

planet p project



OUT IN THE RAIN
go out dancing part III

Okay, first the hard part...

Some of you know, and most of you don't, that I was diagnosed with a particularly virulent form of cancer in early March of this year. I spent twelve weeks in the hospital, had five surgeries, and when the shouting was over and the fat lady had sung, I WON. I'm healed, cured, almost whole, and grateful to be here. I'm missing some of my organs; you'll be relieved to hear that the Hammond isn't one of them.

This was a catastrophic experience for my family and me in every way you can imagine. We had just started Over the Rainbow, toured to huge crowds, and I was pretty much focused on having some fun and maybe even getting a little security – and that project was the first to go.

That's the small stuff – and here's where it gets interesting for me: I WAS NEVER AFRAID, and I'll never be afraid again, not for myself at least. Gallows humor kept me cool, but more vital was the support of my two girls: my wife Sylvie and my daughter Joanna. This record is for them.



Now, about Planet P Project...

P3 started as a fantasy/spooky/sci-fi/Pink Floyd-esque side project in the very early 1980s. The second album, *Pink World*, was pure apocalyptic, post-holocaust rock opera – commercial suicide in 1984; but I've never cared about that. For a lot of you, it's my "best" album, which is fine – I don't rate 'em, myself.

Jump forward to 1992, when I started to think about G.O.D. and started recording and singing things that seemed to be under the radar in popular music. I was living in Germany, still am, and the early 1990s, after the Berlin Wall came down, were crazy times. Neo-Nazis were everywhere, winning seats in parliament and committing brutal, hate-driven atrocities against minorities – acting like Nazis, in short. The first slice of the G.O.D. Trilogy, 1931, was filled with Hitler samples and bitter, bitter stories about the period starting in Weimar in 1933 and ending in Nagasaki in 1945. Needless to say, this album didn't enjoy a German release; and since then, I'm considered incorrigible, a loose cannon, which is okay with me (and true). There's nothing like a caste system to bring out the fighter in me.

Following that was *Levittown*, which attempted to sum up the 1950s – my youth – a daunting endeavor for an amateur historian like me. This marked the first time that the neocon loons took much notice of me. It won't be the last.

Now, here's *Out in the Rain*, which will be the last PPP record. I've had my say about politics. The spooky part of Planet P is largely gone. One thing I've learned is that real life is spooky enough.

The album is about the disenfranchised, the underdogs, the never-had-a-chance people (or groups of people) who were always there under the radar; but since 9/11, have increasingly fallen victim to that primary American export, FEAR.

I mean, build a fence WHERE? HOW big? Are you f!"\$S%& STOOPID? You're probably not stupid, but with the right-wing neocon loons trumpeting fear and loathing of everything un-American, well, advertising WORKS.

TWO wars in some godforsaken deserts? Against WHOM? Little kids? It reminds me of the domino effect, stop-the-spread-of-Communism blather of the Cold War. Communism never had a chance, didn't last, and finally collapsed under its own weight and mismanagement.

You're gonna bail out WHOM?

You're sick and can't get treated? Tough titty.

Well, this album takes stabs at all of those issues, but the underlying theme here is: Be good to each other; we're all we've got.

Nothing like twelve rounds with cancer to make that as clear as daylight.

Just to be obnoxious, I have to ask the question: Do you think those buildings fell down in their own footprints because they were on FIRE?

I'll end this with a reminder: Question the Great Persuaders.

Tony Carey

Germany, October 2009

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE DEPT:

Julianne Blain-Wattles was there for every step of the endgame; and her help, support, and editing skills kept me focused as nothing else could.

Shannon Smith was there, period. Thanks, Smitty. Oh yes: Additional lyrics by Smit. I won't tell you where.

I played and engineered everything.

Thanks to Daniel Fossum for the mic and the mastering.

All songs written by TC, except *Rainmaker*, co-written with DJ Shah.

Oliver Engstrom once again did the artwork; I suggested 'something like the sun coming through the clouds', and he created this striking african-type thing...

Thanks to Dieter and Uli Pietsch for all their work on my behalf

Thanks to Betti for truebeliever.de

In space, no one can hear you scream – thanks, Leonard

Special thanks to Anders Norman and Marina Lenkerei – they know why

Once again, this record is for Sylvie and Joey.



out in the rain

go out dancing part III

01. Hallelujah 4:24
02. Out In The Rain 4:28
03. The Border Town 5:19
04. Peace in the Valley 3:36
05. This is Your Life 4:32
06. A New Country 4:19
07. Rainmaker 4:54
08. Who Would Have Thought 4:09
09. Ransom Me 4:17
10. What I Did 4:48
11. We Will Be With You 3:38
12. Down On Me 4:12