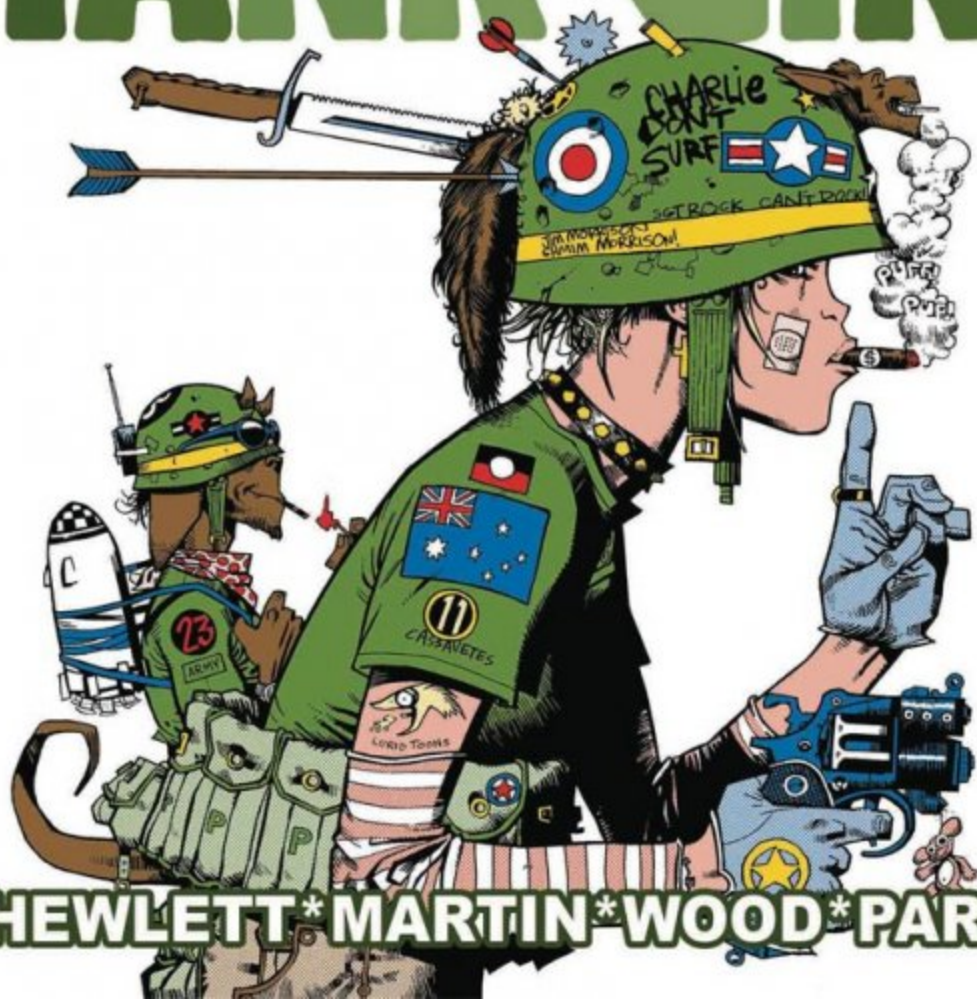


THE WAY OF TANK GIRL



HEWLETT*MARTIN*WOOD*PARSON



I WAS A KRAZY KID

When I was young
I had some fun
You should've seen
the things I did
I drank a pint of petrol
Coz I was a Krazy Kid

The Lone Ranger
and Dick Tracy
Casey Jones
and The Flashing Blade
A game of war
The daily chores
A glass of cherryade

Slade were on constant rotation
on a Fidelity record player
I wore six-button loons
and listened to The Goons
and did my hair like Leo Sayer

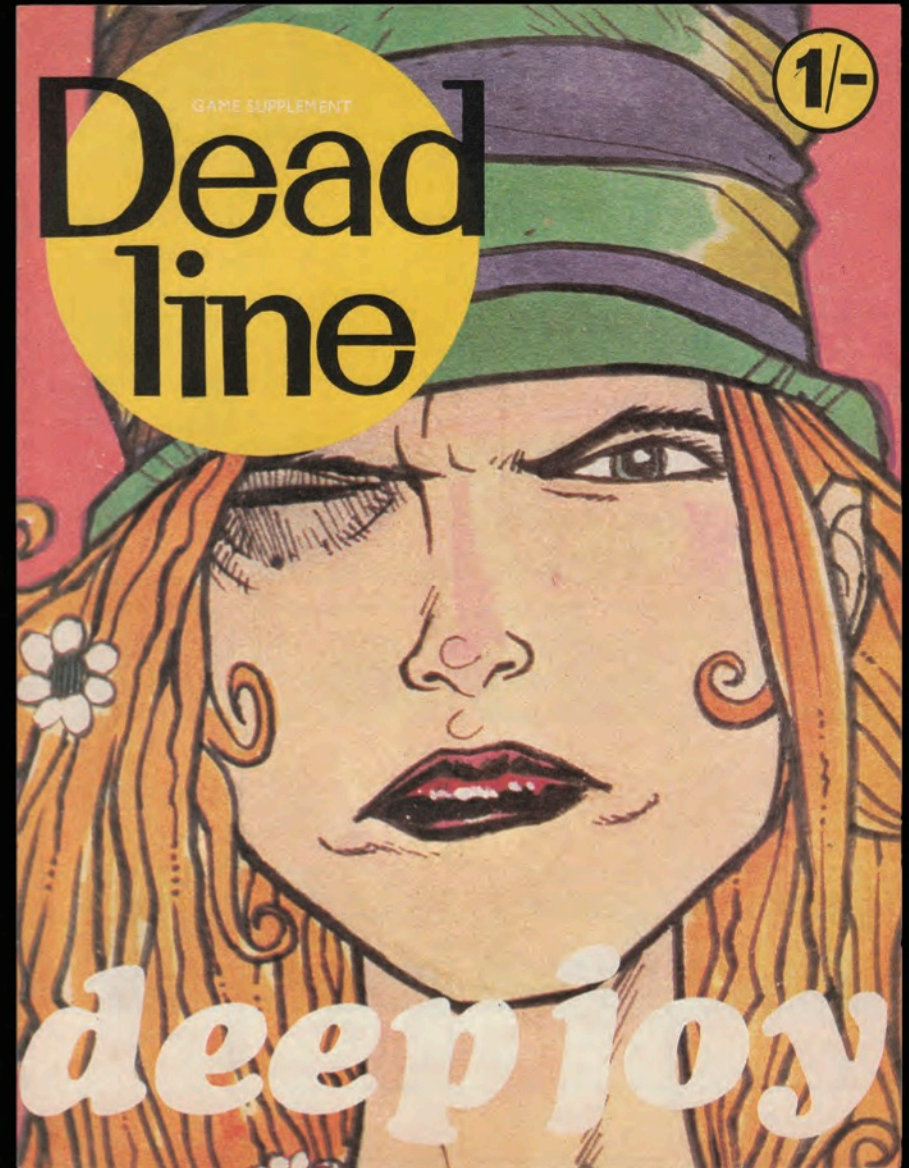
Now all that stuff means nothing
To the people who were not there
I'm sure you've got some stories
And you may choose to bore me
But, frankly, I don't fucking care

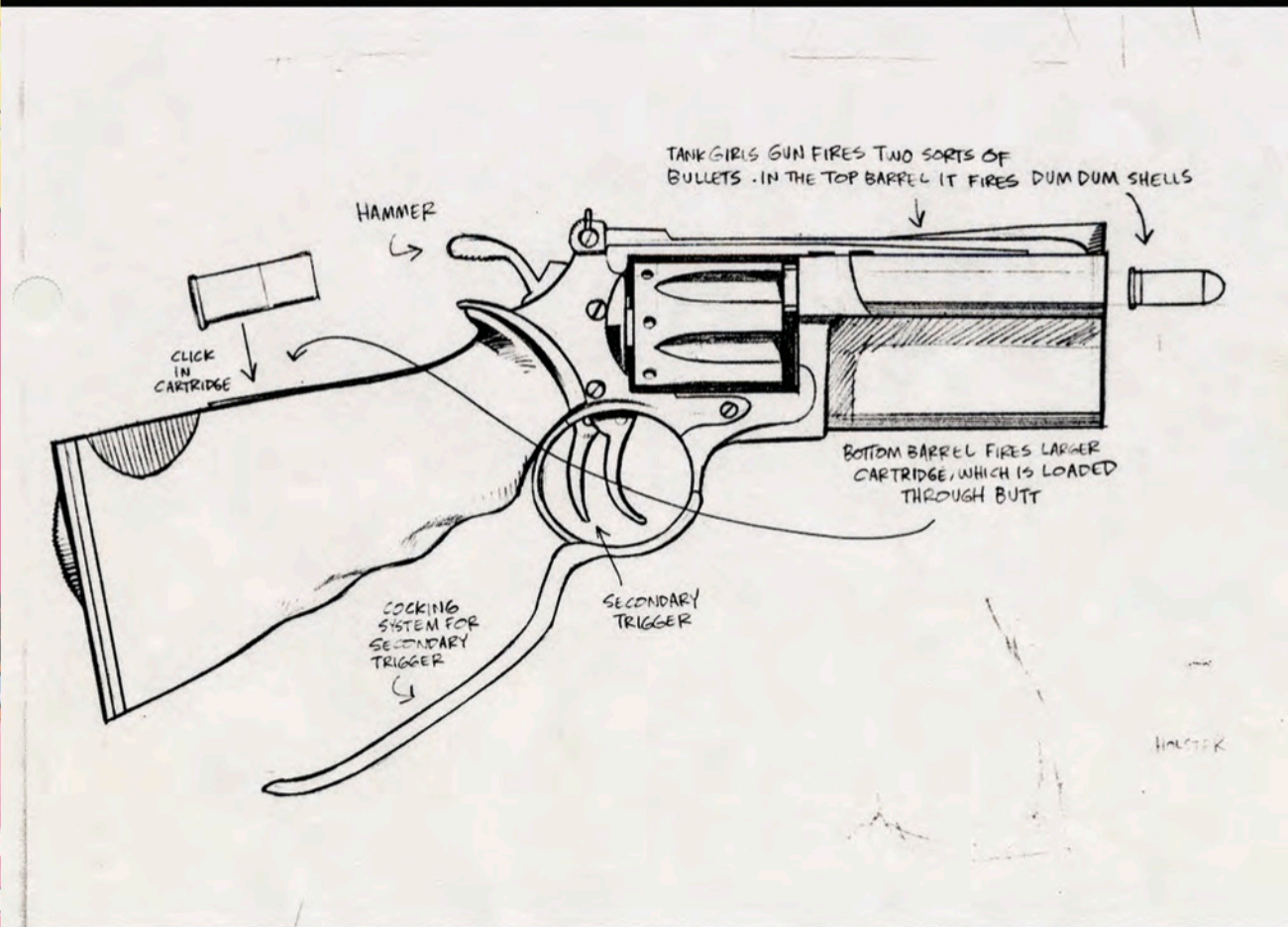




GLYN.

THIS IS MY FRIEND GLYN, WE WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER. WE LIKED THE JAM AND THE WHO AND WE BOTH HAD SCOOTERS. WE BEAT UP ON SQUARES AND SMOKED VANGUARD CIGARETTES. I HADNT SEEN HIM IN 10 YEARS, BUT I COULD TELL BY HIS TRANSLUCENT COMPLEXION, HIS DARK EYELIDS AND HIS SHIT CLOTHES, THAT WE STILL HAD A LOT IN COMMON. HE LIKES TOM WAITS, AL PACINO AND DRUGS. WE BOTH AGREE THAT SUEDE ARE SHIT AND PORNOGRAPHY IS HOT. ITS BEEN 10 MONTHS SINCE OUR LAST MEETING BUT I KNOW WHEN I SEE HIM NEXT HELL KNOW.







THE PROFOUND INFLUENCE OF TERENCE HAWKINS

It is generally accepted that Jet Girl is called Jet Girl because she flies a jet, but people should learn that things are never that simple.

She called herself Jet Girl from a very early age – she even had her junior school teachers calling her Jet Girl – and this was not because of her skills in the air, but because of her all-consuming obsession with Jet Harris, the original bass player with 60's beat/guitar group The Shadows.

Jet Harris (born Terence Hawkins in London, 1939) was already one of the coolest dudes on the scene when he joined the Shads in the late fifties. Having learnt the trade in various jazz and skiffle outfits, he wielded his massive Fender bass with poise and character and did the Shadows' shuffle with an easy

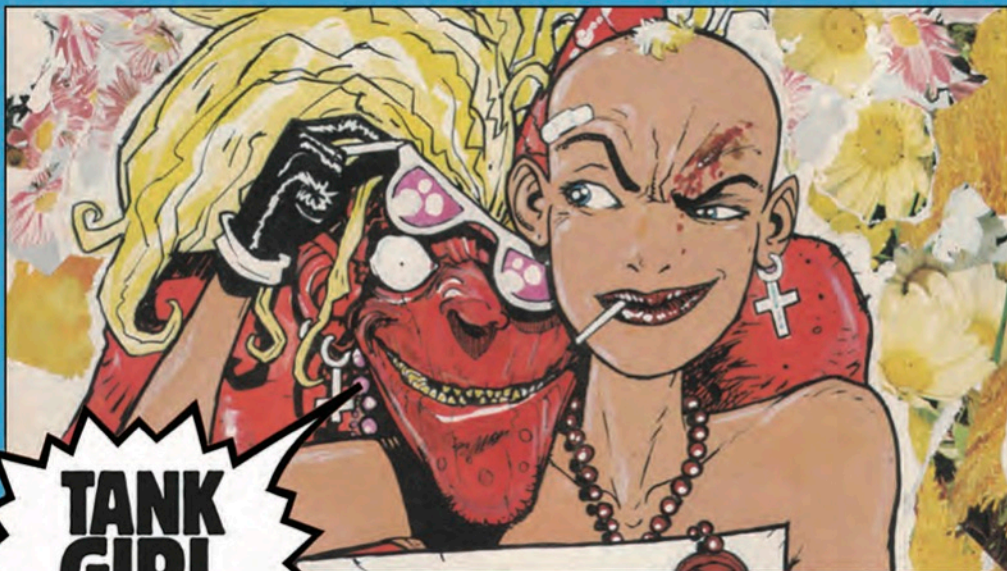
grace. He was the quiet leader of the group, like Brian Jones of The Stones. A solo career followed, in which he built on the darker side of his image with his backing band, The JetBlacks.

Jet Girl was attracted to Harris because of his enigmatic moodiness. Harris – who was haunted by the idea that he wouldn't live past the age of thirty – almost died in a car crash in 1963, bringing a virtual end to his career as a recording artist (one which may well have equalled – or even surpassed – those of Cliff and Hank Marvin in longevity and stature, had it been given the chance to continue into the 70s, 80s and 90s).

I know all of this crap because Jet Girl brings it up on a monthly basis and harps on about it until she's got it out of her system.

She always ends by saying, "I defy anyone on this planet to watch the end of 'The Young Ones' film – where The Shadows play at the big gig to help Cliff and the kids save their youth club – and tell me that Jet Harris isn't the coolest fuckin' god-star this universe has ever seen. Watch him, man, he has the spirits of Buddha, Jesus, and Lawrence of Arabia, all wrapped up in a shiny, silver mohair suit. The camera can't leave him alone; Marvin's grinning, bespectacled face doesn't get a close-up and the drummer and rhythm guitarist don't even get a look in. It's like he's been beamed down from another solar system, he just glows with other-worldliness. He makes me die that I can't be as cool as him, I just don't know how he does it. I can hardly speak, he chokes me up so badly. I think...I...love him." Or something like that.

So that's where it began. And from her preoccupation with Jet Harris sprang an interest in all things 'jet'.



**TANK
GIRL**

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Tank Girl makes a deal with The Devil

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BRET
MARTIN
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