

Out of view behind the mixer, someone quietly strums an acoustic guitar imparting a strange sense of tranquility. The tranquility shatters, crystal-like as a voice from the back of the theatre bellows 'Nick, it's here.' Meaning the Wishbone Ash truck. Instantly, almost everyone leaps up and moves rapidly outside. Someone sweeps the stage. Already it's six-thirty. Stage hands begin pushing and sliding equipment down the long aisles and onto the stage; moving with assembly line precision. At seven, long lines of people have already formed - they shiver in the freezing, windy cold. But the doors have opened now, and the auditorium gradually fills.



Loud music spills out to shorten the tedium of waiting and stage hands still maneuver onstage. As more people trickle in, their impatience grows and gathers strength in the half-light. To placate the masses, a hand tosses out some frisks. But that is only a superficial soother. Lights finally go down to the immense relief of those whose restlessness approached a rabid frenzy. But still no band. Wishbone Ash's Philadelphia contingent is sizable, and fiercely zealous. Rowdy, too. Wishbone's set is noteworthy for its unremitting energy, if nothing else, and their fans are wildly receptive. It is over fairly quickly, leaving not an exceptionally permanent impression.

Somewhere in the chasm of time, the stage is denuded of Wishbone's remnants and decked and jeweled with the fruits of the day's labours. Tower officials flashed back and forth, superstitious, working, sweating, worrying, conferring, perhaps even praying. And when the tension level couldn't possibly get much worse, the back doors are thrown back and the atmosphere heightens, as Genesis and their retinue sweep down the centre aisle, flanked by two or three beautifully elegant ladies.

**The Squonk**

(Lachrymoseus dabschek)

The range of the squonk is very limited. Few people outside of Pennsylvania have ever heard of the quaint creature, which is said to be fairly common in the hazy mountains of that State. The squonk is of a very retiring disposition, generally creeping about at twilight and dusk. Because of its reticent nature, which is covered with words and names, it is always hidden. In fact it is said, by people who are best able to judge, to be the most modest of all creatures. Hunters who are good at tracking are able to follow a squonk by its reticent trail, for the animal wears on its body a few scattered and escape-seemingly impenetrable strands of hair, which are very sensitive to the wind. Squonk hunters are most careful and the most diligent workers about it; they have heard reports of a squonk under the tongue of dark black trees. Mr J. F. Vining, formerly of Pennsylvania's disappointing experience with a squonk near Mount Airy, has made a clever capture by mistaking the squonk for a weaver's cocoon. Weaving the harden lighted and folded in. There was something but nothing the sack and folded in. There was something but nothing the sack and folded in.

**And as the awed murmurings of 'Good Evening Peter' are regally acknowledged, Peter Gabriel's dynastic company is showered with the silent worship that all good novices accord their priests. But Peter, fully aware of his position of chief hierophant, traverses the distance to the stage, smiles, nods and passes through.**

(A perhaps somewhat fanciful report, but with some unique insight into what life was like on the road in those earlier days)

The proof of the existence of Squonks (!) on the left comes from 'The Book Of Imaginary Beings' by Jorge Luis Borges, who in turn is quoting from 'Pearlsome Creatures of the Jumberrwoods, With a Few Desert and Mountain Beasts' by William T. Cox.

Thanks to Denise Hughes from Malta for searching it out and sending it in.



**Mike Rutherford**

**ACTING VERY STRANGE**  
Words and music by Mike Rutherford

If I step into the light  
And hold it in my hand  
Nothing left for me - anyway

I feel the world is slipping out of reach  
If I'm all alone, it's a memory  
It's a memory that used to be  
In a little while I know I'll be too late  
Somebody help me please  
'cos you're acting very strange  
You're acting very strange

Oh you never came here anymore  
Never even call to see if I'm alright  
Get me thru' the night, like you used to do  
In a little while I know I'll be too late  
Now I'm certain that

Another lonely day without you - oh  
I'm acting very strange without you - oh  
Another lonely day without you - oh  
I'm acting very strange without you - oh

Oh the place is getting very hot  
I'm afraid to stay  
Something's going on  
Something's very wrong  
With you and me

If I reach and touch your face  
There's nothing there to touch  
It's a memory of you and me  
In a little while I know I'll be too late  
But now I'm certain that  
You're acting very strange  
Another lonely day...  
Another lonely day without you out

Copyright 1982 by Michael Rutherford Ltd/  
Hit & Run Music Publishing Ltd

**Acting Very Strange**

**A DAY TO REMEMBER**  
Words and music by Mike Rutherford

There's a light in every window  
And it's shining on your door  
It's put there to remind you  
Of what you never had this feeling  
There's nothing you must hide  
No day to recall

Every day is just another day  
Every way is just another way  
So try to remember  
Please try to recall

Why don't you believe me, oh  
Why don't you believe me, oh  
And in a moment's hesitation  
Your defences are down  
And your secret is out, is out  
Nights have kept coming  
Your dreams keep confining  
As you try to remember  
But you have forgotten  
You can't recall  
The way that it happened  
And the things that you saw

**Mike Rutherford**

**MAKE IT**  
Words and music by Mike Rutherford & Ballotte

Every face is just another face  
Every place is just another place  
That haunts you forever  
And the day you can't hide

Why don't you believe me, oh  
Why don't you believe me, oh  
That day you remember  
That day you can't hide  
And in a moment's hesitation  
Your defences are down  
And your secret is out, is out  
Someone points a finger  
Of the day you've been hiding  
The day you were used  
But the nightmares keep coming  
The dreams get confining  
As you try to recall  
But you know in your heart  
Someone will fish  
That day you remember  
The day you can't hide

Copyright 1982 by Michael Rutherford Ltd/  
Hit & Run Music (Publishing) Ltd

**Make It**

**MAKE IT**  
Words and music by Mike Rutherford & Ballotte

How times have changed  
Maxine  
Now nothing's the same  
Maxine  
Everyone's gone  
Maxine  
Your home ain't your own  
You suit those Sproatan clothes...  
In a foreign sort of way  
You still wear that air of distinction  
In your factually stunning way  
Damn you girl! It still hurts me  
But that's years just made it worse  
And that's how love is divided  
Between the blessed and the cursed  
Maxine  
Don't bring back the past  
Maxine  
Life is too fast  
Maxine  
Everything's changed  
Maxine  
Nothing's the same  
Maxine

I still remember  
Do you remember  
Do you still remember  
Maxine  
Maxine



## Acting Very Strange

**HALF-VAULT THEATRE**  
Music by Mike Rutherford  
Lyrics by Florrie Palmer

Oh, I think I know the story  
I've been holding it for so long  
Are you running away  
Cos I'm in love with you  
Why when we get halfway there  
Why when we get halfway there  
Do I feel it's no half-hearted  
Make up your mind (making up your mind)  
Better decide (you better decide this time)  
How can you call this loving  
You know it's all or nothing  
I'm not afraid to tell the (truth)  
I've been hiding it for so long  
Oh I think you already know  
That I'm in love with you  
with you  
Give me a sign (Why don't you give me a)  
Give me a line (Why don't you believe me)  
How can you call this loving  
You know it's all or nothing  
Why when we get halfway there  
Why when we get halfway there  
Why when we get halfway there  
Why when we get halfway there....

Copyright 1982 Michael Rutherford Ltd/  
Hit & Run Music (Publishing) Ltd/  
Pendulum Music/Warner Bros.

## Mike Rutherford

**WIND'S HOWLING WHO**  
Words and music by Mike Rutherford  
and Florrie Palmer

They think they know me  
But they couldn't be more wrong  
They're not hearing what I'm saying  
When I sing my song  
They say I'm a liar  
They don't know I've got a plan  
Mutilated by me  
They don't understand  
They've lost out some pocket book psychology  
They'd better think again when they  
try nursing me  
Who is fooling who  
They think they know me  
But they couldn't be more wrong  
They're not listening to what I'm singing  
When I'm singing out this song  
and the think they know me  
But they haven't got a clue  
I'm the one who knows  
Who is fooling who  
You think you're with me  
But you couldn't be more wrong  
They're not following me closely  
But they only trail along  
They think I'm an open book but they  
can't see to  
They're in the dark when it comes to  
reading me  
Who is fooling who

Who do you think is fooling who  
It could be me who's fooling you hey hey  
Who's been fooling who  
Who's been fooling you  
You say you like it  
But you just have no idea  
You're not hearing what I'm singing  
Though I'm singing loud and clear  
You'll never make it  
As a player in my hand  
Can't have that oh no  
Who is fooling who  
You think I'm no good  
But there's nothing I can do  
Think again I know  
Who is fooling who

Copyright 1982 Michael Rutherford Ltd/  
Hit & Run Music (Publishing) Ltd/  
Pendulum Music/Warner Bros.

## Acting Very Strange

**COURT 'T GET AWAYED**  
By Mike Rutherford and Bellotte

You couldn't get arrested  
You couldn't get arrested  
But they're all protesting  
You're luckier than the rest  
Everything you had  
You couldn't get arrested  
You couldn't get arrested  
But they're all protesting  
You're luckier than the rest  
You were the last one to find out that you wanted  
While all your friends went off changing their careers  
They called you crazy and said you'd never make it  
They all moved out to their suburbs that year  
You had this gift no one else could see it  
It never stopped you from hawking it around  
You know you had it long before they found it  
Everywhere the door slammed, ev'rybody turned you down  
But you're luckier than the rest  
Now fame has hit you your old friends keep on calling  
And all the amazing doors are taken off the hinge  
They all remember the encouragement they gave you  
You have to turn each time and try to hide your grin  
It's good to be there they said you'd never make it  
That satisfaction's really good to know  
You know you had it long before they found it  
Everywhere the door slammed, ev'rybody turned you down  
But you're luckier than the rest  
You couldn't get arrested....

Copyright 1982 by Michael Rutherford Ltd/  
Hit & Run Music (Publishing) Ltd/  
Pendulum Music/Warner Bros.

## Mike Rutherford

**I DON'T WANNA KNOW**  
Words and music by Mike Rutherford

I suppose you think I'm crazy  
I suppose you think I'm mad  
You will never understand  
Why I'm alone, oh I'm alone  
Oh but I don't think I wanna know  
I don't think I wanna know



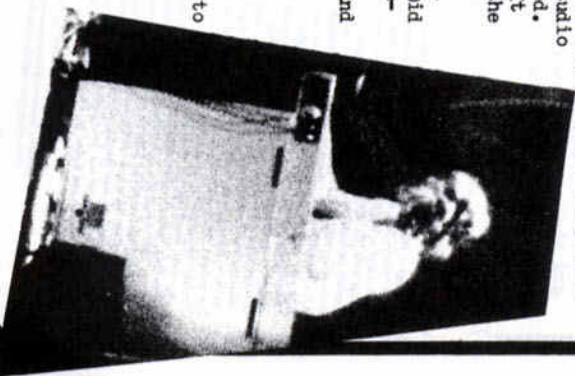
their wives. Who needs groupies anyway?  
The girls here in America are much more  
forward than in England. I can be sit-  
ting in a bar and a girl will come up  
to me and start talking. Then she  
finds out I'm English and well... I've  
been getting laid quite regularly. In  
America a guy doesn't have to go out  
and lay somebody - the girls here lay  
you, and all you have to do is sit back  
and enjoy it.'

'I think it must have something to do  
with the accent. In England, if you  
went up to a girl and said something like,  
'you're nice', she'd say 'aw f--- off' or 'go  
away'. But here, they'll stop and talk and  
even go off and have a drink with you.' 'Get your  
fingers working Nick, Dave hollers. Moments later,  
reaching for an attache case, Nick removes a large  
plastic bag and commences to roll a clumsy joint that looks  
very much like a cigar. Nick informed us that Genesis would  
lose 30,000 dollars on this American tour. But since they are  
financially backed, he said all the money would eventually be realized.

'We're forced to take whatever gigs are available here since we're not that well  
known in America. We take whatever we can to give us exposure and to make the  
big breakthrough - to be a success in America.' He complained at some length  
about playing some places in Europe. 'They have very strict fire regulations  
and complicated stage requirements. Most of the time there would be all these  
people about and only one interpreter; and there would always be a lot of shout-  
ing and screaming. After you had spent two hours setting up a piece of equip-  
ment, some inspector would come round and tell you it had to be moved back a  
foot because of some obscure law and I would just scream back that I wasn't a  
going to do it... That's why it's so nice working here - at least you can under-  
stand people reasonably enough - sometimes, that is.' When not on tour, Nick  
said it was his responsibility to sit around the studio  
all day while the band wrote, recorded, or rehearsed.  
'We're there in case they want or need anything. It  
could be a bit of equipment or a cake from around the  
corner. It can be almost anything.'

As the pace picks up infinitesimally, various arti-  
facts like a large gauzy disc are hauled onstage. Did  
that belong to Genesis? 'Unfortunately, yes,' some-  
one muttered. Everyone settles themselves again,  
waiting resignedly, until Ian Knight, the foreman and  
general organizer, casually states, 'You know, the  
audience is coming in at seven. It is now six-  
fifteen.'

The roadies bolt from their places and frantically  
unroll a huge bolt of thick wiring and thread it  
upwards towards the stage. Hanson, however, seems to  
to be the only one totally unmoved. He is busy  
explaining to a photographer the intricacies of  
getting a particularly complicated shot at the  
finale of Genesis' show, where Peter Gabriel  
performs a feat of unusual magnitude that Hanson  
says the photographer must try to capture. 'It's  
quite effective', he says in his perfectly  
understated way.





Genesis' first U.K. headlining tour in their own right - with tickets at only 70p each. The fox mask and red dress had appeared before, but on this tour the costumes really came into their own.

**GENESIS**  
ON TOUR

**ALB TICKETS 70p**

**STRING DRIVEN THING**

SPECIAL GEMS



FEBRUARY 4th:	Huddersfield, Bristol	19th:	New Theatre, Oxford
9th:	The Rainbow	21st:	Yon University
10th:	The Dome, Brighton		(Tickets available from Sound Effects)
12th:	The Guildhall, Plymouth		City Hall, Newcastle
	(Tickets on this date only, 40p)	22nd:	City Hall, Newcastle
14th:	The Great Hall, Exeter University	23rd:	Lancaster University
	(Tickets available from Donorshire House)		(Tickets available from Reception &
16th:	Green Pashouse, Glasgow	24th:	Free Trade Hall, Manchester Agency)
17th:	The City Hall, Sheffield	25th:	DeMontfort Hall, Leicester
18th:	The Tower Hall, Birmingham	26th:	One Hall, Dundee



GENESIS ALBUM ON CHARISMA, FOX TROT CAS 1058. STRING DRIVEN THING ON CHARISMA, CAS 1062

Such a lot of information  
 Answer all the questions  
 Many men have told me  
 That you wouldn't be surprised  
 I don't think I wanna know  
 I don't think I wanna know

But I think I've found the answer  
 If you'll just give me the chance  
 There are people in the world today  
 Who won't even question that

I don't need this information  
 And now I'm asking you  
 The only way I know  
 And you are telling me  
 You cannot get control

If you think of me  
 If you think of me the way I am  
 But if you think of me and what I mean  
 I don't think I wanna know  
 I don't think I wanna know  
 I don't wanna be another fool  
 I don't wanna be another fool  
 I don't wanna be another fool...

Copyright 1982 Michael Rutherford Ltd/  
 Hit & Run Music (Publishing) Ltd

**HIDEAWAY**  
 words and music by Mike Rutherford

When the day is weary  
 All the things that we have said  
 Take on a different meaning  
 Now the world has gone to bed  
 I need to feel you near me  
 Put your arms around me now  
 And we will stay together  
 Watch the world go by somehow  
 It's a dream we might have had  
 But it's too late  
 I'm losing you - oo

Hideaway  
 Till the night comes back to me  
 Hideaway  
 Until the sun comes up again  
 I will hideaway  
 Till your love comes back to me  
 Hideaway  
 Until somebody sets me free  
 You never, oh you never know  
 Until darlin', nothing left to show

When the streets are empty  
 Not a soul to be found  
 And the wind around us  
 Covers every other sound  
 As you turn the corner  
 See my light upon the hill  
 All I ever ask of you  
 Is you'll stay with me until...  
 It's a dream we might have had  
 But it's too late  
 I'm losing you - oo

Hideaway  
 Till the night comes back again  
 Hideaway  
 Until the sun comes back to me  
 I will hideaway  
 Till your love comes back to me  
 Hideaway  
 Until somebody sets me free...

Copyright 1982 by Michael Rutherford Ltd/  
 Hit & Run Music (Publishing) Ltd

ALL THAT GLITTERS ISN'T GOLD - IT MAY BE GENESIS

A DAY AT THE TOWER THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA  
 DECEMBER 1972 by Anita O'Connor, with  
 thanks to John Chambliss.

A behind the scenes reflection on one of  
 Genesis' first visits to the States -  
 now almost a decade ago.

The promoter, Peter Verliner, greeted us warmly and led the way into the theater proper, assuring us that we had not missed anything. The real show-down, he said, would occur when the Wishbone and Genesis people 'discussed' how much of the latter band's equipment could stay set up. But that amusing and intriguing incident was supposedly two hours away.

The squeaks and groans of complaining machinery and harsh scraping sounds filter from the nebulous, unseen, and forbidden never-never land of backstage. A huge gaping doorway in the side of the theatre provides an almost direct access to the outdoors from the stage. The view is blocked. The investigation yields little, but some large blue trunk-like boxes stencilled with GENESIS - HANDIE WITH CARE. Back inside.

Two roadies are smoking a joint, coughing and playing with a battered cymbal. One of these 'roadies' is actually Phil Collins, Genesis' drummer. As he rummages through a sack, he pulls out small contraptions and individually tests their wiert effects to the general amusement of all who are paying attention. A deep English voice from the balcony antones, 'it works'; the lighting fixtures have finally co-

operated. At the same time a person barely visible in the gloom sings an indistinguishable tune. He abruptly stops and shouts triumphantly, 'Nice echo, eh?'

A frail, short young gentleman with shoulder length black

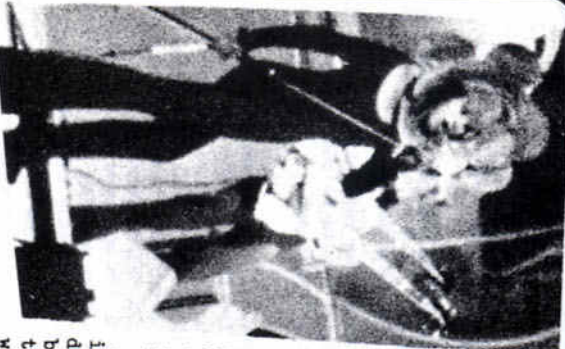


**Mike Rutherford**

**Acting Very Strange**

**Mike Rutherford**





hair emerges from nowhere, clad entirely in black - save for white sneakers. His face is pale, wasted, drawn. Drifting about, he scrutinizes the proceedings with a cold, authoritarian air. Perhaps he is a band member. No, he is only another roadie and he disappears as quickly as he came.

Hanson Morand is a tall slender black man from Jamaica. He runs the lights for Genesis. He is also the singing man from the balcony. Fulfilling an earlier promise, he brought us up on the mold-ing. Our conversation there was edged and embellished with curses, laughter, and sighs of disgust as Hanson labored intently with an antiquated piece of machinery. Most of Genesis, he explains, went to the same public school, which is the equivalent of an American private institution. This was another way of saying that they were of the English upper class. And unlike many other groups turned loose into the wilderness of America, they have not abandoned their aristocratic upbringing - preferring to be quiet and unobtrusive. "They don't do things like tear up hotel rooms or toss televisions out of windows. That kind of thing has nothing to do with

music," Hanson says.

Does he receive a comfortable salary for implementing his technical expertise to suit the band's exotic tastes?

"I make only about 150 dollars a week." But surely the work-experience makes up for it? "The work hours stink. That part's not fun at all."

Why does he do it then? "It just happened... I'm really a cabinet maker by trade. I don't know why the f--- I do this. Economics, basically. All I really want to do is stay at home and play my guitar." Hopelessly enmeshed in a tangle of masking tape, he fumbles, curses and begins to work on something else.

On the main theater level, two other roadies are conferring around the mixer, juggling with the meters. We are introduced. The blonde one with the cherubic face is Nick Blythe and the other - David Jacobson - is phenomenally skinny but quietly engaging. Someone has mentioned something about the relative meaninglessness of time and Nick uses this to springboard into a pretty little tale about how he walked around Montreal for two hours looking for a pair of shoes once, wondering why none of the shops were open. Then someone reminded him it was Sunday. "That's what being on the road will do to your mind and sense of time."

By now it is late afternoon and the truck carrying Wishbone Ash's equipment is still not in. Bathed in a continuous stream of flickering lights, hazy figures of the androgynous stage hands wander across the stage. Everyone is rather



laid back and unhurried, conversing with those of Wishbone's technicians who have already arrived.

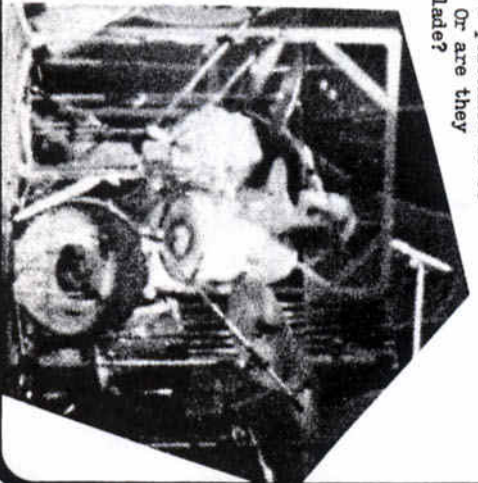
Before working with Genesis, Nick had been a roadie for Mizzard, the Sutherland Brothers, and quiver. One of the bands he was working for received the opportunity to go on tour with Elton John, with the stipulation that they use only his equipment. That meant nothing for him to do. But then the Genesis offer came along and he decided to accept.

I knew he had been at the theater since early morning and I wanted to know if he resented the fact that the band was not there working too. He shook his head and replied philosophically, "No, not at all. We haven't the ability to make music or attract thousands of people and fill a place like this... We can't, do what the band does, but they can't do what we do either. In fact, if we all decided to get up right now and say 'sorry' and leave, the band wouldn't be able to play tonight. They could never do all the setting up. They don't know how; they could do some of course, but not all of it. We have some small talents, I have some engineering experience and someone else (he gestures towards Dave) has some electrical knowledge. So we do all right. But no, I don't begrudge the fact that they're out having a good time."

Commenting further on the social class of Genesis, he explained, "They even speak with an upper class accent, their whole outlook on life is different from ours... We're slobs - no, really, we have to be. If you were particular about sleeping in trucks or doing without sleep altogether - things like that, you couldn't be a roadie." Since the band's personnel is so sophisticated, is the music affected? Or are they really no different from groups like Slade? "The band's upbringing is certainly reflected in their music, but when they started they had nothing - just like any other band. Their parents didn't give them money or anything."

Hanson had lamented the fact that there had been no Groupies so far, but Nick's attitude was wholly non-chalant.

"We don't have time, really, working and all... and by the time a show is over, who even cares? The group's not into that sort of thing. I'm sure if some Groupies came up to them, the band would talk to them, but nothing else... I mean (his eyes widen enormously) two are here with



Conte, P. II