PhilkUm First Final Farewell Tour



Will (SUM) First Final Farewell Tour

First

Good evening everybody, and thanks for coming ...

this is, as the title suggests, the last full tour I'll be doing ... for various reasons really ... though nothing terminal!!! I do reserve the right however, to do the odd show here and there for whatever reasons that crop up, and I'm certainly not retiring ... Let's make that clear too!!! But I won't be like some others whose final tours go into double figures ... No, having been on the road for the better part of my life, I just want to see what else there is to be done out there and have a go. As well as that I have a young family due to start school soon and feel that fatherly duties have priority.

This would be a good opportunity then, if I were to take it, to be sentimental and gushy and burst into tears, sobbing as I drop to the floor ... thanking you all for being so loyal over the years, queueing in the rain for tickets, standing in the rain at Knebworth or some other open air gig, sitting in a car park in the rain waiting to get on the motorway at I a.m., so you can get home, dry off and pay the babysitter ... I know most of you have done that at some time, so don't think it's gone unnoticed ... no, this isn't "goodbye" ... just "au revoir" ...

Changing course a minute, in this "finale" there are a lot of people to thank. So, to start with ... the musicians on stage tonight, and all those who have been before, for all their endless patience and incredible talent. I've been lucky to have been able to "con" some of the best players and singers out there into risking their reputations under my employment ... endless gratitude ... and I hope it hasn't spoiled their chances of getting more work now ...

The crew ... without these guys ... and ladies ... the audio-visual feast you will hopefully enjoy tonight would not have been possible. Long after you and I are out of the car park and tucked into something soft and warm ... the dismantling, packing, loading, drinking, smoking, pulling, goes on well into the early morning ... finally arriving at the next city where it starts all over again.

Some of the people you will maybe catch a glimpse of tonight, lurking in the wings waiting for a guitar string to break or a drum skin to split, have been with me for 20 years or so ... such is their loyalty ... huge thanks and love to you all.

Tony Smith, he of the beard, who has managed Genesis and myself for over thirty years ... a daunting thought in itself ... has guided me and mine through many dodgy waters and slippery paths and become irreplaceable, though I would never tell him that!!! Thanks isn't really a big enough word.

Carol, Jo, Robin, Holly, Sue, Alan ... I know I'm going to forget someone ... are all part of the genesis family ... and therefore mine too. Thanks for everything you've done way above and beyond the call ... John Giddings and Michael Farrell, agents extraordinaire, who've plotted the course for all the tours across the globe ... thanks but can I go home now?!?!?!

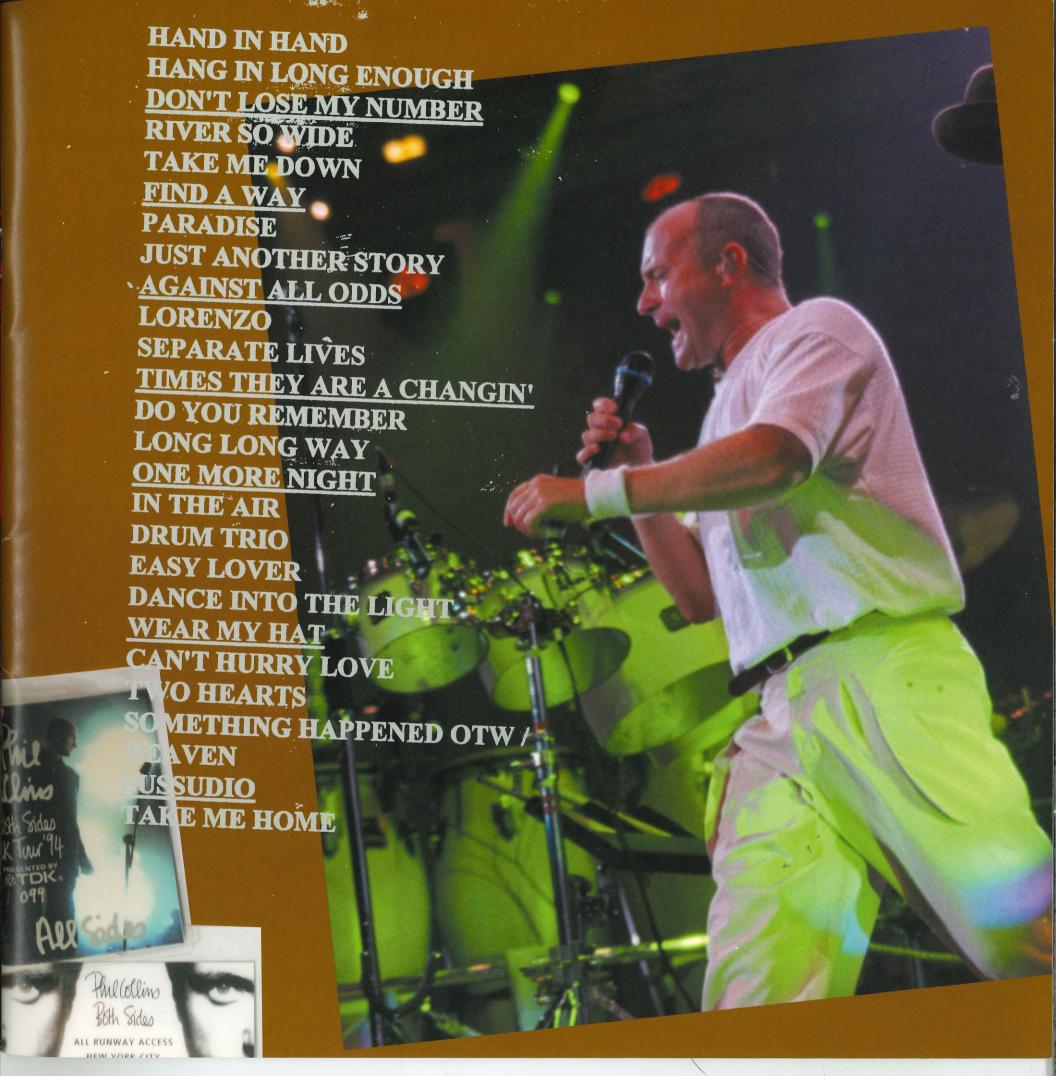
Then there's the family, my kids ... who have spent so much of their lives passing time in hotel rooms, limos, planes, dressing rooms, just because it's what dad does ... without complaint. I love you and of course my better half, Orianne ... who is my absolute rock ... I love you.

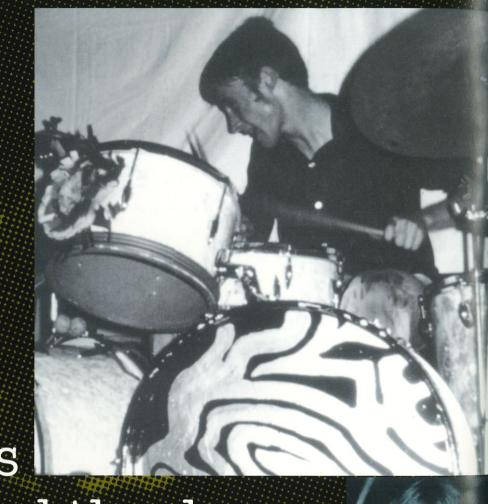
I said I wouldn't get sentimental and gushy ... so that's enough from me ... I hope you enjoy the music tonight, some of it may even have been a soundtrack to bits of your life ... parties, weddings, funerals, christenings, bar mitzvahs, sex, I've heard it has and I hope it's true!!!!!!

Big love ... Phil C









His future is behind the drums



Hello, I Must Be Going!



Besides The Beatles, my favourite band in the 60s were The Action. I finally met them a few years ago when they reformed for a Mod event, and I got to fulfill a dream playing their set sitting alongside Roger Powell (far left), one of my biggest drumming influences.

The title of Phil Collins's second solo album speaks for this moment, as the little big man makes his long goodbye on his Final Farewell Tour. No more global campaigns, no more living the mechanical life of hotel and tour bus, airports and gas stations, soundcheck and gig. The open road has many attractions, but after 34 years, man and boy, it's time to slow down. Hard travellin' takes no prisoners. The left ear doesn't register as well as it did. His young family, back in Geneva, needs him. Nicholas will soon be starting school.

Don't get him wrong. It's not hello, pipe and slippers. No way. Hollywood soundtracks beckon. More *Brother Bear* and Disney cartoons. Next year, with his stage musical of *Tarzan*, will be major. And there will still be performances—what he calls 'showcases'. This is Phil Collins, remember, for decades the hardest-working man in rock, who got his name in the record books by playing the same gig, same day on two continents. The inscription will be on his tombstone: Live Aid, July 13, 1985. An unrepeatable achievement, now Concorde has gone.

And how the years have flown with it. Let me take you back, as the man with the Big Red Book used to say, to January 30, 1951, the birthday of Philip David Charles Collins. 'I was born at a very early age,' he once quipped, with his Ronnie Scott-type muso's humour. In Chiswick, west London. The son of Greville, an insurance manager, and June, who runs a toyshop and is then the booker at a children's theatrical agency, the Barbara Speake Stage School, which young Philip eventually joins.

Greville is a typical 50s father: loving but uncommunicative. He watches TV while, up in his bedroom, Phil the mohaired Mod plays records by The Byrds, The Beatles, Stax and Motown, and listens hard to Roger Powell drumming for The Action. Father and son pass on the stairs. Years later, when Greville has departed, Phil will regret all the words they never spoke in All Of My Life. Trying not to make the same mistakes, he will write Father To Son for Simon, his eldest boy. His youngest he will one day name Nicholas Grev Collins.

June is different: a bit of a stage mother, naturally, because at 15 Phil is doing seven months as the Artful Dodger in Oliver! on the West End. He also has fleeting moments in A Hard Day's Night and Chitty Chitty Bang Bang.

A showbiz career looks promising – until he comes right out with it and says no, his future is behind the drums.



His parents only have themselves to blame, buying him a snare drum at three years of age and a toy kit at five. All through school, he's been paradiddling on his desk with 12-inch rulers. Very soon he's in a band, Flaming Youth, one of a thousand London hopefuls – down Jack Barrie's Marquee most nights, or drinking in the Ship and La Chasse a few doors up Wardour Street. Pity they never make it.

His one highlight is playing congas on a session for George Harrison's *All Things Must Pass*, with Phil Spector

A typical fan of this period, Phil once explains, not unkindly, is a spotty autograph hunter from Manchester with a fishing hat, a long coat and a bunch of Genesis albums under his arm.

screaming for more and more percussion until his 17-year-old hands are red and blistered. Then, on the hallowed LP, he's vanished without trace.

Not until 1970 does it all start to come good. He answers a *Melody Maker* ad for a drummer with Genesis, who have made one Decca LP called *From Genesis To Revelation*. He should have known what to expect, with a title like that: Art with a capital F, as the Bonzo Dog humorist, Vivian Stanshall, used to say. Progressive or art rock, as the *MM* prefers.

Genesis is a bunch of childhood chums from Charterhouse public school, whose singer and lyricist is a pretty boy named Gabriel, as eloquent and flamboyant onstage as he is tongue-tied off it. But blokey Phil somehow fits in. By now, he can really play, untutored as he is; and he definitely needs to, because Genesis favour tricky time signatures, and the chords change almost as much as the costumes. He will never truly understand the meaning of *The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway*, but it doesn't matter: fans seem to relish the obscurity. It's a badge that sets them apart. A typical fan of this period, Phil once explains, not unkindly, is a spotty autograph hunter from Manchester with a fishing hat, a long coat and a bunch of Genesis albums under his arm. Where is that fan now? Are you here tonight?

It wouldn't be a surprise. The Beatles aside, never has a band inspired so much devotion, and never has a band tested that devotion for so long. History records that Genesis will keep on touring until May 1998, 32 years after they started. But no one would have believed this in 1975. That's when, after a series of cultish albums (Foxtrot,





Genesis Live, Selling England By The Pound and The Lamb), Peter Gabriel leaves for a solo career of spasmodic brilliance, and Phil, who has only ever written one song for the band, steps up to the mike.

No question: some people are sniffy about him. Drummers don't make singers: look at Ringo. He has to defeat 400 other applicants for the job. Even Tony Stratton-Smith, who owns their British label, Charisma, says he is barely adequate. But Phil is plucky as a gamecock; he's starting to realise he can do anything.

He has sung harmonies with Gabriel, and his voice, high and soulful, is superficially similar. But now his robust

presence, and a growing appreciation of jazz and big bands, focuses and transforms the music. Secretly, the other guys, Tony Banks, Steve Hackett and Mike Rutherford, feel relief, and it's not misplaced. Revitalised by their pocket Napoleon, Genesis survive punk and begin 'conquering' the world. ... And Then There Were Three is UK #3 in April '78.

In March '80, *Duke* hits the top spot and is #11 Stateside. Bingo! Money, fame, reputation.

Except that Phil feels unhappy. He's turned into this workaholic, playing on the side with his own jazz-rock group, Brand X, producing old muckers he admires, like John Martyn, and doing sessions with a gallimaufry of people, from Brian Eno to Rod Argent. As Bob Geldof says, 'He's bloody everywhere.' Well, everywhere but at home. That's the problem. Relations with Andrea, Simon's mother, are going badly. She's had a little fling with their painter and decorator and split to Vancouver. Hello, she must be going.

But per ardua ad astra. What should an artist do with bad experience but turn it into song? Alone in Surrey, in his anger and misery, Phil has been demo-ing these very

personal songs: maybe too simple for Genesis, but Eric the next-door-neighbour likes them and has contributed guitar. More especially, Ahmet Ertegun, who owns Atlantic Records and is a legend, wants them, as does Richard Branson, who owns Virgin and is about to be a legend. Hackett has already done his solo album. That settles it. He and Genesis producer Hugh Padgham disappear into the Townhouse and emerge with Face Value.

It's released in February 1981, just as he turns 30, and is an instant hit: #1 in Britain, #7 in the US. He can barely believe it. But from the opening drum roll of *In The Air Tonight*, as ominous as thunder, his solo career is assured – and his first marriage is over. It doesn't help that when

he plays it on *Top of the Pops*, there's a brush and pot of paint on top of the piano, though he swears to this day it was unintentional.

Eighties' pop is commercially dominated by two performers, Michael Jackson and Phil Collins; but since Phil also continues to play with Genesis, now a global

supergroup, he shades the neutral's vote. Moreover, throughout the 80s he's more in demand than ever on other artists' albums and tours. There's Clapton, of course, and Robert Plant, Abba's Anni-Frid, Adam Ant, Paul McCartney and Philip Bailey – a massive hit duet with Easy Lover. It's not unhappiness. Working with others has become his idea of relaxation. Somehow, the old thespian even finds time to act in an episode of Miami Vice and play a Great Train Robber in Buster.

Definitely, he can do no wrong. And, as Mel Brooks says, it's good to be the king: you get to meet the princess – in his case, Princess Di, a huge fan, who has never knowingly worn a fishing hat to a concert. In America, the brothers love him, too. Hip-hoppers sample his records and black urban stars record a tribute album. Ice-T says, 'Don't mess with my Phil.'



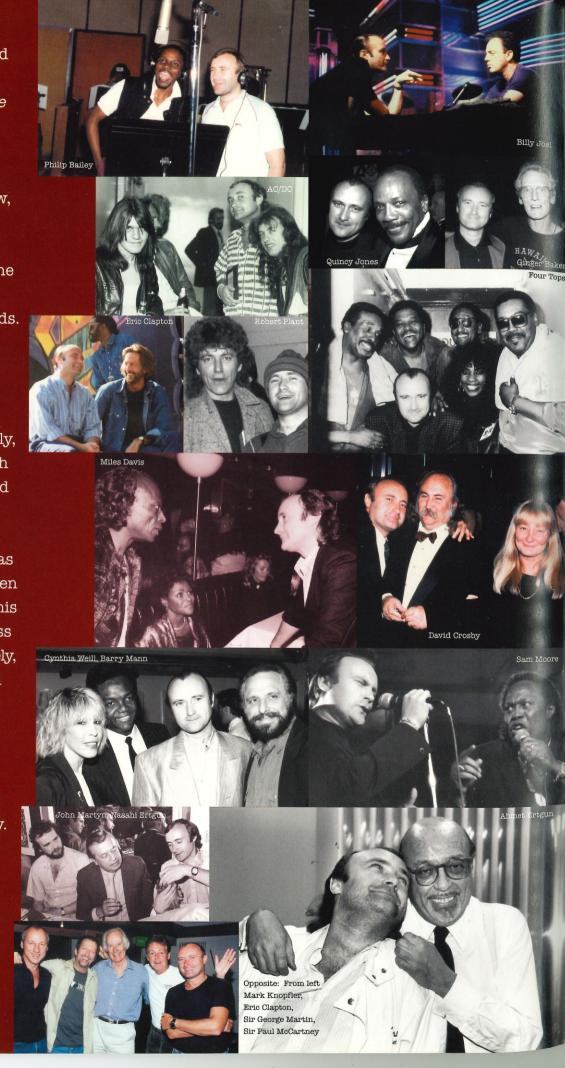
No Jacket Required (1985) makes #1 in both the US and UK album charts, faster than Jackson's Thriller, and produces two chart-topping monsters, Sussudio and One More Night. In 1989, ... But Seriously, another #1, sells 5m in the US alone. Barely pausing for breath, he keeps hitting the sweet spot with his soul stew of stabbing Phenix Horn riffs and romantic piano ballads. Slow, slow, quick quick slow. The world dances to Phil Collins.

But, as the 90s come along, there is something else in the air, something beyond pop. For years he has been a patron of the Prince's Trust, helping underprivileged kids. Now he really starts putting the phil into philanthropy: funding homeless organisations, helping educate black teachers in South Africa, giving money to its struggle against Aids. He writes *Colours*, about racism, and *Another Day In Paradise*, about street begging. Eventually, he starts his own children's charity, *Little Dreams*. A rich man's sudden attack of conscience, sneer the comics and the critics. But isn't it better to give than receive?

Less philanthropic matters are troubling him, too. He has married Jill, a petite Los Angeles schoolteacher, and it's been happy, with little Lily to show for it. But then a girl from his flaming youth reappears, and what's unfinished business with her finishes off his second marriage instead. Instinctively, he does what he did once before: he writes about it, a full confession, only this time the album, *Both Sides* (1993), doesn't sell quite as well (though it's still a British #1).

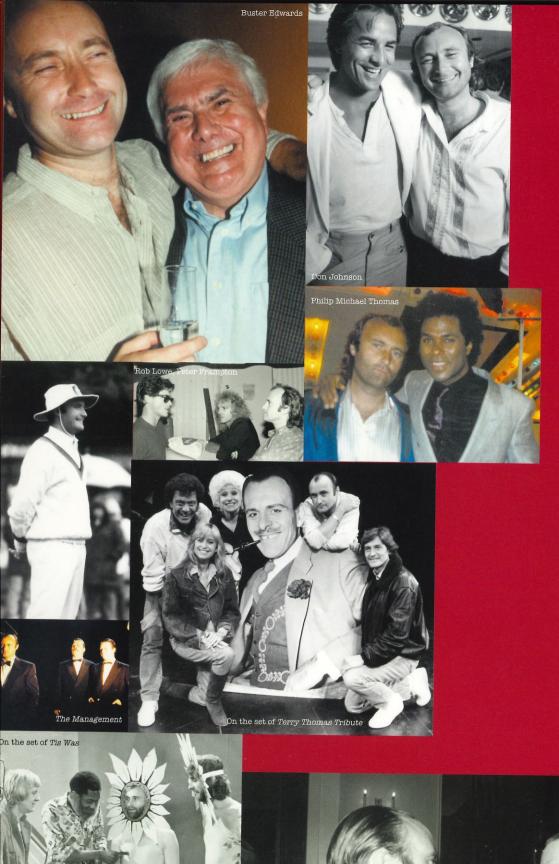
'There are some beautiful songs here,' he complains to friends, 'but people don't get it'. He says the same about *Testify* a few years later. 'That's it,' he says, fatalistically. 'There goes my career. Many people have had their 15 minutes of fame. I was lucky. I got two hours.'

That's Phil for you, worrying unnecessarily. He gets over it – but a big decision is taking shape; and when his ear specialist tells him not to go out on the road again, he knows for sure that his grand touring days have finally





face value

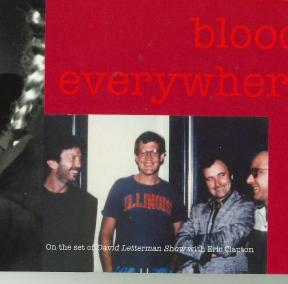


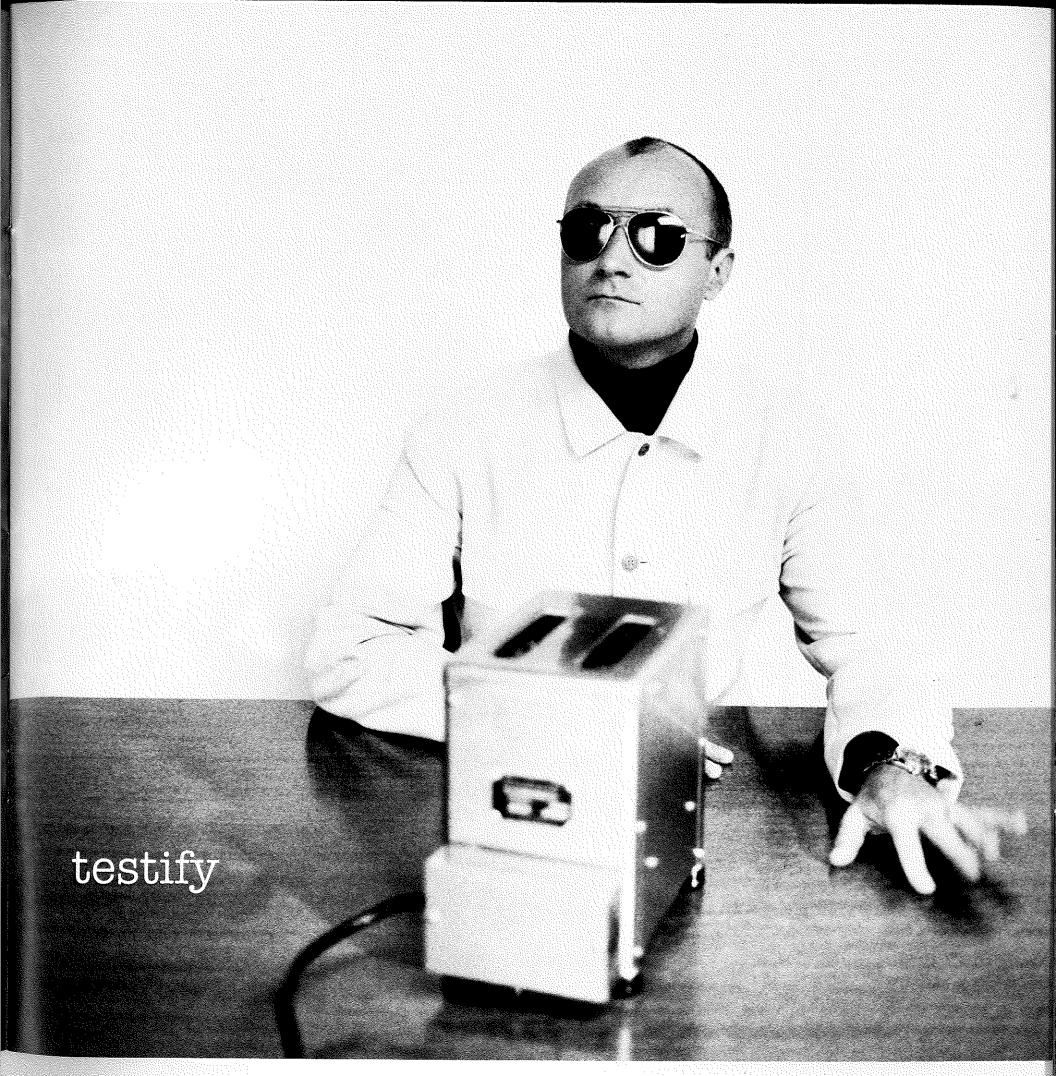
ended. He's already left Genesis (on March 29, 1996), and closed several long chapters in the Big Red Book. But, frankly, nothing in the world matters now because he's met the girl of his dreams – done a Del Shannon and fallen for a beautiful Swiss Maid, whom he says he fell in love with at first sight, 'somewhere between the hotel and the airport'. Orianne, 21 years his junior (the newspapers pointedly spell this out), had been acting as his interpreter.

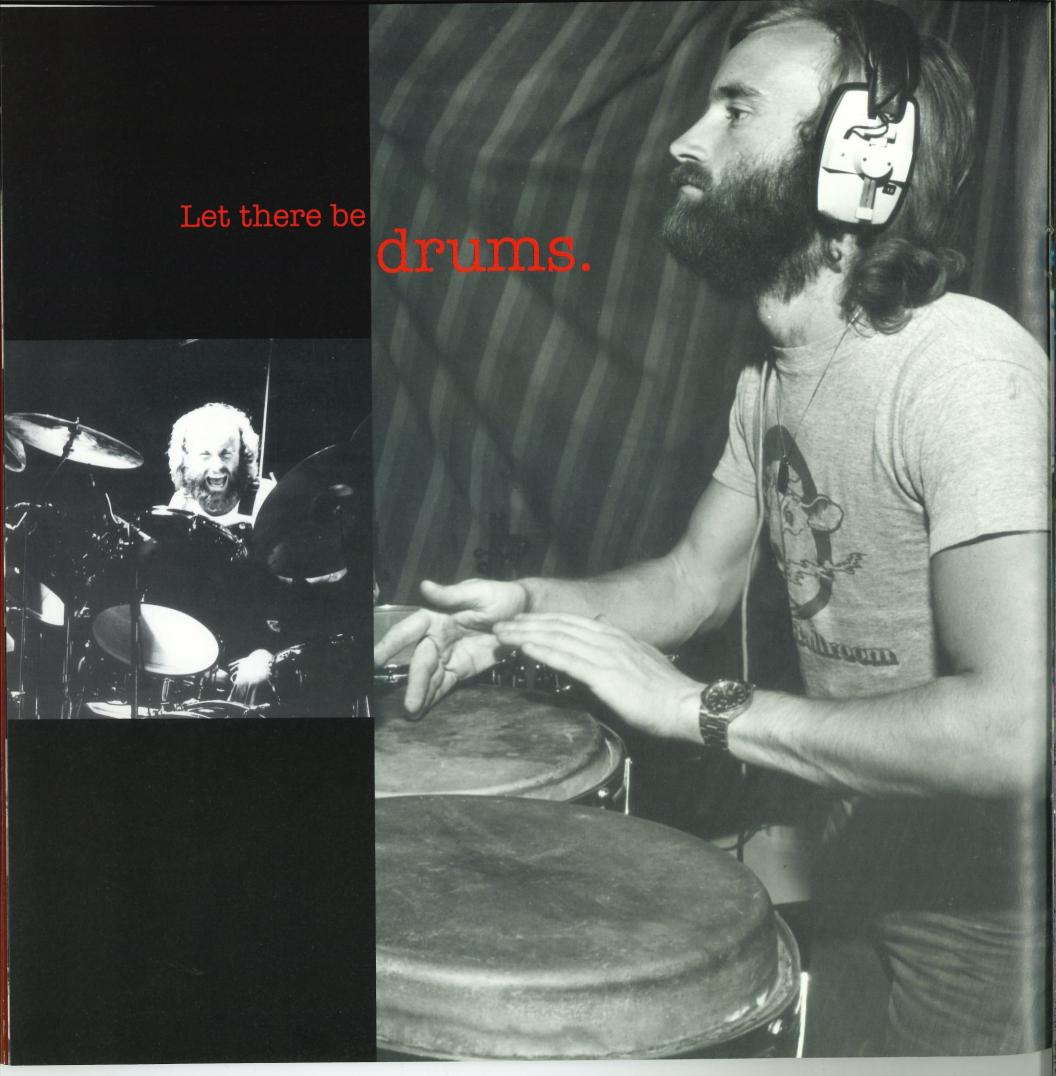
Romantic that he is, he's written all these painful songs, spent all these years on the road, just to find the right woman. He may as well hang a sign above his door that reads: Dunroamin. 'Now I just do what I want to do,' he insists, 'at whatever speed I want, in the slow lane. I don't mind the Robbies and the Kylies speeding past me in the fast lane.' Or so he says.

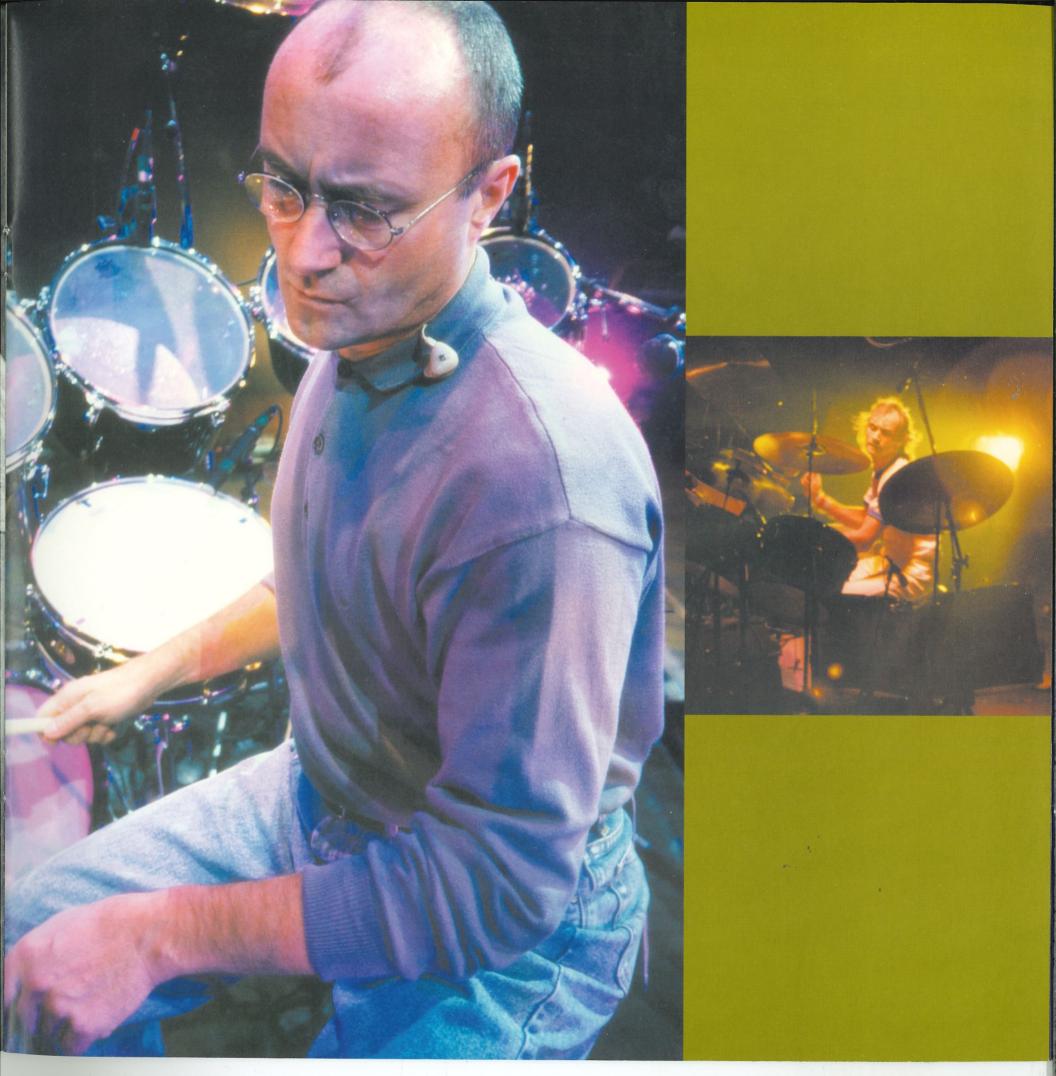
In years to come, they will pick over his bones and decide he was that unusual thing: a popular musician who was genuinely popular with the public and fellow musicians alike; a superstar who was remarkably unstarry, without need of gimmicks or celebrity, who let his talent tell the story, who could do it all and do it well: sing, act, write, play – records, movies, musicals. But who, in his heart, was a drummer who opened his final shows behind his kit, because it was where he started and where he will finish.

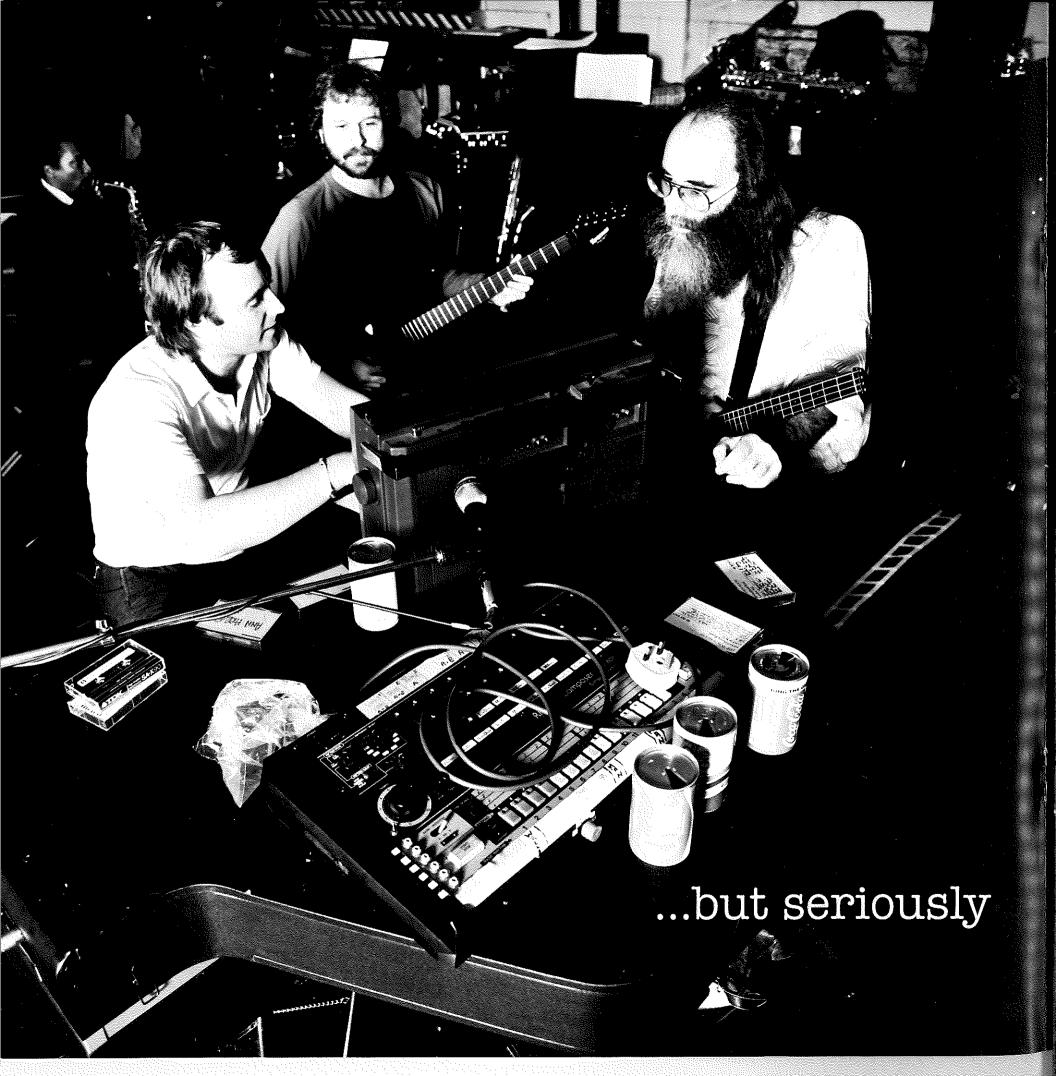
Enough. Now let there be drums.



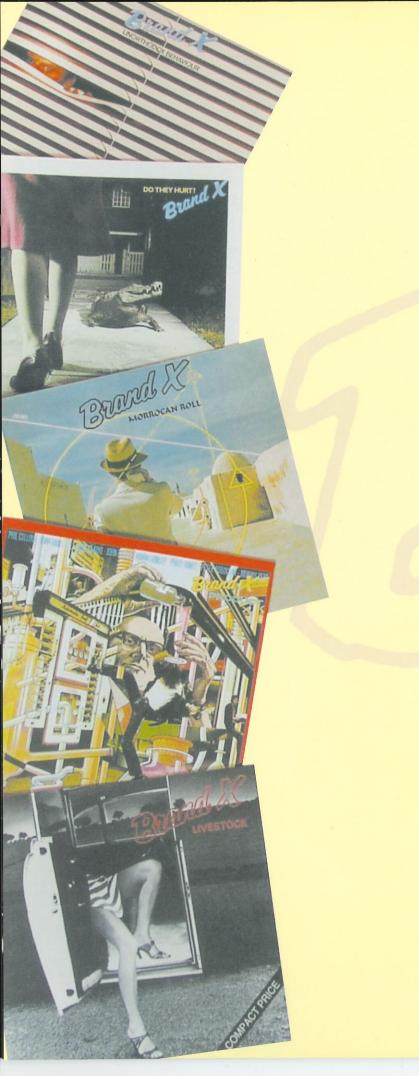


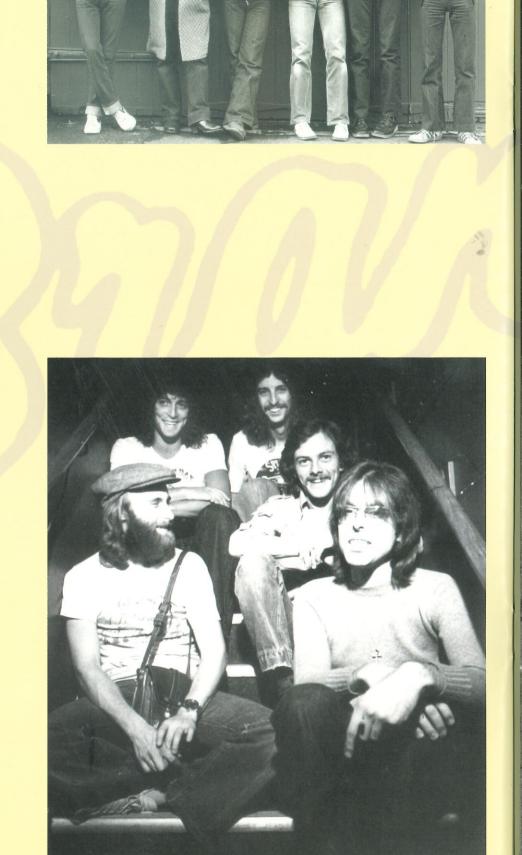




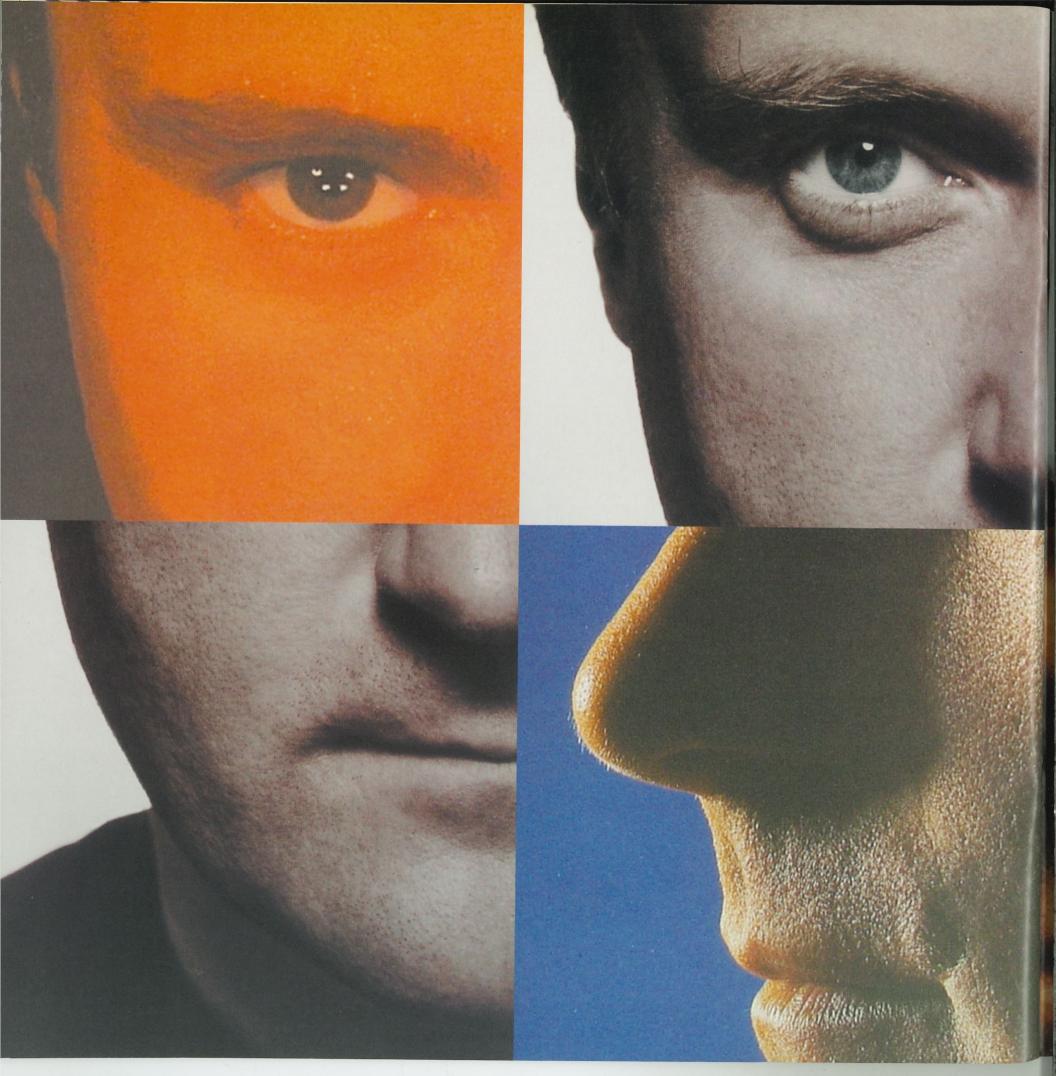


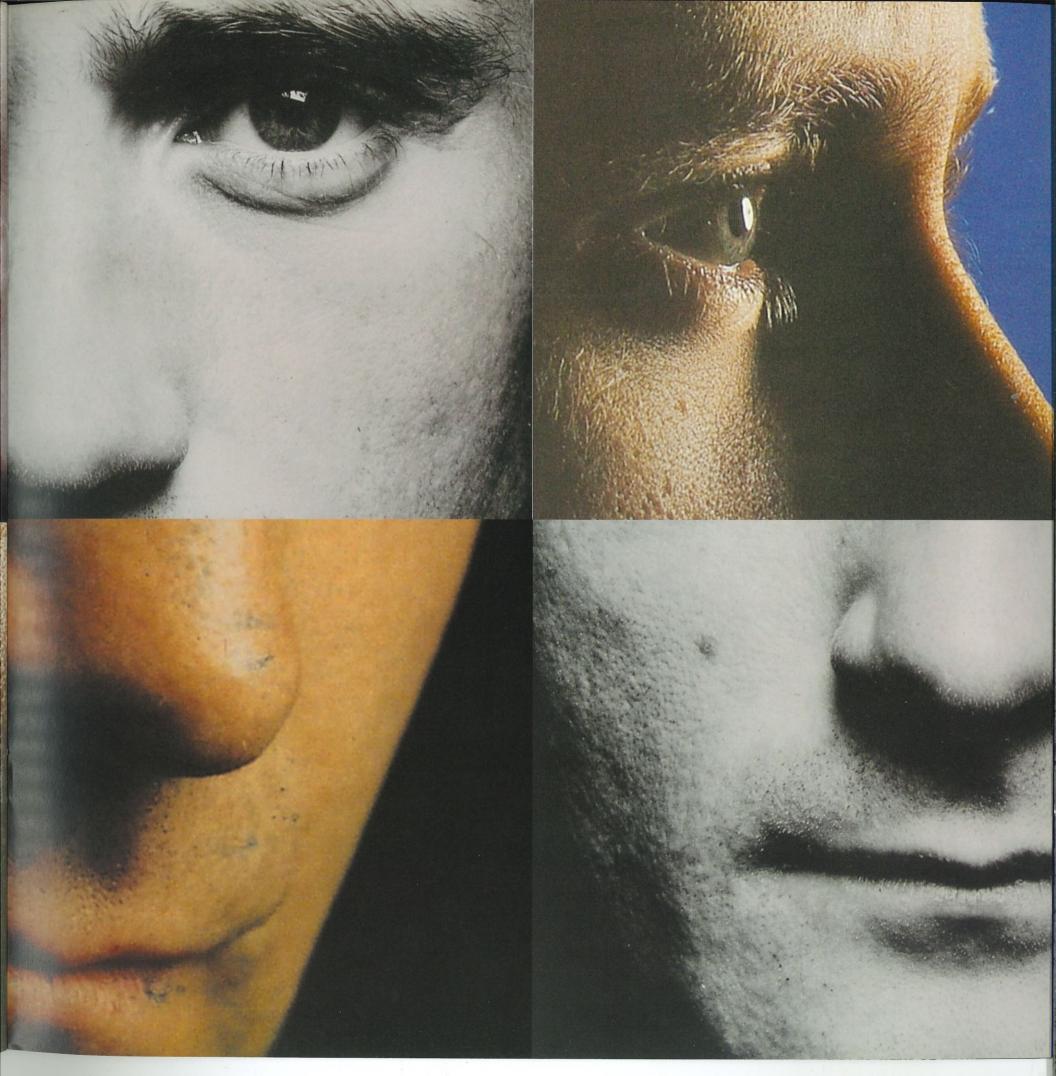
in the air tonight

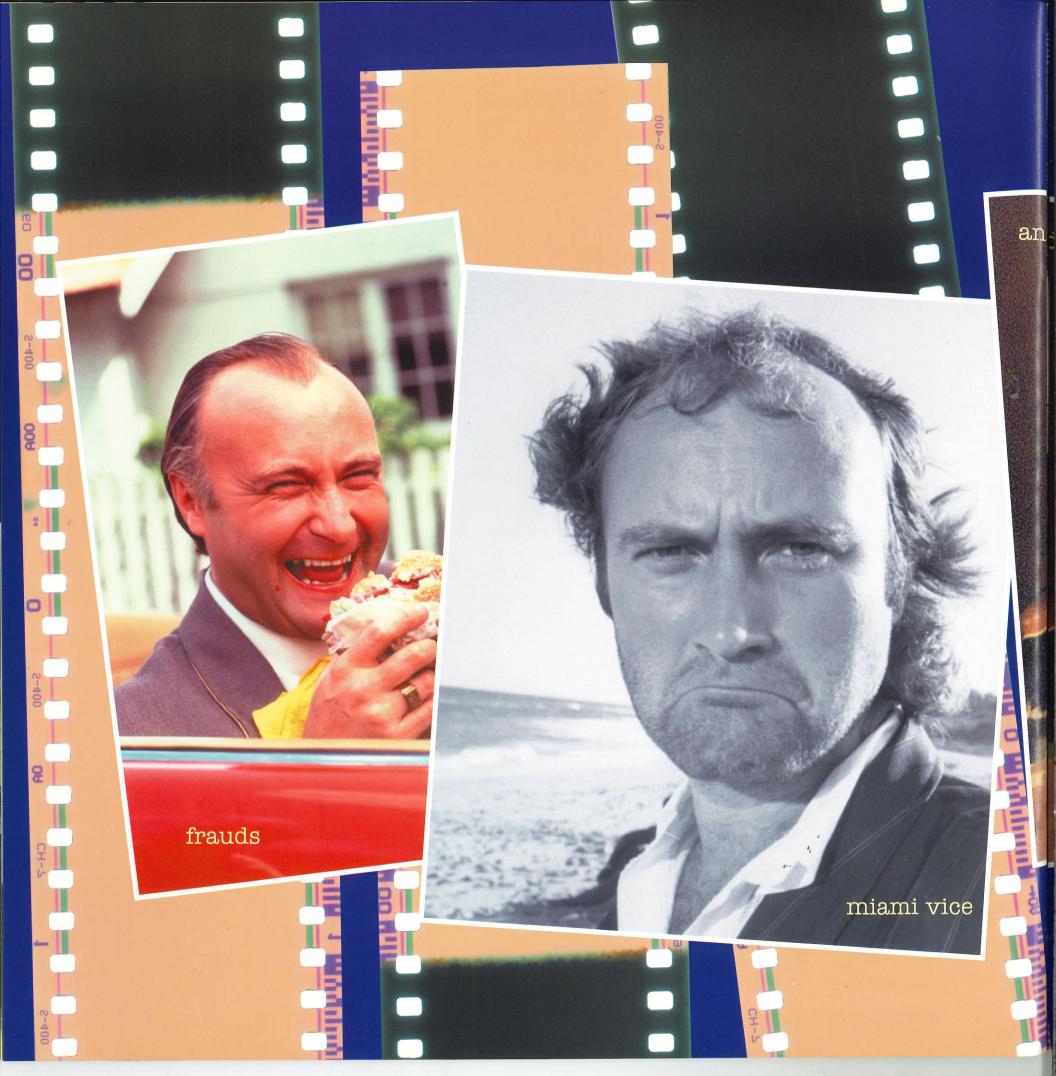


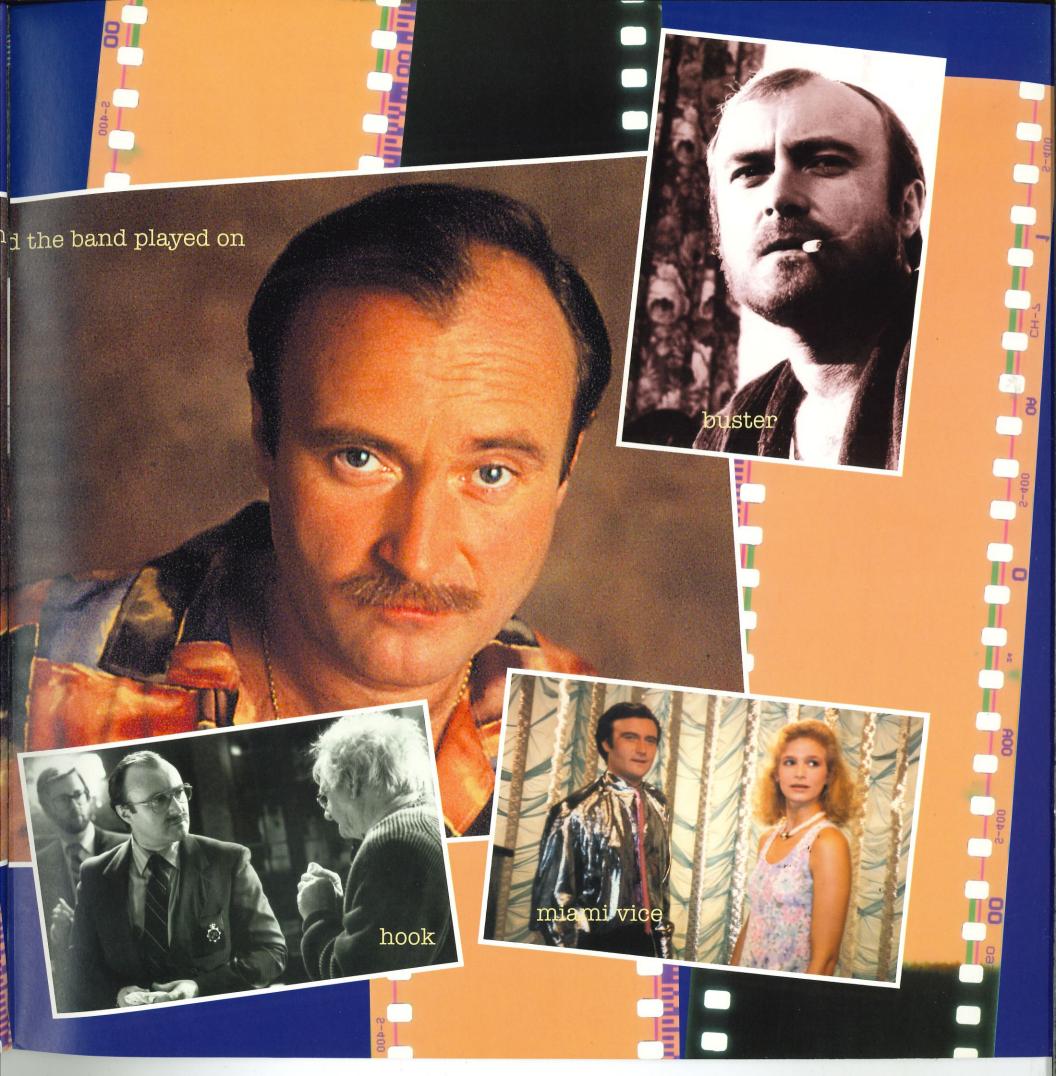


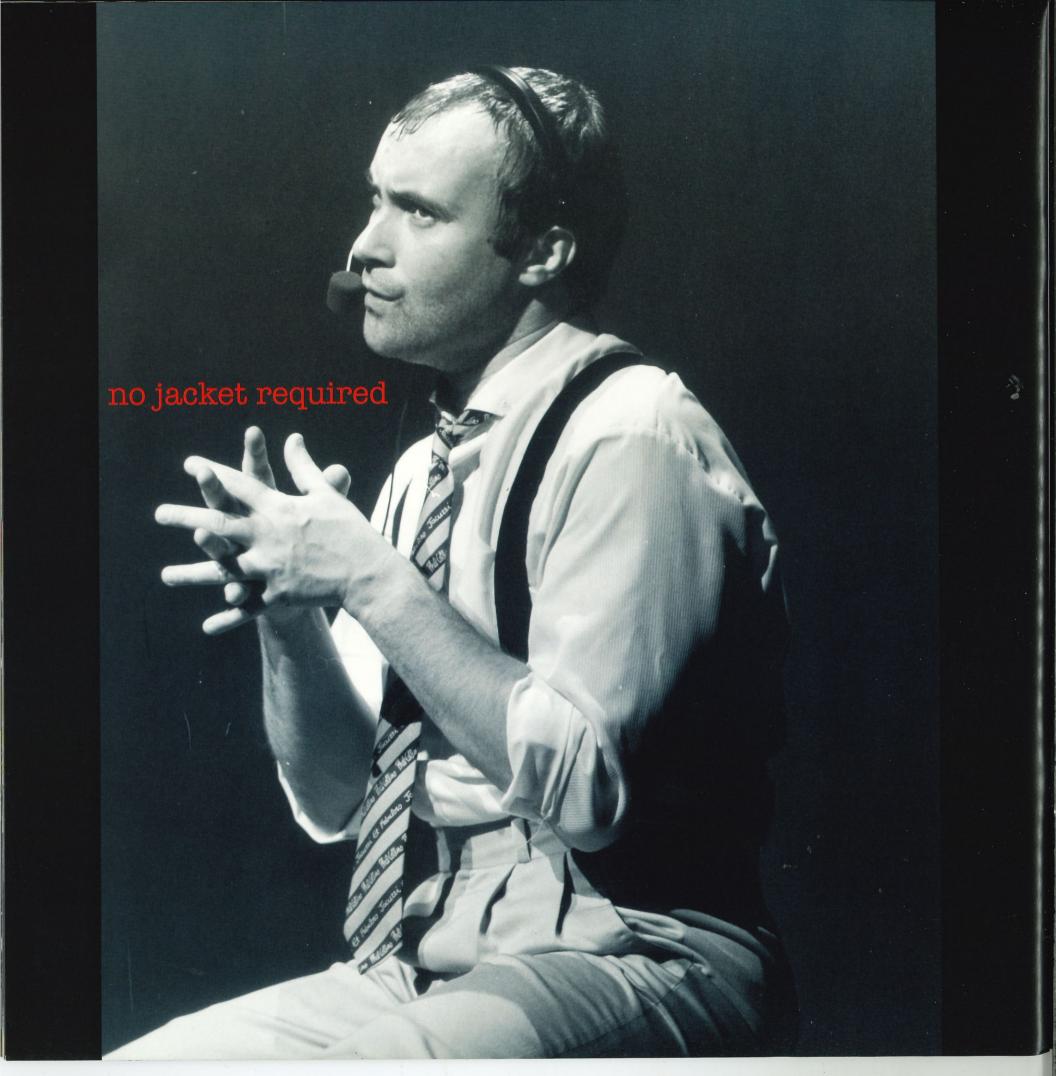






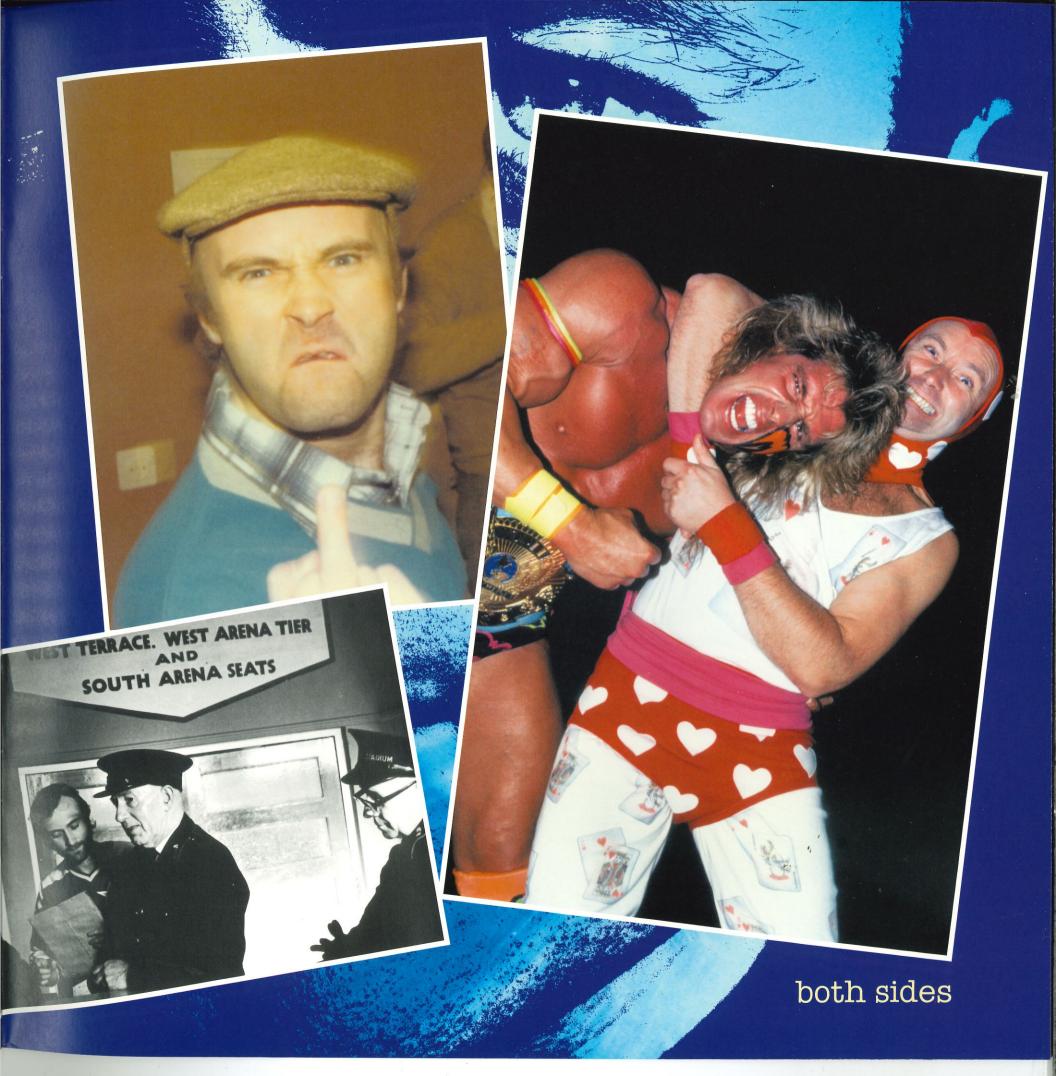






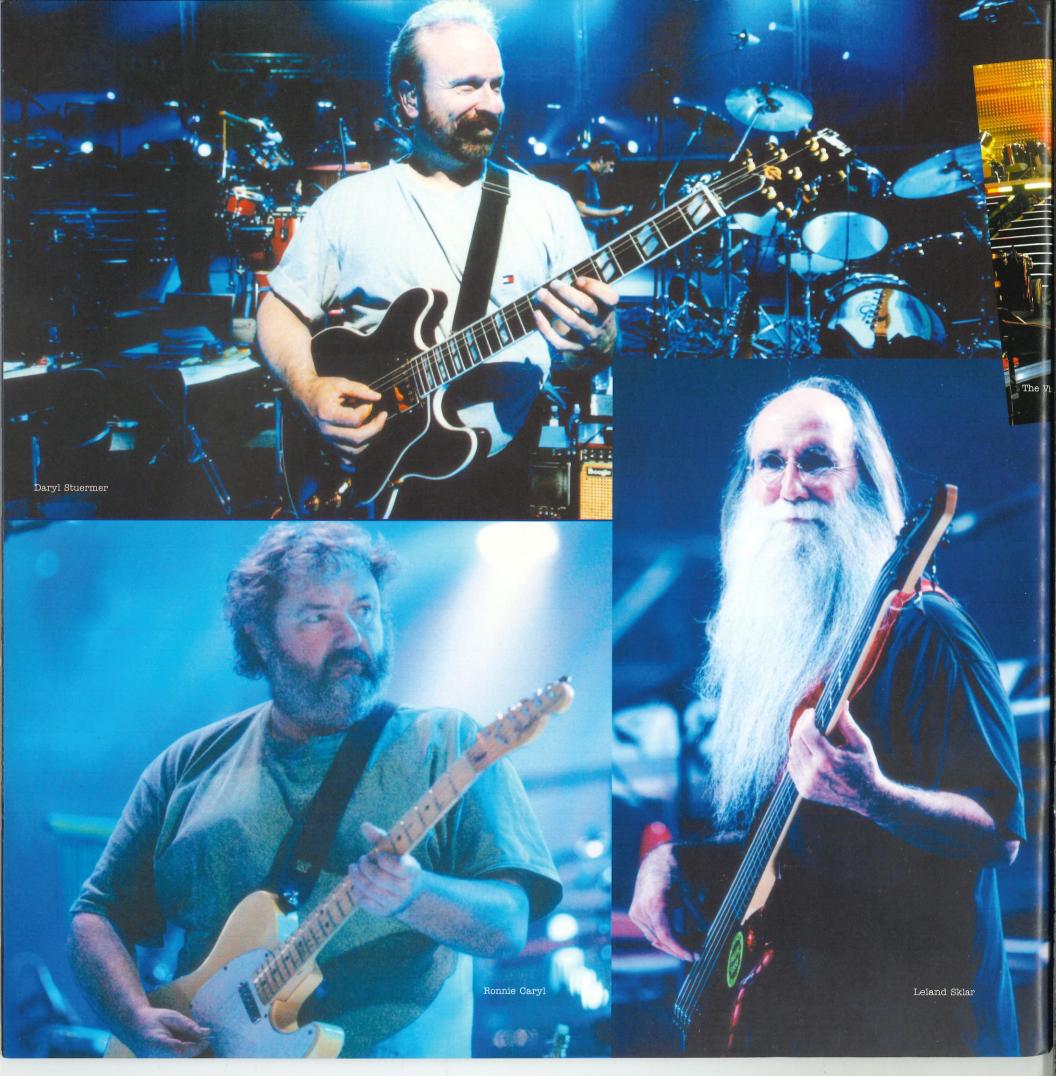
0 0 dance into the light

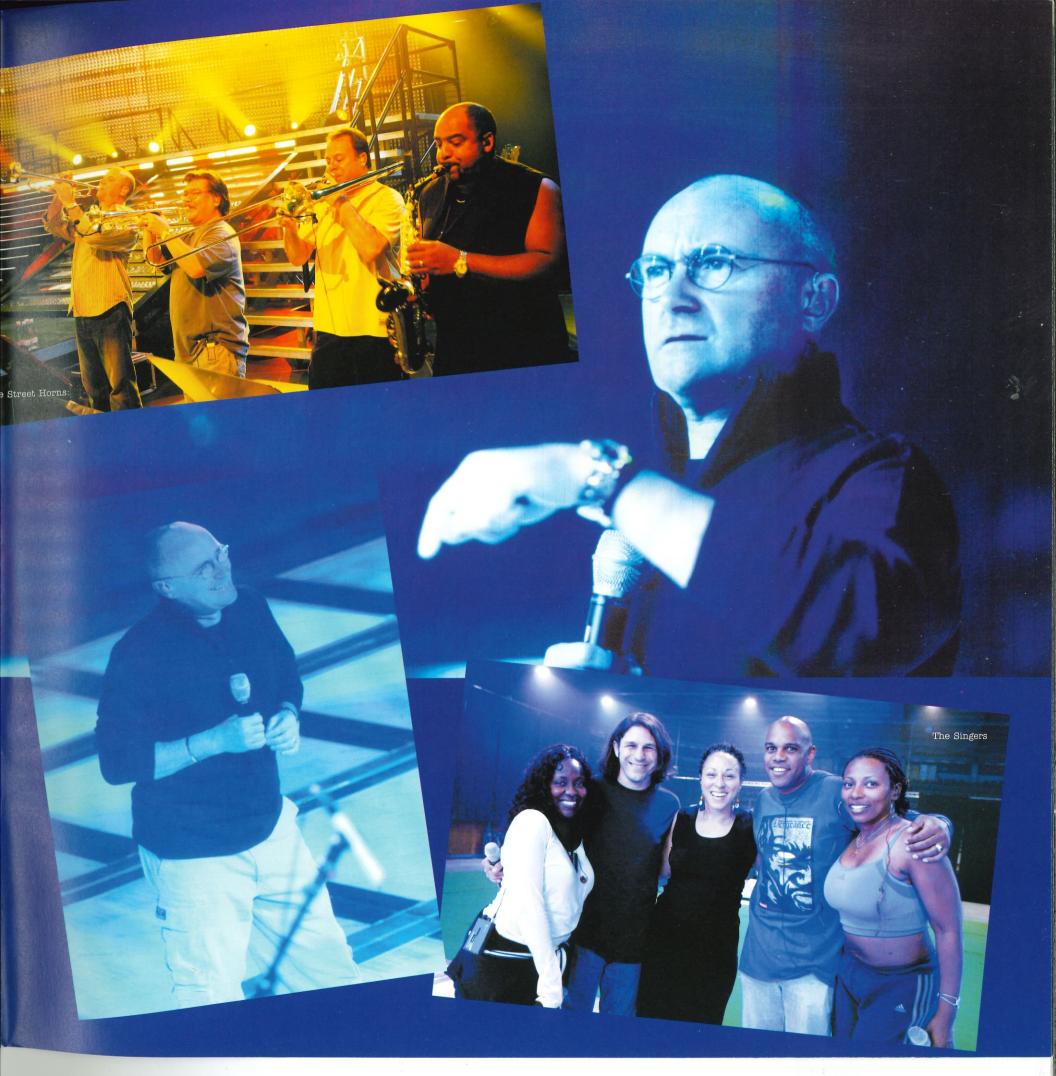














The Band:
Phil Collins Lead Vocals/Drums
Brad Cole Keyboards
Daryl Stuermer Guitar
Ronnie Caryl Guitar
Chester Thompson Drums
Luis Conte Percussion
Leland Sklar Bass Guitar

The Singers: Amy Keys Lamont Vanhook Lynne Fiddmont-Lindsey Connie Jackson-Comegys Bill Cantos

The Vine Street Horns: Harry Kim *Trumpet* Gerald Albright *Sax* Dan Fornero *Trumpet* Arturo Velasco *Trombone*

The Crew:
Tony Smith Tour Director
Tim Brockman Tour Manager
Steve "Pud" Jones Production Manager
Howard Hopkins Production Manager
Danny Gillen Personal Assistant to PC
Nicky Kenward Tour Accountant
Jaquelyne Ledent-Vilain Media Relations
Noel Rush Assist Tour Manager/Security
Jane Finn Production Assistant
Patrick Vogelsang Air Traffic Control

Vince Foster Lighting Designer Tellson James Lighting Operator

Michel Colin Front of House Engineer Alain Schneebeli Monitor Engineer

Richard Turner & Lydia Baker Screen Content Creation

Paul Eastman Backline/Keyboards Brad "Munchie" March Backline/Drums Aidan Mullen Backline/Guitars Dave Rule Backline/Guitars Mark "Wiff" Smith Backline/Drums

Scotty Duhig Lighting Crew Chief Carl Boswell Lighting Tech Joey Chardukian Lighting Tech Melton Dorough Lighting Tech Craig Harrower Lighting Tech Patrick Thomsen Lighting Tech
Ruud Werkhoven Lighting Motion Control

Ruary Macphie Video Director Stuart Heaney Video Engineer Mark Cruikshank Cameraman Larn Poland Cameraman Pieter Laleman LED Tech Stuart Mercer LED Tech Icarus Wilson-Wright LED Tech

Emmanuel Gares Sound Tech Olivier Corthsey Sound Tech Vincent Villard Sound Tech Adrien Coendoz Sound Tech

David Lloyd Rowe Lead Rigger Vincent Rivenell Rigger

Eileen Licitri *Wardrobe* Martha Heckman *Wardrobe*

Michael Humeniuk Lead Carpenter Bruce Haynes Carpenter Bob Madison Carpenter Eli Cohl Carpenter

Andrew "Wilf" Donaldson Chef Tanya Weltert Caterer Helen Bone-Andriske Caterer Kerry Donald Caterer Keith Forrest Caterer Tamara Silver Caterer

Peter Edmonds Stadium Site Coordinator

The Truck Drivers:
Herbie Bayliss-Smith Lead Truck Driver
Rob Atkin
Pete Simmons
Andy Barr
Pete Barrington-Coombe
Mark Phillips
Glyn Mount
Jason Fisher

The Bus Drivers: Tim Turbill Mike Birch Paul Robinson Alan Watkins

John Thompson

Matt Sharp

Management:
Tony Smith: Personal Management

Booking Agent (Europe/UK): SOLO

Production Company: Kingstreet Tours (PC) Ltd.

Tour Management: Event 360, Inc.

Production Management: Hopkins Management Group

Insurance: Robertson Taylor

Band Air Charter: Global Jet Concept

Travel Agents (Europe): Altour International

Sound: Hyperson

Lights: VLPS Lighting Services

Motion Control: Flashlight Rental

Busses: Phoenix Bussing

Trucks: Redburn Transfer Ltd

Video: Blink TV Cargo: Rock-It Cargo

Ct. d. a m.t.l T.l

Staging: Total Fabrication Ltd. Catering: Flying Saucers

Radios: Music Bank

Passes: Cube Services

Itineraries: Smart Art

Band Ground Transport(Europe): STS Star Travel Services Merchandising: Firebrand Live Cinderblock Touring Hi Fidelity Entertainment

Merchandising Crew:
Jeff Condon Tour Operator
Perry Leach Tour Operator
Dave Hutchinson Merchandise Driver

www.philcollins.co.uk

For live photography from the tour go to: www.fansunited.com

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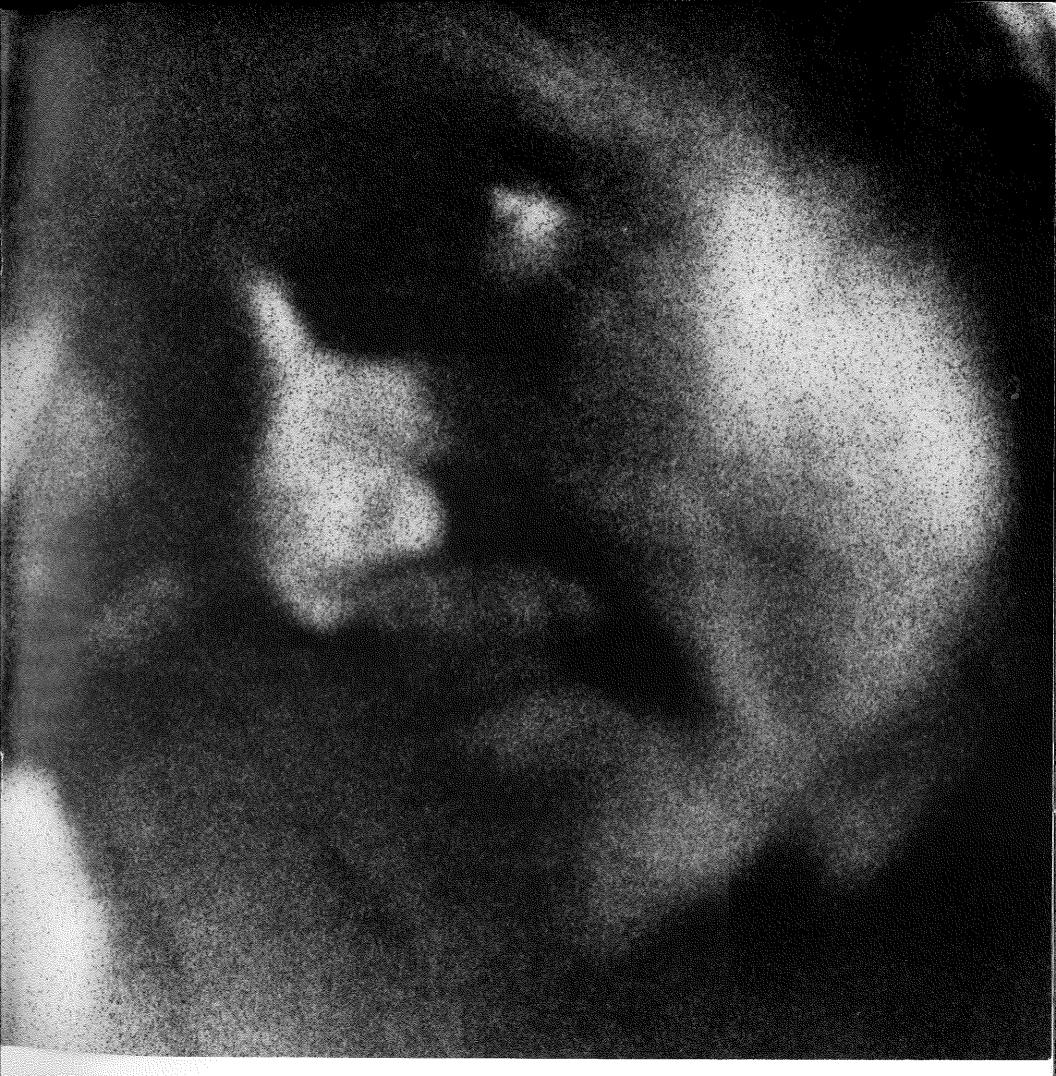
Front cover photography: The Douglas Brothers Slip cover back photography: Alastair Thain Slip cover drawing: Phil Collins Current band rehearsal photography: Guido Karp Design: FOUR5ONE°Creative - Dublin Phil Collins overview text: Michael Watts Big thanks from Phil C... to Giorgio Armani, Giovanna Borletti, Luciana Pasquon, Nicola Lamorgese and Paul Lucchesi... for all their patience and styling expertise.

With thanks to: Gretsch Drums Remo Sabian Noble & Cooley L'Acoustles Ernie Ball DW Drums Kayman Music Total Fabrications Meinl Percussion Zildjian Gibraltar Regal Tip Promark Sheldon Dingwall Basses Euphonic Audio Yamaha Musical equipment Percussion Plus Groove Tube Hipshot Bob Reeves Brass Mouthpieces Cannonball Musical Instruments Rico Products Beechler Mouthpieces Gary Chen Stein on Vine Ed Bartek Special FX Leland Stanford L.P. Percussion Beyer Dynamic Eyeland guitar straps Craviotto snare drums Charlie Kail

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iolly... everything looks so much bigger ok small ??

Sensation" in Europe, and we played to

If "Only Room to Stand"... I Feel that this

Locky Rabbits Foot that old Grand Dad

"Go on Bill. go kill 'em"... I'll never Forget

t know why...

the food is really big and I just know everybody that I can be BIG too... I east once a week, even if I don't really to kiss someone and stay clear of to "Kick Arse" as everybody says here. I starting to slow hand clap... not a good back, and my Manager has already left

me and that nice young man Arnold t tragic incident with the poker. Tim as and Craig Harrower has got promoted others but I'll have to leave it till my



MUM

C/OTHE BLOODY TOWER

TOWER OF LONDON

LONDON

ENGLAND