

IT'S ELECTRIC!

IT'S ECLECTIC!

IT'S...

BY A NARCHO

POP ZINE!



ISSUE #006

FREE!



CATHAL COUGHLAN RIP
NEVER GIVE IN

WE'RE

BACK!



Sorry it took so long. Yes, the last issue of M.A.P.Z really was the pride edition back in June. Shocking or what? A lot has happened since then, but rest assure that almost none of ~~it~~ will make its way into this issue of the zine! This is however a bumper issue of the zine with more pages than usual. I hope that makes up for the extended leave of absence.

CREDITZ: fonts & dingbats from 1001fonts, dafont & justseeds.org. MSP pics from google images, repeatfanzine.co.uk & the NME (via the front cover of a 2000s zine in the qzap archive). Rats & probably other people that I've forgotten about made various contributions.



JUST A SHORT LITTLE PIECE (contd. page 9)

...to say I'm a little bit obsessed with the Manic Street Preachers: their stupid public image and some of their songs and their music videos and their general existence. I'm sure they're all annoying now but the version of them inside my head is pretty good. I like their deranged, too-late too-young too-amateur too-embarrassing-but-here-to-make-themselves-everyone's-problem-anyway years. I haven't really bothered to look at their award-gathering, mature, stadium rock years. Who cares, honestly. Maybe I will once I've grown up enuff & can appreciate the...I don't know, whatever it is that makes people buy the boxsets. But at the moment I look at their mid-period album covers and am reminded of the words "the forces of awe and boredom".

I like the years when the only people who liked them were slightly insane teenage girls, probably because I am a slightly insane teenage girl. Well, a slightly insane 20 year old now. The only later songs of theirs that I know and like have the same frantic, backed-into-a-corner energy that's in their early schtuff. "The Masses Against the Classes" especially has the bonus of coming with a good story, i.e that it was the first UK #1 song of the new millenium and that it is widely regarded as a throwback 2 the early years of the Manics. I bought it on iTunes in 2017 & listened to it on repeat convinced it was the sound of genuine revolutionary vengeance. YEAH. That's how sheltered I was as a teenager.

FRANKIE

SAY: **ARM THE UNEMPLOYED!**

This message brought to you by 80s Pop Stars for Violent Insurrectionary Politics

FANFICTION REQUEST BULLETIN:

"PUT ME IN IT" - My friend Rats. And no, there are no restrictions so put her in your WWII AU Twilight mpreg fanfic if that's what you're writing. It's a blank cheque baby.

THE LAST BUS HOME - There are currently 0 works on Ao3 for The Last Bus Home, a somewhat obscure Irish movie about punk music. This seems wrong to me as it's a good movie, and it's about Irish punk music. I have written one fanfic about the Last Bus Home but I want other people to write them so mine isn't the first. Where is everyone who likes this film?

U2: No one requested it, and I don't think anyone wanted it, but there's going to be a Netflix original series based on U2. I don't think they should make a U2 biopic because U2 are very boring and also losers. I want to write & direct the U2 series, though.



FASCINATING FOOTNOTES IN 20TH CENTURY POP MUSIC: AN ONGOING SERIES

ONE : BRETT SMILEY

Brett Smiley was a singer and songwriter who was plucked out of obscurity by Andrew "Loog" Oldham (ex-manager of the Rolling Stones) and turned into a glam rock star. My impression is that A. "L". O thought that he could take some raw material (a young, pretty, American boy) and create a glam rock superstar. Never mind that glam was then in its death throes and never mind that Brett had no established fanbase in Europe or the UK, where A. "L". O hoped to launch Brett with a single and an album. Brett was going to be a hit and A. "L". O was going to make buckets of cash.

I like to call Brett Smiley the 1970s equivalent to Britney Spears. Apart from the fact that they both have the initials "B.S", the early days of their professional singing careers are somewhat similar. Brett, like Britney, was a child star: tho' a theatre kid, not a Mouseketeer. Brett, like Britney, came from a somewhat mixed-up and peripatetic family.

And Brett, like Britney, was a pop star thrust into the public eye while still a teenager, a pop star who was seen by a skeptical media as "plastic" or manufactured. There were two major differences between Brett and Britney, however. One, he wasn't a natural blonde. Two, he never succeeded as a pop star. His career was over before it really began.

To promote the single and forthcoming album, Brett and Andrew made an appearance on the Russell Harty* show. Brett wore a pink suit. First, he valiantly attempts to sing "Space Ace" to a backing track, moving restlessly around the stage before finishing the song while lounging on some steps.



Russell Harty then interviews Andrew "Loog" Oldham and Brett. Brett tosses off a few quips, takes his sunglasses on and off and puts a cigarette in his mouth without ever actually lighting it. Andrew "Loog" Oldham explains that the \$100,000 he spent on Brett actually mostly went on air fares while Brett Smiley giggles to himself. Russell Harty maintains an attitude of extreme dubiousness about the whole proposition of Brett Smiley throughout. The audience remains silent except when laughing at Andrew and Brett.

"Va Va Va Voom" was definitely released as a single, because some people have it on vinyl. It did not chart. Andrew "Loog" Oldham apparently decided to cut his losses and cancelled the release of Brett Smiley's debut album, despite the fact that it had already been recorded with no expense spared. Brett, having made only the briefest of appearances in the public eye, sank once again into obscurity.

*Russell Harty was a British TV presenter from Yorkshire. He presented a number of programmes for ITV. His partner Jamie O'Neill later wrote "At Swim Two Boys", one of the great Irish novels.

By the early 2000s,

* (tho' to be clear, Brett had raw talent & charm by the bucketful)

Brett had become something of a cult. You could call him the poor man's Jobriath, if such a thing can be imagined. Like Jobriath, he was an American glam rock star whose career was doomed due to a lack of public interest and some dubious management decisions. At least Jobriath had managed to release an album - two albums - and to tour the states. Brett wasn't even allowed to release a second single.

Yet to call Brett Smiley a poor man's anything is an insult to the man, and his struggle, and his talent. His career in pop might have been ill-fated, but some people took a keen interest. He and his music were intriguing, not just because of who he was* but because of the people who'd been involved with recording his album (A. "L". O had produced, and Steve Marriott [Small Faces, Humble Pie] had played guitar). In the early 2000s, a small record company got interested and Brett's debut album - *Breathlessly Brett* - was finally released. It's an overwrought, ludicrous, glorious delight. Everything about it is **preposterous**, from Brett's campy, high vocals to the ridiculous arrangements which bring in saxophones and strings and even what sounds like a harp for some fairly simple pop songs - Brett - who'd been writing songs on and off while trying to survive - put together a pickup band and played a few gigs to publicise the re-release. There are 2 late Brett songs that I really like. One is "Ain't So Cool Anymore", a paean to Brett's squandered youth. Never "released", you can watch Brett & the band play it live at a bookstore on a youtube video from like, 2007. Brett sounds like he should be playing at CBGBs and the lyrics are about getting battered and bruised and losing your charm but still somehow getting redeemed. The second one is his version of "Kooks" by David B*wie, which for some reason got recorded for a Mojo magazine CD. Brett manages to make that song sound warm & personal in a way that a cold fish like B*wie never could. Vale, Brett. Glam rock was better for having you.

MOVIES WITH PIRATE RADIO STATIONS IN THEM: AN OCCASIONAL SERIES (Pt. 1)

Despite knowing nothing about the technical aspects of radio I like learning about pirate radio, which I think is very sexy and cool. This interest includes watching & listening to documentaries (like that quite good doco with Rodney P that came out a few years ago). It also extends to watching fictional films about pirate radio stations.

The first pirate radio film I have 2 mention is *The Boat That Rocked*. *The Boat That Rocked* was actually titled *Pirate Radio* in the US, and it's very loosely based on the real-life story of Radio Caroline, a commercial pirate station that operated from a boat just outside British waters. It's also shit. The only good thing about it is its soundtrack. Richard Curtis perpetrated an appalling abomination on us with this picture, Jesus Christ, someone should stop him from ever making another film ever again before more people get hurt. This film is a horrible re-presentation of dusty, musty, liberal 60s idea(l)s. These "dangerous" ideas are about as dangerous as fucking milk, i.e "pop music is jolly wonderful & we should be able to listen to it all the time", & "government bad". It's also really fucken sexist: the only woman on the boat is the lesbian cook, until a scheming bltch archetype comes along to betray/sexually humiliate a dweeby male main character. Other women characters? A girl next door for the bland protagonist to lose his virginity with, a bunch of naked women, & some groupies. So much range and depth. Also, the character presumably based off real-life Radio Caroline founder Ronan O'Rahilly who was so Irish his grandad died in 1916, is English in this so Bill Nighy can be in another fucking Curtis flick. Basically, kill it with fire.

WEIRD BUT TRUE: I was introduced to the concept of lesbianism when my schoolmate Mimi told me about how she'd seen a girl kissing a girl on a bed in the trailer for this movie. That scene was cut from the movie though, just to make sure it would totally suck.

RECOMMENDED:

These are Mal's **recommaldations** and you should do them.

- WinAmp. Streaming services are a con, so why don't you download your music and listen to it with a silly little app that can use any of 100s of skins from skins.webamp.org? I use one with a picture of Ewan McGregor as Obi-Wan Kenobi.

- One Man's Week: Vivian Stanshall. Watch this episode of an old BBC program from 1975, it's on YouTube. Vivian Stanshall is basically the prototype of all awful hipsters from the 2000s and early 2010s - he's a white man with a beard who dresses like a muppet, collects old records, plays weird musical instruments and doesn't seem to have a job despite living in a big house. He did it first and they all WISH they were him.

- Make your own zine. It's fun! There will probably be long inexplicable gaps between issues though as you summon the will to put out a zine, even a short 7-page one.

- Hot Angels. This might be slightly difficult if you don't live in Ireland where the Insomnia coffee chain is a thing. But basically a Hot Angel is white hot chocolate mixed with frothy milk. I drink it with oat milk instead of cow milk and add marshmallows and whipped cream on top. Is this gross? Yes. But it's tasty, who gives a fuck.

- Reviving Emo fashion. I just think it would be funny. And we need a subculture with a distinctive look again.

(Contd.)

Also I used 2 imagine some kind of animated fanvid 4 Good Omens set to that song. I think the battle to defeat the forces of both heaven & hell (to defend humanity) would have looked good set to that song.

Also important to my Manics obsession: that big article about them from like, 1998? by early champion Steven Wells (pop journalist, dead now) where he sounds like he's latched his entire self esteem onto the continuing fortunes of the band because he needs something to live for now that Thatcher is deep in her third term & punk is dead & so he is going to tell the story of this band like everything about them & their past is significant. Also also important, the music video that Steven Wells directed 4 their earlyish single "Little Baby Nothing" which is probably the best music video ever made & full of incredible images that SEEM to mean something even if they're just shallow copies of stuff that really means something. Forget about FAL(G)SC, this vidéo suggests the possibility that all-out class war against capitalist patriarchy is to be waged by lesbian feminist glamour models & cis men with tboy swag, so that vindictive little genderless zombie children can inherit the earth. That video will make you support communism for the entire 3 minutes of the song, if you don't support communism already.

Obsession has set in.

So yeah, I will defend the Manics whenever required, like a feral Beatles fangirl willing to maul to death any fucker who thinks George is cuter than Paul. They're my team.



top five professionally filmed live performances! (by punk & new wave dad bands)

1. Dexy's Midnight Runners performing "There There My Dear" on the Tube. A three-minute song becomes over 8 minutes long. The band is at the top of its game. Kevin Rowland gets down and does some pushups during the song. Has to be seen.
2. The Pop Group on Belgian television or whatever. Look, it's on YouTube. The music is on tape but the band are just jumping about and screaming and generally PERFORMING so it qualifies for this list. The lead singer is wearing a little tin helmet. Someone holds up a sign that says "work buy consume die" in French. Just go watch it. It's really good.
3. XTC doing "Respectable Street" in Urgh! A Music War. Andy Partridge is wearing some kind of cravat. The song is a banger too.
4. The entire Dead Kennedys Live At Mabuhay Gardens video. Not only do you get the DEAD KENNEDYS, playing songs from their best album Plastic Surgery Disasters, but you also get Jello Biafra ranting about pit wrecking nazi punks, Christianity, the genocide he claimed was going to happen in America and how bright the lights are in the Mabuhay. Unhinged and very watchable.
5. Microdisney on the Old Grey Whistle Test. Cathal Coughlan makes a threat against Her Majesty's Revenue and Customs and then they cut off his microphone.

TOP TEN

[according
2 mal]

TUNES:

TELL ME WHEN MY LIGHT TURNS
GREEN - DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS -
THERE THEIR THEY'RE - THE MUSLIMS -
GENTRIFICATION NATION - POST PUNK
PODGE AND THE TECHNOHIPPIES - I'M
GONNA TURN MY LIFE AROUND - THE
RADIATORS FROM SPACE - FORD
MUSTANG - SERGE GAINSBORG -
LITTLE FIX - SPRINTS - TOWN'S DEAD -
KOJAQUE - WE WILL BE FREE - TOXIC
WASTE - GHOST OF A CHANCE - THE
BLADES - PHANTA - LE TIGRE

-
1. Mad desperate Catholic pleading to God!
 2. Gleeful broadside against thee forces of reaction and bitchery
 3. Pulsating synth-punk anger; 4. A joke so bad it's good
 5. Can you resist the sound of some spooky French wan randomly saying "Ford MUSTANG" and "Coca....CCCOLA"? Nah, me neither
 6. Skittery "post-punk" with a singer who actually sounds like she's awake
 7. The musical equivalent of the upside-down-smile emoji
 8. Anarcho-punk from 80s Belfast: the sheer bravery they had astounds me
 9. Just some great new wavey early 80s pop: listen to them guitars
 10. That processed guitar sound, man. Eerie as fuck too

this is a 100 percent real
image from a licensed
disney comic that is still
in copyright thanks to the
disney lobbyists, so in
order to reproduce it for
you i have been forced to
make it into art. fuck
disney <3 fuck current
disney ceo bob chapek <3



someone's always telling you how to behave...



and this is a picture i drew, on ms paint, during a class, of shane mcgowan and his infamously manky teeth. if you were thinking about buying an NFT, now you don't need to because you can have this piece of unique and uniquely ugly digital art for absolutely 0 bitcoin, with minimal environmental harm caused. enjoy!

Send submissions to
the zine at:

MALIFEE@DISROOT.ORG

Visit the zine's online
home at:

NUCLEROSEA.NEOCITIES.ORG

here's a game for you: try drawing
one of these houses without every
drawing over the same line again!

