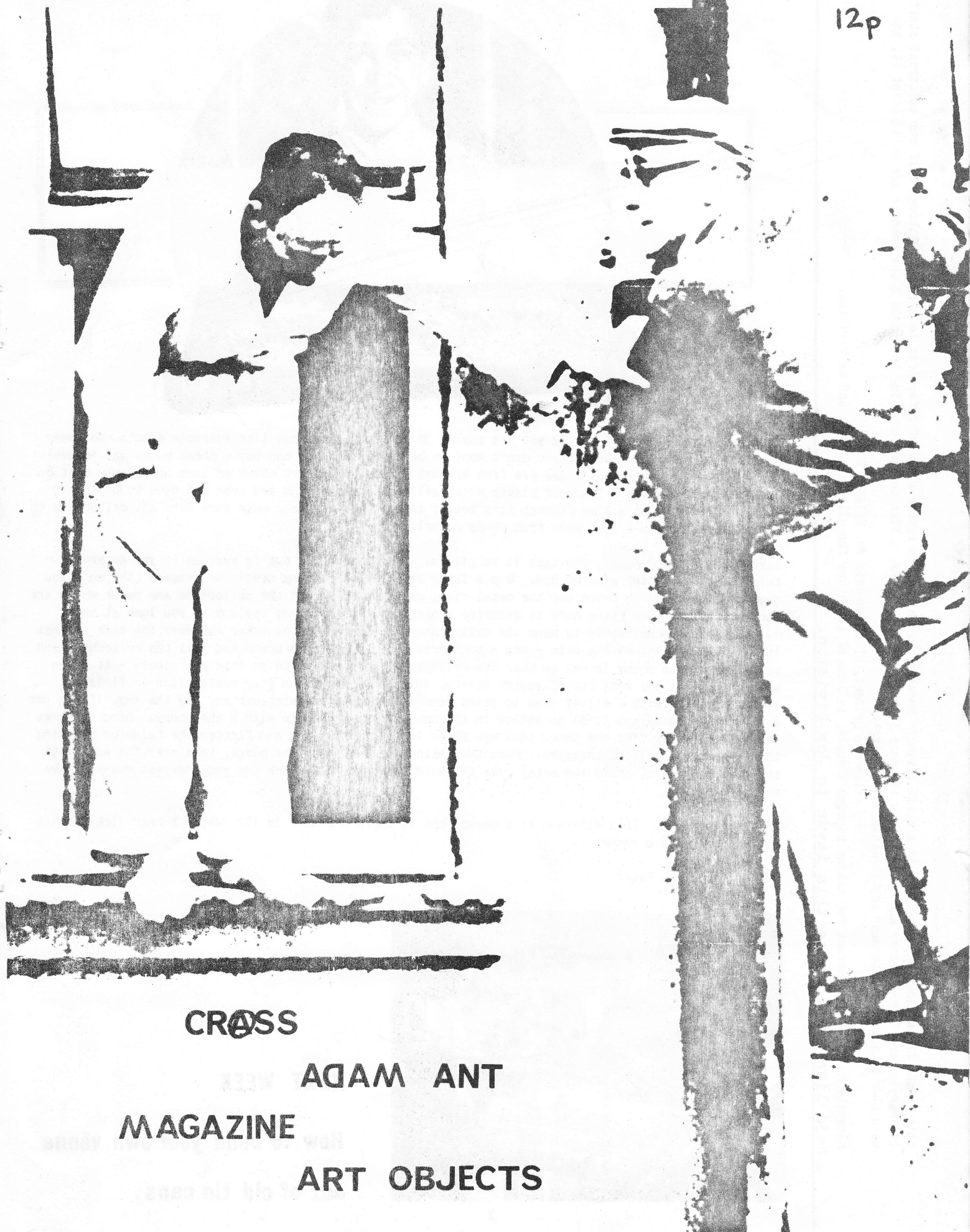


Sometimes it's worth living?

No 1

12p



CROSS

ADAM ANT

MAGAZINE

ART OBJECTS

This is the first issue of "Sometimes it's worth living?" which seems to contain rather a lot of references to Bristol, although half our editorial staff (ie Mary) lives in Manchester and in fact this is where it was printed. If you'd like to send anything for issue 2 the chances are we'll print it, and we'd also be interested to hear any comments on this issue.

Write c/o Briquet, 45 Ravenswood Rd, Bristol BS6 6BT.

Many thanks to Steve Ignorant for taking so much trouble, to John of Adventure for all the advice, and to Viridian.

We'd like to dedicate this issue to Joy Division.

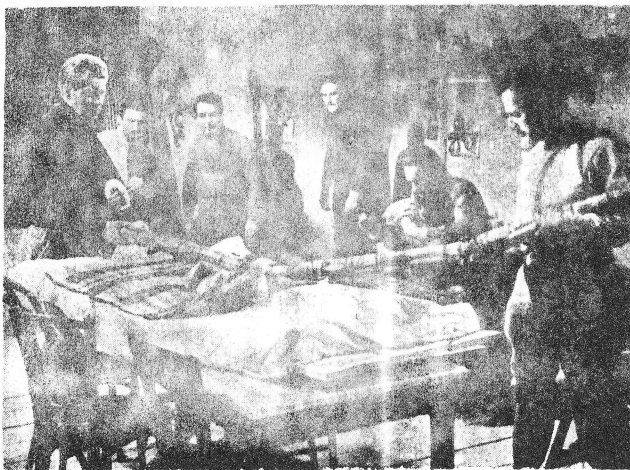


Judging by the number of people you see paying 30 or 40p for a badge like everyone else's, not many people make their own, but if you don't want to be ripped off you can buy a cheap badge and 'convert' it. Most of the ones that I use are from Bristol Museum, these are about an inch across and cost 8p but obviously there are loads of places which sell cheap badges and you soon get used to buying 10 Tufty Club badges at a time (though it's better to buy one first and make sure it's got cellophane on the outside and isn't just made from shiny paper).

Having bought your badge, you take it to pieces. Taking the clip out is easy so if you go wrong on this bit you'd better give up now. Use a large safety-pin, darning needle or compass (the sort you draw circles with) to prise out the metal ring, and then to unfold the cellophane and paper which are turned over the edge (it's hard to describe a badge, but it's bloody obvious if you look at one). My own famous technique is to bend the cellophane and paper back the other way over the edge so that it looks like a hat with a brim - wow - then grip the 'brim' in my teeth and pull the cellophane and paper away. The thing is not to tear the cellophane, so you have to do this bit slowly - it often splits a bit at the edge but if you're careful this won't show when your masterpiece is finished. You're now left with a silver disc to stick your writing/picture/whatever on. By the way, if you use a newspaper photograph it'll go yellow in the sun so make the badge with a photocopy. Bend the edge of the paper over like the paper that was there in the first place and flatten the folds by pinching the edge with a pair of tweezers. Push the cellophane back over the badge, turn over the edge with the tweezers again, shove the metal ring in (hard), put the clip back and you, dearest reader, have made a badge.

So there you are. It's easy and it's cheap, but is there a future in it? Well, I hear Nick Sparkes is running quite a racket...

B. Peter



NEXT WEEK

**How to build your own venue
out of old tin cans.**



A DIFFERENT WAY OF THOUGHT AND VISION

(Alternative reasoning from Steve Ignorant of Crass.)

What we're really interested in is what you're trying to do and how you justify it.

Right - although we are a group of people living in the same house, we are still very much individuals within that, so I can only speak for myself. We probably all have our different reasons for being in the band, but what I'm trying to do in the band is just tell people it's possible to question and that there is some alternative. What they make of that alternative is up to them, but I believe the ultimate alternative is the right to say NO. I think that a lot of people don't realise that there is an alternative, or that it's possible to question, you must know from your own experiences that so many people just "do" and don't ask why. You know, I'm not saying everybody should live the way I do, they probably wouldn't like it, but there's no harm in saying, "look there is another way". Like, if someone was working in a factory (a classic example) and they questioned whether they actually wanted to do that and went away and tried something else (I'm not talking about another job, I'm talking about a different way of thought and vision), and decided they wanted to stay at the factory job, well, then that's okay - you know, at least they realise there is something different.

If you want to change people's minds then aren't you manipulating them to your own ends?

I'm not saying people HAVE to realise there is an alternative, I'm not going to force it down other people's throats - in the end, it's all down to oneself what one gets or doesn't. (I hope you can follow this.) But I think that until people do start realising there is something more than just blind acceptance we're going to have things the way they are (or worse) for a very long time. Until people realise that fighting for possession of a piece of land that belongs to everyone is stupid, we're going to get wars. And you can follow the possession bit right down the line, even down to relationships, boys fighting because "their" girl likes someone better. How long are people going to be forced apart, kept away from each other because of that old myth, the couple? You know, we're told or we learn somehow that there can't be more than two people in a "relationship" whether it's sexual or otherwise. And if people want to stay the way they are, that's fine by me, but wouldn't it be nice to see people respecting themselves and each other as human beings instead of possessions?

How can you have Anarchy and peace?

Anarchy is not a political party, like Conservative or Labour, it's more of an attitude towards oneself and others. Mutual Trust and Respect, which is really what I've been talking about. I suppose the best way to explain that is by a personal thing I'm going through, at the moment I'm having a "relationship" (for want of a better word) with a lady who also has a "relationship" with another man. Now the thing I've been brought up to do in a situation like this is to scream and pull my hair out and say "You can't see him, you can only see me, you can only go to bed with me." But I'm not prepared to do that, because if she wants to sleep with someone else or make love or whatever, what's that got to do with me? I don't own her, it's her life, it's up to her what she does. All I can do is try and include the other man in what I'm doing, and trust that I won't be abused by it. (But it's fucking hard sometimes - I do get jealous at times but I don't believe in jealousy ultimately). And I'm not saying here that I think that everyone should jump into bed together - I'm not sure if I'd like that myself! Anyway, that's basically what I believe Anarchy is about - giving people the Trust and Respect to live the way they want to - as long as other people aren't hurt by it - I don't like pain, physical or mental, and I don't believe other people do either.

Don't you acknowledge that anarchy is impossible in practice because there are always people who want power and who are capable of getting it? Anyway, do you really think Nice Teenagers and little old ladies want anarchy? - most people don't (they have their own convictions, if you want to think the best of them, or they just aren't interested).

Did teenagers and little old ladies ever know there was anything else apart from being ruled by a government? We've all been born into a world where we have a government and most people feel that if you took it away there would be absolute chaos and destruction - what they don't see is that a government has the power to send us to prison, mental institutions, war, pass laws which don't let us live the way we want, and all the rest of it. I do realise there are people who only want power, we've got them pushing us right now. The least we, or I, can do is TRY to change a little bit of them and get some respect as a human instead of a number. If people aren't interested in Anarchy, that's up to them, again I say that at least there is a choice.

I know "Anarchy" won't happen overnight - it never will. If ever it happens it'll take a lot of guts and effort from everybody. Maybe it won't ever come about, but at least I don't have to perpetuate the system we have now, which I find totally insulting and abusive.

Why did you get together in the first place? Was it to make records?

In the summer of 77 (groan!) I went to see the Clash in Bristol where I was living at the time and it sort of kicked me up the arse, and I thought I would do something constructive too. So I came to visit Penny (who I've known for years) who was living here on his own, and I stayed, and we sort of fucked around with some songs I'd written, and decided to just do it, you know, drums and vocals. Then people came along and liked what was happening and joined in. And that time we were very disjointed and very scared of what we were doing it was five men, gradually we included the female singers (I'm trying desperately not to sound sexist here - bear with me!) and the black "uniforms". We were playing for two years before we were offered a record deal with Small Wonder - a one-off deal, no 7 year contracts - and we wanted to put out records as cheaply as possible, so we did. Small Wonder dropped us because of hassles with the Police over "Assylum" so we formed our own company, so now what we say goes on our records and how much they'll cost. Also any future hassles are to do with us and no-one else.

Why the black macho gear, I mean, it looks good? (big man, big M.A.N)

We chose black because it's the colour of Anarchy (black and red, but the red dye came out of our clothes) and also because we didn't want anyone to get picked out as the front person, and when we're playing with dim lights it's difficult to see us so people have to work harder.

Where does the symbol come from? Doesn't look very loving and peaceful.

The symbol came about because Penny had written a "book" called 'Christ's Reality Assylum' and had asked this bloke called Dave to design a symbol for the flyleaf to symbolise the book. It's the serpent climbing the cross and devouring itself, but we've been told it's the BM symbol, Swastika, Union Jack, etc. We've recently done a new one with the dove of peace on it.

What about gigs? You're quite well known now so you can't play places like the Dublin Castle anymore.

No, we can't play the Dublin Castle, we'd get about 200 inside and 400 outside, instant arrest time for the Police! We don't want to play at places like the Electric Ballroom and the Music Machine because of the security and because you just can't contact anyone in places that big. And the stages are too high! The only thing we can do is find our own venues - we're trying. I think we're going to play Bristol this summer (NOT the Colston Hall.)

Why do you always choose the Clash to slag off?

I'm not really interested in the Clash anymore, I suppose I was hurt by them more than any other band because they opened my eyes and then disappeared like the Stones, Yes, etc.

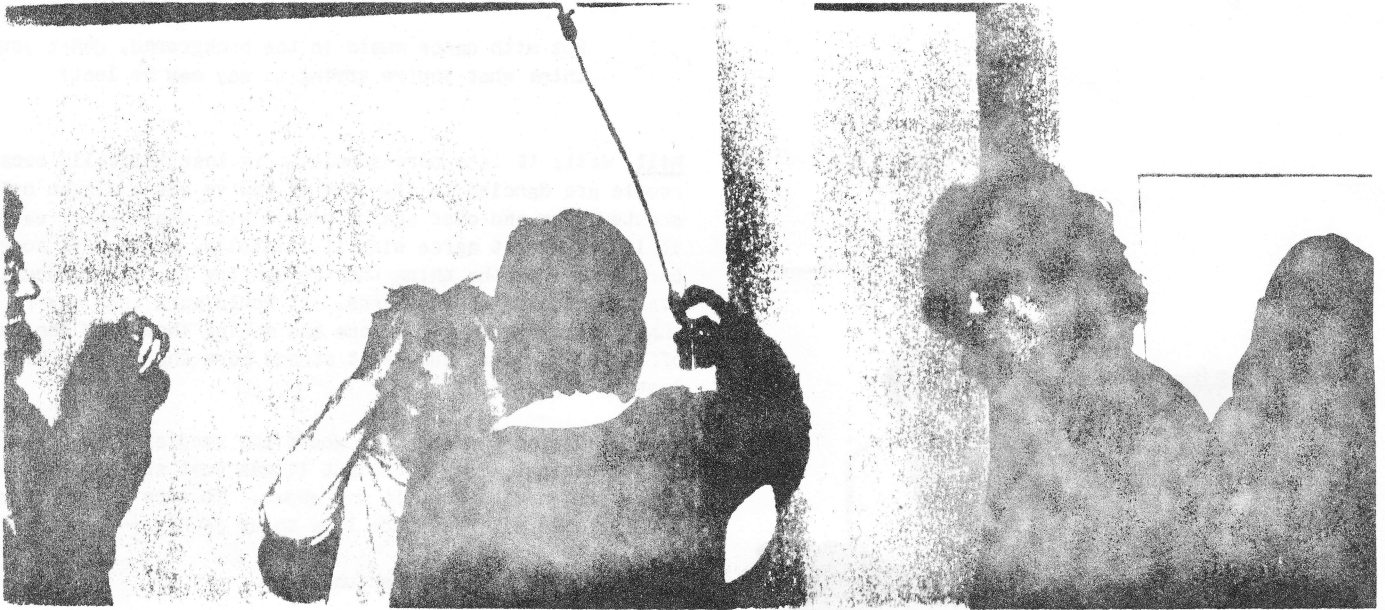
Okay, now for the "who are your biggest influences?" question: Who are your biggest influences?

I do like other bands - do you really want to know? Look, my favourite band at the moment is Epileptics. My favourite record 'Lark Ascending' by Vaughn Williams.

Anyway,

Anyway, I hope I don't come across as a raving nut. I'm as happy as anyone else on this earth, hope you can get what I mean in this.

QUITE ART CUTEY



Art Objects are a "poetry dance band" based in Bristol - Gerard Langley, poems; Jonjo Key, Robin Key, guitarists; Bill Stair, bass; John Langley, drums; Wojtek, a dancer.

Gerard The original Art Objects was me, Jonjo - the skinny guitarist with the big nose - and Wojtek. That was nearly two years ago. I'd been booked to read my poems at Ashton Court Festival and I'd just met this guitarist a week before. We thought he might be able to play his guitar as a backdrop, so we did it, with Wojtek, and that went down surprisingly well so we started playing around.

Bill And I happened to be living in the same house as Jonjo, we both happened to move into flats in the same building.

Jonjo Purely coincidental, and John just happened to be related to Gerard - as a brother apparently.

Robin I had nothing to do so I came down from Coventry for two days and on the first day we did a demo.

Bill Gerard didn't allow me to play in the Art Objects then because my hair was too long.

Gerard It's different now.

Jonjo Oh, it's cool to have long hair these days?

Gerard It's not so much cool as we don't need that atmosphere of -

Bill Shut up, Gerard.

Why recite poems rather than sing them?

Gerard I'm a better reader than I am a singer, and also if you ask anyone for the literary form for which they have the least enthusiasm, it's poetry. This is largely the fault of the people who write poetry at the moment; they're not interested in appealing to anybody other than the small section they already appeal to. I evolved the not-stunningly-original idea of reading poems with a group, so I don't have to compromise on the writing. I can write original poems exactly as I would and then fit them to music, doing them with a group to get them over to an audience that doesn't normally give a shit about poetry.

Some people would say that approach was pretentious.

Gerard "It's pretentious, it's cliquish", that's the obvious thing that people are going to say about it. But if you think about it, it would have been far more cliquish to have carried on reading to the same people and never make any attempt to reach the people who are actually walking about.

But with dance music in the background, don't you think what you're trying to say may be lost?

Bill Well, if it's more subtle it is lost initially because people are dancing to it. But if you've got a slogan being shouted over and over again, people will close their ears to it if they don't agree with it initially, whereas if somebody gets into the thing they're dancing to, they gradually start listening to the words. It would work that way rather than just bludgeoning someone and making them turn the music off. If it's more subtle it stands more chance of making a lasting impression.

Gerard One of the songs is about the seedier side of human relationships. People thought it was just set on a train, never listened to what it was about. So once we did this one and I pinned a large, nude lady to my jacket —

John A picture of one, actually.

Gerard Thank you, John. Half-way through a girl came up to the front of the stage, ripped it off, screwed it into a ball, threw it across the stage and said, 'Sexist poetry!' So when we finished I explained to her that it wasn't actually sexist — it didn't like anybody.

You're releasing a single, aren't you?

Gerard HHHHard Objects, not "Art" Objects. You hadn't noticed? Yeah, well — inadequate PA systems...

Bill Sloppy articulation.

Gerard It's about blunt instruments, the various things that are used against you in society. Some of them are obvious, like nuclear weapons; some are less obvious, like desire and affection. There's also a song about someone having a breakdown — that's Fit of Pique. It's about the real underdogs who nobody has any sympathy for — the real Billy Bunter types, the ones who are always "obnoxious creeps". They're as liable to break up as anyone else, but when people say the 'underdog' they've got a sympathetic, romantic figure in mind, starving in a garret, something like that.

Do you try to make your songs commercial?

Bill The music's not deliberately anything. We just play what we happen to like playing. The dance music that we're doing has come over as quite a successful mixture, we think, because it's good dance music and it's also got good poetry and they work together rather than against each other.

Gerard We would like the single to be a success. It's possible that this could happen, but not likely given the conservative nature of the music industry.

Bill The thing about music is that it's a very mutually exploitive industry. On the one hand there are a lot of new bands, like us, who want to get records out and they don't want to be told what to do. We need the company to

give us the studio time, to give us the money, and all they want to do is make money off all the new bands. And those two opposing forces are living off each other almost totally at odds. The companies don't give a crap about the music, they just want to make as much money as possible, and they're going to sign money-making acts and just release tracks which they hope will make money. Virtually every band starts off saying "we won't let them tell us what to do" and in five years - if they make it - they've been castrated by the industry. And we hope that won't happen to us.

Gerard Well, it won't -

Bill I think it will.

Gerard It won't because if it came down to the two things I would rather make it as a literary figure, as a writer.

Jonjo Someone ought to take the Art Objects seriously.

But you don't seem to have a humorous side.

Jonjo The humorous side is what endeared us to a lot of people in the first place. A lot of people look at us and they think, "Oh no - what's this pretentious shit?" and they suddenly realise that there are some funny lines and they see the absurdity of these six mutters on stage, all with their painted faces and dressed in silly clothes. They think, "what's going on?" and then they start laughing, and once they start laughing they start listening to some of the funny poems. And some are just funny poems, you know - they may have a message but they're still witty.

Gerard You can get a lot of things across much more effectively by the use of humour. A lot of people diffuse their message by being too serious about it. All the poems have humorous lines - Hard Objects has.



Jonjo Well, the very fact that it opens with the classic blues line 'I woke up this morning' has got to be a joke.

Gerard The music is pointed.

Bill It's got sharp edges.

Jonjo But there is a humorous side to it.

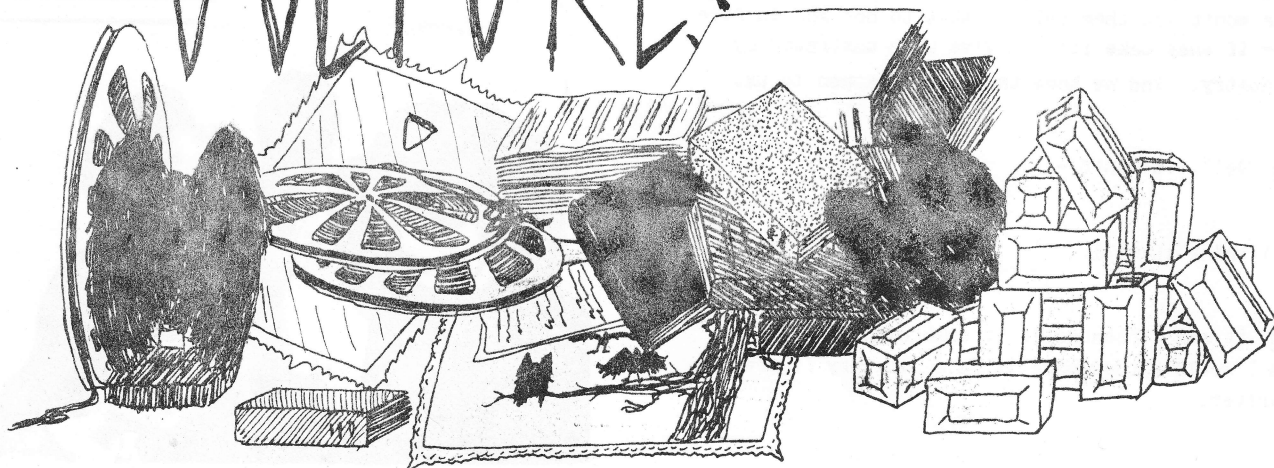
Bill It's a multi-faceted ...er, experience.

Jonjo It's not just dance music, it's not just poetry, it's not just

Bill humour, it's not just seriousness, it's not just dance music. You have to do what you believe in, and we believe in what we're doing, which is why we're doing it.

Jonjo We have a good time as well.

CULTVRE VULTVRES



"... walking down endless corridors, halls, rooms without windows... where carpets are so thick... the sound of footsteps is faint to the ear... as though the ear was far away..."

"We've met before."

"No."

"Last year... in Santa Marche... Marienbad... Freidenbad... it's not important where."

"You have made some mistake. We have not met."

"Then why are you afraid? You were afraid then... but then I loved your fear..."

CORI: I mean to say, pictures and statues and FROZEN PEOPLE. The old image banks just couldn't take it, in fact they got it in two easy stages courtesy of the Arnolfini Gallery. I turned up at five o'clock only to be met by a very unextraordinary exhibition of arty wallhangings. Encouraged by a lone projector in the middle of the room, I asked the girl at the desk if they were showing 'Last Year in Marienbad' and she sprang into action. After about ten minutes noises began to emerge and so did I for I had by this time wandered into the other half of the gallery to look at the photographs, so when I wandered back in I just caught the last credit - producer Alain Resnais - which annoyed me because I knew that already and actually wanted to see who was in it and all that jazz.

You might think the Arnolfini is the ideal place to absorb the relation of images to other components, but up in ol' Gallery 2 all the lights were on as usual, the girl at the desk was yakking to a friend, odd individuals were wandering in and out looking at the pictures on the walls and I was the total audience. Despite all this the film was actually very wonderful - all that a girl could hope for. Like John Fox, I knew what the atmosphere was going to be like but I went to see it anyway - monochrome, thirties, French with sub-titles, men wearing dinner jackets freezing to stone as they play cards, women with diagonal hair, enormous old hotel in Europe, pictures and photographs and statues and statues and statues...

Every half-hour or so the girl had to change the spool, which took about ten minutes since she had to fetch some he-man stuff for help. During these interludes she associated herself with the entire audience who asked her if many people had gone to see the film during the week. Apparently no-one came on Tuesday, two on Wednesday and me on Thursday. About half-way through the film a bloke came in and announced that he needed the projector for something else, so she told me to go back on Friday or Saturday, and I did. Incidentally, a recurring image was of people playing Nim (which to you is where the players take any number of matches from one of seven rows and the one left with the last match loses). There is a fool-proof mathematical trick to this which at one point they tried to divine... "You have to leave an odd number... 7 times 7 is 49... it's a logarithmic series... you have to leave an even number..." which is all very impressive but a load of cobblers since IT'S ALL DONE WITH THE BINARY SYSTEM.

The reason I went to see such a shamelessly arty film was because John Fox said in an interview once that it was one of his favourites, and I've always wanted to know what sort of film such a shamelessly arty person likes. Unfortunately,

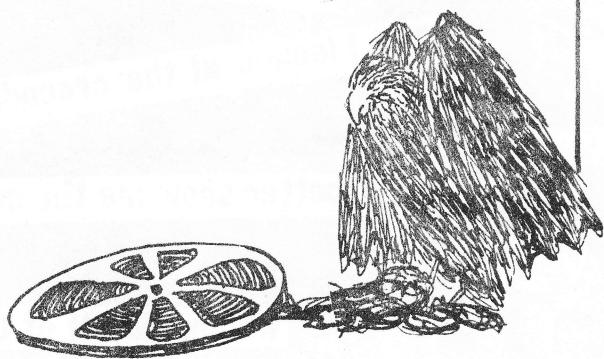
SINGLES

I don't suppose I'll ever know just how spaced-out the films Howard Devoto goes to see are, because if anyone asked him he'd probably only ignore them or run away. I met Magazine once, after a gig at the Colston Hall. Howie didn't say a lot to us, in fact he didn't say anything at all. He shot past with his collar turned up so we scuttled after him and tried to start a conversation but he wouldn't answer so we gave up and went back to talk to the rest of the band. We asked Dave Formula what sort of music he liked - he said Talking Heads and Eno ("sometimes"). They all seemed to like funk, and John McGeoch and Martin Jackson wanted to go to Platform 1 but we told them they wouldn't let Martin in wearing his flowery trousers. There was an awkward pause.

Somebody asked, "Have you read any good books lately?" Dave said, "Yeah, er ...oh, never mind" so Mary said, "I can take it - I'm a man." He looked doubtful and said he'd just read some book, I can't remember what it was called - The Hyde Report or Hype Report or something. Anyway, it was a book about "American womanhood". When pressed for an opinion he said it was "like hearing the same record over and over again" so I quipped, "That's alright if you like the record!" (It was a long time ago - I was very young then.) Dave was younger too, he was very taken with this. He patted me on the head and said, "That's very good that, I like it."

I can't remember what else we talked about. Mary managed to wrangle T-shirts and badges from the support band and from Magazine a swig of coke, 67 plastic cups and the promise of Dave Formula's red socks "if she could get them off him". Barry Adamson commented that she was "the most demanding person he'd ever met." We also asked if they really liked the cover to Real Life, which someone had brought for them to autograph. Dave pointed to one of the faces and said, "Is that supposed to be me?"

Well, I seem to have lost my review somewhere. It was a good film - bet you wish you'd seen it.



CRASS: BLOODY REVOLUTIONS

More commercial (musically) than previous Crass records, but it doesn't lose any venom for that. It starts off characteristically enough with thumping drums and half-chanted, abusive vocal but glides into a sugary female voice that in turn swerves cleanly into a hard-hitting attack on the trite philosophies of politics. Elation rather than depressing - not because it fails to convince, but because it's so good.

THE NEEDLES: GOTTA KNOW YA (EE Records)

Fast, poppy, forgettable little tune - the sort that a lot of support bands play. I don't know why I like it so much.

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN: RESCUE

There are two versions of this so try to get hold of the 12" because it's about a minute longer. The rest of their stuff that I've heard is more rhythmic, not really either fast or slow, but this is definitely upbeat. Is this the blues I'm singing? A confusing offer you can't refuse.

GIRLS AT OUR BEST: GETTING NOWHERE FAST

Sounds like the Raincoats but less sparse, danceable even. A spiteful comment on domestic bliss. Nihilism at it's best.

MAGAZINE: THANK YOU (FALETTIME BE MICE ELF AGIN)

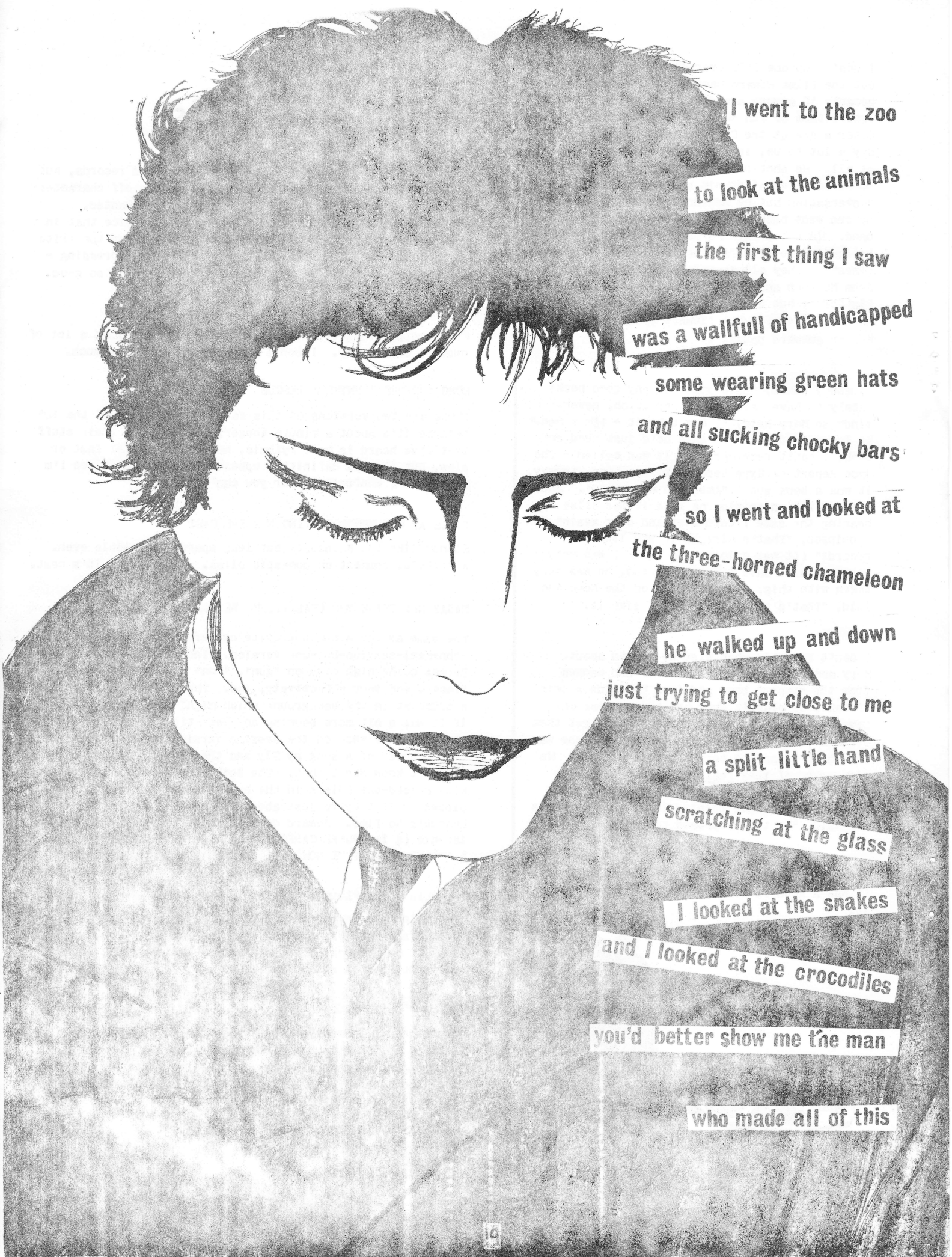
The same as the album but quite different from the last-John-Feel-session-but-one version. Incorporates Laura Teresa doing high bits on "gun", "run" and various other places, and very effectively, too. The "freak-out" bit has a drumbeat in the background which might have worked better if it was a bit more booming and less tinny, but I think I prefer the silence on the session version anyway. Apparently it's a cover of a song by Sly and the Family Stone, but I wouldn't know about that. The Book (B-side) is a talk-over with spaced-out noises in the background which sound in places as if they're just about to burst into the Human League's No Time. Howard doesn't sound all that oblique and laconic (à la YOU'RE CARESSING ME WITH HIDDEN HANDS/SO HERE I AM AND LOOK AT ME NOW) but then that's the whole point.

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES: TREASON

A puzzling single - raises questions like "What are they on about?" and "Why is it so outstanding when the tune is so bland?" But it really doesn't matter what makes it so brilliant, it fills a void.

THE SQUARE HYENA EP

Hasn't been released yet, but we said we'd give it a mention. It'll be out in a couple of months (so soon?) and will feature the Manchester Mekon, Spurtz, The Waste and The Bathroom Renovations. On "La Proteine pour Demain" Records (which is French for Protein for Tomorrow.)



I went to the zoo

to look at the animals

the first thing I saw

was a wallfull of handicapped

some wearing green hats

and all sucking chocky bars

so I went and looked at

the three-horned chameleon

he walked up and down

just trying to get close to me

a split little hand

scratching at the glass

I looked at the snakes

and I looked at the crocodiles

you'd better show me tñe man

who made all of this

ADAM ANT PUTS HIS GUTS ON A PLATE FOR YOU TO CONSUME OR THROW UP TO.

If you hadn't formed the Ants, what would you be doing now?

I'd probably be involved in Graphic Design or dead!

Why have there been so many changes in the band?

The changes are necessary to get the best formula and stimulating sound for Antmusic. I'm as happy as I can be at the present time with the new Ants, and to work with Marco is a great experience in itself.

The songs which you write about sex may be taboo to society generally, but not to the people you hope will buy your records. "Sexmusic" is acceptable, even fashionable to them - aren't the real taboos things which are rejected by them, such as being a policeman/wimp/virgin/student?

I make records for EVERYBODY; the people who now understand the taboos are just the tip of the iceberg. Only through a lot of kids talking and analysing any taboo can that taboo be brought into the open and destroyed. When I sang "sexmusic" in 1977 many of these people may have been wimps, virgins, students. It is very dangerous to generalise and assume for other people's understanding. I do but hope. I am flattered that anyone even listens to my musical views and ideas, let alone buy them!

Could you tell us something about the words to 'The Idea' - is it a serious attack on religion or is it just laughing at it?

It was inspired by a trip I made to the London Zoo, and it describes exactly what happened and my reaction to seeing a whole group of mentally handicapped kids being put on show. It reminded me of my background and God and what I think of it now. I make fun of no-one - only myself.

Why the classy album cover and the dedication to Dirk Bogarde? Are songs like 'Cleopatra' a tribute to him, or do the model and the album title have nothing to do with the music?

The title is the result of my high regard (and Andy

Warren's) for Dirk Bogarde films - a common element that brought the Ants together in 77. The songs are songs however, plain and simple.

Ideas = songs = words + music + performance.

As for the "classy" reference, I consider that a bit silly. It was an interpretation made by Clare Johnson and Juanito Antonio Whadwani, who designed the cover. They designed and MADE the model's dress and spent days getting the ONE image to their satisfaction. Elegant, I would say.

You said you admire and respect Paul Weller and his music - why?

Paul Weller is a serious, hardworking songwriter and performer who gives 100% and IMPROVES. I know him, and when we meet (very occasionally) he impresses me with the calm, simple and sincere attitudes that have so little changed since we first met in 1977.

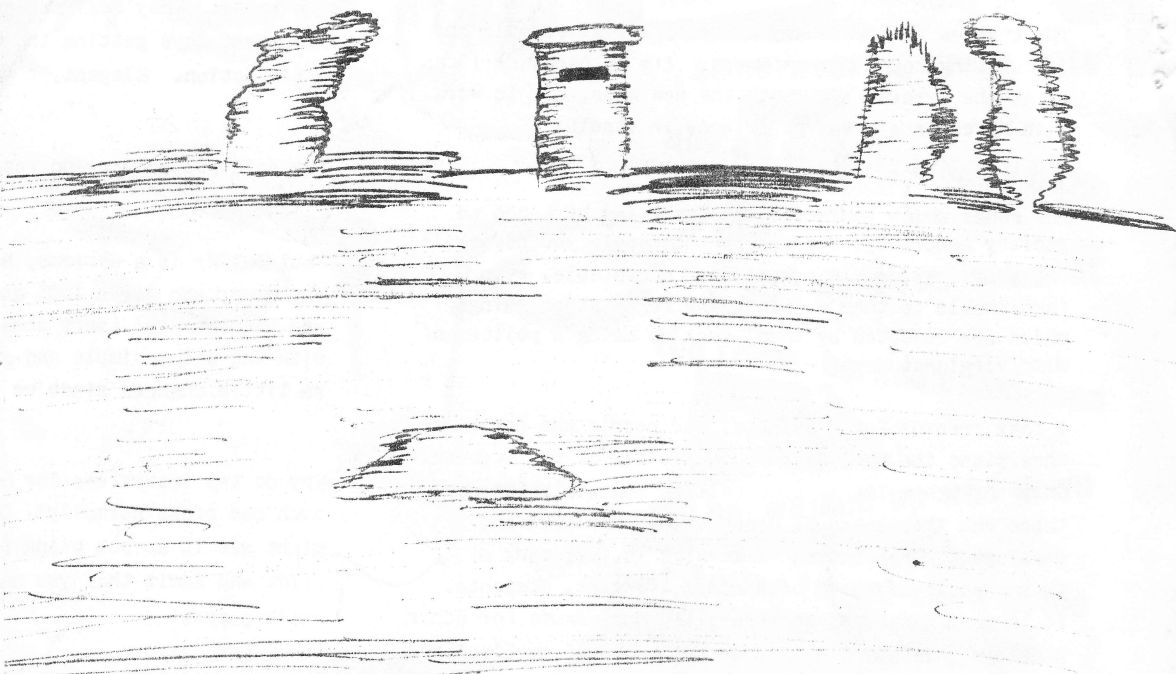
Why do two interviews for Sounds when they give you such bad press normally? Don't you think people might see it as you being prepared to swallow your pride and admit that you can't make it without the music papers?

The Sounds interview was by an 18 year old kid called Steve Keaton who was sent as a kind of peace mediator by the old men of the press. I would be stupid to turn down publicity for any product I put out. What I have always stood for and protested about is that the press (in the past) have distorted the truth, LIED or not even been present at gigs they have slagged off. I previously turned down interviews with NME, Sounds and Melody Maker, but then the kids lose touch. The Bivouac can only do so much. Anyway, it gave me a chance to voice my opinions - to their faces - and tell them the reason for my disrespect. They need news, and I need to let kids in Inverness and Canada know that the group is still alive.

Do you have any plans for after the tour?

After the tour? Another tour... another Antmusic single...

That Fitz can't face up to anything real he lives in a ridiculous fantasy world where he thinks he's more important than other people he can't accept that other people have feelings as strong or more so than him too. can you help?^{please}
 O but you know they can't have this bit only to Fe that is true I know everyone else is shit they CAN'T do anything I need you - I A3 yours



but you could have said so
 in words

It was a lot squashed at the front, the people behind me were on a higher level than I was and were supporting all their weight on my shoulders so I stepped back and up (about ten inches) after a while whatever we were standing on collapsed - course it was a chair, a whole load of them went down like a pack of cards. The bouncers rushed over to clear people off, you would have to see it to believe it, they just threw people (including me, several times) out of the way. And I mean threw. You know what it's like when it's so crowded there's nowhere to put your feet and you're scared incase you fall over because you kind of got the feeling that you couldn't possibly get up again and would be totally deated in about 0.00001 secs? Well, it was like that and this bouncer (great big bloke) just grabbed me by my Donkey Jacket and threw me against a seething mass of people and rammed them out of the way with me, I wondered if he was sane. When I had fulfilled my usefulness as a battering-ram he threw me sideways onto the bit that had now been cleared of people and was a pile of broken seats, you know, great bits of metal sticking up everywhere and the seat backs all at angles making it impossible to stay upright. I careered wildly over the danger zone without too much injury - mainly because I fell against someone else rather than onto the rubbish. After that the bouncers spent their time just ploughing backwards and forwards through the crowd - they were obviously enjoying themselves, especially the big one that picked me up. He and his sidekick started imitating people, grinning, then he stood in front of me and started hassling me. He crossed his arms and stood there, facing me, I stopped after a while and looked at him, he said something to the bouncer next to him and pointed at me. I told him where to go he couldn't hear me (though when someone says something like that there's no mistaking it), he said "what?" and smiled, I really was going to hit him but I managed to stop myself but only because it was so pathetic - he wouldn't even notice I'd hit him, cent to throw me out of course.