

The story of this record probably started in October 1991 during our Belgian/Dutch tour. Due to our umpteenth car break down, Ildi, our actual singer's left the band one morning. All of a sudden became an instrumental trio. We had 2 days off before the tour in Holland. When the van ready, we left Liege and directly head to Maastricht, to the first coffee shop willing to celebrate our new life. Soon we weren't able to stand up from the table anymore. We were passing the time stoned, waiting when we can get ourselves together, then focused enough again we took the motorway. Disgusting, slimy weather, rain and all but we felt like 3 warriors going to war.

We were full of optimism for the future. Just after we took the highway, the new/second hand boxer engine suddenly stopped. No more diesel. We pulled off the road and sat in the car still pretty much out of our faces in the rain. Kaktusz and Ákos couldn't stop laughing... finally, I was the one who had to get out and hitch. Soon I got a lift to the first petrol station: A weird guy stopped and picked me up and while we were driving in the dark and rainy Dutch country side, I was quite sure that this crazy man will soon kill me and throw me out of his car. But all this was of course because of the coffee shop experience, half an hour later I was back to our van in one piece.

By the way, please, forgive me for all the mistakes I make while I'm writing this, I think it's more Me instead of perfectly correcting the whole stuff and after all, I didn't have a language course in Oxford, payed by Soros like Orbán and his pals...

The first concert as a trio was in Dordrecht in a youth centre and we were totally paranoid how Trottel will sound without our singer. It worked out really well even if all the 3 of us heard Ildi's voice inside while playing. After the concert some people invited us to go and play another set in the squat nearby and that gig was a frenetic, joyful experience. The Scottish Archbishop Kebabs whom we toured with couldn't believe their ears hearing what a sonic war we produced on stage.

We've decided to stay as an instrumental trio. The missing voice somehow opened new dimensions and liberated a new energy in our music. It really was inspiring. The boxer engine was running fine, rock 'n roll on tour, all good.

The following months we kept rehearsing, every day from 8 in the morning in the Black Hole /legendary venue in Budapest that time/, more precisely in the cleaning stuff's storage room, because of the permanent touring we did not have a fixed rehearsal room. Then one evening in December when going back to Kaktusz' place, we find a letter on the door from Ákos: 'God called me, I quit.' – something like this. He joined a Christian sect called HIT. We've tried to convince him. We sat at the table in the Black Hole's café listening him saying: 'You live in hell, I can't play with you anymore' - and stuff like that. Nothing to do, we needed a drummer again for the coming tour in February '92.

The new year came and we were full of stress, the band falling apart and so on but we wanted to keep going on of course.

We asked every single drummer in town we could think of but or they didn't want to go on long tours or they had other plans in life. Finally we found Miki /who played with us for next 3 years, 150 gigs in 10 countries./

Time was too short to learn the entire Trottel set with several dozens of strange rhythms and all, so we asked Barna /from the punkband Hisztéria/ to join us for the tour as a second drummer for a half set. In this way we managed to put together the program in a couple of weeks, practising in the morning with Miki the first half of the set and the afternoon Barna the second half... and that's how the whole 3 weeks tour happened, a bit strangely, a drummer change in the middle of each concert. That was already the new stuff we made with Ákos, the two 20 minutes songs from The same story goes on and 'After dealing' out from our previous double LP released in Germany by X-Mist Records.

With these new songs the classic punk character / if there was one/ totally disappeared and our music became fully eclectic. We couldn't escape from all the influences we got from life and music and all that left a trace on our style. In fact, punk never was for us a series of 'clichés' in music but an energy coming from inside, an ideology and 'til today it equals for us to independence, and creativity, freedom in life and music.

Despite of the fact that Ildi and Akos left, '92 wasn't a bad year for us. We've played a lot of concerts in Hungary too and we were quite known. One part of our public found strange the musical directions we took but we were determined and I think people felt the new energy. The audience abroad was very positive about it. Our concerts were for us like sonic orgasme, total ecstatic feeling on stage. We kept touring together with Archbishop Keab from Scotland, their crazy, Scottish style completed well our eclectic music. We finished with the several months long tours though. 2-3 weeks were enough, less off days and much safer to travel with a crap van. We loved long journeys though and to go everywhere where there was a possible gig, youth centre, club, squat, pub, squatted church, house at the end of the road, whatever.

Our first move to Scandinavia wasn't too easy. The Kebabs were sent back from the Danish border coz of some problems with their truck and we couldn't pass because of the bad tyres. We had to go

back to Flensburg to solve the problems. While trying to change the tyres, a rusty piece of metal holding the spare wheel fell on my thumb. It looked really bad, slowly the cut infected and my thumbnail became yellow and black. Fucking painful especially when playing. But the tour had to go on, concerts every day for 3 weeks. Sometimes i was playing in tears falling on stage and i had traumatic fever so at the end, after a Berlin gig we drove back to Bochum and i ended up in hospital where they cleaned the infected finger, cut the swollen part and my thumb nail slowly came off during the rest of the tour

Back to Denmark, first concert in Aarhus, a weird squat but even weirder hospitality... a drunk cook cooked a huge quantity of food what we had to finish all up while he was drinking and got pretty drunk. When we were already totally full he was still shouting at us: Eat, eat! coz tomorrow i go to jail! No one knows what was the connection between the food and the fact that he was going to prison. Strangely, few years ago, after a concert in Berlin i was talking to a guy from the audience who said he was from Denmark. I told him this weird story and suddenly he said: i know that cook, he was killed by accident with a knife not a long ago.... small world...

Cooks had quite an important role in our life on tour. We were fascinated by all the tour food we got, prepared with so much creativity, real alternative and experimental way of cooking. All these dishes in the squats were so tasty and so interesting like you see nowadays in the tv's cooking programs. We decided that we collect recipes and we make a tour food book, so we regularly went to meet the cook and asked him or her to write down the recipe of the dinner. You can imagine how surprised they were, these foods had no names and they were experimenting just like we did with our music. I will never forget that sweet guy in Olomouc, Czech Republic who looked totally disturbed when hearing our request about the recipe... 'no name, just no name' said with a big smile... then at the end of the dinner when we were already quite stoned / no surprise if you know the legendary Olomouc grass/ he came out from the kitchen with a huge smile and a rolled up, ancient looking, pergameneous paper with the recipe written down.

The book never happened though. We collected the material for a long time but the fact that I missed the first 2 years and a lots of great food's descriptions, disappointed me and i lost the motivation. I will always regret it.

The spring passed with touring and our new set was ready to record for a new album. We needed a recordlabel. We agreed with our german label, X-Mist that we form a record company and we make the new record in coproduction with them. The idea of a real recordlabel, we always had it in mind since '85, the time we started our illegal, pirate tape label 'Trottel distribution'. I imagined the label as a non profit association and to be true i had no clue about all the different forms of business companies etc. but we needed a legal organisation coz we couldn't deal black anymore with that many records and tapes. On a drunk night in the Black Hole, i can't remember who suggested me to create a real firm coz he said that's the best if we want to do export import and stuff.

Finally, i chose this not too romantic solution so in '92, the 10th may, birthday of my sister, Trottel Records was born as one of the firsts independent labels after the system changing. With a very serious concept and without any money.

Despite of the total lack of cash we wanted The same story album to be our own first release. In the meanwhile our longtime friends whom we still work together, Nikt Nic Nie Wie from Poland and Malarie from Czech released our previous double LP on CD. This was our first CD release after 3 vinyl albums and some money was coming in from the sales so we could cover the lawyer's cost for the foundation of the company, but the biggest part of the 200 copies we got ended up at Razzia distribution, a small new company which broke down and our stock disappeared.

Thinking about the recording, we were quite worried how will the music we loved so much live sound in a studio. As we recorded the double LP in the Black Hole we decided to go back there and record but it didn't work out well. The sound was crap, no energy, nothing. Total panic, money 's gone, what can we do, but luckily we got an offer from the new Teve sound studio in Pécs, down south, to do a new recording there for free spending as much time as we want to. Yeah!

We moved down to Pécs for the whole summer and worked day and night non stop. We slept on the couch and cooked onion soup and potatoes coz we had no money at all.

The story couldn't be complete without mentionning Paul who came in our life like a meteor slam. One day we got a letter from London written by this nice, friendly drummer guy Paul. He says he loves our music, he has learned our songs and he'd move to Budapest coz all he wants is to tour with us. Similar ideology, life style..What could i say?..the dream after so many years of problems with drummers. We kept writing to each other with more and more sympathy, planning his arrival in the summer and the tours later on... And one summer day when we had a break in the studio we went to the railway station to meet Paul. He arrived as he promised with a bag and a cymbal set. At that time we had our own drumkit, a beautiful, red Tama Royal star coz we wanted to avoid the drum problem

with every single drummer change. We went home to Kaktusz' and celebrated his arrival then 2 days later, full of energy and positivism we went down to the Black Hole to rehearse. All of us very excited we started with one of the songs Paul supposed to know. One two three four and few seconds after the total shock! Paul, instead of producing some proper drum sound, just caressed the drums with the drumsticks, hit the cymbals like a lost jazz drummer and the toms with no energy at all. Even if he was in time, we could hardly call that drumming. We 've tried again and again, then another song... same result. C'mon, do it again!... and again.. After a while Kaktusz and me we both were going down morally and slowly got quite depressed without of course showing it to Paul. We went to have a coffee then tried few more times again then finally, we gave it up and went home. Paul did not seem to be hopeless 'tomorrow we gonna rehearse again...' of course, man! The next day and the day after the same situation. We couldn't believe it! How can this be possible? Such a nice and smart guy, how can't he see that in fact he isn't a real drummer? However, that's how it seemed to be. The following days we kept trying without believing that it could work. We asked Miki to come down to rehearse and show Paul how to hit a drum properly and how a Trottel song should sound. 'Aha I see'...

All went on like this for more than a week but we knew already that unfortunately Paul won't be our drummer. We thought we'd suggest him to be singer or anything but not drummer. Our dreams ruined, chaos in our heads, we didn't know what to say to this nice guy we became friends with.

Back to the studio (with Paul as we lived together). The whole recording became like a story with no end, we spent all the time there recording and re-recording again and again. We were worried that the record would sound a bit empty in trio. We decided to invite our friends girlfriends even local musicians from Pécs to take part as guests. Our lyrics on this album were quite different from the previous record's lyrics, more personals, surreals and abstracts, we needed more colors and sounds. That's how The same story became a concept album with the help of all these people who gave their character and added an extra feel with their instruments or voices to the two 20 minutes long songs.

It was already the end of august. Paul came with us few times to our summer concerts then he went back to London.

After 3 months of hard work, suffering, pain, blood and minimum 30 remixing the recording was finished, such as it is.

We had to send it to the pressing coz we wanted the records, cds and tapes to be ready for the forthcoming tour. I went to the tape factory in Budapest which was also a music distributor and explained to them that i'd like to order 3000 tapes, i can't pay but i asked them to distribute it and take the money of the manufacturing off the sales. Strangely enough, they accepted finally to make 2000 tapes this way. Full of self confidence, i contacted by fax the czech recordplant (Gramofonové Závody, the former czech, state owned pressing plant, their today's modern name is GZ Media) to order the cds and vinyls. Again, i explained that i can't pay but i'd take the records and pay after our german tour. Would you believe that finally, it worked out, they agreed to make it without paying in advance© We picked up the stuff on the road, played a concert in Czech and the next morning forward to Germany.

We passed the czech border with no problem and without doing the customs which was, of course illegal. At the german side we got stopped by the border police, mainly interested in drugs. When searching our clothes and bodies they found a box of matches at Miki's who took it from our last sleeping place in Czech. The box was full of grass seeds. Imagine Miki's face who never smoked weed, becoming totally red and while we burst out of laugh, repeated with all his english knowledge, pointing the finger towards himself: 'No!No! - good laugh but after this the policeman came to the van and with a very definitive move he took out the first aid box, opened it and found directly the little plastic box with our grass...fuck...we had to take everything out, instruments amps etc. and then all the cds vinyls,tapes, t-shirts. Was ist das? -he says- what's this? Promo material...the whole van was full of stuff under the seats, and in the back. -' You have to do the customs anyway and i got to write a report about the grass.' - so he did, wrote the paper, took our 150 marks, basically all of our money we had for diesel. He did his job politely though. Then they accompanied us to another border crossing where we could go to the customs.

No one knew what to do with our promo invoice which had no czech custom stamp on so basically it was not valid at all. They sent us to the spedition but they couldn't do anything without the czech custom's stamp eighter. Quite scary moments, if they'd sent us back to the czech customs, we could end up in serious trouble coz basically we took out the goods illegally. Fortunately they settled for letting us wait for ages and ages without knowing what to do with us. Time was running, the afternoon shift came and i decided to make a last try. When it was my turn at the desk i got all my german together and said to the custom officer: - we're that hungarian band, waiting here since this morning.. promo records etc... - He knew about us already... - well, well, ... - he was quite friendly... he understands it but - that many copies for promotion?- I looked in his eyes and said: how could we sell

ten thousands if we don't use this miserable one thousand copies for promotion?... -This simple logic convinced his rational german mind:-' ja,ja... can you show me those records?' -we went out to the car. - Where are they? asked he. - Everywhere...- i said pointing to the whole van.. - and they are all unpacked, you see. Do you like rock music? - and i handed him a same story CD. - 'Danke schön!'- he said and stamped my fake promo invoice then said bon voyage and showed the direction to Germany.

We had to hurry, it was late afternoon and we could only hope that the diesel will be enough to Karlsruhe. Finally, as many other times, we managed to arrive in time.

We got all sort of reviews about the album everywhere. We were compared to 70' czech jazz, early Pink Floyd, King Crimson. We had nothing to do with all these bands but it was always interesting to read what others think about our music. In Hungary we even got an offer to get a review in Playboy which was quite a moral dilemma for us, but finally they published an interesting article in the culture column of the magazine. In fact, many people helped us and it seemed that they appreciate our efforts... we were in all sorts of papers, magazines with our new record and our new recordlabel.

Now that i'm writing all this, i'm not sure if i got confused and mixed up times and stories... To be true, i only wanted to try to write a chronology but more and more memories come back and i'm getting pretty much lost in the whole thing. I showed the first pages to Ákos ages ago and he remembered to totally different moments i forgot, for exemple the story of that girl at the Barcelona beach who took off all her clothes when we once spent 3 beautiful days off there. I never was into the past, i always thought i will focus on memories when the present and the futur won't have importance for me anymore. I never had the patience to look back and analyse. The way things happened was mostly because of the circumstances, adventurousness and life and no matter how much i'd analyse, it does not have an impact after all on my life and on Trottell's futur story.

Summer came again. The first Sziget festival in Budapest. We were hurrying back from Lodenice the record factory with my friend Broci, bringing home one of our actual new release, when his old Lada /old soviet car/ died at Brno /Czech/ on the motorway with a hole on the exploded engine. I won't tell you in details how we managed to solve the situation but one day later a friend came from Budapest to rescue us, also with an old Lada. That one died as well. Finally, 3 days later, Broci's colleague came out with a trailer to pull us home. Arriving to the brand new Czech/Slovak border at Malacky /that was the time of Czechoslovakia's breaking into two differents countries/, the very unfriendly border guards started to play with us. First they said that the car is stolen. I've tried to say him to be reasonneable, why would we pull a stolen car which has a hole on the engine... then he says 'heroin'... we were very tired coz of the last days shit, we didn't need this arshole to fuck with us... i said with all my russian: 'cabaka!' /as they could only speak slovak and that's also a slavic language/. 'Cabaka' means dog in russian so i meant: Bring the fucking dog man if you think we are smuggling heroin...don't waste our fucking time... After few hours of humiliating us, of course no dog nothing, we could pass..

We played on the Sziget festival that evening. I will never forget that during the concert, in the middle of a quiet, psychedelic part of one the 20 minutes songs, the sound people of Multimedia /big sound company in Hungary/ basically shouted us off the stage, letting us know this way that our time is finished.. all this in front of 8-10 thousand people. By then we had more that 250 concerts outside of Hungary, we were used to work with much more polite and nice soundmen in Europe, it was totally humiliating.

By the autumn of 1993 our 'royal' blue vw van was falling apart. The second hand engine we got in Liege for 1000 marks when Ildi left the band, was still running well, only the oil was dripping a bit at the bottom. We did some 50.000kms with it 'til then. Quite a great number... the barman in that Liege bar / you will read about him in the final salut album/ said that no one knows how old the engine is it may break down after 500 kilometers... so the engine was good but all the other pieces, the bodywork and the rest was totally rusty and crap. We should have spent lots of money to fix it, money we never had enough. The car documents were out of date and i couldn't get them renewed. We were getting about Europe with this bad looking van without papers for a year and a half or more, carrying only an always fresh, up to date insurrance check with us. When the police controlled us we handed them this check written in hungarian and strangely it always worked, in Germany, France, east Europe, even in Scwitzerland. Finally and luckily this story ended up one day only few hundred meters from my flat in Budapest and then for good the police who stopped me took off the registration plate. I gave that van in to a car wreck place for some 100 euros / today's price/ with tears in my eyes. I've promised to myself that i will get a new van, which wasn't an easy project without any money but i finally managed it and from that point 'til today we travel with good cars which totally changed the general feeling of Trottell on tour.

In october we did a hard Trottell/Archbishop Kebab/Leukémia european tour. This was the time when the Kebab's and Leukémia's new albums came out on Trottell Records. We were very proud of them

just like of all our releases. We wanted bands on our label whom we could share the same ideas with, bands with not only good music but also with good mentality. Unfortunately, we didn't find many bands like this in Hungary. During one gig the singer of Leukémia hit his head when jumping and we had to take him to the hospital. Our friends in Liege just opened La Zone, legendary community place and we were very happy coz we played often in the city, or in the deaf people's community centre or other places like this and there was always some trouble. La Zone's still there, the original crew, our old anarchist friends Jean Marie and Michelle are not doing it anymore, generations changed but the spirit is the same.

Hey, it's not easy to get all these memories together you know...

In '93 the legendary Black Hole was still open in Budapest but only called The Hole /Yuk/. We organised Trottet with Chumbawamba there. First time the Chumbas played in Hungary, not many people heard of them even if in other countries they played for thousands. It was on a thursday and only 350 people came. I was depressed and shocked at the same time. Until then we never went under 450 people even not on a week day. End of the World, i wanted to stop organising gigs forever... The last show we did there was MDC in november the 25th.

In the spring of '94 Ildi, our former singer came with us on tour as a visitor. She said she needed a vacation. During the 11000 kms we went back to some of our favourite cities and places we haven't been for a while, like Besancon, Dijon or the Reithalle in Bern which is still a great political, social and cultural underground place today. A good friend, Sandro the legendary promoter and soundman unfortunately passed away few years ago.

I remember of the open air festival in front of Tilos az A in Budapest, /another legendary, underground venue from the beginning of the 90's/, when an angry neighbour poured a bucket of water to the stage standing under his window... directly into Kaktusz' old laney guitar amp.

Later on, some people invited us to play on a touring festival against the hungarian, still obligatory, military service, but somehow they got scarred during the process of organising and finally the tour was called 'Make love not war'☺

We were gigging hard, the program was still based on the two 20 minutes songs of the Same story album plus The story goes on and After dealing out from the double LP. New songs didn't want to happen. True enough, Trottet Records with a new release every month took all of our free time when we weren't on tour, but somehow we could also feel that with this 3 years old trio line up we can't progress. It was the time when we released a tape for Slogan. The band was on the way to split up. I asked the guitarist Endriske if he'd play with us and he said yes. He was a key member of Trottet through 3 albums until 1999. His weird taste in music and his sick harmonies took us –despite of all of our musical madness – to new directions. But this will be the next part, the story of The stolen garden album.

/Tamás, august 2019/