



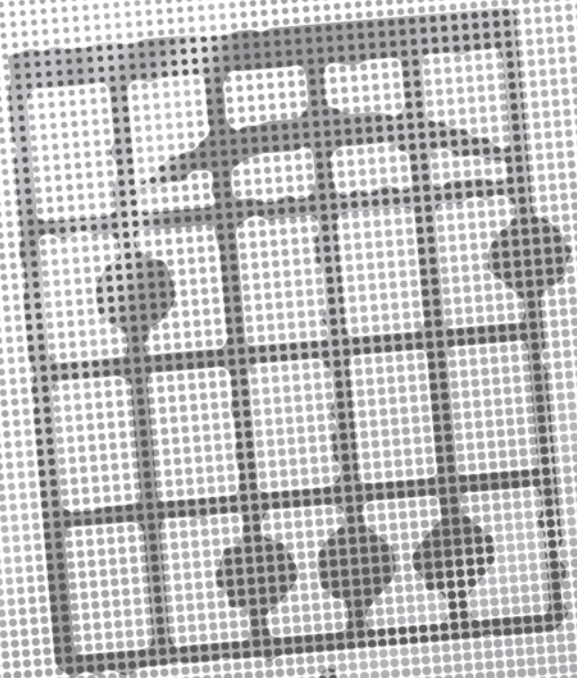
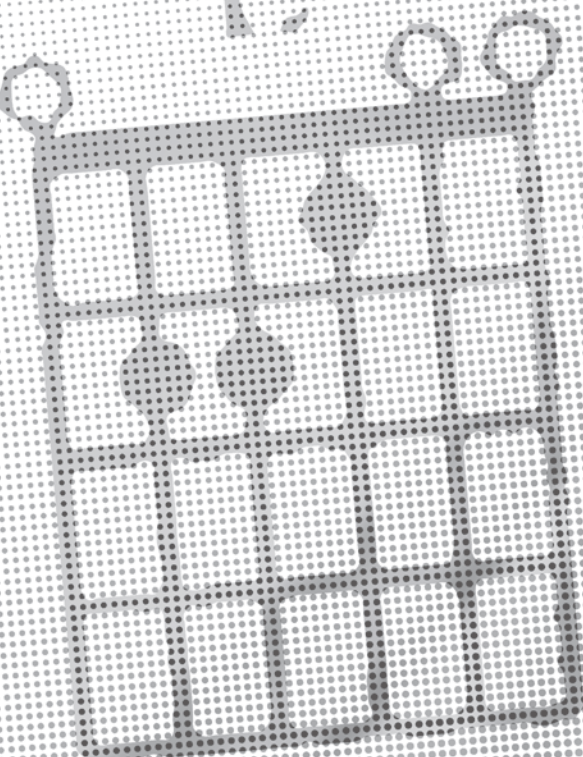
P H O N O G R A M  
R U E B R I T A N N I A



Kieron  
GILLEN  
Jamie  
McKELVIE

E

B

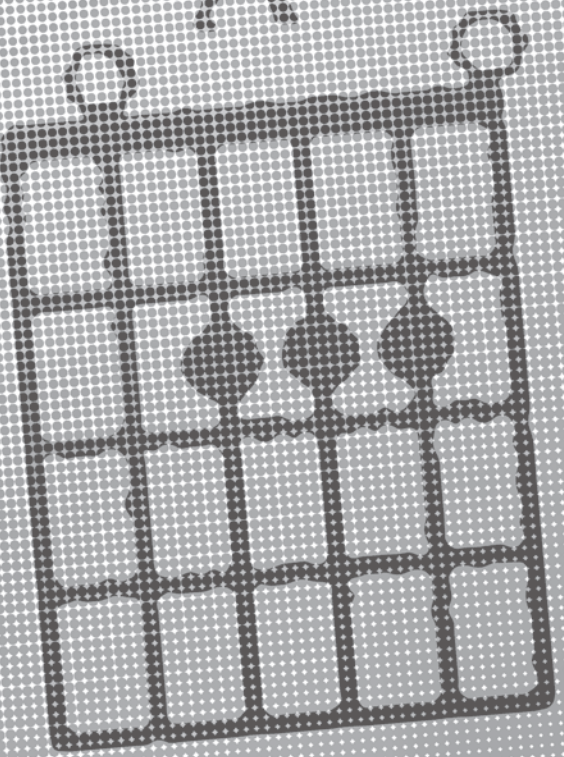
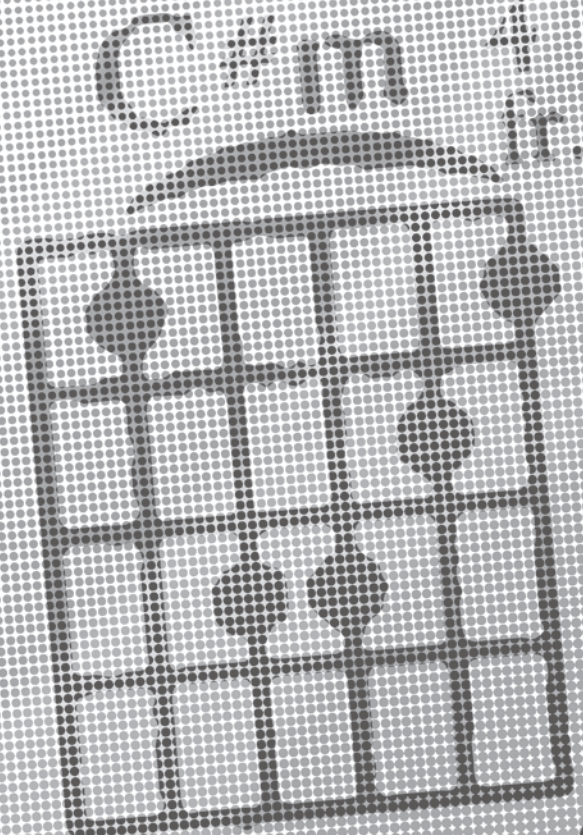


*Under new conditions*

C

A

A



*As to circle emptiness*



For our parents.

story

Kieron GILLEN

art & lettering

Jamie McKELVIE

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## INTRODUCTION

I may not be giving too much away if I tell you that the pages you are about to read contain a thought or two on the late 20th century phenomenon they called – whisper it – Britpop. Oh, you remember (Kieron Gillen and Jamie McKelvie certainly do) Marion, Kenickie, Echobelly (thanks for that. I am so grateful to you for reminding me of the true horror that is Great Things). Damon and Justine, ah happy days.

But it's not as simple as all that. I suspect that *Phonogram* is a highly subjective meta romp. A meta romp through nostalgia. The writer's nostalgia for a long lost youth. A youth populated with old flames, cigarettes, drink, (did you see what I didn't do just then? Lesser writers would have succumbed to the glaringly obvious) and drugs. Oh and some people that I knew.

So now another highly subjective piece of meta. My own. Various I have been accused of being a pioneer, the forgotten man and Godfather of what they called Britpop ('90s version, let's not start tracing it back, it's not cost effective and always ends up with a caveman banging a rock with the tusk of a woolly mammoth). So in 1992 there were two new bands; Suede and the Auteurs. Suede had the bum-boy androgyny and I had the songs. One song "American Guitars". That was the one that they thought started it. Taken by the NME and Melody Maker as a rallying call for a new wave of English guitar bands to rise up and destroy the U.S. hegemony. Actually a total misunderstanding of the songs lyrics, still it gave people an idea, and the seeds were sown. Then there was that 1993 Select cover with Brett looking like a ninny in front of a Union Jack. The improbable headline; "Yanks Go Home". Inside were Suede and the Auteurs and a couple of other groups too long in the tooth to be at the vanguard of anything new. So the press had the blueprint of their new cash cow, all they needed were some groups to fit the bill. And for Kurt Cobain to die.

I like to think that Suede and the Auteurs softened up the nation for what was about to come. This once proud nation weak and effete. Begging for mercy, submissive to the horrors of... oh, you get the picture.

Aside from all this talk of subjectivity is the fact, I said *fact*, that *Phonogram* reads like old-school journalism, redolent of the time when there were only four music papers, and the only lists were on the back pages and were called The Charts.

A joke to cheer you up:

1997, the day of Princess Diana's funeral. I am living in Camden Town, I decide to take a walk around the manor to see if I can catch a bit of national mood from the throng of provincial mourners. Up Parkway towards Regents Park and Primrose Hill and over the railway bridge at Chalk Farm, I end up outside the Roundhouse about to cross over the road. On the other side of the road I spot Noel Gallagher eating an ice cream. I have met Noel once before a few years earlier, he came up to me in the street, hugged me and said "top tunes man". Sweet of him. Embarrassing but sweet. So, just as I am looking across at Noel a white van pulls up beside me.

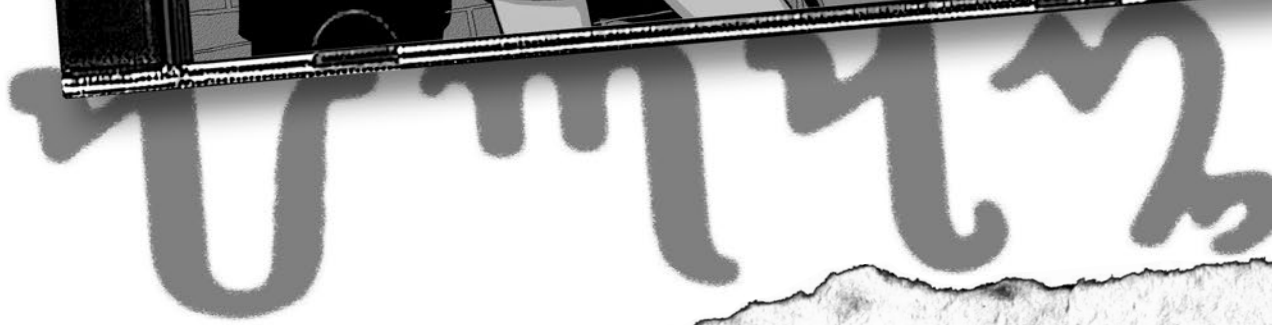
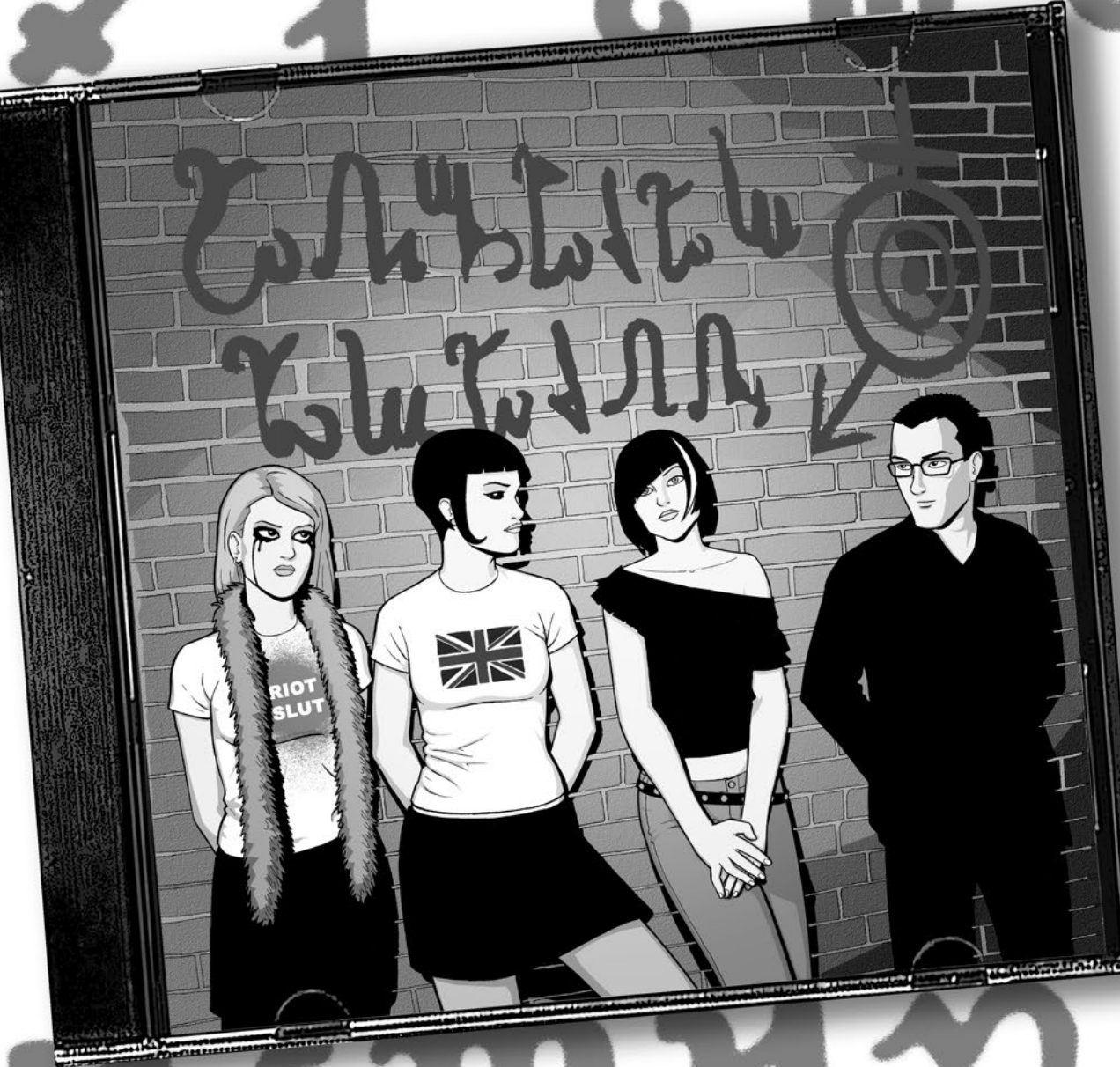
"Oi, Noel," yells the van driver. "Fookin' mad for it!"

The lights change and the van speeds off. Noel Gallagher looks across the road, spots me, smiles and waves.

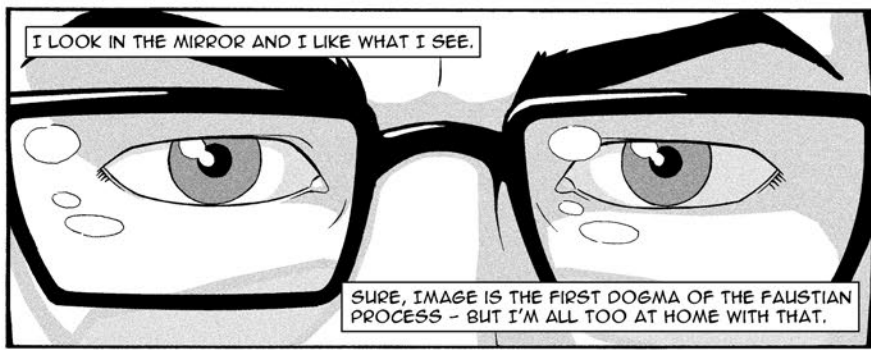
## — LUKE HAINES

*Over the last fifteen years or so Luke Haines has had chart hits with The Auteurs and Black Box Recorder, recorded film soundtracks and generally played agent provocateur in an increasingly dull pop landscape. His latest solo album, Off My Rocker at the Art School Bop, is available on Degenerate Records. He must be on the short list for Greatest Living Englishman by now, surely.*

# CHAPTER ONE



WITHOUT YOUR PERMISSION



I LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND I LIKE WHAT I SEE.

SURE, IMAGE IS THE FIRST DOGMA OF THE FAUSTIAN PROCESS - BUT I'M ALL TOO AT HOME WITH THAT.



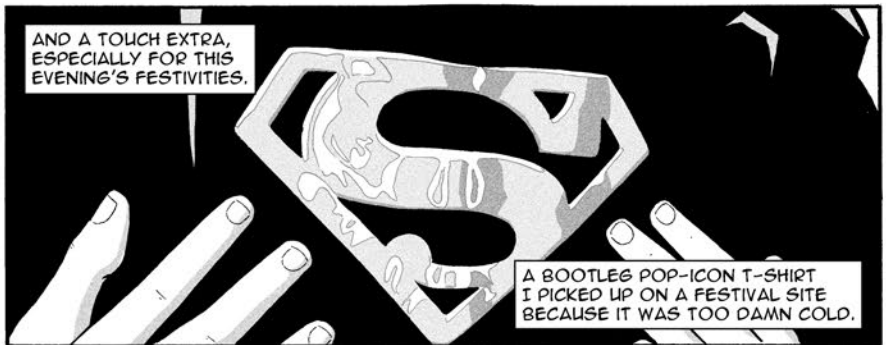
BUZZCUT LIKE A SQUADDIE ON THE TOWN.

GLASSES LIKE AN EXISTENTIALIST POET.



BLACK. BLACK. MORE BLACK.

STILL THIN ENOUGH, JUST.



AND A TOUCH EXTRA, ESPECIALLY FOR THIS EVENING'S FESTIVITIES.

A BOOTLEG POP-ICON T-SHIRT I PICKED UP ON A FESTIVAL SITE BECAUSE IT WAS TOO DAMN COLD.



PLASTIC COAT PACKED WITH SILVER FLUID. ARTIFICIAL ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU THINK IT'S FILLED WITH CHERNOBYL WASTE.

TOXIC AND MALE. UTTERLY NOXIOUS. TOTALLY PERFECT.



THIS EVENING I'M NOT A MAN.

# HARCOAL GRILL

I'M A MUTATION, A GENETIC DEAD-END.

DONER KEBAB	£2.70
LAMB SHISH KEBAB	£2.70
SHISH KOFFE	£2.70
CHICKEN KEBAB	£2.80
SPECIAL SHISH	£3.00
SHISH & DONER MIX	£3.50
CHICKEN & DONER MIX	£3.70

I'M A MONSTER WITH A TUMOUR HANGING BETWEEN ITS THIGHS.

I'M A WHITE MAN IN CLITORIS PALACE. I'M...

SUCH A COCK.

LOW	£1.5
COCKTAIL	£2.0
ALAD	£2.0
BREAD	£1.0
BREAD WITH CHEESE	£1.5
DRINKS (Cans)	50p
5 litre Bottles)	£1.5

AND TONIGHT, WHY WOULD I WANT TO BE ANYTHING ELSE?

PHONOGRAPHAM  
**WITHOUT**  
 YOUR PERMISSION  
 Lyrics: Kieron Gillen  
 Music: Jamie McKelvie

THE EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT IS LADYFEST, BRISTOL ITERATION. THE LADYFESTS ARE WHAT EARLY NINETIES RIOT-GRRRL GREW UP INTO.

"FEST" AS IN FESTIVAL. "LADY" AS IN "FEMALE ORIGINATED ART, POLITICS, FILMS AND THE REST". AND OF SPECIFIC INTEREST TO YOURS TRULY, "MUSIC".

THE FIRST ONE TOOK PLACE IN - OOOH - OLYMPIA, PROBABLY. BUT THEY'RE A PRODUCT OF GLOBALISATION AS MUCH AS A BABUSHKA SCOFFING DOWN A BIG MAC IN MOSCOW.

THE SISTERHOOD HAS IT A LOT EASIER WHEN THE SEWING CIRCLE STRETCHES AROUND THE GLOBE ON ELECTRIC THREAD.

IN THOSE VACUUM POST-BRITPOP DAYS THAT MARKED THE END OF THE GREAT BRITISH INDIE EXPERIMENT (BIRTH: "SPIRAL SCRATCH EP", THE BUZZCOCKS. DEATH: "K", KULA SHAKER), THERE WAS SPACE FOR ALL MANNER OF LEFTIST IDEAS TO FLOURISH.

ONE OF THE INFECTING POPPIES - OR WEEDS - AMONG THE RUBBLE WAS THIS DISTINCT BRAND OF POP-FEMINISM.

IT'S A WOMAN-ENHANCING POSITIVE-ROLE-MODELLING HAIR-CLIP DYKE-FRIENDLY YES-I-LIKE-DANCE-MUSIC-I'VE-GOT-A-LE-TIGRE ALBUM MELANGE.

IT'S GOT PRECISELY NOTHING TO DO WITH ME.

SO WHAT BRINGS THIS SELF-CONFESSED PHALLOCRAT TO WALK AMONG THE LADIES, GRRLS AND COLLABORATING GENDER-TRAITORS?



PRIMARILY, IT'S ABOUT WHAT I DO: MAGIC. AND... EXCUSE ME ONE MOMENT.

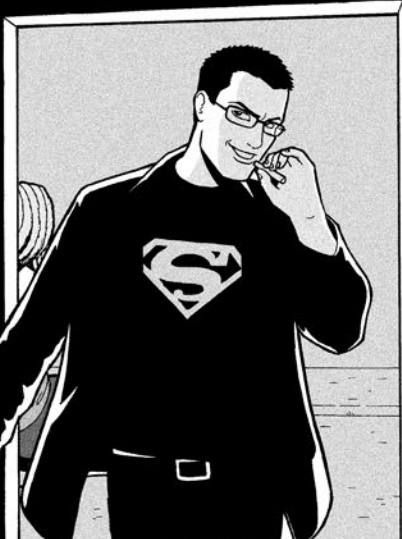


DAVID KOHL. I'M ON THE GUEST LIST.



GO ON IN.

THERE YOU GO: MAGIC BY ANY DEFINITION OF THE WORD.



WHERE WAS I?



THREE REASONS, IN REVERSE ORDER OF IMPORTANCE.

ONE: EVEN IF I DON'T, EVERYONE ELSE HERE BELIEVES. THIS MEANS ENERGIES TO TAP.

TWO: I HEAR LADY VOX, A PHONOMANCER FRIEND OF MINE, IS HERE. WE'VE NEVER MET IN THE FLESH. IT'S TIME WE SHOULD.

THREE: TO GET LAID.



LADYFEST: I HAVE COME FOR YOUR WOMEN.

THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN.

ACOUSTIC SINGER/SONGWRITER #1



OH.

DEAR.

ACOUSTIC SINGER/SONGWRITER #2

YESTERDAY: HOLLY GOLIIGHTLY AND ASSORTED XX-CHROMOSOME AUTEURISM.

THE DAY BEFORE: HOMEBREW ELECTROID FEMIBOTS, RELEASED AND RAMPANT.

TOMORROW: LESBIAN PUNK SCREAMING. ALWAYS GOOD.

WHY TONIGHT?

ACOUSTIC SINGER/SONGWRITER #3

WHY WOULD LADY VOX BE HERE? BENEATH THE STEELY SURFACE, DOES SHE SECRETLY WORSHIP AT THE ALTAR OF BLANK EMOTIONAL EXHIBITIONISM? IS THAT WHAT SHE'S BROUGHT ME HERE TO CONFESS?

AND TO THINK I FANC... I MEAN, RESPECTED HER.

INTERLUDE

PLEASE, GOD ABOVE. SAVE ME.

GIVE ME INTERPRETATIVE DANCE. GIVE ME POETRY WITH HYMEN/HUMAN PUNS. GIVE ME ANYTHING BUT THIS.

DELIVER ME FROM THIS PAIN.

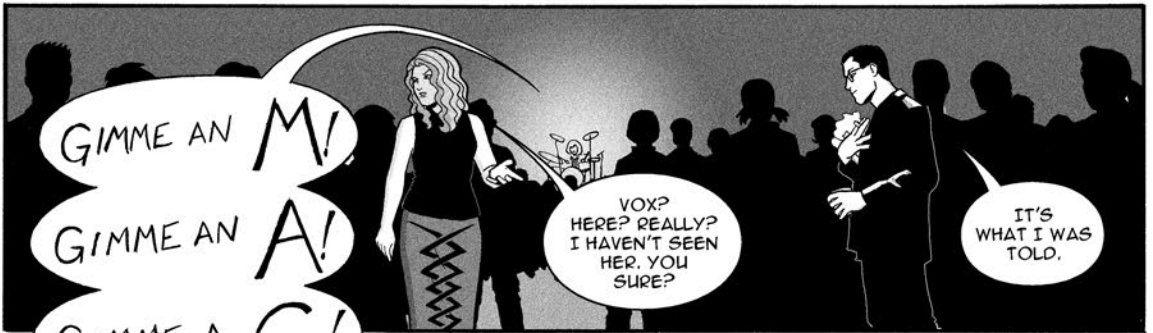
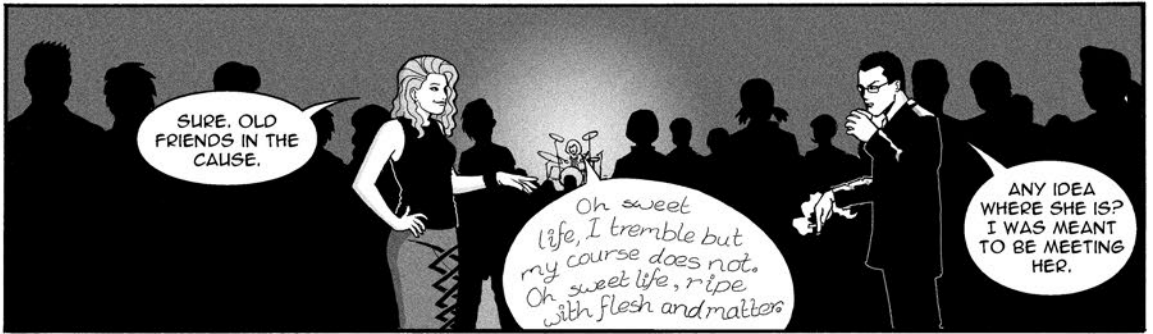
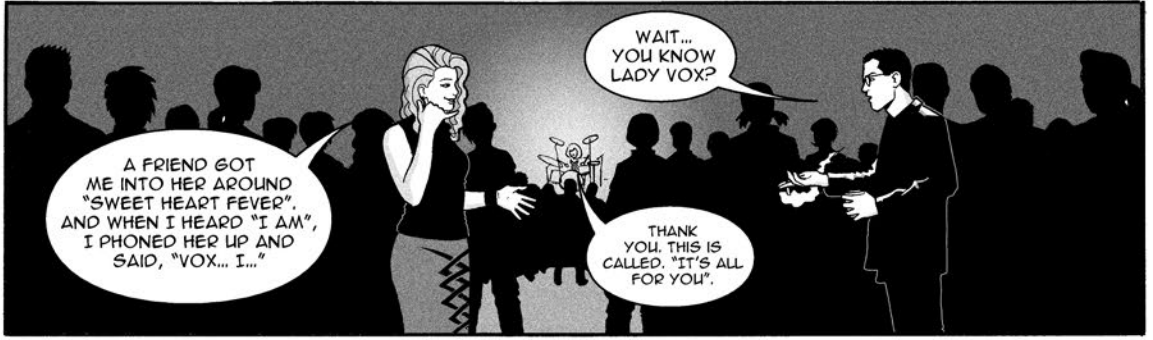
ACOUSTIC SINGER/SONGWRITER #4

OH, FUCK THIS.

IF THIS IS WOMEN'S MUSIC, NO WONDER GENDER REASSIGNMENT SURGERY'S ON THE RISE.











CALL ASTER.

C'MON. C'MON. PICK UP.



EMILY. I'M IN THE SHIT. CAN...



THERE. THAT'S IT...

NOW, QUICKER...

FUCK YESSS...

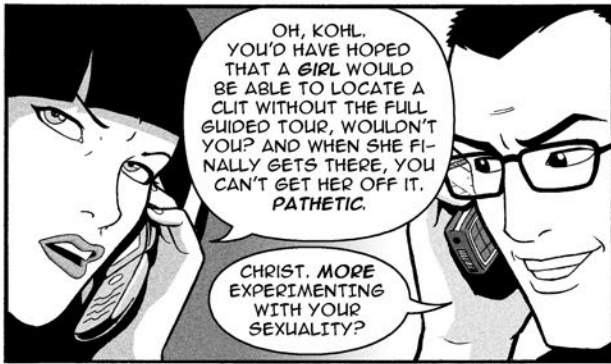


KOHL? WHAT DO YOU... OH!



SAFFRON! CEASE! STOP DISTRACTING ME.

GROWN-UPS TALKING!



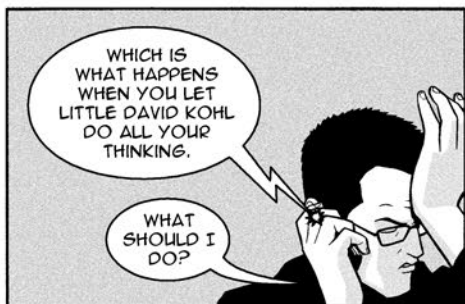
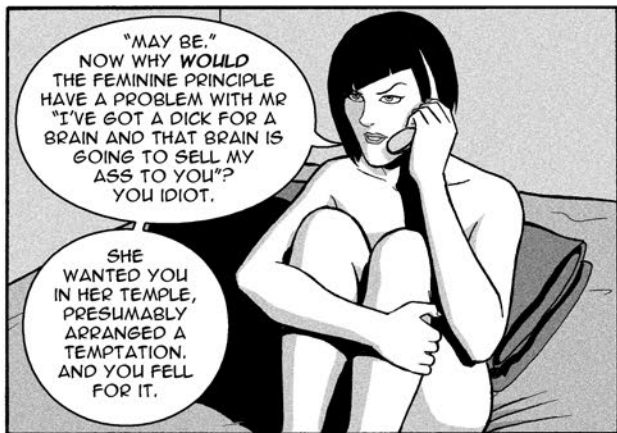
OH, KOHL. YOU'D HAVE HOPED THAT A GIRL WOULD BE ABLE TO LOCATE A CLIT WITHOUT THE FULL GUIDED TOUR, WOULDN'T YOU? AND WHEN SHE FINALLY GETS THERE, YOU CAN'T GET HER OFF IT. PATHETIC.

CHRIST. MORE EXPERIMENTING WITH YOUR SEXUALITY?

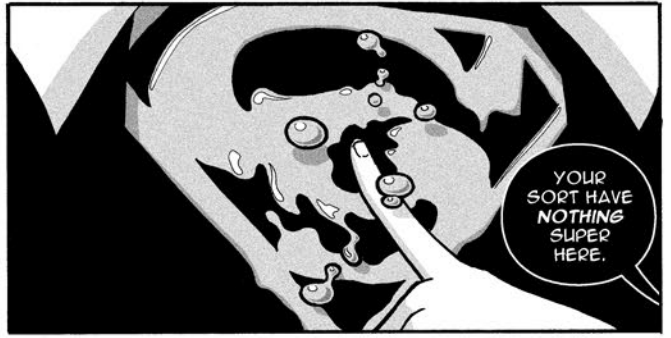


OH STOP THAT. YOU MAKE ME SOUND LIKE A PETRI DISH.

NOW. TELL EMILY WHAT'S WRONG.









WHY, DAVID?  
HOW COULD YOU  
TAKE SOMETHING  
SO PRECIOUS AND  
TURN IT INTO...  
SOMETHING LIKE  
THIS?

OH, THIS WAS YEARS AGO.

THIS WAS YESTERDAY.



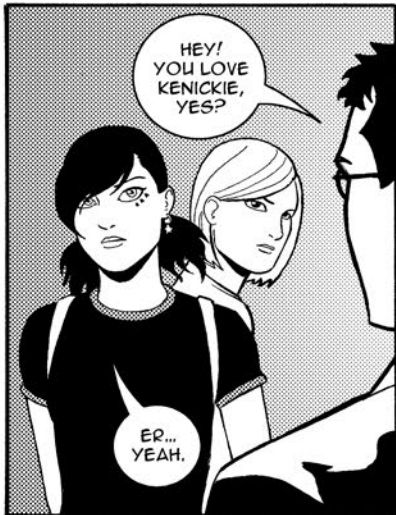
CLUB'S  
CLOSED!  
OUT!  
OUT!



HELLO. I'M DAVID.

HAVEN'T  
YOU GOT  
HOVELS TO  
GO TO?

AND I'M SORRY BUT THE GENETIC IMPERATIVE  
COMPELS ME TO MAKE A LAST MINUTE PASS AT  
SOMEONE WHO REALLY SHOULD KNOW BETTER  
AND... WAIT...



HEY!  
YOU LOVE  
KENICKIE,  
YES?

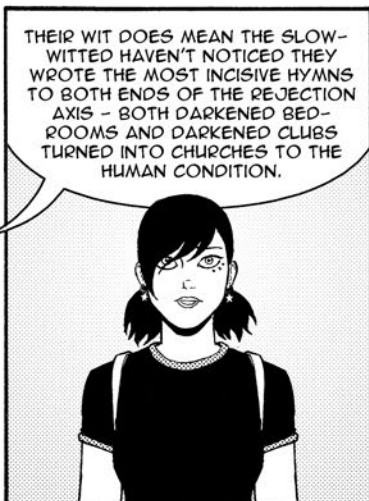
ER...  
YEAH.



I LOVE  
KENICKIE.



OH SURE,  
YOU'RE NO  
KENICKIE  
FAN.



AND GET THIS...







THIS IS A GREAT FLAT.



IT'S A TIP. IGNORE IT.

AND TELL ME ABOUT KENICKIE.



WHAT?



YOU KNOW.



I GET SOMETHING FROM IT. DEEP INSIDE.



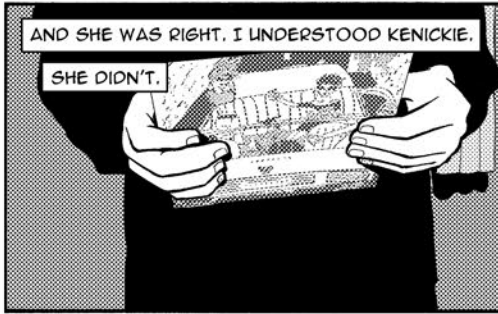
I'M STRONGER. INVULNERABLE. WHEN MARIE SINGS "CLASSY", IT'S LIKE - THAT'S ME. I'M A STATUE MADE OF DUST AND GLITTER. NOTHING CAN TOUCH ME.

IT POWERS ME. IT MAKES ME BETTER THAN I AM.

I'M ON MY BACK, LOOKING UP AT THE STARS. I FEEL THE FUTURE ON MY FINGERTIPS.

I CAN DO ANYTHING.

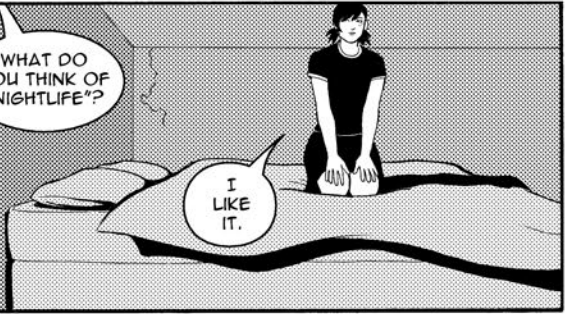
SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT YET, BUT SHE WAS A PHONOMANCER.



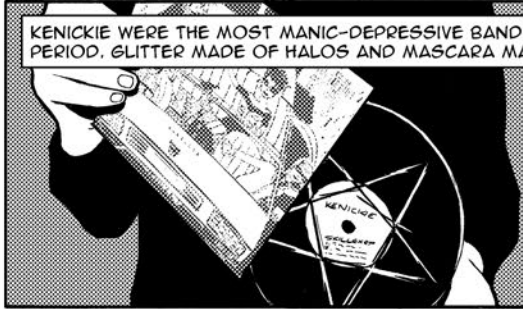
AND SHE WAS RIGHT, I UNDERSTOOD KENICKIE.

SHE DIDN'T.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF "NIGHTLIFE"?

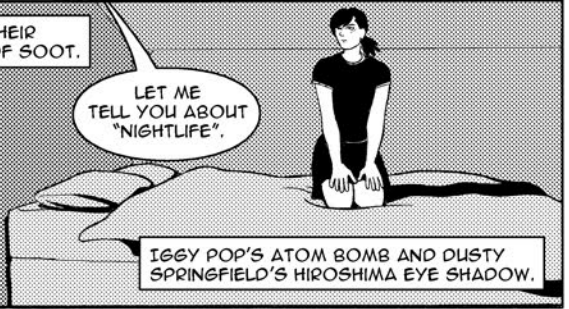


I LIKE IT.



KENICKIE WERE THE MOST MANIC-DEPRESSIVE BAND OF THEIR PERIOD. GLITTER MADE OF HALOS AND MASCARA MADE OF SOOT.

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT "NIGHTLIFE".



TEEY POP'S ATOM BOMB AND DUSTY SPRINGFIELD'S HIROSHIMA EYE SHADOW.



BOTH THE FUCKERS.

IT'S NOT ABOUT A MEETING OF SPIRITS. IT'S ABOUT THE JOY OF USING PEOPLE TO SCRATCH AN ITCH. SEX MORE LIKE MASTURBATION WITH SOMEONE ELSE THERE.



AND THE FUCKED.



CONFIDENCE, GLAMOUR AND POWER WERE ONLY HALF OF IT.

IT'S ABOUT DECIDING YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE SOMEONE AND NEVER SPEAK TO THEM AGAIN.



THE REASON WHY "COME OUT 2NITE" IS SO STRONG IS THE SAME REASON WHY "HOW I WAS MADE" IS SO WEAK. IF YOU'RE GOING TO USE MAGIC, YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND THE PRICE.



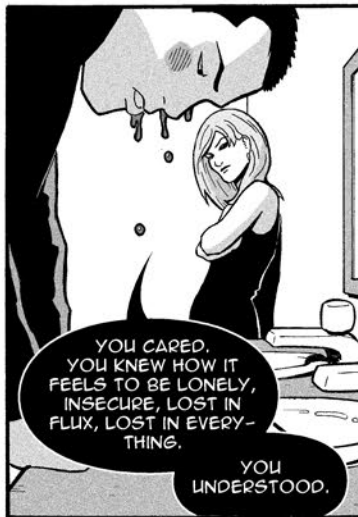
SHE NEEDED TO LEARN THIS.

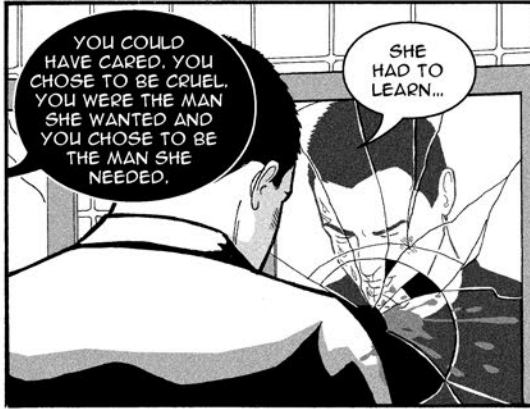
AND MAKING DAMN SURE THEY WON'T REMEMBER ENOUGH OF YOU TO CAUSE ANY EMBARRASSMENT.



BESIDES: "WE ARE YOUNG FOR YOUR DESECRATION. DESTROY WHAT YOU FIND."

AS IF I NEEDED PERMISSION.

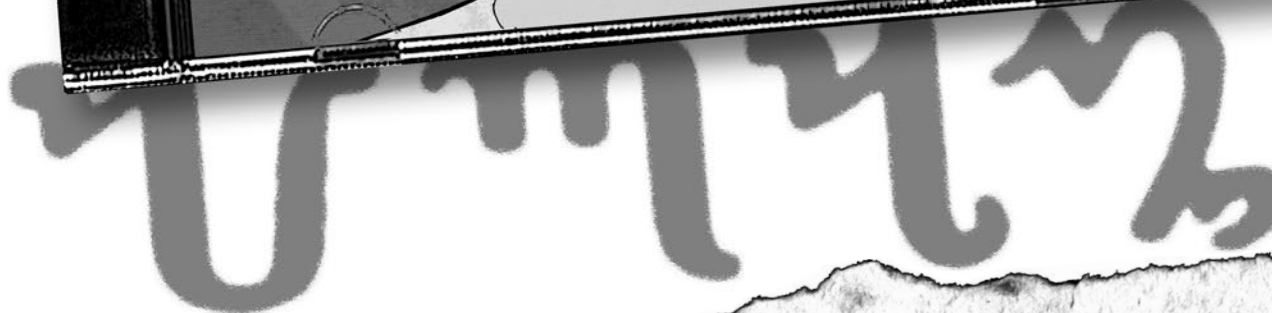








CHAPTER TWO



CAN'T IMAGINE THE WORLD  
WITHOUT ME

I'D NEVER SEEN A GODDESS BEFORE.

LET ALONE ONE OUT CLUBBING.





SHE TURNED, TILTED HER HEAD FOR A SECOND AND PASSED ME HALF A STICK OF EYELINER.

SHE SAID...



YOU'RE DAVID KOHL, AREN'T YOU?

AND I SAID...



I'M WHATEVER YOU SAY I AM.



TEN YEARS.



EIGHT SINCE I LEFT HER AND BETRAYED HER, MAYBE EVEN IN THAT ORDER.

Kid-with-Knife  
ETA: T-2 minutes!  
Ready to dust-off?  
Reply

JUST OVER SEVEN SINCE SHE DIED.



BUT ONLY AN HOUR SINCE THE GODDESS GAVE ME A MISSION TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HER BEFORE LAYING ON THAT PARTICULARLY FEMININE CURSE AS MOTIVATION.

TRUST THE BITCH TO DEVELOP A SENSE OF HUMOUR NOW.

I FEEL AS IF MY INSIDES  
HAVE BEEN SLOWLY  
COOKED AND ARE BEING  
SCRAPED AWAY LIKE A  
CHEAP MIDNIGHT DONER.

I HAVE A TASK I DON'T  
EVEN UNDERSTAND, LET  
ALONE KNOW WHERE TO  
BEGIN.

AND IT'S RAINING.



IT COULD BE WORSE.

THERE COULD BE  
AN ECHOBELLY REVIVAL.

P H O N O G R A M

CAN'T

IMAGINE THE WORLD  
WITHOUT ME

Lyrics: Kieron Gillen

Music: Jamie McKelvie

Additional Guest Vocals: Fleur McGerr

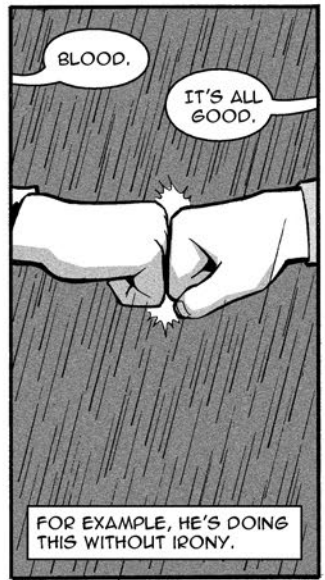


KID-WITH-KNIFE.



HE'S A LOVELY GUY.

BUT HE'S VERY  
DIFFERENT TO ME.



BLOOD.

IT'S ALL  
GOOD.

FOR EXAMPLE, HE'S DOING  
THIS WITHOUT IRONY.





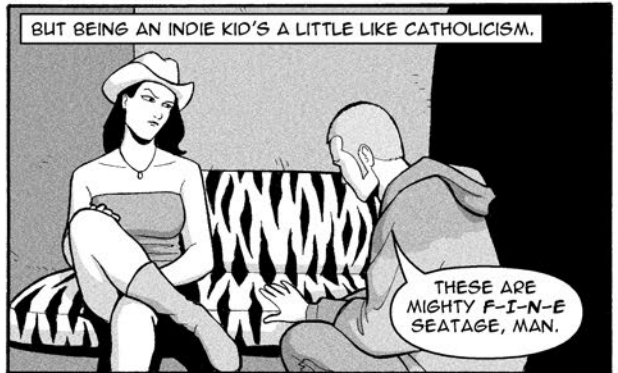
NOW...



FUCKING Δ!  
THEY'VE DONE  
THE PLACE  
UP.

THIS  
IS IT.

I MAY HAVE LONG SINCE  
LAPSED FROM THE RELIGION.



BUT BEING AN INDIE KID'S A LITTLE LIKE CATHOLICISM.

THESE ARE  
MIGHTY F-I-N-E  
SEATAGE, MAN.



FUCKING  
HELL!

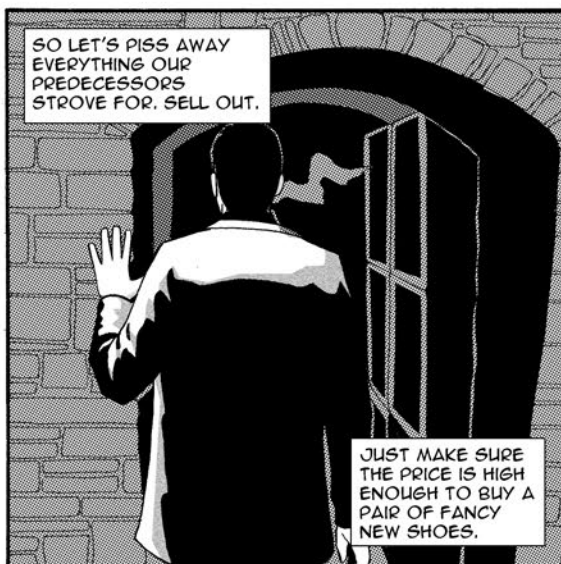
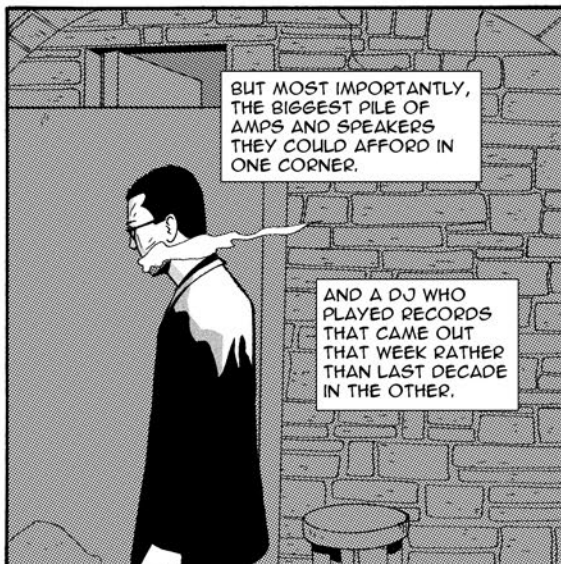
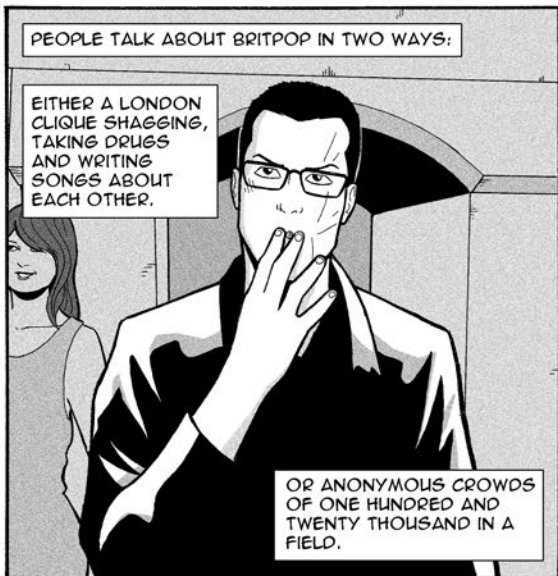
TUNE!

YOU NEVER QUITE GET OVER IT.



THAT'S THE  
WAY - AH-HA-  
AH-HA! - I  
LI-KE IT!

SO I STILL DON'T LIKE SEEING  
TRADERS IN THE TEMPLE.





MORE POINTLESS POSTURING.

I'M TRYING TO SENTIMENTALISE A CULTURAL CHERNOBYL.



IT'S JUST THAT...

IT'S LIKE SEEING A GIRLFRIEND YOU USED TO GO OUT WITH, GROWN UP.



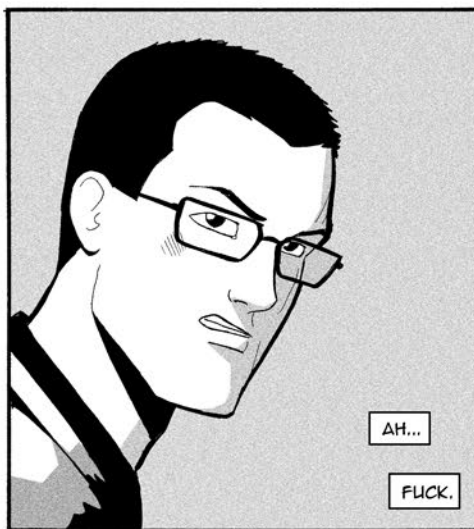
EXCEPT INSTEAD OF THE DIRTY CREATURE YOU DID UNSPEAKABLE THINGS WITH, SHE'S THE TROPHY WIFE OF A USED CAR SALESMAN.

BUT THROUGH ALL THE SNIPS AND SALINE BAGS, YOU CAN STILL SEE A LITTLE OF THE GIRL STARING BACK.



WHAT A FUCKING HOLE.

COULD EVEN BE HOME TO A...



AH...

FUCK.



THE SKIN'S A  
LITTLE TOO TIGHT.



THERE'S NOTHING  
IN THE EYES,  
BAR THE HUNGER

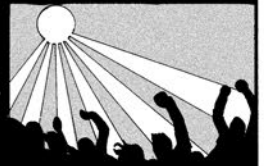


AND THE FEAR THAT  
ONE DAY PEOPLE WILL  
STOP LISTENING

STOP MOVING

STOP FEEDING HIM

AND HE'LL WRINKLE  
UP AND BLOW AWAY  
LIKE A BAD IDEA.

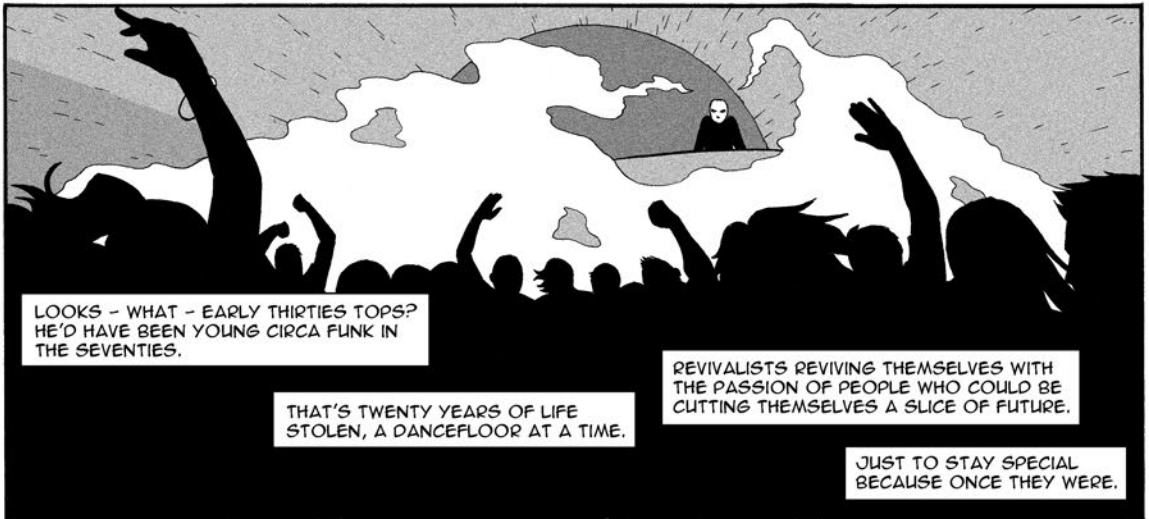


RETROMANCER.



NOSTALGIA PARASITE.

A KIND OF PHONOMANCER, IN  
THE SAME WAY A DATE RAPIST  
IS A KIND OF LOVER.



LOOKS - WHAT - EARLY THIRTIES TOPS?  
HE'D HAVE BEEN YOUNG CIRCA FUNK IN  
THE SEVENTIES.

THAT'S TWENTY YEARS OF LIFE  
STOLEN, A DANCEFLOOR AT A TIME.

REVIVALISTS REVIVING THEMSELVES WITH  
THE PASSION OF PEOPLE WHO COULD BE  
CUTTING THEMSELVES A SLICE OF FUTURE.

JUST TO STAY SPECIAL  
BECAUSE ONCE THEY WERE.



I WOULDN'T NORMALLY GET INVOLVED.

BUT I OWE THE FLAKING MORTAR SUFFOCATING BENEATH THE PAINT.

GOT YOUR STUFF, MAN.



PRICKING A LOUSE GROWING FAT APPEALS.

AND I MAY HAVE A LITTLE AGGRESSION TO BURN OFF.

WANT TO DANCE SOME OR DO YOU WANT TO SHOOT?



IT'S GOOD TO KNOW YOUR ENEMIES.

IT SAVES TIME.

HEY - KOHL. DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?



I THINK I SAW ONE EARLIER. OF BETH.

FUCKED UP, MAN.





REPEAT ALL THAT.

JUST TO MAKE SURE CHEESE OVERDOSE ISN'T CAUSING AUDITORY HALLUCINATIONS.

FOR THE RECORD, NOT UNPRECEDENTED.



I THINK I SAW A GHOST EARLIER. LOOKED LIKE BETH. DOWN BY THE WEIR.

BETH?



YOU KNOW, THE WEIRD BLONDE GIRL WHO HAD A THING FOR YOU.

I SHAGGED HER ONCE, DIDN'T I! I WAS SO OUT MY HEAD.

HEH-HEH-HEH.

YES, KID. I REMEMBER BETH.



OKAY.

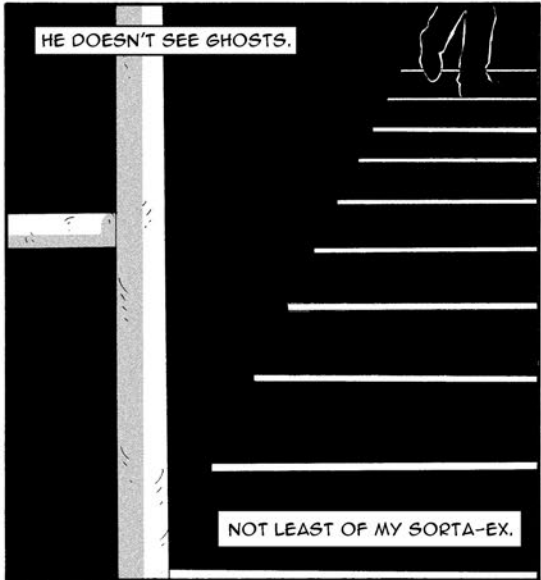
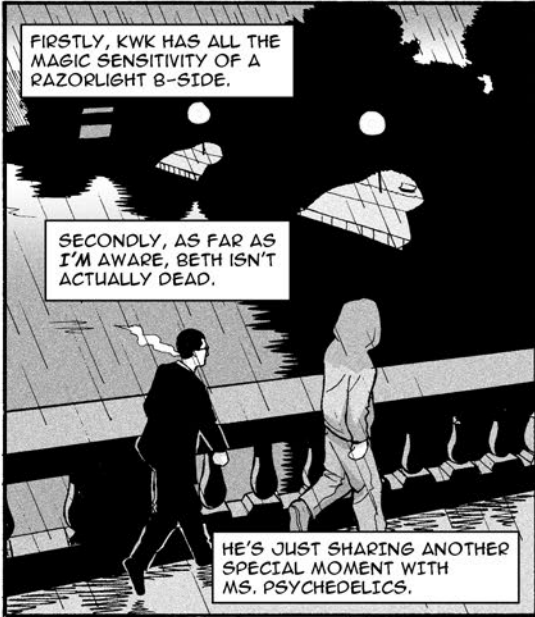
SHOW ME WHERE.

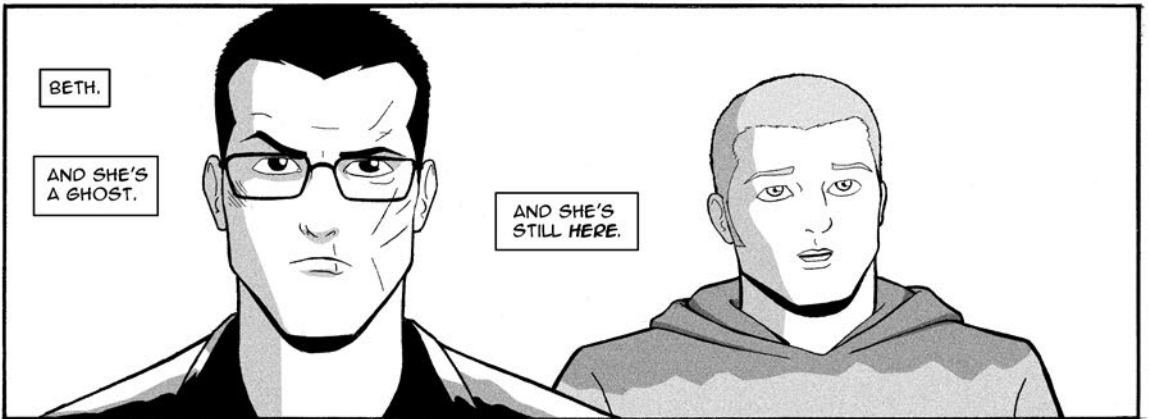
KWK HASN'T SEEN A GHOST.

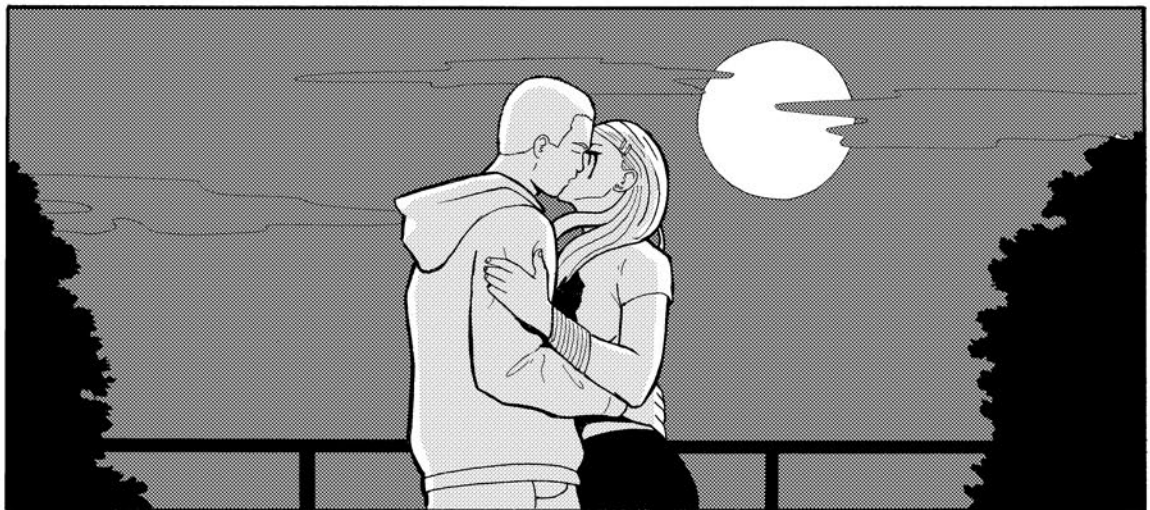


HE CAN'T HAVE.

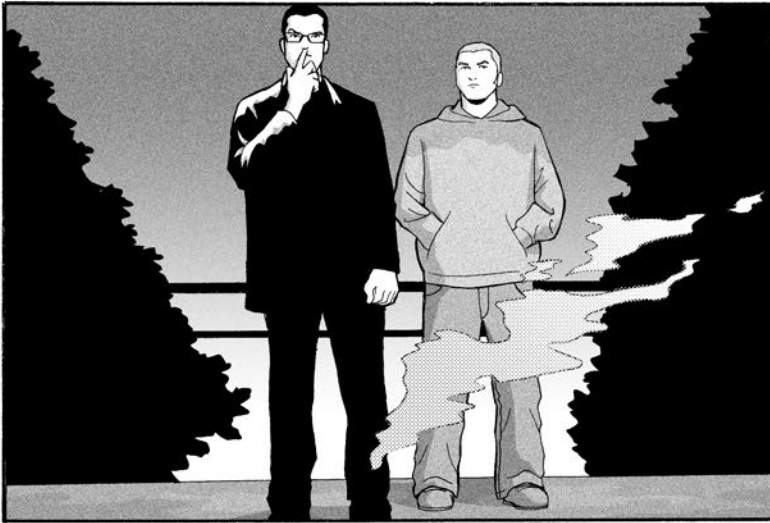
TWO REASONS.













Broken syntax diatribes over polish  
Entryist heavy-rock. LA Metal meets the LA  
Riots. Looked brilliant: Glamour, Hyper-ogyny  
Ignoble Literacy. Ridiculous promises: One  
album. Millions of sales. If they do it or no  
they split. They were lying. This was always  
kind of

# Manics promise split after one album; 15 million sales

**GUN & ROSAS**  
**PUBLIC ENEMY**

Richey Edward... and... once  
argument with a journalist who didn't  
believe they were anything but hero-worshipping  
kids. He won by taking a knife and carving the  
legend "A Real" into his flesh. He needed 17  
That was, to a certain mindset, the  
greatest moment in rock history.

o they lied... continue  
ing rock band. They did  
album. Then with the next  
something no-one quite ex  
they released an album de  
he tiny bitter heart of  
ole, taüt to the point of  
ing, it had as many lyrical  
ovella. It gutted the tw  
entury and hung up its e  
warning. It was puritan  
he point of fascism. The  
ible" was the best album  
ime. Or so I thought at  
wasn't alone



"We hate  
Slowdive more  
than Hitler."

**USELESS**

The fans raised up Richey, prime lyrical  
album. It... they call me a butcher."  
"I am an architect; they call me a butcher."  
had nailed himself to his own cross. He was an-  
orexic. He al...

# SLASHER CULT OF RICHEY EDWARDS ESCALATES.

already had a cult follo  
Between his Ascension into myth  
Seven bridge and the self-Christ  
gious text of the album, it int  
the point these they might as  
been gods who favoured

...escalated  
...Then, on the  
...His car  
...suicide

# MISSING GUITARIST'S CAR FOUND AT SEVERN BRIDGE.



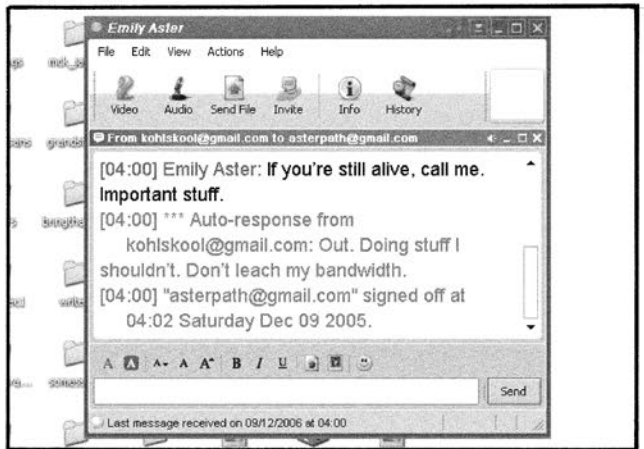
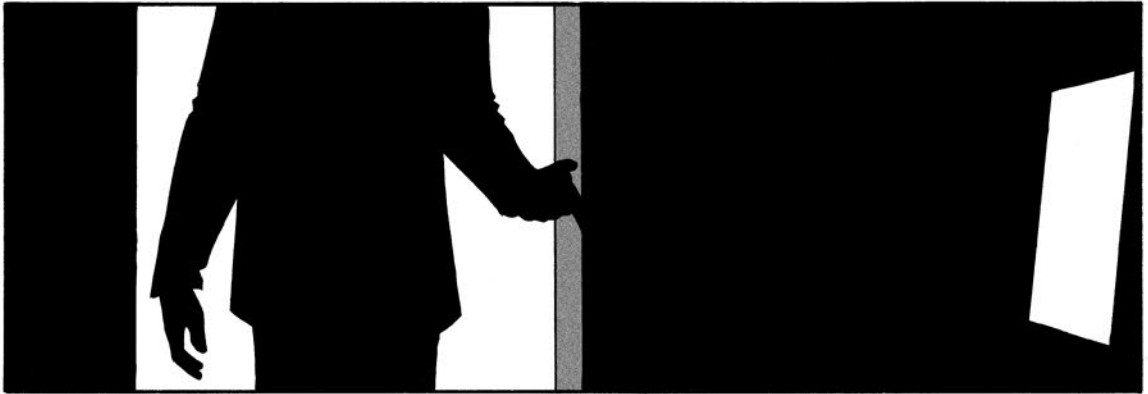
I AM  
CAL

**A REAL**

continued, fi  
they craved.  
a they were  
t piss on th  
ably enjoy it.



no-one has ever  
sacrificed themselves







MAYBE. I JUST SAW A GHOST OF BETH, LOOKING LIKE SHE DID BACK THEN.

EXCEPT BETH'S NOT DEAD. I HOPE SHE ISN'T, ANYWAY.

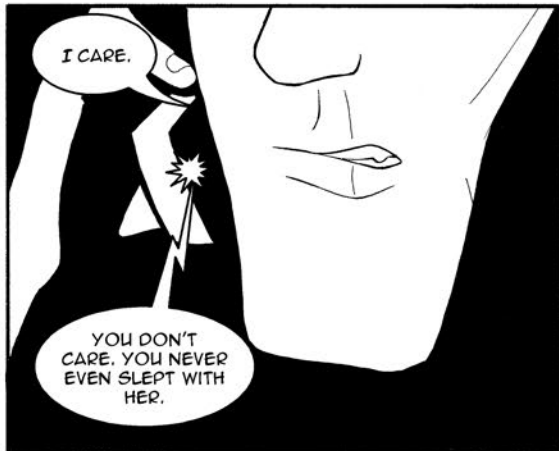


WAIT... DAVID. IS THIS THE BETH WHO STALKED YOU FOR A WHOLE YEAR THEN SLEPT WITH YOUR BEST FRIEND IN A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO MAKE YOU JEALOUS?

...YEAH.



SO WHY ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE GIVING A FUCK CLUB?



I CARE.

YOU DON'T CARE. YOU NEVER EVEN SLEPT WITH HER.



I DO CARE. SHE WAS A FRIEND.

I JUST DIDN'T LIKE HER VERY MUCH.



BESIDES. SEEING HER LIKE THAT... IT'S NOT RIGHT.

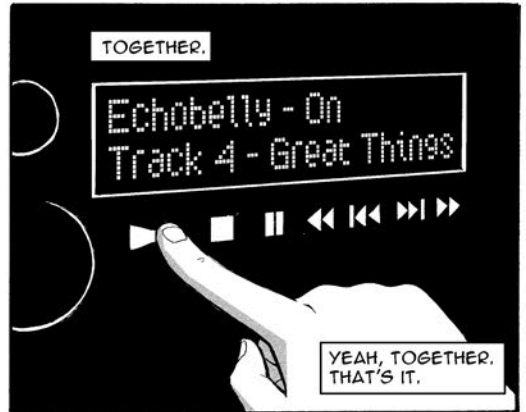
EVEN IF IT'S NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS, I'D LIKE TO HELP HER.

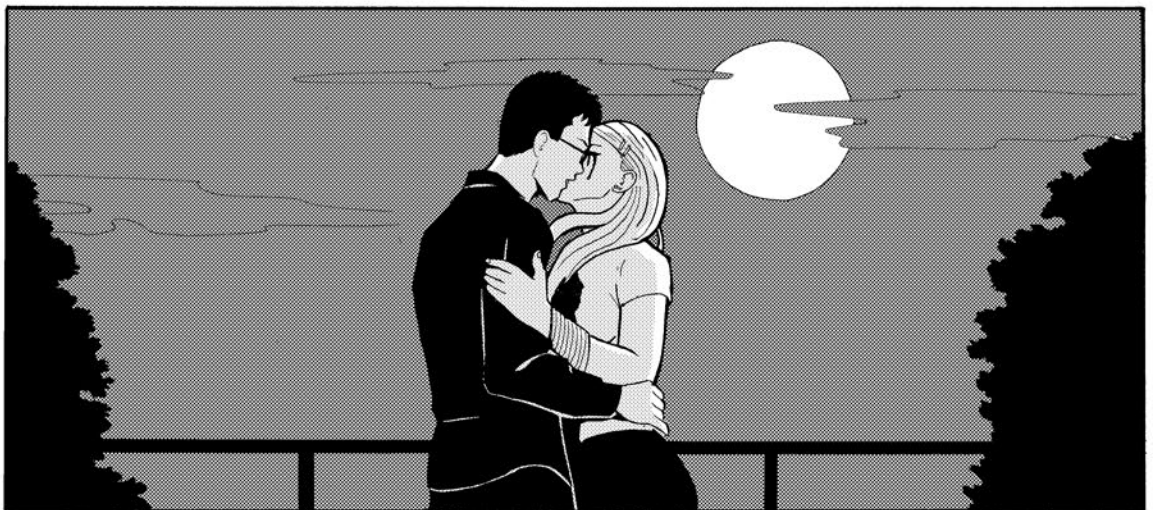
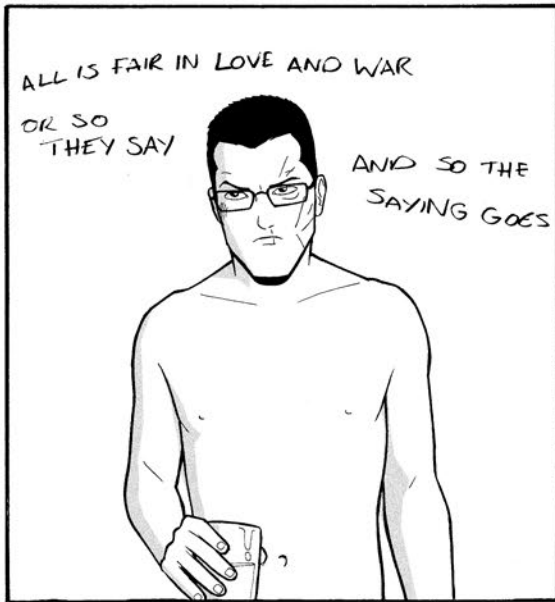
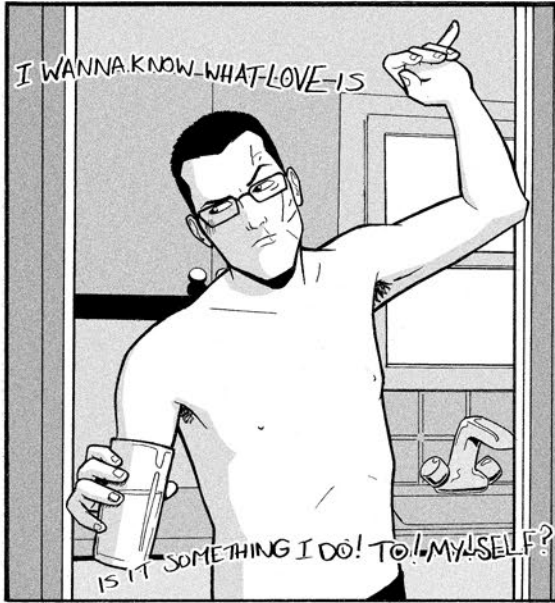
NOT ALL OF US ARE MONSTERS.

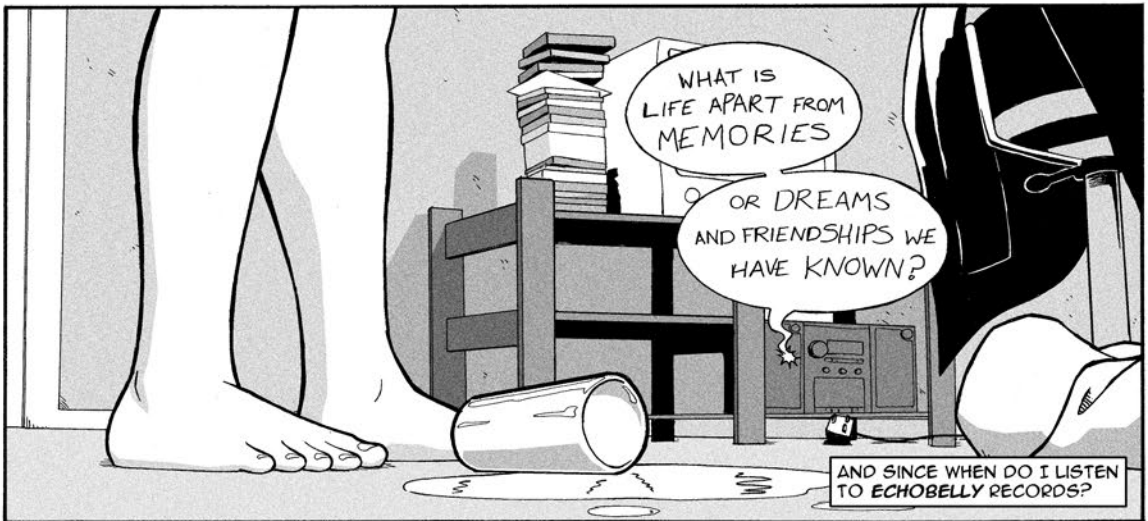
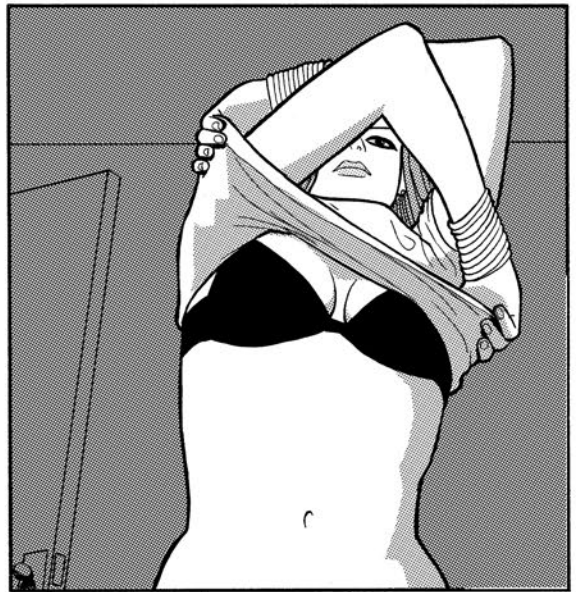
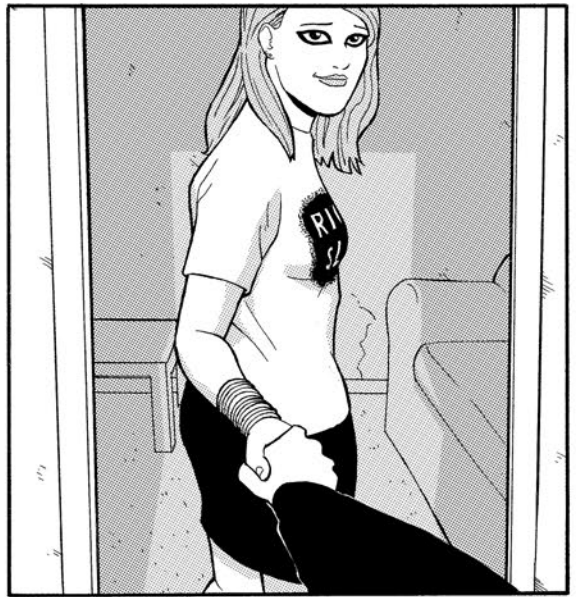
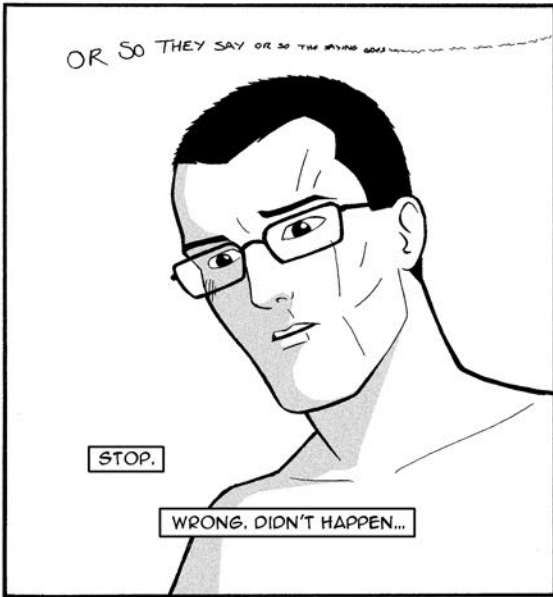


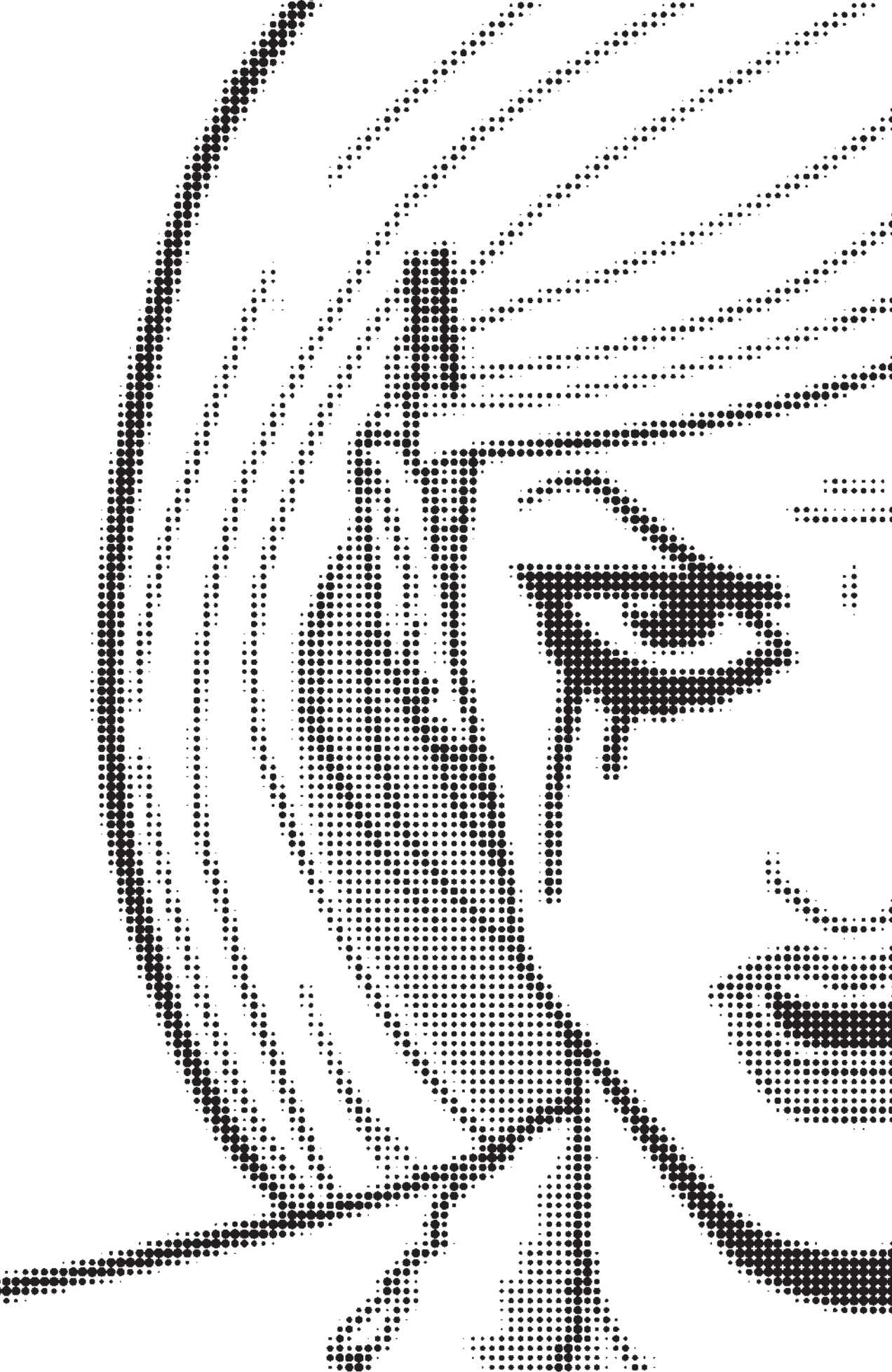
OH, DAVID.

YOU ALMOST SOUND AS IF YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE THAT.





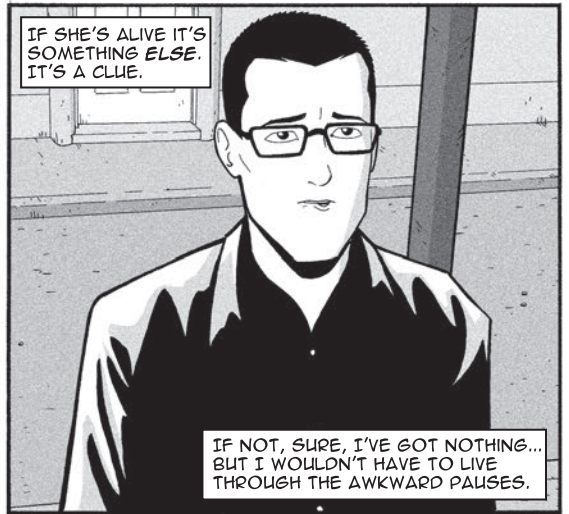
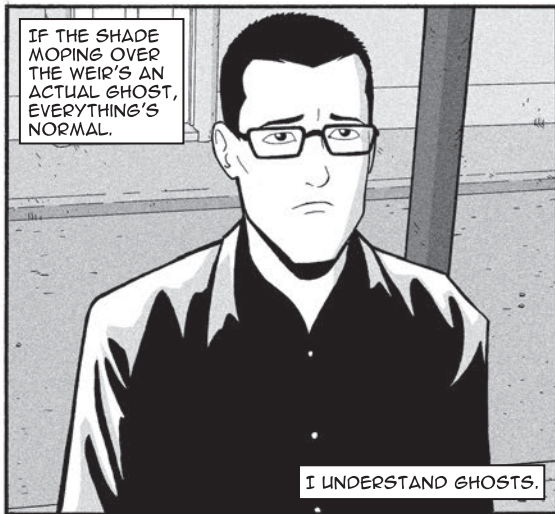




# CHAPTER THREE



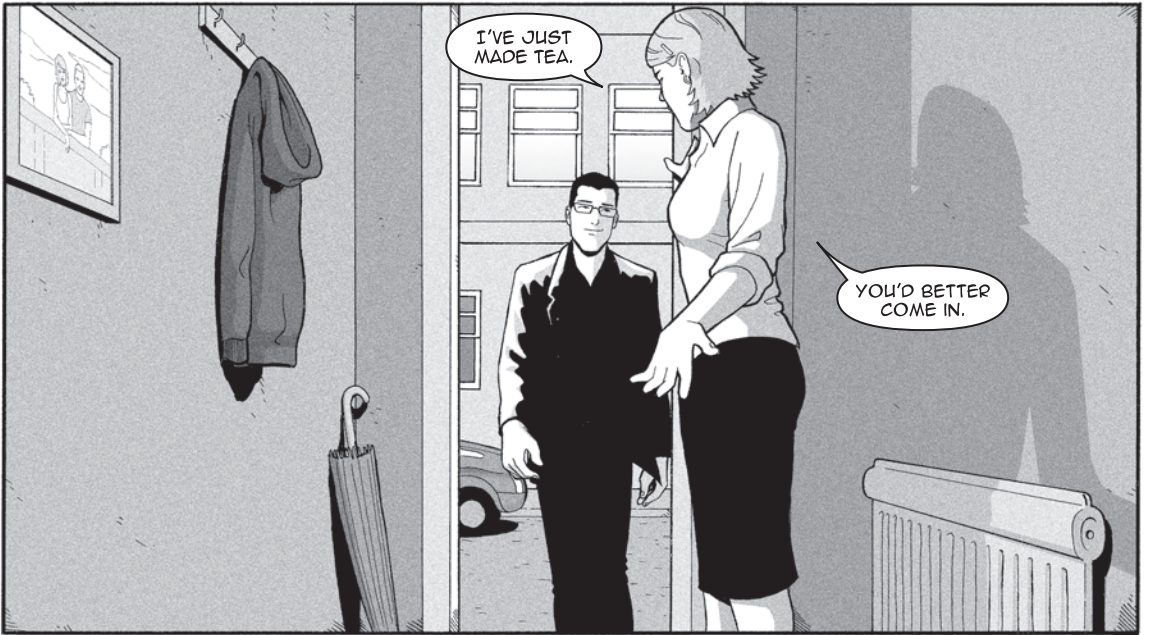
FASTER





P · H · O · N · O · G · R · A · M  
**FASTER**  
Lyrics: Kieron Gillen  
Music: Jamie McKelvie  
Recorded & Mixed by Drew Gill





FIFTEEN MINUTES OF GENEROUS SILENCE  
INTERSPERSED WITH PAINED SENTENCES.

THE SMALLEST OF TALK.





AND THEN I GO FOR IT...

WAS LISTENING TO "MOTORCYCLE EMPTINESS" THE OTHER DAY. GOD, IT STILL WORKS.

YOU EVER

NO.

NOT ANYMORE.



SHAME. WHAT DO YOU LISTEN TO?

NOTHING.



NOTHING?

YEAH. NOTHING. NOT THAT INTERESTED ANYMORE. WHATEVER'S ON THE RADIO.

IT'S HARDLY IMPORTANT.



AND IF THE MANICS CAME ON THE RADIO?



IT'S JUST BACKGROUND NOISE.

NOTHING.



CHRIST, BETH. YOU USED TO BREAK YOUR NAILS HANGING ON THE CRASH-BAR AT EVERY GIG.

NOT EVEN A SMILE?





HOW'S THE FREAKY GIRL?

NOT FREAKY.



SETTLED DOWN. WORKS FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE.

WILL MARRY HER BOYFRIEND.

OR SOMEONE EXACTLY THE SAME AS HIM.

PRIVATE PROPERTY



DOESN'T CARE ABOUT MUSIC ANYMORE...

KID... YOU REMEMBER THAT ONE NIGHT STAND YOU HAD WITH HER?

BARELY. I WAS SO LOADED, MAN.

PRIVATE PROPERTY



AND KID - DID... I EVER...

LIKE ECHOBELLY?

HELL, YEAH!

ΔH.

SO EVERYONE'S MEMORIES ARE CHANGING. JUST NOT EVENLY.



OCEAN COLOUR SCENE?

NO.

KULA SHAKER?

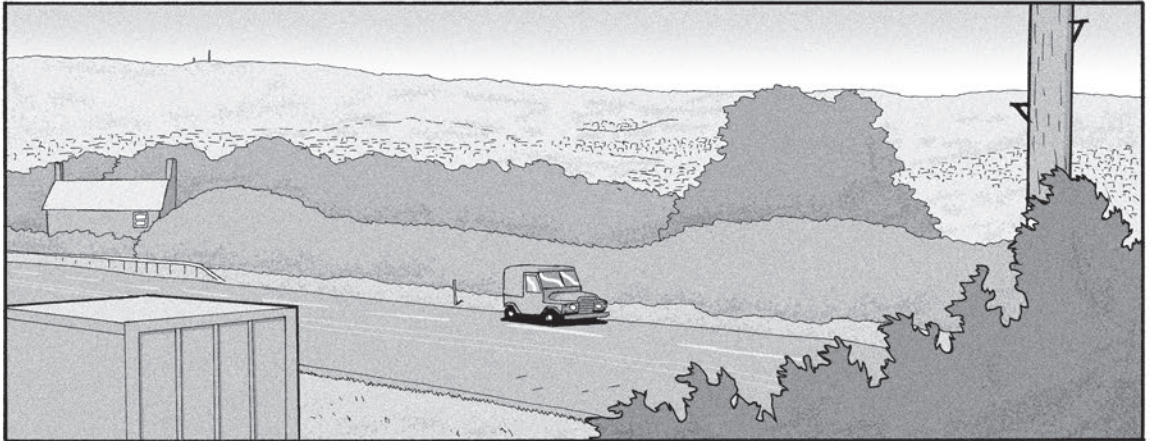
HELL, NO!

COULD BE WORSE.



HMM.

YOU FREE FOR SOME MORE DRIVING?



FUCK THE MANICS,  
DAVID, AND ANYONE  
STUPID ENOUGH TO GET  
SUFFICIENTLY HUNG UP  
TO BECOME A SPECTRE  
FOR THEM.



IF YOU COULDN'T TELL,  
EMILY ASTER USED TO  
REALLY LIKE THE MANICS.

CIRCA BRITPOP  
SHE RAN A  
FUTURIST-POP  
GRIMOIRE  
IRONICALLY  
ENTITLED  
"RETROGASM."

YES,  
THE MANICS WERE  
MY TRAINING BRA,  
INTELLECTUALLY  
SPEAKING.



SUPPORTIVE  
TO START WITH, BUT RAPIDLY  
OUTGROWN. SOON TRADED IN  
FOR SOMETHING SEXIER.

NOW, SHE'S ABSTRACTLY  
MY DIRECT SUPERIOR AND  
SECOND IN COMMAND OF  
THE COVEN.

WHEN I FIRST MET  
HER, SHE ANSWERED  
TO A DIFFERENT NAME.

LIKE... SAY...  
A PERSONALITY  
OF MY OWN.



SHE SNIPPED AWAY THE  
BITS SHE DIDN'T LIKE AND  
TRADED THEM FOR POWER.

SHE USED TO ARGUE THAT THE  
ONLY WAY FOR A REVOLUTION  
TO SUCCEED WAS TO BE MORE  
FUN THAN THE ALTERNATIVE.

YOU SEE,  
THEY WERE A  
REVOLUTIONARY  
POP BAND.



NOW SHE'S MADE  
HER UTOPIA, BUT  
DECIDED THAT  
ALL REVOLUTIONS  
ARE ULTIMATELY  
REVOLUTIONS  
OF ONE.

AND  
REVOLUTION IS  
JUST CHANGE  
WITH IDEOLOGICAL  
ROOTS SHOWING  
LIKE BAD  
PEROXIDE.

LESS A BAND  
THAN FUEL.  
THEY BURNT.



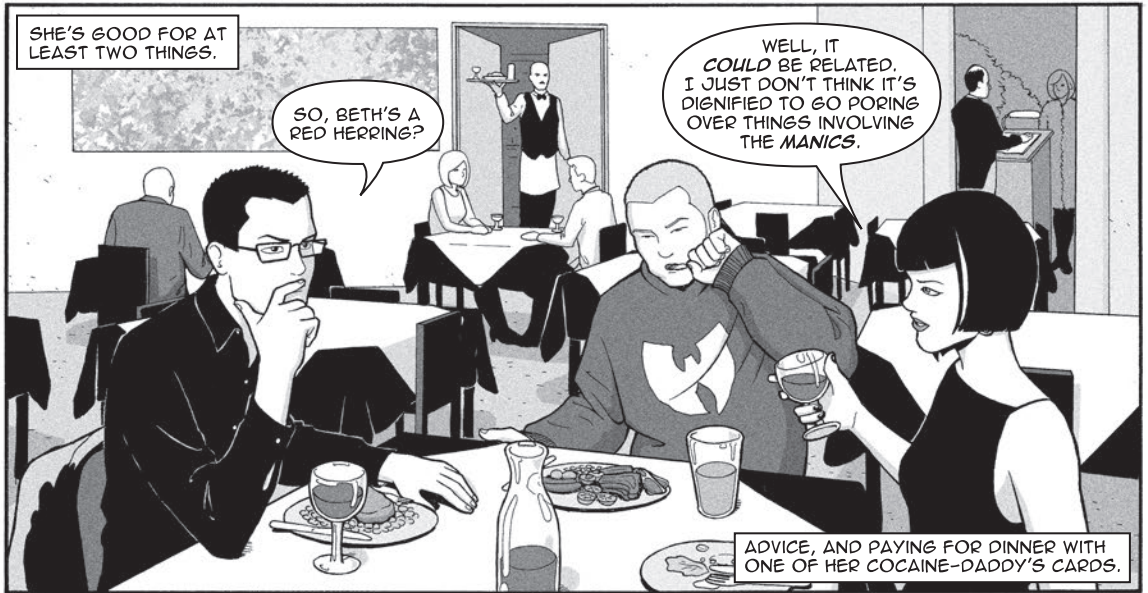
ANYONE COULD BE HER,  
IF THEY CHOSE. IT'S  
THEIR FAULT THEY DIDN'T.

SHE ISN'T VERY NICE.

SCATTER  
THE ASHES,  
DON'T SMEAR  
YOURSELF IN  
SOOT.



BUT SINCE WHEN HAS  
THAT MATTERED?



SHE'S GOOD FOR AT LEAST TWO THINGS.

SO, BETH'S A RED HERRING?

WELL, IT *COULD* BE RELATED, I JUST DON'T THINK IT'S DIGNIFIED TO GO PORING OVER THINGS INVOLVING THE MANICS.

ADVICE, AND PAYING FOR DINNER WITH ONE OF HER COCAINE-DADDY'S CARDS.



I DO WONDER ABOUT ONE THING...

WHY THE GODDESS WENT TO YOU WHEN THERE ARE FAR BETTER PHONOMANCERS AVAILABLE.

ME, FOR ONE.



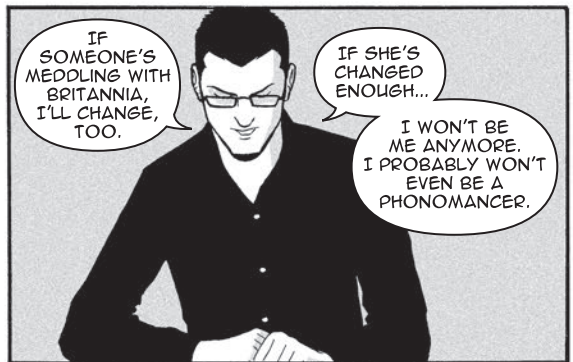
I'M... STILL ROOTED IN BRITANNIA.



OH... DAVID.

SHUT UP, I KNOW.

SHE GAVE ME MY IDENTITY. I'VE MOVED ON, BUT MY ORIGIN... WELL, IT'S STILL WITH HER.



IF SOMEONE'S MEDDLING WITH BRITANNIA, I'LL CHANGE, TOO.

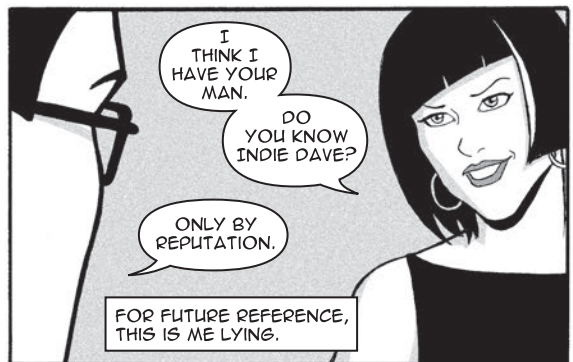
IF SHE'S CHANGED ENOUGH...

I WON'T BE ME ANYMORE. I PROBABLY WON'T EVEN BE A PHONOMANCER.



I HAVE THE ONE THING MOST PHONOMANCERS LACK: MOTIVATION.

HMM. DILEMMA.

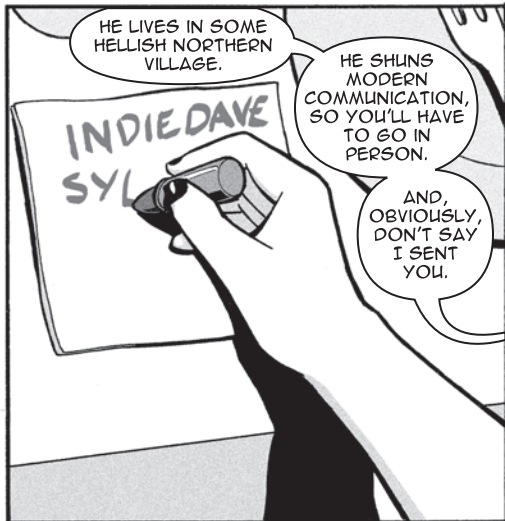


I THINK I HAVE YOUR MAN.

DO YOU KNOW INDIE DAVE?

ONLY BY REPUTATION.

FOR FUTURE REFERENCE, THIS IS ME LYING.





YOU WISHED HER DEAD BEFORE SHE EVEN WAS, AND THEN DANCED ON HER GRAVE.

WHY NOT LEAP TO A PLACE YOU WANT TO BE RATHER THAN RISK FALLING WHEN THE GROUND CRUMBLES?



I LIKE BEING DAVID KOHL.



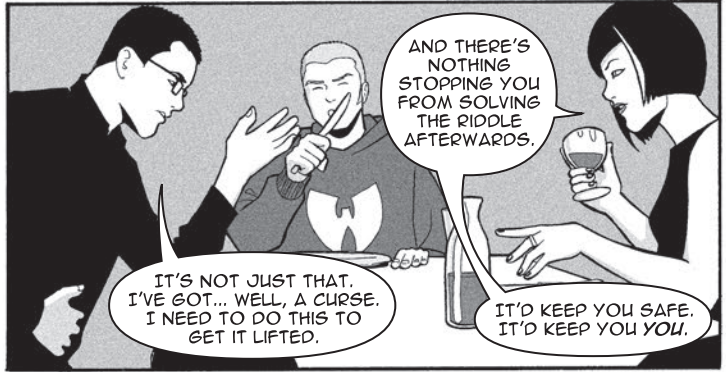
ONE: OH, YOU SO DON'T.

AND TWO: DO YOU THINK BRITPOP SHOULD BE CHERISHED AS A CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT OF NINETIES CULTURE?



EXACTLY.

YOU DON'T CARE ANYMORE. NO ONE CARES. MOVE ON, DAVID. MOVE ON.



AND THERE'S NOTHING STOPPING YOU FROM SOLVING THE RIDDLE AFTERWARDS.

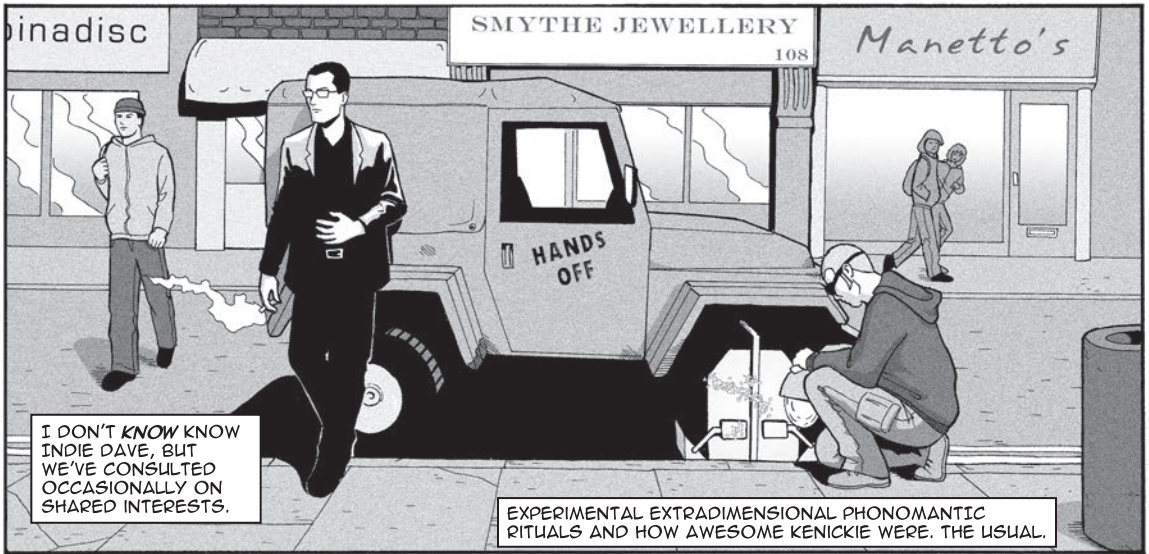
IT'S NOT JUST THAT. I'VE GOT... WELL, A CURSE. I NEED TO DO THIS TO GET IT LIFTED.

IT'D KEEP YOU SAFE. IT'D KEEP YOU YOU.



THINK ABOUT IT.

IT'D BE FAIRLY UPSETTING TO SEE YOU WIPED OUT OF EXISTENCE.



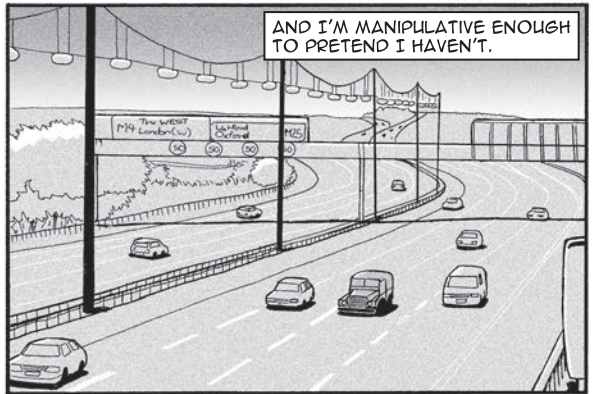
I DON'T KNOW KNOW  
INDIE DAVE, BUT  
WE'VE CONSULTED  
OCCASIONALLY ON  
SHARED INTERESTS.

EXPERIMENTAL EXTRADIMENSIONAL PHONOMANTIC  
RITUALS AND HOW AWESOME KENICKIE WERE. THE USUAL.

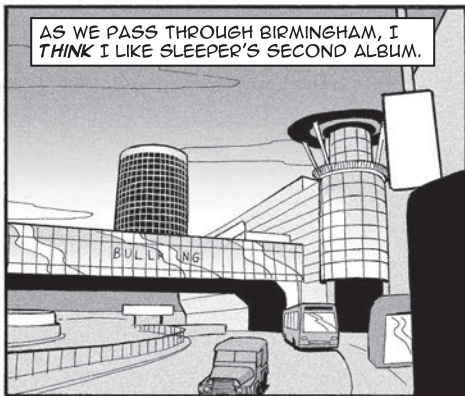


BUT ASTER'S JEALOUS ENOUGH TO CARE  
THAT I'D DO THAT WITHOUT HER KNOWING.

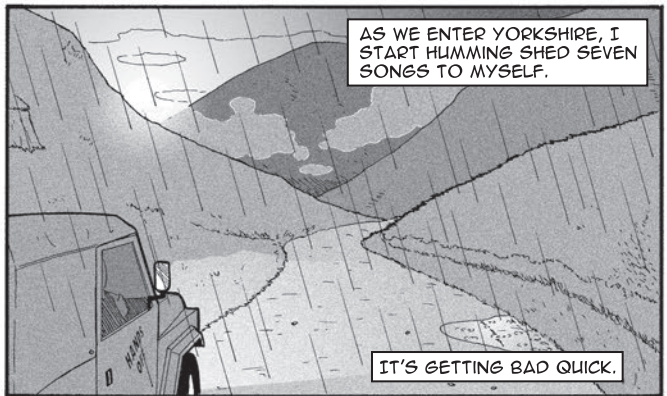
I.E. PERMISSION.



AND I'M MANIPULATIVE ENOUGH  
TO PRETEND I HAVEN'T.



AS WE PASS THROUGH BIRMINGHAM, I  
THINK I LIKE SLEEPER'S SECOND ALBUM.



AS WE ENTER YORKSHIRE, I  
START HUMMING SHED SEVEN  
SONGS TO MYSELF.

IT'S GETTING BAD QUICK.

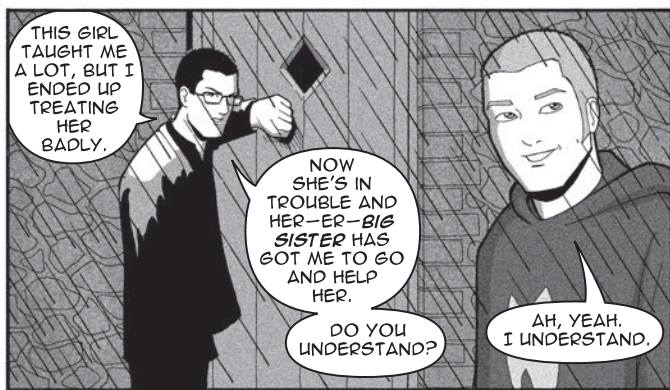


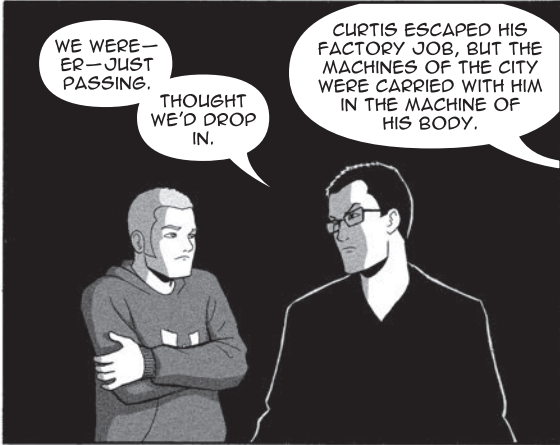
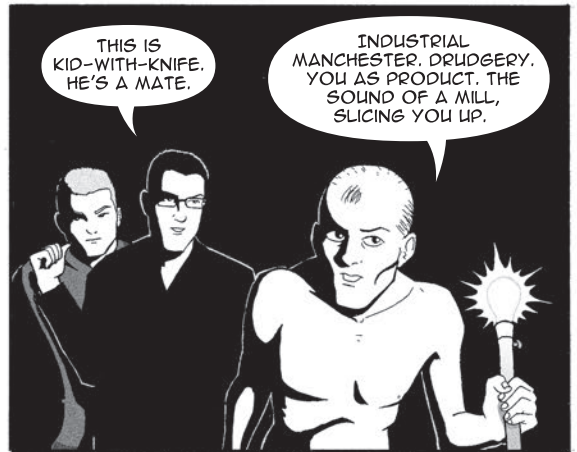
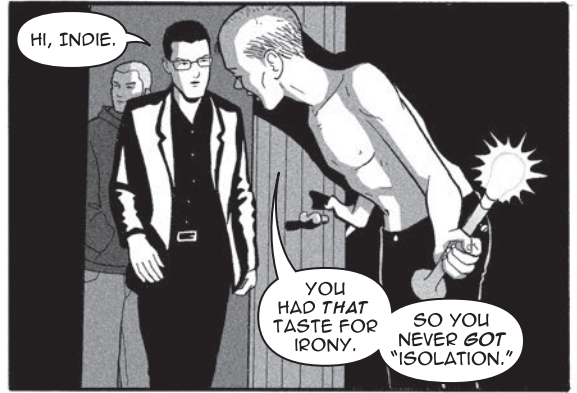
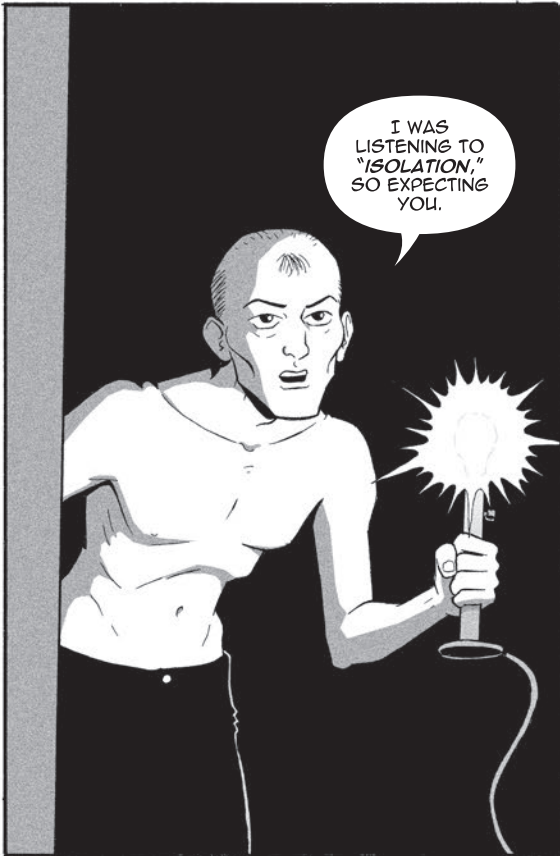
STILL, NO KULA SHAKER YET.

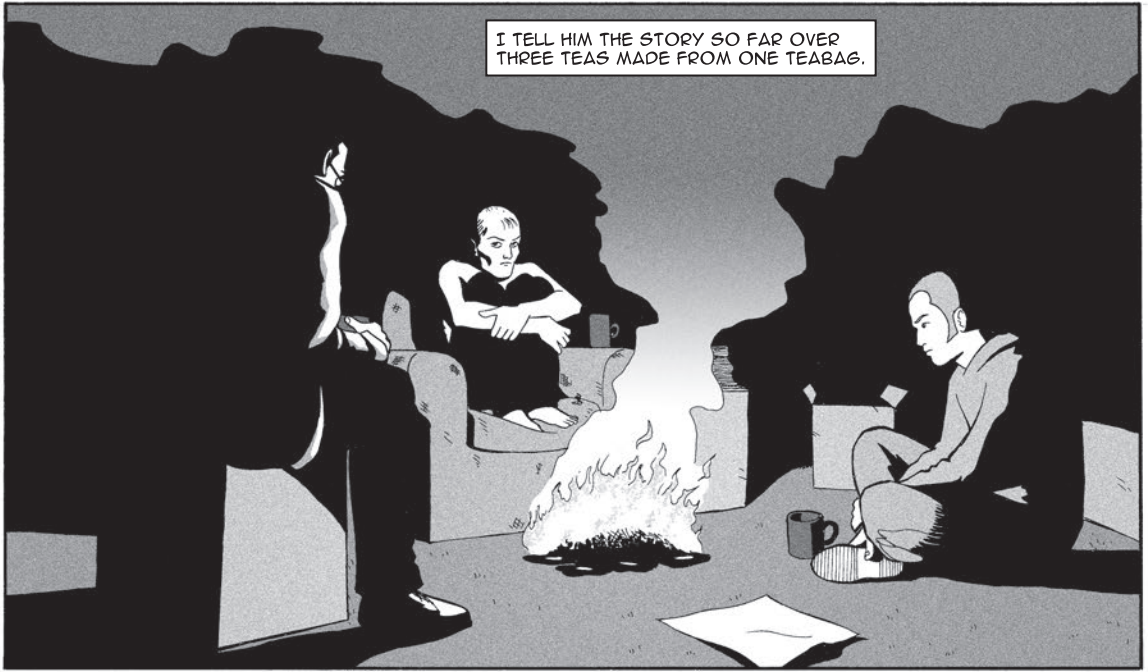
KOHL, MAN.  
I DON'T GET INVOLVED IN  
YOUR SHIT BUT... WHAT  
IS THIS ABOUT?

IT'S  
ABOUT... WELL,  
IT'S ABOUT A  
GIRL.

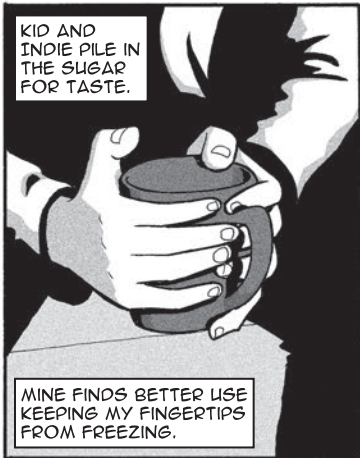
HEH-HEH-HEH.





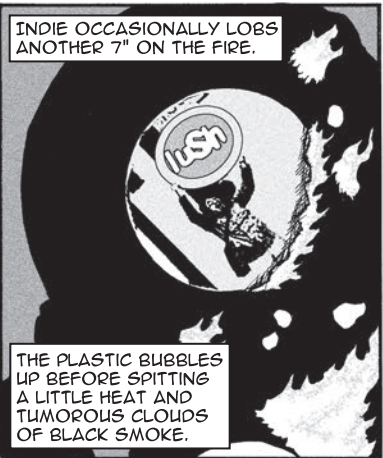


I TELL HIM THE STORY SO FAR OVER THREE TEAS MADE FROM ONE TEABAG.



KID AND INDIE PILE IN THE SUGAR FOR TASTE.

MINE FINDS BETTER USE KEEPING MY FINGERTIPS FROM FREEZING.



INDIE OCCASIONALLY LOBS ANOTHER 7" ON THE FIRE.

THE PLASTIC BUBBLES UP BEFORE SPITTING A LITTLE HEAT AND TUMOROUS CLOUDS OF BLACK SMOKE.

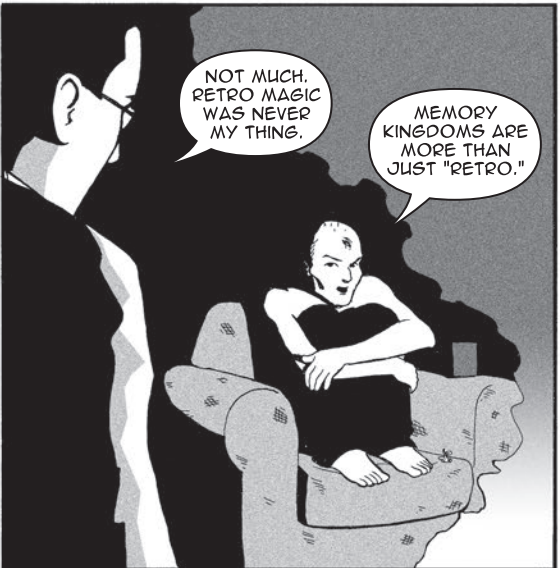


EVENTUALLY MY STORY ENDS AND I FALL SILENT.

AFTER DRUMMING HIS FINGERS NERVOUSLY ON A PILE OF VINYL, HE SPEAKS.

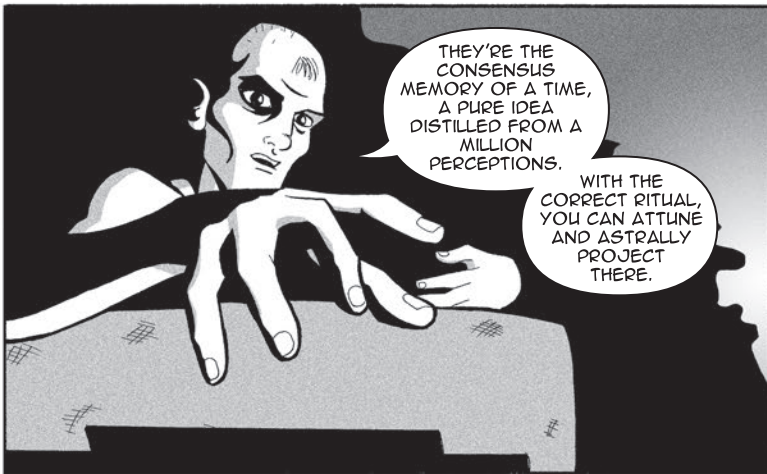


WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MEMORY KINGDOMS?



NOT MUCH. RETRO MAGIC WAS NEVER MY THING.

MEMORY KINGDOMS ARE MORE THAN JUST "RETRO."



THEY'RE THE CONSENSUS MEMORY OF A TIME, A PURE IDEA DISTILLED FROM A MILLION PERCEPTIONS.

WITH THE CORRECT RITUAL, YOU CAN ATTUNE AND ASTRALLY PROJECT THERE.



I SPEND MUCH TIME HOLIDAYING IN THE OLDER REALMS. THE PRESENT OFFERS ME LITTLE.

I PREFER THE VICARIOUS THRILLS OF THE GHOSTS OF LONDON '77 OR MANCHESTER '89.



THERE'S A MEMORY KINGDOM OF BRITPOP.



IF MEMORIES ARE WARPING, IT WILL BE TOO. LOCATE THE SOURCE OF THE RIPPLES AND YOU LOCATE THE SOURCE OF YOUR PROBLEMS.

YOU SHOULD GO THERE BEFORE IT'S WASHED AWAY.



THANKS. THIS RITUAL....

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THE DANGERS.



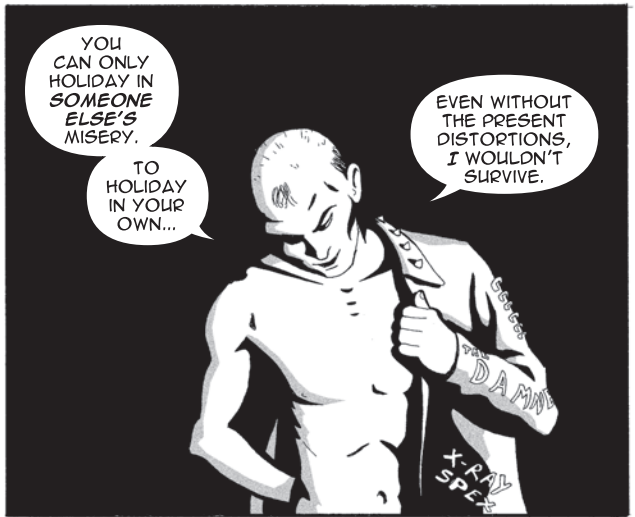
MEMORY KINGDOMS ARE ONLY SAFE TO ENTER WHEN YOU HAVE NO CONNECTION.

YOU WERE THERE. YOU ARE PART OF IT, SO IT IS PART OF YOU.



IT'S WHERE YOUR OWN MEMORIES TOUCH THE CONSENSUS MEMORY. THEY SHAPE ONE ANOTHER.

IF YOU ENTER, IT'LL BE A PERSONAL THING. AND A PERSONAL THING IS A DANGEROUS THING.



YOU CAN ONLY HOLIDAY IN SOMEONE ELSE'S MISERY.

TO HOLIDAY IN YOUR OWN...

EVEN WITHOUT THE PRESENT DISTORTIONS, I WOULDN'T SURVIVE.



ARE YOU SURE YOU COULD?

IF IT'S THAT OR LOOKING TO START A MARION TRIBUTE BAND, YEAH.



THEN LISTEN CLOSELY...

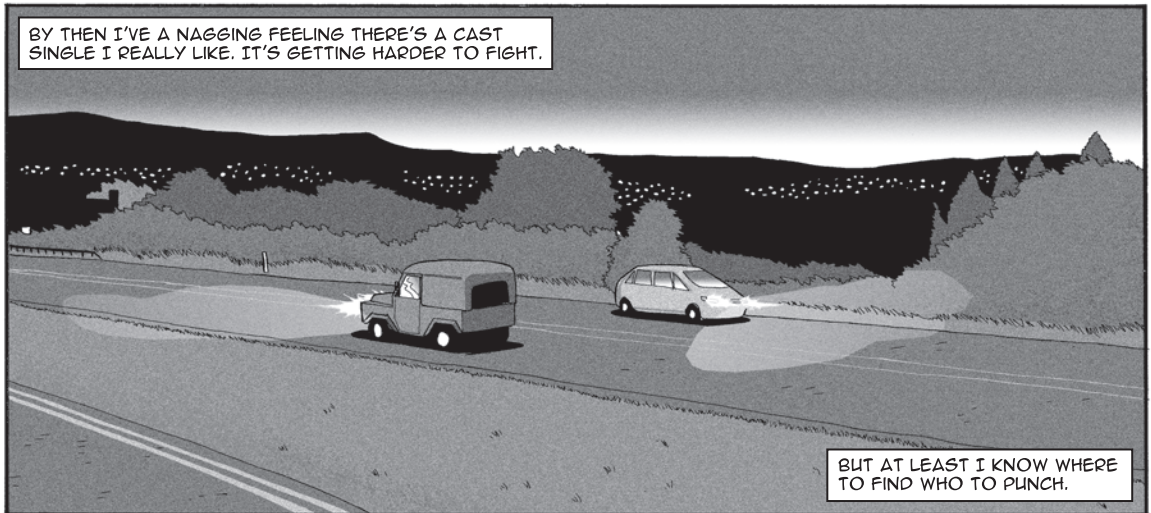
HE TELLS US.



HMM...

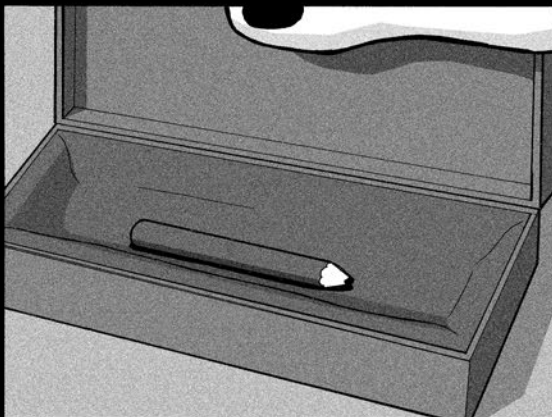
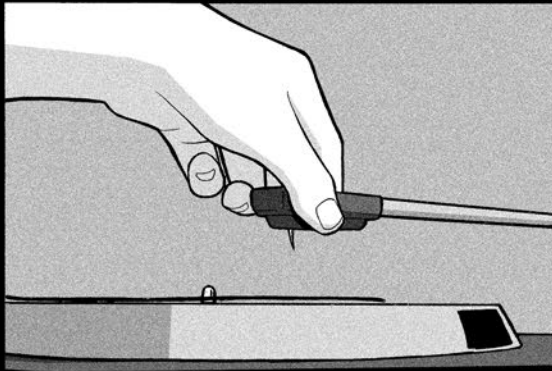
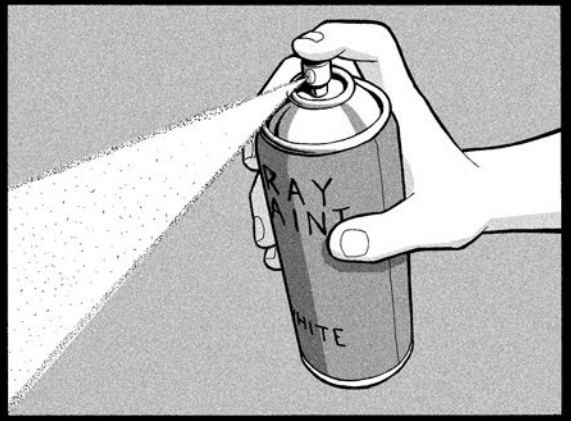
WHAT A FUNNY FELLA.

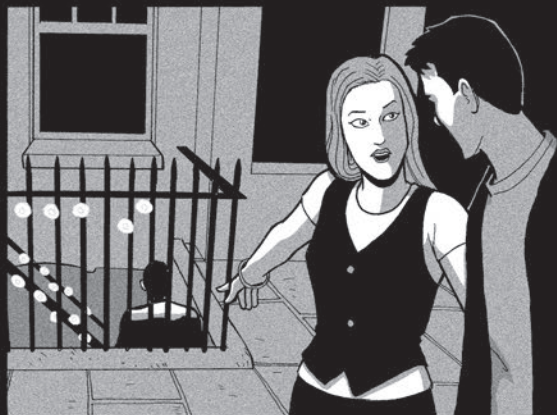
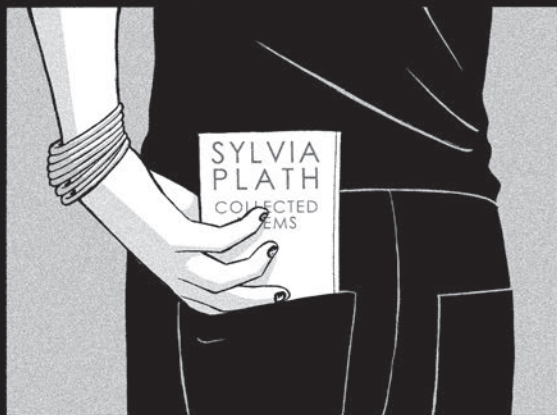
ANOTHER FOUR HOUR CAR RIDE BACK TO BATH.



BY THEN I'VE A NAGGING FEELING THERE'S A CAST SINGLE I REALLY LIKE. IT'S GETTING HARDER TO FIGHT.

BUT AT LEAST I KNOW WHERE TO FIND WHO TO PUNCH.





OH, GOD.



ER... MATE...

YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT PLACE?

OH, YEAH.



JUST THE WRONG TIME.



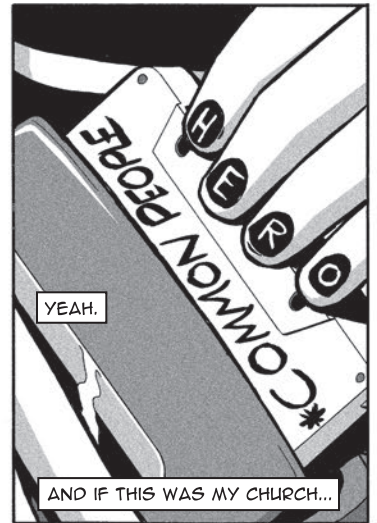
TEN YEARS AGO, THIS WAS MY CHURCH.

DON'T MIND ME.



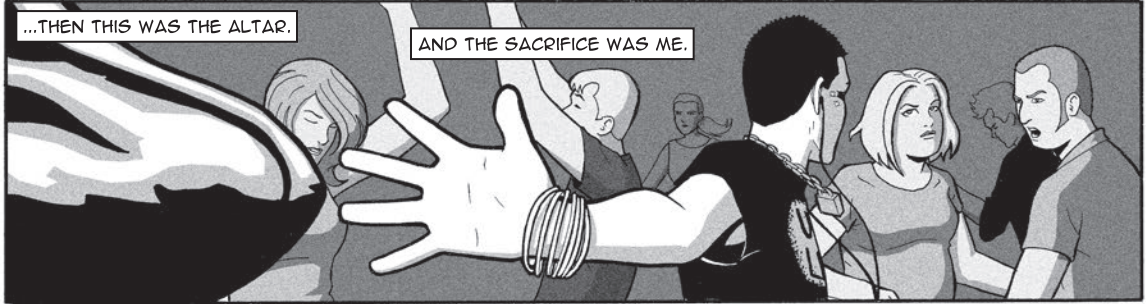
IF I CAN HOLD THIS SELF TOGETHER, MAYBE I'VE ENOUGH BELIEF LEFT FOR ONE LAST MASS.

HARMLESS FREAK, COMING THROUGH.



YEAH.

AND IF THIS WAS MY CHURCH...



...THEN THIS WAS THE ALTAR.

AND THE SACRIFICE WAS ME.



THE DAGGER?

SHE CAME FROM GREECE...

IT CUT AWAY EVERYTHING.



EVERYTHING THAT DIDN'T MATTER.

THAT IS, EVERYTHING.



JUST LEAVING THE MOMENT...

THE MOMENT...

THIS MOMENT.



YOU

DANCE

DRINK

SCREW

NOTHING

ELSE

TO...





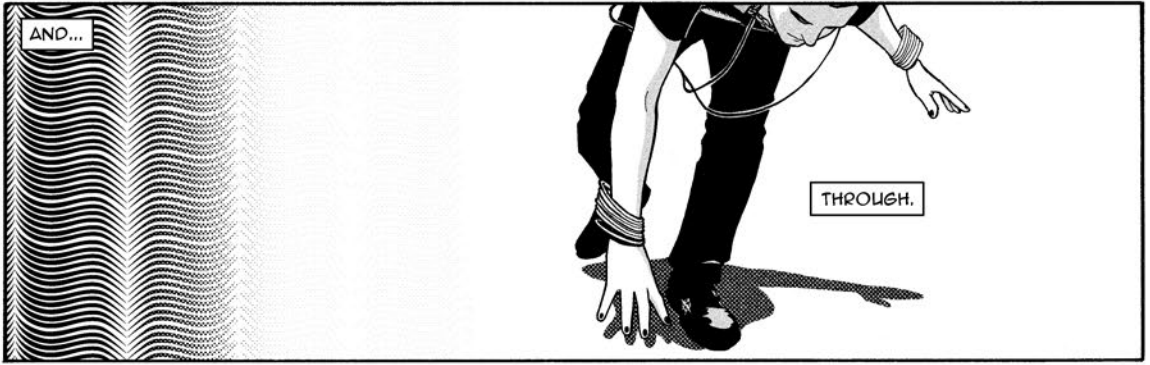
CHAPTER FOUR

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MURDER PARK



AND...

THROUGH.



JUST REMEMBER: THIS ISN'T REAL.

IT'S A MEMORY KINGDOM.

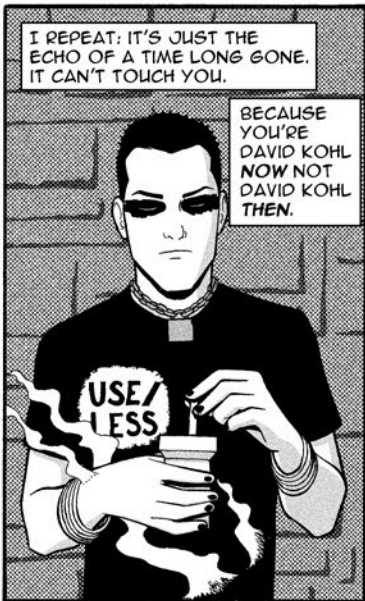


WHATEVER'S REWRITING EVERYONE'S RECOLLECTIONS IS HERE.

YOUR PLAYLIST FOR THE EVENING:

FIND IT.

GET OUT.



I REPEAT: IT'S JUST THE ECHO OF A TIME LONG GONE. IT CAN'T TOUCH YOU.

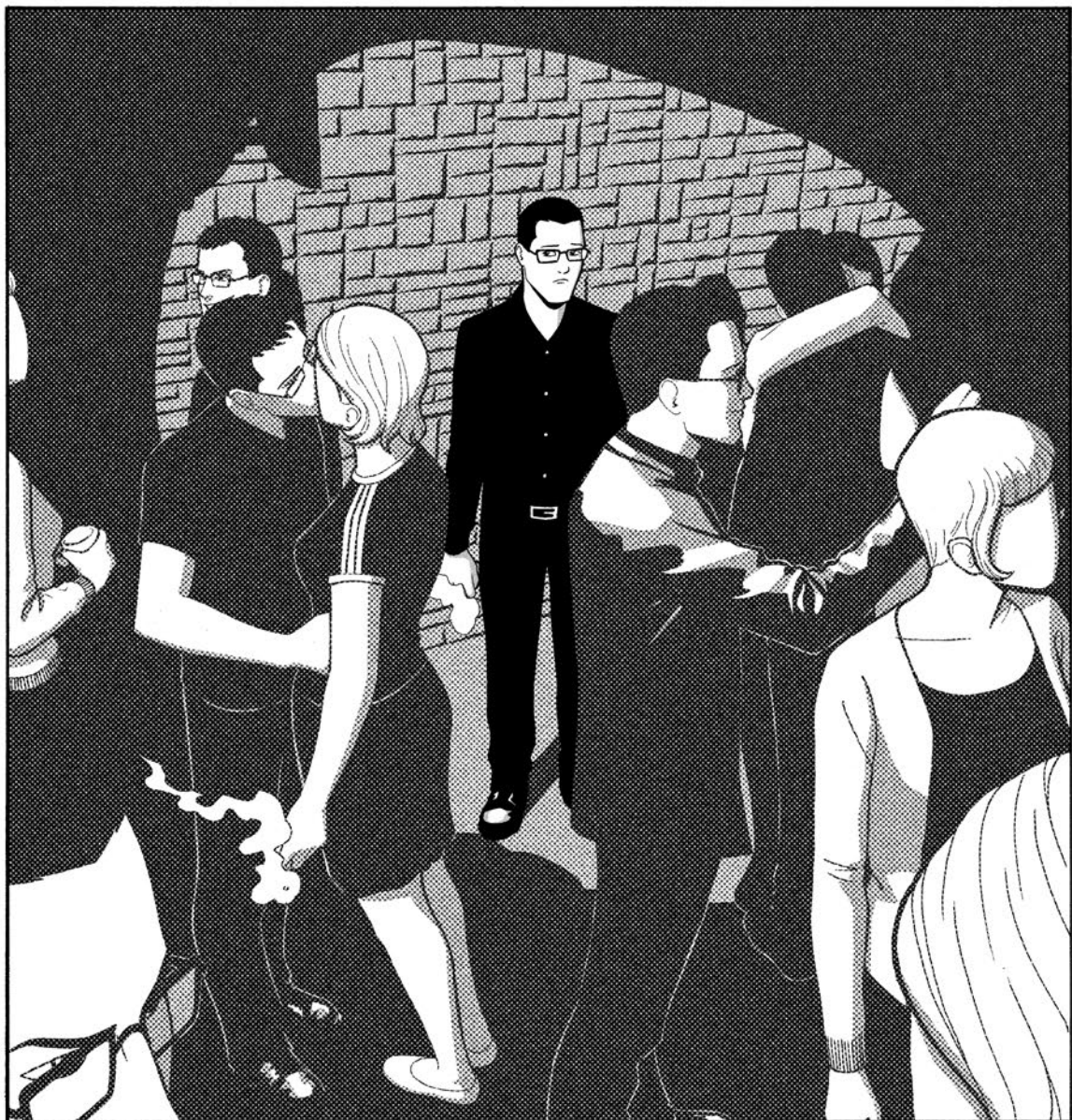
BECAUSE YOU'RE DAVID KOHL NOW NOT DAVID KOHL THEN.



HELL, JUST MEMORIES.

CAN'T TOUCH YOU.



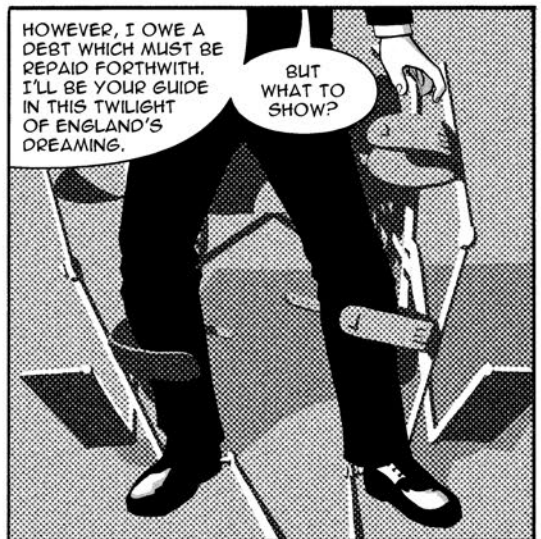
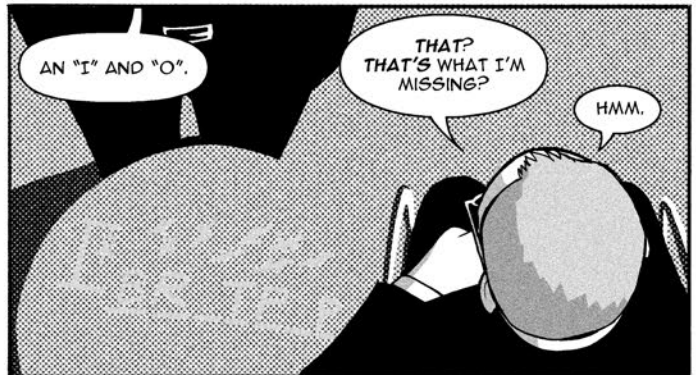


YOURS WERE ALWAYS  
PRETTY SHITTY.

P·H·O·N·O·G·R·A·M

# MURDER PARK

Lyrics: Kieron Gillen  
Music: Jamie McKelvie



The Kingdom falls to  
Byzantine days.

'Tis Long since  
Britannia return'd.



Prophecy fulfilled!  
Fulfilled in Glory!

King And Regent  
Crown'd He whom  
Goddess awoke.

Founds his Ness  
Camelot in this, their  
New Jerusalem.

Wins a Queen of  
highest standing  
from rivals' arms.

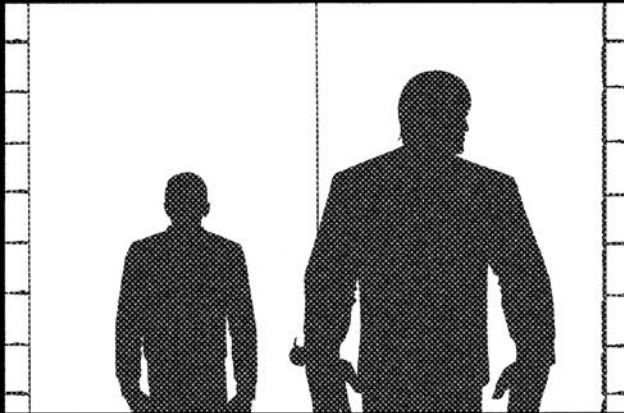


Assembles She living  
miracles from limbs  
long dead.

Assembles He a court  
of e'er growing glory.

The harvest of glory  
reaps also doom.

It comes as a  
swaggering  
Necromancer,

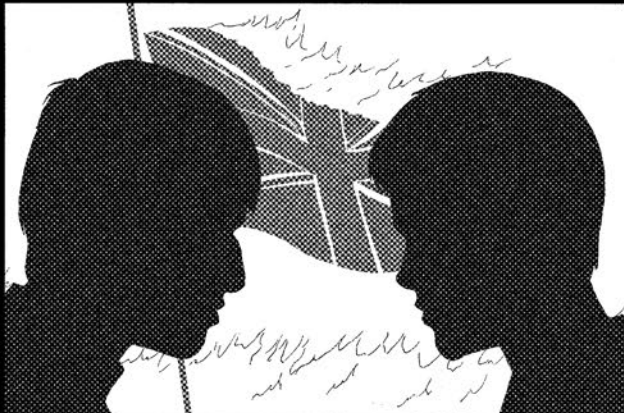


His Salem, base yet  
rare, cruel yet fair,

And their conceptions  
different of Kingdoms'  
nature.

King's ire sparks. A  
challenge offers,  
sallies forth.

Wins a battle.  
Loses a War.

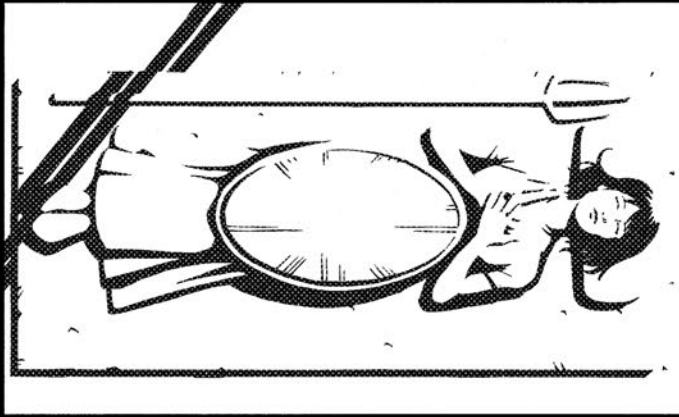


For petitions for  
Britannic favour  
goes away.

Forced to choose, she  
chooses the comers new.

The losses of war:  
Britannia's Heart.  
Britannia's Will.

Goddess grows grey  
and war and soon  
is gone.

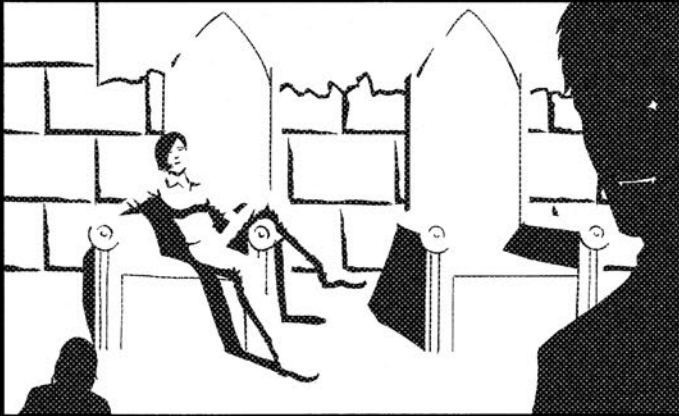


She lies still beneath  
Primrose Hill

O'er which squats  
the fallen court.

They lick red wounds  
and delve the pit.

The King turns to  
enemies sworn to  
find an escape.

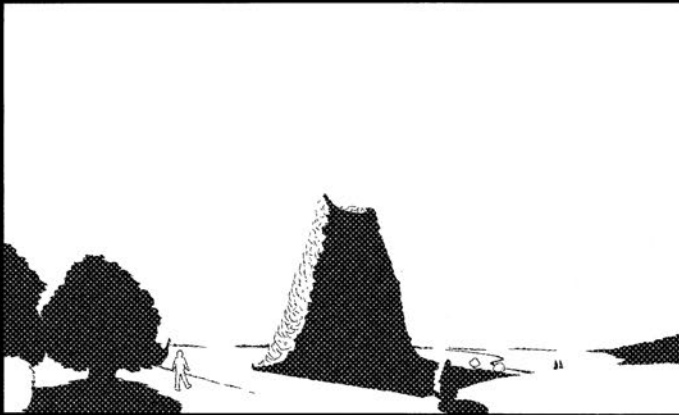


The Queen in torpor  
sits; experiments  
discarded.

Decadence Victorious.

Britannia's choice  
mourns not; he  
prefers her dead.

Instead, the  
Necromancer seeks  
his own escape;



A tower.

A tower of people;  
the people,  
his people.

Great attentions  
wander, great  
wonders rot.

A litany of horrors  
wait in their place.



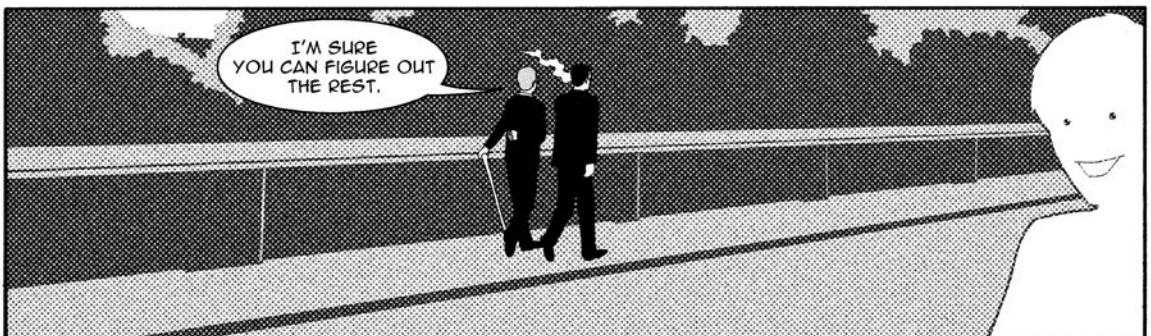
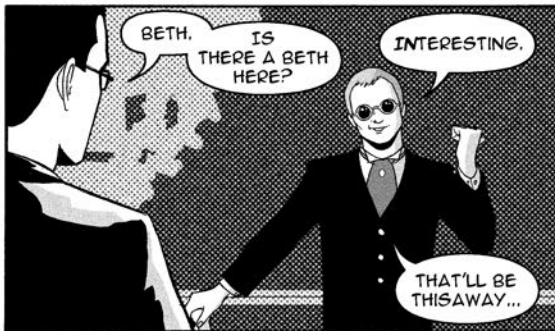
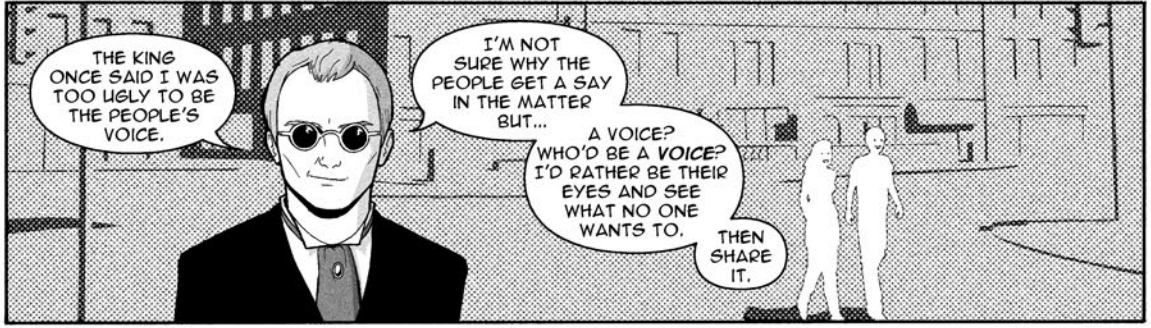
From Shouls who  
feed on the open  
guts of men

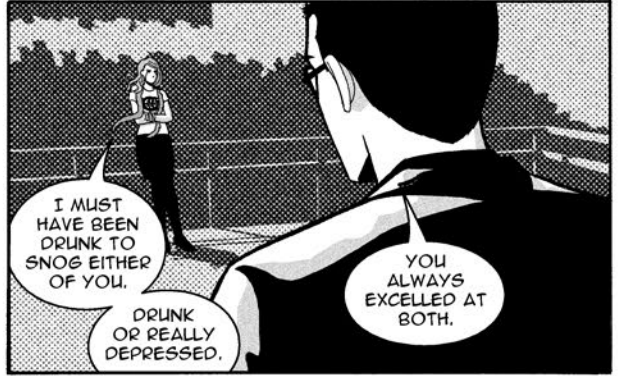
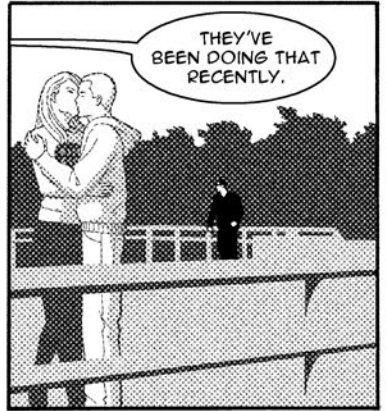
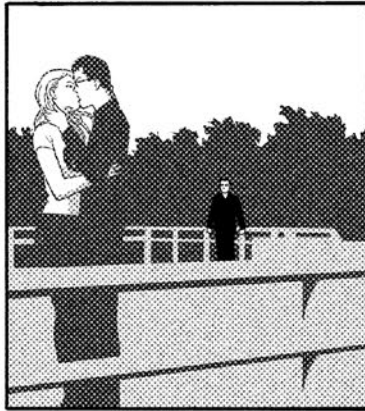
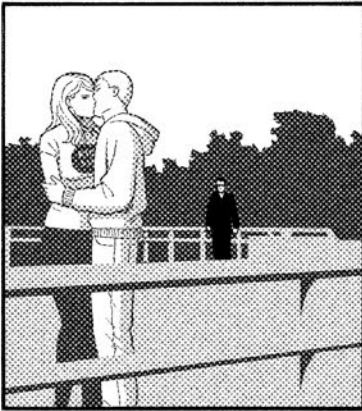
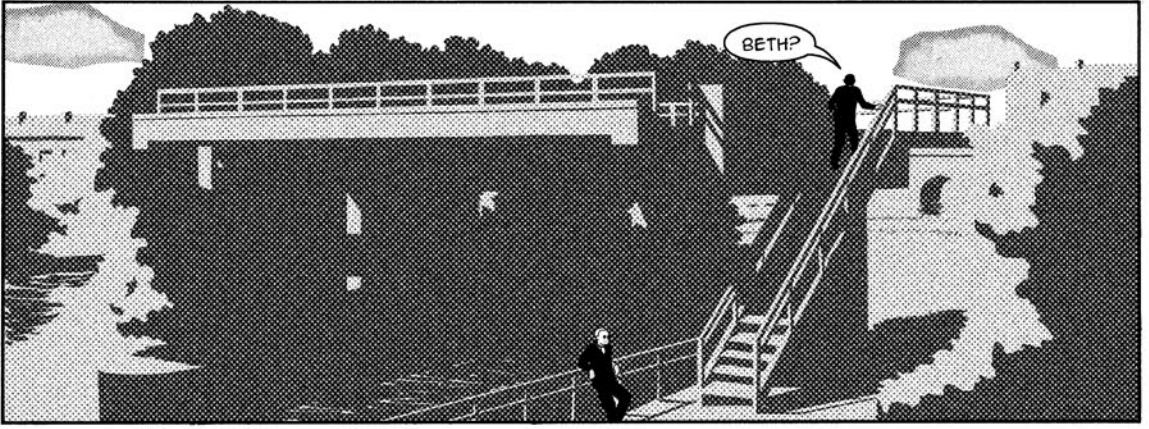
Whose crime was to  
ignore the time to...

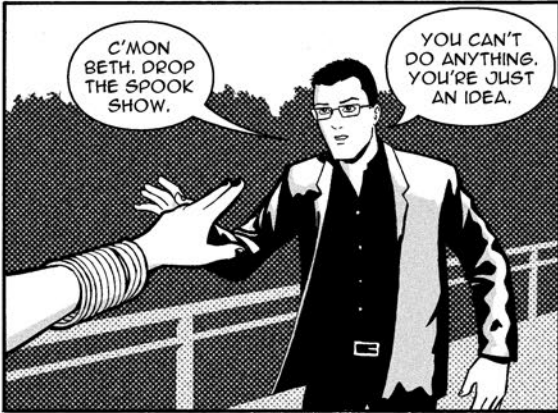
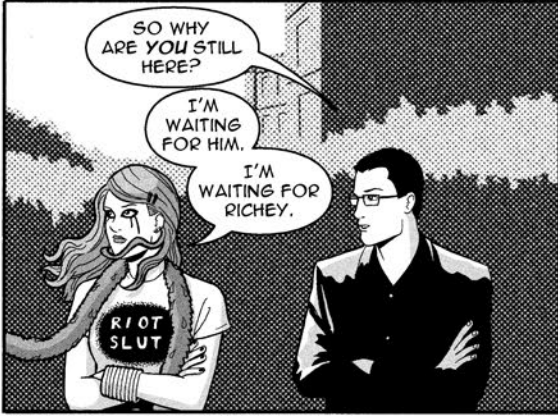
OH, DID ANYONE EVER  
REALLY THINK THIS  
TWADDLE HAD THE  
MAKINGS OF A MYTH?

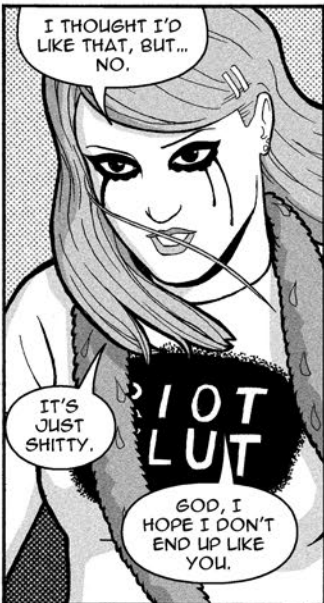
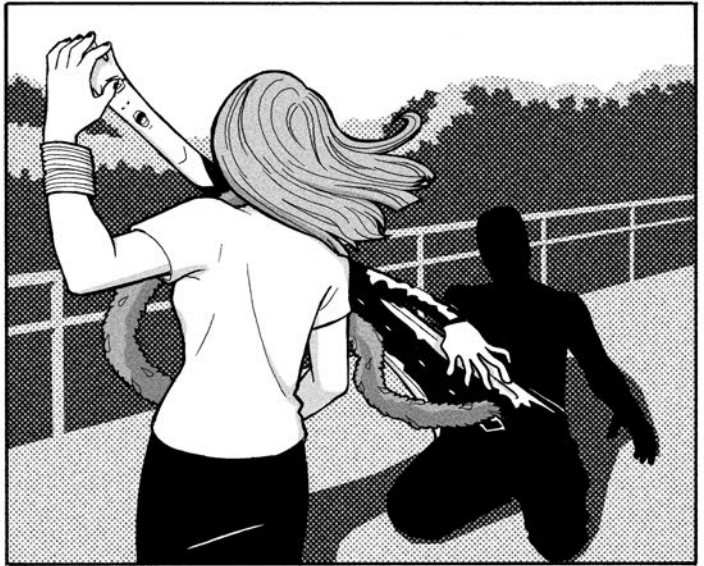
BUT STILL: WHATEVER  
YOU WISH TO SEE, I  
CAN SHOW YOU.













I HOPE NOT.

THAT WAS MY NOTHING.



I DON'T WANT TO LET GO.



JUST...GO.



ANY INTERESTING TATTLE FROM THE YOUNG LADY?

NOT REALLY.

JUST SOMEONE ELSE WITH THE INCREASINGLY POPULAR OPINION THAT I'M A DICKHEAD.



WHAT ARE THEY?

A CROWD, BECOMING.

YOU'LL WANT TO SEE THIS, FOLLOW ME, TO KNEBWORTH!



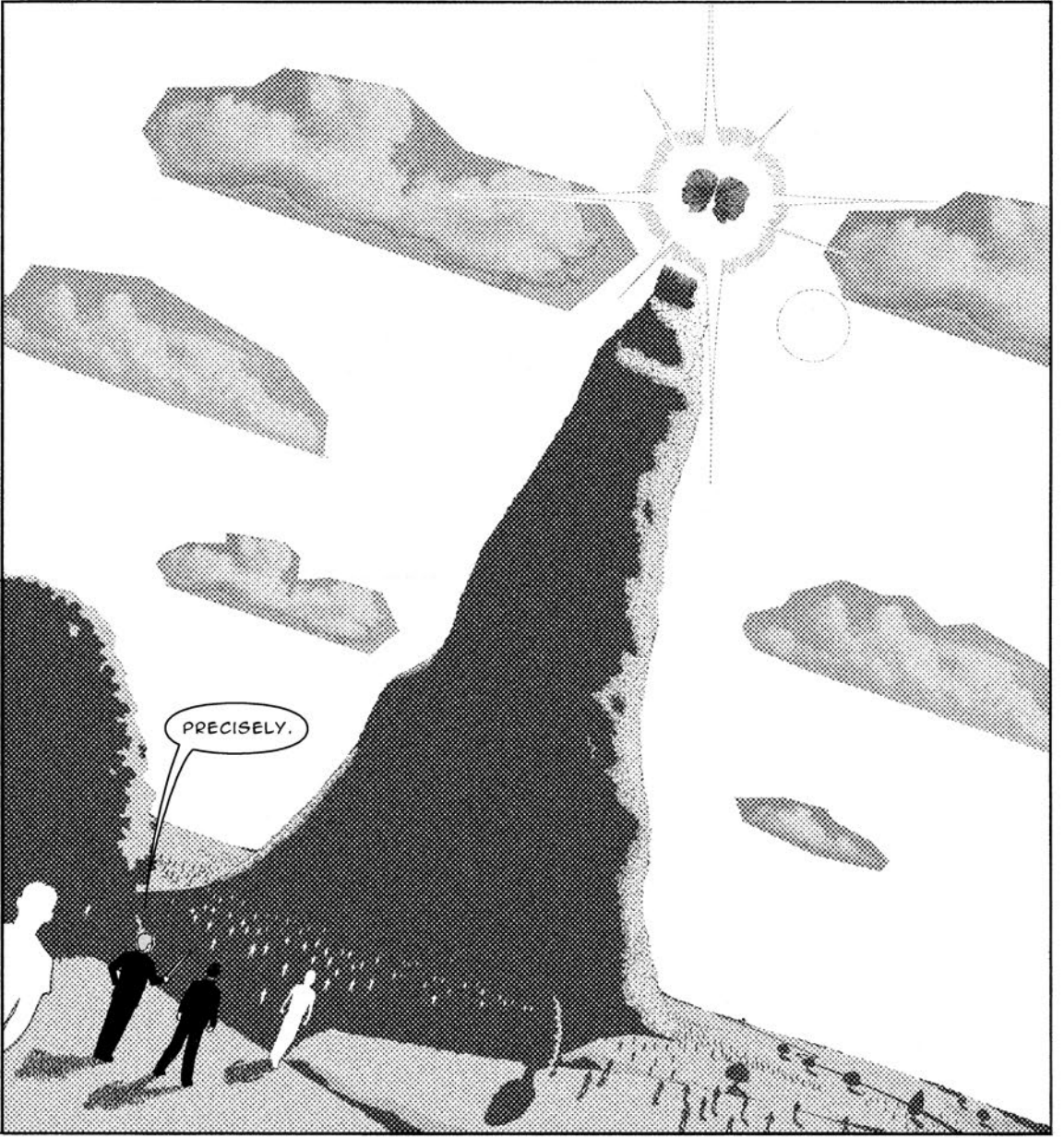
WAIT... WE'RE GOING TO WALK TO KNEBWORTH? NORTH OF LONDON KNEBWORTH?

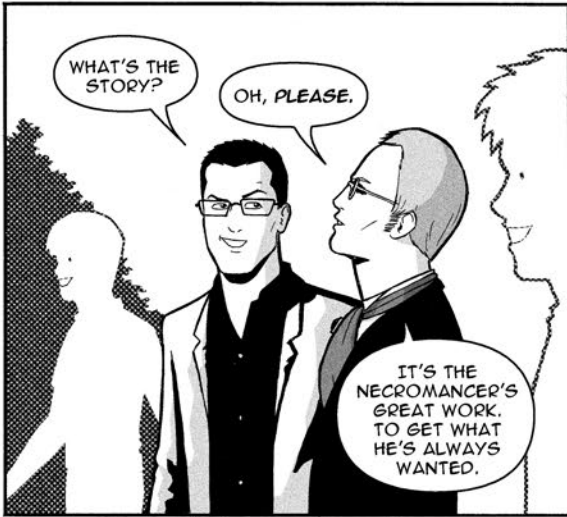
THIS IS A MEMORY KINGDOM.

WHAT MEMORIES DO YOU HAVE BETWEEN FAIR BATH AND DANK LONDON?



NONE?

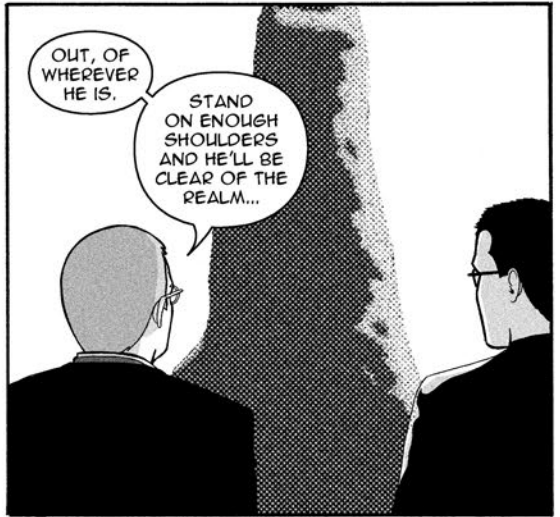




WHAT'S THE STORY?

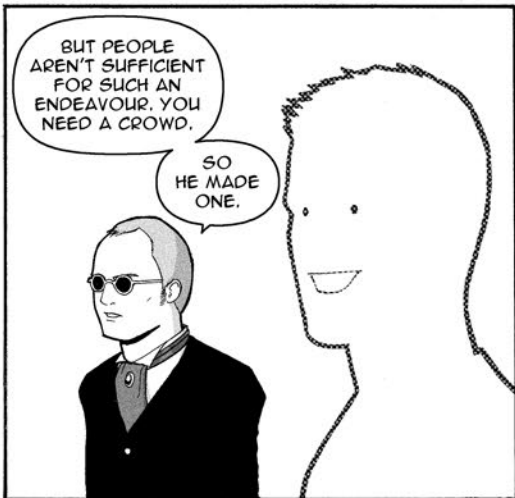
OH, PLEASE.

IT'S THE NECROMANCER'S GREAT WORK. TO GET WHAT HE'S ALWAYS WANTED.



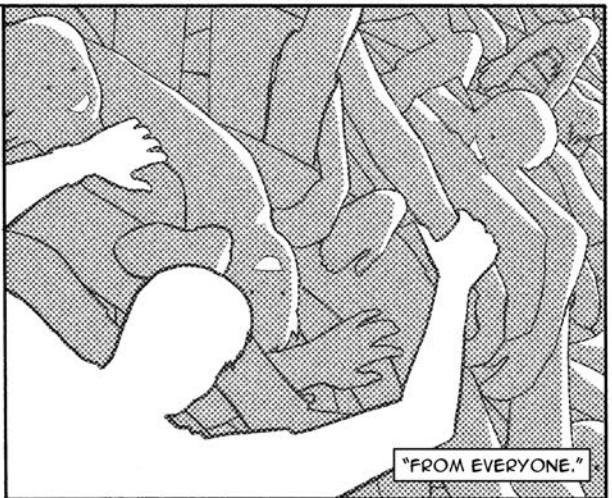
OUT, OF WHEREVER HE IS.

STAND ON ENOUGH SHOULDERS AND HE'LL BE CLEAR OF THE REALM...

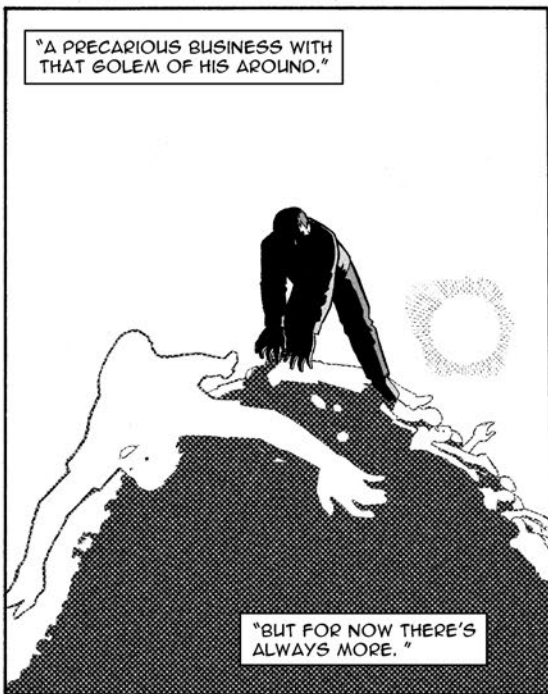


BUT PEOPLE AREN'T SUFFICIENT FOR SUCH AN ENDEAVOUR. YOU NEED A CROWD.

SO HE MADE ONE.

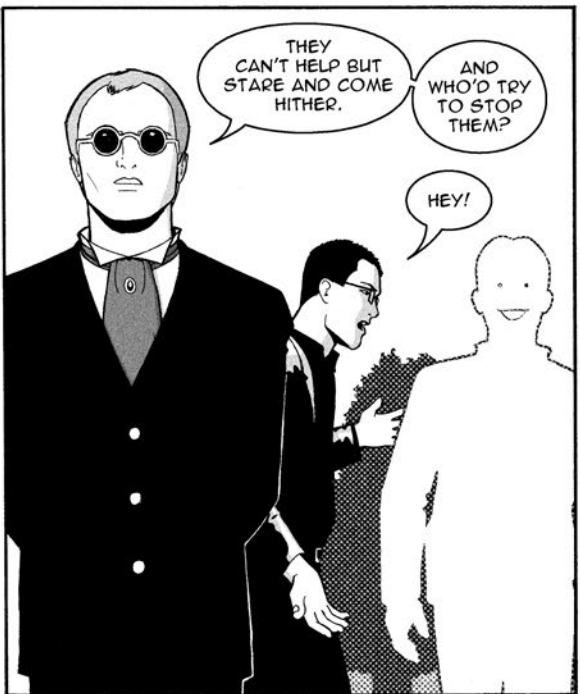


"FROM EVERYONE."



"A PRECARIOUS BUSINESS WITH THAT GOLEM OF HIS AROUND."

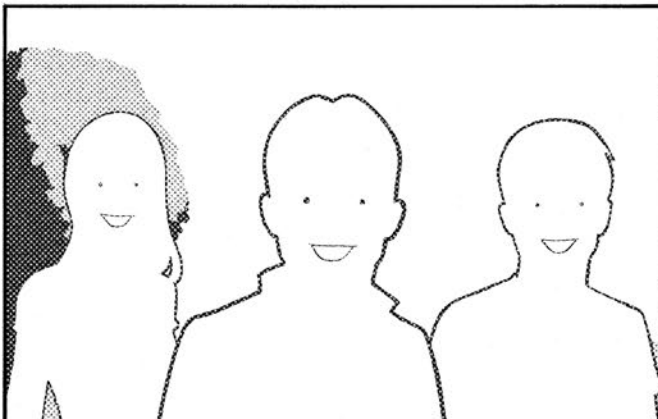
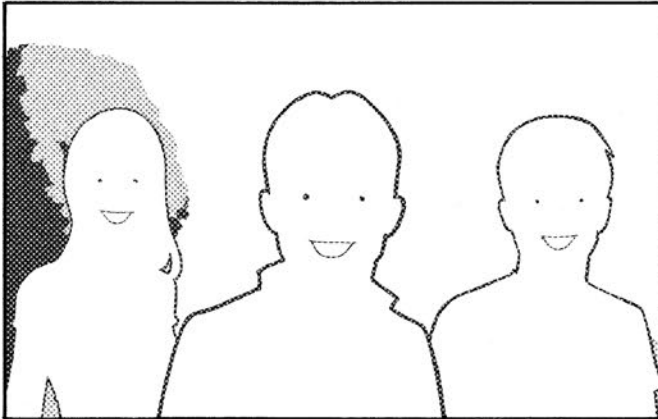
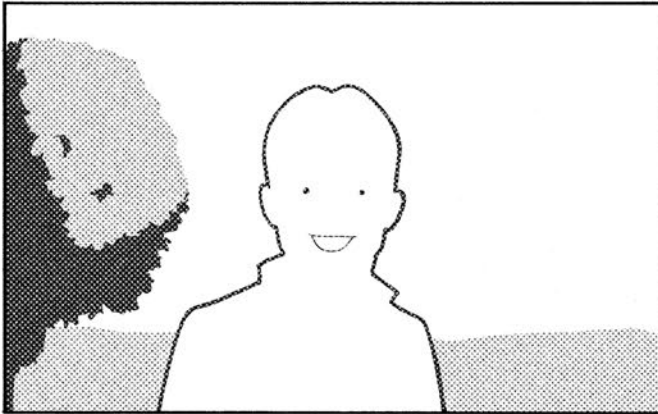
"BUT FOR NOW THERE'S ALWAYS MORE."

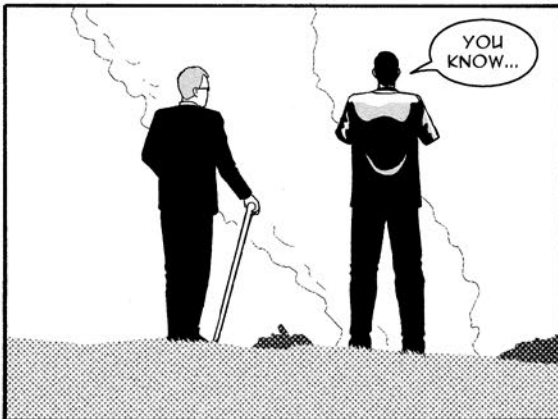
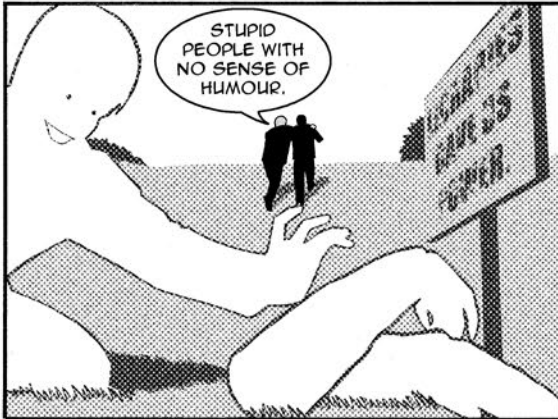
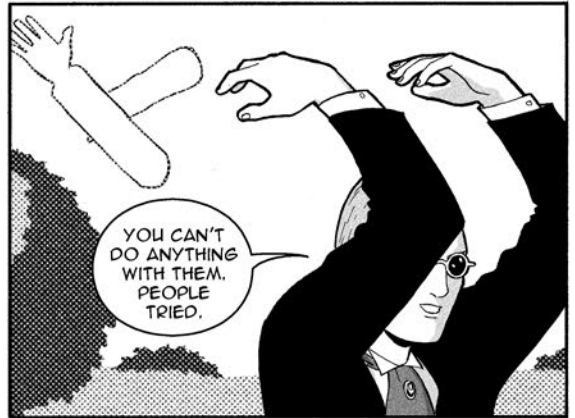
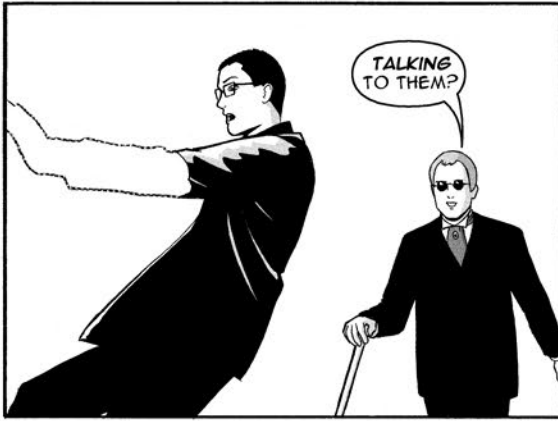


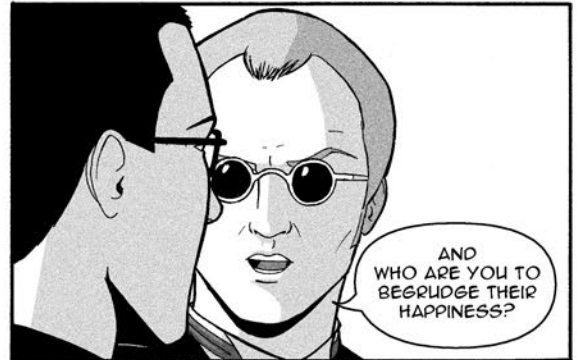
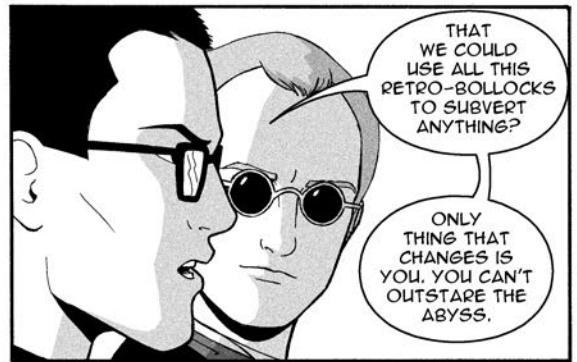
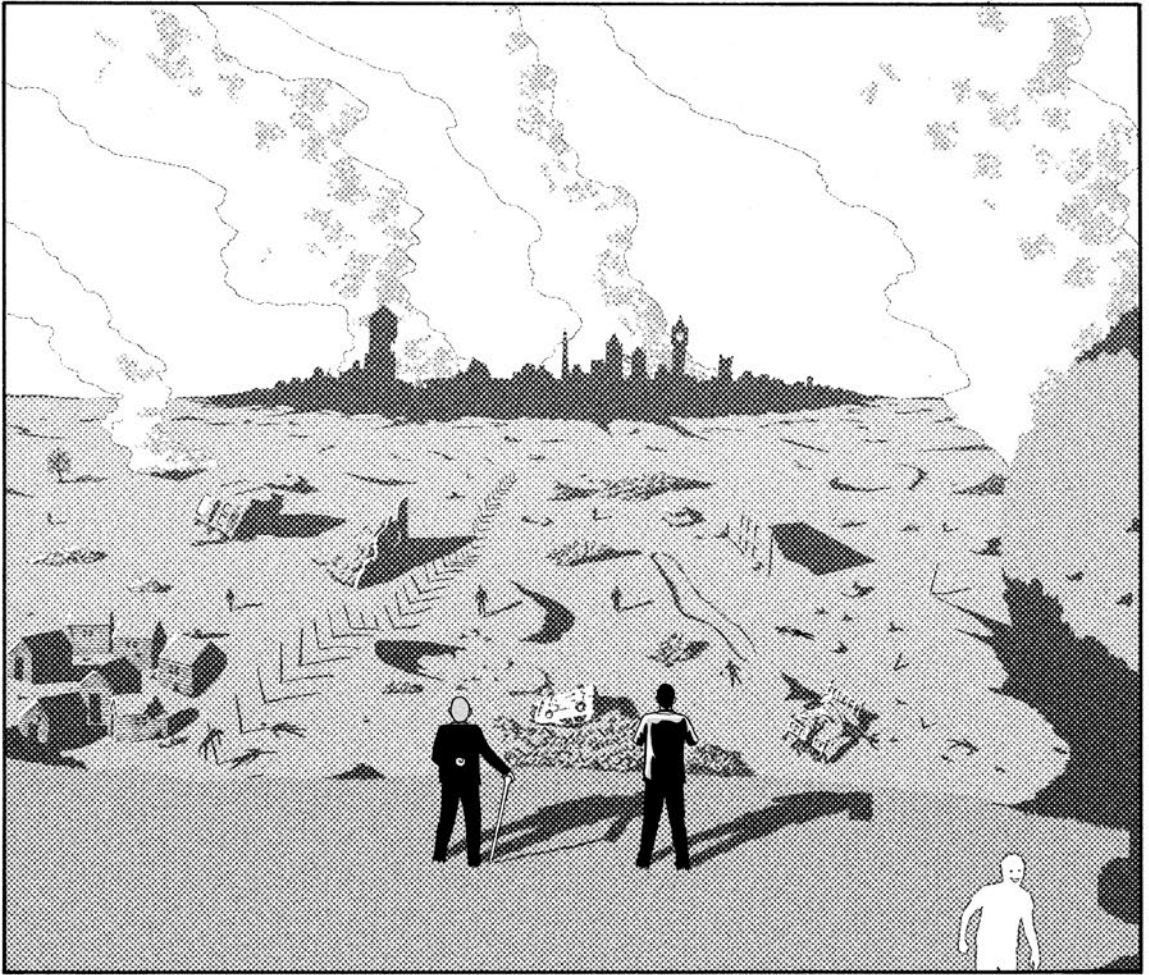
THEY CAN'T HELP BUT STARE AND COME HITHER.

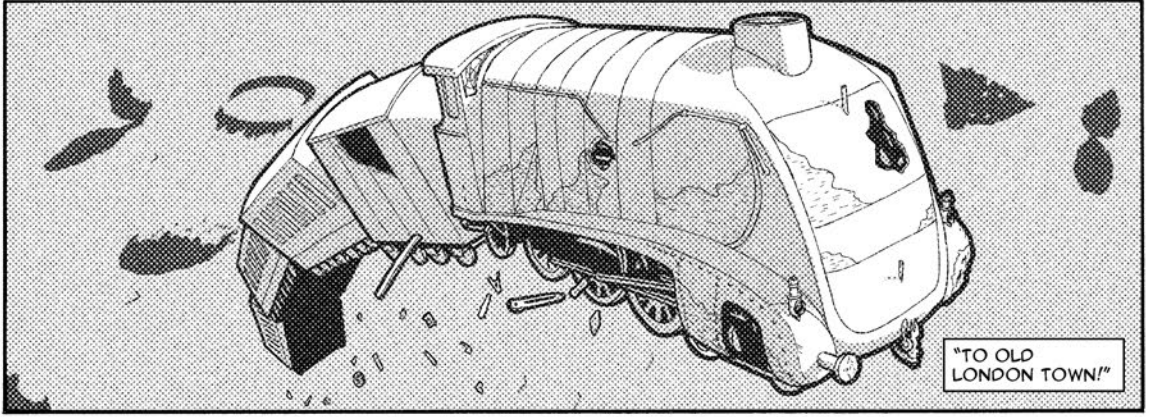
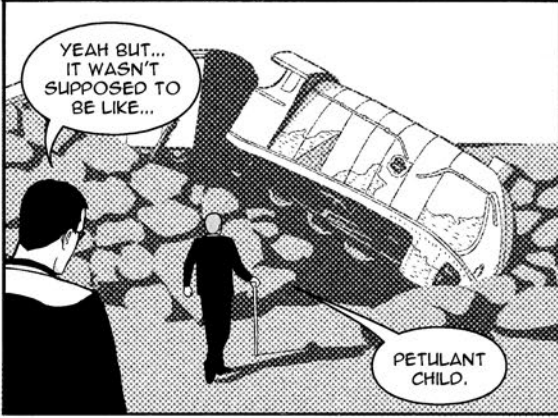
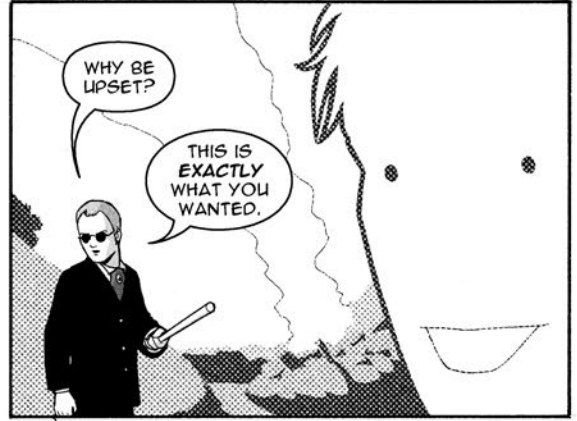
AND WHO'D TRY TO STOP THEM?

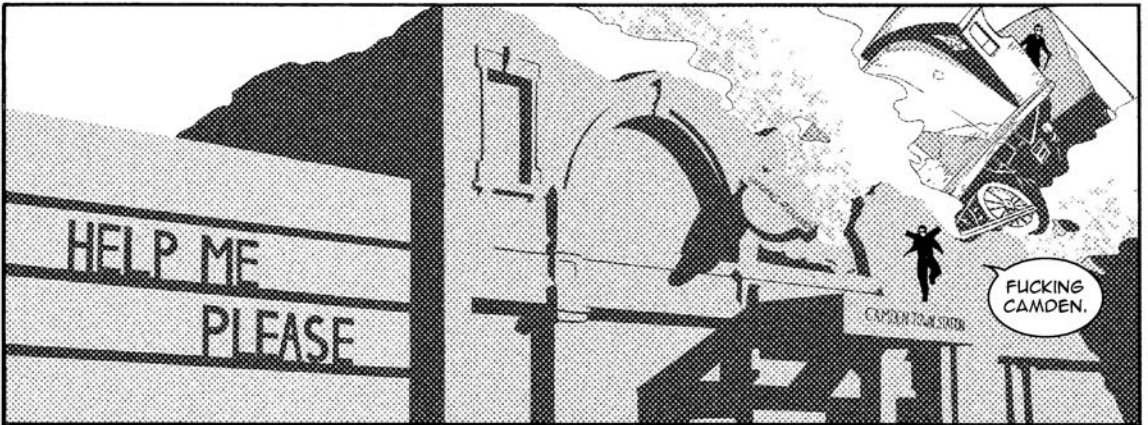
HEY!

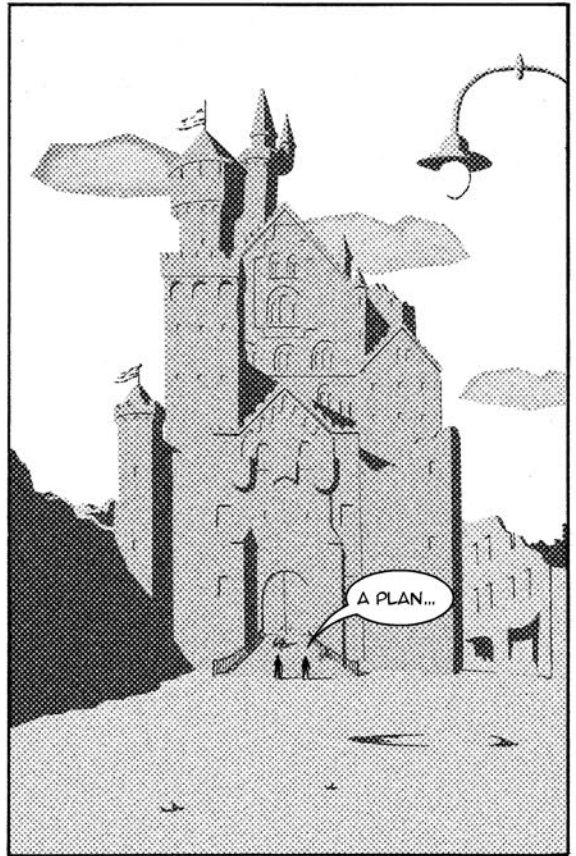
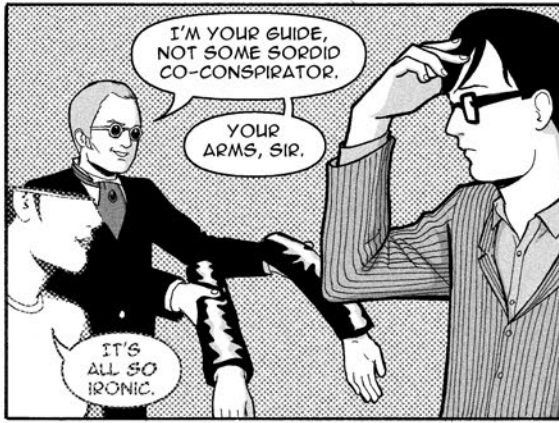














YOU DISTURB US.

WHY?



ER... I WAS MOSTLY JOKING ABOUT THE KINKS.

LESS SO THE FACES.

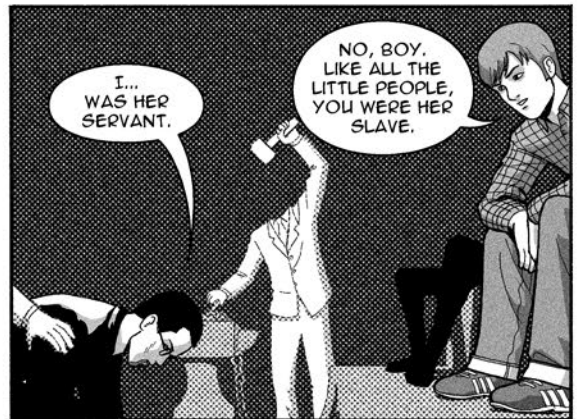
I JUST NEED TO PAY MY RESPECTS TO BRITANNIA.

WHATEVER THAT MEANS.



NO. NO MORE VISITORS, I THINK.

THESE ENDLESS PILGRIMAGES OF THE LOWLY TO THE TOMB OF A FAITHLESS GODDESS ARE... UNSEMLY.



I... WAS HER SERVANT.

NO, BOY. LIKE ALL THE LITTLE PEOPLE, YOU WERE HER SLAVE.



NO, KING.  
I WAS A  
SOLDIER.

WE ALL  
WERE. SHE  
CALLED.  
NONE OF  
US HAD TO  
ANSWER.



IF WE  
WERE PART OF  
A CROWD, IT WAS  
A CROWD WE  
CHOSE TO  
BE IN.

AND IT  
WAS NEVER  
"CROWDS". IT  
WAS PEOPLE, IN  
THE SAME  
PLACE.



THAT'S WHY  
ALL THESE TWISTED  
MEMORIES ARE A  
FLUCKING LIE.

AND,  
YES, IT ALL  
WENT TO SHIT.  
SO?



I COULD  
HAVE DONE  
ANYTHING. I  
CHOSE THIS.

WE ALL  
CHOSE  
THIS.



IF THERE  
ARE ANY SINS IN  
IT, THEY'RE MY  
SINS. THEY'RE  
ME.

AND I'M  
NOT GOING TO  
LET ANYONE  
TAKE THAT  
AWAY.

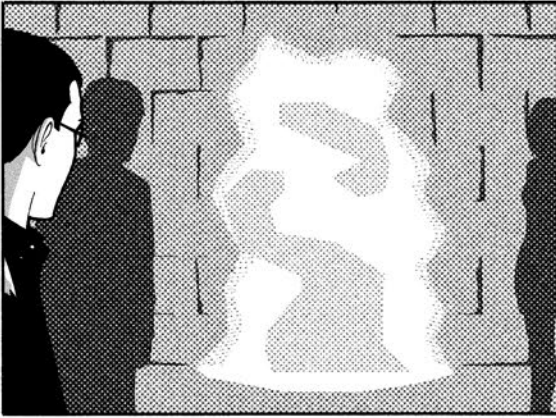
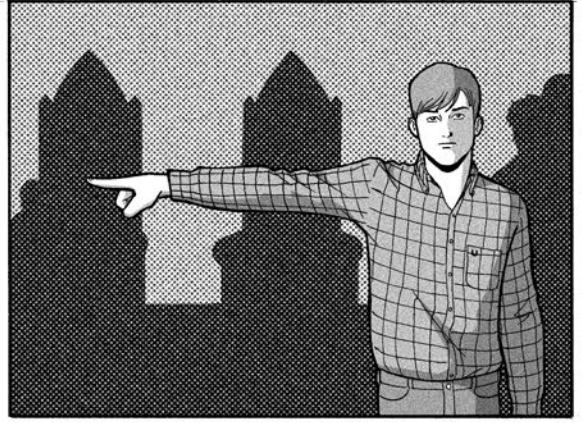
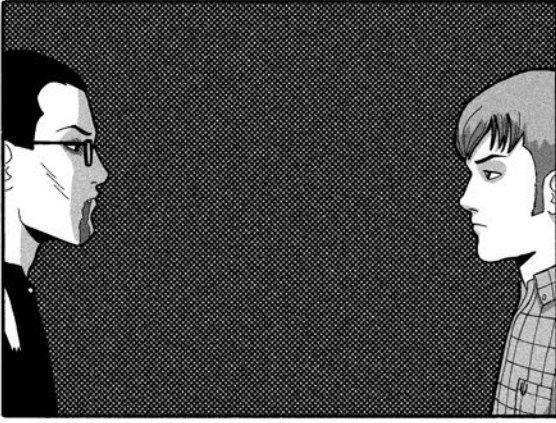


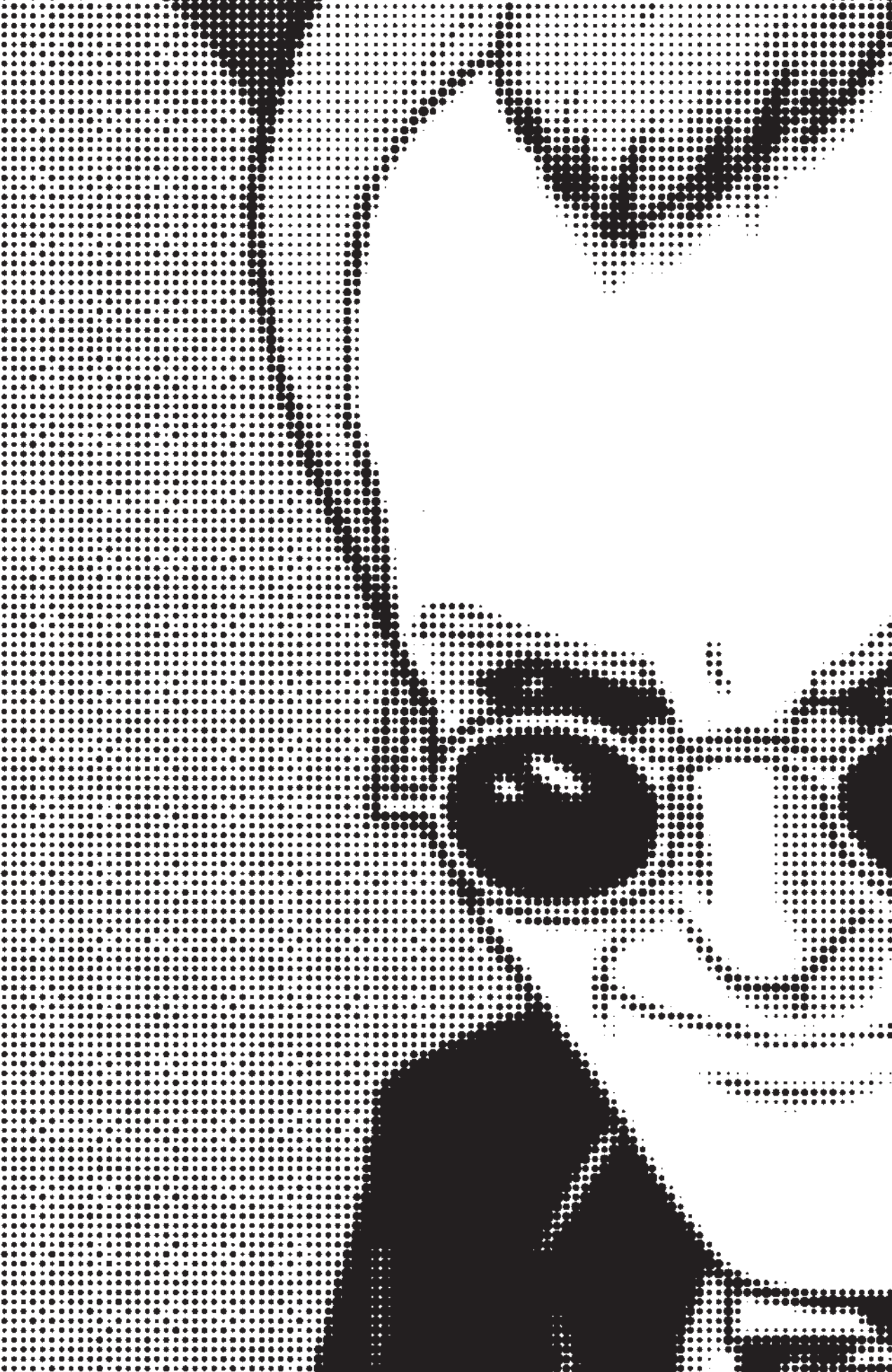
SO  
I SUPPOSE  
IF THAT MAKES  
YOU ALL  
MONSTERS...



WELL, YEAH.

YOU  
KNOW THE  
REST.

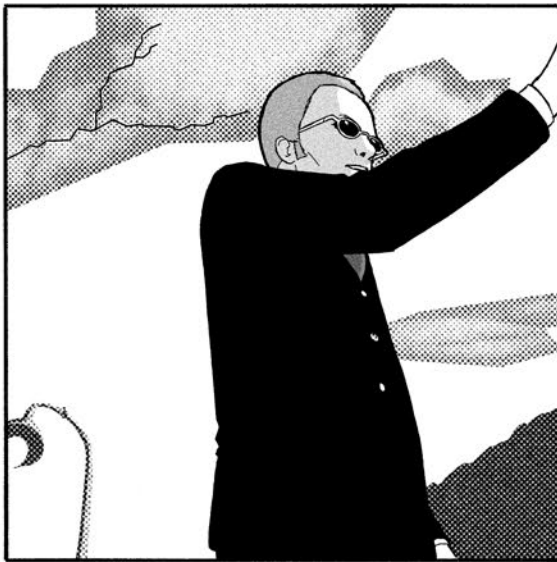
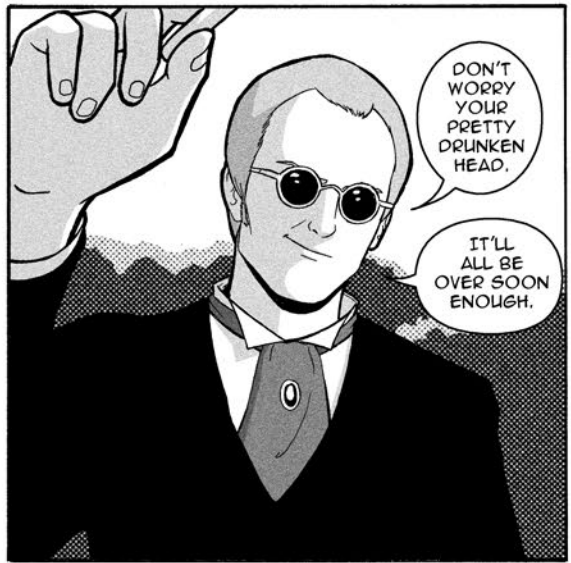
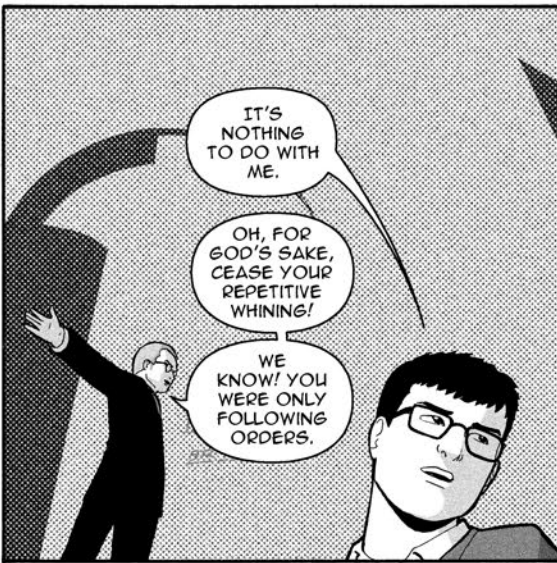
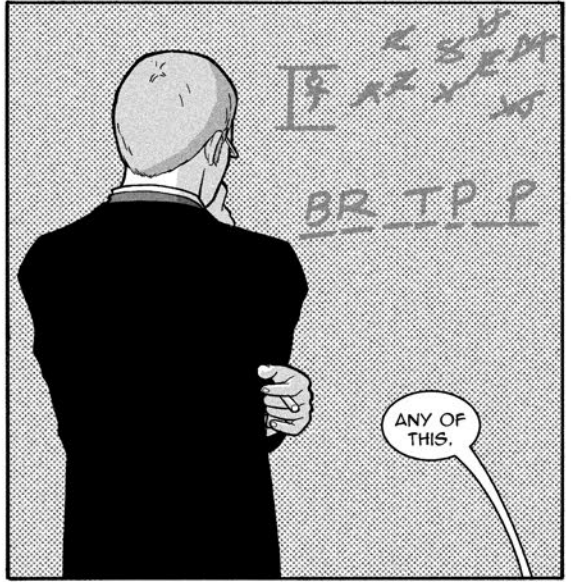
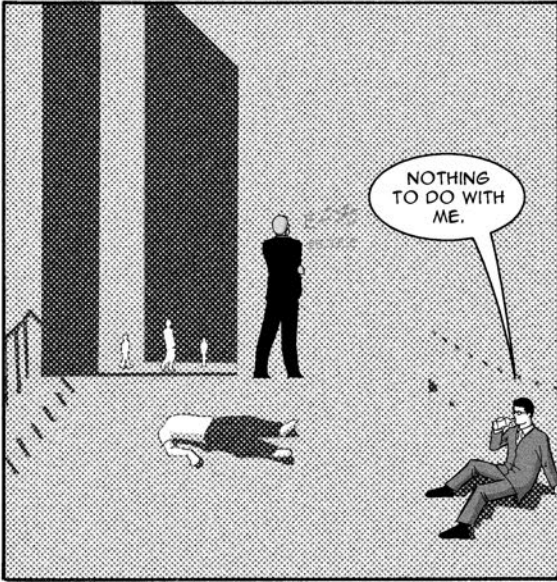


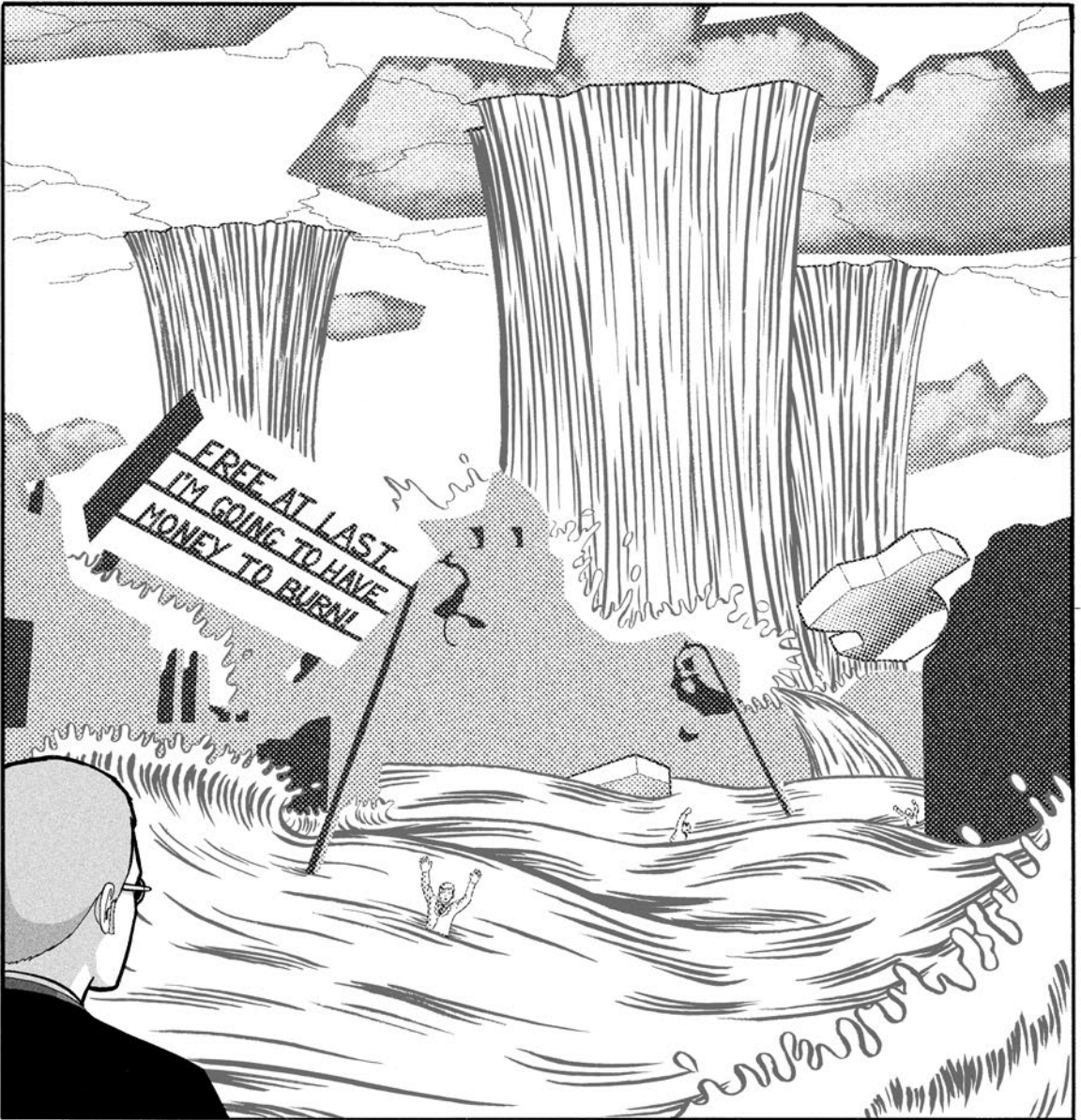


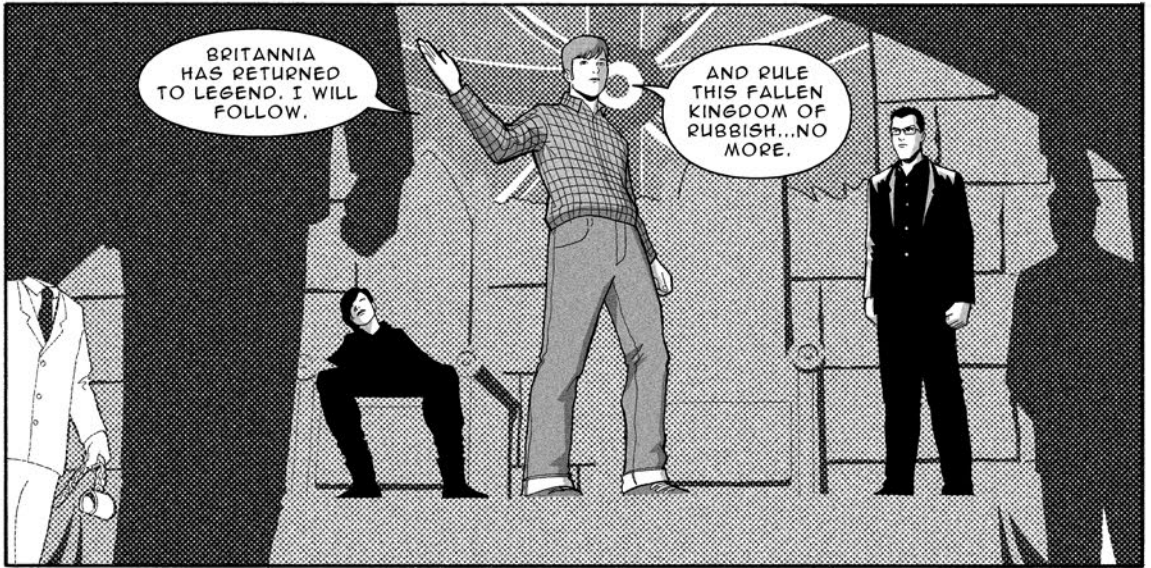
CHAPTER FIVE



KISSING WITH DRY LIPS







BRITANNIA HAS RETURNED TO LEGEND. I WILL FOLLOW.

AND RULE THIS FALLEN KINGDOM OF RUBBISH...NO MORE.



SHE HASN'T ASCENDED, YOU DOLT. YOU SAID THERE WERE OTHER PILGRIMS.

SOMEONE'S TAKEN HER.



ASCENDED OR ABSCONDING: SHE'S GONE.

THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS NOW.



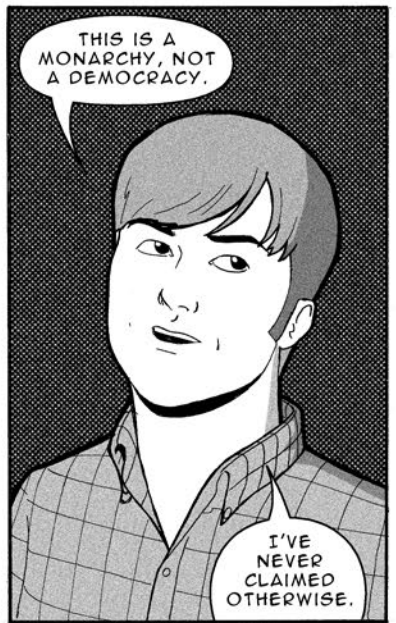
VERY BRITPOP.

SEEING EXACTLY HOW STUPID A SMART PERSON CAN BE.



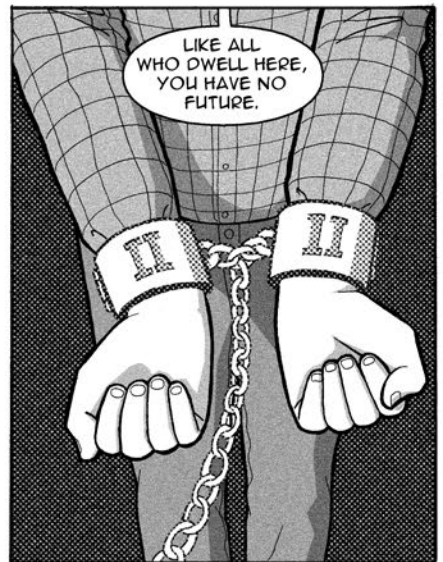
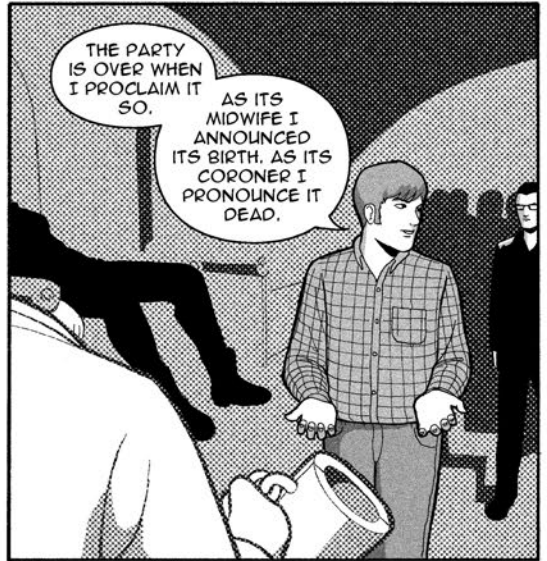
YOU MEAN IT'S ALL THAT MATTERS TO YOU.

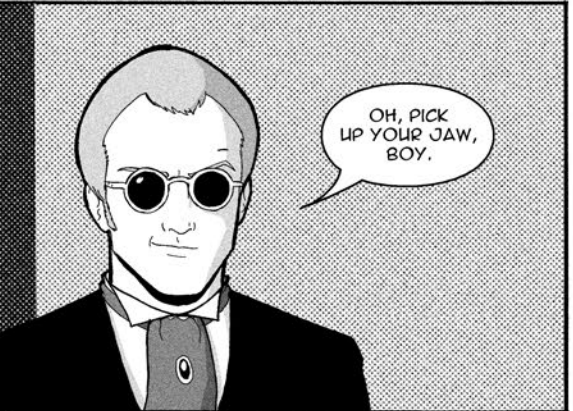
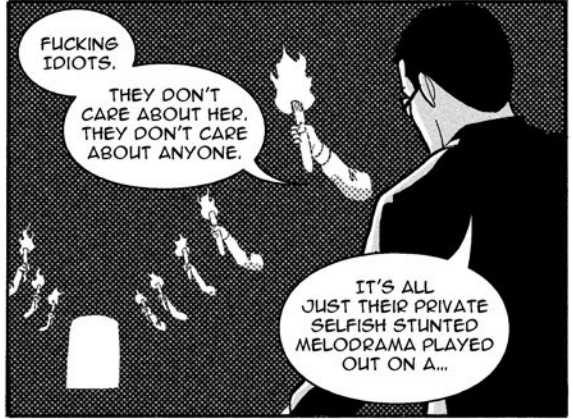
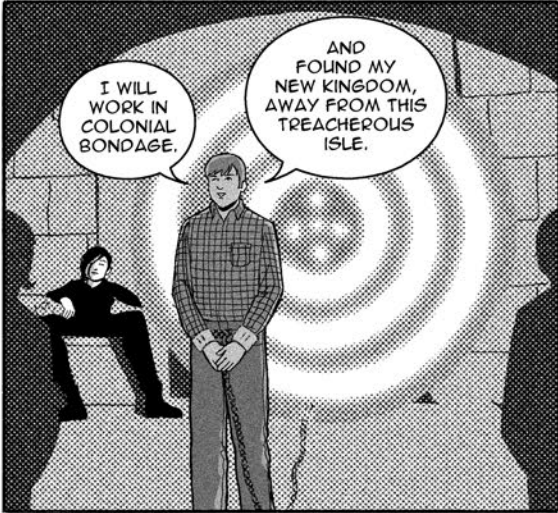
YES. OBVIOUSLY.

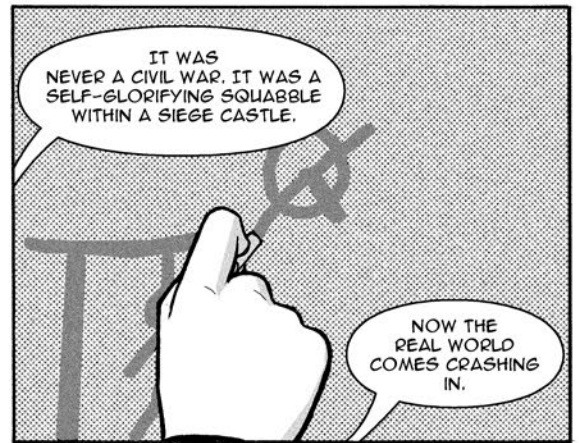


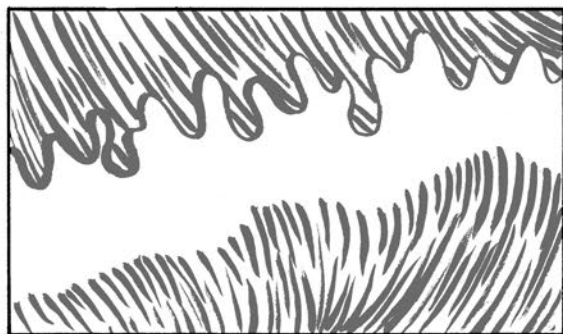
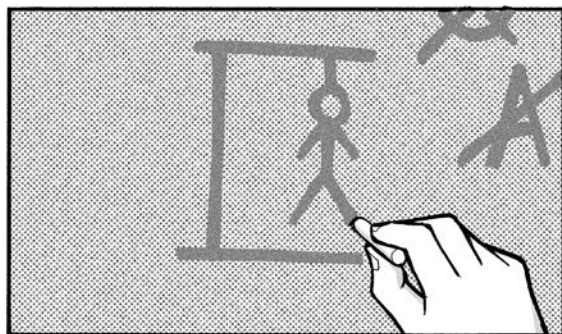
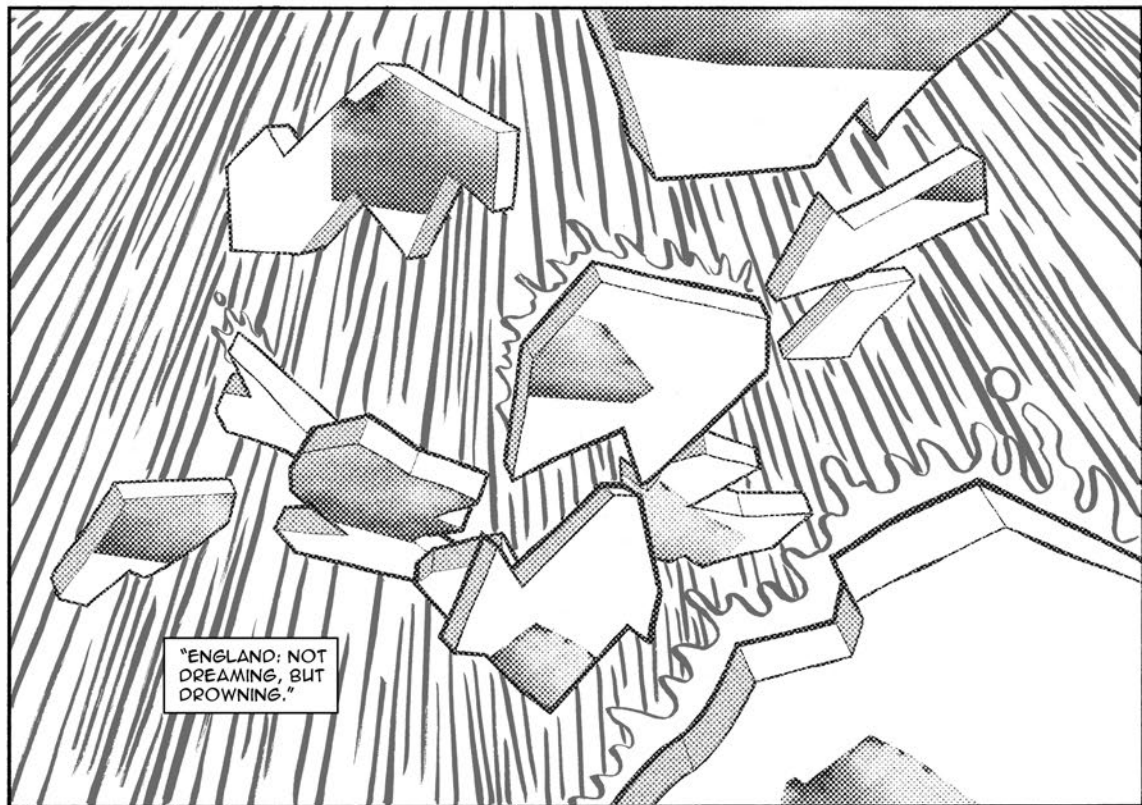
THIS IS A MONARCHY, NOT A DEMOCRACY.

I'VE NEVER CLAIMED OTHERWISE.

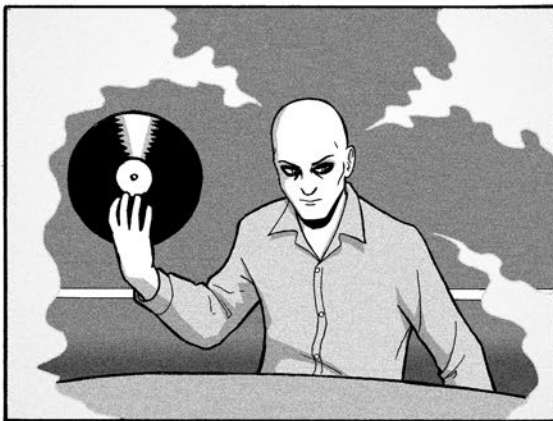
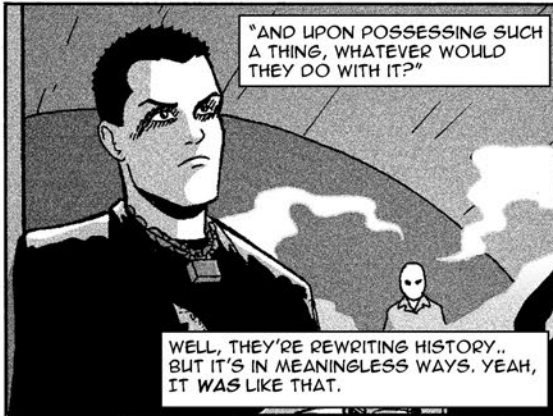


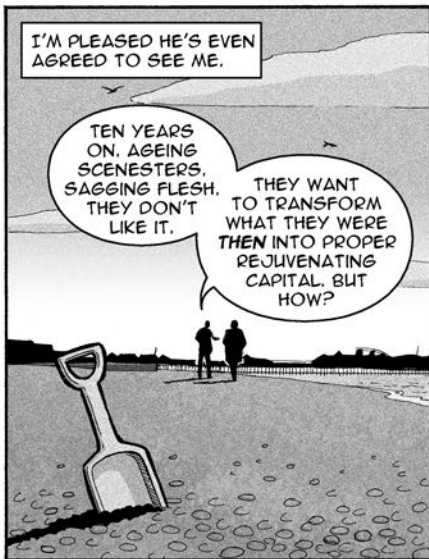


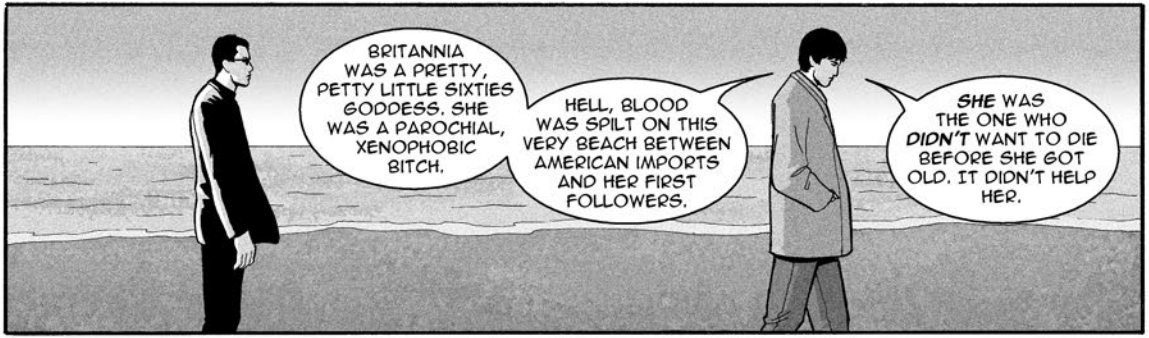












BRITANNIA WAS A PRETTY, PETTY LITTLE SIXTIES GODDESS. SHE WAS A PAROCHIAL, XENOPHOBIC BITCH.

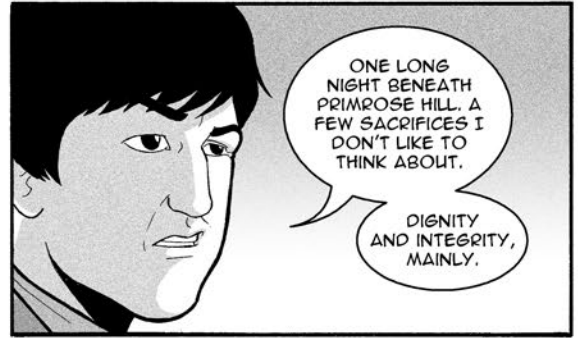
HELL, BLOOD WAS SPILT ON THIS VERY BEACH BETWEEN AMERICAN IMPORTS AND HER FIRST FOLLOWERS.

SHE WAS THE ONE WHO DIDN'T WANT TO DIE BEFORE SHE GOT OLD. IT DIDN'T HELP HER.



YOU SAW THE LEGEND IN YOUR MEMORY KINGDOM. WASN'T REALLY LIKE THAT.

I WAS WITH THE ADVERSARY WHEN THEY RAISED HER. ONCE AND FUTURE GODDESS... RETURNS.



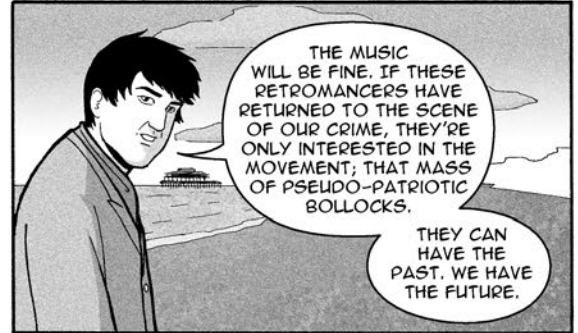
ONE LONG NIGHT BENEATH PRIMROSE HILL. A FEW SACRIFICES I DON'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT.

DIGNITY AND INTEGRITY, MAINLY.



THE RESULT? A DEAD GODDESS ALIVE, A FEW PRETTY GOOD PARTIES AND A MUSIC SCENE GUTTED.

I FORMED OUR COVEN TO GET AWAY FROM ALL THAT.



THE MUSIC WILL BE FINE. IF THESE RETROMANCERS HAVE RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF OUR CRIME, THEY'RE ONLY INTERESTED IN THE MOVEMENT; THAT MASS OF PSEUDO-PATRIOTIC BOLLOCKS.

THEY CAN HAVE THE PAST. WE HAVE THE FUTURE.



THEY'RE MEDDLING IN THINGS THAT MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO GIVE A FLICK ABOUT.

SCREW THEM. ANYTHING IT'LL INFLUENCE DOESN'T MATTER.

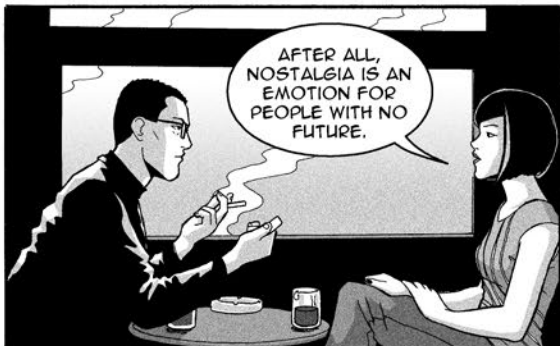
IT'LL INFLUENCE ME. MY PERSONALITY'S STILL ROOTED THERE!



IT SHOULDN'T BE.

MOVE IT AND MOVE ON.







JUST FYI, A LITTLE ETIQUETTE POINTER:

IF A BOY IS IMPOLITE ENOUGH TO INVITE A GIRL TO A SUICIDAL ENDEAVOUR, THE GIRL IS JUSTIFIED IN AN EQUALLY IMPOLITE REFUSAL.



NEVER BEEN ANY GOOD AT PASSIVE AGGRESSION.

WHEN FACING CULTISTS IN POSSESSION OF A SLICE OF GODHEAD, TWO CAN DIE AS CHEAPLY AS ONE.

AND I'M NOT THAT CHEAP.



I'M GOING TO WALK. GET MY HEAD TOGETHER.



DON'T DELAY. YOU'RE IN PIECES.

FORGET THE CAN'T-LIGHT-YOUR CIGARETTES THING. YOU WERE HUMMING ALONG WITH OCEAN COLOUR SCENE ON THE JUKEBOX AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN REALISE.



IF YOU DON'T RECENTRE YOURSELF SOON, THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH LEFT EVEN TO TRY.

OKAY. YEAH. GOT IT.

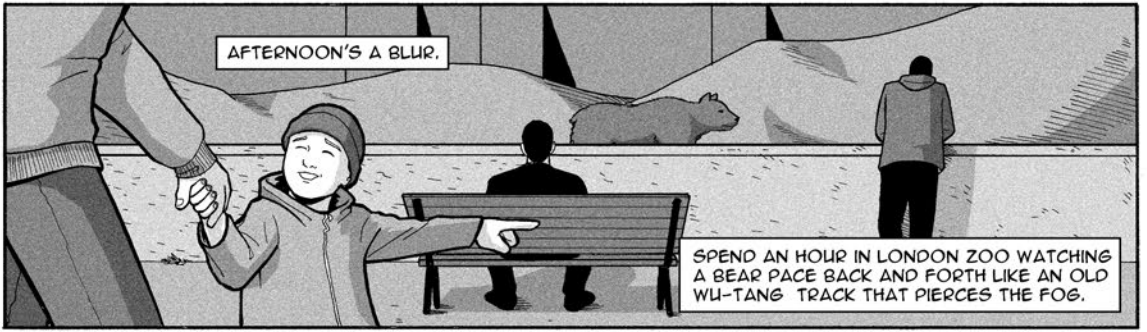


SEE YOU LATER.



OH, DAVID. EVERYONE KNOWS YOU'RE STUPID.

THERE'S NO NEED FOR A WORLD RECORD ATTEMPT.



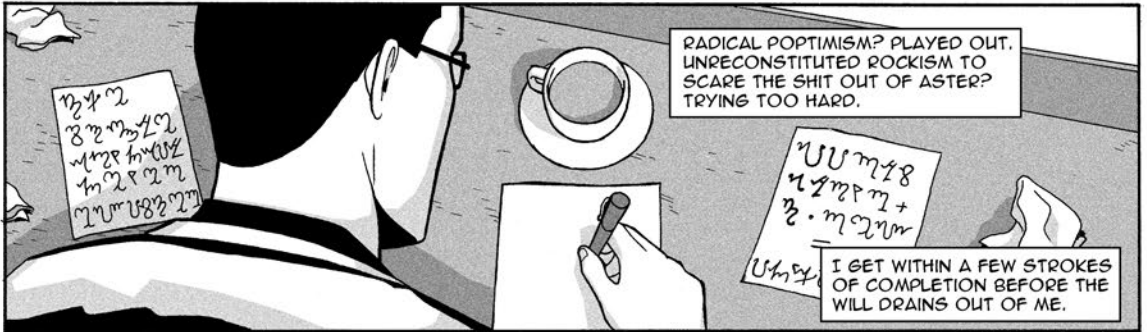
AFTERNOON'S A BLUR.

SPEND AN HOUR IN LONDON ZOO WATCHING A BEAR PACE BACK AND FORTH LIKE AN OLD WU-TANG TRACK THAT PIERCES THE FOG.



I SWALLOW MY PRIDE AND START WORKING ON THE RITUAL IN A MILE END CAFE.

HAVE TROUBLE SETTLING ON SOMETHING WORTHWHILE ENOUGH TO RECONSTRUCT MYSELF AROUND.



RADICAL POPTIMISM? PLAYED OUT. UNRECONSTITUTED ROCKISM TO SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF ASTER? TRYING TOO HARD.

I GET WITHIN A FEW STROKES OF COMPLETION BEFORE THE WILL DRAINS OUT OF ME.

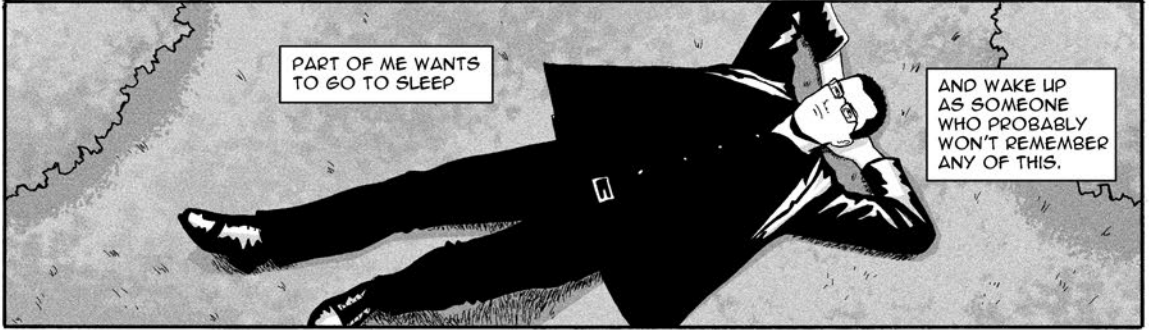


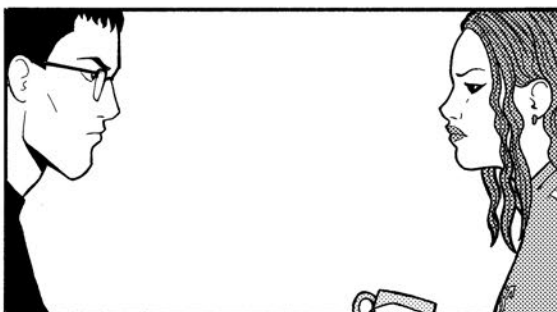
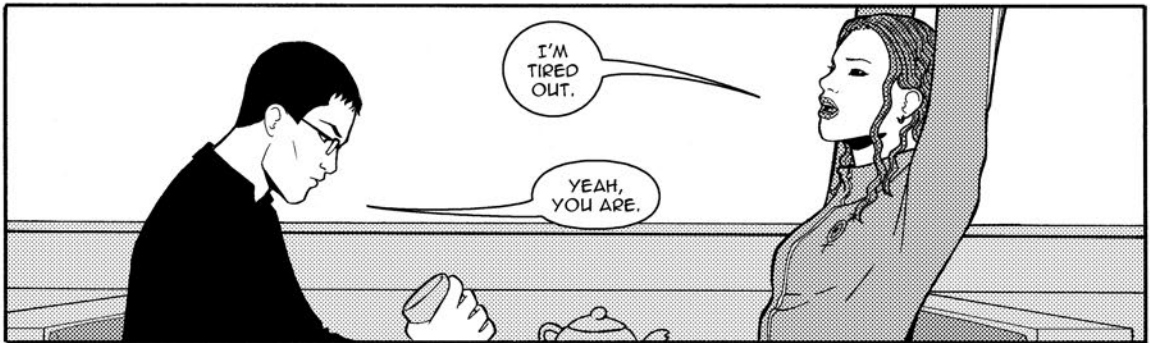
CAN'T IMAGINE A WORLD WITHOUT ME.

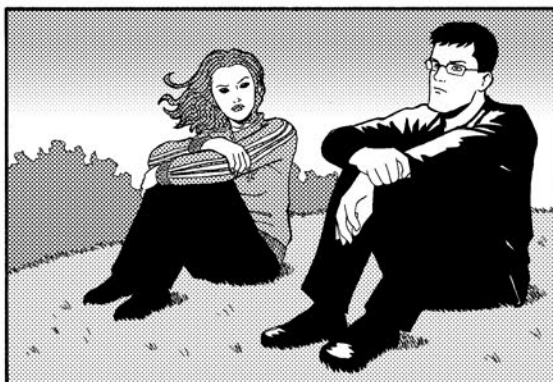
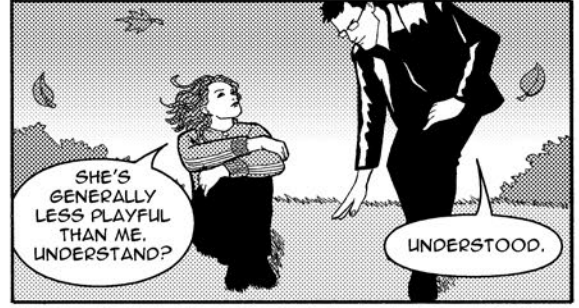
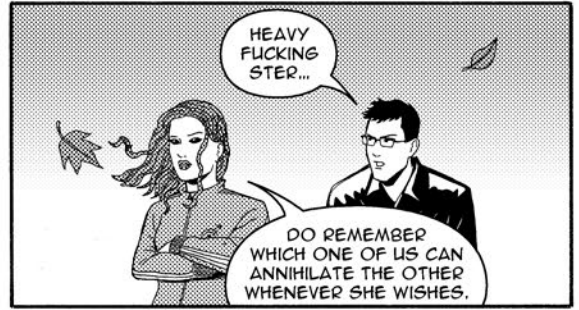
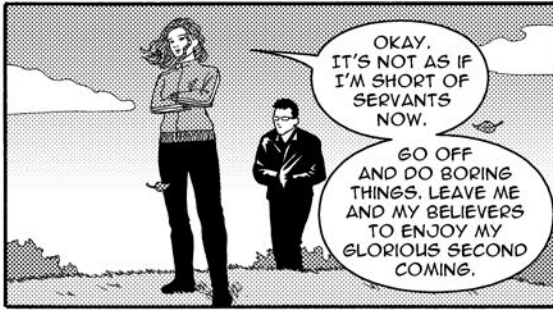


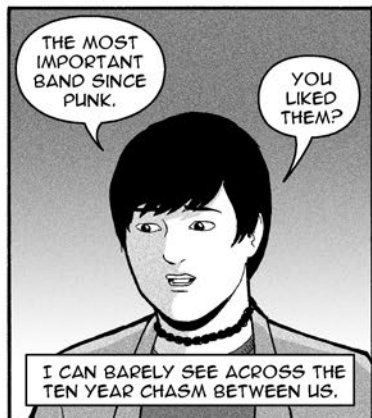
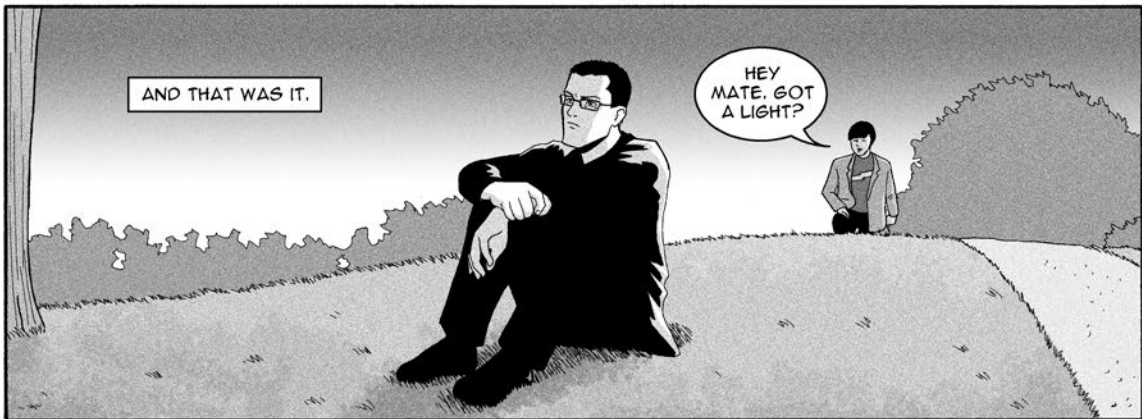
BUT IT'S A START. IF IT GOES TO SHIT LATER, MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO FINISH IT AND ESCAPE.

OR MAYBE I'LL BE GONE IN A FLASH. WON'T KNOW UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE.

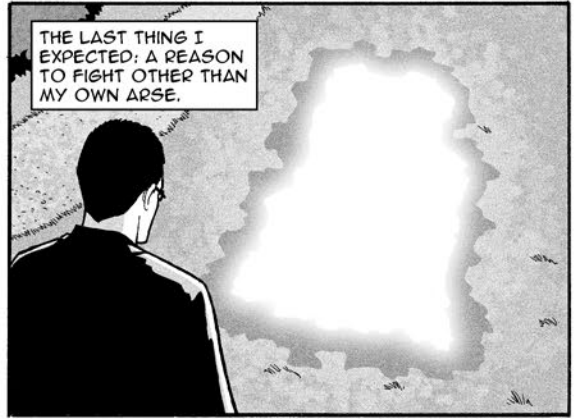
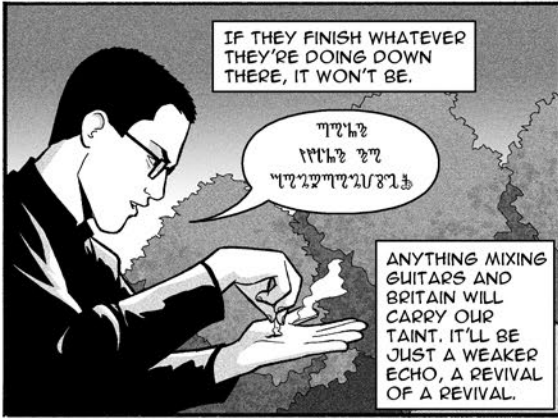
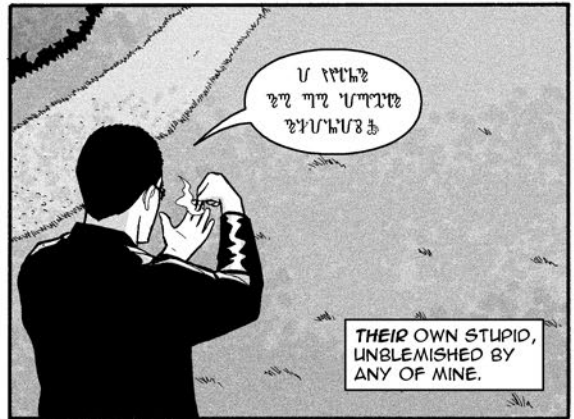


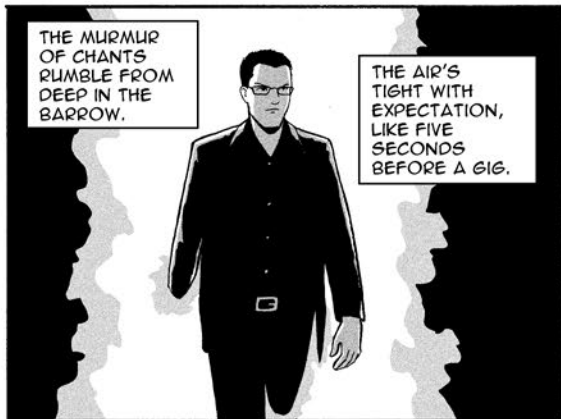












THE MURMUR OF CHANTS RUMBLE FROM DEEP IN THE BARROW.

THE AIR'S TIGHT WITH EXPECTATION, LIKE FIVE SECONDS BEFORE A GIG.



I'M SO SCARED.

DON'T MOVE.

YOU KNOW WHO I AM AND WHAT I COULD DO TO YOU?



I KNOW YOU'LL BE NOTHING AFTER THE CEREMONY FINISHES.

AFTER THE CEREMONY FINISHES.

THE RITUAL. SPILL.



WE'RE BRINGING BRITANNIA BACK.

RESURRECTING HER? EVEN I KNOW IT DOESN'T WORK LIKE THAT. TWENTY YEARS AT LEAST UNTIL YOU GET EVEN A MINOR RESURRECTION TO STICK. TRY AGAIN.

NO, NOT RESURRECTING HER. JUST BRINGING HER BACK.



OH CHRIST.

OKAY... REMEMBER PULP AT GLASTONBURY?



TAKES THE SMALLEST SUGGESTION TO SUBMERGE HIM IN THE MEMORY KINGDOM.

HE'S VIRTUALLY LIVING THERE ALREADY.



BRITANNIA...MOVING. DEAD GODDESS WALKING.

THAT WOULD BE BAD.



FIRST THING I'VE GOT TO DO IS PUT A STOP TO THAT.





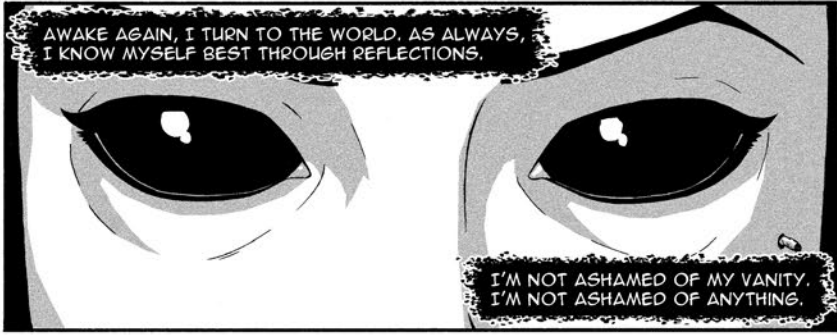
# CHAPTER SIX

## LIVE FOREVER A GODDESS WALKS



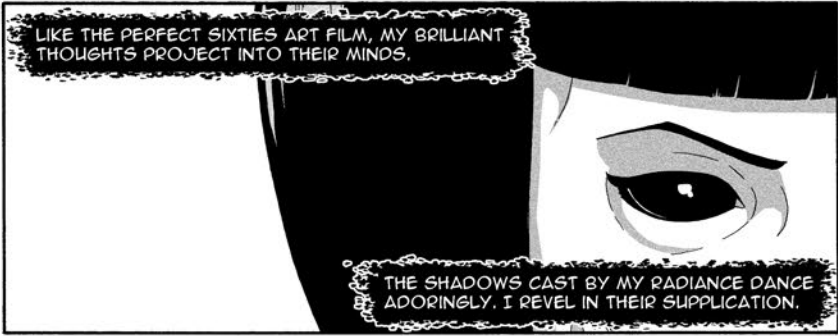
WHEREIN:  
AN ARGUMENT IS POSED TO A GODDESS, WHO MAKES A DECISION.  
AN ARGUMENT IS POSED TO A GHOST, WHO DOES LIKEWISE.  
AND A MAN DECIDES WHAT HE BELIEVES IN IS NOTHING,  
BUT IT'S HIS NOTHING.

# LIVE FOREVER



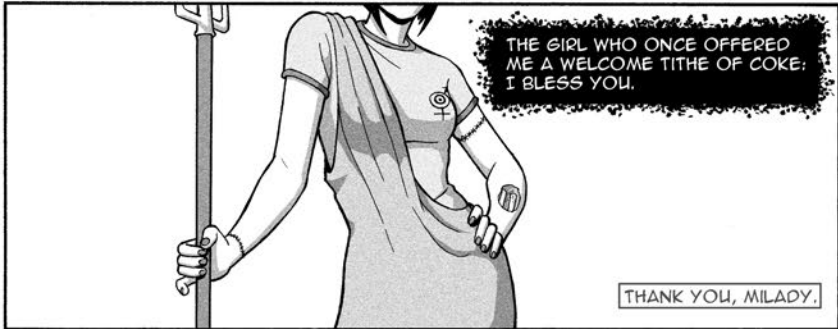
AWAKE AGAIN, I TURN TO THE WORLD. AS ALWAYS,  
I KNOW MYSELF BEST THROUGH REFLECTIONS.

I'M NOT ASHAMED OF MY VANITY.  
I'M NOT ASHAMED OF ANYTHING.



LIKE THE PERFECT SIXTIES ART FILM, MY BRILLIANT  
THOUGHTS PROJECT INTO THEIR MINDS.

THE SHADOWS CAST BY MY RADIANCE DANCE  
ADORINGLY. I REVEL IN THEIR SUPPLICATION.



THE GIRL WHO ONCE OFFERED  
ME A WELCOME TITHE OF COKE.  
I BLESS YOU.

THANK YOU, MILADY.



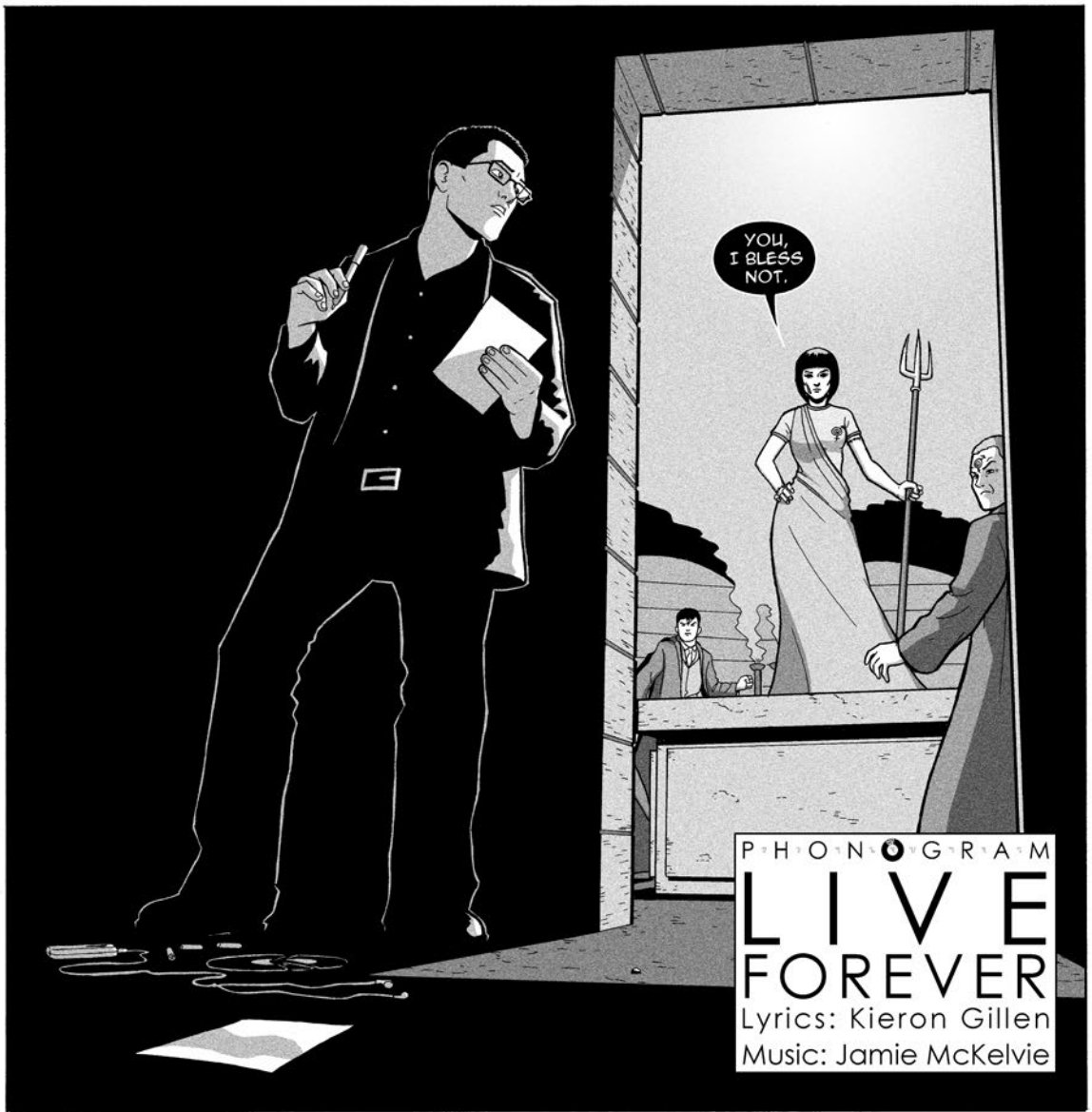
THE BOY WHO HUMBLY BEGGED AN INTERVIEW  
THEN INSCRIBED INKY SCRIPTURE: I BLESS YOU.

THANK YOU, MILADY.



AND THE CROUCHING  
TRAITOR WHO THINKS  
ME A MONSTROSITY  
AND SCRAMBLES TO  
MAKE ME NOT...

FUCK!



YOU,  
I BLESS  
NOT.

P · H · O · N · O · G · R · A · M

# LIVE FOREVER

Lyrics: Kieron Gillen

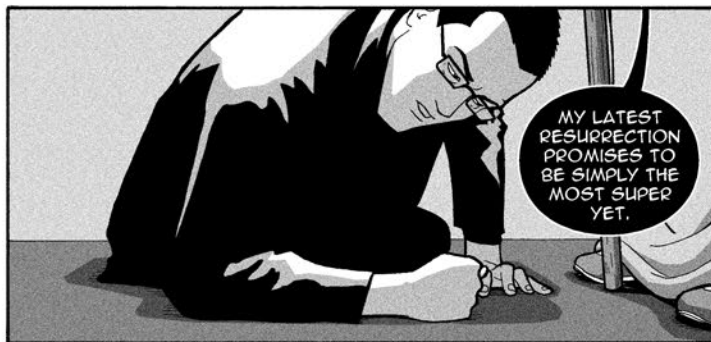
Music: Jamie McKelvie

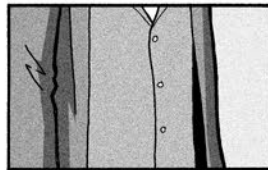
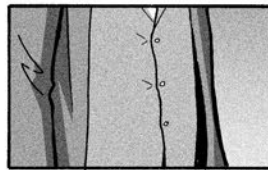


HUBRIS? ALL FOR IT.  
BUT NOT LITERALLY.  
I CAN'T FIGHT A  
GODDESS.

ALL THAT'S LEFT  
IS ESCAPE. STILL  
TIME TO FINISH  
THE RECENTRING  
RITUAL.

NOT GOING TO  
BE THAT EASY,  
POP QUIZ!



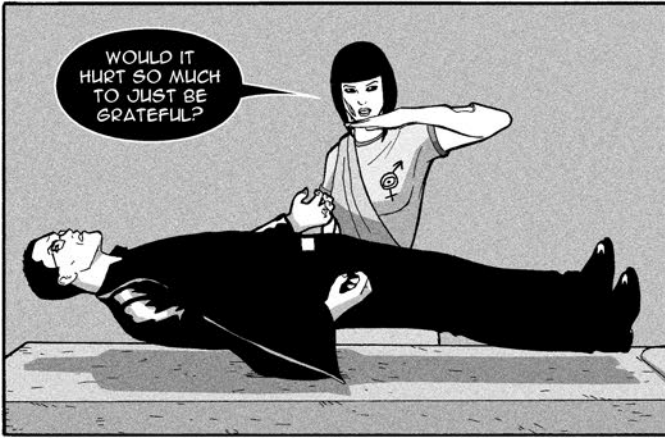






HE'S RIGHT, OF COURSE.

I'D HAVE TAKEN YOU BACK.



WOULD IT HURT SO MUCH TO JUST BE GRATEFUL?

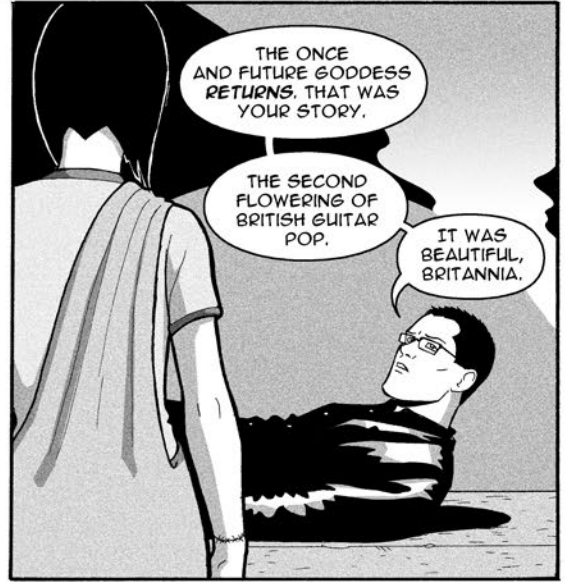


OH WELL. IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU AS A WORSHIPPER, A SACRIFICE WILL HAVE TO DO.



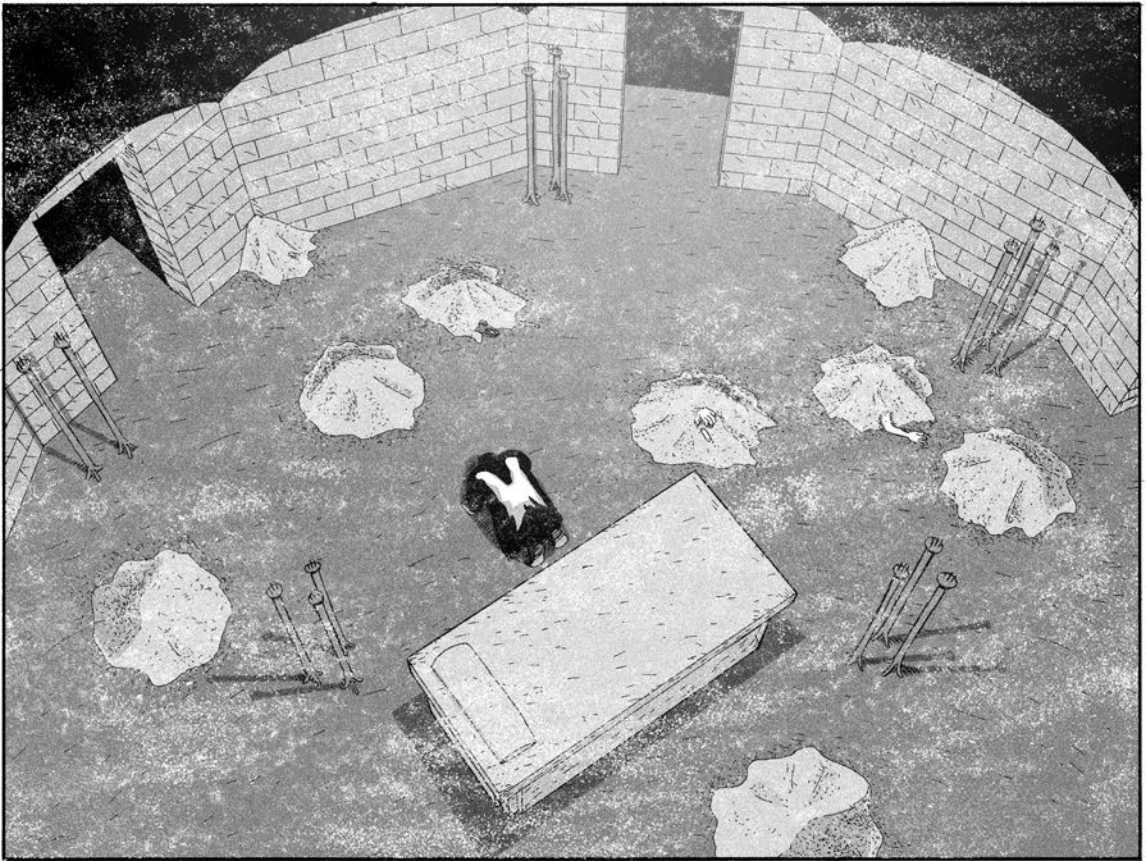
THE ONCE AND FUTURE GODDESS RETURNS.

YOU ALREADY DID.







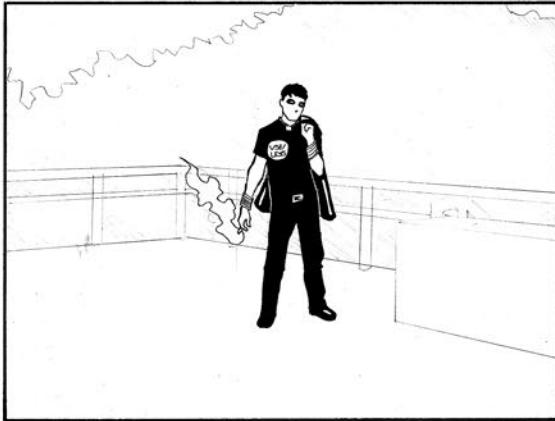
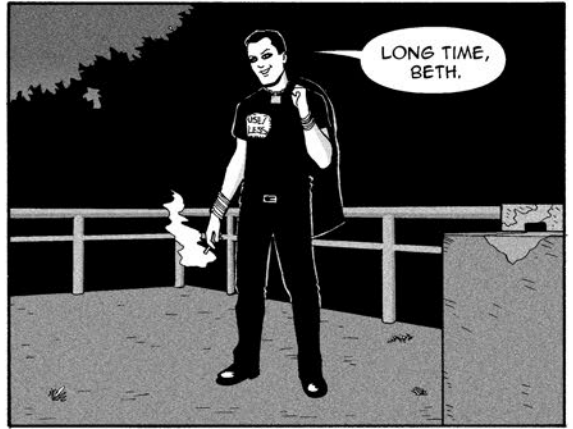














THE SEVERN BRIDGE.

RICHEY EDWARDS DISAPPEARED ON FEBRUARY 1ST, 1995. POLICE FOUND HIS CAR HERE ON THE 15TH.

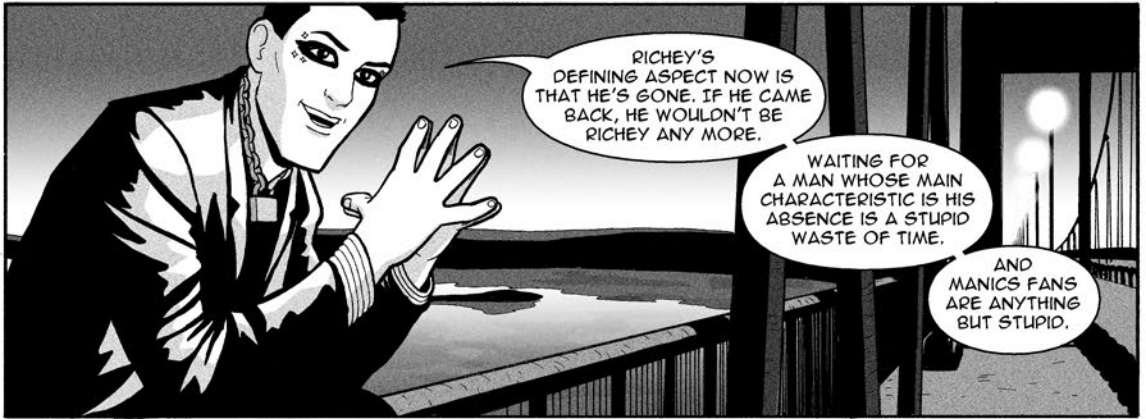
THE LAST SIGN OF HIM.





IT'S A TOLL BRIDGE. ENTRY POINT TO WALES.

RICHEY USED IT AS AN ENTRY POINT INTO MYTH. THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE FEELING.



RICHEY'S DEFINING ASPECT NOW IS THAT HE'S GONE. IF HE CAME BACK, HE WOULDN'T BE RICHEY ANY MORE.

WAITING FOR A MAN WHOSE MAIN CHARACTERISTIC IS HIS ABSENCE IS A STUPID WASTE OF TIME.

AND MANICS FANS ARE ANYTHING BUT STUPID.



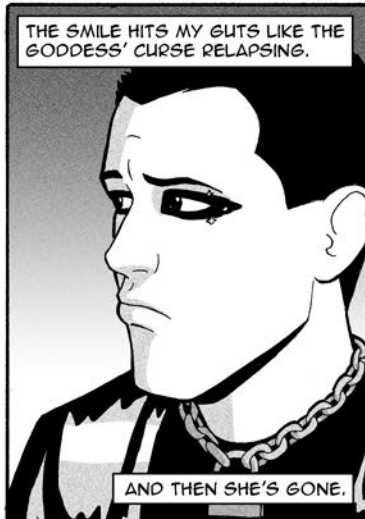
WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO?



FOLLOW HIM.



THANK YOU.



THE SMILE HITS MY GUTS LIKE THE GODDESS' CURSE RELAPSING.

AND THEN SHE'S GONE.



AND I'M AT SOME EQUIDISTANT POINT BETWEEN GUILT, REGRET AND PLAIN FEAR THAT I'M WRONG.

BUT NO WAY BACK.

I'VE TRICKED SOMETHING LIKE  
A GHOST INTO COMMITTING  
SUICIDE BECAUSE I THINK  
THAT'LL HELP BETH.



MAYBE SHE HAD A RIGHT  
TO EXIST. MAYBE.

I TELL MYSELF I DIDN'T  
LIE. I DIDN'T NEED TO.

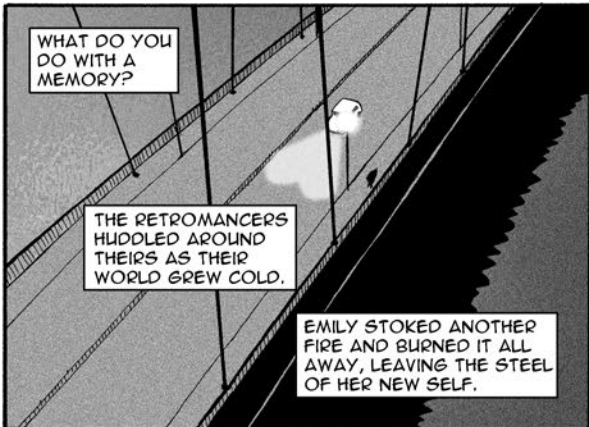
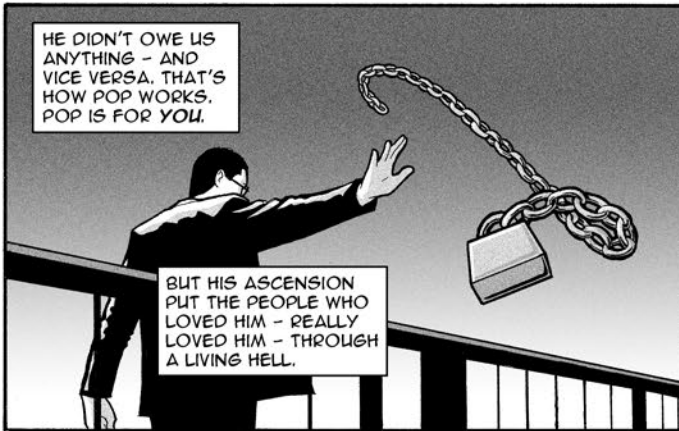
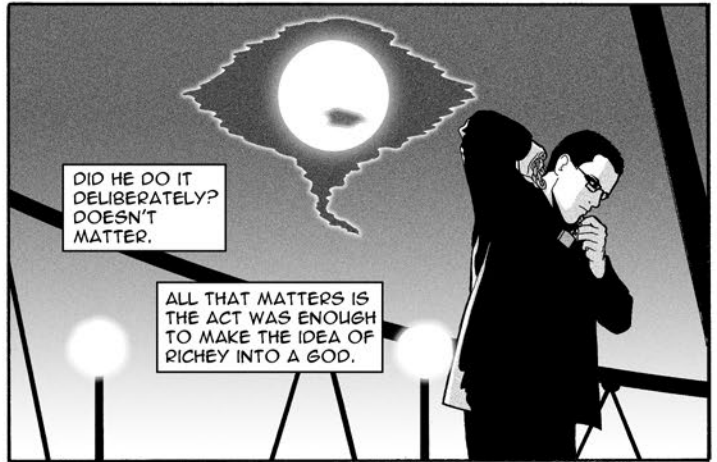


I WAS RELYING ON HER  
NOT BEING SMART ENOUGH  
TO GET WHAT I MEANT.

RICHEY'S NOT DEAD. RICHEY'S  
NOT ALIVE. RICHEY'S GONE.



DIFFERENT THING  
ALTOGETHER.

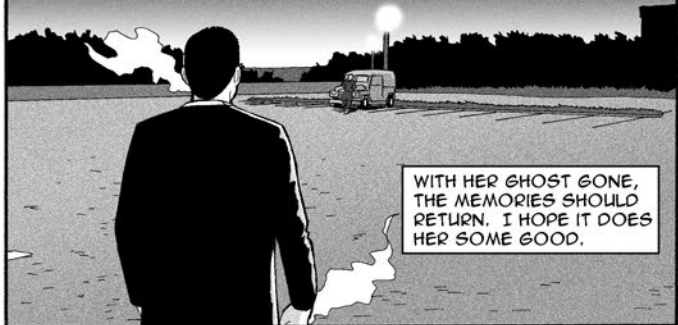


ALL BETH DID WAS FILL HER MOUTH WITH IT UNTIL SHE COULDN'T TASTE ANYTHING ELSE.



TO ENJOY THE MEMORY WOULD BE TO BETRAY IT. NO ONE CAN LIVE LIKE THAT, SO THAT BUNDLE OF BELIEF WAS EXILED.

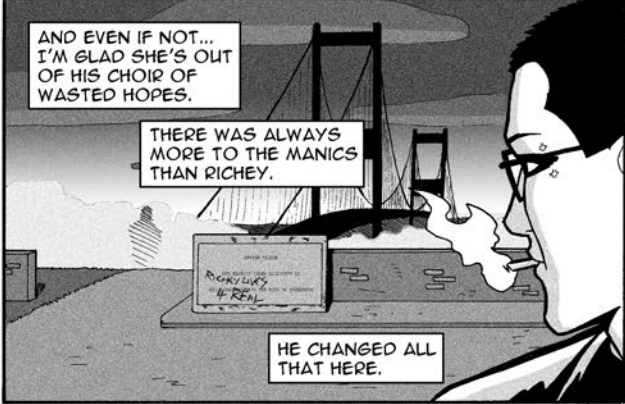
ALL HER GHOST DID WAS FEED RICHEY'S MYTH.



WITH HER GHOST GONE, THE MEMORIES SHOULD RETURN. I HOPE IT DOES HER SOME GOOD.

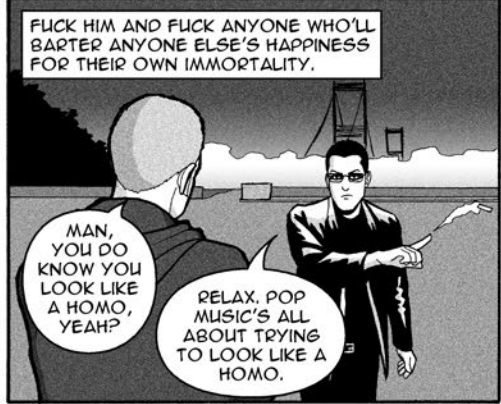
AND EVEN IF NOT... I'M GLAD SHE'S OUT OF HIS CHOIR OF WASTED HOPES.

THERE WAS ALWAYS MORE TO THE MANICS THAN RICHEY.



HE CHANGED ALL THAT HERE.

FUCK HIM AND FUCK ANYONE WHO'LL BARTER ANYONE ELSE'S HAPPINESS FOR THEIR OWN IMMORTALITY.



MAN, YOU DO KNOW YOU LOOK LIKE A HOMO, YEAH?

RELAX. POP MUSIC'S ALL ABOUT TRYING TO LOOK LIKE A HOMO.

IT'S ALL GOOD, MAN. IT'S ALL GOOD.

IS IT ALL GOOD?



YEAH. ALL GOOD. ALL OVER.

ER... WHAT WAS THIS ABOUT ANYWAY?

OH.



NOTHING IMPORTANT.







# GLOSSARY

We dropped one of these in every single issue of the original run of Phonogram. We put the same proviso here as there. None of this is necessary to understand the story. Everything you need to know about a band is right there in the narrative, and should be able to be grasped from the context it's in. By how Kohl sneers at - say - Kula Shaker, you know it's some terrible band. You know what it's like to hate a band. That said, it is all based on the real world. You may wish to know more, and where to start listening, so we do this glossary for your amusement and elucidation. And we make jokes, or at least the approximation thereof.

So... non-essential but fun. Local colour. Geddit? Goddit. Good.

**"250,000 in a weekend a month back.":** A reference to Oasis' Knebworth gigs. Get thee to their own entry.

**AFGHAN WHIGS:** Nineties Cincinnati rock band with lashings of guilt-ridden soul. If you're a girl, they're everything Mum warned you men were. Beware. Start with *Gentlemen*.

**ARAB STRAP:** Glasgow post-rock/mumbling duo. Bad Sex and Good Songs. Start with *Philophobia*, though *The Week Never Starts Around Here* is closer to the period.

**ARCTIC MONKEYS, THE:** Probably, in the final analysis, the NME hype-band of recent years who deserved it. Sample their social-observation garage-pop in *Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not*.

**ASH:** Northern Irish three-piece-turned-four-piece. Play both kinds of music: Punk and Pop. Britpop era album would be 1977.

**AUTEURS, THE:** Acerbic, literate British guitar pop formed around the gloriously bitter arch-curmudgeon Luke Haines. Period album is *After Murder Park*.

**BANGKOK:** Libertines B-side from the back of their *Time For Heroes* single. Bit like the Arctic Monkeys, apparently.

**BENDS, THE:** Radiohead's second album. The one where they went from one-hit-wonders to perennial pseudish-student favourites. Actually, damn good.

**BELLE AND SEBASTIAN:** Classic Glaswegian sixties-esque jangle. Music for people with diaries. Brilliant. True period stuff would be *Tigermilk* but start with *If You're Feeling Sinister*.

**"BIG BEAT":** Populist dance genre with aforementioned beats which are big. Heavenly Social, breaking down, building up, whatever. The Chemical Brothers' *Exit Planet Dust* would be a relevant start.

**BIS:** Glasgow pop-irritant who quietly precipitated a fanzine boom. The mass catalyst was their *Secret Vampire Soundtrack* EP.

**BLUR:** From their origins as Colchester's answer to the indie-dance of Madchester they reinvented themselves as militant retro-mods against the perfidious United States, inventing Britpop in the process. *Modern Life is Rubbish*, *Parklife* and *The*

*Great Escape* vary in quality, but are all definitive period portraits.

**BR\_T\_P\_P:** In a Christmas Select magazine advert the Auteurs' Luke Haines was pictured playing Hangman with himself. This was the word he was trying to get. Bitter is fun.

**BRIGHTON BEACH:** A beach, in Brighton. Site of legendary sixties battles between Mods and Rockers. See *Quadrophrenia* already.

**BRITPOP:** Mid-nineties manufactured guitar pop movement based around explicit rejection of U.S. grunge in favour of homegrown influences. Subject of some graphic novel or another.

**BOO RADLEYS, THE:** Liverpool Shoegazing band who blossomed into proto-Britpop expansive Beatles-inspired glory with their *Giant Steps*. Their *Wake Up!* album was a key Britpop development, the failure of their *C'mon Kids* a key sign of its demise.

**BUZZCOCKS:** Manchester pop/punk band whose *Spiral Scratch* EP begat the whole post-punk Indie DIY explosion in the late seventies. Start with their singles, collected on *Going Steady*.

**CAST:** The Las-influenced guitar band formed by the Ex-Las bassist, the lovely John Powers. Not terribly good. Key Britpop album: *All Change*.

**CAMDEN:** Seedy area in North London which acted as the unlikely cultural capital of Britpop.

**"Can't Imagine The World Without Me":** Neat title of early Echobelly single. Song couldn't match it. What song could?

**"Can't Stand Me Now":** Auto-eulogic single by The Libertines from second album, and pretty much their epitaph.

**CATATONIA:** Welsh indie dream-pop formed around the bar-room charm of Cerys Matthews. Their real success came later, but Kohl's talking about debut *Way Beyond Blue*.

**CARL:** Carl Barât, the creative half of the Libertines who you don't read about on the front of the English tabloids most mornings.

**"Classy":** Kenickie album track about Going

Out (except the fearless sort of Going Out which leaves a bodycount).

**"Come Out 2nite"**: Not Kenickie's first single, but the point where everyone worth falling in love with fell in love with them. Handclaps, getting drunk in the park, immortality.

**"Common People"**: Pulp's breakout #2 hit. Class rage you can dance to. Almost single-handedly justifies the whole Britpop malarkey.

**CLASH, THE**: The political heart of British punk. *London Calling* is one of those official-best-album-ever things, but the earlier LPs are more relevant to our point.

**DAMNE..., THE**: The Damned. First-wave London Punk band. Probably not a whole album worth owning, but certainly enough singles to justify a compilation.

**DEFINITELY MAYBE**: Debut album by Oasis. Still probably their best.

**DIRTY PRETTY THINGS**: Carl Barat's post-Libertines project. One album so far: *Waterloo to Anywhere*. Their name's from Stephen Frear's 2002 film. No excuse.

**DOHERTY, PETE**: The one from the Libertines who now lives primarily in newsprint. Driving force of Babyshambles (one album: *Down in Albion*) when he can be bothered.

**DR. OCTAGON**: Another one of Ex-Ultramagnetic MC's Kool Keith's alter-egos. This one's a gynaecologist from the year 3000. Relevant album is *Dr. Octagonecologist*.

**E**: X.

**EDWARDS, RICHEY**: While abstractly a guitarist, Richey Edwards' instrument was rarely audible. Instead, he was a living totem (and arguably primary lyricist) for the Manic Street Preachers. He disappeared in 1995, his car found at the Severn Bridge. Already a cult figure, his absence only intensified fan-identification into a borderline religion.

**ECHOBELLY**: Smiths-esque second-string female-fronted Britpop. Most relevant albums would be debut *Everyone's Got One* and their sophomore release *On*.

**ELASTICA**: Blatant and brilliant Britpop-era Wire copyists. One relevant (essential) album: *Elastica*.

**"Faster"**: First single (Well - along with PCP on an AA side) from the Manic Street Preacher's *The Holy Bible*. Masochistically taut hymn to autonomy.

**"Freddie"**: Freddie Mercury, deceased lead singer of Queen. Obv.

**"Girl From Mars"**: Signature geek-romanticism from Ash.

**"Great Things"**: Lead single from Echobelly's second album, *On*.

**GOOD MIXER, THE**: If Camden was the unlikely cultural capital of Britpop, this working man's pub was the unlikely capital of Camden. No, really.

**HANNET**: Martin Hannet, legendary Joy Division producer. In the film *24 Hour Party People*, Andy Serkis does a fine take.

**HEAVY STEREO**: Post-Oasis Unglam-glam stomp. Lead Gem Archer went on to play in Oasis. If you need to sample, their one album was *Deja Voodoo*.

**"Holiday in somebody else's misery"**: Riff off memorable lyric in the Sex Pistol's "Holidays In The Sun".

**HOLLY GOLIGHTLY**: Ex-Thee Headcoatees singer/songwriter. Probably best known for her vocals on the White Stripes' "Well It's True That We Love One Another". Kerzillions of albums. Try: *Truly She Is None Other*.

**HOLY BIBLE, THE**: Third Manic Street Preachers album and the point where all the entryist desires disappeared for a second, leaving space for a quick trip into the dark heart of the 20th century: Mutilation, genocide, the holocaust, anorexia. The album most closely associated with Richey Edwards..

**"How I Was Made"**: The flip-side of Kenickie's "Come out 2nite", however you care to define that.

**HURRICANE #1**: Ride's Andy Bell does a Oasis-esque Britpop band. A couple of generic albums. Now plays bass in (waitforit) Oasis.

**IGGY POP**: Proto-punk Living Legend (except there's the nagging suspicion he may be undead).

**"It's Still Life..."**: A tiny nod to the Scott-Walker-melodrama of Suede's *Dog Man Star's* "Still Life".

**"Isolation"**: Joy Division track from second album *Closer*.

**"I've got a dick for a brain and that brain is going to sell my ass to you"**: Quote from the Afghan Whigs' "Be Sweet": "Ladies - let me tell you about myself: I've got a dick for a brain and that brain is going to sell my ass to you".

**JUNGLE**: aka Drum and Bass (Unless you're being trainspottery and/or the sort who'd use the phrase "Graphic Novel" without feeling sheepish). Everyone thought the genre would cross over properly to the mainstream, but it still hasn't really. Its hyperspeed deconstructed beats and sub-bass permeate pop, sure, but a world where "Inner City Life" was never a proper hit is a sad, sad place.

**JOY DIVISION**: Mancunian post-punk deities. After singer Ian Curtis' suicide the remaining members reformed as New Order to eventual great success. Two albums: *Unknown Pleasures* and *Closer*.

**KEIRA KNIGHTLEY**: Actress. Nowt to do with Music. Bad Emily Aster.

**KENICKIE**: Sunderland three-girls-one-bloke punk/pop/whatever group. Inspired mass glitter abuse among a tiny proportion of people, who proceeded to write fanzines and sleep with each other. Same as it ever was. First album *At The Club* captures their myth, but *Get In!* is a fine Sunday morning comedown.

**KINKS, THE:** Sixties Brit guitar band. Ray Davies' song writing was highly influential on the Blur school of Britpop.

**KNEBWORTH:** On the 10th and 11th of August 1996 Oasis played to a total of 250,000 people at Knebworth. 2.5 million applied for the tickets. *That's one in twenty people in the UK.* Oasis were big.

**KULA SHAKER:** Hippy/Mod retro second-wave Britpop band. The relevant album is *K*. It is in no way relevant.

**KUNG FU:** Early Ash single marries the wonders of Eastern Action Cinema with the wonders of New York's Ramones.

**LE TIGRE:** Kathleen Hannah's next main project after the split of Bikini Kill. Electronic punky feminist activism. Get the eponymous debut.

**LIBERTINES, THE:** Clash-esque gutter poetry and worn camaraderie between the perpetually warring creative pairing of Carl Barât and Pete Doherty. Less split, more detonated. Debut single "What a Waster" and second album's "Can't Stand Me Now" explain them best.

**"Libraries Gave Us Power":** Opening line of the Manic Street Preacher's post-Richey-disappearance comeback single. Taken from a library engraving.

**"Live Forever":** Oasis' third single where they first displayed their flair for the sort of mass-community anthems designed for filling stadia.

**LUSH:** Shoegazing band who - like many - took a determinedly pop direction circa the whole Britpop thing, as shown on their *LoveLife*.

**"LONDON 77":** The cultural-war peak of first-wave British punk. Arguably the movement was more interesting in '76, but '77 was where things got entertainingly messy.

**"MANCHESTER 89":** Madchester. Baggy. Whatever. We were all on E. Indie-dance response to the communality of the rave scene, headed by people like The Stone Roses and the Happy Mondays.

**MANIC STREET PREACHERS:** Welsh four-piece who attempted to merge the Clash's politics with Guns'n'Roses' populist metal, sell sixteen million albums and then split. Succeeded, except for the sixteen million albums and splitting. Later career passed through one of the darkest albums ever to go Top 10, Richey Edward's disappearance and a successful comeback. *Generation Terrorists*, *The Holy Bible* and *Everything Must Go* give ample evidence why they were simultaneously one of the most inspiring and ridiculous bands in history.

**MANICS:** See Manic Street Preachers. Obv.

**MARION:** Fronted by Byronic lust object Jaime Harding, Marion glowered a lot in a passably atmospheric fashion. Relevant album: *This World and Body*.

**MENSWEAR:** Archetypal Britpop hype band. Pretty boys in suits. Highly mockable, so widely mocked. Their Blur/Elastica songs can be found on *Nuisance*.

**MODERN LIFE IS RUBBISH:** Album where Blur reinvented themselves as mod-curators of English pop defending the land against grunge barbarians.

**MOGWAI:** Glasgow post-rock working whose quietquietLOUDLOUDquietquiet template is reiterated endlessly on their *Young Team*. Actually, genuinely spectacular.

**"Moto-icicle Humptyness":** A butchering of "Motorcycle Emptiness", obv.

**"Motorcycle Emptiness":** Hidden among the posture of *Generation Terrorists* was this, the first of the Manics' solid-gold Alienation Anthems.

**MURDER PARK:** Gained from colliding Blur's *Parklife* with The Auteurs' *After Murder Park*. Which is pretty much what the chapter does too.

**"My Legendary Girlfriend":** The Pulp single where Jarvis Cocker fully relaxed into his Bad-Sex-Barry-White persona.

**"Nightlife":** Kenickie single about (inevitably) going out.

**NORTHERN UPROAR:** Oasis-inspired band of teenagers from Stockport. Er... not very good, to put it mildly. Eponymous debut for curious parties.

**OASIS:** The tempestuous Gallagher Brothers and whoever's in the band this week. The arrival of their Beatles-versus-Slade songs changed the course of Blur's artpop movement inevitably by sheer weight of their northern rival's popularity. Neatly symbolised in a war in the charts: Both bands released singles on the same day. Blur got their #1. However, when the albums turned up, Oasis absolutely annihilated them and cemented their cultural dominance.

**OCEAN COLOUR SCENE:** Birmingham-originated Madchester survivors graduated from Paul Weller's backing band to considerable Oasis-sponsored success. Their sixties classic rock - see *Mosely Shoals* and *Marchin' Already* - was regularly crucified by those disappointed by Britpop's diminished horizons. And not unjustifiably.

**ORLANDO:** London soul-pop duo whose Wildean alienation classic of *Passive Soul* was held tightly to the chests of those upset by the laddy excesses of late Britpop.

**PARKLIFE:** Where Blur took the plan of *Modern Life is Rubbish* and turned it into songs which managed to rewrite the British pop zeitgeist. Still fairly nifty.

**PLATH, SYLVIA:** Dead poet favoured by alienated girls and those who like to sleep with alienated girls.

**POPTIMISM:** Semi-ironic reaction to Rockism. Good excuse for dancing. All excuses for dancing are good excuses. Obligatory plug for [www.freakytrigger.co.uk](http://www.freakytrigger.co.uk).

**PRIMROSE HILL:** Area and hill North of Camden and sort-of-iconic.

**PRODIGY, THE:** Vehicle for Liam Howlett's oily, aggressive dance. Original hits with "Charly" and "Out of Space" progressed to the Chandler-does-rave *Music For A Jilted Generation*, memorable #1 "Firestarter" and years of successful pantomime.

**"Pulp At Glastonbury":** When the Stone Roses' cancelled their Glastonbury headline, Pulp - fresh from breakthrough hit "Common People" - took over. Cultural high mark of the Britpop thing, were we to call.

**PULP:** After a decade of hanging around Sheffield toilet venues (and, by the look of gloriously sleazy singer Jarvis Cocker, actual toilets), Pulp's blend of sex narratives, class politics, glam-Roxy-sluttiness and Walker-esque grandeur gained mass success. Albums *His'n'Hers*, *Different Class* and *This is Hardcore* are all essential documents of the period.

**RADIOHEAD:** One-hit-wonders with their "Creep", everyone thought. How wrong we were. Reinvented themselves as state-of-the-art stadium rock with *The Bends* before gaining the status of perennial favourite experimental rock band of people who don't listen to experimental rock music.

**RAZORLIGHT:** Modern British/Swedish guitar band based around an intense creative relationship between Johnny Borrell and Johnny Borrell's ego.

**RICHEY:** See Edwards, Richey.

**ROCKISM:** A swift Google should reveal what a music journalist hot potato this remains. Primarily a critique of the idea of authenticity in music. For example, someone saying someone is intrinsically rubbish because they don't write their own songs or don't use guitars would be pilloried as rockist scum. As is only right.

**ROLLINS, HENRY:** Ex-Black Flag singer and one-man punky artistic movement. He writes. His sings. He acts. He publishes. He presses little-ickle pretty flowers. One of these is untrue.

**SHAMPOO:** Two Manics fanzine-girls making shouty-pop music so resolutely plastic environmentalists cry in their presence. *We Are Shampoo* will explain their awesomeness.

**"She Came From Greece..":** First line of Pulp's "Common People".

**SHED SEVEN:** Yorkshire Britpop second-stringers. Perhaps better than their reputation would have it. Listen to *Change Giver* and *A Maximum High* and you tell us.

**SLEEPER:** Examine their *Smart* and *The It Girl* to see the Britpop standard of passably charismatic female-singer with anonymous henchmen minted.

**SMALL FACES, THE:** Sixties mod-soul-pop around Steve Marriott's vocals. Most obvious Britpop influence: his mockney tones on "Lazy Sunday".

**SPRINGFIELD, DUSTY:** British soul singer. Honestly, haven't a clue where to suggest starting. In which case: just start.

**SCOUT NIBLETT:** Minimalist English singer-songwriter. Here she's singing "Your Beat Kicks Back Like Death" and "It's All For You", from her album *I Am*.

**SEX PIS...:** Sex Pistols, obv. British punk's incendiary heart.

**SONYA AURORA MANDAN:** Lead singer of Echobelly.

**"Streets like a jungle...":** Opening of Blur's "Girls & Boys", the opening single from *Parklife*.

**"That's the way - ah-ha-ah-ha! - I li-ke it!":** From KC and the Sunshine Band's pop-funk hit "That's The Way (I Like it)".

**"Tricky's PMT":** Tricky's difficult (for cowards) second album, *Pre-Millennium Tension*.

**"We are young for your desecration. Destroy what you find.":** Kenickie's Lauren Laverne's thrilling exhortation from the bridge of "Nightlife".

**"We wear the same smile because we feel the same.":** Riff off the lyric "We wear the same clothes 'cos we feel the same" from Blur's song "End of a Century".

**"Well maybe... but the shame you never lose.":** Misquote from "What Jail Is Like" by the Afghan Whigs: "You think I'm proud of this? Well maybe - but the shame you never lose".

**WESTWOOD, TIM:** Son of bishop turned English Rap Radio DJ. Oft assumed inspiration for Sacha Baron Cohen's Ali G character. Except he's far funnier.

**"What's the Story...":** Morning Glory! Title of Oasis' second ludicrously-selling album.

**"White man in Clitoris Palace":** A particularly bad pun on "White Man In Hammersmith Palais" by the Clash.

**"Without Your Permission":** From the lyrics of UK Riot Grrrl band Huggy Bear's "Her Jazz": "This is happening without your permission! The arrival of a new renegade girl/boy hyper-nation!".

**"Woo-hoo":** NOW I FEEL HEAVY METAL!!!! "Song 2" from Blur's *Blur*, their escape route out of Britpop by accepting the influence of American bands. Zounds. Irony!

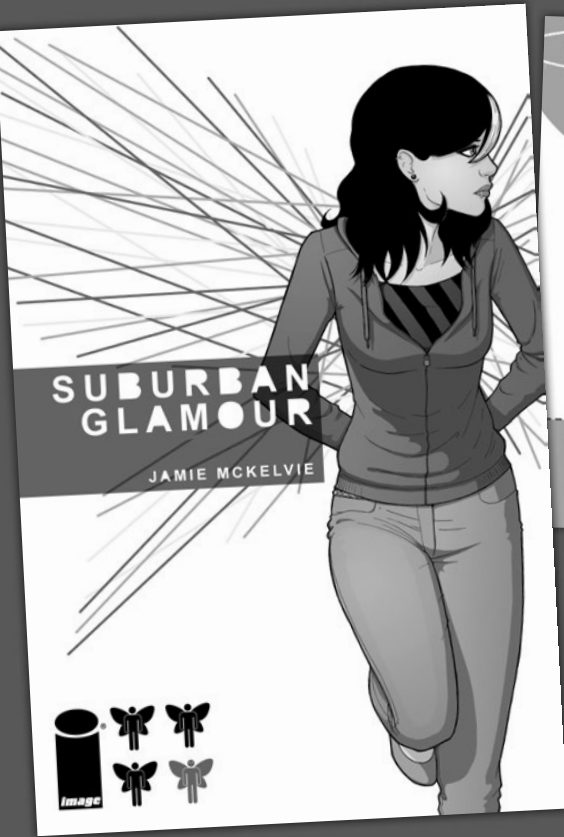
**WORLD'S END, THE:** Enorno-pub by Camden Station. Also, unsubtle metaphor.

**WU-TANG:** Staten Island based hip-hop group The Wu-Tang Clan. The track in question is "Gravel Pit", their hit from *The W*.

**"You Love Us":** Early Manics single and a glorious wind-up when they found themselves playing to homophobes.

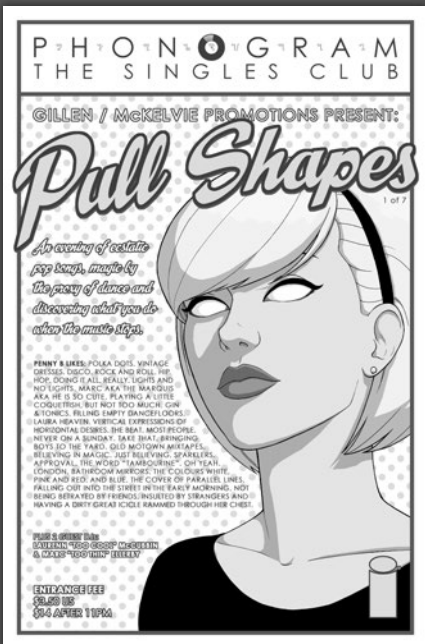
**X-RAY SPEX:** First-wave punk formed around Lora Logic and Poly Styrene's equally piercing and inspiring sax and vocal confrontations. *Germ Free Adolescents* is essential. "Oh Bondage, Up Yours!" is holy scripture.

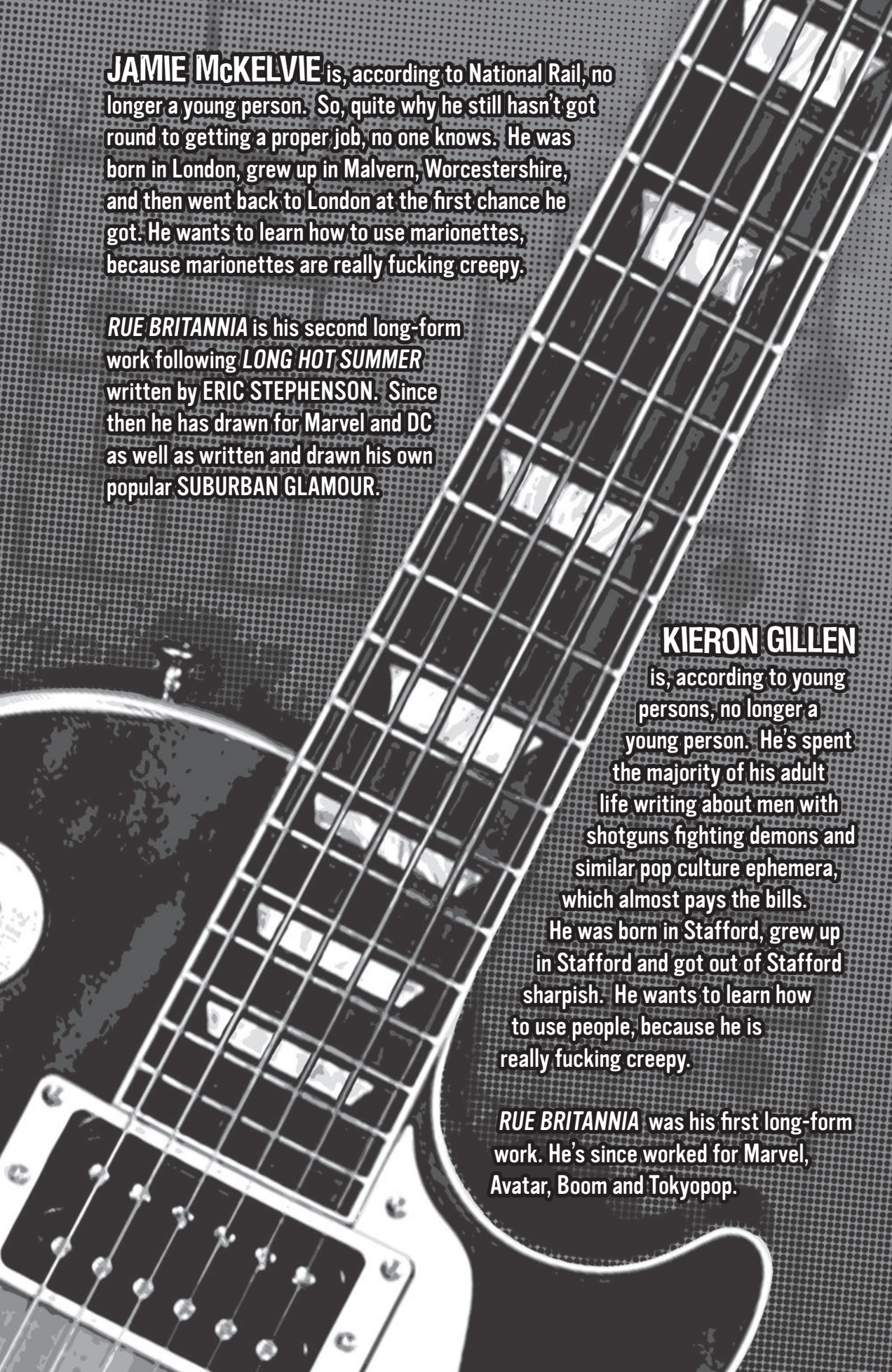
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**JAMIE MCKELVIE** is, according to National Rail, no longer a young person. So, quite why he still hasn't got round to getting a proper job, no one knows. He was born in London, grew up in Malvern, Worcestershire, and then went back to London at the first chance he got. He wants to learn how to use marionettes, because marionettes are really fucking creepy.

*RUE BRITANNIA* is his second long-form work following *LONG HOT SUMMER* written by ERIC STEPHENSON. Since then he has drawn for Marvel and DC as well as written and drawn his own popular *SUBURBAN GLAMOUR*.

## **KIERON GILLEN**

is, according to young persons, no longer a young person. He's spent the majority of his adult life writing about men with shotguns fighting demons and similar pop culture ephemera, which almost pays the bills.

He was born in Stafford, grew up in Stafford and got out of Stafford sharpish. He wants to learn how to use people, because he is really fucking creepy.

*RUE BRITANNIA* was his first long-form work. He's since worked for Marvel, Avatar, Boom and Tokyopop.

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