

'The Punk kings of Dyslexia' by Steve Micalet AKA Steve Mick

THIS WAS A MUCKRAKING ISSUE BUT WE FOOLED YA ALL 'CAUSE IT'S A VERY
 -A VERY UNSPECIAL 'SPECIAL'!
 This entire thing straight and dull
 was written by Steve Mick... so now you understand why it's all very
 . SAVED BY MARK P. AT THE LAST MINUTE!

OH NO HE DIDN'T
 THE LITTLE
 BASTARD!
 S.M.

CLASH!
 The Clash were re
 they seem to be getting better
 'em. Their set was more loose
 live than before. They've dropped
 and they are probably the most
 a the scene at the moment. The
 an audience was pretty good bu
 till yet to find their own aud.
 onna start heading in clubs

SUBWAY SECT.

100 CLUB PUNK FEST

Yes, it's the '1976 100 Club Punk Festival!

Monday: What a fucking great night, anybody who
 was anybody was there, it was an occasion not
 to be missed. A bunch of Discos and a few ag-
 eing hippies and popped down to see what was
 happening as well as the regular punk fans
 posing and liggering in the fun. There was a
 bit of a rumble but it wasn't too violent,
 it was a great night.



After the Clash, in the dress-
 ing room I got me Count Bishops badge
 ripped off, someone (a 'clash') pounded it into
 the floor with the heel of his boot, "We'll
 get you a real badge", he said. Thank you,
 Mr. Clash!

SEX PISTOLS.

During the interval the Sex
 Pistols showed up. I approached Johnny
 Rotten, who was slouched over some chairs
 with Glen Matlock:

EVERYBODY THOUGHT
 STRAIGHT AND DULL

SG- Would you do 'Top Of the Pops'?
 Rotten- Great, why not? Should be good.

The Punk Kings of Dyslexia

**by
Stephen Micallef
Aka Steve Mick**

Introduction

I first met Steve Micalef at Oxford University, in the early 1980s. There were a small handful of old punks hanging round the town, stragglers from a scene that had been overshadowed by such phenomena as post-punk, new wave, new pop, even Goth by this point. Micalef was not one of them. He was way earlier, way more extreme. Micalef, I learned, was one of the very earliest on the punk scene, when the very first pages of its history were being written in South London by, among others, Mark Perry, editor of the first fanzine Sniffin' Glue, Danny Baker - and Steve Micalef, aka Steve Mick, Baker's old schoolmate who got Baker his job there.

Micalef was punk but not "punk". He predated, co-created and now transcended the genre. As he says in this collection of poems/recollections, "I left Punk before pogo sheep came along/Before the Punk rulebook was properly written." He represented the spirit of punk before it became codified into a Kings Road cliché. Whether shirtlessly cavorting at college discos he crashed like a centaur, staging surreally hilarious plays with his friend Bilby, punting along the rivers at breakneck speed or simply hanging at the wonderfully, appalling, house he shared with fellow reprobates which made The Young Ones' gaff look like a stately home, he was an absolute free-living, free-giving, free spirit and it was a pleasure to run with him in the clouds of his wake as he tore about town. He was beyond punk - he was like a latterday Dadaist. Like Kurt Schwitters, he hoarded disregarded detritus in a way that was artful; I remember in his room seeing a Derby County Football Club mug juxtaposed next to a piece of Mac And Katie Kisson memorabilia.

Schwitters would have approved.

In recent years, Micallef has remained defiantly on society's ever-shrinking borders, a latterday poet about London town. For this collection, however, he reaches back and presents in vivid verbal snapshots a picture of the London of the mid-to-late 70s, a moribund, often miserably violent place in which the first flickering stirrings of a new musical movement were beginning to break upward amid the rubble of postwar apathy and decline. He recalls the names, the faces - Johnny Rotten, Sid Vicious, Shane MacGowan, Bernie Rhodes - all legends, not all of them living but back then all jostling at square one, year zero, speculative gobs out of nowhere. Only 40 years ago, not far from here but the stuff of ancient legend. Steve was there. What he and they got up to changed everything.

David Stubbs, London, 2016.

Dedicated to -

Mark Perry who started Sniffin' Glue and invited me to be part of it and Helen Elwes who helped me to remember

Big thanks to Max Reeves who ironed the poems & helped us make this book & David Stubbs who wrote the intro at such short notice.

And to Helen for all her help in this labour of love



Upstairs at Ronnie Scotts Nov '76
Steve Mick, Shane MacGowan, Claudio (Chaotic Bass), Adrian Thrills,
Shanne Bradley, Captain Sensible
photo by Harry Murlowski

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A Punk ~~Year~~ Anniversary

40 years ago in 1976 I was 19 years old in the hottest ^{longest} summer we'd ever known in I was ~~obsessed~~ ^{obsessed} with rock n' roll. There was a knock at my door Mark Perry showed me his ~~gang~~ the Sniffin' Alice - it's all happening again - you've gotta come back - he took me to see the party at the Nashville I packed away at my long hair and interviewed The Damned, Subway Sect, Jam, Cockburn, the Hot Rods and 10 months till May 77 I was at the front line of pre-spitting punks. There at the start of the party - suddenly it was about a thousand in energy in how not to play your instruments. The old parts of rock n' roll became senile one-night - the audience in their droves were dared to pick up their guitars n' climb on stage. Punk was raw back to basics n' fo - a brief period it was great to be alive again - the world turned upside down in Punk was King. And legends were born.

A Punk Anniversary

40 years ago in '76 I was 19 years old
in the hottest longest summer we'd ever known
'n' I was disillusioned with rock 'n' roll
There was a knock at me door - my schoolmate
Mark Perry showed me his fanzine Sniffin' Glue -
"It's all happening again you've gotta come back -
I want you to write for the mag"
He took me to see the Pistols at the Nashville
'n' my life was changed for ever
I hacked away at ma long hair and
interviewed The Damned, Subway Sect, Jam, Cortinas,
Hot Rods
'n' reviewed the 1st punk gigs all over London -
For 10 months till May '77
I was at the front line of pre-spitting punk
There at the start of the pogo -
Suddenly it was about attitude 'n' energy
'n' how not to play ya instruments
The old farts of rock 'n' roll became senile overnight -
The audience in their droves were dared
to pick up guitars 'n' climb on stage
Punk was raw back to basics 'n' for a brief period
it was great to be alive again -
The world turned upside down 'n' punk was king
and legends were born.

We were the Punk Kings of Dyslexia
We were the Punk Kings of Dyslexia -
The only canzine to have a million spelling
mistakes - 'n' we didn't care
Hammering away on our typewriters
with 2 fingers 'n' it well mistyped
we didn't care 'n' if we misspelt
we didn't care - cos it was all so -
The moment - print - the fleeting second -
The roller coaster - zeitgeist
We typed not we felt as one of honesty
To the moment - punk wasn't about
No nostalgia - it was anti - everything
As an energy - rude, direct, fearless
'n' humorous - debunking all 'n' everything.
Anybody 'oo remembers much
Really wasn't there
It was a non-bookish non-remembering
Time - Living for the moment
In self-destruction - it wasn't
A time for anything but youth
Excitement - grasping the nettle
Of the now
That was 40 years ago
'n' punks, gigs 'n' places
Are all a glorious smattering
Punk vague fragments

We Were The Punk Kings Of Dyslexia

We were the Punk Kings of Dyslexia
The only fanzine to have a million spelling mistakes
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to the moment -
Punk wasn't about nostalgia
it was anti-everything as an energy -
Rude, discourteous 'n' humorous
debunking all 'n' everything -
Anybody who remembers much really wasn't there
it was a non-bookish, non-remembering time -
Living for the moment in self-destruction -
it wasn't a time for anything but youth excitement
Grasping the nettle of the Now
That was 40 years ago
'n' punks, gigs 'n' places are all a smithereen
of glorious punk vague fragments