

# the university of errors

*striving for the perfect error @ the shrine of success since 1998*



***judys and lentilmen!***

*we imperfectly present:*

## ***ERROR AUSTRALIS***

being the official report  
of the antipodean misadventures of the

## **university of errors**

'pon convening unusually for an  
**astral asian invasion**

in australia may 2011

ably led by our  
Vice Chancer

**Rev. Quickly**  
**of biceps**  
**QED & deisel.**



Vice Chancer the Very Rev. Quickly

## 1.

### Searching for the source of the solecism.

Deep in the Australian rainforest jungles that rise steeply from the Pacific beyond the Black Knob mountain somewhere between Mullumbimby and Nimbin NSW, there is an obscure rock tunnel, overgrown and tangled with Lantana and savagely thorny vines. Only by this route may the intrepid pilgrim gain access to a curious dilapidated dwelling known as the Temple of the Holy Error.

Naturally there is no known map of its whereabouts since it can only be found by trial and indeed error. There is nobody including those close to this institution who can reliably find their way there by normal material means.

It is of course an admirable blunder to succeed in such a pilgrimage since it is verified that no human remains unchanged by their experience.

Inevitably, the visitor becomes fully cognisant of the wisdom of making mistakes and goes forth to "errorize" with the speed and subtle accuracy of a vituperative hedgehog.

In this manner they unleash the need in themselves and all around them to succeed in always being right.

Which is of course always wrong, for it is argued that being wrong indubitably brings out the best in us.

Some suggest there is a connection between this remote and mysterious temple and the Church of John Coltrane in San Francisco.

Musician and composer Coltrane along with Albert Einstein had said that without trial and error, they would have succeeded at nothing.

Carl Gustav Jung famously said: "Mistakes are, after all, the foundations of truth, and if a man does not know what a thing is, it is at least an increase in knowledge if he knows what it is not" while

John Luther advised: "Learn from the mistakes of others-you can never live long enough to make them all yourself."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow felt that we may learn more from a man's errors, than from his virtues whilst Friedrich Nietzsche opined: "What then in the last resort are the truths of mankind? They are the irrefutable errors of mankind."

James Joyce concluded that: "A man's errors are his portals of discovery."  
Such are the troubled foundations upon which the Universitea of Errors is confounded.

Our motto:

**"PER ERRATA AD ASTRA!"**

## 2



While I yodel on, miss kaosmik kitty of kalifornica attempts errata dentata.

## How horrible is my singing voice?

From within my head it sounds like a bolshie bandicoot shouting hoarsely for oblivion  
pills at the last banquet of vanities.

But even my worst enemies are kinder to me than this.

Perhaps they are reassured that in their own dotage photoshoot, they can still be  
similarly oblivious to the deliberated embarrassments of ageing.

Oft times whilst performing on stage, to escape from my own intolerance, I leave my  
body prancing about on Ginseng and visit the endlessly multiplying and forever  
expanding vortex of the legendary Temple of the Holy Error.

Here one can wander through the College of Lost Knowledge or amongst the more  
popular attractions such as the Faculty of Applied Incompetence, sitting in for example  
at lectures on Pointless Argument, Overlooking The Obvious and Applied Waiting.

Personally I rather enjoy sitting on the rotting and mildewed benches amid the thorn  
gardens and poison ivy, stroking the warm heads of gigantic pythons whilst  
contemplating the algebra of discursive indigestion.

Welcome to our Jungle Green Room

**PRELAPSE.**  
**by Rev. Quickly**  
**of biceps**  
**QED & deisel.**



Our primary misadventure began with a pre-luminary pilgrimage to the legendary NIMBIN MARDI GRASS. We witnessed the Championship Bong Throw and visited the Hemp Embassy where we naturally inhaled some of the region's finest mango flavored buds of May. Thus inspired, we performed a misty mainstreet parade of dishonor at 1am in my trusty rusty musty & thrusty chariot of Japanese steel.

The feature of this rabble rousing parade was the transformation of a normally demure pod of female intelligentsia into squarking abusive harridans.

Hanging out the car windows they proceeded to terrify, traumatize and/or mildly bemuse random hipsters, wandering amongst the multiples of jamming street bands and night market stalls and cafes.

"Woddaaaareya!" Sired Kavitree in a bracken baritone.

"Rerrrr! Blurrglrrr! Fark arark!" Crackled Lucifer Lucy, "Whhoaaaar! CaaaCaaaww!"

Screeched Emma Trumpeta, "Eeeeeeeek Hoo Hoo Heeheeheehee!" Spluttered Miss Meow covering her eyes with her paws.



I admit to a certain embarrassment unusual to my calling as several elder Nimbin illuminati looked down their noses at me, assuming my complicity.

Ironically,

I have myself been yowled at by carloads of yobs for many decades & interestingly via the agency of my carload of kaotic kitties I had completed the karmic circle & disappeared up my own spiral.

It is always good fun to induce invisibility.

Fortunately my automobile has been carefully trained for my sudden disappearances and by itself, apparently driverless, it calmly delivered that fecund feline crew of rabbiting flibbetijabbits back to their pointy hobbit house on the hill.

The following morning after a night aflame with rivmik raucus, ruminary ruckus and entirely free of sleep we all regrouped in town for a poet's breakfast in Nimbin's Freedom Park.

Here we belted out our most cannabis redolent wordworks dedicated to the holy leaf & bud for the dubious benefit of bleary altered natives drinking coffee with their first bong of the day.

Sadly I missed the spectacle of a lordly horde of hippies in a "Tug of Peace" with a lumpen rabble of police constables who were unable to overcome the dizzy citizenry of Nimbin not only once, but again, at a rerun of the competition due to police complaintsof ingenious cheating on the stoned side.



Sadly, at this point, **Rev. Quickly** went missing and despite our fears that he had been apprehended by the vengeful drug squadron was accidentally discovered two days later some 30 kms distant, squatting naked in a burned out car in a field, quoting lengthy tracts of Allen Ginsberg's HOWL.

He has not been quite the same since so I, **Professor Paradox**, have taken over the writing of this narrative in his stead.

## 4

# **We will begin with the arrival in Australia of *Prof. Joshwitz Pollocaust* *Accidental Guitarist* *from the Dept. of Crystal Maths, San Francisco.***



His wholehearted if *slightly inaccurately aimed* arrival at the Gold Coast airport caused several partitions to collapse, a large double door to jam and abject panic amongst the local seagulls who obligingly shat upon the Flight Captain's immaculate cap as he boarded his Limo. "The great equaliser!" we murmured to each other agreeably.

"**Welcome and cum well!**" I bellowed and hugged him with gusto. In reply his customary greeting "**ULLLLOO DAYYYVVVEEDDD!**" was accompanied by several hefty thwacks on my back which felled me and left me gasping like a landlocked trout on a bitumen platter.

Swiftly revived by the professors application to my snoz of a pair of nifty knickers worn by our famed San Franciscan patron, **Miss Kaosmik Kitty**, I can say that the drive from the Cold Ghost um Gold Coast is at first, industrially challenging but once the bridge into



NSW is crossed, moist green air fills the lungs and a fresh complexion on things worldly quickly ensues.

Brow creased as is his wont, **Prof Joshwitz** pondered deeply on the relationship between cultural destruction and personal redemption.

Thus followed a triumphant arrival at the Bananamoon Observatory where we were greeted by **Maxwell Volume esq** who applied the rule of one specialty tea before everything, always.



The professor was then introduced to **Vasudha and Jem** with whom he retired to the observatory balcony for certain benign alterations to his rectitude.

Later in the day I returned to collect ***Professor Perplexed of the Faculty of Naughtycultural Studies, Cultural Challenge and Misunderstanding***, who staggered me by not losing his bass in transit.



Professor Perplexed hymnself

"Almost against the rules!" he chuckled, shouldering his axe while indulgently dropping several hundred Malaysian Ringgits at the feet of the scowling airport security guards as a gesture of benevolence.

Soon after, we were all united with *Professor Monday, Dept of Tuesday, (only open on Wednesday), Office Hours Thursday, Mud Wrestling Friday except this week when its Saturday. Closed on Sunday, esq.*



Professor Monday-Dept of Tuesday

5.

## the bananamoon observatory of nsw

Professor Monday was greeted enthusiastically and warmly welcomed into the Uncommon Room and the fac members were soon bent on electronic knitting & implausible pluggery out of a numinous/musical urge to luminously upsurge.

Soon we were all functioning audibly and a spontaneous first splurge let rip. Owls flew in from Goonengerry. Sea Levels rose 4cm. Fruit bats crammed the power lines. A python raised its quizzical head.

Here follows a recent photograph of our hallowed HQ.





Back at the abovementioned Bananamoon Observatory trouble brewed.  
**Lil Missy Missile** was in fact brewing a potent pot-pourrie Tea of Traditional Australian Tree leaves to help the visiting eminent professors re-calibrate their eardrums to the imperceptible psychic flux.

"Indeed the fastest way to naturalize a newcomer known to man, woman or wombat", murmured **Monsier Volume**.



On the balcony, **Queen Quentin Quantum** was smoking her long thin pipe and theorizing about the relationship between multi dimensional department stores and Kafka's Castle while trying on different colored tutus that **Prof Joshwitz** might be persuaded to don.

What could possibly go wrong?

But by now Max Volume had cooked a magnificent meal and the Alien Tribes from far and wide were gathering to honor the Universitea & its staff.

Amongst the assembled were our guests of honor namely Professors Polaucaust, Perplexed and Monday.

But also due to a surprise visit from Malebrain, we had the pleasure of welcoming **Taliesin**, eldest son of the Alien Tribe who arrived by parachute.

By now, Professor Joshwitz had unwittingly demolished the garage roller door and accidentally dropped a delicious bundle of six packs, scattering a sparkling cascade of broken glass under the fat tyres of the imprudently parked cars.

As he entered the side door a large branch fell off a looming tree and crashed onto his fresh footprints.

In attendance also were **Shakti Yoni, Turiya of Bruce, Ynys of the Tor, Jazmin of the Dance, Beka of the Tree, Kaleha of the Way, Queen Quentin Quantum** in virtual mode and the dinkum bohos: **Vasudha and Jem**.

Feasting, photography and vivid victualizing soon erupted into a long night of ritual drumming and jamming.

An excellent omen for what was before us.

## 6.

***advertisement***

**THE UNIVERSITY OF ERRORS UNVEILS  
ITS LATEST NEW DIPLOMA COURSES FOR 2011  
FACULTY OF UTTER BALDERDASH**

*“PER ERRATA AD ASTRA”*

*Students shall fail to grasp the following course areas at the  
University’s*

**Department For Not Taking Part**

*Details remain sketchy, but students will attend the*

**Centre For Irrational Hope,**

*aiming to*

**misunderstand**

*the following:*

**Circular Thought**

**Unwarranted Optimism**

**Ridiculous Oversights**

Modular units **‘Study of Holes & Wistful Glances’**,

and **‘History of the Bubbly Cough’**

are taken within the **School of Daft Experiments**, and require  
additional insurance cover.

The **Faculty Of Utter Balderdash** is lead by  
the **Chair of Showing Off**.

This is a **sandwich course**, and can be eaten afterwards.

***GO FORTH & ERRORIZE!***

*www.universityoferrors.com*

*for disinformation, deprogramming & unlearning  
at your swervice & within earshot since 1991.*

(the end)

## 7.

## lorde trout goes back to sleep



AS DOES PROF JOSHWITZ POLLOCAUST

It was 1400 hrs in the uncommon room.

"What is Dada?" murmured **Manfred Mobius** lifting two languorous lids over eyes like glazed truffles.

"Great thundering Gorgonzolas, don't you know?" parped **Lord Trout**, stirring from his post pragmatic intemperate zone and lurching menacingly to his feet.

*It is the art of the ridiculous of the arbitrary and of the absurd. The art of the fantastical iconoclast!*

*If you don't know that, may your mortar board spontaneously combust!*

This potentially dodgy intercourse was calmed by the sudden appearance of **Saint Juan de Salvia** whose very presence soothes and smooths with divine sagesse. Juan's divinitea is constantly regenerate thru his willingness to help solve every problem that arises.

**Lorde Trout** realising he had met his safety match, decided all grumpiness was suddenly redundant & returned to the cave paintings on the backs of his eyelids.



*"What is Dada? smiled Juan. Öpen your eyes and look around my friend..."*

## 8. REHEARSALS.



Deep in the varicose valleys & elephantine folds of Ocean Shores narrow blue roads flicker like lizards tongues and twas down amongst all this that we found Micos and his rehearsal studio.

A small-ish room with a large-ish PA which turned out be a pressure cooker of blistering volume once **Joshwitz** turned on the pollocks. He was not known as **The Bomb** for nothing and I pocketed my Ear Trumpet for another time.

After the first session it was clear that **Prof Monday** was already on top of the material. I looked up expectantly.

He passed down the folding ladder and I joined him to contemplate the view. Over the top of the next three days we could see a fresh new show, deftly polished and refined and so it was that by day four we were ready for our first gig in Brisbane, capital of the deep north.

.....

*lewdies & gentlepong*  
*let us presentiment*  
*ze*

**GIG LIST:**

***uoferr van deiman's land 2011***

- 1. I Need You***
- 2. Save Yourself***
- 3. Rich Man Eat My Voice.***
- 4. Mystico Fanatico***
- 5. I Shoulda Known***
- 6. When You Don't Want Me.***
- 7. She's Gone***
- 8. Shootin at the Moon.***
- BREAK***
- 9. Hope For Happiness***
- 10. Wage Slave***
- 11. Money Doesn't Make It***
- 12. If You Are Changing***
- 13. Mind How You Go***
- 14. Sea Song***
- 15. Pot Head Pixies***
- 16. Feelin Reelin and Squealin***
- 17. Stoned Innocent Frankenstein***
- 18. Slowhat Digs Holes in Space***
- 19. Clarence in Wonderland.***

**fin**

9.  
gig # one  
**BEETLE BAR BRISBANE**  
**FRIDAY 13TH MAY**



Since I was once arrested on Friday 13th for a minor misdemeanor, I have forever been cautious about projects on this day. On this occasion however, where to "go forth and errorize" is uppermost in my mind, the choice was deliberate.

Twas a glorious autumn morn when the bus driven by Juan arrived at the BMO having already gathered up Orlando Monday and his drums. Prof. Monday was in high spirits as were we all as we set off in a westerly direction towards the deep north.





Our support band: THIRD SKY was in essence a group of our most extravagantly creative friends who had morphed into a tribal jam pod especially for the occasion. They mustered around Maxwell Volume Esq. and Lil Missy Missile aka Beka Tree, Princess of Leaves and happily they were mostly travelling with us in our luminous voluminous charabanc.

This meant that the delayed border crossing into the deep north aka Queensland was mollified by merriment, bemusement, and the profoundly sanguine presence of our guardian angel driver St Juan de Salvia.

Once we were circulating in the slick city of Brisbane I was reminded of a promised phone interview with Brisbane's 4ZZZ radio to promote the gig. I am not fond of this kind of thing having once been burned by a steam wireless made of melting bakelite.

In any case I was in no mood to be pragmatic.

### 4ZZZ Agitate / Educate / Organise 4ZZZ



I believe that talk about things unworldly and extra-testicle is far superior to mere fact.

But the lure of fresh untainted braininess endemic within undagrind youth culcha caused me to drop to my knees and bow down deep. I dialled the number (07) 3252 1555 and, not wanting to be blowing my own trumpet, passed the phone to Vasudha who sleepily mumbled something subconscious about ectoplasms rising from a sheep-dip in Gippsland.

Swiftly realizing this was not the intro I needed I retrieved the receiver and attempted to make up ground.

"Are you taking the piss mate?" said the receptionist with a callow suspicion that took me back to being bullied in the boys dunnee at Horsham High.

"No I am a visiting suspicion with an anointment for a splinterview.

Put me thru to the executioner!"

"What is the name of your band?"

"The University of Errors!"

"The University of WHAT?"

"ERRORS!"

Click!

Alas, the foolish young nincompoop had hung me up.

Was he even well hung one wonders.

I turned for solace to the Vice Chancer.

"The last thing you need is publicity!" he murmured convincingly.

"A quality mistake, that one."

.....

Finally inside the club at 5pm we set up our tools of tirade.

The BEETLE BAR was a long room at the distant end of which was set a smallish stage deeper than it was wide with a lifted roof that caused sound to disappear upwards.

The dressing room was on a balcony above the stage and we were soon making it our own by entirely covering everything recognizable with unidentifiable objects of dubious consequence and indistinct shape.

Downstairs, St Juan was an octopus of rubber limbs on wheels as he ran back and forth with weighty amps on his shoulder and with serpentine mike leads snapping at his heels.

In record time we were sound checking diligently and disguising the many excellent faults in our sound systems and general technique.

Professor Perplexed surveyed the victuals with a steady eye and stocked up for the night, and once **Third Sky** were line checked, the doors opened and the night began.

A sudden flood of three people rushed through the door.

I stepped forward to greet them.

*Good evening*, I said.

The tallest in the middle, smiled and she replied:

*Erm. Are the Boys from Bowra playin here ternite?*

I looked down and noticed a small black and white fox terrier with a wicked grin slip neatly between our feet and into the club.

"Onwards and sideways!"

cried Prof Perplexiglass expertly translating the pretty little label of a local boutique beer.

## our sport band: third sky



Maxwell Volume esq , Lil Missy Missile, Vasudha & Miss Meow.

Back at the front, **Third Sky** were in full swing and numbers were swelling to double figurines.

I was drawn to this band to witness its whimsical assortment of extreme talents focusing the feathertip of momentary finesse.

Allow me to describe its participants.

At the back **Meat Stu**, lost in a sea of batterie doling out laconic beats while knitting musical knees with bassplaya **Vasudha**. Then there woz **Chris Crossword** on synth/keys inspired humpling snorking & voombleboogieing, tottering over **Jem Baba** playing scattergun acoustic gitbox and or everything else within reach.

Up front, witness the mixmaster prescience of **Maxwell Voluminous** hymnself, prone to sudden gusto and conducting the guitar current with an infrared eye.

**Vasudha's** bassply underpinned her luscious torch-singin german cabaret underwear. Here she wove Etruscan rabbit flinger patterns with **Lil Missy Missile** on rapsKat and guitar.

**Missile** gave herself free reign to ride this storm with a wildcat rap attack which razor-gonged the bullshit like a fretsaw thru Camembert. Looking around me, I saw that her scratchy throat-acheing singsong clearly reverberated deep in every gal-seer's pussyfactor.

At the climax of the gig, led by the discrete but indelible **Max Vol** the impro quality uplift went clean through the roof. With **Missy Missile** crackling vixen electricker, **Vasudha** torch-singin cat cries clear into the indigo city sky, witchcraft happened in the flicker of a snake eye.

In front of the band, a lurching dinosaur punk did his solo war dance in full regalia.

Elegant spinning scales split industrial eardrum infinity.

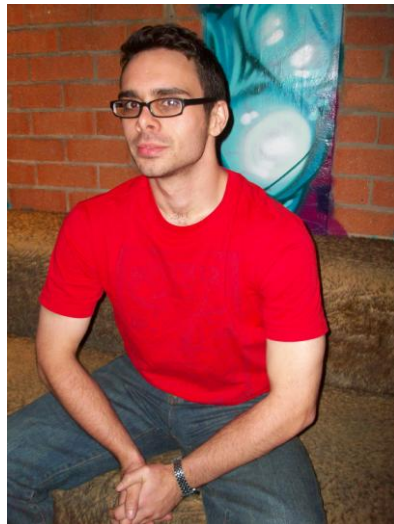
<apollonian applause>

## 11. poets of brisbane



Next thing our divineatrix hostess & **Mistress of Ceremonies: Miss Stefanie Petrik** was due to carry a travelling mike out on to the floor where she offered a taste of the edgiest poets on the Brisbane Live Poetry scene.

First up was Stef reading from her book "***The Artist Versus The Upstanding Citizen.***"



Second: The distinguished, profoundly arguable and deafeningly loud **Brent Downes**.



Third: The indispensable cockatoo punk, demonoid download dancer & fully fractal philosopher: **Gerald Keaney**



Fourth: Tha madman stalks the angel of surprises in the midnight frost. **Robert Lort** performed: **CRACK DOWN!**



Fifth: Oooo la la it had to be **La Vasu-dada**, (R) Boho Queen of the Smokey Salon! She would write a poem on a cigarette skin and win a slam with it 10mins later.

Out in the club there was an unreasonably friendly crowd.



We'll soon fix this thought I and in an attempt to scramble the happy hour out of its furry fraternitea, I shouted:

"ASBESTOS CHICKEN! YOGURT WEAVERS EVACUATE NOW! ABOLISH THE WORD 'WONDERFUL!'"

Immediately I was stopped agape to discover our old pals from Gong: the Howletts.

Been H clasped me to her classic bosom. An extremely enthusiastic pal of theirs crunched my hand. I smiled as though suckling a quince.

Monsieur Howlett beamed optimistically. He was keen to appreciate both the bassply of Professor Perplexed and the drummery of Prof Monday.

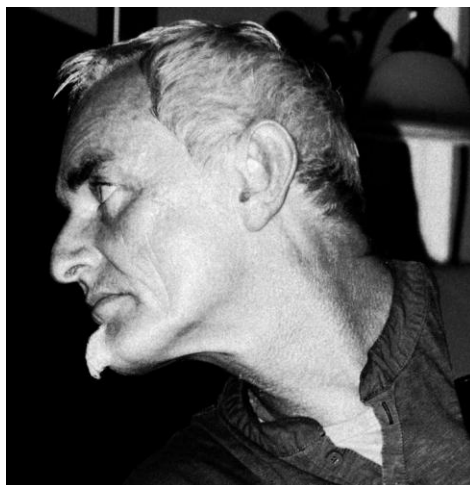
Refusing the vile temptation to tell a joke, I attempted a pataphysical paraplop.

"Sacroiliac insecticide!" I croaked.

I detected insomnia of the nose.

He nodded knowingly. Him nose.

Howlett lead with his best ear forward.



Howlett's best ear.

Now it was our turn in the g-spotlight. St J had reset and tuned amps and guitars.

Restored the original cable knitting. We were (hah) ready.



Prof Pollocaust was feverishly angling for a smoking gun Ja rasta bee praised.  
 Prof Perplexed stared thoughtfully at a small fox terrier half concealed under a seat.  
 Prof Monday was breathin himself up into a energy crescendo.  
 Me? I wuz ready, foooly hot to dance n trance.



## 12

### the errors set one

Some bands start with shock n awe, some with a slow seduction, some turn their backs and turn up but tonight we were seducing.

After the first two quietly intense chords from guitar & bass my first words are:

**"I neeed you"**

and I foolishly looked soulfully into the eyes of everyone I could actually see in the unlit audience, one by one.

Particularly, in fact, those whose help I probably needed to not fall over.

On this night, help such as this was unfortunately still unavailable.

I picked myself up out of a scrunch of coily cables and affected nonchalance as I sang on regardless.

With a humble grapefruit to the spirit of onerous uptitude, I could soon sense two siren muses mulling my creative butterscotch & I was an elevator.



The second song: "**Save Yourself**" is a quantum launch upwards by Prof Joshwitz in sheer gtr power which raucously suffers the indignation of the electrostatic ego at being jailed by a jealous lover.

*"By Gad," muttered Colonel Catapult,*

*"T'is a flagrant flambee of malignant manipulation and emotional menace!*

*Call the police!"*

He patted down his green beret jumpsuit excitedly.

*"Don't make a slave of yourself!"* I exhorted hoarsely.

Be that as it may, what do I think I am?



ERMMM...

When song three: "**Rich man eat my voice**" suddenly burst the balloon at a higher intensity still, I fully realized that Prof Orlando Monday was already making this music his very own percussive funk-pack fun-park.



Yeeeeaaa!

By now I was breathing yoga breaths to keep oxygenated. Down below my chin, my body was off on its own St Vitus Dance governed by laws only it believes in. My torn up voice kicked the wall of hard anger against the media machine and hurt its toe.

Behind my eyes I consciously scaled back my vocal voltage to a pyramid of innuendo swelling suggestively throughout five vaginal verses.

Right then!

Now for an elliptic analysis of the verse as chapter.

### **RICH MAN EAT MY VOICE**

#### **Verso uno.**

*Rupert Murdoch style Financial Feudalism is bravely challenged to show why it thinks it should control us.*

#### **Verso 2**

*Gough Whitlam's astral bodyguard points out that if we all were born equal from the same sauce er source, why should a tiny majority of **moneylenders\*** and **sewer-waders\*** seek to control/manipulate/destroy our planet and turn us into trespassers in our own bodies. "Damn right!" yelled a small group of activists diggin in along my hairline.*

*(Yeek! Chinese blown lice?)*

#### **Verso 3**

*Stoutly alleges political bribery to be at the centre of policy decisions in full view of a cynical public who isn't fooled.*

*"CRIKEY" screamed Lincoln Patsy. "Wotta neo con!"*

#### **Verso 4**

*Hereby warns the corrupt elitist sycophantic upper crustaceans that there can be no hiding from their exact actions in their underwear when the moment of revelation comes.*

#### **verse 5**

*Indignantly reminds them that their children and our children will all equally face the poisonous after-mother-matics of their greed, creed and selfish steam together. Also that they could still use their cold gold to give all suffering kids worldwide a happier healthier lifetime now and in the future if they chose to.*

**End of lyrix diagnostix.**

**(Dinner Gong sounds for 23secs exact))**

**Thank you!**

From here the band transcended into a musical malice, melting impro where tones slid away sideways into a translucent mist in which I completely disappeared. Meanwhole

Orlando bit down hard on a slow sledging dance beat.

It was at moments such as these that the psychic portals kicked themselves open and I was free to penetrate the secret rainforest entrance of the University of Errors itself.

But then the beat changed and I was sucked back on stage.

To my surprise from out of our impro jungle of unusual intentions emerged a strutting rooster of a song about new age gurus, gay pride and emotional politics seen thru the prism of the legendary Byron Bay style **Mystico Fanatico**.

I fell into irrepressible pogo beat energetix!

I gave vertical praise to Prof Monday! My bones filled with bouncy laughter.

Wow how much fun wuz this tune!

(What am I doing here? thought i...uh....oh yes.)

A plausible applause was the result.

Fortunately, here was a brief lull featuring  
what we laughingly refer to as

### ***reality***

& a tune-up (aka Lagrangian small string corrections  
with a brief contemplation of Fock Space funambulism)  
plus of course, obligatory muffled witticisms till we headed off again into

**"I shoulda known it wouldnt last".**

And it didn't did it? Nothing ever does.

*"Tis easy to get your head behind that one, these days,"*

chortled Rev Quickly of the Faculty of False Hopes and Mistaken Identity.

But what more could I say? This handy lil numero starts promisingly with the phrase:

*"You may laugh at me".*

A purrfect opener for most occasions most would agree, for one who revels in the role  
of Professional Foole.

But this was also a shape shiftin showcase for Orlando to strut his solo technique behind  
an ambulant pater with absolute faith in the holy error.

Then a rejection song where I mimed the brain spanner and glutinous gut wrench of a  
break up with a lover much loved. Again not difficult to identify with as with the  
subsequent *single father song* (**She's Gone**) and Kevin Ayers tune **Shooting at the Moon**  
reappeared as frisky open plan titty erm ditty within which Prof. Joshwitz shared  
drumsticks etc with Prof Orlando Monday. Joshwitz then took a tippy tappy tour of the  
audience playing on anything percussive he could find. Handrails, tables. chairs, heads,  
glasses, floor, your toes and assorted furniture.



Climaxing in a funfare fanfare, the end of this perspirational workout also eventually emptied us all off stage for what we also laughingly refer to as a *short* break.

In the interim, stepping over a prostrate Prof J being langorously fanned by a bevy of scantily clad local pensioners I tried unsuccessfully to spread my butter with the journalist reviewer from Scone sorry Scene Magazine who might have been there somewhere but was met instead with fulsome unilateral praise at the bar.



"Its a worry," mumbled Languid Dr Lil. "Always good to escape from this kind of euphoric inaccuracy", so after a short lecture on Quantum Masturbation Techniques by QQQ him/hers elf



we indulged in a stiff spliff of Mullumbimby Madness and we were up and at it once again.



"Is this your bong?" asked Rupert

## 13

### the errors set two

**Hope for Happiness** opened the second set with some dreamy introductory raga-like glissando.

Objectively, I would describe this as transcendental surgery seeking to haunt and hunt out the ceremoniously sensate.

On this occasion it probably did.

Nominally I was playing it but numinously I was rumi-nating.

Ah the absail absence!

Gotta love it. Gotta ignore it!

When the condom burst into its swirling 6:8 beat it appeared that all localized ears were sucked into the greater gnash of spermatitis-mind as it bigged itself up into an eardrum extempura with all of us at maximum existential stretch.

Eventually we drew back into a vigorously positive chant which dared us all to maintain some Hope for Happiness for our torturous times.

This swooped with deadly intent into **Wage Slave** where I manically mimicked the robot worker enslaved by closed mindset and manufactured debt. A slave who nevertheless remains mysteriously alive to alternative possibilities despite repetitive stress spindrome.

We then uni-morphed into **"Money Doesn't Make It"** lending psychic bloodsport support to the anti-Capitalistas & bitcoin futurists.

Now a deeep breath was attempted before the very slow 3:4 heartbeat of:

**"If you are Changing"** set in.

Surviving onlookers were heartily encouraged to unzip their ego-fuss and "dive into the music" before slowly winding themselves up into a magnificent ejaculation of opposition to dreadly corruption and entopic myopia incarnate in the corporate corpuscle thru the lovin lopsy tunery of: **"Mind How You Go"**.

Next came the song where my spine always tingles and a frog hangs out in my throat.

Robert Wyatt's **"Sea Song"** arranged by Prof Joshwitz.



It was there to be sung and euphemistically glissed to.



THE CURIOUS PRACTICE OF GLISSANDO GUITAR

A guest to my guesswork it offered a fragile tightrope wire that became a balancing act for hairsbreadth gliss guitarploy.

It was greeted by the warm milk of applause even though we become progressively unseated and dropped a few stitches in the middle.

From this pool of stillness came a rapid count and we all screamed:

***I AM YOU ARE WE ARE CRAZEEEE!***



Thoughtlessly we hurled ourselves into a hairdrying speedpunk bash at the **Pot Head Pixies** song.

I felt like a headbanger sucked into the wrong end of a hairdryer.

Now we were approaching the last emphatic statement of misadventure and dubious intent where the original Soft Machine B-side: **Feeling Reeling & Squealing**" vacuously evaporated any last residue of superficial happiness into allopathic nihilism.

Then straight into the Planet Gong anthem to lysergic disrepair:

**"Stoned Innocent Frankenstein"**

with its STD inducing 5:4 time impro section.

This seamlessly slipstreamed us all into **"Slowhat digs holes in Space"**, the perennial superslow and weirdly glowing showcase for glissando/space rock and vaginal re-entry.

The encore: **"Clarence in Wonderland"** by Kevin Ayers was played immediately to avoid the tedious showbiz encore ritual of triumphantly going off and proudly coming back on. Fortunately this is always a joyful groove for everyone to jump to and pretend they are not happy that it's the last song.

Prof Joshwitz took up the ceremonial megaphone:



*"Thank you for coming to ERRORIZE with us here at the BEETLE BAR in BRISBANE tonight. Each of us will be paid the sum of AUD\$13.78 for every error committed. (Pause for mild applause) Thus we are feeling both delighted and desperately guilty to tell you that we are considerably wealthier than at the start of the day. We are very sorry and will not do this ever again. (We are now ready to be punished) As for you the remaining audience, whether embodied, extra terrestrial or recently deceased, our commiserations as we wish you goodnude."*

On drums:

**Professor Monday,**  
*Dept of Tuesday, (only open on Wednesday), Office Hours Thursday,*  
*Mud Wrestling Friday except this week when its Saturday. Closed on Sunday,*  
*Esq.*

On bass:

**Professor Perplexed, Dept of Abstract Ethics**

On accidental speed guitar and megaphone:

**Professor Joshwits Pollocaust, Dept of Crystal Maths.**

On Glissando Guitar and Vocals:

**Professor Paradox of the The College Of Lost Knowledge.**

On stage management:

**St Juan de Salvia, Faculty of Quintessential Giggling.**



***Thank you and Goodnight!!***

Back out the front **Mike Howlett** had nothing but outrageous praise for the finger bass of **Prof Perplexed** and the shamelessly ruthless drum pummeling of **Prof Orlando Monday**.

*"Those drops that you put in his drink seemed quite effective"* whispered Prof Perplexed.  
*"What were they called again?"*

The public feedback was disconcertingly positive proving that we had obviously done something right which was of course a massive blunder.

Contented thus with a successful stint of *errorization*, we stoically packed up our toys and took off in the bus towards Byron, carefully avoiding the HUNGRY JACK burger joints where hapless punters turn into werewolves after a single bite.

**14.**  
**GIG2: THE GOLAN HOTEL, LISMORE.**  
**SAT 14TH MAY**



emma dilemma

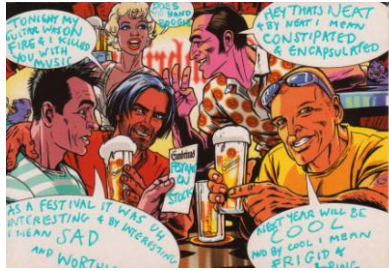
The following day began optimistically in warm autumn sunshine and progressed to clock 15 hrs 37secs at which point we were gathered up by St.Juan in the charabanc and en route for Radio 2NCR in Lismore for a 4.53 PM interview on Trypswych Emma's show. Emma was her usual progressively elegant elf with enigmatic smile & soothing voice and deftly navigated our Milliganesque right-angle turns & Dada-ist declensions.

Errorism job done, we progressed to the Palace of the Pussycat where we collected ourselves around a pot of interesting tea. Miss Miaow arrived dramatically, shortly after our tealeaf elevation and we made off to the infamous

**Golan Hotel.**

A traditional small town corner pub with a tiny stage, it was not the sort of pub you would expect to hear punk or meet freeks but the local agent/promoter: Daz was already in action, setting up the PA and seemed agreeable to everything we proposed...even poetree heh heh.

Vasudha & Jem were our s'port act with Stef and her selection of Lismore poets in between.



There was a dazzling array of arty house parties in town that night and within a rolling stones throw but we elected to establish our very own Green Room partly party (partly pass the parsley) in the band bus parked within cooee of the gig on the main street. In spite of the irregular flow of uniformed insecurity men and small clusters of orificers of the lore we managed to drink & smoke and shout cooooooooooooooooooooo! with impeccable indiscretion & interact indelibly with random passers by.



dinkum bohos

The Dinkum Bohos/Vajem set was a bit more hard edged than usual. Innarestingly deviant thought we from the bus. Then it was time to get the poetry up. Miss Stefanie impeccably attired in spectacular style led the poets & reeled in all wandering thoughts & idle chat to nest in her tree.



To follow she had chosen a rather bookish Julian Green who seemed a little overwhelmed by flu and thus read with his nose in his tome in an uncharacteristically introverted vice.

This did not impress the cock rocker cockies although the poets & party crawlers were into it. Next came Emma Dilemma who for reasons incomprehensible, sat on the floor and read a poem in tiny print on many bits of paper in an impish whisper.

By now the fuckrockers were getting impatient & Agent Daz was decreasingly impressed. Now came Lucy Lucifer who lit up the moment with a spectacular gutrush of emotion. YAY! But this was followed by the Spooky Lady Ladies (Emma Burroughs, Edda Lampis and Lizzie Tree) who slithered about with a whip and sang a rangy degradable song.

By now the rockers were sullenly muttering their worst fears about poets made manifest. There was mulled up spluttering behind the bar where Agent Daz was deeply unimpressed.

Madame Miaow had only Lucy Lucid to thank so she wuz not a happy Kitty in her literary litterbox. Clearly t'was time to make our way into this concentrate of dream arena to take a bit of heat off the shape of the pear.

Soon, an interesting looking audience was gathering steam in the squeezebox capacity room and we swiftly plunged into the holy error & neo erotic horror of errorizing all in sundry.



Despite an enthusiastic audience throughout, at the end of the gig Darren was told that this venue would no longer entertain his guidance. This did not please him or us yet it can now be said that the Golan had been convincingly errorized.

We could stand proud & Daz soon had a beautiful new baby.



## 15 SUNDAY 15TH MAY



This was a day of sturdy reflection pon the deviant nature of performance in the world of phenomena which culminated in a splendid meal of *dazed duck's webs & fractured beaks* basted with *minted punters dripping* in a *gold coin fingerprint syrup* glazed with high volume speedmetals and succulently deafened by a 5000watt rendition of Kerouac's On The Road through the house P.A.

This was followed by *stoned fruit bat sponge* and a *honeyed frog cocaine conundrum* topped by *cream of giant spider sperm* rendered unimaginable by a bottle or two of *maidenhair loincloth cabernet sauvignon* and a handsome tippie of *tank girl tequila sunset*.

Thoroughly nourishing for the indoctrinated errorist.

## 16 MONDAY 16TH MAY





## TUESDAY 17TH MAY

The next two days seemed to be indistinguishable in retrospect as we passed our time in Prof Monday's Flamedog Studio apparently composing a radio advert for local radio station BAY FM but in fact three lifetimes in Sudan were passed with a number of unforgettable wives.

Tuning his crystal set to a deafening whisper, Prof Perplexed let out a triumphant yelp as our advert surfaced thru the professionalism of DJ and disc.



UoEAdvert.wav

He then fell over and had a catnap. Gilli fainted behind her pinz nez on the chaise lounge, I cooked a peacock's egg and suddenly realised that it was Beltane Full Moon at 9.10PM.

Those strapping young Somerset studs will be giving those pagan maidens a spanking good stonking on the flanks of Glastonbury Tor tonight thought I. Somewhere through the ethers, I felt two sleek feline creatures melt into each other with a soft plop.

## 17

### SOUTHERN CROSS UNI BAR

### 'BURN THE MAN' EVENT

### WED 18TH MAY

photos: andrew speers,

We arrived in Lismore in time to examine the Live Poets venue at the Rous Hotel which seemed curiously empty.

Having dropped off some flyers just in case we proceeded to the Southern Cross University Bar which entailed getting magnificently lost in the grounds for a few millenia of goldfish years.

[map of southern cross univ](#)



Having finally located the parking for our ageing teapot, Miss Stef appeared dressed in a fetching leopard skin bedspread, her cogs spinning joyfully to lead us into the fray.

The support act were hammering lustily and there was an unusually populous assemblage.



MEYOW?

In the rough and tumble of eventitude, sound men Phil and Duane aided and abetted us and engineered our ears while missies Stef and Lucyfa attempted a high speed full frontal body burger melta-merger.



.....WITH FLENC FLIES.....

We sound checked amongst ourselves while the happy punters and billy bunters watched the effigy of the man burn outside under the misty full moon.



SOUND CHECK OBSERVERS

Once we were changed and freshly deranged with piping polished and stoked, the first few songs drew them in and pinned them back and we were clearly on a wickid surge.



The Rev Quickly woulda bin proud uv us. Where had he gone?  
A clutch of vapid cuticles & kooky rookie students gaped in shock and awe. A variety of legless cameras swung into action and Jax stormed the stage in her wheelchair spinning and twirling on her dancing wheels. As the show blundered gloriously into oblivion, more wildcat student women flung themselves into action and the dancing and dogpiles multiplied and fructified.

At the end of the first set, Jim of the Student's Onion took us to his secret chamber where the wild things were.



SHHH!

He seemed to have a protective army of semi visible gnomes that had the securitea goons bemused.

We extrapolated as we coughed and fluffed up the five star philosophical botanica tremens from his drawers.

An ambassador for medical marijuana, his office at the Nimbin Hemp Embassy had sloping floors & locked doors.

The second set unfolded more slowly & spaciouly into its variable moonscapes and great escapes until with consummate timing, Stef dragged a spectacularly inebriated Jesebe up on stage to sing the I AM YOU ARE WE ARE CRAZEEE together.

At some point Jesebe took a fancy to my belt and tried to summarily remove it. I managed to shake her off but she was like a Fox Terrier on Scotch and Perrier and wouldn't give up.



MY BELT(?)

I managed to continue despite her wild and dangerously inaccurate grabs till Stef persuaded her to leave me be.



HA BLOODY HA

At the end of the show she chased me around the entire building causing much joy for the security guys.

Clearly, everyone was profoundly enlightened which was of course a huge mistake and Stef was over the very full moon for more reasons than one.



JESSABE SECOND FROM LEFT WITH JAX IN CENTRE

We then repaired to her palace where I soon disabled myself sufficiently  
to be forbidden to drive.

So Prof Perplexed took over as Capt. Capricornio  
and we sailed back to the coast thru the early morning mists.

## 18

### THURSDAY 19th MAY

Unbeknown to we who actually sleep, Professors Monday and Perplexed rose at dawn  
to join our beloved chum and madcap Glitter Girl on her early morning radio show on  
BayFM



glitter gal

They were awarded the GOLDEN BAP by the proprietors of the renowned LIZARD  
LOUNGE famous for its Byron Bay clientele of ill repute & studious womanizing.  
At the rear of the lounge which sits obtrusively in a side street near the main hub of  
Byron town there is a small corridor marked toilets.

There are three doors marked men women and spiders. If you enter the third door  
which is only sometimes unlocked, you descend a narrow stairway to find yourself in a  
tiny rectangular cellar at the end of which is a thickly curtained bed.

In front of the bed is a small round table with five chairs.

On this occasion, they told me, as they entered there was a giant dreadlocked and  
spectacularly ancient surfer sitting at the table with his back to them.

They hovered somewhat tentatively until Prof Joshowitz said thoughtfully:

"Oestrogen is an unkind octopus!"

There was a brief pause and then a violent spinning surfie catapulted out of his chair and hurled himself at our man stopping abruptly 3cms from his face.

He spoke slowly and clearly with an Oxford accent.

"The octopus is never unkind!"

He gave our man a piercing look.

"The octopus is the Shakespeare of the Bathysphere!"

Joshwa's brow crinkled as his intellectual intensity increased."

He looked into the eyes of the ancient surfie Sufi.

"That's a GREAT name for a band!

(to be continued)

## 19

**FRIDAY 20TH MAY**

**COORABELL GIG**



To the venue!

En route, the Vice Chancer felt it within his brief to instruct our Californicate visitors in the herstory of tonight's venerable venue.

"Built in the 1920's," he droned luxuriously, "Coorabell Hall is a history-wrecktomy of a rural arts and community hall high on Coorabell Mountain overlooking Byron Bay and its



lighthouse on the Acidic Potion erm Pacific Ocean. Since way back in tha day....", his lengthy coughing fit was an instructive body memory "....it has been the visionary launching pad of many a trip switch of home grown happiness and an easy going site for delirious full-moon bush-dancery."



PROF POLLOCAUST WAS NOT IMPRESSED.

"Are you reading this off a brochure?"  
muttered Prof Posh unusually anti delusional.

But the Vice Chancer ignored this crossfire over his monologue.

"There was always a circle of dreamers and love's losers round the camp fire to the side and plenty of space to hang out discretely on the surrounding grasslands guarded by huge old trees under a luminous South Pacific sky".

"Fuck aweff! You must be chokin!" croaked Poshwitz in a temporal cockney overcum.  
He stared obstreperously at the Vice Chancer from an angular muscular position.

The silence held.

We arrived around 5pm to find our old pal Tone still unloading from an enormous truck and the sound crew still weaving their electronic web of cables and spares.

"Great Luminous Gadflies!" crumpeted Max Volume experiencing syncranial arrivage.

"Tis as if you were not The Errors! This is a spectacularly professional rig!"

He paused pregnantly.

"Is everything ok?"

"An anti-error indude!" I murmured in a serious vice.

"I see that Gilli is early as usual! Greetings Madame Smyth!"

Twas at this point that Gilli began floating slowly up into the air. She was having an existential helium attack.

I attempted to tie her toetip to a luggage rack but she was soon bumping about against the ceiling.

"This is quite fun" she murmured demurely.

"But I'm not sure about doing my sound check from up here!"



With a shiny silver ladder we carefully brought her down to ground level.

"I think I had better not do this gig," she whispered.

She beckoned me to her lips. "If I go out the window, who knows how high I could get!"

We steered her upwardly nubile form thru midheaven to her Yonimobile where we affixed her firmly behind the seatbelt.

"Quick get the car started! It's starting to lift off its wheels!"

With a roar and ricocet of scattered parts, Gilli zoomed off homewards but it was noticeable that the tyres were barely touching the ground.

After this the sound check undulated smoothly.

After a quick joint er jaunt to the bay to dine & wine at Gadfly Gorbachov's Gorgonzola Bar, where we Pollacaust consumed copius quantities of Bluegrass Juice which was a worry. I chose a scallopina correcto composed of minted strawberries in a crispy croc scrotum basted with blended lizard's eyeballs in whipped cream gravy of electrocuted bees. Prof Perplexed was entirely unable to choose between the psychotropical rainbow trout and in a sibillant sauce of mixed metaphors and so he ordered one of each.

We rinsed our tonsils with a fine bottle of Murgatroid Fruit Bat Deep Vat Merlot in concert with coconut water through a straw. This was topped off with a Cafe Correcto and a slice of beaver berry and plum flummery topped with cream of Queenie Houdini's Tahini. "Lets open a Scotch Mistake House!" murmured Prof Perplexed. " Handy little earner on the side."

Thus fortified, we again ascended the path to Coorabell to discover that THIRD SKY were slowly levitating. As if forever and entirely unconcerned, they hovered 10cms from the ground.



back down we come again

It was not exactly shoulder to shoulder inside the illustrious hall which now resembled a giant reflector lens, thick with multiplied lights. Quality over quantity for sure.

My eyes zoomed around googling interesting eyeballs while my mouthbrain chatted with a journalist named Hannah and two photographers from VICE magazine. We were introduced by our travelling MC and spontaneous intellectual and space/time theorist Frank Einstein Hymnself.



FRANKIE GOES TO COLLINGWOOD

When I arrived on the stage I tenderly grasped the microphone and as my first words caressed its delicate membrane it stuttered and cut out.

I immediately knew this ratbait had been cleverly laid to entrap me by the agents of darkness and despair aka news limited phone tappers.

I deeply felt that it was ready to explode now!

I hurled it at the floor in front of the stage where it bounced spectacularly and was caught by a cricket enthusiast of my acquaintance.

"Howzat!" he cried ecstatic.

The strange thing was that it didn't even explode a little bit.

Tone remained calm. The microphone remained unaffected.

"I neeeeeed you...." I crooned lugubriously.

But just before the end of the first set the helium factor set in again.

Prof Perplexed rose about half a metre above the stage without turning a hair.

As the first set flowed to its unnatural conclusion, the crowd thickened and swayed as we rollicked, riffed and roared and by half time we were surrounded by all the usual suspects.



THE USUAL SUSPECTS

In the break, Zombag Sporgese, Arnold Balloon, and Zeigfried Frankenstein were tethered to a wild notion outside by the fire. They welcomed me like a pride of lions confronting a zebra. "MISTA ALLEN! LET ME SHAKE YOUR HAND MAN!"

My fragile fingers met grinderhand.

Squelch.

"We bought your cds. We own you. You have to sign."

Urgent hands intervened grabbing my arm like G-clamps.

"I am from Iran and I go to prison for having your records. I want to thank you for your music.....

(er...but you are THANKING me???)

"Your music is very important to me and my friends..."

(Not bad for pre-modernist steam radio thinks i.)

He handed me a whole pile of vinyl. My name is Khan.

*Acharyan Khan."*

To compensate for increasing info overload I practiced drawing with improbable pens.

A young dark haired beauty at my elbow x-rayed my scribblage.

"I am from Meh-xico," she murmured with the voice of a an ancient witch child.

Her velvet brown eyes engulfed me in a swim of collapsible resolve.

She was possessed by the smile of the dusky copybook beauty redeemed by a lemon twist of irony tweaking at the corners of her mutiny.

"I wish for you to sign my skin with this pen..."

I am very fond of Mexico but suddenly remembering the spell of invisibility, I vanished.

As I winged it astrally from braintree to braintree, from art to private part,

I twanged on my ganglion guitar-memory of gigs under this roof.

There was the moment when I was overtaken by the Mullumbimby Mother Chant and they couldn't stop me laughing. Eventually I resumed control\*.

As for the resident ghosts of past events, obviously there were desiccated strands of discarded humanity trapped within the ignominy of remaining a ghost unseen.

Such forces play upon a musician unless they are Self protected.



\*iamprotectediamprotectediamprotectedummaybenot?

The last set maintained a kind of poignant nostalgia throughout since an Errors gig has always felt like an magnificent mistake that may never be repeated.

Fortunately there is no such thing as an error that can never be repeated.

During the glissando intro to HOPE FOR HAPPINESS the portal suddenly opened and I found myself crawling through long grass and jagged bracken under barbed lantana and into the grounds of our hallowed university.



uOFerr

The undergrowth that so perfectly protected the rotting infrastructure of this rambling stable of learning was dense as dreadlocks therefore light was scarce.

I wandered along the verandas where the alumni normally gathered on ancient leather couches sipping nettle & acacia tea.

An orchestra of creative conflict flowed deep and fruitful in every conversation. What was this special magick, this secret formula that only they knew that gave them such imaginal vaginal depth, so much extra testicular intent?

Why did they never use it?

Today there was nobody to be seen. Ones first glimpse of this legendary establishment was of a rough hewn shed protruding from a sprawl of buildings.

A pile of banana sheds dropped from a height in a cluster which landed where they did.  
 After passing between two statues, one of Mary Shelley and the other of the Marquis  
 de Sade, I mounted a dozen steps to the verandah and passed through a colonial  
 eighteen paneled doorway into the waiting room.

There was a sign on the wall which said:

## **WAITING ROOM.**

this may well be an error

The high ceilings harbored a curious smell somewhere between unreasonable intentions  
 with bananas, wombat halitosis and a giant mouldy Roget's Thesaurus.

Beyond this point, a doorway echoed into a giant seashell.

Its endlessly unfolding interior was so dim and infinite that it felt as tho I might never  
 find the other side.

I was soon lost and wandered entranced as always from mirror to mirror or should I say  
 room to room. From the Facultea of Erroneous Bombast to the Shrine to the Goddess  
 Mycelium. From the Eyeball Multiverse Laboratory to the Octave Proctor's office.  
 From the Baudelaire Bar to the Armpit Amphitheatre and from the swimming pool in  
 the trees to the Sistahood of Sauna shed by the creek.

I searched the erroneous labyrinth for seemingly more than an hour till I distantly spied  
 a dim light.

It was a doorway which I soon realized was the door thru I had entered.

They were one and the same. There was no end to it all, only an eternal beginning.

A bell sounded in the distance and a tuneless trumpet fanfare echoed along the valleys.

A grab at my elbow returned me to the stage. Shit I am onstage and supposed to be  
 playing a gig!!

Josh was signaling wildly, hanging on to a feedback link by the tin of his keith.

I swung into vocal action and caught him before he lost power.

***"Out of the east the sun flew west  
 trailing its golden spray....."***

This second and final set hung over me like undigested future memories. As we played

I felt as though this was our last chance to access these hallowed precincts via that  
 psychic portal only available thru performance as this band.

Yet pessimism is indeed a five star error.

Much like a visit to an empty university.

I continued to sing the nursery rhyme love songs projecting myself from an earlier age,  
 faintly aware of my nearest, queerest and beeriest in the gallery.

But there was still a manic post modern ineptitude to my singing. I played guitar with  
 wooden boxing gloves. I moved like a grandfather stork in a trance.

So far so gawd.

The song: IF YOU ARE CHANGING is a crescendo moment for the drama queen tucked  
 up my sleeve. Sensuously she oozed out of my armpit and tenderly bit my drooping  
 lower lip.



I realized that my pants could fall down without distracting me from the trance shaman  
express I rode thru this unritual.

Eventually, my teetering intensity was reined in by the presence of Mme Stef Meow for  
the encore.

Her presence reinforced my fearlessness and our blend felt like sacrificial synchronicity.  
An instant brain movie replayed our first gig together in Portugal two years before.

***youtube: GOUVEIA ART ROCK 2009 on portuguese RTP-N TV (4)***

At first it sounded like rain on the roof but as I swung back into my body I heard the  
applause.

The clock had called time.

It was over.



Bodies milled about like animated vegetarians demineralizing.

A singular pom called my name from the lip of the stage.

*"Great to see yer still at it mate. How old are ya?"*

"132," I replied unsmiling.

*"Yer a legend mate. Keep it up!!"*

I studied the ends of my legs.

He must have believed I was entirely composed of them.

As the jolly crew of local eccentrics partied furiously in the dressing room, a twisted slice  
of melancholy crept thru me like the mysterious shadow of a karmic tax collector.

Outside the sky was clear and twitching with stars.

Slowly the friends and families disappeared into the night.

In an indecent attempt to appear virtuous, I stayed behind with Michael to help make  
sure the hall was cleaned. It appeared that my practicality was a trifle understated.

I was creating a more complicated mess & making harder work of it.

Obviously there were deeper and more grounded skills at work here.

Cajun was particularly on to it all. An intelligence warrior with wit and steam.

Since I was far too nonsensical to drive, Prof Perplexed stepped bravely to the fore and  
mounted the chariot in the missionary position.

We drove a short distance under the starry sky until we were gently descending possum  
shit road. A peppery sound of bells rallied around my nostrils and made me sneeze.

It was my cell phone of course.

*"Daavid...It's Sarah the Irish Girl from the French Restaurant.."*

Suddenly I was walking across a field near Donegal. There was drizzle in the distance but I had a glad hearted poem in  
my head which risked to drown.

I was stopped by a small standing stone that was singing in a loud voice.

"Somebody is trying to tell you something matey" sang the stone.

*"Its the Irish Girl from the French Resturant.."* said Sarah.

Sarah was a gracefully sculptured young woman with huge soulful eyes, a wide well meaning mouth and a soft Irish brogue that believed in words.

She hated being victimized as pretty.

I clapped my phone to my ear. Her voice lilted pleasantly.

*"I was wondering if you knew anybody heading to Mullumbimby cos my car has broken down just outside the town".*

Aha!

A damsel in distressage. Thought I & i. A Dressage. A depressive stressage.

*"Steady on Alien,"* mumbled Rev Q and instantly fell asleep.

"A case for Captain Capricornio the pricktackle!" I prattled.

Positioning my cellphone I murmured encouragingly:

"Fear not dear maiden, we will rescue you. With you in minutes."

In fact all we had to do was keep going until we came across her car but a shiver of ecstatic errorization came over me and I cried convincingly,

*"Professor! turn around. We must go back from whence we came."*

Such is the nature of the terrain that a u-turn was impossible until we finally arrived at the bottom where I realized in retrospect I was but a short drive from a stranded Sarah.

But my view was more introspectoral. I was mightily pixilated.

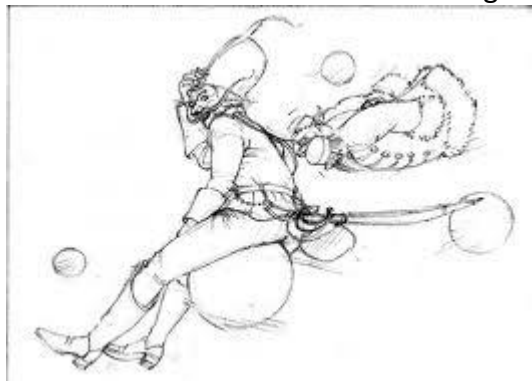
*"But we came this way!"* cried Perplexiglass in protest.

*"No! Back up we must go!"*

I was firm.

We roared off in the opposite direction.

I was channeling Baron Von Munchausen. Or was I Barrelling channel chance-mayhem?



BARON VON MUNCHAUSEN TO THE RESCUE

At the top I turned back and passed the Hall of our triumphant folly, convinced I would find her somewhere just beyond.

Onward I cried as we surged pluckily towards our imagined rescue point.

*"NOISETTE? Where is it?"*, cried Prof Perplexi from the bridge.

By now we were plunging deep into rainforest jungle where phone contact was soon impossible.

We crossed a bridge at the bottom of a valley and slowly rose up the other side until I could make contact again.

"Where are you?" she asked, sounding somewhat shaken.

"I am completely lost!" I cried.

"Daavid I am feeling vulnerable because this guy is hanging around the car and he is really scary...."

**clac!**

"GREAT CRUMPETING CIRCUMSTANCE!"

I cried voluptuously.

"SHE IS BEING STALKED BY A PSYCHOTIC LUNATIC ON INCOMPREHENSIBLE DRUGS."

I rolled my eyes back and threw myself on the floor beyond the ceiling.

The power of wizardickery swept thru me like a goggling wind.

I watched thru the mist of becoming as, from under Sarah's dark car, from the bushes and trees all around, from the burrows and creeks and down from the mountaintops crept an ocean of tiny eyes.

They gathered around her assailant and raised a potent voltage of discouragement around the automobile.

The luminous electrons playing about his cantankerous resolve visibly weakened.

With a volt of a jolt I sparked back into accident alert.

"Put on your seat belt!" carped Prof Perp.

"We must hasten professor!" I bellowed.

"We must save her from the crazed rapist at her elbows."

No doubt that this had suddenly become a looming disaster.

The tiny sound of flea bedlam rose from my goatee.

"Bravo captain! Save the damsel from the dastard!"

Professor Paradox to the rescue!!

"Quiet ye fleas!"



FIVE MINUTES EVERYBODY !!

Alfred Hitchcock stirred in his grave and sat upright.

It was time to get serious.

I reached for my cell phone too late.

The road plunged deep into the damp valley out of range.

Meanwhile back at the action front, Sarah sat tensely in her darkened car.

*"I can fix yr car for ya."*

'Thank you but my friend is on his way to get me.'

*"So I'm not good enough? Wots wrong with me...?"*

'I would like you to step back from the car please...'

*"You think yr better than me dont you you fuckin bitch!*

*I could just fuck you now you stupid cunt..."*

Slowly and without understanding why, he slowly began to back off.

*"Wots wrong with me? Aye AYE?"*

His voice was in retreat.

Meanwhile, we arrived at a signposted T-junction.

None of the destinations made any sense to me.

Where were we?

Had we slipped into a parallel reality?

Now we was morphing into a David Lynch movie.

**clic!**

Phone is on again!

*"HURRY DAEVID, HE IS STILL OUT THERE SOMEWHERE IN THE DARK. I CAN'T SEE HIM  
BUT I CAN FEEL HIM THERE WATCHING....."*

**clic...**

We squealed to a stop. We charged off in all directions.

A bandicoot had a narrow miss.

We wound down the windows and waved our fists.

It felt good.

But there was a problem.

The problem was none of these directions led to Sarah.

By now I was channeling Don Quixote, Baron Munchhausen, Orlando Furioso...  
and Monsier Hulot.



**Monsier Hulot to the rescue**

This was all becoming a road horror movie with script by IONESCO.

Finally we reached a reasonably main road.

It was miles in the opposite direction from Sarah. We were on the way to Lismore.

Difficult to be further away t'would seem.

Phone is on again.

**clic**

*'Sarah, are you OK?'*

*"Its OK now he has gone. Another friend is on his way.*

*Sorry to trouble you."*

**clic**

**SCOREBOARD:**

**Predators 1-Sarah 3.**

Fortunately it was a fine outcome after some enforced street savvy sus from Sarah.

***"Ya gotta save yrself..." sang my voice in a loop.***

We drove incomprehensibly home.

The house was ablaze with thoughts.

We had failed once again.

Bravo!

I slept like a logarithm dreaming of windmills.



.....

After a breakfast of a purple carrot and a cactus smoothie, I poured the steaming bore water into the tribal teapot.

While awaiting the draw, I plucked a copy of Bagshot Bernhinder's ***Longshot Weed Remedies Review*** and settled in the leather armchair by the aspidistra.

"Well then....", murmured The Rev Quickly thoughtfully polishing his spittoon.

"The Universitea of Errors last hurrah hey?

A spectacularly accidental win for the fooling classes what?"

We clicked our goblets and quaffed the traditional bat's blood without the quince.

"It would appear that the adventure was a spectacular failure in all ways but one."

My brow must have creased like a bulldog because Prof Boothroyd Pinkerton from the Faculty of Gender Bewilderment put his long bony hand on my scrapulous shank and smiled like a sticky wicket.

"I'm quite fond of you dear Alien", said he, spittle dribbling from his chin.

I held his fluctuating gaze with a zany up-draught and replied:

"As in most things at which I have failed gloriously, I can proudly admit that as a devout errorist, I am also a failed homosexual.

I have tried O my God how I've cried but sadly fallen by the wayside.

But wot the hell say i.

Tis said the future Lord Goddess be a hermaphrodite.

Could It Possibly Bee That

PANSEXUALITEA IS THE FUTURE OF THE RISING HUMAN RACE?"

A silence fell like goanna spit from the bony rafters.

I could not help myself.

I farted like an aluminum donkey.

Distantly a bell rang.

Clearly, the immaculate errorette of error australis was now history.

We were free to return to our purple.

Good afternude and goodnight!



**FIN**



# live

at the show • at the show

## Daevid Allen's **University of Errors** hit **Lismore** like a **rocking slap to the face**

**I**N AN age where pop stars like Guy Sebastian top the charts and youthful pretty-boys like Justin Bieber play to sell-out crowds, contemporary youths could be forgiven for forgetting what real rock stars look like.

Daevid Allen's University of Errors impressed all who attended their Lismore Unibar gig last week.

Formed in 1998, the San Francisco-based rock outfit is finally making its first Australian tour. Habitual band members Daevid Allen, Josh Pollock and Michael Clare were all present, and were joined by Allen's son Orlando Monday, replacing drummer

Warren Huegel.

Folks, these guys are the real deal: good old-fashioned rock stars playing good old-fashioned dirty rock 'n' roll the way your dad remembers it.

Imagine Jimi Hendrix meets The Rolling Stones or The Doors via a '60s-style psychedelic drug trip. Hendrix himself even loved Soft Machine, Allen's earlier band!

University of Errors' Unibar performance matches the peculiar above description in the most complimentary way possible. Allen's band thrashed guitars like it was the '80s; their lyrics could barely be heard above the incredible music volume, and Allen pranced around the stage with panache that would impress Angus Young. Every note challenged audience members to not bob up and down. The crowd lapped it up.

From afar, University of Errors may look like a band of old men past their prime who are clinging to their golden years. But age, as they say, brings wisdom: these guys truly understand rock 'n' roll.

Byron Bay habitué Allen is 73, but still retains sex appeal: girls chanted for him to remove his belt towards the show's end.

By the end, the bar staff were the only ones not dancing.

— Callum Knox



**STILL ROCKING:** Daevid Allen's University Of Errors made no mistakes in Lismore.



Gong Global Family Presents

**DAEVID ALLEN+JOSH POLLOCK**  
in

# RECTAL NECTAR

a duo from elsewhere



Aha!

& Thus from these invidious interactivist chips

**EXPECT:**

face replacements and space displacements

**AKA:**

auld songs nude songs fragile songs bad linguistix scary poetry loopy electro life,  
camembert cabaret dodgy rhymes and nu noise moon bursts

**OR**

all or none of the beforementioned

for expectorants are the mother of dismay.

## MISS THIS DAY OR DIE LATER

You now have no s'excuse not to love!

Omigod! THESE GUYS HAVE WORKED TOGETHER IN: GONG ACIDMOTHERSGONG BRAZILGONG+THE UNIV OF ERRORS.  
I just cant believe it wow er... who?