

PHOOOOO-AAARGH! Cor!" Baze, the rugged front man for metal maniacs Wolfsbane, is clutching his balls and wriggling his bottom.

Company Of Wolves! Sex! Best sex I ever had in my life! That's it! That says it all! Grandma wasn't bad either! Pwoooargher! Were they on drugs when they made this film?"

At the gig my photographer is making loud slurping noises. "Oooh! Slurp! He's reet sexy!" she says as Baze introduces 'Man Hunt'.

"I wanna talk about my DICK!" he screams, "cos it's f—ing TINY!"

The photographer nudges me in the arm.

"I bet it's flaming not! SLURP!" Back in the hotel-lounge Baze is getting emotional.

"I think it's f—ing disgusting what's happening in Spain. The last bears in Western Europe are nearly extinct . . ."

"What colour are they?" mumbles the roadie lying face down on the seat next to him.

"What?" "These bears. What colour are they?"

"Er, brown." "Brown?" "Yeah, brown."

The roadie thrusts his arse in the air.

THE ROADIE'S ARSE: "Phoooooaaargh!"

EVERYBODY ELSE: "UUUUUUUUURGH! AAAAAAARGH! POOH!"

THE ROADIE: "Hee! Hee!" EVERYBODY ELSE: "Gasp! You dirty f—er!"

Jeff the guitarist turns to me and points to the roadie.

"We got a zoo next to us in Tamworth. It's great. You get shit and piss and intercourse all in the one cage. The chimps are best. They shit in their hands and then fling it at people."

The beer is warm. The wallpaper is brown. The man next to me stinks of sex. This is a metal interview.

DEF BURGER

Wolfsbane are a bunch of long haired rock scum from Tamworth. One day Rick Rubin heard their demo and signed the band to Def American. They flew to LA. They hired a rent-car and cruised around.

"It's kinda all old buildings around here," says Baze, gazing out of the window. "Everybody's coloured, have you noticed? Hmmm! They all seem to be converging . . . on . . . this . . . car . . ."

Baze is as nice a guy as you could possibly find fronting a metal band. I'm sure that when he used the rather archaic term "coloured" he didn't mean to be offensive. He's not thinking straight, poor lad. He's just thinking about being in an expensive car full of white boys, in a poor black area, in a city where extremely violent crack gangs will blow your balls into bloody bolognese with an Uzi or an AK 47 if you're wearing the wrong plimsolls. In short — he is shitting himself. This is why he has started screaming.

"OH SHIT! THEY'RE MOVING TOWARDS THE CAR! STEVE! DON'T STOP! DON'T STOP! WHY HAVE YOU STOPPED STEVE? GO! GO! F— THE RED LIGHT! WIND THE WINDOWS UP! WIND TH F—ING WINDOWS UP!"

Not very wolf like. It must be remembered that the last wolf in these Islands was wrestled to death on a bridge in Ballymena, Northern Ireland, in 1785. Basically, wolves are soft.

"Yeah," says Jeff (I mean, can you imagine a wolf called Jeff?), "but if you trained it from a pup,

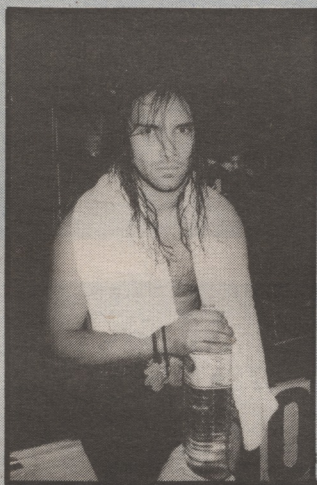


It's a dirty job but somebody's got to do it. Wolfsbane (from left): Baze Bailey, Jeff Hately, Steve Ellet, Jase Edwards

RIDING A CONDOM TO HELL (18)

● Oh we do like to be beside the seaside! Dead seagulls, dead pensioners and dead good rocking fun. That's what STEVEN WELLS discovered when he went on-the-road with new metal sensations WOLFSBANE. Hardened rock photo-hack JAYNE HOUGHTON stood and howled.

you could always teach it to be a right bastard." Meanwhile, back in LA, our four long haired heroes have escaped to make a brilliant metal album called 'Live Fast, Die Fast—Wicked Tales Of Booze, Birds And Bad Language'. They knew it was going to be rather good because Rick told them so. "This record is going to be awesome," said Rick cramming his mighty black-fuzzed gob with death pizza. "Just like ribs with barbecue sauce." "They's f—ing weird people over there," says Jeff. "You try to talk to them and they go like — 'Maaaaaaaaaaaaan! Wow!' — and you want to slap them around the face! You want to go — f—ing-get-your-brain-in-gear-you-dozy-c—! — I mean — they go on about me being a dozy bastard but Jeeeesus Christ! They shunned us, the bastards! The people in the clubs they just f—ing shunned us!" We're in Ayr in Scotland. Ayr is



Old Scots for "utter festering total shit hole or what?" The average age of the citizens is 98. It's August and a Force Nine North Atlantic gale is ripping the flesh off the few OAPs who have dared to leave their thermal blankets and cocoa behind and brave the dead seaweed splattered beach. Millions of seagulls blacken the skies, hovering evilly and screaming with nerve-shredding manic laughter. After shoving his arse in the camera, Steve, the drummer, points skyward and scowls in my face. "Bastards!" he says. "Seagulls, total bastards!" Steve is known to the rest of the band by his nickname. His nickname is 'Dangerous'. "In Southend we were stood on the beach with a crisp packet," says Dangerous. I smile at him and take a pace back. "We used it as bait. We thought if we could get a seagull close enough we could smash it on the back of the neck and really do it



some damage." We laugh merrily and then the conversation turns, as it is wont, to the subject of the Nazi war mines that charities use as collection boxes in seaside resorts and wouldn't it be great if they left the spikes on to impale unwary cyclists. Dangerous looks at me. "Yeah, with all like blood and brains and stomach and stuff splashed all over the pavement." **CARRY ON SHAGGING** Picture a rock star with his arm hanging idly in a crate of ice cold Newcastle Brown. Picture the hack hanging onto his every word. Picture this woman with tight jeans and high heels and massive breasts nibbling the rock star's ear. The rock star is thinking — 'This is great! I get me dick sucked by a c'fferent bird every night and if I play me cards right I'll never have to do another day's work IN MY



LIFE! If the rock star was Morrissey he would turn meaningfully to the hack, shrug and ask — 'Is this all there is?' Wolfsbane get shagged. A lot. During the interview a red-faced Dangerous sits in just a towel and a sperm sodden T-shirt. After the interview he leers at us and winks. "I hope she's still awake!" Wolfsbane do not articulate a sensitive, mature, caring, politicised, considerate, respectful or particularly post-modern attitude towards women. Baze is a bit worried about AIDS, right, so he has this new policy. Baze, tell us about it. "About AIDS. My new policy. I try and pick, right, not the most ravishing girl. Perhaps I pick one of the really ugly girls, maybe overweight because you think — nobody's even ever thought of sleeping with her . . ." Right, Baze, do you always use a condom? "As much as I can — One girl

said — 'I'm not going to do it if you use one of them' — I mean . . ." One of your lyrics, Baze, to the song 'Shakin' goes 'Nurse, I'm sick! . . . My thermometer fits your mouth just right!'. Now I'm wondering if that's a tribute to our wonderful National Health Service? Or is it, perhaps, a metaphor for something else? "Course it f—ing is! Women in uniforms! Police women! Yeah I was reading in *The Sun* one of them classic surveys, brainy women have trouble with men because men find them frightening, right? Well, yeah, I've always found that dead exciting. When I was young I always had that fantasy about the older, experienced woman. Powerful, powerful . . . It's just that whole thing about the woman being a really powerful object who might be able to dominate you but . . . I want to be in charge. I've got to be in charge! 'Cos I'm me! I f—ing say what goes!" So you aren't seeking a relationship based on equality and mutual respect? "Well I am. With three other guys. But it's not a sexual relationship. Sexually the man has to be on top." "Now me," says Dangerous, folding his arms and waving a finger, "I don't mind the woman on top OR doing it doggie fashion." Tut! Lads, eh? British sex education for the adolescent working class male comes from two sources. Pornography and heavy metal. So is it totally brilliant, this sex-on-the-road stuff? "Well . . . sometimes," he murmurs, "I wish I could sleep with the same woman three nights in a row."

LONGHAIRD SEXGODS Like almost everybody in rock music, Wolfsbane are obsessed with their genitals. A composite Wolfsbane lyric would go: "Girls, hot, excite!/Abuse, bodies tight!/I like it hot!/Lust!/Uniforms!" and it would be called 'I've Got A Big Winkle, Me!'. I mean, just what do Wolfsbane think of their fellow midlanders, Pop Will Eat Itself? "I think they're a bunch of f—ing bastards," says Dangerous. "Coo, just bastards. Great band. Never seen 'em like." Do you wolfwhistle at women in the street? "Classic danger!" says Baze. "I've got to tell you the classic danger, right, going along in a Transit, right, and you go BEEP! BEEP! and it's a f—ing bloke!" The roadie stirs from his fart encrusted slumber. "Bollocks! Oi never!" "He done it!" accuses Dangerous. "He done it! 'Asn't he done it a couple of times? To the workmen!" The roadie starts to get quite indignant. "I haven't!" "Did. It's worse when it happens to you though," explains Jeff, "because you've got long hair." Dangerous waves a hand imperiously. "I just get me bollocks out and go PHHHHHHHHT! Tell him about the lead singer of Stone Roses!" Baze feigns reluctance but bit by bit the story is dragged out of him. One night he got Newkied out of his skull and awoke to find himself in bed with a blonde. Dangerous put his head round the door and asked Baze if he knew that he had just spent the night with the lead singer of The Stone Roses. Baze was shocked. "F—I thought! Hang on! For one minute there I nearly shit myself." Is sex the main reason you joined the band? "Yeah," says Jeff, "that's the main reason." "Nah!" says Dangerous "I was f—ing pissed off with me job. Actually I got in this band because I had the van."



Rubin you up the wrong way! Wolfsbane

WOLFSBANE

FROM PAGE 22

VIOLENCE AND DRUGS

Wolfsbane are trapped in fantasyland somewhere between *Bad News* and *Spinal Tap*. They act out the role of rock band the way *Dungeons And Dragons* fanatics dress up as trolls and wizards. Occasional I try and ease a bit of reality into the conversation, talking about homophobia and sexism in metal. The insert to their album calls an A&R man a "commie puff".

Wolfsbane don't call me a puff, they just talk a bit about being "ordinary" young men and not "students" and then the conversation sort of peters out either because they're a bit embarrassed by it all or they think if Dangerous is allowed to get into one of his homophobic rants, I'll slag the shit out of them in the *NME*.

'Live Fast, Die Fast' is the best mid-tempo metal album since Rubin rejuvenated The Cult with 'Electric'. Live fast! Die fast! It's a hell of a slogan to live up to, but Baze has a stab.

"This woman was in our seats, right, and I said 'You're in our seats, love' and she wouldn't move so we went and sat in first class. The Guard says 'I think you're in the wrong seats, aren't you, lads?' and I said, 'We've got seats reserved in the 2nd class and we'd LOVE to sit there but that woman won't move!' The guard never bothered us again and we sat in first class all the way to London!"

Blooming hell! Rock and bloody roll! I mean, come on! Blinking Wolfsbane. Arooooooooooooo! How long are you lot going to last in a heavy metal post-apocalypse scenario? Eh!

Jeff thinks it'd be a piece of piss.

"Imagine if there was a big plague, right, and you survived. There'd be so much stuff hanging around you'd be able to survive easy."

"Yeah," agrees Dangerous. "I mean you'd see 'em off with a couple of hand grenades. BACKOOOOOOOOM! Ya c—s!"

What about real violence?

"When I was up in Leeds," says Jeff, "I met Biffa Bacon's brother at the bus stop. Out of nowhere comes this f—ing massive guy, he takes one look at me and thinks, 'F—ing hippy! I'm gonna kill him'. Suddenly everything was brought down to a horrible reality."

"I always have to think 'Why are they looking at me?' claims Baze. "Are they looking at me because BUUUUUUUUUURP!—excuse me!—they're thinking, 'I'd like to talk to him because I really like the record', or what? Their faces always look scared and angry at the same time. In my mind I'm always ready for the one who says, 'You f—ing c—! I'm gonna kill ya!'"

A fantasy land somewhere between the letters page of *Penthouse* and *Conan The Barbarian*. Fresh meat for the metal sausage grinder and loving every sweaty, slippery, pissed-up, farting, burping moment of it. Dangerous, after showing us his bottom, but before pointing out he is very defiantly heterosexual, goes on stage in a bra, panties and floppy bunny ears

Ee, lads eh?