

Jordan, born Pamela Rooke on June 23, 1955: "If I ever see Freddie Mercury, I'll tip something over him"

"I have faith in the clothes"

NME APR 16 A meeting with Jordan, punk face and close friend of Johnny Rotten.

UNDERNEATH THE THICK black lines and heavily rouged cheeks there might well be a stunning female trying to get out. It's so hard to tell, my dears, for Jordan does such a good job of covering up any good features she may possess. Even her hair (brown at the roots, white at the tips) is engulfed in a thick layer of lacquer.

Jordan (real name Pamela) is something of a star. Although she's a shop assistant (in Seditionaries, the shop owned by Sex Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren) there's little that is mere routine in her life. Because of her looks and associations with the new wave, when she went to America recently she was given the star treatment and even got a spot on TV.

Johnny Rotten is a close friend (yes, he does have some), and if he's bored, down or just plain fed up, invariably it is Jordan he phones to cheer his flagging spirits.

I met Jordan at the shop, situated, ironically enough, next door to a Conservative club, but there was little conversation about her as she strode purposefully across the road, seeming oblivious to the open-mouthed stare of Joe Public. Her obsession is fashion. So every incident in her life (she is 20) is referred to via associations with clothes worn and makeup applied. School was her pink period ("I had bright-pink hair."). Harrods (yes, Harrods) was her green period. America? Well, that was when she was into rubber. Spring '77 finds her clad mostly in black. A black jacket resembling

a straitjacket, all zips and bits), and black suede boots. The only break is vivid pink rouge and brightly coloured lipstick.

This strange fashion-conscious lady originated from Seaford, a quiet backwater near Brighton. Her parents weren't into fashion or theatre, but by the age of seven it was obvious their offspring was... "My father," says Jordan in a well-educated voice, "was a clerk. My mother was a barmaid [both are now retired]. They'll never get used to the fact that I didn't turn out the way they wanted."

And her mode of dress has also presented numerous problems with, er, the opposite sex. "I've been walking out with people, totally ordinary people, and they've freaked out just going down the street with me." Even the police have shown an interest in Jordan. "They once tried to arrest me for being indecently dressed in public." And what was the sweet girl wearing at the time? "Stilettoes, stockings with huge holes, see-through knickers and see-through bra." Ah, I see.

Prior to Seditionaries, Jordan worked for a time in Eastbourne - "Where I dressed the same." She later worked at Way In at Harrods, where "they were very good and never said anything about my green lipstick or makeup."

She adores working for Malcolm. "I'm very involved in the shop and have great faith in the

clothes. Vivienne [Westwood, McLaren's girlfriend] and Malcolm are the two most creative people around."

Jordan was one of the first people to ever clap eyes on the Pistols. "I remember watching them rehearse in Hammersmith before John was in the band. He was just a customer then." As a close associate of Mr Rotten's, can she tell when he is putting on an act? It has been suggested that Mr Rotten deliberately does so whenever a member of the press is present. "He never puts on an act - he won't compromise. If he feels like spitting, he'll spit."

Jordan sees Seditionaries' as "the hub of the situation that young people are in". And she adds: "We get other bands in the shop to get the clothes the Pistols wear. Mr Big even came in to buy vinyl trousers."

For some obscure reason Jordan does not like Queen. "If I ever see Freddie Mercury in public, no doubt I'll tip something over him," she confides.

What, I wondered, has Freddie done to incur such wrath? "Actually, I've never met him; only the drummer. It's just that they cater for a certain kind of people - hippy college people - and I feel violent towards him. I don't like what he's doing."

Jordan is not exactly modest when talking of her success when she visited America recently. "I was knockout," she says. "There were pictures of me in *Woman's Wear Daily* and I even made Channel 3 news. That was the time I was wearing rubber..." Rubber what, precisely? "Stockings, skirt..."

Not surprisingly, boyfriends never seem to feature in Jordan's life. Nor have they done so in the past. "I was very much an outcast at school. If it was kiss chase, they'd

run away from me. No boy would touch me. Still, I didn't really want their attention. But I was very hard up for people on my wavelength."

Now, of course, there are many others who share the outlook, although it's still difficult to walk down the street without getting rude remarks or gaping stares. "I remember once getting on a train and sitting opposite a woman with her young son. First she stared and then she asked the boy: 'Is that woman opposite upsetting you?' He nodded. Then she asked if I would kindly leave the carriage.

Well, of course I didn't! Next thing she asked me was if I was a stripper. So I turned round and asked her, 'Do you think strippers look like me?' And I also said that if I had a son like that I'd throw him out the door."

Back on the subject of Rotten, Jordan claims, "He's not really interested in permanent girlfriends. But he does need someone to pour his thoughts out to. He'll ring up and say, 'Please come over and keep me sane.' He said to me he liked me better than anyone because he liked my clothes and he felt I had the potential to say what I wanted."

And on these evenings, how (dare I ask?) do they spend their time? "We listen to an awful lot of reggae. John really likes reggae. It's the only thing we ever dance to." So now we know, my angels. *Velda Daquiri*

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