



How three lads from Surrey saved me from the 1970s

By John Lawrence

For comedian Ian Stone, life as a 14-year-old in 1977 was pretty bad: bad clothes, his parents' marriage going bad and a bad case of teenage boredom.

Then he fell in love. Not with a girl but with a band. He followed The Jam around faithfully and obsessively for five years until they split up in 1982, something he says he is just about getting over. Now he has written a book about those heady days when Paul Weller, Bruce Foxton and Rick Buckler showed him the power of being an angry young man and gave him some of the most memorable experiences of his life.

Big brother Paul

Ian, who lives in Brighton Road, N2, calls *To Be Someone* part-social history and part-love letter to The Jam and their music. Two years in the writing, its publication has come at a good time for the star of BBC TV's *Mock the Week* while his regular gigs on the stand-up comedy circuit have been put on temporary hold.

Ian told *The Archer*: "I wanted it to be funny, dark and poignant. It takes an honest



Faithful fan: Ian Stone has written about his teenage years following The Jam

look at what my life was like in those years and how Paul Weller

taught me to be someone. He guided me like a big brother through my teenage years."

Ian followed the Surrey trio everywhere, at one point trying to sneak into the Hammersmith Odeon and ending up on the roof, and at another almost being thrown out of a Brighton hotel until Paul Weller himself stepped in and invited him for a drink at the bar.

When his book was about to come out, Ian sent a copy to his hero. Weller liked it so much that he gave a quote for the cover and the two of them met up over dinner. Ian said: "Paul told me he'd forgotten how s**t it was in the seventies."



Cut out and keep: Elizabeth Joseph with her bespoke jewellery

Artist in search of a workshop

A graphic design artist is looking for a space in East Finchley where she can set up her new business giving people the skills to make their own jewellery.

Elizabeth Joseph has been running jewellery-making workshops at private members' clubs such as Soho House and The Curtain Hotel in London for more than five years and also has a home studio where she runs crafts workshops.

Now she hopes to find a 'maker space' in the area that could be used by individuals and small crafts businesses to fashion their own acrylic laser-cut jewellery. Elizabeth explains: "There would

be a membership system, payable monthly, to use the facilities. The maker space would have a laser cutter and also possibly a 3D printer."

Elizabeth would like to hear from anyone interested in joining and also from anyone with a small space to rent, or to let for free in return for laser-cutting work. Find out more at www.colourfunction.com and contact Elizabeth directly at elizabethjoseph919@yahoo.com



Star endorsement: Ian's book has a cover quote from Paul Weller himself

To Be Someone

Ian has published his book through the crowdfunding site Unbound.com and it's there that you can find out more and buy copies by searching 'Ian Stone' or '*To Be Someone*'.

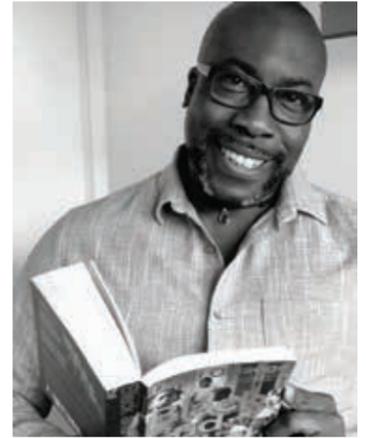
Moving poem goes more than skin deep

By Diana Cormack

Pat Leacock is known to many in the area for regularly hosting the East Finchley Community Festival as well as for his involvement in the music scene. Now he has added another string to his bow with his skill as a poet.

Pat says that his latest poem "seems to have absolutely the zeitgeist of the issues related to Black Lives Matter. Most importantly, it has changed the way so many people feel about the importance of unity, democratic debates promoting equality and an understanding/acceptance of differences".

Views of Pat reading *The Skin I'm In* have hit the thousands on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram and led to requests for radio interviews and online educational discussions. Pat is setting up a website at PDLpoet.com.



Pat Leacock: To see him read, visit www.youtube.com/watch?v=HPQQv-RDH50&t=2s

The Skin I'm In

Look at me...
Really!
LOOK AT ME!
Now look beyond the skin...
The skin I'm in.

Can you look deeper?
Beyond the false claims that cheapen
Who I am?

Your stare I seek...
A glance you don't want me to catch.
Like segregation's door years before,
Built firm with a cast iron latch,
to block my kind... from entering.

A man with a similar mind...
Same dreams of Martin Luther...
The King!
Wanting the same thing...

Words such as interposition and nullification...
Meant nothing to me when I was nappy haired and three,
Now mean everything to an older, wiser me!

I am greeted not with the firm steady handshake of the light man,
But the high five "all the sameness" of the dark as night man.

Everything's changed... yet nothing's changed.

No!

Not the chip on my shoulder... as I get older...
I've just got bolder...
at saying what I see.

Smart enough to see it works both ways...
Dark as night man set in his ways.
Prejudging too...
Not me, mind you.
Just some who I thought knew better...
Some I hoped knew better!

From the 6ft hole they dig for you
Or
The ashes that they scatter.

All that hatred, fear and loathing...
Did it matter...
Did it?

Don't be naive and let the actions of a few DEFINE us all...
However, let the devastating loss of life of the few REMIND us all.

True power isn't about spreading lies, untruths and hate.
REAL power comes through conversation, wanting to understand... and democratic debates.

Don't delete the enemy to defeat the enemy.
The internet is more than that!

Don't regurgitate opinions!
Dig DEEPER and eat up just the FACTS

Before our inevitable decision of fate,
and the six foot hole is dug making it all too late...
look beyond the skin,

The skin WE are in!