

November/December 2019 North America/Europe Tour Diary

Robert Forster

November 8 2019

Greetings from LA. (Love writing that)

I am back at the hotel after a wonderful show at Echoplex in LA. An incredibly warm audience - the show exceeded all my expectations. And great to be playing in the US again. We have lift-off.

I meet some lovely people after the show. I am not allowed to sell any records or books on the road, but I am happy to sign records and books if you wish to bring them along.

LA was groovy. A good friend drove me to Laurel Canyon, and we had coffee and a bagel at the famed Market Store there. Bob's 'John Wesley Harding' playing on the store stereo. Drove along Mulholland Drive.

San Francisco tonight.

November 9 2019

Greetings from San Francisco.

Another amazing show. Two in a row. I could return to Australia right now and think this trip has already been totally worthwhile. The Swedish Hall was exactly the right place for me to play. The audience singing on 'Surfing Magazines' sounded amazing in the high dark wood hall. Thank you to everyone who came along.

Didn't make City Lights Bookstore in North Beach after the show. A tough decision, but I have come back to the Hotel, to CNN, to packing, and good health for Portland tomorrow night.

Looking forward to breakfast tomorrow morning. Searching for a low sugar muesli.

November 10 2019

Greetings from night time Portland.

I fear this is getting rather boring, but I had another great show tonight. The Mississippi Studios in Portland is a beautiful room to play. Everything was perfect, right down to the old orange and red carpet on stage. And I had my first sold out US show as a solo artist. So... I'm happy. Met some lovely people after the show. As has been noted, I can't sell records or books on tour due to Tax laws I must obey, but I enjoy talking to people and signing books and records - they don't have to be from me.

At the show I had a great catch-up with Larry Crane, who engineered 'The Friends Of Rachel Worth' in Jackpot Studios his Portland studio. Larry and I hadn't seen each other in 19 years.

Tomorrow Chicago. A night off. Maybe an art museum on Monday before the show. What can I expect in Chicago? I'm ready.

Just started reading "Swan Song" by Kelleigh Greenberg-Jephcott. Beautiful writing always makes me want to write. I am reading her sentences twice so they slot into my brain. Plane reading to Chicago tomorrow and beyond.

Must go. First three shows my best run in the US and I am enjoying myself.

November 11 2019

Greetings from Chicago.

My flight out of Portland got delayed a few hours, so my driving and all round good guy friend Steve, drove me to Powell's Bookshop, and we had a fine time there. Books and coffee - what a combination. Thank you Lori. Grant and I virtually lived in Powell's when we were recording 'Rachel Worth' back in 2000.

So, I have made it to Chicago for tonight's show. When I landed last night at 10pm, the taxi driver told me it was going to snow in an hour. I woke up this morning and looked out my 12th floor window - all white. It looks beautiful, particularly on a church roof and spire across the street.

Ready for tonight. The West Coast run of shows was easily the most enjoyable run of dates I have done as a solo artist in the US. And it shall continue tonight.

November 12 2019

Greetings from the Chicago night.

Back at the hotel after the fourth great show in a row. Chicago was magic, just hours ago, a room full of people were willing me on. I know I keep saying this, the tour is exceeding all my expectations.

They are predicting better weather tomorrow, no snow, so I shall be out at the airport early tomorrow, hoping to get through customs quickly, and settle with a coffee and a copy of the New York Times. A bagel and cream cheese? Do I dare? The routine before my flight. Hoping too, the flight leaves on time, and the making of the Toronto show tomorrow night is not some crazy crunch.

To answer a posted question, I am trying to work out the Parlour Gig situation for next February/March in Melbourne and Sydney and other places if the offer arrives. Would love to take the energy and confidence I have here on this highway to suburban homes.

Must go. See you in Toronto. The Drake Hotel - what is that going to be like.? Then Boston for some serious poetry.

November 13 2019

Late night greetings from Toronto.

Yet another great show on a Toronto day that I was told was the coldest November day in 70 years or something. After a short taste of Brisbane summer before I left, and the bushfires back home, the weather is a tonic. I don't mind at all.

The Drake Hotel was a beautiful venue and the people that came along so kind. So that's five great shows in a row - a world record of sorts. And I must play further afield in Canada next time - people came down four hours from Ottawa on snowy roads - this has been a theme, I am staggered and honoured at the distances people are travelling to come to my shows. Thank you very much.

Did two 'new songs' tonight, and that felt good - '121' and 'Let Me Imagine You.' I'm trying to work up the courage to play 'Danger In The Past' somewhere. Maybe Boston, I was under the Anne Sexton spell when I wrote it. I fly there tomorrow.

Must go. Still haven't found unsweetened muesli yet, though there is a chance tomorrow morning in the cafe next door to the hotel. Plenty of good coffee around here.

Happy on the road.

November 15 2019

Greetings from Boston Hotel.

Another fine show tonight. A warm audience, listening all the way, and then I met some new and old friends after the show. I am very surprised how well 'Grant & I' has circulated in the US/Canada. It is very heartening to be signing so many copies of the book each night.

The unsweetened muesli was found in Boston; near my downtown hotel at the Boston Food Market - a series of independent produce shops, grouped together with a central sitting/eating area. Had breakfast there and also got a magnificent cinnamon and raisin bagel with butter and a salad to bring back to the hotel. And some juices too. I had never encountered such a great food place on my travels in the US before.

Philadelphia (the home of Espers) tomorrow. Don't know what to expect, but the venue looks good (they have all been fantastic on the tour) and I am rehearsed and ready.

Must go. Must pack. Might make the Market in the morning - might not. Depends on sleep. Finally, artfully tucked at the end of this 'post' - I awoke this morning to music press news from Hamburg, London and New York - 'Inferno' in Uncut's top 50 albums of the year, and in Rough Trade albums of the year, and 'The Go-Betweens Anthology Volume 2' Reissue of the Month in Uncut over four pages. So there's some shameless bragging. Nice to have the present and the past tied together.

November 17 2019

Greetings from New York, back at the hotel

I am sorry for not writing from Philadelphia last night, but I got back to the hotel late, and had my first train in the USA to catch early in the morning, from Philadelphia's beautiful Central Station up to New York for tonight's show.

Philadelphia was lovely. I drank coffee and ate a cinnamon and raisin bagel at the University bookstore in the afternoon; writing in my diary, sitting with the other students. The show that night was great. I played a little piano on stage - I was in an improvisational mood, playing instruments I don't normally play.

As for New York tonight, well.... it was amazing. A sold out show, a room full of people who listened and responded in a way I have rarely known, and never experienced in New York. It was a turning point night. Overwhelming. Standing ovations. I couldn't believe it. And while it was magic, it was in the spirit of the whole tour. The end point to a run of shows that built and showed me that my music and the music of The Go-Betweens has followers and admirers here willing to come and see me play. Thank you. It certainly won't be another 11 years till i come back. (Wish it was 11 days) Not by a long way. Another turning point realisation - I have to come back.

I could rave on how this US/Canada tour has burst all expectations - I will stop - remembering as I do the last 8 cities I have visited and all the incredible people I have meet.

Douglas, I have the Astral Weeks book on Boston and loved it.

Fly to Barcelona tomorrow night. Shall stroll through Greenwich Village around lunchtime.

Speak soon. What a night.

November 19 2019

Greetings from Barcelona.

Fly in yesterday morning from an early evening flight from New York, getting into Barcelona after the seven hour flight at 7am yesterday morning, having had no sleep. So I am jet-lagged and a bit wired - just had a great breakfast though at the hotel, the muesli a little sweet, great fruit and a coffee - see how I am rambling on after four hours sleep. Anyway...

Main news is that Karin Bäumler who was to join me in Barcelona today, having flown in from Brisbane, to play violin and sing on the coming Europe dates starting in Barcelona tomorrow night, will not be joining me at the start of the tour. A family illness involving her father, had her leave Brisbane quickly last week, and she will be in Munich helping her Dad and family over the next days at least. Karin is very disappointed she cannot come to Spain and Portugal, she was very much looking forward to it. But she has to be in Munich. We don't know when she will be able to join the tour, perhaps Dublin, perhaps Paris, perhaps in Cologne at the start of December. Things are very much day to day at the moment.

I must go. A bag of washing sits beside me. I tried to find a laundromat yesterday, but laundromat culture doesn't seem to be as strong here as in other cities, or I just haven't looked in the right places. But I am about to hit the early morning Barcelona streets with a big green plastic bag full of dirty clothes. If you see me, wave.

Jet lag will be gone tomorrow. That's part of the reason I came here on a Monday to play on Wednesday. And after my 8 show run over the last 11 days, the applause still ringing in my ears - playing solo, I think, better than I ever have, I look forward to Barcelona, Madrid, Porto and Lisbon in the next five days.

Hope I have made some sense here. Thank you as ever for your support.

November 21 2019

Greetings from Barcelona, early morning, after the show last night, just back to my room from breakfast.

Jet lag from the Sunday night flight from New York to Barcelona, surprisingly, still has me in its hold. Up at 6am this morning, blinking wide awake. Last night's show went well - I had slept in sections during the day, and was focused and energised on stage. I shall sleep again during the day today, I hate being below par when performing - can't remember the last time it happened. Nothing worse than introducing 'Life Has Turned a Page' and then playing 'Clouds'. How bad would that be.

Barcelona as ever a tonic. I did get my washing done at a laundromat around the corner. Met up with some friends - some from Spain, some, romantic drifters I know from times in London and Brisbane - the great Brisbane singer-songwriter Peter Loveday one of them.

Thank you for your kind messages regarding the health of Karin's father. She is very glad to be in Munich with him.

In a few hours I board the train from Barcelona to Madrid for tonight's show. (LOVE touring by train) I'm thinking of some changes to the set - or this could just be the rumblings of my jet lag mind. We shall see. As for the muesli, thank you for your suggestions. I have noted the brands, while not being able to contain myself from contemplating the sugar levels in each packet. Hotels have muesli but it is very rarely healthy muesli. I have to keep telling myself I am on tour and must accept what is on offer when on tour. That's my piece of philosophy for the day.

Yearning for Madrid and beyond.

November 22 2019

Greetings from Madrid airport, on the way to Porto in Portugal for tonight's show.

Amazing gig last night in Madrid. The show in an exquisite Nineteenth Century theatre in the heart of the city. Two round balconies, a slopped stage, slopped seating, ornate, smelling of Time and a thousand theatre shows. Just right for me - the audience warm. cheering - a big beautiful night.

Jet lag now gone. The flight from JFK to Barcelona on Sunday night/Monday morning hitting me hard. Fortunately, I have been clear and lucid on stage. During the day messy.

While on the road I am being sent the early press reaction (mainly from UK) to 'G Stands For Go-betweens Volume 2' and it is very positive. So my ego is now totally out of control, requiring daily meditation in hotel rooms to bring myself down.

It's Portugal for the next three days. I have been trying to get there for years to play.

Must go, just had second coffee and an almond croissant - health regime to start again after the tour. I am enjoying myself on stage and off. Lucky to be doing what I do.

November 23 2019

Greetings from Porto, the morning after the show, about to go to Central Station to take the train to Lisbon. As I recently wrote - I love travelling between shows by train. Something totally romantic and relaxing about it, and I would do it all the time if I could. By the way, loved the train trip from Philadelphia up to New York last Saturday - my first US train ride.

To misquote another singer-songwriter - Something is happening here and I don't know what it is. And I am sorry to bang on about this - but last night's show in an old cinema in the middle of Porto was pure magic. What's happening? Something has changed to my performances and I can't put my finger on it. Another standing ovation, another perfect show. The strange thing is - I am not trying harder, or pushing myself more on stage - if anything, I am going in the opposite direction. Not wearing suits, just my beautiful blue corduroy jeans and a shirt. Black shoes.

Lisbon tonight. Then Dublin, which is sold out. Thank you. Then Birmingham, my sole UK show for sometime - nothing else booked.

Thank you for your comments, I read them each day. And people at shows tell me they follow what I write. Off to train station, a newspaper, another coffee, for a three hour drift down the Portuguese coast to Lisbon. How lucky am I?

See you on the highway.

November 25 2019

Greetings from Dublin.

I flew in from Lisbon late last night, and it is a sign that I truly am on European time, that after three hours in a plane, I could get to the hotel bed at 12.34am and wake at 9.51am: over 8 hours of good sleep, to dash down to the hotel Breakfast for two bowls of Bran Flakes, two pieces of toasted Soda bread with honey, and a large pot of Earl Grey tea - I am in Dublin.

My plan today is to stay in the hotel. With the day to day travel and shows, it is about energy conservation, to be able to walk on stage and be focused and effortless (if I can) and give my best. And to a full house at Whelans - you have to be at your absolute best.

So I am in my hotel room - guitar strings to be changed - I shouldn't admit this, but they are the same ones I had on in LA all those shows ago. So new strings, and time to finish a lyric to a new song I began in September - 'I Don't Do Drugs I Do Time', that needs a few more lines. I have been playing it at soundchecks, and it is always frustrating that I don't have the whole lyric to sing. So today I shall try and finish it. It's the last song I have written, and it's completion has been hanging over me like a cloud.

A good sign was that after playing it at the Lisbon soundcheck, I detected someone who was at the soundcheck, whistling it at the after-soundcheck dinner. I may be on a winner.

The Lisbon show, completed four great shows in Spain and Portugal. Thank you so much Joan and Albert for booking the tour. Music to me has always been about where it can take me - that's one of its gifts. So to be playing in a packed old cinema in Porto in Northern Portugal means as much to me as a big city gig. Must get to Poland. Must get to Greece. Must get to Peru.

Oh... thank you for all your comments to my 'posts'. Wonderful to read them. And the photos of Bob and David sitting in trains, warms my heart.

A final thing. Sadly, Karin Bäumler will not be playing with me in Dublin, Birmingham, Paris, Brussels, or Amsterdam. She wishes to remain with her sick father in Munich, and help with his transition out of hospital over the next days. Thank you for your generous understanding on this, and Karin expresses her regrets that she cannot be on the road at the moment playing the shows.

Guitar strings to change, Words to write. A second coffee to drink. The mental countdown to tonight's show.

November 26 2019

Greetings from a rainy Dublin Tuesday morning.

Just back to my room from another suburb breakfast, and about to go to the airport to fly to tonight's performance in Birmingham. So this shall be short.

Big show last night at Whelans. I was good, the audience was better. Singing to the chorus of 'Core Of A Flame' - which I have never heard. And chiming in with the 'Do-do- do's at the end of 'Life Has Turned A Page'. For a Monday night, it felt like a Saturday night. Thank you Dublin.

One last thing to mention - I haven't had records or books to sell at any of my recent shows, but in Birmingham a lorry is coming up from London with records and books that I appear on, or wrote.

Must run out of door. Looking forward to tonight.

November 28 2019

Greetings from Paris

I am sorry for the break in transmission over the last days, but the Dublin to Birmingham to Paris hop was quite rushed with early morning travel. But I have slept well - Sleep the Key - and the construction work going on in my hotel did not wake me too early.

I am off to the cemeteries which seems to be what I do when in Paris. Off to Proust and Oscar and Collette and whoever else I find. For some reason the city lends itself to this activity. Then a sandwich and coffee somewhere to be back in time for soundcheck and the show tonight.

Paris is not a place I play often so I am ready for surprises, and I go in with an open heart. Who will be there and how many - I have no idea. If my run of recent shows is a guide, Birmingham very much included, then I am ready to fire.

Must go. Walk the steep streets near my hotel in search of lost time, sorry, breakfast. Knowing low sugar muesli is out of the question. But a wholemeal baguette perhaps and of course a coffee.

See you tonight, or further down the rock and roll highway.

November 30 2019

Greetings from Brussels.

I am back at the hotel after the show, exhausted and happy. I really am starting to wonder what is happening on this tour. Tonight like Paris, a bigger audience than I have played to in the city, and a better venue. The audience wild from the start, and as in Dublin, full crowd singing at the end of 'Life Has Turned a Page'. Do I have a hit single there.? All of this really does make going from city to city a joy. So what can I say, but another wonderful night, and bigger and better than I expected or have experienced in the past.

Amsterdam tomorrow. Playing in an old church. Sounds great. Then off to a few days rest in Munich. And clothes washing.

I tried to do a calculation today, and came up with this - from October 30 playing at the Junk Bar in Brisbane, to playing tomorrow's show in Amsterdam, that is 21 shows in a month. Covering Australia, USA, Canada, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, England, France, Belgium and Holland. No wonder I am looking a little tired in the mirror.

But...every night I am pulled through by the reaction and affection for my songs. It's true.

Must go. On the train again in the morning. Thank you for the kind and interesting words in 'comments'. They catch the flavour of this whole wonderful enterprise.

December 1 2019

Greetings from a train travelling from Amsterdam to Basel, then onto Munich.

The train is sliding and I have had, at the most five hours sleep, so please excuse if this gets a bit floaty and side to side. I left Amsterdam under an hour ago, the city dark and foggy at 8am, foggy and visible countryside out the window now.

Last night's show in a gorgeous Nineteenth Century church near the heart of the city was great. The Paris - Brussels -Amsterdam run has been a revelation. Similar in ways to the US/Canada trip - I didn't know what to expect, having not played these parts in a long time, to find wonderful, enthusiastic audiences in good venues. The shows as you know, an absolute pleasure.

Last night when arriving at the church for soundcheck, Dirk the venue manager, told me I had two choices for a dressing room; a room near the front door or the crypt. You know what I chose.

It was cosy in the crypt. In the half hour before the show, I practiced and played through 'I Don't Do Drugs I Do Time' - my new song with some final lyric work done on it in Dublin, some days back. It sounds like The Byrds in 1967 - a place I haven't been in a while. Songs, despite all the hard work, when they do come, seem to fall from the sky. Their form as a big a surprise to me as to the listener. Ah... the mystery.

So, I am heading to Munich for a few precious days' rest. Tomorrow is devoted to sleep and sleep only. A muster of energy, before Cologne on December 4, begins a nine run of shows through Germany and Switzerland. Mostly playing smaller towns, having played the big cities on the May band tour. Travelling by train to each show - it really is the best way to tour. Well for me.

A coffee has arrived. Purchased off a coffee seller on the train - German train coffee, possibly the roughest and toughest in the world. Liquid amphetamine with two little tins of cream.

Shall post a photo from Munich of a moment in Paris.

Warm Regards

Your train correspondent.

December 3 2019

Greetings from Munich.

A snap from six days ago, at Pere Lachaise Cemetery in Paris.



December 3 2019

Greetings from Munich - Part 2

We're packing. Off to Munich Central Station tomorrow morning for the train to Cologne, tomorrow night's show - the first of nine.

Good news is that I shall be joined by Karin Bäumler on violin, glockenspiel and vocals. Her father is better and nearby, so Karin will be playing the first four shows, and probably the five after that.

I have been in one place for the last three nights and am ready to board that train.

For those who have followed my search for low sugar muesli, I have had some lovely breakfasts here. I thought I would - Germany, one of the muesli capitols of the world. It was here many years ago that I was introduced to Rapunzel Basis Musli (the German spelling and probably the origin of 'muesli') - a seventies creation that helped launch the health revolution. It is still sold, virtually an historic artefact, and I couldn't resist buying a pack yesterday and consuming. One day someone will write a book or a PHD - 'Rapunzel Basis Musli - The Rise of The Green Party - The Making of Modern Germany'.

I must stop. Must go. Cologne.

December 5 2019

Greetings from Lüdinghausen. Back at the hotel after the show. Breakfast in the morning looks good.

Playing smaller towns is always interesting and sometimes extraordinary - tonight was the latter. We had the pleasure of performing in a castle built in 1217. The high stone buildings surrounded by a moat. It was atmosphere plus. A very responsive audience, meeting people after the show, I got to sign my first 'Go-Betweens Anthology 2 (1985-89)' book. I had been waiting for one to turn up - knowing it must be any day, with the shipping of copies starting in early December. Other folks telling me they were expecting their copies to arrive in the next days. Glad Volume 2 is sailing out into the world.

Last night was Cologne, where Jan Lankisch (the alternative Bürgermeister/Lord Mayor of Cologne) and Pascal at Gebäude 9, looked after us very well. Big wild performance; I broke a guitar string on stage, which I don't think I have done since the Eighties. October 8, 1987?

Tomorrow is Leipzig. the last and only time I played there was with The Go-Betweens in 2005. We had a day off, and I wandered the beautiful old city and the show is strong in memory. With Berlin ever more expensive, and the city an hour away by train, some groovy people have joined some already groovy people living in the city. I asked Carsten my German booking agent if I could play there and... voila.

A chance to note. On sale at our German shows is a book written by Karin Bäumler titled, 'Wenn ich eine Hexe wär'...' ('If I was a Witch'). It's in German, an edition of a hundred copies, drawings by our son Louis, cover illustration by our daughter Loretta.

Finally, great to meet so many people who have been to other shows this year. Met a guy who has seen a band show in May, a solo show in Amsterdam and then tonight's performance with Karin.

Must go. Up early for Leipzig.

Good to be back on the highway with a changed set list.

December 8 2019

Greetings from Tübingen.

Apologies for the break in transmission. The last two days have been a rush, and I have been travelling on trains that either had no internet access, or if they did, they couldn't bring up my Facebook Page.

Two nights back we played Naumanns in Leipzig. A bar/cafe since 1892, except for the PA system, the room we played in - high ceiling, bare room, high bare stage, wooden floors, gaslight intense lighting, could have been from 1920. Before the show, we visited a small cute Christmas market on a plot of land next door. It was good night - lovely people. Incredible singing on 'Surfing Magazines'. Back to the hotel past midnight, to be at the train station for the 8.48am train to Stuttgart, then to catch another train to Tübingen. Leipzig glimpsed from the taxi window, a magnificent imposing city. Our driver telling us its Central Station was once the biggest in Europe. An unbelievably grand building, worth visiting Leipzig alone to see. Housing what must be the most beautiful and roomy Starbucks in the world.

Last night's show in Tübingen in Sudhaus - a more modern room. Great sound. Lovely audience. One guy dashing home after the performance, to bring back his copy of Kerouac's 'On The Road', for me to sign. I asked him his profession, 'I teach Ancient Greek'. True story.

And here I stay for two nights. Sleeping, resting, and more sleeping, in a hotel in the town's old city. Ahead of me something that few artists undertake. The Mount Everest of touring. Five shows in a row! With four, you feel it in your legs. Five you are done. The wind though is in my sails, Karin and I are happy with our playing, and I know when I strum my final chord at the Freibourg Jazzhaus (one of my favourite venues in the world - and the last five shows are a great run) on December 14th, my next note I believe, will be struck in Melbourne in mid-February.

A big year done, shall write more on that later - a part of it reviewed by US Public Radio Station NPR. Fine writing here.

Regards from the Old City.

December 9 2019

Greetings from Tübingen, Volume 2 (December 8-10)

A quick note. Karin has had to go back to Munich to visit her Dad. It does allow her to go out for the second run of shows here in Germany, but she will unfortunately miss the show in Karlsruhe tomorrow night. She sends her apologies.

Karlsruhe will get a fresh Robert Forster though. I am rested. Two nights off and ready to go.

Thank you for your understanding

December 11 2019

Greetings from Sulzbach-Rosenberg.

I'm back at the hotel after the show. I'm tired. Walking out of the venue tonight it was snowing. But before I wrote more on tonight, I must mention yesterday's show in Karlsruhe.

I walked on stage at Jubez - a youth centre with a kitchen and a stage, and in German, before the first song, I said, 'A question. Have I played in Karlsruhe before? I don't think so.' A voice in the front row said, 'You played here in 2001 with The Go-Betweens.' Oh....

Normally I remember most gigs, certainly the cities I have played and not played, but I got this wrong. It was a lovely show, very informal, towards the end I was playing songs away from the setlist, finishing with my first performance of 'The Morning' on this tour, and wouldn't you know it - the audience sang along with the chorus. A beautiful moment.

Another story. If you have read "Grant & I" you know I don't drink. My 1997 diagnosis for Hepatitis C stopped that. But I do allow myself four glasses of wine a year - two on my birthday, two at Christmas. The choosing of the wine for these occasions I take great delight in, spending hours in the wine shop. For some reason a bottle of red wine is on my backstage rider each night on this German tour, which I don't drink. Joachan, the great guy who was organising the show at Jubek, kept asking me what I thought of the wine. I was vague, not letting on I don't drink. He told me after the show, it was especially chosen by Andy, the sound person, who also sells wine. Andy had chosen it for me. I looked at the bottle, the label read - 'Chateau Les Ormes Sorbet MEDOC 2009'. (Anyone know it?) And how can I recall the name of the wine? It's here with me. Besides all my luggage, weighing tons, I am carrying this bottle of red wine from show to show over hundred's? thousands? of kilometres. I told Joachan at the end of the night to tell Andy it was my Christmas wine. The joys of the road.

Must go. In need of sleep. I do hear, Boxsets are arriving at people's houses. One turned up tonight at the show to be signed. I hope you like them.

December 13 2019

Greetings from Landsberg am Lech.

Beautiful show last night in a picture book town. We played a theatre, everyone so helpful. There was a Christmas market across the street - we ate there before the show - just like in Leipzig. Packing now as today we cross into Switzerland to play St Gallen. I played there a few years ago and loved it. A hotel at the edge of the city centre by a park, that looks like Pippy Longstocking's house was my hotel then, and I believe our accommodation tonight. Simple rooms. And a large bar/restaurant on the ground floor. Tasty.

Last night Box Sets Volume 2 turning up to be signed. Started the set with 'Justice' off 'Danger In The Past', and that seemed to work as a new first song. A good mood setter. My first line of the night, 'I'm a lucky man'.

Must go. We aren't breakfasting at the hotel, as we are too late, and have a tip for a cafe. Everything is nearby here.

Two final things to dash off. Notes to people I have met. The kind man in Birmingham who brought me what I could see and he knew to be, a quality bag of true health store unsweetened muesli. I couldn't carry it in my luggage. I gave it to Go-Betweens and Robert Forster Web Page person, the very wise Jonathan Turner, who was at the show, and is holding it for me as I may be going to London in January. I will eat it there and enjoy. And to the Pop Gun people from Brighton who so kindly came to Paris. A future show in Brighton remains on my mind as a possibility for next year. Is it doable? Haven't played Brighton in centuries.

And, and finally. To the guy who gave me his Sharpie (this is getting very Benny Hill) after I admired it in Chicago some weeks back at a signing after the show. It has been used at every signing since, running out of ink last night. Thank you.

Must go. Breakfast. Another train. Another performance I am proud to have done last night.

Warm Regards from the Rock And Roll Highway.

December 15 2019

Greetings from the Freiburg to Mannheim train.

I am sorry I haven't written earlier, but yesterday's very strange hotel didn't have the internet amidst many other things.

Well... it is over. The longest tour ever done by a recording artist. It began in Brisbane on October 30th, and ended in Freiburg in sensational fashion, a riot almost, last night. I shall write more on last night's show at the Jazzhaus, but first, I must go back to Landsberg am Lech, after breakfast on Friday morning - the last time I posted (my sense of time and days having long left me) being on Thursday night. It is now Sunday I believe, rolling on the train as I type.

So... after breakfast on Friday, I visited Discy Records, a wonderful shop of books and records run by Edmund who promoted our show in the town's theatre. I picked up a book about US soldiers in the town's surroundings in the early fifties, to hear from Edmund that there were four US bases around the city. Many soldiers, one of whom was Johnny Cash. He brought his first guitar in the Lansberg am Lech music shop, fifty metres from our hotel, a hundred metres from Discy. In the book is an interview with Cash, he is asked about including a question at the end of the interview about his time as a soldier in Germany in the early fifties. Immediately he mentions his two and a half years stationed in Landsberg am Lech. To finish this amazing story, last year Edmund promoted a Rosanne Cash show at the theatre, the first thing she said to him was, 'Can you please take me to the shop where my father bought his first guitar.'

Carrying this in my head, passing snow topped mountains and high altitude farms, we crossed into Switzerland for the twin peaks of St Gallen. Our venue -The Palace, a gorgeous old cinema, our hotel, one of my favourites -the Militairkatine. Caught up with two dear friends, Ricks and Martin Schori - Martin photographed and designed the cover of 'The Friends Of Rachel Worth' - both guys, members of Swiss group The Libertines who played with The Go-Betweens in Switzerland in the eighties.

Then to Friebourg. I love this town and the Jazzhaus, which I have played twice before, is a subterranean, curved roofed, beatnik hang. The audience, as if knowing en mass it was my last show of the year, were wild from the first song. It was a very fitting send-off to the year. Some had travelled far to the performance - a couple from Dublin, the tall man from Oslo, Francesca from Milan, and a gang from North Eastern France. It was quite a crowd.

We are on our way to Munich, where we shall be in its surrounds, until mid-January. I shall be sleeping for the next three days. I have read the comments to my recent 'posts', and will reply from Munich to some points/questions that have been sent. Some involving plans for next year.

Just pulled out of Karlsruhe. Thinking about my second coffee of the day. More German railway coffee? Do I dare.?

Thank you to all, who saw me and me and Karin play over the last months. I have enjoyed myself immensely. It has been a grand adventure.

Just heard we change trains in fifteen minutes. Must go.

Warm Regards (Your train correspondent)

Robert

December 17 2019

The tour is done - the T-shirt remains. Drawn and designed by Grant McLennan at Golding Street, Brisbane, 1979.

New stock available here at our facebook-store or here: <https://www.lo-fi-merchandise.com/.../the-go-between-people.../>

