

A WRITTEN BIT ABOUT KEVIN NOTES BY BC\*

\* Brendan Croker (Via E-Mail, March 2020)

i suggested to mr.coyne (or mr.co-heen as i later learned to call him...but i digress) that we make a c.d. together using the postal service (a service once owned by all of us) and that's what we did.

service once owned by all of us) and that s while the desired of the sending 'cassettes' or d.a.t. tapes along with drawings and jokes and small acorns that would grow into the songs we ended up with.

small acorns that would grow into the songs we cheed by when it became obvious that we had all the elements we needed to finalise what became "life is almost wonderfull", we press-ganged good chums in numberg (for mr.coyne) and leeds (for mr.croker) to overcome any technical problems we might face joining the bits we'd made in our own home towns (not always in an 'easy to sync.' form!). ...that they did and they did it very well indeed; off it went to be pressed and printed,

and they did it very well indeed, off it is and dare i say, love.

returning as the c.d. we all know, and dare i say, love.

it is an attempt explain bits of our past; the feeling of being
'unwanted on the voyage', at the direction society seemed to be taking (not
the free world promised when w.w.2. would be over).

the free world promised when w.w.2. would be the failed catholics the both of us and of irish extraction to boot, we had much to talk about as we drove from gig to gig; no subject too obscure, no idea dismissed out of hand, no wonder we had a grand time on the road for the while (playing games, telling enormous lies, making up stories all day, all the way).

i could go on and on and on 'till hell freezes o'er and we'd be no nearer the pot of gold at rainbow's end; of mr.coyne, we have his music and his pictures and his thoughts to look to.

...coo-ee!...hello!...mr.co-heen!

oh...lucky old us, eh!





## KEVIN COYNE AND BRENDAN CROKER

## LIFE IS ALMOST WONDERFUL

Karl Bruckmaier | Critic, Author, Radio Play Director (March 2020)

Johnny Cash had Rick Rubin. And Kevin Coyne had Brendan Croker. And that is no little thing, to find and hold on to a soul mate. Someone to watch over you, criticise you, put you on a track that had seemed lost forever. During the last years of his life Kevin Coyne released an astonishing amount of records; most of them were actually pretty good. They felt like Kevin, sounded like Kevin, were recorded in a Kevin way - like you rob a bank. Go in. Put a bullet into the ceiling. Get out. Take the little money you can make with this kind of crime and run. No police officer ever bothered to stop the man. But there are also limitations to that

method. The music suffers a bit. Nobody tells you that you are sounding sloppy now and then. The singer might forget what he wanted to sing about when he started the song. But finishes it anyway. That kind of thing.

Just as Jack Frost is not really Bob Dylan's best producer, so Kevin wasn't the best producer for Coyne. This is not to say that Brendan Croker was the producer of "Life is Almost Wonderful" (2002). He was more of a partner in crime. But a partner in crime who knew about the pros and cons of his buddies methods. When the two guys exchanged material Croker obviously was not content with

every spontaneous combustion Kevin pretended was a song. And maybe Kevin had to try and live up to the bare music Brendan Croker laid out for him; after all there was a new found friend, a soul mate whom he did not want to disappoint.

The pair had done some travelling and playing together; hundreds of stories were told. The past suddenly felt filled with life again. Martha and Arthur danced the cold away in Northern England, a school bully makes a short appearance – and some revenge is taken. Finally Kevin gets to sit with the girls. Life is almost wonderful during those days behind the wheel,

during those nights in hotel lounges.

Sonas formed out of this emphatic situation, songs made out of camaraderie and a tear now and then, songs with real guitar playing, songs with little stories so precise a Ray Davies would have been very proud of them. But without the latter's sentimentality. So Kevin got his "Alterswerk" in the form of a limited edition CD, once intended just to be merchandise, but being so much more than that and now, 18 years later, it would have been a crime not to make the loot available to the public once more.

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