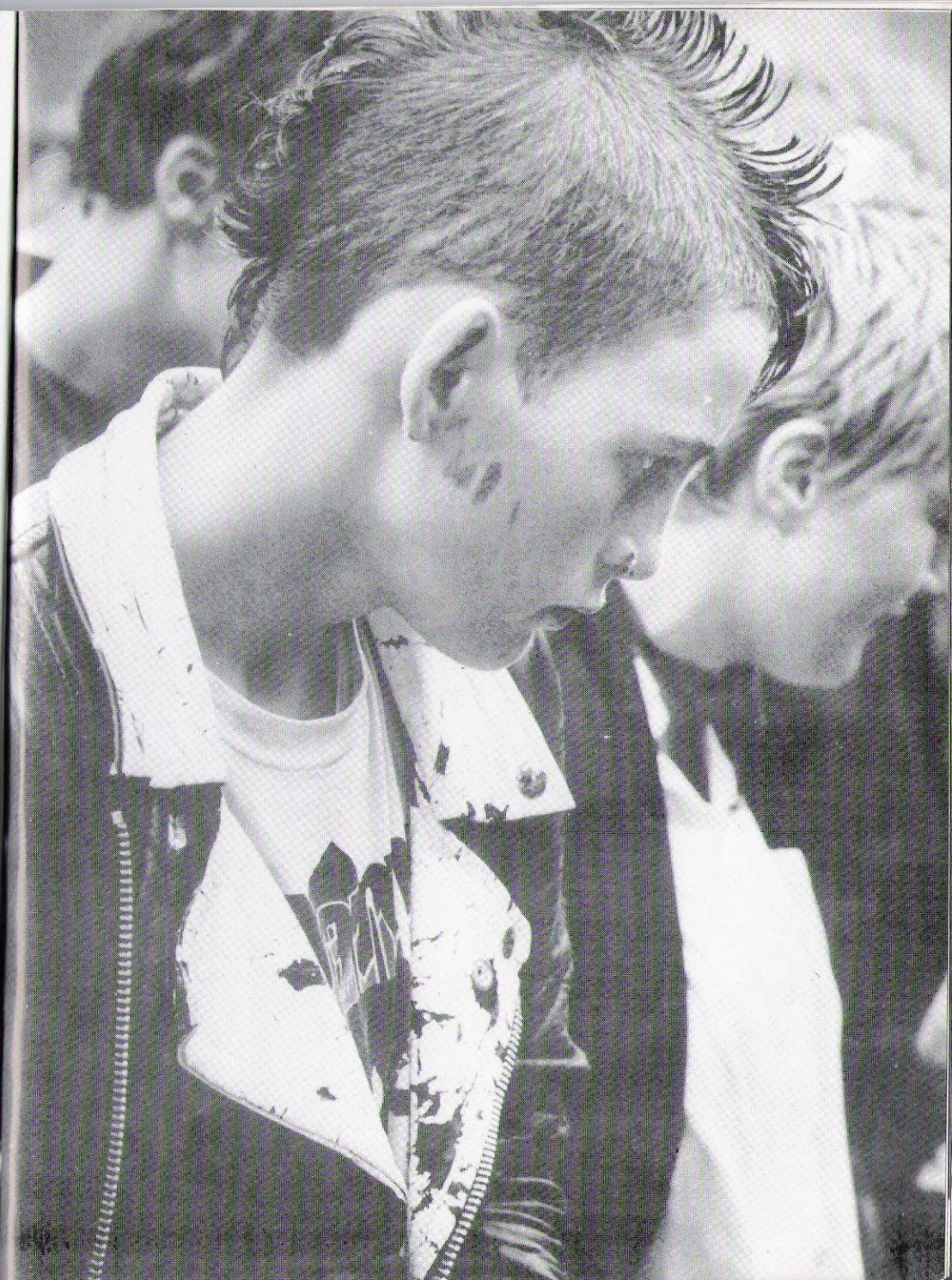
And we always hear about the poor blacks from the middle class reds, but what about the poor whites, they aint got nothing either, they try to keep a wedge between us, it's divide 'n' conquer that's the order from the powers that be, but two tone music and two tone bands are doing a better job for black 'n' white unity than the race relations board will ever do.

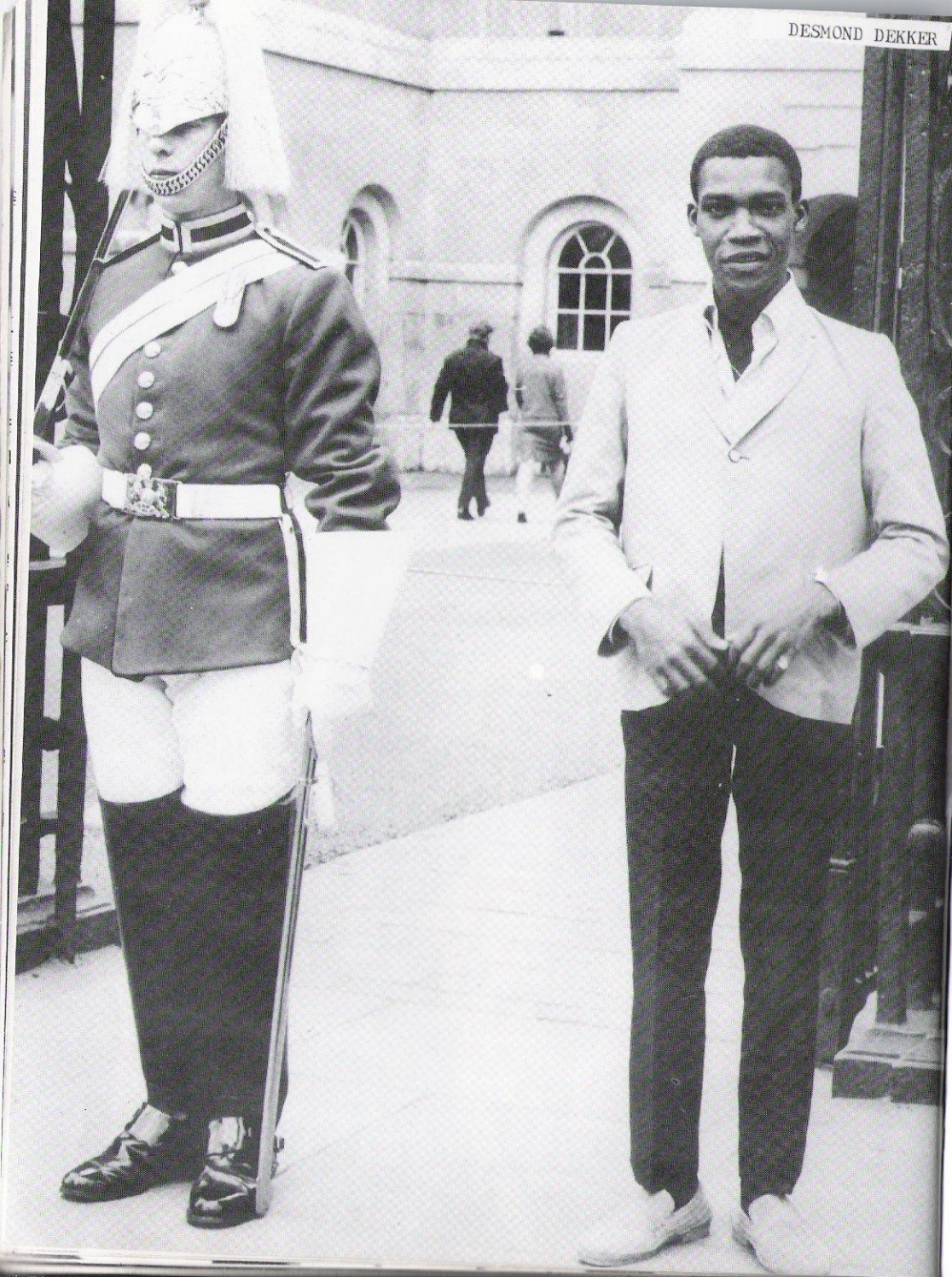
Also we got Oi music on the scene, working music for working class kids, at the moment it's at the same stage as when punk first exploded on the scene, it's fresh angry and full of street beat energy, and new bands are forming all over the place, and if it don't get fucked up by the middle class trendies and Suburban Rebels who jumped on the punk bandwagon and destroyed

it, you know the trendy posers and bands like Tom Robinson's and Jimmy Pursey clones, the likes of Peter Hain and middle class mummy boys, ya would-be urban terrorists. Yeah if Oi can keep well clear of these type of people it will take off but still keep the spirit of the street cos Oi aint about star trips, it's about the bands having a drink and a chat with the fans, cos you know without the fans the bands are fuck all, an without the bands the fans aint got nothing, so they need each other, all for one and one for all.

Yeah we gotta keep the spirit of the blitz, the comradship, and let no outsiders spoil it for us, we aint got a land of hope and glory but we've got this scene to get us off the street and take our minds off the dole queue reality of thatcher's britain, yeah this is ours,

So remember Oi is about having a few drinks, a laught, a dance, a good time, and with raw rock 'n' roll music fast and loud, with songs that deal with street level points of view, yeah, it's ours, don't spoil it, it's a way of life, ain't it, Oi Oi!





DESMOND DEKKER

SKA TO OI!



COCKNEY REJECTS

From what I've been told by those who were real skins the first time round, the music they danced and listened to was ska/reggae, and the best can still be found on early Tighten Up albums that were released on the Trojan label, that are still around now and still very popular with the new wave of skins, but hard to get hold of.

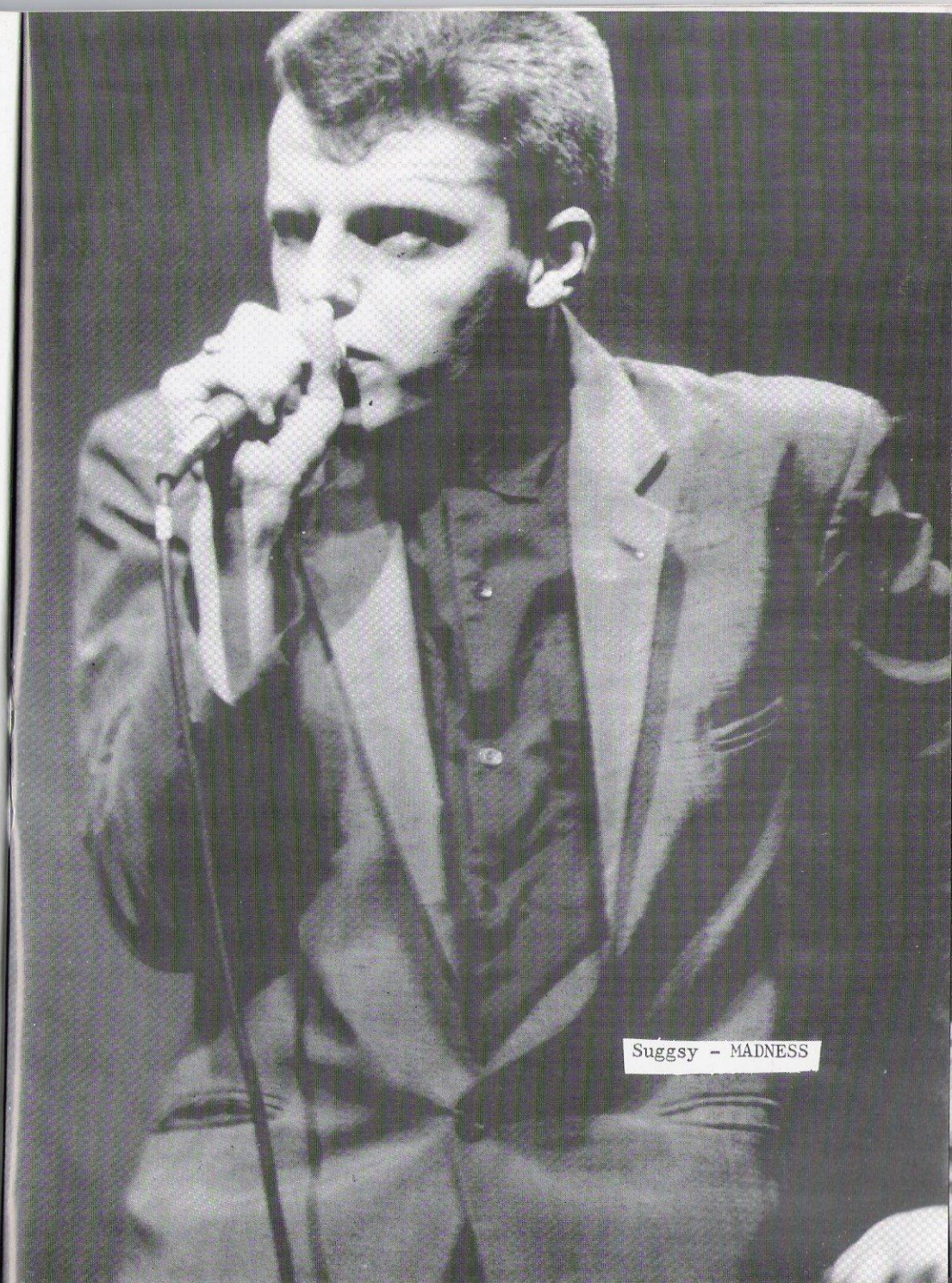
Favourites of the time were names like Judge Dread, Desmond Decker, Prince Buster, Pioneers, Upsetters and Dave & Ansell Collins, who had hits like *Israelites*, *Double Barrell*, *Long Shot Kick the Bucket*, plus club favourites like *Al Capone*, *Skinhead Moonstomp*, *Barbwire*, *54-56 Was My Number*, *Reggae In my Jeggae*. The places that played this type of music for the skins in their evening attire of tonic suits, brogues and Ben Shermans were the Mecca dance halls, Tiffanys and for the

younger skins the local youth club. Nearly all the music then was played by black musicians, except for novelty songs like Johnny Reggae and Judge Dread, a big white ex-soho bouncer, then along came a band who looked and dressed like the skins, they were a young white band called 'Slade' they were the first skinhead group, and are still going strong, under a very different image, after being teenybop stars for quite a while. But the group that really sparked off the skin revival were Sham 69, who picked up a large football following, and were led by one Jimmy Pursey. Also high in the ranking must be the Upstarts and the Rejects, who for a while had a Skinhead following as well as laying the foundations for Oi! By attracting real punks and herberts. But then skinheads were on the way out when along came Two-tone bands like Madness and The Specials.

Judge Dread again, and The Beat, and back came skins this time with mods, Rude boys and combinations of a bit of both, (read all about them in Garry Bushell's Dance Craze), and that brings us to Oi, what is a mixture of skinheads, punks, ex-mods, ex-rude boys and god knows what else, in other words music of the street, rebel music, for the punky herberts everywhere.

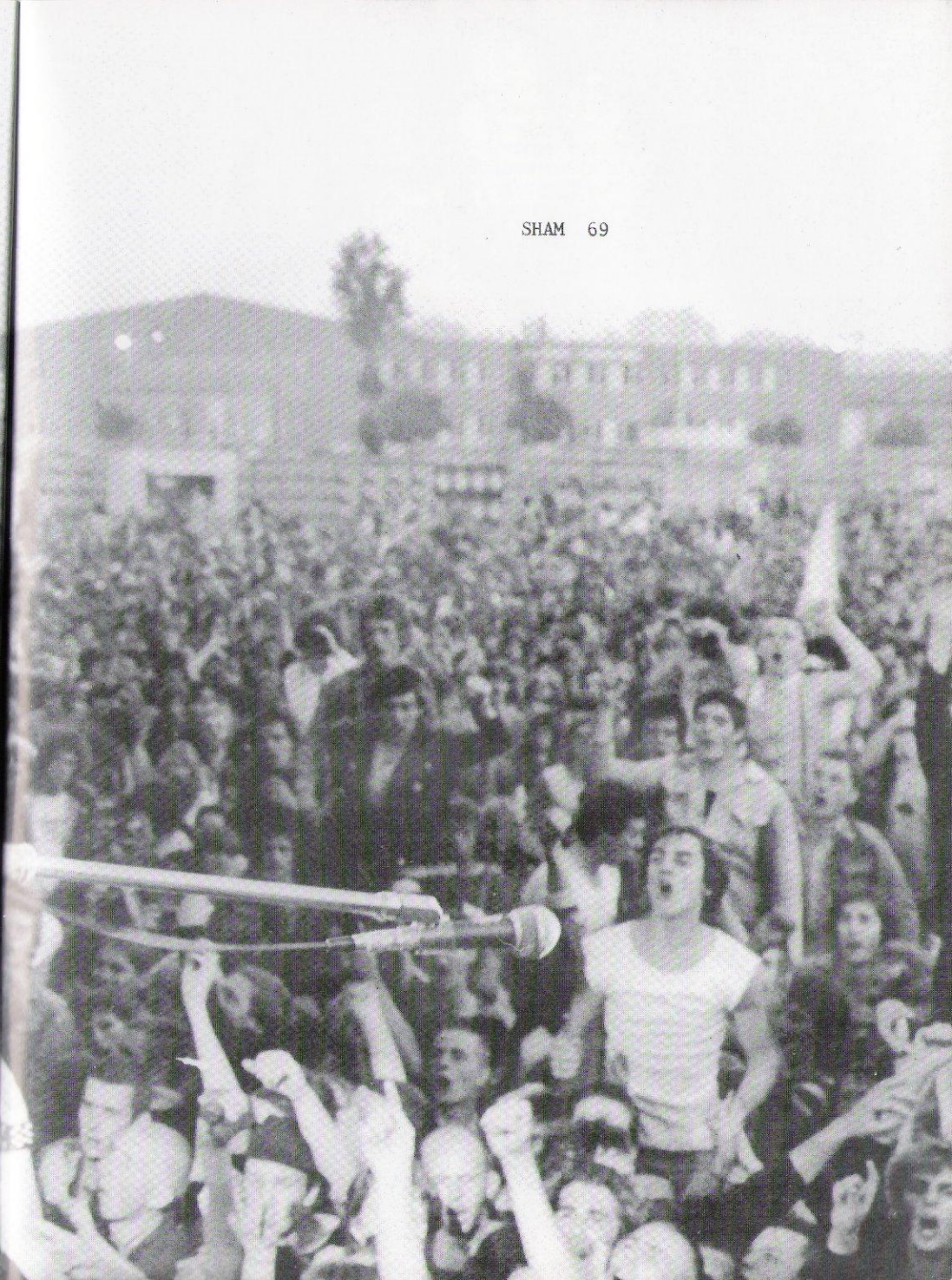
Yeah, I reckon it had to come, the return of the street level music for punky herberts and jack the lads everywhere, music for the terraces, chants with beat and lyrics about day to day things and anger and rebellion, and clothes that make you feel somebody, put on ya D.Ms and ya feel that much bigger, the first time you wear 'em, you don't walk ya swagger, down the street in ya gangster style crombie and rolled up

jeans, ya feel like Sam Shephard in the film Bronco Bullfrog and where as the futurist remind you of a plastic world where everything is nice and clean and false, the champagne cocktail and caviar lifestyle of the decadent elite, Oi is about real life, the concrete jungle, the old bill, being on the dole, and about fighting back and having pride in your class and background, Oi is like pie & mash, pints of lager, the spirit of the blitz where ya all stick together, Oi is anti-politics 'cos they're all the same liars and cheats, but we know labour are the real traitors they let us down. Oi is rock'n'roll, football, beer, sex, going to gigs having a laugh, fighting back, it's our life, it's our show, our world, it's a way of life.





SHAM 69





Skinheads and the Media

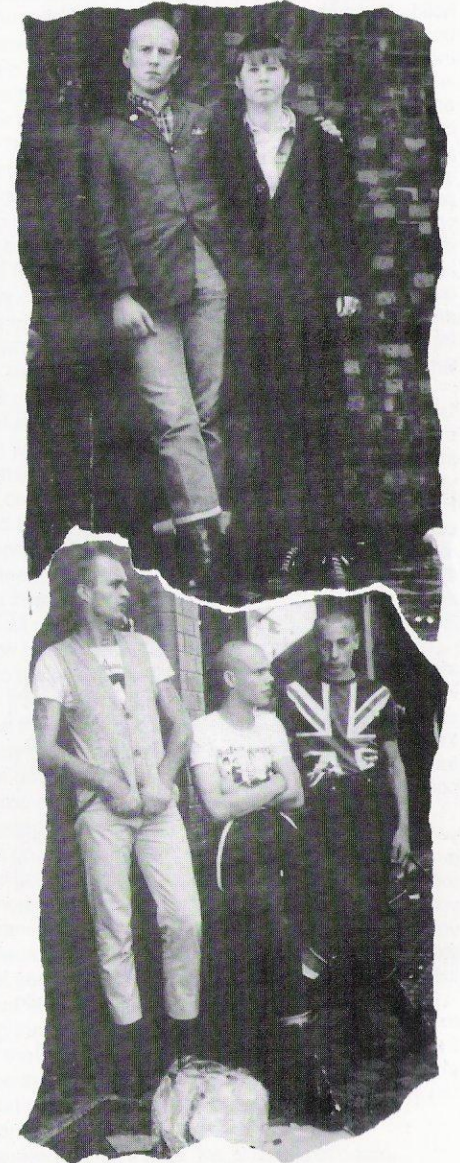
The skinhead movement has been attacked from all sides, it has taken more stick than any other cult or fashion, since Charlie Manson or more up to date the Moonies, it's taken even more knocks than punk did 'after the Mary Whitehouse-brigade-led backlash, after a few of the Sex Pistols swore on TV' cos at least punk had most of the music press and the left wing of the media on its side, but skinheads and the Oi movement with the exception of Sounds and more recently a fair piece in The Guardian have been slagged off by all of fleet street, TV and the radio, except for a few snide remarks about nazi salutes and right wing infiltrations, that is so out of touch cos the majority of skinheads and all young people in general don't want anything to do with any politics left right or centre.

One of the reasons I think it's given such a hostile press is cos unlike punk Oi really is a working class movement, and this scares the men at the top, 'the so called self-appointed judges of good taste', and the radio, TV, and music press people who like to control the fashions, the outlook and the music, in other words their point of view, and outlook on life is right, so there, and anyone who disagrees is ignored or given a bad press, ask Tony Benn and Arthur Scargill they know what I mean.

The status quo, bland, middle of the road big brother-type media controllers, feel threatened by the way Skinheads go their own way, like I mean talking of me self I don't need no bloody politician of any party or middle class trendy telling me how I should think, cos I know like the majority of skinheads all about life on the dole, bad housing and getting picked on by all kinds of authority, and I know that nuclear bombs are wrong but I don't have to wear a C.N.D. badge to prove it, or a Rock Against Racism badge to prove I'm against racism, cos I support the two bands that have done more for racial harmony (The Specials and The Beat) that any government law or race relations board, who pay fat salaries to middle class civil servants and don't do nothing at all for the kids, like building clubs and all that, also my best friend is black, an english west indian, and we've been best mates with each other since we was at junior school, and often stayed round each others houses, so I don't need no bloody badge or go on marches with Peter Hain and his friends to show where I stand, my conscience is clear.

Yeah, all I'm trying to say is give skinheads and the Oi movement a break, a fair chance, fleet street, TV radio all of you, and the music press if you don't like the music at least go and

see the bands, it don't matter if you don't like it, we can't all like everything the same eh, and the labour party shouldn't attack skinheads all the time, cos most skinheads are from working class backgrounds, and labour is supposed to be working class aint it eh, I'd just like to say to all skins "We have more in common with working class blacks than we have with middle class whites!"



BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY

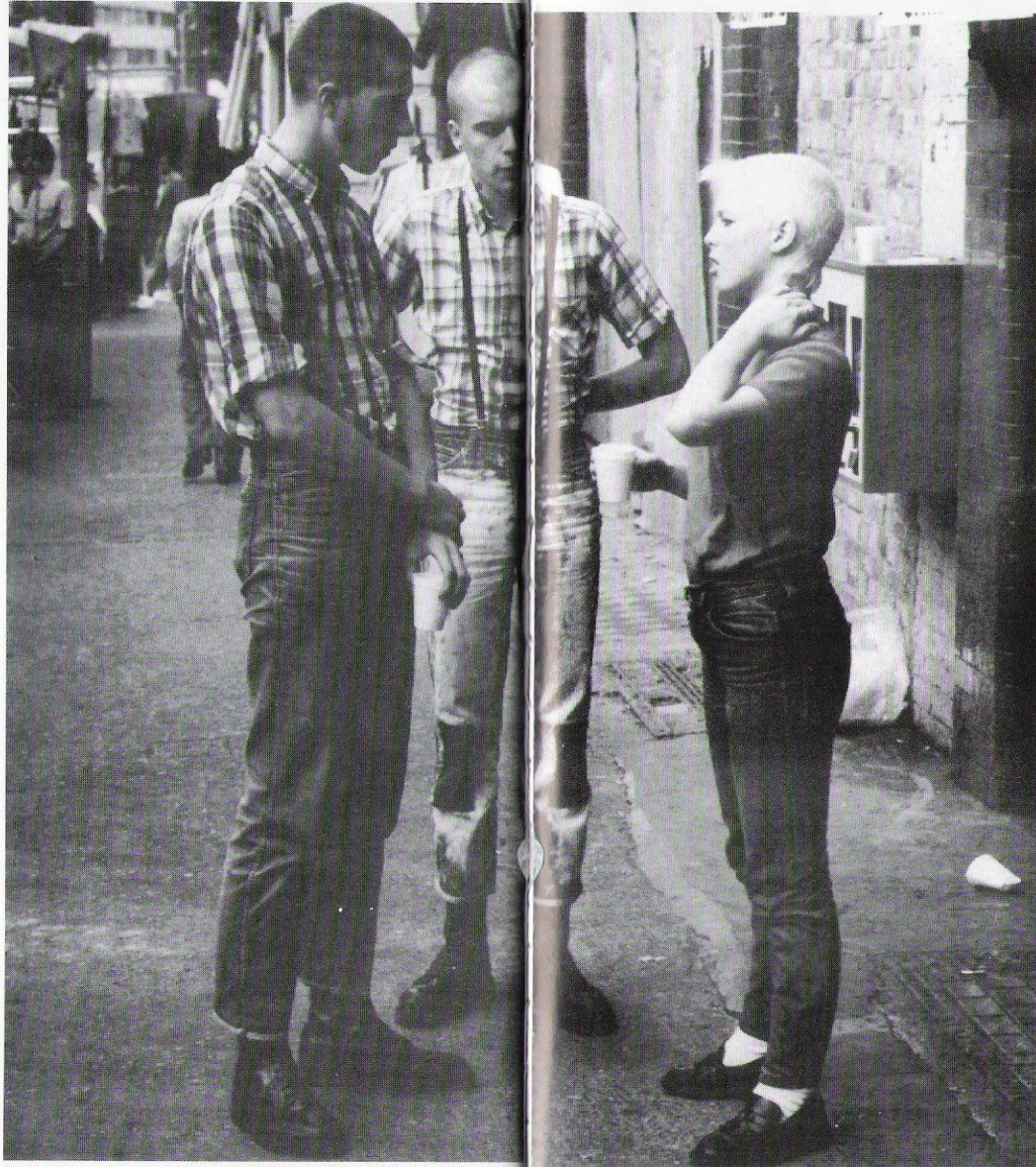
It's one of the few days of the year when you can escape from the concrete jungle landscapes of the inner city prison, yeah it's another bank holiday monday morning, an when you wake up you feel like a convict who's just come to the end of a long sentence, cos you know this is your day, you gonna be free an ya gonna enjoy it, and no one aint gonna stop you, no one you're gonna break out of the concrete jungle that for the rest of the year has been an will continue to be your prison, you feel so hight that you don't even bother to notice ya hangover from the night before, or worry about the MacDonalds take-away you've spilt down ya favourite strides the night before, cos today is the day you've been waiting for, an been planning like a real military exercise for weeks, so you jump out of bed an it's all systems go.

You light a fag, put on a tighten up album to get you in the mood, have a quick wash, swig a can of lager, grab a bite of marmite on toast for breakfast, an then it's time to get ya gear on, ya rolled up jungle greens, favourite "Fred Perry", ya Doctor Martens, 1/2 inch braces, bomber jacket, an ya ready to go, pick up ya money, ya ration of fags, ya chewing gum, then it's a knock at the door, it's a few of ya mates, an jack the lads, the Oliver Twist's, modern day Robin Hoods are ready to go, it's 9.15.

You meet the rest of the boys on Barking station, an ya part of 300 strong private army in bover boots an short cropped hair, you stand waiting for the always late british rail train with a can of lager in ya hand, and singing the praises of West Ham United, yeah your the cockney choirboys, just a little out of tune.

It's ten o'clock ya on the train, yeah, ya on your way, and at every stop more an more dead-end yobs an working class kids, dodge the fair tourists an freemans day trippers, are getting on, you're the away-day angels with dirty faces, and you felt tip pens are doing over-time, it's free expression, you're graffitti poets an ya know it, just two more stops and we'll be there.

Southend station and we've arrived, say hello to the welcoming party, the boys in blue with their barking dogs, the fleet street reporters an photographers, the TV cameras from news at ten, hello mum I'm on TV, it's up against the



wall legs apart getting searched and getting insulted, they keep me comb and pull me braces, call me names and nick me braces, one hour has been wasted in their show of strength, but the scene is set, they want confrontation, they don't like outsiders on their patch, or having to work on a bank holiday, so they're gonna take out their anger on you and me.

The pubs are open, we head for the nearest, but they won't serve us, is this discrimination, so get the oldest the smartest and the tallest to pop in the next pub and get take-away bottles an cans from the supermarket, we make for the sea front and run along the beach, stare at the teds old enough to be our fathers, I think they are trapped in a time-zone, I bet they got black 'n' white TV sets and 1950s brick a brack at home, we leave the beach to check-out the kurzal, the slot machines and space invaders, swap come-on looks with the local girls, the pretty blonde and her well endowed friend, and then trade punches with a gang of rockers, what with all that and a go on the dodgems, it really makes ya hungry and bloody thirsty, so it's cans of lager, fish 'n' chips, candy floss an kingsize burgers for our dinner, yeah we know we'll regret it later, when we throw up on the beach, but who's to worry, it'll all get washed away back to France, pollute their beaches, it'll serve 'em right for conning us into the common market.

It's gone 4 o'clock and it's getting very hot, and the TV cameras want some action for the early news, like a punch-up on the beach, or a riot on the street, and the boys in blue want some exercise, physical recreation, so we're all herded together, pointed to the same spot, here we go - the cameras roll, the skins, the punks, the greasers and the teds and of course the S.P.G. who are down here for the day on a drunken beano, there's a few minor scuffles a few broken heads, but nothing very much just a few arrests, but see tomorrows papers, the press will blow it up, and our mums and dads back home watching the TV screen, will be told about the riots at the seaside, you can imagine the comments, see the headlines "Bring Back The Birch", "National Service" yeah, they're the favourite words of retired army officers, middle class cronies and politicians, the prophets of doom, The same old faces are wheeled out every time

there's any disturbance of any kind and don't the bastards love it, cos it makes 'em feel important, the hang 'em and flog 'em brigade.

Seven o' clock the pubs are open, we fancy a few liveners, so it's a quick couple of beers and then head for the local hop, but oh no, you've guessed, it's the same old story, "Sorry members only" your sort aint allowed, it really makes me laught eh, we're from bleeding london thirty milea away, not another planet, but we are aliens to them, and they make it plain, a phone call to the old bill, and here they come in their shiny meatwagons and flashing light cars with sirens blaring, out they jump in battledress with their offensive weapons, beefy truncheons and baseball bats, it's like something out of a Clint Eastwood movie, it would be a seaside massacre, Southends first spaghetti western, it's a battle we just cant win, no contest, not a fair fight at all, but that's life eh, Oi you, they say you got 15 minutes to get out of town, be on the next train or else, they're holding all the cards, they have made a few arrests, and everyone is a step up on the promotion ladder, so we call it a day, and wave goodbye "Churchill Style".

Yeah but all in all it's been a good day, it makes a change, the open space, an the feeling of belonging to something, and the journey back ia always a laught, singing football songs and swapping stories about our life of crime, and our sexual conquests, and our bleeding rucks on a Saturday night, yeah there's a couple of a dozen "Kiss me quick" hats an a couple of hundred shaven heads, and every time we stop at another station, we say goodbye to new found mates, and swap friendly abuse with all the locals and ticket collectors, nothing heavy, just high spirits, friendly fun a bit of a laugh, cos we're spivs an herberts not ANIMALS.

The train pulls in at barking station, you swop phone numbers an kiss goodbye to the girls you met, an arrange to meet in a few days time, but you don't always, but it's something to say eh.

Now it's dark, an we're back home, on our own patch, just enough time to catch the last orders in the local pub, a few more beers before closing time, and they tell ya mates who didn't come, what a great day they missed and exaggerate just a bit about the birds, the booze and the ruck on the beach.

The pub shuts an ya gotta go home, but you dont wanna, so you hang about go to the chip shop talk on the corner, but then you say good bye, an arrange to meet tomorrow in the cafe. When you arrive home you feel depressed, the lift aint working you had to walk, there's some-

thing about the concrete jungle on a hot summers night that gets ya down even more, when ya get in your's mum in bed, your dad's asleep in front of the TV, yeah nothing changes, the old routine, you do a slice of toast a cup of tea, and go to ya room, you lay on your bed wishing every day could be like today, but you know it aint, you turn off the light, and dream of the pretty girl with blonde hair and what you and her should be doing.



The New Face Of Rock 'n' Roll

The new face of rock 'n' roll
Is about real life not a show
Full of street level points of view
Cos the songs are written in the dole queue
Yeah they try to give it a name
The year that losers found fame

The new face of rock 'n' roll
Is skinny kids straight off the dole
High street fashion they dont buy your clothes
They dont like your elitist pose
They way you sneer down your pink gins
Like you did at safety pins

The new face of rock 'n' roll
You've seen it on the T.V chat show
Being discussed by you know who
The politician and the vicar too
Yeah they try to give it a name
But they all sound the same

The new face of rock 'n' roll
This is here we go
The middle class researchers of me and you
Write their books make movies too
But they're telling us what we already know
Our place in society with nowhere to go



The Chelsea Girls

In their world of jet set fashion
Sunday religion and conservative passion
Wimbledon fortnight and the ascot races
The old school tie and always white faces
Chelsea girl and the games she plays
Remind her mother of her younger days
Of when she was a chelsea girl
And when the empire ruled the world

Cos chelsea girls are the tory girls
Church of england and catholic girls
With right wing playboys and lords as lovers
And maggie lookalikes as mothers
Queen-and-country-party girls
Brought up to believe in wedding bells

In their private world of country houses
With tea 'n' cakes and neat blue blouses
And boyfriends from the rugby club
They bash the unions down the pub
Cos chelsea girls the class of thirty-four
Still believe we won the war
And that the empire rules the world
The king the flag and the chelsea girl

Cos chelsea girls are the tory girls
Anti-abortion and strawberry girls
The type of girls who marry politicians
Ex-public schoolboys in corrupt positions
Chelsea girls are the empire girls
Who still believe in churchills spells

Labour Politicians Aint Working Class

They talk about poverty and how fast money
goes
But how can they relate to kids in hand me
down clothes
They dont live in the east end or glasgow
Dont have to go to places we all have to go
Labour politicians they aint working class
They eat sleep and travel on a first class pass

Talk of racial harmony but is one of them a
black man
Always speak as experts on things they dont
understand
Preach about the troubles across the irish sea
But only seen the violence on their colour T.V
Labour politicians they aint working class
They live in suburbia and hide behind a mask

The Teenage Nightmare

The time has come to blow your mind
Another world you gotta find
Follow your leader street corner king
Smash up bash up everything
Drive to soho in stolen cars
Get thrown out of posh wine bars
Score some speed, all you need
The clockwork orange is what you read

A teenage nightmare for those who dare
The real life drama of living there
They break your heart but not your soul
You steal a part of the starring role
The teenage nightmare is what you know
When to stop and how far to go

No such thing as love and peace
Ask the army the state police
It's civil war this time for real
This is how we're made to feel
Victims of the laws of the land
On the terrace is where we stand
This is the story of life today
A musical anarchy in the U.K

The teenage nightmare of danger beware
An innocent man in the electric chair
The urban blitz of riot stories
Victims of your hopes and glories
Born into it by those who dont care
Your future dream our teenage nightmare

They're just like the tories look after number
one
How the bastards hate us just because we're
young
Ruined our future forgotten their past
They think and hope our anger aint gonna last
Labour politicians they aint working class
Our kids play on concrete their kids play on
grass

Traitors they betray us with everything they say
Get more remote and powerful every single day
They got their clubs and old school tie
The house of lords where they go to die
Labour politicians are really middle class
Aint the working class heroes they was in the past



THE 4 SKINS



First of all I'd like to make it clear, I went along for the music and nothing else, so I ain't gonna give an opinion or mention what happened outside cos I wanna be a music writer, not a war correspondent or politician, me own politics are non-existent, I hate and don't trust right left or centre, cos they all cheat lie an' use you for their own ends, and are only out for themselves so whatever happened outside or who's to blame I don't know except that the innocent on both sides lost out to the guilty on both sides. The first band on, "The Business", get less pop an more Oi every time I see them, they are roughing up their smooth edges so fast that they'll soon be accepted by even the most suspicious of Oi fans, as one of their own, singer and born frontman Micky Fitz no longer looks

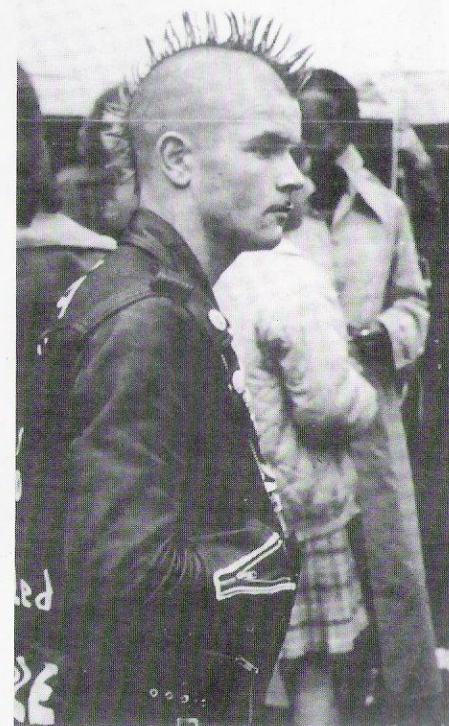
the lone rebel in a band of good guys as he moves around the stage like "Charlie Magri" on the rampage, cos the rest of the band, especially guitarist Steve "Jones" Kent, are growing in stage presence. The crowd had really warmed to them by the third number, the old Sham fave *Tell Us The Truth*, an they've really won them over when they play their best song *Suburban rebels*, rumoured to be their first single, an they finish with *Harry May* a football style chant song, yeah "The Business" are now on their way to convincing even the heartland of Oi in London's east end that they've arrived. Next on "The Last Resort" who the audience already know are 100% of pure Oi, singer Roi who shares stage centre with guitarist Bilko the

peter pan of Oi, was at his best, he has the look of an urban commando on stage, a wolfy smith who aint acting, he means every word, he's lived every song, if this man's voice box was on the production line at British Leyland they wouldn't be bankrupt very long, all the old faves, the clockwork orange of song *Violence In Our Minds* better every time I hear it, *Johnny Barden* much more powerful than it comes across on record, and newer ones like *King Of The Jungle* really went down a storm, an then of course the one I call their anthem *Working Class Kids* it was done on a stage; by this time full of more kids than you'll see queueing to buy half-price copies of Jimmy Pursey's latest records, sharing vocals and spotlight with Roi, Bilko, and the rest of the band, (Charlie, like a statue with a guitar, and the skin on the skins Andy), was Carrie of the shop, blonde bombshell an star of Aussie TV. They finish with two encores plus my own fave again *Working Class Kids*. "The Last Resort" were on top form tonight an would be a hard act to follow, an probably the only Oi band who could follow them were on next, "The 4 Skins", they took the stage, led by singer an showman Gary Hodges, a John L. Gardener type figure with a knockout punch in his voice as powerful as 'emery's hammer. Then came big Tom "if looks could kill" McCourt on bass, an then the contrast of Rockabilly Steve on guitar, whose wardrobe was definitely left to him by James Dean, an last but not least the powerhouse drummer an Madness fanatic John Jacobs, a walking talking skinhead from his dyed crop to his shiny boots, as you can see this band has got a lot of presence.

One, two, three an away we go it's like a greatest hits showcase starting off with *Wonderful World* then *A.C.A.B.* a fav. with Dixons of dock green all over the country I'm told, an top of the Oi chart sent in by the boys of the Hendon Police Training College, then *Sorry* a real killer, the chorus has got to be heard to be believed, it's more catchy than V.D. is on a one night stand at a drunken party. Next came *Chaos* a real crowd pleaser, they just kept coming better and better, by the time they finished *Evil* Gary Hodges, the pin-up of a certain half french skinhead girl I know, was in full control, the audience loved him an the band as they roared in 1984 an finished with a furious encore of *One Law For Them* and *Clockwork Skinhead*, yeah, tonight all three bands were really on top form, so if they play your town check 'em out.

GARRY JOHNSON

The 4 Skins
The Last Resort, The Business
The Hamborough Tavern, Southall



SKINHEAD

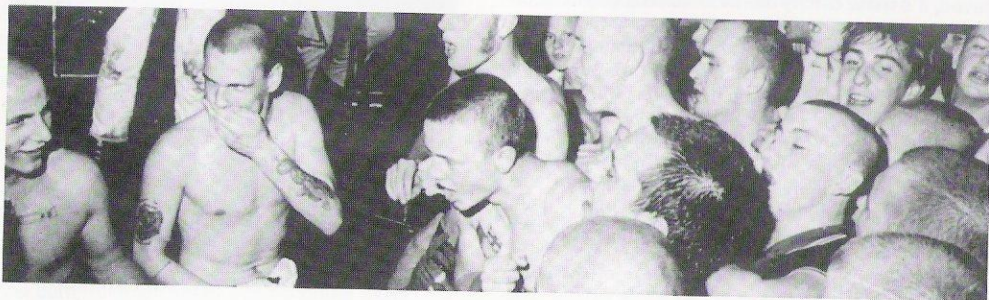
Like ghosts from the past, skinheads returned to the streets towards the end of seventy-seven and grew into a pretty large following of Sham 69, after punk had lost its way and had been taken over by the middle class suburban weekend rebels, and had gone from the beat of the street to the art of the suburbs, from a threat to a victim. And people like Tom Robinson, a middle class liberal hippy type, who thought just cos he cut his hair and faked a cockney accent could set himself up as the new spokesman for the kids on the street, but the Peter Hain of pop and darling of the plastic punks, couldn't and didn't fool the real punks on the street, cos they could tell he wasn't one of them, and they looked around for one of their own, someone they could identify with, and that person was Jimmy Pursey who with his band Sham 69 was to spark off the skinhead revival.

Since then it's been growing on and off all the time, after Sham 69 it followed bands like the Angelic Upstarts and Cockney Rejects, but then as Sham 69 moved towards the pop world and Jimmy Pursey lost his way as well, skinheads began to die a bit, but they was given the kiss of life by two-tone bands like The Specials, Madness, The Beat and The Selector. They mixed the ska beat of the early Trojan Tighen Up albums with the punky beat of inner city

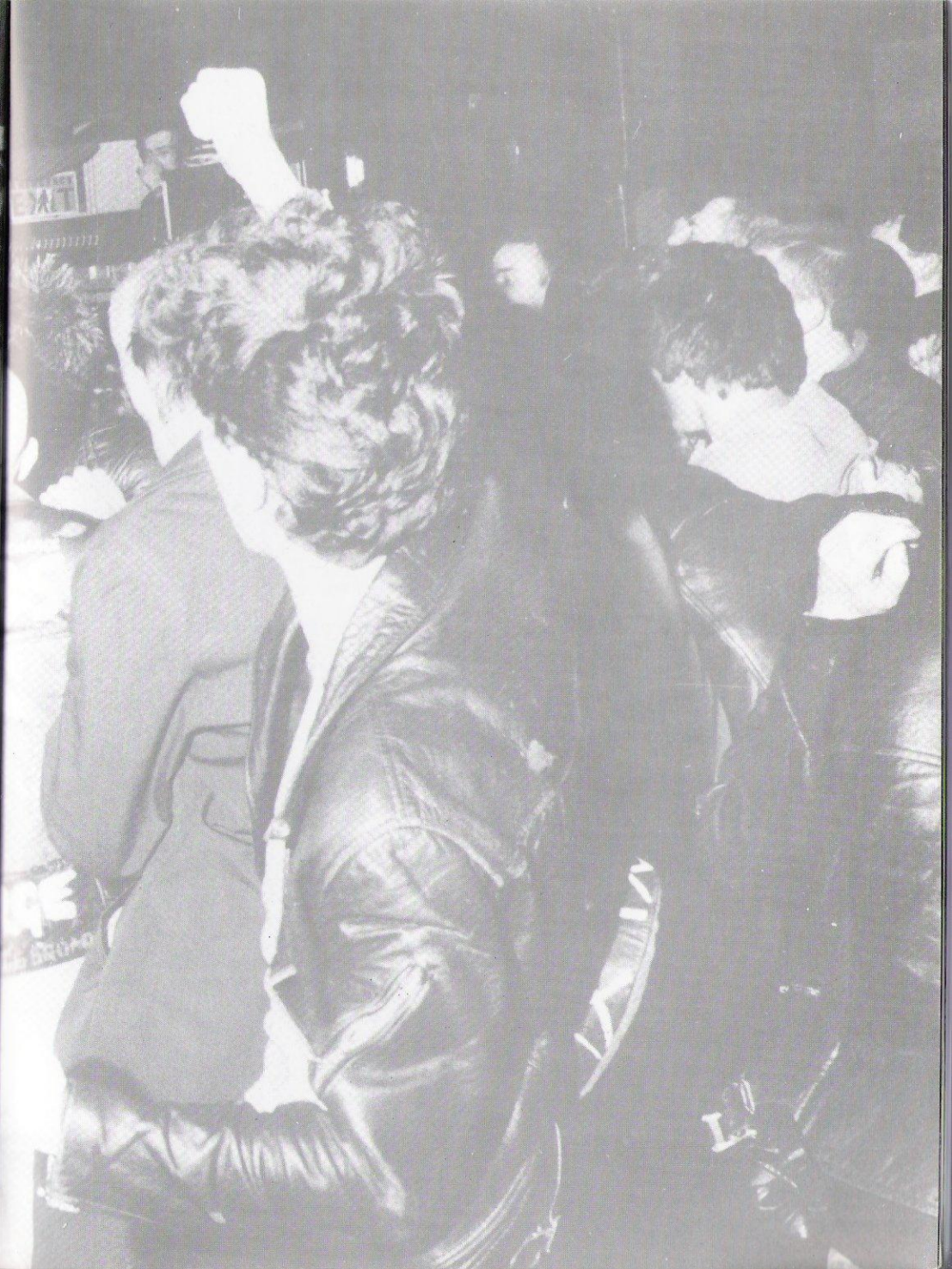
life, and more and more skinheads appeared on the scene, and out of the old fans of Sham 69 and the new followers of two-tone came kids who wanted to form their own bands and bring back the spirit of how punk was when it started, raw, angry, loud and fast with hard hitting anti-establishment lyrics.

These new bands are at the spearhead of the skinhead revival, bands like The 4 Skins, The Last Resort and Infa Riot, and newer ones like The Business, Case and Conflict, but they aint just skinhead bands cos The Business, Case and Conflict also have a large punk following, all these bands and a hundred others come together under the umbrella of the Oi movement, nationwide, cos Oi aint just London and skinhead, it's nationwide, it's for skinheads, punks and herberts everywhere, who want hardhitting back to the roots punk, and not the wishy washy watered down version played by the old guard, Oi is the new wave of punk, don't matter what the critics say, just cos it ain't fashionable, there's more reason to rebel in 1981 than there was in '76, cos we got nearly 3 million on the dole, we got the tory government, Maggie Thatcher, the daily diet of the royal wedding, so we aint outta date, we aint living in the past, we're the beat of the street, this time for real.

RETURN



THE BUSINESS





The Deadend Yobs

Deadend yobs got football boxing or rock n'roll
 If they're any good at to save them from the dole
 But even if they make it certain people will say
 You're still no good and you'll be no other way
 Cos you dont talk proper your accent aint true blue
 Deadend yobs cant win whatever they say or do

They could be gangsters they cold rob a bank
 They could join the army learn to drive a tank
 No hope no luck no future when you're down and out
 When you're at the bottom nobody hears you shout
 All authority keeps knocking you on the head
 From the day you're born to the day you're dead

School report read your no good you're a deadend yob
 Might just make it in a deadend job
 So we broke all the rules in and out of school
 Getting into trouble nothing else to do
 And when they nick us dont they bleeding love it
 Sod they system. Gotta rise above it.

Deadend yobs, bash street kids like me and you
 We all know this story's true
 We're at war with the chosen few
 The middle class and the boys in blue
 We need money we need jobs
 A fair chance say the deadend yobs

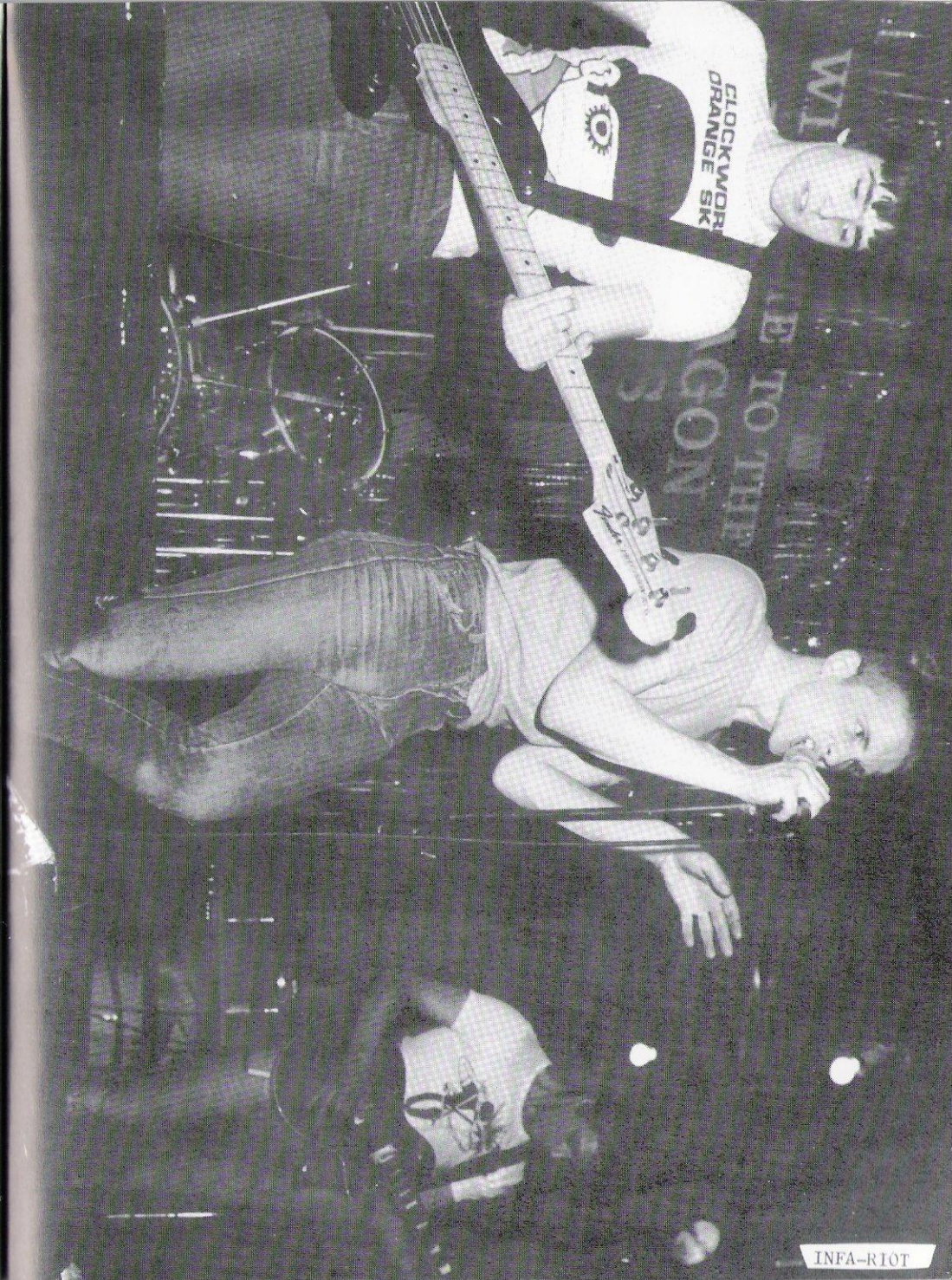
The Party

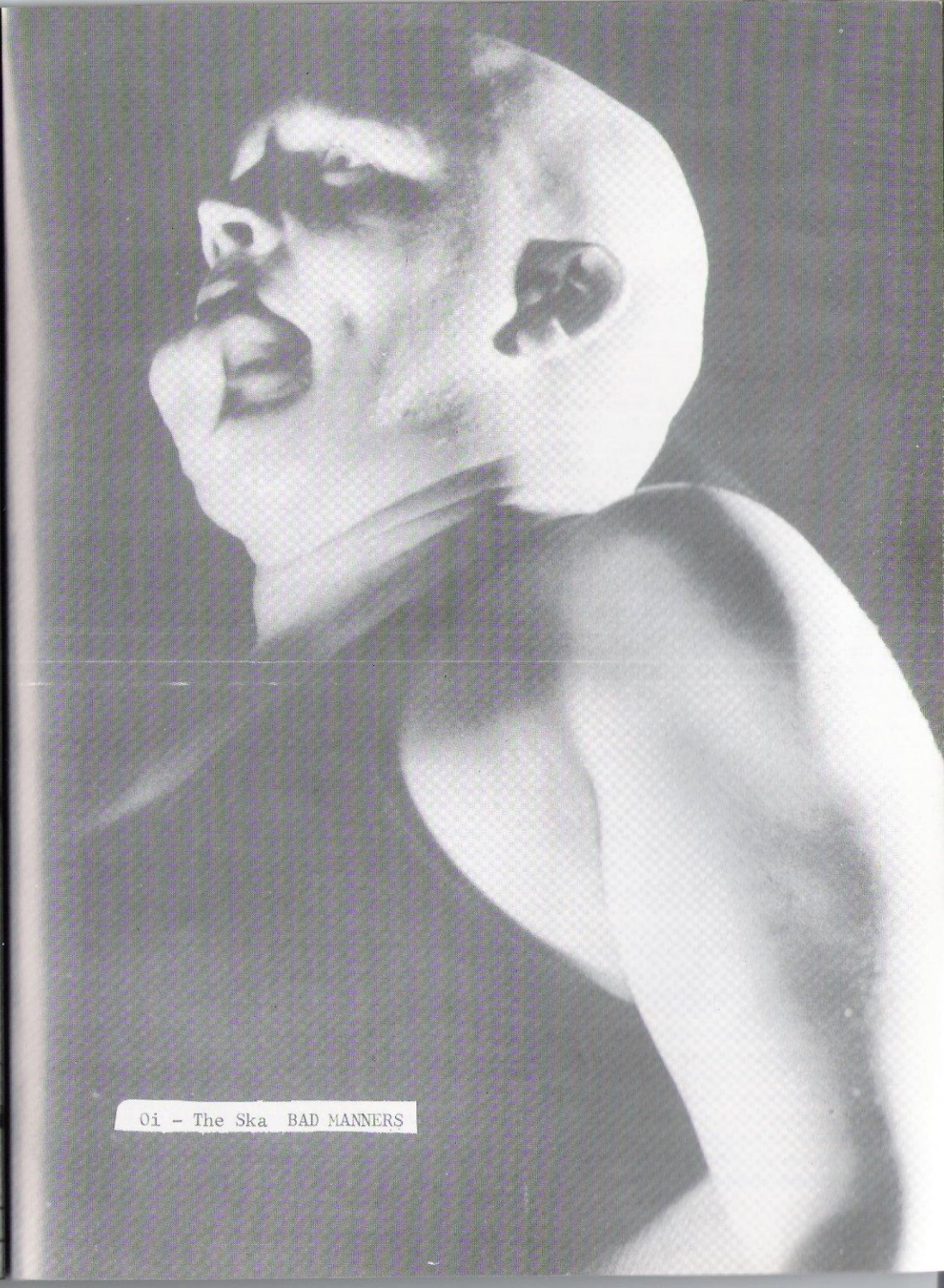
Another party behind closed doors
 Drawn curtains and beer-stained floors
 Meeting of a private club
 Once a month above a pub
 They shake hands and celebrate
 Guess whose birthday check the date

Strangers aint allowed inside
 Maybe they got something to hide
 The code word for entry into a saviour
 machine
 Is a whispered voiced red flag white queen
 Political party with a military beat
 A secret army who vote with their feet

They stand in silence and stand up straight
 While being told who they must hate
 And always carry your party card
 Be prepared and on your guard
 Ready to fight and answer the call
 But storm what side of the berlin wall

The glory boys of the saviour machine
 You all know who I mean
 The self-appointed leaders of us
 Left or right I dont trust
 They're all the clones of Enoch Benn
 Politicians and military men
 Hooked on world war three again





Oi - The Ska BAD MANNERS

SOUTHALL

Very few papers gave the Oi movement a chance to explain why Southall happened. Naively or not it was just another gig to us even though it could be our last. And surely no one could believe that's what anyone wanted. As Gary Hitchcock said at the time, if the 4-Skins had wanted to smash up Southall, they'd have taken three times as many people and left the girls and kids at home. Here's what really happened.

Garry Johnson, East End poet and anti-racist, was an eye-witness to Friday's events. Here is his story.

I arrived at the Lord Northbrook at six o'clock Friday night to meet up with *The Business* and to travel with them to the Hambrough Tavern gig at Southall, thinking it was just gonna be a normal gig.

Our van left at 6.30 with twenty of us, six of those were girls and only 3 were skins, we were all going just to have a good laugh and all that, not expecting or wanting trouble. The drive there went okay until we approached Southall. About a mile from the tavern on street corners were groups of Asians just hanging around and staring at all the cars and vans, we were stuck in what we thought was a traffic jam when all of a sudden for no reason at all our van was stormed by about 30 Asians, shouting "white trash" and "fuck off home". The side of the van was dented by iron bars and one of them pulled a sword out on the manager of *The Business*. By this time the girls were pretty scared so the driver pulled the motor over and we continued up to the tavern on the other side of the road. When we arrived outside there were about twenty coppers, a couple of old bill cars, and a van plus a group of about 300 Asians on the other side of the road.

We all jumped out of the van and went straight into the pub and found we were the last band to arrive, the atmosphere was one of 'we're under siege but we aint gonna let em spoil the show' sort of thing.

As the bands were performing on stage more and more police and Asians were gathering outside. But the atmosphere was still pretty light hearted at this point. All that changed when suddenly stones and bottles started coming thru the windows and the pub was charged by the Asians, but the police stood firm and the Asians were held back. Inside the skinheads were being

IT IS TUESDAY night in Peckham. A third rate teenage rock band is barraging a pub audience with a tuneless song about gonorrhoea. Nobody dances. They drink, drag on cigarettes, stand around and play pool.

It is an Oi Oi gig, which means that it is a skinhead gig. A fairly typical skinhead gig in the Walmer Castle—50p in the beer mug on the door; three bands; army fatigues; Fred Perry shirts, braces and steel-capped boots. Music stops at 11. All out by 11.30. The Old Bill cruising past just in case.

But it is not quite a normal skinhead gig because it is the first since Southall. The kids follow the bands round the pub circuit and about half of them there tonight were also at the Hamborough when it went up. And it shows.

Leaning outside the pub while the support group plays are two teenagers talking about Molotov cocktails. We've played Hackney, South London, where's there's lots of blacks, we never had no trouble there. "Another kid joins in. 'Yeah, why do they think all skinheads is Nazis? Just cos I'm white and working class doesn't mean I'm racist. They think we're aliens from outer space just cos of the way we look. OK, there are NF skins, but not most of them. What's wrong with the Union Jack?"

The main band is called The Elite. They are dressed just the same as the 200 kids

in front of them, only one is wearing a top hat. The lead shouter announces a number called "I Wreak Havoc." He rolls his eyes round and yells "Southall." Nobody much reacts. Southall is all they can talk about, but there is more confusion than triumph about them.

Garry Hitchcock is there. He is more confused than most—it was his group, the 4-Skins which was playing when the pub windows at the Hamborough caved in the petrol bombs started flying.

"We're finished," he says. "After everything that's been written we'll never get another gig. Where are we going to play? We'll probably just have to fold up." He looks round at the bar. "We couldn't even play a boozier like this now."

"Of course we weren't looking for trouble. Why would you take all them women and kids if you was looking for aggro? It was just somewhere to play. We've played Hackney, South London, where's there's lots of blacks, we never had no trouble there."

"Another kid joins in. 'Yeah, why do they think all skinheads is Nazis? Just cos I'm white and working class doesn't mean I'm racist. They think we're aliens from outer space just cos of the way we look. OK, there are NF skins, but not most of them. What's wrong with the Union Jack?"

restrained by the stewards and managers of the various bands, and told to stay calm and not to be provoked, and when the skins did finally retaliate it was only after the petrol bombs had started being thrown, the pub had been stormed from behind, and a lot of mates and girls had been cut by pieces of glass.

Outside it was just like N. Ireland, there were coppers in the middle being attacked not by skinheads as reported in Sundays papers but by the Asians with petrol bombs.

Really this could all have been avoided cos the bands only went to Southall to play a gig for fans in that area, and why not? It is just a part of London after all, all three bands have played in other parts of London like Hackney, Canning Town, and further afield like Manchester and Glasgow without any trouble and those areas all

Moneyed people — posh covers — can fly the Union Jack and they are patriotic. If you're working class with the Union Jack you're just a Nazi."

The band are now shouting a number about Brixton. Brixton is the only word you can hear above the din. At the bar a skinhead — he can't be more than 15 — is wiping his head with a bar towel. He has "skin" tattooed on his scalp.

The pakis overreacted," he says about Friday night. "They went fucking berserk over nothing. It was probably only a few geezers asking how many rupees for fish and chips. If they'd been more tolerant there wouldnt have been no fucking aggro."

In the back room by the pool table stands Laurie Pryor, the manager of another Oi Oi band, the Business. He, too, is despondent. "They're trying to force us out. Where can we play now? The promoters are already blacking us. We never make any money, anyway. We can't afford hotels so we sleep in the van. We've never made a penny from a gig. We just play for the kids."

For light relief there is the eponymous Max Splodge who gave his name to The Splodge, the only Oi Oi band to have topped the charts, with a song called Two Pints

of Lager and a Packet of Crisps. It is a song — those are the only lyrics — which defies sinister interpretation, but even so the band has been described by the Sunday scandal sheets as the Sickest Band in Britain.

Willy, the bass player, is happy to explain: "I have this stage act, see, where I suck the eyes out of a pig's head and spit them into the audience."

Splodge: "Yeah, the Sunday newspapers said our gigs was packed out with skinheads and Nazis. I mean, it was just total crap. But when that come out we suddenly was packed out with skins at our gigs. Some of them do Sieg Heil during the gigs, but how do you stop them? There ain't nothing political in our songs. We held a Rock Against Ginger Hair ed People gig at Woolwich just as a piss-take against all people with prejudices. But even then, at our next gig these four ginger haired geezers jump out of a car and hit me over the head with a lump of wood."

"We try to stop them distributing NF literature. But then you've got to stop the SWP from distributing their stuff. And then you're called a Nazi. You can't win." He turns round to look at the band. Shrugs his shoulders. "Rubbish, innit?"

Splodge. Willy, Laurie,

Garry, the kid with the tattooed head, the giant bouncer and the kids around them — they are all part of the east who play the music and follow it. Most have dead-end jobs or are unemployed. Asked what he did all day, one replied: "Play the trains and make a pint last a long time." He was already looking forward to Southend and August Bank Holiday.

It is a closed world, defined by the hair styles, the dress, certain pubs, football grounds, streets and shops. The music is quite uncommercial and all but a handful of the 50 or so Oi Oi groups are completely ignored by the music press. Garry Bushell of Sounds Magazine is the only music journalist in Britain who follows the scene.

The Oi Oi skinhead revival developed out of punk, which, say the kids, had been commercialised out of recognition. "People think skins are born like that," said one. "We're not. I was a punk when that was in. I was a Mod. Now I'm a skin. It's just a fashion, a lifestyle. God knows what I'll be in six months' time."

Punk was just taken over by poseurs. Oi Oi is just working class kids, but it ain't nothing new. When my parents was young they was teddy boys and they was cutting each other up with

razors." The skinhead world is, of course, a violent one. Part of it is racist, too. Steve, unemployed and walking around a shopping centre in Stratford, is 16 and a member of the British Movement. "The Pakis take our jobs and our houses so I hate them," he says. "Adolf Hitler is my hero. He was right. He would have won the war, but he had stomach trouble. I think it was an ulcer."

The Oi Oi fans claim the racists follow the football more than the music, though they try to recruit at gigs as well. "The NF think we're a bunch of degenerates and poofahs," says Gary Hitchcock, manager of the 4-Skins, "but they want the young people and so they send their blokes in with cropped hair."

"First of all the Right Wing started and then the Left Wing got in. I must admit they are doing fairly well out of it. The kids just isn't left alone. Every bastard's at them and a lot of them are sheep."

"I mean, look at that geezer over there." He points to a drab, bearded youth bending over the pool table. "How do I know if he's a fascist or a commy? How can you turn 'em away? The music isn't racist. It's about unemployment, life on the dole. It's about kids wasting their time in dead-end jobs. About hanging about on the

have high populations of ethnic groups, cos unlike the papers said, Oi aint about fighting or race war or white power or nothing like that, it's just a form of punk second time around, and the reason there were coaches was cos the fans come from as far away as Herne Bay, Tilbury, Barnet, as well various parts of London, and as you know you can't rely on public transport. As for the leaflets that have been spoke about I didn't see any that night, the first I saw was the next day in the pub. Another thing, also in the audience inside the pub were four west Indian skins who are regularly at all the Oi gigs, so that proves that Oi aint a racist thing. It's just been misrepresented by the press who weren't even there, I was, I was there from 8 o'clock that night, I can't speak for what happened before that but I can from 8 o'clock on-

wards and I was attacked and the van was attacked only cos I and the rest of those in the van were white.

It's madness if you ask me, you should be able to see a band and have a good night out and a laugh whatever colour you are in any part of London cos it's the music that counts and the music that suffers. After hanging around with everyone else afterwards not sure of what was going on because the coaches had been turned away and our van had been smashed up, all the skinheads who weren't beaten or running away but just simply going home were lead in columns to the station miles away for a late train to Paddington, on the walk there was no further trouble, a bit of high spirits but nothing else. Chips and take-aways were bought in shops and there was no trouble in

continued next page

these shops or on the station. On the train everyone was real sick at what had happened but glad that all three bands had managed to perform on stage, and all three were well on form I only hope this ain't the end of Oi cos there's so many good bands who deserve

the chance to play anywhere in London, I only hope the truth will come out, the real truth this time - I know for certain the Oi bands and fans were *Innocent*.



continued from previous page -----

streets—about things the kids know about."

"The kids who play in the bands are just the same as the kids who listen," says Gary Bushell. "They're either in lousy jobs or haven't got jobs at all. It's not fascism, it's just political disillusion. I think the height of Nazi infiltration of rock was in 1979. The groups like Sham 69 which flirted with them got destroyed. Now the big divide is not right/left or black/white. It's North/East. It's 200 West Ham fans at a Cockney Rejects gig charging 50 Arsenal fans."

"If you look at NF marches," says Max Splodge, "well over 50 per cent are too young to vote and by the time they're old enough they've grown out of it."

Gary Johnson, a 22-year-old unemployed East Ender, who writes rock lyrics and poems, agrees: "It's all territorial like the Krays and the Richardsons. I mean, until this year I'd never been south of the river, except maybe to pass through on holiday. Pubs like this feel

different from East End pubs.

"If the skins get drunk and decide to go out and fight, which they do sometimes, they usually go down the football and beat up the other side's supporters. It's the middle classes and the media which are trying to make out it's black/white because they're shit scared."

"Black and white working people have got much more in common with each other than white working class and middle class people have. They're terrified of the blacks and whites rising together and storming the suburbs. That's where they ought to riot—in Finchley and Richmond, not in Moss Side."

Ignored musically, virtually all skinheads feel they are ignored politically, except by the extremist groups who well appreciate that fact. Mick French sits surrounded by Union Jacks in his skinhead fashion shop in the East End. He is a patriot, he says, and he hates Mrs Thatcher. "She's taking too

much away from ordinary working people. She came round here and she was just arrogant. She doesn't understand us or care about us."

"I hate Mrs Thatcher, but I hate the Labour Party even more," says a teenager at the Peckham gig. "You know the posh people hate you, but the Labour Party used to be the working class party in my parents' time and they aren't now. Tony Benn, he's a Lord, isn't he? And that Ken Livingstone's just a joke."

"Another skin joins in. "Yeah, after Southall he just jumped in and backed the Asians' side of the story without listening to what the white kids had to say about what happened. He should stand up for black and white alike. The Labour Party sucks up to the bloody immigrants cos they know it'll help them to get in. They don't know what it's like to be poor. We all suffer together, black and white. I'm not surprised people riot when they ain't got nothing."

"They're trying to sweep

us under the carpet and we won't be swept," says Willy, the Splodge bass player. "They're even trying to stop the music now. The BBC won't play us and there's fewer and fewer pubs we can play in now."

"We was supposed to play Bradford on July 16 but I think we'd better blow that," says Splodge. "People have got it all wrong. I mean, we was invited to Bradford by a Paki. Oi the Turban we call him. But we can't take the risk now."

As the Peckham gig finishes and the skinheads make off into the night Splodge briefly brightens up. "Molotov Cocktails," he scoffs. "Where was the kids supposed to get them? I think it's a conspiracy between Esso and Unigate." And, spying a few weeds forcing their way between paving stones he cries out: "Look, there's Peckham Park. Can you see the sign saying 'keep off the Grass'?"

Reprinted from

THE GUARDIAN



A Criminal Class and a U.K. Sub

POLITICIANS AINT

Skinheads - hold no brief for no party, cos they're all our enemy, corrupt and liars, are only out for themselves and what they can get. Yeah politics and skinheads, well if you believe all you read in the press, you'll be aware that all skinheads are really nazi stormtroopers in sta-press and bover boots, who go to gigs in para-military uniform and greet each other with sieg heil salutes, and it must be true, cos I read it in the papers, sick eh, really funny ha ha, what a load of fucking lies by a so called bunch of journalists, it's like the "we got the best policemen in the world" fairytale, aint it "We got the fairest press". Rubbish, but it sells the papers eh.

But the real truth is that most young people - skinheads, punks, black, white any cult or fashion don't give a damn about politics or trust any politician or any party, they all kiss babies, and left and right extremists spread political rabies, they're all the same and all to blame, they're not to be trusted.

Remember when punk first started, who was it that banned it from the council owned town halls, the politicians of every party, so much for free expression and for freedom of speech eh, it was censored by the powers that be, but then a year later when punk was at the peak of its popularity, all the bleeding politicians saw the teenage vote an changed their outlook, all of a sudden punk was respectable, all the politicians were bending over backwards to get us to join them in their cosy little middle class movements like the anti-nazi league, and the C.N.D., suddenly punks were wanted, but they didn't want us, they wanted our numbers, and where were these champions of free speech when we needed them eh?

I was gonna mention the Tories, the Liberals, the S.D.P. and the extremist parties left and right, but why bother, we all know they're not worth it, a right bunch of no hopers, all of them.

OH YEAH IN PEACE-TIME AINT IT FUNNY HOW WE'RE ALL THUGS AND HOOLIGANS, AND THEY THINK WE SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD, BUT WHENEVER OUR POLITICAL MASTERS START A WAR, IT'S ALWAYS THE WORKING CLASS YOUTH THAT GET SENT TO THE FRONT LINE, IT'S US WHO GET BLOODY KILLED, THEY JUST GIVE ORDERS, AND PRANCE AROUND IN FANCY DRESS PINNING MEDALS ON EACH OTHERS CHESTS.

Yeah politics is a waste of time the only legal crime, so don't let 'em con you.

United (The Voice Of Oi)

The voice of oi is calling you
With a message that is true
Punky herberts straight and skin
All of you come on in
Cos Oi's for skins and Oi's for punks
It's fun and fury, real urban funk.

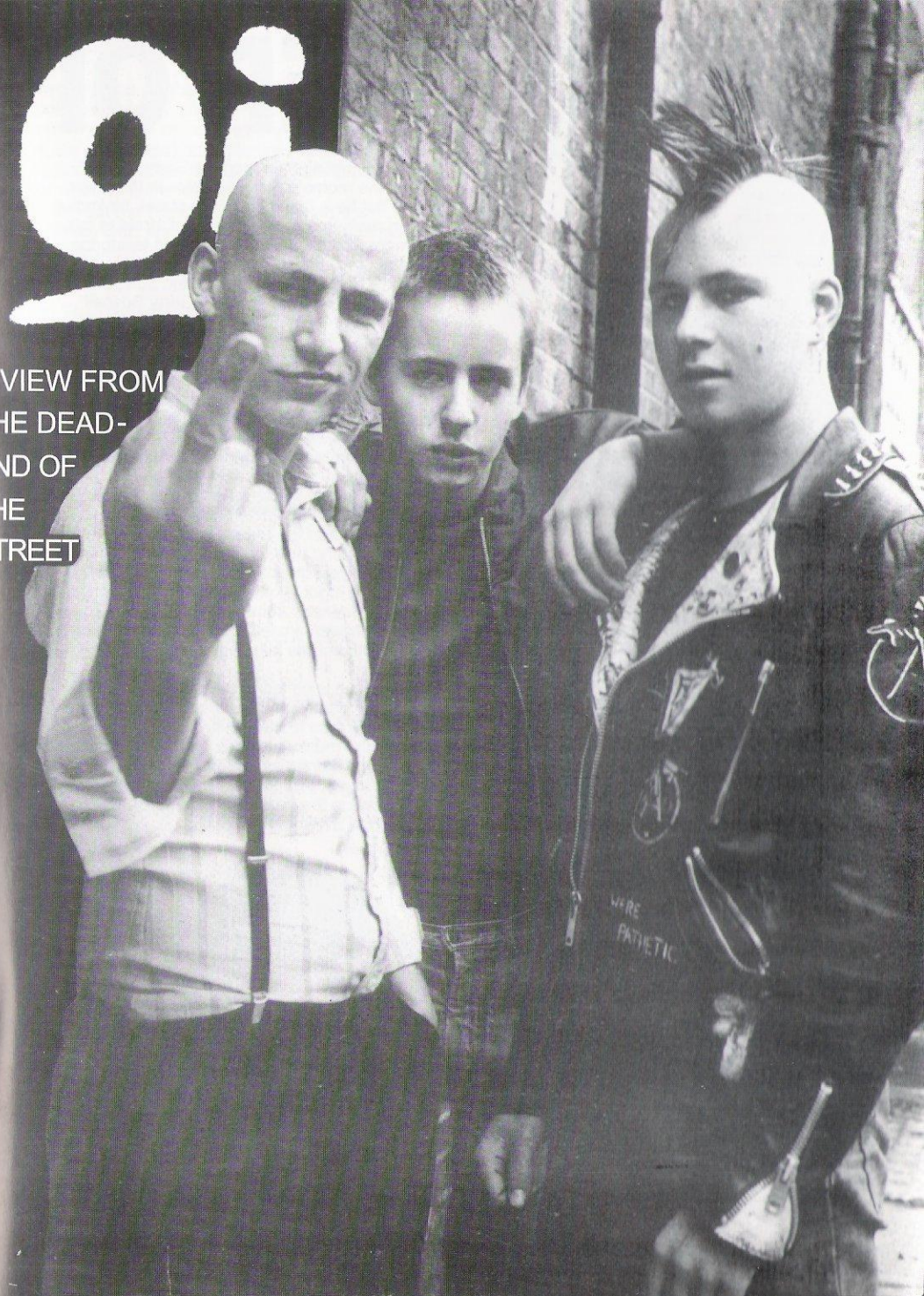
The voice of oi is unity
The beat of the street is you and me
United is the thing to be
United against society
Think how strong we can be
United against society

So stick together and see it thru
Strength thru oi is me and you
Let them twist our every word
But we're gonna be heard
Cos oi aint about having a fight
Oi ain't ever about black v. white.

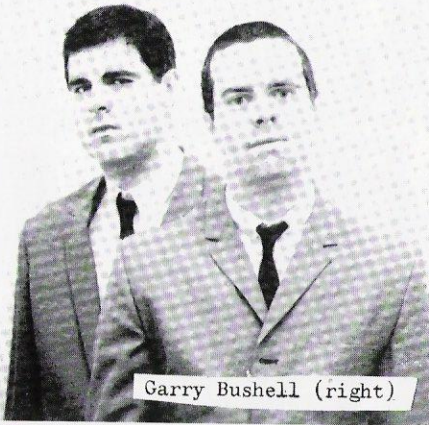
The voice of oi is unity
No them and us just you and me
United is the thing to be
Power to the people not anarchy
Think how strong we will be
United against society

A VIEW FROM
THE DEAD-
END OF
THE
STREET

WORKING CLASS



GODFATHER OI

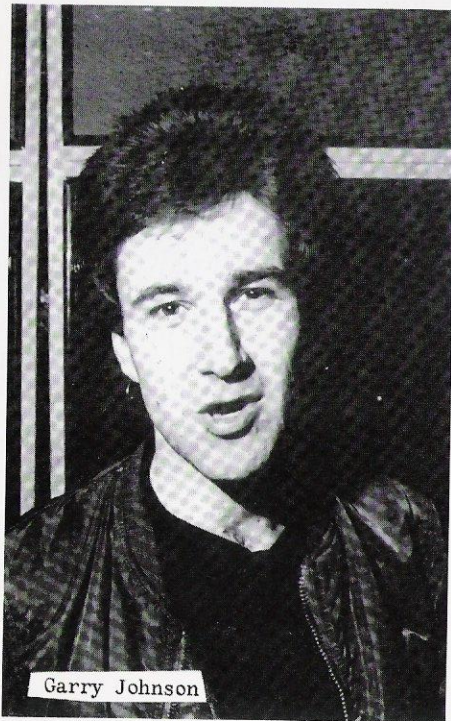


Garry Bushell (right)

Yeah, that just about describes Garry Bushell, who at the moment is a lone voice in the music press, but he is the voice of the street, he knows what's really going on and he ain't afraid to talk and write about it, go to any gig and talk to the fans, ask the kids on the street, who is the man from the media that they know and trust, and you'll hear the same reply, it's Garry Bushell who put Oi on the map.

Not for him the elitist bunch of futurist posers, the Chelsea wine bars, the plastic pop played by the Bowie clones of Ziggy's old wardrobe, his world is the real world, hard fast and angry rock 'n' roll, new punk, music for skinheads, punks, herberts and all the other jack the lads who can be found on the streets of all big cities, he goes to the sleazy clubs and run down pubs who put on the new bands like, *The 4 Skins*, *The Last Resort* and *The Business* and he is a real socialist, he means what he says, and he really cares and tells the truth, he's doing for Oi what John Peel did for punk, when punk was real, before it got taken over by the trendy middle class weekend punks, yeah cos Garry Bushell is a fan/follower himself, he's one of the boys and talks the same language as the kids on the street.

And when Oi is on top of the pops he'll be chased for quotes and the inside story by all those who claim to have their finger on the pulse of the music business, but the fame won't change him cos he's one of us, and when I see Maggie, ha ha, I'm gonna nominate him for a knighthood in the next honours list, for his services to Oi, Sir Godfather of Oi.



Garry Johnson



EPILOGUE -

Twenty three weeks after Southall and things look considerably brighter for the whole Oi movement. We've survived a vicious maelstrom of lies propaganda and plain misunderstanding by just keeping our heads down and fighting for what we know is true.

In the last two months Oi singles from the 4-Skins, Blitz, and the Partisans have crashed into the Indie Top Five with singles from Infa-Riot and the Business looking certs to follow, while Oi *the album* stars The Exploited set the Top Thirty afire with *Dead Cities*.

The Business and Infa Riot tour this month included three anti-racist gigs with blacks and whites, skins and punks, herberts and hooligans united for the cause of youth and rebel music. Blitz played the *Right to Work March* against the Tory Conference. The Business B-side *National Insurance Blacklist* attacks the

blacklist operated against militant trade unionists - especially in the building trade. If this makes us right-wing then I'm sorry I can't know anything about politics.

As the crisis deepens so the muscle of Oi grows stronger, the message more urgent. Maggie Thatcher is breathing life into the movement with every anti-working class move she makes. And like Lee Wilson says, "Oi is the voice of the street kid that's why we're gonna grow and that's why we're gonna win".

Carry On Oi is the title of the third Oi LP released. It just about sums up the mood of the movement.

Garry Johnson

White Flag

You have a surrender in every war it's all part of the game
Admit defeat by another name
The white flag flying on the front line
A boy soldier asks the time
But the politician walks away
With the generals and the rules of play
White flag we lost the war
White flag just like before

But the shield cant hide the truth
Or silence the graves of innocent youth
We're all victims in every war
But what was it they died for
Was it for the likes of you
The very rich and the chosen few
White flag we lost the war
White flag just like before

It's the same old story every time
We take the blame for every crime
Win or lose we always lose
Good or bad it's always bad news
For the innocent boys on the front line
The white flag is just a matter of time
White flag we lost the war
But one day we'll settle the score.

The English Gentlemen

A handful of men in military dress
Control our lives like a game of chess
Got their eye on the ban the bomb marchers
The cricket scores and tuned into the archers
All of them English gentlemen
Nothing ever changes so once again
The old school tie calls the tune
For those in pin-stripe and uniform

The ruling class who run the show
The empires past who wont let go
Double-barrelled name means one of the chaps
Dont have to work and cant stand japs
And striking should be against the law
Anything to hold down the poor
All of them English gentlemen
The military and businessmen

Their world is who, not what, you know
That decides where you can and cannot go
The old boys network and family name
Make the rules of life their favourite game
Friends in high places, scotland yard too
Traitors in westminster, red white and blue
So who are we to argue then
In a corrupt society run by these men

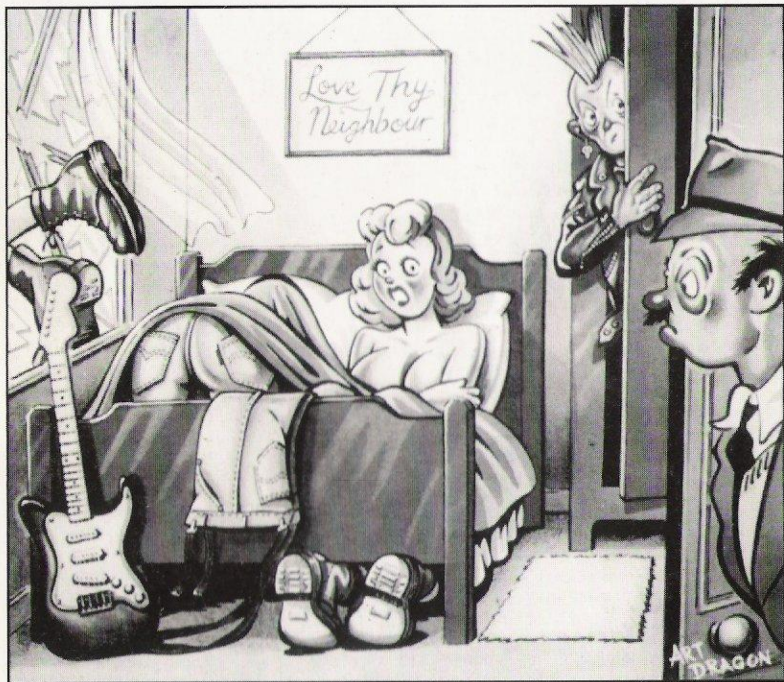
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