



September Supplement

Part II

"Loaded down with your talents can you still keep your balance? Can you live on a knife-edge?"
- Knife Edge, Emerson Lake & Palmer

6) Festival Day 1: A Most Amazing show

The Nene Valley Rock Festival had never happened before. It was a new project, the brainchild of hard-working organizers, Andrew Little, Tony Castle and Trevor Cotterell. They managed to pull off a very presentable festival their first time out - hoping for a turnout of a thousand attendees per day - the numbers are not back yet, but as someone who attended this one, I truly hope it becomes an annual event. It was certainly no Woodstock or Isle of Wight, but it wasn't striving to be. The creators went with a much more conservative



approach by covering their asses from the outset - getting commitments from potential concert-goers (refundable, of course) in advance and not holding it in a venue that they couldn't keep control of. The whole thing was done very intelligently, right down to the security, swag tables for each band, the luxury loos, RV facilities, campgrounds, a professionally run first-aid booth, food and merch vendors and even a mini-golf kiosk for people with children whose first priority may not have been music. The way the festival was organized; there were the Marquee Stages (main tent) that had an almost seamless flow from one stage to the opposite - maybe a five to ten minute changeover - enough time for all the people to shift position and for the sound crew to do last second adjustments. All of the "name" and

headline bands played on these - the Heron and Swan - stages. In the smaller tent, there were some lesser known, but certainly not less interesting, bands that worked on a separate schedule. The music was pretty much non-stop from 11:00 am to about 11:00 pm, and if you didn't like the music from one band, you could walk over to the other tent and have a go at something a little different and chances are that you wouldn't be disappointed. As a musician AND a music appreciator, I wanted to see as much talent as I could squeeze into my weekend. And after doing some preliminary research - watching YouTubes of bands I'd never heard of before and reading up on their backgrounds and influences - I determined which groups would be absolute-must-sees, would-kinda-like-to-sees, have-no-interest-in-seeing, and blow-my-head-off-now-please. Admittedly, I didn't get to see all the groups that I wanted to see - a couple of times, I was disappointed that I lost track of the itinerary and missed them accidentally - but for the most part, I accomplished everything I wanted to at this festival, and more. And it started off with Noddy's



Puncture being the headline act for the first day, and they got to do two sets of music, which was a privilege that no other band enjoyed.

First, we turned our attention to the Heron stage which was just coming to life. The Progfather were aptly set to open up the festival with their rendition of songs celebrating the fathers of progressive rock - Yes, Camel, ELP, Genesis, Jethro Tull, Caravan, Van Der Graaf Generator, Gentle Giant, etc. Their main mission as openers, was to set the flavor of the festival without stepping on any toes. They therefore limited their set to music NOT already addressed in an upcoming weekend that was literally strewn with bands devoted to some of the artists that they had in their repertoire. They stepped close to the edge (no pun



Progfather doing a piece of 21st Century Schizoid Man. Click on pic for link to video

intended.....although, I'm glad I said it) with their King Crimson choices, but never crossed the line. They delivered the goods (although when you have six band members, it's easier to hit the mark with ANY band you're replicating) in setting the tone and the mood of the festivities to come, among which were Watcher of the Skies, 21st Century Schizoid Man, In The Court of the Crimson King, Killer, Golf Girl and more.

We sauntered over to the bar to get some pints while watching the band. It was set up really nicely. They had a few laminated and very impressive libation menus laying on the bar and there was a full display of kegs lined up across the middle of the bar tent. Over to the right was a liquor table with some name and non-name spirits. I went for a Ghost Ship ale, made in a brewery about two and



a half hours outside of Peterborough. I like to partake of the local brews when I travel and the Ghost Ship ale was certainly no disappointment. It was kinda nice and citrusy and perfectly respectable for enjoying prog.

When the Progfather finished their set, we turned around to give our full attention to the Swan stage, to the right of our vantage point. With many bands, the biggest display is the drum set. Not so much with Noddy's Puncture! Center stage was a modest drum set with your typical gong and ship's bell(?), and to the right was an unpretentious setup for the bassist/guitarist/singer. But the entire left side of the stage was piled high with a full array of vintage keyboards, Leslie cabinets, amps and paraphernalia, a bottle of something, possibly cognac, and dominated by a huge monster modular Moog synthesizer, all set up to form a cockpit of sorts, ready for a pilot to come and radio the tower for take-off. Actually, come to think of it, the scene was not too much different from the appearance of a stage at a *Manticore* show, in many ways.

Hmmmm..... I guess, except for the fact that the Noddy's keyboard is more set for authenticity of appearance, whereas our *Manticore* setup is more built for practicality and comfort. No comfort factor here - a NP stage has all the appearance of the early 70's ELP configuration, maybe from Guildhall in Plymouth or the Town Hall at Leeds, just waiting for Keith, Greg and Carl to stride on for a brutal, bombastic show.



Noddy's kicked off their first set with the resounding clarion cry to signal the start of the live version of ELP's Hoedown, after which, Ed Blaney, NP's Greg Lake surrogate, announced the band and bantered with the audience for a bit. This provided some cover for keyboardist extraordinaire Tom Szakaly, who was frantically resetting his monster Moog synthesizer (as close to Keith Emerson's actual synth as you're ever going to see) for the next combination of songs. It was at this moment that Ed chose to graciously acknowledge the presence of [your's truly] the US based interlopers...er, guests: the *Manticore* band and Keith Turner of New Jersey's

Tarkus band, to the audience. Then it was off to the races with Jerusalem and Toccata, featuring Frank Askew on percussion and synthesized drums, as Carl Palmer famously originated. Toccata is a notoriously difficult piece to play on many levels (take it from me!). Aside from the synth programming, which is daunting in and of itself - especially on his massive, fully modular, analog monstrosity - the musicians need to be totally in sync with one another in order to pull this off properly, and the bassist (apparently) now needs to be playing guitar (who knew?!). But Noddy's Puncture has been together since the mid-1980's, and there are very few, if any, ELP tunes that they deem too formidable to perform for a live audience. Onward, after Toccata and another reprogramming session, they sidled into fan-favorite, Tarkus, followed by one of



the few ELP songs to make it to the Billboard charts, Lucky Man, and a very successful Karn Evil 9 1st impression after (geez, Tom's gonna hate me for recounting this) several false starts. In his defense, *Manticore* has been known to have more than our fair share of false starts and blundered beginnings, and Tom is arguably a brilliant keyboardist and technician, in his own right! But when he screamed "get the *Manticore* guys up here to do this" after the third attempt, it got a great laugh from us and the audience! He finally got it in gear on the next attempt and kept the ball rolling, continuing the rest of the way through the piece to its final portamento slide up to a high A \flat and a thunderous roar of approval from the very appreciative crowd.

NP took a break while while the Camel tribute, Skylines, took the heat off them from the Heron stage across the way. It gave us time to saunter over to the bar and grab some brews. I'm not that familiar with Camel - so sue me - but I've heard their music over the millennia, and this band was really good.....yeah, after a few beers, they got better. It was early in the festival, so there was a LOT of music that we were planning on consuming - this was a great way to start the extended weekend.

Next, Noddy's came back to finish off the first evening of the festival. As the stage darkened, a pre-recorded version of Abaddon's Bolero came over the

sound system. We stood and listened while watching a now dark stage. As the song neared its conclusion, the band came up, took their positions and took over playing the end of the song live. As soon as they finished, they immediately launched into a seldom-played relic from the Trilogy album, Living Sin. Of course, a Noddy's Puncture set wouldn't be complete without Tom doing his recreation of Keith Emerson's organ



acrobatics - and the next piece, excerpts from Pictures at an Exhibition, had more than its fair share of that, followed by Still...You turn Me On, done beautifully by Ed Blaney as a solo guitar and vocal piece. While Ed was playing, Tom and Frank have a break and plenty of time to set up for the final pieces, Rondo, Fanfare for the Common Man and Karn Evil 9 3rd impression. For any unfamiliar (of which I'm sure there are probably very few reading this piece), KE9 3rd impression is, in a nutshell, the story of the conflict

between computers and the human race, and the final struggle for supremacy, which (spoiler alert) doesn't end well for the humans. Noddy's finishes this song with Tom fully standing atop his Hammond L-100, ribbon-controller in hand, gradually speeding up the solo sample & hold progression, thus signifying the digital dominance of the computers over mankind. He keeps accelerating the pattern, the sound going back and forth from left speakers to right speakers, until it can go no faster and terminates with an onstage explosion (which btw we would never be allowed to do in The States). Then, as ELP usually did and *Manticore* also does, they all came together center stage for bows, accompanied by a prerecorded piece of Respighe's Church Windows.



Seeing Noddy's Puncture perform live was a bucket-list thing I'd dreamed of doing for many years now. They've been doing this since the mid-1980's, at times visited and joined onstage by The Maestro, Keith Emerson, himself! An honor that *Manticore* can never enjoy, but I was so glad to be able to actually go to England and see them do the show that Keith endorsed and acknowledged as a fitting tribute to what he did. I was also floored and thrilled that my bandmates, John and Ron, decided to come, too. And the fact that we were able to make this a band trip - and a boys weekend

together (actually closer to a week together) - made this vacation super-extra-special! But it wasn't over.....not by a long shot. The Festival started with Noddy's Puncture on Thursday evening, and even though that




was a a fundamental basis for the trip, we were far from done! We were just getting started!


As the crowd was dispersing and everyone was saying their good-nights, we hung back and chatted with NP as they were breaking down. I'd like to say "we helped", but we didn't (well, John did a little). We understand how it is, that everything has its place and has to be packed up in a particular way and everybody does it differently. So we just took up a little of their time and then said our goodbyes. Keith Turner headed out a few minutes before we did and he asked how to get out of the park and back to his rental car, so we gave him some brief directions and he headed out. When we split, just maybe ten minutes later, there was a light drizzle and it was very dark without a flashlight (or torch, as they call it there), and as we encountered the park entrance, my iPhone vibrated and I got a not-too-happy call from Keith who, apparently, was still somewhere in the dark park, seeking the exit. Evidently, in the darkness, he had made a right when he should've made a left, and aside from being tired and wet and unhappy, he was also carrying a bunch of stuff and he sounded a bit overwhelmed on the phone. Everyone's phone charges were dying out, so the pressure was on to talk him back to where we were and find a common place in the dark that we could meet up. As we circled back and stayed on the phone with him, we eventually saw him emerging from the gloom. We helped him with his supplies and he graciously offered to drive us back to our hotels. That worked for us. So when we finally made it through the murky night to the parking lot, where his rental was, the five of us gratefully crammed our oversized, manly bodies into the little Mercedes 4-seater he had rented. It wasn't a long trip, but Keith was happy to have the company and we were happy to not have to do the thousand mile walk back to our hotel in the drizzle and pitch blackness. A satisfying end to a long day.

7) Festival Day 2: Socializing and Being Social

Friday morning, we all agreed to meet at John's Holiday Inn for breakfast. Noddy's drummer, Frank Askew, joined us. Ed and Tom had left the festival right after the show on Thursday night, but Frank had volunteered to loan his drum set to Corky Laing, of Corky Laing's Mountain, for his set on Friday night,



so he was sticking around for another day. Keith Turner was invited, but passed on breakfast at the last minute, opting to sleep in - which I totally got - and said he'd meet up with us later in the day at the festival site. So we all got together for a breakfast that couldn't be beat and had a great time, just shooting the breeze and talking about music stuff and ELP stuff and life stuff in general. Frank was wearing his  hat, which he vowed he was never taking off (thanks Frank!) and John had his first-of-many-run-ins with the hotel automated coffee maker (you'll have to ask him.....I'm not elaborating any more than that).

We finished breakfast and hit the road. Frank left to go wherever he was staying and Nigel drove us back to our Premier Inn near the festival. John hung around outside the Beefeater Granary Restaurant while the three of us ran inside to either use the facilities or whatever since we weren't planning on coming back until later in the evening. I just went in for my sunglasses, so I was out first. When I met up with John in front of the restaurant, we was chatting with this old dude who was enjoying a cigar and was obviously not British. They were talking about drums and stuff, so I naturally chimed in and joined the discussion. As the marketing guy in the group, I naturally turned the conversation around to .



I figured an old guy like that probably had heard of Emerson Lake & Palmer, so I was willing to bet it was a safe maneuver. As I started talking, I realized my error - this guy was really having more fun talking about himself - and I had to shift gears a little on the fly.....I pulled out my phone and dialed up a photo of John's jaw-droppingly impressive drum kit, with the custom gongs and showed it to him. Success! After his initial "holy shit", he borrowed my phone to take a closer look. It was at this moment that it occurred to me that this was Corky Laing, the last surviving (and still touring) member of Mountain! MY "holy shit" moment! Corky was playing

the closing set that night, on Frank's set, no less! And he happened to be staying at the same hotel as us. How cool?! So we finished up our conversation and Corky had to get going. He left just as Ron and Nigel showed

up, so on our six-hundred mile walk to the festival, we brought them up to speed on what had just happened.

We arrived at the fairground by around 11:15. The first band of the day, White Heat, had already started, and clearly it was time for our first pint of the day. We settled in with our respective brews and I decided to take a stroll over to the Kingfisher stage to see what the other band sounded like. I caught a little of Fluctus Quadratum and they were ok. Musically, they were very talented, but I didn't think they were particularly memorable, so I listened for a few minutes and headed off again to tour the grounds and see what the kiosks looked like. The band I was looking forward to hearing was a band called Ebb at 1:30 on the Swan stage, so I had a little time to kill until they came on. I meandered over to the Frank's Ice Cream truck and got myself a sundae. Side note - we got to be very friendly with Frank on account of he had amazing ice cream and we all happen to be huge fans of ice cream! Plus, it was relatively quiet over by Frank's Ice Cream truck, so it was a safe haven and a nice respite from the constant din of music (good or bad - too much of ANYTHING gets annoying).

HERON stage	SWAN stage	KINGFISHER stage
7:50pm - 9:20pm Curved Air	8:30pm - 10:55pm Ten Years After	9:30pm - 10:55pm Pearl Harlow Revolver
5:00pm - 6:50pm Space Elevator	6:20pm - 7:40pm Geky Leing's Mountain	8:25pm - 9:25pm Aiders Prigat Band
7:40pm - 8:40pm Haze	3:50pm - 4:50pm Spriggon Mist	2:00pm - 8:00pm Hunted By Elephants
12:20pm - 1:20pm Eyes Of Albion	1:30pm - 2:30pm Ebb	6:00pm - 6:50pm Doris Brenndal / Lee Dunbar
	11:00am - 12:15pm White Heat	4:50pm - 5:40pm Landmark
		3:40pm - 4:30pm This House We Built
		2:50pm - 3:20pm Big River
		1:20pm - 2:10pm Star The Band
		12:10pm - 1:00pm Trolley
		11:00am - 11:50am Fluctus Quadratum
11:10pm - midnight This year's outdoor lecture! After the music ends, let one of the Royal Astronomical Society Andy Green (will give a talk on the International Space Station. And we'll have telescopes outside too!)		
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Ebb is a brilliant band that establishes themselves as going back to the roots of prog. They've classified themselves as Art Rock, which is actually what progressive rock was

before it was prog. In the early 70's, the music of ELP, Yes, King Crimson, etc, all fell under the headings of Art Rock or Symphonic Rock (due to



Manticore & Ebb

the inclusion of classical music into the mix) and anything that was ethereal or head-trip worthy was deemed Psychedelic Rock. Ebb likes to equate themselves with the Art Rock experience. As described on the NVRF web page, "Ebb are a genre-defying group of five women and one guy with a mission to 'Bring Prog to the People!'" They were really great to listen to and a fun bunch to hang out with after their set. I got a very "Linda-Perry-just-not-as-folky" kinda feel from the singer, but then it's the way they incorporate beat poetry, dance and odd time signatures into their presentation, that makes them truly unique and not easily definable.

The next memorable original band that got my attention was Space Elevator! A power-pop band with great musicianship and gorgeous vocals. Definitely fun to watch - I mean, what more can I say about a band whose lead singer goes by The Duchess and she performs in a checkerboard catsuit, leather jacket and a tiara?



Corky Laing's Mountain doing Nantucket Sleighride at NVRF. Click on pic for link to YouTube video.

Right after Space Elevator finished, we turned to the Swan stage to catch Corky Laing's Mountain. Corky is a character. He played drums, told stories, sang, and played all the hits that Mountain has been known for. He had two younger guys on stage with him who, I had gotten the feeling - from watching them getting their cues from Corky - that they were capable, but recently recruited guys that knew all of Mountain's songs, could handle the material and could also handle being thrown into a live situation with very little advance rehearsal. After speaking with the guys at the end of the festival, I found this to be the case. Needless to say, though, Corky Laing's Mountain was great to watch and listen to and really brought back some memories with Mississippi Queen, Nantucket Sleighride and Theme from an Imaginary Western as the highlights of his set. He also did a really fun

unaccompanied drums and vocals version of Bob Dylan's Like a Rolling Stone that gave the song a whole new feel.

We assisted Frank in packing and loading up his drums after Corky finished his set and told him we'd meet him at his hotel the following morning for one more breakfast, before he hit the road.

The day ended with Ten Years After. Another old rock & roll band that, like Corky Laing & Mountain, performed at Woodstock, back in 1969. Another part of what drew me to want to come to England for the Nene Valley Rock Festival. I had never seen Ten Years After and I kept thinking throughout the weekend that this might be my only opportunity to actually get to see some of these legendary bands perform. Sadly, Alvin Lee is long gone, Leo Lyons is



Ten Years After



still around, but he left the group in 2014 and Chick Churchill is still recovering from some health issues. So Ric Lee and Chick Churchill were there performing and with them was local Peterborough guy and master bassist, Colin Hodgkinson and young pup, Marcus Bonfanti on guitar and lead vocals. Admittedly, Marcus is no Alvin Lee, but let's face it....no one is. But he did a really splendid job playing and singing all the TYA material and sounding like himself, NOT trying to emulate the late, great Mr. Lee. It really gave the group a refreshing sound and I was really thankful that we caught their set.

We said our goodbyes to Keith since he was heading back to the US Saturday morning. He offered to drive us back to our hotel again, so we couldn't refuse. At least this night it was less stressful than the previous one - no one got lost or rained on. So we did the clown-car thing again and all squeezed into his little Mercedes rental to get back to our respective hotels. He left us his possessions that he wasn't going to be able to take on the plane back to Jersey with him, among them were a bottle of some off-brand spiced rum and his folding camping chair, which we duly named the Keith Turner Commemorative Festival Chair. We had a great time hanging with him and, even as the lone representative from Tarkus, we welcomed him into the Legion *Magicore* with open arms.



8) Festival Day 3: Saturday In The Parque

We met Frank at his hotel for breakfast. Well THAT turned into an ordeal when we put the postal code into the GPS and it took us on a joyride for 40 minutes trying to find a Holiday Inn that wasn't where it should've been. Between the Google, the GPS and Frank on the phone saying things like, "I'm standing right outside my hotel right now and I'm on the street waving frantically. Do you see me waving?"



"What street are you on?"

"I don't know. There's a Burger King right across the street."

"We just drove past a Burger King, but there was no Holiday Inn opposite and no guy waving.".....we were hopelessly misdirected. It took a while, but we finally got it squared away and located Frank and his Holiday Inn and had another breakfast which wouldn't be beat. We took our time and had an outstanding time commiserating with Frank. John didn't do any damage to the coffee maker and the meal was really stellar before Mr. Askew had to head back homeward.

So, Saturday morning, the ~~Manticore~~ team decided that we were going to do - uh, something else. We looked at the roster for the day and decided that Saturday was.....ummmm, the Sabbath! That's right, Shabbat! Taking the day off! Ok, no, that's not what we decided. But really, we were away from home, overseas, traveling abroad, international men of mystery and we figured there weren't any bands playing on Saturday that were, to be fair, a high priority for us.....well, not entirely true. We HAD to make sure we were at the festival by 5:00 for RhabStallion. Nigel and Woody (Andy Woods, guitarist for RhabStallion) have been friends since the Paleolithic Era, so we had to make sure that whatever we decided on for the day, it would leave us time to get to NVRF before 5. No problem, definitely doable. Now, we went back to our hotel to establish a game plan for the day. As soon as we got back to our Premier Inn,



Manticore with Corky Laing

we ran into Corky and his guys loading their luggage into a van to get going. He remembered us and we took some time out of our busy schedule to hang out for a bit with him. Such a really good guy. We talked a little about touring and music in The States and stuff and he was nice enough to take some pics with us. I'd be tempted to say something along the lines of "If the *Manticore* doesn't come to the Mountain, we bring Mountain to *Manticore*!" But I won't.

We had noticed on the first day that there's a Pitch & Putt golf course exactly adjacent to the hotel and restaurant, so, intrepid warriors that we are, we determined (Ron determined) that we need to go next door and play some golf! Admittedly, saying that none of us are avid golfers is waaaaay overselling it.

Ron had played some - maybe in a former lifetime. Nigel, our Solicitor, being an attorney, was very



familiar with golf - not to say he was good, just familiar. Me and John? Let's just say that I knew that you hold the part of the club wrapped in squishy black tape and John said he knows and likes some sports.....golf is a sport, right? We were good to go.



We attacked the course with a vengeance. Let's put a good spin on this. We ALL teed up in turn and made contact with the ball. I immediately lost my ball on the first hole in a small, fast-moving stream, ("with rapids! I'm telling you there was Class VII whitewater!") but was luckily able to find and recover someone ELSE's

previously lost ball in some scrub brush nearby, so I was able to continue playing to the second hole. Ron lost his ball in some bushes on the second hole. While searching for it, we found some previous frustrated golfer's broken and discarded club. We brought it out and set it out, to let the golfing family going after us think it was from us. Then John lost his ball, so we decided to play as teams. John and Nigel with one ball, and Me and Ron with the other. As we continued, we noticed the vast improvement in our respective golf games. However, we all agreed that we none of us wanted to get good enough that we were going to run out to Dick's Sporting Goods and buy a set of clubs as soon as we got home. That said, we were all able to calm down and enjoy the rest of the course with no pressure. We found more golf balls in the bushes as we continued and actually finished the course with more golf balls than we started with. After a grueling twelve holes of hard-core, no-holds-barred, extreme pitch & putt, we were done.

Made it back to the fairgrounds with time to spare before [RhabStallion](#) started, and just enough time to stop off and see our second-favorite Frank at Frank's Ice Cream Truck. Nigel had a bunch of his old friends from back in the day come by to also see RhabStallion. He pretty

HERON stage	SWAN stage	KINGFISHER stage
7:50pm - 9:10pm Hand Of Dunes	9:25pm - 10:55pm Colosseum	9:55pm - 10:55pm Papa Shango
5:00pm - 6:10pm Rhabstallion	6:20pm - 7:40pm Ken Pascalelli's Groundhogs	8:25pm - 9:25pm John Hechert Band
2:40pm - 3:40pm Mickie's Permanent Brew	3:50pm - 4:50pm Blachheart Orchestra	7:10pm - 8:00pm Austin Gold
12:10pm - 1:10pm Janie Porter Band	1:20pm - 2:30pm Viper Soup Complex	6:00pm - 6:50pm Also Eden
	11:00am - 12:05pm Genius The Fool	4:50pm - 5:40pm The Porcoda Train
		3:40pm - 4:30pm The Blue Leno
		2:30pm - 3:20pm Kinby Wizards
		1:20pm - 2:10pm The 3
		12:10pm - 1:00pm The Gift
		11:00am - 11:50am ROME

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much spent the rest of the day hanging with his old cronies. We set up front and center to watch the band. I would put them in the heavy-volume-guitar-shredding-80's-hair-band-metal category. Very tight musically, soaring vocals - sort of reminiscent of Saxon, Megadeth or Iron Maiden - very compressed, distorted guitar



Nigel with and his friend Di and Woody on stage behind them.



shredding....like that. Not necessarily my speed, but I could see the allure. It's all rock & roll, and this was Nigel's roots, so we were totally there with him! Plus, he was there wearing the absolute loudest shirt I've ever seen a proper Englishman wearing, so with the obvious evidence of our corruption, how could we NOT be there to support our Solicitor?

We left Nigel still hanging with his peeps after the Rhabstallion set, and hiked back to our Beefeater restaurant to get a proper dinner, in lieu of the burgers at the BBQ food truck on site - if you've ever had British hamburgers, you'd understand. Dinner was uneventful, but delicious.

Upon finishing our repast, we strolled back to the festival to finish out the day. We had made friends with a fascinating couple the prior evening - Mr. Hugh Salt and his wife, Ms. Felicity Topp. He, a Brit and she, a New Zealander. Felicity struck us as an outgoing, free-spirited Kiwi who will dance to anything and

Hugh, the most interesting man in the world (reminiscent of the old Dos Equis ads that I used to love) - and we ran into them when we got back. Really fun people to hang out with and we were glad to be able to spend more time with them while the Saturday bands were of less interest to us.

The only other acts on Saturday that made any sort of impression on me were the Austin Gold Band - an original rock band with a feel evocative of old Journey while giving off a Springsteen vibe, IMHO (btw, no one in the band is



n a m e d

Austin Gold) - and Colosseum - a prog band dating back to 1968, with their roots firmly embedded in r&b and blues. While I wasn't familiar with Colosseum, they were a band of seasoned professionals and were truly a joy to listen to. At one point, smack in the middle of the set, drummer Malcolm Mortimore broke his bass drum head! Rather than finishing the set early, or stopping to wait for a replacement (as I've seen other groups do, more than once), singer Chris Farlowe created an impromptu, a capella version of Stormy Monday - improvising the lyrics as he went - to which the band eventually joined in while the bass drum head was being switched out. It was an elegant solution to a problem which arose and



Chris Farlowe and Malcolm Mortimore pre-drum head incident.

couldn't be planned for. A true mark of professionalism and experience, after which the show continued as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. It

was a fantastic way to cap off our Saturday night and the next-to-last night of the festival. We hung out and debriefed with other musicians and our new-found friends, as became our usual, before heading off back to the hotel.

End of September Supplement, part II

Catch our September Supplement, part III soon, I promise!

***A**nticore thanks you for your support!*