**UGILEE GIRLS TRY HARDER**

**or**

**My Frankenstein**

**If this song annoyed, angered or upset you then I have been successful in my goal.**

**If you are annoyed, angry or upset at me then I would imagine you haven’t listened to the rest of my catalogue and have formed your opinion on the strength of this one song.**

**I would hope that if you did listen there would be a dichotomy: how could this apparently nice, caring guy hold such misogynistic values? He doesn’t.**

**I hope after reading this you will continue to be angered at the sentiments expressed in the song but not at me personally.**

**Many years ago when I was a lot younger I was under management. My manager would take me everywhere ‘to be seen’ by those and such as those. It was all part of good business. I was not alone in this ploy. I would be taken to Art exhibitions opening nights, premieres etc and meet my peers and counterparts from other sectors of the arty world trying ‘to be seen’ as well. There were young artists, actors, models and musicians. The same faces were in attendance, so we got to know one another. In general we got very bored and usually very drunk hanging around smiling at these soirees. All of us were hoping to be spotted and signed by someone of great importance. I’m still waiting.**

**One evening I was standing dutifully on my own having nodded and smiled to my friends around the room when I became aware of a small group of males nearby. One was in the starring role and the others his acolytes. The star was holding court loudly, entertaining his small coterie with stories of his successes in the world with basically everything.**

**Over by the old Victorian fireplace there was a group of young models looking their loveliest hoping like all the rest of us to be signed. Scurrying around were the goffers and P.A.s with clipboards and diaries looking harassed, exhausted and in need of a good rest. Par for the course.**

**Mr Superstar’s repartee moved to the hopefuls around the room, to the models over by the hearth and then to the goffers bustling about. What caught my attention at this point was his attitude towards them. His band of followers had zeroed in on the models and they’d started to describe what they would like to do. He, being wordly-wise, ‘knew better’ and began to advise them all otherwise. I listened, I could hardly do otherwise due to the volume, to him lay forth his dictum on models being vacuous creatures and a waste of effort and the goffers being the more receptive and appreciative sexually. These objects of this treatise were friends of mine and I was angered and annoyed at his demeaning of them. I wanted to expose him and felt I could spell it out in a song, which might sound odd but that’s what I do. What I couldn’t do was make a scene and tell him what I thought about him as my manager would’ve had a fit. I was there, like the others, to look good, friendly and approachable, not belligerent and aggressive. Ideas poured into my mind and I scribbled notes to myself for later. In particular I noted his comments down so that I could refer to them later if needed.**

**Later, back in my bedsit I kept trying to come up with the angle I needed but everything just seemed to be saying ‘you are a horrible nasty person and I don’t like you’ which was not going to get the message across to an audience how repulsive this guy was. Many scrunched up pieces of paper later I looked at my notes from earlier that night and it suddenly struck me that if I wanted people to be angry at this guy then I had to place them in my shoes at that function on that night. I wondered what would happen if I put myself into his shoes and write the song as if all his phrases were coming from me, all the phrases I’d scribbled down. As soon as I thought that the song flowed. Every line you hear and every feeling expressed came from his mouth. The only part I played was in rearranging and rhyming some lines. Apart from that input you are hearing exactly what the obnoxious, odious individual dinosaur said.**

**After I was finished I was proud of how I had found the right angle. Friends, who knew me well, also liked the song. They felt it was powerful. I kept it light and humorous sounding as this was his attitude towards it, jocular, which made it all the more annoying and upsetting. It never occurred to me that as time went by I would find myself the object of peoples hatred. I always saw myself as introducing the song with this story on stage so that the audience would understand the background to it and feel the same way as I did on that evening. Once on an album the explanation isn’t there and it looks like these are my ideas and attitudes being expressed. I can accept this, but hope that you can now see that I am not the hero of this story, just the recorder.**

**What do expect to happen now?**

**Two things really. Firstly some folk will not believe the story above and will continue to hate me in particular and there’s nothing I can do to assuage them. Secondly others will accept what I’ve written and hopefully see the song for being a strong attack on the arrogant individual and not hate me in particular.**

**Please listen to All Around Me, Total Strangers, Forever in Your Eyes, Promises…..all songs from the same mind.**

**There are others. Please listen to them to form a fuller and healthier impression of me. I’d appreciate that.**