

Issue 2

PART II UNLIMITED

BEVAN HEAVEN!!

**BEV:
MUSINGS &
'POTTED HISTORY'**



**PHIL
SAYS
ADIOS!**
See inside for
full details

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EDITORIAL

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PART II (and its members) on the Internet: www.elopart2.demon.co.uk www.philbates.demon.co.uk www.louisclark.com Webmaster of all the above: John Kilcline	

Hello and welcome to Issue 2 of **PART II UNLIMITED**. It was so nice to get such a response from our postal flyers and the handouts we did at **Tilgate Park** in July.

Quite a packed issue this time round. Those that are on our Bulletin Scheme will already know about the departure of **Phil Bates** from the band. It is all very amicable. Since Phil's statement on Page 3, there have been no further developments as to who will replace him. A full, up-to-date list of Phil's tour dates is also in this issue, with phone numbers wherever possible. We are going to see Phil in **Tamworth** on 22 November, so a review of this will follow next issue.

No tour dates for PART II this time round. At the moment they have nothing booked. Any changes to this will be put out as Bulletins. The October dates mentioned in Issue 1 were sadly all cancelled.

Hopefully, most of you will notice the improvement in the quality of the black and white photos this issue. This is due to a change in printers to one with a computerised black and white copier that can scan the photos to improve the quality but keep the price the same. Having had some complaints about the quality of the black and white pages in the last issue, we felt something had to be done.

One small gripe. You will notice that this entire issue has been written by a total of 5 readers! Please don't be shy. We want to hear from as many of you as possible. As you can see from the rather mixed bag of stuff in here this time round (from car photos to virtual concerts), anything is acceptable. Please get writing! We also hope for a better response to the Caption Competition on the back cover this time round, given the rather special prize we have to offer.

Issue 3 is the **Kelly** issue, so send in anything you fancy on our little friend. He has just got round to answering the questions sent in by our readers, so they will also appear next issue.

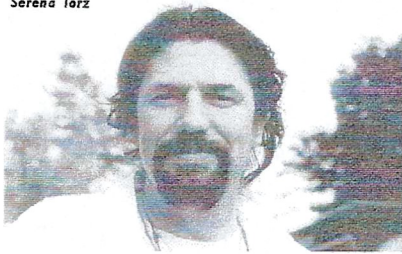
Also, there have been a couple of complaints about the formality of the addresses on our mailouts (the Bulletin scheme announcement, the questions and answers, etc.). This is because we use a system known as Mail Merge for the letters and labels. Sadly, not all of you have given us your Christian names, which means we have to address all the letters to Mr, Mrs or Miss Whatever. If you all send us your Christian names, we can amend the data base and make the letters more informal.

Finally, Serena would like to say a big thank you to all of you who knew about the sudden death of her mother on 4 August, and sent in lovely messages, cards, and flowers. A very big and special thank you to Mr Troyer for his card.

Sorry to end on a slightly sombre note. Enjoy Issue 2, and feel free to send any comments or suggestions to the addresses above. Deadline for Issue 3: **Friday 19 December 1998**.

Thanks

Serena & Lesley



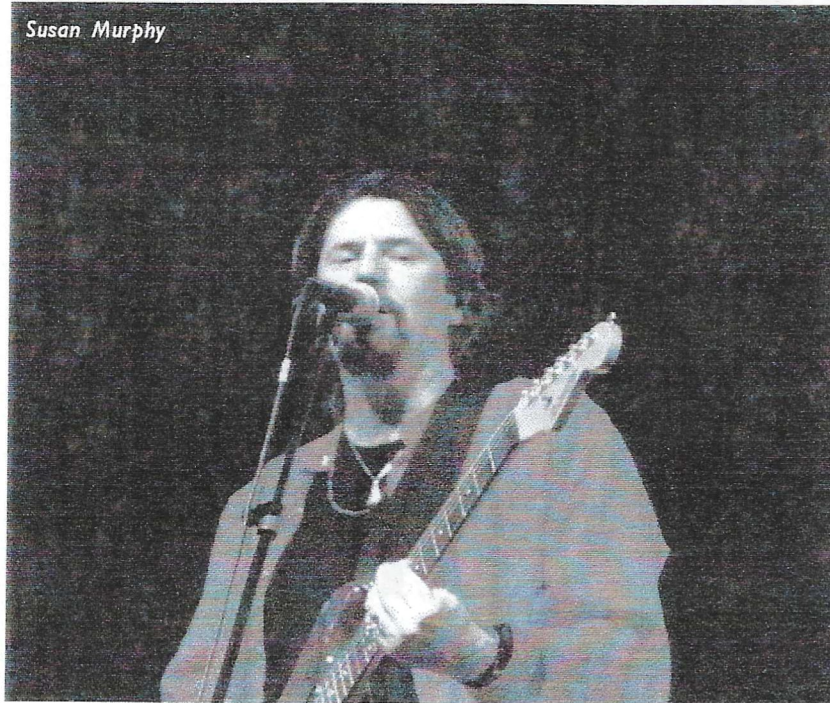
PHIL LEAVES PART II

Readers either on the Internet or the Bulletin Scheme will already know the above, but for the rest of you it is with considerable regret that we have to announce that Phil has decided to leave ELO PART II. The original announcement was made public via the Official ELO PART II Web Site on Sunday 6 September, immediately following the second of two gigs that ELO PART II had performed in Atlantic City, USA, that weekend, their most recent gigs to date.

What follows below is the text of the original statement, issued by Tour Manager, Greg Szabo:

"The band members would like to let it be known that Phil Bates has this weekend declared that he intends leaving the band to pursue his solo career. The time frame involved hasn't been agreed, but ELO Part II will continue, and are actively seeking a replacement for Phil. Not an easy task. The Band members, Crew and Management all wish Phil the best for the future, and admire him for his decision to go it alone."

Susan Murphy



been hearing shouts of 'Where's Jeff?' etc repeatedly.

"Secondly, I would like to thank Bev, Kelly, Mik, Eric and Lou from the band, and Greg, Barrie, Simon, Steve and Dennis from the crew, for their friendship and support over the last five and a half years. It was an absolute pleasure to work with these guys, and I am sure that they are going to go on from strength to strength over the next couple of years.

"Before I joined ELO Pt2 I had vowed that I would never be in a band ever again, and I am really glad I broke that vow. Being in bands is sometimes fraught with social, musical and other problems, and to be honest, I had had my fill after God knows how many years of doing it. The fact that my period with Part 2 turned out to be the longest I have ever been in one band is testament to how much I enjoyed it, and how well we all seemed to get along in most ways.

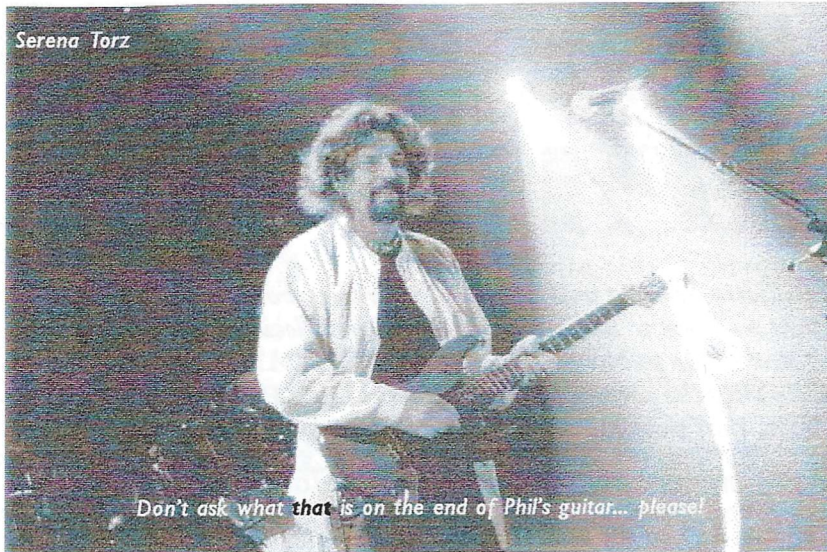
Just two days later came this response from Phil:

"Hello everyone,

"Firstly, I would like to thank people for their kind words concerning my contribution to ELO Pt2, and to say thanks for the support that many people have given me during my time with the band. I

know I wasn't stepping directly into Jeff's shoes — if that had been the case I would have probably declined to join the band — but I was VERY aware of the expectations of anyone coming in to play guitar, sing and write for the band. I have to say that I was pleasantly surprised at how well most people accepted me. It made the transition so much easier than if I had

Serena Torz



Don't ask what that is on the end of Phil's guitar... please!

"My decision to leave comes partly out of the fact that I am an extremely restless spirit, and feel that you have to replenish your soul and refresh your creativity at regular intervals. I began to feel that I could not continue to give of my best to the band, and really, if you can't give your best in any situation, you should get out of it.

"I also desperately need to spend more time at home with Jo, Rosie and Sarah. You can often find yourself thousands of miles from home in some strange hotel room in some strange country inwardly screaming, 'what the hell am I do-

ing here?' I have missed an awful lot of my children's growing up years, and want to spend time with them while they are still young enough to want me here.

"In a nutshell, my future plans are to continue to work on my solo career, to finish the book I have been working on and to develop a few of the ideas that have been buzzing away in my head over the last few years.

"My next CD is called *AGONY & ECSTASY* and will be released properly in the Spring of '99. I am planning a simultaneous release of my book about the music industry *THE*

ICEBERG EFFECT.

"However, I am planning to have a limited edition release of 200 signed CD's in November. Anyone interested in buying one of these will be able to buy it at my gigs in November, by mail order from Don't Panic Productions and from Face The Music.

"It is also a priority for me to develop my non-musical interests. More of those at another time.

"I intend to make my web site more active, and to issue my newsletter more frequently. Equally, you will be able to find out what I am up to via the Official ELO Pt2 Web Site and Face The Music.

"OK, that's it for now. Thanks again to all. It has been a pleasure to be part of things and to meet so many wonderfully crazy people. Take care.

Love,
Phil Bates"

Because the above is an official statement, it has to appear verbatim. Information will also be available through PART II UNLIMITED and our Bulletin Scheme.

PHIL'S EARLY DAYS...

This was actually received in the mail before the announcement of Phil's departure from ELO PART II. But, due to the content, it seems appropriate to reproduce John Rawstron's entertaining review of the July 1993 Oldham gig below.

Only Phil's 34th appearance with PART II, if I've read the "tour map" correctly, this gig was a marked change from the previous (and only) time that I'd seen the band live.

That had been at Birmingham's NEC, with The Moscow Symphony Orchestra ("Bunch of foreigners", as Kelly referred to them recently at the Tilgate Park gig). Actually, he seemed to have forgotten all about those gigs until Lou reminded him; amazing, given the size of the travelling

entourage and the sheer scope of the show!).

Anyway, the Oldham gig was in Phil's "pre-beard" days. Both he and Bev have at various stages illustrated the opposite of a receding hairline: the proceeding hairline... they've both had their hair proceed down onto their chins!

I think Phil's appearance that night must have taken everyone by surprise; even the posters of the band outside the venue showed Pete

Haycock, Neil Lockwood, and Hughie, none of whom were still with the band.

Well, into the hall (I can't in fairness say 'arena' or 'stadium!'), the very first person I saw was in fact... Phil! He was patient enough to have a chat, sign my programme, and generally be a very friendly guy, though I clearly remember his main revelation being the news that the rest of the band were all still backstage ironing their shirts!



Kelly, however, demonstrated just how good with an iron he is by emerging at that very moment with a cigar in one hand and a pint in the other. I bet he doesn't remem-

ber that it was a plastic pint glass the Oldham 'hosts' had given him. No aspersions on your memory, Kelly, if you're reading this, but if you can't remember the MSO, you probably won't remember a plastic glass in Oldham!

The gig itself started with the **OVER-TURE** from the MSO Tour. Then the first few numbers pretty much followed the same order, starting with **TURN TO STONE**, **EVIL WOMAN**, etc. The great revelation was "New Kid on the Block" (as Bev called him), Phil Bates, who surpassed all the hopes of those in the audience to whom he was a newcomer.

Compared to some of the venues the band have played, this was not impressive in terms of its size. But smaller gigs are, in some ways, less of a spectacle, and the focus is not drawn away from the music. It has been said that the mark of a good musician is to play one note and

mean it, rather than lots of adroit technical stuff and not mean it. With **PART II**, however, you get treated to the best of both worlds, and a gig like Oldham showcased the superb musicianship of the collective talents on stage, and put them close enough to appreciate to the full.

The gig contained three things we don't see much of any more: **ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN**; **PART II** singing **BLACKBERRY WAY**; and Kelly holding his nose for the spoken prelude to **MR BLUE SKY**.

It was a line-up that had been together for only a little over two months, but already they had settled into the best-ever incarnation of a band that even now is getting better with every Light Year.

John Rawstron

SUBSCRIPTION DETAILS

For the first 4 Issues:-

UK: £14.00

Ireland & Europe: £20.00

USA & Canada: £22.00

Rest of World: £24.00

Alternatively, divide subscription into 4 equal parts (we know, we know, they're not all divisible by 4, but there are calculators!), and send one part before each issue.

After Issue 4, the subscription should be coming down in price.

METHODS OF PAYMENT:-

You can mail us the equivalent to the nearest note in your own currency, provided it's wrapped in cardboard and sent Registered Mail.

This will ensure it's insured should you need to make a claim.

Otherwise, please make all cheques and PO's (which can only be in pounds Sterling and drawn on a UK Bank) payable to PART II UNLIMITED.

THIS ISSUE'S BOUQUETS...

To Gill, as always

Colin & Robin from RS Photographic for their fab photos

Rachael Mutch for her help at Tilgate Park

PART II for signing the T-shirt

Rob Caiger for getting this done

John Kilcline & the PART II and Phil Bates Web Sites for the news

Ken Latta for his photos (again!)

Chris Landt for the Bev pics

Susan & Lee Murphy for all sorts of things

Paul & Viv at Mail & Courier for posting the mags and Bulletins

Adrian Platt at Goodmans Fields Copying Centre for printing this issue

Jean at Webb House Copying Centre for printing the Bulletins

Ken at Drapers Gardens Copying Centre for printing the Tilgate Park flyers

CREDITS...

The bit we missed last issue!

Editor: Serena Torz

Co-Editor: Lesley Abbott

Typing & Layout: Serena Torz

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Uncredited photos are at the photographer's own request

MALLONMAN'S PAGE

A slight promotion this issue — MallonMan doesn't just get his usual column, he gets a WHOLE page! 'From The Labs' and rather more personally, 'My Dinner Date With Bev' (originally published as a competition entry ("Describe a dinner date with your favourite PART II member...") on the Internet ELO Mailing List). Once you've read Lesley's BEVAN ONLY KNOWS, you should be able to spot all the Bev references!

FROM THE LABS...

You say that you're knowledgeable about Part II? Well, let's see what you remember about the little-known events that occurred when Pete and Neil left...

Bev was auditioning several people for both jobs. As he reported in **THE TIMES**, "I'm tired of trying to replace these two. I think the band needs new blood, so I'm going with four midgets."

The first audition, held in Lush's Pub in Dover, revealed a waiting list of over four hundred midgets! As Eric said of this evening, "This place looks like a low-budget asylum for Wizard of Oz refugees..."

Nevertheless, Bev took the reins and auditioned fifteen performers at a time. (don't ask, somehow Bev manages the impossible...) He finally settled on two very short gentlemen, "Squirt" Mosler and "Big Tiny" Molehill. Things looked great, as each gentleman offered something new to the group. "Squirt," standing at one metre high, could wiggle inside Mik's violin and pluck several extra chords for a fuller sound. "Big Tiny," at 1.1 metres tall, fitted neatly into Bev's bass drum and really wailed away on it! (Bev later admitted that he liked the opportunity to let his feet rest...)

But, alas, time was not a pretty mistress. Just before a Coventry gig at **Paul's House of Pig Innards**, both new guys got into a slap fight about who would get to wear the only pair of platform shoes. "Big Tiny" stormed off the stage, leaving Bev only half an hour to get his foot into gear, and "Squirt" refused to come out of Mik's violin until he played a violent high D.

The gig went off without a hitch, except for the occasional "soo wee" heard on several bootleg recordings. However, some good came out of this whole situation:-

1. Bev has now instituted a "you must be this tall" policy to play with the group,
2. Kelly refuses to work anymore with anyone who can fit in Mik's violin,
3. Eric still breaks out in laughter whenever he sees platform shoes, and

4. Mik, who was never told about a midget in his violin in the first place, is still trying to get that same sound out of it...

We here at the Labs have several more stories to tell you, but those will have to wait.

Until next time,
Scott Mallon

Keeping to this issue's Bev theme, an apt contribution from Scott:

I'm proud of him. He's got more guts in his little finger than most people have in, well, their collective fingers combined. This man, this hero, has managed to bring forth something that was otherwise dead and buried. Bev Bevan, a most extraordinary individual, took the lifeless shell of the Electric Light Orchestra and added love, pride and adventure.

For that, and so much more, he deserves much more than a simple dinner. He deserves an *event*, complete with historical references to the legacy that he leads. How does one accomplish this? Not easily, I assure you, but certainly not without some forethought.

This dinner must begin with a simple appetiser of chicken drumsticks. The dinner guests would then return to the main hall, where an expansive round table, carved by the finest craftsmen in the world to mimic the ELO logo from **A NEW WORLD RECORD**, would feature Bev nearest the fireplace. As he raises his glass to toast this evening, a roaring fire would crackle, letting the guests know that this *will* be a special evening.

The dinner would consist of the following items:

1. **Let There Be Buns**, served with butter and cream,
2. **Jasper Carrotts** in a chive-butter sauce,
3. **Electric Light Omelettes**, and of course,
4. **Black Sabbath** Pudding!!!

Now, no dinner would be complete unless the entire guest line-up was permitted to stand up and *Belch!*

The music, playing in the back-

ground during the dinner, certainly needs to reflect the immense power of the drummer as a performer. Beginning with **DRUM DREAMS**, the speakers, located under each guest's chair, would be specially fitted with bass-enhancing capabilities. Next song, the drum solo from **INNAGODDAVIDA** would really keep everyone rocking. Now, of course, the guests need to rest a bit after this one, so we throw in a little **Bee Gees** to lighten the mood. As the guests are rolling in laughter from this obvious attempt at humour, the music would then move to a high-lights tape of *every* song that Bev made special by his very being there.

Now, dressing up on a night like this requires careful attention to detail. The meal would be served by waiters dressed as Vikings, so the "cymbalism" here must not be lost on the occasional fan of Bev. No, it must be stronger than *that*. All of the guests will be dressed as different UN members, with little name tags on each person that read "Hello, I'm a Diplomat."

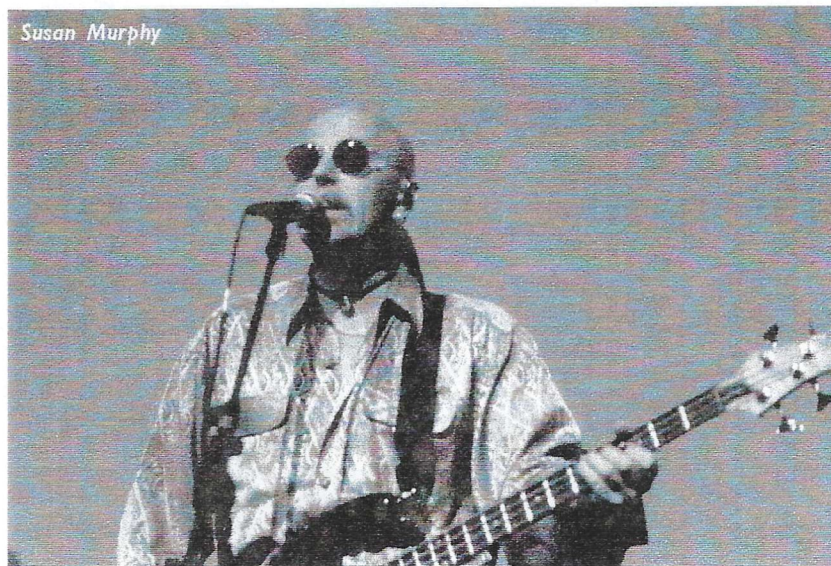
As we retire to the basement for a few games of pool, we would discuss how to make a perfect milk shake. Bev probably has a great recipe for a lot of different food items, having travelled around the world. So, maybe the conversation might turn to the best fish & chips. (It's okay, I can hold my own on this topic...) Bev needs to unwind, and not think about music after dinner. *No!* He needs to relax with a pint of ale, and a rousing discussion on how to make a perfect milk shake.

As the evening ends, if only one wish could be granted, it would be for Bev to somehow magically replace my collection of Move and ELO that was destroyed in a fire over a year ago. He would wave his hand, saying the magic word "Xanadu" and poof! All the bootlegs, all the 8 tracks, the 45's, the promotional materials and magazine articles, would reappear. However, Bev, with a wink in his eye, would say to me "These are yours, but only if you keep the dream alive..."

Scott Mallon

LIVE IN WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

20 JULY 1998



OK guys, so here it goes...

Despite the fact that we were in the middle of a heat wave and the humidity was at about 200%, it was a beautiful night in Wilmington. The Grand Opera House is a wonderful venue to see a show like this. Undergoing a complete restoration, the place is complete with, red velvet seats, balconies, chandeliers, marble columns, intricate artwork, and sweet, grey-haired ladies to seat you. The sound system was great and there wasn't a bad seat in the house!

I happened to be in the 3rd row, along with my husband. We couldn't have asked for better seats. The place was packed, my guess would be, almost sold-out. However there were a few abandoned seats around us, from some die-hard **Glen Burtnik** fans, that didn't want to come, since he was no longer around. Oh well, their loss!

The show opened with a dark, smoky, stage and only 2 green spotlights shining, as the "eerie" beginning to **FIRE ON HIGH** began. That really does set the mood and gets the audience psyched. They blow you away with the first song and the pace never slacks. Phil looked over the audience, and nodded a hello of recognition to us right away. That always makes me feel good; to know the band knows that you are there. Then Kelly spotted us and pointed and

waved too. That was great. I thought it took a little longer for Eric to realise where we were, but later, he said that he spotted us before the end of the first song and it made him try even harder to put on a great show. He said they all "gave a lot of themselves for that show, for various reasons". And it really showed. They followed next with, **ALL OVER THE WORLD** and then **TWILIGHT**, and that put Eric's voice to the test right away. His voice however wasn't what failed him, it was his memory! So busy fiddling with the keyboard controls, he completely forgot the words to **TWILIGHT**, which no one may have noticed, but he got a case

of the giggles, which soon spread to Phil and then Kelly. But it seemed to lighten the mood a little and relax everyone. I won't give a song by song rundown, because by now, you all pretty much know what they do. There was no orchestra for this show, but we did get treated to the inspiring, a-cappella, of **BECAUSE**. Other show-stoppers were **CLOG DANCE**, Mik was incredible, going on for a solo of about 10 minutes. One of my favourites is **GETTING TO THE POINT**, Phil really does this song justice, bringing and otherwise happy audience to tears. You could really hear how "well" Kelly is now, when he does **MIDNIGHT BLUE**, just lovely, another favourite of mine. However I decided to play a little joke on my husband during this song, so I was a bit distracted (for all you Seinfeld fans: I put a *Tweetie Bird* Pez dispenser on his leg during that song and it brought the expected reaction of uncontrollable laughter, which spread down the row, along with the candy). I had to explain to Kelly, later, why the entire 3rd row was laughing during his romantic ballad. Sorry Kelly.

The audience went wild for the old standards like **TURN TO STONE**, **LIVIN' THING**, **LAST TRAIN TO LONDON**, **SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN**, **SHOWDOWN**, etc. What surprised me was the reaction to **HONEST MEN** and **ALL FALL DOWN** and just the men-



tion of the **MOMENT OF TRUTH** album. The people went wild and cheered! I remember when there was an uncomfortable silence at the beginning of any **PART II** song, but the tide is changing a bit. **WHISKEY GIRLS** goes over tremendously, although I wish they would go back to the original way of playing that song; it loses that *ZZ Top* sound, which I like. And of course, **LOVE OR MONEY** got a few screams too, and not just from us ladies, may I add! As well as, **TELEPHONE LINE** and **CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY HEAD** did. The show seemed to fly by and they really quicken the pace at the end with songs like **MA-MA-MA BELLE**, **ROCKARIA**, **ROCK AND ROLL IS KING**, **DO YA**, and what ever else I forgot. I just know by then, everyone was up and dancing and singing. The show ended on a positive note.

Soon after they leave the stage, Bev returns for an encore of **LET THERE BE DRUMS**, or some solo. Then Kelly and Phil joined him, and to me it seemed too quickly. But they started playing and Kelly does his invitation to everyone to sing along with *"Do you want to sing... well here's one you will remember..."* So they begin, but without Eric!

Then you see Eric, run in from stage left, throw on his guitar, adjust his mike, trying to figure out where they are in the song, while plugging his monitors back in his ears, all the while laughing uncontrollably! Well that started the others laughing again along with all of us. Meanwhile, Lou strolls out, drink in hand, and takes his place behind his keyboard, and remains there, stone faced, throughout the encore. It was too funny. A perfect



ending to a perfect show!

But it gets better... at least for me it did. Tomorrow I'll tell you what happened after the show!

Tomorrow...

Hello, It's just me again with the rest of the story...

So after a phenomenal show, we hung in our seats for a while, talking with our friends and deciding what to do. I knew where the band was staying and that they usually go to the lounge for a drink afterwards, so we were giving our friends directions. Then Baru came over and asked me if he would be seeing us later, so I took that as a confirmation of the invitation I'd previously received, I was psyched! Then one of the little lady ushers kindly asked us to leave.

We drove directly to the hotel, but

the guys weren't there yet, so we left to get something to eat. We didn't make it back for over an hour, thanks to a very slow Diner, so I was afraid we'd have missed them.

The hotel was very quiet, and for such a large hotel, had the "dinkiest" bar, called the **Brass Bass**. I was relieved to see the band still sitting around chatting.

Baru came over to us and said, *"Glad you could make it."* The whole band were there, minus Phil, and a few friends of theirs. I couldn't believe my eyes, it was surreal! It was just the four of us and them, hanging out. Baru gave me a big hug (I have met him previously and we've been writing to each other for about a year).

Then Lee (my husband), reminded me of the cookies I'd baked for the band. I took that opportunity to go to my car and get them, but I really needed the fresh air and to calm down a bit. Well, they were a big hit and I have a feeling I'll be making more, next time. The boys aren't very good at sharing.

Then I asked Eric if he'd remembered to bring along the fanzine, **PART II UNLIMITED**, that Serena put together and gave him at the Crawley gig. So, after recovering his room key, which Baru had hidden, and Mik took the blame and the beatin' for, Eric left to get it. While he was gone, we talked to Kelly about his 'strange' jewellery, and Bev about Glen and a possible new album. Bev said they are working on a deal now, and just need some more songs. Lee mentioned that a





studio version of **ALL FALL DOWN** and **WITNESS** would be nice, and Bev replied that they would most likely do that, but that they needed about ten more. That's when Eric returned and chimed in that he has a few songs done already and is working on it.

I was able to get some pretty good pictures, although they turn into a bunch of over-grown adolescents when a camera comes out, so I also have some really silly ones.

Then, I had a look at the fanzine and said, "Wow! That's some cover, nice mugshot!" Well, I really opened up a can of worms!

What followed was a barrage of teasing and relentless 'digs' at Eric. The guys really get some sick pleasure out of torturing each other! Since Bev was the ringleader, we made a point of telling him that the next issue was all about him. We told him it was going to be called 'Bevan Heaven'. He just grunted and sunk back in his chair.

But seriously, all kidding aside, Eric and I went through the entire magazine together (on the other side of the room), and found it to be very professional and well written [Aw! Ed]. The colour photos are great, and we enjoyed reading it, until I made the comment about Eric's hair. You see, Lee was commenting on the different styles of hair he had in the pictures and I said, "Where did you get that Dorothy Hammill [famous American figure-skating champion] cut anyway?" AAAHHH!!! Eric fell back like he was shot in the chest, and Lee yells at me, "Ouch! Dorothy Hammill, man, that was mean!"

Well, I was hysterical laughing and so were they, but I did eventually apologise. Sorry Eric, it WAS a joke. Then I changed the subject to different artists he'd worked with and that had him name-dropping for a while.

Well, at 1 a.m. the bartender kicked us out. Baru had a fight with him earlier over 'last call', so he was eager to get us out of there. But they didn't seem eager to go upstairs, so we all hung out in the lobby for about an hour. Bev and his friends sat down and watched TV there, while Mik, Eric, Baru, Lee and I talked nearby. We told Eric that if they start teasing him again, he should just say two words, *SUM-MERJOB!* And Mik says, "Hey, I had something to do with that!" Then they started talking about that and if the soundtrack was available any more. But then, Baru started talking to me about his ferret and that's a hard subject to get him off!

We talked about so many things, I can't remember them all, but it was such a great evening and they are all wonderful, nice men, I can't wait to see them again.

We said our goodnights, got a few hugs and kisses, and yet more photos, then we all went our separate ways. Hopefully, we can do it all again in Atlantic City!

That's all folks,
Susan Murphy

SILLY PHOTO CORNER

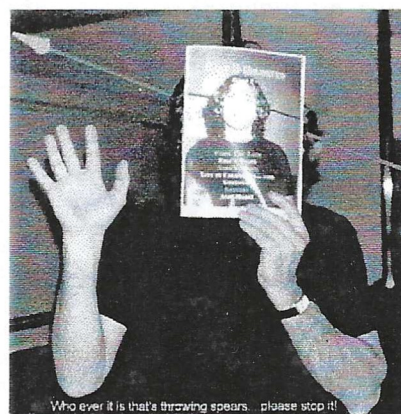
As a little postscript to Susan's Delaware experience (left), we bring you this issue's Silly Photo.

It seems last issue's cover star got a little embarrassed at his sudden shot at stardom!

Here he is (below), desperately trying to look anonymous behind his cover (and failing miserably!).

It seems too, that some of his colleagues may have got just the teeniest bit jealous. You really didn't have to resort to such drastic measures, lads!

Thanks to Susan Murphy for the photo, Eric for being such a good sport (yes that really IS him hiding behind Issue I!), and Ken Latta for his magic with the photo editing program.



The wording under the photo reads, "Whoever it is that's throwing spears... please stop it!"

BEVAN ONLY KNOWS

A Potted History of Bev Bevan

I know that most of you will already know just about everything that is written here, but, for the few who have only just returned from a 10 year mission in the Delta Quadrant, this is the potted life story of Bev Bevan so far...

Early Days

He was born in **Sparkhill, Birmingham** in 1944, the only child of **Ada** and **Charles Bevan**. His Dad played the drums part-time in a band and his nick-name was 'Bev', so it seemed only natural that they should give their son the name on an official basis and so they named him Beverley.

His rebel tendencies surfaced early, when he was suspended from **Moseley Grammar School** for failing to wear the correct uniform. A compromise was thankfully reached and his education went forward, but the adulation of the younger forms had given Bev a taste of recognition — and he liked it!

His early ventures into music were treated with severe criticism by his best mate (and later best-man), **Jasper Carrott**, who was then plain **Bob Davis** from **Acock's Green**, Birmingham.

These forays with groups which rejoiced under names like *The Senators* and *Troy Satan and The Hellcats* were to be the training ground for the ambitious young



Denny Laine & The Diplomats



Bev aged 15

drummer.

Then along came **Brian Hinds**, (better known as **Denny Laine**), full of big ideas for stardom. *'Denny and the Diplomats'* did well for a while, but dissent crept into the band and disparate egos broke them up. Besides which, Denny had ideas for another band, one which didn't include Bev and the other guys. This band was to become one of the all-time top rock bands, **The Moody Blues**, but that's another story entirely.

Bev went back to working in a furniture store for £9 a week, and began to feel his career in music was over before it even began. The final twist of the knife came at Christmas 1964, when he saw Denny on **TOP OF THE POPS**, singing **Go Now** and all he had to look forward to was the January sales!

Move Along Now!

Just when things were looking grim, along came **Carl Wayne**, on the look-out for a new drummer for his band, *The Vikings*. After an audition, which brought Bev back to earth again, Carl told him he was in, "You'll get £30 a week and we're going to Germany next week."

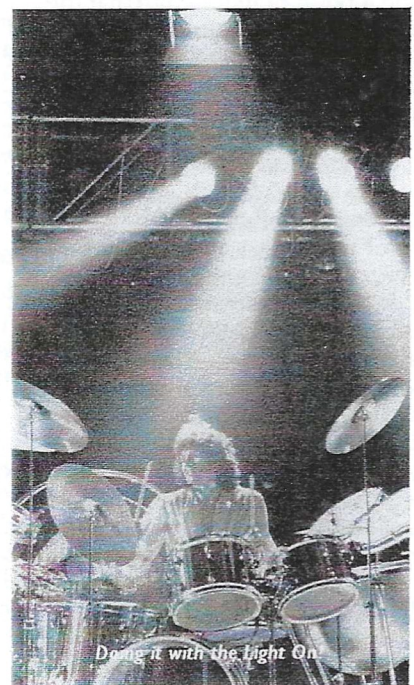
Those gigs in Germany made Bev realise what being in a band was really all about. All his dreams of

easy money were swept away by the hard work and sordid digs they were expected to live in. However, it didn't take them long to realise that **The Vikings** were going nowhere fast, and so with the help of **Roy Wood**, **Trevor Burton** and **Ace Kefford**, **The Move** was born.

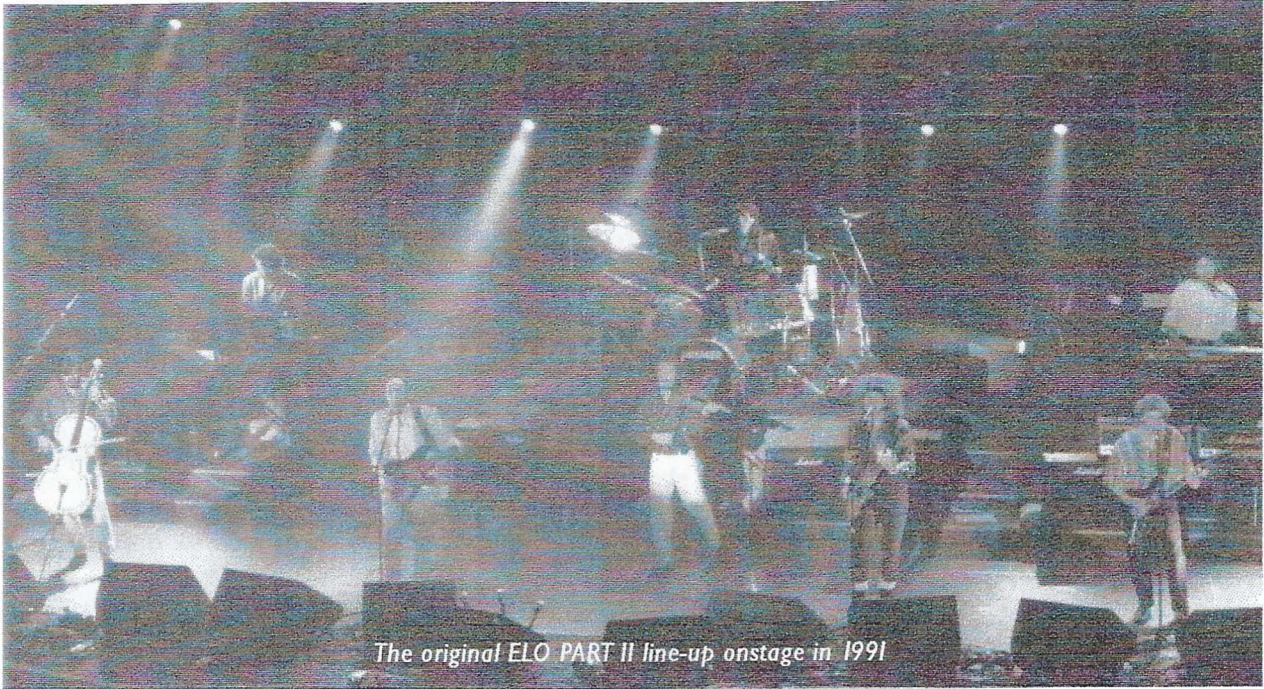
He knew they had something special when one night, Jasper came to see them perform at the **Club Cedar, Birmingham**. Usually so scathing of the groups Bev had been in, Jasper simply said, "This is the best so far, I think you might make it." How right he was!

The success of the Move is well documented and I won't bore you with cataloguing the numerous hits they had, or with the tales of violence and debauchery which were laid at the feet of these innocent(?) young men from Birmingham. The stories are too wild for this little 'zine!

Once again, dissent reared its ugly head and band members left, or were asked to leave. The Move then went down the dreaded road towards cabaret, a state of affairs which amounted to sacrilege as far as **Roy Wood** was concerned.



Doing it with the Light On



The original ELO PART II line-up onstage in 1991

Things came to a head and Carl Wayne left. Roy decided it was time to bring in **Jeff Lynne**.

Do It With The Light On!

Between them, Jeff and Roy came up with the idea of a group which would use violins, cellos, piano and French horns. Bev was very doubtful about this, but their persuasive arguments won him over. The idea was to still record and perform with The Move, and the money they earned would fund the new band.

Their first live gig was in a big pub called **The Fox and Greyhound in Croydon** on 16 April 1972. They were monumentally awful!

The line up of the band on that day of disaster was; Bev, Jeff Lynne, Roy Wood, **Richard Tandy, Bill Hunt, Andy Craig, Wilf Gibson and Hugh McDowell**. As Bev sat behind his drums, watching the antics of the band before him, he could have been forgiven for thinking that it was never going to work out.

Fortunately for all us fans, with a few more changes in personnel, the most notable of which was the exit



of Roy Wood, it did work, very well indeed.

In 1986, ELO played their final concert together, but it was only a matter of time before Bev got the familiar itch to be out on the road again, and the idea for **ELO PART II** was born. Jeff had no interest in taking the band out again, he was more into studio work, which is where he feels more at home, producing, rather than singing, so it was left up to Bev to take hold of the reins.

By 1990, he had the makings of a new, improved ELO, and by 1991, he believed they were ready to be unveiled to the fans at large.

The concerts with **The Moscow Symphony Orchestra** were a phenomenon which those who were privileged to witness, will not easily forget. The old ELO songs were given a new lease of life and the new PART II songs were accepted with equal fervour. Of course, touring with an eighty piece orchestra was never going to be easy, especially when most of them spoke hardly any English.

As Bev put it himself, *"It was okay for the first week, then we ran out of food and money!"*

The new album, self-titled, was an immediate success with the ELO - music starved fans, but sadly, not so with the world at large.

In 1993, a new line up of PART II

included **Phil Bates**, replacing two guitarists, Pete Haycock and Neil Lockwood, not an easy task for anyone, but Phil more than adequately coped. In fact, the ex-**Trickster** frontman was exactly the shot in the arm the band needed.

In 1994, a new album emerged, titled **MOMENT OF TRUTH**. The music was different in more than one way. The *'ELO sound'* was still there, but now everyone pitched in, writing songs and giving their opinion. It makes for a more varied and refreshing kind of music, in my opinion.

In 1995, a tour in Australia resulted in a live album, titled **ONE NIGHT**, which contained three new tracks, two of which were co-written by Bev.

He has come a long way from the young lad in Birmingham who dreamed of being a rock star. I wonder how many of his dreams have come true? Maybe one day, when he writes a sequel to his book, **THE ELO STORY**, we'll find out the answer.

Lesley Abbott

(With grateful thanks to Bev for having written his book, which provided the core of this article— and most of the photos, too!).

(Also, thanks to Susan for the title, you know who you are!).

"THE LIGHTS SHINE IN BUENOS AIRES"

Recorded Live 29 September 1996 At The Opera Theatre, Buenos Aires, Argentina



This is a superb quality live recording, beautifully packaged (a real labour of love). Definitely a must for any serious PART II fan's CD collection. The following is what producer Jorge Devincenzi has to say about the CD. Bear in mind that English is not his first language.

TRACKS LIST:-

1. Fire on High (with original introduction)
2. All Over the World
3. Thousand Eyes
4. Hold on Tight
5. Turn to Stone
6. Bev Intro: Telephone Line/ Showdown (Acoustic Section)
7. Bev and the Band / "Buenos Aires Girls"
8. Do Ya/Rockaria
9. Last Train to London
10. Rock & Roll is King
11. Bev Solo/Don't Bring me Down (short version because we have a cut in the recording but we made a good version and for me is great)

Bonus Tracks

From Acoustic TV Show in Buenos Aires September 25th 1996

12. Strange Magic/Sweet Talking Woman/Confusion
13. Livin Thing/Evil Woman

Special Bonus

14. Radio Promo 1
15. Radio Promo 2

Produced: Jorge Devincenzi
Mastering: Estudio Guillermo Lopez
Cover Art: Jorge Devincenzi

ELO PART II:-

Bev Bevan: Drums, and Percussion
Kelly Groucutt. Bass, Vocal and chords
Eric Troyer: Keyboards, Vocals, and chords
Phil Bates: Guitar, Vocals and chords
Mik Kaminski: Blue Violin
Don Airey: Orchestral Keyboards, Strings Arrangements

And... Louis Clark, who couldn't visit Argentina. He was working on **HOOKED ON CHINA.**

"Dear Friends

In September 28th of 1996 ELO Part II came to Argentina for second time. We want to reflect here and share with you, part of the big party that we enjoyed in the Opera Theatre of Buenos Aires. This CD has been made with our respect and admiration for our idols, it was almost hand made and with the final purpose that everybody can feel the same feelings we felt in that moment in this part of South America.

We think this is an interesting and valuable work because of the difficulties we experienced in recording the Show. We hope you can value all this effort without taking in account any possible technical mistake in the quality of the record. The main thing for us is to contribute a little bit to the big history of the band and, at the same time, encouraging to the fans of the rest of the world to learn more about Argentina. ELO PART II's members did it.

In this issue you can discover an interesting quantity of rare things that enriches this work more.

1. The introduction of Don Airey in Orchestral Keyboards
2. The WHISKEY GIRLS Argentinean version: BUENOS AIRES GIRLS
3. Songs not included in other ELO PART II Live CDs like FIRE ON HIGH and ALL OVER THE WORLD
4. The acoustic versions of: TELEPHONE LINE and SHOWDOWN



5. The Bonus Track "ELO Part II in Acoustic TV Show" for TV, from September 25th of 1996

6. And the great participation of the Argentinean fans .

We hope you enjoy the Show. Jorge Devincenzi"

PRICES AS FOLLOWS:-

All include Certificate air mail postal service:
The pay form is **Cash Only (US Dollars)**.

The prices are:

Argentina: \$18

Brazil, Uruguay, Chile, Paraguay, Bolivia: \$21

Rest of America: \$23

Europe and rest of the world: \$25

I do not accept personal cheques. If somebody send money order I may to charge 5 more dollars (it is the cost for me to transform in cash a money order in a bank or exchange house).

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PROVINCIA DE BUENOS AIRES
ARGENTINA**

Jorge Devincenzi

**PART II UNLIMITED
IN CONJUNCTION WITH RS
PHOTOGRAPHIC PRESENT...**

Souvenir Photo-Packs of ELO PART II

Taken live at July's Tilgate Park appearance (and therefore featuring temporary band member Glen Burtnick), these packs feature high quality, professional gloss, 8" x 6" real colour photographs, as featured around this ad, and also on the centre page spread (not printed, mass-produced alternatives!).

Each limited edition pack contains one shot each of the individual band members on stage (shots as featured on this page). A set of seven quality photographs, ready for framing.

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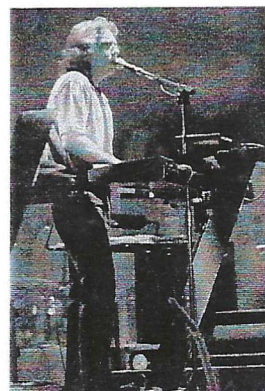
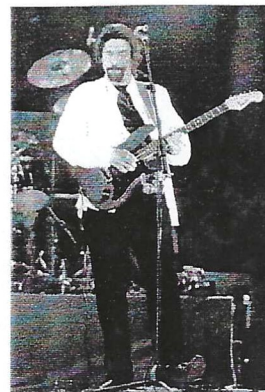
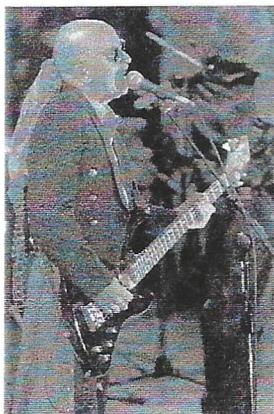
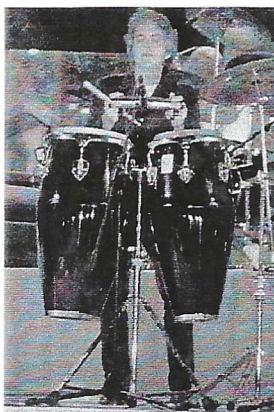
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**All orders must reach the above
addresses no later than FRIDAY 4
DECEMBER 1998**

All photos on this page by RS Photographic



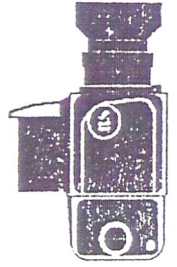
Watch your
letterboxes in
future for
offers of more
photos from
this gig (as
featured
overleaf)

ELO PART II WITH THE ROYAL CONCERT ORCHESTRA — CRAWLEY, 3 JUL



AL PHILHARMONIC MILGATE PARK, Y 1998

Photographs from:
RS PHOTOGRAPHIC



TWO VIEWS OF TILGATE PARK...

Two reviews of the only UK gig at Tilgate Park in July follow. Though with similarities, the first one, by Elizabeth Sleightholme from Lincoln, concentrates on the musical side of the gig, whilst the second, by Lynn Tonkin from Hampshire, focuses on the atmosphere of the day. For those that weren't there, we hope you find them informative.



This was going to be the highlight of my year, as I knew this was to be their only concert in the UK this year.

It had always been a dream of mine to attend an open-air concert, as I love classical music. So when I heard that my favourite band ELO PART II were to perform with **The Royal Philharmonic Concert Orchestra**, I was soon booking my ticket to see them.

It would be a long trek for me to get there from **Lincoln**, but something I was willing to undertake until the tour next year (to quote Bev's words!).

Tilgate Park is an ideal setting for an open-air concert, down by the lake. As an avid classical music fan, I felt I had to be there; and with my favourite "rock band" there too, it would be sheer heaven...

I had last seen ELO PART II in concert at the **Shepherd's Bush Empire** last October, and after the long spell of nine months of not knowing if there was to be a concert this year, I was really looking forward to it, despite all the travelling in-

involved. Would it be well worth the wait??

On the way down I made mental notes of which songs they would play, etc. but **HOOKED ON BEATLES** seemed daunting. However, it was to be conducted by the effervescent (Sir!) Louis Clark. I had heard several of the other **HOOKED ON CLASSICS** series and really enjoyed them; and to hear ELO PART II songs in a classical setting would be like having your cake and eating it, so to speak. I was looking forward to it immensely.

Once inside the park, myself and my friends made our way down to the front, or as near as we could get — picked our spot and stayed there come hell or high water!!! All I wanted was a decent view, and I was rewarded with one. I am not the world's best photographer, but at least I try. If there had been seating, it would have been the 3rd row: excellent. I was happy enough, plenty to eat and drink, a blanket on the ground and blue sky all around.

The show started, and boy was I

in for a treat — to hear the songs set in a classical style and played exceedingly well. Louis Clark is a master of his art, and he even introduced each section of their allotted set. Lou had a dual role, and looked really smart in his tails and holding his baton, which he dropped once (probably sweaty hands). This didn't deter everyone from cheering loudly — we even sang along to some of the Beatles tracks.

After a short interval, the main attraction took to the stage. They played with such enthusiasm. There was also an extra member to the band. Due to bassist Kelly Groucutt not being well during the past months, **Glen Burtnick** had been helping with vocal duties on their recent tour of the States, but for this concert, Kelly was going to try and sing. There wasn't any problems as far as I could tell; in fact he sounded better than ever.

Bev was a powerhouse of activity on the drum kit. Mik was his usual self on his little blue violin. Eric did his best not to forget the words. Glen was playing the congas, and

Serena Torz



last but not least, was Phil, who sounded better than ever on guitar and vocals.

There was the usual set running order. The songs sounded great with the orchestra, and my only disappointment was that they didn't play **LET THERE BE DRUMS** or **CLOG DANCE**.

Though there was a gap of nearly nine months, nothing could have prevented me going. Every time I see this brilliant band live in concert, I feel on a high for many months afterwards. I hope that there are many more concerts like this; as I was told that very nearly 6,500 people attended it, and the weather stayed fine. I do get a little anxious that it seems they are always abroad, but when they put in a magnificent performance like this, I just wish there were more of them to attend.

An excellent all round performance from all concerned. **ELO PART II** played their collective socks off. And we mustn't forget The Royal Philharmonic Concert Orchestra for their excellent performance, as they are often played on **Classic FM**, so I hear them quite often.

I am so glad that I attended. I am looking forward to the next one. *Well done fellas!*

*From a very happy **ELO PART II** supporter, who just happens to enjoy classical music as well — Elizabeth Sleightbolme*



*It was very nearly nine months since I'd last seen **PART II** live, and I was suffering withdrawal symptoms! Needless to say, in the fortnight leading up to Friday 3 July, I just couldn't think of anything else except my two days away in Crawley — the highlight of my year! The weather during the few days beforehand was typically English — rain, wind and clouds, so my sister and I went prepared for all eventualities. But the weather did us proud — as the afternoon wore on it became sunnier and the wind dropped. By the time **PART II** came on stage at 9.20, it was a lovely balmy evening and still no need for that jumper I'd brought with me!!*

People as far as the eye could see! The park was packed. We'd arrived well before the gates were due to open, so bagged a prime spot very close to the front, right opposite Bev's drumkit!

The atmosphere was glorious. Everyone was happy, cheerful, laughing. Whole families enjoying the evening together — I was surprised to see so many under 20's, wouldn't have thought it was their 'thing'. It's nice to be proved wrong though! You certainly didn't need alcohol to create this euphoric, heady feeling — I felt as if I'd been on the jungle juice all day, but not a drop had passed my lips! There were the odd few who had indulged, but by 10pm they were totally oblivious to anything — why did they bother going? A pub would have suited them better.

As we sat there on our binliner, drinking in all the sights and sounds around us before it got underway, we were just gobsmacked to hear so many different accents — people had certainly travelled that day! It was a wonderful feeling knowing that every single one of us had the same thing in common:

our love of **ELO PART II** — and we'd travelled from all corners of the country to converge on Crawley that night!! Where are all these fans during the rest of the year? I feel quite isolated here in rural Hampshire! Wherever I've lived I've never known anyone who's loved their music as I do. Come concert time, we all crawl out of the woodwork again wearing our regulation T-shirt!! Probably looking a very sad and sorry sight to non-**ELO** fans living locally!

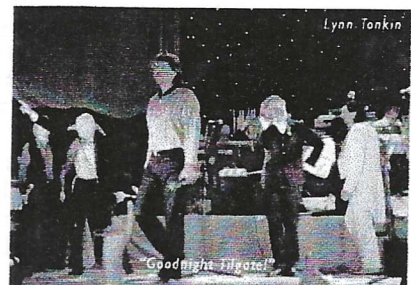
I'm not going into detail about what they sang, how, why and when — most of you reading this were there. If not — **WHY NOT????** Suffice to say, it was all wonderful, magical and just what we now expect from them. Kelly was fantastic, in fine fettle after his throat trouble. How on earth did Louis manage all those changes in and out of the white tails? [Ed: see this issue's instalment of *Eric's Diary* for the answer!] I was lucky enough to meet up with friends I'd first met at **Shepherds Bush** last October — and **Tony** from **Peterborough** recognised me — hi there!! I also met other **ELO** regulars, but new faces to me, all lovely people though — but then we are, aren't we, us **ELO PART II** fans!!!!

Eleven fifteen came around all too quickly; all over again for another year. We hung around a while saying our goodbyes, but some — like the group of four on your garden chairs — looked settled in for the night. Did Security have to move you on, I wonder? We bought bags of greasy doughnuts from a van in the park to eat on the walk to our hotel; most probably woke up some residents (it was past midnight by now!) with our out-of-tune renditions of **DON'T BRING ME DOWN** and **HOLD ON TIGHT!!**

Between eating doughnuts, drinking apple juice and our 'singing', the very best we could utter about the concert was "*bloody marvellous — absolutely bloody wonderful*" — 'cos we were still up on Cloud Nine!

Roll on 1999 for a few more like that!

Lynn Tonkin



ERIC'S DIARY

From the sublime of Carnegie Hall, last issue, to the ridiculous of Eastern Europe — there couldn't be more of a contrast as Eric's trip down Memory Lane continues...

— — Monday 2nd June 1997 — —

Atlantic City

The crew had a 4:00am wake up, and the band left later, so much later that after they spent a couple of knuckle-biting hours stuck in the legendary traffic of the Belt Parkway in Brooklyn, they thought they had missed their plane with only 20 minutes to check in.

But because of that wonderful can-do spirit so pervasive in this wonderful country of the USA (*a chorus of groans and curses are audible now, in the background*), they were spirited on their way and spirited their way back to the holy land of Albion, the fortress England, the white-cliffed bastion of Balti curries, and English bitter beer that you just can't get anywhere else.

Not that that's all it's great for, I have a great fondness and love of England that unfortunately, the rest of the band is not able to reciprocate, but that is another story, for another time...

Monday 16th June 1997

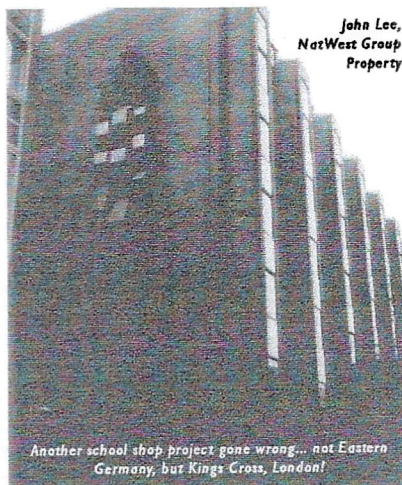
You see, you usually get Monday, Tuesday, and sometimes Wednesday off in this touring business, because you almost never do shows on those days of the week.

So we spent 3 days here in this semi-industrial mid-sized town of **Suhl**, in the old East, where they say the **Stazi**, or the East German Communist secret police was especially active, and judging by the looks on some of the faces of the townspeople, they aren't quite sure that whole wacky Communist thing is over.

As is typical in the East you have a strange mix of lovely old traditional German architecture, and then the tasteless, soulless, thoughtless, sloppy, decaying buildings of the Great Leap Forward (I know, I know, that was in China but it looks like some of those geniuses

sneaked into Suhl, too, and all over where the Great USSR had its way).

Phil and I were chuckling about this one building in particular, it's virtually impossible to describe, but the outer facade was covered with these stamped metal contraptions, kind of like the same school shop project gone terribly wrong, exactly duplicated about 30,000 times and then they were all bolted to this building to go to rust shortly thereafter.



Tuesday 17th June 1997

Being experienced East European travellers (after tours in Poland, Czech Republic, Russia, and all the Baltic countries), Phil and I spotted the resemblance to another notable design gem, kind of a contemporary of this gem, which was the Moscow Airport.

There, three years ago, we spent some desperate hours trying to leave that country. As we were crushed in the endless queues of shouting, smoking, showerless masses there in the dark and dingy airport, we had plenty of time to notice the depression surroundings, and we were singularly amazed by the ceiling.

It was covered in an abomination of interior design that could only be described as different sizes of cake tins, sans their tops and bottoms, all arranged compactly on this ceiling.

It was quite unbelievable — here is this supposed superpower country, among the leadership of nations, and at their capital's airport, the jewel of their aviation system, a bunch of rusty cake tins hanging precariously from the ceiling,

"Welcome to the Russia, we have many warheads aimed at you, and men in space, but we had an idiot design the first thing you see when you come to our country."

Hopefully the designer was sent to Siberia, but he was probably promoted and sent all around the Eastern Bloc to tear down some more priceless beautiful buildings and erect the monstrous concrete block monuments to bad taste, and spruce them up with these stamped metal designs.

Anyway we were leaving Moscow, and finally someone paid off someone else and we were whisked through the hordes and queues to board our luxurious jetliner on **Aeroflot**, or **Aeroflop**, as we nervously joked.

I still remember how the plane looked as I was boarding up the rickety mobile stairway; some of the parts seemed to be missing around the engine, and seeing how the paint was burnt off the fuselage next to the engine exhausts.

As we looked a bit nervous, some airline personnel thought they would cheer us up by pointing to the plane we were about to board and said, *"Is Sukov (sp) 190, very safe airplane, not many crashed!"* Oh, thanks, that's better.

It was like a jet plane only the seats were like folding chairs, and the stewardesses hadn't yet discovered deodorant, and by the scent of things hadn't bathed in a while. But when they stretched their arms out over us while serving the inedible meal, they smiled broadly as our eyes watered and we reached for our barf bags.

Mik doesn't fly well under the best of conditions, and this was quite a



Bad flyer and dart player extraordinaire: Mik Kaminski

ordeal for him. Beads of sweat lined his brow, his hands gripped the handrests till his knuckles were white.

Once when we had to fly a short flight from the island of Jersey to the island of Guernsey in the Channel Islands off the coast of France, we had to go on this tiny sightseeing plane, the fuselage just big enough for two, side by side, and then big wide windows, Mik nearly lost it.

As the rest of us enjoyed the amazing beauty of the coastline and the boats in the sea, Mik opened the biggest magazine he could find and buried his head in it, refusing to look out at all and wouldn't even look up. After about 20 minutes he finally noticed that the magazine was upside down!

So, back to our Aeroflot experience, after the smell of the stewardesses had blended in nicely with the rank cigarette smoke of most of the passengers (smoking right through take off and landing), and the violent take off of the plane (I think the pilot had heard we were on board and wanted to show off his flying prowess), Mik was hoping for a few quiet moments contemplating his life and all that he had not gotten a chance to do before the apparent end, which seem to be in the not too distant future, when a Russian native struck up a conversation with him.

Actually he was a nice guy, musician also, but the thing is, you don't want to be struggling to communicate with a stranger in your last few moments on earth. But the guy rat-

tled on, Mik kept nodding, looked to me for help as he rolled his eyes, sweat still pouring and knuckles getting whiter.

The bloke gave him a tape and a round tin can of caviar, which Mik immediately dropped on the floor, where it rolled around the plane, back and forth for the rest of the journey.

The flight was mercifully short and we were feeling like life might possibly continue as we came in for the landing in Poznan or where ever it was in Poland we were landing. When we landed hard on the runway, the empty folding seats came down simultaneously with an incredible bang, and as Mik's eyes were probably closed and his thoughts in deep prayer, he jumped as far as his seat belt would let him and aged 5 years. A day to remember, it was.

Then a few days later in Poznan, there happened one of the best and funniest Lou Clark stories we love to tell, but that's for another time.

My, this has been a long bus journey, and I've been going on, but if I can go online at the venue, I'll send this much, and then finish it later

(later that same day waiting to go on stage, I couldn't get online till after the show back at the hotel)

We were talking about the Irish Pub, there was a memorable night there, as I said, we would go to the Chinese restaurant, and afterwards saunter on over to the Irish Pub. Well, Tuesday Mik had already

been to the Irish Pub for a couple of pints of Guinness in the afternoon, so after the 2 or 3 beers and the wine with dinner (5 glasses), then at the Chinese restaurant the owner sent over a pitcher of plum wine which Mik had a large portion of, we went to the Pub.

We all had drinks, and started to play darts. Well, I don't really know how to explain it, but Mik couldn't get his darts to stick in. Time and time again, probably 100 throws worth, the darts bounced every which way, under the cigarette machine, behind a chair, but never sticking into the board. And each time he threw his dart and it flew off at another angle, we just died, we laughed so hard our cheeks hurt. Then we realised just how sloshed he was, and we propped him up against the bar until we were finished. I wish you all could've seen his Mr. Bean impression as we forced him to run across the motorway on our way back to the hotel. He says he remembers nothing about that night after the darts.

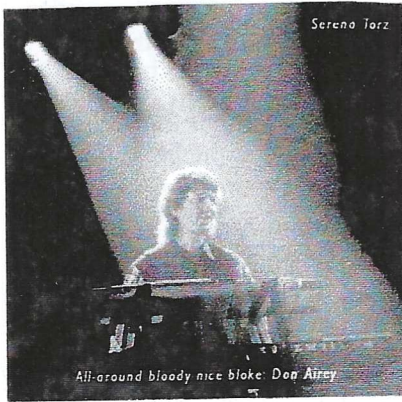
Oh, the fun we have...

Thursday 19th June 1997

The day of the gig, and Don became more intense, still waving his arms, still humming, only now there was a little terror in his eyes, and his pallor, decidedly pale. But, with just a few hitches like forgetting to put on his in-ear-monitors just before we went of stage, he made it through with flying colours.

With Barrie Evans as his dresser (Barrie has the unenviable job of helping Lou, when he changes into his conductor's tux and tails halfway through the show. That must be a hilarious scene, those two rushing about madly, buttoning and tying, primping, and all the while cursing and sloshing down a few drinks to calm the nerves, both of them), the orchestra performed very well, the fans went crazy, and we all retired to the Irish Pub for a Guinness before sleeping.

Oh, I forgot to mention, of all places, in the middle of Eastern Germany, there was a little Irish Pub, with Guinness, Irish whiskey, a dart board, and an owner that just happened to be a huge fan of the band's.



Needless to say we spent quite a bit of time there on our days off. We developed a routine that started with a Chinese meal at an excellent restaurant. It was the only decent restaurant we could find, and then after dinner we would go to the Pub and shoot darts.

Friday 20th June 1997

We've been travelling through Germany for the last 10 days, and I've been getting e-mail from both of you guys (and also other friends) requesting more daily, diary updates from the front lines here. We'll see what we can do.

Maybe it's best to work backward and skip around since a lot has passed and I haven't really been keeping track.

We are now almost at the end of the 2 weeks here, and we are currently making a 5 hour bus ride from Suhl to **Beeskow**. Last night was a great show in Suhl, 4 thousand or so people in, with the **Thuringen Orchestra**.

This was the first time we've done an orchestral performance without Lou, and it was Don Airey's first time with us conducting an orchestra at one of our shows.

Don worked with the orchestra earlier on one of our days off, and was quite concerned and nervous about the actual performance.

Communication was difficult, as with most natives of the East, not as familiar with the English language as the West Germans are, due to a small matter of the Second World War and Who Ended Up In Control Of Which Part.

Don is an outstanding keyboardist and all-around bloody nice bloke,

and he's fitted in quite nicely when Lou is unavailable.

Lou's unavailability is due to Lou's taking on the task of creating Western arrangements for a large catalogue of traditional Chinese and other Oriental music, and then recording and performing these very same arrangements.

This is the ultimate justice for someone who hates foreign unusual ethnic music, come to think of it, Lou doesn't have many nice things to say about foreigners either, let alone their music.

That is the subject of a future article, possibly for FTM or the web page, titled: Everything I Hate About America, or possibly: A to Zed of Everything I Hate About Everything, by Lou Clark.

At a long New Zealand band and crew dinner (we're so egalitarian here at ELO Pt 2 Central, we even eat with the crew, of course they don't really like to eat with us, it's cuts down on their favourite dinner conversation topic, namely the band), as I said we were at dinner, when Lou, and to be fair the other Brits helped, let loose with a long list of American whinges, (whinge, rhymes with hinge, means whining complaint, I hope I got the spelling right, my spelling is always suspect). (*Ed's Note: this entire article has been through the spellchecker!*)

However, after I had written them all down of a couple of placemats, I accidentally left this list in the hotel, so now we have to start over. When we get it together, you will all know.

By the way, there is a new list being formed too as it has come to our attention in the band that there are a striking number of similarities and coincidences between Lou and Don, besides the obvious ones concerning their responsibilities in the band, the first two will be teasers for the complete list;

One: Both chaps tend to have swollen ankles,
Two: They were both 'trainspotters'. (ask a British friend for the sordid details of trainspotting, but it's a sick and useless practice favoured by the British, who, you would think had enough anal and timewasting prac-

tices around (have you ever seen "Live from the House of Commons") without hanging around train stations and keeping logs of train cars and their numbers, etc.)

Now neither one will own up to the fact that they are still trainspotting but who knows what they do with their time off! Believe me, there are more of these amazing similarities and facts and they will now come to light for all to marvel at.

The ankle swelling probably seem a bit enigmatic, but speculation will not be commented on, neither confirmed nor denied, you'll just have to wait for the explanation. Ideas for future articles and lists might include:-

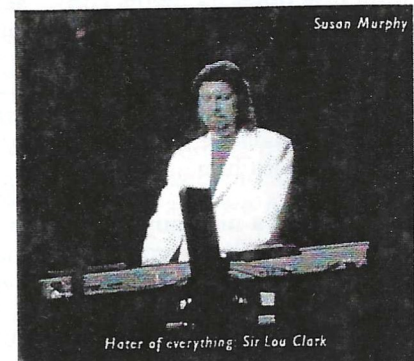
"Famous acts Simon Hodges has worked with"

"Simon Hodges' list of Road Babes and other conquests" subtitled "She wants me"

"Simon Hodges' Backstage Etiquette, the Do's and Don'ts of A Highly Successful Rock'n'Roll Animal" — including tips to keep you awake during the 400th identical performance of a show; and *"Simon Hodges' Young People's Guide to the Things Old People Say"*, subtitled, *"Old People Say the Dardest Things!"* (Simon, it's only a joke, please don't touch that monitor volume knob, Heeeellllppp!!!!)

Now where was I, ah yes, Don was going to conduct the orchestra. So for two days as we went to dinner and drinks, and then in the mornings as we assembled for breakfast, Don, with this dreamy faraway look in his eyes, would be practising conducting. Oblivious to conversation, humming to himself in his own inimitable vocal style, waving his arms, lost in the middle of one of the songs.

"Don, Earth to Don, come in please!"



Well, it's the last two days in Germany, and we are in **Frankfort/Oder** and **Magdeburg**. First, Frankfort/Oder is near the Polish border, and the area of a very crazy incident in the band's recent history, 3 years ago, but that will have to wait for another time. And the last show is near Magdeburg where we stay at **Herrenkrug**, one of the nicest hotels I've ever been in, and then on Sunday we go home.

We are just now making plans for the rest of the year, the next gigs are in the States again and that should be fun for me, maybe get a chance to put that list together, even though Lou is still busy with his Chinese music, the guys could probably be persuaded to list their complaints concerning America and Americans, especially yours truly.

So, if you all want me to continue this report, let me know, and maybe I'll pick it up again when we start again in the States in mid-July. It's kind of fun, and I think I'm just getting warmed up.

NEXT ISSUE:

A brief interlude in Illinois, plus the October 1997 UK Tour: including English pronunciations, a not-so-pleasant walk by the riverbank, plimsolls and fluffed lines!

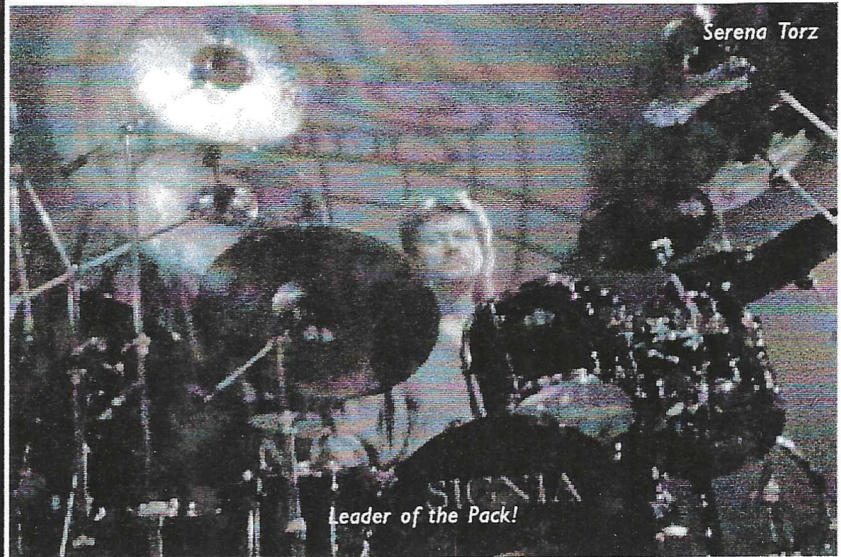
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WHY I LIKE ELO PART II...



*When I first started listening to the Electric Light Orchestra back in 70s, I was fascinated by the idea of a rock chamber orchestra. I remember being absolutely floored by the B-sides of the **EVIL WOMAN** and **STRANGE MAGIC** singles. They were **NEW WORLD RISING** and **10538 OVERTURE** (live). The surging strings combined with a rock band created a very unique vibe that had been pioneered by The Beatles. I remember thinking how this was a band with unlimited potential. The principal songwriter had a superb ear for melody and hooks, the drummer was this hulking brute with a boyish face, and the string section had this slightly mad look to it. Even back then, one could tell that Richard Tandy was a virtuoso in the making, and the bass lines were usually quite inventive.*

I have been recently informed that up until **ON THE THIRD DAY**, the string section was largely responsible for its own arrangements. Bevan's drumming rivalled that of **Keith Moon**, and the instrumentalists were given room for creative solos. In short, the group came together to create a vibrant, exciting form of rock music. It was progressive, but it also had a defi-

ance about it that presaged the punk era. Classical instruments playing heavy rock. And no apologies, either!

But what happened? With each new record, the group effort seemed to decline in favour of a more autocratic approach. The string section's participation dwindled until they were eliminated altogether. Ultimately, the band was down to three members: a far cry from the original line-up!

I became more and more disillusioned with each new development because I was a fan of the **ELO CONCEPT**. While many of the resulting records were quite tuneful and successful, none of them captured the vibe, the urgency... the abandon that was achieved when we had seven crazed musicians giving their all. As a concept, ELO should have been a forum for much more than one man's songs. It was designed as a laboratory for expanding the sonic vocabulary of rock music. It was to have added new colours to the genre's timbral palette, whilst simultaneously thumbing its nose at convention. Instead, we got a narrowing of focus which resulted in a run of pleasant but unadventurous re-

cordings. The live performances were elaborately staged, but lacked spontaneity and excitement. Tremendously talented musicians went under-utilised, and then found themselves unemployed. I always felt that Jeff Lynne should have let the rock orchestra chart its own course if he was no longer willing to do so himself. It was a project whose potential was not fully realised, and should not have been abandoned.

This brings us to the question of why I like PART II. Mainly, because it's a group effort. Bev Bevan has wisely opted for a democratic approach in the creation of its music. Although he's the leader, he is generous in the sharing of songwriting credit and instrumental performance. And in so doing, he has answered one of my long-standing questions: what are these musicians *really* capable of doing?

The best answer to this question is the **MOMENT OF TRUTH** CD, and any ELO PART II concert. **MOMENT OF TRUTH** takes the stylistic parameters created by the original ELO and stretches them. It's good to hear different voices and writing styles in a recognisable ELO framework. It's been long overdue. As for the live performances, they're a showcase for some spectacular musicianship, fine singing, a bit of nostalgia... oh, hell — they're one big party! They're fun because these musicians like to play. They want to be there! Even when they're not on their relentless touring schedule, Phil Bates can still recruit some of them to play at his solo gigs. This love of performance really shows, and it saturates every note of their studio work.

Here's my ELO PART II wish list:

1. More of their own songs should be included in the concerts.
2. More alternate arrangements of classic ELO songs. The acoustic **SHOWDOWN** and **TELEPHONE LINE** were hugely pleasant surprises. I

love it when the band 'pushes the envelope'. It shows that they're a creatively invigorated unit.

3. Move back in the direction of a more experimental group. Phil Bates pointed the way in his solo efforts by incorporating Celtic, folk, and blues into his music. His Lennon-esque **DON'T WANNA LIE ANYMORE** is perfect. By the way, I love the little interludes on **MOMENT OF TRUTH**. Perhaps an extended progressive suite featuring band and orchestra (hey, I can dream, can't I?).

4. Take some time to showcase more of the band members' chops. **MOMENT OF TRUTH** was definitely a step in the right direction. There was more Mik on this than on the last 5 ELO albums, and this is definitely a good thing. Phil's skills on both electric and acoustic guitars are formidable and should be used to their utmost. I would like to hear Bev really bash again, like he did on **ELO II** and **ON THE THIRD DAY**. Kelly had some really tasty bass lines on the album, and he's finally mixed out in front — where he belongs! Eric is a solid keyboardist, and he really soars as a vocalist. As for Sir Lou, I am a big fan of the **OVER-TURE/UNDERTURE** pieces. I'm looking forward to more such magic from you, sir.

5. Get **Hughie McDowell** back. To me, he was the embodiment of the ELO concept — a classically-trained player who was a Rock'n'Roll bad boy. In the 70's, he was a hero to young cellists everywhere. ELO lost a lot of its edge when he left. I regret never having seen him live.

Mainly, I like The Electric Light Orchestra PART II because this time, they're doing things right. These superb musicians are making full use of their skills, and they are doing it in a creatively healthy collaboration. They love what they're doing, they like their fans, and they take to the stage with an enthusiasm that had been missing for a

long time. The rock orchestra is now charting its own course. I look forward to seeing where it leads. I am confident that their future musical endeavours will go even further in establishing their identity as a fiercely creative extension of a well-loved band.

Michael Alvarez

PEN PALS

If there's a mad ELO fan (or even ELO mad fan!) out there, male or female, who would like to reminisce now and then by letter, phone or meeting, and preferably live in the **Basingstoke** and **Tadley** areas of **Hampshire**, or **Reading** area of **Berkshire**, get in touch! Similarly, if you'd like a travelling companion to some of the more far-flung concerts, get in touch, I feel isolated!

LYNN TONKIN
119 STEPHENS ROAD
TADLEY
HAMPSHIRE
RG26 3RT

LOOKING FOR A PEN PAL?

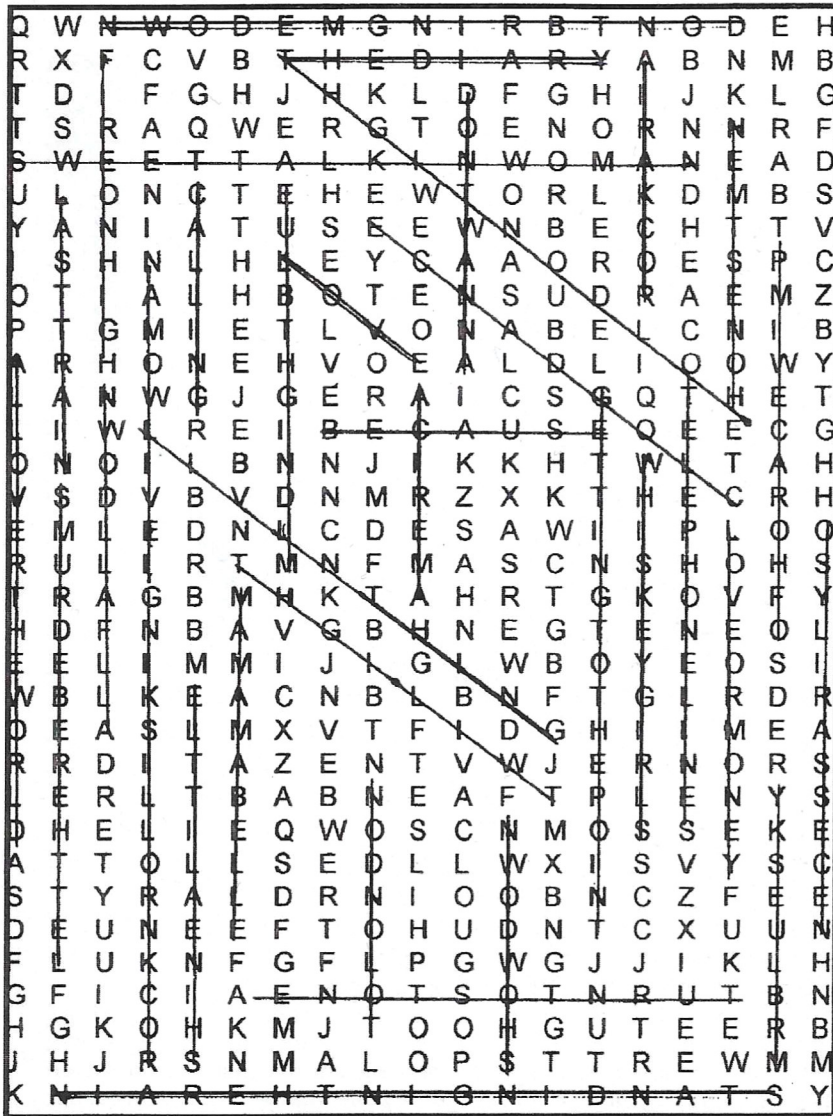
I'm a mature — or old (37 yrs), with a great enthusiasm for ELO PART II and their music — interested in dropping me a line?

Please write to:

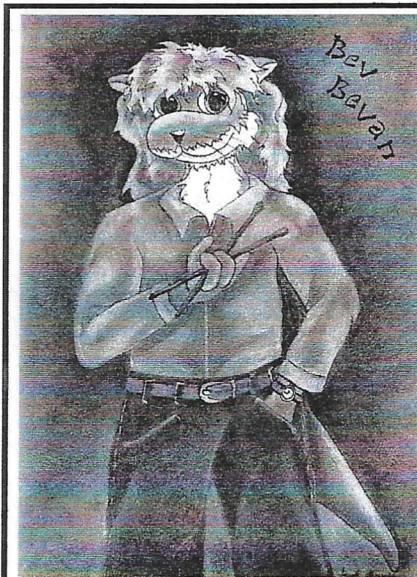
MR G A HALE
56 STERTE ROAD
POOLE
DORSET
BH15 2AG
UK

WORDSEARCH

ANSWERS



Well, as many of them as we could find anyway!



This is Sarah Showalter, from Pittsburgh, USA's interpretation of Bev Bevan — part of a series of six — which show the band members as different animals.

You've already seen Eric as a Tasmanian Wolf in Issue 1 (insert in the first print run, centrefold in the second print run).

Here's Bev as a Sea Otter!

Apologies to Sarah for us making her picture so small; this has been a pretty packed issue.

Hope we're forgiven!

MOTORING MADNESS!

Amazing what you get sent in this job! Here's a selection of ELO related car pictures sent in by our readers...



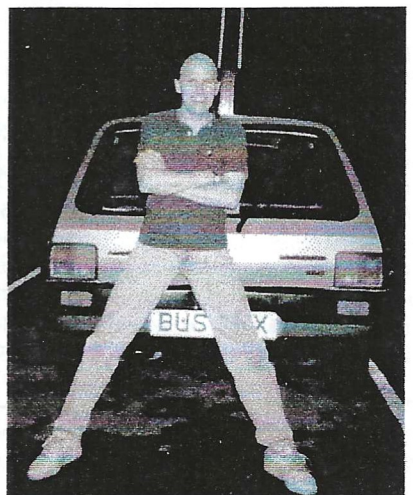
Autographed ELO PART II number plate (signed by entire band).

Sent in by Mark Snider, from Illinois.



Appropriately number-plated car seen parked in a side street in Folkestone, Kent.

From Lynn Tonkin, Hampshire.



And finally, couldn't let this feature go without a contribution from the Ed herself (Serena!) Kelly with my old car in 1992: he found the registration letters rather amusing!

A VIRTUAL GIG

By ROSEMARY C



The stage is set, the crowds are beginning to arrive, the only thing missing now is the band. People are buzzing with the rumour going around, something new is going to be unveiled tonight. What can it be, no one is letting on... speculation is rife. The lights dim: people go from speaking, to whistling, calling out, cheering and generally being noisy, this is what they are here for... to see ELO... For the younger ones a new experience... and for the fans who have known the band through perhaps the 70's and 80's, and now the 90's it's with relief that they stand there once again, safe in the knowledge that there is a ELO after all this time even if now they call themselves ELO PART II.

They have heard the murmurs from fans who say they no longer consider them the band that is or was, in their opinion, The Electric Light Orchestra; they still hear the music that they have heard so many times before; they also hear music from the new members contributions. It all goes together as far as they are

concerned. Jeff isn't there any more, but his music still goes on... played to the enjoyment of those who still want to hear it, not with him standing out front of the stage, but with his presence felt in the lyrics sang to the music that all acknowledge, came from him, only now it's sang in a different time with a slightly different line-up. It's going to be a great night!

The band comes on stage, the noise is deafening and doesn't quieten down until people have finished showing their enjoyment at being there. The set goes well, the band have caught the infectious feeling coming from the audience. It's not only the audience who are smiling — the band, after not knowing how they would be received, are now in full swing. Sir Lou having the time of his life, in front of musicians who know their craft. Bev up the back sitting still for only fleeting moments in time, his ability on his kit, being a true craftsman... mesmerises those in the

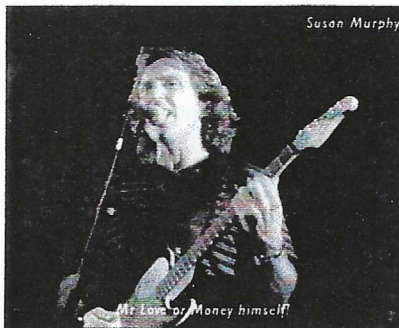
crowd who would wish to be able to play as he does. Phil holds his guitar in a way that only those familiar with their ability would do, his fingers moving up and down playing chords that would stiffen less agile hands, head sometimes moving along with the beat all around him... his hair becoming a curtain around his face at times, eyes sometimes watching the moving figure of Kelly, there's a chance the man may one day dance his way off the stage! A swirling colourful figure enjoying himself in his own impish way, a grown up child of his time, a man you would say, who was at ease with who he is... loving every moment of the time he spends performing. The crowd are enjoying every moment of it, clapping, dancing and singing along and calling out to members of the band — the night is almost too much... too much of everything.

Kelly steps up to the mike, the intro starts with a loud chord from Eric

on his keyboards and the strings carry it higher until Kelly's voice, crystal clear, sings out, "I wait till everyone's asleep, then out into the night I creep.. no one can see me now... or bear me running soundlessly..". — **THE FOX**. This is what they have been waiting for. Not ever having heard it before, the auditorium was silent except for the music and the voice that was coming from the figure standing centre stage, sending goose-bumps running up and down many a body, the story unfolding as the song continues... new and familiar fans were hearing a voice as if the first time... a spell had been cast over them, and as the words, "I've won... I've won" climbed higher in their triumph, the crowd erupts into a roar of appreciation that only dissipates with the start of the next song, which is a solo by Mik. He comes forward, starting to play **JIG A JIG** and then suddenly swings into **ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL**. The crowd erupts and starts dancing which has security scrambling all over the place trying to settle people down... not a chance... the crowd is wound up and enjoying themselves too much. They give in and go back to their positions at the side of the hall.

Up on the balcony, they are wishing that they were down at ground floor level, so that they could move more freely, the more nervous of them starting to wonder if the building can take much more of this! As Mik closes, they roar their approval and Kelly steps up to the mike to say "fantastic".

It's time to settle it down now. Eric comes forward with his walkabout keyboard and starts to sing **LOVE OR MONEY**, and you can feel the crowd relax and start to sway to the melody, Eric's voice softly singing the words. There will be more than a few people humming this song on the way home tonight!



The songs start to roll along, getting the crowd up and moving once again, **DO YA, CONFUSION, ROCKARIA!** — all guaranteed to bring the audience to its feet, and by the time the band are into **ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN** you feel that you never want it to end, but know that this is either the last song or that they'll do one more. Wahoo! They're starting **DON'T BRING ME DOWN...** everybody, and I mean everybody, seems to know the words to this song. Heaven forbid, but the band could stop and the audience would sing it for them. The noise is deafening... everyone, to a man it seems, is singing and before you know it the song is finished, the night has come to an end... but the audience wants it to go on and are reluctant to leave, but eventually they start to wander their way out with their ears ringing and voices hoarse, only to relive the nights events on the way home and talking, wondering when they will see the band perform again, someone mentions that they won't be back for at least another *3 years*, which brings a groan from those who heard... *3 years*, such a long time to wait. Oh why does Australia have to be such a long way from everywhere?

Rosemary C

Editor's Note: *The above has been written completely from imagination. Rosemary has never actually seen PART II live yet. The gig she was due to see in April was cancelled, and she missed the 1994 Australian Tour altogether.*

PHIL BATES TOUR DATES

Subject to change.
Correct as at 28 September 1998

November 1998:-

Mon. 16th — Flower Pot, Derby
01382 834438

Tues. 17th — Chipping Norton
Theatre, Chipping Norton
01608 642439

Wed. 18th — The Fiddlers,
Bedminster, Bristol
0117 9873403

Thurs. 19th — Cuckoo's Nest
Folk Club
Swan Hotel, Leek
01538 385260

Sat. 21st — The Old Railway Inn,
Birmingham

Sun. 22nd — Tamworth Arts
Centre, Tamworth
01827 703809

Tues. 24th — The Victoria,
Coalville
01530 814718

Wed. 25th — Red Rose Thea-
tre, Rugeley, Staffs
01889 576281

Thurs. 26th — Fishpond Hotel,
Matlock
01629 760240

Fri. 27th — North Stand Ban-
queting Suite, Aston Villa, Bir-
mingham
0121 326 1509

Sat. 28th — Tamworth Cricket
& Hockey Club, Tamworth
Special Guest: **Malcolm Stent**
01827 65878

DEAR PART II UNLIMITED...

Following on from our request in last issue's Editorial, regarding "What would you like/like not to hear PART II play live?", our mailboxes (both the slot in the front door, and also the electronic variety!), delivered these 3. Surprisingly, there doesn't seem to be anything you don't want to hear them play again, but plenty of suggestions for future inclusion!

"Blue Violin, play for me..." — Requests for the Next Tour

Not that the band should run short of ideas for what to include in their live shows; after all, they have quite a history of ELO material, in addition to the eponymous PART II first album and the excellent MOMENT OF TRUTH.

There are probably even songs on Phil's superb NAKED album that would stand up to a live PART II treatment; it's worked the other way round for SHOWDOWN, EVIL WOMAN, WHISKEY GIRLS amongst others.

Nonetheless, here are my own personal choices that I'd like to see either debuted or resurrected for live performance:-

1. POWER OF A MILLION LIGHTS
2. BREAKIN DOWN THE WALLS

I've not seen these live since Stockport, October 1994 (that particular theatre has closed down since... not as a result of the gig, I hasten to add!).

3. ACROSS THE BORDER

I reckon Lou could do a nifty brass arrangement for a horn section.

4. DAYBREAKER

The track on the recently CD-released LONG BEACH album; ELO PART II could infuse it with more energy than the original, as they have with FIRE ON HIGH.

5. POKER
6. Kelly singing TICKET TO THE MOON again
7. HERE IS THE NEWS
8. SO GLAD YOU SAID GOODBYE
9. SECRET MESSAGES (Kelly walks on playing the opening bass notes).

Well, PART II, what 'Do Ya' think, then?

John Rawstron
Rochdale, Lancashire

Dear PART II UNLIMITED

Personally, I go to see ELO PART II because I love their music, not to hear cover versions. But I'm sure there is some music which would sound wonderful coming from ELO's instruments. I sometimes hear things on the radio and think, "Ah, that's ELO type music, and they could play it much better!"

So carry on doing your stuff lads — you've enough material to fill a four hour show, never mind the usual two hours! We come to see and hear your music!

And the next question was, what would I like to see/hear them perform? Well, I'm still a novice at attending live ELO concerts, only eight under my belt, so I've never heard Bev sing STRANGE MAGIC — apparently he has done so in the past — so let's hear that again. Also, his drum solo which is an extension of LET THERE BE DRUMS, which I heard last October and was magnificent! It ought to be part of the encore at each concert. A few other of my favourites are: SO SERIOUS, NEED HER LOVE, and PART II's own TWIST OF THE KNIFE and SO GLAD YOU SAID GOODBYE.

To hear them perform with an orchestra is fantastic — let's hope that it happens more often, so other orchestral pieces can be included; for example, IN THE HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING and MOMENT OF TRUTH OVERTURE.

What about you, Ed and Co-Ed, compiling a Top Ten list of all the fans' favourites they'd like to hear at future concerts? And maybe even giving that list to the band? You never know, we may all be pleasantly surprised at the next concert!!

Keep the Light Shining!

Lynn Tonkin
Tadley, Hampshire

What I would like to hear live is TWIST OF THE KNIFE/SO GLAD YOU SAID GOODBYE played one after the other. They have always seemed linked to me. First, Kelly sings about the pain of a relationship ending, then Eric triumphantly comes back reborn. It reminded me of the end of WINGS' BAND ON THE RUN album. After NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY FIVE ends, we hear a reprise of BAND ON THE RUN that fades out. It evoked a very similar sense of desperation and liberation that these PART II tracks carry.

EASY STREET from the first album would be a good choice, but perhaps it would be a little complicated to clear, given the shared authorship of the tune?

I'd like to hear a lot more PART II material, period. But I understand that a lot of people going to the concerts want to hear the old hits. Every band that's been

around this long is plagued by this. When I saw YES in December, I really didn't need to hear YOUR MOVE/I'VE SEEN ALL GOOD PEOPLE again, but what are you gonna do? At least they had the good sense to play THE REVEALING SCIENCE OF GOD in its entirety. That was worth the price of admission alone.

While we're wishing, I'd like Hughie to join them on tour. I've never seen him live because he got the shaft before I got a chance to see them in concert. He seemed to be the only one who truly grasped what it meant to be a rock star. My cello has its share of battle scars because I jammed along with him for years. I recently installed a pickup at the bridge. Hughie, if you're out there, let's jam, dude!

Michael Alvarez
National City, California

Some pretty radical suggestions there — particularly those for DAYBREAKER and SECRET MESSAGES — given how many members of the current band were in those particular ELO line-ups (just Bev for the former, and Bev and Kelly for the latter!). Everybody here has mentioned SO GLAD YOU SAID GOODBYE, so what about it, lads?!

A more topical topic(?) for next issue. Given that Phil has just decided to leave PART II, who would you like to replace him? Your suggestions will be published whatever the outcome. So, be as serious or as silly or irreverent as you like; we want to hear from you!!

Write to:
PART II UNLIMITED
201 EXPRESS DRIVE
GOODMAYES
ILFORD
ESSEX
IG3 9RD
ENGLAND

E-Mail: elo2510@dircon.co.uk

AND FINALLY...

What better way to end the 'Bevan Heaven' issue than with a very big Bev fan's musings on the man himself. Take it away, Lynn!

"Tell us your fantasies and dreams about Bev", said the Editorial of the excellent PART II UNLIMITED magazine. It also stated nothing sexual — so that's the 'fantasy' bit down the pan!!! So I'd better stick to 'musings', I suppose!

Unlike loads of you lucky girls (that's better than saying 'middle-aged Mums in their second teenage-hood, like me!) out there, I haven't been fortunate enough to ever meet our Bev, but I live in hope that it'll occur one day. Oh, please, please, please!!

So when did it happen then — me realising Bev Bevan was the most scrumptious thing on this earth since sliced bread? (Oh dear, the fantasy is creeping in, you'll have to edit this, Ed and Co-Ed!!). With **The Move**, of course! I only vaguely remember **Carl Wayne** and **The Vikings**, but **The Move** — oh yes!!! One of my earliest recollections is seeing them play **FIRE BRIGADE** (possibly on **Top of the Pops**) on TV. Bev was sitting right at the front, drumming away on his little kit (minute compared to today's model!). The cameraman gives us this gorgeous l-o-o-n-g close-up shot of him looking rather embarrassed, mouthing the words and trying not to laugh — then he looks up from under those long lashes and gives me such a dazzling smile, it knocked me socks off — even at only 13-14 years old!! Yes, you did read that correctly, he smiled at *me*, just me and no-one else. Well, that's what it felt like! And what about **BLACKBERRY WAY** in the very becoming cerise satin shirt (actually, the colour suits him, being dark), worn with a *cravat!* Fashion trends of the time, eh?!! He certainly looked more confident, dazzling us yet again with that pearly white smile and a lovely mop of dark shiny hair. How can I recall all this in such detail, I hear you cry?? I've got it all on video, that's how!! Along with many other memorable snippets.

While we're on the subject of videoing(?) — who saw Bev on **Noel's Telly Years** some time back? 1970 was the year they were being quizzed on, and Bev was guesting on the panel of three — yep, I've

got the whole programme taped! And what about **Wowfabgroovy** on **Channel 5** in July? I was running out of tape then, but managed to record the bits that contained Bev's panellists, so none of it makes much sense. Recorded purely for 'Bev Watching'!!!

I can remember that as a secondary school girl, buying **New Musical Express** every Friday on my way to school, I just had to have my 'fix' of Bev before suffering a day at school! And I can't be the only one who plastered her bedroom walls (my parents were *not* amused!) with the colour pics from **Jackie** and **Fab 208**!!!! You must remember *those* mags, girls?!! I was hooked, besotted, my hero!!

So followed my addiction to **ELO** (but that's another story!). If Bev had gone on to join **The Sex Pistols** I'd have followed!! But of course, the music did play a huge part as well. I much preferred **ELO's**!! I married quite young, so couldn't afford the luxuries of concert tickets or even albums. It's only been during the '90's that I've collected all **ELO** albums in their second-hand state. It's quite fun rummaging for a bargain. The first time I saw Bev play live was in **Basingstoke** in October 1994, by then they were **ELO PART II** and were wonderful!

And to me, Bev looked just the same, gorgeously handsome! And I was hooked yet again! Since then, I've seen them play live whenever I could (finding out dates was like getting blood from a stone — here's hoping **PTU** give a better service!). [We will try! Ed]. It's only eight times to date, the latest being **Tilgate Park, Crawley** — wasn't that just the highlight of our summer?!

I admire the man very much: his stamina, his dedication to the music he loves and to his loyal fans all over the world (well I never, a song title has crept in!). Why else and who else would tour continuously and tirelessly unless they liked it? I for one certainly hope he continues doing so for many more years.

To anyone else but a Bev fan, I'm probably thought of as a total nutcase, but I don't care! I'm told by my friends **Liz** and **Lesley** that he is a thoroughly nice, genuine man, who seems to enjoy meeting his fans. But he's not met *this* one. Is there a knack to it — this getting backstage lark, or do you just have to be in the right place at the right time? PLEASE, *someone* make my dreams come true!! I've cross-stitched him various good luck and birthday cards over the last few years; even a cup coaster with his star sign, which I managed to get taken backstage at **Crawley**. My very first effort for him was when I was a bit of a novice at cross-stitch and embarked on the seemingly marathon task of a drum kit birthday card. Thrilled with the result, I wrote to the monthly stitch mag I buy with a long letter and photo. They printed it (well, a highly edited version of it) on their 'Letters' page. And a couple of months after Bev's birthday I was rewarded with a very special 10 x 8 colour photo of him, signed — "**To Lynn, Bev Bevan X**" — which takes pride of place on my dressing table!

So Bev, the next time you receive a card signed "**Lynn Tonkin**" — it's *me*, and I'm dying to meet you, preferably before we get to the zimmer frame stage in our lives!! Yes, I'll be tongue-tied, shy, and my jaws will suddenly become super-glued together! But maybe I'll be able to mutter a very sincere 'thank you' for your years of dedication and wonderful music, and hopefully receive a hug and another of those gorgeous dazzling smiles that seem to light up the sky, in return for *my* loyalty and perseverance!

Lynn Tonkin



Lynn's cross-stitch presents for Bev. The Latin phrase on the coaster on the left means "Number One"



CAPTION TIME!

Yes, it's that time once more. Have a little more fun with your pencils, paper and imagination! Just two people entered last issue's competition — let's see if we can do better this time!

A very special prize this issue: We got a unique, one-off PART II UNLIMITED T-shirt printed up (XL — so it'll fit everyone); white, with PART II UNLIMITED across the front in blue (same typeface as on the front cover).

What makes this T-shirt extra special is that we took it along to Tilgate Park in July and tried to get the whole band to autograph it. At the moment, just Bev is missing (got on the bus too early!), but we hope to rectify this by the time the competition is judged.

So if you want a chance to own this unique item, then tell us just what you think Bev IS doing with all this womens' underwear? (taken at Aylesbury, 1996!), and send your captions in to the usual addresses, to arrive no later than Friday 19 December 1998. Funniest suggestion or caption wins.

Last issue's winner is Rosemary C from Australia, as judged by John Kilcline himself. Her caption was: John Kilcline saying to Eric: "...Look here's my wife's recipe for syrup pudding." Apparently JK really DID give Eric his wife's recipe for Treacle Tart! As Rosemary already has the ANDY'S DINER CD, she has said the runner-up can have the prize; the runner-up being the only other entrant in this case, Lynn Tonkin, from Hampshire. So watch your letterbox, Lynn!

HAVE FUN!!! AND ALSO A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A GOOD 1999!!!