

# Book Free (Three)

Charles John A. Jarvis

**Book Free (Three)**

by Charles John A. Jarvis

*Voorwoord door Kristof Gabriel van Hooymissen*

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# Voorwoord door Kristof Gabriel van Hooymissen

Het is een hele uitdaging om dit boek van Charles John A. Jarvis uit te geven, nu ik bijna zelf leef als een asceet-monnik-yogi. Charles is ondertussen, na een zielenvriendschap tussen mij en hem van ruim een decennium, een man van middelbare leeftijd geworden, die reeds vele watertjes doorzwommen heeft. Zelf heb ik geleerd van de Yoga Sutra's van Patanjali dat sensualiteit een obstakel vormt op het Pad naar Verlichting (het Pad dat ik persoonlijk zelf bewandel als bodhisattva) en dat drugs uiteindelijk op lange termijn evenzeer te vermijden valt. Psychedelische drugs zoals Ayuhasca geven hoogstens een bewijs dat er meer bestaat dan onze zintuigen kunnen waarnemen in de derde dimensie. Dokter Gabriel Cousens zegt echter wijselijk dat er in geen enkel van de spirituele tradities drugs wordt aanbevolen om tot

bevrijding te komen. Rudolf Steiner zei al dat drugs tot het oude inwijdingsmateriaal behoort en dat we in deze tijd methoden dienen te zoeken die ons niet afhankelijk maken van verslavende middelen. Laat dit nooit een pleidooi vormen voor narcotica, zoals in vorige boeken al evenmin werd bepleit : best is om je er ver van weg te houden. Sexualiteit kunnen we echter niet verbieden, zolang het geen pedofilie of grensoverschrijdend gedrag betreft, uiteraard. Daarom geef ik de Heer Jarvis *carte blanche* om zijn wildste fantasieën met de lezer te delen. De verantwoordelijk voor dit boek berust wel bij hem. Ik ben slechts zijn beschermengel (Gabriel).

Op het spirituele Pad is het belangrijk om de onderste chakra's in evenwicht te brengen. Een goede verbinding met de aarde is belangrijk. Wie goed gegrond is, staat stevig met zijn of haar voeten op de grond. Een gezonde sexualiteit komt

meer in de buurt van echte intimiteit en witte tantra en daar is helemaal niks mis mee. Sexuele magie wordt afgeraden omdat dit de Adept op het pad van de zwarte magie kan brengen. Hetzelfde doet zich voor met druggebruik. De ware student van Raya Yoga wil hiermee niks te maken hebben en heeft altijd eerbied voor de wetten van het land. Zelf ben ik van mening dat een gezonde, evenwichtige seksualiteit het streefdoel moet zijn. Celibaat kan tijdelijk nodig zijn om de lagere aard te leren beheersen, maar het wordt niet verplicht in de Yogatraditie. Zelfbeheersing is het doel. In de Vedische traditie in het oude India werd 5000 jaar geleden reeds aan alle jongeren een celibataire levensstijl aangeboden om zo de lagere aard te leren beheersen. Dit impliceert dat men zich leert beheersen. Wie zijn seksualiteit geforceerd onderdrukt kan er zelfs kanker van krijgen volgens esoterische bronnen. Persoonlijk heb ik zelf een tijdje

celibatair geleefd om de lagere energieën te leren omzetten in hogere aspiratie tot G'd. In India leert men dat wie – voor wat de man betreft – zijn zaad niet nodeloos verspilt die energie kan worden omgezet in creatieve expressie. Het sexcentrum is namelijk verbonden met de keelchakra. Wie zijn sexuele energie leert beheersen, is op goede weg. De Yoga Sutra's verplichten geen celibaat op het spirituele Pad, maar zelfbeheersing is een voorwaarde, wil men tot geestelijke inwijding komen. Wie ontspoot op het gebied van sex en drugs, loopt het gevaar – al dan niet onbewust – aan zwarte magie te doen. Wel kunnen de Kerken leren dat sexualiteit tussen man en vrouw gezond is. Vele verlichte meesters uit de geschiedenis integreerden het vrouwelijke in het leven en hadden een partner. Volgens Gene Kieffer van de Kundalini Research Foundation hadden van de 200 bestudeerde spirituele meesters slechts 2

van hen geen vrouwelijke partner. Mag dit opnieuw een pleidooi zijn voor respect voor het heilige vrouwelijke. Intieme seksualiteit kan een weg zijn naar hoger bewustzijn, dat benadrukken onze Kerken te weinig. Laten we echter afstand nemen van perversiteiten zoals deze werden verspreid door mensen zoals Aleister Crowley. Crowley was een Twilight Master en had één voet in de Witte Loge en een andere voet in de zwarte Loge. Ik tracht plichtsgetrouw het werk van de Grote Witte Loge te doen en het dugpaschap verafschuw ik.

Ik ben een voorstander van de vrije kunsten en de vrije wetenschappen zoals dit in het Europees Verdrag voor de Rechten van de Mens is verankerd, en dat is dus de reden dat ik dit toch publiceer, ondanks enige terughoudendheid. Aan censuur doe ik echter niet mee.

Ik geef de heer Jarvis een vrij forum om zijn ideeën te publiceren als hij mij daarom vraagt. Wie ben ik om hem tegen te houden? De bedoeling is dat Charles heel oud kan worden, en geloof mij, lieve lezer, zolang hij creatief kan blijven, blijft hij gezond. Willen jullie er samen met mij over waken dat hij daadwerkelijk ook zijn creativiteit mag tonen aan de wereld? Dat is zijn lang leven. That keeps Charly sane.

Dank jullie allemaal bij voorbaat en veel plezier met deze pennenvrucht van onze rock 'n roller Charles John Alexander Jarvis, die zich er niet voor schaamt diep in zijn gedachten te laten kijken. In de geest is men vrij. Ik hoop dat niemand aanstoot neemt aan zijn avontuurlijke hersenspinsels. Volgens sommige esoterische auteurs is het verborgen motief achter het sexuele verlangen de drang tot versmelting van de ene ziel met de andere. Een drang tot eenwording. Op

een hoger niveau doet yoga hetzelfde, alleen gaat het daar om het verlangen Eén te worden met God. Wie het dierlijke in zichzelf leert te beheersen, kan de stap maken naar de hogere centra, zoals hart, keel, derde oog en hoofdchakra. Er komt dan ongelooflijk veel creatieve energie vrij, die kunstenaars zeker kunnen gebruiken voor hun scheppende arbeid. Wees echter niet gehecht aan lust en weelde. Je kan zelfs een miljonair zijn, zonder gehecht te zijn aan geld. In de witte tantra-tradities wordt seksualiteit gebruikt als middel tot een hoger bewustzijn, zonder er een doel op zich van te maken. De beoefening van brahmacharya (celibaat) kan soms tijdelijk wenselijk zijn om de lagere, dierlijke aard onder controle te brengen van een hoger Godsbewustzijn, zoals ik reeds eerder aangaf.

Veel liefs en succes gewenst aan allen op het spirituele Pad,

*Kristof Gabriel Carina van Hooymissen*

*21 Oktober 2019*

P.S.

1.30. Disease, inertia, doubt, lack of enthusiasm, laziness, sensuality, mind-wandering, missing the point, instability- these distractions of the mind are the obstacles.

1.31. Pain, despair, nervousness, and disordered inspiration and expiration are co-existent with these obstacles.

1.32. For the prevention of the obstacles, one truth should be practiced constantly.

4.1 Psychic powers arise by birth, drugs, incantations, purificatory acts or concentrated insight (meditation).

*(Only concentrated insight or meditation and intense desire for G'd is free from black magic and thus recommended)*

*Source: The Yoga Sutras of Patanjali*

# Book Free

## Prologue

In times of darkness a sudden light will come shining in onto the sad and lonely of the earth and erase all empty feelings they have inside.... In times of joy we will all become one, no matter what religion, colour or sexual preference. This is my third book and I want to dedicate it to my dear family both on the Jarvis and Mac Nabb side. I must therefore warn you that I will put no leaf in front of my mouth and tell my story exact without any form of censorship. I refuse to become a puppet of the system, I've fought too long to get this far

and I've lost many dear friends along the way. This containing whatever comes out of my thought (brain) at this precise moment as I have written hundreds of loose pages, poems and lyrics for songs unused (but good, in my opinion). This book, called *Book Free*, will be lots of the collection of thoughts, bundled in one book.

## Poems & Lyrics 2019

I know who you are now .... and understand your confusion, and woman, also your deep pain. You have to be strong now, learn to forgive and forget ... let the past loose (leave with a smile on your pretty face). I know men have been wrong to you and in a strange way knowing what I know, so in a subtle way so did I grieve you and let tears drop from your pretty angel eyes. Charly loves you, you know I will never deny that.

*For Anna*

30 oktober 2017

I've been walkin' these streets downtown drowning in pain; it is probably a joke but life right now feels like it's being in exile. And constantly being screwed in a nasty way. I love those who never realize they are doing me wrong, they cause me deep pain and will most certainly do it again ... but I will never give up on loving them. Anyway, just lay yourself down to the fact that life is the biggest gift that one can get, but for some death is an even greater parcel.

*Charles John A. Jarvis, 30/10/2019*

## Cosmic Consciousness

In this day and age of the twenty-first century days have changed. Being is not enough, it is time to start attaining cosmic consciousness. It will bring us closer uniting and close towards a united universal love at this point in time and quantum timelines and black holes. Don't despair, we will rise above this all.

*Thanks to Kristof Gabriel van Hooymissen for inspiring me.*

Just

Just all I want to do is  
fall in love with you  
You're part of me &  
we belong to be  
Just all I want to say  
Is let's go all the way  
In this crazy life  
You and I side by side  
Can't you see  
You are part of me

*Charly for his lover he met on a bench. She may  
be 22 and a school teacher and me 50 but love  
has no age, she thaught me. Please keep  
wishing me goodmorning like you did today  
Monday, 7/10/2019*

Wrap your arms around the world

Wrap your arms around the  
world, give your love to her and  
the people that inhibit her,  
spread a peace message instead  
of evil vibes.

Wrap your arms around the world  
Give your favourite poets a boost,  
remember you're just a little dot  
of millions of people, so give love  
to its seed, the children, they are  
innocent and do not yet carry bad  
vibes.

*Charles, poem from 2001, 3 days before my son  
was born and on my sister's birthday. –  
August 7th 2001*

Watch and learn and you might  
be able to see

Take a good look at me, all I  
need is a little privacy. You can  
go and blow, here's to the future,  
peace on earth and unity. Stop all  
your ludicrous wars, fighting for  
love is the only cause worth  
fighting for. Try to protect the  
night and day. Look and learn  
around here and sail across a  
lake. I sing and dance and jump  
around, today I desire more than  
money, and sing my little pond  
and paddle around as far as the  
future goes on and on.

Thanks to Elias for inspiration

Don't push it, just make it

Everybody is preoccupied about keeping up appearances, this makes no sense to me, I used to believe in a princess riding naked on an Indian horse towards me, to ask for my hand in marriage but after thirty-three you met and seduced me, this was the best and worst day of my life so far. I was proud you and I would become parent, but deeply disappointed you refused my hand in marriage. If only you could have tried to look at this situation my way, you were as stubborn as me. Els, you stopped taking dope and stopped smoking whilst pregnant. I will always love

and admire your strength for  
that.

*For Els Mensalt, october 7th, 2019*

## The day you pushed me away

- *For Ann*

You bought a shitload of coke before you brought me to the psychiatry to get clean. We were in a company of seven friends and acquaintances. You laughed because you thought I didn't realize we were outside on the terras and I said : "Can somebody close the door, it's kind chilly here?" I knew we were not in the pub, the cold feeling I had from the iceway of being dumped as a lover and drugged by you before you and I went for a meeting to try and quit dope. Nowadays I have nothing but good feelings and friendship

towards you and your lovely  
husband Alides Hidding.

*Written long ago.*

## For Greet Goosens

A tear for every day in 2017,  
october. The day he jumped of  
the bridge by the Antwerp  
highway, she knew she pushed  
him that way this cold october  
day. Heartbreak can kill and  
leave an empty body with an  
empty beating heart. Nothing can  
cure this, not even art!

## Molly

*For my best friend Vitalski's daughter*

Vitalski's daughter Molly was babysitting for the neighbours of his last night. I phoned thinking Vital would pick up, but had an answering machine. Shortly after Molly phoned me up and said: "Uncle Charly, you just phoned, Vitalski is not here, I phoned you back, because I am babysitting (real proud)", and then hung up.

## This time

This time I'm going for the goals, the times I've wasted will instantly disappear, I'm leaning towards success. My new song on my ninth official album will have to be far stronger in sounding as well, especially the lyric writing, must be of the highest quality. I'll have all you naughty ladies feeling yourself and imagining it's me touching you. Believe in art, love and spiritually has got me this far. 2020 will show my risen star.

*Charly on the morning of Tuesday, 8th of october, 2019*

## Empty pages, empty years

Time to turn the page and make this disappear, I am no more feeling sorry for myself, I'm surprised I've accomplished so much in such a short amount of time, so far ... But the trick now is not to get bigheaded, lazy or bored of the things I love: music, art, women and sex. That last word has to come naturally, otherwise it means nothing to me.

*Charly, december, 2011*  
*In the loonybin*

I'm in need for you

I'm in need for you, it's hurting  
whatever touch, falls in love with  
me ... I beg you, you're my  
everyone, my everything and all I  
want is your pure naked body  
laying next to me ... I'm longing  
for your touch I love so much.

I'm in need of you, my flower a  
(?) moment : mon amie, love me,  
woman, love me, you give so  
much I don't know in which way  
to repay the tenderness you  
always gave. Now you're married,  
I'm happy for you but still I'll  
keep on loving you.

Charlyboy

For my secret love in 2010

XXX

Why, oh why is the sky? ...

Tell me now don't beat around the bush I've been longing to have sex with you for months now and you known it all along. Why am I sure about this, you Anna, might say to me, you have no romance from the one you're dating now and long for a thing that I do too: no fucking around, good lovemaking, an occasional dirty pure sexual quicky but especially attention caressing eachother. I want you to magically walk through my door now and I will not speak but undress you and lick every part of your body tonight and push you against the wall, tear your pants

off and fuck you `till you come  
and scream of pleasure.

## Is dit teveel gevraagd?

*(The only Dutch poem / writing  
in the manuscript)*

Ik wil je tegen de muur duwen  
nadat ik je je broekje beveel af te  
doen en daarna trek ik met mijn  
tanden je slipje naar beneden en  
spreid ik je beentjes van elkaars  
richting uit en ik lik je vagina  
totdat je van genot je kutsap  
eruit spuit. Ik wil nu deze nacht,  
laat mij niet meer wachten, ik wil  
sex. Jij hebt al maanden een  
totempaal in mijn broek  
veroorzaakt en nu gaan wij er  
lekker vettig, vies maar  
volwassen over zijn, laat jij je  
vooral niet tegenhouden, of Anna,  
of mijn balkon van Russische

afkomst ofzo binnenwandelt, zo  
geil als een konijn zal mijn worst  
zijn. Sex, sex, sex, sex, sex ....  
You will walk through the door in  
this and a half an hour, I'm pretty  
sure.

*Come and fuck, Charly*  
© 2019

I think too much, this wasted my time

Stop fuckin' around mister Jarvis, thank God above or Allah they are one and the same. The spirit of good comes in different names and appearances, I found out now on my fifty years of age. I am a coke slut when I'm high and I desire sex and I love masturbation. It's liberation. In my opinion, sex is the only cure for addiction, but every day : start the day next to your lover and kiss eachother (?) and then fuck eachothers brains out, this will start a good day for both of you. I now know who I want untill I die, and she has slowly crept

into my dirty little Charlyboy mind. I want you to dump the speedlover for a real lover and never leave me ass I will never leave you. We need eachother. You like playing the boss and wearing the pants, but let me tell you, I wass engaged to a lovely lady, whom used to work in the Sailorsdistrict, she was in a shitty situation, was going to have to look for another place to live, and had on a (?) conversation leaked out to me and some friends she needed attention or wouldn't come. Well, after she and I engaged that was no longer the case. We fucked day and night and I once proved her wrong that a man can lick a lady's pussy all

night long with minutes and seconds of gasping for breath. If we had repeated this three days it would have been 666, the number of the Beast (What fucking Beast?). All humans are disgusting but a woman is special and I will always celebrate the girl!

## BOYS

So you're doomed to grow up born a boy. A macho, a nerd, or a whimpy (burger)boy. Forget what they will teach, and brainwash into your mind at school, open up to your own streetwise rules, number one : don't trust anyone, number two : ignore rule number one when it applies to bloodrelations, three : don't or try not to carry a grudge, number four : if your mummy or dad start talking about the birds and the bees : call an ambulance. In this twenty-first century we call it love-making and simple sex, birds can fuck off and fly and bees will sting you if you touch

the queen bee, dig funky junkie  
readers under you.

*(because I'm sure after the first two  
books you all feel fooled now this book is  
not about drugs ... Fuck drugs !!)*

## Sado-Masochism

I always was (?) by this and screwed at the same time, why in God's name would anyone want the crap beat out of them and then licked on the bitten penis wounds and (?) Come on, give me a break.

Ok, some of my ex ladies loved me to slap the shit out of their behind, but this is an innocense compared to being hung upside down from the ceiling for hours anyhow. I always and surely do want to be tied up by my lady and fucked all night for being a naughty boy. Come on, think of it, schoolteachers of the female kind always asked me to stand

and hold (?) whilst they had a mini-skirt on and I clearly saw if they had nickers on. Yes or no? (Nickers = panties)

## Darling Anna (I love you)

There's a lady who lives across the streets. She can stalk me and I can stalk her. Tonight I took some Bolivia and was super high and horny. For months now I have a deep desire to fuck her but only if she invites me to stay. You see she may not have time to waste but this ball rolls both ways. Anna leave your lover for another, namely me. I may be another, but soon you'll discover I'm your wildest erotic and perfect fantasy to come true. I believe in me and especially you!!!

# Hate

## Epilogue to Book Nr 3

Do not fill your guts with rubbish, the one called hate. Have a bright outlook on life, relax. The bad thing that scares you will never happen then ... Listen to uncle Charly. He is half a century old and believes he has the knowledge now.

*I dedicate this book to Kristo*

# PART 2

## Intro Book Free (Three)

Because a human nowadays is scared to touch – speak – opinionise his or her mind – be mad at some – have feeling for anyone ... in other words mankind has become a chicken; now all we need to is to pick eachothers feathers and bake a nice Christmas dinner.

(My fans will realize Charles' sarcasm. One of his strongest points in his books.)

After being shocked & stunned yesterday; reading on the ISBN

log numbers of my second print of my first two books about warning young kids to stay away from "hard drugs". It virtually destroyed my life & hurt many friends and family along that road towards hell : surprise, suprise : this book will not be about dope. Fuck this subject and let's write a best, best, bestseller so on the next pages start at least 50 pages of fun.

Like psychiatrists have called me a paranoid schizophrenic (split personality ; in Dutch : twee persoonlijkheden, een soort dubbelkarakter).

Now going on in English cause my aim is to start hitting the big time, and stop this nonsense saying in the Flemish culture : he who doesn't honoured the small in every and complete respectfully ... but the big never came to me untill I was ready to pack it in (pack it in = give up trying or stopping completely is the best way to explain to some Dutch fan who may not completely understand!)

And now part One ... the chicken is on the run: I need to warn the public human race : life is not always one way lanes. Living is to (?) spicy salt and curdling sugar. Sometimes you and your boy-or-girlfriend (and we've been there, so don't deny or lie about this ... it's a basic fact). There are some times you would willingly beat the shit out of eachother => the one – holy to me anyway – thing that defends this from occuring is the love you all have, we all have sometimes so deep inside, and this is important : as a worldfamous songwriter-actor warned me : Charlie, you're like an open book, you have to learn to conceal (hide parts people

might misuse against you, and a warning for all naive people as me!). But after we hurt or insult to the point of the other person drowning in tears, we soon see our own darkside and apologise or kiss and make up from the strangest violent episodes in life ... a half an hour later the whole party of friends was feasting to my surprise.

Life has its hard edges and time my fellow readers is limited, don't waste your time on losers and don't become a loser; the facts of life can always be turned like the world turns on its axis and at night the sun still shines, realize this: the sun never stops flamin' burnin' shining in its' beauty to give us warmth and strength and the vitamin D we so badly need, never let anyone change your mind, it's yours. Not one person on this planet has the right to force their opinion over your own. You are your own free spirit ... and many people have said that I'm mad (a nutcase) for I strongly not only believe in spirits of other worlds, but I have seen

and spoke in a language I had no knowledge of what I told them and their replies to me be that as it is I do believe in this apartment the were stuck between nirvana and afterlife and I think I set them free.

I was just coming to a point that the first part of book free is mostly my opinion and my lov and affection for certain girlfriends, friends and so on, it will shock people: I bloody well hope it does. This oh so fake democratic world is full of lies, deceitfull and only love can safe, not sex (sex is just a medication). In some delightfull memory I can even realize that groupsex for all

involved (we all agreed) was like a vacation of a hot steamy evening. But I am drifting from the plot of part two of book "free". What I am about to tell you now destroyed my faith in people for the rest of my life up until this very second. We moved from Great Britain to the Netherlands and I was sent to a peuterschool (much too early). I already could speak pretty good English (I don't need to explain). In this peuterschool up until the lower school I got the crap beaten out of me. "Why?", You might ask me ... well ladies and gentlemen, I was the first and only boy of such a tender age to have a girlfriend and had to

defend her and me. They beat me with sticks, punched me daily and the only one (I think my parents just were too blind to see) who noticed at home why my nine year older brother Stephen Jarvis – he was and is still my hero, he is a great, fabulous artist – whom inspired me to choose the same road how I ended up becoming the music art follower and I tell you wisenoses now: never think you know it all. I practice (and drive the neighbours mad) daily at least five hours (on a lazy day) or I play on and the entire day long, you see if you don't keep work and practice, you will never grow into what Allah or God (to me they are one and the same)

put you here for. I was shocked and honoured (yet suprized at the same time) about four years ago I went for a (?) weekend to Amsterdam to celebrate the changing of years with my brother and his Russian lover (we call her Tony, or at least Steve does). Her real name is Julia but one of my two sisters is also called Julia. So Tony we call Julia for less confusing states. Anyhow I asked the Amsterdam stewardess of Central Station Amsterdam: "Madam, are you sure this is the train to Antwerp, Belgium?" "Yes, positive". (Bull, bull, she mentally jerked me off!). Anyone this was a nice train experience: I was playing and

singing for an Indonesian London artist (worldfamous as it truly was so). She lived in her young life in Indonesia in the caste system (and told me what a nightmare it was. She was extraordinary talented in art but her family was higher up the ladder and art in these lands is the same as streetsweeper). No disrespect to that noble profession but she managed to break free from her family roots and decided to go for her dream; she is now a worldfamous artist, she was shocked when she complemented my song I wrote and started crying like a baby. She said: "Mr. Jarvis, why are you so sad? You've just played a song that

would turn most singer-songwriters pale or green of jealousy!" I explained : "Miss, you might think so but for years I have been trying to touch the Belgian public. Holland has more respect for my songs, but I'm afraid right from the start the worst (Biblical in my opinion) crime jealousy destroyed my career." This marvalous lady said to me : "Mr Jarvis, come and live in the centre of London (If I had my passport I wouldn't have doubted a second and said: "Yes please, take me.") She continued: "Live with us, do your concerts, I have many contacts that can get you launched in about a year, the deal : "You

work on your music, do some chores in the household and when you have a good major contract and can afford your own little place.” “Go for it, Mr Jarvis.” I'm going to search on the internet when I'm out of bankruptcy, but at the end of this year my first six or seven songs will be released and the Humo spokeslady promised she will fight to get me interviewed for the magazine. I told her : “If you can fix that, the first Charles Jarvis 'El Syndicat' (my bands name) can be copyrighted by Humo.” As long as it also states 'Songs from Macc Nab Records label'. So Humo and my company share the money and copyright.

2020 has been a horrible year, for so many unjustifiable, none of us deserved this Corona, but life goes on and so do we.

Anyway try to make a comfortable life experience and all of the people you care for in life (that's my advice). My philosophy in life in general is literally: we know nothing (in Dutch: we weten niks).

And if you think deep about this nothing less is more.

Take for instance animals, what the fuck do we claim to know about for instance. They must

have some kind of language. And it's smartass to humans to claim they are superior, I'm doubting this day in day out. Have you ever noticed that you don't actually need a clock when you're surrounded by birds you know it's morning o'clock. When you live on a farm, the rooster will (?) his fucking lungs out and (boy, do they have vocal chords).

Papa, je gelooft het bijna zelf niet maar ik zie jou na je heengaan in 2014 nog steeds kristalhelder, je was mijn held en nog steeds verandert dit niet.

Jij als persoon bent er altijd geweest maar ik mis je want nu ben jij niet meer bij mij deze dagen komen in gedaante niet meer langs of bij, maar spiritueel ben jij altijd in mijn hart. Ik treur iedere zeventiende juni maar ik voel me leeg zonder jou. Al dat macho-gedoe van mijn maten kan mij niks maken. Het is jij die ik mis en altijd zal ik jou voelen want ik ben een deel van jou.

In June 2020 we had eleven days in our own studio space; but our main fabulous producer who comes from a band I have helped to get well known in Belgium by setting my ego on the side for a while, knowing I already was a 50 year old professional performer and record and albummaker: about nine solo-albums, numerous collaborations with worldfamous artists and concentrating on just singing, being the best warm up for this young bunch of thieves; and not having an ego problem when I got told by the front-singer-bassist this was actually a dream come true because his father Arnt D'Hondt played on one of my first

albums on the second half and Tiago his son got his first bass from him, likewise my son Atze Jef Jarvis got his first simple kids piano synth with microphone ... now after Tiago finished the last Charles Jarvis album I would be extremely insulted if a weekmagazine like Humo would not do an interview with us, and most of all about why I am leaving to return to the land I was born. Explanation is very simple : Belgium doesn't care about / or for its singer-songwriters whilst if I play in Bellevue or the Melkweg or any other place they also have knowledge of the brothers Steve & Charles Jarvis. People used to

laugh at me but I have earned a fair bit of cash on excellent paintings, and always for about 500 euro's in the past around my album Street Soul, lawyers, building designers, and even police agents have all got my work hanging. My best work until now is in the Alides-Verberk collection, these are peers ... but I've decided to try to only have written on my passport & documents & identity cards : Charles Jarvis, profession : retired musician.

To honour my mother who will be 84 next year in may the 15<sup>th</sup>. I would like you to also put a personal page in wikipedia. (We will talk about that when you set the date & time). She was a quite succesfull operasinger and there's a release on CD-ROM of all of the concerts in churches and stages made by my father Ronald Jarvis and my mother's name is Sheila Sarah MacNabb (I named my record label to honour and respect my mother and her angel voice. (By the way the song mother Angel on both 'Songs from the heart' and 'Ode to our children' is written for her. Phone me, we need to talk. Love, Charly

Phone home for to ask if Humo has contacted me yet. Wrote 100 pages in an evening till dawn. Need Arnt to give me all the details. Feeling suicidal. Gave my whole life to a losing cause. I don't see anyone asking for me, no paper; my record company is not in the least interested in me. I have had it, this must change soon or I will take the gold spoon.

Anyway, I have decided to stay with someone who makes me laugh and can play better bassloops than he realizes himself. I want only one guarantee from my man Arnt: no more selfdoubt and/or bringing down the songs we play, they have all been sold in major record so what does this mean. Stop complaining and let's start bringing two Cd's: the first 'best of Charles John Alexander Jaris' with bonus Cd 'El Syndicat' in headroom.

Yes Humo, because we once wrote a concert review of your concert as first even Belgian support act for The Frames. Yes, I say this is true, but you have lowered my standards in my books if you go to a fully professional artist and hide a tape machine beneath your knees and I must apologize but I was completely in my judicial rights. I told both of you sorry I gave romantic and personal info of my privacy, me with both my friend colleague Alides Hidding and Ann Verberk whom would have been damaged by things between me and them. Humo, if you are so interested in the man who gave up his entire life for this music,

search the song I completely wrote myself for the four months later birth of 'Love Child' Micky Mae.

I won't disappoint lifelong fans of my music though. I've decided to in between recording music for commercials, film music, theme tunes for new sitcoms another work I will gladly take on for I will never stop composing songs, but I will never be a slave to the media whom if everyone be honest contract the whole album charts, album sales and how unfair they pretend to be ordinary barflies, have a drink, another, for you, start asking (without even mentioning they are

journalists, personal questions about festivals of begin nineties or the fact that you know Alides Hidding and Ann Verberk and you start to smell a rat, I say look I've done thousands of interviews, you are press, aren't you? They reply : 'Yes, what paper?' 'No paper', I say Humo then.

Walking the tightrope of the living close to feeling dead; the devil visits in my mid twenties only scare the living shit out of me ... he tried to get me sign my life away; me being the stubborn person I always am and always will remain, I said 'Get out of my life, don't you dare to return again' ... so I'm experiencing another nightmare visit of the ugly looking dark angel, the spokesman of evil; this time I will kill myself without him having what he wants. You fuckface, an empty paper! This is what he gets.

I truly am in love

I love you, Brit. I can't believe how much I realize I made a mistake to not ask you to come with me to help me out of this shit; you are the lady of 100% fit for me; we both would never hurt each other if I can get my cashflow and musical career back I can't wait until Sunday. I love you already like a crazy puppy who found his long lost lover, ... in the car I felt relax for the first time since years. You're my dreamwoman.

A song lyric inspired by my girlfriends

Sex, yes no it's your choice so now collective, use your voice don't be scared of right-wing dicks, they all are ignorant. I'm afraid Shirley Bassey's song may become the sad truth sooner then shot hits to your brain most junks I know. Take drugs cause it's cheaper to dope and be high all day. Then to buy unnutritional crap supermarket food these days. Chant, chant, chant. Let's all have fun have steamy sex, you're game sweetie, any female sex addict as me to come to Turkooisstreet and drop your

sexy pants and don't forget  
handcuffs.







Charles Jarvis & Marcel Vanthilt tijdens  
Record Store Day op 21 april 2018

# RECORD STORE DAY BE

21.04.2018

11u00 King Dalton

12u00 Douglas Firs

13u00 The Whereabouts of J Albert

14u00 Stef Kamil Carlens

15u00 Tin Fingers

16u00 Brihang

17u00 Portland

18u00 Marcel Vanthilt

19u00 Charles Jarvis

COFFEE  
& VINYL



VOLKSTRAAT 45 - 2000 ANTWERPEN

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## NAWOORD VAN DE UITGEVER

Charles wenst naar Ierland te gaan wonen en predikt de vrijheid. Het wordt tijd dat we die vrijheid gaan beleven. Niks is in deze tijden belangrijker dan dat. Dat is ook de reden dat ik mij achter deze tekst heb gezet, voor de vrijheid van de wetenschappen en de kunsten, in een tijd waarin het beleven van die vrijheid belangrijker is dan ooit.

*(Met dank aan David Icke voor de moedige strijd die Hij levert, en de inspiratie die hij de mensheid geeft. Live freedom. Be free)*

*Kristof Gabriel Carina van Hooymissen*