

## 31 June

Woke with a slight headache after dinner with David and Iman last night. Evening followed the usual pattern: everything cooked with a generous dash of Tia Maria and then David insisted on a game of Strip Pictionary. I had shed three camouflage jackets and he was down to his frilly clown costume when one of the waiters came over with the manager, and we were asked us to leave. Only David could get thrown out of his own flat by the caterers.

Late to the studio this morning, only getting in at 5.37. I always try to make six impossible pieces of music before breakfast and two hours later I was sitting at my favourite table in Georgiou's Greasy Spoon, making my way through a Full English Breakfast. He brought me an extra cup of his delicious powdered coffee, laughing, 'You look as if you could do with it.' I love his throaty voice. Must get him in to read my cut-ups of paragraphs from *Life And Death In The Gulag and Razzle*. It would work well on 'Cat's Pyjamas', 'My Monsoon Commute' or 'Abattoir Disco'. More and more I find myself enjoying those Uneasy Listening tracks.

An invitation arrived from the Ambient & New Age Group for Real Artistic Musicians. It always sounds a bit contrived to me, as if they thought of the acronym first and the words to fit it afterwards – wonder if there is an organisation with an acronym of ACRONYM? The Group wants me to be keynote speaker at their annual conference, which will discuss the crisis in Ambient & New Age Music Naming Conventions. Apparently in the years since I set the ball rolling with 'Quartz' on *Music For Films* during the 1970s, New Age composers have greedily exploited all the Earth's mineral, metal and natural resources to provide titles for their music. Platinum. Emerald. Tourmaline. Aventurine. The last remaining resource is Buckminsterfullerite and nobody has a clue what that should sound like.

Flew to Geneva to meet up with Bono. We walked around the World Sunglasses Expo 95 and discussed the album. Great company as ever. He offered me a lift to the airport but I told him I needed the walk. I'm getting so unfit.

After lunch I travelled to Amsterdam for the new art installation by Theo Rettik. I thought the title 'Theo Rettik... Leaves You Cold' might mean Theo was second-guessing the critics – always a pointless consideration – but as I entered the gallery foyer I was handed a pair of fur-lined boots and told to put them on before venturing any further. Inside, the temperature was a good 20 degrees lower and the entire floor of the gallery was covered with snow. At regular intervals a machine attached to the ceiling would blast away sending a cascade of slightly damp snowflakes onto the people below. As with all Theo's shows the walls were completely white as well. My eyes started to hurt after a while and I started to see vague abstract shapes wherever I looked. Not sure whether that was the intended artistic effect or if I should visit the optician again.

Back in London by early evening. Jameos told me there was a guy waiting to talk to me, Barron Gitt from *On-Line!*, 'the first interactive multimedia CD-ROM web-zine'. And last, probably. I was a bit annoyed as the appointment had completely slipped my mind and I wanted to get back home to see A. and the girls. As usual the interview questions were far longer than my answers. 'I heard your recent Hotwired chat streamed live over the Internet, and John Alderman from Hotwired said he lost his virginity when playing your *Apollo* track 'Weightless'. I must have played that record over six hundred times, how come the same thing hasn't happened to me? Was my copy just a bad pressing, or warped or something?' I suggested that if Barron spent less time playing my album and more time meeting girls that might solve the problem. He was a bit crestfallen but soon perked up when I offered to show him my latest educational Photoshop work.