EXCLUSIVE:
Jon talks to the legendary Tommy James about music, bubblegum, politics and The Mafia

EXCLUSIVE:
Good News from Daevid Allen
EXCLUSIVE:
Merrell Fankhauser and the Mysterious Signals of Malibu
EXCLUSIVE:
Scott Walker’s new album actually makes sense!
EXCLUSIVE:
We send Thom the World Poet to a desert island

PLUS:
Queen’s new DVD and the new Black Sabbath biography reviewed
AND
More news on the Jon Anderson/Matt Malley charity single

I THINK WE’RE ALONE NOW
THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

1. Art is as important as science and more important than money.

2. There is life after (beyond and before) Pop Idol.

3. Music can and sometimes does change the world.

If you think those three ideas are stupid then you should probably give up reading this magazine now. Otherwise... enjoy.
Dear Friends,

Welcome to another issue of Gonzo Weekly. My father was a Church of England lay preacher, my brother is a high-ranking army chaplain, and my aunt was a deaconess, although I have to admit I don’t actually know what that entails, so I have preachers aplenty in my family, which is why – probably – it could be argued that I have a tendency to treat my weekly editorial for this column as a sermon.

It’s my nature, innit?

And so, having basically realised that preaching sermons is indeed in my nature innit, I have decided that there is very little I can actually do about it, so today, brothers and sisters, my chosen text is that yes, sometimes miracles do happen! I have several (well two, actually) examples to cite in defence of this aphorism.

First of all is the remarkable case of Wilko Johnson. At the beginning of last year the poor bastard was told that he had pancreatic cancer and only a few short months to live. His bravery under these circumstances was extraordinary, and he behaved in the way that I hope that I would under the same circumstances. He went on the road to do a farewell tour and made a record with Roger Daltrey. As far as the latter is concerned, I think that they missed a trick because the record so should have been called ‘Roger Wilko and Out’, but not everyone has the same affinity for peculiar (some say painful) puns as I do.

However, times came and times went, and Wilko, though growing weaker, continued to play often unannounced dates. He even played in Bideford last year as special guest of Norman Watt-Roy; a gig which I have been kicking myself ever since for not having attended. But still he didn’t die.

About six months ago doctors, amazed at this, re-examined him, found that he had a particularly rare
form of cancer and carried out experimental surgery which to everyone’s surprise (including one would imagine, Wilko’s) actually worked, and this week Wilko announced that he was finally cancer-free. Although Johnson was incredibly brave and described that after being told he only had months to live “he never felt more alive”, the last few years must have been an emotional rollercoaster for the poor bugger, and one imagines how he is going to cope with finding out that he now has his allotted life-span ahead of him once again. I can only think in terms of the various prisoner of war camp novels that I have read in which recalcitrant prisoners are made to kneel next to an open grave, whilst their tormenter holds a gun to their foreheads as if to execute them, only for the prisoner to find that when the trigger is pulled nothing more dramatic happens than a click. I have often thought that that must be one of the worst experiences that one can undergo, and wonder whether – behind his implacable visage – Wilko must be going through all sorts of psychological and emotional turmoil. Or maybe he is just taking it in his stride? I very much doubt whether we shall ever find out, and if I ever get round to interviewing him, I am buggered if I am going to ask. This is the man who wrote Roxette after all.

Whilst on this subject, which some people might consider morbid, but which I think is such an important part of the human condition that it really deserves to be discussed more, I was told this week that one of my friends, colleagues and clients is facing the final curtain. He, too, is being massively brave about it, and although I shall not name him, I believe that he reads this magazine each week and I just want him to know that all our good wishes are speeding across the aether to him and his family.

People who have read my burblings in this column can hardly fail to have realised that my favourite author is the late, great Robert Anson Heinlein, and that my greatest influence is the equally late, and equally great, Gerald Durrell. Before I move on to the second part of my musings on miracles, I would just like to give you a quote from each of these writers, which say basically the same thing.

**HEINLEIN**

“There is no conclusive evidence of life after death. But there is no evidence of any sort against it. Soon enough you will know. So why fret about it?”

**DURRELL**

“Nothing except possibly love and death are of importance, & even the importance of death is somewhat ephemeral, as no one has yet faxed back a reliable report.”

So what is my second miracle of the week?

Scott Walker has made an album which isn’t wilfully unlistenable to!

For well over 20 years, Scott Walker has been my favourite singer. Like (I suspect) most of his fans, I have gone out and bought each of his records as they came out, and admired their artistic integrity, whilst secretly wishing that the man with a voice like molten chocolate mixed with opium, would stop making impossibly complex, high-concept music bristling with stupid noises and arcane sound effects, and get back to making records like he did in the late-1960s. We all know that that is never going to happen. But over the past 20 years his records have become more and more difficult to like. One can appreciate them on an artistic level, but – for me at least – they have become pretty well impossible to listen to.

In 1995 he released an album called ‘Tilt’ – his first for eleven years – which, though it continued in the European avant garde vein, which he had been working within ever since the final ‘Walker Brothers’ album ‘Nite Flight’ back in 1980, was a cornucopia of great tunes, peculiar orchestration, and amusingly obtuse lyrics. At the time his biographers claimed that this would probably be his final record, but eleven years later along came ‘The Drift’, which was spikier, more cerebral, and almost entirely bereft of tunes. A year later, he released an instrumental work called ‘And Who Shall Go to the Ball And What Shall Go to the Ball?’ performed by the London Sinfonietta with solo cellist, Philip Shepard, which was music written for a performance by a London–based avant garde dance company. I actually liked it, in the same way as I like some music by ‘Faust’ but it was never going to make many friends, as it was 24 minutes long and took the listener into the darkest soundscapes of a diseased mind.
IT'S A LEGAL MATTER BABY

A lot of the time the pictures that we include in this publication are unique to Gonzo Weekly, and used with the photographer’s permission. However, this magazine is free, and at least at the moment only available online, and so in our opinion we are covered by a recent decision by the European Courts of Justice.

Websites can link to freely available content without the permission of the copyright holder, the European Court of Justice says. The court’s decision came after a dispute in Sweden between journalists and a web company that had posted links on its site to online news articles.

A Swedish court had asked the EU court to consider whether this broke copyright law. Some of the pictures in this magazine are hotlinked to other websites where they are freely available. It is our opinion that we are covered by this ruling. So there!

Of course if someone objects to our using their material we will be good fellows and take it down, unless (and this is a big unless) we feel that it is not in the public interest to comply. But normally we shall not stand on ceremony. If you want to read more about this decision go to:

http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/technology-26187730
NAMING THOSE RESPONSIBLE

This issue was put together by me and Captain Frunobulax the Magnificent, (who is, in case you didn't know, an insane orange kitten on the verge of adulthood) ably assisted by:

Corinna Downes,
(Sub Editor, and my lovely wife)
Graham Inglis,
(Columnist, Staff writer, Hawkwind nut)
Bart Lancia,
(My favourite roving reporter)
Thom the World Poet,
(Bard in residence)
C.J.Stone,
(Columnist, commentator and all round good egg)
Kev Rowland,
(Kiwi Reviewer)
Lesley Madigan,
(Photographer par excellence)
Douglas Harr,
(Staff writer, columnist)
Jessica Taylor,
(Staff writer, columnist)

This is the nearest that you are ever going to get to a posh weekend colour supplement from the Gonzo Daily team. Each week we shall go through the best bits of the week before, and if there aren't any we shall make some up, or simply make our excuses and leave (you can tell the editor once did contract work at the News of the World can't ya?)

This weekly magazine is free, and will remain so. It is published by Gonzo Multimedia in conjunction with CFZ Publications, or is it the other way round? We're actually not that sure. Contact us with bribes and free stuff:

Jonathan Downes,
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You will have certainly noticed that it has all changed. In fact there is no certainly about it. But if you haven’t noticed I would like to know what you have been smoking, and can I have a large packet of it please.

Yes. It has indeed all changed. Basically I have been wanting to upgrade the visuals of the magazine for some time, but now the technology to do what I have wanted to do for yonks has finally become within our budget (i.e. free) and we are going to give it a go.

If things don’t work out we can still go back to the previous method of putting the magazine together, and we shall still be utilising those jolly nice fellows at MailChimp in order to send out the subscriber notifications.

In fact, now is an even better time than usual to subscribe because, not only is it FREE (yes, Oxford English Dictionary free, not yer usual publisher free which means that we sell all the mailing list emails that we garner to a company trying to flog Viagra and/or Double Glazing. No this is FREE as in Gratis. Not a Sausage. But I digress. Not only is it FREE but there will be some exclusive offers for folk who avail themselves of them, so make an old hippy a happy chappy and SUBSCRIBE TODAY.

It is simple; my name is Jon and I’m the editor of the Gonzo Multimedia daily online bloggything, and wot what a long, strange trip it is gonna be…

I keep on thinking that I ought to have some sort of a mission statement in each issue, but it is more than a little difficult to do one.

Basically, (if you don’t mind me sounding more like a wishy washy old hippy than my haircut in the photograph on the previous page would imply) I think that books and music are immensely important.

I look around and see that we are living in a world where the things that I think are important are valued less and less by society as a whole; a world where asinine game shows and so-called reality TV (which is actually a complete oxymoron, but don’t get me started) are of more importance to most people than anything of cultural or spiritual value.

I am also very disappointed by much of what the contemporary music press puts out, and I decided many years ago, that probably the only way I could read the things that I want to read, would be to publish them myself.

So this is what I have been doing for much of my life. I am also naive enough to think that music and art can change the world, and as the world is in desperate need of change, I am gonna do my best to help.
• TILL THE JUICE RUNS DOWN YOUR LEG Legendary rocker Jimmy Page has been reflecting on his life in music and talking about his photo archive. While famous for Led Zeppelin tracks such as Stairway to Heaven, he also played on many 1960s pop songs. He told BBC Arts Correspondent David Sillito why he was letting the pictures do the talking about the more salacious times. Read on...

• LIVING THE BLUES Blues guitarist BB King has called off the remaining eight performances of his current tour after being diagnosed with dehydration and exhaustion. According to his website, the 89-year-old was taken ill during a performance in Chicago on Friday. The tour was to have included two shows at his own blues club in New York. The veteran bluesman, known for such hits as The Thrill is Gone and Every Day I Have the Blues, has diabetes and was briefly in hospital in 2007. Earlier this year, King issued a public apology to fans after a performance in St Louis that led to audience catcalls and walkouts. Read on...

• STRANGE FRUIT SALAD As she approaches her 60th birthday, singer Annie Lennox looks back on her career and says the classic songs she tackles in her latest album are as relevant now as they were when they were recorded during the US civil rights era. As an artist, Annie Lennox needs no introduction. With record sales across her five-decade career, first with The Tourists and Eurythmics and then as a solo artist, hovering somewhere around the 80 million mark, the figures speak for themselves. Then there are the awards, recognised eight times by the Brits, four times at the Grammys, not to mention the Golden Globe and Oscar for the song Into the West from the final Lord of the Rings film. In 2011, Lennox was appointed an OBE for her “tireless charity campaigns and championing of humanitarian causes”. Read on...

• MUSCLEBOUND Eighties pop legends Spandau Ballet performed some of their greatest hits at the premiere of a film about their at times turbulent career. Soul Boys Of The Western World was screened at the Royal Albert Hall in central London as well as at more than 200 cinemas across the UK. After the showing they reunited on stage for the first time in five years. The band were embroiled in legal rows for many years but put that behind them to get back together and tour again. Performer Boy George, comedian John Bishop and actor Bill Nighy were among those who attended the premiere. Read on...

• TOO OLD TO ROCK AND ROLL TOO YOUNG TO DIE AC/DC founding member and guitarist Malcolm Young is suffering from dementia, his family has confirmed. It was announced last week the 61-year-old would not be returning to the rock band after taking a break earlier this year due to an unspecified illness. “Malcolm is suffering from dementia and the family thanks you for respecting their privacy,” his family told People. The band are due to release a new album, Rock or Bust, in December and embark on a world tour next year. The group said last week that “due to the nature of Malcolm’s condition” Young would not feature on the new recordings or participate in the tour. His nephew, Stevie Young, will accompany the band on tour after playing rhythm guitar on the album. Read on...

• LONG MAY IT RUN Neil Young will present his first ever art exhibition in Santa Monica in November. Young has created a series of watercolours to be displayed as the art exhibit called ‘Special Deluxe’ at the Robert Berman Gallery in Santa Monica, California. Young will attend the opening of the exhibition on November 3 at the gallery and then his works will remain on display until the end of the month. One of the paintings served as the cover of Young’s new album ‘Storytone’, also due in November. Robert Berman Gallery is at the Bergamot Station Arts Center, 2525 Michigan Ave, B7 Gallery, Santa Monica, CA 90404. Read on...
"Capitalism is the extraordinary belief that the nastiest of men for the nastiest of motives will somehow work for the benefit of all."

John Maynard Keynes
GOP, Matt Moore, to express his opinion on the matter, saying:

At midnight, all the agents and superhuman crew go out and round up everyone who knows more than they do.

— Desolation Row by Bob Dylan

When those who are in power over us, do something spectacularly stupid, or when something highlights their idiocy and ineffectualness, it turns up in this section. Que Ipsos Custodes? Us? We just make stupid jokes about them.

WE DO NOT CLAIM THAT ANY OF THESE STORIES ARE TRUE—ONLY THAT THE PEOPLE WHO POSTED THEM CLAIM THAT THEY ARE TRUE...

GREMLINS, EH?

A South Carolina Republican vying for a U.S. congressional seat apparently believes gays and lesbians should be kept out of the light, never given any water and most importantly, never fed after midnight; they are "gremlins" after all.

Anthony Culler, the Republican nominee for South Carolina’s Sixth U.S. Congressional District, made his opinion known in a Facebook post last week, and defended his comments in a seven-minute video posted on Monday. Culler began his lengthy October 14th post by saying "Same-sex ‘marriage’ is a pestilence that has descended on our society." He continues by referring to the call for marriage equality as an "insidious plan" that "has been systematically implemented with the principals paying little attention to set-backs and delays." Culler goes on to warn voters not to "buy the ‘cuteness’" before adding:

"Same-sex couples that seek to destroy our way of life and the institution of marriage are NOT cute and cuddly but rather (for those of you that are old enough to remember the movie), Gremlins that will only destroy our way of life." Culler had called for the head of the South Carolina Republican Party to resign and is now under fire for defending the Republican Party Platform on the sanctity of marriage being between one man and one woman and the leadership within the South Carolina Republican Party is silent? What say you SCGOP Chairman Matt Moore?

Read on...
"If you don't want your tax dollars to help the poor, then stop saying you want a country based on Christian values, because you don't."

Jimmy Carter
THE LAST WEEK AT GONZO DAILY

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

IF YOU ARE NOT A PART OF THE SOLUTION YOU ARE A PART OF THE PROBLEM.

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

Two types of people visit rhino in the wild

The strong and courageous take a camera

The weak and cowardly take a gun

What sort of person are you?

Celebrate wildlife on World Wildlife Day don’t shoot it.
There is good news from the Daevid Allen camp this week. On Monday Orlando wrote:

“So the Dingo Virgin Camembert is getting better by the day now and as he says himself- He can now see The Light at the end of the Tunnel -so Pnhhew; it’s such a relief to hear the spirit back in his voice again* ummm and He has a message and health update he wrote this time not me - yay -of which I will post up on my wall tomorrow after I see him”.

And the next day he posted:

“Ahhhhhh life has shown me many times that Death is our greatest and truest awakener - for me It has always brought my ego into full check and taught me how to be fully alive and in full beingness and presence - The fear is the trap - ummmmm me Dharma for the day from Lao Tzu a living and true example of the way- The non religious Tao - I am now Taking Daevid to see...
A MESSAGE FROM THE DINGO VIRGIN - DADA ALI TO
Written for you all on arising today
October 21 2014:

Good Morning Beloved Friends,

As the sun rises today I can say thanks to you all, at last I find myself coming back to life after radiation therapy and words cannot express how grateful I am to you for your powerful combined and sustained healing, loving kindness and support both visible and invisible.

I have pictured your powerful healing energies as an ocean of love from which I have drawn courage and life force every day since the beginning of June.

I am happy to say that each of you and all of you have made all the difference in helping me to survive this difficult period.

I am so SO grateful to every one of you.

What more can I express but my humble thanks in helping to get me back to where I am today and hopefully soon back to full creative health.

Thank you a million times and more.

I send you ALL my love and heart-felt wishes that this good karma returns to you a hundred-fold.

All together we can achieve miracles.

I LOVE YOU!
baba dada daevid
October 21 2014

Gilli in Byron as they havent seen each other for almost a month and they both been going through big changes - Bless them both I am so glad to serve them by dreaming, naming and producing the last Track on the - I See You - Gong album - Tk 12 : Shakti Yoni and the Dingo Virgin - Its just the 2 of them daevid on glissando and Gilli - space whisper - no words - beautiful to finish the album with just the 2 of them X job I was born for almost done X “

And later the same day I received this message from Orlando and Daediv via Thom the World Poet:

GONG UPDATE: So its great to see the Dada Ali Rising like a phoenix from the ashes - I had lunch with him today for the first time since may at our local cafe Restaurant - Yum Yum New Brighton - He is eating well again and on a mission to regain his weight - Booooomm - Viva La Gong Global Family - I have watched the effect of this directly and feel a deep profound humble gratitude - Magnificent work everyone, his spirit is definitely back * as you will see in his Inspiring heart felt message

I am happy to say that each of you and all of you have made all the difference in helping me to survive this difficult period.

I am so SO grateful to every one of you.

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All together we can achieve miracles.

I LOVE YOU!
baba dada daevid
October 21 2014
Hi Jon

I like to keep you updated on my musical adventures, this ones wild....

I don't know if you heard about the odd anomaly that was found off the Malibu coast that is sending out strange radio signals? The recorded signals were sent to me and I wrote two songs in a Sci Fi Instrumental Surf style featuring the signals. The two song CD single is getting a lot of play on UFO related radio shows, I have 8 interviews booked going into Nov. & Dec. and Coast To Coast AM is interested, I just sent them a CD!

Best Regards,
Merrell

The songs "Signals From Malibu" & "Messages From The Dome" were inspired by the odd anomaly that is off the coast of Malibu California 2000 feet on the ocean floor. The area has had many sightings of UFO's diving into and coming out of the ocean. This has led many to believe it is an underwater base. An ex Army radio expert recorded some strange signals coming from the area. The signal recordings were sent to me by Michael C. Luckman director of the New York Center for Extraterrestrial Research and I incorporated them into the songs.

I had the feeling the signals were communicating with me.

Merrell Fankhauser
merrell@merrellfankhauser.com
My favourite roving reporter has been busy this week, and the stories that he has sent us include an interesting interview with Peter Gabriel to mark the 25th Anniversary of Real World records, and his interest in ‘organic dance music’ (something which interests me as well).


Another story of importance this week are rumours that Marillion may soon be back in the studio to record a new album according to hints dropped by drummer, Ian Mosley. This is something that impresses Bart who writes “I do like my Marillion”

Good morning everybody. I am in the studio today with Steve h, Mark and Pete. No Mr Rothery today as he is off on his solo tour. Our writing jams have been going really well and we will continue to record any ideas we have right up until we leave for our Xmas Tour which we are all really looking forward to.

Before then, I have been asked to take part in drumBEAT 2014 on the 21st November which is an event that will see 1001 drummers gather together in a very large space to play together, in time with each other, for five minutes to beat the Guinness World Record for the ‘largest full drum kit ensemble’. The current record stands at 798 drummers which was set in 2012. We aim to smash that record and, in the process, raise a lot of money for a very worthy cause - The Brain Tumour Charity. If anyone feels they could spare some money to sponsor me for this great event, it would be very much appreciated.

https://mydonate.bt.com/fundraisers/ianmosley1

And finally, following her impressive return to the stage, Kate Bush has written an open letter of thanks to her fans for supporting her in this admirably artistic endeavour.


Portobello Shuffle CDs still at special low price of £5.00 each, 1 x CD inc. p&p = UK £6.80; Mainland Europe £8.90; USA £9.95; Rest of the World, contact Rich Deakin for postage price.
arsydeedee@yahoo.co.uk

GALAHAD ASCENDANT

Galahad have made lots of friends this year with their three EPs, the third of which ‘Mein Herz Brennt’ has just been released.

This review from Fireworks magazine is typical of the euphoria (pun intended) that our favourite Dorset prog-metallers are generating.

Good on yer lads.
#RESTASOLOQUELLOCHENONCAMBIA

JANUARY 2015
Michigan funeral home provides drive-thru option

SAGINAW, Mich. (AP) — Only a couple of families have taken advantage of a new service available at a Saginaw funeral home. Drive-thru viewings. Paradise Funeral Chapel recently started offering the option, which allows mourners to pay their last respects on the go.

It was designed in part to cater to those with physical limitations. The funeral home's president, Ivan (EYE-vuhn) Phillips, says he expects more customers to opt for the drive-thru once they learn it's not a gimmick and is safe to use.

Gonzo Web Radio started off as a medium by which interviews and radio programmes about the various acts covered by Gonzo Multimedia could be broadcast to an eagerly attentive world.

But over the past few years, it has become more than that. We now host regular weekly shows by Neil Nixon, a lecturer in professional writing at North West Kent College who uses his weekly radio show, Strange Fruit, as a learning experience for his students on the Foundation Course. I’ve known Neil for years, and he approached me with the idea of syndicating his show.

I agreed, and then the floodgates opened. We have regular weekly shows from Tim and Jaki on their submarine, and from the mysterious M Destiny on the other side of the pond with Friday Night Progressive. We also have a regular visit to the world of the Canterbury Scene courtesy of our friend Matthew Watkins. There are several other shows in the wings, waiting to join us, so stay glued to your seats boys and girls, your life is never going to be the same again!
Strange Fruit is a unique two-hour radio show exploring the world of underground, strange and generally neglected music. All shows are themed and all shows set out to give the most hardened of sound-hounds some new delight to sample.

The show is also unique in providing homework for undergraduate students on North West Kent College’s Foundation Degree in Professional Writing (who dig up many of the odd facts featured in the links between tracks).

Strange Fruit presenter Neil Nixon is currently working on a book about rare albums for Gonzo Multimedia. The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00- midnight.
Gonzo Web Radio is chuffed to bits to present a remarkable radio show put together by none other than the lovely Jaki Windmill and the irrepressible Tim Rundall. An anarchic mixture of music, politics, current affairs and all sorts of other things really wrapped in a surreal miasma of post-psychedelic credibility. Sounds good? You bit sweet pondos it does.

Tim approached me some weeks ago. Apparently before he died Mick Farren told him about Gonzo Web Radio and some of the plans Rob and I had tentatively began to put together. Would we like to broadcast some of the stuff he had recorded with Mick?

I’ve heard some silly questions in my time, but this takes the biscuit. Of course we would. Mick Farren was one of my greatest heroes, and the fact that he took an interest in this magazine and helped me steer it into the direction in which it is currently sailing, meant that dear Tim’s question was completely superfluous.

So I waited to see what would happen. Soon after that I got approached by Jaki. Apparently she has been co-hosting a radio show broadcast from a conceptual submarine together with Tim for some time. Would we like a whole slew of brand new shows for Gonzo Web Radio? Of course we would.

Somehow the titular submarine dwellers have turned up in Florida where they can bitch happily about the Disneyfication of the landscape and the way that much of the Everglades have been turned into a rubbish dump. Apparently one is not allowed to take cows into amusement parks which upsets Maisie.

There is a discussion about the global economics of cocaine, as Miami was once the ‘Cocaine Capital’ of the USA. The only time I was there I declined to go out and look for the stuff and stayed back in my hotel room. Then we find what happens when various Pink Fairies meet a Motorheadbod.

And like I say every week, what on earth is there not to like? Jaki, Tim and Maisie should be interplanetary superstars. Ummm. I don’t get out much, perhaps they are.
played on FNP are above the status quo. This includes the multi-instrumentalist and the educated musician. We tend to shy away from computer generated creations and rely on talent using musical instruments and steer this talent for purposes of sheer inspirational indulgence. It is only in the FNP chat room where you will find the most talented musicians packed at one time into such an honored space.

**ARTISTS:**
- Secret River
  http://www.facebook.com/asecretriver
- Ritchie DeCarlo
  http://www.facebook.com/ritchie.decarlo
- Dreadnaught
  http://www.facebook.com/pages/Dreadnaught/135886783102455
- Moon Tooth
  http://www.facebook.com/moontoothband
- United Progressive Fraternity
  http://www.facebook.com/UPFrat?
- Dylan Furr
  http://www.facebook.com/dylanfurrband
- Elizabeth the last
  http://www.facebook.com/pages/Elizabeth-the-last/167892503243585
- Colin Tench Project
  http://www.facebook.com/pages/BunChakeze/100320176689506
- Protomythos
  http://www.facebook.com/Protomythos
- Jacqueline Taylor

I first came across Friday Night Progressive totally by accident, but I soon found myself beguiled by the style and taste of presenter M Destiny who presents a weekly two-hour show showcasing all sorts of progressive music that you are unlikely to hear anywhere else. This is surely a man after my own heart. I also very much approve of the way that it is the hub of a whole community of artists, musicians, and collaborators. I hope that you enjoy them as much as I do. Welcome aboard, chaps.

Hello, I am M Destiny host of Friday Night Progressive. You will find it to be an incredible independent internet broadcast show. But it's more than that. We tend to boast that the musicians
Bernard William Jewry (1942 – 2014)

Jewry better known as Alvin Stardust was an English pop singer and stage actor. Born Bernard William Jewry and performing first as Shane Fenton, Stardust’s stage and screen career spanned over a half-century. He is best known for singles released in the 1970s and 1980s, including "My Coo Ca Choo", the UK Singles Chart-topper "Jealous Mind", and "I Feel Like Buddy Holly." He signed his first record deal in 1961 as the frontman of Shane Fenton and the Fentones, though the band struggled to get in the charts. In 1973 he signed with Magnet Records and took on the name that would make him famous. "It started off as Elvin Starr, because they wanted a kind of rocky, country name," he recalled in 2010. "But [a woman] who was doing promotion for us said it wasn't 'glam-rocky' enough, so it became Stardust and then Alvin."

My Coo Ca Choo, the debut song under his new guise, peaked at number two in the UK singles chart. Known for his rockabilly quiff, sideburns and black gloves, he projected a glowering persona he said he adopted because he was nervous and "didn't want to be found out". His success led to him being part of a Green Cross Code road safety campaign in 1976, which saw him instructing children to look both ways before they crossed the road. That success continued into the 1980s with Pretend, I Feel Like Buddy Holly and I Won't Run Away all making the top 10. Once described as "the Godfather of British Rock ‘n’ Roll" by Rolling Stone Keith Richards, he made sporadic acting appearances in Hollyoaks, The Grimleys and Doctors. He also appeared on stage in such musicals as Godspell, The Phantom of the Opera and Chitty Chitty Bang Bang at the London Palladium, in which he played the fearsome Child Catcher. Stardust was married three times. His first wife was Iris Caldwell, with whom he had two sons, Shaun and Adam. His second wife was the actress Liza Goddard, with whom he had a daughter named Sophie.

"RIP Alvin Stardust," Goddard tweeted on Thursday. "Thank you for our beautiful daughter and granddaughter."


Those We Have Lost
Holt was a reggae singer and songwriter who first found fame as a member of the Paragons, before establishing himself as a solo artist.

Holt was born in Kingston in 1947. By the age of twelve, he was a regular entrant in talent contests run at Jamaican theatres by Vere Johns, winning one of these in 1962. He recorded his first single in 1963 with "I Cried a Tear" for record producer Leslie Kong, and also recorded a duet with Alton Ellis and the solo "Rum Bumbers" for producer Vincent "Randy" Chin.

In 1965 Holt joined Bob Andy, Garth "Tyrone" Evans, and Junior Menz in their group the Binders; Menz departed to be replaced by Howard Barrett and they changed their name to the Paragons. They initially recorded for Clement "Coxsone" Dodd's Studio One before cutting a succession of singles for Duke Reid at his Treasure Isle Studio in the rocksteady era of 1966–1968; They enjoyed a string of hits, including "Ali Baba", "Tonight", "I See Your Face", and the Holt-penned "The Tide Is High" (later made famous by Blondie and also covered by Atomic Kitten). "Wear You to the Ball" was another of his hits with the Paragons, and hit the charts again when U-Roy added a Deejay verse to it. With Andy having left early on, the departures of Barrett (in 1969) and Evans (in 1970) brought the group to an end. During his time with the Paragons, he also recorded solo material for Studio One (including "Fancy Make-up", "A Love I Can Feel", "Let's Build Our Dreams" and "OK Fred") and Prince Buster ("Oh Girl", and "My Heart Is Gone").

Holt concentrated on his solo career. By the early 1970s, he was one of the biggest stars of reggae, and his "Stick By Me" was the biggest selling Jamaican record of 1972, one of a number of records recorded with producer Bunny Lee. His 1973 album, Time Is The Master, was successful, with orchestral arrangements recorded in London. The success of the string-laden reggae led to Trojan Records issuing a series of similarly arranged albums produced by Bunny Lee starting with the 1,000 Volts of Holt in 1973, a compilation of Holt's reggae cover versions of popular hits (and later followed by similarly named releases up to 3,000 Volts of Holt). 1,000 Volts spawned the UK Top 10 hit "Help Me Make It Through the Night" (written by Kris Kristofferson), which peaked at number 6, and included covers of Billy Joel's "Just the Way You Are" and "Touch Me in the Morning" by Diana Ross.

He had success back in Jamaica with "Up Park Camp", and his success continued into the 1980s with tracks such as "Police in Helicopter", recorded with producer Henry "Junjo" Lawes. He continued to tour regularly and performed in the United Kingdom with the Royal Philharmonic Concert Orchestra, with a live album taken from these shows released in 2001.

Holt's style, notably slower and more romantic than most of his contemporaries, is a recognisable forerunner of the lovers rock sub-genre. His song, "Man Next Door", has been covered by numerous other reggae artists, including Dennis Brown, UB40 and Horace Andy. The latter sang in a more electronic vein for the Massive Attack album Mezzanine.

Hollywood died on 16 August, Holt died on 19 October 2014 in a London hospital.

Raphael Ravenscroft (1954 – 2014)

Ravenscroft was a musician, composer and author.
Lynda Bellingham, OBE
(1948 – 2014)

Bellingham born Meredith Lee Hughes was a Canadian-born English actress, broadcaster and author, who starred in the long-running series of "Oxo Family" British TV adverts between 1983 and 1999, the drama series All Creatures Great and Small and in the comedy series Second Thoughts and Faith in the Future. She was a panellist on the ITV lunchtime chat show Loose Women between 2007 and 2011.

On 16 July 2013, it was announced that Bellingham had been diagnosed with colorectal cancer. She released a statement saying that she was "not going to die." In September 2014, Bellingham confirmed that her cancer had metastasized to her lungs and liver and that she had "months to live". She announced that she had made the choice in August 2014 to stop her chemotherapy in November, so that she could have "one last Christmas" with her family and die in January 2015. However, Bellingham died on 19 October 2014 in her husband Michael’s arms in a London hospital. A few weeks before her death, Bellingham's official website was taken down, with the message: "We're very sorry, at the request of Lynda and Michael we have temporarily taken the website offline."

In January 1978, Scottish singer-musician Gerry Rafferty released his 1st solo material since 1972 and first material of any kind since the demise of Stealers Wheel in 1975. A then unheralded session musician, Ravenscroft was asked to play saxophone on the album City to City. Ravenscroft's contribution included the sax riff on the best known song from the album and of Rafferty's career, "Baker Street".

From his breakthrough with Baker Street he went on to perform with Pink Floyd (The Final Cut), Abba and Marvin Gaye.

Other Ravenscroft performing credits include work with America, Maxine Nightingale, Daft Punk, Kim Carnes, Mike Oldfield, Chris Rea, Robert Plant, Brand X, Hazel O'Connor and Bonnie Tyler. In 1979, he released the solo album Her Father Didn't Like Me, Anyway (CBS Portrait JR 35683).

Ravenscroft wrote several books on saxophone technique including the instruction book, The Complete Saxophone Player (1990).[12] In 2011 he recorded a tribute to commemorate the funeral of Gerry Rafferty called "Forgiveness", which combined his saxophone playing with the voices of Grammy-nominated choir Tenebrae.

In 2012, Ravenscroft created the music for a series of films featuring photographer Don McCullin and, during 2011-2012, composed for several major advertising campaigns around the world. In summer 2012 he took a break due to ill health and moved back to Devon.

He married and divorced twice and separated from his third wife in 2009. His daughter is musician Scarlett Raven.

Ravenscroft died on 19 October 2014 at the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital, aged 60, of a suspected heart attack. He had suffered a stroke months earlier in Exeter, where he had resided.
Now, I don't know whether this is a good idea, a bad idea, or just an idea, but - as I believe you know - this magazine is put out each week on a budget of £25, and is free. It will remain free, but I would like to be able to generate some income so I can pay our contributing writers. So, 'why not flog Gonzo Weekly T Shirts?' I thought. 'Why not', I answered...

http://www.zazzle.co.uk/gonzoweekly
Artist Bill Bruford’s Earthworks
Title Earthworks/All Heaven Broke Loose
Cat No. BC241-18
Label Bat Country

Earthworks - The debut Earthworks album features a number of key tracks including My Heart Declares A Holiday and Bridge Of Inhibition. The Summerfold imprint was launched in October 2003 to provide an outlet for Earthworks recordings both old and new.

This recording of the debut Earthworks album has been re-mastered and includes two bonus tracks: All Heaven Broke Loose and A Stone's Throw.

Track Listing – Thud, Making A Song And Dance, Up North, Pressure, My Heart Declares A Holiday, Emotional Shirt, It Needn't End In Tears, Shepherd Is Eternal, The Bridge Of Inhibition, A Stone's Throw, All Heaven Broke Loose

All Heaven Broke Loose - By 1991 and the release of the third album, All Heaven Broke Loose, much of the chordal work in the band was delivered astonishingly by Bill from the drums; heard to good effect here on the title track, and Candles Still Flicker in Romania's Dark.

Other key tracks include the House-inspired Splashing Out, and the North-African influenced Pigalle. This recording of All Heaven Broke Loose has been re-mastered and includes two bonus tracks: Libreville and Pilgrim’s Way.

Track Listing - Hotel Splendour, Forget-Me-Not, Candles Still Flicker In Romania's Dark, Pigalle, Temple Of The Winds, Nerve, Splashing Out, All Heaven Broke Loose: (a) Psalm (b) Old Song, Libreville, Pilgrim’s Way
called harmony” (featured on the dance floors of gothic clubs the world over and now enjoying life on a succession of gothic/industrial sampler CD’s...including Germany’s Orkus magazine’s Best of the 90’s...) . The album signalled a 90’s rebirth for Attrition as mainman Martin Bowes’ first use of computer technology resulted in a new twist to his dark electronic music production – ranging from dance to neo-classical to experimental ambience... and his lyrical depths are complemented by the stunning operatic voice of regular singer Julia Waller. A Tricky Business was the first album to feature cover artwork from English artist Mark Lomax. The album has been totally remastered by Martin Bowes and this edition includes both the 3 extra tracks from the CD version and a bonus track – the 12” mix of “Something in my eye” from the 1992 single...


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**Artist** Attrition  
**Title** The Hand That Feeds/A Tricky Business  
**Cat No.** BC241-12  
**Label** Bat Country

**The Hand That Feeds** - Including exclusive mixes of ATTRITION classics from some of the biggest names in the industrial scene such as Chris n’ Cosey, In The Nursery, Stromkern, Dance or Die, New Mind, Regenerator, Morbus Kitahara, various techno and drum n bass dj’s and more...Compiled and edited over 3 years and distilled from over a double albums submissions...**The Hand That Feeds** takes Attrition songs to whole new places... from a variety of twisted dancefloor genres to the final avant-garde experimentalism... the individual tracks have enjoyed club play worldwide ...and have since graced many a scene sampler CD...This edition has been remastered and included a previously unreleased bonus mix from UK experimental artist Flip Shriner.


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**A Tricky Business** is one of ATTRITION’s most successful releases...containing as it does their most well known song - “A girl called harmony”...
**Artist**: Blodwyn Pig  
**Title**: The Basement Tapes/Lies  
**Cat No.**: BC241-21  
**Label**: Bat Country


**Blodwyn Pig**

- **Mick Abrahams** (vocals, guitar); Jack Lancaster (violin, flute, saxophone); Andrew Pyle, Mike Summerland (bass guitar); Clive Bunker, Graham Walker, Ron Berg (drums). Blodwyn Pig includes: Mick Abrahams (lead vocals, guitar); Jack Lancaster (violin, flute, saxophone); Andrew Pyle, Mike Summerland (bass guitar); Clive Bunker, Graham Walker, Ron Berg (drums). Blodwyn Pig consists of Mick Abrahams (lead vocals, guitar), Ed Ames, Eddie Fisher, Al Martino, Vic Damone, Robert Goulet, and Steve Lawrence.

**Track Listing** - I'm Yours, I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen, That's My Desire, Red Silk Stockings and Green Perfume, An Apple Blossom Wedding, Serenade of the Bells, Where Is Sam?, Careless Hands, I Got A Gal in Galveston, Room Full of Roses, Baby It's Cold Outside, It Isn't Fair, Come Back To Me, My Baby Is Blue, I Surrender, Dear, I Need You So, That Old Feeling, When I Take My Sugar To My Tea, I'll Be Seeing You, I'll Walk Alone, You'll Never Get Away, I, S'posin', All At Once, The Gang That Sang "Heart of My Heart", Hold My Hand

**Don Cornell – I'm Yours** - Born Luigi Francisco Varlaro in 1919, Don Cornell was one of the most successful of the crooners who commanded so much attention from the media during the 1950s. His warm and often sentiment-tinged tones put him in league with Frank Sinatra, Perry Como, Dean Martin, Ed Ames, Eddie Fisher, Al Martino, Vic Damone, Robert Goulet, and Steve Lawrence.

**Track Listing** - I'm Yours, I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen, That's My Desire, Red Silk Stockings and Green Perfume, An Apple Blossom Wedding, Serenade of the Bells, Where Is Sam?, Careless Hands, I Got A Gal in Galveston, Room Full of Roses, Baby It's Cold Outside, It Isn't Fair, Come Back To Me, My Baby Is Blue, I Surrender, Dear, I Need You So, That Old Feeling, When I Take My Sugar To My Tea, I'll Be Seeing You, I'll Walk Alone, You'll Never Get Away, I, S'posin', All At Once, The Gang That Sang "Heart of My Heart", Hold My Hand

**Eddy/McDonald – When I’m Calling You** – Commonly listed under her name because she gets first billing, When I'm Calling You is a collection of 22 songs sung by soprano Jeanette MacDonald (1903-1965), eight by baritone Nelson Eddy (1901-1967), and five duets (tracks one, two, six, sixteen and seventeen) which is perhaps less than those who take the album title literally would expect. Stars of stage and screen, both singers were operatically inclined. This is charmingly nostalgic stuff, much of it sentimental and precious beyond belief.

**Track Listing** – Indian Lovecall, Rose Marie, The Mounties, March of the Grenadiers, Beyond The Blue Horizon, Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life, I’m Falling In Love With Someone, Tramp Tramp Tramp, Dear When I Met You, One Hour With You, At The Balalaika, Isn’t It Romantic, Vilja, Toreador’s Song, Waltz Aria, Farewell To Dreams, Will You Remember?, Sun Up To Sundown, One Kiss, Softly As In A Morning Sunrise, Lover Come Back To Me, Smilin Through
Hugh Hopper started his musical career in 1963 as the bass player with the Daedal Allen Trio alongside drummer Robert Wyatt.

There can be few other free jazz bands of the era with such a stellar line-up. Unlike other legendary ensembles such as The Crucial Three (a Liverpool band from 1977 which featured three musicians who were to go on to enormous success) the Daedal Allen Trio actually played gigs and made recordings.

All three members ended up in Soft Machine, which together with Pink Floyd was the 'house band' of the burgeoning 'Underground' movement which tried so hard to turn British cultural mores upside down for a few years in the latter half of the 1960s. (Hopper and Wyatt had also been in another legendary Canterbury band called The Wilde Flowers). Hopper stayed with Soft Machine (for whom he was initially the group's road manager) until 1973 playing at least one session with Syd Barrett along the way.

During his tenure the band developed from a psychedelic pop group to an instrumental jazz rock fusion band, all the time driven by the lyrical bass playing of Hugh Hopper.

After leaving the band he worked with many pillars of the jazz rock fusion scene such as: Isotope, Gilgamesh, Stomu Yamashta and Carla Bley. He also formed some co-operative bands with Elton Dean who had also been in Soft Machine.

This is the fourth volume of a ten part series compiled by Michael King, a Canadian Hugh Hopper Scholar. He writes:

"My first encounter with the music of Hugh Colin Hopper backdates to the summer of 1976. While visiting a friend I was intentional played a record titled Volume Two from a British rock group about whom I knew little, The Soft Machine.

The experience was staggering and prompted a radical reappraisal for the conventions I had been conditioned to
accept as ‘Progressive’. Once smitten I undertook to follow and purchase a spate of seriously inventive record albums that Hugh Hopper released and appeared on, namely; Hoppertunity Box, Rogue Element, Soft Heap, Cruel But Fair and Two Rainbows Daily. Throughout these works I found Hugh’s textural bass guitar by turns anchored and animated the music with ample good taste. Here was a rarefied musician who avoided overplaying his instrument in favour of approaches reflecting his personal musical Zen”.

Technically, by processing his bass guitar with fuzz box, flanger, wha-wha, octave pedal effects, his use of tapes loops, and latterly computer programming, Hugh constructed multilayer soundscapes with great attention to detail. His creative template embraced aesthetics well beyond the orthodox roles assigned to the bass guitar and its practitioner.

As example, Hugh cleverly adapted the time altering effects of the repetitive tapes loops he was creating with two tape recorders in the early sixties - to his bass guitar - by playing such repeating patterns in real time. Furthermore, minimalist mutations and modularity often characterize the rhythmic, harmonic, melodic foundations of Hugh’s musical compositions (many displaying melody lines of uncommon length).

These aspects, alongside a brilliant capacity to freely improvise, (dynamically from a whisper to a roar) distinguish Hugh Hopper as a consummate musician of great standing, one who thrived in myriad musical settings”.

This ten part series is to compliment an heretofore large body of work (over sixty titles) by presenting previously unreleased concert and studio recordings, with the focus on Hugh’s compositions as performed by groups under his leadership.

**Great Films about Great English Composers Vol 1**
**Artist** Tony Palmer
**Title** Vaughan Williams/Malcolm Arnold - Great English Composers Vol 1
**Cat No.** TP241-01
**Label:** Tony Palmer

Two DVDs in one package – the great Ralph Vaughan Williams and Malcolm Arnold feature in Volume One of this series.

The Ralph Vaughan Williams DVD features archive performances by Boult and BarBbirolli, newly discovered interviews with Vaughan Williams himself, specially recorded extracts from The Symphonies, Job, The Lark Ascending and of course The Tallis Fantasia and with unexpected contributions from Harrison Birtwistle, John Adams, Richard Thompon, Mark Anthony Turnage, Barbara Dickson, Michael Tippet & Neil Tennant of The Pet Shop Boys.

The documentary on Malcolm Arnold celebrates one of Britain’s most
underestimated and yet most popular composers, who wrote scores to altogether 132 films including Whistle Down the Wind, Hobson's Choice and the Oscar-winning Bridge Over the River Kwai. Sir Malcolm also composed ballets, symphonies and operas. The DVD features friends and family, and includes extracts from his works, however, it does not shirk the darker side of Arnold's life, full of complications caused by a mental illness he suffered from.

At the opening concert of the Salzburg Festival he played the Violin Concerto by Erich Korngold, with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Seiji Ozawa. The 'adventures' follow Schmid to St Petersburg in the Shostakovich Hall, Tokyo with the New Japan Philharmonic, China with the Hong Kong Sinfonietta, Rome with Hans Werner Henze, the USA with the Houston Symphony, London with the Philharmonia, and Hollywood playing Britten, Pärt, Paganini, Mozart, jazz .....and of course the now famous Korngold Concerto in Salzburg.

Benjamin Schmid has performed with all the world’s important orchestras, in Europe, Russia & the United States. A pupil of Stéphane Grappelli & Menuhin, with whom he made his professional debut in Salzburg; major prize-winner at the Carl Flesch International and frequently the 'Editor's Choice' of the 'Gramophone' magazine for his recordings of Bach Ysaïe.

Artist Benjamin Schmid
Title The Adventures of Benjamin Schmid
Cat No. TPDVD149
Label Tony Palmer

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3DVD package featuring The Wagner Family, Carl Orff and Hindemith with a duration of over 3 hours long.
Unusually for a progressive band, Empire was fronted by a woman, Sydney Foxx.

Whereas Annie Haslam provided the airy vocals for Renaissance, Foxx’s voice contributed a strong bluesy vocal, very much like Lydia Pense, and Janis Joplin on occasion. Whilst Empire’s sound covered a variety of genres, from blues to country blues, the band – as expected with the influence of both Banks and Collins – incorporated the basics of progressive music. The Mars Tapes were recorded live at Mars Studios in Los Angeles during the summer of 1979! And include a few tracks that never appeared on any Empire Albums. As with all the Empire incarnations this album features the amazing talent and skill of Peter Banks who has been called the “Architect of Progressive Rock”

Artist Delired Chameleon Family
Title Delired Chameleon Family
Cat No. HST208CD
Label World

In 1975 Virgin Records released the first album of Cyrille Verdeaux compositions titled CLEARLIGHT SYMPHONY. Clearlight became the first French progressive rock band signed to a major British record label. Gathering accolades for its unique compositions and keyboard stylings, the music spanned from classical romanticism to lush experimentation. Primarily psychedelic, but also serving as a

Empire was born from the end of Flash, and was known for a while as Flash Mk. II. One time member of Yes, guitarist Peter Banks, formed a band called ZOX and the Radar Boys, and some of the band’s jams saw Phil Collins on the drums. However, Collin's obligation with Genesis meant he could not be on all the tracks of the 1974 recordings of Empire.
forerunner of new age music, the album's musical style manages to blend seemingly contrary elements: the symphonic rock concept is flexible enough to permit extensive jamming in both rock and jazz fusion styles. Clearlight Symphony does not officially have an artist name, but is now regarded as the first album by Clearlight who adopted the name Deliried Cameleon Family. Side one features group member Cyrille Verdeaux and three members of Gong; side two features the group that would become Deliried Chameleon Family (Clearlight). Neither group is explicitly named as the artist.

After the release of Clearlight Symphony, the band returned to France to record their next album in March 1975 at the Pathé Marconi studios in Boulogne, Paris under the name Deliried Cameleon Family. The group includes Ivan Coaquette of Musica Elettronica Viva. The music was also used as the soundtrack to the film, Visa de Censure No. X. The group were under contract to Virgin Records, but the album was issued by EMI Records who owned the film soundtrack rights, and effectively used its soundtrack status to do an end-run around the group's contract with Virgin, as the album is not really presented as a soundtrack. "Musique du film Visa de Censure No. X de Pierre Clementi" appears in small font at the top of the front cover, printed light blue on dark blue to reduce its prominence, and the film title is not mentioned at all on the label. The credits (in French) state: "produit par Pathé et Virgin" (Pathé Marconi was EMI's imprint name in France).

In this incarnation, the band featured a greatly expanded line-up which was to become typical of subsequent albums. The style of this album is looser in production, and less symphonic than its predecessor, with a strong emphasis on rock and jazz fusion jamming. Like other Clearlight albums, this one is performed in the style of psychedelic and new age music. The album is mostly instrumental, but with a few vocal pieces: two in French and one in English. "Raganesh" is in the form of an Indian raga, while other songs include jazz elements.

The controversial cover art shows a chameleon breaking out of a cube which could represent either a building or an LSD sugar cube, and foliage on the back cover composed of marijuana leaves. A whimsical attitude toward narcotics is also expressed in one of the song lyrics.
band Mr. Mister. Gunn had previously played in a number of projects with Robert Fripp.

**Track Listing**

- 1. Untamed Chicken
- 2. Absinthe & A Cracker
- 3. The Noose
- 4. XTCU2
- 5. Make My Grave In The Shape of A Heart
- 6. Terry's Breath
- 7. Snap, Crackle, Moo
- 8. Hotel Fandango
- 9. Misery
- 10. Terry's Breath Video Montage
- 11. Pat's Studio Footage
- 12. Pat's Studio Footage
- 13. Terry Breath Video Montage
- 14. Pat's Studio Footage
- 15. Pat's Studio Footage
- 16. Pat's Studio Footage
- 17. Pat's Studio Footage
- 18. Pat's Studio Footage
- 19. Pat's Studio Footage
- 20. Pat's Studio Footage
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- 27. Pat's Studio Footage
- 28. Pat's Studio Footage
- 29. Pat's Studio Footage
- 30. Pat's Studio Footage
- 31. Pat's Studio Footage
- 32. Pat's Studio Footage
- 33. Pat's Studio Footage
- 34. Pat's Studio Footage
- 35. Pat's Studio Footage

**Hype**

The highly accessible Hype album was the third of five solo albums. Originally released in 1982, it consists of the Songs of Tom Mahler - Mahler being the fictional rock star whose turbulent but somewhat jaunty story was earlier told in a Calvert novel, also called *Hype*. It's the quirky zone where art prog and intellectual punk meet - and they're not so unlikely bedfellows as one might have thought. Hype is often considered by his fans to be Robert Calvert's best album, in terms of song composition and production. Although the album could be described as mainstream, the lyrics lift it onto a rather different plane. The overall style is that of rock-pop songs - some of which are decidedly catchy - rather than any traditional rock arrangements with instrumental passages.

**Track Listing**

- 1. Over My Head
- 2. Ambitious
- 3. It's The Same
- 4. Hanging Out On The Seafront
- 5. Sensitive
- 6. Evil Rock
- 7. Flight
- 8. The Luminous Green
- 10. Greenfly and the Rose
- 11. Lord Of The Hornets
- 12. Flight
- 13. Pat's Studio Footage
- 14. Pat's Studio Footage
- 15. Pat's Studio Footage
- 16. Pat's Studio Footage
- 17. Pat's Studio Footage
- 18. Pat's Studio Footage
- 19. Pat's Studio Footage
- 20. Pat's Studio Footage
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- 34. Pat's Studio Footage
- 35. Pat's Studio Footage

**Artist** Robert Calvert

**Title** Blueprints From The Cellar / Hype

**Cat No.** BC241-50

**Label** Bat Country

**Blueprints From The Cellar & Live At Queen Elizabeth Hall**

- Many fans of Calvert and the general Hawkwind-related music scene were unaware of these two cassette releases, as promotion was by word of mouth only. Ah, the days before the World Wide Web. Many of the tracks also appeared on his albums Test Tube Conceived and Freq, and many were performed on the live portion of this release: At The Queen Elizabeth Hall. This performance was recorded live in October 1986; it was originally released on vinyl, but sadly in very limited quantities and again sadly - since it was his first live album - after his premature death.

**Track Listing**


**Track Listing**

electric guitar in a fairly heavy jazz-rock context. Their second album, "Lanlords of Atlantis", is still fusion but leans even more on the prog-metal side. It is solid enough for fans of Goodsell's axe-work, in fact for the most diehard progy axe-heads. This is MAHAVISHNU's "Birds of Fire" meets DREAM THEATER. It smokes!

If the idea of "fusion meets metal" turns you on, then you're in for a sizzler with those FIRE MERCHANTS.

Artist: Firemerchants  
Title: Firemerchants  
Cat No.: HST262CD  
Label: Gonzo

Firemerchants are another one of those horribly unjustly overlooked bands that deserved so much better. They were formed by guitarist John Goodsell (BABYLON, BRAND X, SANDOZ) and drummer Chester Thompson (ZAPPA, WEATHER REPORT, GENESIS) who recruited bassist/percussionist Doug Lunn for a first album, FIRE MERCHANTS.

The music combines the awesome Goodsell/Thompson fire power with a metallic edge. The guys make a lot of noise, do some fantastic playing and have exciting grooves. Imagine a more aggressive and electric version of BRAND X and you'll have an idea of what they sound like.

They have released two rock fusion albums to date, a self-titled LP in 1986 (whose CD version contains an extra track) and a CD in 1996.

The first (self-titled) consists of electric guitar improvisations with intense riffs and rhythms where Goodsell deftly shows off his pyrotechnics while Lunn and Thomson put down workman-like performances, getting the occasional spotlight along the way. This is an excellent album for those who enjoy
The band were the last non-Beatles artists to release an album on Apple, and a move to Warner Brothers was not a success.

There were grave management issues (which were so contentious that even now it is probably not safe to put in writing) and – probably as a result of these internal pressures – two members of the band (Pete Ham in 1975 and Tom Evans in 1983) committed suicide by hanging.

Joey Molland, who had written the vast majority of the group's later output, remains an immensely under-rated and very talented songwriter, whose career has been blighted by the appalling catalogue of disasters which had overtaken his band. He put out a string over massively under-rated solo albums including this one from 2002 which was originally independently released.

CD Universe writes:

"Joey Molland's solo albums aren't as well-known as his work with Badfinger, which is regrettable because the singer has done some worthwhile things on his own. The Pilgrim, one of Molland's solo recordings, is a decent release that was recorded when he was 43. While Badfinger fans can appreciate this collection of melodic rock & roll and pop/rock, one shouldn't think of The Pilgrim as a Badfinger tribute album (which it isn't). Like the solo albums of Blondie's Deborah Harry, Kiss' Ace Frehley, or The Go-Gos' Belinda Carlisle, The Pilgrim must be accepted on its own terms and on its own merits -- this CD would have been noteworthy even if Molland had never been a member of Badfinger. Much of The Pilgrim is reflective and contemplative, although some outright rockers are included as well, most notably "Hard Time" and the angry socio-political smoker "You Make Me Sick." Recommended."

Originally from Liverpool, Molland now lives in America, where he continues to write and perform some beautiful music. Let's hope, with the re-release of this fantastic record that is star is finally in the ascendant.

If so, then there really is some justice in the universe.
Handel – God Rot Tunbridge Wells - This film was originally shown in 1985 on British television, (Channel Four) to commemorate the 300th anniversary of Handel’s birth. Written by John Osborne, it strips away what seemed like centuries of bad Handel performances (no names here, but Malcolm Sargent gets a swipe) and reveals a composer who had burst upon London like a tornado and not only shaken the smugness of Georgian England to its roots, but laid the foundations of an entirely different tradition of British music-making – bold, brassy and brilliant.

Artist Keith Levene
Title Search For Absolute Zero
Limited Edition
Cat No. HST264CD
Label Gonzo

Keith Levene is a founding member of The Clash and The Flowers of Romance (most notable for also featuring a pre-Sex Pistols Sid Vicious). Levene was responsible for helping to persuade Joe Strummer to leave the 101ers and join the Clash. Although he never recorded with The Clash, he co-wrote “What’s My Name”, featured on their first album. Levene wrote that song at the Black Swan when the Clash and Sex Pistols performed at that club in July 1976. On that night, Levene suggested to a Lydon that they consider a possible future collaboration.

According to Simon Reynolds in his book Rip

It Up and Start Again, Levene was an avid progressive rock fan who had served at age fifteen as a roadie for Yes on their Close to the Edge tour. After the Sex Pistols disintegrated, Levene co-founded Public Image Ltd (PiL) with John Lydon. His guitar work was much imitated by others at the time, including The Edge of U2. Levene was one of the first guitarists to use metallic guitars, such as the Travis Bean Wedge and Artist as well as the Veleno, the latter of which was nicknamed the "Leveno" in his honor. Levene was heavily involved in the writing, performing and producing of PiL's early ground-breaking albums: First Issue, Metal Box and Flowers of Romance. However, he left PiL in 1983 over creative differences concerning the band's fourth album, This Is What You Want... This Is What You Get. Levene has stated this was a very difficult decision for him to make but he felt he had to in order to maintain the integrity of the project.

In 1984, he released the original versions of the songs on his own label under the title Commercial Zone which was the original working title of the album. In 1985 he moved to Los Angeles and in mid-1986, Levene was asked to produce demos for the album The Uplift Mofo Party Plan by the Red Hot Chili Peppers at Master Control in Burbank with engineers Steve Catania and Dan Nebenzal. Also in 1986, Levene worked together with DJ Matt Dike, experimenting with sampling techniques and hip-hop for Ice T and Tone Loc on their early recordings for Delicious. In 1989, he released his first solo release, Violent Opposition, on which members of the Red Hot Chili Peppers performed. In 2003, Levene contributed to industrial rock supergroup Pigface’s album Easy Listening..., and he has released several solo records, among which was the Killer in the Crowd EP in 2004. At an impromptu appearance at the Musicport Festival in Bridlington Spa on 24 October 2010, where they were joined by vocalist Nathan Maverick, Levene renewed his association with former PiL bassist Jah Wobble. In 2011 Levene contributed to three tracks on the album Psychic Life, a collaboration between Wobble and Lonelady.

In early 2012, after some planned Japan gigs were cancelled because of visa issues, Levene
and Wobble played various venues in England, Wales and Germany as Metal Box in Dub. This was followed by the release of a four-song, eponymous EP, Yin & Yang. In the spring of 2014 Levene went to Prague to record "Commercial Zone 2014", which was successfully backed via a crowdsourcing campaign at Indiegogo.com. In 2013 he discussed this album, "Search for Absolute Zero," with Kathy Ditondo. According to Keith it is a good launch into the future.

"A haunting instrumental piece, the album’s title track and other tunes seem to pick up where Commercial Zone left off. Levene has also been writing a film, which has a working title of “Camera Dodgers.” In addition, he has recently collaborated with Mark Stewart, Julie Campbell, and Jah Wobble on other projects. His plate is becoming increasingly full, but that’s the way Levene likes it.

"I started doing things in music because I wanted to, not because I could get a deal. Friends of mine have asked 'how are you going to get paid, Keith?' I respond, I don’t know...I don’t care... I just have to do it. Budgets for the things I have wanted to do as of late have seemingly fallen in my lap. In the end, I just want to do what I can - while I still can."

"At this stage of the game, I’m going to do exactly what I want. I encourage everyone else to consider the same. Pursue your dream. Believe in the magic." Levene says.”

Armed with these revolutionary new ideas, he travelled across the channel to England, where he formed The Daevid Allen Trio featuring his landlord’s 16 year old son Robert Wyatt on drums. A few years later in 1966 they formed the legendary Soft Machine with Kevin Ayers and Mike Ratledge.
After a European Tour in 1967, Allen was refused entry to the UK because of a visa irregularity, and moved back to France, where he became involved in the famous student insurrection of 1968. He then moved to Deya, Majorca where he, and partner Gilly Smyth began to assemble a loose-knit collection of musicians who began recording under the name Gong. One of these musicians was Didier Malherbe (latter dubbed Bloomdido Bad-De Grass by Daevid), a tremendously gifted saxophonist and flautist, who Daevid claimed to have found living in a cave on the estate of poet Robert Graves. The rest is history.

In the weeks following being refused re-entry to Britain in September 1967, Daevid Allen started playing gigs with various musicians and artists under the collective name Gong, at a Paris club called La Vieille Grille. Early in 1968, he met experimental film director Jérôme Laperrousaz and told him he was looking for musicians to form a band. The latter forwarded the request to a local band called Expression, whose lead guitarist had just left. The rhythm section, consisting of Patrick Fontaine (bass) and Marc Blanc (drums), was recruited and played its first gig with Allen only a few days later, still under the name of Expression. The set consisted of two Soft Machine numbers, "Why Are We Sleeping?" and "We Did It Again", mixed with spontaneous improvisations. They subsequently took the name of Bananamoon.

Then came May '68 and the student riots in Paris. Daevid Allen was forced to leave Paris with his partner Gilli Smyth. The group reunited in July at the Avignon festival, opening for the jazz group of vibraphonist Gunter Hampel. This was followed by a few gigs. Then they embarked for Mallorca, staying at Allen's house in Deya. At the end of the year they returned to France, spending the Winter at Bob Bénamou's ashram in Monteauleu, near Nyons (Drôme). It was during this period that the trio recorded several demos for the Barclay label. This led to nothing, however, and the three members went their separate ways: Allen resurrected the Gong project, while Fontaine and Blanc went back to Paris to form Ame Son (in 1974, he opened for Gong on a French tour when playing in the band of English vibraphonist Robert Wood). Their recordings survived, however, and thanks to the efforts of longtime fan Thierry Leroy (who had financed Gong's 1992 comeback album Shapeshifter), were released on CD in 1993 under the title Je Ne Fum' Pas Des Bananes.

Artist Various Artists
Title The Best of Beat, Beat, Beat/Volume 2
Cat No. BC241-53
Label Gonzo

The Best of Beat, Beat, Beat - eat Beat Beat was a German music programme that ran during the sixties. Not to be confused with the other well known German pop programme Beat Club, Beat Beat Beat was broadcast out of Frankfurt commencing in 1966. The programme ran to 26 episodes between its launch in 1966 and the final programme in January 1969, all of which are
This volume in the Beat Beat Beat series of releases is rather a mixed bag! We have two tracks from The Move including the band's second single I Can Hear The Grass Grow. There is the psychedelically tinged My Friend Jack from The Smoke, which was banned in the UK. There are three tracks from Liverpool band The Searchers, including the hits Sweets For My Sweet and Love Potion Number Nine and finally we have two massive hits from The Tremeloes with Silence Is Golden and Here Comes My Baby, which as I am sure everyone knows was written by Cat Stevens.

**Beat, Beat, Beat Volume 2** – This volume in the Beat Beat Beat series of releases is another eclectic collection including performances from PJ Proby, P.P. Arnold, The Mindbenders and The Creation. The Mindbenders minus Wayne Fontana perform A Groovy Kind Of Love and a version of Land of A Thousand Dancers. We also have Texas Wildman P.J. Proby performing What’s Wrong With My World and P.P. Arnold performing the Cat-Stevens-written First Cut Is The Deepest. Finally we have The Creation running through three tracks including their massive European hit Painter Man.

**Track Listing**
This is all very exciting and things are changing very rapidly. There is now a dedicated website at www.gonzoweekly.com. At the moment it is extremely skeletal, but it will be titivated and enhanced and augmented with other stuff over the next few months.

In my defence, I have never pretended to be any sort of web designer, and I have never worked out how to use Dreamweaver or any of those clever things, and I don't understand anything but basic raw htm.

But it does the biz as Graham would say, and it contains links to all sixty-nine back issues. I will be guided by you, the readership as to what else should be on the magazine’s website. There will also be special things there which are only available to subscribers, which as the subscription costs now’t, is—I think—a reasonably good deal.

Somewhere along the line I will call upon members of my ever expanding Robot Army of the Undead and get someone to transfer all the back issues from the Mailchimp format in which they were originally composed, to this swish new page turney flip book thingy. But it ain’t gonna happen any time soon because - believe it or not - the rigours of putting out a 70 page magazine every seven days with a team of volunteers, and a budget of twenty five quid, are quite considerable.

But it will happen….in the fullness of time...

WHO GONZO? WHY GONZO? WHAT GONZO?

What? You don't know who Hunter Thompson is/was/might have been/will be? Without Hunter Thompson there would be no Gonzo Multimedia. It would have been completely different and that would have been an unforgivable pity. So here is:

- A potted history of his life and works
- Rob Ayling explains why he called his company ‘Gonzo’

C.J.Stone suggested that as well as explaining Gonzo to those wot don't understand, we should do a weekly quote from the great man himself. So here goes:

All the blood is drained out of democracy - it dies - when only half the population votes.

Hunter S. Thompson
This is the most important moment in history to do something for African elephants. Because it's the worst time in history to be an elephant.

In 1980 there were 1.2 million elephants in Africa. Now there are just 430,000 and 20,000 were killed last year alone to fuel soaring demand for ivory. About one every 20 minutes.

That's why The Nature Conservancy has teamed up with music industry icon Martin Guitar on #SaveElephants -- a movement to provide people with simple actions to help elephants that will add up to make a difference.

Martin Guitar has been a leader in elephant protection since the 1970s when the company made the decision to stop using ivory on its guitars and started to phase the material from its supply chain. As the founding sponsor of #SaveElephants, Martin has donated five custom elephant-themed guitars for raising funds.

#SaveElephants is part of a partnership between the Conservancy's programs in Africa and China to increase wildlife security, expand habitat, reduce demand, and reduce poverty and instability in places where elephants range -- the root cause of poaching.

Ultimately, this is bigger than elephants. Poaching spreads crime and instability, threatening lives and tourism-based income that's desperately needed by the people who live among elephants.

We have to do more. That's why we're thrilled to be working with Martin Guitar -- and with you. Together, we're powerful.

Asante sana (thank you very much),

David Banks
Director, Africa Region
The Nature Conservancy

p.s. Start helping elephants today at nature.org/elephants and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.
Last week I reviewed Tommy James’ remarkable autobiography, and as I wrote then, I have been aware of Tommy James for some decades. Like everybody I know the songs ‘Hanky Panky’ (although I think it means something different over here in the UK than it does in America), ‘Mony Mony,’ and ‘I Think we’re Alone Now.’

But it wasn’t until I read the book and found out what a fascinating career this man has had, that I sat down with my trusty Spotify account and found out what a slew of great music I have been missing out on for all these years. I am particularly impressed by the music that the man usually considered as the ”father of bubblegum music” made when he was allowed to let his hair down and play games with form and style. Why these more psychedelic outings aren’t spoken of more often I have no idea.

But leaving the music aside, it’s the socio-political background to this book that I find most fascinating. I had no idea, for example, that Tommy James had been such an important figure in the 1968 elections. Hubert Humphrey had been unsuccessful in his two bids for the Presidency in the 1950s, he was Vice-President under President Johnson, and when – in 1968 – Johnson made his surprise announcement that he was withdrawing from the re-election campaign, Humphrey took his place. According to James’ book he was planning to end the Vietnam War had he been elected, but as the other two Democratic candidates, Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy were campaigning on an anti-war ticket he decided not to make this part of his campaign until after he had won.

As we all know, this never happened. Robert Kennedy was assassinated, and the arch-hawk Richard Nixon not only became president, but condemned the United States to another seven years of a pointless, unpopular, and quite possibly illegal war in southeast Asia.

Tommy James and the Shondells played a whole slew of campaigning concerts alongside Hubert Humphrey, and the two men remained friends with Humphrey quite possibly attaining a unique position in the annals of rock and roll by being the first, and quite possibly the only, senior politician to write the liner notes for a rock and roll album.

When one discovers the extent of Tommy James’ involvement in the politics of the time in what were – arguably – some of the most tumultuous years in American history, then the dramatic changes in his style, from bubblegum to proggy-psychedelic make perfect sense. Usually when artists change stylistic horses quite so dramatically in mid-stream then the resulting work is less convincing as they move further away from their roots. However, Tommy Jones is a member of an elite club which also includes The Beatles, of artists who have maintained their professional integrity through radically different stylistic and socio-political eras.

However, his relationship with Hubert Humphrey is far from being the most peculiar one detailed in these pages. I wanted to find out more about the man and what makes him tick, so I inveigled his telephone number out of the powers that be and gave him a ring...
Legendary YES Singer/Songwriter Jon Anderson and Counting Crows Matt Malley To Release Charity Single “The Family Circle”

London, UK - GONZO Multimedia is proud to announce the release of a new charity single “The Family Circle” by legendary YES vocalist/songwriter Jon Anderson and former Counting Crows bassist Matt Malley. The money received from the single will go to the following charities: Flutie Foundation - www.flutiefoundation.org (Jon Anderson), Sahaja Yoga Meditation - www.sahajayoga.org (Matt Malley) and National Autistic Society - www.autism.org.uk (Rob Ayling, GONZO Multimedia president)

“'Family Circle' came together when Matt sent me the beautiful music earlier this year. I sang the song and lyric idea and sent it back to Matt, thanking him for the great energy. Eventually, Matt added some more sounds and the haunting guitar solo. We decided to have all sale proceeds go to our respective charities. It's a pleasure to release this around Thanksgiving time, reminding us of our connection with our families and how our children keep us together, bonding our love of life.” - Jon Anderson

“No only am I a fan of Jon's voice but I’m a fan of his fearless spiritual outlook which appears in all of his music. A mutual friend said we should meet and got us in touch and after talking a little, Jon said, 'So send some music!' - so I had a cup of my best Darjeeling tea, went into my studio and came up with the instrumental arrangement that you hear on 'Family Circle'. I sent the file up to Jon and it came back with his marvelous voice, lyrics…everything that brought the song to becoming fully realized.” - Matt Malley

Jon Anderson is undoubtedly one of the most recognizable voices in progressive rock as the original lead vocalist and creative force behind YES. Anderson was the author and a major creative influence behind the ground-breaking album 'Fragile' as well as the series of epic, complex pieces such as “Awaken”, “Gates of Delirium” and especially “Close to the Edge” which were central to the band's success. Additionally, Anderson co-authored the group's biggest hits, including “I've Seen All Good People”, “Roundabout”, and “Owner of a Lonely Heart”. In addition, Jon Anderson had great success with a series of albums he did with Vangelis, and most recently released the critically-acclaimed solo album entitled “Survival and Other Stories” (GONZO Multimedia). In the fall of 2014 Jon Anderson teamed up with jazz violin legend Jean-Luc Ponty to form the AndersonPonty Band.

Matt Malley is an Oscar, Grammy and Golden Globe nominated songwriter who is best known for co-founding the multi-platinum selling rock band Counting Crows back in the early 90's. He appears as bassist on their biggest hit records and songs. In 2004 Matt retired from the band so he could work from his studio at home and be with his family. He is a student of the Indian Slide Guitar and a fan of Progressive Rock,
Celtic Folk, World and Indian Music.

Listen to a sample of the track here: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hATdN-XMBSQ

To purchase Jon Anderson & Matt Malley’s “Family Circle”: https://itunes.apple.com/gb/album/family-circle-single/id911786898

Read GONZO Weekly’s 100th issue! http://www.flipsnack.com/9FE5CEE9E8C/gonzo-100.html

Jon Anderson’s official website: www.JonAnderson.com
Matt Malley’s official website: www.malleyablemusic.com
Jon Anderson, Matt Malley and Gonzo Multimedia each chose a recipient for their share of the profits from this single.

- Gonzo chose the National Autistic Society [www.autism.org.uk](http://www.autism.org.uk)

Go to iTunes and buy the record. It is not only a great tune, but will do an immeasurable amount of good.
AUTISM AFFECTS FAMILIES
The Doug Flutie Jr. Foundation for Autism was established in 1998 by former NFL quarterback Doug Flutie and his wife, Laurie, in honor of their son, Doug, Jr. who was diagnosed with autism at the age of three. Autism is a neurological disorder that impacts the normal development of the brain in the areas of social interaction and communication skills. Autism prevalence figures are growing and today it affects 1 in 68 children and 1 in 42 boys. It is the fastest-growing serious developmental disability in the U.S and can cost a family $50,000 a year on average.

OUR MISSION
The goal of the Doug Flutie Jr. Foundation for Autism is to improve the quality of life for people and families affected by autism. We are dedicated to increasing the awareness of autism and the unique challenges of families who are faced with it everyday. Our commitment is to support these families by helping them find the resources they need and by funding advocacy programs as well as educational, therapeutic and recreational opportunities.

WE ARE IMPROVING LIVES
“When our son was diagnosed with autism, we didn’t know where to turn for help. After realizing how expensive it was to provide special equipment and therapy for Dougie, Laurie and I decided to create a foundation that would help make a positive impact on families who were also affected by autism. At that time, the prevalence rate was about 1 in 1,000. Now, it’s around 1 in 88. This is an epidemic that has affected millions of families. Our goal is to help those living with it everyday get the treatments and support they need.” - Doug Flutie Sr.

AND PROVIDING SUPPORT
The Doug Flutie Jr. Foundation for Autism serves a unique and important role in connecting people and families living with autism to the resources and supports they need throughout their challenging journey. In 2013, the Flutie Foundation awarded over $700,000 to support the autism community, touching the lives of approximately 5,000 people. Through our general grants program, we granted $451,000 to 36 outstanding non-profits across the US (and in Canada). In addition, the Flutie Foundation gifted $52,800 to autism support groups and to families for special projects. $72,000 in Connecticut family grants through a new program called Joey’s Fund, and $103,000 in technology grants to Northeast schools and programs through the growing Allison Keller iPad Program.

Flutie Foundation Programs:
- Advocates for Autism of Massachusetts (AFAM)
- The Laurie Flutie Computer Initiative
- AccesSportAmerica (An Adaptive Summer Water Sports Program)
- The Flutie Family Safe & Secure Project
- The Allison Keller iPad Program
- Joey’s Fund Family Grant Program
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As anyone who has read my inky fingered scribblings here and elsewhere will be aware, that over the years my central nervous system has not been a stranger to chemical stimulation. I am not one of these people who struts around the place figuratively wearing a T Shirt saying “I take Drugs Me” any more than I go around proclaiming my taste for sex, curry, alcohol, or the books of Robert Heinlein, but I have – at various times in my life – indulged in various drugs. Those days are largely over, but I remember the experiences vividly, and none of them were anything like this. I took psychedelic drugs (LSD and magic mushrooms) for a few months over thirty years ago, and have not touched them since, but even in the depths of my most profound excursions through the doors of perception I always knew what I was experiencing were hallucinations. What I experienced the other night was completely real!

Anyone who has ever been in truly excruciating pain without the benefit of analgesics will know what I mean when I say that for a few seconds after Panne's horns rested upon my forehead I felt a brief lightning flash of electric blue pain, and then momentarily lost consciousness, but then – a few moments later – I woke up, and I was in the last place that I could ever have expected.

I was standing outside the main ward block of Hawkmoor Hospital, just outside Bovey Tracey, and it appeared to be sometime in the mid-1970s.

Now, this is where it gets weird. I like to pride myself on being a reasonably good writer, but here – quite literally – words fail me. I have always been mildly irritated when I read a novel in which a passage like this appears, but quite truly I cannot find words in the English language for what happened to me next.
The nearest analogy that I can give is what happened to me about seven years ago when Corinna and I were involved in a serious car crash when I was driving our new Jaguar on the M25 and a car jack-knifed into us after being hit by a lorry and we spiralled out of control. For a few moments, as I desperately remembered what my father had taught me when I was learning to drive, I tried to right the car, but we hurtled into the crash barriers in the middle of the motorway and I truly thought that we were both about to die. During those moments I felt remarkably calm, but my life did flash before my eyes, or at least selected scenes from it did. And this was what was happening now, Except that it wasn’t my life. It was someone else’s.

but my life did flash before my eyes

Peculiarly, however, bits of my own experience were interspersed within the narrative, which was more like a cross between a particularly lucid dream and watching a film in 3D except without those stupid cardboard glasses that always make my nose itch. Initially I panicked, but unlike when I thought that my wife and I were about to die in a tangled maelstrom of flesh and bone on the M25, I knew that there was nothing I could do about it, and so I decided to treat the experience as if I was watching a film. So, with the slight figure of a woodland godling bending over me with his/her horns pushed against my forehead, I sat back in my chair, reached for my brandy, and decided to see what happened.

As I did so, Archie jumped onto my lap, burrowed his way under my blanket and went to sleep.

Hawkmoor Hospital was opened in 1913 as part of a national programme to build hospitals and sanatoriums for the treatment of tuberculosis. It became part of the NHS in 1948, but within a few years was well on its way to being redundant as new antibiotic treatments made TB as a widespread disease in Britain largely a thing of the past. It then slowly became used as a unit for residential care of long term Mentally Handicapped adults, which is what it was when I went there a few times during the summer of 1984. Its days were already numbered; the Thatcherite programme of ‘Care in the Community’ which was doomed to failure because – on the whole – the community not only didn’t care, but didn’t give a fuck, and the hospital was already scheduled for closure.

At the time I was a Student Nurse working towards my RHMH qualification, and I was doing a placement with the Torbay Mental Health Community Team, who were pivotally involved with the management of the hospital during its final years. According to the Internet, by 1984 there were over a hundred patients living there, but I don’t think I ever saw more than a couple of dozen – severely mentally and physically disabled, sat in a row of wheelchairs in a room reeking of pine disinfectant positioned in front of a TV with the volume off for hours on end.
I found the whole place really upsetting and said so, which did not make me popular with the Community Charge Nurse in charge of my education at the time, so I was dismissed peremptorily, and told to make myself scarce. This I did, and I spent the next hour or so exploring what had once been a charming period sanatorium straight out of the pages of Agatha Christie. One could easily imagine Hercule Poirot and Captain Hastings furiously sneaking about the place, avoiding the *Mycobacterium tuberculosis* bacilli and searching for clues.

At the top of the hill was a handsome, but horridly run down, building which had once been some kind of pavilion. Much to my surprise, whilst pootling around on the internet while I was supposed to be working on something else, I found a photograph of the building in an article on Hawkmoor Hospital in one of the pdf magazines published by the Devon Historical Society. I remember it as being bigger, longer and more magnificent, both from my memories of my visits there thirty years ago when it was used as a storeroom for broken and unserviceable hospital equipment, and my experience of the other night, but it is certainly the same building, and mildly reminiscent of the Cricket Pavilion back at my rather shabby provincial alma mater. And just like the aforementioned Cricket Pavilion, when I went snooping around it back in 1984 it showed every evidence of being used regularly by the locals as a place to indulge in sexual fumblings and to smoke cigarettes.

The other night, however, I saw it restored to full function, with patients in wheelchairs enjoying themselves in the sun, and nurses in crisp blue uniforms bustling around with busy looks on their faces. Various people in mufti were also to be seen doing their own imitable thing, and from the haircuts and footwear I would hazard a guess that the year was sometime post-Ziggy and pre-Sex Pistols, approximately 1975.

Although I assumed that I was seeing the spectacle through Panne’s eyes, I saw a small girl on a tricycle with a teddy bear riding pillion. She was pootling up and down the path outside the front of the pavilion and as none of the other people who were obviously either resident or working there were paying her any attention it appeared as if this personable little girl with the bright pink dress and the teddy bear was an accepted part of the landscape.

This intrigued me. Even in the early 1980s when I first started working for the NHS, the once proud beacon of democracy, and – arguably – the only good thing to result from the Second World War, was crumbling beneath the weight of bureaucracy and administration, and although it was many years before the Health and Safety Executive started to make this country impossible to live in, small children were not allowed to play unsupervised in the grounds of psychiatric institutions.

This intrigued me. I had to be seeing this little girl for some reason. What could it be? By an effort of will I discovered that I could change my vantage point and ‘follow’ her along the path as she happily rode her tricycle, and carried out a long (and presumably one sided) chuntering conversation with her teddy bear. So I followed her as best I could trying to find out who she was and what she was doing there. I had by suspicions about the former, but the latter was a complete enigma.

Strangely, the fact that I was sitting in my armchair, underneath a blanket, cuddling a very cowed Jack Russell and swilling brandy like it was going out of fashion with the horns of a naked and hairy half-goat, half-androgynous human pressed to my forehead didn’t phase me anything like as much as the fact that there was a small child playing happily forty years in the past in the middle of a residential hospital.

I zoomed in on the child and realised, not really to my surprise, that the little girl was Panne. Or rather she was part of what would eventually become Panne at some time in the future. I opened my mouth to speak but although brandy was perfectly able to go in, words seemed unable to come out. It was like one of those dreams when you try so hard to speak or shout, but find yourself unexpectedly and inexplicably mute.

So I tried to “think” the question. Maybe I could communicate with Panne in another way. And...
was aware that I had already blotted my copybook more than I should have done, and as I wanted nothing more than to sit down, have a cigarette and read my dog-eared copy of *The Number of the Beast* by Robert Heinlein, I found myself furtively exploring the rear of what I had begun to think of as The Pavilion. The ground was littered with cigarette ends and as I approached, two surprisingly able-bodied looking patients, each wearing the shameful stigmata of pre-frontal leucotomy, shuffled away embarrassedly, adjusting their clothing as they did so. This was not a very wholesome place to be, but I continued my walk. I came to a pair of big French windows, and looked in to see a pile of battered hospital beds, some Bristol Maid medication trolleys that had passed their best, and – in a corner – a battered red child’s tricycle and a dusty teddy bear.

I gasped. Panne pulled away from me with a start, and Archie started to bark. I was back in the present day, and sat alone in my armchair; there was no sign of Panne, and only a chocolate wrapper on the carpet gave any hint that (s)he had ever been there at all.

However, here I have to say that I only have the vaguest memory of actually going to Hawkmoor Hospital at the time. Nothing important happened during my visit and it did not therefore impinge on my memory at all. So I am not sure whether what happened next actually happened at the time in 1984, or only happened to be in ur-space the other night, or whether these events had any objective reality at all.

The law forbidding staff in NHS institutions from smoking on the premises had yet to be brought in, but I
WINTER / IMBOLC BADGER BALL with THE DOLMEN, MALACHITE, PIXIEPHONIC, SEMBALANCE and SPECIAL GUEST MR DOMINIC DYER and more in aid of vaccines for our Cornish Badgers. To protect and to help make them safe enough to hold off a cull in Cornwall. ANYONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO SET UP A STALL YOU ARE WELCOME CHARGE £20. msg me and let me know. e mail luna.lily52@yahoo.com

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We are now also doing a RAFFLE so you can purchase your tickets at the gate on entry. I HAVE A 'SAVE ME' SWEATSHIRT SIGNED BY BRIAN MAY and more.

CAN YOU PLEASE EMAIL ME WITH ANY DONATIONS IF YOU ARE ABLE TO ADD TO THE PRIZES?: luna.lily52@yahoo.com
I first saw Queen perform live on the 1977 *News of the World* tour stop in Los Angeles, California. It was absolutely magnificent. Long before the band even took the stage, the crowd was madly clapping and stomping out the opening beat to their mega hit “We Will Rock You.” And once the lights went out, what an entrance - as close to rock royalty as any band I’d seen – all pomp and pageantry mixed with true grit! After all, Queen were playing arena sized shows in the states, having conquered the airways completely with *A Night at the Opera* (1975), *A Day At The Races* (1976) and *News of the World* (1977) between them sporting the operatic anthem “Bohemian Rhapsody” the gospel “Somebody to Love” and the double-single “We Will Rock You/We Are The Champions.” The show was spectacular both in staging and sound. A moment I will never forget was Freddie Mercury’s echo enhanced vocal solo during a break in the cannon segment of “Prophet’s Song” – I’ve seldom seen another singer accomplish the highs and lows of that moment, with such a large audience held in awe.

Because of this tremendous experience, I’ve always held that we saw the perfect Queen tour at just the right time, before they became a bit more commercial, and arena's led to stadiums, and Freddie cut his hair. I gravitated to the less metal, more pop-rock oriented records from their mid period, after the first three albums got the band started. Unfortunately, though there have been bootleg films, I’ve never been able to find restored and official footage of these mid-70’s appearances nor any of the tours.

http://douglesharr.wordpress.com/
before then. There are scores of concert films from Queen that are fantastic – but those were from the 1980’s and later, once my interest had waned a bit.

Now 40 years on, this crisp, clear film emerges: Queen Live at the Rainbow ’74. It includes footage from two 1974 tour stops at London’s Rainbow Theater – a few tracks from the March 1974 Queen II concert along with a complete performance later that year after Sheer Heart Attack was released. These nights were captured for posterity and the footage is finally seeing an official release with restored and sparkling hi definition visuals and near perfect audio quality. The effort has returned hue and deep blacks to the picture, and there is clever use of cross fades, and dual angles that enhance rather than detract from the proceedings.

The band members including Freddie Mercury (keys, vocals), Brian May (guitars), Roger Taylor (drums) and John Deacon (bass) are at the peak of their powers – already developed as the skilled players we came to know – and also rocking with a bit of a harder, more glam-infused edge than in their later years. Freddie and the group confidently strut and pose on stage as though already playing to the arenas they would soon inhabit. The November appearance begins with “Procession” and a dramatic version of “Now I’m Here” - used effectively as the opener again this year when Queen plus Adam Lambert toured the states. Freddie greets the audience with “The nasty queenies are back!” and the band tear into the progressive rocker “Ogre Battle.” The set list includes many tracks from these first three albums, highlighted by the openers plus the majestic “White Queen,” a bit of “Killer Queen,” and a metal tinged “Keep Yourself Alive.”

The video is a remarkable document of the band right at the point when they emerged from smaller venues, prepared to take the super star mantle both on record and in concert. The tighter, edgier material brings a more focused lens to each band member’s technicality and skill. Now I find this a close tie with the arena sized concert I first witnessed and highly recommend the DVD as being the best way to approximate the experience so many years later.

http://douglasharr.wordpress.com/
You know the score as well as I do. I’m not even going to try to pretend that this is an original idea of mine; the BBC thought it up decades ago and it was Rob Ayling’s idea to apply it to the Gonzo Weekly. The concept is a simple one: one takes a celebrity and plonks them on an un-named desert island with a bible and the complete works of Shakespeare. Although any of our celebrities would be welcome to take a copy of the Bible and the complete works of Shakespeare with them, this being Gonzo, we can think of other, more appropriate accoutrements – what was it the good Doctor took with him on his most well known expedition? “We had two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers and also a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of Budweiser, a pint of raw ether and two dozen amyls.”

I wouldn’t necessarily go that far, but if we may again quote the good Doctor: “I hate to advocate drugs, alcohol, violence, or insanity to anyone, but they’ve always worked for me.” I am not going to lay down the law as to what luxury, or indeed essential items, our castaways are going to be given. The only thing we are going to ask them is for ten records which they believe would be utterly essential for their wellbeing if Gonzo Multimedia really were going to plonk them on an island in the middle of the ocean, which I have to say that, after the week I’ve had, sounds like my idea of utter bliss.

Although Thom the World Poet, a.k.a. Thom Moon 10, was born in Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, he now calls Austin, Texas, home.

He is the co-founder of the Austin International Poetry Festival, which he attends every year. Thom can also be found at the Texas Book Festival. He has participated in other festivals around the world, such as the Glastonbury Festival in Glastonbury, England, as well as those a little closer to home.

He has been a contributor to every instalment of The Gonzo Daily and The Gonzo Weekly since almost the beginning, and he is one of the sweetest people that I have ever had dealings with online. And we know what to do with sweet people don’t we? We send them to a desert island...
Thom’s Top 10

1. MACKENZIE THEORY
   (Oz esoteric 70s band)
2. WORDJAZZ ENSEMBLE
   (current improvising Jazz troupe in Austin)
3. FREE FALL THROUGH FEATHERLESS FLIGHT
   Jeannie Lewis (another oz genius)
4. ASTRAL WEEKS
   (Van the man)
5. OGDEN’S NUT GONE FLAKE
   (Small Faces'best!-esp side#2)
6. BLOOD ON THE TRACKS
   (The Mighty D)
7. STAGE FRIGHT -
   The Band
8. SPLIT ENZ
   (all their work!)
9. HANGMAN's BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER
   (Incredible String Band)
10. ROSES
    (various bands with Thom poems-Blissninnies/Future
       Now,etc)
Psychedelic cathedral

I'm in the toilet, sitting on the closed lid. It's dark, though not completely. The orange glow of the streetlight outside is making a bubble-effect pattern through the frosted glass, and there's a splash of light under the door from the hall. And there’s my own internal light too, of course, those geometric flashes of colour that tend to dance before your eyes whenever external light is dimmed or diminished.

I'm in the toilet because I've just had an anxiety attack. There's a knot of tension in my stomach. It's like that feeling you have when they've finished cranking you up to the top of the roller coaster and you look down at the sheer drop in front. A lurching sensation, a real physical pang which, if it were to be verbalised, would come out something like: "Oh my God! Oh Jesus! Oh Lord! What the hell am I doing here?" Except that a roller coaster ride is over in a minute or two, and the ride I’m about to embark on will last all night.

I've just taken LSD. For the first time in 25 years. That little brown drop of liquid, placed on the end of my finger and ingested some 30 minutes ago, is about to play havoc with my sense of self.

Suddenly there's a kind of humming noise. This low-down, deep-bass growl sound, like the boom of an organ in an empty Cathedral, like the lowest, low-down bass note on a massive pipe-organ going in and out of phase. Reverberating. In and out. Hum. In and out. Hum. Like that. Slowly and deliberately. With a sort of rhythmic insistence.

It's hard to say where, exactly, the sound is coming from. It's not in the room, as such. It's not in my head. It's just there, at some deep level. It's like I'm hearing the sub-atomic pulse of the Universe in the very fabric of matter, so low it's thrumming in my guts. And then it's as if an invisible pair of hands had taken space itself and was squeezing it like a concertina. In and out. In and out. The Universe is pulsing to a living heart beat.

Now the colours in front of my eyes are circling, shifting, swirling, weaving, shaping, changing to make an endlessly morphing, moving mandala, the colours coming in from all sides now, streaming at me, taking on dimension and form, creating a sort of tunnel down which my all too mortal eyes are staring in fear and awe and wonder.

In and out. In and out.

That's my breathing.

Where am I?

Oh yes, I'm in the toilet.

That's when I decide I have to leave. Not just the toilet. This house.

Downstairs they are playing the Ace of Spades by Motorhead.

You know I'm born to lose and gamblin's made for fools But that's the way I like it baby I don't want to live forever The ace of spades...
I pop my head around the door. Back in control, momentarily.

There's a bunch of people in there, sitting around on the soft chairs and settees ranged around the room. Posters on the wall (including one of Che Guevara). Lamp to one side, draped in a red, translucent scarf, giving off a soft, silky light. Low table in the middle of the room, scattered with bottles from our earlier drinking. No one's drinking now. One person is rolling spliffs. This is the person who'd given me the acid. He's hunched up over the table, concentrating, looking like a big, friendly devil. He turns to me slowly with this arch look, out of the corner of his eye. It's like he knows what's been going on in the toilet. The rest of the room are chattering in what seems, at first sight, to be a perfectly normal manner. There's a lot of laughter. But, you realise, this is nervous laughter. There's kind of hum in the air. The trip is coming on. You look people in the eye and you can see it: a sort of swirling depth of colour with a startled spark in the middle.

I must admit I'm panicking. I'm afraid that if I stay I'll not be able to get out again. The room wants to suck me in and hold me there forever. It's looks like a bordello dungeon in the mansion-halls of hell. All I want to do it to get out of the front door. There's one man sitting near the door. This is my charge, my guest for the evening. A man who calls himself Arthur Pendragon.

I say, "Um, I'm off. I'm off. I'm going home."

"What about him? Aren't you going to take him with you?" says Polly, indicating Arthur. She's in her early 40's, an old friend of mine. She says it like he's some sort of a package I've got to deliver.

"Oh yes. Are you coming Arthur?"

"Yeah, yeah."

And he gets up, and we go out together saying our goodbyes, closing the door behind us. Who knows what will happen next? Who knows what demons of hell or angelic apparitions are lying in wait for us on our strange journey home?
Housing Benefit Hill:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Housing-Benefit-Hill-Other-Places/dp/190259343X

The Trials of Arthur:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Trials-Arthur-Revised-Ronald-Hutton/dp/0956416314/

Fierce Dancing:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Fierce-Dancing-Underground-C-J-Stone/dp/0571176305/

The Last of the Hippies:
http://www.amazon.co.uk/Last-Hippies-C-J-Stone/dp/0571193137/
My name is Jonathan and I am an addict. It’s been ummmmmmmmmmm about two and a half hours since my last book. I am an inveterate reader, and have adored, devoured and collected books since I was about seven years old. This column was intended as a place to review books sent me by kindly publishers, but although such people do exist, and whilst I continue to get review books on occasion, and include them here, this column has evolved into reviewing the books—old and new—that I devour each week.
There has been some seriously awful dirge written about John ‘Ozzy’ Osbourne. Inaccurate tabloid reports, intellectually lazy cobbled together books and media manipulation have at times done the man no favours at all. Let me get this straight before I start, I am a lifelong Ozzy fan. I loved him so much as a kid I actually thought I was him once. They even called me Ozzy at work. Delusions of Grandeur? Guilty as charged M’lud.

I too am a back street Brummie born near to where he was with no father (though he had one!) no money and very little hope. I could always relate to Ozzy. Oh yes I waited many a freezing night outside gigs in the 1980’s just for a mere glimpse of the great man – but to my chagrin it never once materialised. He was my father, my friend, my inspiration, my motivation, my hero nonetheless and he will never know how much he means to me.

In light of the above am I the right person to review this new book? Will I be biased? Well the good news is I am much more mature these days (allegedly) and as a reviewer of books in a completely different field (chess!) I am able to take an objective view even of this work. I am therefore the perfect candidate to review it so let’s get on board the Crazy Train.

Firstly to the layout of the book. It is a chunky hardback A4 size, and some 252 pages in length. There’s an introduction (of course) then

SHARON: “You have to be very hard in business and Ozzy is not. Ozzy is the biggest softie in the world and he needs protecting and shielding. Ozzy doesn’t like to say no to anyone”
essentially 5 chapters covering the ’70s, ’80s, ’90’s ’00s, and the ’10’s. There follows a selected discography, sources and a piece about the author. I would not describe this as an actual day by day through the decades, but selected and relevant days are given with many photographs throughout the whole tome. Many of these photographs I have never seen – and that’s some going for a dedicated Ozzy fan like myself, considering I kept all the press cuttings through much of his career. This then is testament to the author Martin Popoff for including this material. The author has (it says) written more record reviews than anyone in the history of music. He has written forty-five books on metal, rock and record collecting and lives in Canada. Clearly he has ‘been there and done that’ (lucky sod) and loves his subject. This book is a manifestation of that.

What about the content of the book? In effect it is a diary - yes, the Diary of a Madman you might say and it is focussed mostly on his solo career. It is not a book about someone’s reminiscences of Osbourne.

The author does not bloviate about past times, but sets the story chronologically, giving facts, some anecdotes and quotes from Ozzy and others throughout. There are dates of gigs, details of the comings and goings of other bands and his own.

Whilst singing ‘The Writ’ on the Sabotage album by Black Sabbath he sings “Too many people advising me, but they don’t know what my eyes see”. Oh Ozzy, I bet you have seen more than most and some of that is here. There are also quotes from many other musicians from his and other bands. From early Sabbath through to Ozzfests and the last Sabbath album again it comes full circle.

The book affected me quite a bit actually. It took me back to the good old days when I was young and completely invincible. It also gives many details about other bands and other events going on at the time that I can fondly recall. It is a cornucopia of Ozzy related history. It begins on April 2nd 1920 with this (abridged) quote “Notorious occultist Alastair Crowley embarks on bleak magick experiments at the Villa Santa Barbara, repurposed as the Abbey of Thelema. Sixty years later Ozzy “The Prince of Darkness” Osbourne would record what would become the most famous song ever about the Great Beast”. Ozzy is no more the Prince of Darkness than Charles Hawtree was but what a persona, what a ride it has been.

Personally I like the section on the 80’s best because that’s when I saw him most in concert. The theatre of the Speak of the Devil Tour was wonderful, the glittering costumes and dyed blonde hair turned Ozzy into some kind of Wonderland character, hamming it up in the NWOBHM period. His show included the ritualistic hanging of a dwarf (John Allen) which caused a right stir in the press and Ozzy, his fans and Allen himself lapped it up. I remember a radio interview back then when Ozzy said something like “All these people are moaning about hanging a fucking dwarf. Well what else is he going to do – run away and join a fucking circus?” It was hilarious. In 1981 you could see him at a gig near you for £4.50 with Magnum supporting. When Blizzard of Ozz and Diary of a Madman were released it literally blew me away. It was rock nirvana. My God – could Ozzy really produce music like this on his own? You bet your arse he could.

The book really is jam-packed full of goodies and no Ozzy fan can fail to learn something new here or appreciate the photographs which include memorabilia and posters from Black Sabbath, Ozzy on his solo career and even the Osbournes TV show. One thing I cannot ever forgive the great man for is the egregious rendition of

OZZY: I was screaming my fucking brains out. It’s thick, glunky stuff they shove into you. You can feel it creeping under your skin. I thought I had a tennis ball in my leg. Apparently the death from rabies is horrible. But the bat had to go and have Ozzy shots too”.

"Notorious occultist Alastair Crowley embarks on bleak magick experiments at the Villa Santa Barbara, repurposed as the Abbey of Thelema. Sixty years later Ozzy “The Prince of Darkness” Osbourne would record what would become the most famous song ever about the Great Beast".
‘Changes’ with his daughter Kelly. They absolutely crucified a magnificent song in my view and I suspect it was done to appease her. This was supposed to be the Prince of Darkness, remember. Everyone is allowed a mistake though, eh?

My memories were emotionally rekindled when I leafed through the pages. I can even recall the people I was with at the time of these events – rock friends, girlfriends, workmates – all of them. There are photographs that range from his early days with Sabbath to the unforgettable wolf make-up sessions for the Bark at The Moon album. There is obviously reference to the cruel and untimely death of Randy Rhoads. Ozzy had an innate – perhaps even lucky - gift of surrounding himself with brilliant musicians. Naturally I include Messrs Iommi, Butler and Ward but he had Randy Rhoads, Jake E Lee, Brad Gillis and Zakk Wylde by his side for heaven’s sake. Then there was Bob Daisley, Bernie Torme, and many more. He made some fantastic records, let’s not forget that. Through his music I have laughed and cried – many times. Just listen to ‘Dreamer’ and tell me you are not moved.
He has done it all has Ozzy. He worked in a slaughterhouse, went to prison, pissed up the Alamo, chomped on bats and doves, wore a moose’s head, tried to kill his wife, threw buckets of offal at his fans, almost killed himself on a quad bike and snorted more coke than the whole of Motley Crue combined – he even snorted a line of red ants when he was desperate. But everyone loves him. Your brother loves him, your kid loves him, your mom loves him and your nan adores him!

Sharon Osbourne saved him of course. Love her or hate her I truly believe that he would not be here without her, and the book contains some nice photographs of them together. I can think of a few quite rare photographs not in this book – I have them in an original book from the eighties but these are a brilliant addition.

It would be fair for me to mention if there is anything I think could be improved here. Not really is the answer. It is a matter of personal taste but I am not fond of the front cover and think that there are better photographs to use but that’s small beer really. Only the people in the book could tell you if all the quotes really are ascribed to them but I must believe they were. The author did not have to share all of this Ozzy magic with the world and I am sure it was not just about money; it had to be put out there for rock fans yet to come. For around £20 this is an absolute steal (no pun intended – see book title) and I would purchase it now while you can.

Where is Ozzy now? Well he is still alive, that’s the first miracle. This book should have been an obituary but he completed Black Sabbath’s 13th album in June 2013 and it is called ‘13’ and he is still going strong. Oh and my boyhood dream came true on December 20th 2013 when I met Ozzy in Birmingham and we even spoke to one another!

This book is a treasure to keep and when I am old and decaying in some badly run nursing home I shall bring it down from the shelf, plant some headphones over my grandad ears (Bark at the Moon would be appropriate) and remember him fondly. I will think ‘Yeah, Ozzy was simply the best and I was privileged enough to live in his time’. I believe that when Ozzy finally leaves us (I cannot imagine what that day will be like) he will have planted a glorious tree that rock fans in the decades to come will be able to enjoy the shade of. ‘Steal away the night’ can only serve to be a part of that.

I will leave you with a quote from the man himself.

“I love you all – I love you more than life itself, but you’re all fucking mad...”

Carl Portman

OZZY: “I never ever wanted to be called Heavy Metal. Blizzard of Ozz and Diary of a Madman weren’t that heavy. On my albums, I always try to vary the tracks from heavy to light, from rocky to ballady” (Circus 1984)
staunchly loyal fans on social media; My Dog Sighs is fast becoming an important figure on the contemporary art scene.

"My Dog Sighs' work forms a narrative based on counterpointed poignancy that resonate with those that have the opportunity to find them. Moments of loss and then being found echo the materials used. Tin cans, once the receptacle of our sustenance, all too quickly rejected, thrown away, abandoned by a materialistic society keen to gorge on the new"

http://mydogsighs.co.uk/
The Masters of the Universe do seem to have a steady stream of interesting stories featuring them, their various friends and relations, and alumni.

Each week Graham Inglis keeps us up to date with the latest news from the Hawkverse.

"They came in search of space - they found Norwich!"

In the period of calm following the recent Hawkwind tour, here's a television news report from the archives... the Warrior tour, 2013. BBC Look East prepared a report on Hawkwind's April visit to Norwich last year, but the version that was transmitted on the Look East news programme was heavily edited, presumably because of a squeeze by other news items. Dave Brock making a cup of tea backstage isn't exactly a candidate for 'greatest rock and roll moments' but it all adds to the flavour of the evening and it's a shame fans in eastern England didn't get to see it.

However, the original report is still on Youtube with shots of the fans including some talking heads, a snatch of "Assault & Battery," Dave Brock enthusing about direct action, and also that cup of tea.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NwSr9GHZ3Vg

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hty4o8kFv3k
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Greetings space travellers!
This is your Hawkwind Earth Visitors Passport application form.

Please fill it in and return to Mission Control, at PO Box 617, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE15 7WA, together with two passport sized photographs, signed on the back and a 16cm x 11.5cm stamped addressed envelope.

The idea is for Hawkwind fans to have access to special Hawkwind events such as Hawkfest, obtain limited edition DVDs and CDs of exclusive material and to attend private Hawkwind parties.

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Volunteer Crew Register

Name..........................................................................................................................

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www.hawkwind.com
Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com
Not cool, noisy neighbors.

Spring brings many a promise.

Yes, the grass needs cutting.

Mark Raines
The Court Circular tells interested readers about the comings and goings of members of The Royal Family. However, readers of this periodical seem interested in the comings and goings of Yes and of various alumni of this magnificent and long-standing band.

Give the people what they want, I say...

There has actually been quite a lot of news this week in the Yes camp, and the camps of the various alumni that have been through the revolving doors of this most capricious progressive rock band. The biggest news of the week is, of course, the charity download-only single by Jon Anderson and Matt Malley. We broke the story last week, but the official press release didn’t go out until Monday, and the first review wasn’t posted until Friday morning.

• Jon Anderson + Counting Crows’ Matt Malley, “Family Circle” (2014): One Track Mind
• Legendary YES Singer/Songwriter Jon Anderson and Counting Crows Matt Malley To Release Charity Single “The Family Circle”
• NEW MUSIC FROM JON ANDERSON AND MATT MALLEY

The most important news from the band proper is that they are soon to release a live CD and DVD of the current line up playing two of their classic albums. I wish they wouldn’t do that. The original records are masterpieces and to re-do them decades on in concert is fair enough, but to release a record of it less so, in my opinion at least. I wish they would release a DVD of the new material, which I think is jolly good, even though it doesn’t sound like Yes.

• Yes Announce First Live CD and DVD With Singer Jon Davison Read More: Yes Announce First Live CD and DVD With Singer Jon Davison

We also posted interviews with Patrick Moraz, and with Trevor Horn, in which they discuss their long and stellar careers....

• Interview : Patrick Moraz (solo, YES, The Moody Blues)
• Trevor Horn talks Yes, Frankie, SARM and synths 30 years on

Here is an interesting article:

• Readers suggest the 10 best drumming moments

And finally, there are three stories about our very own Caped Crusader. He is mentioned (as are his sons) in an article about the Strawbs’ final Canadian tour, but it is his charity work for WaveLength that impressed me most this week. Yep, and by the way you can also see him accepting the Live Event Award at the Prog Awards.

• Strawbs unplug for final Canadian tour (mentions Rick Wakeman and his sons)
• RICK WAKEMAN: WaveLength uses celebs to support fight against loneliness
• Rick Wakeman Accepts The Live Event Award - The Prog Awards 2014 | TeamRock

I am probably getting a bit OCD about all of this, but I find the Yes soap opera of sound to be absolutely enthralling, and I for one can’t wait to see what happens next!
JOURNEY & RETURN TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

Celebrating the 40th anniversary of the release of his landmark concept album, Rick Wakeman presents the repackaged, re-recorded, extended JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.

Based on the novel by Jules Verne, which will also mark its 150th anniversary in 2014, the album is one of the rock era's landmark achievements - a record that sold 15 million copies and rewrote the rules.

"This is the start of a new Journey," says Rick Wakeman, "the original score for the album had been lost for so many years, making any new performances impossible, but after it turned up without warning, we managed to restore it and add previously missing music that was not included in the original performances."

Return To The Centre Of The Earth was originally released in 1999 as a sequel to 'Journey'. The album has been out of print and unavailable for many years. 'Return' has now been re-issued and re-packaged to complement the newly extended and re-recorded edition of 'Journey To The Centre Of The Earth'.

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The worldwide Freecycle Network is made up of many individual groups across the globe. It's a grassroots movement of people who are giving (and getting) stuff for free in their own towns. Freecycle groups match people who have things they want to get rid of with people who can use them. Our goal is to keep usable items out of landfills. By using what we already have on this earth, we reduce consumerism, manufacture fewer goods, and lessen the impact on the earth. Another benefit of using Freecycle is that it encourages us to get rid of junk that we no longer need and promote community involvement in the process.

http://uk.freecycle.org/
Rob Ayling writes:

"Thom the World poet is an old mate of mine from way back in my history. Even pre-dating Voiceprint, when I was running "Otter Songs" and Tom's poetry tapes and guest appearances with Daevd Allen, Gilli Smyth Mother Gong are well known and highly regarded. It just felt right to include a daily poem from Thom on our Gonzo blog and when I approached him to do so, he replied with in seconds!!! Thom is a great talent and just wants to spread poetry, light and positive energy across the globe. If we at Gonzo can help him do that - why not? why not indeed!!"

Re: i have this compunction

WHEN I WAS STAYING IN LOS ANGELES
this photographer was about to make a no-budget movie
His fireplace was fueled by 10X8 glossy pix
of starlets ready to do anything to be filmed
Above us, the sounds of cheap porno being made
Inside the fireplace, ashen ambitions black wrinkled
City without a soul? or souls without a city?
I heard the stories of tramways tracks ripped up for freeways
How gridlock was fostered via advertising
How HOLLYWOOD was actually HOLLYWOODLAND
and movies made among the orange groves so silent
Now Silicon Valley, Google, Yahoo employee buses
shift center of gravity near San Francisco
where on San Andreas fault lines new housing developments
await another crack in the psychic split screen
Another digital leap into image and reality advertising
I still love movies based upon books
Just prefer a more personal scripting.
In Victorian times every well-bred Gentleman had a 'Cabinet of Curiosities'; a collection of peculiar odds and sods, usually housed in a finely made cabinet with a glass door. These could include anything from Natural History specimens to historical artefacts.

There has always been something of the Victorian amateur naturalist about me, and I have a houseful of arcane objects; some completely worthless, others decidedly not, but all precious to me for the memories they hold.

But people send me lots of pictures of interesting, and, may I say, peculiar things. But once again this week it is over to my lovely wife...

Okay so it's Room 101 – sorry Issue 101 - this week, although – to be fair - there is at least one contender suitable for that dastardly space, although it would look a bit lost at the moment sitting on its own in the middle of the floor. In the run up to the Festive Season one can only expect more of this kind of thing to appear, and by the end of January I have a feeling that the room will be stacked high with such items.

But let's keep that door shut momentarily and start off with something a little more 'scientific' from Justin Kitch, Curious CEO at curious.com:

Curio #467 - Take two and harmonize in the morning

"Perfect pitch is the rare ability to recognize and produce exact musical notes without any point of reference. Only .01% of people have this ability. Experts have long believed perfect pitch is genetic, or developed through intensive musical training before the age of 5. That's because young children have much greater neuroplasticity—the brain's ability to change and adapt—which is critical for language and music learning. But now Valproate, a migraine and brain seizure drug, might allow adults to..."
develop perfect pitch long after this critical brain development window. The drug was given to adults with no musical training. After a few weeks of online ear training exercises, those who took the pill showed significant improvement in pitch compared to those taking a placebo. Having played a lot of music in my life, the list of people I’d like to give this pill to is quite long!”


"ELVIS PRESLEY" Christmas Hat (Winter Wonderland) (Brand New) - £8.25

And yes, here it is folks, the first item to enter through those creaking ‘101’ doors.


Spice Girls - Deluxe Jigsaw 100 Piece Set - £10.00

No guesses here as to which part is going to be the hardest to complete. All that flesh around the leg area will take hours of unknowingly picking up the same piece over and over again to find that it still doesn’t fit, even though one tries every possible angle. Not to mention all that red! A teaser of a puzzle indeed and apart from the photo, it would make a rather nice challenge for a cold, dark, snow-

THE Bitch is Back
Hi I have my mums wow wee talking singing elvis with moving head and eyes u can sing with him or put him on himself it works with the Mike supplied he all so talks to you as well first class order rare to find now cost 250 new.

If this is an Elvis lookalike, then the new glasses I took possession of last week are severely out of kilter.

When I first saw this, I grasped my hand around the door handle, but then decided that although it looks nothing like Elvis, it may well be a clever lookalike of the eponymous John Doe - or Joe Bloggs as he is usually known over here in the UK. Hence, he escaped the confines of the locked room.

And besides that, who could resist those pleading, puppy-dog eyes?

One Direction earned more than £49m last year, according to their latest accounts.

“The papers, seen by Newsbeat, reveal the pop group’s turnover in the UK amounted to a wage of £134,000 a day during 2013. The documents show Harry Styles, 20, Liam Payne, Niall Horan and Zayn Malik all 21, and 22-year-old Louis Tomlinson each paid themselves a salary of £5.6m. However, the figure doesn’t include the band’s US income.”

Well blow me down with a feather, and then sweep me up with a road-sweeper.

BEATLES 1960s Original UK Nylons Panty Hose - US $100.00 (Approximately £62.37)

“1960s pair of “Beatles Panty Hose” in original packaging. These are the plain nylons without the Beatles painted on them and the blue Beatles insert.”

So $100 for a pair of plain stockings then. Can you imagine how you would feel if you got a ladder in these? I will stick to supermarket own brand if and when I require some (which will probably be never to be honest).
I saw this Grateful Dead badge and was reminded of this little guy which then reminded me of this little verse that my brother wrote in my autograph book, too many years ago to admit:

Dan Dare is the greatest  
The Mekon is the worse  
The only thing that’s worrying me  
Is how to finish this verse
place to keep that Elvis hat.

Here is a little snippet to add to your pub quiz questions/answers:

The song with the longest title is ‘I’m a Cranky Old Yank in a Clanky Old Tank on the Streets of Yokohama with my Honolulu Mama Doin’ Those Beat-o, Beat-o Flat-On-My-Seat-o, Hirohito Blues’ written by Hoagy Carmichael in 1943. He later claimed the song title ended with “Yank” and the rest was a joke. Say that whilst chewing a toffee!

Okay so a nice bit of fan memorabilia I suppose ….. but red faux fur? I think we may have found an ideal

Eeeks - look at bottom right of Union J and bottom left of One Direction. And top right of Union J (mixed with bottom left of same) and bottom right of One Direction. And to a lesser degree top left of Union J and top middle of One Direction. Freaky! Clones! They are invading! Man the torpedoes! Lock up your daughters! Where are the damn keys to Room 101? I need to lock myself in there, have a nice cup of tea, and wait for it all to blow over!

IRON MAIDEN..Steve Harris picture on Bin..RARE ITEM from 1982/83, Germany - £4.50

“This is my Rare as Rocking Horse (shouldn’t that be rare as hen’s teeth?) my parents bought this for me whilst out shopping in Herford, Germany in late 1982 to late 1983. It is red fluffy fake fur over a black plastic bin and stands about 12" high and is about 10" across. Unusual and never ever seen one of these for sale!!!!”
weird weekend 2015

Three Days of monsters, ghosts, UFOs and things that go BUMP in the night

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There are nine Henrys, purported to be the world’s first cloned cartoon character. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. They mooch around in their minimalist universe suffering from an existential crisis with some genetically modified humour thrown in. I think Peter McAdam is one of the funniest people around, and I cannot recommend his book The Nine Henrys highly enough. Check it out at Amazon. Each issue we shall be running a series of Henrybits that are not found in his book about the nine cloned cartoon characters who inhabit a surreal world nearly as insane as mine...
CLASSIC LOST BROADCAST RELEASES FROM

The spark of what made YES the massively successful band they became is visible here for all to see in different on these 2 DVDs, featuring rare TV performances from the 70’s.

THE LOST BROADCASTS

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When I reviewed these guys’ debut album back in 2012 I wasn’t exactly complimentary, saying that they were attempting to mix Motörhead with Metallica and Pantera, but doing so without having the riffs or hooks to carry it off.

Well, they have gone from 40% to 80% in terms of album titles, and their music has also at least doubled in quality. They have slickened the rawness down so that it is polished without losing the driving edge, and have definitely improved the quality of the material so that now this is something that I want to play, opposed to something I feel I have to.

They still haven’t hit the heights to which they obviously aspire, but this is quite definitely a move in the right direction.

One thing that does let them down is the production, as the drums don’t sound quite right, and the guitars need to have more bottom end to them, but the more they gain positive attention then the easier it will be for them to get people involved who can resolve that.

Overall a very pleasant surprise, and while not yet being totally essential these guys are now producing something that is well worth giving a listen to, at least. And anyone with a song title of “Hangover 18” deserves a chance, surely.

www.inverse.fi

This is the third album from Finnish band Fear Of Domination, who these days describe their music as industrial shock metal. It is their first album with their new keyboard player, Lasse Raelahti, and he has definitely had a strong impact on the overall sound.

They are obviously going to be linked with Rammstein, but these guys are also channeling elements of Slipknot and Fear Factory, while not going too far away from the death metal they started with. The result is something that is powerful and intense, with distorted vocals, strong rhythm section, crunching riffs and keyboards that can be soaring over the top, driving through the middle as if we are at a Chemical Brothers concert or providing sound effects.

This is an incredibly layered album that contains a great deal of depth alongside the over the top brutality. But, they have also managed to have a driving beat that could see this being played at some of the more over the top techno events where they want something with real bite.

They have managed to harness a commerciality with strong guitars that are going to make them many fans outside of their native Finland, and overall this is definitely an album that is going to get a lot of attention. Over the top, bombastic, immediate and with plenty to discover, this is worth investigating further.

www.inverse.fi
Back with their seventh studio album, the trio based around singer/guitarist JB Christoffersson have come back with something that is going to please all those who wish that traditional heavy metal was the musical form most in vogue instead of the multiple sub-genres it spawned. Along with bassist Fox Skinner and drummer Ludwig Witt, JB has created something that holds Manowar in awe, while also bringing in elements of Sabaton and Priest while also managing to throw in aspects of doom and stoner for good measure.

It hits hard on the beat, with a real groove to the overall sound, yet definitely harkens back to the metal of thirty or forty years ago. That is one of the albums major strengths, but also in my ears one of the biggest downfalls. One of the reasons that metal split and fractured in so many ways is that bands wanted to do something in a different way, so going back to a more traditional sound means that in many ways this is dated, and not necessarily in a good way.

The production is very good on the vocals on the guitars and vocals, but the bass is too low in the mix and the drums too high, but JB keeps powering through and his vocals are the real highlight with loads of passion and emotion and plenty of breadth. I found this an enjoyable romp while playing it, but little here to make me want to do so repeatedly. It is a solid album, nothing more or less, and will undoubtedly please all the many fans of this Swedish group, but whether it will gain them many new ones remains to be seen. www.nuclearblast.de

So, no prizes for guessing that this is a compilation, but I was surprised to find out about the history of this band when I started doing some research. Formed in Katowice, Poland, by Piotr Luczyk (guitars) and Ireneusz Loth (percussion) in 1979, they were soon joined by Tomasz Jagus (bass) and Ryszard Pisarski (guitar) and they started as an instrumental group, not finding a singer until they met Roman Kostrzewski in 1981. Over the years there have been multiple line-up changes, and the band themselves appear to have been dormant for the last nine years, but during their peak they were seen as one of the most influential bands in eastern Europe, and supported many of the major acts when they came over from other countries including Metallica, Hanoi Rocks, Overkill, Helloween etc.

Now, the problem with this release for me is that I was provided with a download to review, but have no information about what this CD contains, and given that it is sung in Polish, and is obviously from multiple sources (including some live numbers) with different recording quality for some (which I am guessing is rare or demo songs), that puts me at a huge disadvantage. What I do know is that although they are indicated by some as being a trash act, these guys actually have more in common with Seventies hard rock/metal, coming through with strong hooks and an approach that is far more NWOBHM than anything else. But given when these guys were formed, perhaps that isn’t too surprising. The songs are of a consistent high quality, and it has spurred me on to try and find out more about these guys, as if they had come from the UK or American I am sure that they would have been more widely known. True, there is a certain naivety and lack of bottom end on some of this, but it would still be interesting to hear more. www.metalmind.com.pl
A symphonic metal band from the Netherlands, Epica was formed in 2002. “They are known for their symphonic sound and the use of female vocals and male growls, performed by Simone Simons and Mark Jansen respectively. All six members participate in composing their songs, whilst their lyrics are primarily written by Simons and Jansen. Their songs largely deal with philosophical topics, including science, religion, and world events.” - Wikipedia

Current members are:

Simone Simons - Voice
Mark Jansen - Guitar + Voice
Isaac Delahaye - Guitar
Rob van der Loo - Bass
Coen Jansen - Synth, Piano
Ariën van Weesenbeek - Drums + Voice

Facebook:
https://www.facebook.com/epica

Website:
http://epica.nl/

Listen:

Montagues and Capulets Live - Epica - The Classical Conspiracy
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=laSyqVGlPGQ

In the Hall of the Mountain King Live - Epica - The Classical Conspiracy
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ruK4mmSB2Qo

Epica - # 05. Sense Without Sanity (The Impervious Code)
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Rcu5U15lBs&_list=PL_y4eGe9Q0ImR6C8q0PoN1u0pOlFRBz&index=5
Well boys and girls, we have come to the end of another week, and for the second week running we are actually finishing at a sensible time. We must be getting good at this.

I always try to be honest in these pages and, although I am not just about to eat my words, I might be just about to have them in preparation of being a tasty little bon bouche.

In my editorial this week I was very scathing about Scott Walker’s *Bish Bosch* album from a few years ago. Then, in the aftermath of yet another listen to *Soused* I listened to the former album again and realised that it was nowhere near as bad as I thought it was. Although listening to it is not really an enjoyable experience, and it will never replace *Scott IV* in my affections, it is by no means as pointless and wilfully unpleasant as I had originally thought.

This brings me back to what we were talking about in my editorial a few weeks ago, when I mentioned that I was halfway listening through Kate Bush’s albums in sequence.

When I listened to *The Red Shoes* for the first time since it came out I was very pleasantly surprised. I liked it a lot, and I am really not sure why I have spent the last 20 years thinking that it was woefully substandard. Even more peculiarly, although I loved *Aerial* when it first came out, this time around it was far too mellow for my taste. It only goes to show that music is wasted on reviewers.

But I had better not say that too loud, because I want you all to carry on reading this magazine.

Next week, I shall be away in bonny Scotland giving a lecture about El Chupacabras, so my lovely wife and helpmeet will be celebrating the Hallowe’en issue as editor.

Be afraid, be very afraid.
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