

# THE CRUCIFIXION AND HURT

"friendly" gig at the club, when the trouble began.

"Paul came out of the downstairs bar with blood pouring down his face," said drummer Rory Lyons. "When we went to see what was going on, the doors suddenly opened and these blokes



From the top: John, Robert, Maggott, Rory, Paul and Smeggy.

came in with enormous great clubs."

At least six people, wielding baseball bats and billiard cues, are thought to have been involved in the attack. While most of the band managed to scramble out, Paul was trapped inside with friends Miles (The Hackney Werewolf) Morris and Graham Gaw who had both come to see the gig. Minutes later, they were dumped outside, dazed and

bleeding.

"We were told that Glasgow might be rough, but we never expected any problems in Liverpool," remarked John ruefully.

Rory added: "Paul's face looks like it's come out of one of those Jimmy Savile seatbelt ads."

The management of the Venue denied suggestions that some of the club's security staff were involved in the brawl. The group's tour contract contains a rider stating: "The artistes strongly recommend that the Management refuse admission to any members of the public that they have reason to believe may cause acts of violence on the premises."

King Kurt, meanwhile, were angered by reports in morning newspapers which suggested that the "punk" band members, who supposedly throw dead dogs and cats on stage, were victims of revenge-seeking flour-covered fans.

"What a stupid thing to say," said Rory. "Of course we're not a punk band."

An unemployed 23-year old Liverpool man has been charged with unlawful wounding. The Police are continuing enquiries.



**A** new cross to bear in performance art? That well known madcap genius and sometime Immaculate Consumptive Jim Thirlwell — aka You've Got Foetus On Your Breath, Frank Want, Foetus Over Frisco and currently Clint Ruin — is an artist who never does anything to less than excess. Renowned for working in the recording studio anything up to 36 hours in one stretch, it was predictable that the publicity pictures for his next project would be some (what) bizarre.

So armed with bottles of mock blood, four-inch nails and some old timber, he got together with photographer Peter Anderson for the session shown on the left. And in the spirit of such well known method actors as De Niro, Jim fasted for a week before putting himself in front of the camera.

The shots will probably accompany his next recording project to follow up last year's uncelebrated classic, 'Ache'. There is to be one LP called 'Scraping Foetus Off The Wheels' and two 12-inch singles, featuring the following lyrical gem: "I spend a month of Sundays/ For a cold day in Hell/ And the inscription on your tombstone/ Read wish you were here".

Doesn't this man know it's not Easter yet?

