

Getting back to basics...
a punk rock fanzine

35p

are you scared to get happy?

HURRAH!
JASMINE MINKS
MICRODISNEY
BIFF BANG POW!
JULLAN COPE
PRIMAL SCREAM
ST. CHRISTOPHER
JUNE BRIDES



ESSAYS IN TRUTH AND CONVICTIONS

It's somehow so appropriate that, as I'm searching for the right words with which to start this, what should be ringing through the air but the latest offering from the best Punk Rock group in the world - of course, I mean Hurrah! and "Gloria" - 'Trust in me, things you do and things you care about; trust in me, things I tell you...' - and I know now that the only way to begin is to tell you that, just as events seem set to take a turn for the better, just as our revenge on the parlour-punksters seems imminent, the whole thing has been jeopardised by two ill-conceived, tasteless pieces of 'journalism' - look in this week's Sounds and see what I mean... it's bad enough when a Creation article is side-by-side with an interview with Marillion, but when the bulk of said article is as indiscriminating and full of falsity as this one of Dave Henderson's... this boy's angry this boy's sad: what should have been a showcase for the undisputed talents harboured at Creation - Jasmine Minks, Biff Bang Pow! Primal Scream - became merely a sketched history (an easy guide for all the would-be hipsters and bandwagon jumpers too lazy or stupid to ever research or create anything of their own), fouled with praise of people who merit none... once and for all, the Zarjaz 45 is awful, the sort of thing which gives embarrassing rubbish a bad name - not 'Goddam weird', Dave, but 'Goddam CRAP'... the Membranes and Five Go Down To The Sea are the antithesis of everything Creation Records (used to?) stand for - remember '77? The Membranes don't, but they remember Black Sabbath and Motorhead - this lot are just heavy rockers without the tunes! As for Five Go Down... these 'merry Irish pranksters' seem to change labels with intriguing regularity, presumably as each one realises the limits of their talent and appeal. Why scream 'Death to Rock!' when groups like Hurrah! and the Jasmynes are trying to inject some life into its ailing body? Why listen to hours of noise and pointless thrash when you can take in just TWO minutes of pure pleasure - say, "What's Happening" or "It Happens" - and be on a high for the rest of the day? Or ARE you scared to get happy? When I think of groups like the Membranes or 3 Johns, I think of grey-ness - my love comes in colours, my music can bring the sunshine into the drabest sky - who needs these monochrome monstrosities? Poor old Dave: I suppose you can't really blame him - all he's done is get over-excited and mix up the ridiculous with the sublime... so if you want to make your blood boil, turn to the singles review by Edwin Pouncey: now here's a man who REALLY knows how to fuck up. What can you say of a reviewer who describes the Slaughter single as a great record and dismisses "What's Happening" in six worthless lines? FACT: the Slaughter record is terrible, 3rd division Folk Devils, a record you will regret buying. FACT: the Jasmine Minks are RIGHT NOW one of the two best bands in the world, so angry and alive, and "What's Happening" is a classic burst of Punk Rock energy - a vicious bass, snarled vocals, and a truly uplifting chorus. The first time I heard Peel play it, it towered above the rest of the trash on his programme, exploding from the speakers in an exciting/excited rush, defying me not to leap around the house

in a dance of joy... this record is essential. BUY IT!

As for Sounds, it's never really been the same since Dave McCullough left... he was possibly the only GREAT music journalist ever - I'm talking about the man who introduced me to the music of the Teardrop Explodes, Blue Orchids, Postcard Records, Hurrah! Microdisney, who raved about the 1st Undertones LP, Vic Godard, the Fall, "Sound Affects"... if things are ever going to honestly improve, we could do with another Div Mac, someone in the music press with vision and voice who's on our side: until then, it's all up to us.

Such a cold day outside today, and I've nothing to do so I think about - what? You and your serious ways, that's what, and if it makes me cry all day they'll be tears of rage for sure, because it's about time someone got angry and pointed out a few of the lies in Fictionland 1985. No, don't tell me: things have never been more healthy, right? Read all about it in your NME or Rox or 'Legend' - X.Moore writing about the 3 Johns and the Membranes, the Membranes writing about the 3 Johns and themselves, the Legend writing about the 3 Johns, Membranes... don't make me laugh! As of now, I choose to rid myself of this tired old clique - each name another way of spelling HIPPIE - let's turn to face the all-too-obvious rising sun: "Hungrybeat - The Sun Is Shining" - the one honest, exciting and relevant non-hippy fanzine you'll find in this post-punk wasteland, a place to discover qualities you've probably forgotten existed - like enthusiasm, intelligence and passion. And now we're joining "Hungrybeat" in the battle to reclaim the fanzine medium in the name of true pop-punk: there is a better life, and it starts here!

Y'see, it's obvious to me that the rebel pose of all the above-mentioned bands, and any others of the 'war-on-pop' or rent-a-revolutionary brigade, is about as threatening as a new Wham album: for rebellion, read stereotyped 'outrages' which shock no-one but your granny; for 'pushing back the frontiers of music' read 'unable to play instruments properly'; for 'politically sound' substitute dumb, humourless and drowning in dogma... aren't you tired yet of being stuck in a crowd of black-leather boneheads hearing 20 variations on an 'A.W.O.L.' theme? Can you honestly listen to 'Death to Trad Rock' all the way through? No, of course you can't... so try something different for a change. Like what? Like....

..... the June Brides, a potentially MASSIVE pop group who've already released two singles, ferocious 45s crying out for a home in every decent record collection. Their debut was such a delight to encounter... on the unheard-of Pink label, seemingly a Creation release in everything but name - the same carefully considered wrap-round sleeve in a plastic bag, the same concentration on essentials/ attention to details, the same Joe Foster producing... everyone raved about "In the Rain" - I stayed wary, but couldn't help admitting the other side, "Sunday to Saturday", into my list of all-time favourites - the opening chiming guitar alone is enough to persuade that here is a band on the verge of greatness... choruses building up to a frantic climax before releasing the guitars again... the whole thing closes

with a compulsive thrash recalling the aggression of "Transmission" and the pop delights of "Poor Old Soul". The follow-up showed a change in label image (for the worse, of course), and a move in sound to the brass-base of "In The Rain", plus viola! I feared the worst, but needn't have; "Every Conversation"/"Disneyland" couples a wonderful joyous romp with a stinging outpouring of political/personal bitterness... the two sides of the June Brides - the nappy, chaotic popsters who ran out of songs when they played the Bristol Mission Club in May... they started "In The Rain" for a second time but took it so fast that Phil Wilson couldn't get the words out... they tried again, to no avail, hurtling along into a final discordant collapse... brilliant! - or the tight and righteous punk-rockers who drove through "On the Rocks" and "Disneyland"... the Brides have at least one ace still to play... "I Fall" is a tender, uplifting love song which should be heard now - to be played back-to-back with Biff Bang Pow's "Love's Going Out Of Fashion" - 'we'll make the sunlight shine for us... we can choose to lose or win, we can refuse to be shut in'... I can't wait to see the June Brides on TOTP, pouring out their thoughts and hearts to the nation, inspiring and exciting in a way we haven't seen for at least five years... these should be your new heroes...

Or? Look, I'm sorry for going on except I'm not and in fact I'll spray the name JASMINE MINKS in large letters across every corner of this bloody fanzine as long as I have to until you lot get motivated/interested. You know about the records released... what thrills me most about this lovable bunch is the quality of the songs not yet put out... take "Forces Network" - surely the next single - a spitting, irresistible grind - venom and suppressed tension erupt in a rallying call-to-arms, guitars rumble into a pure Buzzcocks break, then those yearning modern-world harmonies which are becoming a treasured Jasmine's trademark - finally the drums propel everything to a final breathless stop... or "The World's No Place" - like "Ever Fallen In Love" dragged into the stinking mire of 80's pop and raised as a standard for anyone who cares to get up and fight - "I'd like to write songs about flowers and holding hands walking through summer fields, but the world's no place, for a romantic today" - all so attacking, driving - drums clatter and crash, the bass dances and jabs, guitars are angry - the buzz of "Preachers" has become a slashing, bloodied-but-unbowed onslaught... what about a(nother) song called "All Fall Down" - urgent and apocalyptic, a bass the like of which you've not heard since the early Who, anxiety in the guitars and vocals - invigorating/inspirational - and that is all we could need... live, the highlight has to be "Like You" - I could throw around hundreds of songs to use as comparisons/reference points - the point is, there's no-one to compare with the Jasmine's when they do this song - this is one of the only genuine tracks to absorb/assimilate/outshine the high-spots of our punk-rock heritage - it's perfect in that everything about the Jasmine Minks (vocals, drums, guitars, bass, songs, and ALWAYS attitude) is able to, and has, attained perfection separately and here it all comes together in

one glorious, orgasmic rush of PUNK ROCK BRILLIANCE, a legend being created before your very eyes... when-not-if this is put on record, it will be the kind of single you play three or four times in a row, all the while beating time on some inanimate object and staring in mute wonder at the gorgeous sleeve... the Jasmine Minks (along with Hurrah!) are the only group since the Jam for whom I'll be down at the local record shop the minute it opens when I know there's a new release due, the only group who'll have me shivering in anticipation before I play each new 45, the only group I'd pay any price to see live... as I said, along with Hurrah! - but that's a later date... JASMINE MINKS are important because they are carrying a torch few others are willing to bear - too many bands talk about the Buzzcocks, Subway Sect, Fire Engines, Swell Maps etc. without paying heed to their spirit or example... where's the menace? Any decent group should challenge their audiences' preconceptions - as do Hurrah! Microdisney, Jasmine Minks, Julian Cope - the John-Skin-Bragg-Brane clan wallow in a cloying air of self-congratulation and threaten nobody - loading the guns before they run off home for their tea... no sense of humour or happiness in their music either: what would you rather do - go to a Microdisney gig and laugh out loud in delight at Cathal's humour? Go to see Hurrah! string together melodies which can make your heart leap, can melt your moodiness? Or squirm in embarrassment at another evening of tuneless talentless noise-making, another hour of repetitive slogans and truisms? I've tried them all, and I know which I prefer: most of you lazy buggers out there have probably never given any of the bands featured here a try... so do it, and surprise yourself: Punk-Rock is returning to its rightful owners, whether you like it or not!



**EVER
FALLEN
WITH**

BUZZCOCKS have split. Final confirmation of the news came with the announcement by group manager Richard Boon of New Hormones that Pete Shelley left the band with effect from March 6.
By way of explanation, Shelley has offered the comment "I left the band to become a Social Democrat"

DOING TRICKS FOR THE BARMAID

"Hello, we're God" - live on a wet March night? In Woolwich Poly bar? Well, there's these two Irishmen up on stage, and their band; they're doing a song now, all sweet-coated driving keyboards, rocky guitars ... the singer's sweating buckets, screaming tunefully - "Stood in the Sunday rain was a still escalator,....". They've stopped: "No, actually, we're not God - and this isn't a microphone stand either, it's a pile of shit!" O.K., who exactly are you? Let's take a stroll through Fictionland and try to find out ...

...(First stop - John Peel Show, Summer '83: A Night Out With Microdisney?)...So, it's evening, and you're walking down a semi-lit alley in some less-salubrious area of town; as you're passing this bar, you hear music...well...lurching out onto the pavement - guitars slipping and tripping over swaying, sliding keyboards - somewhere a wheezing drum-machine is calling 'Time!'. You go in, and the noise fills the room - the sound of late nights and solitude and grown men crying into their beer. Up the far end, a hunched figure is half-way through some heart-rending confession ... "Guess where I slept last night?"... the rest of the bar is empty. You move closer, catch odd words - "BEFORE FAMINE, I can't want you..." - revelations of betrayal pile on self-pity in disconnected phrases - "...gone where I'm hated...": is the guy dangerous? A shock of curly black hair, wild bloodshot eyes, a huge frame of muscle and moroseness - very probably, yes. "Let's just get drunk," the ox moans: "no faith, no love, nothing!" The view of the world through the bottom of a half-filled glass - you're about to leave but he's noticed you for the first time. Suddenly his mood changes - like some bloated, beer-blown Ancient Mariner, you can bet he's got a story to tell. "I drink gin like a 1960's wine," he roars in best Irish brogue. "I can't 'go for it'!" (you're not very surprised). He insists on buying you a drink, and embarrasses you in front of the barmaid (where the hell did she come from?) - dancing round the room in a disconcerting show of exuberance, all verging on exhaustion and hysteria. Strange obsessions, too - "I hate the heat, the heat hates me ... there is a SUN!" You've been here before, you know what happens next: when he collapses in the corner with a slurred, defiant "I'm just drunk!", you're the one who's got to take him home.

Of course, on the way back, you get his life history. Nothing much makes any sense - lots of stuff about someone with blood "where he once had eyes" who ends up in a sorry state - "The cathedral was big and black, 'twas the doctor who brought him here" - he doesn't seem to care much for religion, or the medical profession for that matter - "They have built a race who can't read, and are" - What? Oh - "SLEEPLESS, like the sun". This is worrying - you almost understand what he's on about.

But then you've arrived back at his mother's house, and he's sobered up a bit, lost all the over-bearing vitality - in it's place, rueful sentimentality. You accept the offer of a cup of coffee, then begin to regret it when he starts talking to a photograph of an old man - the bloke in the story? - there we go with more pity and pathos. "Oh my God, I thought you were great, and I swam in your every whim ... fat little

man in the MOON". You don't know why, but tears are rolling down your cheeks - as you make your excuses and leave hastily, you sense somehow things will never be the same again ...

... There are some fascinating little by-ways to be taken round here - like "Love Your Enemies", a survivor from April '82 - that same old tipsy guitar, and a drum-machine sounding remarkably cheerful given the circumstances ... but then you can tell Sean and Cathal are happiest when they're getting it all off their chests, as here ... a vocal performance which ranges from sulky-sullen to marvellously sarcastic-angry - some of the lyrics demand to be quoted... "Why don't you get down on your knees, adore your enemies?" is grumbled disbelievingly... "We lay in you bed in the hot afternoon, and we argued about only the money we had ... Life in the dark, life in the cold, this is the reason why we were born?"... well, would you trust someone who talked of "Our freedom and our right to do just what we please with the likes of YOU!"... Cathal, of course, has a ready reply - "See what your love can do - say 'Oh, look what my love did!'" - brilliant!....

... A few local landmarks ... "Hello Rascals"/"Helicopter Of The Holy Ghost" - an A-side smeared with despair, "darkly drenched in silence": this is a world where people "watch the dawn in sick amazement" and find comfort only in old dreams. On the B-side, not even that luxury is allowed as Microdisney take a panoramic stare at Ireland's squalor - "We have nothing decent we can dream about..." - know the feeling? They don't pull punches: this song contains the following lines - "Where's the hope or beauty, truth or dignity? Put that suitcase down before you answer me!" - I'd like to explain why it's worth buying this record for those words alone, but I suspect you either see or you don't ...coming up on your left, "Pink Skinned Man"/"Fiction Land" - more wit and wisdom ("Dear lover, you're no good; dear lover, you've no right - yours sincerely someone else."), a more aggressive and optimistic(?) sound - in case anyone still cares, Microdisney USE keyboards, not vice versa, and create an accessible pop music which perfectly counterpoints the off-beat humour of the lyrics - there's even a mournful violin in the tail-end of this track, and it works!... all the above-mentioned delights can be found on the 1984 collection "We Hate You South African Bastards"....

... A slight detour now, to the forgotten idiosyncracies of the 2nd Peel session, and "Everybody's Dead" ... starts innocuously enough, a bit like the testcard backing music in fact ... little guitar flourishes; is that Sean on background vocals, lending that extra something to lines like "Spent my money, spent my energy, spent my purpose, will that improve me?"? So far so fair, but when the tune starts running on the spot and Cathal delivers a spoken vocal you might suspect the fun is only just beginning - "There was only one thing I could say: "I love you, I love you, I love you,..." " he shouts, louder and louder - then screaming faster and more furious as the music trundles cheerfully onwards into the abyss of sound created by Sean hauling out strings of feedback - an attempt to drown out Cathal, who's now resorted to incoherent grunts and roars - the whole builds to some sort of crescendo, then abruptly stops ... sheer manic brilliance, closer to the true nature of punk rock than a 1000 singles by the Membranes or Mick Cave ... the ruins of this and many other former glories may be glimpsed on

the Ruff Trade L.P. "Everybody Is Fantastic", if you're that way inclined - well, the sleeve-notes are good

... and now, the highspot of this or any tour round the ravaged land of post-punk pop, Microdisney's 3rd Peel session. Some random thoughts ... the ideal soundtrack for a spring and summer of love? ... playing a tape of these songs to death last May/June, windows open wide ... what's happening - "Friend With A Big Mouth", relaxed and tanned, comes trotting out of the speakers ... nursery-rhyme lyrics, then "warm sun and breeze in the grass and in her hair" ... this is just right - but who the fuck is Howard? ... "There is no hope for some of us yet" - not while people can ignore this gorgeous noise ... I always laugh at the fade-out, all those Goon-show voices screeching "Hello everybody" ... this is the sound of happiness; this is Microdisney's first serious move ... this is "Dreaming Drains" - "What is the meanest thing they can do?" Take away my tape, of course ... this music melts me. People will tell you Microdisney are gloomy; don't be taken in - they just know all about sadness ... Sean's awkward choir-boy vocals are the (dream-)topping, a yearning sound, probably meant to be played in the dark (lying alone) ... "Just savour this moment when your heart is broken: how long since I told you how much I hate you?" - that stings ... "Teddy Dogs", and ringing guitars stutter, announce a sing-along tour-de-force ... "Love and money, banks and beds, this is all there is..." - Microdisney are learning about London ... keyboards which sound like a brass band - perfect pop music which belongs in the hearts and charts of the whole world, the real voice, the eye for important detail - "Several shelves are standing next to where you stood" ... "They don't want reason - they want obedience": is this man bitter? Check the run-off, single or session, to find out Sean and Cathal know all about hollow words and empty ceremony - "Only a puritan hides his fear of Springtime by pretending to celebrate it. To each puritan his daffodil, his hydrangea..." - Stephen Morrissey, are you listening? ... so let's look into "Loftholdingswood" ... this will always be some sort of peak, right from the opening bars, the spacious piano which sets you at ease before the needle slides in - "I died on a cross, and now I'm the boss" ... sad summer evenings, tired questions - "Aren't you glad you were born in England, aren't you glad you were born an angel?" - are you? ... Microdisney use words for effect, with due respect, economy, precision - every phrase tells its own tale ... "You turn away, I hear you say 'Loftholdingswood'..." - there's an effortless grace about this chiming, seductive music, about Cathal's voice, just before the beat ... my heart always bleeds a little as this song ebbs away ... you can't take these songs individually, only as a whole ... as an E.P., this would be the best single ever, a sound to reclaim that sullied word "pop" from the harlot-shops of radio and music-press ... so many moods - aggression or reflection, jaunty cheeriness or stately grandeur. This is pop? This is progress, a genuine new wave, stamping in the ashes of indie synth-crap, not bowing before Born-Again guitarism ... it betters any previous best ... Beg, steal or borrow a tape of this session from someone who knows, buy the "In The World" I2", see for yourself ... right now, it's back to Woolwich - the 3 Johns are on, playing "A.W.O.L.", once, twice ... the third time it starts, we leave.

Guess where I slept last night
Guess what I said on the way there
"I'm yours, I'm yours"
Not you.
Before famine, I can't want you
Somebody came to the door
She let me in, smiling
Islands of light
"I'm yours"
Let's just get drunk
Small-time Jesus
Let's pay no rent
That's what I meant
Soon I'll be gone where I'm
I'll crawl again hated
From the bottom
No Faith
No Love
Nothing.



AL Goodisney

HELLO RASCALS

it may be raining where you are...

K,L,M,N,O,P,..... P is for penguin, P is for... PUNK ROCK!! And I could just say that those currently hiding cowering under their punky black sunshades on the Cheltenham Road have as little to do with p-p-p-PUNK ROCK as they do with p-p-p-penguins. Much less in fact. Now you take a real punk rock band, well, take the BEST, give us an 'H', give us an 'URRAH!', what have you got...

PAUL: Best? Only, or at least 'one of the few' might be more accurate...

M: You think us saying 'punk rock' can actually mean anything these days?

PAUL: We can try and salvage the term. Rescue it from the gothics, the Mohicans, the glue-sniffing kiddies... we know what we mean, stuff the rest, let them catch on in a couple of years time.

M: And punk rock is.... releasing songs in 12" form, just two songs, one unavailable on the 7" 'cause you put two mixes of the same song on that?

PAUL: The most asked question of our career! If only I had a quid for every person that had asked that...

M: So why the 12" 'Who'd Have Thought'?

TAFFY: The 7" should have been 'Who'd Have Thought' on the a-side and 'Celtic' on the b-side. The 12" those two plus the other version of 'Who'd Have Thought'. But when the records were cut by John Brand (producer) he got them mixed up.

PAUL: We went spare when we found out. But we literally couldn't afford to recut it so we're stuck with the mistake.

M: And we have to pay nearly £4 to get two and a half songs...

PAUL: No, it hasn't made us any more money, just lost us a lot of friends.

TAFFY: We know it's a rip-off, but it's not intentional. We hope the new four track single ('Gloria') will make up for it slightly.

M: So no 7" release? What is this, a sudden obsession with 'sound quality'?

PAUL: I know. I've never bought 12"s myself. Like you say, who gives a shit about sound quality. But most record shops only stock indie singles if they're on 12", as they're easy to display, they've got racks for them, and as we get letters complaining you can't get our records, even in London, Manchester, Liverpool, we thought it best to play safe.

M: It's just that 12" singles seem so much against that punk ideal... like videos! It might sound naive these days, but surely it's still the music that counts. I'd rather have a scrappy live tape now than wait for a perfectly packaged expensively produced record which is held back till 'the right time of year'. Surely the money could be spent on, say, more Hurrah! singles? What sort of market are Kitchenware aiming at?

PAUL: You mean the Kitchenware compilation video? All the money for that was put up by Polygram, not Kitchenware. Polygram get the rights to any Kitchenware videos and we get to make promo videos for nothing! If we could've used that money for something else, of course we would, buy new gear, record new

singles etc. Of course vast amounts of money are wasted by record companies, but, if we can screw them for some free advertising, well, wouldn't you? As for Kitchenware aiming at a market of video/hi-fi freaks, well for one thing the Kitchenware audience is mainly young kids, students, unemployed, hardly the video buying public. The compilation was made as a free record of all the bands at the time and for giving the bands publicity. As it is the whole thing is a pretty boring article. Generally, I don't think videos are money well spent.

Some history....

Taffy Hughes (voc. guit.), Paul Handyside (voc. guit.) and Dave Porterhouse (bass, voc.) first came together as, er, 'Newcastle cult-band' the Green Eyed Children who, according to Legend (aka Edwyn Collins) once went to Glasgow, saw Orange Juice and became Hurrah! If this is true, thank God they did.... but then Edwyn Collins always did have an imagination... and once he had the greatest punk-rock band in the world, but then James Kirk was kicked out... Much more importantly, Hurrah! were involved from the start with Keith Armstrong's Soul Kitchen Club in Newcastle in summer '81, where the likes of Orange Juice, Josef K and the Fire Engines were to play. And from that club came Kitchenware Records, S(oul) K(itchen) 1. being a video of Hurrah! OJ and the Fire Engines for Tyne Tees TV. And SK2 was....

"THE SUN SHINES HERE"

'Woke up to the smell of fresh cut grass...
And jangling guitars in my ears...'

And if those two lines, probably the greatest two lines ever written for oh all sorts of reasons, don't set your whole body a-tingle... if only EVERY morning could begin like that wouldn't this sad old world be a wonderful place, it may be raining on Stokes Croft but the sun it shines HERE!

Ah , for songs that are just one great big !

PAUL: I don't know if we've really earned our exclamation mark yet....

Heaven is...

Fresh cut grass guitars that jangle ba ba ba ba and every band in the whole wide world with an exclamation mark after their name and DESERVING it... and who else out there deserves one... you know, like the Buzzcocks! Fire Engines! Josef K! Hurrah!!!!!!!!!!

BANDS WORTH CARING ABOUT...

Back to our history lesson...

Damien Mahoney (drums) was later rescued from the Passage, for his own good and for ours, and Hurrah! were complete, the world was waiting and, as it said on the sleeve of that wonderful debut...

THE DREAM STARTS HERE....

And don't say if say when... and in 1985 we're still saying 'when'... WHY?
Words, tunes, excitement, aggression... SONGS... what the fuck do you people WANT?

M: What about the Microdisney/Hurrah! tour, what happened there? I heard a rumour the promoter got cold feet, didn't think you'd pull the crowds.

PAUL: That's right. It was our agent booking us into oversized venues. We've changed agents now.

M: You're promoting 'Gloria' with a gig at the Embassy Club at £4 a ticket?

PAUL: Our agent only found one London gig for us. So we're getting as many people as possible in on the guest-list, we can't expect them to pay £4. It was a choice of either getting paid for the gig or not getting paid and having as many friends in free as we liked. We chose the latter.

M: You played Bristol University last November and got rather a poor turnout to put it mildly. There seemed to be a lack of interest on the part of the Entertainments Committee as far as publicity went. I saw one poster in Revolver Records, with the gig advertised for the 'Avon Gorge', which for anyone not at the university is pretty meaningless anyway.

PAUL: I remember they gave us the Students Union office as a dressing-room. What did we find in there? A pile of about 50 posters for that night! But what do they care, they're subsidised, don't need to make money — THEN they moan about grants being cut. We've found the same attitude in most polys/universities.

People who care....

SK5 "HIP HIP"/"FLOWERS"

ARE YOU SCARED TO GET HAPPY?

Well? The answer would appear to be 'yes', and turn away if you catch sight of the record, 'cause it's printed there on the label, accusing.... YOU! Imagine running all over Bristol sticking little copies of that on every lamp-post, every bus-stop from Bishopston to Broadmead to Brislington, on a hundred balloons from Ashton Court ... floating over the city on a sunny day, sailing by in a punky blue sky... 'I get high just thinking about it' aw they're playing OUR SONG...

TAFFY: We're glad our records can make you feel good as really at the end of the day that's what it's all about, not spouting off loads of shit, waving banners and making so-called stances. Though if you can provoke people into maybe thinking about things, especially their own lives, and being POSITIVE or OPTIMISTIC then that's a bonus. I don't think ideas should be forced down people's necks as in Billy Bragg, Redskins, even Weller to a certain extent. I think the attitude in all our songs is important to us as it's kept us going, especially when you see things crumbling around you all the time and attitudes towards how music should be made get more and more pompous. We could've folded at any time over the last few years if we'd took notice of current trends or of what certain people said about us, but we knew we were right so we kept going. I think if we folded or disbanded people would soon realise what a mistake they'd made in not realising they had such a good band in their midst and they threw it away! Future Nuggets material! It sounds a

HURRAH!

bit harsh but I think it's true — there are loads of kids who'd like to say they like us but are scared 'cause it's not 'cool' or 'hip'. I'm probably just cynical and jealous.

"These eager boys, so quick to serve
Above the lies we're always heard
Your grabbing hands, your crying eyes
If they were ours, we'd apologise..."

TAFFY: On the current 'music scene' I'd like to think that Microdisney are going for the same sort of aims as us — trying to make great music without compromise — just getting on with the job and showing everybody else up at the same time. Neither the Micros or us rely on a definite image, but we both have very strong images surrounding the groups; if you mentioned us or the Micros to someone they'd come up with an idea of what we were about but they wouldn't be able to pigeonhole us. Microdisney are my favourite band — the best I've seen for years.

M: Any others?

TAFFY: I think the Jasmine Minks. I haven't seen them but I've heard live tapes.

M: 'Those grabbing hands'... Hurrah! don't compromise so Hurrah! don't progress?

PAUL: It's very frustrating. We'd love to do an LP, but... no money. Then we'd hear talk in the office about Prefab Sprout starting their third...

TAFFY: We did use to get a bit jealous of the other bands, but that's passed now. We get on well with them, especially the Daintees, who are great (True!)! But it is a shame we haven't got the backing of a major company, especially when bands who have got deals just waste time and money, i.e. not playing gigs or putting out quality. 'Lack of a marketing angle' is what they tell us....

Writing brilliant songs never having been much of a marketing angle, I guess. And then, rather than just moping around Newcastle or giving up, Hurrah! put their feelings into SK14 — 'Who'd Have Thought', a shimmering, jangling masterpiece, attacking and then SHOWING what can be done... letting the song speak ... 'for all those who hate radio 1'... hearing the Truth in a world built on lies, this song still makes me come out in goose-pimples, still re-assures me somebody cares...

M: You once said you admired US bands like the Meat Puppets, the Minutemen, stuck out in the middle of nowhere but still producing original exciting music. Screaming out against all that mass of united states around them, even though most people won't hear, still screaming. Do you see parallels?

PAUL: I suppose so but it's shared with hundreds of good unknown bands suffering from their geographical situation. There's probably another Hurrah! somewhere in Bulgaria...

M: Other times you've mentioned the Birthday Party and the Fall...

TAFFY: That was out of a genuine liking for them, and we thought, still do, that we had more in common with the attitudes of those sorts of bands than the pop groups who were around at the time. This was hard to grasp for people on hearing 'Sunshine', but I think when people actually came to our gigs they

could make the connection with what we were saying and what we were doing. We like the idea of 'threat', of 'not knowing what's going to happen next'. Which at that time and even more so now doesn't exist. But not in a forced way, like the Marychain, say. It had more effect when people came expecting to see a little pop group and were confronted with the might and mess of Hurrah! Like on the Everything but the Girl tour.

M: What about the Membranes-style 'noise for noises sake' nonsense currently being offered as an alternative to all the bland pop whatever?

TAFFY: By and large I think it's unlistenable and has gone up it's own arse. Though I still like the Fall in music and attitude, as they can laugh at everybody and also themselves. Which can't be a bad thing these days.

THREAT. It's a pretty poor reflection on these times that people can only think of threat and challenge in terms of the blunt instrument of noise that is the Membranes, or find stimulation in the tired empty hackneyed 'political' gesturings of the Braggs, Johns, Redskins and a million others, music not from the heart but the Labour Party manifesto... aw, of course it's important, but what on earth does making boring uninspired unimaginative records do to further your cause, conning people who can ill afford it into buying them... I don't want to change the world... course not Billy, it's feeding you quite nicely... a world where 'emotion' is an extra grunt from X.Moore on the 12"... are these people really so stupid they think pandering to the smug middle-class complacency of the NME while wallowing in the adoration of the credibility-giving smugness of Bzaag/Rouska/ every other bloody fanzine currently stifling any musical inventiveness in this fucking country fiddling while homes burn will actually achieve anything?

A million closed minds... and so young too... let's dream...

Of finding the Jasmine Minks just coming offstage at the Mission Club, the words 'getting back to basics, what's wrong and right' still hang in the air as Hurrah! come on... the guitar intro. to 'Who'd Have Thought'... 'This Boy', could be one of the greatest singles of all time if only if only... eyes closed... 'Celtic'... skin tingling as Taffy's voice soars... 'Big Sky'... those balloons, why not?... 'Better Time'... there's never been a better time to be a young boy... the rising chorus on 'Tame'... what I thought as I fell into her arms... 'Saturday's Train'... hair that folded gently round her neck... watching Paul's face during 'Gloria'... never been a better time to be a rich boy... 'Funny Day'... your smiles in my head and that's all I've got in my head...

And wake up to the smell of fresh cut grass and jangling guitars in our ears ... maybe I'm just soppy but 'Better Time' makes me shiver all over... music has lost it's naivety, that's a shame... be young, be foolish, be HAPPY... thought for a moment I heard the phone ring, then I realised it was just my twelve string...

And next time it's all sad and raining, don't be scared... take out that little blue sleeve think Hip Hip... somehow those clouds disappear...

THE DREAM STARTS.....WHEN YOU WANT IT TO

HAVING TO HOLD FROM RUBBING MY EYES...

Every now and then, something special happens - every once in a while I buy a single that makes me crack into a huge grin each time I hear it bursting from the speakers - so now I've got a smile on my face, and a 45 on the turntable which is a sure bet for single of the year (hell, that's five up to press! This one wasn't even released this year, -but it's taken me six months to find it, so who cares?). If you just picture this

..... a guitar weaned on "Just Like Gold" and given a strong dose of "I'll Be Your Surprise" to bring it to maturity - drums rattling furiously in the background which twice clatter through to silence everything else - a voice that says its owner listened to "Party Fears Two" and came away a wiser man - these are the things that dreams are made of : this is "Crystal Clear", 3 minutes 15 seconds of undiluted pleasure, and the perfect summer single - somehow it just conjures up the warm sun and breeze in the grass (and in her hair!). Is it too late to make it the sound of summer '85? I hope not, and I'm prepared to tell anyone and everyone exactly why it should be heard ringing from transistors in parks all over the country in the coming months.

The creators of this slice of jangling guitar magic are St. Christopher, and it's the greatest shame that their name will be met with a blank expression on your face. What's worse, I bet you've never heard of Vena Cava either! Now this is getting bloody serious, so start paying attention - it's time for a history lesson

Do you remember 1981? 'Course you do - "Poor Old Soul" defined the times, as Postcard went national and pure pop-punk erupted across the country before an undignified nosedive into the "bright new sounds" of clubland. Even Sheffield, home of the post-industrial poseur, was affected; and the result was a single so RIGHT in inspiration and execution that it still makes me shiver with delight when I hear it. Vena Cava's "A Girlfriend Is ..." has the most incredible shimmering guitar sound you've (n)ever heard - it manages to be excited, lonely, anxious and ecstatic all at once; and if you don't know what I mean, you shouldn't be sitting here reading this - you should have gone out to try and find this record immediately! I've bought the only three copies I've ever seen - I had to, it's so lovingly packaged - a wrap-round paper sleeve in a plastic bag, just the essential information given (group name, song titles, record label) - all in the best traditions of Creation, but 3 years early! The song itself, once heard NEVER forgotten, is a love song for real romantics - the kind who like their questions and answers backed up with frantic chiming guitars and a tambourine beat ... this single is a shot of adrenalin for tired punk rock fans everywhere, a pop diamond too precious to be cast aside - ain't it the truth? (What's more, the B-side, "Comedian Finds Peace", is equally good: pursued by hungry drumming, the guitarist lets his exuberance run away with him, swapping styles with gay abandon and saving

the best bits for the defiantly sing-along chorus. If you're searching for the spiritual parent of "Sunday To Saturday", look no further).

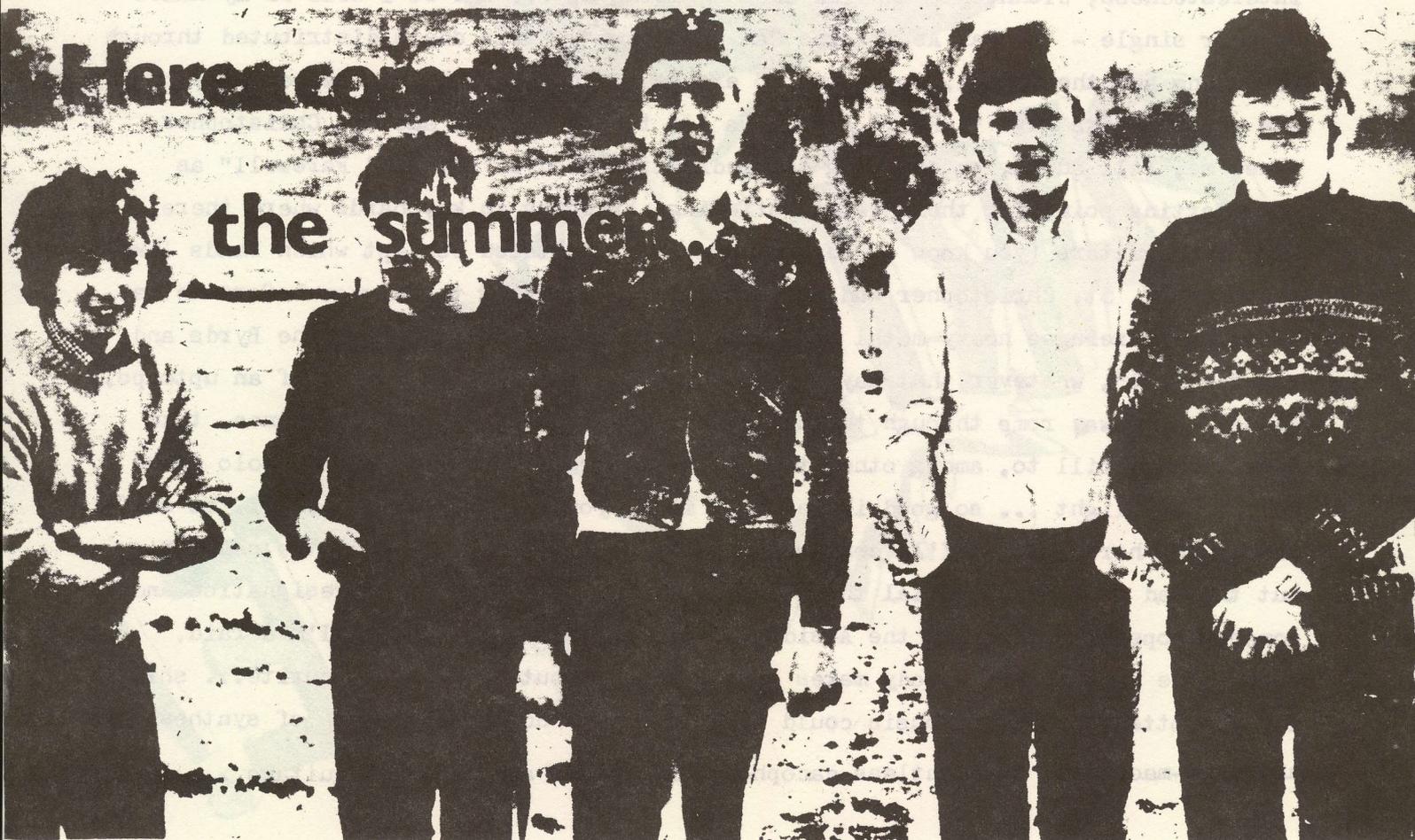
So what more do you want to know? that the first incarnation of Vena Cava drew their sound and soul from the Buzzcocks ... that "Girlfriend" was their second release, following a debut E.P. on Day Trip To Saturn Records which included such gems as "Staccato Soldiers" and "It's Thrust Upon You/Thrust Upon You" ... that, at the beginning of 1983, the core of Vena Cava - Nic (vocals, bass), Glenn (guitars), and Ian (drums, guitar) - became St. Christopher ... that their heroes include Buzzcocks, Ramones, Byrds, Orange Juice, Fire Engines, Hurrah!, and the Walker Brothers? But that's all background, and what matters is what's happening right now - which is that, incredibly, as St. Christopher, they have released their second classic single, "Crystal Clear"/"My Fond Farewell" - I can't help it, it's on again the sun is shining and I'm wondering how a song so optimistic and melodic and plain fucking alive can have been allowed to pass unnoticed - "this feeling has to be one world that's new to me" - except it's what I felt when I first heard "Teenage Kicks", "Going Underground", "Reward", or, closer to home, "Hip Hip", "The 30 Second Set-Up", "Bachelor Kisses" ... It's all so clear to me - St. Christopher can hold their heads high in such exalted company ... in fact, comparisons do them an injustice: for evidence of their original talent, flip and play the dreamy "My Fond Farewell" - on a summer's evening, say ... piano drifting in and out of the more even vocals ... the echoing guitar filling the spaces ... all done at a lullaby pace - this is the softer side of St. Christopher, but no less endearing

Still, let's bring things right up to date because, despite your apathy and disinterestedness, Glenn, Nic and Ian aren't giving up ... and so I hold in my hands another single - "As Far As The Eye Can See"/"Awe" - this one's distributed through Red Rhino and the Cartel, so you've no excuse for not buying it! The pedigree of its predecessors gave "A.F.A.T.E.C.S." a lot to live up to, and St. Christopher threw me, I'll admit, by choosing the meditative mood of "My Fond Farewell" as the starting point for their latest offering, bringing in keyboards where there were once guitars (you know - "keyboards" - that tattered concept which bands like Microdisney, St. Christopher and Dig Vis Drill are trying to salvage before we're drowning in refugee heavy metal outfits from America mumbling about the Byrds and "rock'n'roll", whatever that may be). And yet ... and yet, it works. If an uptempo, almost throwaway romp through the highland (hard rain?) is your preference, take "Awe", and thrill to, among other things, the joyous sound of a guitar solo faded out in mid-flight ... so good it (almost) makes you wish it carried on ... no self-indulgence here though. I'll confess to being captivated by this little charmer, but the sad is a very special thing, so I'll stay with the lonely resignation and somehow-hopeful honesty of the A-side ... too appealing to resist, I'm afraid, though the mock-cheery melody makes this a round-about-midnight favourite... shit, I'd forgotten simple pop music could be this good - no massed banks of synthesisers and drum-machines, no pointless cacophony of screams and thrashed guitars ... just

WRITE TO: Nic Robson, 5 St. Nicholas St, Norton, Malton, North Yorkshire

a steady beat, cajoling keyboards, and the almost whispered chorus - "when you need to hide your fear, I'll be here ..." - take them at their word and place your trust in St. Christopher, because now more than ever it is VITAL that we have a new pop/punk explosion across the nation ... a whole horde of new contenders/young pretenders to stand up and stake their claims to your hearts ... the bands are there, I know, waiting in the wings - the heirs to Postcard, inspired by Hurrah! - so what's stopping their merry conquest of the charts? YOU, that's what ... apathy, an unwillingness to do or accept anything unless it's spoonfed to you, no sense of wanting to take risks - for God's sake, get off your arses and out of your bed-sits - "Encouragement, development, it's all up to you" - or put it another way - PARTICIPATE! Like, if you've read "Hungry Beat 2"(and you'd better have), don't you feel ashamed and/but inspired when it calls for "a new Punk Rock pop culture" and you're just sitting there thinking "Yeah, aren't Hurrah! and the Jasmines great" because it's been put in black and white in front of you so many times that you've finally cottoned on to the truth of the assertion ... I despair sometimes ... and then I play "A Girlfriend Is ..." or "Crystal Clear" and of course I know that I'm only dreaming, that the great British public is only playing possum, right? And soon every band in the land will make me burn with optimism and energy the way the select few featured in these pages do right now? Yes?

In the meantime, thank God for bands like St. Christopher, who epitomise what is essential about the punk rock attitude - a determination to go on regardless, do what you want to do, not be dictated to - turning out three classic singles in the process ... the next one is going to be "The World I Know"/"Haunted": do yourself a favour, and buy it - before it's too late!



everything's roses.....?

■ Glasgow group Laughing Apple, now based in London, are putting out a four-track EP this month on the Autonomy Label. Send a C30 to Alan McGee, 36 Hemberton Road, Clapham, SW9.

Staring at a grey sky...

"My attitudes have changed, they've grown much harder
HARDER THAN THEY'VE EVER BEEN BEFORE..."

'Forces Network' Jasmine Minks

... try to paint it blue...

Picture this. Going into Revolver Records every other day after work 'cause you know there's a debut single out any time now from an unknown band, the Jesus and Marychain. Then one day it's actually there, you buy it, take it home, put it on the turntable, think "Christ, what the fuck is this?", play it again and realise just how wonderful it is... the Jesus and Whowhat?

BUYING THAT SINGLE SIMPLY BECAUSE IT'S ON CREATION RECORDS, Cre 012 in fact...

A bit of perspective. Scotland 1980, Sound of Young Scotland, Postcard Records, Funky Glasgow Now! Orange Juice, Josef K, Fire Engines, Laughing Apple...

Imagine the Jam if they'd turned up on Postcard and you've got the sound of the Laughing Apple. Imagine calling your first single the Ha Ha Hee Hee EP ... a strange mind lurks behind this band... the sort to put a large red apple grinning merrily on the sleeve of their next single 'Participate'... a song with a mission...

"I've got this feeling inside of me now
That the time has arrived time to get up and fight for our LIFE
Participate! Participate! Organise! "

So the Laughing Apple disappeared, while bassist Alan McGee, now living in London, started a club, THE LIVING ROOM, and set Creation Records in motion with the quite utterly awful '73 in 83' EP by the Legend and the heckling Communication Blur fanzine, spitting hate at the new hippies taking over the 'alternative' music scene... and now fully in control...

So why all the fuss?

"I was hoping we'd make real progress
But it seems we have lost the power..."

"Getting back to basics, what's wrong and right..." wrong-right, good-bad, valuable-worthless...LOVE...HATE... everything's gone grey, all so sickening and you're so satisfied whatever happened to EXCITEMENT...? Hearing a song for the first time and knowing it was something to treasure for ever... not to throw away when you get 'too old'... two maybe three minutes that bring you out in goose-pimples and will now and forever more amen.

Like you felt when you first heard 'Going Underground'. Or trying to convince yourself that somebody actually sat down and wrote 'Teenage Kicks'...

Love, hate, real emotions, not artificially stimulated by greed, LOVE and HATE... extremes, things are worth EVERYTHING or they're worth NOTHING AT ALL.

An end to hippy "everything's cool" tolerance, of being worthy ...

And caring about something enough to put complete faith in it. Like going out and buying 'Upside Down', just on trust...

biff!

There's a whole world out there, but most of it doesn't seem to care... how can I explain... aw just LOOK at a Creation single... a seven inch single, plain paper sleeve inside a folded coloured sleeve, all slipped into a little polythene bag... the centre label, on one side a pile of alphabet bricks in a playroom spelling CREATION, on the other the same pile being scattered by a ball bouncing through a broken window, the letters staying put... all in different colours, red and black for the Jasmine Minks, black and white for the Loft... this is IMPORTANT. Product, not in the ZTT sense, showing that somebody's got lots of money for publicity/extortion, but showing that somebody CARES about what they're selling, down to the last detail. Wanting everything to be perfect.

I'm going to town with Creation simply because in all that flabby greyness nobody else seems to care. CARE. You can always tell who does... Postcard Records, Postcard sleeves with if you're one of the lucky few a free postcard, maybe even a little coloured insert, something to make you feel special, simply thrilled ... Kitchenware Records, firing daft but pertinent slogans, 'the dream starts here', oh how I wish it had... NOT the art for exploitation's sake of Factory or 4AD say... no time for dreams when commerce calls....

Little details, like looking at the run-off groove to 'It's Kinda Funny' and finding the words "PUNK ROCK" scratched there....

Or the run-off to 'Where the Traffic goes', the Jasmine Minks second single...

"DOES ANYBODY REMEMBER PUNK ROCK...?"

Punk Rock? Safe in these hands at least. Listen to the Jasmine Minks, echoes of the Buzzcocks maybe playing in that same tube tunnel where Subway Sect is painted on the wall... a Weller-like intensity in the vocal... more than a little of the first Love LP — maybe the punk-rock LP — just a hint of a jangle but a whole lot more just pure AGGRESSION (I'm sorry, you probably don't know what these words mean).... GENUINE aggression. With TUNES!!! Fact — together with Hurrah! the Jasmine Minks are the most angrily powerful live band in Britain today, and 'powerful' does not mean playing loudly, playing tunelessly, or throwing mock tantrums. It means playing SONGS, LOVE songs, HATE songs — more HATE these days, who's fault is that? — with PASSION... songs that actually have meaning... I think of names like Vic Godard... a more cynical Weller (I'm sorry Paul but the world today really is no place for your Idealistic Naive)... Forster/McClennan... aw this is getting silly but it makes me so ANGRY when the Morrisseys, Coles and Costellos of this world get touted as great songwriters for producing production-line clever-clever utterly hollow emotionless wedges of words... not to mention the schoolboy politics of the Braggs and Redskins... while Hurrah! and the Jasmine Minks play song after brilliant song to two dozen people shivering in some sad upstairs room in north London and nobody out there fucking cares... talking THREAT, real threat, threat from real SONGS, not from drum-machine repetition or insulting your audience with pure noise, much as they pretend to like it (the NME's told them to), oh your long

hair and your flying Vs are so subversive. There is nothing threatening or remotely significant about the Membranes, negativity as art, ignorance is hip, cover up the blandness with noise pure noise... hide from the real world, this music is COWARDLY MUSIC, it is the sound of giving up, have they no PRIDE?

All that's demonstrated is a lack of genuine positive ideas. And the key word this afternoon is supposed to be CREATION, look it up in a dictionary...

So why has Alan McGee signed the Membranes? I really don't know, second-hand rebellion always was a good money-raiser... the Membranes lost their significance the first time people went to their gigs knowing what to expect. A LONG WHILE AGO. Even if it is a nice safe place to hide. They represent everything Creation supposedly set out to destroy, or so I thought... what's gone wrong with your bright new dream did you wake up too soon..... Alan?

"Creation is a kaleidoscope, turn it one way you see a pop-art thing, turn it another you see a punk thing, another you see quality, another you see shit."

— Alan McGee

And it doesn't matter what way you turn the Zarjaz single (Cre 014), it isn't pop-art, it isn't punk, it isn't quality... I think it's the worst record ever made — 'cause of what it should have been—McGee thinks it's "a classic". When is the new folk revival going to happen (Comm. Blur No.2)... happening right now, Alan..... WITH SYNTHESISERS!!

I don't want to write such things, I really don't... but when doubts do come, just flick over to his own band, the wonderfully named Biff Bang Pow!... hear me shout... "PUNK ROCK!"... Biff Bang Pow! Happening right now... time I guess to mention The Creation the band, that was their song, after all...

"Our music is red— with purple flashes" —Eddie Phillips, 1966

Fancy. And fancy naming your record label after such a crap band. No, wait. Y'see people would have it that Creation was a sixties revivalist label. Stop for cliché quote: 'the two most important periods in music are the late sixties and late seventies'— cliché but TRUE... and fine if you're only influenced and then go on to create something of your own... and the simple fact is that the supposedly sixties influenced Creation output is FAR BETTER — no, that's silly... aw look, the Creation had a couple of good songs, the Velvet Underground were patchy (heresy!)... the Who, Beatles... had good songs but look how many they wrote... it was a different era, criteria for judging were different, it's ridiculous to expect all their songs to have worth today... Pebbles, Nuggets, moments of timeless brilliance but moments only... stop living in the past for fuck's sake, go out and CREATE... if I see one more paisley-shirted pop-art (ha!) fanzine pretending the Avengers theme is the greatest piece of music ever written invoking originality with a drawing of a soup-can...CREATE don't IMITATE, whatever happened to IMAGINATION... the Marychain were a timely interruption, thank God...

But Creation did dig their own grave by releasing ahem 'Flowers in the Sky' by the Revolving Paint Dream, despite the wonderful 'In the Afternoon' on the b-side. And Biff Bang Pow! spoil the otherwise BRILLIANT LP 'Pass the Paintbrush

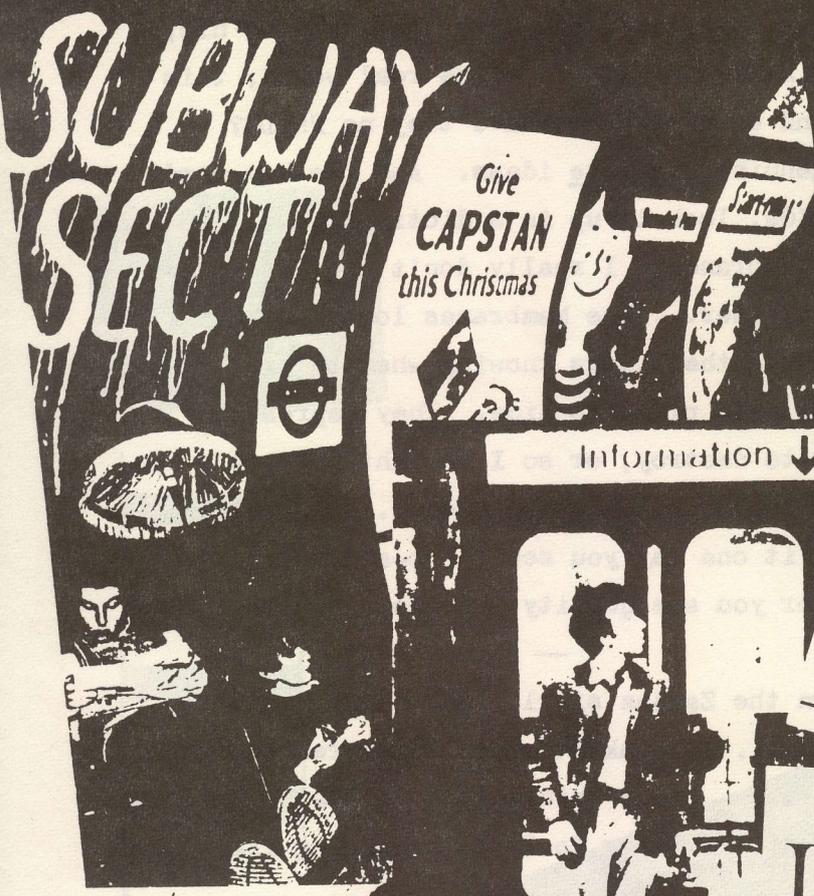
bang!

WHAT'S HAPPENING

*Exactly! You two've fused
 You've fused, fallen down
 A veil of velvet lines the wood
 That lines you from the ground.
 Old conceptions justified
 Tradition stays in tune
 You make guitars talk information
 That tells you what to do.
 The lines that hit me
 again and again
 Afraid to take a stroll
 Off the course of twenty years
 Out of rock and roll.*

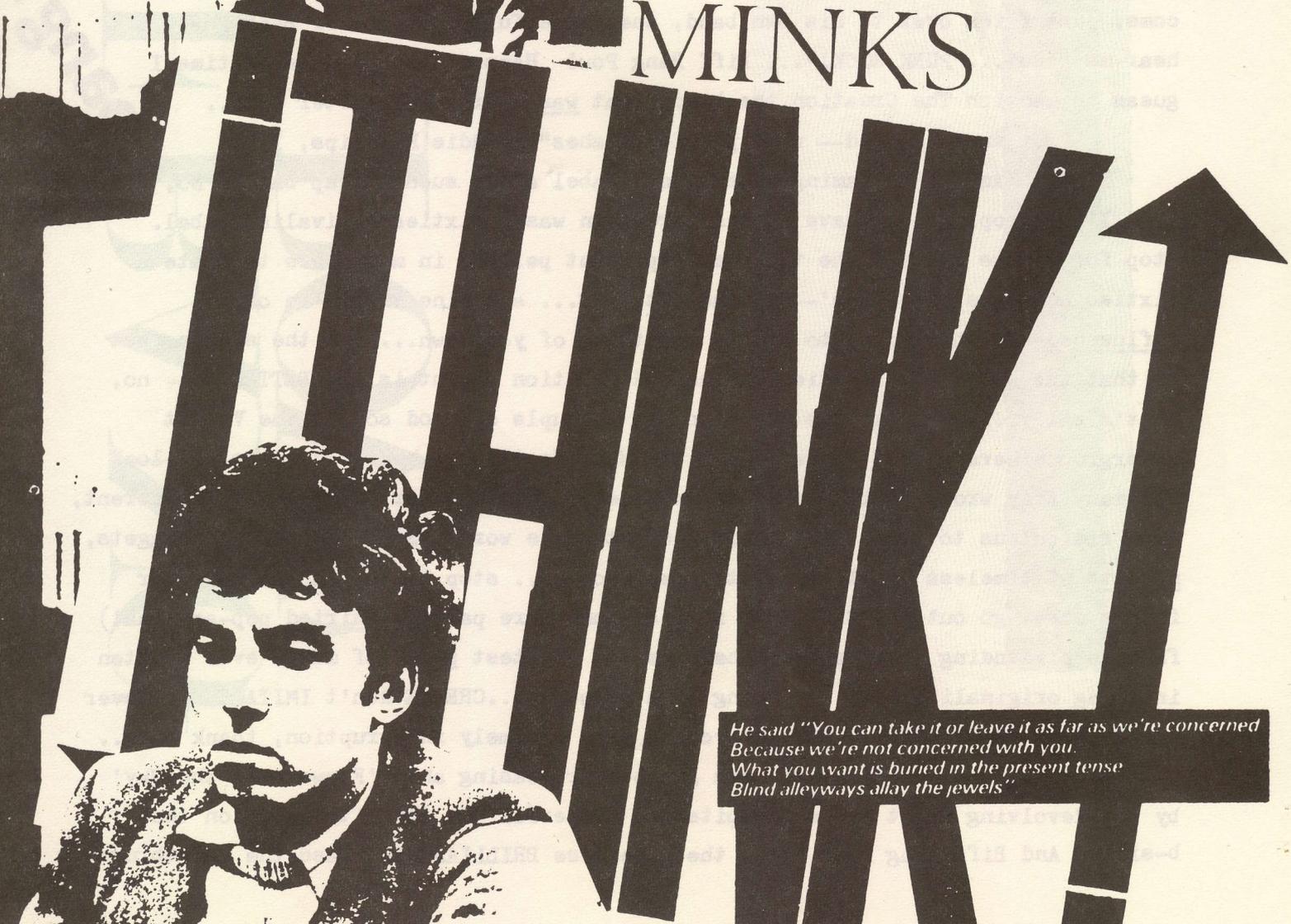
*Life is a suit well worn
 That just won't fit me at all
 It tells a different story
 And I just can't believe
 that story.
 We use no belief in the
 pre-existing school
 And since we got this test
 We've just been waiting
 for it to fall
 We oppose all rock and roll
 It's held you for so long
 you can't refuse
 It's too much to lose.*

WHERE THE TRAFFIC GOES



POW!

THE
 JASMINE
 MINKS



*He said "You can take it or leave it as far as we're concerned
 Because we're not concerned with you.
 What you want is buried in the present tense
 Blind alleyways allay the jewels"*

Honey' with 'A Day Out with Jeremy Chester', a totally pointless self-indulgent 'psychedelic' waste. Result? The press label them sixties copyists and completely ignore the fact that 'There Must Be A Better Life' is one of the all-time great punk rock singles, 'Wouldn't You?' the only way to start every punk-rock compilation tape... and 'Love and Hate'... well, kinda says it all, doesn't it... look in those eyes... what do they ever feel... this is the world of hate, LOVE and HATE... is a CREATIVE force. And should Biff Bang Pow! ever release the quite utterly gorgeous "Love's Going Out Of Fashion", it will become your favourite song of all-time, PROMISE... imagine, the best harmonica since 'Message to Pretty'... the best love song since... 'Message to Pretty' aw look what else can I say, that 'Pass the Paintbrush' has the best LP sleeve EVER... 'cause it does... that it's only fingertips away from defining what punk-rock should be in 1985... 'cause it is... what do we have to fucking do to get through to you people... do you have to be told everything, I hear you singing, 'we can only go where the traffic goes...'

Like I guess you're all pretty into the Marychain right now, till the NME thinks of something else for you... Some quotes from that North London Poly gig: 'pity they don't play proper songs'... 'short, wasn't it?'... 'there's some nice tunes there if they didn't use all that feedback'... 'it's getting a bit violent, let's get to the back'... I suppose while you're still getting that sort of reaction, while you can still despise your audience, while you can still laugh at the music press for believing all those lies you feed them (this sort of lie is known as a 'McGee' incidentally), then it's worth carrying on... but once the shock effects have worn off (now) it'll just be down to the strength of the songs and I think they may pull through... as that guy said, they do have tunes, 'Upside Down', 'Never Understand' are classic singles. But... knowing when to give up... something the Membranes say haven't done, presumably because the media — especially the FANZINE media — still adore them and the crowds keep flocking and because the band, their audience, the hippy fanzine writers form one big smug complacent stagnant clique of supposedly alternative challenging oh so shocking music. The Marychain could go the same way, dragging the Meat Whiplashes and the Slaughters, tenth-rate Folk Devils through a bad PA, with them. I hope I'm wrong. For all our sakes. Took a walk in the art ghetto...

Oh yeah and the Loft are this year's Smiths. Saw them t'other day with Hurrah! and the Jasmine Minks, and the Janice Long plugging has obviously paid off. Sandwiched between the two best bands in the country, it was them everybody had come to see, they who got ecstatic applause after every song. I know it'll sound stupid, but it just DEVALUES the Loft — I wanted so much to love this band — to hear that stupid woman saying in one breath how good they are and in the next how much she's looking forward to seeing U2 at the weekend. Has she no discrimination? All that results is the Loft get the sort of audience who need to be told by Janice Long what to like. It does devalue. When you hear Hurrah! say being played alongside the Bunnymen... implies the records have

POW!

something in common. And it means the Loft give up trying (like the Smiths), which is probably why 'Up the Hill' sounds so lifeless — good, but not special. Not like the gentle wistful simplicity of 'Why Does The Rain' or 'Like'... now there's a love song, a proper love song... or the hopelessly wonderful 'Winter'. Be RUTHLESS... ADMIT that 'Hand in Glove' is the only good song the Smiths ever recorded... say PUNK ROCK and smile...

Smile because I've just invented the greatest punk-rock band ever, they're called the Primal Minks... aw, this sun's going to my head. Primal Scream, Bobby from the Marychain on vocals, Jim Beattie, a legend in his own bedroom and the ultimate punk-rock hero guitaring and co-writing. Imagine Love's gentle side, maybe, but imagine it's 1977... listen to 'It Happens', b-side (!) of the forthcoming single, hear a song tugging you in four directions at once, bouncing you round the walls, turning you upside-down and dropping you on your feet again just in time to look at your watch and find that 2'06" has passed, which AS YOU ALL KNOW is the exact length of 'Nobody's Scared' and if I had my way would be the length of every single... "I don't want to believe what I see, but it happens and it's up to me to accept or to change what I will..."

SO YOU SAY, THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER DAY, BUT WHAT ABOUT NOW!!

"many ships surrender to the storm..." , many, too many... I had this dream where Arthur Lee and Bryan Maclean had got together with Felt's Lawrence on guitar and set out to fill the summer with wonderful pop songs one a fortnight from July to September, and everybody went round smiling, holding hands and kissing... aw look first time I heard 'It Happens' I couldn't believe how good it was, but there's others too, 'All Fall Down', 'All I Ever Wanted'... I'm thinking again about that ultimate punk-rock LP, I'm thinking about this summer....

This summer... anyday now the Jasmine Minks' "What's Happening" will be here, aw so it should have been "Forces Network", so it should have been "Like You", "Past Catches Up", "World's No Place"... what's it matter... PARTICIPATE!... there isn't too much happening, never can be, we need more more MORE... what the world needs now is Hurrah! on TOTP, John Peel to realise there's more to life than the Men they couldn't Pogue or whatever cabaret act he's pushing now oh how can you let the world get swamped by such dull mediocrity, if you want to sit on the backs of giant albatrosses listening to Cult LPs well it's your fucking life, you waste it... people are already forgetting that THE JAM ARE THE GREATEST BAND EVER TO HAVE WALKED THIS PLANET and the inner sleeve of 'Sound Affects' says more than a thousand tatty scrappy fanzines ever can... so the Membranes have now produced TWENTY FOUR issues of 'Rox' and isn't the world a better place for it don't you just feel so happy now oh take these ridiculous people away their negativity is pathetic... gonna give you a sermon today, gonna tell you what's wrong and right...

"There's no holding back now the time has arrived
Time to get off your back time to organise and fight for your life
Participate! Participate! Organise! "

All over the country, a new direction, all over this land, need a reaction, a day of Creation..... all around the world I've been looking forYOU!!!!!!

"TAKE ME TO YOUR HEART" ...

THERE MUST BE A SOFT SPOT SOMEWHERE!

Look, some things shouldn't need to be said - not here, anyway - but times being what they are, hippies on each street corner proclaiming death to pop and swamping every medium with their tedium, I'd better spell it out loud and clear ... Julian Cope is one of the three most important figures to have emerged from the after-birth of Punk Rock - wait, I haven't finished yet - what's more, he's the only one of the three to have consistently turned out music of vitality and brilliance right up to the present day! (The other two? One's a milkman and would-be jazz singer, the other's a "soul" singer and would-be politician.)

Now I can see the smirks on your faces, the knowing nods and winks - good old Julian, eh? Never quite all there; where's my tortoise-shell? ... O.K., go on and laugh - he'd like that: y'see, far too many people miss the humour in his songs. In fact, most people seem to completely miss the point of all his work - like lazy reviewers content to trot out the standard line ... the latest in a long string of rock eccentrics/acid casualties ... y'know, drop a few names like Syd Barrett ... as I said, laziness: you don't have to try very hard to see that there's more meaning and worth in, say, "Strasbourg", "Passionate Friend", or "The Bloody Assizes" than in either the pseudo-mystic "poetry" of an Echo and the Bunnydroppings or the hysterical monochrome rantings of the Three-Bragg-Skins style.

So I'll freely admit that I can't understand why this manic pop genius has been thus far callously ignored in the tired cattle-markets of chartland. What do you people want? Melodies, aggression, exuberance, insight ... Julian's got the lot! Have you jerks forgotten The Teardrop Explodes, for God's sake? Most people seemed to have done by the time "Wilder" came out, yet this L.P. towers above "Kilimanjaro", especially on the second side. O.K., everyone remembers that sublime paean to personal freedom called "Passionate Friend", but what about the trio of haunting ballads - separated only by the arrogant swagger of "Like Leila Khaled Said" - comprising "Tiny Children", "and The Fighting Takes Over" and "The Great Dominions"? No-one who heard these songs could fail to be moved by the startling fragility and humanity of Julian's voice, the main instrument, threading lovely melodies through a sympathetically sparse backcloth; or to be shocked out of reverie, as I was, when the lulling radiance of "...Fighting..." breaks upon the unusually authoritative start to "Great Dominions" - "Suddenly, I came to my senses ..." - just as the Teardrop was dissolving, here was a man finding his way, not losing it.

Shit - this isn't supposed to be a history lesson, but things must be put into perspective ... the Teardrops were one of THE great bands to emerge from '79/'80 - Julian Cope, it's obvious, WAS The Teardrop Explodes, in the same way that John Sebastian was the Lovin' Spoonful or ... I dunno ... Paul Weller was The Jam - and if you know that, what's stopping Cope's immediate elevation to the top of

every chart and poll there is? We need him up there, an example, to expose the shameful-ness of all the other (would-be) post-punk popsters, to inspire a new generation of teenage hopefuls, eager to see their classic(s) battling it out at the top; like Julian, not prepared to compromise in the process - if it isn't obvious to you by now that the man doesn't give a toss about being a "star" (see McCulloch, I.), I don't know...oh fuck, just GO AWAY and LISTEN to "World, Shut Your Mouth" (that title! - it was going to be called "Stop The World, I Want To Get Back On" - I'd say he needs us more or less, we need him more and more) - the opening "Bandy's First Jump" will knock you over, making up for the wasted years with an explosion of garage-punk energy, a ridiculously memorable tune, and his new compelling voice - this man is a true custodian of the spirit of '77, the "fire that keeps us growing stronger every day"... "Metranil Vavin" is the sort of thing you'd get by crossing "A Day In The Life" with "Pretty Vacant" - a hypnotic lull-abye chorus at odds with the headlong rush of the verses ... fade into one of the most cheering, optimistic, call-to-arms pop pearls you'll ever hear: at 2 mins, 20 seconds "Strasbourg" is the highspot of the first side - catch the laughter in Julian's voice as he trashes the past and steps ahead - "I dug up a few old dreams: they couldn't make me happy... So look no further, we're coming through, we're not alone now, there's room for you!" - the sunshine express starts here! The remainder of Side I reinforces this "out-way-ahead-and-couldn't-care-less" stance, culminating in the relentlessly intense surge of "Kolly Kibber's Birthday".

But like all classic L.P.'s, "World ..." gets better the further in you go; and Side 2 contains more gems than anyone could have expected ... like "Sunshine Playroom", a frantic dance of recall and regret, leaping from strings to thudding drums to a "Hawaii 5-0" style brass break, yet never losing momentum ... it's almost a relief to sink into the gentle loneliness of "Head Hang Low" and its mournful oboe - a friend once said this song should be played late at night, as loud as possible, with all the windows wide open - I just think this song should be played! The intervention of the jerky "Pussyface" and its enticing crescendos is only a respite before the album's twin points of perfection ... and how the hell did "Greatness And Perfection" NOT leap to the top of the charts last year? From the opening "ba-ba-ba" chorus (ever noticed all great groups have a few songs with a wonderfully tuneful nonsense refrain in them?) this treasure of a track screams out (deservingly) for attention - one more in a series of classic singles - "Treason", "Reward", "Passionate Friend", ... now this delicious piece of pop, enough to get the most hide-bound hippy dancing round the room in a fit of pure joy ... and then, the killing touch ... "Lunatic And Fire-Pistol" ... surely one of the most moving songs to grace our world of pop-punk ... that evocative church-organ keyboard sound, so sad and aware - here comes the part where I break down and cry!

All this and more again - if you only do one thing after reading this fanzine, if you can only afford one L.P. to brighten and bolster your collection - PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, go out and treat yourself to Julian Cope's most recent master-

piece, "Fried" - there are ten tracks contained ... ten good reasons for any self-respecting punk-rocker to place this record alongside, say, "Sound Affects", "The Undertones", "Forever Changes" or "Highway 61 Revisited" at the heart of his heart - these are all records which come splashed with colour, wit, melodic intensity, but most of all sheer bloody energy and emotion - loving life, hating the world maybe, two sides of the same coin of course: love and hate ... the only two things that really matter ... which is why the only musics that really count in this ridiculous circus game, the only ones which can elevate the fake to the real, are the ones shot through with those precious opposites ... this is the acid test - so when you're sitting, listening to your new copy of "Fried" in half-an-hour's time, and it's "The Bloody Assizes" - guitars drilled and whipped into a tight, angry attack - then you'd better decide whether these gallows were built for you, or whether you are going to refuse to live upon your knees, "and ... never need to hide" - no easy options here, no half-way house - you're either with us or without us! ... far be it from me to spoil the enjoyment you're going to get from "Fried", but I'm playing it right now and I've just got to mention "Bill Drummond Said" - psychedelic guitars spiral into as fine a piece of light, breezy pop as you'll find this side of a Primal Scream demo - that same infusion of menace into superficial innocence - sugar-sweet vocal harmonies, 60's quotes in the mock-climatic ending ... play this song to the next buffoon who tells you how good the new (sic) 3 Johns single is ... these things were sent to try us, what more can we do? And I could go on for hours about "Sunspots" except this is not the sort of song to be writing about but to be doing-in-the-course-of and if I told you the lyrics went like this ... "Sunspots, changing there, walking round with my very best friend, I've got a love song in my head, strolling round with my very best friend, I look back but I don't see, walking round with my very best friend, she looks good and fine to me, I'm in love with my very best friend ..." - and that the sun is shining (isn't it always in this fanzine somehow?) and that very soon I'll be seeing MY very best friend ... you'd understand, wouldn't you? ... there are seven other indispensable tracks on this L.P. - plus the brilliant cover, with which I'll assume we're all familiar ... BUY! CONSUME! "Be something, be happy ..." ... the more I think about this, the more there is to say; it's history time again. Do you remember how Julian always used to come across as such an extreme enthusing fan(atic) in interviews and the like?... "gushing" was one word I saw used to describe it ... I just took it as a sign that the man cared, understood - the same as for me, everything for him was either heavenly or abysmal, no in-betweens ... those twin extremes again. So here was a popster who knew the reasons why music was so important to me - and not only the music but the sleeves, labels, titles - the whole bloody lot; and consequently, who would appreciate the anger and despair I feel now at the sad and sorry state of affairs we find ourselves in. So..., so I wrote Julian a letter, poured out the frustration and disillusionment, and threw a few questions for my peace of mind - such as, was he happier now than in the old days of wild exuberance/manic depression? Had he any regrets about the course he'd taken? What did he think of the current position of contemporaries

such as the Bunnyflops? And did he feel the past 3 or 4 years had thrown up much of musical worth? Here, in all its metaphorical majesty, is his reply:

" MARK HELLO,

I have been here in Tamworth now many years. I kind of realised that people were not sussed like I thought. They had bad ideas, evil and grasping. Mankind has fallen too far. Do we have to question everything? It's not a Western trait, subsistence, even the way we use it spells failure.

In the crops of the past few years, there has been such few things to pick. If I were not here, I would be in 1996 to look back a while. I suppose good becomes of all men one day. But if working at it is necessary, no way - Ha! they don't even try to put that one to you.

So, Mark, I saw some Bunnymen about 8 weeks - Pete and Will and Les. Pete and I shared a flat when I left my ex-wife. He is a pig that I love a lot, and stayed here two weeks ago with Johnno from my group and Andy, a Bunny-roadie.

Those days are dead days now. Those people are unclean, what they are doing. I shout in my head instead of at people now. Those cloudbursts freaked people out. I'm normal like anyone but maybe my front seemed too aware for them.

Here it's happy like you've been away from home so long you don't even know what you went away for. There are dogs outside but the light seems to hold everything perfectly. I don't understand this quest for Gold they all have. They don't seem content to live away for a little while - I suppose if contentment were drugs, we would all take a little. But then, it would be even more illegal.

I have some old magazines from 1910 to about 1925. There are 300 at least in varying size. They are in good condition for reading: I bought them when I was ten from a second-hand bookshop in Stafford. My mother brought us up on a diet of Robert Browning and T.S.Eliot.

When I read the magazines, for a ten-year old, I hit the roof. They question the actual depth of a person's soul. It sounds ruthless, but it made everything so clear; if you know how deep your soul is, you can measure how far from good or bad you are so easily. My mother's soul is very deep, a very old spirit. She is quite good but has been so lax about the way she carries on. It's funny, because when a family grows together as we did, it becomes like a diet. I went very low during my 16-20 years old period.

I saw one magazine in Christie's about 2 years ago for £33. Those auctions are rubbish: magazines are for people to read, not collect. Ours are so well read. I used one of the letters for "Hobby" on a Peel session.

Hope you're a little clearer as to where I'm coming,

Love, Julian "

" NO-ONE IS LISTENING , BUT LET'S SHOUT OUT LOUD , TO PROVE THAT WE'RE ALIVE! "

ever fallen in love....

Remember where it all began, 'Spiral Scratch', that first Buzzcocks EP, Starway Guitar and the monochrome photo with John Maher looking sixteen 'cause he was? 1'54" 3rd take no dubs, 2'13" 1st take guitar dub.... 7 inches, 4 songs, 28th December 1976.....

Aw look I don't want to get obsessive but something has gone **WRONG**.

FACT: the seven inch two song single is the most perfect anything. It says 'LOOK, these two songs we care about, we want you to here them **NOW**, alone, undiluted, untainted by talk of money, we want these songs to be special to you as well.' And sometimes, when cash is short, the follow-up only a dream, and there's a third song which just has to be heard, there'll be two songs on one side. And sometimes there'll be a Spiral Scratch, four perfect punky pop songs all babbling at once for your attention.

The Jasmine Minks wanted to do a 4 track 7", but this is 1985 not 1976....

That's why we have 'Who'd Have Thought' on 12" only — a **TWO TRACK 12"** — OK so it was a mistake, point is nobody anywhere stopped and said 'hang on, this can't be right...'. A 3 song Pastels 12". No 7" release for 'Up the Hill' or 'Gloria'. A 3 song Microdisney 12". The 4 song 'Dolly' 12" containing **THREE** songs from the (then unreleased of course) LP.

OBVIOUS FACT: the profit on a 12" is greater than on a 7", and when there is no 7".... aw no wait, I want to talk **AESTHETICS**... and that two maybe three minute pop song just **LOOKS** ridiculous on a 12", bloated and vulgar and unlovable ... and supplying different mixes just tells us that the original song isn't perfect.... **WHY NOT?** Don't you fucking care???

Forget the greed, if you can... aw, how can I explain... just **IMAGINE** all those Buzzcocks singles as a row of 12"s. Or 'Simply Thrilled Honey'... 'Hip Hip' ... 'In the City'... that hideous 12" re-issue of 'Teenage Kicks'... the song's the same but the **MAGIC**'s gone.

Of holding a little 7" square sleeve and by a red and blue heart it says

"Ever fallen in love..."

Says it all.

So 'Gloria' has 4 songs and they're all wonderful but oh oh oh if only it could have been Gloria/Tame and This Boy/Funny Day, following of course the 7" Who'd Have Thought/Celtic... imagine flicking through those in your singles box!:

Let's dream..... of a world without LPs...

'There Must Be A Better Life' is available as a single, on the **BBP!** LP, and on the Creation sampler LP, which we have to buy — so it's not just for export is it Alan? — 'cause it's the only way to get a copy of the one 'unobtainable elsewhere' track, the Loft's 'Winter'. **LOOK!** 'Better Life' and 'Winter' are two of my favourite **EVER** songs, but even they become tainted by this **MARKETING**..... £2.99 for 'Wild Summer Wow!', for one song, I hope you all bought something nice... The Jasmine Minks' LP would be one of the greatest **EVER** if two of the six songs

hadn't already been out as a single. TWO? Out of SIX? Aw fuck off.

And so it goes. People are already talking about 'albums' again, not LPs.

Aw look if a song's worth hearing it's capable of standing up on it's own, it doesn't need to rest on the shoulders of other songs, if it does it's a WEAK SONG and not worth the caring... the LP is a hateful thing to be despised. GRRR I s'pose for convenience and for economy it is necessary, and OK sometimes it's nice to have a collection of half a dozen NEW songs, but this is PRINCIPLES. If you wouldn't buy it as a single, go without food to afford it, it isn't a good song full stop. And for God's sake lets call them SONGS from now on not 'tracks', it helps to get things clear...

I don't like doing this, I'm hitting out at some of the people I do still care about... that's 'cause I know (hope) that they at least understand... imagine writing to Factory to complain about their marketing/exploitation... they'd just laugh, well might they, with people still (unbelievably) buying their every release presumably under the impression that it has some blessing from on high from Ian Curtis. But I s'pose people who buy Factory product get what they deserve... just annoys me they also get James, but they probably don't notice...

Look you couldn't talk to a major label about this, they wouldn't understand they CANNOT. Can you imagine some executive up at CBS sitting behind a desk with a copy of 'The Sun Shines Here' thinking this song makes me tingle all over...

Maybe I'm just old and naive... wanting to know a song is there because somebody CARED about it, enough not to want it devalued by shoddiness, enough not to give a fuck about profit or fame... somebody must still care...

More dreams... songs that last two minutes ONLY. If you can't say what you want in two minutes you're BORING... the perfect pop single, a two minute LOVE poem HATE poem twisting on a bubbling scratching punk-rock guitar, maybe a keyboard somewhere picks out a gentle tune, everything surging drained to a final desperate halt... and not another murmur till that desperation returns.

Aw look, it's 1985, the world's a sad faithless selfish old place and it's getting sadder, look at those faces, eyes fixed to the pavements, never heard a guitar jangle or smelt fresh cut grass in their lives, don't even realise that up there THE SUN IS SHINING....."I'd like, to write songs about flowers and holding hands walking through summer fields, but the world's no place for a romantic today".... world's no place, world's no place... why is it only the Undertones ever wrote real songs about real people... Sunday evening, rain falling grey over Bristol, Monday tomorrow, back to work again... sometimes it's not easy but let's not give up, there's too many people in this city have given up... I can't walk into Virgin or HMV without my stomach turning, thinking that this is what music today is to most people... that's the real sadness... bits of plastic wrapped in cling-film, no soul no love no hate, it's the saddest thing in the world... that even Hurrah! must be so defiled... and means so much more...

BUT... it's going to be a good summer. PROMISE.

THE DREAM STARTS..... WHEN YOU WANT IT TO

THE SUN IS SHINING!...

(Or: HOW TO COLOUR THIS BLACK-AND-WHITE WORLD, IN 30 EASY STAGES)

A QUICK MENTION FOR THE WEDDING

HURRAH! : Hip Hip

LAUGHING APPLE : Participate!

ORANGE JUICE : Poor Old Soul

THE SAINTS : This Perfect Day

JASMINE MINKS : Forces Network

VENA CAVA : A Girlfriend Is...

THE JAM : When You're Young

SUBWAY SECT : Nobody's Scared

BUZZCOCKS : I Don't Mind

THE FALL : It's The New Thing

HURRAH! : Better Time

JUNE BRIDES : Sunday To Saturday

THE JAM : Going Underground

THE UNDERTONES : Get Over You

ORANGE JUICE : Falling And Laughing

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES : Reward

JASMINE MINKS : World's No Place

BIFF BANG POW! : There Must Be A Better Life

HURRAH! : Who'd Have Thought?

SWELL MAPS : Dresden Style

BUZZCOCKS : Promises

MICRODISNEY : Pink Skinned Man

ORANGE JUICE : Dying Day

JOSEF K : Chance Meeting

PRIMAL SCREAM : It Happens

THE JAM : In The City

FIRE ENGINES : Get Up And Use Me

ORANGE JUICE : Felicity

THE JESUS AND MARYCHAIN : Upside Down

HURRAH! : The Sun Shines Here

PRESENT - "GO OUT & GET 'EM, BOY" : IMAGINE

JOSEF K COVERING "IN SHAEDS - LIKE FIRE

ENGINES PAYING HOMAGE TO "DAY TRAPPER"

THIS IS A VITAL POP NOISE - ALL

THAT "YOU TRIP ME UP" SHOULD BE

(AND ISN'T) - THIS IS NOW!

BUY IT, AND FORGET THAT

PETROL EMOTION - 'KEEN' -

TIRED ROCK DRIVE, NO

WISDOM, NO STYLE, ANUGLY

CLASH OF DREAM SYNDICATE/

RED LORAY YELLOW LORAY

TAKE IT ALL AWAY

"LIFE IS TIMELESS, DAYS ARE LONG, WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG... " - NOW RELEASED IS THE UNBELIEVABLY BREATH-taking DEBUT SINGLE BY PRIMAL SCREAM - "ALL FALL DOWN"/"IT HAPPENS" - WHAT'S WRONG? NO BLOODY CREATION LABEL, THAT'S WHAT : DETAILS LIKE THIS MATTER! WHAT'S RIGHT? THE SLEEVE IS A JOY TO behold - THE MOST COOL GROUP SHOT YOU'LL EVER SEE - LIKE THE FIRST LOVE ALBUM TIME-warped TO 77'S BLACK/WHITE SHADES. THE B-SIDE OF THIS SINGLE NOW LASTS 2 MINUTES EXACTLY, AND HAS THUS ATTAINED ABSOLUTE PERFECTION - I DEFY YOU TO PLAY THIS SONG WITHOUT LEAPING AROUND THE ROOM WITH AN IDIOTIC GRIN ON YOUR FACE - "... ANY GUITAR AND ANY BASS DRUM, LIFE IS A DRINK AND YOU GET DRUNK WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG!"

"I HEARD THE NEWS TODAY, OH BOY!"
 "ALAN MCGHEE (SICK) IN 'THE FACE' -
 THE MARYCHAIN BOYS WANT TO BE RICH AND ANYONE WHO WANTS TO BE ADMIT THAT IS A FUCKIN' LYIN' BASTARD" -
 "WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO PUNK ROCK - HAS BEEN?"

* PRINTING - "OVERGROUND", 35 AYLESBURY RD, SE17 2EQ

SYMPTOM OF THE DISEASE OR PART OF THE CURE? I'M NOT SURE ABOUT JAMES - I MEAN, WHEN I HEAR THE NAME 'FACTORY' I REACH FOR MY SPITTOON - BUT "HYMN FROM A VILLAGE" IS NIGH ON RESISTIBLE, SO WAS "WHAT'S THE WORLD", AND LIVE AT THE LEADMILL THEY MORE THAN ONCE BROUGHT A SMILE TO MY FACE - 'THIS SONG'S MADE UP, MADE SECOND-RATE, COSMETIC MUSIC, POWDER-PUFF, POPTONES, MOOSE RHYMES, ALL LINED WITH BLUFF, SECOND-HAND IDEAS, NO SOUL, NO HATE...' - BRILLIANT; I JUST HOPE IT ISN'T THEIR EPITAPH. IF THINGS WERE PERFECT, JAMES WOULD BE ON CREATION RECORDS, HAVING TO COMPETE WITH UNDISPUTED POP/PUNK GIANTS THE JASMINE MINKS - A NEW SINGLE, CRE DIS, "WHAT'S HAPPENING"/"BLACK AND BLUE" - THE THIRD CLASSIC 45 FROM THIS HUNGRY, ANGRY FOURSOME - BY THE TIME YOU LOT TAKE NOTICE, THEY'LL HAVE ASSEMBLED A TRACK RECORD TO SURPASS THAT OF THE BUZZCOCKS OR THE JAM - I'VE NEVER HEARD A MORE THRILLING CELEBRATION OF JOY THAN THIS - "WHEN I'M WITH YOU, EVERYTHING SEEMS JUST RIGHT" - BUY OR DIE ...**NOW!**

BE YOUNG
BE
OLISH
BE
HAPPY



“beat noise and pop songs
here to salvage us from the
make believe degeneration and
cosmetic despondency of grey
modern music....”