

Coventry Evening Telegraph

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MAKING GOOD USE OF WASTE

REFUSE isn't refuse any more. That is the meaning of the International Reclamation and Disposal Exhibition being held at the NEC.

The visit by Prince Charles underlined just how important this subject is. Perhaps it will help to change the attitude that reclamation is something left to other people.

As Prince Charles said, there is still a mental barrier against using waste material to the full. That barrier must be broken down in industry and in the home. If, in order to recycle waste, we have to put ourselves to some inconvenience, or find that costs or rates are a little higher, that is a price we should be prepared to pay.

The world's resources are not inexhaustible. This is dramatically illustrated by the estimates of the very limited amounts of oil and other fossil fuels still available. It is also true of other minerals, timber and materials in daily use.

The Prince thought it extraordinary that it should still be necessary to "nag" people over reclamation. Certainly it is essential that the nagging continues.

TASTY STRIKE

THE bakers' strike is doing very little harm. At worst it has prompted panic buying among a minority of housewives who seem determined to fill their freezers.

For a great many other women the shortage of bread has presented an opportunity to experiment with meals and to make their own loaves or buns. Those who have become accustomed to the bland taste of sliced, wrapped bread have discovered the delights of crisp, freshly-baked rolls from private bakers.

In that respect the strikers have done a service. Many people may well be reluctant to return to the larger suppliers when the dispute is over.

PUZZLE

CND

THERE'S little hope of its ever happening, but we do have truly prime BOMBS!

Each letter stands for a different digit, so what does it all add up to

MAN
BAM
ALL
ATOM

BOMBS

SOLUTION to yesterday's puzzle (Bottled): LIVER was 10735 (odd).

Compiled by J. A. H. Hunter, who will be pleased to answer any queries.

PUNK RULES OK

PUNK rock is depressing—negative, destructive, anti-culture and at arms with society.

The fashions are an attempt to shock, the music is an effort to assault—the audience, and the mood is not of independence but of anti-social arrogance.

Punk's first rebellious discords were heard about 18 months ago in London, and, as with rock 'n' roll in the 50s and the beat boom of the 60s, it is linked to a naive belief that the music will change the world.

But this time around there are no heroes like Bill Haley and Mick Jagger. This time there are anti-heroes, insisting that they will reject the trappings of stardom and will remain opposed to the big-business aspects of the record industry.

The songs have unattractive and often threatening names—the Clash, the Damned, the Boomtown Rats, Generation X—and the artists have adopted narcotic pseudonyms: Rat Scabies, Johnny Rotten, Laurie Driver and Billy Idol.

The songs reflect the atmosphere of depression, with titles like "Bored Teenagers," "Pretty Vacant," "Right to Work" and "Remote Control."

Originally, punk rockers began to wear clothes from the ragbag and jewellery from the dustbin as a way of expressing contempt for people who had money enough to buy more traditional attire.

At Barbarella's, the boys were wearing either mohair-style jumpers or slashed and pinned up tee-shirts, and perhaps a vandalised jacket.

BAGGY TO

THE KNEES

The trousers look like the bottom half of those old denim suits, baggy to the knees, narrow at the ankles and too short to hide worn out plimsolls or plastic beach shoes.

Chains, safety pins and paper clips provide the decoration—and many of the boys wear a studded dog collar or a lock and chain around the neck. Crumpled ties, the older the better, with the tight knot at half-mast on the chest, are part of the uniform.

Girls have more options when it comes to fashion because almost anything goes. See-through tops, tight trousers, harem pants, short skirts with black tights or split skirts showing black stockings tops and suspender belts are all acceptable.

But it's not in the least erotic, and nor is it supposed to be. It's more of an attempt to abuse the body, and the hair-styles emphasise that by their quirkiness. Partings come at odd angles, and, while one side may be permed normally, the other is deliberately outrageous—there could even be a mini pony tail coming out somewhere.

Otherwise the hair is like the boys', short, twisted in spikes and possibly dyed blonde. Also like the boys, the girls may be hiding behind a cheap pair of plastic sunglasses. And black is the predominant colour worn by both sexes.

You can see that, as far as punk is concerned, bad taste is good taste.

Barbarella's guests at the weekend



THE SONG OF THE ANTI-HERO

were Generation X, a four-piece group with a spiky-headed blond youth called Billy Idol singing.

Punks don't walk proudly, they slouch along dejectedly with their heads down. When Generation X slouched on stage, they were greeted with an enthusiastic bout of spitting, which is regarded as a sign of appreciation.

For 30 minutes or so, they strummed at high speed through about a dozen numbers, although, if they hadn't stopped after each one, a non-fan would have been hard-pressed to spot the difference.

The music sounded like the whining drone of a lawnmower struggling in the long grass, and the vocals, seemingly shouted with little regard for the rhythm, were inaudible. The volume was crushing.

Punks even dance anti-socially. They do the pogo, which is easy to pick up—you just jump up and down on the spot.

In fact, the essence of the whole punk movement is that it's easy to become a part of it, and you don't need any qualifications.

Joe Strummer of the Clash explains: "When we started, other people realised that they could do it, 'cause it wasn't nothing difficult."

The Clash, who are due at Tiffany's on November 8, have had their share of bad publicity in the past year.

A concert at the Rainbow in London ended when fans ripped up the first few rows of seats. They were banned from

Punk Rock hits Coventry tonight when the Adverts launch the first of a series of concerts featuring the best known new wave groups at Tiffany's. But what exactly is this outrageous phenomenon? JOHN PALMER went to Barbarella's, a leading punk venue in Birmingham to find out.

Coventry Tiffany's a few months ago because of fears of violence. And they weren't paid for a show at the Lanabeter Polytechnic after an emergency meeting of the students' union during the show decided that the group were fascist.

But Strummer thinks that punk is sometimes misunderstood.

"The music and the words are aggressive, but that doesn't necessarily mean that it's violent. We let off steam when we play, and a lot of people let off steam when they see us—that short-circuits violence."

"I don't particularly like violence. I don't want to get my face kicked in and I don't want to punch anyone. I can use my mouth better than my fists."

What significance does he see in his songs? "I just relate to things as I see them for me and my mates. The music is fast and exciting—at least I hope it is—and in the heat of the moment it just exists, and that's enough."

"I've got a terrible pronunciation and we play so loud that I don't think people can hear what I'm singing anyway."

CHEAPER

TO PUT ON

And what has punk done for a venue like Barbarella's? Manager John Tulley enthuses: "It's the biggest thing since Bill Haley and has done more for live music than the Beatles."

"We have converted two of our clubs to punk now, and there are more bands, more promoters and more venues."

"The violence that there is takes place on stage, and the kids get off on that—but there again there used to be mods and rockers a few years ago."

And the punk audience is increasing all the time. "We had the Boomtown Rats at Barbarella's for two nights and they sold the place out—and who are they?"

"Punk rock groups are cheaper to put on, and, when they get big, they don't ask for the £2,000 or £3,000 a night that some of the heavy rock bands want."

How are Tiffany's preparing for the punk invasion? A ban on punk was lifted a month ago, and then the manager, Aubrey Marsden, said: "The only thing the company draws the line at are striptease shows."

No-one will save our trees

MRS W. A. Stanham's appeal (Letters, September 6) on behalf of the beautiful trees in Memorial Park, will be to no avail.

The history of Dutch elm disease, which has plagued this country since 1936, is a pattern which will be repeated with our other trees.

The shameful lack of interest shown by scientists in the protection of our environment, together with the inaction and indifference of

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councillors and politicians, will mean the near-total loss over the years of oak trees (by leaf-well) and beech trees (by black bark fungus) by the end of the century.

A minute portion of the limitless treasure spent by scientists in solving the mysteries of the universe is all that is needed to save our trees.

At a recent lecture to the British Association for the Advancement of Science it was proudly stated that by the turn of the century man can expect to live to be 130 years of age.

Being a bedridden geriatric in a treeless country in the twenty-first century does not seem to me, I prefer my Biblical three score years and ten and my memories of a once-lush Warwickshire.

Lance Bramwell,
42, Clinton Lane,
Reading.

'Irish' remark

IN the Check-Out story "Bogged down in tarmac" (September 3), I was concerned to read the comment "some tarmac contractors—Irish contractors."

This section of your newspaper, generally presents a very useful and critical view to consumers. However, I cannot believe that the validity of this report is helped by this fallacious reference to "Irish of course."

If the meaning of this phrase is:

1. That all "tarmac contractors" are Irish—it is incorrect.

2. That all dishonest "tarmac contractors" are Irish—it is also wrong.

3. That all Irish "tarmac contractors" are dishonest—again wrong.

So I hope you will appreciate the implications of such remarks which in no way assists your report on this particular topic.

T. P. O'Neill,
27, Spion Street,
Coventry.

Family link

I AM trying to contact either a Mr. Eric Green or a Mr. Harold Green who may still be living in the Coventry area and certainly were so 25 years ago. They are (or were) sons of Mr. George Green who, so I am informed, was a highly-respected member of either the hotel or licensed trade in Coventry.

The family originally came from this village, and some of its members emigrated to the United States. A number of them subsequently achieved national fame in the field of industrial relations. An American body has generously provided funds to have a plaque made to honour this connection with Frampton Cotterell and I hope to be able to invite one surviving representative of the family to an unveiling next month.

Should Mr. Eric Green and Mr. Harold Green have died I shall be pleased to hear from their descendants.

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