

THE NEW FISH

DAZZLED

SHE ROCKS

WORLD
EXCLUSIVE

PJ HARVEY

CHRISTIAN BALE
CHARLI BALTIMORE
HUBERT SELBY JR
WILL OLDHAM
+
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分碎謠言

及李珊珊即彈開
怡無對象卻談結婚

據于建利市道報

【本報訊】據于建利市道報，李珊珊與陳國治的婚事，目前正處於「分碎謠言」階段。據悉，兩人雖然尚未正式宣布結婚，但外界對於他們的關係充滿了猜測與傳聞。李珊珊方面則表示，她目前尚未有對象，對於談論結婚一事，她顯得有些猶豫與保留。陳國治則被指在背後積極籌劃，但兩人之間的關係似乎並未如外界所傳的那般穩定。目前，兩人仍保持著一定的聯繫，但對於未來的發展，雙方都持觀望態度。



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臨為情而苦

張家輝

【本報訊】據于建利市道報，張家輝最近因感情問題而顯得有些憔悴。據悉，他目前正處於一段艱難的時期，對於感情的未來感到迷茫與痛苦。張家輝在採訪中表示，他目前尚未有對象，對於談論結婚一事，他顯得有些猶豫與保留。他認為，目前最重要的是先解決好自己的感情問題，才能考慮到未來。目前，他仍保持著一定的聯繫，但對於未來的發展，雙方都持觀望態度。

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一本你不能錯過的特刊
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CARTE D'ASSURANCE MALADIE



MARIUS, TRAVELLER. CONGOLESE
#GG10026. PADDED SECURITYJACKET



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FROM THE EDITOR 08/98

He walked straight up to me and asked, "Have you got a Polaroid camera?" I was sitting with a couple of people in the office discussing some ideas when he just appeared as if from nowhere. He stood there with a red beret on his head, a big smile on his face and asked again, "Have you got a Polaroid camera?"

I asked him who he was with, thinking that perhaps he was working with a staff photographer. He said he was with no one, that he was on his own. It seemed unusual, but perhaps he had arranged to pick up a Polaroid camera for a contributor, so I asked him where he was from. He said he was originally from Russia. This confused the hell out of me, so I excused myself for a moment and moving closer towards him noticed that he was holding a tightly rolled issue of the magazine. I told him that we didn't have a Polaroid camera in the office.

I asked him if he was a photographer. He told me that he was an artist. "Vinny said I should come, do you know Vinny?" "I work under the principle of Vincent Van Gogh." He opened his rolled issue and pointing at the magazine, insisted that he needed a Polaroid camera so he could take an instant picture of himself for publication. It was then that I noticed he had surgical tape over his left earlobe. I assured him that there was no Polaroid camera on the premises, but he seemed unfazed. It was his mission to be featured in the issue, Vinny had told him to come after all. I suggested that if he really wanted to contribute he needed to follow the standard procedure which would be to send in or drop round some photographs with some written idea of what he wanted to do. He explained he didn't have a camera, but if I had a Polaroid he would be able to take the picture right now. Things seemed to be going in circles. Here was a man desperate to publish a photograph of himself yet without the means to do it. He was obviously not a photographer but somehow he had managed to walk into the office, come right up to me and get to the point where he believed he might just be able to pull off his idea. Now after getting so far with so little it was all about to go horribly wrong for him. He asked me what he could possibly do to have his photograph published in the magazine. Not thinking that I would ever see or hear from him again I threw some suggestions his way. Perhaps he could write his ideas down, perhaps he could send some images in, he could press his face on a photocopier at the photocopy shop or even better he could go to a photo booth and try some unusual ways of photographing himself. His smile returned and he thanked me, leaving the office looking confident and enthused.

Three weeks later I received a letter. It was bound by surgical tape, the same tape he'd had on his earlobe. It didn't contain a letter or a note of explanation. The only thing inside was this photo booth picture. A picture of himself that he had ripped into eight tiny pieces. It looks like he made it in after all.



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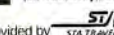
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G-SHOCK

21st C.B.

soundtrack for his whole trip: art, clothes, design and skateboarding. Picture this: bearded, bespectacled and tattooed, this dude skated his way into the public eye with his unique style. Not content, he then changed the face of street culture too.

**To arrive at the
place where
we started.
But know it for
the first time.**



DW-003CB-38V

He's one of a growing number of skateboard street artists creating images on every corner, which break every rule. City hipsters you might choose to hate but can never ignore.

The work of Tommy Guerrero and three other skateboard artists are now featured on the special Limited Edition G-Shock '21st Century Boy' range. Tough, pure and exclusive the watches come in four original street art designs making G-Shock the watchword of the times.



DW-003CB-1VT



DW-003CB-2VT



DW-003CB-3AV



Right: Hong Kong Stock Exchange (Diptych), 1996
Below: Atlanta, 1996
Opposite: Bundestag, 1998
Images courtesy of Kunstmuseum Wolfsburg and Photographers' Gallery

Vast Alpine valleys, bustling centres of commerce and government, immense hotel interiors, sprawling industrial cityscapes and not a focal point in sight. Andreas Gursky avoids eye-catching scenes and discernible human subjects, creating epic panoramas from distant, elevated views and filling the frame with intricate details and disturbing implications.

Born into a family of professional photographers in '50s East Germany, Gursky grew up surrounded by images in a bedroom which doubled as a studio. Having studied under Bernd and Hilla Becher - sages of systematic contemporary German photography - he gained a reputation for a series of local landscapes in the mid '80s.

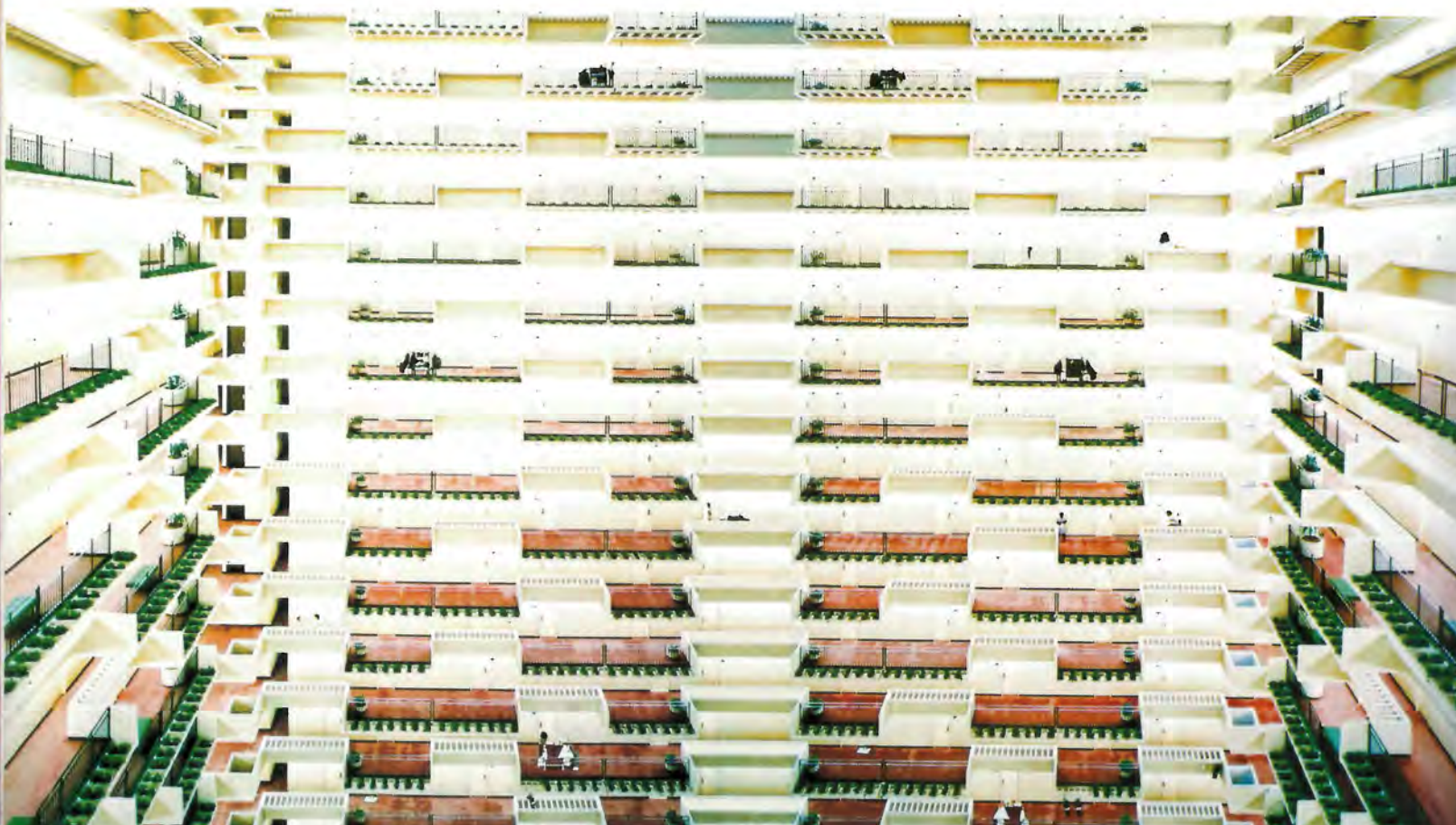
The more he's travelled the more selective Gursky has become with his subject matter, taking few photographs besides those that go on to get published. He likes to preconceive images as much as possible without allowing himself to be "influenced by spontaneous flashes of inspiration" and sets up his plate camera only after visiting and revisiting desired locations. Each photograph can take up to several weeks to be developed and printed, a process Gursky relishes and compares to the obsessive art of alchemy. He often employs electronic picture processing to manipulate perspective and idealise forms but likes to restrain his alterations to the limits of probability.

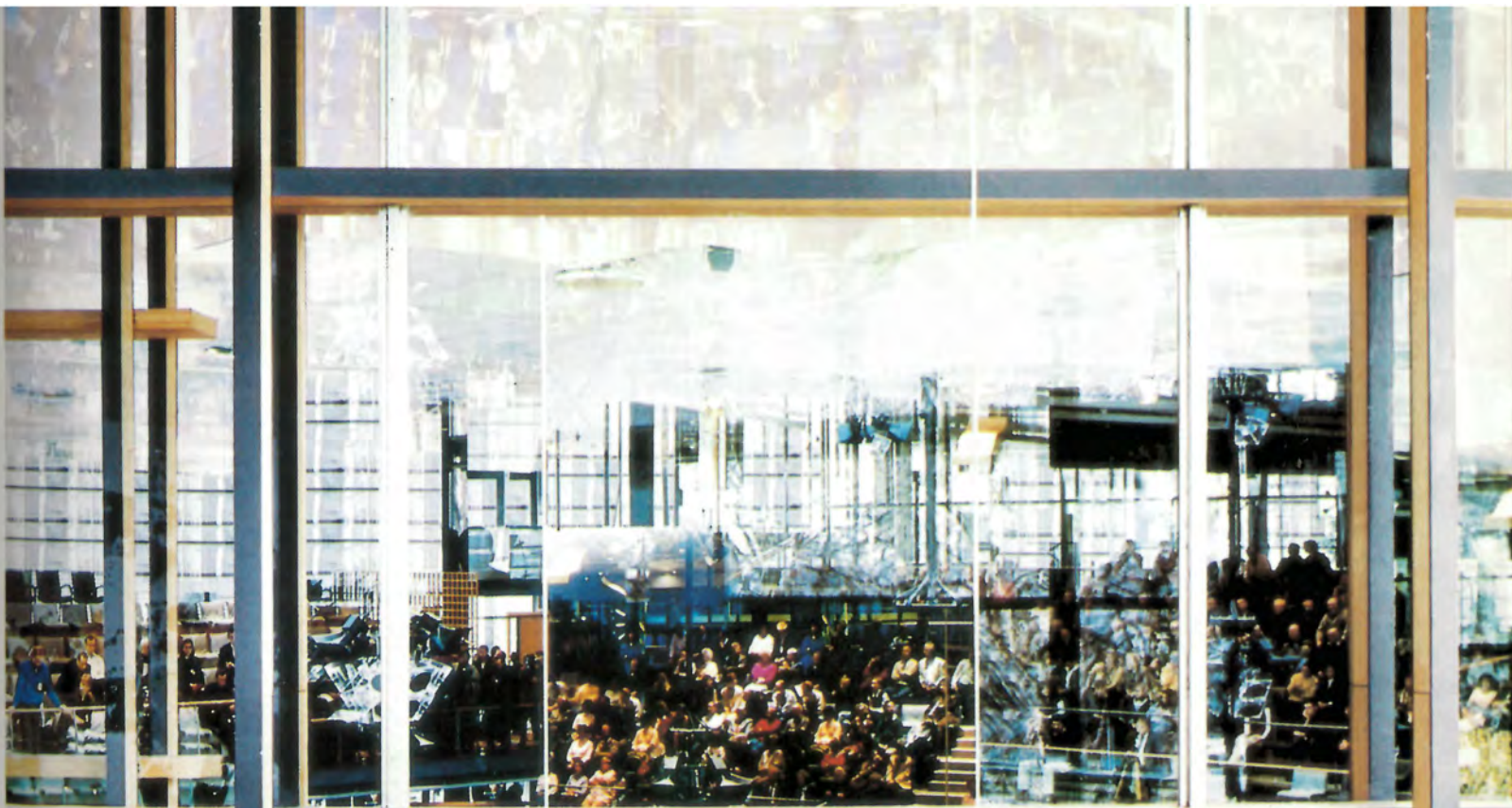
Winner of the Citibank Photography Prize earlier this year, Gursky is now the subject of a new book and major touring exhibition which incorporates all his work since 1994. Over the past four years he's documented some of the most sublime and intolerable spaces in which humans operate, from Brasilia to Singapore. While he's relentless in his pursuit of the images in his mind, Gursky isn't interested in totemic instances so you're rarely aware of his presence as a photographer. Scenes of airstrips without aeroplanes and racecourses without horses are typical. It's as if he's meticulously planned

to miss the vital moment which others might have hoped to capture. At the other extreme, photographs of stock exchanges in Chicago and Hong Kong overloaded with human activity illustrate the growing homogenisation of international capitalism as well as reducing their inhabitants to anonymous elements of the pictures' composition. This belittling process is intentional, as evident in most of Gursky's work: "My camera's distance from figures means that they become de-individualised. I'm never interested in the individual, but in the human species and its environment."

By breaking architectural photography conventions and peering into structures like the Hong Kong Shanghai Bank and the German Parliament from halfway up neighbouring buildings, Gursky demystifies their imposing facades and allows us to be voyeurs on a grand scale, staring through glass and metal skins at the occupants' austere activities. Even when Gursky's love of composition is taken to the extreme in his immaculate, almost unbelievable image of the multistoried atrium of Atlanta's Hyatt Regency Hotel, your eyes start reading between the lines of white balconies and red carpets and you find yourself wondering what the maids are clearing away from the previous night's activities.

Andreas Gursky: Photographs 1994-1997 is currently on show at the Kunstmuseum Wolfsburg until 23rd August, touring to London's Serpentine Gallery at the start of next year. The accompanying book published by Matthew Kantz is priced at £38.00 and is available from the Photographers' Gallery and most good bookshops







FRED PERRY
THE ORIGINAL PERFORMANCE



get shoved in with Shola and Pina and Mick, but I don't really feel comfortable with that at all. I see them as the glamorous, pop end of r&b and what I do as grittier, harder-edged."

Beverley Knight is quick to refute similarities with any of her supposed peers and nor does she hold much truck with the suggestion that US soul leaves the British cowering in the shadows. "In the past three years that has turned on its head. What we're doing over here is so much more inventive. Over there you've got fluffy who bites '80s hits, puts some lame-ass rhyme over the top and - ta-ching! - takes over the world. I'm writing everything from scratch. It's a different league." At the age of 18, Knight was scooped up from a Wolverhampton pavement and transported to the bright lights of, um, Cheltenham to do a degree in Religious Studies. She was then 'discovered' singing at a Midlands fashion show and whisked away to the brighter, bigger, faster lights of, um, Dome records. There was one great single (nu-brit r&b track "Flava Of The Old School": available on one of a number of Best of Swing compilations near you, right now) and an album (*The B-Funk: Buy The Best Of Swing*) and then, as she says herself, "a bit of a scrap" at Dome. Wherein things promptly went belly up.

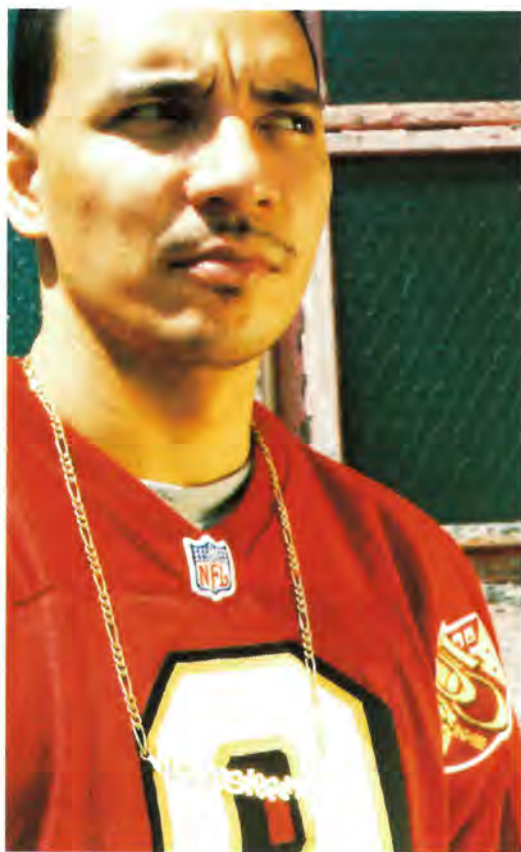
But that was okay, God was watching over her and she made it back, as the temptingly tough soul jam that introduces her second album *Prodigal Sista* quite clearly puts it. Back to Parlophone soul imprint, Rhythm Series. If, at this juncture, it all begins to feel a bit quintessentially Mac-like - truth be told, a good portion of the record buying public could be forgiven for not noticing that Beverley ever actually went away - she's quick to curb any lazy comparison with the man who zealously declared his own 'return' after just one single. "Mark Morrison perpetrated every crap myth and stereotype about British r&b," she says, coolly. "We don't want to be bad bwoys."

Prodigal Sista is a testament to a rebirth of formidable home-grown soul. Forward thinking. Roots. Its latent body-swerve of black talent is, in fact, everything that the tiresome Cool Britannia hype missed. "That whole thing pissed me off," concurs Beverley, by way of a parting shot, "no grass roots. Not a dicky bird." Over to the new school...

EVERLEY KNIGHT
PAUL FLYNN PHOTOGRAPHY ANDY COTTERILL



"I hooked up with Mike D in about '85, and he asked me if I wanted to record some stuff with them. I guess it's just taken over a decade to get me into the studio with them."



Mix Master Mike is talking about his new paymasters. The Beastie Boys have always had an uncanny way of dealing with their own expectations, a die-hard nose for business at odds with their public persona of three wildly talented, but stunted adolescents. When they needed to resurrect their old-school leanings, they called in the expertise of DJ Hurricane. For their forthcoming album, *Hello Nasty*, a reprisal of their electro roots, Mike's the man. But as Hurricane has departed, doesn't their latest DJ ever contemplate the job security of working with the Beasties?

Mike is highly defensive of his new bosses. But then he is just about to hit the road with them for the rest of the year. "I don't get that impression of them, but then I've been down since around '85. They gave me a call when they were recording their new album and asked me if I wanted to do the scratches. I even ended up doing a little production for it. I think that with The Beastie Boys, what you have to remember is that they know what they want. At all times."

Which is why they called on Mike, right? As king linchpin behind the influential Cali-based Invisible Skratch Pickles, Mike has previously recorded a clutch of tunes that defied all hip hop logic. Jacking the turntable to the top of the formula in a seemingly never-ending quest for the ultimate scratch. The Pickles may sound a little too eclectic for most urban tastes, but even so, he's quickly won a few admirers with hip hop's old-school purists.

"Guys like Mike are where the DJ is at right now," comments Run DMC's Jay Master Jay. "We can't even pretend to be at his level, to be doing what he does. There's a whole new level of experimenting going on out there, and guys like him are leading the pack. Doing things that we couldn't even consider doing back in the day, because the technology wasn't up to spec. But it's cool - 'cos it's done in an old-school style."

Mike acknowledges Jay's comments, but defers the old-school comparisons. His debut album, *Anti-theft Device*, isn't just one of many other excursions into beat territory, he argues. It might be an instrumental outing, but the collection stands as more than just a collage of vocal samples held together by scratches. Nervously sequenced and swiftly paced tracks like "Well Wicked" and "Gang Tackle" are commentaries on the state of the nation in as much as they are examples of deck-wizardry. "It's the new sonic science, baby," he ventures. "People have this perception that artists like me, Roc Raida and those guys from The X-Ecutioners bring out these albums because we can't rap and want to show off our turntable skills. That ain't it. People have to think that some of us are a little disillusioned with the MCs we see out there, 'cos suddenly it's all about the money. And we want to stay pure to the art, show where it all came from." |

"The Swiss are inventive", "Every third Swiss owns a car" and "All Swiss are equal before the law," boasts a website dedicated to promoting the local economy. In this fairy tale harmony, what happens when a hip hop crew known solely for their dramatisation of urban symphonies, find themselves rudely transported onto a foreign doorstep?



Ohio based Mood are in Zurich, to promote their debut album, *Doom*. Produced by up and coming auteur Hi-Tek, the three-piece have created a collection that taps into the nervy veins of New York's underground. It's due mainly to a collaboration with Wu offshoot Sunz Of Man, yet doesn't strive to emulate the success of their contemporaries.

But the Swiss experience has proved complicated for Mood to comprehend. The previous night they played to an appreciative audience gathered for a makeshift hip hop festival. The band have wilfully embraced the Swiss drugs law that allows hemp stores to litter every corner, selling paraphernalia that would have even Cheech and Chong blinking in disbelief.

"But yo, they got so much police here, it's almost like a military state. We know what it feels like to be black in America, you kind of got the same situation here," says rapper Dante. He looks at his partner-in-rhyme, Main-flo, who was picked up by the police the night before for a "routine" body-search.

Main-flo looks out of a nearby window. The pacification of this marijuana generation isn't Orwellian enough for the Department Federal de Justice et Police, he agrees. Grim faced automatons, armed with machine guns, patrol the pavements. Each of them seemingly assembled on the same manufacturing line.

"I've been feeling strange here," he says finally. "Yeah, they got the relaxed approach to drugs laws, but that itself is like some kind of mind-control shit. The people here think they are better than us. Rappers are always dissing the US, complaining that there's so much wrong back at home. But here, you think that no matter how long you stayed, you'd never fit in."



I G I T A L L Y

M A S T E R E D

DM'S





KNOT LIKELY

PHOTOGRAPHY BEN INGHAM STYLING CATHY EDWARDS

Reef,
sheepshank,
figure 8 or slip.
You don't have
to be a scout
or a seaman to
tie the knot





DAM BRYANT FLOTTING AND GUY USING TIGI HAIR CARE
SHARON DOWSETT AT PREMIER USING AVEEDA NATURAL COLOR COSMETICS
CHARLAND MILLER AND JANE HIRST MILLER
DRESSING ASSISTANT SHERYL
HAIR ASSISTANT SIMONE MASON
STYLING TONY RELPH AT THE TOP FLOOR STUDIO



VIRGIN CLOTHING
TEXT: CLAIRE FOURNIER PHOTOGRAPHY: HANNAH STARKER
ART DIRECTION: PHIL BICKER STYLING: ANNA COCKBURN

Forget the bright red background, the passé white handwriting. Virgin's new logo – slick black and white with slim, neat type – will be visible on glacé leather jackets and stretch skirts from this summer on.

Virgin Clothing, the latest offshoot of an ever expanding empire, is hoping to seduce us with a range of classic, comfortable clothing. Adopting recent style trends, the debut autumn/winter collection uses high-performance fabrics and actionwear shapes like nylon parkas and bombers, in anthracite, stone and ice-grey mineral colours to create a camouflage style. Easy fabrics like wool and fleece offer protection from natural and urban aggression.

The idea behind this new line: an interchangeable wardrobe reflecting a multifaceted way of life, from working outdoors to going out clubbing. Menswear is dominated by a combination of jackets, jeans and combats. Womenswear ranges from stretch skirts and jackets through to knitwear and wool denim. The result is an easy-going, relaxed collection, which

Hence the easy zips, V-necks, natural colours and basic cuts.

There's also the "Athleisure" footwear range: meaning high-tech boots and trainers inspired by rock-climbing, with 'shock-resistant' soles and antiperspirant 'footbeds'.

A more inspired colour range (other than black, navy and khaki) would do the brand no harm. But it all has to do with high-tech materials and *interactivity*, we're told. Once the collection is launched you'll be able to go virtual shopping on the internet, picking up items, constructing outfits and trying them out on mannequins. You won't even have to leave the house to do shopping. Call that great business sense. They call it 'Virgin thinking'.

Virgin Clothing is available this Autumn from Selfridges and Brown Footwear (London) and selected shops nationwide. www.virgin-clothing.com

ASIA PACIFIC BREWERIES LTD.

咬死你



TIGER. UNTOUCHABLE BEER
FROM THE FAR EAST.



THE PINEAL EYE

PHOTOGRAPHY / RAM AND FA



HELLO! I'M WRITTING TO INFORM YOU THAT WE WILL OPEN A SHOP CALLED 'THE PINEAL EYE' IN SOHO, LONDON TOWARD THE END OF MAY. I ENCLOSED A LIST OF THE DESIGNERS THE WE ARE WORKING WITH AND ALSO FEW IMAGES OF OF HOW IT WILL LOOK.

OUR INTEREST IS TO INTRODUCE NEW DESIGNERS AS WELL AS ESTABLISHED DESIGNERS FROM ALL OF THE WORLD WITH ONE-OFF, SHOW, ORIGINAL PIECES TO CREATE A GALLERY-LIKE ATMOSPHERE. ALSO WE ALREADY PLANNED TO DO AN EXHIBITION BY 'PURPLE FASHION' FOR THE OPENNING, 'VIKTOR & ROLF' EXHIBITION IN JUNE AND OTHER ARTISTS.

DESTRUCT METERS STREETS

For the sixth consecutive year Metro Imaging has supported young photographers with a cunningly self-referential competition. Students are annually encouraged to incorporate the letter 'M', 'e', 'T', 'r' or 'O' into an image in subtle and unpredictable ways.

This year a panel of established visual arts writers and photographers, including David Brittain and Sean Ellis, selected winners and finalists for each letter from colleges around the country - allocating a range of prizes and coordinating an exhibition at the company's Clerkenwell headquarters. Whether they're of the line in a frown, the tea stains on a table or the shape of a skater's trousers the most interesting submissions are those in which letters have been astutely contrived from the everyday.

The exhibition runs at Metro Imaging, 76 Clerkenwell Road, London EC1 until August 7 before touring to their other branches. Phone Katarina on 0171 865 0000 for more details

Below, from right: Daniel Hatfield, Stephen Joyson, Michele Smith, Lars Wallin, Jonathan Malpass



THE FIRE PEOPLE

The most recent recruits to Cannongate's outstanding black imprint, Payback Press, are a new breed of urban poets. Celebrating the increasingly indigenous Black British identity, they have been named The Fire People

This collection of their work has been edited by established Mancunian poet Lemn Sissay, whose agenda is nurturing rather than nostalgic: "The obvious names of Black Poetry in Britain are not here. There is no Zephania, no Agard, and no Nichols. They are all important poets but have been anthologised many times. With the exception of Linton Kwesi Johnson and Jackie Kay, I want to bring you something new."

Arising from Black Britain with proud recognition of their second generation roots, the poets are influenced as much by hip hop as reggae.

Collective and individual pain is sung out in varying pitch and personae; joy is to be felt, poignantly, through expression. The high points of the book are most frequently female - Malika Booker (*Girl Chile*), Raman Mundair (*Body Memories no.1*), Salena Saliva Godden (*Blue Cheese, Raw Fish and Olives and Dutch Courage*), Lorraine Griffiths (*How (Not) To Let Go Of What You Can't Hold* and *Diary of a Poette*) and Andria Smith (*Ole Ooman* and *Auntie Magic*) - creating a strong spine of fresh talent. Tricky has contributed four examples of his lyrical magic and Kwesi Johnson includes a reggae-hymn to the German poet, Maya Ayim, who died last year and to whom this collection is dedicated.

The Fire People is published by Payback Press in August





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Virtually hidden within this year's burgeoning Edinburgh Film Festival programme is a section called Mirrorball. This little gem provides an appetising selection of music-based material that is well worth searching out.



Many of the screenings are UK premieres, notably *Free Tibet*, Sarah Pirozek's entertaining documentary about Beastie Boy Adam Yauch's brainchild, The Tibetan Freedom Concert. This fast-paced feature-length film comprises a bizarre combination of archive footage and historical references; interviews with nuns and monks who have been tortured by the current regime; and live performances by the likes of Sonic Youth, Björk, Beck, The Fugees, The Smashing Pumpkins and of course, The Beasties.

Other treats include *All American*, a homage to the best of US music-promo directors. The programme features the work of innovative young filmmakers

such as Roman Coppola, Spike Jonze and Evan Bernard and includes video for Money Mark, Air and Nine Inch Nails. Unsurprisingly, the ubiquitous Beastie Boys crop up again.

Fresh from its world premiere at The Sundance Film Festival, *Mirrorball* also screens *Modulations*, a comprehensive chronicle of the history of electronic music. Boasting interviews with the pioneers of electronica, Detroit and Chicago house, hip hop and jungle, the film's real strength is in its definitive soundtrack.

Check it out. It rocks.

COCO AND THE BEAN Tales From The Mouse House



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CD/LP/MC

Includes The Singles "All Star", "Versus The 90's" and "Fair Play"

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MAGGIE STINE

TEXT ANDREA COVINGTON PHOTOGRAPHY EVIENN SPEIGHT



GANGER

Don't mention post-rock. Don't talk about the so-called Glasgow 'scene'. And don't, whatever you do, pronounce their name 'ganjo'

Lo-fi Scottish experimentalists Ganger (as in kanga and manga) come foil-wrapped, with more warnings than a packet of fags. So it's a relief to discover an affable bunch of characters underneath. - despite being bleary eyed the morning after a late-night London gig.

They're feeling rough round the edges all right. "My breakfast is still stuck in my throat," confesses ginger guitarist Craig B shakily. But the foursome have experienced worse. Like earlier this year when they recorded their album *Hammock Style* in the no-sane-man's land of a Leith industrial scrap-yard. A month was spent incommunicado, dossing on floors with no shower, no pub, no LIFE. "We were getting cabin fever," says drummer and founder-member James Young with a shiver. "We fought like dogs," remembers Craig.

The resulting long-player, however, was worth a few numb toes and barbed exchanges. A sprawling web of raw, discordant guitar riffs, pounding drum loops, and pulsing dual basslines brings to mind the aftermath of a car crash between Sonic Youth and Tortoise.

Unsurprisingly both are major influences alongside James' Krautrock back catalogue. And don't let his bleached hair and boyish looks deceive you. Lurking underneath is an unhealthy obsession with heavy metal - the self-confessed musical equivalent of leprothy.

Weaving across this chaos are the vocals of Natasha Noramly, joining with Craig after a radical line-up reshuffle that has sent the band spinning in a new direction: "They add to the layer and texture of the music as opposed

to just lead vocals," the diminutive Malaysian born singer explains. "Bon Jovi kind of vocals," pipes in James.

They're certainly doing all right for an outfit that nearly started life with the same name as U2 tribute band Doppelganger. Now they prefer the shrink-to-fit version. (For the record a 'ganger' is a foreman on a building site - an industrial term that neatly slots in with their hard-hitting sound). "Short names are good," explains James. "That American band When People Were Shorter Lived Near the Water, What have they done?"

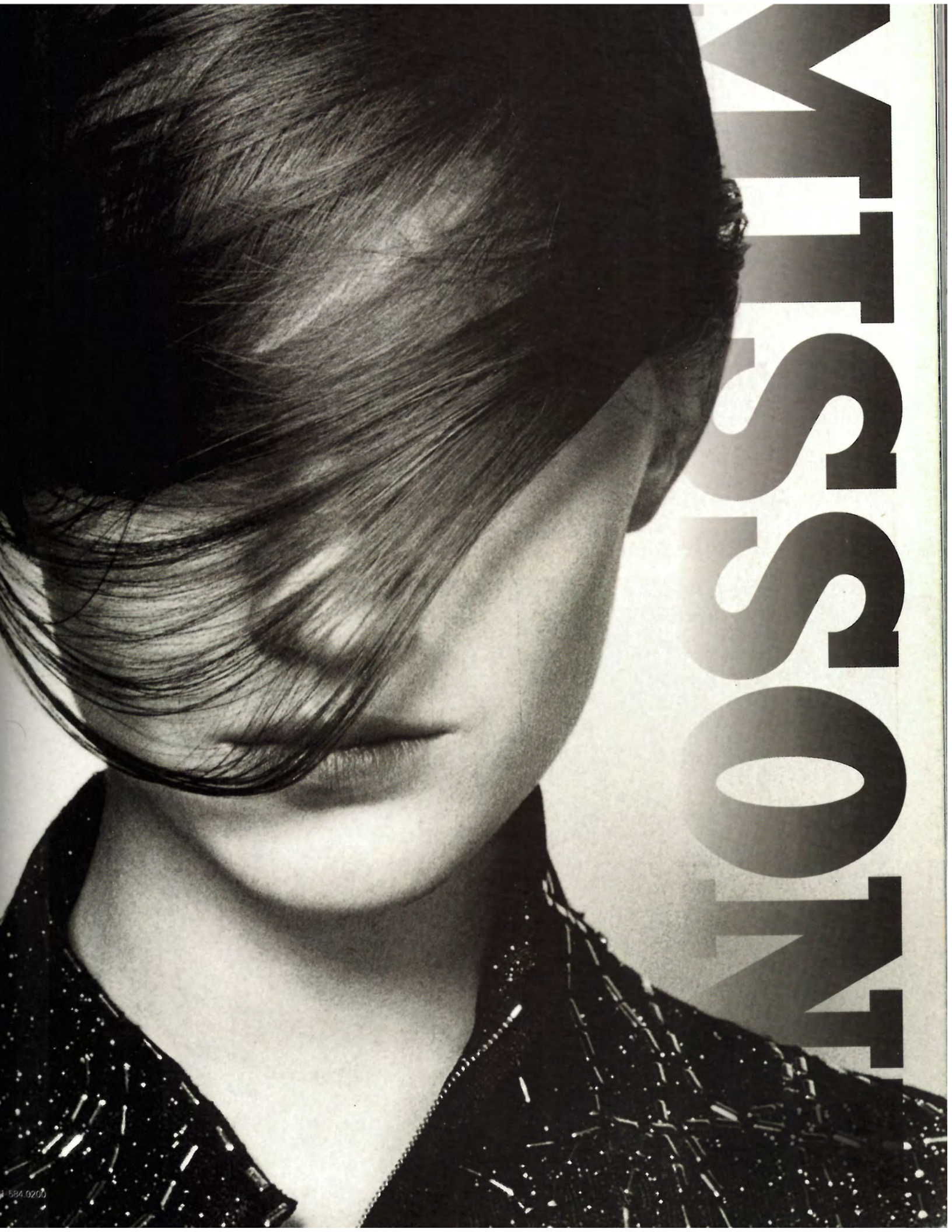
Name aside, Ganger are clearly in the right place at the right time as Scotland ousts Wales as the latest in the long line of new Manchesters. Although they yet to gain the same exposure as the likes of Mogwai and Arab Strap. "We can't yet afford a TV to throw out of the hotel window," says James of their sadly non-existent rock & roll lifestyle. "We can't even afford hotels," throw Craig. Even their tour van is hired. "We got it from a firm that also hires out Range Rovers and bouncy castles. We hoped they might throw one in for free!"

Nor have the groupies exactly been hounding them. The closest encounter "One bloke with a bad haircut and red football shorts came up to us and said our music had taken him to places he'd never been before," recalls James. Now you can't argue with that.

Hammock Style is out July 27th on Domino Records

Left to right: Craig B, James A Young, Natasha Noramly, Stuart Henderson





MTS
OUT

You'd normally expect to find Elk, graffiti artist extraordinaire, spraying concrete walls of football pitches and theatre sets. But you can currently see his work around London where he is involved with adidas' new advertising campaign.

adidas have chosen young, UK based artists to design "urban art installations" at sites around London. Dramatic one-off billboards, painted by Elk and associate Nozzel, of basketball hot property Kobe Bryant, were posted at sites in Vauxhall, Battersea and Waterloo. They used raw, spray-paint imagery to create caricatures of the star poised ready for action, ball in hand, all menacing eyes and attitude.

Joel Lardner produced a dynamic mixed-media creation displayed in Lillywhites to promote World Cup '98. His use of photographs, illustrations and light has captured perfectly the skill, movement and excitement of the game.

In addition to the work featured here, adidas created a 30ft mural site on the New Kings Road, the artwork by Oscar Wilson was a five stage project supporting and reacting to the World Cup events as the competition progressed - the theme 'Soccer Re-invented'.

The idea of commissioning one-off pieces from artists to advertise products is not entirely new. Warhol produced a piece for the window of Tiffany's as did Jasper Johns and Robert Rauschenberg for the Bonwit Teller department store.

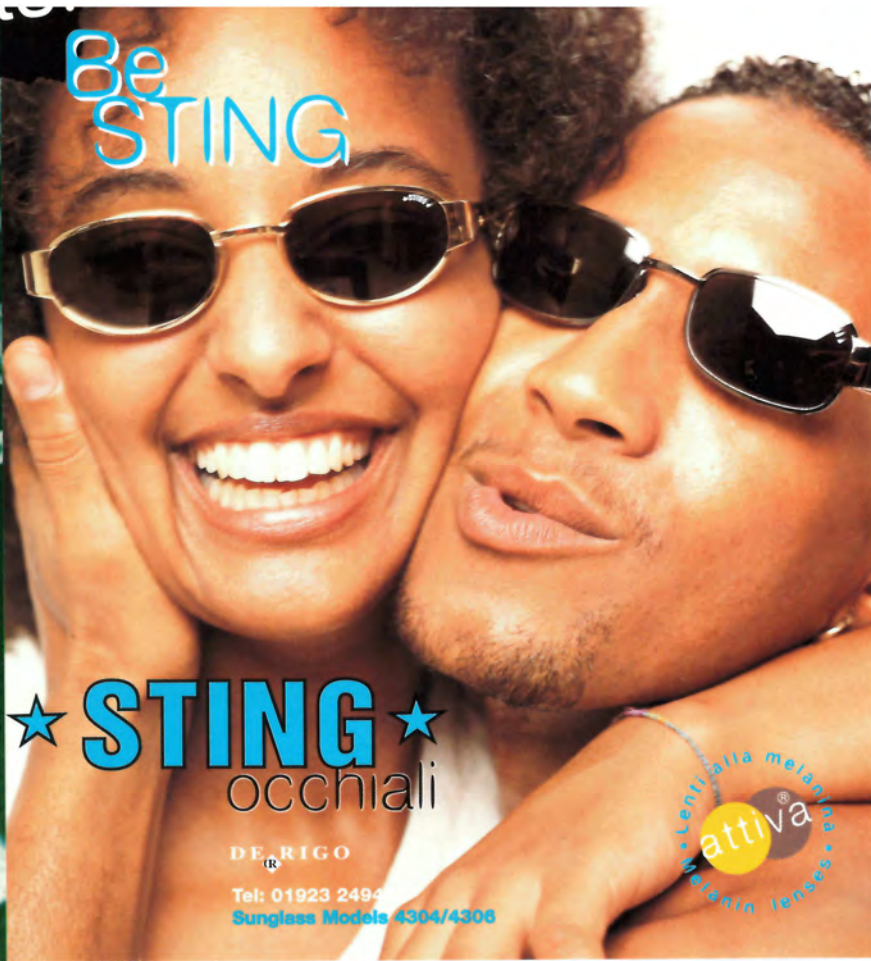
For these relatively unknown artists this campaign provides them with invaluable exposure. Elk, who set up Unity in 1992, an annual live event of British Graffiti artists, has already worked for Budweiser, Ministry of Sound and Michiko Koshino. Nozzel who learnt his art for comic images has worked for Sony Playstation and the Prodigy.

Expect to see other brands follow suit, providing ads with attitude which are strong, up-beat and unique.





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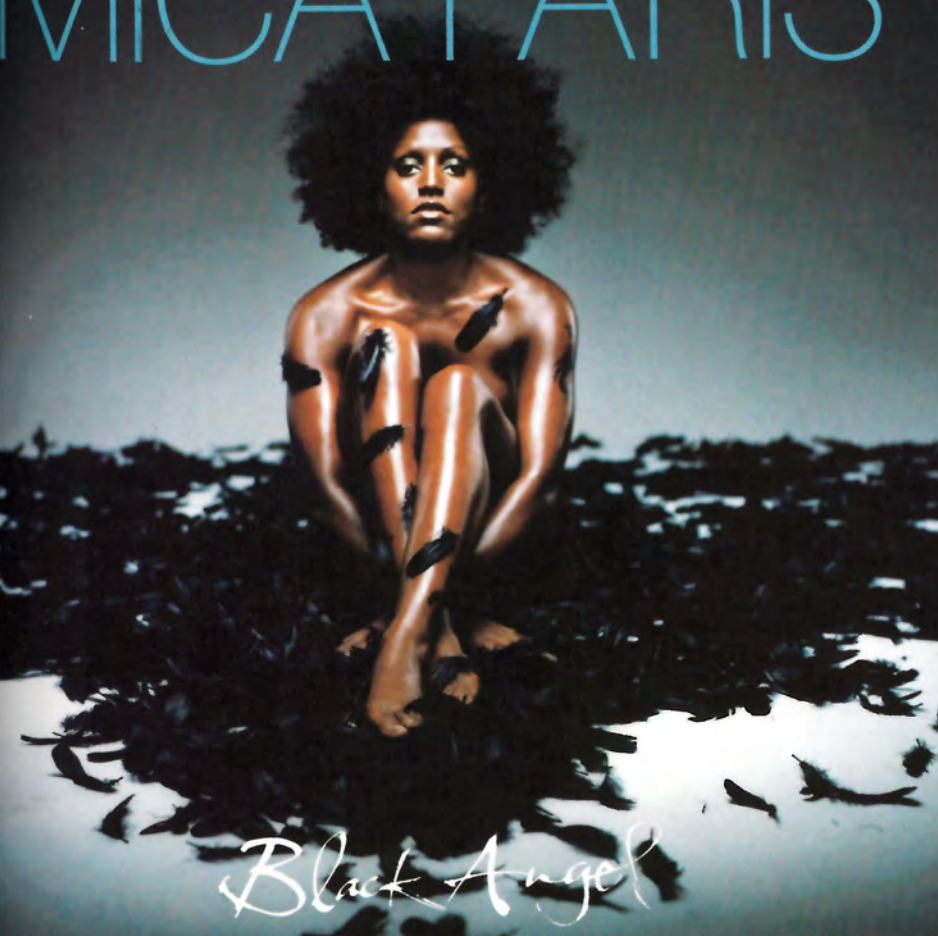
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"This album is her most impressive yet..." ★★★★★ (Q)

"Mica Paris has secured her position as Britain's Premier Soul Queen with her new album..." (Touch)

"Mica Paris is the finest soul voice to emerge from the UK and this album proves it..." (Echoes)



"I was born into hip hop, it was my era. I'm 18 years old. In Brooklyn There is no before hip hop"

The gang on the corners of Atlantic Avenue and Kingston Drive are causing enough of a ruck for every Brooklyn cruiser to wind down the tinted windows, squeeze the tab from between their lips and shout "What's up?"

No surprise there. The gang includes three beefy dog handlers and their accompanying mutts. There are also the rappers, beatsmiths, and playmates of neighbourhood faithfuls, 21 soldiers, Nik Nak the female rapper - trussed up like Lil' Kim's lil' sister - a handful of English filmmakers with posh names, an NYC film crew identifiable by skate shorts and sodden brows alone and a mint condition black Mercedes SLK 290 Kompressor (hired for the princely

sum of \$200 an hour). Somewhere in the middle of them all is Simon, a Syze-up, aka Desert Eagle Discs, aka the point where British hip hop finally goes astral. What's up? The Desert Eagles are shooting frames for their first video. That's what.

If the DED sound system is unfamiliar, their system of sound shouldn't be. The Desert Eagle sonic imprint has been stamped all over the cream of American hip hop and r&b talent. Playas are at their mercy. Kim was re-wired, Mase fine-tuned, Rakim handed his soul back, Mase made phat, Aretha made rock and Busta given the treatment to so much of his own satisfaction on



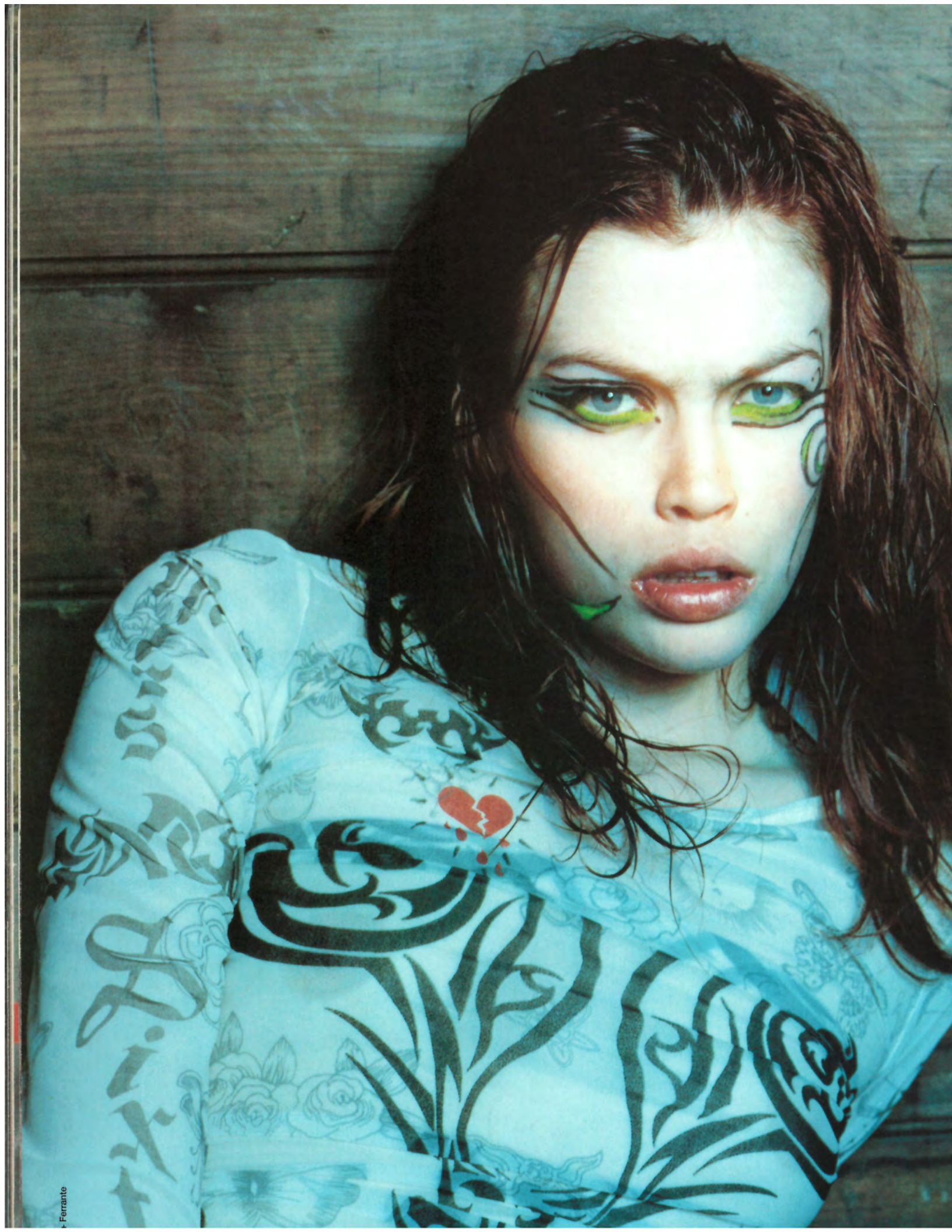
...class. And the mixing is just the start of Syze-up's ground plan. "One false move could blow the whole thing up," he says. It's a mission statement. Now we've shifted up a gear it's all about Desert Eagle Discs: the artists. The album is in the bag, sounding mighty strong and wired. It contains the first take on a Prince song in six-four, waltz timing with hip hop drums. High on atmospherics and playful with the sampler, it's lent extra dollops of personality from the righteous presence of the Soldiers. "Can I remember music before hip hop?" quizzes Homicide, "I was born into hip hop, it was my era. I'm 18 years old. In Brooklyn. There is no before hip hop." Shari, the singer that Syze uncovered at an open mic session in London "in terms of vocal range and emotion pisses on Erykah Badu." British hip hop has so far been disadvantaged by too much politicking and careful marketing, according to Syze. "I love Tricky and Massive Attack and stuff like that," he says, "but you know, it's all about how record companies can sell people at the moment. The London Posse have been going for years but they haven't made a dollar and they are so fucking talented, man. Massive Attack, they're cool guys, but they work with Madonna and shit and they haven't got half the skills on the mic of people like the London Posse." The answer, as he sees it, has been to charge ahead in search of the golden dollar. "If a record company pushes

All moody graphics and student friendly slacker ideology for DED, then? Not on yours. The Syze-up route will be all-encompassing. They want their video to look like a BMW commercial. He wants pure hip hop to infiltrate chintzy West End nightclubs. It's all or nothing. "I don't give a fuck what people say the barriers are, because I don't see any," he says. In 21 Soldiers he's found his perfect foil. Homicide is crystal clear what they're about: "Serious funkness, don't-give-a-fuckness". "When I sit down to make a record," continues Syze, "I want it to be played at a serious hip hop night and rock the place. But at the same time... there's this big gap in people that are into hip hop and I want the other side of it too. The trendy fucking bods that sit in Butlers Wharf with their CDs on the coffee table, showing off to their mates, saying 'look, I've got the Desert Eagles album. I had Portishead last year, but diss that.'"

Half empty plastic beakers of Moët and Chandon litter the artists van as Homicide slips into a straight jacket, his video regalia. Nik Nak is pouting to camera. The opening break of "Wildstyle" flies in from the west and Syze, looking for all the world like a mafia b-boy, surveys the scenario with a sly grin. The eagle, you suspect, may just have landed.

Left to right: Rebel Baz, Homocide, Syze-up, Nik Nak





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Lurking in the shadows – but not for long – singles club contenders Medusa, P

12 TREE

Age: 12

Label: **Regal**

Part in band: **Biggest**

Describe your sound: **Tex-mex acid tea dance**

I woke up this morning and the first thing I did was:

Go 'Oh no, what was I doing last night?'

My idea of fun is: **Two up, lesbian crack sex, but really tastefully done, you know**

Who would you most like to collaborate with? **Dot and Nick Cotton - the original English Rose and the original Gangsta**

My next single is... **"Club Bastard" EP**

PAUL MAC/HERMAN FANVER/JORGE ZAMACONG

Age: 27

Label: **Fragmented/Stunts**

Part in band: **Everything**

Describe your sound: **Electronic dance music**

I woke up this morning and the first thing I did was:

Phone in sick to work

My idea of fun is: **Loud black dance music**

Who would you most like to collaborate with? **James Ruskin, because I have already**

My next single is... **"Another Escapade" EP**

MEAT KATIE/AVENUE A

Age: 26

Label: **Kingsize/RAS**

Part in band: **Belly Dancer/Producer**

Describe your sound: **ELO/Scorpions cover band with panpipes etc...**

I woke up this morning and the first thing I did was:

Call my lawyer

My idea of fun is: **Silicon**

Who would you most like to collaborate with? **Sam Fox**

My next single is... **"Can't Hear You"**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERMAINE FRANCES
SINGLES CLUB



ac, 12 Tree, Hefner, Dujour and Meat Katie are about to come in from the dark.

HEFNER

Age: 35

Label: **Too Pure**

Part in band: **Bassist**

Describe your sound: **Soulful**

I woke up this morning and the first thing I did was:

Open my eyes

My idea of fun is: **Having fun**

Who would you most like to collaborate with?

David Byrne, because I like him

My next single is... **"The Sweetness Lies Within"**

MEDUSA

Label: **Flo Records**

Part in band: **Everything**

Describe your sound: **Demented jumped up bollocks**

I woke up this morning and the first thing I did was:

Go back to sleep

My idea of fun is: **Jumping up and down with a roomful of sweaty people**

Who would you most like to collaborate with?

Lil' Kim, nice ass!

My next single is... **"Rockin' It On Flo"**

DUJOUR

Age: 27

Label: **Tantrum**

Part in band: **Band**

Describe your sound: **Rock & Roll**

I woke up this morning and the first thing I did was:

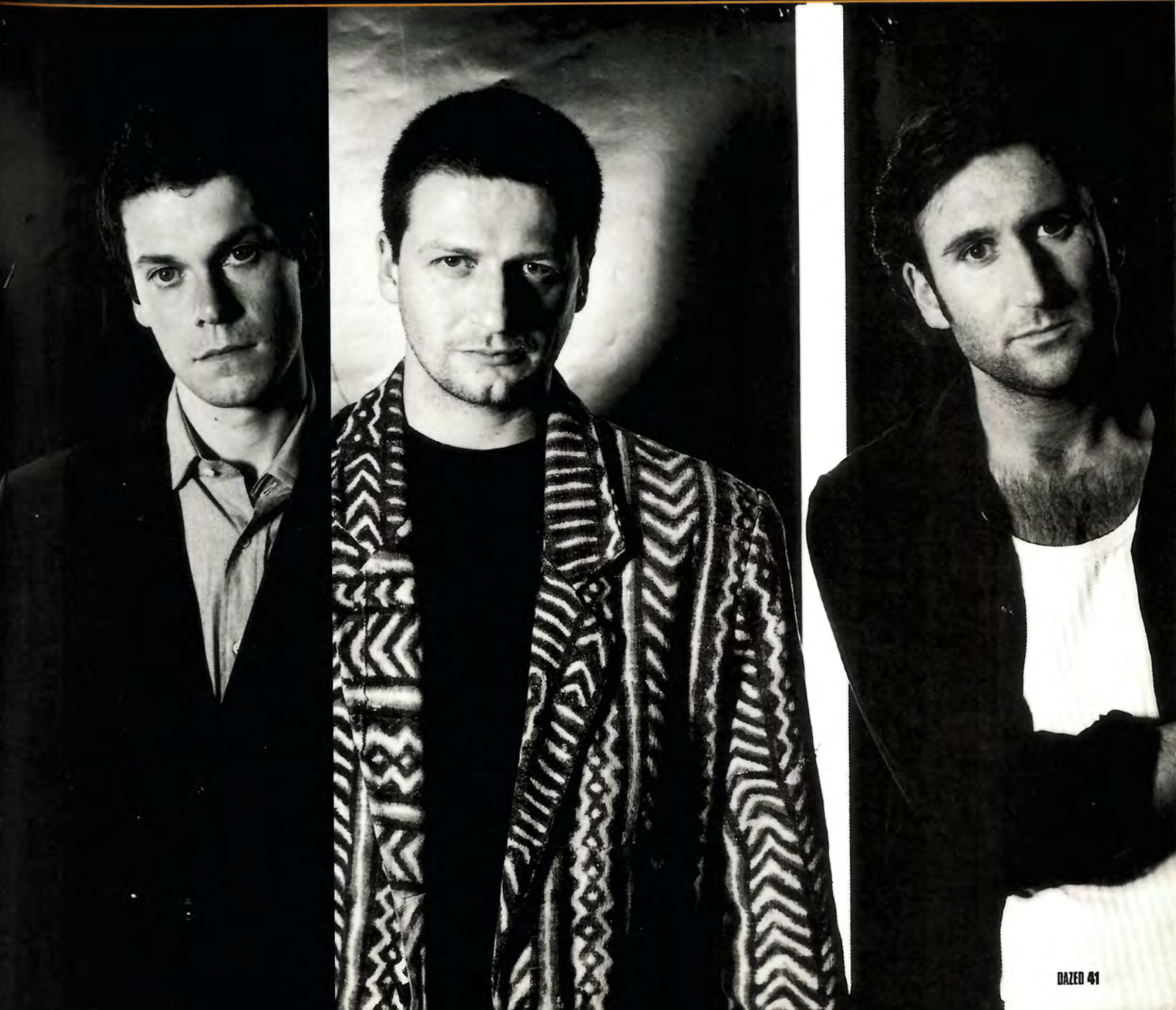
Miss my flight to this gig

My idea of fun is: **Not missing my flight first thing in the morning**

Who would you most like to collaborate with?

Big Tom and The Mainliners

My next single is... **"Death To Eclectic" EP**





LEE

h.d. Lee
always had a **flare**
for women's
bottoms.

LIPSTICK

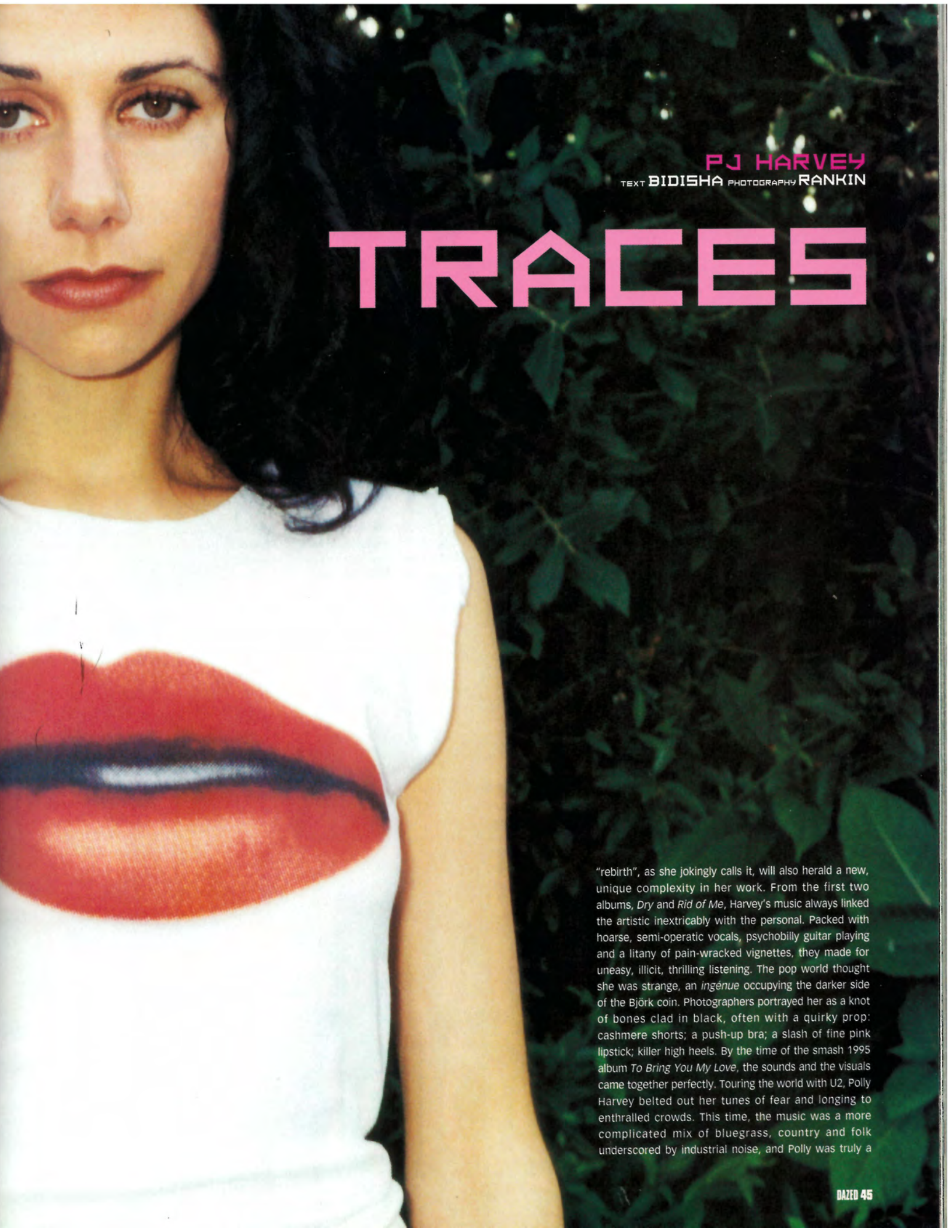
"She is a medieval sorceress who is conjuring music out of spells. She is both a conjurer of storms and a prisoner of love"

✿ Dorian Berger, creator of one of many unofficial PJ Harvey fan pages on the internet.

Polly Harvey has a problem with nutters, in particular one woman who's been trying to 'make friends' with her for about five years. It's difficult, living in a small village, what obsessions one might unleash just by the mention of someone's domicile. When I go to meet Ms Harvey in the countryside hotel in which she conducts most of her interviews, she is posed carefully by the window, silver tea service laid out in front of her. In the hotel's bar, most people know each other and the landlady stands chatting with them. Polly turns to me and offers a radiant smile. She has a beautiful, soft face with flawless skin and thick-lashed green eyes. Every so often, her Botticelli mouth erupts into laughter. She is of average height with tiny proportions - a tiny neck, tiny shoulders, tiny wrists. But, like a dancer, she has tight, sinewy muscles and perfect control over her movements. Dressed in an asymmetric black skirt and tiny T emblazoned with a pair

designer, but she repeatedly stresses that she feels most at home in this intimate town, surrounded by the people she's known since her childhood.

Those who expect her to be a crazed harridan or pain junkie, dragging the remnants of a broken heart across the plains, would be desperately disappointed by the strength and serenity she exudes. She says she has undergone a transformation. She talks as though she only made the transition from the bad old days very recently, and stops herself intermittently, afraid of sounding like a self-help manual. Certain things crop up time and time again in her conversation: you have to actively "work on yourself" and discover your identity; you have to relax into life, and let things happen; you must learn how to love yourself; you attract whatever vibe you give out; you mustn't be afraid of change. But it must be said that change has been the keyword for



PJ HARVEY

TEXT BIDISHA PHOTOGRAPHY RANKIN

TRACES

"rebirth", as she jokingly calls it, will also herald a new, unique complexity in her work. From the first two albums, *Dry* and *Rid of Me*, Harvey's music always linked the artistic inextricably with the personal. Packed with hoarse, semi-operatic vocals, psychobilly guitar playing and a litany of pain-wracked vignettes, they made for uneasy, illicit, thrilling listening. The pop world thought she was strange, an *ingénue* occupying the darker side of the Björk coin. Photographers portrayed her as a knot of bones clad in black, often with a quirky prop: cashmere shorts; a push-up bra; a slash of fine pink lipstick; killer high heels. By the time of the smash 1995 album *To Bring You My Love*, the sounds and the visuals came together perfectly. Touring the world with U2, Polly Harvey belted out her tunes of fear and longing to enthralled crowds. This time, the music was a more complicated mix of bluegrass, country and folk underscored by industrial noise, and Polly was truly a

sight to see. A witch's staff, a pink catsuit or a long red satin gown accompanied a face whose every inch was painted, defined, highlighted with scarlet lipstick, jade eye-shadow and lashings of mascara. Photographers concentrated on that incredible face, with its morbid planes, and parodied '40s film star poses - chin thrust forward, eyes narrowed. It was Harvey's lowest point, as it happens, a time when she lost control of what was going on in her life.

That period in time was only three years ago, but it seems like ancient history. The new album *Is This Desire?* will be a classic of the next 10 if not 20 years. It has the impeccable timing of jazz, the arrangement of a classic dance track, the depth of an orchestral symphony and the emotional charge of gospel. Controlled, humorous, vast, its high-gloss production will ensure it's the comedown record of choice for a nation of clubbers. The rough edges of the previous work have been softened into something far more sincere, the tone is no longer angry but elegiac. Sexy and revelatory, each track sounds like the score to a different genre of movie: you have rolling garage breakbeats; jaunty hip hop; a bluesy take on techno. The album functions as a collection of stories, of personae. Women - characters called Catherine, Angeline, Elise - live out their lives under Harvey's gaze. Harvey no longer sounds personally vulnerable, and her voice, now trained into richness and a range spanning banshee opera and snarling soul, is the voice of someone who's travelled the world and seen it all.

Polly's jumpy today. In the evening she's got a preview to go to. Not some minimalist gallery opening in London but the celebration of an exhibition she's contributed to with people she was at college with down here. At the local arts centre, her work stands out amongst the playful installations, gorgeous beaded jewellery and paintings of her peers and friends: a series of Polaroids and collected images inspired by her songwriting. Some of the amazing acid-hued photos - of the sunset, of the beach, of horses - are scribbled over with musical annotation and comments. In the exhibition catalogue is an interview with Polly and her best friend Sid. They are pictured together, both grinning madly. "I lost it for a while, didn't I?" she is quoted as saying to him.

Whatever she lost, she has gained something immeasurably better in the process. The album, coupled with her new-found confidence, will guarantee that this isn't just desire, it's true love.

Dazed & Confused: What kind of records are you listening to at the moment?

PJ Harvey: I've been buying quite a lot of contemporary stuff. The Sonic Youth album. The latest album by Will Oldham, it's called *Joya*. Now, what does that mean? Maybe it's Spanish for goat - there's a picture of a goat on the front cover. I always listen to the radio, I always have it on. A lot of classical music. I like to hear what's going on.

D&C: Before getting your first album deal, you were enrolled to do sculpture at St Martin's. Are you still interested in visual art?

PJH: I go to galleries all the time, as much as I can. That's something I do all the time in London, but also down here. There's the Arts Centre. There's a lot of exhibitions and I get a lot of inspiration for songs from them. I did sculpture at college, but these days I do very little. I do go through phases of drawing a lot. I'm always just picking stuff up off the beach, finding objects, making stuff from them, playing with them, but nothing really concrete. But a lot of songs come from images or photographs that I've taken. I do quite a lot of photography still. It's very important to me, visual

like fashion, of course. It gives off such a strong image. I enjoy wearing clothes and playing with them. Again, it's just another aspect of artwork. You can be a walking piece of art.

D&C: You played Mary Magdalene in Hal Hartley's film *Book of Life*. Will you be doing any more acting?

PJH: Definitely. I'd love to. Maybe even study acting, do some classes. When I did the Hal Harley film - well, Hal was my friend, and he was a very strong director. I was good at being told what to do, following instructions. But I'd like to explore it more, bring in my own interpretation of characters. I was surprised how much fulfilment and inspiration I found in acting. I thought it would be more about playing a part. I was surprised by how much I learned about myself by doing it. Not only that, it inspired me in so many ways. In the research, in the whole approach - it just stimulated my songwriting. I looked at songwriting in new ways because of the acting... Really, there are so many things I want to do. I'd love to write short stories. A lot of my songs are edited down from what would have been a short story anyway. I write down words all the time, and mould them into songs.

D&C: What do you feel about the new album now?

PJH: When you finish a piece of work you go through so many different stages of feeling very quickly afterwards. I only finished the album about a week ago and the initial week after it was done I felt very pleased, very happy with it as a piece of work. That's an unusual feeling for me. I don't think I've ever finished a piece of work and felt pleased with it. So right now, I'm frightened of feeling content. I think, my God, is that a bad sign? And now, another week gone, I feel removed from it. I've let it go. I think you keep hold of something for as long as possible, you try and protect it... then you allow it to go. I started writing songs for it in March 1996, and I was writing until the end of that year. I shelved it for a whole year then came back to it again. It's like having a relationship with the work, and with the people you've worked with on it... I've always found one of the most frightening, stressful things for me is the business side of making music or making anything creative. The stuff about selling the product. Doing things like interviews I find very difficult, it's not something that happens naturally. And with finishing the album, it's sorting out the videos, photo approvals, B-sides. All the logistics. I find it all very draining. I find it frightening when I feel weighed down by the business side of very creative things. I was really frightened about doing interviews again, I haven't done them in so long. I tend to get lost when I'm talking to somebody. I want to give, but I have to remember that I must keep what's private to me intact.

D&C: What's your living environment like? Do you have to live in a place that's beautiful?

PJH: Oh yes. I live on the coast. All I can see from my windows is the sea. I've got a small flat but it's just right for me. I need to be somewhere quiet, with a lot of space, a lot of countryside. I feel very in touch with nature, growing up in the countryside. I like the city, the contrast. I did live in London for a year, and Bristol for a year, but I'm always drawn back here. My heart lies with a lot of open spaces and quietness. London has too fast a pace, too frantic, too stressful. I feel very governed by nature... I spend a lot of time being all right on my own. I do get to the point, sometimes... it's easy to feel when you live here... I always make sure I see somebody else in the day. It's so easy, down here, to go for a whole weekend and not see anybody if you don't make the effort. It's really crucial for me, for my health, to make sure I visit somebody or interact with someone in the day. Otherwise, you lose perspective. You become entwined in your own world.

D&C: Are you very sociable?

PJH: I've got quite a small group of friends. They're people I've known for a very long time, and I'm so comfortable with them. We see each other most weekends, and that keeps me sane. I've got very few friends in the London media scene. A handful of friends think I'm a good friend. I'm good at listening to people offering possible solutions, throwing up ideas that maybe they haven't considered. I think I'm quite a funny person. I like laughing. A sense of humour keeps you in perspective on your things, it's such a good release. There's nothing better than having a really good laugh with friends.

D&C: What's your perfect night out?

PJH: Ooh! Well, I love dancing. This is a small place, but every weekend, there's a dance. My evening would start off with a really nice meal somewhere, with some great wine. Then a really good film. I'd go and see some live music, then a DJ playing. Lots of dancing. Then a decent bath, a good book. Then I'd go to bed and sleep for hours.

"I think I'm quite



unny person.

like laughing"



"I always felt ugly. I spent



and hours and hours.

D&C: Do you dream a lot?

PJH: Vividly. Every night. Sometimes, because I dream a lot, I lose the defining line between what is reality and what isn't. You get those odd situations when you get a flashback of a dream in your waking life.

D&C: Are you superstitious?

PJH: Mildly. I count the number of magpies that I see. I wouldn't walk under a ladder. I probably wouldn't dabble in black magic and I'd be too scared to try the ouija board. I've had things where, when I was a child, there were certain rooms in my house that I absolutely would not go in because I could sense that there was something else there. My mum and dad did say they'd seen a ghost when they first moved in. I think you can sense those things when you're young. Still, though, I wouldn't go in there now.

D&C: Are you very sensitive to atmospheres?

PJH: Definitely. The way a room feels, I can tell who's been in there before. A lot of weird things have happened to me. Strange coincidences, a certain synchronicity. Three or four things will happen in a day, all related to one completely random image.

D&C: Do you follow your hunches in your work?

PJH: I make time to listen to what I feel. I think you can quite easily override your gut instincts with your head. I take time to figure out what's going on inside of me. I think, so often, you can just shut off all those signs which direct you in which way you should go. I very consciously try to keep those channels open.

D&C: Do you meditate?

PJH: Everyday. A lot. Specifically to help me get from one step to the next. Creatively, as a writer, that's where my inspiration comes from. To keep that channel open is crucial to what I do and what I make. Under pressure, you close down that whole ability to let yourself be a channel for things.

D&C: Are you the same when you meet people?

PJH: With whoever I collaborate with, whether it's working with Flood or choosing the people for my tour, all I have to do is meet them. Do something normal with them. When I met Flood we just wandered around the shops for a bit, had a coffee. We didn't talk about work at all.

D&C: Do you find it difficult to be with people?

PJH: When I'm comfortable with people I can be very open, but I have to feel safe enough to be like that first of all, which is why I probably tend to work with the same people. When I've found people I can be completely vulnerable with, which you have to do when you're making music, I stick with them. You don't find that many people you can be like that with. Special people.

D&C: Onstage, you have a great sense of visuals, a

image a mask or actually different - real - facets of your personality?

PJH: That's tough. On the last tour, where I was using a lot of make-up, a lot of costumes, all very theatrical... that was kind of a mask. It was much more of a mask than I've ever had. I was very lost as a person, at that point. I had no sense of self left at all. Whereas now, three years down the line, I have to say that I've changed a lot. No matter what I'm doing, if I'm performing or doing the shopping, it's the same person. For a while, back then, I was very interested in playing around with imagery, and I think I've moved out of that now. I tried it and it's not right for me. It doesn't feel genuine and it's not where my heart is. I think this time around, this tour and album, it's more of me there than there's ever been.

D&C: Do you feel you have a really strong sense of self now?

PJH: Much, much more so. More than I ever have. As you get older, you know what you want and don't want. You have a greater perspective, a greater overview. Things you've been through. Losses. I've been investigating myself, I've been curious to know who I am. I'm happier now than I've ever been before, and ever thought I could be. From 1996, 1997 until four months ago I had an incredibly low patch, for a very long time. When I'm like that I do a whole range of weird things. I either retreat right into myself, or do the opposite and just go out all the time, drink too much. You tend to lose yourself very purposefully. At the time, you don't see what's going on at all.

D&C: What were you like as a kid?

PJH: I was a tomboy, I was one of the boys. In the village where I was growing up, there weren't any girls of my age. I was creative, I loved to paint things, make things, build things all the time. As a kid I spent a lot of time on my own, I was used to that. Being with animals, being outside a lot. Up until I started obviously becoming a girl. Right up until I was 14.

D&C: What were you like as a teenager?

PJH: I was a classic tortured adolescent. A troubled child. *(Laughs)* My mum would often refer to me as a "troubled child". I used to enter black holes of depression for months on end and be incredibly angry with everyone. I had a rough time. I always felt ugly. I can't ever remember feeling gorgeous. I spent a lot of the time feeling like the back of a bus. I used to get very lonely, but I no longer seem to experience that, not since I've come to like myself more. Being alone is now not lonely for me. It's very different from being alone and trying to avoid yourself. *(Laughs)* It sounds like I've been reborn, but it's only this year I have felt comfortable with the way I look. I can honestly say that. I've only felt I'm beautiful in the last three or four months. I thought I had quite strange features but I never thought they were beautiful. But the people who I find beautiful... it has nothing to do with surface features

D&C: What kind of characters do you really like? As either friends or lovers.

PJH: Unfortunately I seem to be attracted to people with big problems. I think it's because I've had my own fair share, and when you're in a difficult place, when there's something wrong, you tend to be drawn to people who have similar things wrong with them naturally. You draw people to you because of what energy you're giving out.

lot of the time feeling
like the back of a bus"





that'll change. I've still got a lot of work to do, on myself. But I do feel as though I'm in a better place now than I have been before. So maybe I will be attracted to people who are a bit more grounded or a bit more together. I don't know, I really don't know... I've got more self confidence than ever. I'm more relaxed with who I am, rather than wishing and willing I was something different. It'll be interesting to see how that translates into playing live. I haven't really performed since 1995.

D&C: Do you have a better attitude towards life than you did say five years ago?

PJH: When I was younger I saw things in extremes. I'm beginning to see that life is just about being, moment to moment. You don't have to make things happen. It's much less desperate, it's much less grabbing. Things happen in the moment. Does that make any sense? I don't even know what I'm trying to say. There are plenty of creative things I wish I'd done but didn't because I was too stressed, or too scared, or too unwell. There are a lot of things that I feel I've missed out on, but nothing that I couldn't do in the future. I don't think there's anything that I'd change in my life... Sometimes I feel sad about the amount of time I've spent being unhappy, and not looking into why that was until quite recently. Instead, I just buried myself. A large amount of my life has been like that.

D&C: Why were you unhappy?

PJH: *(Carefully)* It's all about what your past is made up of. Just the set of circumstances that I had been around, that I grew up in... That, married with my own spirit, and the

way I am. It's not always specifically the things that have happened or the people I've been involved with, but... what has been inside my own heart. It's hard to explain.

D&C: Do you believe in things like karma?

PJH: I don't know about divine retribution. I do tend to feel that things happen as they must, although that can become difficult, for instance when somebody you love dies. But I do think things happen for a reason. It's all about the journey that we're on. It's all about learning.

D&C: Are you a born romantic?

PJH: *(Laughs)* Yes, I think I probably am. I think creativity and romanticism go hand in hand. I believe in love. I think when, as a person, if you have come to know yourself well, then love is true whether it's for a friend or a 'lover'. But I think until you know yourself and love yourself then no love is authentic. You have to have the confidence to love.

D&C: If one thing could make you truly happy now, what would it be?

PJH: A little romance wouldn't go amiss. There's nothing more exciting than falling in love with somebody, and I haven't done that for a while.

D&C: Do you believe in love at first sight?

PJH: I'm sure it happens. I don't know if it's lucky or unlucky. It must feel great in that one moment, though.

D&C: Do you have to be very strongly attracted to someone to be with them?

PJH: Oh God, yes. I have to be absolutely drooling over somebody before I'll even think about approaching them or wanting something to happen. I've spent a lot of my life being single. Or if I'm in a relationship it tends to be for a long time, too. I only end up with people anyway because there's something in them that I'm very drawn to. I'm very careful about who I have a relationship with.

D&C: You have to feel as though it's beyond your control, and as though you have no other option.

PJH: Definitely. It's very, very much physical attraction for me. Nothing else works. It's the essence of the person, even down to the way somebody smells, and the way they move.... Sometimes I wish I didn't feel so deeply about everything. Sometimes there doesn't seem to be any sort of limit to what I feel about, whether it's a lover or a brand of teabag. Sometimes I wish I could let things ride a bit more.

ASSISTED BY JAMIE RO AND SIMON FLY
PRINTS CHRIS COOKE AT METRO ART





A L L Z O N E S O F P E A K

TOM WOOD

INTRODUCTION VAL WILLIAMS

Tom Wood has been photographing Liverpool through the windows of a bus for almost 20 years.

You could say that his patient observation and construction of tableaux of moments in time make him a street photographer, thriving in the territory carved out by Bill Brandt and Bert Hardy in the 1940s and '50s.

All the classic components of street photography are in his Liverpool work, the bricolage of houses, shops and thoroughfares, graffiti, people living in crowded streets, shopping, talking, gesticulating. But there is something different about Tom Wood's photographs, something which puts them outside the documentary frame.

In his new book *All Zones Off Peak*, Wood has established himself as entirely transient, not on the streets, but passing through them, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly, sometimes stopping, not as a documentalist would to catch a poignant image, but because the bus has halted to collect more passengers. So Wood's journey through the streets of inner-city Liverpool is one which he cannot altogether control, he has become part of an



is fascinated by the notion of coincidence, seeing life as [a succession of] recurring stock characters and situations.' His photography is more complex than documentary, and surrounding the familiar objects of the cityscape, the bus stop, the corner shop, the street advertising there is an insistence on sameness. Wood sees the city not as a dramatic theatre of events, but a place of ordinariness, bound by codes of behaviour, enclosed by the order of street life. In his photographs, people stand and wait, observing old rituals of collective public life. There is no romance in Wood's Liverpool, no echoes of the past, no nostalgia. His photographs taken in the early 1980s are not substantially different from those

otherwise the city is the same. Wood does not see himself as a historian, using photographs to detect social change or synergy; quoting Lisette Model, he says "I want to prove nothing in my pictures. The photographs I take prove something to me." Sometimes the windows tell their own stories, fragmented graffitied narratives addressed to strangers - "I've been on this bus three times now today. But it doesn't bother me when I have to write Linzu loves Pointy again" On a rainy day, Wood photographs an avalanche of rain drops striking the glass and through the patterns of rain drops striking the glass and through the patterns of a group of pensioners bow their heads to the elements. Wood's work is about the way we live in late 20th century

part of the ramshackle grotesque of Richard Longham. It is difficult to place Tom Wood within the British documentary tradition. While other photographers who became active in the late '70s and '80s fit comfortably into a historiography - Parr's breakthrough into colour documentary, detonating an explosion of social satirists including Anna Fox, Paul Reas and Paul Graham, the black and white documentalists of the North East, headed by Chris Killip and Graham Smith - Wood is a more enigmatic figure, known only for his 1980s study of nightclubs *Looking for Love*, a project which he now sees as something of an irrelevance; "I never saw it as properly representative of my work. I felt that I'd been pigeonholed

Clockwise from top: Going into town, Saturday night, Stanley Road Bootle 1989; Gyratory, City centre 1993; Scotland Road, Liverpool 1989; Woodfall Heath, Merseyside 1989





Clockwise from top left: Whitechapel city centre 1994; London Road 1989; Stanley Road, Bootle (flower Streets) 1989; Stanley Road, Bootle 1989; Kensington, Liverpool 1988

as a new colour documentalist."

Looking for Love, like some of the other small-run photographic books published with a mixture of public and private funds during the '80s, sometimes supported by Manchester's Cornerhouse Publications, sometimes self-published with the aid of an Arts Council grant, became something of a cult object. The photographs added their comment about life in the '80s, as pleasure was marketed to a youth who increasingly became the focus of a voracious commercial world. After *Looking for Love*, Wood continued his bus photography, but soon found that British galleries, which he hoped would be interested in the completed project, were, by the early 1990s in a state of fundamental confusion about photography. He found the most common reaction to *All Zones Off Book* was that it was "social documentary,"

system. Neither did it conform to the new ground-rules established by the UK's network of photography galleries, which aspired to escape from what they perceived as a photographic ghetto and become part of the fine art system. To add to the confusion, Wood did not see himself as either a social documentalist in the English tradition or a conceptual documentalist in the European mould. At a time when Parr, Fox, Reas and Nick Waplington were seen as challenging Thatcherite materialism in strident new colour, and German photographers Gursky, Thomas Ruff and Thomas Struth were presenting a startling vision of New Europe, Tom Wood was looking towards the subjective city documentaries of American Lee Friedlander. But US photographers (with the exceptions of Nan Goldin and Andreas Serrano) were no longer the cultural leaders they had been in the '70s, even in Europe.



were no longer challenging figures.

Tom Wood has seen Liverpool not as a city marked out by its history - shipping and emigration, Militant and the Beatles - but by the sheer synthesis of the urban landscape. "I think of a photograph as a receiver of sensation. Sensations are intangible, I try to organise them through the act of photography." But, despite the formalism of Wood's approach to photography, there is an enormous melancholy in his work a sense of loss. In his black and white photographs of the early 1980s, he portrays a shadowy city, almost a ruin, where people wander and pause, as if startled by their own situations. They are like survivors from some great catastrophe, lost in a moonscape of derelict buildings and destroyed



Clockwise from top left: Grafton St, Dingle 1989; Anfield 1993; Kensington, Liverpool 1989; Strand Shopping Centre 1989



satirical. He gazes at the people he photographs with a topographer's eye, mapping out their places in a landscape full of signs and significance. He records the rite of waiting, the absence of speed, dwells on the silence and isolation of the individual within the city. Though he may see his photography as formalist and subjective, it is inevitable that he has become a kind of chronicler of the way we live now. Children, women and older people inhabit the buses, they have learned to be patient, been forced to be dependent. These photographs reflect on powerlessness, people taken from the centres of their cities and placed in marginal housing projects where the irony of the collapse of

there are signs of a different past, more communal and engaging; a pub on a corner site of a wasteland which was once a web of houses and streets shops which maybe once sold groceries now cater for the underprivileged, recycled electrical goods foregrounded by skips which bulge and burst with the things that even the poor can't use. And everywhere, shop fronts are boarded up, their customers gone or just broke as a city of workers becomes a space of loss.

The only permanence in Tom Wood's Liverpool is the bus route, which continues to plough its way through apocalypse, becoming a vital sign within the wilderness. Through this strange landscape, Tom Wood travels daily,

end. His chronicle is a bleak one, potent and full of omens. A wanderer on a predetermined journey, he rediscovers every day. Confronting a familiar landscape, his pictures show an amazement in its changeability. Small dramas of place and time, played out against a backdrop of momentous social crisis, days in the life, lives unknown.

Tom Wood's show opens at the Museum of Modern Art, Oxford on Aug 28 and runs to Oct 4. His work is also being shown jointly in Liverpool by the Open Eye and Bluecoat galleries between Oct 17 and Nov 22. All Zones Off Peak is launched by Dewi Lewis Publishing to coincide with the Oxford show opening

THE ONLY PERMANENCE IN TOM WOOD'S LIVERPOOL IS THE BUS ROUTE, WHICH CONTINUES TO PLOUGH ITS WAY THROUGH APOCALYPSE, BECOMING A VITAL SIGN WITHIN THE WILDERNESS



OUT ON

B A L E

"Hey everyone! I am a big fan of Christian Bale's work. I think he is a terrific [sic] actor for being so young, and I look forward to his future works, since I know he has a long career ahead of him. I know he's used a different accent in every single one of his movies, so I'm wondering if he will run out of accents soon!" - Jennifer, Illinois

CHRISTIAN BALE

TEXT WENDY IDE

PHOTOGRAPHY DAN ANNETT

Few actors inspire such devotion among teenage, female internet users as Christian Bale. An article in the US publication *Entertainment Weekly* claimed that 'if the internet is the ultimate democracy then Christian Bale has been elected its number one star'. The web is littered with shrines to him where crush-afflicted 'Baleheads' have pasted photos and heartfelt messages of love. It's a disconcertingly public display of adoration, and one with which Bale seems not entirely at ease. His popularity on the internet is not altogether surprising. Christian Bale is blessed with all the main qualities required for teen-idol status; good looks, a pleasant personality and a fondness for animals. Add to that the judiciously inoffensive film choices of his early career: His debut was the lead in Spielberg's *Empire of the Sun*; subsequent roles tended towards the floppy-haired, romantic lead variety in costume dramas; it's a wonder that he didn't hit mega-stardom years ago. But as Bale grew up in front of the camera, so his roles matured, becoming infinitely more interesting, but also taking him well out of the realms of teen-girl fodder.

Bale has two such films due to be released this year. The first is *Metroland*, an intelligent and well-acted adaptation of the Julian Barnes novel in which he co-stars with Emily Watson and Lee Ross (*Secret and Lies*). The second is *Velvet Goldmine*, Todd Haynes' joyfully lurid romp through the sartorial hell of the late '70s glamrock era in which Bale appears alongside Ewan McGregor. Bale's next project was to have been the challenge of his career so far. As the sadistic lead in Mary Harron's film of the controversial Brett Easton Ellis novel, *American Psycho*, Bale would have removed himself about as far as is possible from the safe, comfortable and commercial options. However, that was before Leonardo Di Caprio expressed an interest in the role. Both Harron and Bale were unceremoniously dumped from the project in a move by producers, Lions Gate, that has been universally condemned by the industry. Perhaps wisely, Di Caprio has still not committed to the project. It would take an actor of unusual talent to carry the role of Patrick Bateman. And on the strength of recent evidence, Christian Bale would do the better job.

Dazed & Confused: **You've been called 'the biggest star on the internet.'**

Christian Bale: I'm not sure about the biggest star... Well, in consistency, I think yes. Apparently I've sort of been in the top ten for the last four years. But, you know, he's got a website hasn't he (*gestures to picture of Leonardo Di Caprio*.) I've been looking at *To Leo With Love*, all day (*laughs*) and obviously he probably gets millions of bloody hits.

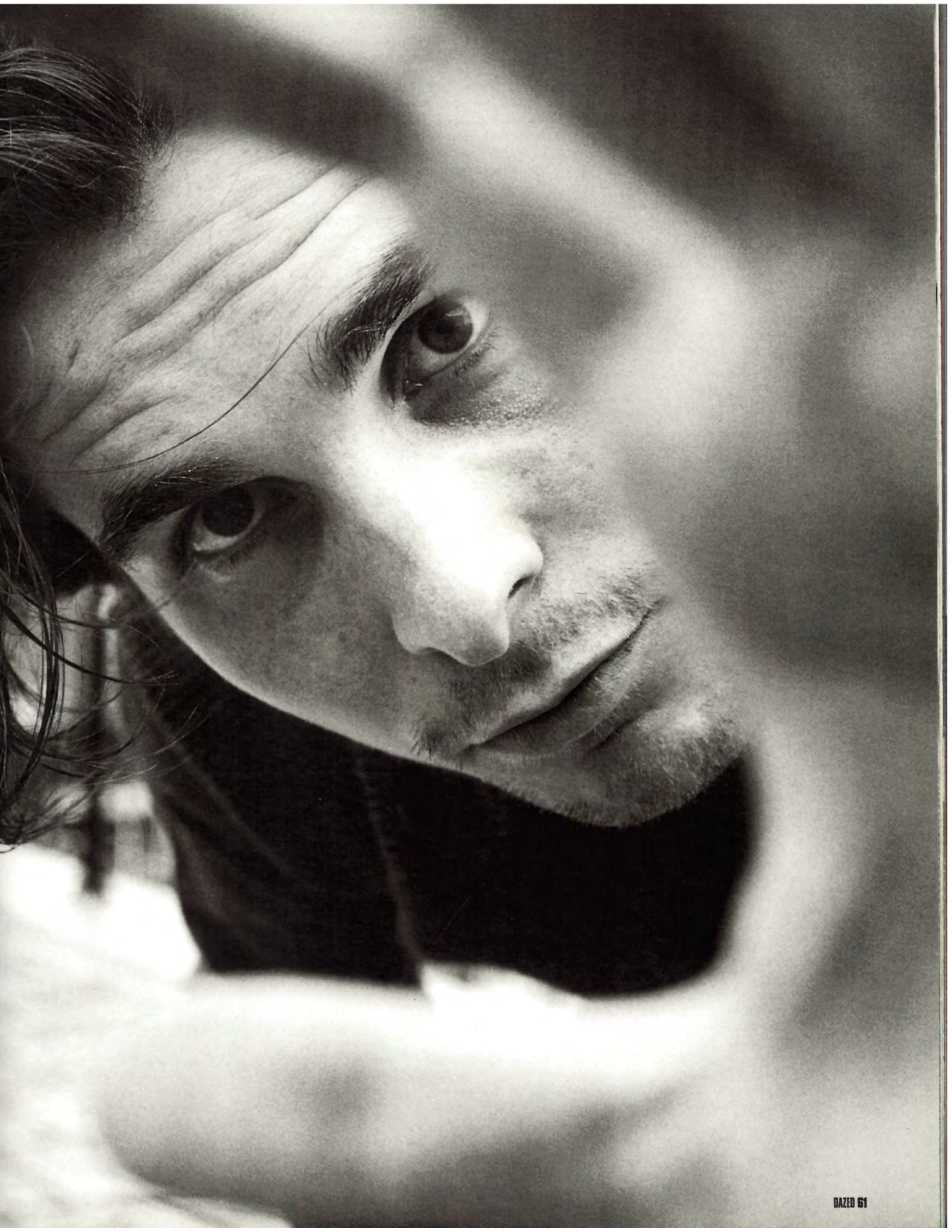
D&C: **Do you visit the web sites and does it unnerve you at all?**

CB: That's why I don't visit them. Stay there for any length of time and you start going off your head because you get paranoid about people thinking about you. There are things about people who have followed you and you've never known about it.

D&C: **That extreme?**

CB: Yeah, but it tends not to be creepy. For most of them, the net's just conversation and they make friends on it. The great thing about it is that you can do anything, but with that





'No, we don't believe you. Have you got proof?' And they went 'Yes, we've got photographs'. And they posted these photographs. I never actually saw them but they were really graphic scenes of these three having sex. Apparently the guy looked just like me. But there were a few identifying marks that showed it wasn't me. And then they were severely embarrassed.

D&C: Are you comfortable in the public domain?

CB: As long as it's for reasons that I'm comfortable with in the first place. There's obviously an advantage to having a higher profile than I do, in that you'll get financiers of films who are more comfortable about casting you in their films. Then also there's a disadvantage because the more people know about you, the less they'll watch you and just focus on a character. Obviously I want to be offered every role I want, but I don't mind if it takes a little time. I'd rather do it through film than paying a publicist huge amounts of money and having her splatter me over teen magazines.

D&C: You are still at a stage in your career where you could enjoy anonymity if you wanted to; you could go out and not be recognised if you chose not to be...

CB: Well even if I walk in somewhere and go 'I'M CHRISTIAN BALE,' everyone would go 'who?'

D&C: Possibly, but your internet stalkers would probably wet themselves.

CB: I do quite enjoy that though. I like them not knowing that much. But it's unfortunate that it has to come to an end at some point if I want to make sure to get the parts I want.

D&C: Were you familiar with the Julian Barnes novel before you were approached to do the film?

CB: I'd heard of it but I hadn't read it. Actually, I thought Julian Barnes came on the set one day. I was introduced to him, then me and Lee Ross sat in this bar chatting with him about the book and about the characters and all that, and this guy was chatting away, agreeing that he was Julian Barnes. And then a couple of days later, I got introduced to Julian Barnes on the set! Not the same guy! The second one was the real Julian Barnes who I never had a conversation with at all. The first one was some impostor who sat and chatted about his book for ages.

D&C: A lot of your films are literary adaptations, *Velvet Goldmine* being an exception.

CB: *All The Little Animals...*

D&C: *Portrait Of A Lady...*

CB: *Metroland*, *Little Women*, *Secret Agent*, *Empire Of The Sun...* Yeah.

D&C: Is there any book that you would like to see made into a film and what role would you like to play?

CB: I'd love to see *Borstal Boy* get done, the Brendan Behan book. That would be great but I think I'm too old to play anything in it now. And also... I don't know how much I should talk about it now, but do you know the book *American Psycho*? You know all about the shenanigans?

D&C: Yeah. I met Mary Harron when she was just starting to work on it.

CB: It would be a great shame if it doesn't come back to her. And if it comes back to her, it comes back to me. But obviously I think that's a fantastic book, it's a brilliant script and could potentially be a brilliant film. It may all turn around. It's still possible. I've never met anyone who has so much faith in me as Mary Harron. It's obviously unlike any character I've ever done, and it's really nice to meet a director who doesn't just look at your past work and do versions of what you've already done. It was wonderful having her recognise that yes, I can do that part and really fighting for me.

D&C: Controversial role...

CB: Yeah, but it was wonderful when she first offered it to me back in August. It got written up in *Variety* and I had people call up and say 'This is career suicide'. And I just thought 'Excellent! That's great!' (Laughs) Mary was quite turned on by that as well... by other people thinking that it was going to ruin our careers.

D&C: I think she's intelligent enough to make the film into what it should actually be, a satire of the '80s.

CB: And she's subtle enough to make that film. It's a very misunderstood book. It is, like you say, a satire upon '80s yuppies. And if you approach it first from there, then that's the right way. It's one of the funniest books I've ever read. Yes, there are hugely gory and repulsive bits in it, but that's not the first thing you notice.

D&C: A lot of your films seem to have been period pieces. Is that just because you like dressing up?

CB: Oh yes, I like to put on a frock... Do you mean period as in costume drama or would you say that *Velvet Goldmine* was period?

D&C: Yes. I would.

CB: In that case, no, I've nothing against it at all. I'd done a lot of costume dramas and

make it new, but there is something tedious about seeing people with fans and all that. I really can't be arsed. So it was great to do first *Metroland* and then *Velvet Goldmine* where it was just talking, you know? It felt like you could just chat, which I'd never really been able to do because it can be anachronistic when you start doing that in a costume drama.

D&C: I was expecting you to have sideburns. I'm a bit disappointed.

CB: The mutton chops? What you wanted me to look like Slade or something?

D&C: Absolutely. Were they real or stuck on?

CB: No. Well, I don't know if you're meant to let people in on these things, 'cause then they're looking for it aren't they? We did the whole of *Metroland* in 27 days and there was no time to grow it. We were doing some days when Lee and me would be 17 years old in the morning and 30 in the afternoon. So it had to be like, 'Alright, get the hairpiece off the back, let the hair down, stick the mutton chops on, put these clothes on and now you're 30.'

D&C: In both *Metroland* and *Velvet Goldmine*, you play characters over a decade span of their lives. Tell me about the challenges that produces.

CB: I think that it can often look slightly obscene when you have actors who are blatantly too old to be playing a part. You know, playing a school kid or whatever. So I think in *Metroland*, doing the 17-year-old was what I was most scared of. But it worked. There was actually one of the crew members who thought that we were different people. He may have been a bit of a moron, but... (Laughs) The first couple of days we were playing 17-year-olds and we were chatting to him... then when we arrived on set as the 30-year-olds, he came up and introduced himself. And I was like: 'Yeah... alright...' Then he goes: 'Who cast this film? They did such a good job on this. Have you met the guys that are playing you when you're younger? I tell you, their jawlines are exactly the same. Lee, you've got to meet them, they're the spitting image of you but just like ten years younger!'

D&C: You have quite a lot of sex on screen...

CB: Oh yeah. Love it!

D&C: You're comfortable with it then?

CB: Well, I'd never done it before. I was working with a real connoisseur of sex on screen, Emily Watson, who had done an awful lot in *Breaking The Waves*. It's funny because you find yourself doing things and playing roles that in everyday life you wouldn't do. You'd think, What? I'm in a room with 30 people watching and I'm lying on top of this girl pretending to have sex. No I couldn't do that! But you do it. And it's fine.

D&C: What about sex with Ewan on the roof?

CB: It was a whole new world for me! Actually it was a freezing night in St Pancras. It's been written about a fair amount, this Ewan thing. I read a biography of his and I opened up the first page and there was this big quote: 'So, I was shagging Christian up the arse on a rooftop...'

D&C: Were you ever in any doubt that you wanted to be an actor?

CB: I'm in doubt all the time. Because when it's going well it's a tremendous high, and when it's not it's horrible. Acting can at times be a really daft profession. When I was younger I could quite happily go into auditions and they'd ask me to cry. I could do it at the drop of a hat and I'd go 'Ha ha, look at that! I'm doing it! I've got tears and all that!' Then you get older and you just feel like you're whoring yourself by doing that. I don't wanna do that because it brings up things that I can't just snap off that quickly. It's a horrible thing to do to yourself.

D&C: What else would you do?

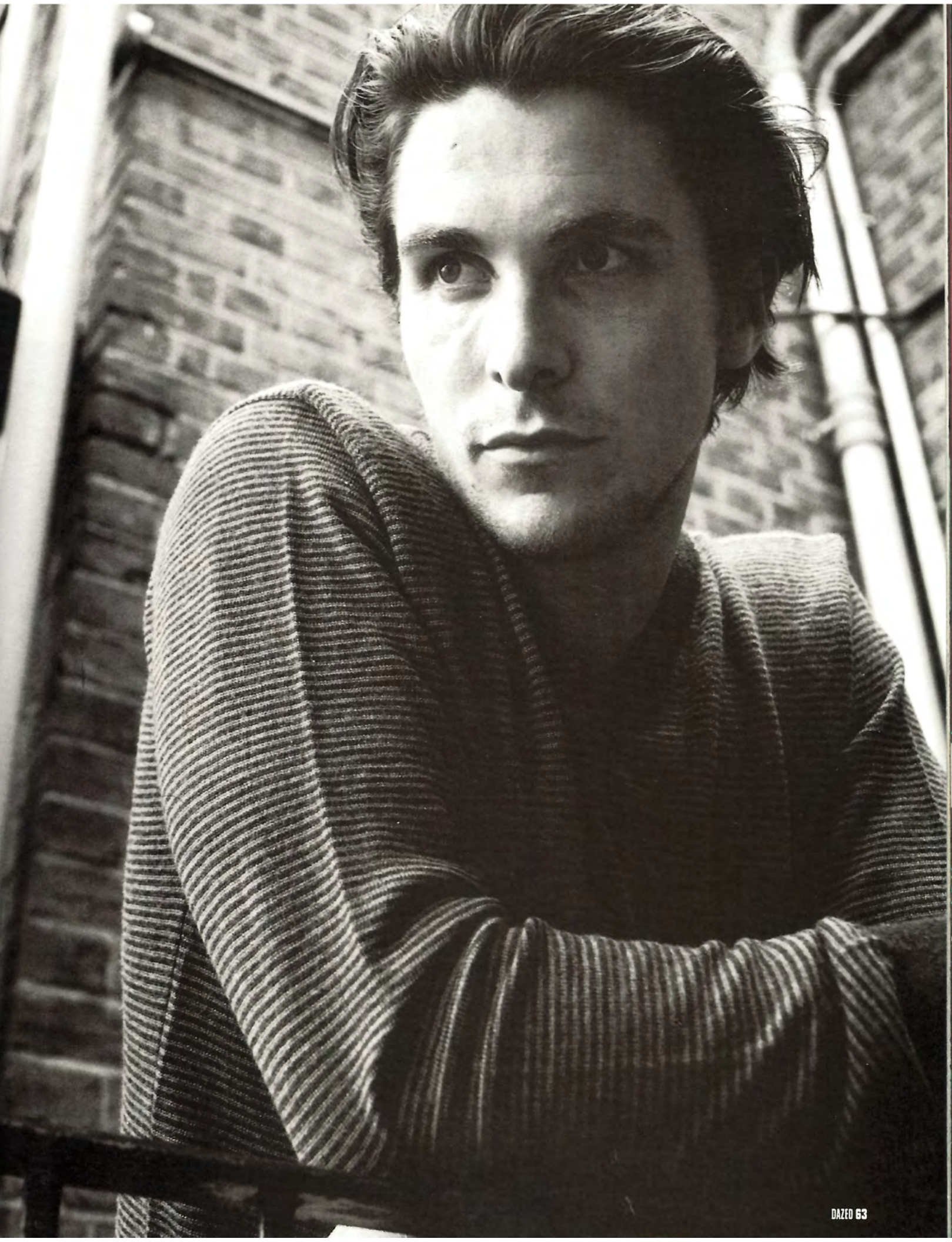
CB: What, other than acting? I don't have a clue. I was talking to my Dad about this the other night because I called him up and said 'That's it, I quit'.

D&C: What, recently?

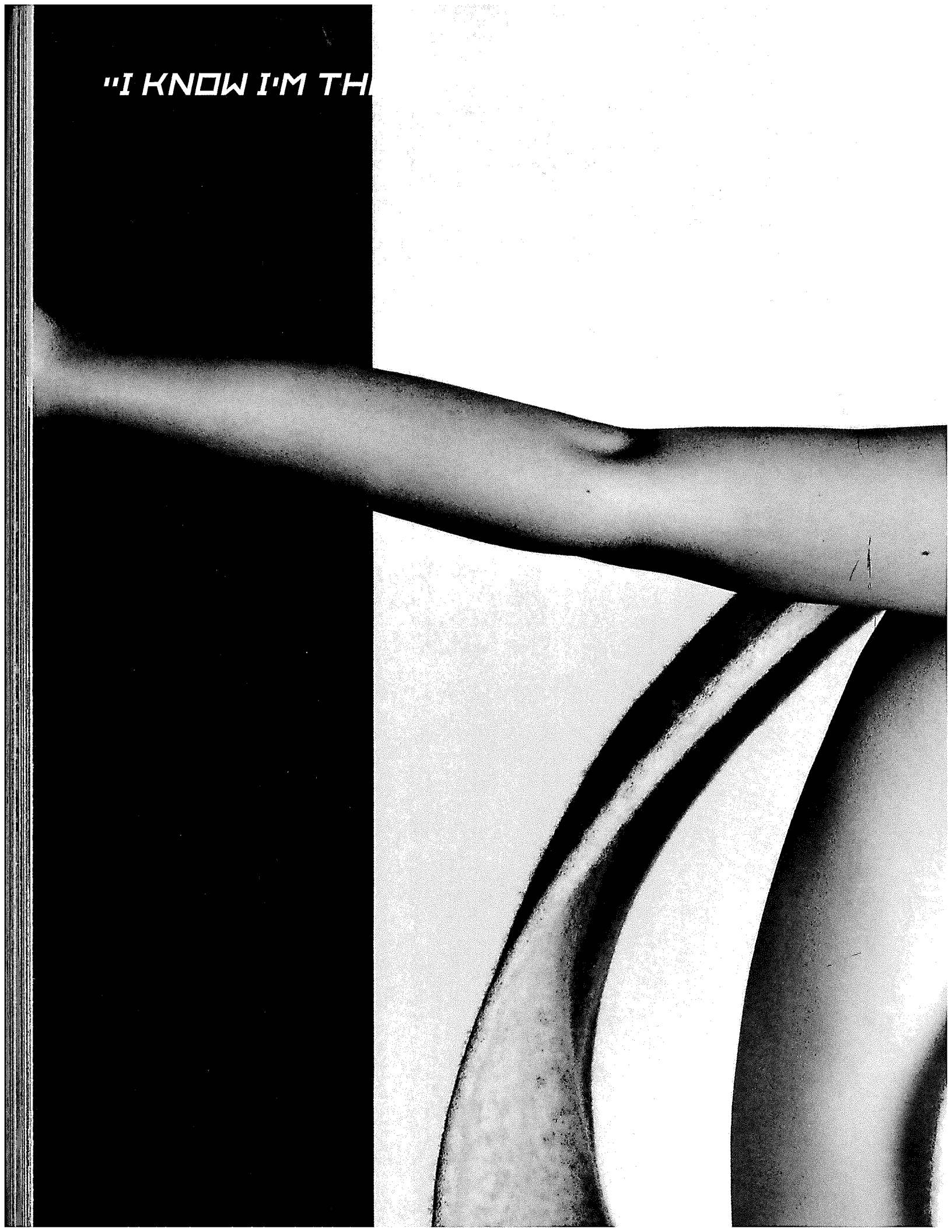
CB: Yeah, it was like five days ago. I said to him 'If *American Psycho* works out then I'll do that, but otherwise I'm out of it.' And he said 'Alright, I know that you're very down and depressed at the moment, so don't go making too many rash decisions but what else are you going to do?' Basically, he just said to me, 'So, you want to become a beach bum or something? Well if I don't hear from you for 15 months then I'll know that's what you're doing.' He did that for a lot of his life. I mean he's lived alone since he was 13. But what he pointed out to me was that at the time he'd found nothing he was good at. He was quite happy just wandering about. Whereas I do have a thing. At times I get depressed about things that happen with the acting, but I still always have it. I woke up the next morning and I was like 'No, hold on, I can't really quit. I do like this.' So it's a bit more difficult, when you've got something like acting, just to disappear and not do it.

Metroland is released on August 21 and *Velvet Goldmine* is released on September 25

SIMON BODINE - MICHAEL



"I KNOW I'M TH





CHARLI BALTIMORE

TEXT RACHEL NEWSOME PHOTOGRAPHY SOLVE SUNDSBO STYLING MAT RYALLS

P I N - U P S K I N U P

The story of Tiffany Lane is a tale of four funerals - including that of a hip hop megastar - and a potent wedding of drop dead beauty and female ambition. It could begin with the fate which must befall all wayward Catholic girls: expulsion from High School at the age of 15 for her part in a far from immaculate conception. It could start with the suicide of the father of one of her daughters or the gang shooting of her best friend. Or it could begin in March 1997 with the death of her overbearing but kind-at-heart father. But for our purposes the story of Tiffany Lane starts two years ago outside a movie premiere in her hometown of Philadelphia.

The half Afro-American, half German Tiffany is a 20-year-old mother of two - although by her doe-like eyes and waspish looks you could never tell. She has qualified as a paralegal at Pierce Junior College and is working at a personal injuries attorney's office where - although she reacts against stuffy convention by dyeing her hair blonde and wearing micro-minis - she is personable, friendly and enjoys helping people out.

On this particular night in 1996 she is caught in a crowd outside a premiere in downtown Philadelphia where rumours are soon confirmed that the Notorious BIG will be there. She joins the frug, hoping for an autograph or maybe a photo. But in a fairy tale inversion of what should be rights have seen Lane get her autograph and vanish back into the crowd, something happens which she could only have dreamt of in her small town fantasies.

Through with his wife, Faith Evans and through with his protegee, Lil' Kim, the Notorious BIG glimpses in Lane his future woman. "You're gonna be my girlfriend," he playfully informs Tiffany as if the fact preceded her acquiescence. "Nobody had ever said anything like that to me before,"

she recalls. "There was this guy coming along and saying, 'Hi, you're gonna be my girlfriend and I'm telling you it's gonna come true' and it's really crazy because it did! He was a real sweet guy - he was telling me he loved me three days after we met."

Biggie and Tiffany were by all accounts in love. She worshipped him. He adored her. They were soul mates. The first time they had sex, the pair were so transported that BIG had to cancel the flight which had been scheduled for the following day. This is how Tiffany tells it: "He got me really drunk. He seduced me, but then I wanted him to and we'd kind of clicked. I had a lot of fun and we got up to all sorts of things and then instead of leaving in the morning, he said, 'Cancel the plane, we'll catch it tomorrow.'"

As soon as Tiffany stepped into Biggie's high living, jet-setting, dollar dripping world, she waved goodbye to a mundane

Charli we are told is *in charge* (weekly massage and platinum gold card). But for all the tough raps in the world, this is only by virtue of *those looks* and *that body*. Seduced by Biggie, Charli the ingenue has become Charli the seducer. Attaining celebrity points via her former lover, Charli Baltimore is sashaying towards success via her sex symbol status. A beautiful but blank canvas, she is everything and nothing: the empty vessel every generation demands through which we can vicariously live out our own fantasies to be and/or to have her.

But sex symbols in the '90s are not the straightforward calendar girls of yore. If Charli Baltimore is a pin-up, then she is one loaded with paradox. Slumped on a stool as her make-up is applied in the dressing room of Metro studios in EC1, the diminutive Baltimore - for all her on stage posturing - cuts an altogether more fragile figure. Staring balefully at her mirror reflection, Baltimore is

A BEAUTIFUL BUT BLANK CANVAS, CHARLI BALTIMORE IS EVERYTHING AND NOTHING: THE EMPTY VESSEL EVERY GENERATION DEMANDS THROUGH WHICH TO BE AND/OR TO HAVE HER

existence that had disowned her long ago. But for all her languid sexuality, fetishized in a body draped with tattoos and a predilection for Galliano chain-mail suits - contradictions that society is only just beginning to get a grip on - the idea of casting around for real life role models was rendered virtually futile. Instead Tiffany opted for the fictional variety and became Charli Baltimore, the single mum/female assassin played by Geena Davis in the film *The Long Kiss Goodnight*, after seeing it with BIG. Bridging these apparent anomalies with a mythical persona, Lane was grasping at a means of expressing herself that would not pose a threat to men.

But then something happened. The Notorious BIG was shot dead outside a Vibe Party on the morning of Sunday 9th March '97 and Biggie's Girl became Dead Biggie's Girl. The trouble with Charli is that she wanted more. She had her two daughters to think of, let alone contemplating a return to her former dead-end job at the personal injuries attorney's office. She wanted... to be Charli Baltimore.

It was here that BIG's right-hand man and the executive producer of Lil' Kim, Lance "Un" Riviera stepped in. Informing Baltimore not that she was "gonna be his girlfriend" but that he was "gonna make her a star" he signed her to his nascent label, *Entertainment*. Encouraging her to work on the raps she'd toyed with while BIG was around, the result is her debut album *Ice* featuring tracks produced by Trackmasters and the Rza.

Pouting and preening through a series of slick hip hop moves *Ice* represents the completion of Baltimore's transformation from Philly-filly to the future scion of female rap. Where Faith and Foxy,

submitting herself to the demands of success. Neither simply a Bitch nor just a Babe. Neither a bad girl made good, nor a good girl made bad but an ambitious young woman faking being "bad" for her own good. Because, justified or not, how many good girls do you know who get what they want?

And pirouetting her perspex Prada sling-backs, Baltimore is very clear about what she wants: "I want to make sure my daughters are taken good care of... I'm trying. I want to complete my album. It's about being famous. I want to finish what I've started and if I do that, then I'm succeeding."

Is Charli Baltimore exploited? Is she empowered? No matter how complex the late 20th century ambiguities of female sexuality, received logic continues to reduce this spectrum to black and white. If you put out, the thinking goes, you're a slag. It hardly needs pointing out that while this is so, the Notorious BIG could shag whomever he pleased. While the calumny mounting up against Charli dictates that not only is she slutty but that she is shamelessly cashing in on her dead boyfriend. Of course, this didn't stop Sean Puffy Coombes from releasing "I'll Be Missing You" - a tribute to the Notorious BIG featuring Faith Evans, which incidentally sold 1.5m copies in the UK.

The nakedness of Charli's body is matched only by the nakedness of her ambition. An ambiguous transgression, ambition is ego and desire, power and arrogance and above all a very masculine currency.

That Charli's fellow "celebrity widow", Courtney Love, is portrayed as an out and out bitch in the spurious movie, *Kurt and Courtney*

"I REMEMBER AN EARLY INTERVIEW WITH MADONNA AND SHE SAID, 'I WANT TO RULE THE WORLD.' I ADMIRE HER AMBITION AND THAT'S HOW I WANT TO BE"

Kim and Missy are credible but failed to make a major impact on the UK mainstream, it is Baltimore's unashamed pop sheen which sees her convert to commercial Puff Daddy-ism. Although, it is none of these peers she views as her role models but perpetual apostate Madonna.

Which brings our story to Charli's UK showcase at the Fashion Café off Leicester Square on a late spring evening in 1998. As the DAT begins to roll, Ms Baltimore - ginger top knots quivering, booty shaking for the US of A - bursts onto the stage like a pampered pooch leaping through a hoop and thrusts straight into don't-fuck-with-me gear.

Armed with the street tough rhetoric of Ghetto Girl Power, Tiffany Lane's alter ego sublimates from Babe to Bitch with the yelp *Even with my nails I can take guns apart*. Followed by: *I know I'm the shit with my Mac lipstick - come work for Charli, the boss with the body*, over the booming bass re-work of the

only begins to suggest how society reacts to female ambition. Without BIG, without her father, without her best friend, it is Charli's body that is her *raison d'être*. But she has slunk into an era of transition where the boundaries between objectivity and autonomy are still being re-written. Neither - as binary male logic would have it - a victim, nor a vamp, Charli Baltimore is clearly a fully paid up member of the Gloria Gaynor school of female survival. "I don't want to be like anybody. I want to be different. I remember an early interview with Madonna and they said to her, 'What do you want?' and she said, 'I want to rule the world.' I admire her ambition and that's how I want to be - I just want to have a platform so I can say, 'Yes! I did that.'" And so the story of Charli Baltimore begins.

HAIR PETER GREY AT UNTITLED* FOR VIDAL SASSOON
HAIR EXTENSIONS BY SHERMAN HAWTHORNE AT MANDY COXLEY
MAKE-UP ANGIE PARKER AT DETAILS USING NARS

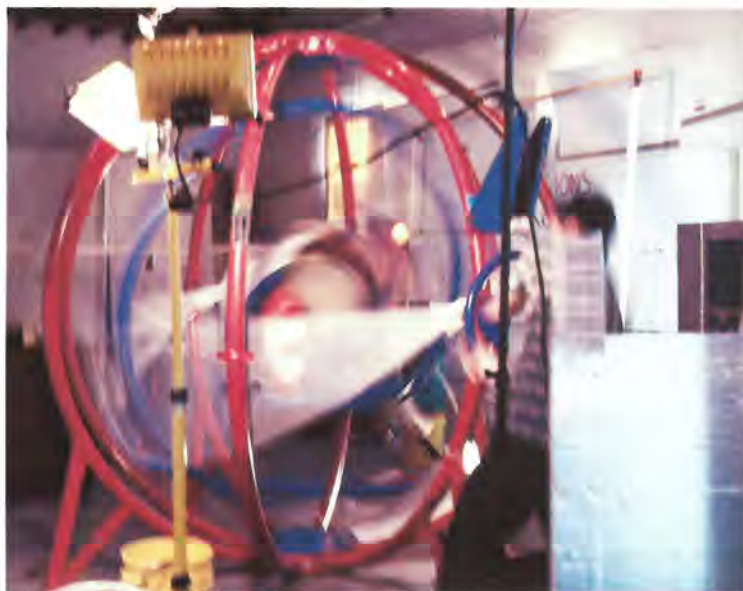


MEET G T U A R L U

JASON RHOADES

TEXT BERNARD ELSMERE AND MARK SANDERS

PORTRAITS JUSTIN WESTOVER



As obsessed by cars as he is captivated by the symbolic pleasures of IKEA furniture, Jason Rhoades is many things, not least a being who lives and feeds on a world of cultural chaos. As a Los Angeles based artist, he 'inhabits' his life in an ever increasing state of mental anarchy. Nothing is safe from his clutches. He is, to put it bluntly, a modern alchemist capable of turning the most nondescript object into a telling social sign.

Indeed so bizarre is Rhoades' aesthetic that you might be forgiven for mistaking his sculptural offerings as the product of a diseased mind. For instance, it is not unusual to enter one of his installations and be confronted by a barrage of oddball consumer references and ready-mades that can fill a space to overflowing. Chairs, buckets, do-it-yourself tools, photographs, drawings, loudspeakers, TV monitors, spare car parts, conveyor belts, even a resident astrologer, have all been thrown together in a telling transmogrification of our consumer age. Yet perhaps one of the strangest objects ever to appear in a Jason Rhoades' installation is the *Space Ball*, a fully functional gyroscope in which members of the public are invited to view his interpretation of space exploration from a position of self-induced weightlessness.

Behind this supposed chaos lies a systematic investigation of LA consumer culture, captured through Rhoades' open-ended approach to reality as a world embedded in familiar and everyday objects. His latest project represents the culmination of a long-standing fascination with the not so innocent car, which he has transformed into the LA art object *par excellence*. From kit-cars that double up as mobile studios to international stock-car races that



The following interview was conducted whilst driving around Los Angeles in Jason's latest acquisition, a dark blue Ferrari.

Dazed & Confused: The Fiero - this is the first car that you included in your 'Swedish Erotic and Fiero Parts' exhibition at the Rosamund Felsen Gallery in 1994. I see it has a Ferrari badge on it.

Jason Rhoades: Yeah, it's sublime. What I wanted to do was build a sculpture that took the place of a broken car, because people have a place to park one in front of their house, but not much more. In Los Angeles they don't really have sculpture gardens. I really like the whole idea of placing sculpture. How a broken car sits and gathers dust underneath the tyres. What stuck in my brain about this Fiero was this kit-car mentality. I could never really understand that. It's a particular type of person that drives a car like that.

D&C: You mean it's like a cheap wannabe-sports car.

JR: Yeah, it's a cheap wannabe-sports car.

D&C: Who is it made by?

JR: It's a plastic car so it's a Pontiac. They are supposed to have this revolutionary design but they drive like pigs. It drives really shitty. They were manufactured from '84 to '89. The '88 was pretty good, but it took a while to get there. I wanted to find one that was authentic. So I needed someone who was really sincere about their car and really liked it.

D&C: Why the Fiero specifically. You could have had a Honda CRX or a...

JR: Honda, even a Toyota MR2!

D&C: Some Mazdas too. So why the Fiero?

JR: The Fiero was particular in its development in Detroit. It was really the first of these kit-cars to come off the production line. There were three in development at the same time.

Los Angeles experience. It's a certain form of meditation that no other place has. I've been noticing people with cell phones. They always walk. Very few people with a cell phone stand in one place. If they have the ability to walk around, they do.

D&C: I've seen a lot of people standing still in London. Maybe that says something

JR: They must be trying to concentrate.

D&C: I only learned to drive when I came out to Los Angeles.

JR: Did it change your mentality?

D&C: Definitely. I feel more confident, being in control of a dangerous instrument

JR: You have a radio, an air conditioner, the ability to kill, speed, express yourself.

D&C: Break the law.

JR: It's the perfect place. And it's why people in Los Angeles think differently to other people. Los Angeles has all these obvious, bullshit Hollywood connections, but that's something different. It's a great place to live. It's just so fucked up. You'll never understand the place. You'll never get it.

D&C: Which is why you have now bought a Ferrari. Is that going to be turned into anything else?

JR: I'm thinking of turning the Ferrari into a kit-car, a fake sports car and then maybe trading it for something else. It's that idea of the 'art' value of any particular sculpture. As the art value increases so too do the parameters of the project. So it started with the Fiero, a fake Ferrari that was transformed into a broken car sculpture. That sold for \$3000 which paid for the other half of the Bordeaux car, the Caprice which I have now traded for a Ferrari. Then in the future I'll turn the Ferrari back into a Fiero. If I get the value up any further, eventually I could even afford to buy a truck.

D&C: Because of its perceived status?

JR: I'm very conscious of that, and I want the work to be very self-conscious as well. It's kind of a pain in the ass, juggling or trading these cars for others. My original idea was to



The Honda, the Toyota and the Fiero, but the Fiero was by far the most excessive in its design. I bought mine from this guy called Sergio in Mount Washington. The minute I saw it I knew it was perfect. It had a licence plate which said on the back "Arlene 3. Mom and Dad I love it". It seemed Sergio had originally bought it for his daughter.

D&C: Whose name was, don't tell me, Arlene.

JR: How did you guess! He bought it for her when she was in high school so she could impress this guy. Why it ended up in his yard is a long story, she ended up getting the guy but she also got pregnant in the process and so couldn't fit in the car. She ended up parking it outside her parents' house and taking off in the station-wagon. So this car was the perfect catalyst for Arlene to leave home. She finally got everything she wanted, even marriage.

D&C: And so you came along and turned the car into an art-piece.

JR: Or bits of it. The Fiero was the first of my car projects. I finally sold it as a sculpture and then ploughed the money back into a show at CAPC in Bordeaux which bought a 49 per cent stake in a Chevrolet Caprice which I transformed into a studio, but a studio that I could go driving in. It's a car that can go over 150 miles per hour but at the same time it's a progressive sculpture.

D&C: (laughs) How much did you end up getting for the Fiero?

JR: About \$3000 which isn't bad considering that I bought it for \$400. It was eventually turned into this outdoor sculpture and left freestanding in someone's front yard. But I really loved that Caprice. It's such a different design from your average obese American car.

D&C: I always think of cop cars when I see a Caprice, you know the big square ones.

JR: They were a very similar package, a heavy underframe with a real fast motor. The classic 350. When I got my Caprice I decided to turn it into another sculpture, a mobile studio in which to conduct interviews. Your mind works completely differently when

transform the Caprice into art work, sell it and then buy the Ferrari. And that's what ended up happening, but now the whole project has spun off onto a whole different level. What I am planning to do now is to set up a relationship with a mechanic where I teach him to draw. For everything that he or she does to the car I want detailed drawings. If it's a tune-up then I want some drawings of different spark-plugs with little arrows pointing to the areas that needed fixing. For that I will pay him extra.

D&C: And what do you plan to do with the drawings?

JR: Sell them for the same price as the repair jobs. For instance, if the Ferrari needs a new transmission, I'll pull it out and sell it as a pedestal sculpture and that should pay for the spare parts.

D&C: So these cars are but a means to an end?

JR: Yeah. Sculpture comes out of them physically and mentally. They make things as well as being a place for conversation.

D&C: How do you separate your ideas from one another?

JR: You can't separate one work from another. They become an ongoing blur. There are pieces which refer to other pieces that refer to other pieces. I understand art as a pursuit. I think that the shit is on the other side of the horizon and you have some fucked up drive to try and understand something. It's a disease. In trying to figure something out, things spin off it.

D&C: Do you think of your work as a self-perpetuating machine?

JR: Yeah, when it runs perfectly. My work has to have information to feed on. It doesn't just feed itself. It doesn't fit into some bathtub conception of art. I never sit in a bathtub and come up with ideas.

D&C: How about your stock car racing project?

JR: (laughs) That is a half-a-million dollar project that a Danish artist friend and myself

hold a debating competition during the course of the race. Debating subjects will be raised by a panel before the competition starts. They could be as simple as a contemporary news item or a study of the universe, Clinton's sex life or his recent visit to Uganda. Of course any expert invited to participate in this race competition would have to undergo one day's comprehensive training in order to learn how to drive the cars. Then they will be linked up to video monitors and microphones in their helmets and let loose on the track with an external moderator who is able to switch between the cars and ask provocative questions.

&C: Have you had any people interested in applying or...

R: It's kind of open right now but Paul McCarthy is going to drive a car. I also want Franz West to come out here to participate in the whole thing. Also some science bods from CalTech and of course, we need sponsorship from Philip Morris.

&C: How's that going?

R: Well, we have some money already, a couple of hundred-thousand dollars but we still need more. We have to have enough money to be able to do it right, to race with uniforms and of course we want to be able to fly people in. After all it is supposed to be a forum for bringing people together.

&C: This isn't the first mad scheme you've cooked up. What about the giant Taco Bell?

R: I haven't agreed to that yet but I have proposed it for the German Expo 2000. I want to build this giant Taco Bell in this fucked up, real *petite* Medieval village near Hamburg, but I want it to be a giant Taco Bell with a difference; with a drive-thru...

&C: Framed as an art piece?

R: As a ready-made.

&C: So are the residents excited by this prospect?

R: Well, they're the ones trying to promote the area for tourism, that's why they're holding the exhibition in the first place. The problem is I don't know whether the idea is interesting to people or if I am just violating their trust.

&C: Isn't that what you want to do?

R: Not really. I mean I want to be able to violate them, but I don't want to violate them completely. I want to fuck 'em, but not totally fuck them up. This idea of purity and nostalgia, it's sometimes really difficult to get your head around.

&C: Like your P.I.G. installation.

R: You mean *Piece In Ghent*. That's based on a Van Eyke altarpiece. It even opens up to reveal a bleeding sheep on a table; it's a mystic lamb.

&C: Is that why there's a sheep on top of your car?

R: No, that's a dog.

&C: You're fucking with my mind. I'm sure it was a sheep.

R: No, definitely a dog. Anyway, the piece was made for a show in Ghent and was supposed to be about how a young teenager may interpret this Van Eyke altarpiece and then rebuild it in 3-D. If you look you will see that the fountain in the middle of the altarpiece has become a fully functional jacuzzi. The guys on horses are symbolised by the TT500 motorcycles. It's all been suburbanised into this kind of trailer-park mentality.

you have to fill with hairspray but instead of firing bullets it cuts french fries. It's more dangerous than it looks. Once you run out of potatoes the hairspray explodes. It's incredible. It'll kill you if you're not careful.

D&C: So how did the gallery react?

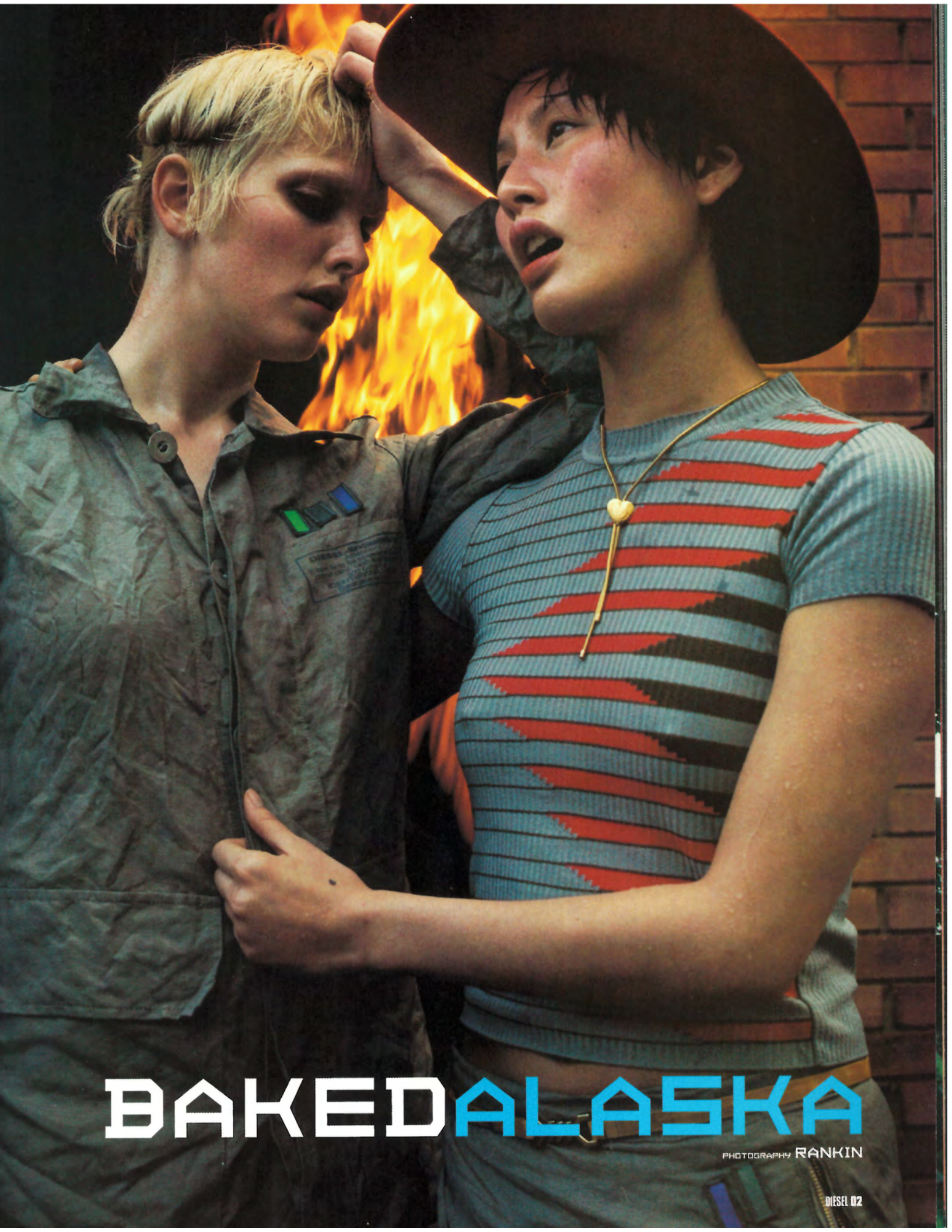
JR: Initially the piece was designed to take over the whole gallery but there were other artists involved as well. The gallery wanted the artists to interact with one another, so in that context the jacuzzi seemed perfect. The idea was for all the other artists to come and hang out in my pool, to relax and cook french fries made by the *Pomme Frites* gun. I wanted the jacuzzi to be really hot so that we would all be boiled together and make an artists soup, but they weren't having any of it and were more interested in sculptural interaction; real hippy bullshit, so I decided that probably the best way to interact with artists was to shoot a gun at them. Real interaction in the way a suburban kid may interact with their neighbour.



opposite page, left to right: Blue Room and Love Seat, 1995. Ferrari steering wheel (detail), 1998. Forward Only, Group Mobile, 1997

this page, clockwise from left: Garage Renovation, New York, 1993. P.I.G. (Piece In Ghent), 1994. Installation View of Monaco Grand Prix '94, 1994. All images courtesy of David Zwirner Gallery, New York





BAKEDALASKA

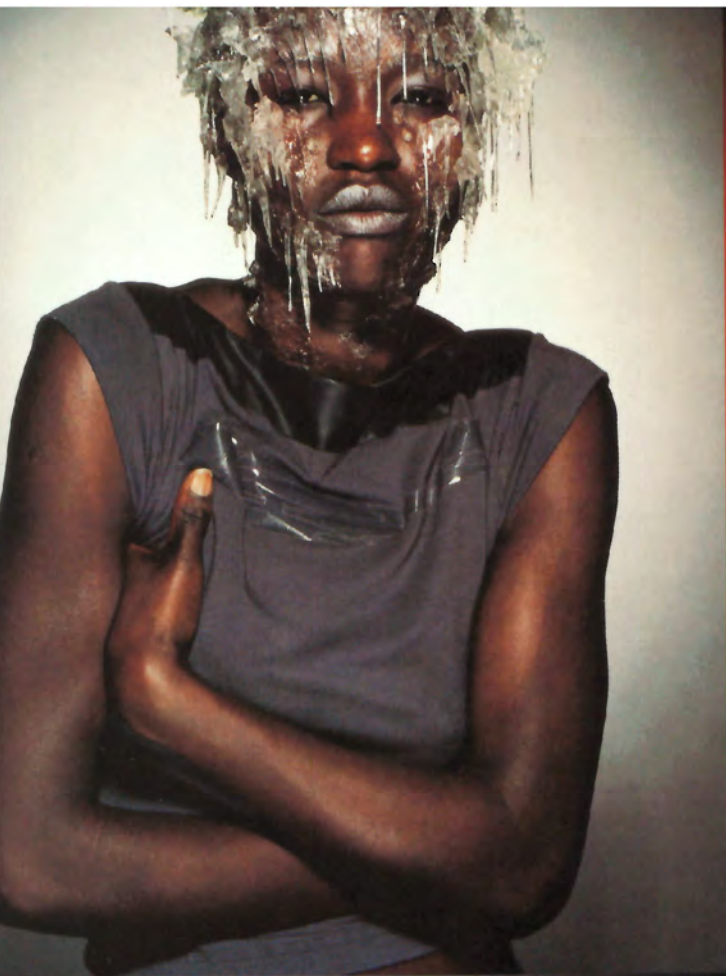
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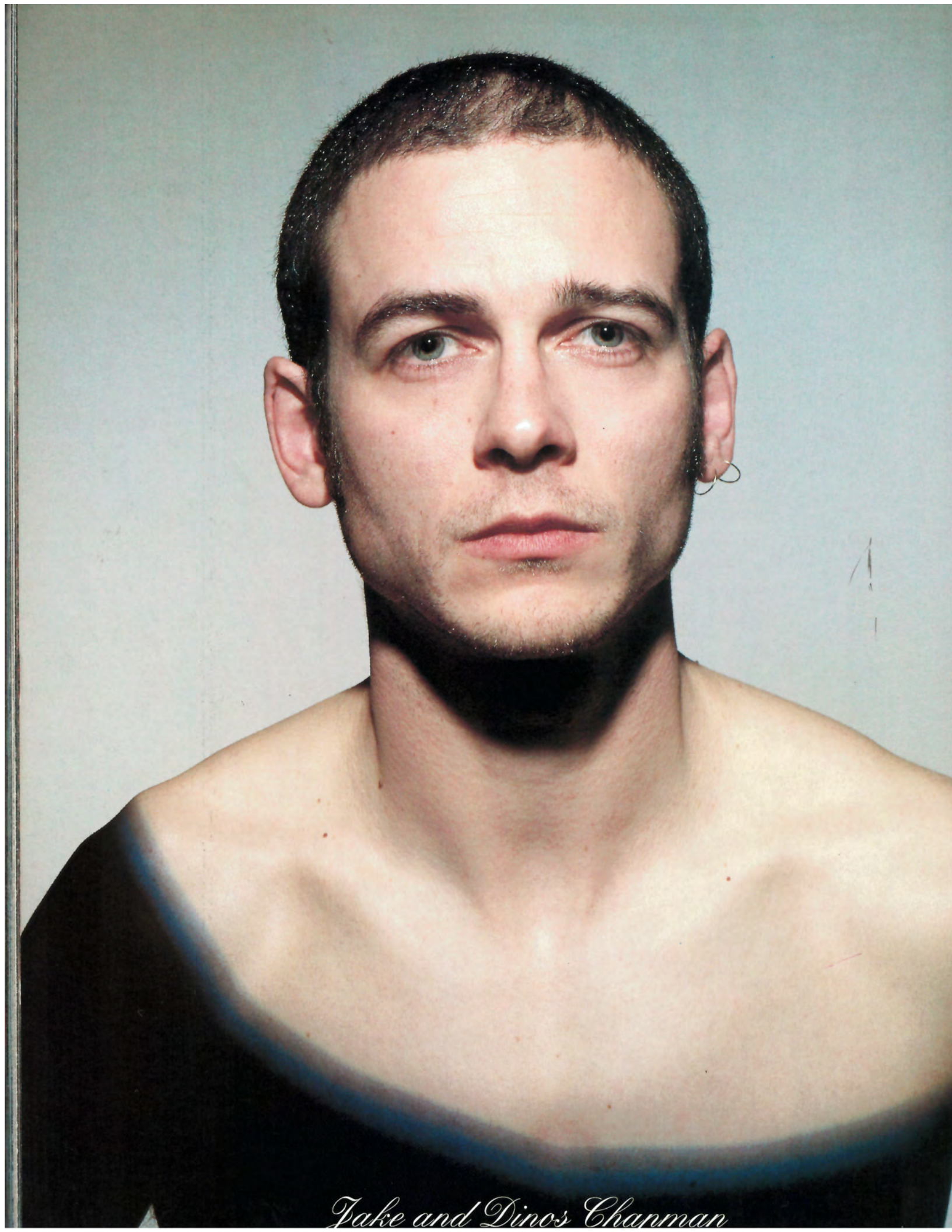


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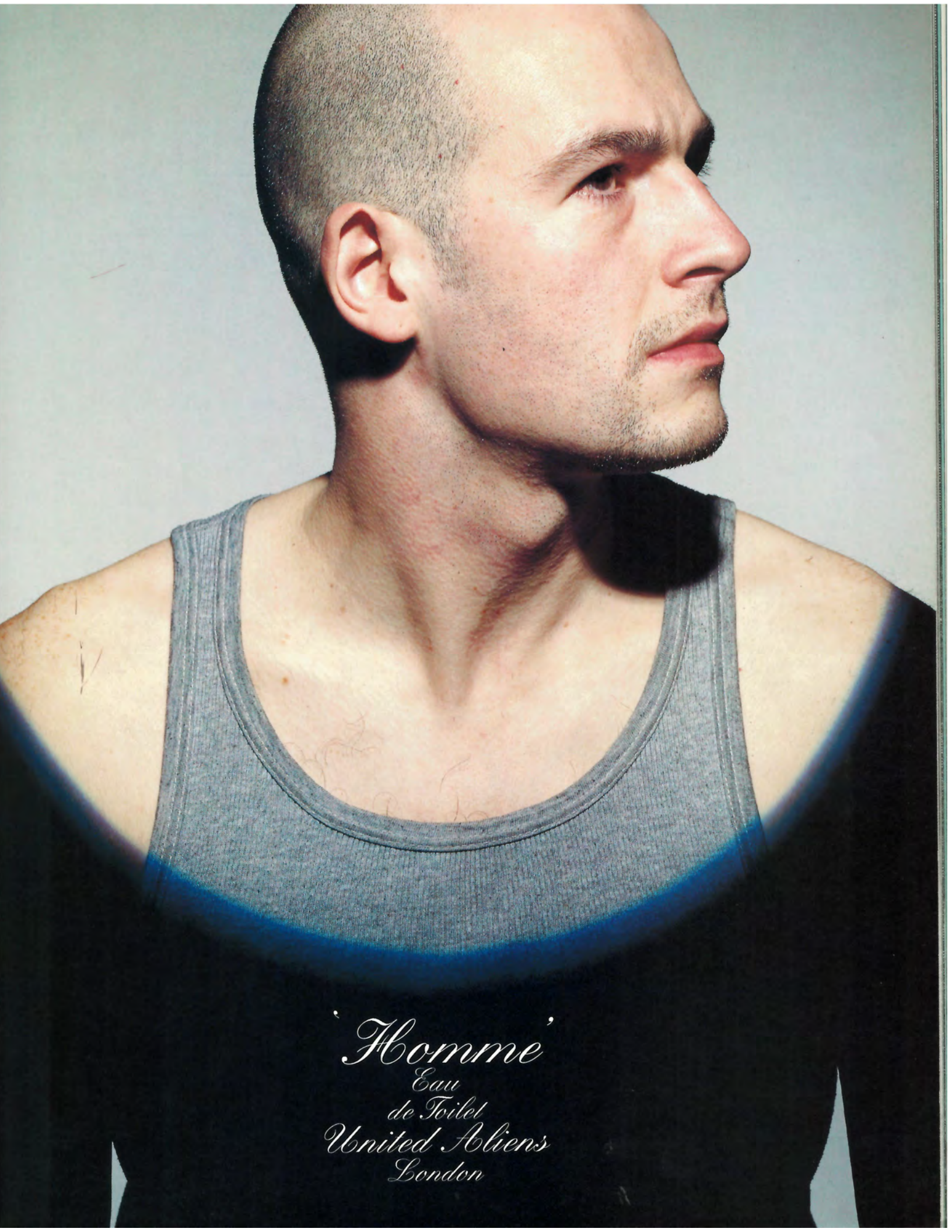








Fake and Dino's Chapman



Homme
Eau
de Toilette
United Artists
London

WHAT WOT IS WAT?

JUNYA WATANABE

PHOTOGRAPHY **LIZ COLLINS** STYLING **KATIE GRAND**

TEXT **LUELLA BARTLEY**

Junya Watanabe doesn't exactly look like a fashion designer - more a studious intellectual in his sweet, round glasses - and he certainly doesn't play like one. He would, no doubt, rather be working on a new concept in fabric technology than getting trashed with a load of fashion princesses.

Watanabe has a unique aesthetic and studious vision when it comes to clothes, a philosophy held only by a few, invariably Japanese, 'thinking' designers, who construct the industry's 'difficult' clothing. Clothes you need to spend a good half hour working out how to put on. And even then they don't necessarily make you look like the sexiest woman alive, not in the textbook sense anyway. "Practicality is one of the most basic elements in a piece of clothing's function. But it may become an obstacle depending on what you want to pursue. You can't find anything new while you see things conventionally. Different goals and purposes require different approaches."

With romanticism as the theme of his last collection, Watanabe used simple circles and squares which he wrapped, wound, pleated and generally manipulated to construct different forms around the body. It's incredible to see how much the man achieved with a humble piece of cotton.

As Rei Kawakubo's protégé, Watanabe started work with Comme des Garçons as soon as he graduated from Tokyo's Bunka Fashion Institute. Within three years, he became designer of the Tricot range. Then, as if all that fashion-fairy-tale stuff wasn't enough, Kawakubo decided to launch and back Watanabe's own line. "I am most grateful that she puts creation first when judging things. But I feel more pressure because of it. The most important thing she has taught me is how tough and how much fun it is to create."

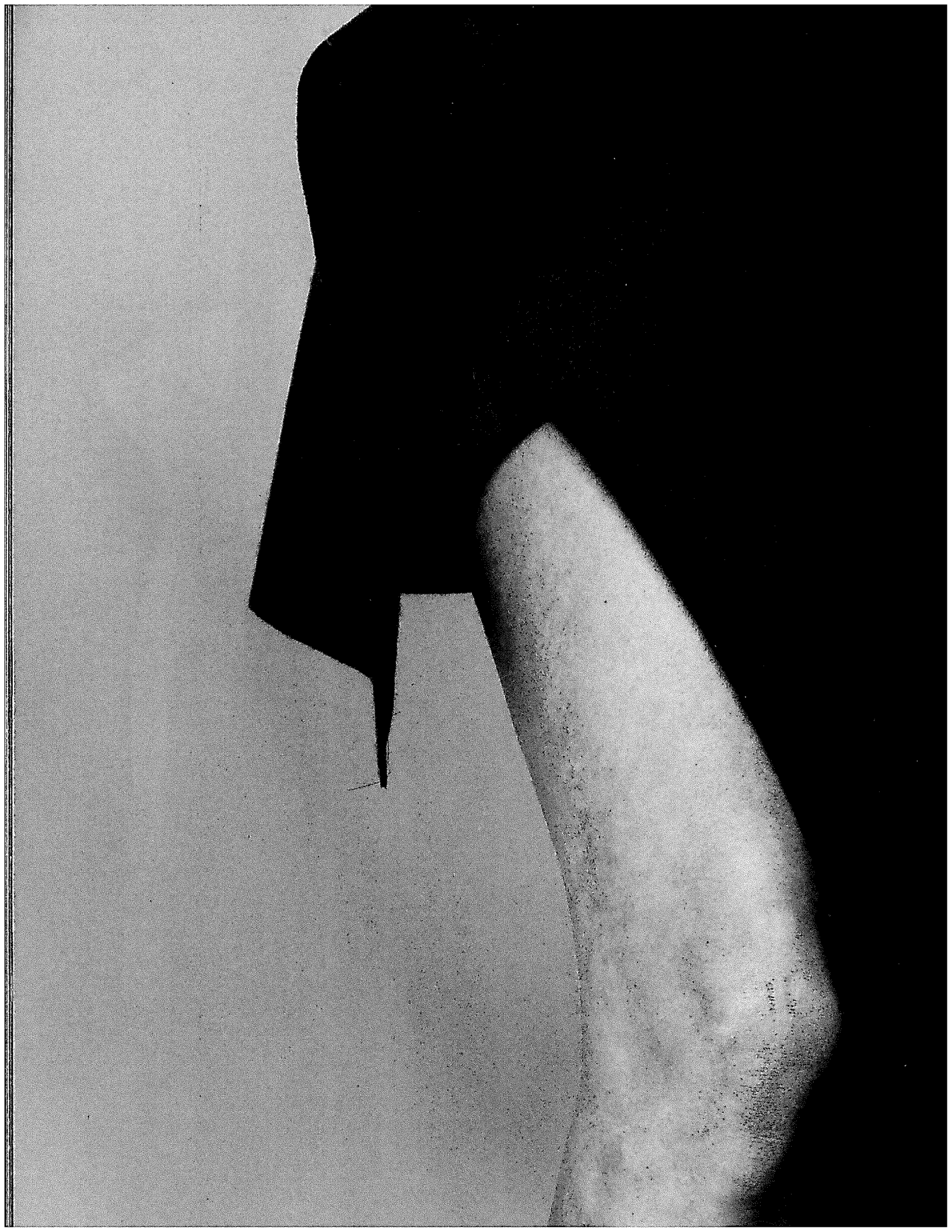
Watanabe has now become a fully integrated and established member of fashion's 'intellectual' family, of whom Rei Kawakubo and Yoji Yamamoto are King and Queen. This group have an almost Quaker like separation from the rest of the industry. Quiet and private with a need for a kind of fashion enlightenment, they create extraordinary design concepts that grab everyone's attention.

Watanabe is unconcerned with trends, his contemporaries' work and pretty much anything in the outside world. "While I am working on a collection I concentrate on my own creation and there's no time to think about what other people are doing."

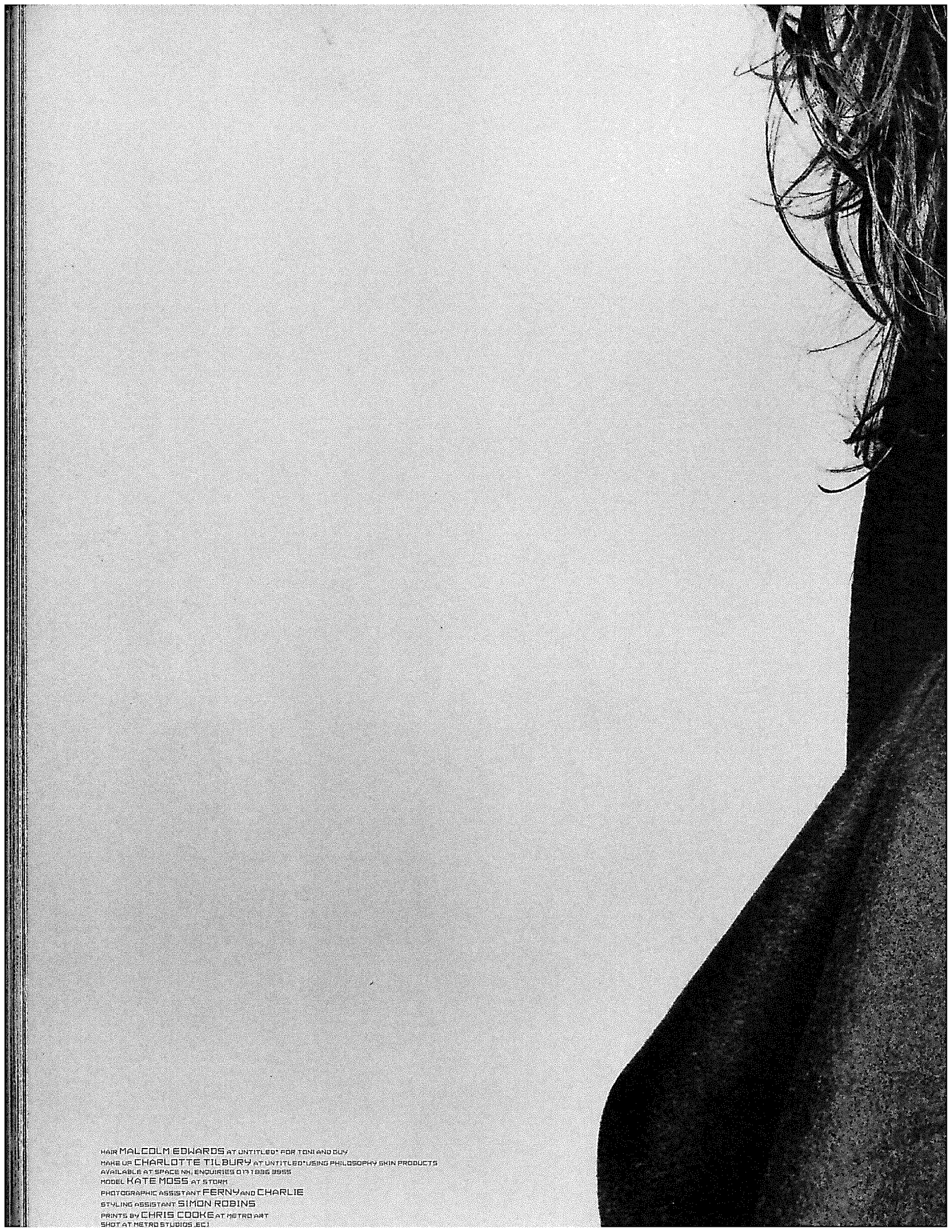
Watanabe is a true modernist, always pushing the boundaries, and although he admits to finding inspiration in second-hand markets, he sees clothes as just that; "Second-hand clothes are an excellent source of ideas. I get excited when I see them, but if all you're interested in is old clothes, then you should open a shop in Portobello. For personal inspiration he seems more interested in "the accumulation of everyday work. Ideas are born from everyday life." If that's the case, I'd love to be a fly-on-the-wall for a day in his life, but as his press officer is bound to say, "I don't think that will be possible."



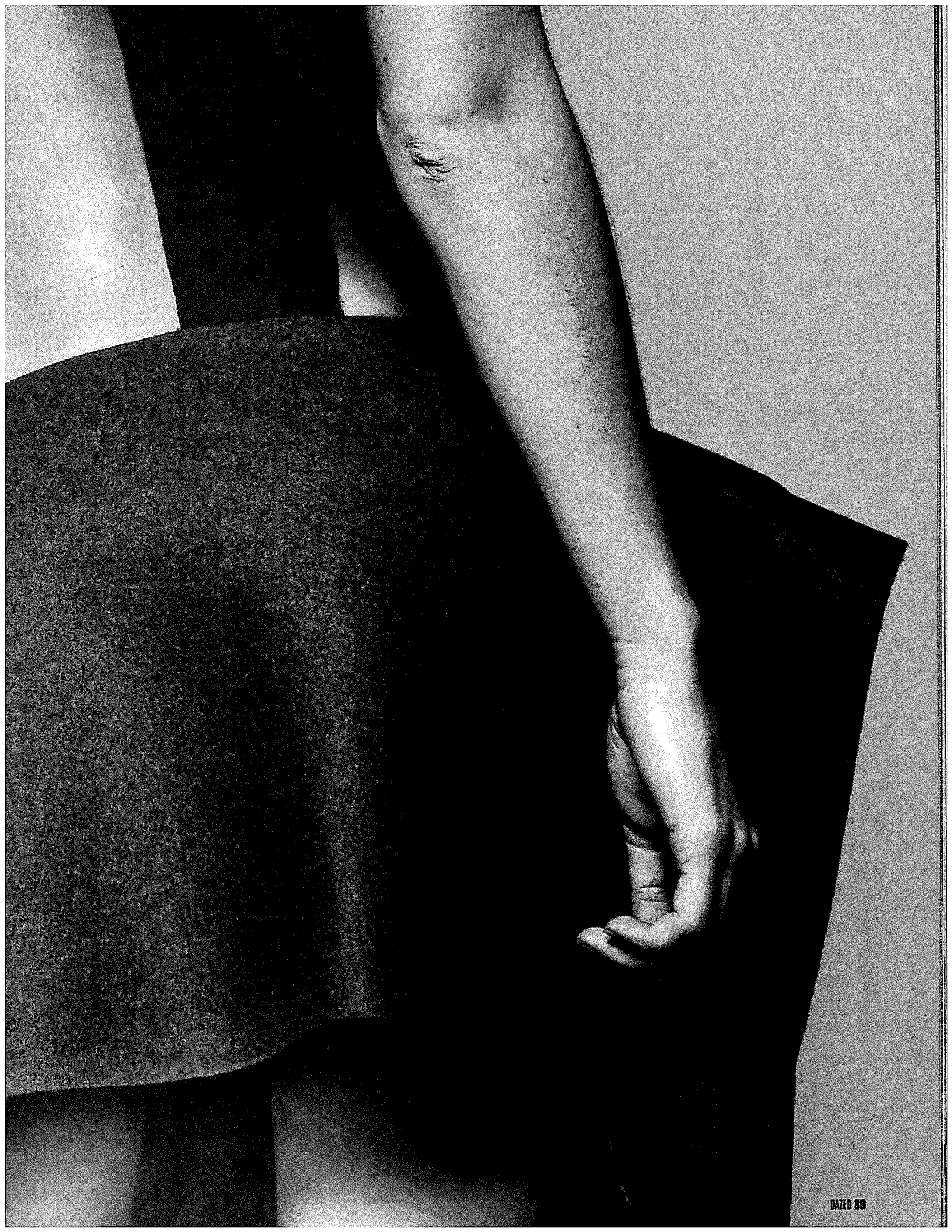






A black and white photograph showing the back of a person's head and shoulder. The hair is dark, long, and appears to be blowing or falling. The shoulder is visible in the lower right corner, and the background is a plain, light-colored surface.

HAIR MALCOLM EDWARDS AT UNTITLED* FOR TONI AND GUY
MAKE UP CHARLOTTE TILBURY AT UNTITLED* USING PHILOSOPHY SKIN PRODUCTS
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PRINTS BY CHRIS COOKE AT METRO ART
SHOT AT METRO STUDIOS, EC1



forgive his mood-was the momentum
bitterness that made him ?
he was wholly on the side of
freedom

he was wholly on the side of

light

WHOLLY ON THE SIDE OF LIGHT

HARMONY KORINE
MEETS WILL OLDHAM
with oldham
harmony korine



harm - if you had a child and it was his 13th birthday and he asked you for a small hunting rifle would you buy him the gift?

will - bpb: im not into gift giving for ocaations nor am i into ownership: if he wanted one he could use mine but not without taking a shot in the neck first to know what it could do.

harm - its funny you say that. the other day i walked into my sisters room. she is pregnant and lovely looking. classical music was on and she was wearing a ballet outfit. i watched her silently as she danced around the room completely oblivious. but in the corner of her room by the window was a shotgun: my first inclination was to walk over and shoot her in the belly.

will - me: well it is so funny: had you acted on that impulse you could have killed my child. you are lyrical and sentimental. a pregnant women is opportunity "personified". for me she is realized, for others potential.

harm - but my sister is in her seventh month and her belly is round and ready to burst. could you still imagine yourself getting romantic with a girl in this condition?

will - bpb: you dog. you know i can, but that's not what i meant. by potential i meant the child, not the mother. isn't that why you could if shot her?

harm - it's hard for me to say. i guess i wanted the child to die so that i wouldn't have the responsability of being it's uncle. my sister smokes and drinks till all hours of the night. so there is at least a 75% chance that the child would be born disabled. also the child has no father. he is now one of gods missionary's: born again, fled to poland. im sure youd agree that the last thing the world needs is another disabled bastard. i know you look down on the have nots.

will -bpb: born aristocrat, but i know genes, and you've got them: disabled, regular, the kids got a chance - untouching or - as - whatever. and i dont look down. i look away.

harm - i think that's what seperates you. you remind me so much of greg toland. he was 44 when he died of a heart attack. he was by general consent, the outstanding cameraman in hollywood. he lit the stars like no one else. sammel goldwyn deplored the fact that no stars attended tollads funeral. he also looked away.

will - bpb: because of the way he's written about goldwyn has always seemed like a good man. and a good man in los angeles would be a great man. what kept the stars away from toland's funeral? maybe goldwyn was off the beam, and toland wouldn't have wanted them there. im sure the light was there.



harm - that's a good point. who know's what the polatics were. fuck the stars anyway. a solo funeral is a gift. a grumpy minister who makes his closing statement brief on the account that he's the only one there. a god who forgets and regrets his stars. this is what i cant deal with. in most religious films, the star speaks to god. that is a lie. thats why i gave up.

will - bpb: yeah. what's the deal with "ordets" and "breaking the waves."? they run as fun movics about faithuntil the end when whoever's in charge tries to ruin it for us. we can always turn them off. movies about nuns cover all the ground in destroying god. there was a sirk movie though. "thunder on the hill." where the nuns were as hapless and noble as us, and manipulated.

harm - cinema is wasteful. the director will swing on a tree and answer phones as if the women they date are used in pin up catalogs. this way they save their energy, and lie in bed. you and i are both from neighboring southern states. those born in the years of stagnation forget now how they found their way. i felt you know: the discreet vocal manner, the position if the voice and what was said. did you understand your position afterwards if in fact iy happenend? or am i off my rocker?

will - you're not using the codes i would, but your in new york and what have you, and you are off your rocker; i understood. is that what brings us together?

harm - what brings us together is song. the other day i went to temple on the holy sabbath. i went by myself so that when it came time to sing, i would have no distractions. there was a speech given by a man at the alter. he spoke about the death of his little son. after the service, there were people protesting in the parking lot. it was an organization of gays and lesbians who were involved in a white seperatist movement. they boasted many members. i bought a gram of cocaine from one of the members. white power/white powder i sang back at them. songs oh song!

will - that's you in a nutshell. i A M song. i was sung by jill clayburgh in "luna." i was sung by the ecstasy of U. Srinivas. and sung every sunday in friends meetings. youre a refrain...no, a chorus, a masked chorus present at the actors life. i'm a little mouse, your sterling Holloway: i'm a trash can, your a cinder block. i follow jesse jackson's minutae: you take the Gores fecal reading.

harm - jill clayburgh jacked her son's private in "luna." no matter how wonderful her voice, her career ended because the deed was mistaken for a sin. when you did it, everyone applauded and your fame increased. if a fellow calls you an ass, put a saddle on your back. do you agree?

will - not if he intends to ride you. (the only problem!)

harm - my father is a fuck: he gets ridden like a spooked pony . He needs to be shot and put to sleep. shamed and used up, my mother once confessed that she would put a dead swan on his grave: when his time came.. will o will! shamelessly, endlessly sinning: with a head full of booze and losing count of nights and days. mother of god, these bolsheviks will be the death of us all, i know!

will - prince billy: goak harmony despair not. this is really a time of good change: the zeitgeist is openness. it was decided earlier this evening! it's not in your power to shame your mother! harm, let me tell you the affection i feel for you is so great as to fill my lungs when i am alone. dont cut yours. i have done terrable things too but i am counting on you to ride through with me with you head held high. friends pick their friends noses, and they wipe the buttocks and live the lives for each other.



▲ HARMONY KORINE

Most recently the 23-year-old Korine directed the promotional video for Sonic Youth's single "Sunday", featuring Macaulay Culkin. Aged 19, the writer of the cult film *Kids*, made his entry into the New York film and art world. Since then he has written and directed the non-narrative film *Gummo* which opened this year. It won the Grand Jury Prize at the Rotterdam Film Festival and International Critics Prize at the Venice Film Festival. His novel, *A Crack Up At The Race Riots* was also released this year by Doubleday.

WILL OLDHAM

Singer/songwriter Will Oldham's debut solo album, *Joya*, was released this year on Domino Records. A native of Louisville, Kentucky, he has previously released six albums (in the US) and numerous singles under the evolving monickers: Palace Brothers, Palace Songs and Palace Music. The mythology surrounding Oldham has framed him as the illusive dark prince of an elliptical country-blues-folk tradition entirely of his own making. He rarely entertains interviews and refuses to release promotional copies of his music for review. When performing live, each gig is completely variable, becoming as far removed from his recorded music as possible. In one live performance he reportedly played with a band who, completely new to his music, broke the gig down into a mess of sound. In another instance Oldham performed his songs entirely a cappella. As an

* PALACE DISCOGRAPHY *

"THERE IS NO ONE WHAT WILL TAKE
COME OF YOU" LP - 1993

"DAYS IN THE WAKE" LP - 1994

"HOPE" EP - 1994

"VIVA LAST BLUES" LP - 1995

"ARISE THEREFORE" LP - 1996

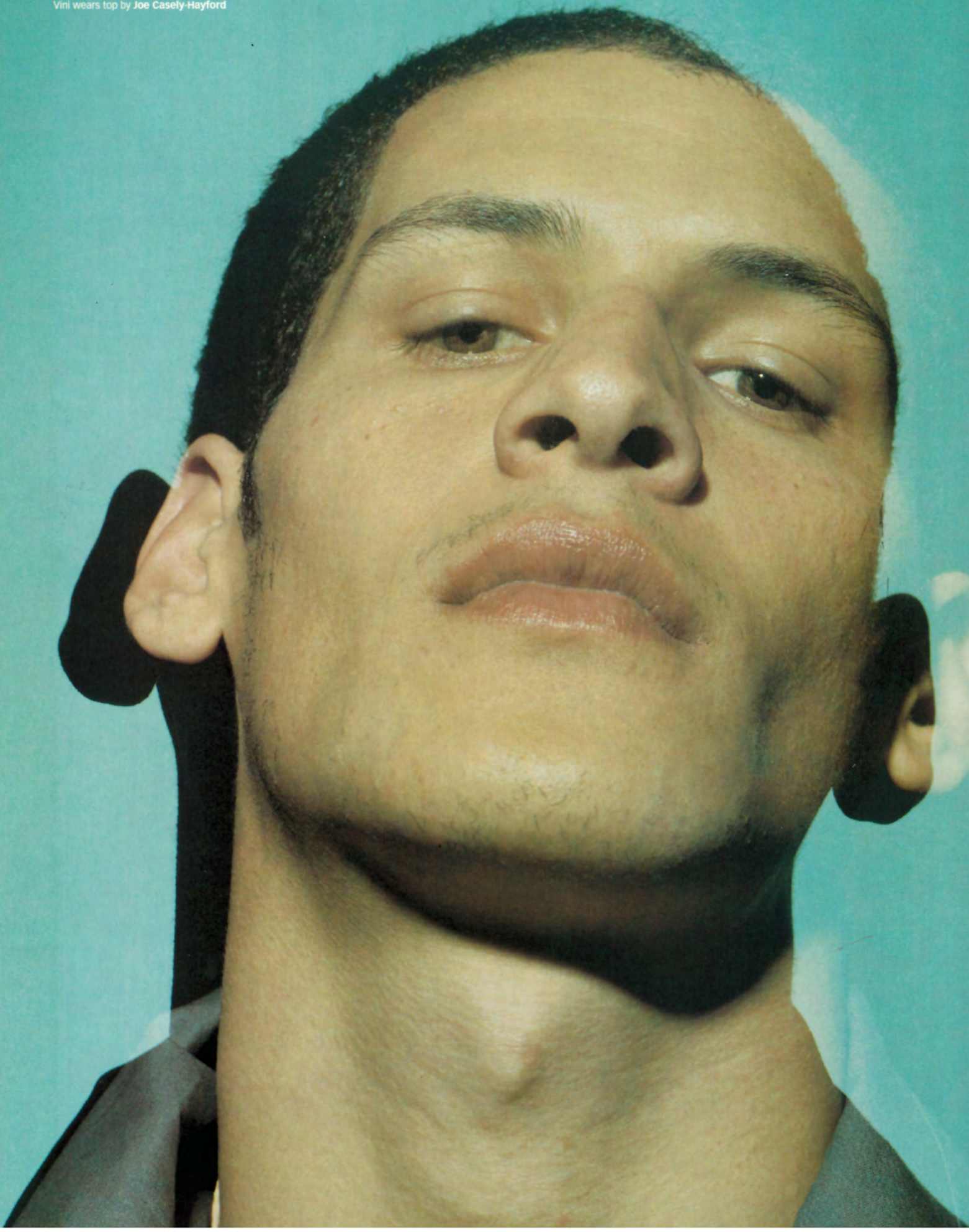
LOST BLUES (AND OTHER SONGS)
LP - 1997

WILL OLDHAM

"TO A" LP - 1997



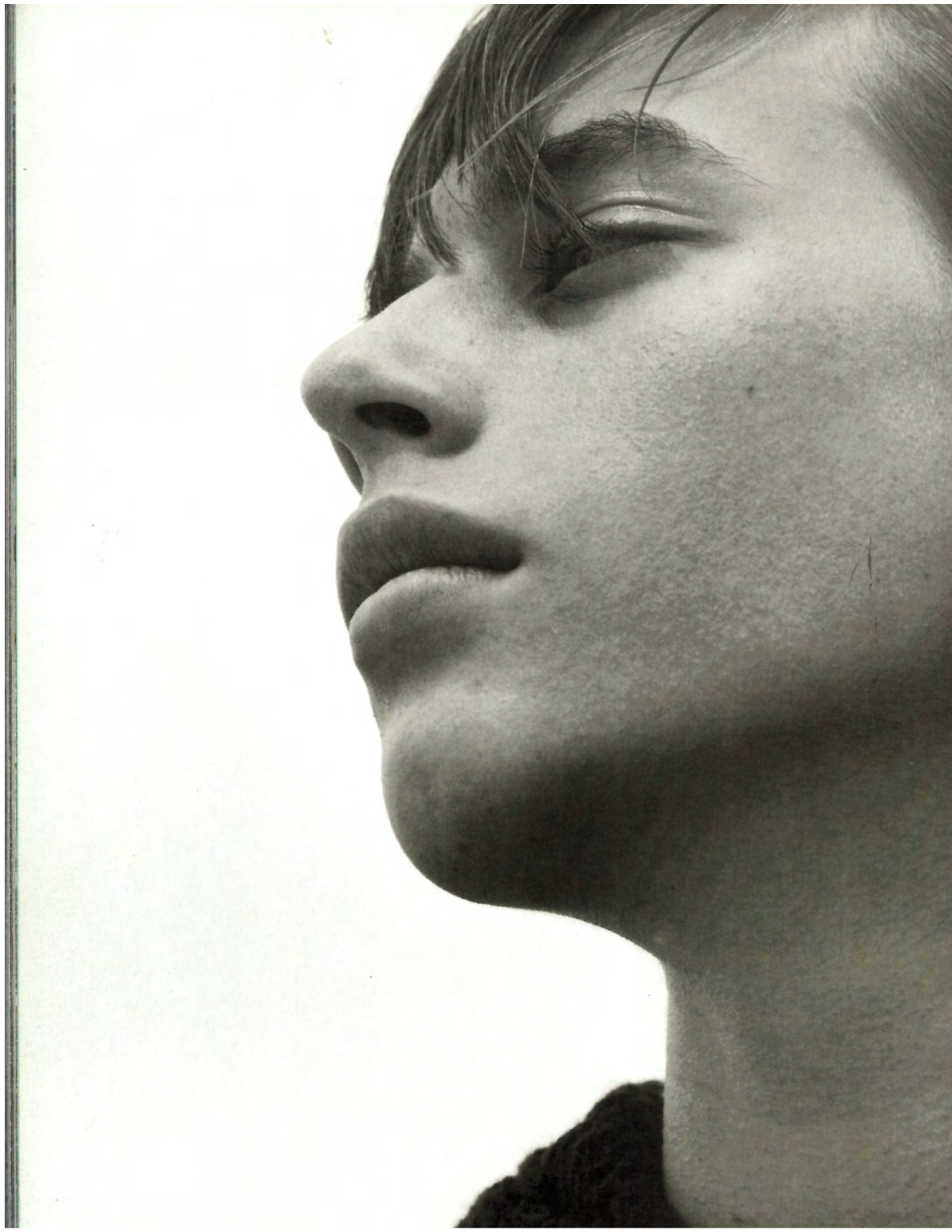
Vini wears top by Joe Casely-Hayford



JAWS

PHOTOGRAPHY MIKE THOMAS STYLING CATHY EDWARDS

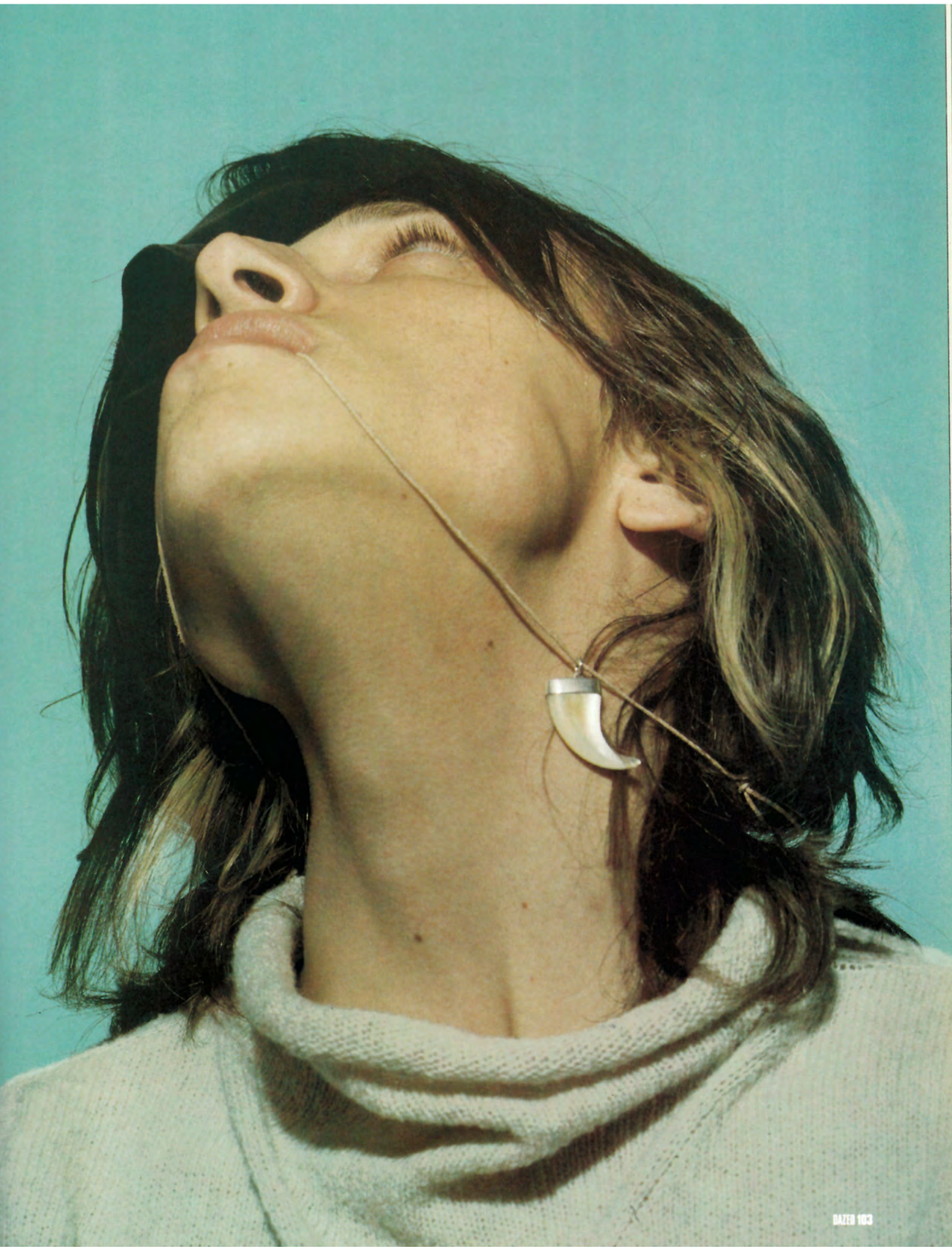


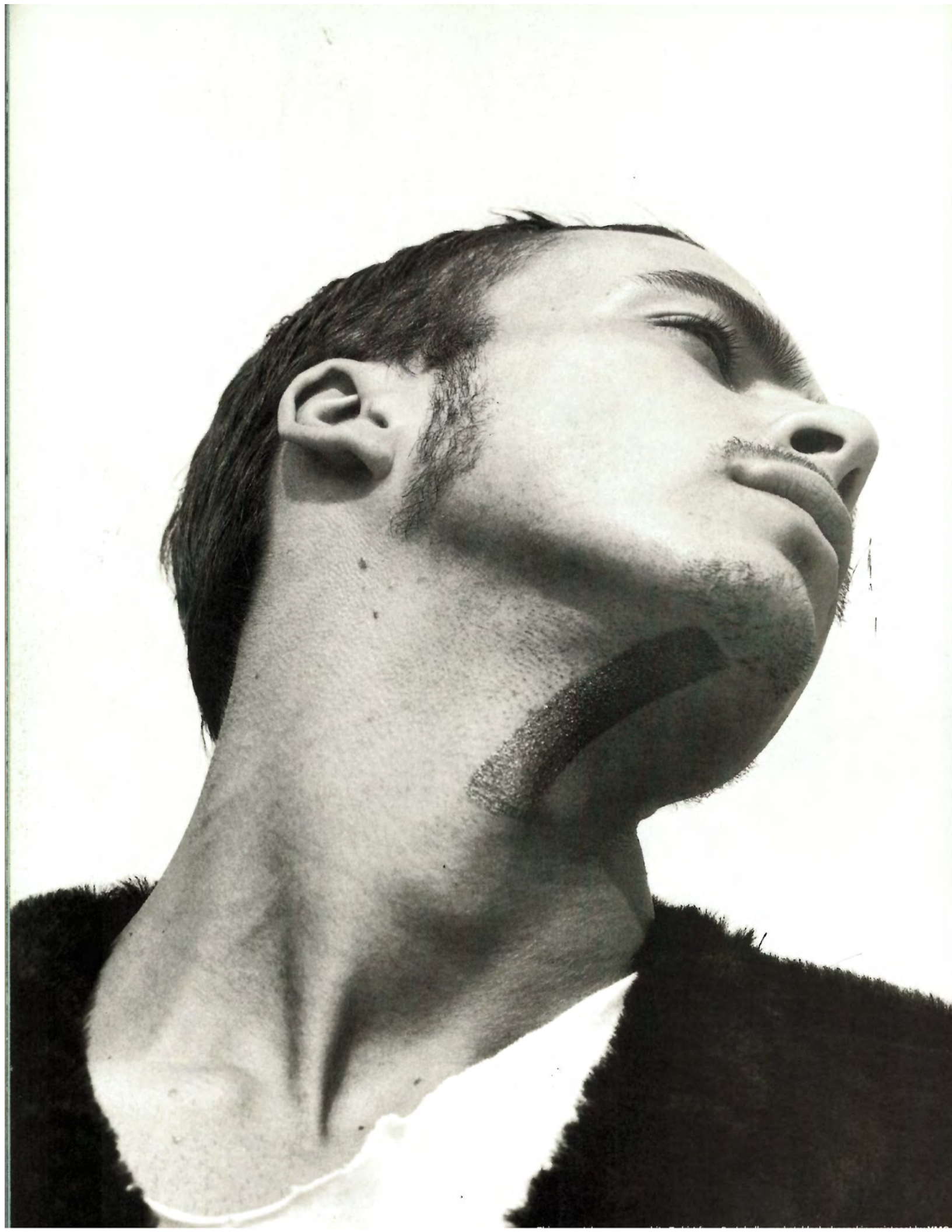




This page: Daniel wears jacket by **Joe Casely-Hayford**
Opposite: Milan wears cream jumper by **Ann Demeulemeester**, necklace from Portobello market









HAIR LESLEY MC MENAMIN AT UNTITLED* USING AVEDA
MAKE UP LIZ PUGH AT THE INDUSTRY USING STILA
MODELS MILLAN, DANIEL M AND JOHNNY E AT SELECT. JAY AND VINI AT TAKE 2. SEBASTIAN AND DAVE AT MODELS 1
PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSISTANT DANNY GARRETT STYLING ASSISTANT EMMA COOK
THANKS TO MARTIN AND TARA, AND SUE AT DEEP SPACE
PRINTS BY KEEGAN AT LTI



FRAMES

PHOTOGRAPHY JOSHUA NEVILLE STYLING CHARLOTTE STOCKDALE



This page: Michelle wears net shirred top by **Seraph** by Sherald Lamden;
black briefs by **Kostas Murkudis**; trousers by **Mahirishi**
Opposite: Courtney wears brown pleated skirt by **Hugo Boss**; top by **Maria Chen**



This page: Collette wears dark grey embroidered skirt by Joe Casely-Hayford; white shirred top from Clinancourt market, Paris











This page: Courtney wears black knitted top by Kostas Murkudis; flesh coloured underwear by Calvin Klein; skirt and shoes by Sharon Wauchob
 Opposite: Michelle wears trousers by Raf Simons; flesh coloured briefs by Calvin Klein

HUBERT SELBY JR

TEXT KIRK LAKE PHOTOGRAPHY MARINA CHAVEZ



Last Exit To Brooklyn is the quintessential cult novel: banned in numerous countries on first publication and subject of a famous obscenity trial in the United Kingdom. Yet it is a book of immense power and raw poetry - one of the most important and influential literary works this century.

Hubert 'Cubby' Selby Jr was born in Brooklyn, New York in 1928. Whilst serving in the Merchant Marine at the end of World War II he contracted TB, the result of which was prolonged hospitalisation and the loss of ten ribs and most of one lung. After returning to New York he sank into the kind of shiftless decadent lifestyle that he wrote about in his first book.

Plagued by illness and constantly in and out of hospital, Selby suddenly realised he was blowing his life. A doctor told him there was nothing more that could be done for him. He was going to die and yet he hadn't accomplished anything. "It was a spiritual experience", says Selby. "It suddenly terrified me to have to look back and say, 'Jesus Christ, Cubby, you blew it; you blew your whole life!' I had to do something with whatever life I had left. So I decided I was going to write."

It took Selby six years to finish *Last Exit* - working on the novel every night after work, struggling with the word, teaching himself how to write. However on publication, the novel's success proved to be something of a mixed blessing. Selby found it difficult to cope with the pressure and opportunities afforded a successful writer. Tormented by self-doubt, the immediate years after *Last Exit* were spent in a spiral of alcoholic and narcotic addiction. Selby's marriage broke up and he found himself incarcerated for possession of drugs.

Again Selby clawed his way back through the mire. He returned to writing in the '70s with the intense and suffocating novel *The Room*. He followed this with two novels that tore open the flabby gut of the Great American Dream: *The Demon* chronicles the rise and fall

Allen Ginsberg described Hubert Selby's first novel *Last Exit To Brooklyn* as "a rusty hellish bombshell that should explode all over America and still be read in a hundred years." 34 years since the book was first published, there seems no reason to doubt this prediction.

combines the story of three drug addicts looking for the big score with that of a widow's fantasy of TV game-show fame.

For health reasons Selby relocated to California and in 1986 published a collection of short stories - *Song Of The Silent Snow*. And for the first time in his writing was a glimpse of hope. He has recently published *The Willow Tree* - his first novel for 20 years.

Dazed & Confused: *Last Exit To Brooklyn* was a fairly damning indictment of a time and a place. Was it your intention to document what you saw around you?

Hubert Selby: No. It wasn't my intention to do that. I wanted to write to the best of my ability and I wanted to take the reader on an emotional journey. And to do this I wanted to get the writing down to its simple core, to its essence. To the very basic psycho-dynamics of a story and from that create a work of art. I was just trying to write the very best story that I could. I wasn't concerned with a message or anything else. If there is a message it's in the people and their lives and I had to be true to those people and not get concerned with what I would like.

D&C: So you created a style of writing that is very direct, very forceful.

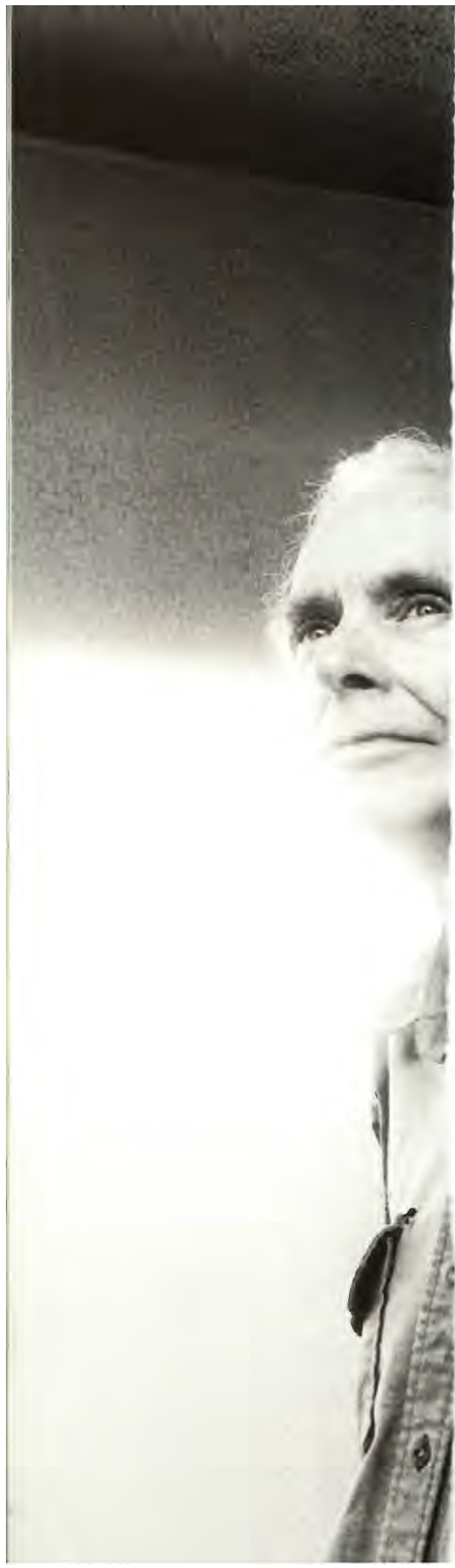
HS: Absolutely, because I have no right to get me in between those people and the reader. It's like an ego-less way of writing. I knew I had to respect those people and be true to their lives, which meant I had to develop a way of writing that would do exactly that.

D&C: One critic described *Last Exit* as a 'ticker tape from hell'. You do get a sense of that from reading the book. The way the text jumps from lower case to whole pages of capitals. The long passages without punctuation. It's kinetic. Almost relentless.

HS: I'm very influenced by music. I've listened to music all my life and I can't imagine life without it. I think life is

THE 20 YEAR GAP





typography that would reflect musical notation. I want to put the reader through an emotional experience and I believe everything we see, hear and touch all combine to bring about the emotion. So it seems to me that the way the words are laid out on the page, even though the reader is conscious of it, will bring about the musical effect of the pauses... the silences...

D&C: The crescendos!

HS: Oh yeah. Yeah. A la Rossini right? *(Laughs)*

D&C: In a way that's similar to someone like Kerouac's spontaneous prose, where he was attempting to write in the way that a jazz musician plays. But I've never really connected you to the beats, though I guess that Jack's books would've been published at the time you were writing *Last Exit*. Were you aware of them?

HS: Yeah but I never had much to do with them to tell you the truth. I read a couple of Jack's books and I liked them and I loved Allen [Ginsberg] as an individual and as a poet. But I really had nothing to do with them. Especially the so-called beatniks you met in the bars. Frankly I thought they were full of shit. They had the attitude, and I'm not saying Allen or Jack were responsible for this, but these people had the attitude 'all I have to do is paint the picture or play some instrument or put some words on a page and it's art because I did it.'

D&C: Well there are still people making careers out of doing just that.

HS: It's ridiculous. It's insane. *(Laughs)* Art entails a great deal of discipline and technique. It's the hardest job in the world.

D&C: The "Tralala" section of *Last Exit* (concerning the rape and brutalisation of an alcoholic prostitute) had already run into trouble in America when a magazine published it. And then when *Last Exit* came out in England it caused a furore. The book was prosecuted for obscenity. Did that surprise you?

HS: Well... *(laughs)* nothing really surprises me much. But yeah, a little. The case in America was a farce. They tried to prosecute the publisher of the magazine but it just got thrown out. The problem in England... I was, you know, 6000 miles away so it didn't really affect me. The publisher had to deal with all that. You see, I don't really see anything unusual about what I do. And especially with *Last Exit* where I'd spent six years going over every word struggling to learn to write. Then to think that people are having debates in Parliament over it... It just seemed ridiculous. I mean, there are millions of people starving to death, what the hell are you doing worrying about this! *(Laughs)* But I understand them worrying because the people on the right always have to attack the artist. They are terrified of freedom of thought and if you start expressing those thoughts in any way... forget it.

Certainly in my lifetime, Hitler and Stalin were great examples of that. Franco was another. And today in America the Christian Coalition are people of that nature. They're the same kind of people that brought the lawsuit in England. The moral majority.

D&C: It seems unlikely that a book would be tried for obscenity today. But I guess censors find other ways to work.

HS: Right. Obscenity seems to be part of the past. But of course books are being censored for all manner of reasons. In this country books are censored by publishers because they say they're not going to make enough money. *(Laughs)* And as you know, in the emerging nations journalists are getting locked up by the hundreds, killed, disappeared... There will always be these people terrified of any expression of truth, honesty and creative power.

D&C: The success of *Last Exit* seemed difficult for

you the ability to just go "wacko". You ended up an alcoholic and ultimately wound up in jail for possession of heroin.

HS: You see it's so different when you're sitting alone and writing. Six years writing this book. Nobody knows. Nobody cares. You're just struggling, struggling, struggling. You've nothing to defend. You've nothing to oppose. You have no responsibility other than your responsibility to your art. Then, all of a sudden, you have something to try and maintain. You have to do it again. *(Laughs)* And you have a belief in your heart, in your bones and in your soul that you are worthless, useless... and that this was all a mistake and someday they'll find out. It's a terrifying thing.

D&C: And that's how you really felt. You thought it was no good?

HS: I just had no belief in myself. Even though I had friends and artists that I respected telling me that I was a good writer, I couldn't believe it. I thought I was the most worthless thing in the world. And of course I was a drunk and all of a sudden I had the means to just drink as much as I wanted... *(Laughs)*

D&C: You ended up kicking heroin locked in solitary. But when you came out you started drinking again. Were you writing at this time?

HS: Oh no. I'm not a Faulkner or a Hemingway. When I drink I just drink. I didn't start writing again until I stopped drinking.

D&C: But I'm presuming your second novel *The Room* came out of this period. It's a book of nightmares and utter desperation. One man trapped in one room. From what you've said it seems like it was an extension of your personal situation in the late '60s.

HS: No, not really. I mean, of course everything comes from your own experiences but what I was focused on at the time was that I wanted to write a variation on a theme. Again a basic technique in classical music and jazz. That was my approach, and it goes between fantasy and reality. Sexual guilt is the primary factor in the book. And then of course he is his own jailer. And this is true of all of us. If we're in jail then we're the jailer.

D&C: I wanted to ask you about *The Demon* - your third and also most conventional novel.

HS: It's funny you say that because I always considered myself to be a very conventional writer. An old fashioned writer.

D&C: Well in the narrative sense yes. Your books have beginnings, middles and ends. Your characters are fully realised and you can imagine them having a life outside of the pages of the book. But the style is unique; the way that you write. I certainly wouldn't call you an experimental writer as that always implies that the reader should be more interested in the technique than in the essence of the book. And that is absolutely not the case with your work. But I do think that it's necessary for the reader to invest a little of himself in the work. I guess I'm thinking of the typography again, the page layout, the punctuation...

HS: Well I've no idea what it's like coming to the work unprepared. *(Laughs)* Maybe to the average reader it seems new or unusual. I don't know.

D&C: Yes but it's not impenetrable. It's not difficult. Yet it is more internalised than a lot of writing. You're very successful at that. The style allows the reader to become emotionally involved with the characters as well as the story and the action. It's just that *The Demon* seems more restrained than your other books.

HS: Well you are absolutely correct. In the case of *The*

conventional as possible and to alternate that, as I do at times in the book, to reflect the pathology of Harry White.

D&C: *The Demon* is concerned with temptation, guilt and sin. One man's fall... You've used Biblical quotes in most of your books and your writing has a spirituality. Is the Bible important to you? You don't strike me as someone who is particularly religious.

HS: No, not religious in the sense of a formal religion. But there are some beautiful things in the Bible. Very insightful, very human. One of the things I love is the *Book of Psalms* because David was so human. This guy sees this chick naked and sends her husband off to get killed in the war so he can cop her. (Laughs) And then he says to the guy 'Oh I'm sorry, I'm sorry'. But the thing is, underneath all that exterior, that lustre, is a very real, spiritually hungry man. Yet he's human... I use quotes from the Bible, especially in *Last Exit*, because there's no catharsis in the book, in the first four books as a matter of fact. The only answers implied are in these quotes from the Bible. And that's why I didn't use any quotes in the new book although I had intended to use Psalms 22, 23 and 25. I decided not to because I didn't want any connection with what happens in the book to religion.

D&C: *The Willow Tree* is to do with good and evil but there is redemption.

HS: Yeah. Redemption through forgiveness. That doesn't tell you much but that's the theme.

D&C: And it also seems to me, to be about age and experience. You have the young boy Bobby living in the Bronx, whose girlfriend has been attacked and beaten to the point of death, coming into contact with Moishe, a survivor of the concentration camps.

HS: Right. I think Bobby and Moishe were pretty much the same at the beginning. They wanted to work and have a family. Pretty much what we all want. But circumstances tend to change things and then we find out what we're made of. Some people go through all kinds of hell...

helps Bobby come through. And that wisdom only comes from age and experience.

HS: Well, what I wanted to do was bridge all kinds of gaps. The Holocaust is the most horrendous thing that happened in my lifetime, maybe the most horrendous thing in the history of the human race. It is so difficult to accept the enormity of what happened. Not just the murders but the fact that every day millions of people got up, kissed their wives goodbye, went to work and were involved in murdering people as a daily job. You know, had a lunch-break and a sandwich and an apple and then went back to killing. For years this was going on. It's difficult to really accept this. I wanted to bridge these gaps and the only way that a black kid is going to listen to a honky is if they can identify. How else do we communicate but through identification? I mean, otherwise we end up with all these professional do-gooders who come from an affluent background, apologising for their affluence by telling these black kids how to live. But this is fucking horseshit. Bobby will listen to Moishe because Moishe has paid his dues and Bobby can't deny that. It's the only way that Moishe can penetrate Bobby's defences.

D&C: I have a CD of yours that Rollins put out a few years ago, *Live In Europe*. You're a great reader. Very distinctive. And I could 'hear' you reading the words as I read the new book. Do you enjoy doing readings?

HS: Well whenever I'm asked. I love reading. I've written a bunch of prose poems to be read aloud.

D&C: Right. Because there's bits on the CD that I don't recognise from any of the books. Do you have a different approach to writing pieces that you're going to read?

HS: Sure. I have to watch the rhythms. As you know, I have less than one lung and I'm not capable of reading to the rhythms I like. I can't breathe enough to get the flow.

D&C: Are you one of those writers who has to write

something now?

HS: I write when I can. I used to just work through something until it was finished. But these days a lot depends on my physical ability. I find it physically difficult to get things done.

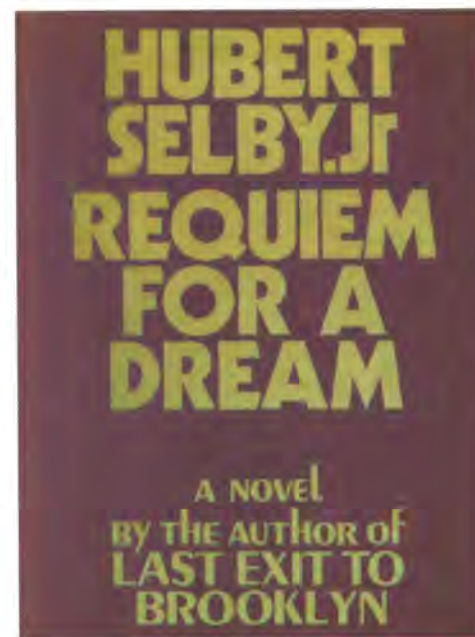
D&C: I hear you're teaching creative writing now.

HS: (Laughs) Well not really. You can't teach writing.

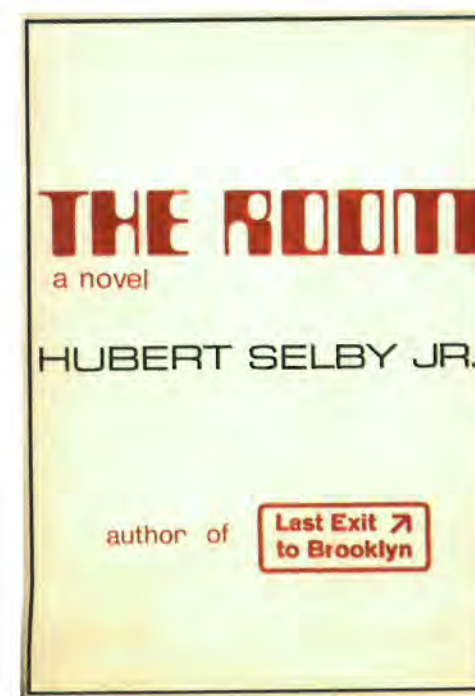
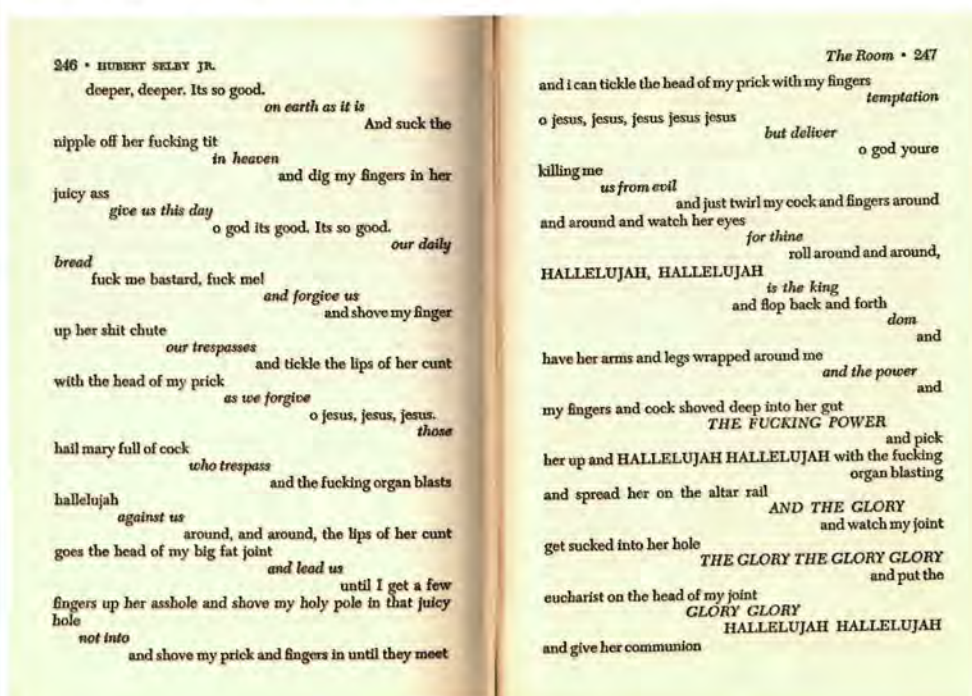
D&C: That's what I was going to ask you.

HS: But I believe what you can help people to do is to learn to rewrite. What I have my class do, is bring in their work. We all take a copy and the next day we'll discuss it and as we learn how to read someone else's work with the idea of helping them, we're learning to help ourselves. But you can't teach people to write. No way. You just die, sweat, go crazy. That's the only way. The only way.

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Apologies to Jonathan Aston hosiery who were not credited in the 'Me And My Shadow' shoot in issue 44

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wears black top by Owen Gaster, blue knitted skirt by Costume National, grey leg warmers by Ghost, black shoes by Cesare Paciotti

MARY

STYLING MIRANDA ROBSON
HAIR TERESE BROCCOLI AT ROCKIT
MAKE-UP JACKIE HAMILTON-SMITH AT UNTITLED+
PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSISTANTS SIMON FLY AND GISH

the little sister with three older brothers. I needed to get out of that role, and as a woman you really miss female company in this business. I have to admit when we first started out I didn't know if I could deal with all the bullshit that comes with the 'frontwoman' role, but neither me or the band are really naïve or image driven. We're mature and experienced and I think, I hope, that comes across in our music especially when we play live."

And apparently this is where Agnes really come into their own, if the reports and Ben's well experienced opinion, minus any hint of self congratulatory arrogance for the record, are to be believed. "I was so relieved when we played live for the first time and we were really dead good," Ben recalls with a manic smile. "Seriously, there are some things you can't do live, you need too much shit on tape but we found we could perform the whole album on stage and it loses very little but gains loads of energy. The good thing about being the underdog is that people are really suspicious of support bands so you've got everything to prove. It's a big challenge but you can really judge the audience's response and so far we've had amazing results."

Boosted by this sudden surge of confidence-inspiring prose from Ben, Mary is noticeably uplifted, as if to prove her previous point about mutual support of each others delicate moods. Relaxing into Mary 'sans shades' mode, the less pressurised frontwoman of Agnes talks about such non rock chick subjects as gardening and DIY. We leave the scene with a more animated and relaxed Mary extolling the depression inhibiting virtues of a herbal remedy known as St John's Wort. Laughing at her cohort's reminders of her inadvertent A & R offending antics with loud infectious throaty rasps and forgetting the icy sophistication pose momentarily. Even the sun manages to come out of hiding for a while.

Agnes tour the UK in August

"LUCKILY ME AND BEN SEEM TO
TAKE IT IN TURNS TO FALL IN AN
OUT OF DEPRESSION SO WE
SUPPORT EACH OTHER
PRETTY EFFICIENTLY"
MARY CASSIDY





Del wears navy blue shirt by Energie, combat trousers from Kensington market

DEEL



Ben, "...I didn't really love her stuff". By way of an explanation Mary quickly adds: "But I don't think anyone did really. We were signed to an American label and what we were doing was really shiny, no emotion or depth..." "But I really loved her voice," finishes Ben cutting her off mid-flow.

The picture that emerges from Mary's retrospective of that time is not a happy one. "I was in a band with my boyfriend at the time, making music that was expected of us. It was pretty shitty, I was depressed and it wasn't working. I felt that my voice was being layered up like another instrument without any real expression coming through. I don't think any of us were really happy with it." Cue the rock & roll cliché of a failed band resulting in a failed relationship. "It was probably the most painful time in my life," Mary adds. "Having to reassess all you've done, all you're doing, it just turned everything I knew upside down. It wasn't until I sat down in the studio with Ben that I really started to explore my emotions. The truth about how I felt started to flow out without the fear of how dark it was getting in the way." "That's where this first album comes from," adds Ben, "pure honesty and real emotion captured at its rawest, most basic level."

Three years down the line, Agnes might be 'new' in music industry and record buying population terms. They might even fall dangerously near the net cast-out to catch 'easily accessible sounds' with their irresistible guitar hooks and angst driven edge, but they've undoubtedly managed to lose that unwanted 'shine' and create a unique finish of their own.

All the obvious comparisons have been made since the release of "Hole In My Head" and the handful of live performances (including support for Purescence and The Warm Jets earlier this year), have sparked off interest across the board. The Cocteau Twins and The Sundays, Theaudience and less obviously Courtney Love (on a good day.) "It's all really flattering, but just lazy," Mary starts. "What we've created has been part of a very unique process to us, comparing it to other bands completely undermines that time we've spent experimenting, throwing loads of stuff away and starting again plus ignoring all the personal pain we've been through to get to this point."

So how do you go about pigeonholing three years of personal pain purging? "You can't," Mary says, "it's just strong, honest emotional music that fell together from the two of us being in the same room and then working through it. To tell you the truth we were both really freaked out at the time [we got together]. It was a pretty dark time and I was filled with fear and self-doubt." The sun is still lurking somewhere well out of sight behind the inner-city smog but the glasses mysteriously reappear around this point. "I think there's a different threshold of worry in all of us but I'm particularly susceptible to it and the fact that I'd just come out of a five year relationship wasn't helping things, so when me and Ben sat down to write I suppose I had a lot of emotional stuff to explore."

Mary's fragility clearly goes beyond her slender silhouette and sad soulful eyes. She recounts the painful 'first play' of her music to her friends like some kind of ou'ing ceremony, breath baited, pulse racing: "They all loved it but I couldn't get over them all sitting there listening to such intimate outpourings of my soul. We've worked really hard at this album, it was emotionally gruelling, I couldn't eat or sleep but it was a creative time too and its going to be hard coming to terms with letting go of all the emotions in there." There is a pause for breath and the confessional continues: "This is also a really difficult time for me at the moment because I'm really bad at inactivity. Luckily me and Ben seem to take it in turns to fall in and out of depression so we support each other pretty efficiently."

So this is what becomes of the broken hearted. The debut album containing a more in-depth introduction to Agnes' pain and triumph inspired sounds, is set for release later in the year. In the meantime their second single "Dumb" will be released on August 17, a perfect example of their multifaceted style. Though as Ben puts it "taking a track from the album feels like decapitating a body to us, though I suppose 'Dumb' is more like the arm with the hand formed into a fist than the head." The anatomy theme is getting a little out of hand here, as is the case for Ben's having been embroiled in the crazy blurred reality world of the record industry too long, but I get his point. "Dumb" is heavy on the bass hookiness lends itself well to the 'up and grab ya' imagery.

As if on cue the waiter appears and Ben's all day breakfast of bacon and eggs arrives much to his relief and he launches into offering chips to any takers including the numerous 'spare change' entrepreneurs passing by. Mary, still concerned with emotional sustenance describes her decision to get another female in the band. Bass player Svetelana Vassileva, was really important to her in terms of creating balance. This refreshing lack of laddish bravado laid bare leads us on to further excavations of Mary's sensitive soul. "I grew up

"I WAS SO RELIEVED WHEN
WE PLAYED LIVE FOR THE FIRST TIME
AND WE WERE REALLY DEAD GOOD!"
BEN BLAKEMAN

so she represents things like beauty and innocence as well as strength." Explanations over, wrists bared and some of the soft underbelly so deftly explored in the band's music finally exposed, the low pressure lifts a little and analogies begin to bounce around. "Gentle strength," muses Mary, "I like that." The sunglasses come off.

Strength and vulnerability, paranoiac positivity, quiet vibrancy, Agnes are full of such oxymoronic poetry and in fitting form, for a much speculated over 'new' band, the duo have their fair share of experience behind them. Not only in terms of their respective backgrounds in the 'biz but also considering the time it's taken to refine their current sound - a blend of Mary's raw-edged, emotionally charged vocals and Ben's distinctive gutsy guitars and driving melodies as exhibited already on their debut single, "Hole In My Head".

Go back three years and Ben is about halfway through his career with the Cocteau Twins and by his own admission "busy doing nothing really, twiddling my thumbs in between touring". Leafing through *Melody Maker* he saw an advert that caught his eye: "Guitarists wanted for signed band - main influence: The Cocteau Twins". "So I called up and told Mary I'd like to come and meet her." Ben is the kind of slightly off-the-wall character you can imagine would do this without pausing for breath and initially, he had problems convincing the ever cautious Mary that he was genuine. Not surprisingly Mary held back until she had proof of his identity and when they finally met it took a while before anything really clicked. "I think it was very





wears red top and jeans by Diesel

BENZ

Svet wears purple and red top by Miss Sixty, burgundy skirt by Copperwheat Blundell





"IT'S JUST STRONG, HONEST
EMOTIONAL MUSIC THAT FEEL
TOGETHER FROM THE TWO OF US
EING IN THE SAME ROOM AND THEN
WORKING THROUGH IT."
MARY CASSIDY

SVET

Vague memories of primary school prayers recall the line *Agnes, lamb of God*. 'Agnes', it sits a bit awkwardly at the top of Island's loud exclamation mark of a press release. 'Agnes', sounds like it should be prefixed with 'aunty' or be on a tag sewn inside a catholic schoolgirl's blazer. Agnes, why in God's name Agnes?

"The name came about sort of by accident really," Mary Cassidy, Agnes' leading lady tentatively offers in her hardly audible husky drawl. "We needed a name." That explains it then. You somehow get the impression that Mary Cassidy would prefer the role of understudy in this situation. One thing is already clear, she might be able to turn on the posturing popstar persona for stage and screen and she certainly has the voice to back it up, but this singer/songwriter, however talented she might appear to the outside world, obviously isn't in this business for the 'superstar status.'

The founding members of Agnes, Mary Cassidy and ex-Cocteau Twins guitarist Ben Blakeman are sitting outside a Café bar in Camden on an overcast Monday afternoon watching fruit ripen, waiting for the heavens to open and counting down the seconds until the release of their second single and launch of their imminently successful new careers. The atmosphere weighs heavy, to say the least, uneasy, restless, edgy. It's quite clear that Mary is unnerved not only by the waiting game they're being forced to play but also by the prospect of several pages of text revealing the inner workings of their musical partnership, their precious creation and due to the nature of their music some pretty personal emotional issues. Something that obviously doesn't sit too happily with the real Mary Cassidy, the one behind the firmly fixed eye-contact-avoiding shades, the one opening herself up for dissection. Unfortunately her soul-dredging lyrics have already made the first incision.

A bit of gentle persuasion and confidence coaxing manages to confirm the vaguely religious undertones behind the band's name and more surprisingly a maternal tribute as well. "It's my Mothers middle name, after the Catholic Saint Agnes. She was murdered when she was still really young and a virgin

Z Z Z
D D I
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J U

AGNES
TEXT HANNAH BORROWMAN
PHOTOGRAPHY RANKIN

Agnes. Lets face it,
it's hardly your
average rock & roll
monicker, no
dangerous intimations
whatsoever, quite the
opposite in fact.



YOU FIGURE IT OUT



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DAZZLED



THEY
ROLL

AGNES