

Sax alto in Mi b
Corno in Fa
C.basso
Piano

B Flat
Or
Be Flattened

p *p morbido* *p*
morbido *morbido* *morbido*
eroico *eroico* *eroico*
f *f* *p morbido* *f* *p morbido*

Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for four instruments: Sax alto in Mi b, Corno in Fa, C.basso, and Piano. The score is in 3/4 time and features dynamic markings such as *p*, *p morbido*, *f*, and *eroico*. The text "B Flat Or Be Flattened" is written in a stylized red font across the middle of the score.

7 Valzer
Fl.
Sx.
Cn.
Cb.
Pno.

A Musical Survivor's
Tale from the Land of
Time Forgot

By Glabberill "The Horn" Fancy

mf *mf*

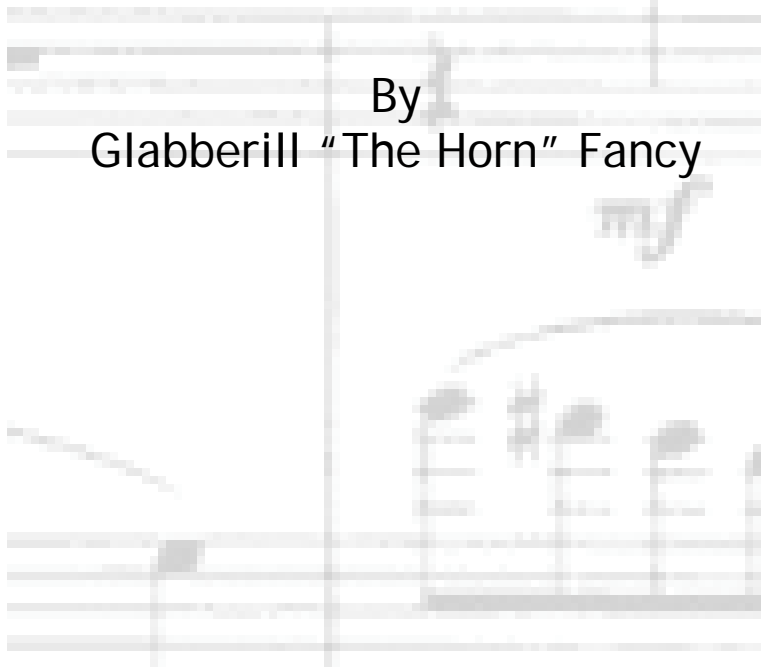
Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for five instruments: Fl., Sx., Cn., Cb., and Pno. The score is titled "7 Valzer" and is in 3/4 time. It features dynamic markings such as *mf*. The text "A Musical Survivor's Tale from the Land of Time Forgot" and "By Glabberill 'The Horn' Fancy" is centered over the score.

B Flat or Be Flattened



B Flat or Be Flattened

A Musical Survivor's Tale
from the Land of Time
Forgot



By
Glabberill "The Horn" Fancy

Foreword



I warn't ever much of one for words, but
'ere goes. And a one, and a two, and a one
two three ... what comes next?

Glubberill Fancy,
Kibbledale Village Autumnal Residence,
Spring 2005

Growin' up and that



I just can't stand all this whingin' about,
aw, me dad wholloped me over the
bollocks and me mum smoked like a
chimbley and they never give me nothin'
but a lousy ol' saxophone what they seen
in a local music store an' that. I can't
stand it. Anyone starts up with that crap
and I just wanna crack 'em one over the
bloody skull an' tell 'em to bloody shut it.
Strewth, they shoulda growed up in my
fambly. I woulda loved it if me ol' man
hadda wholloped my one now and then,
and I woulda said "fanks" every time the
ol' girl blowed smoke in me face.

I'll just leave the rest to the ol'
imagination, there, just to add that the
saxophone was a bloody beaut and set me
on the road to a life in the dumb art, as
T.S. Eliot put it; well, who's bloody dumb
now, ya whingin' Pom poof bastard?

Chops ain't all Meat



I reckon I musta been 17 when I first got up on stage and started blowin' me horn. It was at a free-for-all night at the Regal Dunny Hotel on Burncandle Street. That first jam taught me everything I know. Specially, how hard it is to play the bloody saxophone. What happened was, the scratch band got goin' on a blues or somefin' and I started caterwauling away, blowin' into the bloody thing, when without so much as an 'ow's yer father', the drummer jumps up, grabs the sax out of me hands and flings it off stage an' grabs me by the shoulders, gives me a kiss in the friendly Liverpudlian fashion and shoves me backwards. I trips over a cable and goes "blam", arse-first through the bass drum.

That experience taught me the value, indeed existence, of practice. I had never fort of it before. Practice is not a luxury for those days when ya not stoned or don't have ta go to work at the abattoir;



The crowd
at the Regal
Dunny was
a little
nonplussed
at my
playing.

it's a Sign Kwa Non (Oriental wisdom, in'
it? Means "pull yer bloody finger out") of
every artist, whatever he wants ta play or
whatever.

Arrested Development



So, I goes and practises me bloody arse off, blowin' inta that bleedin' instrument for hours on end, day after day, month after month.

Then, one day, one of me bloody neighbours bangs on the door and, when I answers it, he gives me a bloomin' little box with these reed thingies in it. He reckons they'll help me sound. I thanks 'im, tells 'im to f**k off, headbutts 'im out of the doorway, slams the door and rushes upstairs to try 'em out.

They are bloody marvelous, these reeds. They really do improve the sound and they saved me teeth; the few I had left, anyway. Months of unremitting practice later, one early morning, about 3am, one of me bloody neighbours bangs on the door again and shouts to me to cut it out or he'll 'ave the bloody cops on me back. I goes downstairs and finds the same

bloomin' kipper what gave me the reeds
nearly a year ago.

“I fort ya wanted me to practise,” I
says.

“Only at reasonable hours, old
chap.”

So, I thanks 'im, tells 'im to f**k
off and headbutts 'im out of the doorway.

These are the sort of intemperate
inconsistencies and irrational burdens
placed upon the shoulders of the already
struggling budding artist.

(Me bruva-in-law wrote that bit, but
I kinda reckon he's 'it the nail on the 'ead.
So, I thanked 'im, told 'im to f**k off and
head butted 'im out of the doorway.)

*Maturity (if you could
call it that)*

When I really fort I was ready to hit the stage again, I got together a jazz sextet, 'cos I like jazz and I like sex. Me old mate Steve O'Fellatio was on the keyboards, and he knew a bloke who had a drum set, Davo. Davo didn't wanna join at first; said he'd heard of me and went and hid in his chook house. I went to talk to 'im and, when I found 'im, 'e came around eventually to the voice of sweet reason and self-interest. I only broke one finger and 'e was screamin' for me to let 'im play wiv us.

Karen Carpenter being unavailable, what, wif bein' dead an' that, I arksed me sister Trevor to do the singin'. She's really bloody good; even Davo agreed.

"She makes a nightingale sound like a squirrel chokin' on a nut," I said.

“What does she do to the nightingale to get that effect?” arksed Davo.

I was lucky in me choice of bassists. Ron Carter didn't reply to my emails and Gary Willis had a restraining order put out on me. Then I met this bloke in the park and 'e said 'e'd give it a burl; reckoned it couldn't be that hard to learn, there only being four strings and whatnot. I think 'is name's Paul or Craig or somethin'; but it don't really matter 'cos the rest of us never talk to 'im anyway.



Aunt Kate soloing on alto basset hound

To complete the band, I got me aunt Kate; she plays the polkinghorn and doubles on the basset hound.

The logo for 'Play On' features the words 'Play On' in a red, cursive script. Below the text is a graphic of a musical staff with several horizontal lines and some faint, illegible markings, suggesting a musical score or a record sleeve.

To say that our first gig, at the abattoir annual charity concert for band-aids for the freakin' homeless cats livin' down the alleys off Burncandle Street, were a bloody triumph would be lyin' ... a lot. Even so, this geezer from the *Burncandle Bundle* wrote some pretty generous things about us.

I transpire for what who wants ta read it in its entirety:

If Glabberill Fancy is allowed near a microphone again in my proximity, Carnegie Hall won't be too far away ... to run to. I had never heard, indeed didn't think it possible to play (indeed, would it have occurred to even the Marquis de Sade?) music entirely composed of wolf tones. To say that each member of the band was out of tune relative to the rest would be unfair: that would be to suggest that harmony and melody might have been a possibility, if remote. If absolute pitch is a much desired attribute in a musician, then surely its absolute absence and its perversely petulant

opposite being in prominent presence
must be, well, undesirable.

To sum up, out of five, I give this outfit
seven ... bullets (one for each member
of the band and an extra one to
administer the *coup de grace* to Fancy,
just to be doubly sure).

Not too bloody sloppy, eh? I
pertickerly liked that bit about the coop
the grace, 'cos I do reckon, all up, we did
'ave some.

Tempus Fugit



If nuffin' else had come out of that gig, and nuffin' did, that recognition in the *Bundle* woulda been enough to send me spirit soarin'. It seemed the world were me oyster. I kinda knew we had room to improve, especially aunt Kate (it turns out she was puttin' me on when she said she could play the polkinghorn; though she could illicit a lovely mournful howl from the basset hound), but I felt we were on our way.



Aunt Kate's baritone basset hound abandoning the minibus seconds before we all chucked it in.

Then came the well-known tragic incident wif the minibus; an hardiesque occurrence in its trivial character and momentous consequences if ever there were one. (fanks again to me bruva-in-law, Lionel. Scuse me while I thank 'im, tell 'im to f**k off and head butt 'im out of the doorway.)

Anyway, as you all probably already know, an unfortunate and fortuitous combination of mysteriously severed brake cables, loosened steering-wheel bolt, bald tyres, hose shoved into the exhaust pipe and fed into the cabin, masking tape obscuring the windscreen and side windows, and a Molotov cocktail



Later, the coppers accused me of driving under the influence of stupidity.

left under the driver's seat by the last users of the vehicle (a party of nihilist anarchists on their annual picnic to Hanging Rock) led to us missing our next gig, at the Bandy-Legged Bandicoot Inn on Sunset Strip (Phillip Island), and the guys, and Trevor and aunt Kate said: "Bugger it, this sucks, let's chuck it in. No one can say we didn't give it a go."

Last time I hire a van from Crap Shit Lemons for Hire Pty Ltd, I can tell you!