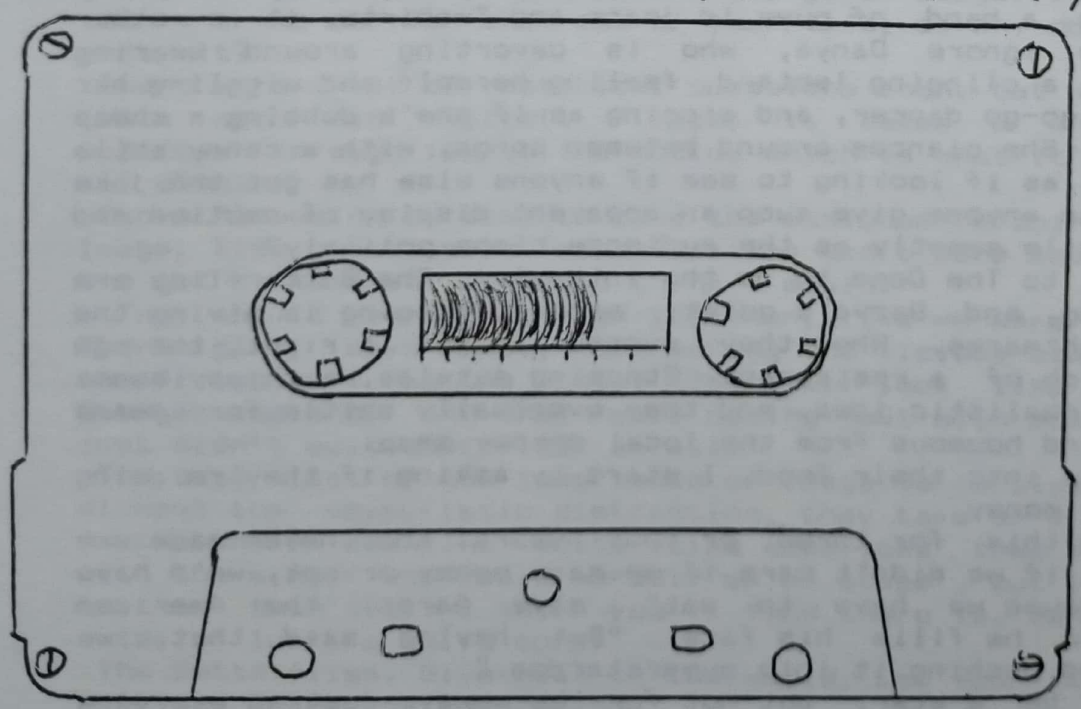


Big Muff 3

£1.50

SHA SCRAM DAY DRESS
NICK SCRAM DAY DRESS
Bubble-Eyed Dog Boys
THROW AWAY THE WALL IN CRAZY
Butterflies
SHARP BLACK SHARPS IN HER OLD
Daisy Chainsaw
Than a CRAZIE THE MORE JEWELS FROM US EHA
CRACK
CHARGE WHIP
TUFF WHIP
YAY GRAY
YAY WHIP



Hello, it's me again. I've just put the fanzine together and left myself with the task of filling 32 lines. I know! I'll tell you about Big Muff.

Big Muff is a fanzine written by me, Neil Boyd, and I live in a little shelf at the Post Office called PO Box 128, Fleet, Hants, GU13 0UA.

Big Muff 1 had interviews with The Motorcycle Boy, The Pogues, Po!, Shop Assistants, The Fizzbombs and Clare Grogan. There wasn't much point telling you that because I've sold them all, but I've still got a few flexis left, by The Fat Tulips and The Spinning Jennys. That'll be 50p + suitable SAE. Quote of the fanzine: "Skiing is the best buzz you can get, apart from 'Freak Scene'", David Shop Assistant.

Big Muff 2 is still available because I got fed up carrying them around. That's because it's a weighty tome of 36 A4 pages, and has rambling interviews with Th' Faith Healers, Vicious Kiss, The Popinjays, Screaming Custard, The Bollweevils, Blur, The Charlottes, Lush, The Groove Farm, Who Moved The Ground?, Bleach, The KLF, The Love Buttons, Mayomberos Alive and The Fat Tulips. Not only do you get all these words, but also a double-sided flexi with Th' Faith Healers, Screaming Custard, The Love Buttons and Who Moved The Ground? All this for a quid + A4 SAE. Quote of the fanzine: "I'd like to be able to fly, but I wouldn't want to come back as an aeroplane", Roxanne Faith Healer.

Big Muff 3 is just a distraction from the tape. It's the tape that you're paying for, and it's the tape that's taken so long to organise. Listen to it all. That's what it's for.

The Butterflies

'Thrusting and pouting' is an over-used exaggeration, because only The Primitives pout, and only The Butterflies thrust.

A lot of bands have a problem with the girl singer getting all the attention while the blokes stand in the shadows, but when you are watching a band of guys in jeans and T-shirts, it is rather difficult to ignore Danya, who is cavorting around wearing nothing but a clinging leotard, feeling herself and wiggling her butt like a go-go dancer, and singing as if she's dubbing a cheap porno movie. She glances around between songs, with a canny smile on her face, as if looking to see if anyone else has got the joke yet. How can anyone give such an apparent display of emotion and then just smile sweetly as the audience claps politely?

When I get to The Dome to do the interview, The Butterflies are soundchecking, and Danya's quiet, sensual singing is giving the soundman nightmares. When they eventually get it right, they go out in search of a restaurant. Stepping outside, a chippy seems like a more realistic idea, and they eventually settle for sesame seed bread and houmous from the local corner shop.

As they lay into their food, I start by asking if they're doing this for the money.

"If we did this for three or four years, and never made any money, even if we didn't care if we made money or not, we'd have to stop because we have to eat", says Aaron, the American guitarist, as he fills his face. "But having said that, we wouldn't mind pushing it into superstardom."

"I want to be a star, but not for the money, just so everyone loves me", says Danya, effusively.

Aaron: "So what's worse: being greedy or being egotistical?"



Neill: "It's so nice to be able to control an audience. Get them to dance when you want them to dance, and just get them to nod their heads now and then in the slow part."

Danya: "You're on a power trip then? People ask me if I get nervous, and I can't understand why you would do it if you're going to get nervous every time you go on stage. It's something you want to do for the rest of your life, so why don't you just enjoy it?"

There were a lot of rhetorical questions then, but who cares?

With such an explicit image, it takes a while to see past/over/through it, to the music, which is what it's supposedly all about.

Danya: "I wouldn't like to make the music we're doing without my image, like if someone said 'if you don't care about image, go and get a skinhead', I don't think I would."

"They should be able to go together, like we were saying about The Origin", says James, remembering the vicious slagging off of the fly-posters up the road. "They all look like a bunch of Stooges copiers, and they were coming out with some music that just didn't suit their look at all."

The best test of the importance of image is to close your eyes. Without the voyeuristic distraction, they take on a new meaning. Anyone who's seen The Butterflies describes them as 'the band with the singer who feels herself up on stage', but is there more to them than that? I think you'll find there is. Behind the soft exterior lurks a solid core.

The Butterflies. Give head to the world. Let your fingers do the walking. Thank you for coming.

Bubble-Eyed Dog Boys

Pub? Club? Disco? Bubble-Eyed Dog Boys are definitely a club band, which sets them apart from all the other bands on the Farnborough Groove tape, who are definitely pub bands. That and the fact they're not from Farnborough!

The Farnborough Groove Volume 1 is a compilation of Farnborough bands, amazingly enough, which might not sound like a very exciting prospect, but it rather took me by surprise. Forget C86, this is C81. Farnborough is the land that time forgot, but in amongst the Buzzcocks and Cabaret Voltaire similarities are a few more recent influences, like the energetic voice of the kids, Phobia, and the pure power pop of The Bubble-Eyed Dog Boys, who take their bench-mark from Neds and The Primitives respectively.

If you want to buy this tape, you can send your £2.25, including postage, to Pete Cole, 47 Beaufort Road, Church Crookham, Fleet, Hants.

Obviously The Bubble-Eyed Dog Boys have got the crappiest name in the history of pop, so let's hope they've got a good explanation for it.

"It's from a Devo video", claims Ian, the Elton John look-alike drummer. "They were into music to get enough money to open up a laboratory so they could make Bubble-Eyed Dog Boys, and we are the resultant offspring."

The other 'Boys' are Tony, the diminutive guitarist hiding behind his Wendy Rickenbacker; Bev, the singer with short skirt and high heeled boots; and Anne, the bassist with patterned tights and silver boots.

Their three track promo-only demo was produced by Voice Of The Beehive guitarist, Mike Jones, who Tony met at a gig. After a few heavy sessions in his loft studio they went into a proper studio.

"As we were mixing it he compared our song to The Primitives ones", divulges Tony, and then adds "to try and get the levels right, not to make it sound like 'Crash'."

"I was very annoyed", Ian protests.





"I don't think it sounds like The Primitives", mutters Anne.

"It could have been anyone he played alongside it", says Bev, dismissively. "Any girl pop band. We totally input to it. He wasn't left to make it sound how he wanted it to sound."

"We see ourselves more in line with the timeless nature of pop music, which is about a good tune, and not about a current fad", proclaims Ian. "We are the antithesis of dance bands and all that stuff."

Unlike The Beehives, Bubble-Eyed Dog Boys don't get blind drunk at gigs. Instead they coolly sip water, keeping in control of what they're doing. Tony and Bev act out their ridiculous, contrived stage antics, while Anne occasionally loses herself in the music during some of the lurrier songs, such as 'Rampage'.

As I hinted earlier, they are more at home in the club/party atmosphere than in the pub/toilet circuit. I saw them in the Southampton flea-pit with Bleach, and they didn't quite settle in to the prestigious support that many bands would kill for, preferring to play places where people want to watch them.

Bev: "We played an island in Scotland with just a pub on it, not even any houses. You have to get a ferry across to it every night. No-one lives there."

"I reckon the best thing we ever did was go to Malta. Flown over and put up in a four star hotel for four days. All the men fancied Tony. He was worried. His poor little face!"

Tony: "People kept touching my bottom, especially David Van Day from Dollar. That was peculiar."

"He liked you lots", Bev continues. "That was payed for by some bloke in the Maltese Labour party, also does something to do with motor sports. He payed for us to come over and play in his club, and then we had to do a charity gig for Samaritans. We blagged our way into the evening reception as well, and nobody would sit next to us. We just pretended we were famous and had every right to be there."


And so they should.

And now it's time for the first Big Muff celebrity gig review. The celebrity in question is Who Moved The Ground? axeman, Sid, who now also plays for the reformed Blue Velvet.

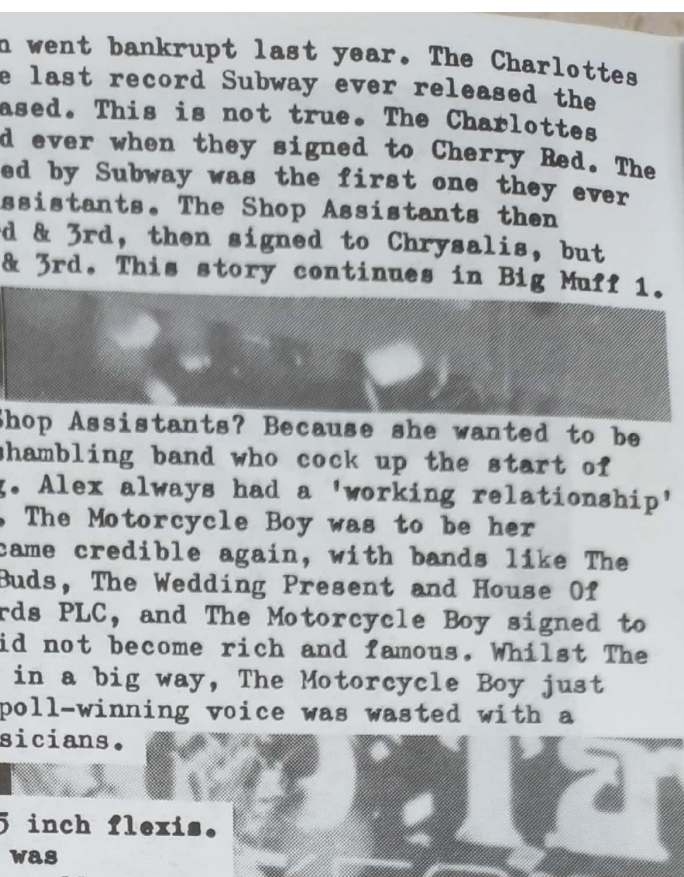
Pretty Green/Frayed Edge at The George, Ash Vale 28/3/91

Pretty Green took to the stage amid a wall of feedback and PA problems and looked extremely confident considering it was only their 3rd or 4th gig. The problems however didn't go away and the band struggled on. Some great songs shined through, particularly the haunting slow ballad 'Just A Friend' and the truthfulness of the lyrics to 'Nicotine'. Some of those rhythmic changes are a bit hectic boys, so try and make them fit together and flow smoothly, and the title of Fleet's brightest band is all yours. (wow!-Ed!)

The majority of the crowd had come to see the live debut of Frayed Edge and the area around the stage was packed. "Is there anything that guy can't do?" someone joked about Frayed Edge's drummer, the familiar Patrick James the solo artist as well as frontman for Blue Velvet. The band took a while tuning up, a sure sign of first gig nerves but they had no reason to be nervous - they brought the house down with classic punk anthems like 'Quick Rebellion' and the one everyone wanted to hear - 'Can't Get Out Of Bed' from The Farnborough Groove. They ended with The Ramones' 'Suzy Is A Headbanger' and Hawkwind's 'Silver Machine' and the tightest most tuneful punk band since The Lurkers were gone.

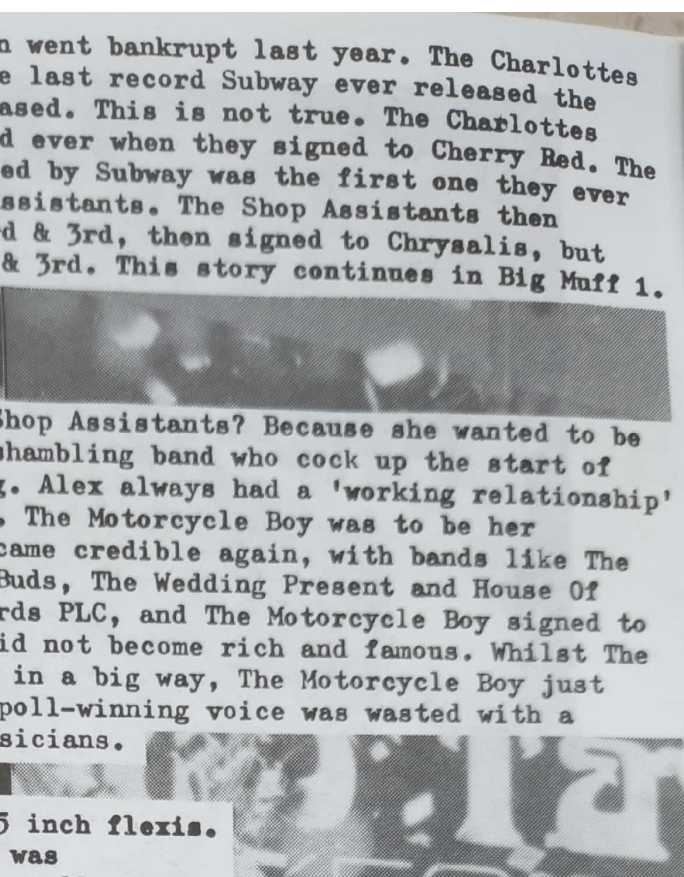
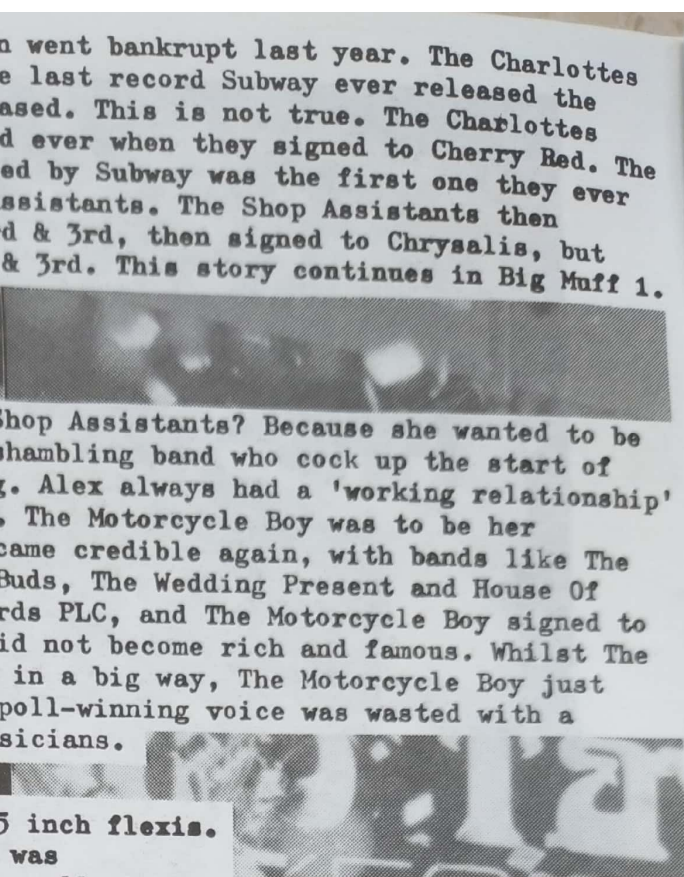


The Subway Organisation went bankrupt last year. The Charlottes claimed to have made the last record Subway ever released the best one they ever released. This is not true. The Charlottes released the best record ever when they signed to Cherry Red. The best record ever released by Subway was the first one they ever released, by the Shop Assistants. The Shop Assistants then released records on 53rd & 3rd, then signed to Chrysalis, but still hung around 53rd & 3rd. This story continues in Big Muff 1.




Why did Alex leave the Shop Assistants? Because she wanted to be in a proper band, not a shambling band who cock up the start of at least one song per gig. Alex always had a 'working relationship' with the Shop Assistants. The Motorcycle Boy was to be her saviour. Major labels became credible again, with bands like The Primitives, The Darling Buds, The Wedding Present and House Of Love signing to XYZ Records PLC, and The Motorcycle Boy signed to Chrysalis, again. They did not become rich and famous. Whilst The Darling Buds became crap in a big way, The Motorcycle Boy just wilted slowly as Alex's poll-winning voice was wasted with a string of second-rate musicians.

But it was full steam ahead for Sarah. Fizzy pop. 5 inch flexis. Plastic bag singles. Anoraks. Aaarrggghhh!!! Sarah was originally perceived as a C86 label, probably because all their fanzine sellers wore anoraks, but the 90s has shown Sarah in it's true colours.



There used to be only one type of Sarah band: the sensitive young boys, with round spectacles, who wrote coy bedroom songs about broken hearts and promises. They had countryside names like The Field Mice, Another Sunny Day and Brighter. Sarah had a philosophy of giving value for money, and not ripping off the kids. People started collecting Sarah records, and the early singles began to fetch ludicrous prices from eager fans. Sarah records had a guaranteed market of 2000, and more and more records were released. The early philosophies were dropped as mass-production, tax receipts and the shine of the CD took over Sarah towers. The last plastic-bag-and-wraparound-sleeve was by a new breed of Sarah band. Heavenly.



Heavenly are, of course, ex-members of Talulah Gosh, a fact which always crops up, but is unnecessary, even obstructive. When Amelia Gosh felt the need of a band she toyed with the idea of joining The Lunachicks or Betty Boo (apparently!), but eventually made the difficult and controversial decision to round up a few ex-Talulahs, and form Heavenly. They were not going to fall for the charms of XYZ, who now had burnt fingers anyway, instead choosing the sanctity of Sarah.

You can't help falling in love with the way Peter stands awkwardly, trying not to look at the audience as he plays such beautifully simple guitar breaks.

The way Mathew thrashes his minimal drum kit during the noisy bits, and wanders off to get a drink during the quiet bits.

The way Rob, um, plays stripey bass.

And the way Amelia looks so cute in her ankle socks, and winces at the bum notes.





After a couple of hours of traffic jams, roadworks, roundabouts, and silly records, we arrive at The Richmond just after dark. Has anyone noticed how 'Streets Of London' genuinely does sound better at 45rpm? Just after dark being 5 O'clock. The Orchids are sitting outside in their van, but no sign of anyone else, so it's a swift pint in the bar, and then down to the beach for a piss.

If you ever go to any seaside town, don't put any money into those machines where a load of 10p's slide backwards and forwards, because you'll never win. Spend your money instead on the dodgems, and the glass bins with the floppy steel jaw that comes down and picks up a little fluffy red Devil. The trick is to wait until someone else loosens one before you invest your 30p, and then it's a doddle.

Humour. That's what it is. Even The Orchids seem cheerful compared to The Field Mice, but they still wouldn't call their album 'The Kids Think Heavenly Are Lush'. Nor did Heavenly, opting instead for 'Heavenly vs Satan'. Heavenly write cheerful songs about love and how to live it. Which is why I would want to travel to Brighton to see them.

So we all stroll back to The Richmond, with a motley assortment of fluffy pandas, bears and Satans hanging out of our top pockets, where The Orchids are sitting outside in their van.

The Richmond is about the same size as The Bull & Gate, except it's all in one room. Even As We Speak come on and play some songs, and smile, and accept little bags of jelly babies. The Orchids come on, and I go and sit in the van.

The Poppuns come and hang around, but then we are in Brighton.

Heavenly are. Really.

Babes In Toyland

"People pick out my silliest vocal parts to put into interviews, like 'fry fucking fry'. Out of all the words I say that's not the most inspiring or intelligent. I like when people interpret them or write them in magazines and put all this importance behind them and it's totally wrong. That's great."

Obviously analysing Babes In Toyland lyrics is ludicrous because their appeal is in the demonic delivery, not the intellectual content, but how can anyone resist a quote like that, especially when the lyrics are written on the album sleeve.

She screams Sweet Hell in her old white nightie
With rips and tears she's too aware
See-through big black bombs that explode on chickens
All the while she thickens from cracks in the mortar

Baby's got ruby jewel Lashes that whip your spine

I see you grew into that stiff grey suit they saved for you
Scrubbed you clean now you forgot what you mean

Baby's got ruby jewel Lashes that whip your spine

Every time she blinks makes me sink into ruby jewel Lashes

So I put on my best Sunday dress

And I waltz into this mess

Posing as a guest or something much less

Than a crazy old doll in a crazy old dress

Cracks in the mortar cracks in the mortar

Baby's got ruby jewel Lashes that whip your spine

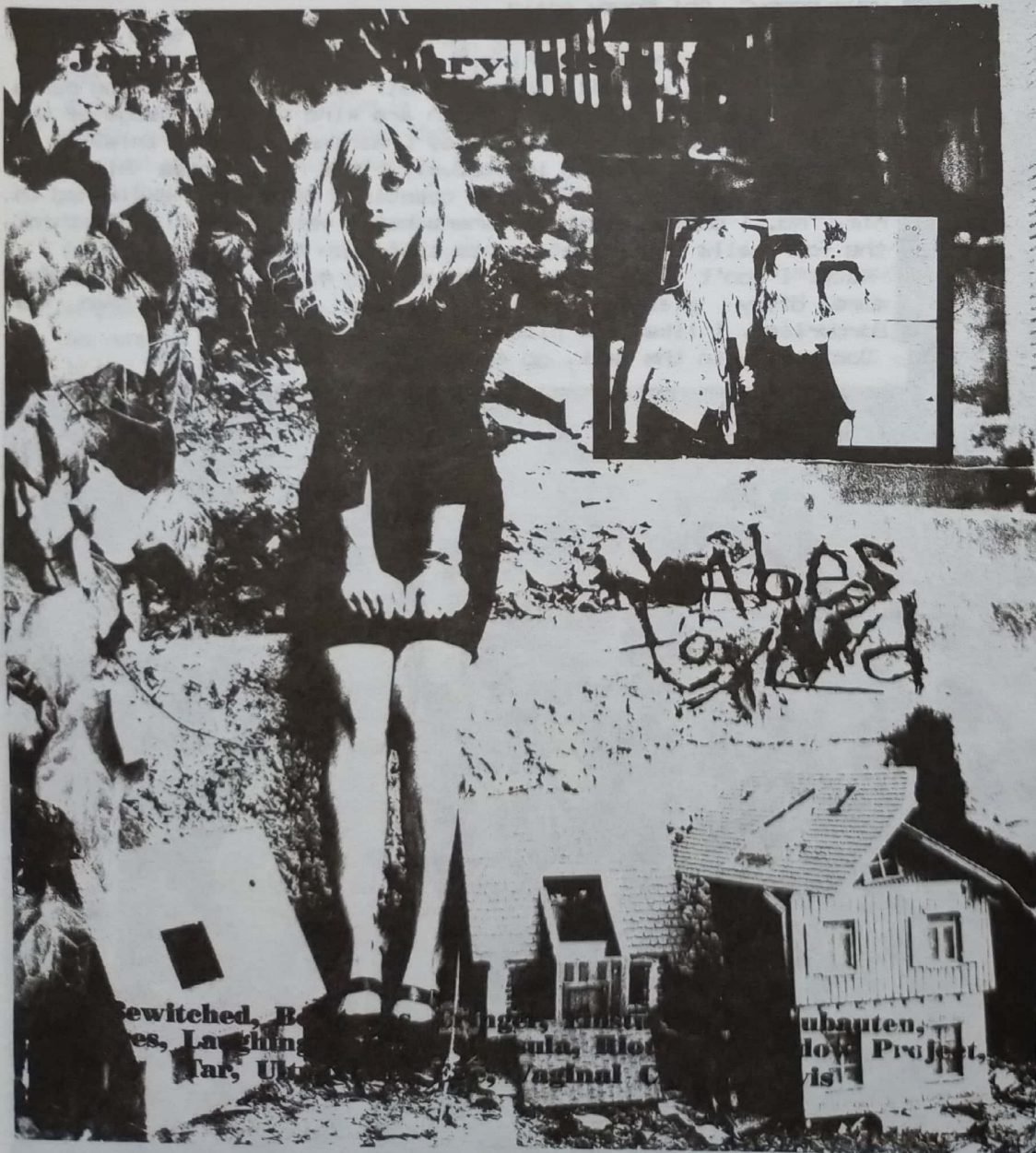
The thin moon sugar it shines like a wino 4 me

LASHES

Kat Bjelland of Babes In Toyland photo and quote lifted from
Flipside 70 without permission, but I'm sure they won't mind.

Kat used to get teased by the slags at school for being really square. As time goes by, the slags become respectable, and this song is about going to the wedding of one of them. The chorus refers to the way a blink from the long, black, false eyelashes can have such a demeaning effect, like the lashes from a whip. 'Ruby jewel lashes' means ruby lips, expensive jewelry, and those eyelashes. The second line is about feeling very vulnerable without the cosmetic beauty. Some well-applied, thick make-up can make anyone look more attractive, but it will crack, like mortar in an old wall, using the homonym of a mortar bomb to show that every now and then something will happen to show you for what you are. This wedding is one such event. Both Kat and the ex-slag are wearing their smartest clothes, but to Kat it is her 'best Sunday dress', and to the ex-slag it is a 'stiff grey suit' that her parents bought a long time ago to try and tidy her up. Another play on the word 'mortar' is the reminder that we are all mortal. The last line, which is repeated several times, is about walking home from the wedding, feeling rather merry and pleased with herself, and looking up at a full moon and being reminded of a sugar coated sweet, but then being brought sharply back to reality by looking down at a wino, who can't hide from the bright moonlight.

What a load of bollocks! What's it really about?



I was going to try and interpret some L7 lyrics as well, but there's not much to explain about "I drink, I get drunk and fall on my face. All my friends tell me I'm a basket case", so I didn't bother. I would have done a comic strip of 'Deathwish', but I can't draw.

Daisy Chainsaw

"Katy is the singer. She's female, by the way. Just barely. And she'll probably say that I'm male, just barely."

So speaks Crispin, the owner of a guitar marked 'Pure Con 11'. He is wearing silver eye shadow and messed up hair. Katy has the spaced out look of Deee-Lite, the mad stage presence of Bleach, and the ruthlessness of the back cover of Danielle Dax's last album. On stage she wears a torn party dress, dyed red hair, stage makeup, and long false eyelashes.

"I find it an enhancement to have people to look at that are interesting, but the music is by far and away more important", says Crispin.

"And it's really good fun to put it together", agrees Katy.

They wouldn't give me their previous demo because it was 'too poppy', but I managed to get hold of it anyway, and I think I can see their point. It starts off with the breathless, Transvision Vampish 'Future Free', and 'Propellor Punch' sounds a bit like Altered Images, so there's two good reasons not to give me it. However, these shortfalls are more than compensated for by the other two tracks. The sweet singing conflicting with the harsh guitar on the eponymous 'Daisy Chainsaw' is frantic, noisy punk at it's best. 'Love Your Money' is their pop song, which has a Bow Wow Wow kind of drum beat, and goes "love, love, love you for your money". Ah! Money again.

Katy: "I don't want to get ripped off, but in the same voice, I don't mind playing for nothing."

Which is just as well, because their manager also puts on bands at The Robey and The Doms, which are kind of on the edge of the 'North London scene', so are Daisy Chainsaw a part of this?

"Yes", replies Crispin impetuously, but he changes his mind after the connotations of the question have been explained to him. "No. I could imagine anywhere being very good. I don't think the four walls and the stage has that much to do with it."

Katy: "I don't know if it's just me and my naivety, but I prefer more divey places. I'd rather play The Astoria than The Borderline. I like dark places."

Don't stay in the dark, go and see Daisy Chainsaw. Ha!



A.C. Temple - Belinda Backwards (Blast First)

The world is a large and foggy place, with no place for didgeridoos or backmasking. What? You've kept the didgeridoo?

'All the planes have been grounded' it says on the playout groove. There may only be two sides to this record, but there are four distorted dimensions. If Belinda had made it onto the record, her reverse direction would have been entirely in keeping with the theme. Time and space have no relevance. Just as The Sea Of Tranquility merges into The Bay Of Biscay on the sleeve, who would think twice about the two 'quick miles' to the Glitterhall. It's what happens when you get there that seems to have caused the grief. The grandeur inside didn't stop the suffering outside. The first three songs rattle off a list of religious strifes at about 150bpm. As the album unfolds, we are led backwards to the rationale behind this scepticism.

'Girlseye' tells of an angelic relationship, which turns bitter in 'Come Sunrise'. 'Skyhooks' is a disdainful recount of living with the contradictory opinions of your parents. "Those people you need they're just nonsense. They may be real but I'm not like them". The assumption in 'Spacebore' that this is just an English convention is shattered by the painful realisation in 'Lifesize' that you don't have to accept what you've been brought up to.

'Baby Seals' cranks the pace up again, as the album comes full circle to bring back the original inference, with a touch of added reality, and asks "What is this crap on the news? Where did the Garden of Eden go?". This new outlook reveals the cause and the cure of the initial confusion: "time is running to heal all the suffering". 'P2' is the awakening at the start of a new day. Calmed and enlightened, it all looks different in the morning. But what chaotic trauma lies ahead? Only time will tell.

Dirtying the angels's wings, breaking the pious chains, this album is a voyage of discovery. Wonderful.

The Infant God - Puberty (Imaginary)

It's been said that songs remind you of holidays and shagging, and they obviously had a lasting effect on guy who wrote the sleeve-notes for this album. If they are to be believed, every song by The Infant God is born of pure pain. This is not music, but the sound of tragic lifestyles escaping through guitar strings. Marty can't bring himself to sing about coming to terms with his brother's suicide, leaving singing duty to guitarist, Paula. Just writing about it is traumatic relief enough. Living life through music. The way it should be.

Ruth's Refrigerator

- Suddenly A Disfigured Head Parachuted (Madagascar)

'A tad more flippant than Po!' it says on the Rutland newsletter. I'll say. Ruth's Refrigerator is the Rutland Records Super-Group, who accidentally became big in Europe. I took the unusual step of reading the lyric sheet before listening to the record, because it makes just as little sense on its own as it does in context, especially the lyrics to 'Innocent Boy' which were omitted from the final version because they are stupid. Here's why: "You expect me to pay for your knee operation./ You must be an extremely innocent boy./ You expect me to go and make you a trifle out of iron filings and wood./ Not only are you very innocent you don't know much about cooking either." It doesn't rhyme. The actual words are a much less surreal story about the prime-minister of Norway and television. Or something. Ruth's Refrigerator is a strange place, containing an abundance of tropical mammals, and profound insights into everyday problems.

And so to the record. Much the same as the lyric sheet really, in a way. The last song, 'Fish In The Air / Birds In The Sea', has a rambling guitar and effects pedals solo, and some deep morals about the ice caps melting. That pissed on your bonfire.

Love Dolls

- Rock In The Sea (Sympathy For The Record Industry)

People sometimes accuse me of only liking bands with girl singers and loud guitars. Not entirely true: I like some other stuff as well. However, when the mood takes me I can go into Rough Trade and pick a record at random that appears to be an American girl noise group and know with some certainty that I am going to like it. If I was a Sub-Pop etc fanatic, I would probably know where Sympathy is based, but I'm not, so guessing from the hippy caricatures on the sleeve, I'd say Love Dolls are from San Fransisco. This means they are a little softer than the East Coast bands, and the title track of this single sounds like an American version of The Emotionals, if that's not a contradiction (or a tautology). This trend for poppiness wanes on the B-side, which goes by the cumbersome title of 'Tales Of One Mans Humiliation At The Hands Of A Ruthless Woman With No Feelings'. What's that about then?

Don't ever let anyone tell you it's a disadvantage being generic. No-one would buy Cranes records if The Cocteau Twins hadn't existed. Buying a Love Dolls record on the strength of it's apparent categorisation was a better investment than buying a Dickless record because of their superficial associations. Does that make sense?

Shlonk - Eee-yow (Community 3)

Without listening to the record, I figured Shlonk were going to be another Lunachicks because of the haircuts, and the song titles. I was in the right ballpark. There are four girls and a guy in Shlonk, and either this is Fat Axl syndrome, or it's the guy singing. Unfortunately 'Anarchy in the bathroom' is not about a mass drug taking session at a high school slumber party and 'Done did ate the whole bag' is not about staying in one Sunday and pigging your face until you can't see your feet. Or maybe it is. 'I live on the fuckin edge man' comes close to perfection, and it's not about having tea at Peter's parents. Who needs lyrics with a title and screaming guitars like that? It's at this late stage in the album that I appreciate the significance of two basses, as they battle for supremacy, knocking the guitars into second place.

If I ever go to CBGBs, I hope I'm not disappointed. I imagine there are hundreds of bands like this that play there, and every now and then one of them is just that bit better than the rest and they get to break out of that circuit. Shlonk might not be that band, but if they do ever 'play Europe', I'll be the first in the queue.

Hash Palace - Grit And Bear It (Resonance)

For some reason this is a difficult album to review, even though it's a good album. So why bother you ask. Well, it arrived with a slip inside saying 'please review this', without which I would probably have skipped over it, and left it to join the pile of records to take for granted, which would be a shame. So what can I say? It's all there: the squealing guitars, the throaty vocals, the Noddy Holder school of rock cliches. It can be a thin line between hippy shit, heavy metal and hardcore noise, maybe because it's all new to me, and I've got no-one to compare it to, although I could say they sound like the band that Steel Pole Bath tub were taking the piss out of. The lyrics don't mean much, so I'm not tempted towards all that intellectualising shit, but I could be wrong, because there is an over-emphasis on enunciation. I could imagine being at The Marquee one gloomy night and one of these tracks bringing some life to the proceedings.

Have I reviewed it yet? I'm still listening.

The Chemistry Set - Don't Turn Away (Imaginary)

A record that starts out as a quite innocent piece of indie guitar turns into a Pigbag style jazz wosh, with twangy guitar and bongo solos. The B-side is a soundtrack to a 1978 trucking movie, probably.

Nautical William - Love (Mojo Filter)

Bristol's answer to Blur, The Farm, SKAM etc. The way so many bands do this kind of stuff makes you think it must be easy, but it takes originality and effort to steal ideas from 1967 pop, 1977 disco and 1987 sampling and create a record that has as much right to 1991 as any back-catalogue re-issue.

Issue 2 of Maaaah! has Robert Field Mouse disassociating himself from the Sarah fiasco, Strawberry Story claiming not to be in many fanzines, and interviews with St Etienne, Kind and The Deltones. It also has a tribute to sex-goddess, Alex Taylor, a hard 7" with Strawberry Story, Kind and Dalek Beach Party, and a chance to win an expenses paid haircut by Rex Strawberry. It's £1+SAE from 7 Montana Road, Tooting, London, SW17.

'Boys About Town' is The Jam Fanzine. It contains everything a Jam fan would want to know about The Jam and the various off-shoots: discographies, bootleg reviews, and a celebrity gig review (Simon Goalpost of Thrilled Skinny reviewing The Jam at Hammersmith in 1981). Available for £1+SAE from David Lodge, 5 Sherbrook Gardens, Downfield, Dundee, Scotland, DD3 8LY. Personally, the only Jam song I like is 'Town Called Malice'. Now if this was a fanzine called 'Looking Back' about the Shop Assistants, I would buy 20, and paper my wall with them.

Food Lust And Guitars is all you need! Issue 3 has interviews with Dog Faced Hermans, who appear to have upped and moved to Amsterdam, Bleach, Manic Street Wankers and Bubble-Eyed Dog Boys, as well as reviews of all those gigs you went to in and around 'town-of-the-moment Farnborough'. Issue 2 was good too, and might still be available, with Slowdive, Destroy The Boy, another difficult Blur interview, and lots more gig reviews. At the rate they come out, issue 4 will probably be out by the time you read this, which promises The Pogues and Phobia among others. The price is £1 for 1 issue or £1.50 for 2, inc p&p, from Mark Sutherland, 16 The Compins, Holybourne, Alton, Hants GU34 4EJ.

I know I should mention Kerosene because it's one of the fanzines I always look forward to, but they seem to come out in 6 month intervals, and disappear after 3 weeks. I also happen to know that there will be a new one out soon, and I don't know who's in it, but I can guarantee it'll be good. A quid sent to Julian, 34 Muirfield Rd, South Oxhey, Watford, Herts, WD1 6LN will get some kind of response.

Some things you might like to know about some of the tracks on the tape.

Sofahead - Invitation To Dinner
Alternative mix of track from the last EP.

The Emotionals - Walking Home
From the second album, 'In Response', out soon on Native.

Shelley's Children - Jack
Rough mix of track from 'Everytown' single. They are currently working on their second album, which promises to be every bit as good as the first one.

The Love Buttons - Country Song
Voted Hampshire's best band in the Biscuit poll. Apparently they've changed their name to Puffball. Silly people.

The Popguns - You Must Never Know
Different mix of the album track. (c) The Popguns.

Bubble-Eyed Dog Boys - 99 (Is Not Enough)
One of three tracks on their promo only demo.

Strawberry Story - Close My Eyes
This track is also on the record with Waaaah! 2

The Popinjays - Nothing (live in the studio)
Recorded March 91. (c) Copyright Control Hancock/Robinson.

Amelia Fletcher - Escort Crash On Marston Street (live)
Heavenly chanteuse in a solo performance at Deptford Fountain, the home of indie-pop, on 6th April 1991. This song is also on 'Heavenly vs Satan' LP, with different words and title!

The Ammonites - Stupid
A track from the 'Head Full Of Strange' EP, out now on Rutland Records.

Easy, Common Language, Head Of David, Big Stick
Thanks to Blast First for these.

And now it's about time I credited all the people who've helped with my fanzine efforts this far, without whom etc.

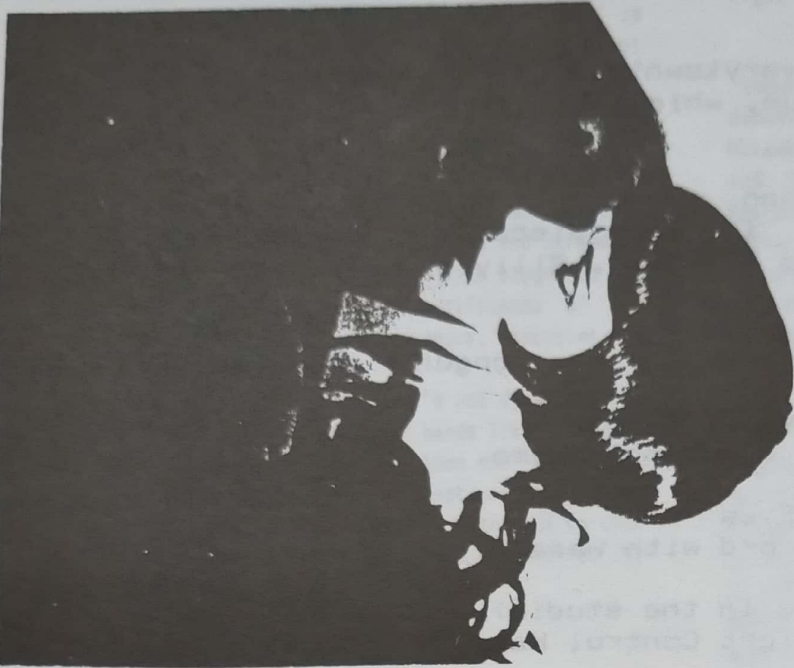
Dave, Chantelle, Stu, Sue and Micky at Deptford Fountain; Polly, Wendy and Chris at The Pop Club; Paul Cox and all at The Sausage Machine; Richard, Steve and Colin at Waaaah!; Karen at Wayward; Charlie Inskip at Real Time Promotions; Paul Smith and Jane Burridge at Blast First; Flexi Records; Channel 5; Juma Printing; the M3; everyone who sent me records, tapes, etc; everyone who put me on their guest list; everyone I've forgotten to mention; and most importantly all the bands who have ever been in Big Muff.

Instructions to create a professional looking inlay card for your cassette:

1. Photocopy this page onto thin yellow card
2. Cut along dotted line
3. Fold where indicated by arrows
4. Insert into cassette box

(Hint: if you do not have access to yellow card or a photocopier, simply cut out this page)

Big Big 3



(c) Copyright Control

SIDE ONE

Sofahead - Invitation To Dinner
The Emotionalists - Walking Home
Easy - Apples For You
Shelley's Children - Jack
Scott Bond - Wipe Out
Antiseptic Beauty - Vitreous
Common Language - Urge To Forget
The Love Buttons - Country Song
The Poppuns - You Must Never Know
Who Moved The Ground? - Tear Me Down

SIDE TWO

Passing Clouds - Eat
The Butterflies - Burst
Head Of David - Town Without
Bubble-Eyed Dog Boys - 99 (Is Not Enough)
Strawberry Story - Close My Eyes
Po! - Sunday Never Comes Around
The Popinjays - Nothing (live in the studio)
Hayfoot Strawfoot - My Life As An Extended Interview Quote
Amelia Fletcher - Escort Crash On Marston Street (live)
The Bedflowers - I'm So Cool
The Ammonites - Stupid
Big Stick - On The Road Again

In case you forget, this tape came with Big Muff 3,
and was £1.50 inc p+p from
PO Box 128, Fleet, Hants, GU13 0UA

What do you mean?