

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***

ANDREW JAMES
PATERSON

NOT JOY DIVISION



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.