

The Raconteur

The Quackonteur The Newsletter That Cures All Known Ills November, 2005

Thursday, October 20th

Ah, the glory of nature's bounty. As the autumn sun defied the nippy wind, the blackberries, made obese by the plentiful rain, still abounded on the brambles. We were careful not to eat them, of course, as everyone knows the Devil wees on them on the last night in September, the dirty sod, and from then on they taste like . . . like . . . well, what does the Lord of Misrule devour to make his urine so goddamned unpleasant? Anchovies, probably. And pickled walnuts. And naughty little children - or so we were told by our beloved mama.

Down at the RAC conversation was, for once, far from satanic. All the talk at the bar was of Daniel Craig, recently named as the new James Bond, and the casting of the next Bond extravaganza. Disappointment was rife throughout the club as many members had put themselves forward for roles, only to be turned down flat. First to admit his failure was Stage Manager **Greg Aylmer**. Now, we *had* thought he spent all that time under the stage keeping a strict inventory of the club's equipment. In fact, he'd built a small but state-of-the-art laboratory down there and had been beavering away on some new Q-like inventions with which to impress the Bond producers. Unfortunately, it all came to naught. His missile-firing guitar had already been patented by American rock monsters KISS. The tambourine with the razor-sharp edge, designed to be skimmed like a deadly frisbee, was too much like Oddjob's bowler hat and, anyway, victims could hear it coming from miles away. Greg's ingenious Triangle of Death fared no better, his much-vaunted exploding piano proved impossible to launch at any target more than half an inch away, and his *piece de resistance*, the poisoned mixing-desk, was just plain silly.

Meanwhile, **Doreen** had invented herself a character in an effort to follow in the footsteps of sex-pot Bond girls like Britt Ekland, Jane Seymour and Barbara Bach. She was to be Belinda Hot-Toddy, a slinky hostess in an exotic bar in Marrakesh, who diverts Bond's attention with photos of her grandchildren then, with a move of sudden and frightening suppleness, seizes his head between her thighs and . . . er, that was as far as Doreen got, apparently. Maybe she'd have stood more chance if she'd further developed the role. One member who did proceed further in the auditioning process was **Trish Liles**. She'd also made up a character for herself, hoping to play a glamorous criminal mastermind who kidnaps Bond and organises a fiendish raffle involving SMERSH, SPECTRE and various cat-stroking megalomaniacs.

And it wasn't just about acting. Several club musicians had a pop at penning a Bond theme to rival Goldfinger, Live And Let Die and . . . what was that one Madonna did? Sadly, **Gary Day's** anarchic entry was swiftly discarded as the last verse had Bond slumped in a dusty tuxedo on the bed he used as a child, the super-agent now aged, lonely, ravaged by syphilis and finished off by his own disappointed mother in a bleak mercy-killing. More cheery but equally unsuccessful were **Steve Brown's** Bondemian Rhapsody and **Pete Beach's** canny adaptation of his standard How Long Blues that now went

How long?
How long?

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How long's that bugger James Bond been gone?
How long?
How long?
How long?

Really, with Daniel Craig having beaten our own long-lost **Jon Austin** to the punch, the only member to have any joy at all was **Paul Lawrence**. Putting himself forward as a super-villain who takes over the world by winning it piece by piece each week in the raffle, his suggestion was greeted warmly by the Broccoli family who said they'd certainly use it - just as soon as they'd run out of new ways of blowing things up.

Onstage, Greg Aylmer was met with a huge roar (it was a food night) as he skilfully delivered a couple of ceildh classics on his trusty mandolin. Next came Steve Brown with an instrumental guitar version of the children's classic When You Wish Upon A Star that had our bar-side philosophers shaking their heads in rabid disapproval. When you wish upon a star, it was generally agreed, you have reached the nadir of hopelessness and there is no chance - zero, nada - that your dreams are going to come true, you sad, sad sausage. Like it or not, you must *work* towards your goals. Dream, by all means, but to make your dreams concrete takes careful planning and hard toil. It's no good pleading for help from some giant gaseous bubble billions of miles away. You're living your life by the rules of a cartoon cricket in a top hat, for God's sake. Pull yourself together!

Steve would now continue by seamlessly blending Take 5 with My Favourite Things, the latter being a song that could never have been written by a Tory MP. After all, it's tough to find a good rhyme for "black bin bag" and near-impossible to find one for "orange". Following Steve would be **Morgan**, first with a smooth and groovy Frankie And Johnnie then, with Greg guesting on mandolin, The Ballad Of Jesse James. It was a fine performance of a great song, but isn't it time we discarded these old cowboy legends and celebrated more contemporary criminals in song? What about, say, The Ballad Of Dennis Nilsen? It could go

Oh, Dennis Nilsen he sure done wrong,
That's why I'm writin' this country song.
He blocked his drains
With human remains.
The neighbours were alerted by the awful pong.

Back onstage, **Rob Carey** would now launch into a melody-packed Buddy Holly medley featuring Heartbeat, It's So Easy and Peggy Sue, and a softer take on Sheryl Crow's If It Makes You Happy. He'd be followed by the ever-impressive **Nigel Snook**, this week treating us to the catchy blues of Long-Handled Shovel and an adaptation of Times Is Getting Harder. After the first interval would come **Roy Cramer** with Donovan's The Ballad Of Geraldine and Picture Of You, the latter having been performed both by The Beatles and Joe Brown. Then there'd be the extraordinary **Rowan Noddings** with an old self-penned number about being ravaged by a sexually liberated lady, then an unlikely road rage comedy.

After Rowan would come his friend **Brian** who'd apparently played once at the club some three years ago. He'd give us a stark, throaty rendition of Johnny Cash's Folsom Prison Blues and Billy Jo Spears' Blanket On The Ground, a highly romantic track about enlivening a marriage that actually caused a major rumpus among the American public who considered it a shameless "cheatin' song".

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During the second interval the bar was once again a-buzz with fruity conversation. This time the subject was Adam Shepherd, a 19-year-old fan of the metal band Cradle Of Filth who'd recently been sentenced to 80 hours community service and ordered to pay £40 costs for wearing one of the band's teeshirts, a teeshirt depicting a nun in a pornographic pose (on the back was the band's infamous slogan Jesus Is A C***). What a travesty of justice *that* was. For a start, it was said, the shirt was funny. Perhaps a tad extreme for some tastes, but funny nonetheless. And, if it was deliberately provocative, what's the problem with provoking the Catholic Church? You don't need a PhD in History to know that this is a financial empire built on the promotion of fear and guilt, as well as widespread invasion, vast theft, murder and even genocide. Is it possible to insult or degrade such an organisation, an organisation, remember, that had to be brought to court before it would accept any kind of responsibility for the many serial child abusers in its ranks? Yet we, as a society, having found these people guilty of trying to hush up this appalling litany of abominations, we turn round and punish someone for taking a mild dig at *them*.

There's something wrong here, and it should be felt especially keenly in this town. Aren't they going to sell St Peter's Hall, built with money collected from parishioners? And aren't they clearly plotting to close the Church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs, too, again built with parishioners' cash? Soon many locals - aged or poor - will no longer be able to attend the house of their chosen God, and everyone else will have to travel far. But will they bad-mouth the bishops feasting in their stately palaces on the proceeds of this land-grabbing? No. Just like they won't demand an end to an attitude towards contraception that's resulting in the spread of AIDS to tens of millions? Just like they won't criticise the Church for forgetting that it's the poor, the sinners, the children and the victims of war and disease that should be dominating its thoughts? They won't because life is, according to the rules, supposed to be a vale of tears, a testing ground, and we must persevere, uncomplaining, in order to reap our rewards in heaven.

Isn't that incredibly clever? Evil is multiplying: millions are dying: greedy, god-less capitalism is wreaking havoc across the globe, but don't ask the Church to say or do anything about it - God *meant* it to be that way. Just put your money in the collection box and shut the f*** up. Mind you, they have been working on this stuff for 2,000 years, so it ought to be pretty water-tight by now. The Catholic Church is like the Alien - endlessly adaptable, absolutely pragmatic, wholly self-seeking and ruthless in its protection of its own (its own being the priests, not the parishioners). It's odd, that. If the stories are to be believed, Jesus wasn't like that at all. And neither are most of the parishioners, endlessly shamed, ripped off and betrayed by those responsible for guiding them.

After this rather righteous interval, Chairman **Graham Cook** got up for the first time in ages to perform strong versions of If I Were A Carpenter and Del Amitri's Nothing Ever Happens. Then Roy Cramer would reappear with his own folky comedy concerning genetically modified foods and Dylan's Mama, You Been On My Mind. Next the notorious **Jockstrap Ensemble**, this week featuring Pete Beach, Greg, Nigel and **Jack Cobbe**, would kick into boisterous takes on Maggie May, Blow Up The TV and Show Me A Pretty Little Number, as well as a glorious, fluttering Sweet Sixteen. Nigel would then end proceedings with a short but lovely cover of the classic Wanderin', Bessie Smith's Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out, Jimmy Reed's Bright Lights, Big City and finally an hilarious medley of drug songs including Fraternity Of Man's immortal Don't Bogart That Joint. It had been another mighty session.

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Thursday, October 27th

Oops, Autumn was here at last. The wind-crisped leaves click-clacked their wild way across the driveways of our nation. But down at the RAC everyone had the warm fuzzies as this was our long-anticipated comedy theme night. And what a night, with most of our regular musicians really pulling out the stops. Greg gave us The Sick Note a cappella. **Ben Rudge** gave us his own Corridor Of Candles, a maudlin number written as a harmonica solo and conjuring images of a popular cowboy's funeral. Then Rowan Noddings, with Steve Brown on guitar, tried out Marlene Dietrich's Falling In Love Again. With his long cigarette-holder and black wide-brimmed hat, Rowan came over like an unpardonably decadent Pilgrim Father, but ditched his outrageous apparel for a raucous run through Right Said Fred. Taking us into the first interval, Nigel Snook would raise the standard even higher with Sheldon Harnick's The Ballad Of The Shape Of Things and The Diary Of Samuel Pepys.

As is often the case, the interval brought lively debate at the bar, this week concerning the RAC's proposed new Avenue of Stars, an ever-extending landmark to celebrate the achievements of the club's greatest heroes. Ideally, it was agreed, the row of stars should begin close to the Ritz, perhaps next to the lamp-post on the corner opposite the Post Office, and run up towards the town. And this is where the arguments began. The most obvious route would be to continue up the High Street, but several musicians, after a quick calculation, reckoned this would land their own stars directly outside the new Chinese restaurant and thus their names would be sullied every Friday and Saturday night with a mixture of spilt noodles and half-eaten pancake rolls. Immediately, they formed a splinter group, demanding that the High Street route be abandoned in favour of veering left down Princess Street and then taking a sharp right down Oxford Street.

Some, predictably, would return to sanity and the fold when it was pointed out that this path would lead them past a Chinese takeaway *and* a chip shop. However, drunk on rebellion, many of the renegades stood firm. But not for long. As is often the way with divisive factions they, too, were soon divided. This happened when their proposed run of stars reached Lidl's and their more ambitious members decided the avenue should go aerial, rising into a 200 foot high arch and spreading out like a giant spider's web over the east of the town, perhaps with strategically placed spotlights below, shining up through the individual stars so each musician's name would stand out in the sky, like the Batman signal. It was a mad, beautiful dream, others argued, but unrealistic. Instead, they should turn right across the car park, cut through the houses behind and surge relentlessly towards the sea. They would defy planning permission, crush any resistance. Anyone complaining would be hung by guitar strings from the big Lidl's sign as a glaring warning to the others. Only then would the people of Burnham understand the awesome power of the Ritz Acoustic Club. Eventually, they said, the Avenue of Stars would drop down onto the beach and race out towards the West, our heroic members' names thus shining out forever in the orange glow of the setting sun. Of course, this caused yet more dispute as several musicians didn't want their stars to be out by Steart Island where they'd only be seen by lifeboat crews and drowning people. But sacrifices had to be made, they were told, for the greater glory of the revolution. And that's when it all got a bit silly . . .

After the brief break, Rob Carey showed unexpected comic flair with Flanders and Swann's The Gas Man Cometh and Spike Jones's Hello Mother, Hello Father, then Steve Brown stepped up, again with Rowan, for Monty Python's The Galaxy Song, then incited the crowd to sing along with The Lumberjack Song, the performance ending with **Steve Holford** reading out a letter of complaint. Next up, and unaware of the night's theme, would be newcomers **Tim and Rowan**

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with a light-hearted number about hitting it big and then, catching the spirit of the evening, a rude and rocking rendition of Tenacious D's Kielbasa. Ending this segment would be The Jockstrap Ensemble, with the same line-up as last week plus Rowan Noddings on kazoo, belting out How I Loves My Mother-In-Law, The Very Unfortunate Man and Fog On The Tyne, this last track revealing Rowan's exceptional way with a backing vocal.

A break from comedy was now needed and was duly provided by Gary Day with intense and hypnotic takes on Blackwaterside and Reynardine. But Steve Holford would bring back the good humour with the show-stopping Somerset parody Please Release I and a superb Hard Day's Night - Steve doing Peter Sellers doing Laurence Olivier doing Richard III. Graham Cook would keep things rolling with a couple of quickfire Bonzo Dog monologues before **Mike Batt** dragged us all (happily) down with Radiohead's High And Dry, and Those Who Wait, a rustic guitar instrumental by Tommy Emmanuel.

At this stage, now the furore over the Avenue of Stars had died down, another discussion broke out at the bar, this time concerning the origin of words. Isn't it amazing how our language is a bitty combination of so many others, how common expressions can spring up from fictional characters and even complete misunderstandings? By way of an example, Treasurer **Doug Liles** now presented us with the fascinating history of one particular word, a history he said he'd found in Professor E.E Untquist's mighty tome The Genesis Of The English Language (rather aggressively subtitled You Don't Know What You're Saying, You Moron). Starting back in pre-history, Doug's term would begin as

That sharp flint tool Dirty Bob uses to scrape crabs off his scrotum.

Over time, this would shorten to

Dirty Bob's flinty crab scraper.

Then it would shorten further to

Dirty Bob's crab tool

Then

DB's tool

And finally

Dettol

Next up was more Steve Brown, this time accompanied by the ever delightful **Sally Pritchard**. Weirdly, there was no **Kathy Macmillan** to be seen. Sally without Kathy - why, that's like Simon without Garfunkel. No, that's not right. It's like Bernie Winters without Schnorbitz. No, that's *definitely* not right. It's a bit like one of the Cheeky Girls going solo. But with Steve Brown on guitar. Oh, forget it. Suffice to say their version of Sarah McLachlan's I Love You was lovely.

Kathy would now be replaced by Rowan Noddings for Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life, boosted by some surprisingly proficient communal whistling. Then Nigel Snook, who's clearly been hiding a massive hoard of comedy songs from us, raised the tempo once again with the

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dirty madrigal The Chastity Belt and Tommy Steele's What A Mouth, before calling up the Ensemble once again for Blow Up The TV and Goodnight Irene. The comedy theme night had worked - musicians be praised!

Thursday, November 10th

It was cold now, cold and quiet. Towns were drained of their energy one by one as the carnival wound its lurid way around the county. Once again, the RAC were involved and all the talk at the bar was of the extra care we must take to avoid a repeat of last year's disaster. The concept had been fine, a Frankenstein-themed tableau with Graham Cook as the Baron, **Malcolm** his faithful Igor and the rest of us as angry villagers. How the cheers had rung out as we proudly progressed along the High Street. But how horrifying was it when the cheers turned to screams, when the skies opened, a bolt of lightning struck the generator and our papier-mache monster sprang to horrible life. Leaping from the float, causing the panicked crowd to scatter, it had throttled a St John's Ambulanceman posted outside Peacock's and made a wild dash for freedom down Adams Street, never to be seen again. Whatever happened to that poor, tormented beast? Did it die that rainy night, disintegrating mournfully into a soggy grey mush? Or is it still alive, up in the wilds of the Quantocks somewhere, scraping out a harsh existence in the company of other abandoned paper'n'paste creatures and plotting terrible revenge of the man who created it, perhaps on the anniversary of its unfortunate birth? No one knows for sure, but Graham still took the precaution of scarpering off to the Caribbean for a couple of weeks. Better to be safe than sorry. After all, who wants to be torn limb from bloody limb by something they might've made earlier on Blue Peter?

This year it had been decided to negate any possibility of miraculous animation by having no models at all - though Greg Aylmer did suggest we knock up a polystyrene Eva Longoria, just on the off-chance. Sensibly we would stick to an all-human theme, chosen by 2005's Float Commander Gary Day. Gary had been a runaway victor at the elections, his campaign boosted by the fact that he occasionally plays a song called My Name Is Carnival. As it turned out, the club had made a spectacularly misguided decision. The song is clearly not cheerful stuff, and neither was Gary's initial cart-concept, titled One Thousand Years In The Grave. Heated negotiations would see Gary amend his plans somewhat, next suggesting the more active and colourful Flying Entrails: Vietnam Uncensored, but this again caused scaredy-cat members to blanch. Eventually a compromise was reached with Gary's ambitious all-action portrayal of Kurt Vonnegut's classic novel Slaughterhouse-Five, members feeling that the depressing drabness of the internment camp would be suitably off-set by the pyrotechnics of the bombing of Dresden. Luckily, the carnival judges agreed, voting the float second in the Literary Adaptation category (runner-up to The Balderdashers' brilliant Harry Potter And The Lesbian Of Woe) and third in the World War 2 class, being pipped only by The Boss-Eyed Smugglers' rather cheesy Elevenses On Omaha Beach and the Highbridge Tomboys' excellent Battle Of Britain which cunningly juxtaposed an ant colony with Spitfires and Messerschmitts made from balloons.

Onstage, it was chaos. With Graham fled, Malcolm and Steve Brown AWOL and Greg ill there was no one to set up the stage and sound. But the RAC likes a challenge and up sprang **Bryan Counsell**, **Caroline Boyce** and **Laura Smith** to support the more technically knowledgeable Nigel Snook and Gary Day. When Greg crawled in from his sick-bed we were sorted. Late, but sorted.

Greg himself would kick the evening off with a pair of mandolin reels, then Gary would return to his own songs for the first time in a while, delivering powerful renditions of Hymn Away and the mighty Stages. He'd be followed by Nigel, stepping up with a superb instrumental, all

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trembling melodies and harsh downstrokes, then some deft blues. Leading us into the first interval would be newcomer **Terry Williams** with a soft and heartfelt take on Ralph McTell's Streets Of London and the bloodspattered comedy of The Moggy Song.

During the break another argument would break out at the bar, this time over the pros and cons of Terry Wogan. Some reckoned he sounds permanently drunk, others that he has lived beyond criticism for so long he's now lost in the mildly sarcastic, blandly verbose character he invented for himself. Some members did express admiration for his lovely Irish brogue but, really, how can you trust a man with only one shoe?

After the interval **Dave Ilsley** would make a thigh-slapping, table-rapping comeback with a gruff a cappella take on The Wild Rover. Then **Jason Grey** would make a very welcome reappearance with Paul Weller's You Do Something To Me, a track that really suits his abrupt vocal style, and Damien Rice's passionate Cannonball, finishing off with the Jovi's Wanted Dead Or Alive. Next would be Tim and Rowan, back for more with Staind's Outside, the dislocated comedy of Weezer's The Sweater Song and Tenacious D's hilarious Dio - it was great to hear such gutsy covers of more contemporary material.

As is so often the case, conversation during the second interval proved intriguing. Now all the talk at the bar was of the wind farm mooted for the fields off Stoddens Lane, a collection of 325 foot high colossi that, aside from spoiling everyone's view of Brent Knoll, would never generate enough electricity to make them viable. So, green as you like and ever resourceful, various members came up with innovative notions to help the windmills pay their way. Perhaps, it was thought, people who have no garden might pay to have their washing attached to the blades, thus doing a service for their community *and* getting that family-pleasing outdoor freshness. Maybe anyone caught drunk and disorderly could be tied on there, too - *that'd* sober them up sharpish. One of our more adventurous members then suggested we might attract young thrill-seekers to the area by inventing a new extreme sport. Participants would hold on to one of the windmills' arms, spin round a couple of times at rapidly increasing speed and then be hurled off across the fields, hopefully to land in a rhine or on a nice soft cow. To prevent serious injury we could roll them up in bubble-wrap first (or at least get them to sign a form saying it wasn't our fault).

Another idea was to sell advertising space on the arms, a fine money-making proposition as they could easily be seen from the M5 and A38. Discounts could be given to any business hiring every arm on a generator. Imagine the possibilities.

Arm 1: Why not breeze down to
Arm 2: TEDDY'S PARLOUR?
Arm 3: We have Cillit Bang
Arm 4: And other stuff.
Arm 5: It's electric!

Alternatively, it was mentioned, we could stick a huge razor on the end of each blade so we could cut industrial-sized blocks of paper to size, or slice enormous sides of ham. We could even, at a push, circumcise intrepid Jewish boys. (As an aside, what do they do with the off-cuts from that particular ceremony? Is there any truth in the rumour that they're deep-fried, salted and sold to the public as Hula Hoops?)

Back onstage, the evening just got better and better. Gary Day would now give us his own

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Infrequent and (And Her) Kisses and then an exceptionally powerful take on Joni Mitchell's Woodstock. Then Terry Williams would return with The Boxer and Frank Crumit's Abdul Abulbul Amir, a 1928 update of the Crimean War original. Terry would be followed by Jason Grey with two of his strongest numbers - Lone Star's Amazed and Queen's Hammer To Fall, then Nigel Snook would finish the evening with a fine Chet Atkins instrumental, Dylan's Lay Lady Lay and finally Atkins' arrangement of Misty. It was a tremendous end to another wicked sesh, boyee.

BREAKING NEWS . . . BREAKING NEWS . . . BREAKING NEWS . .

Gary Day has suggested the club hold a CD Amnesty at the Christmas Party on Friday, December 16th. Any members possessing embarrassing music (Ronan Keating, late Ultravox, Yes, Genesis, Joe Dolce, *that* kind of thing) can take the opportunity to wrap the offending items individually in brown paper and put them, unmarked, in the raffle. This will add spice to the choosing of prizes and we can also spend the rest of the evening trying to work out exactly who brought in Derek Nimmo's Thank You For The Music.

*Though there's always a round of thanks for pretty much everyone at the end of each session, some club stalwarts have been overlooked. So, thanks to **Janet White** for helping to clear up the glasses and also to **Harry Boyce** for scraping the wax out of the candle-glasses. No one thinks about jobs like that - but they still have to be done.*

Members are reminded that the Raconteur has loads of padded jiffy bags in many shapes and sizes. Perhaps you'd like to post yourself to Spain next summer to save on the plane ticket. If you want any, just ask - they're free.

Please note that you should have already paid your membership of the Ritz Social Club and the Ritz Acoustic Club. If you aren't a member of the Ritz Social Club you cannot attend the Ritz Acoustic Club more than once a month.

As mentioned, the Christmas Party is booked for Friday, December 16th, with Fastest To Canada set to play. This will be a free event, with free food provided, and each member will be allowed to bring one guest. Tickets will be available soon, at the desk, so get yours quick to

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avoid heartbreak - they *will* run out.

Still on the subject of the party, Secretary Steve Brown has admitted defeat in his brave attempt to hire Clint Eastwood as our Santa. With time running out, he's now in the midst of a desperate last-ditch effort to secure the services of - who'd have believed it? - Cameron Diaz. Apparently, Miss Diaz called back personally and is happy to perform. Unfortunately, in order to maintain her artistic credibility, audience-size must be severely limited - to a single person. Steve has thus decided to host an alternative Christmas Party in a private room at the Dunstan House. The rest of us, he says in a most un-Secretary-like manner, can stick Fastest To Canada up our arses.

The Ritz Acoustic Club's Famous Prize-less Quiz

Well, here we are again with yet another quiz, yet another humiliation for our oft-chastened readership. But, no matter how hard you usually find it, think on this. December's quiz will be set by Malcolm and he's threatening to make it the stinker to end all stinkers. You have been warned.

- 1) What was Danny Kaye's real name?
- 2) How long after death does rigor mortis set in?
- 3) Who, in 1974, had a UK hit with David Bowie's The Man Who Sold The World?
- 4) Who said "The ideal form of government is democracy tempered with assassination"?
- 5) Which artist did Peter Gabriel produce first after leaving Genesis?
- 6) Who was the first Inquisitor-General of Spain?
- 7) Name the band Grace Slick fronted before joining Jefferson Airplane.
- 8) Who was king of England in January, 1066?
- 9) The GTOs were an all-female act signed to Frank Zappa's label. What does GTO stand for?
- 10) How deep, in feet and inches, is one fathom?
- 11) Who starred as Sally Bowles in the 1968 London production of Cabaret?
- 12) Who was the fourth wife of Henry VIII?
- 13) Name the four members of supergroup Blind Faith.

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- 14) In the Chinese calendar, 2006 will be the Year of the what?
- 15) Who performed the theme song to the movie Soldier Blue?
- 16) Who owned a cat called Elvis?
- 17) In which band did Scott "San Francisco" McKenzie play with John Phillips?
- 18) What's a shape with eleven sides called?
- 19) Which singer was born Thomas Woodward on June 7th, 1940?
- 20) From which language is the word "wanderlust" taken?

Answers to last month's quiz were as follows:

1) Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks 2) Jessica Lange 3) Joseph And His Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat 4) John Adams 5) Ray Manzarek 6) 835 7) Woodrow Wilson Guthrie 8) 81 9) Huntingdon's chorea 10) Duke of Wellington 11) Edie Brickell 12) Defence Condition 13) Village People 14) Central 15) Isaac Hayes 16) Solitaire 17) Incredible String Band 18) Charlie Drake 19) Flares 20) Marmalade