

GONZO

Weekly #128

EXCLUSIVE:
Tracy from the Invisible Opera
Company backstage at the
Drones for Daevid gig

EXCLUSIVE:
New Lou Reed
biography

EXCLUSIVE:
Roy Weard's
new column

EXCLUSIVE:
We send Babz
from Malachite
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island

EXCLUSIVE:
The chequered
history of
Louie Louie

EXCLUSIVE:
Camel and the
Snow Goose

EXCLUSIVE:
Lee Walker on
Gretchen Peters



ADWAY
K, N.Y.

LOUIE LOUIE
(Richard Berry)
THE KINGSMEN
"Lead vocal by Jack Ely"

**THE MAN WHO SANG THE
GREATEST ROCK SONG EVER HAS
LEFT THE BUILDING**



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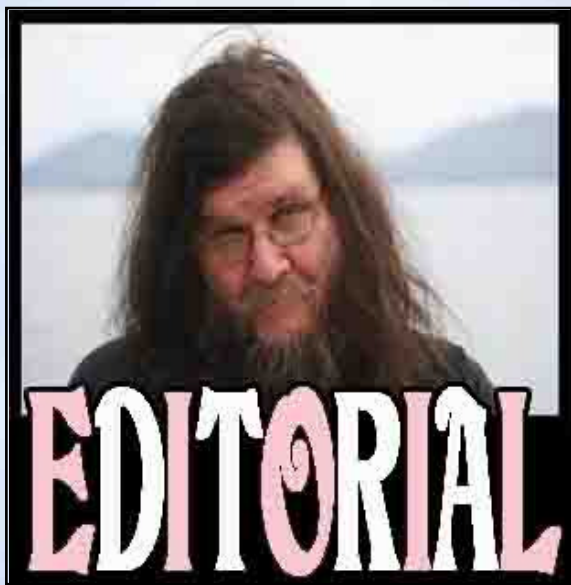
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THE THREE COMMANDMENTS OF GONZO WEEKLY:

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 this singular little magazine, which always mildly surprises me, when each week we have another issue ready. I am not sure of how the surrelchemical process works by which a load of disjointed thoughts get transmuted mystically into 80 odd (sometimes very odd) pages. And I am the editor! If anyone should know how the process works it is me. But I don't, and I will be the first to admit it.

But, if I am going to be brutally honest, I actually don't really care. If it works, there is no need to worry about fixing it.

A little piece of my past died this week as Jack Ely, lead singer with *The Kingsmen* on their classic song 'Louie Louie' left the planet for his next adventure. It was not the band, however, that has been such a big part of my life for the last three and a bit decades. I can't remember if I heard it in *Animal House* for the first time, or on the Iggy Pop *Metallic KO* bootleg, later released officially, but what I do know is that I heard it performed by a gloriously shambolic South Devon punk band, who I believe were called *The Loose Pricks*, who adopted it as their anthem.

And they were far from being the only ones; not bad for a song with only three chords and no standard set of lyrics. OK there are the lyrics that composer Richard Berry gave it back in the mid-1950s. As Wikipedia explains: "The song was originally written and performed in the style of a Jamaican ballad. It tells, in simple verse-chorus form, the first-person story of a Jamaican sailor returning to the island to see his lady love". But these lyrics are crap. When I bought a Motörhead compilation back in the early eighties, mostly to hear their version of the song, I was shocked by how terrible and crass the lyrics were:



the POWZO Annual 2015

We were somewhere around Barstow on the edge of the desert when the drugs began to take hold. I remember saying something like "I feel a bit lightheaded; maybe you should drive...."



Enlightening tales for enquiring minds

See, see Jamaica, the moon above
It won't be long, me see me love
Take her in my arms again
I'll tell her I'll never leave again

As my younger stepdaughter used to say when she was still at school - perlease!!!

The lyrics were so bad, and the riff so good, that new sets seemed to evolve with viral efficiency. This was all helped by the fact that Jack Ely slurred the vocals so badly on the hit version that no-one could make the lyrics out. This week, following Ely's death his son reported: "... my father would say, 'We were initially just going to record the song as an instrumental, and at the last minute I decided I'd sing it.'" When it came time to do that, however, Ely discovered the sound engineer had raised the studio's only microphone several feet above his head. Then he placed Ely in the middle of his fellow musicians, all in an effort to create a better "live feel" for the recording. The result, Ely would say over the years, was that he had to stand on his toes, lean his head back and shout as loudly as he could just to be heard over the drums and guitars.

Hence the incomprehensible vocal. What happened next is history. One especially outraged parent penned a letter to Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy asking him to please think of the children.

"Who do you turn to when your teenage daughter buys and brings home pornographic or obscene materials being sold along with objects directed and aimed at the teenage market in every City, Village and Record shop in this nation? The lyrics are so filthy that I cannot enclose them in this letter... This land of ours is headed for an extreme state of moral degradation what with this record, the biggest hit movies and the sex and violence exploited on T.V. How can we stamp out this menace????"



The other day I was talking to my old mate Nick Redfern, an internationally famed writer of books and articles about UFOs, conspiracy theories and other such esoteric stuff, and he told me that there was an enormous FBI file on the song in the American National Archives. Denials of chicanery by Kingsmen and Ely did not stop the controversy. The FBI started a 31-month investigation into the matter and concluded they were "unable to interpret any of the wording in the record." Ironically, however, drummer Lynn Easton later admitted that he yelled "Fuck" after fumbling a drumstick at 0:54 on the record.

It is unknown exactly how many versions of "Louie Louie" have been recorded, but it is believed to be over 1,500 (according to LouieLouie.net). The Kingsmen version has remained the most popular version of the song, retaining its association with wild partying. It enjoyed a comeback in 1978-1979 and was

“not bad for a song with only three chords and no standard set of lyrics”

اللجنة لهم إذا كانوا لا تأخذ نكتة

associated with college fraternity parties when it was sung, complete with the supposedly obscene lyrics, by Bluto (John Belushi) and his fellow Delta House brothers in the movie *National Lampoon's Animal House* despite the anachronism of the film taking place in 1962, a year before the Kingsmen recording (although this is mitigated by the fact that the Deltas were fans of at least one black R&B musician, and 1962 was five years after Richard Berry released his original version of the song, plus the song had been popular with local bands in the Northwest following Rockin' Robin Roberts' 1961 single). Aside from the 'Animal House' appearance, the song appeared in many other films, typically in raucous and humorous contexts.

Some bands have taken liberties with the lyrics, including attempts to record the supposed "obscene lyrics". It is believed the first artists to do so were the *Stooges*, whose version can be heard on their live album *Metallic K.O.* It was the *Stooges* version that was appropriated by *The Loose Pricks*, and when I finally returned to live performing after a break of ten years in 1993, it was the same version that I played as encore for the next three years.

The last time I played that magnificently obscene version in public was in May 2002 when, at the third Weird Weekend, I decided that it would be nice to put those who remained from my band together for one last show (our first since 1996) so we played at Exeter University. I was 44, and the rest of the band a few years younger. Much of the audience were students in their early twenties. I was very pleased to find out afterwards that the students complained about the noise and how the raucous music was interrupting their Saturday night.

So now Ely is dead, and I am really not sure what I am feeling right now. If it hadn't been for his poor vocal chops, and the ineptitude of a nameless recording studio engineer over half a century ago, my cultural life, and that of innumerable other people would have been completely different.

So rest in peace Man. And altogether now: Duh Duh Duh de de Duh Duh Duh....

Om Shanti

Jon



Jack Ely, Johnny Cash, Paul McCartney, The Grateful Dead, Ringo Starr, Noel Gallagher, Black Sabbath, Marillion, Strange Fruit, Friday Night Progressive, Keith Harris, Guy LeBlanc, Marty Napoleon, B.E. King, Mick Abrahams & Sharon Watson, Tommy James, Hugh Hopper, Third Ear Band, WMWS, David Peel, Strawberry Alarm Clock, Eliza Carthy & Jim Moray, Tracy Austin, Invisible Opera Company of Tibet, Camel, Lee Walker, Gretchen Peters, Roy Weard, Hawkwind, Malachite, Yes, Steve Howe, Rick Wakeman, Chris Squire, Steve Hackett, Billy Sherwood, Wyrd, Stargrace, Jaz Rogers, Peter Banks, Stephen Hawking, Zayn Malik, Elton John, Jimi Hendrix, David Bowie, Elvis, Yes, Lou Reed, Xtul, Ringo Starr, Ibeyi, Laurie Anderson, Nine Treasures

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>

Dramatis Personae



THE GONZO WEEKLY

all the gonzo news that's fit to print

This is quite simply the best magazine you will ever find that is edited by a mad bloke (and his small orange cat), and produced from a tumbledown potato shed on the outskirts of a tiny village that nobody's heard of in North Devon. The fact that it is published with Gonzo Multimedia - probably the grooviest record company in the known universe - is merely an added bonus.

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,
(PA and laughing at drunk pop stars)

Richard Freeman,
(Scary stuff)

Dave McMann,
(He ain't nothing but a Newshound-dog)

Orrin Hare,
(Sybarite and literary *bon viveur*)

Mark Raines,
(Cartoonist)

Davey Curtis,
(tales from the north)

Jon Pertwee
(Pop Culture memorabilia)

Dean Phillips
(The House Wally)

Rob Ayling
(The *Grande Fromage*,
of whom we are all in awe)
and **Peter McAdam**
(McDada in residence)

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.

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So what's it all about, Alfie?

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 gameshows 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.

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

THE ^{gonzo} NEWSROOM

PUTTING THE TREE INTO COUNTRY An Instagram post by a 15-year-old resulted in calls to the New York police department following fears the boy posed a threat. Lyrics from Johnny Cash's 'The Man Comes Around' were posted with the following day's date '4/16/15' above the emblem of the teenager's school, New Explorations into Science, Technology and Math (NEST+m) on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, New York City. The lyrics read: "There's a man going round taking names. And he decides who to free and who to blame. Everybody won't be treated all the same. There'll be a golden ladder reaching down. When the man comes around". The *New York Daily News* reports that the post was taken as a threat and led to students refusing to come into the school on Thursday (April 16) and many of their parents contacting the police. **Read on...**

MONEY IT'S A GAS The London *Sunday Times* has released their annual Rich List of musicians in the U.K. and, unsurprisingly, Paul McCartney tops the tally. McCartney is given an estimated holdings of £730 million or approximately \$1.095 billion. That's up \$30 million from last year's list. Included in McCartney's wealth is \$225 million added in his marriage to trucking heiress Nancy Shevell. In second is Andrew Lloyd-Webber with a fortune estimated at £650 million (\$975 million) followed by U2, Elton John and Mick Jagger. **Read on...**

WHAT A LONG STRANGE TRIP IT'LL BE. The Grateful Dead reunion shows, five in total scheduled for June 27 and 28 in Santa Clara, Calif and July 4-6 in Chicago, look to have a potential haul of \$50 million just in ticket sales, according to Billboard's estimates, and could have sold six million more seats. The staggering payday naturally leads to an even bigger question: will the "Core Four" surviving members of the Dead -- Bob Weir, 67; Phil Lesh, 75; Mickey Hart, 71; and Bill Kreutzmann, 68 -- take the show on the road, or will the Fare Thee Well concerts truly bid farewell? **Read on...**

WHAT A STARR Ringo Starr has reflected on his time in *The Beatles*. The drummer, who will be

inducted into the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame by his former bandmate Paul McCartney on May 30, has spoken out about the relationship he had with the rest of the band. Speaking to PA, Starr said: "I could keep the peace - if ever there was an explosion within The Beatles, usually we got back together in my house and that is how it was. We all had personality. We were four brothers. We all loved each other deeply but you get up one morning, you are in a bad mood and it just gets too big and things happen." **Read on...**

THE FIRST NOEL Noel Gallagher has claimed that he's lost millions pursuing his solo career. Gallagher's former band Oasis split in 2009, with the guitarist recording and touring with his new outfit Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds since 2010. Now, speaking to Loaded, Gallagher has said that not having a record deal (he's currently signed to his own Sour Mash imprint) has meant that he's had to fund everything himself "Everything I've done since I left Oasis has come from my own pocket," Gallagher said. "You've got to pay for the tour, got to pay for the wages and you don't really break even for about nine months. I don't mean I lost money. I mean I lost a fucking shitload of money. It was a few million, like. I had to lie to Sara [MacDonald, wife] at first, and when I eventually did tell her, she freaked out - I mean FREAKED out. **Read on...**

BACK IN BLACK It was previously reported that Black Sabbath would release one final album in 2015, the follow up to their 2013 LP '13'. Talking about the new material, which is being recorded with The Cult and Billy Idol guitarist Billy Morrison, Ozzy Osbourne recently said: "Black Sabbath is slow and demonic; Tony Iommi is untouchable for that kind of stuff. My stuff is more melodic, more structured of a song. It's more kind of rock than doom-y music. It's happier, kind of"

"[This will be] our last hurrah... Then it's no more Sabbath at all. We're disbanding the name and everything. They don't want to tour anymore. I get it. But I love it. I'm gonna continue my solo thing." **Read on...**

Trying to pick my favorite politician
is like trying to decide
which STD is just right
for me.

your e cards
someecards.com



Nicked from Jaki Windmill's Facebook pages

"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

"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...

I GO APE

ACCORDING TO A New York judge, two chimpanzees now have a right that until Monday was reserved for humans. The chimps, used in research at Stony Brook University, may never actually be released, but the court's move represents a historic change in thinking about animal rights.

Here's what happened: In December 2013, the Nonhuman Rights Project filed lawsuits in the New York Supreme Court on behalf of four privately owned chimpanzees, considered property in the eyes of the law. The lawsuits sought to have the chimps moved to Save the Chimps, a Florida sanctuary and, more importantly, asked that they be declared legal persons, not with full human rights but with a basic one: not to be owned and caged.

Since then, courts have heard the cases several times. Preliminary arguments have focused on whether a court could issue writs of habeas corpus calling upon the chimpanzees' owners to justify their captivity. If they can't justify it, the prisoners have to be released—a process set in motion Monday by Justice Barbara Jaffe. She issued the writs on behalf of Hercules and Leo, the Stony Brook chimps. It's the first time habeas corpus, historically



used to free slaves and people wrongly imprisoned, has ever been extended to a species other than *Homo sapiens*. **Read on..**

PINING FOR THE FJORDS

Animal rights groups have hailed an initiative by Norwegian police to fight animal cruelty using a dedicated police force. Police in Norway's western county of Sor-Trondelag will reportedly appoint a three-person force comprising of an investigator, a legal expert and a co-ordinator. Describing animals as "defenceless", Agriculture Minister Sylvi Listhaug told AFP News: "First of all, it's important to take care of our animals, so that they enjoy the rights they have and that there be a follow-up when their rights are violated." Listhaug hopes the pilot project that is set to be tested out over three years, "can also help fight crime and attacks against people, since studies show that some of those people who commit crimes and misdemeanors against animals also do the same to people." "This is a great day for everyone concerned with animal rights, and efforts to fight crime against animals," said Listhaug. **Read on...**

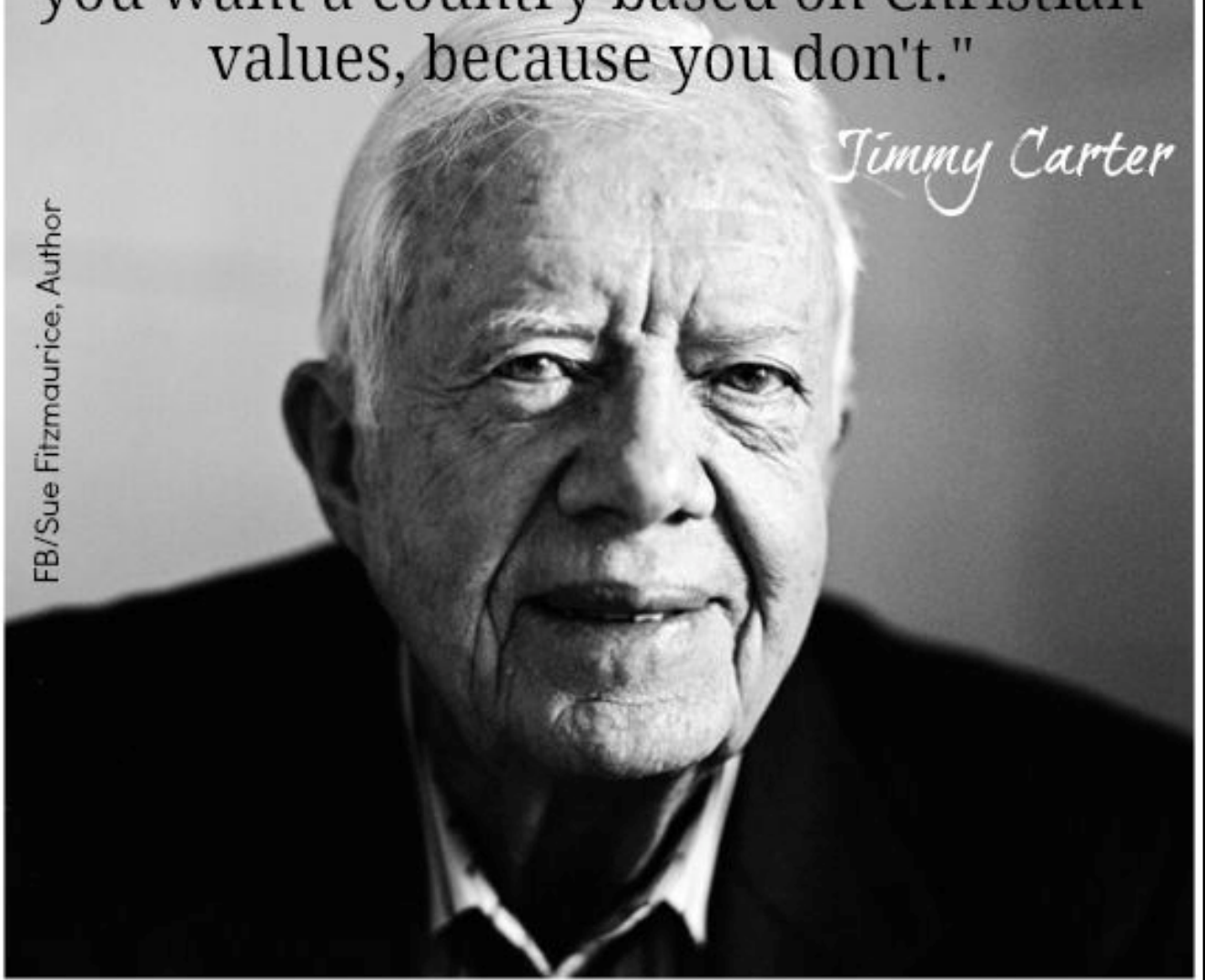


Democracy watch

"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

FB/Sue Fitzmaurice, Author



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.





CALL FOR HELP

Hi,

This is Bertrand POURCHERON, we may know each other or you may have heard of me.

I have written voluntarily in several fanzines since the 80s (Harmonie, Koid'9, Highlands, etc) but also worked for professional press from 1995 to 2008 (Rockstyle, Hard Rock Magazine and Rock Hard before stopping for serious disease).

I helped Japanese bands to tour (Wappa Gappa, Ars Nova, Gerard) across Europe, and I was also involved in booking gigs in Paris and in Marseille, my living area, through the organization Prog La Vie (Halloween, Ars Nova, Drama, The Flower Kings, IQ, etc...). It was often without counting my hours, voluntarily and sometimes at my own costs.

I helped spreading the word about Japanese progressive scene through reissues, production and management of local groups via Musea label (I

travelled to Japan every year from 1998 to 2007 in search of new bands to manage). I also supported some French bands like ECLAT or LAZULI.

Today, my life has changed. I encountered some professional, personal and health issues. I am now alone, caring for my daughter during weekends and holidays. Besides, my disabling health prevents me from working.

And unfortunately, my invalidity pension is far too small to honour all my monthly charges. I have very few money to live, even with the financial help of my parents.

I am now turning to you, friends, persons who know me from word-of-mouth or who read my articles. You could help me in several ways.

I try to sell the remainder of my CD collection : you can make your choice on Priceminister website. I am registered with the moniker PROG13 (the list is updated every week):

<http://www.priceminister.com/boutique/PROG13>

Or you can write to me at BERTRAND POURCHERON RESIDENCE LE BALZAC - BATIMENT A ALLEE CALLELONGUE SAINTE ANNE 13008 MARSEILLE - pourcheron@orange.fr and I will provide you with the complete list, as all references are not recorded on Price Minister. However, selling my records isn't enough to allow me to live and raise my daughter in good conditions.

If you feel touched by my misfortunes, you can also donate by check, Western Union or Paypal : emma.pourcheron@orange.fr.

Any financial help, be it minimal or higher, is welcome. I thank you in advance for your help, and also for relaying to whoever you think might be touched by my situation. I would prefer not to ask for donation, but my living conditions are increasingly worsening. Thank you very much.

MICHAEL DES BARRÉS ON
LITTLE STEVEN'S
UNDERGROUND GARAGE
MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL
MORNINGS 8AM - 11AM ET CH.21 **SIRIUS** | **((XM))**
SATELLITE RADIO
 (FILLING IN FOR ANDREW LOOG OLCHAM)

The Gospel According to *BART*

My favourite roving reporter has sent me some interesting odds and sods this week, starting with news of some interesting shows by Steve Hogarth from *Marillion*. I hope that this doesn't mean that he is getting his kit off onstage. He's not my type:

I'm excited to announce three Saturday nights in May! I'll be playing "h au naturel" at Prog Sud, near Marseille on May 16 AND at Le Divan du Monde, Paris on May 23. Last but not least on Saturday May 30th I'm going underground. I will perform an "h Supernatural" gig in St Michael's Cave, Gibraltar - a natural cave inside the rock of Gibraltar which will provide a far-out subterranean concert hall experience. I am chuffed to say that I'll be joined on stage for one night only in Gibraltar by my good friend (and XTC and h band stalwart) Dave Gregory on guitar AND by my son Nial Hogarth on percussion. A super natural evening to be sure.

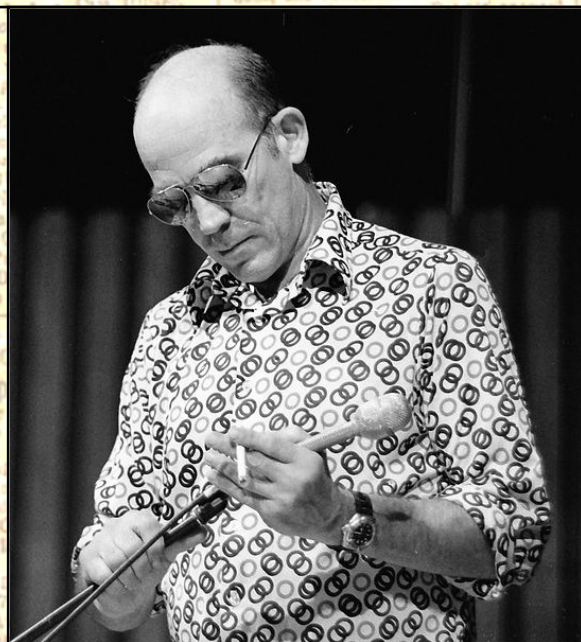
It would be great to see you. Details at stevehogarth.com
He also sent this rather peculiar story



'Space Oddity' from SPACE. Commander Chris Hadfield covers Bowie's classic

whereby a real life astronaut does a cover version of Space Oddity...live from the Space Station

Watch this from the Space Station!
<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/video/sciencetech/video-1007930/Space-Oddity-SPACE-Commander-Chris-Hadfield-covers-Bowies-classic.html>



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:

"Journalism is "a low trade and a habit worse than heroin, a strange seedy world of misfits and drunkards and failures."

Hunter S. Thompson



Peculiar News of the Week



Each week Richard Freeman: world famous cryptozoologist, explorer, author, and one of the most peculiar people I know picks a suitably off story from the world's press. **THIS WEEK:**
Clothing line controversy after monkey's body is matched with African-American boy's face

The controversial combination seen in a photo uploaded to Twitter Wednesday has prompted a quick defense by the company, Just Add A Kid, which is chalking it up as 'a total misunderstanding.'

<http://www.nydailynews.com/news/national/kids-clothing-line-fire-monkey-t-shirt-article-1.1861138?>





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



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). The show is broadcast on Miskin Radio every Sunday from 10-00-midnight. Every other week the show is now presented by Jeremy Smith and as the two promotional pictures that he sent consisted as one of him covered in mud and the other of him covered in guinea pigs he is obviously mad as a bagful of cheese, which means he will fit in here just fine! He writes: I've been a huge music fan ever since my parents bought me a transistor radio and I would listen to the sixties pirate music stations at nights under the covers. This love of live music has stayed with me to this day and I still love standing in a small club like the Borderline in London with some mates and watching a band with a pint in my hand. With the Strange Fruit radio show, I want to continue the trend of doing themed shows and playing the music I love..

Strange Fruit 118 - Back from the Dead

Reformation, Re-incarnation and Resurrection
Featured Album: Evergreen by Echo & the Bunnymen



Tracks

- 1 Doctors of Madness: Back from the Dead
- 2 New Order: Ceremony
- 3 The Stooges: Trollin'
- 4 Linda Perhacs: The Soul of All Natural things
- 5 Sparklehorse: Homecoming Queen
- 6 Sparklehorse: Someday I will Treat You Right
- 7 Echo & the Bunnymen: Don't Let it Get You Down
- 8 Echo & the Bunnymen: Altamont
- 9 The Kinks: Low Budget
- 10 The Everlasting Yeah: Taking That Damn Train Again
- 11 Love: Signed DC
- 12 SVT: Heart of Stone
- 13 Public Image Limited: One Drop
- 14 The Adverts: Back from the Dead
- 15 Ashton Gardner & Dyke: Resurrection Shuffle
- 16 The Psychedelic Furs: Alive (for once in my lifetime)
- 17 Linda Thompson: Never the Bride
- 18 Television: 1880 or So
- 19 Television Personalities: She's my Yoko
- 20 Echo & the Bunnymen: Nothing Lasts Forever
- 21 Echo & the Bunnymen: Baseball Bill
- 22 The Stone Roses: Breaking into Heaven
- 23 Linda Thompson: Love's for Babies and Fools
- 24 Jesus and Mary Chain: Happy When it Rains
- 25 Sixto Rodriguez: Crucify Your Mind
- 26 Neil Young: Eldorado

Listen
Here

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.

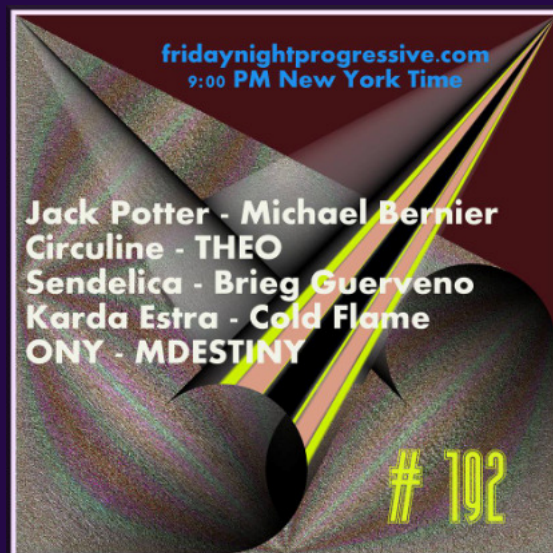
Hello, I am M Destiny host of Friday Night Progressive. You will find it to be an incredible independent internet broadcast show. But it's more than that. We tend to boast that the musicians played on FNP are above the status quo. This includes the multi-instrumentalist and the educated musician. We 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.

**AND JUST IN CASE YOU THINK YOU ARE
EXPERIENCING A SEVERE CASE OF
DÉJÀ VU THIS IS A REPEAT**

ARTISTS:
Jack Potter



<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Jack-Potter-Celestial-Adventures/343341685640?fbf=ts>
Michael Bernier
<http://www.facebook.com/BernierDeCarlo?fbf=ts>
Circuline
<http://www.facebook.com/circulinemusic?fbf=ts>
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MDESTINY
<http://www.facebook.com/MarquissMusic?fbf=ts>
— with Pedro Kaldini, Greg P Onychuk, Jack Potter, Brieg Brendan Guerveno, Michael Bernier, Andrew Colyer, Richard Wileman, Jim Alfredson and Cold Flame.

**Listen
Here**

Friday Night Progressive



**Mark Ely
(1943-2015)**

Jack Ely would later insist that as a 19-year-old singing “Louie Louie” in one take in a Portland, Ore., studio in 1963, he had followed the original lyrics faithfully. But, he admitted, the braces on his teeth had just been tightened, and he was howling to be heard over the band, with his head tilted awkwardly at a 45-degree angle at a single microphone dangling from the ceiling to simulate a live concert.

Which may explain why what originated innocently as a lovesick sailor’s calypso lament to a bartender named Louie morphed into the incoherent, three-chord garage-band cult classic by the Kingsmen that sold millions of copies, spawned countless cover versions and variations, was banned in Indiana,

prompted the F.B.I. to investigate whether the song was secretly obscene, provoked a legal battle and became what Frank Zappa called “an archetypal American musical icon.”

For Mr. Ely, the 2-minute-42-second demo recording turned out to be a one-hit wonder. He was bounced from the group, which he helped found in 1959, after the drummer, Lynn Easton, decided he wanted to be the lead singer instead.

Mr. Ely died on Tuesday at 71 at his home in Redmond, Ore. His son Sean said that Mr. Ely was a Christian Scientist and had not sought treatment, but that he believed the cause was skin cancer.



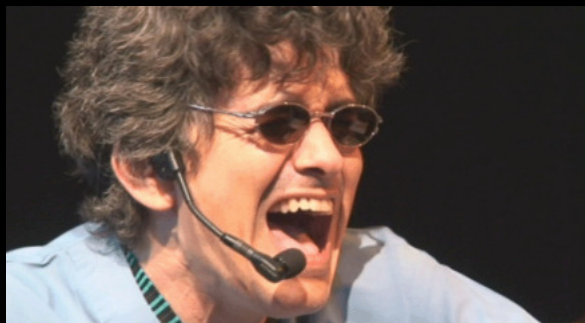
**Keith Shenton Harris
(1947 – 2015)**

Harris was an English ventriloquist, best known for his television show *The Keith Harris Show* (1982–1990), audio recordings, and club appearances with his puppets Orville the Duck and Cuddles the Monkey. He had a UK Top 10 hit single in 1982 with “Orville’s Song” which reached number 4 in the charts.

Harris lived with his fourth wife, Sarah, and his two youngest children, Shenton and Kitty, in Poulton-le-Fylde near Blackpool, where he previously owned a nightclub. He was formerly married to singer Jacqui Scott, a winner of a BBC talent show in 1979 who entered the 1980 A Song For Europe contest with her own composition.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST

Harris had his spleen removed and chemotherapy after a cancer diagnosis in 2013. He subsequently returned to work. The cancer returned in 2014 and he died on 28 April 2015, at the age of 67 at Blackpool Victoria Hospital.



**Guy LeBlanc
(1960 – 2015)**

LeBlanc was a Canadian keyboardist and composer. He led his own progressive-rock band - Nathan Mahl, and had been a member of the British progressive band Camel since 2000. He produced and released his own solo, as well as Nathan Mahl's discs, and had appeared as guest keyboardist on several other releases.

In 2002, LeBlanc wrote a couple of pieces with band leader Andrew Latimer. Since late 1999, he has been producing all his discs in his own digital studio, Subversia, named after his solo album from the same year. In 2001, he recorded one song with Curtis Reid on his disc Omniumgatherum. The following year he played keys with Donnamatrix on several tracks of their

Cool Lynx EP. In 2002, LeBlanc wrote a couple of pieces with band leader Andrew Latimer. Since late 1999, he has been producing all his discs in his own digital studio, Subversia, named after his solo album from the same year. In 2001, he recorded one song with Curtis Reid on his disc Omniumgatherum. The following year he played keys with Donnamatrix on several tracks of their Cool Lynx EP.



**Marty Napoleon
(1921 – 2015)**

Napoleon was an American jazz pianist born in Brooklyn, New York, perhaps best known for having replaced Earl Hines in Louis Armstrong's All Stars in 1952. In 1946 he worked with Gene Krupa and went on to work with his uncle Phil Napoleon, a trumpeter, in Phil's Original Memphis Five. In the 1950s he also worked with his brother Teddy Napoleon, a pianist, and from 1966–1971 he was performing with Louis Armstrong again.

Napoleon lived at The Regency senior center, in Glen Cove, NY (Long Island).

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



Benjamin Earl King (1938 – 2015)

Ben E. King, was an American soul and R&B singer. He was perhaps best known as the singer and co-composer of "Stand by Me" - a US Top 10 hit, both in 1961 and later in 1986 (when it was used as the theme to the film of the same name), a number one hit in the UK in 1987, and #25 on the RIAA's list of Songs of the Century - and as one of the principal lead singers of the R&B vocal group The Drifters.

Due to a contract dispute with Treadwell in which King and his manager, Lover Patterson, demanded that King be given a salary increase and a fair share of royalties, King never again performed with the Drifters on tour or on television; he would only record with the group until a suitable replacement could be found.

In May 1960, King left the Drifters, assuming the more memorable stage name Ben E. King in preparation for a successful solo career. Remaining

with Atlantic Records on its Atco imprint, King scored his first solo hit with the ballad "Spanish Harlem" (1961). His next single, "Stand by Me", written with Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, ultimately would be voted as one of the Songs of the Century by the Recording Industry Association of America. King was active in his charitable foundation, the Stand By Me Foundation, which helps to provide education to deserving youths. He was a resident of Teaneck, New Jersey, from the late 1960s. King performed "Stand By Me" during a televised tribute to late comedian George Carlin, as he was one of Carlin's favourite artists. King toured the United Kingdom in 2013 and played concerts in the United States as late as 2014, despite reported health problems.

It was announced on May 1, 2015, that King had died at the Hackensack University Medical Center on April 30, 2015, at the age of 76. His agent said he suffered from "coronary problems" at the time of his death. King is survived by his wife of 51 years, Betty.

THOSE WE HAVE LOST



YOU'VE READ THE MAGAZINE YOU'VE MARVELLED AT THE EDITOR'S IMPUDENCE NOW WEAR THE SHIRTS



Gonzo #32 The Dutch Festie c...

actions



Gonzo #30 The Mick Abrahams...

actions



Gonzo #27 The Prog shirt

actions



Gonzo #24 The Daevid Allen shirt

actions



Gonzo #23 The Michael Des B...

actions



Yer original Gonzo Weekly shirt

actions



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/gonzowebkly>



Artist Mick Abrahams & Sharon Watson
Title How Many Times
Cat No. HST181CD
Label Gonzo

It is a story as old as time itself. I'm sure that it predates rock'n'roll, but it is a paradigm which has appeared so many times within the canon of the sort of bands that I have spent the last four decades listening to, but it hardly bears repeating. Except, of course, that I must - because without the back story the extraordinary tale of Blodwyn Pig would just be another rags to... well, if not exactly riches, then slightly more expensive rags.

In the beginning there was Robert Johnson who sold his soul to the devil. The cornute one passed it on to some evangelical promoters in the Thames Valley. The Blodwyn Pigstory begins back in the mid-1960s when a whole generation of relatively privileged white kids in the UK discovered the music of a previous generation of reasonably underprivileged black men living in the southern states of the USA.

People quite often forget that Jethro Tull, who are best known for having a personable front man who looked like a tramp and stood on one leg whilst playing the flute didn't start off as a folk band, or even a progressive rock band; they started off as a blues band. Back in the halcyon days of 1967, a couple of members of a Blackpool-based blue-eyed soul band travelled down to the teeming metropolis where they teamed up with two members of a failing, Luton-based blues band. They appropriated the name of the legendary 18th Century agriculturist (inventor of the rotary seed drill, no less) and the rest is history. Except, of course, that it is nothing of the kind.

The band signed to the legendary Island Records, home of the cream of what was then known as 'the underground', and during the summer of 1968 recorded their first album This Was. Ian Anderson, the aforementioned gentleman of the rock and roll road, described their music as 'a sort of progressive blues with a bit of jazz.' The blues influence came largely from guitarist Mick Abrahams. It was Abrahams who - on the first album - provided the only non-Anderson lead vocal in Jethro Tull's recorded history, and with the benefit of hindsight it is easy to see that both he and Anderson were jostling for position as the prime creative mover behind the band.



Unsurprisingly, there was a massive falling out between the pair, and Abrahams left the group. He was replaced by Martin Barre (after brief tenures by Toni Iomni, later as Black Sabbath, and Davy O'List of The Nice) and Jethro Tull did their own inimitable thing for the next four decades.

But what of Abrahams? One of the main reasons that he had fallen out with Anderson was that he was a blues purist, and didn't want to follow some of the more esoteric paths that Anderson was to lead the band into. No, he just wanted to play the blues. Robert Johnson hadn't sold his soul to the devil in order to make progressive rock albums about a nine-year-old boy poet. There was a purity and an integrity to the blues, and it was the path along which Mick Abrahams intended to walk. So he started his own band and for reasons which remain obscure he named it Blodwyn Pig.

Over the years he also recorded a number of solo albums, steeped in the delta blues DNA that had mystically been passed down to him by Robert Johnson. Mick is 72 now, and not in the best of health, but he still has the heart of a bluesman and the remarkable musicianship on this gem of an album pays testament to that.

In his autobiography he writes: "Two albums that I am very proud of are of music that would most certainly not be normally associated with me: A Midsummer Night's Dream and How Many Times. The first album was done initially as an album of background music for my son's school play of the same name in which he appeared at the age of 12. It was all a bit incestuous in the sense that the Headmistress and my wife Kate (who is now the deputy head) asked me to provide the music and I was happy to oblige.

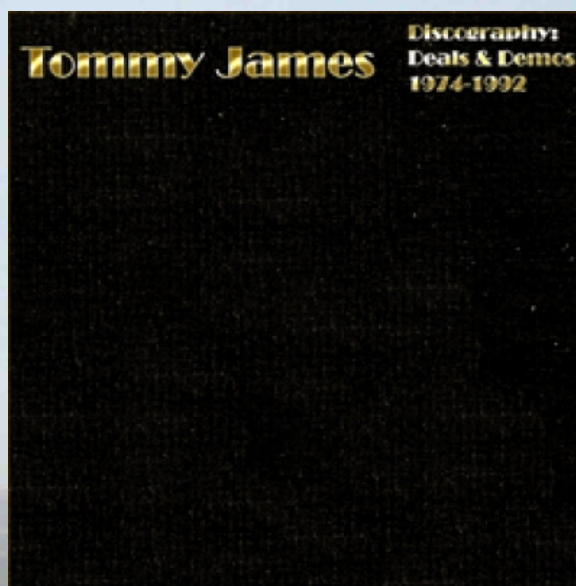
What to do was the burning question for me, but I very quickly got my head around the project and came up with some original themes and songs to accompany the production. My son Nick was playing the part of Oberon, the crafty fairy prince, so I wrote a song specifically for him and it seemed to take on a life of its own from that point. A couple of the other cast members wanted songs too and I duly obliged.

Although it was an amateur production, it stood up rather well and of course it was a great seeing my younger son being a part of the production, which made me and Kate very proud.

We thought it had just been consigned to the archive vault of One-off Productions Ltd, but in 2002, by which time Nick had left school and gone into visual design as a career, the school decided that the

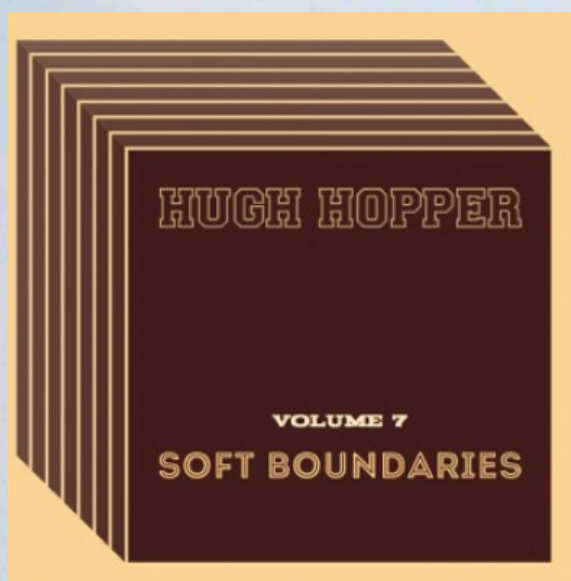
senior school drama group would revisit the play and once again called upon my services to update the music and write a few more songs for their production. This time it got a bit more serious as they planned to take it to the Edinburgh Festival and let the public see the new version.

I took a bit more time with the writing and production as they had grander designs this time and were most definitely out to impress. I called on the help of a few good mates including the very talented Sharon Watson, who for a long time had done backing vocal work on some of my albums and who is an incredible vocalist in her own right. I also roped in another good pal, Paul Bell, who has a wonderful gravelly soul type of voice which suited the occasion perfectly. The young actors ranged from 16 to 18 years and they did a fine job individually of the songs and the new remixed and enhanced production was really cool. They completed the week in Edinburgh to excellent reviews and everyone was very happy with the result.



Artist Tommy James
Title DISCOGRAPHY DEALS & DEMONS
1974-1992
Cat No. 2001
Label Aura

The first AURA release was a "double CD box set" highlighting the best of Tommy's post-Roulette career. It was called TOMMY JAMES DISCOGRAPHY: DEALS & DEMOS '74 - '92, and was a collection of all his singles and best album cuts from the five labels he had worked with since leaving Roulette... MCA, Fantasy, Millennium, Polygram/21, and Aegis.#



Artist Hugh Hopper
Title Volume 7: Soft Boundaries
Cat No. HST249CD
Label Gonzo

rt series was compiled by the late Michael King, a Canadian Hugh Hopper Scholar. He wrote: "My first encounter with the music of Hugh Colin Hopper backdates to the summer of 1976. While visiting a friend I was intentionally 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.



Artist Third Ear Band
Title Necromancers of the Drifting West
Cat No. HST311CD
Label Gonzo

Third Ear Band were a British psychedelic folk band that evolved within the London alternative and free-music scene of the mid-1960s.

Members came from The Giant Sun Trolley and The People Band to create an improvised music drawing on Eastern raga forms, European folk, experimental and medieval influences. They recorded their first session in 1968 for Ron Geesin which was released under the pseudonym of The National-Balkan Ensemble on one side of a Standard Music Library disc. Their first actual album, Alchemy, was released on the EMI Harvest label in 1969, (featuring John Peel playing jaw harp on one track), followed by Air, Earth, Fire, Water (aka Elements) in 1970. They recorded two soundtracks, the first in 1970 for an animated film by Herbert Fuchs of Abelard and Heloise (which first saw release as part of Luca Ferrari's Necromancers of the Drifting West Sonic Book in

1997)

Luca writes:

On 1996, when I decided to write a book on the Third Ear Band, I got the kind collaboration of all the members of the group, except Richard Coff (apparently none knew where he was) and Ursula Smith (I forgot to insist with Glen for having her address).

In a first time the title intended for the book was "Tickling the Third Ear" and the idea was to make an historical chronological reconstruction of the TEB's story to free the band from that aura of mystery surrounding his story. But just at the end of writing, when I completed the essay for the introduction, I decided for "Necromancers of the drifting West": for myself, infact, the Band has advanced the so-called World Music and the multicultural/intercultural dimension of the relation between West and the rest of the world. At the same time, in my opinion, their music was a sort of sign, a monition of musical (and cultural) decline of the old Europe (for that reason the image of 'necromancers'). A group strongly political, I think, because "silence", acoustic (as natural) sounds (no words), minimalism aesthetic, are really 'political' today, in this age of excess of experiences.



Artist WMWS (Robert Wyatt, Dave MacRae, Gary Windo & Richard Sinclair)

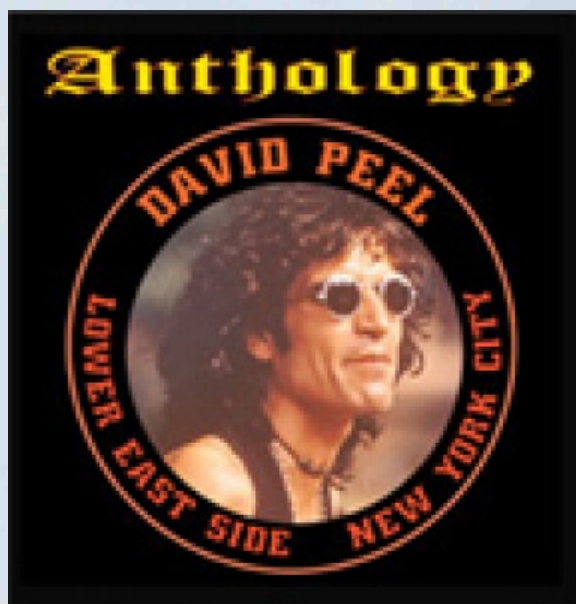
Title One Night Stand

Cat No. HST310CD

Label Gonzo

WMWS were a short-lived English group formed in Spring 1973 by Robert Wyatt, Dave MacRae, Gary Windo and Ron Mathewson (the band's name being the initials of its member), which played only a handful of gigs, of totally improvised music.

For one concert in April 14th, 1973, Mathewson wasn't available and Richard Sinclair was asked to stand in for the bass player - this concert was recorded on cassette and eventually released officially in 2015 with the band name becoming WMWS.



Artist David Peel

Title Anthology

Cat No. BC501CD

Label Bat Country

David Peel and the Lower East Anthology covers a spectrum of tracks from 1967-2010. It is the most comprehensive collection of his track ever assembled in one place. David personally selected this collection of his favorites tracks. From Hippie from New York City to Hemp Hop Smoker the tracks are all there spanning more than 40 years of David Peel and the Lower East Side. Roll up a fat one and smoke a J with everyone from the Pope to Marijuana Mary and beyond.

Artist Strawberry Alarm Clock

Title Wake Up Where You Are

Cat No. BC502CD

Label Bat Country

"Wake Up Where You Are" is the first new album from the Strawberry Alarm Clock in over 40 years. Upon the first listen, the new CD is just like opening a time capsule from the '60s. The Strawberry Alarm Clock once again capture the magic of their original recordings and bring it to life again for us in 2015.

"Wake Up Where You Are" is perfect blend of reinterpretations of classic songs, new material and



even a few choice cover tracks. The album kicks off with an amazing version of the Seeds' "Mr Farmer," from the upcoming Sky Saxon tribute CD.

The Strawberry Alarm Clock is composed of original members George Bunnell, Mark Weitz, Randy Seol, Gene Gunnels as well as Howie Anderson (1986). The CD was produced by the band's longtime collaborator Steve Bartek (Oingo Boingo).



Artist Eliza Carthy and Jim Moray
Title The Wayward Tour
Cat No. SR033DVD
Label Scarlet

Eliza Carthy has received Mercury Prize nominations, BBC Radio 2 folk awards and innumerable other accolades over a career during

which she has performed and recorded with a diverse array of artists from Paul Weller to The Wainwrights and Nick Cave to Joan Baez.

A truly inventive and innovative singer-songwriter and fiddle-player, Eliza is one of the most impressive and engaging performers of her generation. Yorkshire-born and now Edinburgh-based, Eliza grew up immersed in the world of traditional music. She divides her time between touring and recording with her legendary parents, Martin Carthy and Norma Waterson and numerous pioneering solo and band projects. ('Giff', recorded with her mother, won the Best Album at the BBC Radio 2 Folk Awards in 2011.)

Describing herself simply as a 'modern British musician', she has helped revitalise folk music making it relevant to new audiences, capturing the most hardened of dissenters with intelligent, charismatic and boundary-crossing performances. She continues to be a regular guest on the BBC Radio 2 Mark Radcliffe Show and 'Later with Jools'.

After a series of ground-breaking and award-winning albums, Jim Moray has been hailed as a pivotal influence by a new generation of folk musicians.

Moray started off his career recording his first album 'Sweet England' while still studying classical composition at Birmingham Conservatoire and emerged onto the UK folk scene in 2003.

His re-imagining of English traditional music blended with orchestral flourishes, guitars and electronics earned him the unprecedented combination of 'Best Newcomer' and 'Best Album' at the 2004 BBC Radio 2 Folk Awards. More recently Jim has been nominated for Best Album, Best Trad Track and Folk Singer Of The Year in the BBC Radio 2 Folk Awards.

In 2013 they joined forces for one tour. Eliza had been touring for twenty one years and it was be ten years since Jim put out his first album. To mark these joint achievements, they shared a ten-piece folk super-group of some of this nation's most talented instrumentalists and playing a set each featuring material from across their extraordinary careers.



SENDELICA

2015

PART ONE TOUR

**SAT 25TH APRIL THE DUKE,
NEATH, WALES**

**FRI 1ST MAY COSMIC PUFFIN FESTIVAL,
ENGLAND**

**FRI 8TH MAY DESERT FOX FESTIVAL,
PIACENZA,
ITALY**

**SAT 9TH ALTROQUANDO, TREVISO,
ITALY**

**SUN 10TH MAY, ARCI CHAPEAU, SAVONA,
ITALY**

**TUES 12TH TBA
ITALY**

**WED 13TH MAY SIDRO, CESENA, SAVIGNANO
SULRUBICONE,
ITALY**

**FRI 15TH MAY, INNERHIM, WÜRZBURG,
GERMANY**

**SAT 16TH MAY, AUTO CONTROL COMMUNITY,
AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND**

SENDELICA.BANDCAMP.COM





Back in February I had the absolute privilege to play a fundraising gig for Daavid Allen of Gong and Soft Machine fame. By the time this gig came about I had been a part of the Invisible Opera Company of Tibet for about two months and had had one gig prior which was on New Years Eve. It was an exciting and humbling opportunity for me to play songs that I had been working hard on with the band, whilst joining members of the Gong family old and new and people who came along for the ride, to play in his honour.

The Invisible Opera Company of Tibet is very different from what the title suggests. Before I was asked to join I had visions of an operatic, tribal style band and assumed they weren't invisible. It was through word of mouth that I got the opportunity to have a jam with them and on doing my research and listening to their released CD's and watching their DVD I was very much surprised at how different they were from what I had initially imagined. To try to explain the style, the band is promoted as "UK based psychedelic jazz rock fusion in deep space with a twist of gnome. Satellite band of Mothership Gong". I would suggest coming to see us perform as the music and the experience really is quite something. www.facebook.com/groups/iocot

Up until that point I wasn't overly aware of Gong, nor the huge family that comes with it. The

Invisible Opera Company of Tibet play a few covers, but is predominantly originals. The shortest track is about 4 minutes and the longest about 10. There is an opportunity to improvise sections, something which I particularly like. Especially when playing live as you can go with the flow and really open up. Being classically trained I can honestly say I have spent many years trying to get out of 'straight' playing, and opening up. I am very lucky that the bands I have been playing for in more recent times indulge that part of me, and though I am still learning, and still developing, my playing has very much changed to how it used to be.

On the day of leaving for Brighton it was an early start to get to the band van, load in and get on the road. Everything was crammed into Jacky and Bri's 'ye ancient campervan' and we were off!

It was a most enjoyable journey, with a great music selection! I got to share the back of the van with Julian, our keys player and we were like naughty children "are we there yet!?" "groan" haha, managed to finish a crossword and obviously I am sure Julian very much enjoyed listening to me waffling on about lots of rubbish haha before I wore myself out and ended up having a kip ha!

We arrived in Brighton about 5 hours later to Gregg the promoters flat and was greeted by our backing

Behind the Scenes
with Tracy Austin of the
Invisible Opera Company
of Tibet

vocalist 'tea making legend' Catriona who had already arrived. Gregg and Kathy were great hosts, and after lots of unpacking, lots of tea drinking and a spot of food shopping, I headed off to meet up with a very close and good friend I haven't seen in about 5 years.

It was soooooo good to catch up with her and her friend and talk about her experiences and gossip from spending the majority of her time submerged in the music scene of New York and LA. She is a phenomenal vocalist, with some unbelievable experiences under her belt already.

Then the next morning, the band were up and into Brighton Town shopping and mooching around the Lanes. Had a lovely break fast in a cafe in the Lanes and it was really nice walking around – I spent four years in Brighton studying my BA (Hons) in Professional Musicianship, and I really missed the place. I thought I would get all emotional, but it was strange as although it was very familiar it wasn't emotional at all, in fact a lot of the places we passed or went to made me smile with the memories I have.

After that it was a dash back up to Gregg and Kathy's, load the van and head down to the Prince Albert pub to set up for sound check.

On arriving I met the sound guy, the lights guy and Roy. Roy works alongside Gregg in The Real Music Club and they put together great events such as this and are very good at what they do. The

sound guy mic'd me up and was brilliant in supplying the right amount of sound that I needed in my fold back. Then it all started to get a bit surreal. In walks the legendary Arthur Brown, for those of you unaware of him, you will probably know the track "Fire" from 1968 <http://youtu.be/en1uw1z13SE>

He was there to run through the tracks that we had rehearsed for him to sing on. There were many moments for me where I was like – I can't actually believe I am drumming for this man.

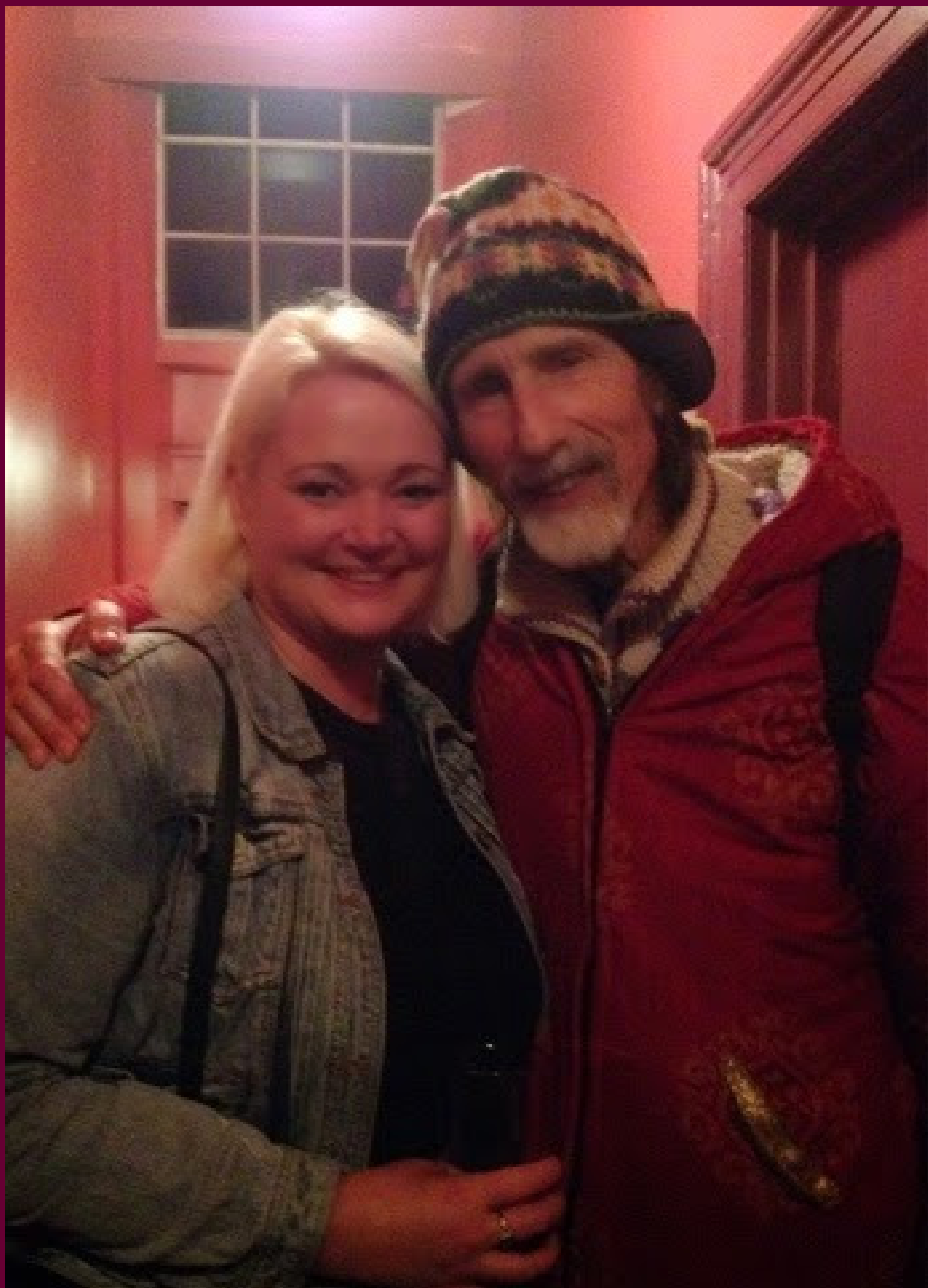
Then in walked Monty from The Damned. That was also a big thing for me, being a punk drummer for a good few years I got really into the sound and the music, and to see him when I had covered over the period of time many of The Damned tracks was a real pleasure. He was an incredibly nice and funny guy and I thoroughly enjoyed his set. I imagined whilst I was watching them play and the light show going on that this was as damned close to actually being at a gig in 70s, to me anyway!

For those of you who know me, know that I often wish I could have a time machine to go back and totally immerse myself in festivals and gigs back then..... 'yes Doc, pick me up in the DeLorean and plonk me in California, 1975, Sound City Studios. Don't worry about organising to pick me up, I will write you a letter to be delivered to you on an exact date, time and place, where I know you will be' ha! I think I have that covered... now to find Doc....but first, back to the Blog...





A nice pint in The Wick Inn, Brighton - ahhh I miss Brighton!



Me and the legendary Arthur Brown, what a great man!

What has and still surprises me is the fact that I haven't yet come across one person, being a successful musician, to successful crew, to musicians at the top of their game (to include the musicians I have the pleasure of being in bands with) who are anything but really nice, interesting, engaging, music obsessed and fun people to be around. I am very lucky.

After sound check is was a case of nipping back to the flat, getting changed then back down to the venue for the start of the night. By the time for kick-off the venue was crammed. We were 5th on, and the bands before were top notch. I got to hear with much delight my drums (lovingly named Molly Mapex) being played by a fabulous to watch and listen to drummer, David J Batchelor who was drumming for Monty. Unfortunately due to getting ready for our set I missed seeing the full set of the other acts, but caught parts which are equally worth seeing in full again.

Then came our time to hit the stage – by a massive applause and cheer from the audience. Once we were all plugged in and ready, we were off.. starting our set with the haunting guitar tones of the theme from Close Encounters of the Third Kind, then a two beat drum fill straight into Mysteries.

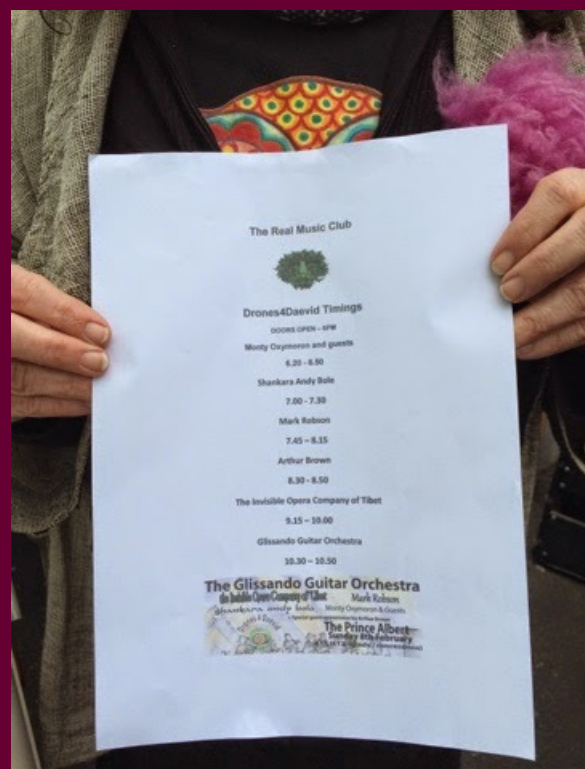
The setlist for our performance was: Mysteries, Bad Self, Universal, Reign of the Dragon, You Can't Kill Me, Kites (with Arthur Brown), Spirit of Joy (with Arthur Brown), ending on Circle Around. All are great tracks to play from a drummers point of view, especially You Can't Kill Me which was a late addition to the set, and very challenging to learn with structure and parts. Also was a very fitting song choice for the gig that it was, that it was a Daevid Allen song taken from the album Camembert Electrique (1971) and I view the lyrics as speaking about how you can kill everything (your body, your family), but not who you are and the memories you leave for those who knew you and/or knew of you. I looked out into the outline of people in the audience (the light show meant I couldn't see much) and it seemed everyone was getting really into it, and enjoying our set. Especially when we played You Cant Kill Me, with the distinctive, well recognised intro, the audience took off!. Watching the videos taken from audience members, it was great to see and listen back to what we had done, what we as a band had achieved and for me, what I had achieved in such a short space of time, and how thrilled I was that what I did came across so well. I tend to query my ability, not all the time, but there are times when I do get concerned that I am not the best I can be, and that worry comes across as letting people down. I think it keeps me grounded as a performer, as a human and also always seeking for improvement and opportunities to learn. Watching

the videos back and my memories of the evening, I was very proud of myself and was another indication on how far I have come, over the last couple years in particular.

Afer that was a quick removal of gear from the stage to make way for the Glissando Guitar Orchestra. I have never seen or experienced anything like it before and guitarists from far and wide took to the stage. The Glissando Guitar Orchestra performed Daevid Allen's 7 Drones - which was first conceived back in 1974. These Drones are 'C' Earth Drone, 'D' Sacred Sexual Current Drone, 'E' Powerflow Drone, 'F' Heartstream Drone, 'G' Throat Release Drone, 'A' Vision Focus Drone, 'B' Alignment Drone. Each note (Drone) is played for 7 minutes. It was a very moving performance. I could feel the energy of the room, it is quite difficult to explain until you actually experience it.

Then it was a case of heading back to the flat, chilling down and getting some sleep before the next morning when we were packing down and heading home.

I met some great people, many thanks to Gregg and Kathy for their hospitality and to Gregg and Roy for putting on such an event. The sound and light guys, the performers, and my fabulous band mates. I had so much fun, much laughter and to this very day still smile about it all.



Douglas Harr Ear Candy for the Hungry Audiophile Camel's Masterpiece, The Snow Goose



Camel's entry into the concept album format, *The Snow Goose*, entered the UK chart in May 1975, gradually climbing as high as No. 22, staying on for a very respectable 13 weeks and earning silver certification. In October 1975, at the height of their powers, Camel performed the entire suite with the London Symphony Orchestra at the Royal Albert Hall, later released on their first live album, aptly titled *A Live Record*, in 1978.

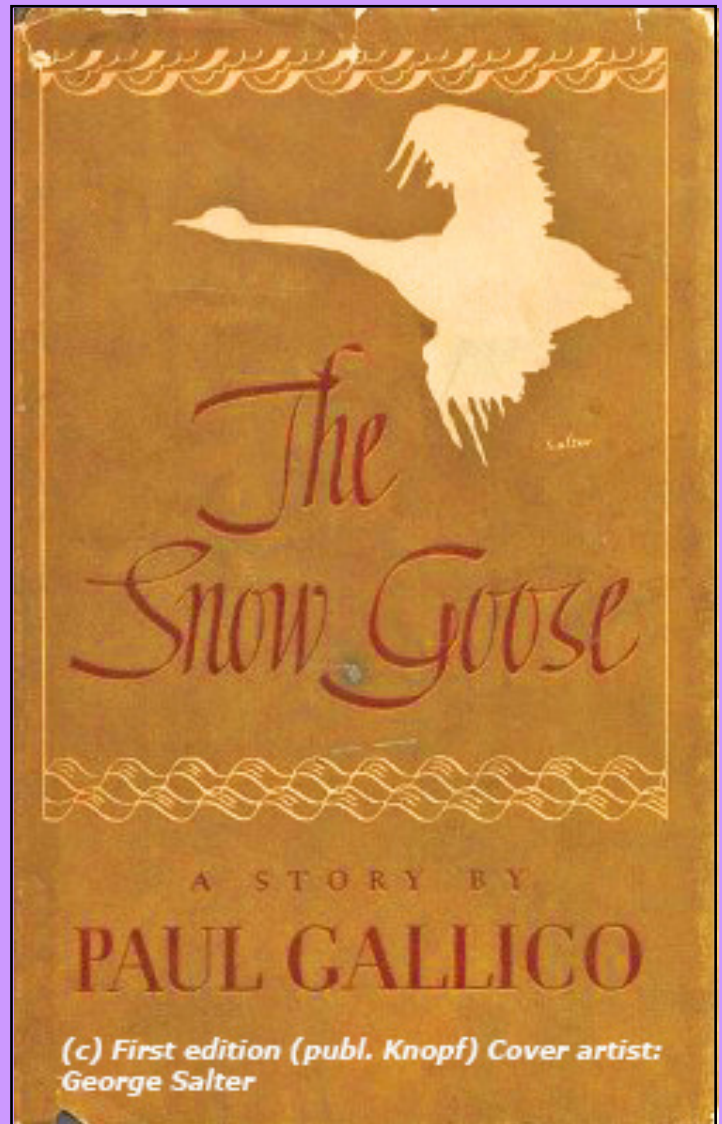
THE INSPIRATION

Contemplating a follow up album to *Mirage*, Camel determined to take the story telling aspect from many of those songs to its logical conclusion, and tell a complete tale in a multi-movement suite – their first concept album. By 1974, the concept album and lengthy song suites were commonplace for more progressive artists and it seemed time to play the card for Camel. As the story goes, keyboardist Pete Bardens liked the idea of composing a piece based on Hermann Hesse's *Sidhartha* or *Steppenwolf*, while bass guitarist Doug Ferguson introduced the band to *The Snow Goose*, written by American Paul Gallico. Guitarist Andrew Latimer notes that he and Pete agreed on the choice, given there were three characters for

which appropriate themes could be built, and that it was a powerful, inspiring story.

THE STORY

Written by Paul Gallico, *The Snow Goose*, was originally published by The Curtis Publishing Company in 1940, and was also printed with illustrations by Floyd Davis in the Saturday



Evening Post on November 9th, that same year. In touching, simple prose, this short story tells the tale of the reclusive Philip Rhyader, his friend Frith, and the titular snow goose.

Saturday Evening Post article:

http://www.saturdayeveningpost.com/wp-content/uploads/satevepost/the_snow_goose_paul_gallico.pdf

As the story begins, Rhyader purchases an abandoned lighthouse and surrounding marshlands along the Essex coast. He is described as "...a hunchback and his left arm was crippled, thin and bent at the wrist, like the claw of a bird." Of his demeanor, Gallico writes, "Rhyader did not hate; he loved very greatly, man, the animal kingdom, and all nature...He was a friend to all things wild, and the wild things repaid him with their friendship."

One day Frith, a young girl about 12 years of age, and "timid as a bird", wanders into Rhyader's life carrying a wounded snow goose. Gallico states, she "was pure Saxon, large-boned, fair, with a head to which her body was yet to grow, and deep-set, violet-colored eyes." Frith brings the third character to Rhyader, a wounded Canadian snow goose with immense black-tipped pinions. The new friends mend the goose, building a shared bond between them. The goose returns to the marshlands over the years bringing Frith to visit the lonely lighthouse.

By the end of the story, Rhyader lends his support to soldiers trapped at Dunkirk, carrying them to safety in his small boat. Sadly, he is killed during the effort, and the friends are



illustration by Floyd Davis



Illustration by Floyd Davis

separated. The snow goose makes one last visit to the lighthouse, and Frith watches it soar into the sky away from the great marsh, imagining the soul of Rhyader taking farewell, crying "Godspeed!" After many weeks the old lighthouse is blown apart, mistaken for a military target, and then after Gallico concludes, "Only the frightless gulls wheeled and soared and mewed their plaint over the place where it had been." So ends the bittersweet story of Rhyader, Frith and the Snow Goose.



BBC TV

The Snow Goose was also made into a short film for BBC TV in 1971, with a screenplay by the author, and directed by Patrick Garland. It stars Richard Harris and a young Jenny Agutter, who won an Emmy for the role, and is known among other things for her roles in *Logan's Run* and *An American Werewolf in London*. At just under 50 minutes, this production does well with the source material and Harris' quiet, unaffected portrayal of Philip Rhyader. It's a sweet, simple film that remains true to the source material.

THE MUSIC & PERFORMANCE

As realized by Camel in 1975, the music to the *Snow Goose* follows the story of the book, sounding tones at turns beautiful, jubilant, haunting, and melancholy. The large-scale



composition is in the form of a multi-movement suite. Changes in instrumentation, texture, meter, key and tempo provide contrast between the sections. Each of the three sympathetic characters from the story is portrayed by a musical passage, as are places and events, including the marshlands and the battle at Dunkirk. Songs range from the lonely cry of “The Great Marsh” to the flute led theme for “Rhyader” the gorgeous blues guitar of “Sanctuary” the exciting “Flight of The Snow Goose” and the dramatic “Dunkirk”. One of Pete Bardens’ prettiest solo piano pieces of all time “Fritha Alone” sounds a lovely, melancholic tone that nonetheless inspires a feeling of hope.

The band, consisting of original members Andrew Latimer (guitar), Pete Bardens (keyboards), Doug Ferguson (bass) and Andy Ward (drums), is backed by the London Symphony Orchestra, producing one of the best examples of orchestrated progressive rock in the 70s. David Bedford was brought in by producer David Hitchcock to write the arrangements for the LSO to augment the compositions, and the band were justly excited about the results, as the studied blending of instrumental rock music and orchestra shines throughout the piece. As one example, after all the characters are introduced musically, the playful song “Friendship” paints an image of the tottering goose with a quartet of winds – one of the most evocative musical moments on the album. The suite follows the tale to its dramatic conclusion with the celebratory “La Princesse Perdue.” Within this up-tempo piece, moog synth

and guitar lead atop strings playing an ostinato (short repeated phrase) are followed by lush strings, winds, and percussion, building in intensity before fading away into the sounds of the great marsh reprise.

As performed live at the Royal Albert Hall, October 1975, the work brims with confidence, all elements combining brilliantly throughout a stellar performance of the complete album. Pete Bardens introduces the piece:

We are just about ready to launch into our “magnum opus” the Snow Goose. I’d like to say what a pleasure it is to have the London Symphony Orchestra leader John Brown and also to have the pleasure of, company of, David Bedford conducting. For those of you who don’t already know, this was originally based on a short story by a gentleman called Paul Gallico - written during the war – all the thanks and credit go to him for providing us with the original inspiration – I think that’s all that needs to be said...

Not released by Decca until 1978, the double live album



simply titled *Camel – A Live Record* (p) 1978 Gamma Records, Limited for The Decca Record Company, includes the complete performance of *The Snow Goose* from 1975 at the Royal Albert Hall, paired with a disk containing a handful of songs from other Camel albums, recorded on their 1974 and 1977 tours. The live presentation of *The Snow Goose* is a wonderful example of a rock-based, orchestrated, multi-movement piece that weaves acoustic and electric together to make a greater whole. As a package unfortunately, the materials include few live visuals other than a handful of distorted shots of the band. The music itself and the dramatic performance is the centerpiece. The sound is relatively crisp with ample bass tones to match shimmering strings.

There are no known films of this show, but there are clips of Camel performing three selections from *The Snow Goose*, as a four piece, and on the song "Friendship" with a wind quartet. This was shot at the BBC studios for the television series *Old Grey Whistle Test* in 1975. For the last many years, this was the best way to get a glimpse of the band performing the material. It is available on the DVD production, *Camel – Footage*, @Camel Productions (22 November, 2004).

More recently Camel played the piece in its entirety as a five-piece band at the Barbican Theater in London, 28 October 2013. The show debuted a spectacular new, slightly expanded, version of the original work. Andrew was joined there by long time bassist Colin bass, drummer Denis Clement, keyboardist

Guy LeBlanc, and Jason Hart supporting on keys and acoustic guitar. A film of this concert, titled *In from The Cold* is now also available from Camel Productions UK Ltd on DVD.

The concert came after Camel had taken a long break from recording and performing, while Andrew healed from a serious illness. The show was a huge success. The audience stood to applause for what seemed minutes before the band could play the first note. Tears were shed. Notes wound out of Andy's Gibson Les Paul like plaintive siren songs. The band played beautifully leaving the audience enraptured.

The second half of the show included tracks from throughout the bands long recording history, starting with a half pace rendition of a song from their first LP, "Never Let Go" - wonderfully executed, bringing to mind the struggle and triumphs of life:

*Man is born with the will to survive,
He'll not take no for an answer.
He will get by, somehow he'll try,
He won't take no, never let go, no...*

An apt sentiment as Camel continues the journey after such a long break, playing again this July in the UK and Europe. Sadly, keyboardist Guy LeBlanc who performed with Camel two years ago passed days ago, just this April. Godspeed Guy.

<http://diegospadeproductions.com/>

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](https://www.nature.org/elephants) and follow us on Instagram, Facebook or Twitter to get action alerts.



GRETCHEN PETERS

'The Cure For The Pain Is The Pain'

It's to my eternal shame and regret that I'd never even heard of this wonderful singer-songwriter until a cold and windy evening at the end of March this year. I'd been walking alone along Hanover Street in Liverpool City Centre, the chill breeze sent direct from the Mersey buffeting me along as I struggled, head down, amongst the crowds of office workers and evening shoppers, all of us anxious to be home, and out of the elements. The furthest thing from my mind had been any kind of revelation, musical or otherwise, but when one arrived, regardless, it emerged from the most unexpected of sources.

'Excuse me,' a softly-spoken voice had half-whispered in my ear, and I'd reluctantly raised my head to see a late middle-aged man, with a short grey beard and wild hair, blown every which

way by the swirling gale, gazing at me imploringly. I steeled myself, fully expecting this dishevelled looking individual to ask me whether I had any spare change 'for a coffee,' and I had already begun shaking my head as I prepared to walk on, mumbling 'sorry, lad,' when he said the thing I'd least expected to hear. 'I hate to be a bother, but I'm partially blind, and I just wondered if you could direct me to the Epstein Theatre. I'm on me way to a gig there, and I've kind of lost me bearings.'

I instantly felt a surge of guilt at having been so judgemental about his intentions, and I hastened to reassure him that the venue was only short distance away, and I would gladly accompany him to the entrance of the iconic, 1930s, art deco building.

'Who's playing tonight?' I asked as we made our way along the densely-crowded street. 'Gretchen Peters,' he replied, an air of reverence plain in his voice. 'Have you ever heard of her?'

'No,' I replied.

'Well, you should listen to her stuff, if you ever get the opportunity. She has the voice of an angel sent down to earth to sing about heartache and loss, and the cruel fates that often befall us.'



BY LEE WALKER



'Well, that sounds cheery, mate,' I said, sneeringly. 'Bezzz mates with Leonard Cohen, is she?'

'Ahh, but listen my friend. At the same time she pronounces that it's perfectly okay to cry tears and count the blessings of the memories of our halcyon days: "when everyone we loved was still alive."

Intrigued, I wanted to ask him more, but all too soon we'd arrived at The Epstein, and there was a friend waiting for him in the foyer, and I was running late. So I never got the opportunity. But the eloquent words of this semi-sighted stranger remained with me on the short bus journey home.

I typed in the name: Gretchen Peters, on Spotify, a little later that evening, warm and snug before a roaring fire and a glass of red wine close to hand...

And from the moment the haunting opening piano chords of 'Independence Day,' poured from the speakers, I instantly knew, that stranger on Hanover had not spoken falsely....

There are few singers, in any musical genre, who can give honest, purely unaffected voice to all of life's greatest trials and tribulations. The aching chill of absence in the wake of a passing of a loved one. The heart-rending despair of physical abuse. The sheer sense of helplessness when faced with a close friend or relative who's succumbed to drug or alcohol addiction.

Hank Williams, Ian Curtis, Johnny Cash, Tim Buckley, Nick Drake. A hand-full of others. The list is as short as it is illustrious. But you can add, (if you haven't already) the name of Gretchen Peters, to that rota without too much fear of contradiction. Or you can if you have ears to listen and a soul alive to the marvels of good story-telling.

I was amazed to discover that this was no new musical genius emerging from out of the proverbial ether. On the contrary, Gretchen is a fifty-something former resident of Bronxville, New York, and as well as recording seven hugely-acclaimed albums of her own has written songs for such luminaries as Etta James, Neil Diamond, Anne Murray and er, Bryan Adams.

Quite how she'd slipped under my, and more pertinently, my dad's (a great lover of country music), radar is a mystery of perplexing proportions. But if like me, you have remained ignorant of the wondrous aural delights that await the moment you drop the needle on the vinyl (what d'yer mean, you've only got a CD player, yer philistine!), here are five random examples from a cross section of her albums to whet your appetite.

- **INDEPENDENCE DAY** A poignant lament to childhood, the loss of innocence, and a father who seemed to have a beer can (or several) permanently growing out of his hand, and all the confused, soul-searing hurt that ensues as a result of his hopeless addiction.
- **LITTLE WORLD:** a paean to loneliness and the realms of perceived safety we create for ourselves, a mini-universe that stretches the short distance 'from here to the garden gate,'
- **EVERYTHING FALLS AWAY:** The phone call that arrives when you least expect it, and dread suddenly roils in the pit of your stomach like when you snap wide awake, drenched in a cold sweat, in the dark hours before dawn.
- **IF HEAVEN:** A personalised idyll of the afterlife; a cool and shady retreat in the depths of sweltering high summer, where people smoke endlessly in the dark and watch fireflies flashing their lanterns on the grass.
- **ON A BUS TO ST CLOUDS:** Taking the lonely sundown road, an endless dusty highway, peopled by the lost and lonely, their doleful forms reminiscent of withered flowers hanging in forlorn remembrance of summer-gone wishes...

These songs are so beautiful it hurts.

But paradoxically, that's another reason you should afford yourselves a listen. As Ms Peters herself states wisely in the eponymous title of another of my favourite tracks, sometimes 'the only cure for the pain...is the pain.'

LOOK WHAT BART'S DONE!

Here at Steppin' Out, I'm all about current music. My favorite musician of the person, formerly of the progressive music group YES. (Yes, I am a dinosaur in that regard at it, at age 70, and continues to perform and record. His connection to Doug Flutie, this week's rant, and Thanksgiving, are here in this paragraph. Jon has, with the help of former Counting Crows bassist Mike Malley, recording a song for charity. The song, **The Family Circle** will benefit the Flutie Foundation, The National Autistic Society (Gonzo Multimedia's Rob Ayling), and Sahaja Yoga Meditation (Mike Malley). It's a way to **give back**, not only by these celebrities, but by you and I, in the spirit of Thanksgiving we all claim to be a part of, but do so little to participate in. To purchase the single, just go to iTunes to purchase Jon Anderson & Matt Malley's **Family Circle**: <https://itunes.apple.com/gb/album/family-circle-single/id911786898>. No Ranting or Raving on my part, just a simple request to help your fellow man is my message this time. Think of it as a small way to help. In the sports and music world, we all too often hear of the 'bad' stuff, and turn the page. Here's a chance to read the page, and feel a little better.

See you in two weeks. Enjoy the turkey, and what ever else this Season brings you. Stay Safe, and have Fun. G'Night Sheila



Long time *Gonzo Weekly* contributor Bart Lancia (aka my favourite roaming reporter) edits a sport newsletter called 'Stepping Out'. In an issue just before Christmas he was kind enough to include a piece about the Jon Anderson/Matt Malley charity single that we released late last year.

Thank you Bart. That is very kind of you...



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

“Not 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,

FAMILY CIRCLE

JON ANDERSON | MATT MALLEY



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.

- Matt Malley chose Sahaja Yoga Meditation,
<http://www.sahajayoga.org/>
- Gonzo chose the National Autistic Society
www.autism.org.uk
- Jon Anderson chose the Doug Flutie Jr. Foundation for Autism
<http://www.flutiefoundation.org/>

Go to iTunes and buy the record. It is not only a great tune,
but will do an immeasurable amount of good



Helping Families along the Way

Proudly Supporting People with Autism Since 1998

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 \$60,000 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 every day 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

The Doug Flutie, Jr. Foundation for Autism, Inc.

PO Box 767 • Framingham, MA • 01701

LEARN MORE | www.flutiefoundation.org

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WORDS FROM THE WEARD

After a life spent in and around music Roy Weard has finally written it all down. From his beginnings in the folk clubs of the early sixties, to playing the free festivals of the seventies with his own band 'Wood en Lion', to touring as a merchandiser with acts like Santana, The Pink Floyd and Genesis, to fronting cult London bands 'Dogwatch' and 'Roy Weard and Last Post', then touring again as a sound engineer and tour manager for many different bands and solo acts. A wide and varied life - this book spans all of that and more and is freely sprinkled with backstage stories and tales of a life spent on many different roads. It also contains many photographs, mostly taken by Roy, the crews he toured with, or by the fans of his various bands.

Even now he is unable to give up being involved in music. He still fronts the revived band 'That Legendary Wooden Lion', is part of the team that puts on monthly gigs in Brighton and Hove under the name of 'The Real Music Club' and does a weekly one hour radio show on Tuesdays at 4pm on Brighton and Hove Community Radio.

As of now, he also writes a regular column in this august publication!



Talent-and-Creativity-vs-Bankability

If you believe in the theory of Parallel Universes (and you would be in good company, Stephen Hawking, Steve Weinberg and many other eminent scientists do) then, somewhere, there is a world where the glorious singer, the guitarist whose fingers pluck pictures from the air, the songwriter who can carve a poem on your heart and many other talented and inspired people all live comfortable and fulfilled lives, enjoying the approbation of a discerning public and creating new works with the support of a hierarchy of good managers, record companies with deep pockets and an enthusiasm for new directions and inspiration and critics whose reviews concern themselves with teasing the nuances and artistry from their performances.

Clearly this is not the world we live in.

In our world TV executives drive past small venues bristling with talented and unusual performers to consort with record producers and managers who would rather make a boy / girl band out of paper mâché, left over loo roll tubes, old washing up bottles and sticky backed plastic, give the finished product a liberal dose of shiny synthetic sheen and a karaoke backing track before thrusting them before the public in some vacuous talent show to be lapped up eagerly by the gullible couch potatoes, who may have seen the ads for the aforementioned talented and unusual performers, but would not go to the venues because they were afraid they would not know any of the songs they sing.

If you spend a lot of time behind a desk (mixing desk that is) you will have seen a lot of performers. It does wonders for your perception of music. I have seen acts many people would never have got to see in the normal run of things because the music industry machine has tried to package all musical styles into neatly digestible chunks that can be fed harmlessly to their pet consumers. From Trip Hop

to Post Punk, from Nu Metal to Shoegaze, from Acid Country to Thrash Acoustic Ethnic Banjolee Swing (OK I made the last two up but they make as much sense as the others). All terms that can be easily put onto an act or product in order to get the right demographic to buy it (the ‘If you bought this, you’ll like this’ syndrome) and all terms that can be used as lexicographical bricks by critics eager to find smug and clever ways to put them down. I bet no songwriter ever sits down and decides he is going to form a band that fits into a category. He or she may be into one or more of those genres themselves but the crazy thing I have found about songwriting is that it takes on a life of its own – at least it does if you let it and, as Springsteen once wrote ‘Mamma, that’s where the fun is’.*

It often seems unfair when you step back and look at it. The performer who spends ages honing his or her particular craft gets overlooked in favour of the bubble headed bimbo on *X Factor* and may start to wonder if it is all worth it. I suppose that is part of the test. Do you want to make the music that rings in your head or do you want to be famous? Very often this is the decision that has to be made and it seems, in our Parallel Universe at least, that is so often the latter choice. I have stood behind the mixing desk at gigs and watched a stirring performance from a support act, playing to a handful of people and then seen a leaden clichéd ‘phone it in’ set from the main act to a packed and cheering hall.

Now any band can have an off night in the same way that any band might have a flash of inspired brilliance. The wonderful thing about live music is precisely that chance. You go along to see the show and you wait for that flash or the train crash to happen. That is why I would rather be at a gig seeing a band than sitting at home listening to an album or watching them on YouTube. You have to take the off nights as being part of the way of things. This, in a way, is why I cannot really watch cover bands or, even worse, tribute acts. Most of these bands consist of very good musicians who have spent a long time rehearsing the songs to try to get them exactly right – just like the original – and a voice in my head just keeps saying ‘why?’

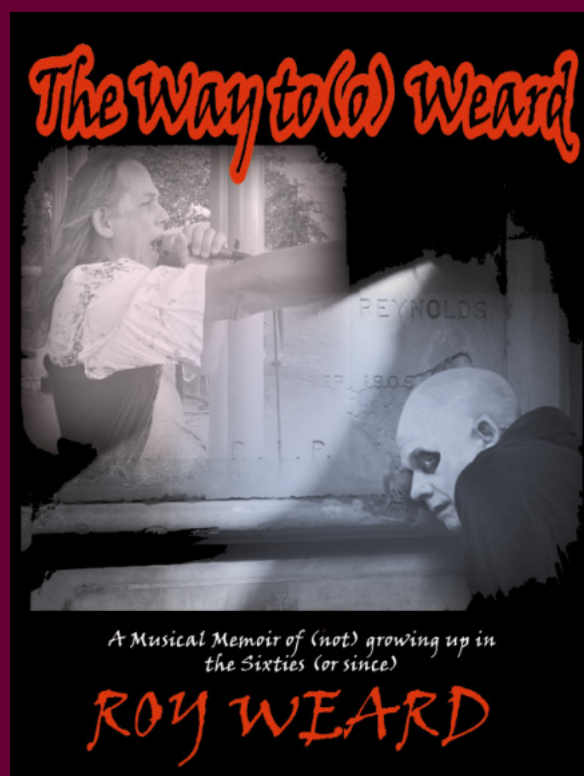
If I wanted to hear ‘Shine on You Crazy Diamond’, ‘Whisky in the Jar’, ‘Brown Sugar’, ‘Smoke On The Water’ or the like I would put the album on (if I had it, and if I didn’t I probably wouldn’t want to hear it anyway). I want bands to surprise me, to come on stage with the words ‘How about this then? You haven’t heard this before’ flashing in neon on their foreheads. People say to me that many of the people in the audience were too young to have seen Jimi Hendrix or Pink Floyd or Genesis or Thin Lizzy and I can only respond by saying that they

are not seeing them now either. They are seeing a bunch of robots reproducing their music and, in some cases, stage show.

The good thing these days, is that I find I can talk to some people, less than half my age, about music and they know the old bands as well as the new ones. The Internet has made all of this accessible at the same time as it has stolen away much of the income.

By all means use some of the musical giants of the ‘60s and ‘70s as a launching point, as a peak to stand on, to take wing from, to soar up further. That is, after all, what they did. Don’t use it as something to copy note for note, flash bomb for flash bomb.

* Blinded By The Light



THE SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

PHENOMENA

MAGAZINE

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c.j.stone

The Mandate of Heaven, from myth to politics in the I-Ching

"It seems to me a self-evident truth that the universe has meaning; that it is not just a random process of accidental encounters clashing together to create this chaos we call existence."

Book of Changes

My favourite book is the Book of Changes, the I-Ching.

Perhaps you have heard of it. It is one of the oldest books ever written. It is also unlike any other book on the planet.

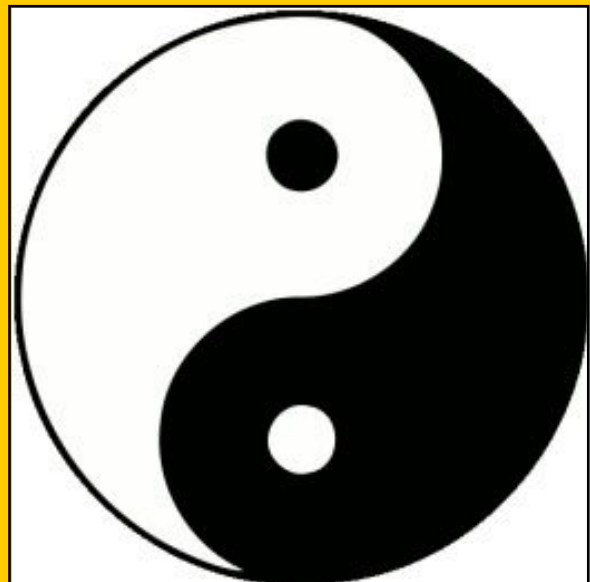
For instance, most of the great sacred books of the world have a central character around which a story is narrated. So the New Testament has Jesus, the Old Testament has Moses, the Bhagavad Gita has Krishna and the Koran has Mohammed. They also take place in a definite time period and in a definite place. So the events of the New Testament take place in Roman occupied Palestine in the first years of the modern era, around 30-33AD.

These books derive their wisdom from the reader's relationship to an elevated, divine or divinely-inspired being whose sayings we remember.

The I-Ching also has a central character, and a definite place and time period, but its central character would probably not be considered divine or even inspired, and its time period is not historical.

Its central character is you – whoever happens to be reading the book – and its place and time are right here, right now, as you are reading the book.

It is an oracle, a system of divination. It does not tell the future. It offers you a philosophy by which to



live your life.

There is also a novelty about the order in which you read it. You don't start at the beginning and go on to the end. You toss coins to read it. You ask a question and toss a set of three coins six times, which then determine where in the book you should go to read.

You are given one of 64 hexagrams to read, plus some individual lines. Lines are either yin or yang, young or old. Old lines become their own opposite, by which a second hexagram emerges.

In the case of readings on the internet, of course, the means by which the lines are generated are different. Not coins, but digitally generated random numbers.

Thus each reader reads the book in a different order, with a different perspective, depending on the nature

of the question and the place in the book it takes him. It's a random process, a process of chance. Except, of course, that there is no such thing as chance.

Synchronicity

At least, this is what the I-Ching suggests. It suggests that the asking of a question, the tossing of coins, and the words you read in a book are related in some way. That there is a connection between them.

The psychologist Carl Jung invented a term to describe this process. He called it "synchronicity": the belief that apparently random events have a meaning.

There is no such thing as coincidence, he says. Everything has a level of meaning.

Actually sometimes I agree with this belief, and sometimes I don't. It seems to me a self-evident truth that the universe has meaning: that it is not just a random process of accidental encounters clashing together to create this chaos we call existence.

On the other hand, when someone says "it was meant to be" this always annoys me.

That sort of implies that our fates are fixed in advance, like a glorified bus time-table, and I don't believe that either.

I believe that we have choices, that we are creators as well as characters in the great drama of our lives, and that our purpose is to engage with and to understand it. When people seem to want to do us harm, or to hurt us in some way, maybe our purpose is to forgive them. Sometimes being alive can be a great struggle. Our purpose then is to learn enjoy the struggle, to develop insight, and to grow. This is what the I-Ching teaches us to do.

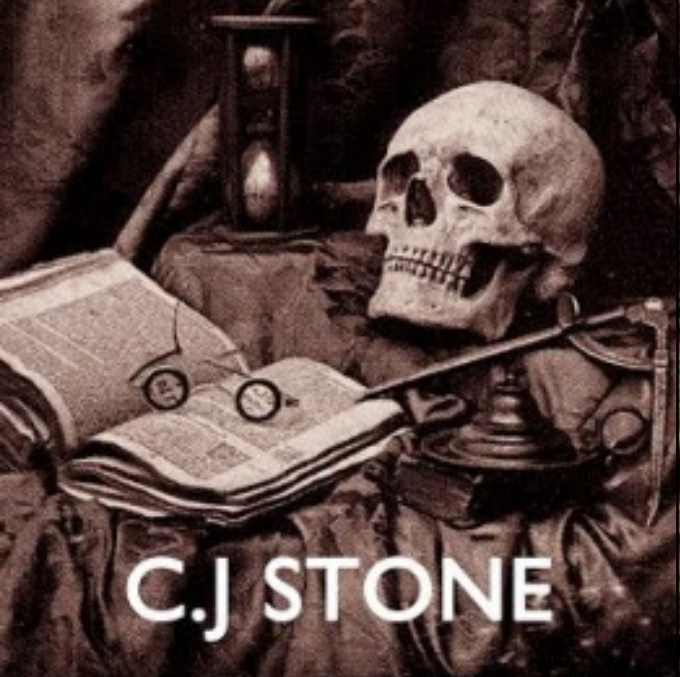
On the other hand, when someone is in pain, is unhappy, or poor, or labouring under terrible conditions, then I think it is wrong to say that they chose that.

Accept responsibility for your own life, but don't impose it upon others. That seems like a good philosophy to me.

Read on

THE EMPIRE OF THINGS

SELECTED WRITINGS 2003 - 2013



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"Stone writes with intelligence, wit and sensitivity."

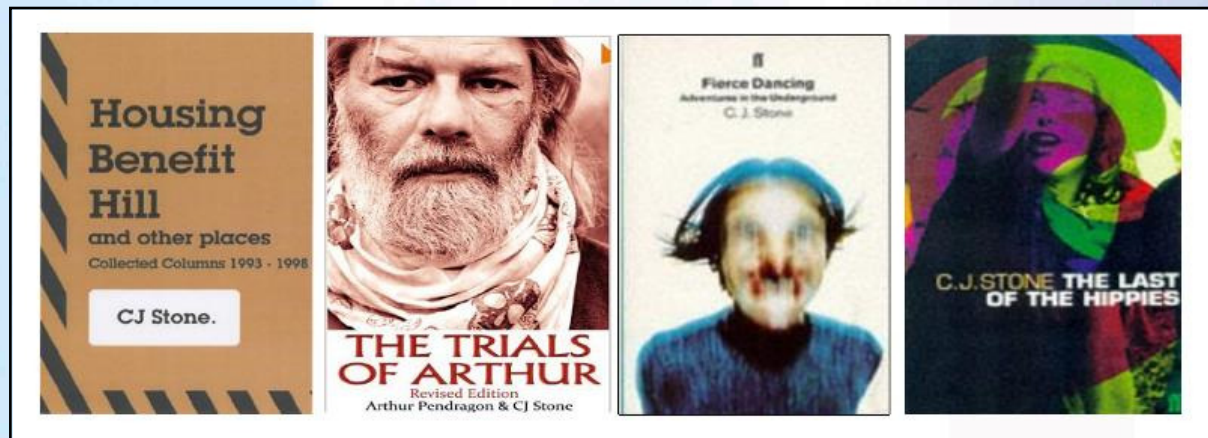
Times Literary Supplement

"Wry, acute, and sometimes hellishly entertaining essays in squalor and rebellion."

Herald

"The best guide to the Underground since Charon ferried dead souls across the Styx."

Independent on Sunday



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/>



**OTHER BOOKS BY
C.J.STONE**



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..

Hawkwind recently did two dates in Tokyo, Japan, and the gigs went well, according to the subsequent comments on Facebook.

It's unusual to see Hawkwind-related Japanese accolades on the social media, but one apparently translates as "Thank you Block captain!" or (more likely) "Thank you Captain Brock!"

This was Hawkwind's first performance in Japan: their scheduled dates in 2011 were cancelled after the dramatic events of the earthquake, tsunami and the resulting Fukushima nuclear power plant meltdown.

After the two gigs, the band said on Facebook:

Thank you Tokyo!
What a amazing two nights..
Loving your hospitality!
See you all again very soon.....

Meanwhile, Motörhead frontman Lemmy is reported as being fine after their planned Monsters of Rock appearance was cancelled after Lemmy had gastric-related problems. The health scare was

thought by some to be a recurrence of the illness that caused cancellation of a swathe of Motörhead gigs, but it turned out to be less serious. The band later described the problem as a "food-related tummy problem" and condemned the "irresponsible reporting" in some parts of the news media

Motörhead are scheduled to play a string of festivals in June, including the famous commerce-in-a-field event known as Glastonbury Festival.

And early bleeps from the Hawkwind Forward Planning camp indicate that Hawkwind will also play some festivals -

August 8th (European festival)
August 29th UK Festival (South East)

That information is noticeably vague, and it's no surprise to hear that further details will follow soon!



However, the details of Hawktoberfest have now been finalised, with support from Ruts DC (a reggae / punk outfit), Amplifier, and the French industrial metal band Prime Sinister.

This, the second Hawktoberfest, takes place in Manchester

on Saturday 3rd October.



HAWKWIND PASSPORT APPLICATION



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.

Pass. No.....(Leave blank)

Volunteer Crew Register

Name

Please give details of your occupation/profession for inclusion in crew register and possible duty roster (optional)

.....
.....
.....

Full Earth Address:

.....
.....

Post Code

E-Mail Address: (Please print clearly).....

Telephone Number:

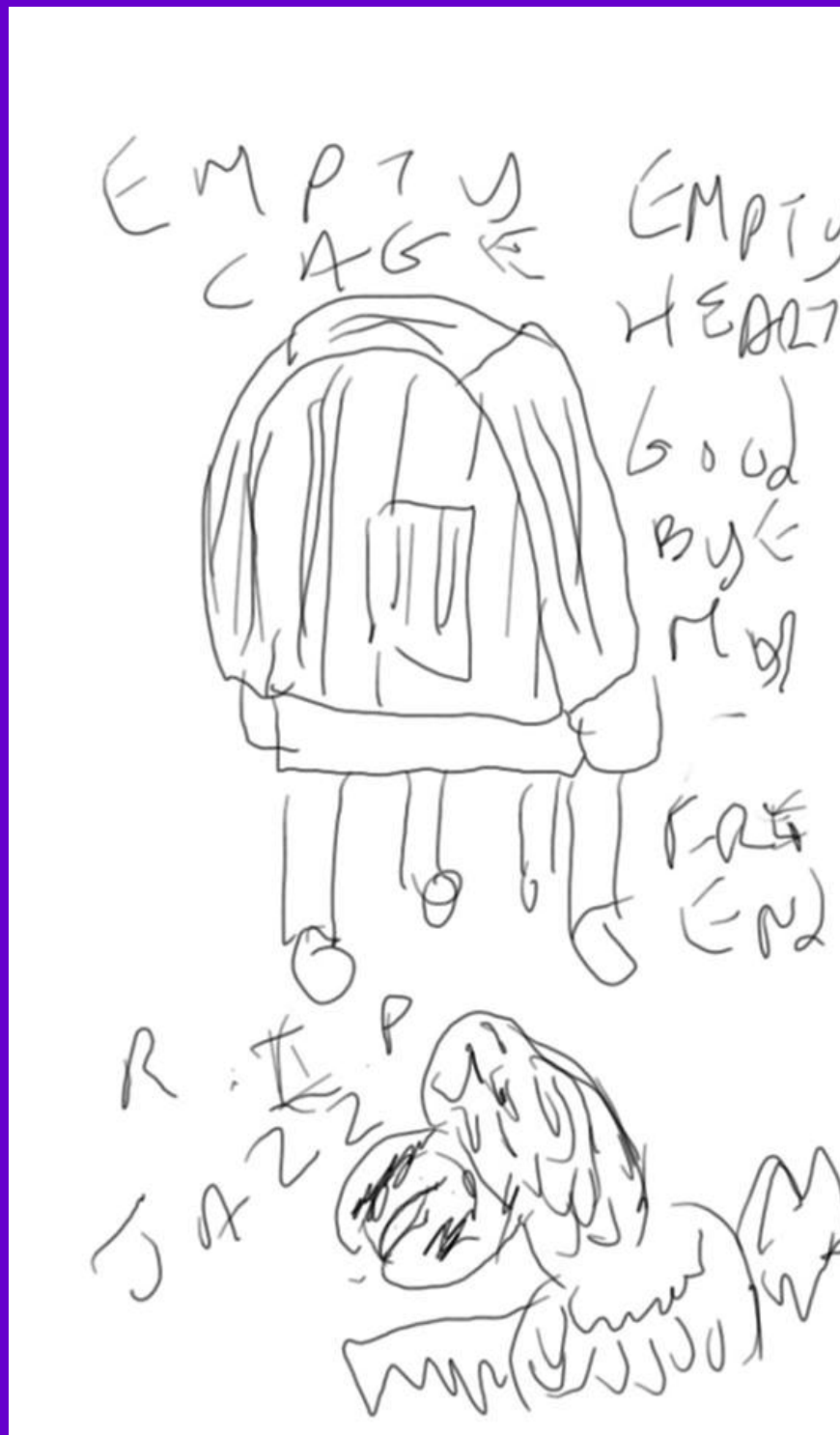
Additional info:

www.hawkwind.com

Any enquiries hawkwindpassports@hawkwind.com

THE WORLD OF GONZO ACCORDING TO

Mark Raines





YEs GONZO ISLAND DISCS

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 unnamed 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.



Malachite are a very groovy North Devon band who write and perform only original reggae influenced songs, some electric some acoustic and this is their 10th anniversary.

Singer Babz has a remarkable voice, and we are all fans here at the GW offices, so as some sort of a postmodern chat up line we asked her what she would take with her to a purely hypothetical desert island

Babz's Top Ten

1. Passout - Inner City Unit
2. Kaleidoscope - Siouxsie and the Banshees
3. Led Zep 3
4. Never Mind the Bollocks - Sex Pistols
5. The Feeding of the 5,000 - Crass
6. Nuggets - Original Artyfacts from the First
Psychedelic Era
7. Ogdens Nut Gone Flake - Small Faces
8. Aerial - Kate Bush
9. Pearl - Janis Joplin
10. Bella Donna - Stevie Nicks

THE



CIRCULAR

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...

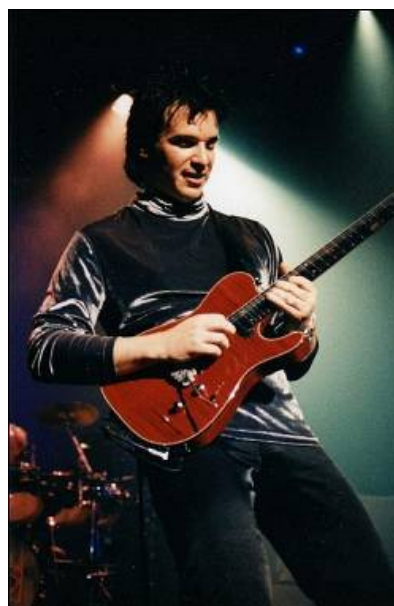
It has not been one of those classic weeks to write home about for Yes-watchers, but nevertheless there have been a number of interesting things which have turned up upon the *Gonzo Daily* blogs this week.

Let's do the most interesting two, which are the most current ones, first. These include news of a new project by Billy Sherwood which features Messrs Wakeman and Squire amongst others, and a pleasingly warm review of Steve Howe live in Tiverton...

- **REVIEW: Fans pleased with Yes man at Tiverton Community Arts Theatre**
- **WAKEMAN, SQUIRE, HACKETT JOIN SHERWOOD PROJECT**

Next up comes a brace of classic and very interesting interviews with bassman Chris Squire

- **Pete Feenstra interviews Chris Squire (Yes) 26.10.11**
- **Chris Squire Interview - Yes**



And to finish up, here is a review of the recent Gonzo release featuring original Yes guitarist Peter Banks, and the latest in the YESTerdays series looking at classic and often overlooked tracks,,

- **THE MARS TAPES : Canadian Review**
- **Yes, "Harold Land" from Yes (1969): YESTerdays**

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!

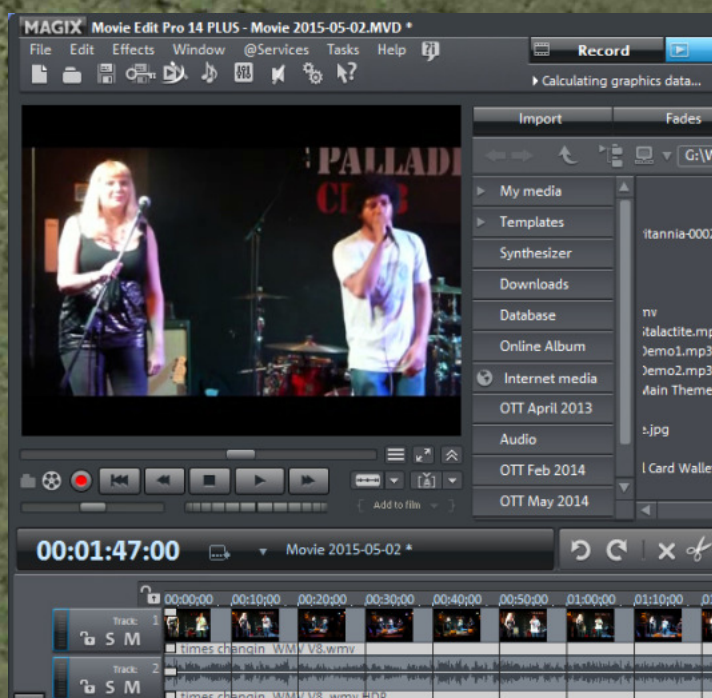


As I have intimated recently, Martin Eve and I are at the heart of a new venture - Wyrd Music. This is an extension of what I have been doing with music and theatre over the past ten years and is intended as a sister project to the CFZ Publishing Group. Working on vaguely Fortean and Anarchist, and strictly anti-capitalist lines, in the same way as CFZ Press, Fortean Words and the others put out books strictly because we want to read them, and because we think they should be out there whether they make a profit or not, Wyrd Music aims to do the same for music. Although it doesn't officially launch until April Fool's Day, a Blog, a website, a Facebook page, and some free music will be up in the webiverse in the next few days and will always be plugged shamelessly on the CFZ and Gonzo blogs. Why? Because I can.

So mote it be.

This week Wyrd popstrel Marianne Holland aka Stargrace appeared onstage at the Palladium Club in Bideford as special guest of local hiphop star Jaz Rogers, and it seems that a splendid time was experienced by all.

Watch the Wyrd blog for some exclusive video later in the week...





Thom the World Poet

Rob Ayling writes:

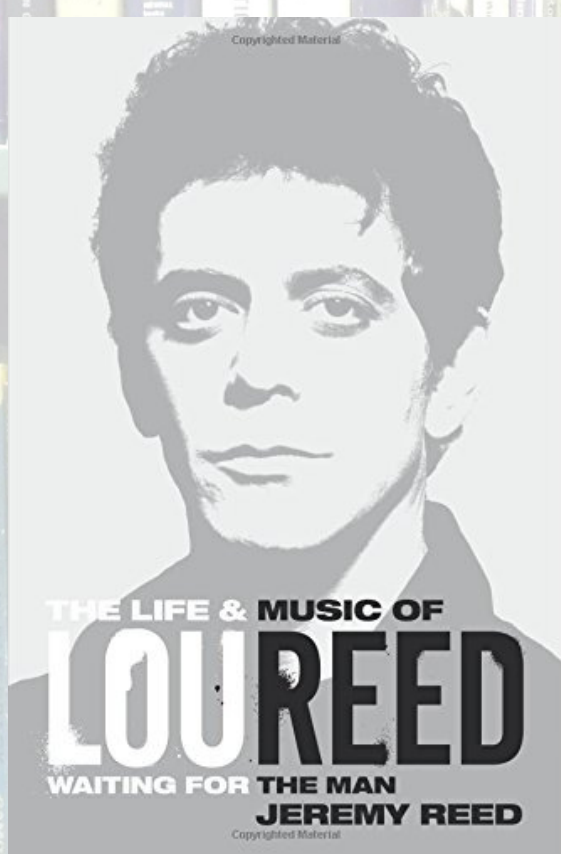
"Thom the World poet is an old mate of mine from way back in my history. Even pre-dating Voiceprint, when I was running "Otter Songs" and Tom's poetry tapes and guest appearances with Daavid Allen, Gilli Smyth *Mother Gong* are well known and highly regarded. It just felt right to include a daily poem 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!!!"

LIFE IN A PARKING METER

You can choose valet parking-to roost in comfort for a price
or street parking-scrappy ,time-limited and subject to tow away
Moments become precious(there is an end to every
and many have many epiphanies in one movie.Blessing is-to know !
so ends are no surprise.What happens is-people associate you
with their best experiences.Invisible folk pop up like toast
recalling photographic emotional toll roads/express lanes
midnight to dawn diners,and after show feasts.Sweet!
Interregnum time is like twilight/No man's land(between ends
You do not have to decline-just recline in praise and wonderment
Every body remembers you now.Before you are gone.They replay you.
They promise eternal memories.How many shows before you can no longer?
It will have to be all that is Golden in your time.Count time now-titanium?aluminum?
Magnetic poles all know you as you were.As you are now is leaving.Meter heart ticks..
Digital as a guitar tuner.Random as Catch 23.Area 51.27.42.Your Lucky Number is.UP!

Yer Gonzo Bookshelf

My name is Jonathan and I am an addict. It's been ummmmmmmmm 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.



Hardcover: 288 pages

Publisher: Omnibus Press (16 Sept. 2014)

Language: English

ISBN-10: 1783055693

This is a very peculiar book. It is surprisingly short for a book covering a man whose career spanned half a century, yet there are few areas that one wished had been expanded upon. Not by this author, anyway. And if that sounds like an insult, it truly isn't meant to be. I am a long winded old bugger, and my writings can ramble on and on for pages. Jeremy Reed (presumably no relation) has a gift of concise wordsmithery which I envy, and in this book he shows his talents off perfectly.

Now, I have been an idiot, and lost the blurb which originally arrived with the book, so I am not sure whether this is a pre-release copy or not. If so, the various typos are forgivable, but if not Omnibus have let themselves and Jeremy Reed down dramatically. If there is an afterlife, and Lou Reed is looking down from it, I seriously doubt that he gives a flying fuck.

This is, all in all, an excellent book and gives a concise and expertly crafted book at a rather unlikeable man. One has to feel for Lou Reed. As an adolescent he was given long term aversion therapy to try and 'cure' his homosexuality. Anyone who has ever laughed uneasily at Tom Sharpe's description of a senior officer in the South African police using aversion therapy in the form of electric shocks and Apomorphine injections to 'cure' what he considered to be sexual deviancy in his troops, will be appalled to find out that this was common practise in 1950s America to try and turn homosexuals back onto what the Christian moral majority considered to be the paths of righteousness.

Equally unsettling are the descriptions of everyday life amongst New York's drag queens, with disturbing descriptions of abuse and worse. The description of ritual coprophagy was something that I hope that I have managed to wipe out of my conscious mind, and that I hope even more will not come back to haunt me.

Reed comes over as an unpleasant, manipulative and overall unhappy man, who bravely tried to use his lyrics - most of the time, at least - as some kind of cathartic therapy. One ends up disliking the man, but cannot help admiring him. His struggle to remain true to his muse, whilst trying to juggle the various facets of his fractured personality was admirable, but the way he treated friends, collaborator, and lovers less so.

But what about the music? The tragedy of Lou Reed's musical career is that most of the people who read this book will have done so because of his work with *The Velvet Underground*, and because of a handful of songs he released in the first half of the 1970s. But great albums though they are, there is more to Lou Reed than *Transformer* and *Rock and Roll Animal* and *Metal Machine Music* which despite its cult status as a



piece of nouvelle classical music still remains an unholy row.

This book prompted me to check out a lot of recordings from other times in Reed's career, and - unusually for a biography - is slightly overcritical in some places. I found *Raven*, his reworking of prose by Edgar Allan Poe, to be far less of a pretentious trainwreck than it was described by the author. But then again horses for courses.

This does the job that it set out to do, and does it with aplomb and flair, but I would like to see someone like Tony Fletcher do the job on Reed that he did writing

about the late Keith Moon, bringing an emotional connection with his subject that is sadly missing in this book, which despite its excellent and stylish prose remains somewhat cold and dispassionate. On the other hand when writing about some of the jaw dropping excesses described herein, which are almost Caligulaesque in their depravity, perhaps, cold and dispassionate is the only way to deal with such things.

I don't know, but I am certainly glad that I read this book, and will keep it in pride of place on my bookshelf somewhere between my books on David Bowie, and my biography of the Marquis de Sade

XTUL XXI

IN THE GREY HALF-LIGHT BETWEEN FACT AND FANTASY

I don't know how many of you reading this ever had a copy of *Doom* on their computer back in the late 1990s. I know that I did. And my compadres and I spent many happy hours shooting at monsters, and once we worked out how to network our PCs, each other. It kept us happy for years. But one thing that I always liked to do, especially when stoned, was to use the 'No Clipping Mode' cheat IDSPISPOPD, and wander about 'behind the scenes', walking through walls impervious to attack and exploring the surprisingly complex landscape.

This was how I felt now. There was no doubt that I was inside the landscape that Panne had 'transported me to', for want of a better word (if I find one I shall let you know), but I was not part of it. I could explore it to a certain extent, but I could have no effect on what was happening in it. It was as if I was a player in Panne's personal video game, and someone had entered a 'no clipping' cheat for me, so

that I could see everything that was going on, but not actually join in any of the gameplay.

I also appeared to have limited empathic powers. I could look at the characters and discover a certain amount about them, a bit like hovering your mouse above a character in one of the aforementioned video games, and being rewarded by a dialogue box which explained some vital facet of their character for the benefit of the player. Looking at the fat man in the wheelchair, I somehow knew his name was Eliphas, and that he was very angry. Looking at his medication I could surmise that he was being treated for a particularly aggressive form of cancer, and the fact that he was in possession of a small, serviceable, and totally illegal handgun, made me surmise that his outlook on life was not necessarily that of a straight forward and law abiding citizen.



[HTTP://WWW.XTUL.CO.UK](http://www.xtul.co.uk)



As soon as I discovered that I could move around the room, I made a bee line for his bookshelf, because in life I have always found that you can tell a lot about people from the contents of their bookshelves. I could certainly tell a lot about Eliphas, because although there were only about forty books there, apart from a couple of technical books about chemistry, all the books were ones that could be found in certain parts of my ever expanding and rather peculiar library. The trouble is that whilst I will admit to owning books by the Marquis de Sade, Adolph Hitler, Aleister Crowley and Gerry Adams, I also own a lot more books by a lot of other people, which means what I think of as my "nasty shelf" is massively diluted. All that Eliphas had was my nasty shelf writ large with nothing to dilute it whatsoever.

There were books on the nastier end of ritual magick, the more violent end of politics, and the more apocalyptic bits of religious theory. Feeling disturbed by this I went through the wall into the next lock up garage and found nothing but some litre bottles of ammonia, and a box which said 'medical supplies'.

Deciding that I couldn't get any more information out of these two lockups, I drifted outside, and almost immediately bumped into Panne. Or rather into the human adolescent who I sensed would eventually metamorphose into the little goatfooted Godling, of whom I was getting so fond. The last time I had seen her she had been a little girl playing with her tricycle at some analogue of Hawkmoor

Hospital, sometime during the 1970s. Now she looked as if she was eleven or twelve, but she had a feral glint in her eye that had been completely absent as a little girl.

She was small for her age, and had a slim, boyish body, and untidy shoulder length hair. But her eyes were frightening. They burned with a fierceness, which hinted at experiences that a preteen girl should never have had to go through in order to gain eyes like that. I followed her for a while, as she slunk around the small compound looking more like a half starved feral cat than a human, and I was following her when she eventually went to ground in a makeshift 'nest' made out of cardboard and cotton waste. There were several scrapped cars, mostly wheel-less scattered around the yard, and Panne had decided to make her nest in the back of a wrecked minivan.

I continued to look around, and I discovered that although I still didn't understand the 'controls' that allowed me to traverse around the yard, I became better at using them. In a burst of uncharacteristic lasciviousness, I went back (forward?) to the place on the outskirts of the yard where Samantha and I had spent our illicit afternoon in 1982. I suddenly realised with horror that I had no idea what year it was, so there was every possibility that the metallic blue Toyota with the two naked bodies in it might still be there. To my great relief neither the car or the occupants were there. I really don't think that it would do much good to the mental health of the 55 year old me to be confronted by the reverberations



of the self-centred womanising of his 22 year old predecessor.

Just for old times sake, I even spent about half an hour looking to see if I could find any sand lizards, but just as in 1982 my search was fruitless. Then I realised that there was a way that I could find out what year it was, or at least what year it was after, and I made my way back to the main yard to check on the dates of the cars as extrapolated from the number plates.

I always remembered that in 1982 there was a band in Teignmouth called *Y Reg* symbolising that they were brand spanking new and up to the minute. So from that I should have no real difficulty in trying to extrapolate the dates of the wrecked cars in the yard.

I was right, it was a doddle. They ranged in date or about a decade from 1975, so the events I was observing could not have happened before the mid-1980s, and I suspected probably not before *at least* the beginning of the next decade. That made sense, and I had a self-congratulatory glow of satisfaction

in what would have been my chest if I had actually had any corporeal substance in this brave new world.

But then I did some mental arithmetic.

If the girl who would become Panne had been five or six when I first saw her in about 1975, she should have been in her early twenties by the time that the early years of the 1990s crawled around. But she wasn't. Fifteen years or so had elapsed but she was still to enter puberty. Something odd - in fact I think I should say that something even odder than that which was already happening - was beginning to happen.

Believe it or not, I had actually forgotten the fear and unease that I had first experienced when I entered the derelict yard, and was even beginning to enjoy myself. But now, the realisation that I couldn't even trust the space-time continuum, was brought back to me with a thump, and I felt more uneasy than ever.



*North Devon Firefly
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Saturday 18th July*

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ROCK and ROLL

a cabinet of curiosities

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...

Well that week flew past in a blur – as usual.

So what can I write about this week? Not sure, but here's a question for you: Do zebras have white stripes on black or black stripes on white? Yes, I am feeling a little odd today; I really must find the cure for this madness. I am not so good during the day, you know, as I really do prefer the darkness, and I suppose that is why people think I am a little weird. Added to that, I much prefer the autumn and winter months; spring is okay, and I can manage about 5 seconds of summer, but that's about it. I much prefer darker colours too, like deep purple – although I do occasionally have a green day, and sometimes even just a simply red one.

Anyway, the nice little shop which is but a stone's throw away beckons. The village people are quite lucky to have it really. I really fancy a digestive with my afternoon cuppa you see, and we have run out (and no, I won't dunk it; that would make it a limp bizkit).

A-ha, don't you just love a little wordplay.....

Stephen Hawking Perfectly Responded To A Question About Zayn

“Legendary physicist Stephen Hawking spoke at the Sydney Opera House on Saturday night, appearing onstage as a 3D hologram from his physical location at Cambridge University in the UK.

Then a questioner asked: “What do you think is the cosmological effect of Zayn leaving One Direction and consequently breaking the hearts of millions of teenage girls across the world?”

And Hawking’s response was PERFECT.

“Finally, a question about something important,” he said.

“My advice to any heartbroken young girl is to pay close attention to the study of theoretical physics. Because one day there may well be proof of multiple universes.

“It would not be beyond the realms of possibility that somewhere outside of our own universe lies another different universe.

“And in that universe, Zayn is still in One Direction.”

It got better still for the questioner. “This girl may like to know that in another possible universe, she and Zayn are happily married,” Hawking added.

All hail Stephen Hawking, the unlikely hero of Zayn fans everywhere.”

You gotta love Stephen Hawking.

And speaking of the ex-1D heartthrob:

ZAYN MALIK'S LOLLIPOP - £100.00

“ZAYN MAILK GAVE ME HIS LOLLIPOP!!!!

Walking around Bradford, I was lucky enough to bump into Zayn. I asked for a photo but unfortunately he said he was too busy, but he was kind enough to give me his lollipop and a kind apology.

PLEASE NOTE: THE LOLLIPOP WAS OUT OF THE SEALED BAG FOR APPROX 15 MINUTES. SINCE BEING PUT INTO THE

SEALED BAG, IT HASN'T BEEN OPENED OR REMOVED.”



“Oh my gad, oh my gad...he gave me his lollipop. I was jumping up and down, and screaming and.... and....I didn't hear what else he said. I think he told me I should stick it somewhere, but I'm not sure. Oh my gad! I peed myself in excitement!”

Elton John Owned Rock Boots With Coa From Tracks - £800



“For sale is a pair of Glam / Rock Boots that were owned by Sir Elton John. These were originally sold at David and Elton's charity sale in London at there

THE BITCH IS BACK

shop "out of the closet". I bought these from Tracks a Beatles dealer in the UK. These boots are supported by Tracks LTD lifetime guarantee. A fantastic item to add to any Rock Cafe or private collection."

Well these boots definitely don't look like they are made for walking, unless you are in the new Star Wars movie that is. I would imagine that flap at the top would chafe something chronic on a long walk across the moors.

Sand-tastic! The Sand Sculpture Festival in Brighton



How awesome is this?

Rare The Beatles Signed / Autographed The Simpsons Grayscale Wall Art, Ships Free – US \$100.00

"Rare The Beatles / The Simpsons Wall Art. Grayscale Animation Showing Simpsons Characters As The Beatles. Art Itself Is In Good Condition, Frame May Need Replaced Or Repainted. Shows Four Of The Classic Simpsons Characters Impersonating The Beatles. Please Note These Are Printed Signatures Not Actual Signatures. Overall Frame Dimensions Are 21 7/8" By 17 7/8"."

Most excellent. I have never been able to make up my



mind as to whether the cartoon characters in The Simpsons are brilliant or just plain annoying, but on seeing this I have come to the conclusion that it is the yellow that is annoying. This is clever.

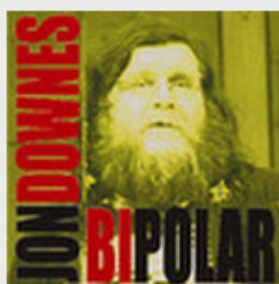
"Don't make me run! I'm full of chocolate!"

Rare Beatles CD - The Beatles Live In Vancouver Canada. 1964 – US \$9.99

"Rare Beatles CD - Taken from the unofficial (Bootleg) album Beatles Vancouver '64 By Why Not Records (Italy) WN 5001 - Recorded Live At Empire Stadium Vancouver, Canada August 22nd 1964 - The CD is in very good condition and only been played once *Please Note* This is an unofficial (Bootleg) CD-R recording from vinyl and I cannot accept returns on this item - The CD has been tested and plays fine - Buyer pays post & packing costs U.S.A. of \$3.50 - Will send overseas, price on request - Multiple purchases of CDs shipped overseas may be removed from the jewel case and sent in protective sleeve with all sleeve notes included - All items are packed with stiff card for protection, and a post and packing discount will be given on multiple purchases. Track Listings : Twist And Shout, You Can't Do That, All My Loving, She Loves You, Things We Said Today, Roll Over Beethoven, Cant Buy Me Love, If I Fell, Boys, A Hard Days Night, Long Tall Sally."

SHAMELESS SELF PROMOTION TIME

Just in case you are interested, here is yer beloved Editor at iTunes



[Check it out now...](#)

WYRD
music

MIKE DAVIS

HOW CAN I TELL YOU?



Available from iTunes, Amazon etc



really good image unique
for sure"

That's a bit harsh: 'so Im
[sic] selling Bowie. Its
[sic] quite rough
looking....'

Poor 'David', tossed aside
for perhaps only 99p
because Siouxsie Sioux
and Toyah Willcox were
more desirable.

Just tossed aside as
worthless. Tossed
aside...sigh

Funny old world.

I only put this in because of the cover. As my
mother would say, "I found a titters nest and am
laughing at its eggs". I have absolutely no idea
what that saying actually means, nor from where
it originated, but I saw the cover and that is what I
did.

David Bowie doll - 99p

"Here we have a David Bowie doll I have no idea
where it originated from but I bought it in a set
comprising of two other dolls that I wanted
Siouxsie Sioux and Toyah Willcox so Im selling
Bowie. Its quite rough looking but I think it is

Elvis Presley EPE Red Balloon " Love Elvis"
RARE 1956 - US \$179.95

"3 1/2 inches long . Impossible to find . Never
blown up"

Okay, so you will have to remember that I quite
regularly scroll down what seem to be never-
ending lists of items when looking for worthy
candidates for the cabinet each week. And I am



sure you will not blame me if I told you that when I first saw this I had to do a double take, and scrolled back up with a look of incredulity upon my face.

Do I really need to explain further?

ELVIS PORCELAIN DOLL - HANDMADE AND HAND PAINTED - ONE OF A KIND - US \$160.00



"UNIQUE ELVIS PORCELAIN DOLL HANDMADE AND HAND PAINTED DIMENSIONS APPROX: HEIGHT 14" WIDTH: 9" WEIGHT: 5.6 LB"

But can someone please explain this to me?

RARE Vintage Metal Guitar Elvis Lamp! - US \$800.00



"In Good Condition. Slight wear. Please Note Deeds [sic] Rewiring and Metal has slight wear, damage on power switch."

I shall leave you this week with this jaw-dropping conversation stopper. Go figure. All I can manage is to ask: 'Is this what they call a light bulb moment?'

Beltane Blessings to you all





As I write I am listening to 'Postcards from Paradise', the eighteenth solo album from Ringo Starr, one time drummer with you know who. It would be so easy to slate this album as being irrelevant and not breaking new ground. But the man is 75 for goodness sakes, and - you know what? He has turned in a perfectly respectable and solid album, which I have to say is at least as good as the vast majority of solo albums by ex-Beatles, and considerably better than some. OK, John got his kit off for peace and George chanted for Krishna, but that was a long time ago.

The album was produced completely by Starr himself and engineered by long-time collaborator Bruce Sugar. Starr worked with many of his regular songwriting and recording colleagues on 'Postcards from Paradise', including Van Dyke Parks, Dave Stewart, and Gary Burr. As with his previous albums, Starr maintains a philosophy of "If you show up at my house and you can play, you're on the record."

This is a much more enjoyable listen than a great deal of the stuff that I am sent. And anyone who can add the name of his favourite pudding into a lascivious song about a Creole girl in the Big Easy is OK by me.

This is fine, very well played and crafted, and consistently entertaining music. People should give up waiting for the big statement and bear that in mind. Peace and Love Peace and Love.



Over the past twenty years or so I have made several trips to the island of Puerto Rico, an American possession at the end of the Greater Antilles island chain. I went in search of the truth behind stories of the grotesque blood sucking chupacabras, a supposedly bipedal creature with spines sticking out of its back. This is neither the time or the place to discuss such things, but in a shameless plug, I would refer the earnest seeker after truth to my two books on the subject - *Only Fools and Goatsuckers* (2001) and *The Island of Paradise* (2007) - rather than discuss the matter further here.

However my researches have also taken me to the weirder Latino slums of Miami and other parts of southern Florida, various parts of Texas, Nevada, and to various parts of Mexico. Whilst in Florida and Puerto Rico I have become interested in Santería - a system of beliefs that merges aspects of Yoruba mythology, which were brought to the New World by

Yoruba slaves, with Christianity and Indigenous American traditions. The slaves carried with them various religious customs, including a trance and divination system for communicating with their ancestors and deities, animal sacrifice, and sacred drumming and dance. Santería does not use a central creed for its religious practices; though it is understood in terms of its rituals and ceremonies. These rituals and ceremonies take place in what is known as a house-temple or casa de santos (house of saints), also known as an ilé. Most ilés are in the homes of the initiated Priests and Priestesses. Ilé shrines are built, by the priests and priestess, to the different orichás which creates a space for worship, called an igbodu (altar). In an igbodu there is a display of three distinct thrones (draped with royal blue, white, and red satin) that represent the seats of the queens, kings, and the deified warriors.

In southern Florida, at least, these Priestesses are known as Santería Princesses, and they are powerful, strange women, skilled in magickal rites, and often with a peculiar aetherial beauty. I have met one or two of them in my perambulations, and they have always scared the pants off me. The other night, having finished work for the day, I was pleased to see that Corinna had got me the latest issue of *Mojo* from the village shop. I sat down, wearily, to read it, and inside I found an interesting article about a band called Ibeyi; a French-Cuban musical duo consisting of twin sisters, Lisa-Kaindé Diaz and Naomi Diaz. The duo sings in English and Yoruba - though Lisa's is the lead voice. Naomi plays traditional Cuban percussion instruments, cajón and Batá drum, while Lisa also plays piano.

According to Wikipedia: "Ibeyi is pronounced ee-bey-ee. In the Yoruba language this translates as "twins". Their music has elements of Yoruba, French, and Afro-Cuban and fuses jazz with beats, samples with traditional instruments."

But it was their eyes that got to me. Nobody else reading the article may have picked up on it, but to me it was self-evident; here were two very powerful Santería Princesses. I listened to the album which is a beguiling mixture of hip-hop rhythms, soul and dark, sinuous pagan sexuality with which I immediately fell in love. But it is not only my interest in Santería which draws me to this extraordinary duo. Yoruba music has a particular significance for me. It was the first music that I ever heard, literally before I was born.

My parents lived near Lagos while my mother was pregnant with me. My father had been an Agricultural Officer in the Colonial Service, and they had spent most of the 1950s in Nigeria. First in Northern Nigeria on the very bottom borders of the Sahara desert, and later in the more humid lands near Lagos. There music surrounded them constantly, and my mother always

told me how she listened to the drumming, and the village women singing every night when she was waiting, with trepidation because her previous births had all been stillborn or aborted, for me to arrive. So I have this music and these rhythms in my blood, and having steeped myself in the lore of the Caribbean for my day job as Director of the Centre for Fortean Zoology, Ibeyi found me a convert ripe for the plucking. This band are awesome and I cannot wait to hear more.

Wikipedia hints that the two women are involved with Santería, but, I knew that from the beginning. But Wikipedia got something wrong. Ibeyi does not just mean twins. The Ibeji (also called Ibelli, Ibeyi, Mèji, Melli or Jimaguas) is the orisha of the divine twins. While there are two individuals when twins are born, the Ibeji is one orisha. Twins are considered sacred by birth among the Yoruba people. The Yoruba people have one of the world's highest rates of twin birth (average world rate of twins is 0.5% where the Yoruba people have a 5% twin birth rate!). The Ibeji (and all twins for that matter) are considered one soul contained in two bodies; inextricably linked in life through destiny. The Ibeji are the orishas of joy, mischief, abundance and childish glee. They are the children of Chango and Oshun and are considered to be the first twins born on the Earth.

According to santeriachurch.org:

When Oshun gave birth to the Ibeji, she was shunned by the people who lived in her village. Only animals gave birth to multiple babies until then, so they branded Oshun a witch and cast her out of the village. Oshun, in her short-sighted panic, threw the Ibeji out of her house and denied being their mother. This proved to be the start of Oshun's downward spiral eventually leading to her loss of all wealth, stability and eventually even losing her sanity. The Ibeji were taken in by the orisha Oya who had desperately wanted children her entire life but was barren and had only had stillborn children. Some lineages vary and say that Yemaya took the Ibeji in and raised them. The Ibeji are said to bless anyone who receives them with happiness, joy, abundance and laughter. There is even a Cuban pataki that says the Ibeji drove away "the devil" (misfortune) by driving him crazy through playing their enchanted drums.

We are living in strange and disturbing times, and as I have noted elsewhere there are people, consciously or otherwise, mixing music and magick in an attempt to change things. I wonder whether I have - totally at random - found another one.

weird **2015** **weekend**

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



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August 14 - 16 2015
TEL: +44 (0) 1237 431413

THE ANTIDOTE FOR NORMALITY;

YOU'VE NEVER HAD IT SO WEIRD

The Weird Weekend is the largest yearly gathering of mystery animal investigators in the English-speaking world. Now in its fourteenth year, the convention attracts speakers and visitors from all over the world and showcases the findings of investigators into strange phenomena.

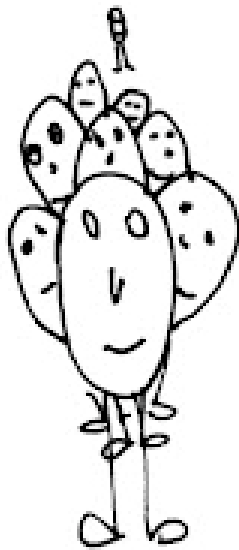
For the second time, Cryptozoologists, parapsychologists, ufologists, and folklorists will be descending on The Small School in Hartland, to share their findings and insights. Unlike other events, the *Weird Weekend* will also include workshops giving tips to budding paranormal investigators, and even a programme of special events for children. The *Weird Weekend* is the only fortune conference in the *world* that is truly a family event, although those veterans of previous events should be reassured that it is still as anarchically silly as ever!

The event is raising money for the Centre for Fortean Zoology, the world's only full time, professional cryptozoological organisation. The profit from food and beverages goes to The Small School.



| | |
|--------------------|---|
| FRIDAY | |
| 7 - 7.15 | Intro |
| 7.15 - 8.00 | Nick Wadham: TBA |
| 8.00 - 8.30 | Break |
| 8.30- 9.30 | Lee Walker |
| Book Launch | |
| 9.30 - 10.00 | Break |
| 10.00 - 11.00 | Lars Thomas: Microcryptozoology |
| | Silas Hawkins: A bedtime story |
| 10.45-11.00 | Raffle |
| SATURDAY | |
| 12.00 - 12.30 | Jon and Richard: Intro to Cryptozoology |
| 12.30 - 1.15 | Kara Wadham: Vampires |
| 1.15 - 2.15 | Glen Vaudrey: The Mystery Animals of The North of Scotland |
| Book Launch | Glen Vaudrey: The Mystery Animals of The North of Scotland |
| 2.15 - 2.45 | Break |
| | Kids Nature walk with Lars and Nick |
| 2.45 - 3.15 | Quiz |
| 3.15 - 4.15 | Jaki Windmill: Astroshamanics |
| 4.15 - 4.45 | Break |
| | Mad Hatter's Tea Party |
| 4.45 - 5.45 | Max Blake: DNA for Cryptozoologists |
| 5.45 - 6.15 | Break |
| 6.15 - 7.00 | Judge Smith: The Judex Trilogy Part Three |
| Book Launch | Judge Smith: The Judex Trilogy |
| 7.00 - 7.30 | Break |
| 7.30 - 8.00 | Music from Jaki Windmill |
| 8.00 - 8.15 | CFZ Awards |
| 8.15 - 9.15 | Adam Davies: Manbeasts and me |
| 9.15 - 9.45 | Break |
| 9.45 - 10.45 | Richard Freeman: Tasmania 2013 Expedition Report |
| | Silas Hawkins: A bedtime story from Richard Freeman's <i>Hyakumonogatari</i> |
| | Raffle |
| SUNDAY | |
| 12.00 - 1.00 | Nigel Watson: UFOs of the First World War |
| 1.00 - 1.30 | Rosie Curtis: Scary memes on the internet |
| 1.30 - 2.00 | Break |
| 2.00 - 3.00 | Rob Cornes: The Seal Serpent |
| 3.00 - 3.30 | Break |
| 3.30 - 4.30 | Shoshannah McCarthy TBA |
| 4.30 - 5.00 | Break |
| 5.00 - 5.15 | Results of nature walk (Lars/Nick/Jon) |
| 5.15 - 6.00 | Ronan Coghlan: TBA |
| 6.00 - 6.15 | Jon Downes: Keynote Speech |
| 6.25 | Raffle |
| 7.00 - | Speaker's Dinner at the Small School |
| | PLUS: |
| | Bugfest |
| | Art Exhibition from Glen Vaudrey |
| | The Tunnel of Goats |
| | A Haunted Teddy Bear's Nest |
| | The Spider Baby |
| | FOR KIDS: |
| | Make your own weird creature out of clay |
| | Colouring/drawing |
| | Photograph competition |
| | Film showing |
| | Fill a matchbox with 100 things challenge |
| | The world famous cake eating contest |
| | Nature walk with Lars Thomas and Nick Wadham |
| | Animal handling with Bugfest |
| | STALLS |
| | CFZ |
| | APRA Books |

THE NINE HENRYS



The Nine Henrys are a quirky bunch of cloned cartoon characters. They live in a strange lo-fi domestic surrealist world peopled by talking rock buns and elephants on wobbly stilts. Over the years the Henrys have been published in a variety of local NE magazines and now here for the first time thanks to Gonzo Multi-Media the Nine Henrys are brought together in a compendium of line art craziness.

"a five ya aad can draw better than that"
Authors brother.

THE WORLD'S FIRST CLONED CARTOON CHARACTER

modada@ninehenrys.com

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...



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THE LOST BROADCASTS

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HS1048D /D



THE LOST BROADCASTS

INCREDIBLE STRING BAND
HS1066D /D



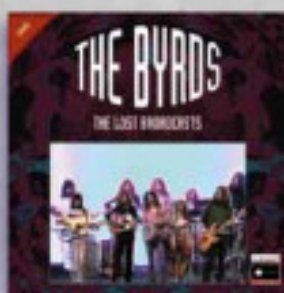
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & HIS MAGIC BAND
HS1112D /D



FRANK ZAPPA
HS1109D /D

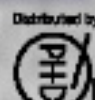
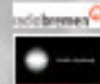


CURVED AIR
HS1058D /D



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This book, which was released by Gonzo earlier this year is an erudite catalogue of some of the most peculiar records ever made. The authors have lined up, described and put into context 500 "albums" in the expectation that those of you who can't help yourselves when it comes to finding and collecting music will benefit from these efforts in two ways.

- Firstly, you'll know you are not alone.
- Secondly, we hope that some of the work leads you to new discoveries, and makes your life slightly better as a result.

Each issue we are featuring one of these remarkable and peculiar records in a crass attempt to flog you the book.

Laurie Anderson:
The Ugly One with the Jewels
 (Warner Brothers, 1995)
 What? Sublime travelogue delivered in effective less-is-more style.

Widely acclaimed as her best album since Big Science (1982) this lengthy collection collates a number of pieces devoted to travel, or ideas about travel. As with much of Anderson's work, the journeys remain as much inner-voyages as literal examples of being transported. "The Geographic North Pole" – for example – balances a knife-edge between plausibility and fanciful escape of the mind. It tells a story of Anderson hitch-hiking her way to the top of the earth, hopping a mail plane along the way, watching the northern lights and encountering those on the run from the mental horrors of Vietnam. The Ugly One with the



Jewels eschews some of the more multifaceted musical ideas Anderson developed in the wake of her improbable hit "O' Superman" and returns to ambient, Enoesque backings; minimal but hugely evocative, sparing sound-effects, and a vocal style somewhere between spoken word and singing, usually presenting Anderson so close to the mic that her breathing and hesitations become part of the narrative.

The title track – which draws its name from a derogatory remark made about Anderson – is key to understanding the entire album. Anderson visits her anthropologist brother and ends up having her hair braided, sees her reflection and feels ridiculous. The tribeswomen braiding her hair think otherwise and tell her she was ugly but now might find a husband. The dynamic of the story – within which Anderson manages to step easily inside and outside of her existence, seeing herself as others might – permeates the whole album.

Unusually for Anderson this is an album with a simple idea behind it. The concept of the travelogue, and the constant sense of exploring a real world, and the world of experience (as would an anthropologist) give The Ugly One with the Jewels an anchor. They allow the listener to stay within the stories, and feel part of the whole experience. Anderson is a typically evasive and ceaselessly inventive companion, but she makes every effort to keep the sounds, and words accessible.

The Ugly One with the Jewels sets itself the difficult task of delivering a multi-layered concept, with the most minimal of musical tools. And, for the most part, it succeeds magnificently.



Nine Treasures (九宝 or 九大圣兽)

Nine Treasures is a folk metal band from Inner Mongolia, its home town being Hailar, China. It was started in 2011 and all lyrics are sung in Mongolian. According to their Facebook page: What sets them apart from the other folk influenced rock bands in China is the spirit in their music. The songs are joyful and enthusiastic, at the same time rich in emotions.

Current members are:



Askhan - vocals/guitar
Aoger - Bass/vocals
Tsog - Morin Khuur
Ding Kai - Drums

Past members:
Wiils - Blalaika
Saqir - samples
Amila - Balalaika

Facebook

Bandcamp

Metal
Archives

You Tube

Sonsii (Live)

Nuutshai
Chadal

And so, once again we come to the end of another week. After days of beautiful golden sunshine, during which butterflies flapped delicately around the garden, the weather is beginning to look grey and rather nasty which is a slight problem as I have Andy the druid performing a Bealtaine Fire in our garden on Monday afternoon followed by some vaguely Mexican food in a joint Bealtaine and Cinco de Mayo festival during which wine will be drunk, guitars played and red beans and rice eaten en masse.

This would be a little bit awkward if the weather is horrible as I have once again got carried away and asked about sixteen people to come, as well as the four people who live here, and our sitting room only sits ten at a push. So I shall be entreating various Celtic and Meso American deities to smile upon us as regards to the weather, and hopefully it will all work out for the best.

This week I had a shock when my brace of female axolotls turned out to actually be a male and a female. We know that, because they presented us with approximately 500 eggs, most of which appear to be fertile.

So, to save the office being over-run with Mexican neotenic salamanders, if there is anyone



out there reading this who wants some axolotl tadpoles or eggs and can come and collect, or pay carriage, please get in touch at the editorial address. They are jolly little creatures and I am rather fond of mine.

I would like to welcome Roy Weard, and Lee Walker, two writers of whom I am very fond, to the ever growing *Gonzo Weekly* family with the advent of new columns for each of them.

I have a couple of other old pals of mine, who are reasonably well known in the world of letters, in the wings to start contributing, and I think the future for this peculiar little magazine is looking rather bright. That is unless we get over run with axolotls.



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ON STAGE 20.30

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11 DEC 1980
ON STAGE 20.30

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