

The written word is not my preferred method of expression - grammatical errors have been left uncorrected

Ménage à trois?

Performing on stage with Nicola was an intense experience – she was exactly what T34 (Garry and I) had been lacking. Garry to this day claims he held Nicola and I back - because of his perceived musical ineptitude – to be able to look at things in a different way but be handicapped by ability is not ineptitude, it is the breeding ground of creativity. Nicola was the philosopher by circumstance – the grieving, suicidal teenager and I was the whore with the heart of gold. The trick with the tricks and the power to empower. (Maybe?)

The first gig with **The Dancing Did**, was an incredible shock for the three of us, the audience were stunned (that sounds so arrogant) we had managed to pull it off, we weren't sure if we could repeat it again. Our first rehearsals for the Malvern gig were in Evesham at 'the farm' in **Bod's** bedroom. Garry had already worked out drum patterns and pulses and Nicola had a vision in her mind of what she wanted to say¹ and sing - my job was to come in and fill in the gaps.

Garry and I had a lot of common ground, we knew what each other were likely to do – so we used a few tricks from our **T34** days - to make our task easier. We instinctively knew that certain things would work e.g. if I played powerful chords with a space between the changes (as in '**Playing at Life**') a sense of drama and anticipation would be created. Likewise if Garry played long notes on the string machine a sense of relief and elation would be created. Nicola and her haunted cries and whispers, simply and beautifully nestled inside a blanket of barbed sound, the nerve jangling relentless **T34** blitzkrieg - a hybrid of sounds, spawned from **Kraftwerk, Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, Bauhaus, Led Zeppelin², The Banshees** etc – all plundered from vast record collections and tapes, a Post Modernist dream³. The result made the hairs stand up on the back of your neck.

We belonged to the Evesham scene. **The Dancing Did** and **The Photos** were a totally different breed to **Finish The Story**, we were the oddballs. The Vauxhall Inn was where we all drank. The bar was full of haircuts, young flesh and anticipation, mixed in with the occasional Gypsy (Did). **Finish The Story** only rehearsed in Evesham a few times, the rest of the time we rehearsed in Bromsgrove or Bristol. We always came back to The Vauxhall for a bit of local culture⁴ because that is where we began and where Nicola wanted to escape from – it was a reminder. There were great parties with allsorts of shenanigans going on – at one a bloke swapped his boyfriend for a sofa – how bohemian.

¹ The first thing Nicola and Garry said to me was "The moustache has got to go" I had to explain that it was a temporary growth due to a cold sore. I was nearly sacked before I'd played a note.

² I was commissioned (with my father) to manufacture and erect John Bonham's grave stone. (on the back are our names)

³ I was determined to get Post Modernism into this text – an urge to be pretentious.

⁴ I can remember going back one time when the bar was quiet and subdued – Virtually everybody in the bar had pubic lice – the local chemists had run out of cream and had to have emergency supplies shipped in from neighbouring towns. Was it lice or a STD? Either way Finish The Story were clean, we'd been in Bristol working hard for a gig.

The chance to support **The Cure** at Hammersmith Odeon came about because **Robert Smith** had heard a copy of '**Doorways**' and had liked what he'd heard. It was great fun – a proper dressing room, hospitality and catering⁵. **Robert Smith** mixed the sound for us, allegedly. Jez Gibson⁶ played sax for us – his bowels were empty, he'd spent most of the day on the loo due to fear. Hammersmith Odeon was a vast place and our pathetic amount of gear was lost on the stage. When the stage lights came on you couldn't see a thing it was like being in a small room – just another day at the office. The after show party was crowded and there was lots of tears – I'm not sure what was going on. I stood next to a black spiky haired girl and whispered into Nicola's ear "Christ she stinks". I was dragged away and told "That was **Siouxsie**". I'd turned my nose up at one of my icons....whoops.

There was always a tension between the three of us – sometimes it was creative and sometimes smothering – sometimes it simply got too much for us – musically it had got too intimate and close to the bone. Socially we had a good time – we were always a marriage of three and relationships outside the triangle were always difficult and fleeting⁷. With any Ménage à trios there is always somebody at some point left twiddling their thumbs. I always felt I was the third member and in some respects I was perceived as that.

Tim Harrison of **The Dancing Did** gave me an opportunity to reclaim my identity. I became a pawn in a politically motivated piece of choke chain pulling by Tim. The position of bassist had become available in **The Dancing Did, Mr.M. Doorman** (ho, ho) had already decided who he wanted to take over the vacant bassist position - Tim was pissed off and wanted to regain control - He insisted they had auditions - Tim asked me and told me the decision was a forgone conclusion. However - I played a fucking blinder – I played with a hard white funk attitude. I never got the job.....Nicola went berserk and I think that was the first time I really got sacked. If by some strange twist of fate I had been offered the chance to join **The Dancing Did**, I would have taken it and left **Finish The Story - FTS** was in a negative phase at the time. Nicola and Garry were getting on my nerves and I was getting on theirs. I was forgiven and Nicola had revenge by writing '**You'll Never Have The Chance To Do It Again**' – not quite a love song! – but it got the fire back into our bellies and things got better.

Peter Bright (May 27th 2005)

⁵ I bred Goats at the time – I'd bred a breed champion – so I asked the catering company to save me all the vegetable peelings so I could give them to my goats as a treat. How Rock and Roll was that?

⁶ I always felt happier when Jez was with us he was musically reliable and trust worthy, solid and could always tell what was required without any verbal interaction – he also created the strong backbone of The Urge and T34.

⁷ Until we played at the Era Club in Bristol and I met my future wife.