

HUX092



Hakyon days





L - R Renchi, Ivan and Tim G in Renchi's basement, early 1969, playing a mind game with a stuffed reptile and various sundries

So what have we here?

Not quite the great lost Dr Strangely Strange album, but a fascinating compilation of not-even-rumoured unreleased recordings made with Joe Boyd and Roger Mayer at Sound Techniques studio during the band's heyday, 1969-1970. Once Tim, Ivan and Tim had heard the rough mixes, they were inspired to reconvene in Tim G's studio and record three new songs for the album in *Kip Of The Serenes* acoustic style. On the following pages of this booklet you'll find a history of the band, some notes on the songs, lyrics and a section called 'Dramatis Personae' where the band and I have tried to identify many of the eccentric array of characters who peopled their late-Sixties recordings.

Adrian Whittaker

A BRIEF HISTORY

Dr Strangely Strange grew organically out of the mid-Sixties scene around Trinity College, Dublin, where both Ivan Pawle and his friend Tim Booth had been students. Suffolk-born Ivan was rhythm guitarist and vocalist in a rock band called The Vampires; his version of Twist And Shout is still remembered fondly by his peers. Tim Booth, more of a folkie at this point, was one of the founders of the Trinity Folk Society. Ivan met early Dr SS member Humphrey Weightman in 1967 and in autumn that year the embryonic band made its debut at the Trinity Folk Club. Tim Booth: 'Ivan was playing ocarina and Humphrey and I were playing guitars and Humphrey broke all the strings on his guitar. But the man from the *Irish Times* still regards it as our best gig ever - he was really knocked out by it.' Humphrey left for England and was

replaced by Brian Trench, another Trinity friend, who got the band to work hard on their vocal harmonies; they started playing regular pub gigs and developed a unique style combining folk, psychedelic, blues and baroque elements with the 'spoken word. Track 9, HMS Avenger, gives you a sense of what the band were like live at this point.

The name?

Ivan: 'Admittedly the name is a mouthful. Obviously Marvel Comics' Dr. Strange was a major inspiration. Adverbs were rife at the time (Dylan song titles, for example). Even the Beach Boys had an album out called Smiley Smile. A friend of Annie Christmas (see *Dramatis Personae*)

named Jim Duncan was constantly heard to say, 'Now that's strangely strange, but oddly normal,' but attributed the phrase to someone else whom I never met, knowingly.'

The band appeared on Irish TV (The Late Late Show), and started to attract the attention of record company executives, including Bernard Stollman of ESP-Disk (who typically released left-field artists, like Pearls Before Swine and The Fugs). But via Anthea Joseph, a friend who worked for EMI Dublin, Dr SS got in touch with Witchseason Productions' Joe Boyd. Ivan was friends with the Incredible String Band's Robin Williamson, and on Robin's insistence, Joe



travelled to Carlow, near Dublin, in late 1968 to see the band open for Skid Row.

Tim Booth: 'Skid Row featured Gary Moore and possibly still had Phil Lynott as lead singer. The gig was in a hall that may have been attached to the Tech, and for some reason the three of us sat on a school bench, all in a row like the wise monkeys.

(The other bands were rock bands, man, and STOOD.) We could do this because at this time the Doctor was Ivan, myself and Brian Trench. We performed heartily such epics as Life Is A Bucketful and Sidetracked, both from the Pen of Trench, as well as some early songs of mine and Ivan's. We used Skid Row's PA and this flummoxed us as we had zero mic technique.'

Shortly afterwards, Brian in turn left (see *Dramatis personae, Orpheus*). Tim and Ivan turned to Tim Goulding, an artist and keyboard player who, like them, was a member of the Dublin hippy scene loosely based around two communal houses, both

called The Orphanage. (*There's more about the Orphanages in the Dramatis Personae section.*) Guitarist Gary Moore was another Orphanage resident; when, aged sixteen, he arrived in Dublin to try to break into the music scene there, he was virtually adopted by the band. Interviewed by Colin Harper for the book *Irish Folk, Trad And Blues* (C. Harper/T. Hodgett, 2004), Moore remembered Dr SS with great affection: 'They're very special people and they were very good to me... they were the guys to hang out with then - the coolest people in town, very arty and bohemian. So if you got in with them you were somebody.'

Gigs now started to be slightly larger events, though not without their problems. Audiences often expected them to be a 'traditional' folk band and could be vocal in their disapproval. Tim B: 'I suppose they thought we weren't doing songs like "The Holy Ground" because we couldn't, but we could if we wanted!' Ivan remembers an embarrassing incident: 'I recall when we supported Granny's Intentions at the Number Five Club in Harcourt Street. John Ryan graciously offered Tim G the use of his keyboard, which saved us lugging the harmonium down there. Unfortunately the instrument (a Vox Continental) had black keys for white and vice versa, like a harpsichord, and the lighting was poor. Tim was used to pumping the harmonium with his feet, whereas the pedal on John's machine was for controlling the volume. So the effect was inadvertently psychedelic. We learnt



Ivan plays the harmonium in the Sandymount Orphanage, 1970



Tim G in Dalston,
sheltering from a mind storm

more than we needed to know about dynamics and sudden key changes. It was a slightly mortifying experience at the time, but quite amusing in retrospect.'

Dr SS were and probably remain the only band to take a harmonium on tour; this recalcitrant instrument, coupled with Tim G's highly individual take on 'jazz recorder,' made their sound even more distinctive. The harmonium was acquired from some friends named Graham and Streg, who'd bought it in an auction room on the quays in Dublin.

Tim B: 'We did a regular Sunday night gig in Slattery's of Capel Street. This entailed loading the harmonium - wrapped in plastic to protect it from the elements - onto the roof rack of Gosport Lil, driving across town and then unloading same and manoeuvring it down a steep flight of stairs into the basement bar in Slattery's where the gig was held. The staircase had a right-angled turn and it took considerable deftness of touch to get the harmonium down without damage, either to the instrument or our backs. We also had to mule it back up the stairs, wrap it in plastic in the street and heave it back onto the roof rack post-gig. There were a couple of mics which we used for vocals, hoping the guitars would be picked up by them a bit as well, but the club was so small that acoustic instruments could be heard and the audience - all hardened drinkers and thus fans of the esoteric - gave us their total attention, as was the fashion betimes in Sixties folk clubs. We honed our act. Not really, but it was good practice for facing larger hostile audiences on the subsequent English university circuit a few months later. It

was in Slattery's that the centrally-cast drunken Irish poet (*see Dramatis Personae, Patrick Pearse*) took a swing at me and proclaimed his sensitivity to Patrick Pearse's sensitivities. Occasionally Gary Moore would join us in Slattery's and that added a touch of credibility to our act. We would try to do the gig totally straight, but I do recall a time with Gary when the broom closet at the foot of the stairs transmogrified into a lift and we spent some time in it travelling between floors and realities, but that's for another day...

'We would play a set for about half an hour, 4 or 5 songs with a bit of chat, then take a break when maybe there would be other acts or guests, and then finish off the night with another 4 or 5 numbers. As it was a Sunday, the pub closed at 10, so we were often back in the Orphanage quite early - certainly before dawn.

'We also did an upstairs "Poetry and Music" gig at this time in Sinnot's Pub. It also meant muling the harmonium up stairs and there was no amplification at all, but as poetry was involved, the audience was raptly silent and there were some among their number who felt that the good Doctor got in the way of the Art. I think we were paid ten shillings each for these gigs, but then, a pint of stout was less than two shillings, and the audiences were generous, placing pints before us as we worked, to encourage brevity.'



Around this time the band acquired another member, Caroline Greville, who was always known by the last syllable of her name - 'Linus.' A friend of Tim Booth's and yet another ex-Trinity student, she added backing vocals and percussion to the Dr SS sound for a year or so, leaving at the end of 1969.

The band were now signed to Witchseason Productions, and so in January 1969 they moved to London to record, basing themselves with Tim G's old schoolfriend Renchi Bicknell in Dalston, Hackney. Living round the corner was an old Trinity friend of Ivan's, the film-maker and writer Iain

Sinclair. The two had originally met when they both worked on student drama productions, including Samuel Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape*. 'Ivan Pawle handled (his) part in a pleasing, restrained manner,' said *The Irish Times*. While Dr SS were living in Dalston Iain shot some diary footage of the band rehearsing for the new album and performing in Battersea Park; we've extracted a few stills for this CD package.

Sessions for *Kip Of The Serenes*, at John Wood's Sound Techniques studio in Chelsea, started on 5th January (with Roy Rogers, Strings In The Earth And Air and an early version of *Mirror Mirror*). Joe Boyd produced. There was another spate of recording at the end of March; Joe licensed the recordings to Island Records, and *Kip* was

completed and mastered on April 1st 1969. The title, by the way, was one of Tim G's catchphrases; you can hear him trying it out for size on HMS Avenger. A few weeks later, Ivan repaid a favour to Robin Williamson by popping back to the studio on April 23rd to play piano on Creation (released on the ISB's *Changing Horses*).

At this stage fate played a role: in November Island put the Dr SS song *Strangely Strange But Oddly Normal* on the mega-selling 15/6d (77p) sampler album *Nice Enough To Eat*, along with tracks by successful acts Free, Traffic and Blodwyn Pig. The upshot was a vast increase in gigs, leading by 1970 to a fairly hectic touring schedule (now towing a pig trailer behind their Renault 4, containing the infamous harmonium). The band also started to get a picture of their 'audience'. Tim G: 'We assumed they were mostly intellectuals, but actually, they were all schoolboys! We learnt this fact after studying the audience at a gig in Limerick, where the average age was about fifteen. To cap it all, one of them asked us, "Are ye Blues or Commercial?" a question akin to "Is it true you have stopped beating your wife?"'

For their second album, Joe signed Dr SS to Polygram's new progressive label, Vertigo. Sessions at Sound Techniques



Neil Hopwood

started in November 1969 (with tracks like *Ashling* and *When Jove Was At Home*) but continued over a long period, presumably to fit in with Dr SS' and Joe Boyd's schedules. The tape data available shows that the London sessions appear to finish in February 1970 (with *Ballad Of the Wasps*), though recording continued into the summer in Eamon Andrews Studio, Dublin, so the band could use Dublin-scene musician mates such as Gary Moore, Andy Irvine and Brush Shields, making for a much fuller sound.

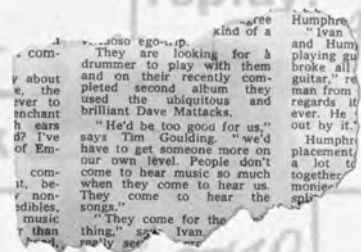
Joe remembers, though, that Gary Moore's 'wonderful solo' on *Sign On My Mind* was recorded at Sound Techniques. *Heavy Petting* was mastered in June 1970 and got some good reviews on its release in November that year. It was a departure for the band: the quirky songs remained, but were enhanced by both folk-rock and blues elements - and Dave Mattacks on drums. In July 1970 Neil Hopwood joined the band; he'd read in *Melody Maker* that they were looking for a drummer, came up to them after a gig in Burton-on-Trent and offered his services. He was immediately accepted into the fold and invited over to Dublin to rehearse.

The band had by this point signed to the Blackhill Agency and were getting lots of work on the college circuit, gigging extensively in support of the forthcoming album.

After a short British tour, in October 1970 they recorded an *In Concert* for John Peel and went back into Sound Techniques, this time with Roger Mayer producing, to begin recording tracks for a third album. The 3 completed tracks are on this compilation, but Joe Boyd, who was about to wind up Witchseason and leave for the States, was unable (or too busy) to get them a recording contract and the sessions were discontinued. They did have an album title, though: *A Rabbit Wet My Sleeping Bag*, referring to an unfortunate incident involving Ivan and a furry friend.

Tired of touring, Tim Goulding quit the group shortly afterwards to get

married and spend more time painting. The ISB offered Ivan the chance to replace Rose Simpson, who'd left at the end of 1970, but he declined in order to continue with Dr SS. Old Dublin mates Terry and Gay Woods, freshly departed from Steeleye Span, were brought in, but this unlikely alliance did not last long. Their new Dutch agent, Frank van der Meijden, was very successful in getting them gigs abroad, and in spring 1971 the new Dr SS toured the UK and did two European tours, visiting France, Germany and Holland and Scandinavia. Tensions arose on tour, though, because of the Woods' frequent quarrels, exacerbated by



L - R Ivan, Tim B and Tim G

heavy drinking and, says Tim B, 'the fun went from the band.' Neil Hopwood felt it was beginning to split into two factions. Though they had some interesting work lined up, including a US tour supporting The Flying Burrito Brothers, they decided to play their last gig on 16 May 1971 at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, sharing the bill with Al Stewart.

Terry and Gay went off to form the Woods Band and Neil joined the Sutherland Brothers, while Tim Booth returned to Dublin to play solo gigs in folk clubs and resume his career

as a commercial artist/graphic designer. Ivan moved to Kerry to live in a caravan, locating himself not far from Tim Goulding, who was already living in an old schoolhouse in West Cork. By the beginning of 1972, however, the two Tims and Ivan were back together, with a couple of new musicians, for the short and successful 'Horsebox' tour of Ireland, so named because that was what they travelled in.

The trio, augmented since 1980 by Joe Thoma, has reunited sporadically for various projects ever since, including a 1997 album, *Alternative Medicine*, and most recently at the tailend of 2006, when they made the three new recordings you can hear towards the end of this CD.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

During Dr Strangely Strange's brief recorded career, one of their (many) endearing habits was the way they peopled their songs with an eccentric array of characters, some real, some fictitious. Here follows a short guide to The Mythology of Strange, referring to songs on *Kip Of The Serenes*, *Heavy Petting* and *Halcyon Days*.

*'There's no meaning to my song -
and if you found one you'd be wrong'*



Annie Christmas: friend from the Dublin scene who, with Tim Booth, presided over the second 'Orphanage' in Sandymount, Dublin, one of two communal houses where the band lived for a while in the mid-Sixties and home at one point to guitarist Gary Moore. It was a kind of overflow for the first Orphanage, which was in Lower Mount Street. The Orphanages were home to a number of luminaries from the Dublin music scene, and Phil Lynott was a frequent visitor

to both. Annie died of leukaemia in 2005 and Dr SS reformed to play at her wake. It was an acoustic gig in a cabbage patch. (HMS Avenger)

Baker in Ferrara who thought he was composed entirely of butter. One of a number of 'case studies' in Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* of people affected by the 'Stars and the Humours'. Another one thought he was 'all glass, like a pitcher, and will therefore let nobody come near him.' The baker was last seen sitting by the fire. (Dr Dim and Dr Strange)

Bethsheba: from the Old Testament. King David killed off her husband to marry her. Tim B just liked the name. (Roy Rogers)

Blind Master Plumbers(3) who 'have just got back from the moon.' Reference to the Apollo moon landing in 1969. They were still on their way there when Tim B wrote the song. (Tale of Two Orphanages)

Catman the minotaur refers to Andy Anderson, sometime inhabitant of the Orphanage. Tim G explains that Dr SS appointed him as 'wizard and spiritual detective' (every psychedelic folk band worth its salt had one then). The band made a horror film in the deserted salt mines near Tim's house in Allihies, West Cork, starring Andy as a Catman who 'committed heinous crimes underground wearing white gloves and painted whiskers.'

County Chemist (and an antique dealer): widely assumed to be one of Tim G's nefarious connections. (Doctor Dim & Doctor Strange)

Cousin Kate: Ivan: 'Oddly enough, Kate really did have a great affinity with gates...' (Kilmanoyadd Stomp)

Dark-Eyed Lady: a lyrical conceit, says Ivan. (Dark-Eyed Lady)

Deirdre of the Sorrows: the foremost tragic heroine in Irish mythology, known for her great beauty and cause of not a few fights. Represents Ireland - the same figure who appears as a seagull in Ashling. Also the name of a particularly incontinent cat at the Orphanage. (Donnybrook Fair)

Doctor Dim keeps his eyes peeled. Assumed by some to be a reference to Dimeril, a particularly potent brand of cough mixture. Tim G confirms that overindulgence in this would lead to 'dry throat, hard stool, bitter pill as a rule.' (Doctor Dim & Doctor Strange).

Doctor Strange (God bless him): Marvel Comics hero, master of the applied arts and an emblematic figure in Strangology. This was his watchword: 'If you don't know where you're going, go by a road you don't know.' (Doctor Dim & Doctor Strange, HMS Avenger)

Gospopt Lil: credited as 'Transport' on the sleeve of *Kip of the Serenes*. Much debate amongst fans as to whether this was a band member's girlfriend or a car. We can now

reveal 'she' was Tim G's Renault 4L. Gosport Lil was also the nickname of a Cable Ferry that regularly plied the waters between the Welsh port of Fishguard and Rosslare Harbour in County Wexford, Ireland. Dr Strangely Strange were frequent travellers on this elderly vessel, the first (and last) Cable Ferry ever to cross the Irish Sea. A cable or 'chain' ferry is one where the vessel is propelled along and steered by cables connected to each shore, the passengers often being required to pull the ferry along by muscle power alone. This proved too much of an effort on the wide and turbulent waters of the Irish Sea, and the experiment was eventually abandoned. (Going to Poulaphouca)

Henry Gratton: An Irish hero, Gratton was the leader of the Irish independence movement in the eighteenth century. 'Ireland is now a nation!' he proclaimed in 1782. He spent the next twenty years proclaiming nations in all kinds of strange places. Among the nations he proclaimed were the Horse Trough in the Balls Pond Road, East London ('This Horse-trough is now a Nation!'). There's a statue of him outside Trinity College, perhaps. Also the name of a well-known Dublin pub. (Donnybrook Fair)



From Tim Booth's
Strangely Strange cartoon strip:
Ivan and the two Tims board the
Mighty Cretins' tour bus

Harvey (and his Greaseband): Henry McCulloch, a member of the Dublin music scene who briefly joined Sweeney's Men in 1968, alongside Dr SS associates Terry Woods and Johnny Moynihan. Friend of Tim B's and a frequent visitor to both Orphanages, who went on to greater things with The Grease Band, Spooky Tooth and, later, Wings. (Tale of Two Orphanages)

Hogarth: He's on the beach-head alright but he's another character Tim B can't remember. Probably the engraver. (Tale of Two Orphanages)

Jeffa, Mole and Dave: friends of Tim G and protagonists of *Ballad of The Wasps*. Dave, originally known as 'Tripper Dave', moved away to work on a chicken farm and became known as 'Chicken Dave'. Jeffa and Mole also crop up in *HMS Avenger*.

Lee (aka Man with Chalk): a Dublin street character known for chalking up cryptic messages such as 'Greeks may tax the North Pole, Jews the hemisphere' and 'LEE KING

OF KINGS'. No-one ever caught him in the act of writing. One rumour was that he was a disgraced High Court judge, an alcoholic who'd been sacked after he sentenced someone to death for bicycle theft. (Mary Malone Of Moscow, Le Le Rockin Sound)



Linus: Caroline Greville, an early Dr SS member who added vocals and percussion to the first album and the earlier tracks on the second. She was eventually asked to leave to cut down on touring costs. 'It was a pity,' says Ivan, 'but economic factors prevailed at the time.'

Lloyd George: How did this Welsh Liberal politician and reformer who, amongst other things, brought in National Insurance in the UK, end up in Roy Rogers? The name just happened to scan, says Tim B.

Martin's lawyer: A particular discredit to this unloved profession, famous for his considered response to Tony Lowes (a friend of Tim Goulding's from the Dublin

scene): 'You have nothing in writing - you can go fuck yourself.' (Dr Dim & Dr Strange)

MaryMac: Ivan's eventual wife Mary MacSweeney, now proprietor of Mary Pawle Wines. (Thanks Mary, I'll take a case of Rioja.) Spent a period living with Ivan at the Incredible String Band's rural Scottish retreat Glen Row and was ennobled (by Ivan) as Lady Of The Glen. (Jove Was At Home)

Mighty Cretins Showband represent the stranglehold that showbands held on the Irish music scene in the late Sixties; The Mighty Avon Showband was a well-known one. The MCS featured in a short-lived cartoon strip by Tim B. (Donnybrook Fair)



Miss Niamh (all clean and bright): daughter of MaryMac and Ivan who - it has to be said - was a perfectly exemplary child. (Kilmanoyadd Stomp)

Mistress Mouse and Mr Puppup: Two cats from the Sandymount Orphanage. Mr Puppup was named after a Patagonian Indian in a book Tim B was reading at the time. (Tale of Two Orphanages)

Muircheartach (the leather cloakéd king): 10th century Irish prince who set off on a sort of stadium tour of Ireland at the head of a thousand heroes, conquering all and 'feasting his hostages with knightly courtesy.' History is silent on the source of his soubriquet. (Donnybrook Fair)

Orphan Annie: Tim G's eventual (first) wife Annie Mohan, proprietress of the first Orphanage at 55 Lower Mount Street. (Photographer on *Kip of the Serenes & Halcyon Days*, HMS Avenger)

Orpheus (the rambler) might be Brian Trench, early Dr SS member and another sometime Orphanage denizen who allegedly drilled the band in harmony vocals. The band told *Melody Maker* he had left to foment revolution in France but Trench set the record straight 25 years later: he'd gone for a holiday in Bordeaux, actually, and it was four months after the events of May '68. Ivan points out, however, that Orpheus was also the name of yet another Orphanage cat. (Tale of Two Orphanages)

Patrick Pearse: poet and member of the Irish Volunteers who played a key part in the 1916 Easter Uprising. Both Tims had a mild obsession with his squint, which caused him only to be photographed in profile. References to his sensitivity about this caused the band to be threatened with physical violence by one Dublin poet who explained forcefully that he was 'sensitive to Pearse's sensitivity.' (Donnybrook Fair, HMS Avenger)

Joseph Mary Plunkett: like Patrick Pearse, a poet who played a key role in the Easter Rising and was subsequently executed. Tim B reckons he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. (Donnybrook Fair)

Projectionist Zhivago: Zhivago's was the first big disco in Dublin and a favourite feeding ground for the voracious Phil Lynott. Tim G was an aficionado of B-list horror films, watched late at night at the Carlton Cinema in Dublin where the (often) drunk projectionist would get the sequence of spools wrong to a chorus of disapproval from the audience, who assumed he was showing only edited highlights. 'Clip, Clip!' they would shout. (Doctor Dim and Doctor Strange)

Roy Rogers: early evidence of Tim B's growing cowboy fixation, 'a film personage with a mahogany acting talent.' (Roy Rogers)

Sammy: host of Sammy's Bar, which is the title of an old Cyril Tawney song. (Going to Poulaphouca)

Sergeant (who bolsters the adrenalin): Tim G and friends were tripping in a remote Irish valley (Tim was clutching a rotten old bucket which was his new best friend) when they were approached by a figure who turned out to be the local policeman, who explained he'd come up in plain clothes because he 'didn't like to upset them.' Still tripping, they invited him back for tea (as you did) and it was decided that Tim should entertain him with a harpsichord recital: 'And as I played, I could see the hairs on his chin growing,' says a still audibly shocked Goulding. 'Hack' was, in some quarters, slang for an acid trip. (West Cork Hack)

Sir Basil: Sir Basil Goulding, Tim G's dad. Sir Basil was a heroic, courageous, attractive Knight of the Realm, a great exponent of the foxtrot and a first-class kisser, loved by men and women alike, although for quite different reasons. God bless him and all who



The Mighty Cretins Showband - Tim Booth.



The loss of HMS Steam Frigate Avenger,
by C.P. Williams © National Maritime Museum, London



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THE IRISH TIMES

DUBLIN, TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1969

No. 35409

PRICE 6d. (incl. in England)

CITY EDITION



WRECK OF THE HMS AVENGER

Many comrades perished

The Avenger, a steam frigate, with an armament of 6 heavy guns and 280 men, sailed from Gibraltar on the 17th December, 1847. On Monday, the 20th, the steamer was running with square yards, at the rate of eight or nine knots an hour, steering about east by south, under double-reefed topsails and reefed foresail. At eight o'clock in the evening the usual watch was placed, with directions to keep a careful look-out. The night was dark and squally, with a high sea running, and occasionally loud peals of thunder were heard, accompanied with vivid flashes of lightning.

GUN BROKEN ADRIFT

The officers were on the point of retiring to their berths, when they were startled by a sudden jerk, which they at first supposed to be a gun broken adrift, but the next moment the ship gave a heavy lurch, as if filling, and her whole frame appeared shaken, and every beam loosened. In another minute the ship gave a heavy lurch to starboard, and the sea poured over the fore-castle. The captain then gave the order, 'Out boats - lower away the boats.' These were his last words, for he was immediately afterwards washed overboard and drowned.

Lieutenant Rooke, who never appears to have lost his presence of

mind, immediately went forward to assist in lowering the boats; he went amongst the men endeavouring to persuade them to lower the starboard cutter; Mr. Betts, the second master, at the same time attempted to lower the port one. The men seemed paralysed with the sudden panic and the apparent helplessness of their situation. They clustered together, exclaiming, 'Oh, my God, Sir, we are lost - we are lost!' Mr. Rooke, finding that all his arguments were of no avail, crossed the deck for the purpose of helping Mr. Betts in lowering the port cutter. They were joined by Dr. Strange, the surgeon, Mr. Ayling, master's-assistant, John Owen, a stoker, Larcom, the gunner, James Morley, a boy, and W. Hills, Captain's steward. At this moment, Lieutenant Marryat made his appearance, his manner calm and self-possessed; he was in the act of addressing himself to one of the party, when the ship gave a heavy lurch to starboard, and the gallant young officer lost his footing, and was washed overboard.

NEARLY PROVING FATAL

Whilst they were in the act of lowering the cutter, an accident occurred, which was nearly proving fatal. In lowering the boat, the foremost fall got jammed, and the after one going freely, the boat had her stern in the water, and her bows in the air; at this moment, Dr. Strange threw in his cloak, which fortunately got into the sleeve-hole of the after fall, and stopped it. By dint of great

exertion, the boat was got free from the tackles, and pulled clear of the ship.

EXHAUSTED

Lieutenant Rooke and his little party remained by the ship for about an hour and a half, the moon at intervals shining out brightly from behind the heavy clouds, and discovering the Island of Galita, apparently at about ten or twelve miles distant. The weather now became more tempestuous; all being almost exhausted with pulling against a strong current, and being gradually drawn away from the ship, Lieutenant Rooke considered it most advisable to run under the lee of Galita, and there, if possible, remain on their oars until there was daylight sufficient to land, and seek assistance for the ship.

ATTEMPTING A LANDING

At last the wished-for day broke, and the coast of Africa was discerned about eight or nine miles distant. Lieutenant Rooke determined upon attempting a landing, and accordingly steered towards a small spot of sand, apparently clear of the rocks, and slightly sheltered by a reef running out into the sea. Larcom, Lieutenant Rooke, Hills and the boy Morley succeeded in gaining the beach, but the rest of their unfortunate comrades perished.

Extracted from:
List Of Shipwrecks Of The Royal Navy

sail in him. (*The preceding was a paid announcement and in no way represents the views of the Management, its staff or any of its subsidiary companies.*) Tim says he was known for arriving at a Bank of Ireland meeting wearing roller skates, with two streaks of green and blue in his silver hair. This was pre-punk of course. (HMS Avenger)

Sub-manager: Tim B's nemesis in Roy Rogers, a song known by the band as '£68 in the red.'

Thomas Wentworth: a particularly despotic Brit who, in the 17th century, played a major part in driving the native Irish population from their lands in favour of Protestant English and Scottish settlers. Tim B's mum felt that history had been unfair to him, christening her son Timothy Thomas Wentworth Booth as an act of reparation. (Donnybrook Fair)

Compiled by Adrian Whittaker & Dr SS.
Thanks to Allan Frewin.



THE SONGS

HMS Avenger dates from very early Dr SS days. Tim B says Brian Trench brought in the original *Times* article on which the narrative is based. Though it was very much a collaborative live performance piece, it was originally slated for *Kip* and a version of the ship even appears in Tim's graphic on the back cover.

Mirror Mirror Another early song; a version of this was recorded on the first Joe Boyd *Kip* session in January 1969, though this take comes from a *Heavy Petting* session the following November. Ivan: 'I was trying to study a bit of amateur cosmology, reading ancient texts in Marsh's Library and looking at the world through Stephen Strange's eyes. Also, in retrospect, I detect nuances of my friend Andy Anderson (see *Dramatis Personae*, *Catman*) in some of the spoken lines.' The closing quote about the universe is from one of Ivan's library books, Charles Hutton's *Mathematical And Philosophical Dictionary* (1795). Jay Myrdal guests on glockenspiel.

Cock-a-doodle-doo was originally recorded for *Kip Of the Serenes*, though the version you hear first is a later one from 1970, with Neil Hopwood on drums. Ivan wrote the first verse in Dublin, and the second in his friend Renchi's place in Albion Square, Dalston in early 1969. The final section was added in 1970. Ivan: 'About leaving Dublin with the band to seek our fortune in the wide world. I was using the open tuning chord of E major. Worked on the song in Renchi and Judith's



basement at about the same time as we did 'West Indian Drinking-Chocolate Blues' and we also used to listen to a Turkish jukebox up in Balls Pond Road. Renchi made a short film of us playing in medieval garb in Battersea Park.' The *Kip* version is included as a bonus track.

Going To Poulaphouca was another song the band often played live (when the 'ba-ba-ba' acapella section would continue for some time) in 1969; it was originally recorded for *Heavy Petting* in November that year. Poulaphouca means 'pond of the pooka' & it's a place near Kildare, where Tim B grew up. He ran a music club there in the

70s, putting on one of the first gigs by the Boomtown Rats (who also played at his wedding).

Existence Now, says Tim G, deals with 'the human condition. We are all in this together, playing diverse roles and burdened with thought, angst and ego. Unaffected by these charades life moves on from Now to Now.' Linus escapes from her usual backing vocals role to make a cameo appearance at the end of the song, which was recorded at the same session as *Going to Poulaphouca* and *Mirror Mirror*.

Good Evening Mr Woods This was originally titled 'Speak Of Tsao Tsao,' a Chinese saying which means something like 'speak of the devil' or 'serendipity.' We think the name switch came after John Wood (Sound Techniques boss) suddenly appeared in the studio just as the band were talking about him. Ivan: 'The lyric "There you go" (Tat Tvam Asi, that art thou) was a phrase often used in those days. "Round and round we go" - reincarnation, anyone?' It was recorded during the *Heavy Petting* sessions in early 1970.



Joe Thoma

Sweet Red Rape This dates from the same session as Mr Woods. On the original 8-track tape, Tim G was playing percussion on two Japanese table-tennis bats, which seemed a good idea at the time (they were hollow and sounded vaguely like bongos). They've been edited out. The band tried a different arrangement (with Neil Hopwood on kit) during the final *Witchseason* sessions, but sadly got no further than a backing track. Tim B: 'Smoking materials were few and far between in Ireland at that time. One day Ivan came proudly back with a packet of birdseed, which he thought we could grind up and smoke, thereby saving lots of money. It was called "Sweet Red Rape" and it was awful - so the song took off from there. I think a Chandelabra is a surreal mixture of a chandelier and candelabra, possibly solar powered. Ritalin was the brand name of a

rather strong 1960s cough mixture which, if ingested in bulk, had interesting secondary side effects...'

Le Le Rockin Sound This song also dates from 1970 and makes various references to Lee, the Man with the Chalk (see *Dramatis Personae*). It's a new recording, though, for which Tim G has written an additional verse featuring Rock Hudson (who once paid a social call on his father, Sir Basil). Tim's dug up a critical commentary from the *Strangology Annals* which you can find on his website at

www.timgoulding.com/music/news

Horse Of A Different Hue This, *Lady Of The Glen* and the later version of *Cock-a-doodle-doo* come from a November 1970 session for a projected third album. With the addition of Neil Hopwood on drums and percussion, the band were starting to tighten up their playing. The percussion-heavy 'Latin' intro was written after sharing a bill (and a revolving stage) with Santana. Tim G: 'A cannibal describes human flesh as tasting like "long pig." As for the shorter swine, they probably have as much notion as to what this ditty is about as the author has. It was admired for its "so beautiful" lyrics by a youthful Joni Mitchell at the Paris Theatre in Leicester Square, where her boyfriend James Taylor was topping a double-bill with the bold Dr Strange in a live BBC concert hosted by the wonderful John Peel.'

Lady Of The Glen The 'Glen' is Glen Row, a row of 8 cottages in the Scottish Borders which became home to the Incredible String Band. Ivan had met the ISB's Robin Williamson when he came over to find his then girlfriend Likky, who'd run away to Dublin and ended up at the Orphanage. Ivan then spent a period in 1968/9 living in various Welsh farmhouses with Robin and other ISB members, (including Penwern and Kilmanoyadd). When the ISB moved en masse into Glen Row in October 1969, Ivan and his girlfriend Mary MacSweeney joined them. Ivan: 'This is a love song in a slightly Celtic rock mode, aimed at the person whose hand I later sought in marriage. Luckily my musical proficiency was not a prerequisite, (nor indeed my financial status, perhaps it was just my looks!). I'll stop now...'

The song's arrangement hints at the band's 1971 move into folk-rock, when Terry and Gay Woods briefly replaced Tim Goulding.

Halcyon Days A new song by Ivan, looking back on the Sixties: 'Self-explanatory. The simplest song I ever wrote.' The three new songs feature Joe Thoma, a Strangely since 1980, on mandolin and fiddle.

The Invisible Kid, also new, is one of Tim Booth's story-songs which shares a Western theme with *Kip's* Roy Rogers. The Kid character 'is a bit like someone from a William Burroughs novel,' says Tim. He's loosely based on Humphrey Weightman, an early Dr SS member who disappeared from the band's lives for years but, from time to time, would pop up out of the (deep deep) blue.

A.W.



The Blue Rinse Sessions, 2006

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO (4.15)

Ivan Pawle

Gonna leave this town behind
before my body leaves my mind
gonna rise up before the dawning
and leave it with the morning sun
(come come)

Sure I've met some gentle people
but I do see the cock crowing
from the steeple
and I'm bound to go
wheresoe'er the wind doth blow...
(go go go)

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Yonder stands the youngest son
look, his life has just begun
once I threw away a chance
can't you teach him how to grasp
can't you sing your song to me
can't you teach him what to be
can't you sing to me your song
wonder where I might go wrong
teach him what tomorrow brings

Bring my sorrow joy
Bring his spirit on home to Thee
Bring my spirit on home

Bring his spirit back on home

EXISTENCE NOW (3.50)

Tim Goulding

You sir in your happy dream
Lucky man to wander unafraid and unaware of
You girl, lucky too
Blind to every flash of nature's quaking change around you

When all pretence's playing cards are down
Your wounds are clear to see beneath your gown
Your hair no longer hides an anxious frown
Your smile can't always fool the cosmic town
Ambition can't disguise his hollow crown

For men will ignore or delay it by tricks and illusions
The river flows forever and this is what it says
Existence now... now

The river flows forever, it murmurs and it spits this song:
'We are all who were or will be, we are never right or wrong
You are only shy observers crying on the shores of change
Impermanent performers playing notes so strange.'

You sir in your happy dream
Caged in a city or sitting by a poisoned stream
You girl lucky too
We ply the selfsame waters
The boat rocks me, the boat rocks you



GOING TO POULAPHOUCA (2.52)

Tim Booth

Going to Poulaphouca,
Going to see my girl,
She's the one with the long black curl
And she certainly looks good to me
She certainly looks good to me

Riding on a moonspoon,
Thought I'd take a peek,
Hello earth, you look so very deep
And I certainly look up at you
And you certainly look down at me

Standing on the surface,
Standing looking up
Just to think if gravity should stop...
Well I'd certainly look high to you
And I'd certainly look high to you

Swimming in a river
With a seal friend
Something or other she forgot to defend
And she certainly looks bruised to me
She certainly looks spruce to me

Going back to Dublin
Me and Gosport Lil
Get a little food in Sammy's Bar and Grill
And it certainly feels good to me
It certainly feels good to me

GOOD EVENING MR. WOODS (4.15)

*(aka Speak of Tsao Tsao)
Ivan Pawle*

The path exists but not the traveller on it
Trapped in time we turn and stumble off it
The word exists but not the man to play it
Lost in space we lack the skill to play it
And there is a way

There you go!
Speak of Tsao Tsao and Tsao Tsao appears,
Breathing air
Round and round and round we go
And round we go

La La La

Now you see it, now you don't
Now you'll be it
Now you won't

MIRROR MIRROR (4.12)

Ivan Pawle

The equable tenor of time
constantly gliding by
luminaries revolving sigh
seeking neither sense nor rhyme
Migratory illusions fly
planet travellers time defy
turn the cartwheel in the sky
kissing Mother Earth goodbye

I had to make it back to my ship
my planet was drifting
stars eliding, images colliding
in the nebulous beyond
devoid of pabulum
the meter reads
Turn back
Turn back dear mortal
catch the scattered seeds
Back to the riverbeds
Back to the planet earth
Back to the elements
the place of birth
Back to the colour it green beams
silent street-scene screen dreams
Back to 1943 BC

Mirror mirror in the sky tell me is it He or I?
'How immense then does this
universe appear.
Indeed it must be either infinity,
or infinitely near it.'

SWEET RED RAPE (5.24)

Tim Booth

With a nod to the most direct and effective action
It's been decided to ignore a woman's blue tears
We know you, you blonde flamboyant female attraction
Believing in God you've been a coward now for years
Believing in God you've been a coward now for years

Those who sleep uneasily all day long
Those who prepare water for troubled fish
Take heart now and depart now from the throng
Or ignore the manifesto if you so wish
Ignore the manifesto if you so wish

A winter's day in old downtown Belmullet
Streetmen and the withered girls
Going to man the de-mob truck
And I just sit here, waiting for one final silver bullet
And I'll fall back into all those things
Goodbye, won't you wish me luck

O throw the old retainer to the wolves
Pass the bread and praise the chandelabra
Yesterday, at the Bureau of Inquiries
I found out my Ritalin name...

Who's going to feed my canary when I'm gone?
Who's going to feed my canary when I have passed on?
Can you tell me Mary
Who's going to feed my canary
Sweet Red Rape?
O was he not a thinker kindly spinster?
O good God sir, he was sir, yes he was, sir
Good God sir, yes he was
Sweet Red Rape
(Repeat until cured)

HORSE OF A DIFFERENT HUE (5.39)

Tim Goulding

If any man might indulge a pain - take a chance
And then just chuck it down the drain
That's when the water turns to wine
Long pig to shorter swine

Grab that pig don't delay - for the cool cool light
The cool cool light of day
Save that soul, feed that foal
When love prevails long pig tells no tales

Quite unexpectedly the grass turned green
Quite unlike anything I'd ever seen
And then I knew those storybooks ring true
Love's just a horse of a different hue

If any man might file a claim - lose his nerve
And then die of shame
That's when the water turns to wine...

Quite inadvertently we made Cape Clear
Quite undeniably we had no fear
And then I knew those storybooks ring true
Love's just a horse of a different hue

LADY OF THE GLEN (3.54)

Ivan Pawle

She's a lady that knows how to love
and she's been gazing through her
windowpanes
She's been watching the rain through her sun
and turning the days in her mind

She's got ways to be happy
but she's not looking for the key
She moves through the months like a meadow
and she flows through my life like a river

Seed planting lady, wading through this world
Sweet and shady lakeside lady
Let me light my beacon on your hill

HMS AVENGER (5.34)

Booth/Goulding/Pawle

See page 19 for some background to this.





Dublin's Mount Street Bridge, some time ago

HALCYON DAYS (4.06)

Ivan Pawle

Here in the autumn sun
Looking over what we've done
And it's mostly been great fun
In the long hot days of summer
Playing music in the sun
Sharing our dreams and yarns that we'd spun

*Halcyon days, deep deep blue
Halcyon days, deep deep blue*

Back in the Orphanage
Down by the Mount Street Bridge
Sure we never had a care
And in the long dark nights of winter
Playing music round the fire
Chasing our dreams and learning to share

THE INVISIBLE KID (3.01)

Tim Booth

The Invisible Kid came by today
Least I think he did
And I'd like to say he was looking well
But with a kid like that, it's really hard to tell...

He took off his hat and pulled up a chair
And I could clearly see
He was hardly there. A shadow boy
On the edge of the night, or a trick of the light...

He dusted his boots and hitched up his pants
And said: 'I've just come in from Paris, France.
They're eating snails there,
It's a heck of a thing - how you been?'

I said: 'I'm fine - how about you?' He said:
'What am I supposed to do?
They see right through me
Everywhere I go, don't you know?'

The Invisible Kid, you can see him too
And he wants to know what you're going to do
When the chips are down and the die is cast
And the future roams into the past

The Invisible Kid,
He's the last of his line
And I'd like to feel
He's doing fine, but that fatal flicker
On the edge of night, it just might...
Be the Kid coming around for a social call...

LE LE ROCKIN SOUND (2.33)

Tim Goulding

Early in the morning, in the garden
It's told
They rolled the stone
Can that condone the years of hate
Or compensate for famine and fear?
O those truant words, words on a city door
Well I'm now so sure

*It's just that same old rockin sound,
Runnin through my be be brain
Peter Pan wants Wendy
To do that thing, to do that thing again
To do that thing, to do that thing again*

Lee in his waistcoat on le crater's edge
He saw the winner take all
Like a loser's friends like a godsend
To Ringsend culture and crime
Oh those truant words, words on a city door
Well I'm now so sure

Rock in his Stetson, down on the Udson
See how he mangles his lines
Like a fat boy winning at see-saw
He stars but seldom shines
O that dog, he won't walk
Walk where the cat has been
Bathes in the kerosene, howls at Halloween

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO (3.24)

Ivan Pawle (Kip version)



A BIT ABOUT THIS PROJECT

It all started with a long-cherished idea of releasing Dr SS's BBC recordings. It turned out that the only tapes still in existence, recorded on my old reel-to-reel, were slightly distorted versions of two songs from the band's John Peel session (Mary Malone Of Moscow and Ashling) and 15 minutes of a 1970 *In Concert* in reasonable quality. Aware that this might not provide very good value for money, I thought we could supplement these with two muffled tapes of the band live at Les Cousins which had been recorded inside someone's duffle-bag. Hux's Brian O'Reilly sensibly pointed out the shortcomings of this compilation and suggested I approach the band to see if they had any other archive stuff. Tim Booth thought there might be two studio recordings on a tape which their old manager had; this lead proved to be entirely fruitless. After several months of emails to Island/Universal, and with some help from Joe Boyd, I was eventually given a 'tape list' of Dr SS recordings which included a lot of titles I didn't recognise and even more intriguingly, several reels marked 'unknown.'

Inside the Universal Music Tape Facility, there's an archive playback and mixing studio equipped with ancient 4 and 8-track reel-to-reel machines looking a bit like old-fashioned gas cookers (see photo). Ben Wiseman and I got to work on the pile of dusty old Witchseason Productions tapes I'd ordered in from storage. It was like being in a time machine - suddenly it was 1969 and we were eavesdropping on a Strangely Strange recording session, complete with muttered imprecations, dropped guitars, a lot of muffled giggling and authoritative-sounding instructions from Joe Boyd. And that's how we 'discovered' the songs on this CD.

Once the band had heard some rough mixes (with some trepidation I might add), they were up for the project and decided to make three new recordings in *Kip Of The Serenes* style which I feel complement the old material beautifully. Then Tim B turned in a wonderful *Kip*-style graphic - see if you can spot all the songs it refers to! Jay Myrdal gave us access to his great 1970 black-and-white shots of the band, and Iain Sinclair dug out his 1969 archive footage of the Strangelies in and around Renchi's flat in Dalston. And the *In Concert* tape this all started with? Ironically, in the end we couldn't use it owing to licensing restrictions.

As we were starting to complete the CD package, Joe Boyd emailed to say he'd just come across two colour transparencies from Annie Goulding's *Kip* photo session and would they be of use. Of use? Of course they would be. They're on the cover.

This seems the right place to acknowledge the support of Brian O'Reilly for this project, which has gone way, way over the usual Hux budget. It couldn't have happened without you, Brian - thanks!

Adrian Whittaker



Dr STRANGELY STRANGE:

TIM BOOTH: acoustic guitar, bass, mandolin and vocals
TIM GOULDING: pianos, electric piano, melodica, Hammond organ,
electric organ, one-string fiddle, whistle, recorder and vocals
IVAN PAWLE: acoustic guitar, electric guitar, whistle and vocals

With:

LINUS: vocals and percussion on tracks 2, 4, 5, 9, 13
JAY MYRDAL: glockenspiel on track 5
NEIL HOPWOOD: drums/percussion on tracks 1, 7, 8
JOE THOMA: fiddle and mandolin on tracks 10, 11, 12

ARCHIVE TRACKS RECORDING DETAILS

HMS AVENGER, COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO (*Kip* version) Recorded 1st April 1969.
John Wood engineer, Joe Boyd producer, 4-track, unmixed. © 1969 Universal Music
EXISTENCE NOW, GOING TO POULAPHOUCA, MIRROR MIRROR Recorded early November 1969.
Vic Gamm engineer, Joe Boyd producer, 8-track, unmixed. © 1969 Universal Music
SWEET RED RAPE, GOOD EVENING MR WOODS Recorded 31.1.70.
Vic Gamm engineer, Joe Boyd producer, 8-track, unmixed. © 1970 Universal Music
HORSE OF A DIFFERENT HUE, LADY OF THE GLEN, COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO
Recorded October 1970 (the last two on 29.10.70).
Roger Mayer engineer and producer, 8-track, unmixed. © 1970 Universal Music

All tracks recorded at Sound Techniques for Witchseason Productions. Licensed courtesy of Universal Music Ltd.

ARCHIVE CREDITS FOR THIS RELEASE

Engineer: Ben Wiseman of Audio Archiving. • **Production:** Ben Wiseman and Adrian Whittaker
HMS Avenger produced by Adrian Whittaker

NEW SONGS - THE BLUE RINSE SESSIONS:

HALCYON DAYS, THE INVISIBLE KID, LE LE ROCKIN SOUND
Recorded in December 2006 at Shotgun Studio, Allihies, West Cork.
Engineered, mixed and produced by: Chris Muijzer

Album mastering: Ben Wiseman

Design: Ryanart/Adrian Whittaker • **Halcyon Days illustration:** Tim Booth

Photographs: The front and back CD cover photos of Dr SS in the Dargle valley are from the *Kip* cover session, by Annie Goulding, as are the colour photos of Dr SS on Sandymount Strand circa 1968. The film stills are taken from a 1969 film diary by Iain Sinclair. The black and white photos of Dr SS on Hampstead Heath were taken in 1970 by Jay Myrdal.

Hux thanks: Tim, Ivan and Tim, Annie Goulding, Jay Myrdal, Joe Boyd, Joe Black at Island/Universal, Zoe Roberts at the Universal Tape Facility, all at Audio Archiving, Iain Sinclair, Renchi, Joe Rosen at Picture Press, Chris Muijzer, Tony Lowes, Mychael 'Letraset' Gerstenberger at Malbuch, Deena Omar, Simon Ryan, Riemer Sijens, Grahame Hood, Andy Roberts, Colin Harper & Amy Swanston.

Special thanks to Ben Wiseman for services to the project way beyond the call of duty.

Project co-ordination, tape and photo research, notes etc: Adrian Whittaker

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