



## A Musician's Tales

**Jim Baldwin**  
( On the road 1960-2012)

*Thank you for the music . . . . .well, most of it anyway!*  
*(Apologies to A.B.B.S.)*



**A**t some point all musicians have a bad gig and then move to the next one because the show must go on!

In my early days I was playing with some friends and we decided that we would apply for an audition for a local TV station. We were naive and without any management nevertheless we went for it. After we had done our spot the chap asked us for a telephone number. We had forgotten that we had already given the two so we gave them a third. That was when we realised that we had fouled up making ourselves look inefficient and silly. Later we got a booking at a pub in a nearby village. When we got there we found that there was no plug point in the place! We refused to plug into the light socket so that was the end of that gig!

I eventually did make the TV later. We were doing a Children in Need gig and the man said 'send that number again I want to film it for the BBC East late slot! So that was that.

Some years later with another band we got a booking at a posh hotel. We were given instructions to keep it low key and nothing rowdy. We got started and the manager came out and tore us off a strip in front of the punters. It seemed that he wanted what we were told NOT to play. I was not prepared to be treated like that and, so at the risk of getting home early and finding the wife in bed with the lodger I may as well pack up and leave. I never found out what went on between our manager and the hotel manager but I did discover that my colleagues went not far behind me when I departed. To this day I am convinced that we were set up by a rival band.

It cannot be many groups who get a booking at a venue which does not exist! But I did we were booked to play at a village deep in the Fens. When we arrived we found the hall in darkness and locked up so we went to the nearest pub to find out where we could get the key only to find that the hall

Had not been used since before the war. On the way home we happened to spot the others parked up in a layby. The told us that they had been in touch with the manager. He said there had been a cockup and we were to go to the next village where a group had not turned up so we played their gig and got paid their money!

Fast forward to the 1980s and the New Year's eve gig was going well with lots of dancers and applause for us. And the a lady came to the front of the stage between numbers and announced in a loud voice that we were Crap! Quite what she was expecting we did not know. Fortunately the booker did not hear her and paid us well for out five hours on stage.

We had another gig at a dinner dance when we were put in an alcove along a side wall, not the best of ideas. In spite of the best efforts of our sound man the sound was diabolical and the folk at the far end of the room could only hear the drums so we put that venue on our black list. Fortunately we were not asked to play there again!

I have been lucky to appear on a CD that got radio plays but live radio is another kettle of fish. During our best number in which I had lead vocals I had a coughing fit. The presenter was sympathetic and said that it was just one of those things but it was an ignominious on to my moment of fame,