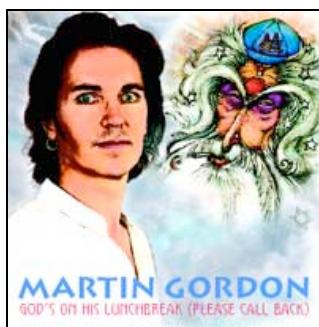


## RADIANT FUTURE RECORDS



### RADIO PICKS

FICKLE  
ALL-DAY THINKING  
MIRACLE BABY  
THE CAPTAIN OF THE PINAFORE  
HOW AM I DOING DO FAR?  
GIMME FOOD

**ARTIST: Martin Gordon**

**TITLE: God's On His Lunchbreak (Please Call Back)**

**LABEL: Radiant Future RFVP007CD**

**RELEASE DATE: AUGUST 2005**

**WEBSITE: [www.martingordon.de](http://www.martingordon.de)**

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**'One of the greatest British songwriters of recent years is back in town...' Dave Thompson / Goldmine**

### POP MUSIC FOR GROWN-UPS

After making a full recovery from a fatal attack of Chinese bird flu, Berlin-based composer/bassist/producer Martin Gordon continues his adventures in pop wonderland with his third solo offering in as many years. (Three). A former member of US band **Sparks**, he later formed **Jet** and **Radio Stars** before embarking on a long period as record producer and sideman to an endless array of stars, non-entities and idiots (see list below which includes the **Rolling Stones**, **George Michael**, **Kylie Minogue**, the **Tiger Lillies**, **Blur**, **Sezen Aksu**, **Primal Scream** and **Asha Bhosle**). But enough of that, he decided recently, and began to concentrate upon his own creations once more. His first solo release (**The Baboon in the Basement**/2003) gained ecstatic reviews, the second (**The Joy of More Hogwash**/2004) gained more ecstatic reviews and major airplay, even in the supposedly indie-proof USA. Who knows what the fates have in store for this, the corybantic third part of the so-called Mammal Trilogy? Not he.

Assisted by singer Pelle Almgren from Stockholm (apparently it is in Sweden), Chris Townson on drums (he depped for Keith Moon in the Who, once upon a time) and boy wonder Enrico Antico making his debut on guitar on guitar and terminal vowels, it's service as normal for our happy-go-lucky purveyors of why-oh-why-must-we-fling-this-filth-at-our-pop-kids.

During a consideration of the enduring oddities of life in this topsy-turvy world, Gordon touches upon foreign holidays and cargo cults who worship Queen Elizabeth's consort Prince Phillip as a god, warns against relaxation of the thinking laws in the UK; he considers age as a cricketing metaphor, obfuscates the delicate matter of gay smoking, marvels at miracle babies from Ghana and scarfs down fast food whilst scoffing at fat people; he wonders that the British are never foreigners and he muses over the lack of interest currently shown by God in anything at all. There are also two covers, one of the evergreen 'Captain of the Pinafore', from Gilbert &

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Sullivan's (that's &, please note, not O') operetta HMS Pinafore; the other is Paul and Linda McCartney's treatise on moles, 'Too Many People'.

Mindful that swimming through his musical paddling pool are such disparate role models as Noel Coward, Todd Rundgren, Gilbert & Sullivan, the Beatles and Frank Zappa, Gordon continues to plough the same pop furrow as on Baboon and Hogwash. Critics called it 'pop music for grown-ups', and that description seems to do the job admirably. Those who wiggled out to his last efforts, and there were many, will be able to continue their out-wiggling activities to this one. Those who didn't, won't, of course but - well, there we are. Sometimes you can't win 'em all. Sometime you can't win any of 'em.

A unique selling point that makes this sophisticated audio item even more desirable to the credulous is the inclusion of an authenticated sliver of the True Cross with each of the first 250,00 copies.

### PRESS COMMENTS

- One of the greatest British songwriters of recent years is back in town.
- Imagine a parallel universe where Douglas Adams writes lyrics for Cheap Trick and you've not even scratched the surface.
- Outrageously humorous, melody driven and creative power pop with funny but not unserious lyrics - you'll discover new gems at each listen.
- Very sophisticated and definitely deserving of airplay.
- A fantastically left-field set that will knock rock fans off their walkers. Fun, solid stuff throughout that consistently is on the money.
- Instantly catchy, way smarter than it has to be, simply top-notch.
- Martin Gordon is back with another impossibly great masterpiece of pathos, social commentary, and hard, polished pop.
- A knuckle-cracker that would probably send Cheap Trick's Rick Nielsen and Robin Zander scurrying for the corners of a white room.
- If the nimble, fuzz-stomp arrangements and writing Gordon is quickly building a reputation on could be correctly harnessed, they could light our cities.
- His knack for sardonic, paper-cut sharp lyrics, adrenalised pop hooks, and grinning, gibbering genius is as dependable as the tides.
- Get your wallet out.
- Ex-Sparks/Radio Stars bassist, writer, arranger, and genius-in-residence unleashing a canny masterpiece of 70s-channeled starbursts, chock-a-block full of hooks, melody, and smart-ass lyrics.
- If the United States ever had a serious third political party, it could do a lot worse than incorporating some of Gordon's beefs into its platform.

And so on...

# RADIANT FUTURE RECORDS



## TRACK LIST

### 1. FICKLE

I can't decide whether I should make my mind up or not... What do you think? Noel Coward lives.

### 2. ALL DAY THINKING

It's all very well just changing the British thinking laws willy-nilly but consider the outcome, for heaven's sake! What about the traditional British suspicion of intellectuals, anyway?

### 3. MIRACLE BABY

Brought to you courtesy of the Blessed Order of the Bleeding Cheese Sandwich of the Holy Virgin (Accra branch). Sign here, Bob's yer uncle, bish bash bosh, here's yer kid.

### 4. A PORTION OF PARADISE

A trip to warmer climes provokes a minor outbreak of xenophobia. What ARE all these people doing here, anyway? Are you calling me a cargo cult, mate?

### 5. BAD LIGHT STOPS PLAY

As the light fades and night draws in, our thoughts turn unbidden to the long slow walk back to the pavilion...

### 6. THE CAPTAIN OF THE PINAFORE

I have never recorded this song before. What, never? No, never. What, NEVER? Well, hardly ever...

### 7. HOW AM I DOING SO FAR?

Channelling the spirit of music hall? You're having a baby, right? (*Tedious Cockney rhyming slang interpolation by anally retentive editor - baby giraffe = laugh*). Life on the Streets has never been up to much, and still ain't.

### 8. HERE COMES THE FAMILY

The joys of unilateral action and visits from the nearest and dearest.

### 9. GIMME FOOD

If I don't get some calories, I'm gonna come unglued. Quick, sue someone. Or get some stretch pants.

### 10. GOD IS ON HIS LUNCHBREAK

He must be. He's taken his eye off the ball, that much is clear. He's probably watching Big Brother or American Idol.

### 11. TOO MANY PEOPLE

Paul McCartney's infamous tirade against the nocturnal mole, unwarranted but dead catchy.

### 12. THE END OF THE LINE

What have the Huns, Micks, Krauts, wops, dagos, spics, frogs, Polaks, etc. etc. ever done for us, you tell me that...

### 13. FAGS

Horrible habit, ought to be banned. In fact IS banned, in the Old Testament and public spaces. And Texas, I think.

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### BIOG

Before adopting the guise of 'one of the greatest British songwriters of recent years' (to quote Goldmine magazine), Martin Gordon was a member of odd-ball US pop band Sparks, went on to form Jet and Radio Stars and then became side-tracked into the world of production, recording, sessioneering and ballroom dancing. He has worked with an endless list of stars, non-entities and idiots ranging from the Rolling Stones, George Michael, Kylie Minogue and the Tiger Lillies to Blur, Sezen Aksu, Primal Scream and Asha Bhosle.

Firmly clutching his nose, he dived feet-first back into the pop melee in 2003 with his first solo release *The Baboon in the Basement*. Emboldened by the resulting acclaim, both from new converts to the cause of pop music for grown-ups as well as from those who dimly recalled his previous activities, he released the second in the so-called Mammal Trilogy, entitled *The Joy Of More Hogwash*, in 2004. As well as resounding Hog-acclaim, there was also nation-wide Hog-airplay in the UK and the stirrings of US radio awareness with Clear Channel airplay and selection by Rolling Stone magazine as one of the best releases of 2004.

Trilogies being inevitably tripartite, it comes as no surprise that he now releases the final, third instalment. *The Baboon in the Basement* dealt with outstanding pop matters. *The Joy of More Hogwash* reflected upon the lamentable current state of pop, and now *God's On His Lunchbreak* looks at the future with one eyebrow raised. It is an impassioned plea to... well, call back if God's on His lunchbreak. Hence the title, actually...

**Martin Gordon is available for - in fact frankly welcomes - interviews.**

