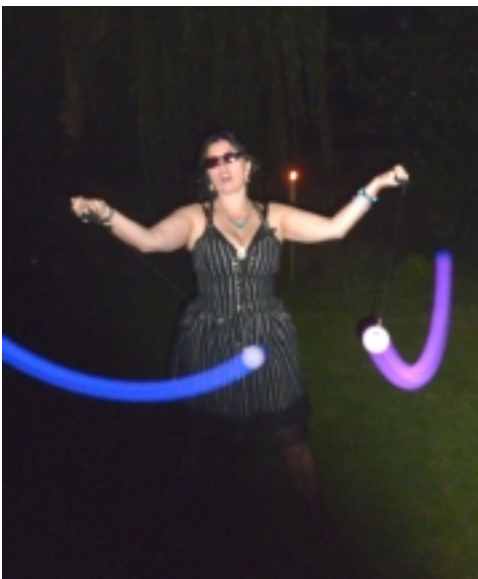


## One week in September

I had meetings booked for the Thursday and Friday in London, a party to attend the preceding Saturday at friends, Tony n' Kay's house and garden in Crouch End, and old-style bands, Gong and Space Ritual to see at Kentish Town Forum on the following Saturday, and (phew) the Thames Festival on the Sunday. So, instead of travelling to and fro back to Eyemouth in the Scottish borders, I opted for three days in Teignmouth in-between the party and the London meetings.



It was a packed week, and I came home tired, but having enjoyed lots of good bits.



Accompanying this are some of the pics. First up the party with my friend Margaret (right top) accompanying me. Tony is not happy without a dose of live music most days, so he hired a band to play in the living room, with a dance space stretching out into the garden. Margaret bought her flashing Poi balls with her. She used to juggle with Poi fire-balls in her traveller-days.

Teignmouth was wet. Very wet on the Sunday of my arrival and on the Monday. On the Sunday, Ray, my policeman mate and myself decided to whet our

thirsts with lots of apples, of the cider variety. He's recovering from a really horrible break to his heel after chasing a 'crim' and taking a bad tumble. But, he's recovering faster than anticipated and we took in the King's Arms; Devon Hotel: Blue Anchor; Teign Brewery and back to the King's Head.





Ray was by then in the dog house with his partner, Moira and suffering from what became serious memory loss.

Monday in the torrential rain, I ambled around the Teignmouth and took pics of the recycled art exhibits dotted around the seafront and the botanic gardens over the river in Shaldon. I even went for a swim in outdoor pool! Teignmouth is still a nice place to spend some time.



Then on Tuesday I took the train to Exeter St Thomas and jogged along the coastal paths beside the canals and River Exe to Starcross. It took me one hour 27 minutes which didn't seem too bad. I also managed a pilgrimage with Cycling Brian over to the infamous Cider bar in Newton Abbot. It is a great institution and only serves cider and home made wines. And they had a special deal

on with cider at £1.50 per pint. Apple Heaven! But also the home of 'Suicider'....Alan looks as though it may be working....

The London board meeting of the Copyright Licensing Agency, other meetings at the Authors' Licensing and Collecting Society and a long lunchtime meeting at the Flask



with CLA chair, Tom Bradley took up most of Thursday and Friday. Saturday daytime, Kay and myself went to Prince Charles' garden party at Clarence House. Not as good as it should have been – sustainability seemed dominated by B&Q advertising, Waitrose, M&S and an upcycling fashion show.



But the day was well redeemed by a great show at the Forum. Nik Turner's Space Ritual are mostly ex-members of Hawkwind. Good tunes and a great light show, courtesy of Gong.



And then the mighty 72 year old Daevid Allen took to the stage with the likes of Gilly Smyth (even older at 77) and the mere stripling, Steve Hillage at 59, same age as me. Gong are a musical in-joke. Think flying teapots, witches and cosmic philosophy. Oh yes, and really great musicianship. Steve was in the same year as me at the University of Kent way back in 1969 and Daevid the Alien had been a member of the original Soft Machine.

I'd met up with Daevid in his Byron Bay home in about 1999 when researching in the alternative underbelly of Australia, for the book which became *Alternative Australia* and met up with him subsequently at Big Green Gatherings in the 2000s. He's still bonkers, but loveably so. Thanks Gong for a great evening. I think I'm still singing along to his closing song: *'I am you, and you are I'*.



Sunday turned out to be half way reasonable weather-wise, so I met up with Tony at the main Thames Festival stage near to Waterloo and the London Eye. Enjoyed a great set from one-man blues man, Son of Dave (right), accompanied by two Elvis impersonators.



Tony's mate, Bob the Hippy, (Tony n' Bob pictured above) joined us and we ambled around the Southbank stages (and bars). Supposedly in the order of half a million people attended (loads more than for the Pope nonsense), but no real hassles and the overall vibe was a peaceful one.

It had been a good week.

