

THE

EMI

our News

Number 1.

WE KNOW, YOU KNOW!

EMI is a large and faceless public company whose slogan is the Greatest Recording Organisation in the World. Its only loyalty is to its shareholders. Over the last few years EMI have ruthlessly pursued a policy of "survival at all costs". As their share of the market diminished they began to adopt the most unscrupulous methods to boost their sales. Interfering with the so-called Chart Shops who supply details from which the weekly charts are compiled is but one small example. There have been numerous allegations against them of the attempted bribery of DJs and their producers, and generally using unfair tactics to gain access to the media. Because EMI spend large sums of money on advertising with the press it effectively means that their bands are never without press coverage. Newspaper editors and owners will vehemently deny that any link exists between their advertising clients and the editorial content of a newspaper. Make no mistake; they are liars.

Although EMI is not the only large record company to be accused of THESE ABUSES, they are clearly amongst the worst offenders. "The Hypo" is one of EMI's specialties and it must be said that it is in this area that they really can excel themselves. The fact that hyping can so easily ruin the long-term career of a talented rock band is all absolutely inconsequential to them. Inside EMI there is a group of people whose job is to research various markets. This group of people has no actual office inside the company and it

is therefore a secret and unacknowledged body within EMI.

Missing Genesis

Recently, it was decided that a short-term market existed for an early-Genesis type of band. They perceived a young generation of mainly boys, who had missed out on the Peter Gabriel/Genesis experience, who could be persuaded through skillful marketing to accept a facsimile. A huge campaign has since been launched to raise the public expectation of a young and ambitious band called

Marillion. EMI have simply, by the expenditure of large sums of money in the right places, brought Marillion quickly into the public eye. In order to see this in perspective what must be remembered is this:

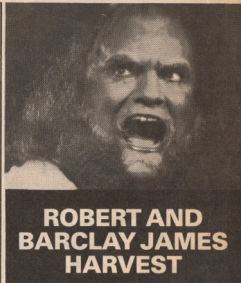
When Genesis began to reach for greatness with their album *Foxtrot*, they had already recorded three previous albums. By that time they had achieved the kind of artistic maturity which enabled them to dig deep into their song-writing experience. Marillion's very good debut album *A Sign for a Jester's Fool* is the result of their best recorded material over two years.

EMI are expecting Marillion to record another album this autumn, and this I consider to be grossly unfair to the band. If EMI cared about Marillion's long-term future, they would give the band time to mature and develop what may be very considerable talents. As things stand, instead of very possibly having a long and successful career they will assuredly be on the scrap heap within two years.

The Enid are planning another tour in the autumn. The set will include all the new album plus a number of tracks from their previous albums which have not been performed so far this year. During the course of this summer they have been planning an audio-visual show to go with *Something Wicked This Way Comes*. This will be used to project all manner of images to reinforce what the music is

saying. Robert and Steve are very hush-hush about it all at the moment, but we gather that it is pretty powerful stuff.

They are also planning to record a new album early next year. Steve explained that the album will be a continuation of *Something Wicked* and is part of a cycle of albums they intend to record over the next few years.



ROBERT AND BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST

by Stephen Stewart

Though Robert is reluctant to talk about Barclay James Harvest because he does not believe that one musician should slag off another, he agreed to let me say my piece.

In the summer of 1970, when I was a very young teenager, I went to see Robert at the Royal Albert Hall conducting the orchestra with Barclay James Harvest. It was wonderful. Since that time I have got to know him really well. He acknowledged him or paid him a penny. When it came to the band he was ripped off by them. He spent nearly three years of his life helping them write their music and teaching them their trade. He lived in their house in Yorkshire, and was

considered to be another member of the band. What bugs me is that Robert co-wrote several of the songs — including *Mockingbird* — which have since made Barclay James Harvest into millionaires. Barclay James Harvest have never acknowledged him or paid him a penny. When it came to the band he was ripped off by them. He spent nearly three years of his life helping them write their music and teaching them their trade. He lived in their house in Yorkshire, and was

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EMI AND THE ENID

FACT

EMI own the sole rights within the U.K. to press, manufacture, distribute and sell the two early Enid albums — *In the Region of the Summer Stars* and *Aerie Faire Non-sense*.

FACT

Due to lack of mass demand for The Enid's product, EMI's computer has deleted the records from their catalogue.

FACT

EMI have so far resisted all The Enid's efforts to acquire the rights back on reasonable terms.

FACT

The Enid have never received a penny in royalties from the sale of these albums.

Robert Godfrey says about the situation:

EMI have continued to sell these records for many years when they have known all along that The Enid were being cheated. This is yet another example of EMI's unconcerned attitude towards the welfare of the composers and performers they have made so much money from over 50 years or more producing gramophone records. I have therefore decided, in spite of the consequences, to mount an escalating campaign against EMI and its shareholders. My purpose will be to get EMI to take the necessary steps to enable The Enid to acquire the rights back to our recordings. If they have any doubt as to my resolve they should remember the story of David and Goliath.

THE BAND'S LIVE SHOW

It should be common knowledge that The Enid use synchronized pre-recordings in order to overcome the technical and musical demands of performing their music live. Unlike some, they make no secret of this fact. It is rather different the way The Enid do it. Most bands who use tapes either mime or perform over backing/rhythm tracks. On the other hand The Enid use their recordings to fill in the gaps which cannot possibly be performed live by three musicians. The bass is pre-recorded and has been played by Steve Stewart. About one half of Robert Godfrey's keyboard parts have been pre-recorded.

So have the backwards and other studio effects which cannot be performed in real time in any event. The real point is that everything that you see is real — the drums are live, all the guitar is live, all the vocals (apart from some backing vocals) are live. Robert Godfrey plays as much of the keyboards as is reasonable to do without interfering with the very expressive quality he engenders into the performance as a whole.

The machinery is made by Sony and the data is stored on a video cassette format.



If anyone is interested in more detailed technical information about The Enid and their equipment please write to Steve Stewart at Claret Hall, Near Clare, Suffolk.

BY THE END OF THE SOGGY

Clarett Hall Farm
Nr. Clare Sadbury Suffolk

During the course of their career The End have had many ups and downs. They have had many times been criticised for having brought a lot of their troubles on to themselves. Because they have always wanted to be in charge of their own destiny and retain their individuality they have not co-operated with their various record companies and managers. These people have sought to buy and mould The End into what they believed would be commercial. The End have always resisted this and gone their own way and made up their own mind about what their public expectations from them.

Over the years The End have recorded seven albums and a number of singles. Though there have been many different musicians associated with the band, the End have only ever been three. From 1980, only these three, Francis Lickish, left the group to go and live in Ireland with his family. He was terrified of the prospect of a nuclear war and his pre-occupation with this fear prevented him from continuing his contribution to the band. Stephen Stewart and Robert John Godfrey are now the nucleus of the band. They have always tended to be sublethal and the media and have never pandered to fashionable trends. Nothing whatever is known about their private lives. Both they and their music constitute some of the most enigmatic bands which this country has ever produced. They would always describe themselves as entertainers but we in The End Society, which is a loose fellowship of people who are drawn together by the End, believe that their deeply spiritual music seems to speak directly to the heart in a way which goes beyond mere entertainment.

The End are the first major rock band to take on tour with a purely male original album. This album is called *Something Wicked This Way Comes*. It is perhaps the most controversial album the band have ever produced. For the first time their vocals and it is worth mentioning that to have vocals has always been an aspiration of The End. What is not all that common knowledge is this. On New Year's Day, 1975, a young man named Peter Roberts died. He had been for many years a personal friend of Robert Godfrey and had just joined The End as a singer and actor of outstanding capability. As you can imagine, this was a great tragedy, and is the explanation for why The End's music has been hitherto entirely instrumental. The new album is about half and half with Robert and Steve sharing the vocals. The subject of *Something Wicked This Way Comes* is a god's eye view of nuclear war. It is not in any way political but tries, in poetic terms, to unmask the logic of the political justification of these wicked instruments of war. This album will never be available in a shop anywhere in the UK.

Robert John Godfrey once said in a letter to a fan that for The End to achieve its goal he would have to walk around the British Isles and meet everybody individually. The fact is that The End consider the record business a complete waste of time, because it tends to be geared purely to commercialism and has no regard whatsoever for artistic merit. The End believe that if record companies will not start investing in the long-term aspects of an artist's career, there will never again be bands of the stature of Pink Floyd or Queen or any other name like that one would care to bring to mind. It cannot be denied that bands from that era are still popular beyond belief and it remains a fact that no amount of record company hypocrisy, cheating or manipulation, the charts or bribing the DJs has so far successfully conned the public.

In a letter in 1980 to the head of the now defunct Pye Records, with whom The End had the misfortune to be connected, Robert Godfrey wrote this poetic outburst which was not just directed at Lord Grade and that particular record company but rather at the whole system which has produced the sad state of affairs which now exists within the industry.

"By now, we are all aware the End is fraught with problems and obstacles to our continuance. The Forces of War are gathering and they beat against our door in yet another attempt to overwhelm us. The aim is to break the spirit of a group of people whose ideals are like the stars which guide mankind. Their methods are those of the exclusive self-seeker, who only likes what he knows, and who would kill the spirit of life by drowning it in a sea of mediocrity. Those who spit upon The End and people like them, spit upon all people whose aspirations look towards a full and abundant life for all mankind. They spit upon the child, and condemn their children and their children's children to the Pit. Like Cain and all those who bear his mark, The End shall dwell in the land of Nod forever".

If you love The End, then please help them with your support. They are completely on their own, without a record company. You can help by spreading the word and encouraging your friends to give their support. Anybody wishing to find out more about The End and their friends and where they can purchase their records can write to Robert John Godfrey or Stephen Stewart at their address. Please send a stamped addressed envelope with your letter.

Love, Jane and Simon
THE END SOCIETY.

Raindown

Picture a scene,
A black interior as the wind,
Blows fiercely on you from the sky
You hurriedly lay down
And the clouds that you see,
They billow with fire and a shame.
The breeze is slight with a fear
As they try to playdown

Chorus
Whatcha gonna do now
Raindown
Where you gonna go now
Raindown
Raindown on me
Are you all asleep now
Raindown
Do you want to die now
Pray now for me

The mad on your feet
Is more than the clay it's a slush
Of dreams that you had it and it sticks
Like earth in a bad dream.

The damp that you feel,
Is blood from the pool and all its thick
It clings like a glove as its drink
In somebodys mad scheme

Chorus
Now as you see,
The steel in the sky and on earth
The missiles on high and below
Continue to raindown

Bullets and bombs
And armies of men with their flags
And words that they use to the end
Save evermore raindown

Chorus
Catch a falling star now
Raindown
Catch a death of cold now
Raindown
Pray now for me.

And then there were none

Toytown's burning brightly
And the laughing policeman's just a pile of ash
Takes up the playground
Where the children ring-a-rose
As the flashing wind
Gently tugs your hair.
And the end begins
Leaving shadows there.

In the sun, three became two
Who became one,
Then there were none

Noddy looks for his friend
And finds him, ear by ear
Upon the heap that
Was the garden
Where the children 'Tisfoot'
'Tisfoot'

As the reaping wind
Takes your breath away,
And the quiet begins
And remains that way.

In the sun, three became two
Who became one,
Then there were none

Twilight falls in Noddy's heart
As softly as the fruit
Falls from the tree,
(We knew it would do.)
He bends towards
The 'touch me' hand
And drinks the 'drink me'
Drink of unity:
(That's as it should be.)

In the sun, then there were none
Three became two
All's said and done,
Who became one
Thy kingdom come
Then there were none
Thy will be done
Then there were none

Something Wicked This Way Comes

At bedtime when the light goes out
once more
Something wicked this way comes
creeping soft across the floor.
Don't look now!
It might be there!
Oh don't look now
It's over there somewhere
Oh please, oh please help me

Oh wonderful world, a passing dream
Oh wonderful world, just passing fancy.

The light's out,
And it is forever more
Something wicked this way come
singing songs of war
Calm yourself
Arm yourself
No need to fear
Your darling mother's here

Oh please, oh please help me
Oh wonderful world, a passing dream
Oh wonderful world, just fleeting fancy.

In the sun

Then there were none
Three became two
All's said and done
Who became one

Thy will be done
Then there were none
Thy kingdom come
Then there were none
Thy kingdom come
Then there were none!!!!
Oh wonderful world, a passing dream
Oh wonderful world just fleeting fancy.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE YEARS

Spring 1974 Holy Grail performed at Finchden Manor Finchden Manor closed.
Robert Godfrey, Stephen Stewart, Francis Lickish and Dave Williams moved to Cranbrook.
Recorded demos for *In the Region of The Summer Stars*.

October 1974 Angus Boucher became The End's manager and financier.
Left Cranbrook.
Dave Storey joined, playing drums.
The End did a series of performances with their local amateur dramatics company, performing the music to a play called *Everymar*.
Dave Williams left, and Gene Tollett and Neil Kavanagh joined.

January 1975 The End's new vocalist Peter Roberts committed suicide.
In The Region of The Summer Stars recorded at Sarm Studios, London.
The End move to Royston. David leaves.
Robbie Dobson joins.
The End rehearse through the summer, and the first gig was performed on 19th September 1975 at University College Hospital, London.

January 1976 *In the Region of The Summer Stars* was released on BAK Records.
The End, Robbie, Nick Magnus and Jeremy Tranter join.
The End toured England and Holland.
Recorded demos for *Aerie Faire Nonsense*.
Made debut appearance at Reading Festival.

Autumn '76 Managers steal equipment after live recording at The Marquee Club, London.
Robbie and Jeremy leave. Nick Magnus also leaves to join Steve Hackett.
Dave Storey rejoins along with Terry Pack and Charlie Elston.

Winter '77 This time was spent taking the managers to court and fighting for survival.
Terry King becomes The End's manager.
Recorded *Aerie Faire Nonsense* and *Golden Earrings*.
First concert at The Rainbow Theatre, London, in July.
Charlie replaced by William Gilmour.

November 1977 Sign recording contract with Pye Records.

Recorded *Touch Me* with Tony Freer now playing the *ouch*.

New Year '79 National tour ending with Live Recording at Hammer-smith Odeon on March 3rd.
Dave Storey and Terry Pack leave, to be replaced by Robbie Dobson and Martin Russell.

Autumn '79 The End set out about recording *Six Pieces*.
Tony Freer walks out in the middle of a recording session to get married.

Winter '79 Terry King and The End part company by mutual agreement.
Robbie Dobson leaves, to be replaced by Chris North.

January 1980 The Lodge Studio opens for business run entirely by The End.

Summer '80 During the summer The End record a number of hit records for other artists including Kim Wilde's *Kids in America* etc.

Autumn '80 Pye Records repudiate recording contract. The End embark upon The Make-Up tour.

Christmas '80 The Tour finishes with Drury Lane.
Tony Freer leaving Robert, Steve, Chris and Martin Russell.
No replacements are sought.
Bronze Records — *When You Wash Upon A Star* is released.

Spring '81 Move from Hertford to Clare.

Autumn '81 Reading Festival.
Disillusionment with Bronze Records.
Martin Russell leaves.

Christmas '81 *Heigh Ho* released on Bronze.
Martin Wilson and The Wilsingtons get stranded in snow at Clarett Hall Farm whilst recording.

Spring '82 Rak Records take interest in *Raindown*.
Rak Records release *And Then There Were None*, which flops.

Early Autumn '82 Robert and Steve appear briefly with Bernie Torme at Reading Festival to do *Wild Thing*.
Chris leaves.

Late Autumn '82 Robert and Steve decide to go it alone, burn their records and record *Something Wicked This Way Comes*.

Christmas '82 Electricity and telephones cut off at Clarett Hall. Things look desperate.

Early New Year Album finished.

February/May 1983 Studio splits up to enable finance for tour.
Continuous touring of Great Britain.



Early Life-

by Robert John Godfrey



Robert John Godfrey

I was born in 1947 on 30th July. My mother was a farmer's daughter and my father a war hero. When he married my mother he naturally became a farmer, working on my grandfather's farm. I remember those early days in the Kent countryside vividly. Everything seemed to smell very much fresher in those days. There were no motorways and only the very mainest of main roads possessed white lines down the middle. We had no electricity in the farm house. The nights were lit with gas lamps. We were considered very fortunate to have had a car. I believe my beloved grandfather, who is still alive having retired at the age of 83 from a life of farming, pulled some strings at the end of the war and presented my parents with a black Austin of some kind as a wedding present. Black was the only colour of car you could get in those days. One of my earliest memories is of my mother attempting to start the wretched vehicle in question in the mornings. You could hear the battery becoming flatter and I could hear my mother becoming more and more infuriated. Finally, I would hear her get out of the car and attempt to crank the engine by hand. By this time she was angry in the extreme, and I and my baby sister Sally would keep well out of her way.

At the age of 3½ I started to attend a kindergarten school run by a rather stern but kindly lady called Mrs Jackson. I remember very little about the building itself, but it was there that I learnt to read and write and where I had my first romantic experience when I fell desperately in love with a little blondie girl of a mere 2 years. I do not remember her name any more but I remember dreaming about her.

Naughty boy

When I was six I was sent away to a boarding school called Eylesden Court in Bearsted, Kent. I was an old boy there and possibly even an actual menace. I was loved very much by the headmaster and his wife. I was a clergyman, the Very Reverend Fortesque-Thomas. Apparently, he considered me an exceptional child because, when a committee of parents requested that I be removed from the school, presumably for some offence or other, according to my grandmother he rounded on them and stated that the last boy he had been fortunate enough to educate at his school and whose character and behaviour were somewhat similar to my own was none other than Douglas Bader.

Things began to go wrong when old Fortesque-Thomas retired. I was then nearly nine. Furthermore, my father had decided to branch out on his own. He left working for my grandfather, gave up Park Barn Farm where I was born, and moved to Westgate-on-Sea, where he went into partnership with a couple I knew as Uncle Joe and Auntie Monica. They ran a dairy together which was not a farm but rather a shop—a place where milk and other farm produce was processed, bottled and delivered from. I remember that Auntie Monica had two daughters named Jane and Angela. They were as good as gold and never did anything naughty, or so their mother thought. I used to pull Jane's hair and she would cry and Auntie Monica had been in the Women's Royal Air Force with my mother during the war and they were best friends. It is now obvious how the boys have drifted apart over the years, for they now hardly communicate.

Crisis

Because of my family's move to Westgate and the fact that a new headmaster was now called at Eylesden Court, I faced my first serious crisis. I hated the new headmaster who beat me unmercifully at every opportunity. He was a small, unlight-skinned Scotsman who had none of the spiritual gifts possessed by his predecessor. With hindsight I realise that my presence must have been a constant reminder to him of this fact. It clearly brought out the very worst sadistic streak in him. Nevertheless, I somehow felt sorry for him. I remember one day an occasion where he was wrestling on the mat with the boys of the gymnasium. He was endeavouring to demonstrate his physical superiority and I will never forget the look of humiliation on the face of this miserable man when he was soundly beaten by this self-same 14-year-old.

Things began to go wrong for the school itself. It was not long before I was removed from Eylesden Court and was beginning a new term at a school called Tormore in Deal, Kent. It was considered a fine preparatory school for boys, with a particular tradition in the more macho aspects of manly recreation. It was here that I began to suspect that I was different from most other boys. Most boys of that age still think of themselves as gods. We may hate them, think all of them, but we never question whether they are right. For me it was different. The headmaster, whose name was Spurrer, was never always drunk, his wife was a Justice of the Peace. She was kindly but remote, completely removed from any of the school's activities apart from buttering up the parents and covering up for her husband's drinking.

The first real injustice I remember was when I had occasion to come into conflict with a young teacher, still wet behind the ears, who had come down from Cambridge. His name was Mr Keating and I remember him distinctly. It so happened that one day, as we were required to list 10 words in English which came either from Greek or Latin sources. One of the words which I had chosen was 'hippopotamus'. He marked this wrong and I was told that it is known as 'hippo' is Greek for horse and 'potamus' is Greek

for river. I took issue with the wretched Keating on this matter. I see now that I embarrassed him but for a nine-year-old boy to be punished for being right is a terrible thing.

Needless to say things became worse and worse. I became rebellious, dissolute and antisocial, and I began to wet the bed. I was resented by the other boys in a way which I now find quite understandable. It was like the mark of Cain placed there by God upon my brow. It has often caused me to wonder whether Cain really murdered his brother Abel, and if he did, why? It is because Cain was different. It was he who was ostracised by the community in which he lived. Maybe he was accused of murdering his brother as means to discredit him and justify his exile into the land of Nod. I do not believe that God puts his own mark on someone he does not love. If someone is cut off from God's love then they have done it themselves, for God will go any distance at any time to any place and spread the arms of love about a person who is truly sorry for his sins, however atrocious those sins may be. A sin is never something to be guilty about. Only to be truly sorry. We are never punished for our sins, but by them.

Confrontation

I was eventually expelled from Tormore after an episode which included a midnight chase across a ploughed field (me in my pajamas), a Gandhi-like confrontation in which the headmaster finally had to realise that he would have to kill me before I would give way, and a visit to the school in the early hours of the morning by my mother and father.

I think that it was at this point that my parents began to get an inkling that they had produced an offspring whose character was outside their experience or understanding. When I had been born my name had been put down for Tonbridge School. This is one of England's most exclusive establishments, and though not a Harrow or an Eton was where my father's family had been educated. My parents still vainly hoped that I would be able to take my place there, and looked for a suitable alternative for me to attend in the meantime. Having fallen foul of two previous regimes it had become extremely difficult to find another school that would be prepared to take me. Needless to say, such a place was discovered, hiding in the Sussex countryside near Hastings in Surrey.

The School was Merrion House, and was situated on the outskirts of a lovely village called Sedlescombe. The proprietors were an elderly couple whose surname was Brummel-Hicks. She was quite the kindest and loveliest woman I had ever met. I felt she took a special interest in me and I loved her. He had obviously

been a brilliant academic as a younger man, but now in his 70s was suffering from something akin to Parkinson's disease. I somehow remember a first-World-War injury being mentioned, but I can no longer say for certain what was the cause of the violent tremors which shook his body and caused his writing

Continued page 4



Stephen Stewart

SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES

The subject of our new album *Something Wicked This Way Comes* is the most important of all issues facing mankind. Nuclear weapons have now presented humanity with the means to its own self-annihilation. Hitherto this has been a matter for God alone. However, it is not an artist's place to take an overtly political stance. In any event, most artists are politically naive. Ambiguity is the great instrument which the com-

poser has at his or her disposal. 'Ambiguity is the name of the game.' Ambiguity stirs people's hearts, and is capable of kindling the flame which enlightens our inner selves. Music at its best is a spiritual language which communicates directly with the soul. It bypasses all other languages, races, creeds and opinions. One thing that humanity can reasonably expect to share with life elsewhere in the universe is music.

Way Comes is a poetic look at the tragedy of a nuclear holocaust. I will never tell you what to think. But I implore you all to think about these issues. We will never dis-invent the technology which has produced nuclear weapons. Disarmament always leaves the possibility of rearmament. Mankind is having to face up to its responsibilities. The world is a child in the process of growing painfully to manhood. If we think about it hard enough and stop

being like the proverbial ostrich, we have a good chance to learn to live with the monster we have produced. The world is like a person, and there is a beast inside. We will never cut the beast away—rather we must learn to make friends with our darker self and learn to love every aspect of our nature. When we do that we will truly know that God is Love.

Something Wicked This

My Early Life

Continued from page 3

to be completely illegible. I remember him being musical and it was around this time that I first heard music. In the grounds of this school were large clumps of imported bamboo which survived well in the mild winters of southern England. It was traditional for the boys to make flutes and recorders from the thick canes. On occasions the whole school would assemble to play in a recorder orchestra.

As I approached my twelfth birthday I remained quite happy at Merrion House until I was suddenly struck down with rheumatic fever. I spent some months in a hospital near Hastings. During the course of my stay in hospital Mrs Brummel-Hicks died. They did not tell me at the time because the doctors felt that such news would impede my recovery. One night in hospital I had a dream in which Mrs Brummel-Hicks came to my bed, bent over me while I was sleeping and kissed me. I am convinced to this day that the night of my dream coincided with the night that she died.

On coming out of hospital I returned to the school, but clearly something had snapped inside me. Within a short period of time my father removed me from the school and sought the guidance of a psychiatrist to deal with his wayward son. By now my parents had given up the dairy and had acquired a farm. I remained at my new home until I was 13 years old. Following a number of consultations with various doctors and specialists the best thing of my life happened. I went to Fin-

chden Manor, where I came under the spell of the most wonderful man. It is where I met Steve and Francis. Finchden Manor and George Ly-



George Lyward

ward is another story for another day; let it suffice now to say that I began to discover my inner self and I began to suspect the existence of God. It was at Finchden Manor that I discovered music. It was there that I learnt to play the piano and from where I eventually went on to study at the Royal College of Music in London.

Wasted Generation

However, life is not so simple. No sooner had I begun to achieve results at college than I began to question why I was doing it at all. As a dream grew into a possibility I realised I was scared. My main inspiration was a young man called Andre Tchikavsky, who has recently unfortunately died. He was only

46. He was a masterful pianist and held a revered position within the international circle of professional concert pianists. I was scared because I realised that in order to go down that road I would have to shut myself away and lead a life of constant discipline in the isolation of eight hours practice a

day and lonely hotel rooms. At the end of the 60s I dropped out and became a hippy. It is sad to think how that generation wasted such an opportunity. Everybody wanted something out of it but hardly anyone was prepared to put anything in. Beads and kaffans and the smell of incense was the order of the day. Unscrupulous businessmen cashed in. The ideals which we held so high became drowned in a sea of mediocrity. Love turned to hatred and fear. Peace put on the mantle of despair, and a cold and bony hand gripped the chest of the western world as one great chance for mankind to reach out and take hold of its destiny was cast away. An icy cynicism descended on the

younger generation. The rock music for which I had given up college became empty and meaningless. However, ideals are like the stars which guide mariners. As life goes on you learn that a star is always there — an eternal guiding light. But a star is remote, distant and unattainable.

Bad times

From 1969 until 1971 I was the musical director to Barclay James Harvest. This was a good experience for me because it helped me cross that great divide which exists between the rock musician and the performer of classical music. I cannot say that my time with them was happy, but it was useful. I was finally thrown out unceremoniously on my arse for what were genuine musical differences. I wanted to continue developing my ideas with the orchestra whilst Leapy and Les were becoming increasingly interested in American soft rock.

It was this same difference of opinion which finally was the end of Willie Wolstenhole who remains one of my long lost friends. For the bridge between classical and rock music is a two-way affair, and much of what I got out of being in Barclay James Harvest flowed back in the other direction. I was able to introduce not just Willie but the whole band to the delight of such composers as Gustav Mahler, Richard Strauss and Richard Wagner.

After leaving Barclay James Harvest I went to work at St George's Hospital in London as an operating theatre technician. I had been so hurt by my experience that I had vowed to reject music entirely in terms of

a career. However no one can fight their Karma. Soon I was involved with a young band in Cheltenham. We called ourselves 'Siddhartha'. I suppose looking back, the band had no future because of lack of commitment by some of its members. You see, the point about being in a rock band is that it is a calling. It comes first; all other considerations to do with the material world and the security of outside relationships are secondary. When someone won't turn up to a rehearsal because they have arranged to take their girlfriend to the pictures, it's time to stop.

At about this time — in 1972 to be precise — George Lyward died. Finchden Manor was flourishing, with no one capable of the helm. George Lyward's son tried, out of a sense of obligation, to settle his father's affairs in a reasonable way; but like an acorn which takes root in the shadow of its great parent, John Lyward was just an ordinary bloke, dominated by the giant spirit of his late father. I became involved in trying to keep Finchden going.

At the same time I left Siddhartha and recorded a solo album for Tony Stratton-Smith on the Charisma label. Tony Stratton-Smith is a complex and interesting man, and I could write a book about him; let it suffice to say here that Tony is one of my favourite people in the music business.

Good times

In late 1973 the idea of The Enid was born and Finchden Manor was preparing its swan-song. Ever since a play or theatrical event was performed at Finchden with the greatest of commitment and effort possi-

ble. The last play ever done there was called *The Quest for the Holy Grail*, with music by Stephen Stewart and Francis Lickrish. I was not involved with any of the music at this time, but I was in a position to lend some musical equipment. I spent an increasing amount of time at the final rehearsals in the weeks leading up to the performance. I was otherwise involved in those performances were the greatest religious and emotional experience that I have ever had and that probably goes for all the people who witnessed them or who were otherwise involved in taking part. On the last of the five nights it seemed as though the Holy Grail itself appeared above the heads of the actors, as the great soul of George Lyward finally departed to Heaven, thus leaving the place on this earth where he had devoted his whole life in giving love and hope to all those of us who needed him. In June 1974 the last boys left Finchden, and the door which had always been open finally closed forever.

Stephen, myself and Francis together with another young man called David Williams moved into a semi-detached house in Cranbrook, Kent. We had practically no musical instruments and lived on social security together with my allowance from Tony Stratton-Smith. The rest is history, and the struggles which The Enid have endured since that time is the subject of another story. We are still here seven albums later. Stephen and I will never give up being The Enid because it is our calling. Neither of us will ever forget the Grail, and The Enid shall be the everlasting expression of those ideals which have so inspired us for the last ten years.

THE ENID AND BARCLAY'S BANK PLC

The Enid have recently been on the receiving end of some criticism for banking with Barclays. It is in case that Barclays Bank have interests in South Africa, which some people find unacceptable.

For reasons which have nothing whatever to do with politics, The Enid are now banking with Lloyds.

The Enid Shop

SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES
The Judgement
Raindown
Jessica
And Then There Were None
Side Two
Bright Star
Song for Europe
Something Wicked This Way Comes
PRICE: £4.60

LIVE Vol. Two
Side One
Mayday Galliard
Mouresques
Cortège
Side Two
Albion Fair
Encore
PRICE: £3.50

SIX PIECES
Side One
The Punch and Judy Man
Once She Was (Scarborough Faire)
The Ringmaster
Side Two
The Hall of Mirrors
The Dreamer
PRICE: £4.50
T Shirts — £4.50
Sweat Shirts — £7.50
Badges — £1.00 or 50p
Mirror — £8.50

All prices include the cost of postage and packaging. Please send cheque or P/O payable to The Enid at: Claret Hall Farm Near Clare Sudbury Suffolk

SMASH AGENCY

The Enid would like to thank Smash Agency for getting all these gigs. We think they are the best in the business.

February	29th	The Marquee, London.	
18th	Chancellor Hall, Chelmsford.	30th	The Marquee, London.
19th	Starry University.	31st	The Assembly Rooms, Tunbridge Wells.
20th	Key Theatre, Peterborough.	April	
21st	Sils, Thatcham.	8th	The Regal, Hitchin.
22nd	Brunel Rooms, Swindon.	9th	The Town Hall, Staines.
23rd	Dingwells, Bristol.	12th	The Brunel Rooms, Swindon.
24th	The Marquee, London.	25th	Stems, Birkenhead.
25th	The Marquee, London.	12th	Divix Land Showbar, Colwyn Bay.
26th	Porterhouse, Retford.	14th	Hoppers Club, Halifax.
27th	Coatham Bowl, Redcar.	15th	Flora Green, Leeds.
28th	Berkeley Hotel, Southampton.	16th	Flores Club, Halifax.
March		17th	Sils, Thatcham.
1st	The Playhouse, Derby.	18th	The Guildhall, Southampton.
7th	Woodville Hall, Gravesend.	20th	Dingwells, Bristol.
9th	The Mayfair, Newcastle.	21st	The Apollo, Oxford.
10th	The Taboo, Scarborough.	28th	Sea Cadet Hall, Cambridge.
11th	General Wolfe, Coventry.	30th	Dingwells, Sheffield.
12th	JBS, Dudley	May	
13th	Carnegie Theatre, Wokington.	1st	The Playhouse, Edinburgh.
14th	Band on the Wall, Manchester.	2nd	The Playhouse, Edinburgh.
15th	Band on the Wall, Manchester.	5th	Caesar's, Bradford.
16th	Band on the Wall, Manchester.	6th	General Wolfe, Coventry.
17th	Cloids, Preston.	8th	Goldkickers, Chippenham.
17th	Cloids, Preston.	11th	Acad Cinema, Brighton.
18th	Dingwells, Hull.	12th	Cloids, Preston.
19th	Chester College of Education.	13th	Southport Theatre.
21st	Zoo Six, Southend.	14th	The Portchester, Retford.
22nd	Gala Rooms, Norwich.	16th	Benny's, Harlow.
24th	Charworth Theatre, Loughborough.	20th	The Queensways, Dunstable.
25th	Lees Cliff Pavilion, Folkestone.	21st	UMIST, Manchester.
		28th	Guildford Free Festival.

The Poem

This poem was written by the great American playwright Tennessee Williams. It comes from his play *The Night of the Iguana*. When I was young I was very fond of the poem which was made from the play. Although I am not really a poetry man this made a great impression on me. The next day I wrote to the public library and looked up the poem and wrote it down. Since then I have committed it to memory and it has always helped me whenever I have felt despair. When you are alone upon the face of the void this is when you are experiencing the great oneness of the universe.

How calmly does the orange branch
Observe the sky begin to blanch
Without a cry, without a prayer
With no betrayal of despair.

Sometime while night obscures the tree
The zenith of its life will be
Gone past forever. And from thence
A second history will commence.

A chronicle no longer gold,
A bargaining with mist and mould,
And finally the broken stem,
The plummeting to earth and then

An intercourse not a golden kind
For beings of a well defined
Whose native green much aches above
The earth's obscene corrupting love.

And still the ripe fruit on the branch
Observe the sky begin to slanch
Without a cry, without a prayer,
With no betrayal of despair.

Oh courage could you not as well
Select a second place to dwell?
Not only in that golden tree
But in the frightened heart of me?