



Clinker
Email: info@clinker.org.uk
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THE HISTORY OF CLINKER

Cast (in order of appearance)

Peter Jordan, Marcus Moir, Sean Stevens, Andy Davis, Lorna Law, Dave Munn, Joe Weston, Karl Lever, Primal Scream, Richard Fearless, Kevin Shields, Sarah Hussein, Julian, Tomoko Matsumoto, Paul Giovanni, Alan McGee, Paul Stokes, Pat Long, Lily Allen, Jamie T, Panda Bear, Nick Brown, Peter Maddacks, Jason Lawson, Steve Mason, Andy Cook, Richard Bray, Jules De Martino, The Girobabies, Paloma, Blackbox7, Julsie, Kert Semm, Matt Ellis, Benedikt Blume, Colossus, Marco Monaco, Toy Horse, Simon Phillips, Ambrose Yalley, The Spartans, Spoon, Ichiko Watanabe, Antonio Campbell, Spider, Matt Killeen, Nicola Moys, Telesterion, Sunlight Service Group, Honrada, Maria Slovakova, The Notebook, James Spiller, Maggie Brown, Hazuki Granska, Yumi Takada, Naomi Doi, Yukiko Hayashi, Nami Nagata,



CHAPTER 1

Genesis and Revelations

The history of Clinker starts on February 6th 1996. After living in Kent all my life, I moved to London from Kent. Marcus Moir (drummer in previous band Reg Varney Trio) started the ball rolling.

Let me explain a bit prior to that. Over the previous few months Marcus decided to move to London to study Stage Set Design, I took voluntary redundancy at my work and decided to move there too. We were still a functioning band as Reg Varney Trio, with Sean Stevens on guitar (I played bass and sang). In fact we were planning to release our recently recorded EP "Eyes Hips Uncle". So Marcus and I both declared we were moving to London and much to our surprise Sean declared he was moving to Portsmouth. Despite Seans declaration that he could still play weekends (?), I decided that was the end of the band then.

So...we moved to London. Leyton/Leytonstone to be exact, just down the road from each other. I continued to write songs, planning a new band with Marcus and Andy Davis (an old friend from Kent). I was really getting into Pet Sounds and Scott Walker at the time and their influence came through in my writing I like to believe, which was quite different to what I was writing for Reg Varney Trio.

I think it was June that year, when I rushed off to Marcus' place for a barbecue in the sun with my then girlfriend Lorna (who moved to London with me). We were at the barbecue struggling to light the damn thing, when fire engines rushed past, sirens-a-blaring.

"Someones barbecue's got out of control", someone said.

I arrived home, pissed and stoned to find a very dark flat. Yep, the



firemen were visiting my flat and that flat was black and dark. The front room was destroyed. Gone was my guitar, TV, Prized records, hifi, furniture and my new shoes (bought for a job interview I had planned), etc. All that remained from the shoes were the soles. It was quite funny actually looking at those charred remains of the shoes. Most of the CDs still worked I found out later, which shows how strong those fuckers are, but it fucked with our whole world and life was put on hold. Worst of all, it was caused by me (in a rush to go out) emptying an ashtray too early into the waste-paper bin.

Thankfully for us, we had the most amazing understanding Landlady. Not only did she let us continue renting from her by letting us move into the flat next door, but she also gave us £700 because we weren't insured.

So we had no money (the £700 soon went), I had nothing to write a song on and that was it for a couple of years. I still had my bass, which thankfully survived the fire, and we did a few great Reg Varney Trio re-union gigs in Kent thru' 'til '97.

In 1998 we got our first computer and I soon started working out how to exploit it to make music. I didn't know what I was doing, but was having a lot of fun trying. I'd managed to get myself another guitar by then and started to record stuff very primitively. I was sampling from CDs and turning them into new tunes. I hadn't even worked out how to record direct from CDs and ended up putting a microphone to a speaker to record samples. It felt like I was creating my own style of music, like the mad shit I could hear in my head. Mashing Led Zeppelin with The Beatles for example or Spiritualized with Can, it was almost the first mashups (though historians may tell me it wasn't). Marcus joined in towards the end and Opera Dog was born. We split the tunes into 4 Eps (Opera Dog, Manitou Choosti, Hydraulic Pimp and....aaarrgh can't remember the name of the last one). The sound quality was a bit rough and it's in mono, but we liked what we had created and knew it sounded like nothing out there. Collectively, they were simply known as "The 4 Eps", influenced by The Beta



Bands recently released collection “The 3 Eps”.

It was around this time that I had the idea of creating music and making it available exclusively to the internet. No-one had even thought about that at the time, yet now it is the norm. I remember a friend, who was studying IT, wanted to take it on as a college project but I said no. I wanted to be able to sell the idea to some big corporate company, but I never actually got round to it because I had more music to create. One of my many mistakes along the way perhaps.

Marcus got married and disappeared back to Kent via Greenwich and I continued alone.

A friend (Dave Munn) came up from Kent to visit and during his stay we were playing golf on the computer, quite pissed and stoned undoubtedly. He was Clive Langer, I was Anders Forsbrand, but as more was smoked and drunk the names turned into Clinker and Foreskin Technique.

Shortly after his stay I decided to start a new set of songs where all the lyrics would be written in a stream of conscious unedited kinda way and out of it first came these lyrics (which became the song “Meet the Clinker”)...

Clinker and the foreskin technique
Full of intention but the outlooks bleak
As the master draws the line to cross
Clinkers win is foreskins loss

Remember learning how to jerk
Move in rhythm to lifes perk
Relating life to a clinker
Is a fuck of a task for a thinker

Thing is this shit don't need to rhyme



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It's the lack of ideas that's the crime
Pull your foreskin back it's the knack
Clinker's just a piece of cack

Where I come from, Clinker is the piece of shit that clings to the hairs of your arse/ass. After writing those lyrics I decided that Clinker would be the name of what I do from now on and it would be more song based than Opera Dog and be as open and honest as possible. That selection of tunes was finished in 1999 and I called the album "Clinker Schminker". It's a very strange and experimental set of songs, still with the rough mono sound, but I still really like it. I used to console myself about the sound quality, playing one of Baby Birds limited edition releases of demos that were bloody awful. We recorded a new version of "Overspill=Calamities" from "Clinker Schminker" for our 2008 album "Clinker".



1. Meet the Clinker
2. Clinker Theme
3. Y?
4. Neutered
5. Wot the...?
6. All Work No Play (Make Clinker a Dull Thinker)
7. clnkr.odp
8. Overspill = Calamities
9. Wild Child, Home Alone



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10. Bad Days, Blue Days, Cliches
11. Domestic
12. Haemorroids
13. Whatever Is, Is
14. Is that It? / In Summary

I played the album to a friend at work, Joe Weston, who tended to like very mainstream music. He found a lot of it too weird but picked out 4 tunes he really liked and in his opinion were very commercial.

In my head I could see how you could relate life to a clinker (the one that sticks to the hairs of your ass/arse), “holding on for dear life” as Damon Albarn once put it. Funnily enough the lyrics to that album, though written almost totally stream of consciousness, seemed to flow and worked well together in order as written. I even wrote the lyrics to one tune “Bad Days, Blue Days, Cliches” while experiencing a bad mental breakdown (and it sounds like it). My past breakdowns are another story, but I find the whole writing lyrics thing a cathartic experience at times. I’m so glad I’ve got that outlet to bring me out of shit.