



Voxgate Edinburgh 29.8.97 as reported by Merlin...

There were two segments to this first Voxgate UK. Because of the distance, many people couldn't travel to the location in Reading. So we decided on having one in Edinburgh too. Shall we start there?

Ceriseybob, Sue Gouldinglocks and sweet liddle ol' me had to trek down from Aberdeen. Beautiful day for a little ride! With three goofballs in the car, you would think at least half a dozen mishaps would've occurred. But there were only minor things... like Ceriseybob (our chauffeur) getting lost in the Safeway parking lot, or c-ah p-ah-k, as you Brits say. Well, whatever you call it, she still got lost! Teehee! Then there was the little incident between Sue and me.... ehm.... I'm not gonna go through the details but well.... let the photos speak for themselves. So we went trekking into Edinburgh.. Got lost again! Although it didn't occur in a Safeway parking lot this time (no no! we never make the same mistake twice!). But no matter. We got to the pub safely (well, at least Ceriseybob and I did. Can't speak for Gouldinglocks). Took eons to actually meet up with everyone. The geniuses that we are, we forgot to find out what everyone looked like! Don't know how it was managed at the end but we finally found everyone (Bill "the Bartender" Gordon and his wife and friend, Sabine Boelting and friend, and David Lusman). We all just sat around to get acquainted (while I was starving to death, and nobody really cared...*sniff sob*).

We went off for pizza afterwards and as hungry as I was, I could've eaten everything in the pizzeria. After we stuffed ourselves (that's the understatement of the year), off we went to the gig.

Although we had to endure listening to the support band called Orange, or Peal, or orange peel, or banana peel, or whatever.... it was fun time! Everyone lurved Josh's purple suit (what a ham!) and within an hour and a half, fun time was over. Voxgate Edinburgh made history and we all went our merry little way. Ceriseybob, Gouldinglocks, and yes, sweet liddle ol' me got put to work! Puttin' away the merchandise and loading the tour bus (no, KT and Kari, I didn't load in Midge's underpants if you were wondering, but I did load in what might have been his guitar, woohoo! Impressed, aren't ya, Indy?). Well, we waited outside in the freezing cold (well, cold to me) while Midge shook hands, posed for piccies, etc. In the meantime, being the official Voxgate reporter, I had to sneak a peek around the tour bus... let's see... there was Midge's half eaten choccy bar (no, I didn't take it!), Mark Brzezicki's book of 101 symptoms of common diseases (or sumfink like that), errr....what else was there?... someone's Boat Trader magazine.... but all in all, no dirty magazines (unless you can call the Boat Trader magazine dirty). After a quick peek, had to get off 'cos it was time for his Midgeness to go. Did I mention that he gave me a kiss on the cheek? Can't tell ya much about it 'cos I was too busy drooling and being nervous to notice! :-)

Merlin.