



THE  
SUN  
SHINES  
HERE

HURRAH!  
JASMINE MINKS  
FELT  
SHOP ASSISTANTS  
BLUE ORCHIDS  
JUNE BRIDES  
CREATION RIP  
BIG FLAME

30p



THE  
SUN  
SHINES  
HERE

a two minute love song...





# THE ONLY FUN IN TOWN . . .



“We can choose to lose or win  
We can refuse to be shut in..”

IT'S UP TO YOU



Done by  
me, with help from John  
...even Elaine

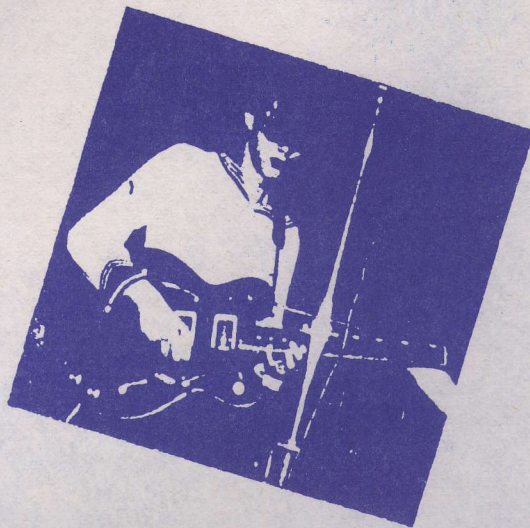
Many thanks to  
Lawrence, Phil Wilson, Alan

Hellos to  
Kevin, Chris, Paul, Alison

Affectionately dedicated to  
all those miserable bastards  
who don't answer letters.

If this product fails to give  
complete satisfaction  
please write, enclosing proof  
of purchase, to:

Matt  
Garden Flat  
46 Upper Belgrave Rd.  
Bristol BS8 2XN



The dream starts here . . . . .



YEAH!! That's what a fanzine should be, a two minute love-song IN PRINT, love and all it implies...

Like getting all doe-eyed and gooey over this new four song 7" EP by the Shop Assistants, on Bristol's very own Subway Records...

Just 'cause those five little words, "four song seven inch EP" make me go all weak, thinking somebody else does care, all, somebody does remember... and, above all, somebody has just written two of the most perfect love songs EVER - and I'm going to get laughed at all over the fucking country for saying that I know, probably by the band above all others, but I DON'T CARE - "All Day Long" and "All That Ever Mattered" are TWO OF THE MOST PERFECT LOVE SONGS EVER. OK?

Oh you know, like what was so wonderful about the Buzzcocks, the way it was all so simple so perfect... PERFECT... NOBODY needed long words, NOTHING needed analysing - just a buzz of guitar and "What do I get? No love. What do I get? No sleep at night..."

"I'LL BE BY YOUR SIDE. NOTHING ELSE TO DO. I'LL BE HERE WITH YOU.  
I WANT TO BE WITH YOU."  
(Or remember "Too Happy", yeah, Tracey bloody Thorn...)

"WHEN THE WORLD IS OUT TO GET YOU, YOU WON'T CRY 'COS I WON'T LET YOU"

It's like... oh I don't know, "ALL DAY LONG" - a simple utter perfection of a song that lasts 108 seconds because it's a 108 second song, because all that there is to be said has BEEN said after 108 seconds... THIS is punk-rock - yeah, PUNK ROCK!! Why not?

Just go and LOOK at your copy of "Love You More" (what do you mean you haven't... everybody... oh GO AWAY! Fuck OFF, d'you hear!) - on the label, 1'45"... until the razor CUTS... people wrap songs in grey flab to try and hide the fact there's no spine, those that do have something of worth don't need no flab... hear those razors go slash slash SLASH? No, neither do I.

Not no more.

"WHEN YOU'RE FEELING TIRED AND SHATTERED, WE ARE ALL THAT EVER MATTERED..."

What am I trying to say... that the Jasmine Minks' "What's Happening" (1'50") should be CHANGING PEOPLE'S LIVES, in years to come people should be saying THAT WAS OUR SONG... "I don't know what's happening to me but I know it's just right"... you know, a falling in love sorta thing... "when I'm with you everything seems... JUST RIGHT!!"

SOMETHING

TO DO

WITH

SOMETHING

CALLED

LOVE!



"THE GIRLS AT ALL THE PARTIES, NOW FLAUNT THEMSELVES"

THIS IS WHAT THIS FANZINE IS ALL ABOUT...

Oh you don't need to know anything about the band, I shan't bore you with it anyway, I'll leave that to everybody else... as a friend said to me (disparagingly) after their Mission Club gig on board the Thekla: "A guitarist who can't play and two drummers who can't even manage a drum kit BETWEEN them" - YEAH! and imagine Jimmy Page (that his name?) scratching his head over the James Kirk songbook oh-dear-how-far-we-have-fallen... who the fuck CARES! Take a bow, AlexDavidSarahAnnLaura, for looking like a punk-rock band (te-hee) ought to look, for playing like a punk-rock band ought to play... What is needed is for everybody to hear, everybody to see oh hell feltasteSMELL if you like this EP... "This is the start... of cleaning up the charts" as it says scratched into the run-off groove of the Bodines gorgeous new single (for look at the mess we've made!)... or "PUNK ROCK" as it says on "What's Happening"... all together now one two three four one two three...  
and the dream starts HERE!!!

(lyrics printed without permission)



BUT FIRST...

THE NEXT BIT WAS GOING TO BE THE "INTRODUCTION", BUT THEN I GOT MY SHOP ASSISTANTS EP AND WANTED TO TELL YOU ALL... ANYWAY, TO PROCEED, WHAT FOLLOWS IS DEDICATED TO ALL THOSE MISERABLE BASTARDS WHO WON'T ACCEPT THAT WE DARE CRITICISE THEIR SAFE SMUG LITTLE GHETTOES OF "ALTERNATIVE" MUSIC, WON'T TOE THE FANZINE

PARTY LINE... ALL WRITTEN OUT IN NICE ORDERLY SENTENCES, OTHERWISE THEY PICK US UP ON EVERY LITTLE FIGURE OF SPEECH, EACH LITTLE TURN OF PHRASE... THE WORLD IS FULL OF "GOOD BLOKES" MAKING CRAP MUSIC, AND THERE'S A FEW BLUFFS NEED TO BE CALLED...

EVERYONE ELSE CAN THINK ABOUT THE FIRE ENGINES, AND THE FOLLOWING QUOTES FROM A RECENT INTERVIEW WITH MEAT WHIPLASH:

Q: Does the name have anything to do with the Fire Engines?

A: Yes, it's the name of one of their singles. But we're not Fire Engines fans. Not great fans.

HOW FUCKING DARE THEY?! HOW CAN YOU TAKE A BAND SERIOUSLY WHEN THEY CHOOSE THEIR NAME JUST BECAUSE "FIRE ENGINES" IS A PRETTY HIP

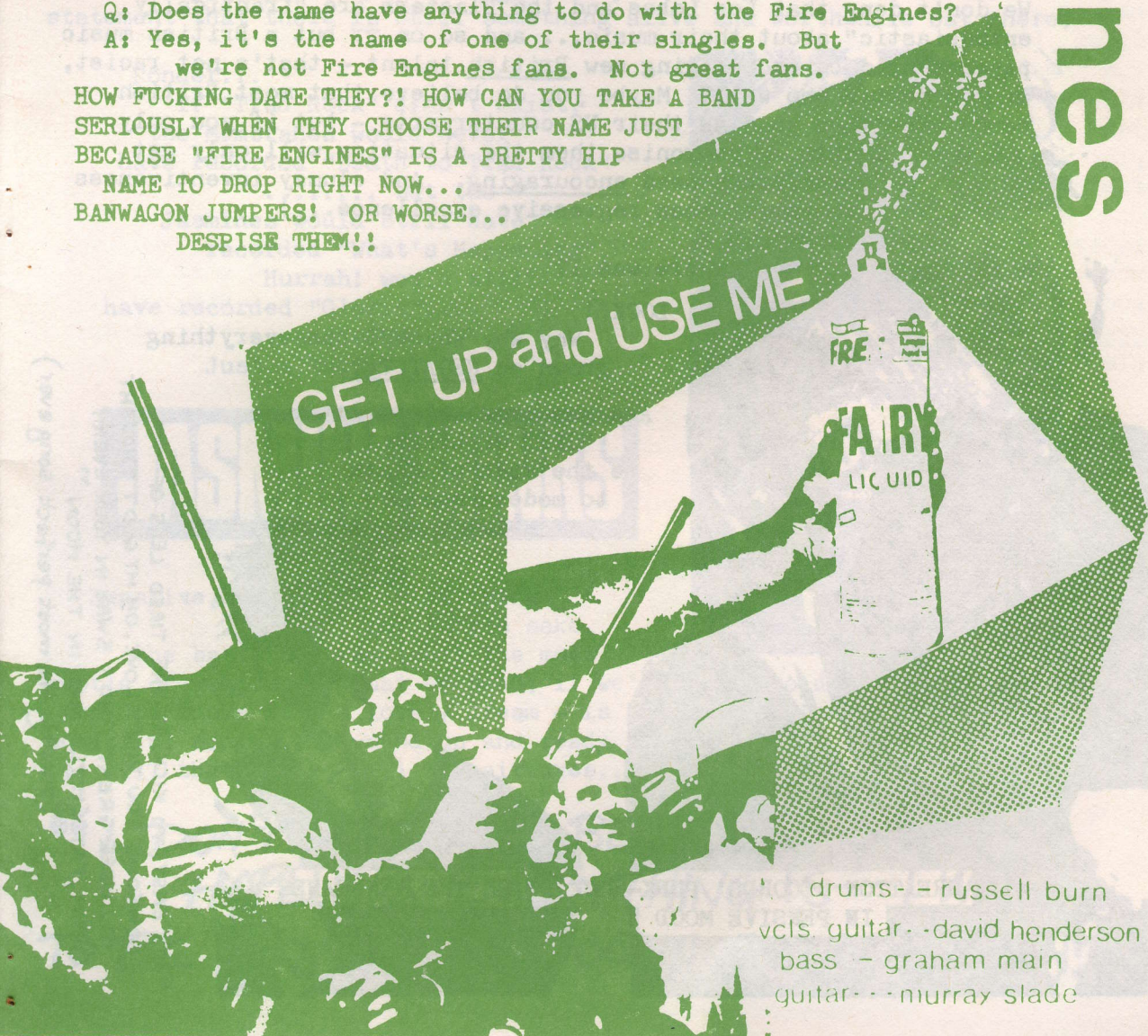
NAME TO DROP RIGHT NOW...

BANWAGON JUMPERS! OR WORSE...

DESPISE THEM!!

**FIRE ENGINES**  
**only london**  
**date! 22 feb**  
**the Moonlight**  
**HUNGRY BEAT**

fire  
engines



drums - - russell burn  
vcls. guitar - - david henderson  
bass - - graham main  
guitar - - murray slade



# HOLY GHOSTS AND POP SHOW HOSTS...

It's a funny old world... there you go, a Membranes song just to get us all in the right mood... **WRONG WRONG WRONG** - it being a long established fact that all fanzines these days start with a quote from either Hurrah! or the Jasmine Minks as respectively the best and best bands in that funny old sick old world.

I don't know though. I'm feeling kinda desolate right now... the nightly trips, raincoat collar turned up high in this last bleak midsummer of punk, to scatter unloved copies of the first issue of this wretched fanzine into the sad and murky waters of the Avon - washed-up manna to the poor folks of Clevedon and Bridgewater maybe, but meaning fuck-all to anybody else, are starting to pall. While out there in real world Britain 1985 (that's the rest of you, apparently), the cry is "Death to Trad Rock", oh if only you could see, out here on our western shores at low-tide, slow ponderous crablike creatures are crawling ashore ... "Hey man, let's rock..."

(Which reminds me:

Dear Mat Snow, c/o NME, Carnaby Street, London, ~~Calif~~ England. We don't deny that Los Lobos and the Blasters are "frantically enthusiastic" about their music... and so on... but a British music paper should be encouraging new British talent - that's not racist, if you don't, who will? Maybe you do believe that most British bands aren't as good as their US counterparts - but if you only ignore or patronise them the situation will only get worse, they need encouraging. And clumsy inventiveness is better than regressive excellence...)

Where was I?

LOOK!!

Why Why Why **WHY** has everything grown so NEGATIVE?

Are you prepared to let  
"GIFT OF LIFE"  
be the kiss of death  
to modern music?



CREATION RECORDS' PUNK-ROCK STARS THE MEMBRANES  
IN PENSIVE MOOD

"IT'S EASY TO KICK AT THE TIRED LEGS OF  
SOMEONE YOU DON'T LOVE. OH MY GOD I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE GREAT, AND I SWAM IN YOUR EVERY  
WHIM, FAT LITTLE MAN IN THE MOON"  
(possibly the most perfect song ever)



If so, I hate every atom of your miserable little body and the feeling's probably mutual, for which I'm glad.

Negative? YEAH!! Those that say they care, that they see the way we're heading, seem content just to show the absurdity and hopelessness of it all, from the racket of the Membranes to the grim experimentalists "destructuring", "reconstituting" or whatever other long word the NME can dream up ("necrophilia" is one that springs to mind...) - all very interesting, but who's going to remember "Pumpkin Moon" or a group of Germans smashing up the ICA with steamhammers (or was that last season my dear?) in ten, twenty, SIXTY years time... but just think of me, when I'm in my eighties, still remembering the thrill sorry THRILL of hearing Hurrah! play "Hip Hip" for the first time... still maybe able to get that thrill as I blow the dust from etc. etc. etc.

Better than screwing a corpse anyway. Or is it, Mr. Robb?

A thought, a naive whim... can't we just have songs that are so good, so wonderful, we can forget "Trad Rock" even exists... you won't beat down those Trad Rock structures however hard you thump your tiny fists, your scrapmetal drums, scream inarticulate screams... do you think the makers of "Trad Rock" really give the proverbial two fucks about what the Membranes are up to? To my mind, writing a song as good as the Jasmine Minks "What's Happening", say, is a FAR more powerful gesture - a POSITIVE statement that there is still something alive and worthwhile out there.

Ponder...

if "Trad Rock" didn't exist,  
the Membranes would never  
have recorded "Death to Trad Rock"

..... but the  
Jasmines would still have  
recorded "What's Happening",  
Hurrah! would still  
have recorded "Gloria"....

and so on.

Just a thought.

## JASMINE MINKS

Negative, positive, think think  
THINK!! for fuck's sake,  
the battering ram isn't the most  
subtle of weapons... What we need, if we're going to destroy Trad Rock -  
and God knows it's a lovely dream - is hundreds of bands writing  
wonderful songs, all wound up and ready to play,  
to fill the charts, fill the airwaves...



"I DON'T WANT TO BE TOLD HOW  
HOPELESS EVERYTHING IS—I WANT  
TO BE SHOWN HOW GOOD IT CAN BE—YEAH!!"



But... sixty years I said... maybe I shouldn't look that far ahead, you say, maybe I shouldn't bury my head in the sand (your phrases, your phrases) with so many (cough) potential Hiroshimas locked up inside the Greenham perimeter wires, so many potential irrational acts fermenting in the sheer desperation created by certain government policies... you say, you say... oh stop talking fucking cliches, I KNOW...

But then, you see, I think that Biff Bang Pow's "Love's Going Out Of Fashion" is a far greater affirmation of the oh, I don't know, "goodness" if you like that is still left than any of the Redskins' "Let's Stand Together" rhetoric. Listening to the Redskins, 3 Johns etc. doesn't fill me with any hope, despite the obvious sincerity, I just grow desperate at the championing of such displays of non-creativity, the utter poverty of realistic positive ideas.... and then I remember standing in a sweaty mass of leather jackets and greasy hair in a 95% male Living Room audience, the 3 Johns on stage, the floor awash with spilt beer, and me feeling quite sick at the sight of it all.... just reminds me how hopeless things can be... IF WE LET THEM. But I go away and listen to Microdisney's "Pink Skinned Man" and then I feel happy, happy that there's still people left who can write such wonderful songs.

And now I guess I'll get lots of letters telling me that some of the greatest most powerful songs ever written are political songs... in which case I give up. If people can't understand that the SONG has to come first, if only for impact... To my ears, 90% of the supposed "power" of the Johns comes from their drum machine, and I find it difficult to get all worked up and emotional over a drum machine. Sorry. Guess there's just a little piece of me missing, deep inside. If Paul Weller were to play an acoustic set of Jam songs they'd still sound great. Would the Johns?

And if I want to find out how sick the world is I could just read the papers. Or watch television if I had one. And wonder... what will happen when the Tories do depart and things maybe don't improve... oh what will poor Billy do then, do then, oh what will poor Billy do then. Did you hear his last Peel session, "Everybody's got to join a union, yeah, clump clump clump...", noble sentiments maybe but MUSIC??? Jesus...


Bristol. August 1985. Rain rain rain, little statue pigeons all stiff and still on the rooftops opposite heads literally tucked under their wings so cold so wet so these are the Meat Puppets. Their first EP, "In A Car" on World Imitation, is probably the greatest record ever to come out of the USA. All right, Mr. Snow?

"WE HAVE  
NOTHING  
DECENT WE  
CAN DREAM  
ABOUT  
... WHERE'S  
THE HOPE  
OR  
BEAUTY,  
TRUTH OR  
DIGNITY?"



NOT REALLY A MOLE AT ALL





ONE OF THE CRITICISMS OF THE FIRST ISSUE WAS THAT ALL THE ARTICLES TENDED TO RUN TOGETHER SO YOU NEVER KNEW WHAT EACH WAS ABOUT, AND THAT ANYWAY, THEY ALL SEEMED TO BE ABOUT HURRAH! OR THE JASMINE MINKS.

WHICH SEEMS AN ODD THING TO CRITICISE.

BUT, JUST TO MAKE THINGS CLEAR, WHAT FOLLOWS IS THE JASMINE MINKS ARTICLE. OKAY?



# JOSEF K SPLIT STARTS SCOTTISH POP AVALANCHE



# THE JASMINE MINKS ARTICLE

You know what makes me sick?  
REALLY SICK? Being in Revolver  
the day the Bodines single came in  
and seeing it sell out before it  
had even "hit the racks". "That all  
you ordered?" said a purchaser,  
clutching his Nightingales 12" close  
to his Joy Division tee-shirt,  
"I'd have thought, what with it being  
on Creation..." Yeah yeah yeah.

Or the NME a few weeks ago. Double page spread for the Bodines and  
Primal Scream. So, having missed the initial peaks of Creation, they  
desperately try and catch up, appear hip, pick up on two of the 'new'  
bands - God, I mean, the Bodines hadn't even released their single then.  
Meanwhile, the Jasmine Minks, with THREE singles and a mini-LP already,  
must suffer the NME's pride, their refusal to admit they hadn't spotted  
the Jasmynes earlier... see their review of "What's Happening" as  
"languishing in the shadow of last year's seemingly untoppable "Think!""  
- so bloody "untoppable" nobody even fucking reviewed it at the time...  
and the music press wonder why we desp... no, I'll save that till later.

But as they say... "THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM AND US  
CAN BE ACCEPTED WITH LITTLE FUSS..."

LOOK!!! I didn't expect to be writing this. I thought if any of  
the Creation bands were going to make it it would be the Jasmynes.  
I forgot, silly me, that they share Hurrah's problem of having nothing  
to offer us except dozens of fucking brilliant songs, hardly a selling-  
point in this day and age. So what am I supposed to do? Tell you all  
about their fascinating history, you mean as in "Aberdeen four-piece come  
to London and make brilliant records" oops I've just done it. Or their  
stage antics? Well, two of them play guitars, another drums... is that  
what you mean?... and that they have been known to utter the words  
"Punk-Rock", albeit a mite wistfully at times... or that they wanted to  
come to Bristol and play on the Thekla, as in WANTED, not "well, we'll  
come if you pay us enough and supply champagne and things-en-sticks as  
described in our brochure" but WANTED, 'cause they'd never played on a  
boat before...

So what do I do? I could just sit here describing the singles one  
by one, right from the untoppable "Think!" which to my mind has been  
topped several times already, was topped by its own b-side, "Work for  
Nothing", 128 seconds of pure punk-rock, with those (almost) opening  
lines that should have brought the whole world to its senses, picked us  
up, dusted us down and POINTED us in the right direction, with a good  
kick to help us on our way... "Getting back to basics, what's wrong and  
right..." should have put a smile on EVERYONE's face... PUNK ROCK!

What's right? Everything about the fucking band, from just plain  
ATTITUDE (essential) to the way they hold their guitars to EVERYTHING.  
What's wrong is the attitude of everybody else, that makes them the only  
Creation band nobody bothers with, despite three singles and a mini LP  
and I keep repeating that just to convince myself it's actually TRUE.

That LP. The first side is how ALL LPs ought to be, 3 songs, each  
starting up the second the one before finishes, not arty fading together  
but just straight through no waiting snap crackle popping to climax with  
the daftly wonderful "Somerstown", still a personal favourite, I guess  
because I just love the idea of anyone writing a celebration of that grey





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 a chart of my ten all-time "greatest  
 ds", the Jasmynes would probably take eight  
 of those ten places, with only "You've Got"

It's like loving the way you sort of hear them "switching on" at the start of "What's Happening"... oh I guess it probably isn't, but that's what it sounds like and that's what it ought to be... just before the guitar comes in, and when it does...JESUS!! Remember the start of "You've Got My Number"? Well it's like that, only BETTER, you can't describe it, it's just pure CONVICTION, pure SENSE OF PURPOSE and don't stand in its way 'cause this guitar knows WHERE IT'S GOING... hammer hammer hammer just daring anybody to try and interrupt till you're cowering QUAKING on the floor... "please stop", whimpering... nerves tighten till suddenly the tension breaks and the second guitar comes in ... talk about arrogance, talk about justification! You know, if I made a chart of my ten all-time "greatest opening 20 seconds", the Jasmynes would probably take eight of those ten places, with only "You've Got" and "Teenage Kicks" to spoil the clean sweep. They have

## FASHION LINKS

JASMINÉ MINK'S

IT HINK!

Ah, but you see,  
"worst" only  
because the other



two are the sort of songs most bands COULDN'T EVEN COMPREHEND EXISTING, let alone dream about writing... "Forces Network" and "World's No Place" they're called, and if - no WHEN - they are released, just make sure you buy two copies, as the first one will wear out on account of never leaving your turntable. Better still, buy FIFTY and distribute them to the poor and needy of the borough, which is EVERYBODY!! Show them all there is still hope for a bigger brighter world... A friend once told me that "I'd like to write songs about flowers and holding hands walking through summer fields" was the BEST LINE EVER WRITTEN BY ANYBODY. But then she always was a bit soppy. Weren't you? ('scuse us...)

LOOK!! We said all this last time. HOW MANY MORE TIMES MUST ... no, okay, one more song. "Cold Hands Warm Heart" was recorded at the same time as the LP, but never used, which is a treasonable offence as far as I'm concerned, 'cause this song is exquisite. It's sometimes easy, as you cower beneath the power of a "What's Happening", to forget the tunes this band have... the reason why all their songs are so special... TUNES!! Remember them? That wonderful section in "Mr. Magic" - the "if you drink or take some drugs" bit - Christ, that's the sort of tune other bands build whole songs - WHOLE FUCKING LPs - out of... the Jasmines just throw it away in a ten second break on a b-side, almost unconsciously, as if they didn't notice - the mark of GENIUS. But now imagine that little section as a whole three minute song - and that's "Cold Hands Warm Heart".

But, you know, I've got a horrible feeling it'll never be released, not now... which suddenly makes me feel quite sick. I mean, WHAT IF MY TAPE GOES WRONG?? Get's chewed up, dropouts, ANYTHING! Somebody, somebody out there in Creationland, THIS SONG HAS GOT TO BE RELEASED. PLEASE.

I give up. I could bore you stiff with page after page on this band, and then I'd get lots MORE letters saying that they're not THAT good, to which I can only scream despairingly "YES THEY FUCKING ARE!!" They fucking are. But right now I'm feeling all limp and helpless.

If you're interested, they now have a trumpet as well. And maybe big red noses, baggy trousers, you know - Creation's joke band... But a trumpet!! Currently, they're borrowing fellow Aberdonians APB's studios to try and produce some new recordings ... but, God, imagine - if they can produce songs like "Forces Network" with just guitars, and those guitars are now free to roam ... WATCH THIS SPACE!!!

JASMINES  
MINKS

WHAT'S HAPPENING



"I don't want to believe what I see, but it happens..."

Hummm. NICE TO SEE PRIMAL SCREAM'S "IT HAPPENS" RECOGNISED AS... WELL, THE GREATEST B-SIDE OF ALL TIME? AW, I GUESS THAT'S DAFT, BUT THEN... WHY NOT?!!

AND IT'S ON THE NEW CREATION SAMPLER LP AS WELL. BUT PLEASE - CAN I MAKE AN APPEAL? DO NOT BUY THIS LP. UNLESS YOU WANT TO PLAY INTO ALAN McGEE'S GREEDY LITTLE HANDS.

"DIFFERENT FOR DOMEHEADS" COSTS £3.50 AND CONTAINS 8 SONGS; 7 ARE ALREADY AVAILABLE, THE OTHER IS AN "UNAVAILABLE ELSEWHERE" FROM THE WEATHER PROPHETS. NOW, I'M NOT OPPOSED TO SINGLES COMPILATIONS - BUT THIS ISN'T A SINGLES COMPILATION. IT'S GOT THAT W.P. TRACK AS WELL.

BASICALLY, Mr. McGEE IS HOPING THAT PEOPLE LIKE ME, WHO COULD OTHERWISE IGNORE THIS LP, WILL PAY HIM £3.50 FOR THAT ONE TRACK. I FIND HIS BEHAVIOUR RATHER SICKENING.

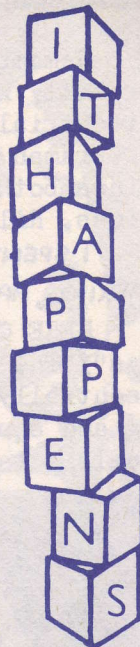
IT'S NOT AS IF THERE WAS INSUFFICIENT MATERIAL AVAILABLE. "ZARJAZ", FOR EXAMPLE, BEING A "CLASSIC SINGLE"... AND IF THE ANSWER IS, "WELL, NO-ONE'S MAKING YOU BUY IT", THEN THE OBVIOUS IMPLICATION IS THAT HE DOESN'T CARE WHETHER WE HEAR THE W.P. OR NOT - IF IT'S WORTH HEARING IT DESERVES A RELEASE IN ITS OWN RIGHT; NOT AS PART OF A PACKAGE. "ARTISTIC INTEGRITY", ALAN? PETE?

IN FACT, "WORM IN MY BRAIN" IS A DIRGE OF THE WORST ORDER. PLEASE TAKE MY WORD FOR IT AND DO NOT BUY THIS LP. PLEASE!

(INCIDENTALLY, I SEE PETE ASTOR'S DECIDED TO ADOPT THE BOWIE-STYLE THOUGHTFULLY POSED CIGGIE IN HIS PHOTOS... FUNNY HOW YOU START TO DISLIKE PEOPLE INTENSELY...)

IF YOU WRITE TO CREATION, YOU'LL GET TOLD THAT THEY ARE NOT MAKING HUGE PROFITS, AND THAT THE BAILIFF IS AT-THE-VERY-MOMENT POUNDING AT THE DOOR TO RE-POSSESS THEIR PORTA-STUDIO. THE DAFT THING IS, DESPITE ALL THE CURRENT PUBLICITY, CREATION IS STILL A VERY SMALL AFFAIR. WHICH IS MY WHOLE POINT!! WHEN YOU'RE NOT A BIG VULGAR RECORD COMPANY, WHY SINK TO THEIR TACTICS? IF YOUR LABEL IS BASED ON QUALITY MUSIC (AS CREATION SUPPOSEDLY WAS), YOU SHOULDN'T NEED SUCH TACTICS. THEY JUST OBSCURE. WE GOT CRITICISED LAST TIME FOR COMPLAINING THAT ON THE JASMINE MINKS LP 2 OUT OF THE 6 SONGS WERE ALREADY OUT ON A SINGLE. WELL, I'M SORRY, BUT IT DID SPOIL IT. I'D BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THAT LP, AND WHEN IT ARRIVED IT WAS SICKENING TO FIND I'D ONLY ACTUALLY GOT 4 NEW SONGS FOR MY £3.30. NO MATTER HOW GOOD THE SONGS, THAT MARKETING JUST SPOILT IT. BECAUSE ARTISTICALLY THERE SEEMED NO JUSTIFICATION - WHICH ONLY LEAVES... MONEY. SORRY, BUT IT'S TRUE. SOMEBODY IS VERY GREEDY.

AH, BUT THEN... I LIVE IN A LITTLE FAIRYTALE LAND WHERE PEOPLE MAKE RECORDS OUT OF PURE LOVE FOR THE SONGS, IF I HAD MY WAY NO-ONE WOULD BE ALLOWED TO MAKE A PROFIT. THE WORST THING I CAN THINK OF WOULD BE TO SEE HURRAH! RECORDS IN THE RACKS IN WOOLWORTHS... IT'D BE GREAT FOR THE BAND - FINANCIALLY AND FAME-WISE - BUT SO MANY DREAMS WOULD BE BOUND TO DIE WITH IT. YOU SEE, I CAN'T DISOCIATE THE MUSIC FROM THE MARKETING; OR FROM THE PEOPLE MAKING IT - IF YOU CAN, THEN IT AIN'T REAL MUSIC. OR AM I JUST HOPELESSLY NAIVE?



Woolacombe, Devon



"YOU ONLY SING ALONG BECAUSE YOU KNOW THE WORDS, YOU ONLY DANCE BECAUSE THEY'RE PLAYING SOMETHING THAT YOU'VE HEARD"... OR BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN TOLD TO... OH DEAR, SO MANY HAIRCUTS, SO FEW BRAINS - CYNICAL? YEAH, CYNICAL AS FUCK, STAND IN A ROOM FULL OF PEOPLE, FIND YOURSELF HATING EVERY ONE. NOT NICE. AND NOW SOMEONE WILL SHOUT "ELITIST" - IT'S NOT FUCKING ELITISM, IT'S JUST ME, WANTING EVERYONE TO LOVE SOMETHING AS MUCH AS I DO, NOT 'CAUSE IT'S "HIP" THIS WEEK BUT OUT OF SOME PURE AND INDESCRIBABLE GUT FEELING CALLED LOVE WHICH I'M COMING TO REALISE MOST OF YOU CAN'T EVEN START TO UNDERSTAND... AND THEN I BEGIN TO HATE THE BANDS FOR PANDERING TO YOU, FOR FAILING TO DESPISE YOU. SINCE NONE OF YOU SEEMED TO NOTICE - OR APPEAR VAGUELY BOTHERED, ANYWAY - SHALL I TELL YOU THAT THE SHOP ASSISTANTS WEREN'T ACTUALLY VERY GOOD TONIGHT - YOU WERE ALL TOO BUSY JUMPING ON MY FOOT OR CHEERING SONG TITLES YOU'D NEVER HEARD OF BEFORE TO NOTICE... I GIVE UP, THERE'S NOT ENOUGH HATE IN THIS FANZINE, I'M GOING TO THE PRINTER'S TOMORROW, AND RIGHT NOW I JUST WANT TO GO AND SCRAWL HATE ACROSS EVERY PAGE, FILL THE WORLD WITH HATE, IT NEEDS PURGING. THE WORLD IS FULL OF UTTER JERKS, THE WORLD IS FULL OF YOU.

Tue. 15th Oct 1:30am A Post-Pastel Depression



# PEOPLE LAUGH AT MY FOOLISH GRIN...

Remember a good band called the Fall? No, not the glossy white crap currently keeping Mark Smith in eyeliner... go and look at the sleeve of "Witchtrials"... Martin Bramah guitar, vocals..."with thanks to Una Baines"... Bramah co-writing seven songs with Smith, Baines one... Bramah and Baines both playing on "Bingo Master" (co-written by Baines)... Bramah, Baines, Riley... shadowfigures all...

"I SPENT A YEAR WITH NO HEAD, NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD, MY FEET DID THE WALKING, HANDS DID THE TALKING, SPENT A YEAR WITH NO HEAD, I FELT FINE..."

HERE COMES THE FLOOD... late Autumn 1980 saw the release of "Disney Boys"/"The Flood, or vice-versa, it doesn't really matter, both are essentially the same wonderful noise, Una Baines' fairground organ spurt-ing and squeaking while guitarsbassdrums and Bramah's indecipherable vocals scratch and scramble underneath... just for a few seconds at the



start of "The Flood" the guitar carries the tune, then in comes the organ and away they all go da da-da da da da-da da da da-da da da da-da da da da-da da SYMBOLSCRAH, laugh out loud, dance round the room with your favourite chair... da da-da da

Three months later they were back in the studio, dust was blown from the keys and, straining to be heard above the din, Bramah screaming "WORK! WORK! WORK!", aw it's a losing battle... "you're feeling hungry, deep down you know what for..." he mutters as the song

dies on a few stark echoed guitar chords, all energy drained in the course of those few minutes.

People woke up and for a time the Blue Orchids were the Future of Rock'n'Roll, the muddy bass rumble of "Low Profile" finding its way onto the NME C81 Cassette alongside Orange Juice, Josef K, Aztec Camera and others then emerging dreamy-eyed into the light... but only Bramah was muttering

"NO COMPROMISE IN THE NAME OF TRUTH"

A John Peel session showed the strength of the songs under that wonderful mess of organ and guitar... acoustic guitar strummed along gently to "Bad Education" and "A Year With No Head", while "Sun Connection" gave the subsequent LP its title... "Sometimes I think, if I try, climb the money mountain, make a million, then I'll go out buy myself a soul, the greatest hit, in the world..."

"The Greatest Hit (Money Mountain)" came out in 1982 and was hailed by everybody called Dave McCullough as a CLASSIC. Proof that the pure energy and manic tunefulness of the singles could be controlled and true SONGS emerge, the worldly wistful cynicism of "Sun Connection" pausing to hurtle into "Dumb Magician"... "we move so fast today, nothing stands in our way..." organ squealing on the bends... McCullough said the LP was essentially one song, "Hanging Man", everything else either leading up to or down from that midway point... nice, but it misses the fact that "No Looking Back", another Una Baines song, would have made a CLASSIC SINGLE... for one last time the organ and guitar fight for the tune and now NEITHER LET GO, taking off into a ridiculously catchy chorus, Bramah's voice soaring above the noise screeching below him, falling finally into



a mess of distortion and hammered guitar.

Later in '82 came the 4 song "Agents of Change", complete with rather unpleasant plastic carrier bag and poster. I remember playing it for the first time, the first song "Release", and being so astonished I had to play it again at once. Twice. Gone was the scratchy unproduced distortion of the LP, instead a tuneful smoothness, the once manic organ reduced to a gentle background lilt, while Bramah's voice had relaxed into a slow drawl. But the song was quite utterly gorgeous... "let's touch the flesh of the breeze, and feel release"... that line first leapt out as an aside in the session version of "Bad Education", still there on the LP, but buried. Now it was lifted alone to the status of chorus, and the rest of the song built round it. The two songs on the second side, "Conscience" and "Long Night Out" showed yet further changes... the sound of a piano playing, gently, far-off, smoky days ending... while for the first time the lyrics come into the open as love songs... near the end Bramah stops singing and murmurs, bemusedly, "have you noticed, nothing seems built to last anymore... when everything around you's fake, who do you turn to... when everything around you stinks, where do you go?" Aw, fuck off, I know what you're really thinking and I DON'T CARE!... HONESTY, stark and simple, nothing left to hide... be a salmon, swimming against the tide... swimming against the tide of life...  
SO...

## blue orchids

P.S. "SLEEPY TOWN" IS APPALLING - AVOID !!!



# THE DEFINITIVE JUNE BRIDES ARTICLE

— SO EVERYONE ELSE FUCK OFF!

## PROLOGUE

There are eight songs on the June Brides LP... two of them were singles and one sounds awful like an instrumental version of "Chance Meeting"... all thrown together in a dull drab dead turn on your back and yawn production, little boys cowering in a studio corner with big eyes full of Haig and Ross, hear them whisper "for truly these men were the only fun in town"... shame, isn't it, flavour of the month, suck it long enough and you reach the nasty tacky soft centre... I know I know I KNOW, build 'em up, knock 'em down, here we go again, knock 'em down and kick 'em till they stop moving... the men are digging up the road outside my window, I'm going for a walk... Flavour of the Month indeed... of course, you all remember when "Sunday to Saturday" and "Every Conversation" were singles of the week, don't you? No? And the music press wonder why we despise them so ... Jesus.

## PART ONE

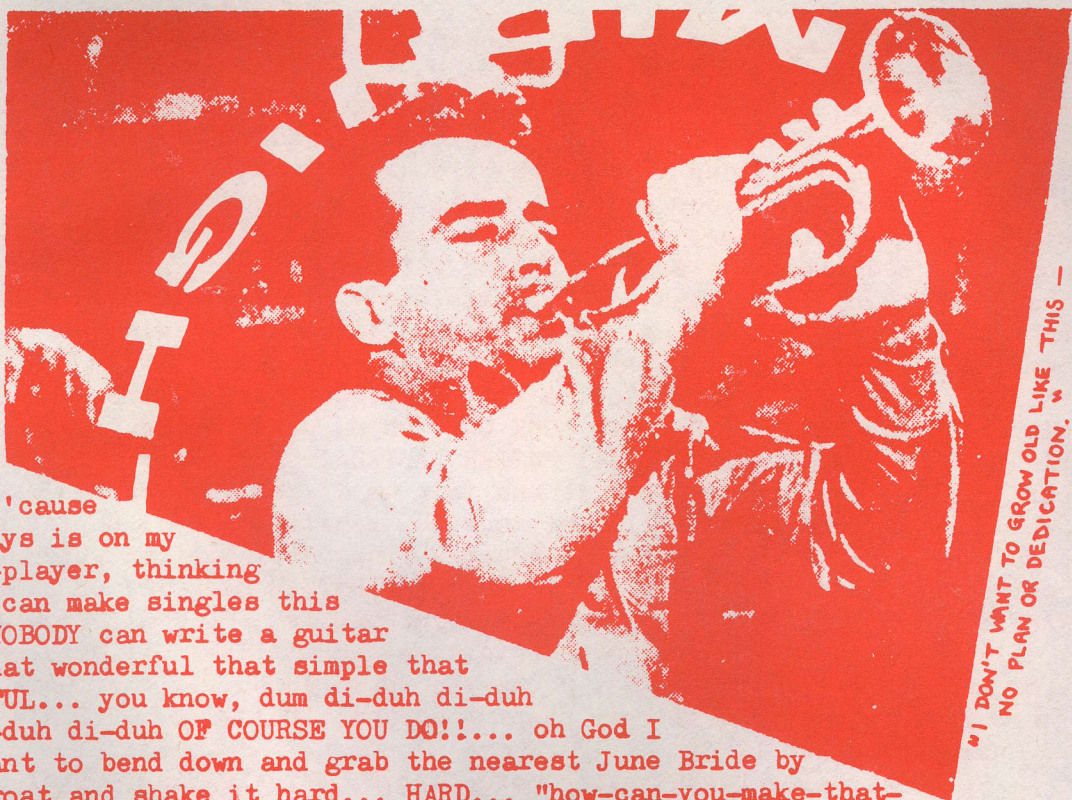
Oh look it's a fucking brilliant little LP OK, but it's not perfect and this band are capable of PERFECTION in great big capitals and that's why I'm lying here in the grass in the sun SEETHING. God, when I think of them live, hurtling through "In the Rain"... which reminds me, if you must put your singles on the LP, why not re-record "In the Rain" and do it properly this time, instead of the same old version of "Sunday to Saturday"? Better still, why not just re-issue/promote the singles and give us a proper LP? BETTER STILL fuck LPs and just give us more singles ... God, I'm so naive.

Anyway, you bastards, it's CRUEL, this LP, 'cause you're maybe denying folk one of the few pleasures left in this day'n'age ... oh but then you see I remember hearing "Sunday to Saturday" for the first time, treble





PUNK  
ROCK!



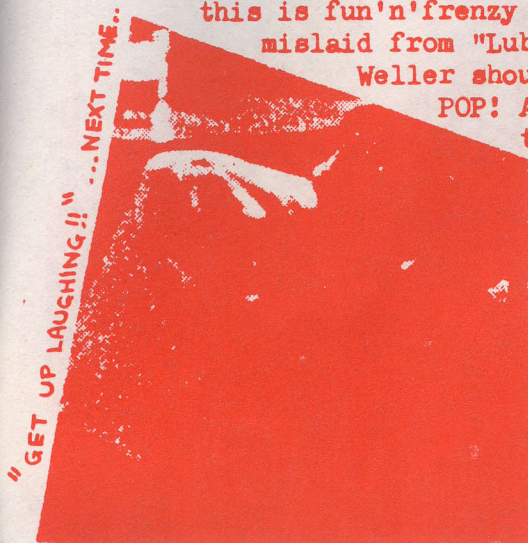
turned  
way up 'cause  
it always is on my  
record-player, thinking  
NOBODY can make singles this  
good, NOBODY can write a guitar  
line that wonderful that simple that  
WONDERFUL... you know, dum di-duh di-duh  
dum di-duh di-duh OF COURSE YOU DO!!... oh God I  
just want to bend down and grab the nearest June Bride by  
its throat and shake it hard... HARD... "how-can-you-make-that-  
just-another-track-on-the-LP-oh-why-d'you-have-to-SPOIL-things?" dum di-  
duh di-duh, DUM DI-DUH DI-DUH hey this is daft I can't stop it... it's  
like on "Every Conversation", you know the bit, where all the instruments  
drop out and "I never know just where I'm going to (pause!) LAND!! la la  
la la la-la la, la la la la la... aw, first time I heard that I just fell  
about 'cause it was so ridiculous so wonderful so PERFECT oh that word  
again... I mean, I could try saying "hey there's this really great bit  
on the June Brides LP where..." but it's just not the same, is it?

"I DON'T WANT TO GROW OLD LIKE THIS -  
NO PLAN OR DEDICATION."

PINKY 005 - not available on Compact Disc

... there's some things I do like about this LP an awful lot, though...  
so let's pretend, I close my eyes and suddenly I FORGET the great lost  
Josef K LP, for this is how "The Only Fun In Town" should have sounded  
this is fun'n'frenzy in action these are the lyrics that got  
mislaidd from "Lubricate Your Living Room" this is Paul  
Weller shouting "POW POW POW!" er, fuck it, YES!...

POP! ACTION... "Let's shout out loud to PROVE  
that we're alive (shame you didn't actually  
do... no no no QUIET!!)... hearing "I Fall"  
and loving the way the trumpet no viola  
climbs underneath the chorus (chorus?) so  
LET'S SHOUT OUT LOUD TO PROVE THAT WE'RE  
ALIVE... God, what a song, oh we'll make  
the sunlight shine for us yes yes YES,  
no-one is listening, who cares, we'll make  
the sunlight shine for US (oh it may be  
raining where you are...) your voice like  
honey all over my face, building up, layer  
on layer, and each time you think, fuck,  
it can't get any better than THIS.



"GET UP LAUGHING!!" ...NEXT TIME..



I'm not going to talk about "Sunday to Saturday" again, 'cause each time I see the LP I just want to cut this little section of vinyl out, slip it away in its little blue red and white wraparound sleeve, put it in its little polythene bag... IT'S A FUCKING SINGLE OK?... grrrrrrrrrr r.

Ah but then next up it's "Sick Tired and Drunk"... and suddenly you're lying on the floor and this music gappols whoops gallops by on some giant steeplechase, whirling round and round and round and round and your head starts to spin... FASTER FASTER!!... and whoosh it's one of these old cowboy films and you're desperately clinging to the horse's neck and bodies are falling everywhere and darum darum darum go the hoof-beats and DARUM DARUM DARUM inside your head goes DARUM DARUM DARUM... FASTER FASTER!!... then oh God no that oh what-the-fuck-are-they-called canyon thingy but not that big LOOK OUT! uh uh uh uh waaaaa.....aaaah! DARUM DARUM DARUM faster faster FASTER FASTER!!... I don't think this paragraph is making sense (write and tell me if the June Brides make you feel this way and maybe we'll get together sometime huh?), so let's just pass on to one of the greatest love-song lines ever written which is, of course: "And every etc. etc... BUT WHAT I'D RATHER HEAR YOU CALL IS MY NAME!!" Yeah? YEAH? Oh of course it fucking is, YOU don't know anything ... PROOF - you have three seconds to name the ultimate ultimate best ever love-song line ever, OK?... one two three WRONG!! It's the Buzzcocks, "this pathetic clown will keep hanging around, that's IF YOU DON'T MIND" ... now, where was I?

Well, actually I was having more doubts, thinking what-might-have-been-thoughts, thinking about some of those songs that didn't make it onto the LP... like "No Place Called Home", those first few seconds whisking away memories of Dery's appalling second LP by shewing what violas/violins can do when played by someone who KNOWS... or the three minute jitter of "On the Rocks", a song that would make you get up and dance even if bound hand and foot, one of the few songs you can actually Charleston to... don't take my word for it, TRY IT YOURSELF... or "Comfort", which did make it and is an utter menace if you're trying to cook your tea while it's playing 'cause I don't know the room just BOUNCES and everything goes everywhere... hamster segments... and "Heard you Whisper", the last song on the LP...

Or rather the last but one. 'Cause just when you think they've packed up ready to go home - feeling justly smug - come seven words that STILL stir the blood (please tell me they do!!!) it's "one two three four one two three"... and off into a glorious hurtle through "Enemies", ah and I'm remembering them at the Mission Club in May, turning "Television Families" into the sort of punk-rock the Cortinas could only have dreamt about and probably didn't ... 1977's got a hold on me on them in all the RIGHT ways - defiant pose? - YEAH!!! And then I start to think, if only they'd recorded the whole LP like that - if only - life could be such awful fun... ho hum. Bastards.

to be continued...

(INTERVAL MUSIC PROVIDED BY BIG FLAME)





"FED UP WITH TRASH AND IN SEARCH OF FRESH AIR?"

I'm not supposed to like Big Flame; I'm supposed to like jingly jangly sun shiny things...

"DON'T APOLOGISE FOR ANY BOLD STATEMENT... AND DON'T BE AFRAID TO SAY SOMETHING'S CRAP."

Or good. "How can you like Big Flame when you hate the Membranes so?" somebody asks. "It's all just NOISE." Well I guess because after 2 minutes of the 'Branes I'm numb and crying out for it to stop. After 2 minutes of Big Flame I'm glad they have stopped 'cause I'm drained, shattered, invigorated, EXHILARATED.

"LIVE SETS - ABOUT 22 MINUTES 9 SONGS OF SHEER ENERGY... KNACKERED AFTER THIS LONG (MAY INCREASE TO 11 SONGS AS WE GET FITTER!). KEEP IT SHORT AND SHARP AND TO THE POINT - LEAVE PEOPLE WANTING MORE. NO ENCORES - GIVE IT ALL IN THE SET. ANYTHING ELSE IS SUBSTANDARD."

## big flame

Some bands, I sense effort, physical effort... but Big Flame we're talking more, talking EMOTION, a word made crass, devalued by constant misuse... but, fuck it, physically, mentally, EMOTIONALLY wrung dry, beaten with birch twigs and rolled in snow, guitar bass and drums wrenching out sounds that don't want to come... yeah, "emotion", what's that these days, an easy rhyme for "ocean"? Fuck all else, it seems...

"PUT LOVE BACK INTO LOVE SONGS AND CONVICTION INTO HATE SONGS."

HATE. Meaning? How many bands actually convince you - be HONEST - that they care about what they're singing? Not just mouthing tired party-line platitudes (no names...). Love songs that aren't just Hygena stock cliches reassembled/rearranged. IMAGINATION? I spoke of the Meat Puppets first EP somewhere else... the nearest thing to pure EMOTION on record I know of... so intense that I'm literally shaking, trembling, SCALDED at the end of each song... that's how it should be, how it is with Big Flame, how it is with Hurrah!... who else?

"WHERE'S THE NEW DISCONTENT? WHO'S GETTING UP OFF THEIR KNEES?"



OK so it's not easy (?) music... not easy at all if all you want is the same old "rock" structures endlessly churned out... something challenging? But ultimately rewarding? There's a dead concept for you. If you must know, I am in awe of the concentration that must be needed... dodgy ground, so I go away and listen to "Man of Few Syllables", the nearest Big Flame will get to a two minute thrash, and a tune you can hum... after 99 seconds, though, the music suddenly jerks, convulses... "AND!!" someone shouts... I don't know what happens then, don't think I've ever heard... thrown from a moving train as the film... FREEZES. One of the great moments. No joke. One word - "AND!!" So FUCK OFF, huh?

RECORDED WORKS - 7" 3 TRACK EPs ONLY. 12"s HAVE NO CHARISMA, JUST A HIGHER PROFIT MARGIN... A (SUCCESSFUL) MARKETING PLOY BY RECORD COMPANIES.

New EP "TOUGH" (hee) out now, with advance orders of 600... people are starting to realise - the second EP is being re-pressed ... FAME!! Some fucking hope, "life ain't kind when you speak your mind", to quote as ever the Jasmine Minks (safe ground)... but maybe.

POINT OUT THE INJUSTICE BUT BE POSITIVE, YOU HAVE TO GIVE PEOPLE SOME FORM OF HOPE

Lyrics... no patronise-your-audience-"vote-Labour-SUPPORT-THE-MINERS-now-lets-all-get-pissed" empty-headed political sloganeering more-this-is-life-as-she-is-lived-now-THINK!... "THE CHIMNEYS ARE FALLING" - "experience not mysticism"... fractured fragmented excerpts (maybe echoes of Sylvia Plath, subject of "Sometimes" on the first EP, or is that just me wanting to extend a pet obsession?) oh fuck, "lyrics as sharp as shards of guitar, guitar as little brittle splinters sprayed" is THAT what you want, you read fanzines, you know what Big Flame sound like... fab'n'groovy, yeah? Hmmm.

GET BACK ON YOUR FEET! YEAH! GET UP AND GO GO GO!!



Judie is doing well at school, and enjoys typically teenage activities — pop music, makeup, and caring for her gerbils



"WARM SUN AND  
BREEZE IN THE GRASS  
AND IN HER HAIR"



# A roll in the grass with the June Brides Part two

And from fr... hey, what's happening, everything's g<sub>o</sub>i<sub>n</sub>g small. Oh.  
Ah well.

And from front cover of the NME to... supporting the Brilliant Corners in an old church hall in Bristol. That'll teach 'em, cocky little devils. So, Saturday 28th September and the Hope Centre is full to the rafters (and the students aren't even back yet!), the fanzine sellers are out in force (well, two, this is Bristol) and young farming folk are arriving from all corners of Somerset and Gloucestershire ('ere, just 'ee stop saying they things about oi...), the June Brides come on at 9:30 and... well, they were fucking brilliant. Forget the disappointment of the LP, ignore the pathetic and ludicrous adulation of the music-press, live none of that mattered... certainly the best I've ever seen them, even down to the Wilson/Hunter stand-up comedy routine improvised when the bass (!) broke a string... "cowboy... horse breaks down... 'injun trouble... te-hee"... er, that's down to but not including... oh look I shan't bore you with details of the set, let's just say "The Instrumental" didn't sound a bit like "Chance Meeting" and you can take the rest from there... INSTEAD, let's hurry on to (ta-ra) THE FANZINE INTERVIEW.

I hate fanzine interviews, personally, but people seem to expect them. So, rather than use one of those "We don't like interviews they're boring so we're not going to do one" cop-outs which actually more likely mean "We can't be bothered putting any effort into this fanzine", we thrust our thrusting cub reporter (hereafter known as "J") into the heaving throbbing fray where he chanced upon a rather knackered looking Phil Wilson who probably wasn't even aware he was being interviewed and the following occurred.

J: What did you think of the gig?

P: I thought it was good - I enjoyed myself - it's great to get everyone up and behind us. Much better than last time we played in Bristol - that was terrible - only about 50 people came. (more like 20!)

J: Did you mind playing first?

P: Not really. It doesn't make any difference, as long as it's a good gig, like tonight.

J: I heard you weren't told it was a benefit gig till you arrived?

P: Yeah. It's good that it's a charity thing - but we're making a loss on the tour overall, and were hoping to make up for it tonight!

J: The new single (4 song 12" - "No Place Called Home"), that's on In Tape, isn't it?

P: Yeah. In Tape have been chasing us for a year now - we finally gave in. Marc Riley and Jim Khambatta (of In Tape) both seem really keen. It's a one-off deal - just the 12", which we've already recorded. It should be out in early November.

J: Have you had any interest from the majors?

P: No, none at all. They've got enough Howard Jones and Nik Kershaws to keep them going forever. But the single after next may come out on Stiff - either that or we'll set up our own label and distribute through Stiff.

J: I thought the LP was a bit weak in places, apart from "Enemies", which was recorded live-in-the-studio. Do you think the whole LP would have been better recorded like that?

P: Maybe. We're not entirely happy with the sound - it's a bit tame in places. It's probably quite representative of the band, though, and we're really pleased it's had such a good response. Even getting compared to people like Josef K... I can't believe that, it's just ridiculous. (Ambition, Phil, Ambition...)

J: "Enemies" is a cover, isn't it?

P: Yeah. It's an old Radiators (from Space) song. We think it's a really good song, though the original's really badly recorded.

J: You suddenly seem to have got a lot of publicity - getting front page of the NME was a bit of a coup, wasn't it?

P: We never knew we were going to be on the front cover - they phoned us up after the interview to tell us. We couldn't believe it! They've got a new editor and he's anxious to get new young bands in. Who else is in your fanzine?

J: Er... Jasmine Minks, Primal Scream...

P: Oh I know. Creation (wave of hand)

J: Alan McGee didn't like our last issue...

P: That's no bad thing...

A goodly place to stop, methinks. A later confrontation between Phil and one of our freelancers (in a queue for the toilet) revealed that he thought Bath was "a nice place", but I don't think this or any subsequent events are really relevant. Rock'n'roll.





# FELT

With thanks to Lawrence

WE'RE JUST NOT CONNECTING WITH THE MASS... AND IF IT DOESN'T CONNECT, WE'RE STUCK, 'COS TO ME IT'S A TIMELESS POP RECORD. IT'S GOT EVERYTHING.

Lawrence (Felt) Aug 84

I didn't want the world to know... 'cos I love secrets, things only I know about, and where only somebody who's really SPECIAL... to ME... get's let in on that S-E-C-R-E-T... maybe... if they're good... oh all right all right all RIGHT!... Let me give you a few clues.

So...

Think of the perfect pop single (what a giveaway!) and you think of...

SHIMMERING guitars and a pom-pom-pom hop skip hum of a tune that...

SOMEBODY has had the insight to stop dead on three minutes to the SECOND, not by accident but by DESIGN, you know, like CRAFTSMANSHIP, not as in hours behind a mixing desk but as in instinctively KNOWING and CARING.

Oh look, this is stupid, how can you possibly describe anything so pure and wonderful as Felt's "Penelope Tree"... like I sit here and just cannot understand, that's as in DESTROYS

ALL

MY

FAITH

IN

THE

WHOLE

FUCKING

HUMAN

RACE

yeah THAT level of dismay at such neglect, God just LISTEN to that guitar go tumbling cascading everything and you think how DARE people be allowed to fill the world with wretched HM guitar

solos that just make you choke with anger, when something as beautiful as this can exist

unloved... "Penelope Tree"... "My Face Is On Fire"...

"Something Sends Me To Sleep"... you talk of classic pop, yet you ignore these things... I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU WANT... you confuse me, nothing makes sense anymore...

WE WANT TO MAKE RECORDS THAT KNOW INSTINCTIVELY THAT THEY'RE IMPORTANT, SO THAT IT'S AN EVENT TO GO OUT AND BUY THEM. WE WANT PEOPLE TO REMEMBER THE EXACT DAY THEY BOUGHT ONE OF OUR RECORDS, THE WHOLE DAY... AND, WHEN THEY COME TO SEE US, TO GO HOME CRYING

You know those kinds of records... records where everything is perfect, where it's obvious someone cares about the song. And hating anything that smacks of commercialism... bonus remixes, redoing old



songs, just getting as much mileage i.e. MONEY as you can from one idea ... apart from the plain NASTINESS of the 12" as an object, to pick on the usual method involved. Which is why I was a little dubious about "Primitive Painters", Felt's new single and a 12" only. "Know instinctively that they're important..." Lawrence mentions "Atmosphere", and the Wild Swans' "Revolutionary Spirit", that sort of record, records that were just "meant to be", big one-off classic special records to TREASURE. And anyway, it was producer Robin Guthrie's idea, Lawrence had decided on the 2½ minute pop of "The Day The Rain Came Down". And Felt's habit of re-working old numbers? Just PERFECTIONISM pure and simple... like growing sad that "Fortune" and "Cathedral", his two favourite Felt songs, hadn't been done properly on the first LP, just through inexperience.

WE DON'T INTEND TO DO ANYTHING IN LONG DOSES. WE'RE RESTRICTING THE LPs TO MAYBE 13 MINUTES A SIDE, SHORT AND CONCISE. I LOVE THAT SHORTNESS.

There's always been 2 distinct sides to Felt, the 2/3 minute pop of the singles, and the more - for want of a better word - "reflective" pieces on the LPs. The former I've always associated with Lawrence, the latter with guitarist Maurice Deebank; although Lawrence himself insists on the co-authorship specified on the records, he does admit that more recently his contributions have tended towards the poppy side - even as far as Wire-inspired 1½ minute pieces (YEAH!!) More confusing, maybe, especially in the light of the presence of Liz Fraser on the new single, is the way Felt singles are often mentioned in the same breath as current Creation releases, or Hurrah! Felt as a punk-rock band even? Lawrence, while understanding the attitudes behind bands like Hurrah! and the Jasmine Minks, is wary of people making out that today's "scene" is comparable with the original punk bands of 76/77 - "too many groups admiring too much the groups of the past" - and of Felt becoming too associated with the Creation output. Though Primal Scream he likes, and the now departed Loft. Which is good enough for me...

## FELT

And so... Felt will, I guess, continue to move in a world alone, stopping every so often to almost disdainfully toss an unflawed diamond of a single into the mainstream...then watch it disappear without trace.

If the world isn't ready for such beauty, well, that's the world's loss, isn't it?

"Fortune"... concentrating on that guitar weaving and letting the words drift in the background... just me and a friend... and then time to walk her home... in the rain...

You don't know what you're missing.

"BELIEVE IN YOUR DREAMS!!"

BUT NO MORE 12"S, EH?





## JUST LIKE (baby) HONEY...

Once upon a time, when the world was small and happy, two young men called Mr. Strummer and Mr. Jones sat down together and wrote a song. And the song went:

"NO ELVIS NO BEATLES NO ROLLING STONES, IN 1977..."

Eight years ago, the dawning of a new era, huh? "Whatever happened to..."

It's over, OVER, that's what happened.

Like LISTEN to that song, Good 'ol Joe counting through "1977 1978 1979 1980 1981 1982 1983 1984" then BANG!! OVER. OK so I'm deliberately misinterpreting and apologies to Messrs. Strummer and Orwell and all right it's just lucky last year was 1984 but it's OVER, punk-post-punk-new-wave call it what you will 1976-1984 RIP, died leaving a lot of kiddies with no real home, just brand new guitars in a house full of ghosts, AFRAID TO GO OUTSIDE.

Gone, but not forgotten. Christ, what hope for that when most people can't accept that the sixties, THE FUCKING SIXTIES, are no longer with us... you remember the sixties, don't you? OF COURSE you fucking don't. Jesus. He was slightly earlier.

What am I trying to say... this city, Bristol... every Friday night, down at the Western Star, "Admiral Jam spins the discs" - and you know what that means, lots and lots and LOTS of "sounds of the sixties", even (gasp) a "truly cosmic light show" (wow!) and "GETTING MORE POPULAR BY THE WEEK!" I bet it is, seems to be what people want, a good wallow in the past to hide from the fact that they haven't got a single new original thought of their own. Nostalgia is killing music! And then you wonder why a city of half a million people can't produce one good band of it's own... no, you probably don't even do that, do you? COWARDS!!

I mean, look at us, a Bristol based fanzine, issue 2 and scarce a Bristol band getting a look in... after all, what's the point of us telling you how appallingly awful the Harpoons are, say, God, even Janice Long gave them a session (WHY??) the other week, that says it all. You only have to look down the listings each fortnight in Venue ("Bristol and Bath's BIGGEST what's on guide", yeah, and I've got the biggest whaling fleet in Shropshire)... all those pathetic bands peddling their (deep breath) "good pedigree rock"... "tight professional pop-rock with originals and modern covers"... "R&B covers mainly"... "melodic rock with covers of Eric Clapton etc."... "funk influenced new-wave rock" (honest!) ... maybe EXIT should start sending out copies of "Venue" to their members... which reminds me, did you know there are absolutely no anagrams of "EXIT" - EXIT EXTI ETIX EIXT - work the rest out for yourself, there's 24 altogether, as I discovered during Five Year Plan's set last Friday... "Join a band, someone said, it's so easy, anyone can do it", yeah, too fucking right, more's the pity... "TRASH THAT BLAD!"... I scratch my head when I see "Underground" fanzine ("varied, exhilarating, tip-top" - the Legend) pushing Whole Wide Fucking World, give 'em a few (more) years and they'll have REM's first LP down to the proverbial tee ... they play against an American flag for Christ's sake... "How can such a good band come from Bristol..." you really MEAN that, Martin? Dear God, and this man runs the Mission Club (L-Shaped Room?) and Subway Records, the only vague signs of life in this city... HELP!!



I went to the record fair here the other week... it just amazes me, all these 16/17 year olds buying Damned/Pistols/Siouxie you-know-the-rest rarities... EIGHT years ago, for fuck's sake, what use is it NOW??

"I THINK WE'VE LOST OUR PERCEPTION, I THINK WE'VE LOST SIGHT OF THE GOALS WE SHOULD BE WORKING FOR..."

... not an original quote, I know, but somehow I don't think there is a better one to use... "too many bands admiring too much the bands of the past"... be it sixties, seventies, it just means STAGNATION.

... like our own dear Blue Aeroplanes and their Exploding Plastic Utterly Inevitable Totally Predictable... and Langley's poetry!!

... like the PASTELS... I'm fond of the band in so many ways, but what is the point of something so regressive so REACTIONARY as "Baby Honey", Velvets by numbers literally, for once. Stand up on your own two feet, and if you can't, FUCK OFF, you're a hindrance not a help. But anyone who's seen the Pastels live knows there is more to them, so maybe, one day... someone's just told me a new single's due...

"BUY ME SOME SUNSPECS, LIKE THE ONES YOU WORE FROM THE LOCAL HIPSTER'S STORE..."

... at least Edwyn Collins seemed to realise how daft it all was. But then, two versions of "Pale Blue Eyes", even if one was called "Sad Lament", and you start to wonder...

... wonder even more when John Peel starts enthusing over this new psychedelic (hic) compilation (Mood Six, Green Telescope etc.), I'd always thought he at least was proof against such things. What next, John - "Makin' Time"? Join us in the new mod revival - PUB ROCK!! Huh.

... other loyalties, the Home for Retired Good Blokes, full of old Swell Maps, TVPs, ATVs... the sounds of old men dying, loyalties that make people still buy Nightingales records, the nearest thing to a death-rattle yet captured on vinyl... LOOK! the Nightingales produced half a dozen GREAT records and a BRILLIANT Peel session ("One Mistake", "Return Journey", THAT one), if you want to remember how their guitars used to sound, listen to the B-side of the Bodines single... I want to remember them as the fine band they once were, but they won't let me...

Oh shit, I don't know... all those people quoting Warhol, haven't they ever read POPism, don't they realise that invoking his name in 1985 just defeats the whole... a bit like 16 year olds buying Pistols rarities... only more hip, eh?

"WHO WERE THE BEATLES, WHO WERE THE STONES, WHO WERE THE PISTOLS, I DON'T KNOW..."

From "Big Hip" - the Brilliant Corners. Yeah, a Bristol band. But the follow-up was a 3 track 12", for which they deserve to be spat at in the street. On principle.

POPism  
pts. 1&2

THE GIFTED CHILDREN  
Painting By Numbers  
(Whaam)  
Dippy late sixties style  
lament produced on a  
shoestring and, possibly, by  
one.

aka Dan Treacy & co.  
"to New York I will go,  
and talk to Andy Warhol  
on my own TV show"  
(oh sorry it's a JOKE..)

FIRE ENGINES



# THERE, THERE, MY DEAR...

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME WRITING, IT'S JUST THAT THERE'S MORE  
THAN ONE QUESTION I NEED TO ASK YOU...

Like what do you think of this:—→  
Put that in for 2 reasons. First,  
to get you to buy the bloody thing,  
'cause it's BRILLIANT. Second, just to  
illustrate only one little thing that's  
wrong with "duh music-scene" these days.

"Dreadful layout", he says. Well,  
first off it's not even TRUE. Oh, so there's no wacky cartoons or funny  
stories - not much in the way of "artwork" at all - that's 'cause, unlike  
99% of fanzines, it's written by someone who actually has something worth  
saying, too much even to fit on the 24 pages he can afford. So it's all  
there in WORDS - you remember, those things you read... Words that  
actually excite, make you want to rush out and buy the bloody records,  
love the bands, start caring about MUSIC again. Made me want to rush out  
and buy records I'd already got, it was just so exciting...

BUT..."dreadful layout". If it was true, so fucking what? What's so  
clever about not being able to set something out properly?

... LET ME EXPLAIN, THOUGH YOU'D NEVER SEE IN A MILLION YEARS...

"Youthful enthusiasm"? Forget the content, if it looks a mess it  
must be good. Is that it? Oh fuck OFF. D.Swift, reviewing fanzines in  
NME a while back, and a fanzine that was so wonderful 'cause it was "page  
after page of scrappy typing". SO? Doesn't take much intelligence to use  
a typewriter, so... so presumably this scrappiness is quite wilful. Cute,  
huh? Steven "God's gift to the Tories" Wells in this week's NME - "have  
turned the fanzine into the messy disinformative scandal sheet it always  
should have been". "Messy"? "Disinformative"? Am I missing a point?

Just seems to me these people are afraid of coming into the open,  
drop this camouflage and we'd see they've nothing of any real worth to  
offer, no convictions, no anything. The printed equivalent of Membrane  
music.

YOU'RE ALWAYS SO HAPPY, HOW THE HELL DO YOU GET YOUR INSPIRATION?

So these fanzines, these bands, aren't my cup of tea, why don't I  
shut up and leave them to the dickheads who do like them. Because...  
because I care that, if I listen to the radio these days, it first just  
depresses me, and then... then I just feel so sad and empty, remembering  
sitting in my bedroom years ago, wondering if the C60 in my tape-recorder  
would be long enough to record all the good stuff John Peel would play  
that night... which is a FACT. And I start to wonder why it's a fact.

So many Bogsheds, so little time... WHY WASTE IT? All these dour  
drab colourless bands, all these cranking guitars, all these pointless,  
monochrome little fanzines scurrying round their great clomping feet,  
.... so many Membranes, so little HOPE.

IF YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SO ANGRY, WHY NOT FIGHT?

So everyone agrees the "music-scene" is shit, huh? So what?

Forget Sounds/NME etc. they depress me, have done for years, every  
time I read one I want to throw my records out the window 'cause all the  
magic's been sucked out (yes, Ross, "tainted", OK?). But now fanzines  
depress me too... Jesus, it's at times like these we NEED fanzines...

HUNGRY BEAT 2 - Hurrah!/Jasmine  
Minks/June Brides/Felt etc. Alongside  
*Incendiary*, this stands head and  
shoulders above anything I've read in  
the last six months for its sheer heat,  
inspiration, ferocity, sense of vision,  
dreadful layout, everything that music  
journalism lacks nowadays. Have you

?

"THEY DON'T WANT REASON, THEY WANT OBEDIENCE"



FACE FACTS!! What is this "music-scene" that's so shit, so boring it's not even worth writing about? These legendary grass-roots where everything supposed to begin? It's fucking us - YOU - don't blame the music press, don't blame the radio, they're just the end of a chain that begins - or should - with YOU. We ARE the grassroots. And don't keep moaning about how shit everything is if you can't be bothered to participate yourself. As in PARTICIPATE!! You've talked yourself into this fucking mess, now you stop grumbling and get yourself out of it. STOP FIDDLING, START BURNING!!... We had a few letters after the first issue, telling us not to be so narrow-minded, so bigoted, not to criticise people/bands/attitudes just because we didn't like them personally. Jesus. The march of the cosy fanzines... using "People's Friend" as their role-model, maybe... so many liberal consciences, so much tepidity... you disgust me.

DON'T YOU KNOW THE ONLY WAY TO CHANGE THINGS IS TO SHOOT MEN  
WHO ARRANGE THINGS...

Fanzines, fanzines, written in anger written in love, should be written in pure fucking adrenalin or you might as well not bother, should burn a hole in your pocket with the sheer INTENSITY of the writing, of the belief, should scream LOVE scream HATE from every page every line every fucking WORD, that inexpressible gut feeling slashed incoherently onto paper, one great ROAR of disapproval of everything that isn't RIGHT, a sprint along a tight-rope with only momentum preventing a fall... move onto the offensive - offensive in BOTH meanings of the word, YEAH!! - "vehement expression aimed to annoy" - YES!... a fanzine should leave you TREMBLING when you put it down, trembling with RAGE and FRUSTRATION and DESIRE, the desire to do something, anything, if only to write to the author saying "yes yes YES" or "NO NO NO"...

YOU'VE MADE YOUR RULES BUT WE DON'T KNOW THAT GAME  
PERHAPS I'D LISTEN TO YOUR RECORDS BUT YOUR LOGIC'S FAR TOO LAME  
AND I'D ONLY WASTE 3 VALUABLE MINUTES OF MY LIFE WITH YOUR  
INSINCERITY...

Stop fiddling start burning... are you scared to get ANGRY?

Some people are trying, he said, picking up his mini-typewriter...

HUNGRYBEAT - leaves everything else for dead. And quite inimitable, as we discovered ourselves last time. Hurrah! Jasmies, Julian Cope, Bodines, June Brides, Felt, Primal Scream, Biff Bang Pow!... 30p to Kevin, 28 Bean Road, Bexleyheath, Kent DA6 6HN.

SURFIN'SWORDFISH - the posters say LOVE-ZINE HATE-ZINE, "PUNK ROCK", and "THINK!", reproduced from a certain single sleeve... what more do you need to know? Hurrah! Loft, S.Assistants, Meat Whiplash etc. OK? 30p to Paul, 19 Mearns Street, Greenock PA15 4PX.

PURE POPCORN - surely the most colourful around - literally! No.2 was June Brides, S.etc., TV Personalities... 15p to Paul Woods, 180 Westwood Rd. Newmans, Wishaw, ML2 9NT... No.3 out soon I think with a Soup Dragons (yeah!)/Legend flexithingy, plus Loft, Wed. Present...

ADVENTURE IN BEREZNIK - an unhealthy obsession with Avengers and like things, but also Hurrah! Shop whatsits, Primal Scream, TVPs, Pastels etc... and a jolly little tale about lots of Creation people doing nothing very much except living which might be fun to read for the people involved but, down here at the other end of the A4 on a wet Tuesday morning it did rather stick in the throat like the proverbial dead hedgehog. Ah well. 20p to Simon, 31 Brent Park Rd. Hendon, London NW4 3HN. Hendon's best fanzine.

Plus, if you're a real glutton, what I keep calling issue 1 of this fanzine - actually a Bristol-Sheffield collaboration called "Are You Scared To Get Happy?" - is still available, supposedly for 35p but if you write me a nice letter I'll probably send you one. Hurrah! and Julian Cope interviews... Microdaney, J.Minks, P.Scream, St.Christopher, J.Brides... much the same as this one really. AYSTGH? No.2 is underway, no doubt featuring all the above, plus jingly-jangly synth band Dig Vis Drill... the Wedding Present... the Bush Kangaroos... etc!!!

OR, if you really just want to read lots more interviews with the Membranes, 3 Johns, Big Flame etc. write to Rouska; they can probably send you a list.

And that's that!! PLEASE write and tell us what you thought - it does make a difference! The picture on the cover is Wallingford in Oxfordshire, by the way, during floods. The original is much nicer, all watery blues and greens... you'd like it...

"ONLY A PURITAN HIDES HIS FEAR OF SPRING-TIME BY PRETENDING TO CELEBRATE IT!"

HOME TYING IS SAVING MUSIC!!

Thanks again to JUMA/Overground for  
printing - 35 Aylebury Road, London,  
SE17 2EQ



THE SOUL KITCHEN who have been suffering somewhat from the closure of the Casablanca Club and having to move to the dingy Bier Keller are finalising their current season at Tiffany's. During the summer the Soul Kitchen will become a meeting place for ideas and the enjoyment of good records, opening with the showing of the FIRE ENGINE film some during.

# Kitchenware

● Newcastle's Soul Kitchen is launching its own Kitchenware label and the first single is 'Sun Shines Here / I'll Be Your Surprise by HURRAH! A single by Daintees follows shortly by Red Ph...  
...tion is by Red Ph...  
...ade.

“ IT'S HONESTY  
THAT ALWAYS  
HOLDS US  
DOWN ”

- "Suffer and See"

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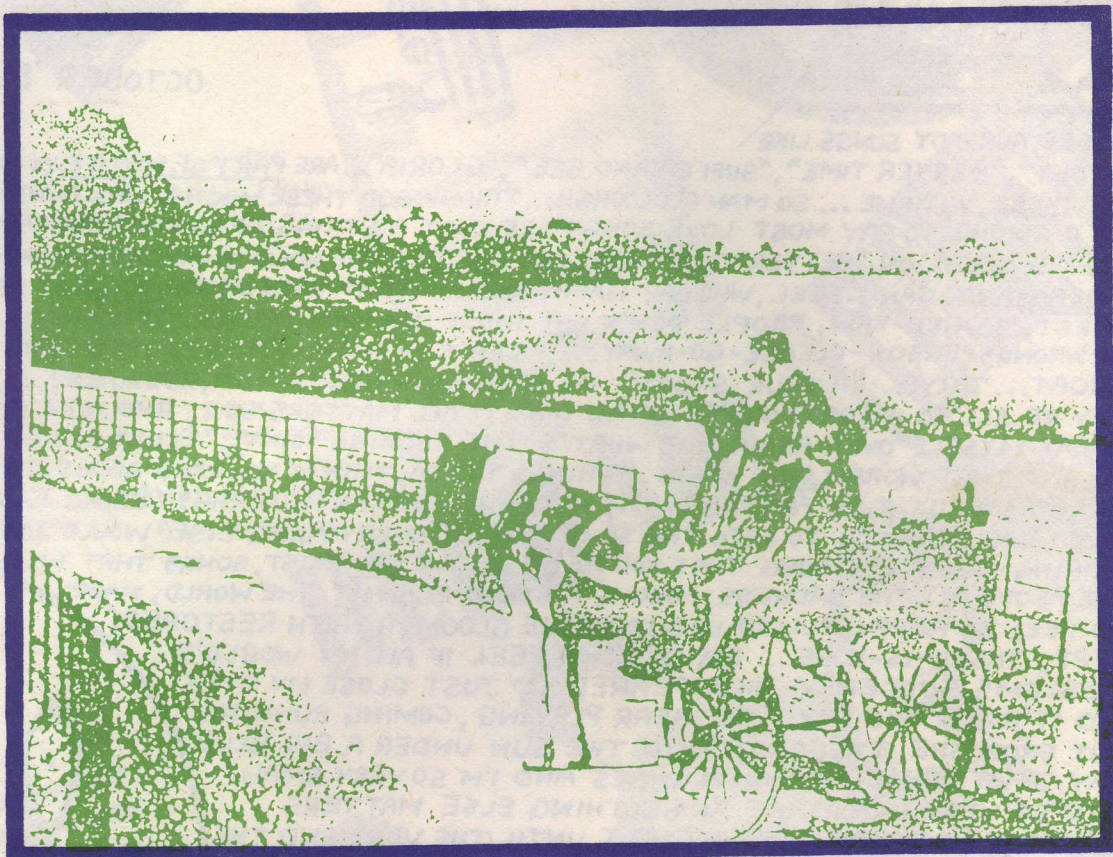
The Soul Cellar  
Newcastle

UPSTAIRS AT Grey's Club, supposedly one of the sleekest nightclubs in town, they are dancing to the latest disco sounds but down in The Soul Cellar, the Newcastle music scene is clearing its throat. Sadly The Soul Cellar, which was born in early February, tonight will breathe its last but everyone is glad to see that Hurrah! are playing the swansong.

Hurrah! are signed to the local Kitchenware label (an offshoot of The Soul Kitchen venture which has brought such bands as New Order and The Bluebells to the previously underprivileged South) and released their



Here comes  
the Summer!



don't say if...

say WHEN