

The Very First Chapter One

. . . allowing for the best, that's basically it. The handy guiding guide: work out what's best and do the stuff that can allow that . . . get there in time and do well by summoning up what you need. Yesterday it was a v.late arrival cycling at the train and sweeping in to swoop and grab an all-zones travelcard from the see-through plastic-bag bin without even having to get off the bike. Cheers terra-bombers, the laugh's on you because it is far easier to see a nineteen pound note in the bin since their security measures. And hands up who was just cycling back from the shops at the beginning of night in the rain with an umbrella up, a bit wobbly on the pavement and singing and got overtaken by a Volvo that slowed down to gawp and it may well have been your old 740 that was bought for seven hundred and forty . . . just me . . . Anyway, I have just now cleaned this typing keyboard upside-down with fire from a lighter and some keys are stiffer now because the hairy lint funk-and-fuzz particles fused under the heat into a clammy sticky skin of dust-toffee - and all this just moments after shaking the vomit off a bedsheet. 'Twas with an ill-advised whip at the wrong angle and, in a shot, it all flew past my face, drawing that familiar image of entering hyperspace in the films amid an asteroid storm of hurled chunks, in a flat parabola of the perfect starburst . . .

Swings and roundabouts, fortunate and unfortunate, rough with the smooth and even the smooth is rough compared to smoother smooths.

Hopefully this here book will skip up the Kindle like a good gig. And it will not all be frenetic frantic and frenzied.

Start all fractious and gather, then move into real recent things, then link into longer herded stories from the past, then build to a freedom to totally reveal what you most believe as examples, is the aim. Like a rather long gig. Rather like a long gig.

Writing now, write now, I do, with the crispy keyboard of a brand-new second-hand gifted old iMac with a friend's old iTunes store. Heavens below, that is the best thing in the world . . . when it finally works because as a gift all the things that are there are a surprise. The vast music storing machines have never worked for me because the

feeling when you get the song on is nullified by the easy access and plethora and the knowledge on it.

The bottom button on the tweed jacket at the moment is a beer bottle top.

They always ask if the glass is half full or half empty . . . it's neither . . . is it not amazing that we can even make glass and distil fluids that affect our vegetable-consciousness in an exciting way? . . . the glass is packed . . .

Just now I got my wee son to jump into his jumper . . . And there are seven bikes in our yard that work and a foldee with rear-wheel issues.

Right, this first chapter had better start immediately, right now, without any further ado . . .

One lastish gig I did was in Chelmsford with a genuinely exciting two hundred and fifty-strong provincial crowd on a Thursday night. With a wide stage and a new town the world's my oyster and the gig has the chance of being the best ever. There are other acts, we muck about in the green room. I drink some strong malt beer from a terrific Mauritian shop round the corner.

Everyone is referencing the Olympics and Westfields and the new 24hr walk-in Aspers Casino that the train goes by on the way here and yet co-in-ci-den-tal-ly I am the only one that actually went there today in my spare hour for research and the crowd are thrilled by my Prada vs John Lewis routine and we sing "where do the skinny wee trees in Westfields come from?" And what of the fartoobig bark chippings surrounding them . . . a threat or just something to aspire to . . . ? A cruel accidental wooden irony. Treeing up the wrong bark . . . In the Casino there was a man playing poker getting his head massaged by a really small wife . . . and then in the fourth floor sports store Olympic merchandise shop with the free view over the whole Olympic . . . the wholympic . . . wholly limping site there the two older, fierce, harsh looking butch women coaches in viable Kazakhstani gym team tracksuits with official accreditation laminates round their necks, and me who's felt the arse on a man-size mascot, me who's woven all these things into the act tonight. It's a loose knit though.

All through I keep calling it "Chelmsfield".

Ah Comedy! Among those who were tickled and laughing there were those who didn't get it, who had the furrowed brow, who are sure it's

“Chelmsford” and think at the very least you ought be able to hold all the words and the getting here and the years of it and hold the name of the town at the same time, and they look daft and can be seen from up onstage . . . and then there are those in the crowd who are laughing at such a silly bad joke and yet get that somewhere there will be someone who’s not in on it, who’ll keep the eyebrows touching. And you can twist the clown crank. Wheat from the chaff . . . wit from the chav . . .

The intention is to clown with comedy itself and those that get it get that it is a silly double and minus-times-a-minus-is-a-plus. It has to be daft that it is even happening ... , ; ... ==-

In the end the greatest revenge is compassion and the greatest joke to play on Comedy is the facts; to just end up telling the truth and amusement and love as laughter can be there.

Quite often I do gigs that simply do not fire, do not take off and just look similar in contents to a good gig or end in near-psychotic meltdown and violence between me and the crowd. When these sad gigs happen there is no worry from me to me, no punitive slaps on my own leg. No, it just feels like a sprinter who has pulled up after sixty metres with a sprung hamstring - people don’t boo him for being an absolutely shite sprinter: “Look he’s rubbish! He Is Just Not Fast. He’s walking in, it’s going to take him thirty-five or forty seconds. This guy is the worse sprinter I have EVER SEEN!”

Honestly I have been to all my gigs, have done tons that are like this and so there are thousands of people who absolutely don’t get it and think what I do is worthless and me shouty, rude, direct, foul, abusive, bigoted, arrogant. And yesterday’s travelcard was in a bin, laden . . . and going for the awful word play joke could be brilliant at another stage.

There were some people at the Edinburgh Festival once who told me they came to see me one year and it was good so they brought their friends next year and the show sucked. They said: “Gosh, that’s crazy; let’s go again!” So they did and it sucked again. Next year they persuaded them to try one more time and hey presto, yahoo, it was a stunner and they all exhaled and said, “Aaaaah, we get it now . . .” Adored,abhorred,restored. Usually there would be a gap between the comma and the words, not there though.

In essence, for me it is about what way you are good when you are good, what are you up to, what is achieved and what happens when it is going as well as it can. What laughter are you after?

*

This electric typing is mostly concerned with things that happen out at gigs, after them, on the way to them and the days leading up to them or the days afollowing. Yes, a-following, as in a-roving. What started as a typing error becomes a doctrine.

So it's a bit fractious this writing. Yet it often is at the beginning of a gig. Rushing in, spilling over, trying too hard, too many speedy words trying to be too much and so keen.

This first chapter is just diary-moments from the last year of my life with the aim of setting the setting and contextualizing context, the feel and the mood of me, in emotive form and example.

Here's the kind of things that happen around me yet are also what I get up to and get involved with. They make me and are a result of me. Chicken and egg.

And so, each thing, just being in the mix of mixtures that will make up the whole. Like tweed: all different colours that cause an overall hue to the coat. Up close they're all unique strands of naturally colourful material woven together, slightly twisted for strength, resilience and an extra warmth.

And after you will know how I feel.

If I was a country this next bit'd be a tourist map: a City Guide foldee-oute mini-concertinaed map with Key Sites To Visit . . . The rest of the book can serve more as the Ordnance Survey.

My kids' names are Coco Blue, Felix Jay Django, Lion Hazelton and Delilah Butterfly . . . and Alizah Josephine . . .

My network is T-Mobile, well EE, the worst pay-as-you-go deal of all times: a fiver at a time and it costs to get my messages and they keep giving me web and walk that is not possible to use on my oldskool nokia, my dim phone and yet, and yet, all this shit and calls interrupted by "One Minute Remaining", all this and for what, why . . . well there is never a bill . . . no regular allotment of money away.

Simple as that. Never a worry, never a small build-up to a hundred and this or that, no need to have money in the direct debit's Hoover-path at a certain time, no!

My pin number is 6789. Yes - try forgetting that after being away on holiday. Once I wrote my pin up high in chalk above my local hole-

in-the-wall auto-cash where all could look at it and see it, and totally read it and be helped by it and yet no one needs to know. Like that time I came back to my camper-van housing and it had been stolen and I just calmly kept walking cos nobody can tell I've just lost my home . . .

Parsimonious is a word that has never been typed by me before.

I have written thirty tunes that can meld together for dancing over a two-hour music gig with a Simon on the accordion and an Erika on voice or with a flautist, organist and three percussionists.

I once built a bender structure from hazel and willow, thatched with marsh reed and simple long grass and put a tent up inside it and lived in it on a piece of land beyond the fence of the Buddhists' mansion on a bit of croft-type land that got tidally-wetted a couple of times a year so, though dry and twenty feet back from the brim of the beach and the driftwood baseline, it was in-between and technically Crown Property yet unfrequented by its position; so handy and secluded, off a beaten track, sheltered, remote, outlying, in a state of being sequestered from the state of sequestration by the State . . . A nook: The Croft, a Refugio bothy.

You will not find me mostly a fan of capitals or High Upper Class Casing. You will find me a friend to spelling mistakes that may not always be and the long oral-grammared sentence.

My best friends are Gil, Des, David, Cammy, Doug, Ros, Frankie, Nicola, Stuart, Rose, Dean, LesKirsty, the Clancy, Lucy, Zac, Will, Vixy, Em, Jim, Jim, Lucy, Lorenz, Claude Insect, Douglas Gordon, just kidding, PhilN Geoff, Merlin, Griffin, Amber, . . . and Simon and Ben and Erika and Jasmine . . . and Loulee and Lola and Reggie and Marcel . . . Estuart . . . Chris, Jonny, . . .

Best kid friends are Lilly, Katey, Gloria, Berty, Ruby, Rouridh . . . Leya, Abe, Hebee, Finn, Sorrel, . . .

I make a massive six-cup espresso every morning after there has been at least half a litre of old tea or waters put in me first.

In one of my recent splatter, dabble and splash paintings I used mostly gloss paints gathered from people who lived of our street; from under their stairs in a cupboard all badly stacked and half forgotten.

There was too: coffee, tissue, wool, seeds, petals, stamens, earth, broken teabags, thread, gold lace, eggshell, bodily fluids and sap.

Usually you will see me in Birkenstock sandals from May to October 31st. Often people are amazed and ask are my feet not cold and I remind them of the old Chinese grannies in plastic court-wedges, in skirts, carrying shopping.

By far my favourite author is David Foster Wallace for the details, the details, the details.

Mostly when I smoke marijuana it is from a wee potato pipe with the least amount that works and let the high run its course.

Words that hold two very-different meanings interest me because, really, words are like an intersection of meanings and connotations, a crossroads: “refrain” means to hold back from doing and it also means to repeat a doing.

“Mind” can mean the thing that thinks, or the thought thought, or the concern or neutral memory. “Apocrypha” is the name for the older 14 books of the Bible that were an appendix to the Old Testament and were then removed from the Hebrew canon, while and so “apocryphal” means of questionable authenticity. Well, all is worth questioning and that which has its authenticity questioned is then either validated or authenticized. It may not mean untrue, just doubted as to it being what it says it is. Or maybe it is not saying it is what you are saying it is. *Id est*: it is all self-validated and devised and human choice.

Homonym is the name for words that are spelt the same and mean different things. Like “mean”. Mean means different things, hence mean’s meanings are a kind of mean, mean meaning.

Once I had my Dad describe his signature over the phone so I could fairly well imitate it on a bogus form for car insurance.

The only magazine for me is Sight & Sound and it gets read cover to cover each month, folded in half up the vertical axis it fits snugly in the tweed’s inside pocket and the cover, the lovely cover the new fresh excellent brand-new cover that is so good becomes more and more known and used to and worn down and changes. Not worse. This is mostly because I would not separate out an end to the new period and build my own gallows. Get up each morning for a week and construct an organic friendly fur tree gallows and then slip into a noose for a laugh in the dewy woodsmorn and die by mistake . . . no, no I see it an other way.

Usually it is the same clothes on me for about five days then there may occur some rotation and a tee-shirt may stay on.

So hello Dear e-Reader and regular original page-turners . . . I am talking directly to you now how you doing where you from what the most likely way you'd re-tile your bathroom if money were no object?

I prefer the fertile ground for their answer in a way it cannot fail. I'd rather not ask a boring question and then make a daft joke about that. I do it, yet when I'm doing it it is rare an an error and, fuck it, uncondoned. When it's a funny question then even the worst no-fun answer is okay because there is already a different trajectory. One of my favourite words trajectory . . . old lady crossing the five-lane roundabout in Guangzhou and all the cars accounting for it and being led by her steady trajectory.

So yes I am talking to you directly now and this initial chapter's main aim is to focus interest and slip in a few nuggets while making more.

Bite-size canapes.

I'm so happy to be writing this book that I just did a wee run and one of those leaps where as you jump you lean a bit to one side and crick your heels together.

What else . . . ?

If I can try and get a nod from very elderly Ethiopian ladies, or Iranians, or Guyanans on the tubular train or ones that run overground.

I have sent only one erotic text to the landline of my dentist in Nairn. The one above the baker and I used to enjoy having a doughnut in the waiting room and heading in there to the man with sugar in my beard.

Last winter me, Coco and Felix ended up stranded for two whole days and no nights in Gatwick waiting to see if our plane could land in Inverness where the engine thawing machine had frozen and we befriended a waitress from Madeira and used the Frankie & Johnnie's restaurant's kids' area's DVD-player to watch films we bought and then exchanged for new ones with the receipt at HMV, waiting for the staff to change to do it again.

Top of the list of Best Ever Things That I Have Seen While Looking-Out-The-Window-And-Not-Looking-At-The-Money-They-Were-Counting-Out-In-Front-Of-Me-In-The-Bank is definitely:

An older lady with the special enormous Club Footwear boot-shoes for balance; and two folks passing on bikes both seeing at the last

minute it was someone they knew and doing a delayed hello in perfect imperfect tandem harmony.

Recently I used my Dad's over-65 bus pass in Edinburgh with my collar up, though it was new to me and I didn't realize you have to place the card on the reader like Oyster so I just held it up for them to look at and was called back and then panicked and got off saying it was the wrong bus. This happened again and it was hard to act as me Dad. Acting and me are not good bedfellows. Plus, my collar is always up on the tweed jacket.

Last week my friend Rose gave me a Feb 29th travelcard and we made a pact to laminate it, keep it safe and use it again in four years' time - time scam like the tailor who sewed the nine of hearts into a jacket and was able to pull off a great trick when he coincidentally was at a party with that jacket thirteen years later.

Imagine if things are going awful around you: all these troubles and hassles and the common link is you and, clearly, it's your fine arrangement. Well, so too if there's groovy fun, fascinating dopey imaginative creativity with laughs: It's your thing; man-karma - karmha man, parmaham karma man . . . Hmm it's Parma ham and mango kurma Ma'am . . . And we'll stop there, for some verbal ways that are funny onstage don't sit well upon the page.

Ink sits there and remains: solid, chosen, interpretable, scrutable over time.

Stand-up evaporates and is gone like music and gravy and hate and smoke.

More held at the time, less held in time and showing.

Melina and I have just come back from Pembury health spa hospital . . . sick, no having a baby, and we brought back a whole bunch of their grey stackable cardboard bed potties and lots of blue slightly pre-powdered latex health gloves from a dispenser in our delivery suite. Powder blue gloves and grey hats: it's cabaret outfits so me and the kids who are bigger all wear them and do a bit of song and dance.

Now if you have babies you'll find out that a "show" is an event whereby a bit of deep red blood might appear in the panties of a pregnant lady and it's usually a bad sign, some sign of inner trouble, though not always.

So when they say to you as a couple "and have you had a show . . . ?" of course Melina answers, and it is my business.

So birth is a show-business and there's no business like birth. Me and

the kids dance and sing there's no business like show business . . ." Pun intended.

Turns out I closed some speech apostrophes that I had never opened. Keep your eyes peeled also for brackets that are opened and never close . . . hyphens without reason and the odd semi-colon-that!oughtn't to be there. Emoti:con . . .

There will not be too much trivial word play, homophonics, synonymity . . . rather trying to keep it serious word ploy.

My keyboard for typing this up is getting loose and greasy now, lubed up through use and maybe even the remelting of the matter after the hard and fast tough toffee type typing . . . the nutterscotch letter block, . . . the so set butterscotch type caste . . . type set to tight nutcluster knuckle duster . . . at least your keys are looser, Alicia keys . . . cast this keyboard in toffee . . .

The keys are easier now, greasier now, way later after the fourth edit so due to of all the hand-eaten snacks and fingerfeeds: There has been bacon sandwich with beetroot and tomato, with access to a jar of Vitam-R - the Bentley of yeast extracts - and a spoon. And there was a bit of date syrup at the last bit of the bacon's cooking . . . there's been cashews galore, baked seeds, spelt crust in humous, salvaged tomatoes from dave in the woods . . . coffee cider . . . cold beans crunchynut and pancakes, pancakes.

It is hard to avoid competitive sprain wrist-issues when using a mouse with a keyboard on the table in a caravan at the edge of the garden, so one method that works for me is to have the opened-out cardboard shape from a mid-size box and have your mouse on that and have the cardboard hanging over the edge of the table so you can really bounce a bit on primitive padded suspension there. Plus you are free to scribble with pens or scribe notes with any pointed thing in all shapes and sizes and angles on this cardboard as a bonus and do something which is enormously important a feature in my life: writing down these ideas on a big bit of paper keeps them visible and in the realm and cover of the eye's periphery vision gaze . . . the one like the horse seeing an awful good amount of the rough uneven terrain over which he's running. And the fact that they are always around to be seen I feel lets the back brain contemplate them more without obvious requirements in the present. The same thing goes for photographs, everyone does it with family photos and walks down the hall with that holiday and those kids on a beach and all.

Me, well it's done by having a sort of top twenty photos of things I'm

into and at the moment it's scavenging the likes of 'ULTravel', the tri-ultimate monthly holiday uber-duber outsized supplement from the Saturday Financial Times, for e.g. and ripping out a picture of people picking tea or a boatplane . . .

Bikes: I have mastered . . . Running, longboards, badminton, ping-pong, rock jumping and river-pool leaping. All completely mastered, totally, fully and by that I mean utterly loved, hurled at as receivers; all pits for my verve, full open fields to receive the crowd of various enthusiasms and the parking of their vans and pitching of their tents. I have only mastered my positivity for things.

Have you tried the thesaurus game where you have to get from one word to its opposite in as few moves as poss . . . ?

Master; accomplish:able: competent: adequate: satisfactory; alright; okay, slack . . . incompetent . . .

Refrain; repeat; resist.

My Achilles heel is the ankles. So many times twisted and never broke and it's weak now, the left, weaker than the right.

So not so the skiing or shortboard skating, or the high-speed delivery of myself via the gravity pull on one on ices. Rather on a beach with six people in a shape throwing a tennis ball low between us all padded and un-spikey and no major joints at risk. Longboarding, or cycling . . . badminton and trampoline.

Don't want to be a molecule that way, like folks who jump out of a plane, surfing the skies with a board attached to their feet, then parachute onto a snowy off-piste mountainside, then surf the mountain and then fly a jump into a river to shoot the rapids heading underground for Black-Water Rafting.

Black-Water Rafting? I'll tell you: it's like white-water rafting - foaming, heaving herds of stampeding bucking albino bulls - except in a dark cave underground. And there are men in the land of a very new zeal who are actually good guides at this. Meaning you can start this, do a bit, progress, and then start to get experienced at rapids in the dark.

Of course, it's like learning the recorder: a thing you can improve through practice.

In an old jotter in a box is a list I wrote four years ago of the things that Melina and I share, apart her nutty brown beautiful mane of hair that is like as sexy and important as an extra limb.

A love of baking, badminton, hot-tub, wood-burning stoves, whisky,

wood, lemons, those photos, camping, Lady Gray, Steiner, picnics, ground almonds and hazelnuts in the spelt pancake mix, 2-CVs, sandalwear, Bill's Café, John Martyn, whisky, late-night adult snacks, you in jeans, Gwendolyn the bodice.

Once I went fluffy-white-cloud rapid jet-boating on the river rapids rapidly off of Montreal with Bill Bailey and his Kris and me false teeth fell loose and I had to bite them to keep them in place as both my hands were busy. Me Mum's dog Jake recently chewed her false teeth. Thats a nice sight, a dog with a mouthful of extra big teeth. All Kris's fags were sodden in the packet in a way only wet fags can be.

These recent paragraphs are like photographs all over the place, and all over the place touching on as many fresh things as possible, for a great way to shop is just to go in and buy all the loveliest things that grab your fancy, go home and you will find a way to eat them well.

Sometimes I will repeat myself and the only thing I can say is . . . (a) oops, and (b) well you've dipped in, read it through and gone back to it so many times . . . are you sure?

It was not wholly viable for me to aim to be completely sure that it is cured of all error and repetition: it's just not a thing that could be, so there's no waste of energy on it. Plus there's definitely a very loose approach to the grammar. Please forgive me in advance. New words made of two old ones joined together, lots of dot dot dots to connect things in the breath of reading. Gaps, inconsistency in spelling and casing. All a great underside to the rug, where the women weavers send their messages. And if this is a price paid for the way I am, then with it there was bought a willingness to proliferate in this text.

I'm drinking tea from a bowl, like most of the planet, to write . . . Oh, and I have just thought: You know when you turn a tea cup around and the bubbles stay in the same place? Well that could be a form of early compass when they have to stay immovable and fixed, floating in the near frictionless environment of tea. Wow did I just invent that?

"Eurethra! Eurethra!" shouted Archimedes when he pissed in the bath.

You can't have too many of them gags though . . . it wouldn't work for me as a reader, it would pull the rug after pulling the leg to pull the wool. It would turn the reality sour, or sour the reality to turn.

At the moment, sewing for me involves a truffle and a lighter. So many little sewings mean I am picking up the needle all the time and

putting it down and my man's fingers don't like that and find it very hard to do to pick up a needle from a flat surface so I have just moved a chocolate truffle close enough to pop the needle in and the lighter is so speed up the process: as swift as a scissor or a hand, yet it seals the thread, helping its cauterized end poke through the eye much more easily on a first approach every time. See there's method in me hand-sewn man-ness . . . manners in my meth-ness.

My top Dragons' Den innovation inventions: the AquAlarm - every year over seven hundred thousand litres of of bath water overflows from unattended baths being run by mums who have to use this time to be in other rooms. Now affix AquAlarm to the side of the bath and it will play a programmable tune out loud when the limit is reached. It's great for the environment and single mums with their hands full and people with short memory spans . . . It could also be bought in huge numbers by Councils and supplied to Hospitals, care homes and boarding schools . . . AnyWhere They Use Precious Water.

Or:

TrampoLize: Accessories for Trampolines: Everyone has got a Trampoline. Now you can add bits onto them like Slides and Platforms and Steps Up for kids . . .

The other day I was wicketkeeping over fire. The thin backyard game with Merlin, me and Geoff was pretty cramped and, in fact, we had to bowl through the frame of the swing.

One of the best twenty things about having kids is the kids of your friends and mucking around with them:

The other day at the dump me and the kids just smiled at a guy and he came over and gave us a huge inflatable "2" that he was going to recycle; he was floating around unsure which skip to put it in: probably in the inert gases/polyurethane/ribbon skip.

The fabulous reality of writing is that you can choose what to write. You can only choose what to write - so, with that, the fabulous reality is that things keep happening as the book gets written and I want them in.

What would you do, if you were writing instead of reading?

Dear Scroller, I married him.

This reminds me of a time I was thrown out of a nightclub in the best possible way:

Out in a real student-type disco, the C Venue of Chambers Street fame, with two friends, the marvellous Miss Vixy and (the same height as her) Steve, lead singer in Jim Rose's horror-circus-sideshow showband. In there we danced and bought Jack Daniels and Cokes and we all danced till I came back with the third round and they were off kissing on a wide step.

Now a great place to be is suddenly lone and free in a nightclub with three drinks. Downing them and getting in the dance floor is a priority. No one knows you are on your own and you can even wave across the dance floor at anyone you feel could be there. In the middle of it all I found a broom by the edge of the bar and started making moves and dance shapes with the broom getting laughs never heard above the music. Then it seems a natural progression to balance it on my chin and in doing so it is an extra bonus to discover that the distance from my chin to the roof is the same as the length of the broom so I just kind of wedge it up there and look like I am very able and doing a hugely good dancing-balance thing. This is probably when the bouncers first saw me.

They are by my side saying, "What are you up to?"

Now I don't want to be letting down the broom or letting down the folks around who love a sight like this. So I says, "Der. I am doing exactly what it looks like I am doing, which is why you are here." And all this with the broom still on the chin which makes it a Herculean task to do a decent "der" and push the tongue down into the spare soft bit below the lower lip to do the sound.

Down it comes and I'm off, a norm again, just a dance on my own, still with the whole club as a near friend.

Then I see Colm, a lad from a Hebridean island, who is six feet four and so for a laugh I say, "Hey, get on my shoulders!" and he says, "No. Why don't you get on mine?" and he scoops me up and there I am rising up and, I swear to God, accompanied by the Rocky Theme - Risin' Up . . . The Eye Of The Tiger. The whole place goes nuts.

"Look, it's the broom guy. He's great!"

What would you do? ±Would anyone do?? . . . there's no options . . . You'd do comedy Rocky Balboa punching-the-air type stuff wouldn't you? Then, as Colm gets to his full height and a few steps forward, there it is: the mirror-ball for the whole disco and it had to be done - what would you do? - I'm ducking and weaving and punching the mirror-ball.

It's like the Poseidon in there now: the level spirit-level reliable turning orbit of the lights is upset; the ship is wobbling; the disco's

listing and the whole room starts to make a new concerned noise. This is probably when the bouncers caught sight of me again:

“Heavens above. I wonder who that can be . . . ? Let us go and have a look, Davey.”

I felt a tap on my leg and one of them said, “I think it’s time you left now.”

“Yep.”

It was the loveliest way to be thrown out ever.

. . . Risin’ up . . .

Never judge an ebook by a tiny picture of the cover.

To interview someone to find out about them: For me now it would be to ask them what they do these days: breakfast stylings, rituals at the kettle; dressing tempo; walks; routes, ways to alter; la de da . . . That would provide enough spurs on to other questions and would replace posturing and rehearsed views on things.

And the facts, the facts, they are so nutritive. They are the vitamins in text. And, luckily, the genre of Autobiography with an “I” . . . with an “I” of a looseness, “I” for leather and a hell of lithesome lissome nature . . . in fact the “I” doesn’t even need to be at the beginning it can be in the middle of supple, nimble, agility that suits this natural simple state. Silvery, slipway slides.

It has been a very Olympic year. We have been buying Brussels sprouts on-the-stalk and keeping the last few sprouts on the top and running around with it held up like the Olympic torch is coming through town.

Plus I have been opening the back door of the old eight-seater estate car with two hands like the clean-and-jerk weightlifter and, the other night in a gig, I threw a lady’s handbag to the back of the room with a majestic triple-spin revolutionary hammer throw.

Here, right, this is the reasons for the possible titles.

– Quantity Street – Just such a good phrase to make anyone with a brain chuckle, and then be free to touch on the whole notion that it’s not just quality, or in fact that’s a word for when it is it is quality, and we want more. The thing about quality is you want a quantity.

Giggle Earth is so fine and strong a phrase, someone has to use it. Sloa, also, olsa, salo . . . Also it is like that the true map is your

own . . . mapping is personal, your history define the place and everywhere is a chance for mirth for only the actual material can be a place, and that laughter is an understanding and experiencing that is accessing the brain self like google searches, yet it is instantaneous.

Fulfilled. For in the end that is what we can be. A fool, Phild . . . fully filled and it's just hard finding a way to say that. Joy in people says the artist . . . yes, of course . . .

THE IDYSSEY IS A LONG DRAWN OUT SET OF ADVENTURES AN ODDITY OF AN ODYSSEY.

Verbal Dairy: for that is what it is. It does what it says it does on the can and that could be anything yet it does say a thing you want it to say then say it's going to do it in a way that is well said enough for you on a tin to be happy with and purchase it.

– Feral Will – Come on, like a tops-turv Will Ferrell . . . the international guy clown who has just nailed it, just got it so that everyone loves what he does and yet want him to do it more better and always does it just not too well enough and too much and overdoes the doing not enough. So upside down it's me the unpolished and unexpected. Joy for people.

Faithbook. Not just for christians with a lisp. No, this is because I believe it is a book of beliefs as residue from action. That capitalized 'c' that used to be just above there in christians was hard to get rid of with spell check wrist slapper app in Word . . . so I had to do a small 'c' before it then erase the capital. The way round it seemed to just be sure of my fcapability with the options available on the keys.

Networking. Doing all that can connect by not aiming to.

Fish n Chip n Pin . . . because life is a total mash-up double cla\$h of senses and technology, of the breathing in and the breathing out, of the start and the bit before . . . of the ying and the booty . . . of the talk and the tease . . . of the thing we love and the ability too love. I love fish n chips, the phrase of paradise . . . the batter the fish . . . and then the chips . . . christ. And free brown cauce in Edinburgh. The chip is becoming stolen and heading to meaning more to folks attached to pin than fish . . . and . . . and . . . and the best way to mock that is to take the piss.

“...More Speed Vicar...?...”... was a catchphrase that summed up my teenage consciousness and summed up that things could be summed up, that at the time it occurred to me that I had lived long enough with a certain awareness to then have it solidify as, like, a period in my life ... a n era of epoch eon.

Not to Sixty. For that is the title of another book written after driving across america, america . . . which will come out free with the second book that is being written. Not to sixty because the car we drove would not go to sixty.

MERRIMENTAL. I like because it was the name of the show I was devising when I got arrested for climbing inside that display bath on a pedestal outside the bath shop in my local English village . . . merriment is characterized by the 3d actual sound of laughter . . . and a formal word for thinking is mentation.

KEEPCLEAR . . . because there could have been a massive picture on the cover of me lying in the road next to a huge “keepclear” sign painted on the road . . . and there’s something in it to . . . not getting anywhere, remaining there that is good . . . and it was right under our noses all the time . . . Plus every time anyone passes it they’ll be alerted to remember this book . . . ah, sales . . .

B R E A D S T I C K S are C R U S T S . . . yes they are, yes they are . . . dip em in oils . . .

Great Cover . . . could not put it down. Just the archetypes to be explored. Secret cheat trick: Do judge the cover by the book. For there are all kinds of clues in the cover photos to references on the inside. Just like D. Brown’s cod DaVinci and now his inferior infernal one there are secrets in the Tweed jacket . . .

Phil Kay : Incomparable legend of Mirth . . . why bother limping in your dreams . . .

The Atacama Desert: Its Climate, Geology and Peoples. My knowledge is limited, yet I have made a trip to this most remote arid area where there have been some of the most severe weather statistics since measuring things and remembering them began, so it would be the shortest and least informed book in this field. Well somebook has to be. There has to be a last person to board every plane.

Phil Kay In Tweed: Why not it's the truth . . . there I am in the tweed jacket . . . the ultimate . . . the near waterproof, breathing, serviceable garment of local, sustainable, unsustainable, natural resource . . . woven from the offcuts for a unique and individual cloth . . . a naturally colourful blend of blends where the threads are twisted to give a stunning toughness and warmth.

Phil Kay : Nae Dogs In Boots . . . There's always a chance an auto biography will be named after its best or most resonant story . . . the one that kind of sums up the essence of the writer's subject or the subject of the writer's essence. Didn't seem to work here.

Phil Kay : Wallowing in a Bath of Self Pity. Lenny Bruce had to contend with court cases that sucked up his conscious time and he went onstage a lot with notes about the charges towards the end of his life. Me too: just received today, 17.06.13 a letter regarding: Section 36 Youth Justice and Criminal Evidence Act 1999 . . . there has been arranged an application for a direction prohibiting me from cross-examining the witness under an s36 of the Youth Justice and Criminal Evidence Act 1999 . . . this seems to be to set up the possibility of me not being allowed to ask questions of those whose words have put me in court. It's the bath shop thing . . . still live . . . will tweet you later, tweet you to a twully gweat supwise . . .

No Pun Intended.

Me, Me, Me or me, me memoir . . . it's the first syllable . . . and how many time does one try and avoid using "I" in this book's lines . . . yet it is about I and me, and me me me and again me. Awful, and there it is. That's why so many sentences start with a verb.

BoHo HA HA is the kind of thing a think tank might come up with a shitstorm braindance . . . a barnside brainstorm . . . a big bunch of men minds might arrive at putting on the table in a long list. Bohemian and humorous being the sub-header.

The Hymen Manoeuvre. The Heimlich is of course a mechanical yet surprising upward thrust just below the ribcage to expel air and shift lodged object that is causing choking. Not dissimilar to the laugh . . . gasps of air, involuntarily expelled . . . only ever on the on the out-breath, or making the out-breath occur.

WHEN THE LITTLE MAN IS GETTING HIS 'JAMAS ON I ASK HIM SHALL IT BE SIMPLE NORMAL BUTTONS OR TICKLEBUTTONS . . . AND YOU JUST DO THE SUBTLEST HARDLY ANY TICKLE AT ALL AND RESIST AND THAT'S THE LAUGH.

Phil Kay A Novel Comic . . . for everyone loves a good pun.

High Quality Homophonics: Means Good Puns; same pronunciation, yet different meaning . . . Get It! . . . Preferable is homophony: the simple harmonization of one melody by all voices, rather than all different actual parts.

Phil Kay A Graphic, Novel, Comic . . . for everyone accepts a great pun.

Notwerking* is Networthing when it's not worth it to be not networking . . .
 . . . intertnetworth King . . . what're you notworth nutjob
 on either nets . . . ether net for ever not . . .
 nightworking . . . neither networthing or
 not networking either . . . nor
 neither or either or
 . . . no not ever
 ethernet
 not ...

A Very First Second Part

So, here we go - The Top Forty Recent Events:

Last gig I did that other night I had a stainless steel food trolley and had a recycling pedal bin on it at one point and pressed them down to fire a Scotch egg at a lady in the front row and ended up using a spare table top as a cubist surfboard and wishing for a wrong number phone call from Picasso. Why can't there be a wrong number from a famous person in my life . . . there's a joke in there somewhere: oh there it is its not that good.

The other day I hoovered up a pen and was able to get it back out again with a whip action and the hoover still on and it reminds me of the time I was in Menemsha Bay, on the island of Martha's Vineyard where they filmed Jaws, and I was waterskiing and fell in, went under, held on and came back up again. The guy on the boat said he'd never seen it before.

The other last-nite's gig was in the Constitution Club above a bingo match game and it was good. So good that the silliness of telling a room full of English people that they are a bit uptight - with examples - had a Polish lady in a red slidy very polyester sportslidy tracksuit slipping off her chair with laughter. "Why are there so many mountains in England . . . because they keep making them out of molehills . . ."

Me, the longboard, at night: My home is in the English countryside in a lovely wee town, right at the edge, within cycling distance from our school, with my love and 4.0 children. We're up at 7:09 and mostly doing porridge and fruit, or toast and sugarless jams. The other day I went longboarding down a beautiful B-road late at night. Drove to where we last lived, drove in and parked in the old driveway with my headlights down a long hill stretch of newly re-smoothed road with the new super surface, superficially rejuvenated. Dark, quiet and fast. Like I like my coffee. The longboard was with me and I had been waiting for this for ages; waiting for the three things to converge: the board, night-time and me. And I zoomed off and was among the dead cats-eyes and getting the speed-wobble and going faster than ever before. Hands up

if at this moment you might consider strapping the mobile phone on torch mode to the front. Imagine the catss' eyes' eyes' glowings and a glitterings.

We're in here now.

Don't forget if the stream of water from the tap is too strong going into the kettle spout and you have up-rush gushings then you can just move the spout half out, splitting the stream, if you like.

Recently I saw Dr Brown, a no frown clown comedian. Thought he sounded good, read an inspired review of his antics, dug his poster, saw him, found out he was good, did a gig with him then went out with him and did a few impromptu drumming bits and pieces around Camden with him and Cammy; invited him to stay with us and then took him up the private Mansion House mile-long steep downhill drive and raced him down on my bike as he carved at hugely higher speeds on the longboard, sticking to the tighter thin single-track bends while I zoomed a more curvaceous big zigzag slalom route down, up the grass verges either side, following him trying to use only the grass as brakes.

Just this evening I did one of what I would consider one of my greatest achievements: I am leaving our bedroom upstairs and grabbing up a wee pile of laundry just as I go, swooping, in the movement and at the exact moment I'm making the cluster up, Lilly (9) comes out of her room to put her pants in the armful and puts them up near my face to have a look at, and I manage to refrain and restrain myself from making some "Oh no, yuck, get your pants away"-type remark . . . Had to think fast - one does for family - had to think fast and not say the obvious. Very like being onstage and the mind wants to go straight to the thing we all know could be said and would get a laugh; yet too big a part of this laugh would be us all sharing what anyone could say - gotta think fast - reminds me of the time I got caught putting the money for the Tooth Fairy Union under the pillow (had to think fast - that tale, though, is definitely one of the longer ones and not for this shorter-form beginning) - to have the thought arise as the first obvious p'tang-yang sound you hear as meaning, and then refrain was saying it was better. Because then it was truly unexpected (which I hold close to an essential). Not limited as just being just the smartest way of saying the nodded-to, the already-known in new examples - there'll plenty of time for the making fun of in the regular ways - often the first thought is the most expected and

that's very comic, yet it's not always very great comedy. It can't be it, can't go that far. The best it can be is hilarious. That's all. And plus, too ultra, plus deep down it's simply just not the staple accepted truth in me that females' pants smell bad.

A while back I flicked on a light switch with a dish towel. Zip, flash. At the time it was the first time I'd ever tried it so for a while I was thinking about never trying it again and retiring with a 100 average . . . like if Bradman had got three more runs with a hard-on and no box and immediate scones in the pavilion.

Driving through London the other night and concluded my personal and unrecorded "Worst Balcony" survey. Where the overall awfulness of those small inner-city balconies that are so ignored, so abused and so mournful, is scored by still-revealing categories: Un-usability - junk collects that hints at the chance, the space this balcony affords you to be "outside" and yet, how being in a city has robbed the beauty of this, and this just manifests itself in an inverse relation to commit to leaving it, so this exhibits itself in un-gooding the outside you have. A statement of love through the bespoiling of it to match the bespoiling you feel.

Like besmirching the achievements of others to cover one's own
l a c k .
The scant poignancy of a duvet scrunched up against the glass with painful tiger print. There was one balcony that was a smallish glass-fronted wee semi-circular platform affair on the side of a toppling or slanted sharp new building: It had a bike encased by binbags, lost to the casual check, totally engulfed by stinky bags themselves. It had a crushed clothes-horse on top of another binbag, behind the arch the door would make if opened. This, and how it overlooked a Morrisons car park and a huge grand entrance made it a "Winner", with little to gain save being able to watch an entrance of a major supermarket . . . somewhere there is a research team being paid to watch traffic, monitor lorries on an underpass,, la la . . . so you just could clear the balcony and turn staring into a PhD: What time do most youths go in . . . richer types . . . those that park far away do they shop longer so to push the fullest of trolleys all around in a parade of glory and double exhibitionist-ness. What are the patterns. Read em and tweet.

. . . place an add for middle-aged models in the foyer AdBoard and have them turn around and audition by binocular, feet up smoking an e-fag.

No tweeting has me ever done. Nor phasebook neither. Even it it is popular in an unrivalled way, facebooking is just a phase. Maybe the selling of of deets will deter some, it will be another thing that replaces it in love.

Three best places to have an e-fag: in surgery . . . in church . . . and in a yoga class. Particularly church if it's up the back and you are a few and they glow like satan's eyes glow and attract the eye of the vicar and then you can stub them out on your own face in an interesting/intimidating way and hold his gaze.

Recently I was making pancakes and had the spelt flour, ground up nuts, molasses and tahini in the bowl and an egg in the hand and I cracked it and felt the need for a well in the flour and, in a moment, I elbowed the flour and created one. Like a samurai in the kitchen. Problem? Whoosh: Solution.

A few men and me are in a music band, a man-band, a bar-jam-band and one of the songs is called "It Was Only Cos I Was Mucking About With My Friends In The Garden As They Left That I Found One Of My Kids' Anoraks Lying Out Here About To Get Wet Overnight".

Our home is a brilliant brick building with a massive garden; the organic veg shop is within a four-minute mountain-bike sprint. There are about ten or eleven spheres in the garden, two of them are regulation-useable as footballs with the boy, kicking it at or near him and going to where I can see he is going to kick it, is what happens a lot. It's pretty obvious as he aims his body to the ball, he toe-pokes it and I am coming onto it at speed calling "I'm open!" It has to be how Barcelona train: no goals and just encouraging the fun through clever movement and creation of space.

Last week I was dribbling two balls at once and carrying the wee man's spade across the garden and I caught myself with the sharp new shiny corner and got a tiny bloody nick on the inner calf.

There are several nicks on my hands from breaking sticks for the seven fires we've had in the garden in the fire-basket recently. The kid loves them and you can light one for like half an hour's fun and then let it go.

Right, the body, the house, toys, possessions:

One cut on my right index-finger came from trying to open the bonnet on the old BMW from under the passenger's foot-well with pliers gripping the wire cos the plastic handle had snapped and they

slipped off, the pliers, and I grooved the same slice twice in my hand off the sheared plastic point on the bonnet release handle.

Last week cycling by a stream I spat some gob out that bounced along like in the Damnbusters. Ill enough for the phlegm, and well enough to give it a good “hoich”, all the infection mucous thickness and weight works for me.

In Galway latterly for the gig there was a lovely flat one could use and go and be a loon for a while and make a mini-henge out of those wee electric radiators on wheels. Dominating the open-plan kitchen is a massive clock. A no-excuses, two minutes from the gig, massive clock. This big-handed metre and a half diameter motherfucker of a timepiece ensures you are simply not allowed to say you were not sure what time it was. When I get home later I challenge it to a boxing match by putting garage gloves on its hands at ten to three for a right cross.

You can hang on the intercom phone for a while and sing a bit of a song out to folks you hear passing, or just listen for an opportune moment to drop an end to one of their sentences . . . and there is time to go out on the balcony and shout a little revolutionary Spanish. Every revolution in some South American country at some point involves someone shouting to a cheering crowd from a balcony, So, there’s no way that shouting Spanish from a balcony could safely be called un-revolutionary or “in no way connected” with revolution. That’s the deal just to be still in with the chance of the best.

When you hitchhike what you need is a car to come along – stand by the road, that’s where they come and you’re in: every one that comes along could then be The One for you . . . Here the gig was awful, stodgy and red-wine slow, I nearly got going shortly before the end.

We got free bottles of rum, all got high afterwards and did the crossword drinking non-stop with the staff until it was five fifteen time to pop home for a fifty-minute nap.

I awake to the sound of a cleaner and the massive clocks got both fists up in a good guard, good gawd, it say five to noon so I’d missed my flight home by four hours at least, six if you count actually getting up and getting there, and it turns out my phone was lost as was my hat and no socks with my sandals. Shit! It was raining too and all that helped, as I skipped around the corner to recover my tracks, was a stylish laird-type in hyper-modern-yet-classically-cut, full-body tweed, as I watched him I aquaplaned in the slipshod flips flop across the ancient paving. Fucking Luck-a-Lily: somehow, miraculously got to find

the wife of the promoter, who woke him up and got him out of his bed to run me to the airport at high speed to catch a brand new flight he had paid for and get there to find the Ryan desks closed. Our only option is to drive home slower and with even less chat and have the promoter who watched the gig fail put me up again and then buy a brand new new flight once again. Or 2: ask an older lady at an info desk in that utterly hopeless way you do, with a last beyond-last-resort-nothing-else-to-try, just-have-to, pressureless ask . . . And she asks a name and does it: She just goes over to the printer and brings me the flimsiest boarding pass there has ever been, on squeaky satin fax-paper from the last millennium.

I had a pie and a pint-set that have a chance of remaining unrivalled in this life as the good queue-ing folks boarded. It is a very interesting place to be and a subliminal aim, for me, doing stuff that absolutely heightens tastes, vision and sounds. When you go to the fridge naked, still trickling afterwards, and the things you lift out of there into your mouth or lay on toast are so much more flavour-filled and intense.

There has to be someone who is last to board every flight.

Beautifully, I got off at Gatters and had left the flimsy silk pass on the plane. So, to proceed out and through, I just used the original boarding pass I had printed at home before I left and that I still had; which may or may not be causing consternation as a kind of loophole through the system. They give you a wee barcode to make sure you are the same one came off a flight that gets out the door . . . They'll find that I am still there . . . I never came through, yet I did leave.

Recently my way-ex-partner's boyfriend and me have been recently exchanging marijuanae, plural. That's a great place to be too: to be benefiting from a thing one could easily choose to be turned away from.

Me and the boy have been racing the llamas who live up the road a bit. We whistle them and they come over all curious and bucktoothed.

Just the other day me and the boy were parked by a field to look at horses far away and I remembered the words of a Monty Roberts who said you stand side-on to them to intrigue them and remind them of clustering up with their mum and running back to her warm belly and huddling in for safety. I tried it and these two came padding over and get their noses right here to breathe on our hands.

The boy took it in his stride. Saw it all. Never didn't notice.

*

It occurred to me a while back it is possible that kids kind of think you are magic.

When they see you blowing on to hot food to cool it down they might for a while think you are actually warming it up to be nice and tasty. Plus before they can read they are not too aware of the complexity of written prose so for a while they just think you are improving and making this shit up each night. Remote controls never raise an eyebrow from a kid because they don't know they don't know.

And hitchhiking is the fairy bridge made of unicorn eyelashes that connects the worlds . . . it is the portal, my boy, very portable . . . hitchhiking regularly in Scotland small distances to and from the Town of Forres and back - it is normal, wild then normal again, you are out with kids and what you do regularly becomes the norm and so the lion tamers' kids are yawning at your pet tortoise, or not.

They see it perfectly normal to ask for another person's help with a groovy universal thumb-sign and then later they realize it's not done much. The decent integral human ability to reach out as empathy and accept aid is totes amazeballs.

And I truly think the involuntary leap I just did a while back was a throw back to being an ape-like creature who clapped his feet more often. A while back in the book, and about the same time ago in your reading time was when I did the leap and that's how it must go for writing, right now it's me doing a second edit on a bus. A jump in the air a leap in the imagination a bounceback in time and in the text and in evolutionary terms.

Thank heavens, I missed a shed recently: Lined up the red spongy gym ball for a stonking swipe from the outside of the right foot - "three-toes" they call that kick in Brazil, where, yes, they have names for kicks. The boy mostly toe-pokes yet we have worked on several other kicks: The trap-and-kick, the rear-heel, the soft-push and the modern instep-guider. The one you see in newspapers when a guy has scored with a guided bendy free-kick around a wall.

Well, this three-toes kick is different. It is the kick of my youth, which I spent playing football with a tennis ball and coming in from wet-day games with massive polka damp dots on me jumper. Playing for twenty-five minutes after lunch and picking teams and scoring twenty goals between us and, after school, we played as the cars gathered around us. This kick I set up for sheer power, hoping to catch

it right and swerve it in the top, your right corner, and bang it inside the Hula Hoop that hangs on the shed and looks like a target. There are lots of kicks to do around the garden - there is an official eighteen-hole crazy golf game we set up, me and Lilly, where you kick a ball over an obstacle course rather than putting with clubs.

It's called CrazeeBall or FunBall or GolfBall or FoolBall. It can be practised very gently every time one crosses the garden, goes to the bikes, the compost, the shed, the recycling, the caravan, the trampoline, to talk to Myra over the fence, or even just mooch down the municipal paved path to Way at the end of the garden there is a fully functioning mini-sewage plant for the houses on the posh estate behind us. It too is brick and it therefore a built-like-a-brick shit out-house or, at least, it is a brick shit-house, and is therefore hosting the Olympics of symbolism in that it is built like itself.

In 'FoolBall' there's the basketball to go through the legs of the mini-small school chairs we have stuck in the ground from being thrown (another game). So many holes, loops, plant pots, the Fire-Hose - we made a list, I'll find it . . .

There are many kicks: The small semi-deflated tellytubby ball to land on the trampoline and to go up the door we use as a wide ramp up onto the tramp. There's the kick of the tennis ball into a hula hoop.

Anyhoo, I swiped it with the three toes and shot hard and missed the shed which was great because Melina was in there doing intricate jewellery work and could have conceivably got a shock and dropped a diamond. She works out there on bespoke-for hand-created wedding rings and engagement blings. MELINAJEWELLERY.COM

That time in the bay on Martha's Vineyard where my brother saw Jackie O on the water, I fell. I plunged in at high speed and kept a hold on to the thing and the boat kept going and I came back up. Went in, did a bit of ploughing, a bit of being the plough, the ploughman, a man-plough, ploughing straight in, riding the wave, grooving the wave riding the groove, grooving the groove as a needle reads the record . . . groove-rider, wake-star and rose again - Jesus zooming on the water - better than walking - the skimming Saviour, a very directional self-resurrectional.

At the moment the Hoover is kept behind a sofa or in the stair cupboard fully plugged in. Then it is easier to just use to master to dominate to rule, it's another form of Heaven is a ready plugged-in Hoover, ready to go, no wrestling trouble of the wires and pipe.

A three-minute Hoover, which I see as a cross between boxing and fencing - what with the lunges and the accuracy and the footwork - and the sweeping and the brushing and warming and surface tension-loosening/lessening and speedily flattening to smooth the ice of curling.

There is a daftness that nevertheless helps me be cheerful in the regular activity, plus it's well known that women love the smell of a freshly-washed athletic man. I'm sure they also love the smell of recent Hoovering.

Confucious say Hoovering warms you three times: the effort, the hot filter fan air and the cuddle after.

So then me and the boy who is four point three now and called Lion were jogging across the garden after the pancakes and he had twin trails of snot running down from the nostrils to the mouth and flowing over it even with the licking in and going down to the chin. As we ran I took a stolen serviette out of my pocket and motioned to the boy for a noseblow and he actually offers his nose up to me. A great boy, a fabulous kid, you can still see his rosy cheeks from behind. He gets the snot removed and then I stuffed it in my top pocket and we went through the end of the garden through a hole in the hedge. There we saw the Postie pulling up for he always trots down our lane not reversing. We've seen him a hundred times coming in and leaving. This is the first time we are ready in wait, secretly hiding. And this, lo and behold, as he turns walking into our lane, this is the first day I've seen him come to have a pee into the bush we are hiding behind.

As with the pancake flour or the time I was in Paris with the taxi on my foot or the fairy money moment, as with these, one has to think and act fast. No options as he is approaching and with one hand tensing the trouser and the other fixing to pull the zip down. I gently emerge surely as a new bright thing and say,

"We're here!"

The best poetry is economy that gains. Here there seemed enough to be said, no need to explain anymore or throw a question. I mean, we all have to pee and this little tiny wooded bit just beyond our hedge is perfect.

He did a very natural swift and complete one-eighty without any break in pace. We followed back up and passed him once he'd done the letters and as he passed there was nothing from him, his embarrassment or something had rendered him emotionally un-presenting and I actually raised an eyebrow wanting some kind of "hey ho" interaction-eering or "hello" or "what?"

"It's us from the hedge," I said.

There was no answer.

And the boy? He was not expecting anything and so looked content.

That's what he's like, the boy: amoral or pre-moral, or as I prefer to say, exempt.

Hanging out with him is fabulous and I love living in a world where a tractor with a wonky wheel has every chance of beating a Ferrari in a race. Where moulded lamby is bigger than dragon and can dent the unicorn-horn in a quick battle. Where mythological beings cross-pollinate the fun with "real" one-thirtieth milkmaids, dinosaurs and knights on horseback, gorillas with a bit missing and all hang out with a wizard and a bull with anatomically correct massive balls and a plastic play-whisk and an unspecified superhero who can spin all the way round at the waist. Obviously I love his unconditional love of his daddy, and then with that do then think of good things to do on the way to everywhere. Obvs: adults come and go and are a bit moody and distant sometimers, you never made any of them, and them kids though you are going to be able to enjoy hanging out with them forever, enjoy the truth that connection to them is definitely love.

Once at the train station, we were in the big disabled change-your-baby loo and he finished a wee and I started mine and he went to open the door. My first half of reaction-impulse-kneejerk was to call out in that "No, the door must stay shut. What are you doing?"-type style - then I didn't. In that moment I realized you could birth a morality there, feed it on personal worry and phobias lite, begin the big slide that way . . . and there is a day he'll need to know and he just will know his way through it, so I just stayed quiet as he walked away and loitered with the huge door doing its large sweep to reveal hundreds of folks milling around.

One option: pretend to be blind, pee everywhere, flush poorly and walk out with a limp. Then, of course, it dawns that it is baby-change place too, it's disabled access wider door, ramp and some decent turning circle for a wheelchair serious dimensions in there. We're valid, all okay, viably vindicated and free from the vituperative looks and phrases.

An Option too: walk out proud as possible, whisper that you've saved a hundred million lives many times.

Kids say the funniest things. I knew one, he couldn't say industrial tribunal, he used to say dusty boons.

Surely I'm not the first person to fill up the empty plastic moulded presentation layer from a tin of Christmas biscuit selection with small daft items and take it round to a friend for his birthday.

It's so warm here writing in the caravan with a wee electric fan-heater, though it has this little white safety button - a bright white pygmy thing - a button so that if the heater falls over then this button is no longer pressed by the weight up off the floor of the entire universe being held, pushed supported to be there and hold it down like Newton on a camping mattress . . . up on it. Oh fuck! Now it has fallen over, it cannot WHAT? Set fire to something or what? That can be the only thing. I mean, surely it can't overheat, a heater. Can it? Have we made a heater that can overheat itself? Oops. Anyhow, when it's on a carpet for the reason that then the force up of the earth is baffled by the deep pile of the fibres and can't maintain pressure, you have to reach under and diddle it.

Is it wrong then, to make love in a disabled loo . . . ? Is it just flat-out wrong? If it is wrong even just to be in there. And if it's wrong, then it just is and you may as well use the special handles in there, the ones for to help the disabled do normal mandatory positions, may as well use them for highly athletic erotic positions, athrotic, erothlete . . . May as well use the emergency chord as a kind of teasing garrot So does it follow it's Wrong to use the emergency cord as a kind of sexy garrotte? Once you are wrong, what is your impetus to influence to cease?

You were at the airport and you were sad to leave a love and two guys in wheelchairs were on your side, for love and honour, and they stood by and egged you on and guarded the door and when you came out all the mirrors were steamed and their wheels span. Is it wrought when it feels so right? Can it be wrong?

English cars peep me a bit more than Scottish people: "You are in a car." Peep-Peep. " . . . You pay no road tax and until this delay my life was on schedule . . ." Peep. "I want to be on a bike and all that doesn't entail . . ." Peep . . . is what I hear.

Recently I realize that you can buy those huge circular, is it *concave* mirrors they use on bends in the countryside, you can buy these wherever you live and just have them in your life: gardens, hallways, stair-corners or just above the bath for fun.

Same too with white ribbon on your car: Get it on - don't need to be

wedding soon - and people just wave and cheer and excuse you certain driving moves, and are cheery and specially sighing, or jealous and ram you, which is very rare. Can you see the smoke from the orphanage, man?

Same too with buying Scout badges: help yourself, there's no law.

Same with children's plasters, they can be used humanely on an adolescent and they will still fit.

And a travel iron, you can get one of those . . . Imagine you are buying one and they want to know where you are going and you hesitate and they refuse and want to see the booking reference and there is a scuffle over it.

Right now, 18.01.13, 15:35pm, it's still the triple backseat for me on the Nationally Expressive bus service from my obscure English village that'll take me to Nottingham, Notts, and right by me they have a teeny weeny toilet brush in the bog and it's great that they believe in us tending to our skidmarks bad enough to need attention in this small space all bustled about by the swaying. As optimistic as hitchhiking at the end of a runway.

Right now, really now 06.03.13, 15:36pm . . . I have just eaten a chocolate truffle picked up by the needle.

Same too with waving at a tower block: No one knows you are just waving at thin air and no one is technically there, that you just feel like a cheery screamed whoop of fun and used this truth; PLUS there might be a guy who can't see that you are aiming vaguely and feels a bit of the goodness of the waved wave. Good feelings are good feelings.

Like my mate's mate who was running on a running-track and thought he was a world record holder and felt a bold pride for three months until he told someone and it turns out it was only a three hundred metre track.

Ballsack lid-snap: There is little worse than sitting on a loo seat you really ought to have fixed ages ago and there is one bolt missing and it keeps sliding off to the side and you are saying to yourself "Oh heavens, I must really fix this" and it slides off to the right and snags your ballsack - ooh! - though not that bad. Worse than when I got a bit of sand in the eye from my own turn-ups doing a bit of amateur yoga . . .

Doing a bit of amateur yoga and getting a bit of sand out of my turn-ups in the eye - can't tell you which feels better of those two sentences.

Usually there is one rhythm that feels simply the best. Sometimes with comedy it is a matter of something bothering you about a joke and you just have to swap words and lose a syllable to help it come out in the single breath and before the concept gets too worked out and the laugh becomes diluted as the idea creeps out ahead of the motherload.

Each comedy delivery and sketch thing or punchline or what have you has a best or better form. So, generally, the better you mask the silliness to come the better you mask the silliness to come.

Not that bad though, the lid snag, as it must have been for that lady whose bungee snapped in newzealand on a big jump. Imagine the range of sounds she must have made.

Before you jump there can be noise of low worried warbly moanings and then the scream of the initial leap and can you figure the woo-hoo she would make, the shape and sound of it as she drops sixty metres, and then it's a wailing of wonder in this expectation of going wildly, as badly, back up again suddenly, and then feeling that not happen yet not really be sure as it is the first time a giant bungee has snapped on you, and your noise now changes to a genuine terror-scream, as much as you are able to summon up from the plummeting diaphragm muscles weak in amniotic zero-G in the belly.

I imagine the sound something a bit like Tarzan being slowly sucked into a jet engine while doing his yell. This sound may not immediately have registered as that different to the experienced guys up top.

She is screaming, as the fall is not truly horror-filled, and then it snaps and it is horror-filled and then the scream is interrupted - the fall broken by a plunge into a shocking cold fast river.

The briefest possible respite from relief that it was water, the friend, then the cold, the physical breathlessness, and the last noise held and released with the last of the breath. And now the noise of that final human outpouring under the water; no more mystery, just the rushing unperturbed cold noisy rush-wash of the river's truth - that it is inanimate and does not care and is always there at night, unseen, like a tree permanently falling, making a massive crashing sound in a forest. And that noise under there, if there was one, might be the privatest thing of all times. And all in this moment the fact that this river might never have been felt. They say one can never step in the same river twice. Well, you are certainly most likely never going to get dunked by fate into the same river twice or fall from a bungee into the same named entity, snaking across the flood plain, delta, a-meandering. Imagine if one of those molecules was one that you had

already encountered as rain or mist or from a sneeze on an aeroplane.

Then the final conscious mental agony of this fall, as the crocodiles are seen to approach - yes, the river is populated by crocs - the unconscious acceptance that you are lucky to be alive to die, or at least it is a cat's chance, second death-cheating coming-uppance . . . It's too much to be taken in, fighting for breath to spare for a sigh in this torrent, until a laugh comes as the speed of the river has saved you, taking you away faster than crocs like, yet, even by now the sure saving of your own life realized is, here now not enough wind left to make any more sound.

And then the ultimate last snag as the long trailing bungee cord gets snagged between two boulders, holds you back with some underwater elasticity pulling at you harshly in the current, forcing you under as the crocs reassess. It is the time to undo carabiners for the first time, underwater, against the clock, as excellently as possible.

Worst thing for me, nothing like the bungee in September, was driving to a gig with five hundred millilitres of farm-strength cider in a label-less bottle and getting tipsy and being lost, and then late, and then desperate for a pee and short of time, getting late for the gig, pissing in the bottle and then still being behind time later and having to hold the bottle between the legs and then getting nearer the venue then, at last, coming round the corner and being met by the staff and then taking a drink from the bottle just as I realized and calling out, "It's okay, it's piss."

Better, though, than overtaking the Police by mistake on the inside lane while texting with a seatbelt shut out of the car clanging around banging on the road and undercarriage.

Hot Chip on the iMac playlist. Who are they and which family member liked them? It's great having the wide range of an entire family's music choice.

Hang on, me and the eldest daughter Coco saw them on the third of our three-in-a-row Glastonburys and they were a total blast as we shared that most excellent of all square pies in the feetdeep mudslush with a pint of pear cider.

Once again e-Reader and leaf-turner this is still the fuzzy eclectic eccentric electric shambolic beginning enrapture chapter and exempt from regular criteria demands. It's the first misplaced pieces of pots and coins that are found when a large archaeological site is being

discovered; an encouraging pointer to greater tectonic seams lying lower down.

On that wasteland in Glasgow where I parked up and lived once for a few months was the Jag that once I had to sleep in because I came back to my van and there was the very loud sound of the pissed-snore and it felt close – aah! like inside the van – I jumped out and there he was, sleeping underneath the axle, on the ground. It was too hard to be so bunked, double style, so I took the Jag that night. Once, in the van, some ludicrously, feasibly drunk, students tried to tip me over and, as I was banging on the window from inside saying “excuse me!”, they failed to see. I had to slide open the sidedoor leaving me a Buster Keaton-space in case it fell and, still in my sleeping-bag, request their restraint in this matter from now on. They actually shouted out, “Watch out, there’s a bearded old hippy there . . .”

On a lighter note: Recently I fired some swimming goggles, lying on me back, using only the toes and feet, making use of the thing that was lying around within my reach, the on-back Da Vinci limb-sweep method with three-quarter arc to feel what’s there – Dad Men not Mad Men. This makes Lenny’s model of Man’s abilities-tied-to-this-physical-dimension allegory of full-body physiognomy a tad naked now to me. Without something to come of it, without a reason, without crisps or a screwdriver. And Da Vinci’s guy gets nothing: no goblet of wine, or flax; nothing to reach for, so the move is unreal, so no man would ever actually be those dimensions unless he was doing a pose. And where’s the truth in that?

Well there is yoga . . . And modelling for art. Yoga like the stretch-of-a-cat or the leg-of-a-crane at dawn . . . oh and standing naked in a small caravan reaching for the thesaurus on the top shelf, then the maple from over by the sink . . .

Damn! What’s the First Rule of rhetorical questions? Check you don’t catch yourself out and can’t answer. And plus too, as well do rhetorical questions have a question mark? No, because they are spoken.

For the body, the circumference, fuck, the aura, for it is like ice on Mars. And love the sweep, the full extent, the personal jurisdiction – be a reacher, not a preacher – come on DJs and bend the other way – it’s not enough to stop the buck with art. It does not matter that there may have been ice on Mars.

There was a thing handy to play with the three-year-old boy while I was on my back. On back, like Ong Bac, inventive, physical, dexterous,

improvisatory. Well, except mine is actual and un-worked out so I beat the Ong Bak guy.

The goggles flew. They were born to fly.

Plus I have got a little better at fixing the goggles over the years, though these were the new ones. Not the old style that were harder to make smaller and it was always a guess of a kid's head and you had to pull very-ribbed stretchy-tipped ends though, one way then the other, the tight little gate-gap right by the eye-bit and they were fiddly and yet always could go wrong. Have I gone through one? Ripped one? Not them. These were the new kind with the fully-bonded and formed-as-one-up-front-by-the-eye-bit and have all the adjustments and fixing done from a trimmed-down simpler-action to the rear of the head with a quadruple carabiner affair allowing tightening in the desired way, out and back from the back of the head by arms already tuned for power.

Fixed the car with leather and foil last month wrapped around the exhaust to keep the pressure on the pipe flowing, it was like fixing a massive recorder which had an extra hole that needed to be blocked off. It was whistling and fluting terribly . . . Once I fixed an old Volvo with wool by re-tying on the radiator with the colourful strands weaved round and round. It felt part Morgan there, which has an ash chassis, or the old Morris Woody Tourer. It may well be a move in the future toward natural materials.

Did a little bit of hedge-trimming on the trampoline. It was right by the hedge and nothing was too drastic; yet it is a truth, it is something I have done. The scandal is a scandal because it is known. If someone had seen me they might think I was a bit loopy, yet it was just the natural thing to do as I came along the hedge trimming and standing on a plank between ladders, well it just seemed smart and fun to do a little light bouncing, nothing special and yet if someone had driven into our land yard then it would have been a discovery. As it is, I am owning it owning up, owning out this information and so obvs I am not bothered by its implications . . . its clues its indications its pointers to my psyche.

Like I do get quite a soothing foot-massage in sandals from the foot-braille by the platform's edge on many an occasion, with more to follow. Especially good in old thin soul-ated Birkenstocks.

Me and my friend Cameron Sinclair the drummer oiled Frankie-from-

the-Darkness's fridge door the other morning with olive oil until, in the silence, there was no squeaking noise to wake folks, no just the wheezes from us two struggling-to-breath as we laugh at trying to be quiet at dawn that had floored us . . . the laughs becoming fiercer as they were trying to be quieter.

Like Harvey Keitel handing out the trolleys at the beginning of that film, I once oiled a lady's carboot with her own olive oil.

Anyway I didn't finish that story . . .

The other day I went to Galway and met a guy I know in the airport lounge with his two sons, whose mum had died in India in childbirth. He was handling them well and I forgot I knew him even after watching him for a while. He looks like me: shortish hair, beard and woollen jacket. We get on well and try to pre-board before the others as a gay family group. They're not into it and so I wave him on, giving one of the boys a kazoo, and he gets to make the whole lounge much, much, much more fun.

We talked, had a laugh, got off the other end and walked through customs. Now I always have a little travel-spliff to smoke and never hide it, just have it in my pocket. As we come through the other side they have got us going left to right following those extendable thing corridors and then at the last moment I see why, because there is a sniffer-dog. Two things: first, I believe all dogs are sniffer-dogs, and second, that most of the folks they catch are caught because they give it away and try to hide something or move in the opposite direction. I was so cool, by mistake, didn't see it as I was still playing the kazoo, then got carried away and leaned down to pat the dog. All flushed in the heart-rush of possibly not getting to the gig (what a hassle) and we are though.

Now it kicks in and I get the wobbles and, as me and Bruce part, I am calling out across the arrivals area, "They need to get a new dog. That one's not very good!"

Bit like that letter I wrote complaining that the breathalyzer machine that did not find me positive me on Oct 11th 2004 was faulty because I had in fact been drinking plenty. Sadly, though, I had no proof.

The exact postcode of my latest breakdown was FK17 5LY. Now, when you break down you have to know where it is on a global satellite list of places. We hung out at the Co-op in Stepps outside Glasgow, filling time with the literature in there with a window wiper not

working and the rain huge. It didn't want to stop and the AA were taking an hour and thirty, so as an absolute last resort I opened the bonnet and in eleven seconds found a set of spare fuses along the bottom of the Mercedes 230TE's wee fuse box governing all electrics and we were off. Sorry AA, nothing for you here.

This having to know the postcode is a bit of a hassle if you don't know it and yet it means that, technically, one could be telling a funny anecdote about it and than someone listening could go on Google Earth Images and go down the street and see all you mentioned. Then, if you had exaggerated, you might have no leeway for readjustment.

Through all the technical advances of home computing, the web and laser camera home-applications, the biggest thing seems to be that people can make far, far better "Lost Cat" posters nowadays.

Sometimes I think perhaps they are just showing off. Like there is no real lost cat, just a will to advertise their own graphic skills. Worse even, people are kidnapping cats and then offering services.

The other day I nearly used a bikini top for a bib. It had hung there since summer when it was not required much due to the tricky trick of getting summer warmth, fit car, available time and the beach altogether in the same place. Then as I picked it up off the cupboard handle to slip on the kid for spaghetti it hit me in a chorus: "Resist this Phil as she may go to the beach finally and be heavenly happy, slip it on and then be running in slow motion to the waves and then get a crusty chafing rub from the dried sauce on the inside of the bra cup."

The other day the laundry was conquered: For fifteen minutes there was none to do, we were ahead - fuck you, Humans are Masters of the World - the machine was full and, ha ha the clothes we had gathered to enhance and aid our daily life were, for once, in full check.

Plus, I had left a magazine with the young Twilight chap in a vest on at the bottom of the basket so that, every time we emptied a load into the machine, my love would have a wee treat. It would have been Beckham in "his" Armani pants if there was no photo of him found at the time when that thought went live.

These days in England I ask for people's travelcard as they come off the train at 6:23pm and I am going to do comedy to others who work in London to afford tickets and we are opposite numbers, going in as they come back. ". . . do you have a travelcard I can keep, going back

into London . . . it can't go on its own . . ." It needs a human to keep it going.

Going in for free on their ticket to talk to folks about my life and it can't be too like theirs, and it can't be too far from theirs; it could be that the ones who can talk about it have to weave that consciousness into every day a little. I am of us and yet we are all atypical, so anyone can talk and all details are fine-flavoured with the individual.

"Ah, you're a comedian . . . ," the taxi drivers always say. "Surely mate, fundamentally, comedy's about the transfer of an idea in a fun creative way that involves someone getting/receiving an invisible flying sentinel mystery. And, in the getting of a concept, you can receive as far-out-there an idea as you want because they are already physical, imagined, suggested abstracts in a sweet way: two for one . . . Why limp in a dream . . . ? You can have that mate."

The transference of ideas. That's the secret of comedy. Shut up.

Well, listen to this: This thinking is just me trying to match the totally-mad concept of standing in a room, surrounded by people, weaving a thing that, by definition, has a weight and a form to their eyes yet, secretly, is actually being spun in front of their eyes, like Sherlock running through the circus gathering what he needs to make a disguise as he moves forward to catch up with the person he is chasing who will recognize him so he's Gathering On The Hoof: two for one to achieve an end he already knows; this thinking is very closely linked to the gigs I do and has resulted in way-the-best gigs I have ever seen.

I know, I know, my great gigs are way, way as good as the best gigs I've ever seen. You can be first-equal when you really do the greatest thing you, as a person, can manage in the shape of a comedian.

It says on the back of the Suma organic peanut butter:

*Unrealistic Dreamers? We think not, a successful
worker owned & managed co-operative since 1977.*

Most nights someone on any given bill will be as good a comic as some have ever seen.

Before gigs I follow my nose, fuck about, try and get just a little first bottle wave pissed, smoke a wee tatty, la-de-da, be outside chatting up the crowd, looking for little human paths around the back of buildings, looking in the props bit, nicking sachets or teaspoons from a kitchen, riding a foldable bike to a museum or folly or tower or the Freeport

Designer Village . . . Can share the bill with ten-minute open spots doing the comedy getting less laughs and yet share style with and be a bridge, a loose ropebridge to Ken Campbell or Spalding Gray and the whole world of theatrical monologue and one man showings.

And the thinking is so closely linked as a cause and as to cause and is being a result and is a result of at the same time that then causes a cause.

“What came first the chicken or the egg?” is a statement not a question. It is a statement of observation turned into a confusion. Where is the dividing line? Ah, what is really being said I feel is: there is a point there must be an egg then a chicken, a point between no universe and some universe . . . and how can we intelligently handle this actual conscious definite concept with our brains which are made of the stuff we are questioning.

Chicken is the egg. Fool’s top. Last week I gave a kid a sandwich, he asked for a chicken sandwich and I put egg in it from a kedgeriee that was still going and it was hard to define how he might be let down.

You know you’re with the right woman when you are standing masturbating in the hall looking at a painting you have just done and she comes out and says: “Do you want some oil for that?” Right with the woman.

Like the neutrinos that travel faster than light: We see scientists loving them, inventing in discovery of the things we already do daily in thought’s neurological composition, and do and are aware of in our consciousness: That a thing occurs before it occurs, that we invent and are led by ourselves, that perception is precedent and predatory – of the moment, filling the void – it has no other choice. The chicken is the egg. They are one thing in ever-changing form.

We do make up the universe through neurological process. We are all inseparable as all the string theory finally tied together to tether is to the big empty mansion. We are mostly empty space.

So are all atoms, undefinable as being separate from another. So we may as well move with that held, in order to let go.

Let it go. Go to the beach and go swimming.

The meaning of life is a wordless letting go . . . In words it is a simple phrase.

This year it occurred to me to pick up one of my own shits. I have been shitting all my life and in one moment it occurred to me that I had

never picked up and held one of my own shits and yet right at the same time was a stronger concept of the realization that it was occurring to me that it had never before occurred to me. It is an inventing, a creation, an occurrence . . . oh currency.

The moment was wrapped into and with the idea that it was amazing that it had never occurred to me before that it had not occurred to me before and that happened as an awareness of an assessment and an impulse at the same time.

In a way, time is the word for what we have come up with to hold events - like they need it. This proposition is that it is the other way round at the same time: that time is the word we have come up with for the conceptualizing of everything. We use it as a medium and our definition of it is causing trouble round the microscope. How can the universe just be? It can't - quick, let's get a parallel something going that we can know about and teach it. Like he says in Baz's original Strictly Ballroom: "How can we teach the steps if we don't know the steps?" So they restrict and limit and cauterize the invention of steps. What it is because we made it - quick, measure things, invent a standard moveable super egg-timer set of numbers on the world and then we can relax . . .

I can't wait to see Hawk-Eye in football and everyone is happy as it can tell by millimetres when it is over the line, and it will all be cool. Until one day one is just a pixel over and not-seeable and it will come down to this: that measuring gets only more accurate, a guide to the thing it cannot really tell us exactly about the thing. Hawk-Eye will have to become SuperEagleEye . . . then UltimateFalconEyePlusUltra-Max 3000 . . . opening up a fractious fractal opening that in scale is as big as the last branch and a chasm now too.

What does all this mean? This all means I am writing as closely as I can about the thoughts in actions I do as a comedian, around how it is prepared and executed or what scatological shambollocks happened tonight after that afternoon.

What this means is no end in absolutes: just an ongoing list, so that next gig can be the best and that you only need one good idea and that's the next one.

Our consciousness holds time, so why be bothered by a thing you have made up? If you have not budgeted enough for it, budget again.

So I leaned down and picked up the shit and all I want to tell you is that it was a lot less dense than I thought it was going to be. All that pressure, all that intimacy all the weight and the compression resulted in THIS?

Then it occurred to me that it was funny that I imagined I was going

to get a certain feel of density holding it; that I was wrong in my assumption about my own shite.

So, the meaning of life, in that handy phrase, is “how could it be any other way?”

Don't be confused about what isn't.

Archimedes said that the lessening of the weight of an object in water is equal to the weight of water displaced by the body.

So you weigh yourself then get in a bath that is right full . . . Collect all the water that spills over in a big clear plastic sack and hang that sack from a big spring-weighing device. Both weights will be the same, as water displaced by a body is equal to and balances the original weight of the body in the water. It is “weightless”.

That's “floating”, in other words. It's a huge “oh yeh, it is, isn't it? well put!” and . . .

“How could it be any other way?” Well you may pee in the bath.

Shit floats.

Put a kid to sleep recently playing the kazoo because, essentially, they do not find them ironic or tongue-n-cheeky to distract them from the beauty and down flutter the heavy lids.

The other day I did the finest gig of my life. Sure, as it happens, it had lots of mad silly laughs - it had the other width too. I was in a room in Limehouse in East London where the young artists have set up and there were five other acts. One did magic, there was slideshow, freestyle rap, the incredible Nanna and her OAP-sychedelic singalong and a cute chubby gay stripper man who whips of his lederhosen suede shorts and braces to end up in a teddy-bear thong.

Last on, I had been standing watching like everyone else. So, although I started with a high-octane incredible little kind of rap song, I did a kind of magic trick in which I asked a lady for her favourite leaf, she said “oak”. Handily, I had collected a few oak leaves on the way to the gig and had just taped one to my stomach and I did a full striptease, ending up with just the leaf adjusted to Adam and Eve it where the bear had been. I did all this and there was mayhem and fierce momentum laughing going around the room in waves, like how it is when singing a “round” is sung: People getting to laugh at the fact they are laughing at what they were laughing at, and laugh at their own laughing. Two for one oily morning fridge histrionics time.

Then I settled down a bit and just told the story of my day getting back late from Galway with no phone and how it felt good.

So the gig was a fundamental achievement for me in that it brought in all the reality I could muster in the sense that half the act was literally from the point of view of the audience, a filtering of all we had all seen together. Up the back watching, I was kind of un-objectively attached, or actively un-unattached, so it was like one of the crowd just got up when I went up, and that is handy for a crowd to witness every now and then. That I have that space in my act to bring it: magic! Very happy about that. Never have to ask: "What is it I am meant to be saying?"

A little bit of altruistic from that film, Keyser Söze using all the unique words and particular phrasings that are just behind him on the Police noticeboard in the room where he is being interrogated. A little bit that, a little bit charades at Christmas, a little bit near-mental levels of automatic-speak and actions coming all-swift, yet all framed in the lovely proscenium.

I feel pangs for that gig and a pang is when the pain of a pine is thought of as glorious.

The other day I was peeing while drinking from a cider bottle and I was thinking, "Wow, I am just a pipe. In the best way I am just a pipe and organism to support this pipe, a vessel for the things that keep me going. A self-circular and that is okay."

This gig was my high achievement, as good as anything I have ever seen:

The fabulous maddeningly zooboid momentum of Corky and the Juice Pigs, the riffing professorship of Kitson, and the absolute double-clowning of Johnny Vegas, the truest and un-truest of all.

They all were living-genius performers times I saw them.

And Sean Hughes in his terrific sexy pomp, utterly loving life as represented through the actual silly tones.

And Mark Lamarr's intelligence and poise, lighting a fag and asking the crowd questions.

Sadowitz is a genius and Chris Lynam too.

Malcolm Hardee had the best stories because he had the best adventures and knew the most criminals.

I have seen A. Maxwell move in the genius light with quite the most sensationally natural storytelling closeness of a friend that one could ever wish for onstage.

I saw Harry Hill at The Comedy Store one night do the most coveted twenty minutes ever with endless silly loopings and cleverly-daft call-backs and non-sequiturs packed tightly as ten Bensons.

Saw Vic and Bob rework and infuse TV recording with boozy newness, take after take, completely able to write as themselves and just be.

Saw Harland Williams the unknown hick Candaifornian goofy surrealist perplex them and win them over every night in Edinburgh.

Saw Eddie Izzard riff a lot within arranged structures in front of two thousand two hundred people at the Playhouse and heard the biggest crowd try to laugh quick so as not to miss stuff. Hey, last time I did the Playhouse for a five-minute slot, 2010, Radio Forth charity do, I left the stage and found the guidedog and made a crap rude joke yet the twenty-three hundred people were forgiving and laughed a bit because at least I was there. In fact reader, you ought to try to get hold of a bootleg recording for that show from an engineer because I told a story that night that had just happened and yet, in an inversion of the dog crap bum joke that worked, the story was so real and good and rushed and gushy and true that they hardly laughed at all. 'Twas a classic: too good a thing to be a good routine.

Now Dr Brown is the best too, he clowns with such beautiful faith there is humour in a positive manifestation of trusting . . . Who'd've thought?

In the July just gone, there I was going into the bogs in J. Sainsbury and there was a Polish lady cleaner in her very early fifties coming out and I'm carrying the small blue guitar under my arm in no case. She's like Ooven Rubaya: "Please play, you play?" So I get it up and start a ditty and I'm singing about what I'm doing, and going, and this place and then she's like "okay, okay that fine!" and told me to stop.

Beautiful. No joke, seriously, no irony, just fab. Women cleaning toilets ought to be able to say what they like to me. Now I am happy that she is over here and commanding her surroundings in the way Europeans can and women do.

Okay back to the cider I am piping out . . . it is cloudy, of unspecified strength and came from a farm where a man I know has an orchard and it was found in the back seat of a car. He is Dutch and tall. He is good friends with my good friend and at some point he told her of an old midnight-blue three series BMW in a field that maybe she could have if her man wanted it. He didn't. Time passed and then I heard from her about it and saw it as one of the loveliest things ever, put a battery in it, drove it home, gave it a quick Hoover,

re-attached the door trim and under-dash and drove it to a gig in Northumbria.

The promoter had sent me a couple of extra emails that weren't necessary and, after I had spoken to him a few times on the phone, he still typed his mobile number in at the end of these messages. My antenna were tweaked and fuzzed over this precious sign of no trust, a revealer of worry as a dull wizard manifestation. Promoters are often stuck when acts just don't turn up. This must be what it's about: facing up to crap excuses with crap upfront. Anyhow when you've been doing gigs for twenty years you have been turning up, this is the integral chunk you can control: get there in time and summon it up. Quite the reverse, a few times I have not left the town of a gig though . . . only twice have they actually called up to see where I am and in fact I had forgotten. And once recently where they got a call from Melina because I was locked up in Jail. That's another story . . .

At the gig I befriend a Scottish comedienne and get a mildly good reaction from the crowd, yet I can tell I am playing too roughly with the form, disrespecting "I do humour, you laugh". Abusing the trust as I bend to hear a cracking. Although I mean well, there is a guy onstage behind me doing the sound from a schooldesk and the bar staff are posh folk in their fifties. It's too much. My act concerns these details a bit much.

After, I ask if there can be a little cash advance as I have none. Then I ask if they'll follow me to a garage as I am very low on fuel and it's eleven miles to the Esso.

Now it goes. Back at the car park the promoter sees a bike in the back of my car.

Before I had met him at the restaurant and watched them eat fish n chips and had gone for a wee walk around town, stolen in to look at the castle, done a few back lanes and came across a lonesome bicycle. If there is cobweb on the chain, I help myself to a bike, if only to stop it seizing up. This one I rode around and had a feeling for it and still had it in the back of the car when he asked me about it. I told him. Then there was the smoke in my headlamps.

"You've found this car in a field, you have no tax or MOT or insurance and you have openly admitted you are a thief and have stolen this bike. AND THERE IS SMOKE IN YOUR HEADLIGHTS?"

To be fair this is like a huge set of compliments not complaints and I am compliant and nod as it's all facts.

Trouble is, all this he said to me later again on the phone so he can chicken and egg-it and cancel all those lovely gigs in Wales I was about

to do for him for decent money, midweek. I'll do most anything to earn eight hundred quid midweek and leave a weekend free.

Anyway before we had parted all was well until at the unmanned Esso, where they only take cards and I had to get him to use his card and I gave him back twenty of his own real paper pounds that he had given as an advance that I was going to use for petrol and then he let me drive off in the wrong direction. Funny thing is I gave him thirty by mistake, the three tenners, and he never mentioned it when I had only put twenty petrol-eum in-eum.

Anyway I sped off to get to Glasgow for the Comedy Festival.

Overnight driving is fab and, after a wee nap, I am on the lovely A1 and pull in for gas at Alnwick just after dawn. Halfway through filling her up the Police car comes in. I stop pumping at eight quid twenty with a cold carwash feeling sweeping from my top of head hairs down to my chest front via the neck's nape hackle. Nevertheless it's worth a try and I pay to leave - then the Policeman comes over and he's like, "What are you doing? You've no tax or MOT. What are you doing?"

"It's such a lovely vehicle and it just ought to be on the road and I'm driving it to my Mum's, near Edinburgh, to park it up and do it up . . ." Not so much a lie as a brand-new truth.

Amazingly, this model was his favourite car too, the old G-reg. He said he used to have one when he was in the TA and he agreed they ought to be kept on the road.

Duty first though, and he let me get my stuff out of it. By this time I had had it two days and had found some lovely red sand from a builder's truck in Bootle that I had used to make a wee Japanese red sand Zen-type dashboard garden. Into it I had pushed mementos and foliage, spare lighter, souvenir knick-knacks and oddities.

"You probably don't want to see her being taken away so I'll give you a lift to the station." He was right and I kissed goodbye to that bike and the sleeping bags and Lilly's tape recorder and the garden.

He dropped me off and then, curiously, called out to me as I left, "I hope you win the gig!" Yes, fucking Jesus, come on. Yahoo! Typical, a Police officer has learnt to think of all work-interaction as a battle to lose. To him it is adversarial, a battle where work is at the front, the coal face, the meeting of the interface of human vs human, the no-lad's land of crimeness.

Really, if your aim is just to tell the story of your recent times then the only way to fail is to not try. So, success is easy. Just stick wiv da deets, da deets, da deets . . .

Anyway, hopped the train to Edinburgh sat down real quick with a newspaper and looked settled so when they come round asking for tickets from Alnwick I definitely stay quiet, as I certainly do not have any to show him, and got to Glasgow to visit my friend Gillian and do a show at the Òran Mór venue. An exciting set of nine whiskys came onstage at half-time and I was able to get wasted in front of the crowd and all was going well with the full details of the BMW story singing “smoke . . . in my headlights” to the tune of Smoke on the Water till after the gig I was changing back into the less wet T-shirt and a manager guy says, “Hurry up . . .” Now it seems he is being unfair to an act that has just done an hour and a half gig to a hundred and eighty three folks in his venue with a drinks break and so I gently mock him that he is the one that need to hurry up . . . “Come On Hurry Up you guys clearing away the chairs . . .” He didn’t get it and warned me not to be cheeky, too late I said, and so a bouncer threw me out the back, my wrists held together in very strictly bathroom style, opening a pair of fire-doors with my head under his arm and causing it to bleed. THREE years I have done Òran Mór, getting bigger and bigger crowds and it’s greater and greater a show, and then this final release.

The breakdown: 180 tickets sold, so 1,800 quid taken, 436 to the venue, 40% of the remaining 1,400 to the festival, that left still about eight hundred quid for a head wound. Fairy nuff. Òran Mór no more for me. In fact this year was the first Glasgow comedy Festival I have missed in all the years. Off the hook now, free to write.

As it happens when I hoovered out the car there was 96p in the back behind the seats so I’ll include that . . . fuck you Orange Muff . . . Phil’s the winner. As I was outside the back, round the side in the dark alone in the dark, bleeding, away from my T-shirt and dry clothes and the warmth, waiting for my friend there was Kevin Bridges about to go in the big front entrance wearing a Norfolk-style jacket in what looked like cream leather. One out one in. Then Gilsy came out with the tweed and it was great to put it on.

Honestly, I was just zooming a bit after a gig that had held such hysterics that deep in the second half, all eight of the nine whiskys near me gone, I espy one left, way over the other side and orchestrate a great prank prat-fall to land by that last nip and lay there drinking and laughing on the ground . . . je ne suis pas un pipe.

A year and three months ago me and Cameron Sinclair did have the officially best real convulsive-paralytic laughter-dose of all times when he was getting his sexual diseases and AIDS test results over the phone

by voice-operated service. They were mishearing and repeating and emotionlessly atonalizing with extreme moments of life-or-death future paths et cetera . . . I fell onto Cameron who was on the pavement outside the Museum of Scotland, Chambers Street, and as he repeats the last choice of Press 2 for AIDS, I am on top of him and our bellies actually laugh into each other. Our hope is that there was a bit of a window open somewhere and our laughter got in and is exhibited there still as a prime example of The Laugh like so much paradigm Tartan or a Shield or the handmade fiddles from thee J. Ferguson in Inverness . . . or . . .

Did I even finish starting all of that Galway story off?? . . . waking up and the massive clock needs another fucking beating as he stands over me like Ali . . . nearly fierce speeds on them beautiful Oirish highway roads which don't have two lanes just an extra bit to go onto if you really need it boys help yourself, go on go on. . . . Oh Ireland, so good . . . gigs all over and mostly the most fun around it all . . . Shit, still owe that tea lady from Father Ted a tenner after she very graciously gave me one in a bar years ago at a festival her husband set up . . .

Now, sometimes I like to write on an atlas when driving and it's large and wide and I'm stoned and in private and it's a long drive and a time to think and you can write fuzzy stuff in the sea off the land, drawing a line to the place where it came to you, its birthplace, and there's room for bad writing and all as you write an almost automatic blind text slowly and with the left hand like my mate Ruby's Dad used to do paintings. Except he did them blind, left-handed and upside-down to give a freedom.

Here is the essence of comedy for me: A Surprise. Tell people you saw an Asian guy across from you on a train and he had two little cans of ginger ale in front of him on his wee table, two catering cans of ginger ale . . . Canada Dry . . . an Asian. There is no joke, it is just what you saw: a unique moment where its constituents are, to me, better than could ever be written. So, subtly, the surprise is that it is not expected - what?! - just simple detail.

This is what Phil Kay has really achieved: Not the improvisational madness and seat-of-pants crazy, messy, brave, denuded, muddy mayhem. Really he is me and he has achieved the sliding in of simple reality to do the job of the Joke. Its job for me is to be a ladder onto the roof for a better view.

Lots of bonkers stuff can get their attention yet in a real show of

eighty-eight minutes there has to be a greater place to go: to the facts - and the re-shuffled shifting, the re-sifting, the recall, the rewind and the play. To that point where the crowd have been taken out of the zone where they imagine what to expect - taken out into the wild new prairie where they remember to forget to imagine what to expect. Have you been to many places where you can just run around in the dark or with your eyes shut and have no fear of banging into things . . . ? The mind has.

Some nights it takes nineteen long minutes to get the crowd to see this, sometimes it is more or less instant.

Deep down I believe the joke is actually the recent interloper, when personal news, being enough, was all shot up by big travel and the world wars.

People will start to laugh, one or two - maybe one, maybe most, or a big half that feels like most. The point is some could laugh if it is a thing you say onstage. All can work. And if it is a thing you really did just see on a train and you did not think it was really actually funny in any way, it just had a mighty, mighty weight of the truthful detail about it, then you are their surprise. In the end you are the humour; the vehicle for love as laughs is them jokes.

Like the woman that last other night at the room above bingo with the slidy synthetic tracksuit in hysterics and she's been caught by the bug and she can't stop and I leave the stage and go to her and I approach and she is in the fits and I get closer and just hold the mike to her and then take it away and say she'll probably be done soon and put the mike back and she's doing more and this is a great place to be. We are all laughing at the sound of her laugh, laughing a bit yet keeping it quiet in order to hear a woman laughing; not at any thing any more, just the stomach and diaphragm going for it. The joke is gone, now we're on the roof, watch out it's slippery too . . .

Laughter is a reaction, a muscular thing, and is a sign: liquid, vocal love, a flag-wave of reception. Milking it though, that is the deal: to be able to milky-milk it and still therefore it be more okay . . . Okay-dokay philkay-milkay.

There is an ultimate laugh out there that comedians dare not speak of. Imagine you are doing stand-up in a room of two hundred and ten people with a balcony allowing them all to be in close enough so that if you chose to take a call from your Mum away from the mike and just talked normally enough so as not to give the game away they would all

be able to hear what you were saying; a room with everyone laughing really hard at something then the pauses for air and then the high-pitch giggle, then all as one the crowd are hysterically silent together, and in this moment the greatest laugh ever can come when they all draw breath as one in a massive honking intake and its power sucks off your clothes in a vacuum vortex of giant hoover-force. Your clothes fly off, drawn in a fast thump onto the faces of the crowd and the belt buckle on your jeans blinds a reviewer in one eye . . . and you are left there naked and ruffled, teetering for balance and stripped and windblasted on the edge of the stage as the crowd try to compose themselves . . . and falling naked into the crowd to be caught in the arms of . . . well that would be too much.

Weeks later, after massive humility and the five-star review written, the reviewer opens a lovely suede eye-patch you've made for her and delivered by hand . . .

How you deal with it going well is a skill. Like playing football with youngsters just well enough to score and let them score too, using skill to keep the game fantastic. Doing really well with me is an issue for no matter how wild and free and excited and real-story-based and extemporizing from the main drag it gets there is a peripheral, a very feral wish to keep it a good kind of good.