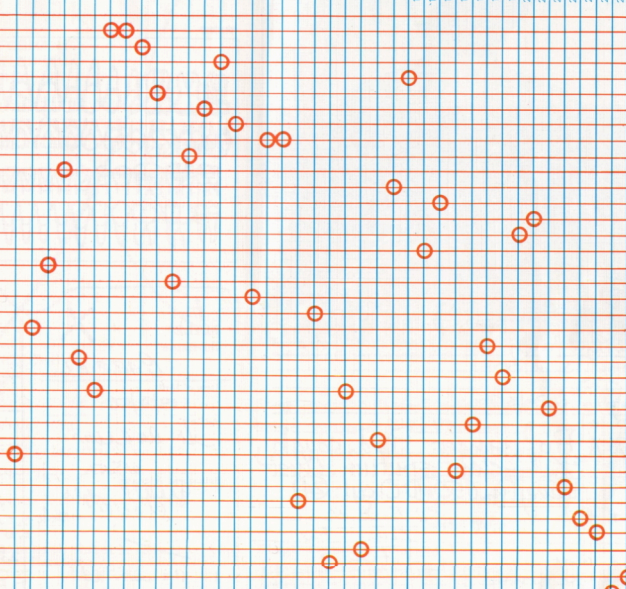


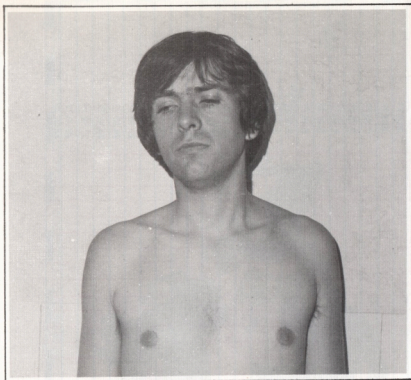
SIGHTINGS IN THE TEST AREA
DURING AUTUMN 1977



2.9.77 3.9.77 4.9.77 7.9.77 8.9.77 10.9.77 13.9.77 14.9.77 15.9.77 17.9.77 18.9.77 19.9.77 21.9.77 22.9.77 23.9.77 25.9.77 27.9.77 28.9.77 30.9.77 1.10.77 2.10.77 4.10.77 5.10.77 6.10.77 8.10.77 9.10.77 13.10.77 14.10.77 16.10.77 16.10.77 17.10.77 18.10.77 19.10.77 21.10.77 22.10.77 24.10.77 26.10.77 27.10.77 28.10.77 29.10.77

STOCKHOLM
NEWCASTLE
GLASGOW
BRADFORD
COPENHAGEN
SHEFFIELD
LEICESTER
LIVERPOOL
MANCHESTER
BRIGHTON
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HAMBURG
WEISBARDER
BERLIN
DUSSELDORF
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NYMEGEN
STOKE
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BERN
DUON
SOUTHAMPTON
NANTES
POITIERS
LYON
BRISTOL
TOULOUSE
BORDEAUX





MEDICAL RECORD TO FOLLOW

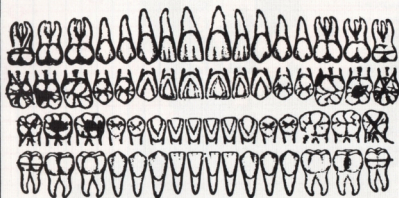
MALE Surname: Peter B.
 Address: Cottage, Akeley, National Health Service, 13/2/50
 Date of Birth: 13/2/50
 Dr. [Signature]
 Included in Your List on: 30/3/76

DATE	CLINICAL NOTES
6.9.76 A	Prof. singer. Prod. cough clear sputum. Chest Benglin (50mg) Oxyt. (20)
1/8/77 A	(R) Ear w. James Sw no wax infection ear wax Ting (Ampicillin 500 up to 7 days)
5.8.77 V	Pain gone but deaf? FB present for syringe.
10.8.77 V	(R) ear syringed.

* This column has been provided for doctors to enter A, V or C at their discretion.
 354992 JPL/L12/74 Form 1970/ECT/6

*RIGHT

*LEFT




MALE X 6
 Surname: GABRIEL
 Date of Birth: 13/2/50
 Address: St Ann's Rd
 Subsequent Address: 11 St Ann's Rd
 Cottage, Batt
 859/22

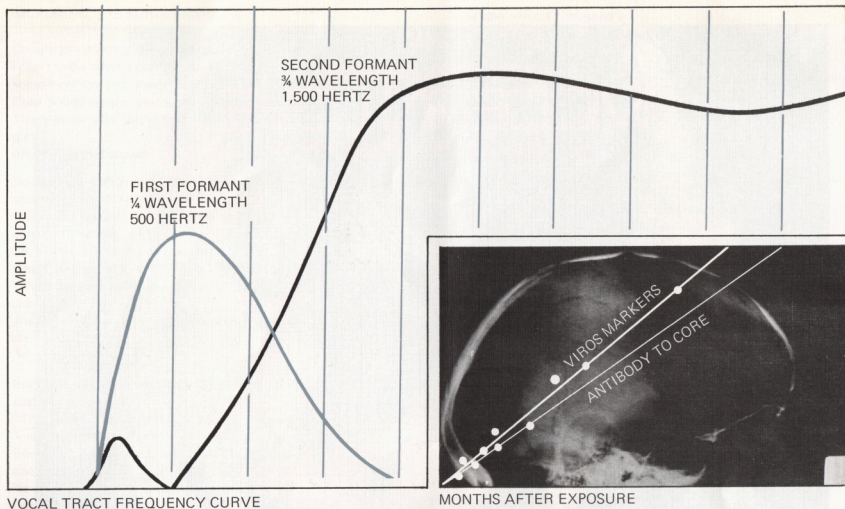
Forenames: Peter B.
 National Health Service Number: 712 146
 Council's Cymbol and Stamp: 22 FEB 76
 5Y
 3 NOV 76
 L.P. 9/2/77
 BRS 3/13/76

314
 Date of Death: _____
 Cause of Death: _____
 Doctor's Signature: _____



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Travel:- Mike Hawksworth, Margaret Mortlock -
Trinifold Travel Ltd.

Tour Trucking:- Edwin Shirley Trucking Ltd.

Van + Car hire :- Chart Vantage Ltd.

Freight:- Dateline Forwarding Services Ltd.

Stage Design:- Ian Knight

Promotion:- Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd.

Publicity:- Peter Thompson Associates

Record Company:- Charisma Records:- distributed
in U.S.A. + Canada by Atlantic
Records + in Europe + the rest
of the World by Phonogram.

Lighting:- Showco Inc., Dallas, Texas
Lairhurst Ltd. (Rainbow Productions)

Sound:- Showco Inc., Dallas, Texas

Personal Manager:- Tony Smith: Hit + Run Music Ltd.

Tour Manager:- Richard Macphail

Lighting Engineer:- Lonnie McKenzie

Sound Engineer:- Walt Irwin

Stage Monitor Mix:- Roy Schneider

Sound Equipment:- Tony Mosiman

Lighting Equipment:- Martin Coppin

Simon Franklin

Andy Pollard

John Vogel

Stage Manager:- Harvey Baker

Guitars:- Steve Baker (Curly)

Keyboards:- Albert Victor Lawrence (SPCT)

Drums:- Dave Price

Programme Designed by:- Hignosis / Colin Elgie

Marketed by:- Moonchild Productions



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Marketed by Charisma Records

MORIBUND, THE BURGERMEISTER

Caught the chaos in the market square
I don't know what, I don't know why, but
something's wrong down there
Their bodies twistin' and turnin' in a thousand ways
The eyes all rollin' round and round into a distant
gaze
Ah, look at that crowd!

Some are jumping up in the air — say, "we're
drowning in a torrent of blood!"
Others going down on their knees, seen a saviour
coming out of the mud

Oh, Mother it's eating out my soul
Destroying law and order, I'm gonna lose control
What can I do to stop this plague spread by sight
alone

Just a glimpse and then a quiver, then they shiver to
the bone
Ah, look at them go!

Bunderschaft, you going daft? Better seal off the
castle grounds
"This is Moribund, the Burgermeister, I'm going to
keep this monster down,
Somebody sent the subversive element; going to
chase it out of town."

No-one will tell what all this is about
But I will find out

This thing's outrageous, I tell you on the level
It's really so contagious, must be the work of the
devil

You better go now, pick up the pipers, tell them to
play
Seems the music keeps them quiet, there is no other
way.
Ah, close the doors!

"We've tried potions and waxen dolls, but none of
us could find any cures,"
Mother please, is it just a disease that has them
breaking all my laws
Check if you can disconnect the effect and I'll go
after the cause
No-one will tell what all this is about
But I will find out

SOLSBURY HILL

Climbing up on Solsbury Hill
I could see the city light
Wind was blowing, time stood still
Eagle flew out of the night
He was something to observe
Came in close, I heard a voice
Standing stretching every nerve
Had to listen had no choice

I did not believe the information
I just had to trust imagination
My heart going boom, boom, boom
"Son," he said, "Grab your things, I've come to take
you home"

To keepin' silence I resigned
Me friends would think I was a nut
Turning water into wine
Open doors would soon be shut
So I went from day to day
Tho' my life was in a rut
'till I thought of what I'd say
Which connection I should cut
I was feeling part of the scenery
I walked right out of the machinery
My heart going boom, boom, boom
"Hey," he said "Grab your things, I've come to take
you home."

When illusion spin her net
I'm never where I want to be
And liberty she piroquette
When I think that I am free
Watched by empty silhouettes
Who close their eyes but still can see
No one taught them etiquette
I will show another me
Today I don't need a replacement
I'll tell them what the smile on my face meant
My heart going boom, boom, boom.
"Hey," I said, "You can keep my things, they've
come to take me home."

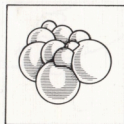
MODERN LOVE

Hey, I'm feeling so dirty, you're looking so clean
All you can give is a spin in your washing machine
I fly off to Rome to my prima bella
She leaves me in the rain with telescopic umbrella
Ooh the pain
Modern love can be a strain

I trusted my Venus was untouched in her shell
But the pearls, the pearls in her oyster were as tacky
as hell
For Lady Godiva I came incognito
But her driver had stolen her red hot magnets
Ooh the pain
Modern love can be a strain

I don't know why they leave me in the lurch
To carry on the search
It's driving me up the wall
Pity when I have so much passion
Romance is out of fashion,
Can't handle modern love at all

So I worship Diana by the light of the moon
When I pull out my pipe she screams out of tune
In Paris my heart sinks when I see the Mona Lisa
She gives me the wink, then she shows me the
freezer
Ooh the pain
Modern love can be a strain.



EXCUSE ME

Excuse me

You're wearing out my joie de vie
Grabbing those good years again
I want to be alone

Excuse me

I'm not the man I used to be
Someone else crept in again
I want to be alone

Excuse me please

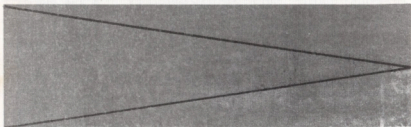
I'm looking for Lost Angeles
Soaking up the sin again
I want to be alone

You got the money back, that's okay
Who needs a Cadillac anyway
I got the medicine, make you see the light
Call me in Alaska if it all turns out right

Excuse me please

You're standing on my memories
Stealing souvenirs again
I want to be alone

You got the money back....
Who needs a Cadillac anyway
I got the medicine, make you see the light
Call me in Alaska if it all turns out right



HUMDRUM

I saw the man at JFK

He took your ticket yesterday
In the humdrum

I ride tandem with the random

Things don't run the way I planned them
In the humdrum

Hey Valentina, do you want me to beg?

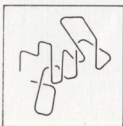
You got me cooking I'm a hardboiled egg
In the humdrum

Empty my mind, I find it hard to cope
Listen to my heart — don't need no stethoscope

Seem' to me that television

She come to cut me a deep incision
In the humdrum

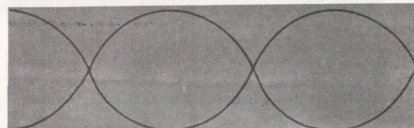
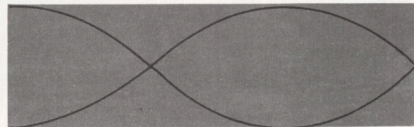
Empty my mind, I find it hard to cope
Listen to my heart — don't need no stethoscope



Out of woman come the man
Spend the rest of his life getting back when he can
As a bow, so a dove
As below, so above
From the black hole
Come the tadpole
With the dark soul
In coal she burn, she burn

As I drove into the sun
Didn't dare look where I had begun
Lost among echoes of things not there
Watching the sound forming shapes in the air

From the white star
Come the bright car
Our amoeba
My little liebe son



SLOW BURN

We're character actors from the Tower of Babel
Bewildered, burnt out hardly able
To sit astride the high wire cable
It's hard to balance, a little unstable

Through broken eyes and contact lenses
Watched you draw your future tenses
See kisses of flame blow out of your lips
You're back telling me your Apocalypse

Don't get me wrong, I'll be strong
When the slow burn sunset comes along
You've gotta stay the night
I gotta think that you might

We've tried a handful of bills and a headful of pills
We've tried making movies from a volume of stills
But the words fell like hailstones, bouncing at our feet,

Covering our feelings with a frozen sheet

A chance to move I take a shot
I get cold - you get hot

We look outside, lyin' awake
See birds breakin' surface on a silent lake

Don't get me wrong, I'll be strong
When the slow burn sunset comes along
You've gotta stay the night
I gotta think that you might

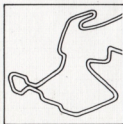
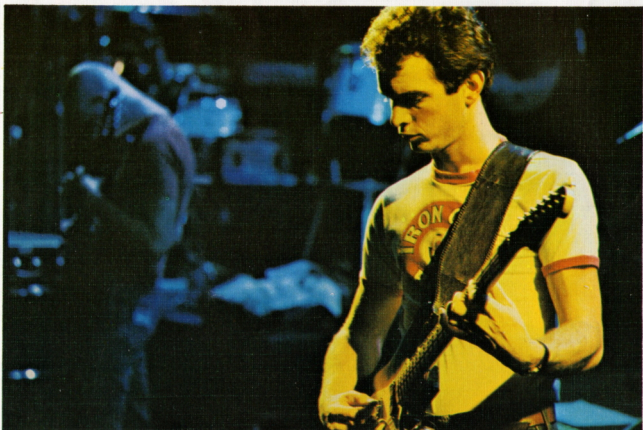
Don't try to make it easy, it'll cut you down to size
Darlin' we've got to trust in something
We're shooting down our skies
Shooting down our skies

And now, for your
further
enjoyment...



Sid McGinnis

"Guitar, Pedal Steel, mandolin, banjo and vocals.
Recorded and toured with Leonard Cohen, Barry
Manilow. Toured with Andrew Gold, recorded with
Melissa Manchester".

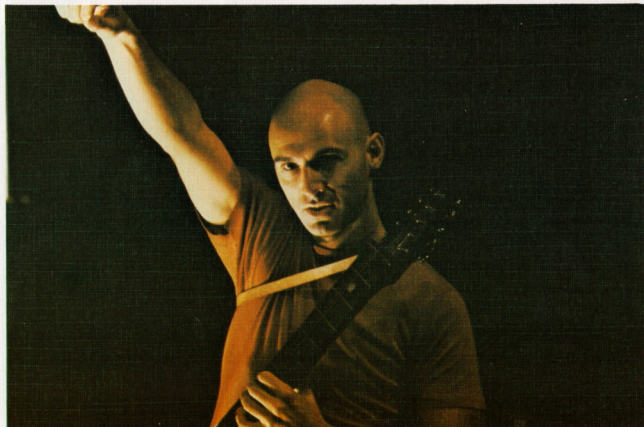


Jerry Marotta

"Drums and Concertina; cordovox.
Never played with anyone before Peter and probably
will never play with anybody afterwards.
Sang with Freddy and the Foreskins"

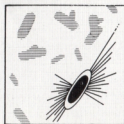
Bayete

"Clavinet, ARP 2600, 4 voice Oberheim.
Studied at Trinity College of Music, London.
for 8 years. Leader of Automatic Man. Recorded
for Herbie Hancock, Quincy Jones".



Tony Levin

"Hello, stick, Fender bass, tuba, Australian
Wobble Board".





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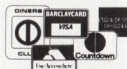
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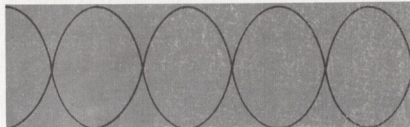
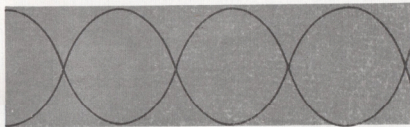
WAITING FOR THE BIG ONE

The wine's all drunk and so am I
Here with the hoi-poi, don't ask me why
We're celebratin' anticipatin'; end of the year
Everybody come, everybody here
— well more or less
Some already in a mess
I guess they're waiting for the big one

Wonder why I'm cold. How did I get this far?
Had no money, had no car
I pray the show goes, be bad if it settles
'cos I follow my nose and the dried up rose petals
— like the man says,
Sure hope Moses knows his roses
Or we'll all be waiting for the big one

Once I was a credit to my credit card
Spent what I hadn't got, it wasn't hard
No trust in judgements, no trust in money
Someday I'll find myself like a bee finding honey
But in the meantime
I'm gonna have me some fun
Waiting for the big one

One too many when ego I go too
Looking for the real thing
It don't come from what I do
No real communication moves out of my face
I'm beginning to think I'm just out of place
Won't get in too deep, I want to get some sleep
To be ready for the big one
Waiting for the big one



DOWN THE DOLCE VITA

"Hey Mac, see you down the Dolce Vita"
"Get back, we don't have time
'cos I hear we're sending off the heroes
When the year goes, they're out the bay, tryin' to
find a way to make it alive"

"So long," said four men to their families
"Be strong, till we get back home
And if not, take care of all the children
Until then just hope and pray we're gonna find a way
to make it alive"

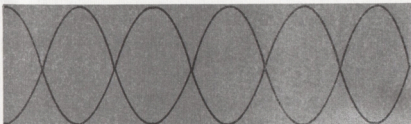
"You guys are crazy!"

They shout and then we leave the harbour
In doubt, they're acting weird
and the sea is whipping up a welcome
if hell come we're all easy prey, trying to find a way
to make it alive

"Out of sight," cried Aeron through his glasses
"Don't fight" said Gorham's smile
All the while, his hand was on my shoulder
I was scared of being easy prey, trying to find a way
to make it alive

"You guys are crazy!"

The captain's hand shook for the guys to get in place
He said, "Let's look behind your face."
With each corner covered, they were all around
Waiting for the midnight bell to sound.



HERE COMES THE FLOOD

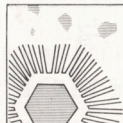
When the night shows
the signals grow on radios
All the strange things
they come and go as early warnings
Stranded starfish have no place to hide
still waiting for the swollen Easter tide
There's no point in direction we cannot even choose
a side

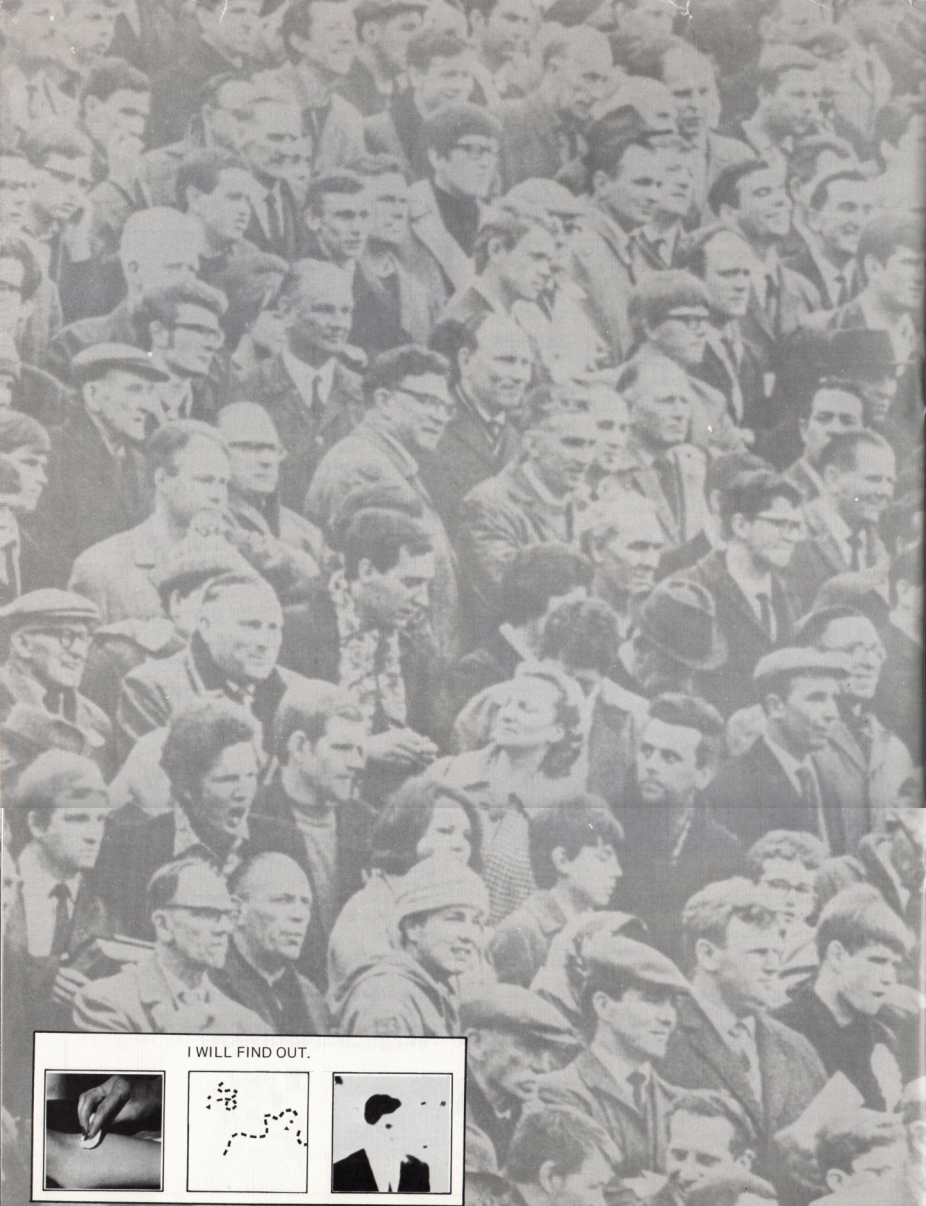
I took the old track
the hollow shoulder, across the waters
On the tall cliffs
they were getting older, sons and daughters
The jaded underworld was riding high
Waves of steel hurled metal at the sky
and as the nails sunk in the cloud, the rain was warm
and soaked the crowd

Lord, here comes the flood
We'll say goodbye to flesh and blood
If again the seas are silent
in any still alive
It'll be those who gave their island to survive
Drink up, dreamers, you're running dry

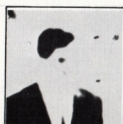
When the flood calls
You have no home, you have no walls
In the thunder crash
you're a thousand minds, within a flash
don't be afraid to cry at what you see
The actors gone, there's only you and me
And if we break before the dawn, they'll use up what
we used to be

Lord here comes the flood
We'll say goodbye to flesh and blood
If again the seas are silent
in any still alive
It'll be those who gave their island to survive
Drink up, dreamers, you're running dry





I WILL FIND OUT.





It's like having Keith Moon in the room. Only safer.

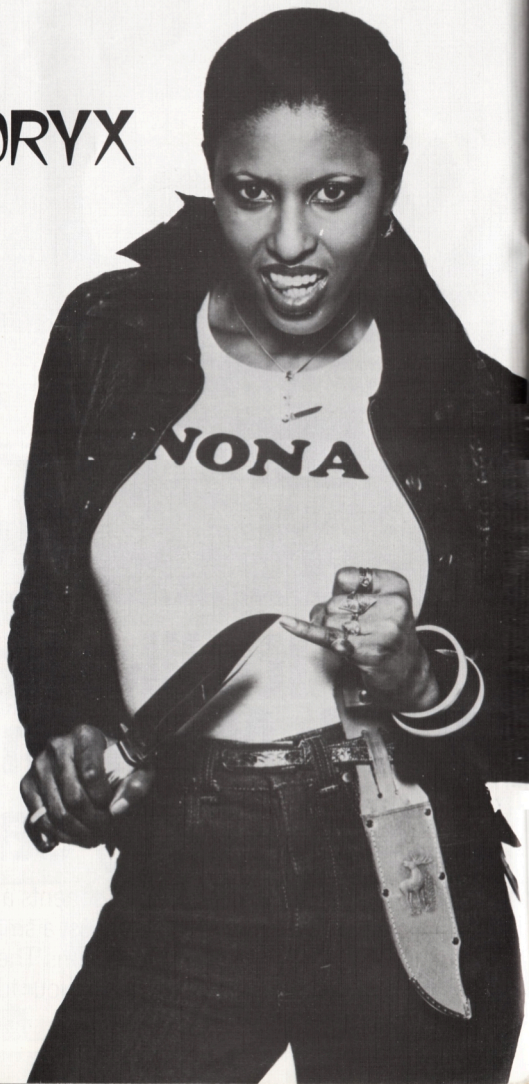
These Sony hi-fi components are some of the best in the world. They should be, they cost a small fortune.

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SONY
HIGHER-FI
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NONA HENDRYX

is the title of a
dynamic new album
from the driving force
of Labelle
and includes her new
single 'Winning'



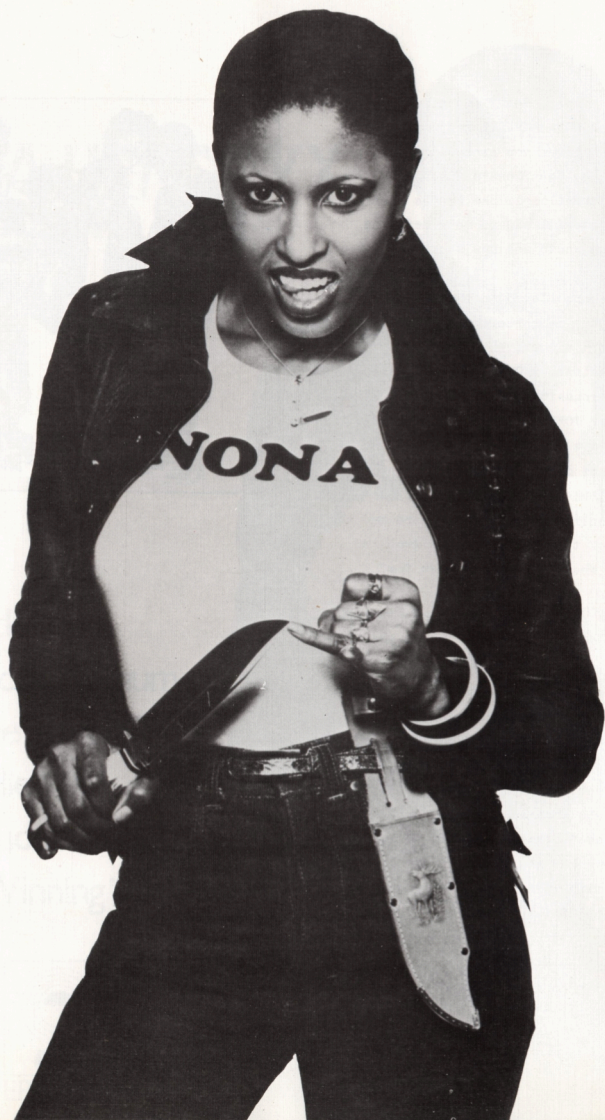
NONA HENDRYX

NONA HENDRYX - solo. Her first album appropriately entitled NONA HENDRYX is just released by Epic and whatever you expected it probably wasn't this! But then Nona's full of surprises and very unconventional. She writes just about all her own material and is very definite about what she wants and how she wants it.

The musicians who played on the album are also playing with her in concert with the exception of the keyboard player. They are :- EDDIE MARTINEZ on guitar, CARMINE ROJAS on bass, JOSE ROSSY percussion, DAVID PRATER drums and new member JOHN ANDERSON on keyboards. None of them are conventional NY session musicians, none of them super famous (though they will be) but all of them superb musicians and a huge contribution to the record and the shows - all of them crazy and all rock 'n' roll freaks! What more can you ask for?

For six years NONA was one third of LABELLE. LABELLE, the "space age group of the 70's", who made silver and glitter not only the thing to wear on stage but the requirement of their audiences' costuming also - a LABELLE concert was an event! LABELLE, - the first black group to play NY's prestigious Metropolitan Opera House. LABELLE - the group who shocked the world with "Lady Marmalade" a billion seller which explicitly asked the world if they would sleep with them tonight - but in French! LABELLE - the group that changed the image and outlook of girl-groups forever. But this year was time for each of them to move on and so instead of "And now Nona Hendryx, Sarah Dash and Patti LaBelle - LABELLE". it's "Ladies and Gentlemen NONA HENDRYX".





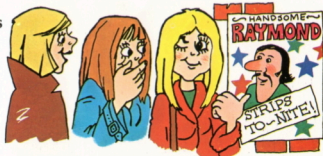
Babycham Girls Survival Guide (Part 1)

Your Prey—One-of-the-Lads

The 8 pints a night man who's ruined more hot dinners than you've actually had.

Whose 'night-out-with-the-boys' is six nights out of seven. Counteract this by becoming 'one-of-the-girls'.

Organise a hen party to a local nightclub—preferably one with a male stripper. Or, if he descends on you at midnight demanding supper for the lads, do it graciously—and serve it up in your naughtiest nightie. You'll be amazed how possessive he'll suddenly become.



Your Ammunition—Diet

First, decide if you're the sort who can stick to bananas without going bananas.

If you're not, just try not to think about food too much—and you'll slim slowly, but surely.

Avoid obvious pitfalls, but treat yourself now and again.

And remember to get plenty of exercise.

If you fail completely, don't despair. Plenty of men around are 'chubby-chasers'.



Your Lair—Parents to Tea

Stop your more curvaceous flatmates from drifting through in bra and panties—unless you could use Dad's life insurance a bit early.

Make a final attempt to stop the cat leaving his dead mice on the chocolate fingers plate.

Give your denims a day off, and wear a skirt.

Dad will be proud to think he's the first man to see your legs for 5 years.

And why not give the diet a day off too? Splash out on a few cream puffs. Then you can blame something else on your parents.



In the Jungle—Interviews

Always arrive at least ten minutes early.

This allows time for a nervous visit to the loo.

Look smart—but there's no point looking like Bianca Jagger, if you'd turn up daily in jeans and T-shirt.

Don't just let them interview you, interview them.

Ask questions about the company and your job.

This will calm your nerves—and really impress them.



Babycham got sparkle-got life!

