



Here Comes the Alchemical Revolution  
and other poems

Paul A. Green

*Argotist Ebooks*

Cover image by Cathy Green

Copyright © Paul A. Green  
All rights reserved  
Argotist Ebooks

An audio version of 'The Nostradamus Channel', with soundscape by Lawrence Russell can be heard at [www.culturecourt.com](http://www.culturecourt.com)

Here Comes the Alchemical Revolution

## HERE COMES THE ALCHEMICAL REVOLUTION

Here comes the alchemical revolution, all the bells and smells! Your past is a planet of pure perspex. The parents dragged them to a local steakhouse and stuffed them into submission. The church filled up with broken bricks. The school run vs the rat racing. They retired to Cromer, home of the brave. He was put down, as she didn't know where he'd been. I was only seven when they gave me metal boots. I am documented. She was pursued through the whole library.

Trees across the hillside under a burning heaven. A channelling of trad jazz scattings. More addenda, fewer errata. The black sun is revealed in the plutonic pit. Thus I became an existentialist. It's the future you always wanted. We dig repetition. A ship draws a line across the horizon again. I was counting the lightning, the forked and the sheeted. He dreamed again of the Forest Queen.

We worship the virus of light. An insect crawled across silver bark. A rabbit looked over its shoulder. Water crept up her thighs. The binding rite failed to bond her. A melancholic mood is conveyed with veils of paint. He plotted a banquet of dead orcs. On the Island of the Dead everyone was listening carefully. Pyramids of coinage formed a vantage point for the panoptical eye-piece. Gravity kneaded everything into good shape.

I will scope the next doom. To awake to a din of dogs and diesels. The malignant elves had often played with children. The bollocks of Rupert Moloch are leaking. Sad truncheon of begetting. The topology of time has been rumped. That squad dropped names all over the city. She boiled off his essence, an old man's rage. His Id became his ID. In the craw of Nothingness we will find the White Hand of God.

The brain food makes me playful. The sewage consultant arranges for teaching to take place. Let's lasso a few yobs with sticky fingers. The data mine collapsed all around them. The transparent ones are passing through. Oh, the descent of man... Her cyclotron belly is frightening the eunuchs. Expect strong passions. Fortresses of cloud slide across the skyway. We need Lucifer, the lucky Black God.

## TO EVOKE PHAROAH SANDERS

Thothman calls the Pharoah  
(aetheric timewarping in memoriam)

so the Pharoah screams forward through time  
howling and hauling my ass backwards  
New York August '68 242 East Third Street Alphabet City  
where the scribe was inscribed in his depths  
after the yellow cab over potholes, garbage bin, grilled door,  
goggling on the blink in the blackness of Slug's Saloon  
beaking a pale nose through fuming blackness

big Afro-Sheen dashiki brothers guarding the bar  
check out my white threads, my queasy minder  
attorney bro-in-mob-law from Tudor City  
who expected Dixie jazz in hats  
not the bullroarer tenor raising funk demons  
blazing pyramid of percussion/avalanche piano  
a long yodel mastering the universe

## **FOR JOHN ZORN**

ZORN his possessed bubbling/a tarmac gremlin writhing into life  
his snake-handing ecstasis/don't drop that flaming horn  
a melting horn/drips semen and fool's blood  
it cracks/ sweet and crude/floats noise on hammered metal

ZORN possesses the long howl/deep throat cry/the alien trapped in flesh  
an expanding archway through Ghost Flesh of Nuit/star-dribbling  
a solar system all alight/primal squonk/his UFO is on fire  
a fury of scrablblings for life



## **MARQUEE/SUICIDE 78**

Alan Vega riding his ghosts  
electro chemical voices  
cooked in sweat-box organ  
a collector's item in tranquillity

now it's fizzling in my grey stuffing  
the pudding of resurrection men  
I'm here but not there is the matter

rain slashed my house last night  
I heard voices japing in the hollows  
memorised a poster for THE LURKERS

## FLUCTUATIONS

### *Flux*

I keep popping, on the rusted side of the mic, breathless, out of nothing. This is the real world of tombs, so we go on into ourselves, who slip away, peeling and limping.

### *Ex Nihilo*

The evidence for my continued being is hidden in dirty cotton wool. I have just passed an unfashionable sentence. Don't look broke, don't turn your spiky allosaurus back. The serene strangers now alerted are tomorrow's dangerous deities, aligning a club formation, to strike up through the coccyx. It makes you sick, mate, hyperdrives my optic. I keep on stopping, do the stop.

### *Under-Exposure*

Here we were, as far as the eye could see, whispering in some flames, roasting our own pop-up metaphors if you must know, so I keep freezing up, my synthetic spider-brain is being crushed through old-tyme clockwork, observed through a Martian telescope. Don't fall about, the draconian code breaks up over our heads in yellow trickles of wealth, down the bloody sluice of nations, here we go.

### *A Platform of Opportunity*

Now we are really talked into new life. A man says go sign, we sing, so I stick these words into the great pudding of mystery. You say my archetype is just a low-brain joke. We'll screw, scream louder. Permit me to pass on that, I have to time-share my multiple leisure futures.

### *Memory Bank*

I was going to put some of my tiger in here, I mean that fast memory: a lane glistening like mad snakes, a smell of pork and woodsmoke, a convocation of sound men keeping their phatic discourse well polished, revising events that were really happening, so they'd use up more words. So, you'd make a message of them, bottle it. It is a night light on the high seas. Now fold the time into an oratorio.

## THE PIT

for Nigel Kneale - *Quatermass and the Pit* (1967)

HOB throbs deep in the clay  
I wouldn't go in there sir  
clay in sockets of oversize skull  
London Underground regrets  
apemen in Knightsbridge  
UXB revealed at last  
embodied in ceramic doomship  
to be baptised with hoses  
but we will drill down into alien atavisms  
to draw down/up our daemon  
Sladden's borazon bites deep time  
cracks open future shock  
horned insect pilots sag in their noxious webbing  
sacred scorpions portered on muddy stretchers  
ooze as we stumble towards Roney's lab  
surely a propaganda freakshow  
Colonel knows what rockets are all about, let me tell you -  
HOB HOB HOB  
a throbbing begins  
the hull rumbles  
pulse of a depth-charge  
X-certificated by BBFC  
for persons of a nervous disposition  
our drill man kneels in a nave  
to be saved from the seething gravel  
and the creatures going in and out of his head  
into big places in a purple sky  
a machine can channel them Quatermass knows  
wiring Barbara in the Pit to scope the recording  
her floating orgasm of terror  
screened in the Minister's office  
flickering Martian eugenics horror pics  
and apes brained up as proxy successors  
we owe our humanity  
to the intervention of insects?  
surely a mere Nazi Satanic sideshow  
fake skeletons all aboard  
So the suits go for PR, primetime TV news  
he's about to make a statement  
until press kit, the lights and cameras  
trigger new power flux, the deep vibe  
a slight technical problem  
malignant psychokinesis  
as shorthand hacks scream back through the tunnels  
a crushed bureaucrat insists on a report

too late we're apeshit rampant  
heat-seeking the weak  
that little man in glasses  
buffeted and stoned by our Mars in Aries mindstorm  
can't help its latency in the mobfest  
walls crash on marginals outcasts  
all the wrong races  
across the streets of Notting Hill  
all London's burning  
the Colonel, mesmerised, burns in his Pit  
Quatermass in burn-out  
for we are the Martians now  
under the glare of vast HOB  
but Roney makes a connection, to earth it  
climbs the swinging iron crane  
to take the full charge/a burst of light

## OLD MOVIE

September replays the old movies  
the rhythm of my faltering  
into dark vortices, word-roots  
while the sun feeds red light  
to swerve through the birds  
and mouthfuls of blue smoke

They are war-gaming again  
bodies heaped in the fiery haze  
casualties gibber and drool  
discarded cork-lined crash hats  
Ford Anglias melt-down  
scorched Beatle jackets

The warmed-over seas  
ignore our polemics  
bodies slumped in wheelchairs  
failed to steal inflatables in time  
time for their malnutrition  
our selfies have been spammed

## THE AGE OF GOLD

for Luis Bunuel - *L'Age d'Or* (1929)

Imperative: review the Golden Age  
in Grand Dalinian sub text  
over-read sub titles (cold titters/old skin of films)  
over eighty shivering years

the subversion bursts vessels  
deaf old scorpion, back up  
to that shadowy lab rat

the desert has been emptied  
in memoriam the Majorcan majorettes  
as accelerandos of drying mud  
the holy bowels and holes of the young Christ  
fog into Monstrances of Bone, vestmented vessels

the moustaches are still drying on the drummed-up priests  
ant-warriors of the Lost God antibodies of the blackened popelets  
full blooded by excommunicating vessels

Monsewer makes long speeches  
Monseigneur makes long speeches  
there is too much muddy fucking going on  
thought forms of immortal sin fill up unclean vessels

Gaston by now is in bondage to his mission as a seventh heavy, slave to Roman history, Sunday  
roast, the Evening Standard but already a nostalgia peculiar to the brothel statuary of the Old  
Empire, a marbled foot, his mobled queen against cool cypresses, squirms through his tweedist  
clothing, ruptures the carriage of vessels

the weight of the great pacts  
the conical volumetrics of shells  
brazen spiral sphinctrum mirabilis of great emplacements  
are all licked into place  
soft and wet as the flaps of Jesus  
the zebraic Christus Rictus

Then: the agony in the garden, Wagnerian migraines  
afflict the conductor of nasal lightning  
and on the lurch, the lumbering run  
the old boy makes dark mayhem for her kisser  
and she plays hot  
in an elegant negritude of treachery  
DRUM! DRAMA! THE BIG BEAT HEAD BEAT empty vessels  
At last, the grand defenestration:

OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT  
of the window of Woolworths  
Go the undergrown reject Christmas Trees

OUT on the balcony go the scrumpy boys of the SAS  
OUT of the pediment go the peasants

their trajectory is growing momentum  
is going into 1936 another light-time leak  
from the soft places on the diagram of Spain  
where I have stolen for this faking  
in the pop up paintings of the Old Wanker

It ends like all French porn in a chalet  
the music scrapes  
Christ is snowed out in scratches  
and now the dream keeps stopping

## **BUBBLE MEMORY**

in the bubble of a moment  
I learnt all rights are unsung

as the crust of empire tots up  
oh jolly telly-totty

stop the darkling leaking and looping  
all through a Saturday night

who cares about your minor rage  
when birds flop out of a white sky

and elders operate in the plural  
fingering the greased starvation systems

how can you burn up and down your targets  
and paddle towards amniotic bliss

or is this a covert God-Squad  
because we can't face the maths

I or whoever organise my days around a bright factoid  
around and around

rampant in the scriptorium  
I keep piling it on



## **FLASHBACK**

He felt he'd spent years crawling across a paper landscape. And long nights of indigestion under a low red ceiling. He is now eating the bitter capsules of the void. He crosses the dunes, a demon seeking nudes once more. He keeps a white eye on the missiles seeking his wet heat. He wanted to draw a line under his history. Spheres of dung were rolled up into a few million units. The commodity of time. All that is bought and sold, floating in orbits. The helmets of his gods glistened under the solar flare-up, but they strode off to repeat wars. He can only handle things in the plural. The blur of the big picture. An arrow of time was twisted to fit the melting symmetries of the Terminal Bang. He could try dodging the burning flakes. 'The pink light of civilisation will not protect us much longer,' she'd often said. He'd always looked forward to the protective stance of her hand.

## ROAR

83

the times are roughage in our secret guts  
remnants of pink ghosts tunnelling  
into a paradisal Electric pit  
three flickering Ingmar Bergman screens  
framed the happy walk around Notting Hill  
for a diet of marmite and crisp breads  
intense bedding in the attic  
animal spells  
a Brian Eno safety zone

91

the times are roaring out of me  
skirls of free-base association  
all those hidden coffins on fire  
with my mother inside screaming against brain death  
silenced only by our stoic lying  
in a stateless state of the brain  
its box of freak tricks

## **GRADING THE DATA**

for AKJG 1915-2002

The senior moments  
gathering momentum

passing a palm over old yellow flesh  
chill corrugations of worry and love

thanking the body as arranged by staff  
for bed-times, sickbed readings

and the long walks of a wondering child  
past a shimmery hum of trackside sub-stations

## THE MONTAUK CHAIR

The Montauk Chair was, according to conspiracy theorists, a piece of furniture devised for the CIA with a head set that enabled the operator to telepathically experience distant times and spaces.

Sitting in the Montauk Chair  
I opened the valve of a vortex  
I was a Fool, a recycled relic, seeking release  
from daily exchanges of matter and code  
to become a fly on a firewall  
at the bleeding edge of science  
squatting in solitary refinement  
so easy to snorkel and drown in the time-seas  
in liquidised memory

Fragged friends float out of focus  
in mucus but much loved  
shaking a whole brain  
won't make them settle in the framework  
steady on the continuity there

Iain Stewart adjusted his head sideways  
smiling as we plotted against the death of poetry  
crashing into door frames with a shoulder full of heroin  
and retiring to read Milton

Vincent Crane produces a card any card  
slams a left hand chord to terrorise himself  
prays to the Queen for patronage  
squabbles with a hostess in Soho  
salutes the policewoman who arrests him

The rain tumbles down  
like love in a song of vinyl  
The houses revert to misty mountains  
our battlements broken down by age

## **DEAD FINGERS**

she's moulded from black earth/all those clots of bad blood  
breathing bad YES YES her hoarse affirmation  
recorded as shivers of a pale feather  
in the mouth of a dead one

I went streaming past her in a dream  
nicotine had transformed her to crone  
I groped for my sword, the ace of words  
her spirit animal  
is a wounded cat

## GOD

God is calling via the television. He is selling bread with the visual aid of breasts in the continuous present on all frequencies. God is on the phone, to tell you he is called Jason and there is something soft on your computer. God is on the radio, jingling and jangling between intermissions with Talking Sportspersons and insurance against buying an infested stairlift that could disrupt your pre-booked flight to your platinum plan funeral. God is folded in the broadsheets, he spreads across your legs to nag you about Brexistential threats to the Golden Millipede and other advertorials. God is crumpled in the tabloids, he grabs your shrinking appendages and yells about the huge bums that dominate our very own exclusive game shows, it is Britain's shame, against God's plan.

God was first planned in the immediate post war period but it was only recently, after bloody-minded developments in quantum physics and artificial intelligence, that scientists at the Radial City College of Advanced Pataphysics began constructing a suitable alternate universe environment in which he/she/it could be created as a viable entity. To create a God requires an energy discharge equivalent to at least 1000 megatons and storage capacities of about 10 to the power of twelve terabytes as well as a global population of over six billion to keep recharging his prayer batteries. That is the plan.

So now God is calling via the television. He is selling mud with the visual aid of goblins in pink hats in the continuous present on all frequencies. God is on the phone, to tell you she is called Kelly and there is something blippy on your statement. God is on the radio, hooting and farting between intermissions with warnings against buying a huge dragon that could disrupt your secret dream of meeting the right human. God is folded in the broadsheets, he spreads across your legs to croon about honey-bots that will replace your wifettes and other inclusives. God is crumpled in the tabloids, to burp K-pop in the grime-wars. The plan goes planetary.

## DATA-BASE

### *sick with excitement*

I am not going to be trapped in your pluralisms. No privy could contain him. The melody in her voice made him sick with excitement. She pitched the battle but they never developed it. Their mouths refused to close, damning them. I was the Masked Martian, according to them, reciting their tired limericks. A dog has walked over your cake, despite my warning signals. Now hear the music of submission. Thunder rages across the whole room.

### *all fuzzed up*

It's really a data-base aesthetic. The futures are all fuzzed up. The night was curtained off, to avoid offence. Take pride in your suburbs, keep on washing them. Nevertheless, the dodgems of love will keep you shaking all over. I and you and him and we and you and they are kebabs of nucleic acid. Who will join the Sodality of the Dark Triangle? When you enter the Waterlands, hold tight on your leaky skiffs. The conference centre has been bricked up by rebel elements.

### *subtle bodies*

I am crawling around on the Tree of Life. Brother Saul's night terrors? Don't ask. Let's voice the contours of his scar. Now the tintinnabulation of rumba fades, the skies are empurpled, I pray for more wine and the safe return of your subtle bodies. The rising wind gave her a great walloping. Run, run, runaway. I don't want to go there. She was dancing with a woman who was all thighs. I tell you, rude boys rule the scrumptious princesses.

### *hologram*

Now we are agog, developing a talk-track for client-facing touch points. So I was rambling through the roses in my mind. A fruity chap said it was 1936. You are contraindicated for you are only a meat spirit. Everything's nice and squeaky. We laughed afterwards at the man with a fake hippy wig and an air guitar and agreed he should become a hologram. She would be deafened by the din of the machine elves. Look up to my hole, a hole in the sky.

### *terror*

Let's drip a while. The voodoo is best discussed over coffee as you do. But it can't take you back to the body shop. Reincarnation as an addiction. Dark matter was the unconscious of the cosmos. The Leader's papered face is ruptured by a family clutching hand grenades out of raw terror. The free papers ran out of ideology.

### *memorials*

I emerged from Paleolithic technology. You can scope a fresh doom if you like. A van advertising happiness has passed thirty feet under my nose. She evoked necking memorials at the bus stops of 1960s monochrome suburbs. A teddy bear was tied to the front of a van. Then a gigantic insect landed on a celebrity. That's how you create a profile.

### *all the fun*

The seventh son has all the fun. She was moving across the ice with the skittish motion of a planchette. When she finally stopped working it all out, I got authorisation to bomb the Ministry. Now all predictions will crash like horseless carriages. A teddy bear was tied to a gigantic insect, that's how bad it was. I'll walk straight up to the podium in a gold suit and a black cap. 'You're such an old soul!' they kept shouting.

*on the dark side*

They ran out of the room clutching their options. The nasal announcements deafened us. Seven men were trapped on a magic carpet. I was struck down by enlightenment. The interrogators used water, salt and black pepper. I admitted drawing a red line under the history. You can grovel on the dark side of the moon as far as I'm concerned.

*contactee*

Angela X, furry with face powder, was a sweaty blonde at the Flamingo. I was planning to become a contactee. Patrick grumbled like a little old monkey. The boys were plastered with sticky old money. We will be reduced to eating mulch. We ate up all the earth.



## LEAKAGES

1

At the end of the day rhetoric was the only placeholder  
I coloured in the cut-ups  
'prostitution/was sold out'  
Allah and Dick Cheney/will take full responsibility for updates  
'targeting British/worldly life'

Anti-social media stream the dripping memes:  
screaming Liz and her petting lizards hired old paedophiles of Zion  
to stage another Gallic sacrifice, more puddles of glorious blood  
Conspiracy geeks share selfies right there  
you so like being so liked

2

'Tonight I write sadly...'  
Christopher Logue crackling on vinyl  
jazzing Lorca over Brit bop/his red bird dancing on ivory

Tonight I'm on and off  
doodling some pinky humps of emotion  
as described in the text books

Tonight I write straight into the false present  
the moments on hold  
scattering like rain

Tonight I write my self out  
the lightning rod of our superior fire power  
pierces my foggy lungs

Tonight it is written all over  
bleak blue lights of gendarmerie  
spin around the trauma zones

Tonight it writes madly in pixels  
for all the minds blown  
into flecks of pink matter

## THE NOSTRADAMUS CHANNEL

he whose tongue savours the Serpent  
will reign for twelve years  
floods around the towers of Britain  
drive back the winter people

the Bear tramples in circles  
a mighty dome in Rome is broken  
across the seas they shall ride rolling floods  
reign of blood and white milk

rampant in a treasure house a sinful gathering  
harlotry in Temples and the Circus of the Moon  
the children scream through the cities  
an old queen is buried alive

harvesting the blood of poppies  
a Mameluke will lead his people from the desert  
those killed and captured almost one million  
fragrance falls from the air deadly and swift

Brussels is weeping, famine and pillage  
as the bearded star will pass  
A prudent cripple saves gold  
The Fat One shall throw fathers to the dogs

Goths will march around a lost citadel  
virgins lie with virgins exposed to storm and wolves  
a Caliph enters Versailles in glory and lightning  
ditches and graves to be dug together

a strange ship is found deep in rocks  
ensigns of Mars protect it against destruction  
flags of false witnesses may triumph  
unless a dead one will speak out

a noise at the centre of the Earth  
a retreat for the Yellow King  
but vessels will be sent from Prague  
soldiers falling from the sky

in that Year of the Lion  
men crave wheat and barley  
women to worship a Black Sun  
the earth cracking open in chasms

a red haired one will conspire against the black one

but crusades will be lost in the deserts  
fish crawling birds falling from the air  
he who has a third eye will be overseer

a great prince of China melts the Stone  
crowds in a whirlpool of fire  
they will dance like dust devils  
fear in the Western Islands

## THE DEEP STATE

switch my breakfast on and onwards/repetitive strained eye movements  
around around it/until you are dumbed up the rite way/  
pubic schools must keep faith up the arse of least resistance/  
Tiberius ruled minnowing his history boys in bubbly  
hush with money and the unexplained death of dogs we entered a deep state

in the depth of the Tate modernist state/ behold the magic meat  
a brain of Anthony Blair is exposed/his sacrament deprives them of their bodies/  
the inconvenient brown people/dowse over their dusty cellars gripping magic bones/  
I can't quite fry the Bilderbergers who give me stelazine and dog-breath  
so do his brain/so doable/I'm down/I'm down here as Dumbo/in such a state

dig it down/bunkers under Chelsea for oligarchitects of-oil oi oi!  
they come across/all over the Little Queenie/like the patience of spiders  
morphic attractors driving change from futures marketing  
owners of the elite the deep fuckers fake over their dungeon for Kirstie  
install her pony-fat for a good hiding in the smart art-of-the state

the deep statecraft cruises my secret space ways the inner earways  
infested with electric ants/those throaty microphonic  
dub me with a statement/voice-pox/does in my amygdala  
installs a dark mandala back of the eyeballs gone googly  
to match your profile ALERT! you are re-entering a right state

TORMENT OF THE BASILISK! twittering to the death of millions/  
the glitter of new micro-nukes/in the glare of an eyeball  
I was obsessed by the deep state of 'Burlington'/pyramid of official toilet rolls  
fossils of atomic chairman/dusting the red phones to dial up a Jezebel Spirit  
aliens scrabble in the deep cabinets to find last words WE ENTERED A DEEP STATE

## THE MAGICKAL BATTLE OF BRITAIN - V!

Zero hour contracts/the cut throat  
you and yours are hung men  
gambled away in a blaze of pixels  
to grow the business of Mister Men  
the goblins derive on their derive  
doing the works of the One God  
a crucifixion of jobsworths

Show me some peeps  
or I'll bottle your orgone  
for a lifestyle doggy show  
upending the tit machines  
the memes were mimsical  
so s/he turned on her sex  
and coded the sauce

We signed on at the yellow sign  
to script it across the whole blitz  
The Matter of Britain bubbles  
under the putrified forests  
we danced around a golden pot  
that burst our futures  
we must dance off to melt it right down

'You're nothingness with twinkles'  
The old nasal Beast voyeured it all  
so bust out of your demographic lumpings  
They will shout STAY IN YOUR BODIES  
but keep flipping the gyres  
I! E! A! O! U!

## References:

**Pharaoh Sanders** - American tenor saxophonist and composer.

**John Zorn** - American alto saxophonist and composer.

**Suicide** - American electro-punk duo of Alan Vega (vocals) and Martin Rev (keyboards).

**The Lurkers** - London punk rock band.

**Thoth** - Egyptian deity: god of scribes.

**Iain Stewart and Vincent Crane** - two friends, sadly deceased.

**Nostradamus** - Michel Nostradamus (1503-1566), a French physician and enigmatic prophet.

**Kirstie** - a television presenter.

**Torment of the Basilisk** - proposition that a malignant artificial intelligence created in the future could manipulate the past to destroy all opposition to its development.

**Burlington** - code-name for a large subterranean bunker near Corsham, Wiltshire designed to house UK Central Government in the event of nuclear attack. Currently defunct.

**The old nasal Beast** - Aleister Crowley (1875-1947), also known as the Master Therion, the Great Beast 666 and prophet of the Aeon of Horus.

## About the Author

Paul Green's collection *The Gestaltbunker: Selected Poems* was published by Shearsman Books in 2012. His novels include *The Qliphoth* (Libros Libertad, 2007) and its sequels *Beneath the Pleasure Zones I & II* (Mandrake of Oxford 2014/2016). Some of his dramas for radio and stage are collected in *Babalon and Other Plays* (Scarlet Imprint, 2015). Short fiction has appeared in *The Canadian Fiction Magazine*, *Small Worlds*, *Negative Entropy*, *Brand*, *Unthology 2* and numerous on-line magazines. His video collaborations with artist Jeremy Welsh have been screened at the South Bank centre and various festivals, and his latest CD with American musician/producer Greg Segal is available on the Phantom Airship label. More at his website: [paulgreenwriter.co.uk](http://paulgreenwriter.co.uk)