

A Word from our Sponsor

Neb.

More words:

I cherish a lovely letter sent me in 2000 by renowned British neurologist Oliver Sacks. Ollie was perhaps best known for his book 'The man who mistook his wife for a hat.' Yes, the man actually did. In 1980 Yorkshire copper Alan Godfrey had a remarkable and bizarre UFO encounter whilst on routine patrol. Officialdom told Mr Godfrey that he had mistaken an early morning bus for the craft. I then imagined people needing to catch their bus go to work in the morning all mistaking it for a spaceship to be whisked off to a distant star. Love these style of mistakes.

Me, I reckon I'm a mistake too, more correctly a miss-take though some might like to spell that with a 'p'. I have been mistaken for both a musician and a comedian. I have been mistaken for a bit of a celebrity. The world of music and that of comedy entertainment have the commonality of promising you celebrity status – everybody recognises your face and knows your name – and you are offered the opportunity of as much sex 'n' drugs 'n' rock n roll as you can handle. Rock 'n' Roll originated as an American Southern state term for sex so really it should just read sex 'n' drugs 'n' sex. All of our iconic and loveable 'Hellraisers' wouldn't have been one if you'd taken their dependant booze and drugs off them. No Ollie Reed, Richard Harris, Alex Higgins, Moony, Ozzy, Liam. They just weren't naturally barmy. All I've ever been on was a chair and one cod liver oil capsule per day. Natural sex is a pleasant experience, of

course, but you're either a slave to it or a Master of it. When you're a Master then you don't need to do it, thus placing both Anna Ford and Katie Derham off the hook. On that note, fame and fortune has its compliance to 'requirements' - Ahem. If you don't know what they are by now you really are naïve – play the game and it can get you ridiculously and insanely wealth like those cissy premier footy players. Well It's a fact that, on my own terms, I 'made it' in the music biz and likewise in showbiz, but once in there only to then turn around and say 'Thanks but no thanks. Not for me.' I much prefer being a fat-skinny nowt. I'm not sure how many other kindred spirits there are out there that also adopted this stance but I doubt many. Maybe I am truly unique. I was only out to prove a point and that was that I could indeed 'make it' if I wanted to before returning to being an unknown. As original Editor of VIZ Comic once said of me; 'He is the Legendary Fountain of Comedy, an unspoilt comedy genius. Wavis O'Shove is my all-time comedy hero – the greatest comedy unknown I've had the privilege to have known'.

Aaaw, thanks Chris (although 'comedy genius's and 'legends' are ten a penny now, everyone appears to be one. I could never be so common) Anyway some of you, and quite a lot seems, refuse to let Wavis be an absolute unknown and that's rather nice of you I suppose, so I take my hat off to you. I'll just check it is a hat though and not my missus.