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# THE PYRAMID POST

A Mumorial Herald for Pyramid Builders

BIRKENHEAD DAY OF THE DEAD 23rd November 2025

# CALLING THE ANCESTORS

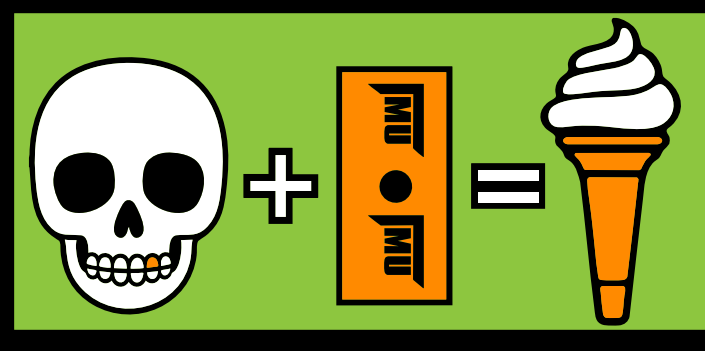
# THE MUMUFIED 2025

## SCHEDULE OF WORKS

AMANDA - Paul Anstey (Bongo Paul) - John Barber - John Boatfield - Chris Chestnutt - Jennifer Marian Clark - Nick Clarke - Kieron Clough - Val Culm - David Culm - Melanie Grindrod - Christopher Gwinnell - Richard Hearnshaw - Andrew George Henderson - Kerstin Hultgren - Peter Kirk - Alan Macartney - Sally Madge - Douglas J. McCarthy - Tracey Meek - Kevin Price - Martin Pryce - Paul Swithin Ruane - SCHMIT - James Self - Greg Smith - Ian Smith - Clive Whitehead

K2 PLANT HIRE Ltd

PYRAMID BUILDERS




# THE ANCESTORS

# AMANDA

**15th April 1953 - 29th April 2025**

**Blackbird**

The black birds chatter loudly in the new nest they have built in the tree over the back
I like the sound they make

I put my hand upon your head and without words I softly spoke
It's ok if you need to go now if your body feels too weak if you want to be in your next life across the raindbow bridge

The next morning my body was so heavy I could barely make the upward stairs and by the time I had made the park bench the missed call silently told me that your peace had been found x

Swapped Clammy skin and bones
For
A Crystal Crown & big gold hoops
Freedom peace and love

Be at peace beautiful Amanda
So grateful for you 💖

**The balancer**

One day you are in an uber across town to the last resting post we will be together
They call me the one with tattoos
All dressed in white an uncomfortable angel of the final stages
Next day you're borrowing your neighbours cooking scales weighing out the weight of the soul ( which is 23g official )
She says are you baking
I say no but the pause makes it weird or like a side hustle deal
I don't mention
But I'm weighing out dust & bones

I put you in an old hummus pot I can't really remember if you liked that or not

She says she needs the scales back in the morning as her son wants to bake a cake
As we are talking and drinking lady grey tea / it's the afternoon after all
2 men arrive to fit a new oven
Tbh
I put this job off
Synchronicity's scales means the timing is now for a life sellotaped in a pot.

# Paul Anstey aka Bongo Paul

**Born 13th June 1954 -died 8th January 2005 Thailand**

Paul always said he was on a family holiday in the Isle of White when the very first Isle of White festival happened(1968) and from that point on he wanted to be like the people he saw, he felt he belonged straight away. The next year he went by himself in 1970 when Jimi Hendrix played. He said he did not sleep for 3 days then he fell asleep and missed Hendrix's very last gig before Hendrix himself went to sleep for good.

I believe Paul was then kicked out of the family house at 16 for smoking dope and for embracing being a hippy.

He went to every Glastonbury every year, collected records and played percussion.

Paul worked for the Post Office, he hated his job but it paid the bills - not very rock n roll.

I do not remember Paul much from when I was young. I was 5 when he left home he visited once maybe twice a year, never stayed the night and visited for a day. I thought he was a strange friend of the family of which there were a few.

When I was 15 or 16 we were talking about music and I was into rock-a-billy at the time around 1977 he told me about hippies and we talked of tribes and our love of music. He then started playing in a band with me and my friends. He played percussion with me the drums. We became proper friends, not just brother and sister.

We would meet up a couple of times a month around where he lived in Finsbury park, go see bands at the George Robey or play pool down the pub. He was very good at pool.

By the 90's I got into rave and I took Paul to his first one, which was payback for him taking me to my first festival. A rave was like a festival, the same vibe and we embraced it together we then went out most weekends together. His friends were settling down, buying houses and having kids so Paul hung out with my friends and they then became his friends.

We lived in Hanger Lane, west London. We met Jesus Jones and the KLF, used to drive their police car about, we met friends of theirs (Gimpo) we were all like minded humans, Gimpo knew Paul.

Paul retired at 50 and got a nice payout. Over the years he had got to know a crew that ran the Sanctuary in Koh Phangan so he moved out there. He lived on the highest point on the island. He would work in the UK through the summer at all the festivals and that gave him enough money to live abroad for the rest of the year, he was at last living the dream.

We were worried when the tsunami hit in 2004 but his name was one of the names that ran under all the news coverage and friends contacted me to say he was safe they had seen his name. A few days later we heard from the British consulate that Paul had died.

But he'd died from a fall from the platform where he lived, not from the tsunami. We will never know what truly happened but his death left a huge hole in mine, and my Sisters life's, Paul knew people from every walk of life, from every country!

So why now why the People's pyramid? We did a ceremony in Thailand and scattered his ashes there but I brought a small amount back here in his temple urn.

After Paul's death Gimpo took him a few times on his M25 25 hour spin 2007-2008 and I have not done anything for a while.

Wow! time flies my sister's youngest went travelling to Thailand and she wanted to see where her uncle lived and I realised it was 20 years since his death and that we should do something in Paul's honour.

So now we are here with the last 23 grams of Paul.

Ironically, we sent him through the Royal Mail, to be in a brick of Mu and he is back with his people in a human Pyramid to be part of a project all about music and the love of the creative alternative few. Paul will fit right in……

THE ARRIVAL

# John Andrew Barber

**13/01/1968 - 29/01/2025**

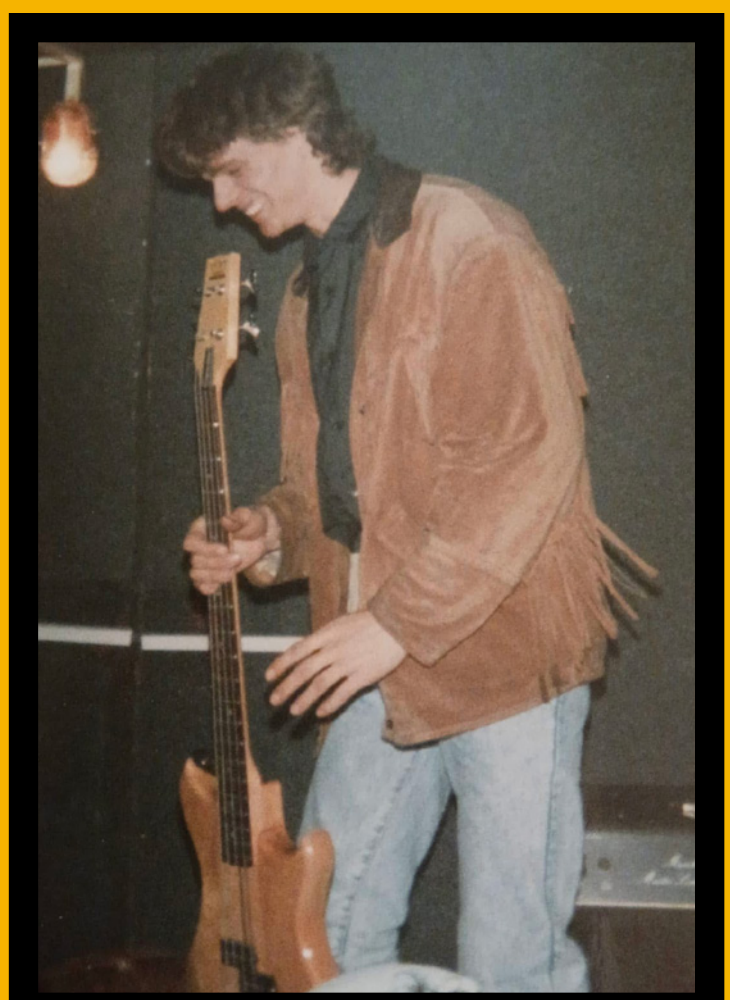
A gentle soul with a cosmic heart, John Andrew Barber passed away leaving behind a legacy of love, music, and kindness. A beloved son, brother, dad, grandad, uncle, and friend to many, John was the kind of man who made connections wherever he went—age, culture, or belief never mattered; he saw people for who they were and welcomed them with warmth.

Towering in height and covered in tattoos, John's appearance was striking, but it was his quiet nature and open heart that truly defined him. A gifted bass guitarist and a passionate lover of all music, he was a true cosmic voyage brother—always exploring, always tuned in to the rhythm of life.

John had a deep connection with animals, and Throughout his life, he shared his home with dogs, cats, snakes, and more—but in recent years, it was birds that held a special place in his heart.

We imagine him now soaring among them, free and at peace, taking his next journey through the universe—one with nature, one with the stars.

He will be deeply missed, but his spirit will echo in every song, every laugh, every open heart.



**14/08/1952 - 18/09/2024**

# John Boatfield

Dad,
Your sudden passing in 2024 left us in an ocean of emotions, not quite ready to be there and not quite ready to say goodbye. You left a void in us all and the world is lighter without your presence. We honour you here with the Mumufication because you enjoyed being part of a community, being creative and a YES man.

You shared with us your strong family values – connections that have only grown stronger since your passing, never have my sister and I felt more secure, held by your siblings – Sandra, Barry and Jo.

You shared your love for Padstow Mayday, the Cornish pasty and to stop to listen to the Skylarks in the sanddunes of Tregirls.

When he first brought me to Padstow for mayday over 20 years ago, he inspired a need for tradition in me, a grounding and placement of where he/we were from. He was so happy to share this with me and friends.
Each year I looked forward to seeing old and new faces with him walking around town, just popping in for a cuppa like no time had ever passed. I remember the first few years walking around the narrow streets of Padstow where some of the older local ladies would shout out- is that Maureen's boy?! Which was strange as dad had always been an adult in my eyes, not the young boy in the 1950s.
I once managed to rent out the old family home where dad was born- an open house for all my friends to come and stay and feel the magic of this very special day in the Padstow calendar. I had told dad he was to only stay 2 nights as there was no room for him. Unbeknown to me he had brought his own Z bed and set up his own bedroom in the kitchen pantry. Never one to be left out he stayed the whole time, becoming a fixture every year staying with us (and yes I gave him his own room after that!) my friends were his friends- if you were on Facebook you would received a friend request- there was no stopping him!

Dad, your sense of adventure, open to new experiences and saying yes to your girls has meant so much to us and with this you always brought your sense of humour – to laugh with others and at yourself – now fondly remembered in NZ as uncle Diesel, after a rather unfortunate car issue.

You were a father to us but also a dad to others, working in probation before retirement, Seeing the person in front of him, treating them with dignity and respect, understanding the challenge and wanting them to break the cycle -wanting them to do better for themselves.

Moving back to Cornwall ment you could go back to your roots, be closer to family, and relax.

He taught us the importance of resilience, the power of kindness, the value of integrity and to never fully trust your sat nav.

You left us smiling (or groaning) from his dad jokes and dodgy dress sense, rich in his wisdom and in peace with the family- you kept us all together.
Dad, you left too soon, but you left living life the way you wanted, you left without pain, you left in love.
For that I am so happy for you, that is a blessing.
We are so honoured to have called you our son, father, our brother, husband, our friend.
Forever grateful.
Forever loved.

Not goodbye but thank you,

Rest in peace dad.

THE ANCESTORS

**Padstow May Day Song**

Unite and unite and let us all unite,
For summer is acome unto day,
And whither we are going we will all unite,
In the merry morning of May.
Oss Oss, Wee Oss!

# Chris Chestnutt

**Born 28th May 1938**
**Died 20th April 2021**

Husband to Judith. Dad to Moyra And Michael and Grandad to Ted.

Born in Ireland and then moved to Liverpool in his 20's , Getting married there to Judith in 1963. They moved to Alvechurch Worcestershire and then settled in Suffolk in 1976 with his parents Dolly and Tom and his wife and children.

Dad loved creating spaces, as an architect he designed walls, roofs and floors, creating spaces. And within these spaces, he loved the smaller spaces. The spaces between the furniture, between two chairs, between the mugs on a shelf and the spaces between the pictures on the wall.

He also loved the spaces between the ink on a page, creating drawing and graphics and the space these would hold on a page.

"Its the spaces which are important" he said, "They connect everything together."

Also with people he would create space for them , finding time, carving out space. Often hanging back with someone , away from the crowd to get to know people on a one to one basis , to ask how you are, to give a compliment or show a book or a picture you might be interested in. He would always show a genuine interest in other people.
He also loved the details in what he saw and what he did. He loved the details of well designed objects. A door handle, a light, a recess on a skirting board, or architectural feature. You can also see his love for detail in his drawings.

"Always pay attention to the details in life" he said " It's the small things which are important."

Dad also loved flow. The flow of a conversation, the flow of the day, "a good day was one that flowed well".
Also the flow within a building of one room leading you to another, through a doorway or staircase, inviting you around the building. He often designed and lived in spaces with 2 doors in the room, creating a flow, a choice, a circuit.

Now in life he has entered through one door and out the other, transitioning between spaces, followed the flow, creating his final space.

We love you Dad

Michael & Moyra

# Jennifer Marion Clark

**09/08/1936 - 07/02/2025**


I was born 9th August 1936 in Bristol. The war started when I was 3 years and 1 month old, and I remember the day well, as the adults were very serious and my mother, unheard of, was talking to Mrs Yandle next door. It had to be a Sunday as Mrs Yandle worked 6 days a week at their village shop.

The house became an ARP station and the nightly two hour front door bell ringing, as fire watchers knocked on and off, became an institution. My brother Derek and I slept in the cupboard under the stairs, Derek on the floor, me on the shelf, which had to be lengthened as I grew. A blast wall was built outside the French windows of the dining room which was fun to scramble up and jump down on to the lawn. The night sky was lit up with search lights, bombers droned overhead, bombs were dropped on Bristol and Filton (where the Bristol Aircraft Factory was situated), anti-aircraft fire was heard and, in the morning, shrapnel could be collected when roaming over the fields and little local hills.

After the war, aged 8 we moved to a very cold house in Bristol and I learned to dress without getting out of bed. Here I got my first dog, Tim and after him my second dog, Jim from the Dog Rescue and was with us for a long time. I went to school at Kingsdown Elementary in Cotham. This school proved to be a nightmare for me, as there was a group of children who lived on my way home - who singled me out for jeering and brick throwing, there was no shortage of bricks with bomb sites everywhere. My brother Derek took it upon himself to meet me from school on his bike and walk home with me. I had to wait at the dreaded playground until he arrived. It didn't occur to us to tell our parents! In the meantime, I was sitting entrance exams for the posh schools, 200 plus girls chasing 7 places but eventually I went to Duncan House on the Promenade in Clifton, a two mile cycle ride.

Being tall for my age, and there being too many souls in the class for my age, I was put in a higher one, the youngest by two years, and ended up four years later in the class before school certificate at the age of 12! I found biology and maths difficult, hardly surprising given I had skipped two years of schooling. Being too tall for Brownies at age 10, I went straight into the Guides and for three Christmases running, Derek (in the Scouts) and I were in the Scout and Guide pantomimes.

Age 12, the family moved to Sidmouth. Imagine pink cliffs, sea front of one third of a mile, a bike and a dog, the maisonette a mere 5 minute walk from the sea. Heaven.

Here I went to the Convent of the Assumption, Station Road, Sidmouth. I met some interesting people and had a great respect for the Mother Superior. Reports had reached her of pupils undressing on the beach. I was on the carpet. I assured Mother Superior that we had put our bathing costumes and mackintoshes on at my house and walked down to the beach, swam and DRESSED on the beach. She tried not to smile and asked me to ensure that I we did not wear school uniform whilst doing this again.

After two years, growing daily more good at the Convent, I was removed from the convent and sent to my last school in Sidbury. This was a four mile cycle ride, the last mile being the private drive to Sidbury Manor in which the school was situated. In summer, my friend used to arrive on her pony, having ridden through woods, the pony was stabled in the stable block for the day.

For the last year, I was a boarder at this school, which was bearable because I was in the so called sixth form and doing O levels. All the sixth formers had to perform prefect duties, but following an incident at the school we were all de-prefected. Then the headmistress, found she could not manage without the prefect system and half the class were made prefects again. Needless to say, I was not included among the elite and can only boast of being a prefect for a week. Age 16, O levels taken, maths, English G. English L, Geography, History and Biology, failed French, off with a huge sigh of relief - away from school forever!

I was off to London to The London College of Secretaries in Queensgate, very near the Natural History Museum. The college hostel was in Earls Court and my pals and I used to walk to the college, taking about 40 minutes. Quite a few debs swanned around, but they spent so much time comparing notes about where one was going and whom one saw, they weren't much competition for marks. Here, after nine months, I emerged with 110 wpm shorthand, 70 wpm typing, Civics & Book-keeping!

My first job was at Esso Petroleum, at 101 Piccadilly, opposite Green Park. I was living in London Hostels Association buildings which were just below basic, but cheap. I worked in the Personnel Department all very posh. My boss was always wanting to know what I had been doing over the weekend and on hearing the very "embroidered" stories, used to threaten to phone my parents!

Esso relocated their offices to the Haymarket. About this time, the family moved from Sidmouth to Worthing. My friend and I hitchhiked down to see this place. We ended up on the seafront looking at 12 deckchairs, with the occupants all huddled together - and after a short look around, I told Jane I could never live in this town. Life was quite hectic in the Haymarket, stilettos fight in Glasshouse Street, seeing quite a few celebrities wandering around.

I had my bike in London and cycled to work, the only person to do so, and stowed the bike behind the lift shaft. Hanging 3 library books tied with string from the handlebars and cycling down Piccadilly, was quite exciting. At this time my brother moved for work to Worthing. He told me that it wasn't too bad and why didn't I come down too. So, I resigned my job and moved back home to Worthing and have lived there for most of the rest of my life.

After some boring jobs, I went to work at Martins Bank in Worthing. After I had been there for a few months, a man called Richard came back having been away ill with T.B, in January 1958. We were married in March 1959 and had the reception at home so my dog Kim could come as well. We had three children, Robin (February 1961), Chris (December 1962) and Martin (November 1964). In 1966 we moved for Richard's work first to Bedfordshire, way out in the countryside and then to Reading 11 months. During that time Martins Bank was sold out to Barclays and Richard managed to get a posting back to Sussex in 1970.

As soon as the boys were all at school, I got another dog Toby, who helped bring up the boys, always in scrapes with them! I started working at the bank to cover for holidays and sickness. When Martin was 14,1 accepted a part time contract and remained with Barclays until I retired at the age of 57.

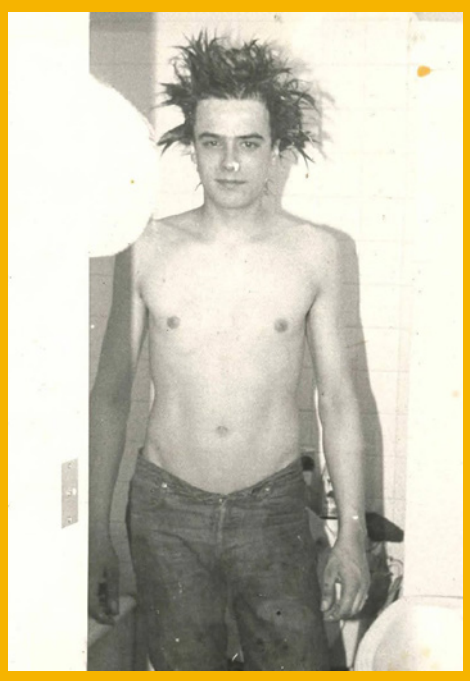
During this time, I went back to studying. I spent years with the WEA looking at various aspects of English Literature studying everything from Shakespeare to 20th century authors.

Then I studied for Botany A level and passed that 19 months later. I then signed up for Open University to study general science. Mostly biology, geology but also courses on astronomy, oceanography, and after eight years, I obtained my BSc, at the grand old age of 65.

My main interests were classical music, reading, natural history particularly wild plants. I did many surveys for the Sussex Plant Atlas and organised botany walks for Natural History Society.

My three boys have managed to give me eight grandchildren and four great grandchildren as well as several family dogs that stayed with me whenever anyone went on holiday and couldn't take the dog.

Died 7th February 2025



# Nick Clark

**June 26th 1959 - August 29th 2024**

Nick was an incredible and completely unique man. A punk and a hippie as he always liked to describe himself. Kind, generous, loving, and wild as they come.

He was rocking and rolling all the way to the end.

A very talented self-taught carpenter, mechanic, builder and could put his mind to pretty much anything. I was always in awe of the knowledge he had for engines and machinery.

If you were lucky enough to spend some quality time with the rebel then no doubt his spirit and charisma would have rubbed off on you.

Sex, Pinot Noir and Rock N Roll!


# Kieron Clough

**18 October 1969 – 3 December 2024**

Born and raised in Barnsley, Kieron loved skateboarding, Joy Division, The Smiths and The Fall. But it was hearing The Art of Noise on the Tube in 1984 that started his lifelong fascination with how music was produced, rather than just how it sounded.

Kieron spent 4 years in Liverpool, and came home with dreadlocks, a degree in Electronics, a love of the KLF, and of dance music generally. He liked to remind people he was at the opening night of Cream

He started working for Drawmer in 1993, designing sound processing & music production equipment for recording studios. He worked there until his untimely death in December 2024. The equipment he designed is in use in studios around the world today, and will be a continuing legacy.

Kieron was a father, a son, a husband and a friend, but most of all, just a wonderful person. Funny, intelligent, generous and kind. You couldn't know Kieron without immediately liking him, and couldn't know him well without loving him. A night out was always made brighter if Kieron was alongside, and the days are always a little duller now he's gone.

# VAL CULM

**16-09-1939 - 13-06-2025**

Unconventional, pink-haired Val.

I count myself as very lucky to have had a mother that was the first of a more enlightened generation of parents that figured out that love, respect, encouragement and attentiveness was going to yield a far more emancipated, happy and less traumatised offspring than her parents' generations and my parents very much bucked a trend in that respect.

I still hear to this day, from my contemporaries about my parents being friendly, open, progressive, warm, unjudgmental, funny, open-minded, hip, trendy, cool, playful and having us kids dressed in hippy-trendy clothes, ...also , I am still reminded to this day, from an old mate, that my parents were highly unusual in that they insisted that my mates call them by their first names - "Val and Dave".

My mum, like her father, came from humble beginnings, but they were both culturally aspirational... Whilst my mum was clearly very intelligent but, like many other women of her day, never had the opportunity to attend university, however, she devoted her life to, and immersed her life in, culture, history and the arts, more specifically and recently getting involved with amateur dramatics, choir-singing, lots of local and European travel, classical music events, joining gardening clubs, visits to the local arts cinema, she was a brilliant and creative cook and even tried her hand at water colour painting at which her brilliance was a recent revelation to me.

My mum had a full and enriching life thanks to her restless and inquisitive mind and had an insatiable thirst for knowledge.

Mum left a positive impression on everyone she met by deploying her rich cultural knowledge, quick wit and a kind heart.... and one of the hardest aspects of losing her is hearing all the beautiful and warm things said by those who knew her.

I will always miss her.

# DAVID CULM

**24-10-1941 - 01-05-2023**

David, the English eccentric.

I couldn't have wished for a better father.

He was very loving and doted on my brother and I. He was playful, hands-on and always present, we were always up to something different, some kind of adventure...he made life fun and i remember us building go-karts and mending bikes together but NOT his insistence on the ritualised trauma of saturday morning rugby.

He was very fair, equitable and quite moral without needing to be preachy or moralistic and, like me, had a low tolerance for the injustices in the world around us.

He led by example and was hugely consistent, there was no conflict, no hypocrisy .... and any child would have easily spotted this ....which quickly and naturally gained my respect ....he never wavered!

He was my hero.

His default mode was being funny and entertaining and often deployed his spirit animal, John Cleese, at any given innappropriate moment.. he loved comedy and humor and helped me develop my own funny bones.... Now, humor isn't just about cracking jokes, for me it's a positive and healthy philosophical attribute to help one navigate life's ups and downs.

It does bear emphasising, that my father was different, he was an outsider, a maverick, fiercely independent, an individualist and a non-conformist ...in my book these are all admirable attributes and I count myself as very very lucky to have had him as a father.... and in the final account of his life, it dawned on me (well, all of us) where i got my Autism and ADHD from and for that, i am enternally grateful for that gift.

**Our Eternal Cadet**

**13/12/1971 - 24/08/2025**

Most of us met Melanie through music. Alongside her beloved Paul (“Grinny”), music wasn’t just her passion — it was her compass, her lifeline, her friend, her saviour. It gave her hope when there was none. It turned her world around. Without music she was lost, and with it she became infinite.

Many of us knew Mel online. Some of us were lucky enough to meet her in all her glory. Whether across the airwaves or on the dance floor, you felt her magnificent essence — she shone through every frequency.

Mel told us herself: “Music is my life, my fail-safe, my friend. It comforts me, lifts me, holds me together. It sets my mind back on track. When all else fails, dig out those tunes, those mixes. Bring yourself back to life. Music has got me through the most difficult periods of my life and never fails to bring me joy.”

She carried that truth everywhere. After spinal surgery, after diagnosis, through pain and recovery — always the music. It was her bridge between despair and joy, her link to friends across the nation and beyond: the radio shows, the Friday-night crews, ALFOS/EBS, her virtual dance floor, and her chance to go to the Evil Acid Barons festival with her lovely man and her van (Rita). She danced in Devon, London, Liverpool, Brighton and Windsor in the company of Cadets, DJs and strangers who became family. She took risks, reclaimed independence, and danced until her bones hurt.

She is now one with her signal, her essence vibrating through every song and mix, every beat of our hearts and every moment of joy we spent with her — she will transmit her eternal broadcast forever.

Pew pew, Mel — we love you.

# Melanie Grindrod

# Christopher Gwinnell

**19/04/1963- 10/12/2024**

A clever, quirky soul who loved books, music, and deep conversations — but was also joyfully daft. Sensitive, curious, articulate and generous to a fault, he had a deep love for both the finer things and the ridiculous.

With his cheeky grin and generous spirit, he brought his wit wherever he went. He loved Leeds football team, playing chess, and poker — reflections of his competitive streak and sharp, thoughtful mind.

A raconteur through and through, he spun stories with wit, warmth, and just the right amount of mischief. He could talk to anyone and they’d feel like an old friend. He was part of the free party scene and liked to live on the fringe of society — never quite following the rules, always carving his own path and living life on his terms.

He was a brother to Jon and Pete, a father to Daisy, an uncle to Josh and Ellie, and a friend to everyone. He was deeply loved, and he loved deeply in return. His life was full of stories, laughter, nature, and connection. Complex, kind, sensitive, and completely himself — he was never rich but made life richer for everyone who knew him.

THE BRICKLAYING BRICKLAYING

Dear Dad
It was a tough one at first, but we became good pals by the end.
Just like all the best ones.

I am proud of your way of the Wyrd and the archive I’m untangling.

With all my loving dread

Thomas

**31/10/1951 - 16/08/2025**

# Richard Hearnshaw

# Andrew Henderson

22/02/1972- 22/11/2023

I never imagined that a chance meeting in a bar called ‘Angels’ in Birminghams’ gay village would lead to a joyous adventure, filled with love and happiness lasting 25 years. But it did. From that first Sunday night in November 1998 right until the end in November 2023.

Born in Fife, February 22nd, 1972 to loving parents Neil and Mary and along with his elder sister - Melanie, Andrew was the final component in this little family unit. Growing up in Newport-on-Tay and going to school in St. Andrews, Andrew developed an aptitude for painting, a love for animals (through the various pets the family kept) and a passion for the music of Kate Bush.

He went to the University of Edinburgh where he studied Architecture, eventually moving to Birmingham to do his Masters Degree. His professional career saw him working as an Architect and Interior Designer for numerous companies and on many projects - designing clubs, bars, restaurants, public spaces and latterly more and more retail concessions, often for “high-end, “luxury” brands - something that caused no end of ironic eye-rolling from him. Although he enjoyed the quick turnaround of this type of work, he could see right through the sham of these aspirational entities and their promise of a life improved. Andrew had very little interest in the material things of this world. He was, in this sense, a simple man. And a very intelligent one.

A design conscious, creative, deep thinker with an anti-establishment attitude, bone dry sense of humour and an air of mystery (even after 25 years) along with his slightly self-conscious streak, infact, made Andrew a rare gem of a man - treasured by all those who were lucky enough to know and love him. His cheeky, gap-toothed grin had a knack for making everything in the world feel just fine. Gentle and loving, he would do virtually anything to help anyone out - especially his friends.

His life in London for the last 20 or so years saw him continue his professional practice whilst trying to create a fantastic home - something he showed no end of enthusiasm and dedication to, continually rolling his sleeves up and getting stuck into, not just the design but the hard, dirty work of renovating an old Edwardian flat conversion in Lewisham.

For all the countless hours spent wide-eyed on dance-floors at all night parties, clubs and festivals over the years, Andrew was never happier than at home. Be it drawing 3D thingamajigs on his computer, laying in bed watching trashy TV or sat with the cat on his lap as he showered her with (often unrequited) affection.

In June 2023, after months of uncertainty and inconclusive tests, Andrew was diagnosed with stage 4 bowel cancer. Having endured two very successful operations to remove the tumours from his bowel and liver, he started a course of chemotherapy in September 2023. Halfway through this intensive and gruelling treatment he suffered a cardiac arrest whilst at home and a brain injury so severe, there was no coming back. He never regained consciousness and died three days later, on November 22nd, 2023 in hospital, surrounded by his friends and family.

Right until the very end, Andrew did what he had always done - he gave his absolute all. Throughout the uncertainty, devastation and sheer hell of his cancer journey, Andrew continued as best he could - keeping things running like normal and even working during his treatment. He was incredibly scared but he kept going. And he kept loving.

His sudden and, to a large degree, unexpected departure has left a huge hole in the world and in so many people’s lives. Unlike the gaps and cracks in the structure of the flat in Lewisham, it’s a hole that cannot be filled. He will be missed and loved forever.

Andrew had a bit of an obsession with pyramids, their mysticism and relation to the Sun and he had more than a passing interest in numerology. His birth date, the 22nd was also his death date and having died on the 22nd of November it seems fitting to partake in a ceremony taking place on the 23rd. Andrew knew about the People’s Pyramid and found it funny and interesting.

Since he has gone, I often find myself thinking back to how the owners of that bar in Birmingham were spot on with its name. I mean, walking into a bar and happening upon a stranger who you end up sharing 25 magnificent years with is one thing. But walking into a bar and having Andrew appear in your life is entirely another. They changed the name of the place sometime ago. It’s now called ‘Sidewalk’, not ‘Angels’.

With eternal love, Darren.

# Kerstin Hultgren

**2nd March 1936 -**
**7th September 2025**

Kerstin, the best mother and grandmother one can ever dream of.

We sorely miss you.

# Peter Kirk

31st May 1979 - 12th November 2024

Peter Kirk should be writing these words.

He’d have done it with more humour, insight and mischief than any of us. His endless passions and energy make you believe he’s somewhere still, watching himself being formed on this page piece by-piece, and twitching with an irresistible urge to make it even more mega. Not because it’s about him. Not because he thought his words were better than anyone else’s. But because, for Peter, creating something beautiful and unforgettable was as much for other people as for himself - he understood that things come alive as they come out to play.

And Peter came to fucking play.

You might think he had no rules. In fact, he had two.

The first: there were only two types of music… Acid and Techno.

And second: the only lights needed for any event were a laser and a strobe. Smoke machines allowed - but nothing else.

His unspoken order was that everyone in his life was weird, wonderful and interesting to the most interesting of humans. Being picked as his friend meant all of those things. And if you ever made a recommendation for a song, or an artist, or a book – and Peter loved it – you’d never ride a wave of pride as high again in your life.

Peter’s life was one big, messy side-quest to create, illuminate and entertain. He’s remembered by so many people in so many ways - via Stroud, Bristol, Sydney, Leeds, Berlin, Cornwall, London. His all encompassing, non-ironic love for Mr Blobby. The Outlaws. Giant Robot. Resin art so full of life, it seemed to reverberate and would break itself in your hands. Fried food. Matching knitted rainbow ponchos at a death metal gig. My Old Place. A pirated version of his favourite film, Repo Man, played at quadruple chipmunk-voice speed.

# Alan Macartney

19/09/1953 - 16/04/2024

My Da,

Irish man, sailor, motorcyclist, do it yourself guy, husband, father and all round top bloke, who didn't suffer fools gladly but loved a daft laugh.

His words to me about what to do with his ashes were "I don't really care as I will be dead!" So we put the bulk of his ashes in Lyme Bay as that's where they retired to, some off the harbour in Carrickfergus as that's where he grew up and the last wee bit in this here brick.

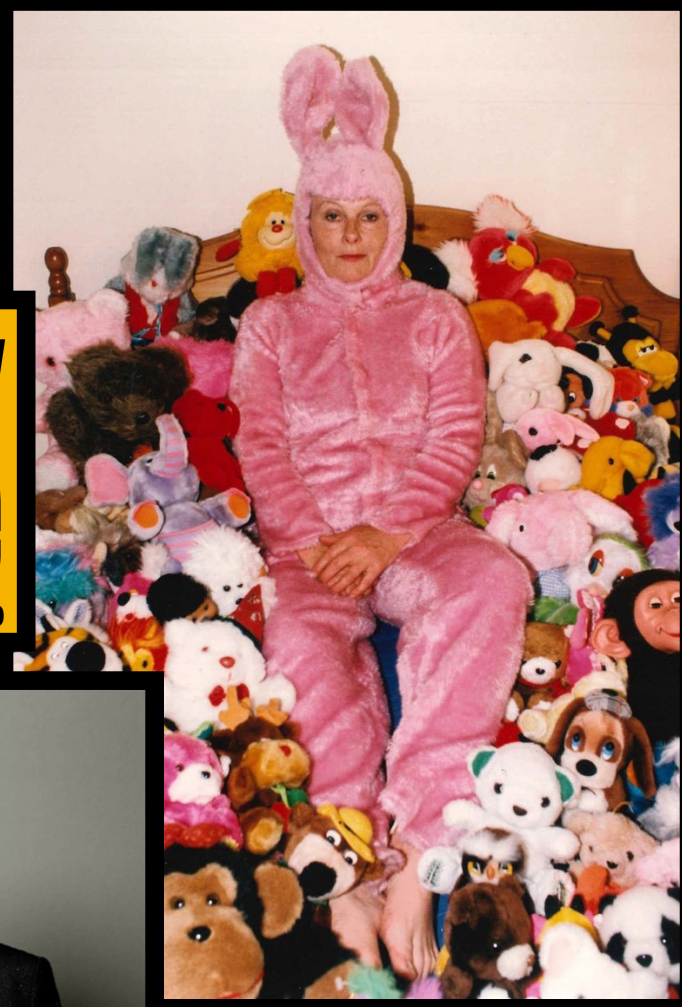
I think he would have appreciated all 3.

Loved deeply by family and friends.

Gone but not forgotten.

My hero and anti-hero in equal measures.

Much love Big Man.



# Sally Madge

**15.3.1946 -11.11.2020**

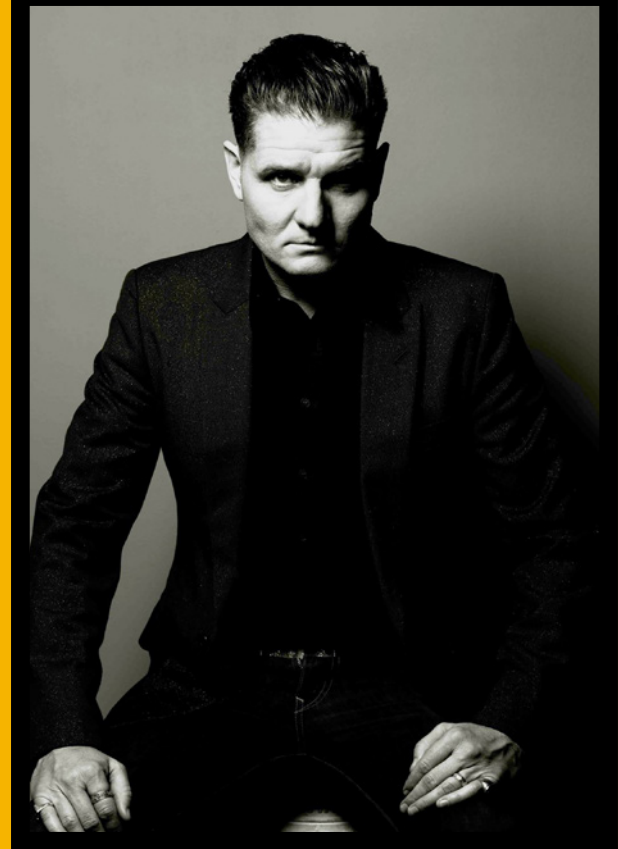
Artist, teacher, mother, grandma and friend. Always exciting, always creative, always loving and a little bit naughty.

A freezer full of dead animals waiting to be stuffed and piles of beach detritus for her artworks, days out with fire and picnics on the wild beaches of Northumbria, and a total disregard for 'private land' if the walk took you through it.

Taken way too early, she is sorely missed by family, friends and students alike. Trespass in peace forever into eternity.

# Douglas J. McCarthy

**1966 - 2025**



Douglas formed Nitzer Ebb alongside Bon Harris and David Gooday in 1982.
Nitzer Ebb released five albums on Mute records and toured the world relentlessly, they were well known for a hard hitting, aggressive sound, mixing industrial and electronic elements with punk sensibilities.

Douglas was one of the funniest men we ever knew, he possessed a truly foul, but brilliant sense of humour.

His plans for the world's first Acid Morris-Dancing concept album. Finding examples of Berthold Block font in the wild. An unexpected, passionate enthusiasm for the right kind of magnesium supplements. An obsession with the Berghain DJ toilet, so all-encompassing that he drew up detailed plans for a scale reproduction that he was convinced would sell for a fortune. And more. And more. And more.

He oozed fun and silliness and curiosity into the world around him with a fearful intellect and delightful mischief. No snobbery, no elitism and no filter. He responded to high and low art with purity and strength of emotion.

If there's one thing we all wish we could do it would be to let Peter know that the way things he loved made him feel… is how he made us feel too. A minute, an hour, a day and a weekend could get you so beautifully lost in the night you couldn't quite remember what happened - yet all time spent with Peter Kirk was unforgettable.

Peter spent his time meandering with purpose. He was kind. He was flaky. He was late. He was thoughtful. He would disappear and reappear like an eccentric wizard. He was frustrating. Illuminating. Beautifully dressed in a carefully curated, crumpled Issey Miyake wardrobe. Painfully self destructive. Of course he was. How could someone so full of life not see how far they could take it? But it was Peter's time to use, and he used it as hard or as gently or as loudly or as quietly as he wanted.

More than any of the things he loved, Peter loved us. He had a fierce love for his Mum and Dad and they for him; though rocky when he renamed them, in his youth, Minx and Dinks. The time he spent with every single person mattered a great deal to him - not one second spent with his people was ever, ever wasted.

Peter hoarded his passions in his head and his heart, and he poured them into this world before he left, leaving us to spend what should have been his time, loving, and sharing every piece of music, art and culture he left behind. Listening to techno, and remembering how good it felt when you first saw him smile.

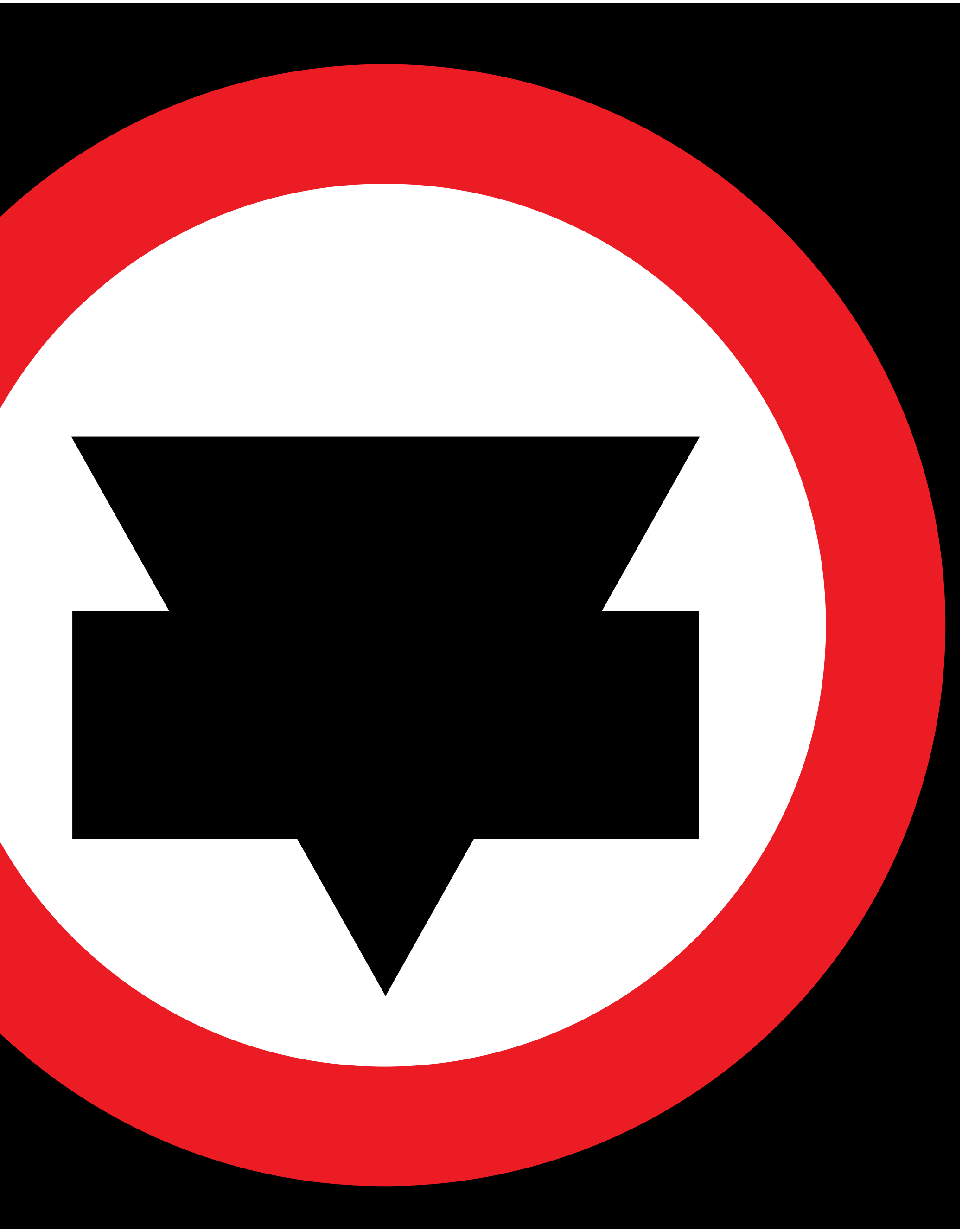
Bye Sunshine

Luke Turner said the following at a recent memorial for Douglas held in London.

"When I first saw Nitzer Ebb live two decades ago, I was transfixed by Douglas McCarthy. Silver light, white light, grey light, hair properly slicked back, aviators on, pacing, preening and pointing in utter command of the stage, delivering that Thames estuary meets LA snarl and croon over banger after throbbing banger. Next to where we danced, a hot couple in their thirties loudly spoke to one another in Swedish, thinking nobody could understand. Our friend Linn, who was Swedish, translated – Doug's words in every Nitzer Ebb track seemed to have inspired a new absolutely filthy act they were planning to do together in their hotel room afterwards. Nitzer Ebb were eroticism, nihilism, disgust, rage, libidinal masculinity, funk, true body music – the absolute fucking horn: I had never experienced anything like it".

As the author Tim Burrows wrote in his tribute to Douglas on The Quietus, "Douglas McCarthy is up there with Wilko Johnson and Lee Brilleaux as a musician from Canvey island who visually articulated so much of his situation and his biography with his body on stage... he was the grit in the Essex synthpop pearl".

Douglas married the powerhouse of a woman Hazel Hill McCarthy III a Los Angeles-based artist, designer and film maker in 2010.
She was always by his side throughout; we love her dearly, our hearts go out to her.
D.P. & R.D.C.



# THE PEOPLES PYRAMID

BY THE PEOPLE
FOR THE PEOPLE
OF THE PEOPLE

# Tracey Meek

**19/01/1980 - 26/11/24**

A mother of a mother, her love and light continues through her generations.
Her family and friends, who were sprinkled with the glitter of her light and chaos, will always reflect that love back to her knowing that what goes on beyond the now is in for a treat with Tracey being around. Our distance for today is the FOMO for tomorrow.

In Tracey's own words:

'Growing up in a working class household in the north east, I developed a deadpan, and at times surreal sense of humour that mirrored the circumstances of my surroundings. With no real access to the arts I found inspiration in trips to libraries and museums. In those days these places were very still places, with little interaction. I remember echoey sounds, foot shuffling and lots of skim reading. I found that I filled in the blanks and created my own stories for these artifacts. I imagined the many hands that held the objects behind the glass cases, and these colourful flashes of what might have been seemed more interesting than any facts and figures.

I believe we're all artists when we are children, it's just that some people hold on to creativity and some people let go'

The Magnificent, Marvellous Miss Meek never let go and she leaves us with her greatest creations, Milly and Jax.

HIYA!

# Kevin Price

**05/08/1967- 20/08/2025**

However dysfunctional my family may have been, we certainly knew how to have fun. We laughed uproariously together even in the hardest of times. We eagerly drank every last drop of summer sunshine, milked every last bit of carefree fun out of every moment and, although they all died too soon, I know that my mum, dad, and my brothers had more fun and laughter in their lives than many people would have in 100 years.

First family holiday abroad
Arriving late at night
Bars still open
Piling into pedalos in the early hours
Laughing together
Happy and free

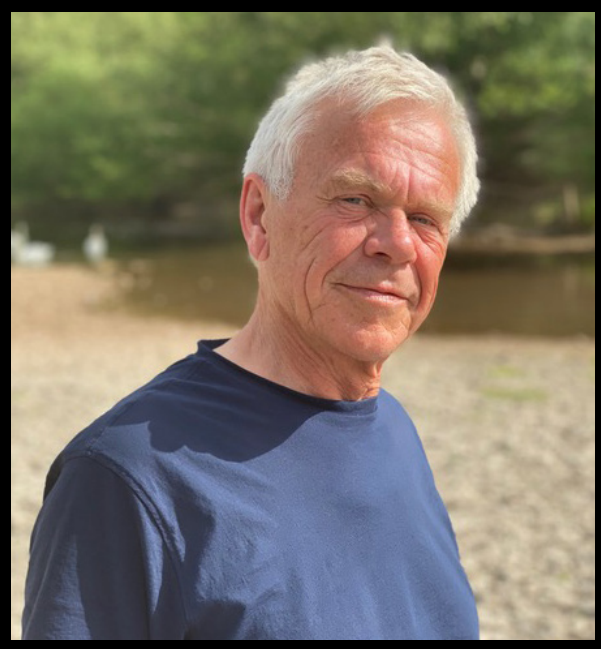
Posh hotel in Marlbrough
Smoke bombs planted in dad's fags
Restaurant evacuated
Dad eventually seeing the funny side
Laughing together
Happy and free

100mph down the dual carriageway
Hands and feet in the air
Giggling like idiots
We are idiots
Laughing together
Happy and free

Giggling siblings stumbling through lamplit streets
Brother strumming beautifully
Sister singing drunkenly
"Where do you go to my lovely?"
Laughing together
Happy and free

Barbecue at midnight
On New Year's Eve
Mum, dad, Kev, Steve and me
My whole family together
Laughing
Happy and free

When these frail shadows we inhabit now have quit the earth, we shall meet and raise a glass again, together in Valhalla!



# Martin Pryce

Martin, Swain, Pudding… was the second son to Marjorie & Tom younger brother to Huw (Sid). They were born in Stourbridge, then raised in Cambridge. The boys revelled in the freedom of the swinging 60s, embracing the music and the fashion of the time which was set to shape their lives. And the lives of their children. Imbuing creativity, a passion for culture, and adventure. With a limitless and vivid imagination and silliness.

Martin, a smart-dressed Mod, embarked on a creative career in music and fashion. Who else could pull off a pair of snakeskin platform boots. Well he often needed a hand, apparently.

Martin made many friends in the music industry, took his hand to tailoring, starting with some fringed bags learning from Nina, creating their business together, and eventually making some epic stage gear for the likes of Black Sabbath to Robert Plant to Gary Newman.

Creativity knew no boundaries and these were fun times. Martin, Nina, Sid, and all their best mates from Geeza and Porky to all the other legends were knocking about, hitting gigs having wild tips…

Change the record to the next chapter. When they moved to a small village in Knowbury, proper shook things up but found some local, open-minded hippies to hang out with and created a new life. The chips, as they were fondly referred to then arrived. Catherine first, followed by Mary. A small, beautiful but bloody cold cottage - that was full of warmth and laughter, music and fun, and an endless supply of super small furry animals that ran riot in the place.

Martin was multi-talented musically & could play any instrument, if he couldn't play it he could certainly hum it!! He could whistle and chirp like a bird, sing with soul & make everybody laugh with his impersonations!! Chirping, Mary has taken on as a skill. Catherine can't whistle for shit, however…His sense of humor, talking gibberish, and bursts of laughter out of the blue were infectious, hilarious and bizarre at best!

Music played such an important part of his life, he always appeared a little shy on stage which added to his popularity and gave an insight into his vulnerability.

The river and sea, always being a HUGE part of life. Kids, family, and friends playing on innertubes and canoes. Messing about on the river was not only fun but cathartic and calming, the water being a place we're all naturally drawn to. And the river is where he will eventually flow into, forever.

He was happy in nature, loved endless walks looking at the animals, screaming at the sheep, cycling… Gus's epic cycle rides bringing together a motley crew of friends, kids' vintage bikes on some hairy rides across the country. They were good times!

He was handsome, charming, beautiful, witty, and caring and turned heads wherever he went.

The sun making his skin golden brown, his piercing blue eyes that no one will forget. The color of forget me nots.

His sadness and pain overwhelmed him.

But this dark melancholy, something perhaps in him for a long time, could not be shifted despite everyone's efforts.

His struggle and deep-rooted sadness made his sparkle fade. Distancing himself from himself, let alone others. But with taking his life, he took the happiness and wonderful memories etched out above and that's what we all shall hold onto.

The struggle is over, the pain for him has ceased. And every day we will miss him x

# Paul Swithin Ruane

15/07/1955 - 18/11/2023

Paul Ruane was the 2nd. Eldest of 5 born in Dublin on 15th July 1955 - St Swithins Day. But he was no saint!
He was born in Dublin the year that Rock Around The Clock was released as no.1 on 9th July & was in the charts for 8 weeks. A very fitting song for Paul as he continued to rock around the clock for the rest of his life! 'Put your glad rags on & join me hon,we'll have some fun when the clock strikes one'

He also had a famous Godfather -Bob Lynch an Irish musician who was a friend of our parents. Bob joined The Dubliners in 1964 but left before they really made it into the limelight.

So Paul was destined to be an avid music lover. His tastes were eclectic and he always kept up with new music way into his 60s, and of course he would never stop going on about how none of it was as good as the KLF.

One memory I have is of mum coming home from work as a District Nurse to the house shaking to the sounds of Led Zeppelin at 100 decibels. She said she could hear it from the top of our road.

Paul was well travelled, starting with his time spent in Ethiopia, Libya and Sudan before the age of 15 due to his father's work. As a young man he lived on the kibbutz in Israel and back packed through Turkey and Southern Europe.

Paul had more than 9 lives & one example of this is the near-death experience of 'the air rifle incident' in Libya. Apparently Paul was tied to a chair on our balcony by his brothers in a game of cowboys & Indians probably, when he was shot at by an unknown stranger across from the house, narrowly avoiding Paul with two air pellets.

Another example was a trip to see the lake in Addis Abiba, Ethiopia in 1961 -so Paul would be 6. The family was looking at fish from the boat when Paul peered too close and fell into the water packed with hippos and was lucky to get away with his life. He's as giddy as a goat as his father would say!

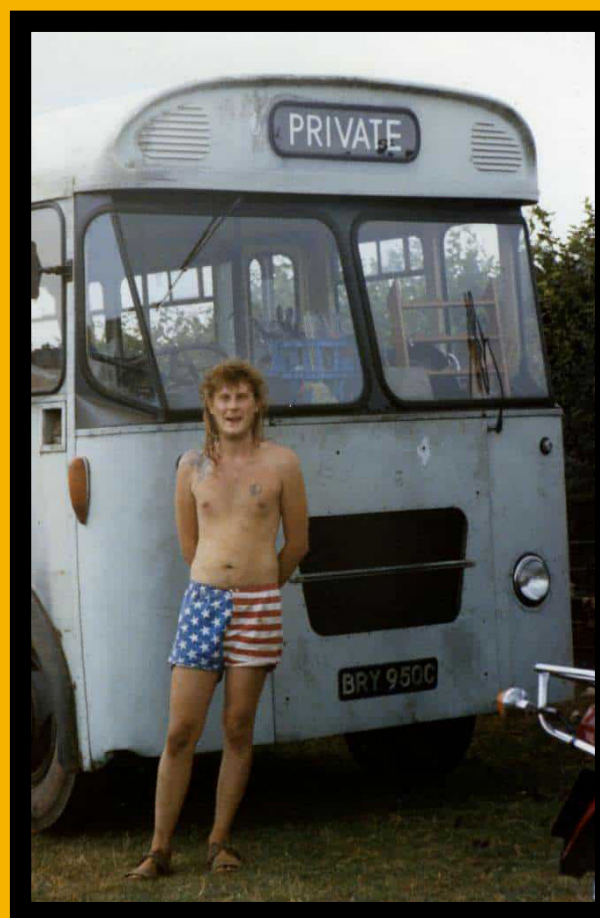
Paul went on to have two sons with his partner Anna, Jack in 1987 and Thomas in 1991, whom he loved very dearly, and who feel his absence daily.

Always in the mood for the 'craic', Paul spent many happy years in Camden, and later in Hastings, where he left no wine shop unexplored and loved swimming in the sea where the remainder of his ashes now rest.

Everyone that knew Paul said he was one of a kind. He remained steadfast in his belief that you should always stay positive and remember to enjoy yourself until the very end, which was epitomised in some of his last words to his son 'Have fun kiddo', which inspired this Haiku:

Just have fun Kiddo
'Cos at the end of the day
That's all that matters

He will always be in our hearts & will never be forgotten.




# SCHMIT

22/12/1964 - 06/02/2025

I met Schmit as punk rock teenagers then again in the 1990s, when we were both young and carefree, swept up in a life that felt like one long adventure. We were New Age travellers, living out of his beloved 1965 Thames Trader bus — which I affectionately called Brian. Together we drifted from free party to free festival, carried by music, laughter, and the sense that the sun never quite set on those days.

In 1995, our son Fearn was born, and with him came a new chapter. The rest, as they say, is history. We may not have stayed together, but we shared something far greater: a deep and unshakable love for our boy. Watching Fearn grow into the kind, thoughtful, and considerate man he is today has been the greatest joy for us both. Schmit was always so proud of him, as was I — and that pride bound us together in a way nothing else ever could.

Schmit was, without doubt, one of the most stubborn and cantankerous people I've ever known — but that was part of his charm. Beneath that rough exterior lay the biggest heart of gold, and a soul who never had a bad word to say about anyone. He lived on his own terms, with a spirit that was free and untamed, and that spirit will be remembered by all who knew him.

Our time together wasn't forever, but it was vivid, unforgettable, and full of life. We had some of the best days of our lives together, and we created the most beautiful gift of all — our son. For that, I will always be grateful.

Schmit, you will always be remembered with love — heaps of love. Your laughter, your fire, your heart — they live on in Fearn, and in the stories we'll keep telling. You'll never be forgotten.

14/04/76- 21/12/23

# James Self

James grew up in the Suffolk countryside, performing underwhelming stunts on bikes, performing underwhelming acrobatic displays onto the sofa whilst listening to Eye of the Tiger, making elaborate dens in Eldrith woods, setting fire to things, going on adventures up the river to an unremarkable area that we'd christened 'the best place in the world'.

He had a broad friendly face with a warm smile, and he'd always greet me and my friends. He was extraordinarily quiet yet incredibly expressive. You'd tell him how your day was going, and with big eyes he'd reply with empathy and advise without saying more than 'right, yeah', and other short phrases.

Perhaps this is how someone so profoundly quiet, accumulated so many friends.

Art college. The late nineties. The parties. The politics. They were one thing.
Dancing and hugging. Life-giving loving.
We were never quite sure how, but we'd always made it back to the cottage. Soothing Sundays. Slowly coming around with smokes and jokes and scrambled eggs for scrambled blokes.

Chuckling at and entranced by the words coming from the old tapes we played that shaped our lives for years to come.
Bill Hicks' news bulletin on psychedelics: "Today a young man on acid realised that all matter is merely energy condensed to a slow vibration, that we are all one consciousness experiencing itself subjectively, there is no such thing as death, life is only a dream, and we are the imagination of ourselves. Here's Tom with the Weather."

And of course, that intro sample on Lee Perry's Blackboard Jungle Dub, the album that was the backdrop of it all. The one that got us through those scrambled Sundays. "Calling the meek and the humble, welcome to blackboard jungle…"
Unity built. Parties loved. Politics lived. Brothers bewitched by the beauty and banality of their joined-up journey on this disjointed earth.

You saw so much in the wastelands of the city life you lived.
The stormy skies, the windswept marsh grasses and the glittering light on the canal water.
The swans gliding like Viking ships with their precious cargo of babies.
All these things set in time by you in paint and canvas so we can see your visions through your beautiful chestnut eyes. A place that fascinated him and charmed him and was him.

A faithful friend, sending text message notifications like one act plays performed on the canal, or as the monologue of a troubled stranger befriended outside a shop who he would unfailingly help, just as he helped us all at some point or another.

How we will miss your warmth, your natural wit and the raised eyebrow which spoke volumes.
You lived, loved, and were loved.

Words by Ashe, William, Martin, Mike, Jo and Heather.

# Greg Smith

**6 September 1977 - 2 December 2024**

***"We are all Head Gardeners of the planet."***
**G Smith, 23/11/2024**

Unconventional, chaotic, organic, and full of love, Greg Smith was an artist, painter, musician, DJ, gardener, botanist, environmentalist, aquarist, educator, helper, anarchist, psychonaut, hill walker, climber, brother, son, & friend.

More than all this, he was a deeply sensitive human being who possessed a strong, humanistic empathy with the people and the world around him.

Growing up in Southend-on-Sea, he was the oldest of four to three younger sisters whom he adored. Family trips were taken in their father's vintage black London taxi, siblings swapping tapes and walkman batteries to drown the noise of the rattling old cab. On walking holidays to Wales, Greg would practically run up mountains, always in front, always one or two corners ahead, out of sight, eager to see what lay ahead. Then at the summit, sitting, deep in his thoughts, taking in the surrounding views. This was a happy place, and where he would return in later years to climb and push himself to his physical limits on the rock faces of Snowdonia.

At Southend High School for Boys, his raw talent and high octane ways found safety and space to grow in the two vast, Victorian art rooms, where the shackles of school rules couldn't penetrate. He would set to work at his own furious pace, with an energy and vigour that no one quite understood, including perhaps himself. The results were always incredible.

He gained a BA in Fine Art at the Slade School of Art, where, in the words of his friend and contemporary, "he was a great painter … not the style or formal aspects, even though that was all there, but how he used the medium to transport you to intensely rich, fantastical, and sometimes dark imagined spaces. I look back now and realise they always depicted somewhere between the physical and waking world. To be able to produce those types of paintings in the early years of a practice does not come easy. For Greg, it was intuitive".

It was at university that he attracted a group of friends that were like moths to his brilliant, passionate, magnetic, maddening, hilarious and hazardous flame. He learned to DJ, and like most things he turned his hand to, he excelled at it: catalysing disco and house with a pulsing, urgent techno squelch, hopping genres and unleashing sci-fi samples, ambient soundscapes and ludicrous shout outs engineered from pirate radio stations.

A handsome and beautiful man; Greg's big brown soulful eyes were protected by gorgeous baby-like eyelashes which seemed to become more visible in his quieter, more reflective moments. He loved to read, sitting for hours with a contented expression, stroking his hair. Indeed, a good book was one of the few things that could slow him down, and he would absorb their contents deeply. No wonder he built up an extraordinary and encyclopaedic knowledge of plants and the natural world.

His adult working life was mostly spent improving the parks and green spaces of South London, the last eight years as head gardener of Burgess Park, in the London Borough of Southwark. He was kind and generous with everyone he met, from corporate volunteers to young learners and regular park users: everyone liked him.

For someone who had always looked to do things at scale, a 140-acre area of London was undoubtedly the ideal canvas. A true environmentalist, he set about rejuvenating the planting throughout the park using the most sustainable and nature-first methods available to him.

He took his work extremely seriously, meticulously documenting what he had done and why in a series of posts which can be read on the Friends of Burgess Park website. He would lead tours of Kew Garden students who would come to pick his brains, and one internationally renowned horticulturist who visited succinctly remarked, "everyone should be a bit more like Greg ".

# Ian Smith

**21/12/1966 - 08/01/2025**

It is hard when writing a biography to express just how much someone meant to you, how much they were loved and how much they are missed. It is hard to find any words that are in any way sufficient.

Ian was a wonderful soul who touched the lives of many. Those who were lucky enough to call him friend, brother, uncle or husband were truly blessed. He was such a kind and calm soul and left a mark on so many people with whom he crossed paths. He had a quiet charisma that left an impact on everyone he met. It is no surprise that his career was in hospitality as he had an easy way of making people feel special.

He was lucky enough to have met a soulmate in Kevin and together they formed a loving, caring and formidable partnership where they complemented each other magnificently. They grew together over their 25 years, enjoying their life and their adventures in the happiest of times with their beloved dogs. They built a sanctuary around them with their beautiful home and gorgeous Zen garden, which were always a joy to visit. They were the best of hosts.

Ian was kind, generous and thoughtful. He was loyal and protective. He was a modest man who didn't like fuss. He had a wicked streak of mischief and a laugh to match. He loved nothing more than to laugh and to dance. He loved the sun and was as happy in his travels to the sun as he was in the garden painting a fence or potting plants soaking up the rays and topping up his tan. For a man who was perpetually late, he was far too early to leave us.

Kevin has gone ahead of Ian to the Peoples Pyramid and while we grieve for them both, it seems fitting that they will be together again in the Pyramid. In Kevin's bio that was penned by Ian he said that "Big Handsome" Kevin told him that they would be together forever. Ian believed that he was around him in some way, and he believed that their souls would be together forever in another dimension. We send Ian to the Pyramid with our love to join Kevin and their good friend Shonah.

# Clive Whitehead

Clive was my younger brother. He was a massive pain in the arse at times; he was a distant brother and a disinterested uncle ……but he was a marvel, an inspiration and the only person who has ever made me feel competitive. Despite the fact that we both left home at 17 and rarely met after that, Clive has had a greater influence on my life than anyone else. I can't explain the connection we had but somehow we needed each other to be in the world in order to become our true best selves. I only went to university because he did and I only became a musician because he was. In a very real sense I owe him my lovely life.

Clive could sail boats, fly planes and play the guitar and piano beautifully. He was a professional piano restorer and lived on a magnificent houseboat called Waterlily with a yurt on his mooring. He was effortlessly cool.

My school memories include him running across the field backwards in rugby when told he couldn't run forwards with the ball….and scoring a try. This sums up his mischievous, disruptive spirit and the ease with which he could do anything he set his mind to.

He could be coldly selfish if he thought his freedom was threatened and warmly embracing to those who made his life fulfilled. He walked the Camino and bathed naked in the sea. He stood up to hypocrites and bullies and was never cowed or influenced by power. Clive did Clive – often in polyester, and he was wonderful.

Clive inconsiderately drowned on holiday in Turkey aged 39. I don't think I will ever be at peace with that and I will always be a little lost. I have no idea what he would have thought about being part of the pyramid, and I obviously can't ask him, so once again I'm letting him lead the way – and I will follow, with my own brick, when I'm good and ready.

Christa the sister x

**18/01/1972 - 30/04/2011**

# The Krossing 2024

## words by Ru Callender

### PASSENGER ANNOUNCEMENT

**Passenger announcement**
This is the moment between the click and the bang.

**Passenger announcement**
We burn to release. We build to remember. We are all ancestors already.

**Passenger announcement**
It is memory and hope and love that keep us from spinning away into the void, not physics.
Love is the mortar that binds us together.
We are all ancestors already. One moment here, the next gone, jumping through the bright fire into the mystery.
We are all already dead. We are already alive.

**Passenger announcement**
We are the Pyramid Builders.
We build to strengthen our world. We build to remember. We build to outlast our own lives.
I have no fear of time.
Welcome to those of you who have relatives and friends that are to be MuMufied.
Welcome to those of you who will one day join them.
Welcome to those who come to honour life shining in the dark.
Welcome to all our dead, to our ancestors snaking back into the past, of whom we are just an incarnation, a flash of consciousness, our moment in the the light.

**Passenger announcement**
Every woman a sister. Every man a brother. Every child a son and daughter.
We build to remember.
For those about to be MuMufied, we salute you.

**Passenger announcement**
You have been silent, as we cross the dark river, but the time for silence is over. For the duration of one minute, howl the names of your dead, all of your dead into the void. You are not alone with your grief, we are building The People's Pyramid together.



# The Bricklaying 2024

## words by Claire Phillips-Callender

Welcome pyramid builders, brick pilgrims, brick bearers, future bricks.

Welcome back, welcome home. We have made the Krossing. We the faithful who gather each year on this November night, we look to the familiar faces, and we see the raw grief in the faces of the brick bearers - the newly bereaved here tonight - and we recognise it as ours once was, and we hold them tenderly in our hearts.

Our grief may have changed shape since we were last here, it may sit in our lives in a different way, it may not be suffocating us like it once did, it may be less spikey and have become comfortable, or it may still completely overwhelm us when we're not looking. However it shows up, it is welcome here.

We are brothers and sisters of the pyramid, death and grief our bond, we choose to show up and mourn. And then we show up again and remember and help others mourn. We are collective, we are monumental, we are pyramid builders.

We build to remember, we gather to mourn, we hold these lives up to the light and we see them clearly, what they were and what they could have become, what they achieved and what they totally messed up, the opportunities they were ready for and the ones they watched sail by.

And we think about what we regret, the words not spoken, the visits not made, and we can't remember what was more important at the time, but guilt is an opportunistic thief in the night it will rob you, it is a parasite, it feeds on grief, so when it comes knocking at the door - and it will - do not let it in, it will fuck you up.

Instead keep hold of the love however small, tend it like a flame, let it glow and warm you and light your path. Let it be a beacon like this pyramid, let that be their legacy.

We are all but one heartbeat away from death.

Are we ready?

# THE ANC

Michael Adams - Tony Allen - AMANDA - Paul Anstey “Bongo Paul” - John A
- Ian Scott Bradbury - Ian Russell Bryce - Paul (Pat) Burns - Tom Butch
Callomon - Simon Cauty - Chris Chestnutt - Jennifer Marian Clark - Nick
Culm - Val Culm - Hugh James Davey - Adan Dominguez Jr. aka Donny Dia
Estelle aka Kat Fisher - Annette “Netty” Helen Etkind - Billy Evans - Raymo
Dr Susan Goff - Mark Sephton “Gobber” Graham - Melanie Grindrod - Kaus
Hardman - Richard Hearnshaw - Andrew George Henderson - Gregory L
- Chris Hurley - Kinetori Yoshi Imamura - Alex Johnson - Debbie Jones -
Peter Kirk - Luke Peter Laycock - Jeremy Lodge - Kiko Loiacono - Michal
- Donald Peter MacKay - Shane Maddison - Sally Madge - Basil Hyam Mar
Douglas J. McCarthy - Tracey Meek - Alexander McMillan - Roy McNulty -
- Norman Joseph Payne - Jim Peckham - Derick Phillips - Arthur John Phil
‘TT’ Price - Martin Pryce - Drew Radtke - Michael Ramey - Arthur John
Scroggie - James Lawrence Self - Alan McCall Simpson - Charlie Crowth
- Pamela Spinks - Nigel Spinks - William Rodger Stephens - Justin Ross S
A. Taylor - John Tweedie - James Warnock - Jonathan Webber - Bradley W

# CESTORS

MUMUFIED 2018 - 2025

Andrew Barber - Ian Gordon Bell - Sarah Jane Billinghurst - John Boatfield
art - Piers S Butler Esq. - Susan Butterworth - David Cadwallader - Dylan
Clarke - Kieron Clough - Eric Coltart - Ann Coltart - Anthony Conroy - David
monds - Julia K. Drummond - John Francis Dunn - Paulette Elgohary - Julie
nd Flanagan - John Aidan Forker - Medhat Solomon Gemei - Pamela Gerrie -
hal Kumar Gupta - Christopher Gwinnell - Andrew Charles Hardman - Charlie
eo Francis Hilleard - Shonah Ritchie Urquhart Howison - Kerstin Hultgren
Gerry Jones - Graham Jones - Jennifer Jones - Donald Joyce - Daved Kay -
"Ricky Fitz" Lucenic - George James Ludgate - Susana Luz - Alan Macartney
cuson - Simon David Marshall - Ray Martin - Margaret Josephine McCann -
Kevin Moore - Ron Muszalski - Pauline Sylvia Nelson - Dolores M. O'Conner
lips - Stephen John Pilcher - Susan Leigh Powell - Kevin Philip Price - Steve
"Bo" Robinson - Paul Swithin Ruane - Carmel Teresa Ryan - SCHMIT - Alan
er Smith - Clive Desmond Smith - Greg Smith - Ian Smith - Simon DK Smith
Stevens - Koya Suzuki - William (Billy) Sweeney - Maureen Taylor - Kenneth
Vehby - Clive Whitehead - Prof Brian John Wilks - Pete 'Woosh' Birch

TO BE CONTINUED .....


**MUSIC FOR FUNERALS**
**AND BRICKLAYING CEREMONIES**

L-13 LIGHT INDUSTRIAL RECORDINGS

23/11/2025


BANGER
RAVE IN PEACE