

Vinyl Burns on the BBC 6Music

(Vinyl Burns Speaks)

Submitted at 5/18/2010 11:09:48 AM

Hello listeners,
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I received word this evening, that the BBC's Chris Hawkins (BBC6music) had retold the old legend regarding the origin of my band's name...

Here is the transcript of the mention on the show...

"...The New Zealand variety showman Vinyl Burns (real name George Gallagher) called his band "The Flavour Of Yesterday" apparently because during rehearsal weeks, the drummer Johnny Martin, used to leave the same pile of snacks next to his drum kit for days, sometimes weeks. It was the running joke with the band, that that was how he got that authentic retro feel, because he was eating "the flavour of yesterday"."

Johnny Martin Stepper Circa 1976 Brazil Tour

That's how it went to air... and it's largely accurate. I do want to amend a few things though.

It was the legendary Brazilian tour of 1976. We were sitting at #64 on the Brazilian charts, with "Touch Me In The Velvet", and while we didn't speak the language... we could tell, people were talking.

In these heady times, it wasn't uncommon to have our backstage sanctuary invaded by admirers and party goers. We each had our own way of dealing with the lack of privacy... Johnny just used to pretend he was a soldier in Korea, and that nobody could see him, because we were in Brazil.

That's my kind of genius.

Myself, I didn't like to say no to the fans.

Eventually I worked out that I should employ people to say no for me, but back then I was a bit too much of a yes man... and I said yes a lot, we all did. In fact, once the tour was over, we sat down, with some accountants,

and worked out that, between us, we'd said yes to about 12% of Brazil. Not bad for a band of gringos.

My real name IS Vinyl... George Gallagher was my travel double. His job was to run out of the venue or the hotel, looking a lot like me, and distract the bulk of the fans and autograph hunters, so I was free to pose for the paparazzi without interruption.

George is still with us, but I've lowered my profile (for environmental reasons), so now he's just on call should I need ever him.

Indeed, those were good times... We began the band as "Vinyl Burns and A Group Of Gentlemen He Met By The Pool", but this band name lead to confusion amongst our fans, and lead to a lot of budding musicians hanging around bothering me when I was swimming.

So, we spent the best part of the 1976 tour changing the band name every second or third show. We knew that we had to take the time it took to find the right organic name for our venture, but the constant re-branding made for small houses, and a marketing nightmare. At one point, management were repressing the album several times a week, just to reprint the artwork. You can still find collectible copies that album under the names listed below. We even re-recorded the track "I'm Vinyl and my band is called Knuckle Dusters", the revised lyrics being "I'm Vinyl and my band is pretty swell".

Ironically, the flip-side of releasing the same album 17 times under different band names, came on September 14th, 1976, when the single "Touch Me In The Velvet", peaked at #45, #25, # 17, #16 and #4 on the Brazilian charts.

Here are the names we appeared under during the great Brazilian tour of 1976.

Brazilian hair Do - 1976
 Vinyl Burns and the Servants Of



Daytona

- Vinyl Burns and the Dutch Caress
- Vinyl and the Dutch Water Caress
- Speed Burns and the Vinyl Discs
- Vinyl Burns and the Licorice Whips
- Vinyl Burns and the Killer BeeGees
- Vinyl Burns and the Aura of Young Guilt
- Vinyl Burns and the Rainbow Justice Band
- Vinyl Burns and the Hot Knuckle Dusters
- Vinyl Burns and the Complicated Situation
- Vinyl Jones and Goats of Jerome
- The Electric Swan and a Squandered Charity Fund
- Vinyl Burns and the Trouble With Smoking
- The Apocalypse of Time featuring Vinyl Burns
- Vinyl Burns and the Untapped Potential
- Vinyl Burns and the Untouchable Distance To Bedtime
- Vinyl Burns and his Squadron of African Money Men
- Johnny Calming Down One Of The Groupies
- Vinyl Burns and the Ugly Scars
- Vinyl Burns and a Picnic with Ladies
- Vinyl Burns and the Extortion

- Attempts
- Vinyl Burns Like A Monkey Fink
- Vinyl Burns and the Legends of Monkey Canyon
- Vinyl Burns and the Dirt That's Too Close
- Vinyl Burns and the Greedy Jesus Orchestra
- Vinyl Burns and a Christmas Surprise
- Vinyl Burns and the Boxing Day Fistfights
- Vinyl Burns and the Lifetime Banned
- Vinyl Burns and the Easy Jews
- Vinyl Burns and the Old Snacks
- Vinyl Burns and the Old Snakes
- Vinyl Burns and the Johnny Snackers
- Vinyl Burns and Yesterdays Gravy
- Vinyl Burns and the Disgusting Drummers
- The Johnny Martin Band featuring Vinyl Burns
- Vinyl Burns - Solo
- Vinyl Burns and Maybe It's A Shabby Plan
- Vinyl Burns and the Late Departure Seven
- Vinyl Burns and the Late Departure Six
- Vinyl Burns and the Accidental Mardi Gras
- Vinyl Burns and the Innocent Children and finally...
- Vinyl Burns and the Flavour of Yesterday.
- It was a long and ugly Brazilian winter, but by the end of that 5 week tour, we knew each other inside out, and it was more than enough to hold us together for another 23 years.
- These days, we're just happy to get together for the odd charity or reunion show.
- Glad to rock, in one another's company, just one more time.
- To The Flavour...
- I Salute You.
- VB
- www.vinylburns.com
- Johnny Hyperventilating

Venezuela faces likely World Cup ban!

(Vinyl Burns Speaks)

Submitted at 7/21/2010 4:13:41 AM

Here's the latest on the World Cup controversy.

I'm no big fan of fascist restrictions, especially in art and sport, but after hearing stories of the outrage stirred recently by a troublesome minority, I feel I must side with the popular push, to ban Venezuela from future World Cup competition.

I didn't manage to watch many of the matches myself, but speaking to fans of both the sport, and of me, and hearing their sobering stories, I feel I

lived the experience second-first hand and can form a good solid vicarious opinion.

Here's what some people had to say regarding Venezuela at the 2010 World Cup.

"One or two of them is fine, but there were hundreds of them, out of control... I hate them!"

"I was trying to watch the game and enjoy the spectacle, but the seats behind me were filled with them... one of them kept hitting me in the back of the head."

"There were a bunch of drunk girls who were taking turns blowing one...



it made everyone else feel very uncomfortable. I mean, right in front of the kids... kids shouldn't have to hear that sort of thing."

Now, I'm a big fan of the South American "jour de vive", but these

people seem to flout the unwritten rules of public decency.

I'm Vinyl Burns, and I'm no racist, but they seem really, really annoying.

My only hope is that this mass insensitivity is confined to just the one cultural corner of the globe, and that the unruly madness of 2010 does not spread.

I'm sorry Venezuela - RED CARD! Get out.

VB

The Life Train

(Vinyl Burns Speaks)

Submitted at 5/22/2010 8:09:58 AM

Where are you going in life?

I see so many people trundling around with their lives, following the caboose in front of them, passing destination after destination, oblivious to anything that lies beyond those vocational stations that whistle past in the night.

For some of us, our calling was obvious from the beginning, but literally millions of people on this planet are seemingly unable to make a vaguely interesting or even life enhancing detour, for fear of derailing their personal cosmos.

It's sad.

Vinyl Burns - Your Life Driver

When you start your journey through life, you must have some idea where you wish to end up, and develop a plan to get there. If you're wanting to get to New York, you jump on the East Coast train... reversely, it's no good taking the London Underground if you want to get to Brisbane.

I'm always amazed that so many kids show up in the world with their duffel bags jammed full of business school and hutzpah, ready to embark upon a daring adventure on the highways and byways of the world, only to end up with a lifetime pass on the suburban loop, doomed to circle around and around a city they don't even want to arrive in.

This is a tragic wasted lifestyle mistake, and I won't stand by watching a generation ride the dangerously rusted tracks of endless spiraling despair. So, pay attention to these simple metaphorical illustrations, and I will show you, yes YOU the solution.

First, "Buy a ticket". Invest in your future, put some actual money in the game, undertake a written agreement to arrive at your chosen destination. When you "buy a ticket" to your new life, you're taking control and letting the world know that you have a plan, a goal, a journey ahead of you... Just make sure it's a train ticket... buses are for dirty poor people, plus it doesn't really sit well with all the



analogies I've written if you take the bus.

"Buy some snacks". Some snacks, a blanket and a magazine. There's a lot of track ahead of you in life, so be prepared for the journey, with information, sustenance, and warm clothes. Sure, there's usually a restaurant car near the front, but it's over priced and full of smoke.

"Get a good seat". Do you want to live your life with a half view, squabbling with your neighbour for the arm rest, and playing angry footsie with the clumsy kid with a hair-lip opposite you?

No Sir! So get yourself a good seat in life, and scatter your junk all around, make some grunting noises so you can scare off any prospective neighbours, before they cramp your lifestyle and ask for some of your chips. If misery loves company, then you'll love being alone!

"Face forward". I know that sitting backwards is statistically a lot safer, and it's going to save your life if you end up on the section of track controlled by the manic depressive autistic train controller who's been out all night drowning the guilty shame of this recently handicapped girlfriend, all of which caused him to lose focus and route two high speed commuter trains onto the same line resulting in a 380km/h explosion of

British steel and bones.

Don't Wreck Your Life

But hey, what are the odds of you taking THAT train? So, face forward and enjoy the view as your beautiful gleaming future comes speeding toward you. Now, when your long awaited destination comes rising over that horizon like a spectacular Jupiter moonrise, you'll be in total control.

Even as it dawns on you that there's no scheduled stop, you're facing forward, embracing whatever comes, so you'll know exactly when to jump. "When you're close, be ready". As you approach your destination, be prepared to disembark quickly and cleanly. Always have a hand free in life. Maybe you'll take that advice literally, and find it handy for passing out business cards or opening the door for ladies... Maybe you'll take the advice figuratively, and ensure that you're never so over committed that you can't take on a new venture or take a moment to dwell on a proposition when it's offered.

Trust me, you'll want a clean table when dinner is served and without a free hand, how are you going to check for dust? So, be cool, be together, but don't be a dick.

"Don't be a dick*". As you approach your destination, you'll see one or two "dicks*" racing to the end of the carriage, chomping at the bit to be the

first out into their new life. In real life, these are the guys who will make the mistakes you're going to learn from, and it's much more fun to learn someone else's lesson. So while they're up the front, getting off at the wrong station, or accidentally going into the toilets, thinking it's the exit... write a little note-to-self: Don't be a dick*.

*Departure Indicates Chaos Knocking

"Grab your bags". Arriving in an exotic new locale, it will be tempting to tear off the metaphorical clothes of your previous existence and sprint recklessly out to roll around in the diamond encrusted streets of your new wonderland, with the sun warming your back and your reassuring weight of your entrepreneurial portfolio in your free hand. Be careful to avoid actually doing this.

Instead, collect your luggage, and gently build the inventoried contents into your new world, paint the streets of this waiting frontier canvas with the pastel shades you pictured back when you set out on this journey.

All Aboard Your Destiny "Ignore the schedule". You don't want to be one of the happy holiday crowd, following the tour guide of life around the the mini golf course of career stagnation to the 19th hole of broken, lonely death. So forget the schedule... and pull the emergency stop in the middle of bum-fridge central! Nobody's been there... but it's where genius is built. Watch those wagons roll away into the distance, leaving you with your bag of hopeful dreams, a collection of other people's lessons, an appreciation for your own company, and a cool calm read on a brave new world.

I haven't spelled out all the answers, and I've likely presented you with more questions... but questions make you ask, and asking makes you wise. Wisdom makes you old, and age make you rich.

So, all aboard the Life Train™

Wooooo Woooooooooooo
VB

Reality Stunt Show

(Vinyl Burns Speaks)

Submitted at 5/22/2010 11:44:25 AM

Slide over Graeme, your show is on!!!

It's good to be here swapping electrons with you again.

It's been a frantic week on the ranch, tagging the 2nd season of pigs and this winter's trout crop, but trying not to disturb the olive grove or the llamas who share the same quadrant of the property. It took a little time, but once you get all the pigs into the water, you can just get all "4th of July" on 'em with the tagging gun, and by the time you're done, you've hit most of the trout as well. That's multitasking!

The only real issue is that the lake is right next to the olive grove, and sometimes the screaming of the pigs can freak out the llamas, and when they're nervous, the chomp down on the olives. That's expensive. This time around though, it was a crazy

Northerly gale, which blew all that porky wailing right back up into the bush... We got lucky there.

Even with the busy week here in rural land, I'm still pretty much on target for my celebrity tour of Canada and Europe next month. This last week of preparations will have to be a bit of a half-pie effort though, as I'm the happy host of a surprise guest.

My good buddy Vesuvio Venezuela is down here from Italy.

We met in Spain back in 1982 when we were both taking time out from what had been an out of control few months for both of us. Our shared experiences of early 80s excess helped us to form an instant bond, and although neither of us spoke a language common to Spain, or to each other, our mime skills were developed enough to silently say what each of our quiet minds was want to say quite loudly.

This week, Vesuvio was in my country rehearsing a new stunt for

Phil Coogahn's new reality NATO show. I can't discuss the details of the shoot too much, because it's going to be pretty giant once it goes to air. Also, Vesuvio was saying that a farmer got killed, and they can't find his family, (or maybe they can't find part of him, to give to his family... Vesuvio's mime isn't what it used to be), so in any case it's good form to keep it quiet until they know what's what. Or, indeed, where's what.

What I can say is that the stunt draws on VV's natural Italian charm and panache, to soothe the viewers through what can often evolve into an electric firestorm of a water adventure. The stunt involves a series of competitors or "delegates" to accelerate a motorcycle up to 85km/h and jump into an Olympic size swimming pool filled with foam rubber bricks, and a few pumpkins. The pool is intermittently connected to a 12V power supply too, for added

spice. In addition, the bike is wired with tiny fireworks, so there's no chickening out at the last second. The show is loosely modeled on the Iraqi show "Arm of Allah™".

So, I can't say too much more about the show, except that Vesuvio's job was to teach the "delegates" to ride a LOT faster than 85km/h. For now, I just wanted to introduce you to the man himself... so here's a short video segment I grabbed off his internet dating profile.

Ladies I give you Vesuvio Venezuela.

Please feel free, if you enjoyed that, get your Vinyl Burns Speaks blog delivered instantly in your email inbox...

Just [CLICK HERE](#) (or top of this page, if you're already at www.vinylburns.com)

Peace and Danger

Vinyl Burns & Vesuvio Venezuela

Chinese Haircut

(Vinyl Burns Speaks)

Submitted at 5/23/2010 2:15:13 AM

Andre Montreal
Last year, my high end corporate illusionist buddy Andre Montreal was performing at a festival in China with a few dozen other performers, all staying in the same hotel.

Andre and several of the performers had exchanged a series of gentle practical jokes over the years.

Fellow performer, Hoops Baccarat, fresh from having her hair cut, bribed the hotel staff, and gained access to Andre's hotel room where she sprinkled her freshly cut hair around his bathroom floor. Hoops knew that this would create a whirlwind of confusion, suspicion and xenophobic rage in the mind of her friend Mr Montreal. Then she could watch him spin out of control, savouring the prank, but without actually hurting him directly. This was typically the kind of passive aggressive disconcertingly victimless, attack that she was known for.

Edmonton Bed

Her reputation as the queen prankstress was born from a season in Edmonton, Alberta, some years back, during which she managed to hide 14 kilos of magazines, 2 coffee cups, 2 kg of (initially) frozen peas, a wireless microphone and a copy of the Edmonton yellowpages under "Princess" Andre's mattress. Not all at once of course, but gradually adding a few items every day of the 16 day festival. As she says when she recounts the story... "Paying the hotel staff \$150 each for a key card... priceless".

On Andre's return to his Chinese room, he soon noticed the hair, and also the air conditioning vent directly above. He incorrectly assumed that the hair had originated in some other room, and been blasted through the bowels of the hotel, and jettisoned out



all over his bathroom.

Andre has a pretty vivid imagination, so it wasn't long before he was reconstructing the events in his mind... imagining some strange Chinese man in a mystery hotel room, ritualistically shaving his entire body with a titanium lady shave, chanting 80s pop lyrics and murmuring strange incantations is a mist of swirling green incense smoke.

With the sound of a backfiring taxi outside, the Asian shaman would snap awake and back to the reality of his tropically sweet stinking room. Suddenly aware of the unacceptable nature of his habitual weakness and his burning desire to retain the skin tone of his youth, he felt the self disgust of a man waking on a flight to discover he's been drooling on his

neighbour's shoulder.

Hairless Monk Man

Embarrassed at the hairy evidence, he would sweep it from the filthy tar stained marble of the kitchen floor, and furiously poke every strand through the grill of the kitchen extractor fan, before activating it. He would breath a sigh of relief at wishing a Mandarin "Bon Voyage" to the incriminating evidence of his smooth skinned weakness.

Andre then imagined these liberated hairs, they themselves victims of dark and ugly misogynistic acts, drifting nervously on a sublime wafting breeze, through the purgatorial DMZ of the hotel ventilation system. Communing with all the dust, bugs, dandruff and dirt. Reminiscent flakes of another era. 30

years of grubby history, all documented on the gasping walls, and carried in the rushing torrid airways of Beijing's Holiday Jewel Hotel.

Finally, Andre imagined the hair's arrival in his very own bathroom... it's expulsion from the ventilation network accompanied by a suspenseful rush of distant smokey wind, phased and broken, like the sound of Korean fighter jets, streamed over a dialup internet connection.

After Andre Montreal's initial outrage had subsided, the gag became a more gentle and rolling comic experience, Hoops Baccarat sat watching Andre skulk around the hotel, hearing him whisper under his breath about management's completely outrageous refusal to acknowledge any responsibility. Even when they dismantled the entire ventilation shaft to prove that the system hadn't worked since the early 1990s, and physically could not have been the source of the mystery hairs, Andre's was not calmed.

I believe that the decline in Andre's quality of service was consistently and inversely proportional to his disagreeable temperament...

However, when one is so deeply immersed in a situation, the real objectives often become clouded in the sweet swirling green fog of battle... and perhaps then, victory is in the eye of the beholder? Certainly, in Andre's eyes, he departed triumphant.

Here's a photo of Andre's final shot in the standoff... paying for his Chinese hotel movie bill in Japanese Coins.

Andre's Chinese Battle

Now THAT's revenge.

Vinyl.

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2010 Three Strike Tour

(Vinyl Burns Speaks)

Submitted at 7/23/2010 2:19:31 AM

Hello dogs and bangers.

I'm just rolling back into the zone, from a zippy little tour around the world, essentially a chance to touch ground with my best minga's in the continent and northern USA.

First though, let me encourage you to tell your friends about the [Vinyl Burns blog](#)... Domination is all about dominating, and without you all helping out, I can't dominate as completely and as believably as we'd all like. To incentivise you all in this task, I am offering 40 puppies to the first 40 new subscribers. So, if you'd like your friend to get a puppy, get them all signed up!

I began my tour by stopping off for an earthy, rustic and 'real' one on one with fans in Dundas, Ontario... [The Dundas Buskers Festival](#), where the coffee was hot, and the schedule was blistering. My associates and I enjoyed the finest coffee in Canada at "Detour" roastery... with some



healthy ex-pat New Zealand links... Where else are you going to learn [that trade](#)?

I then popped around the corner to the world renowned [Waterloo Arts Festival](#), where I launched the Vinyl Burns Experience - The concert that will change the world (one way or the other™). Big francophone ups to [A-Bomb Rosso](#), my road technician for the festival... he kept the stadium cool and the sounds damp, not to

mention wiring me up and padding down the dental regions as needed. Stay tuned for his own album "Je cherche pour ma femme" - out in the fall.

From there, I popped across the 'Lantic to do a little benefit gig for Louis Vuitton, Gucci, Chanel, Calvin Klein and Christian Dior. The whole shindig happened in a beautiful little [fake 1850s San Francisco village](#) nestled deep in the Belgian foothills (that's all they have) of Maasmechelen, Belgium.

Now I'm home, soaking up winter on the horse farm, and bustling up some new moves for the Fall.

If you want to see more of the pictures from the tour, don't forget to visit, like, friend and poke me on facebook <http://www.facebook.com/vinylburnsband> and of course, check out the blog and video archive at <http://www.vinylburns.com> - it's all there for you, mister-missus.

Sincerely, Vinyl Burns, Forever - www.vinylburns.com
Dr Vinyl Burns

A little help

(Vinyl Burns Speaks)

Submitted at 5/16/2010 11:12:45 PM

Hello Planet Earth,

I'll be brief. I don't like to draw undue attention to myself (as evidenced at www.vinylburns.com) - but I feel I owe it to the people in my closest circles, to front up and allow the truth to take centre stage.

I'll say no more, other than to direct you to this URL on webtranets... <http://bit.ly/bzo61P>

And, of course, you'll find a universe of wholesome goodness at www.vinylburns.com

Love @ You All

VB

vinylburns: I have a mosh pit.... (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

(Twitter / vinylburns)

vinylburns: I have a mosh pit.... [crls](http://ustre.am/crls)
(Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

Focus On The Gulf

(Vinyl Burns Speaks)

Submitted at 5/21/2010 10:15:17 AM

A little known chapter of my career, is that during the early 1990s I took some time out from show business, to dip my elbows into the glitzy world of war journalism.

Just prior to this, I'd been working hard, doing the so-called 'bronze circuit' around Denver, Salt Lake City, Bullhead, St George etc... Now these weren't the A grade gigs I was used to, not by a long lonely walk around the picnic bench. However, the reality of the situation was that I had pushed the "screw you" boat out into the turbulent waters of lake "I'm serious, don't do that", and discovered that when Rod Stewart's nephew goes blind from swimming in the pool filled with Vinyl Burns' tequila... well, it's time pay back a few favors.

So I sucked it up and worked that "bronze circuit" for a good 16 months, playing small 500 - 1500 seater rooms, until my claustrophobia and I just couldn't take it any more.

Desperate for any escape, and knowing that things were heating up in the Gulf, I forged some enlistment documents, and used them to slide out of my remaining 'bronze contract' with little inquisition. However, being a man of God, I felt a little guilty lying about about my military role in the brewing conflict, a fabrication designed simply to skip out on a contract, so decided to head over to Saddam's neighborhood anyhow. Not to fight, but to write.

Vinyl Burns - Embedded for action
Now, trying to slide seamlessly into the intensely tight war-pants of live-action journalism without any actual journalistic qualifications (or, to be honest, intent), is normally something of a barrier. But, after I reeled in some old contacts from my stint with the CIA, I almost immediately found a position embedded with the Delta Force team in the Gulf. Within 5 weeks, I was ducking for cover, copping flack and trying to avoid the flares and chaffing that goes hand



over fist with wearing these sandy old war-pants in highly charged desert combat.

So there I was, Vinyl Burns - Embedded War Correspondent. And it was scary.

Now I've seen my share of good and bad. Those rough early years working "Squid Hour" in Atlantic City, that was pretty scary. Appearing as guest flautist at the San Cristobal "Folk and Coca" festival, where I escaped lucky to ever play that flute again. Even delivering the ill-conceived "8 Nuns" joke at the "Wives of Solomon" fundraiser in Tokaroa... All these veritable "prom queens" of potential gig success sounded great at the outset, but somewhere along that analoguous path, the "football captain" of real life cut in, and coaxed your fragile dreams home with him, to put his "dick in her ass."

My point is, as the old War Correspondent expression goes... "Even when you're surrounded with gorgeous locals, you can always wake up embedded in an ugly situation."

In the Gulf, there were bad days indeed, days when I sensed trouble and took it upon myself to grab a weapon and pitch in with the guys.

One such time, during the Battle Of Norfolk, I was so hyped up and in the zone that I fired over 8500 rounds defending our position, shooting out the tires of an advancing tank...

Apparently, American tanks don't have tires, and the American Corporal who was driving this particular tank, was keen to impress upon me that, while the M1 Abrams tank "Don't have no Goddam' wheels..." and that it does, in fact, have "a bunch of goddam' Americans" in it.

Protecting Freedom Of The Press
I subsequently suggested we paint our tanks a bright color like lime, to avoid similar confusion in the future, and also as a statement about how war is never black and white.

The CO took my gun, slung an SLR camera around my neck, and told me to take as many photos of the tank tires as I liked... We all had a good laugh at that, and then a mortar landed in the compound, killing everyone. I would have been smoked myself, if that camera hadn't taken the hit, and let me off the hook with an SLR shaped bruise on my left breast. That, my followers, is the poetic and transient power of the press. Peace and American honor to you. VB - American Press

vinylburns: I will play Paul Holmes until someone brings me some gloves... here at the Garden Club. (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/16/2010 3:08:31 AM

vinylburns: I will play Paul Holmes until someone brings me some gloves... here at the Garden Club. (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

vinylburns: Dudes are taking their tops off here... I must play more ballads. (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/16/2010 2:59:13 AM

vinylburns: Dudes are taking their

Spiders

(Vinyl Burns Speaks)

Submitted at 6/20/2010 11:09:41 PM

Some important advice for you. If you want to touch a lady's boobs, yell "spider!!!". Then touch her boobs. I have not done this, but have seen it work like a charm.

So, keep it safe out there, and don't stab anyone who doesn't deserve it.

Vinyl Burns - Forever.

vinylburns: It's GANGSTA hour here at the Vinyl Lounge. - Can someone bring me a blanket. (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/16/2010 2:55:57 AM

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vinylburns: Hey wow... they just gave away an 1125ml of Vodka... You should come down. #TheVinylLounge (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/16/2010 2:19:07 AM

vinylburns: Hey wow... they just gave away an 1125ml of Vodka... You should come down. #TheVinylLounge (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

vinylburns: Mump Cramp hour... Actually, it's kind of turned into a standup comedy show, with 80s songs. (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/16/2010 5:17:27 AM

vinylburns: Mump Cramp hour... Actually, it's kind of turned into a standup comedy show, with 80s songs. (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

Caught up inside your problems?

(Vinyl Burns Speaks)

Submitted at 10/23/2010 5:47:02 AM

Hello troubled world, It's been a heck of a week out here in the Pacific islands. A little whirlwind of doubt, blame and nerves...

I don't propose a solution to these dark twisty issues, but I offer a kind

of visual metaphor. When you're surrounded by a swirling mess of pulpy trouble, just jump right on in, and eat your way out.

So folks, with all the fruity love in my pithy heart, I suggest to you... Just eat it!

Vinyl Burns.

vinylburns: Hopes that Wikileaks spells his name right this week... (It's just embarrassing having governments asking for Vernon all the time)

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/28/2010 4:54:11 AM

vinylburns: Hopes that Wikileaks

spells his name right this week... (It's just embarrassing having governments asking for Vernon all the time)

tops off here... I must play more ballads. (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

vinylburns: Vinyl Lounge - perfect place for a quiet drink and a loud laugh... Tonight 7pm - 11pm Garden Club - Dixon St, Wgtn

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/22/2010 11:55:01 PM
vinylburns: Vinyl Lounge - perfect place for a quiet drink and a loud laugh... Tonight 7pm - 11pm Garden Club - Dixon St, Wgtn

vinylburns: In an effort to save the fragile entertainment environment, I am now accepting "un-bookings" for summer gigs. #tedtalks

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/18/2010 4:32:17 AM
vinylburns: In an effort to save the fragile entertainment environment, I am now accepting "un-bookings" for summer gigs. #tedtalks

vinylburns: To celebrate NASA's discovery of Arsenic based life forms, Vinyl Burns re releases "Aliens Will Save Us" - <http://bit.ly/f4TSMx>

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 12/2/2010 8:57:17 PM
vinylburns: To celebrate NASA's discovery of Arsenic based life forms, Vinyl Burns re releases "Aliens Will Save Us" - <http://bit.ly/f4TSMx>

vinylburns: "Would you feel weird if a gay man came up and pinched your ass...? - no? You're hired."

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 12/1/2010 6:12:41 PM
vinylburns: "Would you feel weird if a gay man came up and pinched your ass...? - no? You're hired."

vinylburns: Mashing up the NY Ghost with Cat People.... Put that in your pipe and smoke it at the Terrace Bar!

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/23/2010 3:18:35 AM
vinylburns: Mashing up the NY Ghost with Cat People.... Put that in your pipe and smoke it at the Terrace Bar!

vinylburns: Vinyl Burns will be live on Kiwi FM at 9.30pm - Simulcasting from the Vinyl Lounge at Wellington's Garden Club

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/23/2010 1:44:20 AM
vinylburns: Vinyl Burns will be live on Kiwi FM at 9.30pm - Simulcasting from the Vinyl Lounge at Wellington's Garden Club

vinylburns: Last song of the night.... Silent Night, byt the Sweedish Elvis. (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/16/2010 5:29:13 AM
vinylburns: Last song of the night.... Silent Night, byt the Sweedish Elvis. (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

vinylburns: Gigging with no wifi... This is an outrage!!!!

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/23/2010 12:55:59 AM
vinylburns: Gigging with no wifi... This is an outrage!!!!

vinylburns: If you're looking for good music... we'll see you later. (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/16/2010 5:04:38 AM
vinylburns: If you're looking for good music... we'll see you later. (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

vinylburns: I am giving a shout out to my Amish Alpha Geeks... Tweet me back, my twudderites!

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/28/2010 10:09:52 PM
vinylburns: I am giving a shout out to my Amish Alpha Geeks... Tweet me back, my twudderites!

vinylburns: Fingers are thawing out now (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/16/2010 3:53:13 AM
vinylburns: Fingers are thawing out now (Broadcasting live at <http://ustre.am/crls>)

vinylburns: I draw added attention to my exclamations like this &&&!!!

(Twitter / vinylburns)

Submitted at 11/29/2010 9:16:51 AM
vinylburns: I draw added attention to my exclamations like this >>>!!!