

CLEANERS FROM VENUS





P 003-50-91

Foreword

To write about the Cleaners from Venus, is to write about 10 years of my life. It started off as two overgrown schoolboys making crude tapes in a living-room with borrowed, homemade instruments and sometimes domestic objects.

Lawrence "Lol" Elliott and myself were and still are very firm friends. We were both Cleaners in a restaurant, we were both musicians and writers. I wrote poems, Lol wrote some plays. We both became gardeners. We were as close as brothers and even today there exists a sort of telepathy between us. This was the essence of the Cleaners. Even when things got slightly lost, later on in our career, the original spark and ideas we had were still there in some small quantity.

No-one ever left or got thrown out of the Cleaners. The Cleaners from Venus was an idea. The idea was that you said "Let's do a song. Let's write it now. Let's have some fun-it mustn't get serious." Whoever happened to be around was a Cleaner from Venus for that song or that tape. If they didn't play on the following tape, it didn't mean they weren't in the Cleaners. I took this to it's own extreme in spring of 1988 when The Cleaners from Venus toured Germany and I didn't go. The record company didn't see the idea so clearly.

A big part of the Cleaners was our listeners. We didn't have fans we had listeners. They wrote lots of letters and sometimes even got to Wivenhoe and had a drink in the pub with me. During the Falklands War, a radio operator on a ship was listening to a Cleaners from Venus tape in between combat periods. We had been the soundtrack for his war. I still have the letter from him.

A lot of the time, life was quite idyllic. I washed-up in a restaurant part-time, looked after a big house and lots of animals and made tapes. Sometimes there was poverty..not by third world standards, but nevertheless there were bad times when I simply didn't have the money or place to make music. Other times, towards the end, a mixture of exhaustion, illness and misunderstandings with the music biz made me angry and bitter. At times I was just a gardener and it was the only thing I could bear to do.

There wasn't another group like The Cleaners from Venus. We had our own world. Giles Smith gave The Cleaners a new lease

of life from late 1985 through to 1988. He is now a respected journalist who writes about the arts. Nelson (Peter Nice) played bass on our last two l.p.s and was one half of The Brotherhood of Lizards with me. We toured England by bicycle in 1989 and early 1990 and had an unforgettable time. He now plays bass in New Model Army and you might say I ^{am} quite proud of him.

My behaviour has not always been perfect in this story. I've been indecisive, erratic and often torn between a sort of punk-hippy idealism and my own occasional ego-mania. The fact that I'm still such good friends with Lol, Giles and Nelson, attests more to their patience and belief in me than it does to me as a good bloke. I think I may have been quite difficult at times.

There may or may not be other Cleaners tapes in the future. I can never get rid of music, but at the moment I am becoming slightly better known as a rock poet. I have a regular poem in The Independent each month, and I have a small book out. I'm happy with words at the moment and I'm giving music a rest. Sometimes I listen to the old cassettes and I feel vaguely guilty that I should be doing something. For the time being however, everything I wanted to say, musically was done with The Cleaners from Venus.

I hope this book, which Joachim has so lovingly put together will give you a clear picture of what The Cleaners from Venus was and how life was during that very rainy decade, the 1980s. In retrospect, I think The Cleaners general optimism and wistfulness was a direct reaction to the times we lived through. It was a much more fraught and dangerous time then, than it is now. Who would have predicted two years ago that Thatcher would be gone and the Berlin wall would come down? Miracles can happen but you have to believe they will. Maybe there will be another Cleaners tape. Thanks for listening.

Martin Newell

Disc/Tape-ography

TAPES

THE STRAY TROLLEYS - BARRICADES AND ANGELS
POW 003 · Recorded 1979/80 Released 1982

THE SECRET DREAMS OF A KITCHEN PORTER
NOW 004 · Recorded 1980 Released 1982

BLOW AWAY YOUR TROUBLES
WOW 002 · Released June 1981

ON ANY NORMAL MONDAY
ROW 001 · Released April 1982

MIDNIGHT CLEANERS
MAO 005 · Released December 1982

IN THE GOLDEN AUTUMN
FRAU 006 · Released August 1983

TWO FOR THE WINTER /cassingle
007 · Released December 1983

UNDER WARTIME CONDITIONS
TAO 008 · Released May 1984

SONGS FOR A FALLOW LAND
009 · Released May 1985

LIVING WITH VICTORIA GREY
010 · Released April 1986

MIND HOW YOU GO
011 · Released March 1987 · Germany only/Jarmusic

APRIL FOOL
012 · Released 1987 · Germany only/Jarmusic

BROTHERHOOD OF LIZARDS
BRUV 1 · Released November 1988

NUMBER THIRTEEN
013 · Released June 1990

RECORDS

UNDER WARTIME CONDITIONS / LP

Modell Records (EFA 1671) • Released September 1985

GOING TO ENGLAND / LP

Ammunition Communication Rec. (CLEAN LP 1)
Released May 1987 • in Germany released on RCA

ILLYA KURYAKIN LOOKED AT ME / 7"

b/w BLACK & WHITE & BLUE ALL OVER
Amm. Comm. Rec. (JANGLE 1) • Released 1987

ILLYA KURYAKIN LOOKED AT ME / 12"

b/w BLACK & WHITE / ALBIONS DAUGHTER / ILLYA KURYAKIN (FULL VERSION)
Amm. Comm. Rec. (JANGLE 1T) • Released 1987

LIVING WITH VICTORIA GREY / 7"

b/w SUNDAY AFTERNOON
Amm. Comm. Rec. (JANGLE 2) • Released 1987

LIVING WITH VICTORIA GREY / 12"

b/w SUNDAY AFTERNOON / SHE'S CHECKING YOU OUT
Amm. Comm. Rec. (JANGLE 2T) • Released 1987

MERCURY GIRL / 7"

b/w GAMMA RAY BLUE
Amm. Comm. Rec. (JANGLE 3) • Released 1988

MERCURY GIRL / 12"

b/w GAMMA RAY BLUE / THE ICEBERG & UNICORN
Amm. Comm. Rec. (JANGLE 3T) • Released 1988

TOWN AND COUNTRY / LP

RCA (PL71651) • Released May 1988 / Germany only

LET'S GET MARRIED / 7" + 12"

b/w GAMMA RAY BLUE • RCA (PB 41835) • Released May 1988 / Germany only

BROTHERHOOD OF LIZARDS - LIZARDLAND / LP

Deltic Records (DELT L.P. 6) • Released October 1989

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE / BROTHERHOOD OF LIZARDS / 7" + 12"

SMASH IT UP (CAPT SENSIBLE) / MARKET DAY (BROTHERHOOD OF LIZARDS)
12" had CARMOSINE as an extra track (by BROTHERHOOD...)
Deltic Records (DELT 5) • Released May 1990



Barricades and angels (1979/80)

secret dreams of a kitchen porter

I don't wanna dance now
for the bolshoi ballet
I never did anyway
just liked the girls
I don't wanna have a say
in kulture with a small k.
I never did anyway
it's a different world

the secret dreams of a kitchen porter
the secret dreams of a boy

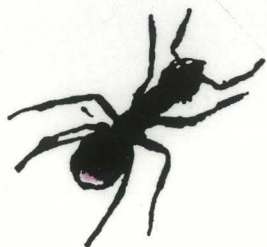
I know I never can afford
to live like a slum-lord
it's back to the draining board
for a kitchen boy
sink-shock/dish-pan
gonna wear away my hands
but the power of a kiss can
take me away

the secret dreams of a kitchen porter
the secret dreams of a boy



The secret dreams of a kitchen porter (1980)

Blow away your troubles (1981)



marilyn on a train

Ihen you see her on a station
brightening up your deadly afternoon
later on you'll think about her
in the quietness of your lonely room
do you hear her in a backstreet
calling out in echoes just to you
do you see her in a taxi
painting town another shade of blue
does she make you choose your clothes
that everytime you see her walking by
you'd disappear into some sunset
when you think you maybe caught her eye
then again she's someone's daughter
you may never know her private mind
still you want to hold and keep her
live with her until the day you die

(chorus:) she's like marilyn
marilyn on a train
she's like marilyn
marilyn on a train



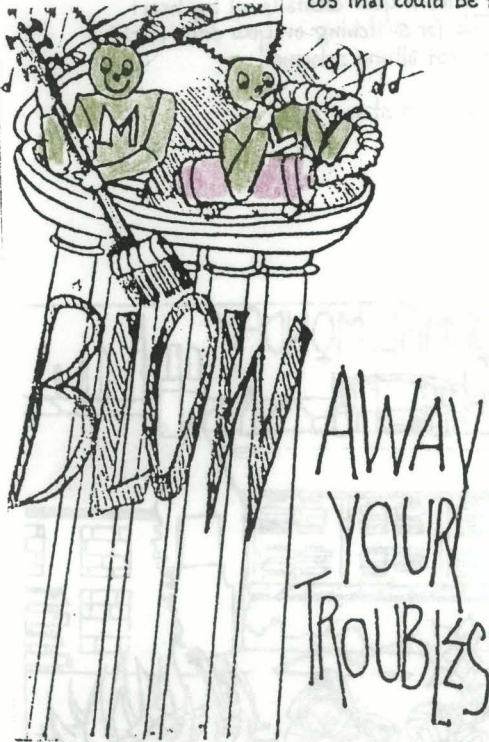
a blue wave

She's cutting something nearly every day
the landed gentry back her all the way
and something's happened in the u.s. of a.
the phones are ringing there'll be hell to pay

got no time to dream
it's a blue wave
it's a blue wave
and it's . . . here comes mr. clean
it's a blue wave
washing washing washing all over you

this is the moment when the dancing stops
but does it really have to be this way
they're lining up along the eastern bloc
and none of us have really got a say
well have you ever met a russian kid
I can't remember if I have or not
and would you have to kill him if you did
cos that could be the only chance you got

(repeat chorus)



On any normal monday (1982)

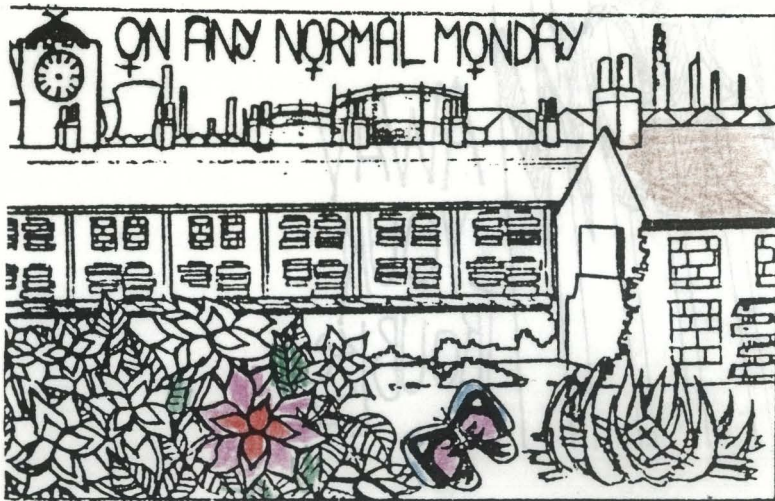
be an idiot pop star

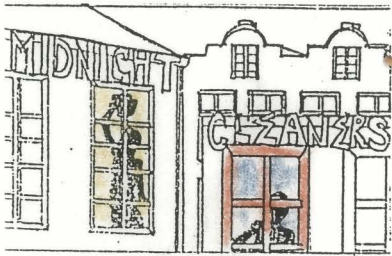
hey gringo - your sister is in my oven
welcome to the very fabulous world of hipness and lies
you can spend all your money and never actually open up your eyes
mmmm - I speak of the synthesiser table cloth opera singing mentality
say hello to money and goodbye to reality

be an idiot pop star
be an idiot pop star, be an idiot pop star
a popular boy

you don't have to write a song
or ever learn to play guitar
as long as you take the time to learn your cocktails off by heart
collect another thousand pounds for switching on your drum machine
or turn shopping list into a concept album scheme

be an idiot pop star, be an idiot pop star
be an idiot pop star
a popular boy





Midnight cleaners (1982)

time in vain

You're going out with my best friend
I know that friendship's going to end
I should not come round and see you
but I come round anyway
if you left before I told you

it could never be the same
if I never got to hold you
all that time would be in vain

time in vain . . . time in vain

he doesn't treat you like he should
I'd make it better if I could
I can't wait a second longer
if you stay another day
I will come round in the morning
say you won't turn me away
we'll go walking out together
and we'll never have to waste

time in vain . . . time in vain

wretched street

This is a wretched street
in the sixties it was quite neat
now recession's got them beat
so they stay behind their doors
this is a wretched street
people walking drag their feet
in the cold or in the heat
they stay behind their doors
and there's nothing to leave for

this is a wretched street
these are wretched times
the sun unfolds but it doesn't shine
nothing else to do all day but drink or fight
the commies on the corner put the world to rights
and the anarchists are crazy
but I think I might just join them

this is a wretched street
from a window hear them scream
less room for you to dream
with a giro overlord
this is a wretched street
all the kids look really mean
must be hell being seventeen
must drive you out your gourd
seventeen and bored

this is a wretched street
these are wretched times
the sun unfold but it never shines
nothing else to do all day but drink or fight
the commies on the corner put the world to rights
and the anarchists are crazy but I think I might
just join them

midnight cleaners

Still grey morning
wednesday
half light november
no birdsong
trees dripping
a distant roar of traffic
from another busier street
and we are the midnight cleaners
coming back from the night shift
been cleaning offices
high up in the city all night
these early morning people
on buses
looking at us like we're some kind of aliens
I don't trust them
on the way back
along down the high street
past the television shop
these commercials for all these idiot families
the t.v. family-2 point 4 lovely children
grinning idiots
all cleaning their teeth together
or going to the building society
to take their money out
or live on one of those homes
barratt homes . . . broselly homes . . . I dunno
all the houses look the same
these people don't actually exist
nobody ever dies or gets cancer
not in the adverts
it's just a big lie
I get really paranoid sometimes
walking on further down the street
past the cinema that they turned into a bingo hall
like . . . if you imagine it was 200 years ago
and people were soaked in gin
instead of media lies . . . like they are now
I mean would that make it any better
I dunno but it's like in orwell's 1984
you have this feeling constantly of being
cheated



Monday 6.2.83

Dear Diary what a fab time I'm having. Well..Lol arrived about Saturday evening, we had a meal and drank a fair amount of blackberry wine as well as listening to each others new tapes. Later we retired to Annabels room , lit a fire and read each other stories by Saki . On Sunday I must say I felt a bit rough having not hit the sack till three a.m.

After another megabreakfast, Richard came round and we got down to the serious business of having our photos taken.

There was a bitterly cold wind blowing and Mick Wea ver accompanied us as we got snapped in a number of locations ranging from our garden up to the shipyard, Richard took about 20 frames so one of them should be good (I hope!).

After the pics we went next door to set up the gear. We rehearsed without any problems and set up for recording. It was just amazing how smoothly everything went. Monitoring was good. Recorded sound was good and we started laying tracks down very quickly. By about 5.30 we'd got seven backing tracks down on tape. Listening back to them today they sound just as good and I reckon at least four of them will be useable. Lol was a bit inhibited by the presence of a few members of Toby's band and in the end I had to ask them to leave us for a while. Apart from that the only hitch was this stupid bloody woman from across the way and down, who came and complained about the noise.

The idea of recording was for Lol to take copies of the backing trax back to Bath and for me to do my versions of them.....THEN when we've both constructed different versions of the songs....release a cassette with the results of his experiments on one side and mine on the other like...."The two sides of the Cleaners from Venus or something...aw I dunno...you know what I mean.

Last night, having put the gear away we had something to eat then went round to visit Keith and Kate who I haven't seen for ages. After that we went to the pub and on returning home found that Barry, Annabels ex-husband had arrived and was having a cuppa.

I made another cup and we sat down and chatted while I strung my guitar and generally prepared myself for the studio.

Today has been fine. We got to the studio on time and laid the backing tracks (bass and drums) down with such lack of problems it fair made my heart leap for joy. Things have gone so smoothly the last few days I really do find it difficult to believe....I'm just so happy!

I had a few minor problems duplicating the guitar sound on Only A Shadow but we managed to get the whole track down except for backing vocals.

Tony was talking to me along the lines of "C'mon Martin we should be able to get you a really big deal with Island or Virgin etc.etc. etc..." but I've heard all of this before. That's not to say that I think Tony's the same kind of bullshitter as are rife in the music biz but I just can't take that kind of thing seriously. In spite of this if someone could pull me off a deal with a largish company who were IDEAL LOGICALLY SOUND and.....who I could get personal treatment with, I might consider maybe signing with them, but at the moment.....

Anyway we'll see how this single goes...if it goes. At the present stage of the recording Tony's already talking about the Lennon song I wrote (Johnny the Moondog's Dead) being the A-side instead of Only A Shadow. He said it's got to at least be a double A-side.

We shall see we shall see we shall see.

Jaywick, by the way, where the studio is located (in a street of Art Deco type houses) is the most surreal place to step out of a studio into.

IX The main Broadway looks like a set from the Prisoner T.V. series. There was one bafe open and it was appalling. Double egg and Chips at £1.30 and God and Chips and £1.20! But we wuz starvin'.

It would be quite possible to eat in that cafe and not come across any sort of fresh vegetable. The whole place is a kind of Nutritional no-go area as was proved by some big white tub of lard that left the restaurant just as we walked in. The only other occupants were a young couple who looked like they could be on the run. oh well...I'm off up the pub. Night.....



In the golden autumn (1983)

please don't step on my rainbow

Please don't step on my rainbow
it's only staying for a while
and it won't be too long
until the day is on the run
and night-time will shutter it's smile

aw please don't cough in my doorway
go if you're going - stay if you're staying
and if you'd be so kind
to lend me money for some wine
then you won't have to catch your train

please don't step on my rainbow
it's only staying for an hour
and if the price of gin
can make your money look too thin
it's only cos this government's in power

please don't talk on my phone now
it seems silly but it's true
that if you wear a heart
which is political or art
then they might like to question you

please don't step on my rainbow
it hardly ever comes around
and I may have a writ
because I didn't sign for it
you know how people talk in a small town

(repeat first verse)

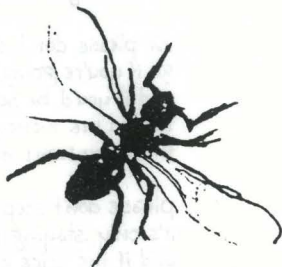
sandstorm in paradise

Ihere's a sandstorm in paradise
clouding my way
it's not only today - it's tomorrow
there's a sandstorm in paradise
covers the light
it's not only at night - it's the daytime

do you believe in circular time
or are you inclined to the spiral?
you can travel forever inside the rings
but the pendulum swings it can tell you

there's a sandstorm in paradise
it's not only today . . . it's tomorrow
there's a sandstorm in paradise
covers the light . . . it's not only at night
it's the daytime

sandstorm in paradise
burns me away till
till such a day that I go there
you think you're real
but you're in a dream
and this isn't the world
this is nowhere



golden age saturday

Iread the papers yesterday . . . they say the golden age
ain't far away - like saturday
and if I turn a page or two they'll tell me
all those boys and girls will have some work to do
in a golden age, in a golden age
in a golden age saturday
I switched the tv on at noon . . . the russians stay in tune
by always crashing on the moon . . . and if I wait a little while
the president will soothe me with a reassuring smile
in a golden age, in a golden age . . .
in a golden age saturday

Two for the winter (1983)

when fire burns dreams

Why don't we learn from america?
we can be burned by america
do what we're told by america
we can catch cold from america
white lies the road in the pale moonlight
when I come home on a winter's night
soft is the light of an english sky
turning the mood as the hour goes by
such thoughts as these
are frames I freeze
when fire burns dreams
and memories will fill my needs
when fire burns dreams

don't wanna burn don't wanna burn

earth lying still as the snow at dawn
haunted by sons and by daughters she's born
breezes which dance with the uncut corn
whisper "revolt!" to suburban lawns
but dreaming spires turn funeral pyres
when fire burns dreams
and flame will kill a daffodil
when fire burns dreams

grab yer coat grab yer hat
don't forget to feed the cat
go to work on an empty head
then... gee I'm tired - let's go to bed
the american way
like big men (uh uh) doing important jobs yeah
big man (whaddya want?)
doing important jobs
big men (can I put this here?)
doing important jobs (it's a cruise missile)
big men ...



I can be blamed for
this tape at
23 West st. Wivenhoe
Essex CO79DE
where I am currently
president....

XX

... high was the song of the wind in my ears
ancient and soothing down all the years
I listened hard and it seemed to be
singing and singing these words to me
"deep are the wounds of this century
fighting against what it's meant to be
and fools indeed will take no heed
till fire burns dreams
and who will chant the funeral chant
when fire burns dreams

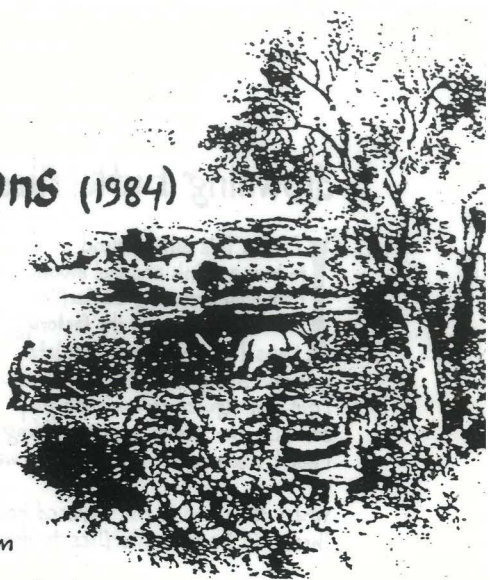
no I don't wish to be alarmist but . . .
at any one point in time
eight millions naked americans are sitting
in their jacuzzis dreaming of launching
a pre-emptive nuclear strike on your home
I mean is that not enough for yer charlie?
are you kidding bunky

honey I don't wanna burn
honey I don't wanna burn

it's a good job I don't have an a-bomb
it would fall through a hole in the cockpit
and I'd lose it in the china sea
or the middle east . . .



Under wartime conditions (1984)



summer in a small town

It's an unimpeachable summer dream
to fall in love with an ice machine
in the corner of the pub across the street
and working spends - if working does
but nowadays it's them or us
which means that someone has to take the heat
hey hey hey
who writes the soundtrack?
lend us a pound coin
who writes the play?
it's a loudmouthed summer sun
who tells you good is on the run
and the golden age is not the present one

aaaaah ah ah aah ah ah ah aaaaaah

in the summer in a small town where you stay
you're a bluebird in a broken down cafe for a day

those crazy kids what will they do
they're not a bit like me and you
with their crypto pun' y psychobilly beat
they took your sacred rock and roll
they stripped it down and they left a hole
then they filled it up with anger from the street
hey hey hey hey hey mutant beat freaks
woh woh woh woh so far away
a day in the country is not on the menu
for anyone you met today

aah ah ah ah . . . aah ah ah ah ah aaaaaah

in the summer in a small town where you stay
you're a bluebird in a broken down cafe for a day

drowning butterflies

If I use this silver pound
to buy a drink and fool around
I am only drowning butterflies
I said I'd see you at the factory gate
I was there but you were late
you said sorry - but it wasn't in your eyes
I got four figures redundancy pay
and just two weeks to our wedding day
I won't blame you - whatever you want to do

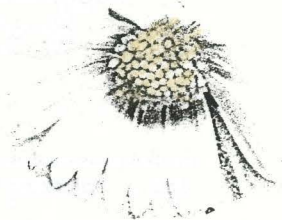
when they knock the terraced houses down
there will be no butterflies to drown

things are changing all around
all my friends have gone to ground
and I'm trying at least to hang onto you
you know... this used to be a boom town
now they're closing all the factories down
it's no wonder we're all drowning butterflies

when they knock the terraced houses down
there will be no butterflies to drown

luke-warm lovesong

I would not be with you unless I wanted to be
I would not be with you unless I did
pride is a dangerous thing
I know how it can sting
and I would not be with you unless I wanted to be
I would not call you up unless I wanted to do
I would not call you up unless I wanted to
I will give you a bell
I know your number so well (twice)
I would not think about you if I didn't like you
I wouldn't think of you unless I did
I'm just hanging around
I'm only sounding you out
and I would not be with you unless I wanted to be
I will give you a bell
I know your number so well



Thursday 26th January 1967 cor wish it was, but it's not..it's 1984 aaargghh!
Well a pretty crummy day at work today in my secret identity aw Suds A-go
-Go...The Prince of the Sinks. If things get any worse I'm just going to
have to get a job. Damiens mousette Vivien is still at large under the
floorboards of his bedroom. It has now eaten all the food that was lying
in crumbs on the cupboard floor so I'm hoping it's going to go for the stuff
in the trap next. Oh it's not a killer trap, it's one of those humane traps
made out of perspex .The idea is the mouse walks in for the food you put in
there and the trap closes after it encapsulating it in this long perspex
case. I understand that the more modern traps now have full stereo/video
wash and brush up facilities and mini shopping facilities so that the mouse
has something to do until you let it out in the morning.

Speaking of animals, Piper Paws, our youngest and dumbest cat is spraying
the whole house and sail loft with Essence de Tom. It looks like his
knackers are going to have to come off.

I'm not happy about this...on the other hand it does seem to work. I
mean what do you do? Have seven adults and two children live in
something that smells like a piss factory so that 14 pounds of rampant
feline stupidity can live au naturelle???

At the moment nobody has the spare ten or twelve quid necessary to get
the foul deed done but it's gotta be soon.

I am definitely not very inspired at the moment. The book doesn't look
like it's any nearer getting published...and at the moment if they asked
me to modify it in any way, I'd be inclined to tell them to fuck off.
Maybe I ought to keep my mouth shut at least until they finish talking
because let's face it.....I'm broke.

Well I've still got this record to do and I should be looking forward to
that because the recording session is less than two weeks off. Quite
apart from this, my very good buddy Lol is coming up to play drums on it.
It's just that I don't want to build up the excitement too much in case
it's an anti-climax. Like Gide said, " Nathaniel, never prepare your joys."

Songs for a fallow land (1985)

Songs for...
A Fallow Land



julie profumo

I'm going to england
I'm leaving today
I'm going electrically
there's no time to stay
cos this ain't the sixties
and there's nothing to lose
and julie profumo is singing the blues

some day soon I will forget this junkyard
take you with me if you're going that way
it's a changing world and I can tell you one thing
time is wasting.
shadows waiting.
love will slip away

o mother of islands
I am your son
and though I remember sunshine
the damage is done
the images haunt me always
like a cry from the street
and julie profumo is dead on her feet.

some day soon I will forget this junkyard
take you with me if you're going that way
it's a changing world and I can tell you one thing
time is wasting
shadows waiting
love will slip away.

stars are cold

Pale... the winter sun
on hard ground
where we run
sky
is charcoal grey
in flat fields
where we lay
I catch my breath
time stands still
on the edge of a blue day.
when you are gone
stars are cold
stars are cold
dark
the shadows fall
trees are blue
trees are tall
then the day is old
dreams are still
turned to stone
I catch my breath
time stands still
on the edge of a blue day
when you are gone
stars are cold
stars are cold

gamma ray blue

When I'm alone and I'm waiting for you
I sit in my room and the t.v. is on.
but the lights are tuned off
and the sound is turned down
and I think about you in ethereal blue.

it's a summery night and the town in a light
with the roar of their cars
when they close all the bars.
then the telephone rings
and you're there in my head
and I'm feeling so tired but I can't go to bed.

and I'm so in love
with gamma ray blue
gamma ray blue and the gamma ray tube
I'm so in love with gamma ray blue
gamma ray blue and you.

I gaze at the clock and it's quarter to two
I was drinking some wine, but I left some for you
there's a saxophone playing
in the bedsit upstairs
but nobody complains because nobody cares.

then a flickering starts and I turn to the screen
there's a fight going on, but it's only a dream
so I turn over quick
'cos I'm not really sure
then your key's in the lock
and you're there at the door

and I'm so in love
with gamma ray blue
gamma ray blue and the gamma ray tube
I'm so in love
with gamma ray blue
gamma ray blue and you.



First ever photos of
The Cleaners. Winchhoe
Shipyard - February 1984



She looked to find something it was missing



... saw the something boy of ...

Living with victoria grey (1986)



victoria grey

her lovely face was everywhere
someone pretending to care
the image of victoria grey
I heard some hungry children cry
rumbling wheels passed them by
the carriage of victoria grey

save it up, it's for a rainy day
save it up, I heard victoria say

she looked so good sometimes it was convincing

some sailor's south atlantic fray
seemed like a long way away
they were fighting for victoria grey
and blue eyed sons of miners cried
when a community died
they were working for victoria grey

save it up, don't ever give it away
save it up, I heard victoria say

she looked so good sometimes it was convincing

now if I'm ever free again
I could not forget the pain
of living with victoria grey
and when I feel the cold night air
I know that she doesn't care
and I'm finished with victoria grey

save it up, it's for a rainy day
save it up, I heard victoria say

she looked so good sometimes it was convincing.

mercury girl

She's staying around or else she's going away
it could be forever or it might be today
or maybe forever I call her a mercury girl

She's building me up and then she's knocking me down
like a factory chimney in a northern town
and I am demolished I call her a mercury girl

she never sees me till the sun goes down
lives in a secret world
says her career is in another town
life with a mercury girl

one day once when I got some time
I tried to hold her but she wouldn't be mine
she slipped through my fingers and I missed the mercury girl

she came back to me with her mocking eyes
she told me she loved me but it could have been lies
and life can be up and down
life with a mercury girl
life can be up and down
life with a mercury girl

she never sees me till the sun goes down
lives in a secret world
says her career is in another town
life with a mercury girl

she's staying around or else she's going away
it could be forever or it might be a day
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she's building me up and then she's knocking me down
like a factory chimney in a northern town
and I am demolished I call her a mercury girl
and I am demolished I call her a mercury girl

follow the plough

Come with me martin down to the corner
I've got to buy some bread for the boarder
if he were not here, we'd be much poorer"
grandmother's world had edwardian order.
and I can remember how
I followed her like a seagull follows the plough
follow the plough.

by the bay window, when it was raining
watching the people on the pink paving
I didn't mind if I had to stay in
some of my dreams were really worth saving
and I can remember now
I followed them like a seagull follows the plough
follow the plough.

I am much older than you would take me
I am much younger than you could make me
live in a world of violence and danger
finding myself a comparative stranger
when I came to meet you how
I followed you like a seagull follows the plough
follow the plough.

you are before me you are behind me
it was predestined that you would find me
"come with me martin - down to the corner..."
your ancient world has a much older order
and when I come to see you now
I follow you like a seagull follows the plough
follow the plough.



ilya kuryakin looked at me

Lita tushingham isn't smiling
waiting for the green electric train
to take her down to london
where she will see mr. wilson
standing by the iron railings
opposite the chestnut palings
david hemmings will be waiting
with a job for david bailey

and the sun is always shining
on wardour street's piled up pop stars
and the king is in the counting house
costing out smashed up guitars

and ilya kuryakin looked at me
ilya kuryakin' looked at me

bobby dylan's only bleeding
johnny says he's only sleeping
in the window, george and ringo
see you down the pink flamingo
mrs peel, or is it emma?
leaning on a black umbrella
had to be the biggest seller
after martha the vandella

and the rain is only falling
on the worthern streets documentaries
and they hardly say a word about vietnam
shhhh . . .

and ilya kuryakin looked at me
ilya kuryakin looked at me

we forgot our politicians'
love affair with nuclear fission
drowned ourselves in coloured visions
making love but not decisions
meanwhile back in st tropez
the rich and famous out to play
stayed quietly out of taxing range
and waited for the times to change

and the sun is always shining
on wardour street's piled up pop stars
and the king is in the counting house
costing out smashed up guitars

and ilya kuryakin looked at me
ilya kuryakin' looked at me.



clara bow

I saw your face on a silent screen
and on the cover of a magazine
clara bow
you were the image of a plastic age
you spent a lifetime in a silent cage
clara bow

clara bow is it true the camera struck you dumb?
clara bow I would like to hear you speaking
but I can't.
you were the lipstick butterfly
no need for words when you could flutter your eyes
clara bow
and you were living in an it world, it girl
but you were speaking for american working girls
clara bow
clara bow did your money make it any better?
clara bow I would like to see your pictures
but I can't.



Autumn 1985 / Very drunk.
I don't have that guitar
now. I really miss it.

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AMMUNITION COMMUNICATIONS

THE CLEANERS FROM VENUS

Going to England

© K © 1987
StereO

OUTWARD
33 1/3 rpm
Clean LP1

IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT - BUY IT, BUT IF YOU CAN'T TAKE THE III

1. Julie Profumo
2. Living with Victoria Grey
3. Clara Bow
4. Follow The Plough
5. Armistice Day

All songs by Martin Newell except Clara Bow
by Martin Newell and Giles Smith.
COPYRIGHT CONTROL

armistice day

Sister mine your face so fine
your hair red-gold at harvest time
in a field on a cloudy day
when the reaper comes to claim his pay
they have all gone away
armistice day

sister mine some damson wine
while the woods wear white in winter time
drink it down and remember how
you could not cry then but can cry now
they have all gone away
armistice day

there's nothing can make men happy
like the sound of a cannon's roar
there's nothing can make men happy
like a war
like a war.

LIVING WITH VICTORIA GREY

BY

THE CLEANERS FROM VENUS



PAGE ONE: LIVING WITH VICTORIA GREY

PAGE TWO: SUNDAY AFTERNOON
SHE'S CHECKING YOU OUT

BEING

COMPOSITIONS RECORDED IN THE
STUDIOS OF TIN PAN ALLEY, LONDON,
BY MARTIN NEWELL AND GILES SMITH.

WITH

NIGEL HASLAM AS THE ENGINEER
AND DAVID SHAW AS HIS ASSISTANT.

INCORPORATING

AN ILLUSTRATION BY VIRGINIA MASON
(AFTER 'PHIZ') AND A PHOTOGRAPH
BY CHRISTOPHER CRASKE

AND

DISTRIBUTED BY PINNACLE RECORDS

FIRST EDITION

PATRONS: AMMUNITION COMMUNICATIONS
22 DENMARK STREET, LONDON WC2
01 379 6266

"What Larks"



Mid-November 1985 - Our
'Victorian' period. In the
sail-loft where we made
a lot of our tapes and
the record, "Under Wartime
conditions"

WRITTEN DURING A HARD
WINTER 86/87

LETTER TO MANAGEMENT FROM SHOP FLOORmusic business

This is an essay to let you know how a 34 year old all purpose pop musician in England lives in 1987.

"I live in the front part of a crumbling Victorian house opposite a dock/coalyard in an Essex fishing village. I say I live there-I don't...I actually stay there with my woman and her two children by a previous marriage(boy, 13 girl 11).

She's on D.H.S.S. so I couldn't actually LIVE with her but I stay here most of the time because I don't have a place of my own.

All of my possessions are in boxes in a storeroom which has been temporarily lent to me. The landlord wants us out. He can't actually throw A.(my woman) out on the street but there's a subtle pressure there the whole time. Even though he and his wife only have two children, and they have the whole of the back of the house and the small house adjoining this building they want the whole place. Why? Well I once heard him say something like they have a "higher lifestyle expectation" nowadays.

Rooms in this village average forty pounds a week. This is because there's a university not far away and they can pay higher rents than us normal mortals. Hence....price average goes up. You can't rent a family house for much under four to five hundred pounds per month. Also...they don't like D.H.S.S. tenants. Why? This is more complicated. Since the government handed over the onus on paying rents to claimants over to the borough treasury...the borough treasury have been sending round people to assess claimants rents. If they think a house or room isn't worth the money being charged they reduce it. Naturally landlords/ladies aren't going to take a claimant on as a tenant because it could very well reduce their profit. A. says she's already lost 28 potential homes because of this problem. The council waiting list for housing is about two and a half years now I think...it might be more.

Because of his lifestyle expectation, the landlord is constantly working on improvements to his side of the house. Major work is going on the whole time and has been
~~xxxxxxxxxx~~


for months. This means the place is constantly dusty and often noisy. He's working on the landing at the moment outside the kids bedrooms where the smell of woodworm and damp treatments are quite strong. There's a lack of privacy (he always seems to be around) and it's not much fun.

Heating in A.'s room is by open fire. This is where we sleep, watch t.v. (black and white) or read. If there's some money at the beginning of winter I get £30 worth of logs. It's cheaper than coal if you make sure you get a good deal i.e. not green wood. Mostly we burn scrap wood. This is my department. I forage in the woods for dead wood then drag it back on a barrow during the early autumn. Sometimes I go to a small cove where wooden pallets from the port get washed up. I drag them out of the river then hide them in the bushes to dry out (in case anyone else comes to take them, like kids looking for bonfire wood). Later on I go back and smash the pallets up and drag the wood home. I keep my eyes open for people doing building or roofing work because if I ask them they'll often let me take the old ~~timber~~ or rotten wood away.

The other communal room is the kitchen/dining area. It's very big so therefore cold. To heat this we use an ancient double-burner paraffin heater. We usually take it in turns to chip in £1.50 for a gallon of paraffin. We get the paraffin from a garage some way up the road. In the midwinter it's FREEZING here. The other two rooms are the kids bedrooms... they get really cold so they don't usually go to their rooms in winter except to sleep. Luckily we're all pretty hardy for a late twentieth century family so we can get by on subsistence warmth. Nevertheless on really cold days you don't actually warm up until you've been in bed for a while. Cooking gas and bathwater are on meters.

You wouldn't believe what I have to do to get money. I dig people's gardens and prune their trees. Late winter that gets me between fifteen and twenty-five pounds in a week. It's cold out but if I work hard I get quite warm.

In the summer I was doing alright. I had about seventy



five pounds a week and I was putting by some money for the lean months. This is one of the "service industries" that some Tories think will flourish in our leisure packed modern age. Fortunately I live in East Anglia where some people actually have the money to pay a gardener. In the North what would I do? I stopped doing gardening full-time in August because I got the chance to make another l.p. and I was told that some money was about three weeks around the corner. Money always seems to be about three weeks around the corner in the music industry. Gardening is a thoroughly blameless job and a wonderful existence once ones muscles get used to it, but I had to take a chance on furthering my musical career. More on that later.

Last year I had a trailer made for my bicycle. Well I don't like cars and I couldn't afford one even if I did so it seemed like a good idea. As well as carrying my garden tools it's useful for collecting scrap wax in. Scrap wax? There's a village ten miles away. In this village are two posh country restaurants who like the rest of this wasteful society throw out lots of useful things. In this case they have boxes of half burnt candles...perfectly good but they don't look good on the table so these restaurants throw pounds and pounds away. What I do is to go to the restaurants buy the wax very cheaply then cycle it home in the trailer. I can usually get about fifty or sixty pounds in the trailer. It's a bastard coming home with a full load if it's pouring with rain or very windy. So what do I do with the wax? Simple. I melt it down and make it into half pound medieval type column candles which I then sell to a Bistro in the nearby town. If I do this every so often it's worth about another ten quid per week to me. This means I'm making about £35 per week and I give about half of this to A. for the money I cost to feed etc etc. I often wonder whether people think I'm crazy cycling around with my bicycle trailer full of wax or tools...~~g~~ but it's how I live. I can't sign on myself because I'm homeless.....Well I could sign on but it would mean going four miles into town daily to collect the £3 60 or whatever it is that I'm entitled

to as a vagrant . ~~xxx~~ Oh and of course I'd have to give them my daily reassurance that I was looking for work. It's really not worth the bike tyre rubber to claim £3.60 My bicycle needs a new tyre soon so I'll have to forgo a couple of the bottles of cider which I get for a treat sometimes. Maybe I should start homebrewing soon...I used to be good at it once.

I've got an l.p. out in Germany which has sold about five thousand copies but I haven't been paid for it. I've got another l.p. due out soon and a single out now. I get fan mail from Germany and America as well as here and magazines and D.J.s write to me. I've been on radio and television and I know pop stars but I've got no place to live, and no money apart from that which I make from my gardening and recycling candle wax. I could go out and busk in town but it can be dangerous. It's a rough town and you can get shaken down or attacked or just moved on.

If I got some money to live on it would probably be in the form of a publishing advance from a music publisher.

What is publishing and what does a publisher do? No...after years of being involved in music I don't exactly know either and I don't think anyone I know does but I saw a picture of a publisher recently in a glossy music biz guide and he looked like this.... He had a beard, he was wearing clothes in the style of that Cowboy Chic which I normally associate with Californian urbanites of the seventies and he was holding up a wine glass and grinning.

Everything that is supposed to happen in the music industry seems to happen three months later....or longer....or....never. The people in the music industry appear not to understand the simple everyday problems of those outside ...Or maybe they understand only too well which is why people will answer phones clean toilets or jump out of cakes for a record company-Anything rather than go back to reality. When I tell the people I know, what I have to do to live...I'm sure they don't believe me.

When I was working more I used to always have a couple of hundred pounds stashed. I called it my "bust and eviction" money. It meant I could always stand my own bail or put up my half of the deposit for rented accomodation. It was handy if A. busted her spectacles or one of the kids needed new shoes and she didn't have the money.

She will never take money off me because she knows I have sometimes less than her but I used to ~~fixxi~~ "lend" it to her then one day say.... "forget it". It was the only way I could get her to take it. Like last autumn I got about fifty quid from an anarchist tape-distributor in Germany who'd sold some my tapes so I gave her forty because she needed it badly.

We've got ducks and chickens, a wild rabbit and a few cats. Most of them were strays who got dumped on us and who now live with us. I don't know how we manage to feed them all sometimes. Scraps if we're short of money.... mash if we're not. Duck mash is about £5.00 a bag and lasts about a month. If one of the cats gets ill and has to go to the vet we've got a collection of pennies in a big bottle we call the "vet bottle" it's nearly always empty because one or other of the creatures always needs something doing or other. If something went seriously wrong with a cat and we couldn't afford the fees I guess it would have to be the chloroform pad if we couldn't get credit. We might have to get the poultry adopted soon if we don't get a place. I don't think the owner's wife is too happy about them since she came back here to live. I'd miss the ducks a lot but they probably wouldn't miss me.

I can't afford guitar strings at the moment and the guitar I write songs with is borrowed anyway. I've got no place to demo new songs and my recording gear (what there is of it) is packed away in boxes. I don't know if I can afford to be in the music business. I took a chance last autumn I had my winter money stashed and thought "Ah well lets hope it lasts till my publishing money gets here." Well it's sprung now and it didn't... I'm in trouble.

The current project is to try and save up enough money to pay the next phone bill - otherwise they wont even be able to ring me up and tell me there's no money. Looking at it even harshly.... I'm a good tunesmith.... good at my trade. The music biz is the only way I'd ever be able to buy a house. Even if I was a full-time gardener again I'd only make about £75 a week... I'd have to save some of that against the winter months... so I'd be better off living in the woods than paying some alternative capitalist forty quid for a room.

Good job it's nearly the end of the winter because we've run out of logs... it's scrap wood through till the warm weather now..... When people ask me "How's the music going?"

I don't know what to say really..... "

to as a vagrant . ~~xxx~~ Oh and of course I'd have to give them my daily reassurance that I was looking for work. It's really not worth the bike tyre rubber to claim £3.60 My bicycle needs a new tyre soon so I'll have to forgo a couple of the bottles of cider which I get for a treat sometimes. Maybe I should start homebrewing soon...I used to be good at it once.

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doesn't help. As for after work drinking.....It just doesn't occur. I know it's not essential but it really is great to be able to go and have a couple of beers after you've finished a tough day in the studio. There's a constant feeling that life is slightly sub-xin standard down there. The other day I was bitching about it. I said "Out of the essentials like Tea, Milk, Sugar and Bogroll we always seem to be out of one. Okay we've got tea and milk so I can put bogroll in the tea if I want. Tomorrow we'll have sugar tea and milk but we'll be out of bogroll. It's gonna be impossible trying to use sugar etc etc etc....."

The bog stinks of stale urine sometimes. I would clean it but out of principle I don't think I should....maybe I would if it got really bad. It shouldn't be like this. We must be idiots to put up with it and yet.....There is a closeness amongst all of usx Andy and Pete aren't any better off than us at time like this and put up with the same shit that we do. The same discomfort the same lack of sleep, money and luxury. And we tend to share what we do get. You can be cross with them for allowing the situation to occur, but you can't be annoyed with them too much because to a large extent they go through it too. There's also a feeling of all working towards the same goal. We're all orphans of the same normality. Cut of from normal society and hating or fearing the drabness that lurks outside our world. We're all taking the risk that some of this madness is going to pay off and that we'll get enough money to continue living outsd&xxx of mundanity for a while longer.

Even so I rebel against anything really pointless and maybe I just rebel and question anything everythingx&xxxxxxx we're still dealing in a capitalist industry here. I have a mad urge to bite the smooth pink hand which feeds me because I know that that same hand has never done ax&xxx a day's straight toil or given a scrap from its table out of genuine love or compassion. No, always with a motive....and never as much as it could have give I don't trust this industry and I think it pollutes and corrupts people. It's still going to take all my self restraint toxxx&xxx stay in it and not blow everything for myself in one impetuous moment. I know I could just walk out the minute anything upset me. At night, Giles, Chris the engineer and myself take the tube to Andy's flat in Notting Hill Gate again....although I'm not sure what I'm doing tonight. I might sleep in the studio. V.O.A. have problems with their video. Chris is knackered, Giles is knackered I'm knackered and there's no money.

Wednesday 13th January 1988

Same scene 24 hours later. After two days of playing Rickenbacker I've been singing and playing an acoustic guitar for most of today. I must say that the l.p. is going to be better for all these finishing touches and amendments but I'm bloody tired I woke up with a fearsome headache this morning and I only had a couple of beers last night, No justice.

I'm still feeling a bit disorientated and a little bit melancholic. I rang Annabel tonight, which made me feel a bit better. I've got to send her some money tomorrow cos she's run out of firewood and probably needs some coal. After a day in the studio I don't have much energy or inspiration to write.

Sunday night 17th January 1988

Giles arrived on Thursday and the re-mixing of the l.p. began in earnest. I've had no time to write. This is what happens in the studio. Great blocks of hours go ~~xxx~~by. Some hours are fraught with anxiety, some laden with boredom, and some a genuinely inspired but whatever it is, the studio seems to demand nearly all my time and energy, leaving me no time for anything else. We work all day, from about 11 in the morning. We finish about 9 at night and then we go back to Andy's comfortable but rather bare flat and finally go to bed at about 3 a.m. after eating. In the studio you go into a kind of timeless zone. Being underground in a windowless place with no ~~xxx~~clocks doesn't help. You may for instance find yourself going upstairs to get some bread or milk and find to your astonishment that it's got dark. You might find yourself standing in the West-end at rush hour in the dark when you thought it was sometime after lunch.

The atmosphere at the moment is frantic. Andy and Pete are preparing to take their wares to the MIDEM music fair in Cannes and both The Cleaners from Venus and Voice of America are in a mad rush to finish our respective products so that deals can be done.

An added complication is that this week, because of an unpaid debt to the company...there's absolutely no cash around. This means that Giles and I and Nigel and Dave have no money for expenses apart from what we have ourselves...which sometimes isn't very much. Sometimes we run out of Tea, Coffee, Toilet Roll ~~bt~~Sugar. This ~~xxxxxxx~~ leads to a situation whereby we're constantly grubbing around for pennies to get up enough money for these essentials. In an atmosphere which is already uncomfortable and tense it really ~~xxxxxxxxx~~

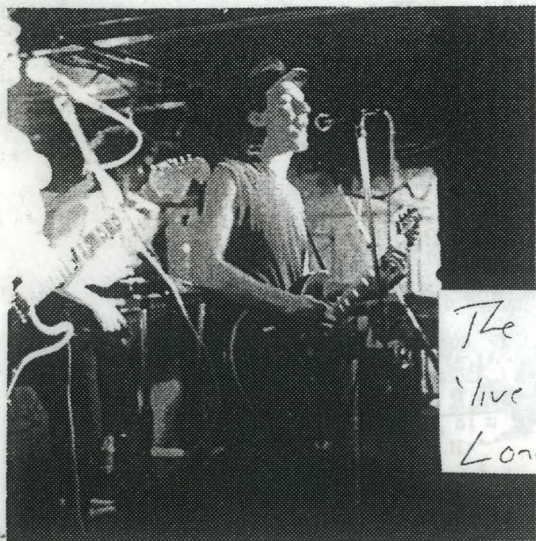
THE CLEANERS FROM VENUS

Towns & Country





The Cleaners outside our
touring van in Late August
1987, Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire.



The Cleaners from Venus
'live' at Dingwalls in
London - Summer 1987



September 1988. By the waterfront with the Irish rock musician Ron Kavana.





the beat generation and me

Well then", she said, "we need another 50p"
"or soon the meter will run out on you and me"
this is how we spent the winter
in her room - the beat generation and me
for nearly free.

and then she said she hadn't worked for oh - a time
sometimes she thought that people judged this as a crime
"once I nearly died..." she stopped
we sat there, the beat generation and me
for nearly free.

the beat generation, the beat generation
the beat generation and me.

"I'd like to go away but don't suppose I will",
she said, "the money isn't there since I was ill"
but we found some things to do
to do for free - the beat generation and me
for nearly free.

"well then", she said, "we need another 50p"
"or soon the meter will run out on you and me"
this is how we spent the winter
in her room - the beat generation and me
for nearly free.

the beat generation, the beat generation
the beat generation and me.

*These songs were recorded on a
rainy afternoon - April 1st 1987.
There was only a voice a guitar
and a few mistakes. The moments
can never be captured again.*

April fool (1987)



iceberg and unicorn

Ihe iceberg and unicorn
mean the end of the party all over the world
bells are not ringing for me and my girl
I know it's over
I know it's over
the iceberg and unicorn
they have closed every tunnel of love in the land
young casanova stands head in his hands
he know it's over
he know it's over

and words whispered out of wedlock's door
"it's the young ones I feel for . . ."
"we had our fun when we were free"
"he was faithful - but was she?"

and the iceberg and unicorn
now reside in a place where the bomb used to stay
send out their greetings and hope that you'll say
"I know it's over"

major mandy

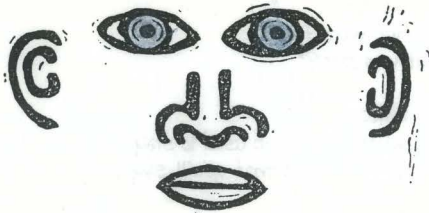
Major mandy - found the money came in handy
for buying her favourite clothes
he said they were for his wife
major mandy - people said he was a dandy
but he led a double life

he hung around in wine bars
beaujolais and new commission
but when he went out shopping
no-one guessed his strange position

major mandy - he was really christened andy
but you know the way it goes
and what are you laughing for?
major mandy - people said he was a dandy
he was there in case of war

he bought up telephone shares
and which way do you think he voted?
he was a model soldier
not the type to be demoted

major mandy drank a fair amount of brandy
and went out for a drive
with sade in stereo
major mandy's wife was very very angry
when the police brought home the clothes



Mind how you go (1987)



cardboard town

Under arches under-ground
cheap-jack lovers lane
down and out in cardboard town
listen to the rain
sister soup-line, brother bread
distant as the stars
light me to my paper bed
bright as burning cars

wake me up when it's over
shake me gently and say
"it's okay it's okay it's okay..."
walk me down to the river
tell me home wasn't built in a day
in a day in a day
and it's only... only cardboard town
lonely..... this is cardboard town

house of straw and house of stone
house of brick or granite
welfare worker from your home
welcome to my planet
others I am not the worst
trek from town to city
driven by a simple thirst
buried in your pity.



Same photo-session I love
oil lamps and candles
They change the atmosphere
of a place

Brotherhood of lizards (1988)

5 Paget Road Wivenhoe Essex
CO79DE England

Hallo Joachim,

Enclosed is a very good quality master cassette for the new Brotherhood of Lizards cassette which I'm very pleased with. Enclosed also is some artwork. The Black and White is for you to make an easier copy and the orange colour is the colour of the covers in England if you can do that in Germany. I think it's going to be quite a popular tape. I knew you'd want it as soon as I could get it to you so I hope you like it and that some people will have a happier Christmas because of it.

When you've made a good copy of the tape can you post the master cassette back to me because next it must go to ~~xxxxxxx~~ in fact I have a better idea to save time.....

1) When you have finished with it send it to

Jan Rune Bruun, Heiryggen 2 N8614 , Ytteren, Norway.
send it with the artwork

2) Tell him when he's finished with it to send it to

Me.....

All of this as soon as possible because I may need to make some copies myself. You think I'm crazy sending my best master out?? Well I've got a spare that's nearly as good but I want everyone to have good copies. Oh and give that very nice Lord Litter a free copy because I must owe him loads of tapes.

Some good news is that Captain Sensible is definitely lending me his tascam 8 track home studio (The Studio 8). It's in London waiting for me to pick it up...unfortunately like most old hippies I have only a bicycle and don't know many people with cars so I have to organise that....

As soon as it's done Nel-sun and I will start on the next Brotherhood stuff. Exciting isn't it?...I've heard about Kentucky Fried Royalty too....can you get me in the catalogue Gotta go now

Write back soon-all the bestest

Martin



THE CLEANERS FROM VENUS - Town and Country (RCA)

Martin Newell ist zur Zeit wohl einer der englischsten Songwriter überhaupt, er geht unbefrirt seinen Weg zwischen so großen Vorbildern wie Syd Barrett, dem verrückten Gärtner, und Ray Davies, dem genialen Working Class-Chronisten (der Vollständigkeit halber sei noch auf den musikalischen Einfluß von XTC, den Beatles und - neuerdings - Style Council hingewiesen).

Die neue LP läßt sich in eine Country (nicht C&W)- und eine Town-Seite unterteilen. Auf der ersten wimmelt es von verfallenen Häusern, geheimnisvollen Winkeln, wo das Gras höher wächst als anderswo, einem blauen Schwan und dem Nordwind im März - pure Dorfromantik also.

Die zweite Seite behandelt das Stadtleben, es geht im wesentlichen um Elendsquartiere, Möchtegern-Popstars und das Trinken. Zu diesem Thema ist auch Martins Partner Giles Smith, der bei den Cleaners eine Mischung aus Mick Talbot und Colin Moulding darstellt, mit 'The Last Club in the World' ein Meisterstück gelungen.

Es wäre leicht, Martin Newells Gedankenwelt anachronistisch zu nennen (wahrscheinlich wäre das nicht einmal falsch), aber in Verbindung mit den phantastischen Melodien, Giles Smiths Keyboards und der luxuriösen Produktion entsteht hier eine ganz eigenwillige Art von folkloristischem Pop, der in dieser Qualität seit 'Autumn Almanac' und 'Village Green' nicht mehr zu hören war.

(Abgeschickt am 27. Mai 88, unveröffentlicht, möglicherweise deswegen, weil die Kritik mit meinem Cleaners-Artikel in SPEX 7/88 kollidiert ist.)

von Armin Müller

Brotherhood of lizards (1988)

5 Paget Road Wivenhoe Essex
CC79DE England

Hallo Joachim,

Enclosed is a very good quality master cassette for the new Brotherhood of Lizards cassette which I'm very pleased with. Enclosed also is some artwork. The Black and White is for you to make an easier copy and the orange colour is the colour of the covers in England if you can do that in Germany. I think it's going to be quite a popular tape. I knew you'd want it as soon as I could get it to you so I hope you like it and that some people will have a happier Christmas because of it.

When you've made a good copy of the tape can you post the master cassette back to me because next it must go to ~~xxxxxx~~ in fact I have a better idea to save time.....

- 1) When you have finished with it send it to

Jan Rune Bruun, Heiryggen 2 N8614 , Ytteren, Norway.
send it with the artwork

- 2) Tell him when he's finished with it to send it to

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Write back soon-all the bestest

Martin



5 Paget Road Wivenhoe
CO79DT Essex u.k.

Hallo Joachim,

Nice to hear from you again. It hasn't been such a tough winter this year. I've done quite a lot of gardening work and had a little bit of money. By March usually I'm getting short of money before the music royalties come in and before the gardening work begins. I'm still not rich but thanks to the Greenhouse Effect I haven't had any serious problems this winter-apart from worrying about whether there will still be a planet to live on soon.

So generally my morale is quite good, my health is quite good and most important of all The Brotherhood are working steadily but slowly on our first l.p.

We're doing it on the eight-track machine in my room. We've got four songs so far and are working on another two. Captain Sensible has a new record label (indie) of his own and we will release the l.p. on that label when we finish it. I hope the l.p. will be out by next autumn. Of course there will be more d.i.y. stuff even if I have to change the name again! I'm very excited about the new music...it's typical English pop with a good home-produced feel...but it's much better quality than the four-track stuff.

I'm keeping the new music a secret until we finish it but whenever we do finish it you'll be one of the first to hear it.

I got a telephone call from Mirko Whitfield a few weeks ago. He said that he knew a record label that was interested in the Brotherhood stuff. Just a small Berlin indie label. He said he'd send me some info but he must have forgotten or something.

I'm still supposed to be signed to R.C.A. for one more l.p. but if I give them the Brotherhood of Lizards l.p. they have to give me £15000 by law. Whatever happens it's not a problem. The mastertape I sent you went all round Europe then to New York and Cleveland in America then back to me. I just thought you'd like to know that the ~~world's~~ world's postal services are more reliable than the world's music industries.

I hope everything is well with you....Don't worry...everything gets better after March usually....

All the best

Martin

Young Scene



Gavin Nightingale highlights what's happening, and what matters to young people



...is writing for the famous

MARTIN Newell is also well-known as a songwriter to the stars.

For he's been working as Captain Sensible's lyric writer and the fruits of their efforts will be available on an album coming out soon.

The record has taken three years to complete. It features guest appearances by countless stars ranging from 10CC man Graham Gouldman to Eddy Grant.

Remember Captain Sensible's brief appearance at the May Fair? Well, that was courtesy of Martin who was the event's composer.

Martin recalls the day he started working with the Captain. "That first day when I went down to the studio to start writing, I arrived on my bicycle half-an hour after Graham Gouldman had left in a helicopter!"

But Captain Sensible isn't

the only one to appreciate Martin's song-writing talents. His old band The Damned are considering using one of Martin's songs — so are the re-formed Monkees!

"It's quite good writing to order," he says. "And I don't mind artists radically altering my tunes to make them fit their style so long as the results are honest.

"I can't stand ghastly synth washes."



Captain Sensible — uses Martin's lyrics

5 Paget Roadwivenhoe
Essex CO79DT
September 18th 1989

Hey Joachim,

what's happening maaaaaazaaaaaan? It's autumn again and time for activity. I just thought I'd let you know that the Brotherhood have an l.p. out soon on Captain Sensible's little indie label called Deltic Records. The l.p. is called Lizardland and should be out very early October.

We're doing a 'green' tour of southern England in October on our bicycles carrying acoustic instruments with us to promote the l.p. we're going to busk and play a few gigs and invade radio stations. Should be fun.

I hope your fortunes have improved out there and that Lord Litter and everyone are okay. Let me know what's going on. As for me...as usual lots of energy, little bit of money and a slight hangover.

Tell any Cleaners / Lizard listeners that we've got an l.p. out and that it's safe to buy it this time.

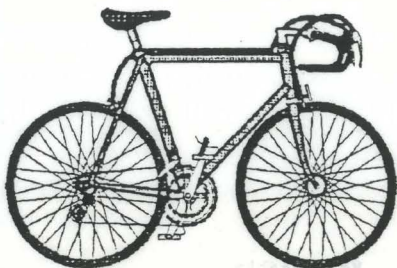
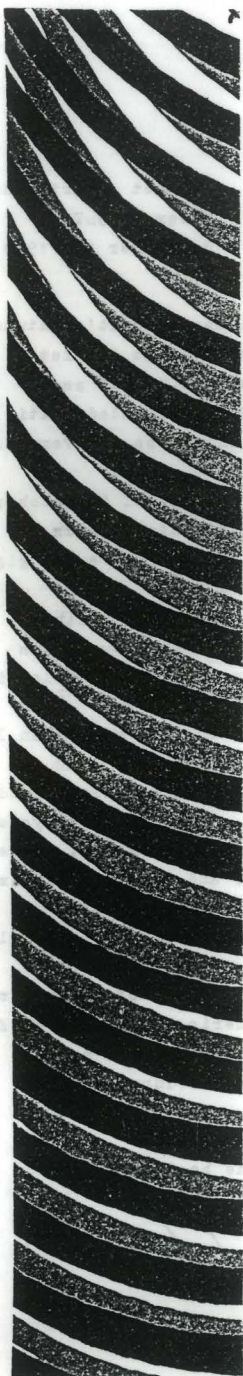
It was all done at home. We designed our own sleeve and the record cover is recycled paper, the vinyl's recycledeven the songs are recycled from the sixties. There's only one keyboard on the whole l.p. and that's a ~~xxixxx~~piano. It's 100 per cent acceptable this time I promise. The first l.p. I ever did with no problems.yet. Now all I have to do is get paid for it.

Did you know that there are bootleg copies of Under Wartime Conditions (C.D. !) being sold in America? That Alfred Zeller never fucking paid me a penny. I have to laugh now but when I had no money at all it wasn't so funny.

Hope you're okay

all the best

Martin



Tuesday 10th October 1989

Kept thinking about the B&B we stayed in last night. First thing you see in an average B&B is a sign in the hallway saying "Thank you for not smoking". Half expected to see a sign in the bedroom saying "Thank you for not wanking".

Friday 13th October 1989

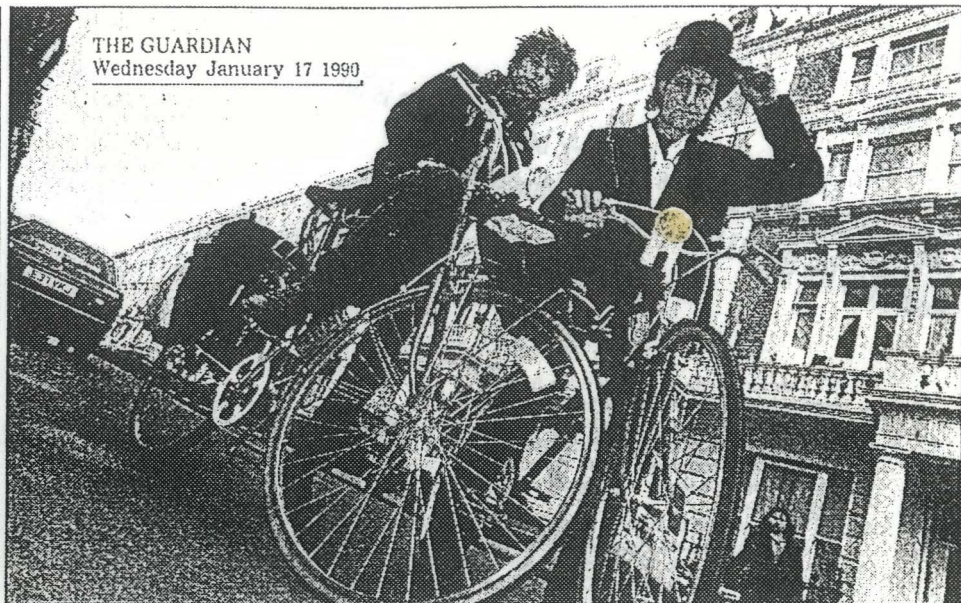
Milton bastard Keynes. Makes Colchester look like Florence. All roads built on ley lines apparently. Staggering really. Press didn't turn up. While busking opposite The Point (and what is the point?) saw some poor sod busted by three policemen and four security guards. Shoplifter I think. Must have been well-heeled. He was getting a taxi when they lifted him. Spent the night at a farmhouse somewhere outside M.K. Nice people but Sun readers.

Sunday 22nd October 1989

Back on the bikes and staying at Captain's in Brighton. Cycled over 500 miles now. Another radio interview then gig. People in Brighton dress so hip they should turn the whole place into a rest home for the Chronically Fab. As the Captain seems to know every landlord in Brighton, we were able to have a substantially late drink after the gig. We insisted Sensible joined us on his byke. As we cycled home that night somebody threw a fire extinguisher out of a car at us and shouted "Bloody hippies". Perhaps it was because I was singing very loud in an alien voice. Phoned home after and was warned not to knacker my adrenal system by taking too many glucose tablets. Didn't even know I had an adrenal system. Nelson's knee now a bit better. An interesting encounter with a local journalist. After we had explained to him why we were doing an ecologically sound tour on bikes he said, "But wouldn't it have been easier to do it in a car?"

Thursday 26th October 1989

Over to fortress Wapping for an interview with the News Of The World. Wonder what they'll print. Dread to think. "Sex Change Cyclists Slay Clergyman in Alsatian Love Triangle" Yeah probably.



Top hat and tales . . . Nelson (left) and Martin Newell, Lizards with no time to lounge

PHOTOGRAPH: GRAHAM TURNER

Greens never soft-pedal on pop

Some bands express their ecological concern with their voices; Brotherhood of Lizards do it with their feet, cycling to all their gigs. **Pete May** reports

IT'S ALL very well for Sting to go all green and say save the rain forests and then tour with three juggernauts full of gear. I wonder if they run on unleaded petrol?" asks Nelson (he has no surname), half of the Essex based duo Brotherhood of Lizards.

The band are entitled to be critical, since they toured the South of England recently on a pair of pushbikes, covering 619 environmentally sound miles during their 21-day tour. Their only equipment was an acoustic guitar and mandolin, carried on specially adapted rucksack frames, a pair of practice amps and a drum machine carried in their panniers. Like wandering medieval minstrels they would busk in every town they passed through and then play evening gigs using the venues' own PA systems. "All rock gigs should have a good PA; the idea is bands will travel to work with nothing more than a briefcase," says Martin Newell, the Lizards' main songwriter.

There were no after gig thrashes or groupies for these eco-rockers. "After we'd finished playing I'd have a bar of chocolate and Nelson would rub a bottle of Deep Heat into

his knee, or if he was really feeling relaxed he'd take off his elastic bandage," he explains.

During the tour they were pursued by an Anglian TV crew for six miles, unsuccessfully seeking evidence that somewhere between gigs they secretly sneaked on to the train. The idea has been so successful that they now plan to tour the West Country and the North of England by bike. "People really are more friendly when you're on a bike," says Martin. "If they see a bunch of hairy yobboes getting out of a transit van then it's 'oh my God, it's a rock band.' The world would be a better place if everyone cycled."

With his patched trousers, baggy shirt, waistcoat, tweed jacket (replaced by top hat and tails for gigs) and hennaed hair, Martin Newell might look like he's attempting to become the Percy Thrower of his generation, but there is a practical reason for his clothing. "I suppose I am a bit of an eccentric. I do wear tweed jackets but they're also good clothes for gardening. I'm like this weird crossover between a young fogey and a rock and roller."

Gardening is "at least as important as music" to Newell

and when not playing music he is the "wild gardener" for a group of Essex University lecturers in his native Wivenhoe, known locally as Sociology-on-Sea due to its high academic population. When his last band, the Cleaners From Venus, sold 10,000 copies of their album in Germany he quit their tour in favour of his beloved gardening. "to get my head together" after his songwriting dried up.

The Lizards' green credentials are further enhanced by the fact that neither Martin nor Nelson has ever had a driving licence. They are both lifelong cyclists and vegetarians, and the sleeve of their album, *Lizardland*, recorded on Captain Sensible's Deltic label, is made from recycled paper.

The album cost just £23 to produce and most of that went on train fares for Nelson when it was raining and coloured pens to design the sleeve. Their name itself was thought up after a liberal session in their local pub, but Martin thinks that lizards "are good animals, green and somehow occult. Our name is also quite like the Brotherhood of Man . . ."

Musically, their album is an exquisite, eccentric slice of 60s nostalgia inspired by what Martin describes as his "English electric folk heroes." The Move, Small Faces, Who, Beatles and Kinks. But they are more than just revivalists: classic harmonies are accompanied by a lyrical concern for "how the under-

class survive in this tarnished age." Dandelion Maring tells the story of a Falklands soldier who cracked under fire, was bullied and then joined the peace convoy at Stonehenge, while Clockwork Train manages to combine personal alienation with the closure of railway stations and must be the only pop song in history to mention the Beeching report.

Newell has also co-written the lyrics for Captain Sensible, another rock eccentric, on his album *Revolution Now*, which resulted in a clash of rock lifestyles. "Graham Gouldman [ex-Jocel] had just been recording at the Captain's studio. He left in his helicopter just before I arrived on my bike."

Number thirteen (1990)



NUMBER THIRTEEN

These recordings were made in a bedroom
on an 8 track machine.

Everything written and played by the
Psychedelic Gardener.

If you've got no money-copy it.

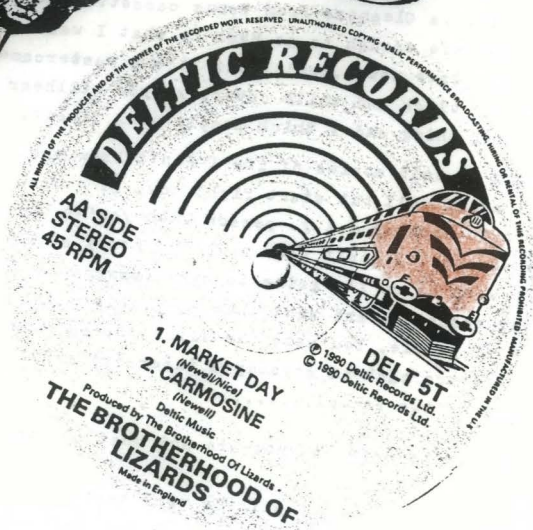
CLEANER FROM VENUS - 13

no go (baggy music) for louis macneice

It's no go the acid house
it's no go stone roses
all we want is a hooded shirt
and an ecstasy psychosis
a day return to manchester
a pair of purple kickers
never mind the records
get the t-shirts and the stickers
johnny normal got a job
a mortgage and a motor
claimed his dad was dylan
and he came from minnesota
conned a generation
of smiling hippie tossers
who shaved their beards and trimmed their hair
but failed to cut their losses

it's no go for live aid
it's no go the wagons
all we want is chrystals
and our dungeons and our dragons
darren darren wayne and shane
kylie kev and jason
beat a blind man half to death
with his own alsation
it's no go your artsy films
it's no go your passion
all we want is a shopping mall
and some pissy high street fashion
it's no go kinnochio and goodnight ronnie
so kiss goodbye with a lullabye
and a strawberry-flavoured johnny
it's no go humility
and no go our nation
what we've got is a yuppie farm
with super-annuation ...





The 'missing' 12 inch
single of Market Day. I don't
have a copy of this record.

5 Paget Rd.
Wivenhoe Essex
CO79RT
July 8th 1990

Hallo Joachim,

Thanks for ~~xxxx~~the money a few weeks back.
I've had quite a tough time the past couple of months.
I spent the last year working really hard with the
Brotherhood of Lizards. We got a lot of publicity, television
newspaper articles etc but in the end I wasn't happy
with the outcome.

I found myself sitting down one day and wondering why
I wasn't happy like the old days when I used to make cassettes
and brew beer and go for walks in the country.

Nelson my partner joined New Model Army. They're quite
well-known and supposed to be a political sort of a band.
Well they travel in cars, eat meat, make their demos in
24 track studios and are signed to E.M.I. so I guess
they must be really radical.

Enclosed is a new Cleaners from Venus cassette.
That's right....a Cleaners from Venus cassette. I think it's
more or less safe enough to go back to what I was doing
in the first place now...don't you? It's a mastercassette
and there's a black and white cover. As you willhear
it's the real thing and I think people will likeit.

If you want to sell copies of it- I don't know xhow many
tapes you still sell but start right now. If you don't...
pass it on to another d.i.y. person when you've made
your ~~xxxx~~own copy. I don't have a lot of money atthe moment
but every week or so I'm going to make ~~xxxx~~one or two
new master cassettes and send them to people until
I run out of people. You were the first. Spread the word.
The Cleaners are back-if anybody's interested. There's a
new Cleanes or two as well.....

Write and letx me know how you are and what you think.

all the very best

Martin
martin

P.S. Lord Litter
will get a tape soon.

... Sarah septic lives in france
and drives a lamborghini
saves her whales with metaphors
and claims that she's a greenie



old macdonald had a farm
then he had another
then he had another and another
and another
it's no go the hospital
it's no go education
all we want is a line of whizz
on piccadilly station
it's no go tachini
it's no go lacoste
but try to tell the cissy southern bastids
that they've lost
it's no go the poll-tax
no go registration
all we want is a summons
and a year or two probation
jimi hendrix in the lounge
nico in the kitchen
brian jones the rolling stone
coming down and itching

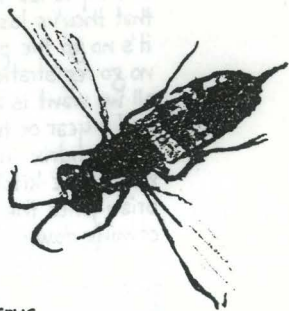
there you see virginity
face down in the river
write yourself a getwellsoon
and send it to your liver
it's no go my angel breath
it's no go my dogstar
all they want is £40 quid to see some dodgy rockstar
they'll package up rebellion
like a pot of clotted cream
then they'll sell it back at twice the price
and nullify the dream
and all your friends and lovers
and places that you knew
you'll wonder what became of them
and what became of you
it's no go my moony rose - it's no go tomorrow
all we are are tiny blips
in a databank called sorrow

a man for our time

doesn't it please your heart to know
he used to go where the wild things grow
and he's younger than the youngest rolling stone
and doesn't it please your heart to see
he got a post with the ministry
he's a groove as far as politicians go

and he was standing at a party
in 1968
wearing beads and waving a joss-stick
while nurturing dreams of running the state

you know
he was a man for our time
there's one in every crowd
if it was allowed
you'd drown them young
and he was a man for our time
he never spared a dime
for you or your kind
when he had made it



doesn't it thrill you to observe
he makes the change as the fashions swerve
cos a mouldy image maims the smooth machine
oh be still my fluttering heart
there on the stage in the leading part
is a man who can't tell life from margarine

and now he's shaking hands at charity concerts
with pop stars with no brains
while the rest of us are throwing our money
driving the buses and digging the drains

you know he was a man for our time
theres one in every crowd
if it was allowed
you'd drown them young
and he was a man for our time
he never spared a dime for you or your kind
when he had made it

the jangling man

They're breaking glass and burning buildings
in the early greenhouse sun
the powers-that-be will blame extremists
and I may well be one
and old wat tyler's ghost is smiling
as approving he looks on
they haven't really been this angry since 1381

and I am just a jangling man
been in the cold too long
and I live with a raggedy-ann
we never had any money
is it really so wrong?

the velvet glove the iron rod and a bridle for your tongue
the tanks which trundle through the square
when the old have killed the young
the wind seems all the colder now
in the early summer sun
the old man sees the wall come down
and he reaches for his gun

and I am just a jangling man been in the cold too long
and I live with a raggedy-ann we never had any money
is it really so wrong just to dream
dream of the feeling
to wake one day and find that you are gone
and will we dance
dance by the graveside
so glad so glad so glad that you are gone

so all you kids in cardboard city
I hope you're having fun
and all you voters everywhere
will remember what you've done
and wander dimly through the past
of the england that you knew
these dispossessed and homeless children
they all belong to you
they all belong to you (repeat chorus)

mine-sweeping memory lane

See woolworths with wooden floors
on a saturday believe it oh yes
sweet smell of the pick'n'mix
and your goddess-in-green-overalls
there painted in red on white
like three and six our love was oh yeah
electrical counter dazzling opposite your lovelight

mine-sweeping memory lane
I'm always mine-sweeping memory lane
the same old ships going down again
but I'm still mine-sweeping memory lane

watch horrified polo-necked
as white-lipsticked she emerges lunchtime
and meets with an older boy
who knows much more than you do
now downed like a chestnut leaf
on a paving slab mid-rainstorm as you
sigh into your black rose talc-scent shirt
you thought would send her

mine-sweeping memory lane
I'm always mine-sweeping memory lane
the same old ships going down again
and I'm still mine-sweeping memory lane

some permanent saturday
is a version of you standing shielded
so beautifully hurts so young
such a dying-swan umbrella
love stories in stately hums
written on forgotten raincoats, you sigh
then wander home in the rain
with your chelsea boots osmozing

a street called prospect

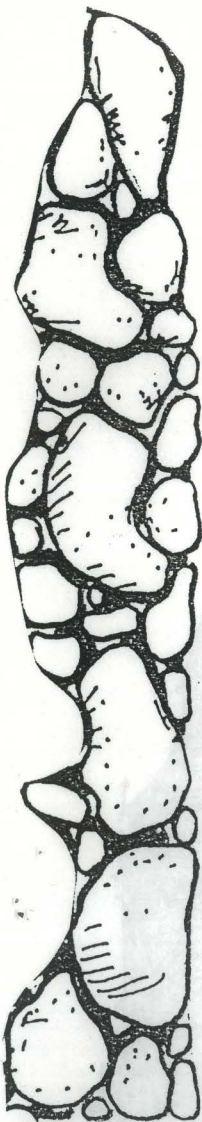
She's drifting by the place where she pawned her rings
stepping out the way of the skateboard kings
tomorrow could be sweet and she's living on a street
called prospect
a girl of many aims
and the beatbox bums they work in relay teams
like a blacksmith customising noisy boys dreams
and the old men tap their feet
cos they're living on a street called prospect

and there's a brownstone church
with a cracked bell ringing
where the boys learn boxing and the girls learn singing
where the good take the cloth and the fallen join the game
before they burn out so briefly like an insect in a flame

the lone ranger buys a drink for old st. john
he says it's been some time since the cavalry's gone
then his voice begins to crack
cos he's never coming back to prospect... and nothing's going on
and then the sunlight splinters in a cloud of dust
cos it's the devil's flour now the mill's gone bust
and you don't give up your seat
when the bus goes down a street called prospect

and reason's never sweet and ambition isn't choosy
when politeness is a blade and assertion is a uzi
the poor get angry and the rich wake may
and your youth is like a dog-rose
only blossoms for a day

they say they're going mining in the parking lot
it's down to metal and to minerals
but they won't say what
then they're shakey on their feet
when they get back on a street called prospect
like burn-outs on parade
so love me now and leave me cos I'm going away
I only get a ticket for a very short stay
and should we ever meet well it's best not on
a street called prospect.



"Poems"

gatecrashing oyster park

Tex abrasive and the sandpaper cowboys
are practising in the dark
the word's got round
up in boudicca town
that they're playing in oyster park
they're playing in oyster park
just imagine
now wouldn't that be a spark?
and 600 robots from the revolution
are hoping to make their mark

they're gatecrashing oyster park
they're gatecrashing oyster park
and 600 robots from the revolution
are hoping to make their mark

the sons and daughters of the recently wealthy
are taking some time off school
with a balance of payments
looking wonderfully healthy
if you go by a sliding rule
so tex abrasive and the sandpaper cowboys
are planning on another gig
and 600 robots from the revolution
are hoping to make the lig

they're gatecrashing oyster park
they're gatecrashing oyster park
and 600 robots from the revolution
are hoping to make their mark

don't turn around bus driver
don't turn around
cos 600 robots drinking our champagne
is a fairly depressing sound

(repeat chorus)



crash landlord

January was the hardest
marxist students burning lights
never wanted to be landlord
not for any feudal rights

would you risk it for a virus?
not until they get the vaccine
have a biscuit - call me cyrus
hear that squeak? the cat's relaxing

some of my best friends were tenants
filled the place with smoke and laughter
now it's like a bombed-out ballroom
rusty glitterball and rafters

life is like a bowl of sugar
which has been left out too long
I can't seem to get my spoon in
am I getting something wrong?

sweep the stairs and fix the cistern
do repairs and take the rent
single bedsit - claimants welcome
suit a lady or a gent

there's no room for understanding
even for a new messiah
if he came to your salvation
you would push him in the fire

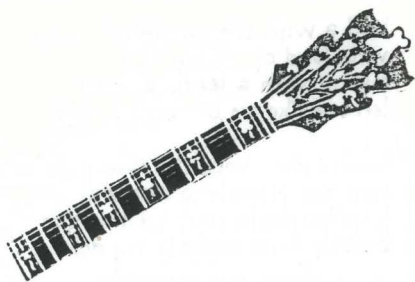
had a wife who wouldn't tarry
very fond of heavy rock
ran off with a lead guitarist
left me like an undarned sock

when I die I hope the ravens
beat the taxman to my soul
take my darts and hit this giro
best of three collects my dole

I hank marvin

I hank marvin
we all did
with cricket bats
in front of a mirror
in our bedrooms
after school
I hank marvinned
quite regularly
my mother nearly caught me
what were you doing?
nothing mum
cricket bat still warm
I hank marvinned
unashamedly
on the bed sometimes
standing up
I knew the dance steps
I thought I'd grow out of it
when I got married
but the other day
when she was out
they played apache
on the radio
and I hank marvinned
in the living room
I straightened the place out
afterwards
but somehow she found out
I'd been seen
you hank marvinned?

she made me burn the cricket bat
and see a psychiatrist
I go to a special group now
once a week
they give us all cricket bats
and blackframed spectacles
and we have to do it
hank marvin
in front of everybody
it's pathetic
half a dozen men
in their late thirties
cricket bats in hands
spectacles on
doing the dance steps
grinning inanely
shadows
of our former selves

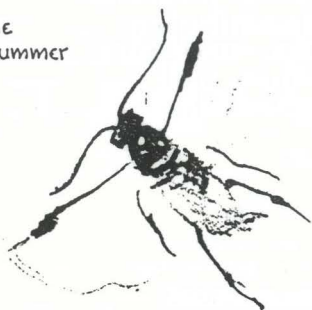


the funeral of a young man

Wakes colne white colne
earls colne and colne engaine
rainwashed green in early summer
as I cycle home again
past the chappel viaduct
only memories will remain
wakes colne white colne
earls colne and colne engaine

at the church-st peter's halstead
cycle oil on trouser leg
hymns were hardly made to measure
service strictly off-the-peg
always worse when it's a young man
wheezed an older woman's voice
yes I thought - a decent send-off
pay your money take your choice
sleep forever in the graveyard
at the eastern edge of town
toxic yew trees - raised umbrellas
english weather - pouring down

he'd been chef and I'd been porter
font of cricket kind to me
strange the things that you remember
liked a song by kiki dee
working in a narrow kitchen
deafened by the radio
shouted jokes and muddled orders
table five - away you go
different blokes on different wages
makes me sorry now I think
he was bringing up a family
I was spending mine on drink



he'd been ill - I got a phone call
now I'm cycling in the rain
wakes colne white colne
earls colne and colne engaine
had to borrow shirt and jacket
he'd be laughing like a drain
wakes colne white colne
earls colne and colne engaine

nineteen miles from home to halstead
nineteen miles then back again
had the notion that exertion
might stave off potential pain
coming home I passed a postman
and we spoke as cyclists will
asked me was I in a hurry?
only to be living still

past the chappel viaduct
only memories can remain
wakes colne white colne
earls colne and colne engaine

a bottle of youth

had a bottle of youth I carried about
I shook it up till the cork came out
I took a swig - it tasted sweet
I spilled a bit in wardour street
it trickled down to leicester square
and left a pool of memories there

had a bottle of youth
just laid on me
it seemed to blur mortality
clear and good it bore my name
and all my friends got one the same
it cured fear and banished doubt
we never saw it running out

had a bottle of youth
gone halfway down
and drunk on it I owned the town
I knew the world and it knew me
and no change due that I could see
I wrote that riff I banged the drum
I never heard those strangers come

got a bottle of youth
with some left still
I only take it if I'm ill
and since my friends have gone to ground
I never have to pass it round
so wiser now I watch and think
as all these strangers waste their drink.

ringo starr

ringo starr ringo starr
nodding dog in beatles car
dingle drummer- ludwig kit
kept the beat and sang a bit

ringo starr ringo starr
mad to let him near guitar
master of the tom-tom roll
narrowly escaped the dole

ringo starr ringo starr
clinking cowbells- four each bar
teenage memories coming back
oh no - it's the ringo track

ringo starr ringo starr
better than dave clark by far
never seemed to be as gear
once he had his own career

ringo starr ringo starr
did the drums on drive my car
took a glammy second wife
having had a hard day's life



thorpe market

The bric-a-brac and gaudy tack
of any generation
are sold for pennies not for pounds
at thorpe-le-soken station
and kept in circulation

the portrait of king edward swings
in creaking celebration
and peels by the public house
at thorpe-le-soken station
in which they serve libation

then plant and flower auctions
in rusting iron sheds
are filled with Essex faces
on weathered turnip heads
from clacton or from toosy
with their end-of-winter colds
who bid at thorpe-le-soken
for a box of marigolds
at one pound eighty? eighty-five?
ninety do I hear?
they stick at one pound ninety
and sod the auctioneer
who glances over half-moon specs
with keen and practised eye
at hardy annual gardeners
who won't be hoist so high

and paperbacks laid up in stacks
defying your concentration
are found on trestles ten-a-pound
at thorpe-le-soken station
some still in publication

the prices paid for literature
immune here to inflation
where barbara cartland lies with joyce
at thorpe-le-soken station
for your imagination

but despite the april sunshine
there's an easterly which wields
a cutting edge to chill you
from the thorpe-le-soken fields
and there beneath the conker tree
in quiet resignation
the traders turn their collars up
at thorpe-le-soken station
and curse their occupation

the marrings by the railyard
the legend says it plain
make malt for double diamond
you'll read it from the train
you can smell it in the market
you can taste it in the rain
and it lingers in your nostrils
till you're nearly home again

then market womens' wartime eyes
are closed in concentration
to takly takings in the pub
by thorpe-le-soken station
a tricky operation

and I may have a drink or two
of devil's embrocation
I like to watch the trains go by
at thorpe-le-soken station
and miss my destination.

poll tax collector

I fell in love with a poll tax collector
she stood at my front door
waiflike in her raincoat
hair like golden straw
her eyes were sage-flower sapphires
she shivered in the rain
and I knew as I asked her in for tea
that the system had won again

I fell in love with a poll tax collector
and she in love with me
the only name I knew her by
was 127b
I didn't want to rush things
I said I couldn't pay
but I promised I'd consider
if she called again next day

I fell in love with a poll tax collector
political disgrace
I rained my unsound kisses
on her lovely upturned face
oh 127b, oh 127b
she liked dub reggae and early clash
the same as me

everytime she came to mind
my principles would melt
I dared not tell the anti-poll tax
union how I felt
this was not infatuation
this was something wild and free
when I fell in love with a poll tax collector
and she in love with me

it got to be ridiculous
she'd come round every day
we'd make love in the kitchen
then I'd refuse to pay
she'd fix me with those lovely eyes
with just a hint of pain
saying very well then mr. newell
I'll have to call again

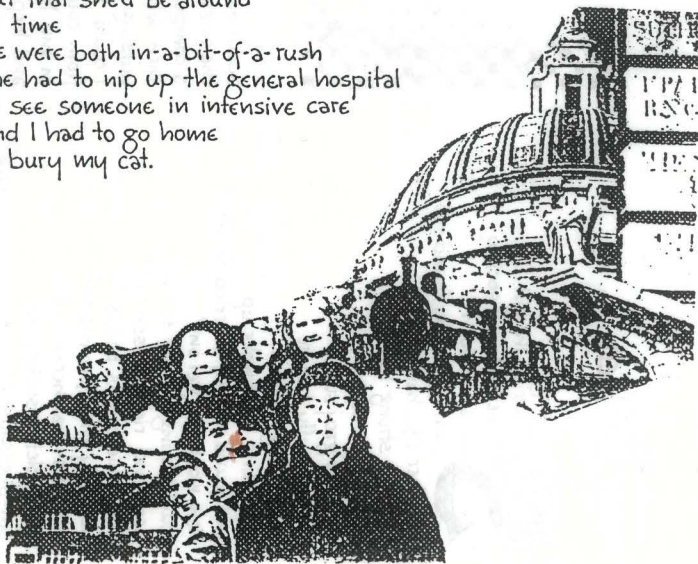
she'd straighten up her clothing
I'd make a cup of tea
it was love in ten installments
127b and me
I explained I had no money
we were meeting more and more
when the bailiffs took my bed away
we did it on the floor
we did it in the garden
if raining - in the shed
the passion so consumed us
we hardly missed the bed

I fell in love with a poll tax collector
it ended tragically
she lost her husband and her job
courtesy of me
a bloke has taken over now
doing her old rounds
and still they haven't got my 340 something pounds
so darling if you're out there
here's a joke for you
what have pelicans, toucans and the community
charge office got in common?
they can all shove their bills up their arses.

a brush with death

O h incidentally
I saw ms. death the other day
she looked knackered as ever
pale and scruffy
she doesn't look after herself
is what I reckon
she'd just been to see old mrs. james
in the high street
I said to her
well I haven't seen you for some time
she told me she'd popped in
once or twice
but I'd been out
so she'd stroked the cat
and left
told me she'd got a lot on at the moment
what with the middle east
and america nnd that
said she'd been on a holiday flight
to spain
and in germany
on a train.
then down a mine in france.

her job certainly gets her about
so when are you coming to see me?
I asked her.
told me there was a bit of a stack up
at present
and that I was way down the list
but that she'd be around
in time
we were both in-a-bit-of-a-rush
she had to nip up the general hospital
to see someone in intensive care
and I had to go home
to bury my cat.



miss l. holden

Supposing
I married the girl
in the building society
miss l. holden
lynn . . . I later found out
with her c.f.c. hair
and her strong leanings
towards normality
with her grey suit
and her ruffy blouse
not too high heels.
supposing I just woke up
and found myself married to her?
how would we get on?
could I bring myself to like,
her lionel richie cassettes?
her jackie collins books?
her daily mail feminism?
her-mrs-thatcher-may-be
a-complete-psychopath
but-she-says-what-she-thinks-views?
how would I cope with

going to florida
for two weeks sunbathing?
what would I do
while dynasty was on t.v.?
what about sex?
I expect I'd have to
take a shower first
and ultimately
there might be a baby
then I'd be forced
to go to the christening
and talk with the women
about job prospects



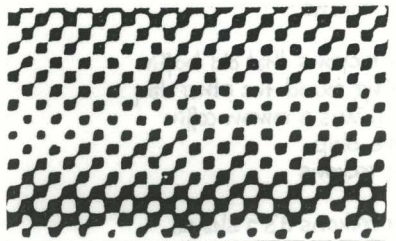
with the men
about cars and football
the answer might be
a computer course
then while lynn was at home
nursing little lionel
I could be on the 6.15
from colchester to liverpool street
in my burton raincoat
and hepworth suit.
going to work in computers
somewhere in london
and dreaming
of doing the square lawn
of our barratt home
with a flymo
on sundays
there would be a lunchtime pint
or driving in the car
to her mum's.
I would sensibly
not be under-insured
make sure of the best buys
go to the freezer centre
take up d.i.y.
be adventurous in bed.
by getting some books
on the subject.
pay lynn little compliments
about her hair
still give her valentine cards
great big ones
with a giant shiny rayon heart
and a pre-written message.
build a shelf
for baby things
while she read her catalogue
yes I think perhaps



I could be quite convincing
for a while
but what would happen
if I cracked?
supposing she came home one day
and found me completely naked
in the garden
except for a napoleon hat?
being wheeled round the garden
on a small trolley
pulled by two sheep
and shouting with laughter
or what would happen
if I turned the spare bedroom
into the temple of ra
painted symbols on the walls
burned incense
and took strong hallucinogenies
chanted mantras late on thursday nights
and had spiritual experiences?
how would she cope
with monthly sufi weekends
or rebirthing
in our living room?
supposing I lent the garden shed
to a french-vietnamese lesbian
who needed to finish her novel?
would lynn mind?
I think she would
her parents
mr and mrs holden
most certainly would
they would be onto their solicitor
like a shot.

finding out what could be done.
police and psychiatrists might come.
lynn would be tearful
but determined now

I'd lose my job
the two sheep and myself
the french-vietnamese lesbian novelist
we'd all be homeless.
and even though
I never married miss l. holden
from the building society
I can't forgive her for that.



gary reckons

gary reckons two-be-four
is good enough to do the job
but when you come to hang the door
that's specialist
gary reckons

gary reckons what we need
is soft and sharp and some cement
then not too wet- to make a screed
and keep it level
gary reckons

gary reckons roman stuff
and priceless too was what it was
the guvnor kept it quiet enough
in case they stopped us
gary reckons

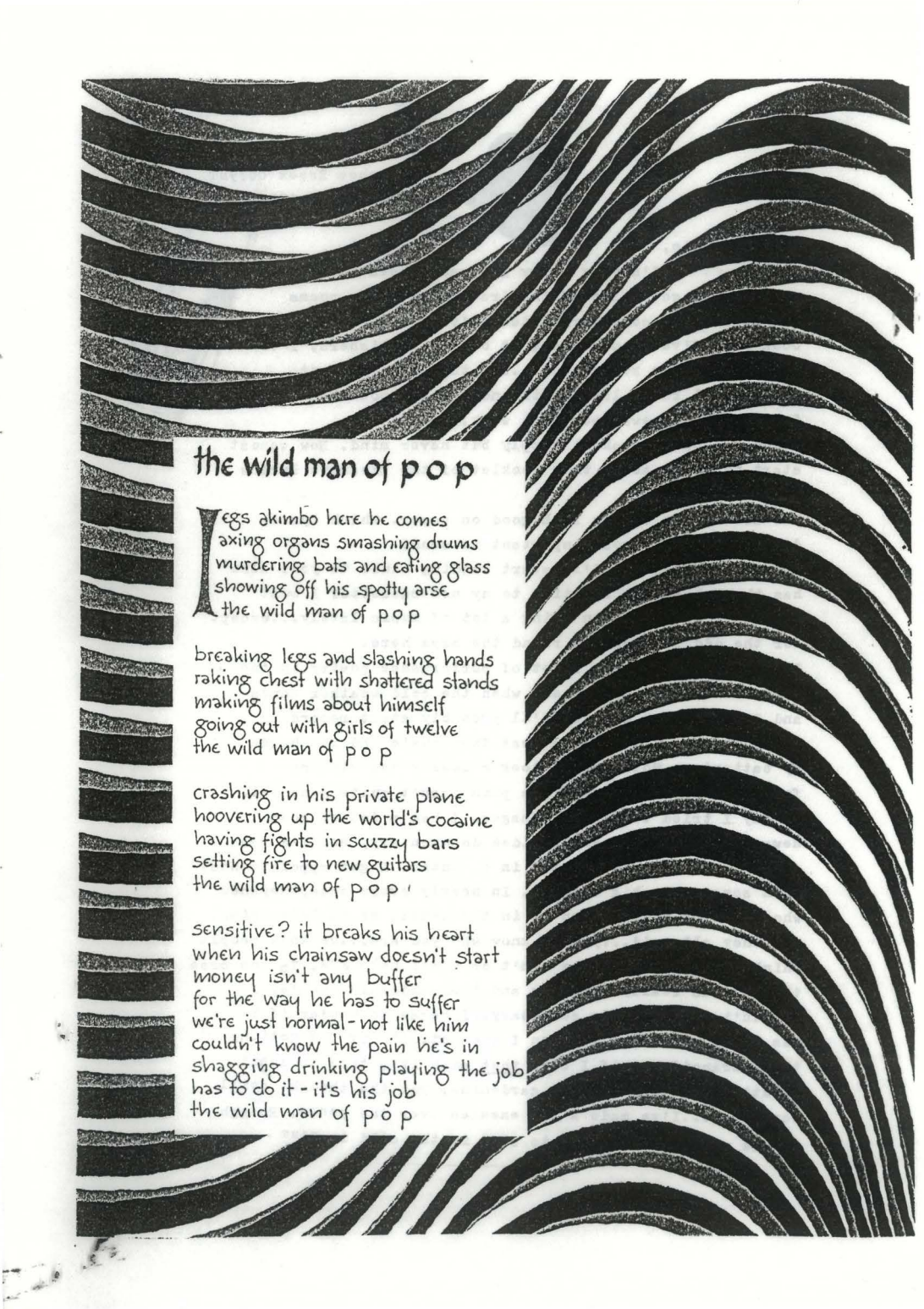
gary reckons they could make
us stop... the archaeologists
cos covering up a whole mosaic
that's sacrilege
gary reckons

gary reckons that old boffin
sniffing round the other day
said it was a roman coffin
in the skip
gary reckons

gary reckons it's a shame
to concrete over roman gear
but there you are - we're not to blame
it's time and money
gary reckons

a tour

two soldiers wives
good friday shopping
loading up a taxi cab
outside tescos talking
my husband
has done two
tours of northern ireland
one of them said
a curious choice of word
a tour
was it like
a coachload of boisterous young men?
happy with hold-alls
waving out of windows
silly hats and sunglasses
singing on country roads
past beautiful lakes
and sleepy farmhouses?
or was it like
a rockband tour?
condoms under coach seats
hangovers
broken guitar strings
and bits of silver paper
what did the woman mean
by tour?



the wild man of p o p

Legs akimbo here he comes
axing organs smashing drums
murdering bats and eating glass
showing off his spotty arse
the wild man of p o p

breaking legs and slashing hands
raking chest with shattered stands
making films about himself
going out with girls of twelve
the wild man of p o p

crashing in his private plane
hoovering up the world's cocaine
having fights in scuzzy bars
setting fire to new guitars
the wild man of p o p

sensitive? it breaks his heart
when his chainsaw doesn't start
money isn't any buffer
for the way he has to suffer
we're just normal - not like him
couldn't know the pain he's in
shagging drinking playing the job
has to do it - it's his job
the wild man of p o p

5 raget Road
Wivenhoe Essex CO79DT
October 6th 1990

Hallo Joachim,

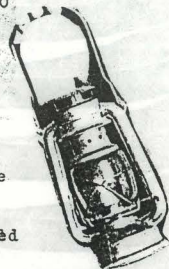
I'm very sorry I haven't been in touch with you. I got a lot of inspiration to write poems and it doesn't come very often. I've got enough for a book now. I've been mailing it off to publishers. I've already got two rejections..but they read one out on national radio last month and I got a poem mentioned in a national newspaper last week.

Money has been in short supply but never mind. Now we must start thinking about this booklet of the Cleaners lyrics and information.

Not all of the lyrics look good on paper. Which lyrics do you think are most important to send?

Write back soon and I'll start sending stuff to you. Also has there been any reaction to my new cassette? I must confess I haven't been doing a lot of music lately...except for the odd performance round the area here.

I'm going to be doing a lot of performance poetry in the next few months and I guess when the cold weather comes and I can't work outside I'll probably start recording again. It's good to have a rest from music and re-charge my batteries. This year I took a really bad kicking from the music industry. The pain hasn't quite gone yet. In May I tried to find a manager. I had a lot of good newspaper clippings and a video documentary, and I'd been on television about 6 times in 6 months. I got appointments with some quite big managers. In nearly every case, they knew who I was or they'd seen me in the papers or on television. But they all said...yes we know who you are...we know people think you're good but we can't or won't help you. In one case the guy was really friendly and then suddenly one day I couldn't get past his secretary. I began to wonder if I was being sabotaged...then I thought...No if I'm getting that paranoid and if I care that much it's time to admit defeat and go and do some gardening. But the thought still remains.....I've made a few enemies over the years. Enough people who would like me to stay in the cold in case ...



...I got rich enough to employ a good lawyer and come looking for my old royalties. Plus I'm not quite respectful enough to them maybe. On the other hand maybe none of this is true. Maybe I'm just too old/too difficult and not polished enough. It was like I banged at the door...then kicked the door...then pounded it with my fists before I collapsed exhausted. Then while I was lying there panting...the door creaked open slightly....I got up and went over to it.....Then a boxing glove on the end of a stick knocked me down again. That's what happened earlier this year...and of course Nelson went off to join New Model Army. Well some good has come out of this. I got a good cassette and I've finished my book. I was digging a drain for an old doctor the other day and I thought...Captain Sensible is in Ibiza on holiday....and Giles Smith is interviewing famous pop stars and buying a house And Nelson is in New Model Army and I'm digging a fucking drain in the cold wind. And I started laughing. The old doctor came out and looked at me laughing and he must have thought I was a bit mad or something...and maybe I am. Anyway in spite of all this I'm feeling pretty good now with plenty to do and plenty of wild new ideas and ten cigarettes and a bottle of cider and two mad young sheepdogs and a pagan witch to sleep besides. So send me a letter and tell me what you think and what you're doing out there.....

Yours in the middle of autumn



paget road November the 5th

Hallo Joachim,

Here's a surprise...
some song lyrics.....some bits from
my old diaries.....some photographs...
the negatives from the original
Cleaners l.p. photographs....(please
send photos and negatives back)....also
some odds and ends....You should be able
to make a start from all this. If there
are any specific song-words which you
still want....drop me a line and i'll
send them to you. I hope this lot
makes you happy and that you have enough
for a booklet....write back



all the best

magic-mushroom

_martin

5 Paget Road Wivenhoe
Essex CO79DT
December 3rd 1968

Hallo Joachim,

Here's another surprise. Nearly all the lyrics
you asked for. A few I didn't send for various reasons.
As for mentioning Herr Zeller. The best thing is to say
nothing...or as the now defunct Mrs. Thatcher would say
"Starve him of the oxygen of publicity" If you want a
foreword....Yes I'll do it...but not now. First assemble the
booklet and then ~~xxxx~~send me a rough copy of it and i'll
write a foreword nearer to its completion when I know what
shape it will be. Perhaps Giles Smith and Lol Elliott might
write a few words if I ask them too.

Lol fell 60 feet off a roof recently after eating 200
magic mushrooms. He was trying to get a better look at
the moon and slipped-he wasn't trying to fly or anything.
He was very lucky and only injured his legs.

i'm very very busy....doing gardening....and there's a good chance
that i will have a book of rock poetry out next year but it's
not certain as usual. i'm also helping out with this Ziggy
Stardust concert and doing gigs and writing songs so....
I hope you appreciate how much of a brain strain it was
trying to remember old songs from eight years ago.
Write back if you need anything else. I may even consider
coming to Germany to do some concerts to promote myself.
Do you think people would come to see me?

Write

All the best





5 Paget Rd.
Wivenhoe
Essex CO79DT
U.K.

Hallo Joachim,

Thanks for sending
the letter and the strange
collection of money. I've been
very busy the past few months.
I've begun to make a name for
myself as a performance poet
nationally.
A national newspaper runs
one of my poems every month,
and I've been doing a lot
of readings. For June however
I need to do a lot of gardening
I'm really looking forward to
seeing the Cleaners booklet.
By co-incidence...a small booklet
of my poetry is also being prepared
for publication this weekend.
Stay in touch. Let me know
whatever you want me to write
in addition to what you've got.

all the best

T. Martin



5 Raget Road Wivenhoe Essex CO79DT

Hallo Joachim,

Thanks for sending me the rough copy. Do you want it back? I can send it but I guessed it was for my reference.

I enclose the missing list of records and tapes, which is now complete as far as I know. There is some talk of a live poetry e.p. but it's only talk at the moment. I have a little book of poems out soon. I'll send you a copy. It's A5...about 20 pages but very well designed.

The poetry is going very well at the moment. I recently did a gig with Dave Stewart (of Rhythmic's) band...The Spiritual Cowboys and I'm doing a poetry spot soon at The Marquee. A lot of people seem to really like my poetry and I'm getting more well known than I was as a musician.

Enclosed are some very recent photos taken by a very good young Irish-woman called Aideen McConville. She took them in a pub, where she felt I would be more natural. I'm looking quite old now. It shocks me when I look at earlier photos. I guess age comes to all of us.

Also enclosed are my photo comments, which are numbered and a foreword, which was as honest as I could be. You should maybe write an introduction yourself or get someone else to do it for an outside perspective on what The Cleaners were/are.

The handwriting of the lyrics is very good and seems to suit them.

As for the live Hamburg tape. I didn't even know it existed until a few weeks ago. It sounds a bit rough to me-although it was a good gig.

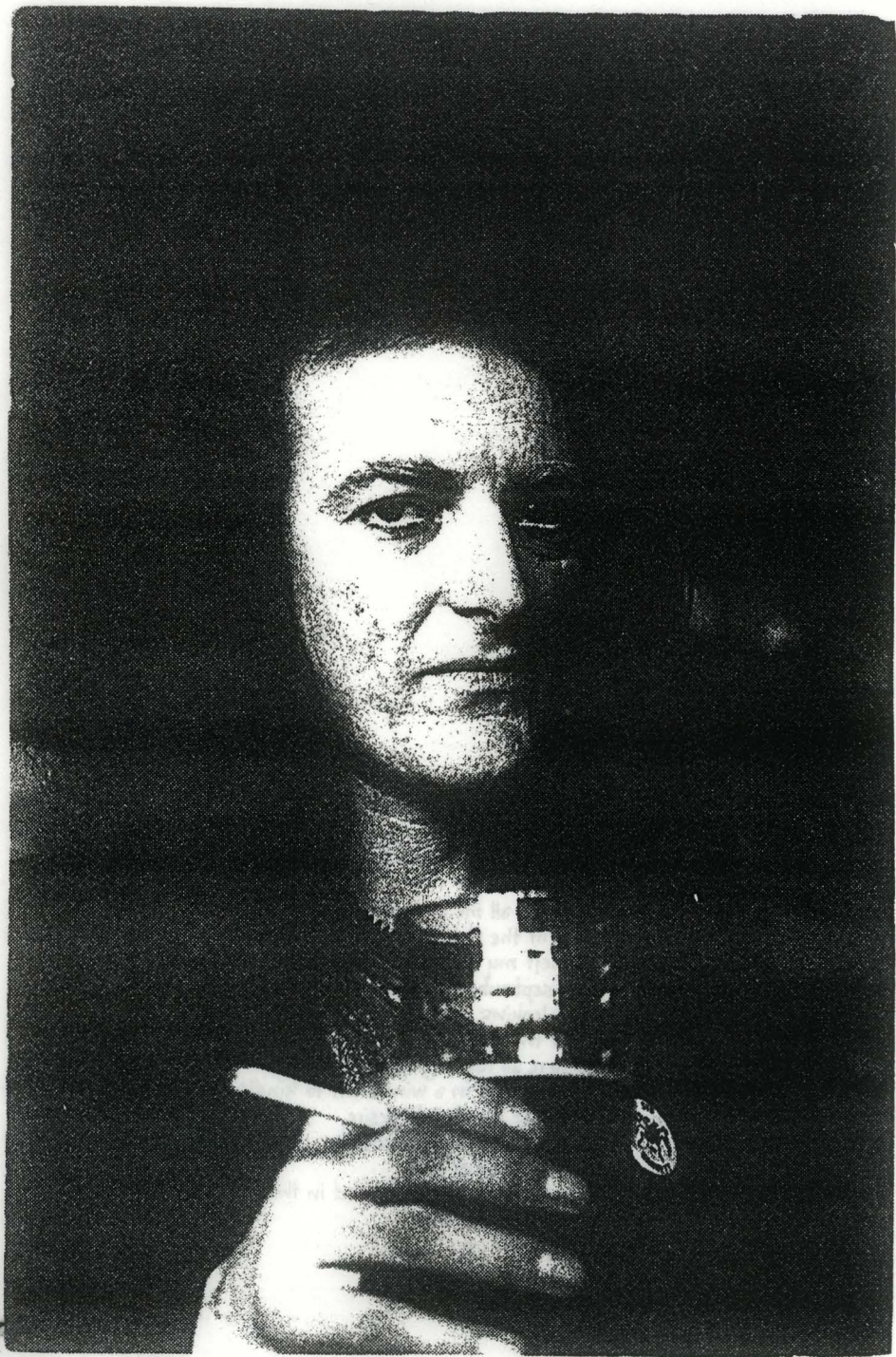
Thanks for the dollars...they were quite useful when I had no cash.

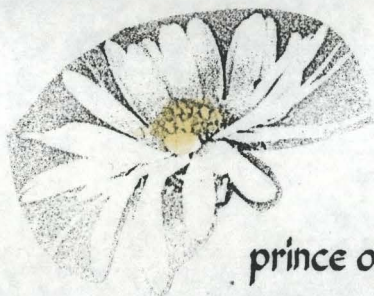
Let me know if there's anything else you need.

Cheers



Martin





prince of the winter

I hid away all the summer
I sought the shade of the trees
but I left my hide
when september fell down
I was looking for lost and golden dreams
large sat the moon on a hillside
leaves were all turning to fire
and I ran around in a wind sent to kindle
my prisoner spirit into desire
I saw the prince of the winter
just for a second or two
there in my eye when I looked in the mirror
he was calling to me
and calling to you

im frühjahr 1984 hörte ich zum ersten mal einen CLEANERS-song, es war "love in vain" von der "midnight cleaners"-cassette. ich war fasziniert von der frische und leichtigkeit dieses songs aber auch davon, mit welch einfachen mitteln solche musik entstehen konnte. ich schrieb martin spontan einen brief und bat ihn um sein o.k. CLEANERS-cassetten in mein damals noch winziges vertriebsprogramm aufnehmen zu dürfen. ich durfte...

es war in jenen cassettenhochtagen ein leichtes 1 - 200 kopien einer CLEANERS-cassette zu verkaufen und ich schwärmte (noch auf jahre hinaus) bei dem gedanken, martin (und anderen musikern) mittels eines wohlorganisierten vertriebsnetzes eine lebensgrundlage zu bieten. es macht mich zuweilen noch heute traurig, daß dies nie bzw nur sehr unzureichend gelang... es machte martin traurig - und wie er selbst sagte auch bitter - daß er dies ziel auch mit zahlreichen ausflügen in die vinylwelt nicht erreichte. daß er diesen frust immer wieder bekämpfte und auch überwand, bescherte ihm phasen von kreativität und spiel Freude, uns eine lange reihe gelungener popsongs...

wie oft habe ich schon martins musikalischen durchbruch vorausgesagt - und nie ist was draus geworden... es lag gewiß nicht an martins fähigkeiten, eher an seinem notorischen mißtrauen der musikindustrie gegenüber, noch mehr an seiner weigerung, sich deren einflüssen und manipulationen preiszugeben. und dennoch werde ich weiterhin daran glauben, daß er eines tages von seiner musik leben kann - auf indirektem wege soll dieses booklet dazu einen kleinen beitrag leisten!

ganz herzlich danken möchte ich heiko für seine große hilfe (er übernahm u.a. die "schönschrift" der texte sowie die gestaltung des umschlags und der mittelseite)...

und natürlich "thanx very much" an martin selbst, sowohl für die zahlreichen briefe mit texten, fotos, zeitungsausschnitten etc. als auch für seine wunderschöne musik.....

breese/marsch im spätsommer 1991

JARMUSIC

dorfstr.11 3138 breese/m. t. 05861 - 7496

