

# HAY CHEWED...

● Those four horny young mad cows CUD are in clover as they chew over their new-found ultra-trendiness despite the beefs about their drummer. Heiff they the stomachs to milk their success? Veal they have a steak in the future udderwise? STEVEN WELLS investigates. Ox Brownie: PETER WALSH

**C**arl Putnam's beautiful Mick Hucknall-style russet locks bounce in time with the throbbing, sultry beat. His powerful, soaring, soulful voice adds beauty to lyrics which precisely and poetically dissect the universal sexual experience.

He is a sensual being, everything about him and his music is an elegant dismissive wave of a scented lace hankie in the face of those who regard Cud as a joke band. He is a pop panther, a rock dandy who combines the animal sexuality of Prince with the cocky swagger of the young Jagger.

And the greasy, scabby, crusty horrible fans all chant "YOU FAT BASTAD! YOU FAT BASTAD!" as a stage diver is thrown back on to the stage and Carl, who has removed his glasses in a rare moment of vanity, gets out of the way by blundering blindly into the snare drum. This never happened to George Michael. It *should* have done, but it didn't.

"Thing is," says the grotesquely obese Carl in his duh-duh cockernee-Yorkshire mongrel fat bastard accent, "thing is, I'm not fat."

I run my hands over his torso and count the ribs. He's right, he has the body of a whippet topped by the face of a bulldog that's been given a severe kicking. He is, in fact, a fat-faced bastard.

Before the gig, Cud munch shark steak and nut loaf, Mike Dunphy drives a pea to the edge of his plate and then points at me with his fishknife.

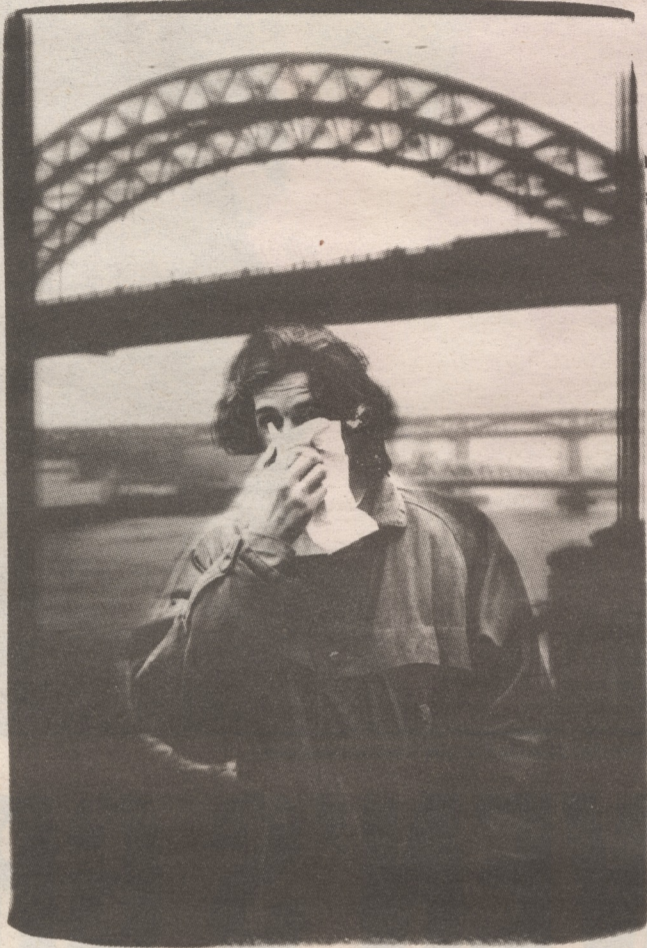
"You said we were sexist!" He's talking about the time I approached them at Leeds Poly and asked why their logo featured women's breasts rather than the species-ist cow's udders I made them change it to.

"We've heard you've got scrotal elephantiasis," says Carl. It is true, I was a life-model for art classes at Leeds Poly when Cud were still students there. They never drew me naked. They would have remembered. Yes, I have prostituted myself for the sake of art. But I've never sold soiled knickers to *Sunday Sport* readers.

Steve Goodwin is The Drummer From Cud and he's pretending that he thinks it's a really cool joke ha ha ha that both he and the band he loves have become a synonym for wanky indie crap. He even informs me that the correct expression, à la *Viz*, is "the drummer out of Cud". The truth is that for the first month of the *NME*'s TDFC offensive he was totally paranoid. Why me? What do they know about me? Are they in cahoots with that mad biker from Leicester? The Mad Biker from Leicester wants to kill The Drummer From Cud because TDFC boffed TMBFL's "main squeeze".

"When we played Leicester last time he was shitting it..." says Mike. Carl is also haunted. Ever since Jonathan King took a whole line in *The Sun* to inform the world's thickest readership that "Cud are a decent band", Carl has had a recurring nightmare.

"Me mum and me dad are separated, like, and me dad reads *The Sun*. I have this image of him going - narking 'ell! That's my san! 'E must be LOADED - and then getting on the next coach to



Steve "The drummer out of Cud" Goodwin

**"We think we sound like a cross between INXS and Led Zeppelin and everyone else thinks we sound like Bogshed. I mean, what do you do?" - Carl**

Leeds to get all me money just like John Lennon's dad."

Like The Beatles and the Stones and Talcu Malcu McLaren and Bernie 'Clash' Rhodes and just about everybody who's had a smidgeon of cool in Britpop, two of Cud were art students. They were art students at the time when art college was the bolthole for all the drug-deranged bongo bashers, paint flingers, crappy experimental film-makers and fanny dancers who thought being a student was a great doss but they were f-ed if they were going to read any books.

Nowadays things are different, the Happy Mondays are not an art school band, Happy Mondays are the anti-art school band. The whole Manc/baggy palaver was the first big wave of Britpop cool that's never owned an NUJ card. That's partly because 30 years of pop culture have soaked the working classes with cool and partly because the present generation of art students, thanks to the cuts and the anti-Marxist/'60s/experimental backlash, are wankers.

"When we went, Leeds Poly was full of dropouts and freaks and punks, y'know. Now all the women have got long skirts and all the blokes have got really sensible haircuts, they all do oil

painting and the music they like is shite. When did you ever see a student wearing that Manc gear? You don't do you?"

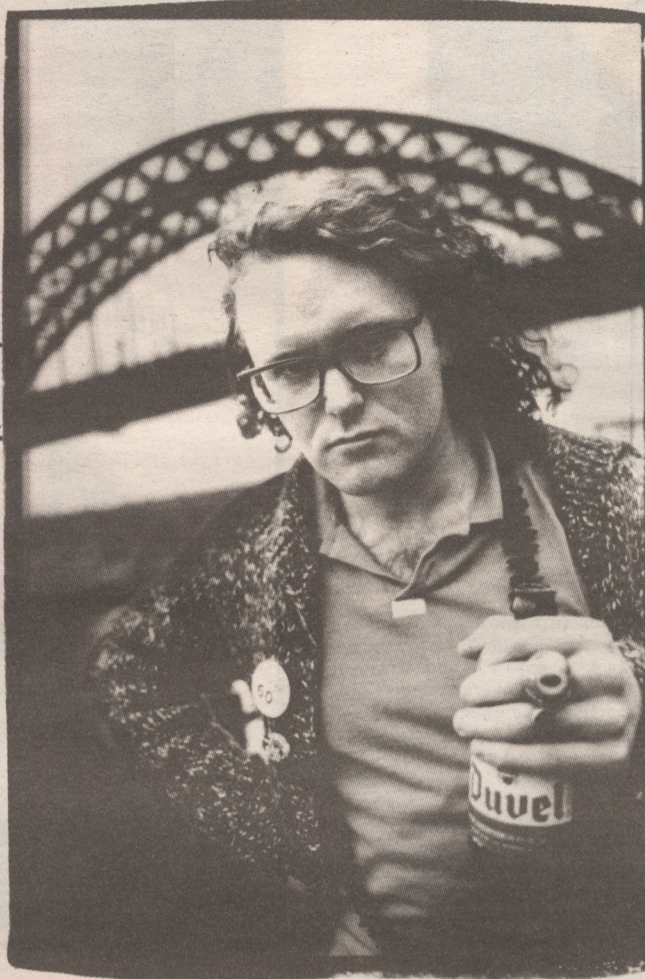
In the late '70s the arts departments of the Poly and University of Leeds spawned, amongst others, The Mekons, Delta 5, Severed Head And The Neck, Zodiak Mindwarp, Ralph And The Ponytails, Dorothy's Cottage (an aggressively gay tuba combo), Sheeny And The Goys, The Gang of Four, The Three Johns and Soft Cell. In the '70s and the '90s they've given us Crispin Twat's 'Fruit Bowl In Oils' and Cud - the last of the great art school rockers.

It's a fact - the Cuds are alright. The last album - 'Leggy Mambo' - stonks. The new single - 'Magic' - stonks also. When Cud emerged from the womb every boring bastard white boy was playing 'soul'. They stood out then because they played - to quote one critic - "spaz rock". They jerked and spasmed when they should have Red Wedged and Fred Perried. Because they frolicked at the temple of Bootsy Collins and Hot Chocolate instead of worshipping at the shrine of Marvin Gaye. And because they had a stupid name and a fat bastard with glasses for a singer.

"People are always comparing us to Bogshed", slurs Carl in the band van after the third encore and the obligatory dressing room conversation with two fully grown men with Baldrick haircuts, plastic carrier bags, tatty combat jackets, thick lensed NHS glasses and lots and lots of badges. Oh how wonderful it must be to be an indie musician!

"Awkward, angular. We think we sound like a cross between INXS and Led Zeppelin and everybody else thinks we sound like f-ing Bogshed. I mean, uh?" he shrugs his shoulders and waves his beer and makes a geeky face. "I mean what do you do?"

But D.I.S.C.O - the *Fat Slags* end of the dance scene - is now



Carl "fat-faced bastad with glasses" Putnam

hip and, thanks to the ascendance-y of the Mancsters, the charts are choc-a-block with ugly bastards. But not awkward and angular ugly bastards. That's Cud's major problem. They don't bag. They don't groove. They are peanut bonfire toffee rather than Cadbury's Caramel. And they cater to the deranged groin fetishes of retired colonels from the home counties. But first we must talk about bananas and Mark E Smith.

The Cuds eat two bananas a day. Isn't that dangerous?

"They're anti-depressants," claims TDFC. "They stop you from tightening up. Yes, you can scowl and laugh but we are very keen on our diet..."

Would Mark E Smith benefit from a diet with a high banana content? Would it loosen him up?

"He still makes out he's this ignorant working class lad..." says Carl.

"We really like Mark E Smith," chips in Bob Mortimer lookalike and cutie bassist William Potter.

"Oh yes!" agrees Carl, shaking his Carol Decker wig furiously. "We really like Mark E Smith. When The Fall played Leeds, part of their rider was to play a football match so all these young lads from the area turned up to take the piss. Someone nicked Brix's earrings and this lad just walked up and grabbed Mark E Smith's beer and just walked off with it and Mark was just like making out like he thought it was really 'cool' being robbed by these street kids, these really horrible street kids who were just ripping the piss out of them..."

"I'd just like to point out," says Little William, "that we really like the Happy Mondays."

But, our Carl, what's that ironic line in 'Justice' about "The prettiest girls coming from the upper, upper middle classes?" You, my san, have got a chip on

your shoulder.

"What I got is an inarck... an inar... culate..." What he's got is enough alcohol and other poisons in his system to put his brain on a slow train to Pudsey forever. But never mind. "An inarcker... a feeling I can't articulate (hoorah!) of just being like f-ed off with people who are richer than me. It's like when I was a kid and when everybody else in the grammar school got school dinners I had to queue outside the headmaster's office every morning for me free dinner ticket."

It's called class hatred, Carl, it's perfectly normal and healthy. Do you get on with Bez?

"I've never met him. Sometimes he seems alright, sometimes I think we'd get on. But then people go on about his past, the drug dealing and that. But our whole band have been to college - they were the first people in our families to have been able to get any further education. And I think if we hadn't gone we could be like that - it changes you. My brother hangs out with people who beat people up as like a job. Get toiled up with baseball bats and go smash some windows in some club. I could've ended up doing that."

So you're like the arty film student in *The Job*? You've even got the same horrid hairstyle!

"Yeah, I'm a crap snob now. I mean, we complain about the mineral water not being from France - we don't like the English stuff and we don't like it fizzy either. We're really fussy twats. We don't tolerate crusts on cut sandwiches. No way."

Meanwhile, back in Leeds, the Cud fan club has got its first PO box number and the Rev Martin Baker - a one-time member of utterly crap Leeds Punk & Western combo The Buttercookies (along with a gentleman called Sick O'War and our very own James Brown) - has a sound idea. He runs a series of adverts in the *Sunday Sport* offering pairs of "soiled librarian's knickers" for a tenner. And he gives the Cud PO box as an address. Within a few weeks the office is flooded out with envelopes stuffed with cash.

Dig deep enough into Cud's sordid past and you discover many horrible things. Some of them even more horrible than being described as "decent" by a wonky-gobbed ex-public school exhibitionist and professional arsehole with a gnat's testicle for a brain.



William "Bob Mortimer lookalike" Potter



Mike "fishknife-in-your-face" Dunphy

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