

£0.50

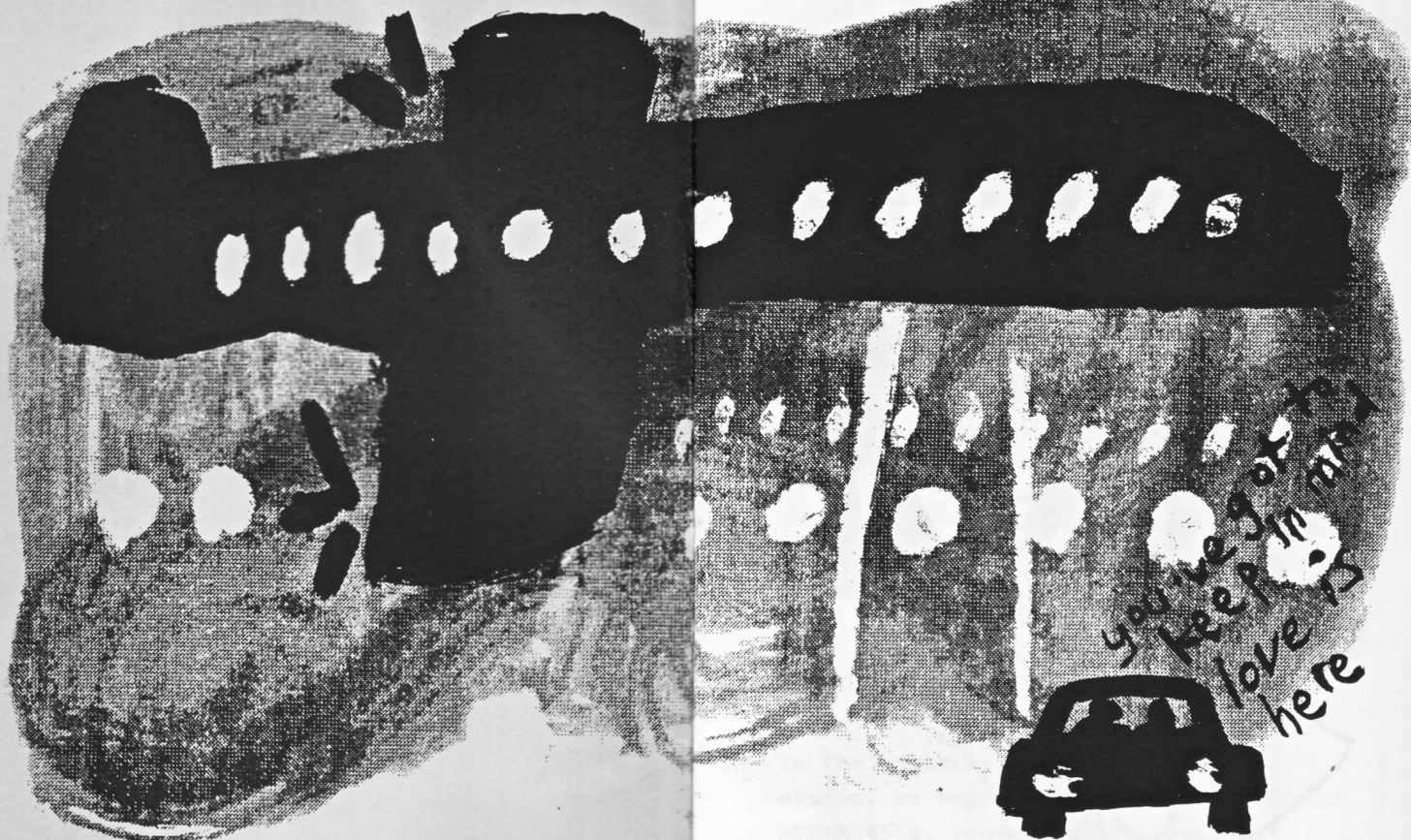


Inclusive are the thrills of a classy striptease  
 Lavish the benefits are these,  
 Provocative performances executed with ease,  
 Such professional style ... a soothing breeze.  
 Romantic. The night air spells enchantment,  
 A fountain abounding in whimsical ornament.  
 In short, a rare spied implausible event  
 - An unreal vision - an eerie figment?  
 Is this a latter day Glen Michaels' Cavalcade?  
 The aeroshere is a large dynamic parade  
 The offer is delight in a shady glade,  
 A night on a magic carpet and/or motorcade.  
 Those few fools absenting themselves by volition  
 Have also a first class ticket to perdition.

Pat Laureate  
 a go go

Pat Laureate  
 Pat Laureate (Sonneteer)





Classic line-up. Glasgow/Edinburgh mid-September scenario. My perspective.

Glasgow is so international - the kids drive out to the airport late at night, just to listen to the Beach Boys' Pet Sounds on the car stereo alternating with the jet-engined roar, and more than that, to feel alive to the fact that they are in the world. Fifteen miles north a gang of delinquent sensitives brave the cooling evening to skinny dip in Loch Lomond, toasting marshmallows on a bonfire while Sonic Youth rules their ghetto blaster.

But we have to leave them to touch our epicentre, to walk inbetween the toppling tenement skyline, guided through by a sense of destiny and electric streetlight, the spirit of adventure rushing up off the ground. So, brush past the football trials, the hopeless pub chatter non-achievement scene, the idiotic obstacle courses. We're too good for it. This is no ned symphony. Let's rush the show.

Edinburgh is so alluring but different to this. Stand on the

Powderhall terraces enchanted by the once in the world contrast between frenzied on-track speedway action, against an incredible silhouetted background of Calton Hill (left), an old castle (straight ahead) and miraculously (right) the Forth Road Bridge. To walk out onto the harbour at Granton is not only to acknowledge our own history courtesy of Pier House Studio (Shop Assistants, Vaselines, Melody Dog first singles), but to admit to the infinite possibilities offered up by the world of ocean travel. Steal some rich person's paddle cruiser today. But don't ever forget Edinburgh's dark, dank charm.

So you see, when we decided to stage these Pastels - Stereolab shows, the idea seemed to us to be quite special, and we decided that they would have to take place in significant cities of the world, and Glasgow and Edinburgh are so special they are capitals.

S. Pastel. September 1993.



There are times when one has to rely on one's own decisions and actions to make the world move on, to trigger or open up a whole new one.

In fact, the more often so the better. Taking initiative, getting organised showing determination, are some of the ways by which we started our label, mainly because we had something to do and we knew we didn't have to rely on some higher institution to do so.

Without going into too many details the procedure as to how to set up a label wasn't far out of the way.

We teamed up with our friend Martin (L'union fait la force!) who had a bit of money (our first record Super 45 cost all in all 1800 pounds - it sounds like a lot of money but it's a manageable amount to gather) ... a lot of energy, an excellent mum, a good sense of organisation amongst many other qualities.

Tim and I brought what would go on the record, and some extra pairs of hands to fold the sleeves once the records had arrived.

# SUPER 45's

Laetitia Sadier

In the meantime, we found a cheap studio, we baptised the label DUOPHONIC SUPER 45's, registered it, sent out loads of letters, made phone calls in the quest of the cheapest 10" manufacturer, and whatever needed to be done to get it going.

DUOPHONIC SUPER 45'S is the result of an idea, an urge!, a need!

It is true that we want fundamental changes in society which we learnt depend on our direct actions in our immediate life; it's a starting point that shows we should ourselves seek to control the operation of our enterprises oops!! sorry ... control what we do with our lives. By doing so we were taken at the heart of life where real excitement begins.

ACTION not dream!

QUESTION not acquiescence!

EVERYDAY, yes mam.

Contact Duophonic:  
c/o 19 Brambling Road  
Horsham,  
West Sussex,  
RH13 6AX,  
U.K.

# Michel Polnareff

by Bob Stanley

As part of my own personal crusade for Euro unity, I have spent the last 6 months immersed in the strange and often thrilling world of French pop music. So we have yr Serge Gainsbourgs (oui!) and yr Johnny Hallydays (non... "avec" raspberry effect), but there is one dazzling "great" who has touched my life and I believe he could touch yours - MICHEL POLNAREFF.

In the beginning - the early 60s in this case - Michel was a folkie. He did his stint of national service, and was made to bang on the big bass drum in a military band. Being of stick-esque physique, Michel once fainted on parade and was duly thrown in jail. Once out of the army he instantly signed to AZ records and recorded, in 1966, 'La Poupee Qui Fait Non'. Later covered by Scott McKenzie and also "rendered" by St. Etienne as 'No No No', this came across like Roy Orbison playing a Gene Clark beat ballad. The EP cover (all French 60s singles had 4 tracks and full colour sleeves) showed Michel with a rat draped over his shoulder. Instantly, he was a star.

Later in 1966 he recorded a staggering double A side which shot to the top of the French charts - 'Love Me Please Love Me' and 'L'Amour Avec Toi'. The latter was perfect jangle folk, while the former was heartbreaking balladeering with Polnareff sounding v cocky, his falsetto bared for all to see.

Hit followed hit, from the freak-beat 'Time Will Tell' to his 'Smile'-like period in 1968 (check out 'Le Bal Des Laze' and 'Dame Dame' for truly beautiful melodies and arrangements).

In 1969, the cocky lad decided he could not only write all his own material but arrange it as well. Quality control began to slip from here onwards. There were still moments of greatness ('Holidays' and the groove monster 'La Mouche' in 1972, the theme from 'Lipstick' in '75 but also a lot of Elton John - like ballads (an acquired taste - but don't we all secretly love 'Goodbye Yellow Brick Road'? Ahem...). His trademark shades were joined by a curly perm in '72 and a feather boa circa '74. He became a hermit at the start of the 80s, never leaving his ultra posh hotel suite. Pictured in Paris Match about 18 months ago, "le pauvre monsieur" Polnareff was a 20 stone hermit. No longer did he look like Jarvis Cocker, I can tell you.

A new LP is due next year. Sadly, it won't get as much press as Alex Chilton's next record. It'll probably be not great, but his 1989 45 'Goodbye Marilou' has been covered by Nick Cave recently, so who's hipper. Salute the genius of Michel Polnareff today.



Euro-man  
Bob & his  
top 10  
"ance  
moment"

1. Underworld - RE2
2. Jacques Dutronc - J'Aime Les Filles
3. Freddie Mercury - Living On My Own;
4. One Dove - Why Don't You Take Me
5. Everly Brothers - Cuckoo Bird
6. Slade - Look Wot You Dun
7. The Dubs - Could This Be Magic
8. Cliff Richard - I'm Afraid To Go Home
9. France Gall - Chanson Indienne
10. Denim - Synthesiser In The Rain





# PAUL'S DELI

by Aggi

It was a delicatessen not even in name. I only found out Paul's hopeful plan when I quizzed him on his lack of shop-sign, lack of regular opening hours and other usual shop sort of things. For, no sumptuous gateaux did he offer, no exotic array of cheeses with vine leaves casually strewn, no hot crusty loaves or tempting fancies... If it was treats you were after, Paul could boast:- Carr's Water biscuits; a range of tinned soups; half a jar of crystallised honey (offered as a bit of a bargain as an alternative to peanut butter: "Er, well, no... but I do have half a jar of honey - it's a bit crystallised"), and a couple of loaves purchased from Ma Brown's on his way to work. That was Paul's fayre.

In his heyday he bought a large cheese for his otherwise empty Refrigerated Display, and spent the next few days cutting it into small pieces in an attempt to look busy - it made a change from washing his hands. For days after, an elastoplasted forefinger was sore evidence of a lack of experience in that area. Where his experience really lay was a mystery. With his Prince Charlesley bearing he seemed to be only dabbling in the deli business. Perhaps he saw himself as cut from better cloth than a grocer's apron.

"I see," I said, "So you're not really thinking of getting a sign."

"Oh, you mean something like ... 'Paul's Deli'?"

"Yes, that'd be good, then you could maybe have a bit saying what you sell and stuff. Maybe you'd get some customers in..." He looked a bit defeated, but still slightly amused at his own failings.

"Well, I wouldn't like to promise anything in case I couldn't, well, get it together."

After that, I knew what we were dealing with, me, Stephen and Katrina, his main customers. But it was no wonder - Paul's over-eagerness was rather off-putting. A passing glance in the window, a peep from a passing bus, or a shifty look from across the street would always result in instant eye contact. Whether Paul was blocking the door, trying to assume the air of successful laissez-faire, or at the back of the shop washing his hands, again, he would be sure to catch your eye.

The shop door itself was a challenge to browsers - it would stick half-way and then suddenly fly open making it impossible to make anything but a slapstick-style comic entrance, always under Paul's amused eye. He was just delighted to have a customer, no matter how unstylishly they arrived. Katrina once spotted him watching as a frail but intrepid old dear battled with the door. Practical assistance was not forthcoming but he vigorously mimed a pushing action and happily applauded her eventual entrance.

We did like to patronise Paul, in his Deli, but it was best not to have something specific in mind as it would lead to disappointment all round.

"Have you got any egg pasta?"

Paul's hopeful, here-to-serve expression would give way to one of despondency and then, inspiration; "No, but I do have ... some eggs."

A month later I might stumble in for something else and Paul would gleefully grasp a packet of egg pasta and hold it up, victorious. Such hard-sell tactics would usually result in a sale - it was too sad to think of that packet with my name on it gathering dust-and then Paul could cheerfully shut up shop knowing it had been a full day without too much handwashing.

On those long lonely days at the sink, how he must have longed for his nightly routine of lowering the venetian blind and sticking a crumpled bin bag over the door by way of a security measure.

One afternoon, surprised to see the blind half up and bin bag still stuck I struggled inside to see what was up.

"You're open, then?" I doubted.

"Oh...yes... you'd be surprised," he smiled wryly over the Ryvita. Apparently this new approach was fairly drawing them in.

Soon, though, the blind was rarely raised at all and Paul would be sighted mooching about town in a rusting sports car, or tucking nonchalantly into a three-course meal in a respectable West End eaterie. Decline was rapid, Paul's Deli, a lesson in under-achievement, was up for sale.

A bit sad really.





Classic line-up,  
Powderhall speedway



School is shite - its for suckers!! Me and my posse don't go, we hang around the park and smoke dope - we're mad we are!! I've had all the guys, I hate all that "white virgin" crap, my boyfriend and I went to see Guns'n'Roses last night + it was fuckin' wild man! Steve, my boyfriend is so horny man, he's in this band "Lustier Bitch Riders" + they totally rule. My parents are arseholes, they like complain when I play my white snake C.Ds too loud. Man, there are more like, evil things going on in the world to worry about than my parents war and stuff - ya know? I wish I could get a motorbike so I look like that girl in the Bon Jovi video - that Jon Bon Jovi is such a skrew! I really fancy the Monk St. Andrews too, and Nirvana. I hate squares who don't like, drink or smoke and stuff - lighten up!

#### NON CONFORMIST



#### CONFORMIST



School's really good - I'm lucky as the popular people like me! We all go to each others houses and go wild listening to Take That and Madonna, its brilliant. My boyfriend David comes over - I don't really want to have sex with him but that's what boys are like and he might jump me if I don't. My mum really likes him - My parents are o.k, I find it easier to just do what they want instead of argue - I just want a quiet life! I don't really like to think of the nasty stuff it says in my dad's paper - it doesn't affect me so why make a fuss? I wish I could be a model and get men drooling over me but my thighs are too fat - I'm so ugly. I think people who dress funny are stupid - they need a good slap.

School? I never went, me and my sister teach ourselves! I'm helping my best friend learn how to juggle at the moment - its great fun, we plan to set up a punk circus as soon as we turn sixteen. We don't need boys when we have each other! - I've never really been into sex, masturbating is WAY more fun! I bought this record I've been looking for for ages, its the soundtrack to "I was a teenage zombie" a Hammer horror film! I love my favourite band is The Bad City Rollers but I've never liked tartan, hell, I'm not really interested in clothes! My best friend and I stole this caravan + have been living there, my parents are visiting tomorrow, I miss them sometimes I can't wait till we've robbed the bank and can set up our women's refuge for battered wives - so much to do! So little time!

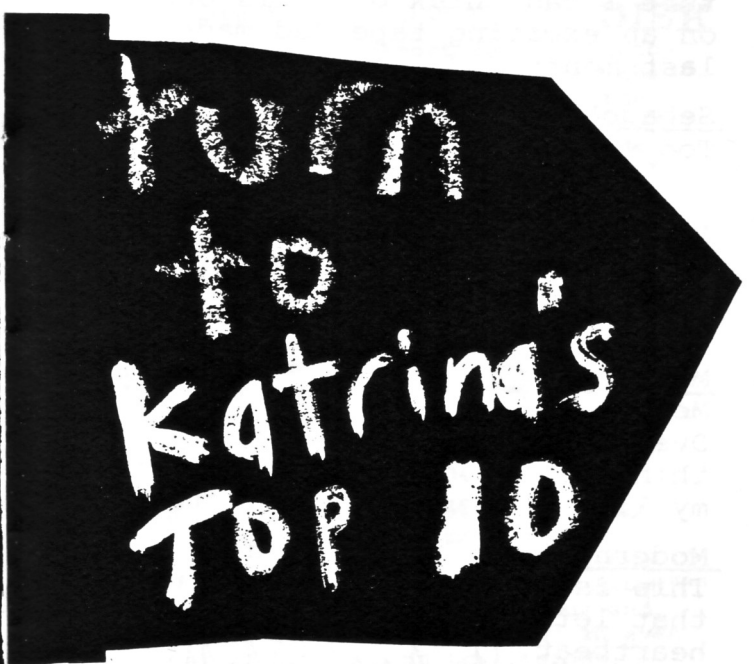
#### REAL NON CONFORMIST



Contact Lucy at :-  
VIOLET  
Lucy McKenzie  
21 Campsie Road  
Milton of Campsie  
Glasgow  
G65 8EB.

Lucy publishes Violet magazine, one of Glasgow's first Riot Grrrl zines. So far there have been two issues which tackle with relish various aspects of her life including her opinions on music and the music scene. It is an intelligent and gutsy magazine, and hopefully will serve as a catalyst for others.

456 125 507



# Katrina's top 10

in perverse order

## Elvis Presley 'True Love Travels On A Gravel Road'

This is from His legendary comeback in 1969 (my year). According to the newspapers it was a more important event even than Man Landing on the Moon. It is to me too, and I can't say that about much.

## Daniel Johnston 'Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Your Grievances'

My dearest songwriter. My national anthem.

## Billy Taylor Trio 'Film '86'/'I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free'

I'm wondering if long titles somehow attract me. Anyway, this is my oldest favourite on the list. I was about 15 when I learnt (a simplified version of) this and drove my family mad by playing it for approximately two years non-stop thus beating even 'The Entertainer' and the Tennents lager theme. A world record.

## The Cookies 'I Never Dreamed'

My favourite 60s girl group in their swooningest moment.

## Jad Fair 'Starry Eyes'

Sparkly.

## Spider John Koerner 'Titanic'

"It was sad, it was sad, oh lord it was sad..." to the jolliest tune I can think of. This one's on an exciting tape Jad made me last month and it's a stomper.

## Sebadoh 'Soul And Fire'

Too sad to think about.

## Betty Willis 'If I Had A Hammer'

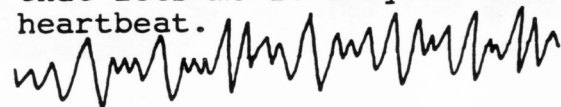
She sings like Louis Armstrong - lusty and husky and funny. She is great.

## Moe Tucker 'Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow'

Overwhelming like a lot of things Moe does - she's high on my list of heros/respectables.

## Modern Lovers 'Girlfriend'

This is the only song I know that lets me feel my own heartbeat.



Some records you should definitely get if you see 'em in a car boot sale or second hand shop for cheap ... (or tape 'em).

## SILVER APPLES "The Silver Apples" (KAPP LP, 1967) "Contact" (KAPP LP, 1968)

The Silver Apples were two guys from New York, Dan Taylor (perc. + vocals) and Simeon ('The Simeon' an electronic generator + vocals) who made wild and weird electronic music over a great pulsing R'n'R beat. I think they came from an avante-garde theatre background so the words are a bit y'know, naff and pretentious (like a lot of stuff from that period I s'pose) so this is the only thing that kinda dates it. The music however is well up to date, a sparse bass frequency pulses along to a metronome beat, overlaid with electronic noises that sometimes sound like helicopters and airliners taking off. "Contact" is probably the better LP as it contains their best song, the incomparable "Ruby" (which Gallon Drunk recorded on their 1st Clawfist 7") and which we based 3 of our songs on, 'Harmonium', 'Farfisa' and 'Mellotron'. These LPs look very unlikely to appear on CD in the foreseeable future so if you see 'em, steal 'em.

## MUTANTES "OS Mutantes" (Polydor Brazil, 1968) "Mutantes" (Polydor Brazil, 1969)

The Mutantes were a Brazilian 'psychedelic' group from the late 60's, who made 'way out' music that sounded like nothing else from the period (or any other period). It's a really weird and unique mixture of psychedelic rock, sound-track music, marching music, 60's pop, chorale vocal stuff, weird electronics and latin Brazilian rhythms. Sometimes really funny, othertimes poignant and beautiful, there's so many things going on it's always fresh and sounds different each time you hear it. I think you'll be bloody lucky to find these in this country but if you have any Brazilian friends now's the time to write that postcard.

Various stuff on

# ESP DISK

The ESP-Disk Label (short for Esperanto-Disk) was/is the personification of the cool/hip U.S. underground label in the 60's. Its motto printed on the back of every LP sleeve was "THE ARTISTS ALONE DECIDE WHAT YOU HEAR ON THEIR ESP-DISK" and listening to some of this stuff it couldn't be anything but an understatement. Without doubt ESP released the most un-commercial 'rock' music of its era. ESP-Disk began life as an avante-garde jazz label in 1964 releasing stuff by Albert Ayler (his best stuff), Pharoah Sanders and Sun Ra amongst many others. They also released the "Patty Waters: Sings" LP which contains the hysterically brilliant 13½ minute long "Black Is The Colour Of My True Love's Hair".

In 1966 it began to release 'rock' records but only of the most ultra-underground variety. The Fugs were the first with their LP "The Fugs 1st Album" which is great, but they're famous and anyway were quickly surpassed by an even more freaky underground Lo-fi group, The Godz.



The Godz 1st LP "Contact High With The GODZ" recorded in 1966 is just mad, a really stupid racket but at the same time fabulous and wonderful. Over their next two LP's 'GODZ 2' and 'The Third Testament' they really pushed the free-expression motto of the label to the limit and it's difficult to believe any other label would have released them, white noise, screaming and animal noises, banging, really bad out of tune folk music, it sounds really modern!

## CoNTact <sup>h</sup>iGH

Wit

Da

# GODZ



They'd probably be on 'Drag City' today. I won't go on about ESP-Disks any more except to say you've got to hear the Cromagnon "Cave Rock" LP. It's "Rock" as in the hard stuff that's usually surrounded by dirt. A record full of grunting and banging, speeded up shrieks and ultra-heavy slowed down metal machine noises, it also has a really lovely beautiful song called 'Crow of the Back Tree' and is generally a real cool humdinger of an album. Anyway most ESP-Disks LP's are not too difficult to find and will at least make you smile. They're also available on CD now so ask them to play it in the record shop first!

PIERRE HENRY "Messe Pour Le Temps Present"  
(Phillips France, late 1960s)

This LP cost me £1 and is the soundtrack music for a modern ballet. It also features one of the top ten best songs ever recorded. "Psyche Jerk" is a wonderfully crazy mixture of "Louie Louie" and the soundtrack to "Forbidden Planet". A garage band 3 chord stomp with bells and screaming electronic noises, it's really dancey and I would defy anyone not to like it. The rest of the 'ballet' music is in a similar vein but it's more like 60's wig-out party music. The other side of the LP has Pierre's more serious 'musique-concret' stuff and is not so good, but there's definitely more of these LP's laying around out there to find.

HARMONIA "Musik Von Harmonia"  
(Brain LP 1974)

Harmonia were a German 3 piece made up of members of two other famous German bands NEU! and Cluster. Moebius and Roedelius from Cluster/Kluster and Michael Rother from NEU!. What's so great about it is that it's just really weird subterranean pop music. It's got a really fantastic drum machine sound and all around it is a wobbly world of dripping moog sounds, heartbeats, whirring and whirling organs, pulsing and surging bass frequencies. Beautiful little 'systems music' style melodies flit around it all taking off and crystallising in little droplets under the relentless crack of the custom classic Neu! guitar sound (my favourite geetah sound ever!), although it's more brittle here than on Neu!'s first two LP's. The Neu! sound guitar style is heard particularly on the upbeat faster tracks but the overall sound of the record is closer to Cluster's "Zuckerzeit" LP from the same period and is also a really great LP. Harmonia made another LP but I haven't heard it so ... I don't know what it's like, but it probably won't be crap. This LP also has a really amazing sleeve, a detergent bottle (or washing-up liquid or something) and they're all sitting down with their gear inside, in what looks like a really nice house.

The reason I wrote all this stuff, is for the same reason we make all our own stuff. Everybody is not these 2 dimensional cardboard cut-outs that the national music press and others make out that we are. (By 'others' I mean the whole music industry mechanisms in general, media, labels and anybody who wants to keep it all nailed down and who thinks it's all just 'product'. Everyone who listens to great music can make great music. There's thousands of brilliant records outside of the 'classics' linear rock line-up that we are told enough times is so 'great' that we eventually believe must be. Everyone who makes music-sounds are told we must be influenced by these people or that we are part of one of the six or seven styles they say there are, whatever you do they'll always knock you down to the Lowest Common Denominator. They think they've got it all sewn -up, they think they've sussed it all out, what's worse they think they're doing you a favour. Underneath it just seems they're interested in control. I think today's 'stars' just look like yesterday's 'stars', but is it a surprise when their definition is so narrow? I wrote about these records because I love these records and they changed my life more than any of the 'classics' they say you should be so impressed with. Some of them records are good but I just don't like to be told what to like or what I do like. All of these records (above) I bought because I was curious; they looked weird and interesting. I know there are thousands of other records out there that are just as good or better that I don't know of yet, but I'm sure of one thing, I'm not going to find out by reading the m\*s\*c press. We create our own hip music and our own hip scenes.

3/10 see me.

Tim Gane



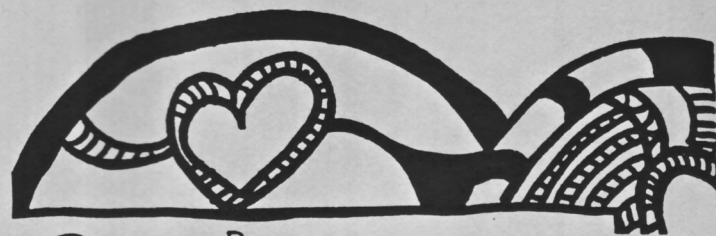
Niki at work

## Hey, Students

Being a student offers so many possibilities, but these in themselves are worthless unless you are prepared to seize the initiative. Student culture must be firmly rejected, so no skipping lectures for dope smoking binges or to suck up to other students in the ref. Although missing a lecture is no great hardship, hanging around with too many other students is brain-numbing.

Instead, why not publish your own fanzine? Become a riot grrrl. Your lecturers will think they can really relate to it. No matter what you do they'll think they can, so become a minor pop star or put out some records. They'll revel in your celebrity and you'll get a 2nd class degree.

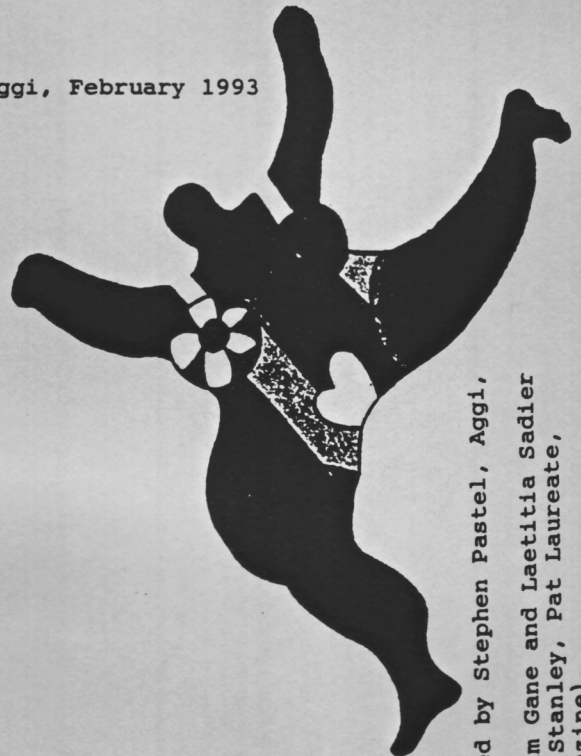
S.P.



## Pastels at an exhibition

Stephen, Katrina, Aggi, in a row. Our eyes have adjusted to a bluey darkness, and our noses to a plasticity smell. We are sitting comfortably inside a giant skull. We can make out nooks and friendly curves of the reverse side of a cheekbone and eye sockets. Light filters between the teeth. Somehow by entering this confined space our horizons have widened and we forget where we are. We have been transported into an exotic, vibrant, human world of humour and humanity, and of the realisation of impossible dreams. It is the exhibition of Niki de Saint Phalle, and we are delighted.

Aggi, February 1993



Pamfletti compiled by Stephen Pastel, Aggi, Katrina Mitchell.  
Contributions: Tim Gane and Laetitia Sadler (Stereolab), Bob Stanley, Pat Laureate, Lucy (Violet magazine).

Pamfletti,  
P.O. Box 549,  
Glasgow  
G12 9NQ.  
Scotland,  
U.K.

