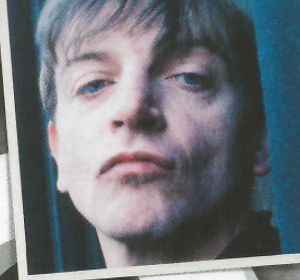


**FREE
CD!**

MARK E SMITH

**LEGEND OF
THE FALL**



M

ic Magazine

145
REVIEWS
DYLAN: THE MUSICAL!
BREEDERS, HENDRIX
ST. VINCENT

EXCLUSIVE!

**"THE
MASSES
HAVE BEEN
CHEATED!"**

ROXY MUSIC
RE-MAKE! RE-MODEL!
RE-VISIT!

JIMMY PAGE
LED ZEP'S GOLDEN
JUBILEE BEGINS

NEIL YOUNG

**THE REBEL
SPEAKS!**

AND!
JONATHAN WILSON
NEW ORDER
LAURIE ANDERSON
TRACEY THORN
HUGH MASEKELA

JACK WHITE
"I DON'T FEEL MALE
...OR FEMALE"

THE DAMNED
THE HORROR! THE HORROR!

DAVID BYRNE
A ONCE IN A LIFETIME
INTERVIEW

If your CD is missing please inform your newsagent. For copyright reasons the CD is not available in some overseas territories.

APRIL 2018 £5.50 US\$11.25 CAN\$14.25
9 771351 019195 04

CONTENTS

LONDON • MEMPHIS • OMEMEE

APRIL 2018

Issue 293

FEATURES

- 36 DAVE VANIAN**
The Damned man's journey from gravedigger to goth-punk doyen, through the soap-opera scraps of his bandmates. "No one was blameless," he assures Pat Gilbert.
- 42 MARK E SMITH**
The artist behind the controversialist, hymned and mourned by bandmates from every era of the mighty Fall. Plus: MOJO's mixtape of classic and deep Fall cuts.
- 50 JONATHAN WILSON**
The go-to guy for guitar and neo-classic rock productions survived setbacks and drive-bys before coming into his own on a thrilling third solo album.
- 54 DAVID BYRNE**
The ex-Talking Heads honcho is in revealing mood as he unveils his *American Utopia*. His shyness, the reformation offers, The Big Suit: it's all fair game.
- 62 ROXY MUSIC**
The full story of their groundbreaking 1972 debut album, the cornerstone of Art Rock. The outfits, the outrage, the mad feedback, the space jazz and all.

COVER STORY

- 70 NEIL YOUNG**
Rock's ultimate rebel – his biggest battles, and his latest, as he squares up against Trump, the record industry and MP3. Plus: Graham Nash, Frank Sampedro, Pegi Young, Nils Lofgren and more attest to his ongoing insurgency.

"He had a way of hearing music that was different to other people."

STEVE HANLEY ON MARK E SMITH, PAGE 42

Mark E Smith

1957-2018

Slamming King

A wordsmith of stunning originality, a bandleader with a single-minded vision, The Fall's Mark E Smith defied all-comers to leave a unique legacy. Bandmates from all eras help MOJO measure the loss: "He had a way of hearing music that was different to other people."

Words Ian Harrison *Portrait* Kevin Cummins

WHEN THE DEATH OF MARK E SMITH was announced on January 24, it provoked a huge outpouring of affection and esteem.

As well as the online testimony of fans, there were valedictions in the Daily Telegraph, the New York Times and Le Monde, tweets of respect from Thom Yorke, Sonic Youth and Pavement, and other tributes courtesy of the BBC's Newsnight, Manchester City FC and the Icelandic national broadcaster RÚV. Add some MPs, Guy Garvey and Grayson Perry – not to mention simultaneous internet salutes from the Daily Mail and The Pop Group – and the weird array of supplicants resembles the raw material for the lyric of a particularly curdled Fall song.

Smith had spent a lifetime catalysing opposites: high and low culture; the avant-garde and bubblegum; the deadly serious and comedic. Whether or not The Sun and Radio 3 really knew it, they were marking the passing of a talent whose four-decade, 30-plus album legacy rivals Dylan, Captain Beefheart or Miles Davis for sheer uniqueness.

But what would this bloody-minded so-and-so have made of the expressions of fondness and respect? Former Fall bassist Steve Hanley, who served a tour of duty from 1979 to 1998, does not hesitate: "He'd have fucking hated all of it." ➤





Always different, always the same: Mark E Smith (left, with Martin Bramah) at the Lyceum, 1979, and (right) the Beacons Festival, Skipton, 2014.

“He’s led the same life since he was 18. He was never a materialistic person. But he had a vision.” **UNA BAINES**

THERE WERE MORE STREET-LEVEL TRIBUTES IN January in Smith’s home patch of Prestwich in north Manchester. Portraits and quotes were posted in public places, including on the wall outside a favoured off-licence, Bargain Booze on Bury New Road, and on a lamppost outside historic Smith drinker The Foresters. From the time The Fall manifested in early 1977 until his death, he dwelt here, living modestly as he let the taps of warped creativity flow, terrorised bourgeois smugness, and conspired with the forces of chaos.

“He’s led the same life since he was 18,” says Una Baines, The Fall’s co-founder keyboardist. “He went to the same pubs. It’s quite unusual for someone to get that much attention and maintain their life as it was. He didn’t actually change very much. He was never a materialistic person. But he had a vision, something he wanted to accomplish.”

The vision belonged to a literary-minded working-class man born on March 5, 1957. A grammar school boy and dock clerk hipped to ’60s garage, New York punk and ’50s rock’n’roll, he was among those who saw the Sex Pistols at Manchester’s Lesser Free Trade Hall on June 4, 1976. A group was duly formed, with Smith’s friend Martin Bramah.

“Mark was always a striking character and a sharp lad,” remembers Bramah. “I remember seeing him on the street locally before I was introduced to him – he caught your eye. He kind of reminded me of Brian Jones, with a leather jacket and a basin haircut. We had it in common that we loved the Stones, though he’d probably deny it.”

Smith initially tried playing a black Les Paul, and early lyrical runs, including Sten Gun Rock and Race Hatred, were described by Bramah as “a bit sub-Clash”. They hit on the name in January ’77.

“You saw the lights going on gradually, to the point where he became very obsessive about his writing,” says Bramah. “Something clicked when he realised you could write about Prestwich and characters in the pub. You could do for Manchester what Lou Reed did for New York, or something. Mark took his responsibilities seriously – in the early days he used to say, ‘This is our Second World War, lads!’”

From the outbreak, there were casualties. One month after the March ’79 release of debut album *Live At The Witch Trials*, Bramah quit, leaving Smith in full control. Assisted by forceful manager (and Smith paramour) Kay Carroll plus drummer Karl Burns and Marc Riley (guitar/bass), and bolstered by the arrival of ex-roadies Hanley on bass and Craig Scanlon on guitar, this was an intense new era for the group. Produced by Grant Showbiz, soundman for anarcho-hippies Here & Now and, later, The Smiths, October ’79’s *Dragnet* sounds as heavy and oppressive as its songs of hauntedness and mental fracture.

“Words were a joy for him and there was so much coming out of him,” says Showbiz. “Every night lines were switched, things that happened that day ended up in songs. There were puns, all kinds of references to the news or books... He was convinced that what was coming out of his head was brilliant, and the words were quintessentially central to what was going on in the band musically.”

Getty Images (2), Paul Slattery (3)

THE YEARS OF SMITH'S DENSEST LYRICS HAD begun. Rather than normal groups' preoccupations with politics or hedonism or love, here were song-texts as horror story, coded message and whodunnit. The influence of HP Lovecraft, Philip K Dick, and poet-artist Wyndham Lewis could be discerned as he jeered and judged, in cryptic word-blocks, all borne on a clanking Panzer of lab-stitched punk, Krautrock and country, on such epic assaults on reason as 1980's *Grotesque* (After The Gramme) (water rates, class friction, political murder frame-ups and amphetamine provide grist for the lyrical mill) and 1982's elemental *Hex Enduction Hour*, Smith's self-described "fuck off to the music industry".

It was never easy to get Smith to talk about his writing process ("I'm not telling you my secrets" was a default response) and band members are in no better position to elucidate. Recalls early '80s drummer Paul Hanley, "I don't pretend to understand them, but his lyrics on Garden [on *Perverted By Language*, 1983] are incredible, they're like Blake. Really strange. But if you tried to say anything, the first thing he'd say is, 'What the fuck's it got to do with you?'"

While Fall members were allowed more input into the group's music (basically, they wrote it), Smith knew what he wanted, and didn't. "He had a way of hearing music that was different to other people," says Steve Hanley. "That's how he was good at moulding people to play the sound that he heard. There was a lot about putting energy into it, and simplifying it, and chopping it down. You'd go in with a song with four riffs in it and end up with one. It sounded like Dexys Midnight Runners in your head but it'd end up having a one-note piano all the fucking way through it. That said, when we did English Scheme [on *Grotesque*] he played us a tape of an ice cream van and birds tweeting outside his window and said, 'I want it to sound like that.' I can get the comparisons to Captain Beefheart, who was another non-musician, and how he worked with The Magic Band... but Mark never actually starved us, not really."

"When you start knowing the rules it becomes harder to break them, so he discouraged that in musicians," says Paul Hanley. "When we did *Totally Wired*, which is a great, totally succinct pop song, he said, 'Why can't you make it sound more like a cardboard box?' Which was impossible, but somewhere between what was in his head and what we were capable of doing, there was a brilliant record. When I left The Fall to be a pop star [in Kiss The Blade, renamed Shout Bamalam] the music I made was shit, because I wasn't enough of a visionary to make decent music without Mark Smith pulling me in a certain way." ➤

There's no thanks from the loading bay ranks; Smith surrounded by loyal retainers Steve Hanley (left) and Craig Scanlon (right), North London Poly, November 24, 1980. "Gigs were a matter of life and death."



the 7 ages of The Fall

1



1977-78

"A music collective"

Una Baines, keyboards

"Early on The Fall was a group of people who had things in common – books, art and music, like Can and The Velvet Underground – and it evolved like a music collective. Karl [Burns, drums], Martin [Bramah, guitar] and Tony [Friel, bass] were such great musicians and everybody had a vision to be experimental. Mark sang that way from the beginning. I loved it when we did *Industrial Estate*, because it was such a true reflection, it sounds like machinery! And *Frightened*, it had a dark gothic quality. I'm sad I didn't play on [1979 debut] *Live At The Witch Trials*, because I was ill, but I still love it. Once the original line-up left and Steve [Hanley, bass] and Craig [Scanlon, guitar] joined, Mark had free rein. But he always had his own vision."

2



1979-83

"A matter of life and death"

Paul Hanley, drums

"I was still in school when I joined. It was very intense. Gigs were a matter of life and death. It wasn't about having a laugh, but there was massive satisfaction doing it. The first thing I recorded was *New Face In Hell* on *Grotesque* and it was a fantastic experience. Mark was very encouraging. You can moan about his methods – later, one famous instruction was, 'Play it like a snake' – but the records were great. Listen to *Grotesque* [1980] or *Hex Enduction Hour* [1982], the power is unbelievable. I enjoyed it until *Room To Live*. You had stuff being made up on the spot, people recording apart... Throwing everything up in the air kind of worked though. It was a big change when Marc Riley [guitar] left, a positive one; I loved *Perverted By Language*, what Craig did. It worked that well we never did it again. I don't think The Fall got 'better', but they got different."

3



1984-89

"A time of relative calm"

Steve Hanley, bass

"Brix [Smith, guitar] had come in, and it was perceived that she got us to write pop songs. Songwriting got quite competitive around that time. I took six months off in 1985 and in that time they wrote *This Nation's Saving Grace* – a great, great album – toured Britain and America, and had two singles out. Maybe Mark thought we were sounding a bit slick; we followed it with *Bend Sinister*, the one he mastered off a cassette! It was a time of relative calm, really. We just got better and better in the '80s, constantly touring and playing. [1988 ballet/ musical] *I Am Curious, Orange* was the pinnacle really, one of the best things if not the best thing The Fall did. It was unique, like there was nothing that The Fall couldn't do. *Beggars Banquet* were the perfect label for The Fall and we should have stayed with them, but there was more money on the table with Phonogram."

Continued on next page

4



1990-97

"They were good years but..."

Simon Wolstencroft, drums

"Martin Bramah came back for *Extricate* [1990], which was a good one. Dave Bush was putting electronics and programming into *Code: Selfish* [1992] and *The Infotainment Scan* [1993], which got into the Top 10, though he did become Mark's whipping boy. They were good years but it started to go downhill a bit after that; *Middle Class Revolt* [1994] was one of my least favourite ones. At that time we never really saw Mark. We seemed to lose that comradeship we'd had, and he seemed to lose control of the business side; it seemed like we were on a different record label every year. In 1997, we were doing *Levitate*. Julia Nagle had got involved and she and Mark became an item. The group were fractured. That year, Mark, Steve and me were partners in the band and we were presented with a VAT bill for £40,000. My daughter had just been born, so I had to quit the group, basically."

5



1998-2001

"Mark fired everyone again"

Julia Adamson (née Nagle), keyboards, guitar

"It was a very challenging time when I was in The Fall. The VAT bill caused a lot of havoc, and Steve [Hanley]'s attitude had really darkened. We did a shoestring tour of America in 1998 that wasn't great [the last date saw the band split on-stage at Brownie's in New York, and Smith in jail for three days]. After that, *The Marshall Suite* [1999] was hard to do because people kept walking out, there were no members. There were plans for an all-female Fall at that time, but Mark was more used to lads. Once the line-up for *The Unutterable* [2000] had settled in, there was a good atmosphere in the band. Then Mark decided to fire everyone again. I thought, This is going to be never-ending. It was time to throw the towel in. But by that time things were settling down for them, and getting better financially."

6



2002-2006

"Pushed to the point of exhaustion"

Steve Trafford, bass

"The line-up that did *Country On The Click* [2003] had split, and I joined in 2004. There was a period when me and Mark were close. He was a brilliant raconteur, and we all had a lot of respect for him. *Fall Heads Roll* [2005] was a proper album; *Blindness* is the dirtiest, most relentless bassline ever! We also did a lost album, whose working title was *Cocked*. Then Mark managed to choose the worst possible time to tour in America. He'd pushed us to the point of exhaustion. Before the last gig, in Tucson, the American tour manager said he was walking out, and we thought, This is a mutiny. On-stage that night Mark was attacked by the support band's singer with a rotting plantain; there was this Benny Hill moment where Mark was legging it around chasing him before coming back. After that, we did one, and Mark carried on with [hastily-assembled Americans] The Dudes, and recorded *Reformation Post-TLC* [2007]."

7



2007-2018

"Like being in the fucking SAS"

Dave 'The Eagle' Spurr, bass

"I'd never heard of The Fall when I joined. Two weeks later we were in Norway. Mark was a gentleman, a lovely feller. All four of us just clicked. You were always on call with The Fall. It was like being in the fucking SAS – he'd call at 4 o'clock in the morning saying, 'Leave now, you've got to make an album, I want 10 songs.' So you'd belt some ideas out and probably half of it would end up on the album. But he got the best out of you. *Imperial Wax Solvent* was the most mental one we made – two weeks in Düsseldorf with Mark wrecking the place. And I do like *New Facts Emerge* – you can hear the bass for once. It's still not sunk in that he's gone. I don't think it ever will. I've had the best time doing it, and he'll always be a massive part of me. Eleven and a half years and I've still not been sacked. And I never will be sacked."

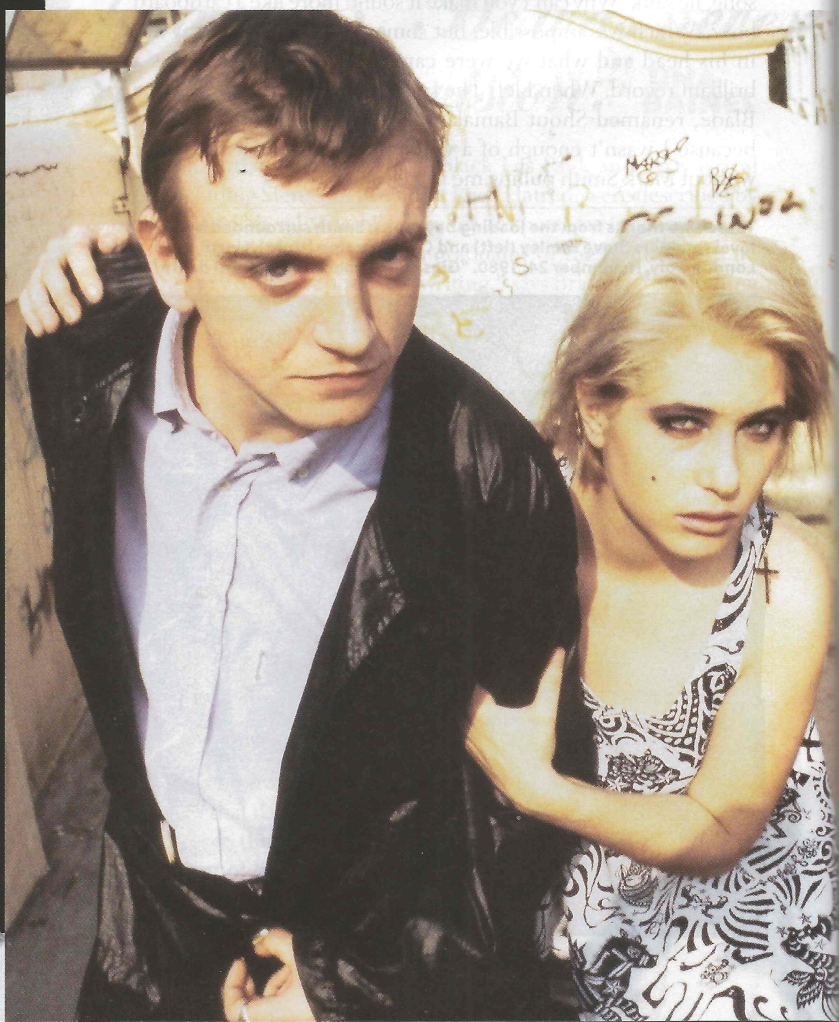
EXPERIMENTING ON HIS OWN CONSTITUTION with fast chemicals, beer and spirits, Smith ruled with a rod of iron, with an album a year, constant touring and line-up tinkering. The murk lifted somewhat with *Perverted By Language*, and more fully with 1984's *The Wonderful And Frightening World Of...* Now signed to Beggars Banquet, and with Smith's American guitarist wife Brix fully integrated, they made more approachable music, with polished press portraits and greater media visibility. A zenith was achieved with 1985's marbled *This Nation's Saving Grace*, an album of thunderous menace that even satisfied The Leader.

"I thought *This Nation's Saving Grace* was fucking amazing," Smith told me in 2016. "Very very good. It was, I remember, completely ignored, nobody took any fucking notice. But it was a great LP. People who reviewed it said, 'This is shocking', they'd written us off. I didn't read the music papers. I don't wanna read [the NME], because it'll fucking change what I'm doing. It can fucking change your mind if you're not strong."

Sensing that greater acceptance might indeed compromise his vision, the later '80s output would draw back. At this time, The Fall might have cracked the proper Top 40 with covers of R. Dean Taylor's *There's A Ghost In My House* and The Kinks' *Victoria*, but it's arguable that other projects were intended to deter the unserious. As well as albums that made minimal concession to the casual listener, The Fall also produced the papal murder musical *Hey! Luciani* and *I Am Curious, Orange*, a ballet exploring the Revolution Of 1688 and its ramifications. As the '80s, and Smith's marriage to Brix, neared their end, Martin Bramah (recalled to The Fall, briefly, in 1990) remembers Smith telling him he felt he'd achieved what he wanted to and was ready to jack it in.

Yet, possibly aware that he had bandmates relying on him, Smith tried his luck with a major label and signed to the Phonogram's Fontana imprint, where, with production assistance from Coldcut and Adrian Sherwood, and an increasingly polished techno-rock sound, releases like the prescient, surveillance-fixated dance pop of *Telephone Thing* found The Fall approaching a contemporary style.

Get up, make a buck; Smith with wife and Fall guitarist Brix in September 1985, circa the release of *This Nation's Saving Grace*. "It was a great LP," Smith told MOJO in 2016. "People who reviewed it said, 'This is shocking.'"



The spine führer of Hoboken! Smith with drummer Karl Burns (left) and guitarist Marc Riley (right), Maxwell's, New Jersey, June 4, 1981.



Drummer Simon Wolstencroft recalls the time fondly. “Mark was was such a generous guy to me. He set up a pension scheme for us in 1990, ’91, had us checked out by private doctors... he was always the first to get his hand in his pocket, he’d always throw you a bonus if we did a big festival. He was hilarious company. I did love him.”

With Manchester’s indie-dance wave in the spotlight, The Fall, with Dave Bush’s programming to the fore, were in a position to capitalise. Yet the scathing Idiot Joy Showland on 1991’s *Shift-Work* showed what Smith really thought of the scene:

“Out of their heads on a quid of blow... shapeless kecks flapping up a storm... the working class has been shafted, so what are the fuck you sneering at?”

Although a lifelong resident, Smith was never one for local pride.

“Manchester hates The Fall – always fucking have!” he told me with demonic pleasure. “Why? Have you heard the lyrics? Ha ha! We fucking hate Manchester, that’s fucking obvious! And nobody likes what’s good on their doorstep. It’s a fact of fucking history. Nobody appreciates it.”

Nipper Conspiracy!
The Fall play nice at HMV, Oxford St, 1988, signing *The Frenz Experiment* album.




Tom Sheehan, Rex, Getty Images

“I can get the comparisons to Captain Beefheart... but Mark never actually starved us, not really.” **STEVE HANLEY**

THE WIDER WORLD’S APPRECIATION OF SMITH was also soon to be tested. While the Number 9 success of 1993’s synth’d up *The Infotainment Scan* seemed to settle The Fall’s place as established stagers of British alternative music, collapse was looming. Soon after she joined in 1995, keyboardist Julia Adamson [née Nagle] was in The Fall’s offices in Manchester. “I remember looking at the filing cabinets, and they were empty, there was nothing in the drawers or the desks,” she says. “I said, Where’s your paperwork, you need to keep it for accounting reasons. They said, ‘Mark burned it.’ I asked him about it and he said, ‘I burned a lot of stuff.’ He used to have bonfires in his back garden... maybe it was like a purging.”

Tales of Smith’s volatility flourish in this period. One involves the singer attacking the soundman at The Acropolis in Edinburgh in August ’94, for eating. It was the returned Brix’s second gig. Before an October 1996 show in Motherwell, Smith’s treatment of another hapless soundman provoked Brix to threaten to brain him with her Telecaster. “The fury of years of suppressed anger boiled up inside like a raging torrent of Devil’s sputum,” she wrote in her 2016 memoir, *The Rise, The Fall And The Rise*. By 1997, Smith told me, he was putting away “nearly half a bottle of whiskey a day... I was gonna kill myself!” Mention of unpaid VAT bills and rumours of bankruptcy provoked an icier stare. “No you can’t say that, Ian,” he decreed. “You’ve no right to ask me that. If you do that you’re ➤

A black and white photograph of Dave Spurr, an older man with short, light-colored hair, wearing a dark jacket. He is standing outdoors, leaning against a vertical metal post on the left. He is holding a pen in his right hand and writing on a notepad held in his left hand. The background is slightly out of focus, showing what appears to be a fence or railing. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

*"I've studied at the
Mark Smith
school of rock 'n' roll.
I'm not gonna
waste that."* **DAVE
SPURR**

◀ gonna be arrested, that's blasphemy."

Exhausted and deranged on-stage at Brownie's club in New York on April 7, 1998, the old Fall flatlined and split. It seemed like the end. Three weeks later a new, three-piece Fall was playing at Dingwalls in north London.

While recorded output in the first half-decade of the 21st Century was strong (2003's *The Real New Fall LP (Formerly Country On The Click)* was especially focused) the line-up was rarely settled until the 2007 arrival of Mancunians Dave Spurr (bass) and Keiron Melling (drums) plus Brummie Pete Greenway (guitar), joining keyboardist – and Smith's third wife – Elena Poulou.

"This last band was almost like a post-modern Fall," says Grant Showbiz, who returned in 2008 to produce the *Imperial Wax Solvent* album. "They knew how to listen to Mark and be very aware of what he was saying, and how not to take it the wrong way. In the past, it could get quite agonising. Recently, it was all on the up. He couldn't retire, his brain wouldn't let him. People say he was chaotic, but – with some amazing warrior women sustaining him – he held a band together for 40 years."

Smith was both proud and protective of these musicians. "I've got a group that is musical perfection," he told me. "They're all 10 times better than these knobheads, these cruds who used to be in The Fall."

SPEAKING LESS THAN A WEEK AFTER SMITH'S DEMISE, members of the last Fall are numbed and in mourning. Yet soon Greenway is remembering Smith the charismatic disrupter, whose diversions included making nuisance calls to Fall-influenced neo-post-punkers These New Puritans, and, when sharing a festival bill, creating elaborate booby traps for Mumford & Sons. Spurr, meanwhile, laughs at memories of American Fall recruits (of 2006-2007 vintage) looking on in disbelief as MES enjoyed a breakfast of champagne and Opal Fruits, or restaurant orders for offal, or his insistence that he knew secret indoor smoking techniques, employed in airports, that involved hiding his cigarette up his sleeve.

"At 4 o'clock in the morning after a gig, that's when Mark came alive," says Greenway. "You'd see the years come off him, and his brain would be working on all cylinders... He was a great and funny guy, and we all adored him."

Smith's techniques in the studio and on-stage were, it seems, largely unchanged. "We only got to hear most of the albums when everybody else did, when they came out!" says Keiron Melling. "Live, you were playing the same set but no gig was the same. You'd be waiting for Mark's delivery and his cues. If you tried to bring it back down, he wasn't into that. He wanted to go up, up, up! You'd see him twizzling his hand, to bring back up again. And if you didn't, he'd come and knock your toms off."



Final Fall: in 2017 with (l-r) Keiron Melling, Pete Greenway, Dave Spurr; (opposite) Smith in 2013: "Words were a joy for him," says Grant Showbiz.

Smith's urge to move upwards was frustrated in early 2017, when his health began to deteriorate. Concerts in the UK and US began to be cancelled, and his appearance caused concern, though July's *New Facts Emerge* sounded feral and acute. The shows that would be his last were both affecting and stirring. MOJO saw The Fall play at London's 100 Club on July 27, and while he looked unwell and sang several songs off-stage, his performance was forceful and intense.

"He was so fucked before we played the 100 Club," says Melling. "I was surprised he managed to... he was trying to get his breath. To go back and finish the gig with that kind of delivery, it's just incredible. He's the hardest man I know."

When he came up on the chair lift [Smith sang from a wheelchair at Glasgow's Queen Margaret Union, November 4], that was incredible. The applause when he finally made it onto the stage... you could tell he felt that, and that's how he got through the gig. Everyone in the room was on the same page, all behind Mark, together as one. He showed the ultimate courage."

It was to be his last gig. A show in Bristol on November 29 was pulled as the taxis were arriving to take the band to the venue. An apology from MES, which soon achieved tremendous poignancy, ended, "From head patient to you, the patients. I love you all but cannot embrace you all."

Yet he was planning another album; eight tracks were demoed and Showbiz was set to produce, but no vocals were recorded. "I called him over Christmas and didn't get a reply," says Melling. "I didn't realise he'd gone back into hospital. I was just waiting for a call to say come and visit. I really thought he were gonna pull through. He was always having a laugh about stuff, you know, he wouldn't let things get him down. I do feel like he's not gone, that I'm gonna get a call."

"I'm not a big crier," says Dave Spurr, who intends to keep making music with his bandmates. "Every time I do get upset, I think, Mark wouldn't want to see you upset, so pull yourself together, you soft twat. Everything I've picked up from him, I'll carry on. I've studied at the Mark Smith school of rock'n'roll. I'm not gonna waste that."

WHEN MOJO SPOKE TO SMITH FOR THE LAST time two years ago in a Manchester pub, he seemed uninterested in discussing his legacy, preferring wide-ranging conversation that touched on his mother Irene, late New Order manager Rob Gretton, and why dentists were not to be trusted. Suitably for a man whose output defined the uncompromising alternative, and whose stern guru role offered disdain for the herd over comforting communion, he cackled at the very idea of praise.

"I don't think about it," he said. "It's a disease, I think. I don't accept compliments. Do you think everybody goes around complimenting me?" He gurgled a laugh. "That's not what I want." **M**

MEMOREX FOR THE KRAKENS

MOJO'S 10-track Mark E Smith mix-tape, for any occasion!

Industrial Estate

(from *Live At The Witch Trials*, 1979)
Poetically-illuminated, scraping northern English punk gravel about the indignity of labour. Why's he saying "yeah, yeah"? The sound of rubbish in bracken, glimpsed through wire fences.

Fiery Jack

(from *Totale's Turns*, 1980)
Medieval demon-gargoyle meets speeding alco-rockabilly, amid the slathering-on of deep heat treatment. "I'm not going back to the slow life," sings MES, who never did.

I'm Into C.B.

(B-side to *Look, Know*, 1982)
Smith's vividly drawn psycho herbert

wastes grim life ("mystep-sister's got a horrible growth") on the internet of the '80s, over the treblest guitar of the treblest decade.

Australians In Europe

(B-side to *Hit The North*, 1987)
One of a glut of exceptional '80s B-sides (see above); streamlined Route One motorik-ramalam, bespoke invective, heavily reverbed whooping... Ace.

Bremen Nacht

(from *The Frenz Experiment*, 1988)
Fatal historical vibrations burst into the present, furiously, on tour in West Germany. Steve Hanley hated playing the bassline because it was so physically demanding.

New Big Prinz

(from *I Am Kurious Oranj*, 1988)
"Check the guy's track record!"
The hip priest borrows from his own back catalogue, and proves how a kind of mantrickriffle can have genuine insidious menace.

Rose

(from *Shift-Work*, 1991)
Max-wistful sequel to 1990's Bill Is Dead, Smith addressing an ex-partner (Brix?) with dreamy equanimity: "I hear you are in Hampstead / I hope you can get married."

Blindness

(*John Peel Session*, 2004)
MES stitches then-Home Secretary David

Blunkett, secret rites and the Via Dolorosa into a remorseless juggernaut à la *Locust Abortion Technician-Butthole Surfers*.

The Rhinohead

(*Von Südenfed* single, 2007)
One final 'pop' crossover, as a hook-up with German techno auteurs Mouse On Mars, under the *nom de guerre* Von Südenfed, produces this industrialised Motown stomper.

Foi De Roi

(from *New Facts Emerge*, 2017)
Simultaneously more focused and less comprehensible than ever before, this metallic pavement slab-chucker finds MES goading the village witch-burners and invoking "Homerics cogs of steel". Sublime.