



PROPAGANDA

SWAYS is a record label based in Salford, England. SWAYS supports cultural regeneration through the commercial reproduction of wayward art rock. It does this out of love. It does this out of hate. It does this in times of hardship, in a city of boarded houses, shut-down shops and broken glass. Dogs wander the streets, scavenging meat out of bin bags. It's freezing. People want to die ... But Sways looks forward to happier days, happier hours. As such, Sways is ahead of its time.

*The second release by the founding fathers of Sways, The Marder, along with the first singles by a trinity of new Sways bands - The Louche F.C, Emperor Zero, and Irk the River - will take place on **31 January 2011**. To mark this occasion the Sways Minister of Propaganda was granted special permission to conduct an interview with the new label's President.*

MoP: May I please start by asking you, your honour, what is the philosophy of Sways?

President: Philosophy? [Scowls.] What do you mean, *philosophy*? [Tokes on fat cigar.] Have you been talking to Ben? [Ward,

lead singer of The Marder - Ed.] It's that kind of talk that's gonna be the downfall of this fucking label, I tell you. For fuck's sake. *Philosophy*. [Bilious. Points cigar at MoP.] Whatever you do, don't start listening to anything the bands say. There's no philosophy, no artistic statement, none of that bollocks. Let's get one thing straight: Sways is not a philosophy. Sways is a brand.

MoP: Apologies. Let me rephrase my question. What type of brand is Sways?

President: Now you're talking my language sunshine. That's more like it. There's a fucking real world out there and someone's got to live in it. Some people might think it sounds like a dirty word, but I'll say it: if you want to get known, you have to have a *brand*. Brand awareness, that's what we're talking about. *Corporate identity*. [Triumphant.] This is one area where trying to be clever gets you nowhere. I mean we've got bands who want to release vinyl without their fucking name on the sleeve! That's the kind of mentality we're dealing with here. Pretentious fucking *bands*. [Takes long slug of whisky from crystal tumbler.] The point is, you create your brand and you stick to it. It's the one thing you don't fuck with. It's not rocket science.

MoP: Can you give me an example of such a brand.

President: Take Hugo Boss. They make aftershave, right? But if you buy Hugo Boss aftershave, you don't need to smell it. You know it's going to be good. That's what I mean by a brand. That's the kind of brand Sways is going to be. Musical aftershave.

MoP: Didn't Hugo Boss make uniforms for the Nazis? Many of the Sways bands seem to make references to Nazis. Is that part of the Sways brand?

President: Right, I'm pleased you mentioned that, because that's one fucking thing that I'm going to put a stop to right here and now. These fucking *bands* who think they're being clever or controversial or edgy by going on about Nazis ... they're not. It's boring. Been done. Over. I'm not having it. In fact, that's a new Sways policy. If any band mentions Nazis then they're out. That's it, gone. Just like that. Kaput.

MoP: I note that Sways records has a new website. That's an exciting development.

President: It's all about moving with the times, you see. These fucking bands, they just want to release things on vinyl. I mean for fuck's sake: vinyl! What year is this, 1983? [Laughs at own joke. Flicks cigar ash on floor, wheezing.] They'll be trying to release tapes next. But I'm going to put a stop to that too. This is my label and it's fucking digital. It's what the kids want, and do you know what I say? [Pauses.]

MoP: What do you say?

President: I say give the kids what they fucking want. [Wipes nose with back of sleeve and devours fried chicken wing.]

MoP: I notice you swear quite a lot. Is swearing permitted at Sways?

President: Permitted? It's fucking encouraged mate. You know the problem with people today? They get all funny about swearing. Everything is designed to stop you swearing.

Watershed. Bleeps on the radio. Even my fucking phone's trying to stop me swearing. I'm trying to send a text and it *knows* I'm trying to swear. I'm 47 years old. I don't need some dickhead at Nokia trying to teach me good manners.

At this point the President receives a business call which is answered aggressively with the word 'yes?' The interview is prematurely drawn to a close. The President issues brief instructions to the Minister of Propaganda - namely, to give all other bands, promoters and labels a proper slagging and to lie a lot. And to promote the Sways brand. At this point the Minister of Propaganda is also instructed to produce a list of FAQs for the Sways website to minimise the need for direct contact between the President and the public.

For more propaganda (minus FAQs) please see:

www.swaysrecords.com

www.facebook.com/swaysrecords

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On 31 January 2011 Sways records releases:

SWAYS002: Emperor Zero, 'Berlin'/'Man with Red Eyes'

SWAYS003: Irk the River, 'Valette'/'Mind that Child'

SWAYS004: The Louche F.C, 'Only in a Dream'/'Back Bedroom Casualty'

SWAYS005: The Marder, 'Edward the Confessor'/'The Maader Cyder Komplex'

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Also available:

SWAYS001: The Marder, 'Men's Ruin' E.P.

'Many bands have decided to pack their stuff into a flight case and head to Albini's Electrical Audio in Chicago. The Marder have done just that and the results in this case, are rather astounding. Somehow, Albini has managed to refine their sound whilst also giving it a bit of an accelerated thrust. "The Judge" is riddled with its original hooks but flies at a much higher altitude, whilst "My Historian" sounds like it can take on anything Brooklyn may care to throw our way. An original classic, "If The West apologised To The East" sounds as though it has been surgically removed from 1980, with the Gang Of Four and Theatre Of Hate desperately clinging on at the other end. The final track "Forty" is a straight up new wave session, combining solid, slightly gothic guitar lines with a bass that sounds like chugging tank (an internal reference also, to the band's name). The Marder are at the cutting edge of Manchester's new wave and whilst they were two years ahead in 2007, the world it seems, still hasn't caught up with them.'

MMMM1/2 - Manchester Music