



TAKE TO THE SHY

THE TORI AMOS
INFORMATION SERVICE

ISSUE NINE



It's that time once again to besiege you with a further instalment of your favourite fanzine. Before I continue may I take this opportunity to express our gratitude for the quality and quantity of the material which has been sent to us recently. Please don't feel too disheartened if your submission doesn't appear this time around, it could be scheduled to appear in a later issue.

Enthusiasm for all things Tori seems to have been rekindled since the release of *Boys For Pele*, our postbag has been bulging considerably more than usual. For those of you who have written reporting sightings of a nude male pianist in southern Ireland - I'm told that we don't know anything about it.

It's quite evident from the mail received that most of you have managed to take in at least one show on the current Dew Drop Inn Tour. Inevitably, the sad people here at Sky managed to attend most of the UK dates, enabling us to meet with some old and new friends.

With three albums under her belt, not to mention the string of B-sides and the usual spattering of cover versions, Tori has a wealth of material to tantalise us with. There is now a far greater emphasis on the visual aspect of the show's production and to accompany the ever faithful Bosendorfer Tori also has several other 'friends' hanging-out with her. Namely, a harpsichord, a small pump organ, a couple of hundred pairs of shoes and Mr. Caton.

The future's bright, the future's *orange*

Steve Caton who plays guitar on this tour, has played on all Tori's albums to date. In fact, back in the late eighties, he and Tori played together in that now infamous 'poodle-rock' outfit Y Kant Tori Read. However, Tori claims that his hair was 'bigger' and his snakeskin pants tighter than hers. Ouch.



Above; Steve 'enjoys' the NME.

Above top; Tori and Steve Caton.

Photos this page by Bryan 'Ring My Bell' Multaney.

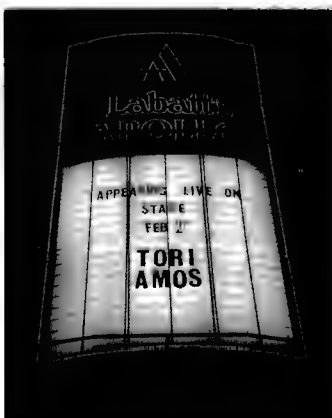
Tori's set list varies nightly and invariably changes depending on her mood and which member of the audience can shout the loudest. Needless to say Bryan 'Ring My Bell' Multaney made his presence felt... often in the next town. His chants for *Flying Dutchman* were to no avail as Tori declared that the song will be aired in Holland. The entire venue was then accordingly invited to travel there with her. At a later show she answered Bryan with, " Oh F**k Off!" to much amusement from the rest of the Sky camp "No, no, I love that guy really. He calls for *Flying Dutchman* at every show." *Hey Jupiter* was unique, played on the small foot-pump organ, especially when Tori forgot the lyrics and announced mid-song that maybe this should wait to be played on Jupiter.

It's the ad-lib and the unpredictable that makes a Tori show so special. For me, Manchester was the epitome of this. Tori was bursting with confidence, quick witted and very radiant. Her explanation for this, as she gestured in a fashion not dissimilar to Samantha from *Bewitched* was; "Someone's grandmother was out there tonight."

The tour is another 200 date extravaganza and is currently surging through the United States. If you are in need of a further live Tori-fix she will be returning to Europe and Ireland in September. Sadly no return visit to the UK is planned.

Before I sign-off there are several good friends of The Sky whom I would like to thank for their invaluable help and appreciation. Without these people there would be no Take To The Sky. They are John 'Mr Spoon' Witherspoon, Joel 'Agent Orange', Andy, the gorgeous Lee Ellen Newman, and last but not least, my 'mate' Tori - keep workin' on that South London accent gal.

Happy reading, be in touch soon.



PELE TO DATE

Boys For Pele which entered the UK album chart at number 2 with the number 1 slot at the time being camped in by Oasis, has so far given us two singles. *Caught A Lite Sneeze* peaked at twenty in the singles chart. This was followed by the release of a remixed *Talula*, referred to as the *Tornado Mix* which reached number twenty-two.

The original album version of *Talula* was remixed by a New Yorker by the name of Brian Transeau, also more commonly known as BT. Tori informed us that the *Tornado Mix* of *Talula* will replace the original album version on all future pressings of *Boys For Pele*. However, we are unsure when the new pressings will surface.

Both single's were released on cassette and two part CD sets, and for the avid collector there also exists several 'promotional only' releases. Without going into too much detail, these include a one track promo CD of *Caught A Lite Sneeze* featuring a 'radio edit' version (A5524 CDDJ), a two track promo CD of *Talula Tornado Mix* and album version (A8512 CDDJ). The best of the bunch is the promo only 12" of *Talula* (A8512 DJ) featuring a gorgeous colour cover and various mixes of *Talula*. One track promo videos were also issued to coincide with the releases. Although we managed to persuade Tori to part with her *Talula* promo CD, she teased us with the CDR of the same title which swiftly went back into her rucksack.

DAMAGE ON

Take To The Sky is predicting that *Putting The Damage On* will be the third single release from *Boys For Pele*. Tori oversaw the remixing of the track whilst on tour in the UK. No release date was available to us at press time, but sometime in June looks probable.

Where's Neil when you need him?

Tori mentions Neil on *Tear In Your Hand* (from *Little Earthquakes*), *Space Dog* (from *Under The Pink*), and more recently he is named in *Horses* from *Boys For Pele*. For anyone who is not already aware, Neil is none other than author Neil Gaiman.

Neil is the 35 year old English creator and writer of DC Comics cult horror series *The Sandman*. The monthly comic, which sells more than a million copies a year, has been optioned by Warner Brothers to become a movie, and a first draft script has already been delivered. Neil has been mentioned several times before in *Sky*, not least for the fact that he's managed to crop up on all of Tori's albums and that he based the *Sandman* character *Delirium* on Tori. Good friends for some years. Tori wrote the introduction to the 1993 *Sandman* graphic novel *Death: The High Cost of Living*. Returning the favour Neil has written pieces for inclusion in the *Under The Pink* and *Dew Drop Inn* tour programmes.

Maintaining the Gaiman-Amos connection, Neil's graphic novels *Black Orchid*, *Violent Cases* and *Signal To Noise* feature artwork by Dave McKean who was responsible for the cover artwork on the European releases of *God*. McKean is also behind the distinctive *Sandman* covers for which he has won several awards.

Neil has also written songs for Minneapolis band The Flash Girls, who have been described by one American music magazine as "the find of the year."

Currently in the U.S. Neil will be returning to these shores in the late Summer to promote the latest *Sandman* project *The Kindly Ones* and his TV series *Neverwhere*, which is due for screening on BBC2 in October. On his return we hope to be meeting him with a view to conducting an interview for *Sky*. If you have any questions you'd like us to put to him then just send them on to us and we'll do the rest. In the meantime we will keep you updated on Neil's activities and will be giving you the chance to win copies of *Death: The High Cost of Living*, thanks to our friends at Titan Books.

Our very grateful thanks to Ruth Cole at Titan Books for her assistance in writing this piece.



Monday 22nd January 1996. 1800 hrs.

I don't profess to be Egon Ronay, but I was enjoying an above average homemade seafood pasta when, as luck would have it, the ring of the telephone abruptly halted my munching. I strategically downed the pasta dish out of sight of the cats, who had been eyeing it up for the past ten minutes, and set off for the phone.

On the other end was the very radiant and beautiful Lee Ellen. We exchanged greetings before she asked if it was a convenient time to talk, as Tori was sitting beside her. With my seafood pasta in mind I replied, "Now is just fine."

With that the handset was smoothly handed over to Tori. Not having spoken to Tori for some time the initial contact temporarily left me flagging (for those who know me, hard to believe eh?).

HANGIN' ON THE TELEPHONE

But it wasn't long before I got it together and began conversing in my accustomed manner.

What follows is the exact conversation between Tori and myself. It was not intended to be an in-depth, searching interview, there are probably enough already circulating in the music publications. This was purely a spur of the moment 'chin-wag', nevertheless I hope you find it informative... if not entertaining.

Tori: Steve?

Steve: Hello there. How are you?

Tori: I'm pretty well, thank you.

Steve: It's been a long time.

T: A very long time. Johnny told me you were getting rugby shirts.

S: Well, we were thinking of getting football shirts.

T: Football shirts?

S: Yeah, Pele style.

T: Fair enough. Fair enough.

S: We thought about Chelsea shirts, but reckoned John wouldn't approve.

T: Isn't he Tottenham? No. Where is he? He's Leicester.

S: Everton I think, isn't he?

T: Where is he?

S: Everton.

T: I'm sure you know, Steve. I don't know football, I know rugby better.

S: Obviously, yeah. You got into that lately I understand.

T: Yeah, I got into that for a while, and then I got into Formula One.

S: Formula One?

T: Yeah. I was really into that.

S: Why's that? A Nigel Mansell fan?

T: No, because...

S: Nothing to do with your driving I hope.

T: No. No but I like to go fast. I like pedal to the floor.

S: I'll make sure I'm not on the road when you're driving.

T: (Laughs)

S: I think John has warned me about your driving.

T: Yeah, yeah. But I only drive in the States though, so you don't have to worry too much.

S: He says that they prefer to get you a cab.

T: No, I usually drive on the long stretches because I like to go fast.

S: Are you pleased with the new album?

T: Yeah. I like the fact that I made the record I wanted to make. Ahm, we'll see what happens.

S: All the response we have had is extremely favourable.

T: Really?

S: I think it's your best without a doubt.

T: Oh Steve, that means a lot to me actually. It does. I mean, I figure the way I see it, that some critics love it and some critics hate it. But I figure a reaction is a reaction instead of it being just ignored. So, love it or hate it, it's stirring things up and that's why I'm just kind of trying not to get swayed either way. I'm just trying to say, "Hey, y'know that's people's right." But I've got to get ready now to perform it live to the people that want to come and hear it.

S: And there are people who do want to hear it, believe me. They are out there waiting.

T: Oh that's... I'm thrilled. As you know, my rehearsals start... I wish I had more time to rehearse because the harpsichord isn't an instrument that you can just pick up after a few months of not playing it. So I tried to rehearse a couple of weeks ago and then we start rehearsals again on the tenth [February]. But I've got to fit a video in there. We're doing a dance mix of *Talula* next, like a jungle - Caribbean thing. (Laughs)

S: Good choice of single actually. That's one of my favourite tracks on the album. To me it was the most immediate.

STEVE JENKINS

T: Oh really? I'm working with BT on it.

S: BT? Not British Telecom?

T: (Laughs) No, not British Telecom. He's a dance remixer. He's a talented guy from Washington D.C. He's very interesting, so we'll see. I'm interested in trying different things, variations on themes, because the album is how I heard it. But if variations come in on certain songs, then I kinda think, "Wow, well, why not?"

S: The reviews are incredibly mixed, but I don't think some people have taken all they could from the record. Seeing what has been written it's doubtful that they have listened at all. Especially the guy in Melody Maker. Did you read that review of the album?

T: No, what did they say?

S: You don't want to read it, it's ignorant really. It's like he didn't even play it.

T: Or was it the NME?

S: No, Melody Maker.

T: Oh well, theirs isn't good either. The NME and the Melody Maker, they slammed me. But, hmm... that happens. I think there are reviews out there, from what I've been told, that do understand it. Whether it's Vox or Q or The Sunday Times. So it's like... y'know..

S: It's good that the people it matters to most, who'll appreciate it, are out there buying it. It really is an excellent album, I'm thoroughly enjoying it.

T: Thank you Steve.

S: How did you come across The Black Dyke Mills Band?

T: Well Mark [Hawley] suggested them because there was a brass band with Beautiful South when he was on the Beautiful South tour, and I got turned onto the Black Dykes through my harpsichord technician [Tania Staite]. She recommended them specifically.

S: It's a really good combination, it definitely works well.

T: Yeah, I enjoyed working with them.

S: Will they be playing live on the tour with you?

T: I'd like to think so.


S: The harpsichord; you've obviously picked that up well because I remember speaking to John sometime around the beginning of last year and you'd only just bought it.

T: Yeah. Well, it's been a major part of the sound and I think it changed the way I approach the piano again, so that was exciting.

S: The two are stunning together. There are some wonderful sounds on the album. I'm not really a musical wizard so I don't know about technical details, but I know what I like to hear.

T: Yeah, y'know, that's the thing. I think that people respond to what they respond to and it doesn't have to be analysed and, you know what I mean,





‘To me, it really dominates the whole feeling over there, the energy of Pele. When I’m in Hawaii it’s just, whooof!’

turned upside down and every hair on the asshole examined.

S: Why the Chas and Dave covers?

T: (Laughs). Well the guys were singing a lot of Chas and Dave during the making of this record.

S: Does that mean you’ll be coming on stage with a knotted handkerchief on your head?

T: (Laughs) I don’t know about that.

S: And the braces?

T: Huh?

S: The braces. They all wear braces.

T: They do?

S: Yeah, to hold their trousers up.

T: I haven’t seen them play live. Well, the guys would sing, *Mustn’t Grumble* and I would go, “Who does the grumble song?” They said, “Chas and Dave,” and I asked them to show me more stuff that they did. I heard *London Girls* and *That’s What I Like Mick* and I just said, “Roll tape guys, press the red button.” I wrote down the lyrics so

fast then just went in and cut ‘em. It kinda became about.... Y’know I just started when I heard *London Girls*. I took it from the Marlene Dietrich standpoint. I was seeing the bombs drop on England and I just saw myself as this German cabaret dyke who kind of fell in love with these women who were running from these bombs that were being dropped. I didn’t have a political viewpoint in my mind. I wasn’t thinking about the Nazis, I was just thinking about the idea that these women had this fortitude, and how beautiful they were. I kinda just took on this persona of myself that’s like, y’know, a German dyke cabaret singer.....and I sang it from that perspective. And *That’s What I Like Mick* of course I sang from the perspective of mouldy cheese. (Laughs).

S: Mouldy cheese?

T: Yeah. (Sings) *Cheese and onion sandwiches...*

S: I want to ask you about the album title, *Boys For Pele*. How did you come across Pele?

T: Well, I went to Hawaii during the *Under The Pink* tour, I fled for five days. I fled the tour and just went there, and I started hearing stories about Pele and how she was this volcano goddess who

obviously doesn't burn her fingers when she lights a match. She's made quite an impression on the Hawaiian people over the centuries. I got that there's a lot of passion in her and that's what I was searching for. That's what I wanted to claim. There are a lot of old myths about Pele and I think if you go to Hawaii you'll maybe have access to certain writings about her that you don't have here. To me, it really dominates the whole feeling over there, the energy of Pele. When I'm in Hawaii it's just, *whoof*. I wasn't even on the Big Island where she is and I just felt this *undulating* woman not worried about what anybody thinks about her, and that really attracted me.

S: We really want to find out more about Pele. Debi has written to Hawaii in the hope of getting information back.

T: Oh that's great.

S: She's presently working on a painting based on her findings so far.

T: Wow.

S: Have you seen the latest issue of *Take To The Sky*?

T: Oh, I've just seen the cover and the back and I think that you've done a beautiful job. I haven't had the chance to read it yet.

S: Hopefully we've done you proud.

T: Of course. Come on Steve, you guys are amazing.

S: We try our best.

T: Oh come on, it's incredible.

S: I'm glad you're happy.

T: Oh yeah, absolutely.

S: Are you looking forward to playing at The Royal Albert Hall?

T: Yes.... Well, y'know, I'm a bit nervous. I'm kinda scared, but it's challenging. I mean the challenging thing is on my third record - or shall we say my fourth, but here we go.

S: We won't mention the first.

T: Yeah, we can mention the first. But on the third quote, unquote solo record I still get nervous, I still get excited. I'm not numb to all these feelings. And that's encouraging y'know.

S: But that's good because if you weren't nervous or weren't anticipating...

T: Then I probably just wouldn't do any more. And the adrenaline has to be flowing.

S: That's like when you're playing rugby.

T: (Laughs.)

S: If there's no adrenaline and no excitement then there's no game.

T: Well that's the thing. I mean again I think with my records if people love 'em or hate 'em, for people to have a reaction one way or another means that there is an energy to the work. If your work is boring then nobody responds. I think as a musician that's kind of an exciting place to be sometimes, a little like y'know, riding a wave. But I like waves.

S: Well you never know what's going to happen do you?.

T: No, but you do know if you know how to ride waves or not. That's all you do know.

S: I think you have the right attitude there. Some of these artists who perform and turn out records seem to do it purely for the hell of it. Without naming names, some of the artists I've been interested in who've been full of venom initially, seem to have lost their way eventually. But I think you've done the opposite here. You've gone against the grain and produced something totally unique.

T: Yeah, going against the grain is...I didn't intend to do it, I just did what was motivating me. That's all you can do as a musician. You go with... the electricity. You have to follow some kind of, "Where's the plug and can I plug in here?" There has to be a chemistry. I don't believe in putting a record out just to put one out.

S: Hmm. What did you think of the Beatles revival?

T: I don't know. I haven't listened to any. I haven't picked anything up.

S: What did you think of the single?

T: I didn't hear it.

S: The single that you did with Michael Stipe, is it gonna come out at all?

T: I don't know. It's kinda like our baby troll, and we like little baby green trolls, but we'll see what happens.

S: Do you still keep in touch with Michael?

T: Yeah. I haven't talked to him in a long time. When I make a record I just go hibernate, I don't talk to anybody. And he's been really busy. I think they're writing a new record.

S: So they will be busy.

T: Yeah, they're busy.

S: I'm definitely looking forwards to seeing you live. What else do you have planned before you start playing?

T: Well, we're doing promotion in Europe all week, then we're going to the States and doing the same, and radio.

S: Is there anything else you want to say to everybody?

T: Ahm...

S: Any tips on rugby or football?

T: (Laughs) Let me think. If anybody has any good books, I mean like **really** good books. Just bring one that's like an interesting journey. I've read one recently I can't put down. It's called *The Virgin Suicides*. It's twisted, but it opened my eyes a lot. It brings me back to a time I remember really, really well.

S: So, I'll tell everybody to bring a book.

T: Yeah. If anybody just, y'know, if there's some-

**'You go with...
the electricity.
There has to
be a chemistry.
I don't believe in
putting a record
out just to put
one out.'**

*Photo opposite and on previous
page by Cindy Palmano.
Courtesy of Lee Ellen Newman
at East West Records*

thing they think is like a *must read*, then bring it. Or they don't have to bring it, maybe they should just write it down on a piece of paper to give to you and we'll go pick it up.

S: Did you have a nice Christmas?

T: Oh, it was OK. You know I'm not much of a fan for Christmas. I'm not a Christmas kinda girl. I'm just glad it's over. All of it's over.

S: Are your parents coming over to hear the shows in England?

T: D'y'know, I don't know. I think they might try. I think they're gonna try because they like traveling. They've come over in the past so I think ... Look, they show up everywhere, *you* know that.

S: (Laughs) Yeah, it'll be nice to see them again.

T: Yeah, exactly. They're good fun. So Steve, do you have everything you need do you think for your issue?

S: Yeah, for sure.

T: Well you thank all the guys for me. *Really* thank them for their total hundred percent effort.

S: Will do.

T: So amazing what you guys are doing.

S: Thank you very much. I'm glad you appreciate it.

T: Oh, are you kidding? I think it's great and I think it's such a good information source for a lot of people. A lot of people look up to you guys to see what's happening. Hey, *we* look to you guys to see what's going on. It's like, "Johnny, where are we playing tomorrow? Let's call Steve."

My very grateful thanks to Dominic and Lee Ellen at East West for organising the above.

Don't let it be said that seafood pasta isn't as nice cold as it is hot.

GREETINGS FROM THE SKY

HELEN WOLSTENCROFT

To say that we've been inundated with articles, thoughts, news and views is a wonderful feeling. All of us here at Sky would like to offer our thanks and gratitude for the hidden talents that have been unleashed on us from all over the world. We appreciate, and read, everything you send us and hope that more than ever this is **your** magazine.

Despair not if your contribution is not in this issue. We're sure you understand that we can not print all the articles at once and ask you to keep your eyes peeled as it may well appear in future.

Congratulations to Mandi Cook for her winning article, *A Day in the Life of a Raisin Girl*. It made us all chortle and cleared away the post-touring blues. She wins the very rare American 9 track promo only CD *New Music from Tori Amos*, which has been signed by Tori and guitarist Steve Caton in gold marker pen. We look forward to hearing from Mandi again soon and hope she likes her prize. Thanks and congratulations also to Ian Atkins for, *Not a Guy Thing*, we think you made the case for all Tori fans very eloquently. He, and everyone else who has an article or picture printed in this issue, will receive a UK promo only CD of *Cornflake Girl*. There will be another signed Tori item up for grabs in Sky 10, so get your contributions to us by July 10th.

Debi and I are no longer feeling quite so lonely. The response to our plea for female support has been incredible. Our appreciation and gratitude is immense indeed, so keep those pens busy and who knows you too could have your name on the Sky wall of fame along with Mandi.

GRIEVE, GRIPE, GROAN, GROUSE, GROWL AND GRUMBLE.

On the second night at the Royal Albert Hall a small piece of paper was thrust into our hands. Not so unusual to the hardened gig goers among us. Usually they are consigned to the bin, but this time there was time to peruse it in the bar before hand. There followed a considerable amount of disbelief and concern. Said piece of paper was an ad leaflet for a record dealer claiming to deal in a wide range of Tori rarities. Among these collectables was no less than our good selves T.T.T.S. Don't get us wrong, it was flattering to be considered as such. However we feel justified in making public our disgust at Mad Hatter CD Corp. Firstly they named us as being a U.S. based magazine. Wrong, wrong, wrong. We suggest that they read the back of one of the magazines and check out our P.O. Box address. Secondly, and more seriously as far as we are concerned, they were offering copies of issues 5 and 6 for the unbelievable price of £11.99 each. We do not want any of our readers to be so grossly over charged for issues of Sky that should only cost a matter of a couple of pounds direct from us, or those people to whom we sell wholesale. It doesn't cost £11.99 for a year's subscription to Sky, let alone for one copy. So watch out and question any prices you think are over high, a quick note to Sky will save you a pound or two. *See the Thoughts page.*



WIN A COPY OF ALL THESE YEARS SIGNED BY TORI

*Jane
Tori Amos*

We have two copies of the excellent *Tori* biography *All These Years* boldly signed by *Tori* in thick black marker to give away this issue. *Tori* has even set the question for us. Just answer the teaser below on a postcard or sealed envelope and send it to us at

**TAKE TO THE SKY, PO BOX 632, BEXLEYHEATH,
KENT, ENGLAND, DA7 5TE.**

The closing date is **June 30th 1996**. All correct entries will then go into the draw for the books. The winners will be sent their prizes and have their names printed in the next issue. The question is as follows;

***Ode To The Banana King (Part One)* appears on the B-side of
the re-issue of *Silent All These Years*. What track is
Ode To The Banana King (Part Two) ?**

Not easy is it. Try looking through the lyrics for a connection. Good luck.

PENPALS, TRADES & EXCHANGES

TORI AMOS, LIVERPOOL, 4/3/96

I have an excellent set of photos of *Tori* arriving for her sound check. I'm looking to trade photos with anyone else who was there, you're all featured in my shots.

Phil Hopkins, 1 Egbert Road, Meols, Wirral, Merseyside, L47 5AH

DESPERATELY SEEKING *Tori* fans for correspondence. I am looking for fans from around the world to swap news & views on *Tori* old and new. I am 17 and also like PJ, Bjork and Zeppelin. All letters will be promptly answered. I am also looking for fans with TV/radio appearances (like the December *Letterman* show etc.). Write to me:
Alan Sawyers, 3 Willow Road, Blaydon-on-Tyne, Tyne & Wear, NE21 5BB, England.

AUSTRALIAN *Tori* fan wants to hear from ANYONE. I'm also very interested in trading/swapping *Tori* items from around the world because it's so hard to get *Tori* stuff down here! Please write to:

Col Hamilton, 3 Alder Street, Kangaroo Flat, Victoria 3555, Australia.

(Col, you didn't include your 'penpal' message in your letter, so we had to do one for you.)

I would LOVE to write to some *Tori* fans, admirers and listeners. It'll be FUN - we can write about anything you want - I'm easy! I'm a 19 year old Scottish student who loves writing endless letters over coffee with *Tori* playing in the background. GET SCRIBBLING!
Liane Adam, Basement Flat 1, 181 Easter Road, Edinburgh, Scotland, EH6 8LF.

CALLING RICHARD FROM CHESTERFIELD

Richard, a couple of issues ago you answered a penpal ad asking for correspondents in the York area. I hope I didn't frighten you? We seem to have lost touch. Whatever, I'd like to write to you again, I miss the banter.
Dipti Hunter, 32 Blondin Street, Bow Quarter, London E3.

Hello there. I'm Alan and I'd love people anywhere, everywhere and every age to write to me. Besides *Tori* I'm into; The Cranberries, Bjork, Alanis Morissette and Pink Floyd to name but a few. Currently I'm in my final year of A-levels.

Alan Miller, 24 Kineston Road, New Barnet, Hertfordshire, London, EN4 8BN.

CAPTION COMPETITION

The winner of last issues caption competition is Gary Fry of Wyke, West Yorkshire with;
"Fuck off Michael Aspel."

Gary wins a mega rare 'test' pressing CD of *Encomium - A Tribute to Led Zeppelin*, which includes *Tori's* version of *Zep's Down By The Seaside*.

The two runners-up were Gavin Poulton of Preston, Lancashire with;
"Here you are teacher, the ten thousand lines you ordered. 'I must learn to sit on my stool properly.'"

And Matthew Harrison of Sheffield with;
**"Get your hands off!
These photos of John and the sheep are for my amusement only!"**

Gavin and Matthew win US only, pink vinyl copies of *Under The Pink*.

Many thanks to all of you who entered and for giving us all a good chuckle.

© TAKE TO THE SKY
MAY 1996
PO BOX 632,
BEXLEYHEATH, KENT,
ENGLAND, DA7 5TE.

STEVE JENKINS
OVERALL CO-ORDINATOR

MARK ELVIN
GRAPHIC DESIGNER &
CO-EDITOR

HELEN WOLSTENCROFT
EDITOR

ROBIN EVANS
TREASURER & DISCOGRAPHER

DEBI BOWES
ILLUSTRATOR

WITHOUT WHOM
WE ARE NOTHING;
TORI (as always),
LEE ELLEN NEWMAN,
NAOMI LAING AND DOMINIC
AT EAST WEST RECORDS,
JOHN WITHERSPOON, JOEL
'AGENT ORANGE' HOPKINS,
DEREK RIDGERS, REG TAIT,
ANGELA HARDING,
BRYAN MULTANEY,
RAY & DEE JOHNSON,
CLAIRE 'ROCKY' REYNOLDS.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
TO STEVE CATON, BECK LAXTON AT
KEYBOARD REVIEW,

GARY HUDSON, PETER DOYLE,
NICKY BUCK, JIM AT JANSET,
EMMA TAYLOR, NORMA & STAFF AT
NORTHUMBERLANDHEATH P.O.,
DOMINIC AT OPLUS, YHA,
JOSEF, ANTONY JAKYMIW,
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PRINTED BY

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GRAPHIC SERVICES LIMITED
Tel: (0181) 520 8212

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APRIL/MAY 1996

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Front cover photographs, and new
studio portraits of *Tori* throughout
this issue taken by Cindy Palmato,
courtesy of Lee Ellen Newman at
East West Records.

Back cover photograph courtesy of
Derek Ridgers.

Many thanks to Debi for
transcribing the *Tori* phone chat.

Photo courtesy of
Emma Taylor.



TORI & AL

It is said that London's Royal Albert Hall is haunted by the ghosts of two Victorian ladies... Fitting then that Tori should choose this venue to stage her biggest and most prestigious concerts to date.

*2 nights in Kensington Gore
March 8th and 9th 1996*

Chances are that if you're reading this magazine then you'll have seen Tori's *Dew Drop Inn* show yourself and you'll no doubt have your own fond memories of the occasion. Four years previously, I remember making my way home from Tori's London Royalty Theatre show. I remarked to a friend that she'd be "selling out the Royal Albert Hall within five years." I only wish I'd put a letter on it, because she did it, and with a year to spare too.

With three album's worth of material (not to mention all those excellent B-sides) to draw upon, it was refreshing to see the cover versions that became such a feature of the Pink tour kept to a bare minimum.

Losing My Religion, a fine choice for Tori in theory, was sadly lost, bereft of Michael Stipe's own unique vocal delivery and the jauntiness of the original arrangement. Somehow the song doesn't translate well to solo vocal and piano. Maybe Steve Caton should have stepped in on mandolin? On the Saturday night, the song was swapped for her own inimitable rendering of Nirvana's *Smells Like Teen Spirit*. What made *Religion* flounder was what made *Teen Spirit* such a triumph for Tori; the interplay and contrast of her flowing, intricate piano with the angst and venom inherent in Cobain's tortured lyrics.



BERT

To form the basis of her set over the two evenings, Tori opted for the less dynamic songs from *Boys For Pele*; *Horses*, *Marianne*, *Doughnut Song*, *Not The Red Baron*. Sadly, we were not treated to *Mr. Zebra*, *Professional Widow* or *Caught A Lite Sneeze*, so it was left to the older material such as *Leather*, *Space Dog*, and *Precious Things* to provide the sharper edges to proceedings. The exception being a superb, barbed *Muhammad My Friend* (from the Friday night) which had intonations of being aimed at her parents.

The harpsichord is a notoriously difficult instrument to master, yet Tori's handling of it was breathtaking. The eerie, swaying nuances and intricacies of *Bells For Her* were reinvented here, resulting in a mesmeric, gothic swirl of sound quite unlike anything else to be heard in 1996. It's not difficult to imagine the ghostly figures of the two Victorian ladies, courtly twirling through the dark corridors around the hall as we sat transfixed inside.



The heat and swagger of *Little Amsterdam* didn't quite materialise on this cold, damp March night. Caton's phasing guitar fought for attention above Tori's piano. Yet, his beautifully understated washes of sound transformed *Doughnut Song*, when coupled with the hypnotic ebb and flow of the shoals of tiny fish moving with the song on the huge triangular projection screen.

The screen, a very important feature of this tour now that Tori is playing larger venues, depicted various images to accompany the music. Grainy footage of World War 1 pilots, abstract pastel sketches and geometric pat-

terns were employed throughout. Given the incredibly rich vein of visual material that Tori's lyrics conjure up in the imagination, a little more creativity could have been utilised in generating the graphics but perhaps, as usual, there was room left for our own interpretations.

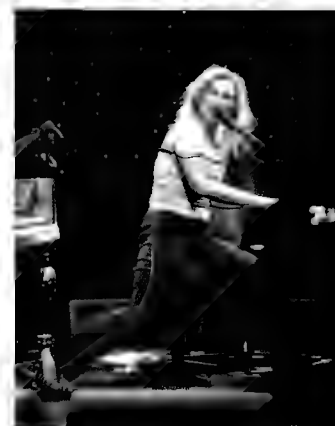
The crowd 'request' has long been a feature of Tori's show (and one she readily enjoys). Now it seems confined to the encores. *London Girls* was somewhat predictably yelled for, and played, on the Friday night, whilst *Baker Baker* was aired for the first time on Saturday. On the same evening *Sweet Dreams* was requested and Tori, about to settle down to the pump organ for *Hey Jupiter*, responded by slapping and tapping the sides and lid of the organ as she breathily 'rapped' the song in a funky, rhythmic fashion. The result was one of the highlights of the weekend, causing electric stirrings amongst the audience.

Other highlights across the two shows included Tori forgetting the words to, and then ad-libbing, *Hey Jupiter*; a rousing *Past The Mission*, *Twinkle*, Caton letting loose on *Cornflake Girl*, Tori frantically working the pedals and levers of the harpsichord on *Blood Roses*, and a hauntingly exquisite *China*.

The Saturday night bore a particularly charged and emotional *Me And A Gun*. Tori, obviously in tears and finding it difficult to continue, stopped toward the end of the song. The longest, most harrowing thirty seconds followed. There was total, absolute silence, yet you could feel every soul in the building urging her, willing her to pull through. When I thought the lights were about to fade above her, she raised her hand to signal that she'd finish. And god knows how, but she did.

Tori's gigs in the capital are usually a little more reserved than those in the provinces, and there was little evidence of her razor sharp wit or renowned humour on either night at the Albert Hall. Maybe it was the London crowd, critical and self-conscious? Maybe it was the presence of her parents. Maybe it was the consequence of big media and music industry attendance. Or perhaps it was the dancing ghosts in the aisles? No matter, it was still a landmark for Tori.

Tori's performances are the Mount Olympus of her talents. But, if she had reached her peak, was as smooth and flawless as alabaster, then I think her appeal would fade. It's bound to be difficult to transfer her intimate performance style to the larger venues, and I think it will be interesting to watch her develop as the tour progresses. Most of us are fans, after all, because of her human quality.



Photos on this page by Ray Johnson of Rock-Pics, taken at the Royal Albert Hall gigs.

See the Thoughts page for details of how to obtain his brilliant Tori shots.

MARK ELVIN

Once upon a time a funky little redhead made an album called *Little Earthquakes*. And the rest is history...

What can I say? I missed out on the *Earthquakes Tour* for a number of reasons, but when the *Pink Tour* hit the road I was like a moth to a flame. When the Wolverhampton show was announced I was so excited I could barely speak, so I got my long-suffering Mom to ring and book the tickets.

Absolutely nothing could go wrong, I told myself. Life as we know it ends right here and now.

"They've sold out," my mother said.

"Tell them I'll sit on her bloody piano," I said, fully intending to do just that if necessary.

"Just kidding," she said.

After cleaning up all incriminating evidence linking me to matricide, I couldn't help but give alternative seating plans a little more thought. With me having the best seat in the house, Tori would have only been able to see 15% of the audience due to the size of my behind, and the Bosey would no doubt have gone on strike for better working conditions. But I'm sure Tori would have seen the funny side.

In my shell-shocked state, I bought two tickets. I didn't really like the idea of heading into town on my own for what was to be life-changing experience for me, and yet I didn't want to share it with anyone. So I was left with two choices:

1. Be totally selfish and spread myself over both seats. (Not difficult - see above).
2. Ask my best mate to come with me. (An innocent at large, she had only a vague recollection of hearing 'the one about cornflakes' on the radio).

songs have affected me profoundly over the years. I was 11 when I discovered The Beatles', *A Day In The Life*, in my parent's record collection and I've never looked back. Later earthquakes were caused by R.E.M.'s *Losing My Religion*; Nirvana's *Come As You Are*, and, despite the hype, I can't help myself when it comes to, *The Universal*, by Blur.

But for all my obsession with music, I'd never actually been to a live concert until I saw Tori on 2nd May, 1994. And what a fucking baptism that was!

My best mate was pretty cool about the whole thing before the event. She was a fully-fledged rock chick at the time, and was a veteran of several stadium gigs from Bon Jovi to Meat Loaf. Although she'd never admit it, I suspect she only came along to humour me.

When we arrived at the hall my mate looked up on the stage and saw the solitary Bosey centre stage. "Bloody hell," she said. "They haven't even finished setting up yet."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"They've only brought the piano in," she said.

I then set about explaining that, to the best of my knowledge, Tori would be playing unaccompanied - no guitar, no bass, no hairy drummer. "Oh," she said. And I'm sure I saw her cringe.

A few minutes later she laughed out loud. I asked what was so funny and she pointed out a sign ahead of us, reading it aloud with just a hint of sarcasm: 'No Stage Diving'. I must admit, I had to smile.

After waiting for what seemed like the duration of the entire jurassic age, (no disrespect to The Divine Comedy, but they didn't help), the lights went down and suddenly... There She Was. Bloody God. Bloody Marvellous. Bloody Anything. I'm reliably informed that no one has

A DAY IN THE LIFE

Feeling a duty to educate her on a musical level; (she's now a 23-year-old fan of Boyzone, and I deny all knowledge of her upon entering any record store anywhere in the world,) I opted to take my best mate along.

With 2 months before the big night, I sent her home with copies of *Little E* and *Pink* tucked safely in her pocket.

I said: "Don't play them in front of your mother unless she's into blasphemy, tattoos, murder, orgasms, the anti-Christ, ghosts, sexual abuse, mental illness, masturbation, pissing in rivers and snowmen, will you?"
"No," she said.

The time came, I confess I was completely awestruck when I saw her live show. My being overwhelmed was a combination of a number of things. Having been passionate about music of all descriptions for as long as I can remember, certain

had that kind of impact on me since I met Orinoco The Womble when I was 10 months old. In actual fact, on first sight of Orinoco I went completely rigid and wet myself with excitement - I'd like to point out quite categorically that this absolutely, definitely didn't happen when I saw Tori, but she's in esteemed company.'

It's moments like these when you wish time really could stand still, just for a short while, because before I had time to regain consciousness it was all over. I actually turned to my now open-jawed best mate and said, "Is that it?" It wasn't until I looked at my watch that I realised I'd been in the company of the Faerie Queen for almost 1 hour and 45 minutes. The whole evening had been completely surreal, and yet the next morning I could recall every detail.

Oh, sure, I'd read the rave reviews and I'd believed every word; I'd seen the video and loved every minute. But you really can't appreciate the

magnitude of her talent unless you've seen her alone up there with nothing to hide behind. It's like standing in front of a blast furnace and, instead of running from the fire, you feel this compelling urge to move in even closer. And, more than that, she pulls you closer and the fire just keeps getting hotter and hotter.

Needless to say my addiction has grown since that fateful night, but I could quit right now if I wanted to. Honestly, I could. No, really. Alright, okay, I admit it - I'd go without food, air and water first. Hey babe, never mind copyright control - you should come with a Government Health Warning.

My long-running fascination with all things Tori is well-known to my family and my wonderfully tolerant best mate. They're familiar with my PMT (Pre-Music Tension) usually at a fever pitch seven long days before the release date of a new album, and with my cold turkey withdrawal symptoms, which always start exactly three months after I received my last copy of TTTS. They understand my need to buy six copies of every magazine with Tori in them, one as a poster, another in case the poster fades, another to preserve in an airtight wallet giving it a longer half-life than radioactive matter, and the other three copies because... well, you never know what might happen, do you?

Although I'm the sole carrier of Amos Influenza in my platoon; my non-believing best mate actually told ME that Tori was playing Wolverhampton again before I had a clue. And this time she's bought her own ticket.

So, after initially falling into the trap of labelling Tori as a nut case, she's opened her mind a little and, *Caught a lite sneeze*. By her own admission, she doesn't understand exactly where Tori's coming from much of the time, but she likes the music and that's good enough for me.

OF A RAISIN GIRL

Call me a Devil if you wish, but I just couldn't resist testing her after I saw the CD booklet to *Boys For Pele*. I had flicked through it during my lunch hour on the day it was released, and saw what I thought was a picture of Tori breast-feeding a lamb. So the scene was set, I matter-of-factly brought it into our conversation on the way home from work that night.

"You're kidding," she said.
"No shit," I said.
"But it must be computer-aided design or something because... well, they have sharp teeth, don't they? I mean, I've heard of suffering for your art, but bloody hell..."

Anyway, by the next morning I'd realised my error and I set about correcting myself. "Oh, by the way, you know last night I told you about that photo of Tori breast-feeding a lamb in the CD booklet?"

"Yeah? she said, cringing again.



Cue my deadpan facial expression. "Well, it's not a lamb after all. It's a pig."
"Oh," she said. "That's all right then."

*Photo above by
Antony Jakymiw
from Ontario, Canada.*

So there you have it. Just a little insight into how I came to be a subscriber to *The Good Book* (Revised Edition by Tori Amos), and I say it's much better with a few missing pages. Let's skip all the religious twaddle and get straight to the raunchy bits. At least we'll be in good company if we get struck by a bolt of lightning...

MANDI COOK

Try explaining the excitement of buying *Boys For Pele* to someone who's never heard of Tori Amos. Actually, just try explaining the fascination with the music and the person. Not easy. A work-time lunch hour spent hunting around the shops to find *Pele* brought me more problems than I'd expected that afternoon. Soon an office discussion had started about Tori, ("Blimey, that photo brings a whole new meaning to the expression 'suckling pig'!"), her past, ("New artist, is she?") and her material, ("Let me guess, it's all periods and, 'men are bastards', is it?").

Not A Guy Thing

Generally us guys have a hard time defending our liking for Tori Amos, or sometimes just even understanding it. There's the faction who seem to entertain dreams of marriage and long-term relationships with an unreachable icon, this would be amusing if these people were still in short trousers and not shaving yet.

Anyone who's ever left Cosmo articles about, "How to dye your hair in easy stages", lying open for their girlfriends to see knows exactly what I'm on about here.

Photo below by
Cindy Palmano.
Courtesy of Lee Ellen
at East West Records

And then, there are the apologists. The men who believe that they are getting in touch with their feminine side by nodding sympathetically to lines such as, 'best pray that I bleed real soon', and liking Tori Amos because getting sweaty at a Guns & Roses gig isn't going to win them any girlfriends. This group includes men who profess, "Of course, I wish men could have babies too", as a supposed genuine feeling, and not an attempt to get someone into bed, (honest). These are people who have shelves full of Sarah McLachlan, Kate Bush, Tori Amos and Joni Mitchell albums, proudly pointing to them, "look at me, I'm a New Man" but missing the point of every single lyric.

Which brings me onto the last bunch. The rest of us. Those who have been through some of the events about which Tori sings. You don't have to be female to have been in similar situations. For example, *Baker Baker's* fear of commitment which finally works against you, or *Putting The Damage On's* pain of still loving someone even when they no longer love you. Things that happen.

These aren't exclusive copyright to Tori Amos, or any other musician. It's not a male thing, or a female thing, it's just a human thing. This is stuff we've all been through. And the attraction to Tori's work, to the words and notes, is that someone else has not only been through this but that they're prepared to share it.

Few musicians are quite this honest. Few people are, come to think of it. I don't look to Tori as the, "Nerd Priestess", so beloved by NME and the tabloids, or the, "Kooky Poster Girl" of Q and *Select*. But, when I hear songs such as *Crucify*, *Pretty Good Year*, or *Hey Jupiter*, I know that someone has been to the same places I've been. I'm not alone in what I've been through. When problems *really* get to you, it always feels like it's happened worst to you and nobody else.

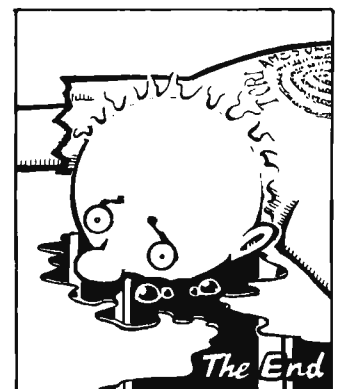
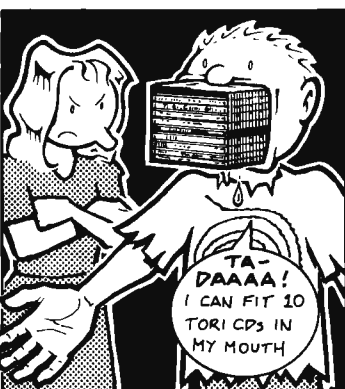
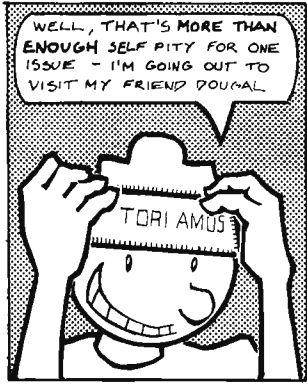
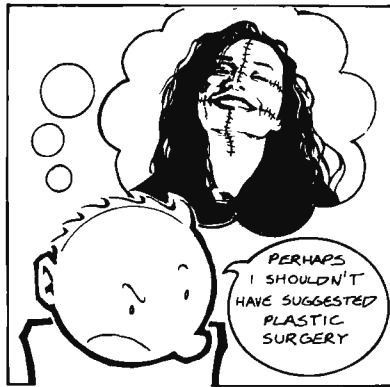
But these songs say otherwise. You're not alone. We are *not* alone. We're not the first to experience this, and we won't be the last. And that makes it just a little easier to beat those problems. No matter who you are. It's the honesty and trust in the songs that make the difference. That was my eventual explanation in the office about what Tori Amos was about. Not a chick thing, not a guy thing.

Just honesty and trust. And who could ask for anything more?

IAN ATKINS

HAPPY FAN TOM
© 1996
'Tori's No.1 Agent'
by reggie tait

TOM HAS PHONED HIS SOULMATE, LAURIS



Dear, oh dear, oh deario me! She's done it again. Oh yes she has. That flame-haired, frankly barking kooktress, (damn...just knew it couldn't be done), has got the lads running for the safety of their rectums once more. Which, to be even more frank, is where they belong.

Now you would have thought that by her fourth album Ms. Amos' raison d'etre would have become all too readily apparent: to sing, to play, to be honest in both, oh, and pizza... Yet some of the critics have, in typical time-honoured fashion, refused to shift from their dried-in-cement misconceptions which were happily formed some years ago over a pint of 'Brown' and a packet of 'Cheese Murmurs'.

First off the mark is *NME*; the review entitled 'Kooky Monstrous', (I always liked Big Bird myself), rolls out those glorious old cliches for a good polishing; the ex-heavy metal chick, the ethereal Kate Bush pastiche, the escaped loon... yackety yack, heard it all before.

is as happy with Bartok as she is with Billie Holiday. And at the end of the day that's what these critics don't like; talent, just plain ol'talent, which Tori Amos has. Oh, and *humour*, which they certainly have not.

More gothic atrocities daubed as constructive criticism awaited. *Melody Maker* had decided to find the soft fleshy tissue at the jugular and rip, and rip and then keep pulling. Like the Gallagher Boys at the Grand Guignol the stream of consciousness/vomit made as much sense as one of Tori's lyrics (reportedly). Entitled '*SMASH THE TORI*', It, I won't say he; as his infantile rage had swallowed any small vestige of humanity he might once have had; enlightened us by confiding that, "this record made me gag", and that her tedious introspection had spawned a, "masturbatory mental work out". Gosh.

A little further on she was hounded for her, "middle class, bored, lazy retreat from political responsibility". For a start anyone

ALL THE GITS HATE HER

*A brief sojourn into the World of Tori Backlash
or Tori Amos: a 1000 word essay without using the word 'Kooky'.*

What is surprising is that the bulk of the blame is laid at the door of the piano itself, the Bosendorfer is a redundant instrument, so we are told, and in using the harpsichord Tori has found the '...only instrument on the planet less rock n' roll than the piano'. Well excuse me, but since when has Tori solely been an advocate of rock, or pop, or stonkingly good ballads for that matter?

Yet the real issue here is not one of 'Which damn genre can we stick the bitch in, but this whole business of pigeon-holing itself. Only when someone is whittled down to a filing card are they happy.... Bjork: See mental. Also under cute, impish, Icelandic elf maiden. Eddie Reader: Anorexic, jittery, Scots woman, prone to jumping around at end of song in mad, sporadic fashion. On second thoughts, see under mad. Indigo Girls: dykes wiv guitars...

The thing is that most musicians are not two - dimensional. Tori Amos especially. She

who knows anything about her will know how fiercely political Tori is, just not in that big flag-flying way. The D.C. Rape Crisis Center saw fit to honour her with an award for her work, and she founded the Rape, Abuse and Incest National Network. Yet we are told that she has sacrificed the 'NECESSARILY UNAVOIDABLY POLITICAL' polemic that is "POP", for the, "fat flabby flatulence ", of her ego.

I'm sorry... but could you run that past me again one more time? Banging the toy drum of the pseudo-revolutionary like this is most irksome. And stale. What this guy's problem really is, is that he's just afraid of that Big 30! Perhaps it's time for some new blood in these old rags. Please consider Mrs. Merton for the job who could pronounce how simply, 'lovely', it all was and how, 'champion', Ned Sherrin's anecdotes are.

All he wants is a tune his mother can hum, he cries. And just what would that be?



Robson and Jerome's *Finest Hour*? Barbara Cartland Sings Gershwin?

No; at the end of the day it's an interesting experiment into the depths of loathing which *Tori* inspires. As Martin Rossiter of *Gene* says elsewhere in the issue, "I think people are very frightened to be sincere these days and suspicious of anyone who is". Too damn right.

Tori's startling honesty, sexual, emotional, and otherwise is just too much for some bankrupt personalities. One of the more insulting and irrelevant sections in the review is when her attractiveness is not only brought into question but feverishly denied in language befitting a crazed sociopath. I suspect this person actually gets turned on by her one hell of a lot, but knows she could break his balls. That she's a strong woman. That she'd eat him with warm marmalade then go dance with the faeries.

It's a shame that in all the diatribe the music is never once addressed, curious that, for a music review. Neither is the fact that *Tori* has salvaged the reputation of one

of the finest instruments in the world. Obviously, as she's so multi-faceted, we'll have to wait for the next few issues to review the music, the pain, the triumph, the political mores of the moment and her recipe for toffee apple ice cream.

Long may she reign, the Eddie Izzard of Pop, the Lily Savage of the piano forte, two fingers gloriously raised from betwixt her resplendent thighs.

MARC ELLERY

*Photo above by
Benjamin Holmsteen
from Stockholm, Sweden.*

thoughts

In mid April Tori recorded her appearance for the *MTV Unplugged* show at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Majestic Theatre in New York. After only five songs (including three false starts) Tori left the stage. She cited the bright TV lights and an unusual sound set-up for the problems. However, she did return to the stage after a while and played a *blinder*. It's not yet known when the programme will be broadcast in the States or on MTV Europe.

On it's first week of release, *Caught A Lite Sneeze* was the Virgin Megastore 'Single of the Week' supported by in-store posters and point-of-sale material.

Boys For Pele has been released in Japan and, as is usual with CD releases over there, features a bonus track. *Toodles Mister Jim*, which was originally a B-side on *Caught A Lite Sneeze*, appears at the end of the normal running order.

Another picture-heavy Tori biography has appeared in the shape of *Tori Amos; Cornflake Girl* from U.F.O. Books. Though not an essential purchase, the book does feature the excellent photography of Sky regulars Derek Ridgers and Ray Johnson.

Response to our proposed Sky/Tori info phone line was mixed, many of you obviously troubled by the prospect of astronomical phone bills, (something we at Sky know all about). The idea of a Sky site on the Internet was even less well received but please keep your views on the subject coming in.

So we've had Sheryl Crow, Happy Rhodes and Alanis Morissette but none of them really match up to Miss T. do they? Now, however, comes a female singer/songwriter with a lot more in common with Tori. On her album *Relish*, Joan Osborne sings of very similar themes to Ms. Amos and is unafraid to confront those taboo subjects that seem to get everyone worked up. The single *One Of Us* ponders the notion of 'God' as an ordinary bloke, whilst on *Right Hand Man* she delivers some of the year's sexiest, funniest and downright sassiest lyrics. Here is a strong woman in control, who knows what she wants and how to get it. Also from the southern States, her gutsy, Joplin-esque vocal style shines through on tracks like *Let's Get Naked*, *Ladder* and *Dracula Moon*. The album clearly displays a great talent in all areas, the potential of which is fully realised when she performs live. Well worth checking out if you get the chance.

After her 'tributes' to those cockney rascals Chas and Dave (see *Hangin' On The Telephone* earlier in this ish), it seems that Tori may be repaid the compliment. Upon hearing that Ms. Amos had covered two of his songs Chas has apparently penned a song about Tori. We have no further details concerning its release at present, or of Tori's version of *Rabbit*.

Many thanks to Rob Green from Cheshire for his splendid oil painting of Tori based on the video for *Caught A Lite Sneeze*. Bear with us Rob as we work out a way to print it in the next issue.



The radiant photos of Tori at the Royal Albert Hall used in this issue are for sale EXCLUSIVELY to Sky readers. There are 50 in total and capture Tori in full emotive glory. For more details of these fantastic colour shots send an

SAE to;

**ROCK-PICS,
PO BOX 4, HAVERHILL,
SUFFOLK, CB9 0JQ,
ENGLAND.**

BACK ISSUES

Back issues of *Take To The Sky* are selling-out fast. 1, 2 and 3 have completely sold out whilst 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 are available at £3 each (including post and packing). The reprint of issues 1 and 2 is still available (in very limited quantities) at £5 for *both* issues not each.

Portsmouth Guildhall, the last date of the UK tour, coincided with the horrific events that took place in Dunblane, Scotland. Tori played an extended *Not The Red Baron* that night, with some touching improvised lyrics. She then followed with an emotional and angry *Amazing Grace*, again making references to the tragedy in the song itself.

Agent Orange from *Boys For Pele* is apparently dedicated to/about Tori's security adviser Joel Hopkins. Those who have had the pleasure of meeting Joel will recognise the references to him in the lyrics.

Regular readers will know the name Helen Wolstencroft as she has written articles in the last three issues. An integral part of the Sky team for some time, we've finally recognised Helen's importance and officially made her editor. Many thanks to Helen for all her hard work, effort and for taking a great weight off our shoulders.

The version of *Amazing Grace* that appears on the B-side of *Talula* was recorded at Tori's house in Ireland during a particularly loose and boozey jam session. John Witherspoon (Tori's infamous tour manager) video-taped the event, yet as the evening wore on the alcohol took hold and the camcorder fell into unscrupulous hands. The said tape now contains footage of Mr. 'Spoon attempting to play the piano whilst totally naked. A frightening thought, yet we hear that bootleg copies are now in circulation!

All submissions for inclusion in the next issue should be with us no later July 10th.

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Pele's Reaction

Intriguing that within fourteen days of the release of *Boys For Pele* the goddess responded to the calling of her name by waking in one of her more volatile moods. On Monday February the fifth spectacular film was shown on British news programmes depicting the eruption of her home, Kilauea ("Much Spreading") crater, the world's most active volcanic landmass, located on the Southeastern Hawaiian island of Hawaii. There were concerns that the caldera might possibly suffer massive explosions, but a river of flowing lava emerged from a side vent to reach the sea 48 km South of the volcano. The last similar activity was in 1983. Tori has said that the idea behind her initial inspiration had been to sacrifice some of the men in her life to the angry deity. It was no bad thing that she re-thought her position and realised that what she really wanted was to claim her own fire. According to some information sources, throughout periods of Hawaiian history male (never female) human sacrifices were occasionally made to appease Pele, but it would seem that these days the goddess is perhaps more partial to gifts of a different nature. Apparently juniper berries, in the form of gin, are currently considered an appropriate offering.



Above; Pele based on an original Hawaiian carving. Interpreted by Debi Bowes.

Tori interviewed!

Keyboard Review interviews Tori for the third time, and she's got plenty to talk about...

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