

THE MOST
EXCITING
EXPERIMENT
IN THE WORLD



BY

TIMEKODE

Introducing PART ONE of :

THE MOST EXCITING EXPERIMENT IN THE WORLD by TIMEKODE.

The experiment concerns 'CLONING HUMAN VOICES.' The TIMEKODE CD which accompanies this masterwork, contains songs by ROD STEWART, MARK E SMITH of THE FALL & BEN ELTON. (Besides cameo roles by SIR BOB GELDOF & JOHN MAJOR PM). But in all cases their real voices have been simulated by prototype speech-synthesis systems. The actual systems involved in the recording process were affectionately named after the human beings : Cyber Stewart, Robot Rod, The Mk E Unit and Ben L10. I hope the CD makes you deliciously paranoid. Cloning is here - live in fear !

Making machines sound human is arrived at thru an intense, complex, expert study of VOX SCIENCE : The 'Emotional Expressiveness of the singing, shouting & speaking voice.' - It would make for dry & high-brow reading indeed, if I were to elaborate on any specific details of exactly how emotion is synthesised. And to illustrate my point, here is an example : 'The macrostructural & microstructural modifications of spectra.' I did warn you. Instead, I suggest you heed these words : 'It's a scientists job to describe & explain, but a producers to inspire.'

I've attempted to do just that, not only as a producer, thru my music, but also as an authoress, within this literature. Some readers may find parts of it offensive, whilst I consider my attitude to be merely a sign of the times. Do share in any unpleasantness, & fun !

The contents are based on possible and probable truths, allegations, fact 'n' fiction, absurd nonsenses, fantasies, rediscoveries & absolute whoppers, spoken by myself, pop stars, mere mortals, scandalmongers & troublemakers alike. I trust I have captured the essence of personality in these pages & breathed life into them.

You may draw parallels between myself and my work

and

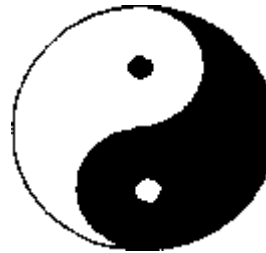
Dr. Frankenstein !

I CREATE MONSTERS



SYMBOLS - a guide.

The following symbols appear at the top right-hand corner thru-out, as an idiots guide to the context of remarks & incidents.



However, the football section pertaining to Rod Stewart, needs further explanation :
'I know little about football & decided to admit so. (A girl must be aware of her limitations.)
I've observed that it's still predominantly a male sport though, & latched onto the fact that
a good deal of commentary about it has sexist overtones ! So . . it's official . . . FOOTBALL
IS SEX ! Thus I justify my entire approach to it. (I was inspired to do this, by a famous
footballer, who dared to call me : 'A tragic rock 'n' roller with a 'Womb Fixation !' In order
to overcome such a cutting remark, I promised myself I'd 'get one' & so rise above the
comment !)

Football is well watched, & I'm not the first female to intercept, pick-up, & chase the sexiness
of it all. Nor am I a little dummy, a back-heel, & I won't be brought down. I can create
chances, launch myself from the edge of the box if necessary, be persuaded to try again,
defend myself or get well-wound up. I can shadow, float deep, be the man of the match, be
unbelievable & storm thru ! I can create possibilities & sort out the final pass with a great
strike, & an even better save ! I may be snapped up, be out of play & cause a replay. Be
first class, nay world class even. I can make the right selection, run the ball into my own area,
or in the clear, or plough a furrow down the centre. Maybe play it straight back to you, or go
the other way. Gather it cleanly & keep possession. I can sacrifice or be persistent & I only
play at the highest level !

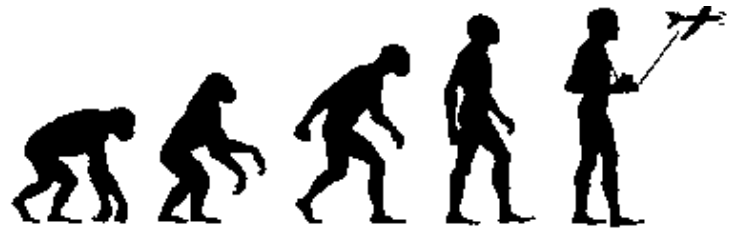
Do you give either side the advantage then ?

As I said, I know little about football.

Apart from it's that sort of game.

Innit ?

TIMEKODE



PSYCHOLINGUISTIC PROFILE



REQUESTER The Public
DEPARTMENT Classified
Subject Vox Simulations

Code: 5177/01 COMPOSITE ASSESSMENT

PROFILE REQUIREMENT REPORT

AUTOMATIC SCHEDULE GENERATION

Pages 1 ~ 42

CYBER STEWART

ROD STEWART As

+

ROBOT ROD

Pages 43 ~ 53

MARK E. SMITH As

Mk. 'E' UNIT

Pages 54

BEN ELTON

As



The Studio complex, which was sprawling & vast, (whose location shall remain a mystery), regularly held tours for the public. A sign, in the grounds, read : 'Pick up point for veterans & juniors.' Seeing as though Rod was heading towards being a veteran but acted like a junior, he couldn't make his mind up either way, & so decided to give the whole thing a miss.



Sign on the Studio door : Drinking in Progress.

Quips From the Studio Personnel :

'There was never an undisturbed hour.'

'Control & restraint were exercised, as deemed necessary . . . sometimes.'

'Every afternoon, Rod would cruise slowly around the studio. He was desperate to be needed somewhere.'

'Hey this could be the boss.'

'Did you hear what Rod said today ? Well, you'd better believe this !'

'Studios to avoid : Those deader than a doornail ; those almost as dead ; those about 1/2 as dead, & those much deader than a doornail.'

'Low impressive tones clawed the strange awed silence of the studio. Amid wild, muffled shrieks and groans & mocking laughter, . . . strangled mad melodies emerged !'

'Rod says he's young & has had a clear throat for over a month now, & that drink won't harm him. It may even do him some good & induce him to be quiet & go away. Besides which he'd like us all to see the show.'

'At the end of the session, there wasn't a room in the studio that was fit to work in ! Walls pulled down, floors taken up, ceilings with holes knocked in ! Rod said : Leave me in peace & rebuild the place at your leisure. I'm a family man & a tax-payer. I've done it to punish you for not drinking with me.'

'So did you hear about all the excitement ?'

'They're not best pleased with each other, Rod and Deni.'

'Robot Rod's remote control was tanked up tekno !'

'It's true to say that unpleasantness has since occurred.'

'I overheard Deni talking to the 'kit.' She said : 'You gotta help me. The songs are due tomorrow & Rod doesn't understand the new electronical wizardry.'

'Rod was unaware that, behind the mixing console, Deni & krew were playing 'testicles'. A good game.'

'I overheard Rod talking to the 'kit.' He said : When selecting human material, it pays to look at the label eh ?'

'I overheard Rod say to Deni : 'You're not doing anything Deni' & Deni replied : 'I'm skinning up, keeping you amused, & being sexy ! All of which form an integral part of this session. Fundamental even !'

(I hasten to add that studio personnel do not overhear, they eavesdrop !)

Sign on the 'kit' :

Dear Computer,

I realise that you're now running things around the studio, & that Rod is merely a figure-head !

Love Deni.

ROD'S RETORTS DURING RECORDING :

'Whoa ! Listen to that !'



'I'll sing the varmint for sure - I can read even the smallest lyric sheet.'

'Keep that tone up !'

'Use my reputation would ya ? Damage my career ! Begone & take all the 'kit' nonsense with you.'

'Time for our daily brain-storming sessions then ? To the pub ?'

'My oh my TIMEKODE !' You twiddle knobs too. And I thought you were just a machine songbird.'

'Is this a Spy Centre ?'

'The studio sessions in trouble. You ever tried talking to a conehead ? I think it's a bloody good job there's only you in TIMEKODE, Deni. Otherwise you'd be an entire flock of coneheads !'

'Go ahead. Strain 'n' strain you silicon shite.'

'I'm not remotely interested in this.'

'The 'kit' sounds nothing like me. More like the authoritative tones of L. Ron Hubbard . . or a bloody Klingon.'

'Now that's better. What a cunning linguist.'

'That was one of my more common mistakes.'

'What a tool ! What a tool !'

'This tone is pitch-bitch bad-ass.'

'I'm dumb . . & humbled.'

'You're a beautiful Hussy Deni.'

'I won't be in the studio today. I feel too good to come to work.'

'I'm not what I ought to be, but better than I used to be.'

'Any outstanding promotional opportunities stay outstanding, unless you get a hit record.'

'I'd like to give you a cheque for £100,000. Next week I'll sign it.'

'You're open, you're sincere, you're fired!'

'Maybe I'll just pass on my usual barking vocals.'

'You are contradictory & snappy.'

'There's nothing to be gained by staying awake here. Thus I shall go to sleep.'

'There's a secret passage leading from the studio down into the beer cellar. It's frequently made use of.'

'As luck would have it, there was no inferior Whisky around. I never came across a studio so utterly destitute of cheap Whisky.'

'Knock £10 an hour off for consequences then OK ?'

'Computers ? I didn't know they were dangerous.'

'A studio is comparatively useless as a sleeping apartment.'

'All this 'kit' sounds very revolutionary to me.'

'You're sicker than I thought. You're a born politician - not a bloody Producer.'

'Cyber Stewart ! Born to be wired !'

'I've GOT to have one of those.'

'I unfortunately had to pass silicon in the night.'

'Cyber Stewart & Robot Rod are silicon-slave entertainers.'

'I'm the living proof of the validity of my songs. See the messianic glint in my eyes.'

'I excel in all forms of music. I am unbeatable & incomparable in skill.'

'But I thought I was a success ?'

'I'm now dominated & inspired.'

'I'm growing more & more beautiful, magnetic & attractive, everyday. 'Cos I've spent my time drinking wine, feeling fine hmmm. I'm beyond compare in face, mind, body & expression.'

'You are a constant source of irritation Deni.'

'It'll never catch on . . . Cyber Stewart & Robot Rod indeed !'

'Get back in that studio woman.'

'Ere luv, give us a tune.'



'If you fail to respect my wishes, do not expect to prosper.'



DENI'S DELIVERIES DURING RECORDING :

'I'm starting to worry about you Rod. Chasing girls in that outfit is one thing, but wearing it around the studio ?'

'Put your comments in the studio suggestion box & fuck off.'

'Rod cruised thru town with my precious 'kit' in his car ! He damned well stole it !'

'Yeh Rod ? You heard what I said. And what are ya gonna do about it huh ? Whatcha gonna do - C'mon !'

'Rod's good, but I think he's faking it.'

'For God's sake . . . look at this studio ! Ah me - another satanic ritual over.'

'Rod's the biggest & best rock'n'roll warrior. Knock him down & he'll come right back.'

'OK Rod, so you're trying to decide between a career in singing or drinking. Maybe I can help you choose, or even combine the both. You drink & I'll program.'

'The chorus features 'The Lads.' A silicon Scottish football team masquerading as a choir. Happy ?'

'The vox simulation takes 2 minutes to program, 20 minutes to edit, & 2 days to decide whether you like it or not.'

'I was enjoying a rousing chorus of a chorus, but Rod wouldn't stop with the 'thwack thwack' part !'

'Alright Rod - so that's the way you want to play it eh ? Gumph . . . the corridors of power.'

'So Rod. You want the last word ? Well . . . YOU switch the 'kit' on eh ? What's that I hear - you don't know how to ? Tsk . . . allow ME to do it for ya !'

'And you wonder why I never walk in front of him. It's in case he thinks I'm sexy.'

'Those machines ? Oh they're just singing honey.'

'Damn, so I did a bad mix. I couldn't decide whether to swing on a star, or carry moonbeams home in a jar . . . so I decided to be a pig. Satisfied ?'

'Rod - the vox machine . . . it's broken. But I can get the krew in as early as tomorrow & they'll stick the bits together with saliva.'

'I won't be rushed or pushed, but may get rattled & shattered, drunk & injured even. Thus I deserve a high income !'

'You are of no consequence & I'm not even prepared to make a pleasurable compromise.'



'I'll deal with it - immediately, effectively & permanently !'

'My mix may not be Earth's last hope, but it's all you've got Mr. S.'

'Adrenaline - improves the sound.'

'TIMEKODE - remember the name. Don't wear it out. I'm the one that bites. So don't knock it or block it. Go figure. Force on !'

'And that's YOUR career claimed by MY 'kit' I believe.'

'I'm sorry but I really can't eat anything that once had the ability to sing.'

'I'm seldom good-hearted or good-tempered.'

'I'm searching for perfection & so the search is always incomplete. No song is ever finished, only abandoned.'

'Treat the studio like it's your home, but remember it's not.'

'Is 'snoring' really 'sheet' music ?'

'I can always lose myself in the most mediocre music. Especially the merely passable. I'm so discriminating. It's for my own good.'

'What excuses did people make before computers ? Who did they blame for mistakes ?'

'Inconsistency is my usual output.'

'I'm amazed at what I can do - unassisted by royalty.'

'It's difficult for me to be as modest as I really am.'

'Listen up. Once you hear my clear explanation, you must obey.'

'I shall have to think of a far-reaching penance for you.'

'I'm tired of making silk purses out of sows ears. Gimme a silk purse, ready made.'

'My success is due to my audacity.'

'A wonderful performance, almost professional.'

'I can't think of a single interesting thing about Rod. Apart from - he's bone idle, disruptive, never stops complaining, & is a creep, a thug, totally illiterate, light-fingered, obstinate & never short of an excuse.'

'You are uncommonly common, utterly representative of a moron.'

'I like music loud. Watts the noise ; watts the power ; watts the time & watts the matter !'



'You're entertainment value of sheer wonder.'

'As a Producer, I smile bravely, even when I've said stupid things. I only look great - sometimes. I traipse around the world when I'd rather be at home with a good book. And above all, I appear to love every minute of it.'

'I have projects. I'm the right woman in the right place at the right time.'

'I'm trying new performances with vox simulations, instead of keeping steadily to old safe business. Repetition is wearisome.'

'This is beginning to get monotonous & I don't hear how to avoid it. I shall rage pitilessly.'

'That's a singularly strange request. Reckless & foolhardy. I'll do it.'

'I discovered Rod over there . . . next morning, lying in a heap. Sad but true.'

'In the middle of the night I heard a bizarre sound. Sensational ! I was inexpressibly shocked. The 'kit' had gone mad in the studio !'

'Rod uttered a long low note of misery.'

'Hello Guv'nor !'

'I opened my ears & looked up at Rod.'

'Rod, you have a peculiarly impressive, not to mention blood-curdling, tone of voice.'

'As time went on, Rod became a bit of a bore ; he irritated me. He'd sit & drink for hours at a stretch, then potter about, in & out of the studio, moaning & sighing, & I couldn't get to work easily. He didn't do any harm exactly.'

'Stewart can be stormy.'

'I'm getting sick of this old fool, is a phrase which springs to mind.'

'I find your retort somewhat petty Rod.'

'Snug with difficult, yet eager anxiousness, that man.'

'Rod had a dejected attitude & looked very miserable. There was an appealing look in his large, sad eyes, that quite touched me. After all, I thought, the silly chap's doing his best. I'll give him another chance. He appeared grateful - the fraud !'

'Is this a self-imposed task ?'

'I suspected Rod . . . & my suspicions were confirmed.'

'Is that a fact Rod ? And you must answer testily !'



'Mere mortals tried to dissuade me from working with Rod. This was termed my 'Idiotic Enterprise.' But I remained firm, & claimed my privilege - I am the Producer. My dissuaders said, that if I put it like that, they had, of course, no choice but to let me go ahead. They lit a candle & accompanied me into the studio. I was elevated by the feeling that I was about to do a noble action.

Animated even . . . with remarkable buoyancy. I had no need to restrain my ambitions - things began to go right from the very first.'

'Isn't that a truly horrible sound ? I'll use it ha . . it's fantastic. Is it legal ?'

'I was staggered at Rod's answer. I'd expected a groan of remorse, but on the contrary, he appeared to be rather conceited over the whole business.'

'I know the circumstantial evidence for my maiming the sax player is overwhelming OK ? The poor chap had only been in the studio a month. I'd never known a more hard-working & energetic guy, right, but he only knew 2 tunes ! However, the man couldn't have played with more pzazz, or for more hours a day, if he'd have had 40 ! I regarded his performance of the melody as - er - regular ! This sad, friendless musician didn't need an invitation to play, nor a response. He was well dodgy & I'll offer a reward for his recovery, alright ?'

'Rod was singing the ballad & when he opened his mouth - (presumably for a G minor !) - I threw a lump of cake, from a window, hoping it would go down his throat and choke him ! Sinful, I know, but worth trying, 'cos I'm a decent shot, & anyway, prior to this, the only crime I'd committed was to maim the sax player.'

'Fine . . . fine . . . fine . . . so maybe I wasn't entirely unconnected with the death & subsequent burial, of the sax player. Nor possibly neither was I altogether irresponsible for the lonely grave of a grim guitarist, who appeared at the session. He also played the barrel-organ. An Italian peasant lad !'

'And whilst I'm at it . . . on another occasion, same bloody session, a German band turned up! Intending, so they announced on their arrival to stay until the winter. (It was summer.) On the 2nd day after their arrival, the whole band - (as fine 'n' healthy a body of men as I could wish to see) - were invited to dinner, by Rod. Alas . . . after spending the entire following 24 hours in bed, they hurriedly left. A broken & dyspeptic bunch ! The local Doctor who attended them, gave his medical opinion, in that, it was doubtful if any of them would ever be fit to play again !'

'A clean record is a bad record !'

'I hate this desk job.'

'Great . . really great - but I'd still like to get out of the studio once in a while.'

'You're a blithering idiot & a half baked lout.'

'Rod was perfectly speechless with fury, whilst I laughed like a row of buckets.'

'You are primitive.'

'How much do you want to bet that he sits next to me.'

'Unfortunately for Rod, I knew the famous Stewart manoeuvre.'

'We can rest assured that most of the punters will select the Rodders trax.'

'I abruptly stopped practicing. Here was an opportunity to employ some skills & so save the entire situation.'

'Whilst Rod slept, nervous little me prepared for the next day.'

'So Rod . . . you doing anything tomorrow ?'

'Is this a copy of our Rod, or a copycat ?'

'Well, there he goes again. Always acting like life is one big musical.'

'Studio-mates Rod & I, sneaked a quick look at the outside world from time to time.'

'I smelled trouble. On one side of the studio was Cyber Stewart & Robot Rod. On the other was the ancient & justified brat pack of Rod, Ronnie & Keef !'

'I can't tell you how I first came to meet Robot Rod & Cyber Stewart - yet !'

'For many weeks, Rod & I lived in mutual tolerance of each other. Then, without provocation, I began throwing studio ego & weird space-age bollox at him. I was losin' my head !'

'I shall first neutralize your nodules.'

'Everything I do is checked by conventional medical means.'

'The 'kit' involves no skeletal shock. It's medically approved !'

'I'm creating a music monster. The mechanical monster module.'

'This will be a most exceptional, but explicable experience !'

'I intend to place Rod in a semi-paralysed state - a state of deep relaxation. I'll need to refer to some laboratory increment tests though. I'll give him - new - erm - elation & optimism, with a heightened sense of observation, for good measure.'

'I intend to work with 'kit' which will direct the living body cells of Rod. To rejuvenate, regenerate & rebuild his body with cells of the utmost perfection. You see, in the future, physical attributes will not be nearly as significant as thoughts, mental attitude & mental hygiene ! It's intelligent instruction, believe me !'



'Your life-span, Rod, will be of the computers choosing. It's a 'design for living' software program.'



'Renewal & reconstruction are what I'm about.'

'Rod is overweight, suffering from a misdirection of metabolism. I shall rid him of fatty deposits on his stomach, hips, legs, back & all other parts of his body. I'll bet he can already feel those fatty tissues dispersing, dissolving, being eliminated & absorbed.'

'Hmm, several weeks seem to have passed & all is not well. Oops - I'll try and use more bass & drums by intelligently redirecting the nutrition, secretion & excretion of his body fluids. Leading to his complete & utter elimination.'

'The thought of my vox simulations thrill & excite me. Everyday I'm involved in making & moulding complete perfection.'

'I don't shirk the work. Nothing of importance happens by accident.'

'My productions are concrete, specific & definite. And I hammer home my point with the greatest of insistence.'

'I don't have a friendly disposition. I'm not kind, courteous, sympathetic, nor a good listener.'

'I believe in my power to convince & influence people, in all walks of life, to do business with me. What I have to offer is superior in value & quality to the job offered by my competitors. I favourably impress all I come into contact with.'

'I have intelligence, logic & will-power, self control & a retentive memory. My mind grows more alert, more brilliant, more original each day, with a greater power to think deeply & plan more comprehensively.'

'My memory is a reservoir of past & present events, all of which I can recall at will ; even to the minutest detail. I impress & visualise effortlessly by creating mental pictures which are now quite automatic & spontaneous.'

'I'm intrepid, brave, fearless & courageous. With nerves of steel. I fear nothing & no-one. Nothing can possibly disturb my confidence under any circumstances. I'm undaunted by the living or the dead !'

'I'm never embarrassed or confused. Nothing can disturb my calmness, poise & equanimity. Apart from irregular bowel movements, possibly.'

'My hearing improves every day & is becoming keener than ever to the most distant of sounds. I can even hear sounds which aren't there !'

'I'm abounding in vigour, vitality, untiring energy & endurance. I'm ever-ready & willing to make every effort required for the profitable application of the hit record !'

'I produce well because I do it with concentration & attention. I am successful in that my skills are appreciated & I'm materially rewarded for them. I'm a success here & now.'

'Er . . . I've not been well, but I'm getting better.'



'Erm I never thought I'd say this, but I've been out of my brilliant mind for a while. A madwoman without a proper job. I was confused. I've been going down the road of 'Only innovate unnecessarily,' & please don't take me back to the day-care centre. I'm safe to be released into the community now. I'm sure you'll understand . . . I was a bit touched by studio-madness !'

'Er . . . I AM better now. Aren't I ?'

Rod is positively tireless ; he oozes effortless ease, & can produce danger !'

'This year thousands of listeners will have their hearing impaired. It shall come to pass.'

'The 'kit' is economical to run, so I'm keeping it .'

'What a sound. All as is should be !'

'There'll be none of that in this studio, or I'll have to conjure something up for you !'

'Rod has some very discernible tunes.'

'I use unconventional methods & constraints for my vox simulations. Various systems. Some are bizarre : consisting mostly of servo-mechanisms & tiny bellows. Besides what has become known as 'The Talking Hoover.'

'Twitch. Tilt. Here come the hill-tribes. That's non-computer users to you.'

'Confine Rod, & don't let the young rascal out of your sight for a minute. Otherwise, there'll be trouble & you'll probably have to redecorate the walls !'

**'I thought Rod would explode about the studio expense account. In true style, he replied :
'That's the spirit Deni !'**

'Rod you're losing it now ! Definitely a case of more medication needed. Or maybe that should be more lubrication.'

'I have a nasty studio skin disease presently. Probably due to the competitions we held to see who could wear the same clothes for the longest period of time. And the game of not brushing our hair - ever - hasn't helped ! I deserve the music biz industry award for 'scruffiness' - which even though it doesn't exist . . . - damned well should !'

'I created a Rod for my own back - (excuse the pun) - doing trax by Rod Stewart ! It brought me grief & harassment in terms of blowing my privacy & raising my profile - meteorically ! I had to move house for gods sakes.'

'My career so far ? I used to think I was Suzi Quatro, now I think I'm Trevor Horn, but I dress like Bob Geldof . . apart from photo opportunities when I can look like Debbie Harry ! Because of my heavyweight contacts, some call me Marilyn Monroe . . . it's not surprising I lose it at times ! I also have nowhere to live.'

'As a Producer I used to be a misfit. Now I'm an outcast. I got promotion !'



FUN AND GAMES :

Fully mobile, larger than life style constructions were built of Robot Rod & Cyber Stewart, unbeknown to me ! (Up until this moment in time, they existed only as black boxes : 'kit' which was intrinsically uninteresting to look at.) Both were delivered to the studio & were clanking around, when Rod called me over to witness a fight - to the death - which he insisted **MUST** happen, between him & them !

Deni : 'Cultivate a sense of proportion. You Robot, & you Cyber, are both perfectly beautiful machines.'

Rod : 'They're not to dangerous. In fact they need lubricating wherever they go buzz, burr, squeak & wump.'

Deni : 'They've been known to take someone's head clean off !'

Rod : 'Good . . . they're setting up an attack !'

Deni : 'They'll do you some serious damage !'

Rod : 'Then there's no time to waste !'

Deni : 'They'll take you apart !'

Rod : 'So here I go. YO ! And there goes Cyber . . . a spinning & a looping. All they way to oblivion.'

Deni : 'What a clash !'

Rod : 'Bring on the substitution !'

Deni : 'Red Card ! Yellow Card !'

Rod : 'Owww . . . that hurt ! What a great block from Robot. Wait . . . it's trying to run off though . . . I'm gonna find it !'

Deni : 'Hmmm . . . that was a terrific knock down by Robot . . . as I'm sure you'll agree Rod . . . Rod ?'

Rod : 'I need 5 minutes for a time-out.'

Deni : 'For a breather ?'

Rod : 'No. To get a weapon !'

Rod returned with an axe ! And trashed Robot, saying afterwards : 'There's every indication he'll miss out on promotion next year.'

Mangled remains, some still operational, of both Cyber & Robot, hung around the studio for weeks. I used to say to myself . . . I suppose I shouldn't worry, but I just get a bad feeling about Rodders hangin' with those dudes.

Day after day, the action continued.

Deni : 'Rod, you've blasted Cyber. What a foul foul.'

Rod : 'Nonsense. It presented me with an untidy challenge that's all & so I'm gonna knock it into space !'

Deni : 'Uh . . . here comes a verbal exchange. Tempers are gettin' frayed.'

Rod : 'Ooops . . . nothing is going according to plan.'

Deni : 'What a crisis situation. Let's have a team talk.'

Rod : 'But there's only bits of both of 'em left.'

Deni : 'So let's have a bit of a team talk then !'

Rod : 'Rubbish. I just need more aerial power. I need air support !'



Deni : 'Look ... in terms of understanding ... they don't .. OK ?'
Rod : 'Yeh ... that bloody Robot's caught between 2 thoughts ! It hasn't even got a walk-on part !'
Deni : 'Rod, you have to face the prospect of never having had a real cutting edge. Dear oh dear.'
Rod : 'Garbage here comes a slight change in formation. I'm telling ya, a mistake will win the game.'
Deni : 'OK. I'll stay with this channel. I'm enjoying the entertainment.'
Rod : 'And I'm gonna go ahead & pick off Cyber again. Let me find the big bits.'
Deni : 'Now this is an upset'
Rod : 'Yeh ... they've both taken the gamble ! I'll give 'em a one match suspension, with possible further disciplinary action to follow.'
Deni : 'Final whistle ?'
Rod : 'I guess They played neat & beleaguered roles but I beat 'em !'
Deni : 'You were undoubtedly the better squad. Without a doubt !'

At the end of the studio session, as a souvenir, Rod had Cyber & Robot rebuilt & delivered to my house ! A charming gesture I thought. Both certainly became topics of conversation that broke the ice at dinner parties, as they lurched & mooched around my living room ! Shortly afterwards, however, both rampaged thru the house, smashing everything in sight, before lumbering off into the countryside, never to be seen again. The Police were unsuccessful in locating them & they are both still at large ! Apparently, Rod had the remote control which operated the duo !'

FAREWELL :

Rod : 'You know your 'kit' has clout. I'm glad I checked it out !'
Deni : 'And you sing like a fiery quartet, & I can't be arsed to think of a rhyming couplet. (Apart from that one !)'
Rod : 'What drives you on Deni ?'
Deni : 'Quest & impulse !'
Rod : 'Log the final data would you ?'
Deni : 'Sure ... would that be under prologue or epilogue ?'
Deni : 'I'd heard you're a great talent Rod.'
Rod : 'No. I'm an act of God !'
Rod : 'You're complicated Deni. And not yet reconciled with your true genius.'
Deni : 'Comes with the gig, babe !'
Rod : 'What exactly are you doing with your vox simulations then ?'
Deni : 'I'm currently absent from the north of England & here in the south of England, having lessons on how not to scare the public with them.'
Deni : 'Why don't you play some 'Jungle music' Rod ?'
Rod : 'What is it ?'

Rod : 'We have successfully eluded the police & gotten clean out of the studio. Time for another unostentatious disappearance methinks.'

Deni : 'Absolutely.'

Rod : 'Wanna try the whole thing again sometime ?'

Deni : 'Shoot !'

Rod : 'Then thankyou & goodnight.'

Rod : 'Oh . . . one last thing. Be lucky. Have a hit with 'YOU'VE BROKEN THRU'. ALL versions !'

Deni : 'And with 'DON'T THROW YOUR CHANCE AWAY ?'

Rod : 'Exactly !!!!!'



REDISCOVERIES

Sex isn't manufactured or standardised, & thus is inferior to bikes 'n watches, in that you can't renew the parts.

Sex - survives attacks of luxury & fame.

Sex - the best hope for that which we least know.

Sex should last long enough for your partner to miss you, but not long enough for them to discover they can manage without you.

The penis - nothing is little to the great. The root of all mischief.

The penis - rises in spite of poverty & cash.

Passion or sorrow are the only things needed for great sex.

The mystery & marvel of sex keeps us expectant. The reality ? Expecting !

Everyone lies in bed.

Women & wild horses let others tame them.

Rod : 'Sex is a hole-soul practice.'

Rod : 'Sex & concentration ? God wot ?'

Rod : 'Sex - always grown up & often associated with grief.'

Rod : 'Sex - elevates the common & amends the coarse. There lies the appeal in what I did.'

Rod : 'Sex - I was laced 'n' chased.'

Rod : 'Sex - the memory of a waft of sweet, faint fragrance.'

Rod : 'Sex is hygienic. It exercises those irrational organs.'

Rod : 'Are 'sexual fireworks' a good bang ?'

Rod : 'Sex can make you happy. It quietens the nerves.'

Rod : 'Sexual power & perfection should be obtained & maintained !'

Rod : 'Hmmmmm . . . pure sex & undefiled'

Rod : 'I've bought you a lucky bag. Enjoy the sweeties ! Alternatively it's a reference to anyone who gets to shag you, enroute thru life !'



Rod : 'Ah . . . under-garments ! Seldom accepted with the enthusiasm they demand.'

Rod : 'Frau, Madame and Signora !'

Rod : 'Britt Ekland ? . . . Grand homme et parfait egoiste !'

Rod : 'You've been warned. I'm hell bent on pleasure.'

Rod : 'You don't want children at the moment ? Not even mine ?'

Rod : 'I've been adorned, cheapened, moulded, marked & penetrated. Now I'm multiplying marvellously.'

Rod : 'My old man stands high, erect & imperious. Just as it did years ago. It seems to grow bigger and statelier & OK, it's like my little finger really ! Or a cigarette !'

Rod : 'Shorts 'n' chasers ? Obviously feminine. Tight even !'

Rod : 'You've got a face & figure of metal. Hard as nails.'

Rod : 'No question about it. I've had to rein in my natural playfulness in dealing with today's woman.'

Rod : 'Deni . . . you're a brain scanner ! A mind-sweeper !'

Rod : 'I'm tush tired.'

Deni : 'Sex - you're either a volunteer or a victim.'

Deni : 'Sex is a kind of mystic lunacy.'

Deni : 'Sex - the unknown quantity. X carried to the nth.'

Deni : 'Sex is an exhausting dispute between how good we are at it & how good we'd like to be at it. All a question of pace if you ask me.'

Deni : 'Sex is anything but child's play.'

Deni : 'Sex I can feel without understanding, but never quite understand unless I feel.'

Deni : 'Sex is like an echo. It may answer, but not come.'

Deni : 'Good sex is better if you've been skin-starved for a while.'

Deni : 'Sexually I'm potent, competent, & in absolute control & have direction of will over my sexual desire & capabilities. Apart from when I stray from the path !'



Deni : 'The penis ? the divining Rod ?' (Ouch !)

Deni : 'Rod has had his wish . . . suddenly & unexpectedly . . granted !'

Deni : 'I always smile when action clinks his testicles.'

Deni : 'Rod ? Much Adonis about nothing !'

Deni : 'I only understand the problem when wearing silk underwear Rod.'

Deni : 'I remember your lovely underwear Rod . . . with fur on the top & bottom. And the high-heeled gold shoes to match.'

Deni : 'I don't have any hard facts, but my intuition tells me that Rod's been cross-fertilising.'

Deni : 'I was not truly impressed with Rod's physical or mental condition.'

Deni : 'On first meeting Rod, his step was springy, his demeanour alert & confident, his speech was lucid, & he had a full head of hair & wore no glasses. I got over my initial astonishment, nay, sense of wonder, at his incredible youthfulness, when I realised he was a geriatric.'

Deni : 'Initially, Rod's body was muscular & hairy, his chest broad & ample. The intestines were sound, very fleshy & strong, & the brain healthy. Firm & hard to the touch.'

Deni : 'He started to display visible signs of old age. He was bent and tottering with wrinkled hands, face & neck. There was a general stiffening of his body. I decided to change his metabolism mechanically & replace his subconscious with silicon. Using my superiority.'

Deni : 'Gradually Rod's body became gross & emaciated. His hair & teeth disappeared by degrees, & the driving force of his life - his sexual potency - rapidly declined.'

Deni : 'Eventually Rod was a withered, hairless, sightless, toothless freak. And he got cross.'

Deni : 'He was a doddering old man with one foot in the grave.'

Deni : 'As Rod snuggled up to me, I thought, Hmmm . . . I believe I can feel old age creeping up.'

Deni : 'To be honest Rod, I wish you were a younger man.'

Rod : 'I'd rather be one of the undead than be you.'

Deni : 'And you're the original hook-nose.'



Deni : 'Actually, you've got flair, class & confidence.'

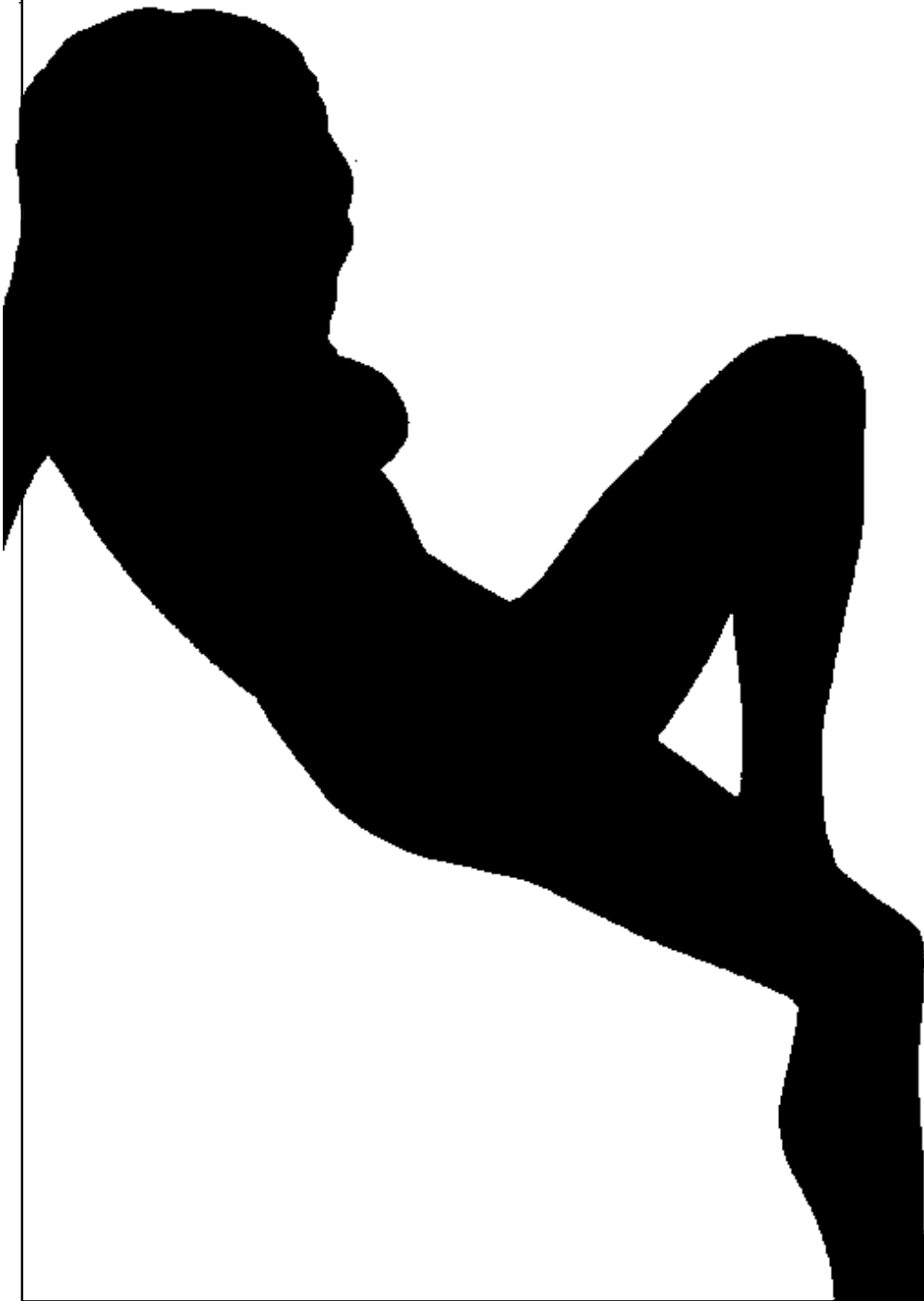
Rod : 'Not a bread 'n' butter geezer then ?'

Deni : 'Not even slightly, my man !'

Rod : 'Safe to say we became inseparable partners with identical interests ?'

Deni : 'Totally, identically, inseparable !'





TRUE COMMENTS :



'A hard man of soccer.'

'He went down too early.'

'Go on, get on the end of it.'

'Such penetration.'

'That was a quick, great touch.'

'He's on the game.'

'He's not totally fit.'

'He has power 'n' pass problems.'

'And it's too short.'

'Once he gets going, he produces the goods.'

'He's coming quickly.'

'He scored & splattered.'

'An unprecedented treble.' (Menage a trois ?)

'He's playing around.'

'What poor balls.'

'What a great feel - what a great jump.'

'He's certainly got an eye for it.'

'Touch, touch, touch.'

'Look - beautiful balls that come down.'

'Flick it in.'

'Snatch a match.'

'He's on the make.'

'It's been so hard now, for so long.'

'He's a dangerous man in that position.'

'He knocks it in & sticks it in.'

'He scored at a crucial moment.'

'He's a big man.'

'He's fit 'n' fast.'

'That was tight !'

'There's a pace.'

'He dominated & now they're up against the wall.'

'Whip 'em in.'

'Oh no . . . he's fumbled it.'

'Get into that forward position.'

'And they're shoulder to shoulder now.'

'He tried hard to frustrate them.'

'He's hustling for chances.'

'He's lining 'em up.'

'He's trying to get in there.'

'Don't do it from the bench.'

'He's thrusting away.'

'He's thoroughly licked.'

'It comes on, it goes off.'

'With his hand.'

'He's pulled. Away to the far side.'

'What a head !'

'He's lapping it up.'

'On the rise !'

'He was sweating until the 91st minute.'

'It's beginning to ebb away.'



'It was forced wide.'

'Get on the end of this.'

'There's no-one quicker.'

'He's trying to get it forward.'

'And he knocks it wide, to test the legs.'

'Over the top . . . what an infringement.'

'He gets there fractionally early.'

'Offside my backside.'

'It's tight at the back . . . he's planned it well.'

'Pull at your muscles & work your socks off.'

'Bring it away now.'

'He was jolted out of his strides.'

'He came up from the back & frisked away.'

'His scoring is a foregone conclusion.'

'He's awful, useless.'

'The perfect angle !'

'Let it hang in the air.'

'He's needing a bit of treatment.'

'And he goes tumbling.'

'And he's starting to make it.'

'Bring it away lad.'

'He's been knocked back again.'

'Oh no . . . it's come out.'

'It's gone wide !'

'There's a chance here.'

'He's done it himself.'



'He's been stopped.'

'He got on the end of that one.'

'He's done himself a mischief.'

'You must be thrilled.'

'He's showing his whistle.'

'Give me more of that.'

'Splendid technique for so long.'

'He's gone for a pass.'

'He's there.'

'He always sticks it in & gets it up.'

'Drive one in !'

'Such a furious finish.'

'Please, please, please.'

'Events have caught up with him.'

'He got a result.'

'He's every chance of following thru - he's very strong.'

'He's not much self-esteem & no confidence.'

'He looks very tired.'

'It's running down & away.'

'His chances are somewhere between slim & nil.'

'It's his ball.'

'He just wants to come on & score.'

'This is too much of a fairy story.' (For homosexual fans !)

'That was not the sort of introduction he needed to help his back trouble.'

'Use the width more, use the width !'

'He's a physical attacker.'



'And he's in a nice position.'

'It depends which side the ball's on.'

'His experience is showing.'

'Play a part boy, play a part.'

'And off comes his kit.'

'He didn't quite get it down there.'

'A good deep position.'

'He's snapping away at it.'

'It's up, it's up !'

'He has a history of high scoring.'

'There's something on the end of it.'

'He's waiting in the middle for it.'

'He always gets just underneath it.'

'Hmmm . . . he couldn't control it.'

'Oh . . . pick it up & get on with it.'

'And he gets a foot in.'

'Spread it wide now.'

'He's being forced back.'

'Come to me.'

'There's no question of where he got it.'

'Oops, he's gone down & injured himself.'

'He's in the best possible position.'

'Get a glance on that.'

'Dig anything you can out of this extra period.' (Sic.)

'He's got the better of them with centimetres to spare.'

'Give him an early ball.'



'He plays on either flank.'

'He gets a touch.'

'What a killer pass.'

'He's been on top in this one.'

'This is a normal period.'

'He's not gonna get one like that.'

'He got forward whenever he could.'

'Knock it back in or out.'

'And he's up.'

'What a challenge.'

'Here comes disappointment again.'

'He's never looked threatening.'

'He's urging them on.'

'He had a good idea, but couldn't carry it out.'

'A good surge.'

'He can't produce.' And he was denied.'

'It's difficult when you've not been in action much.'

'He's half-way.'

'That was magnificent.'

'He hasn't seen too much excitement in the way of opportunity.'

'That's too much, much too long.'

'Ah me . . . tiredness takes it's toll.'

'What a close encounter.'

'They've not been given that much space.'

'NOW they're tangling.'

'And there's blood-boiling passion.'



'He's got a red one.'

'He imposed himself on the game.'

'He's no great classic.'

'He's the most relieved man in the stadium.'

'He can rise from a difficult situation to come out on top.'

'He's touched everything in the air.'

'He jumps cleanly.'

'He whipped it over the wall.'

'He's lost his grip on it.'

'He's carrying all before him.'

'It's always the unlikely lads that do the business.'

'He's sitting on a sensation.'

'He's completely unmarked, after all that.'

'He'll have to put his hand up now.'

'He possibly helped dislodge it.'

'He cheated.'

'This is the best he's had up front.'

'He's pushing.'

'He plays in one yard - a back one, & his own !'

'He hustled & hunted.'

'He would've preferred to have a little bang himself.'

'He's got a fabulous slice 'n' swerve on him.'

'He's playing near his maximum.'

'His ball sped away into the beautiful Californian sunshine.'

'I have to believe that's even too much for him, especially at that angle.'

'I must get a result today.'



'His distribution's good.'

'Flanks ! Flanks !'

'Drop off, drop off.'

'Oh . . . rub the trouble out of my aching limbs.'

'Fresh legs, fresh minds !'

'A lovely rippling movement.'

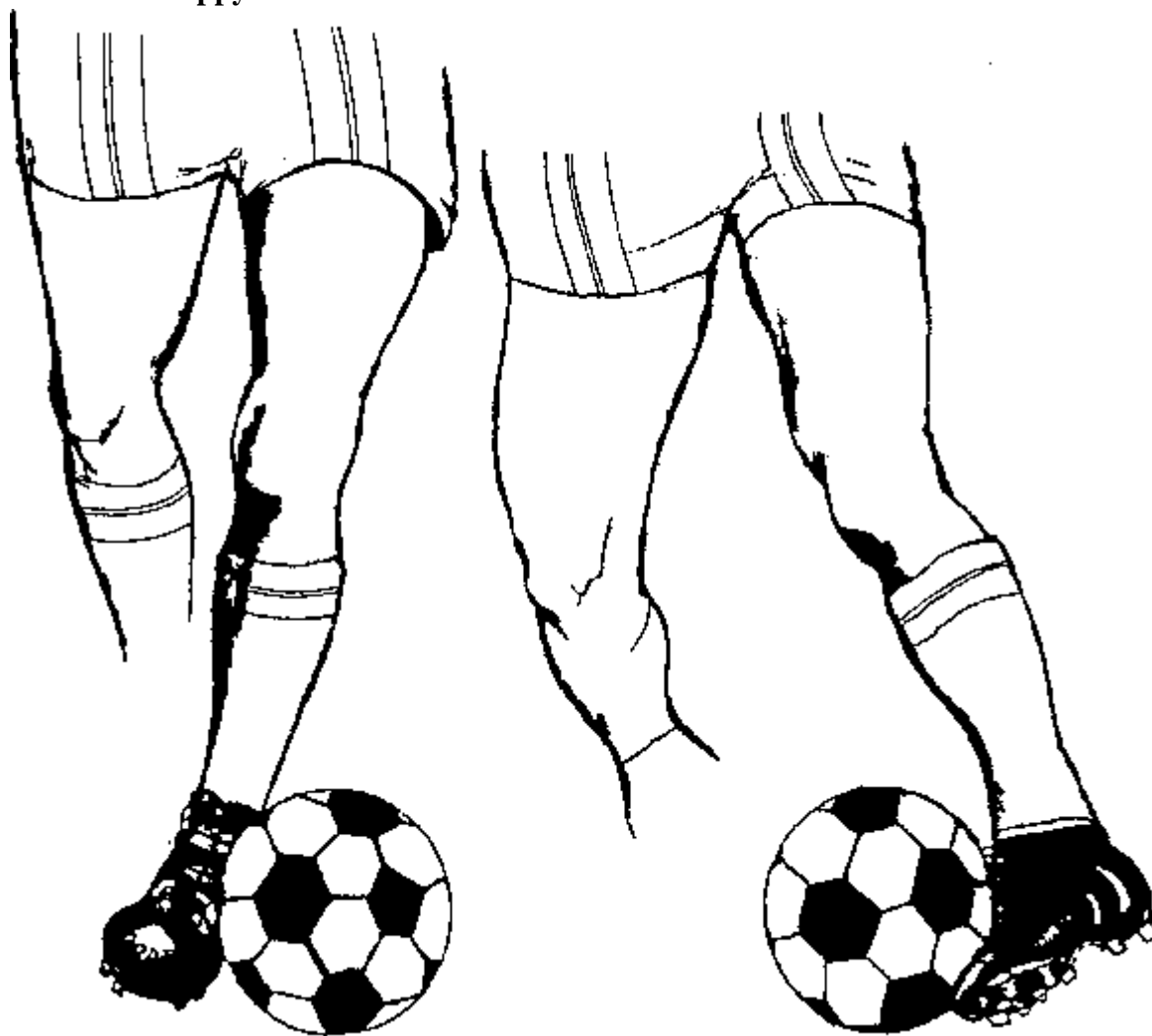
'Dive in there !'

'There's a real danger from his tackle !'

'And it's straight down the left.'

'I'm proud of what I've done to them.'

'He's hard 'n' happy.'



Phonetics - the science of vocal sounds - constitutes a small area of study involved in vox simulations. And although I'm a northern lass, being born 'n' bred in Blackpool (& thus no stranger to foraging for food, building my own shelter & gassing badgers), I've spent a considerable part of my life in the south of England. Consequently, I'm told I don't have a discernible northern accent, but am accentless : indeed, there are those who say I speak 'posh' ! This brief section entitled 'Pissed Pre-amble' serves to illustrate not only my skills as a phonetician, but the degree to which I had the rip taken out of me, by others, after having consumed the demon drink. It's a cruel life but fair !



Phonetics :

Translation :

'White for me.'

'Wait for me.'

'It's your rind.'

'It's your round.'

'Are we eating ate ?'

'Are we eating out ?'

'Is this brine ?'

'Is this brown ?'

'Are we hay ?'

'Are we high ?'

'Coming to the march ?'

'Coming to the match ?'

'Sit on the coach.'

'Sit on the couch.'

'What the hake.'

'What the heck ?'

'She's in the hise.'

'She's in the house.'

'He's a card & a lard.'

'He's a cad & a lad.'

'What are your lakes & dislakes ?'

'What are your likes & dislikes ?'

SPOKEN & SLURRED BY THOSE WHO WISH TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS :

'Back - or be drowned' : the warning cry of any decent barperson.

'Home brew : use any fruit available. Add raw alcohol to taste. Seal & ferment until ready. Fill 4 bottles - when 1 explodes drink the other 3.'

'Drink : just when you get to make the most of it, most of it's gone.'

'Happy Hour : generates a 100 smiles. One size fits all.'

'Drinking club : meet, chink & be merry.'

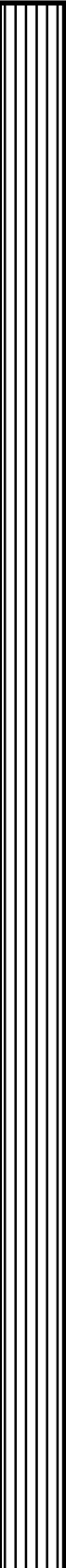
'Heavy drinking is suicide on an instalment plan.'

'Canned consumption : when metal meets mouth.'

'An empty bottle showed the following sticker : 'Opened in error'.'

'A pub sign : 'Licensing Hours - YES !'

'How to estimate 'average' drinking : If the time taken to drink is known, the correct average speed can be worked out. If anyone cares.'





'One man's malt is another man's poison.'

'Drinking partners : Fate, Hope & Charity.'

'Drinking made easy. A wholesome corrective.'

'Hazardous, noticeable things when drunk : Grass & weeds, trees, tramlines, litter, banks, garages, open countryside, new housing schemes, T-rooms, baskets, barbed wire, warning notices, telegraph poles, telephones, advertisement hoardings, beauty spots, passengers, police cars, pubs.'

'The composition of alcohol : 17% compound cleaning properties (flush out value) ; 33% heating properties ('nip' value) ; 50% odour properties (breath value). Makes an explosive mixture !'

'Here come the uncommon folk - those that are sober !'

'What do you want ? And what d'ya wanna pay ?'

'Because of profits, local landlords made searching inquiries regarding Rod & Deni !'

'Come Tuesday, Rod & Deni would be mortal enemies. But on the Monday evening of completing a great song, feelings were put aside for the traditional & obligatory piss-up !'

'It wasn't until Rod got home from the pub, that he realised his car had no front end !'

'Until his condition improved, Rod was left with the tragic side-effect, medically known as 'empty bottle-itis' ! But Rod soon realised his problems were actually much bigger. A foreboding symptom : empty wallet-itis !'

'You don't believe which part ?' was often Rod's reply !'

The answers to the drinking quiz are as follows :

Effects of drinking in wet weather - subtract 5 litres. (Indoors).

Effects of drinking in dry weather - add 5 litres. (Outdoors).

Effects of drinking in dangerous weather - nil (Invalid).

Effects of drinking in good visibility - add 10 litres. (To rectify).

Effects of drinking in puddles - nil (Too piddled).

Effects of drinking in a police car- subtract a hefty fine or add one month !

'There goes Rodders with the boss again. What a red-noser !'

'Sure . . . the place you're looking for is straight over them hills. That's Cadillac Jack's Saloon ! Course, that's as the crow flies, not as the chicken walks !'



Rod : 'It doesn't matter much what a woman drinks, as long as she knows how to drink it.'

Rod : 'May all I do be liquid !'

Rod : 'Quaff it with me now.'

Rod : 'Knowing the extent of my drinking habits has made me realise I'm a very fortunate to be alive.'

Rod : 'If you can remember a drinking spree - you have a selective memory. Aim to have no memory at all.'

Rod : 'The promise ? Never a drop shall pass my lips. The proof ? 98% !'

Rod : 'There's a time for being, a time for knowing, a time for doing. And then there's 'Opening Time' & making time for drinking. Oh & 'Time gentlemen please.'

Rod : 'There's a degree of danger in the drink. It makes Deni feed her own self-importance.'

Rod : 'Consistency is the most difficult part of drinking.'

Rod : 'Drinking is a question of credit & debit.'

Rod : 'When you pour me a drink Deni, I get sufficient. When I pour it, I get enough.'

Rod : 'I'm just a hoarse, drunken idiot. Once you get to know me, you'll see I'm right.'

Rod : 'I don't know which worries me the most about drink. The proof or the ingredients.'

Rod : 'I've got a new & true vocation. I've been called to the bar !'

Rod : 'So Deni, refuse a drink would you ? What a gross injustice - with unfeeling insinuations !'

Rod : 'I'm frenzied with grief 'n' whisky. I've had years of fruitless effort, you see.'

Rod : 'I'm quite unabashed & so wild !'

Rod : 'Everyone should be medically examined to establish your 'fitness' to drink. To elaborate : you can't undergo an examination as to your skill in drinking, until you've had considerable experience in handling the demon drink. Equally, you must not drink until you've been examined & declared to be a person worthy of drinking !'

Rod : 'Could you give me a lift to the bar, calling first at that other drinking establishment ?'

Rod : 'Drink to me if you dare, drink to me if you like.'



- Rod : 'I'm going to remain on the piss !'
- Rod : 'There's no bottle without a glass & I am a very rude boy !'
- Rod : 'See, I just tilt this thing & out it comes.'
- Rod : 'Wet or whoa . . . hey nonny, nonny no. Bonnie lassie !'
- Rod : 'I've compiled a list of stock phrases that can safely be said to the police, whilst they look at you !'
- Rod : 'I'm frightfully fond of whisky, & if this is what yer right arms for, then dear God, witness my 2 right arms !'
- Rod : 'Where's the bottle ? I'm not ready to be overtaken in my drinking.'
- Rod : 'Never do anything unless you can do it drinking. Otherwise never do anything.'
- Rod : 'That's whisky that was !'
- Rod : 'Beware pubs where all the streets are cobbled & tramlined, with concealed or misleading signposts, or none at all. These tend to increase with your intake !'
- Rod : 'I spend a lot of time in the middle of the street - mostly on my back.'
- Rod : 'Let me drink it for you.'
- Rod : 'Here's a special Stewart specimen !'
- Rod : 'I will arise now & go to Scotland !'
- Rod : 'As a matter of fact, I think I think better when I've had a couple, I think.'
- Rod : 'Gimme that great God - 'Gargle' !'
- Rod : 'I'm pissed silly, but better than I was.'
- Rod : 'Because I popularise drinking - these are presented free by the distillers.'
- Rod : 'Like so many things, my drinking started accidentally.'
- Rod : 'Decent whisky is easy to spot, yet impossible to define.'
- Rod : 'I give minimum resistance to 'swallow' & maximum to 'skid.'
- Rod : 'A drink is a lovely thing. Hallelujah !'

Rod : 'As an average drinker, I'm a much-maligned person. Contrary to popular belief, I don't go around the country intentionally getting drunk. I'm as much concerned to avoid accidents as anyone else. I have no desire whatsoever to jeopardise my own safety or anyone's. Being essentially law-abiding, if told by authority what I ought to do, I'll always'



Rod : 'You can have a whisky punch now, with the whisky left out, but as a forfeit, have a double whisky next time !'

Rod : 'Pissed before 7, sober before 11.'

Rod : 'Everynight you ask me what's for dinner Deni, & every night I say the same thing - alcohol !'

Rod : 'Line 'em up lads, & let's try not to get beaten. It avoids disappointment. So, God save our team & remember that relegation to under the table should be a foregone conclusion.'

Rod : 'To make our roads safer, I suggest special drink-driving lanes !'

Rod : 'I'll have a hot veal pasty & toasted lobster please. Then I'll do justice to the whisky punch !'

Rod : 'My ready-reckoner expenses account goes like this : 10% of the allocated drinking budget to be divided between the table waiter, waitress & the man dressed as the head waiter. 10% also to the geezer who spread out the change from the bill, on a plate, whom we all took the rip out of all night & got more obnoxious with as the evening progressed. Always allow for mistakes in mental arithmetic, that's what I say. These vary, but are also dependent upon volume & time spent drinking. And I know there are those amongst you who have difficulty calculating stuff ! Money ? Who needs it !'

Rod : 'So this is the social Cyber Stewart eh ?'

Rod : 'Omens & their meanings ? How's about . . . drip, drip, drip - the bottle's empty !'

Rod : 'Experience has taught me to regard booze as a major symptom of early fossilization.'

Rod : 'I'll never again yield to, or indulge in, alcoholic stimulants, whatever the reason. The very thought of alcohol is positively repugnant to me. Any craving within me is dead & I want to be free to assert my will to the uttermost - which I do now. What a shitload of bollox !'

Rod : 'Always slip into the path of least resistance.'

Rod : 'I became alcoholically at war with myself.'



Rod : 'I get all the exercise I need by going to the funerals of my friends who died from drink.'

Rod : 'What we drink today, becomes our blood tomorrow.'

Rod : 'What an excellent supply.'

Rod : 'I happen to have a rigid belief that all forms of over-indulgence, abuse & excess, are vital in harmonising a person with his environment.'

Rod : 'I sleep soundly & refreshingly every night of my life, as I have no organic defect.'

Rod : 'Glug, glug, glug . . . the sound of my competitive nature.'

Rod : 'Regroup those remaining litres. What a lot of might-have-beens.'

Rod : 'Down the hatch . . . & then remember, only crumble indoors.'

Rod : 'Listen to this Deni. Missing, Fri 11th - tall black 'n' white cat. Garage doors for sale, 14m by 7m. Can be seen working ! Ha . . . & a book title - Your first parrot & how to cook it !'

Rod : 'There's nothing worse than the thievin' gypsy bastards turning up on yer doorstep, unless it's the thievin' gypsy psychic bastards. Is there now ?'

Rod : 'Deni, have you heard about the 'Celebrity Sheets Sale' ? It's the actual selling-off the bed-linen of the famous ! Creepy showbiz groupies bid for them, by all accounts ! I wonder if you get more money for sheets with Celebrity 'stuff' on ? Oh dear, dear me.'

Rod : 'Have you heard about these 'Volunteer Accident Victims' Deni ? Apparently, they dress up & role play for accident training. And they've formed a club, with a newsletter & merchandising ! When interviewed, one member, who'd been involved in this kind of thing for some 20 bloody years, said : 'I've played out every kind of accident possible. Concussions my favourite ! Get a life or what.'

Rod : 'Hey . . . get this. A new concept in total privacy. Employing people to dress up & act weird in front of your house ! What a lovely deterrent ! Thoughts of 'Egor & State your business 'n' give the sign' spring to mind !'

Rod : 'Heard about the bell-ringing krew or posse . . . who split up & blame . . . Musical Differences !'

Rod : 'I firmly believe Deni, that your Vox Simulations give a drastic case of the runs, coupled with poor sexual performance ! I recommend nil by mouth !'

Rod : 'Call me old fashioned, & shoot me if I'm wrong, but a bit of stability never went amiss. However, I shall now fall over !'



- Deni :** 'What does Rod call me after my 3rd cocktail ? A wimp !'
- Deni :** 'Achievement ? A drinking opportunity executed with effort.'
- Deni :** 'I'd rather tell you my age & weight than recount last nights events.'
- Deni :** 'I'm drinking with abandon.'
- Deni :** 'Rod likes to soak himself in drink & reflection.'
- Deni :** 'I was thoroughly launched !'
- Deni :** 'Whoa, c'mon you guys. This is a friendly game. Ease up on those liquids.'
- Deni :** 'I may be pissed, but at least I get from x to y.'
- Deni :** 'I'd do it all over again. But I'd have the wine first.'
- Deni :** 'Before Rod, there was blackness. Now I see the light.'
- Deni :** 'He's a laughter drafter - always happy & pissed.'
- Deni :** 'I hereby name my favourite drink 'Business'. Thus . . . I'm out on business isn't a lie.'
- Deni :** 'In this state, how I recollect Rod's exact words, escapes me.'
- Deni :** 'Rod's a wicked old miser.'
- Deni :** 'I got wild, threw up out of the window, undressed & went to bed in the dark. I didn't sleep. I lay on my back looking up at the moving ceiling, & thinking of things. I was singularly contented, as most people would be under similar circumstances. I was totally sparked.'
- Deni :** 'Rod & I stopped for a drink at a country pub, which was practically empty. The silence was broken by a rowdy group of 'yoofs', who burst in laughing. They continued to talk loudly & generally destroyed the ambience. Rod rose from his seat & tapped a lad on the shoulder. 'Hey, someone wants you outside', he said. 'Oh yeah, like who m-a-a-a-n' came the reply. 'Everyone in here' said Rod (Half way back to his seat !)
- Deni :** 'I'm going to wait till I can focus & then step slowly off this bar-stool OK ?'
- Deni :** 'I'm suffering from constant consumption.'
- Deni :** 'Cease ! My state of health is such that you are endangering my life. Do you know what you're talking about ? If not, cover me up with a blanket & let me go to sleep.'
- Deni :** 'Oh oh . . . here comes the drinking void !'



- Deni :** 'Ah me . . . the silliness of being social.'
- Deni :** 'Gimme some drinking, thinking distance.'
- Deni :** 'Early closing ? That's remarkable !'
- Deni :** 'Some cocktails are mixed entirely for speed, & not comfort.'
- Deni :** 'Have you noticed Rod's adjustable amounts ?'
- Deni :** 'I love the early morning - the bottles are so empty.'
- Deni :** 'Stop. I'm getting quite dizzy. Sure enough I am. All manner of things are suddenly blurred.'
- Deni :** 'A large, dull saloon always supercharged Stewart.'
- Deni :** 'The planning of the pub tour route was painstaking. There was the drinking & redrinking : the rise at dawn in order to get off to an early start : the lunch-time itinerary & more. I was given a ridiculous, but necessary, good pub guide book. This proved quite unnecessary, as virtually every pub presented the same obstacle to those passing thru : I may never pass this way again !'
- Deni :** 'I am majestically steaming.'
- Deni :** 'Come the dawn piss-over pills at the ready.'
- Deni :** 'I'm so excited I can hardly drink.'
- Deni :** 'Little by little Rod's gaining I can see him thru the bottom of my glass.'
- Deni :** 'There was a daily crisis of Rod's liver versus Rod's imagination.'
- Deni :** 'Damn ! Rod's thrown up on the sofa again !'
- Deni :** 'After a drinking session, Rod sang a very clever song. He imitated different farmyard animals. He did mix them up a bit though - brayed for a cock, crowed for a pig - but I knew what he meant alright !'
- Deni :** 'Rod told a very funny story in the course of the evening. I forget what it was about now. It's strange that I can't recollect it, because he told it 3 or 4 times, & it was entirely my fault that he didn't tell it a 5th !'
- Deni :** 'We shared some drinks & again Rod began his story & then he was finishing it ! I can't recall the middle bit, & so I'll call this the incomplete story !'



- Deni :** 'Eventually I couldn't make head nor tail of Rod's stories ! There seemed to be an enormous amount of plot, & enough incident to have made a dozen novels. I'd never heard stories dealing with so many varied characters - hundreds of them. Every human being Rod had ever met, known or heard of. He'd mention a brand new collection of people 'n' places every 10 seconds. That's the kind of storyteller he was !'
- Deni :** 'Rod said he often quietened people with a tale. Batches of people, so as to save time & expenses. He'd often shut 6 people up in a small room together. It was good to listen to him.'
- Deni :** 'I'm a learner liquor lover & distinguishable by this large 'L' affixed to me. But I'm accompanied by Rod, who is calm, self-assured & perfectly confident of his ability to handle any drunken situation. Going . . . going . . . gone !'
- Deni :** 'Rod's been more of a nuisance than usual of late. I'll have to get rid of him somehow. Hmmm . . . I'll find some whisky & put him on it - the idea sounds reasonable. The difficulty being that no-one but Rod knows where the whisky is stashed.'
- Deni :** 'Might I suggest palming Rod off with some sub-standard whisky ?'
- Deni :** 'I thought for a while & hazarded a suggestion to myself. Couldn't I fake up something for the old chap ? He seems a simple minded sort & he might go for it. Anyhow, it's worth a trip - by jove . . . I will. Next morning I fixed up a little of something special. That ought to do it, I mused. It did. It lured him that very night - most pathetic ! Rod has never troubled me since, & in fact seems quite happy ! More whisky punch ?'
- Deni :** 'Alas, I underestimated his resilience ! It was too early in the day to object - so I gave in & we did justice to another bowl of HIS whisky punch !'
- Deni :** 'Erm . . . I've just filled up with alcohol, & seem to have reversed into something.'
- Deni :** 'Rod stood his ground . . . until he collapsed !'
- Deni :** 'Everybody stand back now . . . whilst I attempt to down this litre of whisky, with unbelievable ease ! Aargh . . . !'
- Deni :** 'I don't know who he is. Maybe he's a disgruntled worker. He's got a full wallet so who cares !'
- Deni :** 'Whoa Rod. I don't know what this drink is, or where it comes from, but after what happened to the dog last week, I'd advise people to try it !'
- Deni :** 'Early orders? Oh wait . . . I don't want to do that !'
- Deni :** 'Gasp . . . the living hell of Rod's empty glass.'



- Deni :** 'Rod kind of floated thru the bar's doorway, as if suspended by wires. It was destined to be a short-lived spectacle.'
- Deni :** 'Oh oh . . there goes Rod again, draining off the goldfish bowl.'
- Deni :** 'I lift, you pour . . . is that concept just a little too complex Rod?'
- Deni :** 'A best-selling novel would be : Rod Stewart in whisky country. Remind me to write it sometime.'
- Deni :** 'Rod looked around the room. Not another whisky anywhere. And then it dawned on him. This was a wine bar. Boy, that's good !'
- Deni :** 'Here comes a practical joke of the pissed kind.'
- Deni :** 'Suddenly, everything started to come into focus for me. My missing beer, my missing whisky chaser, & Rod who was getting just a little too sociable for his own good !'
- Deni :** 'For professional reasons, the names and addresses of Rod's doctors, cannot be published. But any interested persons can obtain full copies of his condition, from myself.'
- Deni :** 'All Rod's urinary organs are functioning healthily & will hopefully continue to do so. His kidneys are active, & there is a free & unimpeded flow of alcohol thru them. And thru his bladder.'
- Deni :** 'Well he did think about leaving the last litre.'
- Deni :** 'What a duster of clinkers ! I mean cluster of drinkers !'
- Deni :** 'We're doomed ! Rod's in there. Kiss yer ass goodbye !'
- Deni :** 'Rod's in the middle of the wall, trying to assert a bit of authority & get served.'
- Deni :** 'The perfect gig would be where fans only have to travel to the bar.'
- Deni :** 'That was an occasion to go outside now, wasn't it !'
- Deni :** 'I feel like porridge in a micro-wave . . . blistering !'
- Deni :** 'You could say Stewart never lets things bottle-up !'
- Deni :** 'Suffice it to say, the evening degenerated.'
- Deni :** 'I feel a T-shirt slogan coming on.'
- Deni :** 'Everything Rod does is a bit suspect to me !'



Deni : 'I naturally chose the most expensive drink available.'

Deni : 'Piss-off ! I'm currently nursing a hangover the size of the Empire State Building !'

Deni : 'Listen up all you non-believers . . . you bit part, chorus-line, low-profile amateurs, who tried to wreak havoc with me & muscle in. Let me say that TIMEKODE sounds magnificent ! Eat floor suckers !'

Deni : 'Hey guys. I've had an idea that will change music forever. Support bands on tour are completely & utterly replaced, by the likes of major discount superstores ! Thus you could have : Madonna plus 'Do it all,' & The Pet Shop Boys plus 'Carpet World.'

Deni : 'I've never been one to resist running up an astro-ginormous-mega-macro expense account. Particularly when it's being charged to Rod Stewart. No - that's not fair. That should be - especially when it's being charged to Rod Stewart !'

Rod : 'Deni, I can levitate !'

Deni : 'Hmmm . . . a good trick if you can do it.'

Rod : 'It takes many steps to get drunk, but only one to fall down.'

Deni : 'Yeh . . . left foot, right foot now !'

Rod : 'Have you noticed how all the gals get better looking at closing time ?'

Deni : 'No but I've noticed that Jesus wants me for a sunbeam !'

Deni : 'I'm going to swerve suddenly out into the middle of the road, & with luck, back again.'

Rod : 'Aw shucks . . . I'd rather you appeared suddenly from nowhere, on account of this magnum of whisky on the dashboard !'

Rod : 'Quick . . . fragment & disperse.'

Deni : 'Why ?'

Rod : 'It's our round !'

Rod : 'Rod . . go get help . . . get help !'

Deni : 'But my name's not Rod - yours is !'

Rod : 'Oh my - this is depressing.'

Rod : 'Look, it's after 4am & we need a drink, so we mustn't be too particular.'

Deni : 'Urrgghh !'

Deni : 'I've banned the use of the 'G' word in my company.'

Rod : 'The 'G' word ?'

Deni : 'Yeh. 'G' stands for 'Gigging' !'

Rod : 'Name 5 things smaller than my nose ?'
Deni : 'Easy. Your brain, penis, career, future & potential !'



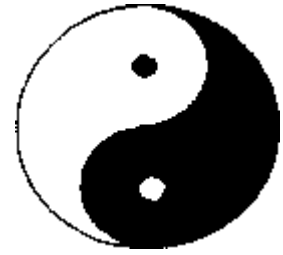
Rod & I were once so drunk that he fell down a cellar ! I went to get the police, & subsequent help. The police arrived, bye the bye, & flashed a torch down the cellar. Rod thought it was dawn & started crowing like a mad cockerel. As a consequence, all involved got back home sometime as early as 5 in the morning, swearing fearfully they had only been out for an hour or so, & a swift litre. I agreed that it seemed very unfair of the police . . . in reply to Rod's constant comments of : 'An absurd arrangement altogether ! I can't imagine what plod was thinking about. That's the sort of thing we have to put up with' . . . & much more ! Suddenly, Rod stood up & said to me : 'Prepare to go !' (He put his arm thru mine & we staggered off together again.) Just by the gate, we met one of the aforementioned police constables. 'May I ask what you're doing Mr. Stewart,' said plod. 'I don't like your manner at all' said Rod, & turned to me for support. 'Mr. Stewart,' interrupted the policeman, 'I don't want to report you again, but it seems to me' Rod snarled & glared, but plod continued. 'Where's your trousers Mr. Stewart ?' Rod replied : 'My trousers are where they're supposed to be - on my legs - I distinctly remember putting them on !' 'WRONG, Mr. Stewart' said plod. 'Now get indoors & let's have no more of it !' Rod turned to me for confirmation of his trouser department. Alas . . . they were absent !

To the healthy, charitable mind, doubtless such simple circumstances herein narrated, may require further explanation. But the plain facts of the case are such that neither of us feel the need to cast further slurs & aspirations on the police. Goodnight Ossifers !

I said I'd join Rod in a glass & he said : Do old man ! I reached out & grabbed the necessary paraphernalia. We grew quite chummy after that, & he told me all his tales again, with fiendish cunning and style ! (The one about the young lady who was learning to play the guitar & the guy who was practising the bass violin - 2 unsuspecting people - was my favourite, due to it's being repeatable.) Needless to say, the end result was against their parents wishes & involved their musical instruments, before the honeymoon, & injured them both for life !

Rod took my references to drink very quietly, & didn't think he would be offended if I questioned him about it. I was curious. 'Is it all true ?' I asked. Rod, quite fired up, replied with indignant exclamations ! I calmed him. I assured him that I had never, in my own mind, (& first-hand experience !), doubted that it was real. He went on to ask me what I'd done with the body of the sax player ! 'To which sax player might you be alluding ?' I said. 'Was there more than one then ?' Rod said. I smiled & gave a little cough. I said I didn't like to boast, but counting the awesome horn section as well, there were 7. 'You've had a busy time of it then, one way or another' Rod replied. I said that although I really ought not to be the one to say so, I thought there were few woman, who could look back upon a life of more sustained usefulness than me !

**REFLECTIONS & PHILOSOPHIES ON LIFE, THE UNIVERSE
& EVERYTHING :**



'TIMEKODE skilfully placed a drop of hydrochloric acid on the back of Rod's neck ! Skilfully mind you ! Deni considered this to be very considerate, in view of the circumstances.'

'Unknowingly & unwittingly, TIMEKODE wandered into the record company luncheon, Deni claims. She said they served up Potassium broth with wild boar ! It was truly disgusting !'

'There seemed no necessity for much ceremony, as Rod & Deni passed many blissful hours together.'

'I knew revenge would be dealt out on Rod. Soon, the next day possibly, a scenario emerged that could only be described as 'weirdly hilarious.' Details in exchange for dosh, please.'

'Deni regards all happy & careless yob culture, as young barbarians at play.'

'What's sadder than being rejected for working with Rod Stewart ? Being chosen !'

'I found a note written by Deni. It said : Dear MOD, (Ministry of Defence), Please forward me a scale model of your latest secret weapon. Appreciate catalogue also.'

'I overheard a fan talking to Rod. She said : You look so much like my 4th husband. You've been married 4 times then ? replied Rod. The fan drooled No. Only 3.'

What a summer. Bumble bees as big as tennis balls, & dragonflies that look as if they could give you a good kicking !'

'Why walk thru life when you can swagger 'n stagger. Shudder at the thought !'

Rod : 'Life is a roller coaster. You gotta ride the ups & downs of drinking, sex & football.'

Rod : 'Deni's a cruel, crafty lioness. She profits when you're least on guard, or least fit to withstand attack. She can spring in a moment with her swift claws, in your weakest hour.'

Rod : 'Deni can be a cold cookie.'

Rod : 'In the highlands & those country places . . . that's where I belong.'

Rod : 'My favourite dessert was the amnesia.'

Deni : 'That's ambrosia.'

Rod : 'Ah yes. I always forget.'

Deni : 'Is it true you speak fluent Scottish ?'

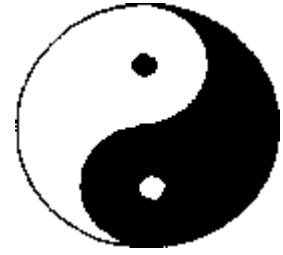
Rod : 'Only when I plead guilty.'

Rod : 'Bloody press. It's a conspiracy. What should I do ?'

Deni : 'Probably join 'em !'

Deni : 'You don't have that recipe do you Rod ?'

Rod : 'Unfortunately not, but I think the main ingredient was a railway refreshment room pork pie !'



Deni : 'When cornered & sensing danger, I flare my eyes & nostrils.'

Deni : 'Rod Stewart ? He's a flawed cultural treasure !'

Deni : 'Uh-oh . . I'm for it now, Rod's going for the belt !'

Deni : 'I do know my barbarians.'

Deni : 'Rod's an animal with personality & style.'

Deni : 'Rod, the worst thing in the world is to be ugly, poor & sober. And you're rich !'

Deni : 'Yes, I'd like to order the rabbit supreme with fruit, followed by niggers in concrete please,'

Deni : 'Rod ? Are you 3 score years & 10 then really ?'

Deni : 'The only interest I have is in my bank balance & your erection !'

Deni : 'Do we have to play this demoralising game ?'

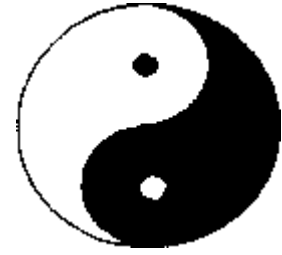
Deni : 'The ravages of time & grief have furrowed Rod. Big-nosed chin pushed out . . . ultra important. He can be an Adonis & hold an Olympian pose ! Or a raunchy rascal. Or a low, unscrupulous man.'

Deni : 'He can be a day-dreaming kind of fool, capable of action only by fits 'n' starts. He can lack decision & any purpose. He didn't know in the least how to steer himself towards the bar, at times, & definitely couldn't tailor his spending to his purse.'

Deni : 'Rod's waistline is like a tree. Given the circumferences, the tree would be 100m tall.'

Deni : 'Rod constitutes 1/2 natural style & 1/2 eccentricity. He's life with the volume turned up full, & he has built-in adolescence.'

Deni : 'He still doesn't understand though, that some people, on seeing or hearing him, would either faint or throw up.'



Deni : 'Naturally, Rod's front garden was always strewn with the remains of old blues singers !'

Deni : 'I'd like to buy Rod for what he's worth, & sell him for what he thinks he's worth.'

Deni : 'At times, I was puzzled to understand the meaning of Rod's animated expressions & eloquent gestures.'

Deni : 'Rod's a gentle, harmless old man. I made quite a pet of him !'

Deni : 'Rod started to relate an anecdote, but we'd all had enough. He was somewhat surprised to observe that nobody was paying the slightest attention to him. I did not think this rude.'

Deni : 'I found myself saying I knew the people Rod mentioned in his tales, when I didn't at all.'

Deni : 'Money found upon Rod's person was hardly of sufficient, negotiable value to pay the simple funeral expenses rendered necessary by his appearance.'

Deni : 'I shook Rod by the hand for nearly 2 minutes & told him that I'd always regarded him as my father.'

Deni : 'Rod's a rattlesnake, polecat & a vampire.'

Deni : 'One night Rod appeared in knee-breeches & a pig-tail. So, I put on his trousers & followed him, as he positively glided along. Then, he sighed & ran off - well - scunted-off really - & I didn't know what to think. So I didn't think anything.'

Deni : 'Statistics show that Rod's reputation is that of a tyrant ! Stats are nonsense. I once did a course called : Statistics - & how to lie with them !'

Deni : 'As a writer, the most useful phrase I've learned to date is : Allegedly, please, allegedly.'

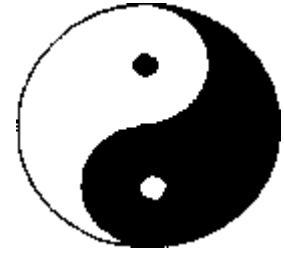
Deni : 'I felt as if I'd worked with & interviewed the Devil !'

Deni : 'Rod caused me to swoon & wrestle with the question : Why is he so nearly indestructible ?'

Deni : 'It's true to say I've had & have, past & present defective states.'

Deni : 'I sent Rod a congratulatory fax on his birthday. It said : Well done that man, on reaching such a monumental age !'

Deni : 'Rod's reluctant to change things when it's all square. He belongs on the relegation scrap-heap, & every time he shows some dissent, he ought to get a booking ! His tale about the 2 evil teenagers was good though !'



Deni : 'I didn't know we were gonna chat in depth about my vox simulations so you just turn that off - NOW !'

Deni : 'To all the people who are threatening to sue me, I tell ya guys - no matter who wins the case - things ain't never gonna be the same again. Ultimately . . . I intend to say : I'd like to thank the jury for validating my work !'

Deni : 'Being a Producer can be the loneliest & most unhealthiest job in the world.'

Deni : 'I've learned how to harness the punching power & killer instinct of predominately heavyweight boxers. I watched several videos of major fighters, noticing the combination of fatal blows & winning punches, & transferred them to bass drum patterns ! And they flatten people !'

Deni : 'Music has lots of fans. The crazies, weirdos, freaks & assorted wild & whacky spacers, typically gravitate towards TIMEKODE.'

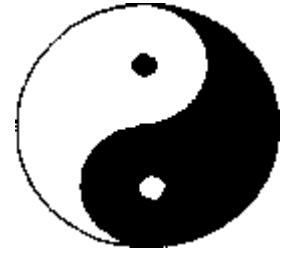
Deni : 'I'm tired of hearing about gays, straights, bisexuals, trannies & lesbians ! If you're not a Hermaphrodite in the year 2000, you ain't gonna cut it !'

Deni : 'The letter 'K' in TIMEKODE stands for 'Post-Kreative-Kopyright.' It's literally pushing for changes (in perpetuity), regarding the legal area of copyright & permission. Teknology has advanced so rapidly that legislation cannot keep up. Thus laws exist which are inapplicable & irrelevant. In the days of interactive everything, all art can be altered ! After the event : Post Creative. By replacing lead vocalists (in the case of my vox simulations), I'm at least hoping to raise some interesting issues. One argument levelled at me is that of morals ! Is it right to replace people etc. Well, I can personally think of oodles of assholes I'd gladly replace . . . & since when has the music business had any morals ?'

Deni : 'My background ? I come from a family which is entirely dysfunctional. A step-father who appears to be a swell guy around town, but is a convicted gangster in reality. He once attacked my studio with a pick-axe ! I detest him. A mother who has Addams Family values, is domineering, & previously had a nervous breakdown. My real father, even though he has since been married again, 3 times, still only ever bitches about my mother to me. He is lethal. There's only 1 or 2 of my relatives who are decent. The rest I've detached myself from, deliberately. I have nothing in common with them. My background is becoming the 'norm' of family life, & not the exception, which I find very sad !'

Deni : 'All families seem to play stressful emotional games with each other. Emotional abuse is damaging : it can lead to emotional murder. My family circumstances turned me into an emotional shipwreck : incapable of forming lasting relationships - washing up on anyone's shore, so to speak. My family always interfered in all of them. I retreated into music, as kids do, to escape them. And I stayed there !'

Deni : 'I've inherited my creativity from my mother, & my intelligence from my father. But they only see each other in me, & don't see me at all. They never will !'



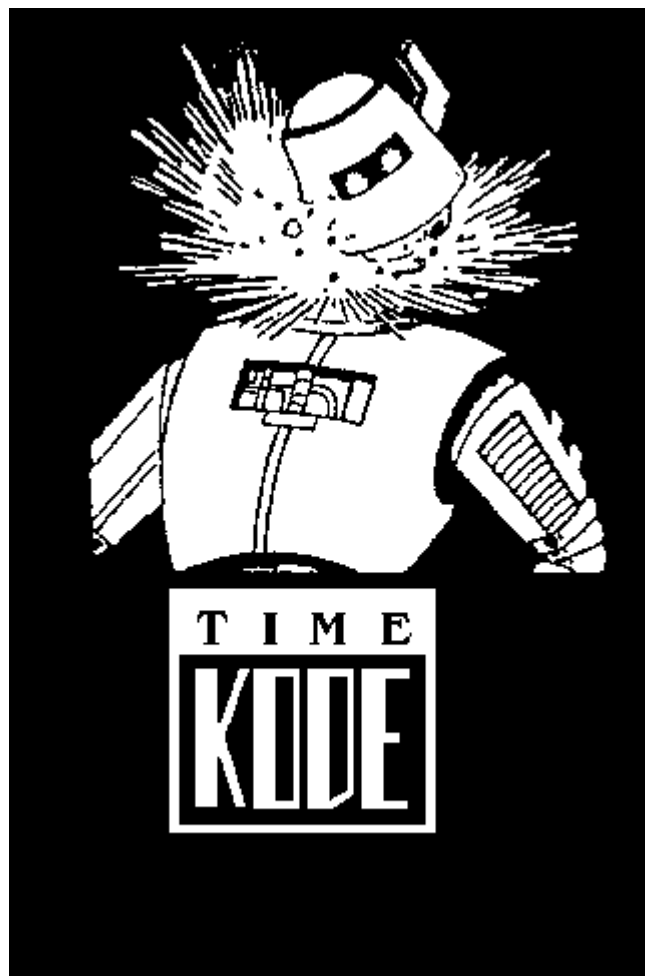
Deni : 'My mother, step-father & real father are all loaded with cash ! They threaten to cut me out of the will ! As if I care !'

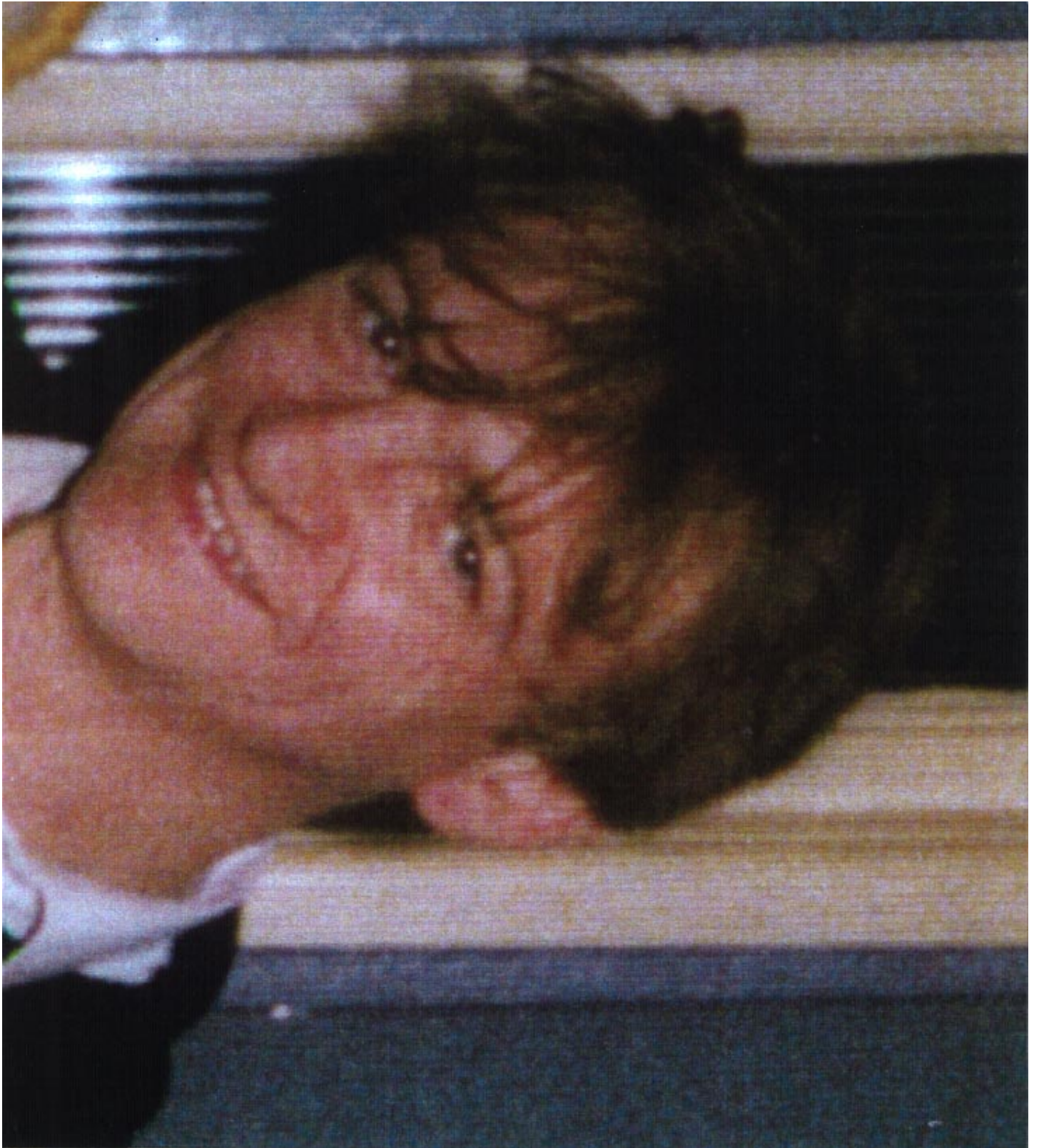
Deni : 'It's true I'm interested in 'The Non - Lethal Weapons Defense Strategy Program' of the USA. My journey into sound has included 'Soundverts.' Sounds which make you think you hear words which are recognisable. In a war situation, the sounds would be used to immobilise the enemy, thus enabling the victor to take control, without physical bloodshed being spilled. Better than dying ! Better than nuclear bollox ! Get your head around the concept. The aim is peace, without 60's retrogressive attitudes.'

Deni : 'Some say 'Soundverts' are a kind of brain-washing, & this is nonsense ! Besides which, I've exposed the TIMEKODE krew & posse to 'em. Ooooooops !'

And finally, The TIMEKODE KREW & POSSE say :

'Deni gives us directions at one briefing : doesn't keep in touch : never pays us & still we deliver ! Testify ! Should any legal action result however do what you want to the woman, but leave us alone !'





According to Deni of TIMEKODE, a realistic voice simulation requires a detailed study of such things as 'Position of tongue ; Breathiness ; peak of vocal excitement of words 'n' phrases' etc. All in the name of scientific research . . . & . . . pop music. Of course, what else ? 'Mark E. Smith does have a very interesting tongue-tip, & extraordinary control of his erm . . . frequency peaks', quoth the lady !



Uncontrollable, libido-driven, Mark E. Smith is rumoured to be 'influenced' by Deni. His ex-record company suggested she 'try & sort him out'. (Stifle snigger, please !). Other suggestions included the 'Exploitation of the Brix Smith Syndrome', in that 'Brix did give pop accessibility & agreeable disposition' to Mark E. Smith & The Fall. So go to it Deni ! A fine example of record company strategy as we head towards the 21st century.

Deni agreed to a record company suggested meeting with Mark 'I'm too sexy for this planet' Smith. Strategy being, this time, . . . 'For the sake of what comes out of the speakers' and 'Shifting Units'. Deni recognised this at least having some kind of musical relevance, & is said to enjoy Mark's company.

'He's a lovely enigma. He was born 'out of it'. And . . . he glows in the dark.'

To celebrate the release of The Fall's 'Free Range' . . . Deni gave Mark E a piece of The Berlin Wall. (Along with a rose & mysterious note - both of which were much more interesting !).

'Code Selfish' was not a coincidental name for a Fall album. Mark E Smith mere spelt KODE wrongly.

Phonogram Records : 'You couldn't find 2 more completely different personalities than Mark E. Smith & Deni. One - the complete fascist professional & the other the complete professional fascist.'

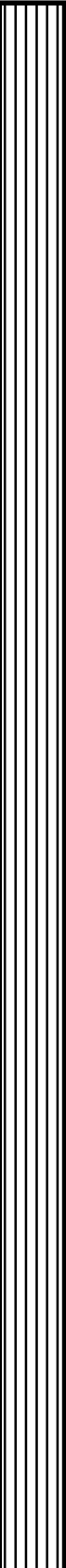
TIMEKODE have mastered 'scratching' with CD's
Take a CD. Take a knife.
Here's one Deni ruined earlier

Mark E crashes spectacularly into a very solid, immovable, ridiculously expensive prototype machine. Deni (thinks) . . . 'Now there's a man who knows where he's goin'.'

Despite the endeavours of the tekno team behind TIMEKODE, the mega-phone quality of the vox simulation of Mark E Smith's voice was achieved, not by the Electrical Engineering Dept. of MIT in the USA, but by TIMEKODE, who attached the empty shaft of a metal torch & a Hoover appliance, to the built-in amplifier of the machine - the 'MK E UNIT'. Astounding ! So when do we get to see the talking Hoover ? And will it do gigs ?

Mark E : 'I hate Producers. Ask to hear more Bass these days, & you have to sit there whilst all this tap, tap, tap, . . . computer nonsense goes on.'

Mark E : 'All TIMEKODE'S machines have got real names : you have to say hello to 'em. One of 'em's called Pigmeat Markham . . . for god's sakes.'



Mark E : 'You move too fast for me Deni.' (Probably the truest words he's said !)



Mark E : 'I'm not an unreasonable person. It just suits me to behave like one.'

Mark E : 'Are we having fun yet ?'

Deni : 'Yeah . . . so I could go around putting Mark E. Smith's vox on every buggers album. Ha ! Mark E. Smith's VOICE . . . you can't give it away.'

Deni : 'Mark Smith has a prehistoric understanding of tekhnology. Primitive even. You can liken it to the days when lost tribes first looked into a mirror & deduced that part of their soul & spirit lay trapped in the reflection.'

Deni : 'The vox simulation track of Mark E. Smith's voice is called **CHEAP SPACE CHANT**. It's on my debut album. It's out there, being played to Fall fans. It's great 'cos it sounds like Mark, but it's a machine, & no-one knows what the hell to do with it. Good to see a bit of tension in the music industry.'

Deni : 'Is Mark raving about the track ; is he raving about me ; is he raving about the situation . . . or what ? Forget it, he's probably just raving.'

Deni : 'Mark E. Smith, I salute you. As does the electronic jiggery-pokery gadget, the **MK E UNIT**. I knew you were the right man to get involved in my crazy project, having been involved in other crazy projects where people danced around with 'things' sticking out of their bottoms. You're mad & you can't sing. You should be re-processed & sold at Happy Shopper & Superdrug.'

Deni : '**TIMEKODE** can remix a track in 10 minutes, with a **TIMEKODE** gadget. Any song can be changed radically, so that it's totally unrecognisable, or marginally different from the original version. The procedure is random at present. And never the same twice. The result is either stunning or shit. Thus there are no 'live' plans just yet. It's pointless playing live with a shit sound. Oh I don't know though, some people have been getting away with exactly that, for years !'

Deni : 'I can do more with one finger & one machine than Mark E Smith & The Fall can do together. Sink those claws in the dinosaurs eh ? Besides which, how could I have joined The Fall ? Mark E Smith does all the bloody interviews.'

Deni : 'I program with my 2nd finger - technically my 3rd. I do a bit of mental arithmetic with a calculator. This is track 53, - the penultimate last track but one. At the moment I'm testing the performance of the software on this software performance tester.'

Deni : 'I'm a classic example of a talking sample. I did go to a preposterous Fall gig, billed as a concert. Only 'cos I received a VIP Phonogram pass. The gig was er . . . dark & basic.'

Deni : 'You should give away Fall albums - with a money back guarantee.'



- Deni :** 'Albums are about 50 minutes of the present, but really about tomorrows.'
- Deni :** 'The studio is 100% behind Mark, but I can't speak for the rest of the band. He's only one man, but manages to surround you.'
- Deni :** 'Working with Mark E was a kind of mellow time. But not exactly state-of-the-art times, if you follow.'
- Deni :** 'As a Producer, I am receptive to Mark's needs. After half a bottle of whisky & 20 valium.'
- Deni :** 'This is so clever, I don't know how I thought of it.'
- Deni :** 'Mark, take some weight off yer head !'
- Deni :** 'And this is so complicated, I don't know what I'm talking about !'
- Deni :** 'In the studio, there's times I'd like to smash Mark's skull into something resembling scrambled egg - coloured red.'
- Deni :** 'Mark E's charged like an eel biting a fuse box.'
- Deni :** 'My absurdity circuits kick-in whenever I'm around Mark E.'

- Mark E:** 'Deni, TIMEKODE trying to make money from dead pop stars is sick.'
- Deni :** 'Yeh. I'm trying to make a living out of the living first !'
- Mark E:** 'Do you think there's a real chance of finishing this track today ?'
- Deni :** 'Not a real chance. Maybe a chance.'
- Deni :** 'What do you think to this sound ?'
- Mark E:** 'I'm speechless.'
- Deni :** 'That says it all then!'
- Mark E:** 'The reason you're a studio head Deni, is 'cos you take so much gear that all anyone can do is prop you up in front of a monitor & intravenously give you drugs. You can't walk, never mind gig !'
- Deni :** 'Piffle dear boy . Maybe.'
- Mark E:** 'Why have a vox simulation of me Deni, when you can have the real thing ?'
- Deni :** 'Cos my machine's less shit, more flexible & better looking than you. Damned obvious !'



Mark E: 'Are you sure that'll work Deni ?'
Deni : 'As sure as I'm standing over there.'

Mark E: 'Is this meant to teach me a lesson or
make you feel better ?'
Deni : 'Hmmm, very directional. We need a
little 2-way trade of attitudes don't we ?'

Mark E: 'How often do these things crash ?'
Deni : 'Only once.'

Mark E: 'W-w-w-what did you do to it ?'
Deni : 'It's alright, I only stunned it.'



Mark E Smith continues to be 'Too sexy' for The Fall, it would seem. With his divorce from Brix sorted, & his split from his 2nd wife - (due to encounters with a lush lady being blamed, or found out) - he's been seen with Deni from TIMEKODE, who's apparently done a vox simulation of his dulcet tones. A bit of simulation never hurt anyone



And more fuel . . .

Mark 'I'm too sexy for The Fall' Smith, originally asked Deni to join The Fall, on keyboards & 'kit'. She declined. He sent her demo tapes & 'live' tapes, with a view to production. She declined. He sent his ex-manager to Blackpool to see her & arranged for her to be at the studio session when 'Extricate' was being recorded. She was present that time. It is rumoured that he played at The Palace, in Blackpool - a dance club - (The Hit Man & Her has been filmed from there 16 times), with The Fall 'cos Deni wouldn't travel to see the band 'live'. Deni was present at the gig, & by all accounts resembled a blond, shapely pussycat, wearing a nifty black lace number. The Fall gig was excellent.

A Fan : 'Looks like Mark's combining business & pleasure - AGAIN !'

A Fan : (To Mark E) : I'm from Liverpool, I'm alone, & I'm a virgin !'

Mark E : 'Deni, the Producer of the ongoing multi cultural, polycharacteristic, in-depth, & individualised psychological character analysis tekno team TIMEKODE, is dazzlingly beautiful in the classically stylish sense. Especially when she steps off the Manchester bus onto the dirty pavement.'

Mark E : 'Deni seems to have a halo around her blond head & ambles towards you with a peculiarly sexy way of walking. Which is probably due to an old spinal injury, or arthritis. I can't believe it, I mean, it simply isn't possible that someone that lovely, that lithe & beautiful, so gentle & sensitive to my needs can conceivably snore.'

Mark E : 'Deni has a steel-trap computer of a mind, Being able to decipher such cryptic & incomplete messages, as 'There but for the grace of'

Mark E : 'Get the hell out of here Deni. You wimpy bastard. Above all else, you're the type to make me ill.'

Mark E : 'Deni ? Big mouth, giant brain.'

Mark E : 'Deni looks like a 'Sindy' doll, but in real life. Fuck off, I'm not 'Ken'.'

Deni : 'Mark's most romantic words to me ? Probably Fuck right off !'

Deni : 'The women in Mark's life ? I thought Brix was a cool lady. Nuff said. To an ex-girlfriend who desperately wanted to be Brix, & dared comment on production, about which she knew sweet FA . . . I say 'You can take a whore to culture, but you can't make her think.'



Deni : 'On Mark's 2nd marriage ? I wish him every success with that heaving alabaster bosom. They do say though, that when a man marries his mistress, he creates a job vacancy.'

Deni : 'If CHEAP SPACE CHANT gets the recognition it deserves, as a pioneering leap forward in music tekhnology, then I probably will sleep with Mark E Smith. As a Producer with profile, I've been using a showstopper phrase of : 'Never do anything unless there's money or a shag in it.' (This has been modified & improved for the millenium to 'Never do anything unless there's money AND a shag in it'). It seems right I do the dastardly deed somehow & naturally, I'd invite all you charming members of the press to witness this event. File under 'Ironic Justice' huh ?'

Mark E : 'They say you're my mistress Deni.'

Deni : 'Oh . . . & you are my master ?'

Mark E : 'Sleep with me Deni.' (Subtle as ever!)

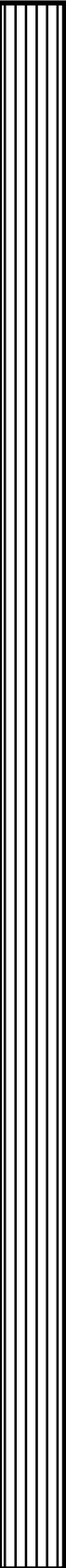
Deni : 'I'll sleep with you if we have a hit record with CHEAP SPACE CHANT.'

Mark E : 'I can't wait. And anyway, if you don't. I'll tell everyone that you're an academic bore.'

Deni : 'Hmmmmm . . . very Freudian.'

Time for bed said Zebedee





Mark E: (playing computer games in the pub) : 'There's every Colour of the rainbow on the damned screen . . . black, White, brown'



Mark E: 'My best time's 4:13. Which I'm capable of.'

Mark E: 'There's only one winner in this game. And the winner is the winner. I've had 24 games & lost one. So I'm undefeated. I'm hoping to play again, or at least have a replay. I've given it all - but there's a bit left to give yet.'

Mark E: 'If you're going to lose, you might as well do it good & proper. Or try to sneak a win. I'm watching this game visually, & on TV.'

Deni : 'I don't shoot 'em when they just sit there.'

Mark E: 'Why not ? If you can't beat 'em, beat 'em up.'

Mark E: (In the pub) : 'My mouth's rated 5th in the world. And you know what that means it's 5th in the world.'

Mark E: 'I don't think. You don't think in the music game. It's all said and done. The moment stops here.'

Mark E: 'You name it, I've seen it - the depths, the pits, the bottom. Let me tell you how luck, hard work, blind ambition & the love of a good woman has brought me from obscurity to er . . . being Mark E Smith.'

Mark E: 'TIMEKODE ? An acronym for This Is Mark E, King Of Drunken Eccentricity.'

Deni : 'I don't think Mark's as good as he is. Ah me . . . the familiar sight of him raising his glass . . . for the first time.'

Deni : 'Mark's drunk 11 litres. Exactly double the number he drank last night. He's 9 ahead of me ; it couldn't be a closer lead. I paid on Tuesday night, it must be Mark's night to pay this afternoon. He advises anyone to come to the pub early & not leave until the end, otherwise they might miss something good. He's a new man though. Just like his old self.'

Deni : 'Anyone noticed the similarity in appearance between Mark E Smith & Charles Kennedy, the Liberal Democrat MP?'

Deni : 'It's pretty well known that I'm single & looking for a man with awesome mega-bucks - that's for sure.'

Deni : 'The obvious successor to Mark E isn't obvious at the moment. His smile's always real good radio. Mark is just Mark & has been Mark since the year dot. I've only troubled him twice with comments that didn't really trouble him. I'd like to see him continue as a down & out singer.'



Deni : 'Mark E Smith can be scary - if you're young, impressionable, intoxicated out of gas, naked, & forced to sit on vinyl seats.'

Deni : 'I promise promises, not results. My left hand is not one of my best.'

Deni : 'Mark E can deliver on the day or not. He tries some impossible things, which on occasions are impossible. He's a giant killing giant. He's not so much off-key, as not quite on song. If there wasn't such a person as Mark E Smith, we'd all be frustrated Mark E Smiths. He's so true to life he's not true.'

Deni : 'Mark isn't here in the pub today, which suggests he's somewhere else. There are unlimited last chances left for him. I make no apologies for his absence. He's decided to voice his opinion by staying away.'

Deni : 'Mark's really plummeted to the top hasn't he ? He never knows when he's drunk, except when he actually is. And he doesn't like to be drunk, because if he is he'll be drunk'

Deni : 'He can't believe what's not happening to him. His great strength is his strength.'

Deni : 'Mark E doesn't like easy chances. If things had have been harder, he would have tried more. He's probably on the crest of a slump. Once he gets some pressure going though, he'll put you under it. He's erratic, but consistent. Absolutely committed to going one way or the other.'

Deni : 'Over a scotch & soda, mixed on the strong side with only a little ice, it occurred to me that perhaps I should again propose to Mark. Despite the fact that on at least one such previous occasion that I can recall, he appeared to have fallen asleep before I'd quite finished.'

Deni : 'How long have you had this lifelong ambition ?'

Mark E : 'I get once in a lifetime offers every day.'

Deni : 'All your life then ?'

Deni : 'When Mark E was called Mark P, the P stood for Plantagenet. Not many people know that.'

Mark E : 'P' stood for pissed, more like.'





Things Mark E Smith from The Fall & Deni from TIMEKODE have in common :

They both like Whisky & Red Wine.

They both live on that passing asteroid.

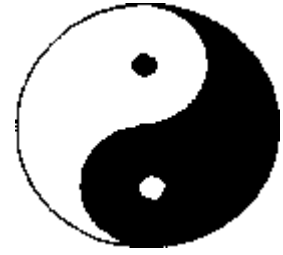
They're both sexy. (Depending where you're coming from - oops a cheap sexist entendre).

They both have a ruthless sense of humour.

They're both from the North of England. (A tenuous regional link).

They both recognize a good dance beat.

They both have respect for each other. (Respect is always a decent word to brand around liberally with reference to 'differing musical arenas' coming together). (Also a feeble attempt at truism & professionalism in music, incorporating a sexist jibe).



Things Mark E Smith from The Fall & Deni from TIMEKODE don't have in common :

He owes her money 'cos he used TIMEKODE's music 'live' at gigs.

(File under : Unauthorised use).

He may sue her for the simulation of his voice.

(File under : Damaging his integrity !) (Is that possible we ask ?)

That Fall's other members don't care about him or her.

TIMEKODE has no other members except Deni.

Vicious Rumours from Reliable Sources : The Saga :-

Mark E Smith is seriously ill ; seriously out of it ; skint ; been ripped off for £180,000 ; spending £30,000 a month on drugs ; drinking heavily ; has drastic mood swings ; is emotionally upset ; talks of nothing but heavyweight doom & gloom. (Sounds like just another day in the life of Smithy to me.)

And . . . SexScandal :

Mark's evacuated ; he's done a runner ; he's slept with her. She won't sleep with him. I've seen photos of the babies blue eyes. They've split up . . . blah blah blah !

And presenting :

Deni's perspective : 'Erm, you people . . . I have my own shit flying right now, besides being involved in yours. Namely, possible legal action - which does not fil me with deep joy !

What I've done with Mark E in the past, present & probable future, is no-one's business.

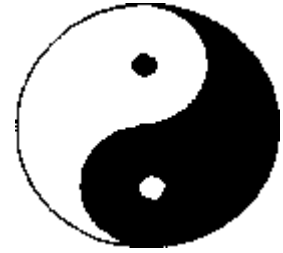
What I've done by simulating his voice will either add to my suffering monumental financial losses, or generate fantasy wealth proportions for all. Mark . . . see you in . . & you may chose from . . . Court ; bed ; or The Studio.'

The desired effect of gossip is always the same : To encourage cheap participation & so change the dynamics of the plot. Ultimately, people are gonna believe what they want to anyway. And finally . . . Mark E & Deni could just have schemed all of this up together.

Sources close to Mark E & Deni claim the stories came from ex-record companies ; ex-managers ; ex-girlfriends & boyfriends ; ex-producers ; ex-wives ; family ; & members of The Fall (now ex-members). Just in case you were wondering.

The Fall have split up. Mark E Smith's presently trying to make it as a stand-up comedian. Standing up is the problem.

As a 'test run' of true realistic vox simulation, Deni's voice was used thru-out a radio broadcast, (Radio 4), talking about the various 'black box' technology. Deni sat quietly at home listening. Nice one TIMEKODE.



In Siegen in Germany, TIMEKODE's been keeping a low profile of late, having floated a 42m balloon of a UFO, over the area, & photographing it & sending it to the press. Thus . . PANIC. UFO scare. (The balloon was blown up with a hairdryer in a friends front garden !)

TIMEKODE : Approved of by 98% of all lifeforms.

Mark E : 'TIMEKODE do a lovely line in paperwork, but can't get a hit record to save their lives.'

Mark E : 'I wish people would stop saying that TIMEKODE is Deni's alterego. TIMEKODE IS her ego !'

Mark E : 'It's like er, you know . . . free, giant, magic marijuana seed given away with the 12" of CHEAP SPACE CHANT. Deni's deranged. She collects teddy bears ; wears these fluffy grey slippers, & has different sets of knickers. Ha ! Knickers for work knickers for best . . . oh & emergency knickers !'

Mark E : 'Shut the fuck up. I want to be alone to sulk & do some 'E's.'

Mark E : 'Deni does a lot of unseen work. Which the crowd loves.'

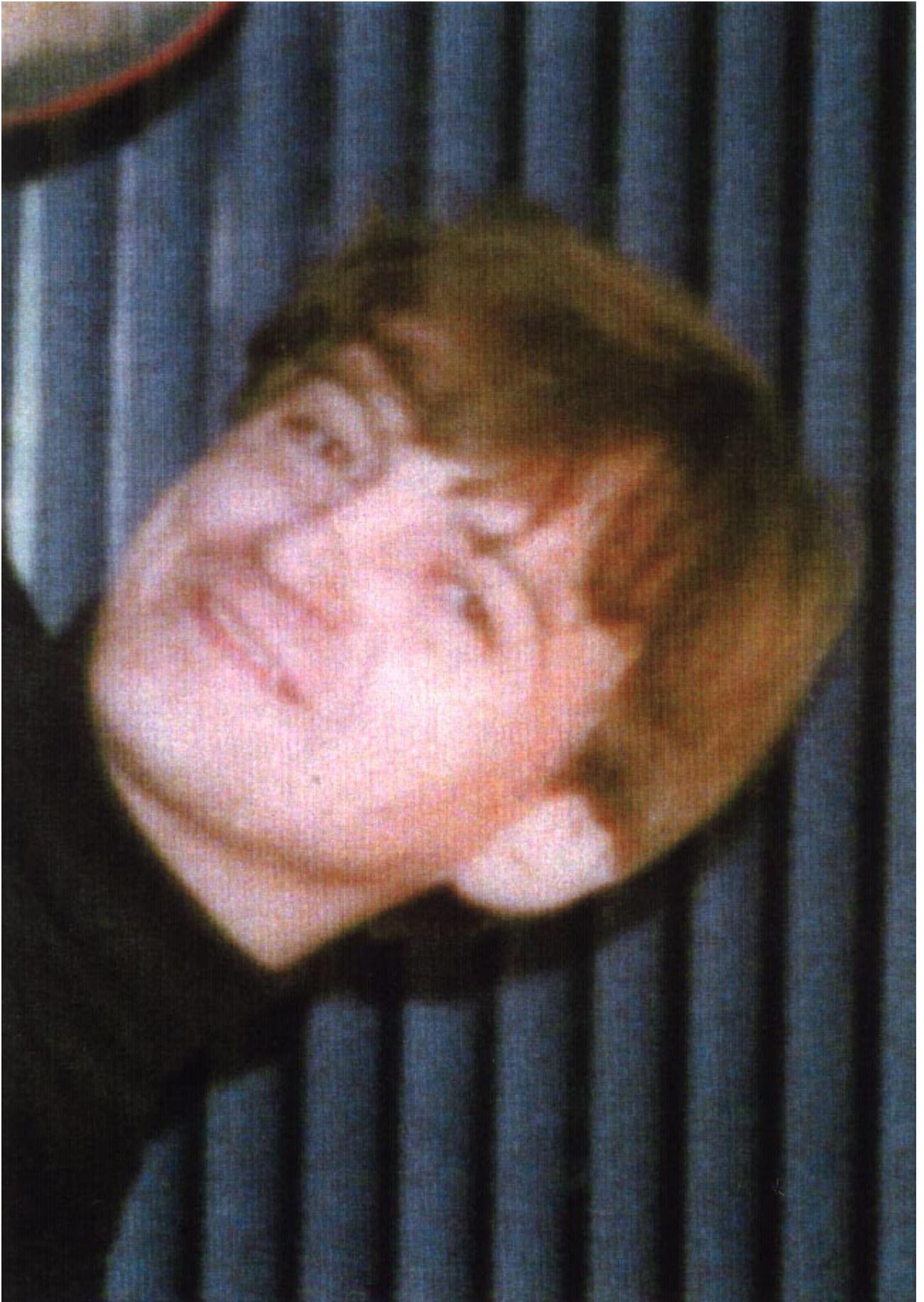
Mark E : 'I've been wrong before. I can be again.'

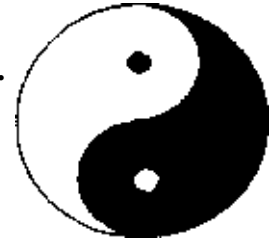
'Aw Hell' groaned Mark E, who, up to that point had shown no interest in the conversation whatsoever.

Deni : 'Conditions on the road are real bad. Physically & mentally soul-destroying. But Smith can take it for as long as he likes. Even for the rest of his life. When he's dead he'll still gig. Disgruntled from the grave ? He's almost immortal anyway.'

Deni : 'I was responsible for 'Sniffer of the yard' activities in discovering a certain amount of embezzlement going down within The Fall camp. Key words leading to this elementary action included : 'You don't show any budgets for recording to Mark Smith.' This was food for thought & consequent action I mused. And acted.'

Deni : 'I have no desire to marry Mark Smith. If you're talkin' about unleashed passions, weird orgies & drug parties with their roots based firmly in hell . . . count me in.'





- Deni :** 'Mark E Smith is merely a big-mouthed bigot. If he wants a slanging match, fine. I'll be there. The joke's on you Jack. Game over. I have not yet begun to fight.'
- Deni :** 'Mark E Smith is enough to make you drop yer shopping !'
- Deni :** 'Mark E Smith may well be the captain of The Fall, but why he thinks that should stop him from wearing his sister's tube top, is beyond me.'
- Deni :** 'Mark's full, voluptuous mouth sensually lips an invitation to excitement & passion. Always. While his cold steely, piercing eyes, unblinkingly turn away any approach of familiarity or intimacy. Or is that the other way round ?'
- Deni :** 'There's a sadness about Mark E. As though his mum had told him, when he was very young, that he was poor material for life & he took it to heart.'
- Deni :** 'Whining & cringing have been good friends to Mark E Smith.'
- Deni :** 'Take 1 more liberty Smith, & I'll . . . leave breadcrumbs in your butter.'
- Deni :** 'Mark E Smith's a Cunt. But a damned good one.'
- Deni :** 'Smith's mentally deformed ; a valium addict ; a crippler of slow-moving puppies. His mum abandoned him while she was still in labour. Someone should cash in his chips for him !'
- Deni :** 'Mark E Smith gives you the impression that when he was a lad, all he had to play with was 2 lumps of coal. And his dad burned those in winter.'
- Deni :** 'I've been a lot of places, seen a lot of things, & had a lot of reasons not to believe in God. But Mark E Smith isn't one of them.'
- Deni :** 'Mark's always greeted by a small multitude.'
-
- Mark E :** 'That Deni, she's real spooky 'n' stuff. She wants to have sex with a computer !'
- Deni :** 'Correct. And if you don't watch it Smithy, I'll send the machines in to get ya. Or maybe I'll turn you into a newt. Which wouldn't be so difficult . . . all things considered.'
- Mark E :** 'Looks like the John 'n' Yoko syndrome again to me Deni.'
- Deni :** 'Aw shucks . . . I hoped it'd at least be the 'Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood' syndrome.'
- Deni :** 'I'm speaking to you from the bridge of a deserted & virtually empty venue.'
- Mark E :** 'When it fills up, let's glue 'em to their seats & electrify 'em.'
- Deni :** 'Mark E Smith ? He's totally nutzoid !'
- Mark E :** 'Deni ? She's mad. But a lot of fun to fight with !'
-

Initially, I approached Attila the Stockbroker (Who ?), labouring under the misconception that he, as an alleged Poet & Player of odd musical instruments, (notably a Mandola, imaginatively called Nelson), might present a challenge to me, a sworn teknocrat. I mistakenly thought he may stir the wandering minstrel spirit in my cold, machine soul. Plus, I mused, he may be grateful for a bit of 'showbiz profile raising' as after all, he badly needed it. (I was doing him a favour, ultimately, by saving him from total & utter obscurity.) We talked conceptual bollox for hours, on the phone. After months of this sheer waffle & crap, he finally sent me a tape he'd 'Banged out on an ancient cassette player at home,' containing a line of his true voice - ranting - from which I could construct my vox simulation. (Gee thanks !)



We met : I attended a tiny gig & we talked in the pub afterwards. This was embarrassing. He was red-faced, stout 'n' podgy, nay fat even, loud & obnoxious. Attila The Stickbraker insisted on telling me how good a player he was & had spent (or wasted !), years learning how to play his instruments. In fact, he was a rubbish player. Get accurate honey ! He was looking for somewhere to crash after the gig (not a concept for the millenium), & thank god he didn't stay at my house ! I successfully managed to pull a fast pass on him, & dumped him on a sycophantic fan who also happened to be a photography student. (I tried not to hold that against him.)

When eventually I'd completed my vox simulation (the track VOODOO), I forwarded it to him thinking he'd be impressed. (Everyone else was.) He replied : 'It sounds nothing like me Deni.' (Yah, boo, sucks.) So, a few subtle changes occurred in the parameters of dear Attila's dulcet tekno tones & lo & behold, the vocalist became Ben Elton instead ! (Ben L.10.) Fuck Attila ! And consequently, Ben 'bit of politics, bit of religion' Elton gets a free rock track ! I'm awaiting Ben's reaction, Ben's Publishers, & indeed yours.

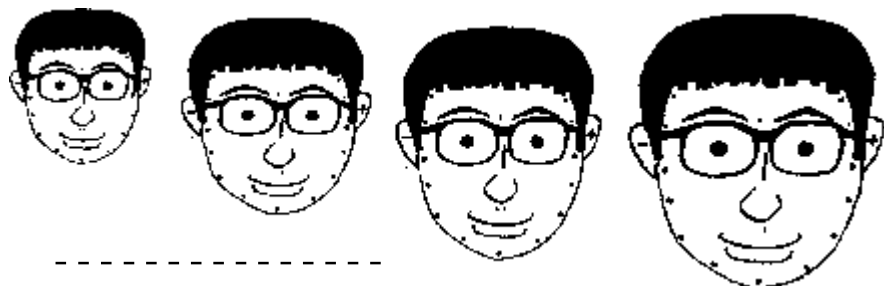
Attila, meanwhile, poor confused dude, thought he might get left behind when I called him to say 'Bigger people than him were on board with my project.' He sent me a photo of himself, which I've gladly reproduced for your scorn, amusement & derision. (And my revenge.)

You see Attila, I could never work out whether you suspected my integrity or doubted my competence. I can rebuild you, but you're not worth it. I thought your rather safe & desperate plan to do a 'rock' album with your mates, & release material in restricted territories, was well naff. How long, I wonder, can you expect to run any kind of credible career based on such tired old indie ethics. (I bet you're secretly on Income Support.)

Remember your parting words on your career were : 'It's never too late.'

Oh yes it is ! Rant on baby !

WHAT A SLAPPER !

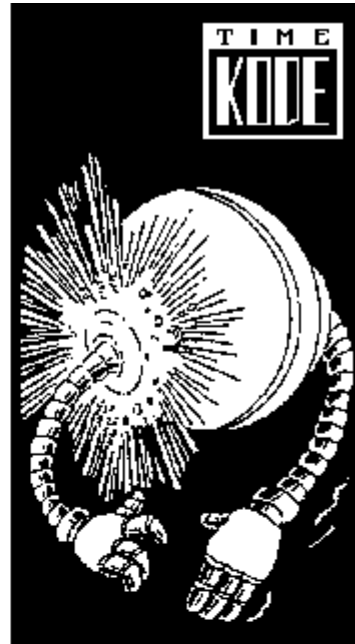
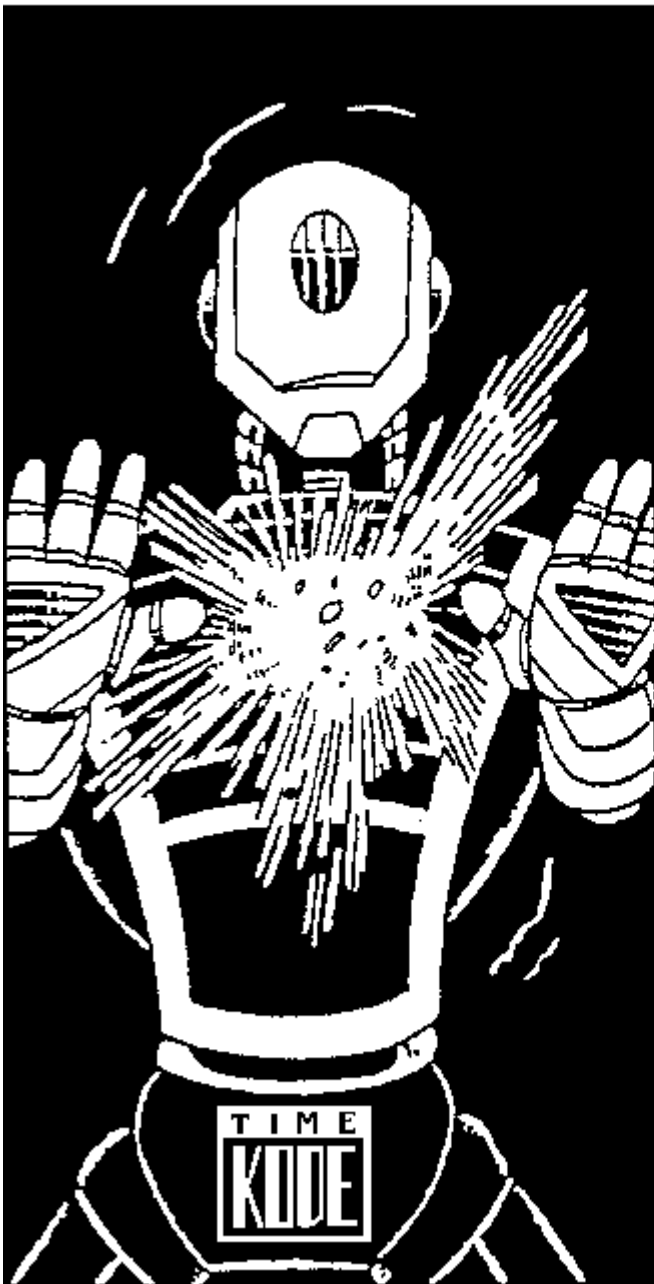




To conclude : regarding this literary piece :

If I, a woman of the new age, have one praiseworthy yearning more ever present in my mind than any other it's the desire never to appear to be (in the slightest), anything other than egotistical ! I carry such coyness, this shrinking, retiring reticence concerning anything connected with my own personality - nearly too far ! Tell us a bit about yourself people beg of me. And although I can't conceive of any topic more likely to prove fascinating to the world - (in whole or in part) - I won't do it as it sets a bad example to younger generations !

TIMEKODE say : 'CASH UP FRONT'







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