



GOTHIC ROCK

**All you ever
wanted to
know...**

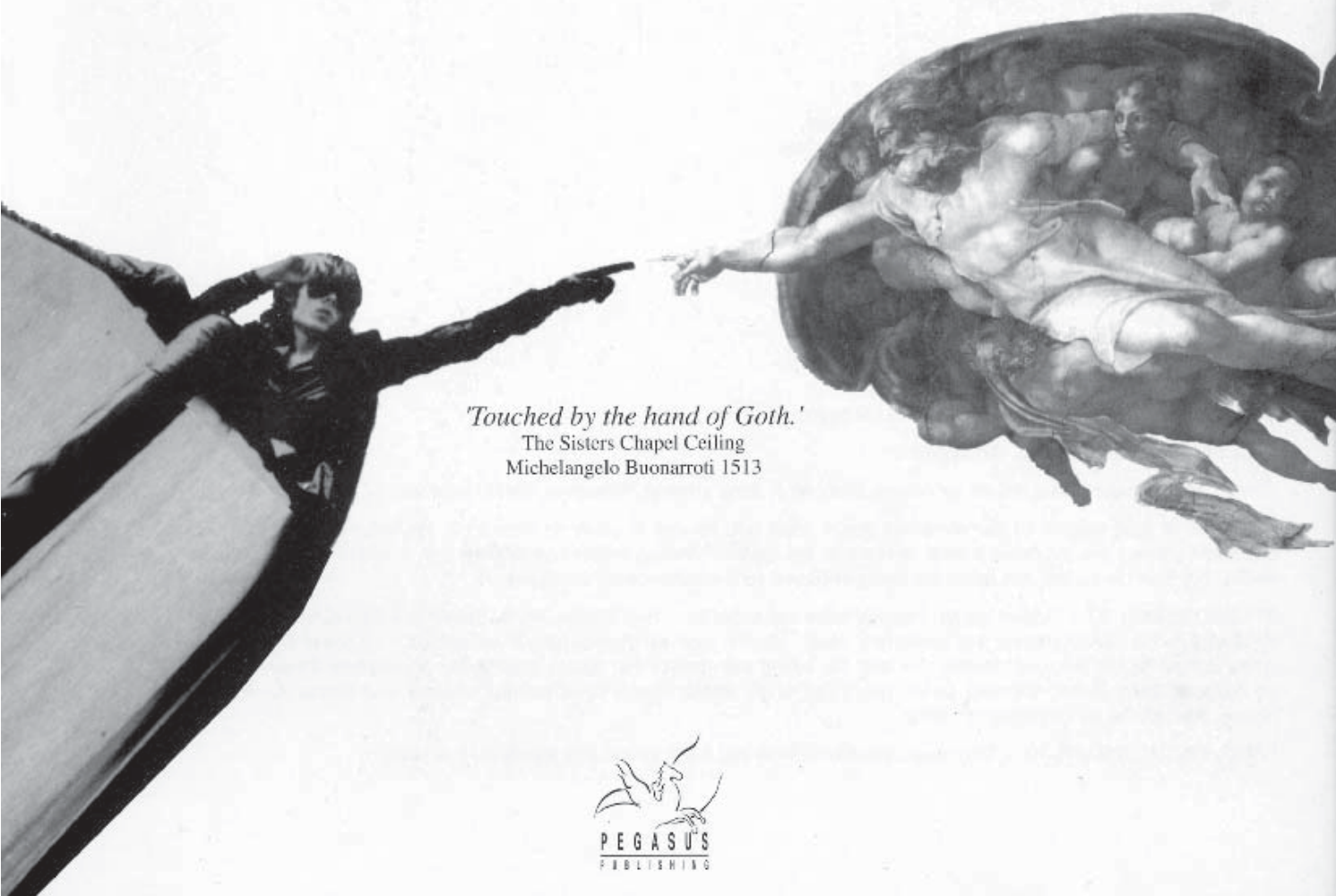
**...but were too
gormless to ask.**

Mick Mercer

GOTHIC

ROCK

by Mick Mercer



'Touched by the hand of Goth.'
The Sisters Chapel Ceiling
Michelangelo Buonarroti 1513

BATRACHIAM

Animals that discard gills and tails. (See Edrich.)

BAUHAUS

In all the colour and glamour, fuss and derision that accompanied this brief and fairly glorious career no-one ever really said they were clever or particularly artistic. Certainly the word 'fun' was never attributed to their activities... but look at them in the wider context of what they've done since and why, and then contrast that with the breast-beating loyalty many of their fans paraded. It doesn't add up.

What came first, the cheekbones or the egg? Did the posing interfere or dominate, was it a prime consideration? Clearly Peter Murphy was aware of the possibilities when he joined and already the musical nucleus had assessed its priorities. David Jay and Kevin Haskins were part of The Submerged Teeth in 1977 and The Craze - neither band lasted but when Daniel Ash entered The Craze everything changed. Pete Murphy trotted in and they became Bauhaus, a band without an image. Peter

Murphy looked decidedly Bowiesque when I caught them supporting Gloria Mundi at the Marquee, but having recorded 'Bela Lugosi' and found a deal with Small Wonder records, the single necessitated a sharp image, which was hardly a million miles removed from that of Eddie Maelor of Gloria Mundi. No more T-shirts, anyway. Bauhaus cracked out of monochrome into the indie charts where the single remained for an age and a half.

'Dark Entries', their second record came out on 4AD, and presented the stark death rattle rhythm and creepily poisoned vocals, offering a total contrast to the hissing



Pete's days as a tic-tack man were clearly numbered.

Pic: Steve Drury

hypnotism of 'Bela', and now the band were one of the best live bands in the country - a confrontational act in small venues. A total experience, as trousers filled with shocking speed. I've certainly never been as scared as when a rapier-thin Murphy darted into the crowd, three a breast between mirrored pillars at Billy's Club in Soho, grabbed me by the lapels and forced me backwards. In the grip of the sodding vampire mate! (PARP!) Took almost half a song to get him off me. There he was, within the light of the strobes shooting up from the floor, reflected images (to infinity), suddenly smashing mirrors with the microphone stand. A far cry from the punk rock haze of Gracie Fields. Ah, but I digress, and nostalgia's a chore and a bore. Why, only three years ago I was equally



Little does Pete realise, he has no horse.

Pic: Steve Drury