



are
you
scared
to
get
happy

NUMBER SIX

... unlike they who are old and jaded and out-of-touch

devoid of IMAGINATION VISION or JOY

we know WHAT'S HAPPENING

and they'd better fucking

WATCH OUT

'cos this crazy romantic rosy-eyed vision is

all that matters from now on and

IT'S OURS and

IT'S GONNA WORK

(AYSTGH-4)

- and then of course some cunt comes along with typical whining

I am sick to death of
being reminded of your fanzine
All the gushing fey "anger" i could
almost stomach but never the
obscene trash which typifies
your own particular brand
of journalism.

Your sickening attitudes
typify all that is wrong with
the indie scene and your
magazine bravely flaunts
its narrow-mindedness.
don't be so pathetic
or offensive again.

let's fall in love

IT'S EXCITING...

("Sunny Sundae Smile")

- MY BLOODY VALENTINE

"AYSTGH" - 6

written: 18th-26th May 1987

which first off just causes ANGER
and then deep dark sadness -
all this typical fucking pathetic
COMPLACENCY,

step-out of line, criticise,
show a bit of EMOTIVE FERVOUR
and the full-weight of their
"outraged" bleary-eyed
hippiedom descends FLUMPF!

try to provoke new a NEW POP VISION and you just get
YAWNED at from on high PAH!

Oh and yeah, it's not a MAGAZINE.

it's a FANzine, OK Iain?

Hummm.

There aren't many left.

Awkward start this,

apologies, maybe a quick HULLO is in order,
this being issue 6 of AYSTGH back to patrol the
darkened alleyways of your subconscious with a
cheap sawn-off Pop Sensibilty slung low from
the hip and a lonely trigger-happy dreamer
in control...

HA!

And why still this stupid wide-eyed urge to
COMMUNICATE I don't know, some sense of
(maybe) moral duty um...
ah, NOTHING STIRS THE SOUND ASLEEP...

THE ONLY THING REAL IS WAKING

but -
this morning,

AND RUBBING YOUR EYES...

seeing a whole big blue world above the trees,
felt suddenly all fired-up inside AGAIN, y'see -
sensed everything once more rushing and tingling almost
SMELT the excitement wanted to TOUCH it and USE it,

such stupid belief, tears and happiness I DON'T KNOW can't
explain/help/control ALL THAT MATTERS IS -
that belief/hope/trust/optimism still being ALIVE and breathing,
just me thinking HEY it's so BIG and so WILD as
maybe pure mad despairing affirmation of FAITH is enough,

I want to stay here FOREVER and prove to myself it

can all come true
viz.

TOTAL DESTABILISATION LET'S DESTROY THIS THING...

which reminds me, if any regular readers are wondering
what happened to issue 5...

it was destroyed last night in a fit of temper and disgust.

Punk Rock!

Can I show you another letter?

This came this morning from a 29 year-old...

"... I was 17-18 in 1976, I lived in Devon, thought I was going to EXPLODE with frustrated excitement. Punk Rock was my channel - it was very pure, almost spiritual - no vinyl, just the IDEA... then a trickle of new songs that fed the flame and kept it burning... 'Spiral Scratch', 'New Rose', 'Anarchy'... then it was in all the papers, but all LONDONLONDONLONDON, and I felt left-out and guilty living in Devon, the only punk-rocker in town! So I moved to London and... nothing.

But NOW, I realise it's nothing to do with it, it's all INSIDE... energy, love, EXCITEMENT!!! In a funny sort of way, it was easier to keep that energy when all alone in a field on top of the world, with the music raging INSIDE my head...

It's now 11 years later, I got very old in the meantime, as young people do, but now I remember who I am, what I want, where I am going, I realise that WE'RE ALL BEING BORN UNTIL WE'RE DEAD - but people get SCARED of themselves and what they could be. So they just get old instead..."

"FLOWER"

by Roz



Or as the poet said:

"WE DON'T SCARE WHEN WE'RE PUT TO THE TEST..."

So:

(P.Handyside, 1983)

ARTICLE 1: A VISION OF SUMMER...

Imagine the uttermost PERFECT

jangly splatter of happy-hearted guitars
screaming total annihilation of all
sad un-smiling things, sun up-brimming
OPTIMISM and HOPE forever and ever
STARING OUT THE SUN...

Imagine Biff Bang Pow!

ten years younger in full flush naivety &
unquestioned purity constructing a

Perfect Summer Smash...

Imagine the opening credits,

boy sprinting down sunny suburban roads, twirling-pivoting on
lamp-posts, BURSTING between middle-aged ladies out shopping,

(we see them turn and stare and mutter and shake their heads
YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY)round the last-corner UP-THE-PATH then

knock knock knock and breathless mimed "Is C.... in please"

Or just remember Clare Grogan in
the park in Gregory's Girl if you want to keep it simple and
easy...

" running fast all the way back home
- everything's going fine, YEAH!!! "

Now blink and it's real,

"SUMMER SHINE" by The Sea Urchins, Sha-la-la 005,
fifth step in our Punk Rock Revolution

"Carry on until the day you wanted comes to you!"

IT'S TRUE!!! - flexis flexis flexis flexis flexis,

garbled bursts of pure ENERGY sprayed snapple-crack-popping in
a multicoloured spatter over your bedroom walls...

or soft bewitching ahhhhhhh's just THERE to make your
record-player smile and the grass seem even WARMER and
longer still, temperamental and fussy, ALWAYS in want of
hugging and petting, still always there to shout LOVEYOU REALLY
when you storm out the room in justified tears and hear
the silence of wasted hours STOPPED by a single giggle HUH!

NEW POP VISION!!!

back to the Sea Urchins...

IF
THESE
CHORDS
WERE
WORDS

'cos in more churned-up moments they write
songs like "Cling Film" with the most

wonderful tugging bass-drum undertow and

Christlike guitar noise EVER and I just

DIE all over it a trembling electric skin-

scraping WHINE which screws up and dissolves into

"...WHY weren't you special, WHY weren't you special..."

which is just SO BRILLIANT, not "you weren't" or

"it's a real shame you weren't" but "WHY..."

and the awesome ridiculous sense of sheer bloody
INJUSTICE of the whole thing totally irrational,

maybe, but TRUE!!! fucking WHY weren't you

special hiccups despair if these chords were words

they'd say HATE you

LOVE you

madly,

always...

and "Cling Film" is the first release on
the Kvatch flexi-label,

a flexidisc shared

with Bristol's

very own

Groove Farm...

SEA URCHINS



RAVING POP BLAST! -

EVERYTHING was like this once, pink'n'yellow'n'green'n'blue,
sun always shone, surf always up, drugs cheap plentiful and INCREDIBLY
looking-like Love Hearts and everynight a swimmy haze (smile-on-my-face,
toothpaste-on-my-collar...) hearts go pit-a-pat pit-a-pat heads ACHINGfull
of POPdreams and eyes (I've seen your) excited glittering night-time (eyes)
bright shiny PUNK ROCK VISION...

"Sore Heads and Happy Hearts", an EP, 110% treble and
blurred vocal in a WORK OF HEART (their words...) sleeve...

and they're doing another ("a CLASSIC, for at least 5 minutes...")
TOTAL POP ARTIFACT and their own flexi EP... POPmusic

- walking offstage after 2 songs at Transport House because
nobody was DANCING... trashing their TAMBOURINE at the Airspace Benefit
(overheard, PA Man to friend, "the Groove Farm like their sound as bad as
possible..." oh what RUBBISH the sound was BRILLIANT I could hear every
whoosh...)

back to the Sea Urchins...

'cos "SUMMERSHINE" is actually a triple A-side,
second A being 2'06" TOTAL GENIUS by The Orchids who used to be called
Gentle Tuesday and in between were THE BRIDGE all blushing pride and
murmured guitars shyly exploring some fragile twisting
self-absorbed dream I shall let

The Bridge

Karen take your hand

here... ... memories of last night - years ago it seems... feeling
happy all because I've seen this CLASSIC pop group. There,
smiling meekly, half-hiding but BURSTING with pride are
The Bridge, so shy but secretly so DESPERATE the world should
hear and understand... all so young; so naive but... FRESH,
see, this is perfect - feeling tingles and tears and wanting
to laugh with glee for this is LOVE for today and tomorrow
and... well, who knows?

Pop tunes that burn my heart into a red hot PULPY MESS
with embers searing down to my toes - my heart... is a cinder.
A cheese-cutter slashes 'round my head and throat, it's so
damn tight that I can't breathe but that's OK, I don't mind
now. This wire scalps what was once... er... a 'brain' -
my eyes spin into eight feet wide saucers... I'm in LOVE,
that's it!

I'M IN LOVE!!!

The singer swaps his guitar with the keyboard-player and
stands there, his hands in his pockets, as if... as if it
were NATURAL for The Bridge to be like this... to be the
pop group I've been waiting for, for ever and ever and
and... always.

TODAY, I wonder about the definition of perfect pop
music, and I put on a tape of The Bridge to help me decide.
For so long, I've been DYING to hear someone like them,
and now I discover, it was WORTH all that dying, for now
I'm alive... I'm alive I'm alive I'M ALIVE!!!!

kinda says it all.

Sat and watched in that dreamy way...

Triple A happens when you play it alloveragain.....

Karen
XXX

TEXAS
FEVER

Sha-la-la 005: with BABY HONEY-4 from Pete, Culnells Farm,
School Lane, Ivade, Kent, ME9 8QJ. KVATCH-6 from Clare,
25 Rossett Beck, Harrogate, HG2 9NT. Both 50p+SAE!!!

addresses

A BOOK REVIEW

"I even rage against those who seem to be concerned with the same issues as me yet turn THEIR revolt into frivolity and froth as some supposedly efficacious protest against mercenary corporate machinations and stupidly elevate worthless reactionary disposable pop acts to dangerous degrees WHEN they should be as alarmed as I am that their forced happiness is so readily accepted."

- a quote about US from "The Same Sky", follow-up to "Hungry Beat", still the most utterly pure/puritanical beat manifesto EVER.

But Kevin, this is ABSURD. "Summershine" makes me HAPPY, that's all, I don't WANT to analyse and de-struct, it just DOES, it's NATURAL, pure and unforced, you can't tell me I'm WRONG, or somehow inadequate...

You've become lost in your world of books and films; you can despise my grass and sunshine and blue skies if you like but at least it EXISTS, it's waiting there NOW for me at the top of my path, it's not a half-invented celluloid memory or greying page of prose it's REAL and ALIVE and touchable, not second-hand pop/beat imagery, worn out phrases and hand-me-downs but Tuesday 19th May in three big solid dimensions, I catch a bus out to the river and see it WITH MY OWN EYES, your life seems to be a scrapbook of rapidly fading photos and other people's memories, a rummage through the attic on a rainy afternoon...

I WANT SOMETHING POSITIVE AND LIFE-AFFIRMING.

Sha-la-la is the most BLISSfully stupid creation, that's why I love it, total impractical Idealism but founded on IMAGINATION and positive action, trying to find a NEW way forward...

A plea! Send 50p + SAE to Kevin, 28 Bean Road, Bexleyheath, Kent, DA6 8HN and ask for a copy of "The Same Sky". Then tell me what you THINK, I almost want you to tell me I'm wrong, 'cos "Hungry Beat" was our inspiration, and I love "T.S.S." to death, I know IT'S IMPORTANT, I just feel deep down that as a means of COMMUNICATION it's essentially worthless because so few people will read it and UNDERSTAND.

But I could EAT the front cover...

MANY SHIPS SURRENDER TO THE STORM,

... in my attic I find an old letter from Alan Brown, ex-Big Flame, now The Great Leap Forward. It says;

'12" singles are a (successful) marketing ploy by record companies to make a lot of money and promote dogma in musical expression, dub versions, extended versions and all that crap, 12"s don't have the charisma of 7"s, just higher profit margin...' but, y'know, try as I may I can't

seem to fit that GLF EP into my singles box, and I'm beginning to suspect it may have something to do with its size...

It's a good record, but HORRIBLY, dabbingly SELF-INDULGENT, impact diluted by over-extension, POP! goes phut! and I'm left imagining those same songs performed by BIG FLAME, compressed into a 7"EP, and I know it would've been utterly PETRIFYING.

(better to die on your feet than live on your knees...) WHY DO YOU GIVE IN SO EASILY?

I've just heard Primal Scream's WEA total bland-out re-recording of "Imperial", pop-music for the discerning yuppie... and I'm remembering the first time I heard

"It Happens", raw and vulnerable, razor-blade thin, trembling, lifting me high...

Creation, Elevation, what's the difference, ten grand,

House of Love as Big Rock Noise, Blow-Up as the new Rolling Stones, Jasmines. Rejected for not being "album orientated", all so depressingly "mature" but that's how POP has to be these days, it seems...

HA! Not THIS one, our POP NOISE is still a beautiful chaotic JOYFULNESS, life one big happy BLURRRRRrrrrrr...

Some facts about Sha-la-la...





Welcome aboard.
We're going your way.

1) They're flexidiscs!!!
We want NOTHING to do with
the 'real' record industry,
this is our own pure
personal POP vision,
they're not even 7" across,
they're 6½"...

2) So stop writing to
complain that you can't use
your automatic hand-held
armchair-mounted
microwave-operated
record-changers, we KNOW,
it's DELIBERATE, our flexis
will never be pre-programmed
WALLPAPER, every song has to be
lovingly selected and coaxed and
generally chucked under the chin BY HAND...

3) We distribute BY HAND too.
It'd be nice - easier for us, certainly -
to go through The Cartel, but that'd mean
increasing the price and it'd just be the first step
towards eventual absorption in THE SYSTEM...

4) But we still outsell most of the
'Indie' chart, because our records are CHEAPER...

Anyway, we're not interested in "charts",

it's all ESTABLISHMENT, we just riseabove and spit contempt...

e.g. each morning, I wake up, THROW back the curtains, HURL open the window and to
the first person I spy I yell "YO, BASTARD, why don't you just FUCK OFF and
take your pathetic little lifestyle with you, can't you even grasp that I
despise and loathe everything you stand for, the very pavement on which you walk is
forever soiled in my eyes, Christ you DISGUST ME..."

Of course, he won't deliver my milk anymore,

but that's SMALL price to pay for being thought a true Pop Anarchist...

"... there are far too many unnecessary people loose in the world", I mutter,
sitting down to breakfast, "you know that, Puss, FAR too many..."

Puss yawns. We've been together a long time. The doorbell buzzes. ba ba ba-ba baaaaaa.

'TIS POSTIE!!!! I FLING open the door

"Good morning good morning Mr.Happy, sir", he cheerily chirps, "and a right fair and
lovely morning it is too. DO YOU KNOW what I've just this minute seen?"

"Dog?" I suggest, yawning.

"Nope!"

"Cat?"

"Nope!"

"The best minds of your generation destroyed by madness, starving, hysterical, naked,
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix?"

"The very same..."

"Oh you old Beat-Hip-Gnostic-Imagist you, where was this?"

"Outside Bolloms."

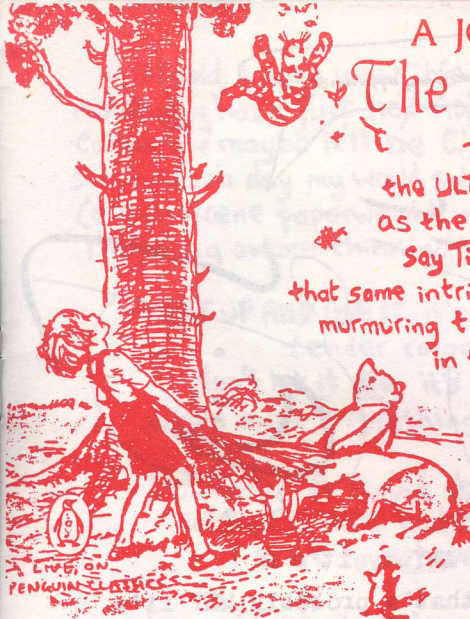
"The dry-cleaners?"

"That's the one!"

"Goodness..."

Which, Kevin, just goes to prove my point.

Some reviews:



A JOURNEY WITH The Wildhouse

THE WILDHOUSE, "Groovy Me EP", 3 pop-songs in the ULTIMATE hand-painted sleeves (all crinkled-up as the watercolour dried...) and reminiscent of Say Tiny Town's first two beautiful moments, that same intricate simplicity of half-stated ideas gently murmuring together producing something that glints in the sun but all more BRITTLE with vaguely McCarthyesque guitars and shiny shimmering whispered tunes maybe an acoustic Marychain core...

Or maybe just the sum of these parts:

PAUL: country guitar & singies & songies

JOHN: drums & tambourines (& Hobgoblins badge)

SHELLA: more singies

PETER: bass-player & acoustic guitar (WEIRD)

PETER: more guitar (the fiddly bits)

£1.76 (includes p&p!) to

2/1, 6 South Baffin Street, Dundee, DD4 6JW
will enrich your cretinous lifestyle unutterably
as the Mr.Kipling ads. use to say before
The Crackdown...

TO IMAGINARY PLACES

Valerie

— reviewed last time as THE MALCHIX,
now apparently grown up into Valerie, but not too
much I hope; Clare tells me of how they once
had the plugs pulled at some obscure
Yorkshire dive for spitting at their audience... HA!

— and news now reaches of a spectacular
final-placing in a Harrogate Battle of the Bands —
first time they'd got past the qualifying stage...

They feel IMPORTANT...

"We love JANGLE and adore NOISE and we're
going to mix the two and produce
FOLK PUNK BUBBLEGUM CLASSICS"

— these days tunes drift in and
out of a SWIRL of NOISE, speeds pick up
and stop, start again... turn their back
scream YAH! disappearing out-of-control
into a Tube tunnel with one big YOWL
and rushing of air and all the
lights burn bright... so!

Last I heard they were off busking in York,
"Acoustic guitars, tambourine, snare and
floor-tom". Provided it was sunny.

WATCH THIS SPACE. I feel a sense of
responsibility coming on...



ANOTHER SUNNY DAY!

big pop explosion, apparently!!

all the
way from
Newlyn which
is near
Penzance
which is
near
nowhere
especial apologising

PROFUSELY for the
corny name but
adding a snotty

SO WHAT...

SO WHAT indeed and ANYway it's a

BRILLIANT name, that's probably WHY it's

so CORNY, and also PERFECT for what it is namely

GORGEOUS rough chaotic sub-sub-Primal fuzzjangle with
SHAMELESS tendency for the most GENIUS awesome guitarNOISE solos and
handclap drumming over drum-machine and chocolate-box made-up tunes
and mismatched mix'n'match mish-mashed HARMONIES most folk
would lack the sheer JOIE de VIVRE to um consider letlone ATTEMPT

I'VE EVER HEARD HEY there seem to be an awful lot of excitable
people down in the West Country these days it fair makes my old
heart SINGG hullo my typewriter seems suddenly subject to some
manner of reverb-erb-erb how CURIOUS this is what comes of
typing outdoors but it was SUCH a nice day...

'OH TO BE YOUNG AND IN LOVE!'

oh BOO just let your innermost violence
fly loose I DON'T CARE so my modern-day
stream-of-unconsciousness beat classic

or either would do,

I'm not fussed...

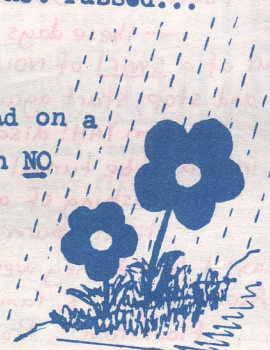
"THE DREAM THAT STUFF IS MADE OF" moulders unread on a
thousand library shelves but do I mope and moan huh NO

I cry BOO instead and say oh just LOOKATTHESUN

& THE RAIN & THE BUSES on Whiteladies
punk-rock buses every one,

BIG SHINING CITY SHINE SUMMERSHINE

I love it all and I want to believe...



Stupid, I don't know, it's just words and THOUGHTS and WIDE OPEN EYES,
no druggy haze just 110% ADRENALIN O.D. spiked today via Pure Pop Noise,
tomorrow maybe it'll be C.'s eyes or The Downs in sunlight, who's to say,
Simply each day my world splinters to a million tiny floating specks
(a snowscene paperweight world perhaps...) reforming each morning so
I'm falling awake thinking WOW!!!

— GET UP AND USE IT, it's out there crying for you in all its
tender colours/moments I LOVE YOU!!!

don't let it die, it's too easy and you're too YOUNG and it
would make everything pointless from here on in...

Popmusic? A stupid childish thing but OH it's such ENERGY and
EXUBERANCE and... it makes me simply BELIEVE and when
I start to believe the whole clear world EXPANDS...

From where I sit at this window (this is the view from my window...)
I can see out across Clifton rooftops to Christ Church on the Green
and to Dundry village stuck up high on its hill (a blue misty distance
this morning...) and from Dundry you can stand in the wind far above
the city and feel it all breathe and SIGH and
it EXCITES ME, I'm sorry...

all this a million times a second, shot-up laughing,
where's all the fucking POETRY gone all the slash slash slash and
froth of ideas (running back home in the rain from the Western Star,
2 a.m. one beautiful shining empty night and McCarthy just
come offstage and I want to write it all down...)

— why don't it EAT you up like it does me,
I LOVE ALL THESE THINGS...



It's not just MUSIC, you know,

that's what people seem to fail to grasp,

but it's not, "Christ, it's only MUSIC..."

music's just the smallest of parts,

this is so much more,

it's a whole big red heart beating,

it's a whole way of BELIEVING,

it's the reason I write this fanzine,

it's something to share...

it's ATTITUDE...



People still complain that I put "The Clouds" on last issue's cover and then didn't do some great in-depth interview with them, Christ, what do you expect me to ASK them, they're only PEOPLE, same as you or me...

if I put "THE CLOUDS" on the cover it's because I want this fanzine to read like "Jenny Nowhere" sounds, OK???

Consider EMILY

It wasn't the song they wanted, you know, but we stood firm... Catherine will be glad. 'Cos Catherine gets — sad...

It's like wearing a Clouds BADGE just to let people know EVERYTHING about you without need of shy conversations..

IT'S A FANZINE.

And it's MINE.

EMILY,

A CHILLING TALENT, A BEAUTY,
GREAT ACHING SPACIOUS POPSONGS THAT QUIVER AND SOMETIMES IGNITE,
CONSUMED IN ADRENALIN-RUSH WILDFIRE e.g. "PURE AS WINTER",
TREMBLING SURGING POOL OF WHITEHEAT CASCADING HEADLONG...
BUT ALSO SOMETIMES SPLINTER AND FREEZE, ETCHED IN DESPAIR,
DESOLATE, LOVELY AND SAD AS THE WORLD.
"THE OLD STONE BRIDGE"

Some words (not all mine, thanks to Chris where due...)

... and always every second that you are happy holding her hand is paid for with an hour of wishing she would come back to you... knowing it would ALL HAPPEN AGAIN but still wishing and still so stupidly trusting till you see the back of HER NECK and the hair glinting suddenly honeyblonde and you KNOW that the sun is shining onto her hair just to tear you up and it HATES you THE SUN...

OUT HERE ARE GREAT MASSES OF TALL TREES THAT COME DARKDRIPPING
SILENTLY DOWN TO THE WATER AND THE SKY IS CONSTANT GREY CHILL
AND FILLED WITH UNFALLEN RAIN AND A POPSONG IS PLAYING BIG RAINY
AWESOME MUSIC "OH, HOW COULD ANYTHING SO PRETTY,
LEAVE ME FEELING THIS WAY..."

YEAH! — so that fucking crucifixion of happiness and
rat-catcher sadness POP eats away and you may still crave the
injection of sweet honeyblonde kittenish mewlings but, spread
out on that plane of AMPHETAMINE and heartache you see the
whole WIDE OPEN BEAUTY of it all and the tears are streaming
as you grin so hard that your face is aching and happy happy
HAPPY and Jesus can be your surfboard if you want but
I worship at the altar of POP, repeatedly close and open my eyes...

Or something. Discordant.

Christ knows, it was just THERE so I wrote it down.

It's gone now...

So long, kitten...

"ADDRESS BOOK"...

CHANGE OF SUBJECT

"Jesus and the Marychain"

Christ, people GETTING HAPPY that a commercialised/sanitised watered-down
compromising Marychain with VAST AMOUNTS OF MONEY for bribery corruption etc.
have gone Top Ten, as if it constituted some sort of THREAT, PAH!!!

I want my Marychain on FULL STUN, I want "Kill Surf City" on the
Christmas TOTP spitting gloriously from on high NOT sickly honey
"April Skies" yawndom, candy candy, whatever happened to the ACID DROP core...

pardon the CLICHE but SELL OUT SELL OUT SELL OUT SELL OUT,
same old story, genuine faith in POP disintegrates and "being someone/something"
becomes EVERYTHING, they want it all and they want it now,
and YOU FUCKING GIVE IT TO THEM Christ this complacency depresses me...

FRIGHTENS ME.

DEADheads at gigs or generally THIS TOWN everyone frustrates and annoys
and I come on with some stupid rebel pose walking down the street and wanting
to SCREAM irrationally fuck I was supposed to feel like this when I was 16
and I did but now years later I feel it even MORE and it's getting worse
'cos the more you search-and-don't-find the more you realise how
elusive/rare IT is and how more and more futile the search must be until...

AWWWWWW FUCK OFF!!!! please...

— then I come home and get cheered-up by A LETTER saying
YOU ARE NOT ALONE

"... while I write, Level 42 'sweat' on Wogan. HELP!
The world won't listen? I WANT TO MAKE IT LISTEN,
MAKE IT THINK. I have to DO SOMETHING....."

CREATE

COMMUNICATE

INSPIRE

>>> if nothing's happening,
MAKE IT HAPPEN...



REMEMBER FUN

are (I.TOR):
 Steven Dunbar
 Raymond McDonald
 Mark Kane
 John Zalick
 Andrew Smith

"Hey Hey Hate" was

actually a last-minute replacement - REMEMBER FUN

were due to appear on a later flexi, and ba ba ba-ba ba 007 was to feature a song called "Nicer Things" by REPULSION...

unfortunately, the recording studio folded and all contents - including REPULSION's master-tape - were impounded.

However, there is another song, called,

I believe, "Bonnie".

Karen will tell...

"BONNIE"

Bonnie, the cool cat you hate to love... but you do.
 "... BUT SHE'D RATHER SEE ME CRY"...

- like, wanting to tell someone you CARE but they DON'T WANT TO KNOW. Like, it raining on your birthday
 - like no BALLOONS on your birthday - IT HURTS...

"Bonnie" breaks my heart to tiny segments each time
 - and I adore it all the more...

Eleanor's voice cascades through the song, maybe she'd find walking across water an easy stunt, I wonder
 ... a great lump comes into my throat, of course it could be only tonsilli... but... I don't think so.

And Marc tearing his soul to pieces over this girl he'd DIE for, and this girl doesn't seem to care... and I'm left wondering about Miss Bonnie - what does she think? Does she care NOW???

"Bonnie" makes me ponder my whole existence - what am I doing LIVING? "Bonnie" keeps me ALIVE, for today. I don't EVER want to die if there's music as beautiful as this, let me live FOREVER - if there won't be, just let me die now...

(Um...)

REMEMBER FUN! (classic name, I want to underline F.U.N. and tail it with the heaviest most emphatic unrepentive QUESTION MARK ever...)
 are today's truest sound of optimism and HOPE, a glint in the breeze, waking up in a blue-sky dawn, feeling light-headed and wanting to RUN...
 "... they don't know 'cos they know nothing - still I know it's worth living, I know it's nothing worth GIVING IN TO..."
 and today they make tomorrow worthwhile, and if the IDEA of our flexi doesn't EXCITE make you SHOUT and fall back laughing then you are wretched beyond compare...

REpulsion



JESSIE GARON & THE

DESPERADOS

DADY LEMONADE
 + THE FIZZDOMDS
 MEAT WHIPLASH

SAT 21st FEB AT THE HO lounge Bar

8-2-00

New Road Ave



IMAGINE: a park full of happy people,
all brought out of their hovels,
in the middle of a big grey city,
lying in the sun...

in love with life,
in love with their dreams of SUMMER
(freewheeling, I'm just watching,
Karen has nicer words...)
in love...

the honey mooners

We've not explained, have we?

There's a single, y'see,
"Another Fit of Laughter"/

"... and there they were",

described in an accompanying letter/press-release as
"... the fabulous debut by Glasgow quintet The Honey mooners, two wee gem-like songs"

And all I can add is that "... a.t.t.w." is:

well, picture a really sticky August day,
and the yellow tractor-mowers out chomping the grass across the way

with all consequent scents oozing thickly into the
sunshine and you out tiddley-om-pom-pomming away happily
picking daisies and whatnot when this beautiful sickly
warm sweetness creeps up and SMEARS itself all over you
(who are by now going "ga, ga, ga...") clogging your
pores and mouth and nose and you're just about to DIE
out there prostrate in a field not three hundred yards
from the zoo just going down for the third time in this
great SWAMP of honey-stuff while the council tractors
circle slowly dreamlike and you sense the camera
pulling away and the credits starting to roll...

... when suddenly a tiny breeze picks-up and
SWIRLS and you go "snorkel, snorkel..."

- bit like that, OK?

(Both bits.)

And while we're speaking of "proper" records...

I might as well mention the BRILLIANT Darling Buds and Rosehip's singles and the
not-so-brilliant Fizzbomb's decidedly un-fizzy debut, should've been good
if the band hadn't got so terrified of MAKING A NOISE upon entering A Proper Studio...
compare our own "Jiffy Neckwear Creation" if you want real Lemonade-style
FIZZZZZZZZZZ... I think we won this one, Eddie, groovy Sha-la-la Pop Sensibility
says

DON'T WASTE TIME & MONEY on things that should be FAST CHEAP and THRILLING...

66 I've ignored them for years, now
AT LAST I listen (birds singing? in my
ears, bells ringing?...) the HONEYMOONERS
and an adolescent (teen) angel
with a malicious GLINT in her eye and a
Smirk on her lips — ready to
raise Merry hell before God Almighty even
notices... Jean, the most perfect
Pop Voice, tricky and assured,
teasing...

See, you think they're so NICE,
but then notice a certain manic
glare... and realise they'd just
ran up onstage at SOMEONE ELSE's gig and
PLAYED to a suddenly bemused audience

looking on murmuring "Wow... wow..."

— Pokes out her tongue as they leap
from the stage... 99

The press-release
actually says
"... imagine Alison Statton
backed by Josef K
playing Bacharach/David,
imagine Astrid Gilberto
backed by
the Buzzcocks..."
but I've never heard of
any of these people,
sorry.

Starry Eyed, Laughing AND SO FORTH

Take Brighton's WHIRL! - "Heaven Forbid" being Hurrah! '85 re-activated into total CLASSIC 7" POP i.e. guitarpeels RINGOUT in joyous celebratory aba-ba-ba-bandon calling out across the tree-tops and chimney-pots of manky Mondaymorningsville to the fickle followers of fashion Rise Up and Get Hence but but but... it's stuck on a 12" non-super decidedly UN-popoid groove thang and I'm reminded of my dear maternal grandmother's Final Lucid Moments, WEARING HAIRCUTS IS NOT ENOUGH in days like these, son, you need GUTS and STYLE and some kinda cute re-freshed VISION and VERVE and sheer unswerving simple-hearted single-minded PURE POP CONVICTION too or you'll end up like your father.

We're an odd family. (See also: "Bears, 14 Iced")

Further along the Sussex Coast amid the charming convalescent-home lined mean-avenues of St.Leonards-on-Sea, we find the Hipstones creating the wondrousome "If Fishes Could Talk EP" but deciding not to release it, SHAME, I've always wanted a soft furry Orange Juice with random staccato sax intrusions and the most annoying OH-no-here-it-comes-again keyboard (?) repetition tune since the Degrad's 1983 classic "I Saw Bobby Sobbing In The Lobby" um digression IMAGINE a totally neurotic toy-shop come to life as per normal then suddenly being told that it's just 4 minutes till the Bomb Drops...

The Siddeleys and Reserve, regulars at the Cool Trout Basement-full-of-cool-trouts-who-won't-buy-fanzines, Siddeleys jangle happily but with STERNER lyrical edge, Reserve a simplistic one-man buzzzz but subtle tunes and a neat line in pseudo-Parfisea mind-numb...

Or BLACKCURRANT DEXEDRINE, Bristol's finest mostly all-girl pop group who one day will be HUGE, LUSCIOUS and POUTING, they remain as yet raw and unformed despite several (so far unsuccessful) attempts to get all four (or five, possibly six) members in the same room at the same time. Last heard of pathetically making eyes at dubious local beat-combos in the hope of maybe loaning a drumkit.

AND FINALLY, Exeter's VISITORS introduce Total Classics Inc. via "Gold Mining", reminiscences of early Distractions and an admirable grasp of Complete Unabridged Pop-Ethics: "CARRYING THE IDEOLOGICAL OBJECTIONS TO TOTP OF THE NOW LONG-HAIRED PUNK TRAITORS THE CLASH TO LOGICAL CONCLUSIONS, THESE LOVABLE MOP-TOPS REFUSE TO BE PLAYED ON THE RADIO. THEY HOPE TO CHANGE THE WORLD BY BEING VERY RUDE TO EVERYBODY." - what more to add, other than

that they're NOT lovable mop-tops and that their guitarist is completely and utterly incapable of eating a Digestive biscuit in a manner that comes second-nature to the rest of the human-race, preferring instead to SQUELCH such items into one's carpet with the sole of his boot, ah, POPSTARS...

everything's all right
oh yeah,
everything's fine now,
I DON'T CARE...

which is "BUBBLEGUM" by

perfect Daze, cute little
bit of no-good picked-up

last night at the
funfair and the most

STUPIDLY OPTIMISTIC
bloody GENIUS jacked-up
high and mindless as a
weasel on "Tape"

sub-moronic ultra-Ramonic
picnic-time power-pop 7"

IN TOWN,

replete with geetar solos
and rockist posing

I JUST CHEW MY BUBBLEGUM

and poke my tongue
in your eye...



"as desperation takes hold..."

... our greengrocer has the right idea,

every morning he puts out a big sign saying "TODAY'S SPECIAL"...

"There," I think to myself, wandering past, "is a man who UNDERSTANDS."

BIGGER BRIGHTER WORLD

Oh look, I'm feeling STUPIDLY optimistic today...

"... I know very little about the distance between stars,
or the motives of bees,
but I can always smell the summer coming,
at the latest by early spring...

(ARTERY: 'Into The Garden')

THE SCENT OF ORANGE BLOSSOM (etc.)

I guess it's late spring now. Actually I know quite a lot about distances between stars on account of once believing I wanted to be a scientist... but I still prefer to sit here of an evening with the front-door wide open letting the smell drift in... they were cutting the grass again on the Downs today, simple things I know but... daffodils outside my front door, HA!

Love it all...

I could also write you PAGES on precisely WHY the sky is blue and not green or orange or polka-dot pink... but it doesn't really matter,

I can still lie on my back in the grass and think WOW!!!! Silly really.

All part of growing up.

A SENSE OF PROPORTION!!!

for when people depress me...

catching a ride on the 302 through Pilning and Easter Compton to Aust village and afternoon tea at the M4 services with big picture-window windswept views of the Severn Bridge HUGE and unreal (just reach-out-and-touch...) **THE BRIDGE.**

—and walking, High and Mighty above the river while the motorway thunders blindly westwards into Wales at your side and far away on your OTHER side a distant cold untroubled sunset turning the water milky gold shimmering over Bedwin Sands and a hard Atlantic breeze ALL OF THESE THINGS I love but best of all turning down into Chepstow and the tea-room behind the Castle and then the last bus home through the night.....funny kinda life.

Seem to do it a lot.

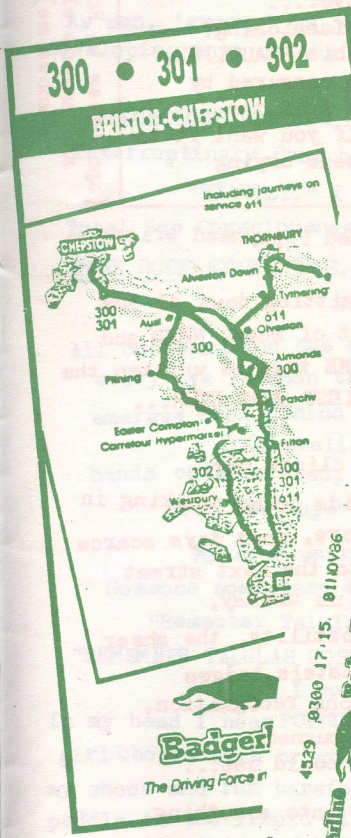
Gentle Tuesday (I still call them...)
bringing tears to my eyes.

Somewhere it was raining.

Sorry about the cliches,
but life's chock-full of them...

Oh yeah (P.S.)

WHERE ARE YOU NOW WHEN I NEED YOU
busy not spending the day with me,
that's all,
come here and I'll cry all over you (ha...)
hummm this is coming on all rather
stained with melancholy, apologies



"... it's the middle of the night, I've just spent 5 hours in David's room, and the 2 of us have just come up with the happiest song EVER! And it's so SIMPLE - we said "let's write the perfect 2 chord song"... AND WE DID!!! A fabby springtime tune developing into catchy chaotic chorus, 100's of notes spilling everywhere then it's over..."

Why do people need to bother crafting, perfecting, fashioning? It's just not NECESSARY when Pop can be this simple, this BEAUTIFUL, this DIRECT and uncluttered, WHY does merit have to be measured by virtuosity, complexity? "Refinement" only removes you from the initial seedling of an idea: it'll grow up BY ITSELF if you want it to, blossom into a big red POPPY swaying in the summer breeze crying pick ME!!! I'm just so EXCITED..."

(apologies to Rob, David, and anyone else who knows me)

"the world is blue like an ORANGE"

... a bemused Poppyhead writes...

I LOVE THE IDEA, a band sitting down at 3am writing letters just out of sheer NEED and desire to TELL SOMEONE they've written the HAPPIEST SONG EVER...



Fig 1.

Ah the POPPYHEADS, their story almost a cliché now, one more bunch of dead-end kids found skulking in some seedy downtown record-store, most days scarce raising their glued-up eyes to the next street corner but SOMETHING made us uneasy, behind the cold wall of hostility, the sheer naked CONTEMPT and the Pastels badges slashed and defaced beyond recognition, something young and vital burned, something we could use...

McHoney and myself knew it; we could mould these people into something TRULY SPECIAL, something the world would have to notice, 28 feet 9 inches of pure SUBVERSION...

Pure Subversion,

the world's first ever 6½" 4 song 1 sided flexi EP,

FOUR SONGS FOR 13p, 2 EPs for the price of an ice-cream, roll-up roll-up (... and you can, I once sent one in a Christmas cracker and it still played in a vague kinda way...)

I'll explain:

Cast your mind back (bit at a time if that helps...) to March, Legendary Last Night of the Legendary EEC PUNK ROCK MOUNTAIN and REMEMBER, Biff Bang Pow! onstage (imagine incidentally earlier, Alan McGee talking to me, talking to me um kinda "I don't know if you're into all this

Creation stuff..." oh ALAN I could've cried....) casting their hearts to the four walls of the George and Railway with such most trembling ACHING slow strung-out version of "Love's Going..." and

suddenly amid the general hubbub and tears, I am slipped a small yellow cassette, "THE POPPYHEADS - Total Swing" IT HAD BEGUN.....

Next day I meet Rob! outside "Fresh Food" greengrocery Clifton Down.

"Hey Boy", he says shyly, indicating the cassette I now wear medallion-like round my neck, "groovy?"

"GROOVY?" I say inCWEDulously, "GROOVY???"

Aw man, 'groovy' is just NOT IN IT, we're talking fabby springtime tunes developing into catchy chaotic chorusses, we're talking 100's of notes spilling everywhere then it's over, we're talking..."

"LUSCIOUS POUTING POP INCARNATE???" shouts the greengrocer-man interruptingly from behind a wall of courgette, his eyes aflame with GLEE.

"EXACTLY!" I continue, "an oozing slimy heap of (one might say) Total Pop Consciousness in motion, THE LIVING EMBODIMENT OF ALMOST PURE PUNK ROCK EXPERIENCE, I'd know it a mile off."

Suddenly I am aware of a change come over the piazza. All conversation has ceased, faces have appeared in doorways, every eye is upon the disgusting little greengrocer-man as he slowly emerges from behind his stall.

In disbelief I see him now quivering at Rob's feet, hands outstretched, imploring...

"... the tape", he is saying, "can you get us the MASTER-TAPE???"

My head whirls.

Someone somewhere begins to shout,

Fig 2.

"Remember Talulah Gosh", they are saying
"REMEMBER TALULAH GOSH!"

I put my hands over my ears.

In my head I hear POPMUSIC, angelic teenage girl choirs with bright shiny guitars I take off my shoes and run barefoot through your hair and paddle in the limpid blue pools of your eyes, a small boy with shrimp-net and

green sou'wester
innocent and
happy back on
the rocks at

Hunstanton

THIS IS

ALL I WANT
to be loved and
cuddled and sent
out SMILING and
whole each morning

but at each TURN my dreams are

beaten down by the monstrous
pestles of CAPITALIST GREED and the
vaguely surreal greengrocers and postmen
who must it seems forever now patrol my fevered nighttimes

IT SHOULDN'T BE LIKE THIS...

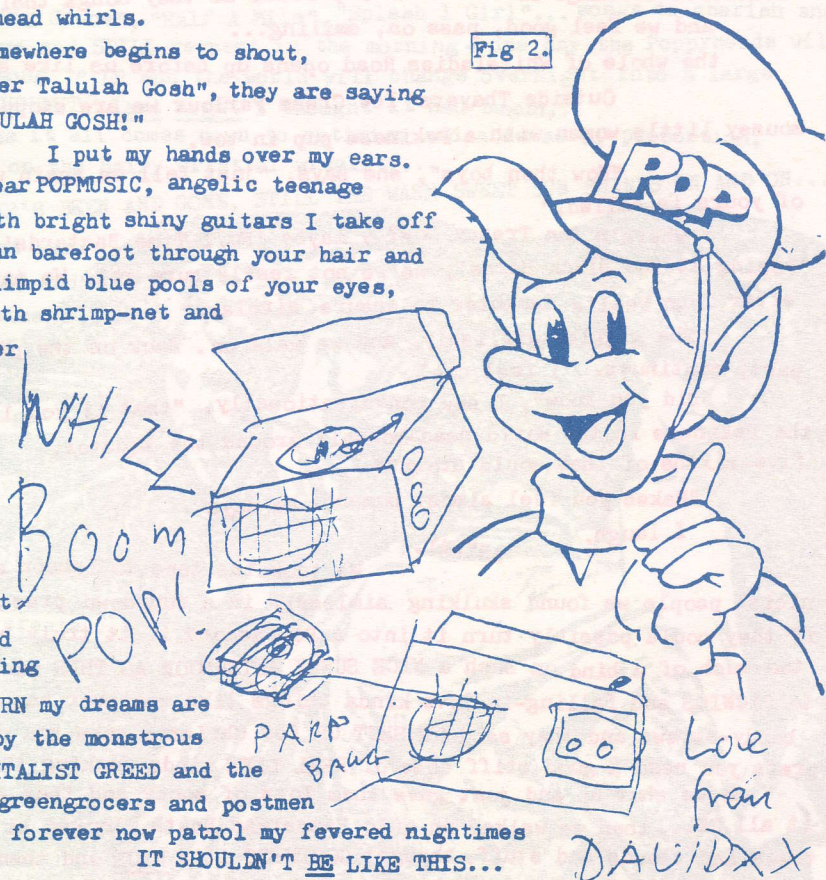


Figure 2 (overleaf): "DAVID POPPYHEAD ILLUSTRATES FOR US THE COMPARATIVE POP PRODUCTION CAPABILITIES (P.P.C.s) OF CASSETTE-DECKS AND RECORD-PLAYERS." IF YOU'D LIKE TO DISCUSS THE MATTER FURTHER WITH HIM, OR MERELY TO WRITE TO THE POPPYHEADS AND ASK THEM "WHY?" OR TO TELL THEM NOT TO DO IT AGAIN, THE ALL-ESSENTIAL G41 ADDRESS IS: DAVID, 151 MAXWELL DRIVE, GLASGOW.

"FUCK OFF, you're just a cheap dramatic device, you can't start REACTING..."

"I have a large chequebook", he swarms, ignoring me, "and at least three lovely till-girls called Sharon, if you take my meaning..."

I turn away in disgust, a teasingly aimed Doc.Marten dislodging several trays of tomatoes. Lucky I brought it along.

Oh me of little faith! For Rob! is a man of Finely Tuned Pop Sensibility who knows a crate of dodgy mushrooms when he sees one (oh AMELIA...) and now I sense his hopelessly contrived presence once more at my side.

"Hey Boy", he is saying, "chin up! Don't you forget, we're not Talulah Gosh, we're THE POPPYHEADS..."

His words ring out, and suddenly the whole piazza ERUPTS, we hear cheering, whistling, dogs are barking, children laughing, a train of dreamy-eyed housewives threads among the scattered wreckage of fresh-daily produce as they conga their cares away... and we feel good, pass on, smiling...

the whole of Whiteladies Road opens up before us like a dolphin.

Outside Thayers' Ice Cream Parlour we are stopped by a mousey little woman with a Pekinese pup in tow.

"Now then boys", she says, "just tell me again what that EP of yours is called."

"Where's Dan Treacy Now?', maybe 'Full-Time Bastards', or even 'Posing at the Black Horse', we're not really sure yet. We may just name it after John Peel's daughter to ensure airplay."

She giggles girlishly, and we walk on. Back on the piazza the party continues. I feel cool.

"Did you know", I say conversationally, "that if you laid all the Pekinese in the world head-to-tail around the Equator, five-sixths of them would drown?"

"Makes you feel almost human", he says

I laugh.

ANYWAY.

We took the tape to London and asked some nicish people we found skulking aimlessly in a run-down pressing-plant if they could possibly turn it into a Pop Record if it truly honestly wasn't too much of a bind on such a NICE SUNNY AFTERNOON AS THIS much more suited to PICNICS and falling-in-love kinda things like whatever happened to bendy-straws and they said OH SHUT UP for Christ's sake you dreary little prats you need a good stiff dose of REAL LIFE kinda fucking thing and....

So we shut up and just gave them lots of money and that seemed to make it all OK... then we walked up onto Hampstead Heath, looked at some of the trees and clouds and stuff, thought GOODNESS it's NICE and then went home.

the POPPYHEADS

one-two-three-four
maybe six or
seven 1 minute
songs then the
3/4 hour feedback

NOISE distortion of "Where The Poppies Grow..."

harvey court
Cambridge
24th April
9p.m.

oh maybe raw on the record but onstage pure ROAR and
undivided LOVE and affection tonight coloured & textured
by Katie's viola SUCH SONGS, joys to behold/held and
spun high through the air almost EDIBLE glowing POPTunes
whirling through a swirling heat-haze of summer-stripes and
crashing wide-eyed arms-spread into your HEART and the
HAPPIEST SONG EVER WRITTEN just skips and grins and
vaggles its ears... while the SADDEST sits in a corner and
weeps, earnestly yearning and turning things over, burning and
churned-up inside, "... when I wake in the morning,

I feel like you're still by my side..."

etc. etc. ETC!!!

INSTINCT: knowing that the Velvets peaked with the 1st song of the 1st LP...

ATTACK: the ESSENTIAL of having a song called "LOVE & HATE..."

APPEAL: not caring that Biff Bang Pow! had one too...

"Saving Grace", "Half A Mile", "Splash 1 Girl"... songs to cherish and
adore and love and STILL respect in the morning - one day the Poppyheads will
record a 12 song 7" LP and the world will change overnight into a large
sugary DOUGHNUT, last night I thought it had begun...

I guess it all comes down to optimism and a sense of proportion,
a firm grasp on the hairy wrist of wreality...

NOW THE SUMMER'S BEEN AND GONE, STILL THE WARM SWEET SUN SHINES ON AND ON...

our own sweet warm
sun (Sha-la-la) and
come Octobertime
... oh but it's
only MAY,
and
we've still got

A WHOLE

SUMMER

to create...



THE SUN AIN'T COMING OUT IN JUNE...

This fanzine hasn't WORKED, that hurts, there's no ACID or joy in the words, they've all died on me, great humourless wastes and playhour stuff, I'm sorry.

Meanwhile, back in the Real World, life grinds slowly to a halt.

John Peel bloody DONOVAN revivals, around me W.Prophet/T.P.E. regressive rock'n'roll vacuous guitar bands (MLD's, Railway Children etc.) expand to fill the space available, AoC's big EMPTY noise grows loud and hollow, Music Press increasingly grey depressingly childish "macho" boys-own praising juvenile little-boy cack-rock of Crazyheads etc. WELCOMING HOME the whole early seventies Rockstar mentality with open arms... and the only LIFE on Radio 1 is the 10% HARD hip-hop that gets through with the dross...

I'm re-reading Karen's last letter:

"I work in a place that employs 2000 people and I have no-one to talk to! Why do I always look so sulky? Yeah, sure, if I wanted to talk about Eastenders I'd have 1,999 people to talk to, but I fucking don't, I wanna talk about..."

POPmusic. Whole way of BELIEVING.

2 minutes from the Clouds or a letter in the post, keeps me alive and BURNING floods my head with IDEAS there's so much I want to do...

I have this dream...

... of Sha-la-la filling the summer full of the most wonderful beautiful

FAITH-RESTORING love-poetry

POPmusic by bands who scarce

know how or why or what it is they do,

they just DO IT and know it matters...

And maybe then a REAL record will emerge, pure and sweet wrappedaround coyly in a HUGE envelopping fold-out BRIGHT COLOUR POSTER

BUT NOT YET!!!

If we put out "proper" records now we'd just become Yet Another Record Label.

Oh, so we'd get a bit of short-term fame and glory (BABY LEMONADE could've blown ANY chart WIDE open) but it'd be selfish and short-sighted, we want to

CHANGE THINGS, and FLEXIDISCS are VITAL because of what they represent.

they said
we'd be
artistically free...



1.0. PURE DISTILLED 100% UNTAINTED POPMUSIC!!!

"Personal ideals ARE too much, people won't know what it represents, it's not this awe-inspiring REVOLUTIONARY tool, it's just a guy with nice ideas..."

Oh Karen I KNOW, I know my precious beautiful "Flosay" will get SLAUGHTERED by reviewers and NOBODY will understand WHY it means so much and people will STILL come up to me and say

"Don't you wish they were 'proper' records?" and I'll think oh WHY CAN'T YOU FUCKING UNDERSTAND...

... how I just hold it up and see

4 POP-songs on 1 side of a 6½" piece of floppy plastic inside a sky-blue grass-green sunshine-yellow SLEEVE and I'm shaking, laughing, EVERYTHING...

Oh Christ look, I sit here and the radio instructs me that the Tories have got a 3 trillion % lead in the opinion polls and I'm wasting ink on bloody POPmusic but...

It's all to do with Dreams and Ideals... and ATTITUDE.

What hope for BIG CHANGE if we don't attack the roots?

Whether it's a small record-company pathetically giving-in and toeing the market line or some large multinational scandal operation, it's all helping bolster the capitalist/profit-motive guiding principle; and when it's done by a little record company like 53rd & 3rd or Dreamworld, selling a couple of thousand records to people still mostly at school/college/on the dole IT'S FUCKING DISGUSTING...

"Basically, I'm in this group to propagate revolutionary views and help overthrow Capitalism. I've got no illusions about how small and relatively insignificant we are..."

... this is another letter, from Malcolm Eden of McCarthy, and he knows that selling 2000 copies of "Frans Hals" won't change the world, but it's the underlying personal BELIEF that matters, lose that simple belief/faith and EVERYTHING dies... McCarthy are the most important band in the world because they are making the most beautiful MUSIC in the world, but that music wouldn't exist without THAT BELIEF, and the music propagates THAT BELIEF as a self-generating, living breathing EMOTION fuelled/filled WHOLE...

— so different from the usual trite truisms and cliches, the copybook slogans hung on a pretty tune to produce no more than a black plastic badge, hollow and worthless. POINTless.

Consider this fanzine/record-label as a POLITICAL STATEMENT far more relevant than the usual inept mis-aimed sloganeering.

e.g. I don't know the first thing about taxes and interest rates but I know I can't afford to buy the 12" singles in Revolver...

I don't know, I'm feeling kinda despairing, when people are so pathetic it scares me, I feel the ground slipping - I keep TRUSTING PEOPLE and they keep letting me down, political/personal, it's all getting confused, but sometimes I just want to SCREAM and DESTROY THINGS...

On Brandon Hill

One night amid the midnight chimes of a distant clocktower I climbed through a soft warm rain to a place high above the city, through clammy grass then rockpools and waterfalls to crouch beneath the floodlit tower and

look down upon the city, a million tiny specks of light that glittered across the great dark space still dully humming and

close by stones and plants glowed a strange indoor light and the raindrops trailed ACROSS THE SKY suspended in flickering silvery strands cobwebbing the yellow-washed tower and

I said, "we should be getting home..."

But I don't think you heard.

I don't think you were there.

This has been "ARE YOU SCARED TO GET HAPPY" issue 6, written basically by me but with much help from KAREN, notably on the Bridge, Honeymooners & Repulsion but in other ways too... ALSO, as ever, lots of letters have been ransacked for nice words - I've tried to acknowledge the more blatant cases but apologies if a few have slipped through unnoticed...

BIG thanks to everybody who helped distribute copies of last issue, especially: Chris, Clare, Johnny, Nick, Jim, Jason + Mark, Elaine, Mandy, Dave, Mark, Rob, Claire, Jim 2, um, I've lost the bit of paper...

PLEASE - if you can help with our distribution, even just a few copies in a local record-shop, it is much appreciated, and I shall try and think of some way of rewarding you. We need all the help we can get to make this WORK.

There are still a few copies of last issue left, including the wondrous BABY LEMONADE/BACHELOR PAD flexi (ba ba ba-ba ba 003) if you'd like to send 50p + SAE... or alternatively the latest "Simply Thrilled" has the same flexi, if you're sick of me... apply c/o Jim, Flat 2/1, 2 Maxwell Grove, Glasgow, G41 2JW... also 50p + SAE.

Qualified thanks to the 2-headed striped beastie for producing "373..." somebody must like it and ANYway it makes a dead cute bookmark for this...

Also to Elaine for the usual spiritual and emotional guidance, but more importantly this time for lending us lots of money.

Finally, please please PLEASE write to us 'cos it's the only way we can find out what you think... and tell all your friends about us! Or we'll tell them all about you...

Humph.

Matt
Xxx

Please write c/o

GARDEN FLAT
46 UPPER BELGRAVE RD.
BRISTOL
BS8 2XN

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Spring 1987

