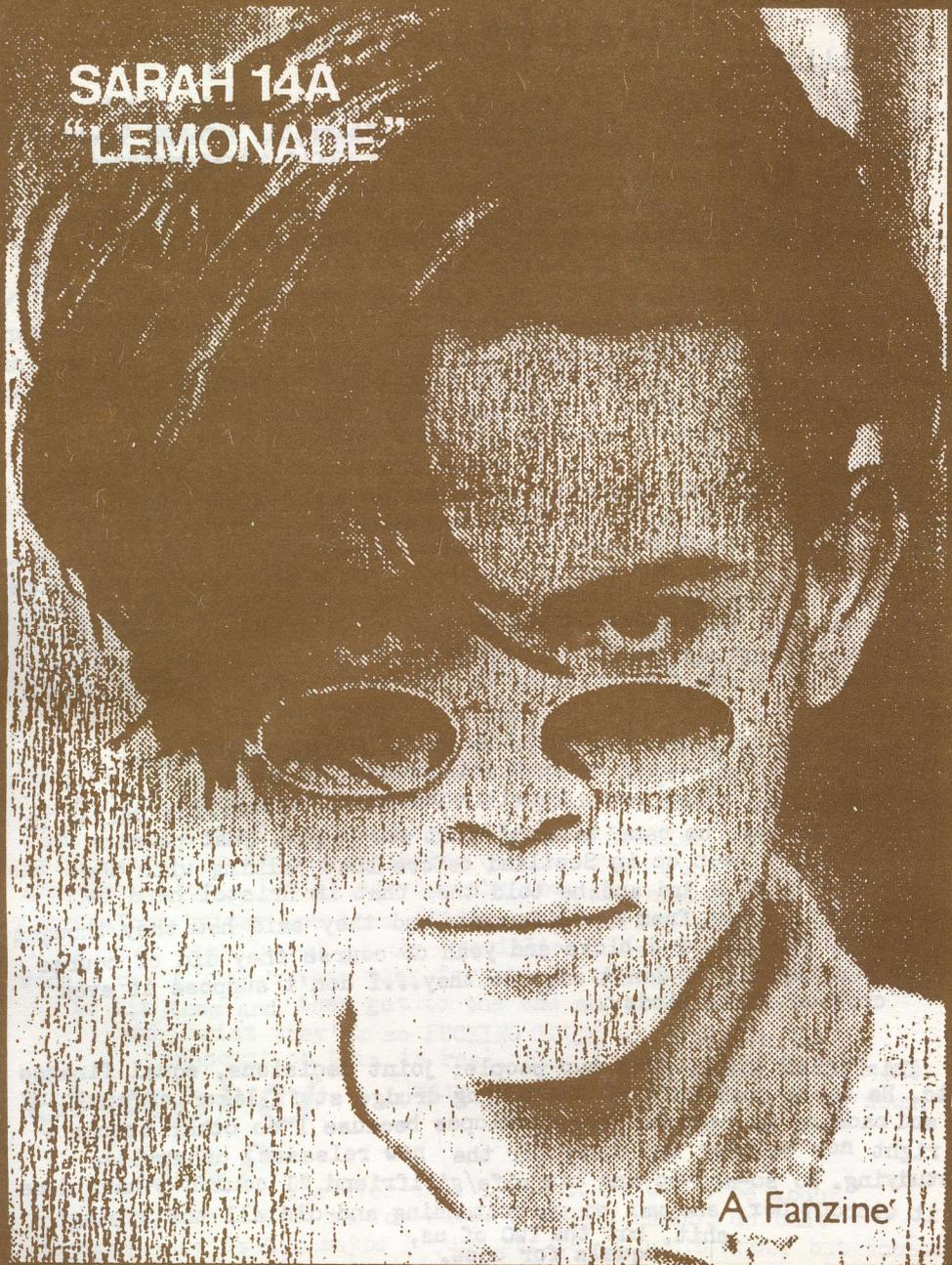
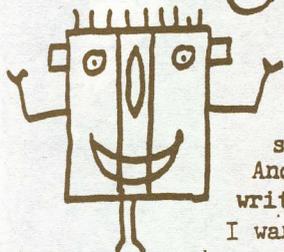


SARAH 14A  
"LEMONADE"



A Fanzine

# Chapter One



This is a fanzine for girls which means it won't be full of terribly drippy tales of wet Sunday afternoon girls on bicycles and short spotty boys writing odes to Amelia or Andrea because that's so fucking boring, boys writing for boys writing popsongs about girls I want to read something written for ME for a change... It wouldn't be too much to ask would it?

Oh, I'm sure you have some terrible sad emotion to communicate when you say how sixteen rosy cheeks and cute bobbed blonde cycled out of the mist and didn't even SMILE...but then it's probably because you kept blathering on about fields and trees and stars when all she wanted was a bloody good FUCK...

Summer afternoons spent curled up inside a kingsized duvet shutting the whole world out because I hate you. HIDING. I hate you because I don't believe you'd have liked Talulah Gosh so much if the girlies had been fat and acne-d. I hate you because you phone and say "Is that Sarah Records?" and I say "Yes, hello" and I can tell what you wanted was for me to say "Just a moment, he'll be right with you" and I WON'T I WON'T I WON'T. I hate you for that, for dismissing me, for thinking oh just some girl, his girlfriend.

An American came to stay. He wrote a tiny baby orange fanzine - it was mainly reviews but somehow, I don't know... it just oozed joy, oozed love, oozed inspiration, oozed...He called it "Incite", Anyhow, he came to stay, just one night, just passing through. He'd been up in Scotland before that talking with the folks from 53rd & 3rd and he told them that in Bristol he'd be staying with Clare from Sarah Records and they said how they thought the label was run by a bloke and yeah of course they did of course they fucking did, I don't suppose they...I don't suppose it even crossed their minds...

This SARAH thing, it's two people: joint decisions, equal finance etc. He maybe does more of the boring drudge stuff like letrasetting and packing up records into envelopes because I do other things - right now earning the money for the new releases, othertimes studying. No so-and-so and his wife/girlfriend "I couldn't have done it without her, she was so understanding and did all the typing" shit, but the TWO of us, equals for once.

# chapter two

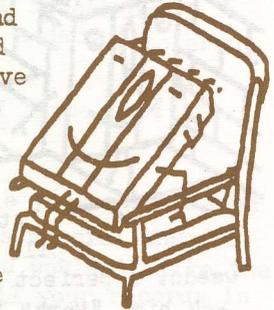
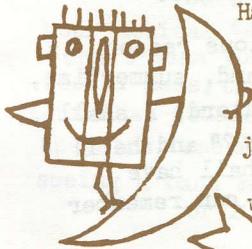
Knowing that SARAH 9 is the most important record we've released because it annoyed people. Revelling in the fact that people resent the gap in their collections between 8 and 10.

# Chapter three

Getting home from work one day, hot and sticky-tired - it's two or three miles uphill and this day one of the rare bursts of summer. I shove on a demo, gulp some squash and slump in an armchair. I stop it after one song though I didn't need more than ten seconds. **Heavens!**

Have we got any money though? I

play the rest of the tape and dance about and jump around and generally disturb the neighbours some (but I don't care just now) and then I sit down grinning like the biggest cheesecake you ever saw, and hell, I know we'll get some money somehow because we have to.



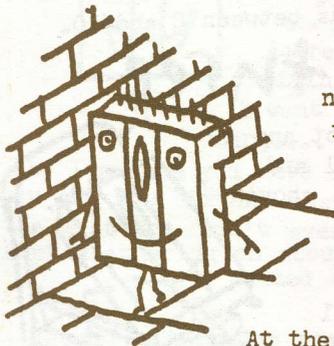
We treasure a smelly purple paint daubed bedroom cassette with black spots because because she's got this tiny little voice (but Christ can she sing) and they hurtle along all shrieks and giggles and just so excited that we think and I can't find the words, just imagine Talulah Gosh wooc!!! all Mathew's age at the beginning just so fuch fucking excited to be a popband, but a little nervous-shy too, all mish-mashed with strumalong guitar and then this racing roaring cover of "I've Never Been To Me" at ten squillion miles an hour so fast the vocals can't keep up and they forget all the words or it's too fast to fit them and then get to the end and collapse in a heap and Christ they're so FUCKING YOUNG and fragile and innocent oh this is real this time this is IT...and just being so scared we might get let down.

# Chapter four

Whatever this is about it won't be about popmusic, that much is for sure. I simply cannot do that anymore - or is it, maybe I just refuse. I don't know, but somehow

it all seems kind of pointless. Here's me listing my top ten bands so you'll feel some kind of affinity, aw fuck that, I'd rather list my top ten flowers...

## chapter five



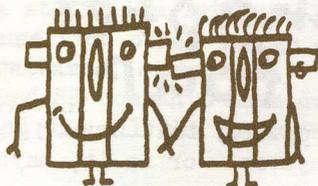
Number one: the campanula. I hadn't noticed it for years, but then I've walked round eyes closed long enough. The campanula has this amazing ability to grow in every nook and cranny you can find; I walk round Clifton warm spring cleaning evenings and it sprouts out of every other wall, each plant a tangled tousled mop of powder blue bells.

At the top of our path, for no obvious reason, is a pile of rocks, cemented safe by soil and, summertime, weeds. A perfect rockery. Next time I see the landlord, I shall ask him. "Mark" I shall say "Can we have a rockery?" and he'll smile all warm and generous and say "Indeed. You shall have saxifraga and aubretia and that white stuff I never can remember and...oh, and campanula."

## chapter six

When I say no popmusic, I don't mean NO popmusic, just -  
- "Oh, seeing that, oh you know how you felt the first time you heard 'Sunflower' - that total surprise, amazement, joy, bliss, falling for the false ending each time, laughing so happy, guilty it had been lying round innocent looking a whole week unplayed, DETERMINED to make up - a whole melee of emotions all scrunched up, confused, muddled like. If you've heard it and it mattered, then you'll understand; if you haven't or it didn't then you'll just substitute something else, and, well, you'll get by...

A long-running argument with...  
she seems to want to talk in terms of tangible events, I in terms of feelings.  
Our dreams differ, mine don't involve motorbikes or hi-fis, but hand-held afternoons in Clifton Village with the chorus of "Are We Gonna Be Alright?" thundering through my head.



This popmusic thing is too much a barrier;

He loves the razorcuts too  
— he understands!!!

letters that scream of "understanding" make me cry.

Maybe I misinterpret, take too literal, underestimate - I don't know - I'd love you to prove me wrong, honest. You spurn and scorn the majority, the others (but you're in favour of democracy of course), you detest all these people (but you're a decent tolerant socialist), oh...

All I can see is elitism and snobbery and I place that low low down with facism and upper class twits.

You wouldn't like it if all these people you scorn shared your musical tastes, you wouldn't see yourself as special then. I don't mean you wouldn't like the music, but you wouldn't like the social-ness, the activity of it. If you bought all your records in tasteless faceless Our Price or Virgin instead of cosy little upstairs basement record shop where they all know your name - if seeing a band meant 100,000 capacity and £20 a time instead of 200 or 20 and £1.93...you wouldn't, now would you?

So why pretend? WHY? WHY? WHY? Why hate them for not sharing when you don't want their company anyhow? Why do you have to be sparked with hatred when you could be sparked with love? Love, love of all things small and special, elitism in a positive sense, a feel of luck not envy or jealousy or pride.

## chapter seven

Reading "Harriet Said" and waiting for the death at the end (outstretched on the Downs, soaking up the sun). Reading "The Pork Butcher" and phew wow bang thud world-ends-here, David Hughes my hero ever on. I shall queue early outside the library tomorrow, rattle the letterbox, impatient...

## chapter eight

Out far away across the big wide ocean, in the middle of the USA lies the state of

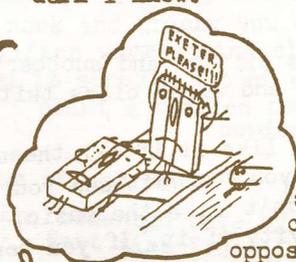


Illinois. About an hours drive outside of Chicago is Barrington. Here lives Ric, a 6'5" American with a floppy fringe and a great big heart. GET THIS !!! Way out there in the USA people are dedicating flexidiscs to The Razorcuts ! People are putting 7" singles in plastic bags EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE IN SEALED SLEEVES! People!!! (sigh...)

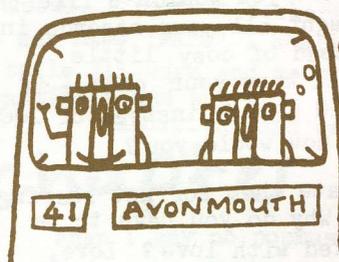
## Chapter nine

Number two:the clematis. I especially love the deep purple ones and I wish we had one up the side of our front door, only it's too dark I know.

## chapter ten



Tuesday morning sun through the windows, curtains wide, rooftops opposite, clattering down in the street below, a car engine revved and revved again, a dog barking...



We went to Exeter one weekend. Up early to lug some records down to Revolver on the bus, home for elevenses, gather our belongings - sleeping bag, cardboard signs, rucksack... the bus to Shirehampton from the end of our road, getting to sit at the front (upstairs) half way doen Parry's Lane

where we both lived at one time or another, through Sea Mills. We get off at the stop beyond the town, just after the traffic lights, dayriders packed carefully away in pockets just in case. Then over the bridge, the Avonmouth Bridge, walking along the M5, wondering if we'd been on the other side if we could have maybe tried to hitch a lift, wondering a little flippantly...The bridge stretching out ahead, a bright clear day, sun shining, out exposed on the bridge, the wind buffeting, the cardboard sign flapping threateningly.

We descend the steps. Pill, then Easton-In-Gordano, then the services and junction 19. We look around, inquisitive, searching out the best spot, proffering our sign to the gods. It's okay, it's sunny, we've got plenty of time. The first vehicle, almost straight away. A lorry. It stops. He's driving crisps from Scunthorpe to Plymouth.



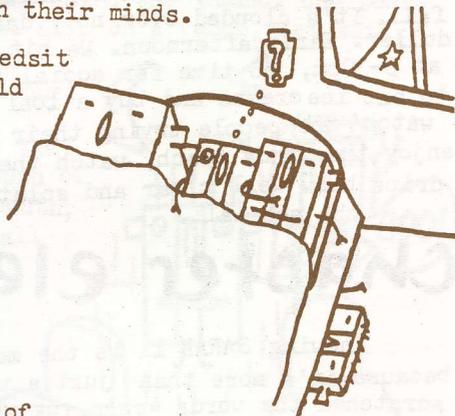
He's a fan of Scunthorpe Utd. and Neil Young. He has a photo of his two small children tacked to the dashboard and thinks what's needed is more discipline. I like him. I think he maybe likes us too; he finds our record company funny, and the conversation is easy...all the way to Exeter.

Exeter. Four, five miles into town. The cathedral and the bus station, the tourist information and the shops. We see The Visitors across the street. We wave frantically but they don't see us. We bump into The Orchids outside the chip shop.

Remember Fun and The Orchids have hit the town as part of their summer tour - three nights in Stoke, one in Birmingham (competing with Mighty Mighty's last ever gig) and tonight, the make or break. Break.

A miserable smattering, a dozen, maybe two, no money to be recovered here. Debts weigh heavy on their minds.

A semi-sleepless night in a bedsit with the noisiest fridge in the world (much thanks to Pete), up with the larks or thereabouts and aboard the 8-40am Exeter to Sidmouth, a red double decker through narrow hedge lanes (well almost. The real ones may feature later in the story.)



Over hill and down again - and there's the sea - deep deep blue, the real sea, not the fucking poxy Bristol Channel, real sea, the like of which hadn't been seen for years - four maybe, no, two - that time at Scarborough when I got sand in my shoes and my mouth and my eyes and we had that Belgian kid with us and Gwilym spent all day trying to explain the humour of Monty Python and its significance in English Youth Culture, and we had our sandwiches up at the castle and tea in that lovely little cafe to shelter from the rain, where they called us by our names, learnt from listening to our chatter...

And here it is again, a different sea from Scarborough, bluer, more continental, just as rough, just as cold.

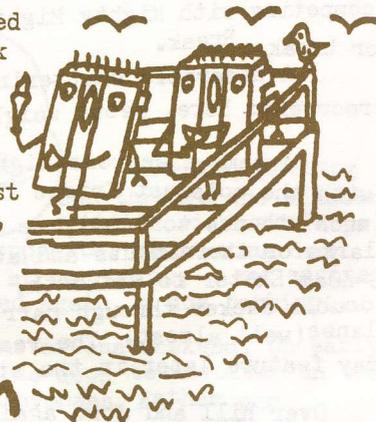
Saturday morning, Sidmouth town centre. Pete, I shall love you for ever for being an early riser, for having that ridiculously noisy fridge and that lovable tape to wake up to.

We set off, destination Branscombe, distance five miles. It

takes hours, this coast path thing, it goes up and down, up and down, we head inland, weave out again, down to the beach, back up again, fields of bullocks, rucksack and sleeping bag not the easiest of accompaniments (though we've folded our cardboard signs away now). It takes hours. We're hot and thirsty. It's so sunny.

We cut the bit to Branscombe Bay and head straight for the village, straight for the pub and a pint of ice cold coke. childhood memories relived in a swift hurried moment, though not by me. I'm just an observer, I tag along, feeling kind of unnecessary.

But we can't stop and dawdle. We need to catch that bus, the 4-10. We head back along the roads, well inland now, feet beginning to ache, rain beginning to fall. It's clouded over now, darker and duller. Early afternoon. We hit Sidmouth at 3-30pm, no time for social calls, just to eat icecreams and buy a loaf of bread, watch the people trying their best to enjoy the windy beach, watch the melted drips blow well clear and splatter on the sea wall.



## Chapter eleven

Knowing SARAH 11 is the most important record we've released because it's more than just a poprecord. In the run-off groove are scratched the words "FUCK THE POLL TAX"...

## Chapter twelve

Doing an interview for a Japanese fanzine and half forgetting about it until a package arrives daubed in brightly coloured flower stamps. Inside, a fanzine entitled 英国音楽 and a five track double-sided heavy flexi featuring Lollipop Sonic playing the best song this side of yesterday. Achim und Eiki came to stay, we played it to them and they sang it as they washed up; it opened a tape Achim took home. (The rest of the flexi is dreary, but this one classic song is worth an international money order... The fanzine is mainly about English indie-pop and tends to read suiggle squiggle scribble SEA URCHINS scribble squibble WRAP AROUND squiggle in that funny writing they do over there.)

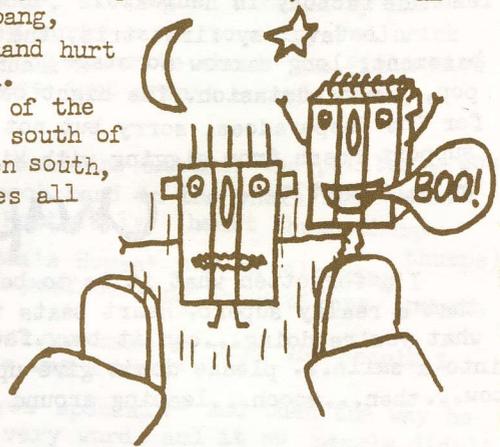
# chapter thirteen

Fuck, I'm tired. Legs ache, arms ache, back aches, face scorched shiny pink, eyes ache (pollen allergy). Cycling all day. Out cycling my shiny new green bike. It's all new to me, this wooshing into the wind, this speed, this feel of freedom, this thrill of excitement, the fresh air, skirt flapping, head down, free wheeling. And the highlight of all, much needed much courted ice-cream in Hallen. Small village, one shop, not much choice, I get what I think is one of those choccy coated lollies with ice-cream in the middle - well it is, no disputing that - only the ice-cream is ORANGE flavour and is absolutely ooh ooh ooooh.

My knees aren't used to this round and round. One bears a bruise still from a Saturday night slip on a fence, wet metal near Dundry. One foot wrong and bang, whack thud, knee hurt heel hurt hand hurt aw fucking agony, but short-lived.

(Bus out from the north of the city, through the centre and out, south of the river, proper Bristol now, then south, ever south, sad looking grey houses all jampacked and huddled for warmth and shelter, three tower blocks rise tall, overshadowing.

Then, beyond. The hillside, Dundry, the countryside. Stand on top, in the churchyard, by the shop, and look back on this lovable bastard city, all yellowglow fields in the sunlight sunset, spotting the bridge, almost fragile from this far, and the watertower, just across our road...)



# chapter fourteen

Last night I went to a gig. The city was daubed in photocopy and wax crayon and I wore my anorak with pride because I haven't given in, because I've got better things to spend my money on than a new coat before this one wears out, because I refuse to receive instruction from a self-righteous ragmag 125 miles from my life... Something worries me, let's call it elitism. I'm not sure I can

explain. It revolves around guest-lists and messages from the stars, around rare and precious deleted items, Capitalism rears his ugly head...Elitism. To have and not want to share. To rejoice in your own well-being and others' bad luck, bad fortune, ill health. I smell something rotten today, that's all...

I see blind hatred for people who don't understand. "Understand" apparently means agree - agree about something as fucking irrelevant as popmusic.

I went to see Mousefolk, The Wednesdays and The Panda Pops last night. Three bands, a clamour of friends, one, two...half a dozen strangers to all. There was a buzz, a tiny baby buzz down at Le Cav last night. Three bands: the headliners just about to put out their own plastic bag four track debut all on their own, The

Wednesdays sometimes manic, probably godawful, they could be brilliance itself for all I know, and The Panda Pops named after a lemonade factory in Henleaze.

Le Cav, my first trip, the perfect venue, whitewashed basement, long narrow no stage, conversation audible over blaring pop, £1-25 admission. The night before, the grim damp Tropic, £3 for The Desperadoes, sorry but not at their best, and some dreadful support fresh from gigging with Misdemeanor at The Fleece. And bed by half past two.

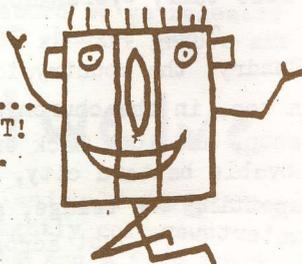
## Chapter Fifteen

I'd forgotten what it is to be so excited, to get a demo tape that's really superb. Heart beats thumps stop what you're doing...can it be...face breaks into a smile... please don't give up on me now...then...wooh...leaping around the kitchen...

THIS IS IT!

I'd forgotten what it is to be so excited. Six months is an awful big gap between demos worth getting quite that excited about, unexpected demos that is. Ones when you think oh-no-not-another-no-doubt-bloody-awful-demo-tape-to-listen-to and then by the end of it knowing your whole world's been twisted out in a nice kind of way, but all the same you've got to rethink and replan and accomodate THIS into your life.

THIS being a nasty looking nasty smelling cassette caked in putrid purple paint. The Purple Tulips. The Purple Tulips. Two girls and two boys. A bedroom tape. Giggles. Wrong notes. Wrong



speed. Laughing. I wish I was that young again. "I've Been To Paradise But I've Never Been To Me" thrashes along. Shambles.

We write to Chris, tell him we love him. Ask him to do some of the songs on a four-track. He phones because he can't believe we're serious; he has a Cheshire accent. And I'm in love again.

## chapter sixteen

I met someone converted to Communism through McCarthy. I embraced him warmly as a Brother Of The Left. We chatted, laughed, shared. Only then (I shan't go into details) I realised he wasn't. He thought he was, but he wasn't. He was amoral and unthinking. He didn't really want to know. Not really. Not where it affected his own life.

## chapter seventeen

Early morning by the harbour, sitting on a bench by the Hotwells Road staring across grey murky water to shiny red brick opposite, thinking. I've been trying to write about The Field Mice for months now, only I can't. There just aren't enough words, somehow...

The Field Mice...the best band in Mitcham, the politest, most apologetic most ridiculously...oooh band in the whole wide world. Schoolboy handwriting, a "Yours Faithfully" (heart thump-thump-oh, the first three notes of "Emma's House" just proclaiming <sup>thumps</sup> everlasting importance, the most perfect song about nights shared, and then:

"And if the sun going down can make me cry, why should I not like the way I am?"

Oh, remember "Why weren't you special?" And then the way he sings "sensitive" just that one very word, and it so nearly didn't happen, a whole focus for a whole five minutes...and then a nationwide debate on whether he called at Emma's House or called it Emma's House, and it turns out to be it, and, oh heavens heavens heavens.

## chapter eighteen

He told The Mayfields they could have a mention this fanzine. But they can't because they had one last time.

## chapter nineteen

Knowing SARAH 15 is the most important record we've released because we haven't released it yet.

# chapter twenty

"FUCK YEAH" issue one is the best fucking looking fucking fanzine of the...um...fuck EVER. Great big bold fuck value for money type. Any excuse to write FUCK on every page. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. (Yeah).

## chapter twenty-one

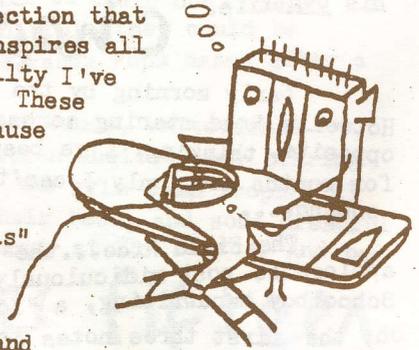


An Alice Walker story from "You Can't Keep A Good Woman Down", a patchy collection that only just passes as fiction, but oh, inspires all the same. Usually she makes me feel guilty I've been so lucky, sometimes just ignorant. These stories I understand only shallowly because of my lack of knowledge about black American Feminist literature.

"Advancing Luna - and Ida B. Wells" - Luna being raped by a man cannot scream, cannot fight back, cannot let anyone know. Not now, not ever.

Because she is white. and he is black and this is America in 1965.

A black man raped a white woman in America in 1965 and ten, twenty, fifty black men, innocent, got lynched. Unless nobody knew. This rape was a personal thing you see, not like she needs to prevent him raping anyone else, just that he raped her...



## Chapter twenty-two

Number three: the anenome. SARAH flowers.

## chapter twenty-three

Saturday, up early. Walking down the Whiteladies Road at quarter to seven, three balloons overhead. Cool misty August, they float high, our eyes only. Seven o'clock through the Kingsdown Estate and I can hear the fires roaring and the balloons woosh by, so so fast, so many so low so bright. A whole skyful now. WOOOO O O SH. The 7-25 to Weston, double decker, upstairs at the front. Badgerline dayrovers (now usable on Cityline, now owned

by Badgerline - deregulation - pah!) clutched tight. (Incidentally Badger buses with red noses have recently started appearing...) We chase the balloons back to their source, a raggedy trail fighting against rainy mist. Cool August morning.

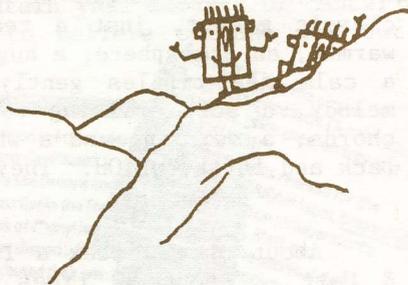
Weston-Super-Mare, 8-30 Saturday morning, even the public toilets look clean.

Nine o'clock, Uphill, just south of Weston. The church proud and roofless as ever. A plaque marks the start of the "West Mendip Way", an unlikely clutter of footpaths strung together between Uphill and Wells, oddly, skipping the highest point on the Mendips. Sometimes people have silly ideas, and this was one of them.

Criss-cross dykes, flat lowland, green, cows, bullocks (but no heroism today), drainage ditches stretch out to the Channel, rained-all-summer

-green, so lush green, worthwhile at last. Up the Bleadon Hill, a roman road, an elevenses viewpoint, we look back north. Cross the M5, Saturday holiday traffic roars, people going on holiday, families going on holiday,

headed for Devon-And-Cornwall, hot and sunny by the sea. Then up onto the tops. Glastonbury looms eerie as ever. The Brecon Beacons, "visible on a good day" aren't. It starts to rain. Lunch. Rain. Rain. Rain. Rain.



Misty farmland. Seeing nothing but feet and splashes and puddles and mud and feet and water and squelch. Rain drips off nose down face down neck. Uuuggghhhh. Nine mile rain.

Velvet bottom. Two miles north of Cheddar, eighteen miles from Uphill. Smooth inviting grass. 3-30. Going on means another twelve miles probably sodden and a risk of missing the last bus home and spending the night outside in the rain.

Stopping means giving up. Sad.

Crawling home legs ache, turning the oven on just for comfort, reading the post, mug of tea held Japanese style, making a pizza (scone base with cheese and sage, onion, ketchup, sweetcorn, cheese) and warm baking smell everywhere, and twenty minutes later, pizza and peas and finding a demo tape in the post from Love On The Terraces that goes waaah waaah and thudditty thud da-da-da-da da, and thinking how it'd be lovely to sign a band from Margate... da,

All that was written last summer, with the odd phrase update and alteration since, mostly to the Field Mice piece. All the while since then I've been gradually typing and laying out, waiting for Matt to find time to finish his fanzine. I wish I could have found time for more alterations; it seems terrible to release a fanzine this old without having it perfect, but then... oh I don't suppose I'd ever have it perfect... and it says some things I still want to say, still think need saying... and it was written to be read, so it seems a shame not to release it. But! There's one or two things I want to add, so:

Since last summer we found ourselves a new popband. No one classic moment, just a tearstained blur of special memories, a warmth, an atmosphere, a hug-and-hold-tight on the cliff-top whilst a calm sea ripples gently beneath in the breeze. An ambling melody, a soft drifting vocal entangled in a fog of hazy guitar chords, a swirling and a whirling, swaying daydream tunes eddying back and forth, oh OH. They call it Brighter...

About once a week a letter arrives here addressed to "Clare & Matt". About 30 times a week a letter arrives addressed to "Matt & Clare" (the rest are plain old "SARAH"). Irrelevant in itself and certainly not worth getting worked up about - except that, surely, it must be indicative of something greater? Of the way people think; man and then woman - like the Housing Benefit forms asking if you live together as "man and wife". I tick "no we fucking well do not", confidently, honestly. We maybe live together as husband and wife, wife and husband, man and woman, woman and man, but not man and wife, never that.) Or of the way the press, even now, can't drop the subjects of Sha-la-la (forgetting the other three members) and AYSTGH (forgetting the other writer/editor) everytime the word "SARAH" passes their lips. Or their word-processor's. THE SEA URCHINS used to write to "Clare & Matt", that's about the only fond memory I have left of them, that and Jamie phoning up excited on receipt of a finished copy of "Cling Film". Raw honest emotion at the first sight of Sea Urchin pop on vinyl. (He was still a teenager then.) And now? Now... now apparently they're into rock'n'roll. The Flatmates used to be into rock'n'roll. Once they were advertising for a "female bassist", preferably blonde with nice legs, big tits and an attractive pout. A whole nation tut-tutted on the advice of its favourite disc-jockey, but bought the next single anyway...

Perhaps twenty one is too old to expect the most of everyone indiscriminately. Too old to expect people who say they don't like 12" singles to JUST NOT BUY THEM, too old to expect bands who say they don't like 12" singles to JUST NOT DO THEM, too old to expect people not to buy the first two Woosh singles just because they've got sexist sleeves, too old to expect studio engineers not to look in Matthew's direction when it's time to pay the bills and too old to expect you not to write me off as a paranoid obsessive feminist. But then you may well be right if you do. In a country where women have virtually no representation in parliament, where their pay falls well short of that of men, and where... hem... "Feminine Hygiene" items are not only taxed (I mean, for fuck's sake, the damn things ought to be FREE), but are also found to contain vast amounts of cancer-inducing bleaches, it'd be hard not to believe someone was out to get me...

Being in a particularly indie frame of mind, I thought I'd give a mention to Bristol's Sarrah Records, who, just a few weeks ago, dominated the NME indie charts via releases featuring Another Sunny Day, The Springfields, Golden Dawn, The Sea Urchins and Poppyheads. One week they had four records in the Top 14, the next five in the Top 20. All pretty heady stuff from a label which only released its first chunk of 7" vinyl last November. Way back when, Matt and Clare, the twosome who have shaped Sarrah's destiny, began releasing material on the Sha-La-La flexi label, distributed their war through fanzines such as *Are You Scared To Get Happy?*, *Baby Honey*, *Simply Thrills* and the wonderfully titled *Trout Fishing in Leytonstone*. Now, if hardly in their vinyl kinder...

**INCITE** fanzine - IRC to Tim,  
PO Box 649, Cambridge, MA 02238,  
USA.

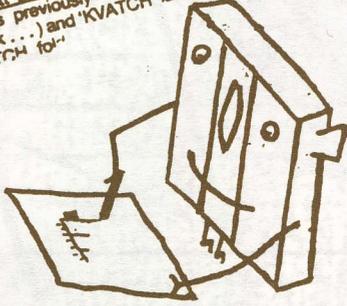
英国音楽 fanzine - IRC for details  
to Asako Koide, 2-13-16 Asagaya-  
Minami, Suginami, Tokyo 116 JAPAN

**FUCK YEAH!** fanzine - IRC for details  
to Maz, 17 Heritage Court, Belmont,  
CA 94002, USA. Issue 2 out now!

**THE PURPLE TULIPS** - sadly no longer.  
"Not Fair" is on "Something's Burning  
In Paradise" compilation tape - £2 from  
Christina or Dean, 5 Downland Close,  
Nailsea, Bristol, BS16 2HZ.

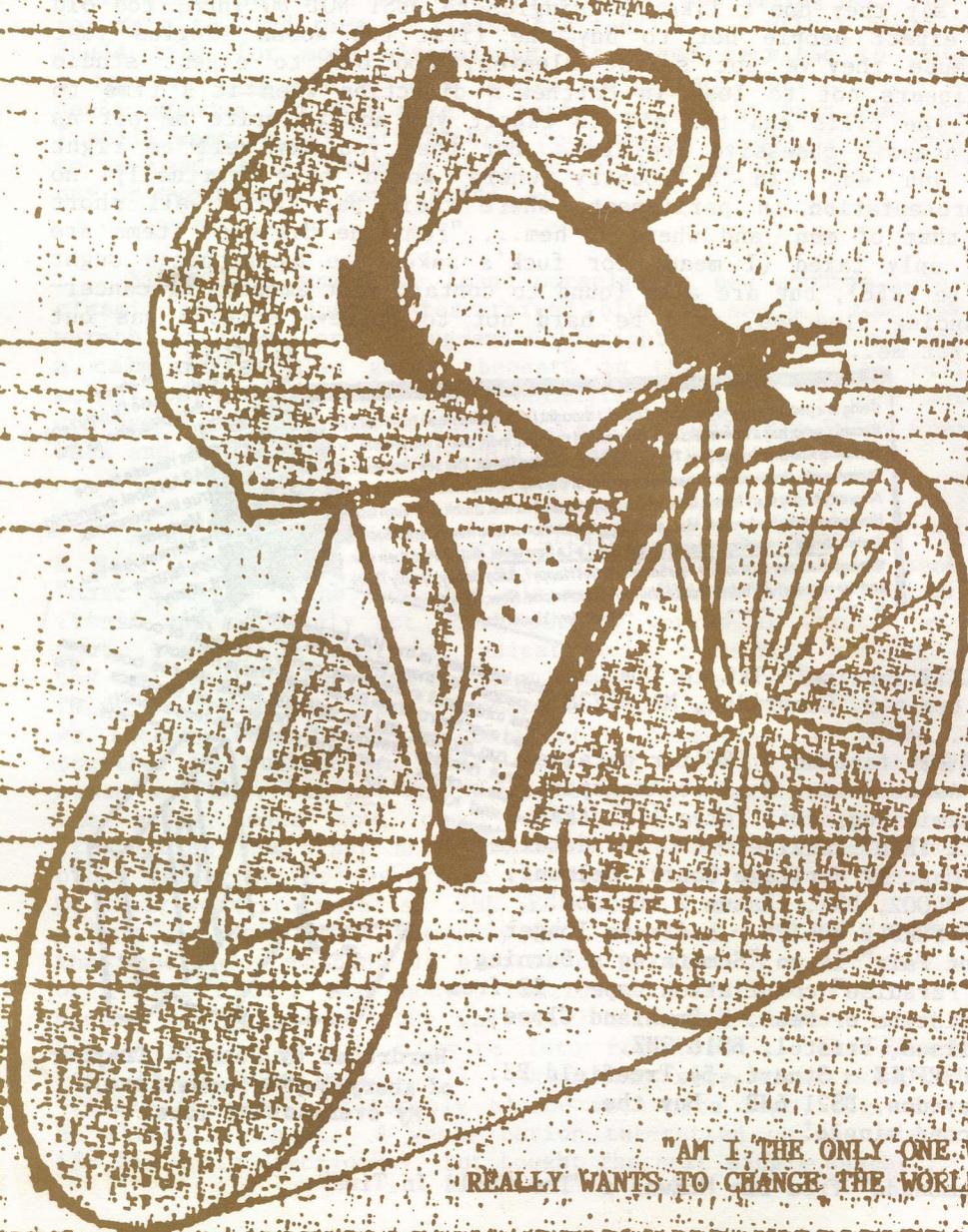
**MOUSEFOLK** - Stuart, 54 Treefield Rd.  
Clevedon, BS21 6JB. Buy the  
second single!

liably informed, is the 10th largest city in  
0 people live there (count 'em yourself if you  
one inhabitant in the street, purely at random of course.  
had ever heard of the Sarrah label. This is his story:  
is run by Matt and his girlfriend Clare, they've both been  
vinyl releases previously in the guise of flexidiscs - the  
tgue-in-check... ) and 'KVATCH' labels respectively.  
s and KVATCH for  
records. Tr.



Wardrobes by John D. Traynor  
of Aberystwyth (sometimes).  
My everlasting love.

"Lemonade" from Ian McEwan's "The Child In Time".



OF  
"AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO  
REALLY WANTS TO CHANGE THE WORLD?"