

Announcement 1: Anarchy Flag

Central St Martins College

"It was about breathing space. If you couldn't get into university and you didn't want to go to work, you used to be able to get a grant quite easily to go to art school. It was like a daytime creche facility for older kids who were following the latest fashion trends and had their ear to the ground, music-wise."

Glen Matlock

SEX PISTOLS

Gentlemen:

The following will confirm our understanding and agreement with you with respect to your recording, in our behalf, master recordings featuring your performances:

1. During the term hereof you shall record and deliver us master recordings embodying your performances (such recordings being herein after sometimes called the 'Masters')
2. Recording sessions for the masters shall be conducted by you under our license, at times and places to be mutually agreed upon; provided you shall not unreasonably withhold your approval of a time or place designated by us upon reasonable notice to you.

Announcement 2:

Sex Pistols

Greek Street

cont.....

Song

[Sung by Peter Cook (as 'Drimbl Wedge & the Vegetation');
Written by Peter Cook & Dudley Moore]

Ooh-oo, ooh-oo, I'm bedazzled
I don't care
Ooh-oo, ooh-oo, I'm bedazzled
So you said
You knock me out
I don't want you
You bust me up
I don't need you
You burn me up
I don't love you
You plug me in
Leave me alone
You switch me on
I'm self-contained
You light me up
Just go away
I'm bedazzled, I'm bedazzled, I'm be-dazzled!

You glimmer
I'm fickle
You glitter
I'm cold
You shimmer
I'm shallow
You drive me wi-i-ild, you drive me wild!
You fill me with inertia

You knock me out
Don't get excited
You bust me up
Save your breath
You burn me up
Cool it
You plug me in
I'm not interested
You switch me on
It's too much effort
You light me up
Don't you ever leave off?
I'm bedazzled, I'm bedazzled, I'm be-dazzled!

I'm not available

Announcement 2:

Sex Pistols

Greek Street

Here's Peter on the late 1970s Granada Television show And So It Goes, (which, incidentally, was fronted by Factory Records' owner Tony Wilson). This appearance was meant to promote an upcoming Derek and Clive album, which conveniently dovetailed into the punk rock explosion of 1976-1977. Peter variously depicts his comedy partner (Moore) as being a "midget poof" who prefers to get facelifts in Switzerland, and predicts the Derek and Clive album will be "a monster hit." As "Clive," Peter appears completely sober here, and looks like a cool older brother-type who happens to smoke pretty heavily and wears Converse. This appearance comes at a time when bands like the Sex Pistols and the Stranglers were also being featured regularly on the same TV show.Also apparently Johnny Rotten was a massive fan of 'Bedazzled' (even basing a song on the Drimble Wedge & the Vegetations piece and wanted Cook to write the screenplay for the Sex Pistols film, but when he and Maclaren went round to his house he said Cook was too crazy even for them, offering them a bowl of sweets which had syringes in and then saying in a Wisty voice 'oh yea, we all take drugs in this household'. Brilliant! He even, surely, has the last word on Sid Vicious commenting that when he was attacked by a member of the audience it was 'a rare instance of the fan hitting the shit'.

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cont.....

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I'm not available

Announcement 3:

Safety Pin Queen

El Paradise
Brewer Street

El Paradise Strip Club: A Sex Pistols Gig.

On Brewer Street in Soho, down rickety old stairs to a small dance floor, dirty velvet cinema seats, the stage very tiny with tatty velvet curtains. The place was run by the Maltese Mafia. Vivien in a black rubber catsuite, thin purple lines around her eyes and mouth, she was a vision, an albino voodoo doll, she kept breaking into a little dance, like Groucho Marx tangoing with a headless chicken. It was her imitation of Chuck Berry's duck walk; like Malcolm she never kept still and went on these long diatribes about whatever had flown into her head at that moment: "Malcolm and me want to see an army of teenagers in bondage gear and PVC".

I think Malcolm had the notion of creating a scene with the Bromley Contingent, rather like Andy Warhol's Factory crowd. Malcolm running about, Vivien doing the duck walk down the front, the whole fucking scene was there; one that was yet to have a label attached to it.

The gig fell apart, a stripper tried to do a striptease on stage and got booted off.....discord and violence filled the room, bottles sailed through the air...someone pulled a knife...chaos ruled....I looked at the exit sign.

Berlin. Bromley

The oldest social specialization, the specialization of power, is at the root of the spectacle. The spectacle is thus a specialized activity which speaks for all the others. It is the diplomatic representation of hierarchic society to itself, where all other expression is banned. Here the most modern is also the most archaic.

Debord, G. Society of the Spectacle, 1967
<http://www.marxists.org/reference/archive/debord/society.htm>

Announcement 4: Blind Queen

Ingestre Place

As I suspected, the controversy surrounding Malcolm McLaren and Simon Easton [first reported here in April, then again in July] has really blown up in the press, with furious attacks from Malcolm McLaren against alleged con artist Simon Easton, followed by equally vitriolic and somewhat inconsistent retaliations. There is not only the matter of Seditious' provenance and punk's legacy, but huge sums of money have exchanged hands in the selling of these artifacts, threats of legal action have been hurled and now established institutions such as Sotheby's, Christie's and the Met appear concerned with the authenticity of their collections.

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Banksy/Seditious trio face fraud trial

Wednesday, Aug 19th, 2009

Categories: 00s, 70s

Three people accused of selling fake clothing from the 70s punk boutiques Sex and Seditious designed by Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood, as well as forging 100 screen prints purporting to be by contemporary artist Banksy, have been bailed to appear for trial next spring. Grant Champkins-Howard, 44, and wife Vesna Grandes-Howard, 32, of South Croydon, South London, and Lee Parker, 43, of Eastbourne, East Sussex, denied fraud charges over six years and were bailed at the Old Bailey yesterday. They face trial next May.

•••THE LOOK will not be publishing comments on this case until its completion.

Please ignore the comment invite below. •••

Announcement 5: Cowboys

54 Poland Street

Louises

Club Louise

Mirror gazing one night-Ballerina John looking even more grotesque in the reflection-S.S. came in with a new look, black hair, red tipped in an up-sweep, black PVC bra, leggings to match and a swastika armband.

It was the customary greeting to kiss each other on the cheek and coo. "Darling". "where did you get that" I asked. "Oh, somewhere in Kings Cross" S.S. replied vaguely. "What do you think?" she ventured. "Camp" I replied. " Yes, concentration camp!" she bellowed. "Only £8". Lynda came in and perched next to us. "Love it, Dear", she said.

Suddenly Jordan appeared wearing a leather pencil skirt and brown shirt with a Swastika armband, looking every inch a Nazi Frau. She sat with us. I felt left out, I wanted an armband.

Sometime later I wandered down to the dancefloor to look for S.S. and saw Caroline standing in front of her, hands on hips. "Take it off!" Caroline said through clenched teeth. "Don't fucking tell me what to do S.S. hissed back. "We don't want that shit down here", she continued. S.S. stared at her with steely eyes. Said nothing. "I said take it off, I'm Jewish and its fucking offensive". "Fuck Off, pilchard face".

S.S. stormed off to the ladies loo. I waited a bit and followed. Pilchard face sunk back into her smoked glass DJ booth.

Opening the door to the ladies loo a crack I could see S.S.'s reflection in the mirror. With her black eye pencil she was furiously drawing little Swastika beauty spots on her cheeks.

"Cunt", she mouthed.

Berlin Bromley

Announcement 6:

Cambridge Rapist

glitterbest - 119 Oxford Street

The Professor's indignation found in itself a final cause that absolved him from the sin of turning to destruction as the agent of his ambition. To destroy public faith in legality was the imperfect formula of his pedantic fanaticism; but the subconscious conviction that the framework of an established social order cannot be effectually shattered except by some form of collective or individual violence was precise and correct. He was a moral agent—that was settled in his mind. By exercising his agency

with ruthless defiance he procured for himself the appearances of power and personal prestige. That was undeniable to his vengeful bitterness.

It pacified its unrest; and in their own way the most ardent of revolutionaries are perhaps doing no more but seeking for peace in common with the rest of mankind—the peace of soothed vanity, of satisfied appetites, or perhaps of appeased conscience.

Lost in the crowd, miserable and undersized, he meditated confidently on his power, keeping his hand in the left pocket of his trousers, grasping lightly the india-rubber ball, the supreme guarantee of his sinister freedom; but after a while he became disagreeably affected by the sight of the roadway thronged with vehicles and of the pavement crowded with men and women. He was in a long, straight street, peopled by a mere fraction of an immense multitude; but all round him, on and on, even to the limits of the horizon hidden by the enormous piles of bricks, he felt the mass of mankind mighty in its numbers. They swarmed numerous like locusts, industrious like ants, thoughtless like a natural force, pushing on blind and orderly and absorbed, impervious to sentiment, to logic, to terror too perhaps.

Conrad, J. Secret Agent, p.44

Announcement 7:

T F T S

100 CLUB. OXFORD STREET

I WENT TO THE 100
CLUB. IT WAS SHIT.
NOT A DECENT BIRD
IN THE WHOLE GAFF.

FRANK KELLY

we came up with the idea of just making a load of noise. Siouxsie recited the lords prayer and threw in other lyrics from horrible songs, like the Bay City Rollers, 'Twist and Shout' and 'knocking on heavens door'. Then Marco would break into 'smoke on the water'. It was just a huge piss take. About 10,000 people claim they were there, but in reality it was less than 150. But for us it was a defining moment, and 20 minutes later we just walked off stage back into the audience...it was one 20 minute barrage of sound. it was horrible. Steve Severin.

*Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name*

Thy Kingdom come.

thy will be done,

on earth as it is in heaven

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses,

as we forgive those who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation,

but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Our Father in heaven,

hallowed be your name.

Your Kingdom come,

your will be done,

on earth as in heaven

Give us today our daily bread.

Forgive us our sins,

as we forgive those who sin against us.

Lead us not into temptation,

but deliver us from evil.

For the kingdom, the power and the glory are yours.

Now and for ever. Amen

announcement 8:
fuck your mother
Carlisle Street

Private Eye Offices

The authenticity of a thing is the essence of all that is transmissible from its beginning, ranging from its substantive duration to its testimony to the history which it has experienced. Since the historical testimony rests on the authenticity, the former, too, is jeopardized by reproduction when substantive duration ceases to matter. And what is really jeopardized when the historical testimony is affected is the authority of the object.

Benjamin, W. 'The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction', 1937

Announcement 10: Destroy

New Compton Street

Discover more about this print

This is a very special, very rare A.P of the truly amazing original billboard poster that was produced as part of the 1977 sales campaign for the Sex Pistols 'Never Mind The Bollocks' album.

The poster is in mint condition and is signed. This is your chance to have your very own authentic billboard of The Sex Pistols album cover that was voted the best album cover ever!

Either of our London or Brighton galleries can arrange delivery of this framed print throughout South-East England, for details of this service, please [click here](#).

[Click these words to find similar prints](#)
Rare Yellow Music From our stores

• [See more Jamie Reid prints](#)

About Jamie Reid

Jamie Reid is probably best known for his work with the Sex pistols, including the Cecil Beaton silver jubilee portrait of the queen with a safety pin through her nose, and the cover for 'Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols' which came in at number two in a Rolling Stone Magazine poll of the best rock album sleeves of all time. He also worked on the Sex Pistols film 'The Great Rock and Roll Swindle'

• [Read our Jamie Reid biography](#)

Announcement 11: Anarchy Mask Near Street

Our Swimmer

Displaying an interest in forward propulsion
Our swimmer glides (moves) with no actual motion
The stroke he's using needs timing and skill
The effect is graceful, but the progress is nil
Neither backwards nor sideways, it's part of the
thrill
The element he performs in is perfectly still
No problems with friction, it's easy for him
It is what he was born to, to swim and to swim
He turned head on tail, tail on head
He thinks that the cycle will get him ahead
No flame this state?? becomes alarming
Progress expected, not forthcoming
The effect is graceful, but the progress is nil
It is what he was born to, to swim and to swim

a lot of music press used to come down
in their Doc Martins. They were never on
the scene before, but suddenly there
were more and more, and they loved all
the shit bands like the Jam-you know,
good old rock'n'roll, man. Then after
the good press came all the wankers-hip-
pies last week, punks today-then it was
fucked, the whole thing. All of my lot
started going to the Speakeasy, as did
the bands who played the Roxy

Frank Kelly

Announcement 12: Oliver twist

The Cambridge

They are Dickensian - like urchins who with ragged clothes and pock marked faces roam the streets of foggy gas-lit London. Pillaging. Setting fire to buildings. Beating-up old people with gold chains. Fucking the rich up the arse. Causing havoc wherever they go. Some of these ragamuffin gangs jump on tables amidst the charred debris and with burning torches play rock 'n roll to the screaming delight of the frenzied pissing pogoing mob. Shouting and spitting 'anarchy' one of these gangs call themselves the Sex Pistols. This true and dirty tale has been continuing throughout 200 years of teenage anarchy and so in 1978 there still remains the Sex Pistols. Their active extremism is all they care about because that's what counts to jump right out of the 21st Century as fast as you possibly can in order to create an environment that you can truthfully run wild in.

Oliver Twist

Maclaren, M. 'Oliver Twist Manifesto', 1977