



# The Songs Of PETE ATKIN & CLIVE JAMES

# Pete Atkin

**BEWARE OF THE  
BEAUTIFUL STRANGER**



## *Beware Of The Beautiful Stranger*

Fontana 6309 011, 1970. Re-issued on RCA SF 8387 in 1973 in a re-designed sleeve with "Touch Has A Memory" replaced by "Be Careful When They Offer You The Moon", and with "Sunrise" as the second song.



Lyrics – **Clive James**

Music (and lyrics to 'Honky Tonk Train' and 'All I Ever Did') – **Pete Atkin**

**Pete Atkin** – vocals, guitars, piano

**Steve Cook** – double bass

**Tony Marsh** – drums

**Henry Mackenzie** – clarinet

**Russell "Dai" Davies** – tuba

(Salvation Army Class A

No. 4521, motto 'Blood and fire')

Arranged by **Pete Atkin**

Strings arranged by **Nick Harrison**

Produced by **Don Paul**

Engineered by **Tom Allom**

Recorded at Regent Sound A, Tottenham Street, London W1, on 31st March and 1st & 2nd April 1970

Mixed between 2 pm and 6 pm on 2nd April 1970

"Be Careful When They Offer You The Moon" and "A Man Who's Been Around" were recorded at Tin Pan Alley Studio, Denmark Street on 11th August 1970

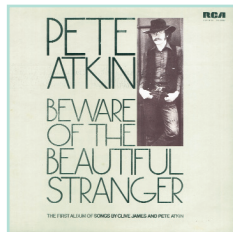
Credits – British Rail, Arthur Guinness, William Hazlitt, John Keats, Meade Lux Lewis, Garcia Lorca, Odham's Junior Encyclopaedia, Auguste Renoir, William Shakespeare and Duke Ellington (there never was another).

Hair by Robaire of Mayfair

Photographed on location at Puttenden Manor, Edenbridge

Type design by Sandy Field

Designed and photographed by Keef



**PA:** Clive and I wrote these songs in the late 1960s, but it would be a mistake to try to find within them traces of the Summer of Love, mind-expanding drugs, Carnaby Street, revolution in the air, and what have you. For most people at the time – certainly for us – most of that was happening somewhere else (most especially Carnaby Street). Except for the one thing that did get through to just about everyone: the music.

It was in any case a lucky time for me. I was a lucky, naive eleven-plus grammar-school boy who found himself waking up in a university that contained more possibilities than I could have imagined. It was lucky too that the most popular music of the day happened also to be the best music then being made. I was additionally lucky that my college record library was well stocked with the best of classic jazz, blues, and Tin Pan Alley, and I was filling my head up with all of it to the shameful exclusion of almost everything else. The clinching bit of good luck was somehow to join the Cambridge Footlights and then to hook up with Clive.

The Footlights was a revue club (nowadays I suppose you'd call it a comedy club) which put on shows for members and a big annual public show at the Arts Theatre, as well as ad hoc cabarets around the place. It was – and still is – famously a training ground for many who have gone in to show business in one or other of its forms. The list is long, illustrious, and easy to find. In those days it had the crucial use

of a clubroom, destroyed in a bout of civic vandalism in the seventies – a long, narrow, seedy, threadbare first-floor room with a tiny stage at one end and, most important for me, a piano. We had access to this room pretty much any time we wanted, and it became a workshop, a second home. Actually, it became a first home.

As a teenager I had taught myself to play piano a bit by picking out tunes – sorry, 'hits' – in the right hand and 'strumming' chords with the left. In college, without a piano handy, I started to play acoustic guitar, but I still felt more at home on the piano.

I'd sung a few of my own silly songs at Footlights smoking concerts, and one day Clive simply handed me a lyric and said "Hey, sport, do you think you can do anything with this?" I really don't remember which lyric that was, but we soon started turning out songs at a fair old rate and used (abused, some might say) our privileged position to shoehorn some of them into Footlights shows. Songs – straight songs, at any rate – weren't a big part of what the club usually did, but we had little or no other idea of what we might do with them.

An additional stimulus to writing – specifically to writing songs from a female point of view – was the presence in the club of both Julie Covington and Maggie Henderson, the singing of either one of whom would have been inspiration enough.

Those days – 1967, '68, '69 – were so full of music of so many kinds, with the LP starting to establish an identity of its own

beyond just being a collection of singles, that I truly don't think we ever gave a moment's consideration to writing in any particular style or idiom. The song was the thing. It still is. But we did imagine our songs being sung famously by successful singers, which is partly what led me to organise some amateurish recordings of them and to assemble a couple of privately-pressed LPs. The idea was to sell enough of them to unwitting friends and acquaintances to cover the costs and use the rest as demos. It didn't exactly work, mainly because the music business was already changing, and most recording artists, increasingly aware of the financial benefit of writing their own songs, were less and less likely to be looking for new songs from the likes of us.

Nevertheless, the demo LPs did lead us in late 1969 to the publishers Essex Music, where David Platz took us on and advanced me fifty quid so I could at least spend Christmas in some shoes that didn't leak (sorry, but that's true). More than that, he stumped up for some proper studio sessions to record some of the songs. And those, amazingly, are the recordings you have here.

David put me together with the producer Don Paul, who had been a member of the hitmaking vocal group the Viscounts. I still vividly remember the sessions in the little basement studio (the whole building now long gone) across the street from what's now the entrance to University College Hospital's A&E

department, just off the Tottenham Court Road in London.

Don happened to be a mate of Kenny Everett, at that time the most famous and influential DJ in the land with his Saturday morning show on BBC Radio 1. Don played him a couple of the tracks, and he reacted in a way we might have dreamed of. He played them on his show several weeks running. That was enough to convince Don and David that they might be able to get a commercial release for them, which they did. Easy when you just say it like that.

And so I became a recording artist, which hadn't originally been the idea at all, not even a dream, to be honest. It was only after the album was released on Fontana that I set about doing the rounds of the folk clubs – there were even more of them then than there are comedy clubs now – to try to get a performing career under way.

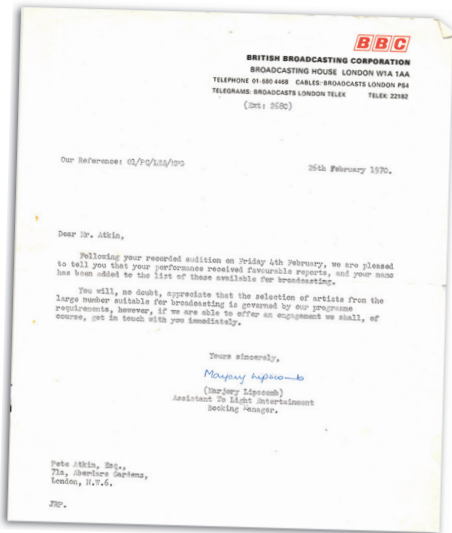
At that critical point Kenny, man of the best possible taste and my *de facto* sponsor, notoriously got himself sacked by the BBC for what was considered in those days to be an inexcusable and intolerable joke, something to do with the Minister of Transport's wife having just passed her driving test. Ah well. Although the album didn't, as they used to say, trouble the charts, it did pretty well really, perhaps partly because it didn't sound much like anything else. It might have done even better, but the trouble was it didn't sound much like anything else.

I could never have guessed, and

didn't, that I'd still be singing a lot of these songs nearly forty years later. But they do still seem to work. Listening again now to my twentysomething self singing them, there's a lot that I'd do differently, of course. In fact my luck has held out to the point where I have indeed been able to do some of these things differently [on *Midnight Voices: the Clive James-Pete Atkin Songbook Volume One (Hillside CDHILL08) 2008*], but that's not in any way to disown what I did back then. I can't but feel affectionately for these recordings – almost as affectionately as I feel for anyone who supported us then and anyone who may remember them now.

**CJ:** False modesty can be a useful rhetorical device but Pete has always suffered from genuine modesty, which sometimes has the effect of minimising the facts. Some of the songs that got “shoe-horned” into Footlights revues were widely recognized in Cambridge as the most interesting things in the show, and when Maggie Henderson sang “If I had My Time Again” in one of our revues on the Edinburgh Fringe, Harold Hobson, the eminent critic of the *Sunday Times*, called it the highlight of the entire Festival. Pete was thus recognized, by discerning listeners, as an important songwriter from the jump: a fact which, speaking as one who had a share in his work, I would like, in all modesty, to have recorded here.

The problem, of course, was about how to increase the number of discerning



listeners. The problem might have been solved more easily if the record companies had known how to classify what Pete was up to. In the record stores, *Beware Of The Beautiful Stranger* tended to be put in the Folk bin by default. It was the first sign of a dilemma that would trouble us for a decade.

**Pete Atkin and Clive James,**  
*November/December 2008*

## 1. *The Master Of The Revels* 2.36

Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm session,  
1st April 1970

**Pete Atkin** – vocals, piano

**Russell Davies** – tuba

**Tony Marsh** – drums

**Henry Mackenzie** – clarinet

**PA:** This was the first track that Kenny Everett picked up on. The lyric tells a sad story, but I thought that a small-scale, slightly seedy, circus-y bravado was the right pose to adopt. I started by playing the two-note tuba phrase and the tune just kind of arrived over the top of it, bending and twisting its way towards a showbizzy ending.

There wasn't much budget for additional musicians, but I thought I could get good value out of a clarinet, so Don Paul booked one for me. It was just chance that it turned out to be the great Henry Mackenzie, who, among many other things, had been one of the clarinet trio on the Beatles' *When I'm Sixty Four*. The tuba was a genuine Salvation Army model played by our then-and-still old Footlights chum Russell Davies.



Compilation album (1977)



**CJ:** In the times of Elizabeth I, the Master of the Revels was more of an official censor than a theatrical enabler, but his title sounded like fun to me, so I went with that. It's also possible to detect the presence of Merlin and Prospero: mischief-making

magicians. In my own mind, Pete's sprightly, perky melody exactly expresses the personality of a professional jokesmith who might have been a bit of a strain if you met him in the tavern.

Allow me to present myself, my ladies  
 And gentlemen of this exalted age  
 Before my creatures take the stage  
 For I am the Master of the Revels  
 In what appertains to mirth I am a sage  
 I work myself to death for each production  
 And though the world's great wits are all on  
     file  
 I have not been known to smile  
 For I am the Master of the Revels  
 And mastery demands a certain style  
 In my office hang the blueprints  
 Of the first exploding handshake  
 And the charted trajectories of custard pies  
 For Harlequin ten different kinds of  
     heartbreak  
 For Columbine the colour of her eyes  
 Some other windows darken in the evening  
 And never before morning show a light  
 But for me there is no night  
 For I am the Master of the Revels  
 The caller-up and caster-in of devils  
 And I am here for your instruction and delight

## 2. *Touch Has A Memory* 2.41

*Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm session,  
 31st March 1970*

**Pete Atkin** – vocals

**Steve Cook** – double bass

**Nick Harrison** – string arrangement

**PA:** This is a good example of a song that  
 came into being title-first. The phrase is  
 from John Keats. People have often said  
 that in practice smell has a much longer  
 and stronger memory than touch, but  
 somehow *Smell Has A Memory* as a title

doesn't immediately get the songwriting  
 juices flowing.

Nick Harrison had done the  
 arrangement for Julie Covington's recording  
 of *The Magic Wasn't There*, the first of our  
 songs to get a commercial recording (also  
 produced by Don Paul). I had specially  
 liked the choppy string writing in the  
 instrumental bit on Julie's record. The idea  
 to do this song with just strings (probably a  
 nick from the Beatles' *Yesterday*, if I'm  
 honest) seemed a good one at the time,  
 but we later always thought the resulting  
 track lacked a bit of rhythmic impetus, and  
 we replaced it on the 1973 RCA reissue of  
 the album with *Be Careful When They  
 Offer You The Moon*. I've since had a  
 chance to re-record it with a completely  
 different rhythmic approach. Take your pick.

**CJ:** If Proust had been writing the lyric, it  
 would have been "Taste Has a Memory"  
 and there would have been something  
 about cakes. Keats died young but he  
 seems to have lived long enough to know  
 quite a lot about sensuality. The undressing  
 scene in "The Eve of St Agnes" is steamy  
 stuff. "Her rich attire creeps rustling to her  
 knees." I tried to get some of that in.

Touch has a memory  
 Better than the other senses  
 Hearing and sight fight free  
 Touching has no defences  
 Textures come back to you real as can be  
 Touch has a memory

Fine eyes are wide at night  
 Eyelashes show that nicely



Seeing forgets the sight  
Touch recollects precisely  
Eyelids are modest yet blink at a kiss  
Touching takes note of this

When in a later day  
Little of the vision lingers  
Memory slips away  
Every way but through the fingers  
Textures come back to you real as  
can be

Making you feel time doesn't heal  
And touch has a memory

### 3. *Have You Got A Biro I Can Borrow?* 1.58

Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm  
session, 1st April 1970

**Pete Atkin** – vocals, guitar  
**Steve Cook** – bass  
**Tony Marsh** – drums

**PA:** Another good example of a song that came into being title-first. It was right there in the language and Clive picked it up. It's one of our very few cloudless love songs, as it has turned out, and it contains some of Clive's most exuberant rhyming.

We always like to say that the BBC banned this because of the brand name in the title, but it's not strictly true. But they probably would have banned it if they'd ever seriously thought of

playing it. However, Biro is indeed a brand name, and the publishers took the precaution of getting permission to include it in the title. The Biro Corporation okayed it with the proviso that the name should always be spelled with a capital B. Regulars at my gigs will have spotted that I always sing it with a capital B.

#### Have You Got a Biro I Can Borrow?

Have you got a biro I can borrow?

I'd like to write your name

On the palm of my hand, the wall of the hall  
The roof of the house, right across the land:

So when the sun comes up tomorrow

It'll <sup>be</sup> there, to this side of the hard-bitten planet

Like a big yellow button with your name written on it.

Have you got a biro I can borrow?

I'd like to write some lines

In praise of your knee and the back of your neck

And the double-decker bus that brings you to me:

So when the sun comes up tomorrow

It'll shine on a world made richer by a sonnet

And [a] half a dozen epics as long as the Aeneid.

~~Oh give me a pen, give me some paper.~~

Oh give me a pen and some paper

Give me a chisel or a camera,

A piano and a box of rubber bands:

~~Give me~~ I need a room for geography

And a dark room for photography —

Put the brush into my hands!



[From last light to first]

Have you got a biro I can borrow?

I'd like to write your name

From the belt of Orion to the share of the Plough

And the snout of the Bear to the belly of the Lion:

So when the sun goes down tomorrow,

[From last light to first] there'll never be a minute,  
Not a moment, of the night that hasn't got you in it.



- C. W. Jamell  
Cambridge  
Dec 6th 1967.

Have you got a biro I can borrow?

I'd like to write your name

From the belt of Orion to the share of the Plough

And the snout of the Bear to the belly of the Lion:

So when the sun goes down tomorrow,

[From last light to first] there'll never be a minute,  
Not a moment, of the night that hasn't got you in it.

where the silence is set as carefully as the words.

The instruction "Tie the brush into my hands" is something the film director Jean Renoir heard his father say, when the old man was crippled by arthritis but still couldn't stop painting.

Have you got a Biro I can borrow?

I'd like to write your name

On the palm of my hand, on the walls of the hall

The roof of the house, right across the land

So when the sun comes up tomorrow

It'll look to this side of the hard-bitten planet

Like a big yellow button with your name written on it

Have you got a Biro I can borrow?

I'd like to write some lines

In praise of your knee, and the back of your neck

And the double-decker bus that brings you to me

So when the sun comes up tomorrow

It'll shine on a world made richer by a sonnet  
And a half-dozen epics as long as the Aeneid

Oh give me a pen and some paper

Give me a chisel or a camera

A piano and a box of rubber bands

I need room for choreography

And a darkroom for photography

Tie the brush into my hands

**CJ:** The bit about "the belt of Orion" was one of my first consciously assembled bravura passages in a lyric. Having learned something of what Pete could do, I was deliberately testing his capacity to set a string of syllables on single notes. What I didn't expect, however, was that he would use space so well, as in the last few lines,

Have you got a Biro I can borrow?  
I'd like to write your name  
From the belt of Orion to the share of the  
Plough  
The snout of the Bear to the belly of the Lion  
So when the sun goes down tomorrow  
There'll never be a minute  
Not a moment of the night that hasn't got you  
in it

#### 4. *Sunrise* 2.18

*Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm session,  
2nd April 1970*

**Pete Atkin** – vocals, guitar

**Steve Cook** – bass

**PA:** Most of our songs tend to start from the words – or from some words, at any rate – but this one definitely started from the first bit of the tune, which I was worrying away at on the Footlights piano one day when Clive came up and asked “What’s that?”, just like June Allyson in *The Glenn Miller Story*. Well, maybe not *just* like June Allyson. The lyric arrived later that same afternoon, I think.

**CJ:** I nicked the “unruly sun” from John Donne, whose lawyers have not yet been in touch.

For me, this little lyric was a large initial step, because I took the opportunity, as I would never have done in a poem, to make a whole line out of two syllables. The writing isn't very pictorial – it picks up on standard conversational phrases rather than offering images – but I was quite pleased with the horses. Usually I like to

avoid the standard classical tool-box (what Philip Larkin called “the myth-kitty”) but I had always liked those horses that dragged Phaeton’s chariot up out of the ocean. They were a handful, so maybe the narrator is not quite the cool hand that he pretends to be.

Sunlight  
A razzle-dazzle kind of glamour in the sky  
No more  
Than just the glimmer of a star nearby and  
bright

I've seen it turn the trick a thousand times  
And send the millions wild with joy  
Whereas for me it's just a toy  
That flying horses dragged up from the sea

Sunrise  
How little thought it takes, how little time it  
leaves  
Not long  
Before she wakes to dress and then she  
leaves you eyes

For very soon the sun will come for her  
And it will carry her from you  
It's seen too many men like you  
To care how soon it chooses to arise

Sunshine  
Already seems as if it's moving in to stay  
Smiling  
The wide and steady smile that says “The day  
is mine”

How many clever men have called the sun  
A fool before today  
“O unruly sun” they say  
“For stepping in to take my love away”

Sunlight

It's time to make a move, it's time to rise and  
shine

Sunrise

Shaking your shoulder murmurs "Everything  
looks fine"

And takes your love away

## 5. *Frangipanni Was Her Flower* 2.17

*Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm session,  
2nd April 1970*

**Pete Atkin** – vocals, guitar, piano

**Steve Cook** – bass

**PA:** I've always liked stories where you're told everything except the most important central bit of the story, which you have to work out for yourself. A bit like Greek tragedy where the action all takes place offstage. OK, not that much like Greek tragedy. But it is a sad story.

The studio piano had a lever which lowered little squares of metal between the hammers and the strings to give a honky-tonk effect which I imagined could be thought to sound a bit like a harpsichord. Or not.

**CJ:** A journalistic staple of the 1960s was the story of the well-brought-up young lady either going to the bad or cracking up under the pressure of conformity. It had also begun occurring to me that in a lyric I

could use a repetition instead of a rhyme, because Pete would be putting the same word on different notes. In a poem I had never used a repetition, and I still don't today.

Frangipanni was her flower  
And amethyst her birthday stone  
The fairest blossom of the bower  
She wasn't born to be alone  
And now she was terribly alone

A Ford Cortina was the car  
Eleven thirty-five the hour  
The squeak of gravel in the drive  
Left the damsel in the tower  
Pondering her vanished power

Always, everything had gone so well  
Her dolls had been the best  
She was better than the rest  
Always, everything had gone so well  
The world at her behest  
Had fed her from the breast

Always, everything had gone so well  
She was married all in white  
To a lad serenely trite  
Always, everything had gone so well  
And on her wedding night  
Things had more or less gone right

By fairest fortune she was kissed  
Frangipanni was her bloom  
A silver spoon was in her fist  
Upon emerging from the womb  
Tonight she wrecked the room

## 6. *The Rider To The World's End* 3.36

*Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm session,  
31st March 1970*

**Pete Atkin** – vocal, guitar

**Steve Cook** – bass

**Tony Marsh** – drums

**Nick Harrison** – string arrangement

**PA:** I remember specifically asking Nick Harrison to go all-out on the Bartok-like discords in the strings, and his arrangement is still one of my favourite things on the record. It really gets the most out of having two cellos in the quartet.

**CJ:** Justice demands that I attribute the title line to the Australian poet Lex Banning. Lex suffered from such a terrible case of cerebral palsy that he could speak only with difficulty, but he made every word count. He was a searing wit. A master of linguistic compression, he wrote beautifully chiselled verses. I first read his poem “The Rider to the World’s End” in a little pamphlet of his called *Every Man His Own Hamlet*, back in Sydney in the late 1950s, and I never forgot it. Born in 1921, he died in 1966, only a few years after I arrived in London, but his great spirit is still with me. I often wonder what he would have thought of this song, and hope he would have admired the melody so much that he would have forgiven me the theft.

You simply mustn't blame yourself – the days  
were perfect

And so were exactly what I was born to spoil  
For I am the Rider to the World's End  
Bound across the cinder causeway  
From the furnace to the quarry  
Through the fields of oil

And I left you with the sign of the Rider to the  
World's End

It was not the mark of Zorro  
Written sharply on your forehead with a blade  
Just a way of not turning up tomorrow  
And of phonecalls never made

My time with you seemed readymade to last  
for always

And so was predestined to be over in a flash  
For I am the Rider to the World's End  
Bound across the fields of oil  
Through the broken-bottle forest  
To the plains of ash

And I left you with the sign of the Rider to the  
World's End

It was not the ace of diamonds  
Or the death's-head of the Phantom on your  
jaw

Just a suddenly-relaxing set of knuckles  
Never rapped against a door

You were more thoughtful for and fond of me  
than I was

And so were precisely what I can never trust  
For I am the Rider to the World's End  
Bound across the plains of ashes  
To the molten-metal valleys  
In the hills of dust

## 7. *The Luck Of The Draw* 1.26

Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm session,  
2nd April 1970

**Pete Atkin** – vocal, guitar

**Steve Cook** – bass

**PA:** Long playing records offered the dangerous possibility of filling an entire side with just one track, but they had one incidental and slightly paradoxical benefit in also offering possibility of writing short songs, or at any rate shorter than the conventional three-minute single-length. My attention was caught early on by some of Rodgers and Hart's smaller songs – *She Was Too Good To Me*, *Wait Till You See Her*, *Glad To Be Unhappy* – and it's good not to have to stretch an idea beyond its natural length. We've always had a bit of a soft spot for our 'littles'.

**CJ:** Not a single image in this one: just a straight-out complaint. For a poet who assembles most of his poems out of pictorial imagery, it's sometimes a useful exercise to write a poem that's all argument. But I can remember putting in the "bad patch" as I might have snaffled an interesting pebble from a strange beach, which was indeed the case. It's British slang, not Australian. I was still getting acclimatised, which for a writer is just as much a matter of using his ears as using his eyes.

I once always finished ahead  
I got what I wanted and more

I went on so long without losing  
I suppose it's the luck of the draw

I got what I wanted before  
I was used to the runaway wins  
And that makes it hard to put up with  
When at long last the bad patch begins

And it had to be the one that  
Who didn't want to know  
And I wonder if all the others were the same  
But didn't show

I once always finished ahead  
I got what I wanted and more  
So long as I did the choosing  
I suppose it's the luck of the draw

## 8. *The Original Original Honky Tonk Night Train Blues* 2.20

Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm session,  
1st April 1970

**Pete Atkin** – vocal, piano

**Steve Cook** – bass

**Tony Marsh** – drums

**PA:** I had a phase of being fascinated by the way the likes of Jon Hendricks, King Pleasure, and Eddie Jefferson, for instance, were writing hip lyrics to improvised jazz solos, and I foolishly wondered if I might be able to do the same thing for Meade Lux Lewis's *Honky Tonk Train Blues*. As you'll hear if you check this against the original, I kind of ran out of (ahem) steam after about eight bars of what was in any case a fairly approximate attempt. But not wanting to waste those eight bars, I filled out the rest

of the lyric with steam engineering knowledge which I did not possess but derived from a cutaway drawing in Odhams' Modern Encyclopaedia for Children, and finished the song with musical ideas nicked from just about every train blues there's ever been. I have been told condescendingly by some unneringly friendly steam engine enthusiasts that, apart obviously from some lamentable anthropomorphism, the song is surprisingly accurate.

**CJ:** Pete used to pull in the walls of the Footlights clubroom with this one, and when people came up to me afterwards to congratulate me on the intricacy of the lyric I had to tell them that the words were his as well. I did so through gritted teeth, so the message might sometimes have failed in transmission. But honestly, I tried.

I'm the original honky tonk train  
I'm the one that you see when you're  
watching a western  
That's me chugging by  
Of the ones that you see in the films I'm the  
best 'un  
I'll tell you why  
'Cause no other loco can ever compare  
With the places I've been 'cause I've been  
everywhere  
And I never once stopped for a moment of  
restin'  
And if my fire's burning properly the hot air  
ougha  
Rise and go along a lot of tubes



The gentle man

**BBC 2**

11.0 a.m.-11.20 **GOLD**  
**PLAY SCHOOL**

A programme for children  
**Dressing-up Day**  
Presenters,  
**Miranda Connell, Rick**  
Today's story is called  
'Hans and Peter'  
by HEIDIEN PETRIDES

**THE MONEY MAZE**

en programmes about  
onship between in  
ade and finance ar  
mal power politics  
**Poverty and Power**  
ie economic gulf be  
d poor countries ma  
me so wide that it w  
s future of their po  
ns. What can be don  
roduced by **Roger O**  
eted by **DAVID HARGRE**  
duced by **HOWARD SMITH**  
is shown on BBC-1



**PETE ATKINS**

Be careful when they  
offer you the moon 6060050

**LINDA HOYLE & AFFINITY**

Eli's comin' 6059018

**BLACK SABBATH**

Paranoid 6059010

**JUICY LUCY**

Pretty woman 6059015

**MAGNA CARTA**

Airport song 6059013

**ROD STEWART**

It's all over now 6086002

**PHILIPS**

**PETE ATKIN:** "When They Offer the Moon" (Philips 6006) Co-written by Pete Atkins arranged by the general. A good 'delayed release' with the drumming somewhat. I'm not sure it's meant to be symbolic, but the overall is individual and pleasing. release is anything to do with the highly stylized style of writing and which I think I'd rather a little bit more before judgement on the Additional orchestration, good, and so too production.



**MUSIC NOW**

**October**

**PETE ATKIN:** "OF THE B" "STRANGER" (6309 011)

**REALLY GREAT** Pete Atkins and who make a natural team. Amusingly catchy melodies. B are "The Master Revels", "Frangipani Flower" and "The World's End."

**SOUNDS**

## 8.0 COLOUR MATISSE AND HIS MODEL

Henri Matisse  
1869-1954

My models, human figures, are never mere attendant figures in an interior. They are the main theme of my work.

David Sylvester examines a master-painter's attitudes to the artist-model relationship through Matisse's own paintings filmed at the current Hayward Gallery exhibition.

Alec McCowen reads extracts from Matisse's own writings.

Henri Matisse appears himself, in unique film of him at work in France, 1946.

Produced by LESLIE MCGARRY



## Man in a nightmare

In Orson Welles's frightening *The* tonight's World Cinema film at 9.30, A Perkins plays Joseph K, a man threatened by a nameless bureaucracy

## 8.45 COLOUR THE

CAMBRIDGE FOOTLIGHTS  
DRAMATIC CLUB  
'Turn It On'  
or is it up?

★

Players:

PETE ATKIN  
AL SIZER  
JULIE COVINGTON  
HAGGIE SCOTT  
CLIVE JAMES  
JONATHAN JAMES-MOORE  
DAI DAVIES  
ROB BUCKMAN

★

Writers:

PETE ATKIN, CLIVE JAMES  
BARRY BROWN, ROB BUCKMAN  
Music: PETE ATKIN

Trío:

Pete Atkin (piano)  
Steve Cooke (bass)  
Colin Edwards (drums)

Footlight direction,  
CLIVE JAMES, JONATHAN JAMES-MOORE  
Producer, PHILIP LEWIS

Recorded at the  
Hood Theatre, Ave

For as far back as  
remember, the famous  
Footlights Revue Club

annual visit to the  
Hood Theatre near to  
Averham, not far fr

The theatre sells out  
for a week as fan  
people motor in to wa  
lights perform the s

which sketches and  
lected soon after to  
be presented at their own show on the  
dinburgh Fringe. For the Foot

lights it is a working holiday.  
their spirits are light and any  
thing that goes wrong tends to be

in the show. Since  
write all their own  
music, and lyrics, live in

## 9.30 WORLD CINEMA

The Trial

based on the novel by  
FRANK KAFKA  
Directed by ORSON WELLES  
starring

ANTHONY PERKINS  
JEANNE MOREAU  
ORSON WELLES  
ROMY SCHNEIDER

PETE ATKIN is the man whose  
"Master of the Revels" off his  
"Beware Of The Beautiful  
Stranger" album was "discovered"  
by Kenneth J. Everett.

And what an excellent album  
it is! Pete Atkin writes the music  
and Clive James writes the words.  
"Girl On A Train" is a rather  
sad love song, with unusual  
humour, the singer lamenting he  
is unable to approach a girl who  
is a fellow passenger on a train  
and with whom he has fallen  
instantly in love.

The Original Honkey Tonk  
Night Train Blues" is a send up  
of blues guitar styles. Don't miss  
this one. (Fontana) ★★ ★

That are surrounded by water in the boiler till eventually it moves

On down the engine's aorta out to the funnel where the cloud of smoke exudes

And now the hot air in the tubes has made the water in the boiler turn to steam - hot hot hot

The steam also rises and collects inside that large symbolic dome at the top top top

But if you think that now the steam is just as hot as it is gonna get you're wrong 'cause it's not not not

Because this is where the driver opens up the regulator valve handle

The steam becomes alive again and goes back through the boiler or can

Which I call it only 'cause I've a shortage of rhymes ending in -an

So having been through the superheater tubes the steam is hotter than ever it was before the heat is more you may be sure the steam now

Passes on into the piston cylinder and pushes the piston for-

Wards and backwards by means of valves which reciprocate in alternation According to simple mechanical law

The piston then pushes connecting rods fixed to the wheels

That are set on the rails

But that's not the end of the story 'cause then all that steam

As you will have seen

Is blown out as exhaust through the funnel whence it can expire

Thereby increasing the draught of the fire

## 11.25 COLOUR NEWS SUMMARY and THE WEATHER

## 11.30 COLOUR



So now apart from some rather  
superfluous detail which  
doubtless will seem to you  
obvious, hardly worth saying

The story's over in its basic  
essentials – the rest is merely  
overlying

What you can see for yourself quite  
easily although I would just like to  
mention the thing on the front  
that always comes in handy  
when you want to catch cows

## 9. *Girl On The Train* 2.54

*Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm  
session, 31st March 1970*

**Pete Atkin** – vocal, guitar

**Steve Cook** – bass

**Tony Marsh** – drums

**Nick Harrison** – string  
arrangement

**PA:** This is the other track that  
Kenny Everett latched on to.

Clive says that the events it  
describes (or a version of them –  
they do seem to recur) occurred  
on the Cambridge-to-Oxford  
train, a service that no longer  
runs, and that the girl was in fact reading  
Lamartine and not Verlaine, a change made  
for the sake of the rhyme. Sadly, as  
someone pointed out on the Midnight  
Voices forum at [www.peteatkin.com](http://www.peteatkin.com),  
'Verlaine' doesn't strictly rhyme with 'train'  
either.

### The Girl On The Train

What did I do yesterday well I'll tell you in brief,  
Ten quid from the bank and I got out of town with relief  
And slowly but surely my life came to flower again  
Falling head over heels for a beautiful girl on the train.

She was reading a book taking in every word the man wrote  
And there in the margin she made the occasional note  
And I couldn't deduce why she didn't once blink with surprise  
As fathom by fathom I gradually drowned in her eyes.

But she kept on the job of improving her single-track mind brain  
Ploughing steadily onward through ~~shakins~~ obsolete Monsieur Verlaine  
While no further than seven feet six from her fabulous mouth  
Sat the leading young poetic hope of the whole planet Earth.

Well, apart from the chance of the driver accepting a cheque  
For crashing his loco so I could be brave in the wreck  
To boldly encounter the creature was not in my power  
And so my heart sended and broke in the course of an hour.

At last we pulled in and as straight as a three-sided knife  
She got up and walked like a princess away from my life  
And unless she remembers the day she was reading Verlaine  
In a second-class coach on her way through the fields in the rain  
She won't know it's her that I sing to again and again.

Clive James

for music by Pete Atkin  
in transit Sept 26, 68

The three-sided knife also came in for  
quite a bit of discussion on the same forum.  
It turns out to be a particularly nasty kind of  
stiletto, the blade having a cross-section  
like a three-pointed star so that it's less  
likely to be deflected by anything at all on  
its way to its target, presumably the heart.

**CJ:** As Fragonard is only one of the painters to remind us, nothing beats the erotic charge of a beautiful woman reading a book. And nothing dates a lyric like the mention of a sum of money. In those days, ten quid from the bank could get you out of East Anglia. Today it would barely get you to the Cambridge city limits. Some things never change, however, and for me “Verlaine” and “train” still rhyme. I speak Australian French. *Tant pis*.

What did I do yesterday? Well I'll tell you in brief  
Ten quid from the bank and I got out of town with relief  
And slowly but surely my life came to flower again  
Falling head over heels for a beautiful girl on the train  
She was reading a book, taking in every word the man wrote  
And there in the margin she made the occasional note  
And I couldn't deduce why she didn't once blink with surprise  
As fathom by fathom I gradually drowned in her eyes  
But she kept on the job of improving her single-track brain  
Ploughing steadily onward through obsolete Monsieur Verlaine  
While no further than seven-foot-six from her fabulous mouth  
Sat the leading young poetic hope of the whole planet earth

Well apart from the chance of the driver accepting a cheque  
For crashing his loco so I could be brave in the wreck  
To boldly encounter this creature was not in my power  
And so my heart mended and broke in the course of an hour  
Well at last we pulled in and as straight as a three-sided knife  
She got up and walked like a princess away from my life  
And unless she remembers the day she was reading Verlaine  
In a second-class coach on her way through the fields in the rain  
She won't know it's her that I sing to again and again  
Again and again

### 10. *Tonight Your Love Is Over* 3.22

*Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm session, 1st April 1970*

**Pete Atkin** – vocal, guitars, piano

**Steve Cook** – bass

**Tony Marsh** – drums

**PA:** I think this was quite new when I recorded it. It has no middle eight, and I must have thought it needed one, so I put an instrumental one in anyway. There's another questionable French/English rhyme here – at any rate it's questionable if like mine your English accent is not old-fashioned posh, or your French accent doesn't have a Liverpudlian twang.

**CJ:** "The clouded ruins of a God" once belonged to Hazlitt, and the idea of the silver coins envying the Moon was something I lifted from Federico Garcia Lorca, whose poetry briefly convinced me that surrealism might be something I should try. It didn't suit me, however, and I soon reverted to making straight connections if I could. But in that brief period of intoxication I took the lure of the music as an excuse to get weird. The smoke of exotic substances was not involved. Not yet, anyway.

Tonight your love is over  
Tomorrow it will all be put away  
Like the clouded ruins of a god  
A pharaoh put aside against a rainy day  
And your silent eyes are crying  
That tomorrow is to be so very soon  
The silver coins in your pocket are sighing  
For envy of the moon

Tonight the high times finish  
Tomorrow sends you both back to square one  
Like a burning moth you kind of wish  
You could have settled down into a longer run  
And your silent eyes are crying  
That the daytime has already half begun  
The stars outshone in the east are dying  
Of envy for the sun

Tonight your love is over  
Tomorrow it will all be as you were  
Like a captain broken in the field  
Ce n'est pas magnifique, mais c'est la guerre  
And your silent eyes are crying  
That tomorrow is to be so very soon  
The silver coins in your pocket are sighing  
For envy of the moon

## 11. *You Can't Expect To Be Remembered* 3.19

*Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm session,  
31st March 1970*

**Pete Atkin** – vocal, guitar  
**Steve Cook** – bass  
**Tony Marsh** – drums

**PA:** Clive and I had both immersed ourselves in the great Ella Fitzgerald Songbooks, where she sings many of the less-well-known verses to the well-known choruses of the greatest twentieth century songs. These verses were mostly written, in the context of a musical stage show, as an out-of-tempo scene-setting introduction to the song itself. We always liked the flexible, conversational nature of them. This was one of our first attempts in the form. And it wasn't the last time Clive would cut and paste a whole chunk of out-of-copyright Shakespeare.

**CJ:** Quite apart from the songs that decorate the plays, the blank verse alone would be enough to tell us that Shakespeare's language was intimately connected with music. It's a subject I find endlessly fascinating, but better experienced than talked about. Listen to Gielgud performing in "Prospero's Books" on YouTube (via a short essay by me on the subject, the clip can be reached through the Video Finds/Actors section of my website [clivejames.com](http://clivejames.com)) and you will rapidly reach the conclusion that he isn't saying it: he's singing it.

The bards of old were bold about their claims  
upon posterity

Petrarch, Shakespeare and Ronsard were  
never slow to guarantee

Their loved ones' immortality

They never said Farewell, they said So long

So long lives this and this gives life to thee

They didn't doubt the power of a rhyme

Or the durability of scribbled pages

And so they wrote immortal lines to Time

That gave their love affairs to all the ages

And if eternity were still a good address

And if my skill were greater, fears were less

I'd do the same for you, my dear

But since it isn't and they aren't

I can't see my way clear

To promising the permanence of all our joy  
and sorrow

Very far beyond the early evening of  
tomorrow

You can't expect to be

Remembered like somebody in a song

Whose name fits to a string of quavers

Or last for anything like as long

No-one in times to come

Will read your praises written down to stay

In balanced lapidary phrases

Not that they wouldn't if I knew the way

You'd be there

With all the ladies of the sonnets, dark and  
fair

If only I could work the trick

Of giving local habitation to the air

But it just doesn't seem to click

You'll never hear from me

That your name will live until the sun is cool

You can't expect to be remembered

You wouldn't catch me being such a fool

## 12. *Laughing Boy* 3.31

*Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm session,  
1st April 1970*

**Pete Atkin** – vocal, guitar

**Steve Cook** – bass

**Tony Marsh** – drums

**Henry Mackenzie** – clarinet

**PA:** Not the only time where a reference to the currency is a bit of a giveaway as to the age of a song. (Only slightly more subtly, the landlady would, at the time of writing this, have to be well into her eleventh decade at least.) But neither of us is inclined to mess around trying to update the lyric. The essence of it seems to hold good. I still sing it myself, and we often use it as a closer when we take our two-man extravaganza out on the road.

**CJ:** The landlady really existed. She rented me her basement bed-sitter in Tufnell Park Road, London, in the early 1960s, and she still had the book with the pressed flowers. She was the one I kept stumbling over in the dark in my book *Falling Towards England*.

In all the rooms I've hung my hat, in all the  
towns I've been

It stuns me I'm not dead already from the  
shambles that I've seen

I've seen a girl hold back her hair to light a  
cigarette

And things like that a man like me can't easily  
forget

I've got the only cure for life, and the cure for  
life is joy  
I'm a crying man that everyone calls Laughing  
Boy

A kid once asked me in late September for a  
shilling for the guy  
And I looked that little operator in her  
wheeling-dealing eye  
And I tossed a bob with deep respect in her  
old man's trilby hat  
It seems to me that a man like me could die  
of things like that  
I've got the only cure for life, and the cure for  
life is joy  
I'm a crying man that everyone calls Laughing  
Boy

I've seen landladies who lost their lovers at  
the time of Rupert Brooke  
And they pressed the flowers from Sunday  
rambles and then forgot which book  
And I paid the rent thinking 'Anyway, buddy, at  
least you won't get wet'  
And I tried the bed and lay there thinking  
'They haven't got you yet'  
I've got the only cure for life, and the cure for  
life is joy  
I'm a crying man that everyone calls Laughing  
Boy

I've read the labels on a hundred bottles for  
eyes and lips and hair  
And I've seen girls breathe on their fingernails  
and wiggle them in the air  
And I've often wondered who the hell  
remembers as far back as last night  
It seems to me that a man like me is the only  
one who might  
I've got the only cure for life, and the cure for

life is joy  
I'm a crying man that everyone calls Laughing  
Boy

### 13. *Beware Of The Beautiful Stranger* 5.23

*Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm session,  
2nd April 1970*

**Pete Atkin** – vocal, guitar

**PA:** I've probably sung this more often than  
any other song we've written, and, unlike  
some of them, my approach to it today, in  
tempo and rhythm, is hardly any different  
from this.

Clive and I were walking back to our  
beds at dawn one summer morning just  
before the end of term as the travelling fair  
was leaving Midsummer Common. There  
was a small convoy of fortune-tellers'  
caravans, each bearing its resident expert's  
name, and on every single caravan the  
family name was Lee. So that's how that  
one started.

When Clive first handed me this lyric I  
was worried about how I could write a tune  
that would both tell the story and bear so  
much repetition. I decided to try to come up  
with something which didn't repeat itself  
melodically within each verse, and which  
varied the timing of the lines. At least, I can  
see now that that's what I did.

**CJ:** Pete used to finish singing this song,  
walk off into the wings, and never wonder  
why it took the applause so long to die  
away. It didn't occur to him that he'd given  
the effect of running a four-minute mile in

high heels just by remembering the thing,  
let alone having composed it and sung it to  
his own guitar accompaniment. I, on the  
other hand, was always available in the  
gangway after the show just to field any  
praise for the lyric that might be offered. I  
counted it among my most ambitious feats  
of sustained construction, although  
whether it is really a song lyric is still open  
to question. Some people thought it was a  
novel.

On the midsummer fairground alive with the  
sound  
And the lights of the Wurlitzer merry-go-round  
The midway was crowded and I was the man  
Who coughed up a quid in the dark caravan  
To the gypsy who warned him of danger  
"Beware of the beautiful stranger"

"You got that for nothing" I said with a sigh  
As the queen's head went up to her critical  
eye

"The lady in question is known to me now  
And I'd like to beware but the problem is how  
Do you think I was born in a manger?  
I'm in love with the beautiful stranger"

The gypsy (called Lee as all soothsayers are)  
Bent low to her globular fragment of star  
"This woman will utterly screw up your life  
She will tempt you from home, from your  
children and wife  
She's a devil and nothing will change her  
Get away from the beautiful stranger"

"That ball needs a re-gun" I said, shelling out  
"The future you see there has all come about  
Does it show you the girl as she happens to  
be

A Venus made flesh in a shell full of sea?  
Does it show you the shape of my danger?  
Can you show me the beautiful stranger?

"I don't run a cinema here, little man  
But lean over close and tune in if you can  
You breathe on the glass, give a rub with your  
sleeve

Slip me your wallet, sit tight and believe  
And the powers-that-be will arrange a  
Pre-release of the beautiful stranger"

In the heart of the glass I saw galaxies born  
The eye of the storm and the light of the  
dawn

And then with a click came a form and a face  
That stunned me not only through candour  
and grace

But because she was really a stranger  
A total and beautiful stranger

"Hello there" she said with her hand to her  
brow

I'm the one you'll meet after the one you  
know now  
There's no room inside here to show you us  
all

But behind me the queue stretches right  
down the hall

For the damned there is always a stranger  
There is always a beautiful stranger

"That's your lot" said Miss Lee as she turned  
on the light

"These earrings are hell and I'm through for  
the night

If they'd put up a booster not far from this  
pitch

I could screen you your life to the very last  
twitch

But I can't even get the Lone Ranger  
 One last word from the beautiful stranger"  
 "You live in a dream and the dream is a cage"  
 Said the girl "And the bars nestle closer with  
 age  
 Your shadow burned white by invisible fire  
 You will learn how it rankles to die of desire  
 As you long for the beautiful stranger"  
 Said the vanishing beautiful stranger  
 "Here's a wallet for you and five nicker for me"  
 Said the gypsy "And also here's something for  
 free  
 Watch your step on my foldaway stairs getting  
 down  
 And go slow on the flyover back into town  
 There's a slight but considerable danger  
 Give my love to the beautiful stranger"

#### 14. *All I Ever Did* 1.06

*Recorded during the 10 am – 1 pm session,  
 2nd April 1970*

**Pete Atkin** – vocal, guitar

**Steve Cook** – bass

**PA:** Still the shortest song I've ever written,  
 I think. It was the Mamas and the Papas  
 who inspired me to put it last on the album.  
 They had done something similar with the  
 almost equally diminutive *Once Was A  
 Time I Thought*.

**CJ:** Pete did the words for this one and the  
 fluently neat way they went with the music  
 was a wake-up call. From then on I tried to  
 leave more opportunity for the music to  
 progress through my line-endings. Pete's  
 musical illustration of "off key" might have  
 been instigated by that magic moment in

Cole Porter's "Every Time We Say  
 Goodbye" when the narrator talks about a  
 change from major to minor and the music  
 mirrors the words. We were both mad  
 about that song, and indeed about the  
 whole show-tune heritage. During our  
 working career together we have drawn on  
 all kinds of musical traditions, but one way  
 or another we have always given our  
 regards to Broadway.

All I ever did  
 While you were here  
 Was done for you  
 Or so I said  
 Perhaps through fear  
 That nothing less  
 Would make you stay

All I'd ever done  
 Or ever was  
 Meant something new  
 Or so I thought  
 Perhaps because  
 The past seemed night  
 And this seemed day

All I'd ever seen was black and white  
 All I'd ever sung was off-key  
 All I'd ever spoken sounded trite  
 And then with you I was all the things I  
 wished to be

All I ever did  
 While you were here  
 Was done for you  
 Now through my tears  
 I'm asking why  
 All you ever said  
 Was goodbye



## Bonus Tracks:

### 15. *Be Careful When They Offer You The Moon* 3.02

Recorded at Denmark Street Studios on  
11th August 1970

**Pete Atkin** – vocals, guitars, piano,  
tambourine

**Brian Odgers** – bass guitar

**Tony Marsh** – drums

**Albert Hall** – flugelhorn

**Russell "Dai" Davies** – trombone

**PA:** Perhaps fortunately, we never were offered the moon, literally or metaphorically, so our worldly wisdom was never put to the practical test, so the song seems to me to have acquired an almost wistful quality in hindsight. I had always loved harmony vocals (Buddy Holly, Everly Brothers) and still do, so a lot of my tunes tend to imply a second complementary melody line. With the Everly Brothers in particular, it was often hard to work out which voice was the tune and which the harmony, and I think this one turned out to be a genuine two-part melody.

It was specially recorded – and released, what's more – as a single. I have no memory at all of where the idea to use brass on it came from, but I enjoyed writing the arrangement. It was the first 'serious' arranging I'd done, apart from the Henry

BE CAREFUL WHEN THEY OFFER YOU THE MOON

Be careful when they offer you the moon.

It gives a cold light.

It was only ever made to light the night.

You can freeze your fingers holding on to the moon.

Be careful when they offer you the moon.

It built for dead souls.

It's a colourless and dirty ball of ~~dead~~ holes.

You can break an ankle staring on the moon.

(K) When you take the moon you kiss the world goodbye  
For a chance to find it over London  
And a gazillion million miles down the sky  
They'll watch you shining more but everything less.

So be careful when they offer you the moon

It's only dream stuff.

It's a Tim Pan Man prop held up by bluff

And nobody breathes easy on the moon.

Count to ten when they offer you the moon.

For music by Pete Atkin  
London, Cambridge  
November 17th, 1989.

Mackenzie clarinet, and some rudimentary attempts for Footlights shows (bluffing all the way). I'm afraid I remember flattering myself that the little answering flugelhorn figure at the end was almost Bix Beiderbecke-like, which probably means I stole it.

**CJ:** The Moon was still a destination in those days. Nobody ever gave it a more enchanting mention than Joni Mitchell with her line about "the face of the conquered Moon", but I was quite pleased with my colourless and dusty ball of holes. There were plenty of rock stars who handled success well: they were the ones you rarely read about. But it can't be denied that, from the stories in the press, sudden fame looked fatal. The bodies were already piling up. We would have quite liked to run the risk, however, so essentially this lyric is an exercise in blatant hypocrisy. Luckily Pete lightened it up with the music.

Be careful when they offer you the moon  
It gives a cold light  
It was only ever made to light the night  
You can freeze your fingers handling the moon

Be careful when they offer you the moon  
It's built for dead souls  
It's a colourless and dusty ball of holes  
You can break an ankle dancing on the moon

When you take the moon you kiss the world  
goodbye  
For a chance to lord it over loneliness  
And a quarter-million miles down the sky  
They'll watch you shining more but weighing less

So be careful when they offer you the moon  
It's only dream stuff  
It's a Tin Pan Alley prop held up by bluff  
And nobody breathes easy on the moon  
Nobody breathes easy on the moon  
Count to ten when they offer you the moon

## 16. *A Man Who's Been Around* 3.49

Recorded at Denmark Street Studios on 11th August 1970

**Pete Atkin** – vocals, guitars, piano, tambourine

**Brian Odgers** – bass guitar

**Tony Marsh** – drums

**Albert Hall** – flugelhorn

**Russell "Dai" Davies** – trombone

**PA:** The plan was always to put Master of the Revels on the B-side of the *Be Careful When They Offer You The Moon* single, so I took the opportunity of some studio time to put down a 'proper' version of this song, which Clive and I fondly believed was eminently coverable, as a kind of alternative or antidote to *My Way* and the like. We played it to one of the publisher's executives, suggesting one particular eminent singer for whom we thought it would be hugely suitable, and the executive replied "Yes, I'll get that to he." Clive and I looked at each other with the same sad thought going through our minds.

**CJ:** That same executive was understandably a bit puzzled by the mention of Baudelaire. He had a long face which a look of incomprehension took time to cover, but eventually there was nothing between his hairline and his chin that did not send a signal of polite bafflement. Mind you, the singer we had in mind would probably have been puzzled too. If I'd had my wits about me, I would have substituted something simpler. The fault was mine.

I've drunk the wines of life to the lees  
I knew the signs of life when they were trees  
I've seen it all as near as dammit  
Run the gauntlet and the gamut  
You're looking at a man who's been around

I've hailed the kind, the true and the rare  
I've sailed to find the new like Baudelaire  
I've done the mad thing and the fun thing  
Done it all except the done thing  
You're smiling at a man who's been around

So a kid like you is nothing new to me  
However pleased I seem to be to see you  
However keen I seem to be to please you  
Don't kid yourself you mean a thing to me

I've seen the blazing young hit the top  
I've heard their praises sung and then they  
flop

I've seen the weeping and the laughter  
Never needed looking after  
You're staring at a man who's been  
Through this before, get what I mean?  
You're dealing with a man who's been around

So a kid like you is nothing new to me  
However pleased I seem to be to see you  
However keen I seem to be to please you  
Don't kid yourself you mean a thing to me  
You're dealing with a man who's been around

I've watched a million things come to pass  
I've watched a string of kings put out to grass  
I've made the good scene and the bad scene  
I've even sung the mad scene  
You're smiling at a man who's been  
Through the fat times and the lean  
You're dealing with a man who's been around  
Run the gauntlet and the gamut

## *Bonus Demos:*

*Recorded at City of London Recording Studio,  
Osborn Street, London EC1 on 3rd February  
1969, except 'Biro' recorded on 7th August  
1968.*

**Pete Atkin** – vocal, guitar

**Steve Cook** – bass

**PA:** These tracks are all taken from the second LP I had had privately pressed from some demos we'd made, and which we called *The Party's Moving On*. There were just 99 of them, and they had labels printed by state-of-the-art technology and individually stuck on to the front and back of their white cardboard covers. (If you made a hundred or more you became liable to Purchase Tax, the predecessor of VAT, which would have made the entire operation economically unrealistic). I numbered all the discs and kept a note of which numbered copy each person bought or was sent, and then I lost the list. One copy came up on Ebay a year or two ago and I'm sorry, or perhaps pleased, that I don't know whose copy it originally was. Anyway, it fetched what seemed to me an astonishing amount of money, but that's almost certainly because of the presence on half the songs of Julie Covington's breathtakingly beautiful singing.

I was blissfully unaware at the time that this recording project would turn out to be probably my most commercially effective ever. And indeed I suppose it worked well enough since it gave us something reasonably serious-looking to tout around

music publishers, and that led us to Essex Music, and that led us to .... (see above).

The bass is by our stalwart Footlights chum Steve Cook, who went on to play on *Beware Of The Beautiful Stranger*, as you'll have spotted already, and then to work in far more distinguished company, not least that of the great Mike Westbrook.

In spite of having been recorded in a proper studio, the quality of these tracks is less than terrific, I'm afraid, mostly because the original reel-to-reel tapes disappeared a long time ago and these copies have been taken from one of the very few vinyl copies I can still lay hands on.

**CJ:** The second cardboard-covered limited edition album *The Party's Moving On* was certainly a technical advance over the first, *While The Music Lasts*, which, as I recall, was recorded in a college room with blankets hung up for sound control. I always thought of them as the cardboard albums, and since they contain more than a few early fumbles by me I'm rather glad they were never generally available. But the people who bought them loved them, and the soaring Ebay prices probably reflect the desire of successful but ageing executives who wore them out over the course of years to get back to a time of happy student poverty.

My wife treasured a set of the cardboard albums and after I, typically, frittered my copies away, I borrowed her set in order to answer a request from London Weekend Television, who duly set up a little TV series called *The Party's Moving On* in which Pete and Julie both

performed. LWT never returned the albums and my wife has reminded me of this fact at least once a week for almost four decades. She liked me as a struggling young artist, and even today is apt to point out that Pete did a better job of maintaining his initial blazing integrity than I ever did. From that angle, the cardboard albums aren't just keepsakes, they're an ur-text, the holy tablets. They certainly weren't tainted by the deadly touch of Mammon. Pete might be right that they made more money, weight for weight, than any of the later commercial albums, but how much is more than nothing? God, it was fun, though.

17. *Have You Got A Bird I Can Borrow?* 1.47
18. *Touch Has A Memory* 1.35
19. *Sunrise* 2.23
20. *The Luck Of The Draw* 1.27
21. *Girl On The Train* 2.45
22. *You Can't Expect To Be Remembered* 3.13
23. *Laughing Boy* 2.20
24. *All I Ever Did* 0.49

*All songs published by Onward Music Ltd, except tracks 1, 2, 10, 11, 18 and 22 published by Westminster Music Ltd.*

Project co-ordination – **Val Jennings**  
CD package – **Jools at Mac Concept**  
CD mastering – **Alchemy**

Ephemera courtesy of the collections of

**Pete Atkin and Clive James**

CD front cover main photo and strapline photo –  
**Sophie Baker**

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and **Caroline Cook**

For everything (and we mean everything) relating to Pete Atkin's works, visit [www.peteatkin.com](http://www.peteatkin.com), but make sure you've got plenty of time to spend! Then of course, you'll want to visit [www.clivejames.com](http://www.clivejames.com)

*Pete Atkin's albums on the Edsel label:*

**Beware Of The Beautiful Stranger...plus**

[EDSS 1029]

**Driving Through Mythical America**

[EDSS 1030]

**A King At Nightfall...plus + The Road**

**Of Silk** [2 CD] [EDSD 2028]

**Secret Drinker + Live Libel**

[2 CD] [EDSD 2029]

Visit [www.demonmusicgroup.co.uk](http://www.demonmusicgroup.co.uk) for the Edsel catalogue and the many other fine labels that make up the Demon Music Group.

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS October 3, 1970

**PETE ATKIN: Be Careful When They Offer You The Moon (Philips).** An under-rated but very considerable talent is Pete Atkin. He co-wrote this piece, with its intriguing lyric, haunting melody and captivating Latin-favoured rhythm. Parity dual-tracked, it's a very commendable treatment.

November 14, 1970

**PETE ATKIN: "BEWARE OF THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGER"** FONTANA 6309 011.

PETE ATKIN, a man who has been stirring up quite a bit of attention recently, comes under the general classification of folk — not because he's got much to do with the idiom other than that he's unlikely to find a flat to air his obvious talents form to anywhere else. The more that I hear this album the better, and let's hope that Philips don't pursue their policy of failing to promote their new discoveries adequately. The set up is that Mr. Atkin writes most of the tunes and a few of the lyrics while Clive James writes most of the lyrics. Piano and guitar (Pete Atkin), bass (Steve Cook), drums (Tony Marsh), clarinet (Henry Mackenzie) tube (Dai Davies) and a string section provide the backing but Pete Atkin's voice rings loud and clear throughout. The album contains a generous helping of songs — fourteen in all, and is the most coincidence that the it merely coincides that the best eight are reproduced on the sleeve! I predict that others will soon be flocking to sing and record some of the songs included here. The wit, humour and abstract nonsense of the lyrics is matched by the carefully written melodies which are designed to have you humming and singing along almost before you've heard the title track. Specimens like the title track, "The Master Of The Revels", "Frangipani Was Her Flower", "The Rider To The World's End", "Original Honky Tonk", "You Night Train Blues" and "You can't Expect To Be Remembered" are a delight, with the rest not far behind. Undoubtedly one of the most immediately impressive albums of the year.

SOUNDS October 17, 1970

PETE ATKIN



**PETE ATKIN: "Beware Of The Beautiful Stranger"** (Fontana 6309 011).

There are 16 tracks on this very important entertaining album. It's a music-he obviously draws on many influences, and there is much humour within the music as well as the lyrics. I like the Dai "Russell" Davies tuba playing, he is no relation to our own Dai which is in his favour!

Only joking. Back to the music... This goes through many moods and probably the most amazing and exciting thing is that Pete gets right into every song and shows tremendous versatility. He has the kind of voice you want to hear, and more, it is different and fresh. This is an album I heartily recommend you to listen to a few times and then buy. Well done that man!

7.5

