THE INSATIABLE ONES

Issue 1, May 2018

THE INSATIABLE ONE

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THE INSATIABLE ONES

Issue 1, May 2018

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We are so excited to welcome you to the first issue of **The Insatiable Ones Fanzine**. A fanzine made with absolute passion, for **Suede** fans everywhere. We've taken Suede's 25th Anniversary and Brett's *Coal Black Mornings* as focal points for this edition. It has been a true labour of love and we'd like to thank everyone for all their support and submissions, without you we couldn't do it.

That's the beauty of The Insatiable Ones fan group; we are a passionate, supportive group of outsiders brought together through our love of our favourite band. Personally, it's my haven, my go-to place where I know everything will be alright and ever so nice.

Last year, I dismissed the idea of a fanzine because I didn't feel there was a place for it with all the social media at our fingertips. How wrong I was. Everything changed at Brett's Piccadilly Book Event when he said:

'It would be nice to have fanzines again …
I love fanzines … Fanzines are great.'

That evening, the fanzine was born.

We really hope you enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed putting it together. With extra special thanks to Brett Anderson, Saul Galpern, Sean McGhee, Didz Hammond, Charlie Charlton, Kate and Zoe at Little, Brown and, of course, Suede.

With all the love and poison,

Samantha Hand
The Insatiable Ones Fanzine

The Blue Hour

Tracklisting:
As One
Wastelands
Mistress
Beyond The Outskirts
Chalk Circles
Cold Hands
Life Is Golden
Roadkill
Tides
Don't Be Afraid If Nobody Loves You
Dead Bird
All The Wild Places
The Invisibles
Flytipping

© Photo by Dean Chalkley

Suede will release their 8th studio album *The Blue Hour* on 21st September on Warner Music. The album is produced and mixed by Alan Moulder at Assault & Battery Studios, and mastered at Abbey Road Studios, both in London. Suede have described the new album as a 'genuinely progressive, expansive and definitive body of work'.

The Blue Hour is written as a continuous piece and features 14 thematically-linked songs integrating spoken word as well as field recordings. Featuring on the album are a choir and the City of Prague Philharmonic Orchestra, with string arrangements from Neil Codling and Craig Armstrong. Brett sang the vocals on Craig Armstrong's single 'Crash'. Craig also did the string arrangements for *Coming Up.*

In a band statement, 'The blue hour is the time of day when the light is fading and night is closing in. The songs hint at a narrative but never quite reveal it and never quite explain. But as with any Suede album, it's always about the songwriting. The band, the passion and the noise: The Blue Hour'.

It is the follow-up to their hugely acclaimed album *Night Thoughts. The Blue Hour* is the final part of the triptych that began with the release of 2013's *Bloodsports*. It took about a year to write; mixing was finished in April. The stunning artwork is by Paul Khera.

You can pre-order the album in 3 formats: CD, vinyl and boxset. Pre-order from the official store at suede.co.uk.

In addition, an exclusive blue vinyl is available from HMV and independent record stores.

You’ve been asked a lot about your father on the *Coal Black Mornings* book tour, what qualities do you think you have inherited from your mother? How does the female influence inform your more recent work?

She was a very creative person, so hopefully that’s her legacy. Writing *CBM* was a way of keeping my parents’ memory alive. There’s a saying that goes something like ‘You die twice, the second time is when the last person who remembers you dies’. I suppose keeping my parents alive on the page is a way of extending their afterlife and was intended as a kindness for all the love they gave me.

Your lyrics and now *CBM* are particularly evocative of landscape and surroundings, is this something you consciously cultivate, or a natural process?

The truth is, I’m not very good with dialogue so I have to rely on description of space to make my prose come alive.

‘I love hearing how my little songs have woven themselves into the fabric of people’s lives’

How have you found meeting so many of your tribe on the book tour?

It’s been a charming and humbling experience. I love hearing how my little songs have woven themselves into the fabric of people’s lives. And many of them have smelled pleasant. Which is nice.

In *CBM*, you wrote about drawing pictures with your mum and sister when you were a child. Do you draw or make music with your children?

The ‘la-la-la’ nursery rhyme bit on *Night Thoughts* was a little song I wrote for my son when he was a baby, and has words, but when they were sung I felt it was too personal, so we changed it to la’s. These days, I draw lots of dinosaurs and knights and wizards and sometimes try and sing stuff for them, but they seem less and less interested. The ‘Stop singing!‘ bit on *Night Thoughts* is my son voicing his verdict of one such performance.

‘When we first made *Night Thoughts*, I was secretly terrified that it was rubbish’

What is your assessment of *Night Thoughts*, now that you have some distance from it?

When we first made it, I was secretly terrified that it was rubbish. It was certainly made in a strange and disjointed and vaguely unenjoyable way. Now I love it, but I think that the way it’s ‘framed’ is its triumph. ‘Outsiders’, ‘Pale Snow’ and ‘IDKHTRY’ are class, but the best songs on *Bloodsports* are better.

What do you find are the main differences between working with Alan Moulder and Ed Buller?

Alan has nicer feet.

How many tracks are on the new album? Have you decided what the first single will be? Any ideas for the artwork?

There are 14 tracks but not all are ‘proper’ songs. One of my favourites of these is a little field recording I did of me and my son digging in the garden, which Neil wrote some beautiful backing music for. Oh, by the way, the album is the best thing we’ve done for nearly a quarter of a century.

‘We can’t quit while it’s all going so well’

***Bloodsports/Night Thoughts/The Blue Hour* are a trilogy. What comes next?**

Well, *B&H* is the best of the three so we can’t quit while it’s all going so well. What the next one will be like though, I don’t know. Maybe someone else can tell me. The tale is often in the telling. Maybe we’ll surprise everyone and do a volte-face.

What do you find the hardest thing about writing lyrics? What do you find the hardest thing about writing a book?

It’s always about finding an idea. Once you have an idea or a situation, the song or the book will write itself, and as a writer you find yourself stumbling along like Theseus following Ariadne’s thread.

What are you currently listening to, watching and reading?

The best book I’ve read for years was Matt Haig’s *How to Stop Time*. It was so good I had to read it again straight away and it was just as good the second time. It’s about a three hundred year-old man.

What’s your favourite kids programme? Whether it be now or when you were younger.

Horrible Histories is rather brilliant isn’t it?

(continued from page 5)

© Photo by Mark Fernyhough

What song would you sing at a karaoke night?

Well, not 'New Generation'. I still can't sing it properly.

Describe a typical day in the life of Brett Anderson.

I wake up at 6.30 and go downstairs and try and be a writer for a while before everyone else gets up and I have to become a dad and husband. Then it's the usual procession of making toast and finding book bags and doing school runs that all parents will recognise. If it's winter, I come home and work, and if it's summer and a nice day, me and my wife will go swimming and lie in the sun and read until it's time for the school run and it all begins again. Oh the glamour.

Have you got any seemingly pointless rules?

Yes.

Do you like cooking? Can you cook? What's your favourite recipe?

I used to like cooking, but since we bought an AGA, I'm not allowed in the kitchen in case I scratch it.

What food is your guilty pleasure?

Poached Archaeopteryx eggs.

How do you make your perfect cup of tea?

Warm the cup first, of course. I'm not a philistine.

If you could make your own supergroup, dead or alive, who would you choose?

Keith Moon, Paul Cook, Budgie, John Bonham and Ringo Starr.

What's your most treasured possession?

My house and my wedding ring. We're talking about things, not people, right? You can't own those.

'Sometimes sharing memories makes them less special'

What's your most treasured memory?

Sometimes sharing memories makes them less special. It was something I thought about a lot whilst writing *CBM* and there were private things that I considered writing about, but as soon as they were on the page I felt as though they no longer belonged to me, so I left them out.

My favourite place is standing on a frozen lake in the still of the night in the middle of Lapland waiting for the Northern Lights. My absolute heaven is when they start to dance across the sky whilst listening to Suede. Where is your favourite place?

That sounds lovely, apart from the Suede bit, of course. My favourite place in the world is Hyde Park. There's a patch of rough grass just north of the Long Water where I would like my ashes scattered. Either that, or I'll just get my wife to chuck them out with the rubbish.

How would you describe yourself?

I would leave that to others.

What scares you?

Poverty. Cancer. Dying and not being there for my children.

What is the one piece of advice that you would give your son?

Work hard and be nice to people.

What is your philosophy of life?

To leave a plus sign at the end of it, no matter how small.

Would Suede ever consider doing a 'Fanclub Gig' for members of the Insatiable Ones group, perhaps for a small fee that we'd be more than happy to pay?

It's amazing that you're not sick of us yet.

'The album is the best thing we've done for nearly a quarter of a century'

Back in the Suede Information Service days, the most exciting thing used to be getting an exclusive in the fanzine. Is there any exclusive info you can give us? Any exclusive info about the album or the tour?

Well it features a choir, a spoken-word piece inspired by Crass's 'Reality Asylum' and lots of songs about dead animals. Oh, and it's rather good.

Drawing by Marie-Eve Racine

Coming Up

Amanda Blazier rounds up what's going down in Suedeworld

The Blue Hour
At last #suede8 has a name, and we can start the count-down to the release of *The Blue Hour* on 21st September. The record is produced by Alan Moulder—@matosman quoted Alan describing one track as sounding 'like the devil's about to take over the world'. Keep tabs on the latest developments via suede.co.uk, the official band Facebook page, and @suedeHQ on Twitter and Instagram, where further details about the album, tour, lead-off single and promotional appearances will be announced.

Join the fan speculation in The Insatiable Ones Facebook group, Twitter @insatiableones_ and Instagram @theinsatiableones.

New Music From Richard
Artmagic release their second album, *The Songs Of Other England*, on June 15th. Digital version from all the usual suspects, CD exclusively available from the Artmagic bandcamp page, pre-order at artmagic.bandcamp.com, where you can hear the track 'Sing For The Snowfall'. If you're new to Richard's other project, you can also catch up with their earlier work here, including signed vinyl. Single 'The Clean Room' is out now.

Pester Sean for a gig directly on Twitter @artmagicmusic, or on their Facebook page.

Coal Black Mornings
Another chance to hear Brett talk about his elegiac and beautifully-written autobiography at the Port Eliot Festival on 27th July. Weekend and Friday day tickets at porteliotfestival.com.

A *CBM* Spanish translation by Contra will be published in September. Thanks to Insatiable One Alvaro for the tip.

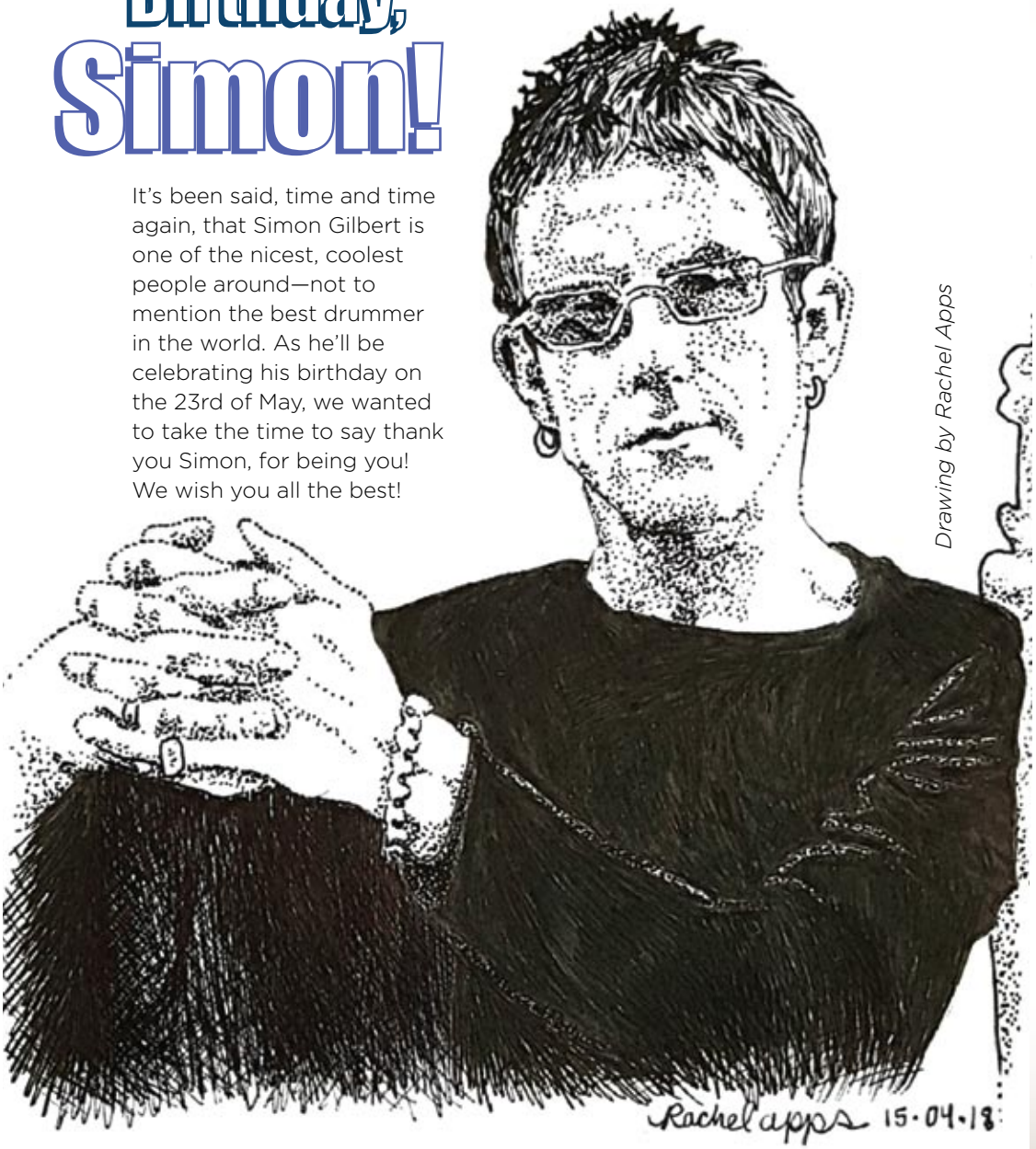
Coal Black Mornings is scheduled to be released in paperback on 4th October. Pre-order at waterstones.com.

Neil Live With Penguin Cafe*
Penguin Cafe play in Paris on June 2nd, in the garden of the Fondation Cartier pour l'Art Contemporain. Tickets at fondation.cartier.tickeasy.com/en-US/nomadic-nights
*Suede commitments and dodgy motor notwithstanding

Mat Producing
Mat will be in Beijing in the summer doing some production work as part of Modern Sky Music's Young Blood project. Modern Sky Music are one of the leading indie record labels in China, and this project aims to scout undiscovered aspiring young talent in art, with music being one of its focus areas. Mat will be joining four very well-established Chinese musicians in mentoring and producing the chosen artists. Thanks to Lynn for spotting/translating this. Mat has also joined Chinese social media network Weibo: weibo.cn/u/6521808584.

Happy Birthday, Simon!

It's been said, time and time again, that Simon Gilbert is one of the nicest, coolest people around—not to mention the best drummer in the world. As he'll be celebrating his birthday on the 23rd of May, we wanted to take the time to say thank you Simon, for being you! We wish you all the best!



Drawing by Rachel Apps

So Young

by Merie

In 1992 it dawned on me that the members of most new bands were younger than me. I was 27 and felt like I was over the hill . . .

Artwork by Luci Dean

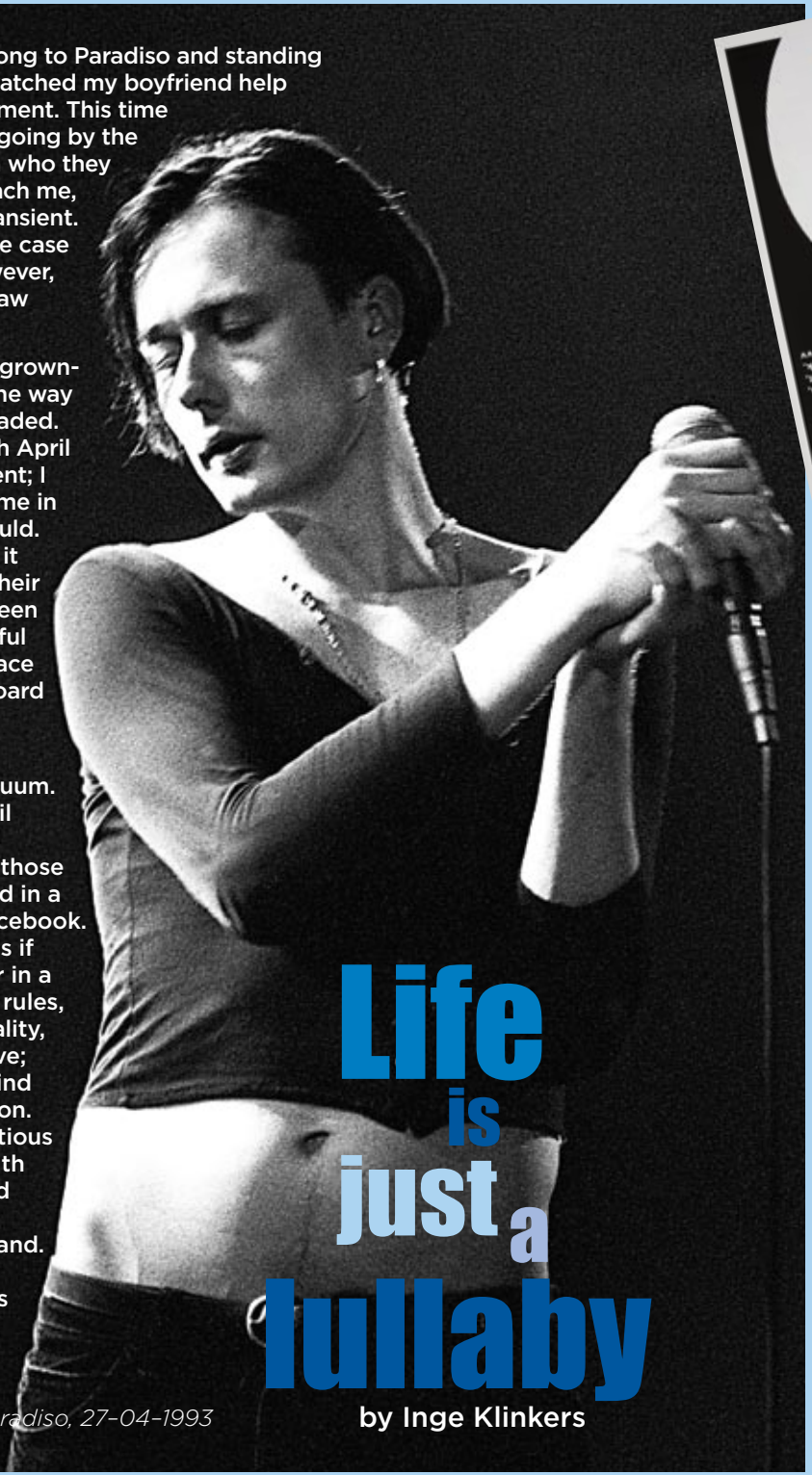
Then one night in 1993, I was half watching *TOTP* when suddenly I was transfixed. I don't remember which song it was, but it had a heavenly, twangy guitar sound, reminiscent of Johnny Marr yet completely fresh. The moment I looked up at the TV I fell deeply in love; with the sound, with the singer's feline moves, the band's stylish charity shop looks, their skinniness, their Britishness. All of it. I felt like I had known these boys all my life. I mumbled something along the lines of 'This is me' to my (now ex-) husband's astonishment, and the next morning I rushed out to buy the album. My feet haven't touched the ground since. It's hard to believe this happened almost 25 years ago. Half a lifetime!

I was finally in the right place at the right time. It all came flooding back. The rush of having discovered something truly amazing (the hype never really made it across the North Sea), the butterflies, the excitement. Nearly 30 years old I even joined the fanclub. A fanclub!

A large part of the nineties I spent following Suede on tour, Europe became my playground and London was like a second home. Met the most wonderful people and forged lasting friendships. And at 53 (ouch!) I'm still here. Glad we no longer have to camp out to buy concert tickets because my middle-aged body couldn't take it. But when I'm in that audience, surrounded by my friends and other Insatiables, I don't feel my age. If anything, I feel like I'm 16—forever So Young . . .

Life is just a lullaby

by Inge Klinkers



© Photo by Roy Tee, Paradiso, 27-04-1993

Once again, dragged along to Paradiso and standing in front of the stage, I watched my boyfriend help set up the band's equipment. This time a 4-piece English band going by the name of Suede. No idea who they were. As time would teach me, many loves in life are transient. This turned out to be the case with the boyfriend. However, not so with the band I saw that night.

Maybe on occasion the grown-up things in life got in the way but the love has never faded. I still see that night, 27th April 1993, as a pivotal moment; I knew this band had hit me in a way no other band could. It wasn't just the music, it was also the attitude—their subversiveness. It has been a long, strange, wonderful journey ever since. A place of solace, a sounding board for my own life, giving energy and direction.

This was a love in a vacuum. Never really shared until fairly recently, when by chance I discovered all those brilliant outsiders united in a privileged corner of Facebook. Now I sometimes feel as if we're all living together in a small village. There are rules, sometimes there's banality, but above all there's love; I'd like to call it some kind of hyperreality of passion. Our own world of infectious fandom to be inside, with always someone around to comfort you—or to contradict or to reprimand. This collective dream, this well-run village, has quickly become very precious to me.

Poster from the Paradiso Archive

Enter *Coal Black Mornings*.

After a rapturous 2016 (what a year!), we're back to the struggles of youth and parental preoccupations, this time more quietly, in the form of a book. I'm hesitant to even try and add anything to the numerous glowing and usually insightful reviews. But in the end, it's as simple as this: when you have a good feeling you want to share it. And I can't convey with how much excitement it fills me to read (and hear) Brett talk so intimately, finding out how he became who he is, what values carried him forward, the at times heart-rending whirlwind of his family dynamics—even picturing him as a son, performing strangely endearing domestic tasks such as helping his mother pluck dead birds and skin rabbits.

With sons in mind, upon learning Brett's incentive for writing the book, it occurred to me how I would have cherished such a document, or even a letter, by my own mother, instead of relying on the vagueries of childhood memory. Unexpectedly, Brett's account of his journey helped me lift the veil on a period of my life that I rarely allow myself to revisit and made me reflect on my own family relations. Apparently it's all part of the Suede sensibility—who would ever have thought!

The memoir is about failure, in Brett's own words, which is a great subject matter and one which most autobio-graphies tend to avoid but many of us can relate to. The soul-crushing experiences leading to finally forming a band with fans—a tribe even—so vividly depicted. Dramatically, I learned that from time to time Brett came close to a sticky end, be it through sheer recklessness or an unprovoked attack by a tree. There are also happier, tender moments and Brett's words are generous and charming when talking about the people inspiring his loyalty and who would eventually each add up to Suede becoming the phenomenon it is today. Along the way Brett also offers his own precious insights into songs I've been listening to for decades—'She's Not Dead' and 'Sleeping Pills' immediately spring to mind.

Books are usually a solitary action, but in this case I made my way to several book events to experience the highly anticipated launch as a group, and once again I came away with a feeling of real connection.

A big thank you to Suede, and above all to Brett, for the world you have created for all of us to live in and for all the beauty you bring into it.

Words and Brett photo above by Inge Klinkers

Coal Black Mornings

Samantha Hand writes about her experiences at Brett's Coal Black Mornings book events in March 2018

'This is a book about failure. It's a book about poverty and family and friendship and the scruffy wonders of youth and, inevitably, it's a book about love and it's a book about loss.'

For me, this is the book I'd always hoped Brett would write. A chance to discover more about Brett's childhood and youth that would eventually shape him into the unique and beautiful person he is. Prior to his memoir, Brett was an incredibly private man and for him to open himself up to his fans and the public is astounding.

Photo by Samantha Hand

Brett announced ten dates on his book tour and I have been privileged enough to attend all of them up to this point. You could say it's called obsession, and it probably is. It runs much deeper than that, though. I saw it as an absolute privilege to learn more about Brett as a son and a father, as well as an author, a musician and a person.

The tour started with the book launch at London's Rough Trade East and finished at the Dancehouse in Manchester. Each night would prove to be a varied and beautiful experience; the memories are etched in my soul for eternity. Brett was always charming, relaxed, passionate and witty. I listened intently to every word spoken. Profoundly moved when he spoke of his mother and his heart-breaking loss. Intrigued by the description of his eccentric father, of whom he is so obviously very proud now. Touched hearing Brett speak so fondly and always respectfully about one of the two big loves of his life, Justine, and the impact of her presence on his life. My heart melted when Brett spoke of his son. So many beautiful, moving moments.

A few of us set about realising Brett's childhood dream by building him a mountain of salt and vinegar crisps, and then enjoyed watching his reaction and hearing his laughter. That spine-tingling moment in a neo-Gothic church when Brett read an extract about his mother from his brilliant memoir. Breathtaking.

Photo by Akiko Hosokawa

We learned that the highly anticipated #suede8 will be released this year, followed by tour dates, with Brett hinting that it could be their best album in a long while, even better than *Night Thoughts.* He revealed that it will include a spoken-word track, in the form of a poem he wrote. And Brett conveyed to us that the album will be set in a countryside variation of Suedeland, deeply unpleasant—complete with B-roads, flytipping, nettles, rotting dead badgers. Sounds to me like we are in for an epic album.

Above all, the best moment was in Birmingham, when during the Q&A with the audience, I told Brett how proud I was of him becoming a bestselling author.

Brett's response will remain with me forever. He thanked us all for the effort we had put in for his book, as he believed it wouldn't have got where it was without our support, and all the people working behind the scenes. The pleasure has been all ours.

It was amazing to see so many fans waiting for Brett to sign their books and various bits of merchandise. Brett made a point of speaking with everyone and signed everything. He stood there patiently waiting and listening and smiling throughout. A true gent. I was so touched by other fans eagerly sharing their experiences with me, whether it be their first encounter with Brett or their twentieth. Every single one of their stories felt important. In the end, reading Brett's compelling memoir and being part of the book events have been deeply enriching experiences for me. Just when you think you couldn't love and respect him any more, you're proved wrong and you fall even deeper.

Photo by Akiko Hosokawa

Sean McGhee

A Twitter Interview by Samantha Hand

I recently asked Sean McGhee from Artmagic a few questions on Twitter. Artmagic's new album ***The Songs Of Other England*** *is out on June 15th.*

Q: What is your favourite track on the new album?
A. Tricky. I'm going to say 'The Clean Room' because it's completely unlike anything either of us has done before. Plus it's brilliant. (Also it means I don't have to break our embargo before the full tracklist is revealed.)

Q. Are there any live plans?
A. Not as yet. Scheduling proving difficult as we're both very busy over the next several months.

Q. The artwork for your new album by Peter James Field is very beautiful (see right). Is it of a specific place and if so, where and why?
A. It's not a specific place, but I believe @peterjamesfield based the image on a particular place in Shoreham-By-Sea. The significance of the image to the album is the observational distance between the viewer and the lives in the houses.

Q. Where did the name Artmagic come from?
A. Filmmaker John Waters talked about modern installation art in his Q&A film *This Filthy World*; he said art is like magic, turning the mundane into something special. So I nicked it—Art Magic. And Richard rightly said to lose the space between Art and Magic. So Artmagic it was.

Q. Your music will be new to some of our fanzine readers. How would you describe it to them?
A. Urban pastoral songs, by twilight.

Q. I really love that. How did you and Richard get together for Artmagic in the beginning?
A. It's really boring—emails and coincidences. Shall we just pretend the answer is 'Grindr'?

Q. What/who was your inspiration behind the new album? And can you reveal how many tracks are on it?
A. 11 tracks. Inspirations: Talk Talk, Gabriel-era Genesis, Thee Oh Sees, The Copper Family, Chris Wood, Martin Carthy. Also, we wanted to have a smaller canvas, fewer colours, less singing, more room for imperfections.

Q. I can't wait for your new album to be released. I assume Richard is tied up with Suede commitments. What are your plans? And finally, are you a Suede fan? If so, what's your favourite song? Have you heard the new album?
A. I haven't heard the new album—I wouldn't want to put R on the spot by asking to hear things before they're done. My favourite Suede songs are 'Picnic By The Motorway', 'I Don't Know How To Reach You', 'Sleeping Pills', 'By The Sea'. Today, at least.

Thank you so very much for your time. It's been an absolute pleasure.

Artmagic's other England

by Mark Reed

As Artmagic get ready to release their new album, it's worth reminding you why you should buy it. It started in a pub. Many things do. Sean McGhee—musician, owner of many *Doctor Who* DVDs and tweed lover, was lamenting the absence from music of a man called Richard Oakes. Turned out, he was discussing it with Richard's brother. The world is funny like that. At the time, Richard had largely ceased to be visible, with no interviews, live performances, or record releases for six years.

After quietly forming in 2009 under the radar, all that changed with the somewhat unexpected and glorious Suede reunion we all know of. Sean and Richard debuted their songs in June 2010 in Brighton as Artmagic. It's not a 'project' as such, but a fully formed artistic excursion with a precise, restrained vision: the duo (supplemented by extra musicians at some shows, often performing as an acoustic pair) released an album, a number of singles and played live shows.

As with all things, less is more. Artmagic is an occasional treat, not a day job. 'Become The One You Love' was released in summer 2012, supported with a number of UK shows, as Richard's other band (you might have heard of them) finalised recording and commenced touring an album called *Bloodsports*. Barely two months after the *Bloodsports* shows came to a close, new material was debuted in October 2014, at a one-off support slot to Andrew Montgomery in Hoxton. That night the acoustic duo performed six songs, including 'I Keep On Walking', 'Forever In Negative' and 'Heart Of The Mystery'. Sean also performed in Montgomery's band on his tour and album.

Artmagic may have been quiet—but they have never been forgotten. Whilst both Sean and Richard have been working in their other lives (Richard, most obviously, co-authoring the near perfect *Night Thoughts*, Sean working with Alison Moyet, Dido and others), Artmagic have been in public hibernation but also creating: from a pool of 23 songs, a total of 15 were recorded for Album 2—*The Songs Of Other England*—after many years of writing. Now the album is finished, and there are plans for live shows, just maybe not in 2018.

© Photo by Georgie Gibbon

Photo by Loan Tran

It's in my skin

by Michael Hoskins

'Metal Mickey' was the first Suede song I heard. I immediately fell in love with it and bought the first album. 25 years on, and I still love the debut album; it feels as relevant today as it did then. In fact, Suede never ceased to be relevant to me—from my days at university listening to the debut right through to the present *Night Thoughts*, having recently become a father, with all the associated nocturnal worries.

25 years ago, Suede became my band. It was the only music I could listen to while studying. Even these days, I can't study to anything else.

But why Suede? I sometimes think about this and I can't give an exact reason. It is a combination of a few things. It has to do with the timing of when I discovered 'Metal Mickey' and the debut album, their relevance to me and discovering who I am, how each song seemed to take me on a journey, and the first time I heard *Sci-Fi Lullabies*—I had never heard any of the B-sides until then and it blew me away completely.

Suede are my go-to music for both the good and bad in my life.

Suede is MY band.

Can't Get Enough

We invited a noted Suede collector to talk about his treasures

Tell us about yourself. Where are you from? How long have you been a Suede fan?

Hello, I am Michael Wong from Hong Kong. I have been a Suede fan since 1993/94 when I saw their videos on TV, and been a collector since 1996, from the release of *Coming Up*.

What's your favourite item?

My favourite items are two articles from Hong Kong publications; newspaper *South China Morning Post* and another one from a magazine *East Touch*. Both interviewed me about my Suede collection and I told them what Suede meant to me. Brett signed the pages of *East Touch* (see right), when The Tears played live in Hong Kong.

What's your rarest item?

My rarest item is the Platinum Sales Achievement Award Disc for *Coming Up*, which was issued by Sony Music Entertainment Hong Kong Ltd. Full band signed on the back of the frame, dated 10-Mar-1997.

What is the item you would love to add to your collection?

In future, a signed copy of *The Blue Hour* is the most wanted item.

Michael posts regularly about his collection on Instagram at hksuede.

hksuede collection:

300 x CDs including albums, singles, live bootlegs, promos
25 x cassettes
50 x vinyl
1 x laserdisc
10 x VHS
5 x MiniDisc
38 x books including tour programs, photobooks, biography, SIS magazines, setlists, T-shirts, newspapers

The Thrill of the Chase

Suede Bootlegs

by Kit Moller—Vancouver, Canada

I have been collecting Suede bootlegs for 24 years now. I wasn't satisfied with just owning all of my favourite band's official albums and singles. I wanted more. Bootlegs are unsanctioned recordings, most of the time from live concerts. The quality varies greatly. The best ones are from a direct connection to the soundboard; the worst ones are audience recordings.

The real pleasure of these bootlegs is to hear Brett's banter between the songs. He can be quite funny at times, like when he introduced a song by saying 'This next song is from our new album *Old Man's Car*'. There is also a certain thrill in hearing live reinterpretations of your favourite songs. Some, like 'Moving', actually sound better live than their album counterparts. Others, like 'Still Life' and 'The Next Life', are given sparse acoustic treatments. 'She's in Fashion' benefits from added synths, courtesy of a certain Mr Codling, and a rapturous crowd repeatedly singing 'And the sunshine it blows my mind, and the wind blows my brain'.

Other bootlegs include demos, alternate takes, radio and TV sessions and unreleased versions of songs, one of the best examples being *High Hopes*, with tracks like 'Wonderful Sometimes', 'Art', 'Be My God', as well as live recordings from *Jools Holland, TOTP* and *The Brit Awards.*

Most bootlegs are professionally manufactured with silver pressed CDs and unique artwork. Quite often they're made in Italy or Germany, where copyright and distribution laws are a little more relaxed. As a Suede collector, I would recommend seeking out the following bootlegs:

Performance—A high-quality recording of the *Dog Man Star* tour in 1994, including 'New Generation' (labelled with the working title 'Losing Myself') with Brett singing of 'Pale European blue eyes'.

Strange Fascination—Recorded in 1992, with a rare live version of 'Painted People'.

Cover Me—Recorded live in Toronto in 1995. Brett is on particularly rare comedic form with the audience.

Europe Is Our Playground—Live at the Kilburn National, London in 1996, containing a storming version of 'Heroine' as well as muscular takes of many *Coming Up* tracks.

Happy Hunting.

Photo by Kit Moller

Be My God

Shawndra Hayes-Budgen shares her experiences at Brett's Coal Black Mornings book events in March 2018

I'd nearly passed out at work two days before the Waterstones Piccadilly event and was still suffering with dizziness and nausea, thanks to something gone wonky with my inner ears. I assure you though, that was never going to keep me from a chance to see Mr Anderson at one of his whistle-stop talks promoting *Coal Black Mornings*. Some of us joked that seeing him might even heal me. Well, maybe we were joking …

The stage was set up in the shop's music section. Specifically, in front of the classical music books. We all took great pleasure in spotting the Liszt book behind Brett's chair, knowing that his dad was as dedicated to Liszt as we are to his son.

Our seats were at the front and it didn't escape me that shortly, Brett was going to be sitting more still than we're used to, a mere few feet away. No cat-like springing off amps or disappearing into the roiling crowd. We wouldn't get the sweaty barrier experience or fleeting touch that a gig gives us. Nope, none of that. Brett was going to be sat down and we'd be able to just sit with him, transfixed and hanging on his every word. And so we did. When Brett came out, he took a moment to take off his coat and scarf and addressed the audience with a cheery 'Hello, everyone!' The audience's chorus reply of 'Hello, Brett!' prompted him to quip 'Sounds like a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous!'

It's such a pleasure listening to someone talk so lucidly and openly about their childhood and teenage days. Brett's early life wasn't the easiest—he explains how even amongst the outsiders in the council estate on the edge of the village, the Andersons were the outsiders' outsiders. Eventually, Brett would grow up and understand that the difference would make him, not destroy him. Hearing him talk about the grinding poverty he experienced reminded me of my own childhood. My family had intermittently gone through very tight times—enough to relate personally to the tales he shared.

We sat enrapt as he spoke: about being a glum teenager; the early Suede days; playing gigs with more band than audience members; the inspiration for some of the songs; falling in love with Justine …

The next *CBM* event we attended was at Birmingham Town Hall. The building's interior was impressive but this time, Brett was placed out of our reach (and nearly out of our vision) on a high stage with the chairs set inexplicably far back. But though physically distant, he was affable, relaxed and chatty.

Naturally, some of the content covered was revisited (not that we'd ever mind hearing it again!) but he also gave us some new tidbits to add to our Brett trivia data banks.

The Q&A included that classic question about which famous person he might invite to dinner. His answer was that he didn't need famous people: 'I just want to hang out with women because I always feel most comfortable around females.' All the ladies in the audience simultaneously swooned and giggled with glee.

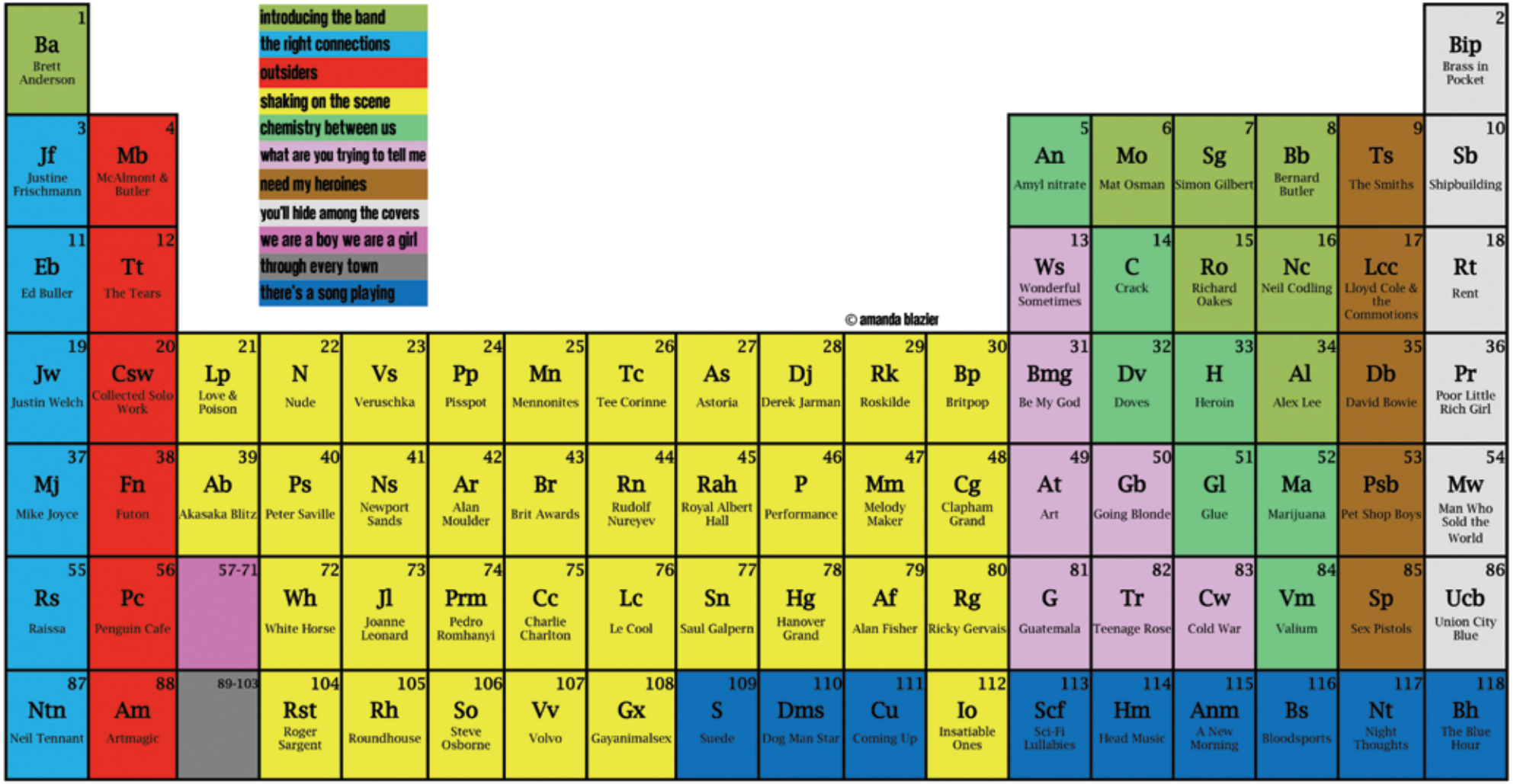
Photos by Shawndra Hayes-Budgen

The pinnacle of both nights was having Brett sign our books and the chance to have a quick chat. I always feel like a hyperactive toddler when faced with conversing with people I'm so captivated by. There's so much I want to say, my brain whirs with all the words, mixed with over-excitement and I fear I babble myself into a verbal heap. At Waterstones, I managed to clumsily knock over a bottle of water on the table behind us as I put my arm around him, making for a hilarious moment (and photo, which I daren't share) and we had a good laugh over it.

But the man is a consummate pro—warm, friendly and so understanding. He makes eye contact, and the smile is genuine and pure. Then before you know, comes photo time and you've got your arm around Brett Fucking Anderson and he's got his around you and **BAM**, that's your dream come true!

Maybe it was my body's natural mending process or maybe it was Brett's healing touch, but I'll be darned if that ear problem didn't vanish soon after meeting him. Perhaps Brett's got a backup career as a faith healer …

periodic table of elementary suede



inspired by paul robertson's work for david bowie is

Have you ever tried it that way

by Rachel Apps

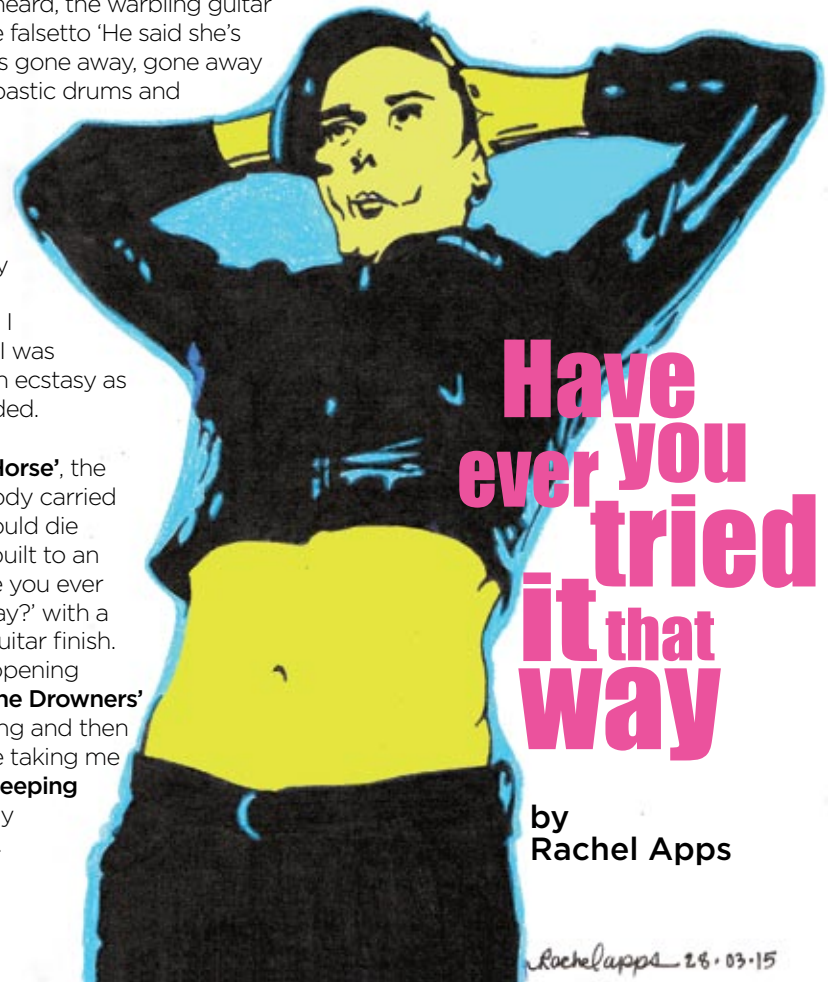
I turned up the stereo in the family room. The cover—a rich brown colour, like delicious chocolate, with arms and faces of a couple kissing, their skin tones warm and radiant as if under a heat-seeking lens. I got a hit of the fresh ink scent as I flipped through the booklet, ooh, it had black and white photos. I examined them closely. This was Suede.

Drums and feedback burst out, then crisp opening notes of guitar. Bass and vocals kicked in, 'She can start to walk out when she wants'. Butterflies fluttered in my stomach. **'So Young'** cantered into **'Animal Nitrate'**. I couldn't catch my breath. I collapsed on the sofa, **'She's Not Dead'** had me floating. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever heard, the warbling guitar cresting to the falsetto 'He said she's not dead, she's gone away, gone away he said'. Bombastic drums and filtered guitar of **'Moving'** raced with my pulse. His accent, 'She's a luuvley little numbah'. I was doubtful I could 'take it', I was overcome with ecstasy as it abruptly ended.

'Pantomime Horse', the bubbling melody carried me away. 'I would die for the stars' built to an insistent 'Have you ever tried it that way?' with a shimmering guitar finish. The raunchy opening cadence of **'The Drowners'** had me dancing and then singing 'You're taking me over!' Next, **'Sleeping Pills'**, I dreamily swayed along.

'Breakdown' struck a chord in my broken eighteen-year-old heart, 'Oh if you were the one, would I even notice?' he demanded in tandem with the insistent guitar, 'Does your love only come in a Volvo?' I was stunned. My favourite. It coolly faded out with steady bass.

'Metal Mickey', I knew this one, from the previous week when I had stumbled upon Suede and nearly fell off the bed. Then **'Animal Lover'**, the awareness that I'd never be the same again washed over me. Delicate piano and longing vocals for **'The Next Life'**, where 'we'll flog ice creams 'til the company's on its knees'. The perfect closing reverie for the album that indelibly changed my life. It was my everything.



Drawing by Rachel Apps

Whatever makes him happy on a Saturday night

by Simon Hayes-Budgen

It's a Saturday night in Liverpool, spring 1992, and Suede have led us into temptation. Or, more accurately, into Temptation 2.

Every second Saturday, the team who run the indie club Temptation take over the University Guild of Students for the imaginatively named Temptation 2. In one room, people determinedly but slowly rictus-dance to the extended version of 'Mercy Seat' (Ultra Vivid Scene, not Nick Cave); in the larger room, cheap beers are drained and, inevitably, 'Sit Down' will be played with messy consequences.

Something magical happens at midnight, though—a screen rises at one end of the room, and there is a surprise band. It's a 'surprise' in the Liverpool music scene sense of the word, so the identity of the guests is shared amongst those with an in. I don't have an in, but my flatmate does, which is how we know who is behind the screen tonight.

That Suede band. The one the inkies are tipping for greatness.

You might think that an unbilled appearance in a room full of students already into their third 2-for-1 white cider deal wouldn't be the best place for Suede to find a natural audience, and you'd be largely right. There was a lot of agitated 'when will the DJ play EMF' wandering about on the dance floor.

Some of us, though, were rapt. Maybe three quarters of the room were missing it, but something transcendent was playing out on that cramped stage. I didn't know then that some of these songs I'd still be hearing live a quarter of a century later, but it was pretty clear that I was going to have to hear them again. And see this band again. A lot.

And then, after the allocated thirty minutes, the screen came down again. (The screen would always fall, regardless of where the band might be in a song.) The decks started to spin again—probably Ned's Atomic Dustbin or The Farm.

Things had changed, though. Things had definitely changed.

Keeping up with the Codashian

by Daisy Edwards

neil —the man, the myth, the enduringly unaged striking genius behind our favourite five, famed for being quite good at keyboards and every other instrument under the sun. But where the musical talents and realms of unimaginably nice hair ends, the witty snipes and japes of his online presence begin, and in this list, reader, we've compiled the best so far to give you a top 10 insight into the mind and views of our Almighty Cod . . .

1. On living the life of fame

'Checking in with the Penguins at the airport. The assistant dealt with a £15m Stradivarius a few days ago. I have a melodica worth £15.'

'Spent the last 3 days working on a demo that's essentially the same 2 bars repeated with the odd variation and I've gone completely insane. tbf "the same 2 bars repeated with the odd variation" also describes most of my nights out.'

2. On the state of things

'There's a bloke in this supermarket talking to the eggs. In the current climate, he might be the most sensible man alive.'

'All this being permanently angry at everything is really messing with my plans to be miserable this summer.'

3. On his questionably luscious locks

'First time this year I've had someone sing dude looks like a lady as I walk past.'

'Worried this driver's fit to be at the wheel of a coach given a) he thought I was a girl and b) he gave me a child fare.'

'At the opera. Nipped to the loo, and two elderly men took one look at me told me I was "in the wrong lavatory."'

4. On being not quite famous enough

'Been stood outside Mat's front door for 5 minutes. He thought I was a builder so he blanked me.'

'A guy sees me rooting thru Suede's storage today, says, "Brett. BRETT!! Oh..." [*sadface*] "You're not Brett." Undisguised disappointment.'

Photos from @neilcodling

5. On his finest musical moments

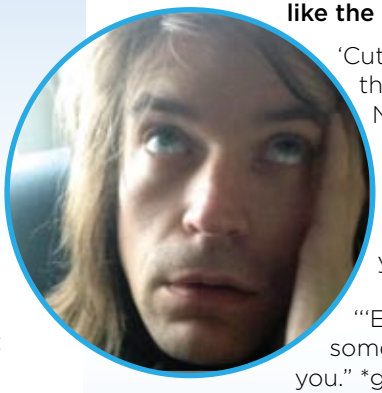
'Been there done that. RT @robinturner: Working on a heartbreakingly beautiful song about an elephant I met and all the heroin we did together.'

'This piano version of Elephant Man is going to blow everyone's heads off.'

6. On the bonuses of being in Suede

'Me too omg. RT @animalnitrate: I touched Brett Andersons butt.'

7. On trying to be a functioning human like the rest of us



'Cut my nose shaving this morning. My NOSE. s m h.'

'You know it's been a long day when you squirt soap onto your toothbrush.'

'"Every day, do something that scares you." *gets up*.'

8. On the ups and downs of friendship

'Terrible moment of clarity this morning as I find myself explaining a pun to the cat.'

'The cat just ate my hard boiled egg smh.'

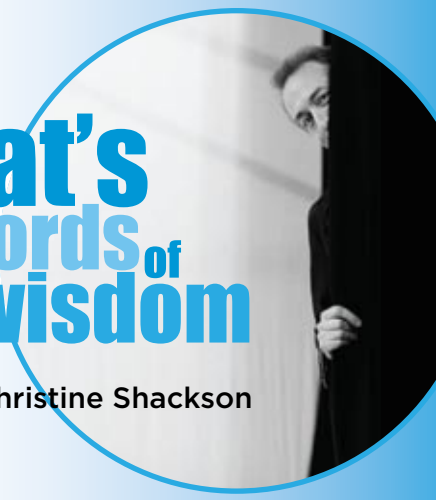
9. On expanding the Suede brand

'Working on a new cologne. Ingredients: Aqua, Crippling ennui, Eyerolls, Seething with a silent rage, Denial, Vague stoicism (<1%), Summer fruits.'

10. On musical influences

'Dreamt Bowie played football for England and scored twice. Watched the highlights and he was wearing shades. My subconscious is 7 yrs old.'

Mat's words of wisdom



by Christine Shackson

Won't someone give me a gun . . .

'Heathrow T5 has got even posher. More handbags, fewer books. SHIT I HAVE TEN HOURS IN A TIN TUBE BETTER GET A HANDBAG TO STARE AT.'

'Just out of a posh Notting Hill gym to notice my trousers' M&S REDUCED TO £16 price label still attached and hanging down.'

Have I gone too far inside my mind

'A good thing about touring, besides gigs/travel etc, is that it provides valuable research into whether man can exist on a crisp-only diet.'

'I wonder what % of my life I've spent staring out of van windows at the rain, listening to sad songs on my headphones. Feels like about half.'

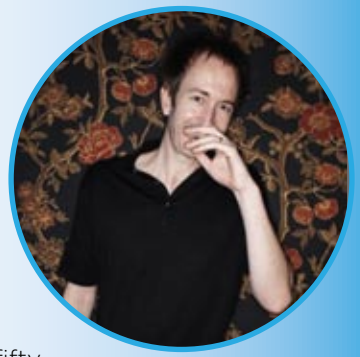
Would I even notice now my mind has gone?

'I've been alive 48 years and only today did I realise birds' knees bend in the opposite direction to ours. I'd be a rubbish detective.'

'I'm going to open a chain of cafes only serving food mentioned in the bible and call it What Would Jesus Eat.'

Mat's words of wisdom

mat @matosman's Twitter Greats continued . . .



. . . animal, he was an animal, an animal

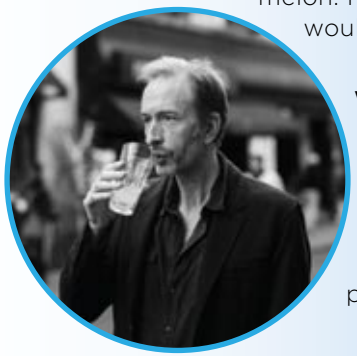
'If anyone thinks the spirit of punk is dead, can I point out that I just ate an apple with the little sticker still on.'

Shame on her . . .

'Girl stops me by the studio, says "Can I ask you something?" I put on my humble, yes it's me face. "Are you a roadie? Is Harry Styles here?"'

So slow down, slow down

. . . 'Beautifully executed, three-steps-at-a-time dash down the tube stairs, throw myself and bag thru closing doors "This train will terminate here."'



This is what I get for being that way . . .

'When I total up what I spend my life's money on it'll break down this way. 20% shelter, 15% food, 10% travel, 55% replacing lost headphones.'

'I'm wearing factor 70 sun cream. It would have been cheaper to just tippex myself.'

So Young

'Really going to milk these nine days in which he's a fifty-something and I'm not. Fun Fact: Brett is older than Radio 1. I'm not.'

. . . and so gone

'Man in Canmore liquor store, after I bought four single beers rather than a four pack; "You did the math." Me, under my breath. "I did the monster math."'

Have you ever tried it that way?

'Just put salt and pepper on my melon. My ten-year-old self would disown me.'

What does it take to turn you on

'Had a sulphur-pool mud bath yesterday and now I smell EXACTLY like a fresh pack of Swan Vestas.'

Sweet F.A. to do today . . .

'Jet-lag is like some crazy accelerant for music. Sat in a caff in Alberta, snow is falling all around, and they play "Lay Lady Lay" followed by "Streets of Philadelphia" and I may never move from this seat.'

Photos from @matosman

If you can take it, I can take it all

by Siobhan Blakey

Twenty-five years ago on a hot spring evening, I saw Suede live for the first time. As we made our way on the tube to Brixton, none of us had any idea that this was to be the start of a love that would last a quarter of a century.

From the second they took to the stage, they had us and they would not let go. I wish I could remember more from that evening but it's a collection of snapshots and emotions, and probably remembered through the rose-tinted glasses of time.

I do remember falling in love. In love with the music, hearing 'The Next Life' with all the beauty and power of Brett's voice filling the whole room and every fibre of my being. His voice, that man's voice, I am not often lost for words but he left me speechless. The pain of 'She's Not Dead' to the soaring leader of his tribe in 'To The Birds', the whole crowd moving as one at his command.

The cries and screams of Bernard's guitar on 'Moving' and losing myself in the oblivion of the mosh pit and their world. Seeing Bernard's metronomic hair swinging as I came up for air. The unbelievable sounds of Mat and Simon giving you everything they had on 'Painted People', the crowd taking it from them and yet still wanting more.

There are of course the more shallow memories too, shall we say I was not immune to the charms of Brett's twirling, spinning, shaking and microphone skills! But it was so much more than that. It was the start of a relationship with this band and with these songs that I felt belonged to me, yet came from a place where I belonged. It was the start of everything.

Photo by Rachel Apps

Better Call Saul

‘I hadn’t expected that the first band I signed would shift the musical landscape’

Saul Galpern’s Nude provided Suede with a home where the band would thrive. In this interview with Andy Price, fellow IO and MusicTech editor, Saul reflects on the early exciting days when Suede shot to stardom, and gives us a flavour of his fresh signings.

April 2018

Photos courtesy of Saul Galpern

What was your vision with Nude Records when you first started the label?

I had worked for Major labels for a number of years but when I made the plunge to start Nude, my vision was to find artists that could change people’s lives and who meant as much to fans as the bands I loved when growing up. Starting a label from scratch was an unusual step to take at the time. It was quite a rare thing to do as there weren’t many Indie labels outside of the core ones that had been successful since the ’80s, but that was about to change. The live scene was a bit uninspiring and the music press had been writing about shoegazing bands. I was on a mission. I wanted to challenge what was going on at the time and see if I could create something that had a cool aesthetic about it and that was about my tastes.

Growing up through punk, new wave and electronic pop I loved labels like Virgin and Mute, hence the name Nude being a kind of kindred spiritual reference to both these labels, but also Nude as in it being small but perfectly formed. What I wasn’t expecting, was that the first band I signed would blow up as quickly as they did and shift the musical landscape—that band, of course was Suede.

What were your first impressions of Suede when you first saw them perform?

When you’re out every night seeing loads of unsigned bands live, you kind of know when you see a good one pop up that stands head and shoulders above the rest. Of course that’s a matter of opinion and taste, but for me, as the expression goes, the night I saw Suede was like ‘hairs in the back of the neck’ time. I was tipped off about them a few months prior to the gig I went to, by a guy at the door of The Railway Tavern in West Hampstead, where I was living at the time. Through him I contacted Bernard and he sent me a demo—I hadn’t really listened to it in much detail to tell you the truth.

When I went to that gig it was a cold January night in early ’92 and I genuinely thought I’d come along to tick them and other bands off a list that I needed to check out, but the gig at The Venue in New X that night was to be a historic one that changed everything. I didn’t know if it was the second coming but they looked and sounded so out-of-step with what was going on at the time and I just had a hunch that Brett was a star. I could relate to them as they had reminded me a bit of Roxy Music, who I adored. I knew then they had to be the first signing.

‘They looked and sounded so out-of-step and I just had a hunch that Brett was a star’

The long-term deal with Suede was backed by Sony, and was quite an audacious one, too, for such a small label. Especially as Suede retained artistic control of their image/sound. How difficult was this to negotiate?

It was the beginning of Majors funding Indies. We were certainly one, if not the first, in that decade to do the type of deal we did. We were a genuine independent label in that we retained full control and ownership of the business but used the muscle of a Major to push our bands outside the UK. Prior to this, Indies had to go through various different distribution companies across various territories, which was an administrative nightmare and some of those companies were one-man operations. We had options of which none were as appealing as what we had on the table with Sony. I was determined to remain independent, to have the best of both worlds.

I had been talking with Sony even before finding Suede; I guess the stars aligned in that Sony were looking to start a new division for independent labels to work internationally. Those discussions were certainly tricky because we had to negotiate our deal with Sony, and also

(continued from page 33)

our deal with the band, both at the same time while trying to hold onto the band, so it was a risky balancing act. The band had only initially signed to Nude for two singles and they had the world at their feet. They performed 'Metal Mickey' on *TOTP* and were kind of officially unsigned at that time. They were offered ridiculous deals by every company in the world but to their credit—and in the end with all the promises thrown at them—they saw through the frivolousness of it and remained loyal, which I was most grateful for, but not without a lot of sweat and sleepless nights before they signed that long-term deal. At times it was touch-and-go.

What were the biggest challenges during your time with Suede? Bernard's exit must have caused some stress . . .

Certainly around the time of Bernard leaving, the band was fraught with tension. It was important from my, and the label's, perspective to keep a clear head and show a consistent belief in the band—no matter what circumstances were thrown at us. I needed to ensure that we were there for them at every step and continue to support them.

Watching the band grow from a happy, positive position with the success that they were having, to a delicate and poisonous one was not pleasant to watch or try to navigate. They were young and perhaps their meteoric rise happened too quickly, and being rock 'n' roll, there just wasn't time to take stock of it.

Sometimes tensions in bands can be a good thing as the writing and songs can reveal remarkable work; historically there are many other famous examples, but it sadly can also be tortuous for everyone else involved and inevitably, with Suede, something had to give to ensure the band had a future.

'Inevitably something had to give to ensure the band had a future'

What would you say was your proudest/happiest moment with Suede? And how do you reflect on that time with Suede overall?

So many happy memories of course; I was so proud to see them handle with ease the step up to playing bigger venues, but equally, I think the buzz and excitement of seeing them play those early shows when the mania was crazy but still underground in a small and very sweaty club in SW1—nothing could beat that!

Chart positions meant a lot back then; always such a buzz waiting for it, but especially being able to achieve five top 10 singles from *Coming Up*, not only for the band but for us as an Indie label. I am most proud of that; especially after everyone else had written the band off following Bernard's departure.

Winning the Mercury [Music Prize]—the best night ever! Getting them onto the Brit Awards was a great achievement too, even though it was all quite awkward on the night.

What did you do in the interim time between the label's closing and reopening?

The label had a couple of interim periods on hiatus: 2001-2004 and then again between 2008 and 2013. On both occasions I managed artists, including

of course, the return of Brett and Bernard and The Tears album. I restarted Nude with the publishing side first in 2011, and then the label in 2016.

How is all going at Nude Records now, and what releases are coming up?

It's going well, and it's starting to feel that the wheels are turning again, not just for us as a label, but within the industry. Obviously, I don't need to document the difficulties and immense changes that have occurred in the industry in the last ten years, which made life very difficult from a label perspective in being able to sign and break artists.

It may be debatable if a label is as symbolic as it was 25 years ago. On the one hand, I think what's great about the last ten years is that anyone can put their music up online; on the other hand, it also means we're in danger of losing an artist's identity. So more than ever, we need the gatekeepers. There are so many challenges that lie ahead for the label, but nothing can beat working with creative and exceptional talent and being involved in sharing and bringing it through, hopefully globally.

We aren't necessarily living in a band culture environment at the moment and although streaming platforms have revolutionised the way we engage with music—and rely a lot on curation playlists—I still firmly believe that artists do still need a label as in someone steering the ship and being part of a larger team in working the music tirelessly on behalf of them.

I feel excited again about where the label is heading; release-wise, coming up we have Juanita Stein. She was in Howling Bells. Her second album on Nude is coming out in the summer, recorded in Austin, Texas with Cat Power producer Stuart Sykes. The first single is a co-write with Brandon Flowers. She's a great talent and I'm looking forward to seeing her and her band play this summer at festivals and on tour.

I'm also really pleased to have signed a new band called Wovoka Gentle; they're a sort of weird psychedelic folk 3-piece—three talented individuals all play lots of instruments. Live, it's part theatre and part art—including twin sisters—unusual arrangements and

(continued from page 35)

vocals. It's experimental but very euphoric and spiritual in places, somewhere between Flaming Lips, Superorganism, Beach Boys and Warpaint … They have just started recording with producer Gareth Jones, known for his work with Depeche Mode and Interpol. Look out for a release after the summer. Also Honeyblood, who we love, are starting work on a new album in the summer, which is set for release early next year.

Do you have a favourite Suede song?

Where do I begin? I can't honestly answer that with one specific song. That would be impossible because for me, there are so many great ones in the band's catalogue that I love; even now the writing is of a very high standard with the last two albums, which still makes Suede a vital and important band.

Certainly there are special songs that really stand out for me for a variety of reasons and that stood the test of time. 'The Drowners', 'Trash', 'Pantomime Horse', 'Saturday Night', 'Breakdown', 'The Wild Ones', 'The Asphalt World', but I also really love the soppy ballads: '2 Of Us', 'The Big Time', 'The Next Life'.

Have you read Brett's Coal Black Mornings and if so, what did you think of it?

I think it's a wonderful and a fascinating read, so eloquently written. I think it's fair to say that Brett is a very gifted writer in more ways than one and like his music, it's up there with the very best memoirs.

And finally—THANK YOU—for believing in and signing Suede. We fans are eternally grateful.

Lost in TV

I had heard about that new English band, but as a French boy living in a small town, it wasn't easy to keep up with the nineties music scene in the UK (remember: no internet, no iPhone, just newspapers and magazines). So, one day, the guy running the local record store played me the album on its release because he knew I was into indie bands. I liked the guitar, but there was something about the high-pitched voice of the singer that put me off buying the album.

The following weekend, I happened to watch MTV UK non-stop, as my stepfather just got satellite TV. In the commercial breaks, I was repeatedly exposed to an ad for the album with the chorus to 'So Young' playing, followed by the phrase 'You've been per-suede-ded'. And it turned out to be true: by the end of the weekend I had been persuaded … The next day I went back to the record store to buy the album for 99 French francs and fell in love with that band!

The rest is history: Bataclan 1994, all ICA 2003 shows, Astoria 2003, RAH 2010, Bush Hall 2010, Paris, Brussels, Alexandra Palace, Dog Man Star 2014, Roundhouse 2015… About 30 Suede gigs attended since, with my wife (not counting The Tears or Brett Anderson gigs)—together we're in a fan club all of our own.

by Pierre Cecchini from Lille, France, aged 43

Photo by Wendy Baeten

Photo by @bantha75

Coal Black Musings

by Maria Schurr

Going into *Coal Black Mornings*, I knew the book was mostly about Brett's pre-Suede life, but the amount of writing dedicated to the band's early years was greater than expected. Being in and watching so many struggling, unheralded bands, the stories of Suede's early non-success were grimly relatable. The description of the empty, D-shaped expanse in front of the stage and gig-goers staying clear of it so as not to be 'infected by (the band's) failure' was the best description of this phenomenon that I've read or heard. The music business is wildly different now, but a lot of *CBM* would still ring true to plenty of songwriters.

I was mesmerized by certain passages and wished they had been expanded upon. Apart from Brett's capability as a writer—something which has been roundly praised in other reviews—I found Brett's style of writing very unique. It's easy to see how more than a few of us have read the memoir in a day or so. It even made me want to dig out my own passes at memoir writing, and any book that stirs as terrifying an urge as that, is surely more than a little special.

Propping Up the Bar

Cocktails with Suede

Okay, technically not with Suede themselves, but enjoy some Suede-themed cocktail recipes. They look so easy.

Brett—Black or Blueberry
by Michel Dos Santos

Cocktail 1:
1 measure of grenadine syrup
Add 3 measures
of white wine
(not too dry, not too sweet)
Add 2 measures of lemonade
Add some frozen
blueberries

Cocktail 2:
1 measure of grenadine syrup
Add 3 measures of single
cream (liquid fresh cream)
Add 2 measures of gin
Add some frozen blueberries

Brett photo by Shawndra Hayes-Budgen,
Richard photo by © Georgie Gibbon
Mat photo by @matosman

Richard—A Bite of Oakes' Apples
by Ashleigh Lawrence

As a West Country girl myself, I can testify that back in the nineties, we were all enthusiastically indulging in pints of Snakebite and Black. This cocktail is inspired not only by my teenage years in Cornwall, but also by the gorgeous Mr Oakes, who hails from Dorset, a county famed for apples and cider. With that in mind, ladies and gentlemen, I present to you my twist on Snakebite and Black. Enjoy.

Ingredients:
Half a pint of apple cider
(from Dorset... obvs.)
Half a pint of lager
1 shot of apple schnapps
Ice
Mint or green apple to garnish

Neil—Cod on the Beach
by Pippa Lowthorpe

Ingredients:
25ml of peach schnapps
(Archers)
25ml of Stolichnaya vodka
Cranberry juice
Sparkling water (San Pellegrino)

Instructions:
Fill your glass one-quarter full of ice. Pour your peach schnapps and vodka into your glass, and then stir until mixed. Fill the glass until it's halfway full with your San Pellegrino (or equivalent), then add cranberry juice to the top. Mix again, and serve! This also tastes good if you swap the Schnapps for Malibu (or any rum, but Malibu is the best).

Neil photo by @neilcodling,
Simon photo by Rachel Apps

Mat—The Osman Gimlet
by Christopher Ward

DRINK WITH ME BABY
LET'S HAVE A SIP
FROM COLD ICE TO LIME JUICE
FROM THE MUDDLED CUKES TO GIN
LIME GIMLET IS MAT'S DRINK
GIN IS HIS FAVE
SO DRINK WITH ME BABY NOW

Ingredients:
3 ounces gin (Beefeaters or Tanqueray)
0.25 ounces lime juice
2 slices cucumber
Ice

Instructions:
In a shaker, muddle the cucumbers
Add ice
Pour gin and lime juice into a glass
filled with ice
Shake well and strain the muddled
cucumbers into the glass

Simon—Simongria
by Rachel Apps

Ingredients:
1 orange, sliced
1 bottle of Spanish red wine
50ml brandy
500ml orangeade, preferably
San Pellegrino Aranciata, chilled
Ice
Purple sherbet

Instructions:
Put the orange slices in the bottom of a large jug or bowl, and muddle, or beat to the rhythm of 'The Drowners', using a wooden spoon or drum sticks. Add the wine and brandy, cover, and leave in the fridge to get to know each other for at least an hour.
Add the orangeade. Run an orange slice around the rim of a glass and dip in purple sherbet. Serve over ice. Just like Simon, it's the life of the party!

Signing with Rosie

by Bex Broughton

So seeing as this is a FANzine, I thought it fitting to include a little snap of myself and two of my closest Suede fan friends, Sam and Rosie. This was taken at a rather bloody exciting time for us all; the *Coal Black Mornings* launch event at Rough Trade East on 1st March 2018—*the* most special day witnessing Brett discuss his book for the very first time in public, and of course making a tit of myself in front of him as usual.

After reading Patti Smith's moving *Just Kids*, I honestly thought nothing would top this, until of course I opened up *Coal Black Mornings*. Yes, you may say I am pretty biased, being the mental Brett Anderson/Suede fan that I am, but for me it really is an absolute golden masterpiece. Reading the pain-stricken words on the page, you can feel Brett's emotions running through your veins and the words are fuelled with humour, honesty and integrity. It's heartbreaking at times, thought-provoking and moving.

I first fell in love with Suede when I saw them live for the first time at Ally Pally in 2013. Rather a lot has happened since then, and call me crazy, but after reading *Coal Black Mornings* it's made me fall in love with Brett all over again. It really is the most emotionally charged book I've ever read and I couldn't have asked for anything more.

I think another important part of the memoir for me are the comments I've received from friends and family who have not necessarily been as 'mental fan'-like as myself (see right). These comments have made me proud to be a fan of Suede and Brett Anderson, and I certainly couldn't imagine a life without them.

Thank you, thank you Brett!!! You're a bloody ledge x

Photo (above) by Bex Broughton

Photo (right) by Siobhan Blakey

Emily Waller—'*This is a book not only for Suede fans. During my interview with Brett at Rough Trade he was nothing but patient, friendly and charming.*'

Kate Jones—*'As a huge admirer of Suede's lyrics over the years, this book was an absolute treat to read. Brett's talent for writing is clear; the book is captivating and I loved learning how his early life formed the basis for many of the band's later songs.'*

My mum—'*The Brett Anderson memoir is a bravely descriptive account of childhood experiences and youthful lessons being learned on the way to adulthood, and making sense of his world. Looking forward to reading what happens next.*'

Hit Me with Your Majesty

by Leo Collett

Photo by Leo Collett

The prospect of meeting Brett for the first time was a daunting one. It's fair to say that, had I not gotten into Suede, my life would have taken a completely different direction: most of my friendship groups revolved around Suede, because of them I started performing in bands and DJing in indie clubs, which would lead to meeting my future wife, and in turn, to raising a family together.

I've not really been involved in fandom before; my relationship with Suede's music was always so important that I didn't want to risk it being tarnished. I used to loiter on the old Suede forums, but rarely contributed, as the atmosphere seemed to be a mixture of sarcasm and one-upmanship. In contrast, The Insatiable Ones Facebook page has been a revelation; so positive, inclusive and welcoming.

Hit Me with Your Majesty

by Leo Collett

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It was with a little trepidation that I went to the meet-up before the signing in a pub in Bath near the venue, arranged by the great Andy Price. It was like walking into the pub of your dreams; he had gone to the trouble of pre-programming a Brett-only playlist featuring deep cuts from Suede, Tears & solo, with old Suede Info Service fanzines on the tables to peruse. Because we already had the shorthand of Brett knowledge to talk about, with like-minded obsessives, it felt like I was chatting to old friends.

Later at the venue, a beautiful neo-Gothic church, the announcement that Brett would only be signing *Coal Black Mornings,* and that he would not be posing for photographs, caused a ripple of disappointment in the audience. The interviewer, Claire Harries from Topping Booksellers, did a great job while Brett was perched on a stool, positioned where a vicar might normally be, talking about his life to a congregation of Suede devotees. A personal highlight was Brett revealing that he sang 'Kooks' to his son (a song written by Bowie for his own son in 1971). However, on learning to speak, his son had told him to stop.

We then all queued to get our books signed. When it was my turn, overawed and star-struck at finally meeting the man, I unintentionally said something glib-sounding about being a big Suede fan. I then felt the need to qualify this by saying I had been a fan since 'The Drowners' and that I even gave my son the middle name Anderson. Brett seemed surprised and genuinely touched by this and thanked me.

As a fan meeting my hero of 26 years (and with the old adage of never meeting your heroes running through my mind beforehand), I left the brief meeting feeling very happy about it. Then, in the area where we all recovered from our few seconds with Brett, I bumped into an old friend I hadn't seen for many years, another person I only knew because of Suede. I'm delighted that the evening only went to reinforce what a seismic and positive constant Suede have been in my life. I can't wait to see what's next and how my life will change with it.

© Photo by Tim Woolf

Sew Young and So Gone

by Rachel Apps

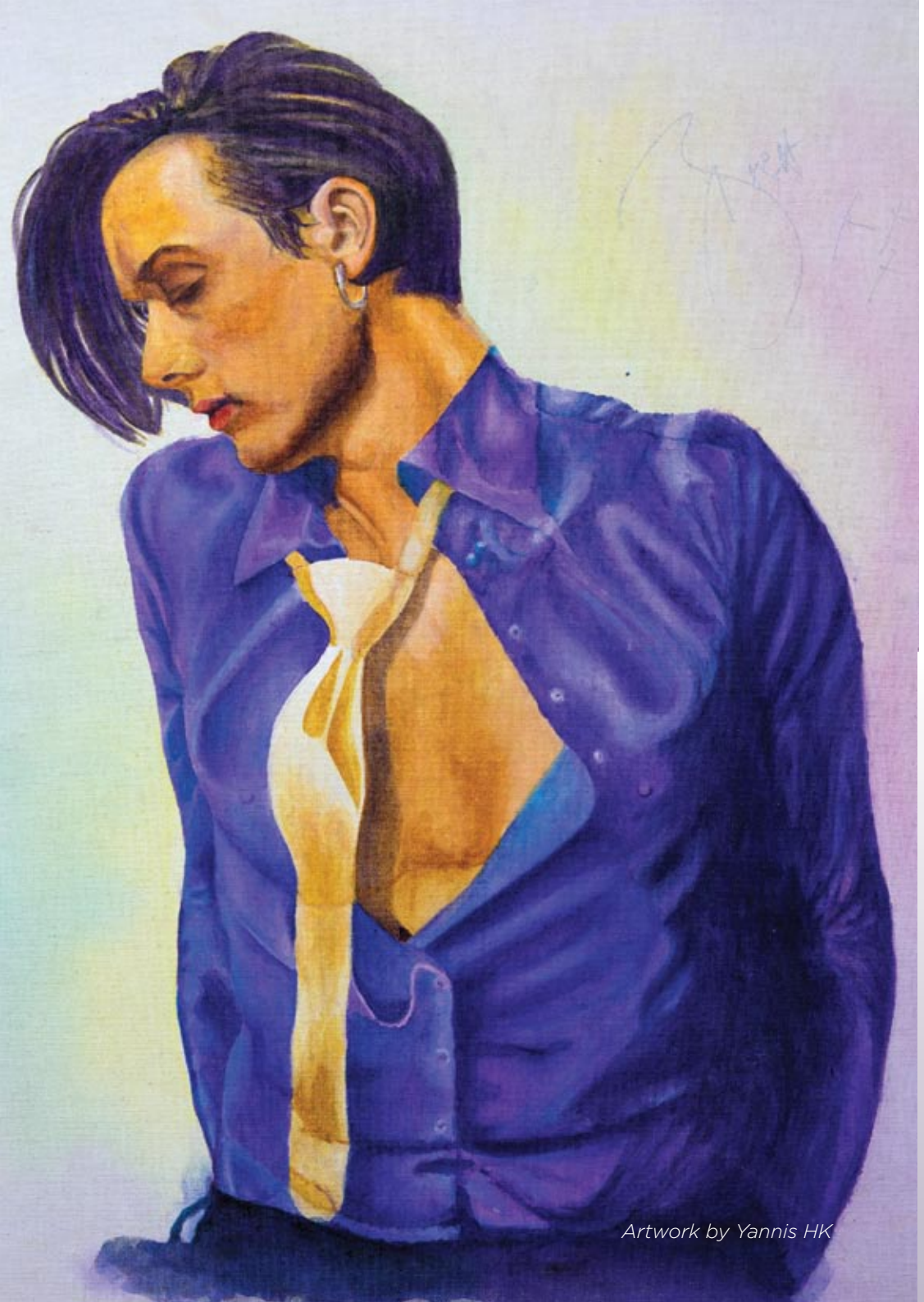
My friend and I were both obsessed with Suede; as an art student, I was driven to new heights by their inspiration. For Christmas in 1993, I constructed a Bernard dress for my friend. First, I got the dress pattern pieces all cut out, and then I drew dozens of pictures of Bernard on the fabric and painted them in, with black fabric paint. Next, I sewed the dress together. I did all of this in secret, without her finding out. My friend was delighted with the present, wearing it often, and was always asked 'Who is that on your dress?' (Not that we ever needed a reason to bring Suede into the most mundane conversations.) She intended to wear the dress to our next Suede gig and have Bernard autograph it, if we got to meet him again.

In July 1994, we felt like our lives were ending before they had ever begun. We'd started saving up to follow Suede's next tour of the States, and were devastated that Bernard had left the band, and that we may never fulfil our ambition. It was a very low time, full of uncertainty. The Bernard dress was hung in the back of a closet, nearly forgotten in the wake of renewal, rebirth and excitement in the years to come—our future secure in the hands of our hero, Richard Oakes.

Five years later, we would finally be able to show Bernard the dress. Though we fully embraced Richard as a part of Suede, and adored him more than we ever thought possible, we'd never forget Bernard and how much he meant to us. He was doing an in-store signing, so we brought the dress along, unsure of how he might react. His face was incredulous as we put it in front of him and explained about the dress. He held it up for his entourage to see, with a huge grin on his face, signing the dress for my friend and posing for photos.

It was so lovely, just to be able to let him know that he'll always be special to us.

Here's to Bernard!



Artwork by Yannis HK

Track By Track

by Andy Price

Suede—*Suede*

Suede's glorious debut album has long been held as the progenitor of Britpop, with its refreshingly Anglo-centric lyrical perspective, out-of-step with the dominance of American-led grunge on the airwaves. However, the record still stands tall on its own merits, even without this historical attribution. Suede's debut offers, not just eleven great—and occasionally genius—songs, but sets the stage for the band's entire career, with sonic and thematic indications of what was to come as the band developed. Let's take a track-by-track look at the debut . . .

© Photo by Steve Jennings

'So Young'

The urgency and vitality of youth is a theme that resonates throughout Suede's song canon, and fittingly, here—their first track of their very first album—the band most succinctly and effectively articulate the hedonistic thrill of youthful abandon. 'Because we're young' is a mantra that could be read as a justification, or an encouragement, to indulge in all the love and poison that the band offered a thoroughly bored Britain in 1993.

'Animal Nitrate'

One of the band's signature songs, and perhaps one of Suede's most well-known songs, full stop. 'Animal Nitrate' is built around a series of stingingly intense chords that—in the hands of anyone else—might have sounded formulaic. Bernard's menacing picking/strumming pattern through the verse gives the song an unsettling aura, while the chorus's quirkily effective lead part is an exercise in dynamic perfection. Brett's lyric continues the theme in 'So Young', of unshackling oneself from the inhibitions, this time within a grim 'council home' environment.

'She's Not Dead'

The tragic origins of the gorgeous 'She's Not Dead' are revealed in *Coal Black Mornings*. The resulting song is, as Brett admits in his memoir, a 'highly stylised' version of real-life events, yet the kitchen-sink, small-town sorrow of the inspiration emanates from the song. 'She's Not Dead' introduces a new side to Suede's musical dice, with Mat's melodic, fluid bass part and Bernard's lush guitar textures fusing together to build a warm, nostalgic musical landscape.

Track By Track

by Andy Price

(continued from page 45)

‘Moving’

Production aside, ‘Moving’ is—in actuality—a brilliant little song, containing one of Suede’s early provocative statements: ‘so we are a boy, we are a girl’. It’s propelled along by Simon’s rollickingly brilliant drums and Brett’s semi-mocking vocal delivery. Lyrically, we’re inhabiting a dark and sexual world with numerous allusions to animals (which appear throughout Brett’s early writing).

‘Pantomime Horse’

The debut’s grand nucleus is many a Suede fan’s favourite track. And it’s easy to understand why. The gradual intro reveals more and more texture before it yields, almost theatrically, to spotlight Brett as he delivers an elusive ‘dark suggestion’ of a lyric that offers another intriguing statement of outsiderdom. Brett’s suggestive ‘have you ever tried it that way’ strongly emphasises the exotic eroticism prevalent throughout the debut album.

‘The Drowners’

Suede’s glorious debut single is still among their finest-ever tracks. The eyebrow-raising reference to kissing ‘in his room, to a popular tune’ has entered the lexicon of British pop music. ‘Woah, what’s this’, recalled Britpop documentor-in-chief John Harris upon hearing it for the first

Artwork by Luci Dean

time—its release being the starting pistol of the entire movement. The song’s quirky, octave-leaping chorus clearly homages Bowie’s ‘Starman’, while Brett’s soaring vocals over the uplifting, euphoric, outro are still as fantastic on listen 2,412 as they were on the first.

‘Sleeping Pills’

One of Brett’s lyrical preoccupations was documenting the occasionally stifling stillness of life and the sense that experience, adventure and happiness were just happening to other people. The exquisite ‘Sleeping Pills’ evokes this with a perfect fusion of tender, layered guitar and Brett’s ethereal vocal performance that results in a dramatic highlight of the debut. Drug dependency here isn’t something exotic and decadent but instead is a tool to dull the pain of a still, empty life.

‘Breakdown’

An underrated gem, even among the fan community. ‘Breakdown’ has long been a personal album highlight. The mix contains evocative acoustic guitar, vibrant layered leads and passive, mournful bass. ‘Breakdown’ sets a passionate, yearning lyric among Mike Leigh-level suburban minutiae. It can lyrically be read as another paean to the housewife, trapped in a mundane, static world.

‘Metal Mickey’

The glam-rock associations that were (and still are) lazily foisted upon Suede when they first emerged weren’t entirely unfounded. ‘Metal Mickey’ does sound like a deliberate throwback to that large Mick Ronson guitar sound while Brett’s ‘she’s driving me mad’ lyrics are among the most accessible to the general record-buying public.

‘Animal Lover’

The suggestive title of ‘Animal Lover’ is posed as a jibing question (‘what were you in for... animal lover?’). It’s obviously written from the perspective of a jilted ex—confronting the new partner of his former lover. Musically, it’s the most straightforward, ‘rocky’ track on the album, with an enjoyable, punky air.

‘The Next Life’

One of my favourite aspects of *Coal Black Mornings* was Brett’s revelation that for him, song writing can be informed by numerous different factors, and that he only discovered what ‘The Next Life’ was centrally inspired by, after listening back to it long after writing it: the death of his mother. It’s a song about loss generally, with the fragile but effective piano part an immediate tearjerker. Brett’s vocals are breathy and resigned, but rise in power before becoming a haunting, lifting wail. It ends the record on a reflective, tender note and belatedly introduces a new facet of Suede—the piano-led, cinematic masterpieces that we’d be hearing a lot more of on their sophomore album . . .

What a stunning debut Suede’s first album was and still remains, there’s a timeless quality to it that sets it apart from many, if not all, of its contemporaries —it sounds as fresh today as it did in 1993.

Caption Competition

Photo by Wendy Baeten

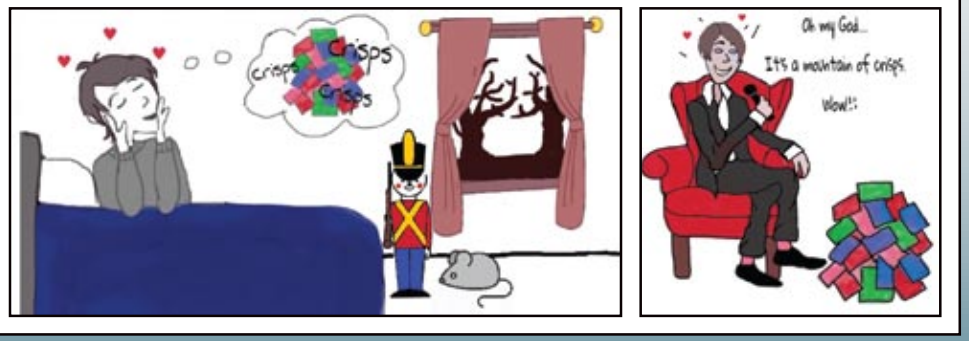
Here's your chance to win a Suedeground mug designed by Rin!

The mug features the artwork seen on the last page of this fanzine. All you need to do is email us a witty and/or clever caption for the photo above, along with your name to:

theinsatiableonesfanzine@gmail.com

Closing date: 1st July 2018 midday UK time. The winner will be contacted by email.

Crispgate by Luci Dean



Coal Black Mornings a wordsearch by Carrie Pennock

S E K A E S A E A A O F R S U R S R
U G E C E M A G E C I D E H T S B J
E R N I A E B A T N A N R R C P R U
E S E I H L A O S A O I L R O S E S
F E R E N S B B O E B I H T U I T T
O R E O T R U T L K T F A A N R T I
U E A R H R O B I T T X I G C C A N
F E S N Y E A M L T I O N H I F N E
S E E P Z I T E K D N R U C L O D F
E E A E T L B I R C A I R R H N E R
O R E A O R I I H O A R A R O I R I
K W S C O A V S L W M L A P U A S S
I N E W E E A A Z L E O B R S T O C
I T N E R A N A B T A H T L E N N H
S E A M S T R E S S R S T A A U I M
T N E D I C C A E K I B R O T O M A
W H A Y W A R D S H E A T H R M C N
E R U L I A F T U O B A K O O B N N

Word List:

BRETTANDERSON
MOTORBIKEACCIDENT
BOOKTOUR
SEAMSTRESS
PAINTITBLACK
COALBLACKMORNINGS
FRANZLISZT
INSATIABLEONES
FINSBURYPARK
THEWHITEHORSE
HAYWARDSHEATH
JUSTINEFRISCHMANN
COUNCILHOUSE
BOOKABOUTFAILURE
MOUNTAINOFCRISPS
LITTLEBROWN
TAXIDRIVER
THEDICEGAME

'Suedeground' created by Rin @pbtm9121

© Photo by Colin McAlpine