



"... I will not agree to be tolerated.
This damages my love of love and of liberty."
Cocteau 1928... a clear bright cold-warm light floods
the room. November breakfast times spent dredging
up hopes fears stupid dreams to throw together some
kinda letter to THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD... then this ten
year old, half-forgotten memory comes up behind me, says
"We have come to reclaim the social outcasts... everyone in
England seems to be.... homosexual!"... who can argue?

nice boys prefer vanilla

Yeah, we need to talk...

... about SEX... POPMUSIC... ART ... INSURRECTION... the new dawn light of ivory towers burning... lazy preconceptions out the window... so many noses need putting seriously out of joint... metaphorically speaking of course, hey! I'm a sweet thing... the original pacifist pussycat... (the boy's crazy, looking to start a revolution with a KISS...) Don't look now, you'll open a million fanzines and they'll all read GAY BOY POP TRASH STORM THE TIRED SMUG CITADELS OF INDIE POP... all you need is love... a killer smile... immaculate blowjob technique... then a certain quaint West Country kingdom will eat itself up through sheer fucking jealousy. TRUST ME, it's that EASY... look, I can walk down the street holding some boy's hand and we're REVOLUTIONARIES... Bloody minded enough to turn this fucking country's lazy spineless bigotry to our own advantage... scary EUPHORIC kind of feeling waking up to brilliant blue summer skies every fucking day of my life 'cause every day is another step into uncharted territory... throw away your NME guide to etiquette, boys and girls... IT NO LONGER APPLIES... I can moon-in-june, sweetness and light, warm smiling hand holding 'til it's coming out of my ears and I'M STILL ON THE EDGE (yeah, sorry about that, guess I'm just lucky... hah!) See, I've got a reason... one smile in the wrong direction and I'm a SERIOUS SEX OFFENDER... hey! it's THE LAW, kids... hands up who voted CONSERVATIVE last time... hands up who COULDN'T BE BOTHERED TO VOTE... put it another way, hands up all those accessories to MASSIVE HUMAN RIGHTS ABUSE... yeah... sleep on it, if you CAN sleep... I'm lost in SWEET DREAMS, me.... BOB ERIC ALAN KEVIN KEITH... I

don't know why I love you but I do... for God's sake! Don't just stand there smiling, BREAK MY HEART! Confused?... well, it's a start... maybe you've got POTENTIAL after all... is it really asking too much?... to want to hear music and know I'm hearing something REAL... something HONEST... popmusic that speaks out from somebody's HEART... that speaks to ME... to feel that wonderful, indescribable RUSH... FUCK DRUGS ... most music leaves you cold... some'll make you smile... maybe even make you dance (thanks Keith)... and once in a while something comes along that'll KISS YOU BLIND... incredibly RARE... incredibly SPECIAL... gloriously RIGHT... so don't get me wrong, I'm not ANGRY... I don't blame the world... I gave up expecting to be spoonfed a long time ago... I won't whine about how FUCKAWFUL this society is... IF YOU DON'T KNOW THAT ALREADY YOU'RE PROBABLY INCAPABLE OF READING THIS ANYWAY...what I WILL say is ...Don't waste your time selling people their current predicament repackaged in a shiny new POP wrapper... Don't waste OUR time documenting some endless navel gazing search for your own cosy little private world... IT'S THE EASY WAY OUT... sure, reach inside... find your own truths... your own BEAUTY and then STRIKE OUT... it's your duty to hit the streets every day of your life being AS DROP DEAD GORGEOUS AS IS HUMANLY POSSIBLE... CREATE your own perfect, unassailable dream WITHIN the world... and TRUST in people's INTELLIGENCE to pick it up and run with it... we can only GAIN... GROW STRONGER from here... NME... MELODY MAKER... INDIE POP mating couples... OUTRAGE queer politic London fashion victim nonentities... COME ON IN, BOYS AND GIRLS, YOUR TIME'S UP.....



(with love x.)