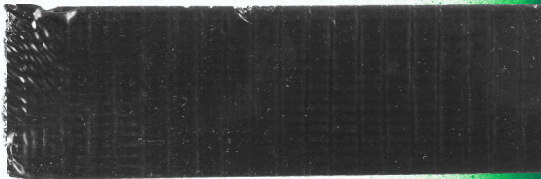


ANDREW JAMES
PATERSON

NOT JOY DIVISION



IMPULSE [b:]

ACCLAIM FOR ANDREW JAMES PATERSON'S

NOT JOY DIVISION

"Mystery, melancholy and hard-boiled lyricism bleed together in Andrew James Paterson's *Not Joy Division*, a supernatural sequel to his cult masterpiece, *The Disposables*. A ludic-yet-painful text that is part pastiche and part theory (about sex and its abuses) *Not Joy Division* reveals Paterson working at the height of his power, as a trickster and shrewd discoverer/observer of the odd, often painful phenomenon of simulation, of the almost and the authentic in all things. "I tried to get to you," Ian Curtis sings in "Candidate." With this powerful book, Paterson formulates a divine response to the lugubrious singer, with power, elegance and a sort of brute understanding of how beauty so often breaks into battery, bedlam: the bestial. Cool signification abounds, as does the author's sly knowing, always, enviably, manifest in Canada's Cheshire Cat."

— **Lynn Crosbie**, author of *Paul's Case* and
Where Did You Sleep Last Night

"Taking place almost entirely inside the noir landscape of Facebook the protagonist wanders the nightmare corridors of aging post-punk subcultural malaise looking for an answer to maybe not just "Why Joy Division?" but maybe more "What Joy Division?" or "How Joy Division?" and arriving at the suicidal final solution of simply "Not Joy Division." In a murder mystery where the victim *has* to be a suicide the detective, a music writer, instead has to figure out why one would make music at all."

— **Steve Kado**, artist, musician, and writer for
Artforum, *Flash Art*, and *C Magazine*

“Who better than Paterson to draw a reader into a series of reflections and anecdotes on music and its performers, codes, absent friends, a critique of the media, the Internet and social media, without casting us adrift in Ben’s labyrinthine quest—and to remind us of the band Derwatt, among others? We wonder who is hiding behind the character of Ben: a music lover, a shrewd detective, a worrywart, a brilliant fiction writer, an uncompromising cynic and a die-hard skeptic? Essential reading for anyone interested in oral tradition and in the frenzied rate at which everything is appearing and disappearing around us.”

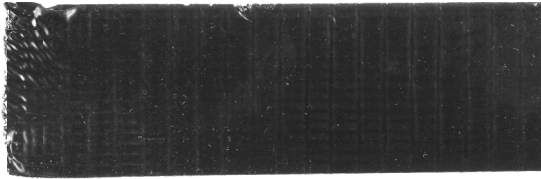
— **Nicole Gingras, curator and writer**

“Paterson is the literary equivalent of the musician with the radio show, where the banter between and behind the songs allows us to hear those songs in new contexts, as if for the first time. Through even-tempered prose, *Marienbad*-like dialogue and Facebook epistles, Paterson tells a particular story that parallels the end of radio’s hold on youth culture, a time when music, visual art, politics and poetry shared boyfriends and girlfriends, powders and fluids, showers and blood baths. I would recommend *Not Joy Division* to anyone interested more in the metonyms of this era than its metaphors.”

— **Michael Turner, author of *Hard Core Logo*
and *American Whiskey Bar***

NOT JOY DIVISION

ANDREW JAMES
PATERSON



IMPULSE [b:]

One night I was killing time on Facebook, scrolling through the predictable postings about corrupt politicians, hopeless elections and generic arts events et cetera, et cetera. And then there was a post by my old friend Dextrine, who is a popular culture writer who rarely posts on social media.

She suggested I would like a song by Derwatt. I had never heard of this band, and there was no image. There was no video.

The song was called 'I Want'. I listened to it. It sounded exactly like Joy Division.

The singer was a dead-ringer for Ian Curtis and he was repeatedly stating that he wanted to die.

I didn't need to hear somebody moaning on about being suicidal. I almost switched it off, but I didn't.

I certainly didn't remember this song from either *Unknown Pleasures* or *Closer*. It sounded like a possible outtake from

NOT JOY DIVISION

Unknown Pleasures, with some of those highly revered Martin Hannett space echo effects either obliterating or disguising the guitar. But it wasn't to be found on *Substance* or any of the other posthumous Joy Division compilations. I looked up everything online involving Joy Division and did not see this particular title.

**I want/I want you/I want it/I want something
so badly/I want to stop wanting/I want to die**

This track was surely not Joy Division, but...?

I phoned Dextrine and asked who had passed that song on to her.

Dextrine told me it came from her friend Claire Savoy in London, who was a pop photographer I vaguely remembered.

Dextrine and I agreed that it wasn't Joy Division, but who was it? Who was "Derwatt"?

Two days later I was informed of the death of Rodd Joseph, who I remembered as a former singer and bass player for a minor Goth band called The Frozen. I was quite intrigued by The Frozen, thinking that they had serious potential to break out of the downtown scene and enjoy international success.

Rodd Joseph's death appeared to be a clear-cut suicide, according to the local weekly *NOW* magazine.

I remembered The Frozen from more than three decades ago—the same time frame as Joy Division. I remembered Rodd

Joseph and then another singer...with a yelpier or quirrier voice. Rodd Joseph had a baritone voice—like Jim Morrison and Iggy Pop on the slower tunes. Like Ian Curtis.

It occurred to me that the voice on the Joy Division sound-alike song was that of Rodd Joseph.

I listened to the Derwatt song again. It was a mixture of junior high existentialist poetry and a particularly painful therapy session.

I had a doctor's appointment/I wanted something terminal/I wanted...Something terminal

Yes, he did. And now he is dead, so he was successful.

I decided to phone Dextrine about this.

“God, Ben, The Frozen! I’d almost forgotten about them.”

“There were two of them who sang, right. A borderline castrato and a baritone? And the baritone’s name was Rodd...with two Ds?”

“Rodd? Yes, Rodd Joseph.”

“He just died, Dex. The paper is sure it was suicide.”

“Or drugs, maybe?”

“Whatever. He’s dead now.”

NOT JOY DIVISION

“There was the other guy who was higher-profile. His name was Adam Parker. I think he became an academic or something non-musical.”

“Yeah, that makes sense. I remember that guy always wanted everyone to know he read too many books.”

“Dextine, I can’t remember whether or not The Frozen ever recorded.”

“Hmmmmmmm...only one track I remember, and it was on one of those limited edition compilations. The Frozen had two tracks...‘Bumping Into Walls’ and ‘Albion.’”

“Now I remember! ‘Bumping Into Walls’ had Adam Parker on vocals...the lyrics were a list of walls that he felt were obstructing him or something of that ilk.”

“While ‘Albion’ was proto-goth or something. Somebody had been reading about chosen decadent neo-aristocrats who were chronically unemployable and therefore an elite class”.

“Yes, but ‘Albion’ is the track I’m now recalling. The other track, with Adam singing, was too much like David Byrne or Pere Ubu or one of those high-strung voices. Too clever by half, while the Rodd track stood out because it was so obvious but he meant it or felt it.”

“Or even lived it? Adam was so art school...Art & Language, Situationism, the Lettrists, all the usual names that McLaren and Gang of Four and too many others had been dropping ad nauseum. And meanwhile Rodd had that baritone voice while

Adam just seemed to be yelping nonsense.”

“Well, if that’s Rodd singing on the Derwatt track, then it was a cry for help. Why didn’t anybody intervene?”

“Good question, Ben. That’s a very good question but...are you sure it’s Rodd Joseph’s voice? A lot of people cloned Ian Curtis. It might be somebody younger...what goes around comes back around if you know what I mean?”

“Well, this guy sings about wanting to die, and then Rodd’s body is found.”

I was about to ask if she knew anything about “Derwatt”, but Dextrine said she had to go and hung up abruptly. She always had schedules, but I never could figure out what exactly she did for a living.

I decided to listen to music and then go to sleep. I listened to a minimalist programme played by the London Symphony Orchestra. I listened to something that was not Joy Division.

In the morning I did my routine. Water, vitamins, tea, exercise while tea is steeping, shower, more tea and gargling, get dressed, and check email.

No urgent messages, so onto Facebook. Somebody named Graham Winwood, who I used to know twenty-something years ago, had posted a picture of The Frozen and identified the late Rodd Joseph as one of the members. There was a sizable chain of responses.

NOT JOY DIVISION

Sam Tunnis I remember Rodd. Smart, funny and charming. R.I.P. Rodd.

 [Bruce Clewis and 18 others](#)

Jeremy Rowbottom Didn't Rodd sometimes work in a west-end art gallery?

Olivia Newtonbrook I think you're confusing Rodd with Nick Wharton....From The Drones....Jeremy Rowbottom.

[Like](#) · [Reply](#) ·  2

Bruce Clewis Rodd Joseph: R.I.P.

  19

Marcel D'Arcy So unfortunate that Rodd made this decision.

 14

Donald Mesman Made this decision? Are you certain about that, Marcel D'Arcy? You have to be careful with the S word right?

   7

Elizabeth Wurtzel Did Rodd play with anybody else after The Frozen?

Steve Brooker Not that I remember

Elizabeth Wurtzel Didn't he go back to university?

Steve Brooker No, Elizabeth Wurtzel. That was Adam

Georgina Mettle What happened to the drummer?

Steve Brooker I think he found God and studied jazz.

Michael Clarkson Ha ha. Earl was always the odd one out in The Frozen. He was a traditional musician.

 2

Chris Warden Earl was never into drugs. The other two were.

Gary Whilsmith Not sure about Alex, but Rodd was definitely into drugs.

  10

Chris Warden The other guy was Adam, not Alex.

 Gary Whilsmith and 18 others

Gary Whilsmith Right. Adam.

Steve Brooker Big time.

Sarah Goldsworthy I always thought Rodd was a better singer than Adam.

Donald Mesman I agree, Sarah Goldsworthy. But Adam wrote most of the words and so he had to sing them.

Sarah Goldsworthy Not necessarily, Donald Mesman.

Gary Whilsmith I know what you're saying, but...

 3

Henry Vinton I always thought Rodd sounded like Ian Curtis.

  17

It went on...

Graham Winwood had posted the image of The Frozen. He was somebody whom I vaguely remembered from my own sort of wild oats days. I couldn't remember if he was a music person or a fashion person or a waiter or whatever, but I decided to contact him.

Was Graham Winwood already a Facebook friend? I had lost track. I switched to my profile page and clicked on the Friends tab. I keyed in the name "Graham"...Graham Kingstone, Graham Weldd, Graham Winwood.

I clicked on his name and His profile came up. He was born in England and now he was back in England. He had lived in Toronto during the early 1980s, when he had been a music journalist. Now he was a novelist, although I didn't recognize any of his titles.

Cherry Blossom Anxiety, Orange Alert Overdrive...What were these? Science fiction, perhaps. I recognized Graham Winwood....the years had not treated him unkindly. He was not related to the English musician Steve Winwood. Also, he was in relationship with a man named Clive Silcox. I didn't remember Graham Winwood being gay, but I didn't really remember him all that clearly to begin with.

I composed a private message to Graham Winwood:

Hello Graham. We go back I believe. Here's why I'm contacting you. Recently a friend of mine sent me a link to a track by a band called Derwatt. I played it and the voice sounded exactly like Ian Curtis. But it's not Curtis...I strongly feel that it's Rodd Joseph. I did not know Rodd or any of The Frozen, but I'm sure that the recording of 'I Want' has Rodd Joseph's voice on it, although I doubt that it's The Frozen who I don't believe ever reformed or reunited or whatever. It's creepy and beyond. The guy sings about wanting to die and then Rodd apparently kills himself. NOT LIKE.

Here's the link,
If you choose to respond,
Graham, could you please
do so at:
benajer@gmail.com?
Thank you.

NOT JOY DIVISION

I don't usually give my email address to anyone on Facebook but I made an exception.

Did Graham Winwood know Claire Savoy? Did Dextrine know Graham Winwood?

Did Claire Savoy know Rodd Joseph? If finding out meant that I needed to know more about Graham Winwood, then so be it.

I Googled Rodd Joseph. Nothing new came up aside from a brief item in one of the dailies:

Roderick Joseph Mazankowski was found dead in an east Toronto rooming house three days ago. A toxicologist's investigation is to be conducted.

Was there still a Mr. and Mrs. Mazankowski? Were they demanding the toxicologist's investigation? If not them, who? Who found the body? How long had Rodd or Roderick been dead before his body had been found?

Were there pills? If so, what kind? Had there been a note?

How did *NOW* magazine know for sure that Rodd's death was a suicide? Who informed them of that fact?

I decided to look up Rodd Joseph on social media. I had no luck. Perhaps he used a pseudonym, but then what would that be?

I revisited the Facebook chain I had abandoned in order to contact Graham Winwood. It was now predictably full of responses to the Ian Curtis observation.

Joanna Marie Newton It's not Ian Curtis. Too much vibrato.

 Sarah Goldsworthy and 5 others

Henry Vinton You call that vibrato, Joanna? Are you a musicologist or a voice-expert or something? That voice is a dead-ringer for Ian Curtis.

  14

Kelly McGinley So, does that mean that Derwatt is Joy Division?

 13

Henry Vinton Wouldn't surprise me at all. Somebody's clearing out the vaults.

 Kelly McGinley and 10 others

Simon Cartwright Don't get too carried away here, Henry Vinton. Those vaults were cleared out almost as soon as Curtis hung himself. If this track was by Joy Division, it would have surfaced at least a couple of decades ago.

   9

I agreed with Simon Cartwright's posting. I returned home. Yes, if this music had been recorded by Joy Division, then it would have surfaced decades ago.

Or...with all the recent activity around Joy Division, who knows? Not so fast, then. After the Ian Curtis biopic and the band documentary, there had been a Joy Division renaissance. And there were also new bands sounding like that old band. But nobody he's heard recently sounded as much like Ian Curtis as Rodd Joseph had nearly three decades ago, when Adam Parker had let him sing.

Decades. Eternal. The Eternal. Eternity.

NOT JOY DIVISION

Three and more decades ago I had been suspicious of Joy Division. I'd bought a copy of 'Transmission' and it hadn't particularly jumped out at me. It had a steady pulse as well as a baritone voice, and my interests were moving away from anything with a steady pulse. I was into funk...I was into polyrhythms.

An older friend of mine referred to the singer as "Jim Morrison". When I thought about that, I could hear what my friend was referring to, although Ian Curtis was not histrionic or theatrical. He also didn't think his dick was the centre of the universe.

Then I heard that Ian Curtis had hung himself on the verge of Joy Division's first North American tour. The band had been scheduled to play at The Edge in Toronto in May 1980. I was not one of those who eagerly bought a ticket...I hadn't been that impressed with the band or the voice.

Another person who became a friend after Curtis's death used to talk ad nauseum about Joy Division, how they had passion and commitment. According to this friend, Joy Division had been a wonderful contrast to the over-intellectualized music of the late seventies and early eighties; and they were also a necessary opposite to personality-centred acts of that period. I didn't equate passion with restricted forms...I equated passion with expressionism and ultimately improvisation. I bought a copy of *Closer* out of curiosity. This album was released posthumously...Joy Division ceased to exist in the present tense after their singer's suicide.

The surviving members called themselves New Order. There had already been a band called New Order or The New Order led by Ron Asheton, who had previously played guitar for The Stooges and who had a notorious Nazi fetish. The name “New Order” gave me the creeps. And then the name “Joy Division” referred to prostitutes who serviced the Nazis, which also gave me the creeps. Now I can see how the name might be double-edged, self-reflexive, et cetera. Prostitution was dependent on the johns and the pimps et cetera. Rock bands were parasitic to the entertainment industry. Hardly profound, but...?

Where did the name Derwatt come from? Well, I knew Derwatt as a character in a series of novels by Patricia Highsmith involving a charming psychopath named Ripley. Ripley was a con man and a murderer and one of his scams involved an art forgery racket. Some of Ripley’s shady cronies were involved in producing forged paintings by an artist named Derwatt, who was allegedly a recluse in some Mexican cabin but who of course was quite conveniently dead. One of Ripley’s friends in particular—Bernard Tufts—was very adept at painting “Derwatts”.

So Derwatt the band was a forgery of sorts, since they made a very determined effort indeed to sound exactly like Joy Division. I wondered if they had made any other recordings available for consumption or analysis. I went looking on Soulseek and found one.

It was called ‘Available Light’ and it was a very different sound from that on ‘I Want’. It had a repetitive funk guitar motif mixed in with everything else that was obviously digital.

It had a different voice singing. This voice did not sound like Ian Curtis—it sounded like David Bowie, although surely it wasn't. There was no photo and no video. So...if the Ian Curtis voice had been Rodd Joseph's, whose was the Bowie voice? Surely not Adam Parker from The Frozen?

I didn't see any likes or dislikes or comments, as this Derwatt song had not been posted by anybody. Dextrine had received 'I Want' from Claire Savoy. How did Claire receive or discover the Derwatt song? Had she known Rodd Joseph or any other members of The Frozen? I decided to call Dextrine with a few questions about Claire Savoy, and then maybe try to contact her.

I called Dextrine, but she wasn't picking up.

I had heard two songs by Derwatt, and I wondered if there were more and who might be able to direct me to them. If Derwatt's mode of operation was to clone recognizable singers or bands, then they most certainly would be interested in feedback. They would be down in the basement feeling pleased with themselves and chortling at all the stupid comments and knee-jerk reactions to their posts.

And so far I had heard two Derwatt recordings with two very different voices. So that indicated at least two people involved perhaps more. Would there be another Derwatt release with still another voice and, if so, then whose?

They, or at least one of them, would not be suicidal. If Rodd Joseph wanted to enjoy the reactions to his and his mysterious partner's recordings, then he certainly wouldn't want to kill himself. This just didn't make sense.

Being suicidal is certainly narcissistic. Being publicly miserable is nothing if not wallowing in self-pity and self-glory. But narcissism is what keeps so many of those same people from taking themselves out.

If you kill yourself, then you won't be present to gloat in the after-effects. You won't be there to hear all the fools saying I told you so. You won't have the satisfaction of hearing who really were your friends and who were two-faced bastards, or who is satisfied that you have finally had the guts to go and do it.

Why would a certain local tabloid be so damn certain that Rodd Joseph committed suicide? This just wasn't making sense.

I Googled Claire Savoy.

Claire Savoy: Photographer based in London, U.K. Mostly known for portraits of British pop stars as well as LP covers. Divorced from James Littlefield of Autosuggestion.

Well, that's a twist. I'd never heard of Autosuggestion the band; but I'd certainly heard the Joy Division song of that same name. 'Autosuggestion' was a track on *Substance* which was probably an outtake from *Unknown Pleasures*. 'Autosuggestion' had a dirge tempo, with the prerequisite Martin Hannett echo treatments on both the guitar and the percussion; but not as complete as the similar tracks on *Unknown Pleasures*.

I googled Autosuggestion the band not the Joy Division song.

NOT JOY DIVISION

Autosuggestion: post-punk Goth band formed by photographer James Littlefield and entrepreneur Anthony Slade. Made one EP with four songs including Wiretap Shakedown then disbanded after unsuccessful U.S. tour. I clicked on Anthony Slade.

Anthony Slade: British fashion stylist and designer born in Salford now based in London. Also active in music see Autosuggestion.

Auto suggestion. Auto-erotic asphyxiation. Autistic this and that...Whatever.

I wondered if Dextrine was home or inclined toward answering her phone.

She was and she was.

“Hey, Dextrine. I heard another Derwatt track—called ‘Available Light’—and the singer sounds exactly like Bowie.”

“It must be a different singer, unless he’s doing Bowie in the Berlin period with that lower-register crooning.”

“Oh, no...This is more like Ziggy...I thought it might be Bauhaus for a moment. “

“Yes, Peter Murphy. But it can’t be him?”

“No, it’s someone else doing a good Bowie imitation. So...I’ve heard two Derwatt tracks. One sounds like Bowie enough to make people think it might be an unearthed gem; and one does the same thing with Joy Division.”

“And you think it’s definitely two different singers?”

“Definitely. Hey, Dextrine, do you remember Autosuggestion?”

“You mean the band?”

“Yes, the band”

Wiretap Shakedown...I remember that one. Not as Goth as their other stuff. *Wiretap Shakedown* sounded kind of like Bowie crossed with Orange Juice.”

“Hmmm. That’s not a bad description. Here we are back to Bowie.”

“Well, Dame David has certainly been in the news since he died, in case you haven’t noticed.”

“So, somebody might want to play off of that, for pathetically predictable reasons?”

“Maybe?”

“Did you know the guy who’d been with Claire Savoy? James Littlefield?”

“Met him once. Always off to the loo at a public event... hint hint.”

“Like it’s not the side effects but actually it is the side affects?”

“That’s about right. I don’t know what he might be doing now. Autosuggestion were of course a semi-one hit wonder.”

NOT JOY DIVISION

“Well, a lot of one-hit wonders do spend their lives looking for that second hit.”

“As opposed to saving their money and investing it smartly, and so forth.”

“I think that’s easier said than done, Dextrine.”

“Maybe yes and maybe no, Ben. I have to go now.”

Dextrine hung up. I was never sure why she had such a tight schedule...she was nothing if not self-employed.

If the Ian Curtis cloned voice was that of the late Rodd Joseph, then whose voice was cloning Bowie and where were they now?

Why Bowie and why Joy Division? I thought of one thing the two had in common...both were accused of being fascists or Nazis. Bowie once did a coked-out interview babbling about Hitler as the first rock star and then allegedly gave a fascist salute outside Victoria Station. I once heard a rumour that Bowie had been a benefactor for the National Front but this seemed quite unlikely—the most ridiculous rumour I’d ever heard about Bowie pertained to how he was a major league cheapskate who paid his musicians shitty wages so that they’d play with no feeling. I’d never quite managed to believe that rumour.

Whatever. With Joy Division it was their name...prostitutes servicing Nazis in concentration camps...And then Ian Curtis shouting out “Have you all forgotten Rudolph Hess?” when the band was still known as Warsaw. And then the Hitler Youth

on the cover of *An Ideal For Living*, when Joy Division were still Warsaw. But while Bowie did sing about The Supermen and the Homo Superior—although as a bad pun—Curtis’ lyrics in Joy Division did not refer to fascism or any belief in totalitarian systems. His lyrics were of depression and thus depressing themselves—or fatalistic or hopeless or whatever.

I’ve had the sense that the other members of Joy Division didn’t really know Ian Curtis that well, aside from the fact that he could join them in their laddish activities. Ian Curtis could fit in...he liked to drink and so forth. But what band members thought was just part of a stage act, for example, was the fact that Ian Curtis had serious epileptic seizures. Ian Curtis was not theatrical...never. I remember Bernard Sumner and Peter Hook being interviewed separately and disagreeing whether Ian was obsessed with the occult. On the basis of Joy Division’s lyrics, I’d say maybe yes and then maybe no. In any case, a belief in some irrational fatalistic control system does not necessarily indicate fascism or fascist beliefs.

Derwatt—whoever he or they might be—actually came out and said what Ian Curtis never baldly stated, even though his lyrics could so easily be interpreted as a prolonged suicide note. *I Want...to die*. There it is. So somebody else had to make the Joy Division record that Joy Division never made—because they lacked the guts to just say it or the band really was a poet plus three members of Manchester United, as their producer Martin Hannett once described them?

Martin Hannett...the Joe Meek of Manchester...the Phil Spector of the North. It wasn’t just editing, He thought Joy Division were a producer’s gift since the musicians were

so clueless. Hannett was older. He was an ex-hippie who liked slower drugs than the band did. He liked dub and its omnipresent space echo, and the drummer Stephen Morris would actually play what Hannett dictated. And he convinced Curtis to sing a lower register, not unlike Jim Morrison's or Iggy Pop's on *The Idiot*, the album that was playing on the turntable when Deborah Curtis found her husband fatally hanging.

I went back to the Facebook thread and saw that somebody named Mark Weniger had posted a notice for a Rodd Joseph memorial at The Garrison tomorrow night.

I wondered whether or not Rodd's mysterious singing partner in Derwatt would be attending this memorial. Would Graham Winwood be attending? He lives in England, so probably unlikely. I'd been to a few non-church memorials in my life and they all used the same format—people circulated and exchanged condolences and then a succession of people spoke. I wondered if all of the speakers would be cut from the same cloth, musicians who knew Rodd, or would there be some surprises.

I decided to attend.

Who was Mark Weniger? I looked him up and his profile revealed few details. Fifty-something, former punk musician now a postal carrier...that was about it.

What sort of personal life did Rodd Joseph have?

I revisited the original Claire Savoy posting of 'I Want' that Dextrine had suggested I would like. There had been numerous additional postings.

Several of them had noted how strikingly similar to a Joy Division track the Derwatt track was. None of them had any idea who comprised Derwatt, although they tried to guess.

Melissa Earnsett This isn't Joy Division. Maybe it's Interpol?



Wayne Koerner No way, Melissa Earnsett. What about Franz Ferdinand?

Melissa Earnsett Impossible, Wayne Koerner. Wrong voice.

Sean Mulcahy It's some guy in his basement. It's nobody even remotely famous.



Maria Strombolis Yes, but is it ironic?



Maria Strombolis, whoever she might be, had the best question yet about this song. Somebody singing that they want to die, how could that possibly be ironic? Well, the guy...the young man...the boy...only sang about wanting to die but he didn't die.

Except he did later. Rodd Joseph committed suicide... admittedly according to *NOW* magazine...but how else could he have died suddenly? Heart attack? Drug overdose? Foul play?

Who had found the body and had there been a note? Had there been a toxicologist's report?

Kate Hartley Derwatt is a deceased painter whose paintings are being forged by some of Ripley's criminal cabal.

 **Ellen Munsinger**

Ellen Munsinger Have you ever heard of this band called Derwatt, Kate Hartley?

Kate Hartley I've never heard of this band until now.

Ellen Munsinger Well, they have the Joy Division soundalike track and now another one...that sounds just a wee bit like David Bowie.

I didn't think Derwatt was a band—in any traditional sense of that word. Derwatt was at least two people with access to recording facilities who posted their results. This made them like a zillion others in the world.

But was Derwatt comprised of Rodd Joseph and James Littlefield and Some Other Person?

I scanned all the way up to the beginning of this posting, and now Dennis Knight, someone whose name I did not recognize, had attached a Youtube video of 'I Want'.

I played the video. It was hard to say if this was an "official" production or whether a Derwatt fan had been inspired to create it. There were no pictures of whoever the musicians might have been, no traditional video content at all, only apparently random image patterns, likely generated by playing the audio through a video programme, recording the resulting images and then processing them further in Final Cut Pro or Premium or some other video editing software.

The processed waveforms in the Derwatt video were not unlike moving images derived from abstract painting. This was a field I did not associate with art-college punk or post-punk music. Abstractionism was more tied to jazz than to pop or rock or electronica. But then, abstractionism did tend to resurface in some rave videos I'd seen in the late twentieth century. I remembered appreciating this re-emphasis on the visual and de-emphasis on text in that period of video art. Enough language and enough narrative. Words made sense as pictures. They were there to be scrambled and ultimately obliterated.

I looked up Dennis Knight and found nothing. Probably a pseudonym.

I looked up near the top of this thread and wondered who Henry Vinton might be. He had made his observation that Derwatt sounded like Joy Division and then left the thread. Maybe Henry had made his point with one short sentence, or maybe Henry preferred to keep his distance.

Possibly Henry Vinton was also a pseudonym? But for who?

I remembered when David Byrne of Talking Heads was asked about Joy Division—after a reviewer had commented that the dirge-like track, 'The Overload' on *Remain In Light* sounded like Joy Division. Byrne said he hadn't heard Joy Division before recording the track, and then he bought one of their records and they sounded more like a rock band than he'd expected them to.

I could hear what Byrne was referring to. On tracks like 'Shadowplay', 'Colony', 'Passover' and several others, I could hear generic metal riffs. I could hear that Bernard Dickens or Sumner or Albrecht or whomever had once been a metal guitarist. The bottom-heavy highly distorted riffs sounded too much like Black Sabbath for my taste. Parallel to Joy Division, I could hear a similar dynamic with Killing Joke. Metal without the virtuoso crap, no solos because perhaps the band couldn't play solos. Because there were no solos and the drummers were so relentlessly on rather than around the beat, an industrial influence crept in. Rigid, and not at all funky.

I remembered an interview with Bernard Sumner or Peter Hook or one of the New Order members in which he proudly stated they didn't know how to play the black keys on their synthesizers. I suppose it was a typical non-musician stance of the period, but I was appalled. A band calling themselves New Order did not play the black keys? Thanks, but no thanks.

But Joy Division was not metal, even if Barney or Hooky or any of them were trying to be. They didn't play big wanking solos and, more importantly, Ian Curtis was never a chest-beater. Critics always mentioned Jim Morrison or Iggy Pop but those gentlemen were deliberately abrasive and phallogocentric and theatrical. Ian Curtis was none of these adjectives. He was vulnerable. He may well have been sexy in his private life, but if he was sexy onstage it was because he was vulnerable. Curtis' voice always made him sound older than he really was. It was that baritone. It was not a lad's voice; it was an older man's. A man who had seen the world and who no longer wanted to be living in the world.

I wondered what Ian's voice would've sounded like if were alive today, if he had lived for another three and a half decades. How lower in pitch would it have gone before becoming an incoherent drone? And would he have overcome depression? Would he have been accurately diagnosed as bipolar and then medicated accordingly? Would he have abused medication and then drank on top of the meds? I couldn't imagine Ian Curtis living any longer than he did. There had already been suicide attempts. His live and recorded presence was not a persona. Ian Curtis was never an act.

Many people considered Ian Curtis to be Kurt Cobain's predecessor...somebody who was too vulnerable and too genuine for the recording pop culture industry, for the society of the spectacle et cetera. But Nirvana were from Seattle, where punk had never really been entrenched. Nirvana's sound was not controlled, it was not the sound of people trying to maintain control. It was far messier than Joy Division's sound, and not as much to my own personal taste.

I watched a video of Courtney Love and Hole doing a live cover of 'She's Lost Control', and it was terrible. Murky sound and played in a major key, it had no atmosphere. It was not Gothic, it was just nothing. It was just out of control, rather than achieving that dreadful balance of attempted control and failure to maintain it that was so characteristic of Joy Division. At least Grace Jones had understood the implications of the word "control".

I had seen a book on Toronto Goth in a record store, written by somebody named Laura Telford. I looked up this volume and *The Frozen* was barely present. I found an interview with

Laura Telford who was asked about missing bands including The Frozen. She replied that The Frozen weren't really Goth because they had too many New York funk influences and also that none of the members of The Frozen had talked to her. Well, Adam Parker had gone into academia somewhere, and probably considered his musical past to be an acute embarrassment. Earl the Drummer had probably become a session drummer or a cop or whatever. Which left Rodd Joseph...had this Laura Telford person really attempted to contact Rodd? If so, had he told her off? I wondered whether Laura Telford would be attending the Rodd Joseph memorial.

I was almost tempted to watch the Joy Division biopic *Control* again, but I resisted. I hadn't liked it very much when I saw it in a theatre. Actors playing members of Joy Division, actors playing Deborah Curtis and Annik Honoré—the other woman. Maybe it was because the plot was already so well known, but *Control* became a soap opera even though it had not been intended to be one. The movie played like a weird hybrid of *Spinal Tap* and *Coronation Street*. It was typical melodrama, simplifying complex emotions for movie-of-the-week effects or affects.

I had preferred the documentary simply called *Joy Division*. Archival footage and interviews with surviving band members, plus a sense of analogue Manchester, in an international digital world that enhanced rather than negated the strong sense of place in Joy Division's music. The documentary had been written by Jon Savage, whose chronicling of English punk and post-punk is simply the best.

I called Dextrine.

“Ben...how are you doing?”

“Oh fair to middling, I guess. Hey, Dextrine, you’re not going to Rodd Joseph’s memorial perchance?”

“I didn’t know there was one.”

“At the Garrison.”

“That’s on Dundas, right?”

“Yes, on Dundas. Between Ossington and Dovercourt.”

“I don’t think so, Ben. It’s not like I knew the man or anything. The Frozen were a bit before my time, if you know what I mean.”

“No, I disagree, Dextrine. Rodd Joseph was about our age...give or take a few years.”

“But it will all be geezers—old rockers and so on. You’re going, because you now have this need to find out whether or not Rodd Joseph was the voice on that Derwatt song. But is there going to be anybody there who you can talk to, let alone pop that question to?”

“Maybe yes and maybe no. Did you know any members of The Frozen?”

“Well, the drummer once made a pass at me.”

“What?”

“Not literally, but I heard him remark to the others that I had a nice ass. That certainly lowered my opinion of him, and also Adam and Rodd, since they employed that drummer.”

“Well, I think we can conclude that he was the odd man out.”

“But a band is a band, right. They’re all in it together? And... Adam seemed weird to me. Weird sexuality. I thought he was gay, but he dated a friend of mine for a while. Amanda Wollstone, that’s her name. Amanda said Adam was an interesting enough character but a lousy fuck.”

“That might well be true. From what I remember, Adam was all brain and no body.”

“And Rodd seemed a bit sleazy. Charming for sure, but always drunk or high. I know he became addicted to heroin.”

“So did a lot of people—too many people.”

“I don’t go to memorials, Ben. Especially musician’s memorials. All Rodd’s friends will talk and, face it; I doubt that any of them are really that articulate.”

“Not all musicians are stupid, Dextrine.”

“But most are, unfortunately. And...have you ever noticed that at memorials people always claim to be talking about the deceased but they’re really talking about themselves?”

“Well, of course they are. But that might get interesting, come to think of it.”

“I doubt it, Ben. If somebody’s trying to keep a secret they’re not going to blurt it out at a memorial.”

“Hmmm...I’m not looking for any sort of Freudian slips or anything like that. I am wondering if certain individuals might be there.”

“Good luck, Ben. Gotta go now. Got to get back to my script.”

And Dextrine characteristically hung up abruptly. I wondered what sort of script she was writing. I wasn’t aware that she was writing one, not that she would tell me or anybody else any of the details.

I listened to music before heading out to buy brunch necessities. The music was not Joy Division.

Many reviews I had read of *Unknown Pleasures* and *Closer* had commented on the similarity of most of the songs. There was a truth to this...Peter Hook more often than not played near the top of his bass’s neck, and Ian’s voice was confined to the same less than one octave range. Many of the songs seemed to be in the same minor key.

I’d read the same complaints about The Smiths, and about others. To me that was the appeal of albums rather than singles...they were a sort of background sound. Joy Division’s forays into electronica were influenced by Kraftwerk and also by Eno...music for production, music for inertia, music for sex, or making art, or whatever.

These bands were as much of the studio as they were live. Live, Joy Division were almost metal, except Ian did not kill cats or whatever. In the studio, they were soundtrack music. Martin Hannett liked soundtracks. He liked pot and then heroin. He was into passivity and inevitability.

What might America have done to Joy Division? Would it have made them Americanize their sound? Marketed as The Only Band That Matters, that sort of hyperbole that can only result in disaster? Learned how to produce themselves and then sever ties with Martin Hannett and maybe even Factory Records, signing up with a major label aiming for major-league success? Would they have become tax exiles? Would Ian have become a sex symbol for introverts?

Would they have learned to play the black keys?

I realized that at Rodd Joseph's memorial I was likely to bump into some people I'd known during my pop writer days over three decades ago. A few of them had moved on, I'd seen their by-lines reviewing books for daily papers and so forth. I expected many pop writers to be present and also old rockers. I shuddered.

I'd recently seen a documentary about Toronto punk rock, prior to the early eighties Goth period. So many of those old rockers who were still alive still kept reuniting their old bands and playing on a none too profitable oldies circuit. I used to wonder why on earth any of them would do such a thing and then I realized that they couldn't do anything else. There were a few of them who had returned to art school and there was one old punker who'd become a music lawyer, which struck me as

probably a lucrative profession. There must have been tons of rights issues involved in the making of such a movie.

Probably some of the people at Rodd's memorial would have no idea that I'd moved on or up from pop writing and that I had never plied my trade as a freelance musician or anything of that ilk—playing in a hard rock band one night, a country band the next, just to pay the rent. But I had decided that I would be in attendance.

What had Rodd been doing since the Frozen called it quits? I didn't get a sense that he'd become a freelance bass player, his style was not that of any sort of hired gun. Maybe he could have become a lounge singer, performing in a lower-registered Goth mode. Ian Curtis and Frank Sinatra were not at all polar opposites, even though Ian rarely quite achieved accurate pitch. Rodd could have become like Bowie or Bryan Ferry without the theatricality, without the melodrama and the intentionally ridiculous. Maybe he could have become a Lou Reed impersonator. Or...he could have become a civil servant, after graduating from rehab. Or...maybe a cop, who nevertheless made records in his or some friend's basement.

I just didn't know, but I needed to know.

Were Rodd's parents still alive? Did he have siblings? Would they be attending the upcoming memorial?

Was Rodd in any sort of a relationship? If so, with who? Same or opposite sex? Trans?

I went to the Memorial Facebook page.

Daniel Bendeth There in spirit.



Samantha Anne Tinsworth I plan to attend. Who'll be playing?



Craig Barterson I don't think it's a live music sort of event, Sam. Rodd hadn't played music for years.



I read on as people argued whether or not Craig Barterson's observation was correct. Nobody referred to Derwatt.

Musicians never changed. So few of them possessed irony, maybe a few of those who also write lyrics but not the instrumentalists. I wondered why most of them even bothered to speak. They were either painfully earnest or desperately not funny.

Joy Division was completely devoid of irony. Here Ian Curtis was different than somebody like Morrissey, who has always been a professional miserabilist but has been aware of the absurdity of it all. The Smiths are funny; not Joy Division.

Curtis' lyrics were confessional. This he shared in common with painfully earnest folksingers of the early seventies, and many blues singers, among others. This confessional and self-indulgence was a huge part of what punk was dedicated to overthrowing. Punk was Dada...proudly ridiculous or gloriously anti-sensible. Joy Division and some other post-punk bands reintroduced the psychological realm and were reviled for doing so. "Joke Division", according to one pop pundit. That label was ironic, as Joy Division was beyond humour.

Other bands labelled Goth were theatrical and thus ridiculous. Joy Division, specifically Ian, lacked that theatricality. They were expressive, without being expressionist.

I decided to shut down the computer and listen to music, specifically music that was not Joy Division or even particularly similar. I selected a performance of LaMonte Young's *Well-Tuned Piano* the first disc. This hour long performance was alternatively meditative and frenetically stirring. LaMonte Young is clearly an influence on Brian Eno and the concept of ambient music; yet there are dynamics in Young's composition and performance which are not at all ambient.

Young is a minimalist composer, which is not synonymous with ambient. Minimalist is about repetition and repeated patterns, some spare and some wonderfully clustered. Minimalist music is not particularly like minimalist sculpture, which so often seems like a theatrical imposition onto a cubed white space. At times the intensification of this musical performance is unbearable; then this intensity peaks and the music returns to being sparsely meditative. I almost dozed off to the final meditative section, but I remembered that I had to go out and face a crowd of people who were hopefully not too alienating and depressing or even hostile.

Is there such a thing as a queer minimalist? Queer...not relating to sexual practice but to style or mode of public presentation... is so much about excess. Excess, of course, refers to what cannot be contained within restricted structures or paradigms or boxes. So it would seem that minimalism and queerness were oppositional.

Except that the repetition of intense sex is strangely parallel to the repetition of intensely percussive music. Now we go slowly and now we maximize the intensity. Maximize, not minimize. Hmm. So, is this more a matter of minimalism eventually yielding to its inherent excesses? So, the ying always requires the yang, so to speak. The forbidden inevitably triumphs over the forbidding?

Outside my window, the weather had changed for the worst. Snow had been in the forecast and now it was definitely coming down. March was always the creepiest month, supposedly in like a lion and out like a lamb but in reality out like a tiger. I briefly flirted with skipping Rodd's memorial and then I decided to get dressed and go.

I specifically wore nothing black. There would be too many people present wearing black.

Just as I was about to leave for The Garrison, the phone rang. I answered the call and it was from Bruce Davenport, an old friend from my pop writer days. Bruce and I used to hang around together as we were the odd (as in queer) boys out within the very earnest, very straight pop writer scene. We knew we were sexually incompatible, so we became friends but we eventually moved in different directions. Bruce had been a theatre publicist, but he told me he was now happily unemployed.

I hadn't heard from Bruce Davenport for a long time and now he wanted to meet for drinks at The Beaver. I told Bruce I'd meet him after the Rodd Joseph memorial, which he knew about but didn't plan to attend. I liked the idea of having a prior

engagement that would give me an excuse to slip out of the memorial if it became too difficult to deal with...

On my way to The Garrison, I overheard someone having an argument on their cell phone. I cursed cell phones for eliminating distinctions between private and public space. Even though a tram is public space, this man's personal problems violated my own privacy.

I wondered if any of the speakers at Rodd Joseph's memorial would use the "s" word.

Three hours later, I met Bruce Davenport at The Beaver. I hadn't been aware of Bruce's activities over the last year or so. Was Bruce on Facebook? I'd never befriended or stumbled over his name? If so, he must have been using some sort of pseudonym.

Bruce Davenport hadn't changed since the last time I'd seen him. Bruce was Dorian Gray, and I most certainly was not.

I expected Bruce to ask me questions like was I perhaps in a relationship and when was I going to write my big serious novel. Even though he had always been a professional gossip I didn't expect him to be interested in Rodd Joseph's memorial, as Bruce had become even further removed from the punk and post-punk scenes than I had, but he was.

"Well, who was all there? Anybody we'd remember?"

"There was not one person present who I recognized. Most of the people I could make out seemed fiftyish or maybe

fortyish. Many of them looked like old punks, ancient black leather jackets and bad teeth. The crowd was overwhelmingly male and white, with a few scattered Asian women and a couple who appeared to be Latino. I saw a few people dressed in Goth regalia, but most of the crowd was too old to do the Goth thing any more. Also, no visibly queer people, with one possible exception.”

Bruce nodded gravely. No doubt he thought I had just presented a coroner’s report.

“Bruce? Do you remember a guy named Graham Winwood?”

Bruce might have met Graham Winwood three or more decades ago when his freelance writing sometimes included the pop beat.

“Vaguely...a pop writer?”

“Among other things. I’d more than guess he was an old friend of Rodd’s. He’s been living in England for a long time. He was the organizer, or the MC.”

“But there were other speakers, of course. It was a memorial after all.”

“Oh yes, there were speakers. A few I remembered but never knew...It was a weird event...I was by myself, mistake number one. I was seated at a table with this moronic old straight punk couple, except thank god for smoking.”

“What? Are you still smoking, Ben?”

I had relapsed for a couple of years but hadn't indulged for over three years now.

"No...they...Steve Somebody and Liz Nobody...kept going out for coffin nails. I got there too early so I had to listen to their conversation, and then all the music I got sick of years ago...The Cure, Magazine, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Massive Attack..."

"Massive Attack...they're good. At least, they used to be. Who else?"

"Hmm...Gang of Four...can't remember anybody else."

"Not Joy Division?"

"Not Joy Division."

"Hmmm, not surprised really, the post-punks were even more dour than the punks. Not even heterosexual...asexual. puritanical. Sex phobic...body phobic."

"Well that doesn't explain a few that I remember, but I hear what you're saying, Bruce. And of course the sexy ones were *not* at this event."

"Well, tell me, which way did Rodd swing?"

"I really don't know. Never could figure out the singer either."

"Adam? I always thought he was a cold fish. A hopeless narcissist. A friend of mine used to think he was really hot, but no way."

NOT JOY DIVISION

“Yes, people used to think he was queer because he wasn’t your typical straight rocker type. But I always thought he was asexual, or more likely anti-sexual.”

“Most of the post-punks were so unbearably earnest. I take it Adam wasn’t there?”

“Of course not. The drummer was there for a while, but then he was never there to begin with.”

“Yes, the drummer. Now...what about the Frozen’s recordings? Did they ever make an LP?”

“Not even a single. Just two tracks on some compilation. One with Adam singing and one with Rodd.”

“Right, ‘Albion’. Poor Rodd got there years before Pete Doherty and all that pseudo-glam junkie chic. Not that Rodd got there first or anything. So, Benjamin, who were the speakers? Who all stood up and eulogized poor tragic Rodd?”

“Okay. Graham Winwood was the MC. And before anybody else got up on the mike, I noticed this extremely striking bald man talking to Graham and I thought I saw him slipping something to Graham before Graham got up to introduce the first speaker.”

I thought this bald man was the most interesting looking character at the event, at least up to this point. And when I saw him huddling with Graham Winwood, I decided to pull out my phone and take a photograph.

“As opposed to comb-overs? Well anyway, I thought I saw this bald gentleman slipping something to Graham before Graham got up to introduce the first speaker...a guy named Ed Towney who played with Rodd in some band called Slippery Snakes prior to The Frozen. Ed was an old bald punk with a beer gut... he didn't really have much to say. He did go on about how he'd wished that Adam Parker had let Rodd sing more often and that The Frozen might have had more of a career if Adam hadn't been such a control freak.”

“And this was a theme for the evening? That Adam Parker was an insensitive prick?”

“That theme did indeed keep recurring.”

“Okay. And then who? Not another stupid old punk?”

I laughed. Bruce truly despised stupid old punks more than I did even though he'd had much less pointless interaction with them as I'd had. “No. Next up was a man named Scott Clark, and he told me something I didn't know about Rodd. This Scott Clark and Rodd used to compose and perform music for a theatre company called Scattered Opportunities...”

“I remember them” Bruce interrupted. “Rock theatre...a long time ago. The director's name was Matthew Jollimore. My ex knew him.”

“Really? Tell me more.”

“Matthew Jollimore had once been an *enfant terrible* in the local underground theatre but over the past couple of decades

he'd become quite respected and respectable. Matthew and Adam Parker...I don't know if they knew each other...but they were similar. Neither of them could talk to people, but both were good at talking at people...making themselves sound much smarter than they really were."

"How would Scott Clark and Rodd Joseph have met this theatre director? I guess the theatre...this Matthew Jollimore... would've advertised for musicians."

"Probably."

"Scott Clark went on to tell people that The Frozen could have benefitted from having a good manager and that Adam should've let Rodd sing more often. Scott went on to do soundtracks..., theatre and film."

"And then who? Hopefully not another dreadful rocker?"

"No, Bruce. The next speaker was Rodd's sister Helen who turns out to be a well-respected minimalist pianist."

"Really? Serious minimalism?"

"Oh yes. She plays Glass, Reich, Riley, Nyman, Lamonte Young... you name them."

"Julius Eastman?"

I was surprised by this question from Bruce. I had only recently been exposed to the music of Julius Eastman. "Maybe yes and maybe no. I'd have to investigate further. Anyway, she

talked about their mutual upbringing. She said a family car crash seemed to change things for Rodd as a teenager. His marks went down; his attention span snapped...and so on. He took up the guitar but gravitated to bass because he wasn't much of a guitarist and he preferred being in the background. Then the theatre connection, and ultimately The Frozen."

"Yes, and Adam."

"Helen felt something had caused Rodd to give up on music, at least for a while anyway. It wasn't just the drugs."

"He returned to music?"

"It seems that he did, much later in his life. But Rodd did learn how to work with computers and get a library job that lasted for at least a while."

"But?"

"That's as far as his sister went. The kicking junk and then becoming computer-literate and working in the reference library."

Let's see...the next speaker was man named Charles...
Hayward."

"He and Rodd were friends?"

"Oh definitely and he called him Roderick. They fell apart when Rodd started drinking again. Charles supplied details that others hadn't covered."

NOT JOY DIVISION

Roderick talked about his family, his sister Helen the gifted pianist and how he'd lost contact with his parents. He had wanted to reconnect with them, but they both had died relatively early. Roderick had a fascination with the occult, and with conspiracy theories. Roderick was fatalistic...he didn't think people had agencies or any control over their destinations or trajectories.

“Rodd was also taking anti-depressants...”

“Anti-depressants and alcohol. Uh-oh.”

“Oh yes...and that Rodd had been evicted from his apartment shortly before his death.”

“But Rodd died in that apartment?”

“That's correct.”

“Another round, Ben?”

“Sure. Mister Graham Winwood announced that a piece of music by Derwatt would be played in honour of Rodd.”

“Derwatt?”

“Yes, from Patricia Highsmith...the middle Ripley novels. But you don't do social media, Bruce. This track...this recording...It's called 'I Want'...has been a subject of debate and speculation on Facebook for over a week now.”

“Why?”

“Here, I’ll play it for you on my phone. Just allow me a few seconds.”

I handed Bruce the phone after lining up the Derwatt recording of ‘I Want’. Bruce put the phone to his left ear and listened, alternatively appalled and fascinated by what he was hearing.

It was that voice.

I want it
I want to
I want what I need
I want what I need to do.
I want to get it done.

I had a doctor's appointment
It was supposed to be a consultation
I wanted diagnosis
I want to get a verdict
I want to get the news
I want it.

I'm not living
I'm just killing time
I want to kill time
I want to kill

I want it to be final
I want to receive a sentence
I want to...die
I want to...die

Bruce looked at me gravely.

“It’s Joy Division, Ben.”

“No, it’s not Joy Division.”

“It is so. That voice. It’s Ian Curtis.”

“No, it’s Rodd Joseph. Rodd and at least one other person. I more than suspect Graham Winwood and the bald man I saw at the memorial. They call themselves Derwatt.”

“After a fictitious painter in Patricia Highsmith’s Ripley series? Are you sure about this? I’m going to have to think about that.... later. Hey Ben, do you see those two men in the corner...Karim and Richard?”

“Yes, but I don’t know them.”

“You’d like them. Let’s go over and say hi to them.”

“I’ll pass, Bruce. I need to get home.”

“And be alone in your tiny apartment with Ian Curtis? Life’s too short for that, Ben. Life is too fucking short.”

Bruce kissed me a casual goodnight, and then walked over to join his two friends. I nodded to the two gentlemen, and then walked outside. The snow had pretty well stopped, so I decided to walk home rather than take the public transit.

After the Derwatt song was played at the memorial, I had tried to connect with Graham Winwood.

I called his name and he stopped.

“Ben, right?”

“Yes, I dropped you a note on Facebook a while ago”

“Yes, Ben Jeremy. You were wondering about the voice on that Derwatt track? Well, now you know.”

“It is Rodd Joseph, yes I recognized it immediately. But who are Derwatt?”

Graham smiled impatiently.

“Who is that bald man you were talking to earlier?”

“Bald man? Oh yes, right. Do you see him?”

I looked around The Garrison. I didn't see the bald man. Meanwhile, Graham moved ahead of me toward the bar.

When I got home, I fired up the Mac and posted the photograph of Graham Winwood and the rather striking bald man on Facebook and then decided to pack it in for the night. In the morning I would check status.

I woke up, checked my email and then entered Facebook. I observed that Graham Winwood had been tagged in a photograph.

Seven people liked this, and there were a couple of comments.

Steve Brooker Graham Winwood MCing memorial for Rodd Joseph.
R.I.P. Rodd



Elizabeth Wurtzel Who is that bald man?

Derek Hunnisett

Derek Hunnisett Good question, Liz.

Elizabeth Wurtzel

Nobody seemed to respond to the question of who exactly was the man, who I saw presenting something presumably containing the music for 'I Want' to Graham Winwood at Rodd Joseph's memorial

I phoned Dextrine.

"Hi Ben...how are you?"

"Well, I did go to Rodd Joseph's memorial..."

"You didn't!"

"Well, yes. I wanted to know more about Rodd but I want to know more about Derwatt and the recording that sounds more than just a wee bit like Joy Division but is..."

"Not Joy Division but who the fuck are Derwatt. Got it. Any luck?"

"No not really...After all the tribute speeches to Rodd, 'I Want' was played over the PA as some sort of tribute. People were all shaking their heads and either thinking it was Ian Curtis

singing or else some clone.”

“There wasn’t any live music, was there?”

“No, thank God. Here’s what happened. A bald man nobody seemed to recognize presented something to Graham Winwood, who was the host or MC or whatever.”

“Graham Winwood? I remember him. A drunken music geek who used to write for *THE FACE*’

“Yes, that would be him. But I want to know who the bald man was. You don’t really do social media, so I can’t show you any pictures unless we do tea or something“

“Hmm...I’m not sure when we could do that...I can’t think of anybody who had anything to do with Joy Division who would lose all their hair.”

“What are you talking about, Dextrine? I’m talking about a man at least fifty-something who gave this item to Graham Winwood and then wasn’t seen again for the rest of the evening.”

“This might not be as mysterious as you think it is, Benjamin. Maybe the bald man is a dealer. Graham used to blow his nose the way that a lot of heavy drinkers do. Flush the toilet in the stall and then buy another round.”

“No, I’m certain that the bald man gave Graham a USB stick... which would imply that the bald man has something to do with the making of the track or at least knows who the other members of Derwatt are.”

“Assuming that the voice on I Want is Rodd Joseph’s? By the way, was Adam Parker there?”

“No. All the people speaking....mostly old punks but also Rodd’s sister and a computer geek he worked with at the library...they all see Adam as a villain. If Adam had been nicer to Rodd, then Rodd wouldn’t have become fucked up et cetera.”

“Probably true. Most musicians I’ve known are stupid and competitive. And you’re assuming the voice is Rodd Joseph’s?”

“Yes, I’m assuming that is so.”

“But we don’t know, do we Ben. We don’t know and we’ll, probably never know because Rodd Joseph is dead. Was his death actually a suicide? Had there been a verdict yet?”

“Everybody who spoke seemed to assume that Rodd’s death was suicide.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure, Ben. Social media...impulsive musicians. Got to go. Talk later.”

I actually managed to hang up the phone before Dextrine did. It was quite enjoyable to have a friend who I never had to see and also not know too many details about. Whatever she did was a mystery that was fun to speculate about. Perhaps she had a phone relationship with a mysterious somebody at exactly the same time every morning? Was she really engaged in the phone sex industry? With her previous phone call, there had been a script she’d had to return to. I would be very curious to read that script, but...whatever.

It was impossible for me to believe that Rodd Joseph's death could have been anything but self-induced. He was in his fifties, had been fired and then evicted, and was someone who could be considered unemployable. No one wants to be homeless but he probably did not wish to enter the shelter system either. Rodd Joseph felt he had nowhere to go, so he went.

People living with serious depression often veer in and out of suicidal states. Potentially triggering factors pile up on top of each other....They command themselves to just die, and one of those triggering factors is strong enough to make them act upon that self-command. They then acquire the means to do so. People in such states have the requisite pills available in the cupboard. Rodd took his medicine all at once while it was still effective...enough to die immediately even though pills, especially with alcohol, are not actually the most sure-fire suicide method.

People who decide to take their lives usually leave notes as to why they've made their decision. Had Rodd left a note? If so, what had become of that note? I thought of my friend who had committed suicide five years ago and how her note seems to have been destroyed by her landlord, who had likely been implicated in that note.

Who had found Rodd's body and what had been their reaction? Did they immediately call the police?

The Derwatt project must have been Rodd's attempt to make it known that his life had not been a waste...that he had not done absolutely nothing since *The Frozen*. But somebody else had been Rodd's partner in Derwatt...At least one other person.

Was it that bald man? If so, WHO is that man? Or is he just an image? In Patricia Highsmith's Ripley novels, there is always somebody who must pretend to be Derwatt at the artists' openings. An actor perhaps or just somebody who likes the payoff and the free booze.

Who is Derwatt? Derwatt is not Joy Division.

Ian Curtis felt he had no further options. He was trapped in a marriage that he didn't want to end and he was seriously involved with another woman. He needed to perform and couldn't perform. He had serious depression on top of having epileptic seizures during live performances. He was afraid to tour America but also wanted to do it. He was ashamed of the person he was. His lyrics were autobiographical. Ian Curtis was not ironic and not narcissistic.

Kurt Cobain needed heroin to negate his terrible stomach pain. He despised being a user and he needed to be one. He despised being wildly successful, with an audience that he despised, on top of being loyal to another audience that he loved with whom he felt affinity. Kurt Cobain figured he had no further options and he used one of his guns to kill himself. He was not narcissistic.

My friend Jane thought she had no further options. She was a highly talented graphic artist and poet who knew she'd never make a living from her art, so she supported herself doing design jobs that became fewer and fewer. For most of her adult life, she had been uncomfortable with strangers and this affected both her employment and accommodation situations. She knew that her drinking friends and lovers were bad

company but she loved her damaged friends because they were all she had. She kept returning to her favourite regular watering holes as she was felt threatened by strangers.

Jane made a habit of returning home as late as possible, hoping that her landlord had fallen asleep. Evicted from her rooming house under suspicious circumstances, she could not go back to her family yet again, and feared she would end up in the shelter systems. Jane had run out of options and decided that there was no point in continuing her life and so she acted accordingly.

Many people say suicide is narcissistic and selfish. It is inconsiderate to those living who love the dead person. Taking one's life is a fuck you note to those who misunderstood the tragic genius or the poor misunderstood artist or whatever. In my experience, being suicidal in both social and antisocial situations is often narcissistic but that narcissism can actually prevent suicide.

One cannot be around to gloat in the effect of it all. One can't be around to eavesdrop at the funeral and the memorial—listening to all the hypocrites who couldn't deal with your pain and are now claiming to have been your friends.

Rodd Joseph's friends seemed to have abandoned or given up on him. Perhaps Rodd did have another set of friends, drinking cronies or whatever, who had their own memorial or quasi-wake in whatever bar they all frequented. Rodd may well have gone to his grave angry at his former friends who had given up on him, as well as being angry with music business people and Adam Parker and others?

What had been his relationships with other humans? Nobody speaking at the memorial had been romantically involved with Rodd...did he have sexual outlet? Male, female, trans... who? Had he become celibate by default? What had been these details of his life?

Perhaps he did have a fruitful anonymous sex life, maybe he drank too much to even consider the subject of sex. Maybe antidepressants in conjunction with alcohol killed off any sexual urges? Or possibly, as clichéd as it sounds, he couldn't love another person because he couldn't love himself?

When I see babies or other young children at the drugstore or supermarket, I find myself wishing that I could start my life over again since I have made a royal mess of this one. I more than suspect that sentiment is common among people who feel their lives are winding down and those who are hoping to die.

If Rodd Joseph knew he had little time remaining, what did he do with that time? How did he kill time? Rodd Joseph's name was not present online, not on any social media. How was he in contact with Claire Savoy, who posted the Derwatt track? Was Claire in contact with whoever else comprised Derwatt?

Rodd was unemployable and possibly not qualified for any disability benefits, or else afraid to deal with the necessary red tape. He knew he was likely to be evicted eventually. So how did he kill time while waiting for his eviction to happen? I doubt that he endlessly surfed the Net, but perhaps he did.

Maybe Rodd did have an alter-ego on social media or specifically on Facebook. Maybe Rodd did weigh in on various

chains, liking or not liking the opinions of idle idiots. Maybe Rodd did share links and sign petitions for noble liberal causes just like so many other Facebook addicts including myself.

Did he read? Or did he listen to music? I suspect the latter. He listened to endless ambient music for depressives, especially Joy Division.

Rodd Joseph was found dead in a nondescript rooming house in a not-yet-gentrified neighbourhood of Toronto. This was not a neighbourhood favoured by artists or independent musicians. It is a neighbourhood for people living anonymous lives. They wake up, eat breakfast, go to work, go to the pub and then go to sleep. But Rodd didn't have a job to go to and by the end of his life he probably couldn't afford to go to the pub.

Who was his landlord? What exactly was the relationship between Rodd and the landlord? Did Rodd do any sort of work in exchange for rent, or did they have a traditional landlord and tenant relationship? Pay weekly or monthly; and if you don't pay you're evicted.

What was his relationship with other lodgers? Did he make noise? Was this a problem?

I suspected that his Derwatt colleagues had their own accommodation in which they could make noise at all hours. It's possible that Derwatt was an online thing...that Rodd made sound files that he sent to his possibly English collaborators. But then he must have had some sort of email account? Under what name?

Rodd Joseph must have had access to some sort of studio... even if just a computer and a mic. Rodd was part of an artistic project. Even if Derwatt were never to perform live like a traditional rock band, they still wanted audience or why post tracks? Therefore....wouldn't Rodd Joseph keep a low profile but also keep checking to see who liked his work?

No, 'I Want' was his suicide note. Plain and simple—no irony or detachment involved. No waiting for the shocked audiences' reactions. No life-preserving narcissism involved.

Ian Curtis hanged himself and his body was found by his estranged wife. Who had found Rodd Joseph's body and made the necessary notifications? Had it been the landlord? If neither him nor her, then who? Who else had lived in Rodd's house? The landlord and maybe someone else? If so, who?

I clicked onto Facebook and was startled by a fresh series of postings concerning the Derwatt file 'I Want'.

Daniel Bendeth This sounds exactly like Joy Division, except it can't be them

 [Stuart Redding and 9 others](#)

Stuart Redding All the JD vaults were cleared out. So who are Derwatt?

 8

Elizabeth Wurtzel This song was played at Rodd Joseph's memorial. That is Rodd singing.

   23

Derek Hunnisett Rodd Joseph didn't go on social media...unless he used a pseudonym. So...Who are Derwatt?

  15

Robyn Cartwright Rodd Joseph and a guy named Graham Winwood, who conducted Rodd's memorial at The Garrison.



Ellen Munsinger Derwatt is a painter in Patricia Highsmith's Ripley novels. He's dead but Ripley and his friends are flooding the art market with Derwatt forgeries.



Derek Hunnisett So the band Derwatt are moderately literate, Ellen. So...who the hell are they?



Suzanne Tremblay There's another Derwatt song where the voice sounds like Bowie and not Ian Curtis. Graham Winwood is a writer...he can't sing.



Matthew Colomby What do you mean by can't sing? Ian Curtis couldn't sing...that's why his voice is so effective.



Suzanne Tremblay Yes, the singer songwriter tradition. They all heard Lou Reed and thought why not start a band.



Claire Savoy You're all barking up the wrong tree. The other voice is a guy named Anthony Slade who now works in a Manchester rehab clinic. He was in Toronto recently and decided to record Rodd Joseph's voice. He met Rodd when Rodd was in The Frozen with Adam Parker.



Elizabeth Wurtzel I always thought Rodd had a better voice than Adam.



It took me a couple of beats to register that Claire Savoy, the very person who had sent the I Want track to Dextrine, had now entered the thread and was confirming my suspicion that Rodd Joseph had a partner in Derwatt and his name was Anthony Slade.

I googled Anthony Slade.

Yes, the profile picture of a much younger Anthony matched my photograph of the mysterious bald man at Rodd Joseph's memorial. Yes, Anthony was ninety-nine percent likely to be the man who handed the I Want file to Graham Winwood so that it could be played over the PA. Maybe Anthony was the other Derwatt voice that sounded like Bowie; but Anthony Slade was definitely a cohort of Rodd Joseph's.

Well, well, well.

The phone rang. It was Dextrine. She sounded much more serious than her usual tone.

"I've come across something in the news that will definitely interest you, Ben."

"Oh?"

"A woman who was sexually assaulted a few weeks ago has identified Rodd Joseph as the attacker."

"What?"

“Rodd Joseph, or somebody looking exactly like him, attacked this young woman whose name is being protected on a side street late one night last month.”

“Are you sure of this, Dextrine. How can she identify him if he’s not alive to be identified?”

“The article says that she identified the man via Internet photos. There were also witnesses.”

“Oh...this is weird...”

“I’m not sure that it is, Ben. I do think that, Rodd Joseph being a rapist or whatever, it’s perhaps a good thing that he committed suicide.”

“Not so fast, Dextrine. Not.”

“Why not?”

“Rodd Joseph allegedly attacked a young woman in a public space? Right in front of witnesses?”

“Yes, damn it, Ben. That is what happened.”

“I find this unbelievable”

“Why?”

“Well, what the hell was he trying to do. Get himself arrested or something?”

NOT JOY DIVISION

“Why are you making this all about him? It doesn’t sound like you quite grasp the severity of what your subject of investigation has done. There’s no mystery about this, Ben. None whatever.”

“It’s just...too much for me to absorb all at once, Dextrine. I certainly don’t condone sexual or any other form of assault. But I’m finding this unbelievable.”

“It’s in the Metro News section of the *Sun*. Page thirty-seven, Ben. Thought you should know about this, got to go.”

I was reading the *Globe and Mail*. I never read the *Sun*. I wondered if this event was covered in the *Globe*, probably not as it was local news. Maybe the *Star*?

I Googled Rodd Joseph/Sexual Assault:

Toronto Star Sunday April 27th, 2014

Dead Musician Identified in Sexual Assault

BY KATHLEEN O'TOOLE

Police have identified the assailant of an unidentified seventeen-year old girl as being the late Roderick Joseph Mazankowski. The girl was sexually assaulted on Greenwood Avenue in Toronto's east end on Tuesday, February 25th.

The young woman has testified to police that she was walking alone that night on Greenwood Avenue near Queen Street when Mazankowski suddenly grabbed her from behind. After a struggle, she pushed him away, and then ran into the subway. She was released from hospital with minor injuries.

The woman, whose name cannot be identified, recognized Mazankowski by his photographs on the Internet and Social Media. Two witnesses to the assault also confirmed Mazankowski's identity. Mazankowski was also known as Rodd Joseph when he was a member of a popular punk band called the Frozen. His death on March 19th has been ruled a suicide according to a toxicologist's report.

NOT JOY DIVISION

How well did any of the friends who had testified at The Garrison really know Rodd? How well did his sister really know him? What, if any, relationships had Rodd Joseph ever been involved in?

I thought of the Joy Division biopic and of a moment, toward the end of the movie, when I realized that I didn't like any of the people in the movie very much. Joy Division were a lad's band. They were old-school rock stars when it came to dealing with women. They came across as four footballers, albeit one with a sensitive side.

If Rodd Joseph had long been suicidal, then he was probably prone to sudden suicidal impulses. When somebody wants to lash out and hurt themselves but doesn't have the guts, they can and do physically hurt others. Rodd was a man who saw a woman on a deserted side street and he knew he had power over her. He knew he could just attack her. Would he have done more than assault the young woman? Maybe yes and maybe no.

Maybe he wanted to get himself arrested.

What if Rodd Joseph took his life not because of depression but because he felt he didn't deserve to live? If so, he would hardly have been the first to make such a decision.

Suicide as a form of self-execution, no? Self-capital punishment?

How much difference is there between the kill instinct and the kill yourself instinct?

Rodd Joseph had been in a punk or post-punk band. Those bands weren't really, with a couple of exceptions, all that different from classic rock bands with regards to sexual politics. Many of the punk and post-punk bands were anti-sex and thus into repression. Well, repression can lead to violence. What if Rodd Joseph had done something violent to someone while in The Frozen and gotten away with it? Such behaviour was all too typical of a lad's band; but maybe Rodd had felt guilty about this incident for the remainder of his life. So, he'd made a vow to never repeat his initial action and then, after three plus decades, he broke that vow?

He wanted punishment. He wanted the doctor to diagnose him with something permanent. He wanted capital punishment. He finally followed through on this desire.

Too bad he had to inflict his misery on somebody else first.

Roderick Joseph Mazankowski just might have needed to remind himself that he really was a complete asshole. And how did he do this? Well, by acting like a complete asshole.

I've done this and now that's it. I don't deserve to live. It's time for me to die.

Too bad he had to do so at the expense of a young woman who didn't know of the man's existence until he assaulted her.

Rodd knew he had no special talent other than sounding like Ian Curtis. There is no sense of unfulfilled potential with regards to Rodd Joseph's death. There is no sense of what might he be doing if he hadn't self-destructed or self-annihilated.

What might Joy Division have evolved into if Ian hadn't taken his life? They might well have become even more of a studio band than they were on *Closer*. On that final album, the band members were embracing the technologies; unlike on *Unknown Pleasures* where Hannett was forcing technologies onto the band who wanted to sound like they did when they played in front of audiences. But it's very difficult to imagine Ian Curtis living any longer than he did...*Closer* was an extended suicide note.

Ian Curtis's suicide was a forgone conclusion. So was Kurt Cobain's. What would he have done? Gone into rehab? Found religion? Practiced his scales and become a metal-head? No, Kurt Cobain was too intelligent and too depressed to do any of those things, except for the possible rehab option. But what the hell was he doing with that massive gun collection?

Curtis and Cobain differed from, say, a singer like Amy Winehouse, who could have cleaned up her act and resumed her career, even though smoking crack doesn't exactly do wonders for the vocal chords.

What if Jimi Hendrix had embraced God and taken jazz lessons? Suppose Jim Morrison, whose body was never found, was alive, passably well, and working as an alcoholic bartender in some biker bar?

My friend Jane could have entered a detoxification programme and concentrated on her writing. She did have options. She was one of the most intelligent and empathetic persons I've ever known.

Rodd Joseph, in the context of Derwatt, actually came out and stated what Ian Curtis so overtly hinted at through the entirety of *Closer*. But Ian was a poet; Rodd was a man-child who used a direct and limited vocabulary because that was all he had to work with.

Ian Curtis, Kurt Cobain, and others are proto-romantic artists. Rodd Joseph wasn't even an artist, although he could have taken his talent for design further. Rodd had designed the posters for *The Frozen*, not *Adam*.

What if Rodd had gone back to art school or whatever and further developed his drawing and painting skills?

What if Roderick Joseph Mazankowski had been convicted of assault and then fined? That's what probably would have happened, except that Rodd might not have been able to afford the fine and therefore would have been sent to prison.

Was that what he wanted? Free meals, the same shit every day and every night. No rent? Rodd wouldn't have been able to handle the punishments. Rodd would have been a prime target and he was soft. Rodd Joseph was a coward.

The phone rang and it was Dextrine.

"Hi Ben...Say, is this a bad time?"

"No, not at all. I am tired."

"Oh, then. I thought you'd be interested that there is a track by somebody called Bernard Tufts...called 'Predator'. I listened

NOT JOY DIVISION

to it and it sounds exactly like Derwatt. It's definitely the same people who made 'I Want.'"

"Bernard Tufts? That's the name of Mr. Ripley's friend who paints the Derwatt forgeries...in those Highsmith novels *Ripley's Game* and *Ripley Under Ground*."

"Yes, I know. But it sure as hell warmed over sounds like the same voice that's singing 'I Want.'"

"Who is singing? Anthony or Rodd?"

"It's the same voice that's singing 'I Want.'"

"So then, it's Rodd Joseph."

"Has that been proven? Anyway, I thought I'd bring it to your attention. The lyrics, by the way, are really creepy. Gotta go now."

A new track by somebody using the name Bernard Tufts. And it's that voice singing a song called 'Predator' with lyrics like:

I'm a lion, I'm a tiger, I'm a beast
I can't control myself, I'm a predator.
I'm an ignorant beast.
I can't think I'm all instinct...

I listened through the track, almost deleted it as soon as it was finished, and then decided I should keep it as evidence. Whereas 'I Want' had seemed like an honest confessional, 'Predator' was just garbage. It was typical cock-rock

essentialism albeit sung in that voice...that voice which was not a cock-rock voice.

Ian Curtis may well have been influenced by singers who bragged about having their cocks in their pockets, but he did not. He was not all instinct, he thought out loud. He talked to audiences as if they were his therapist. Ian Curtis was an ordinary man in considerable pain...not a predator.

And now here was somebody who sounded identical to Rodd Joseph or "Derwatt" singing rapist lyrics in the voice of Ian Curtis. Damn him anyways!

Joy Division – and The Smiths – are actually rather atypical of my listening habits. I generally prefer instrumental music to vocal, and I prefer lyrics concerned with sound over those which are supposed to be significant or meaningful. But Curtis spoke to me. I think it was the fact that his voice did sound much older than his years...he sounded like he had experienced a great many events in his life. Also, Martin Hannett's production had such a great sense of place as well as space. Joy Division were recorded in specific studios but the sound recalled tunnels and underground parking lots and deserted housing foundations. This particular sound was so preferable to pseudo-globalism or presumed universality. It may have been a sound of a specific location, Manchester, but it spoke to me in Toronto.

Even before my father's death, I killed time with Joy Division. I had rejected them when I was younger and more ambitious about having a career for myself. Now I didn't go out at night.

NOT JOY DIVISION

I listened to Joy Division as muzak for depressives. Music for killing time.

I signed into Facebook and scrolled down to the most recent Bernard Tufts and Derwatt postings.

Henry Vinton It's not Joy Division. I know it sounds like them, but it's not.



Elizabeth Wurtzel It's the same voice we heard at Rodd Joseph's memorial.



Steve Brooker Yes, Liz, it's that voice.



Ellen Munsinger It's Derwatt.

Elizabeth Wurtzel Are you sure about that? This track is credited to Bernard Tufts.

Ellen Munsinger Yes, and Bernard Tufts is the name of the guy who paints the Derwatt forgeries in those Patricia Highsmith novels. And the voice is exactly the same.



William Eggleton Ian Curtis clones are a dime a dozen and have been for years. Remember on Corontation Street, when Hailey formerly Harry had a reunion with a long lost son who was the spitting image of Ian Curtis.

Elizabeth Wurtzel So? Was the actor also a singer?

Jacob Weissbach Joy Division happened getting on four decades ago. By now, there are a lot of young and not so young men who can mimic Ian Curtis' voice.

Ellen Munsinger All to true, Jacob. But this voice is a dead ringer for the Derwatt voice.

Sarah Goldsworthy Yes, Ellen. It does sound like Rodd Joseph can also read at least a few books? And?



Ellen Munsinger I'm glad to hear you're not completely illiterate, Sarah. Bernard Tufts and Derwatt are the same band Derwatt...they were played over the PA at Rodd Joseph's memorial and named after a character in Patricia Highsmith's Ripley series.



Henry Vinton Who on earth is Patricia Highsmith?

I decided that I could answer Henry Vinton's question. So now I entered the chain.

Benjamin Arthur Jeremy She's this lesbian writer who also wrote weird books about homicidal animals.



Steve Brooker That's very interesting, Ben...not. I've heard two tracks by Derwatt. One sounds a lot like Bowie, and the other track also sounds like Ian Curtis.



NOT JOY DIVISION

Benjamin Arthur Jeremy Between Rodd Joseph and two other guys who were at his memorial, there is a band or recording unit or whatever called Derwatt, and their lead singer sounds exactly like Ian Curtis. They have a track in pretty wide circulation with the title I Want.

I posted the link to the track originally sent to me by Dextrine.

Kevin O'Malley No way it's Joy Division. Any JD tracks would have surfaced decades ago.

  12

Brenda Butterfield Decades. Ha ha, Kevin.

Jacob Weissbach It's not Joy Division, okay? Get it.

  16

Patricia Mary Canfield So who is it, then?

 [Steve Booker and 7 others](#)

Steve Brooker It's a band called Bernard Tufts. It's not Derwatt.

  9

Rita McEwan It is Derwatt. It's the same fucking voice. That's the guy who just killed himself, because he was about to be charged with sexual assault.

   7

Jessica Cartwright Don't like

 [Bonnie MacTavish and 4 others](#)

Bonnie MacTavish Damn right I don't like. This guy does a perfect imitation of Ian Curtis and then turns out to be a rapist.

 [Jessica Cartwright and 3 others](#)

Olivia Turner Right, Mr. Sensitivity.



Sarah Goldsworthy Yes, right. Glad the rapist had the decency to kill himself.



Evan Wonnacott That's a bit of a stretch, isn't it Sarah?



Sarah Goldsworthy Easy for you to say, Evan.



Alvin Leeson Well, he couldn't face the music so he killed himself. Typical coward.



Will Aitkenhead He couldn't face the music the first time around three decades ago. He was the singer in The Frozen. Anybody remember them?



Jen Sutton He was the second singer in The Frozen. The other voice was a guy named Adam Something. Sort of a literary geek with weird stage presence.



John Douglas Adam was an art bore...a total poseur. Rodd was the real thing.



Marianne Kozinek The real thing. A predator. He was a real man.



Elizabeth Wurtzel Rodd Joseph should've been the lead singer in The Frozen. Then they might have actually become successful.



Sarah Goldsworthy Well, then good thing they didn't become successful. Not that being a rapist prevented other assholes from having mega-successful careers.



Amy Littleton He knew he was dangerous so he did the world a favour.



Sarah Goldsworthy Too bad it took him three decades to make that decision. Too bad it had to be at a young woman's expense.



Oliver Rainsborough I'm a predator I can't control myself. What essentialist bullshit. Popular culture is all about perpetuating and then maintaining essentialist stereotypes.



Marianne Kozinek You tell' em, Ollie.



This damn 'Predator' song wasn't Joy Division; but Derwatt and Bernard Tufts were one and the same. That voice was exactly identical.

Except 'I Want' was a suicidal declaration and 'Predator' was classic rape rock. So what had the process been? Graham and Anthony had recruited Rodd Joseph to perform vocals under two different monikers? Derwatt and Bernard Tufts shared the same vocalist, so the fact that the backing tracks were somewhat different indicates that these must be different

bands? Were there more tracks with Rodd Joseph's voice singing now about to surface on line? Then there was the Bowie sound-alike track, attributed to Derwatt but probably sung by Anthony. Curiouser and curiouser, or what?

Surely Rodd must have written the lyrics to 'I Want'? But did he write the lyrics to 'Predator', or just sing them? And, if not, then who did?

Was Rodd really a predator? Well, there was not only the accusing victim but there were also two witnesses confirming her identification. Were they one hundred percent sure that the face on line matched the face of the assailant?

The attacker's face matched the face that had been visible on Facebook and probably other social media in tandem with the memorial for Rodd Joseph.

Did Rodd have a double? Many people do have somebody in their lives who they are often confused with.

Is a sudden attack by a man against a woman always sexual assault? It is certainly assault, but is that assault necessarily sexual?

This is yet another case of a man physically attacking a woman. Why the hell would Rodd suddenly strike out at a female stranger in a public space in front of potential witnesses? Did he have a flashing impulse to harm or even kill somebody and this woman was the wrong person in the wrong place at the wrong time?

NOT JOY DIVISION

Had Rodd known this woman that he had posthumously been accused of assaulting? Had he been nursing some unresolved grudge against her? And then why would Rodd have been unable to control or restrain himself from doing something so pointlessly stupid?

I had a friend who had been suicidal for many years before he finally did it. He would remember something terrible that he had done and then command himself to die. Then he would recover and more or less regain some sort of equilibrium. Had Rodd's terminal depression been similar?

Men who hit women are afraid to hit men...they are cowards who will not go after anybody potentially stronger than themselves. Did Rodd lash out at this female stranger because there was somebody else in his life who he wanted to harm? Like who...maybe his landlord? Maybe some neighbour in his shitty rooming house that he had an ongoing squabble with? Maybe Adam Parker or somebody from his unsuccessful and unresolved history?

Rodd was the attacker. There were two witnesses who corroborated the accuser's identification. Rodd was not around anymore to defend himself from these accusations.

And what possible defence could he have?

None.

Facebook and social media has altered the old-fashioned dictum that one is innocent until proven guilty. But with

cases of assault...sexual or whatever other form...the victim sees the perpetrator and thus identifies him and then charges are laid. With assault, one is guilty until proven innocent.

“It was him. It was that man there. That’s the man who did it!”

I resisted a temptation to re-enter the Facebook thread about Rodd Joseph and ‘Predator’ and the accusations. I knew I would be dismissed as an old-fashioned liberal who believed in a presumption of innocence unless proven guilty. Or maybe even something worse...an old boy defending one of his own. Thanks to social media, it would become a mute point whether Derwatt and Bernard Tufts were one and the same. Some would believe yes and some no. Yes they are, no they’re not. I think the voices on ‘I Want’ and ‘Predator’ were so similar they had to belong to the same person. Also, the names Derwatt and Bernard Tufts both referred to Patricia Highsmith and the talented psychopath Mr. Ripley. Even if Graham Winwood or Anthony Slade were to enter the thread and inform people as to yes or no; there would still be those who would remain locked into their yes and no positions. Nothing can be proven false because nothing can be proven true.

I checked my own inbox as I had noticed a new message... a Friend Request from Claire Savoy.

I paused and thought for a moment, then accepted Claire’s request.

Now I noticed that Claire Savoy had sent me a text on Messenger.

Hi there Ben Jeremy. I was talking to our mutual friend Dextrine, and she tells me you're very curious about the strange case of Rodd Joseph. If you went to Rodd's memorial, you must have seen Graham Winwood there. Remember Graham?

Yes, not that well really. He was one of many freelance writers on the local pop and fashion beats back then.

Well, Graham used to have this weird fixation about that not quite Goth band The Frozen. He used to be quite obsessed with Rodd Joseph. Adam he never really gave a flying fuck about, but Rodd was star material...Rodd had that haunting baritone voice...before he'd even heard of Ian Curtis or Joy Division. The Frozen could have been huge if they'd ditched that pretentious twit Adam and let Rodd be the singer...

Hmmm...Speculation?
Wishful thinking?
Unrequited crush?
Whatever...

Graham did have this fixation on Rodd Joseph and The Frozen well after he left Toronto and moved to London. He always wanted to get Rodd singing again. Mind you, Graham must have used some sort of persuasion to get Rodd singing on the Derwatt track...the one that people think sounds like Joy Division.

But isn't Joy Division. Now, I wonder what sort of persuasion Graham, or for that matter Anthony Slade...

Yes...Him...And not to even consider James Littlefield.

...Yes, let's not go there. What specific angle would Graham and Anthony have used to get Rodd singing again. Surely there's no significant financial payoff in the strictly online recording business? So, what's with their heist? Why the name Derwatt? And, for that matter, why Bernard Tufts? A track with the same voice as Derwatt but with lyrics that Ian Curtis would never have sung.

Oh Jesus, Bernard Tufts. Because James and Anthony are a pair of minor con artists channeling a legendary major con artist? Derwatt is dead, and therefore his art is there for the taking?

But Rodd is channeling Ian Curtis, who was not a con artist. Ian Curtis was an anomaly in the pop world. He was the opposite of I'm synthetic and proud of it. He wasn't about the money, either.

Money is irrelevant. Think. Do something with your voice while you still have a voice, Rodd. You may well have wasted your life but now here is an opportunity to actually do something...to indicate that you're not dead yet.

Oh, possibly. Or...suppose Graham and Anthony had something else up their sleeves? What if Rodd owed them some favour or something like that? Maybe Graham and your friend Anthony had some serious dirt on Rodd? Something not unlike the posthumous accusations against the man?

Yes, accusations travel across the pond pretty much immediately, due to the wonders of social media. I mean, somebody dies...they have their moment of martyrdom, and then the shit hits the fan.

Yes, that's how it works with major and minor celebrity deaths. But I'm wondering what Graham and Anthony might have known about Rodd in order to persuade their hermit misfit friend to start singing again...in any sort of public forum...even if it was strictly online.

So, are we speculating blackmail? Some sort of penitence or public humiliation? I really doubt that Anthony would have the finesse to pull that off. Maybe Graham? Well, we just don't really know, do we? I mean, I do remember you were always a murder mystery enthusiast. Back when we were pop writers, you always did go on about Jim Thompson and Patricia Highsmith and a shitload of others.

Point taken, Claire. Point taken. Anyway, lovely to hear from you after all these years. Please let me know if you come up with any new scenarios with your considerable imagination. Bye for now, Claire. My email address is: benajer@gmail.com

I decided to close off Claire Savoie and re-enter the greater chain.

I don't like this. I don't like the fact that I'm expected to say like when I agree with somebody's opinion. I don't like the fact that somebody whose voice I love because it sounds uncannily like somebody else's voice that I love was a sexual predator. I don't like the fact that he attacked this young woman. I really don't like the fact that Rodd Joseph committed suicide.

And then I logged out of Facebook.

Rodd Joseph probably went to his grave with terrible secrets. I wouldn't have been surprised if there were other young women he had violated. Rodd had a disease he couldn't talk to anybody about. He would have either been imprisoned or incarcerated in a mental institution. He carried around this guilt for years, possibly decades.

Many people take secrets to their graves. Whether or not there is guilt involved is a separate issue.

Did Ian Curtis take any terrible secrets to his grave? Was there a different motive for his suicide than the irresolvable love triangle he was caught up in, on top of his depression and his epilepsy and his sudden mood swings and whatever else?

Ian Curtis took his own life before the Internet became a constant in so many people's lives. If he had lived, how would he have adapted to life online, as both a private person and a reluctant celebrity? Would Ian have ignored the internet as much as possible or use it strictly for research purposes? Would he have used social media to promote his poetry, fiction or personal letter writing, or how? Would he have used it the way that so many people do....to kill time? He did not seem like a person who killed time.

Rodd Joseph may well not have had his own personal computer during his last months. Rodd may well have spent hours in public libraries, moving from computer to computer ostensibly looking for jobs but really killing time by surfing the net and whatever. Did Rodd have a pseudonym for social

media? Did Rodd Joseph have an avatar? Did he automatically like this and that without revealing any identity?

He must have checked on how many people liked the Derwatt recordings. What did Rodd and Anthony and their collaborators expect to achieve by posting their recordings? Two out of three sounded so much like Joy Division that there had to be some sort of intended hoax, if Bernard Tufts was indeed a pseudonym for Derwatt? Some final recognition that Rodd Joseph had a voice and actually existed?

Except it wasn't Rodd's voice. It was Ian Curtis'. This was not Joy Division, except that it was. It was the idea of Joy Division; therefore it was Joy Division.

What about the Derwatt Bowie sound-alike track? It didn't sound as much like Bowie as 'I Want' and 'Predator' sounded like Joy Division. Nobody would mistake Derwatt for Bowie.

I found myself wondering what Derwatt's paintings were really like. I used to own copies of all four Patricia Highsmith's novels in the Ripley series. I remembered the cult American film director Nicholas Ray playing "Derwatt" in Wim Wenders' movie *The American Friend*. Was Derwatt a landscape painter, a portraitist, an abstractionist? No, he was more like Francis Bacon?

Why Derwatt?

In the Ripley novels, Derwatt was a renowned painter. There was an obvious motive to carefully forge Derwatt's signature style and then test the art market. But why would two old

punks or post-punks name a vanity project after Derwatt? Because Derwatt was fictitious or fake. Because he never existed so therefore how could he die? Derwatt was a brand name, not an artist. He was gloriously synthetic.

And then “Bernard Tufts” was Ripley’s artist friend who could so ably forge Derwatts. I’d lost track of how many layers of imitation or cloning or replication were in play with this entire scenario.

I decided to read the *Globe and Mail* before heading out to do some gallery hopping. The front page headline concerned a young man of twenty-two who killed several young girls because they would not let him fuck them.

The obvious undercurrent in this all too typical story was that of entitlement. This stupid boy-child actually believed that these girls were biologically or morally or by some other imperative supposed to consent to his penetration.

Yes, this tragedy occurred in California, where such assholes can easily obtain guns because of lax gun control regulations and so forth. But I recalled the Montreal Massacre in 1989, where a gun enthusiast opened fire on a classroom full of girls because they were “a bunch of feminists”. Even with stricter gun access laws, a weapons freak who believed in such heterosexual entitlement could easily obtain the necessary weapon for his revenge rampage.

“These girls won’t let me fuck them. What are they? Feminists? Lesbians? I’ll fucking show them!”

Well, the degrees of difference between this man, who probably was not insane but just stupid, and a guy like Rodd Joseph who attacks a girl walking alone because he thinks he has the power to do so and get away with it is not a significant percentage of degrees. What the hell was Rodd's sexuality, anyway?

Some people think they have to have sex to function in a consumer society. That is bullshit. Some people are asexual and they are neither inferior nor superior to those who are not asexual. During the height of the AIDS pandemic, asexuality seemed to be in alignment with anti-sex Puritanism et cetera. But some people simply are asexual. And then there are people who are asexual but feel they have to become sexual to be "normal" and so they force themselves on other people.

I have seen asexuality categorized as queer simply because it stands in opposition to compulsory heterosexuality.

The jerk in California was probably one of those guys who didn't ever engage in foreplay with women, if he wasn't a virgin. Just stick it in, buddy. Ram that cock in. That's what women are good for.

Fuck! No, actually "fuck" or "fucking" as negative words are part of the problem. They are a mirror image of puritanical control structures and so forth.

What the hell else is in the *Globe*? Well, there was the ever ongoing problematic relationship between the President of the United States and the Canadian Prime Minister, more not-especially stunning revelations about Toronto's former alcoholic crackhead mayor, and more on the gunman in

America....the asshole who resented girls who negated his biological right to fuck them so he shot them.

I folded up the paper and tossed it the recycling box. I wished I still had a cat, so my cat could shit on the horrendous headlines.

I did not want to browse Facebook and see mindless bulletins and updates about the provincial election or the brain-damaged mayor or the latest stupid mass murderer. At least he had the courtesy to shoot himself after his mission was accomplished.

BY KATHLEEN O'TOOLE

Toxicology reports have concluded that Toronto post-punk musician Roderick Joseph Mazankowski, known as Rodd Joseph, died as a result of a “massive overdose” of Inipramine, which is an anti-depressant. It is not clear whether Mazankowski had been prescribed Inipramine or obtained the drug illicitly. Mazankowski, who played bass and sang in a band called The Frozen from 1977 to 1982, was identified as a sexual

offender in a recent assault case shortly prior to his death. Although no suicide note was found, toxicologist Ron Siddins concluded that nobody would take that many pills accidentally.

A memorial was held for Mazankowski at The Garrison club on Dundas Street recently.

Suicide was now a foregone conclusion, as why would anybody take a massive overdose of Inipramine unless they were trying to die. I'd heard of Inipramine because that's what my friend Jane had used in order to end her life. It had not been a drug prescribed by her shrink, so this of course raised

questions. Such as, how did she obtain a bottle full of these pills? Were anti-depressants scored without prescriptions not unlike heroin or coke or Oxys? I didn't know about any of this, because I now avoid addictive substances since I have an addictive personality.

Did Rodd Joseph know somebody who had a prescription for Inimpramine? If so, what was his relation to this person?

Did he obtain the pills online? Did Rodd use a pseudonym online? Was it the same pseudonym he used to check on reactions to Derwatt's musical postings?

Rodd may well have killed time on the net. That's ultimately what the net is good for, killing time.

But Rodd wouldn't have been able to use the net without blowing his cover. He was presumably sworn to secrecy concerning the Derwatt recordings, so he would not have been able to tell the world" That's not Ian Curtis! That's me!"

He had been a three plus decades nobody, working at anonymous McJobs and spending hours upon hours in the corners of bookstores, in the popular music section, memorizing the lives of his more successful but also failed contemporaries with their drug habits and their half-baked contracts and their futile attempts at relationships and so forth.

People who have few or no off-line "friends" but a sizable quantity of online contacts or acquaintances are a dime a dozen. But I doubt that Rodd had many, if any, online friends. It wasn't as if gnarly old punks or post-punks were even

occasionally posting items related to The Frozen. Maybe Rodd did have online friends if he did actually have an online pseudonym?

Adam had been the face and voice of The Frozen. Rodd was the one who should've enjoyed equal billing. But, then he didn't. That was over three decades ago now.

Was there an online group for those who have decided to end their lives? Did I really want to go there?

I distracted myself by listening to music. I listened to Underworld and Tricky and early Roxy Music. Not Joy Division.

If I were to disconnect from social media, what would I find myself actually missing?

Cat photos? No....never. I used to "own" a cat. Now I've decided that humans shouldn't own cats when they're steadily killing off the real cats, the big ones. Wouldn't it be fabulous if Fluffy or Mothballs suddenly swelled up into lions or tigers and then terminated their wretched humans? Except that I've heard that lions and tigers don't consider humans to be all that appetizing.

Notices for concerts and performance and art exhibitions? Well, no. I have no plans to renounce email, and if people want my attendance badly enough at such events they can inform me via email. File under announcements, please.

Would I miss petitions for serious concerns such as the rounding up and quarantining of queers in Chechnya?

Facebook is not only a forum for gossip and speculation; it can be a valuable source of information and that is why many at least moderately intelligent people maintain accounts.

Would I miss trolls and conspiracy weirdos? Hardly! Although I did tend to become fascinated by tales of formerly sane artists or entertainers degenerating into rabid Tea Party weirdos and mass murder truthers and others of that ilk. To me, it was not unlike the chickens coming home to roost. Especially with regards to old punks, I've always considered many of them to be wacko libertarians at heart.

Would I miss the many friends who I no longer see in person.... because they live somewhere else or they mix in different circles than my own limited circles? No, because I could always maintain email friendships with those specific individuals.

But I did find myself looking at one feature of the Facebook home page that I had managed to ignore over the previous years when I had been killing time on the site. This morning's list of people I might know included a couple of familiar faces. One belonged to Kathy Madison, who was a writer I had known during my pop writer days. I had lost track of Kathy M., she had moved to New York and reputedly fallen in with a hard drug scene. I wondered if she was still in New York, or whether she had returned to Toronto. I remember liking her, and I hope she was healthy. But I resisted friending her.

And then the bottom face was identified as belonging to one Bruce Davenport. My friend Bruce was finally entertaining social media, after years of resistance. Why, I wondered? I flirted with calling Bruce and interrogating him. I was surprised

that he was using his real name and not that of some avatar or surrogate explorer. But again I did not respond to his Friend request. Bruce Davenport was my friend who I caught up with every two or three years...the sort of friend who made the world go around but only on special occasions. Bruce had phoned me on the night of the Rodd Joseph memorial. Bruce and I could become phone friends.

But then even Dextine maintained a Facebook account that she used on the rarest occasions, such as her need to alert me to the Derwatt Joy Division sound-alike track.

No, I had made my mind up. I was going to quit social media. I was going to become anti-social.

Finally, before closing down my Facebook account, I made certain that I had downloaded the music file I Want, by Derwatt. After affirming that I had done so, I entered the file into iTunes but not grouping it with the Joy Division tracks. I entered 'I Want' by Derwatt after 'Albion', the one track I had for The Frozen. I didn't download the Derwatt Bowie track and most certainly not the Bernard Tufts monstrosity....

Then I tried to kill off my Facebook account but couldn't figure out the necessary procedural details. So I simply vowed to never respond to any further Facebook messages from absolutely anybody. The ball was in my court, so to speak.

Now I listened to a series of post-punk selections, from British and American and a few German acts. They were overwhelmingly in minor keys with swelling analogue

NOT JOY DIVISION

synthesizers and scratchy guitars, occasionally veering toward heavy metal with power chords and trebly bass parts. Some of the drums sounded programmed and some didn't. Most of these bands had Gothic baritone singers not unlike Ian Curtis, but none came as close to the mark as Rodd Joseph's voice did with the Derwatt and Tuft tracks.

Did Graham Winwood or Anthony Slade have anything to do with Bernard Tufts? Was that Rodd with somebody else? Was that even Rodd?

Ian Curtis wrote poems while Rodd as Derwatt or Bernard Tufts wrote either sexual assault tracks or suicide notes. But I could see how somebody might easily confuse Joy Division with Derwatt, Ian Curtis with Rodd Joseph.

All three of these tracks are not by Joy Division. But, because they so successfully replicated Joy Division's signature sound, then they arguably are.

Except they are Not Joy Division.

IMPULSE [b:]

16 Skey Lane Toronto ON CA M6J 3S4

© 2018 Andrew James Paterson

impulse-b.com

ISBN: 978-1-988817-05-7

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

Design by Kelly Chia

Thanks to: Eldon Garnet, Dan Bazuin, James Gunn, Kelly Chia, Jacob Korczynski, Sally McKay, Amy Wilson, Adair Brouwer

Printed in Canada

A N D R E W J A M E S P A T E R S O N
N O T J O Y D I V I S I O N

Andrew James Paterson is a Toronto-based interdisciplinary artist working with video, film, performance, painting, music, critical and fictional writing. His videos have shown locally, nationally and internationally for three and a half decades. Much of his art in various media references tensions between bodies and technologies; as well as anarchic impulses played against formalist tendencies. Between 1977 and 1982, he was the prime vocalist and writer for the Toronto post-punk band The Government. He has recently completed an artist's book project *Collection/Correction*, published by Kunstverein Toronto and Mousse Publishing Milan in the autumn of 2016.

"Mystery, melancholy and hard-boiled lyricism bleed together in Andrew James Paterson's *Not Joy Division*...A ludic-yet-painful text that is part pastiche and part theory."

— **Lynn Crosbie, author of *Paul's Case* and *Where Did You Sleep Last Night***

"Taking place almost entirely inside the noir landscape of Facebook the protagonist wanders the nightmare corridors of aging post-punk subcultural malaise looking for an answer."

— **Steve Kado, artist, musician, and writer for *Artforum*, *Flash Art*, and *C Magazine***

"Essential reading for anyone interested in oral tradition and in the frenzied rate at which everything is appearing and disappearing around us."

— **Nicole Gingras, curator and writer**

"Through even-tempered prose, *Marienbad*-like dialogue and Facebook epistles, Paterson tells a particular story that parallels the end of radio's hold on youth culture, a time when music, visual art, politics and poetry shared boyfriends and girlfriends, powders and fluids, showers and blood baths."

— **Michael Turner, author of *Hard Core Logo* and *American Whiskey Bar***

