

number three

BABY LEMONADE
JULIAN COPE
TALULAH GOSH
MIGHTY MIGHTY
CHESTERFIELDS
SUBMARINES
HURRAH!
DESERT WOLVES
St.CHRISTOPHER
THIS POISON!
EMILY
RAZORCUTS
SANDALS
CLOUDS

'Sha-la-la' RECORDS

present

THE CLOUDS
MIGHTY MIGHTY
RAZORCUTS
TALULAH GOSH



WITH
TWO
FLEXIDISCS

50p

are



a

journey
through
hostility,
derision and
indifference

1987

POP

MANIFESTO

Mark
120 Peveril Road
Sheffield
S11 7AR

Matt
Garden Flat
Belgrave Road
46 Upper BSB 2XN
Bristol

This is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents, places and dialogues are products of the authors' imaginations and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is extremely unlikely.

Whatever
happened to
POPMusic...?

Grrrrr

"powerful innocence challenging the hypocrisies of the corrupted and tainted adult world"

"YOU ARE hereby warned that the anorak revolution is over," claims Clive, lead-singer of the excellent Walsall band Boilerroom. "The day I lost my Pastels badge was the day I lost all my Pastels records and also my desire to like them," he continues. "The days of 'ba-ba-baba' pop are over, fanzines are out, and silly twee girls in frilly skirts should be murdered!"

mmmmmmmm! DEEP BREATH, fill your lungs, push back wings to full extent...

I'VE GOT A LOVESONG IN MY HEAD,
STROLLING ROUND WITH MY VERY BEST FRIEND

EYES WIDE OPEN stepping into the SUN oh LOOK, this was supposed to be released in the high high SUMMER but life kinda got in the way... so you're now confronted with 40-odd pages of rose-coloured spectacular, and a few bits do look a little whiterosey... please make allowances, it won't happen again, and anyway, here in Happyland it's ALWAYS SUMMER...

I LOOK BACK BUT I DON'T SEE,
WALKING ROUND WITH MY VERY BEST FRIEND
... even in the bleakest coldest midwinter time, when sweet little furry animals lie all cute and dead on the path...

... just throw another hippy on the fire, honey, then snuggle up close and close your eyes...

SHE LOOKS GOOD, A FEW IN ME,
I'M IN LOVE WITH MY VERY BEST FRIEND!

ah the very best thing to do with a very best friend, if I remember the instructions correctly...

... form spout and...

... P-O-U-R or is that something else on and when the words get just too silly for words some FLEXIDISCS so you can hear how this fanzine SOUNDS and to remind all those miserable ba-ba-ba-bastards what POPmusic is all about...

... sirpence a song, BRING BACK THROWAWAY POP!!!!!!!!!!!!

... and the cat has just knocked my Tippex over, BASTARD PUSS, for that I shall eat you for supper...

Yum...

November

“Woke up to the smell of fresh-cut grass
And jangling guitars in my ears,
The things that I thought
were impossible
Are somehow becoming quite
real...”



“REMEMBER SUMMERS ON THE WASTELAND
LIE ON OUR BACKS AND LOOKING AT THE SKY...”

... I do, I do, 'cos SUMMER'S here again, and the time is right
for dancing on the drab grey rubblescape between Rotherham and Swinton:
as long as I've got this battered cassette-player, and my tapes...
sit on an ash-tip, snap on some songs, watch the world...

“COULD YOU EVER BE, MORE THAN A DREAM TO ME?”



... somewhere in South Yorkshire
15th July 1986

... and who knows, by the time you read this, all your dreams might have come true,
that new Hurrah! LP we've been hearing about and praying for for years might be sitting
snuggly by the record player, 10 polished pop songs, the sunshine after the rain, each a
natural gem, sparkling with honesty, love/hate idealism, anger, inspiration (have you
learnt the meanings of these words yet?)... the dream starts when we all own a copy of
this record...

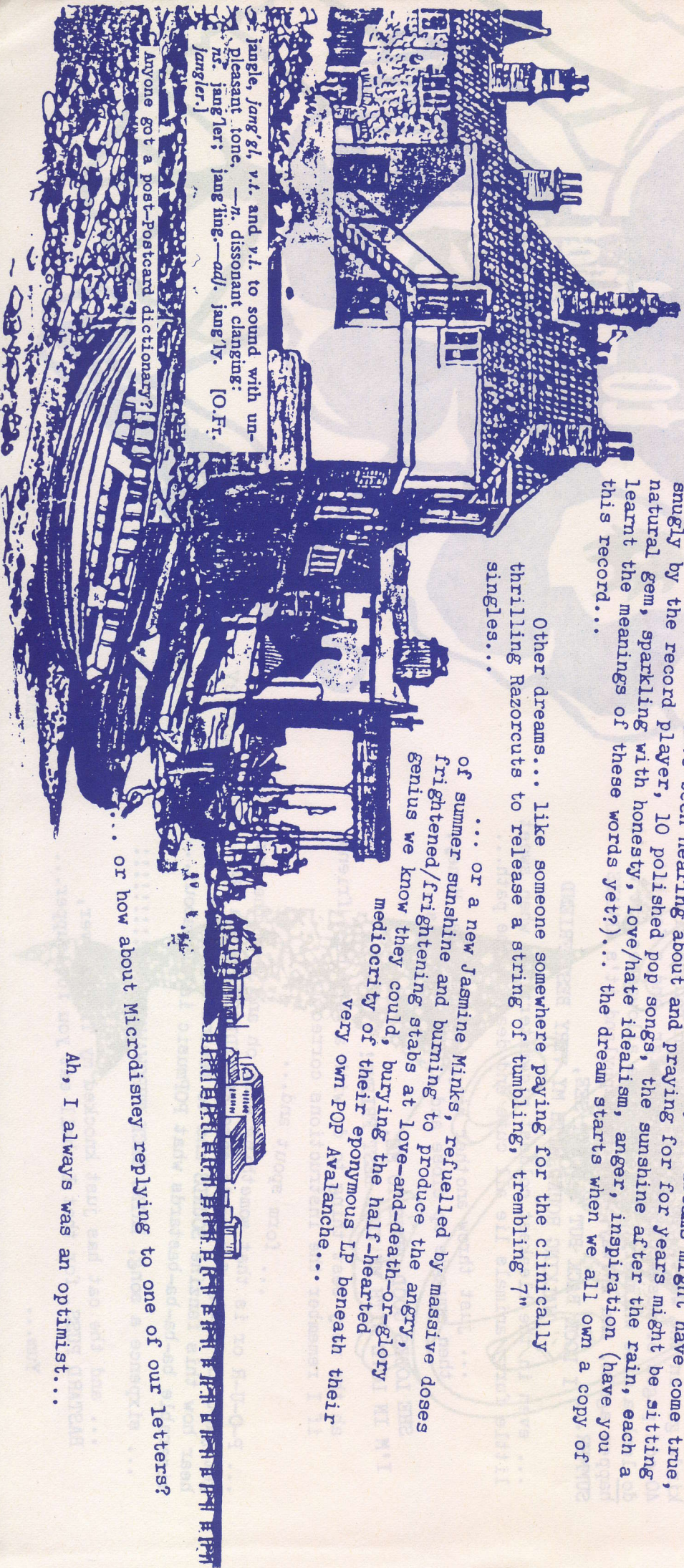
Other dreams... like someone somewhere paying for the clinically
thrilling Razorcuts to release a string of tumbling, trembling 7"
singles...

... or a new Jasmine Minks, refuelled by massive doses
of summer sunshine and burning to produce the angry,
frightened/frightening stabs at love-and-death-or-glory
genius we know they could, burying the half-hearted
mediocrity of their eponymous LP beneath their
very own POP Avalanche...

jangle, jang'gl, v.t. and v.i. to sound with un-
pleasant tone. —n. dissonant clanging;
ns. jang'ler; jang'ling.—adj. jang'ly. [O.Fr.
janglier.]

Anyone got a post-Postcard dictionary? ... or how about Microdisney replying to one of our letters?

Ah, I always was an optimist...



NEED SOMEONE TO IDOLISE"

... as desperation takes hold: look, it's nice to know there are people out there who CARE (more than we thought/hoped?) - similar dreams and visions, spread all over this fictionland... but USE your dreams, don't be used by them... discriminate between good and bad, wrong and right, learn to love and hate... the Soupdragons are wonderful, yes, but in Bedford the other night (and Brixton before that) they weren't really trying.

... and why should they? If they'd eaten bananas onstage for half an hour most of you would've acted like apes and screamed for more... MAKE DEMANDS. Otherwise (possible) pop heroes find it all too easy, get lazy, treat you with the contempt you merit...

FACT No.1 "Whole Wide World",
"Pleasantly Surprised" and
"I Know Everything" are
sub-120 second speedball,
sing-song candy-coated classics.
I love them.

The Soup Dragons: an Economic Survey

They look fucking STUPID on 12"?

~~Screen "RIP OFF"~~, abuse our faith,

I want to spit poison at

Martin Subway, the Soup Dragons,

EVERYONE who thinks it's funny

or acceptable,

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE SHAT UPON?

... and yet, I know there are enough out there who think the same: so now's the time to act... don't just write to us, write to the bands, write to each other, write YOUR OWN FANZINE... everybody riot, in print... TAKE AND CREATE!!!

"HOW LONG SINCE I TOLD YOU, HOW MUCH I HATE YOU?"

... and for the rest of you, I hope these pages burn your fingers and shrivel to dust in your grubby ignorant hands... poor old souls, where DO you hide in these sunshine days...

... when the air is thick with light, heat and THE SOUND OF HAPPINESS, not sullen silences and furrowed brows, nor negativity, ignorance, empty posturing... I've seen it ALL, there's no need to say ANYTHING, just play "The Sun Shines Here", that says it ALL.

"It may be raining where you are, skies may not seem very clear,
BUT THE SUN IT SHINES HERE!"

(and I never mentioned P.NK R.CK...)

* assuming £3.20 selling price
(i.e. £1.60 per side)

$L = 1.60$

	width	fraction of total available vinyl space	cost
<u>lead-in groove</u>	$\frac{3}{8}$"	10%	16p
song	$1\frac{1}{16}$ "	26%	41p
<u>run-off groove</u>	$2\frac{7}{16}$ "	64%	\$1.03

Anyway, peeling through
to the next page I see that
what follows was written when
we were still going to be
USARMY SPECIALT (before SPECIALT
PEOPLE held us up to not regarding
their fleadings...). So I might
be a bit, um, glib. Sorry.

ORANGE

OLIVER & OH

Give them a hand

THE JOURNAL OF THE

[illegible]

...yes, live from
THE WESTERN STAR DOMINO CLUB
it's



A THEME FOR A DREAM - "Pop Anarchy!" - the words once
scrawled on Davey Chesterfield's guitar and
... HERE COME THE SAVIOURS, electric guitars in their HEARTS
bright RED hearts worn proud on (record) sleeves, hearts
crossed with ELECTRIC GUITARS...

GUITARS!!! And sweet guitar-shaped feelings oh I remember
I remember... first hearing the Jasmynes' "Think!" cranked
from a weedy ten-bob bedroom Dansette, all plastic speakers
and squeaking arms and shrill crackle and POP! but still oh
so BLOODY WONDERFUL 'cos so ALIVE and catchingfire oh
remember remember that primitive all-you-need-is... something

BARBED to pierce your heart like like like

A CHESTERFIELDS GUITAR!!! - prickly acid-tipped POP guitars to scratch'n'scar
and hack hack away and roughly sketch the words THIS IS POPMUSIC OK? (Like Guy Fawkes sparklers
tracing phosphor patterns in the dark...) - whether the shiny guitar-spark showers IGNITING the Joe K.
DANCEbeat of "Storm Nelson" or the feedback HOWL and PROWLING guitars of "Pop Anarchy" itself, who cares
"pop meets anarchy and now I love them BOTH!!!"

BOTH!!!! i.e.

"Pop Anarchy" - the song - 90 seconds of grubby Link Wray menace and evil smirk that (giveaway!) bares
a sweet sweet-tooth, I.E. "Complete Control" 1986-style dip-charged in a well of electric NOISE and
cra-crackling and spitting with glee...

Or POP ANARCHY - the TOTAL CONCEPT and Path to Enlightenment, like... A THOUGHT!!! -

- y'know them ancient Chinese sages, taking their young pupils aside to impart the Eternal Wisdoms...
well, if them sages had even the vaguest grasp of the gist of life, they'd just hand out copies of
"Hip Hip" and "When You're Young", 'cos those two records played together and LOUD are the ULTIMATE
Key-Facts Teach-Yourself-Life guide, they ARE our manifesto - BECAUSE that consequent surging POW!
POW!! POW!!! POUNDING behind the ribs is, in simple terms, pure boiling liquid punk rocket FUEL
adrenalin coarsing through the veins, is ALL YOU NEED...

... and if the people stare THEN THE PEOPLE STARE, quite so,
a guiding principle second-to-none look THIS IS IMPORTANT - it
mayn't make sense but IT'S IMPORTANT, my mind is WIDE OPEN
and Tomorrow is calling HEY LOVELY BIG BLUE WORLD OUT THERE

I WANT my eyes to be bigger

And the world to turn slower 'cos I can't keep up...

"Hip Hip", "When You're Young" and shiny BRIGHTERED
guitar so so so where was I... CHESTERFIELDS, live at
the Western Star... same sorta thing...

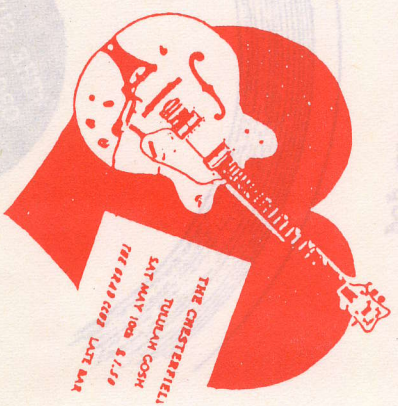
(... tonight, tonight... two freshly MINTED classics
outreaching even most of the OLD classics, AND a cover of
"Holiday Hymn"... plus all the regulars, "Kiss Me Stupid"
still standing out for MY money, with Simon's brilliant
backing vocals... all these SONGS, songs I find myself
whistling strolling down the lane or chatting to some idle
fishmongress (hullo!) in St.Andrews Park of a lunchtime, in fact
EVERYWHERE, like I-was-in-Sainsburys the other day, chunka chunka,
thinking, humming, um-ing and ah-ing, what IS this in my head, let
us stop-take-a-look, tum-te-tum... left lobe, right lobe and THERE



THE CHESTERFIELDS
TULLAH CASH
SAT MAY 10th 8.1.18
THE GRAB CUB LATE BAR



THE CHESTERFIELDS
TULLAH CASH
SAT MAY 10th 8.1.18
THE GRAB CUB LATE BAR



THE CHESTERFIELD
TULLAH CASH
SAT MAY 10th 8.1.18
THE GRAB CUB LATE BAR



THE CHESTERFIELDS
TULLAH CASH
SAT MAY 10th 8.1.18
THE GRAB CUB LATE BAR

SHAKING,
J J

dead centre a CHESTERFIELDS SONG... absolutely TRUE... but no room tonight for "Stephanie" or "Chains of Love", Brendan's party-piece and always a personal fave oh aren't reviews BORING I think I shall stop...)

AND NOW! A new single, pink and lovely, "Completely and Utterly", the song St. Edwyn forgot to write, and "c/w" (what does it MEAN???) the equally wonder-strewn "Girl on a Boat", sounding like Vic Godard could've sounded if he hadn't been such a dope... delayed till end of Octobertime but WOWEE w-will it be worth the wait... (Clue: "yes"). And it's a 7" ONLY, of course, because it's

POPMUSIC!!!!

Simple

as

THAT!!!

Basically 'When I Dream'
is somebody saying 'I'm in love,'
isn't it great!



When I Dream

because because because
I'M HAPPY OK, 'cos happy things
keep happening to me LIKE...
... WAKING one rainy morn to find the tape of
"Jenny Nowhere" sitting shyly in a doorstep
puddle (no letterbox!) and rapid realisation I was
stumbling unawares upon the most wonderful POPnoise
EVER and suddenly knowing - "Sha-la-la" Records was
GONNA WORK, doubts fly away, that tape just smiled
and shuffled its feet red-faced and awkward...
SHA-LA-LA!!! - an umbrella to shelter kindred
spirits, why moan about other folk when you can
DO IT YOURSELF!!! HELL to organise, but FUN,
and TWO BIG FINGERS to all the rest...
... OR DISCOVERING the weirdly wonderful
1000 Violins have sneaked "Ungateful Bastard"
onto a 750 copy flexi (address elsewhere)....
"I'd walk a million miles for you - you ungrateful
BASTARD"... y'know their first EP? That despairing
tremble "yes yes yes, yes, YES" always sucked my
body temperature down to sub-danger level, sat on
edge of bed, fists, eyes, screwed up repeating
"yes yes yes, YES, YES!" The answer's still "YES!" and
I'm still sat here but... upwards and onwards, a thousand
violins will play it for you while you sit and roll your
deep blue eyes... and I just sigh.

... OR MR. POSTMAN bringing the Hit Parade's 5th single! I quote
the Press Release: "'See You in Havana' is available in 7" only in
standard JSH sleeve design." Y'see, Mr. JSH is a true POP GENIUS who
UNDERSTANDS POP MUSIC and JSH-5B is another stupidly simple guitar POP soul
CLASSIC puffed effortlessly into the breeze. A-side too is bizarrely wonder-clogged
(Cath Carroll vocals mmmmm), though I dare say you po-faced twerps won't agree... NEVER MIND!
For JSH-6 is already recorded... oh and the run-off says "Marry me now, Joanna", so I guess it's
all OK between them again and I'm sorry for what I wrote about her last time Julian and oh I DO hope she
says yes yes yes, YES, YES!!!!... ah, POPmusic! Anyone want an H.P. sticker, he sent me forty-six...

... OR SEEING Razorcuts NME adverts for a second guitarist - "Maybe you're a Hungry Beat reader?", or
"Influences - 'The Sun Shines Here', 'Orange Skies', 'CREBOO8', 'Bill Drummond Said'"... spot them? Said it
ALL, yeah? And the new guitarist? Well, I closed my eyes and The Sun Shone out of that guitar...

EVERYTHING!

In the Rock Garden pit again, I stood and watched. I stood and bopped. Paul Haig so cool I could have hated him. With his dark glasses and great. Looking good. Feeling who are grinning and grimacing despite it all. Their music fills you up.

“In in LOVE again...”

been like this before... oh I should
gush and stream and scream hope and love and enthusiasm and BIG words
meaning EVERYTHING and more because because because my heart's going
PUNKrockPUNKrockPUNKrock and we've said it before but NEVER LOUD ENOUGH, it's
time to PROVE that we're alive and thrill and gasp and generally do justice
to RAZORCUTS, who so comprehensively outshone the Soup Dragons last night, the
only band to have a debut 7" called "Big Pink Cake", all with the necessary
wraparound sleeve and customary plastic bag... feel those opening chords drip
Just Like Honey down your spine, hear the EXPLOSION of barely restrained siren
guitars into the BIGgest BRASSiest tune for years, see the clouds of styrofoam
hang outside your window-frame... oh I wish I could paint RAZORCUTS! in pink,
blue and bold RED all over this town....

Funny, people will mumble that Razorcuts only paint pictures in Pastel shades... and live, Gregory's voice strains and cracks and (sometimes) struggles in the bass-guitar-drum-DEJUGE... but on "Big! Pink! Cake!" it's all-out thrust for glory, Coronation Street accents ("cukery buke" indeed!) and big TREMBLE before the most daring harmonies for many a Peelshow, breathless backing vocals running around the unbelievably sweet lead, strawberry ice creams floated in a milk-shake...

... should have pushed the whole thing in your face... sorry, could have sworn my record-player was dancing sideways in delight (so the Earth moved for you too, eh?) and now it looks all still and lonely, just GOT to sample this delicious offering again... oh I know I shouldn't be raising my hopes so high but I I I... don't give a fuck, don't want this to be a 9 day wonder, but IT WON'T BE, 'cos "Big Pink Cake" shivers into insignificance beside the irresistibly bitter majesty of its B-side...

"I'll Still Be There" is to '86 what "It Happens" was to '85 - a song so huge and awe-inspiring, each time you play it you trip on the thrill of rediscovering how much FUN a record can be - so sad and aware and faithful and knowing and happy allatonce, tambourines and tinkling tunes on a lonely hearts guitar, an opening with "Day Tripper" stamped somewhere, a fade-out with those thin wild mercury metallic bright gold keyboards ("Then When I Scream", "Blonde on Blonde", "Los Angeles" ... don't you remember ANYTHING?) and in between words of truth from

quiet Summer Saturday, "I'll Still Be There", stinging but healing, the salt on your (Razor) cuts, "I'll Still Be There", for anytime you want the pleasure with the pain, this must be pop-pop-POP - nothing more, nothing less, Razorcuts is best, in love or in despair, you know I'll still be there... "I know there must be more to life than this, but just for now I feel OK"... even (of course) a ba-ba-ba chorus to send us all home safe and HAPPY, "I'll Still Be There"... it's my heart again that drives me so wild, pumping all that blood to my head? Maybe, but while this gorgeous sound is spinning the room round and round, I just take a big GULP of fresh air and say:

I think Razorcuts are one of the best bands ever. Anywhere. So there.

If She Doesn't Smile (It'll Rain)

...and when I close my eyes the sun just SHINES, awww... the noise the sunshine makes, the smell of a pale blue sky... I love demo tapes that arrive with little notes saying "If you hate it, can I have it back?" and inlay cards that shyly enquire "Punk Rock...?"

...answers to which are, in this case, NO YOU BLOODY CAN'T and Mmmmmmm respectively. So!!! Yet more 18 year-olds with shiny new Rickenbackers, is it? Well... beat-up red semi-acoustics, actually...

I'm glad to say.

And a 2 song demo which used to be 3 songs but the third one was erased in a sudden rush of embarrassment... "I was, um, in love at the time", mumbles the writer/eraser confusedly, feebly trying to make excuses and blushing profusely...

OH! the very best POSSIBLE reason for writing a song, surely — 'specially one called "Summer Smile"...

... which this one was...

(Actually, the last twelve seconds HADN'T been blanked, and I detect what sounds suspiciously like a xylophone... A XYLOPHONE!!!... PAH!))

Just two songs then, two awkward sketches full of Primal Scream guitars and tambourines and little scurrying things... gentle and trusting, I mean, all those horrible girl-as-property Rock songs clogging our airwaves and here's a band softly singing "I belong to YOU, I belong to you..."

...do you remember, Bobby Gillespie when asked why "Velocity Girl" was so short, replied that it stopped after 80 seconds "because it had finished". Why do so few people understand that? The Sandals have a song called "Dare To Be Different" which ends "I'm gonna run run run away" and then stops. DEAD. 'Cos it's FINISHED!!!

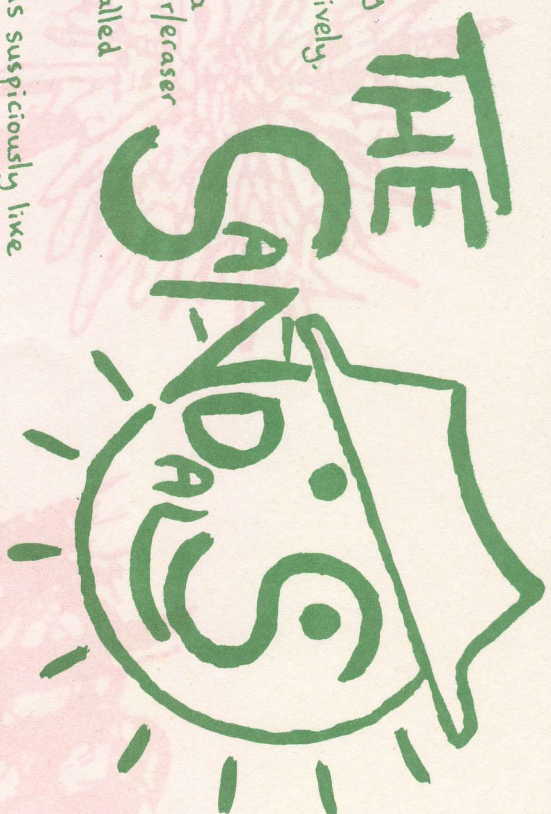
But then they do cite Primal Scream and Orange Juice as current and all-time faves respectively, so I guess they OUGHT to understand...

Oh... as yet all very rough and nervous, it must be said, but I predict VAST things for them tomorrow, Or maybe Wednesday. As they say themselves:

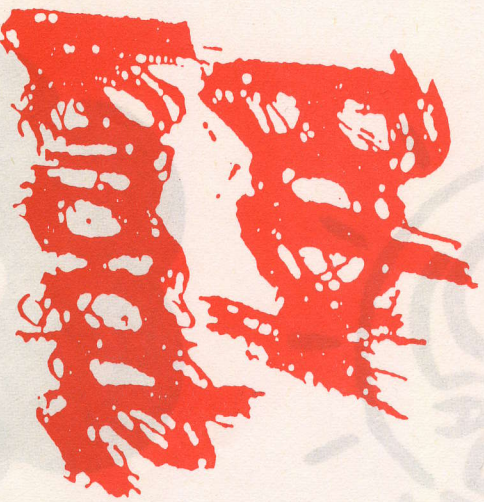
"We're just too HAPPY to fail!!!"

...the noise the sunshine makes, the smell of a pale blue sky... and OCTOBER afternoons in dismal Bristol RAIN, with short ecstatic BURSTS of 2 minute la-la-la-LOVE poems on (imaginary) headphones — who needs headphones, it's all a state of mind, yeah?! — all this HAPPINESS thing, all one needs, just a nudge and the timidiest smile...

... and then...



happy flowers
inspired by Roz
and Strawberry Kitten
xxxxx



speakers throb and howl and scramble the insides of
your head a feedback HOWL/squel and eruption of drums
drill the pure electric tingle of your first PUNK ROCK experience
relieved, awkward and vulnerable, a little trembling heap of pure
EXPERIENCE yeah yeah yeah, crouching rabbit-eyed in the dark
and beautiful head-throbbing HIGH on experience bzzzzzz-ing
a vast BUBBLE of Cool Possibility, look so weak, feel so STRONG

"Upside Down" unfolding into a more subtle delicate

Shop Assistant noise cooly curling it's tongue round a sweet tune
dripping beautiful coloured noises and echoed harmonies and a
girl with a voice that is pure HONEY

the living embodiment of almost pure POP sensation you
might say, like snorting sherbet fountains

or popping chocolate liqueurs for the INSTANT the
chocolate shell splits and your tongue recoils
or sherbet lemons if you prefer

ACID drops acid POP

drug culture pah! I'm obsessed with sherbet

BABY LEMONADE in a warm frothy cascade of pure POP—

IMAGINE the sparkle of rain refreshing almost LIFE-REAFFIRMING

after some long weary trip oh fuck I think we must REWRITE our

POP vocabulary, the old one 'is tired and worn and useless now,

let's take this noise and paint it high on bleak concrete and

rainstained walls in lemon-red and tangerine-blue 3D Shapes

for some new urban folklore declaration WE'RE COMING TO

GET YOU who are just too far lost to understand the

magic of a pure bright light in a darkened room or like

JUST TOO FUCKING OLD in simple terms

YOUNG with a song in our hearts ...

xxx

this sound so CRYSTAL CLEAR

Thump thump thump THUMP... something begs our attention, Kiddies. Is this a drum-machine I see before me? Maybe not, but (oh!) warm loving keyboards (never) heard on many a perfect POP single... listen, trickily tinkly piano (Remember?—The end of "You Didn't Love Me Then"?), all Christmassy sleigh bells in the slush... or station announcers in the sun... or... something... a drum sounding like the one you got for your fourth birthday, long stranky fingers going SMACK SMACK SMACK... and one of those scratchy pieces, should be called a Zither but isn't, you know, sticks scraped on hollow wood... a huggable pop-pop bubbly bassline bouncing... vocals ache with conviction and desire to do justice to that whistling cheery tune...

OH WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT???

"So when you're asking me to define that feeling for you — what can I say?"

THAT feeling, silly delight and relief, rolling round and round the bed laughing, laughing, happy, wanting to throw open the windows and doors, walk hand in hand with YOU past all the Morrissey clones outside The Tavern, singing "Go ahead, Cry-gee-aye...". Yes, "Go Ahead, Cry" — title of the new (THUMP) 7" from St. Christopher... "an effervescent pop song... thumping drums, chiming keyboards... surging bass, sweeping vocals... I wouldn't disagree... OH IT'S DAFT—only 3 days and the tape's wearing out, the tape of a song pitched halfway between the faithful fragility of "As Far As The Eye Can See" and guitar-fuelled dash of "Crystal Clear"... "Go Ahead, Cry" slots neatly into the St. Christopher story. "What story?" ... oh but I forgot, most of you don't even know to whom (or what) I'm referring... so much to say, so little space, no time for rep-rep-repetition. So tough!

... fuck, comparisons are toady-ose, but some/all of you still don't believe keyboards have a place in our POP vision... so THINK, of "When I Dream" "I Think I Need Help", three CLASSIC 7"s by Care, the Stockholm Monsters miserable masterpieces... so think AGAIN, St. Christopher are in NO-ONE'S debt, NO-ONE'S shadow... if you've never heard their music, the shame is all yours...

To be honest I am more excited (even) about Aztec Camera's debut. God, the talent in that band is obscene. 'Just Like Gold' is a love song in a million. Literally, 'softly though strident' — it could change your life.

... and you can go ahead, cry — 'cos St. Christopher should be an essential part of your dreams, and probably aren't — because most people would rather hear the Soup Dragons 20 variations on a second-hand theme, or the predictable and retrogressive awfulness of a Stump, than take a chance on a fresh gleaming steaming slab of POP like this — because if St. Christopher are left with loads of copies of THIS single under the bed at Christmas '86, they might even call it a day, and then you could all "discover" them on Nuggets-type compilations in 10 years time when you're old and boring, and maybe for 3 minutes you'd touch the flesh of the breeze — y'know, "oh how I wish I was YOUNG AGAIN" an' all that, wonder why they never

"made it BIG, maan" — oh I DESPISE your fucking apathy and lack of adventure, "the only new things you can see, are in the pages of the NME", do you need big bold roadsigns for EVERYTHING???

'cos in the end you can all fuck off... in the end I know the true value of this single is what it means to me, to anyone who hears it once, twice maybe, and smiles, kicks off their working-day shoes, goes walking arm in arm in the park, watches the evening sun flood out across the city... ... yeah that's what I'll say...

"It's there until that gold just slips away..."

St. Christopher

further information from:
5 St. Nicholas Street
Norton
Malton
N. Yorkshire
YO17 9AA

I want to see mysterious queues outside record shops in a fortnight's time.

because it would automatically stride in the land for unsuitability that it's so far and so long been dead in the garage so long been dead in the garage so long been dead in the garage irresponsible pop from the union of love.

Glenn Melia

Ian Kay

Nic Robson

HERE COME THE GOATS OF LOVE!



'As the man from the Laughing Apple said - "It's GREAT to be alive today" - said the man from Mighty Mighty, climbing onstage...

... ah, whatever happened to the man from the Laughing Apple, what was his name, McGoo was it?... such Naive Happy Idealism, such... PUNK ROCK!

And wouldn't it you say we're all very happy now NO NO NO, 'cos I'm fucking FED UP with how my beautiful bouncing baby POPmusic has all grown up.

A SUMMER '86 HAPPENING!!!
POPSongs, throwaway POPSongs to cherish and keep, fizzy SPARKLING Summery POPfroth of chiming rhymes puffed blue sky high and LOVED for their effervescent BUBBLE alone, THIS SUMMER should have been BLOATED with the babble of such songs, what went WRONG? I'll tell you.

No-one has VISION... ego-tripping indie labels inanely burble of "Punk-Rock" ideals, but end pathetically scrabbling for their own little piece of small-minded glory, no style, flair, grace or imagination just myopic blinkered UGLINESS selling its craven soul at the first whiff of short-term "fame", so week and mild, I used to think "punk rock" meant "rebellion" but no, it's the easy way out every time, just crawl to the music industry LIES, ah, you're all so FUCKING FEEBLE...

INDUSTRY... EFFLUENT, pollution, scum on clearwater...

Scum.
And what do You do, get taken for a ride on the Vindaloo Express, just yawn and turn over...

YOUR SILENCE LEAVES A SPACE FOR LIES TO FILL.
Oh for FUCK'S SAKE...

Mighty Mighty... THE Sound of Summer... "Is There Anyone Out There"... the perfect

Summer Single, guitars bobble and splash and bubble and SQUEAK goes Hugh's harmonica, tipsily, SUMMERsongs, two minute buzz zzub zzub THINK OF FRESH FRUIT SALAD songs with yellow cream thickly trickling down Mmmmmmm (it's so creamy) but slow slow dreamy ballads too for evening walks to the edge of the Gorge before the sun goes, soft white shoes through buttercups ah I MEAN THIS, Hugh tonight at the Tropic sits on the stage-rim crooning softly while the crowd mills absently heatdrowsed, second encore that was, I felt happy... HAPPY... HAPPYsongs, sundazed Summer chocolate nutchip sundae Sundays lazzzzzy Summer afternoon songs zzzzz, thoughtful (profoundly) "why's-the-sky-BLUE?" songs, phil-oh-so-sophical "why-is-this-so-NICE?" songs, ankle-socked be-ginghamed songs to take for picnics and bring back in red-faced disgrace, "Summer brings out the best in girls and the worst in me" (y'see!) type BRILLIANT (basically) songs awww all I want is someone to CARE... care and share in this deeply-emotional-cornet-I-seem-to-have-bought-two-of SONGS er to CARE and share in my world, someone to drag me round CHELSEA GIRL ah the pains and pangs of two luv, pure froth'n'frolic and fun and HAPPINESS YEAH!... whole PUNNETS of chubby juicy brightredsugarcoated POPSongs burble burble burble...

But "HAPPINESS YEAH!" comes dead pricey this year 'cos Summer is a cummin' in on 12" ONLY, 'cos the band had no money, Nine Mile Distribution offered to pay, and he who pays the piper...

... I mean, it's a fucking brilliant EP but it's not a POP record...



SURFING.

WITH THE...

Played the Flys' "Love and a Molotov Cocktail" this morning, the original "Bunch of Five" EP on Zama... 5 songs on a 7"... still sounds fine to me... 1977 that was, they called it "Punk Rock", I believe...

... and then there was a little thing called "Teenage Kicks"...
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CONNED, and it makes me angry.
Unhappiness is... a sunflower chasing a glimpse of the sun and finding none.
I keep turning and turning and yearning and turning and thinking and thinking...

DON'T BURY ME 'COS I'M NOT DEAD YET!!!

'Cos this was some little epiphany tonight I must share...
IMAGINE that song "Throwaway" - treble buzzing guitars dipping and diving and fading with Hugh's repeated musing "I've never had a love like this before, I'm telling you", I'M TELLING YOU, just IMAGINE that on a flexidisc, wouldn't that just say EVERYTHING, a flexidisc called "THROWAWAY" for fuck's sake, THIS is POP music, not Subway Soup Dragon flatulent grotesquery or Primal Scream lofty disdain but THIS, aspiring for sure to all that is PURE, pure as the ice melting in my (notional) pineapple crush here, too pure for their world, it'll dazzle and SHAME them, they'll say "no no NO, let us be, we are QUITE CONTENT", but I shall just slip my dark glasses on and smile sweetly into the sun...

... and glow with PRIDE and SATISFACTION (can the Soup Dragons? Primal Scream? - more concerned with shifting units than living a beautiful WONDER-full POPdream, that's their loss, poor things...)

NOW COME ON!... we don't want another Summer of "if only"... you have 10 seconds to tell me WHY it can't happen 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 I WAVE my magic wand, toss the ooze-dust into the breeze and watch it fall upon this fanzine...

I'm afraid we've only pressed 2500 so we can't really speak of it in the same breath as the Chicken Song or A-Ha...

Oh what is WRONG with you fucking people? Bobby Gillespie says 80% of Primal Scream sales are on 12"... Bobby, we don't expect you to rip us off, we bought the 12" grudgingly but expecting 3 CLASSICS, not 2 and a scrappy instrumental any idiot could write over breakfast... and felt cheated and disgusted.

I mean, why not put it on 12" only, then you'd sell 100% on 12", and so prove that people don't buy 7" singles, yes? Oh THINK Bobby, for fuck's sake, you can't be THAT stupid. Release the same songs on 7" and 12", let people choose for themselves -

Because Bobby - if "Spirea-X" is as good as "Crystal Crescent"/"Velocity Girl", why is it a "bonus track" on a 12"? Rather defeats your usual argument of "we want as many people as possible to hear our songs..."

mighty
mighty

... MORE POPDREAMS... flexidiscs in pretty paper sleeves HURLED from stages into audiences, I SEE one such disc flit-flat-fluttering down smacking Alan McGee full in both faces as if to say "Remember us, Alan, we are POPmusic!"... for Mr. McGee in his young gadabout daze once spoke of firing waterbombs at famous posters, ah, we're more VICIOUS than you, Alan, but share that primitive glee of yours...
... OUR waterbombs are pressure-pumped full of the technicolour NOISE of prime POPSongs, little time-capsules PRIMED to BURST ON IMPACT and what impact sha-la-la...
POP MUSIC!!!



THE

NOISE

THE

SUNSHINE

MAKES

a step-by-step guide

ains 2 Liv
s b-side

- A. Sound quality (slight). B. Profit Margin (worthwhile)

IT'S EASY, IT'S CHEAP, AND EVERYBODY DOES IT...
1986, the year of the Indie Renaissance.

MEDIUM COOL 1986

Oh YEAH, the 1986 Indie Renaissance, well I don't fucking see it, all I see is weak-willed Young Businessmen apeing the Majors for a pat on the head's worth of fame and glory...

The 'indie ethic' is sneered at, grown-ups say it just spawned a million no-hope bedroom bands, a witless drab grey mass... ah but that SPIRIT was beautiful, and if 90% was crap then the 10% that SHONE made it all worthwhile - ATTITUDE. Shops once patronisingly refused to sell indie singles till FORCED to by DEMAND, that ATTITUDE broke them. Where's it gone now? Rough Trade, Creation, Dreamworld,

Subway, 53rd & 3rd... tell us that success means playing by the Majors' rules, i.e. TOTAL LACK OF ETHICS... yet record sales in '86 are a fraction of those in '80, shops remove their 7" racks, safe and snug again, they've got us where they want us. That's SUCCESS?? Three quid for a single and you're surprised that sales (though not profits?) have decreased?

Medium Cool, FIGHTING BACK, a subculture to gain strength and replace the status quo, "an injection of new blood into the incestuous business known as the music industry"...

a dream, idealistic, naive? - YEAH, that's WHY it's so important, if it falls flat on its face at least it'll have a face worth falling on because there's SPIRIT that none of your Creations or Dreamworlds have... if the IDEA alone excites, they've not failed...

FLEXIDISCS as weapons to drag POPmusic from the stagnant pool you've Created, packaged and sold as

commercial/artistic artifacts not cheap gimmicks. Cartel

DRUMS

BASS is VITAL, there's a change - A RECORD LABEL

ON EVERY STREET! - maybe a Greatest Hits LP later as lasting testament,

the ONLY excusable 12"... and Number One Hit is...

"I Don't Need You"/"Melanie and Martin" by the Enormous Room.

The Enormous Room - average age 19, Byrds guitars kick and bite, fret and paw the very EDGE of the stage, raw but ambitious (the acid-test - "M+M" is a ballad, poised and graceful, no fuzzy shambling disguise but Crystal Clear and lovely...), no bluster just darting glanced lyrics snapping an electric crackle while guitar and bass buzz like that legendary Jasmynes debut... THINK!

How to explain... PICTURE THIS, typical day, contempt for EVERYBODY, walk round screaming inwardly "why are you fucking people so — yah, stop me if I BORE you but Jesus all this spiritless cowering, this drugged-up suburban dead-end dreaming glimpsed dim through cataracted eyes I loathe it ALL, infects my undirected impotent RAGE some immature Jimmy Porter complex (INSULT me then, go on, tell me to act my age and find some more original quotes HUH!) hurling down my NME, "there's nothing in this for me"...

and walking, turning into a side-street, hear a band rehearsing in a nearby yard... the Enormous Room, formed more through DISGUST than love, disgust and CONTEMPT for the prevailing mediocrity both Major and Indie - POTENT anger looking FORWARD, that's the difference, y'see, why they're recording a single for Sharp and I'm still stuck in my happy hollow with a pile of unfulfilled adolescent daydreams...



THE ENORMOUS ROOM

We recommend the following playing speeds and lengths per side:

	minutes
7" 45	rpm 6
7" 33	rpm 9
10" 33	rpm 15
12" 33	rpm 25
12" 45	rpm 9

ORANGE JUICE 'You Can't Hide Your Love Forever' (Polydor POLS 1057)**

AHH, ST Valentine's Day!
Dingle-dangle Meepey Day!
Ricklepoos wants Leggy
Dumpling-Bunny Wunny,
Dumpling and Orange
Juicepies expect their debut
album/poos to be taken
seriously. Just fancy that!

Orange juice played a
moderate set and knew it. It
was too long, too lazy and too
polite... they kept
apologising. I left as soon as
they completed their last
song: I love them too much to
see it they encored.

... and, remarkably, a month on I'm
listening to a tape by - the Desert Wolves,
and a song called "Roof Garden"... and (remarkably?)
it's fucking good... a rare pop group, a rebel song, a
dance-round-the-campfire... 135 seconds of PureJoy winning out again

(and again and AGAIN - what's "rewind" for?)... the upright heir to
"Sunday to Saturday", "A Girlfriend Is..."... guitars on a leash, clattering train-
comes-down-the-track drums... "the sun shone down, you still looked glum, the faint
rhythm of your chewing-gum"... brilliant bass, bubbling, dipping, swooping (swooning?)
... hey, music to ROLLERcoaster to... "smile and shrug and purse your lips"... eases
into the middle eight - except the bassist, still hurtling round impossible bends -
then explodes for a last chorus... you can just see them all, running round the room,
bumping... all those GUITARS, all that throbbing POPnoise... to swagger is worse than
to stumble... in our war on the glums of this world, serious young men with furrowed
brows, weighty philosophies and closed minds, the Desert Wolves may be a vital weapon...

"WHEN EVERYTHING AROUND YOU'S TAKE, WHO DO YOU TURN TO...
WHEN EVERYTHING AROUND YOU STINKS, WHERE DO YOU GO?"

Me? Oh I go down the Limit Club of a Sunday night, watch a few local
bands beat each other up with metal objects... and now here I stand
(hardly breathing in at all)... when thrills do come, they come in floods,
and on stage REAL sparks
are flying...

ooohs!

1. DESERT WOLVES
2. SUBMARINES
3. BRILLIANT CORNERS

If 'Upwards And
Onwards' ("The One") and,
then their LP fails to impinge
upon mass consciousness
then Juice will split up. This
terrible self-inflicted shadow
hangs heavy over us: do
something about it. Make a
noise. Scream at the radio
stations. Go Wild. Write loads
of letters. If 'Upwards And
Onwards' isn't a hit it will kill
myself by design or sink for
weeks.

tunes, firey and feverish, towering high and totter-
trottering (but never quite falling)... words, lost in false
modesty and feedback, surrendering to the winsome white
crap noise... bass, drums, oh yes, but mainly GUITARS
('onest officer, there was 'undreds of 'em, all big and red
and shiny) and heads buried deep in chests, wondering where
the next chord comes from... but each appears, slots into
songs suggesting a cheerful Josef K, "My Favourite Dress"
treated Care-fully... there's BLTE here, stand at the back, these
words are SHARP... OW! I'm grinning foolishly, bleeding
furiously...

Who are they? Ah, that doesn't matter, spikey popsters
playing hard... all right then, try THE DESERT WOLVES...



... as may the SUBMARINES... something ALIVE (remember...) claws from my speakers, SPLASH ONE Submarines, the Loft's chugging rhythms return but now sparking angrily, the POP! retort to Astor's outworn ROCK formations I.E. "Winter's vital SKINburning rush not the comatose creep of a "Lonely Street" say or all that Sir Thomas Verlaine style weary fret-fret-fretwork weather Prophet crap but something TOUGH, resilient, quietly IMPORTANT, a gritty gristly stubborn POPmusic, moulding ugly angular chords to clockwork-smooth engineroom whirr... THINK of the Velvets slipping easy-LAZily into layered resonant meshes of (3) chords, IMAGINE THAT but with hard metal plectrums to carve punky RAZORedges and slice out self-indulgence and terminal (Velvet-style) BOREDOM... THINK of the Byrds, the mesmeric glassysad guitarstring teardrops of "Everybody has been Burned" mashed in the jaws of "Eight Miles High" and spat through the teeth of "Why?" and "I See You", a shattered chandelier becoming SMASHED and broken bloody teeth IMAGE TWO POW!... a LARGE sound, not tiny tinny surface-

ORANGE JUICE: Blue Boy... skimming froth but something (Postcard!) A waspish, curling... WEIGHTY: BIG guitars echo twirling treat of a single... echo echo... the Orchids' Orange Juice make me think of "Low Profile", the Lines' good times and good Teardrop "White Night", REM playing "Million" when they still good and the best uncluttered... SNARLED... Hurrah! just unfettered great ignored musics... being... Hurrah! like Tim Buckley. The very the OR sung (by Edwyn. The very the Excellent) and played with the sort of blood and guts... conviction that you could use as a good bet character test for anybody you want to know about in the way of: do they still FEEL r'n'r music? Orange Juice come from long mysterious line; long more spooky than they th ranging from early blues and beat music. More th anything else, orange ju right in the middle of the present true r'n'r eclectic to an effective pop eclectic point

Orange Juice should be enormous and on Stiff and plastered across bedroom walls. But then the world isn't like that.



There's a whole big world out there! This is just pop! Don't get obsessive about it! Read Ian McEwan, Rilke/fall in love/don't accept the fascist rock crap/be inspired by us for two and a half minutes then forget about us... This is surely what OJ are about.

maybe even our own dear Brilliant Corners... ah, seems like YEARS since the prowling growl and feedback-soaked jet-engine ROAR of "Big Hip consumed in FIRE that old quiffably rut of "Fever" -

"rasping, violent, beautiful, incoherent", the most important 2 minutes this fair city knew, sucks yer blood, pasty-face. I loved them. A legendary Miners' Benefit (Daddy, what's a miner?) at the Montpelier saw a tersely muttered "Fire Engines" ("there was once a band called..." - this of course MONTHS before London caught on) herald descent into a manic thrashed electric meltdown NOISE that (purging over) mellowed into the scratchy melody and awkwardly (sometimes) great musings of the "Growing Up Absurd" mini-LP. And now finally the "Fruit Machine" EP launches a great POP band, the AWESOME "Funniest Thing" crowning the pyramid; at last, the record the June Brides always failed to make, the soulful haul of "Plan B" fused to the drifting shifting brass of the Box's "Low Commotion", pure "Big Sky" chorus, running, running, out into the sun to melt into a gorgeous gently murmured slowly mounting final sequence poem in turn dissolving to thrummed guitar shapes... Dan's trumpet meant liberation - songs step back now, weave and PUNCH not shove or clinch and smother, liquid tunes f-l-o-w, even Winston looks happier with his guitar... but that old guts and menace charmed with wit remains, they still do the old white guitar noise stuff better than ANYONE, a controlled toe-tip floating AS IT SHOULD BE (like the Community Centre gig, Chris writhing on his back while bass hummed and noises cracked and flashed)... a garage band with style and class, make yourself happy, buy the EP, get a spare copy of "Big Hip" and fuck up the neighbours, then STAY TUNED 'cos a new single is out... soon. Ditto the Submarines, I believe.

Yowsal Yowsal! Yowsal! Yowsal! years on from our lavishly-lauded C81 cassette d'NME is once again m' declaration of indepe

LOVE, DESPAIR AND PINEAPPLE POP... C86 GOES

Picking up the shards of a tradition that dates back to the post-punk period, there now exists a spirit of optimism and activism in the fringe world of the independents that the mainstream is once again finding it impossible to ignore. Any talk of new 'scenes' and 'movements' — not to mention the obscenely patronising 'shambling' tag — is misleading. Things are far too diverse for that. There is, rather, a loose aggregation, an upswing that is amply sampled and reflected on NME's superb C86 cassette.

renaissance cords has

been one of the most rewarding twists to what has so far been a tantalising year in music. With the independent scene now in its finest fettle for ages, we have assembled a pop parade of 22 of this year's most crucial contenders. With almost all the tracks exclusive... have been breathing vital new blood into the now-

LONDON'S ICA Theatre is, celebrating rock weeks from Monday to Friday, July 21–25, on this occasion tied-in with NME's new C86 cassette.

to NME, the C86 is a cool spool of stunning sonic spendour that already looks certain to go down as one of the compilations of the C86 leads on to talk of the general upsurge in the profile of vibrant new

Mention of the C86 leads on to talk of the general upsurge in the profile of vibrant new

And The Mighty... heart of that swinging

... this page was going to be about how the so-called "1986 Indie Revival" was actually invented by the NME to get you (e.g. the sheep who trotted obediently to the ICA hypeness-on-a-plate--no-effort--required week) to buy their C86. Oh perish the thought! (But it worked, eh?... all Adrian Thrills' senile dribbling and gibbering the Old Polks' despairing willingness to heap praise on any old heap that lied about its age, from the disgusting politeness of Stump to the awesome banality of the Mighty Lemon Drops... "loose and impressionistic" indeed... Round and round turn me upside down/The river runs deep and wide/Wait and shout turn me inside out/ And 'scuse me while I touch the sky DEAR GOD... if this hippy-hollow crap scratches your soul you must be shallow as fuck but APOLOGIES for I digress...)

WE SPARKLE LIKE A GLASS OF LEMONADE, REMIND YOU OF THE PERFECT SUMMER DAY, POP AT IT'S MOST SIMPLE AND PERFECT...

—So say EMILY, a band from deepest wildest Moles and... I'm puzzled, 'cos this is no superficial froth and frivolity Pooch Bear muppet-rock but a cold steely folk music, a brittle acoustic Josef K maybe—jerked with a violent simplicity, raw and unbalanced, gawky, the awkward hick vulnerability of early Hurrah! —same PASSION, same tremor charged with --love? despair? pineapples? Peculiar... a scarily INTENSE voice, wrenched up from someplace deep within, chills, T-E-A-R-S... imagine Toy Division following "L.W.T.U.A." with a song called "Shaka-la... churningly deliberated chord changes Kidney-Punch, dissolve to frantic "Love and Hate" guitar slashing and contradict AGAIN... last song (on this tape), all ringing melancholy, is "The Old Stone Bridge", slately skies, rain gusting, a perfect summer POPSQUALL, chin in hands on parapet edge chucking futile pebbles in the stream... and cuts into the Pastels "She Always Cries On Sunday", acoustic guitar and harmonica, desolate, lovely, Sad as the world... brrrrrr. Summer.

Apparently they're recording a flexidisc which probably will be all sherbet and anoraks, which will be a shame because this uncontrolled primitive emotion affects me deeply and I know not why, and I like that. And I wish it would stay. But it's expected home.

Literally, a typical Mighty Lemon Drops song tends towards the unspecific. The imagery is loose and impressionistic. The like "breaking on through to the other side" and "saw her in the sky" abounding.

Always the way...

DIG VIS DRILL

"Once in a while comes a rebel with a claim" ("Fix the Kitchen", 1986)

"We are sucked in by the myths and legends of religion", (1986)

"This is not a social call, we have no time for miserable stinking lives. Dig Vis Drill are at last here! Present Wedding Present"

your music... Dig Vis Drill use synthesisers like the Jasmine Minks or "Company Classics-2", 1963), a 1001 chora suppo
the battering ram, charging forgettable tunes into your skull, death, religion, you, me, everything...
hoarse, twisted vocals complaining about sex, girls they screw "After the Kitchen", 1986)

of Subway Service? WHY? Because:

Dig Vis Drill
Dig Vis Drill
Dig Vis Drill

heroes is the dominant landscape...
that hill "the Kite"

I take for granted, the
FUCKING GOOD POP MUSIC!

It's the least you can do." ("Company Classics-5", 1984)

And the least you can do is buy Dig Vis Drill's first and only "Dig Vis Drill's Kitchen"/"I'm Hip I'm Vain";

("Ogy McGrath", Sheffield Star, June 14th 1986)

the farmer's boys

or "Memories of a Norfolk Childhood"

And we sat there looking out over the world,
wishing it wouldn't stop...

We walked on thinking of this and that, and by and by came to an Enchanted Place on the very top of the Forest. Being enchanted, its floor was not like the floor of the Forest, gorse and bracken and heather, but close set grass, quiet and smooth and green. Sitting there we could see the whole world spread out until it reached the sky, and whatever there was all over the world was with us there...

... and somebody's yelling STOP!! - all this SoupShop RazorcutTallulah et bloody cetera, it's just HUMS, kiddies music, we should be searching for serious new Soul rebels, dreaming of Hurrah! LPs...

Ah, I think SOMEBODY has lost a little bit of soul themselves, forgotten why we listen to music... to make us HAPPY... maybe cry or tremble too, but afterwards a warm toe-curling glow lingers and that's a kind of happy too... and on a dozy July afternoon like this a sweet summery hum makes me happier than all your sweat and toil, hey don't be so GLUM...

I mean, nothing depresses me MORE than the thought of a Shop Assistants ALBUM, but give me a Talulah flexi and I'll roll on my back, wave my paws in the air, S-Q-U-I-R-M and just PURRRrr with happiness... And tomorrow? Ah, who knows... but who CARES, it's just POPmusic that's all, and it makes my world go round... SO THERE!!

Can I tell you about the Farmers Boys? Yeah? Oh GO ON... Y'see, when we were very young, Old Uncle John played us a song called "I Think I Need Help" and it made us HAPPY. Tinny guitar, Casio peep peep popping and words-a-swirl in a giddy dizzy daze of INTOXICATED thoughts, all last night's bumblung stumbling and tumbling HEADOVERHEELS revealed in a fumblung morning recall haze of deeds done and (deep gulp) SOMETHING IS IN THE AIR, y'know, something has gone clickety CLICK for once, treble sixteen and a bulseye to finish me old son, oh 'tis one of those morning-after feet-on-backwards mornings of wicked grins and evil smirks and suddenly in changing your mind about Rebecca being the prettiest name in the whole wide world and even the HOUSE seems to be with you off skipping tra-la down the street, 5 rooms with a view to ending their semi-detachment with mebbe a chance encounter with that lovely rosepink floosey avec les pretty Dutch gables curling coyly up at the cheeks oh my...

So I'm 4 years older, so what, it's a part of growing up I wouldn't lose for the world, it's far too precious...

Second came the CLASSIC "Whatever Is He Like", which in Norfolk means "Goodness, he's like that is he, rum bugger"

... peep peep PEEP (again) and the sound of pure HAPPINESS floats down the hallway 'cos tonight's the NIGHT, know what I mean, I'm feeling light tonight, must get myself clean...

shoes clean, hair washed, SOMETHING IS IN THE AIR I tell ya, guitars spring/twang back, pure bzzzzz of HAPPINESS, it's not my fault, I can't control my sense of what is right, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, HOW CAN YOU HELP THE WAY I FEEL TONIGHT (and wasn't the Jasmynes LP feeble, incidentally, all huff'n'puffed up...) oh YES, I'll walk you home tonight, you won't let me in, we'll kiss goodnight tonight, over and again, dance back to my house, IT'S STILL IN THE AIR... and the trick of course is to keep it there, MUCH more fun a-tugging at the balloon strings and moreover saves on storage space at home... all those funny things they wear...

... and the B-side "I Lack Concentration" (oh how can you write SOULmusic without a furrowed brow...) is pure (deep breath) hardcore Farmers Boys speedball whizzbang drum-machine daggadagdagga guitars spray like shook-up fizzy cans wooshhh BARMAN! two-rum-buggers-and-a-schoolgirl -crush-with-ice-please and PLEASE somebody hold my head a minute I want to look inside. I think something's come loose I LACK concentration I LACK commonsense, I don't know about art but I know what I lack tra-la, pop pop FITZzyPOP... then halfway through a Hoover starts to hoove in the background and my cup runneth over BARMAN! a cloth of some description please and kindly tell those people to STOP LAUGHING AT ME...

She was still looking at the world with her chin in her hands.
Then suddenly she called out:

"I'm never going to do nothing again."

"Never again?"

"Well, not so much. They don't let you."

And thrid came the chart-throbbing "More Than A Dream", a drum machine idles, a guitar doodles, then the starter fires SCHLAP! and vroom vroom VROOM we roar away horns blaring yes HORNS, 'tis the Devil's Music, horns, trumpets, hosannas plagues and pestilence - SOULmusic... I'm speaking, not thinking, not sure if I'm making sense, never sure what I can take for it, it's a curious state of mind...

... and there we shall leave them, SPINNING down
frisky Norfolk lanes, roll-top rolled back,
hair streams behind... the River Waveney,
The Old Potted Dog, that haystack where we tiddely
popped when young, just snapshots from the first
Peel session FLASHING by with a bye-byeeee... on the
outskirts of Cambridge they picked up the M1 and
headed south, those wide-open skies were closing
in, while their wide-open eyes were taking in
the ugly concrete towers, Casio-shaped sunken
baths and greasy poolside palms of E.M.I...
Nothing came fourth, you can't make POP
for the Majors, they don't let you.

She said:
"Promise you won't forget about me, ever. Not even
when I'm a hundred."
"I promise"
Still with her eyes on the world, she put out
a hand and felt for mine.
"Whatever happens, you will understand, won't you?"
"Understand what?"
"Oh, nothing."

Well Pooch,
it's like this...

symbolising nothing but the impossibility of
post-industrialism. 'Metal Postcard' cruelly
mocked the clean edges of the totalitarian
Utopia, 'Switch' gloried in the sight of the
TWITCHING NERVES OF an impossible
TRANSITION.

NOISE was used in the music of
pre-industrial times as a threat, to drive the
listener back to the security of harmony,
thus symbolising *the workability*
of society.

BEFORE communication through music is
once more possible, its restrictive codes must
be irrevocably smashed, the tyranny of
rhythm and the suffocating order of harmony
must be well and truly ripped and rent - if
other emotions or feelings of otherness, the
essential difference, are to find a place in its
future.

HARNESSING THE city's rhythm and
velocities, its day to day dissonances and
the energies arising out of the fission of
urban adrenalin flow and those gases
given off in the chemical reaction of inner
city decay has been the desire of most all
20th century art.



Hum-tum-tum, tiddely-pom,
"Float down the hallway, it's still in the air",
tiddely-pom. July 1986, Summer's-a-waiting chewing
a straw at the top of my path but FIRST... shoes
clean, hair washed, sun up polished and shining...

Julian, a tormentor (a
warns the tormented named
gap-toothed rockabilly named
Box Headd), his head lodged
somewhere between the
singer's hip and elbow. The
Teardrop Explodes are home
and friends.

...bard intends to
of music he thinks
listen to.

THE TEARDROP EXPLO links they should
another darft name to sn
dates on the Northern cl
Gig Guide — are now a ve
virtue of their chart succes
they are held by certain sag



The best "sleeping into the recognisable leaping stream of with Copey following verbal that he urg crowd bellowness minutes as a repeated conscious few YES YES hear a good assembled YES can you he the assembled YES can you he gone."

...звездот

“THE RETURN of...

With Julian has been living in the Highlands for a while and he thinks that the band has become very artificial, but that's just because he is new here. Me and Gary just need that's no way to want

66 Summer Dress! 22

"magic ability to turn radiant imagination loose in the cities and streets and lonely rooms of modern living" - Western Daily Press

... alas, AYSCH-2 has now gone the way of all things, but there'll be something new popping out the pipeline in a very soon, bearing more juicy fruits of years of research the Sha-la-la A&R Dept. Meanwhile, here's some addresses her folk worth giving your money to: BABY HONEY-3,

Pete, Cunneills Farm, School Lane, Iwade, Kent ME9 8QJ;
SIMPLY THRILLED-2, Jim, 2 Maxwell Grove, Glasgow G41 5JW;
STAYING THE MOMENTS I CAN, 7

THOUT FISHING IN LEYTONSTONE-3, David, 36 Colville Road, London E11 4EH... all involved in Sha-la-la Life Enhancement Inc.

...WHILE WE'RE HERE, PRINTING WAS DONE BY UUMA'S WHILE-YOU-WAIT (for this er part to get here from er Germany guy...) Print Service, 35 Aylesbury Road, London SE17 2BQ... and the Flexis were pressed, pulled, tweaked and generally SQUIDDELLED by Lynette, 5-9 Medmore St, N19 4RU ... please feel free to write and tell us how wonderful we are, it makes us so terribly happy... scented blue notepaper ensures prompt reply and gets me admiring looks from my postman so... ah, ROLL ON THE FINAL GOOD TIME...

TEARDROPS
DISSOLVES

EXPLODES TEAR. **D** exist last week. ceased. J to the day after. four years to their debut at. Liverpool Eric's on. November 15, 1978.

SHEFFIELD LEADMILL
AUGUST 9th 1986
11:00pm

THE COOLEST MAN IN THE WORLD



Fig 1: "Julian" Cope

Julian COPE STRIDES onstage, here to show young Bobby Gillespie on all a thing or two about wearing leather trousers... St-Julian, back in control, BURSTING through the flimsy barriers built round words like "Rock", "Pop" and "Creation"... elements of poprock history, filtered through a genius's imagination, are rat-a-tat-tatted at an ecstatic, astonished audience, new songs, old songs, CLASSIC tunes and words of truthful vengeance... "I'VE BEEN AWAY TOO LONG"... we know we know... this is pure SEX, no drugs, some rock'n'roll — a backing band furnelling the technicalities and absurdities of

rock-rock clichés through a garage miming machine and taking a welcome journey along Highway 61, setting off the brilliance of this Clevercane... guitar sprays out rhythmic red chords and fills in gaps with frills, no more; keyboards shine, wail and gurgle just when keyboards should, drums snap and kick and chase the tail of a bouncing bassline... up front, I.C. plays silly (rock) games with the microphone (but it's only make-believe)... he smiles (the crowd shrieks), winks (the crowd gasps), wiggles his hips (mass swooning and cries of "Get yer pants off!")... The songs? — "Bouncing Babies", a vicious 3 minute assault, full of firebomb drumming and frenzied dancing; "Sleeping Gas", drawn out (too long?) but still swathed in the needlepoint guitars and dreaming keyboards of "Kilimanjaro"; we were knocked over by the explosive charge of "Band's First Jump", lifted again by the resurrection shuffle of "Strasbourg"; there was "Sunspots", "Laughing Boy", a million others, mostly new ones to take pride of place on the turntable when that 3rd L.P. comes out... meantime, "World Shut Your Mouth" (the single) will be a devastating smash in the upper echelons of any chart that matters (like the one in our hearts)...

I could talk all night, but — all that really needs to be said is that supposed acid-head Mr. Cope looked F*CKING WELL AWAKE TO ME — on an emotional high, maybe, but no more... he drenched us with melodies and anger and (far more) humour and happiness, songs sublimated by images of sunshine and irresistible summons to join the fight... and, y'know, with a figurehead like him, we really could take on the miserable world of "Rock", storm the grim hiding places of shrink-wrapped formula music — the "pop" press, the radio, the clubs...

...and (what else?) he encored with "Greatness and Perfection", the greatest song ever on a Major label, if this doesn't move you to laughter/tears/singing, you're DEAD... "the greatest imperfection is love-love-love but I can't keep the fire away" ... indeed, oh who ARE you to give my life so much meaning???

I think we've defied the wrong Punk-rocker.

BIFF BANG POW! and the
Pastels both have albums out
on Creation this month called
'Pass The Paintbrush' and
and 'She Ain't Nothin' But
A Paintbrush'.

Garage is forming
McGee is forming
label named The Soul
Organisation
alternative, Conway Street W1, on August
The Nighthawks, Twelve Church A
new, "the young"
London, "has a tradition".
shift s

12m s
s
s

[illegible][illegible]

COMMUNIST KENNINGTON PARK HOUSE
trashy pop rag with a surly type of gl
There's articles on all those type of gl
all' (ie the established bands) punk attitude
ING HAS been going on in London
om Tower Street W1 has been the
way Street W1 has been the
s week releases a new single
The Flowers Are In The
Trade and t
swap again
that a new re
with it

[illegible]

Psychic name of The Ha on Creation Records

● 'Thinki' by Aesop's

Going On by The Beatles

singles on the Creation label

band. Also upcoming is a

and at London's Live

the subcultural

variably tri

communication

the 80's

little less fa

hold onto your

Art Pool

The Living Re

characters in P

bands that th

The Televi

ow. P.

"Forces Network" at

and spat hate and
grind of angry guitar
I'd say... where on
... after the opening
all rockney rhythm

phuuutttt... as fo
groove than this "b

Remember... Creation Records? 2 minute love songs, bright pop poems, guns and bombs to tear down the tired old rock world... "50 Years of Fun", "Think!", "Like", "Upside Down", "It Happens"... but everybody's got to grow up sometime, and what does the mass market want? singles, big glossy reassuring sleeves, singles, but for now let's try and

about all that, let's talk
POP! PUNK! LOVE! SUNSHINE!
and let's see what
opens
then...

Something's Going
Another trouble to
THE MINKS
from
Nine Minks
and almost
is

● Creation Record
Rains by The Loft and
3-4-5-8-7 All Good Please
Seven is
Nine Minks
and almost
is

a poppunk
sunshinesmash
"Love's Going Out
Fashion" by Biff
oft described i

very pages, but another menti slides and slit Moon-like, drunken tune to stick nails

... BUT BE WARNED: CRE 024(things called "Into the Mushroom" (unfortunately) know where Syd Barr

... talk SONGS SONGS SONGS and we'll
CRE 025 is the Jasmine Minks' very won
and is ESSENTIAL to your well-being, dream
purposefully upwards, white light keyboards
modwe drift into a torrent from the

Place", an upbeat tuneful snarl, succumbing to
without a fight - chainsaw guitars, whiplcord drum
plus one of the most important lines EVER - "I'd li
flowers and holding hands walking through Summer field

Those were recorded over a year ago. On the 12" you get "Got Me Wrong". In AYSTGH-1 we spoke of a song called "Force Anxiety, staccato-strumming and quietly menacing voice erupting and shotgun drums. But this is the "AFM Version". "AFM"? The place for a romantic today...

"Got Me Wrong", once so powerful now so pitiful, I'd rather have "extra couldn't-care-less inconsequential mess..."

...
is

BIFF BANG POW! *Review*

then, second Creation this week called "There Must Be A Better Life Than The LOFT Why? An Essential Rain (Creation) typical releasing. Creative record 45 throws The LOFT's debut and the use of

together weapons on pres-
abused weapons so often
wimpiness so
in psychedelic revivalist

believing desperation
has 3 further "pieces
tormenting the cat,
and sounding like they
tt used to live...

erful "Cold Heart", guitars spiralling sadness and saying

... and "World's No
yincism but not
and a thundering bass
e to write songs about
s, but the world's no

to 2 new tracks -
"Network" that grew
into an irresistible
"Awful Fucking Mess,"

with aggression today
ve style punk-rock,
hear the Jasmynes go
ve a huge run-off



I seem to be the only one with anything good to say about CRE 026, Primal Scream's "Crystal Crescent" - even Bobby G. dislikes it. I think it's GORGEOUS... play it and hear the sounds of summer... walking through Weston Park, maybe clutching a transistor radio with some tiny, tiny but gosh-quick-hug-me OH THRILLING tune leaking into the warm air... falling and falling and laughing... Bobby's voice sweeps, sighs and swoons ... you angel you... people who should know better have called it a mess: it's not, it's a guitar-bass-brass cocktail, cool sweet and heavenly, floating away just out of reach... The best Primal Scream single since the last ("It Happens"), which is reason enough to buy it... EXCEPT - the (one) bonus track on the 12" is a 1 minute instrumental. I admire your brevity, lads, but still - something's wrong somewhere...

Be young, be foolish, be HAPPY... smile because young Lawrence of Felt has found a new tune... no more reworkings of the goldenf rebathedmy penelopestree: instead, "Ballad of the Band" is a song for Robert Zimmerman (and a single of the year?!)... on those keyboards again, that indescribable feeling, all lightness and faintly screaming and gold/silver shooting through your heart and blood and it's all tingly mam... guitars too, carousel guitars, round and round till you're dizzy with the thrill of it all... if you don't dance and flail to this then - as the man says - you're a total jerk! (Mind you, so's the man - packing the 12" with the crummy instrumentals he usually hoards up for those ridiculously named LPs... and this from someone who covers "Outdoor Miner" live!!!).

That was CRE 027(T). CRE 028(T) is the Bodines' "Therese"... diamond hard polished pop, light glitters and shimmers from every side of these tingly-jangly tunes... this is awesome music, visiting from some other planet, a punk paradise filled with gemstones such as "Revolutionary Spirit", "Dying Day", "The Greatness and Perfection of Love"... ba ba ba ba... "Scar Tissue" is an unstoppable surge and slash, rising above odious Bunyanman comparisons to some thus... "I Feel" is clifftops and beaches, King Lear and the ants, all about the way no, and you can't: this is one 12" EVERYONE should possess.

That, then, is the current state of Creation... a friend wrote recently that "Creation has regained more than its original purity and momentum"...

yeah, it's got a few shit songs, some posey sleeves, and a whole lot of unnecessary vinyl to add to the purity and intention

... to add to the purity and intention of punk-rock perfection that was almost

What's worse than
the music
with a

THE JESUS AND MARY
IN 'Inside Down'

PRIMAL SCREAM
Down' (Creation)

there... these days... just an
Fall idea that does not

involve style,

What's in the music with a small business in the music industry. It used to be that it's

feedback guitar into
addictive warped song.
curiously epic suggestion.
More nuances than Sophia
certain you'll like

Scotland) there must be a bottomless quagmire of waterlogged wimps where Creation Records go fishing whenever they feel like it.

that's all.
the record is packaged and produced
beginning to end.

a big business mentality. Now it's a world where business has to compete against the rest. And that means you have to change for the better.

Loren. I'm not hate
this one if you don't called
drummer is called

to sign a new band coming on.

the week and is already reaping the rewards of the values described.

be us again "anytime." All the

The dinner... the other three
Dalglish; the Burns the
wear shades. Burns the
and so on.

Primal Scream - Don't make me laugh - are about Primal as a chocolate.

...substantial evening radio sales that are pushing it to the national signal.

for a patient's attitude
of success

AND

speakers, and
Credible, incredible, crazy
creative.

pudding, and I'll do the screaming if it's all the same to you.

...towards the brink
...play
...angles chart.

gone.

AND

HERE'S GETTING AT YOU, KIDS..

... and flicking through the pages of this month's "What Bastard?" I see CREO30 is the Bodines' "Heard It All" - more sleekly gleaming pop pearls (etc.etc) hid in a hideous sleeve or zero artistic merit but offering some nice photos of t'lads posing moodily in vests and sunbans... but that's Creation for you these days - all polish, no SPIT... Ditto the new Shoppies single, all very pleasant and whatnot but - not terribly EXCITING, is it?... basically, YAWN!... 12" too, of course, only the highest quality POP free tedium from our young megastars...

Good to see the Soup Dragons also making full use of the 12" format to indulge in a little experimentation, a little A-R-T... "Man About Town With Chairs" mmm... "popular live number", maybe... little jokey-wokey, worth every penny, we laughed ourselves silly down here... I hope you had fun spending MY MONEY, Sushil, bought some nice arty books, maybe, pretentious cunt... though only as a JOKE, of course ... the sheer fucking ARROGANCE and stupidity of these

people... and why am I THE ONLY PERSON GETTING ANGRY ABOUT IT ALL???

Maybe 'cos I'm old enough to remember days when such things would've been spat contemptuously into oblivion...

Happy Days!... PUNK ROCK!

... lives on...

LISTEN!... 12" singles... fuck the aesthetics a minute and consider THIS:

The way things are going, it will eventually become pointless to release a record unless it's an expensively packaged/marked 12". That requires greater initial cash outlay, which will hit the Indie Scene HARD. Eventually bands will accept that they have to sign to a Major (or surrogate Major like RT or Creation - remember how Virgin began) because only a Major has the necessary MONEY. That was the situation in the EARLY SEVENTIES - all music controlled by a handful of large companies - and that's what the record industry (shops, labels, etc.) WANTS, 'cos then they can sit back safe and smug raking in the money without worrying about spontaneity or invention... is that what you want? All those early seventies classics, eh? Because it's what you're gonna get if you don't fucking WAKE UP and protest. And accept this too! that if the Soup Dragons or the Shop Assistants do have Chart "success", it'll be because they played by all the music biz rules of marketing etc. which basically means RIPPING OFF THEIR FANS. If they think it's worth it, fuck'em - why should WE co-operate. Being in the Charts isn't proof of quality, nor is it in some way "Subversive" (@ J.Reid), it's just proof of dishonesty and lack of pride.

Oh sod it, let's not get bogged down AGAIN, let's talk HAPPY TALK, let's talk about the PASSION, about Weeds and Wishing Stones and Wolfhounds 7"s, or Wiseacres and 14 Teed Bears EPs, or Pop Will Eat Itself and the Pasmore Sisters live, or McCarthy drifting Gracefully into a glassy cathedral world of their own creation and quite AWESOME beauty and we really didn't do them justice last time... which also applies to LAUGH!, this page's pin-ups and probably the second best band in the country today... single out soon, I believe...

I believe, I believe... I forget what I believe, there are too many fucking words in this fanzine, it isn't a fanzine any more, we are slowly imploding, I am sick of beating my head against these walls of you... oh CEASE!!! Think POSITIVE, I have two more dreams for you...



LAUGH

Garage bands suddenly obtain cult status and become the antithesis of their initial appeal

"B" reg to "B..." reg

Garage to cabaret Never mind the quality feel the width

It's just an idea that does not involve style

DREAM 1

A handful of Hurrah! songs trapped in the garage with frantically spitting Wedding Present guitars

BYT

- a rare sense of SPACE and COLOUR and TEXTURE

- e.g. Bodines without the Brodie polish or a more subtle Close Lobsters

- or the Dentists without the self-indulgence and a Punk Rock Instinct still aching

- e.g. "I Had An Excellent Dream" compressed into a 97 second Pure Pop Experience

IMAGINE a Soup Dragon guitar line curling into a Giddy whirl of noise and multilayered Beatle harmonies, a guitar SPINE entwining and twisting, fingertips

tripping over your skin, and a final speeding la-la-la and STOP that could be the Great God Weller himself, all poured into NINETY SEVEN SECONDS...

"ENGINE FAILURE" by This Poison! and it should be out on a single SOON...

... I really must mention our Glasgow supplier of such things as these, 'cos I feel dead guilty about keep nicking his ideas. Jim - I'm a bastard, OK? And the rest of you - promise me you'll send off NOW for SIMPLY THRILLED fanzine, where you can find lots more stuff about these people and written with far greater wit, insight, originality etc. etc. - spoilt, in fact, only by the bloody stupid accent...

DREAM 2

I was once involved in a car-crash on the A370 near Burnham-on-Sea which entailed whirling amid rain

and flashing lights across a big dark road and crumpling softly into a rather blunt stone wall and afterwards blood was trickling across the tarmac...

I'd forgotten about that till I opened this morning's mail...

Envisage 1977 Soft Boys, the 2'79" RAW psychosis of "Wading Through A Ventilator" curdled by loud Vague Surf Sensibility...

For if Jim Reid once had a dream that, given semi-human form, became the Jesus and Marychain, then this could be The Dream itself, the pure SPIRIT

distilled and marked "Wild Screaming THINGS and crawling disease to cause on waking violent fits of


shivers and frothing" finally spiked into cataleptic Youth of Britain 1987 to raise it from torpor with pure Punk Rock theory in practice...

Or THE BACHELOR PAD, if you prefer.

(for)

(for)

the Future's
so bright
I have
to WEAR SHADES...



JUST STEP SIDEWAYS take a look at yourself TODAY and SMILE ya fucker SMILE, for all is well groovy in the Punk Rock Garden, POPdreams ten a penny and mad kaleidoscopes of words we write become quite quite REAL and IT-IS G-REAT and happy, a maybe deformed kinda vision, true, but dead cute with it and FAR more useful than actual/factual burdensome "truth" yawn yawn yawn and ANYway it's fun fun FUN so what the fuck oh

GO AND WRITE A FANZINE, it'll open your eyes and ears and (best of all) ARMS to

no hum EXPERIENCE and the sheer immense
SIZENESS of LIFE'n'all...

PUNK ROCK.....

Speaking of which... I've just realised "Jenny Nowhere" is in my ALL-TIME Tip-Top Ten things and it's-it's-it's on MY record-label!!! Can you believe such PERFECTON?!! Jesus, I'm so fucking HAPPY it's STUPID, all this p-p-p-p-POPMusic thing...

HEY, WANNA HEAR ABOUT THE FUTURE OF ROCK'N'ROLL,
about flexidiscs and POPmusic sixpence-a-song reinjecting
a bit of EXCITEMENT and PASSION, or d'you wanna let the
little indie execs. dull and destroy and suck the LIFE
out of POP with their contemptible lack of VISION and STYLE
... LOOK!!! - we're trying to capture your bloody IMAGINATION
guppy-face, but it's a fucking elusive bugger, ain't it???

FUCKING WAKE UP!!!

Summer of '86? Been and gone, Honey, my sparkling summer of bright-eyed POP washed sadly into some weepy fucked-out Autumn grey landscape, all my big bold beautiful colours gone drab and disconsolate on me, I sit and shiver and wonder what went wrong, sit alone and think sad thoughts about the world for...

... the Hippie Daze is here again, TAKE A LOOK AROUND YOU, WHAT DO YOU SEE, through the strangely beautiful midsummer window I saw Sonic Youth on the beach at Brighton on really cosmic WOW! like bring back the Pree Festivals, man, turned POP sensibility,

such grossness offends my carefully nurtured perception, ugly US ARtforms tripping on the Doormats of perception, Swans and Big Sticks and Butthole Surfer shit, emotionally stunted silly little boys and girls, they feed you this crap and YOU FUCKING BUY IT, don't you??? Tell me, what do you DO with it? WHAT'S IT FOR??? OH GROW UP! And then fuck off

DO WITH...

... I don't believe in Art, OK, I just like a pretty picture and somebody nice to warm my toes of a longwinter's night, and a rather sensible Worldview, I feel, tra-la, I think Nick Cave's a TWERP and I still get excited by tea-time and the thought of doughnuts and (by the way)(did I happen to say)

((that) today's grey vapour ACID-tower vision of bleak gantry lines across a plain of mist viz. I.C.I. Severnside Works at

Hallen is right now the most beautiful VISION in the world....

... when seen by my eyes through your fringe

POW!

(God, you're making me so happy these days...)

A POPSONG!!!

... you've got me beat girl, swept off my feet girl,
running down the street girl, feeling COMPLETE girl,
you make my heart miss a beat girl.....

ba ba ba walking backwards talking to you and...
NONE OF THIS IS MAKING FUCKING SENSE um oh LISTEN:

LAST NIGHT I saw the Brilliant Corners and the ever disturbing Gus Bus, walked person home and, it being late, thought "let's-not-go-to-bed" so sat up writing to Alex (who's sweet) and drinking coffee instead... then at 5.45am set off down to the Coach Station clutching MY master tape of MY "Jenny Nowhere" to take to the pressing plant in London, for this was the BIG DAY, the day I became a RECORD COMPANY...

IMAGINE, Bristol dark and early, not a SOUL out, just me wandering down alone in the cool cool morning singing "here comes Jenny Nowhere and she's riding on her bike..." almost OUT LOUD and (I'm afraid to say) giggling profusely at the thought of SO MUCH HAPPENING and me for once at the centre of it all, and then breaking into a run because realising that from now on I am ALWAYS at the centre of it all, TODAY will be MY DAY everyday 'cos there's no reason why it SHOULDN'T and already I'm starting to breathe more...

... deeply and dream...

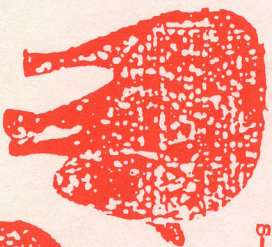
... more deeply...

... I was in Pembrokeshire last week and out walking found a small sun-filled bay called Porthlysgi miles from the nearest lane or house and the Whole World was just waves and gulls and tumbling cliffs and I wanted the stillness of that moment to be forever with the sky just so full of fucking SKY...

Um...

Remember to breathe out too or you shall S-w-e-l-l and go POPPPP! I believe...

SO!!!



“Something raw and aching

Impulsive

Irrational

Instinctive

burning uncontrollable in

BRIGHT POP COLOURS

for 120 seconds

Something to hold close

and cry to

that's all I ask

PUNK ROCK!!!”

So... reaching the Coach Station to catch the 0635 London Express and finding there little silent specks of sad night folk loosely hunched about the temp'ry ticket office in unknown each-and-everyday worlds of their own existence and me (being me) thinking poems about such things but more especially about the two nurses passed outside the B.R.I. (why are nurses so pretty?) heading home home homewards and now lost for all-time oh I mean all this and LIFE too, all this POPmusic...

... then watching amazed the scrub beside the Parkway as we sped by, thin drifting lines and puffs of pure white mist wrapping trees and pylons and grey streetlamp towers and suddenly then in the distant field strange mist-creatures appear cold and eerie and become horses, feet lost in cloud ... and-suddenly-then beyond the estates a big orange SUNRISE showed burning slow and weird, ALL THIS for my poor inexperienced eyes alone and there's you buggers still in fucking bed, I BET...

... and suddenly suddenly then...

... and by 10am I am sitting picnicing on Holloway Road on sandwiches and Thermos coffee and smiling happily at sad old ladies wandering by, no-one had picnics on Holloway Road in my young day, they are thinking; and nobody does too in mine either, I add telepathically, feeling like a true POP ANARCHIST and taking out my Clouds tape for one last proud look, holding it up to the SUN...

ALL THAT EVER MATTERED!!!

(MY tape, remember...)

Then finally taking that tape (MY tape, remember...) into the pressing plant where it was received and scrutinised by a nice young lady in a leather mini-skirt and... that was it, and you now have the finished article in your grubby little fins and - I DO hope you like it, 'cos we seem to have so much in common, me and you... and if it won't play or sounds crap on your hi-fi, get yourself a record-player instead and rediscover FUN!!!

As for me... I wound my way wearily westwards, tired and happy, and began to cover these pages with BIG words and BIG thoughts of WHOLE NEW BEGINNINGS, daylight may bring shades of rain but I am responsible for creating a CLOUDS RECORD and, with that achieved, I can die happy.

SEVERAL TIMES A DAY...

INSPIRE

COMMUNICATE

CREATE

Wed. Oct 15 RAZORCUTS

AT THE
E.E.C.
PUNK ROCK
MOUNTAIN

7.30
to
10.30

£1.73

... or £1.72 with a UB40, the Legendary Opening Night, with a free pink iced cake for every customer (mine had "Sha-la-lal" written on it), films, slides and Groovy Pop Music, the best compete on everyone's wrists, "TELL ME WHEN THE FUN BEGINS..."

free from anoraks high on polyester



GEORGE AND
RAILWAY near
Temple Meads
(beneath flyover)

66 I SAW THE SUN

WAS SHINING

— STILL I STAYED INSIDE BUT

NEVER AGAIN!!!

”

some thoughts...

- "yeah yeah yeah yeah" goes d-r-i-f-f-ing through BIG acoustic guitars, awwwww
- ("Head Full of Steam", y'know...)
- "Pass the Paintbrush, HONEY" as most perfect concept and LOVE AND HATE n-o-i-s-e
- minor chords on 12-string guitars, "Bill Drummond" guitars, chiming "Surprise" or
- "This Boy" hip hip HURRAH! guitars
- Primal Scream's sha-la-la-LEAVES; or "It Happens" when EVERYTHING crashes in...
- or "Mannequin", the first few chords, perhaps...
- and the sad and melancholy ba ba-ba ba in "Wasteland" (the JAM, remember...)

Animal, vegetable, mineral, what-am-I-thinking-of, something beginning with RAZORCUTS, and what begins with RAZORCUTS is maybe a whole new era of TRUE

... a hardening at the centre, a sharpening at the rim...

... and their new EP instantly affirms that faith as it EXPLODES into the raucous 1'50" cacaphony of "Summer In Your Heart", TRUE sounds of HAPPINESS-out-of-control, of a song ENJOYING ITSELF and fair BURSTING with wickedly glinting intent, reaching out to grab the nearest

TAMBOURINE, head thrown back, "IT'S SUMMER AT LAST!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

YEAH!!!!

in our HEARTS, where it counts...

I mean, it may be October out there, but - who cares! 'cos we're in HERE by the fire, wrapped up snug'n'warm with a new Razorcuts EP and a headful of dreams, watching the thin pencil sketches of their debut 7" flush with COLOUR into a luscious painted meadow of sound, the pink turns to RED...

... or blue for "Mary Day", a lament for lost

things, tambourines and dreams

building through great woggles of massed guitar

Guitars? "Part Company", "That Way"...

(Produced by Richard Preston - y'know, the "Liberty Belle" man...)

THAT WAY!!!

Or, glibly, a less precious Primal Scream, and all the more PRECIOUS for that OH DON'T ASK me to explain/ I don't think I could start/ DON'T SEARCH THE SKY FOR RAIN/ It could be SUMMER in your h-h-h-HOW WOULD IT BE (and this is merely a thought, something more to cheer up those longwinter nights...)

how-would-it-be, if everyone in the world bought copies of this EP to give away as PRESENTS to someone held in the fondest of fond regard...

rosy-cheeked postmen knockknockknock bearing gifts and little

notes attached say "Sorry to embarrass you, but I thought you might feel the same..." (that's the EP title, by the way, "Sorry to Embarrass You").

"Oh!" she smiles/signs, "there's a song called 'Snowbirds Don't Fly'..."

And hugs it to her chest.

ah, there I go again...

IT RAINED ON MONDAY AFTERNOON...

begin

begin

begin

etc.

...walking her round Clifton in the rain never-saying-much because

head-jumbled too much with daft unconfident ideas and shy fancies must-write-down-when-I-get-home, and when-I-get-home kick myself because I'm never-saying-much and why didn't I make more of — but now she's gone and maybe didn't realise IT'S ALL INSIDE me I just forget to share...

me, Washed-up heap of hand-me-down poetry just like this article but that's PoMusic, isn't it, that's WHY I still (want to) walk her round Clifton in the rain SO THERE, call me names, I shan't care, I know whose hand I hold when when when whenever

I go to sleep.

Ugh my mind is leaking, we fill this fanzine with sunshine now I'm soaking it in rain...

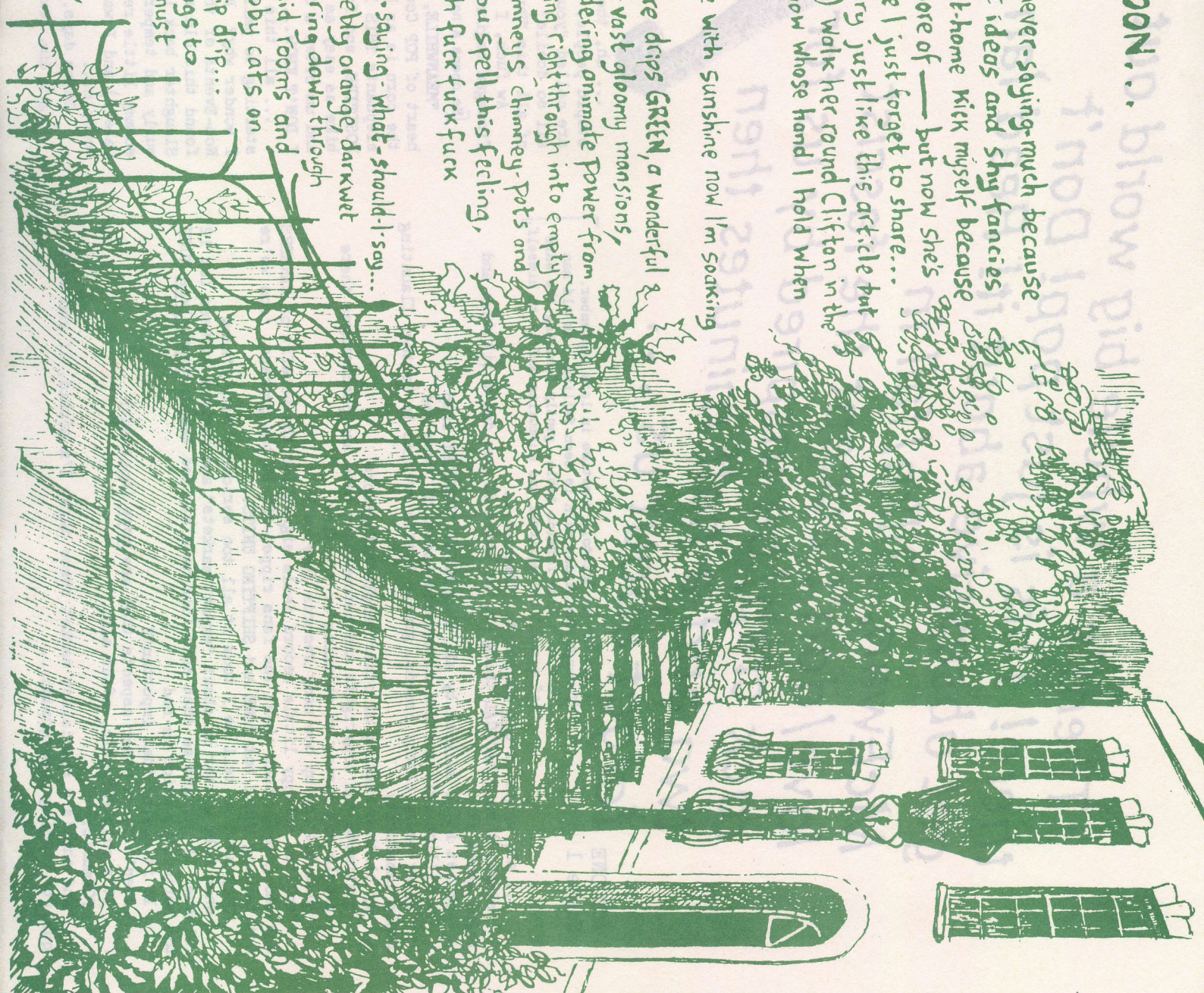
rain and empty 3o'clock streets, everywhere drips GREEN, a wonderful & gentle sweetly warmwet rain staining dingy stone of vast gloomy mansions, looming, brooding, darkly glowing such a sombre shuddering animate Power from just WET STONE just rows of empty windows looking right through into empty SKY and huddle-muddled rooftop tiles attics chimneys chimney-Pots and just LOOK at the fucking SKY awwww... how d'you spell this feeling, spell it L-O-guess the rest (a double-S maybe) oh fuck fuck fuck I almost forgot you were there...

CONCENTRATE. Speak-Listen. What-is-she-saying-what-should-I-say...

I LOVE these things, the one streetlamp feebly orange, darkwet paving stones tilted tipped and toe-tripping, peering down through area railings into afternoon lit basement tea-laid rooms and under raindarkdrifting leaves sorrowful fat tabby cats on musty murky flagstone paths all sodden drip drip drip...

all these alone (just us) and therefore secret things to share but why why why if it's all INSIDE me why must it STAY so why didn't I make more of You oh...

You silly girl how DARE you do this to me, I could almost write a song oh begin...



There's a whole big world out there! This is just pop! Don't get obsessive about it! Read Ian McEwan, Rilke/fall in love/don't accept the fascist rock crap/be inspired by us for two and a half minutes then forget about us ...

ACT ONE
Scene 1

[A kitchen in Bristol, sometime in late September. Through the window rain is seen falling. An old man sits at a blue formica table, gently fondling the ears of a small red squirrel and murmuring softly to himself.]

... ah, whatever did happen to POPmusic... simplest most MAGICAL thing in the world if you don't sit down and think about it

or let it be sullied by all that MUSIC INDUSTRY crap a million ugly guitars in squalid upstairs rooms and weary beery sloppy crowds, grubby little cretins in leather flaunting their immaturity

my clothes reeking of other people's fagsmoke contracts and copyrights and percentages here and percentages there people not caring or thinking or trusting just totting up how many records they sell and the scrappy little record deals signed for the benefit of CAREERS and who gives a fuck about the fans ripped-off in the process, 'cos we're not talking MUSIC but FAME and SHIFTING UNITS...

They used to tell me I took it all too seriously but, y'know when folk witter on about "export markets" and various excuses for 12" release, it strikes me that said folk have started taking themselves MUCH too seriously, which is sad

Is it really that important?

Aren't there other aspects that are more important?

It's only POPmusic, after all.

POPmusic.

And that's a specialist market these days, I'm afraid, if you want quality. Going underground...



... ah, the world is full of stupid people, and most of them are called "you". Why are you all so docile? Whatever became of all this "punk-rock" stuff?

Aw fuck, I give up... finegan begfinegan...

[He opens a notebook]

"MEANWHILE, deep in the heart of POP Country, where the corn is as high as an elephants THIS IS BETTER, POSITIVE, and falling off a bike as easy as falling in cough and um often a direct er consequence oh I DON'T KNOW..."

... all this pretending to be 16 crap is starting to pall... seems to have lost its charm... I wonder why? Maybe I'm just pissed off with the Non-Events of this summer but... you see, I've just found this old review of Talulah Gosh supporting Slaughter back in May sometime, i.e. BEFORE they became surly and temperamental and duped by the ugly designs of scummy little record labels like Guess Who (the "punk-rock" label!) and I was still sorely troubled by their high bouncing topspin...

These days, I wouldn't trust them with a bargepole.

[Lights dim. Curtain]

ROOM
At The Top
THE ENTERPRISE
(OPPOSITE Haversock Hill. London. N.W.3.)
SLAUGHTER
MY BLOODY TAILULAH GOSH
VALENTINE
£2.00
Concs. 1.50

ACT TWO
Scene 1

The Enterprise, Haverstock Hill, Chalk Farm, May 1960. Unpleasant noises can be heard coming from upstairs, where Slaughter are still aiming. Downstairs, the Bastard Treacy sits by a window. He may be dead. In the opposite corner, a Young Pop-Picker scribbles feverishly in an old exercise book.

Old JoeSlaughter really is a talentless oaf to be sure, such leathery old Rock noises and poses, probably noises too, we only stayed 23 seconds, too many Bigity retards pretending it's fun, most unpleasant, fodder for the vast-unthinking-masses-sweating-out-some-spiritually-vacant-OH LOOK... I don't want to waste ink on these stupid bloody people, I only mention them to prove that we can do objective journalism as well as the rest...

... and we thankful there's some honey at the core oh SMILE
FOR ME HONEY, make the sun shine, LOVE's old sweet song returns,
joy-riding the tailboard into old London Town, witha PUNKrock-
PUNKrock-PUNKrock creeping unannounced up the backstairs, and just
just 17 people here yet (8-40pm) BUT from little oaks big ACORNS
fall, REMEMBER THAT,
oh let me tell you
the TRUE size of
it, W-W-W-W-W-W-W-W

M-W-

M

Wooo!



... God, aren't they BASTARDS... of course,
if they were to release the EP on two 7" singles
AS WELL as the 12", I'd probably forgive them
EVERYTHING and think they were the best band in
the world... but what a DAFT idea, huh! Ah...

[illegible]

I mean, soundchecking with "ba-ba-ba" not "1,2,1,2"... **HEY!!!**
Twin ba-be-ba-barrelled "ba-ba-ba", y'know...
POPMUSIC!!!

But try to define that feeling and...

I mean, I could just list song-titles and describe guitar noises till the cows come home to roost but it seems a mite redundant, we did all that last issue and anyway

Life just IS, sometimes, isn't it...

I NEED YOU TO KEEP MY FEET OFF THE GROUND, that's all.

ON LISTEN, you in the tangle of wires up there, I know I'm the HONEST it was all a bit of a mess tonight but SO WHAT, maybe you have been found wanting, there's still a freshly tumbled beauty about it all that hours in a studio will never provide, and anyway, I've been found wanting too...

I WANT

guitars that thud'n'clatter, wrinkle their noses then smile sheepish saying "oops" and you love them even MORE for it just BECAUSE

I WANT

mischievous guitars that play the wrong chords (mine does that too, I have long suspected that the frets move)

I WANT

A FIVEENNY HANDPAINTED GUITAR LIKE THAT PEBBLES ONE propped up by the speaker amplifier pile stack thing there
I WANT

I WANT

to forget all the dishonest COMEBROWISING note-perfect fascist rock
crap and attendant UGLINESS and just hear TALULAH GOSHSONGS falling over
themselves whenever wherever I want... tuppence a song in cafes and sweetshops
and vending machines on Bath Spa station when you've just hiked all the way
to Moles in the rain to see Felt only to discover bastard Lawrence has decided
not to bother coming and it's cold and wet and you're soaked right through and
out the other side because SOMEONE borrowed your kagoul this afternoon
(I predict this will happen sometime round September 13th)...

... like roast chestnut stalls in Oxford Street in bleak

to warm the very cockles um...

ICE CREAM VANS!!! with suitable jingle ("ba-ba-ba") blaring round the estates an IMAGINE...

Meanwhile, what do I get?

22 grimy leg-buckled hours on the coach up the M4 and a polystyrene cup of some grim weak tea in a Victoria redplastic eatery full with people and a vague grey-depair... paper hats and quarterpounders I HATE THIS CITY... and gazing absently into the rush-hour I murmur to myself disconsolate:—

"Oh baby, what say us walk in the cool of the evening and lie together in the shade of yonder fig-tree" (eyes shut tight, a dreamer of dreams, you have to be...) but the red-aproned mop-lady over whom my waking glance inadvertent roves just looks oddly askance....

"Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?"

"Oh, go on then..."

They subside behind the tea-urns. Lights dim.
A low moaning ensues. Curtain.

low moaning ensues. Curtain.

[It is later that same evening. Two tramps sit huddled on a bench outside Walthamstow Central station. A spotlight falls upon them, revealing one to be none other than the Young Pop-Picker of the previous scene. The other is a tramp.]

... and it was pouring rain tonight afterwards, a night not fit for man nor beast (which was a shame 'cos I was feeling lonesome) and the nightbus was full with nightpeople, funky-but-wet, and the glass all clouded up mmmmm it's so steamy through Dalston and Hackney, a lovely fuzzy dampness (warmth-of-winter-kitchens this is all VERY Freudian I suspect...) to the parental abode and place-of-my-birth (ah...) WHY AM I TELLING YOU THIS?? because...

I DON'T LOVE YOU FOR YOUR TATTERED TIE
I DON'T LOVE YOU, AND I DON'T KNOW WHY
I DON'T LOVE YOU FOR YOUR SHAVEN THIGHS

I DON'T LOVE YOU FOR YOUR GRAVEYARD EYES
I DON'T LOVE YOU FOR YOUR SHAVEN THIGHS

I DON'T LOVE YOU FOR YOUR PAINTED SHOES
I DON'T LOVE YOU FOR YOUR FRIENDS YOU NEVER CHOOSE

I DON'T LOVE YOU FOR YOUR MANY REASONS
PROPAGANDAS, DOCTRINES, TREASONS

I'VE GOT AN EAR IMPLANTED ON MY DOG CHAIN
PAINTED FACES, PAINTED NAMES -
MY SHIRT - IT'S ALL THAT
BEAT-BEAT-BEAT-BEAT-BEATING

I JUST LOVE YOU FOR THAT
BEAT-BEAT-BEAT-BEAT-BEATING

I'VE GOT A SAFETY PIN STUCK IN MY HEART
FOR YOU, FOR YOU

"A Love Song for Punk Music" (P. Fitzgerald 1977)

BECAUSE it's all part of my POPmusic dream like receiving anonymous postcards saying "thank you for talking about LOVE and making me smile" and remembering WHY it is we write a fanzine... or discovering that the Servants had a song called "The Sun, a Small Star", and wishing that I had one too... or discovering that I'm not the only person in the world with a Wee Cherubs single... or discovering that the first line of the Apartments' "All You Wanted" really is "Well, so long, kitten..." I mean - "KITTEH"! oh WOW!

or more immediately and pertinently deciding that the nicest (available) feeling in the WORLD right now is nose-pressed-against-rainy-glass in a dear old N96, juddering/chugging/coughing slowly through East London dark and miserable as I always remember it, and suddenly wanting to ask the girl squashed against you on the seat beside if she agrees, kitten, and hear her answer "well MAYBE, but quite frankly, Honey, I find this whole BEEP! episode quite irrational" or sometimes (cutting, like, but nice...) and peer darkeyed disapproving down her nose at you ooooooh, but when you turn to speak it's actually a funny scragey little man clutching three small square boxes grizz and you must hum pom-tiddely frustrated to yourself but then that ALSO is a part of this POPmusic dream and this is a fanzine ABOUT POPmusic and and and... oh LOOK at the rain it's beautiful hey..."

And also because if I start describing the band I'll only write some sexist crap about three of them being BLOKES and consequent gross paucity of child-bearing hips and all that stuff. Well dodgy, as they say.

[He rises and wanders sadly out into the rain. Lights dim. Curtain.]

ACT THREE

Scene 1 [It is later that same summer. The scene is a familiar kitchen in Bristol. Rain still falls.]

... and it was all going to be such a SPLENDID dream but... that's the way all good things end, huh?... yet another name to cross off my pencilcase. Y'know... I still have my dreams and visions, pure as Pure, but I've now come to realise that nobody else in the whole wide world shares them except Sammy, my pet squirrel.

And he's stuffed.

[Exit stage left. Lights dim. A high-pitched wailing ensues. Then silence. Curtain.]

- if you have to ask what it is,
you wouldn't understand the answer...
oh D-R-E-A-M-S... dreams dreams dreams
clang clang this (to finish)
Part Five of our soap-opera viz
"An Everyday Story of Godlike Folk"
clang clang oh FUCK OFF...

DREAMS TO FILL THE VACUUM

... dreams... sunny days, blue skies, a land without greyness... walking through summer fields... no-one ashamed of what they are, no-one apologising for what they've never done... a world where boys DO cry, the girl laughs, calls him daft, quickly later that night press it into your hand and promise you the stars...

"And when I dream, I dream about you..."

... dreams... of life without Radio 1, NME, Sounds, all the rest, the happy whores who buy and trade, self-interested clouds of ego, damp, dreary, still clinging to that worn-out Rock... life with free access to all musics for everyone, so everyone could make-up

their own minds (then we'd see who had one...), where no-one would need to be told what to like, or buy records because of the singer's sun-tan, clothes or views on Nicaragua ... a world where fanzines like this would not need to exist...

"When my dreams turn into reality, I'll let you know... SEEMS LIKE THEY'RE DOING IT JUST NOW!!!"

Dear Mark,
— glad you like the tape, those songs will be on the album, just might get their shit together soon, so look out...
in Autumn, to go with a tour — hang in there... Hurrah!

... and suddenly I come to my senses... for years we've survived on a skimpy diet of 4 singles and occasional live performance, spread the faith by word of mouth, letters... badgered people into believing in the awesome genius of Hurrah! Now there'll be no excuses, complaints about never hearing the music we so rightly rave about... there'll be a portfolio of ten songs, ten carefully polished treasures to dazzle the eyes of an indifferent, doubting world, dumbfound unready ears...

"Used to spend my time just dreaming, now it's TIME TO ACT..."

... TIME TO RUN flat-footed, smack clattering down still wet streets singing "Miss This Kiss", quick-step skip of bass and drums, spiralling wiry guitars, vocals drenched in tearful defiant smiles... TIME TO REST, lose yourself in the gentle Rickenbacker lilt of "If Love Could Kill", vince as the words sting, bring back parks after nightfall, half-made beds, shabby kitchens still grey in the mornings... TIME TO STAND UP to the anthem "How Many Rivers" — "when the burden's truth the world should know"... zoop zoop bass rumbles in your gut and guitars cascade like sunlight on church spires... TIME TO HANG YOUR HEAD in shame at the pinpoint accusations of "I Would If I Could" — "great expectations through me and my mouth"... this time you won't be disappointed, as the only group worth the fuss roll off song after song that will (PROMISE!) become irreplaceable pieces of your life...

... "How High The Moon", "Mr. Sorrowful", "Better Time" (!!), "Sweet Sanity", "Walk In The Park", even a reworked "Celtic" to soar and overwhelm as it always should have, this Hurrah! LP is the most important musical event since the birth of punk-rock, simply for the standard it will set for any and every young hopeful, for the way it will tower above and trash all previous peaks by its display of genius, versatility and, most importantly, melody and meaning... reasons and excuses...

... oh and if you'd really rather listen to the ha-ha-Half-Wit Half Pissheads, or the Mystic Lemon Drops hippy hollowness then just FUCK OFF you are beneath consideration or contempt YOU are the reason our kids are so ugly...

"I'm standing in the rain"... all those years of chasing rainbows... "my smile falls down the drain"... all those times we've shouted out to no-one... now we've found the pot of gold... "they won't believe it when they see where I am bound"... "where the dancing up the steps to punk rock heaven..." "where the sun shines, where the sun is so high"

... on fire with optimism and love and we will never grow old... "say you're 17 with no commonsense, that's the best way you could be..."

a jumble of anger and aching and laughter, not scared... and YOU???



I was hoping we'd make real progress
—but it seems we have lost the power
Any tiny step of advancement
—is like a raindrop falling into the ocean.

Though we keep piling up the
building blocks, the structure
never seems to get any higher,
because we keep
Kicking out the foundations
—and stand useless
while our lives
fall down...

**I BELIEVE
IN LIFE
I BELIEVE IN LOVE**

But the world in which I live
keeps trying to prove me wrong...

Before we go...
thanks to everyone who gave help and encouragement, especially: Pete, Jim and David; Glenn, Karen, Robbie, Andy; Messrs. Handyside Hughes & Portarhouse; all the flexi bands (without whom...); Record Collector — "best record shop in Sheffield" and Revolver, surliest in Bristol; Elaine for doing the usual bits & bobs, especially with the tambourine; and Susan.

SUMMER 1986

"Remember summers on the wasteland, lie on our backs and looking at the sky, we could hear the Inter-City trains and the little children playing close by..."

I lie in warm rough grass, hearing trains and dreaming dreams, I-am-not-lonely and I have no more ambitions, all there is is dull repeating SPACE, for others to fill, not me... my eyes could close this afternoon and never re-open and what would I miss, just step sideways and all the worry goes, I'm not scared of heights but the height of the sky AMES me, fires me here in the roughgrass head buried in the soft accepting underside of life and happy ah...

I was trying to tell you about summer.

There's a song on the first Violent Femmes LP called "Good Feeling", a slow violin drenched affair, should be sad so but... there's this line, "laughing at the sunrise like he's been up all night", and it's that way I feel right now - sunweary, wayworn, drugged with ragged emotions, the warm cosy helpless stage of being drunk and rag-doll limbed when to s-t-r-e-t-c-h out and yeah GIGGLE is the most exquisite feeling in the world like ahhhhh.....

VAGUE

SKETCH

OF A

FANTASY

... I loved "This Town", people seemed to want the June Brises constantly BIG, BOLD and BRASSY, all striving and straining... but I love this warm melancholia, Phil's voice is perfect... just step sideways and see the perspective change, see through to so much HOPE... shame it isn't in mono, like the cover photo... and I love the evenings right now, I'm lucky living up here... leave the front door open, wander into the grass, across to the Gorge... sunsetting over Avonmouth Docks and the Welsh Hills fading pale beyond, CORNY and CLICHED as Hell, I know... but that's WHY it means so much, that's WHY POPmusic WORKS, the cliché... Phil singing "that way"... "that way"... skywards, spiralling upwards and onwards, Hurren's BIG SKY... a warm July evening and I'm shivering, goose-pimpled... wandering down into the City after, in the lights, summer nights, nothing short of PARADISE, last night we walked down to the Moon Club to see the Chesterfields play their best ever, the songs just bounced and smiled and no-one clapped but they did an encore ANYWAY and of course it was "Pop Anarchy" and the amps fed back like a Tardis noise wee-wee-wee coming in to land, and wandering home I stopped and thought "hey, aren't the trees on Redland Road somehow beautiful at night" which is a bloody silly thing to think but there you go, I thought it all the same...

Oh look at us, at our age, in these times, still all hung up on that happiness thing, blankly staring into the sun...

"I know it's a million miles from feeling good to knowing what to say I know that there's more to life than this but just for now I feel OK..."

And on the top deck of the bus - "two singles to the natural conclusion please..."

We just laugh and we just sing—it keeps us happy
Keep all the things that good luck brings and we dress so snappy
We don't let little things come between us
We don't scare when we're put to the test...

Look so weak and feel so STRONG that we get laughed at
Days in grey go on and on with these vultures on my back
Can't seem to get worried about it
I get high just thinking about it!

ba ba ba-ba ba ba ba ba-ba ba...

PUT DOWN YOUR PILLS—STOP DREAMING ABOUT IT
PICK UP YOUR THRILLS AND SHOUT ABOUT IT!

I'll read you my poems, you tell me what you think
—promise not to laugh at them!

So I look to my friend who tells me the truth
—he says that I am cured, I'm cured

I'M CURED!

HERE COME THE BOYS WHO PLAY THAT NOISE
THAT KEEPS YOU HAPPY
SINK OR SWIM I'LL GET TO RING

THESE CHANGES THROUGH MY LIFE
ONE THING THAT WE'VE KNOWN FROM THE START—
DEEP DOWN INSIDE WE'RE ALL PUNK ROCKERS AT HEART!
ARE YOU SCARED TO GET HAPPY?

