

genesis

Official Programme

GENESIS EUROPEAN TOUR

Date	Hall	Town	Country	Show time
19th	Ekeberghallen	Oslo	Norway	8.00 pm.
21st	Tivolis Koncertsal	Copenhagen	Denmark	8.00 pm.
22nd	Stadthalle	Hannover	Germany	8.00 pm.
23rd	Eishalle	Berlin	Germany	8.00 pm.
24th	Carre Theatre	Amsterdam	Holland	8.00 pm.
26th	Palais des Grottes	Cambrai	France	8.00 pm.
28th	Salle d'exposition	Colmar	France	8.00 pm.
1st	Palais des Sports	Dijon	France	8.00 pm.
2nd	Palais des Sports	St. Etienne	France	8.00 pm.
3rd	Porte de Versailles	Paris	France	8.00 pm.
6th	Pavilhao Dos Desportos	Lisbon	Portugal	9.30 pm.
7th	Pavilhao Dos Desportos	Lisbon	Portugal	9.30 pm.
9th	Neuvo Pabellon Club	Badalona Barcelona	Spain	10.30 pm.
10th	Neuvo Pabellon Club	Badalona Barcelona	Spain	10.30 pm.
11th	Pabellon Real Madrid	Madrid	Spain	10.30 pm.
14th to Mon 24th	8-11 dates in Italy			
29th	Festhalle	Bern	Switzerland	8.00 pm.
30th	Saarlandhalle	Saarbrucken	Germany	8.00 pm.
1st	Fredrick Ebert Halle	Ludwigshafen	Germany	8.00 pm.
2nd	Killesberg Hall 14	Stuttgart	Germany	8.00 pm.
3rd	Jahrhunerthalle	Frankfurt	Germany	8.00 pm.
4th	Zirkus Krone	Munich	Germany	8.00 pm.
6th	Phillips Halle	Dusseldorf	Germany	8.00 pm.
7th	Westfalen Halle	Dortmund	Germany	8.00 pm.
8th	Congress Centrum	Hamburg	Germany	8.00 pm.
11th	Ahoy	Rotterdam	Holland	
12th	Forest Nationale	Brussels	Belgium	8.00 pm.

ENGLAND

on 14th	Empire Pool	Wembley	England	8.00 pm.
es 15th	Empire Pool	Wembley	England	8.00 pm.
ed 16th	Gaumont Theatre	Southampton	England	8.00 pm.
u 17th	Empire Theatre	Liverpool	England	8.00 pm.
i 18th	Empire Theatre	Liverpool	England	8.00 pm.
t 19th	Empire Theatre	Liverpool	England	8.00 pm.
ne 22nd	Usher Hall	Edinburgh	England	8.00 pm.
ed 23rd	Usher Hall	Edinburgh	England	8.00 pm.
u 24th	City Hall	Newcastle	England	8.00 pm.
i 25th	City Hall	Newcastle	England	8.00 pm.
in 27th	Palace Theatre	Manchester	England	8.00 pm.
on 28th	Palace Theatre	Manchester	England	8.00 pm.
u 1st	Hippodrome	Birmingham	England	8.00 pm.
i 2nd	Hippodrome	Birmingham	England	8.00 pm.



HE LAMB LIES DOWN ON BROADWAY

Keep your fingers out of my eye. While I like to glance at the butterflies in glass that are all around the walls. The people in memory are pinned to events I can't recall too well, but I'm sitting one down to watch him break up, decompose and feed another sort of life. The one in question is all fully biodegradable material and categorised as 'Rael'. Rael hates me, I like Rael, yes, even ostriches have feelings, but our relationship is something both of us are learning to live with. Rael likes a good time. I like a good rhyme, but you won't see me directly anymore—he hates my being around. So if his story doesn't stand I might lend a hand, you understand? (ie. the rhyme is planned, dummies).

The flickering needle jumps into red. New York crawls out of its bed. The weary guests are asked to leave the warmth of the all-night theater, having slept on pictures that others only dream on. The un-paid extras disturb the Sleeping Broadway. WALK to the left DONT WALK to the right: on Broadway, directions don't look so bright. Autoghosts keep the pace for the cabmans early mobile race.

Enough of this—our hero is moving up the subway stairs into daylight. Beneath his leather jacket he holds a spray gun which has left the message R-A-E-L in big letters on the wall leading underground. It may not mean much to you but to Rael it is part of the process going towards 'making a name for yourself'. When you're not even a pure-bred Puerto-Rican the thing gets tough, and the tough gets going.

With casual sideways glances along the wet street, he checks the motion in the steam to look for potential obstruction. Seeing none, he strides along the sidewalk, past the drugstore with its guard being removed to reveal the smile of the toothpaste girl, past the nightladies and past Patrolman Frank Leonowich (49, married, two kids) who stands in the doorway of the doorway of the wigstore. Patrolman Leonowich looks at Rael in much the same way that other Patrolmen look at him, and Rael only just hides that he is hiding something. Meanwhile, from out of the steam a lamb lies down. This lamb has nothing whatsoever to do with Rael, or any other lamb—it just lies down on Broadway.

The sky is overcast and as Rael looks back a dark cloud is descending like a balloon into Times Square. It rests on the ground and shapes itself into a hard edged flat surface, which solidifies and extends itself all the way East and West along 47th Street and reaching up to the dark sky. As the wall takes up its tension it becomes a screen showing what had existed in three dimensions, on the other side just a moment before. The image flickers and then cracks like painted clay and the wall silently moves forward, absorbing everything in its path. The unsuspecting New Yorkers are apparently blind to what is going on.

Rael starts to run away towards Columbus Circle. Each time he dares to take a look, the wall has moved another block. At the moment when he thinks he's maintaining his distance from the wall, the wind blows hard and cold slowing down his speed. The wind increases, dries the wet street and picks up the dust off the surface, throwing it into Rael's face. More and more dirt is blown up and it begins to settle on Rael's skin and clothes, making a solid layered coat that brings him gradually to a terrified stillness. A sitting duck.

The moment of impact bursts through the silence and in a roar of sound, the final second is prolonged in a world of echoes as if the concrete and clay of Broadway itself was reliving its memories. The last great march past. Newsman stands limp as a whimper as audience and event are locked as one. Bing Crosby coos "You don't have to feel pain to sing the blues, you don't have to holla—you don't feel a thing in your dollar collar". Martin Luther King cries "Everybody Sing!" and rings the grand old liberty bell. Leary, weary of his prison cell, walks on heaven, talks on hell. J.F.K. gives the O.K. to shoot us, sipping Orange Julius and Lemon Brutus. Bare breasted cowboy double decks the triple champion. Who needs Medicare and the 35c flat rate fare, when Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are dancing through the air? From Broadway Melody stereotypes the band returns to 'Stars and Stripes' bringing a tear to the moonshiner who's been pouring out his spirit from the illegal still. The pawn broker clears the noisy till and clutches his lucky dollar bill. Then the blackout.

Rael regains consciousness in some musky half-light. He is warmly wrapped in some sort of cocoon. The only sound he can hear is dripping water which appears to be the source of a pale llickering light. He guesses he must be in some sort of cave—or kooky tomb, or eggshell waiting to drop from the bone of the womb. Whatever it is, he feels

serene, very clean and content as a well kept dummy, with hot water in his tummy, so why worry what it means? Resigning himself to the unknown he drifts off into sleep.

He wakes in a cold sweat with a strong urge to vomit. There's no sign of the cocoon and he can see more of the cave about him. There is much more of the glowing water dripping from the roof and stalactites and stalagmites are forming and decomposing at an incredible rate all around him. As fear and shock register, he assures himself that self-control will provide some security, but this though is abandoned as the stalactites and stalagmites lock into a fixed position, forming a cage whose bars are moving towards him. At one moment there is a flash of light and he sees an infinite network of cages all strung together by a ropelike material. As the rocky bars press in on Rael's body, he sees his brother John outside, looking in. John's face is motionless despite screams for help, but in his vacant expression a tear of blood forms and trickles down his cheek. Then he calmly walks away leaving Rael to face the pains which are beginning to sweep through his body. However, just as John walks out of sight the cage dissolves and Rael is left spinning like a top.

When all this revolution is over, he sits down on a highly polished floor while his dizziness fades away. It is an empty modern hallway and the dreamdoll saleslady sits at the reception desk. Without prompting she goes into her rap: "This is the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging, those you are about to see are all in for servicing, except for a small quantity of our new product, in the second gallery. It is all the stock required to cover the existing arrangements of the enterprise. Different batches are distributed to area operators, and there are plenty of opportunities for the large investor. They stretch from the costly care-conditioned to the most reasonable mal-nutritioned. We find here that everyone's looks become them. Except for the low market mal-nutritioned, each is provided with a guarantee for a successful birth and trouble-free infancy. There is however only a small amount of variable choice potential—not too far from the mean differential. You see, the roof has predetermined the limits of action of any group of packages, but individuals may move off the path if their diversions are counter-balanced by others".

As he wanders along the line of packages, Rael notices a familiarity in some of their faces. He finally comes upon some of the members of his old gang and worries about his own safety. Running out through the factory floor, he catches sight of his brother John with a number 9 stamped on his forehead.

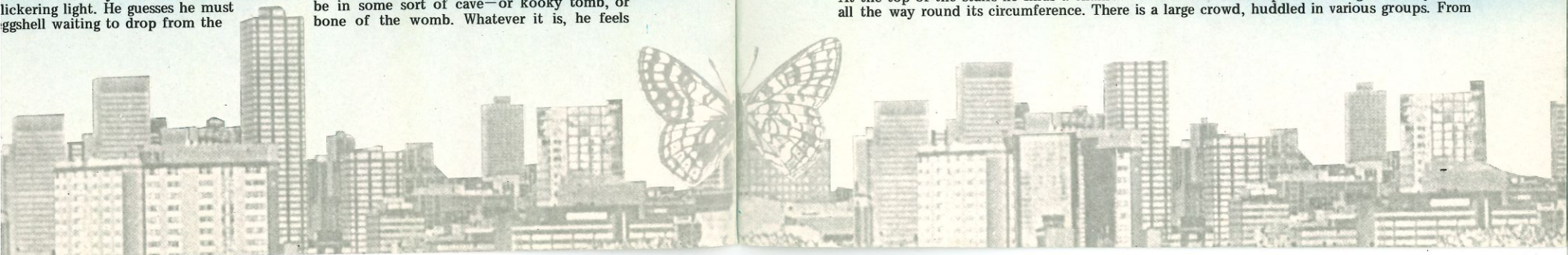
No-one seems to take up the chase, and with the familiar faces fresh in his mind he moves into a reconstruction of his old life, above ground—Too much time was one thing he didn't need, so he used to cut through it with a little speed. He was better off dead, than slow in the head. His momma and poppa had taken a ride on his back, so he left very quickly to join The Pack. Only after a spell in Pontiac reformatory was he given any respect in the gang. Now, walking back home after a raid, he was cuddling a sleeping porcupine.

That night he pictured the removal of his hairy heart and to the accompaniment of very romantic music he watched it being shaved smooth by an anonymous stainless steel razor. The palpitating cherry-red organ was returned to its rightful place and began to beat faster as it led our hero, counting out time, through his first romantic encounter.

He returns from his mixed-up memories to the passage he was previously stuck in. This time he discovers a long carpeted corridor. The walls are painted in red ochre and are marked by strange insignia, some looking like a bulls-eye, others of birds and boats. Further down the corridor, he can see some people; all kneeling. With broken sighs and murmurs they struggle, in their slow motion to move towards a wooden door at the end. Having seen only the inanimate bodies in the Grand Parade of Lifeless Packaging, Rael rushes to talk to them.

"What's going on?" he cries to a muttering monk, who conceals a yawn and replies "It's a long time yet before the dawn". A sphinx-like crawler calls his name saying "Don't ask him, the monk is drunk. Each one of us is trying to reach the top of the stairs, a way out will await us there". Not asking how he can move freely, our hero goes boldly through the door. Behind a table loaded with food, is a spiral staircase going up into the ceiling.

At the top of the stairs he finds a chamber. It is almost a hemisphere with a great many doors all the way round its circumference. There is a large crowd, huddled in various groups. From



the shouting, Rael learns there are 32 doors, but only one that leads out. Their voices get louder and louder until Rael screams "Shut up!". There is a momentary silence and then Rael finds himself the focus as they direct their advice and commands to their new found recruit. Bred on trash, fed on ash the jigsaw master has got to move faster. Rael sees a quiet corner and rushes to it. He stands by a middle-aged woman with a very pale skin who is quietly talking to herself. He discovers she is blind and asking for a guide. "What's the use of a guide if you got nowhere to go" asks Rael. "I've got somewhere to go", she replies "if you take me through the noise, I'll show you. I'm a creature of the caves and I follow the way the breezes blow".

He leads her across the room and they leave the crowd, who dismiss their departure as certain to fail. When through the door, the woman leads Rael down the tunnel. The light of the chamber soon fades and despite her confident step Rael often stumbles in the darkness.

After a long walk they arrive in what Rael judges to be a big round cave, and she speaks a second time asking him to sit down. It feels like a cold stone throne. "Rael, sit here. They will come for you soon. Don't be afraid" and failing to explain any more she walks off. He faces his fear once again.

A tunnel is lit up to the left of him, and he begins to shake. As it grows brighter, he hears a non-metallic whirring sound. The light is getting painfully bright, reflecting as white off the walls until his vision is lost in a sort of snow blindness. He panics, feels around for a stone and hurls it at the brightest point. The sound of breaking glass echoes around the cave.

As his vision is restored he catches sight of two golden globes about one foot in diameter hovering away down the tunnel. When they disappear a resounding crack sears across the roof, and it collapses all around him. Our hero is trapped once again.

"This is it" he thinks, failing to move any of the fallen rocks. There's not much spectacle for an underground creole as he walks through the gates of Sheol. "I would have preferred to have been jettisoned into a thousand pieces in space, or filled with helium and floated above a mausoleum. This is no way to pay my last subterranean homesick dues. Anyway I'm out of the hands of any pervert embalmer doing his interpretation of what I should look like, stuffing his cotton wool in my cheeks".

Exhausted by all this conjecture, our hero gets the chance in a lifetime to meet his hero: Death. Death is wearing a light disguise, he made the outfit himself. He calls it the "Super-natural Anaesthetist". Death likes meeting people and wants to travel. Death approaches Rael with his special cannister, releases a puff, and appears to walk away content into the wall.

Rael touches his face to confirm he is still alive. He writes Death off as an illusion, but notices a thick musky scent hanging in the air. He moves to the corner where the scent is strongest, discovering a crack in the rubble through which it is entering. He tries to shift the stones and eventually clears a hole large enough to crawl out of. The perfume is even stronger on the other side and he sets off to find its source, with a new-found energy.

He finally reaches a very ornate pink-water pool. It is lavishly decorated with gold fittings. The walls around the pool are covered with a maroon velvet up which honeysuckle is growing. From out of the mist on the water comes a series of ripples. Three snake-like creatures are swimming towards Rael. Each reptilian creature has the diminutive head and breasts of a beautiful woman. His horror gives way to infatuation as their soft green eyes show their welcome. The Lamia invite him to taste the sweet water and he is quick to enter the pool. As soon as he swallows some liquid, a pale blue luminescence drips off from his skin. The Lamia lick the liquid; very gently as they begin, with each new touch he feels the need to give more and more. They knead his flesh until his bones appear to melt, and at a point at which he feels he cannot go beyond, they nibble at his body. Taking in the first drops of his blood, their eyes blacken and their bodies are shaken. Distraught with helpless passion he watches as his lovers die. In a desperate attempt to bring what is left of them into his being, he takes and eats their bodies, and struggles to leave his lovers' nest.

Leaving by the same door from which he had come in, he finds some sort of freaks ghetto on the other side. When they catch sight of him the entire street of distorted figures burst into laughter. One of the colony approaches him. He is grotesque in every feature, a mixture of ugly lumps and stumps.

His lips slip across his chin as he smiles in welcome and offers his slippery handshake. Rael is a little disillusioned, when the Slipperman reveals that the entire colony have one-by-one been through the same glorious romantic tragedy with the same three Lamia, who regenerate themselves every time, and that now Rael shares their physical appearance and shadowy fate.

Amongst the contorted faces of the Slippermen, Rael recognises what is left of his brother John. They hug each other, John bitterly explains that the entire life of the Slipperman is devoted to satisfying the never-ending hunger of the senses, which has been inherited from the Lamia. There is only one escape route; a dreaded visit to the notorious Doktor Dyper who will remove the source of the problems, or to put it less politely, castrate.

They discuss the deceptively-named escape for a long time and decide to go together to visit the Doktor. They survive the ordeal and are presented with the offensive weapons in sterile, yellow plastic tubes, with gold chains. "People usually wear them around their necks", said the Doktor handing them over. "The operation does not necessarily exclude use of the facility again, for short periods, but of course when you want it, you must provide us with considerable advance warning". As the brothers talk themselves through their new predicament, a big black raven flies into the cave, swoops down, grabs Rael's tube right out of his hands and carries it up into the air in his beak. Rael calls for John to go with him.

And he replies "I will not chase a black raven. Down here you must read and obey the omens. There's disaster where the raven flies". So once more John deserts his brother.

The bird leads Rael down a narrow tunnel, he seems to be allowing him to keep at a closed distance. But as Rael thinks he might almost catch the bird, the tunnel opens and finishes at an enormous subterranean ravine. Casually, the raven drops his precious load into the rushing waters at the bottom. It's enough to drive a poor boy ravin' mad.

Seeing the dangers of the steep cliff, our courageous hero stands impotent and glowers. He follows a small path along the top, and watches the tube bobbing up and down in the water as the fast current carries it away.

However, as he walks around a corner Rael sees a sky-light above him, apparently built into the bank. Through it he can see the green grass of home, well not exactly: he can see Broadway. His heart, now a little bristly, is shaken by a surge of joy and he starts to run, arms wide open, to the way out. At this precise point in time his ears pick up a voice screaming for help. Someone is struggling in the rapids below. It's John. He pauses for a moment remembering how his brother had abandoned him. Then the window begins to fade—its time for action.

He rushes to the cliff and scrambles down the rocks. It takes him a long time to get down to the water, trying to keep up with the current at the same time. As he nears the water's edge he sees John losing strength. He dives down into the cold water. At first he is thrown onto the rocks, and pulled under the water by a fast moving channel, which takes him right past John, down river. Rael manages to grab a rock, pull himself to the surface and catch his breath. As John is carried past, Rael throws himself in again and catches hold of his arm. He knocks John unconscious and then locking themselves together, he rides the rapids into the slow running water, where he can swim to safety.

But as he hauls his brother's limp body onto the bank he lies him out and looks hopefully into his eyes for a sign of life. He staggers back in recoil, for staring at him with eyes wide open is not John's face—but his own. Rael cannot look away from those eyes, mesmerized by his own image. In a quick movement, his consciousness darts from one face to the other, then back again, until his presence is no longer solidly contained in one or other.

In this fluid state he observes both bodies outlined in yellow and the surrounding scenery melting into a purple haze. With a sudden rush of energy up both spinal columns, their bodies, as well, finally dissolve into the haze.

All this takes place without a single sunset, without a single bell ringing and without a single blossom falling from the sky. Yet it fills everything with its mysterious intoxicating presence. It's over to you.

Copyright Peter Gabriel 1974

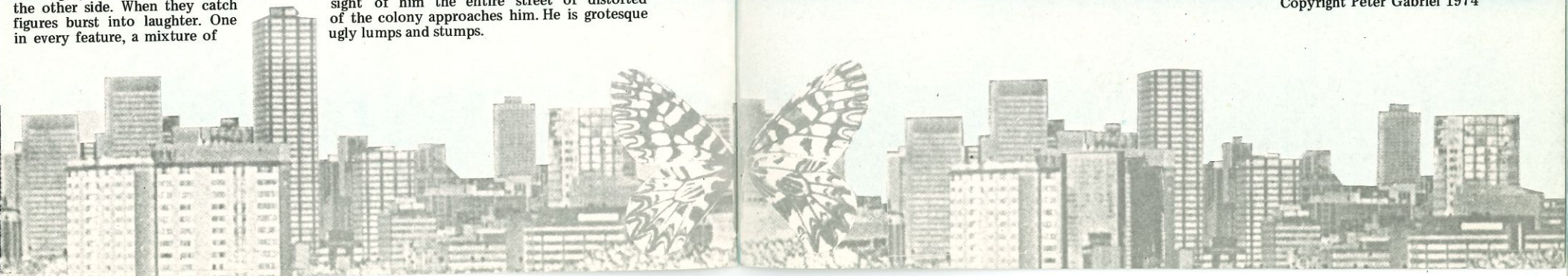




Photo: ARMANDO GALLO

ck in the late sixties progressive music
med all but dead, barely kept alive by
faint spark of a lingering mellotron.
ck audiences had overdosed on loud
etric psychedelic riffs and gentle acoustic
wer-power tunes, wondering all the time
there was anything more to progressive
sic than strobe lights, incense and the
d synthesizer. Just when adventurous
k seemed forever moving backwards,
nesis began flirting with multi-media con-
ts. The sixties had taken rock music
ough a natural evolution where technical
ipment and musical proficiency had been
eloped to it's sophisticated best. The
rious goal for forward moving seventies
k bands then, was to fuse the two
ether in a working relationship where
ic, words, lights and visuals would ideally
ne together forming a unified whole.

pected today for albums of surreal musi-
tales and a striking stage act Genesis
an strictly as songwriters determined to
their pop masterpieces to open ears.
le at school Peter Gabriel, Michael
herford and Tony Banks began a song
ing relationship that to this day forms
bulk of the Genesis fantasy. Confident
these early tunes were ideal top forty
erial, success eluded them. Left with no
er alternative, performing the songs
nselfs became the only solution.

er the bubblegum guru Jonathan King
o bestowed upon them a name Genesis,
an album, *From Genesis to Revelation*,
ch sounded more like a Moody Blues/
ol Harum synthesis than the usual Top
he Pops one hit wonders. Despite the
y recording effort, the group's surreal-
feel comes through the vinyl.

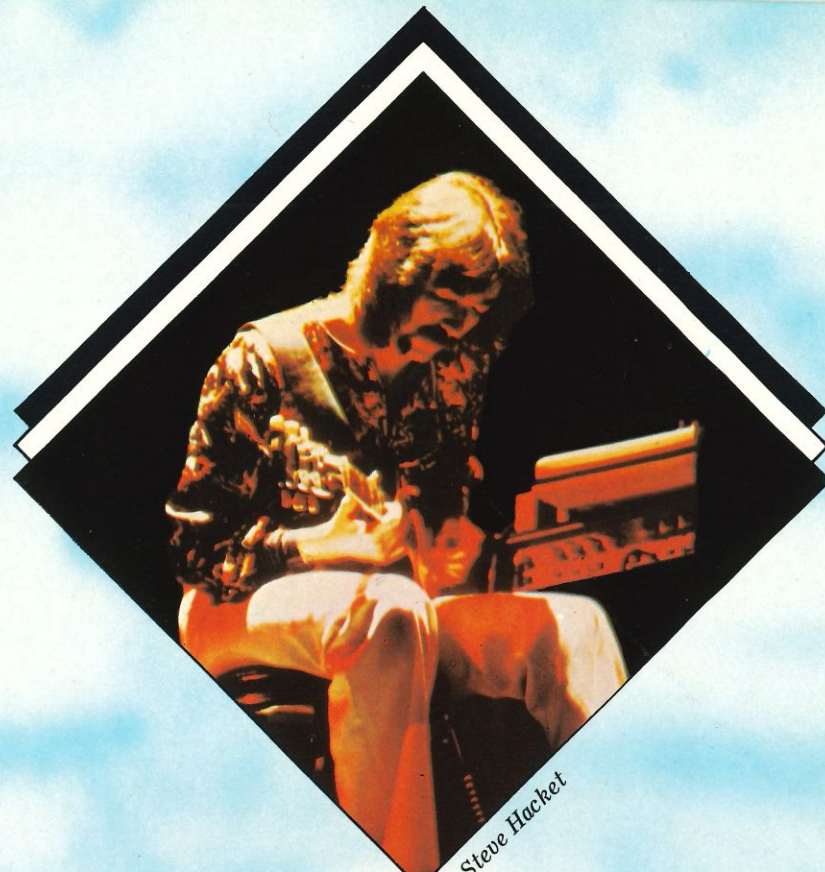
er securing a record deal with Charisma
1970, Genesis recorded *Trespass*, an
m that spurned the stage favourite The
e one of the few Genesis compositions
resemble anything remotely similar to
'n roll. *Trespass* is a frustrating album
isten to in retrospect, for one can easily
and feel the direction the band were
ing towards, and the difficulty they
e having getting there. The bands present
ngth in both popular acceptance and
tic accomplishment is no accident for

the group have evolved gradually.

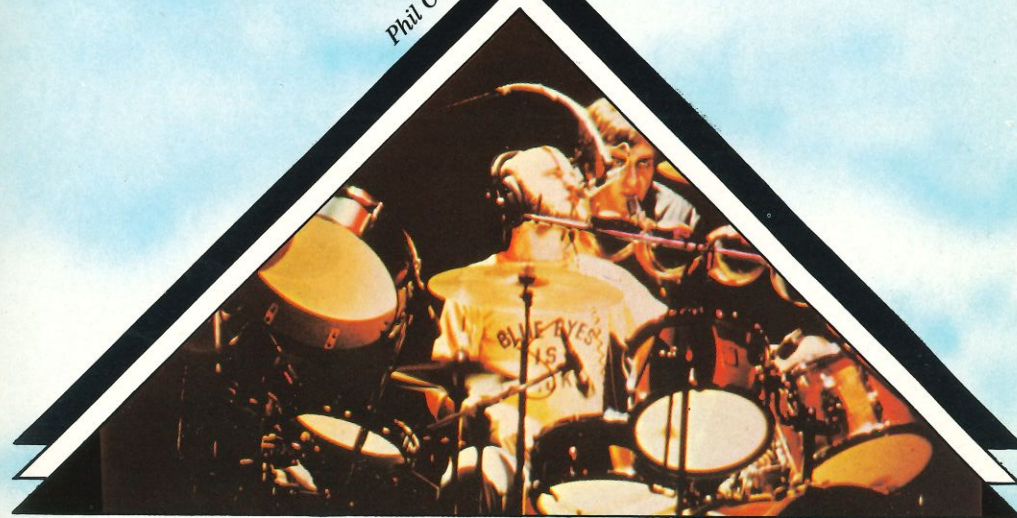
From their earliest concerts and records, the
group stubbornly insisted on doing every-
thing their own way, an individuality that
today seperates them from other 'progressive'
groups. Genesis were the naive rockers who
brought tea and toast to sleazy backstage
concerts as Gabriel began miming to some
of the more story-book lyrics in a last ditch
attempt to reach the audience. Record
companies demanded traditional single re-
leases that they refused to create. Genesis
headlined before they reached headlining
status as a problem quickly evolved, what
kind of band could they possibly open for?
This same problem was to plague them
during their first few American visits, where
a relatively unknown group found themselves
in the unique position of headlining concerts
Whether there were 400 or 4,000 people in
the audience, Genesis worked hard, hypno-
tically pulling the listener into their own
formless world. As the lyrics began to take
on a more animated form, as the music
became a soundtrack for a film that was
happening onstage, a clear direction evolved
for the group, merging theatrical stage visuals
with the music. Seventies rock was at last
moving forwards.

After *Trespass*, drummer John Mayhew and
guitarist/songwriter Anthony Philips left the
group. Phil Collins arrived at a time when
Genesis badly needed a healthy injection of
fresh blood and revitalized energy. His
musical adeptness and percussive proficiency
on drums made it that much easier for
Genesis to create the time changes so integral
to their world. Enter also Steve Hackett, a
guitarist capable of playing *with* a band,
capable of colouring various passages and
textures instead of only being able to play
the archetypal guitar solo. With Rutherford
on bass and acoustic guitars, Banks on key-
boards, mellotrons and synthesizers and
Gabriel onstage an occasional flute, Genesis
had gone through a necessary transforma-
tion, emerging unscared as one of the few
seventies bands moving towards tomorrow
instead of being merely content to recall
what was once yesterday.

From this transitional 1971 period, Genesis
began moving closer to bridging the gap



Phil Collins
Steve Hackett





Peter Gabriel

Michael Rutherford

between theatre and music both onstage and record. Yet the bands visual attempts at clearing up lyrical discrepancies, created some dire misconceptions which followed the group like the plague, and begged for clarification. The most common problems revolved around the group's position in the rock 'n roll hierarch, for both fans and enemies were confused about just where Genesis fitted in the rock family tree. And it came to pass that people wrongly assumed that Genesis bore a strong resemblance to bands like Yes, ELP musically and people like Alice Cooper and David Bowie visually. Musically all that bound those groups together was the keyboard based instruments used to colour different sounds. Time changes, chord structures, song construction, vocals and lyrics differ between them so much so that no obvious similarities exist. Visually Genesis share no bonds with other popular rock posers of our time. Unlike his contemporaries, Gabriel's stage movements bear a direct one to one relationship to the lyrics.

From the start Genesis have operated on the basic principle that the visuals, while often entertaining are merely a vehicle to make the songs themselves more easily understood and accessible. To this day the band insist that they are primarily songwriters who play at being musicians and then only later play at being presenters. The songs are most important, the visuals only an aid in emphasizing the songs themselves. While many of their contemporaries incorporate visuals in a purely transitory nature, content to elicit a round of oohs and aahs with various images and stage antics that are totally divorced from the song, Genesis strive to make the two one, to use the visuals to expand and explain the song.

"We're closer to cartoons than the conventional rock band", Gabriel once said. "As far as other bands go, I think we're in a little puddle all by ourselves". Genesis are working towards something closer to the Red Buddha Theatre than the rock bands they are so often compared with.

Nursery Cryme was the first album created by the present line-up and from the first disturbing notes of 'Musical Box' right

through the last grandiose mellotron chords of 'The Fountain of Salmacis' a difference between this and past albums is apparent. For the first time the band's creative intentions had been captured on vinyl and it became easier to understand exactly what the group was working towards. From the album came stage classics 'Return of the Giant Hogweed and The Musical Box' a definite attempt to fuse storybook fantasies with moody accompaniment. Both lyrics and music began to take on unique qualities; the stories were slightly vague and subtly weird while the music added to the uneasy eeriness of the tune. The group was progressing both as songwriters and musicians.

Not content to remain stationary, the Foxtrot album made fanatics out of fans and friends out of disbelievers. The album contained an impressive twenty minute futuristic opus entitled 'Supper's Ready' that quickly became the centre of attention of their much talked about stage show. In the beginning Gabriel would don the cover painting fox-head but that caricature was only vaguely connected with the albums lyrical themes. Eventually the band presented the whole piece onstage capturing the rock star as the second coming musically and visually much to the delight of the audience. With gentle, sweet voices, flashing strobe effects, searing mellotron orchestration, and animated visuals the piece would build to a spine-tingling crescendo, crashing to a surprise ending. Genesis were becoming immensely popular, for 'Supper's Ready' transcended the standard four minutes of decorated visuals, becoming a definite theatre piece complete with recurring passages and themes.

The band's following quickly spread to the Continent and across the Atlantic where Americans were particularly fascinated with their peculiar English surrealism. A transitional period followed, allowing the group to catch their breath and further develop the technical side of production and musical adeptness. Albums were months in the making, as they were a product of not one mind but five, and group equality was always stressed. 'Selling England By The Pound' confirmed suspicions that Genesis were becoming a self-contained unit,



Tony Banks

able of creating and sustaining musical gery both visually onstage and lyrically record with the musical accompaniment grated into the proceedings so that the ole equalled a solid, animated fantasy. this album the stories took a back seat to music while the group concentrated on eloping playing styles. Hackett's guitar avings became an integral part of the dy atmosphere, as Banks wisely kept his board playing melodic and lyrical instead succumbing to the obvious desire to ate a Third World War like so many of peers and contemporaries.

h the release of the album and the esequent stage show that followed, lighting d sound systems took a giant leap forward d one excitedly wondered what futuristic ights lay ahead. While the 'Foxtrot' tour tured an all white stage backdrop that ded to the feel of the music, this tour ected backdrop projections and the use of es, again coming closer to merging various dias into one. In the beginning the slide ow occasionally resembled a fairly 'what

we did on our holidays' approach but quickly grew more sophisticated.

Which brings us presently up to autumn 1974 and a new Genesis stage show based around their new double album 'Lamb lies down on Broadway'. Not a terribly wealthy band, Genesis continually feed profits back into the stage show. To convey the complex story line of the new album, visual aids will be used on three backdrop screens. hinting at three dimensional illusions, slowed down slides will also add to an animated feel. As always, these new technical improvements will serve as painted landscapes adding to the fantasy and clarifying the story line. While the emphasis remains on the music and players the show will be theatrical and exciting, the music and imagery will not be separate, but whole, working together to pull the listener into the Genesis fantasy and out of everyday street realities. What Genesis are working towards is the future and their present flirtation with multi-media concepts is only the beginning of a whole new world. Welcome.

Road Crew

Road Manager	Nick Blyth
Special Effects	Peter Hart
Lighting Designer	Alan Owen
Sound Mixing	Craig Schertz
Projections	David Lawrence

Plus a cast of thousands, including —

Jeff Banks, Dale, Randy, Lonnie, Bill Irving and David Kirkwood

Costume Design	Jane Highfield
PA Speakers	M.E.H.
Mixing Board	Roy Lamb
Lighting Rig	Showco
Trucking	Edwin Shirley
Group Travel	Freebird
Crew Transport	Streamline Sales
Slide Show	'Event Structure Research Group' Amsterdam
Merchandising	Mick & Gerald
Press Agent	Peter Thompson
Stage Design	Ian Knight
Printing & Design	Blue Egg Graphics

Thanks to Tony Smith (our Manager)

Could we have the cheque please. Wherever you are!

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Blue Egg Printing & Design Ltd