



## CHAPTER 2

### *Drugs n Chunks*

Anyway...moving swiftly on...I now felt the need to show Joe that I could write more “commercial tunes” and set about the next Clinker album (“Up Chunky!”), which I decided would be 12 tunes of which every song could be a single (in my head anyway, haha). This was during a period in my life where I was doing shitloads of ecstasy too. My weight went down to 8.5 stone (119lb or 54kg) because of it.

Every weekend I went to the Scala club in Kings Cross and took about 4 ecstasy pills. I’d take one before I went out, sit on the tube thinking “this isn’t enough”, take another one, sit in the pub (Ruby Lounge) prior to the club, take another one, leaving one for if I met someone I knew, but usually swallowed it before that anyway. Why Scala? My friend, Karl Lever, was the manager and I used to get in for free and get VIP passes. I was so regular that I never had to queue and just got let in without that hassle. It was a fabulous time. I used to enjoy going by myself, meeting new and interesting people each week. The whole point was to put me in place to be able to talk to connected people and sell myself and my music (Karl even said he’d put on a showcase for me if I got a band together), but I just used to get so wasted and have as much fun as possible!!! One of the weird games I used to play was on Richard Fearless (of Death in Vegas). Before all this, I managed to blag some tickets to Death in Vegas’ “Contino Sessions” album completion party on a boat on the Thames in 1997. I was probably the only one there he didn’t know or could work out whether or not they were music biz people. There I was partying with Primal Scream and Kevin Shields and he didn’t know who I was or why I was there. After that, Richard was a regular DJ at the Scala and was always looking at me thinking “who the fuck are you”? You could see it. I found it funny and just never spoke to him because of it. I was once also told by a member of Scala’ security staff that his



job for the evening, when I came, was to follow me and check I didn't get in any trouble. He'd just watch me "bouncing off walls" all night apparently. I never remembered much of what happened (I used to drink double vodka, red bull all night too) and just used to wake up in the morning knowing I'd had a brilliant night. It all came to an abrupt end one night when a girl I took in, then lost, ODeD (ambulances called and everything). On top of that, another girl, (Sarah...more about her later), was demanding to be let in cos she knew me (meethinks she was not too sober either). The security staff were none too impressed with me and I had to stay away for a while until things calmed down. But this is jumping ahead myself a bit.

I used to get home from work and take ecstasy too. It was way too much, but I got it so cheap. One Friday afternoon, I came home from work, took some ecstasy, then wrote and recorded "Sunnyside Up (and Runny)" in six hours. I don't remember much about recording it, but I do remember how long it took to make. It was around this time that Lorna decided my drug taking was too much and moved out. I was getting into cocaine aswell (which just makes you an unbearable arsehole, which I was). I was quite happy with this arrangement though. I wanted to live this London life as a single man, having as much fun as possible. I was completely out of control though, with a pretty unstable mind, but I could still fairly confidently make music.

I stuck to the whole 12 tunes that could be singles thing though pretty well, but I couldn't help but go a bit weird in places.

During one of my Scala visits I met a girl Sarah (the one from the story before) who really inspired a lot of what I wrote for that album. We arranged to meet up for a drink after our first meeting, which turned into quite a mad night. We went on a pub crawl and drank a bottle of wine per pub, as opposed to the normal pint of beer. We ended up back at my place when she just went crazy and disappeared into the Leytonstone night. The thing is Sarah is very upper class and not too streetwise and I was shit scared what might happen to her if she wandered into the wrong part of Leytonstone. Anyway, she was ok



Clinker  
Email: [info@clinker.org.uk](mailto:info@clinker.org.uk)  
Web: <http://www.clinker.org.uk>

and a bond grew between us but in a purely platonic way. The platonic thing was tough though, but she was marrying a lovely Canadian guy, Julian.

She once said to me “If I asked you to marry me instead, would you do it?”

I said, “don’t be stupid, your marrying Julian and that’s that!” There was a close bond between us though and a lot of the lyrics for that album were about our strange friendship. Julian was a lovely guy and I was good friends with him too. We’ve lost contact since though unfortunately.

Back to the new album and my work friend Joe liked what he heard, did some backing vocals and became committed to the Clinker cause from then (2000) and the “Up Chunky!” album was finished. I took the title of the album from a club flyer which declared that down (stairs) was something or other and “Up, chunky beats”.



1. Sunnyside Up (and Runny)
2. Future
3. Am I Good (Am I Evil)
4. They Will Eat Us
5. Pretty Special
6. I Walk Thru' Walls



7. It's Too Late
8. Shipwrecked
9. Sega
10. Happy
11. Lize
12. Fish

As I explained before, I'd split up with Lorna, but it wasn't a smooth split. We parted on good terms, but after she had a good night round mine with some of my friends, she wanted to come back. I said no. I was having too much fun being single. A week or so later, she came into my flat and took the computer with all my music on it. She also fucked me up financially and put me seriously into debt. She was the stereotypical woman scorned. I can say this now, because she's admitted since deliberately doing it to hurt me. It was a few months before I got my music back, thanks to friends wheeling and a dealing with her, but the debts meant I had to sell the flat that we were originally buying together.

By this time I'd got more into going out and getting wrecked that I forgot about making music for 6 months or so. It was only after I met Tomoko in September 2001 that I got my mojo back (baby!) and by this time I'd cut right back on taking ecstasy.