



A photograph of two men, Rick and Adam Wakeman, dressed in formal attire. Rick, on the left, has long, wavy brown hair and is wearing a dark suit jacket, a light blue shirt, and a red and white patterned bow tie. Adam, on the right, has long blonde hair and is wearing a black top hat, a light-colored suit jacket, a white shirt, and a black bow tie. A blue signature is written across Adam's chest. The background shows a building with large, arched windows.


**Rick and Adam Wakeman...
The Alone at Last Tour**


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Rick and Adam Wakeman . . .

The "Alone At Last" Tour

"What a strange title for a tour?" we hear you say. Well to be honest it wasn't either Rick or Adam's idea — . . . it really came about by accident and if the truth be told, it's not even spelt correctly.

Confused? If not, you soon will be.

It has to be said that touring has not been financially kind to Rick over the years. Mind you very few people run round the world with orchestras, choirs and entourages that resemble those in size of the Royal Family.

Well, after the financial touring disasters of 1993 it did seem that would be the last we would see of Mr. Wakeman Senior as regards performing in the United Kingdom, but due to perseverance by Rick's accountant, PA (Candy), Nina and Peel Golf Club, a glimmer of help in the form of the dreaded word "facility" was acquired from the bank . . . hence the title of the tour in its proper form of spelling was born . . .

"A Loan At Last"

A very favourable deal was struck which required only the minimum of security. Apart from having the entire rights over Rick's house and studio, they now have the children in a vault at the bank and Nina is working as a home help at the branch manager's fourteen-room mansion by the seaside.

Rick is delighted that a tour can take place as hardly a year has passed during the last two decades that Rick hasn't done a UK tour. In fact Adam wasn't even born when Rick embarked on his first solo tour in 1974!

With different musical line-ups over the years which have ranged from full orchestra to just Rick and a guitarist for the classical connection tours, Rick has always tried to bring something different to every tour as his way of saying thank-you to the thousands of hardcore supporters who have stuck by him through both the good and the not so good periods of his career.

Financial constraints, mainly caused by the recession and "Take That", having hit nearly all the areas of the music industry very hard over the last few years and this has become extremely visible in the very noticeable number of artists touring these days . . . there aren't very many!

We spoke to a Harley Street psychiatrist who studied Rick's case for over ten minutes before submitting his conclusion which we have been given permission to print in its entirety . . .

"The Man's a Pratt".

(Since this report, the psychiatrist in question has quit his practise and has now returned to his former profession of selling merchandise at Rick's concerts).

Rick and Adam have both been very keen to keep their musical relationship going and although they will be working much less together in the future, have worked very hard in planning this tour in order to make it that little bit different.

Many ideas were bandied about before the final format was agreed upon. For those of you interested here are some of the ideas that were discarded.

1. Adam appearing naked. (Eventually thrown out because Adam refused to do it, although we said that the audience wouldn't worry over such a small thing).
2. Rick appearing naked. (Thrown out as the crew felt that the audience would not be able to listen to the music whilst laughing).



3. Playing all the right notes. (Totally impossible).

4. Adam and the crew working for nothing. (Adam claimed he already was and the crew suggested Rick carried all the equipment, and so the idea was discarded).

5. Ian Barfoot and Mike Holden going on a sponsored slim throughout the tour with all the proceeds going to Rick. (The reply from Mike and Ian cannot unfortunately be printed in a magazine such as this, although a full account of their statements will probably be the editorial for the next issue of "Health and Efficiency").

After a solid two years of working together Adam very much wanted to move ahead as a solo artist and further his own career which involved completing his second solo album for President Records and also forming his own band, which he has indeed done. The next stage will be touring with his band and Adam is keen to show that he can front a high quality unit with the best of them without his Dad on stage with him.

As Adam in fact said in a recent interview: "The quicker I can off-load the ageing, boring old git, the better".

Rick also has numerous projects on the go and still has ambitions, something which is very creditable for a man who has been in the business as long as he has. We asked him about his main ambitions and he graciously supplied us with the following statement given through the golf professional at Peel Golf Club.

"Before the end of the summer of 1995 I aim to have my golf handicap down to single figures and improve my grip. I also want to have a much better crop of runner beans in my vegetable patch and, finally, get my weight down to thirteen and a half stone."



As regards music he has the score to do for the new Michael Caine movie "Bullet To Beijing" as well as completing and promoting his autobiography for Hodder and Stoughton. Touring with the full band will take him to South America and South Africa, and in fact any other countries that have a reasonable selection of golf courses.

Also in the early part of 1995 he will be officially launching his new Christian label
. . . Hope Records.

All of this means careful planning as regards the lessening work that Rick and Adam will do together throughout 1995. As Rick says, "We have a tremendous understanding both on stage and in the studio. It really is tremendously exciting for both of us."

Adam sees it slightly differently.

"He's a bloody nightmare. He goes off into the wrong arrangements, wrong pieces, sometimes even goes to the wrong venue and I'm afraid he's got either Alzheimers or senility or both. I said to him yesterday that he had lost all the gear and he just said 'Oh'. I then told him I thought he also had Alzheimers and all he said was 'It could be worse as we could have lost all the gear.'"

During 1994 Rick and Adam have performed all over the country as a duo. Not much in the cities, but all over the country. This has mainly been charitable or corporate functions. Quite genuinely the response has been phenomenal with the duo unable to find time to meet the demand as many of the offered dates have sadly coincided with Rick's four-ball on a Saturday and the mid-week monthly medal, and on two occasions have also clashed with Adam's pool night at the village pub.



At virtually all of the functions they did together they were constantly asked if they had contemplated touring just as a duo and around about September they sat down together to discuss the possibilities of doing just that. They decided that it could be done, it could be fun and it would be different. New pieces were formulated to go alongside some of the old faithfuls and slowly but surely the inevitable comedy element started to creep in which has of course become an indispensable trademark of Rick's life both on and off the stage.

This tour is almost certainly going to be a once only, never to be repeated event, so try not to fall asleep, arrive late or leave before the end, as you just never know what you might miss!

If you've seen them before then you know what sort of treat you're in for and if you haven't, then sit back and enjoy an evening of pure entertainment.

The Crew

The crew are the backbone of every tour and so if you didn't enjoy tonight, it was the crew's fault.

Over the last twenty or so years, Rick has always written the programme notes as regards the crew. The crew have never been happy about this and so this year every crew member has been given the chance to write his own short biography. We start with Ian Barfoot, the sound engineer. His nickname is "Sensible".

"Mi naime is Ian. I am a man. I lyke dryvin the big truk - I eat lotts of yorky bars. I play Riks musik verry lowd at hoam and it anoyz the peepel next dor. It also keeps the rats owt the gardan."



Next we move on to Stuart Sawney who looks after himself, although his official capacity is that of keyboard and stage technician. His nickname is "Doom".

"Mi naim is Stuart. I am a smaler man than Ian. I lyke drivin the bigg truk too. I am also the enjinear for Riks rekords. I dont lyke yorky bars so I am nott as big as Ian is. We tayke it in terns to drive the big truk."

Finally, we come to Mike, who looks after the merchandise as well as assisting Sensible and Doom. On full hand tours he is also in charge of the greasy wop's drums. His nickname is "Happy".

"My nayme is Happy, althow I am knot verry happi at the mowment as I am nott allowd to dryve the big truk. I liv on the Ile of Wite which is a long way from the Ile of Mann ware Rik lives. That is wy I am Happy."



Finally, we are pleased to announce the results of the further education courses that the crew have been doing at night school in order to improve themselves both mentally and physically for the gruelling touring schedule that they have to contend with.

Name Ian Barfoot
Subjects Flower Arranging and
Advanced Physics

Progress Report:

Unfortunately Ian couldn't find the physics laboratory on the first day of term and so decided to pull out of that particular course. However, Ian does now understand not to grab roses by the stalk as it hurts and also that marigolds are a pretty orange colour.

Name Stuart Sawney
Subjects The Human Body
and Alcohol Abuse

Progress Report:

Regrettably Stuart has had to drop his first subject as he has no guideline to work with. His knowledge of alcohol abuse is tremendous and he now takes the lectures.

Name Mike Holden
Subjects Aerobics and Healthy
Eating

Progress Report:

Mike has yet to show up.



Warning . . . Road crews can be dangerous, so approach with caution.

Golfing With Rick

An extremely famous and champion golfer very kindly consented to act as correspondent for this article providing that at all times, both on and off the course, he was heavily disguised. He also asked that he be given a pseudonym in order to further protect his identity.

He was fitted with a hidden tape recorder in order to get all of the facts exactly as they happened.

We join our correspondent, who we will just call "Nick" in order to keep his anonymity (and also we are not sure how to spell Faldo), out at the first tee where he is disguised as a tree.

Rick approaches the first tee with Adam his son for a friendly two-ball match-play game.

"Right Adam, I won't be a minute, but whilst there's nobody around I'm going to quickly relieve myself up that tree, it must be all the coffee we drank in the clubhouse this morning."

Rick returns to the first tee.

"Really strange that, it's years since I've drunk anything but I swear that tree shook itself at the same time I did. Anyway Adam, what's your current handicap so that we can work out allowances and get this game under way?"

"24."

"Right. I'm 14 so that's ten difference. Three-quarters of ten is seven, but as we're playing off of the yellow tees that's three-quarters of seven is four. No shots on the par threes and there are four of those so that means I don't give you any strokes. Sounds fair to you?"

"Eh?"

"Good lad, you can start".

That tree you weed up keeps shaking its lower branches."

"Never mind that, just tee off."

Adam steps on to the tee and drives, his ball 250 yards down the centre of the fairway into a perfect position.

Rick steps on to the tee with a club which has the biggest head on it ever seen.

"That club looks ridiculous".

"Ah, that's to the untrained eye Adam. This is the latest in technology. It's a copy of the Big Bortha."

"What's it called?"

"A Hatti Jacques Whopper Whale Whacker. State of the art."

Rick tops the ball 56 yards off the tee which hits the ladies tee box and ends up behind a tree.

"Not quite used to it yet and that tree moved again."

Eight shots later Rick reaches the green. Five further putts and the ball plops into the cup.

"What were you there, Adam?"

"Five".

"Just pipped me then. Right you're one up".

(The next hole is a 198 yard par three. "Nick" is no longer a tree as his lower branches have rotted. He is now disguised as a waste paper basket and his caddy, who also wishes to remain anonymous and so we will call her Funny-Fanny, is disguised as a large empty can of Coca-Cola.)

"Right-ho Adam, your honour off the tee. Good grief, look at the size of that coke can. Give us a hand to sling it in that giant waste paper basket. Must keep the course tidy."

(The can lands heavily in the basket which appears to scream.)

Adam tees up and hits a superb three iron to within six feet of the pin.

Rick hits his ball which is out of bounds.

"That doesn't count."

"Course it does."

"No it doesn't."

"Why not?"

"The waste paper basket spoke."

"Rubbish."

"Alright, the rubbish basket spoke."

"What did it say then?"

"Well, I couldn't hear clearly because I was trying to concentrate on my shot, but it sounded like 'I wish you'd lose some weight Funny-Fanny'."

Rick hits a second ball into the same field and in a fit of temper rams the Hattie Jacques Whopper Whale Whacker with tremendous force into the waste paper basket.

Sadly we now have to move onto the eighteenth hole as the next fifteen holes were regrettably missed by our secret correspondent who was at a local hospital, whilst the Coca-Cola can was having a Hattie Jacques Whopper Whale Whacker surgically removed.

"Right, Adam, how do we stand?"

"I won ages ago."

"Are you sure? I make it all square with one to play. For arguments sake let's say I'm right. Hey, look Adam, that guy over there is a dead ringer for

Nick What's His Name and that lady with him could also be his caddy if it wasn't for that ice-pack strapped to her bottom. Anyway, off you go. It's a par five and no strokes."

We rejoin the game on the final green.

"How do we stand Ad?"

"We've both played five although I'm not sure that you were right taking a free drop from inside that guy's greenhouse; I thought you were out of bounds."

"Local rules, Adam. The fact is we're both on the green, so why don't we call it a halved hole and a halved match. Come on son, back to the clubhouse and you can buy the drinks."

And so ends a typical father/son game of golf. We hope those of you familiar with the game will have picked up some tips on the finer points of this wonderful game of skill and perhaps those of you who have never played before may be encouraged to take it up.

Finally, Rick has asked us to put in the following advert: "For sale, one Hattie Jacques Whopper Whale Whacker, slightly damaged."

Rick Wakeman Communication Centre

Believe it or not there is a relatively thriving Communication Centre/Fan Club that deals with all musically subnormal people who seem to like what Rick does.

Should you wish to join the unsavoury bunch and receive a bi-monthly newsletter full of on hand news about Rick's forthcoming shows and albums, as well as up to the minute news on 'YES' amongst other things then all you have to do is write to:

Candy Atcheson · RWCC Bajonor House · 2 Bridge Street · Peel · Isle of Man · IM1 5AD.
Or Telephone: 01624 844134 · Fax: 01624 844135

The Centre has been running for nearly six years now and has proved a must for all those wishing to keep up with Rick's various and varied musical activities.

The RWCC also does mail order on a wide variety of Records, Cassettes and CD's and other merchandising and seriously tries to give good value in its service.

The cost of joining this elite band of musically brain damaged people is £7.50 per annum if you live anywhere in the UK. £10 in the rest of Europe and £12.50 anywhere else in the world. Please make cheques payable to 'Bajonor Ltd.' Access and Visa are taken on all mail orders, but not on subscriptions.

It's easy to join, just fill in the form printed below and send it off to Candy, or if you don't like cutting up programmes an ordinary letter will suffice. (You can write to us on a fifty pound note if you like!!)

I..... being for some inexplicable reason quite fond of the music of Rick Wakeman, would like to become a member of the Rick Wakeman Communication Centre. I would be quite happy to pay a million pounds to join this club, but enclose my Cheque/Postal Order for £7.50, which seems jolly cheap to me.

My Address is:

My Phone Number is:

Chatting Up Women

by Adam Wakeman

Chatting up women is something I really enjoy and there is a good possibility that one day I'll get it right.

This article is not concerned with chatting up for long term relationships with a possible view to marriage as I really feel that marriage has serious setbacks. Personally, I am going to avoid marriage and substitute it with a more logical alternative that has the same end result. Basically I am going to look around for a woman I know I'll end up fighting with, and buy her a house.

The best way of helping you all with the art of chatting up women is perhaps to relive some of my more successful moments for you that I have experienced over the last couple of years.

Each situation has been carefully logged as to the place, date and other relevant information.

Date April 11th 1979.
Age 5.
Intended prey Sheila Bligo (aged 6).
Place Primary School.
Chat-up line..... "Hey Sandra, you've got a face like a dog's bum."
Result Large quantities of tears, although Adam eventually stopped crying.

Date June 9th 1985.
Age 11.
Place The local park.
Intended prey Phillipa Basket (aged 10).
Chat-up line "Oi, get off the swing you fat cow so I can have a go."
Result Beaten up by her 15-year-old brother.

Date October 12th 1990.
Age..... 16.
Venue The Dog and Duck Pub.
Intended prey The barmaid.
Chat-up line..... "I bet you drink Carling Black Label."
Result Three months suspended prison sentence for under age drinking.

Date August 20th 1994.
Age..... 20.
Place Japan.
Intended prey Anything that moved.
Chat-up line..... "Give us a break, I go home tomorrow."
Result Nothing.

Well, there you have it. We hope Adam's experiences are of some help to all you budding Romeos out there and I'm sure he will be eager to continue trying out his skills throughout this current tour.

In order to try and warn unsuspecting prey we have formed a sort of photo fit description of Adam's ideal girl, so if you fit the following description then beware, Adam could be hot on your trail.

She must be beautiful and rich (not particularly in that order), cheap to take out, must own a sports car and speak only when spoken to. A flat head, although not compulsory, would also be useful for him to rest his pint on.

Any young ladies who fit this bill (or men or animals for that matter), should give their applications to Sensible Ian at the mixing desk.



*Adam's other favourite pastimes!
Juggling his balls! and taking his turn in driving!*

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed,

I think Rick is jolly unkind to Adam. He is such a nice, innocent, kind young man, really loving and thoughtful. I think Rick should realise what a talented, handsome hulk he has for a son and reward him by giving him lots of money.

Signed: Anonymous.

(This letter was postmarked Felmersham in Bedfordshire and the handwriting was vaguely familiar, as was Adam's spelling mistakes.)

Dear Ed,

Why can't Rick and Adam just perform on two pianos. It seems stupid to us that all that equipment has to be carted around. We certainly would love to see them just tap dance for two hours.

Signed: Ian Barfoot, Stuart Sawney and Mike Holden.

Dear Ed,

Why is the merchandise at Wakeman's concerts of such appalling quality? Also why am I the guy who has to sell it? Why doesn't Rick pay me very much? Why has Adam got more hair than me? Why am I on this tour? Why am I here?

Signed: Mike (Happy) Holden.

Dear Ed,

Following a meeting of all the top managers of the major banking institutions in this country, we have come to the conclusion that it is about time Rick Wakeman commenced banking with them, rather than them with him.

Signed: The Treasury.

Dear Ed,

Could you please recommend somewhere that I can purchase a high quality hearing aid. I need it when I am mixing the show, so that I can turn it off.

Signed: Sensible Ian.

Dear Ed,

I have seen every one of Rick's shows and think he just gets better and better as well as looking younger every day. His writing is superb and his playing beyond belief. His kindness and generosity overflow to such an extent that Adam and the crew are vastly overpaid. What a hero he is.

Signed: Anonymous (Isle of Man postmark).

Vegetarian Food by Chef Adam

Vegetarianism is the next best thing to starvation. In a nutshell (no pun intended here), I refuse to eat meat of any kind. This contributes wonderfully to my pallid and sallow complexion and permanent appearance that I am anorexic and about to fall over.

(We will not abuse editorial right here by adding silly comments about Adam's "slimness", so you won't find stupid comments scattered amongst this article such as "When he was at school if he stood sideways at assembly they marked him absent", or "he still has to run around in the shower to get wet", or "can grandad borrow him to use as a pipe cleaner?").

To be a budding "Veggie" you need to fall into one of the following categories or just fall over.

1. Be extremely poor and therefore be unable to afford to eat.
2. Have no teeth and be unable to chew.
3. Have a girlfriend (or boyfriend) who is a "Veggie" and realise your only chance of furthering the relationship is to become one yourself.
4. Can't cook a roast on Sunday.
5. Like the Glastonbury Festival.

If you fall into one of these categories then you are off to a tremendous start.

(Adam falls into all these categories.)

Anyway, here to encourage you on the road to vegetarianism and a healthier life style, is one of Adam's favourite recipes. A really tasty dish I'm sure you will all enjoy.

CARROT SUR LA PLATE

First assemble your ingredients.

One large carrot.

One vegetable scrubber.

A saucepan of water.

A plate.

Knife and fork (optional).

First take the large carrot and ask the vegetable scrubber to peel it for you.

Next, take the carrot, either sliced or whole according to your preference, and place it in the saucepan of water.

Bring to the boil (you may add a little salt if you are the adventurous type). After twenty minutes when all the flavour has been boiled out of the carrot, strain off the water (which now contains all the goodness), and neatly arrange the pieces of carrot on the plate. (If you have kept your carrot whole just experiment with putting the carrot at different angles until you find one that pleases you.)

If your carrot is sliced then I suggest you use a knife and fork.

Please feel free to ask Adam for his leaflets detailing all his other tasty recipes which include:

Parsnip Sur La Plate

and

Turnip Sur La Plate.

For the very adventurous he has also perfected "Sprout A La Boycott". Prepared correctly this will give you the runs, but they will come very very slowly.

Many thanks to Korg, Celestion, Kurzweil & Metra-Sound

Agency	BDA
Sound Engineer.....	Ian Barfoot
Keyboard Technician	Stuart Sawney
Stage and Merchandise .	Mike Holden
P.A. to Rick	Candy Atcheson
Accountancy	Paul Shimmin
Bank	(Wishes to remain anonymous)
PA System	Celestion and Milbank
Keyboards	Korg and Kurzweil
Truck and Van Hire	Serious Music Ltd.
Merchandise	WME
Brochure printed by.....	Mannin Printing Ltd., Isle of Man
Articles written by	(Three Guesses) !



What was he doing at Premier Ford, Isle of Wight?

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