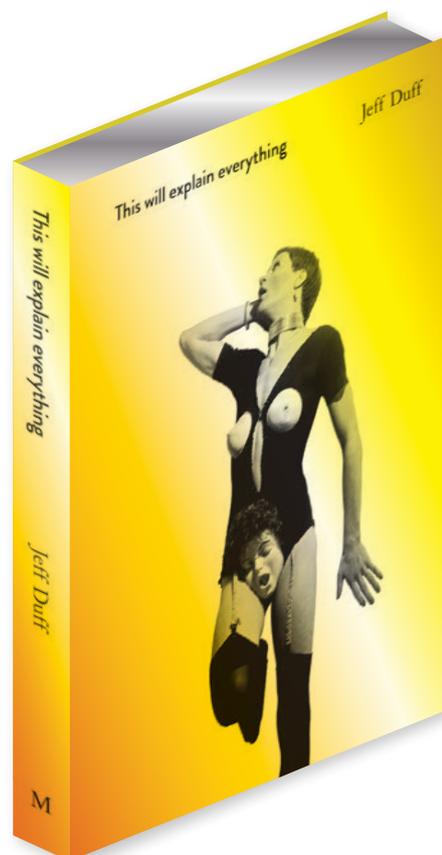


This will explain everything

Jeff Duff

Jeff Duff is arguably the most flamboyant, creative and controversial entertainer Australia has produced. His musical gifts and fantastical androgynous performances parallel the artistry of David Bowie. While Duff's career kicked off in the 1970s, he continues to grow as an artist, creating new music and performing sell-out concerts to this day.

In his tell-all memoir, dedicated to Bowie, Duff shares his tales of life, love and rock'n'roll, in what is a rollicking, entertaining read. From his childhood desire to wear a dress, to performing before violent London punk crowds, to being banned and arrested, and even his journey into the depths of despair, Duff recalls all with flair and style.



From the Foreword by Molly Meldrum

Jeff Duff once hosted *Countdown* dressed as a sausage. Unique is an over-used word in showbiz. But Jeff Duff is unique.

When I first met Jeff, he was wearing a wedding dress. That was just a usual day in the unusual life of Jeff Duff. He's been arrested in Ballarat and outside Number 10 Downing Street in London, banned by Ray Martin's *Midday Show*, appeared in Baz Luhrmann's *The Great Gatsby*, and sung some unforgettable songs.

And no man looks as good in a leotard.

Flamboyant, eccentric, cheeky, charming ... Jeff Duff is one of the greatest entertainers Australia has produced.

'Sinatra, Presley, Jagger, Popeye and now Duffo.'

— Andy Warhol 1980

'I don't think it's overstating the case to say that, had Jeff Duff hailed from a country in the top half of the world, he could now be as acknowledged and acclaimed as David Bowie or Lou Reed or Iggy Pop.'

— Glenn A. Baker, rock historian

Published by **Melbourne Books**
www.melbournebooks.com.au

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Hard cover printing on gold foil

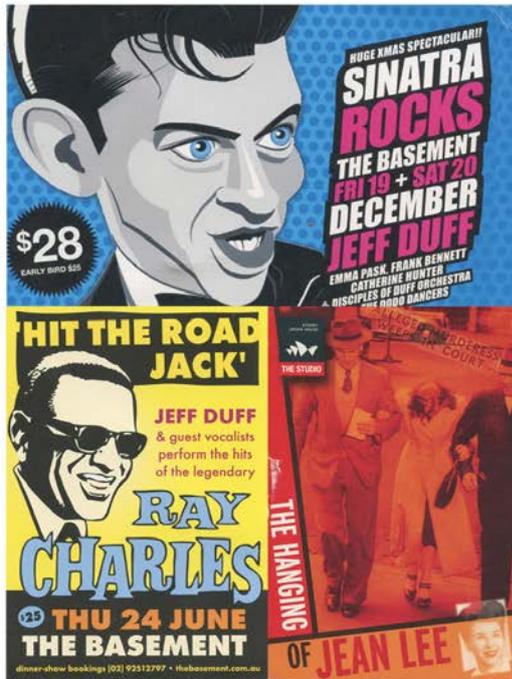
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Includes (nude) centre spread of Jeff Duff,
plus photo gallery of Jeff's costumes and posters
RRP: \$49.95 ISBN: 9781922129918

Release: May 2016

For all queries: info@melbournebooks.com.au

Tel: 03 9662 2051



From the Introduction

My life sometimes reads like a comedy of errors, but believe me, it's all very real. The Duffo story is a collection of anecdotes covering much of my life and my career in Australia, the United Kingdom, Japan, Europe and America.

It's been an exciting adventure and I feel it's only just begun. Where to next? Who knows?

I hope you'll be as entertained reading my story as I have been living it.

This will explain everything!

From the Afterword

David Bowie's death has impacted massively on my life, and left a giant void. He has been a large part of my adult life, not only as a personal inspiration, but also as a major influence on my career.

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strange, but it was the very famous Carnaby Street and it was winter.

I walked into the busy pub pretending to be blind, cane out in front of me, feeling my way around and bumping into tables. I stood at the bar for a couple of minutes until I heard a voice: 'And you must be the infamous Duffo.' I slowly turned around. 'And you would be the notorious Tony Parsons, I presume!' A cheeky introduction, but a perfect set-up for our interview.

'Sit down, Duffo,' he said. 'Whatcha drinkin'?' When I ordered a lemonade Mr Parsons looked at me in disbelief. 'You gotta be joking!'

'No, man! I never touch alcohol before 6pm,' I said, then jokingly said that I only do coke after 10pm, and around midnight I drop my acid!

It seemed like we were surrounded by every rock'n'roll journo in London. While Tony Parsons' *New Musical Express* readers may have hung on every word he wrote, his peers viewed him as an egotistical prat.

As we chatted I offered him a cigarette. Choosing one of the specially prepared cigarettes from my Marlboro pack, he thanked me. As he struck the match to light the cigarette I wondered how he was going to react. He took a couple of long, heavy drags, then *bang, bang, bang* — a triple whammy! The cigarette exploded loudly in his mouth, the power of the impact spattering the shattered end of the cigarette over his top lip, just like in a Looney Tunes cartoon.

For such a small detonator the explosion was exceptionally loud. Suddenly, everyone in the pub turned their attention to us. Fuck me! I guess I must have put extra explosives in that one.

It wasn't the force of the explosion that knocked Parsons off his seat; it was the shock of the unexpected. He tumbled backward onto the floor, landing on his bum, much to the delight of his fellow scribes. As they began to jokingly applaud I headed straight for the exit, with Parsons in hot pursuit. It all happened so quickly I didn't even have time to finish my lemonade.

The following week, London's fiercely competitive opposition music papers ran stories mocking Parsons. They were quick to point out that he had become another unsuspecting victim of Aussie prankster Duffo. London's famed music journo was suddenly the laughing stock of the music press. *Sounds Magazine* spoofed the incident with a half-page cartoon portraying the hapless Tony as a complete buffoon. In the cartoon Parsons ended up in bed with me. This not only would have infuriated Mr Parsons, but also added salt to the *New Musical Express* wound, which at the time was losing sales to *Sounds*.

As a result of this incident, *Beggars Banquet* believed the Parsons article would definitely be scrapped. As it turned out Parsons was determined to have the last say. This he did in no uncertain manner. His bombastic Duffo article appeared the following week. It was scathing in its brutality, attacking

