

Pete Marchetto

Freelance Writer

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Born in London, England, I have worked professionally as a freelance writer for over 30 years. Most of my present customers are from the USA and I am, therefore, adept at writing both for British and American audiences. This document contains samples of my work and lists my other achievements as a writer.

1980s



Yorkshire Arts

Yorkshire Arts' Writer's Award

One of my earliest successes, this is an annual cash-payment award made to not-yet published creative writers. I gained the award on the strength of several short stories submitted to the *Yorkshire Arts' Council*.

Sheffield makes another stab at the dance floor. Workforce contract Doublevision, and Pete Marchetto slips into sparring pose. Hey, guys. . .

WORK

WORKFORCE in suitably weird pose



THAT BODY

"FOR GOD'S sake, wake up!"
As the main refrain of 'Skin Scraped Back' blasts from the stereo in search of balls to

songs is insidious; lurking beneath the surface, threatening to break loose and more imposing for its lack of blatantcy.
The rich textures of the Workforce songs owe a lot to tapes and treatments.
"We're not a part of the

Sounds

My first professional writing gig - the UK's national music newspaper, *Sounds*.

Having moved to Sheffield from London, my work entailed finding new talent in the counties of South Yorkshire, West Yorkshire, Humberside, Nottinghamshire and Lancashire; attending live shows and writing reviews of those performances the same night, (in the days before computers using a typewriter and submitting by mail); researching music-related news items; conducting band interviews.

My work was sufficiently respected for the features editor to suggest I move back to London to do more work for the paper, a suggestion I had to decline given other commitments in Sheffield.

For some years, I was the most frequently published provincial freelance writer working for the national music press in the UK.

**ELTON JOHN
Sheffield**

BEFORE ME row upon row of people sit like some nightmare of taxidermy: rapt, motionless, they gaze at the man at the white piano.

Occasionally, the man at the white piano stares back,

quizzically, as though seeking a familiar face behind the glare of lights, or perhaps curious as to why these rows of well-tailored dummies should have paid 12 and a half pounds for the privilege of staring at him.

Before him and his piano are arrayed a dozen people, tastefully adorned and of tasteful behaviour, giving their all to embellish his voice and piano, gently or with vigour but, always, with taste.

Between the numbers the audience spontaneously resurrect to cheer and clap, their effusion somehow held in check by decorum. The

man at the white piano greets each accolade by standing and walking, sometimes halfway across the stage and back again; sometimes, strangely, once around his piano stool. Once, he places his right leg on the top of the piano and stares with haughty pride out into the audience as though daring them to challenge his right to do so. No one does.

Outside, three policemen are glued to the windows of the doors into the auditorium. Behind them an usherette stands at a discreet distance, trying to catch a glimpse of the man at the white piano as the two hour ritual continues.

The pleasure they all feel escapes me. I feel like a prostitute who has inadvertently stumbled into a convent meeting.

I leave, discreetly, a few minutes before the end, welcoming the sting of the cold night air.

PETE MARCHETTO

**THE LOVED ONE
'Locate And Cement'
(Metaphon M1) ****3/4**

IN ARNHEM last year, I became intrigued (much to the disgust of my hostess), by the scrambled radio transmissions of the Dutch police. The Loved One hold a similar abstruse appeal, an alien sound that pulls the open mind into its unfamiliar landscapes, from the cold impersonal beauty of 'Something For The Weekend' to 'Phoenix Hairpins' air of impending and unknown catastrophe.

As with finding a McDonalds in the Amazon, however, the foreign spell is easily broken. 'A Diet Of Nitro-Glycerine' features vocals that destroy the peace through their bland familiarity while a persistent metallic

clicking in parts of the album is strongly reminiscent of the sound of metal combs, fashionable in my schooldays, being pressed between chest and desk and having their teeth pinged.

Such touches aside, however, 'Locate And Cement' is welcome, if uneasy, escapism.

PETE MARCHETTO

**Leppard Rick off
the danger list
BUT SURGERY FAILS TO SAVE HIS ARM**



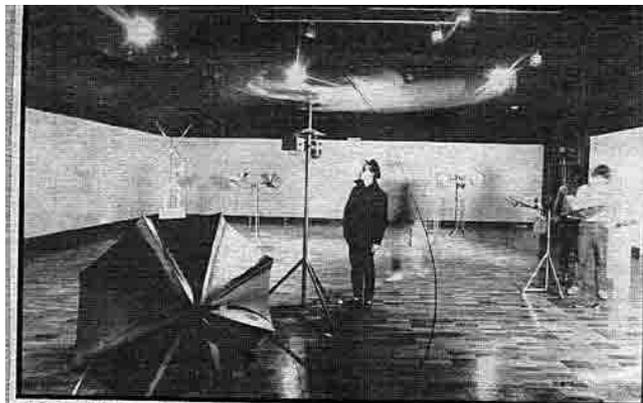
THE WRECK of Rick Allen's Corvette, from which he was thrown, minus arm. Pic: Sheffield Newspapers

DEF LEPPARD drummer Rick Allen was this week beginning the long slow

rain off the road on a sharp bend. Rick was thrown from the car which overturned

break from recording their next album in Holland and the band had come home to

Rick was Def Leppard's second drummer after the band was formed in 1977. He



ART OF NOISE: a selection of Peter Appleton's exhibits

TAKE THE passive quietude of an art gallery, stock it with a bizarre collection of 'sound sculptures', attract a daily deluge of some several hundred curious members of the general public eager to experiment, et voilà: 'A Noise In Your Eye', an exhibition guaranteed to send yer average curator screaming for the hills. So, is it out with the Optrex, or is 'A Noise In Your Eye', an exhibition which features art that plays itself, or that you yourself can play, a sight for sore ears?

As with any exhibition of, ahem, modern art, the genuinely innovative is forced to rub shoulders with the downright pointless. One metallic construction, designed to be bowed, plucked and clobbered responds somewhat dejectedly to such indignities; its designer should be grateful that most of those trying to put some life into his work have probably never heard of Test Dept.

In contrast, the Baschat Brothers' 'Crystal Horn' produces a pure, ethereal and surprisingly loud series of haunting tones by the less energetic method of glass rods gently caressed with damp fingers. Simple, attractive and effective.

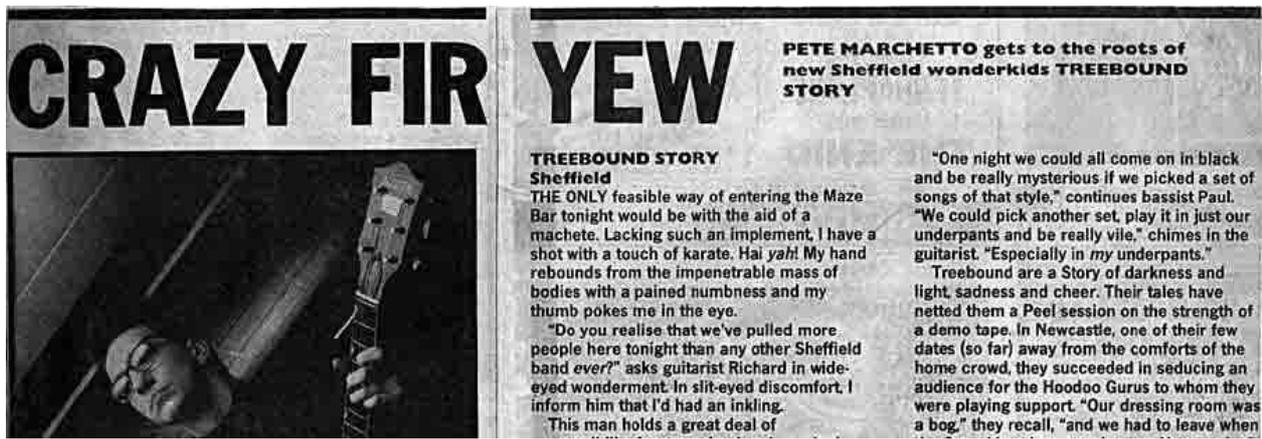
Elsewhere, the purist approach makes way for electronic intervention. Ken Gray's 'Supplex Vox', a decidedly odd affair of sitting-room furniture and sinuous tubing, blows cheerful raspberries at anyone completing its circuits by holding one of the radio aeriels in one hand and a copper pipe in the other.

The push-button keyboard of Hugh Davies' 'Macro Process Organ' activates several smaller sculptures lurking in the vicinity, from a revolving toothbrush to a rattling tin can. Mindless? I hope not; between them, these two works had me hooked for an hour.

Central to the exhibition are pieces by one Peter Appleton; those with dubious viewing habits might have caught his appearance on *Blue Peter*. Shackled for the sake of the exhibition to electronic gadgetry, many of the pieces are designed as instruments; others, such as the 'Weatherking' housed outside the gallery to catch

**AURAL
SCULPTURE**

PETE MARCHETTO checks out an exhibition of sound and vision



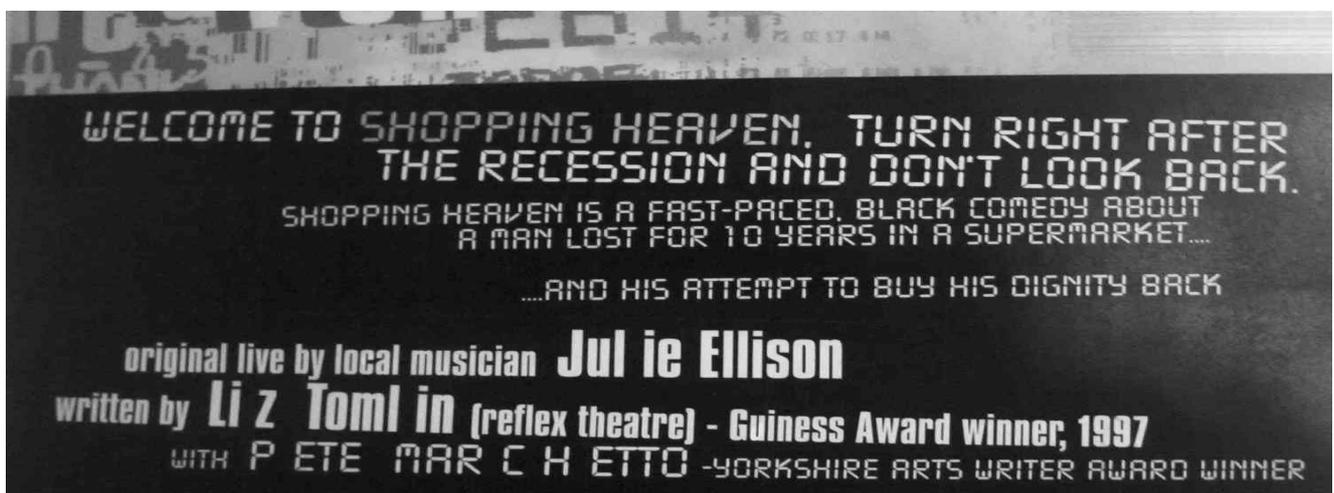
Other freelance writing work

In the 1980s I was heavily involved with the Sheffield music and arts' scene. In addition to my work with *Sounds* I also helped artists with their promotional material, applications for funding and similar public relations work.

1990s

In the 1990s my interests diversified. I began to perform as an actor and to travel widely abroad. This left me with less free time for my writing. However, I continued to be in demand and so continued to freelance occasionally, as well as writing short stories and travel journals for my own pleasure.

My most notable freelance writing at this time was the occasional magazine article; promotional work; co-writing several of the productions in which I performed and toured nationally with the *Reflex Theatre* and *Disturbance Index* theatre companies; and with the *Artistic Enterprise Scheme* document, a discussion paper on arts funding in the UK, my own idea. The *AES* had some impact upon funding policy, the idea was adopted by other organisations internationally, and Britain's foremost theatre newspaper, *The Stage*, asked me to write my own editorial in order to promote it, a great compliment both to me as a writer and as the originator of the *AES* document.



Help us to benefit

Actor and writer Pete Marchetto explains how his Artistic Enterprise Scheme would keep thousands of acts in business and reduce unemployment in the entertainment industry

When she was prime minister, Margaret Thatcher is said to have attended a party at which one of the guests told her he was an artist. "Really?" she said. "You know, I think you people are wonderful. The Government gives you money and you create beautiful things. Then the Government stops giving you money – and you *still* create beautiful things."

As arts policy goes, this leaves much to be desired, but it is certainly politically astute. Left to their own devices, many artists continue their work even in poverty. But impoverishment leads to benefits and the benefits system is not inclined to leave artists to their own devices. It wants people to work but it does not acknowledge art as work.

The problem is particularly acute when it comes to actors. As an actor and writer on benefits, I have become increasingly frustrated with the inability of the DSS to accept auditions for what they are – interviews for training or work.

Worse, should an opportunity arise to perform with an emerging theatre company whose funding is insufficient to pay living expenses, then the entire production is jeopardised by one of the

cast being dragged off to a Job Club and told to apply for work stacking supermarket shelves.

Those in the cultural industries, as in any other sector, need to be allowed to develop their skills and build their businesses. Thatcher's approach to arts funding missed a crucial point – artists have to be allowed to create beautiful things. If emerging artists are not to be funded, they should at least be left alone.

It is unlikely that this is some malignant conspiracy. After all, there is nothing to be gained from forcing unskilled labour on individuals developing their own skills and careers. The problem is that artists have been overlooked. With the introduction of the Jobseeker's Allowance and further stringent measures being discussed by the Blair Government, the problem is getting worse. And yet the solution is obvious – a benefits scheme which acknowledges emerging artists and artistic groups.

Not having heard this idea proposed elsewhere, I wrote a document outlining an Artistic Enterprise Scheme. Similar to other benefits schemes it would pay the

basic rate of benefits plus £10 per week to any individual on benefits who could show they were working towards a career in the cultural industries.

The scheme is desirable politically for several reasons. By simply legitimising activities already happening it would cut the unemployment figures. Scheme payments could be part-funded by National Lottery income set aside for the arts, thereby saving the Treasury money. Successful participants would be newsworthy since their achievements would be high-profile and media-friendly. Above all, it would be of considerable value to those emerging in a lucrative and expanding sector of British industry.

I began to circulate the document expecting to be

much I can do without help.

There are two things I particularly need if I am to continue with this initiative effectively. The first is endorsements.

There cannot be many people in the country who do not appreciate art, but many think of it as the unintelligible in pursuit of the incomprehensible.

When they realise their favourite actors in popular television series and other media figures are themselves artists, then they will appreciate that the scheme is more than special pleading on the part of a small, elitist minority.

With written endorsements for the scheme from popular actors, particularly those who might have claimed benefits themselves at some stage in their careers,

Parliament is far more likely to take up the idea as a popular cause.

The second thing I need is funding. I am still trying to pay for further research, development, cir-

ulation and lobbying of the idea out of benefits, so any organisations willing to help finance the project, please get in contact before I am Job-Clubbed myself.

Anyone who can help with endorsements or funding can call me on 0114 255 2034 or write to me at 38 Springwood Road, Sheffield, S8 9TW. Until there is funding, I can only send out the document to those whose support would be particularly valuable in furthering the scheme, but anyone who wants to find out more about the initiative is welcome to telephone me.

Something has to be done. Let's do it.

'Thatcher's approach to arts funding missed a crucial point – artists have to be allowed to create beautiful things'

told that similar initiatives were being discussed and I should sit back and let them develop. Instead, I found myself leading a growing band of enthusiastic artists and arts administrators eager to have the idea seen through to legislation. Over the past few months, I have distributed more than 100 copies of the document, received numerous telephone calls, been asked to lecture on the idea, had the document taken to a UNESCO conference and been consulted about a possible documentary for Channel 4. What started as a statement of the obvious has become a major responsibility – but there is only so

2000s

Having moved to China and being committed initially to teaching, later to working in industry, I had little time for writing in this period. However, I continued to do some freelance work, (mainly web content), and to write for my own amusement.

2010s

I returned to writing full-time in 2011, and have been earning my living exclusively as a freelancer since that time. Most of my work is for private clients and businesses, and involves web content, promotion, PR etc. My customers are mainly from the USA.

I have also had some public work, most notably articles for the *China Highlights* and *eChinaCities* web sites, keeping my hand in with the print market with occasional letters in the UK's *Independent* newspaper and with a chapter commissioned for a business work book currently under preparation.

The screenshot shows the eChinacities website interface. At the top, there is a navigation bar with links for 'ALL Site', 'Articles', 'Listings', 'Jobs', and 'Classifieds'. Below this is a search bar containing the text 'Listings, Events, Articles, Jobs, Housing...'. The main navigation menu includes 'NEWS & ARTICLES', 'CITY GUIDES', 'ANSWERS', 'JOBS', 'CLASSIFIEDS', and 'DATING'. Under 'NEWS & ARTICLES', there are sub-links for 'Around China', 'Articles', and 'Community Blogs'. The breadcrumb trail reads 'Home » Articles » Expat Corner'. The article title is 'How Would You Kill These Dogs? China Vs. The West', dated 'Mar 26, 2011', by 'Pete Marchetto, eChinacities.com', with '36' comments. On the left side, there are social sharing options: 'Print this article', 'Facebook', 'Twitter', 'More sharing', and 'Email'. Below these is an 'Editor's Choice' section featuring a thumbnail for 'O&A on China's New Exit-Entry Administration Law and Regulations'. The main image is a large photo of a fluffy dog in a snowy, mountainous landscape. The caption below the photo reads 'Photo: swisseduc.ch'. The article text begins with 'How would you kill these dogs? This question may seem gratuitous, even cruel, but it's posed with purpose for those of us living in China. Imagine yourself in charge of a base on the Antarctic. You are told you have to abandon the base, but you cannot take the working dogs with you. This is not the edge of the Antarctic, thin ice floating on the sea, seals emerging through ice-holes; you're over the continent. The ice can be four miles thick. Temperatures can drop as low as -80°C. This is the driest place on earth – water is a rock here and rain doesn't fall. The dogs, left to

<http://www.echinacities.com/news/How-Would-You-Kill-These-Dogs-China-Vs-The-West>

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SEND LETTERS BY EMAIL
OR BY POST to Letters to the Editor,
2 Derry Street, London W8 5EF
Please include your address.
Letters may be edited.

Britain resumes its rightful place

At this moment, all over the world, Brits are looking at foreigners and saying "Andy Murray" with pride. The conversation could be about the weather or what to have for lunch; it could be at an international conference on deep-sea fish; it doesn't matter. Bring up any topic as a foreigner with a Brit today and he will simply look at you with smug superiority and say: "Andy Murray".

Aliens could descend from the depths of space, land in Trafalgar Square, emerge with their ray-guns and demand our surrender, and we would do no more than look them squarely in the eye and say: "Andy Murray".

For 77 years we've known that we're better than the foreigners, and for 77 years the foreigners have refused to acknowledge that fact and lose in reasonable fashion. It was time to teach them a lesson, stop being gentlemen and win. Now we have demonstrated what we have always known: that we are, always have been and always will be the best.

Any day but today, I'd be an Englishman. Today I am British.

PETE MARCHETTO

Guilin, Guangxi
Province, China

knighthood. It shows that David Cameron was, like many of us, caught up in all the emotion of Sunday afternoon. Andy Murray is, however, right – a knighthood is for more than winning a Wimbledon title at the age of 26. A knighthood recognises a lifetime's achievement.

LESTER MAY
London NW1

The honours system has become devalued. In the past the likes of Alfred Hitchcock, Charlie Chaplin or David Lean had to wait decades and prove they weren't flashes in the pan. Even sporting greats such as

Roger Bannister and Bobb Charlton had to wait. Now just have to win a single sporting event.

JOHN BOYD
Hatfield, Hertfordshire

Andy Murray still has some way to go to match other British tennis players: Fred Perry won three consecutive Wimbledon Championships (1934-1936), Reggie Doherty four consecutive titles (1888-1900) and the late Sir Ken Rosewall five (1971-1975).

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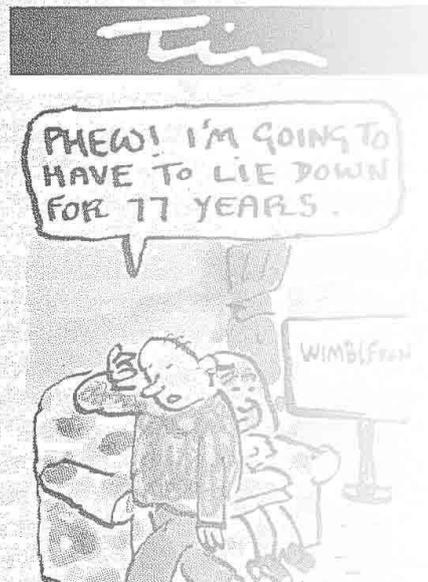
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Lead letter in the UK's *Independent* newspaper, 09 July, 2013. I was particularly proud of this given that it was after Andy Murray won the Wimbledon men's final, the first time the UK had achieved this in 77 years(!) Needless to say, *The Independent* must have received thousands of letters from ecstatic Brits on the subject. Mine was not only selected, but also chosen as the lead.