

ARGOSY 2022

Omne nomen in magno leti concutitur urna!



Dick Taylor and Alan Clayson blazing away at the Sol Party in August

Summer bracketed my first visits to London in over two years. In June, I was being interviewed about Charlie Watts as part of a one-hour special for a wider celebration of the Rolling Stones' sixtieth anniversary on Absolute Radio, centred a stone's throw from a Carnaby Street still feeding on its olde-tyme standing as a retail epicentre of Mod apparel - when, during 1965's spring term, a provincial schoolboy encountered Denny Laine climbing from an E-Type Jaguar just as his Moody Blues' 'Go Now' was slipping from the charts after a week at Number One.

Keeping up with the Top Forty, however, has been far off my recreational radar since the 1990s. Nowadays, my in-car radio is tuned almost permanently to Radio Three, a common source of entertainment when returning from bookings. When turning a thoughtful steering wheel at dead of night, I have listened to a programme called *Unclassified* numerous times without realising it was hosted by Elizabeth Alker, a Rochdale-accented lass who summoned me to the café attached to the Wellcome Collection, a museum to do with 'ideas about the connections between medicine, life and art' - which was commensurate, I suppose, with our discussion about Edgard Varèse for *Everything We Do is Music*, her forthcoming book - which will also include contributions by Paul McCartney, La Monte Young, Suzanne Ciani, Steve Reich, Irmin Schmidt (from Can) and Bootsy Collins. In parenthesisisisisisis, Elizabeth was to be the winner of a December edition of BBC1's *Pointless* quiz show - and my Frank Zappa biography will be in the shops early next summer - or so I read in *Mojo*. No-one tells me anything.

A performer born of the same pop era as Frank shared the boards with me when I performed on the first weekend of August at the Sol Party, an outdoor event near

Tunbridge Wells. It wasn't on the scale of Glastonbury, what with the respective headlining acts on the Friday and Saturday nights being The Bevis Frond and an entity derived from Man (with whom Clayson and the Argonauts were billed at the 100 Club back in 2011).

Dick Taylor and I occupied the final slot on the covered 'garden stage' where we went the distance competently - if that is the word - in the teeth of the humidity and the battle against equipment malfunction plus the hazards of sound common to festival conditions. A mixture of Pretty Things items and Clayson fare (like the 'Sol Nova' finale mutating via 'Interstellar Overdrive' into 'In Heaven' [which I first heard when emoted by the mutant fairy - the lady in the radiator - during *Eraserhead*]) with all the associated continuity went down well for attentive onlookers not sure which way they were meant to take it (and even I have never been entirely certain either). Among e-mailed comments over the next week were 'I couldn't tear myself away - seriously insane!'; 'Enjoyed your set at SOL, Alan and Dick! At least I certainly think I did', and 'Wonderful wasn't it?! I did wonder what was going on at first but then 'got it' and ended up transfixed. Travelled back singing along to "Sol Nova" on the car CD player'.



All I can add is that, while there have been better nights as far as my solo act - with or without guest accompanists - is concerned, I felt I'd got my 'mojo' back in this manifestation of my performance art after the previous such gig - the worst I've ever undertaken (that one in Reading during January 2019).

How I wish that could have been cancelled. That's wisdom after the fact, but I was sort of pleased when, because of the continuing pestilence, certain long-distance engagements didn't happen this year, requiring hours of hanging about after the soundcheck, and getting to bed near dawn. Time was when that would have been water off a duck's back.

CLAYSON SINGS CHANSON

CLAYSON SINGS CHANSON has been on the road since 2011, initially to tie-in with the most recent edition of Alan Clayson's Jacques Brel biography, *La Vie Bohème*. Recent media coverage has been fulsome with phrases like 'mesmerising', 'a man possessed' and 'a wonderful evening by a master raconteur at the top of his game'. If much of the repertoire is from Brel's portfolio, Clayson and keyboard player Andy Lavery deliver items by other *chansonniers*, Gallic and English and venture into curious but connected realms.



See alanclayson.com/gigs for what's happening during November in East Anglia, Sheffield - and Ashford Hill!

Most journeys to *Clayson Sings Chanson* spectacles that actually took place have been relatively short, ranging from Bracknell's Acoustic Lounge (situated beneath a multi-storey car park) and a packed-out return to the Beehive in Swindon. Yet, though it necessitated a three-hundred-mile round trip to and from maritime East Anglia, the most enjoyable was in late autumn at an arts centre in Wells-next-the-Sea - for which we were rebooked for the same time in 2023 (and that was dignified by the presence in the audience of Alistair 'The Curator' Murphy - and John Ellerby, a friend from college I hadn't seen for over twenty years).

Other memories of 2022, nevertheless, haven't been particularly joyous. After half-a-century Clayson- and-the-Argonauts may have ceased to exist on April Fool's Day in the wake of

seventy-six-year-old bass player Paul Critchfield's retirement from musical activities that demand such an explicit degree of commitment. Understanding and respecting his decision, Pete Cox and I decided that they'd be no replacement and that all signposts pointed to disbandment - though there's a possibility of one-off reformations for special events - and recording purposes (and by Sod's Law, a new on-line single was released in March).

In more absolute terms, 2022 has embraced farewells to an uncanny number of folk associated with the group. On the 7th of July, the Grim Reaper came for Mark Astronaut (*né* Wilkins) of, well, The Astronauts from Welwyn Garden City - and, as luck would have it, a feature I wrote concerning Mark surfaced in the subsequent edition of *Rock 'N' Reel*.

I'd first noticed Mark as a fellow towards the front of the audience during a Clayson and the Argonauts tribal gathering at the Marquee in Soho's Wardour Street a few weeks before his Astronauts - then a guitar-bass-vocals trio opened for us at the Long Room in Bishop's Stortford.

THE REFUGEES

The new single from
ALAN CLAYSON and the ARGONAUTS
FROM UNSPEAKABLE LAND TO UNSPEAKABLE LANGUAGE

All proceeds are to be donated to the Ukrainian relief effort.
From the album *THIS CANNOT GO ON...*
For further information, please investigate
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Rush Music

Because Welwyn Garden City came into being a mere century ago, it has produced few musical luminaries in comparison to, say, North London, twenty miles south. Chartbusting trad jazzier Chris Barber, Procol Harum wordsmith Keith Reid and ex-Rolling Stone, Mick Taylor, were born there, true enough, but for simply keeping the faith within its environs all his life, the City's foremost pop figure might be Mark Wilkins, known popularly as **Mark Astronaut**.

Mark, as he approaches his seventies, remains a cult celebrity, whether causing 'talking heads', famous and obscure, to contribute to *Autumn Days*, a 2011 documentary concerning him; being fundamental to this spring's weighty *Survivors - 45 Years Of The Astronauts* biography; or inspiring hero worship from those new to his output with a group still omnipresent at free festivals and recitals organised by bohemian collectives and movements such as Rock Against Racism, nearly fifty years after what was 'just a hobby' began with an eponymous EP, financed by a fan.

Though buoyed on the record by a session drummer and keyboard player plus guitarist Alan Cowley of Johnny Curious And The Strangers, The Astronauts functioned on the boards as a guitar-bass-vocals trio memorable for the abandoned nature of accompaniment, with the only concessions to outward structure and direction traceable to X-factor Mark's verse and melodies, which relied on not much more than a repeated few notes. Moreover, if he proved capable of launching into wordless quasi-operatics later on, he didn't stray far from a central two octaves and a singing style occupying an area bordered by Wreckless Eric, Johnny Rotten and John Otway.

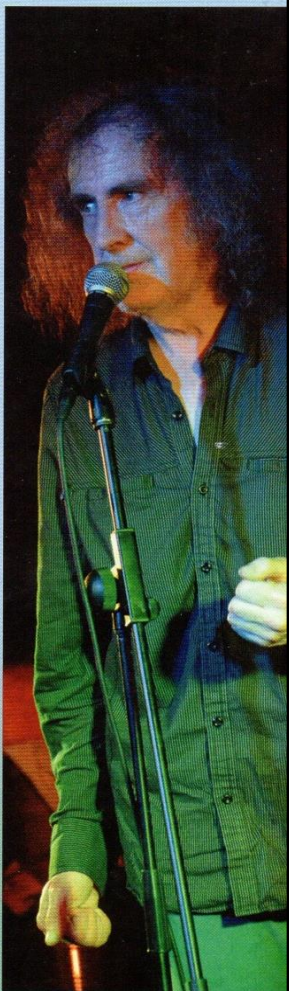
Ostensibly, The Astronauts didn't have a lot going for them, but the overall effect on their first audiences was compelling. People with the resources to sustain a lengthy discography were to feel the same, as instanced by a Spanish firm reissuing the group's maiden album, *Peter Pan Hits The Suburbs*, on the strength of demand in the collectors' market for mint copies of the original, as well as a 1994 CD (with two extra tracks) by a company in Greece. "I'm really grateful to everybody concerned because we obviously weren't instantly sellable," confesses Mark. "It was good that they had some sort of belief in it."

A decade later, Mark was fronting The Otters until it was thought prudent to accept a booking in Athens as The Astronauts (which they have remained ever since). That same season, he was also central figure in *Restricted Hours*' simultaneous released in-concert mini-album, taped one atmospheric evening at nearby Hitchin's Club 85.

Yet Welwyn's post-punk Dylan remains to most of a world beyond, on a par with a shielded emperor of imperial China cultivating pure philosophy or, if you prefer, Elvis hidden away in Gracelands, maintaining as he does a simple wish for "...people to hear the songs. I don't care much about making money. My main thing is to perform as best I can, whether in a loud psychedelic setting or in a more acoustic vein. I wish, however, I'd kept my eye on the game a bit more but that's down to coming out of an amateur status. Also, I'm not sure if I would have wanted to do endless one-nighters, sleeping on people's floors.

"Though I would have liked more recognition, I don't think I'd have liked to have been too much part of the record industry. Bands always seem to get screwed at some point whereas I've held control of my own stuff. It gives me an autonomy I wouldn't have within the business but there's been a reciprocal sacrifice as well."

Alan Clayson



RNR 65

Little about the content of The Astronauts recital is recalled, but they were memorable for the nature of the instrumental accompaniment with the only concessions to outward structure and direction traceable to stringy-haired Mark's verse - and melodies that relied on not much more than three or four notes and him not straying far from the central two octaves of a vocal style occupying an area bordered by Wreckless Eric, Johnny Rotten and John Otway. Indeed, it had less to do with anarcho-punk (which is what one onlooker said it was) than those rapid-fire readings accompanied by jazz that were prevalent in bohemian circles in the early 1960s.

Yet, while the Argonauts didn't think Mark and his boys had a lot going for them, I found the overall effect compelling - so much so that I urged our management - unsuccessfully - to book The Astronauts as support when we next appeared at the Torrington, Dingwall's, the Nashville Rooms and like metropolitan venues.

They were to be, however, my first job as a producer for another artist - for, after the Bishop's Stortford engagement, Mark Wilkins and I had stayed in touch, in no small part because I empathized with him for being the kind of entertainer who either gets patronized like hell or accrues not so much fans as fanatics. So it was that, on hearing I was on the look-out for new Argonauts - and despite a raging toothache - he brought a couple of likely lads to meet me. While this came to nothing, I travelled to Welwyn Garden City to discuss the when, what and how of recording what was to be

issued as the eponymous EP that was to be the beginning of Mark's lengthy discography.

If I wasn't keen on 'Back Soon', Mark was adamant about its inclusion - and I listened with more enthusiasm to in-concert tapes of 'All Night Party' and, especially, 'Survivors'. Prior to the session too, I apportioned trackage; short-listed devices and effects, and visualized each track's overall 'shape'. Moreover, Pete Cox and then-Argonaut Martin Lawrie were roped in to add, respectively, drums and keyboards to the basic line-up of The Astronauts plus Alan Cowley from Welwyn punk rockers Johnny Curious and the Strangers, who betrayed inspired six-stringed evidence of hard listening to Jeff Beck.

On the morning of April Fool's Day 1979 - a Sunday - all concerned convened at the Woodcraze complex in Wokingham where affairs proceeded effectively enough for us to record an unscheduled item, 'Everything Stops For Baby', despite a minor eruption owing to my ruthlessness when The Astronauts' guitarist was unable to get to grips with either, and I insisted that Cowley play both lead and rhythm on 'Survivors'. Incidentally, as the finished product was being copied onto cassette, everyone relaxed to the extent of a new Wilkins song - about his nose - being demonstrated to overall amusement. I wished I'd heard it before.

Among those who reviewed the EP were Mick Middles in *SOUNDS* ('a claysonic muddle of madness') - and, in *Melody Maker* ('rather an operatic feel...not bad at all'), Susan Hill. I couldn't possibly have known then what a bearing she would have on my life not quite ten years later.

To most of a world beyond Welwyn, Mark was on a par with a shielded emperor of imperial China cultivating pure philosophy or, if you, prefer Elvis hidden away in Gracelands, but, for simply keeping the faith within its environs all his life, Mark was, arguably, the City's foremost pop figure - and, as he approached his seventies, he remained a cult celebrity, whether causing me and other 'talking heads', famous and obscure, to contribute to *Autumn Days*, a 2011 documentary concerning him; being fundamental to this spring's weighty *Survivors: 45 Years Of The Astronauts* biography - or inspiring hero worship from those new to his output with a group still omnipresent at free festivals and recitals organised by bohemian collectives and movements such as Rock Against Racism nearly fifty years after what was 'just a hobby' left its fragile runway with that EP.

While I was present at Mark's crowded funeral - in the selfsame crematorium near Stevenage which hosted that of my sister Mary in 2011 - plague-induced caution precluded any such ceremony soon afterwards for Chris Kirtley, who superseded Haydn Meddick as the Argonauts' keyboard-player in 1978 - when the general feeling was that it'd lend us an enthusiasm-awakening dimension to a group that was falling apart. As a person, I felt comfortable with him straightaway. I had hopes, furthermore, that, like a parson in an Oh Crikey!-type situation-comedy, the mere presence of such a newcomer might compel the other members to bite back on what I perceived as their ever-escalating nonsense.

Twenty-five-year-old Chris was an amiable bloke from Stockton-on-Tees, who'd moved to the capital with the intention of being on the spot whenever opportunities within the music industry arose. Joining Alan Clayson's Argonauts wasn't precisely big-time, but, to anyone unaware of our very uncertain future, it was roughly in that direction. While we made a lucky choice in Chris, it was a pity it wouldn't be the same for him (though, in 2020, I was to procure coverage for his *The Duelling Pianist*, a novel not without autobiographical elements).

During his tenure as an Argonaut, the others implanted a credo that Clayson needed 'proper' musicians to temper his more preposterous ideas - and, after that edition of the group vapourised, my investors had suggested a teaming up with Chris - which went no further than an enlightening evening of him steering me round back-alleys that spread from Wardour Street, where harlots accosted passers-by or showed themselves off in uncurtained upstairs windows while engaged ostensibly in, say, rolling paint onto a ceiling, balanced on a step-ladder in a transparent shift.



Chris Kirtley

For far longer than Chris, I was shuttered with tenor saxophonist Alan Whetton in a late 1970s world of rehearsal rooms, interchangeably venues and the eternal van. As a sight-reading instrumentalist, Alan had been exactly what Clayson and the Argonauts needed. Moreover, not only was he a quick study, but he was sufficiently game to go along with the costumery and other non-musical stratagems deemed essential for our ship to plough ever onwards. My only objection about him becoming an Argonaut was unspoken. Until his arrival, I'd been at six feet, the tallest - just - member of the ensemble, and Alan's rust-coloured hair bristled inches above my blond mop - an imposition that came into clearest focus when his microphone flanked mine on the boards.

Nonetheless, his commitment to the group was such that he once took it upon himself to confront an obdurate entertainments manager about our cut of the takings that night. Rather than accept any *it-doesn't-work-like-that* excuses, he forced the fellow into a watery smile and to pay cash to us in full, there and then.

After he left, Alan became an in-demand session musician - who the sharp-eyed would spot on television in the cast of Cliff Richard's Wembley Stadium spectacular in 1989, and on *Top Of The Pops* backing 1980s hitmaker Howard Jones. He functioned too with Dexy's Midnight Runners, Shakin' Stevens, The Blues Band and The Manfreds among others, and produced two albums by folk entertainer Vin Garbutt.



(Left to right) Mic Dover, me, Alan Barwise, Sandy Monteith, Alan Whetton and Haydn Meddick

Such experience enabled Alan to obtain a post as lecturer in Music and Music Theory at Reading College in 2007 where he met visual arts curriculum manager Jane Slade, who he wed this autumn after they uprooted in 2011 from Berkshire to the Isle of Wight. From there, Alan commuted to concerts with the diverse likes of Pulse (Pink Floyd tribute band), Geno Washington's Ram Jam Band - and Feast Of Fiddles, founded in 1994 by melodeonist Hugh Crabtree, and fronted by well-known

violinists of British folk-rock stamp, plus its spin-off P.I.G. (acronym for 'Pretty Interesting Group') for whom he also revealed talent as a keyboard player, and was the principal composer of selections on the combo's most recent album, *No Fiddlin'*.

Alan (for whom I penned obituaries in the *Isle Of Wight County Press* and elsewhere) died like Chris by cancerous inches - as did Mark Chapman - not John Lennon's killer, but the prime mover in Double Exposure, a boy-girl entity consisting mainly of students who'd been in the year below me at college. If prone sometimes to blurting out unfortunate remarks, Mark was a likeable enough live wire, but our association whittled down to a symbiotic exchange of services instanced by a treatment of a documentary concerning Jacques Brel - involving locations as remote as the Pacific island where the exalted *chansonier's* tombled cadaver moulders yards from that of Gauguin - was delivered by Mark's hand to the Channel Four's judgement-makers (and placed, presumably, in the reject pile). His principal interaction with me, however, was directing the crew responsible for the realization of 2007's *Aetheria: Alan Clayson and the Argonauts In Concert* DVD.

Gone in February was Don Craine of The Downliners Sect, born of the Greater London wing of the British R&B movement in the early 1960s. Much of their visual impact lay in his onstage deerstalker when sharing lead vocals with bass player Keith Grant, and extending his skill as rhythm guitarist to tambourine, maracas - and autoharp, pre-empting its chartbusting use by The Lovin' Spoonful and Pinkerton's (Assorted) Colours.

Via an over-developed sense of humour he Sect would also explore Screaming Lord Sutch terrain with revoltingly amusing 'I Want My Baby Back', and C&W novelty 'May The Bird Of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose'. Such versatility did not reconcile easily on disc. While they scored a Swedish Number One with a revival of The Coasters' 'Little Egypt', a 1967 single attributed to 'Don Craine's New Downliners Sect' signalled the finish. .

Rallying, Don operated in a duo, Finnegan's Wake, before hosting Hounslow's Grail Folk Club until a reconstituted Sect found a place in the pub-rock sun and were esteemed too in the subsequent punk explosion. Correlated with this was an enduring second coming as recording artists which, smiled Don, 'continued to provide me with an escape from a lifetime of hard work'.

My friendship with Don had got off to a shaky start when, via a feature for *Record Collector*, I was disparaging about The British Invasion All-Stars, a 1990s 'supergroup' that, like a Viking longship docking in a hovercraft terminal, was a V-sign at all that they - and I - detested about the mainstream pop of the day. The ensemble, however, was less remarkable for their music than how they were turned into a cottage industry by a US government accountant who, at high school had conceived an unfading passion for British beat groups ('sounds that made love to my mind'). He appointed Don general manager of a record label responsible for a vast array of vintage and newly-recorded cassettes, CDs and videos, intended to capture 'the sound of the future, the beat of the past' - or how some might expect an unreconstructed 1960s beat group to be decades of recording technology on.

The enterprise kicked off, however, with a spoken-word cassette from Craine - a sort of premeditated Troggs Tape - and amateurish videos such as The Downliners Sect Story, hinged on the present-day edition telling anecdotes and bemoaning present agitated times in a local hostelry. Furthermore, its British Invasion All-Stars flagship act started as a tawdry throwing together of Don, Sect colleague Keith Evans, Jim McCarty, The Nashville Teens' Ray Phillips - and Eddie Phillips (no relation),

whose fifteen minutes had been his scraping of a violin bow across a fretboard on a brace of domestic of Top Fifty entries in 1966 by The Creation. A rushed job resulted in *Regression*, an album that revealed live-in-the-studio stabs at 'House Of The Rising Sun', 'Tobacco Road', 'My Generation' and other mutually over-familiar standards - and retreads of hits from members' individual catalogues that were musical equivalents of genetically-modified food. What could have been magic was mere music. That I'd stated as much in *Record Collector* caused Don to mail me a letter of mild reproof - and, though Keith muttered a loaded 'I'm gonna kill the bloke who wrote that article', glaring at me when I was commiserating with the Sect after their struggles during a bastard of a gig in Wokingham, he called me something like 'a daft bugger', but in a friendly way - and so I entered the circle of the Sect, writing a laudatory history of the outfit for *Record Collector* as well as sleeve notes for a CD retrospective. As it happened too, *United, Regression's* follow-up displayed that, with fresh impetus from Dick Taylor and Phil May, there was more to these British Invasion geezers than a bunch of has-beens accepting hand-outs from a well-off Yank.



Don Craine

Don was laid to incinerated rest at Mortlake Crematorium at the climax of a well-attended and quite moving event, most conspicuously because of the placing of his trademark deerstalker on top of the coffin. Among other mourners were rock journalist (and former researcher for the *Daily Express Woman's Page*) Sabine Brignell and Bobby Ward, mainstay of The Railing Stains, a Rolling Stones tribute band, with whom I shared a taxi to the wake - at the pub-restaurant in Richmond, blue-plaques for being the site of the Station Hotel and its back-room club, the Craw Daddy from which the Stones (and the Yardbirds) had left the runway in 1963.

The smart money used to be on Keith Richards in a morbid music press sweepstake about the next live-fast-die-young pop idol to follow fellow Stone Brian Jones - plus Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Keith Moon and like unfortunates to the grave. The daddy of them all, however, was the similarly hard-living Jerry Lee Lewis, whose obituary was penned decades ago when the media swooped with the promptness of vultures upon the first hint - a 1976 fortnight as a fevered in-patient in a Memphis hospital - there might be little time left before his body's final rebellion after a lifetime of self-violation, and the opening of a Pandora's box of hitherto unpublishable revelations about the soap-opera of his personal life.

Yet I much admired Jerry Lee for the splendid certainty about everything he did that is the prerogative of one as truculent, unpredictable and forgivably arrogant as only a genius can be, even when he was taken in October by, purportedly, 'natural causes', whatever that means. How about 'he died of natural causes when a ton of bricks fell on him'?

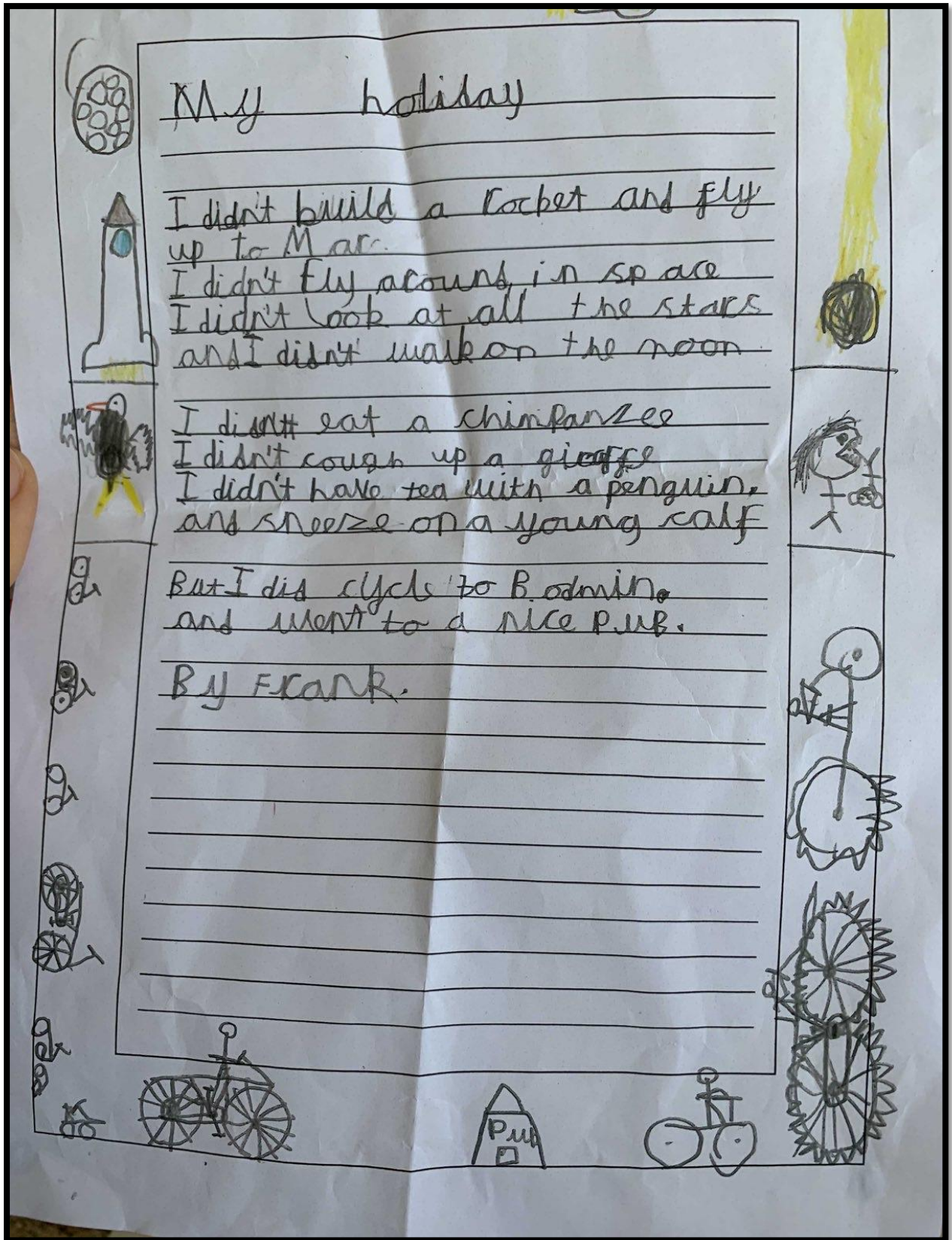
As Horace reminds us, '*omne nomen in magno leti concutitur urna*' ('every name is shaken in death's great urn') - and that applies to the highest in the land as much as, say, the down-and-out who landed with a resounding flop onto the lane opposite when I was traffic-jammed below a bridge in Reading. Indeed, the headstone of a Clayson ancestor in St. Peter's graveyard, Church Langton is inscribed with this quote from hymnologist Issac Watts: 'Princes, this clay must be your bed/In spite of all your towers/The tall, the wife, the reverend head/Must lie as low as ours'.

As dust settled on the Queen's departure, the correlated news bulletins brought to mind a guinea pig of the same name - just as 'The King' made me think more immediately of Elvis than Charles III. God forgive me, but, when watching the funeral convoy from London to Windsor, my mind slipped back to the annual carnival procession that turned the country town where I grew up technicolor with Wednesday evening's procession of motorized tableaux flanked by bucket-shaking collectors for local charities. At the rear trundled the Fleet District Council dust-cart into which were tossed the last pennies. Yet I still felt a certain melancholy for the passing of an epoch - and continued respect for Elizabeth II's commitment to the job thrust upon her.

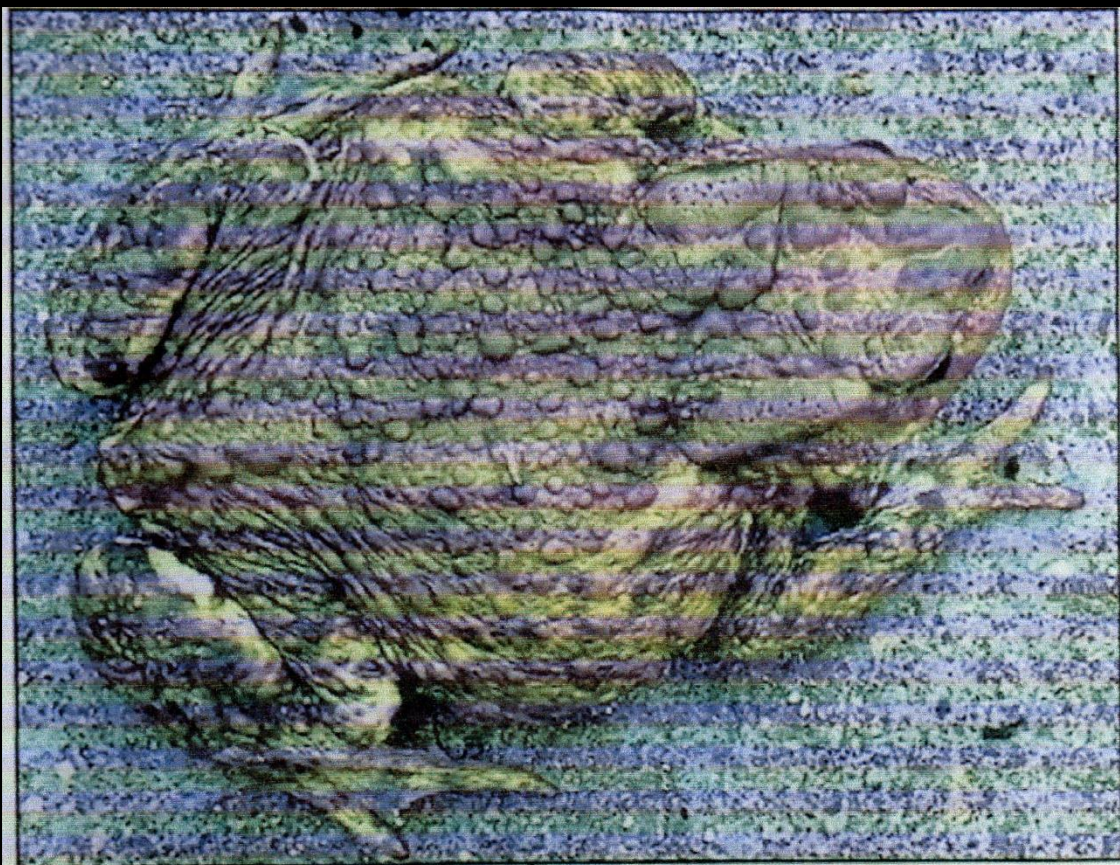
This was in the teeth of feelings about the Royal Family's in-bred sense of entitlement and privilege, epitomised by me losing sympathy with the central character long after starting a kind of 'opera' about the Abdication crisis, having become so preoccupied with Edward VIII that I went to *Crown Matrimonial*, a play about the matter (starring Peter Barkworth and Wendy Hiller) at the Theatre Royal in London's Haymarket. A one-man tunesmith, librettist, choreographer and set designer, I nagged at it, on and off, for weeks, but it boiled down to just three numbers: 'This Hollow Crown' - a sort of Clayson 'Don't Cry For Me Argentina' - 'These Dangerous Years' and 'For A Knight To Win His Spurs', a slow ballad destined to be selected for Dave Berry's *Hostage To The Beat* long-player in a very distant future.

My output as a composer, however, is affected these days by a widening gap between art and commerce - to the degree that 'It's not as bad as Scott Walker's last effort' was Inese's conclusion about a recent opus. As well as becoming more obscure musically, the lyrics have more and more of a tendency to explore mortality (perhaps because I've now passed three-score-years-and-ten, the Biblically-ordained span of a human life). Yet having driven me from earliest youth, constant creativity remains both a wellspring of bliss and a handicap as piquant as

schizophrenia or drug addiction. My eldest grandson, Frank, seems to have inherited this, my inventive, even perverse, 'otherness' - as epitomised by the following illustrated school poem of *what-I-did-during-the-summer-recess* nature:-



Finally, here is Inese's latest feature in the *Henley Standard* (3. xi. 22):-



Delightful discovery: the toad that Inese Clayson found inside a garden flower pot

Secret life of garden amazes me

Sir, — As I looked into an empty pot in my garden in which I was planning to plant some spring bulbs, I was surprised to see an adult toad stretching up to full length within.

Being private and nocturnal creatures which hibernate, toads are rarely seen out and about in the daytime. Toady seemed

happy to be rescued and made its way back to the safety of the log pile near the baby bath pond where it had made its home.

The secret life of the garden never ceases to delight me. — Yours faithfully,

Inese Clayson

She has, however, expanded her fan base as a wildlife photographer - as illustrated by this item (one of two) published by the Isle of Wight's *Island Echo* in September:-

