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Hello Omar

When the magazine is completed,
bundle the stack together and tie with string.
Throw it of the highest point you can find,
photograph the landing site,
ie. slightly crumpled stack with dented corners,
strewn across the dirt/pavement etc.
Insert one photograph of the damaged stack
in each individual copy of the zine.

Best regards

Dan

Daniel Eatock

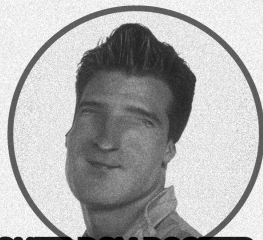
<http://www.eatock.com>

<http://www.indexhibit.org>

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J O R T I N
T E R
BAD AND COOL

"HELLO GIRL"



**NEXT WEEK'S CUTE BOY POSTER:
JIM C. FROM BOYBAND "SEX GUY"**



The Sisters' House, Pembrokeshire by N K FARR

A ruin unmarked on any map, shrouded in mystery, slowly being reclaimed by nature. The history of this site is vague, proposed links to the Knights Templar and the Knights Hospitallers, built to house female pilgrims on a reputedly sacred druid burial ground, later used as a convent then a manor house supposedly resided by an eccentric, aristocratic recluse with a penchant for the occult. All of this or none of this might be true but after trekking for what seemed like hours through overgrown undergrowth to reach this imposing structure I never felt quite at ease whilst being in it's presence, it's labyrinth of crumbling cobweb encrusted walls giving the feeling of being lost in some ancient maze, while paths which once were there disappeared in plain view and hand like tree roots clawed and wrapped themselves around my feet even when I would be standing still, cold sweats and the constant feeling of being watched by something unseen, The Sisters' House, whatever it's truths deserves the mystery and the legends that surround it.

(6) Travelling the world with the band, what places hold the best memories for you?

Surprisingly, Germany. I didn't think I'd like it near as much as I did. The scene was so welcoming, lots of people there who are into skinhead culture, and it seems like Germany really has an appreciation for the arts in general that I didn't expect. I'll always remember the crazy moon boots the prostitutes (do they call them that?) wear and all the good food the venues have us there. Good people! Very hospitable! I remember playing a boat in Paris and Rick and Micky coming back after they ran around in Paris and someone-I don't remember who- danced with a man. Hahaha! And the really cool tattoo artist I found in Amsterdam. Yes, I have a tattoo to remember him by, a rose on my right wrist. Sightseeing in Berlin. Belgium waffles in Belgium. Too many memories; I'm feeling quite nostalgic now. Maybe it's the beer, haha!

(7) What are your plans now you've left the band? I know you're raising your daughter.

Yep, that's about it, raising my daughter as best I can. Maybe when she's not so little I'll get back in a band. I really, really loved singing soul music. I loved singing out all my sorrow and pain and heartache and turning it into something that gave others joy and release from their own sorrows. That's a beautiful thing. But for now my priority is my daughter, Bella. I'm working on a Bachelors online. Once I get that I may teach High School English. We'll see, I guess.

(8) As an American, do your government(s) really give a shite about the poor?

No. I don't think so.

(9) What do you think about the US possibly having socialised health care?

I'm all for it. I think it's long overdue. What the people who are often for it in this country don't realize is that that means a huge tax increase but I think leaving health care to be determined by income is barbaric. I haven't had health insurance since I was 15 years old living in a group home- until I became pregnant. The years when I was a responsible, working adult were all on a wing and a prayer. Kinda wrong, don't you think?

(10) What words of wisdom do you have for us British types? Well, as much influence as American culture has had on Britain, there is still hope. The factor destroying America right now is corporatism. Corporations and corporate interest is chewing up anything good that once was America. It has created a population of lazy, fat, brainwashed sheep. Keep corporation accountable and stay involved in your governments politics.



I have a vision of the thinnest of worlds – a reality constructed only of places where worlds touch.

If you were to suddenly look at this world dead on, it is so thin as to be nothing.

Mathew and I walked from Notting Hill Carnival to Bow; a straight shot through London west to east. And on our journey we communicated with each other continually.

In the thin world of my vision, routes are charted by language. Things arise in relation to mind, like our dreams when we close our eyes. Mind relates to phenomena in terms of language.

From this angle, skewed, this thinnest of worlds is full, abundant, fecund, like the bums of the male and female Africans that excited Mathew at carnival.



We bought cans of beer and sat on an empty bench outside a closed pub. An empty can of beer was on the ground. Above us a woman rattled around in a window frame.

What does this thin world mean and why do people exist in a state of perpetually mistaking it for something it is not?

(3) As a former member of The Inciters, did you ever 'INCITE' any bovver?

Hahaha! What a funny question! Not really. I was a very mellow member of The Inciters. There was this one time, however, a Lambretta scooter rally I remember, where I went off and did my own thing and when I reconnected with everyone apparently Sabi (Rick's wife who basically is Mr. Inciter- been in the band and running it since the beginning) had got in a physical altercation with some girl at a diner. I waited with them for her to exit the diner outside. I love (LOVE) controlled violence. I used to play rugby and was a martial artist for many years. Currently do some boxing. But I have a strong distaste for unnecessary violence. I'm pretty much a lover not a fighter. That being said, if you mess with people I care about, I will get physical. Funny, I'm known as pretty easy going. People never expect that side of me. Or maybe they do and I'm in denial! Haha! I grew up very rough and fight like a guy (if need be). So, this chick slipped out the back. Sabi began giving chase, and I, not wanting Sabi to get involved in a fight when I knew I could take whoever this broad was, was right behind her. I also know she has a temper. I was more thinking of protecting her and having her back than anything. The whole band was a bit behind us. She overtook a girl who ended up not being the girl she was looking for. The cops were coming around the corner and we all quickly made way to our hotel. So, I guess Sabi has instigated «bovver», but not me. I remain innocent.

(4) As a lady of skinhead persuasion, what does 'skinhead' mean to you?

Hmmm. Well, to me it means being working class, proud, sharp dressed and a fan of Oi!, rocksteady, ska, and soul music. I think many people have all kinds of things they want to add to that box but I think the term skinhead should be kept pretty simple. I will be a skin till the day I die. I was never a true punk. I grew up too hard for that. Most/many of the punks I knew if not growing up privileged - at least had a safety net to mooch off of. I never had that. Been living on my own since I was 17, working since way before then. I relate to the old school English skin scene- the one that found a common denominator with the West Indies Indies immigrants. There has been a history of politics (left and right) in skinhead culture. That's a fact. But, fuck all that. I want and hope for skinhead culture to overcome that. Skinhead as an identifying term should mean simply what I stated «working class, proud, sharply dressed, and a love for the music».

(5) The Inciters are still going on without you I assume, do you want to get involved again? Of course, but I am completely devoted to my daughter. And you know what, they are doing great! Never sounded better. Betsy, who is leaf on vocals now, works really hard on her craft, always has. And I'm very proud that they keep trucking, and playing constantly. They just keep tightening their sound. I'm glad I got to be a part of the Inciter family but truth be told, they only sound better the longer they have been at it. I'll bet a recent show would blow a show from two years ago away. There are some amazing horn players in that band that take their craft very seriously and the bassist is a master, dependably so. And Rick has always been a genius with management. He really missed his calling as a band manager (besides his own, of course). I am very happy for all they continue to accomplish. But yes, I miss my Inciter family.

Dani, former member of The Inciters speaks to Gareth Postans...

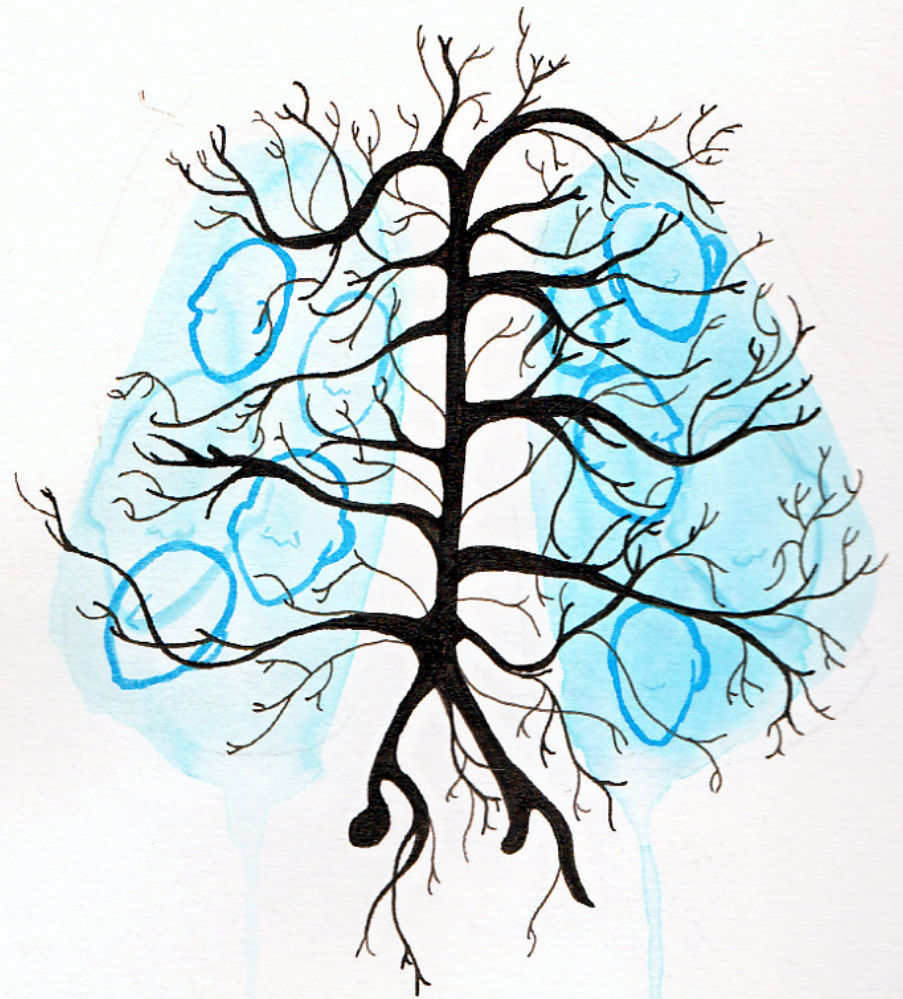


(1) Introduce yourself Dani. What are you all about?

Well, right now I'm all about my daughter. She's 8 months old and I'm raising her all by myself so she's kind of taken over anything I had going on beforehand. Which is ok. She's a sweet, smart, very social little girl. If I have to go it alone, I'm very lucky with this one. I still rock my Adidas, button-downs and listen to Oi!, rocksteady, and soul while having a few beers but the days of getting crazy are gone. My daughter comes first and since there's no one else but me I have to bring home the bacon and be a loving, present mom. No time to play rock star.

(2) Have you ever had any trouble with gravity, you know, earthquakes and that?

Actually, funny you should ask, I was living on the fault line during the big earthquake in 1989. I was in fifth grade (9 years old) and I went home sick, only I wasn't sick. I lied because I didn't want to be in school. I was home alone. When the earthquake first started I thought God was mad at me for lying haha! It came in a couple waves. I remember the walls of the house swaying back and forth and the lights swinging. We had a pit bull and she scrambled toward me, completely freaked out. The power was out for weeks after that and the school was shut down, so I guess I got my wish! No school!



A fete worse than death

Dogma faening
four pawed training
leaving crossed Crufts
winning mutters moping

Gingham style
Muslin anti-Muslim protests
Daily-chain-mail crusades
Horrendous not to unify
yet it is not done

Zen-phobic zoo plankton
primordial soup mit cretin croutons
Goodnight Mr Tombola
Pull a string
damp squibs thrown against stockades

Curtains
Brocade

Appalling pall-bearing upholstery
Abject morality
Post no pasting tables mentality
Trestles tessellate
a clambering frame
a crab apple tree
a syllabub syllabus

Jerald Bullswick

I've written a dissertation and done poetry slams. It's cultural and it's where I identify. I don't know champagne receptions but I know Friday night fish and chips. I know talking to people's dads specifically and only ever about football because that's our established common ground and always will be. The song is about not forgetting it, that yeah it's changed but is still so strong, don't feel lost, you've got a context and you are worth something. I'm working class and fucking love it.

It's a rainy Sunday afternoon. Would you rather watch Ace Ventura or This is England?

Well Jim Carey is a fantastic physical comedy actor, he is incredibly good. The gritty reality of This is England however is mesmerising. This is England always seems to end better, I can plough through all the series and still be ready for more however achy I may feel. Plus I used to be a skinhead.

If, as a reader of Gravity, I have got this far with the interview and I'm thinking to myself "I would like to hear some of Puffin' Ethics' aural works of art" how and where would I be able to do so? And what's happening with Puffin' Ethics in the future?

Well my ear art is available on the internet. You can listen to me at www.soundcloud.com/puffin-ethics, you can follow me down the backstreets @puffinethics, and you can watch me all without me noticing on www.youtube.com/puffinethics. We are just finishing our debut album 'No Trait' and it will be out for Christmas on iTunes. For news and updates Facebook is probably the best www.facebook.com/puffinethics. I do a lot of spoken word sets at open mics around Hereford come and say hello, have a cuddle, a drink, let's go mental, and just have a natter.



Who's been the biggest influences on Puffin' Ethics?

Rappers like Sage Francis, Eyedea, Sound of Rum and Scroobius Pip are big ones for me. I really like P.O.S and the Doomtree Collective. Shane Koyczan is amazing and I love his album with the Short Story Long. I take a lot from nursery rhymes and stuff that meant things to me when I was a kid because I feel like it says a lot about a person.

In terms of production and actual sound, it's a lot more mainstream and pop based. Me and Cal mostly love the production on all of Ke\$ha's work. People always laugh when we tell them, but they are beautiful pieces of work. I like Cher Lloyd's ridiculously catchy melodies, also she's a dish right? I'd give her a cuddle of a Sunday morning. I love Lana Del Rey, Lorde is fantastic. Macklemore is a huge influence on me all round, he's got that shit down. I listen to the top 40 every week, the reason being I want to be successful in music and successful basically means popular whatever way you look at it. So I listen to what's popular, let it influence melodies and beats, whilst making sure my lyrics have some actual content that isn't 'yeah it's Friday, let's have a good time, and treat women like they are objects of our entertainment and penis servicers'. It's ridiculous. Essentially yeah, we wanna go out have a nice time, and having sex is amazing, but also so is conversation and connection, and respect right? Right.

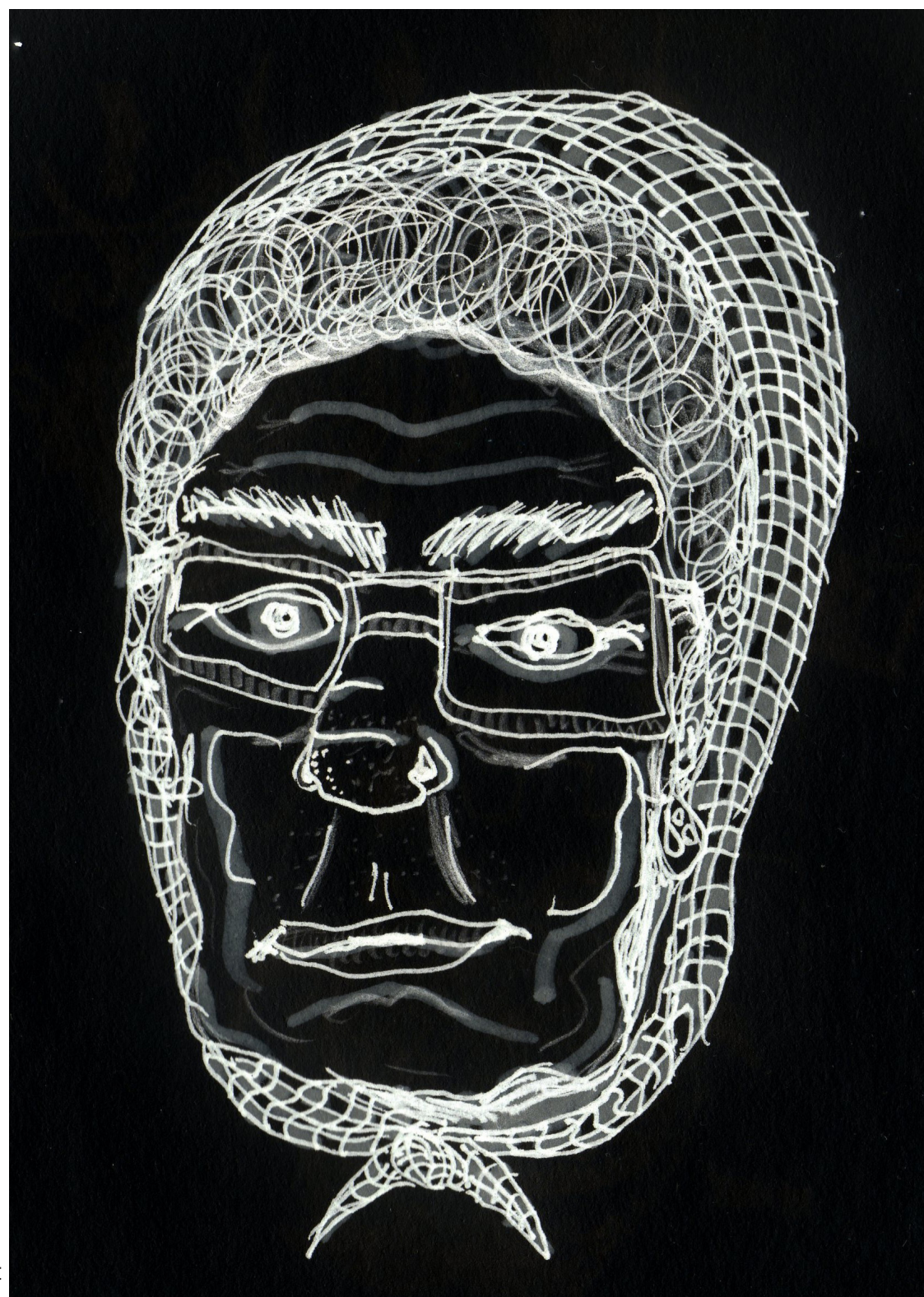
What's your song-writing process?

Normally I have like an idea of what the song will be like, I like to call it a songscape, although that sounds pretentious it's just the best way to describe it. I'll plan the song in my head and explain that in words to Cal. The other half of the time, Callum will send me an idea and I'll write to it, see what we can get and then at this point we'll start building the track the way we always do ... in the studio while recording it.

It's clear listening to songs like 'Copper and Coal' that there's some serious content to these songs as well. Tell us a bit about the ideas behind all of this.

It's all well and good wanting to make this my career and stuff but I do actually want to have some substance in my songs; some real meaning, otherwise it's not really success.

I wrote Copper and Coal about the changing nature of class. I'm a working class boy who's been to university, my family are working class, my friends are mostly working class but also don't really identify as so. It's a cultural thing not a money thing. I have 'Class Pride' tattooed across my stomach. I know where I came from. With the decline of production in Britain working class people now work in service industries and don't feel like they are 'working class' anymore but they still are, it's just the nature of our society changing. Like I've had no hard life, I've worked in factories, supermarkets, but





'I don't know champagne receptions but I know Friday night fish and chips'

Gravity talks to Puffin' Ethics, a self-described 'conscious hip-hop' artist from Hereford, about Ace Ventura, waking up with Cher Lloyd and working class pride.

Tell us about Puffin' Ethics: What is it and what have puffins got to do with ethics?

I have been puffing out the messages of ethics for about a year or so now. Basically, I started rapping because I have pretty bad asthma and got bored of singing. Also I could never say what I wanted to say in a reasonable amount of time in a song, so rapping seemed to be the way for me to go. It's not any easier on my lungs but I get to say a lot more in a song nowadays. Anyway the name comes from the saying like 'Huffing Ether'; it's something to do with drugs right? I'm not really a man of drugs, a clear head is enough to deal with. Anyway I really liked the saying it sounds nice.

I love hip hop but none of that misogynist, sexist, homophobic bullshit, so I guess I was all about the 'ethics', I wasn't huffing it I was puffing it because my lungs are difficult customers. So yeah it's a noun and a verb.. I'm Puffin Ethics.

I had a listen to some of your stuff and it sounds very professional. Is this your first musical venture?

Thank you for the wonderful compliment. No this is possibly my fourth, if you count the ones which didn't have any success but then again they've all developed me as an artist and that is so important.

I used to play in a pop-punk band, then a crack-rock band, which had some stuff released in America; there is a lady somewhere wandering the streets with our logo tattooed on her chest, I really hope she's okay. Then I played in a folk punk band, which I loved, we have considered some sort of revival but ya know. Then I tried some terrible heavy hip hop stuff, then I wrote some folk by myself, then I teamed up with my beautiful and wonderfully talented producer, Cal Real, who was in a couple of those bands with me. We've written together since we were 13 but we've been writing this pop and hip-hop stuff for around a year, I think I'm due a romantic anniversary dinner or something? I feel I might just get a new mix. We've only just got anywhere near professional, the best journeys always sound horrible at the start.



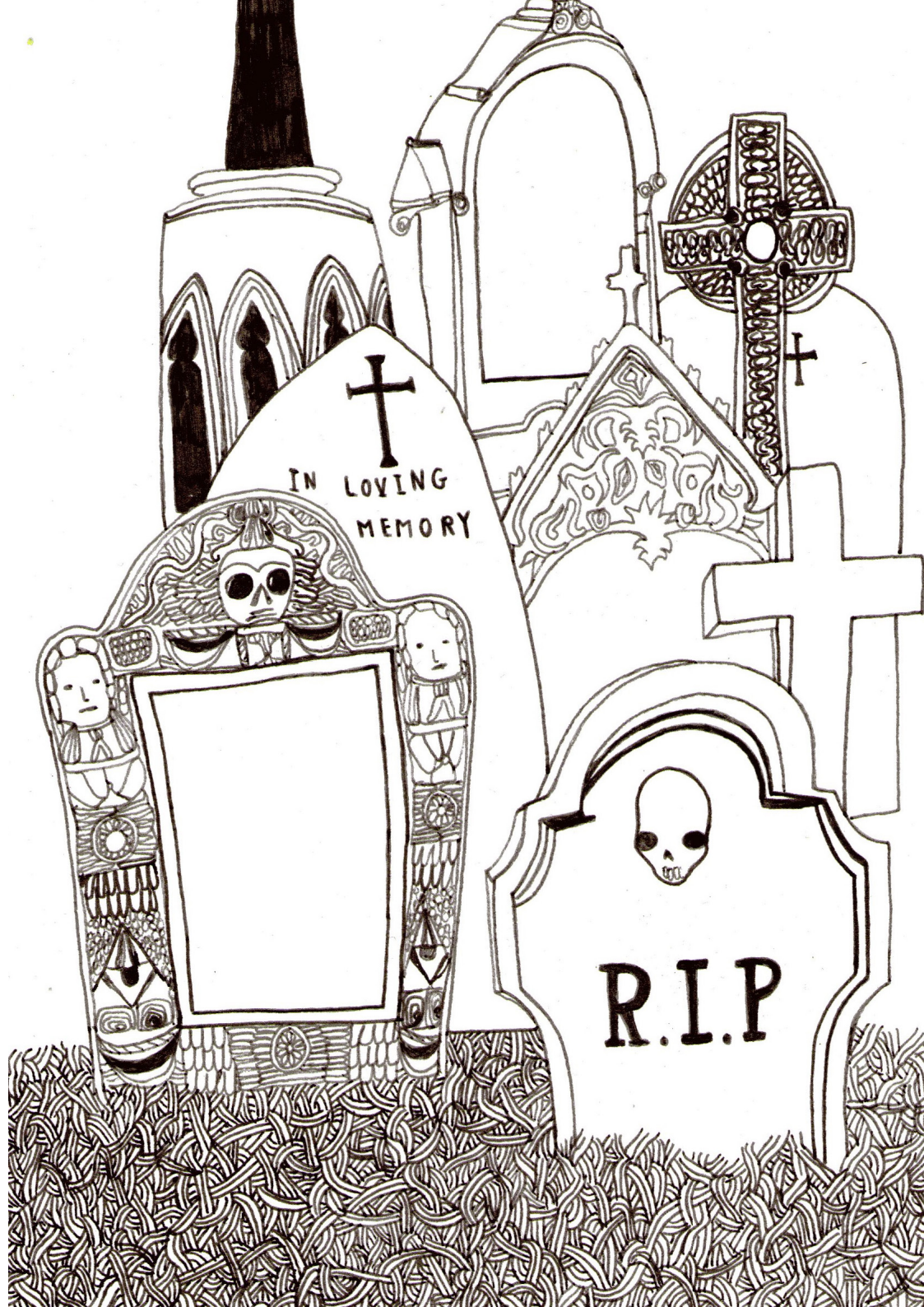
Crack open a pomegranate under cold water to avoid the vampire stains that normally follow from a punctured jugular. The seeds sink to the bottom and the debris floats, waiting to be skimmed off. Pat the seeds dry and eat by the handful, or add to a fennel and feta salad where the colour will herald the fresh sharp flavour.

The best-intentioned curry in the world rarely takes a good photograph. Sometimes primped with an otherwise irrelevant sprig of parsley, like a garish lipstick those girly magazines advise you to just throw on. It tastes dependable, a solid friend. Top with freshly diced tomato salsa, and let the parsley star in its own show, maybe a lemony tabouleh.

Bright September sweetcorn, bought on a cold day, needs nothing but a similar shade of butter and plenty of salt. An argument about corn - sweet, pop and syrup - will follow as you carefully eat along the rows, adjusting your teeth to keep a perfectly even line.

Mix your colours, or have one stand out. Different scarlet hues, but not a preponderance of beige and brown. Use turmeric to lighten a cream cheese icing. At worst, rescue with hundreds and thousands.

Once we had dinner in total darkness – a restaurant staffed by blind waiters, filled with raucous, nervous customers. We poured the wine ourselves, one finger inside the glass to feel the level of liquid. There was no clink of cheers, but a polite conversation missing its usual visual cues, so we addressed each other by name one by one, touched an arm just to make sure our neighbour hadn't slipped away. The food, for me, was bland – I was lost. The others were enthused. I identified a raspberry, missing its usual pop. When we left, blinking, we checked for stains and shook off the darkness with relief.



A MEDITATION ON HAVING A CRIMINAL RECORD

Charge with: Breach of the peace 09/09/1982

Dear Mr Spike

RE: Disclosure and Barring Service (DBS) certificate 000000000000

I am writing to you regarding the dispute about information contained on your Certificate under; Other relevant information Disclosed at the Chief of Police Officer(s) discretion

The Chief Police Officer has decided under the Independent Monitor review process not to change the information on the Certificate. I enclose a copy of their response for your reference. The dispute has now been referred to the Independent Monitor to review the Chief Police Officers decision.

If you require any further information relating to the disputed DBS certificate please email your enquiry to Customer Services at customerservices@dbs.gsi.gov.uk or call on 0151 676 1953.

Yours Sincerely

CG

“With reference to the dispute by “Mr Spike” 23/10/1965 regarding the conviction from Edinburgh Sherrif and Jury Court dated 09/09/1982, which states should no longer be disclosed.

I have reviewed this conviction and can confirm on his CHS record S120118/83D until 23/10/2035. The Conviction falls under the 70/30 rule which means it will remain until the subject is 70yrs old and the information has been on his record for at least 30 years, but both conditions must be met.

On this basis of the foregoing, the police service of Scotland denies this dispute.”

Dear Mr Spike

You have requested that the Independent Monitor reviews your enhance certificate to consider the relevancy of the information disclosed by the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police Service. This is provided for under Section 113b of the Police Act 1997, as amended by the Protection of Freedoms Act 2012.

On 1 December 2012, the Criminal Records Bureau (CRB) was merged with the Independent Safeguarding Authority (ISA) to become the Disclosure and Barring Service (DBS). The DBS will perform the function previously carried out by CRB and ISA, including issuing criminal records certificates.

Thorough study of your unique personality profile leads to the following conclusion -

Mostly 1s: Black Grape Ka

Mostly 2s: Black Grape Ka

Mostly 3s: Black Grape Ka

Mostly 4s: Black Grape Ka



☐ Who controls the world?

1. David Icke
2. The reptilian overlords
3. Infamous rasta man Bob Marley and his army of wailers
4. Pinky and/or The Brain

☐ What is the most important thing in your world?

1. Money, by Martin Amis
2. Money, the capitalist construct
3. Money, by ABBA
4. Money (that's what I want), by The Flying Lizards

☐ WITHOUT THINKING, let your brain automatically draw you to one of the following personality descriptors

1. High achieving dogger
2. Emotionally intelligent copaphiliac
3. Morally conscious cat poisoner
4. Spiritually aware flasher

☐ What do you like in a drink?

1. Black Grape flavourings
2. Artificial additives
3. Carbonation
4. A slightly oily consistency

We are currently preparing a case file for the Independent Monitor, which will include relevant documentation from the DBS and the Police. If the independent Monitor decides to remove some or all of the information disclosed by the Chief Officer then the DBS will issue you with a new certificate, free of charge.

The legislative basis on which the Independent Monitor will make their decision is set out at Annex A. If you would like to make representation to the Independent Monitor, may do so by writing to: Secretariat of the Independent Monitor Home Office 2 Marsham Street, London SW1P 4DF. Email: Independentmonitor@homeoffice.gsi.gov.uk.

If those representation are considered to be materially different to those already provided to the Police they may be returned to the Police for their consideration before the Independent Monitor reviews your case.

You are reminded of your right to see independent legal advice at any stage of this process. More information relating to the Disclosure and Barring Service and role of the Independent Monitor can be found at: www.gov.uk/disclosure-and-barring-service-criminal-record-checks-referrals-and-complaints.

Yours Sincerely

EG (Secretariat to the Independent Monitor)



Having the opportunity to return to the place I grew up with family and old friends engaging in conversation with people I hadn't seen for years, recounting their memories of Spike the petrol bomber and glue sniffer, even after thirty years of having travelled world-wide, encountered many diverse and profound experiences, achieving in receiving two degrees, and still I am known as a petrol bomber!

Personally I am ok about that as I tend not to return for many years at a time and all the life experiences we have all gone through is lost in a moment of re-encountering and re-connecting with each other. So here I am in depths of Edinburgh walking on the very streets I grew up and yes when I took part in a small riot.

It is also the place that is constantly visited by television or film crews looking for those streets that have an edge to them, especially the film by Irvin Welsh Acid House, where the actually fence that I sat on as a fifteen old along with a group of other lads when we decided to take action against the harassment of the police, though fed by the current then riot in Brixton London as it ignited bored and disgruntled teenagers imaginations. The connection that Welsh's have with my street is that his family lived and grew up around the corner from my own family.

For me being able to speak to people today about who I was and how I behaved back then has been significantly important, since I found out that I still have a criminal record for Breach of the peace which initially was to remain on file for thirty years, now that the thirty years is up, it seems the goal post has changed and the police have decided to keep me on record until the grand old age of seventy!

This is a really important subject for all of us, especially readers of this down to earth Zine, it helps to raise questions that we may not be asking and highlights the unseen obstacle that we all face especially now that most employment that deals with "vulnerable" people in any form, will have to undergo a CRB check. So what information are the police really aloud to keep on us? even when we do something stupid in our youth, dealing with puberty, anxieties, sexual frustrations, identity crises and reclaiming our individuality. It seems that the law is constantly changing that allows them to keep track of people with records, or people who may have had allegations that have never been proven guilty or not guilty, or people like myself that have had jury trial cases and an acquittal that has been written under "other things you should know".

I am currently argueing such a case with the MET, as for myself an acquittal is an acquittal, found not guilty, cleared, done with, no record, found innocent, so why mention it in a CRB check? It's a bizarre and strange situation, as

WHAT KA?

All the kids are only talking about one thing these days: weed-blaze! Of course, everyone knows that Ka is the only brand to sup on when skipping the light fantastic. But which flavour is the best for you? Just take the simple test below to find out! Way out!

Suddenly, you start tripping your marbles out! What's the best way to re-mellow your buzz?

1. Magic eye
2. Dubstep
3. A country walk
4. Have a tug of war with your better half

What's the best type of mary jane?

1. Mega skunk
2. Super skunk
3. Black widow
4. Bath salts

"There is only one God, and his name is Allah"

1. Probably
2. Maybe
3. Unsure
4. Prefer not to say

YOLO!

1. Yes
2. No
3. Maybe
4. Buddhist

□ The long forgotten laugh goodbye.

We've all laughed at one time or another. I know I have. But when did you laugh first? Or is it more important to laugh last? Or, like the long jump, is it purely a question of length? Very few of these questions will be answered, but some will be considered and some thought provoking sentiments might accidentally appear. For it is I, semi-professional laugh inducer Louis Fonseca. I have been tasked with asking other comedians what their favourite jokes are, but as that's one of the worst questions to ask a comedian (a bit like asking a chef his favourite flavour) I have instead been asking comedians the joke they have known for the longest, or rather, the earliest joke they can still remember. This has produced a varied selection of old classics with a few well-remembered quotes from comedians of the before times (past). One of my old favourite jokes is- Q: What do you call an Italian with a rubber toe? A: Roberto! This is especially funny to Italians as they actually have rubber toes. This following selection of jokes were lazily gathered in one fell swoop at the wonderful 'Comic Boom' night at the Brighton Komedia on 26th September 2013. Q: What's red and not there? A: -No tomatoes -Catherine Heskey Q: Knock knock A: Who's there? Q: Dr A: Dr Who - Sean McLoughlin "God said to Moses 'come forth'... but he came fifth and won a teapot" -Jill Edwards (Head honcho of comic boom)

(Remembered from The Goon Show) "Hello I'm Hercules Grytepype-Thyme the British Ambassador in Siberia" "-But there isn't a British embassy in Siberia" "Yes I know, it's all so terrible frustrating" -Pierre Novelle Two monkeys in the bath, one goes "ooh ooh ahh ahh" The other goes "well put some cold in then!" - James McDonnell

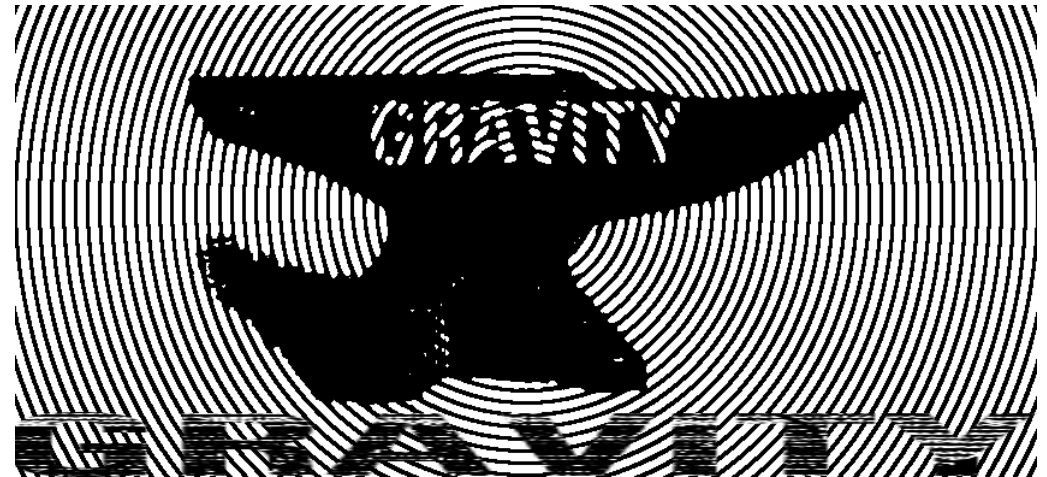
Q: What do you get if you cross a sheep with a kangaroo? A: A woolly jumper! -Paul Jones And finally... N.B. I am reserving this 'and finally' section for jokes that non-comedians have told me in response to this question that I deem worthy of inclusion. Q: What's the hardest thing about rollerblading? A: Telling your parents you're gay. Anthony Bell

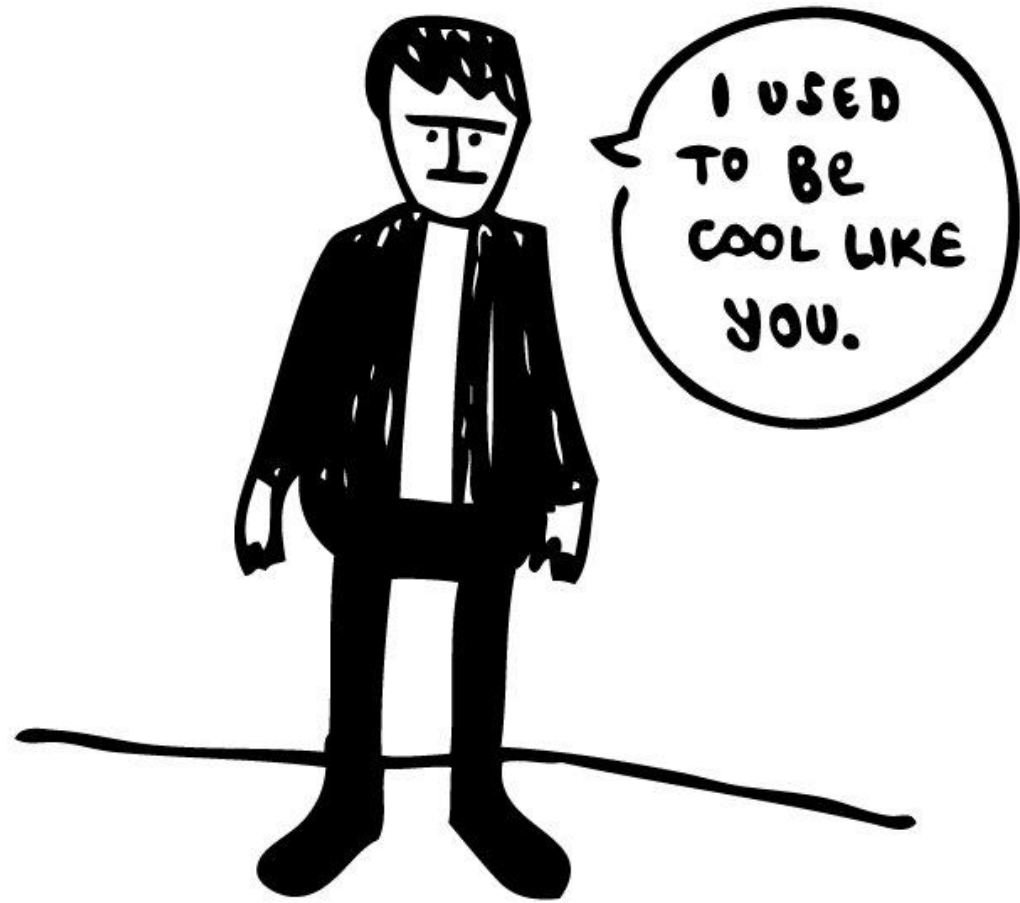
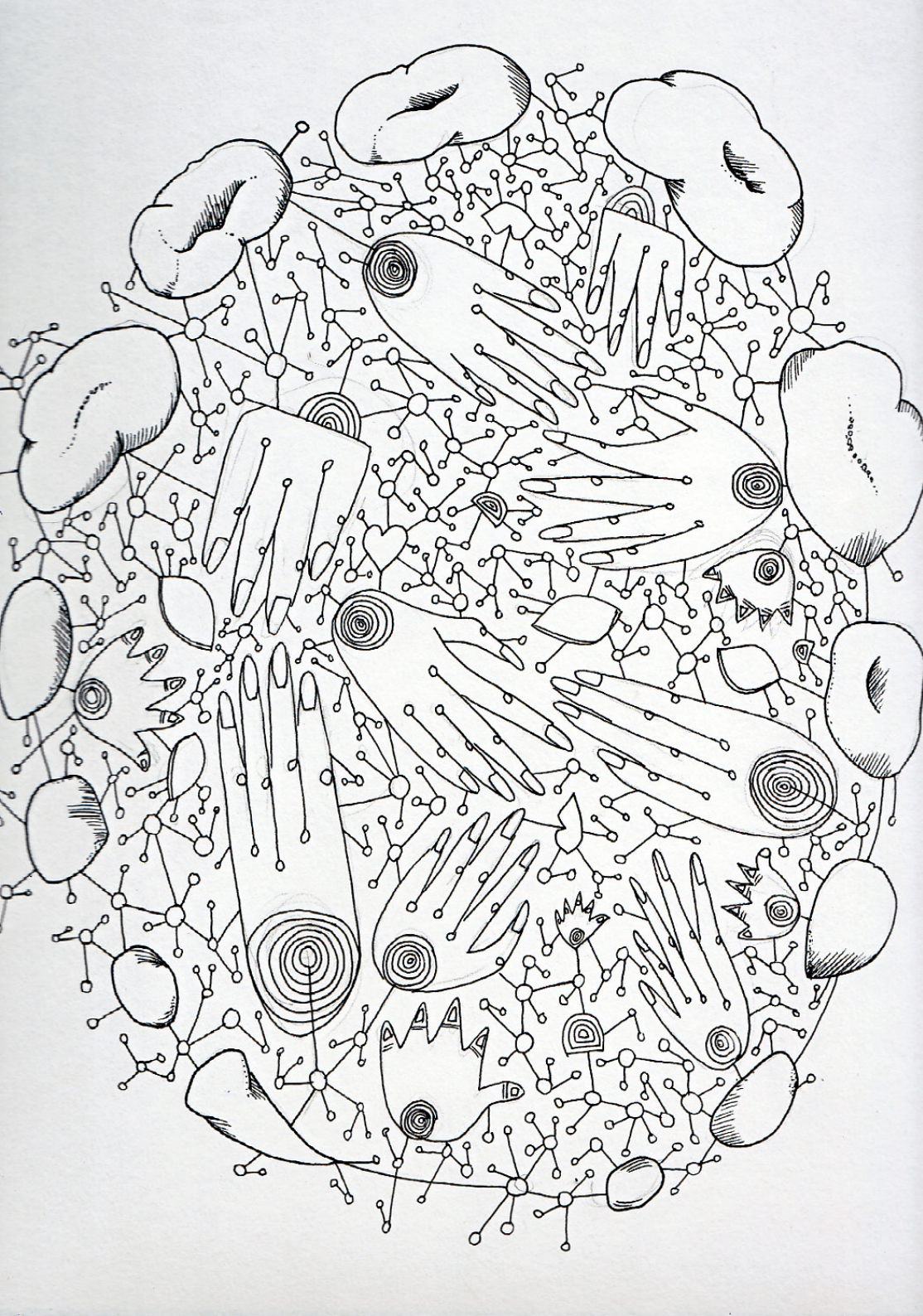
Bye everyone

it seems they are by the consent of the chief of police are contradicting their own laws, unless it suits them! At present there is no solution to this current experience of disputing that they have wrongly condemned me through their fear of being over cautious and someone somewhere has decided, "let him deal with it" our back is covered.

I will not know any outcome for some time, as I know that they will refuse to acknowledge that they have done wrong, so I may have to go all the way to the human rights court justice system to free myself from inadequate decision making. Because everything is still quite raw, I am writing at a time when it is all still happening in the now, I will not know any significant outcome for some time, but the issue with my Breach of the peace record, it seems I won't be able to remove this as after all in reality I was charged, fined and had to pay compensation to the journalist that ran... yes I dare say one did run into the space that I threw the lit canister jumping about avoiding the flames, as we were both distracted for that brief moment of twenty odd police, running behind me along the ramps, making a noise on the railings with their truncheons and shouting chaaaaaaaaaarge.

Xx Spike





the cars rushed behind me. Sold some of them CDs and got some coinage. So, a day of determination and persistence paid off as I had earned the all-too-important decent wage as it hit 10 o'clock.

Today I shall try Hackesher market, the market square in central-east Berlin.

20/09/13

- THE LAST BUSK IN BERLIN

Yesterday - limbs all aching and dragging my sack truck and guitar across the S-Bahn, I thought I should have a try at the market square in the centre of the city, Hackesher Markt. Got there, couldn't see any pitches, got to Alexanderplatz, one station away, pitches full, went back to Hackesher, went to another pitch I'd missed, was taken, so went to the main pitch, dude called 'Vasily Basco' was packing up. So I put out my one-man band kit and it promptly started to rain. So had to put it all back under cover. 20 mins later put it out again, all ready to go - it rains again. So put it under cover. 15 minutes later it stops raining, so set up kit AGAIN. THEN (!), just busk busk busk away! CD's sold, lots of appreciative tourists of all nations.

Handed over my pitch after about 2 hours to 'David Flowerkraut' - the Hurdy Gurdy man. This very nice Indian man came over, and sang 'Billy Boy', an Irish song he had learnt, and sung it beautifully.

Aaah, not a day goes by when I don't see something remarkable out on these Berlin streets.

Which brings me to the end of my busk-venture. 23 hours from this evening (coach + train!), I will be celebrating my sister's birthday in Hereford!

22/09/13 (Sunday after trip, 'Post-script')

17 & a half hours of rearranging my cramped lanky frame around the Eurolines coach from London to Berlin, scoffing down a salad which cost about £1.50 a mouthful, enduring three bag searches in three different locations, I arrive back to my home land - teeming, head-on London. I reflect that it was what going on an international tour must be like - y'know, kaleidoscopic images of neon-lit national trademarks flying by through the night - Opel, Heineken, Carre Four - , drizzling rain and pink sunsets, stimulating your near delirious creative mind to new riffs and rhymes. Well, without playing gigs to thousands of people, but we can dream can't we? But in conclusion of this I think I will have to travel troubadour-style more, taking advantage of my capacity as a mobile busker, filling my creative beans and making connections with all those mega interesting musicians & people all over this big wide world.

And I can dream of that international tour.

Written as frequent update posts on my music webpage - www.facebook.com/tobyparkermusic



Juxtapose

This is a portrait of a man who is a sheep farmer in Afghanistan. I drew him off the TV whilst watching BBC's iplayer. His way of life hasn't changed much in the past 100 years.

My world changes constantly, I'm surrounded by 'modernity' to the extent that I can pause moving pictures displayed on a television screen.

We exist at the same time, yet separated by progression.

Few open mics, jam sessions and the famous Maur park on Sunday to go...

16/09/13 (second Monday)

- BUSKLIN

A decent day playing under the railway bridge Alexanderplatz Friday, peeps likin the one man band sound.

Fast forward past some questionable night clubbing to Sunday and we are at Mauerpark... Technical issues with guitar pickup breaking (no guitar sound), having to borrow another busker's guitar, clattering extreme drum sounds nearby, being hit with a frisbee mid performance - all that aside (!) - it was a interesting learning experience. Had some tips from fellow busk-men Jackson and Daniel and learnt that heavy guitar distortion is the only way to deal with extreme noise pollution on the busking scene (;-)



Busking at the weekly Sunday Mauerpark Flea Market: a mecca for Berlin's buskers

19/09/13 (Thursday second week)

- BURSKLIN ~

Tuesday was a long day workin' them Berlin strassers. First, no luck under the Alexanderplatz world clock, so I moved about 50m to under the bridge and generated some cash (funny how that happens!), not too bad. Amazing what good acoustics can do. Time went on and it was the evening. I felt I should try the night busking in east Berlin Warschauer strasse, whereupon I met a whole lotta buskers waiting on the prize pitch outside the U-bahn. So I waited for my pal Jackson Dyer to finish his set and I busked directly outside the S bahn as



Parker Busks Berlin

Hi, I'm Toby Parker. You probably know me if you're a resident of Hereford as I was once seen with quite astonishing and/or depressing regularity busking the streets of Hereford. I moved to Liverpool this year to 'expand my music career', which mainly involved even more busking. After 6 months of hitting them Scouse street corners, day and night, turning my 30 watt guitar/vocal amplifier up to 11, playing Wonderwall, talking to the old geezers, bagging up the pennys and fivepennys, I felt I needed a change of scene. I thought I'd take a busking holiday* to Berlin.

This is my travelogue.

*busking holiday – holiday with all expenses paid(!) - by busking.

05/09/13 (The Thursday before)

BERLIN

From this Monday til Friday 20th, I shall be reviving the suitcase as a more portable bass drum than the hefty bass cajon, in order to travel to Berlin.

I am taking a break but also flexing my creative biceps out on the streets of the 'zeitgeist metropolis'.

I will tell you aaaallll about it when I'm there.

09/09/13 (Monday, day of arrival)

- ARRIVED IN BERLIN

And ready to get my gitar out. 19 hour coach journey laid me down a little... So nothing yet.

12/09/13 (Thursday of first week)

- WENT BUSKIN YESTERDAY IN BERLIN

It was a gas and I was gettin' it on outside the Warschauer strasse station, an' people were standin' by diggin' it. But then the rains came and I had to cower under my tarpaulin as it rained cats and dogs and tried to pack up without my equipment getting wet.

I have been a tad slack on getting out there but today, the first day of the rest of my life, I will be out sooner!

13/09/13

- BUSKIN BERLIN... DAY 2... PARTS A-Z

I pitched up at the World clock Alexanderplatz and had a ball playing to all those attentive tourists and Germans. Actually had a full day of it rather than the 15 minutes on Wednesday!

Meeting the other buskers out in Berlin - quoting myself (erm...sorry) in my song Ragged Foot Soldiers... "We've met the other hustlers now it's our turn to greet".

Highball

The Ravens had lost their starting quarterback in the opening game of the season. The Sun reported a further four injuries in Mike Andrew's column the next day, including Baltimore's very own prodigal son – running back DeWayne Le'jay. Le'jay tied the AFC record for most yards rushing last year, and many were hoping for a repeat of last season's success all the way to Super Bowl XLVIII.

September had been a month to forget for the Ravens, until punter Chris Rifleman kicked a Raven's record 61 yard punt in overtime against fierce rivals the Browns. Cleveland had traded punter Rifleman two years ago to the Ravens in a deal that had almost gone unnoticed. Baltimore had struggled in that department for a number of years with many of their personnel firing wide, often in overtime, and all too often, costing B'more the game. Rifleman was a scrawny kid with a reputation for accuracy and impressive hang time. The Ravens incorporated him into their Special Teams despite some opposition from the M&T Bank fans. The booing ceased as soon as Rifleman slotted over his first punt – a scythe of his left boot from inside the opposition's 20-yard line.

Rifleman returned home from the victorious Brown's game to a loving father and a doting mother. His parents had gatecrashed a celebration planned in his honour by his wife, Marie, who had married Chris shortly after his graduation from Boston University. Chris noticed Marie's dinner preparations; two dinner plates were set out on the table with an unlit candle and the good cutlery. A box, probably with cake inside, sat on the married couple's Ercol table, which had been a wedding present from his absent sister who had moved to London. The cake was from mom, obviously. She always remembered an oval shaped piece of gingerbread for decoration. Marie moved toward the fireplace to switch off the TV where the Fox Network reported news of 'Rifleman's Record.' Rifleman sr. looked mightily pissed off as his inherited daughter curtailed the excited news anchor as he fawned over jr.

'What a punt son,' said sr.

'Thanks dad, I caught it right in the sweet spot, just like you told me.'

Marie sidled up to Chris and gave him a hug, before rubbing his shoulder as if trying to warm him. Marie looked sultry, her brown eyes beckoning. Chris couldn't help but feel a little uncomfortable, as if Marie were being inappropriate in making him think of sex in front of his parents.

'I noticed you, err, you squatted just before you – you know. Took the punt.' Sr.

moved over to the circular drinks table and made himself a dry martini with his back to the others. Jr. looked at his wife who had pursed her lips – a go to gesture for Marie, when she wished to avoid a subject. He looked at his mother who speechlessly ordered a drink from her husband using hand signals.

‘I squatted.’ Jnr. repeated the word to himself quietly before furrowing his brow and raising one corner of his mouth. Sr. joined the three of them still standing in the middle of the living room and handed Jr’s mother her drink. Mother took a sip.

‘Mitchell, that’s far too strong, put a little more soda in there for me honey.’

‘Just a minute dad.’ Jr. hesitated.

‘I squatted?’ Jr. had his hand held out in front of him, his index finger pointing to the ceiling.

‘Just before the snap, I saw you. You took this little squat. At first, I said to your mom, right Delores, I said what’s he doing? And it was actually mom that said it, right dear?’

Delores took a sip from her highball, which had just been handed back to her.

‘Well. Mom?’

‘Mmm, that’s better Mitchell.’

‘Mom? Did you say that?’

‘Say what, dear?’

‘You weren’t listening were you? Dad just told me that it was you who pointed it out, that I squatted before I took the punt.’ Jr. had both hands on his hips, waiting for his mother to stop sniffing the hi ball.

‘Yes, honey. You took a little squat like you used to when we went camping. Didn’t he, Mitchell? And anyway – now don’t look light that honey, what’s the big deal?’

Jr. moved over to the television and switched it on in a huff. He flicked through various channels, surfing through network thrillers and Colgate and Gatorade commercials; he navigated Sixty Minutes and Judge Judy before he found what he was looking for. The Monday Night team was breaking down the fourth quarter as Baltimore tied the ballgame with Lamone Shivers benefiting from a great screen pass before Chris nailed the two-pointer.

battered moth flies past and up and he tries to catch it in his hand but it floats away. In his palm is a crooked line ending in a black wart that leaks and speaks to him. He replies but all that emerges is crumbling teeth. Aldous tries to think back, to take himself away from this path. Oblivion grabs him, a vine of entrails binds his feet and pulls him down. Do not struggle. Relax. The vine eases. An intense pressure inside his skull now, the sound of splintering bone. A paroxysm of fear rises up like green bile coating his teeth and spitting out of his nose. Water. He is thirsty. The fear is flames on the surface. He puts his face to it. Among the flames there is a tunnel. A clear light emerges among the dancing figures that chant in the fire. He kneels and rolls in. Underwater now a current drags him but he does not struggle. Relaxing his body sucks him under, deeper. Blue black and endless space. He breathes slowly and the water enters his lungs. Slowly out and it leaves in a brace of bubbles. The water is so cool. A whirlpool of voices shimmers on an emerging surface, ripples distort faces whose mouths cry and contort. The circles sit on the surface skin. His body floats but it is not his body. It is a picture. Thought unhooks itself and the body sinks and dissolves spiralling uselessly below. He feels lighter. In the distance a familiar bridge. The day dawns blue through the coloured film above and he rises from his own lifeless abdomen that is surrounded by a sphere of light and on all sides piercing stars that glitter. The bridge is renewed and transfigured as the wind draws him to it. Above his body now a rainbow and a trail towards the centre of his being that is at once all being and nowhere but in this room familiar faces huddle around a bed, a Persian rug intricately woven with the colours of a sunset turning into night and Arabic characters that swirl around the edge. A single thread from the side waves as a gust of air rushes in the window and he is above the house and floating up as fields fan out like a patchwork being folded and a flock of birds soar and shimmer and clouds roll, the whole planet passing by the sun, shrinking and darkening to a point in a grain of sand, facets glowing in his own palm, diamonds of endless complexity, the ethereal body of Aldous Huxley walking without effort through rippled lines and forms that fuse and grow into crystalline cities populated by throngs of figures who glide open armed, and Aldous among them rises weightless along a glass staircase, and in the night of all a grand silence that contains him is unbounded and a prayer whispers from and outside himself and echoes to the passing stars and everything between like arms held out he joins a sea of souls that sing with an angel choir of its own imagining, and the curtains close and the past falls away into the shadows as another dawn touches a face somewhere which smiles, hands clasped below around a precious bump that will call her mother.

and the moist beads of arousal. Slipping his fingers inside that young woman. He could climb inside those lips. Kiss them apart with probing tongue. Hollow. A dark tunnel. He steps through the curtains. Silence, with his shadow ahead of him. He follows it in, pacing further. Birds flutter around his head, whispering warnings, secrets. He walks deeper, a sloping path, red walled and endless curving round and down in a spiral. Time flies and settles around his feet. He looks down and baby rats crack under his cautious steps. A gag doubles him over and the reflection in a tar river shows his face uplit and slathering, bulging eyes goggling in the black pool and a plastic face cackles back at him ageless and hungry. Gaping mouthed he drinks the water and the ripples knock against a boat captained by a hooded man. A long finger beckons him. He steps in. The boat glides into the dark and bones litter the riverbank. He feels for his body to try and control it. His feet walk out of his accord. His knees knock against each other. The ground is uneven. There is nothing here. This is in my mind. Perhaps this is the first trial. I'm not stuck anywhere. I am imagining this place. I can leave. Focus, this is transient, a shadow, listen to the breath. In, out. He coughs. There is something in his throat. Again, a cough, but it won't move. This thing is lodged, draws a heaving gag, and doubled over retching he is still staggering towards the necropolis that juts into the hollow depths, battered feet skidding on brittle femurs and opalescent coal. The taste of blood. The first smell he notices is rotten sex unwashed and unclean. His teeth feel stained. A large retch now, almost a scream, heaving ripples gurgle from the diaphragm up and an eyeball slops on the ground and bursts still suspended on the knotted nerves that he draws from his throat and somehow seem attached inside his head and with each tug a pulling higher up on his face inside the eye socket, the flaccid eyeball on the floor blue like his father's, like his. He sees himself at once from two points and the ground cracks and splits, tilting and sending him feeble into the abyss where dry soil scatters with meat fibres and severed hands grasp his naked body. Further now where pulleys tear screaming souls apart and insects feed on piles of foreskins and roughly torn womb puddles... sweat boils and sickness... yellowing goatmeat crawling with green maggots hangs dripping from a central spiked sphere that swings out of reach of the dismembered bodies that stretch and groan on sheets of cracked skin and matted hair.

Further and the light dims. All is weight and void. The air is like syrup. The ground is like tar. Walls oppress yet are absent. An endless formless desert populated by vacant souls, who wander hungry among the graves of stars, carrying the weight of nothing for all eternity. This is the very centre of hell. All gravity crushing towards the middle. A

Jr. turned around to his parents just as the kick went over to take the game into overtime.

'It wasn't the two-pointer, son. I never said you squatted for the two.'

Cliff Rosenthal's booming voice interrupted his colleague during the breakdown of the screen pass.

"Now I gotta ask guys – you know what I'm gonna ask don't ya Joe?" The camera cuts to Joe Forzattelle, the kicker for the Indianapolis Colts in their Super Bowl winning team of eight years ago. He's smiling briefly, as the camera cuts back to Rosenthal.

'What on earth was Rifleman doing? He looks like he's about to – yaknow?' Rosenthal and his buddies crack up in a collegiate fit of laughter. Jr. taps his foot, rubbing his hand through his hair.

'I mean, what is going through his head right now? Have you, Joe, have you ever seen anybody do anything like that before such an important kick?' Rosenthal is shaking his head, his impossibly white teeth dominating his face.

'No, I can't say I have, Cliff. At least not in the pros. I went to college with a guy who used to pat his kicking foot with his right hand just before the snap. Said it was good luck.'

'And how did that work out for him?' Davis Green interjected, looking perplexed.

'Pretty well, actually. He broke a high school record doing it, and he carried on doing it right through college.' Forzattelle took a sip of water before carrying on. 'Some guys just have this superstitious belief in continuity. Like if I keep touching my foot I'll keep scoring field goals. The thing about a squat is that it makes absolutely no sense. How is that going to help you with your rhythm?'

'That ever work for you, superstition, I mean?' said Davis.

'Ever see me do anything like that, Davis?' The four men erupt in laughter.

'Besides, you used to miss all the time, right Joe?' Cliff leans forward to accentuate the burn.

The laughter dies down, as Rosenthal straightens his tie. "Coming up, we'll have a call in. We wanna hear some reaction on this record breaking pun-'

Jr. turns off the television and places the remote control on the arm rest of the sofa. His parents are solemn, but Marie is beaming enigmatically.

'Sweetie, I think you've found it.'

'What have I found?' Jr. was calm, seemed genuinely interested.

'Your thing. I think you've found your thing that makes you so special.'

Jr's parents, who had for much of the last ten minutes directed their gaze at the floor, came to life. Sr. liked where Marie was going with this. He thought it was pretty smart. Delores moved over to the drinks cabinet to make herself another highball. The sound of the soda stream drowned out jr's words.

'What, honey?' Marie shook her head.

'I said I think you're crazy.' Jr's calm now felt more like resignation.

'Marie's right. I've never seen you so much as kick a 50-yard punt let alone break sixty. I think there's something going on here that we can't understand.' Sr. kept his eyes on his son while his wife handed him two fingers of scotch. 'Now you might call me crazy, but I'm damned if that didn't mean something out there.' Sr. took a seat on the cream leather sofa, so that now he was the only one sitting down. 'I mean, the fact that you can't remember doing it just makes me think that it's a little spooky – but in a good way, jr. You might not believe in fate, although – I guess it's not really fate now is it? I guess I mean superstition. You might not believe in superstition, but are you really gonna take that chance the next time –

'Next time? You think I'm gonna do it again?'

'He's right.' Delores sounded a little sombre as if Mitchell had just told jr. he was adopted; she still had her back to the three of them as she carefully stirred her highball.

'Your father's right, honey. You can't take that chance. Your career just took off. You were nothing at the Browns and you know it.'

'Mom.'

'Shhh, no you listen to me. You were nothing at the Browns and you were lucky you got traded.'

'Delores, I think that's enough. This is supposed to be a celebration here –

Jr. interrupting Marie - 'Mom, I wasn't lucky I got traded. I kicked a Brown's record –

'A Brown's record. What is that?' Delores had raised her voice. Her arms

glimmer of a golden light fills the room, the crocuses on the windowsill hum and glow. Laura whispers. Light and free. Aldous looks back at the flowers. Towards the light. They seem to sing a soft fanfare of muted trumpets. Forwards and up. A single moth flaps against the window and his eyes meet the beating wings. It passes through the glass and the faces around him look sunken and glow green and pallid in the dawn light. All night he could not face them.

The bed is in the middle of the room. A Persian rug sits under it and above a lightbulb swings dimly. Into complete love. The space around him expands. Edges sharpen. A whisper of a thought coalesces into a cloud of associations and images and fades again. His eye is caught by the lightbulb. The circles around it hum red to violet. Seven circles surround a ruined bridge in a gasping hole in the ceiling. The moth emerges from the circle and echoes ripple from slowly beating wings that propel it in lilting circles towards the bookshelf. It settles on the spine of a leather bound volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, A-E. Upon those letters a string of muffled facts assert themselves. The origins of algebra. Ancient Greek philosophy. The atrial wall of the heart. Ballistics. Belgian folklore. Chemistry. Dialectics. Evolution.

Something triggers a memory of an absence. The absence has a name. It's name, her name, was Maria. Oh Maria I have missed you. Maria shall I see you? Aldous' life starts to pass in scratchy vignettes of seaside strolls and forest fumbles, the sound of the cities he lived in and their smells. Communions with typewriters. The dimming light of blindness and the loneliness he felt drifts through his waning consciousness. That moth. Silk faced with beating wings. A curl of smoke gasps across. The darkness presses. Fragile glass eye blind... window pane hurt death... why? Help, my eyes... blood grip the way out of here, fire and snakes in circles. Grief in the air... choke the lapsing of trust in him... who? what terror? where? Nowhere. hide whoever... take want you... drag me... leave out... away... mine... her, me.

Lightening. A tree divides. The thunder rumbles six seconds later. He counts the ticks from the grandfather clock. Large reddish mahogany, an heirloom. An empty chair. Waves of nausea and with it a memory. Drunk and lost, a man asked him for the time. He looked at his watch and was struck on the head. The hair grew back grey. He can see the hammer coming down. A flash of jury duty. He remembers the accused stepping down from the stand to swirling chatter and sound. Her legs tanned and long. He saw legs like that once. Traced them with his hand. He remembers his fingers grazing her mound, touching her lips

d. 11/22/1963

An aging body lies in a wrinkled bed. A slow blink and the ghost of a sigh. A tree sways outside the window, parts with a leaf. A scrawled note in a shaky hand. Are you sure, Aldous? Another slow blink. The sheet is pulled back revealing a wrinkled arm, the arm that wrote the books that would outlive him. The arm that fed him throughout his life could now barely move.

The plan had been in his mind for a while. A high dose of lysergic acid was to be administered on his deathbed to secure his transition into a higher state of consciousness and aid his passage into the next life. The experiences he had on mescaline had already shown Aldous transcendent beauty in this life and he was eager to open that door one last time, to breathe in the ineffable truth of the Logos as he breathed out his last lungful of oxygen. To meet finally the sea of mind that the separation from which had pained and taunted him. At last an end to the decay and hurt of the physical body. At last an end to this dimness, the limits of the corporeal. At last, the freedom of oneness.

Laura firmly holds the needle and it slips into her father's arm muscle. The narcotic liquid flows in, a small air bubble with it. No matter. He is definitely dying. Any longer and it might be too late. The doctor fusses across the room, but no matter. This is the right thing. This is what he wanted. He knows what he is doing. It will help him. Crossed fingers, gritted teeth. The drug can take several hours to kick in fully and Aldous had asked that he would be in the peak of his trip as his brain shuts down. He had stressed that this was important, and that he must not be disturbed when making his final journey.

It is time. Words rise softly in his mind, "O nobly born, let not my mind be distracted." He isn't sure if that was quite right. Laura's voice again. Can you hear me? He squeezes her hand, warm but unfamiliar. He cannot even remember where the line was from. A frowning of the brow. Are you feeling any effects? A gentle shake of the head. Other questions had been asked. He nods without comprehending them. The face of his daughter seems alien, her worrying irritates him. The incessant concern. Can a chap not die in peace?

The doctor and the rest of the household are watching the television. Chattering voices and flickering. He drifts away from them towards an inner sanctuary. The

were flailing as she recounted the time jr. missed three in a row against the Cowboys. She was particularly interested in a palsied attempt at an onside kick that went wrong against Tampa in the playoffs two seasons ago. Her recall was, frankly, impressive. Jr. looked at sr. for some support but found only the image of a man who looked very comfortable sitting on jr's sofa, drinking jr's Wild Turkey.

Jr. stood anaesthetised, barely breathing. His mother had become unkempt in the madness of her anti-deliberation. Her blonde hair, expensively coloured and styled, had lost its carefully crafted insouciance. Sr. had slumped further into the chair, perhaps trying to disappear altogether.

'Perhaps your mother is right sweetie.'

What was Marie trying to pull? Thought jr. He began to indulge in a daydream: his lovely wife's face had become soiled by mascara, her Moschino blouse has been ripped at the breast, her earring pulled from that supple lobe that hung tenderly from that pink feminine ear. He revelled in his subtle change of countenance that allowed him to get away with such unpleasantness. His was a face of disappointment at worst, never betraying what really went on behind that facade.

'Your mother has had a lot to drink, but I think she wishes to point out the providence of tonight. We have both struggled Chris, when your career didn't seem to be going anywhere, right hun? You were so depressed, and the Ravens -

'The Raven's contract bought this house -

'Sweetheart -' Marie brought her hand to her chest, affronted. She affected a theatrical pause before continuing. 'Sweetheart, don't get huffy when I'm trying to help you. I know very well where you're going with this; you think I'm just this entitled prima donna who lives this lavish life -

'Not that lavish, what was it \$400k - jeez'

'That's enough, Dad!'

Sr. swirled his highball, happy with himself.

'Listen,' continued Marie. 'I'm on your side; we're all on your side, Chris. We want the best for you.'

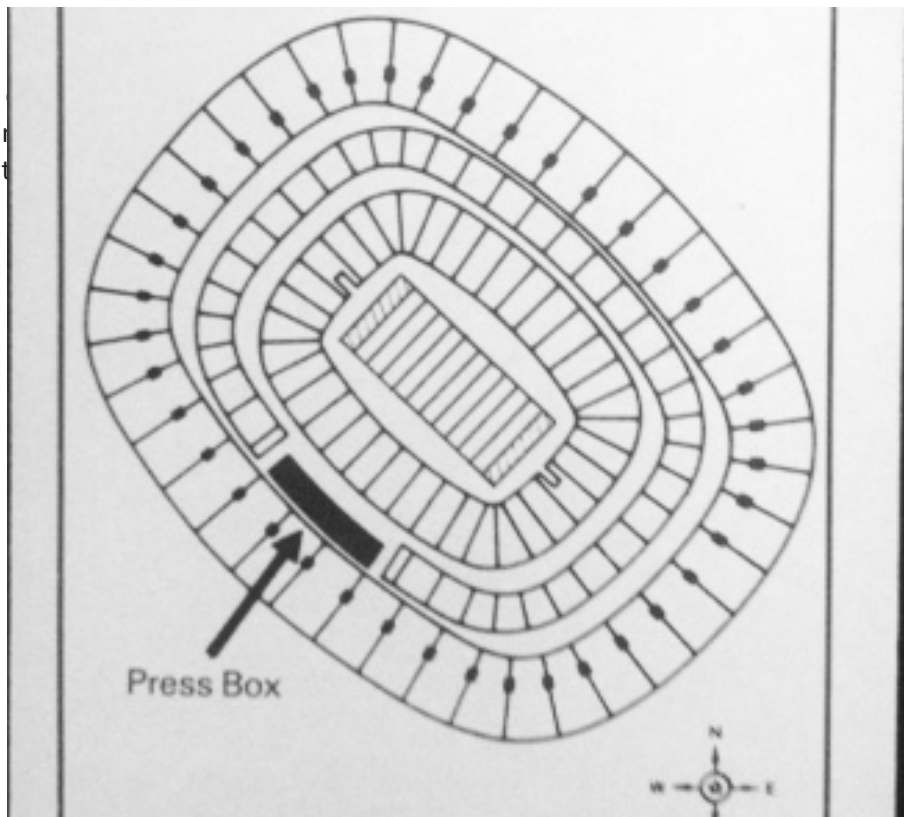
Chris walked out into the hallway, grabbing his coat. 'Has everybody lost their minds?' He shouted. He never shouted, and perhaps it was his shouting that caused his voice to pitch pre-pubescently high on 'minds.' He struggled with the door, as he fashioned to leave.

'You come back here, Christopher Rifleman, this minute! This is your mother speaking and I want your ass back in this room right now.' Delores had her head down and her left index finger pointing to the carpet. She remained frozen in anger, her face contorted as if in the grips of some peculiar philosophy. Jr. narrowed his eyes, stuck in the doorway and looking at his wife. He hung his jacket on the hook with some degree of dignity and closed the door very quietly, before rejoining his family in the living room.

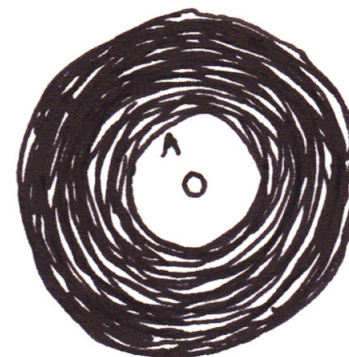
'First of all. I haven't had too much to drink, Marie.' Delores said 'Marie' in a girlish voice as if she were teasing a younger brother about his first crush. Delores made herself a highball as she carefully recounted the events of this afternoon's game. She spoke measuredly, in the face of an emerging delirium. Sr. sat up, smiling at the old girl. And even Jr. felt a sense of pride at his mother's ability to speak under the influence of what his uncle James used to call 'a gutful.'

'So you're going to squat. You're going to squat even if it makes you look like you're taking a shit. But I'll say one thing about Marie,' index finger adroit 'who I never really liked by the way,' (Delores had a tendency to overuse the index finger when making a point), 'she's right about your little career' – again that girlish teasing voice – 'you were a loser before tonight. Marie knows it, I know it, hell your father knows it and the Cleveland Browns knew it.' Delores had closed one eye, squinting like Popeye.

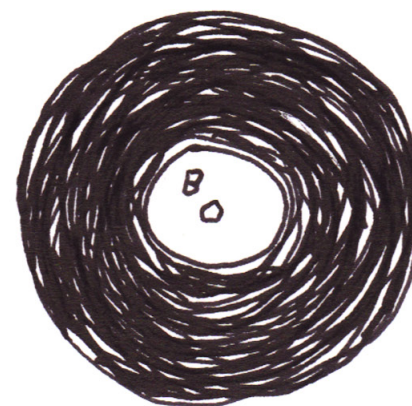
Later that
front of hi
He sat on t
would do.



fidelity



This side is me



this side is you

DW, 2000

Tobion Interviewed

(So, here we are. How do you feel about doing an interview?)

I'm not being funny, i'm uncomfortable with interviews because..you have to be the center of attention and in a way, part of me loves being the center of attention and the other part of me absolutely hates it.

(well we're off to a good start then)

..the thing is, i'm seeing you as the enemy

(NME? ..yeh that's probably a sensible attitude. Let's talk about the music, or the new EP [Facing the North Star], you've just released)

Well, me doing music is no more special than you asking the questions...not discounting what i've done and saying it's rubbish, i'm really proud of the EP but I don't see it as better than anything anyone else does..

..and I also look at other people like Annie [Elspeth-Anne 'Cave' EP out NOW] and Mikey [Bird Radio, new album out 7th October] and I think fucking hell, they're so good, mine feels a bit cheap in comparison and i know it's not but it's just wierd talking about something you just do because, no-one would interview me about going for a walk in the mountains or about cooking an omlette, they're just things i do and that's what writing songs is like for me.

(i think i know what you mean, it's about not defining yourself too much as one thing)

can i have a cup of tea now?

(no. how do you feel about the way a lot of people worry about 'getting heard'? or the one i really hate - 'getting recognised?')
at the end of the day it doesn't matter if no-one hears it. sometimes just singing for yourself feels like your adding some bit to the world, another layer.

(i think since media has come into the equation more and more, music has changed from something you just did for enjoyment to something that's seen as a job or career. Do you feel a sense of pressure to see your music like that?)

i mean, i work part time but i earn enough money to get by and play music and people say 'how's your music going?' as if i've given up one job for another one and that's not the point, i just want to play for myself or to people i care about. Music becomes work when you put pressure on it

(like say, with an interview situation?)

hehe, yeah but when you slip into that level of thought because you're asked 'how many albums have you sold?' and all that.

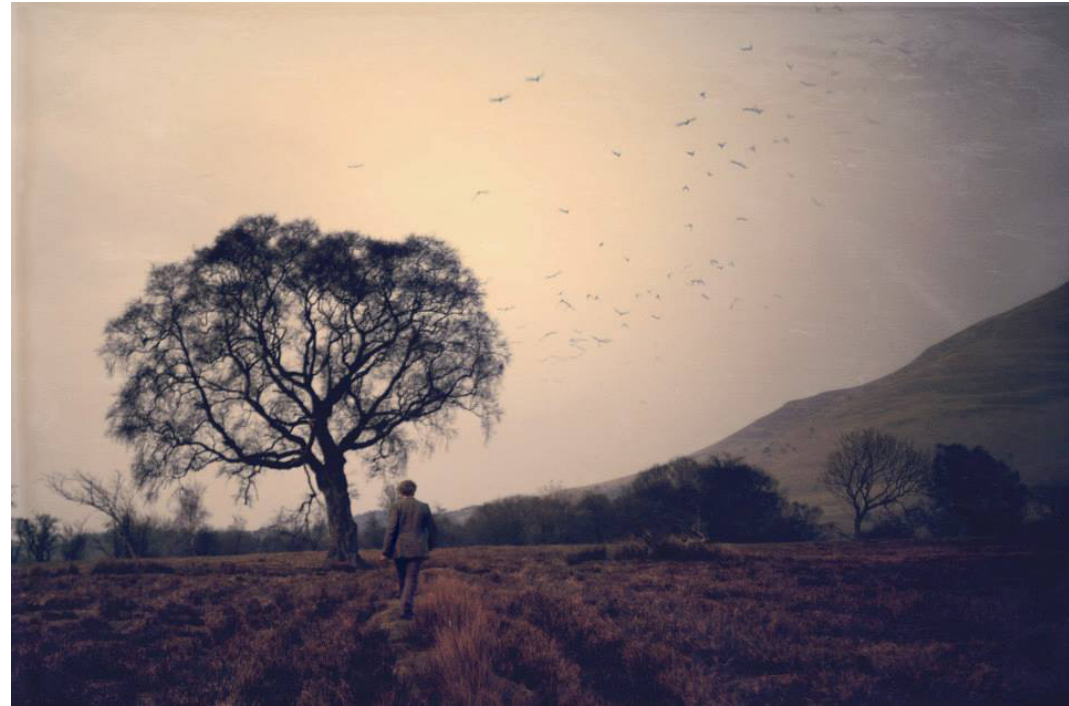
When i sell any album i'm so grateful that someone's liked my record that much that they've often paid an hour of their life effectively because money is just hours of your life, so i appreciate that so much.

(i think that attitude is what the term 'successful' should really apply to when it comes to music and with that in mind i reckon this interview's been entirely successful. Shall we get back to what we were discussing before, how the Thundercats were all dressed like wrestlers. i mean, i told Omar that i'd need a specific set up in order to effectively interview someone, a soundproof room for a start and leverage. i'd be more comfortable if i had some leverage, none of this sitting around being nice.

i was expecting more of a Live and Kicking experience.

(Thanks a lot Toby. I think you've been as co-operative as someone not tied to a chair in some egg-boxed urban basement with a police-issue torch shoved in their face ought to be)

(Tobion's EP 'Facing the North-Star' is available now at <http://tobion.bandcamp.com/album/facing-the-north-star>. Stop reading about music and go listen to it or even better, make it yourself.)



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